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T. E. PAGE, LITT.D., AND W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

HEROIDES AND AMORES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALFRED SHOFRMAN

PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

OVID

HEROIDES AND AMORES



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T. E. PAGE, M.A., and W. H. D. ROSE, M.A.

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HEROIDS AND AMORES

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HEROIDES AND AMORES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
GRANT SHOWERMAN

PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN



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THE

I

THE HEROIDES

OVID'S LIFE

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO was born at Sulmo, a city about ninety miles south-east of Rome, in the country of the Paeligni, on March 20, 43 B.C., the year of the second triumvirate, composed of Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus, and the year of the proscription and death of the Ciceros. His family had been of equestrian rank for several generations.

Ovid's education was begun at Sulmo, and completed at Rome and Athens. In deference to his father's wishes, he pursued, with his brother, the rhetorical studies usual with the ambitious young men of the time, expecting to enter upon a public career; but so fervent was his passion for literature, and so irresistible his instinct for literary art—he himself says that whatever he attempted to write took the form of verse—that he found it impossible to follow the profession of his father's preference. He held, indeed, one or two minor offices in the public service, but his chief interests were always among the social and literary circles of the capital. Among those with whom he was intimate were Tibullus, who died when Ovid was twenty-four, Propertius, and Aemilius Macer of Verona. Horace and Virgil were his seniors by twenty-two and twenty-seven years respectively; he heard the former recite, and says he merely saw Virgil, and was probably well acquainted with neither.

OVID'S LIFE

At the age of nineteen, Ovid mourned the death of his only brother. The poet was three times married—twice with divorce as a hasty result, and the third time to a lady of one of the oldest and most respected families of Rome, the Fabii. The last union seems to have been based upon serious affection, or, at least, esteem, and remained unbroken to Ovid's death. A daughter, Perilla, is said to have been born of this marriage. In 8 A.D., the poet was suddenly banished by Augustus—without loss of property or citizenship, however—to Tomi, a distant town on the Black Sea, where he dragged out a miserable, though poetically productive, existence until his death in the year 18 at the age of sixty-one. The cause of his banishment is generally supposed to have had some connection with the scandalous conduct of the Emperor's granddaughter Julia.

Ovid's literary activities began at about his twentieth year, and extended over a period of nearly forty years. His works fall naturally into three groups: the amatory poems, consisting of the *Amores*, the *Heroides*, *De Medicamine Faciei*, *Ars Amatoria*, and *Remedia Amoris*, were the works of his youth; in the following period appeared two poems, the *Fasti* and the *Metamorphoses*, which may be described as mythological; and the final products of his pen, the *Tristia* and the *Epistulae ex Ponto*, came from Tomi, and were in the nature of laments. All of these poems have been preserved. The *Medea*, a Gigantomachy, a Panegyric of Augustus after his death, a Parody on Bad Authors, and a poem in the language of the Getae, may be mentioned among works which have been lost.

OVID'S LIFE

Though composed after the *Amores*, the *Heroides* are placed first in this volume because the *Amores* in their extant form were the result of a revision by the poet, who first published them in five books. The present tendency may be said to favour the assumption that the last six of the *Heroides*, in spite of suspicious irregularities in form and language, represent a reawakening of the poet's interest in this field at a period later than the appearance of the first fifteen—possibly during or shortly after his composition of the *Metamorphoses*.

MANUSCRIPTS, EDITIONS, AND TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE HEROIDES

THE principal manuscripts of the *Heroides* are the following:—

1. Codex Parisinus 8242, formerly called Puteanus, of the eleventh century, corrected about the twelfth; by universal consent the best manuscript. It contains the *Heroides* and the *Amores*, with omissions. Of the *Heroides* there is lacking: I; II, 1-13; IV, 48-103; V, 97-end; VI, 1-49; XV; XVI, 39-142; XX, 176-end.
2. Codex Guelferbytanus, of the twelfth century, with a recension in the thirteenth; of comparatively little value. XVII-XX are almost illegible. The first hand gave to XX, 194.
3. Codex Etonensis, of the eleventh century, but inferior to its contemporary, the Parisinus. It contains, with various other compositions, the *Heroides* up to VII, 157.
4. Schedae Vindobonenses, of the twelfth century, containing fragments of X-XX, omitting XV, and often serving to confirm the Parisinus.

TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE HEROIDES

5. Codex Francofurtanus, of the thirteenth century, the best authority for XV.
6. A mass of manuscripts of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, all of which have been subjected to extensive alterations.
7. The Greek translation of Maximus Planudes, of the latter part of the thirteenth century, from a Latin manuscript resembling the Parisinus, and of considerable value in the parts omitted by it.

Two Editiones Principes of Ovid appeared in 1471—one at Rome and one at Bologna, with independent texts. A Venetian edition was published in 1491, with commentary by Vossius.

The principal edition of recent times is that of Arthur Palmer, Oxford, 1898. It contains the Greek translation of Planudes. The introduction and portions of the commentary are by Louis C. Purser, who assumed the task of completing the work at Palmer's request a short time before his death in 1897. The text in Postgate's *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*, Vol. I, 1894, is also Palmer's.

Other editors and critics may be mentioned as follows: A. Heinsius, Amsterdam, 1661; Bentley, 1662-1742; Heinsius-Burmann, Amsterdam, 1727; Van Lennep, Amsterdam, 1809; Loers, Cologne, 1829; Madvig, *Emendationes Latinae*, 1873; Merkel, 1876; Shuckburgh, *Thirteen Epistles*, London, 1879, corrected in 1885; Sedlmayer, Vienna, 1886; Ehwald, edition of Merkel, 1888; Housman, critical notes, *Classical Review*, 1897.

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS

P = Parisinus.

G = Guelferbytanus.

E = Etonensis.

V = Vindobonensis.

F = Francofurtanus.

ω = the mass of MSS. of the thirteenth to
fifteenth centuries.

ς = a few inferior MSS. of the thirteenth to
fifteenth centuries.

Bent. = Bentley.

Hein. = Heinsius.

Burm. = Burmann.

Merk. = Merkel.

Sedl. = Sedlmayer.

Ehw. = Ehwald.

Pa. = Palmer.

Hous. = Housman.

IN APPRECIATION OF THE HEROIDES

THE *Heroides* are not a work of the highest order of genius. Their language, nearly always artificial, frequently rhetorical, and often diffuse, is the same throughout—whether from the lips of barbarian Medea or Sappho the poetess. The heroines and heroes who speak it are creatures from the world of legend, are not always warm flesh and blood, and rarely communicate their passions to us. The critic who cares more for the raising of a laugh than for the strict rendering of justice may with no great difficulty find room here for the exercise of his wit.

Yet the malicious critic of the *Heroides* will be hard to find; for they belong to the engaging sort of art which disarms criticism. Their theme, first of all, is the universal theme of love—and of woman's love—and of woman's love in straits. The heroines that speak to us from Ovid's page may lack in convincing quality, and may not stir our passions, but they are sufficiently real to win our sympathy, and to blind us for the moment to the faults of both themselves and their sponsor. Their language may be unvarying, and may border too much on the rhetorical, but it is full-flowing, clear, euphonious, and restful. It may be artificial, but its very artificiality is of charming quality.

IN APPRECIATION OF THE HEROIDES

What the *Heroides* lose by reason of being the portrayal of legendary characters in language removed from ordinary life they gain from their pleasant quality of style, and from their constant stimulation of literary reminiscence. They should not be judged as attempts at realistic art; their author did not aim at even naturalism. If we must choose, they should be judged on the basis of their connection rather with literature than with life.

Yet we need not choose; we may enjoy them as clever and genial treatments of literary themes enriched with enough of the warmly human to beget in the benevolent reader the illusion of life. Penelope, Briseis, Dido, and Helen no doubt interest us mainly as figures from Homer and Virgil, but even they possess qualities that give them semblance of reality: Penelope is faithful, Briseis forgiving, Dido filled with despair, and Helen with vanity. In Medea, Hypsipyle, Oenone, and Ariadne, there is a nearer approach to real passion. The wifely solicitude of Laodamia, the loving trustfulness of deserted Phyllis, and the mother's grief of Canace are still more warm with life. The stories of Acontius and Cydippe, and in greater degree of Hero and Leander, are so full of the romance of young love that we think of neither life nor letters, but simply enjoy the delightful tale. And, whatever else may be said of his heroines, in every one of them the poet has placed the most human of qualities—a heart submissive to the power of love. All the world loves a lover, and all the world has for a long time loved most of the *Heroides*.

P. OVIDI NASONIS HEROIDES

I

PENELOPE ULIXI

HANC tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulixē—
nil mihi rescribas tu tamen; ¹ ipse veni!
Troia iacet certe, Danais invisa puellis;
vix Priamus tanti totaque Troia fuit.
o utinam tum, cum Lacedaemona classe petebat, 5
obrutus insanis esset adulter aquis!
non ego deserto iacuissem frigida lecto,
non quererer tardos ire relicta dies;
nec mihi quaerenti spatiosam fallere noctem
lassaret ² viduas pendula tela manus. 10
Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris?
res est solliciti plena timoris amor.
in te fingebam violentos Troas ituros;
nomine in Hectoreo pallida semper eram.
sive quis Antilochum narrabat ab hoste revictum, ³ 15
Antilochus nostri causa timoris erat;

¹ tu tamen *Bent.*: at tamen *G.* Often written rescribas, tu tamen ipse veni.

² lassaret ω: lassasset *G.*

³ ab hoste revictum *Hous.*: ab Hectore victum *MSS.* contradicts the fact.

THE
HEROIDES OF P. OVIDIUS NASO

I

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES

THIS missive your Penelope sends to you, O Ulysses, slow of return that you are—yet write nothing back to me; yourself come! Troy, to be sure, is fallen, hated of the daughters of Greece; but scarcely were Priam and all Troy worth the price to me.^a O would that then, when his ship was on the way to Lacedaemon, the adulterous lover had been overwhelmed by raging waters! Then had I not lain cold in my deserted bed, nor would now be left alone complaining of slowly passing days; nor would the hanging web be wearying now my widowed hands as I seek to beguile the hours of spacious night.

¹¹ When have I not feared dangers graver than the real? Love is a thing ever filled with anxious fear. It was upon you that my fancy ever told me the furious Trojans would rush; at mention of the name of Hector my pallor ever came. Did someone begin the tale of Antilochus laid low by the enemy, Antilochus was cause of my alarm; or,

^a Homer is Ovid's direct source for this letter. Tennyson's *Ulysses* is of interest in connection with it.

For brief statements of the circumstances under which the heroines write their letters, and for proper names in general, consult the index.

OID

sive Menoetiaden falsis cecidisse sub armis,
 flebam successu posse carere dolos.
 sanguine Tlepolemus Lyciam tepefecerat hastam ;
 Tlepolemi leto cura novata mea est. 20
 denique, quisquis erat castris iugulatus Achivis,
 frigidius glacie pectus amantis erat.
 Sed bene consuluit casto deus aequus amori.
 versa est in cineres sospite Troia viro.
 Argolici rediere duces, altaria fumant ; 25
 ponitur ad patrios barbara praeda deos.
 grata ferunt nymphae pro salvis dona maritis ;
 illi victa suis Troica fata canunt.
 mirantur iustique senes trepidaeque puellae ;
 narrantis coniunx pendet ab ore viri. 30
 atque aliquis posita monstrat fera proelia mensa,
 pingit et exiguo Pergama tota mero :
 " hac ibat Simois ; haec est Sigeia tellus ;
 hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
 illic Aeacides, illic tendebat Ulixes ; 35
 hic lacer admissos terruit Hector equos."
 Omnia namque tuo senior te quaerere misso
 rettulerat nato Nestor, at ille mihi.
 rettulit et ferro Rhesumque Dolonaque caesos,
 utque sit hic somno proditus, ille dolo. 40
 ausus es,—o nimium nimiumque oblite tuorum !—
 Thracia nocturno tangere castra dolo
 totque simul mactare viros, adiutus ab uno !
 at bene cautus eras et memor ante mei !

^a Patroclus in the armour of Achilles.

^b Tlepolemus was slain by Sarpedon, king of Lycia.

^c The past rises vividly in her mind.

THE HEROIDES I

did he tell of how the son of Menoetius fell in armour not his own,^a I wept that wiles could lack success. Had Tlepolemus with his blood made warm the Lycian spear,^b in Tlepolemus' fate was all my care renewed. In short, whoever it was in the Argive camp that was pierced and fell, colder than ice grew the heart of her who loves you.

²³ But good regard for me had the god who looks with favour upon chaste love. Turned to ashes is Troy, and my lord is safe. The Argolic chieftains have returned, our altars are a-smoke;^c before the gods of our fathers is laid the barbarian spoil. The young wife comes bearing thank-offering for her husband saved; the husband sings of the fates of Troy that have yielded to his own. Righteous elder and trembling girl admire; the wife hangs on the tale that falls from her husband's lips. And someone about the board shows thereon the fierce combat, and with scant tracing of wine pictures forth all Pergamum: "Here flowed the Simois; this is the Sigeian land; here stood the lofty palace of Priam the ancient. Yonder tented the son of Aeacus; yonder, Ulysses; here, in wild course went the frightened steeds with Hector's mutilated corpse."

³⁷ For the whole story was told your son, whom I sent to seek you; ancient Nestor told him, and he told me. He told as well of Rhesus' and Dolon's fall by the sword, how the one was betrayed by slumber, the other undone by guile. You had the daring—O too, too forgetful of your own!—to set wily foot by night in the Thracian camp, and to slay so many men, all at one time, and with only one to aid! Ah yes, you were cautious, indeed, and ever gave *me*

- usque metu micuere sinus, dum victor amicum 45
 dictus es Ismariis isse per agmen equis.
 Sed mihi quid prodest vestris disiecta lacertis
 Ilios et, murus quod fuit, esse solum,
 si maneo, qualis Troia durante manebam,
 virque mihi dempto fine carendus abest? 50
 diruta sunt aliis, uni mihi Pergama restant,
 incola captivo quae bove victor arat.
 iam seges est, ubi Troia fuit, resecandaque falce
 luxuriat Phrygio sanguine pinguis humus;
 semisepulta virum curvis feriuntur aratris 55
 ossa, ruinosas occulit herba domos.
 victor abes, nec scire mihi, quae causa morandi,
 aut in quo lateas ferreus orbe, licet!
 Quisquis ad haec vertit peregrinam litora puppim,
 ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit, 60
 quamque tibi reddat, si te modo viderit usquam,
 traditur huic digitis charta notata meis.
 nos Pylon, antiqui Neleia Nestoris arva,
 misimus; incerta est fama remissa Pylo.
 misimus et Sparten; Sparte quoque nescia veri.¹ 65
 quas habitas terras, aut ubi lentus abes?
 utilius starent etiam nunc moenia Phoebi—
 irascor votis, heu, levis ipsa meis!
 scirem ubi pugnares, et tantum bella timerem,
 et mea cum multis iuncta querela foret. 70

¹ vestri *Bent.*

^a If this refers to Telemachus' journey, Ovid has forgotten his Homer, or disregards it; for in the *Odyssey* (2, 373) Telemachus goes without his mother's knowledge.

THE HEROIDES I

first thought! My heart leaped with fear at every word until I was told of your victorious riding back through the friendly lines of the Greeks with the coursers of Ismarus.

⁴⁷ But of what avail to me that Ilion has been scattered in ruin by your arms, and that what once was wall is now level ground—if I am still to remain such as I was while Troy endured, and must live to all time bereft of my lord? For others Pergamum has been brought low; for me alone it still stands, though the victor dwell within and drive there the plow with the ox he took as spoil. Now are fields of corn where Troy once was, and soil made fertile with Phrygian blood waves rich with harvest ready for the sickle; the half-buried bones of her heroes are struck by the curvèd share, and herbage hides from sight her ruined palaces. A victor, you are yet not here, nor am I let know what causes your delay, or in what part of the world hard-heartedly you hide.

⁵⁹ Whoso turns to these shores of ours his stranger ship is plied with many a question ere he go away, and into his hand is given the sheet writ by these fingers of mine, to render up should he but see you anywhere. We have sent to Pylos, the land of ancient Nestor, Neleus' son; the word brought back from Pylos was nothing sure.^a We have sent to Sparta, too; Sparta also could tell us nothing true. In what lands are you abiding, or where do you idly tarry? Better for me, were the walls of Phoebus still standing in their place—ah me inconstant, I am wroth with the vows myself have made! Had they not fallen, I should know where you were fighting, and have only war to fear, and my plaint would be joined with that of many another.

quid timeam, ignoro—timeo tamen omnia demens,
 et patet in curas area lata meas.
 quaecumque aequor habet, quaecumque pericula tellus,
 tam longae causas suspicor esse morae.
 haec ego dum stulte metuo, quae vestra libido est, 75
 esse peregrino captus amore potes.
 forsitan et narres, quam sit tibi rustica coniunx,
 quae tantum lanas non sinat esse rudes.
 fallar, et hoc crimen tenues vanescat in auras,
 neve, revertendi liber, abesse velis! 80
 Me pater Icarius viduo discedere lecto
 cogit et immensas increpat usque moras.
 increpet usque licet—tua sum, tua dicar oportet;
 Penelope coniunx semper Ulixis ero.
 ille tamen pietate mea precibusque pudicis 85
 frangitur et vires temperat ipse suas.
 Dulichii Samiique et quos tulit alta Zacynthos,
 turba ruunt in me luxuriosa proci,
 inque tua regnant nullis prohibentibus aula;
 viscera nostra, tuae dilacerantur opes. 90
 quid tibi Pisandrum Polybumque Medontaque dirum
 Eurymachique avidas Antinoique manus
 atque alios referam, quos omnis turpiter absens
 ipse tuo partis sanguine rebus alis?
 Irus egens pecorisque Melanthius actor edendi 95
 ultimus accedunt in tua damna pudor.

^a *Rustica* is frequent in the *Heroides*. It suggests "rustic," "countryfied," "simple," "homely," "unsophisticated," but may be rendered well by no single word.

THE HEROIDES I

But now, what I am to fear I know not—yet none the less I fear all things, distraught, and wide is the field lies open for my cares. Whatever dangers the deep contains, whatever the land, suspicion tells me are cause of your long delay. While I live on in foolish fear of things like these, you may be captive to a stranger love—such are the hearts of you men! It may be you even tell how rustic^a a wife you have—one fit only to dress fine the wool. May I be mistaken, and this charge of mine be found slight as the breeze that blows, and may it not be that, free to return, you will to be away!

⁸¹ As for me—my father Icarus enjoins on me to quit my widowed couch, and ever chides me for my measureless delay. Let him chide on—yours I am, yours must I be called; Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, ever shall I be. Yet is he bent by my faithfulness and my chaste prayers, and of himself abates his urgency. The men of Dulichium and Samos, and they whom high Zacynthus bore—a wanton throng—come pressing about me, suing for my hand. In your own hall they are masters, with none to say them nay; my heart is being torn, your substance spoiled. Why tell you of Pisander, and of Polybus, and of Medon the cruel, and of the grasping hands of Eurymachus and Antinous, and of others, all of whom through shameful absence you yourself are feeding fat with store that was won at cost of your blood? Irus the beggar, and Melanthius, who drives in your flocks to be consumed, are the crowning disgrace now added to your ruin.

OID

Tres sumus inbelles numero, sine viribus uxor
 Laertesque senex Telemachusque puer.
 ille per insidias paene est mihi nuper adeptus,
 dum parat invitis omnibus ire Pylon.¹ 100
 di, precor, hoc iubeant, ut euntibus ordine fatis
 ille meos oculos conprimat, ille tuos!
 hac faciunt custosque boum longaevaue nutrix,
 Tertius immundae cura fidelis harae;²
 sed neque Laertes, ut qui sit inutilis armis, 105
 hostibus in mediis regna tenere potest—
 Telemacho veniet, vivat modo, fortior aetas;
 nunc erat auxiliis illa tuenda patris³—
 nec mihi sunt vires inimicos pellere tectis.
 tu citius venias, portus et ara tuis! 110
 est tibi sitque, precor, natus, qui mollibus annis
 in patrias artes erudiendus erat.
 respice Laerten; ut iam sua lumina condas,
 extremum fati sustinet ille diem.⁴
 Certe ego, quae fueram te discedente puella, 115
 protinus ut venias, facta videbor anus.

II

PHYLLIS DEMOPHOONTI

HOSPITA, Demophoon, tua te Rhodopeia Phyllis
 ultra promissum tempus abesse queror.

¹ 99,100 *spurious Bent.*

² *Ehw. places 103, 104 after 96: hac Tyrrell; hec GEω: huc Bent.: hinc Merk.*

THE HEROIDES II

⁹⁷ We number only three, unused to war—a powerless wife ; Laertes, an old man ; Telemachus, a boy. He was of late all but waylaid and taken from me, while making ready, against the will of all of them, to go to Pylos. The gods grant, I pray, that our fated ends may come in due succession—that he be the one to close my eyes, the one to close yours ! To sustain our cause are the guardian of your cattle and the ancient nurse, and, as a third, the faithful ward of the unclean sty ; but neither Laertes, unable as he is to wield arms now, can sway the sceptre in the midst of our foes—Telemachus, indeed, so he live on, will arrive at years of strength, but now should have his father's aid and guarding—nor have I strength to repel the enemy from our halls. Do you yourself make haste to come, haven and altar of safety for your own ! You have a son—and may you have him ever, is my prayer—who in his tender years should have been trained by you in his father's ways. Have regard for Laertes ; in the hope that you will come at last to close his eyes, he is withstanding the final day of fate.

¹¹⁵ As for myself, who when you left my side was but a girl, though you should come straightway, I surely shall seem grown an aged dame.

II

PHYLLIS TO DEMOPHOON

I, YOUR Phyllis, who welcomed you to Rhodope, Demophoon, complain that the promised day is past,

³ *Birt places 107, 108 after 98 : spurious Sedl. Schenkel.*

⁴ 111-114 *spurious Bent.*

cornua cum lunae pleno semel orbe coissent,
 litoribus nostris ancora pacta tua est—
 luna quater latuit, toto quater orbe recevit ; 5
 nec vehit Actaeas Sithonis unda rates.
 tempora si numeres — bene quae¹ numeramus
 amantes—
 non venit ante suam nostra querela diem.
 Spes quoque lenta fuit ; tarde, quae credita laedunt,
 credimus. invito nunc et amore noces.² 10
 saepe fui mendax pro te mihi, saepe putavi³
 alba procellosos vela referre Notos.
 Thesea devovi, quia te dimittere nollet ;
 nec tenuit cursus forsitan ille tuos.
 interdum timui, ne, dum vada tendis ad Hebri, 15
 mersa foret cana naufraga puppis aqua.
 saepe deos⁴ supplex, ut tu, scelerate, valeres,
 cum prece turicremis sum venerata sacris ;
 saepe, videns ventos caelo pelagoque faventes,
 ipsa mihi dixi : “ si valet ille, venit.” 20
 denique fidus amor, quidquid properantibus obstat,
 finxit, et ad causas ingeniosa fui.
 at tu lentus abes ; nec te iurata reducunt
 numina, nec nostro motus amore redis.
 Demophoon, ventis et verba et vela dedisti ; 25
 vela queror reditu, verba carere fide.

¹ bene quae *E ω Plan.* : quae nos *G Merk.*

² *So G* : invita nunc et amante nocens *E.*

³ putavi *E s Plan.* : notavi *G Merk.*

⁴ deo *Pa. who omits* 18, 19.

^a Attica.

THE HEROIDES II

and you not here. When once the horns of the moon should have come together in full orb, our shores were to expect your anchor—the moon has four times waned, and four times waxed again to her orb complete; yet the Sithonian wave brings not the ships of Acte.^a Should you count the days—which we count well who love—you will find my plaint come not before its time.

⁹ Hope, too, has been slow to leave me; we are tardy in believing, when belief brings hurt. Even now my love is loath to let me think you wrong me. Oft have I been false to myself in my defence of you; oft have I thought the gusty breezes of the south were bringing back your white sails. Theseus I have cursed, because methought he would not let you go; yet mayhap 'tis not he that has stayed your course. At times have I feared lest, while you were holding toward the waters of the Hebrus, your craft had been wrecked and engulfed in the foaming wave. Oft, bending the knee in prayer that you fare well—ah, wretched man!—have I venerated the gods with prayer or with burning of holy incense; oft, seeing in sky and on sea that the winds were favouring, have I said to myself: “If he do fare well, he is on the way.” In a word, all things soever that hinder those in haste to come, my faithful love has tried to image forth, and my wit has been fertile in the finding of causes. But you delay long your coming; neither do the gods by whom you swore bring you back to me, nor does love of mine move your return. Demophoon, to the winds you gave at once both promised word and sails; your sails, alas! have not returned, your promised word has not been kept.

Dic mihi, quid feci, nisi non sapienter amavi?
 crimine te potui demeruisse meo.
 unum in me scelus est, quod te, scelerate, recepi;
 sed scelus hoc meriti pondus et instar habet. 30
 iura, fides ubi nunc, commissaque dextera dextrae,
 quique erat in falso plurimus ore deus?
 promissus socios ubi nunc Hymenaeus in annos,
 qui mihi coniugii sponsor et obses erat?
 per mare, quod totum ventis agitatur et undis, 35
 per quod saepe ieras, per quod iturus eras,
 perque tuum mihi iurasti—nisi fictus et ille est—
 concita qui ventis aequora mulcet, avum,
 per Venerem nimiumque mihi facientia tela—
 altera tela arcus, altera tela faces— 40
 Iunonemque, toris quae praesidet alma maritis,
 et per taediferae mystica sacra deae.
 si de tot laesis sua numina quisque deorum
 vindicet, in poenas non satis unus eris.
 At laceras etiam puppes furiosa refeci— 45
 ut, qua desererer, firma carina foret!—
 remigiumque dedi, quod me fugiturus haberes.
 heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis!
 credidimus blandis, quorum tibi copia, verbis;
 credidimus generi nominibusque tuis; 50

THE HEROIDES II

27 Tell me, what have I done, except not wisely love?—and by the very fault I might well have won you for my own. The one crime which may be charged to me is that I took you, O faithless, to myself; but this crime has all the weight and seeming of good desert. The bonds that should hold you, the faith that you swore, where are they now?—and the pledge of the right hand you placed in mine, and the talk of God that was ever on your lying lips? Where now the bond of Hymen promised for years of life together—promise that was my warrant and surety for the wedded state? By the sea, all tossed by wind and wave, over which you had often gone, over which you were still to go; and by your grandsire—unless he, too, is but a fiction—by your grandsire, who calms the windwrought wave, you swore to me; yes, and by Venus and the weapons that wound me all too much—one weapon the bow, the other the torch; and by Juno, the kindly ward of the bridal bed; and by the mystical rites of the goddess who bears the torch. Should all the many gods you have wronged take vengeance for the outrage to their sacred names, your single life would not suffice.

45 Yes, and more, in my madness I even refitted your shattered ships—that the keel might be firm by which I was left behind!—and gave you the oars by which you were to fly from me. Ah me, my pangs are from wounds wrought by weapons of my own! I had faith in your wheedling words, and you had good store of them; I had faith in your lineage, and in the names it shows; I had faith

OID

credidimus lacrimis—an et hae simulare docentur?
 hae quoque habent artes, quaque iubentur, eunt?
 dis quoque credidimus. quo iam tot pignora nobis?
 parte satis potui qualibet inde capi.
 Nec moveor, quod te iuvi portuque locoque— 55
 debuit haec meriti summa fuisse mei!
 turpiter hospitium lecto cumulasse iugali
 paenitet, et lateri conseruisse latus.
 quae fuit ante illam, mallem suprema fuisset
 nox mihi, dum potui Phyllis honesta mori. 60
 speravi melius, quia me meruisse putavi;
 quaecumque ex merito spes venit, aequa venit.
 Fallere credentem non est operosa puellam
 gloria. simplicitas digna favore fuit.
 sum decepta tuis et amans et femina verbis. 65
 di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuae!
 inter et Aegidas, media statuaris in urbe,
 magnificus titulis stet pater ante suis.
 cum fuerit Sciron lectus torvusque Procrustes
 et Sinis et tauri mixtaque forma viri 70
 et domitae bello Thebae fusique bimembres
 et pulsata nigri regia caeca dei—
 hoc tua post illos titulo signetur imago:
 HIC EST, CUIUS AMANS HOSPITA CAPTA DOLO EST.
 de tanta rerum turba factisque parentis 75
 sedit in ingenio Cressa relicta tuo.

* Theseus.

THE HEROIDES II

in your tears—or can these also be taught to feign ; and are these also guileful, and ready to flow where bidden ? I had faith, too, in the gods by whom you swore. To what end, pray, so many pledges of faith to me ? By any part of them, however slight, I could have been ensnared.

⁵⁵ I am stirred by no regret that I aided you with haven and abiding-place—only, this should have been the limit of my kindness ! Shamefully to have added to my welcome of the guest the favours of the marriage-bed is what I repent me of—to have pressed your side to my own. The night before that night I could wish had been the last for me, while I still could have died Phyllis the chaste. I had hope for a better fate, for I thought it my desert ; the hope—whatever it be—that is grounded in desert, is just.

⁶³ To beguile a trustful maid is glory but cheaply earned ; my simple faith was worthy of regard. I was deceived by your words—I, who loved and was a woman. May the gods grant that this be your crowning praise ! In the midst of your city, even among the sons of Aegeus, go let yourself be statued, and let your mighty father^a be set there first, with record of his deeds. When men shall have read of Sciron, and of grim Procrustes, and of Sinis, and of the mingled form of bull and man, and of Thebes brought low in war, and of the rout of the two-framed Centaurs, and of the knocking at the gloomy palace of the darksome god—after all these, under your own image let be inscribed these words :

THIS IS HE WHOSE WILES BETRAYED THE HOSTESS
THAT LOVED HIM.

Of all the great deeds in the long career of your sire, nothing has made impress upon your nature but

quod solum excusat, solum miraris in illo ;
 heredem patriae, perfide, fraudis agis.
 illa—nec invideo—fruitur meliore marito
 inque capistratis tigribus alta sedet ; 80
 at mea despecti fugiunt conubia Thraces,
 quod ferar externum praeposuisse meis.
 atque aliquis “iam nunc doctas eat,” inquit, “Athenas ;
 armiferam Thracen qui regat, alter erit.
 exitus acta probat.” careat successibus, opto, 85
 quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat !
 at si nostra tuo spumescant aequora remo,
 iam mihi, iam dicar consuluisse meis—
 sed neque consului, nec te mea regia tanget
 fessaque Bistonia membra lavabis aqua ! 90
 Illa meis oculis species abeuntis inhaeret,
 cum premeret portus classis itura meos.
 ausus es amplecti colloque infusus amantis
 oscula per longas iungere pressa moras
 cumque tuis lacrimis lacrimas confundere nostras, 95
 quodque foret velis aura secunda, queri
 et mihi discedens suprema dicere voce :
 “Phylli, fac expectes Demophoonta tuum !”
 Expectem, qui me numquam visurus abisti ?
 expectem pelago vela negata meo ?¹ 100

¹ *So G ω : negante data Pa. : velane gatata meo P.*

^a After Theseus' desertion of her, Ariadne was wedded to Bacchus, whose tigers and car she drives.

THE HEROIDES II

the leaving of his Cretan bride. The only deed that draws forth his excuse, that only you admire in him; you act the heir to your father's guile, perfidious one. She—and with no envy from me—enjoys now a better lord, and sits aloft behind her bridled tigers^a; but me, the Thracians whom I scorned will not now wed, for rumour declares I set a stranger before my countrymen. And someone says: "Let her now away to learned Athens; to rule in armour-bearing Thrace another shall be found. The event proves well the wisdom of her course." Let him come to naught, I pray, who thinks the deed should be condemned from its result. Ah, but if our seas should foam beneath your oar, then should I be said to have counselled well for myself, then well for my countrymen; but I have neither counselled well, nor will my palace feel your presence more, nor will you bathe again your wearied limbs in the Bistonian wave!

⁹¹ Ever to my sight clings that vision of you as you went, what time your ships were riding the waters of my harbour, all ready to depart. You dared embrace me, and, with arms close round the neck of her who loved you, to join your lips to mine in long and lingering kisses, to mingle with my tears your own, to complain because the breeze was favouring to your sails, and, as you left my side, to say for your last words: "Phyllis, remember well, expect your own Demophoon!"

⁹⁹ And am I to expect, when you went forth with thought never to see me more? Am I to expect the sails denied return to my seas? And yet I do

et tamen expecto—redeas modo serus amanti,
 ut tua sit solo tempore lapsa fides!
 Quid precor infelix? te iam tenet altera coniunx
 forsitan et, nobis qui male favit, amor;
 utque tibi excidimus, nullam, puto, Phyllida nosti. 105
 ei mihi! si, quae sim Phyllis et unde, rogas—
 quae tibi, Demophoon, longis erroribus acto
 Threicios portus hospitiumque dedi,
 cuius opes auxere meae, cui dives egenti
 munera multa dedi, multa datura fui; 110
 quae tibi subieci latissima regna Lycurgi,
 nomine femineo vix satis apta regi,
 qua patet umbrosum Rhodope glacialis ad Haemum,
 et sacer admissas exigit Hebrus aquas,
 cui mea virginitas avibus libata sinistris 115
 castaque fallaci zona recincta manu!
 pronuba Tisiphone thalamis ululavit in illis,
 et cecinit maestum devia carmen avis;
 adfuit Allecto brevibus torquata colubris,
 suntque sepulchrali lumina mota face! 120
 Maesta tamen scopulos fruticosaque litora calco
 quaeque patent oculis litora¹ lata meis.
 sive die laxatur humus, seu frigida lucent
 sidera, prospicio, quis freta ventus agat;
 et quaecumque procul venientia lintea vidi, 125
 protinus illa meos auguror esse deos.

¹ litora *MSS.*: aequora *Aldus Pa.*

^a A Fury, instead of Juno, patroness of marriage.

THE HEROIDES II

expect—ah, return only, though late, to her who loves you, and prove your promise false only for the time that you delay!

¹⁰³ Why entreat, unhappy that I am? It may be you are already won by another bride, and feel for her the love that favoured me but ill; and since I have fallen from out your life, I feel you know Phyllis no more. Ah me! if you ask who I, Phyllis, am, and whence—I am she, Demophoon, who, when you had been driven far in wanderings on the sea, threw open to you the havens of Thrace and welcomed you as guest, you, whose estate my own raised up, to whom in your need I in my plenty gave many gifts, and would have given many still; I am she who rendered to you the broad, broad realms of Lycurgus, scarce meet to be ruled in a woman's name, where stretches icy Rhodope to Haemus with its shades, and sacred Hebrus drives his headlong waters forth—to you, on whom mid omens all sinister my maiden innocence was first bestowed, and whose guileful hand ungirdled my chaste zone! Tisiphone was minister at that bridal, with shrieks,^a and the bird that shuns the light chanted her mournful note; Allecto was there, with little serpents coiled about her neck, and the lights that waved were torches of the tomb!

¹²¹ Heavy in soul, none the less do I tread the rocks and the thicket-covered strand, where'er the sea view opens broad before my eyes. Whether by day the soil is loosed by warmth, or whether constellations coldly shine, I look ever forth to see what wind doth sweep the straits; and whatever sails I see approaching from afar, straightway I augur them the answer to my prayers. I rush forth to

- in freta procuro, vix me retinentibus undis,
 mobile qua primas porrigit aequor aquas.
 quo magis accedunt, minus et minus utilis adsto ;
 linquor et ancillis excipienda cado. 130
- Est sinus, adductos modice falcatus in arcus ;
 ultima praerupta cornua mole rigent.
 hinc mihi suppositas inmittere corpus in undas
 mens fuit ; et, quoniam fallere pergis, erit.
 ad tua me fluctus proiectam litora portent, 135
 occurramque oculis intumulata tuis !
 duritia ferrum ut superes adamantaque teque,
 “ non tibi sic,” dices, “ Phylli, sequendus eram ! ”
 saepe venenorum sitis est mihi ; saepe cruenta
 traiectam gladio morte perire iuvat. 140
 colla quoque, infidis quia se nectenda lacertis
 praebuerunt, laqueis implicuisse iuvat.
 stat nece matura tenerum pensare pudorem.
 in necis electu parva futura mora est.
 Inscribere meo causa invidiosa sepulcro. 145
 aut hoc aut simili carmine notus eris :

PHYLLIDA DEMOPHOON LETO DEDIT HOSPES AMANTEM ;
 ILLE NECIS CAUSAM PRAEBUIT, IPSA MANUM.

THE HEROIDES II

the waters, scarce halted by the waves where first the sea sends in its mobile tide. The nearer the sails advance, the less and less the strength that bears me up; my senses leave me, and I fall, to be caught up by my handmaids' arms.

¹³¹ There is a bay, whose bow-like lines are gently curved to sickle shape; its outmost horns rise rigid and in rock-bound mass. To throw myself hence into the waves beneath has been my mind; and, since you still pursue your faithless course, so shall it be. Let the waves bear me away, and cast me up on your shores, and let me meet your eyes untombed! Though in hardness you be more than steel, than adamant, than your very self, you shall say: "Not so, Phyllis, should I have been followed by thee!" Oft do I long for poison; oft with the sword would I gladly pierce my heart and pour forth my blood in death. My neck, too, because once offered to the embrace of your false arms, I could gladly ensnare in the noose. My heart is fixed to die before my time, and thus make amends to tender purity. In the choosing of my death there shall be but small delay.

¹⁴⁵ On my tomb shall you be inscribed the hateful cause of my death. By this, or by some similar verse, shall you be known:

DEMOPHOON 'T WAS SENT PHYLLIS TO HER DOOM;
HER GUEST WAS HE, SHE LOVED HIM WELL.
HE WAS THE CAUSE THAT BROUGHT HER DEATH TO
PASS;
HER OWN THE HAND BY WHICH SHE FELL.

III

RISEIS ACHILLI

QUAM legis, a rapta Briseide littera venit,
 vix bene barbarica Graeca notata manu.
 quascumque adspicies, lacrimae fecere lituras;
 sed tamen et lacrimae pondera vocis habent.
 Si mihi pauca queri de te dominoque viroque 5
 fas est, de domino pauca viroque querar.
 non, ego poscenti quod sum cito tradita regi,
 culpa tua est—quamvis haec quoque culpa tua est;
 nam simul Eurybates me Talthybiousque vocarunt,
 Eurybati data sum Talthybioque comes. 10
 alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultum
 quaerebant taciti, noster ubi esset amor.
 differri potui; poenae mora grata fuisset.
 ei mihi! discedens oscula nulla dedi;
 at lacrimas sine fine dedi rupique capillos— 15
 infelix iterum sum mihi visa capi!
 Saepe ego decepto volui custode reverti,
 sed, me qui timidam prenderet,¹ hostis erat.
 si progressa forem, caperer ne nocte timebam,
 quamlibet ad Priami munus itura nurum. 20
 Sed data sim, quia danda fui—tot noctibus absum
 nec repeto; cessas, iraque lenta tua est.

¹ redderet *Ehw.*

^a Briseis was a captive from Lyrnesus, in Mysia. Iliad IX is the basis of this letter.

^b Agamemnon forced Achilles to give up Briseis. Achilles having refused to aid the Greeks, Agamemnon sent an embassy to him, but the offended warrior scorned his advances.

THE HEROIDES III

III

BRISEIS TO ACHILLES

FROM stolen Briseis is the writing you read, scarce characterized in Greek by her barbarian hand.^a Whatever blots you shall see, her tears have made; but tears, too, have none the less the weight of words.

⁵ If 'tis right for me to utter brief complaint of you, my master and my beloved, of you, my master and my beloved, will I utter brief complaint. That I was all too quickly delivered over to the king at his demand is not your fault—yet this, too, is your fault; for as soon as Eurybates and Talthybius came to ask for me, to Eurybates was I given over, and to Talthybius, to go with them.^b Each, casting eyes into the face of other, inquired in silence where now was the love between us. My going might have been deferred; a stay of my pain would have eased my heart. Ah me! I had to go, and with no farewell kiss; but tears without end I shed, and rent my hair—miserable me, I seemed a second time to suffer the captive's fate!

¹⁷ Oft have I wished to elude my guards and return to you; but the enemy was there, to seize upon a timid girl. Should I have gone far, I feared I should be taken in the night, and delivered over a gift to some one of the ladies of Priam's sons.

²¹ But grant I was given up because I must be given—yet all these nights I am absent from your side, and not demanded back; you delay, and your

ipse Menoetiades tum, cum tradebar, in aurem
 "quid fles? hic parvo tempore," dixit, "eris."
 Nec repetisse parum; pugnas, ne reddar, Achille! 25
 i nunc et cupidi nomen amantis habe!
 venerunt ad te Telamone et Amyntore nati—
 ille gradu propior sanguinis, ille comes—
 Laertaque satus, per quos comitata redirem.
 auxerunt blandas grandia dona preces: 30
 viginti fulvos operoso ex aere lebetas,
 et tripodas septem pondere et arte pares;
 addita sunt illis auri bis quinque talenta,
 bis sex adsueti vincere semper equi,
 quodque supervacuum est, forma praestante puellae 35
 Lesbides, eversa corpora capta domo,
 cumque tot his—sed non opus est tibi coniuge—
 coniunx
 ex Agamemnoniis una puella tribus.
 si tibi ab Atride pretio redimenda fuisset,
 quae dare debueras, accipere illa negas! 40
 qua merui culpa fieri tibi vilis, Achille?
 quo levis a nobis tam cito fugit amor?
 An miseros tristis fortuna tenaciter urget,
 nec venit inceptis mollior hora malis?¹
 diruta Marte tuo Lyrnesia moenia vidi— 45
 et fueram patriae pars ego magna meae;
 vidi consortes pariter generisque necisque
 tres cecidisse—tribus, quae mihi, mater erat;
 vidi, quantus erat, fusum tellure cruenta
 pectora iactantem sanguinolenta virum. 50

¹ malis *Lehrs Hous. Plan.*: meis *MSS.*

^a Patroclus.

THE HEROIDES III

anger is slow. Menoetius' son himself,^a at the time I was delivered up, whispered into my ear: "Why do you weep? But a short time," he said, "will you be here."

²⁵ And not to have claimed me back is but a slight thing; you even oppose my being restored, Achilles. Go now, deserve the name of an eager lover! There came to you the sons of Amyntor and Telamon—the one near in degree of blood, the other a comrade—and Laertes' son; in company of these I was to return. Rich presents lent weight to their wheedling prayers: twenty ruddy vessels of wrought bronze, and tripods seven, equal in weight and workmanship; added to these, of gold twice five talents, twice six coursers ever wont to win, and—what there was no need of!—Lesbian girls surpassing fair, maids taken when their home was overthrown; and with all these—though of a bride you have no need—as bride, one of the daughters three of Agamemnon. What you must have given had you had to buy me back from Atrides with a price, that you refuse as a gift! What have I done that I am held thus cheap by you, Achilles? Whither has fled your light love so quickly from me?

⁴³ Or can it be that a gloomy fortune still weighs the wretched down, and a gentler hour comes not when woes have once begun? The walls of Lyrnesus I have seen laid in ruin by your soldier band—I, who myself had been great part of my father's land; I have seen fall three who were partners alike in birth and in death—and the three had the mother who was mine; I have seen my wedded lord stretched all his length upon the gory ground, heaving in agony

tot tamen amissis te compensavimus unum ;
 tu dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eras.
 tu mihi, iuratus per numina matris aquosae,
 utile dicebas ipse fuisse capi—
 scilicet ut, quamvis veniam dotata, repellas 55
 et mecum fugias quae tibi dantur opes !
 quin etiam fama est, cum crastina fulserit Eos,
 te dare nubiferis lintea velle Notis.
 Quod scelus ut pavidas miseræ mihi contigit aures,
 sanguinis atque animi pectus inane fuit. 60
 ibis et—o miseram !—cui me, violente,¹ relinquis ?
 quis mihi desertæ mite levamen erit ?
 devorer ante, precor, subito telluris hiatu
 aut rutilo missi fulminis igne cremer,
 quam sine me Phthiis canescant aequora remis, 65
 et videam puppes ire relictæ tuas !
 si tibi iam reditusque placent patriique Penates,
 non ego sum classi sarcina magna tuæ.
 victorem captiva sequar, non nupta maritum ;
 est mihi, quæ lanas molliat, apta manus. 70
 inter Achæiadas longè pulcherrima matres
 in thalamos coniunx ibit eatque tuos,
 digna nurus socero, Iovis Aeginaeque nepote,
 cuique senex Nereus prosocer esse velit.
 nos humiles famulaeque tuæ data pensa trahemus, 75
 et minuent plenos stamina nostra colos.

¹ tu lente *Bent.*

^a Peleus, son of Aeacus, son of Jupiter and Aegina.

^b Thetis, mother of Achilles, was daughter of Nereus.

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his bloody breast. For so many lost to me I still had only you in recompense; you were my master, you my husband, you my brother. You swore to me by the godhead of your seaborne mother, and yourself said that my captive's lot was gain—yes, that though I come to you with dowry, you may thrust me back, scorning with me the wealth that is tendered you! Nay, 'tis even said that when tomorrow's dawn shall have shone forth, you mean to unfurl your linen sails to the cloud-bringing winds of the south.

⁵⁹ When the monstrous tale fell on my wretched and terror-stricken ears, the blood went from my breast, and with it my senses fled. You are going—ah me, wretched!—and to whom do you leave me, O hardened of heart? Who shall afford me gentle solace, left behind? May I be swallowed up, I pray, in sudden yawning of the earth, or consumed by the ruddy fire of careering thunderbolt, e'er that, without me, the seas foam white with Phthian oars, and I am left behind to see your ships fare forth! If it please you now to return to the hearth of your fathers, I am no great burden to your fleet. As captive let me follow my captor, not as wife my wedded lord; I have a hand well skilled to dress the wool. The most beauteous by far among the women of Achaea will come to the marriage-chamber as your bride—and may she come!—a bride worthy of her lord's father,^a the grandchild of Jove and Aegina, and one whom ancient Nereus would welcome as his grandson's bride.^b As for me, I shall be a lowly slave of yours and spin off the given task, and the full distaff shall grow slender at the drawing of my threads. Only let not your lady

exagitet ne me tantum tua, deprecor, uxor—
 quae mihi nescio quo non erit aequa modo—
 neve meos coram scindi patiare capillos
 et leviter dicas : “ haec quoque nostra fuit.” 80
 vel patiare licet, dum ne contempta relinquitur—
 hic mihi vae ! miserae concutit ossa metus.
 Quid tamen expectas ? Agamemnona paenitet irae,
 et iacet ante tuos Graecia maesta pedes.
 vince animos iramque tuam, qui cetera vincis ! 85
 quid lacerat Danaas inpiger Hector opes ?
 arma cape, Aeacide, sed me tamen ante recepta,
 et preme turbatos Marte favente viros !
 propter me mota est, propter me desinat ira,
 simque ego tristitiae causa modusque tuae. 90
 nec tibi turpe puta precibus succumbere nostris ;
 coniugis Oenides versus in arma prece est.
 res audita mihi, nota est tibi. fratribus orba
 devovit nati spemque caputque parens.
 bellum erat ; ille ferox positus secessit ab armis 95
 et patriae rigida mente negavit opem.
 sola virum coniunx flexit. felicitior illa !
 at mea pro¹ nullo pondere verba cadunt.
 nec tamen indignor nec me pro coniuge gessi
 saepius in domini serva vocata torum. 100
 me quaedam, memini, dominam captiva vocabat.
 “ servitio,” dixi, “ nominis addis onus.”
 Per tamen ossa viri subito male tecta sepulcro,
 semper iudiciis ossa verenda meis ;

¹ pro ! *Madv.*

^a The story of Meleager, who slew his mother Althea's brother, and was cursed by her. Refusing to aid his country in the war that followed the killing of the Calydonian boar, he was turned from his purpose by his wife Cleopatra.

