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OVID
METAMORPHOSES

I

OVID METAMORPHOSES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES

I

BOOKS I-VIII



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OLD
METAMORPHOSES

WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION BY
WALKER WALTER MILLER
1871

TO
ARTHUR TAPPAN
WALKER



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INTRODUCTION

PROBABLY no Roman writer has revealed himself more frankly in his works than has Publius Ovidius Naso. Indeed, the greater part of our knowledge of him is gained from his own writings. References to his parentage, his early education, his friends, his work, his manner of life, his reverses—all lie scattered freely through his pages. Especially is this true of the *Amores*, and of the two groups of poems written from his exile. The *Metamorphoses* are naturally free from biographical material. Not content with occasional references, the poet has taken care to leave to posterity a somewhat extended and formal account of his life.

From this (*Tristia*, iv. 10) we learn that he was born at Sulmo in the Pelignian country, 43 B.C., of well-to-do parents of equestrian rank, and that he had one brother, exactly one year older than himself. His own bent, from early childhood, was towards poetry; but in this he was opposed by his practical father, who desired that both his sons should prepare for the profession of the law, a desire with which both the brothers complied, but the younger with only half-hearted and temporary devotion.

Having reached the age of manhood, young Ovid found public life utterly distasteful to him, and now that he was his own master, he gave loose rein to his poetic fancy and abandoned himself to the enjoy-

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ment of the gay social life of Rome. He soon gained admission to the choice circle of the poets of his day, paying unlimited devotion to the masters of his art, and quickly becoming himself the object of no small admiration on the part of younger poets. His youthful poems soon gained fame among the people also, and his love poems became the popular lyrics of the town.

Though extremely susceptible to the influences of love, he proudly boasts that his private life was above reproach. He contracted two unhappy marriages in his youth, but his third marriage was a lasting joy to him.

And now his father and his mother died. The poet, while deeply mourning their loss with true filial devotion, still cannot but rejoice that they died before that disgrace came upon him which was to darken his own life and the lives of all whom he loved. For now, as the early frosts of age were beginning to whiten his locks, in the year 8 of our era, a sudden calamity fell upon him, no less than an imperial decree against him of perpetual banishment to the far-off shores of the Euxine Sea. The cause of this decree he only hints at; but he gives us to understand that it was an error of his judgment and not of his heart.¹

Exiled to savage Tomi, far from home and friends and the delights of his beloved Rome, he was forced to live in a rigorous climate, an unlovely land, midst a society of uncultured semi-savages. His chief solace was the cultivation of his art, and in this he spent the tiresome days. He ends his autobiography

¹ Augustus, indeed, gave as his reason the immorality of Ovid's love poems, but this is generally supposed to be only a cloak for a more personal and private reason.

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with a strain of thanksgiving to his muse, and a prophecy of his world-wide fame and literary immortality.

Though Ovid says that he strove to bear his misfortunes with a manly fortitude, the poems of his exile abound in plaintive lamentations at his hard lot, petitions to his friends in Rome, and unmanly subserviency to Augustus, and later to Tiberius, in the hope of gaining his recall. These, however, were all in vain, and he died at Tomi in A.D. 18, after a banishment of nearly ten years.

Ovid's greatest work, the fruit of the best years of the prime of his life, when his imagination had ripened and his poetic vigour was at its height, was the *Metamorphoses*, finished in A.D. 7, just before his banishment.

In the poet's own judgment, however, the poem was not finished, and, in his despair on learning of his impending exile, he burned his manuscript. He himself tells us of his motive for this rash act (*Tristia*, i. 7): "On departing from Rome, I burned this poem as well as many others of my works, either because I was disgusted with poetry which had proved my bane, or because this poem was still rough and unfinished." But fortunately copies of this great work still survived in the hands of friends; and in this letter he begs his friends now to publish it, and at the same time he begs his readers to remember that the poem has never received its author's finishing touches and so to be lenient in their judgment of it.

In the *Metamorphoses* Ovid attempts no less a task than the linking together into one artistically harmonious whole all the stories of classical mythology. And this he does, until the whole range of wonders

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(miraculous changes, hence the name, *Metamorphoses*) is passed in review, from the dawn of creation, when chaos was changed by divine fiat into the orderly universe, down to the very age of the poet himself, when the soul of Julius Caesar was changed to a star and set in the heavens among the immortals. Every important myth is at least touched upon, and though the stories differ widely in place and time, there is no break in the sequence of narration. The poet has seized upon every possible thread of connexion as he passes on from cycle to cycle of story; and where this connexion is lacking, by various ingenious and artistic devices a connecting-link is found.

The poem thus forms a manual of classical mythology, and is the most important source of mythical lore for all writers since Ovid's time. This is the real, tangible service which he has done the literary world. Many of these stories could now be obtained from the sources whence Ovid himself drew them—from Homer, Hesiod, the Greek tragedians, the Alexandrine poets, and many others. And yet many stories, but for him, would have been lost to us; and all of them he has so vivified by his strong poetic imagination that they have come down to us with added freshness and life.

The classic myths have always had a strong fascination for later writers, and so numerous are both passing and extended references to these in English literature, and especially in the poets, that he who reads without a classical background reads with many lapses of his understanding and appreciation. While the English poets have, of course, drawn from all classic sources, they are indebted for their mythology largely to Ovid. The poet would have been

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accessible after 1567 even to writers not versed in Latin, for in that year Golding's translation of Ovid appeared.

An admirable study of the influence of classic myth on the writings of Shakespeare has been made,¹ in which the author finds that Shakespeare was thoroughly familiar with the myths, and makes very free use of them. We read: "Though the number of definite allusions in Shakespeare is smaller than that of the vague ones, they are yet sufficiently numerous to admit of satisfactory conclusions. Of these allusions, for which a definite source can be assigned, it will be found that an overwhelming majority are directly due to Ovid, while the remainder, with few exceptions, are from Vergil. . . . Throughout, the influence of Ovid is at least four times as great as that of Vergil; the whole character of Shakespeare's mythology is essentially Ovidian."

What is true of Shakespeare is still more true of numerous other English poets in respect to their use of classical mythology. They do not always, indeed, use the myths in Ovid's manner, which is that of one whose sole attention is on the story, which he tells with eager interest, simply for the sake of telling; and yet such earlier classicists as Spenser and Milton² have so thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the classics that they deal with the classic stories quite as subjectively as Ovid himself. But among later English poets we find a tendency to objectify the myths, to rationalize them, to philosophize upon them, draw

¹ *Classical Mythology in Shakespeare*. By Robert Kilburn Root. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1903.

² See *The Classical Mythology of Milton's English Poems*. By Charles Grosvenor Osgood. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1900.

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lessons from them, and even to burlesque them. Perhaps the most interesting development of all is found in our own time, a decided tendency to revamp the classical stories, though not always in the classical spirit—a kind of Pre-Raphaelite movement in poetry. Prominently in this class of poets should be named Walter Savage Landor, Edmund Gosse, Lewis and William Morris, and Frederick Tennyson; while many others have caught the same spirit and written in the same form.

The Latin text of this edition is based on that of Ehwald, published by Messrs. Weidmann, of Berlin, who have generously given permission to use it. All deviations of any importance from Ehwald's text have been noted, and Ehwald's readings given with their sources.

CHICAGO, *March* 1915.

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METAMORPHOSES

METAMORPHOSEON

LIBER I

IN nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
corpora ; di, coeptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
adspirate meis primaque ab origine mundi
ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen !

Ante mare et terras et quod tegit omnia caelum 5
unus erat toto naturae vultus in orbe,
quem dixere chaos : rudis indigestaque moles
nec quicquam nisi pondus iners congestaque eodem
non bene iunctarum discordia semina rerum.
nullus adhuc mundo praebebat lumina Titan, 10
nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phoebe,
nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus
ponderibus librata suis, nec bracchia longo
margine terrarum porrexerat Amphitrite ;
utque erat et tellus illic et pontus et aer, 15
sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda,
lucis egens aer ; nulli sua forma manebat,
obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno
frigida pugnabant calidis, umentia siccis,
mollia cum duris, sine pondere, habentia pondus. 20
Hanc deus et melior litem natura diremit.
nam caelo terras et terris abscidit undas

METAMORPHOSES

BOOK I

My mind is bent to tell of bodies changed into new forms. Ye gods, for you yourselves have wrought the changes, breathe on these my undertakings, and bring down my song in unbroken strains from the world's very beginning even unto the present time.

Before the sea was, and the lands, and the sky that hangs over all, the face of Nature showed alike in her whole round, which state have men called chaos: a rough, unordered mass of things, nothing at all save lifeless bulk and warring seeds of ill-matched elements heaped in one. No sun as yet shone forth upon the world, nor did the waxing moon renew her slender horns; not yet did the earth hang poised by her own weight in the circumambient air, nor had the ocean stretched her arms along the far reaches of the lands. And, though there was both land and sea and air, no one could tread that land, or swim that sea; and the air was dark. No form of things remained the same; all objects were at odds, for within one body cold things strove with hot, and moist with dry, soft things with hard, things having weight with weightless things.

God—or kindlier Nature—composed this strife; for he rent asunder land from sky, and sea from land,

OID

et liquidum spisso secrevit ab aere caelum.
 quae postquam evolvit caecoque exemit acervo,
 dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit : 25
 ignea convexi vis et sine pondere caeli
 emicuit summaque locum sibi fecit in arce ;
 proximus est aer illi levitate locoque ;
 densior his tellus elementaque grandia traxit
 et pressa est gravitate sua ; circumfluis umor 30
 ultima possedit solidumque coercuit orbem.

Sic ubi dispositam quisquis fuit ille deorum
 congeriem secuit sectamque in membra coegit,
 principio terram, ne non aequalis ab omni
 parte foret, magni speciem glomeravit in orbis. 35
 tum freta diffundi rapidisque tumescere ventis
 iussit et ambitae circumdare litora terrae ;
 addidit et fontes et stagna immensa lacusque
 fluminaque obliquis cinxit declivia ripis,
 quae, diversa locis, partim sorbentur ab ipsa, 40
 in mare perveniunt partim campoque recepta
 liberioris aquae pro ripis litora pulsant.
 iussit et extendi campos, subsidere valles,
 fronde tegi silvas, lapidosos surgere montes,
 utque duae dextra caelum totidemque sinistra 45
 parte secant zonae, quinta est ardentior illis,
 sic onus inclusum numero distinxit eodem
 cura dei, totidemque plagae tellure premuntur.
 quarum quae media est, non est habitabilis aestu ;

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

and separated the ethereal heavens from the dense atmosphere. When thus he had released these elements and freed them from the blind heap of things, he set them each in its own place and bound them fast in harmony. The fiery weightless element that forms heaven's vault leaped up and made place for itself upon the topmost height. Next came the air in lightness and in place. The earth was heavier than these, and, drawing with it the grosser elements, sank to the bottom by its own weight. The streaming water took the last place of all, and held the solid land confined in its embrace.

When he, whoever of the gods it was, had thus arranged in order and resolved that chaotic mass, and reduced it, thus resolved, to cosmic parts, he first moulded the earth into the form of a mighty ball so that it might be of like form on every side. Then he bade the waters to spread abroad, to rise in waves beneath the rushing winds, and fling themselves around the shores of the encircled earth. Springs, too, and huge, stagnant pools and lakes he made, and hemmed down-flowing rivers within their shelving banks, whose waters, each far remote from each, are partly swallowed by the earth itself, and partly flow down to the sea; and being thus received into the expanse of a freer flood, beat now on shores instead of banks. Then did he bid plains to stretch out, valleys to sink down, woods to be clothed in leafage, and the rock-ribbed mountains to arise. And as the celestial vault is cut by two zones on the right and two on the left, and there is a fifth zone between, hotter than these, so did the providence of God mark off the enclosed mass with the same number of zones, and the same tracts were stamped upon the earth. The central zone of these may not be dwelt in by

OVID

nix tegit alta duas; totidem inter utramque locavit 50
temperiemque dedit mixta cum frigore flamma.

Inminet his aer, qui quanto est pondere terrae,
pondere aquae levior, tanto est onerosior igni.
illic et nebulas, illic consistere nubes
iussit et humanas motura tonitrua mentes 55
et cum fulminibus facientes fulgora ventos.

His quoque non passim mundi fabricator habendum
aera permisit; vix nunc obsistitur illis,
cum sua quisque regat diverso flamina tractu,
quin lanient mundum; tanta est discordia fratrum.
Eurus ad Auroram Nabataeaeque regna recessit 61
Persidaeque et radiis iuga subdita matutinis;
vesper et occiduo quae litora sole tepescunt,
proxima sunt Zephyro; Scythiam septemque triones
horrifer invasit Boreas; contraria tellus 65
nubibus adsiduis pluviaque madescit ab Austro.
haec super inposuit liquidum et gravitate carentem
aethera nec quicquam terrenae faecis habentem.

Vix ita limitibus dissaepserat omnia certis,
cum, quae pressa diu fuerant caligine caeca, 70
sidera coeperunt toto effervescere caelo;
neu regio foret ulla suis animalibus orba,
astra tenent caeleste solum formaeque deorum,
cesserunt nitidis habitandae piscibus undae,
terra feras cepit, volucres agitabilis aer. 75

Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altae
deerat adhuc et quod dominari in cetera posset:

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

reason of the heat; deep snow covers two, two he placed between and gave them temperate climate, mingling heat with cold.

The air hung over all, which is as much heavier than fire as the weight of water is lighter than the weight of earth. There did the creator bid the mists and clouds to take their place, and thunder, that should shake the hearts of men, and winds which with the thunderbolts make chilling cold. To these also the world's creator did not allot the air that they might hold it everywhere. Even as it is, they can scarce be prevented, though they control their blasts, each in his separate tract, from tearing the world to pieces. So fiercely do these brothers strive together. But Eurus drew off to the land of the dawn and the realms of Araby, and where the Persian hills flush beneath the morning light. The western shores which glow with the setting sun are the place of Zephyrus: while bristling Boreas betook himself to Scythia and the farthest north. The land far opposite is wet with constant fog and rain, the home of Auster, the South-wind. Above these all he placed the liquid, weightless ether, which has naught of earthy dregs.

Scarce had he thus parted off all things within their determined bounds, when the stars, which had long been lying hid crushed down beneath the mass, began to gleam throughout the sky. And, that no region might be without its own forms of animate life, the stars and divine forms occupied the floor of heaven, the sea fell to the shining fishes for their home, earth received the beasts, and the mobile air the birds.

A living creature of finer stuff than these, more capable of lofty thought, one who could have dominion over all the rest, was lacking yet. Then man was born :

OVID

natus homo est, sive hunc divino semine fecit
 ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo,
 sive recens tellus seductaque nuper ab alto 80
 aethere cognati retinebat semina caeli.
 quam satus Iapeto, mixtam pluvialibus undis,
 finxit in effigiem moderantum cuncta deorum,
 pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
 os homini sublime dedit caelumque videre 85
 iussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus:
 sic, modo quae fuerat rudis et sine imagine, tellus
 induit ignotas hominum conversa figuras.

Aurea prima sata est aetas, quae vindice nullo,
 sponte sua, sine lege fidem rectumque colebat. 90
 poena metusque aberant, nec verba minantia fixo
 aere legebantur, nec supplex turba timebat
 iudicis ora sui, sed erant sine iudice tuti.
 nondum caesa suis, peregrinum ut viseret orbem,
 montibus in liquidas pinus descenderat undas, 95
 nullaque mortales praeter sua litora norant;
 nondum praecipites cingebant oppida fossae;
 non tuba directi, non aeris cornua flexi,
 non galeae, non ensis erant: sine militis usus
 mollia securae peragebant otia gentes. 100
 ipsa quoque immunis rastroque intacta nec ullis
 saucia vomeribus per se dabat omnia tellus,
 contentique cibus nullo cogente creatis
 arbuteos fetus montanaque fraga legebant
 cornaque et in duris haerentia mora rubetis 105
 et quae deciderant patula Iovis arbore glandes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

whether the god who made all else, designing a more perfect world, made man of his own divine substance, or whether the new earth, but lately drawn away from heavenly ether, retained still some elements of its kindred sky—that earth which the son of Iapetus mixed with fresh, running water, and moulded into the form of the all-controlling gods. And, though all other animals are prone, and fix their gaze upon the earth, he gave to man an uplifted face and bade him stand erect and turn his eyes to heaven. So, then, the earth, which had but lately been a rough and formless thing, was changed and clothed itself with forms of men before unknown.

Golden was that first age, which, with no one to compel, without a law, of its own will, kept faith and did the right. There was no fear of punishment, no threatening words were to be read on brazen tablets; no suppliant throng gazed fearfully upon its judge's face; but without judges lived secure. Not yet had the pine-tree, felled on its native mountains, descended thence into the watery plain to visit other lands; men knew no shores except their own. Not yet were cities begirt with steep moats; there were no trumpets of straight, no horns of curving brass, no swords or helmets. There was no need at all of armed men, for nations, secure from war's alarms, passed the years in gentle ease. The earth herself, without compulsion, untouched by hoe or plowshare, of herself gave all things needful. And men, content with food which came with no one's seeking, gathered the arbut fruit, strawberries from the mountain-sides, cornel-cherries, berries hanging thick upon the prickly bramble, and acorns fallen from the spreading tree of Jove. Then spring was everlasting, and

OVID

ver erat aeternum, placidique tēpentibus auris
 mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores ;
 mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat,
 nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis ; 110
 flumina iam lactis, iam flumina nectaris ibant,
 flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

Postquam Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso
 sub Iove mundus erat, subiit argentea proles,
 auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior aere. 115

Iuppiter antiqui contraxit tempora veris
 perque hiemes aestusque et inaequalis autumnos
 et breve ver spatiis exegit quattuor annum.
 tum primum siccis aer fervoribus ustus
 canduit, et ventis glacies adstricta pependit ; 120
 tum primum subiere domos ; domus antra fuerunt
 et densi frutices et vinctae cortice virgae.
 semina tum primum longis Cerealia sulcis
 obruta sunt, pressique iugo gemuere iuveni.

Tertia post illam successit aenea proles, 125
 saevior ingeniis et ad horrida promptior arma,
 non scelerata tamen ; de duro est ultima ferro.
 protinus inrupit venae peioris in aevum
 omne nefas fugitque pudor verumque fidesque ;
 in quorum subiere locum fraudesque dolusque 130
 insidiaeque et vis et amor sceleratus habendi.
 vela dabant ventis nec adhuc bene noverat illos
 navita, quaeque prius steterant in montibus altis,
 fluctibus ignotis exultavere carinae,
 communemque prius ceu lumina solis et auras 135

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

gentle zephyrs with warm breath played with the flowers that sprang unplanted. Anon the earth, untilled, brought forth her stores of grain, and the fields, though unfallowed, grew white with the heavy, bearded wheat. Streams of milk and streams of sweet nectar flowed, and yellow honey was distilled from the verdant oak.

After Saturn had been banished to the dark world of death, and the world was under the sway of Jove, the silver race came in, lower in the scale than gold, but of greater worth than yellow brass. Jove now shortened the bounds of the old-time spring, and through winter, summer, variable autumn, and brief spring extended the year in four seasons. Then first the parched air glared white with burning heat, and icicles hung down congealed by freezing winds. In that age men first sought the shelter of houses. Their homes had heretofore been caves, dense thickets, and branches bound together with bark. Then first the seeds of grain were planted in long furrows, and bullocks groaned beneath the heavy yoke.

Next after this and third in order came the brazen race, of sterner disposition, and more ready to fly to arms savage, but not yet impious. The age of hard iron came last. Straightway all evil burst forth into this age of baser vein: modesty and truth and faith fled the earth, and in their place came tricks and plots and snares, violence and cursed love of gain. Men now spread sails to the winds, though the sailor as yet scarce knew them; and keels of pine which long had stood upon high mountain-sides, now leaped insolently over unknown waves. And the ground, which had hitherto been a common possession like the sunlight and the air, the careful surveyor now

OVID

cautus humum longo signavit limite mensor.
 nec tantum segetes alimenta que debita dives
 poscebatur humus, sed itum est in viscera terrae,
 quasque recondiderat Stygiisque admoverat umbris,
 effodiuntur opes, inritamenta malorum. 140

iamque nocens ferrum ferroque nocentius aurum
 prodierat, prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque,
 sanguineaque manu crepitantia concutit arma.
 vivitur ex raptō : non hospes ab hospite tutus,
 non socer a genero, fratrum quoque gratia rara est ;
 inminet exitio vir coniugis, illa mariti, 146

lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercae,
 filius ante diem patrios inquit in annos :
 victa iacet pietas, et virgo caede madentis
 ultima caelestum terras Astraea reliquit. 150

Neve foret terris securior arduus aether,
 adfectasse ferunt regnum caeleste gigantas
 altaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montis.
 tum pater omnipotens misso perfregit Olympum
 fulmine et excussit subiectae Pelion Ossae. 155
 obruta mole sua cum corpora dira iacerent,
 perfusam multo natorum sanguine Terram
 immaduisse ferunt calidumque animasse cruorem
 et, ne nulla suae stirpis monimenta manerent,
 in faciem vertisse hominum ; sed et illa propago 160
 contemptrix superum saevaeque avidissima caedis
 et violenta fuit : scires e sanguine natos.

Quae pater ut summa vidit Saturnius arce,
 ingemit et facto nondum vulgata recenti

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

marked out with long-drawn boundary-line. Not only did men demand of the bounteous fields the crops and sustenance they owed, but they delved as well into the very bowels of the earth; and the wealth which the creator had hidden away and buried deep amidst the very Stygian shades, was brought to light, wealth that pricks men on to crime. And now baneful iron had appeared, and gold more baneful still; war came, which fights with both, and brandished in its bloody hands the clashing arms. Men lived on plunder. Guest was not safe from host, nor father-in-law from son-in-law; even among brothers 'twas rare to find affection. The husband longed for the death of his wife, she of her husband; murderous stepmothers brewed deadly poisons, and sons inquired into their fathers' years before the time. Piety lay vanquished, and the maiden Astraea, last of the immortals, abandoned the blood-soaked earth.

And, that high heaven might be no safer than the earth, they say that the Giants essayed the very throne of heaven, piling huge mountains, one on another, clear up to the stars. Then the Almighty Father hurled his thunderbolts, shattered Olympus, and dashed Pelion down from underlying Ossa. When those dread bodies lay o'erwhelmed by their own bulk, they say that Mother Earth, drenched with their streaming blood, informed that warm gore anew with life, and, that some trace of her former offspring might remain, she gave it human form. But this new stock, too, proved contemptuous of the gods, very greedy for slaughter, and passionate. You might know that they were sons of blood.

When Saturn's son from his high throne saw this he groaned, and, recalling the infamous revels of

OVID

foeda Lycaoniae referens convivium mensae 165
 ingentes animo et dignas Iove concipit iras
 conciliumque vocat : tenuit mora nulla vocatos.

Est via sublimis, caelo manifesta sereno ;
 lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.
 hac iter est superis ad magni tecta Tonantis 170
 regalemque domum : dextra laevaque deorum
 atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.
 plebs habitat diversa locis : hac parte potentes
 caelicolae clarique suos posuere penates ;
 hic locus est, quem, si verbis audacia detur, 175
 haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia caeli.

Ergo ubi marmoreo superi sedere recessu,
 celsior ipse loco sceptroque innixus eburno
 terrificam capitis concussit terque quaterque
 caesariem, cum qua terram, mare, sidera movit. 180
 talibus inde modis ora indignantia solvit :
 “ non ego pro mundi regno magis anxius illa
 tempestate fui, qua centum quisque parabat
 inicere anguipedum captivo bracchia caelo.
 nam quamquam ferus hostis erat, tamen illud ab uno
 corpore et ex una pendebat origine bellum ; 186
 nunc mihi qua totum Nereus circumsonat orbem,
 perdendum est mortale genus : per flumina iuro
 infera sub terras Stygio labentia luco !
 cuncta prius temptata, sed inmedicabile corpus 190
 ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.
 sunt mihi semidei, sunt, rustica numina, nymphae
 faunisque satyrique et monticolae silvani ;
 quos quoniam caeli nondum dignamur honore,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

Lycaon's table—a story still unknown because the deed was new—he conceived a mighty wrath worthy of the soul of Jove, and summoned a council of the gods. Naught delayed their answer to the summons.

There is a high way, easily seen when the sky is clear. 'Tis called the Milky Way, famed for its shining whiteness. By this way the gods fare to the halls and royal dwelling of the mighty Thunderer. On either side the palaces of the gods of higher rank are thronged with guests through folding-doors flung wide. The lesser gods dwell apart from these. Fronting on this way, the illustrious and strong heavenly gods have placed their homes. This is the place which, if I may make bold to say it, I would not fear to call the Palatia of high heaven.

So, when the gods had taken their seats within the marble council chamber, the king himself, seated high above the rest and leaning on his ivory sceptre, shook thrice and again his awful locks, wherewith he moved the land and sea and sky. Then he opened his indignant lips, and thus spoke he: "I was not more troubled than now for the sovereignty of the world when each one of the hundred serpent-footed giants was in act to lay violent hands upon the captive sky. For, although that was a savage enemy, their whole attack sprung from one body and one source. But now, wherever old Ocean roars around the earth, I must destroy the race of men. By the infernal streams that glide beneath the earth through Stygian pools, I swear that I have already tried all other means. But that which is incurable must be cut away with the knife, lest the untainted part also draw infection. I have demigods, rustic divinities, nymphs, fauns and satyrs, and sylvan deities upon the mountain-slopes. Since we do not yet esteem them worthy the honour

OID

quas dedimus, certe terras habitare sinamus. 195
 an satis, o superi, tutos fore creditis illos,
 cum mihi, qui fulmen, qui vos habeoque regoque,
 struxerit insidias notus feritate Lycaon?"

Contremuere omnes studiisque ardentibus ausum
 talia deposcunt: sic, cum manus in pia saevit 200
 sanguine Caeseo Romanum exstinguere nomen,
 attonitum tanto subitae terrore ruinae
 humanum genus est totusque perhorruit orbis;
 nec tibi grata minus pietas, Auguste, tuorum
 quam fuit illa Iovi. qui postquam voce manuque 205
 murmura compressit, tenuere silentia cuncti.
 substitit ut clamor pressus gravitate regentis,
 Iuppiter hoc iterum sermone silentia rupit:
 " ille quidem poenas (curam hanc dimittite!) solvit;
 quod tamen admissum, quae sit vindicta, docebo. 210
 contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures;
 quam cupiens falsam summo delabor Olympo
 et deus humana lustris sub imagine terras.
 longa mora est, quantum noxae sit ubique repertum,
 enumerare: minor fuit ipsa infamia vero. 215
 Maenala transieram latebris horrenda ferarum
 et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycaei:
 Arcadis hinc sedes et inhospita tecta tyranni
 ingredior, traherent cum sera crepuscula noctem.
 signa dedi venisse deum, vulgusque precari 220
 coeperat: inridet primo pia vota Lycaon,
 mox ait 'experiar deus hic discrimine aperto
 an sit mortalis: nec erit dubitabile verum.'

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

of a place in heaven, let us at least allow them to dwell in safety in the lands allotted them. Or do you think that they will be safe, when against me, who wield the thunderbolt, who have and rule you as my subjects, Lycaon, well known for savagery, has laid his snares?"

All cried aloud, and with eager questionings demanded him who had been guilty of such bold infamy. So, when an impious band was mad to blot out the name of Rome with Caesar's blood, the human race was dazed with a mighty fear of sudden ruin, and the whole world shuddered in horror. Nor is the loyalty of thy subjects, Augustus, less pleasing to thee than that was to Jove. After he, by word and gesture, had checked their outcry, all held their peace. When now the clamour had subsided, checked by his royal authority, Jove once more broke the silence with these words: "He has indeed been punished; have no care for that. But what he did to merit punishment I will relate. An infamous report of the age had reached my ears. Eager to prove this false, I descended from high Olympus, and as a god disguised in human form travelled up and down the land. It would take too long to recount how great impiety was found on every hand. The infamous report was far less than the truth. I had crossed Maenala, bristling with the lairs of beasts, Cyllene, and the pine-groves of chill Lycaeus. Thence I approached the seat and inhospitable abode of the Arcadian king, just as the late evening shades were ushering in the night. I gave a sign that a god had come, and the common folk began to worship me. Lycaon at first mocked at their pious prayers; and then he said: 'I will soon find out, and that by a plain test, whether this fellow be god or mortal. Nor

OVID

nocte gravem somno necopina perdere morte
 me parat : haec illi placet experientia veri ; 225
 nec contentus eo, missi de gente Molossa
 obsidis unius iugulum mucrone resolvit
 atque ita semineces partim ferventibus artus
 mollit aquis, partim subiecto torruit igni.
 quod simul inposuit mensis, ego vindice flamma 230
 in dominum dignosque everti tecta penates ;
 territus ipse fugit nactusque silentia ruris
 exultat frustra que loqui conatur : ab ipso
 colligit os rabiem solitaeque cupidine caedis
 utitur in pecudes et nunc quoque sanguine gaudet.
 in villos abeunt vestes, in crura lacerti : 236
 fit lupus et veteris servat vestigia formae ;
 canities eadem est, eadem violentia vultus,
 idem oculi lucent, eadem feritatis imago est.
 occidit una domus, sed non domus una perire 240
 digna fuit : qua terra patet, fera regnat Erinys.
 in facinus iurasse putes ! dent ocius omnes,
 quas meruere pati, (sic stat sententia) poenas."

Dicta Iovis pars voce probant stimulosque frementi
 adiciunt, alii partes adsensibus implent. 245
 est tamen humani generis iactura dolori
 omnibus, et quae sit terrae mortalibus orbae
 forma futura rogant, quis sit laturus in aras
 tura, ferisne paret populandas tradere terras.
 talia quaerentes (sibi enim fore cetera curae) 250

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

shall the truth be at all in doubt.' He planned that night while I was heavy with sleep to kill me by an unexpected murderous attack. And not content with that, he took a hostage who had been sent by the Molossian race, cut his throat, and some parts of him, still warm with life, he boiled, and others he roasted over the fire. But no sooner had he placed these before me on the table than I, with my avenging bolt, o'erthrew the house upon its master and on his guilty household. The king himself flies in terror and, gaining the silent fields, howls aloud, attempting in vain to speak. His mouth of itself gathers foam, and with his accustomed greed for blood he turns against the sheep, delighting still in slaughter. His garments change to shaggy hair, his arms to legs. He turns into a wolf, and yet retains some traces of his former shape. There is the same grey hair, the same fierce face, the same gleaming eyes, the same picture of beastly savagery. One house has fallen; but not one house alone has deserved to perish. Wherever the plains of earth extend, wild fury reigns supreme. You would deem it a conspiracy of crime. Let them all pay, and quickly too, the penalties which they have deserved. So stands my purpose."

When he had done, some proclaimed their approval of his words, and added fuel to his wrath, while others played their parts by giving silent consent. And yet they all grieved over the threatened loss of the human race, and asked what would be the state of the world bereft of mortals. Who would bring incense to their altars? Was he planning to give over the world to the wild beasts to despoil? As they thus questioned, their king bade them be of good cheer (for the rest should be his care), for

OVID

rex superum trepidare vetat subolemque priori
dissimilem populo promittit origine mira.

Iamque erat in totas sparsurus fulmina terras ;
sed timuit, ne forte sacer tot ab ignibus aether
conciperet flammam longusque ardesceret axis : 255
esse quoque in fati reminiscitur, adfore tempus,
quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia caeli
ardeat et mundi moles obsessa laboret.
tela reponuntur manibus fabricata cyclo-
poena placet diversa, genus mortale sub undis 260
perdere et ex omni nimbo demittere caelo.

Protinus Aeoliis Aquilonem claudit in antris
et quaecumque fugant inductas flamina nubes
emittitque Notum. madidis Notus evolat alis,
terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum ; 265
barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis ;
fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaequae sinusque.
utque manu lata pendentia nubila pressit,
fit fragor : hinc densi funduntur ab aethere nimbi ;
nuntia Iunonis varios induta colores 270
concipit Iris aquas alimenta-que nubibus adfert.
sternuntur segetes et deplorata coloni
vota iacent, longique perit labor inritus anni.

Nec caelo contenta suo est Iovis ira, sed illum
caeruleus frater iuvat auxiliaribus undis. 275
convocat hic annes : qui postquam tecta tyranni
intravere sui, " non est hortamine longo

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

he would give them another race of wondrous origin far different from the first.

And now he was in act to hurl his thunderbolts 'gainst the whole world; but he stayed his hand in fear lest perchance the sacred heavens should take fire from so huge a conflagration, and burn from pole to pole. He remembered also that 'twas in the fates that a time would come when sea and land, the regions of the sky and the curiously wrought structure of the universe should be destroyed by fire. And so he laid aside the bolts which Cyclopean hands had forged. He preferred a different punishment, to destroy the human race beneath the waves and to send down rain from every quarter of the sky.

Straightway he shuts the North-wind up in the cave of Aeolus, and all blasts soever that put the clouds to flight; but he lets the South-wind loose. Forth flies the South-wind with dripping wings, his awful face shrouded in pitchy darkness. His beard is heavy with rain; water flows in streams down his hoary locks; dark clouds rest upon his brow; while his wings and garments drip with dew. And, when he presses the low-hanging clouds with his broad hands, a crashing sound goes forth; and next the dense clouds pour forth their rain. Iris, the messenger of Juno, clad in robes of many hues, draws up water and feeds it to the clouds. The standing grain is overthrown; the crops which have been the object of the farmers' prayers lie ruined; and the hard labour of the tedious year has come to naught.

The wrath of Jove is not content with the waters from his own sky; his sea-god brother aids him with auxiliary waves. He summons his rivers to council. When these have assembled at the palace of their king, he says: "Now is no time to employ a long

OVID

nunc" ait "utendum; vires effundite vestras:
 sic opus est! aperite domos ac mole remota
 fluminibus vestris totas inmittite habenas!" 280
 iusserat; hi redeunt ac fontibus ora relaxant
 et defrenato volvuntur in aequora cursu.

Ipse tridente suo terram percussit, at illa
 intremuit motuque vias patefecit aquarum.
 exspatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos 285
 cumque satis arbusta simul pecudesque virosque
 tectaque cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris.
 si qua domus mansit potuitque resistere tanto
 indeiecta malo, culmen tamen altior huius
 unda tegit, pressaeque latent sub gurgite turres. 290
 iamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant:
 omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque litora ponto.

Occupat hic collem, cumba sedet alter adunca
 et ducit remos illic, ubi nuper arabat:
 ille supra segetes aut mersae culmina villae 295
 navigat, hic summa piscem deprendit in ulmo.
 figitur in viridi, si fors tulit, ancora prato,
 aut subiecta terunt curvae vineta carinae;
 et, modo qua graciles gramen carpsere capellae,
 nunc ibi deformes ponunt sua corpora phocae. 300
 mirantur sub aqua lucos urbesque domosque
 Nereides, silvasque tenent delphines et altis
 incursant ramis agitataque robora pulsant.
 nat lupus inter oves, fulvos vehit unda leones,
 unda vehit tigres; nec vires fulminis apro, 305
 crura nec ablato prosunt velocia cervo,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

harangue. Put forth all your strength, for there is need. Open wide your doors, away with all restraining dykes, and give full rein to all your river steeds." So he commands, and the rivers return, uncurb their fountains' mouths, and in unbridled course go racing to the sea.

Neptune himself smites the earth with his trident. She trembles, and at the stroke flings open wide a way for the waters. The rivers overleap all bounds and flood the open plains. And not alone orchards and herds, men and dwellings, but shrines as well and their sacred contents do they sweep away. If any house has stood firm, and has been able to resist that huge misfortune undestroyed, still do the overtopping waves cover its roof, and its towers lie hid beneath the flood. And now the sea and land have no distinction. All is sea, but a sea without a shore.

Here one man seeks a hill-top in his flight; another sits in his curved skiff, plying the oars where lately he has plowed; one sails over his fields of grain or the roof of his buried farmhouse, and one takes fish caught in the elm-tree's top. And sometimes it chanced that an anchor was embedded in a grassy meadow, or the curving keels brushed over the vineyard tops. And where but now the pretty sheep had browsed, the ugly sea-calves rested. The Nereids are amazed to see beneath the waters groves and cities and the haunts of men. The dolphins invade the woods, brushing against the high branches, and shake the oak-trees as they knock against them in their course. The wolf swims among the sheep, while tawny lions and tigers are borne along by the waves. Neither does the power of his lightning stroke avail the boar, nor his swift limbs the stag, since both are alike swept away by the flood; and

OVID

quaesitisque diu terris, ubi sistere possit,
 in mare lassatis volucris vaga decidit alis.
 obruerat tumulos inmensa licentia ponti,
 pulsabantque novi montana cacumina fluctus. 310
 maxima pars unda rapitur; quibus unda pepercit,
 illos longa domant inopi ieiunia victu.

Separat Aonios Oetaeis Phocis ab arvis,
 terra ferax, dum terra fuit, sed tempore in illo
 pars maris et latus subitarum campus aquarum. 315
 mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus,
 nomine Parnasus, superantque cacumina nubes.
 hic ubi Deucalion (nam cetera texerat aequor)
 cum consorte tori parva rate vectus adhaesit,
 Corycidas nymphas et numina montis adorant 320
 fatidicamque Themis, quae tunc oracla tenebat:
 non illo melior quisquam nec amantior aequi
 vir fuit aut illa metuentior ulla deorum.

Iuppiter ut liquidis stagnare paludibus orbem
 et superesse virum de tot modo milibus unum, 325
 et superesse vidit de tot modo milibus unam,
 innocuos ambo, cultores numinis ambo,
 nubila disiecit nimbisque aquilone remotis
 et caelo terras ostendit et aethera terris.
 nec maris ira manet, positoque tricuspide telo 330
 mulcet aquas rector pelagi supraque profundum

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

the wandering bird, after long searching for a place to alight, falls with weary wings into the sea. The sea in unchecked liberty has now buried all the hills, and strange waves now beat upon the mountain-peaks. Most living things are drowned outright. Those who have escaped the water slow starvation at last o'ercomes through lack of food.

The land of Phocis separates the Boeotian from the Oetean fields, a fertile land, while still it was a land. But at that time it was but a part of the sea, a broad expanse of sudden waters. There Mount Parnasus lifts its two peaks skyward, high and steep, piercing the clouds. When here Deucalion and his wife, borne in a little skiff, had come to land—for the sea had covered all things else—they first worshipped the Corycian nymphs and the mountain deities, and the goddess, fate-revealing Themis, who in those days kept the oracles. There was no better man than he, none more scrupulous of right, nor than she was any woman more reverent of the gods. When now Jove saw that the world was all one stagnant pool, and that only one man was left from those who were but now so many thousands, and that but one woman too was left, both innocent and both worshippers of God, he rent the clouds asunder, and when these had been swept away by the North-wind he showed the land once more to the sky, and the heavens to the land. Then too the anger of the sea subsides, when the sea's great ruler lays by his three-pronged spear and calms the waves; and, calling sea-hued Triton, showing forth above the deep, his shoulders thick o'ergrown with shell-fish, he bids him blow into his loud-resounding conch, and by that signal to recall the floods and streams. He lifts his hollow, twisted shell, which grows from the least

OVID

exstantem atque umeros innato murice tectum
 caeruleum Tritona vocat conchaeque sonanti
 inspirare iubet fluctusque et flumina signo
 iam revocare dato : cava bucina sumitur illi, 335
 tortilis, in latum quae turbine crescit ab imo,
 bucina, quae medio concepit ubi aera ponto,
 litora voce replet sub utroque iacentia Phoebō ;
 tum quoque, ut ora dei madida rorantia barba
 contigit et cecinit iussos inflata receptus, 340
 omnibus audita est telluris et aequoris undis,
 et quibus est undis audita, coercuit omnes.
 iam mare litus habet, plenos capit alveus amnes,
 flumina subsidunt collesque exire videntur ;
 surgit humus, crescunt loca decrescentibus undis, 345
 postque diem longam nudata cacumina silvae
 ostendunt limumque tenent in fronde relictum :

Redditus orbis erat ; quem postquam vidit inanem
 et desolatas agere alta silentia terras,
 Deucalion lacrimis ita Pyrrham adfatur obortis : 350
 “ o soror, o coniunx, o femina sola superstes,
 quam commune mihi genus et patruelis origo,
 deinde torus iunxit, nunc ipsa pericula iungunt,
 terrarum, quascumque vident occasus et ortus,
 nos quo turba sumus ; possedit cetera pontus. 355
 haec quoque adhuc vitae non est fiducia nostrae
 certa satis ; terrent etiamnum nubila mentem.
 quis tibi, si sine me fatis erepta fuisses,
 nunc animus, miseranda, foret ? quo sola timorem
 ferre modo posses ? quo consolante doleres ! 360
 namque ego (crede mihi), si te quoque pontus haberet,
 te sequerer, coniunx, et me quoque pontus haberet.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

and lowest to a broad-swelling whorl—the shell which, when in mid-sea it has received the Triton's breath, fills with its notes the shores that lie beneath the rising and the setting sun. So then, when it had touched the sea-god's lips wet with his dripping beard, and sounded forth the retreat which had been ordered, 'twas heard by all the waters both of land and sea; and 'twas obeyed by all. The floods subside, hill-tops spring into view; now the sea has shores once more, and the rivers, though still bank-full, keep now within their channels. The land comes forth, increasing as the waves subside. And now at length, after long burial, the trees show their uncovered tops, whose leaves still hold the slime which the flood has left.

The world was indeed restored. But when Deucalion saw that it was an empty world, and that deep silence filled the desolated lands, he burst into tears and thus addressed his wife: "O sister, O my wife, O only woman left on earth, you whom the ties of common race and family,¹ whom the marriage couch has joined to me, and whom now our very perils join: of all the lands which the rising and the setting sun behold, we two are the throng. The sea holds all the rest. And even this hold which we have upon our life is not as yet sufficiently secure. Even yet the clouds strike terror to my heart. What would be your feelings, now, poor soul, if the fates had willed that you be rescued all alone? How would you bear your fear, alone? who would console your grief? For be assured that if the sea held you also, I would follow you, my wife, and the sea should hold me also.

¹ *patruelis origo*. See line 390. Deucalion and Pyrrha were cousins, a relationship which on the part of the woman is sometimes expressed by *soror*.

OVID

o utinam possim populos reparare paternis
 artibus atque animas formatae infundere terrae!
 nunc genus in nobis restat mortale duobus 365
 sic visum superis: hominumque exempla manemus.”
 dixerat, et flebant: placuit caeleste precari
 numen et auxilium per sacras quaerere sortes.
 nulla mora est: adeunt pariter Cephesidas undas,
 ut nondum liquidas, sic iam vada nota secantes. 370
 inde ubi libatos inroravere liquores
 vestibus et capiti, flectunt vestigia sanctae
 ad delubra deae, quorum fastigia turpi
 pallebant musco stabantque sine ignibus arae.
 ut templi tetigere gradus, procumbit uterque 375
 pronus humi gelidoque pavens dedit oscula saxo
 atque ita “si precibus” dixerunt “numina iustis
 victa remollescunt, si flectitur ira deorum,
 dic, Themis, qua generis damnum reparabile nostri
 arte sit, et mersis fer opem, mitissima, rebus!” 380
 Mota dea est sortemque dedit: “discedite templo
 et velate caput cinctasque resolvite vestes
 ossaque post tergum magnae iactate parentis!”
 obstupuere diu: rumpitque silentia voce
 Pyrrha prior iussisque deae parere recusat, 385
 detque sibi veniam pavido rogat ore pavetque
 laedere iactatis maternas ossibus umbras.
 interea repetunt caecis obscura latebris
 verba datae sortis secum inter seque volutant.
 inde Promethides placidis Epimethida dictis 390
 mulcet et “aut fallax” ait “est sollertia nobis,
 28

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

Oh, would that by my father's arts I might restore the nations, and breathe, as did he, the breath of life into the moulded clay. But as it is, on us two only depends the human race. Such is the will of Heaven: we two remain the sole examples of our kind." He spoke; and when they had wept awhile they resolved to appeal to the heavenly power and seek his aid through sacred oracles. Without delay side by side they went to the waters of Cephisus' stream, which, while not yet clear, still flowed within their familiar banks. From this they took some drops and sprinkled them on head and clothing. So having done, they bent their steps to the goddess's sacred shrine, whose gables were still discoloured with foul moss, and upon whose altars the fires were dead. When they had reached the temple steps they both fell prone upon the ground, and with trembling lips kissed the chill stone and said: "If deities are appeased by the prayers of the righteous, if the wrath of the gods is thus turned aside, O Themis, tell us by what means our race may be restored, and bring aid, O most merciful, to a world o'erwhelmed."

The goddess was moved and gave this oracle: "Depart hence, and with veiled heads and loosened robes throw behind you as you go the bones of your great mother." Long they stand in dumb amaze; and first Pyrrha breaks the silence and refuses to obey the bidding of the goddess. With trembling lips she prays for pardon, but dares not outrage her mother's ghost by treating her bones as she is bid. Meanwhile they go over again the words of the oracle, which had been given so full of dark perplexities, and turn them over and over in their minds. At last Prometheus' son comforts the daughter of Epimetheus with reassuring words: "Either my wit

OVID

aut (pia sunt nullumque nefas oracula suadent)
 magna parens terra est : lapides in corpore terrae
 ossa reor dici ; iacere hos post terga iubemur."

Coniugis augurio quamquam Titania mota est, 395
 spes tamen in dubio est : adeo caelestibus ambo
 diffidunt monitis ; sed quid temptare nocebit ?
 descendunt : velantque caput tunicasque recingunt
 et iussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt.
 saxa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas ?) 400
 ponere duritiem coepere suumque rigorem
 molliriue mora mollitaue ducere formam.
 mox ubi creverunt naturaue mitior illis
 contigit, ut quaedam, sic non manifesta videri
 forma potest hominis, sed uti de marmore coeptis¹
 non exacta satis rudibusque simillima signis, 406
 quae tamen ex illis aliquo pars umida suco
 et terrena fuit, versa est in corporis usum ;
 quod solidum est flectique nequit, mutatur in ossa,
 quae modo vena fuit, sub eodem nomine mansit, 410
 inque brevi spatio superiorum numine saxa
 missa viri manibus faciem traxere virorum
 et de femineo reparata est femina iactu.
 inde genus durum sumus experiensque laborum
 et documenta damus qua simus origine nati. 415

Cetera diversis tellus animalia formis
 sponte sua peperit, postquam vetus umor ab igne
 percaluit solis, caenumque udaeque paludes
 intumuere aestu, fecundaue semina rerum

¹ coeptis *Merkel* : coepta *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

is at fault, or else this oracle is free from impiety and counsels no wrong. Our great mother is the earth, and I think that the bones which the goddess speaks of are the stones in the earth's body. 'Tis these that we are bidden to throw behind us."

Although Pyrrha is moved by her husband's surmise, yet hope still wavers; so distrustful are they both as to the heavenly command. But what harm will it do to try? They go down, veil their heads, ungird their robes, and throw stones behind them just as the goddess had bidden. And the stones—who would believe it unless ancient tradition vouched for it?—began at once to lose their hardness and stiffness, to grow soft after a little, and to take on form. Then, when they had grown in size and become softer in their nature, a certain likeness to the human form, indeed, could be seen, still not very clear, but such as statues just begun out of marble have, not sharply defined, and just like roughly blocked-out images. That part of them, however, which was damp with some slight moisture, was changed to flesh; but what was solid and incapable of bending became bone; that which was but now veins remained under the same name. And in a short time, through the operation of the divine will, the stones thrown by the man's hand took on the form of men, and women were made from the stones the woman threw. Hence come the hardness of our race and our endurance of toil; and we give proof from what origin we are sprung.