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be harsh with me, I pray—for in some way I feel she will not be kind—and suffer her not to tear my hair before your eyes, while you lightly say of me: "She, too, once was mine." Or, suffer it even so, if only I am not despised and left behind—this is the fear, ah woe is wretched me, that shakes my very bones!

⁸³ What do you still await? Agamemnon repents him of his wrath, and Greece lies prostrate in affliction at your feet. Subdue your own angry spirit, you who subdue all else! Why does eager Hector still harry the Danaan lines? Seize up your armour, O child of Aeacus—yet take me back first—and with the favour of Mars rout and overwhelm their ranks. For me your anger was stirred, through me let it be allayed; and let me be both the cause and the measure of your gloomy wrath. Nor think it unseemly for you to yield to prayer of mine; by the prayer of his wedded wife was the son of Oeneus roused to arms.^a 'Tis only a tale to me, but to you well known. Reft of her brothers, a mother cursed the hope and head of her son. There was war; in fierce mood he laid down his arms and stood apart, and with unbending purpose refused his country aid. Only the wife availed to bend her husband. The happier she!—for my words have no weight, and fall for naught. And yet I am not angered, nor have I borne myself as wife because oft summoned, a slave, to share my master's bed. Some captive woman once, I mind me, called me mistress. "To slavery," I replied, "you add a burden in that name."

¹⁰³ None the less, by the bones of my wedded lord, ill covered in hasty sepulture bones ever to be

perque trium fortes animas, mea numina, fratrum, 105
 qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent ;
 perque tuum nostrumque caput, quae iunximus una,
 perque tuos enses, cognita tela meis—
 nulla Mycenaeum sociasse cubilia mecum
 iuro ; fallentem deseruisse velis ! 110
 si tibi nunc dicam : “ fortissime, tu quoque iura
 nulla tibi sine me gaudia facta ! ” neges.
 at Danaï maerere putant—tibi plectra moventur,
 te tenet in tepido mollis amica sinu !
 et quisquam¹ quaerit, quare pugnare recuses ? 115
 pugna nocet, citharae noxque Venusque iuvant.
 tutius est iacuisse toro, tenuisse puellam,
 Threiciam digitis increpuisse lyram,
 quam manibus clipeos et acutae cuspidis hastam,
 et galeam pressa sustinuisse coma. 120
 Sed tibi pro tutis insignia facta placebant,
 partaque bellando gloria dulcis erat.
 an tantum dum me caperes, fera bella probabas,
 eumque mea patria laus tua victa iacet ?
 di melius ! validoque, precor, vibrata lacerto 125
 transeat Hectoreum Pelias hasta latus !
 mittite me, Danaï ! dominum legata rogabo
 multaque mandatis oscula mixta feram.
 plus ego quam Phoenix, plus quam facundus Ulixes,
 plus ego quam Teucri, credite, frater agam. 130

¹ *So G* : si quisquam (quisquis ?) *P* : et si quis *ω* : et quis-
 quis *τ* : si quis nunc quaerat *or* si quis forte roget *Bent*.

^a Because Orpheus was a Thracian.

^b Ajax. The three were the delegation sent by Agamem-
 non to offer to make amends.

THE HEROIDES III

held sacred in my eyes; and by the brave souls of my three brothers, to me now spirits divine, who died well for their country, and lie well with it in death; and by your head and mine, which we have laid each to each; and by your sword, weapon well known to my kin—I swear that the Mycenaean has shared no couch with me; if I prove false, wish never to see me more! If now I should say to you: “Most valiant one, do you swear also that you have tasted no joys apart from me!” you would refuse. Yes, the Danaï think you are mourning for me—but you are wielding the plectrum, and a tender mistress holds you in her warm embrace! And does anyone ask wherefore do you refuse to fight? Because the fight brings danger; while the zither, and night, and Venus, bring delight. Safer is it to lie on the couch, to clasp a sweetheart in your arms, to tinkle with your fingers the Thracian^a lyre, than to take in hand the shield, and the spear with sharpened point, and to sustain upon your locks the helmet’s weight.

¹²¹ Once the deed of renown, rather than safety, was your pleasure, and glory won in warring was sweet to you. Or can it be that you favoured fierce war only till you could make me captive, and that your praise lies dead, o’ercome together with my native land? Ye gods forbend! and may the spear of Pelion go quivering from your strong arm to pierce the side of Hector! Send me, O Danaï! I will be ambassadress and supplicate my lord, and carry many kisses mingled with my message. I shall achieve more than Phoenix, believe me, more than eloquent Ulysses, more than Teucer’s brother!^b It

est aliquid, collum solitis tetigisse lacertis,
 praesentisque oculos admouuisse sinu.¹
 sis licet inmitis matrisque ferocior undis,
 ut taceam, lacrimis conminuere meis.
 Nunc quoque—sic omnes Peleus pater inpleat
 annos, 135
 sic eat auspiciis Pyrrhus ad arma tuis! —
 respice sollicitam Briseida, fortis Achille,
 nec miseram lenta ferreus ure mora!
 aut, si versus amor tuus est in taedia nostri,
 quam sine te cogis vivere, coge mori! 140
 utque facis, coges. abiit corpusque colorque;
 sustinet hoc animae spes tamen una tui.
 qua si destituor, repetam fratresque virumque—
 nec tibi magnificum femina iussa mori.
 cur autem iubeas? stricto pete corpora ferro; 145
 est mihi qui fosso pectore sanguis eat.
 me petat ille tuus, qui, si dea passa fuisset,
 ensis in Atridae pectus iturus erat!
 A, potius serves nostram, tua munera, vitam!
 quod dederas hosti victor, amica rogo. 150
 perdere quos melius possis, Neptunia praebent
 Pergama; materiam caedis ab hoste pete.
 me modo, sive paras inpellere remige classem,
 sive manes, domini iure venire iube!

¹ sinu *G E ω*; sinus *s*: suis *P*.

THE HEROIDES III

will avail something to have touched your neck with the accustomed arms, to have seen you and stirred your recollection by the sight of my bosom. Though you be cruel, though more savage than your mother's waves, even should I keep silence you will be broken by my tears.

¹³⁵ Even now—so may Peleus your father fill out his tale of years, so may Pyrrhus take up arms with fortune as good as yours!—have regard for anxious Briseis, brave Achilles, and do not hard-heartedly torment a wretched maid with long drawn out delay! Or, if your love for me has turned to weariness, compel the death of her whom you compel to live without you! And, as you now are doing, you will compel it. Gone is my flesh, and gone my colour; what spirit I still have is but sustained by hope in you. If I am left by that, I shall go to rejoin my brothers and my husband—and 'twill be no boast for you to have bid a woman die. And more, why should you bid me die? Draw the steel and plunge it in my body; I have blood to flow when once my breast is pierced. Let me be stricken with that sword of yours, which, had the goddess not said nay, would have made its way into the heart of Atreus' son!

¹⁴⁹ Ah, rather save my life, the gift you gave me! What you gave, when victor, to me your foe, I ask now from you as your friend. Those whom 'twere better you destroyed, Neptunian Pergamum affords; for matter for your sword, go seek the foe. Only, whether you make ready to speed on with the oar your ships, or whether you remain, O, by your right as master, bid me come!

IV

PHAEDRA HIPPOLYTO

QUAM nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa, salutem
 mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro.
 perlege, quodcumque est—quid epistula lecta nocebit ?
 te quoque in hac aliquid quod iuuet esse potest ;
 his arcana notis terra pelagoque feruntur. 5
 inspicit acceptas hostis ab hoste notas.
 Ter tecum conata loqui ter inutilis haesit
 lingua, ter in primo destitit ore sonus.
 qua licet et sequitur, pudor est miscendus amor ;
 dicere quæ puduit, scribere iussit amor. 10
 quidquid Amor iussit, non est contemnere tutum ;
 regnat et in dominos ius habet ille deos.
 ille mihi primo dubitanti scribere dixit :
 “ scribe ! dabit victas ferreus ille manus.”
 adsit et, ut nostras avido fovet igne medullas, 15
 figat sic animos in mea vota tuos !
 Non ego nequitia socialia foedera rumpam ;
 fama—velim quaeras—crimine nostra vacat.
 venit amor gravius, quo serius—urimur intus ;
 urimur, et caecum pectora vulnus habent. 20

THE HEROIDES IV

IV

PHAEDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS

WITH wishes for the welfare which she herself, unless you give it her, will ever lack, the Cretan maid greets the hero whose mother was an Amazon. Read to the end, whatever is here contained—what shall reading of a letter harm? In this one, too, there may be something to pleasure you; in these characters of mine, secrets are borne over land and sea. Even foe looks into missive writ by foe.

⁷ Thrice making trial of speech with you, thrice hath my tongue vainly stopped, thrice the sound failed at first threshold of my lips. Wherever modesty may attend on love, love should not lack in it; with me, what modesty forbade to say, love has commanded me to write. Whatever Love commands, it is not safe to hold for naught; his throne and law are over even the gods who are lords of all. 'Twas he who spoke to me when first I doubted if to write or no: "Write; the iron-hearted one will yield his hand." Let him aid me, then, and, just as he heats my marrow with his avid flame, so may he transfix your heart that it yield to my prayers!

¹⁷ It will not be through wanton baseness that I shall break my marriage-bond; my name—and you may ask—is free from all reproach. Love has come to me, the deeper for its coming late—I am burning with love within; I am burning, and my breast has an unseen wound. As the first bearing of the yoke

scilicet ut teneros laedunt iuga prima iuencos,
 frenaque vix patitur de grege captus equus,
 sic male vixque subit primos rude pectus amores,
 sarcinaque haec animo non sedet apta meo.
 ars fit, ubi a teneris crimen condiscitur annis ; 25
 quae¹ venit exacto tempore, peius amat.
 tu nova servatae carpes libamina famae,
 et pariter nostrum fiet uterque nocens.
 est aliquid, plenis pomaria carpere ramis,
 et tenui primam delegere ungue rosam. 30
 si tamen ille prior, quo me sine crimine gessi,
 candor ab insolita labe notandus erat,
 at bene successit, digno quod adurimur igni ;
 peius adulterio turpis adulter obest.
 si mihi concedat Iuno fratremque virumque, 35
 Hippolytum videor praepositura Iovi!
 Iam quoque—vix credes—ignotas mutor in artes ;
 est mihi per saevas impetus ire feras.
 iam mihi prima dea est arcu praesignis adunco
 Delia ; iudicium subsequor ipsa tuum. 40
 in nemus ire libet pressisque in retia cervis
 hortari celeris per iuga summa canes,
 aut tremulum excusso iaculum vibrare lacerto,
 aut in graminea ponere corpus humo.
 saepe iuvat versare leves in pulvere currus 45
 torquentem frenis ora fugacis equi ;
 nunc feror, ut Bacchi furiis Eleleides² actae,
³ quaeque sub Idaeo tympana colle movent,

¹ cui *Hein. Bent.*

² *Elelegides P: Eleides/ s.*

³ 48-103 *lost from P.*

THE HEROIDES IV

galls the tender steer, and as the rein is scarce endured by the colt fresh taken from the drove, so does my untried heart rebel, and scarce submit to the first restraints of love, and the burden I undergo does not sit well upon my soul. Love grows to be but an art, when the fault is well learned from tender years; she who yields her heart when the time for love is past, has a fiercer passion. You will reap the fresh first-offerings of purity long preserved, and both of us will be equal in our guilt. 'Tis something to pluck fruit from the orchard with full-hanging branch, to cull with delicate nail the first rose. If nevertheless the white and blameless purity in which I have lived before was to be marked with unwonted stain, at least the fortune is kind that burns me with a worthy flame; worse than forbidden love is a lover who is base. Should Juno yield me him who is at once her brother and her lord, methinks I should prefer Hippolytus to Jove.

³⁷ Now too—you will scarce believe it—I am changing to pursuits I did not know; I am stirred to go among wild beasts. The goddess first for me now is the Delian, known above all for her curved bow; it is your choice that I myself now follow. My pleasure leads me to the wood, to drive the deer into the net, and to urge on the fleet hound over the highest ridge, or with arm shot forth to let fly the quivering spear, or to lay my body upon the grassy ground. Oft do I delight to whirl the light car in the dust of the course, twisting with the rein the mouth of the flying steed; now again I am borne on, like daughters of the Bacchic cry driven by the frenzy of their god, and those who

aut quas semideae Dryades Faunique bicornes
 numine contactas attonuere suo. 50
 namque mihi referunt, cum se furor ille remisit,
 omnia; me tacitam conscius urit amor.
 Forsitan hunc generis fato reddamus amorem,
 et Venus ex tota gente tributa petat.
 Iuppiter Europen—prima est ea gentis origo— 55
 dilexit, tauro dissimulante deum.
 Pasiphae mater, decepto subdita tauro,
 enixa est utero crimen onusque suo.
 perfidus Aegides, ducentia fila secutus,
 curva meae fugit tecta sororis ope. 60
 en, ego nunc, ne forte parum Minoia credar,
 in socias leges ultima gentis eo!
 hoc quoque fatale est: placuit domus una duabus;
 me tua forma capit, capta parente soror.
 Thesides Theseusque duas rapuere sorores— 65
 ponite de nostra bina tropaea domo!
 Tempore quo nobis inita est Cerēalis Eleusin,
 Gnosia me vellem detinisset humus!
 tunc mihi praecipue, nec non tamen ante, placebas;
 acer in extremis ossibus haesit amor. 70
 candida vestis erat, praecincti flore capilli,
 flava verecundus tinxerat ora rubor,
 quemque vocant aliae vultum rigidumque trucemque,
 pro rigido Phaedra iudice fortis erat.
 sint procul a nobis iuvenes ut femina compta!— 75
 fine coli modico forma virilis amat.

^a The votaries of Cybele, Great Mother of the Gods.

^b The gods caused the animal to see in her his own kind.

^c The story of the Minotaur and the Labyrinth.

THE HEROIDES IV

shake the timbrel at the foot of Ida's ridge,^a or those whom Dryad creatures half-divine and Fauns two-horned have touched with their own spirit and driven distraught. For they tell me of all these things when that madness of mine has passed away; and I keep silence, conscious 'tis love that tortures me.

⁵³ It may be this love is a debt I am paying, due to the destiny of my line, and that Venus is exacting tribute of me for all my race. Europa—this is the first beginning of our line—was loved of Jove; a bull's form disguised the god. Pasiphaë my mother, victim of the deluded bull,^b brought forth in travail her reproach and burden. The faithless son of Aegeus followed the guiding thread, and escaped from the winding house through the aid my sister gave.^c Behold, now I, lest I be thought too little a child of Minos' line, am the latest of my stock to come under the law that rules us all! This, too, is fateful, that one house has won us both; your beauty has captured my heart, my sister's heart was captured by your father. Theseus' son and Theseus have been the undoing of sisters twain—rear ye a double trophy at our house's fall!

⁶⁷ That time I went to Eleusis, the city of Ceres, would that the Gnosian land had held me back! It was then you pleased me most, and yet you had pleased before; piercing love lodged in my deepest bones. Shining white was your raiment, bound round with flowers your locks, the blush of modesty had tinged your sun-browned cheeks, and, what others call a countenance hard and stern, in Phaedra's eye was strong instead of hard. Away from me with your young men arrayed like women!—beauty in a man

te tuus iste rigor positique sine arte capilli
 et levis egregio pulvis in ore decet.
 sive ferocis equi luctantia colla recurvas,
 exiguo flexos miror in orbe pedes; 80
 seu lentum valido torques hastile lacerto,
 ora ferox in se versa lacertus habet,
 sive tenes lato venabula cornea ferro.
 denique nostra iuvat¹ lumina, quidquid agis.
 Tu modo duritiam silvis depone iugosis; 85
 non sum militia² digna perire tua.
 quid iuvat incinctae studia exercere Dianae,
 et Veneri numeros eripuisse suos?
 quod caret alterna requie, durable non est;
 haec reparat vires fessaque membra novat. 90
 arcus—et arma tuae tibi sunt imitanda Dianae—
 si numquam cesses tendere, mollis erit.
 clarus erat silvis Cephalus, multaeque per herbas
 conciderant illo percutiente ferae;
 nec tamen Aurorae male se praebibat amandum. 95
 ibat ad hunc sapiens a sene diva viro.
 saepe sub ilicibus Venerem Cinyraque creatum
 sustinuit positos quaelibet herba duos.
 arsit et Oenides in Maenalia Atalanta;
 illa ferae spoliū pignus amoris habet. 100
 nos quoque iam primum turba numeremur in ista!
 si Venerem tollas, rustica silva tua est.
 ipsa comes veniam, nec me latebrosa movebunt
 saxa neque obliquo dente timendus aper.

¹ iuvat *E* ω *Plan.*: iuvas ω *vulg.*

² materia *MSS.*: militia *Pa.*: materias digna vigore tuo
Bent.: duritia *Faber.*

^a Tithonus.

^b Adonis.

THE HEROIDES IV

would fain be striven for in measure. That hardness of feature suits you well, those locks that fall without art, and the light dust upon your handsome face. Whether you draw rein and curb the resisting neck of your spirited steed, I look with wonder at your turning his feet in circle so slight; whether with strong arm you hurl the pliant shaft, your gallant arm draws my regard upon itself, or whether you grasp the broad-headed cornel hunting-spear. To say no more, my eyes delight in whatsoe'er you do.

⁸⁵ Do you only lay aside your hardness upon the forest ridges; I am no fit spoil for your campaign. What use to you to practise the ways of girded Diana, and to have stolen from Venus her own due? That which lacks its alternations of repose will not endure; this is what repairs the strength and renews the wearied limbs. The bow—and you should imitate the weapons of your Diana—if you never cease to bend it, will grow slack. Renowned in the forest was Cephalus, and many were the wild beasts that had fallen on the sod at the piercing of his stroke; yet he did not ill in yielding himself to Aurora's love. Oft did the goddess sagely go to him, leaving her aged spouse.^a Many a time beneath the ilex did Venus and he^b that was sprung of Cinyras recline, pressing some chance grassy spot. The son of Oeneus, too, took fire with love for Maenalian Atalanta; she has the spoil of the wild beast as the pledge of his love. Let us, too, be now first numbered in that company! If you take away love, the forest is but a rustic place. I myself will come and be at your side, and neither rocky covert shall make me fear, nor the boar dreadful for the side-stroke of his tusk.

Aequora bina suis obpugnant fluctibus isthmon, 105
 et tenuis tellus audit utrumque mare.
 hic tecum Troezena colam, Pittheia regna ;
 iam nunc est patria gratior illa mea.
 tempore abest aberitque diu Neptunius heros ;
 illum Pirithoi detinet ora sui. 110
 praeposuit Theseus—nisi si¹ manifesta negamus—
 Pirithoum Phaedrae Pirithoumque tibi.
 sola nec haec ad nos iniuria venit ab illo ;
 in magnis laesi rebus uterque sumus.
 ossa mei fratris clava perfracta trinodi 115
 sparsit humi ; soror est praeda relicta feris.
 prima securigeras inter virtute puellas
 te peperit, nati digna vigore parens ;
 si quaeras, ubi sit—Theseus latus ense peregit,
 nec tanto mater pignore tuta fuit. 120
 at ne nupta quidem taedaque accepta iugali—
 cur, nisi ne caperes regna paterna nothus ?
 addidit et fratres ex me tibi, quos tamen omnis
 non ego tollendi causa, sed ille fuit.
 o utinam nocitura tibi, pulcherrime rerum, 125
 in medio nisu viscera rupta forent !
 i nunc, sic meriti lectum reverere parentis—
 quem fugit et factis abdicat ipse suis !
 Nec, quia privigno videar coitura noverca,
 terruerint animos nomina vana tuos. 130

¹ nisi si *Hein.* : nisi *P* : nisi nos *Ga.*

^a The king of the Lapithae, Theseus' companion on the expedition to Hades, aided by him in the war against the Centaurs.

^b Antiope, sister of Hippolyte, is here meant ; but the usual story made Hippolyte Theseus' mother.

^c Palmer makes Hippolytus the antecedent of *quem*.

THE HEROIDES IV

¹⁰⁵ There are two seas that on either side assail an isthmus with their floods, and the slender land hears the waves of both. Here with you will I dwell, in Troezen's land, the realm of Pittheus; yon place is dearer to me now than my own native soil. The hero son of Neptune is absent now, in happy hour, and will be absent long; he is kept by the shores of his dear Pirithous.^a Theseus—unless, indeed, we refuse to own what all may see—has come to love Pirithous more than Phaedra, Pirithous more than you. Nor is that the only wrong we suffer at his hand; there are deep injuries we both have had from him. The bones of my brother he crushed with his triple-knotted club and scattered o'er the ground; my sister he left at the mercy of wild beasts. The first in courage among the women^b of the battle-axe bore you, a mother worthy of the vigour of her son; if you ask where she is—Theseus pierced her side with the steel, nor did she find safety in the pledge of so great a son. Yes, and she was not even wed to him and taken to his home with the nuptial torch—why, unless that you, a bastard, should not come to your father's throne? He has bestowed brothers on you, too, from me, and the cause of rearing them all as heirs has been not myself, but he. Ah, would that the bosom which was to work you wrong, fairest of men, had been rent in the midst of its throes! Go now, reverence the bed of a father who thus deserves of you—the bed^c which he neglects and is disowning by his deeds.

¹¹⁹ And, should you think of me as a stepdame who would mate with her husband's son, let empty names fright not your soul. Such old-fashioned

ista vetus pietas, aevo moritura futuro,
 rustica Saturno regna tenente fuit.
 Iuppiter esse pium statuit, quodcumque iuaret,
 et fas omne facit fratre marita soror.
 illa coit firma generis iunctura catena, 135
 inposuit nodos cui Venus ipsa suos.
 nec labor est celare—licet; pete munus ab illa;¹
 cognato poterit nomine culpa tegi.
 viderit amplexos aliquis, laudabimur ambo;
 dicar privigno fida noverca meo. 140
 non tibi per tenebras duri reseranda mariti
 ianua, non custos decipiendus erit;
 ut tenuit domus una duos, domus una tenebit;
 oscula aperta dabas, oscula aperta dabis;
 tutus eris mecum laudemque merebere culpa, 145
 tu licet in lecto conspiciare meo.
 tolle moras tantum properataque foedera iunge—
 qui mihi nunc saevit, sic tibi parcat Amor!
 non ego dedignor supplex humilisque precari.
 heu! ubi nunc fastus altaque verba? iacent! 150
 et pugnare diu nec me submittere culpae
 certa fui—certi siquid haberet amor;
 victa precor genibusque tuis regalia tendo
 brachia! quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.
 depudit, profugusque pudor sua signa reliquit.² 155
 Da veniam fassae duraque corda doma!
 quod mihi sit genitor, qui possidet aequora, Minos,
 quod veniant proavi fulmina torta manu,

¹ licet pete munus ab illa *MSS.*: licet; pete munus! ab illa *Ehw.*: licet peccemus, amorem *Pa. Sedl.*: celare virum; pete munus ab illo *Bent.*: celare; licet; pete munus ab ipsa *Madv.*: etc. ² relinquit *P.*

THE HEROIDES IV

regard for virtue was rustic even in Saturn's reign, and doomed to die in the age to come. Jove fixed that virtue was to be in whatever brought us pleasure; and naught is wrong before the gods since sister was made wife by brother. That bond of kinship only holds close and firm in which Venus herself has forged the chain. Nor need you fear the trouble of concealment—it will be easy; ask the aid of Venus! Through her our fault will be covered under name of kinship. Should someone see us embrace, we both shall meet with praise; I shall be called a faithful stepdame to the son of my lord. No portal of a dour husband will need unbolting for you in the darkness of night; there will be no guard to be eluded; as the same roof has covered us both, the same will cover us still. Your wont has been to give me kisses unconcealed, your wont will be still to give me kisses unconcealed. You will be safe with me, and will earn praise by your fault, though you be seen upon my very couch. Only, away with tarrying, and make haste to bind our bond—so may Love be merciful to you, who is bitter to me now! I do not disdain to bend my knee and humbly make entreaty. Alas! where now are my pride, my lofty words? Fallen! I was resolved—if there was aught love could resolve—both to fight long and not to yield to fault; but I am overcome. I pray to you, to clasp your knees I extend my queenly arms. Of what befits, no one who loves takes thought. My modesty has fled, and as it fled it left its standards behind.

¹⁵⁶ Forgive me my confession, and soften your hard heart! That I have for sire Minos, who rules the seas, that from my ancestor's hand comes hurled the

IVID

quod sit avus radiis frontem vallatus acutis,
 purpureo tepidum qui movet axe diem— 160
 nobilitas sub amore iacet! miserere priorum
 et, mihi si non vis parcere, parce meis!
 est mihi dotalis tellus Iovis insula, Crete—
 serviat Hippolyto regia tota meo!
 Flecte, ferox,¹ animos! potuit corrumpere taurum 165
 mater; eris tauro saevior ipse truci?
 per Venerem, parcas, oro, quae plurima mecum est!
 sic numquam, quae te spernere possit, ames;
 sic tibi secretis agilis dea saltibus adsit,
 silvaeque perdendas praebeat alta feras; 170
 sic faveant Satyri montanaeque numina Panes,
 et cadat adversa cuspide fossus aper;
 sic tibi dent Nymphae, quamvis odisse puellas
 diceris, arentem quae levet unda sitim!
 Addimus his precibus lacrimas quoque; verba
 precantis 175
 perlegis et lacrimas finge videre meas!

V

OENONE PARIDI²

PERLEGIS? an coniunx prohibet nova? perlege—
 non est
 ista Mycenaea littera facta manu!

¹ ferox *P*₅: feros *P*₂ ω *vulg.*

² *Introductory couplets found in V-XII, XVII, XX, XXI, are omitted by Plan. and condemned by Pa. Merk. et al.*

THE HEROIDES V

lightning-stroke, that the front of my grandsire, he who moves the tepid day with gleaming chariot, is crowned with palisade of pointed rays—what of this, when my noble name is prostrate under love? Have pity on those who have gone before, and, if me you will not spare, O spare my line! To my dowry belongs the Cretan land, the isle of Jove—let my whole court be slaves to my Hippolytus!

¹⁶⁵ Bend, O cruel one, your spirit! My mother could pervert the bull; will you be fiercer than a savage beast? Spare me, by Venus I pray, who is chiefest with me now. So may you never love one who will spurn you; so may the agile goddess wait on you in the solitary glade to keep you safe, and the deep forest yield you wild beasts to slay; so may the Satyrs be your friends, and the mountain deities, the Pans, and may the boar fall pierced in full front by your spear; so may the Nymphs—though you are said to loathe womankind—give you the flowing water to relieve your parching thirst!

¹⁷⁵ I mingle with these prayers my tears as well. The words of her who prays, you are reading; her tears, imagine you behold!

V

OENONE TO PARIS

WILL you read my letter through? or does your new wife forbid? Read—this is no letter writ by Mycenaean hand!^a It is the fountain-nymph Oenone

^a She taunts Paris with fear of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Pegasis Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima silvis,
 laesa queror de te, si sinis, ipsa meo.
 Quis deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis? 5
 ne tua permaneam, quod mihi crimen obest?
 leniter, ex merito quidquid patiare, ferendum est;
 quae venit indigno poena, dolenda venit.
 Nondum tantus eras, cum te contenta marito
 edita de magno flumine nympha fui. 10
 qui nunc Priamides—absit reverentia vero!—
 servus eras; servo nubere nympha tuli!
 saepe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti,
 mixtaque cum foliis praebuit herba torum;
 saepe super stramen faenoque iacentibus alto 15
 defensa est humili cana pruina casa.
 quis tibi monstrabat saltus venatibus aptos,
 et tegetet catulos qua fera rupe suos?
 retia saepe comes maculis distincta tetendi;
 saepe citos egi per iuga longa canes. 20
 incisae servant a te mea nomina fagi,
 et legor OENONE falce notata tua,¹
 et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt. 25
 crescite et in titulos surgite recta meos!
 popule, vive, precor, quae consita margine ripae
 hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes:

CUM PARIS OENONE POTERIT SPIRARE RELICTA,
 AD FONTEM XANTHI VERSA RECURRET AQUA. 30

¹ *vv. 23, 24 omitted as spurious Merk. :*

populus est, memini, pluviali consita rivo,
 est in qua nostri littera scripta memor.

"there is a poplar, I mind me, planted on the banks of a stream, on which is written the legend that recalls our memory."

THE HEROIDES V

writes, well-known to the Phrygian forests—wronged, and with complaint to make of you, you my own, if you but allow.

⁵ What god has set his will against my prayers? What guilt stands in my way, that I may not remain your own? Softly must we bear whatever suffering is our desert; the penalty that comes without deserving brings us dole.

⁹ Not yet so great were you when I was content to wed you—I, the nymph-daughter of a mighty stream. You who are now a son of Priam—let not respect keep back the truth!—were then a slave; I deigned to wed a slave—I, a nymph! Oft among our flocks have we reposed beneath the sheltering trees, where mingled grass and leaves afforded us a couch; oft have we lain upon the straw, or on the deep hay in a lowly hut that kept the hoar-frost off. Who was it pointed out to you the coverts apt for the chase, and the rocky den where the wild beast hid away her cubs? Oft have I gone with you to stretch the hunting-net with its wide mesh; oft have I led the fleet hounds over the long ridge. The beeches still conserve my name carved on them by you, and I am read there OENONE, characterized by your blade; and the more the trunks, the greater grows my name. Grow on, rise high and straight to make my honours known! O poplar, ever live, I pray, that art planted by the marge of the stream and hast in thy seamy bark these verses:

IF PARIS' BREATH SHALL FAIL NOT, ONCE OENONE HE
 DOTH SPURN,
 THE WATERS OF THE XANTHUS TO THEIR FOUNT SHALL
 BACKWARD TURN.

Xanthe, retro propera, versaeque recurrite lymphae !
 sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.
 Illa dies fatum miserae mihi dixit, ab illa
 pessima mutati coepit amoris hiemps,
 qua Venus et Iuno sumptisque decentior armis 35
 venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.
 attoniti micuere sinus, gelidusque cucurrit,
 ut mihi narrasti, dura per ossa tremor.
 consului—neque enim modice terrebar—anusque
 longaevosque senes. constitit esse nefas. 40
 Caesa abies, sectaeque trabes, et classe parata
 caerula ceratas accipit unda rates.
 flesti discedens—hoc saltim parce negare !¹
 miscuimus lacrimas maestus uterque suas ; 46
 non sic adpositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,
 ut tua sunt collo brachia nexa meo.
 a, quotiens, cum te vento quererere teneri,
 riserunt comites—ille secundus erat ! 50
 oscula dimissae quotiens repetita dedisti !
 quam vix sustinuit dicere lingua “ vale ” !
 Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo
 suscitatur, et remis eruta canet aqua.
 prosequor infelix oculis abcuntia vela, 55
 qua licet, et lacrimis umet harena meis,
 utque celer venias, virides Nereidas oro—
 scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer !

¹ *vv. 44, 45 omitted as spurious Merk. :*

praeterito magis est iste pudendus amor.
 et flesti et nostros vidisti flentis ocellos.

“ the love that holds you now is more to your shame than the one of yore. You both wept and you saw my weeping eyes.”

THE HEROIDES V

O Xanthus, backward haste ; turn, waters, and flow again to your fount ! Paris has deserted Oenone, and endures it.

³³ That day spoke doom for wretched me, on that day did the awful storm of changèd love begin, when Venus and Juno, and unadorned Minerva, more comely had she bornè her arms, appeared before you to be judged. My bosom leaped with amaze as you told me of it, and a chill tremor rushed through my hard bones. I took counsel—for I was no little terrified—with grandams and long-lived sires. 'Twas clear to us all that evil threatened me.

⁴¹ The firs were felled, the timbers hewn ; your fleet was ready, and the deep-blue wave received the waxèd crafts. Your tears fell as you left me—this, at least, deny not ! We mingled our weeping, each a prey to grief ; the elm is not so closely clasped by the clinging vine as was my neck by your embracing arms. Ah, how oft, when you complained that you were kept by the wind, did your comrades smile !—that wind was favouring. How oft, when you had taken your leave of me, did you return to ask another kiss ! How your tongue could scarce endure to say “ Farewell ! ”

⁵³ A light breeze stirs the sails that hang idly from the rigid mast, and the water foams white with the churning of the oar. In wretchedness I follow with my eyes the departing sails as far as I may, and the sand is humid with my tears ; that you may swiftly come again, I pray the sea-green daughters of Nereus—yes, that you may swiftly come to my undoing ! Expected to return in answer to my

votis ergo meis alii rediture redisti?
 ei mihi, pro dira paelice blanda fui! 60
 Adspicit inmensum moles nativa profundum—
 mons fuit; aequoreis illa resistit aquis.
 hinc ego vela tuae cognovi prima carinae,
 et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.
 dum moror, in summa fulsit mihi purpura prora— 65
 pertimui; cultus non erat ille tuus.
 fit propior terrasque cita ratis attigit aura;
 femineas vidi corde tremente genas.
 non satis id fuerat— quid enim furiosa morabar?—
 haerebat gremio turpis amica tuo! 70
 tunc vero rupique sinus et pectora planxi,
 et secui madidas ungue rigente genas,
 inplevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden
 illuc has lacrimas in mea saxa tuli.
 sic Helene doleat desertaque coniuge ploret, 75
 quaeque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat!
 Nunc tibi conveniunt, quae te per aperta sequantur
 aequora legitimos destituantque viros;
 at cum pauper eras armentaque pastor agebas,
 nulla nisi Oenone pauperis uxor erat. 80
 non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit
 nec de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus—
 non tamen ut Priamus nymphae socer esse recuset,
 aut Hecubae fuerim dissimulanda nurus;

THE HEROIDES V

vows, have you returned for the sake of another? Ah me, 'twas for the sake of a cruel rival that my persuasive prayers were made!

⁶¹ A mass of native rock looks down upon the unmeasured deep—a mountain it really is; it stays the billows of the sea. From here I was the first to spy and know the sails of your bark, and my heart's impulse was to rush through the waves to you. While I delayed, on the highest of the prow I saw the gleam of purple—fear seized upon me; that was not the manner of your garb. The craft comes nearer, borne on a freshening breeze, and touches the shore; with trembling heart I have caught the sight of a woman's face. And this was not enough—why was I mad enough to stay and see?—in your embrace that shameless woman clung! Then indeed did I rend my bosom and beat my breast, and with the hard nail furrowed my streaming cheeks, and filled holy Ida with wailing cries of lamentation; yonder to the rocks I love I bore my tears. So may Helen's grief be, and so her lamentation, when she is deserted by her love; and what she was first to bring on me may she herself endure!

⁷⁷ Your pleasure now is in jades who follow you over the open sea, leaving behind their lawful-wedded lords; but when you were poor and shepherded the flocks, Oenone was your wife, poor though you were, and none else. I am not dazzled by your wealth, nor am I touched by thought of your palace, nor would I be called one of the many wives of Priam's sons—yet not that Priam would disdain a nymph as wife to his son, or that Hecuba would have to hide her kinship with me; I am

dignaque sum et cupio fieri matrona potentis ; 85
 sunt mihi, quas possint sceptrâ decere, manus.
 nec me, faginea quod tecum fronde iacebam,
 despice ; purpureo sum magis apta toro.
 Denique tutus amor meus est ; tibi nulla parantur
 bella, nec ultrices advehit unda rates. 90
 Tyndaris infestis fugitiva repositur armis ;
 hac venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.
 quae si sit Danais reddenda, vel Hectora fratrem,
 vel cum Deiphobo Polydamanta roga ;
 quid gravis Antenor, Priamus quid suadeat ipse, 95
 consule, quis aetas longa magistra fuit !¹
 turpe rudimentum, patriae praeponere raptam.
 causa pudenda tua est ; iusta vir arma movet.
 Nec tibi, si sapias, fidam promitte Lacaenam,
 quae sit in amplexus tam cito versa tuos. 100
 ut minor Atrides temerati foedera lecti
 clamat et externo laesus amore dolet,
 tu quoque clamabis. nulla reparabilis arte
 laesa pudicitia est ; deperit illa semel.
 ardet amore tui ? sic et Menelaon amavit. 105
 nunc iacet in viduo credulus ille toro.
 felix Andromache, certo bene nupta marito !
 uxor ad exemplum fratris habenda fui ;
 tu levior foliis, tum cum sine pondere suci
 mobilibus ventis arida facta volant ; 110

¹ From 97 to VI, 49 are missing in P.

^a Of his career as a prince, after his recognition.

THE HEROIDES V

worthy of being, and I desire to be, the matron of a puissant lord ; my hands are such as the sceptre could well beseem. Nor despise me because once I pressed with you the beechen frond ; I am better suited for the purpled marriage-bed.

⁸⁹ Remember, too, my love can bring no harm ; it will beget you no wars, nor bring avenging ships across the wave. The Tyndarid run-away is now demanded back by an enemy under arms ; this is the dower the dame brings proudly to your marriage-chamber. Whether she should be rendered back to the Danai, ask Hector your brother, if you will, or Deiphobus and Polydamas ; take counsel with grave Antenor, find out what Priam's self persuades, whose long lives have made them wise. 'Tis but a base beginning,^a to prize a stolen mistress more than your native land. Your case is one that calls for shame ; just are the arms her lord takes up.

⁹⁰ Think not, too, if you are wise, that the Laconian will be faithful—she who so quickly turned to your embrace. Just as the younger Atrides cries out at the violation of his marriage-bed, and feels his painful wound from the wife who loves another, you too will cry. By no art may purity once wounded be made whole ; 'tis lost, lost once and for all. Is she ardent with love for you ? So, too, she loved Menelaus. He, trusting fool that he was, lies now in a deserted bed. Happy Andromache, well wed to a constant mate ! I was a wife to whom you should have clung after your brother's pattern ; but you—are lighter than leaves what time their juice has failed, and dry they flutter in the shifting breeze ; you have less weight than

OID

et minus est in te quam summa pondus arista,
 quae levis adsiduis solibus usta riget.
 Hoc tua—nam recolo—quondam germana canebat,
 sic mihi diffusis vaticinata comis :
 “ quid facis, Oenone? quid harenae semina
 mandas? 115
 non profecturis litora bubus aras.
 Graia iuvenca venit, quae te patriamque domumque
 perdat! io prohibe! Graia iuvenca venit!
 dum licet, obscenam ponto demergite¹ puppim!
 heu! quantum Phrygii sanguinis illa vehit!” 120
 Dixerat; in cursu famulae rapuere furentem;
 at mihi flavescentes diriguere comae.
 a, nimium miserae vates mihi vera fuisti—
 possidet, en, saltus illa² iuvenca meos!
 sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera certe est; 125
 deseruit socios hospite capta deos.
 illam de patria Theseus—nisi nomine fallor—
 nescio quis Theseus abstulit ante sua.
 a iuvene et cupido credatur reddita virgo?
 unde hoc conpererim tam bene, quaeris? amo. 130
 vim licet appelles et culpam nomine veles;
 quae totiens rapta est, praebuit ipsa rapti.
 at manet Oenone fallenti casta marito—
 et poteris falli legibus ipse tuis!
 Me Satyri celeres—silvis ego tecta latebam— 135
 quaesierunt rapido, turba proterva, pede
 cornigerumque caput pinu praecinctus acuta
 Faunus in inmensis, qua tumet Ida, iugis.

¹ dimergite s: di mergite *E* s *Hein.*

² Graia *G Merk.*: illa *E* *Plan.*

^a Cassandra.

^b Theseus and Pirithous had carried away Helen in her early youth.

THE HEROIDES V

the tip of the spear of grain, burned light and crisp by ever-shining suns.

¹¹³ This, once upon a time—for I call it back to mind—your sister^a sang to me, with locks let loose, foreseeing what should come: “What art thou doing, Oenone? Why commit seeds to sand? Thou art ploughing the shores with oxen that will accomplish naught. A Greek heifer is on the way, to ruin thee, thy home-land, and thy house! Ho, keep her far! A Greek heifer is coming! While yet ye may, sink in the deep the unclean ship! Alas, how much of Phrygian blood it hath aboard!”

¹²¹ She ceased to speak; her slaves seized on her as she madly ran. And I—my golden locks stood stiffly up. Ah, all too true a prophetess you were to my poor self—she has them, lo, the heifer has my pastures! Let her seem how fair soever of face, none the less she surely is a jade; smitten with a stranger, she left behind her marriage-gods. Theseus—unless I mistake the name—one Theseus, even before, had stolen her away from her father's land.^b Is it to be thought she was rendered back a maid, by a young man and eager? Whence have I learned this so well? you ask. I love. You may call it violence, and veil the fault in the word; yet she who has been so often stolen has surely lent herself to theft. But Oenone remains chaste, false though her husband prove—and, after your own example, she might have played you false.

¹³⁵ Me, the swift Satyrs, a wanton rout with nimble foot, used to come in quest of—where I would lie hidden in covert of the wood—and Faunus, with hornèd head girt round with sharp pine needles, where Ida swells in boundless ridges. Me, the

OID

me fide conspicuus Troiae munitor amavit,
 admisitque meas ad sua dona manus.¹ 146
 quaecumque herba potens ad opem radixque
 medendo²
 utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.
 me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis!
 deficior prudens artis ab arte mea. 150
 Quod nec graminibus tellus fecunda creandis 153
 nec deus, auxilium tu mihi ferre potes.
 et potes, et merui—dignae miserere puellae! 155
 non ego cum Danais arma cruenta fero—
 sed tua sum tecumque fui puerilibus annis
 et tua, quod superest temporis, esse precor!

VI

HYPSPYLE IASONI

LITORA Thessaliae reduci tetigisse carina
 diceris auratae vellere dives ovis.
 gratulor incolumi, quantum sinis; hoc tamen ipsum³
 debueram scripto certior⁴ esse tuo.
 nam ne pacta tibi praeter mea regna redires, 5
 cum cuperes, ventos non habuisse potes;
 quamlibet adverso signetur epistula vento.
 Hypsipyle missa digna salute fui.

¹ *vv.* 140-145, 151, 152 *condemned Merk*:

ille meae spoliū virginitatis habet, 140
 id quoque luctando; rupi tamen ungue capillos,
 oraque sunt digitis aspera facta meis;
 nec pretium stupri gemmas aurumque poposci:
 turpiter ingenuum munera corpus emunt;
 ipse, ratus dignam, medicas mihi tradidit artes 145
 ipse repertor opis vaccas pavisse Pheraeas 151
 fertur et a nostro saucius igne fuit.

THE HEROIDES VI

builder of Troy, well known for keeping faith, loved, and let my hands into the secret of his gifts. Whatever herb potent for aid, whatever root that is used for healing grows in all the world, is mine. Alas, wretched me, that love may not be healed by herbs! Skilled in an art, I am left helpless by the very art I know.

¹⁵³ The aid that neither earth, fruitful in the bringing forth of herbs, nor a god himself, can give, you have the power to bestow on me. You can bestow it, and I have merited—have pity on a deserving maid! I come with no Danaï, and bear no bloody armour—but I am yours, and I was your mate in childhood's years, and yours through all time to come I pray to be!

VI

HYPSIPYLE TO JASON

You are said to have touched the shores of Thessaly with safe-returning keel, rich in the fleece of the golden ram. I speak you well for your safety—so far as you give me chance; yet of this very thing I should have been informed by message of your own. For the winds might have failed you, even though you longed to see me, and kept you from returning by way of the realms I pledged you;^a but a letter may be written, how'er adverse the wind. Hypsipyle deserved the sending of a greeting.

^a As her marriage portion.

² *medendo Ehw.*: *medendi MSS.*: *medenti Hein.*

³ *ipsum Plan.* *s*: *ipso G ω*: *ipsa Hein. Ehw.*

⁴ *So the MSS.*: *debuerat . . . certius Pa.*

OID

Cur mihi fama prior de te quam littera venit :
 isse sacros Martis sub iuga panda boves, 10
 seminibus iactis segetes adolesse virorum
 inque necem dextra non eguisse tua,
 pervigilem spoliū pecudis servasse draconem,
 rapta tamen forti vellera fulva manu ?
 haec ego si possem timide credentibus " ista 15
 ipse mihi scripsit " dicere, quanta forem !
 Quid queror officium lenti cessasse mariti ?
 obsequium, maneo si tua, grande tuli !
 barbara narratur venisse venefica tecum,
 in mihi promissi parte recepta tori. 20
 credula res amor est ; utinam temeraria dicar
 criminibus falsis insimulasse virum !
 nuper ab Haemoniis hospes mihi Thessalus oris
 venerat, et tactum vix bene limen erat,
 " Aesonides," dixi, " quid agit meus ? " ille pudore 25
 haesit in opposita lumina fixus humo.
 protinus exilui tunicisque a pectore ruptis
 " vivit ? an," exclamo, " me quoque fata vocant ? "
 " vivit," ait. timidum quod amat¹ ; iurare coegi.
 vix mihi teste deo credita vita tua est. 30
 Utque animus rediit, tua facta requirere coepi.
 narrat aenipedes Martis arasse boves,
 vipereos dentes in humum pro semine iactos,
 et subito natos arma tulisse viros—

¹ timidum quod amat *E s Shuckburgh Hous.* : timidumque mihi *G s* : timidus timidum *Pa.*

THE HEROIDES VI

⁹ Why was it rumour brought me tidings of you, rather than lines from your hand?—tidings that the sacred bulls of Mars had received the curving yoke; that at the scattering of the seed there sprang forth the harvest of men, who for their doom had no need of your right arm; that the spoil of the ram, the deep-gold fleece the unsleeping dragon guarded, had nevertheless been stolen away by your bold hand. Could I say to those who are slow to credit these reports, "He has written me this with his own hand," how proud should I be!

¹⁷ But why complain that my lord has been slow in his duty? I shall think myself treated with all indulgence, so I remain yours. A barbarian poisoner, so the story goes, has come with you, admitted to share the marriage-couch you promised me. Love is quick to believe; may it prove that I am hasty, and have brought a groundless charge against my lord! Only now from Haemonian borders came a Thessalian stranger to my gates. Scarce had he well touched the threshold, when I cried, "How doth my lord, the son of Aeson?" Speechless he stood in embarrassment, his eyes fixed fast upon the ground. I straight leaped up, and rent the garment from my breast. "Lives he?" I cried, "or must fate call me too?" "He lives," was his reply. Full of fears is love; I made him say it on his oath. Scarce with a god to witness could I believe you living.

³¹ When calm of mind returned, I began to ask of your fortunes. He tells me of the brazen-footed oxen of Mars, how they ploughed, of the serpent's teeth scattered upon the ground in way of seed, of men sprung suddenly forth and bearing

OID

terrigenas populos civili Marte peremptos inplesse aetatis fata diurna suae.	35
devictus serpens. iterum, si vivat Iason, quaerimus; alternant spesque timorque fidem. ¹	
Singula dum narrat, studio cursuque loquendi detegit ingenio vulnera nostra suo.	40
heu! ubi pacta fides? ubi conubialia iura faxque sub arsuos dignior ire rogos?	
non ego sum furto tibi cognita; pronuba Iuno adfuit et sertis tempora vinctus Hymen.	
at mihi nec Iuno, nec Hymen, sed tristis Erinys	45
praetulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.	
Quid mihi cum Minyis, quid cum Dodonide ² pinu? quid tibi cum patria, navita Tiphy, mea?	
non erat hic aries villo spectabilis aureo, nec senis Aetae regia Lemnos erat.	50
certa fui primo—sed me mala fata trahebant— hospita feminea pellere castra manu;	
Lemniadesque viros, nimium quoque, vincere norunt. milite tam forti causa ³ tuenda fuit!	
Urbe virum vidi, tectoque animoque recepi!	55
hic tibi bisque aestas bisque cucurrit hiemps. tertia messis erat, cum tu dare vela coactus inplesti lacrimis talia verba tuis:	
“abstrahor, Hypsipyle; sed dent modo fata recursus, vir tuus hinc abeo, vir tibi semper ero.	60

¹ vv. 31-38 *spurious Merk. Pa.*: 31-36 *defended Hous.*

² Dodonide *Plan.*: Tritonide *MSS.*

³ causa *Merk. Pa.*: vita *P₂ G E ω Plan.*: fortuna *P₁.*

^a The Argo, with whose building Dodona in Thessaly had to do.

^b The women of Lemnos had once slain all the men in the island as a measure of revenge against their husbands, who had taken Thracian women in their stead.

THE HEROIDES VI

arms—earth-born peoples slain in combat with their fellows, filling out the fates of their lives in the space of a day. He tells of the dragon overcome. Again I ask if Jason lives; hope and fear bring trust and mistrust by turns.

³⁰ While part by part he tells the tale, such, in the rushing eagerness of his speech, is his unconscious art that he lays bare my wounds. Alas! where is the faith that was promised me? Where the bonds of wedlock, and the marriage torch, more fit to set ablaze my funeral pile? I was not made acquainted with you in stealthy wise; Juno was there to join us when we were wed, and Hymen, his temples bound with wreaths. And yet neither Juno nor Hymen, but gloomy Erinys, stained with blood, carried before me the unhallowed torch.

⁴⁷ What had I with the Minyae, or Dodona's pine?^a What had you with my native land, O helmsman Tiphys? There was here no ram, sightly with golden fleece, nor was Lemnos the royal home of old Aeëtes. I was resolved at first—but my ill fate drew me on—to drive out with my women's band the stranger troop; the women of Lemnos know—yea, even too well—how to vanquish men.^b I should have let a soldiery so brave defend my cause.

⁶⁵ But I looked on the man in my city; I welcomed him under my roof and into my heart! Here twice the summer fled for you, here twice the winter. It was the third harvest when you were compelled to set sail, and with your tears poured forth such words as these: "I am sundered from thee, Hypsipyle; but so the fates grant me return, thine own I leave thee now, and thine own will I ever be.

OVID

quod tamen e nobis gravida celatur in alvo,
 vivat, et eiusdem simus uterque parens!"
 Haecenus, et lacrimis in falsa cadentibus ora
 cetera te memini non potuisse loqui.
 Ultimus e sociis sacram conscendis in Argon. 65
 illa volat; ventus concava vela tenet;
 caerulea propulsae subducitur unda carinae;
 terra tibi, nobis adspiciuntur aquae.
 in latus omne patens turris circumspicit undas;
 huc feror, et lacrimis osque sinusque madent. 70
 per lacrimas specto, cupidaeque faventia menti
 longius adsueto lumina nostra vident.
 adde preces castas inmixtaque vota timori—
 nunc quoque te salvo persoluenda mihi.
 Vota ego persolvam? votis Medea fruetur! 75
 cor dolet, atque ira mixtus abundat amor.
 dona feram templis, vivum quod Iasona perdo?
 hostia pro damnis concidat icta meis?
 Non equidem securus fui semperque verebar,
 ne pater Argolica sumeret urbe nurum. 80
 Argolidas timui—nocuit mihi barbara paelex!
 non expectata vulnus ab hoste tuli.
 nec facie meritisque placet, sed carmina novit
 diraque cantata pabula falce metit.
 illa reluctantem cursu¹ deducere lunam 85
 nititur et tenebris abdere solis equos;

¹ cursu *PEω*: curru *s Hein.*

^a Built at the instigation of Athena.

THE HEROIDES VI

What lieth heavy in thy bosom from me—may it come to live, and may we both share in its parentage!”

⁶³ Thus did you speak; and with tears streaming down your false face I remember you could say no more.

⁶⁵ You are the last of your band to board the sacred Argo.^a It flies upon its way; the wind bellies out the sail; the dark-blue wave glides from under the keel as it drives along; your gaze is on the land, and mine is on the sea. There is a tower that looks from every side upon the waters round about; thither I betake myself, my face and bosom wet with tears. Through my tears I gaze; my eyes are gracious to my eager heart, and see farther than their wont. Add thereto pure-hearted prayers, and vows mingled with fears—vows which I must now fulfil, since you are safe.

⁷⁵ And am I to absolve these vows—vows but for Medea to enjoy? My heart is sick, and surges with mingled wrath and love. Am I to bear gifts to the shrines because Jason lives, though mine no more? Is a victim to fall beneath the stroke for the loss that has come to me?

⁷⁰ No, I never felt secure; but my fear was ever that your sire would look to an Argolic city for a bride to his son. 'Twas the daughters of Argolis I feared—yet my ruin has been a barbarian jade! The wound I feel is not from the foe whence I thought to see it come. Her charm for you is neither in her beauty nor her merit; but you are made hers by the incantations she knows, by the enchanted blade with which she garners the baneful herb. She strives with the reluctant moon, to bring it down from its course in the skies, and makes hide away in shadows

OVID

illa refrenat aquas obliquaque flumina sistit ;
 illa loco silvas vivaque saxa movet.
 per tumulos errat passis discincta capillis
 certaue de tepidis colligit ossa rogis. 90
 devovet absentis simulacraue cerea figit,
 et miserum tenuis in iecur urget acus—
 et quae nescierim melius. male quaeritur herbis
 moribus et forma conciliandus amor.
 Hanc potes amplecti thalamoque relictus in uno 95
 inpauidus somno nocte silente frui ?
 scilicet ut tauros, ita te iuga ferre coegit
 quaque feros anguis, te quoque mulcet ope.
 adde, quod adscribi factis procerumque tuisque
 se facit,¹ et titulo coniugis uxor obest. 100
 atque aliquis Peliae de partibus acta venenis
 inputat et populum, qui sibi credat, habet :
 “ non haec Aesonides, sed Phasias Aetine
 aurea Phrixiae terga revellit ovis.”
 non probat Alcimede mater tua — consule
 matrem— 105
 non pater, a gelido cui venit axe nurus.
 illa sibi a Tanai Scythiaeque paludibus udae
 quaerat et a patria Phasidis usque virum !
 Mobilis Aeonide vernaue incertior aura,
 cur tua polliciti pondere verba carent ? 110
 vir meus hinc ieras, vir non meus inde redisti.
 sim reducis coniunx, sicut euntis eram !

¹ facit *P*₁ *Es*, *Ehw.*: *fayet* *P*: *favet* *G Merk.*

THE HEROIDES VI

the steeds of the sun; she reins the waters in, and stays the down-winding stream; she charms life into trees and rocks, and moves them from their place. Among sepulchres she stalks, ungirded, with hair flowing loose, and gathers from the yet warm funeral pyre the appointed bones. She vows to their doom the absent, fashions the waxen image, and into its wretched heart drives the slender needle—and other deeds 'twere better not to know. Ill sought by herbs is love that should be won by virtue and by beauty.

⁹⁵ A woman like this can you embrace? Can you be left in the same chamber with her and not feel fear, and enjoy the slumber of the silent night? Surely, she must have forced you to bear the yoke, just as she forced the bulls, and has you subdued by the same means she uses with fierce dragons. Add that she has her name writ in the record of your own and your heroes' exploits, and the wife obscures the glory of the husband. And someone of the partisans of Pelias imputes your deeds to her poisons, and wins the people to believe: "This fleece of gold from the ram of Phrixus the son of Aeson did not seize away, but the Phasian girl, Aëtes' child." Your mother Alcimede—ask counsel of your mother—favours her not, nor your sire, who sees his son's bride come from the frozen north. Let her seek for herself a husband—from the Tanais, from the marshes of watery Scythia, even from her own land of Phasis!

¹⁰⁹ O changeable son of Aeson, more uncertain than the breezes of springtime, why lack your words the weight a promise claims? My own you went forth hence; my own you have not returned. Let me be your wedded mate now you are come back,

OVID

si te nobilitas generosaque nomina tangunt—
 en, ego Minoo nata Thoante feror!
 Bacchus avus; Bacchi coniunx redimita corona 115
 praeradiat stellis signa minora suis.
 dos tibi Lemnos erit, terra ingeniosa colenti;
 me quoque dotalis¹ inter habere potes.
 Nunc etiam peperi; gratare ambobus, Iason!
 dulces mihi gravidae fecerat auctor onus. 120
 felix in numero quoque sum prolemque gemellam,
 pignora Lucina bina favente dedi.
 si quaeris, cui sint similes, cognosceris illis.
 fallere non norunt; cetera patris habent.
 legatos quos paene dedi pro matre ferendos; 125
 sed tenuit coeptas saeva noverca vias.
 Medeam timui: plus est Medea noverca;
 Medae faciunt ad scelus omne manus.
 Spargere quae fratris potuit lacerata per agros
 corpora, pignoribus parceret illa meis? 130
 hanc; hanc,² o demens Colchisque ablata venenis,
 diceris Hypsipyles praeposuisse toro!
 turpiter illa virum cognovit adultera virgo;
 me tibi teque mihi taeda pudica dedit.
 prodidit illa patrem; rapui de clade Thoanta. 135
 deseruit Colchos; me mea Lemnos habet.

¹ dotales *Salmasius*: quoque // // // // //, with l and s visible *P*:
 quod tales *G s*: res tales many *MSS*.

² hanc hanc *Pa.*: hanc *P*: hanc tamen *G ω*.

^a *Nebrophonus* and *Euneus*, according to *Apollodorus*;
 according to *Hyginus*, *Euneus* and *Deiphilus*.

^b So *Medea* had done with *Absyrtus*, to delay her father's
 pursuit of *Jason* and herself.

^c She had saved her father from the general massacre of
 the men of *Lemnos*.

THE HEROIDES VI

as I was when you set forth! If noble blood and generous lineage move you—lo, I am known as daughter of Minoan Thoas! Bacchus was my grand-sire; the bride of Bacchus, with crown-encircled brow, outshines with her stars the lesser constellations. Lemnos will be my marriage portion, land kindly-natured to the husbandman; and me, too, you will possess among the subjects my dowry brings.

¹¹⁹ And now, too, I have brought forth; rejoice for us both, Jason! Sweet was the burden that I bore—its author had made it so. I am happy in the number, too, for by Lucina's kindly favour I have brought forth twin offspring, a pledge for each of us.^a If you ask whom they resemble, I answer, yourself is seen in them. The ways of deceit they know not; for the rest, they are like their father. I almost gave them to be carried to you, their mother's ambassadors; but thought of the cruel stepdame turned me back from the path I would have trod. 'Twas Medea I feared. Medea is more than a stepdame; the hands of Medea are fitted for any crime.

¹²⁹ Would she who could tear her brother limb from limb and strew him o'er the fields be one to spare my pledges?^b Such is she, such the woman, O madman swept from your senses by the poisons of Colchis, for whom you are said to have slighted the marriage-bed with Hypsipyle! Base and shameless was the way that maid became your bride; but the bond that gave me to you, and you to me, was chaste. She betrayed her sire; I rescued from death my father Thoas.^c She deserted the Colchians; my Lemnos has me still. What matters aught, if sin is

OVID

Quid refert, scelerata piam si vincet et ipso
 crimine dotata est emeruitque virum ?
 Lemniadum facinus culpo, non miror, Iason ;
 quamlibet infirmis ipse ¹ dat arma dolor. 140
 dic age, si ventis, ut oportuit, actus iniquis
 intrasses portus tuque comesque meos,
 obviaque exissem fetu comitante gemello—
 hiscere nempe tibi terra roganda fuit !—
 quo vultu natos, quo me, scelerate, videres ? 145
 perfidiae pretio qua nece dignus eras ?
 ipse quidem per me tutus sospesque fuisses—
 non quia tu dignus, sed quia mitis ego.
 paelicis ipsa meos inplessem sanguine vultus,
 quosque veneficiis abstulit illa suis ! 150
 Medae Medea forem ! quodsi quid ab alto
 iustus adest votis Iuppiter ipse ² meis,
 quod gemit Hypsipyle, lecti quoque subnuba nostri
 maereat et leges sentiat ipsa suas ;
 utque ego destituor coniunx materque duorum, 155
 a totidem natis orba sit illa viro !
 nec male parta diu teneat peiusque relinquat—
 exulet et toto quaerat in orbe fugam !
 quam fratri germana fuit miseroque parenti
 filia, tam natis, tam sit acerba viro ! 160

¹ ipse *P₂*: iste *Madv.*

² ipse *the MSS.*: illa *Hein. Bent. Pa.*

THE HEROIDES VI

to be set before devotion, and she has won her husband with the very crime she brought him as her dower?

¹³⁹ The vengeful deed of the Lemnian women I condemn, Jason, I do not marvel at it; passion itself drives the weak, however powerless, to take up arms. Come, say, what if, driven by unfriendly gales, you had entered my harbours, as 'twere fitting you had done, you and your companion, and I had come forth to meet you with my twin babes—surely you must have prayed earth to yawn for you—with what countenance could you have gazed upon your children, O wretched man, with what countenance upon me? What death would you not deserve as the price of your perfidy? And yet you yourself would have met with safety and protection at my hands—not that you deserved, but that I was merciful. But as for your mistress—with my own hand I would have dashed my face with her blood, and your face, that she stole away with her poisonous arts! I would have been Medea to Medea!

¹⁵¹ But if in any way just Jupiter himself from on high attends to my prayers, may the woman who intrudes upon my marriage-bed suffer the woes in which Hypsipyle groans, and feel the lot she herself now brings on me; and as I am now left alone, wife and mother of two babes, so may she one day be reft of as many babes, and of her husband! Nor may she long keep her ill-gotten gains, but leave them in worse hap—let her be an exile, and seek a refuge through the entire world! A bitter sister to her brother, a bitter daughter to her wretched sire, may she be as bitter to her children, and as bitter to her husband! When she shall have no hope more of

OVID

cum mare, cum terras consumpserit, aera temptet ;
 erret inops, exspes, caede cruenta sua !
 haec ego, coniugio fraudata Thoantias oro.
 vivite, devoto nuptaque virque toro !

VII

DIDO AENEAE

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abiectus in herbis
 ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor.
 Nec quia te nostra sperem prece posse moveri,
 adloquor—adverso movimus ista deo ;
 sed merita et famam corpusque animumque
 pudicum 5
 cum male perdiderim, perdere verba leve est.
 Certus es ire tamen miseramque relinquere Didon,
 atque idem venti vela fidemque ferent ?
 certus es, Aenea, cum foedere solvere naves,
 quaeque ubi sint nescis, Itala regna sequi ? 10
 nec nova Carthago, nec te crescentia tangunt
 moenia nec sceptro tradita summa tuo ?
 facta fugis, facienda petis ; quaerenda per orbem
 altera, quaesita est altera terra tibi.

^a The song preceding death.

^b Ovid has the fourth book of the *Aeneid* in mind as he composes this letter.

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refuge by the sea or by the land, let her make trial of the air; let her wander, destitute, bereft of hope, stained red with the blood of her murders! This fate do I, the daughter of Thoas, cheated of my wedded state, in prayer call down upon you. Live on, a wife and husband, accursed in your bed!

VII

DIDO TO AENEAS

THUS, at the summons of fate, casting himself down amid the watery grasses by the shallows of Maeander, sings the white swan.^a

³ Not because I hope you may be moved by prayer of mine do I address you—for with God's will adverse I have begun the words you read; but because, after wretched losing of desert, of reputation, and of purity of body and soul, the losing of words is a matter slight indeed.

⁷ Are you resolved none the less to go, and to abandon wretched Dido,^b and shall the same winds bear away from me at once your sails and your promises? Are you resolved, Aeneas, to break at the same time from your moorings and from your pledge, and to follow after the fleeting realms of Italy, which lie you know not where? and does new-founded Carthage not touch you, nor her rising walls, nor the sceptre of supreme power placed in your hand? What is achieved, you turn your back upon; what is to be achieved, you ever pursue. One land has been sought and gained, and ever must another be sought, through the wide world.

OVID

ut terram invenias, quis eam tibi tradet habendam? 15
 quis sua non notis arva tenenda dabit?
 alter habendus amor tibi restat et altera Dido;¹
 quamque iterum fallas altera danda fides.
 quando erit, ut condas instar Carthaginis urbem
 et videas populos altus ab arce tuos? 20
 omnia ut eveniant, nec te tua vota morentur,
 unde tibi, quae te sic amet, uxor erit?
 Uror, ut inducto ceratae sulphure taedae,
 ut pia fumosis addita tura focis.²
 Aeneas oculis semper vigilantis inhaeret; 25
 Aenean animo noxque diesque refert.
 ille quidem male gratus et ad mea munera surdus,
 et quo, si non sim stulta, carere velim;
 non tamen Aenean, quamvis male cogitat, odi,
 sed queror infidum quæstaque peius amo. 30
 parce, Venus, nurui, durumque amplectere fratrem,
 frater Amor, castris militet ille tuis!
 aut ego, quem³ coepi—neque enim dedignor—amare,
 materiam curae praebeat ille meae!
 Fallor, et ista mihi falso iactatur imago; 35
 matris ab ingenio dissidet ille suae.
 te lapis et montes innataque rupibus altis
 robora, te saevae progenuere ferae,

¹ So s *Burm.*: alter amor tibi est habendus et P: a. a. t. et exstat habendus G E s: a. a. tibi restat? habendast altera Dido? *Birt Ehw.*

² *vv. 24, 25 defended by Hous., condemned by Pa. Ehw.*

³ quem *in early editions*: quae P G E s *Plan.*

THE HEROIDES VII

Yet, even should you find the land of your desiré, who will give it over to you for your own? Who will deliver his fields to unknown hands to keep? A second love remains for you to win, and a second Dido; a second pledge to give, and a second time to prove false. When will it be your fortune, think you, to found a city like to Carthage, and from the citadel on high to look down upon peoples of your own? Should your every wish be granted, even should you meet with no delay in the answering of your prayers, whence will come the wife to love you as I?

²³ I am all ablaze with love, like torches of wax tipped with sulphur, like pious incense placed on smoking altar-fires. Aeneas my eyes cling to through all my waking hours; Aeneas is in my heart through the night and through the day. 'Tis true he is an ingrate, and unresponsive to my kindnesses, and were I not fond I should be willing to have him go; yet, however ill his thought of me, I hate him not, but only complain of his faithlessness, and when I have complained I do but love more madly still. Spare, O Venus, the bride of thy son; lay hold of thy hard-hearted brother, O brother Love, and make him to serve in thy camp! Or make him to whom I have let my love go forth—I first, and with never shame for it—yield me himself, the object of my care!

³⁵ Ah, vain delusion! the fancy that flits before my mind is not the truth; far different his heart from his mother's. Of rocks and mountains were you begotten, and of the oak sprung from the lofty cliff, of savage wild beasts, or of the sea—such a sea as even now

aut mare, quale vides agitari nunc quoque ventis,
 quo tamen adversis fluctibus ire paras. 40
 quo fugis? obstat hiemps. hiemis mihi gratia prosit!
 adspice, ut eversas concitet Eurus aquas!
 quod tibi malueram, sine me debere procellis;
 iustior est animo ventus et unda tuo.
 Non ego sum tanti—quid non censeris inique?— 45
 ut pereas, dum me per freta longa fugis.
 exerces pretiosa odia et constantia magno,
 si, dum me careas, est tibi vile mori.
 iam venti ponent, strataque aequaliter unda
 caeruleis Triton per mare curret equis. 50
 tu quoque cum ventis utinam mutabilis esses!
 et, nisi duritia robora vincis, eris.
 quid, si nescires, insana quid aequora possunt?
 expertae totiens quam¹ male credis aquae!
 ut, pelago suadente etiam, retinacula solvas, 55
 multa tamen latus tristia pontus habet.
 nec violasse fidem temptantibus aequora prodest;
 perfidiae poenas exigit ille locus,
 praecipue cum laesus amor, quia mater Amorum
 nuda Cytheriacis edita fertur aquis. 60
 Perdita ne perdam, timeo, noceamve nocenti,
 neu bibat aequoreas naufragus hostis aquas.
 vive, precor! sic te melius quam funere perdam.
 tu potius leti causa ferere mei.

¹ quam s. *Merk.*

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you look upon, tossed by the winds, on which you are none the less making ready to sail, despite the threatening floods. Whither are you flying? The tempest rises to stay you. Let the tempest be my grace! Look you, how Æurus tosses the rolling waters! What I had preferred to owe to you, let me owe to the stormy blasts; wind and wave are juster than your heart.

⁴⁵ I am not worth enough—ah, why do I not wrongly rate you?—to have you perish flying from me over the long seas. 'Tis a costly and a dear-bought hate that you indulge if, to be quit of me, you account it cheap to die. Soon the winds will fall, and o'er the smooth-spread waves will Triton course with cerulean steeds. O that you too were changeable with the winds!—and, unless in hardness you exceed the oak, you will be so. What could you worse, if you did not know of the power of raging seas? How ill to trust the wave whose might you have so often felt! Even should you loose your cables at the persuasion of calm seas, there are none the less many woes to be met on the vasty deep. Nor is it well for those who have broken faith to tempt the billows. Yon is the place that exacts the penalty for faithlessness, above all when 'tis love has been wronged; for 'twas from the sea, in Cytherean waters, so runs the tale, that the mother of the Loves, undraped, arose.

⁶¹ Undone myself, I fear lest I be the undoing of him who is my undoing, lest I bring harm to him who brings harm to me, lest my enemy be wrecked at sea and drink the waters of the deep. O live; I pray it! Thus shall I see you worse undone than by death. You shall rather be reputed the cause of my own doom. Imagine, pray, imagine

OVID

finge, age, te rapido—nullum sit in omine
 pondus!— 65
 turbine deprendi; quid tibi mentis erit?
 protinus occurrent falsae periuria linguae,
 et Phrygia Dido fraude coacta mori;
 coniugis ante oculos deceptae stabit imago
 tristis et effusis sanguinolenta comis. 70
 quid tanti est ut tum “merui! concedite!” dicas,
 quaeque cadent, in te fulmina missa putes?
 Da breve saevitiae spatium pelagique tuaeque;
 grande morae pretium tuta futura via est.
 nec mihi tu curae; puero parcatur Iulo! 75
 te satis est titulum mortis habere meae.
 quid puer Ascanius, quid di meruere¹ Penates?
 ignibus ereptos obruet unda deos?
 sed neque fers tecum, nec, quae mihi, perfide, iactas,
 presserunt umeros sacra paterque tuos. 80
 omnia mentiris, neque enim tua fallere lingua
 incipit a nobis, primaque plector ego.
 si quaeras, ubi sit formosi mater Iuli—
 occidit a duro sola relicta viro!
 haec mihi narraras—sat me monuere!² merentem 85
 ure; minor culpa poena futura mea est.
 Nec mihi mens dubia est, quin te tua numina
 damnent.
 per mare, per terras septima iactat hiemps.

¹ *So G ω vulg.*: quid meruere *P*: quid commeruere *Pa.*
² at me novere *E ω*: at me movere *Merk. Pa.*: di me
 monuere *Madv.*: sat me monuere *Hous.*

^a Another name for Ascanius, the son of Aeneas.

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that you are caught—may there be nothing in the omen!—in the sweeping of the storm; what will be your thoughts? Straight will come rushing to your mind the perjury of your false tongue, and Dido driven to death by Phrygian faithlessness; before your eyes will appear the features of your deceived wife, heavy with sorrow, with hair streaming, and stained with blood. What now can you gain to recompense you then, when you will have to say: "Tis my desert; forgive me, ye gods!" when you will have to think that whatever thunderbolts fall were hurled at you?

⁷³ Grant a short space for the cruelty of the sea, and for your own, to subside; your safe voyage will be great reward for waiting. Nor is it you for whom I am anxious; only let the little Iulus^a be spared! For you, enough to have the credit for my death. What has little Ascanius done, or what your Penates, to deserve ill fate? Have they been rescued from fire but to be overwhelmed by the wave? Yet neither are you bearing them with you; the sacred relics which are your pretext never rested on your shoulders, nor did your father. You are false in everything—and I am not the first your tongue has deceived, nor am I the first to feel the blow from you. Do you ask where the mother of pretty Iulus is?—she perished, left behind by her unfeeling lord! This was the story you told me—yes, and it was warning enough for me! Burn me; I deserve it! The punishment will be less than befits my fault.

⁸⁷ And my mind doubts not that you, too, are under condemnation of your gods. Over sea and over land you are now for the seventh winter being

OID

fluctibus eiectum tuta statione recepi
 vixque bene audito nomine regna dedi. 90
 his tamen officiis utinam contenta fuisset,
 et mihi concubitus fama sepulta foret!
 illa dies nocuit, qua nos declive sub antrum
 caeruleus subitis compulit imber aquis.
 audieram vocem; nymphas ululasse putavi— 95
 Eumenides fatis signa dedere meis!
 Exige, laese pudor, poenas! violate Sychaei¹. . . .
 ad quas, me miseram, plena pudoris eo.
 est mihi marmorea sacratus in aede Sychaeus—
 oppositae frondes velleraque alba tegunt. 100
 hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari;
 ipse sono tenui dixit "Elissa, veni!"
 Nulla mora est, venio, venio tibi debita coniunx;
 sum tamen admissi tarda pudore mei.
 da veniam culpae! decepit idoneus auctor; 105
 invidiam noxae detrahit ille meae.
 diva parens seniorque pater, pia sarcina nati,
 spem mihi mansuri rite dedere viri.²
 si fuit errandum, causas habet error honestas;
 adde fidem, nulla parte pigendus erit. 110
 Durat in extremum vitaeque novissima nostrae
 prosequitur fati, qui fuit ante, tenor.
 occidit internas coniunx mactatus ad aras,
 et sceleris tanti praemia frater habet;

¹ *Lacuna.*

² *tori G Merk.*

^a Dido's husband in Tyre.

THE HEROIDES VII

tossed. You were cast ashore by the waves and I received you to a safe abiding-place; scarce knowing your name, I gave to you my throne. Yet would I had been content with these kindnesses, and that the story of our union were buried! That dreadful day was my ruin, when sudden downpour of rain from the deep-blue heaven drove us to shelter in the lofty grot. I had heard a voice; I thought it a cry of the nymphs—'twas the Eumenides sounding the signal for my doom!

⁹⁷ Exact the penalty of me, O purity undone!—the penalty due Sychaeus.^a To absolve it now I go—ah me, wretched that I am, and overcome with shame! Standing in shrine of marble is an image of Sychaeus I hold sacred—in the midst of green fronds hung about, and fillets of white wool. From within it four times have I heard myself called by a voice well known; 'twas he himself crying in faintly sounding tone: "Elissa, come!"

¹⁰³ I delay no longer, I come; I come thy bride, thine own by right; I am late, but 'tis for shame of my fault confessed. Forgive me my offence! He was worthy who caused my fall; he draws from my sin its hatefulness. That his mother was divine and his aged father the burden of a loyal son gave hope he would remain my faithful husband. If 'twas my fate to err, my error had honourable cause; so only he keep faith, I shall have no reason for regret.

¹¹¹ The lot that was mine in days past still follows me in these last moments of life, and will pursue to the end. My husband fell in his blood before the altars in his very house, and my brother possesses the fruits of the monstrous crime; myself am driven

OID

- exul agor cineresque viri patriamque relinquo, 115
 et feror in duras hoste sequente vias.
 adplicor ignotis fratrique elapsa fretoque
 quod tibi donavi, perfide, litus emo.
 urbem constitui lateque patentia fixi
 moenia finitimis invidiosa locis. 120
 bella tument ; bellis peregrina et femina temptor,
 vixque rudis portas urbis et arma paro.
 mille procis placui, qui me coiere querentes
 nescio quem thalamis praeposuisse suis.
 quid dubitas vinctam Gaetulo tradere Iarbae ? 125
 praebuerim sceleri bracchia nostra tuo.
 est etiam frater, cuius manus inopia possit
 respergi nostro, sparsa cruore viri.
 pone deos et quae tangendo sacra profanas !
 non bene caelestis inopia dextra colit. 130
 si tu cultor eras elapsis igne futurus,
 paenitet elapsos ignibus esse deos.
 Forsitan et gravidam Didon, scelerate, relinquas,
 parsque tui lateat corpore clausa meo.
 accedet fati matris miserabilis infans, 135
 et nondum nato¹ funeris auctor eris,
 cumque parente sua frater morietur Iuli,
 poenaque conexos auferet una duos.
 "Sed iubet ire deus." vellem, vetuisset adire,
 Punica nec Teucris pressa fuisset humus ! 140

¹ nato *Hein.* : nati *Pa.*

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into exile, compelled to leave behind the ashes of my lord and the land of my birth. Over hard paths I fly, and my enemy pursues. I land on shores unknown; escaped from my brother and the sea, I purchase the strand that I gave, perfidious man, to you. I establish a city, and lay about it the foundations of wide-reaching walls that stir the jealousy of neighbouring realms. Wars threaten; by wars, a stranger and a woman, I am assailed; hardly can I rear rude gates to the city and make ready my defence. A thousand suitors cast fond eyes on me, and have joined in the complaint that I preferred the hand of some stranger love. Why do you not bind me forthwith, and give me over to Gaetolian Iarbas? I should submit my arms to your shameful act. There is my brother, too, whose impious hand could be sprinkled with my blood, as it is already sprinkled with my lord's. Lay down those gods and sacred things; your touch profanes them! It is not well for an impious right hand to worship the dwellers in the sky. If 'twas fated for you to worship the gods that escaped the fires, the gods regret that they escaped the fires.

¹³³ Perhaps, too, it is Dido soon to be mother, O evil-doer, whom you abandon now, and a part of your being lies hidden in myself. To the fate of the mother will be added that of the wretched babe, and you will be the cause of doom to your yet unborn child; with his own mother will Iulus' brother die, and one fate will bear us both away together.

¹³⁹ "But you are bid to go—by your god!" Ah, would he had forbidden you to come; would Punic soil had never been pressed by Teucrican

hoc duce nempe deo ventis agitaris iniquis
 et teris in rapido tempora longa freto?
 Pergama vix tanto tibi erant repetenda labore,
 Hectore si vivo quanta fuere forent.
 non patrium Simoenta petis, sed Thybridas
 undas— 145
 nempe ut pervenias, quo cupis, hospes eris;
 utque latet vitatque tuas abstrusa carinas,
 vix tibi continget terra petita seni.
 Hos potius populos in dotem, ambage remissa,
 accipe et advectas Pygmalionis opes. 150
 Ilion in Tyriam transfer feliciter urbem
 resque loco¹ regis sceptraque sacra tene!
 si tibi mens avida est belli, si quaerit Iulus,
 unde suo partus Marte triumphus eat,
 quem superet, nequid desit, praebebimus hos-
 tem; 155
 hic pacis leges, hic locus arma capit.
 tu modo, per matrem fraternaue tela, sagittas,
 perque fugae comites, Dardana sacra, deos—
 sic superent, quoscumque tua de gente reportas,
 Mars ferus et damni sit modus ille tui, 160
 Ascaniusque suos feliciter inpleat annos,
 et senis Anchisae molliter ossa cubent!—
 parce, precor, domui, quae se tibi tradit habendam!
 quod crimen dicis praeter amasse meum?
 non ego sum Phthias magnisque oriunda Mycenis, 165
 nec steterunt in te virque paterque meus.

¹ So *Pa.*: inque loco *P₂* over an erasure *GEs*: iamque locum *Ehw.*: etc.

^a The home of Achilles.

THE HEROIDES VII

feet! Is this, forthsooth, the god under whose guidance you are tossed about by unfriendly winds, and pass long years on the surging seas? 'Twould scarce require such toil to return again to Pergamum, were Pergamum still what it was while Hector lived. 'Tis not the Simois of your fathers you seek, but the waves of Tiber—and yet, forsooth, should you arrive at the place you wish, you will be but a stranger; and the land of your quest so hides from your sight, so draws away from contact with your keels, that 'twill scarce be your lot to reach it in old age.

¹⁴⁰ Cease, then, your wanderings! Choose rather me, and with me my dowry—these peoples of mine, and the wealth of Pygmalion I brought with me. Transfer your Ilion to the Tyrian town, and give it thus a happier lot; enjoy the kingly state, and the sceptre's right divine. If your soul is eager for war, if Iulus must have field for martial prowess and the triumph, we shall find him foes to conquer, and naught shall lack; here there is place for the laws of peace, here place, too, for arms. Do you only, by your mother I pray, and by the weapons of your brother, his arrows, and by the divine companions of your flight, the gods of Dardanus—so may those rise above fate whom you are saving from out your race, so may that cruel war be the last of misfortunes to you, and so may Ascanius fill happily out his years, and the bones of old Anchises rest in peace!—do you only spare the house which gives itself without condition into your hand. What can you charge me with but love? I am not of Phthia,^a nor sprung of great Mycenæ, nor have I had a husband and a father who have

OID

- si pudet uxoris, non nupta, sed hospita dicar ;
 dum tua sit, Dido quidlibet esse feret.
 Nota mihi freta sunt Afrum plangentia litus ;
 temporibus certis dantque negantque viam. 170
 cum dabit aura viam, praebebis carbasa ventis ;
 nunc levis eiectam continet alga ratem.
 tempus ut observem, manda mihi ; serius ibis,
 nec te, si cupies, ipsa manere sinam.
 et socii requiem poscunt, laniataque classis 175
 postulat exiguas semirefecta moras ;
 pro meritis et siqua tibi debebimus ultra,¹
 pro spe coniugii tempora parva peto—
 dum freta mitescunt et amor, dum tempore et usu
 fortiter edisco tristia posse pati. 180
 Si minus, est animus nobis effundere vitam ;
 in me crudelis non potes esse diu.
 adspicias utinam, quae sit scribentis imago !
 scribimus, et gremio Troicus ensis adest,
 perque genas lacrimae strictum labuntur in
 ensem, 185
 qui iam pro lacrimis sanguine tinctus erit.
 quam bene conveniunt fato tua munera nostro !
 instruis impensa nostra sepulcra brevi.
 nec mea nunc primum feriuntur pectora telo ;
 ille locus saevi vulnus amoris habet. 190
 Anna soror, soror Anna, meae male conscia culpa,
 iam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos.

¹ ultro *P.*

THE HEROIDES VII

stood against you. If you shame to have me your wife, let me not be called bride, but hostess; so she be yours, Dido will endure to be what you will.

¹⁶⁹ Well do I know the seas that break upon African shores; they have their times of granting and denying the way. When the breeze permits, you shall give your canvas to the gale; now the light seaweed detains your ship by the strand. Entrust me with the watching of the skies; you shall go later, and I myself, though you desire it, will not let you to stay. Your comrades, too, demand repose, and your shattered fleet, but half refitted, calls for a short delay; by your past kindnesses, and by that other debt I still, perhaps, shall owe you, by my hope of wedlock, I ask for a little time—while the sea and my love grow calm, while through time and wont I learn the strength to endure my sorrows bravely.

¹⁸¹ If you yield not, my purpose is fixed to pour forth my life; you can not be cruel to me for long. Could you but see now the face of her who writes these words! I write, and the Trojan's blade is ready in my lap. Over my cheeks the tears roll, and fall upon the drawn steel—which soon shall be stained with blood instead of tears. How fitting is your gift in my hour of fate! You furnish forth my death at a cost but slight. Nor does my heart now for the first time feel a weapon's thrust; it already bears the wound of cruel love.

¹⁹¹ Anna my sister, my sister Anna, wretched sharer in the knowledge of my fault, soon shall you give to my ashes the last boon. Nor when I have

OVID

nec consumpta rogis inscribar Elissa Sychaei,
hoc tamen in tumuli marmore carmen erit :

PRAEBUIT AENEAS ET CAUSAM MORTIS ET ENSEM ; 195
IPSA SUA DIDO CONCIDIT USA MANU.

VIII

HERMIONE ORESTI

¹ PYRRHUS Achillides, animosus imagine patris, 3
 inclusam contra iusque piumque tenet.
quod potui, renui, ne non invita tenerer ; 5
 cetera femineae non valuere manus.
“quid facis, Aeacide ? non sum sine vindice,” dixi :
 “haec tibi sub domino est, Pyrrhe, puella suo !”
surdior ille freto clamantem nomen Orestis
 traxit inornatis in sua tecta comis. 10
quid gravius capta Lacedaemone serva tulissem,
 si raperet Graias barbara turba nurus ?
parcius Andromachen vexavit Achaia victrix,
 cum Danaus Phrygias ureret ignis opes.
At tu, cura mei si te pia tangit, Oreste, 15
 inice non timidas in tua iura manus !

¹ *vv. 1, 2 spurious, but given in Ald. Burm.: see note to V, title.*

^a A legal allusion : a *vindex* was one who undertook the defence of a person seized for debt.

^b Andromache's son Astyanax was thrown from the walls

THE HEROIDES VIII

been consumed upon the pyre, shall my inscription read: ELISSA, WIFE OF SYCHAEUS; yet there shall be on the marble of my tomb these lines:

FROM AENEAS CAME THE CAUSE OF HER DEATH,
AND FROM HIM THE BLADE; FROM THE HAND OF
DIDO HERSELF CAME THE STROKE BY WHICH SHE FELL.

VIII

HERMIONE TO ORESTES

PYRRHUS, Achilles' son, in self-will the image of his sire, holds me in durance against every law of earth and heaven. All that lay in my power I have done—I have refused consent to be held; farther than that my woman's hands could not avail. "What art thou doing, son of Aeacus? I lack not one to take my part!"^a I cried. "This is a woman, I tell thee, Pyrrhus, who has a master of her own!" Deaf to me than the sea as I shrieked out the name of Orestes, he dragged me with hair all disarrayed into his palace. What worse my lot had Lacedaemon been taken and I been made a slave, carried away by the barbarian rout with the daughters of Greece? Less misused by the victorious Achaeans was Andromache herself, what time the Danaän fire consumed the wealth of Phrygia.^b

¹⁵ But do you, if your heart is touched with any natural care for me, Orestes, lay claim to your right with no timid hand. What! should anyone of Troy, and she became the prize of Pyrrhus (also called Neoptolemus). She was afterwards given by him to Helenus.

OVID

an siquis rapiat stabulis armenta reclusis,
 arma feras,¹ rapta coniuge lentus eris ?
 sit socer exemplo nuptae repetitor ademptae,
 cui pia militiae causa puella fuit ! 20
 si socer ignavus vidua stertisset in aula,
 nupta foret Paridi mater, ut ante fuit.
 Nec tu mille rates sinuosaque vela pararis
 nec numeros Danaï militis—ipse veni !
 sic quoque eram repetenda tamen, nec turpe
 marito 25
 aspera pro caro bella tulisse toro.
 quid, quod avus nobis idem Pelopeius Atreus,
 et, si non esses vir mihi, frater eras.
 vir, precor, uxori, frater succurre sorori !
 instant officio nomina bina tuo. 30
 Me tibi Tyndareus, vita gravis auctor et annis,
 tradidit ; arbitrium neptis habebat avus.
 at pater Aeacidæ promiserat inscius acti ;
 plus quoque, qui prior est ordine, posset² avus.
 cum tibi nubebam, nulli mea taeda nocebat ; 35
 si iungar Pyrrho, tu mihi laesus eris.
 et pater ignoscet nostro Menelaus amori—
 succubuit telis praepetis ipse dei.
 quem sibi permisit, genero concedet amorem ;
 proderit exemplo mater amata suo. 40
 tu mihi, quod matri pater est ; quas egerat olim
 Dardanius partis advena, Pyrrhus agit.

¹ feras *P* : feres *s*.

² posset *P G ω* : possit *s* and early editions : pollet *Bent*.

^a *Frater* is often so used.

THE HEROIDES VIII

break open your pens and steal away your herds, would you resort to arms? and when your wife is stolen away will you be slow to move? Let your father-in-law Menelaus be your example, he who demanded back the wife taken from him, and had in a woman righteous cause for war. Had he been spiritless, and drowsed in his deserted halls, my mother would still be wed to Paris, as she was before.

²³ Yet make not ready a thousand ships with belying sails, and hosts of Danaän soldiery—yourself come! Yet even thus I might well have been sought back, nor is it unseemly for a husband to have endured fierce combat for love of his marriage-bed. Remember, too, the same grandsire is ours, Atreus, Pelops' son, and, were you not husband to me, you would still be cousin.^a Husband, I entreat, succour your wife; brother, your sister! Both bonds press you on to your duty.

³¹ I was given to you by Tyndareus, weighty of counsel both for his life and for his years; the grandsire was arbiter of the grandchild's fate. But my father, it might be said, had promised me to Aeacus' son, not knowing this; yet my grandsire, who is first in order, should also be first in power. When I was wed to you, my union brought harm to none; if I wed with Pyrrhus, I shall deal a wound to you. My father Menelaus, too, will pardon our love—he himself succumbed to the darts of the wingèd god. The love he allowed himself, he will concede to his daughter's chosen; my mother, loved by him, will aid with her precedent. You are to me what my sire is to my mother, and the part which once the Dardanian stranger played, Pyrrhus now plays. Let him be endlessly proud

OVID

ille licet patriis sine fine superbiat actis ;
 et tu, quae referas facta parentis, habes.
 Tantalides omnis ipsumque regebat Achillem. 45
 hic pars militiae ; dux erat ille ducum.
 tu quoque habes proavum Pelopem Pelopisque paren-
 tem ;
 si melius numeres, a Iove quintus eris.
 Nec virtute cares. arma invidiosa tulisti,
 sed tibi—quid faceres?—induit illa pater.¹ 50
 materia vellem fortis meliore fuisses ;
 non lecta est operi, sed data causa tuo.
 hanc tamen inplesti ; iuguloque Aegisthus aperto
 tecta cruentavit, quae pater ante tuus.
 increpat Aeacides laudemque in crimina vertit— 55
 et tamen adspectus sustinet ille meos.
 rumpor, et ora mihi pariter cum mente tumescunt,
 pectoraque inclusis ignibus usta dolent.
 Hermione coram quisquamne obiecit Oresti,
 nec mihi sunt vires, nec ferus ensis adest? 60
 flere licet certe ; flendo defundimus iram,
 perque sinum lacrimae fluminis instar eunt.
 has solas habeo semper semperque profundo ;
 ument incultae fonte perenne genae.
 Num generis fato, quod nostros errat in annos, 65
 Tantalides matres apta rapina sumus?

¹ *So Hous.*: Sed tu quid faceres? *others.*

^a Jupiter, Tantalus, Pelops, Atreus, Agamemnon, Orestes—really sixth.

^b During Agamemnon's absence, Aegisthus won Clytemnestra's heart, and the two compassed the king's death. After seven years of reigning, Aegisthus and Clytemnestra were slain by her son Orestes.

THE HEROIDES VIII

because of his father's deeds; you, too, have a sire's achievements of which to boast. The son of Tantalus was ruler over all, over Achilles himself. The one was but a part of the soldier band; the other was chief of chiefs. You, too, have ancestors—Pelops, and the father of Pelops; should you care to count more closely, you could call yourself fifth from Jove.^a

⁴⁹ Nor are you without your prowess. The arms you wielded were hateful—but what were you to do?—your father placed them in your hand. I could wish that fortune had given you more excellent matter for courage; but the cause that called forth your deed was not chosen—it was fixed. The call you none the less obeyed; and the pierced throat of Aegisthus stained with blood the dwelling your father's blood had reddened before.^b The son of Aeacus assails your name, and turns your praise to blame—and yet shrinks not before my gaze. I burst with anger, and my face swells with passion no less than my heart, and my breast burns with the pains of pent-up wrath. Has anyone in hearing of Hermione said aught against Orestes, and have I no strength, and no keen sword at hand? I can weep, at least. In weeping I let pour forth my ire, and over my bosom course the tears like a flowing stream. These only I still have, and still do I let them gush; my cheeks are wet and unsightly from their never-ending fount.

⁶⁵ Can it be some fate has come upon our house and pursued it through the years even to my time, that we Tantalid women are ever victims ready to the ravisher's hand? I shall not rehearse the lying

OID

non ego fluminei referam mendacia cygni
 nec querar in plumis delituisse Iovem.
 qua duo porrectus longe freta distinet Isthmos,
 vecta peregrinis Hippodamia rotis ;¹ 70
 Taenaris Idaeo trans aequora ab hospite rapta 73
 Argolicas pro se vertit in arma manus.
 vix equidem memini, memini tamen. omnia luctus, 75
 omnia solliciti plena timoris erant ;
 flebat avus Phoebeque soror fratresque gemelli,
 orabat superos Leda suumque Iovem.
 ipsa ego, non longos etiam tunc scissa capillos,
 clamabam : " sine me, me sine, mater, abis ? " 80
 nam coniunx aberat ! ne non Pelopeia credar,
 ecce, Neoptolemo praeda parata fui !
 Pelides utinam vitasset Apollinis arcus !
 damnaret nati facta proterva pater ;
 nec quondam placuit nec nunc placuisset Achilli 85
 abducta viduum coniuge flere virum.
 quae mea caelestis iniuria fecit iniquos,
 quodve mihi miserae sidus obesse querar ?
 parva mea sine matre fui, pater arma ferebat,
 et duo cum vivant, orba duobus eram. 90
 non tibi blanditias primis, mea mater, in annis
 incerto dictas ore puella tuli ;
 non ego captavi brevibus tua colla lacertis
 nec gremio sedi sarcina grata tuo.
 non cultus tibi cura mei, nec pacta marito 95
 intravi thalamos matre parante novos.

¹ 71, 72 *spurious Pa* :

Castori Amyclaeo et Amyclaeo Polluci
 reddita Mopsopia Taenaris urbe soror ;

^a The story of Leda and the swan. ^b Pelops won her
 in the race with Oenomaus, her father, whose death he com-
 passed by tampering with Oenomaus' charioteer Myrtilus.
^c Apollo directed the arrow of Paris which wounded
 Achilles in the heel, his only vulnerable part.

THE HEROIDES VIII

words of the swan upon the stream, nor complain of Jove disguised in plumage.^a Where the sea is sundered in two by the far-stretched Isthmus, Hippodamia^b was borne away in the car of the stranger; she of Taenarus, stolen away across the seas by the stranger-guest from Ida, roused to arms in her behalf all the men of Argos. I scarcely remember, to be sure, yet remember I do. All was grief, everywhere anxiety and fear; my grandsire wept, and my mother's sister Phoebe, and the twin brothers, and Leda fell to praying the gods above, and her own Jove. As for myself, tearing my locks, not yet long, I began to cry aloud: "Mother, will you go away, and will you leave me behind?" For her lord was gone. Lest I be thought none of Pelops' line, lo, I too have been left a ready prey for Neoptolemus!