As to the other forms of animal life, the earth spontaneously produced these of divers kinds; after that old moisture remaining from the flood had grown warm from the rays of the sun, the slime of the wet marshes swelled with heat, and the fertile

OVID

vivaci nutrita solo ceu matris in alvo 420
 creverunt faciemque aliquam cepere morando.
 sic ubi deseruit madidos septemfluvius agros
 Nilus et antiquo sua flumina reddidit alveo
 aetherioque recens exarsit sidere limus,
 plurima cultores versis animalia glaebis 425
 inveniunt et in his quaedam modo coepta per ipsum
 nascendi spatium, quaedam imperfecta suisque
 trunca vident numeris, et eodem in corpore saepe
 altera pars vivit, rudis est pars altera tellus.
 quippe ubi temperiem sumpsere umorque calorque,
 concipiunt, et ab his oriuntur cuncta duobus, 431
 cumque sit ignis aquae pugnax, vapor umidus omnes
 res creat, et discors concordia fetibus apta est.
 ergo ubi diluvio tellus lutulenta recenti
 solibus aetheriis almoque ¹ recanduit aestu, 435
 edidit innumeras species; partimque figuras
 rettulit antiquas, partim nova monstra creavit.
 Illa quidem nollet, sed te quoque, maxime Python,
 tum genuit, populisque novis, incognita serpens,
 terror eras: tantum spatii de monte tenebas. 440
 hunc deus arqutenens et numquam talibus armis
 ante nisi in dammis capreisque fugacibus usus
 mille gravem telis exhausta paene pharetra
 perdidit effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.
 neve operis famam posset delere vetustas, 445
 instituit sacros celebri certamine ludos,
 Pythia perdomitae serpentis nomine dictos.
 hic iuvenum quicumque manu pedibusve rotave

¹ almo *Merkel*: alto *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

seeds of life, nourished in that life-giving soil, as in a mother's womb, grew and in time took on some special form. So when the seven-mouthed Nile has receded from the drenched fields and has returned again to its former bed, and the fresh slime has been heated by the sun's rays, farmers as they turn over the lumps of earth find many animate things; and among these some, but now begun, are upon the very verge of life, some are unfinished and lacking in their proper parts, and oft-times in the same body one part is alive and the other still nothing but raw earth. For when moisture and heat unite, life is conceived, and from these two sources all living things spring. And, though fire and water are naturally at enmity, still heat and moisture produce all things, and this inharmonious harmony is fitted to the growth of life. When, therefore, the earth, covered with mud from the recent flood, became heated up by the hot and genial rays of the sun, she brought forth innumerable forms of life, in part the ancient shapes, and in part creatures new and strange.

She, indeed, would have wished not so to do, but thee also she then bore, thou huge Python, thou snake unknown before, who wast a terror to new-created men; so huge a space of mountain-side didst thou fill. This monster the god of the glittering bow destroyed with arms never before used except against doe and wild she-goats, crushing him with countless darts, well-nigh emptying his quiver, till the creature's poisonous blood flowed from the black wounds. And, that the fame of his deed might not perish through lapse of time, he instituted sacred games for contests of every sort, called Pythian from the name of the serpent he had overthrown. At these games, every

OID

vicerat, aesculeae capiebat frondis honorem.
 nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine 450
 tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phoebus.

Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non
 fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira.

Delius hunc nuper, victa serpente superbus,
 viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo 455
 "quid" que "tibi, lascive puer, cum fortibus
 armis?"

dixerat: "ista decent umeros gestamina nostros,
 qui dare certa ferae, dare vulnera possumus hosti,
 qui modo pestifero tot iugera ventre prementem
 stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis. 460
 tu face nescio quos esto contentus amores
 inritare tua, nec laudes adsere nostras!"

filius huic Veneris "figat tuus omnia, Phoebе,
 te meus arcus" ait; "quantoque animalia cedunt
 cuncta deo, tanto minor est tua gloria nostra." 465

dixit et eliso percussis aere pennis
 inpiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce
 eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
 diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem;
 quod facit, auratum est et cuspide fulget acuta, 470
 quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub harundine
 plumbum.

hoc deus in nympha Peneide fixit, at illo
 laesit Apollineas traiecta per ossa medullas;
 protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis
 silvarum latebris capitivarumque ferarum 475

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

youth who had been victorious in boxing, running, or the chariot race received the honour of an oaken garland. For as yet the laurel-tree was not, and Phoebus was wont to wreath his temples, comely with flowing locks, with a garland from any tree.

Now the first love of Phoebus was Daphne, daughter of Peneus, the river-god. It was no blind chance that gave this love, but the malicious wrath of Cupid. Delian Apollo, while still exulting over his conquest of the serpent, had seen him bending his bow with tight-drawn string, and had said: "What hast thou to do with the arms of men, thou wanton boy? That weapon befits my shoulders; for I have strength to give unerring wounds to the wild beasts, my foes, and have but now laid low the Python swollen with countless darts, covering whole acres with plague-engendering form. Do thou be content with thy torch to light the hidden fires of love, and lay not claim to my honours." And to him Venus' son replied: "Thy dart may pierce all things else, Apollo, but mine shall pierce thee; and by as much as all living things are less than deity, by so much less is thy glory than mine." So saying he shook his wings and, dashing upward through the air, quickly alighted on the shady peak of Parnasus. There he took from his quiver two darts of opposite effect: one puts to flight, the other kindles the flame of love. The one which kindles love is of gold and has a sharp, gleaming point; the other is blunt and tipped with lead. This last the god fixed in the heart of Peneus' daughter, but with the other he smote Apollo, piercing even unto the bones and marrow. Straightway he burned with love; but she fled the very name of love, rejoicing in the deep fastnesses of the woods, and in the spoils of beasts

OVID

exuviis gaudens innuptaeque aemula Phoebes :
 vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos.
 multi illam petiere, illa aversata petentes
 inpatiens expersque viri nemora avia lustrat
 nec, quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint conubia curat.
 saepe pater dixit : " generum mihi, filia, debes," 481
 saepe pater dixit : " debes mihi, nata, nepotes " ;
 illa velut crimen taedas exosa iugales
 pulchra verecundo suffunditur ora rubore
 inque patris blandis haerens cervice lacertis 485
 " da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime," dixit
 " virginitate frui ! dedit hoc pater ante Dianae."
 ille quidem obsequitur, sed te decor iste quod optas
 esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat :
 Phoebus amat visaeque cupit conubia Daphnes, 490
 quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum oracula fallunt,
 utque leves stipulae demptis adolentur aristis,
 ut facibus saepes ardent, quas forte viator
 vel nimis admovit vel iam sub luce reliquit,
 sic deus in flammis abiit, sic pectore toto 495
 uritur et sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.
 spectat inornatos collo pendere capillos
 et " quid, si comantur ? " ait. videt igne micantes
 sideribus similes oculos, videt oscula, quae non
 est vidisse satis ; laudat digitosque manusque 500
 brachiaque et nudos media plus parte lacertos ;
 si qua latent, meliora putat. fugit ocior aura
 illa levi neque ad haec revocantis verba resistit :
 " nympha, precor, Penei, mane ! non insequor hostis ;
 nympha, mane ! sic agna lupum, sic cerva leonem, 505
 36

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

which she had snared, vying with the virgin Phoebe. A single fillet bound her locks all unarranged. Many sought her; but she, averse to all suitors, impatient of control and without thought for man, roamed the pathless woods, nor cared at all what Hymen, love, or wedlock might be. Often her father said: "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law"; and often: "Daughter, you owe me grandsons." But she, hating the wedding torch as if it were a thing of evil, would blush rosy red over her fair face, and, clinging around her father's neck with coaxing arms, would say: "O father, dearest, grant me to enjoy perpetual virginity. Her father has already granted this to Diana." He, indeed, yielded to her request. But that beauty of thine, Daphne, forbade the fulfilment of thy desire. Phoebus loves Daphne at sight, and longs to wed her; and what he longs for, that he hopes; and his own gifts of prophecy deceive him. And as the stubble of the harvested grain is kindled, as hedges burn with the fires which some traveller has chanced to build too near, or has gone off and left at break of day, so was the god consumed with flames, so did he burn in all his heart, and feed his fruitless love on hope. He looks at her hair hanging down her neck in disarray, and says: "What if it were arrayed?" He gazes at her eyes gleaming like stars, he gazes upon her lips, which but to gaze on does not satisfy. He marvels at her fingers, hands, and wrists, and her arms, bare to the shoulder; and what is hid he deems still lovelier. But she flees him swifter than the fleeting breeze, nor does she stop when he calls after her: "O nymph, O Peneus' daughter, stay! I who pursue thee am no enemy. Oh stay! So does the lamb flee from the wolf; the deer from the lion; so do doves on fluttering wing flee from the eagle; so every

OVID

sic aquilam penna fugiunt trepidante columbae,
 hostes quaeque suos : amor est mihi causa sequendi !
 me miserum ! ne prona cadas indignave laedi
 crura notent sentes et sim tibi causa doloris !
 aspera, qua properas, loca sunt : moderatius, oro, 510
 curre fugamque inhihe, moderatius insequar ipse.
 cui placeas, inquire tamen : non incola montis,
 non ego sum pastor, non hic armenta gregesque
 horridus observo. nescis, temeraria, nescis,
 quem fugias, ideoque fugis : mihi Delphica tellus 515
 et Claros et Tenedos Patareaque regia servit ;
 Iuppiter est genitor ; per me, quod eritque fuitque
 estque, patet ; per me concordant carmina nervis.
 certa quidem nostra est, nostra tamen una sagitta
 certior, in vacuo quae vulnera pectore fecit ! 520
 inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem
 dicor, et herbarum subiecta potentia nobis.
 ei mihi, quod nullis amor est sanabilis herbis
 nec prosunt domino, quae prosunt omnibus, artes !”
 Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu 525
 fugit cumque ipso verba imperfecta reliquit,
 tum quoque visa decens ; nudabant corpora venti,
 obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina vestes,
 et levis impulsos retro dabat aura capillos,
 auctaque forma fuga est. sed enim non sustinet ultra
 perdere blanditias iuvenis deus, utque movebat 531
 ipse Amor, admissio sequitur vestigia passu.
 ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
 vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem ;
 38

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

creature flees its foes. But love is the cause of my pursuit. Ah me! I fear that thou wilt fall, or brambles mar thy innocent limbs, and I be cause of pain to thee. The region here is rough through which thou hastenest. Run more slowly, I pray, and hold thy flight. I, too, will follow with less speed. Nay, stop and ask who thy lover is. I am no mountain-dweller, no shepherd I, no unkempt guardian here of flocks and herds. Thou knowest not, rash one, thou knowest not whom thou fleest, and for that reason dost thou flee. Mine is the Delphian land, and Claros, Tenedos, and the realm of Patara acknowledge me as lord. Jove is my father. By me what shall be, has been, and what is are all revealed; by me the lyre responds in harmony to song. My arrow is sure of aim, but oh, one arrow, surer than my own, has wounded my heart but now so fancy free. The art of medicine is my discovery. I am called Help-Bringer throughout the world, and all the potency of herbs is known to me. Alas, that love is curable by no herbs, and the arts which heal all others cannot heal their lord!"

He would have said more, but the maiden pursued her frightened way and left him with his words unfinished, even in her desertion seeming fair. The winds bared her limbs, the opposing breezes set her garments a-flutter as she ran, and a light air flung her locks streaming behind her. Her beauty was enhanced by flight. But the chase drew to an end, for the youthful god would not longer waste his time in coaxing words, and urged on by love, he pursued at utmost speed. Just as when a Gallic hound has seen a hare in an open plain, and seeks his prey on flying feet, but the hare, safety; he, just about to fasten on her, now, even now thinks he has her, and

OVID

alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere 535
 sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro,
 alter in ambiguo est, an sit comprehensus, et ipsis
 morsibus eripitur tangentiaque ora relinquit:
 sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.
 qui tamen insequitur pennis adiutus Amoris, 540
 ocior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis
 imminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat.
 viribus absumptis expalluit illa citaeque
 victa labore fugae spectans Peneidas undas ¹ 544
 "fer, pater," inquit "opem! si flumina numen habetis,
 qua nimium placui, mutando perde figuram!" 547
 vix prece finita torpor gravis occupat artus,
 mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro,
 in frondem crines, in ramos bracchia crescunt, 550
 pes modo tam velox pigris radicibus haeret,
 ora cacumen habet: remanet nitor unus in illa.

Hanc quoque Phoebus amat positaque in stipite
 dextra

sentit adhuc trepidare novo sub cortice pectus
 complexusque suis ramos ut membra lacertis 555
 oscula dat ligno; refugit tamen oscula lignum.
 cui deus "at, quoniam coniunx mea non potes esse,
 arbor eris certe" dixit "mea! semper habebunt
 te coma, te citharae, te nostrae, laure, pharetrae;
 tu ducibus Latiis aderis, cum laeta Triumphum 560
 vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompas;
 postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos
 ante fores stabis mediamque tuebere quercum,

¹ *Most MSS. have two verses for 547:*

qua nimium placui, tellus, ait, hisce, vel istam
 quae facit ut laedar mutando perde figuram.

*Probably quae facit ut laedar was first written as a gloss to qua
 nimium placui, and the line completed by an emendation.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

grazes her very heels with his outstretched muzzle ; but she knows not whether or no she be already caught, and barely escapes from those sharp fangs and leaves behind the jaws just closing on her : so ran the god and maid, he sped by hope and she by fear. But he ran the more swiftly, borne on the wings of love, gave her no time to rest, hung over her fleeing shoulders and breathed on the hair that streamed over her neck. Now was her strength all gone, and, pale with fear and utterly overcome by the toil of her swift flight, seeing her father's waters near, she cried : " O father, help ! if your waters hold divinity ; change and destroy this beauty by which I pleased o'er well." Scarce had she thus prayed when a down-dragging numbness seized her limbs, and her soft sides were begirt with thin bark. Her hair was changed to leaves, her arms to branches. Her feet, but now so swift, grew fast in sluggish roots, and her head was now but a tree's top. Her gleaming beauty alone remained.

But even now in this new form Apollo loved her ; and placing his hand upon the trunk, he felt the heart still fluttering beneath the bark. He embraced the branches as if human limbs, and pressed his lips upon the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses. And the god cried out to this : " Since thou canst not be my bride, thou shalt at least be my tree. My hair, my lyre, my quiver shall always be entwined with thee, O laurel. With thee shall Roman generals wreath their heads, when shouts of joy shall acclaim their triumph, and long processions climb the Capitol. Thou at Augustus' portals shalt stand a trusty guardian, and keep watch over the civic crown of

utque meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis,
 tu quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores!"
 finierat Paeon: factis modo laurea ramis 566
 adnuit utque caput visa est agitasse cacumen.

Est nemus Haemoniae, praerupta quod undique
 claudit

silva: vocant Tempe; per quae Peneus ab imo
 effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis 570

deiectaque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
 nubila conducit summisque adspergine silvis
 inpluit et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat:
 haec domus, haec sedes, haec sunt penetralia magni
 amnis, in his residens facto de cautibus antro, 575

undis iura dabat nymphisque colentibus undas.
 conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
 nescia, gratentur consolenturne parentem,
 populifer Sperchios et inrequietus Enipeus
 Apidanusque senex lenisque Amphrysos et Aeas, 580
 moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit inpetus illos,
 in mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.

Inachus unus abest imoque reconditus antro
 fletibus auget aquas natamque miserrimus Io
 luget ut amissam: nescit, vitane fruatur 585
 an sit apud manes; sed quam non invenit usquam,
 esse putat nusquam atque animo peiora veretur.

Viderat a patrio redeuntem Iuppiter illam
 flumine et "o virgo Iove digna tuoque beatum
 nescio quem factura toro, pete" dixerat "umbras 590
 aliorum nemorum" (et nemorum monstraverat
 umbras)

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

oak which hangs between. And as my head is ever young and my locks unshorn, so shalt thou keep the beauty of thy leaves perpetual." Pæan was done. The laurel waved her new-made branches, and seemed to move her head-like top in full consent.

There is a vale in Thessaly which steep-wooded slopes surround on every side. Men call it Tempe. Through this the River Peneus flows from the foot of Pindus with foam-flecked waters, and by its heavy fall forms clouds which drive along fine, smoke-like mist, sprinkles the tops of the trees with spray, and deafens even remoter regions by its roar. Here is the home, the seat, the inmost haunt of the mighty stream. Here, seated in a cave of overhanging rock, he was giving laws to his waters, and to his water-nymphs. Hither came, first, the rivers of his own country, not knowing whether to congratulate or console the father of Daphne: the poplar-fringed Sperchios, the restless Enipeus, hoary Apidanus, gentle Amphrysos and Aeas; and later all the rivers which, by whatsoever way their current carries them, lead down their waters, weary with wandering, into the sea. Inachus only does not come; but, hidden away in his deepest cave, he augments his waters with his tears, and in utmost wretchedness laments his daughter, Io, as lost. He knows not whether she still lives or is among the shades. But, since he cannot find her anywhere, he thinks she must be nowhere, and his anxious soul forbodes things worse than death.

Now Jove had seen her returning from her father's stream, and said: "O maiden, worthy of the love of Jove, and destined to make some husband happy, seek now the shade of these deep woods"—and he pointed to the shady woods—"while the sun at his

OVID

dum calet, et medio sol est altissimus orbe!
 quodsi sola times latebras intrare ferarum,
 praeside tuta deo nemorum secreta subibis,
 nec de plebe deo, sed qui caelestia magna 595
 scepra manu teneo, sed qui vaga fulmina mitto.
 ne fuge me!" fugiebat enim. iam pascua Lerna
 consitaque arboribus Lyrcea reliquerat arva,
 cum deus inducta latas caligine terras
 occuluit tenuitque fugam rapuitque pudorem. 600

Interea medios Iuno dispexit in Argos¹
 et noctis faciem nebulas fecisse volucres
 sub nitido mirata die, non fluminis illas
 esse, nec umentis sensit tellure remitti;
 atque suus coniunx ubi sit circumspicit, ut quae 605
 deprensi totiens iam nosset furta mariti.
 quem postquam caelo non repperit, "aut ego fallor
 aut ego laedor" ait delapsaque ab aethere summo
 constitit in terris nebulasque recedere iussit.
 coniugis adventum praesenserat inque nitentem 610
 Inachidos vultus mutaverat ille iuveneam
 (bos quoque formosa est.): speciem Saturnia vaccae,
 quamquam invita, probat nec non, et cuius et
 unde
 quove sit armento, veri quasi nescia quaerit.
 Iuppiter e terra genitam mentitur, ut auctor 615
 desinat inquiri: petit hanc Saturnia munus.
 quid faciat? crudele suos addicere amores,
 non dare suspectum est: Pudor est, qui suadeat illinc,

¹ Argos *Merkel and Müller*: agros *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

zenith's height is overwarm. But if thou fearest to go alone amongst the haunts of wild beasts, under a god's protection shalt thou tread in safety even the inmost woods. Nor am I of the common gods, but I am he who holds high heaven's sceptre in his mighty hand, and hurls the roaming thunderbolts. Oh, do not flee from me!"—for she was already in flight. Now had she left behind the pasture-fields of Lerna, and the Lyrccean plains thick-set with trees, when the god hid the wide land in a thick, dark cloud, caught the fleeing maid and ravished her.

Meanwhile Juno chanced to look down upon the midst of Argos, and marvelled that quick-rising clouds had wrought the aspect of night in the clear light of day. She knew that they were not river mists nor fogs exhaled from the damp earth; and forthwith she glanced around to see where her lord might be, as one who knew well his oft-discovered wiles. When she could not find him in the sky she said: "Either I am mistaken or I am being wronged"; and gliding down from the top of heaven, she stood upon the earth and bade the clouds disperse. But Jove had felt beforehand his spouse's coming and had changed the daughter of Inachus into a white heifer. Even in this form she still was beautiful. Saturnia looked awhile upon the heifer in grudging admiration; then asked whose she was and whence she came or from what herd, as if she did not know full well. Jove lyingly declared that she had sprung from the earth, that so he might forestall all further question as to her origin. Thereupon Saturnia asked for the heifer as a gift. What should he do? 'Twere a cruel task to surrender his love, but not to do so would arouse suspicion. Shame on one side prompts to give her

OID

hinc dissuadet Amor. victus Pudor esset Amore,
 sed leve si munus sociae generisque torique 620
 vacca negaretur, poterat non vacca videri!

Paelice donata non protinus exiit omnem
 diva metum timuitque Iovem et fuit anxia furti,
 donec Arestoridae servandam tradidit Argo.
 centum luminibus cinctum caput Argus habebat 625
 inde suis vicibus capiebant bina quietem,
 cetera servabant atque in statione manebant.
 constiterat quocumque modo, spectabat ad Io,
 ante oculos Io, quamvis aversus, habebat.
 luce sinit pasci; cum sol tellure sub alta est, 630
 claudit et indigno circumdat vincula collo.
 frondibus arboreis et amara pascitur herba.
 proque toro terrae non semper gramen habenti
 incubat infelix limosaque flumina potat.
 illa etiam supplex Argo cum bracchia vellet 635
 tendere, non habuit, quae bracchia tenderet Argo,
 et conata queri mugitus edidit ore
 pertimuitque sonos propriaque exterrita voce est.
 venit et ad ripas, ubi ludere saepe solebat,
 Inachidas: rictus¹ novaque ut conspexit in unda 640
 cornua, pertimuit seque exsternata refugit.
 naides ignorant, ignorat et Inachus ipse,
 quae sit; at illa patrem sequitur sequiturque sorores
 et patitur tangi seque admirantibus offert.
 decerptas senior porrexit Inachus herbas: 645
 illa manus lambit patriisque dat oscula palmis
 nec retinet lacrimas et, si modo verba sequantur,

¹ Inachidas: rictus *Merkel*: Inachidas ripas *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

up, but love on the other urges not. Shame by love would have been o'ercome; but if so poor a gift as a heifer were refused to her who was both his sister and his wife, perchance she had seemed to be no heifer.

Though her rival was at last given up, the goddess did not at once put off all suspicion, for she feared Jove and further treachery, until she had given her over to Argus, the son of Arestor, to keep for her. Now Argus' head was set about with a hundred eyes, which took their rest in sleep two at a time in turn, while the others watched and remained on guard. In whatsoever way he stood he looked at Io; even when his back was turned he had Io before his eyes. In the daytime he allowed her to graze; but when the sun had set beneath the earth he shut her up and tied an ignominious halter round her neck. She fed on leaves of trees and bitter herbs, and instead of a couch the poor thing lay upon the ground, which was not always grassy, and drank water from the muddy streams. When she strove to stretch out suppliant arms to Argus, she had no arms to stretch; and when she attempted to voice her complaints, she only moed. She would start with fear at the sound, and was filled with terror at her own voice. She came also to the bank of her father's stream, where she used to play; but when she saw, reflected in the water, her gaping jaws and sprouting horns, she fled in very terror of herself. Her Naiad sisters knew not who she was, nor yet her father, Inachus himself. But she followed him and her sisters, and offered herself to be petted and admired. Old Inachus had plucked some grass and held it out to her; she licked her father's hand and tried to kiss it. She could not restrain her tears, and, if only she could

OID

oret opem nomenque suum casusque loquatur ;
 littera pro verbis, quam pes in pulvere duxit,
 corporis indicium mutati triste peregit. 650

“me miserum!” exclamat pater Inachus inque
 gementis

cornibus et niveae pendens cervice iuvencae
 “me miserum!” ingeminat; “tune es quaesita
 per omnes

nata mihi terras? tu non inventa reperta
 luctus eras levior! retices nec mutua nostris 655
 dicta refers, alto tantum suspiria ducis
 pectore, quodque unum potes, ad mea verba
 remugis!

at tibi ego ignarus thalamos taedasque parabam,
 spesque fuit generi mihi prima, secunda nepotum.
 de grege nunc tibi vir, nunc de grege natus
 habendus. 660

nec finire licet tantos mihi morte dolores;
 sed nocet esse deum, praeclusaque ianua leti
 aeternum nostros luctus extendit in aevum.”
 talia maerentes stellatus submovet Argus
 ereptamque patri diversa in pascua natam 665
 abstrahit. ipse procul montis sublime cacumen
 occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omnes.