⁸⁸ Would that Peleus' son had escaped the bow of Apollo!^c The father would condemn the son for his wanton deed; 'twas not of yore the pleasure of Achilles, nor would it be now his pleasure, to see a widowed husband weeping for his stolen wife. What wrong have I done that heaven's hosts are against me? or what constellation shall I complain is hostile to my wretched self? In my childhood I had no mother; my father was ever in the wars—though the two were not dead, I was reft of both. You were not near in my first years, O my mother, to receive the caressing prattle from the tripping tongue of the little girl; I never clasped about your neck the little arms that would not reach, and never sat, a burden sweet, upon your lap. I was not reared and cared for by your hand; and when I was promised in wedlock I had no mother to make ready the new chamber for my coming. I went out to

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THE HEROIDES IX

IX

DEIANIRA TO HERCULES

^a I RENDER thanks that Oechalia has been added to the list of our honours; but that the victor has yielded to the vanquished, I complain. The rumour has suddenly spread to all the Pelasgian cities—a rumour unseemly, to which your deeds should give the lie—that on the man whom Juno's unending series of labours has never crushed, on him Iole has placed her yoke. This would please Eurystheus,^b and it would please the sister of the Thunderer; stepdame^c that she is, she would gladly know of the stain upon your life; but 'twould give no joy to him for whom, so 'tis believed, a single night did not suffice for the begetting of one so great.

¹¹ More than Juno, Venus has been your bane. The one, by crushing you down, has raised you up; the other has your neck beneath her humbling foot. Look but on the circle of the earth made peaceful by your protecting strength, wherever the blue waters of Nereus wind round the broad land. To you is owing peace upon the earth, to you safety on the seas; you have filled with worthy deeds both abodes of the sun.^d The heaven that is to bear you, yourself once bore; Hercules bent to the load of the stars when Atlas was their stay. What have you gained but to spread the knowledge of your wretched shame, if a final act of baseness blots your former deeds? Can it be you that men say

^c Jupiter was the father of Hercules by Alcmena.

^d Farthest east and west.

OVID

IX

DEIANIRA HERCULI

GRATULOR Oechaliam titulis accedere nostris ;
 victorem victae succubuisse queror.
 fama Pelasgiadas subito pervenit in urbes
 decolor et factis infitianda tuis,
 quem numquam Iuno seriesque inmensa laborum 5
 fregerit, huic Iolen inposuisse iugum.
 hoc velit Eurystheus, velit hoc germana Tonantis,
 laetaque sit vitae labe noverca tuae ;
 at non ille velit, cui nox—sic creditur—una
 non tanta,¹ ut tantus conciperere, fuit. 10
 Plus tibi quam Iuno, nocuit Venus : illa premeo
 sustulit, haec humili² sub pede colla tenet.
 respice vindicibus pacatum viribus orbem,
 qua latam Nereus caeruleus ambit humum.
 se tibi pax terrae, tibi se tuta aequora debent ; 15
 implesti meritis solis utramque domum.
 quod te laturum est, caelum prius ipse tulisti ;
 Hercule supposito sidera fulsit Atlans.
 quid nisi notitia est misero quaesita pudori,
 si cumulus stupri facta priora notat? 20

¹ tanta s *Iahn Loers van Lennep* : tanti P G ω.

² humilis P G ω *Bent. Ehw.*

^a The *Trachiniae* of Sophocles dramatizes the Deianira story, and Apollodorus contains it. See also Ovid, *Metam.* ix. 1-273, and Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*.

^b Who imposed the twelve labours on Hercules at the instigation of Juno.

THE HEROIDES IX

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OVID

tene ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter angues,
 cum tener in cunis iam Iove dignus eras?
 coepisti melius quam desinis; ultima primis
 cédunt; dissimiles hic vir et ille puer.
 quem non mille ferae, quem non Stheneleius
 hostis, 25
 non potuit Iuno vincere, vincit amor.
 At bene nupta feror, quia nominer Herculis uxor,
 sitque socer, rapidis qui tonat altus equis.
 quam male inaequales veniunt ad aratra iuveni,
 tam premitur magno coniuge nupta minor. 30
 non honor est sed onus species laesura ferentis;
 siqua voles apte nubere, nube pari.
 vir mihi semper abest, et coniuge notior hospes,
 monstraque terribiles persequiturque feras.
 ipsa domo vidua votis operata pudicis 35
 torqueor, infesto ne vir ab hoste cadat;
 inter serpentes aprosque avidosque leones
 iactor et haesuros terna per ora canes.
 me pecudum fibrae simulacraque inania somni
 omniaque arcana nocte petita movent. 40
 aucupor infelix incertae murmura famae,
 speque timor dubia spesque timore cadit.
 mater abest queriturque deo placuisse potenti,
 nec pater Amphitryon nec puer Hyllus adest;
 arbiter Eurystheus irae Iunonis iniquae 45
 sentitur nobis iraque longa deae.

THE HEROIDES IX

clutched tight the serpents twain while a tender babe in the cradle, already worthy of Jove? You began better than you end; your last deeds yield to your first; the man you are and the child you were are not the same. He whom not a thousand wild beasts, whom not the Stheneleian foe, whom not Juno could overcome, love overcomes.

²⁷ Yet I am said to be well mated, because I am called the wife of Hercules, and because the father of my lord is he who thunders on high with impetuous steeds. As the ill-mated steer yoked miserably at the plough, so fares the wife who is less than her mighty lord. It is not honour, but mere fair-seeming, and brings dole to us who bear the load; would you be wedded happily, wed your equal. My lord is ever absent from me—he is better known to me as guest than husband—ever pursuing monsters and dreadful beasts. I myself, at home and widowed, am busied with chaste prayers, in torment lest my husband fall by the savage foe; with serpents and with boars and ravening lions my imaginings are full, and with hounds three-throated hard upon the prey. The entrails of slain victims stir my fears, the idle images of dreams, and the omen sought in the mysterious night. Wretchedly I catch at the uncertain murmurs of the common talk; my fear is lost in wavering hope, my hope again in fear. Your mother is away, and laments that she ever pleased the potent god, and neither your father Amphitryon is here, nor your son Hyllus; the acts of Eurystheus, the instrument of Juno's unjust wrath, and the long-continued anger of the goddess—I am the one to feel.

Haec mihi ferre parum? peregrinos addis amores,
 et mater de te quaelibet esse potest.
 non ego Partheniis temeratam vallibus Augen,
 nec referam partus, Ormeni nympha, tuos; 50
 non tibi crimen erunt, Teuthrantia turba, sorores,
 quarum de populo nulla relicta tibi est.
 una, recens crimen, referetur adultera nobis,
 unde ego sum Lydo facta noverca Lamo.
 Maeandros, terris totiens errator in isdem, 55
 qui lassas in se saepe retorquet aquas,
 vidit in Herculeo suspensa monilia collo
 illo, cui caelum sarcina parva fuit.
 non puduit fortis auro cohibere lacertos,
 et solidis gemmas opposuisse toris? 60
 nempe sub his animam pestis Nemeaea lacertis
 edidit, unde umerus tegmina laevus habet!
 ausus es hirsutos mitra redimire capillos!
 aptior Herculeae populus alba comae.
 nec te Maeonia lascivae more puellae 65
 incingi zona dedecuisse pudet?¹
 non tibi succurrit crudi Diomedis imago,
 efferus humana qui dape pavit equas?
 si te vidisset cultu Busiris in isto,
 huic victor victo² nempe pudendus eras. 70
 detrahat Antaeus duro redimicula collo,
 ne pigeat molli succubuisse viro.
 Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas
 diceris et dominae pertimuisse minas.

¹ pudet *P G ω*: putas *s Burm.*: putes *Leidensis*: patet *Pa.*

² Hic /// victor victo *P*; huic *ω*: victori victo . . . erat *Pa.*

^a There were fifty of them, and their father Thespius wished for fifty grandchildren by Hercules.

^b Hercules was the lover of Omphale, or Iardanis (v. 103), queen of Lydia, sold to her by Hermes as a slave.

THE HEROIDES IX

⁴⁷ Is this too little for me to endure? You add to it your stranger loves, and whoever will may be by you a mother. I will say nothing of Auge betrayed in the vales of Parthenius, or of thy travail, nymph sprung of Ormenus; nor will I charge against you the daughters of Teuthras' son, the throng of sisters from whose number none was spared by you.^a But there is one love—a fresh offence of which I have heard—a love by which I am made stepdame to Lydian Lamus.^b The Meander, so many times wandering in the same lands, who oft turns back upon themselves his wearied waters, has seen hanging from the neck of Hercules—the neck which found the heavens but slight burden—bejewelled chains! Felt you no shame to bind with gold those strong arms, and to set the gem upon that solid brawn? Ah, to think 'twas these arms that crushed the life from the Nemean pest, whose skin now covers your left side! You have not shrunk from binding your shaggy hair with a woman's turban! More meet for the locks of Hercules were the white poplar. And for you to disgrace yourself by wearing the Maeonian zone, like a wanton girl—feel you no shame for that? Did there come to your mind no image of savage Diomedes, fiercely feeding his mares on human meat? Had Busiris seen you in that garb, he whom you vanquished would surely have reddened for such a victor as you. Antaeus would tear from the hard neck the turban-bands, lest he feel shame at having succumbed to an unmanly foe.

⁷³ They say that you have held the wool-basket among the girls of Ionia, and been frightened at your mistress' threats. Do you not shrink, Alcides,

OVID

non fugis, Alcide, victricem mille laborum	75.
rasilibus calathis inposuisse manum,	
crassaque robusto deducis pollice fila,	
aequaque formosae pensa rependis erae?	
a, quotiens digitis dum torques stamina duris,	
praevalidae fusos comminuere manus!	80
ante pedes dominae ¹	
factaque narrabas dissimulanda tibi—	84
scilicet inmanes elisis faucibus hydros	85
infantem caudis involuisse manum,	
ut Tegeaeus aper cupressifero Erymantho	
incubet et vasto pondere laedat humum.	
non tibi Threiciis adfixa penatibus ora,	
non hominum pingues caede tacentur equae;	90
prodigiumque triplex, armenti dives Hiberi	
Geryones, quamvis in tribus unus erat;	
inque canes totidem trunco digestus ab uno	
Cerberos implicitis angue minante comis;	
quaeque redundabat fecundo vulnere serpens	95
fertilis et damnis dives ab ipsa suis;	
quique inter laevumque latus laevumque lacertum	
praegrave compressa fauce pependit onus;	
et male confisum pedibus formaque bimembri	
pulsum Thessalicis agmen equestre iugis.	100
Haec tu Sidonio potes insignitus amictu	
dicere? non cultu lingua retenta silet?	
se quoque nympha tuis ornavit Iardanis armis	
et tulit a capto nota tropaea viro.	

¹ 81, *half of 82, and 83, spurious, Merk. Pa.*

 crederis infelix scuticae tremefactus habenis
 ante pedes dominae pertimuisse minas . . .
 eximias pompas, inmania semina laudum.

THE HEROIDES IX

from laying to the polished wool-basket the hand that triumphed over a thousand toils; do you draw off with stalwart thumb the coarsely spun strands, and give back to the hand of a pretty mistress the just portion she weighed out? Ah, how often, while with dour finger you twisted the thread, have your too strong hands crushed the spindle! Before your mistress' feet . . . and told of the deeds of which you should now say naught—of enormous serpents, throttled and coiling their lengths about your infant hand; how the Tegeaeon boar has his lair on cypress-bearing Erymanthus, and afflicts the ground with his vast weight. You do not omit the skulls nailed up in Thracian homes, nor the mares made fat with the flesh of slain men; nor the triple prodigy, Geryones, rich in Iberian cattle, who was one in three; nor Cerberus, branching from one trunk into a three-fold dog, his hair inwoven with the threatening snake; nor the fertile serpent that sprang forth again from the fruitful wound, grown rich from her own hurt; nor him whose mass hung heavy between your left side and left arm as your hand clutched his throat; nor the equestrian array that put ill trust in their feet and dual form, confounded by you on the ridges of Thessaly.

¹⁰¹ These deeds can you recount, gaily arrayed in a Sidonian gown? Does not your dress rob from your tongue all utterance? The nymph-daughter of Iardanus^a has even tricked herself out in your arms, and won famous triumphs from the vanquished

^a Omphale.

OVID

- i nunc, tolle animos et fortia gesta recense ; 105
 quo¹ tu non esses, iure vir illa fuit.
 qua tanto minor es, quanto te, maxime rerum,
 quam quos vicisti, vincere maius erat.
 illi procedit rerum mensura tuarum—
 cede bonis ; heres laudis amica tuae. 110
 o pudor ! hirsuti costis exuta leonis
 aspera texerunt vellera molle latus !
 falleris et nescis—non sunt spolia illa leonis,
 sed tua, tuque feri victor es, illa tui.
 femina tela tulit Lernaëis atra venenis, 115
 ferre gravem lana vix satis apta colum,
 instruxitque manum clava domitrice ferarum,
 vidit et in speculo coniugis arma sui !
 Haec tamen audieram ; licuit non credere famae,
 et venit ad sensus mollis ab aure dolor— 120
 ante meos oculos adducitur advena paelex,
 nec mihi, quae patior, dissimulare licet !
 non sinis averti ; mediam captiva per urbem
 invitis oculis adspicienda venit.
 nec venit incultis captarum more capillis, 125
 fortunam vultu fassa decente² suam ;
 ingreditur late lato spectabilis auro,
 qualiter in Phrygia tu quoque cultus eras.
 dat vultum populo sublimis ut³ Hercule victo ;
 Oechaliam vivo stare parente putes. 130

¹ quo *Pa.* : quem *P₁* : quod *P₂ G ω* : quom *Madv.*

² *So van Lennep* : vultu fassa tegente *P.*

³ *So early editions, Plan* : sublime sub Hercule victo *P G ω.*

^a Iole.

THE HEROIDES IX

hero. Go now, puff up your spirit and recount your brave deeds done; she has proved herself a man by a right you could not urge. You are as much less than she, O greatest of men, as it was greater to vanquish you than those you vanquished. To her passes the full measure of your exploits—yield up what you possess; your mistress is heir to your praise. O shame, that the rough skin stripped from the flanks of the shaggy lion has covered a woman's delicate side! You are mistaken, and know it not—that spoil is not from the lion, but from you; you are victor over the beast, but she over you. A woman has borne the darts blackened with the venom of Lerna, a woman scarce strong enough to carry the spindle heavy with wool; a woman has taken in her hand the club that overcame wild beasts, and in the mirror gazed upon the armour of her lord!

¹¹⁹ These things, however, I had only heard; I could distrust men's words, and the pain hit on my senses softly, through the ear—but now my very eyes must look upon a stranger-mistress^a led before them, nor may I now dissemble what I suffer! You do not allow me to turn away; the woman comes a captive through the city's midst, to be looked upon by my unwilling eyes. Nor comes she after the manner of captive women, with hair unkempt, and with becoming countenance that tells to all her lot; she strides along, sightly from afar in plenteous gold, apparelled in such wise as you yourself in Phrygia. She looks straight out at the throng, with head held high, as if 'twere she had conquered Hercules; you might think Oechalia standing yet, and her father yet alive. Perhaps you

OVID

forsitan et pulsa Aetolide Deianira
 nomine deposito paelicis uxor erit,
 Eurytidosque Ioles atque Aonii¹ Alcidae
 turpia famosus corpora iunget Hymen.
 mens fugit admonitu, frigusque perambulat artus, 135
 et iacet in gremio languida facta manus.
 Me quoque cum multis, sed me sine crimine amasti.
 ne pigeat, pugnae bis tibi causa fui.
 cornua flens legit ripis Achelous in udis
 truncaque limosa tempora mersit aqua ; 140
 semivir occubuit in lotifero Eueno²
 Nessus, et infecit sanguis equinus aquas.
 sed quid ego haec refero? scribenti nuntia venit
 fama, virum tunicae tabe perire meae.
 ei mihi! quid feci? quo me furor egit aman-
 tem? 145
 inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
 An tuus in media coniunx lacerabitur Oeta,
 tu sceleris tanti causa superstes eris?
 siquid adhuc habeo facti, cur Herculis uxor
 credar, coniugii mors mea pignus erit! 150
 tu quoque cognosces in me, Meleagre, sororem!
 inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
 Heu devota domus! solio sedet Agrios alto;
 Oenea desertum nuda senecta permit.
 exulat ignotis Tydeus germanus in oris; 155
 alter fatali vivus in igne fuit;

¹ atque Aonii *Bent.* *Merk.*: et insanii *P*: insani *G*.

² lotifero *Bent.*: Eueno *Hein.*: letiferoque veneno *G*: in lorifero eueneno *Guelf. 3*: in letifero Eueno *Hein. Burm. etc.*

^a His poisoned blood is in the robe she sends to Hercules.

^b Agrius drove out Oeneus his brother after Meleager's death.

^c By Oeneus, for slaying a brother.

^d Meleager perished when his mother Althea, in revenge

THE HEROIDES IX

will even drive away Aetolian Deianira, and her rival will lay aside the name of mistress, and be made your wife. Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, and Aonian Alcides will be basely joined in shameful bonds of Hymen. My mind fails me at the thought, a chill sweeps through my frame, and my hand lies nerveless in my lap.

¹³⁷ Me, too, you have possessed among your many loves—but me with no reproach. Regret it not—twice you have fought for the sake of me. In tears Achelous gathered up his horns on the wet banks of his stream, and bathed in its clayey tide his mutilated brow; the half-man Nessus sank down in lotus-bearing Euenus, tingeing its waters with his equine blood.^a But why am I reciting things like these? Even as I write comes rumour to me saying my lord is dying of the poison from my cloak. Alas me! what have I done? Whither has madness driven me in my love? O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

¹⁴⁷ Shall thy lord be torn to death on midmost Oeta, and shalt thou, the cause of the monstrous deed, remain alive? If I have yet done aught to win the name of wife of Hercules, my death shall be the pledge of our union. Thou, Meleager, shalt also see in me a sister of thine own! O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

¹⁵³ Alas, for my devoted house! Agrius sits on the lofty throne;^b Oeneus is reft of all, and barren old age weighs heavy on him. Tydeus my brother is exiled on an unknown shore;^c my second brother's life hung on the fateful fire;^d our mother

for his slaying her brother, finally burned the brand on whose preservation the Fates had said his life depended.

exegit ferrum sua per praecordia mater.
 inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
 Deprecor hoc unum per iura sacerrima lecti,
 ne videar fatis insidiata tuis. 160
 Nessus, ut est avidum percussus harundine pectus,
 "hic," dixit, "vires sanguis amoris habet."
 inlita Nesseo misi tibi texta veneno.
 inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
 Iamque vale, seniorque pater germanaque Gorge, 165
 et patria et patriae frater adempte tuae,
 et tu lux oculis hodierna novissima nostris,
 virque—sed o possis!—et puer Hylle, vale!

X

ARIADNE THESEO

MITIUS inveni quam te genus omne ferarum;
 credita non ulli quam tibi peius eram.
 quae legis, ex illo, Theseu, tibi litore mitto
 unde tuam sine me vela tulere ratem,
 in quo me somnusque meus male prodidit et tu, 5
 per facinus somnis insidiate meis.
 Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina
 spargitur et tectae fronde queruntur aves.
 incertum vigilans a somno languida movi
 Thesea prensuras semisupina manus— 10

THE HEROIDES X.

drove the steel through her own heart. O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die ?

¹⁵⁹ This one thing I deprecate, by the most sacred bonds of our marriage-bed—that I seem to have plotted for your doom. Nessus, stricken with the arrow in his lustful heart, "This blood," he said, "has power over love." The robe of Nessus, saturate with poisonous gore, I sent to you. O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die ?

¹⁶⁵ And now, fare ye well, O aged father, and O my sister Gorge, and O my native soil, and brother taken from thy native soil, and thou, O light that shinest to-day, the last to strike upon mine eyes ; and thou my lord, O fare thou well—would that thou couldst !—and Hyllus, thou my son, farewell to thee !

X

ARIADNE TO THESEUS

GENTLER than you I have found every race of wild beasts ; to none of them could I so ill have trusted as to you. The words you now are reading, Theseus, I send you from that shore from which the sails bore off your ship without me, the shore on which my slumber, and you, so wretchedly betrayed me—you, who wickedly plotted against me as I slept.

⁷ 'Twas the time when the earth is first besprinkled with crystal rime, and songsters hid in the branch begin their plaint. Half waking only, languid from sleep, I turned upon my side and put forth hands to clasp my Theseus—he was not

nullus erat! referoque manus iterumque retempto,
 perque torum moveo bracchia—nullus erat!
 excussere metus somnum; conterrita surgo,
 membraque sunt viduo praecipitata toro.
 protinus adductis sonuerunt pectora palmis, 15
 utque erat e somno turbida, rapta coma est.
 Luna fuit; specto, siquid nisi litora cernam.
 quod videant oculi, nil nisi litus habent.
 nunc huc, nunc illuc, et utroque sine ordine, curro;
 alta puellares tardat harena pedes. 20
 interea toto clamanti¹ litore “Theseu!”
 reddebant nomen concava saxa tuum,
 et quotiens ego te, totiens locus ipse vocabat.
 ipse locus miserae ferre volebat opem.
 Mons fuit—apparent frutices in vertice rari; 25
 hinc² scopulus raucis pendet adesus aquis.
 adscendo—vires animus dabat—atque ita late
 aequora prospectu metior alta meo.
 inde ego—nam ventis quoque sum crudelibus usa—
 vidi praecipiti carbasa tenta Noto. 30
 ut vidi haut dignam³ quae me vidisse putarem,
 frigidior glacie semianimisque fui.
 nec languere diu patitur dolor; excitor illo,
 excitor et summa Thesea voce voco.
 “quo fugis?” exclamo; “scelerate revertere
 Theseu! 35
 flecte ratem! numerum non habet illa suum!”

¹ clamanti s *Plan.*: clamati//// *P*: clamanti in *G*: clamavi *V* s *Bent.*: clamavi in *Ehw.*

² hinc *G* *Burm.*: nunc *PV*: hic, huic s.

³ *So Hous.*: aut vidi a//uam quae me *P*: aut vidi aut tamquam quae me *G*.

THE HEROIDES X

there! I drew back my hands, a second time I made essay, and o'er the whole couch moved my arms—he was not there! Fear struck away my sleep; in terror I arose, and threw myself headlong from my abandoned bed. Straight then my palms resounded upon my breasts, and I tore my hair, all disarrayed as it was from sleep.

17 The moon was shining; I bend my gaze to see if aught but shore lies there. So far as my eyes can see, naught do they find but shore. Now this way, and now that, and ever without plan, I course; the deep sand stays my girlish feet. And all the while I cried out "Theseus!" along the entire shore, and the hollow rocks sent back your name to me; as often as I called out for you, so often did the place itself call out your name. The very place felt the will to aid me in my woe.

25 There was a mountain, with bushes rising here and there upon its top; a cliff hangs over from it, gnawed into by deep-sounding waves. I climb its slope—my spirit gave me strength—and thus with prospect broad I scan the billowy deep. From there—for I found the winds cruel, too—I beheld your sails stretched full by the headlong southern gale. As I looked on a sight methought I had not deserved to see, I grew colder than ice, and life half left my body. Nor does anguish allow me long to lie thus quiet; it rouses me, it stirs me up to call on Theseus with all my voice's might. "Whither dost fly?" I cry aloud. "Come back, O wicked Theseus! Turn about thy ship! She hath not all her crew!"

OVID

Haec ego ; quod voci deerat, plangore replebam ;
 verbera cum verbis mixta fuere meis.
 si non audires, ut saltem cernere posses,
 iactatae late signa dedere manus ; 40
 candidaque inposui longae velamina virgae—
 scilicet oblitos admonitura mei !
 iamque oculis ereptus eras. tum denique flevi ;
 torpuerant molles ante dolore genae.
 quid potius facerent, quam me mea lumina flerent, 45
 postquam desieram¹ vela videre tua ?
 aut ego diffusis erravi sola capillis,
 qualis ab Ogygio concita Baccha deo,
 aut mare prospiciens in saxo frigida sedi,
 quamque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui. 50
 saepe torum repeto, qui nos acceperat ambos,
 sed non acceptos exhibiturus erat,
 et tua, quae possum pro te, vestigia tango
 strataque quae membris intepuere tuis.
 incumbo, lacrimisque toro manante profusis, 55
 “ pressimus,” exclamo, “ te duo—redde duos !
 venimus huc ambo ; cur non discedimus ambo ?
 perfide, pars nostri, lectule, maior ubi est ? ”
 Quid faciam ? quo sola ferar ? vacat insula cultu.
 non hominum video, non ego facta boum. 60
 omne latus terrae cingit mare ; navita nusquam,
 nulla per ambiguas puppis itura vias.
 finge dari comitesque mihi ventosque ratemque—
 quid sequar ? accessus terra paterna negat.

¹ desieram *P* ω : desierant *s Plan.* : desierat *G.*

THE HEROIDES X

³⁷ Thus did I cry, and what my voice could not avail, I filled with beating of my breast; the blows I gave myself were mingled with my words. That you at least might see, if you could not hear, with might and main I sent you signals with my hands; and upon a long tree-branch I fixed my shining veil—yes, to put in mind of me those who had forgotten! And now you had been swept beyond my vision. Then at last I let flow my tears; till then my tender eyeballs had been dulled with pain. What better could my eyes do than weep for me, when I had ceased to see your sails? Alone, with hair loose flying, I have either roamed about, like to a Bacchant roused by the Ogygian god, or, looking out upon the sea, I have sat all chilled upon the rock, as much a stone myself as was the stone I sat upon. Oft do I come again to the couch that once received us both, but was fated never to show us together again, and touch the imprint left by you—'tis all I can in place of you!—and the stuffs that once grew warm beneath your limbs. I lay me down upon my face, bedew the bed with pouring tears, and cry aloud: "We were two who pressed thee—give back two! We came to thee both together; why do we not depart the same? Ah, faithless bed—the greater part of my being, oh, where is he?"

⁵⁹ What am I to do? Whither shall I take myself—I am alone, and the isle untilled. Of human traces I see none; of cattle, none. On every side the land is girt by sea; nowhere a sailor, no craft to make its way over the dubious paths. And suppose I did find those to go with me, and winds, and ship—yet where am I to go?

ut rate felici pacata per aequora labar, 65
 temperet ut ventos Aeolus—exul ero!
 non ego te, Crete centum digesta per urbes,
 adspiciam, puero cognita terra Iovi!
 at pater et tellus iusto regnata parenti
 prodita sunt facto, nomina cara, meo, 70
 cum tibi, ne victor tecto morerere recurvo,
 quae regerent passus, pro duce fila dedi,
 cum mihi dicebas: “per ego ipsa pericula iuro,
 te fore, dum nostrum vivet uterque, meam.”
 Vivimus, et non sum, Theseu, tua—si modo vivit 75
 femina periuri fraude sepulta viri.
 me quoque, qua fratrem, mactasses, inprobe, clava;
 esset, quam dederas, morte soluta fides.
 nunc ego non tantum, quae sum passura, recordor,
 sed quaecumque potest ulla relicta pati. 80
 occurrunt animo pereundi mille figurae,
 morsque minus poenae quam mora mortis habet.
 iam iam venturos aut hac aut suspicor illac,
 qui lanient avido viscera dente, lupos.
 quis scit an et ¹ fulvos tellus alat ista leones? 85
 forsitan et saevas tigridas insula habet.²
 et freta dicuntur magnas expellere phocas!
 quis vetat et gladios per latus ire meum?
 Tantum ne religer dura captiva catena,
 neve traham serva grandia pensa manu, 90

¹ Quis scit an *made to change places with* forsitan et, *for the sake of syntax Hous.*

² saevas tigridas insula habet *G*: trigides insula habent *P*: et saevam tigrida Dia ferat *editor of E.*

^a Her aid to Theseus in his slaying of the Minotaur her brother, and his escape from the Labyrinth.

THE HEROIDES X

My father's realm forbids me to approach. Grant I do glide with fortunate keel over peaceful seas, that Aeolus tempers the winds—I still shall be an exile! 'Tis not for me, O Crete composed of the hundred cities, to look upon thee, land known to the infant Jove! No, for my father and the land ruled by my righteous father—dear names!—were betrayed by my deed^a when, to keep you, after your victory, from death in the winding halls, I gave into your hand the thread to direct your steps in place of guide—when you said to me: “By these very perils of mine, I swear that, so long as both of us shall live, thou shalt be mine!”

⁷⁵ We both live, Theseus, and I am not yours!—if indeed a woman lives who is buried by the treason of a perjured mate. Me, too, you should have slain, O false one, with the same bludgeon that slew my brother; then would the oath you gave me have been absolved by my death. Now, I ponder over not only what I am doomed to suffer, but all that any woman left behind can suffer. There rush into my thought a thousand forms of perishing, and death holds less of dole for me than the delay of death. Each moment, now here, now there, I look to see wolves rush on me, to rend my vitals with their greedy fangs. Who knows but that this shore breeds, too, the tawny lion? Perchance the island harbours the savage tiger as well. They say, too, that the waters of the deep cast up the mighty seal! And who is to keep the swords of men from piercing my side?

⁸⁹ But I care not, if I am but not left captive in hard bonds, and not compelled to spin the long task with servile hand—I, whose father is

cui pater est Minos, cui mater filia Phoebi,
 quodque magis memini, quae tibi pacta fui!
 si mare, si terras porrectaque litora vidi,
 multa mihi terrae, multa minantur aquae.
 caelum restabat—timeo simulacra deorum! 95
 destituor rapidis praeda cibusque feris;
 sive colunt habitantque viri, diffidimus illis—
 externos didici laesa timere viros.
 Viveret Androgeos utinam! nec facta luisses
 in pia funeribus, Cecropi terra, tuis; 100
 nec tua mactasset nodoso stipite, Theseu,
 ardua parte virum dextera, parte bovem;
 nec tibi, quae reditus monstrarent, fila dedissem,
 fila per adductas saepe recepta manus.
 non equidem miror, si stat victoria tecum, 105
 strataque Cretaeam belua planxit¹ humum.
 non poterant figi praecordia ferrea cornu;
 ut te non tegeres, pectore tutus eras.
 illic tu silices, illic adamanta tulisti,
 illic qui silices, Thesea, vincat, habes. 110
 Crudeles somni, quid me tenuistis inertem?
 aut semel aeterna nocte praemenda fui.
 vos quoque crudeles, venti, nimiumque parati
 flaminaque in lacrimas officiosa meas.
 dextera crudelis, quae me fratremque necavit, 115
 et data poscenti, nomen inane, fides!

¹ planxit *Bent.*: stravit *PG*₂ *Plan.*: textit *G*₁ *Merk.*:
 pressit *s Sedl.*: tinxit *ω Burm.*

^a Androgeos, Ariadne's brother, was accidentally killed at Athens.

THE HEROIDES X

Minos, whose mother the child of Phoebus, and who—what memory holds more close—was promised bride to you! When I have looked on the sea, and on the land, and on the wide-stretching shore, I know many dangers threaten me on land, and many on the waters. The sky remains—yet there I fear visions of the gods! I am left helpless, a prey to the maws of ravening beasts; and if men dwell in the place and keep it, I put no trust in them—my hurts have taught me fear of stranger-men.

⁹⁹ O, that Androgeos were still alive, and that thou, O Cecropian land, hadst not been made to atone for thy impious deeds with the doom of thy children! ^a and would that thy upraised right hand, O Theseus, had not slain with knotty club him that was man in part, and in part bull; and I had not given thee the thread to show the way of thy return—thread oft caught up again and passed through the hands led on by it. I marvel not—ah, no!—if victory was thine, and the monster smote with his length the Cretan earth. His horn could not have pierced that iron heart of thine; thy breast was safe, even didst thou naught to shield thyself. There barest thou flint, there barest thou adamant; there hast thou a Theseus harder than any flint!

¹¹¹ Ah, cruel slumbers, why did you hold me thus inert? Or, better had I been weighed down once for all by everlasting night. You, too, were cruel, O winds, and all too well prepared, and you breezes, eager to start my tears. Cruel the right hand that has brought me and my brother to our death, and cruel the pledge—an empty word—that you gave at my demand! Against me conspiring

in me iurarunt somnus ventusque fidesque ;
 prodita sum causis una puella tribus !
 Ergo ego nec lacrimas matris moritura videbo,
 nec, mea qui digitis lumina condant, erit ? 120
 spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras,
 nec positos artus unguet amica manus ?
 ossa superstabant volucres inhumata marinae ?
 haec sunt officiis digna sepulcra meis ?
 ibis Cecropios portus patriaque receptus, 125
 cum steteris turbae ¹ celsus in ore ² tuae
 et bene narraris letum taurique virique
 sectaque per dubias saxea tecta vias,
 me quoque narrato sola tellure relictam !
 non ego sum titulis subripienda tuis. 130
 nec pater est Aegeus, nec tu Pittheidos Aethrae
 filius ; auctores saxa fretumque tui ! ³
 Di facerent, ut me summa de puppe videres ;
 movisset vultus maesta figura tuos !
 nunc quoque non oculis, sed, qua potes, adspice
 mente 135
 haerentem scopulo, quem vaga pulsat aqua,
 adspice demissos lugentis more capillos
 et tunicas lacrimis sicut ab imbre gravis.
 corpus, ut impulsae segetes aquilonibus, horret,
 litteraque articulo pressa tremente labat. 140
 non te per meritum, quoniam male cessit, adoro ;
 debita sit facto gratia nulla meo.
 sed ne poena quidem ! si non ego causa salutis,
 non tamen est, cur sis tu mihi causa necis.

¹ turbae *G* ω : turbes *P*₃ : urbis *P*₂ s : urbes *P*₁.

² in ore *G*₁ *Jahn Merk. Ehw.* : in aure *P*₁ : in arce *P*₂ *V* s :
 urbis . . . arce *Pa*.

³ *vv.* 131, 132 after 110 *Birt Ehw.*

THE HEROIDES X

were slumber, wind, and treacherous pledge—treason three-fold against one maid!

¹¹⁹ Am I, then, to die, and, dying, not behold my mother's tears; and shall there be no one's finger to close my eyes? Is my unhappy soul to go forth into stranger-air, and no friendly hand compose my limbs and drop on them the unguent due? Are my bones to lie unburied, the prey of hovering birds of the shore? Is this the entombment due to me for my kindnesses? You will go to the haven of Cecrops; but when you have been received back home, and have stood in pride before your thronging followers, gloriously telling the death of the man-and-bull, and of the halls of rock cut out in winding ways, tell, too, of me, abandoned on a solitary shore—for I must not be stolen from the record of your honours! Neither is Aegeus your father, nor are you the son of Pittheus' daughter Aethra; they who begot you were the rocks and the deep!

¹³³ Ah, I could pray the gods that you had seen me from the high stern; my sad figure had moved your heart! Yet look upon me now—not with eyes, for with them you cannot, but with your mind—clinging to a rock all beaten by the wandering wave. Look upon my locks, let loose like those of one in grief for the dead, and on my robes, heavy with tears as if with rain. My body is a-quiver like standing corn struck by the northern blast, and the letters I am tracing falter beneath my trembling hand. 'Tis not for my desert—for that has come to naught—that I entreat you now; let no favour be due for my service. Yet neither let me suffer for it! If I am not the cause of your deliverance, yet neither is it right that you should cause my death.

Has tibi plangendo lugubria pectora lassas 145
 infelix tendo trans freta longa manus ;
 hos tibi—qui superant—ostendo maesta capillos !
 per lacrimas oro, quas tua facta movent— 150
 flecte ratem, Theseu, versoque relabere vento !
 si prius occidero, tu tamen ossa feres !

XI

CANACE MACAREO

SIQUA tamen caecis errabunt scripta lituris,
 oblitus a dominae caede libellus erit.
 dextra tenet calamum, strictum tenet altera ferrum,
 et iacet in gremio charta soluta meo.
 haec est Aeolidos fratri scribentis imago ; 5
 sic videor duro posse placere patri.
 Ipse necis cuperem nostrae spectator adesset,
 auctorisque oculis exigeretur opus !
 ut ferus est multoque suis truculentior Euris,
 spectasset siccis vulnera nostra genis. 10
 scilicet est aliquid, cum saevis vivere ventis ;
 ingenio populi convenit ille sui.
 ille Noto Zephyroque et Sithonio Aquiloni
 imperat et pinnis, Eure proterve, tuis.
 imperat heu ! ventis, tumidae non imperat irae, 15
 possidet et vitiis regna minora suis.

THE HEROIDES XI

¹⁴⁵ These hands, wearied with beating of my sorrowful breast, unhappy I stretch toward you over the long seas ; these locks—such as remain—in grief I bid you look upon ! By these tears I pray you—tears moved by what you have done—turn about your ship, reverse your sail, glide swiftly back to me ! If I have died before you come, 'twill yet be you who bear away my bones !

XI

CANACE TO MACAREUS

If aught of what I write is yet blotted deep and escapes your eye, 'twill be because the little roll has been stained by its mistress' blood. My right hand holds the pen, a drawn blade the other holds, and the paper lies unrolled in my lap. This is the picture of Aeolus' daughter writing to her brother ; in this guise, it seems, I may please my hard-hearted sire.

⁷ I would he himself were here to view my end, and the deed were done before the eyes of him who orders it ! Fierce as he is, far harsher than his own east-winds, he would look dry-eyed upon my wounds. Surely, something comes from a life with savage winds ; his temper is like that of his subjects. It is Notus, and Zephyrus, and Sithonian Aquilo, over whom he rules, and over thy pinions, wanton Eurus. He rules the winds, alas ! but his swelling wrath he does not rule, and the realms of his possession are less wide than his faults. Of what

quid iuvat admotam per avorum nomina caelo
 inter cognatos posse referre Iovem?
 num minus infestum, funebria munera, ferrum
 feminea teneo, non mea tela, manu? 20
 O utinam, Macareu, quae nos commisit in unum,
 venisset leto serior hora meo!
 cur unquam plus me, frater, quam frater amasti,
 et tibi, non debet quod soror esse, fui?
 ipsa quoque incalui, qualemque audire solebam, 25
 nescio quem sensi corde tepente deum.
 fugerat ore color; macies adduxerat artus;
 sumebant minimos ora coacta cibos;
 nec somni faciles et nox erat annua nobis,
 et gemitum nullo laesa dolore dabam, 30
 nec, cur haec facerem, poteram mihi reddere causam
 nec noram, quid amans esset; at illud eram.
 Prima malum nutrix animo praesensit anili;
 prima mihi nutrix "Aeoli," dixit, "amas!"
 erubui, gremioque pudor deiecit ocellos; 35
 haec satis in tacita signa fatentis erant.
 iamque tumescebant vitiati pondera ventris,
 aegraque furtivum membra gravabat onus.
 quas mihi non herbas, quae non medicamina nutrix
 attulit audaci supposuitque manu, 40
 ut penitus nostris—hoc te celavimus unum—
 visceribus crescens excuteretur onus!
 a, nimium vivax admotis restitit infans
 artibus et tecto tutus ab hoste fuit!

THE HEROIDES XI

avail for me through my grandsires' names to reach even to the skies, to be able to number Jove among my kin? Is there less deadliness in the blade—my funeral gift!—that I hold in my woman's hand, weapon not meet for me?

²¹ Ah, Macareus, would that the hour that made us two as one had come after my death! Oh why, my brother, did you ever love me more than brother, and why have I been to you what a sister should not be? I, too, was inflamed by love; I felt some god in my glowing heart, and knew him from what I used to hear he was. My colour had fled from my face; wasting had shrunk my frame; I scarce took food, and with unwilling mouth; my sleep was never easy, the night was a year for me, and I groaned, though stricken with no pain. Nor could I render myself a reason why I did these things; I did not know what it was to be in love—yet in love I was.

³³ The first to perceive my trouble, in her old wife's way, was my nurse; she first, my nurse, said: "Daughter of Aeolus, thou art in love!" I blushed, and shame bent down my eyes into my bosom; I said no word, but this was sign enough that I confessed. And presently there grew apace the burden of my wayward bosom, and my weakened frame felt the weight of its secret load. What herbs and what medicines did my nurse not bring to me, applying them with bold hand to drive forth entirely from my bosom—this was the only secret we kept from you—the burden that was increasing there! Ah, too full of life, the little thing withstood the arts employed against it, and was kept safe from its hidden foe!

Iam noviens erat orta soror pulcherrima Phoebi, 45
 denaque¹ luciferos Luna movebat equos.
 nescia, quae faceret subitos mihi causa dolores,
 et rudis ad partus et nova miles eram.
 nec tenui vocem. "quid," ait, "tua crimina prodis?"
 oraque clamantis conscia pressit anus. 50
 quid faciam infelix? gemitus dolor edere cogit,
 sed timor et nutrix et pudor ipse vetant.
 contineo gemitus elapsaque verba reprendo
 et cogor lacrimas conbibere ipsa meas.
 mors erat ante oculos, et opem Lucina negabat— 55
 et grave, si morerer, mors quoque crimen erat—
 cum super incumbens scissa tunicaque comaque
 pressa refovisti pectora nostra tuis,
 et mihi "vive, soror, soror o carissima," aisti;
 "vive nec unius corpore perde duos! 60
 spes bona det vires; fratri nam nupta futura es.²
 illius, de quo mater, et uxor eris."
 Mortua, crede mihi, tamen ad tua verba revixi:
 et positum est uteri crimen onusque mei.
 quid tibi grataris? media sedet Aeolus aula; 65
 crimina sunt oculis subripienda patris.
 frugibus³ infantem ramisque albentis olivae
 et levibus vittis sedula celat anus,
 fictaque sacra facit dicitque precantia verba;
 dat populus sacris, dat pater ipse viam. 70
 iam prope limen erat—patrias vagitus ad auris
 venit, et indicio proditur ille suo!

¹ nonaque *P* *Ehw.*: denaque *others*: pronaque *Bent.*

² So *G ω Merk.*: fratri es nam nuptura *P*₂: fratris nam nupta futura es *Pa.*: germano nupta futura es *Ehw.*

³ frugibus *P*: frondibus *G V Plan.*

THE HEROIDES XI

⁴⁵ And now for the ninth time had Phoebus' fairest sister risen, and for the tenth time the moon was driving on her light-bearing steeds. I knew not what caused the sudden pangs in me; to travail I was unused, a soldier new to the service. I could not keep from groans. "Why betray thy fault?" said the ancient dame who knew my secret, and stopped my crying lips. What shall I do, unhappy that I am? The pains compel my groans, but fear, the nurse, and shame itself forbid. I repress my groans, and try to take back the words that slip from me, and force myself to drink my very tears. Death was before my eyes; and Lucina denied her aid—death, too, were I to die, would fasten upon me heavy guilt—when leaning over me, you tore my robe and my hair away, and warmed my bosom back to life with the pressure of your own, and said: "Live, sister, sister O most dear; live, and do not be the death of two beings in one! Let good hope give thee strength; for now thou shalt be thy brother's bride. He who made thee mother will also make thee wife."

⁶³ Dead that I am, believe me, yet at your words I live again, and have brought forth the reproach and burden of my womb. But why rejoice? In the midst of the palace hall sits Aeolus; the sign of my fault must be removed from my father's eyes. With fruits and whitening olive-branches, and with light fillets, the careful dame attempts to hide the babe, and makes pretence of sacrifice, and utters words of prayer; the people give way to let her pass, my father himself gives way. She is already near the threshold—my father's ears have caught the crying sound, and the babe is lost, betrayed by his own sign! Aeolus

eripit infantem mentitaque sacra revelat
 Aeolus ; insana regia voce sonat.
 ut mare fit tremulum, tenui cum stringitur aura, 75
 ut quatitur tepido fraxina virga¹ Noto,
 sic mea vibrari pallentia membra videres ;
 quassus ab inposito corpore lectus erat.
 inruit et nostrum vulgat clamore pudorem,
 et vix a misero continet ore manus. 80
 ipsa nihil praeter lacrimas pudibunda profudi ;
 torpuerat gelido lingua retenta metu.
 Iamque dari parvum canibusque avibusque nepotem
 iusserat, in solis destituique locis.
 vagitus dedit ille miser—sensusse putares— 85
 quaque suum poterat voce rogabat avum.
 quid mihi tunc animi credis, germane, fuisse—
 nam potes ex animo colligere ipse tuo—
 cum mea me coram silvas inimicus in altas
 viscera montanis ferret edenda lupis ? 90
 exierat thalamo ; tunc demum pectora plangi
 contigit inque meas unguibus ire genas.
 Interea patrius vultu maerente satelles
 venit et indignos edidit ore sonos :
 “Aeolus hunc ensem mittit tibi” — tradidit
 ensem— 95
 “et iubet ex merito scire, quid iste velit.”
 scimus, et utemur violento fortiter ense ;
 pectoribus condam dona paterna meis.
 his mea muneribus, genitor, conubia donas ?
 hac tua dote, pater, filia dives erit ? 100

¹ *The usual MSS. reading : fraxinçies virga P : fraxinus icta Pa.*

THE HEROIDES XI

catches up the child and reveals the pretended sacrifice; the whole palace resounds with his maddened cries. As the sea is set a-trembling when a light breeze passes o'er, as the ashen branch is shaken by the tepid breeze from the south, so might you have seen my blanching members quiver; the couch was a-quake with the body that lay upon it. He rushes in and with cries makes known my shame to all, and scarce restrains his hand from my wretched face. Myself in my confusion did naught but pour forth tears; my tongue had grown dumb with the icy chill of fear.

⁸³ And now he had ordered his little grandchild thrown to the dogs and birds, to be abandoned in some solitary place. The hapless babe broke forth in wailings—you would have thought he understood—and with what utterance he could entreated his grandsire. What heart do you think was mine then, O my brother—for you can judge from your own—when the enemy before my eyes bore away to the deep forests the fruit of my bosom to be devoured by mountain wolves? My father had gone out of my chamber; then at length could I beat my breasts and furrow my cheeks with the nail.

⁹³ Meanwhile with sorrowful air came one of my father's guards, and pronounced these shameful words: "Aeolus sends this sword to you"—he handed me the sword—"and bids you know from your desert what it may mean." I do know, and shall bravely make use of the violent blade; I shall bury in my breast my father's gift. Is it presents like this, O my sire, you give me on my marriage? With this dowry from you, O father, shall your daughter be made rich? Take away afar, deluded

tolle procul, decepte, faces, Hymenaeae, maritas
 et fuge turbato tecta nefanda pede !
 ferte faces in me quas fertis, Erinyes atrae,
 et meus ex isto luceat igne rogas !
 nubite felices Parca meliore sorores, 105
 amissae memores sed tamen este mei !
 Quid puer admisit tam paucis editus horis ?
 quo laesit facto vix bene natus avum ?
 si potuit meruisse necem, meruisse putetur—
 a, miser admissio plectitur ille meo ! 110
 nate, dolor matris, rapidarum¹ praeda ferarum,
 ei mihi ! natali dilacerate tuo ;
 nate, parum fausti miserabile pignus amoris—
 haec tibi prima dies, haec tibi summa fuit.
 non mihi te licuit lacrimis perfundere iustis, 115
 in tua non tonsas ferre sepulcra comas ;
 non super incubui, non oscula frigida carpsi.
 diripiunt avidae viscera nostra ferae.
 Ipsa quoque infantis cum vulnere prosequar umbras
 nec mater fuero dicta nec orba diu. 120
 tu tamen, o frustra miserae sperate sorori,
 sparsa, precor, nati collige membra tui,
 et refer ad matrem socioque inpone sepulcro,
 urnaque nos habeat quamlibet arta duos !
 vive memor nostri, lacrimasque in vulnera funde, 125
 neve reformida corpus amantis amans.
 tu, rogo,² dilectae nimium mandata sororis
 perfer ; mandatum persequar ipsa patris !