Nec superum rector mala tanta Phoronidos
 ultra

ferre potest natumque vocat, quem lucida partu
 Pleias enixa est letoque det imperat Argum. 670
 parva mora est alas pedibus virgamque potenti
 somniferam sumpsisse manu tegumenque capillis.
 haec ubi disposuit, patria Iove natus ab arce
 desilit in terras; illic tegumenque removit
 et posuit pennas, tantummodo virga retenta est: 675
 hac agit ut pastor per devia rura capellas,

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she would tell her name and sad misfortune, and beg for aid. But instead of words, she did tell the sad story of her changed form with letters which she traced in the dust with her hoof. "Ah, woe is me!" exclaimed her father, Inachus; and, clinging to the weeping heifer's horns and snow-white neck: "Ah, woe is me! art thou indeed my daughter whom I have sought o'er all the earth? Unfound, a lighter grief wast thou than found. Thou art silent, and givest me back no answer to my words; thou only heavest deep sighs, and, what alone thou canst, thou dost moo in reply. I, in blissful ignorance, was preparing marriage rites for thee, and had hopes, first of a son-in-law, and then of grandchildren. But now from the herd must I find thee a husband, and from the herd must I look for grandchildren. And even by death I may not end my crushing woes. It is a dreadful thing to be a god, for the door of death is shut to me, and my grief must go on without end." As they thus wept together star-eyed Argus separated them and drove the daughter, torn from her father's arms, to more distant pastures. There he perched himself apart upon a high mountain-top, where at his ease he could keep watch on every side.

But now the ruler of the heavenly ones can no longer bear these great sufferings of Io, and he calls his son whom the shining Pleiad bore, and bids him do Argus to death. Without delay Mercury puts on his winged sandals, takes in his potent hand his sleep-producing wand, and dons his magic cap. Thus arrayed, the son of Jove leaps down from sky to earth, where he removes his cap and lays aside his wings. Only his wand he keeps. With this, in the character of a shepherd, through the sequestered

OVID

dum venit, adductas et structis cantat avenis.
 voce nova et captus custos Iunonius arte
 "quisquis es, hoc poteras mecum considerare saxo"
 Argus ait; "neque enim pecori fecundior ullo 680
 herba loco est, aptamque vides pastoribus umbram."

Sedit Atlantiades et euntem multa loquendo
 detinuit sermone diem iunctisque canendo
 vincere harundinibus servantia lumina temptat.
 ille tamen pugnat molles evincere somnos 685
 et, quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
 parte tamen vigilat. quaerit quoque (namque
 reperta
 fistula nuper erat), qua sit ratione reperta.

Tum deus "Arcadiae gelidis sub montibus" inquit
 "inter hamadryadas celeberrima Nonacrinas 690
 naias una fuit: nymphae Syringa vocabant.
 non semel et satyros eluserat illa sequentes
 et quoscumque deos umbrosaque silva feraxque
 rus habet. Ortygiam studiis ipsaque colebat
 virginitate deam; ritu quoque cincta Dianae 695
 falleret, ut posset credi Latonia, si non
 corneus huic arcus, si non foret aureus illi;
 sic quoque fallebat.

redeuntem colle Lycaeo
 Pan videt hanc pinuque caput praecinctus acuta
 talia verba refert"—restabat verba referre 700
 et precibus spretis fugisse per avia nympham,
 50

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

country paths he drives a flock of goats which he has collected as he came along, and plays upon his reed pipe as he goes. Juno's guardsman is greatly taken with the strange sound. "You, there," he calls, "whoever you are, you might as well sit beside me on this rock; for nowhere is there richer grass for the flock, and you see that there is shade convenient for shepherds."

So Atlas' grandson takes his seat, and whiles away the time with talk of many things; and by making music on his pipe of reeds he tries to overcome those watchful eyes. But Argus strives valiantly against his slumberous languor, and though he allows some of his eyes to sleep, still he continues to watch with the others. He asks also how the reed pipe came to be invented; for at that time it had but recently been invented.

Then said the god: "On Arcadia's cool mountain-slopes, among the wood nymphs who dwelt on Nonacris, there was one much sought by suitors. Her sister nymphs called her Syrinx. More than once she had eluded the pursuit of satyrs and the gods who dwelt either in the bosky woods or fertile fields. But she patterned after the Delian goddess in her pursuits and above all in her life of maidenhood. When girt after the manner of Diana, she would deceive the beholder, and could be mistaken for Latona's daughter, except that her bow was of horn, while Diana's was of gold. But even so she was mistaken for the goddess.

"One day Pan saw her as she was coming back from Mount Lycaeus, his head wreathed with a crown of sharp pine-needles, and thus addressed her. . . ." It remained still to tell what he said and to relate how the nymph, spurning his prayers, fled

OVID

donec harenosi placidum Ladonis ad amnem
 venerit; hic illam cursum inpedientibus undis
 ut se mutarent liquidas orasse sorores,
 Panaque cum prensam sibi iam Syringa putaret, 705
 corpore pro nymphe calamos tenuisse palustres,
 dumque ibi suspirat, motos in harundine ventos
 effecisse sonum tenuem similemque querenti.
 arte nova vocisque deum dulcedine captum
 "hoc mihi cōcilium tecum" dixisse "manebit," 710
 atque ita disparibus calamis compagine cereae
 inter se iunctis nomen tenuisse puellae.
 talia dicturus vidit Cyllenius omnes
 subcubuisse oculos adoptataque lumina somno;
 supprimit extemplo vocem firmatque soporem 715
 languida permulcens medicata lumida virga,
 nec mora, falcato nutantem vulnerat ense,
 qua collo est confine caput, saxoque cruentum
 deicit et maculat praeruptam sanguine rupem. 719
 Arge, iaces, quodque in tot lumina lumen habebas,
 extinctum est, centumque oculos nox occupat una.
 Excipit hos volucrisque suae Saturnia pennis
 collocat et gemmis caudam stellantibus inplet.
 protinus exarsit nec tempora distulit irae
 horriferamque oculis animoque obiecit Erinyn 725
 paelicis Argolicae stimulosque in pectore caecos
 condidit et profugam per totum terruit orbem.
 ultimus inmenso restabas, Nile, labori;
 quem simul ac tetigit, positisque in margine ripae
 procubuit genibus resupinoque ardua collo, 730

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

through the pathless wastes until she came to Ladon's stream flowing peacefully along his sandy banks; how here, when the water checked her further flight, she besought her sisters of the stream to change her form; and how Pan, when now he thought he had caught Syrinx, instead of her held naught but marsh reeds in his arms; and while he sighed in disappointment, the soft air stirring in the reeds gave forth a low and complaining sound. Touched by this wonder and charmed by the sweet tones, the god exclaimed: "This union, at least, shall I have with thee." And so the pipes, made of unequal reeds fitted together by a joining of wax, took and kept the name of the maiden. When Mercury was going on to tell this story, he saw that all those eyes had yielded and were closed in sleep. Straightway he checks his words, and deepens Argus' slumber by passing his magic wand over those sleep-faint eyes. And forthwith he smites with his hooked sword the nodding head just where it joins the neck, and sends it bleeding down the rocks, defiling the rugged cliff with blood. Argus, thou liest low; the light which thou hadst within thy many fires is all put out; and one darkness fills thy hundred eyes.

Saturnia took these eyes and set them on the feathers of her bird, filling his tail with star-like jewels. Straightway she flamed with anger, nor did she delay the fulfilment of her wrath. She set a terror-bearing fury to work before the eyes and heart of her Grecian rival, planted deep within her breast a goading fear, and sent her fleeing in terror through all the world. Thou, O Nile, alone didst close her boundless toil. When she reached this stream, she kneeled down upon the river-bank; with head thrown back she raised her face, which alone she could raise,

OID

quos potuit solos, tollens ad sidera vultus
 et gemitu et lacrimis et luctisono mugitu
 cum Iove visa queri finemque orare malorum,
 coniugis ille suae complexus colla lacertis, 734
 finiat ut poenas tandem, rogat "in" que "futurum
 pone metus" inquit: "numquam tibi causa doloris
 haec erit," et Stygias iubet hoc audire paludes.

Ut lenita dea est, vultus capit illa priores
 fitque, quod ante fuit: fugiunt e corpore saetae,
 cornua decrescunt, fit luminis artior orbis, 740
 contrahitur rictus, redeunt umerique manusque,
 ungulaque in quinos dilapsa absumitur unguis:
 de bove nil superest formae nisi candor in illa.
 officioque pedum nymphe contenta duorum
 erigitur metuitque loqui, ne more iuvencae 745
 mugiat, et timide verba intermissa retemptat.

Nunc dea linigera colitur celeberrima turba.
 huic¹ Epaphus magni genitus de semine tandem
 creditur esse Iovis perque urbes iuncta parenti
 templa tenet. fuit huic animis aequalis et annis 750
 Sole satus Phaethon, quem quondam magna
 loquentem
 nec sibi cedentem Phoeboque parente superbum
 non tulit Inachides "matri" que ait "omnia demens
 credis et es tumidus genitoris imagine falsi."
 erubuit Phaethon iramque pudore repressit 755
 et tulit ad Clymenen Epaphi convicia matrem
 "quo" que "magis doleas, genetrix" ait, "ille ego liber,

¹ huic *Heinsius*: nunc *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

to the high stars, and with groans and tears and agonized moanings she seemed to voice her griefs to Jove and to beg him to end her woes. Thereupon Jove threw his arms about his spouse's neck, and begged her at last to end her vengeance, saying: "Lay aside all fear for the future; she shall never be source of grief to you again"; and he called upon the Stygian pools to witness his oath.

The goddess's wrath is soothed; Io gains back her former looks, and becomes what she was before. The rough hair falls away from her body, her horns disappear, her great round eyes grow smaller, her gaping mouth is narrowed, her shoulders and her hands come back, and the hoofs are gone, being changed each into five nails. No trace of the heifer is left in her save only the fair whiteness of her body. And now the nymph, able at last to stand upon two feet, stands erect; yet fears to speak, lest she moo in the heifer's way, and with fear and trembling she resumes her long-abandoned speech.

Now, with fullest service, she is worshipped as a goddess by the linen-robed throng. A son, Epaphus, was born to her, thought to have sprung at length from the seed of mighty Jove, and throughout the cities dwelt in temples with his mother. He had a companion of like mind and age named Phaëthon, child of the Sun. When this Phaëthon was once speaking proudly, and refused to give way to him, boasting that Phoebus was his father, the grandson of Inachus rebelled and said: "You are a fool to believe all your mother tells you, and are swelled up with false notions about your father." Phaëthon grew red with rage, but repressed his anger through very shame and carried Epaphus' insulting taunt straight to his mother, Clymene. "And that you

OID

ille ferox tacui ! pudet haec opprobria nobis
 et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.
 at tu, si modo sum caelesti stirpe creatus, 760
 ede notam tanti generis meque adsere caelo !”
 dixit et inpicuit materno bracchia collo
 perque suum Meropisque caput taedasque sororum
 traderet oravit veri sibi signa parentis.
 ambiguum Clymene precibus Phaethontis an ira 765
 mota magis dicti sibi criminis utraque caelo
 bracchia porrexit spectansque ad lumina solis
 “ per iubar hoc ” inquit “ radiis insigne coruscis,
 nate, tibi iuro, quod nos auditque videtque, 769
 hoc te, quem spectas, hoc te, qui temperat orbem,
 Sole satum ; si ficta loquor, neget ipse videndum
 se mihi, sitque oculis lux ista novissima nostris !
 nec longus labor est patrios tibi nosse penates.
 unde oritur, domus est terrae contermina nostrae :
 si modo fert animus, gradere et scitabere ab ipso !”
 emicat extemplo laetus post talia matris 776
 dicta suae Phaethon et concipit aethera mente
 Aethiopasque suos positosque sub ignibus Indos
 sidereis transit patriosque adit inpiger ortus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK I

may grieve the more, mother," he said, "I, the high-spirited, the bold of tongue, had no word to say. Ashamed am I that such an insult could have been uttered and yet could not be answered. But do you, if I am indeed sprung from heavenly seed, give me a proof of my high birth, and justify my claims to divine origin." So spoke the lad, and threw his arms around his mother's neck, begging her, by his own and Merops' life, by his sisters' nuptial torches, to give him some sure token of his birth. Clymene, moved (it is uncertain whether by the prayers of Phaëthon, or more by anger at the insult to herself), stretched out both arms to heaven, and, turning her eyes on the bright sun, exclaimed: "By the splendour of that radiant orb which both hears and sees me now, I swear to you, my boy, that you are sprung from him, that very sun which you behold, that sun which sways the world. If I speak not the truth, may I never see him more, and may this be the last time my eyes shall look upon the light of day. But it is not difficult for you yourself to find your father's house. The place where he rises is not far from our own land. If you are so minded, go there and ask your question of the sun himself." Phaëthon leaps up in joy at his mother's words, already grasping the heavens in imagination; and after crossing his own Ethiopia and the land of Ind lying close beneath the sun, he quickly comes to his father's rising-place.

TABLE II

BOOK II

LIBER II

REGIA Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo,
cuius ebur nitidum fastigia summa tegebat,
argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvae.
materiam superabat opus : nam Mulciber illic 5
aequora caelarat medias cingentia terras
terrarumque orbem caelumque, quod imminet orbi.
caeruleos habet unda deos, Tritona canorum
Proteaque ambiguum ballenarumque prementem
Aegaeona suis inmania terga lacertis 10
Doridaque et natas, quarum pars nare videtur,
pars in mole sedens viridis siccare capillos,
pisce vehi quaedam : facies non omnibus una,
non diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.
terra viros urbesque gerit silvasque ferasque 15
fluminaque et nymphas et cetera numina ruris.
haec super inposita est caeli fulgentis imago,
signaque sex foribus dextris totidemque sinistris.
Quo simul adclivi Clymeneia limite proles
venit et intravit dubitati tecta parentis, 20
protinus ad patrios sua fert vestigia vultus
consistitque procul ; neque enim propiora ferebat
lumina : purpurea velatus veste sedebat
60

BOOK II

THE palace of the Sun stood high on lofty columns, bright with glittering gold and bronze that shone like fire. Gleaming ivory crowned the gables above; the double folding-doors were radiant with burnished silver. And the workmanship was more beautiful than the material. For upon the doors Mulciber had carved in relief the waters that enfold the central earth, the circle of the lands and the sky that overhangs the lands. The sea holds the dark-hued gods: tuneful Triton, changeful Proteus, and Aegaeon, his strong arms thrown over a pair of huge whales; Doris and her daughters, some of whom are shown swimming through the water, some sitting on a rock drying their green hair, and some riding on fishes. They have not all the same appearance, and yet not altogether different; as it should be with sisters. The land has men and cities, woods and beasts, rivers, nymphs and other rural deities. Above these scenes was placed a representation of the shining sky, six signs of the zodiac on the right-hand doors, and six signs on the left.

Now when Clymene's son had climbed the steep path which leads thither, and had come beneath the roof of his sire whose fatherhood had been questioned, straightway he turned him to his father's face, but halted some little space away; for he could not bear the radiance at a nearer view. Clad in a

OVID

in solio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis.
 a dextra laevaue Dies et Mensis et Annus 25
 Saeculaque et positae spatiis aequalibus Horae
 Verque novum stabat cinctum florente corona,
 stabat nuda Aestas et spicea sarta gerebat,
 stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis
 et glacialis Hiems canos hirsuta capillos. 30

Ipsē loco medius rerum novitate paventem
 Sol oculis iuvenem, quibus adspicit omnia, vidit
 " quae " que " viae tibi causa? quid hac " ait " arce
 petisti

progenies, Phaethon, haud infitianda parenti? "
 ille refert: " o lux immensi publica mundi, 35
 Phoebe pater, si das usum mihi nominis huius,
 nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat,
 pignora da, genitor, per quae tua vera propago
 credar, et hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris! "
 dixerat, at genitor circum caput omne micantes 40
 deposuit radios propiusque accedere iussit
 amplexuque dato " nec tu meus esse negari
 dignus es, et Clymene veros " ait " edidit ortus,
 quoque minus dubites, quodvis pete munus, ut illud
 me tribuente feras! promissi testis adesto 45
 dis iuranda palus, oculis incognita nostris! "
 vix bene desierat, currus rogat ille paternos
 inque diem alipedum ius et moderamen equorum.

Paenituit iurasse patrem: qui terque quaterque
 concutiens inlustre caput " temeraria " dixit 50
 " vox mea facta tua est; utinam promissa liceret

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

purple robe, Phoebus sat on his throne gleaming with brilliant emeralds. To right and left stood Day and Month and Year and Century, and the Hours set at equal distances. Young Spring was there, wreathed with a floral crown; Summer, lightly clad, with garland of ripe grain; Autumn was there, stained with the trodden grape, and icy Winter with white and grizzled locks.

Seated in the midst of these, the Sun, with the eyes which behold all things, looked on the youth filled with terror at the strange new sights, and said: "Why hast thou come? What seekest thou in this high dwelling, Phaëthon—a son no father need deny?" The lad replied: "O common light of this vast universe, Phoebus, my father, if thou grantest me the right to use that name, if Clymene is not hiding her shame beneath an unreal pretence, grant me a proof, my father, by which all may know me for thy true son, and take away this uncertainty from my mind." He spoke; and his father put off his glittering crown of light, and bade the boy draw nearer. Embracing him, he said: "Thou art both worthy to be called my son, and Clymene has told thee thy true origin. And, that thou mayst not doubt my word, ask what boon thou wilt, that thou mayst receive it from my hand. And may that Stygian pool whereby gods swear, but which mine eyes have never seen, be witness of my promise." Scarce had he ceased when the boy asked for his father's chariot, and the right to drive his winged horses for a day.

The father repented him of his oath. Thrice and again he shook his bright head and said: "Thy words have proved mine to have been rashly said. Would that I might retract my promise! For I confess, my

OVID

non dare ! confiteor, solum hoc tibi, nate, negarem.
 dissuadere licet : non est tua tuta voluntas !
 magna petis, Phaethon, et quae nec viribus istis
 munera convenient nec tam puerilibus annis : 55
 sors tua mortalis, non est mortale, quod optas,
 plus etiam, quam quod superis contingere possit,
 nescius adfectas ; placeat sibi quisque licebit,
 non tamen ignifero quisquam consistere in axe
 me valet excepto ; vasti quoque rector Olympi, 60
 qui fera terribili iaculatur fulmina dextra,
 non aget hos currus : et quid Iove maius habemus ?
 ardua prima via est et qua vix mane recentes
 enituntur equi ; medio est altissima caelo,
 unde mare et terras ipsi mihi saepe videre 65
 fit timor et pavida trepidat formidine pectus ;
 ultima prona via est et eget moderamine certo :
 tunc etiam quae me subiectis excipit undis,
 ne ferar in praeceps, Tethys solet ipsa vereri.
 adde, quod adsidua rapitur vertigine caelum 70
 sideraque alta trahit celerique volumine torquet.
 nitor in adversum, nec me, qui cetera, vincit
 inpetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.
 finge datos currus : quid ages ? poterisne rotatis
 obvius ire polis, ne te citus auferat axis ? 75
 forsitan et lucos illic urbesque deorum
 concipias animo delubraque ditia donis
 esse : per insidias iter est formasque ferarum !
 utque viam teneas nulloque errore traharis,
 per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri 80

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

son, that this alone would I refuse thee. But I may at least strive to dissuade thee. What thou desirest is not safe. Thou askest too great a boon, Phaëthon, and one which does not befit thy strength and those so boyish years. Thy lot is mortal : not for mortals is that thou askest. In thy simple ignorance thou dost claim more than is granted to the gods themselves. Though each of them may do as he will, yet none, save myself, has power to take his place in my chariot of fire. Nay, even the lord of great Olympus, who hurls dread thunderbolts with his awful hand, could not drive this chariot. And whom have we greater than Jove? The first part of the road is steep, up which my steeds in all their morning freshness can scarce make their way. In mid-heaven it is exceeding high, whence to look down on sea and land oft-times causes even me to tremble, and my heart to quake with throbbing fear. The last part of the journey is precipitous, and needs an assured control. Then even Tethys, who receives me in her underlying waters, is wont to fear lest I fall headlong. Furthermore, the vault of heaven spins round in constant motion, drawing along the lofty stars which it whirls at dizzy speed. I make my way against this, nor does the swift motion which overcomes all else overcome me ; but I drive clear contrary to the swift circuit of the universe. Suppose thou hast my chariot. What wilt thou do? Wilt thou be able to make thy way against the whirling poles that their swift axis sweep thee not away? Perhaps, too, thou deemest there are groves there, and cities of the gods, and temples full of rich gifts? Nay, the course lies amid lurking dangers and fierce beasts of prey. And though thou shouldst hold the way, and not go straying from the course, still shalt

OID

Haemoniosque arcus violentique ora Leonis
 saevaque circuitu curvantem bracchia longo
 Scorpion atque aliter curvantem bracchia Cancrum.
 nec tibi quadripedes animosos ignibus illis,
 quos in pectore habent, quos ore et naribus efflant, 85
 in promptu regere est : vix me patiuntur, ubi acres
 incaluere animi cervixque repugnat habenis.—
 at tu, funesti ne sim tibi muneris auctor,
 nate, cave, dum resque sinit tua corrige vota !
 scilicet ut nostro genitum te sanguine credas, 90
 pignora certa petis : do pignora certa timendo
 et patrio pater esse metu probor. adspice vultus
 ecce meos utinamque oculos in pectora posses
 inserere et patrias intus deprendere curas !
 denique quidquid habet dives circumspecte mundus 95
 eque tot ac tantis caeli terraeque marisque
 posce bonis aliquid ; nullam patiēre repulsam.
 deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine poena,
 non honor est : poenam, Phaethon, pro munere
 poscis !
 quid mea colla tenes blandis, ignare, lacertis ? 100
 ne dubita ! dabitur (Stygias iuravimus undas),
 quodcumque optaris ; sed tu sapientius opta !”
 Finierat monitus ; dictis tamen ille repugnat
 propositumque premit flagratque cupidine currus.
 ergo, qua licuit, genitor cunctatus ad altos 105
 deducit iuvenem, Vulcania munera, currus.
 aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
 curvatura rotae, radiorum argenteus ordo ;
 66

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

thou pass the horned Bull full in thy path, the Haemonian Archer, the raging Lion, the Scorpion, curving out his savage arms in long sweeps, and the Crab, reaching out in the opposite direction. Nor is it an easy thing for thee to control the steeds, hot with those strong fires which they have within their breasts, which they breathe out from mouth and nostrils. Scarce do they suffer my control, when their fierce spirits have become heated, and their necks rebel against the reins. But do thou, O son, beware lest I be the giver of a fatal gift to thee, and while still there is time amend thy prayer. Dost thou in sooth seek sure pledges that thou art son of mine? Behold, I give sure pledges by my very fear; I show myself thy father by my fatherly anxiety. See! look upon my face. And oh, that thou couldst look into my heart as well, and understand a father's cares therein! Then look around, see all that the rich world holds, and from those great and boundless goods of land and sea and sky ask anything. Nothing will I deny thee. But this one thing I beg thee not to ask, which, if rightly understood, is a bane instead of blessing. A bane, my Phaëthon, dost thou seek as boon. Why dost thou throw thy coaxing arms about my neck, thou foolish boy? Nay, doubt it not, it shall be given—we have sworn it by the Styx—whatever thou dost choose. But, oh, make wiser choice!"

The father's warning ended; yet he fought against the words, and urged his first request, burning with desire to drive the chariot. So then the father, delaying as far as might be, led forth the youth to that high chariot, the work of Vulcan. Its axle was of gold, the pole of gold; its wheels had golden tyres and spokes of silver. Along the yoke chrysolites

OVID

per iuga chrysolithi positaeque ex ordine gemmae
 clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phoebo. 110

Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratur opusque
 perspicit, ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
 purpureas Aurora fores et plena rosarum
 atria: diffugiunt stellae, quarum agmina cogit
 Lucifer et caeli statione novissimus exit. 115

Quem petere ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit
 cornuaque extremae velut evanescere lunae,
 iungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
 iussa deae celeres peragunt ignemque vomentes,
 ambrosiae suco saturos, praesepibus altis 120

quadripedes ducunt adduntque sonantia frena.
 tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati
 contigit et rapidae fecit patientia flammae
 inposuitque comae radios praesagaque luctus
 pectore sollicito repetens suspiria dixit: 125

“ si potes his saltem monitis parere parentis
 parce, puer, stimulis et fortius utere loris!
 sponte sua properant, labor est inhibere volentes.
 nec tibi directos placeat via quinque per arcus!
 sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes, 130
 zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
 effugit australem iunctamque aquilonibus arcton:
 hac sit iter! manifesta rotae vestigia cernes.
 utque ferant aequos et caelum et terra calores,
 nec preme nec summum molire per aethera cursum!
 altius egressus caelestia tecta cremabis, 136
 inferius terras; medio tutissimus ibis.

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and jewels set in fair array gave back their bright glow to the reflected rays of Phoebus.

Now while the ambitious Phaëthon is gazing in wonder at the workmanship, behold, Aurora, who keeps watch in the reddening dawn, has opened wide her purple gates, and her courts glowing with rosy light. The stars all flee away, their ranks driven forth by the morning star, who, last of all, departs from his watch-tower in the sky.

When Titan saw him setting and the world grow red, and the slender horns of the waning moon fading from sight, he bade the swift Hours to yoke his steeds. The goddesses quickly did his bidding, and led the horses from the lofty stalls, breathing forth fire and filled with ambrosial food, and they put upon them the clanking bridles. Then the father anointed his son's face with a sacred ointment, and made it proof against the devouring flames; and he placed upon his head the radiant crown, heaving deep sighs the while, presaging woe, and said: "If thou canst at least obey these thy father's warnings, spare the lash, my boy, and more strongly use the reins. The horses hasten of their own accord; the hard task is to check their eager feet. And take not thy way straight through the five zones of heaven: the true path runs slantwise, with a wide curve, and, confined within the limits of three zones, avoids the southern heavens and the far north as well. This be thy route. The tracks of my wheels thou wilt clearly see. And, that the sky and earth may have equal heat, go not too low, nor yet direct thy course along the top of heaven; for if thou goest too high thou wilt burn up the skies, if too low the earth. In the middle is the safest path. And turn not off too far to the right towards the writhing Serpent;

OID

neu te dexterioꝛ tortum declinet ad Anguem,
 neve sinisterioꝛ pressam rota ducat ad Aram,
 inter utrumque tene! Fortune cetera mando, 140
 quae iuuet et melius quam tu tibi consulat opto.
 dum loquor, Hesperio positas in litore metas
 umida nox tetigit; non est mora libera nobis!
 poscimur: effulget tenebris Aurora fugatis.
 corripe lora manu, vel, si motabile pectus 145
 est tibi, consiliis, non curribus utere nostris!
 dum potes et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas,
 dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes,
 quae tutus spectes, sine me dare lumina terris!"

Occupat ille leuem iuuenali corpore currum 150
 statque super manibusque datas contingere habenas
 gaudet et invito grates agit inde parenti.

Interea volucres Pyrois et Eous et Aethon,
 Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon hinnitibus auras
 flammiferis inplent pedibusque repagula pulsant. 155
 quae postquam Tethys, fatorum ignara nepotis,
 reppulit et facta est immensi copia caeli,
 corripuere viam pedibusque per aera motis
 obstantes scindunt nebulas pennisque levati
 praetereunt ortos isdem de partibus Euros. 160
 sed leue pondus erat nec quod cognoscere possent
 Solis equi, solitaque iugum gravitate carebat;
 utque labant curvae iusto sine pondere naves
 perque mare instabiles nimia levitate feruntur,
 sic onere adueto vacuus dat in aera saltus 165
 succutiturque alte similisque est currus inani.

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nor on the left, where the Altar lies low in the heavens, guide thy wheel. Hold on between the two. I commit all else to Fortune, and may she aid thee, and guide thee better than thou dost thyself. While I am speaking dewy night has reached her goal on the far western shore. We may no longer delay. We are summoned. Behold, the dawn is glowing, and the shadows all have fled. Here, grasp the reins, or, if thy purpose still may be amended, take my counsel, not my chariot, while still thou canst, while still thou dost stand on solid ground, before thou hast mounted to the car which thou hast in ignorance foolishly desired. Let me give light to the world, which thou mayst see in safety."

But the lad has already mounted the swift chariot, and, standing proudly, he takes the reins with joy into his hands, and thanks his unwilling father for the gift.

Meanwhile the sun's swift horses, Pyrois, Eois, Aethon, and the fourth, Phlegon, fill all the air with their fiery whinnying, and paw impatiently against their bars. When Tethys, ignorant of her grandson's fate, dropped these and gave free course through the boundless skies, the horses dashed forth, and with swift-flying feet rent the clouds in their path, and, borne aloft upon their wings, they passed the east winds that have their rising in the same quarter. But the weight was light, not such as the horses of the sun could feel, and the yoke lacked its accustomed burden. And, as curved ships, without their proper ballast, roll in the waves, and, unstable because too light, are borne out of their course, so the chariot, without its accustomed burden, gives leaps into the air, and is tossed aloft like some empty thing.

OVID

Quod simulac sensere, ruunt tritumque relinquunt
quadriugi spatium nec quo prius ordine currunt.
ipse pavet nec qua commissas flectat habenas
nec scit qua sit iter, nec, si sciat, imperet illis. 170

tum primum radiis gelidi caluere Triones
et vetito frustra temptarunt aequore tingui,
quaeque polo posita est glaciale proxima Serpens,
frigore pigra prius nec formidabilis ulli,
incaluit sumpsitque novas fervoribus iras; 175
te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Boote,
quamvis tardus eras et te tua plaustra tenebant.

Ut vero summo dispexit ab aethere terras
infelix Phaethon penitus penitusque patentis,
palluit et subito genua intremuere timore 180
suntque oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen orbortae,
et iam mallet equos numquam tetigisse paternos,
iam cognosse genus piget et valuisse rogando,
iam Meropis dici cupiens ita fertur, ut acta
praecipiti pinus borea, cui victa remisit 185
frena suus rector, quam dis votisque reliquit.
quid faciat? multum caeli post terga relictum,
ante oculos plus est: animo metitur utrumque
et modo, quos illi fatum contingere non est,
prospicit occasus, interdum respicit ortus, 190
quidque agat ignarus stupet et nec frena remittit
nec retinere valet nec nomina novit equorum.
sparsa quoque in vario passim miracula caelo
vastarumque videt trepidus simulacra ferarum.
est locus, in geminos ubi bracchia concavat arcus 195

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When they feel this, the team run wild and leave the well-beaten track, and fare no longer in the same course as before. The driver is panic-stricken. He knows not how to handle the reins entrusted to him, nor where the road is; nor, if he did know, would he be able to control the steeds. Then for the first time the cold Bears grew hot with the rays of the sun, and tried, though all in vain, to plunge into the forbidden sea. And the Serpent, which lies nearest the icy pole, ever before harmless because sluggish with the cold, now grew hot, and conceived great frenzy from that fire. They say that you also, Boötes, fled in terror, slow though you were, and held back by your clumsy ox-cart.

But when the unhappy Phaëthon looked down from the top of heaven, and saw the lands lying far, far below, he grew pale, his knees trembled with sudden fear, and over his eyes came darkness through excess of light. And now he would prefer never to have touched his father's horses, and repents that he has discovered his true origin and prevailed in his prayer. Now, eager to be called the son of Merops, he is borne along just as a ship driven before the headlong blast, whose pilot has let the useless rudder go and abandoned the ship to the gods and prayers. What shall he do? Much of the sky is now behind him, but more is still in front! His thought measures both. And now he looks forward to the west, which he is destined never to reach, and at times back to the east. Dazed, he knows not what to do; he neither lets go the reins nor can he hold them, and he does not even know the horses' names. To add to his panic fear, he sees scattered everywhere in the sky strange figures of huge and savage beasts. There is one place where the Scorpion bends out his arms

OID

Scorpius et cauda flexisque utrimque lacertis
 porrigit in spatium signorum membra duorum :
 hunc puer ut nigri madidum sudore veneni
 vulnera curvata minitantem cuspide vidit,
 mentis inops gelida formidine lora remisit ; 200
 quae postquam summum tetigere iacentia tergum,
 exspatiantur equi nulloque inhihente per auras
 ignotae regionis eunt, quaque inpetus egit,
 hac sine lege ruunt altoque sub aethere fixis
 incursant stellis rapiuntque per avia currum 205
 et modo summa petunt, modo per declive viasque
 praecipites spatio terrae propiore feruntur,
 inferiusque suis fraternos currere Luna
 admiratur equos, ambustaque nubila fumant.
 corripitur flammis, ut quaeque altissima, tellus 210
 fissaque agit rimas et sucis aret adeptis ;
 pabula canescunt, cum frondibus uritur arbor,
 materiamque suo praebet seges arida damno.
 parva queror : magnae pereunt cum moenibus
 urbes,
 cumque suis totas populis incendia gentis 215
 in cinerem vertunt ; silvae cum montibus ardent ;
 ardet Athos Taurusque Cilix et Tmolus et Oete
 et tum sicca, prius celeberrima fontibus Ide
 virgineusque Helicon et nondum Oeagrius Haemus :
 ardet in immensum geminatis ignibus Aetne 220
 Parnasusque biceps et Eryx et Cynthus et Othrys
 et tandem nivibus Rhodope caritura Mimasque
 Dindymaque et Mycale natusque ad sacra Cithaeron.

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into two bows; and with tail and arms stretching out on both sides, he spreads over the space of two signs. When the boy sees this creature reeking with black poisonous sweat, and threatening to sting him with his curving tail, bereft of wits from chilling fear, down he dropped the reins.

When the horses feel these lying on their backs, they break loose from their course, and, with none to check them, they roam through unknown regions of the air. Wherever their impulse leads them, there they rush aimlessly, knocking against the stars set deep in the sky and snatching the chariot along through uncharted ways. Now they climb up to the top of heaven, and now, plunging headlong down, they course along nearer the earth. The Moon in amazement sees her brother's horses running below her own, and the scorched clouds smoke. The earth bursts into flame, the highest parts first, and splits into deep cracks, and its moisture is all dried up. The meadows are burned to white ashes; the trees are consumed, green leaves and all, and the ripe grain furnishes fuel for its own destruction. But these are small losses which I am lamenting. Great cities perish with their walls, and the vast conflagration reduces whole nations to ashes. The woods are ablaze with the mountains; Athos is ablaze, Cilician Taurus, and Tmolus, and Oete, and Ida, dry at last, but hitherto covered with springs, and Helicon, haunt of the Muses, and Haemus, not yet linked with the name of Oeagrus. Aetna is blazing boundlessly with flames now doubled, and twin-peaked Parnasus and Eryx, Cynthus and Othrys, and Rhodope, at last destined to lose its snows, Mimas and Dindyma, Mycale and Cithaeron, famed for sacred rites. Nor does its chilling clime save

OID

nec prosunt Scythiae sua frigora : Caucasus ardet
 Ossaque cum Pindo maiorque ambobus Olympus 225
 aeriaque Alpes et nubifer Appenninus.

Tum vero Phaethon cunctis e partibus orbem
 adspicit accensum nec tantos sustinet aestus
 ferventisque auras velut e fornace profunda
 ore trahit currusque suos candescere sentit ; 230
 et neque iam cineres eiectatamque favillam
 ferre potest calidoque involvitur undique fumo,
 quoque eat aut ubi sit, picea caligine tectus
 nescit et arbitrio volucrum raptatur equorum.

Sanguine tum credunt in corpora summa vocato
 Aethiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem ; 236
 tum facta est Libye raptis umoribus aestu
 arida, tum nymphae passis fontesque lacusque
 deflevere comis ; quaerit Boeotia Dirceum,
 Argos Amymonem, Ephyre Pirenidas undas ; 240
 nec sortita loco distantes flumina ripas
 tuta manent : mediis Tanais fumavit in undis
 Peneusque senex Teuthranteusque Caicus
 et celer Ismenos cum Phegiaco Erymantho
 arsurusque iterum Xanthos flavusque Lycormas, 245
 quique recurvatis ludit Maeandros in undis,
 Mygdoniusque Melas et Taenarius Eurotas.
 arsit et Euphrates Babylonius, arsit Orontes
 Thermodonque citus Gangesque et Phasis et
 Hister ;
 aestuat Alpheos, ripae Spercheides ardent, 250
 quodque suo Tagus anne vehit, fluit ignibus
 aurum,
 et, quae Maeonias celebrarant carmine ripas,
 flumineae volucres medio caluere Caystro ;
 Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
 occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet : ostia septem
 pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles. 256

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Scythia ; Caucasus burns, and Ossa with Pindus, and Olympus, greater than both ; and the heaven-piercing Alps and cloud-capped Apennines.

Then indeed does Phaëthon see the earth aflame on every hand ; he cannot endure the mighty heat, and the air he breathes is like the hot breath of a deep furnace. The chariot he feels growing white-hot beneath his feet. He can no longer bear the ashes and whirling sparks, and is completely shrouded in the dense, hot smoke. In this pitchy darkness he cannot tell where he is or whither he is going, and is swept along at the will of his flying steeds.

It was then, as men think, that the peoples of Aethiopia became black-skinned, since the blood was drawn to the surface of their bodies by the heat. Then also Libya became a desert, for the heat dried up her moisture. Then the nymphs with dishevelled hair bewailed their fountains and their pools. Boeotia mourns the loss of Dirce ; Argos, Amydone ; Corinth, her Pirenean spring. Nor do rivers, whose lot had given them more spacious channels, remain unscathed. The Don's waters steam ; old Peneus, too, Mysian Caicus, and swift Ismenus ; and Arcadian Erymanthus, Xanthus, destined once again to burn ; tawny Lycormas, and Maeander, playing along upon its winding way ; Thracian Melas and Laconian Eurotas. Babylonian Euphrates burns ; Orontes burns, and swift Thermodon ; the Ganges, Phasis, Danube ; Alpheus boils ; Spercheos' banks are aflame. The golden sands of Tagus melt in the intense heat, and the swans, which had been wont to throng the Maeonian streams in tuneful company, are scorched in mid Caÿster. The Nile fled in terror to the ends of the earth, and hid its head, and it is hidden yet. The seven mouths lie empty, filled with dust ; seven

OID

fors eadem Ismarios Hebrum cum Strymone siccata
 Hesperiosque amnes, Rhenum Rhodanumque
 Padumque

cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia, Thybrin.
 dissilit omne solum, penetratque in Tartara rimis 260
 lumen et infernum terret cum coniuge regem;
 et mare contrahitur siccaeque est campus harenae,
 quod modo pontus erat, quosque altum texerat
 aequor,

existunt montes et sparsas Cycladas augent.
 ima petunt pisces, nec se super aequora curvi 265
 tollere consuetas audent delphines in auras;
 corpora phocarum summo resupina profundo
 exanimata natant: ipsum quoque Nerea fama est
 Doridaque et natas tepidis latuisse sub antris.
 ter Neptunus aquis cum torvo bracchia vultu 270
 exserere ausus erat, ter non tulit aeris ignes.

Alma tamen Tellus, ut erat circumdata ponto,
 inter aquas pelagi contractosque undique fontes,
 qui se condiderant in opacae viscera matris,
 sustulit oppressos collo tenuis arida vultus 275
 opposuitque manum fronti magnoque tremore
 omnia concutiens paullum subsedit et infra,
 quam solet esse, fuit sacraque ita voce locuta est:
 "si placet hoc meruique, quid o tua fulmina cessant,
 summe deum? liceat periturae viribus ignis 280
 igne perire tuo clademque auctore levare!
 vix equidem fauces haec ipsa in verba resolvo";
 (presserat ora vapor) "tostos en adspice crines

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broad channels, all without a stream. The same mischance dries up the Thracian rivers, Hebrus and Strymon; also the rivers of the west, the Rhine, Rhone, Po, and the Tiber, to whom had been promised the mastery of the world. Great cracks yawn everywhere, and the light, penetrating to the lower world, strikes terror into the infernal king and his consort. Even the sea shrinks up, and what was but now a great, watery expanse is a dry plain of sand. The mountains, which the deep sea had covered before, spring forth, and increase the numbers of the scattered Cyclades. The fish dive to the lowest depths, and the dolphins no longer dare to leap curving above the surface of the sea into their wonted air. The dead bodies of sea-calves float, with upturned belly, on the water's top. They say that Nereus himself and Doris and her daughters were hot as they lay hid in their caves. Thrice Neptune essayed to lift his arms and august face from out the water; thrice did he desist, unable to bear the fiery atmosphere.

Not so all-fostering Earth, who, encircled as she was by sea, amid the waters of the deep, amid her fast-contracting streams which had crowded into her dark bowels and hidden there, though parched by heat, heaved up her smothered face. Raising her shielding hand to her brow and causing all things to shake with her mighty trembling, she sank back a little lower than her wonted place, and then in awful tones she spoke: "If this is thy will, and I have deserved all this, why, O king of all the gods, are thy lightnings idle? If I must die by fire, oh, let me perish by thy fire and lighten my suffering by thought of him who sent it. I scarce can open my lips to speak these words"—the hot smoke was choking her—"See my

inque oculis tantum, tantum super ora favillae !
 hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem 285
 officiique refers, quod adunci vulnere aratri
 rastrorumque fero totoque exerceor anno,
 quod pecori frondes alimentaue mitia, fruges,
 humano generi, vobis quoque tura ministro ?
 sed tamen exitium fac me meruisse : quid undae,
 quid meruit frater ? cur illi tradita sorte 291
 aequora decrescunt et ab aethere longius absunt ?
 quodsi nec fratris nec te mea gratia tangit,
 at caeli miserere tui ! circumspice utrumque :
 fumat uterque polus ! quos si vitiaverit ignis, 295
 atria vestra ruent ! Atlans en ipse laborat
 vixque suis umeris candentem sustinet axem !
 si freta, si terrae pereunt, si regia caeli,
 in chaos antiquum confundimur ! eripe flammis, 299
 si quid adhuc superest, et rerum consule summae ! ”
 Dixerat haec Tellus : neque enim tolerare vaporem
 ulterius potuit nec dicere plura suumque
 rettulit os in se propioraque manibus antra ;
 at pater omnipotens, superos testatus et ipsum,
 qui dederat currus, nisi opem ferat, omnia fato 305
 interitura gravi, summam petit arduus arcem,
 unde solet nubes latis inducere terris,
 unde movet tonitrus vibrataque fulmina iactat ;
 sed neque quas posset terris inducere nubes
 tunc habuit, nec quos caelo dimitteret imbres : 310
 intonat et dextra libratum fulmen ab aure
 misit in aurigam pariterque animaue rotisque

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singed hair and all ashes in my eyes, all ashes over my face. Is this the return, this the reward thou payest of my fertility and dutifulness? that I bear the wounds of the crooked plow and mattock, tormented year in, year out? that I provide kindly pasturage for the flocks, grain for mankind, incense for the altars of the gods? But, grant that I have deserved destruction, what has the sea, what has thy brother done? Why are the waters which fell to him by the third lot so shrunken, and so much further from thy sky? But if no consideration for thy brother nor yet for me has weight with thee, at least have pity on thy own heavens. Look around; the heavens are smoking from pole to pole. If the fire shall weaken these, the homes of the gods will fall in ruins. See, Atlas himself is troubled and can scarce bear up the white-hot vault upon his shoulders. If the sea perish and the land and the realms of the sky, then are we hurled back to primeval chaos. Save from the flames whatever yet remains and take thought for the safety of the universe."

So spoke the Earth and ceased, for she could no longer endure the heat; and she retreated into herself and into the depths nearer the land of shades. But the Almighty Father, calling on the gods to witness and him above all who had given the chariot, that unless he bring aid all things will perish by a grievous doom, mounts on high to the top of heaven, whence it is his wont to spread the clouds over the broad lands, whence he stirs his thunders and flings his hurtling bolts. But now he has no clouds wherewith to overspread the earth, nor any rains to send down from the sky. He thundered, and, balancing in his right hand a bolt, flung it from beside the ear at the charioteer and hurled him from the car and from

OID

expulit et saevis conpescuit ignibus ignes.
 consternantur equi et saltu in contraria facto
 colla iugo eripiunt abruptaque lora relinquunt : 315
 illic frena iacent, illic temone revulsus
 axis, in hac radii fractarum parte rotarum
 sparsaque sunt late laceri vestigia currus.

At Phaethon rutilos flamma populante capillos
 volvitur in praeceps longoque per aera tractu 320
 fertur, ut interdum de caelo stella sereno
 etsi non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri.
 quem procul a patria diverso maximus orbe
 excipit Eridanus fumantiaque abluit ora.
 Naides Hesperiae trifida fumantia flamma 325
 corpora dant tumulo, signant quoque carmine saxum;

HIC · SITVS · EST · PHAETHON · CVRRVS · AVRIGA · PATERNI
 QVEM · SI · NON · TENVIT · MAGNIS · TAMEN · EXCIDIT · AVSIS

Nam pater obductos luctu miserabilis aegro
 condiderat vultus, et, si modo credimus, unum 330
 isse diem sine sole ferunt : incendia lumen
 praebebant aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.
 at Clymene postquam dixit, quaecumque fuerunt
 in tantis dicenda malis, lugubris et amens
 et laniata sinus totum percensuit orbem 335
 exanimesque artus primo, mox ossa requirens
 repperit ossa tamen peregrina condita ripa
 incubuitque loco nomenque in marmore lectum
 perfudit lacrimis et aperto pectore fovit.
 nec minus Heliades fletus et inania morti 340

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life as well, and thus quenched fire with blasting fire. The maddened horses leap apart, wrench their necks from the yoke, and break away from the parted reins. Here lie the reins, there the axle torn from the pole; in another place the spokes of the broken wheels, and fragments of the wrecked chariot are scattered far and wide.

But Phaëthon, fire ravaging his ruddy hair, is hurled headlong and falls with a long trail through the air; as sometimes a star from the clear heavens, although it does not fall, still seems to fall. Him far from his native land, in another quarter of the globe, Eridanus receives and bathes his steaming face. The Naiads in that western land consign his body, still smoking with the flames of that forked bolt, to the tomb and carve this epitaph upon his stone:

HERE PHAËTHON LIES: IN PHOEBUS' CAR HE FARED,
AND THOUGH HE GREATLY FAILED, MORE GREATLY DARED.

The wretched father, sick with grief, hid his face; and, if we are to believe report, one whole day went without the sun. But the burning world gave light, and so even in that disaster was there some service. But Clymene, after she had spoken whatever could be spoken in such woe, melancholy and distraught and tearing her breast, wandered over the whole earth, seeking first his lifeless limbs, then his bones; his bones at last she found, but buried on a river-bank in a foreign land. Here she prostrates herself upon the tomb, drenches the dear name carved in the marble with her tears, and fondles it against her breast. The Heliades, her daughters, join in her lamentation, and pour out their tears in useless tribute to the dead. With bruising hands beating

OID

munera dant, lacrimas, et caesae pectora palmis
 non auditurum miseras Phaethonta querellas
 nocte dieque vocant adsternunturque sepulcro.
 luna quater iunctis inplerat cornibus orbem ;
 illae more suo (nam morem fecerat usus) 345
 plangorem dederant : e quis Phaethusa, sororum
 maxima, cum vellet terra procumbere, questa est
 deriguisse pedes ; ad quam conata venire
 candida Lampetie subita radice retenta est ;
 tertia, cum crinem manibus laniare pararet, 350
 avellit frondes ; haec stipite crura teneri,
 illa dolet fieri longos sua bracchia ramos,
 dumque ea mirantur, complectitur inguina cortex
 perque gradus, uterum pectusque umerosque manusque
 ambit, et exstabant tantum ora vocantia matrem. 355
 quid faciat mater, nisi, quo trahat inpetus illam,
 huc eat atque illuc et, dum licet, oscula iungat ?
 non satis est : truncis avellere corpora temptat
 et teneros manibus ramos abrumpit, at inde
 sanguineae manant tamquam de vulnere guttae. 360
 "parce, precor, mater," quaecumque est saucia, clamat,
 "parce, precor : nostrum laceratur in arbore corpus !
 iamque vale"—cortex in verba novissima venit.
 inde fluunt lacrimae, stillataque sole rigescunt
 de ramis electra novis, quae lucidus amnis 365
 excipit et nuribus mittit gestanda Latinis.