¹ rabidarum s Bent.

² tura rogo placitae . . . tu fer Pa.

THE HEROIDES XI

Hymenaeus, thy wedding-torches, and fly with frightened foot from these nefarious halls! Bring for me the torches ye bear, Erinyes dark, and let my funeral pyre blaze bright from the fires ye give! Wed happily under a better fate, O my sisters, but yet remember me though lost!

¹⁰⁷ What crime could the babe commit, with so few hours of life? With what act could he, scarce born, do harm to his grandsire? If it could be he deserved his death, let it be judged he did—ah, wretched child, it is my fault he suffers for! O my son, grief of thy mother, prey of the ravening beasts, ah me! torn limb from limb on thy day of birth; O my son, miserable pledge of my unhallowed love—this was the first of days for thee, and this for thee the last. Fate did not permit me to shed o'er thee the tears I owed, nor to bear to thy tomb the shorn lock; I have not bent o'er thee, nor culled the kiss from thy cold lips. Greedy wild beasts are rending in pieces the child my womb put forth.

¹¹⁹ I, too, shall follow the shades of my babe—shall deal myself the stroke—and shall not long have been called or mother or bereaved. Do thou, nevertheless, O hoped for in vain by thy wretched sister, collect, I entreat, the scattered members of thy son, and bring them again to their mother to share her sepulchre, and let one urn, however scant, possess us both! O live, and forget me not; pour forth thy tears upon my wounds, nor shrink from her thou once didst love, and who loved thee! Do thou, I pray, fulfil the behests of the sister thou didst love too well; the behest of my father I shall myself perform!

XII

MEDEA IASONI

AT tibi Colchorum, memini, regina vacavi,
 ars mea cum peteres ut tibi ferret opem.
 tunc quae dispensant mortalia fata ¹ sorores
 debuerant fusos evoluisse meos.
 tum potui Medea mori bene! quidquid ab illo 5
 produxi vitam ² tempore, poena fuit.
 Ei mihi! cur umquam iuvenalibus acta lacertis
 Phrixeam petiit Pelias arbor ovem?
 cur umquam Colchi Magnetida vidimus Argon,
 turbaque Phasiacam Graia bibistis aquam? 10
 cur mihi plus aequo flavi placuere capilli
 et decor et linguae gratia ficta tuae?
 aut, semel in nostras quoniam nova puppis harenas
 venerat audacis attuleratque viros,
 isset anhelatos non praemedicatus in ignes 15
 immemor Aesonides oraque adusta boum;
 semina iecisset,³ totidemque et ⁴ semina et hostes,
 ut caderet cultu cultor ab ipse suo!
 quantum perfidiae tecum, scelerate, perisset,
 dempta forent capiti quam mala multa meo! 20

¹ fata *G* ω: facta *P*: fila *s* *Hein. Pa.* ² vitae ω.

³ iecisset *P G*: sensisset *s*: sevisset *Hein. Merk. Pa.*

⁴ totidemque et *P*: totidem quod *G*: quot *Pa.*

^a Medea begins suddenly, as if in answer to a refusal of Jason to listen to her plea.

Euripides wrote a *Medea*, and was followed by Ennius,

THE HEROIDES XII

XII

MEDEA TO JASON

AND yet^a for you, I remember, I the queen of Colchis could find time, when you besought that my art might bring you help. Then was the time when the sisters who pay out the fated thread of mortal life should have unwound for aye my spindle. Then could Medea have ended well! Whatever of life has been lengthened out for me from that time forth has been but punishment.

⁷ Ah me! why was the ship from the forests of Pelion ever driven over the seas by strong young arms in quest of the ram of Phrixus?^b Why did we Colchians ever cast eye upon Magnesian Argo, and why did your Greek crew ever drink of the waters of the Phasis? Why did I too greatly delight in those golden locks of yours, in your comely ways, and in the false graces of your tongue? Yet delight too greatly I did—else, when once the strange craft had been beached upon our sands and brought us her bold crew, all unanointed would the unremembering son of Aeson have gone forth to meet the fires exhaled from the flame-scorched nostrils of the bulls; he would have scattered the seeds—as many as the seeds were the enemy, too—for the sower himself to fall in strife with his own sowing! How much perfidy, vile wretch, would have perished with you, and how many woes been averted from my head!

Accius, and Ovid himself, whose play is lost, and Seneca. In this letter Ovid draws from Euripides and Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonautica* III and IV. ^b See Index.

Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas.
 hac fruar ; haec de te gaudia sola feram.
 iussus inexpertam Colchos advertere puppim
 intrasti patriae regna beata meae.
 hoc illic Medea fui, nova nupta quod hic est ; 25
 quam pater est illi, tam mihi dives erat.
 hic Ephyren bimarem, Scythia tenuis ille nivosa
 omne tenet, Ponti qua plaga laeva iacet.
 Accipit hospitio iuvenes Aeeta Pelasgos,
 et premitis pictos, corpora Graia, toros. 30
 tunc ego te vidi, tunc coepi scire, quis esses ;
 illa fuit mentis prima ruina meae.
 et vidi et perii ; nec notis ignibus arsi,
 ardet ut ad magnos pinea taeda deos.
 et formosus eras, et me mea fata trahebant ; 35
 abstulerant oculi lumina nostra tui.
 perfide, sensisti—quis enim bene celat amorem ?
 eminet indicio prodita flamma suo.
 Dicitur interea tibi lex ut dura ferorum
 insolito premeres vomere colla boum. 40
 Martis erant tauri plus quam per cornua saevi,
 quorum terribilis spiritus ignis erat ;
 aere pedes solidi praetentaque naribus aera,
 nigra per adflatus haec quoque facta suos.
 semina praeterea populos genitura iuberis 45
 spargere devota lata per arva manu,
 qui peterent natis secum tua corpora telis ;
 illa est agricolae messis iniqua suo.

^a Corinth.

THE HEROIDES XII

²¹ 'Tis some pleasure to reproach the ungrateful with favours done. That pleasure I will enjoy ; that is the only delight I shall win from you. Bidden to turn the hitherto untried craft to the shores of Colchis, you set foot in the rich realms of my native land. There I, Medea, was what here your new bride is ; as rich as her sire is, so rich was mine. Hers holds Ephyre,^a washed by two seas ; mine, all the country which lies along the left strand of the Pontus e'en to the snows of Scythia.

²⁹ Aeëtes welcomes to his home the Pelasgian youths, and you rest your Greek limbs upon the pictured couch. Then 'twas that I saw you, then began to know you ; that was the first impulse to the downfall of my soul. I saw you, and I was undone ; nor did I kindle with ordinary fires, but like the pine-torch kindled before the mighty gods. Not only were you noble to look upon, but my fates were dragging me to doom ; your eyes had robbed mine of their power to see. Traitor, you saw it—for who can well hide love ? Its flame shines forth its own betrayer.

³⁹ Meanwhile the condition is imposed that you press the hard necks of the fierce bulls at the unaccustomed plow. To Mars the bulls belonged, raging with more than mere horns, for their breathing was of terrible fire ; of solid bronze were their feet, wrought round with bronze their nostrils, made black, too, by the blasts of their own breath. Besides this, you are bidden to scatter with obedient hand over the wide fields the seeds that should beget peoples to assail you with weapons born with themselves ; a baneful harvest, that, to its own husbandman. The eyes of the guardian that

lumina custodis succumbere nescia somno,
 ultimus est aliqua decipere arte labor. 50
 Dixerat Aeetes; maesti consurgitis omnes,
 mensaque purpureos deserit alta toros.
 quam tibi tunc longe regnum dotale Creusae
 et socer et magni nata Creontis erat?
 tristis abis; oculis abeuntem prosequor udis, 55
 et dixit tenui murmure lingua: "vale!"
 ut positum tetigi thalamo male saucia lectum,
 acta est per lacrimas nox mihi, quanta fuit;
 ante oculos taurique meos segetesque nefandae,
 ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat. 60
 hinc amor, hinc timor est; ipsum timor auget
 amorem.
 mane erat, et thalamo cara recepta soror
 disiectamque comas adversaque¹ in ora iacentem
 invenit, et lacrimis omnia plena meis.
 orat opem Minyis. alter petit, alter habebit;² 65
 Aesonio iuveni quod rogat illa, damus.
 Est nemus et piceis et frondibus ilicis atrum;
 vix illuc radiis solis adire licet.
 sunt in eo—fuerant certe—delubra Dianae;
 aurea barbarica stat dea facta manu. 70
 noscis? an exciderunt mecum loca? venimus illuc.
 orsus es infido sic prior ore loqui:
 "ius tibi et arbitrium nostrae fortuna salutis
 tradidit, inque tua est vitaque morsque manu.

¹ adversaque *PG* ω *Merk Ehw.*: aversaque *V s Burm. Sedl.*
² *So P₂ Sedl.*: petit altera et altera habebit *P₂ G s Burm.*:
 petit altera et altera habebat ω *Jahn.*

^a Chalciope.

THE HEROIDES XII

know not yielding to sleep—by some art to elude them is your final task.

⁵¹ Aëtes had spoken; in gloom you all rise up, and the high table is removed from the purple-spread couches. How far away then from your thought were Creusa's dowry-realm, and the daughter of great Creon, and Creon the father of your bride! With foreboding you depart; and as you go my moist eyes follow you, and in faint murmur comes from my tongue: "Fare thou well!" Laying myself on the ordered couch within my chamber, grievously wounded, in tears I passed the whole night long; before my eyes appeared the bulls and the dreadful harvest, before my eyes the un-sleeping serpent. On the one hand was love, on the other, fear; and fear increased my very love. Morning came, and my dear sister,^a admitted to my chamber, found me with loosened hair and lying prone upon my face, and everywhere my tears. She implores aid for your Minyae. What one asks, another is to receive; what she petitions for the Aesonian youth, I grant.

⁶⁷ There is a grove, sombre with pine-trees and the fronds of the ilex; into it scarce can the rays of the sun find way. There is in it—there was, at least—a shrine to Diana, wherein stands the goddess, a golden image fashioned by barbaric hand. Do you know the place? or have places fallen from your mind along with me? We came to the spot. You were the first to speak, with those faithless lips, and these were your words: "To thy hand fortune has committed the right of choosing or not my deliverance, and in thy hand are the ways of life and death for me. To have power to ruin

perdere posse sat est, siquem iuuet ipsa potestas ; 75
 sed tibi servatus gloria maior ero.
 per mala nostra precor, quorum potes esse levamen,
 per genus, et numen cuncta videntis avi,
 per triplicis vultus arcanaque sacra Dianae,
 et si forte aliquos gens habet ista deos— 80
 o virgo, miserere mei, miserere meorum ;
 effice me meritis tempus in omne tuum !
 quodsi forte virum non dedignare Pelasgum—
 sed mihi tam faciles unde meosque deos ?—
 spiritus ante meus tenues vanescat in auras 85
 quam thalamo nisi tu nupta sit ulla meo !
 conscia sit Iuno sacris praefecta maritis,
 et dea marmorea cuius in aede sumus !”
 Haec animum—et quota pars haec sunt !—movere
 puellae
 simplicis, et dextrae dextera iuncta meae. 90
 vidi etiam lacrimas—an pars est fraudis¹ in illis ?
 sic cito sum verbis capta puella tuis.
 iungis et aripedes inadusto corpore tauros
 et solidam iusso vomere findis humum.
 arva venenatis pro semine dentibus inples ; 95
 nascitur et gladios scutaque miles habet.
 ipsa ego, quae dederam medicamina, pallida sedi,
 cum vidi subitos arma tenere viros ;
 donec terrigenae, facinus mirabile, fratres
 inter se strictas conseruere manus. 100

¹ a! pars est *L. Mueller* : an et ars est *Sedl.* : an et est pars
 some of the early editions.

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is enough, if anyone delight in power for itself; but to save me will be greater glory. By our misfortunes, which thou hast power to relieve, I pray, by thy line, and by the godhead of thy all-seeing grandsire the sun, by the three-fold face and holy mysteries of Diana, and by the gods of that race of thine—if so be gods it have—by all these, O maiden, have pity upon me, have pity on my men; be kind to me and make me thine for ever! And if it chance thou dost not disdain a Pelasgian suitor—but how can I hope the gods will be so facile to my wish?—may my spirit vanish away into thin air before another than thou shall come a bride to my chamber! My witness be Juno, ward of the rites of wedlock, and the goddess in whose marble shrine we stand!”

⁸⁰ Words like these—and how slight a part of them is here!—and your right hand clasped with mine, moved the heart of the simple maid. I saw even tears—or was there in the tears, too, part of your deceit? Thus quickly was I ensnared, girl that I was, by your words. You yoke together the bronze-footed bulls with your body unharmed by their fire, and cleave the solid mould with the share, as you were bid. The ploughed fields you sow full with envenomed teeth in place of seed; and there rises out of the earth, with sword and shield, a warrior band. Myself, the giver of the charmed drug, sat pallid there at sight of men all suddenly arisen and in arms; until the earth-born brothers—O deed most wonderful!—drew arms and came to the grapple each with each.

Insopor ecce vigil¹ squamis crepitantibus horrens
 sibilat et torto pectore verrit humum !
 dotis opes ubi erant ? ubi erat tibi regia coniunx,
 quique maris gemini distinet Isthmos aquas ?
 illa ego, quae tibi sum nunc denique barbara
 facta, 105
 nunc tibi sum pauper, nunc tibi visa nocens,
 flammea subduxi medicato lumina somno,
 et tibi, quae raperes, vellera tuta dedi.
 proditus est genitor, regnum patriamque reliqui ;
 munus, in exilio quod licet esse, tuli ! 110
 virginitas facta est peregrini praeda latronis ;
 optima cum cara matre relicta soror.
 At non te fugiens sine me, germane, reliqui !
 deficit hoc uno littera nostra loco.
 quod facere ausa mea est, non audet scribere
 dextra. 115
 sic ego, sed tecum, dilaceranda fui.
 nec tamen extimui—quid enim post illa timerem ?—
 credere me pelago, femina iamque nocens.
 numen ubi est ? ubi di ? meritas subeamus in alto,
 tu fraudis poenas, credulitatis ego ! 120
 Compressos utinam Symplegades elisissent,
 nostrarque adhaerent ossibus ossa tuis ;
 aut nos Scylla rapax canibus mersisset² edendos—
 debuit ingratis Scylla nocere viris ;
 quaeque vomit totidem fluctus totidemque resor-
 bet, 125
 nos quoque Trinacriae supposuisset aquae !

¹ So *P₁ G₁ Merk.*: Pervigil ecce draco *P₂ ω Burm.*: insuper ecce vigil *Hein.*: insopor ecce draco *Pa.*

² mersisset *Pa.*: misisset *MSS.*

* The dismemberment of her brother Absyrtus.

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¹⁰¹ Then, lo and behold! all a-bristle with rattling scales, comes the unsleeping sentinel, hissing and sweeping the ground with winding belly. Where then was your rich dowry? Where then your royal consort, and the Isthmus that sunders the waters of two seas? I, the maiden who am now at last become a barbarian in your eyes, who now am poor, who now seem baneful—I closed the lids of the flame-like eyes in slumber wrought by my drug, and gave into your hand the fleece to steal away unharmed. I betrayed my sire, I left my throne and my native soil; the reward I get is leave to live in exile! My maidenly innocence has become the spoil of a pirate from overseas; beloved mother and best of sisters I have left behind.

¹¹³ But thee, O my brother, I did not leave behind as I fled! In this one place my pen fails. Of the deed my right hand was bold enough to do,^a it is not bold enough to write. So I, too, should have been torn limb from limb—but with thee! And yet I did not fear—for what, after that, could I fear?—to trust myself to the sea, woman though I was, and now with guilt upon me. Where is heavenly justice? Where the gods? Let the penalty that is our due overtake us on the deep—you for your treachery, me for my trustfulness!

¹²¹ Would the Symplegades had caught and crushed us out together, and that my bones were clinging now to yours; or Scylla the ravening submerged us in the deep to be devoured by her dogs—fit were it for Scylla to work woe to ingrate men! And she who spews forth so many times the floods, and sucks them so many times back in again—would she had brought us, too, beneath the Trinacrian

sospes ad Haemonias victorque reverteris urbes ;
 ponitur ad patrios aurea lana deos.
 Quid referam Peliae natas pietate nocentes
 caesaque virginea membra paterna manu ? 130
 ut culpent alii, tibi me laudare necesse est,
 pro quo sum totiens esse coacta nocens.
 ausus es—o, iusto desunt sua verba dolori !—
 ausus es “ Aesonia,” dicere, “ cede domo !”
 iussa domo cessi natis comitata duobus 135
 et, qui me sequitur semper, amore tui.
 ut subito nostras Hymen cantatus ad aures
 venit, et accenso lampades igne micant,
 tibiaque effundit socialia carmina vobis,
 at mihi funerea flebiliora tuba, 140
 pertimui, nec adhuc tantum scelus esse putabam ;
 sed tamen in toto pectore frigus erat.
 turba ruunt et “ Hymen,” clamant, “ Hymenaeae !”
 frequenter—
 quo propior vox haec, hoc mihi peius erat.
 diversi flebant servi lacrimasque tegebant— 145
 quis vellet tanti nuntius esse mali ?
 me quoque, quidquid erat, potius nescire iuvabat ;
 sed tamquam scirem, mens mea tristis erat,
 cum minor e pueris iussus¹ studioque videndi
 constitit ad geminae limina prima foris. 150
 “ hinc”² mihi “ mater, abi !”³ pompam pater,”
 inquit, “ Iason
 ducit et adiunctos aureus urget equos !”

¹ iussus *P G Plan.*: lassus *Pa.*

² hic s *Hein.*

³ abi *P*: adi *Ehw.*

^a At the persuasion of Medea, who wished to avenge Jason, they attempted the rejuvenation of their father by dismembering and boiling him in a supposed magic cauldron.

^b They were still in the palace. Palmer, who reads *lassus* and *abi*, pictures Medea and her son in the street.

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wave! Yet unharmed and victorious you return to Haemonia's towns, and the golden fleece is laid before your fathers' gods.

¹²⁹ Why rehearse the tale of Pelias' daughters, by devotion led to evil deeds—of how their maiden hands laid knife to the members of their sire?^a I may be blamed by others, but you perforce must praise me—you, for whom so many times I have been driven to crime. Yet you have dared—O, fit words fail me for my righteous wrath!—you have dared to say: “Withdraw from the palace of Aeson's line!” At your bidding I have withdrawn from your palace, taking with me our two children, and—what follows me evermore—my love for you. When, all suddenly, there came to my ears the chant of Hymen, and to my eyes the gleam of blazing torches, and the pipe poured forth its notes, for you a wedding-strain, but for me a strain more tearful than the funeral trump, I was filled with fear; I did not yet believe such monstrous guilt could be; but all my breast none the less grew chill. The throng pressed eagerly on, crying “Hymen, O Hymen-aeus!” in full chorus—the nearer the cry, for me the more dreadful. My slaves turned away and wept, seeking to hide their tears—who would be willing messenger of tidings so ill? Whatever it was, 'twas better, indeed, that I not know; but my heart was heavy, as if I really knew, when the younger of the children, at my bidding, and eager for the sight, went and stood at the outer threshold of the double door. “Here, mother, come out!”^b he cries to me. “A procession is coming, and my father Jason leading it. He's all in gold, and driving a team of horses!” Then straight I rent my cloak

- protinus abscissa planxi mea pectora veste,
 tuta nec a digitis ora fuere meis.
 ire animus mediae suadebat in agmina turbae 155
 sartaque compositis demere rapta comis;
 vix me continui, quin sic laniata capillos
 clamarem "meus est!" iniceremque manus.
 Laese pater, gaude! Colchi gaudete relictis!
 inferias umbrae fratris habete mei; 160
 deseror amissis regno patriaque domoque
 coniuge, qui nobis omnia solus erat!
 serpentis igitur potui taurosque furentes;
 unum non potui perdomuisse virum,
 quaeque feros pepuli doctis medicatibus ignes, 165
 non valeo flammas effugere ipsa meas.
 ipsi me cantus herbaeque artesque relinquunt;
 nil dea, nil Hecates sacra potentis agunt.
 non mihi grata dies; noctes vigilantur amarae,
 et tener a misero pectore somnus abit.¹ 170
 quae me non possum, potui sopire draconem;
 utilior cuivis quam mihi cura mea est.
 quos ego servavi, paelex amplectitur artus,
 et nostri fructus illa laboris habet.
 Forsitan et, stultae dum te iactare maritae 175
 quaeris et iniustis auribus apta loqui,
 in faciem moresque meos nova crimina fingas.
 rideat et vitiis laeta sit illa meis!
 rideat et Tyrio iaceat sublimis in ostro—
 flebit et ardores vincet adusta meos! 180
 dum ferrum flammaeque aderunt sucusque veneni,
 hostis Medaeae nullus inultus erit!

¹ *So Pa.:* nec ten//ra misero pectore somnus habet *P:* nec tener ah miserae pectora somnus habet *or alit Hein.*

^a Creusa and her father will really be consumed in the fire, with the palace.

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and beat my breast and cried aloud, and my cheeks were at the mercy of my nails. My heart impelled me to rush into the midst of the moving throng, to tear off the wreaths from my ordered locks; I scarce could keep from crying out, thus with hair all torn, "He is mine!" and laying hold on you.

¹⁵⁹ Ah, injured father, rejoice! Rejoice, ye Colchians whom I left! Shades of my brother, receive in my fate your sacrifice due; I am abandoned; I have lost my throne, my native soil, my home, my husband—who alone for me took the place of all! Dragons and maddened bulls, it seems, I could subdue; a man alone I could not; I, who could beat back fierce fire with wise drugs, have not the power to escape the flames of my own passion. My very incantations, herbs, and arts abandon me; naught does my goddess aid me, naught the sacrifice I make to potent Hecate. I take no pleasure in the day; my nights are watches of bitterness, and gentle sleep is far departed from my wretched soul. I, who could charm the dragon to sleep, can bring none to myself; my effort brings more good to any one else soever than to me. The limbs I saved, a wanton now embraces; 'tis she who reaps the fruit of my toil.

¹⁷⁵ Perhaps, too, when you wish to make boast to your stupid mate and say what will pleasure her unjust ears, you will fashion strange slanders against my face and against my ways. Let her make merry and be joyful over my faults! Let her make merry, and lie aloft on the Tyrian purple—she shall weep, and the flames ^a that consume her will surpass my own! While sword and fire are at my hand, and the juice of poison, no foe of Medea shall go unpunished!

Quodsi forte preces praecordia ferrea tangunt,
 nunc animis audi verba minora meis !
 tam tibi sum supplex, quam tu mihi saepe fuisti, 185
 nec moror ante tuos procubuisse pedes.
 si tibi sum vilis, communis respice natos ;
 saeviet in partus dira noverca meos.
 et nimium similes tibi sunt, et imagine tangor,
 et quotiens video, lumina nostra madent. 190
 per superos oro, per avitae lumina flammae,
 per meritum et natos, pignora nostra, duos—
 redde torum, pro quo tot res insana reliqui ;
 adde fidem dictis auxiliumque refer !
 non ego te inploro contra taurosque virosque, 195
 utque tua serpens victa quiescat ope ;
 te peto, quem merui, quem nobis ipse dedisti,
 cum quo sum pariter facta parente parens.
 Dos ubi sit, quaeris ? campo numeravimus illo,
 qui tibi laturo vellus arandus erat. 200
 aureus ille aries villo spectabilis alto
 dos mea, quam, dicam si tibi “ redde ! ” neges.
 dos mea tu sospes ; dos est mea Graia iuventus !
 i nunc, Sisyphias, inprobe, confer opes !
 quod vivis, quod habes nuptam socerumque
 potentis, 205
 hoc ipsum, ingratus quod potes esse, meum est.
 quos equidem actutum—sed quid praedicere poenam
 attinet ? ingentis parturit ira minas.

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¹⁸³ But if it chance my entreaties touch a heart of iron, list now to my words—words too humble for my proud soul! I am as much a suppliant to you as you have often been to me, and I hesitate not to cast myself at your feet. If I am cheap in your eyes, be kind to our common offspring; a hard stepdame will be cruel to the fruitage of my womb. Their resemblance to you is all too great, and I am touched by the likeness; and as often as I see them, my eyes drop tears. By the gods above, by the light of your grandsire's beams, by my favours to you, and by the two children who are our mutual pledge—restore me to the bed for which I madly left so much behind; be faithful to your promises, and come to my aid as I came to yours! I do not implore you to go forth against bulls and men, nor ask your aid to quiet and overcome a dragon; it is you I ask for,—you, whom I have earned, whom you yourself gave to me, by whom I became a mother, as you by me a father.

¹⁹⁹ Where is my dowry, you ask? On the field I counted it out—that field which you had to plough before you could bear away the fleece. The famous golden ram, sightly for deep flock, is my dowry—the which, should I say to you “Restore it!” you would refuse to render up. My dowry is yourself—saved; my dowry is the band of Grecian youth! Go now, wretch, compare with that your wealth of Sisyphus! That you are alive, that you take to wife one who, with the father she brings you, is of kingly station, that you have the very power of being ingrate—you owe to me. Whom, hark you, I will straight—but what boots it to foretell your penalty? My ire is in travail with mighty threats. Whither

quo feret ira, sequar ! facti fortasse pigebit—
 et piget infido consuluisse viro. 210
 viderit ista deus, qui nunc mea pectora versat !
 nescio quid certe mens mea maius agit !

XIII

LAUDAMIA PROTESILAO.

MITTIT et optat amans, quo mittitur, ire salutem
 Haemonis Haemonio Laudamia¹ viro.
 Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari.
 a, me cum fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat ?
 tum freta debuerant vestris obsistere remis ; 5
 illud erat saevis utile tempus aquis.
 oscula plura viro mandataque plura dedissem ;
 et sunt quae volui dicere multa tibi.
 raptus es hinc praeceps, et qui tua vela vocaret,
 quem cuperent nautae, non ego, ventus erat ; 10
 ventus erat nautis aptus, non aptus amanti.
 solvor ab amplexu, Protesilae, tuo,
 linguaque mandantis verba imperfecta reliquit ;
 vix illud potui dicere triste “vare !”
 Incubuit Boreas abreptaque vela tetendit, 15
 iamque meus longe Protesilaus erat.
 dum potui spectare virum, spectare iuvabat,
 sumque tuos oculos usque secuta meis ;

¹ Laudamia G ω : Laudomia P V.

^a Homer, *Il.* ii. 695 ff., refers to the story of Protesilaus, and Euripides uses it in his *Protesilaus*. Compare also Hyginus, *Fab.* ciii.

^b With the rest of the Greek fleet, which was under divine

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my ire leads, will I follow. Mayhap I shall repent me of what I do—but I repent me, too, of regard for a faithless husband's good. Be that the concern of the god who now embroils my heart! Something portentous, surely, is working in my soul!

XIII

LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS

GREETINGS and health Haemonian Laodamia sends her Haemonian lord,^a and desires with loving heart they go where they are sent.

³ Report says you are held at Aulis by the wind.^b Ah, when you were leaving me behind, where then was this wind? Then should the seas have risen to stay your oars; that was the fitting time for the floods to rage. I could have given my lord more kisses and laid upon him more behests; and many are the things I wished to say to you. But you were swept headlong hence; and the wind that invited forth your sails was one your seamen longed for, not I; it was a wind suited to seamen, not to one who loved. I must needs loose myself from your embrace, Protesilaus, and my tongue leave half unsaid what I would enjoin; scarce had I time to say that sad "Farewell!"

¹⁵ Boreas came swooping down, seized on and stretched your sails, and my Protesilaus soon was far away. As long as I could gaze upon my lord, to gaze was my delight, and I followed your eyes ever displeasure because Agamemnon had killed a stag in the grove of Diana.

ut te non poteram, poteram tua vela videre,
 vela diu vultus detinuere meos. 20
 at postquam nec te nec vela fugacia vidi,
 et quod spectarem nil nisi pontus erat,
 lux quoque tecum abiit, tenebrisque exanguis
 obortis

succiduo dicor procubuisse genu.
 vix socer Iphiclus, vix me grandaevus Acastus, 25
 vix mater gelida maesta refecit aqua;
 officium fecere pium, sed inutile nobis.

indignor miserae non licuisse mori!
 Ut rediit animus, pariter rediere dolores.
 pectora legitimus casta momordit amor. 30

nec mihi pectendos cura est praebere capillos,
 nec libet aurata corpora veste tegi.
 ut quas pampinea tetigisse Bicorniger hasta,
 creditur, huc illuc, qua furor egit, eo,
 conveniunt matres Phylaceides¹ et mihi clamant: 35

“Indue regales, Laudamia, sinus!”
 scilicet ipsa geram saturatas murice vestes,
 bella sub Iliacis moenibus ille geret?
 ipsa comas pectar, galea caput ille premetur?
 ipsa novas vestes, dura vir arma feret? 40

qua² possum, squalore tuos imitata labores
 dicar, et haec belli tempora tristis agam.
 Dyspari Priamide, damno formose tuorum,
 tam sis hostis iners, quam malus hospes eras!

¹ phylaceides $P_2\omega$: phyleides P_1 : phylleides *Hein.*
Phyllos was a well known town in Thessaly.

² Qua P_1 : quo $P_2\omega$.

^a The bacchic frenzy.

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with my own; when I could no longer see you, I still could see your sails, and long your sails detained my eyes. But after I descried no more either you or your flying sails, and what my eyes rested on was naught but only sea, the light, too, went away with you, the darkness rose about me, my blood retreated, and with failing knee I sank, they say, upon the ground. Scarce your sire Iphiclus, scarce mine, the aged Acastus, scarce my mother, stricken with grief, could bring me back to life with water icy-cold. They did their kindly task, but it had no profit for me. 'Tis shame I had not in my misery the right to die!

²⁹ When consciousness returned, my pain returned as well. The wifely love I bore you has torn at my faithful heart. I care not now to let my hair be dressed, nor does it pleasure me to be arrayed in robes of gold. Like those whom he of the two horns is believed to have touched with his vine-leafed rod, hither and thither I go, where madness drives.^a The matrons of Phylace gather about, and cry to me: "Put on thy royal robes, Laodamia!" Shall I, then, go clad in stuffs that are saturate with costly purple, while my lord goes warring under the walls of Ilion? Am I to dress my hair, while his head is weighed down by the helm? Am I to wear new apparel while my lord wears hard and heavy arms? In what I can, they shall say I imitate your toils—in rude attire; and these times of war I will pass in gloom.

⁴³ Ill-omened Paris, Priam's son, fair at cost of thine own kin, mayst thou be as inert a foe as thou wert a faithless guest! Would that either

aut te Taenariae faciem culpasse maritae, 45
 aut illi vellem displicuisse tuam !
 tu, qui pro rapta nimium, Menelae, laboras,
 ei mihi, quam multis flebilis ultor eris !
 di, precor, a nobis omen removete sinistrum,
 et sua det Reduci vir meus arma Iovi ! 50
 sed timeo, quotiens subiit miserabile bellum ;
 more nivis lacrimae sole madentis eunt.
 Ilion et Tenedos Simoisque et Xanthus et Ide
 nomina sunt ipso paene timenda sono.
 nec rapere ausurus, nisi se defendere posset, 55
 hospes erat ; vires noverat ille suas.
 venerat, ut fama est, multo spectabilis auro
 quique suo Phrygias corpore ferret opes,
 classe virisque potens, per quae fera bella geruntur—
 et sequitur regni pars quotacumque sui ? 60
 his ego te victam, consors Ledaea gemellis,
 suspicor ; haec Danais posse nocere puto.¹
 Hectora, quisquis is est, si sum tibi cara, caveto ; 65
 signatum memori pectore nomen habe !
 hunc ubi vitaris, alios vitare memento
 et multos illic Hectoras esse puta ;
 et facito ut dicas, quotiens pugnare parabis :
 “ parcere me iussit Laudamia sibi.” 70
 si cadere Argolico fas est sub milite Troiam,
 te quoque non ullum vulnus habente cadat !
 pugnet et adversos tendat Menelaus in hostis ;²
 hostibus e mediis nupta petenda viro est. 76

¹ 63, 64 *spurious Pa.* :

Hectora nescio quem timeo : Paris Hectora dixit
 ferrea sanguinea bella movere manu ;

² 74, 75 *spurious Merk. Pa.* :

ut rapiat Paridi quam Paris ante sibi
 inruat et causa quem vicit, vincat et armis :

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thou hadst seen fault in the face of the Taenarian wife, or she had taken no pleasure in thine ! Thou, Menelaus, who dost grieve o'ermuch for the stolen one, ah me, how many shall shed tears for thy revenge ! Ye gods, I pray, keep from us the sinister omen, and let my lord hang up his arms to Jove-of-Safe-Return ! But I am fearful as oft as the wretched war comes to my thoughts ; my tears come forth like snow that melts beneath the sun. Ilion and Tenedos and Simois and Xanthus and Ida are names to be feared from their very sound. Nor would the stranger have dared the theft if he had not power to defend himself ; his own strength he well knew. He arrived, they say, sightly in much gold, bearing upon his person the wealth of Phrygia, and potent in ships and men, with which fierce wars are fought—and how great a part of his princely power came with him ? With means like these were you overcome, I suspect, O Leda's daughter, sister to the Twins ; these are the things I feel may be working the Danaäns woe.

⁶⁵ Of Hector, whoe'er he be, if I am dear to you, be ware ; keep his name stamped in ever mindful heart ! When you have shunned him, remember to shun others ; think that many Hectors are there ; and see that you say, as oft as you make ready for the fight : "Laodamia bade me spare herself." If it be fated Troy shall fall before the Argolic host, let it also fall without your taking a single wound ! Let Menelaus battle, let him press to meet the foe ; to seek the wife from the midst of the foe is the

causa tua est dispar ; tu tantum vivere pugna,
 inque pios dominae posse redire sinus.
 Parcite, Dardanidae, de tot, precor, hostibus uni,
 ne meus ex illo corpore sanguis eat ! 80
 non est quem deceat nudo concurrere ferro,
 saevaque in oppositos pectora ferre viros ;
 fortius ille potest multo, quam pugnat, amare.
 bella gerant alii ; Protesilaus amet !
 Nunc fateor—volui revocare, animusque ferebat ; 85
 substitit auspicii lingua timore mali.
 cum foribus velles ad Troiam exire paternis,
 pes tuus offenso limine signa dedit.
 ut vidi, ingemui, tacitoque in pectore dixi :
 “ signa reversuri sint, precor, ista viri ! ” 90
 haec tibi nunc refero, ne sis animosus in armis ;
 fac, meus in ventos hic timor omnis eat !
 Sors quoque nescio quem fato designat iniquo,
 qui primus Danaum Troada tangat humum.
 infelix, quae prima virum lugebit ademptum ! 95
 di faciant, ne tu strenuus esse velis !
 inter mille rates tua sit millensima puppis,
 iamque fatigatas ultima verset aquas !
 hoc quoque praemoneo : de nave novissimus exi ;
 non est, quo properas, terra paterna tibi. 100
 cum venies, remoque move veloque carinam
 inque tuo celerem litore siste gradum !
 Sive latet Phoebus seu terris altior exstat,
 tu mihi luce dolor, tu mihi nocte venis,

THE HEROIDES XIII

husband's part. Your case is not the same; do you fight merely to live, and to return to your faithful queen's embrace.

⁷⁹ O ye sons of Dardanus, spare, I pray, from so many foes at least one, lest my blood flow from that body! He is not one it befits to engage with bared steel in the shock of battle, to present a savage breast to the opposing foe; his might is greater far in love than on the field. Let others go to the wars; let Protesilaus love!

⁸⁵ I confess now, I would have called you back, and my spirit strove; but my tongue stood still for fear of evil auspice. When you would fare forth from your paternal doors to Troy, your foot, stumbling upon the threshold, gave ill sign. At the sight I groaned, and in my secret heart I said: "May this, I pray, be omen that my lord return!" Of this I tell you now, lest you be too forward with your arms. See you make this fear of mine all vanish to the winds!

⁹³ There is a prophecy, too, that marks someone for an unjust doom—the first of the Danaïans to touch the soil of Troy. Unhappy she who first shall weep for her slain lord! The gods keep you from being too eager! Among the thousand ships let yours be the thousandth craft, and the last to stir the already wearied wave! This, too, I warn you of: be last to leave your ship; the land to which you haste is not your father's soil. When you return, then speed your keel with oar and sail at once, and on your own shore stay your hurried pace.

¹⁰³ Whether Phoebus be hid, or high above the earth he rise, you are my care by day, you come to me in the night; and yet more by night than in the

nocte tamen quam luce magis—nox grata
 puellis 105
 quarum suppositus colla lacertus habet.
 aucupor in lecto mendaces caelibe somnos;
 dum careo veris gaudia falsa iuvant.
 Sed tua cur nobis pallens occurrit imago?
 cur venit a labris¹ multa querela tuis? 110
 excutior somno simulacraque noctis adoro;
 nulla caret fumo Thessalis ara meo;
 tura damus lacrimamque super, qua sparsa relucet,
 ut solet adfuso surgere flamma mero.
 quando ego, te reducem cupidis amplexa lacertis, 115
 languida laetitia solvar ab ipsa mea?
 quando erit, ut lecto mecum bene iunctus in uno
 militiae referas splendida facta tuae?
 quae mihi dum referes, quamvis audire iuvabit,
 multa tamen capies oscula, multa dabis. 120
 semper in his apte narrantia verba resistunt;
 promptior est dulci lingua referre mora.
 Sed cum Troia subit, subeunt ventique fretumque;
 spes bona sollicito victa timore cadit.
 hoc quoque, quod venti prohibent exire carinas, 125
 me movet—invitis ire paratis aquis.
 quis velit in patriam vento prohibente reverti?
 a patria pelago vela vetante datis!
 ipse suam non praebet iter Neptunus ad urbem.
 quo ruitis? vestras quisque redite domos! 130
 quo ruitis, Danaï? ventos audite vetantis!
 non subiti casus, numinis ista mora est.

¹ a labris *Birt. Sedl. Jackson (Trans. Camb. Phil. Soc. I, p. 377 n.)*.

^a The final flare when the fire at the altar is quenched.

THE HEROIDES XIII

light of day—night is welcome to women beneath whose necks an embracing arm is placed. I, in my widowed couch, can only court a sleep with lying dreams; while true joys fail me, false ones must delight.

¹⁰⁹ But why does your face, all pale, appear before me? Why from your lips comes many a complaint? I shake slumber from me, and pray to the apparitions of night; there is no Thessalian altar without smoke of mine; I offer incense, and let fall upon it my tears, and the flame brightens up again as when wine has been sprinkled o'er.^a When shall I clasp you, safe returned, in my eager arms, and lose myself in languishing delight? When will it be mine to have you again close joined to me on the same couch, telling me your glorious deeds in the field? And while you are telling them, though it delight to hear, you will snatch many kisses none the less, and will give me many back. The words of well-told tales meet ever with such stops as this; more ready for report is the tongue refreshed by sweet delay. •

¹²³ But when Troy rises in my thoughts, I think of the winds and sea; fair hope is overcome by anxious fear, and falls. This, too, moves me, that the winds forbid your keels to fare forth—yet you make ready to sail despite the seas. Who would be willing to return homeward with the wind saying nay? Yet you trim sail to leave your homes, though the sea forbids! Neptune himself will open up no way for you against his own city. Whither your headlong course? Return ye all to your own abodes! Whither your headlong course, O Danaëns? Heed the winds that say you nay! No sudden chance, but God himself, sends

quid petitur tanto nisi turpis adultera bello?
 dum licet, Inachiae vertite vela rates!
 sed quid ago? revoco? revocaminis omen abesto, 135
 blandaque compositas aura secundet aquas!
 Troasin invideo, quae sic lacrimosa suorum
 funera conspicient, nec procul hostis erit.
 ipsa suis manibus forti nova nupta marito
 inponet galeam Dardanaque arma dabit. 140
 arma dabit, dumque arma dabit, simul oscula
 sumet—
 hoc genus officii dulce duobus erit—
 producetque virum, dabit et mandata reverti
 et dicet: “referas ista fac arma Iovi!”
 ille ferens dominae mandata recentia secum 145
 pugnabit caute respicietque domum.
 exuet haec reduci clipeum galeamque resolvet,
 excipietque suo corpora lassa sinu.
 Nos sumus incertae; nos anxius omnia cogit,
 quae possunt fieri, facta putare timor. 150
 dum tamen arma geres diverso miles in orbe,
 quae referat vultus est mihi cera tuos;
 illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba
 dicimus, amplexus accipit illa meos.
 crede mihi, plus est, quam quod videatur,
 imago; 155
 adde sonum cerae, Protesilaus erit.
 hanc specto teneoque sinu pro coniuge vero,
 et, tamquam possit verba referre, queror.

THE HEROIDES XIII

that delay of yours. What is your quest in so great a war but a shameful wanton? While you may, reverse your sails, O ships of Inachus! But what am I doing? Do I call you back? Far from me be the omen of calling back; may caressing gales second a peaceful sea!

¹³⁷ I envy the women who dwell in Troy, who will thus behold the tearful fates of them they love, with the foe not far away. With her own hand the newly wedded bride will set the helmet upon her valiant husband's head, and give into his hands the Dardanian arms. She will give him his arms, and the while she gives him arms will receive his kisses—a kind of office sweet to both—and will lead her husband forth, and lay on him the command to return, and say: "See that you bring once more those arms to Jove!" He, bearing fresh in mind with him the command of his mistress, will fight with caution, and be mindful of his home. When safe returned, she will strip him of his shield, unloose his helm, and receive to her embrace his wearied frame.

¹⁴⁹ But we are left uncertain; we are forced by anxious fear to fancy all things befallen which may befall. None the less, while you, a soldier in a distant world, will be bearing arms, I keep a waxen image to give back your features to my sight; it hears the caressing phrase, it hears the words of love that are yours by right, and it receives my embrace. Believe me, the image is more than it appears; add but a voice to the wax, Protesilaus it will be. On this I look, and hold it to my heart in place of my real lord, and complain to it, as if it could speak again.

Per reditus corpusque tuum, mea numina, iuro,
 perque pares animi coniugiiue faces,¹ 160
 me tibi venturam comitem, quocumque vocaris, 163
 sive—quod heu! timeo—sive superstes eris.
 ultima mandato claudetur epistula parvo :
 si tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui !

XIV

HYPERMESTRA LYNCEO

MITTIT Hypermestra de tot modo fratribus uni—
 cetera nuptarum crimine turba iacet.
 clausa domo teneor gravibusque coercita vinclis ;
 est mihi supplicii causa fuisse piam.
 quod manus extimuit iugulo demittere ferrum, 5
 sum rea ; laudarer, si scelus ausa forem.
 esse ream praestat, quam sic placuisse parenti ;
 non piget immunes caedis habere manus.
 me pater igne licet, quem non violavimus, urat,
 quaeque aderant sacris, tendat in ora faces ; 10
 aut illo iugulet, quem non bene tradidit ensem,
 ut, qua non cecidit vir nece, nupta cadam—
 non tamen, ut dicant morientia “ paenitet ! ” ora,
 efficiet. non est, quam piget esse piam.
 paeniteat sceleris Danaum saevasque sorores ; 15
 hic solet eventus facta nefanda sequi.

¹ 161, 162 *spurious Pa.* :

perque, quod ut videam canis albere capillis,
 quod tecum possis ipse referre, caput.

THE HEROIDES XIV

¹⁵⁹ By thy return and by thyself, who art my god, I swear, and by the torches alike of our love and our wedding-day, I will come to be thy comrade whithersoever thou dost call, whether that which, alas, I fear, shall come to pass, or whether thou shalt still survive. The last of my missive, ere it close, shall be the brief behest: if thou carest ought for me, then care thou for thyself!

XIV

HYPERMNESTRA TO LYNCEUS

HYPERMNESTRA sends this letter to the one brother left of so many but now alive—the rest of the company lie dead by the crime of their brides. Kept close in the palace am I, bound with heavy chains; and the cause of my punishment is that I was faithful. Because my hand shrank from driving into your throat the steel, I am charged with crime; I should be praised, had I but dared the deed. Better be charged with crime than thus to have pleased my sire; I feel no regret at having hands free from the shedding of blood. My father may burn me with the flame^a I would not violate, and hold to my face the torches that shone at my marriage rites; or he may lay to my throat the sword he falsely gave me, so that I, the wife, may die the death my husband did not die—yet he will not bring my dying lips to say “I repent me!” She is not faithful who regrets her faith. Let repentance for crime come to Danaus and my cruel sisters; this is the wonted event that follows on wicked deeds.

^a Of the marriage-altar.

Cor pavet admonitu temeratae sanguine noctis,
 et subitus dextrae praepedit ossa tremor.
 quam tu caede putes fungi potuisse mariti,
 scribere de facta non sibi caede timet! 20
 Sed tamen experiar. modo facta crepuscula terris;
 ultima pars lucis primaque noctis erat.
 ducimur Inachides magni sub tecta Pelasgi,
 et socer armatas accipit ipse nurus.
 undique conlucent praecinctae lampades auro; 25
 dantur in invitos inopia tura focos;
 vulgus "Hymen, Hymenae!" vocant. fugit ille
 vocantis;
 ipsa Iovis coniunx cessit ab urbe sua!
 ecce, mero dubii, comitum clamore frequentes,
 flore novo madidas inpediente comas, 30
 in thalamos laeti—thalamos, sua busta!—feruntur
 strataque corporibus funere digna premunt.
 Iamque cibo vinoque graves somnoque iacebant,
 securumque quies alta per Argos erat—
 circum me gemitus morientum audire videbar; 35
 et tamen audibam,¹ quodque verebar erat.
 sanguis abit, mentemque calor corpusque relinquit,
 inque novo iacui frigida facta toro.
 ut leni Zephyro graciles vibrantur aristae,
 frigida populeas ut quatit aura comas, 40
 aut sic, aut etiam tremui magis. ipse iacebas,
 quaeque tibi dederam, vina² soporis erant.

¹ audibam *P. Burm.*: audieram *s. G?*: auditum *s.*

² vina *P. G. V. ω*: plena *Pa.*

^a Inachus, Io, Epaphus, Libya, Belus, Danaus—was their descent. ^b King of Argos. ^c Aegyptus.

THE HEROIDES XIV

17 My heart is struck with fear at remembrance of that night profaned with blood, and sudden trembling fetters the bones of my right hand. She you think capable of having compassed her husband's death fears even to write of murder done by hands not her own!

21 Yet I shall essay to write. Twilight had just settled on the earth; it was the last part of day and the first of night. We daughters of Inachus^a are escorted beneath the roof of great Pelasgus,^b and our husbands' father^c himself receives the armed brides of his sons. On every side shine bright the lamps girt round with gold; unholy incense is scattered on unwilling altar-fires; the crowd cry "Hymen, Hymenaeus!" The god shuns their cry; Jove's very consort has withdrawn from the city of her choice! Then, look you, confused with wine, they come in rout amidst the cries of their companions; with fresh flowers in their dripping locks, all joyously they burst into the bridal chambers—the bridal chambers, their own tombs!—and with their bodies press the couches that deserve to be funeral beds.

33 And now, heavy with food and wine they lay in sleep, and deep repose had settled on Argos, free from care—when round about me I seemed to hear the groans of dying men; nay, I heard indeed, and what I feared was true. My blood retreated, warmth left my body and soul, and on my newly-wedded couch all chill I lay. As the gentle zephyr sets a-quiver the slender stalk of grain, as wintry breezes shake the poplar leaves, even thus—yea, even more—did I tremble. Yourself lay quiet; the wine I had given you was the wine of sleep.

Excussere metum violenti iussa parentis ;
 erigor et capio tela tremente manu.
 non ego falsa loquar : ter acutum sustulit ensem, 45
 ter male sublato reccidit ense manus.
 admovi iugulo—sine me tibi vera fateri !—
 admovi iugulo tela paterna tuo ;
 sed timor et pietas crudelibus obstitit ausis,
 castaque mandatum dextra refugit opus. 50
 purpureos laniata sinus, laniata capillos
 exiguo dixi talia verba sono :
 “ saevus, Hypermestra, pater est tibi ; iussa parentis
 effice ; germanis sit comes iste suis !
 femina sum et virgo, natura mitis et annis ; 55
 non faciunt molles ad fera tela manus.
 quin age, dumque iacet, fortis imitare sorores—
 credibile est caesos omnibus esse viros !
 si manus haec aliquam posset committere caedem,
 morte foret dominae sanguinolenta suae. 60
 hanc meruere necem patruelia regna tenendo ;
 cum sene nos inopi turba vagamur inops.¹
 finge viros meruisse mori—quid fecimus ipsae ?
 quo mihi commisso non licet esse piae ?
 quid mihi cum ferro ? quo bellica tela puellae ? 65
 aptior est digitis lana colusque meis.”
 Haec ego ; dumque queror, lacrimae sua verba se-
 quuntur
 deque meis oculis in tua membra cadunt.
 dum petis amplexus sopitaque bracchia iactas,
 paene manus telo saucia facta tua est. 70

¹ 114 placed here by Hous. who omits 62 and 113, fabricated to accommodate the misplaced 114.

THE HEROIDES XIV

⁴³ Thought of my violent father's mandates struck away my fear. I rise, and clutch with trembling hand the steel. I will not tell you aught untrue: thrice did my hand raise high the piercing blade, and thrice, having basely raised it, fell again. I brought it to your throat—let me confess to you the truth!—I brought my father's weapon to your throat; but fear and tenderness kept me from daring the cruel stroke, and my chaste right hand refused the task enjoined. Rending the purple robes I wore, rending my hair, I spoke with scant sound such words as these: "A cruel father, Hypermnestra, thine; perform thy sire's command, and let thy husband there go join his brethren! A woman am I, and a maid, gentle in nature and in years; my tender hands ill suit fierce weapons. But come, while he lies there, do like as thy brave sisters—it well may be that all have slain their husbands! Yet had this hand power to deal out murder at all, it would be bloody with the death of its own mistress. They have deserved this end for seizing on their uncle's realms; we, helpless band, must wander in exile with our aged, helpless sire. Yet suppose our husbands have deserved to die—what have we done ourselves? What crime have I committed that I must not be free from guilt? What have swords to do with me? What has a girl to do with the weapons of war? More suited to my hands are the distaff and the wool."

⁶⁷ Thus I to myself; and while I utter my complaint, my tears follow forth the words that start them, and from my eyes fall down upon your body. While you grope for my embrace and toss your slumbrous arms, your hand is almost wounded by

iamque patrem famulosque patris lucemque timebam
 expulerunt somnos haec mea dicta tuos :
 “ surge age, Belide, de tot modo fratribus unus !
 nox tibi, ni properas, ista perennis erit ! ”
 territus exurgis ; fugit omnis inertia somni ; 75
 adspicis in timida fortia tela manu.
 quaerenti causam “ dum nox sinit, effuge ! ” dixi.
 dum nox atra sinit, tu fugis, ipsa moror.
 Mane erat, et Danaus generos ex caede iacentis
 dinumerat. summae criminis unus abes. 80
 fert male cognatae iacturam mortis in uno
 et queritur facti sanguinis esse parum.
 abstrahor a patriis pedibus, raptamque capillis—
 haec meruit pietas praemia !—carcer habet.
 Scilicet ex illo Iunonia permanet ira 85
 cum bos ex homine est, ex bove facta dea.
 at satis est poenae teneram mugisse puellam
 nec, modo formosam, posse placere Iovi.
 adstitit in ripa liquidi nova vacca parentis,
 cornuaque in patriis non sua vidit aquis, 90
 conatoque queri mugitus edidit ore
 territaque est forma, territa voce sua.
 quid furis, infelix ? quid te miraris in umbra ?
 quid numeras factos ad nova membra pedes ?
 illa Iovis magni paelex metuenda sorori 95
 fronde levas nimiam caespitibusque famem,

^a Belus, Aegyptus, Lynceus.

^b The story of Io, daughter of the river Inachus.

THE HEROIDES XIV

my blade. And now fear of my father seized on me, and of my father's minions, and of the light of dawn; I drove away your sleep with these words of mine: "Rise up, away, O child of Belus,^a the one brother left of so many but now alive! This night, unless you haste, will be forever night to you!" In terror you arise; all sleep's dulness flies away; you behold the strenuous weapon in my timorous hand. You ask the cause. "While night permits," I answer, "fly!" While the dark night permits, you fly, and I remain.

⁷⁹ 'Twas early morn, and Danaus counted o'er his sons-in-law that lay there slain. You alone lack to make the crime complete. He bears ill the loss of a single kinsman's death, and complains that too little blood was shed. I am seized by the hair, and dragged from my father's feet—such reward my love for duty won!—and thrust in gaol.

⁸⁵ Clear it is that Juno's wrath endures from the time the mortal maid became a heifer, and the heifer became a goddess.^b Yet it is punishment enough that the tender maid was a lowing beast, and, but now so fair, could not retain Jove's love. On the banks of her sire's stream the new-created heifer stood, and in the parental waters beheld the horns that were not her own; with mouth that tried to complain, she gave forth only lowings; she felt terror at her form, and terror at her voice. Why rage, unhappy one? Why gaze at thyself in the water's shadow? Why count the feet thou hast for thy new-created frame? Thou art the mistress of great Jove, that rival to be dreaded by his sister—and must quiet thy fierce hunger with the leafy branch and grassy turf, drink at the spring, and gaze

fonte bibis spectasque tuam stupefacta figuram
 et, te ne feriant, quae geris, arma, times,
 quaeque modo, ut posses etiam Iove digna videri,
 dives eras, nuda nuda recumbis humo. 100
 per mare, per terras cognataque flumina curris;
 dat mare, dant amnes, dat tibi terra viam.
 quae tibi causa fugae? quid tu freta longa pererras?
 non poteris vultus effugere ipsa tuos.
 Inachi, quo properas? eadem sequerisque fu-
 gisque; 105
 tu tibi dux comiti, tu comes ipsa duci.
 Per septem Nilus portus emissus in aequor
 exiit insana paelicis ora bove.
 ultima quid referam, quorum mihi cana senectus
 auctor? dant anni, quod querar, ecce, mei. 110
 bella pater patruusque gerunt; regnoque domoque
 pellimur; eiectos ultimus orbis habet.
 de fratrum populo pars exiguissima restat. 115
 quique dati leto, quaeque dedere, fleo;
 nam mihi quot fratres, totidem periere sorores.
 accipiat lacrimas utraque turba meas!
 en, ego, quod vivis, poenae crucianda reservor;
 quid fiet sonti, cum rea laudis agar 120
 et consanguineae quondam centesima turbae
 infelix uno fratre manente cadam?
 At tu, siqua pia, Lynceu,¹ tibi cura sororis,
 quaeque tibi tribui munera, dignus habes,

¹ *The name preserved only by Plan.*

^a Oceanus, father of all streams, was father of Inachus, Io's father.

^b The scholiast to Euripides' *Hec.* 886 says Lynceus avenged his brothers by slaying the guilty wives.

THE HEROIDES XIV

astonied on thine image there, and fear lest the arms thou bearest may wound thyself! Thou, who but now wert rich, so rich as to seem worthy even of Jove, liest naked upon the naked ground. Over seas, and lands, and kindred^a streams dost thou course; the sea opens a way for thee, and the rivers, and the land. What is the cause of thy flight? Why dost thou wander over the long seas? Thou wilt not be able to fly from thine own features. Child of Inachus, whither dost thou haste? Thou followest and fliest—the same; thou art thyself guide to thy companion, thou art companion to thy guide!

¹⁰⁷ The Nile, let flow to the sea through seven mouths, strips from the maddened heifer the features loved of Jove. Why talk of far-off things, told me by hoary eld? My own years, look you, give me matter for lament. My father and my uncle are at war; we are driven from our realms and from our home; we are cast away to the farthest parts of earth. Of the number of the brothers but a scantest part remains. For those who were done to death, and for those who did the deed, I weep; as many brothers as I have lost, so many sisters also have I lost.^b Let both their companies receive my tears! Lo, I, because you live, am kept for the torments of punishment; but what shall be the fate of guilt, when I am charged with crime for deeds of praise, and fall, unhappy that I am, once the hundredth member of a kindred throng, of whom one brother only now remains?

¹²³ But do thou, O Lynceus, if thou carest aught for thy sister, and art worthy of the gift I rendered thee, come bear me aid; or, if it please thee, abandon

OID

vel fer opem, vel dede neci defunctaque vita 125
 corpora furtivis insuper adde rogis,
 et sepeli lacrimis perfusa fidelibus ossa,
 sculptaque sint titulo nostra sepulcra brevi :
 " exul Hypermestra, pretium pietatis iniquum,
 quam mortem fratri depulit, ipsa tulit." 130
 Scribere plura libet, sed pondere lapsa catenae
 est manus, et vires subtrahit ipse timor.

XV

SAPPHO PHAONI¹

ECQUID, ut adspecta est studiosae littera dextrae,
 Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis—
 an, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphus,
 hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus ?
 Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras 5
 carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
 flendus amor meus est—elegiae² flebile carmen ;
 non facit ad lacrimas barbitos ulla meas.
 Uror, ut indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris
 fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10
 arva, Phaon, celebras diversa Typhoidos Aetnae ;
 me calor Aetnaeo non minor igne tenet.

¹ This epistle is not in P, G, or any MS. earlier than P or G, and is not in Plan. In the MSS. which do contain it, it is either annexed or prefixed to the whole. Hein. placed it after XIV because of the presence of some verses from it in that position in two MSS. of excerpts from a ninth or tenth century archetype.

The Sappho-Phaon story seems to have been well known by

THE HEROIDES XV

me to death, and, when my body is done with life, lay it in secret on the funeral pile, and bury my bones moistened with faithful tears, and let my sepulchre be graved with this brief epitaph: "Exiled Hypermnestra, as the unjust price of her wifely deed, has herself endured the death she warded from her brother!"

¹³¹ I would write more; but my hand falls with the weight of my chains, and very fear takes away my strength.

XV

SAPPHO TO PHAON

TELL me, when you looked upon the characters from my eager right hand, did your eye know forthwith whose they were—or, unless you had read their author's name, Sappho, would you fail to know whence these brief words come?

⁵ Perhaps, too, you may ask why my verses alternate, when I am better suited to the lyric mode. I must weep, for my love—and elegy is the weeping strain; no lyre is suited to my tears.

⁹ I burn—as burns the fruitful acre when its harvests are ablaze, with untamed east-winds driving on the flame. The fields you frequent, O Phaon, lie far away, by Typhoean Aetna; and I—heat not less than the fires of Aetna preys on me. Nor can I

the fourth century B.C. The authorship of this letter has been disputed, but it is generally conceded to be Ovid's.

² *elegiae Pa.: elegi many MSS.: elegeia or elegia s.*

nec mihi, dispositis quae iungam carmina nervis,
 proveniunt; vacuae carmina mentis opus!
 nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellae, 15
 nec me Lesbiadum cetera turba iuvant.
 vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydro;
 non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis,
 atque aliae centum, quas hic sine crimine amavi;
 inprobe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni—
 o facies oculis insidiosa meis!
 sume fidem et pharetram—fies manifestus Apollo;
 accedant capiti cornua—Bacchus eris!
 et Phoebus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit, 25
 nec norat lyricos illa vel illa modos;
 at mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;
 iam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 nec plus Alcaeus, consors patriaeque lyraeque,
 laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet. 30
 si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit,
 ingenio formae damna repende¹ meae.
 sum brevis, at nomen, quod terras inpleat omnes,
 est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
 candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo 35
 Andromede, patriae fusca colore suae.
 et variis albae iunguntur saepe columbae,
 et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
 si, nisi quae facie poterit te digna videri,
 nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est. 40

¹ rependo *the MSS.*: repende *Bent.*

^a The parrot. Compare *Amores* II. vi. 16.

THE HEROIDES XV

fashion naught of song to suit the well-ordered string; songs are the labour of minds care-free! Neither the maids of Pyrrha charm me now, nor they of Methymna, nor all the rest of the throng of Lesbian daughters. Naught is Anaactorie to me, naught Cydro, the dazzling fair; my eyes joy not in Atthis as once they did, nor in the hundred other maids I loved here to my reproach; unworthy one, the love that belonged to many maids you alone possess.

²¹ You have beauty, and your years are apt for life's delights—O beauty that lay in ambush for my eyes! Take up the lyre and quiver—you will be Apollo manifest; let horns but spring on your head—you will be Bacchus! Phoebus loved Daphne, and Bacchus, too, loved the Gnosian maid, and neither one nor other knew the lyric mode; yet for me the daughters of Pegasus dictate sweetest songs; my name is already sung abroad in all the earth. Not greater is the praise Alcaeus wins, the sharer in my homeland and in my gift of song, though a statelier strain he sounds. If nature, malign to me, has denied the charm of beauty, weigh in the stead of beauty the genius she gave. I am slight of stature, yet I have a name fills every land; the measure of my name is my real height. If I am not dazzling fair, Cepheus' Andromeda was fair in Perseus' eyes, though dusky with the hue of her native land. Besides, white pigeons oft are mated with those of different hue, and the black turtle-dove, too, is loved by the bird of green.^a If none shall be yours unless deemed worthy of you for her beauty's sake, then none shall be yours at all.

At mea cum legerem, sat iam¹ formosa videbar ;
 unam iurabas usque decere loqui.
 cantabam, memini—meminerunt omnia amantes—
 oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
 haec quoque laudabas, omnique a parte place-
 bam— 45
 sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.
 tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra iuvabat,
 crebraque mobilitas aptaque verba ioco,
 et quod, ubi amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
 plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat. 50
 Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae.
 quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.
 o² vos erronem tellure remittite vestra,
 Nisiades matres Nisiadesque nurus,
 nec vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae! 55
 quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
 tu quoque, quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos—
 nam tua sum—vati consule, diva, tuae!
 an gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem
 et manet in cursu semper acerba suo? 60
 sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
 ante diem lacrimas ossa bibere meas.
 arsit iners³ frater meretricis captus amore
 mixtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit;
 factus inops agili peragit freta caerulea remo, 65
 quasque male amisit, nunc male quaerit opes.

¹ *So Hous.:* legeres etiam *Pa.*

² O vos *F* 5: at vos, nec vos, neu vos 5: aut vos *Bent.*

³ inops *the MSS.:* iners *Ouden. Pa.:* inops of 65 caused the corruption.

^a The Parian Marble says that Sappho really was exiled and went to Sicily. Her troubles were of a political nature.

THE HEROIDES XV

⁴¹ Yet, when I read you my songs, I seemed already beautiful enough; you swore 'twas I alone whom speech forever graced. I would sing to you, I remember—for lovers remember all—and while I sang you stole kisses from me. My kisses too you praised, and I pleased in every way—but then above all when we wrought at the task of love. Then did my playful ways delight you more than your wont—the quick embrace, the jest that gave spice to our sport, and, when the joys of both had mingled into one, the deep, deep languor in our wearied frames.

⁵¹ Now new prey is yours—the maids of Sicily. What is Lesbos now to me? I would I were a Sicilian maid.^a Ah, send me back my wanderer, ye Nisæan matrons and Nisæan maids, nor let the lies of his bland tongue deceive you! What he says to you, he had said before to me. Thou too, Erycina, who dost frequent the Sicilian mountains—for I am thine—protect thy singer, O lady! Can it be my grievous fortune will hold the ways it first began, and ever remain bitter in its course? Six natal days had passed for me, when I gathered the bones of my father, dead before his time, and let them drink my tears. My untaught brother was caught in the flame of harlot love, and suffered loss together with foul shame; reduced to need, he roams the dark blue seas with agile oar, and the wealth he cast away by evil means once more by evil means he seeks.^b As for me, because I often warned

^a Probably as a pirate. He ransomed the courtesan Rhodopis from Egypt, and was reproved by Sappho in a poem.

me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit ;
 hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
 et tamquam desint, quae me sine fine fatigent,
 accumulatur curas filia parva meas. 70
 Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis.
 non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
 ecce, iacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli,
 nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos ;
 veste tegor vili, nullum est in crinibus aurum, 75
 non Arabum noster dona capillus habet.
 cui colar infelix, aut cui placuisse laborem ?
 ille mei cultus unicus auctor abest.
 molle meum levibusque cor est violabile telis,
 et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem— 80
 sive ita nascenti legem dixere Sorores
 nec data sunt vitae fila severa meae,
 sive abeunt studia in mores, artisque magistra
 ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
 quid mirum, si me primae lanuginis aetas 85
 abstulit, atque anni quos vir amare potest ?
 hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam—
 et faceres, sed te prima rapina tenet !
 hunc si conspiciat quae conspicit omnia Phoebe,
 iussus erit somnos continuare Phaon ; 90
 hunc Venus in caelum curru vexisset eburno,
 sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
 o nec adhuc iuvenis, nec iam puer, utilis aetas,
 o decus atque aevi gloria magna tui,
 huc ades inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros ! 95
 non ut ames oro, verum ut amere sinas.
 Scribimus, et lacrimis oculi rorantur abortis ;
 adspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco !

^a Cleis.

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him well and faithfully, he hates me; this has my candour brought me, this my duteous tongue. And as if there were lack of things to weary me endlessly, a little daughter^a fills the measure of my cares.

⁷¹ Last cause of all are you for my complaint. My craft is not impelled by a propitious gale. Lo, see, my hair lies scattered in disorder about my neck, my fingers are laden with no sparkling gems; I am clad in garment mean, no gold is in the strands of my hair, my locks are scented with no gifts of Araby. For whom should I adorn myself, or whom should I strive to please? He, the one cause for my adornment, is gone. Tender is my heart, and easily pierced by the light shaft, and there is ever cause why I should ever love—whether at my birth the Sisters declared this law and did not spin my thread of life with austere strand, or whether tastes change into character, and Thalia, mistress of my art, is making my nature soft. What wonder if the age of first down has carried me away, and the years that stir men's love? Lest thou steal him in Cephalus' place, I ever feared, Aurora—and so thou wouldst do, but that thy first prey holds thee still. Him should Phoebe behold, who beholds all things, 'twill be Phaon she bids continue in his sleep; him Venus would have carried to the skies in her ivory car, but that she knows he might charm even her Mars. O neither yet man nor still boy—meet age for charm—O ornament and great glory of thy time, O hither come; sail back again, O beauteous one, to my embrace! I do not plead for thee to love, but to let thyself be loved.

⁹⁷ I write, and my eyes let fall the springing tears like drops of dew; look, how many a blot obscures

si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isse,
 et¹ modo dixisses "Lesbi puella, vale!" 100
 non tecum lacrimas, non oscula nostra tulisti;
 denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
 nil de te mecum est nisi tantum iniuria; nec tu,
 admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
 non mandata dedi, neque enim mandata dedissem 105
 ulla, nisi ut nolles inmemor esse mei.
 per tibi—qui numquam longe discedat!—amorem,
 perque novem iuro, numina nostra, deas,
 cum mihi nescio quis "fugiunt tua gaudia" dixit,
 nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui! 110
 et lacrimae deerant oculis et verba palato,
 • adstrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
 postquam se dolor invenit, nec pectora plangi
 nec puduit scissis exululare comis,
 non aliter, quam si nati pia mater adempti 115
 portet ad exstructos corpus inane rogos.
 gaudet et e nostro crescit maerore Charaxus
 frater, et ante oculos itque reditque meos,
 utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris,
 "quid dolet haec? certe filia vivit!" ait. 120
 non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor. omne videbat
 vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt—
 somnia formoso candidiora die.
 illic te invenio, quamvis regionibus absis; 125
 sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet
 saepe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
 saepe tuae videor supposuisse meos;

¹ et modo *ω*: et michi *F*: si modo *s*.

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this place ! If you were so resolved to leave my side, you could have gone in more becoming wise. You might at least have said to me : " O Lesbian mistress, fare you well ! " You did not take with you my tears, you did not take my kisses ; indeed, I felt no fear of the pangs I was to suffer. You have left me nothing, nothing except my wrong ; and you—you have no token of my love to put you in mind of me. I gave you no behests—nor would I have given any, save not to be unmindful of me. O by our love—and may it never far depart!—and by the heavenly Nine who are my deities, I swear to you, when someone said to me : " Your joys are flying from you ! " for a long time I could not weep, and could not speak ! Tears failed my eyes, and words my tongue ; my breast was fast frozen with icy chill. After my grief had found itself, I felt no shame to beat my breast, and rend my hair, and shriek, not otherwise than when the loving mother of a son whom death has taken bears to the high-built funeral pile his empty frame. Joy swells my brother Charaxus' heart as he sees my woe ; he passes before my eyes, and passes again ; and, purposing to make the cause of my grief appear immodest, he says : " Why does she grieve ? Surely her daughter lives ! " Modesty and love are not at one. There was no one did not see me ; yet I rent my robe and laid bare my breast.

¹²³ You, Phaon, are my care ; you, my dreams bring back to me—dreams brighter than the beauteous day. In them I find you, though in space you are far away ; but not long enough are the joys that slumber gives. Often I seem with the burden of my neck to press your arms, often to place beneath

oscula cognosco, quae tu committere linguae
 aptaque consueras accipere, apta dare. 130
 blandior interdum verisque simillima verba
 eloquor, et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
 ulteriora pudet narrare, sed omnia fiunt,
 et iuvat, et siccae¹ non licet esse mihi.
 At cum se Titan ostendit et omnia secum, 135
 tam cito me somnos destituisse queror;
 antra nemusque peto, tamquam nemus antraque
 prosint—
 conscia deliciis illa fuere meis.
 illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Enyo²
 attingit, in collo crine iacente feror. 140
 antra vident oculi scabro pendentia tofo,
 quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant;
 inuenio silvam, quae saepe cubilia nobis
 praebuit et multa texit opaca coma—
 sed non inuenio dominum silvaeque meumque. 145
 vile solum locus est; dos erat ille loci.
 cognovi pressas noti mihi caespitis herbas;
 de nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
 incubui tetigique locum, qua parte fuisti;
 grata prius lacrimas conbibit herba meas. 150
 quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur
 frondibus, et nullae dulce queruntur aves;
 sola virum non ultra pie maestissima mater
 concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
 ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores— 155
 haecenus; ut media cetera nocte silent.
 Est nitidus vitroque magis perlucidus omni
 fons sacer—hunc multi numen habere putant—

¹ siccae *F*: sine te ω .

² Enyo *F*: erictho, ericto, eritho, hericto, enio, en o, erinnis s.

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your neck my arms. I recognize the kisses—close caresses of the tongue—which you were wont to take and wont to give. At times I fondle you, and utter words that seem almost the waking truth, and my lips keep vigil for my senses. Further I blush to tell, but all takes place; I feel the delight, and cannot rule myself.

¹³⁵ But when Titan shows his face and lights up all the earth, I complain that sleep has deserted me so soon; I make for the grotts and the wood, as if the wood and the grotts could aid me—those haunts were in the secret of my joys. Thither in frenzied mood I course, like one whom the maddening Enyo has touched, with hair flying loose about my neck. My eyes behold the grotts, hanging with rugged rock—grotts that to me were like Mygdonian marble; I find the forest out which oft afforded us a couch to lie upon, and covered us with thick shade from many leaves—but I find not the lord both of the forest and myself. The place is but cheap ground; he was the dower that made it rich. I have recognised the pressed-down grass of the turf I knew so well; the sod was hollowed from our weight. I have laid me down and touched the spot, the place you rested in; the grass I once found gracious has drunk my tears. Nay, even the branches have laid aside their leafage, and no birds warble their sweet complaint; only the Daulian bird, most mournful mother who wreaked unholy vengeance on her lord, laments in song Ismarian Itys. The bird sings of Itys, Sappho sings of love abandoned—that is all; all else is silent as midnight.

¹⁵⁷ There is a sacred spring, bright and more transparent than any crystal—many think a spirit

quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
 una nemus; tenero caespite terra viret. 160
 hic ego cum lassos posuissem flebilis¹ artus,
 constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.
 constitit et dixit: "quoniam non ignibus aequis
 ureris, Ambracia est terra petenda tibi.
 Phoebus ab excelso, quantum patet, adspicit
 aequor— 165
 Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
 hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhae succensus amore
 misit, et inlaeso corpore pressit aquas.
 nec mora, versus amor fugit² lentissima Pyrrhae
 pectora, Deucalion igne levatus erat. 170
 hanc legem locus ille tenet. pete protinus altam
 Leucada nec saxo desiluisse time!"
 Ut monuit, cum voce abiit; ego territa surgo,
 nec lacrimas oculi continuere mei.³
 ibimus, o nymphe, monstrataque saxa petemus; 175
 sit procul insano victus amore timor!
 quidquid erit, melius quam nunc erit! aura, subito;
 et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
 tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti,
 ne sim Leucadiae mortua crimen aquae! 180
 inde chelyn Phoebus, communia munera, ponam,
 et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt:

GRATA LYRAM POSUI TIBI, PHOEBE, POETRIA SAPPHO:
 CONVENIT ILLA MIHI, CONVENIT ILLA TIBI.

¹ fletibus s.

² fugit *F* s; tetigit *ω* *Hein.*: figit *s* *De Vries.*

³ *So F*: nec gravidæ lacrimas continuere genæ *others.*

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dwells therein—above which a watery lotus spreads its branches wide, a grove all in itself; the earth is green with tender turf. Here I had laid my wearied limbs and given way to tears, when there stood before my eyes a Naiad. She stood before me, and said: “Since thou art burning with unrequited flame, Ambracia is the land thou needs must seek. There Phoebus from on high looks down on the whole wide stretch of sea—of Actium, the people call it, and Leucadian. From here Deucalion, inflamed with love for Pyrrha, cast himself down, and struck the waters with body all unharmed. Without delay, his passion was turned from him, and fled from his tenacious breast, and Deucalion was freed from the fires of love. This is the law of yonder place. Go straightway seek the high Leucadian cliff, nor from it fear to leap!”

¹⁷³ Her warning given, she ceased her speech, and vanished; in terror I arose, and my eyes could not keep back their tears. I shall go, O nymph, to seek out the cliff thou toldst of; away with fear—my maddening passion casts it out. Whatever shall be, better 'twill be than now! Breeze, come—bear me up; my limbs have no great weight. Do thou, too, tender Love, place thy pinions beneath me, lest I die and bring reproach on the Leucadian wave! Then will I consecrate to Phoebus my shell, our common boon, and under it shall be writ one verse, and a second:

SAPPHO THE SINGER, O PHOEBUS, HATH GRATEFULLY
BROUGHT THEE A ZITHER:
TOKEN WELL SUITED TO ME, TOKEN WELL SUITED TO
THEE.

Cur tamen Actiacas miseram me mittis ad oras, 185
 cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?
 tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda;
 et forma et meritis tu mihi Phoebus eris.
 an potes, o scopulis undaque ferocior omni,¹
 si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae? 190
 at quanto melius iungi mea pectora tecum
 quam poterant saxis praecipitanda dari!
 haec sunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare solebas,
 visaque sunt totiens ingeniosa tibi.
 nunc vellem facunda forem! dolor artibus obstat, 195
 ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.
 non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires;
 plectra dolore tacent, muta dolore lyra est.
 Lesbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles,
 Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra, 200
 Lesbides, infamem quae me fecistis amatae,²
 desinite ad citharas turba venire meas!
 abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat,
 me miseram, dixi quam modo paene "meus!"
 efficite ut redeat; vates quoque vestra redibit. 205
 ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
 Ecquid ago precibus, pectusve agreste movetur?
 an³ riget, et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
 qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent;
 hoc te, si saperes, lente, decebat opus. 210
 sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur⁴
 munera, quid laceras pectora nostra mora?

¹ omni *F*: illa *s*.

² amatae *F*: amare *others*: amore *Baehrens*.

³ an *Pa.*: A! *Baehrens*: piget *F*.

⁴ parantur *s*: paramus *F* ω.

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185 Yet why do you send me to the shores of Actium, unhappy that I am, when you yourself could turn back your wandering steps? You can better help my state than the Leucadian wave; both in beauty and in kindness you will be a Phoebus to me. Or, if I perish, O more savage than any cliff or wave, can you endure the name of causing my death? But how much better for my bosom to be pressed to yours than headlong to be hurled from the rocks!—the bosom, Phaon, of her whom you were wont to praise, and who so often seemed to you to have the gift of genius. Would I were eloquent now! Grief stops my art, and all my genius is halted by my woes. My old-time power in song will not respond to the call; my plectrum for grief is silent; mute for grief is my lyre. Lesbian daughters of the wave, ye who are to wed and ye already wed, ye Lesbian daughters, whose names have been sung to the Aeolian lyre, ye Lesbian daughters whom I have loved to my reproach, cease thronging to me more to hear my shell! Phaon has swept away all that ye loved before—ah, wretched me, how nearly I came then to saying “my Phaon”! Accomplish his return; your singer, too, will then return. My genius had its powers from him; with him they were swept away.

207 But do my prayers accomplish aught, or is his churl's heart moved? or is it cold and hard, and do the zephyrs bear away my idly falling words? Would that the winds that bear away my words might bring your sails again; this deed were fitting for you, tardy one, had you a feeling breast. If you intend return, and are making for your stern the votive gift, why tear my heart with delay? Weigh

OVID

solve ratem! Venus orta mari mare praestat amanti.
 aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem!
 ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido; 215
 ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
 sive iuvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sapphon—
 non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fugi—
 hoc saltem miserae crudelis epistula dicat,
 ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae! 220

XVI

PARIS HELENAE¹

HANC tibi Priamides mitto, Ledaea, salutem,
 quae tribui sola te mihi dante potest.
 Eloquar, an flammae non est opus indice notae,
 et plus quam vellem iam meus extat amor?
 ille quidem lateat malim, dum tempora dentur 5
 laetitiae mixtos non habitura metus,
 sed male dissimulo; quis enim celaverit ignem,
 lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo?
 si tamen expectas, vocem quoque rebus ut addam—
 uror! habes animi nuntia verba mei. 10

¹ *Of Epistles xvi.-xxi. Palmer says: "I hold very strongly the view (1) that they were not written by Ovid; (2) that they were all, except 16. 39-142, 21. 13 ad fin., written by the same author; (3) that that author lived in the early silver age, about the epoch of Persius or Petronius." For him, proofs of non-Ovidian authorship lie in form, metre, and diction. Purser's view, however, Introd. to Palmer, p. xxxii. has gained ground:*

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anchor! Venus who rose from the sea makes way on the sea for the lover. The wind will speed you on your course; do you but weigh anchor! Cupid himself will be helmsman, sitting upon the stern; himself with tender hand will spread and furl the sail. But if your pleasure be to fly afar from Pelasgian Sappho—and yet you will find no cause for flying from me—ah, at least let a cruel letter tell me this in my misery, that I may seek my fate in the Leucadian wave!

XVI

PARIS TO HELEN

I, son of Priam, send you, Leda's daughter, this wish for welfare—welfare that can fall to me through your gift alone.

³ Shall I speak, or is there no need to tell of a flame already known, and is my love already clearer than I could wish? I should indeed prefer to keep it hid, until the time came when my joy could be unmixed with fears, but I can ill disguise; for who could conceal a fire that ever betrays itself by its own light? If, none the less, you look for me to add word to fact—I am on fire with love! There you have the words that bring the message of my

"These Epistles, neither in matter nor in language, appear to offer a sufficient number of anomalies to make it necessary to disallow their Ovidian authorship. They probably formed a separate volume, Epistles (Second Series), written some years after the others, when Ovid was not so punctilious with regard to his metre as he was in his earlier works, and when he had acquired a greater diffuseness of style."

IV
 OVID

parce, precor, fasso nec vultu cetera duro
 perlege, sed formae conveniente tuae.
 Iam dudum gratum est, quod epistula nostra recepta
 spem facit, hoc recipi me quoque posse modo.
 quae rata sit, nec te frustra promiserit, opto, 15
 hoc mihi quae suasit, mater Amoris, iter;
 namque ego divino monitu—ne nescia pecces—
 advehor, et coepto non leve numen adest.
 praemia magna quidem, sed non indebita, posco;
 pollicita est thalamo te Cytherea meo. 20
 hac duce Sigeo dubias a litore feci
 longa Phereclea per freta puppe vias.
 illa dedit faciles auras ventosque secundos—
 in mare nimirum ius habet orta mari.
 perstet et ut pelagi, sic pectoris adiuvet aestum; 25
 deferat in portus et mea vota suos.
 Attulimus flammam, non hic invenimus, illas.
 hae mihi tam longae causa fuere viae,
 nam neque tristis hiemps neque nos huc appulit
 error;
 Taenaris est classi terra petita meae. 30
 nec me crede fretum merces portante carina
 findere—quas habeo, di tueantur opes!
 nec venio Graias veluti spectator ad urbes—
 oppida sunt regni divitiora mei.
 te peto, quam pepigit lecto Venus aurea nostro; 35
 te prius optavi, quam mihi nota fores.

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heart. Pardon, I entreat, my having confessed, and do not read the rest with face that is hard, but with one that suits your beauty.

¹⁸ Long now have I had cheer, for your welcoming my letter begets the hope that I also may be likewise welcomed. What the mother of Love, who persuaded me to this journey, has fixed upon, I deeply hope may be, and that she has not promised you to me in vain; for at divine behest—lest you sin unawares—I sail hither, and no slight godhead favours my undertaking. The prize I seek indeed is great, but I ask naught that is not my due; you have been promised for my marriage-chamber by her of Cythera. With her for pilot, from the Sigeon strand I have sailed in Phereclean stern the dubious paths of the far-stretching flood. It is she who has given me gentle breeze and favouring wind—of a surety she has dominion over the sea, for she rose from the sea. May she still favour me, and calm my heart's tide as she calmed the wave's; and bring my vows to their desired haven.

²⁷ My passion for you I have brought; I did not find it here. It is that which was the cause of so long a voyage, for neither gloomy storm has driven me hither, nor a wandering course; Taenaris is the land toward which my ships were steered. Nor think I cleave the seas with a keel that carries merchandise—what goods I have, may the gods only keep for me! Nor am I come as one to see the sights of Grecian towns—the cities of my own realm are wealthier. It is you I come for—you, whom golden Venus has promised for my bed; you were my heart's desire before you were known to me. I

ante tuos animo vidi quam lumine vultus ;
 prima tulit vulnus nuntia fama tui.¹
 Nec tamen est mirum,² si, sicut oportet, ab arcu
 missilibus telis eminus ictus amo. 40
 sic placuit fati ; quae ne convellere temptes,
 accipe cum vera dicta relata fide.
 matris adhuc utero partu remorante tenebar ;
 iam gravidus iusto pondere venter erat.
 illa sibi ingentem³ visa est sub imagine somni 45
 flammiferam pleno reddere ventre facem.
 territa consurgit metuendaque noctis opacae
 visa seni Priamo ; vatibus ille refert.
 arsurum Paridis vates canit Ilion igni—
 pectoris, ut nunc est, fax fuit illa mei ! 50
 Forma vigorque animi, quamvis de plebe videbar,
 indicium tectae nobilitatis erat.
 est locus in mediis nemorosae vallibus Idae
 devius et piceis ilicibusque frequens,
 qui nec ovis placidae nec amantis saxa capellae 55
 nec patulo tardae carpitur ore bovis.
 hinc ego Dardaniae muros excelsaque tecta
 et freta prospiciens arbore nixus eram—
 ecce ! pedum pulsu visa est mihi terra moveri—
 vera loquar veri vix habitura fidem— 60

¹ *So Hous.* : mihi vultus *V* : fuit vultus *P* ω : prima mihi vulnus nuntia fama tulit *Pa*.

² 39-142 are in *Cod. Pal.* and the *Pauline Fragment* : missing elsewhere and in *Plan.* ³ *urgentis Pa.*

^a Of 39-142, Palmer says : " The question of authorship of these verses is bound up with that of the authorship of 21. 13-248. Their date has been a subject of much discussion : many critics have held that they were written so late as the

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beheld your features with my soul ere I saw them with my eyes; rumour, that told me of you, was the first to deal my wound.

³⁰ Yet ^a it is not strange if I am prey to love, as 'tis fitting I should be, stricken by darts that were sped from far. Thus have the fates decreed; and lest you try to say them nay, listen to words told faithfully and true. I was still in my mother's bosom, tardy of birth; her womb already was duly heavy with its load. It seemed to her in the vision of a dream that she put forth from her full womb a mighty flaming torch. In terror she rose up, and told the dread vision of opaque night to ancient Priam; he told it to his seers. One of the seers sang that Ilion would burn with the fire of Paris—that was the torch of my heart, as now has come to pass!

⁵¹ My beauty and my vigour of mind, though I seemed from the common folk, were the sign of hidden nobility. There is a place in the woody vales of midmost Ida, far from trodden paths and covered over with pine and ilex, where never grazes the placid sheep, nor the she-goat that loves the cliff, nor the wide-mouthed, slowly-moving kine. From here, reclining against a tree, I was looking forth upon the walls and lofty roofs of the Dardanian city, and upon the sea, when lo! it seemed to me that the earth trembled beneath the tread of feet—I shall speak true words, though they will scarce have credit for truth—and there appeared and stood

revival of letters . . . Internal evidence seems to point to a date not more than a generation later than that of the composition of the Epistles 16-21: and the general correctness of the versification speaks for an author with an instinctive, not an acquired, feeling for Ovidian verse."

constitit ante oculos actus velocibus alis
 Atlantis magni Pleionesque nepos—
 fas vidisse fuit, fas sit mihi visa referre !—
 inque dei digitis aurea virga fuit ;
 tresque simul divae, Venus et cum Pallade Iuno, 65
 graminibus teneros inposuere pedes.
 obstipui, gelidusque comas erexerat horror,
 cum mihi “ pone metum ! ” nuntius ales ait,
 “ arbiter es formae ; certamina siste dearum ;
 vincere quae forma digna sit una duas ! ” 70
 neve recusarem, verbis Iovis imperat et se
 protinus aetheria tollit in astra via.
 Mens mea convaluit, subitoque audacia venit,
 nec timui vultu quamque notare meo.
 vincere erant omnes dignae iudexque querebar 75
 non omnes causam vincere posse suam.
 sed tamen ex illis iam tunc magis una placebat,
 hanc esse ut scires, unde movetur amor.
 tantaque vincendi cura est ; ingentibus ardent
 iudicium donis sollicitare meum. 80
 regna Iovis coniunx, virtutem filia iactat ;
 ipse potens dubito fortis an esse velim.
 dulce Venus risit ; “ nec¹ te, Pari, munera tangant
 utraque suspensi plena timoris ! ” ait ;
 “ nos dabimus, quod ames, et pulchrae filia Ladae 85
 ibit in amplexus pulchrior illa tuos ! ”
 dixit, et ex aequo donis formaque probata
 victorem caelo rettulit illa pedem.

¹ nec MSS.: ne Bent.

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before my eyes, propelled on pinions swift, the grandchild of mighty Atlas and Pleione—it was allowed me to see, and may it be allowed to speak of what I saw!—and in the fingers of the god was a golden wand. And at the self-same time, three goddesses—Venus, and Pallas, and with her Juno—set tender feet upon the sward. I was mute, and chill tremors had raised my hair on end, when “Lay aside thy fear!” the winged herald said to me; “thou art the arbiter of beauty; put an end to the strivings of the goddesses; pronounce which one deserves for her beauty to vanquish the other two!” And, lest I should refuse, he laid command on me in the name of Jove, and forthwith through the paths of ether betook him toward the stars.

⁷³ My heart was reassured, and on a sudden I was bold, nor feared to turn my face and observe them each. Of winning all were worthy, and I who was to judge lamented that not all could win. But, none the less, already then one of them pleased me more, and you might know it was she by whom love is inspired. Great is their desire to win; they burn to sway my verdict with wondrous gifts. Jove’s consort loudly offers thrones, his daughter, might in war; I myself waver, and can make no choice between power and the valorous heart. Sweetly Venus smiled: “Paris, let not these gifts move thee, both of them full of anxious fear!” she says; “my gift shall be of love, and beautiful Leda’s daughter, more beautiful than her mother, shall come to thy embrace.” She said, and with her gift and beauty equally approved, retraced her way victorious to the skies.

Interea—credo versis ad prospera fatis —
 regius adgnoscor per rata signa puer. 90
 laeta domus nato post tempora longa recepto est,
 addit et ad festos hunc quoque Troia diem.
 utque ego te cupio, sic me cupiere puellae ;
 multarum votum sola tenere potes !
 nec tantum regum natae petiere ducumque, 95
 sed nymphis etiam curaque amorque fui.
 quam super Oenones faciem mirarer ?¹ in orbe
 nec Priamo est a te dignior ulla nurus.
 sed mihi cunctarum subeunt fastidia, postquam
 coniugii spes est, Tyndari, facta tui. 100
 te vigilans oculis, animo te nocte videbam,
 lumina cum placido victa sopore iacent.
 quid facies praesens, quae nondum visa placebas ?
 ardebam, quamvis hic procul ignis erat,
 nec potui debere mihi spem longius istam, 105
 caerulea peterem quin mea vota via.
 Troia caeduntur Phrygia pineta securi
 quaeque erat aequoreis utilis arbor aquis ;
 ardua proceris spoliantur Gargara silvis,
 innumerasque mihi longa dat Ida trabes. 110
 fundatura citas flectuntur robora naves,
 textitur et costis panda carina suis.
 addimus antennas et vela sequentia malo ;²
 accipit et pictos puppis adunca deos ;
 qua tamen ipse vehor, comitata Cupidine parvo 115
 sponsor coniugii stat dea picta tui.³

¹ *So Pa.*: quas super Oenones faciem mirabar *Ehw.*: quas
 . . . Oenonen facies *MSS.*: mutarer *Cod. Pal.*: imitarer
Paul. Frag. ² malo *Pa.*: malos *MSS.*: malis *Ehw.*
³ tui *Bent.*: sui *MSS.*

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⁸⁹ Meanwhile—I suppose because fate had turned to prosper me—I am found by well approved signs to be a child of the royal line. The son, after long time, is taken back to his home, the house is glad, and Troy adds this day, too, to its festivals. And as I long for you, so women have longed for me; alone, you can possess the object of many women's prayers! And not only have the daughters of princes and chieftains sought me, but even the nymphs have felt for me the cares of love. Whose beauty was I to admire more than Oenone's?—after you, the world contains none more fit than she to be bride to Priam's son. But I am weary of all of them, Tyndaris, since hope was made mine of winning you. It was you that filled my vision as I waked, and you my soul saw in the night, when eyes lie overcome in peaceful slumber. What will you be face to face, you who won me yet unseen? I was fired with love, though here, far away, was the flame. I could not longer cheat myself of the hope of you, but started on the dark blue path to seek the object of my vows.

¹⁰⁷ The Trojan groves of pine are felled by the Phrygian axe, and whatsoever tree will serve on the billowy seas; the steeps of Gargara are spoiled of their lofty woods, and far-stretched Ida gives up to me unnumbered beams. The oak is bent to make the frame for the speedy ship, and the curving keel is woven with the ribbed sides. We add the yards, and the sails that hang to the mast; the hook-shaped stern, too, receives its painted gods; on the one which carries me stands painted—and, with her, tiny Cupid—the goddess who is sponsor for your wedding me. After the last hand has been laid

inposita est factae postquam manus ultima classi,
 protinus Aegaeis ire lubebat¹ aquis —
 at pater et genetrix inhihent mea vota rogando
 propositumque pia² voce morantur iter ; 120
 et soror, effusis ut erat, Cassandra, capillis,
 cum vellent nostrae iam dare vela rates,
 “quo ruis ?” exclamat, “referes incendia tecum !
 quanta per has nescis flamma petatur aquas !”
 vera fuit vates ; dictos invenimus ignes, 125
 et ferus in molli pectore flagrat amor !
 Portubus egredior, ventisque ferentibus usus
 applicor in terras, Oebali nympha, tuas.
 excipit hospitio vir me tuus—hoc quoque factum
 non sine consilio numinibusque deum ! 130
 ille quidem ostendit, quidquid Lacedaemone tota
 ostendi dignum conspicuumque fuit ;
 sed mihi laudatam cupienti cernere formam
 lumina nil aliud quo caperentur erat.
 ut vidi, obstipui praecordiaque intima sensi 135
 attonitus curis intumuisse novis.
 his similes vultus, quantum reminiscor, habebat
 venit in arbitrium cum Cytherea meum.
 si tu venisses pariter certamen in illud,
 in dubium Veneris palma futura fuit ! 140
 magna quidem de te rumor praeconia fecit,
 nullaque de facie nescia terra tua est ;
 nec tibi par usquam Phrygia nec solis ab ortu
 inter formosas altera nomen habet !
 Credis et hoc nobis ?—minor est tua gloria vero, 145
 famaue de forma paene maligna tua est ;

¹ lubebat *N. Hein.* : iubebat *Paul. Frag.* : iubebar *Cod. Pal.*

² pia *N. Hein.* : viae *MSS.*

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to the ships, and all is complete, forthwith I am eager to sail the Aegean main—but my father and lady mother hold me back from my purpose with their prayers, and with fond words delay the journey I propose. My sister Cassandra, too, all as she was, with hair let loose, when my vessels were eager now to spread the sail, cried out: “Whither thy head-long course? Thou wilt bring conflagration back with thee! How great the flames thou seekest over these waters, thou dost not know!” A truthful prophetess was she; I have found the fires of which she spoke, and flames of fierce love rage in my helpless breast!