Adfuit huic monstro proles Stheneleia Cygnus,
 qui tibi materno quamvis a sanguine iunctus,
 mente tamen, Phaethon, propior fuit. ille relicto

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

their naked breasts, they call night and day upon their brother, who nevermore will hear their calls, and prostrate themselves upon his sepulchre. Four times had the moon with waxing crescents reached her full orb; but they, as was their habit (for use had established habit), were mourning still. Then one day the eldest, Phaëthus, when she would throw herself upon the grave, complained that her feet had grown cold and stark; and when the fair Lampetia tried to come to her, she was held fast as by sudden roots. A third, making to tear her hair, found her hands plucking at foliage. One complained that her ankles were encased in wood, another that her arms were changing to long branches. And while they look on those things in amazement bark closes round their loins, and, by degrees, their waists, breasts, shoulders, hands; and all that was free were their lips calling upon their mother. What can the frantic mother do but run, as impulse carries her, now here, now there, and print kisses on their lips? That is not enough: she tries to tear away the bark from their bodies and breaks off slender twigs with her hands. But as she does this bloody drops trickle forth as from a wound. And each one, as she is wounded, cries out: "Oh, spare me, mother; spare, I beg you. 'Tis my body that you are tearing in the tree. And now farewell"—the bark closed over her latest words. Still their tears flow on, and these tears, hardened into amber by the sun, drop down from the new-made trees. The clear river receives them and bears them onward, one day to be worn by the brides of Rome.

Cycnus, the son of Sthenelus, was a witness of this miracle. Though he was kin to you, O Phaëthon, by his mother's blood, he was more closely joined in

(nam Ligurum populos et magnas rexerat urbes) 370
 imperio ripas virides amnemque querellis

Eridanum inplerat silvamque sororibus auctam,
 cum vox est tenuata viro canaeque capillos
 dissimulant plumae collumque a pectore longe
 porrigitur digitosque ligat iunctura rubentis, 375
 penna latus velat, tenet os sine acumine rostrum.

fit nova Cygnus avis nec se caeloque Iovique
 tradit, ut iniuste missi memor ignis ab illo ;
 stagna petit patulosque lacus ignemque perosus
 quae colat elegit contraria flumina flammis. 380

Squalidus interea genitor Phaethontis et expers
 ipse sui decoris, qualis, cum deficit orbem,
 esse solet, lucemque odit seque ipse diemque
 datque animum in luctus et luctibus adicit iram
 officiumque negat mundo. "satis" inquit "ab aevi 385
 sors mea principiis fuit inrequieta, pigetque
 actorum sine fine mihi, sine honore laborum !
 quilibet alter agat portantes lumina currus !
 si nemo est omnesque dei non posse fatentur,
 ipse agat ut saltem, dum nostras temptat habenas, 390
 orbatura patres aliquando fulmina ponat !
 tum sciet ignipedum vires expertus equorum
 non meruisse necem, qui non bene rexerit illos."

Talia dicentem circumstant omnia Solem
 numina, neve velit tenebras inducere rebus, 395
 supplice voce rogant ; missos quoque Iuppiter
 ignes

excusat precibusque minas regaliter addit.

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affection. He, abandoning his kingdom—for he ruled over the peoples and great cities of Liguria—went weeping and lamenting along the green banks of the Eridanus, and through the woods which the sisters had increased. And as he went his voice became thin and shrill; white plumage hid his hair and his neck stretched far out from his breast. A web-like membrane joined his reddened fingers, wings clothed his sides, and a blunt beak his mouth. So Cynus became a strange new bird—the swan. But he did not trust himself to the upper air and Jove, since he remembered the fiery bolt which the god had unjustly hurled. His favourite haunts were the still pools and spreading lakes; and, hating fire, he chose the water for his home, as the opposite of flame.

Meanwhile Phoebus sits in gloomy mourning garb, shorn of his brightness, just as when he is darkened by eclipse. He hates himself and the light of day, gives over his soul to grief, to grief adds rage, and refuses to do service to the world. "Enough," he says; "from time's beginning has my lot been unrestful; I am weary of my endless and unrequited toils. Let any else who chooses drive the chariot of light. If no one will, and all the gods confess that it is beyond their power, let Jove himself do it. Then, at least, while he essays to grasp my reins, will he lay aside his bolts that rob fathers of their boys. Then will he know, when he has himself tried the strength of those fiery-footed steeds, that he who failed to guide them well did not deserve death."

As he thus speaks all the gods stand around him, and beg him humbly not to plunge the world in darkness. Jove himself seeks to excuse the bolt he hurled, and to his prayers adds threats in royal style.

OVID

colligit amentes et adhuc terrore paventes
 Phoebus equos stimuloque dolens et verbere saevit;
 saevit, erum¹ natumque obiectat et inputat illis. 400

At pater omnipotens ingentia moenia caeli
 circuit et, ne quid labefactum viribus ignis
 corruat, explorat. quae postquam firma suique
 roboris esse videt, terras hominumque labores
 perspicit. Arcadiae tamen est inpensior illi 405

cura suae : fontesque et nondum audentia labi
 flumina restituit, dat terrae gramina, frondes
 arboribus, laesasque iubet revirescere silvas.
 dum redit itque frequens, in virgine Nonacrina
 haesit, et accepti caluere sub ossibus ignes. 410

non erat huius opus lanam mollire trahendo
 nec positu variare comas ; ubi fibula vestem,
 vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos ;
 et modo leve manu iaculum, modo sumpserat
 arcum,

miles erat Phoebes : nec Maenalon attigit ulla 415
 gratior hac Triviae ; sed nulla potentia longa est.

Ulterius medio spatium sol altus habebat,
 cum subit illa nemus, quod nulla ceciderat aetas ;
 exuit hic umero pharetram lentosque retendit
 arcus inque solo, quod texerat herba, iacebat 420
 et pictam posita pharetram cervice premebat.
 Iuppiter ut vidit fessam et custode vacantem,
 " hoc certe furtum coniunx mea nesciet " inquit,
 " aut si rescierit, sunt, o sunt iurgia tanti ! " .

erum *Merkel* ; enim *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

Then Phoebus yokes his team again, wild and trembling still with fear ; and, in his grief, cruelly plies them with lash and goad, cruel as he reproaches and taxes them with the death of their master, his son.

But now the Almighty Father makes a round of the great battlements of heaven and examines to see if anything has been injured by the might of fire. When he sees that these are firm with their immortal strength, he inspects the earth and the affairs of men. Yet Arcadia, above all, is his more earnest care. He restores her springs and rivers, which hardly dare as yet to flow ; he gives grass again to the ground, leaves to the trees, and bids the damaged forests grow green again. And as he came and went upon his tasks he chanced to see a certain Arcadian nymph, and straightway the fire he caught grew hot to his very marrow. She had no need to spin soft wools nor to arrange her hair in studied elegance. A simple brooch fastened her gown and a white fillet held her loose-flowing hair. And in this garb, now with a spear, and now a bow in her hand, was she arrayed as one of Phoebe's warriors. Nor was any nymph who roamed over the slopes of Maenalus in higher favour with her goddess than was she. But no favour is of long duration.

The sun was high o'erhead, just beyond his zenith, when the nymph entered the forest that all years had left unfelled. Here she took her quiver from her shoulder, unstrung her tough bow, and lay down upon the grassy ground, with her head pillowed on her painted quiver. When Jove saw her there, tired out and unprotected : " Here, surely," he said, " my consort will know nothing of my guile ; or if she learn it, well bought are taunts at such a price."

protinus induitur faciem cultumque Dianae 425
 atque ait : " o comitum, virgo, pars una mearum,
 in quibus es venata iugis ? " de caespite virgo
 se levat et " salve numen, me iudice " dixit,
 " audiat ipse licet, maius Iove. " ridet et audit
 et sibi praeferri se gaudet et oscula iungit, 430
 nec moderata satis nec sic a virgine danda.
 quae venata foret silva, narrare parantem
 impedit amplexu nec se sine crimine prodit.
 illa quidem contra, quantum modo femina posset
 (adspiceres utinam, Saturnia, mitior esses), 435
 illa quidem pugnat, sed quem superare puella,
 quisve Iovem poterat ? superum petit aethera victor
 Iuppiter : huic odio nemus est et conscia silva ;
 unde pedem referens paene est oblita pharetram
 tollere cum telis et quem suspenderat arcum. 440
 Ecce, suo comitata choro Dictynna per altum
 Maenalon ingrediens et caede superba ferarum
 adspicit hanc visamque vocat : clamata refugit
 et timuit primo, ne Iuppiter esset in illa ;
 sed postquam pariter nymphas incedere vidit, 445
 sensit abesse dolos numerumque accessit ad harum.
 heu ! quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu !
 vix oculos attollit humo nec, ut ante solebat,
 iuncta deae lateri nec toto est agmine prima,
 sed silet et laesi dat signa rubore pudoris ; 450
 et, nisi quod virgo est, poterat sentire Diana
 mille notis culpam : nymphae sensisse feruntur.
 orbe resurgebant lunaria cornua nono,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

Straightway he put on the features and dress of Diana and said: "Dear maid, best loved of all my followers, where hast thou been hunting to-day?" The maiden arose from her grassy couch and said: "Hail thou, my goddess, greater far than Jove, I say, though he himself should hear." Jove laughed to hear her, rejoicing to be prized more highly than himself; and he kissed her lips, not modestly, nor as a maiden kisses. When she began to tell him in what woods her hunt had been, he broke in upon her story with a warm embrace, and so betrayed himself. She, in truth, struggled against him with all her girlish might—hadst thou been there to see, Saturnia, thy judgment were more kind!—but whom could a girl o'ercome, or who could prevail against Jove? Jupiter won the day, and went back to the sky; she loathed the forest and the woods that knew her secret. As she retraced her path she almost forgot to take up the quiver with its arrows, and the bow she had hung up.

But see, Diana, with her train of nymphs, approaches along the slopes of Maenalus, proud of her trophies of the chase. She sees our maiden and calls to her. At first she flees in fear, lest this should be Jove in disguise again. But when she sees the other nymphs coming too, she is reassured and joins the band. Alas, how hard it is to conceal a consciousness of guilt! She walks with downcast eyes, not, as was her wont, close to her goddess, and leading all the rest. Her silence and her blushes give clear tokens of her plight; and, were not Diana herself a maid, she would know the truth by a thousand signs, which, as it is, the other nymphs know full well. Nine times since then the crescent moon had grown full orb'd, when the goddess, worn with the chase and over-

OID

cum dea venatu fraternis languida flammis,
 nacta nemus gelidum, de quo cum murmure labens
 ibat et attritas versabat rivus harenas. 456

ut loca laudavit, summas pede contigit undas ;
 his quoque laudatis "procul est" ait "arbiter omnis:
 nuda superfusis tinguamus corpora lymphis!"

Parrhasis erubuit ; cunctae velamina ponunt ; 460
 una moras quaerit : dubitanti vestis adempta est,
 qua posita nudo patuit cum corpore crimen.

attonitae manibusque uterum celare volenti
 "i procul hinc" dixit "nec sacros pollue fontis!"
 Cynthia deque suo iussit secedere coetu. 465

Senserat hoc olim magni matrona Tonantis
 distuleratque graves in idonea tempora poenas.
 causa morae nulla est, et iam puer Arcas (id ipsum
 indoluit Iuno) fuerat de paelice natus.

quo simul obvertit saevam cum lumine mentem, 470
 "scilicet hoc etiam restabat, adultera" dixit,

"ut fecunda fores, fieretque iniuria partu
 nota, Iovisque mei testatum dedecus esset.

haud inpune feres : adimam tibi namque figuram,
 qua tibi, quaque places nostro, inportuna, marito."
 dixit et adversam prensis a fronte capillis 476

stravit humi pronam. tendebat bracchia supplex :
 bracchia coeperunt nigris horrescere villis
 curvarique manus et aduncos crescere in unguis

officioque pedum fungi laudataque quondam 480
 ora Iovi lato fieri deformia rictu.

neve preces animos et verba precantia flectant,
 posse loqui eripitur : vox iracunda minaxque

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

come by the hot sun's rays, came to a cool grove through which a gently murmuring stream flowed over its smooth sands. The place delighted her and she dipped her feet into the water. Delighted too with this, she said to her companions: "Come, no one is near to see; let us disrobe and bathe us in the brook." The Arcadian blushed, and, while all the rest obeyed, she only sought excuses for delay. But her companions forced her to comply, and there her shame was openly confessed. As she stood terror-stricken, vainly striving to hide her state, Diana cried: "Begone! and pollute not our sacred pool"; and so expelled her from her company.

The great Thunderer's wife had known all this long since; but she had put off her vengeance until a fitting time. And now that time was come; for, to add a sting to Juno's hate, a boy, Arcas, had been born of her rival. When she turned to this her angry heart and her angry eyes, "See there!" she cried, "nothing was left, adulteress, than to breed a son, and publish my wrong by his birth, a living witness to my lord's shame. But thou shalt suffer for it. Yea, for I will take away thy beauty wherewith thou dost delight thyself and him, forward girl, who is my husband." So saying, she caught her by the hair full in front and flung her face-foremost to the ground. And when the girl stretched out her arms in prayer for mercy, her arms began to grow rough with black shaggy hair; her hands changed into feet tipped with sharp claws; and her lips, which but now Jove had praised, were changed to broad, ugly jaws; and, that she might not move him with entreating prayers, her power of speech was taken from her, and only a harsh, terrifying growl came hoarsely from her throat. Still her human feelings remained, though

OID

plenaque terroris rauco de gutture fertur ;
 mens antiqua manet, (facta quoque mansit in ursa)
 adsiduoque suos gemitu testata dolores 486
 qualescumque manus ad caelum et sidera tollit
 ingratumque Iovem, nequeat cum dicere, sentit.
 a ! quotiens, sola non ausa quiescere silva,
 ante domum quondamque suis erravit in agris ! 490
 a ! quotiens per saxa canum latratibus acta est
 venatrixque metu venantum territa fugit !
 saepe feris latuit visis, oblita quid esset,
 ursaque conspectos in montibus horruit ursos
 pertimuitque lupos, quamvis pater esset in illis. 495

Ecce Lycaoniae proles ignara parentis,
 Arcas adest ter quinque fere natalibus actis ;
 dumque feras sequitur, dum saltus eligit aptos
 nexilibusque plagis silvas Erymanthidas ambit,
 incidit in matrem, quae restitit Arcade viso 500
 et cognoscenti similis fuit : ille refugit
 inmotosque oculos in se sine fine tenentem
 nescius extimuit propiusque accedere aventi
 vulnifico fuerat fixurus pectora telo :
 arcuit omnipotens pariterque ipsosque nefasque 505
 sustulit et pariter raptos per inania vento
 inposuit caelo vicinaque sidera fecit.

Intumuit Iuno, postquam inter sidera paelex
 fulsit, et ad canam descendit in aequora Tethyn
 Oceanumque senem, quorum reverentia movit 510
 saepe deos, causamque viae scitantibus infit :
 “ quaeritis, aetheriis quare regina deorum

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

she was now a bear; with constant moanings she shows her grief, stretches up such hands as are left her to the heavens, and, though she cannot speak, still feels the ingratitude of Jove. Ah, how often, not daring to lie down in the lonely woods, she wandered to her home and the fields that had once been hers! How often was she driven over the rocky ways by her baying hounds and, huntress though she was, fled in affright before the hunters! Often she hid at sight of the wild beasts, forgetting what she was; and, though herself a bear, shuddered at sight of other bears which she saw on the mountain-slopes. She even feared the wolves, although her own father, Lycaon, ran with the pack.

And now Arcas, Lycaon's grandson, had reached his fifteenth year, ignorant of his mother's plight. While he was hunting the wild beasts, seeking out their favourite haunts, hemming the Arcadian woods with his close-wrought nets, he chanced upon his mother, who stopped still at sight of Arcas, and seemed like one that recognized him. He shrank back at those unmoving eyes that were fixed for ever upon him, and feared he knew not what; and when she tried to come nearer, he was just in the act of piercing her breast with his wound-dealing spear. But Jove held his hand and rescued both, the mother from death and the son from crime. Then, snatching them up through the air in a whirlwind, he set them in the heavens and made them neighbouring stars.

Then indeed did Juno's wrath wax hotter still when she saw her rival shining in the sky, and straight went down to Tethys, venerable goddess of the sea, and to old Ocean, whom oft the gods hold in reverence. When they asked her the cause of her coming, she began: "Do you ask me why I, the

OID

sedibus huc adsim? pro me tenet altera caelum!
 mentior, obscurum nisi nox cum fecerit orbem,
 nuper honoratas summo, mea vulnera, caelo 515
 videritis stellas illic, ubi circulus axem
 ultimus extremum spatioque brevissimus ambit.
 et vero quisquam Iunonem laedere nolit
 offensamque tremat, quae prosum sola nocendo? 519
 o ego quantum egi! quam vasta potentia nostra est!
 esse hominem vetui: facta est dea! sic ego poenas
 sontibus inpono, sic est mea magna potestas!
 vindicet antiquam faciem vultusque ferinos
 detrahat, Argolica quod in ante Phoronide fecit!
 cur non et pulsa ducit Iunone meoque 525
 collocat in thalamo socerumque Lycaona sumit?
 at vos si laesae tangit contemptus alumnae,
 gurgite caeruleo septem prohibete triones
 sideraque in caelo stupri mercede recepta
 pellite, ne puro tingatur in aequore paelex!" 530
 Di maris adnuerant: habili Saturnia curru
 ingreditur liquidum pavonibus aethera pictis,
 tam nuper pictis caeso pavonibus Argo,
 quam tu nuper eras, cum candidus ante fuisses,
 corve loquax, subito nigrantis versus in alas. 535
 nam fuit haec quondam niveis argentea pennis
 ales, ut aequaret totas sine labe columbas,
 nec servaturis vigili Capitolia voce
 cederet anseribus nec amanti flumina cygno.
 lingua fuit damno: lingua faciente loquaci 540
 qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

queen of heaven, am here? Another queen has usurped my heaven. Count my word false if to-night, when darkness has obscured the sky, you see not new constellations fresh set, to outrage me, in the place of honour in highest heaven, where the last and shortest circle encompasses the utmost pole. And is there any reason now why anyone should hesitate to insult Juno and should fear my wrath, who do but help where I would harm? Oh, what great things have I accomplished! What unbounded power is mine! She whom I drove out of human form has now become a goddess. So do I punish those who wrong me! Such is my vaunted might! It only remains for him to release her from her bestial form and restore her former features, as he did once before in Argive Io's case. Why, now that I am deposed, should he not wed and set her in my chamber, and become Lycaon's son-in-law? But do you, if the insult to your foster-child moves you, debar these bears from your green pools, disown stars which have gained heaven at the price of shame, and let not that harlot bathe in your pure stream."

The gods of the sea granted her prayer, and Saturnia, mounting her swift chariot, was borne back through the yielding air by her gaily decked peacocks, peacocks but lately decked with the slain Argus' eyes, at the same time that the plumage of the talking raven, though white before, had been suddenly changed to black. For he had once been a bird of silvery-white plumage, so that he rivalled the spotless doves, nor yielded to the geese which one day were to save the Capitol with their watchful cries, nor to the river-loving swan. But his tongue was his undoing. Through his tongue's fault the speech-gifted bird, which once was white, was now a sooty black.

OID

Pulchrior in tota quam Larisaea Coronis
 non fuit Haemonia : placuit tibi, Delphice, certe,
 dum vel casta fuit vel inobservata, sed ales
 sensit adulterium Phoebeius, utque latentem 545
 detegeret culpam, non exorabilis index,
 ad dominum tendebat iter. quem garrula motis
 consequitur pennis, scitetur ut omnia, cornix
 auditaque viae causa "non utile carpis"
 inquit "iter: ne sperne meae praesagia linguae! 550
 quid fuerim quid sinque vide meritumque require:
 invenies nocuisse fidem. nam tempore quodam
 Pallas Erichthonium, prolem sine matre creatam,
 clauserat Actaeo texta de vimine cista
 virginibusque tribus gemino de Cecrope natis 555
 et legem dederat, sua ne secreta viderent.
 abdita fronde levi densa specularar ab ulmo,
 quid facerent: commissa duae sine fraude tuentur,
 Pandrosos atque Herse; timidus vocat una sorores
 Aglauros nodosque manu diducit, et intus 560
 infantemque vident adporrectumque draconem.
 acta deae refero. pro quo mihi gratia talis
 redditur, ut dicar tutela pulsa Minervae
 et ponar post noctis avem! mea poena volucres
 admonuisse potest, ne voce pericula quaerant. 565
 at, puto, non ultro nequiquam tale rogantem
 me petiit!—ipsa licet hoc a Pallade quaeras:
 quamvis irata est, non hoc irata negabit.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

In all Thessaly there was no fairer maid than Coronis of Larissa. She surely found favour in thy eyes, O Delphic god, so long as she was chaste—or undetected. But the bird of Phoebus discovered her unchastity, and was posting with all speed, hard-hearted tell-tale, to his master to disclose the sin he had spied out. The gossiping crow followed him on flapping wings and asked the news. But when he heard the real object of the trip he said: "'Tis no profitable journey you are taking, my friend. Scorn not the forewarning of my tongue. See what I used to be and what I am now, and then ask the reason for it. You will find that good faith was my undoing. Once upon a time a child was born to Actaeus, named Erichthonius, a child without a mother. Him Pallas hid in an ozier box, and gave this to the three daughters of Cecrops, born at one birth, with the strict command not to look therein. Hidden in the light leaves that grew thick over an elm, I set myself to watch what they would do. Two of the girls, Pandrosos and Herse, watched the box in good faith, but the third, Aglauros, called her sisters cowards, and with her hand undid the fastenings. And within they saw a baby-boy and a snake stretched out beside him. I went and betrayed them to the goddess, and for my pains I was turned out of my place as Minerva's attendant and put after the bird of night! My punishment ought to be a warning to all birds not to invite trouble by talking too much. But perhaps (do you say?) she did not seek me out of her own accord, when I asked no such thing? Well, you may ask Pallas herself. Though she be angry with me now, she will not deny that, for all her anger. It is a well-known story. I once was a king's daughter, child of the famous

nam me Phocaica clarus tellure Coroneus
 (nota loquor) genuit, fueramque ego regia virgo 570
 divitibusque procis (ne me contemne) petebar :
 forma mihi nocuit. nam cum per litora lentis
 passibus, ut soleo, summa spatiarer harena,
 vidit et incaluit pelagi deus, utque precando
 tempora cum blandis absumpsit inania verbis, 575
 vim parat et sequitur. fugio densumque relinquo
 litus et in molli nequiquam lassor harena.
 inde deos hominesque voco ; nec contigit ullum
 vox mea mortalem : mota est pro virgine virgo
 auxiliumque tulit. tendebam bracchia caelo : 580
 bracchia coeperunt levibus nigrescere pennis ;
 reicere ex umeris vestem molibar, at illa
 pluma erat inque cutem radices egerat imas ;
 plangere nuda meis conabar pectora palmis,
 sed neque iam palmas nec pectora nuda gerebam ;
 currebam, nec, ut ante, pedes retinebat harena, 586
 sed summa tollebar humo ; mox alta per auras
 evehor et data sum comes inculpata Minervae.
 quid tamen hoc prodest, si diro facta volucris
 crimine Nyctimene nostro successit honori ? 590
 an quae per totam res est notissima Lesbon,
 non audita tibi est, patrium temerasse cubile
 Nyctimenen ? avis illa quidem, sed conscia culpae
 conspectum lucemque fugit tenebrisque pudorem
 celat et a cunctis expellitur aethere toto." 595
 Talia dicenti " tibi " ait " revocamina " corvus
 " sint, precor, ista malo : nos vanum spernimus omen."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

Coroneus in the land of Phocis, and—nay, scorn me not—rich princes sought me in marriage. But my beauty proved my bane. For once, while I paced, as is my wont, along the shore with slow steps over the sand's top, the god of the ocean saw me and grew hot. And when his prayers and coaxing words proved but waste of time, he offered force and pursued. I ran from him, leaving the hard-packed beach, and was quickly worn out, but all to no purpose, in the soft sand beyond. Then I cried out for help to gods and men, but my cries reached no mortal ear. But the virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer and came to my aid. I was stretching my arms to heaven, when my arms began to darken with light feathers. I strove to cast my mantle from my shoulders, but it was feathers, too, which had already struck their roots deep into my skin. I tried to beat my bare breasts with my hands, but I found I had now neither breasts nor hands. I would run; and now the sand did not retard my feet as before, but I skimmed lightly along the top of the ground, and soon I floated on the air, soaring high; and so I was given to Minerva to be her blameless comrade. But of what use was that to me, if, after all, Nyctimene, who was changed into a bird because of her vile sins, has been put in my place? Or have you not heard the tale all Lesbos knows too well, how Nyctimene outraged the sanctity of her father's bed? And, bird though she now is, still, conscious of her guilt, she flees the sight of men and light of day, and tries to hide her shame in darkness, cast by all from the whole radiant sky."