¹²⁷ I sail forth from the harbour, and with favouring winds disembark upon your shores, O nymph of Oebalus' line. Your lord receives me as befits a guest—this, too, an act not without the counsel and approval of the gods! He showed me, of course, whatever in all Lacedaemon was worthy to be shown and sightly to be seen; but I was eager to behold your much-praised charms, and there was nothing else by which my eyes could be held. When I did look on them, I was astonished, mute, and felt new cares swelling big in my inmost breast. Features like those, as near as I recall, were Cytherea's own when she came to be judged by me. If you had come to that contest together with her, the palm of Venus would have come in doubt! Fame has indeed made great heralding of you, and there is no land that knows not of your beauty; no other among fair women has a name like yours—nowhere in Phrygia, nor from the rising of the sun!

¹⁴⁵ Will you believe me when I say this, too?—your glory is less than the truth, and fame has all

plus hic invenio, quam quod promiserat illa,
 et tua materia gloria victa sua est.
 ergo arsit merito, qui noverat omnia, Theseus,
 et visa es tanto digna rapina viro, 150
 more tuae gentis nitida dum nuda palaestra
 ludis et es nudis femina mixta viris.
 quod rapuit, laudo ; miror, quod reddidit umquam.
 tam bona constanter praeda tenenda fuit.
 ante recessisset caput hoc cervice cruenta, 155
 quam tu de thalamis abstraherere meis.
 tene manus umquam nostrae dimittere vellent ?
 tene meo paterer vivus abire sinu ?
 si reddenda fores, aliquid tamen ante tulissem,
 nec Venus ex toto nostra fuisset iners. 160
 vel mihi virginitas esset libata, vel illud
 quod poterat salva virginitate rapi.
 Da modo te, quae sit Paridis constantia, nosces ;
 flamma rogi flammis finiet una meas.
 praeposui regnis ego te, quae maxima quondam 165
 pollicita est nobis nupta sororque Iovis ;
 dumque tuo possem circumdare bracchia collo,
 contempta est virtus Pallade dante mihi.
 nec piget, aut umquam stulte legisse videbor ;
 permanet in voto mens mea firma suo. 170
 spem modo ne nostram fieri patiare caducam,
 deprecor, o tanto digna labore peti !

^a Theseus and Pirithous carried her off, and Castor and Pollux rescued her.

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but maligned your charms ; I find more here than the goddess promised me, and your glory is exceeded by its cause. And so Theseus rightly felt love's flame, for he was acquaint with all your charms, and you seemed fit spoil for the great hero to steal away,^a when, after the manner of your race, you engaged in the sports of the shining palaestra, a nude maid mingled with nude men. His stealing you away, I commend ; my marvel is that he ever gave you back. So fine a spoil should have been kept with constancy. Sooner would this head have left my bloody neck than you have been dragged from marriage-chamber of mine. One like you, would ever these hands of mine be willing to let go ? One like you, would I, alive, allow to leave my embrace ? If you must needs have been rendered up, I should first at least have taken some pledge from you ; my love for you would not have been wholly for naught. Either your virgin flower I should have plucked, or taken what could be stolen without hurt to your virgin state.

¹⁶³ Only give yourself to me, and you shall know of Paris' constancy ; the flame of the pyre alone will end the flames of my love. I have placed you before the kingdoms which greatest Juno, bride and sister of Jove, once promised me ; so I could only clasp my arms about your neck, I have held but cheap the prowess that Pallas would bestow. And I have no regret, nor shall I ever seem in my own eyes to have made a foolish choice ; my mind is fixed and persists in its desire. I only pray, O worthy to be sought with such great toils ! that you will not allow my hopes to fall to earth. I am

non ego coniugium generosae degener opto,
 nec mea, crede mihi, turpiter uxor eris.
 Pliada, si quaeres, in nostra gente Lovemque 175
 invenies, medios ut taceamus avos ;
 sceptrā parens Asiae, qua nulla beatior ora est,
 finibus immensis vix obeunda, tenet.
 innumeras urbes atque aurea tecta videbis,
 quaeque suos dicas templa decere deos. 180
 Ilion adspicies firmataque turribus altis
 moenia, Phoebae structa canore lyrae.
 quid tibi de turba narrem numeroque virorum ?
 vix populum tellus sustinet illa suum.
 occurrent denso tibi Troades agmine matres, 185
 nec capient Phrygias atria nostra nurus.
 o quotiens dices : “quam pauper Achaia nostra est!”
 una domus quaevis urbis habebit opes.
 Nec mihi fas fuerit Sparten contemnere vestram ;
 in qua tu nata es, terra beata mihi est. 190
 parca sed est Sparte, tu cultu divite digna ;
 ad talem formam non facit iste locus.
 hanc faciem largis sine fine paratibus uti
 deliciisque decet luxuriare novis.
 cum videas cultus nostra de gente virorum, 195
 qualem Dardanias credis habere nurus ?
 da modo te facilem, nec dedignare maritum,
 rure Therapnaeo nata puella, Phrygem.
 Phryx erat et nostro genitus de sanguine, qui nunc
 cum dis potando nectare miscet aquas. 200

^a Electra, mother of Dardanus, son of Jove.

^b Apollo with his music caused the walls to rise for Laomedon.

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no seeker after marriage ties with the nobly born, while myself of lowly line, nor will you find it disgrace, believe me, to be my wife. A Pleiad,^a if you will search, you will find in our line, and a Jove, to say naught of our ancestry since their time; my father wields the sceptre over Asia, land than which none other has more wealth, with bounds immense, scarce to be traversed. Unnumbered cities and golden dwellings you will see, and temples you would say fit well their gods. Ilium you will look upon, and its walls made strong with lofty towers, reared to the tunefulness of Phoebus' lyre.^b Why tell you of our thronging multitudes of men? Scarce does that land sustain the dwellers in it. In dense line the Trojan women will press forward to meet you, and our palace halls will scarce contain the daughters of Phrygia. Ah, how often will you say: "How poor is our Achaia!" One household, any one you choose, will show a city's wealth.

¹⁸⁹ And yet let me not presume to look down upon your Sparta; the land in which you were born is rich for me. But a niggard land is Sparta, and you deserve keeping in wealth; with fairness such as yours this place is not in accord. Beauty like yours it befits to enjoy rich adornment without end, and to wanton in ever new delights. When you look on the garb of the men of our race, what garb, think you, must be that of the daughters of Dardanus? Only be compliant, and do not disdain a Phrygian for your lord, you who were born in rural Therapnae. A Phrygian, and born of our blood, was he who now is with the gods, and mingles water with the nectar for their drinking. A Phrygian was

Phryx erat Aurorae coniunx, tamen abstulit illum
 extremum noctis quae dea finit iter.
 Phryx etiam Anchises, volucrum cui mater Amorum
 gaudet in Idaeis concubuisse iugis.
 nec, puto, conlatis forma Menelaus et annis ¹ 205
 iudice te nobis anteferendus erit.
 non dabimus certe socerum tibi clara fugantem
 lumina, qui trepidos a dape vertat equos ;
 nec Priamo pater est soceri de caede cruentus
 et qui Myrtoas crimine signat aquas ; 210
 nec proavo Stygia nostro captantur in unda
 poma, nec in mediis quaeritur umor aquis.
 Quid tamen hoc refert, si te tenet ortus ab illis,
 cogitur huic domui Iuppiter esse socer ?
 heu facinus ! totis indignus noctibus ille 215
 te tenet amplexu perfruiturque tuo ;
 at mihi conspiceris posita vix denique mensa,
 multaque quae laedant hoc quoque tempus habet.
 hostibus eveniant convivia talia nostris,
 exerior posito qualia saepe mero ! 220
 paenitet hospitii, cum me spectante lacertos
 inponit collo rusticus iste tuo.
 rumpor et invideo—quidni tamen omnia narrem ?—
 membra superiecta cum tua veste fovet.
 oscula cum vero coram non dura daretis, 225
 ante oculos posui pocula sumpta meos ;
 lumina demitto cum te tenet artius ille,
 crescit et invito lentus in ore cibus.

¹ annis *P* : armis *G* *ω*.

^a Tithonus, son of Laomedon.

^b Referring to Atreus and his serving to Thyestes his own sons.

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Aurora's mate ;^a yet he was carried away by the goddess who sets the last bound to the advance of night. A Phrygian, too, Anchises, with whom the mother of the wingèd loves rejoices to consort on Ida's ridge. Nor do I think that Menelaus, when you compare our beauty and our years, will find higher place in your esteem than I. I shall at least not give you a father-in-law who puts to flight the clear beams of the sun, and turns away from the feast his affrighted steeds ;^b nor has Priam a sire who is stained with blood from the murder of his bride's father, or who marks the Myrtoan waters with his crime ;^c nor does ancestor of mine catch at fruits in the Stygian wave, or seek for water in the midst of waters.^d

²¹³ Yet what avails me this, if one sprung from them possesses you, and Jove perforce is father-in-law to this house ?^e Ah, crime ! Throughout whole nights that unworthy husband possesses you, enjoying your embrace ; but I—I look on you only when at last the board is laid, and even this time brings many things that pain. May our enemies have such repasts as often I endure when the wine has been set before us ! I regret my being a guest, when before my eyes that rustic lays his arms about your neck. I burst with anger and envy—for why should I not tell everything ?—when he lays his mantle over your limbs to keep you warm. But when you openly give him tender kisses, I take up my goblet and hold it before my eyes ; when he holds you closely pressed, I let my gaze fall, and the dull food

^a Pelops, who compassed the death of Oenomaus in the famous race. ^d Tantalus.

^e Menelaus' wife was daughter of Jove and Leda.

- saepe dedi gemitus ; et te—lasciva !—notavi
 in gemitu risum non tenuisse meo. 230
- saepe mero volui flammam compescere, at illa
 crevit, et ebrietas ignis in igne fuit,
 multaque ne videam, versa cervice recumbo ;
 sed revocas oculos protinus ipsa meos.
- Quid faciam, dubito ; dolor est meus illa videre, 235
 sed dolor a facie maior abesse tua.
- qua licet et possum, luctor celare furorem ;
 sed tamen apparet dissimulatus amor.
- nec tibi verba damus ; sentis mea vulnera, sentis !
 atque utinam soli sint ea nota tibi ! 240
- a, quotiens lacrimis venientibus ora reflexi,
 ne causam fletus quaereret ille mei !
- a, quotiens aliquem narraui potus amorem,
 ad vultus referens singula verba tuos,
 indiciumque mei ficto sub nomine feci ! 245
 ille ego, si nescis, verus amator eram.
- quin etiam, ut possem verbis petulantius uti,
 non semel ebrietas est simulata mihi.
- Proditae sunt, memini, tunica tua pectora laxa
 atque oculis aditum nuda dedere meis— 250
- pectora vel puris nivibus vel lacte tuamque
 complexo matrem candidiora Iove.
- dum stupeo visis—nam pocula forte tenebam—
 tortilis a digitis excidit ansa meis.
- oscula si natae dederas, ego protinus illa 255
 Hermiones tenero laetus ab ore tuli.

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grows big within my unwilling mouth. Many a time I have let forth groans; and you—ah, mischief that you are!—I have marked you unable to keep from laughing when I groaned. Oft I would have quenched the flame of love in wine, but it grew instead, and drinking was but fire upon the fire. That I may miss the sight of much, I recline with head turned from you; but you yourself straightway recall my eyes again.

²³⁵ What I shall do, I know not; I suffer when I look upon these things, but I suffer more when I lack the sight of your face. In whatever way I am allowed and have the power, I struggle to conceal my madness; but none the less the love I cover up appears. And I am not deceiving you; you are aware what wounds are mine—you are aware! And would that they were known to you alone! Ah, how often at the coming of my tears I have turned away my face, lest that man should ask the reasons why I wept! Ah, how often, when in wine, I have told the tale of some amour, speaking straight to your face each single word, and have given you hint of myself under the made-up name! I was the real lover—if you do not know. Nay, indeed, that I might be able to use more froward speech, not once alone have I feigned I was in wine.

²⁴⁰ Your bosom once, I remember, was betrayed by your robe; it was loose, and left your charms bare to my gaze—breasts whiter than pure snows, or milk, or Jove when he embraced your mother. While I sat in ecstasy at the sight—I chanced to have my goblet in hand—the twisted handle fell from my fingers. If you had bestowed kisses on your child Hermione, I forthwith snatched them with joy from

et modo cantabam veteres resupinus amores,
 et modo per nutum signa tegenda dabam.
 et comitum primas, Clymenen Aethramque, tuarum
 ausus sum blandis nuper adire sonis, 260
 quae mihi non aliud, quam formidare, locutae
 orantis medias deseruere preces.
 Di facerent, pretium magni certaminis esses,
 teque suo posset victor habere toro!—
 ut tulit Hippomenes Schoeneida praemia cursus, 265
 venit ut in Phrygios Hippodamia sinus,
 ut ferus Alcides Acheloia cornua fregit,
 dum petit amplexus, Deianira, tuos.
 nostra per has leges audacia fortiter isset,
 teque mei scires esse laboris opus. 270
 nunc mihi nil superest nisi te, formosa, precari,
 amplectique tuos, si patiare, pedes.
 o decus, o praesens geminorum gloria fratrum,
 o Iove digna viro, ni Iove nata fores,
 aut ego Sigeos repetam te coniuge portus, 275
 aut hic Taenaria contegar exul humo!
 non mea sunt summa leviter destricta¹ sagitta
 pectora; descendit vulnus ad ossa meum!
 hoc mihi—nam repeto—fore, ut a caeleste sagitta
 figar, erat verax vaticinata soror. 280
 parce datum fatis, Helene, contemnere amorem—
 sic habeas faciles in tua vota deos!
 Multa quidem subeunt; sed coram ut plura loquamur,
 excipe me lecto nocte silente tuo.

¹ So *Hous.*

THE HEROIDES XVI

her tender lips. And now I would sing of old amours, lying careless on my back; and again I would nod, making signs I should have kept hid. The first of your companions, Clymene and Aethra, I lately ventured to approach with flattering words; who said naught else than that they were afraid, and left me in the midst of my entreaties.

²⁶³ Ah, might the gods make you the prize in a mighty contest, and let the victor have you for his couch!—as Hippomenes bore off, the prize of his running, Schoeneus' daughter, as Hippodamia came to Phrygian embrace, as fierce Hercules broke the horns of the Achelous while aspiring to thy embraces, Deianira. My daring would have boldly made its way in the face of conditions such as these, and you would know well how to be the object of my toils. Now nothing is left me but to entreat you, beauteous one, and to embrace your feet, so you suffer it. O honour, O present glory of the twin brethren, O worthy of Jove to husband were you not the child of Jove—either I shall return to the haven of Sigeum with you as my bride, or here, an exile, be covered with Taenarian earth! It is not slightly that my breast has been pierced, only by the arrow's point; my wound is deep—to the very bones! This—for I recall it—was what my truthful sister prophesied—that I should be transfixed by a heavenly dart. Do not, O Helen, despise a love ordained by fate—so may you find the gods gracious to your prayers!

²⁸³ Many things indeed come to my mind; but, that we may say more face to face, welcome me to your couch in the silent night. Or do you feel

an pudet et metuis Venerem temerare maritam 285
 castaque legitimi fallere iura tori?
 a, nimium simplex Helene, ne rustica dicam,
 hanc faciem culpa posse carere putas?
 aut faciem mutes aut sis non dura, necesse est;
 lis est cum forma magna pudicitiae. 290
 • Iuppiter his gaudet, gaudet Venus aurea furtis;
 haec tibi nempe patrem furta dedere Iovem.
 vix fieri, si sunt vires in semine morum,¹
 et Iovis et Ledaë filia, casta potes.
 casta tamen tum sis, cum te mea Troia tenebit, 295
 et tua sim, quaeso, crimina solus ego.
 nunc ea peccemus quae corriget hora iugalis,
 si modo promisit non mihi vana Venus!
 Sed tibi et hoc suadet rebus, non voce, maritus,
 neve sui furtis hospitis obstet, abest. 300
 non habuit tempus, quo Cresia regna videret,
 aptius—o mira calliditate virum!
 “res, et ut² Idaeï mando tibi,” dixit iturus,
 “curam pro nobis hospitis, uxor, agas.”
 nec legis absentis, testor, mandata mariti! 305
 cura tibi non est hospitis ulla tui.
 huncine tu speras hominem sine pectore dotes
 posse satis formae, Tyndari, nosse tuae?
 falleris—ignorat; nec, si bona magna putaret,
 quae tenet, externo crederet illa viro. 310
 ut te nec mea vox nec te meus incitet ardor,
 cogimur ipsius commoditate frui—
 aut erimus stulti, sic ut superemus et ipsum,
 si tam securum tempus abibit iners.

¹ morum *Merk.*: amorum *P G V Plan.*: avorum *s N Hein.*

² *So Madv.*: esset et *P G V*: esset ut *G*: ivit et *s*: is
 “sed et” *Pa.*

THE HEROIDES XVI

shame and fear to violate your wedded love, and to be false to the chaste bonds of a lawful bed? Ah, too simple—nay, too rustic—Helen! do you think that beauty of yours can be free from fault? Either you must change your beauty, or you must needs not be hard; fairness and modesty are mightily at strife. Jove's delight, and the delight of Venus, are in stealthy sins like these; such stealthy sins, indeed, gave you Jove for sire. If power over character be in the seed, it scarce can be that you, the child of Jove and Leda, will remain chaste. Be chaste, nevertheless—but when my Troy shall hold you; and let your guilt, I beg, be with me alone. Let our sin now be one the hour of marriage will correct—if only what Venus promised me is not in vain!

²⁹⁹ But even your husband presses you on to this—by deed, if not by word. That his guest may find no bar to theft, he absents himself. He could find no time more suited for him to see the realms of Crete—O husband marvellously shrewd! “I enjoin upon you in my stead the care of my affairs, and of our guest from Ida,” he said, making ready to depart. I call you to witness; you neglect the injunction of your absent lord; you are not caring for your guest at all. Do you hope, Tyndaris, that so senseless a man as this can know well the riches of your beauty? You are deceived—he does not know; if he thought great the possessions that he holds, he would not entrust them to an outlander. Though neither my words should move you, nor my ardour, I am driven to take the advantage he himself gives—or I shall be foolish, even to surpassing him, if I let so safe a time go idly by. Almost with his own

paene suis ad te manibus deducit amantem ; 315
 utere mandatis simplicitate viri !
 Sola iaces viduo tam longa nocte cubili ;
 in viduo iaceo solus et ipse toro.
 te mihi meque tibi communia gaudia iungant ;
 candidior medio nox erit illa die. 320
 tunc ego iurabo quaevis tibi numina meque
 adstringam verbis in sacra vestra¹ meis ;
 tunc ego, si non est fallax fiducia nostra,
 efficiam praesens, ut mea regna petas.
 si pudet et metuis ne me videre secuta, 325
 ipse reus sine te criminis huius ero ;
 nam sequar Aegidae factum fratrumque tuorum.
 exemplo tangi non propiore potes.
 te rapuit Theseus, geminas Leucippidas illi ;
 quartus in exemplis adnumerabor ego. 330
 Troia classis adest armis instructa virisque ;
 iam facient celeres remus et aura vias.
 ibis Dardanias ingens regina per urbes,
 teque novam credet vulgus adesse deam,
 quaque feres gressus, adolebunt cinnama flammae, 335
 caesaque sanguineam victima planget humum.
 dona pater fratresque et cum genetrice sorores
 Iliadesque omnes totaque Troia dabit.
 ei mihi ! pars a me vix dicitur ulla futuri.
 plura feres, quam quae littera nostra refert. 340
 Nec tu rapta time, ne nos fera bella sequantur,
 concitet et vires Graecia magna suas.

¹ *So Pa.*: sacra iura ω : tua iura *Ehw.*

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hands he has brought your lover to you ; profit by the behests of your artless lord !

³¹⁷ You lie alone through the long night in a companionless couch ; in a companionless bed I, too, lie alone. Let mutual delights join you to me, and me to you ; brighter than mid of day will that night be. Then I will swear to you by whatever gods you choose, and bind myself by my oath to observe the rites of your choice ; then, if confidence does not beguile me, with a plea in person I will make you wish to seek my realms. If you feel shame and fear lest you seem to have followed me, I myself will meet this charge without you ; for I will imitate the deed of Aegeus' son and of your brothers. You can be touched by no examples nearer than these. Theseus stole you away, and they the twin daughters of Leucippus ; I shall be counted fourth among such examples. The Trojan fleet is ready, equipped with arms and men ; soon oar and breeze will make swift our way. Like a great queen you will make your progress through the Dardanian towns, and the common crowd will think a new goddess come to earth ; wherever you advance your steps, flames will consume the cinnamon, and the slain victim will strike the bloody earth. My father and my brothers and my sisters, with their mother, and all the daughters of Ilion, and Troy entire, will bring you gifts. Ah me ! I am telling you scarce any part of what will be. You will receive more than my letter tells.

³⁴¹ And do not fear lest, if you are stolen away, fierce wars will follow after us, and mighty Greece will rouse her strength. Of so many who have been

tot prius abductis ecqua est repetita per arma ?
 crede mihi, vanos res habet ista metus.
 nomine ceperunt Aquilonis Erechthida Thraces, 345
 et tuta a bello Bistonis ora fuit ;
 Phasida puppe nova vexit Pagasaeus Iason,
 laesa neque est Colcha Thessala terra manu.
 te quoque qui rapuit, rapuit Minoida Theseus ;
 nulla tamen Minos Cretas ad arma vocat. 350
 terror in his ipso maior solet esse periclo,
 quaque timere libet, pertimuisse pudet.
 Finge tamen, si vis, ingens consurgere bellum—
 et mihi sunt vires, et mea tela nocent.
 nec minor est Asiae quam vestrae copia terrae ; 355
 illa viris dives, dives abundat equis.
 nec plus Atrides animi Menelaus habebit
 quam Paris aut armis anteferendus erit.
 paene puer caesis abducta armenta recepi,
 hostibus et causam nominis inde tuli ; 360
 paene puer iuvenes vario certamine vici,
 in quibus Ilioneus Deiphobusque fuit ;
 neve putes, non me nisi comminus esse timendum,
 figitur in iusso nostra sagitta loco.
 num potes haec illi primae dare facta iuventae ? 365
 instruere Atriden num potes arte mea ?
 omnia si dederis, numquid dabis Hectora fratrem ?
 unus is innumeri militis instar erit !
 quid valeam nescis, et te mea robora fallunt ;
 ignoras, cui sis nupta futura viro. 370

^a Alexandros, protector of men (the shepherds).

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taken away before, tell me, has any one ever been sought back by arms? Believe me, that fear of yours is vain. In the name of Aquilo the Thracians took captive Erechtheus' child, and the Bistonian shore was safe from war; Pegasaeon Jason in his new craft carried away the Phasian maid, and the land of Thessaly was never harmed by Colchian band. Theseus, too, he who stole you, stole Minos' daughter; yet Minos called the Cretans ne'er to arms. The terror in things like these is wont to be greater than the danger itself, and where 'tis our humour to fear, we shame to have feared too much.

³⁵³ Imagine none the less, if you wish, that a great war is set on foot—I, too, have power, and my weapons, too, are deadly. Nor is the resource of Asia less than that of your land; in men is that country rich, and richly abounds in horses. Nor will Menelaus, Atreus' son, have spirit more than Paris, or be esteemed before him in arms. While yet almost a child, I slew the enemy and got back our herds, and from the exploit received the name I bear^a; while yet almost a child, I overcame young men in varied contest, and among them Ilioneus and Deiphobus; and, lest you think me not to be feared but in the thick of the fight, my arrow is fixed in any spot you choose. Can you bespeak for him such deeds of first young manhood? can you claim for the son of Atreus skill like mine? If you should claim for him everything, could you give him Hector for a brother? He alone will have the might of unnumbered warriors! My powers you do not know, and my prowess you have never seen. You do not know the man whose bride you are to be.

quo magis admiror, quae sit fiducia coepti,
 spemque tori dederit quae tibi causa mei. 20
 an, quia vim nobis Neptunius attulit heros,
 rapta semel videor bis quoque digna rapi ?
 crimen erat nostrum, si delinita fuisset ;
 cum sim rapta, meum quid nisi nolle fuit ?
 non tamen e facto fructum tulit ille petitum ; 25
 excepto redii passa timore nihil.
 oscula luctanti tantummodo pauca protervus
 abstulit ; ulterius nil habet ille mei.
 quae tua nequitia est, non his contenta fuisset—
 di melius ! similis non fuit ille tui. 30
 reddidit intactam, minuitque modestia crimen,
 et iuvenem facti paenituisse patet ;
 Thesea paenituit, Paris ut succederet illi,
 ne quando nomen non sit in ore meum ?
 nec tamen irascor—quis enim succenset amanti ?—35
 si modo, quem praefers, non simulatur amor.
 hoc quoque enim dubito—non quod fiducia desit,
 aut mea sit facies non bene nota mihi ;
 sed quia credulitas damno solet esse puellis,
 verbaque dicuntur vestra carere fide. 40
 At peccant aliae, matronaque rara pudica est.
 quis prohibet raris nomen inesse meum ?
 nam mea quod visa est tibi mater idonea, cuius
 exemplo flecti me quoque posse putes,
 matris in admissio falsa sub imagine lusae 45
 error inest ; pluma tectus adulter erat.
 nil ego, si peccem, possum nescisse, nec ullus
 error qui facti crimen obumbret erit.

^a Theseus.

^b Leda and the swan.

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For this I wonder the more what confidence inspires your enterprise, and what cause has given you hope to share my couch. Because the Neptunian hero^a employed violence with me, can it be that, stolen once, I seem fit to be stolen, too, a second time? The blame were mine, had I been lured away; but seized, as I was, what could I do, more than refuse my will? Yet he did not reap from his deed the fruitage he desired; except my fright, I returned with no harm. Kisses only, and few, the wanton took, and those despite my struggles; farther than that, he possesses naught of mine. Such villainy as yours would not have been content with this—ye gods do better by me! he was not a man like you. He gave me back untouched, and moderation lessened his blame; the youth repented of his deed, 'tis plain. Did Theseus repent but for Paris to follow in his steps, lest my name should sometime cease from the lips of men? Yet I am not angered—for who grows offended with a lover?—if only what you profess is not pretended love. For I doubt of this too—not that I lack ground for confidence, or that my beauty is not well known to me; but that quick belief is wont to bring harm upon a woman, and your words are said to lack in faith.

⁴¹ You say that others yield to sin, and the matron is rare that is chaste. Who is to keep my name from being among the rare? For, as to my mother's seeming to you a fit example, and your thinking you can turn me, too, by citing it, you are mistaken there, since she fell through being deceived by a false outside; her lover was disguised by plumage.^b For me, if I should sin I can plead ignorance of nothing; there will be no error to obscure the crime

illa bene erravit vitiumque auctore redemit.
 felix in culpa quo Iove dicar ego ? 50
 Sed¹ genus et proavos et regia nomina iactas.
 clara satis domus haec nobilitate sua est.
 Iuppiter ut soceri proavus taceatur et omne
 Tantalidae Pelopis Tyndareique decus,²
 dat mihi Leda Iovem cygno decepta parentem, 55
 quae falsam gremio credula fovit avem.
 i nunc et Phrygiae late primordia gentis
 cumque suo Priamum Laumedonte refer !
 quos ego suspicio ; sed qui tibi gloria magna est
 quintus, is a nostro nomine primus erit. 60
 scepra tuae quamvis rear esse potentia terrae,
 non tamen haec illis esse minora puto.
 si iam divitiis locus hic numeroque virorum
 vincitur, at certe barbara terra tua est.
 Munera tanta quidem promittit epistula dives 65
 ut possint ipsas illa movere deas ;
 sed si iam vellem fines transire pudoris,
 tu melior culpa causa futurus eras.
 aut ego perpetuo famam sine labe tenebo,
 aut ego te potius quam tua dona sequar ; 70
 utque ea non sperno, sic acceptissima semper
 munera sunt, auctor quae pretiosa facit.
 plus multo est, quod amas, quod sum tibi causa-
 laboris,
 quod tam per longas spes tua venit aquas.

¹ sed *Hous.*: quod *s*: ea *P*: et many *MSS.*

² decus *P*: genus *G V ω*.

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of what I do. Her error was well made, and her sin redeemed by its author. With what Jove shall I be called happy in my fault?

⁵¹ But you boast your birth, your ancestry, and your royal name. This house of mine is glorious enough with its own nobility. To say naught of Jove, forefather of my husband's sire, and all the glory of Pelops, Tantalus' son, and of Tyndareus, Leda makes Jove my father, deceived by the swan, false bird she cherished in her trusting bosom. Go now, and loudly tell of remote beginnings of the Phrygian stock, and of Priam with his Laomedon! Them I esteem; but he who is your great glory and fifth from you, you will find is first from our name.^a Although I believe the sceptres of your Troy are powerful, yet I think these of ours not less than they. If indeed this place is surpassed in riches and number of men, yours at any rate is a barbarous land.

⁶⁵ Your letter, to be sure, promises gifts so great they could move the goddesses themselves; but, were I willing to overstep the limit of my honour, yourself would have been a better cause of fault. Either I shall hold forever to my stainless name, or I shall follow you rather than your gifts; and if I do not scorn them, it is because those gifts are ever most welcome whose giver makes them precious. It is much more that you love me, that I am the cause of your toils, that your hope of me has led you over waters so wide.

^a Helen, Jove; Paris, Priam, Laomedon, Ilus, Tros, Erichthonius, Dardanus, Jove. The usual pedigree makes Jove seventh from Paris.

Illa quoque, adposita quae nunc facis, inprobe,
 mensa, 75
 quamvis experiar dissimulare, noto—
 cum modo me spectas oculis, lascive, protervis,
 quos vix instantes lumina nostra ferunt,
 et modo suspiras, modo pocula proxima nobis
 sumis, quaque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis. 80
 a, quotiens digitis, quotiens ego tecta notavi
 signa supercilio paene loquente dari!
 et saepe extimui ne vir meus illa videret,
 non satis occultis erubique notis!
 saepe vel exiguo vel nullo murmure dixi: 85
 “nil pudet hunc.” nec vox haec mea falsa fuit.
 orbe quoque in mensae legi sub nomine nostro,
 quod deducta mero littera fecit, amo.
 credere me tamen hoc oculo renuente negavi—
 ei mihi, iam didici sic ego posse loqui! 90
 his ego blanditiis, si peccatura fuisset,
 flecterer; his poterant pectora nostra capi.
 est quoque, confiteor, facies tibi rara, potestque
 velle sub amplexus ire puella tuos;
 altera vel potius felix sine crimine fiat, 95
 quam cadat externo noster amore pudor.
 disce meo exemplo formosis posse carere;
 est virtus placitis abstinuisse bonis.
 quam multos credis iuvenes optare quod optas,
 qui sapiant? oculos an Paris unus habes? 100
 non tu plus cernis, sed plus temerarius audes;
 nec tibi plus cordis, sed minus¹ oris, adest.

¹ minus *PG* ω: magis s.

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⁷⁵ What you do now when our board has been spread, oh, shameless one! I also note, though I try to feign—when now you look on me, wanton, with those bold eyes which my own can scarcely meet when they assail me, and now sigh, and now again take up the goblet nearest me, and yourself, too, drink from the part where I have drunk. Oh, how often have I noted the covert signals you made with your fingers, how often those from your almost speaking brows! And oft I have been in terror lest my husband see it, and have reddened at the signs you did not well conceal. Oft in lowest murmur, or, rather, with no sound at all, I have said: “He has no shame for anything!” and this word of mine was not false. On the round surface of the table, too, I have read beneath my name, which had been writ with the tracing of wine: I LOVE. I could not believe you, none the less, and signified it with my eyes—ah me, already I have learned that thus one may speak! These are the blandishments, had I been disposed to sin, by which I could be bent; by these my heart could be taken prisoner. Your beauty, too, I confess, is rare, and a woman might well wish to submit to your embrace; but let another be happy without reproach rather than my honour fall before a stranger’s love. Learn from my example how to live without the fair; there is virtue in abstinence from what delights. How many youths, think you, desire what you desire, and yet are wise? Or are you, Paris, the only one with eyes? You see no more clearly: your daring is only more rash; nor have you more spirit, but less of modesty.

Tunc ego te vellem celeri venisse carina,
 cum mea virginitas mille petita procis ;
 si te vidissem, primus de mille fuisses. — 105
 iudicio veniam vir dabit ipse meo.
 ad possessa venis praeceptaque gaudia, serus ;
 spes tua lenta fuit ; quod petis, alter habet.
 ut tamen optarem fieri tua Troica coniunx,
 invitam sic me nec Menelaus habet. 110
 desine molle, precor, verbis convellere pectus,
 neve mihi, quam te dicis amare, noce ;
 sed sine quam tribuit sortem fortuna tueri,
 nec spolium nostri turpe pudoris ave !¹
 At Venus hoc pacta est, et in altae vallibus Idae 115
 tres tibi se nudas exhibuere deae,
 unaque cum regnum, belli daret altera laudem,
 “Tyndaridis coniunx,” tertia dixit, “eris !”
 credere vix equidem caelestia corpora possum
 arbitrio formam supposuisse tuo, 120
 utque sit hoc verum, certe pars altera ficta est,
 iudicii pretium qua data dicor ego.
 non est tanta mihi fiducia corporis, ut me
 maxima teste dea dona fuisse putem.
 contenta est oculis hominum mea forma probari ; 125
 laudatrix Venus est invidiosa mihi.
 sed nihil infirmo ; faveo quoque laudibus istis—
 nam mea vox quare, quod cupit, esse neget ?
 nec tu succense, nimium mihi creditus aegre ;
 tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides. 130

¹ ave *Pa.*: habe *MSS.*

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¹⁰³ I would the time of your swift keel's coming had been when my maiden hand was sought by a thousand suitors; had I seen you, of the thousand you would have been the first. My husband himself will pardon this judgment of mine. You come late—to joys already seized on and possessed; your hope has been tardy; what you seek, another has. Grant, none the less, that I longed to become your bride at Troy, even so think not Menelaus holds me against my will. Cease, I pray, to pluck with your words at my faltering heart, and do not give pain to her you say you love; but allow me to keep the lot that fortune has given, and do not covet to my shame the spoil of my honour.

¹¹⁵ You say Venus gave her word for this; and that in the vales of Ida three goddesses presented themselves unclad before you; and that when one of them would give you a throne, and the second glory in war, the third said: "The daughter of Tyndareus shall be your bride!" I can scarce believe that heavenly beings submitted their beauty to you as arbiter: and, grant that this is true, surely the other part of your tale is fiction, in which I am said to have been given you as reward for your verdict. I am not so assured of my charms as to think myself the greatest gift in the divine esteem. My beauty is content to be approved in the eyes of men; the praise of Venus would bring envy on me. Yet I attempt no denial; I am even pleased with the praises you report—for why should my words deny what I much desire? Nor be offended that I am over slow to believe in you; faith is wont to be slow in matters of great moment.

Prima mea est igitur Veneri placuisse voluptas ;
 proxima, me visam praemia summa tibi,
 nec te Palladios nec te Iunonis honores
 auditis Helenae praeposuisse bonis.
 ergo ego sum virtus, ego sum tibi nobile regnum! 135
 ferrea sim, si non hoc ego pectus amem.
 ferrea, crede mihi, non sum ; sed amare repugno
 illum, quem fieri vix puto posse meum.
 quid bibulum curvo proscindere litus aratro,
 spemque sequi coner quam locus ipse negat? 140
 sum rudis ad Veneris furtum, nullaque fidelem—
 di mihi sunt testes—lusimus arte virum.
 nunc quoque, quod tacito mando mea verba libello,
 fungitur officio littera nostra novo.
 felices, quibus usus adest ! ego nescia rerum 145
 difficilem culpae suspicor esse viam.
 Ipse malo metus est ; iam nunc confundor, et omnes
 in nostris oculos vultibus esse reor.
 nec reor hoc falso ; sensi mala murmura vulgi,
 et quasdam voces rettulit Aethra mihi. 150
 at tu dissimula, nisi si desistere mavis !
 sed cur desistas ? dissimulare potes.
 lude, sed occulte ! maior, non maxima, nobis
 est data libertas, quod Menelaus abest.
 ille quidem procul est, ita re cogente, profectus ; 155
 magna fuit subitae iustaque causa viae—
 aut mihi sic visum est. ego, cum dubitaret an iret,
 “quam primum,” dixi, “fac rediturus eas !”
 omine laetatus dedit oscula, “res” que “domusque
 et tibi sit curae Troicus hospes,” ait. 160

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131 My first pleasure, then, is to have found favour in the eyes of Venus; the next, that I seemed the greatest prize to you, and that you placed first the honours neither of Pallas nor of Juno when you had heard of Helen's parts. So, then, I mean valour to you, I mean a far-famed throne! I should be of iron, did I not love such a heart. Of iron, believe me, I am not; but I fight against my love for one who I think can hardly become my own. Why should I essay with curvèd plough to furrow the watery shore, and to follow a hope which the place itself denies? I am not practised in the theft of love, and never yet—the gods are my witnesses—have I artfully made sport of my lord. Even now, as I entrust my words to the voiceless page, my letter performs an office all unwonted. Happy they who are no novices! I, ignorant of the world, dream that the path of guilt is hard.

147 My very fear is a burden, I am in confusion even now, and think that the eyes of all are on my face. Nor do I think so groundlessly; I have caught the evil murmurs of the crowd, and Aethra has brought back certain words to me. But you—do you feign, unless you choose rather to desist! Yet why should you desist?—you have the power to feign. Keep on with your play, yet secretly! Greater, yet not the greatest, freedom is given me by Menelaus' absence. He is away, to be sure, on a far journey, for so his affairs compelled; he had great and just cause for his sudden setting forth—or so it seemed to me. 'Twas I, when he was doubting whether to go, that said: "Go, but see that you return as soon as may be!" Glad at the omen, he kissed me, and, "Look you to my affairs, and to the household, and to our

vix tenui risum, quem dum conpescere luctor,
 nil illi potui dicere praeter "erit."
 Vela quidem Creten ventis dedit ille secundis;
 sed tu non ideo cuncta licere puta!
 sic meus hinc vir abest ut me custodiat absens— 165
 an nescis longas regibus esse manus?
 fama quoque est oneri; nam quo constantius ore
 laudamur vestro, iustius ille timet.
 quae iuvat, ut nunc est, eadem mihi gloria damno est,
 et melius famae verba dedisse fuit. 170
 nec quod abest hic me tecum mirare relictam;
 moribus et vitae credidit ille meae.
 de facie metuit, vitae confidit, et illum
 securum probitas, forma timere facit.
 Tempora ne pereant ultro data praecipis, utque 175
 simplicis utamur commoditate viri.
 et libet et timeo, nec adhuc exacta voluntas
 est satis; in dubio pectora nostra labant.
 et vir abest nobis, et tu sine coniuge dormis,
 inque vicem tua me, te mea forma capit; 180
 et longae noctes, et iam sermone coimus,
 et tu, me miseram! blandus, et una domus.
 et peream, si non invitant omnia culpam;
 nescio quo tardor sed tamen ipsa metu!
 quod male persuades, utinam bene cogere posses! 185
 vi mea rusticitas excutienda fuit.

THE HEROIDES XVII

guest from Troy," he says. I scarce could hold my laughter; and, while I struggled to keep it back, could say to him nothing except "I will."

¹⁶⁸ Yes, he has spread sail for Crete with favouring winds; but think not for this that everything may be as you choose! My lord is away, but in such wise that he guards me, even though away—or know you not that monarchs have far-reaching hands? My fame, too, is a burden to me; for, the more you men persist in your praise of me, the more justly does he fear. The glory that is my delight, just now is a bane as well, and it were better I had cheated fame. Nor let his absence cause you to wonder that I have been left here with you; my character and way of life have taught him trust. My face makes him fearful, my life makes him sure; he feels secure in my virtue, my charms rouse his fear.

¹⁷⁵ You urge on me that opportunity freely offered should not be wasted, and that we should profit by the obliging ways of a simple husband. I both desire it and I am afraid. So far my will is not determined; my heart is wavering in doubt. Both my lord is away from me, and you are without companion for your sleep, and your beauty takes me, and mine in turn you; the nights, too, are long, and we already come together in speech, and you—wretched me!—are persuasive, and the same roof covers us. May I perish if all things do not invite me to my fall; and yet some fear still holds me back! What you basely urge on me, would that you could in honour compel me to! You should have cast out by force the scruples of my rustic

utilis interdum est ipsis iniuria passis.
 sic certe felix esse coacta forem.
 Dum novus est, potius coepto pugnemus amori!
 flamma recens parva sparsa resedit aqua. 190
 certus in hospitibus non est amor; errat, ut ipsi,
 cumque nihil speres firmitus esse, fuit.
 Hypsipyle testis, testis Minoia virgo est,
 in non exhibitis utraque lusa¹ toris.
 tu quoque dilectam multos, infide, per annos 195
 diceris Oenonen destituisse tuam.
 nec tamen ipse negas; et nobis omnia de te
 quaerere, si nescis, maxima cura fuit.
 adde, quod, ut cupias constans in amore manere,
 non potes. expediunt iam tua vela Phryges; 200
 dum loqueris mecum, dum nox sperata paratur,
 qui ferat in patriam, iam tibi ventus erit.
 cursibus in mediis novitatis plena relinques
 gaudia; cum ventis noster abibit amor.
 An sequar, ut suades, laudataque Pergama visam 205
 pronurus et magni Laumedontis ero?
 non ita contemno volucris praeconia famae,
 ut probris terras inpleat illa meis.
 quid de me poterit Sparte, quid Achaia tota,
 quid gentes aliae,² quid tua Troia loqui? 210
 quid Priamus de me, Priami quid sentiet uxor,
 totque tui fratres Dardanidesque nurus?
 tu quoque, qui poteris fore me sperare fidelem,
 et non exemplis anxius esse tuis?

¹ lusa s: insta P V G: questa Hein.

² aliae P s: Asiae many MSS.

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heart. Wrong sometimes brings gain even to those themselves who suffer it. In this way, surely I could have been compelled to happiness.

¹⁸⁹ While it is new, let us rather fight against the love we have begun to feel. A new-kindled flame dies down when sprinkled with but little water. Uncertain is the love of strangers; it wanders, like themselves, and when you expect nothing to be more sure, 'tis gone. Hypsipyle is witness, witness is the Minoan maid, both mocked in their unacknowledged marriage-beds. You, too, faithless one, they say have abandoned your Oenone, beloved for many years. Nor yet do you yourself deny it; and, if you do not know, to inquire into all concerning you has been my greatest care. Besides, though you should long to remain constant in love, you have not the power. The Phrygians are even now unfurling your sails; while you are speaking with me, while you are making ready for the hoped-for night, already the wind to bear you homeward will be here. In their mid course you will abandon joys yet full of freshness; away with the winds will go your love of me.

²⁰⁵ Or shall I follow as you urge, and look upon the Pergamum you praise, and be a bride of the grandchild of great Laomedon? I do not so despise the heraldings of the winged talk of men that I would let it fill the earth with my reproach. What will Sparta find to say of me, what all Achaia, what other peoples, what your Troy? What will Priam think of me, what Priam's wife, and all your many brothers and their Dardanian wives? You, too, how will you be able to hope that I shall keep faith and not be troubled by your own example? Whatever

quicumque Iliacos intraverit advena portus, 215
 is tibi solliciti causa timoris erit.
 ipse mihi quotiens iratus "adultera!" dices,
 oblitus nostro crimen inesse tuum!
 delicti fies idem reprehensor et auctor.
 terra, precor, vultus obruat ante meos! 220
 At fruar Iliacis opibus cultuque beato,
 donaque promissis uberiora feram;
 purpura nempe mihi pretiosaque texta dabuntur,
 congestoque auri pondere dives ero!
 da veniam fassae—non sunt tua munera tanti; 225
 nescio quo tellus me tenet ipsa modo.
 quis mihi, si laedar, Phrygiis succurret in oris?
 unde petam fratres, unde parentis opem?
 omnia Medae fallax promisit Iason—
 pulsa est Aesonia num minus illa domo? 230
 non erat Aeetes, ad quem despecta rediret,
 non Idyia parens Chalciopeque soror.
 tale nihil timeo—sed nec Medea timebat!
 fallitur augurio spes bona saepe suo.
 omnibus invenies, quae nunc iactantur in alto, 235
 navibus a portu lene fuisse fretum.
 Fax quoque me terret, quam se peperisse cruentam
 ante diem partus est tua visa parens;
 et vatum timeo monitus, quos igne Pelasgo
 Ilion arsurum praemonuisse ferunt. 240
 utque favet Cytherea tibi, quia vicit habetque
 parta per arbitrium bina tropaea tuum,
 sic illas vereor, quae, si tua gloria vera est,
 iudice te causam non tenuere duae;

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stranger shall have entered the harbours of Ilium will be the cause of anxious fears for you. You yourself, how often in anger will you say to me: "Adulteress!" forgetful that your own reproach is linked with mine! You will be at the same time the censor and the author of my fault. Ere that, I pray, may earth lie heavy o'er my face!

²²¹ But you say I shall enjoy the wealth of Ilium and a life of all things rich, and shall have gifts more splendid even than your promise; yes, purple and precious webs will be given me, and I shall be rich with heaped-up weight of gold! Forgive me if I say it—your gifts are not worth so much; I know not how, my land itself still holds me back. Who will succour me on Phrygian shores if I meet with harm? Where shall I look for brothers, where for a father's aid? All things false Jason promised to Medea—was she the less thrust forth from the house of Aeson? There was no Aeëtes to receive the scorned maid home, no mother Idyia, no sister Chalciope. Naught like this do I fear—but neither did Medea fear! Fair hope is often deceived in its own augury. For every ship tossed now upon the deep, you will find that the sea was gentle as it left the harbour.

²³⁷ The torch, too, starts my fears—the bloody torch your mother brought forth in vision before the day of her travail; and I shrink at the words of the seers who they say forewarned that Ilium would burn with Pelasgian fire. And, just as Cytherea favours you, because she was victorious and has a twofold trophy won from the verdict you gave, so I fear those two that—if your boast be true—lost their causes by your judging; and I do not doubt

nec dubito, quin, te si prosequar, arma parentur. 245
 ibit per gladios, ei mihi! noster amor.
 an fera Centauris indicere bella coegit
 Atracis Haemonios Hippodamia viros—
 tu fore tam iusta lentum Menelaon in ira
 et geminos fratres Tyndareumque putas? 250
 Quod bene te iactes et fortia facta loquaris,
 a verbis facies dissidet ista tuis.
 apta magis Veneri, quam sunt tua corpora Marti.
 bella gerant fortes, tu, Pari, semper ama!
 Hectors, quem laudas, pro te pugnare iubeto; 255
 militia est operis altera digna tuis.
 his ego, si saperem pauloque audacior essem,
 uterer; utetur, siqua puella sapit—
 aut ego deposito sapiam fortasse pudore
 et dabo cunctatas tempore victa manus. 260
 Quod petis, ut furtim praesentes ista loquamur,
 scimus, quid captes conloquiumque voces;
 sed nimium properas, et adhuc tua messis in herba est.
 haec mora sit voto forsán amica tuo.
 Haecenus; arcanum furtivae conscia mentis 265
 littera iam lasso pollice sistat opus.
 cetera per socias Clymenen Aethramque loquamur,
 quae mihi sunt comites consiliumque duae.

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that, should I follow you, war would be set on foot. Through swords, ah me! our love will have to make its way. Or did Hippodamia of Atrax compel Haemonia's men to declare fierce war on the Centaurs—and do you think that Menelaus and my twin brethren and Tyndareus will be slow to act in such righteous wrath?

²⁵¹ As for your loud vaunting and talk of brave deeds, that face belies your words. Your parts are better suited for Venus than for Mars. Be the waging of wars for the valiant; for you, Paris, ever to love! Bid Hector, whom you praise, go warring in your stead; 'tis the other campaigning befits your prowess. That prowess, were I wise or something bolder, I would employ; employed it will be by whatever maid is wise—or I perchance, forgetting modesty, shall learn wisdom and, overcome by time, yield in tardy surrender.

²⁶¹ You ask that we speak of these things in secret, face to face. I know what it is you court, and what you mean by speech with me; but you are over hasty, and your harvest is still in the green. This delay perhaps may be friendly to your wish.

²⁶⁵ Thus far now; let the writing that shares the secret of my heart now stay its furtive task, for my hand is wearied. The rest let us say through my companions Clymene and Aethra, the two who attend and counsel me.

THE HERO AND LEANDER
 OVID

XVIII.

LEANDER HERONI

MITTIT Abydenus, quam mallet ferre, salutem,
 si cadat unda maris, Sesta puella, tibi.
 si mihi di faciles, si¹ sunt in amore secundi,
 invitis oculis haec mea verba leges.
 sed non sunt faciles ; nam cur mea vota morantur 5
 currere me nota nec patiuntur aqua ?
 ipsa vides caelum pice nigrius et freta ventis
 turbida perque cavas vix adeunda rates.
 unus, et hic audax, a quo tibi littera nostra
 redditur, e portu navita movit iter ; 10
 adscensusus eram, nisi quod, cum vincula prorae
 solveret, in speculis omnis Abydos erat.
 non poteram celare meos, velut ante, parentes,
 quemque tegi volumus, non latuisset amor.
 Protinus haec scribens, "felix, i, littera !" dixi, 15
 " iam tibi formosam porriget illa manum.
 forsitan admotis etiam tangere labellis,
 rumpere dum niveo vincula dente volet."
 talibus exiguo dictis mihi murmure verbis,
 cetera cum charta dextra locuta mea est. 20
 at quanto mallet, quam scriberet, illa nataret,
 meque per adsuetas sedula ferret aquas !
 aptior illa quidem placido dare verbera ponto ;
 est tamen et sensus apta ministra mei.

¹ si *Pa.*: et *P*: tibi *GV*: vel *s*: ut *s*: qui *s*.

^a The story of Hero and Leander was very popular from the time of Augustus on, but is not found in Greek classical literature. Besides Ovid, Musaeus, a late Greek (at least 500 A. D.), is the only prominent poet of antiquity to

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XVIII

LEANDER TO HERO

HE of Abydos sends to you, Maid of Sestos, the greetings he would rather bring, if the waves of the sea should fall.^a If the gods are kindly toward me, if they favour me in my love, you will read with unwilling eye these words of mine. But they are not kindly; for why do they delay my vows, nor suffer me to haste through the well-known waters? You yourself see how the heavens are blacker than pitch, and the straits turbid with winds, and how the hollowed ships can scarce set sail upon them. One seaman only, and he a bold one—he by whom this letter is brought to you—has put out from the harbour; I had embarked with him, but that, as he loosed the cables from the prow, Abydos all was looking down on him. I could not evade my parents, as before, and the love we wish to keep hid would have come to light.

¹⁵ Forthwith writing these words, "Go, happy letter!" I said; "soon she will reach forth for thee her beautiful hand. Perchance thou wilt even be touched by her approaching lips as she seeks to break thy bands with her snowy tooth." Speaking such words as these in lowest murmur, the rest I let my right hand say upon the sheet. But ah! how much rather would I have it swim than write, and eagerly bear me through the accustomed waves! It is more fit, I grant, for plying the stroke upon the tranquil deep; yet also apt minister of what I feel.

use it. Compare Byron's *Bride of Abydos*, and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*.

Septima nox agitur, spatium mihi longius anno, 25
 sollicitum raucis ut mare fervet aquis.
 his ego si vidi mulcentem pectora somnum
 noctibus, insani sit mora longa freti!
 rupe sedens aliqua specto tua litora tristis
 et, quo non possum corpore, mente feror. 30
 lumina quin etiam summa vigilantia turre
 aut videt aut acies nostra videre putat.
 ter mihi deposita est in sicca vestis harena;
 ter grave temptavi carpere nudus iter—
 obstitit inceptis tumidum iuvenalibus aequor, 35
 mersit et inversis¹ ora natantis aquis.
 At tu, de rapidis inmansuetissime ventis,
 quid mecum certa proelia mente geris?
 in me, si nescis, Borea, non aequora, saevis!
 quid faceres, esset ni tibi notus amor? 40
 tam gelidus quod sis, num te tamen, inprobe,
 quondam
 ignibus Actaeis incaluisse negas?
 gaudia rapturo siquis tibi claudere vellet
 aérios aditus, quo paterere modo?
 parce, precor, facilemque move moderatius auram— 45
 imperet Hippotades sic tibi triste nihil!
 Vana peto; precibusque meis obmurmurat ipse
 quasque quatit, nulla parte coerces aquas.
 nunc daret audaces utinam mihi Daedalus alas—
 Icarium quamvis hinc prope litus abest! 50
 quidquid erit, patiar, liceat modo corpus in auras
 tollere, quod dubia saepe pendit aqua.

¹ et inversis *Pa.*: et ad inversis *P*: et adversis ω .

^a Orithyia of Athens.

^b Aeolus.

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²⁵ It is now the seventh night, space longer than a year to me, that the troubled sea has been boiling with hoarse-voiced waters. If in all these nights I have had sleep soothe my breast, may I be long kept from you by the raging deep! Sitting upon some rock, I look sadly on your shores, carried in my thoughts to where in body I cannot go. Nay, my vision even sees—or thinks it sees—lights waking in the topmost of your tower. Thrice have I laid down my garments upon the dry sand; thrice, naked, have I tried to enter on the heavy way—the swollen billows opposed the bold attempts of youth, and their waters, surging upon me as I swam, rolled over my head.

³⁷ But thou, most ungentle of the sweeping winds, why art thou bent on waging war with me? It is I, O Boreas, if thou dost not know, and not the waves, against whom thou ragest! What wouldst thou do, were it not that love is known to thee? Cold as thou art, canst thou yet deny, base wind, that of yore thou wert aflame with Actæan fires?^a If, when eager to seek thy joys, someone were to close to thee the paths of air, in what wise wouldst thou endure it? Have mercy on me, I pray; be mild, and stir a more gentle breeze—so may the child of Hippotes^b lay upon thee no harsh command!

⁴⁷ Vain is my petition; my prayers are met by his murmurings, and the waves tossed up by him he nowhere curbs. Now would that Daedalus could give me his daring wings—though the Icarian strand is not far hence! Whatever might be I would endure, so I could only raise into air the body that oft has hung upon the dubious wave.

Interea, dum cuncta negant ventique fretumque,
 mente agito furti tempora prima mei.
 nox erat incipiens—namque est meminisse
 voluptas— 55
 cum foribus patriis egrediebar amans.
 nec mora, deposito pariter cum veste timore
 iactabam liquido bracchia lenta mari.
 luna fere tremulum praebebat lumen eunti
 ut comes in nostras officiosa vias. 60
 hanc ego suspiciens, “faveas, dea candida,” dixi,
 “et subeant animo Latmia saxa tuo!
 non sinit Endymion te pectoris esse severi.
 flecte, precor, vultus ad mea furta tuos!
 tu dea mortalem caelo delapsa petebas; 65
 vera loqui liceat!—quam sequor ipsa¹ dea est.
 neu referam mores caelesti pectore dignos,
 forma nisi in veras non cadit illa deas.
 a Veneris facie non est prior ulla tuaque;
 neve meis credas vocibus, ipsa vide! 70
 quantum, cum fulges radiis argentea puris,
 concedunt flammis sidera cuncta tuis,
 tanto formosis formosior omnibus illa est.
 si dubitas, caecum, Cynthia, lumen habes.”
 Haec ego, vel certe non his diversa, locutus 75
 per mihi cedentes nocte ferebar aquas.
 unda repercussae radiabat imagine lunae,
 et nitor in tacita nocte diurnus erat;
 nullaque vox usquam, nullum veniebat ad aures
 praeter dimotae corpore murmur aquae. 80
 Alcyones solae, memores Ceycis amati,
 nescio quid visae sunt mihi dulce queri.

¹ ipse *P*₁.

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⁵³ Meantime, while wind and wave deny me everything, I ponder in my heart the first times I stole to you. Night was but just beginning—for the memory has charm for me—when I left my father's doors on the errand of love. Nor did I wait, but, flinging away my garments, and with them my fears, I struck out with pliant arm upon the liquid deep. The moon for the most shed me a tremulous light as I swam, like a duteous attendant watchful over my path. Lifting to her my eyes, "Be gracious to me, shining deity," I said, "and let the rocks of Latmos rise in thy mind! Endymion will not have thee austere of heart. Bend, O I pray, thy face to aid my secret loves. Thou, a goddess, didst glide from the skies and seek a mortal love; ah, may it be allowed me to say the truth!—she I seek is a goddess too. To say naught of virtues worthy of heavenly breasts, beauty like hers falls to none but the true divine. After the beautiful face of Venus, and thine own, there is none before hers; and, that thou mayst not need to trust my words, look thou thyself! As much as all the stars are less than thy bright fires when thy silvery gleam goes forth with pure rays, so much more fair is she than all the fair. If thou dost doubt it, Cynthia, thy light is blind."

⁷⁵ These words I spake, or words at least not differing much from these, and was borne along in the night through waters that made way before my stroke. The wave was radiant with the image of the reflected moon, and there was a splendour as of day in the silent night; no note came anywhere to my ears, no sound but the murmur of the waters my body thrust aside. The Halcyons only, their hearts still true to beloved Ceyx, I heard in what seemed to me some sweet lament.

lamque fatigatis umero sub utroque lacertis
 fortiter in summas erigor altus aquas.
 ut procul aspexi lumen, "meus ignis in illo est : 85
 illa meum," dixi, "litora lumen¹ habent!"
 et subito lassis vires rediere lacertis,
 visaque, quam fuerat, mollior unda mihi.
 frigora ne possim gelidi sentire profundi,
 qui calet in cupido pectore, praestat amor. 90
 quo magis accedo propioraque litora fiunt,
 quoque minus restat, plus libet ire mihi.
 cum vero possum cerni quoque, protinus addis
 spectatrix animos, ut valeamque facis.
 nunc etiam nando dominae placuisse laboro, 95
 atque oculis iacto bracchia nostra tuis.
 te tua vix prohibet nutrix descendere in altum—
 hoc quoque enim vidi, nec mihi verba dabas.
 nec tamen effecit, quamvis retinebat euntem,
 ne fieret prima pes tuus udus aqua. 100
 excipis amplexu feliciaque oscula iungis—
 oscula, di magni, trans mare digna peti!—
 eque tuis demptos umeris mihi tradis amictus,
 et madidam siccas aequoris imbre comam.
 Cetera nox et nos et turris conscia novit, 105
 quodque mihi lumen per vada monstrat iter.
 non magis illius numerari gaudia noctis
 Hellespontiaci quam maris alga potest ;
 quo brevius spatium nobis ad furta dabatur,
 hoc magis est cautum, ne foret illud iners. 110
 lamque fugatura Tithoni coniuge noctem
 praevious Aurorae Lucifer ortus erat ;

¹ lument *P* : numen *s*.

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⁸⁸ And now my arms grow tired below the shoulder-joint, and with all my strength I raise myself aloft on the summit of the waters. Beholding, far off, a light, "It is my love shines in yonder flame," I cried; "it is my light yon shores contain!" And straight the strength came back to my wearied arms, and the wave seemed easier to me than before. To keep me from the chill of the cold deep, love lends his aid, hot in my eager breast. The nearer I approach, and the nearer draw the shores, and the less of the way remains, the greater my joy to hasten on. When in truth I can be seen as well as see, by your glance you straightway give me heart, and make me strong. Now, too, I strain in my course to pleasure my lady, and toss my arms in the stroke for you to see. Your nurse can scarce stay you from rushing down into the tide—for I saw this, too, and you did not cheat my eye. Yet, though she held you as you went, she could not keep you from wetting your foot at the water's edge. You welcome me with your embrace, share happy kisses with me—kisses, O ye great gods, worth seeking across the deep!—and from your own shoulders you strip the robes to give them over to me, and dry my hair all dripping with the rain of the sea.

¹⁰⁵ For the rest—night knows of that, and ourselves, and the tower that shares our secret, and the light that guides me on my passage through the floods. The joys of that dear night may no more be numbered than the weeds of the Hellespontic sea; the briefer the space that was ours for the theft of love, the more we made sure it should not idly pass.

¹¹¹ And now Aurora, the bride of Tithonus, was making ready to chase the night away, and Lucifer

oscula congerimus properata sine ordine raptim
 et querimur parvas noctibus esse moras.
 atque ita cunctatus monitu nutricis amaro 115
 frigida deserta litora turre peto.
 digredimur flentes, repetoque ego virginis aequor
 respiciens dominam, dum licet, usque meam.
 siqua fides vero est, veniens hinc¹ esse natator,
 cum redeo, videor naufragus esse mihi. 120
 hoc quoque, si credes:² ad te via prona videtur;
 a te cum redeo, clivus inertis aquae.
 invitus repeto patriam—quis credere possit?
 invitus certe nunc moror urbe mea.
 Ei mihi! cur animis iuncti secernimur undis, 125
 unaque mens, tellus non habet una duos?
 vel tua me Sestus, vel te mea sumat Abydos;
 tam tua terra mihi, quam tibi nostra placet.
 cur ego confundor, quotiens confunditur aequor?
 cur mihi causa levis, ventus, obesse potest? 130
 iam nostros curvi norunt delphines amores,
 ignotum nec me piscibus esse reor.
 iam patet attritus solitarum limes aquarum,
 non aliter multa quam via pressa rota.
 quod mihi non esset nisi sic iter, ante querebar; 135
 at nunc per ventos hoc quoque deesse queror.
 fluctibus inmodicis Athamantidos aequora canent,
 vixque manet portu tuta carina suo;
 hoc mare, cum primum de virgine nomina mersa,
 quae tenet, est nanctum, tale fuisse puto. 140
 et satis amissa locus hic infamis ab Helle est,
 utque mihi parcat, nomine crimen habet.

¹ hinc *Ehw.*: huc *MSS.*

² credes *Pa.*: credis *P^o Plan.*: credas *s.*

^a Helle.

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had risen, forerunner of the dawn; in haste we ply our kisses, all disorderly, complaining that the night allows brief lingering. So, tarrying till the nurse's bitter warnings bid me go, I leave the tower and make for the chilly shore. We part in tears, and I return to the Maiden's sea,^a looking ever back to my lady while I can. Believe me, it is true: going hence, I seem a swimmer, but, when I return, a shipwrecked man. This too, is true, will you but believe: toward you, my way seems ever inclined; away from you, when I return, it seems a steep of lifeless water. Against the wish of my heart I regain my own land—who could believe? Against the wish of my heart I tarry now in my own town.

¹²⁵ Ah me! why are we joined in soul and parted by the wave; two beings of one mind, but not of one land? Either let your Sestos take me, or my Abydos you; your land is as dear to me as mine is dear to you. Why must my heart be troubled, as oft as the sea is troubled? Why must the wind, slight cause, have power to hinder me? Already the curving dolphins have learned our loves, and I think the very fishes know me. Already my accustomed path through the waters is well trod, like to the road pressed on by many a wheel. That there was no other way open than this was my complaint before; but now, because of the winds, I complain that this way, too, has failed. The sea of Athamas' child is foaming white with immense billows, and scarcely safe is the keel that remains in its own harbour; such were these waters, I judge, when first they got from the drownèd maid the name they bear. This place is of evil fame enough for the loss of Helle, and, though it spare me, its name reproaches it.

Invideo Phrixo, quem per freta tristia tutum
 aurea lanigero vellere vexit ovis ;
 nec tamen officium pecoris navisve requiro, 145
 dummodo, quas findam corpore, dentur aquae.
 arte egeo nulla ; fiat modo copia nandi,
 idem navigium, navita, vector ero !
 nec sequor aut Helicen, aut, qua Tyros utitur,
 Arcton ;
 publica non curat sidera noster amor. 150
 Andromedan alius spectet claramque Coronam,
 quaeque micat gelido Parrhasis Ursa polo ;
 at mihi, quod Perseus et cum Iove Liber amarunt,
 indicium dubiae non placet esse viae.
 est aliud lumen, multo mihi certius istis, 155
 non errat tenebris quo duce noster amor ;
 hoc ego dum spectem, Colchos et in ultima Ponti,
 quaque viam fecit Thessala pinus, eam,
 et iuvenem possim superare Palaemona nando
 miraue quem subito reddidit herba deum. 160
 Saepe per adsiduos languent mea bracchia motus,
 vixque per immensas fessa trahuntur aquas.
 his ego cum dixi : “ pretium non vile laboris,
 iam dominae vobis colla tenenda dabo,”
 protinus illa valent, atque ad sua praemia ten-
 dunt, 165
 ut celer Eleo carcere missus equus.
 ipse meos igitur servo, quibus uror, amores
 teque, magis caelo digna puella, sequor.
 digna quidem caelo es—sed adhuc tellure morare,
 aut die, ad superos et mihi qua sit iter ! 170

^a Glaucus, the fisherman who ate of a curious grass in which fish were swimming as if in water : Met. xiii. 905 ff.

^b At Olympia.

THE HEROIDES XVIII

¹⁴³ I envy Phrixus, whom the ram with gold in its woolly fleece bore safely over the stormy seas; yet I ask not the office of ram or ship, if only I may have the waters to cleave with my body. I need no art; so only I am allowed to swim, I will be at once ship, seaman, passenger! I guide myself neither by Helice, nor by Arctos, the leading-star of Tyre; my love will none of the stars in common use. Let another fix his eyes on Andromeda and the bright Crown, and upon the Parrhasian Bear that gleams in the frozen pole; but for me, I care not for the loves of Perseus, and of Liber and Jove, to point me on my dubious way. There is another light, far surer for me than those, and when it leads me through the dark my love leaves not its course; while my eyes are fixed on this, I could go to Colchis or the farthest bounds of Pontus, and where the ship of Thessalian pine held on its course; and I could surpass the young Palaemon in my swimming, and him whom the wondrous herb made suddenly a god.^a

¹⁶¹ Often my arms grow heavy from the unceasing stroke, and scarce can drag their weary way through the endless floods. When I say to them: "No slight reward for toil shall be yours, for soon you shall have my lady's neck to hang about," forthwith they take on strength, and stretch forward to the winning of their prize, like the swift steed let go from the Elean starting-chamber.^b And so I myself keep eyes on the love that burns me, and guide myself by you, maid worthy rather of the skies. For worthy of the skies you are—yet tarry still on earth, or tell me where I also may find a way to the gods above! You are here, yet your

hic es, et exigue misero contingis amanti,
 cumque mea fiunt turbida mente freta.
 quid mihi, quod lato non separor aequore, prodest?
 num minus haec nobis tam brevis obstat aqua?
 an¹ malim, dubito, toto procul orbe remotus 175
 cum domina longe spem quoque habere meam.
 quo propius nunc es, flamma propiore calesco,
 et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.
 paene manu quod amo, tanta est vicinia, tango;
 saepe sed, heu, lacrimas hoc mihi "paene"
 movet! 180
 velle quid est aliud fugientia prendere poma
 spemque suo refugi fluminis ore sequi?
 Ergo ego te numquam, nisi cum volet unda, tenebo,
 et me felicem nulla videbit hiemps,
 cumque minus firmum nil sit quam ventus et unda, 185
 in ventis et aqua spes mea semper erit?
 aestus adhuc tamen est. quid, cum mihi laeserit
 aequor
 Plias et Arctophylax Oleniumque pecus?
 aut ego non novi, quam sim temerarius, aut me
 in freta non cautus tum quoque mittet amor; 190
 neve putes id² me, quod abest, promittere, tempus,
 pignora polliciti non tibi tarda dabo.
 sit tumidum paucis etiamnunc noctibus aequor,
 ire per invitas experiemur aquas;
 aut mihi continget felix audacia salvo, 195
 aut mors solliciti finis amoris erit!
 optabo tamen ut partis expellar in illas,
 et teneant portus naufraga membra tuos;
 flebis enim tactuque meum dignabere corpus
 et "mortis," dices, "huic ego causa fui!" 200
¹ an s: num PGω. ² in Dilthey Ehw.

^a Tantalus.

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wretched lover has but small part in you, and when the sea grows turbid my heart is turbid, too. Of what avail to me that the billows are not broad that sunder us? Is this brief span of waters less an obstacle to me? I almost would that I were distant from you the whole world, so that my hopes were far removed, together with my lady. Now, the nearer you are, the nearer is the flame that kindles me, and hope is always with me, not always she I hope for. I can almost touch her with my hand, so near is she I love; but oft, alas! this "almost" starts my tears. What else than this was the catching at elusive fruits, and pursuing with the lips the hope of a retreating stream? ^a

¹⁸³ Am I, then, never to embrace you except when the wave so wills, and shall no tempest see me happy? and, though nothing is less certain than the wind and wave, must winds and water ever be my hope? And yet it still is summer. What when the seas have been assailed by the Pleiad, and the guardian of the Bear, and the Goat of Olenos? Either I know not how rash I am, or even then a love not cautious will send me forth on the deep. And, lest you deem I promise this because the time is not yet come, I will give you no tardy pledge of what I promise. Let the sea be swollen still for these few nights, and I shall essay to cross despite the waves; either happy daring shall leave me safe, or death shall be the end of my anxious love! Yet I shall pray to be cast up on yonder shores, and that my shipwrecked limbs may come into your haven; for you will weep over me, and not disdain to touch my body, and you will say: "Of the death he met, I was the cause!"

OID

Scilicet interitus offenderis omine nostri,
 litteraque invisā est hac mea parte tibi.
 desino—parce queri! sed ut et mare finiat iram,
 accedant, quaeso, fac tua vota meis.
 pace brevi nobis opus est, dum transferor isto; 205
 cum tua contigero litora, perstet hiemps!
 istic est aptum nostrae navale carinae,
 et melius nulla stat mea puppis aqua.
 illic me claudat Boreas, ubi dulce morari est!
 tunc piger ad nandum, tunc ego cautus ero, 210
 nec faciam surdis convicia fluctibus ulla
 triste nataturo nec querar esse fretum.
 me pariter venti teneant tenerique lacerti,
 per causas istic inpediarque duas!
 Cum patietur hiemps, remis ego corporis utar; 215
 lumen in adspectu tu modo semper habe!
 interea pro me pernoctet epistula tecum,
 quam precor ut minima prosequar ipse mora!

XIX

HERO LEANDRO

Quam mihi misisti verbis, Leandre, salutem
 ut possim missam rebus habere, veni!
 longa mora est nobis omnis, quae gaudia differt.
 da veniam fassae; non patienter amo!
 urimur igne pari, sed sum tibi viribus inpar: 5
 fortius ingenium suspicor esse viris.
 ut corpus, teneris ita mens infirma puellis—
 deficiam, parvi temporis adde moram!

THE HEROIDES XIX

201 You are hurt, no doubt, by this omen of my death, and my letter in this part stirs your displeasure. I cease—no more complain; but, that the sea, too, may end its anger, add, I beseech, your prayers to mine. I need a brief space of calm until I cross to you; when I shall have touched your shore, let the storm rage on! Yonder with you is an apt ship-yard for my keel, and in no waters rests my bark more safe. There let Boreas shut me in, where tarrying is sweet! Then will I be slow to swim, then will I be ware, nor cast revilement on the unhearing floods again, nor complain that the sea is rough when I fain would swim. Let me be stayed alike by the winds and your tender arms, and let there be double cause to keep me there!

215 When the storm permits, I shall make use of the oarage of my arms; do you only keep ever the beacon-light where I shall see! Meanwhile, my letter in my stead be with you throughout the night. I pray to follow it myself with least delay!

XIX

HERO TO LEANDER

THAT I may enjoy in very truth the greeting you have sent in words, Leander, O come! Long to me is all delay that defers our joys. Forgive me what I say—I cannot be patient for love! We burn with equal fires, but I am not equal to you in strength; men, methinks, must have stronger natures. As the body, so is the soul of tender women frail—delay but a little longer, and I shall die!

IVID

Vos modo venando, modo rus geniale colendo
 ponitis in varia tempora longa mora. 10
 aut fora vos retinent aut unctae dona¹ palaestrae,
 flectitis aut freno colla sequacis equi ;
 nunc volucrem laqueo, nunc piscem ducitis hamo ;
 diluitur posito serior hora mero.
 his mihi summotae, vel si minus acriter urar, 15
 quod faciam, superest praeter amare nihil.
 quod superest facio, teque, o mea sola voluptas,
 plus quoque, quam reddi quod mihi possit, amo !
 aut ego cum cara de te nutrice susurro,
 quaeque tuum, miror, causa moretur iter ; 20
 aut mare prospiciens odioso concita vento
 corripio verbis aequora paene tuis ;
 aut, ubi saevitiae paulum gravis unda remisit,
 posse quidem, sed te nolle venire, queror ;
 dumque queror lacrimae per amantia lumina
 manant, 25
 pollice quas tremulo conscia siccat anus.
 saepe tui specto si sint in litore passus,
 inpositas tamquam servet harena notas ;
 utque rogem de te et scribam tibi, siquis Abydo
 venerit, aut, quaero, siquis Abydon eat. 30
 quid referam, quotiens dem vestibus oscula, quas tu
 Hellespontica ponis iturus aqua ?
 Sic ubi lux acta est et noctis amicior hora
 exhibuit pulso sidera clara die,
 protinus in summo vigilantia lumina tecto 35
 ponimus, adsuetae signa notamque viae,
¹ mane *Bent.*

THE HEROIDES XIX

⁹ You men, now in the chase, and now husbanding the genial acres of the country, consume long hours in the varied tasks that keep you. Either the market-place holds you, or the sports of the supple wrestling-ground, or you turn with bit the neck of the responsive steed; now you take the bird with the snare, now the fish with the hook; and the later hours you while away with the wine before you. For me who am denied these things, even were I less fiercely aflame, there is nothing left to do but love. What there is left, I do; and you, O sole delight of mine, I love with even greater love than could be returned to me! Either with my dear nurse I whisper of you, and marvel what can keep you from your way; or, looking forth upon the sea, I chide the billows stirred by the hateful wind, in words almost your own; or, when the heavy wave has a little laid aside its fierce mood, I complain that you indeed could come, but will not; and while I complain tears course from the eyes that love you, and the ancient dame who shares my secret dries them with tremulous hand. Often I look to see whether your footprints are on the shore, as if the sand would keep the marks impressed on it; and, that I may inquire about you, and write to you, I still am asking if anyone has come from Abydos, or if anyone is going to Abydos. Why tell how many times I kiss the garments you lay aside when making ready to stem the waters of the Hellespont?

³³ Thus, when the light is done and night's more friendly hour has driven out day and set forth the gleaming stars, straightway I place in the highest of our abode my watchful lamps, the signals to guide you on the accustomed way. Then, draw-

OID

tortaque versato ducentes stamina fuso
 feminea tardas fallimus arte moras.
 Quid loquar interea tam longo tempore, quaeris?
 nil nisi Leandri nomen in ore meo est. 40
 "iamne putas exisse domo mea gaudia, nutrix,
 an vigilant omnes, et timet ille suos?
 iamne suas umeris illum deponere vestes,
 pallade iam pingui tinguere membra putas?"
 adnuit illa fere;¹ non nostra quod oscula curet, 45
 sed movet obrepens somnus anile caput.
 postque morae minimum "iam certe navigat,"
 inquam,
 "lentaque dimotis bracchia iactat aquis."
 paucaque cum tacta perfecti stamina terra,
 an medio possis, quaerimus, esse freto. 50
 et modo prospicimus, timida modo voce precamur,
 ut tibi det faciles utilis aura vias;
 auribus incertas voces captamus, et omnem
 adventus strepitum credimus esse tui.
 Sic ubi deceptae pars est mihi maxima noctis 55
 acta, subit furtim lumina fessa sopor.
 forsitan invitus mecum tamen, inprobe, dormis,
 et, quamquam non vis ipse venire, venis.
 nam modo te videor prope iam spectare natantem,
 bracchia nunc umeris umida ferre meis, 60
 nunc dare, quae soleo, madidis velamina membris,
 pectora nunc iuncto nostra fovere sinu
 multaue praeterea linguae reticenda modestae,
 quae fecisse iuvat, facta referre pudet.
 me miseram! brevis est haec et non vera
 voluptas; 65
 nam tu cum somno semper abire soles.

¹ fore *PV*ω.

THE HEROIDES XIX

ing with whirling spindle the twisted thread, with woman's art we beguile the slow hours of waiting.

³⁹ What, meanwhile, I say through so long a time, you ask? Naught but Leander's name is on my lips. "Do you think my joy has already come forth from his home, my nurse? or are all waking, and does he fear his kin? Now do you think he is putting off the robe from his shoulders, and now rubbing the rich oil into his limbs?" She signs assent, most likely; not that she cares for my kisses, but slumber creeps upon her and lets nod her ancient head. Then, after slightest pause, "Now surely he is setting forth on his voyage," I say, "and is parting the waters with the stroke of his pliant arms." And when I have finished a few strands and the spindle has touched the ground, I ask whether you can be mid way of the strait. And now I look forth, and now in timid tones I pray that a favouring breeze will give you an easy course; my ears catch at uncertain notes, and at every sound I am sure that you have come.

⁵⁵ When the greatest part of the night has gone by for me in such delusions, sleep steals upon my wearied eyes. Perhaps, false one, you yet pass the night with me, though against your will; perhaps you come, though yourself you do not wish to come. For now I seem to see you already swimming near, and now to feel your wet arms about my neck, and now to throw about your dripping limbs the accustomed coverings, and now to warm our bosoms in the close embrace—and many things else a modest tongue should say naught of, whose memory delights, but whose telling brings a blush. Ah me! brief pleasures these, and not the truth; for you are

firmitus, o, cupidi tandem coeamus amantes,
 nec careant vera gaudia nostra fide!
 cur ego tot viduas exegi frigida noctes?
 cur totiens a me, lente morator,¹ abes? 70
 est mare, confiteor, nondum tractabile nanti;
 nocte sed hesterna lenior aura fuit.
 cur ea praeterita est? cur non ventura timebas?
 tam bona cur periit, nec tibi rapta via est?
 protinus ut similis detur tibi copia cursus, 75
 hoc melior certe, quo prior, illa fuit.
 At cito mutata est iactati formae profundi.
 tempore, cum properas, saepe minore venis.
 hic, puto, deprensus nil, quod querereris, haberes,
 meque tibi amplexo nulla noceret hiemps. 80
 certe ego tum ventos audirem laeta sonantis,
 et numquam placidas esse precarer aquas.
 quid tamen evenit, cur sis metuentior undae
 contemptumque prius nunc vereare fretum?
 nam memini, cum te saevum veniente minaxque 85
 non minus, aut multo non minus, aequor erat;
 cum tibi clamabam: "sic tu temerarius esto,
 ne miserae virtus sit tua flenda mihi!"
 unde novus timor hic, quoque illa audacia fugit?
 magnus ubi est spretis ille natator aquis? 90
 Sis tamen hoc potius, quam quod prius esse solebas,
 et facias placidum per mare tutus iter—
 dummodo sis idem, dum sic, ut scribis, amemur,
 flammaque non fiat frigidus illa cinis.

¹ morator *VP*₁ s: natator *ω P*₂.

THE HEROIDES XIX

ever wont to go when slumber goes. O more firmly let our eager loves be knit, and our joys be faithful and true! Why have I passed so many cold and lonely nights? Why, O tardy loiterer, are you so often away from me? The sea, I grant, is not yet fit for the swimmer; but yesternight the gale was gentler. Why did you let it pass? Why did you fear what was not to come? Why did so fair a night go by for naught, and you not seize upon the way? Grant that like chance for coming be given you soon; this chance was the better, surely, since 'twas the earlier.

⁷⁷ But swiftly, you may say, the face of the storm-tossed deep was changed. Yet you often come in less time, when you are in haste. Overtaken here, you would have, methinks, no reason to complain, and while you held me close no storm would harm you. I surely should hear the sounding winds with joy, and should pray for the waters never to be calm. But what has come to pass, that you are grown more fearful of the wave, and dread the sea you before despised? For I call to mind your coming once when the flood was not less fierce and threatening—or not much less; when I cried to you: “Be ever rash with such good fortune, lest wretched I may have to weep for your courage!” Whence this new fear, and whither has that boldness fled? Where is that mighty swimmer who scorned the waters?

⁹¹ But no, be rather as you are than as you were wont to be before; make your way when the sea is placid, and be safe—so you are only the same, so we only love each other, as you write, and that flame of ours turn not to chill ashes. I do not fear so much

non ego tam ventos timeo mea vota morantes, 95
 quam similis vento ne tuus erret amor,
 ne non sim tanti, superentque pericula causam,
 et videar merces esse labore minor.
 Interdum metuo, patria ne laedar et inpar
 dicar Abydeno Thressa puella toro. 100
 ferre tamen possum patientius omnia, quam si
 otia nescio qua paelice captus agis,
 in tua si veniunt alieni colla lacerti,
 fitque novus nostri finis amoris amor.
 a, potius peream, quam crimine vulnerer isto, 105
 fataque sint culpa nostra priora tua!
 nec, quia venturi dederis mihi signa doloris,
 haec loquor aut fama sollicitata nova.
 omnia sed vereor—quis enim securus amavit?
 cogit et absentes plura timere locus. 110
 felices illas, sua quas praesentia nosse
 crimina vera iubet, falsa timere vetat!
 nos tam vana movet, quam facta iniuria fallit,
 incitat et morsus error uterque pares.
 o utinam venias, aut ut ventusve paterve 115
 causaque sit certe femina nulla morae!
 quodsi quam sciero, moriar, mihi crede, dolendo;
 iamdudum pecca, si mea fata petis!
 Sed neque peccabis, frustra que ego terreor istis,
 quoque minus venias, invida pugnat hiemps. 120
 me miseram! quanto planguntur litora fluctu,
 et latet obscura condita nube dies!

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the winds that hinder my vows as I fear that like the wind your love may wander—that I may not be worth it all, that your perils may outweigh their cause, and I seem a reward too slight for your toils.

⁹⁹ Sometimes I fear my birthplace may injure me, and I be called no match, a Thracian maid, for a husband from Abydos. Yet could I bear with greater patience all things else than have you linger in the bonds of some mistress's charms, see other arms clasped round your neck, and a new love end the love we bear. Ah, may I rather perish than be wounded by such a crime, may fate overtake me ere you incur that guilt! I do not say these words because you have given sign that such grief will come to me, or because some recent tale has made me anxious, but because I fear everything—for who that loved was ever free from care? The fears of the absent, too, are multiplied by distance. Happy they whom their own presence bids know the true charge, and forbids to fear the false! Me wrongs imaginary fret, while the real I cannot know, and either error stirs equal gnawings in my heart. O, would you only come! or did I only know that the wind, or your father—at least, no woman—kept you back! Were it a woman, and I should know, I should die of grieving, believe me; sin against me at once, if you desire my death!

¹¹⁹ But you will not sin against me, and my fears of such troubles are vain. The reason you do not come is the jealous storm that beats you back. Ah, wretched me! with what great waves the shores are beaten, and what dark clouds envelop and hide the day! It may be the loving mother of

OID

forsitan ad pontum mater pia venerit Helles,
 mersaque roratis nata fleatur aquis—
 an mare ab invisio privignae nomine dictum 125
 vexat in aequoream versa noverca deam?
 non favet, ut nunc est,¹ teneris locus iste puellis;
 hac Helle periit, hac ego laedor aqua.
 at tibi flammaram memori, Neptune, tuarum
 nullus erat ventis inpediendus amor— 130
 si neque Amymone nec, laudatissima forma,
 criminis est Tyro fabula vana tui,
 lucidaque Aleyone Calyceque Hecataeone nata,²
 et nondum nexis angue Medusa comis,
 flavaque Laudice caeloque recepta Celaeno, 135
 et quarum memini nomina lecta mihi.
 has certe pluresque canunt, Neptune, poetae
 molle latus lateri composuisse tuo.
 cur igitur, totiens vires expertus amoris,
 adsuetum nobis turbine claudis iter? 140
 parce, ferox, latoque mari tua proelia misce!
 seducit terras haec brevis unda duas.
 te decet aut magnas magnum iactare carinas,
 aut etiam totis classibus esse trucem;
 turpe deo pelagi iuvenem terrere natantem, 145
 gloriaque est stagno quolibet ista minor.
 nobilis ille quidem est et clarus origine, sed non
 a tibi suspecto ducit Ulixæ genus.
 da veniam servaque duos! natat ille, sed isdem
 corpus Leandri, spes mea pendet aquis. 150

¹ utcumque est *Dilthey Ehw.*

² ceuceque et aveone *P*: celiceque et aveone *G*: ceyce et aveone *V*: Calyceque Ecatheone (*Hecataeone*) *Hein.*

^a Nephele, mother of Phrixus and Helle.

^b Ino, second wife of Helle's father Athamas.

^c "Such learned enumerations of the love adventures of

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Helle has come to the sea, and is lamenting in down-pouring tears the drowning of her child ^a—or is the step-dame, turned to a goddess of the waters, vexing the sea that is called by her step-child's hated name? ^b This place, such as 'tis now, is aught but friendly to tender maids; by these waters Helle perished, by them my own affliction comes. Yet, Neptune, wert thou mindful of thine own heart's flames, thou oughtst let no love be hindered by the winds—if neither Amymone, nor Tyro much bepraised for beauty, are stories idly charged to thee, nor shining Alcyone, and Calyce, child of Hecataeon, nor Medusa when her locks were not yet twined with snakes, nor golden-haired Laodice and Celaeno taken to the skies, nor those whose names I mind me of having read. ^c These, surely, Neptune, and many more, the poets say in their songs have mingled their soft embraces with thine own. Why, then, dost thou, who hast felt so many times the power of love, close up with whirling storm the way we have learned to know? Spare us, impetuous one, and mingle thy battles out upon the open deep! These waters, that separate two lands, are scant. It befits thee, who art mighty, either to toss about the mighty keel, or to be fierce even with entire fleets; 'tis shame for the god of the great sea to terrify a swimming youth—that glory is less than should come from troubling any pond. Noble he is, to be sure, and of a famous stock, but he does not trace his line from the Ulysses thou dost not trust. Have mercy on him, and save us both! It is he who swims, but the limbs of Leander and all my hopes hang on the selfsame wave.

gods appear to have been a form of poetry cultivated by the Alexandrines." Purser, in Palmer p. 475.

Sternuit en¹ lumen!—posito nam scribimus illo—
 sternuit et nobis prospera signa dedit.
 ecce, merum nutrix faustos instillat in ignes,
 “eras” que “erimus plures,” inquit, et ipsa bibit.
 effice nos plures, evicta per aequora lapsus, 155
 o penitus toto corde recepte mihi!
 in tua castra redi, socii desertor amoris;
 ponuntur medio cur mea membra toro?
 quod timeas, non est! auso Venus ipsa favebit,
 sternet et aequoreas aequore nata vias. 160
 ire libet medias ipsi mihi saepe per undas,
 sed solet hoc maribus tutius esse fretum.
 nam cur hae vectis Phrixa Phrixique sorore
 sola dedit vastis femina nomen aquis?
 Forsitan ad reditum metuas ne tempora desint, 165
 aut gemini nequeas ferre laboris onus.
 at nos diversi medium coeamus in aequor
 obviaque in summis oscula demus aquis,
 atque ita quisque suas iterum redeamus ad urbes;
 exiguum, sed plus quam nihil illud erit! 170
 vel pudor hic utinam, qui nos clam cogit amare,
 vel timidus famae cedere vellet amor!
 nunc male res iunctae, calor et reverentia, pugnant.
 quid sequar, in dubio est; haec decet, ille iuvat.
 ut semel intravit Colchos Pagasaeus Iason, 175
 inpositam celeri Phasida puppe tulit;
 ut semel Idaeus Lacedaemona venit adulter,
 cum praeda rediit protinus ille sua.

¹ et MSS.: en Bent. Hein.

^a She drops water into the flame of the lamp, either to clear the wick or to honour the omen.

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¹⁵¹ My lamp has sputtered, see!—for I am writing with it near—it has sputtered and given us favouring sign. Look, nurse is pouring drops into auspicious fires.^a “To-morrow,” she says, “we shall be more,” and herself drinks of the wine. Ah, do make us more, glide over the conquered wave, O you whom I have welcomed to all my inmost heart! Come back to camp, deserter of your ally love; why must I lay my limbs in the mid space of my couch? There is naught for you to fear! Venus’ self will smile upon your venture; child of the sea, the paths of the sea she will make smooth. Oft am I prompted myself to go through the midst of the waves, but ’tis the wont of this strait to be safer for men. For why, though Phrixus and Phrixus’ sister both rode this way, did the maiden alone give name to these wide waters?

¹⁶⁵ Perhaps you fear the time may fail you for return, or you may not endure the effort of the twofold toil. Then let us both from diverse ways come together in mid sea, and give each other kisses on the waters’ crest, and so return again each to his own town; ’twill be little, but more than naught! Would that either this shame that compels us to secret loving would cease, or else the love that fears men’s speech. Now, two things that ill go together, passion and regard for men, are at strife. Which I shall follow is in doubt; the one becomes, the other delights. Once had Jason of Pagasae entered Colchis, and he set the maid of the Phasis in his swift ship and bore her off; once had the lover from Ida come to Lacedaemon, and he straight returned together with his prize. But you, as oft

OID

tu quam saepe petis, quod amas, tam saepe relinquis,
 et quotiens grave sit ¹ puppibus ire, natas. 180
 Sic tamen, o iuvenis tumidarum victor aquarum,
 sic facito spernas, ut vereare, fretum!
 arte laboratae merguntur ab aequore naves;
 tu tua plus remis bracchia posse putas?
 quod cupis, hoc nautae metuunt, Leandre, natare; 185
 exitus hic fractis puppibus esse solet.
 me miseram! cupio non persuadere, quod hortor,
 sisque, precor, monitis fortior ipse meis—
 dummodo pervenias excussaue saepe per undas
 inicias umeris bracchia lassa meis! 190
 Sed mihi, caeruleas quotiens obvertor ad undas,
 nescio quae pavidum frigora ² pectus habet.
 nec minus hesternae confundor imagine noctis,
 quamvis est sacris illa piata meis.
 namque sub aurora, iam dormitante lucerna, 195
 somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent,
 stamina de digitis cecidere sopore remissis,
 collaque pulvino nostra ferenda dedi.
 hic ego ventosas nantem delphina per undas
 cernere non dubia sum mihi visa fide, 200
 quem postquam bibulis inlisis fluctus harenis,
 unda simul miserum vitaeque deseruit.
 quidquid id est, timeo; nec tu mea somnia ride
 nec nisi tranquillo bracchia crede mari!
 si tibi non parcis, dilectae parce puellae, 205
 quae numquam nisi te sospite sospes ero!

¹ sit *Vs Bent. Hous.*: fit *PG*.

² So *Burm.*: quod *P*: quae *VG*: quid *G₂*: frigora *V*:
 frigore *PG*: habent *s*: ha// *V*: habet *PG*.

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as you seek your love, so oft you leave her, and
 when'er 'tis peril for boats to go, you swim.

¹⁸¹ Yet, O my young lover, though victor over
 the swollen waters, so spurn the sea as still to be
 in fear of it! Ships wrought with skill are over-
 whelmed by the wave; do you think your arms
 more powerful than oars? What you are eager for,
 Leander—to swim—is the sailor's fear; 'tis that
 follows ever on the wreck of ships. Ah, wretched
 me! I am eager not to persuade you to what I
 urge; may you be too strong, I pray, to yield to
 my admonition—only so you come to me, and cast
 about my neck the wearied arms oft beaten by the
 wave!

¹⁹¹ But, as often as I turn my face toward the
 dark blue wave, my fearful breast is seized by some
 hidden chill. Nor am I the less perturbed by a
 dream I had yesternight, though I have cleared
 myself of its threat by sacrifice. For, just before
 dawn, when my lamp was already dying down,
 at the time when dreams are wont to be true,
 my fingers were relaxed by sleep, the threads
 fell from them, and I laid my head down upon the
 pillow to rest. There in vision clear I seemed to
 see a dolphin swimming through the wind-tossed
 waters; and after the flood had cast it forth upon
 the thirsty sands, the wave, and at the same time
 life, abandoned the unhappy thing. Whatever it
 may mean, I fear; and you—nor smile at my
 dreams, nor trust your arms except to a tranquil
 sea! If you spare not yourself, spare the maid
 beloved by you, who never will be safe unless you
 are so! I have hope none the less that the waves

spes tamen est fractis vicinae pacis in undis ;
 tu¹ placidas toto² pectore finde vias !
 interea nanti,³ quoniam freta pervia non sunt,
 leniat invisas littera missa moras. 210

XX

ACONTIUS CYDIPPAE

PONE metum ! nihil hic iterum iurabis amanti ;
 promissam satis est te semel esse mihi.
 perlege ! discedat sic corpore languor ab isto,
 quod meus est ulla parte dolere dolor !
 Quid pudor ante subit ? nam, sicut in aede Dianae, 5
 suspicor ingenuas erubuisse genas.
 coniugium pactamque fidem, non crimina posco ;
 debitus ut coniunx, non ut adulter amo.
 verba licet repetas, quae demptus ab arbore fetus
 pertulit ad castas me iacente manus ; 10
 invenies illic, id te spondere, quod opto
 te potius, virgo, quam meminisse deam.
 nunc quoque idem timeo, sed idem tamen acrius
 illud ;
 adsumpsit vires auctaque flamma mora est,
 quique fuit numquam parvus, nunc tempore longo 15
 et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, crevit amor.

¹ tu *PG* ω : tum *Pa*.

² toto *PV* ω : tuto *G*₁ s.

³ nanti s : nandi *PG*₁.

* In the temple of Diana at Delos, Acontius threw before Cydippe an apple inscribed: "I swear by the sanctuary

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are broken and peace is near; do you cleave their paths while placid with all your might! Meanwhile, since the billows will not let the swimmer come, let the letter that I send you soften the hated hours of delay.

XX

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE

LAY aside your fears! here you will give no second oath to your lover; that you have pledged yourself to me once is enough.^a Read to the end, and so may the languor leave that body of yours; that it feel pain in any part is pain to me!

^b Why do your blushes rise before you read?—for I suspect that, just as in the temple of Diana, your modest cheeks have reddened. It is wedlock with you that I ask, and the faith you pledged me, not a crime; as your destined husband, not as a deceiver, do I love. You may recall the words which the fruit I plucked from the tree and threw to you brought to your chaste hands; you will find that in them you promise me what I pray that you, maiden, rather than the goddess, will remember. I am still as fearful as ever, but my fear has grown keener than it was; for the flame of my love has waxed with being delayed, and taken on strength, and the passion that was never slight has now grown great, fed by long time and the hope that you had given. Hope you had given; my ardent

of Diana that I will wed Acontius," which she read aloud, thus inadvertently pledging herself.