In reply to all this the raven said: "On your own head, I pray, be the evil that warning portends; I scorn the idle presage," continued on his way to his

IVID

nec coeptum dimittit iter dominoque iacentem
 cum iuvene Haemonio vidisse Coronida narrat.
 laurea delapsa est audito crimine amantis, 600
 et pariter vultusque deo plectrumque colorque
 excidit, utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira,
 arma adsueta capit flexumque a cornibus arcum
 tendit et illa suo totiens cum pectore iuncta
 indevitato traiecit pectora telo. 605
 icta dedit gemitum tractoque a corpore ferro
 candida puniceo perfudit membra cruore
 et dixit: " potui poenas tibi, Phoebe, dedisse,
 sed peperisse prius; duo nunc moriemur in una."
 hactenus, et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit; 610
 corpus inane animae frigus letale secutum est.

Paenitet heu! sero poenae crudelis amantem,
 seque, quod audierit, quod sic exarserit, odit;
 odit avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi
 scire coactus erat, nec non arcumque manumque 615
 odit cumque manu temeraria tela sagittas
 conlapsamque fovet seraque ope vincere fata
 nititur et medicas exercet inaniter artes.
 quae postquam frustra temptata rogamque parari
 vidit et arsuros supremis ignibus artus, 620
 tum vero gemitus (neque enim caelestia tingui
 ora licet lacrimis) alto de corde petitos
 edidit, haud aliter quam cum spectante iuvenca
 lactentis vituli dextra libratus ab aure

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

master, and then told him that he had seen Coronis lying beside the youth of Thessaly. When that charge was heard the laurel glided from the lover's head; together countenance and colour changed, and the quill dropped from the hand of the god. And as his heart became hot with swelling anger he seized his accustomed arms, strung his bent bow from the horns, and transfixing with unerring shaft the bosom which had been so often pressed to his own. The smitten maid groaned in agony, and, as the arrow was drawn out, her white limbs were drenched with her red blood. "'Twas right, O Phoebus," she said, "that I should suffer thus from you, but first I should have borne my child. But now two of us shall die in one." And while she spoke her life ebbed out with her streaming blood, and soon her body, its life all spent, lay cold in death.

The lover, alas! too late repents his cruel act; he hates himself because he listened to the tale and was so quick to break out in wrath. He hates the bird by which he has been compelled to know the offence that brought his grief; bow and hand he hates, and with that hand the hasty arrows too. He fondles the fallen girl, and too late tries to bring help and to conquer fate; but his healing arts are exercised in vain. When his efforts were of no avail, and he saw the pyre made ready with the funeral fires which were to consume her limbs, then indeed—for the cheeks of the heavenly gods may not be wet with tears—from his deep heart he uttered piteous groans; such groans as the young cow utters when before her eyes the hammer high poised from beside the right ear crashes with its resounding blow through the hollow temples of her suckling calf. The god pours fragrant incense on her unconscious breast, gives her

tempora discussit claro cava malleus ictu. 625
 ut tamen ingratos in pectora fudit odores
 et dedit amplexus iniustaque iusta peregit,
 non tulit in cineres labi sua Phoebus eosdem
 semina, sed natum flammis uteroque parentis
 eripuit geminique tulit Chironis in antrum, 630
 sperantemque sibi non falsae praemia linguae
 inter aves albas vetuit consistere corvum.

Semifer interea divinae stirpis alumno
 laetus erat mixtoque oneri gaudebat honore ;
 ecce venit rutilis umeros protecta capillis 635
 filia centauri, quam quondam nympha Chariclo
 fluminis in rapidi ripis enisa vocavit
 Ocyroen : non haec artes contenta paternas
 edidicisse fuit, fatorum arcana canebat.
 ergo ubi vaticinos concepit mente furores 640
 incaluitque deo, quem clausum pectore habebat,
 adspicit infantem “toto” que “salutifer orbi
 cresce, puer!” dixit ; “tibi se mortalia saepe
 corpora debebunt, animas tibi reddere ademptas
 fas erit, idque semel dis indignantibus ausus 645
 posse dare hoc iterum flamma prohibebere avita,
 eque deo corpus fies exsanguis deusque,
 qui modo corpus eras, et bis tua fata novabis.
 tu quoque, care pater, nunc immortalis et aevis
 omnibus ut maneat nascendi lege creatus, 650
 posse mori cupies, tum cum cruciaberis dirae
 sanguine serpentis per saucia membra recepto ;
 teque ex aeterno patientem numina mortis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

the last embrace, and performs all the fruitless offices for the dead. But that his own son should perish in the same funeral fires he cannot brook. He snatched the unborn child from his mother's womb and from the devouring flames, and bore him for safe keeping to the two-formed Chiron's cave. But the raven, which had hoped only for reward from his truth-telling, may nevermore plume himself in snowy white.

Meantime the Centaur was rejoicing in his foster-child of heavenly stock, glad at the honour which the task brought with it, when lo! there comes his daughter, her shoulders overmantled with red-gold locks, whom once the nymph, Chariclo, bearing her to him upon the banks of the swift stream, had called thereafter Ocyrhoë. She was not satisfied to have learnt her father's art, but she sang prophecy. So when she felt in her soul the prophetic madness, and was warmed by the divine fire prisoned in her breast, she looked upon the child and cried: "O child, health-bringer to the whole world, speed thy growth. Often shalt thou revive men's bodies when near to death; and it shall be counted right for thee to restore the spirits of the departed. But having dared this once in scorn of the gods, from power to give life a second time thou shalt be stayed by thy grandsire's lightning. So, from a god shalt thou become but a lifeless corpse; but from this corpse shalt thou again become a god and twice renew thy fates. Thou also, dear father, who art now immortal and destined by the law of thy birth to last through all the ages, shalt some day long for power to die, when thou shalt be in agony with all thy limbs burning with the fatal Hydra's blood. But at last, from immortal the gods shall make thee capable

OID

efficient, triplicesque deae tua fila resolvent.”
 restabat fatis aliquid : suspirat ab imis 655
 pectoribus, lacrimaeque genis labuntur abortae,
 atque ita “ praeventunt ” inquit “ me fata, vectorque
 plura loqui, vocisque meae praecluditur usus.
 non fuerant artes tanti, quae numinis iram
 contraxere mihi : mallet nescisse futura ! 660
 iam mihi subduci facies humana videtur,
 iam cibus herba placet, iam latis currere campis
 impetus est : in equam cognataque corpora vector.
 tota tamen quare ? pater est mihi nempe biformis.”
 talia dicenti pars est extrema querellae 665
 intellecta parum confusaque verba fuerunt ;
 mox nec verba quidem nec equae sonus ille videtur
 sed simulantis equam, parvoque in tempore certos
 edidit hinnitus et bracchia movit in herbas.
 tum digiti coeunt et quinos alligat ungues 670
 perpetuo cornu levis ungula, crescit et oris
 et colli spatium, longae pars maxima pallae
 cauda fit, utque vagi crines per colla iacebant,
 in dextras abiere iubas, pariterque novata est
 et vox et facies ; nomen quoque monstra dedere. 675
 Flebat opemque tuam frustra Philyreus heros,
 Delphice, posebat. nam nec rescindere magni
 iussa Iovis poteras, nec, si rescindere posses,
 tunc aderas : Elim Messeniaque arva colebas.
 illud erat tempus, quo te pastoria pellis 680
 texit, onusque fuit baculum silvestre sinistrae,
 alterius dispar septenis fistula cannis.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

of death, and the three goddesses shall loose thy thread." Still other fates remained to tell; but suddenly she sighed deeply, and with flowing tears said: "The fates forestall me and forbid me to speak more. My power of speech fails me. Not worth the cost were those arts which have brought down the wrath of heaven upon me. I would that I had never known the future. Now my human shape seems to be passing. Now grass pleases as food; now I am eager to race around the broad pastures. I am turning into a mare, my kindred shape. But why completely? Surely my father is half human." Even while she spoke, the last part of her complaint became scarce understood and her words were all confused. Soon they seemed neither words nor yet the sound of a horse, but as of one trying to imitate a horse. At last she clearly whinnied and her arms became legs and moved along the ground. Her fingers drew together and one continuous hoof of horn bound together the five nails of her hand. Her mouth enlarged, her neck was extended, the train of her gown became a tail; and her locks as they lay roaming over her neck were become a mane on the right side. Now was she changed alike in voice and feature; and this new wonder gave her a new name as well.

The half-divine son of Philyra wept and vainly called on thee for aid, O lord of Delphi. For thou couldst not revoke the edict of mighty Jove, nor, if thou couldst, wast thou then at hand. In those days thou wast dwelling in Elis and the Messenian fields. Thy garment was a shepherd's cloak, thy staff a stout stick from the wood, and a pipe made of seven unequal reeds was in thy hand. And while thy thoughts were all of love, and while thou didst

OID

dumque amor est curae, dum te tua fistula mulcet,
 incustoditae Pylios memorantur in agros
 processisse boves : videt has Atlantide Maia 685
 natus et arte sua silvis occultat abactas.
 senserat hoc furtum nemo nisi notus in illo
 rure senex ; Battum vicinia tota vocabant.
 divitis hic saltus herbosaque pascua Nelei
 nobiliumque greges custos servabat equarum. 690
 hunc timuit blandaque manu seduxit et illi
 " quisquis es, hospes " ait, " si forte armenta requireret
 haec aliquis, vidisse nega neu gratia facto
 nulla rependatur, nitidam cape praemia vaccam ! "
 et dedit. accepta voces hac reddidit hospes : 695
 " tutus eas ! lapis iste prius tua furta loquetur,"
 et lapidem ostendit. simulat Iove natus abire ;
 mox redit et versa pariter cum voce figura
 " rustice, vidisti si quas hoc limite " dixit
 " ire boves, fer opem furtoque silentia deme ! 700
 iuncta suo pariter dabitur tibi femina tauro."
 at senior, postquam est merces geminata, " sub illis
 montibus " inquit " erunt," et erant sub montibus illis.
 risit Atlantiades et " me mihi, perfide, prodis ?
 me mihi prodis ? " ait periuraque pectora vertit 705
 in durum silicem, qui nunc quoque dicitur index,
 inque nihil merito vetus est infamia saxo.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

discourse sweetly on the pipe, the cattle thou wast keeping strayed, 'tis said, all unguarded into the Pylian fields. There Maia's son spied them, and by his native craft drove them into the woods and hid them there. Nobody saw the theft except one old man well known in that neighbourhood, called Battus by all the countryside. He, as a hired servant of the wealthy Neleus, was watching a herd of blooded mares in the glades and rich pasture-fields thereabouts. Mercury feared his tattling and, drawing him aside with cajoling hand, said: "Whoever you are, my man, if anyone should chance to ask you if you have seen any cattle going by here, say that you have not; and, that your kindness may not go unrewarded, you may choose out a sleek heifer for your pay"; and he gave him the heifer forthwith. The old man took it and replied: "Go on, stranger, and feel safe. That stone will tell of your thefts sooner than I"; and he pointed out a stone. The son of Jove pretended to go away, but soon came back with changed voice and form, and said: "My good fellow, if you have seen any cattle going along this way, help me out, and don't refuse to tell about it, for they were stolen. I'll give you a cow and a bull into the bargain if you'll tell." The old man, tempted by the double reward, said: "You'll find them over there at the foot of that mountain." And there, true enough, they were. Mercury laughed him to scorn and said: "Would you betray me to myself, you rogue? me to my very face?" So saying, he turned the faithless fellow into a flinty stone, which even to this day is called touch-stone; and the old reproach still rests upon the undeserving flint.

OID

Hinc se sustulerat paribus caducifer alis,
 Munychiosque volans agros gratamque Minervae
 despectabat humum cultique arbusta Lycei. 710
 illa forte die castae de more puellae
 vertice supposito festas in Palladis arces
 pura coronatis portabant sacra canistris.
 inde revertentes deus adspicit ales iterque
 non agit in rectum, sed in orbem curvat eundem : 715
 ut volucris visis rapidissima miluus extis,
 dum timet et densi circumstant sacra ministri,
 flectitur in gyrum nec longius audet abire
 spemque suam motis avidus circumvolat alis,
 sic super Actaeas agilis Cyllenius arces 720
 inclinat cursus et easdem circinat auras.
 quanto splendidior quam cetera sidera fulget
 Lucifer, et quanto quam Lucifer aurea Phoebe,
 tanto virginibus praestantior omnibus Herse
 ibat eratque decus pompae comitumque suarum. 725
 obstipuit forma Iove natus et aethere pendens
 non secus exarsit, quam cum Balearica plumbum
 funda iacit : volat illud et incandescit eundo
 et, quos non habuit, sub nubibus invenit ignes.
 vertit iter caeloque petit terrena relicto 730
 nec se dissimulat : tanta est fiducia formae.
 quae quamquam iusta est, cura tamen adiuvat illam
 permulcetque comas chlamydemque, ut pendeat apte,
 collocat, ut limbus totumque adpareat aurum,
 ut teres in dextra, qua somnos ducit et arcet, 735
 virga sit, ut tersis niteant talaria plantis.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

The god of the caduceus flew away on level wings and came to Athens, the land that Minerva loves, where he could look down upon the vineyards of the learned Lyceum. That day chanced to be a festival of Pallas when young maidens bore to their goddess' temple mystic gifts in flower-wreathed baskets on their heads. The winged god saw them as they were returning home and directed his way towards them, not straight down but sweeping in such a curve as when the swift kite has spied the fresh-slain sacrifice, afraid to come down while the priests are crowded around the victim, and yet not venturing to go quite away, he circles around in air and on flapping wings greedily hovers over his hoped-for prey; so did the nimble Mercury fly round the Athenian hill, constantly encircling the same spot. As Lucifer shines more brightly than all the other stars and as the golden moon outshines Lucifer, so much was Herse more lovely than all the maidens round her, the choice ornament in the solemn procession of her friends. The son of Jove was astounded at her beauty, and hanging in mid-air he caught the flames of love; as when a leaden bullet is thrown by a Balearic sling, it flies along, is heated by its motion, and finds heat in the clouds which it had not before. Mercury now turns his course, leaves the air and flies to earth, nor seeks to disguise himself; such is the confidence of beauty. Yet though that trust be lawful, he assists it none the less with pains; he smooths his hair, arranges his robe so that it may hang neatly and so that all the golden border will show. He takes care to have in his hand his smooth wand with which he brings on sleep or drives it away, and to have his winged sandals glittering on his feet.

OID

Pars secreta domus ebore et testudine cultos
 tres habuit thalamos, quorum tu, Pandrose, dextrum,
 Aglauros laevum, medium possederat Herse.
 quae tenuit laevum, venientem prima notavit 740

Mercurium nomenque dei scitarier ausa est
 et causam adventus; cui sic respondit Atlantis
 Pleïonesque nepos "ego sum, qui iussa per auras
 verba patris porto; pater est mihi Iuppiter ipse.
 nec fingam causas, tu tantum fida sorori 745

esse velis prolisque meae matertera dici:
 Herse causa viae; faveas oramus amanti."
 adspicit hunc oculis isdem, quibus abdita nuper
 viderat Aglauros flavae secreta Minervae,
 proque ministerio magni sibi ponderis aurum 750
 postulat: interea tectis excedere cogit.

Vertit ad hanc torvi dea bellica luminis orbem
 et tanto penitus traxit suspiria motu,
 ut pariter pectus positamque in pectore forti
 aegida concuteret: subit, hanc arcana profana 755
 detexisse manu, tum cum sine matre creatam
 Lemnicolae stirpem contra data foedera vidit,
 et gratamque deo fore iam gratamque sorori
 et ditem sumpto, quod avara poposcerat, auro.
 protinus Invidiae nigro squalentia tabo 760
 tecta petit: domus est imis in vallibus huius
 abdita, sole carens, non ulli pervia vento,
 tristis et ignavi plenissima frigoris et quae
 igne vacet semper, caligine semper abundet.
 huc ubi pervenit belli metuenda virago, 765

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

In a retired part of the house were three chambers, richly adorned with ivory and tortoise-shell. The right-hand room of these Pandrosos occupied, Aglauros the left, and Herse the room between. Aglauros first saw the approaching god and made so bold as to ask his name and the cause of his visit. He, the son of the Pleiad, Atlas' daughter, replied: "I am he who carry my father's messages through the air. My father is Jove himself. Nor will I conceal why I am here. Only do you consent to be true to your sister, and to be called the aunt of my offspring. I have come here for Herse's sake. I pray you favour a lover's suit." Aglauros looked at him with the same covetous eyes with which she had lately peeped at the secret of the golden-haired Minerva, and demanded a mighty weight of gold as the price of her service; meantime, she compelled him to leave the palace.

The warrior goddess now turned her angry eyes upon her, and breathed sighs so deep and perturbed that her breast and the aegis that lay upon her breast shook with her emotion. She remembered that this was the girl who had with profaning hands uncovered the secret at the time when, contrary to her command, she looked upon the son of the Lemnian, without mother born. And now she would be in favour with the god and with her sister, and rich, besides, with the gold which in her greed she had demanded. Straightway Minerva sought out the cave of Envy, filthy with black gore. Her home was hidden away in a deep valley, where no sun shines and no breeze blows; a gruesome place and full of a numbing chill. No cheerful fire burns there, and the place is wrapped in thick, black fog. When the warlike maiden goddess came to the cave, she

constitit ante domum (neque enim succedere tectis
 fas habet) et postes extrema cuspide pulsat.
 concussae patuere fores. videt intus edentem
 vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum,
 Invidiam visamque oculos avertit; at illa 770
 surgit humo pigre semesarumque relinquit
 corpora serpentum passuque incedit inerti.
 utque deam vidit formaque armisque decoram,
 ingemuit vultumque deae ad suspiria duxit.
 pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto. 775
 nusquam recta acies, livent robigine dentes,
 pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno;
 risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores;
 nec fruitur somno, vigilantibus excita curis,
 sed videt ingratos intabescitque videndo 780
 successus hominum carpitque et carpitur una
 suppliciumque suum est. quamvis tamen oderat illam,
 talibus adfata est breviter Tritonia dictis:
 "infice tabe tua natarum Cecropis unam:
 sic opus est. Aglauros ea est." haud plura locuta 785
 fugit et inpressa tellurem reppulit hasta.

Illa deam obliquo fugientem lumine cernens
 murmura parva dedit successurumque Minervae
 indoluit baculumque capit, quod spinea totum
 vincula cingebant, adoptataque nubibus atris, 790
 quacumque ingreditur, florentia proterit arva
 exuritque herbas et summa cacumina carpit
 adflatuque suo populos urbesque domosque
 polluit et tandem Tritonida conspicit arcem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

stood without, for she might not enter that foul abode, and beat upon the door with end of spear. The battered doors flew open; and there, sitting within, was Envy, eating snakes' flesh, the proper food of her venom. At the horrid sight the goddess turned away her eyes. But that other rose heavily from the ground, leaving the snakes' carcasses half consumed, and came sullenly forward. When she saw the goddess, glorious in form and armour, she groaned aloud and shaped her countenance to match the goddess' sigh. Pallor overspread her face and her whole body seemed to shrivel up. Her eyes were all awry, her teeth were foul with mould; green, poisonous gall o'erflowed her breast, and venom dripped down from her tongue. She never smiles, save at the sight of another's troubles; she never sleeps, being filled with wakeful cares; unwelcome to her is the sight of men's success, and with the sight she pines away; she gnaws and is gnawed, herself her own punishment. Although she detested the loathsome thing, yet in curt speech Tritonia spoke to her: "Infect with your venom one of Cecrops' daughters. Such the task I set. I mean Aglauros." Without more words she fled the creature's presence and, pushing her spear against the ground, sprang lightly back to heaven.

The hag, eyeing her askance as she flees, mutters awhile, grieving to think on the goddess' joy of triumph. Then she takes her staff, thick-set with thorns, and, wrapped in a mantle of dark cloud, sets forth. Wherever she goes, she tramples down the flowers, causes the grass to wither, blasts the high waving trees, and taints with the foul pollution of her breath whole peoples, cities, homes. At last she spies Tritonia's city, splendid with art and wealth

OVID

ingeniis opibusque et festa pace virentem 795
 vixque tenet lacrimas, quia nil lacrimabile cernit.
 sed postquam thalamos intravit Cecrope natae,
 iussa facit pectusque manu ferrugine tincta
 tangit et hamatis praecordia sentibus inplet
 inspiratque nocens virus piceumque per ossa 800
 dissipat et medio spargit pulmone venenum,
 neve mali causae spatium per latius errent,
 germanam ante oculos fortunatumque sororis
 coniugium pulchraque deum sub imagine ponit
 cunctaque magna facit; quibus inritata dolore 805
 Cecropis occulto mordetur et anxia nocte
 anxia luce gemit lentaque miserrima tabe
 liquitur, ut glacies incerto saucia sole,
 felicisque bonis non lenius uritur Hersed,
 quam cum spinosis ignis supponitur herbis, 810
 quae neque dant flammam lenique tepore cremantur.
 saepe mori voluit, ne quicquam tale videret,
 saepe velut crimen rigido narrare parenti;
 denique in adverso venientem limine sedit
 exclusura deum. cui blandimenta precesque 815
 verbaque iactanti mitissima "desine!" dixit,
 "hinc ego me non sum nisi te motura repulso."
 "stemus" ait "pacto" velox Cyllenius "isto!"
 caelestique fores virga patefecit: at illi
 surgere conanti partes, quascumque sedendo 820
 flectitur, ignava nequeunt gravitate moveri:
 illa quidem pugnat recto se attollere trunco,
 sed genuum iunctura riget, frigusque per unguis
 labitur, et pallent amisso sanguine venae;
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and peaceful joy; and she can scarce restrain her tears at the sight, because she sees no cause for others' tears. But, having entered the chamber of Cecrops' daughter, she performed the goddess' bidding, touched the girl's breast with her festering hand and filled her heart with pricking thorns. Then she breathed pestilential, poisonous breath into her nostrils and spread black venom through her very heart and bones. And, to fix a cause for her grief, Envy pictured to her imagination her sister, her sister's blest marriage and the god in all his beauty, magnifying the excellence of everything. Maddened by this, Aglauros eats her heart out in secret misery; careworn by day, careworn by night, she groans and wastes away most wretchedly with slow decay, like ice touched by the fitful sunshine. She is consumed by envy of Herse's happiness; just as when a fire is set under a pile of weeds, which give out no flames and waste away with slow consumption. She often longs to die that she may not behold such happiness; often to tell all to her stern father. At last she sat down at her sister's threshold, to prevent the god's entrance when he should come. And when he coaxed and prayed with his most honeyed words, "Have done," she said, "for I shall never stir from here till I have foiled your purpose." "We'll stand by that bargain," Mercury quickly replied, and with a touch of his heavenly wand he opened the door. At this the girl struggled to get up, but found her limbs immovable as by some heavy weight upon them; she strove to stand erect, but her knees had stiffened; a numbing chill stole through her limbs, and her flesh was pale and bloodless. And, as an incurable cancer spreads its evil roots ever more widely and involves sound

utque malum late solet inmedicabile cancer 825
 serpere et inlaesas vitiatis addere partes,
 sic letalis hiems paullatim in pectora venit
 vitalesque vias et respiramina clausit,
 nec conata loqui est nec, si conata fuisset,
 vocis habebat iter : saxum iam colla tenebat, 830
 oraque duruerant, signumque exsanguē sedebat ;
 nec lapis albus erat : sua mens infecerat illam.

Has ubi verborum poenas mentisque profanae
 cepit Atlantiades, dictas a Pallade terras
 linquit et ingreditur iactatis aethera pennis. 835
 sevocat hunc genitor nec causam fassus amoris
 " fide minister " ait " iussorum, nate, meorum,
 pelle moram solitoque celer delabere cursu,
 quaeque tuam matrem tellus a parte sinistra
 suspicit (indigenae Sidonida nomine dicunt), 840
 hanc pete, quodque procul montano gramine pasci
 armentum regale vides, ad litora verte !"
 dixit, et expulsi iamdudum monte iuveni
 litora iussa petunt, ubi magni filia regis
 ludere virginibus Tyriis comitata solebat. 845
 non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
 maiestas et amor ; sceptri gravitate relicta
 ille pater rectorque deum, cui dextra trisuleis
 ignibus armata est, qui nutu concutit orbem,
 induitur faciem tauri mixtusque iuvenis 850
 mugit et in teneris formosus obambulat herbis.
 quippe color nivis est, quam nec vestigia duri
 calcavere pedis nec solvit aquaticus auster.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

with infected parts, so did a deadly chill little by little creep to her breast, stopping all vital functions and choking off her breath. She no longer tried to speak, and, if she had tried, her voice would have found no way of utterance. There she sat, her neck, her lips—all changed to lifeless stone. But even the stone in its dull colour kept the hue of her dark and sullen soul.

When Mercury had inflicted this punishment on the girl for her impious words and spirit, he left the land of Pallas behind him, and flew to heaven on out-flung pinions. Here his father calls him aside; and not revealing his love affair as the real reason, he says: "My son, my trusty assistant in all my plans, delay not, but swiftly in accustomed flight glide down to earth and seek out the land that looks up at your mother's star from the left. The natives call it the land of Sidon. There you are to drive down to the sea-shore the herd of the king's cattle which you will see grazing at some distance on the mountain-side." He spoke, and quickly the cattle were driven from the mountain and headed for the shore, as Jove had directed, to a spot where the great king's daughter was accustomed to play in company with her Tyrian maidens. Majesty and love do not go well together, nor tarry long in the same dwelling-place. And so the father and ruler of the gods, who wields in his right hand the three-forked lightning, whose nod shakes the world, laid aside his royal majesty along with his sceptre, and took upon him the form of a bull. In this form he mingled with the cattle, lowed like the rest, and wandered around, beautiful to behold, on the young grass. His colour was white as the untrodden snow, which has not yet been melted by the rainy south-wind. The muscles stood rounded

colla toris exstant, armis palearia pendent,
 cornua parva quidem, sed quae contendere possis 855
 facta manu, puraque magis perlucida gemma.
 nullae in fronte minae, nec formidabile lumen :
 pacem vultus habet. miratur Agenore nata,
 quod tam formosus, quod proelia nulla minetur ;
 sed quamvis mitem metuit contingere primo, 860
 mox adit et flores ad candida porrigit ora.
 gaudet amans et, dum veniat sperata voluptas,
 oscula dat manibus ; vix iam, vix cetera differt ;
 et nunc adludit viridique exsultat in herba,
 nunc latus in fulvis niveum deponit harenis ; 865
 paullatimque metu dempto modo pectora praebet
 virginea plaudenda¹ manu, modo cornua sertis
 inpedienda novis ; ausa est quoque regia virgo
 nescia, quem premeret, tergo considerare tauri,
 cum deus a terra siccoque a litore sensim 870
 falsa pedum primo vestigia ponit in undis ;
 inde abit ulterius mediique per aequora ponti
 fert praedam : pavet haec litusque ablata relictum
 respicit et dextra cornum tenet, altera dorso
 inposita est ; tremulae sinuantur flamine vestes. 875

¹ *Some MSS. read palpanda.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK II

upon his neck, a long dewlap hung down in front; his horns were small, but perfect in shape as if carved by an artist's hand, cleaner and more clear than pearls. His brow and eyes would inspire no fear, and his whole expression was peaceful. Agenor's daughter looked at him in wondering admiration, because he was so beautiful and friendly. But, although he seemed so gentle, she was afraid at first to touch him. Presently she drew near, and held out flowers to his snow-white lips. The disguised lover rejoiced and, as a foretaste of future joy, kissed her hands. Even so he could scarce restrain his passion. And now he jumps sportively about on the grass, now lays his snowy body down on the yellow sands; and, when her fear has little by little been allayed, he yields his breast for her maiden hands to pat and his horns to entwine with garlands of fresh flowers. The princess even dares to sit upon his back, little knowing upon whom she rests. The god little by little edges away from the dry land, and sets his borrowed hoofs in the shallow water; then he goes further out and soon is in full flight with his prize on the open ocean. She trembles with fear and looks back at the receding shore, holding fast a horn with one hand and resting the other on the creature's back. And her fluttering garments stream behind her in the wind.

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BOOK III

AND now the god, having put off the disguise of the bull, owned himself for what he was, and dwelt in the fields of Crete. But the maiden's father, ignorant of what had happened, bids his son, Cadmus, go and search for the lost girl, and threatens exile as a punishment if he does not find her—a speech both pious and wicked at once. After roaming over all the world in vain (for who could find what Jove has hidden?), Agenor's son becomes an exile, shunning his father's country and his father's wrath. Then in suppliant wise he consults the oracle of Phoebus, seeking thus to learn in what land he is to settle. Phoebus replies: "A heifer I meet you in the wilderness, one who has never been yoked or drawn the crooked plough. Follow where she leads, and where she lies down to rest in the grass there see that you build your city's walls and call the land Boeotia."¹ Hardly had Cadmus left the Castalian grotto when he saw a heifer moving slowly along, all unguarded and bearing on her neck no mark of service. He follows her track with deliberate steps, silently giving thanks the while to Phoebus for showing him the way. And now the heifer had passed the fords of the river and the fields of Panope, when she halted and lifting towards the heavens her beautiful head

¹ i.e. "the land of the heifer."

LIBER III

IAMQUE deus posita fallacis imagine tauri
se confessus erat Dictaeaque rura tenebat,
cum pater ignarus Cadmo perquirere raptam
imperat et poenam, si non invenerit, addit
exilium, facto pius et sceleratus eodem. 5
orbe pererrato (quis enim deprendere possit
furta Iovis?) profugus patriamque iramque parentis
vitat Agenorides Phoebique oracula supplex
consultit et, quae sit tellus habitanda, requirit.
“bos tibi” Phoebus ait “solis occurret in arvis, 10
nullum passa iugum curvique immunis aratri.
hac duce carpe vias et, qua requieverit herba,
moenia fac condas Boeotiaque illa vocato.”
vix bene Castalio Cadmus descenderat antro,
incustoditam lente videt ire iuvencam 15
nullum servitii signum cervice gerentem.
subsequitur pressoque legit vestigia passu
auctoremque viae Phoebum taciturnus adorat.
iam vada Cephisi Panopesque evaserat arva :
bos stetit et tollens speciosam cornibus altis 20

BOOK III

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METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

with his fangs, some he crushes in his constricting folds, and some he stifles with the deadly corruption of his poisoned breath.

The sun had reached the middle heavens and drawn close the shadows. And now Cadmus, wondering what has delayed his companions, starts out to trace them. For shield, he has a lion's skin; for weapon, a spear with glittering iron point and a javelin; and, better than all weapons, a courageous soul. When he enters the wood and sees the corpses of his friends all slain, and victorious above them their huge-bodied foe licking their piteous wounds with bloody tongue, he cries: "O ye poor forms, most faithful friends, either I shall avenge your death or be your comrade in it." So saying, he heaved up a massive stone with his right hand and with mighty effort hurled its mighty bulk. Under such a blow, high ramparts would have fallen, towers and all; but the serpent went unscathed, protected against that strong stroke by his scales as by an iron doublet and by his hard, dark skin. But that hard skin cannot withstand the javelin too, which now is fixed in the middle fold of his tough back and penetrates with its iron head deep into his flank. The creature, mad with pain, twists back his head, views well his wound, and bites at the spear-shaft fixed therein. Then, when by violent efforts he had loosened this all round, with difficulty he tore it out; but the iron head remained fixed in the backbone. Then indeed fresh fuel was added to his native wrath; his gorge swells full of poison, and white foam flecks his horrid jaws. The earth resounds with his scraping scales, and such rank breath as exhales from the Stygian caves befouls the tainted air. Now he oils in huge spiral folds; now shoots up, straight

OVID

occupat : hos morsu, longis complexibus illos,
 hos necat adflatu funesti tabe veneni

Fecerat exiguas iam sol altissimus umbras : 50
 quae mora sit sociis, miratur Agenore natus
 vestigatque viros. tegumen derepta leoni
 pellis erat, telum splendenti lancea ferro
 et iaculum teloque animus praestantior omni.
 ut nemus intravit letataque corpora vidit 55
 victoremque supra spatiosi corporis hostem
 tristia sanguinea labentem vulnera lingua,
 " aut ultor vestrae, fidissima corpora, mortis,
 aut comes " inquit " ero. " dixit dextraque molarem
 sustulit et magnum magno conamine misit. 60
 illius impulsu cum turribus ardua celsis
 moenia mota forent, serpens sine vulnere mansit
 loricaeque modo squamis defensus et atrae
 duritia pellis validos cute reppulit ictus ;
 at non duritia iaculum quoque vicit eadem, 65
 quod medio lentae spinae curvamine fixum
 constitit et totum descendit in ilia ferrum.
 ille dolore ferox caput in sua terga retorsit
 vulneraque adspexit fixumque hastile momordit,
 idque ubi vi multa partem labefecit in omnem, 70
 vix tergo eripuit ; ferrum tamen ossibus haesit.
 tum vero postquam solitas accessit ad iras
 causa recens, plenis tumuerunt guttura venis,
 spumaque pestiferos circumfluit albida rictus,
 terraque rasa sonat squamis, quique halitus exit 75
 ore niger Stygio, vitiatas inficit auras.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

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ipse modo inmensum spiris facientibus orbem
 cingitur, interdum longa trabe rector exstat,
 inpete nunc vasto ceu concitus imbris amnis
 fertur et obstantis proturbat pectore silvas. 80
 cedit Agenorides paullum spolioque leonis
 sustinet incursus instantiaque ora retardat
 cuspide praetenta : furit ille et inania duro
 vulnera dat ferro figitque in acumine dentes.
 iamque venenifero sanguis manare palato 85
 coeperat et virides adspergine tinxerat herbas ;
 sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu
 laesaque colla dabat retro plagamque sedere
 cedendo arcebat nec longius ire sinebat,
 donec Agenorides coniectum in gutture ferrum 90
 usque sequens pressit, dum retro quercus eunti
 obstitit et fixa est pariter cum robore cervix.
 pondere serpentis curvata est arbor et ima
 parte flagellari gemuit sua robora caudae.
 Dum spatium victor victi considerat hostis, 95
 vox subito audita est ; neque erat cognoscer
 promptum,
 unde, sed audita est : " quid, Agenore nate,
 peremptum
 serpentum spectas ? et tu spectabere serpens."
 ille diu pavidus pariter cum mente colorem
 perdiderat, gelidoque comae terrore rigeant : 100
 ecce viri faulrix superas delapsa per auras
 Pallas adest motaeque iubet supponere terrae
 vipereos dentes, populi incrementa futuri.
 paret et, ut presso sulcum patefecit aratro,
 spargit humi iussos, mortalia semina, dentes. 105
 inde (fide maius) glabrae coepere moveri,
 130

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

and tall as a tree; now he moves on like some great river in flood, sweeping down the trees that bar his path. Cadmus gives way a little, receiving his foe's rushes on the lion's skin, and holds in check the ravening jaws with his spear-point thrust well forward. The serpent is furious, bites vainly at the hard iron and catches the sharp spear-head between his teeth. And now from his venomous throat the blood begins to trickle and stains the green grass with spattered gore. But the wound is slight, because the serpent keeps backing from the thrust, drawing away his wounded jaws, and by yielding keeps the stroke from being driven home nor allows it to go deeper. But Cadmus follows him up and presses the planted point into his throat; until at last an oak-tree stays his backward course and neck and tree are pierced together. The oak bends beneath the serpent's weight and the stout trunk groans beneath the lashings of his tail.

While the conqueror stands gazing on the huge bulk of his conquered foe, suddenly a voice sounds in his ears. He cannot tell whence it comes, but he hears it saying: "Why, O son of Agenor, dost thou gaze on the serpent thou hast slain? Thou too shalt be a serpent for men to gaze on." Long he stands there, with quaking heart and pallid cheeks, and his hair rises up on end with chilling fear. But behold, the hero's helper, Pallas, gliding down through the high air, stands beside him, and she bids him plow the earth and plant therein the dragon's teeth, destined to grow into a nation. He obeys and, having opened up the furrows with his deep-sunk plow, he sows in the ground the teeth as he is bid, a man-producing seed. Then, a thing beyond belief, the plowed ground begins to stir; and first there

primaque de sulcis acies adparuit hastae,
 tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
 mox umeri pectusque onerataque brachia telis
 existunt, crescitque seges clipeata virorum : 110
 sic, ubi tolluntur festis aulaea theatris,
 surgere signa solent primumque ostendere vultus,
 cetera paullatim, placidoque educta tenore
 tota patent imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

Territus hoste novo Cadmus capere arma
 parabat : 115

“ ne cape ! ” de populo, quem terra creaverat, unus
 exclamat “ ne te civilibus insere bellis ! ”
 atque ita terrigenis rigido de fratribus unum
 comminus ense ferit, iaculo cadit eminus ipse ;
 hunc quoque qui leto dederat, non longius illo 120
 vivit et exspirat modo quas acceperat auras,
 exemploque pari furit omnis turba, suoque
 Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres,
 iamque brevis vitae spatium sortita iuventus
 sanguineam tepido plangebatur pectore matrem, 125
 quinque superstitibus, quorum fuit unus Echion.
 is sua iecit humo monitu Tritonidis arma
 fraternaeque fidem pacis petiitque deditque :
 hos operis comites habuit Sidonius hospes,
 cum posuit iussus Phoebis sortibus urbem. 130

Iam stabant Thebae, poteras iam, Cadme, videri
 exilio felix : soceri tibi Marsque Venusque
 contigerant ; huc adde genus de coniuge tanta,
 tot natas natosque et, pignora cara, nepotes,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

spring up from the furrows the points of spears, then helmets with coloured plumes waving ; next shoulders of men and breasts and arms laden with weapons come up, and the crop grows with the shields of warriors. So when on festal days the curtain in the theatre is raised, figures of men rise up, showing first their faces, then little by little all the rest ; until at last, drawn up with steady motion, the entire forms stand revealed, and plant their feet upon the curtain's edge.

Frightened by this new foe, Cadmus was preparing to defend himself. "Take not your arms," one of the earth-sprung brood cried out, "and take no part in our fratricidal strife." So saying, with his hard sword he clave one of his earth-born brothers, fighting hand to hand ; and instantly he himself was felled by a javelin thrown from far. But he also who had slain this last had no longer to live than his victim, and breathed forth the spirit which he had but now received. The same dire madness raged in them all, and in mutual strife by mutual wounds these brothers of an hour perished. And now the youth, who had enjoyed so brief a span of life, lay writhing on their mother earth warm with their blood—all save five. One of these five was Echion, who, at Pallas' bidding, dropped his weapons to the ground and sought and made peace with his surviving brothers. These the Sidonian wanderer had as comrades in his task when he founded the city granted him by Phoebus' oracle.

Now stands thy city, Thebes ; now thou couldst seem, O Cadmus, even in exile, a happy man. Thou hast obtained Mars and Venus, too, as parents of thy bride ; add to this blessing children worthy of so noble a wife, so many sons and daughters, the pledges of thy love, and grandsons, too, now grown to budding

OVID

hos quoque iam iuvenes ; sed scilicet ultima semper
expectanda dies hominis, dicitur beatus 136
ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

Prima nepos inter tot res tibi, Cadme, secundas
causa fuit luctus, alienaque cornua fronti
addita, vosque canes satiatae sanguine erili. 140
at bene si quaeras, Fortunae crimen in illo,
non scelus invenies ; quod enim scelus error
habebat ?

Mons erat infectus variarum caede ferarum,
iamque dies medius rerum contraxerat umbras
et sol ex aequo meta distabat utraque, 145
cum iuvenis placido per devia lustra vagantes
participes operum compellat Hyantius ore :
“ lina madent, comites, ferrumque cruore ferarum,
fortunamque dies habuit satis ; altera lucem
cum croceis invecta rotis Aurora reducet, 150
propositum repetemus opus : nunc Phoebus utraque
distat idem terra finditque vaporibus arva.
sistite opus praesens nodosaque tollite lina ! ”
iussa viri faciunt intermittuntque laborem.

Vallis erat piceis et acuta densa cupressu, 155
nomine Gargaphie succinctae sacra Dianae,
cuius in extremo est antrum nemorale recessu
arte laboratum nulla : simulaverat artem
ingenio natura suo ; nam pumice vivo
et levibus tofis nativum duxerat arcum ; 160
fons sonat a dextra tenui perlucidus unda,
margine gramineo patulos incinctus hiatus.

134

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

manhood. But of a surety man's last day must ever be awaited, and none be counted happy till his death, till his last funereal rites are paid.

One grandson of thine, Actaeon, midst all thy happiness first brought thee cause of grief, upon whose brow strange horns appeared, and whose dogs greedily lapped their master's blood. But if you seek the truth, you will find the cause of this in fortune's fault and not in any crime of his. For what crime had mere mischance?

'Twas on a mountain stained with the blood of many slaughtered beasts; midday had shortened every object's shade, and the sun was at equal distance from either goal. Then young Actaeon with friendly speech thus addressed his comrades of the chase as they fared through the trackless wastes: "Both nets and spears, my friends, are dripping with our quarry's blood, and the day has given us good luck enough. When once more Aurora, borne on her rosy car, shall bring back the day, we will resume our proposed task. Now Phoebus is midway in his course and cleaves the very fields with his burning rays. Cease then your present task and bear home the well-wrought nets." The men performed his bidding and ceased their toil.

There was a vale in that region, thick grown with pine and cypress with their sharp needles. 'Twas called Gargaphie, the sacred haunt of high-girt Diana. In its most secret nook there was a well-shaded grotto, wrought by no artist's hand. But Nature by her own cunning had imitated art; for she had shaped a native arch of the living rock and soft tufa. A sparkling spring with its slender stream bubbled up on one side and widened out into a pool with grassy banks. Here the goddess of the wild woods, when weary with

OVID

hic dea silvarum venatu fessa solebat
 virgineos artus liquido perfundere rore.
 quo postquam subiit, nympharum tradidit uni 165
 armigeræ iaculum pharetramque arcusque retentos,
 altera depositæ subiecit bracchia pallæ,
 vincla duæ pedibus demunt; nam doctior illis
 Ismenis Crocale sparsos per colla capillos
 colligit in nodum, quamvis erat ipsa solutis. 170
 excipiunt laticem Nepheleque Hyaleque Rhanisque
 et Psecas et Phiale funduntque capacibus urnis.
 dumque ibi perluitur solita Titania lympha,
 ecce nepos Cadmi dilata parte laborum
 per nemus ignotum non certis passibus errans 175
 pervenit in lucum: sic illum fata ferebant.
 qui simul intravit rorantia fontibus antra,
 sicut erant nudaæ, viso sua pectora nymphae
 percussere viro subitisque ululatibus omne
 inplevere nemus circumfusæque Dianam 180
 corporibus texere suis; tamen altior illis
 ipsa dea est colloque tenuis supereminet omnis.
 qui color infectis adversi solis ab ictu
 nubibus esse solet aut purpureæ Auroræ,
 is fuit in vultu visæ sine veste Dianæ. 185
 quæ, quamquam comitum turba stipata suarum,
 in latus obliquum tamen adstitit oraque retro
 flexit et, ut vellet promptas habuisse sagittas,
 quas habuit sic hausit aquas vultumque virilem
 perfudit spargensque comas ultricibus undis 190
 addidit hæc cladis prænuntia verba futuræ:
 “nunc tibi me posito visam velamine narres,
 si poteris narrare, licet!” nec plura minata

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

the chase, was wont to bathe her maiden limbs in the crystal water. On this day, having come to the grotto, she gives to the keeping of her armour-bearer among her nymphs her hunting spear, her quiver, and her unstrung bow; another nymph relieves her of her robe; two unbind her sandals from her feet. But Theban Crocale, defter than the rest, binds into a knot the locks which have fallen down her mistress' neck, her own locks streaming free the while. Others bring water, Nephele, Hyale and Rhanis, Psecas and Phiale, and pour it out from their capacious urns. And while Titania is bathing there in her accustomed pool, lo! Cadmus' grandson, his day's toil deferred, comes wandering through the unfamiliar woods with unsure footsteps, and enters Diana's grove; for so fate would have it. As soon as he entered the grotto bedewed with fountain spray, the naked nymphs smote upon their breasts at sight of the man, and filled all the grove with their shrill, sudden cries. Then they thronged around Diana, seeking to hide her body with their own; but the goddess stood head and shoulders over all the rest. And red as the clouds which flush beneath the sun's slant rays, red as the rosy dawn, were the cheeks of Diana as she stood there in view without her robes. Then, though the band of nymphs pressed close about her, she stood turning aside a little and cast back her gaze; and though she would fain have had her arrows ready, what she had she took up, the water, and flung it into the young man's face. And as she poured the avenging drops upon his hair, she spoke these words foreboding his violent death: "Now you are free to tell that you have seen me all unrobed—if you can tell." No more than this she spoke; but on the head which she had sprinkled she caused to grow the

OID

dat sparso capiti vivacis cornua cervi,
 dat spatium collo summasque cacuminat aures 195
 cum pedibusque manus, cum longis brachia mutat
 cruribus et velat maculoso vellere corpus ;
 additus et pavor est : fugit Autonoeius heros
 et se tam celerem cursu miratur in ipso.
 ut vero vultus et cornua vidit in unda, 200
 " me miserum ! " dicturus erat : vox nulla secuta est !
 ingemuit : vox illa fuit, lacrimaeque per ora
 non sua fluxerunt ; mens tantum pristina mansit.
 quid faciat ? repetatne domum et regalia tecta
 an lateat silvis ? pudor hoc, timor inedit illud. 205
 Dum dubitat, videre canes, primique Melampus
 Ichnobatesque sagax latratu signa dedere,
 Gnosius Ichnobates, Spartana gente Melampus.
 inde ruunt alii rapida velocius aura, 209
 Pamphagos et Dorceus et Oribasus, Arcades omnes,
 Nebrophonusque valens et trux cum Laelape Theron
 et pedibus Pterelas et naribus utilis Agre
 Hylaeusque fero nuper percussus ab apro
 deque lupo concepta Nape pecudesque secuta
 Poemenis et natis comitata Harpyia duobus 215
 et substricta gerens Sicyonius ilia Ladon
 et Dromas et Canace Sticteque et Tigris et Alce
 et niveis Leucon et villis Asbolus atris
 praevalidusque Lacon et cursu fortis Aello
 et Thous et Cyprio velox cum fratre Lycisce 220
 et medio nigram frontem distinctus ab albo
 Harpalos et Melaneus hirsutaque corpore Lachne
 et patre Dictaeo, sed matre Laconide nati
 Labros et Agriodus et acutae vocis Hylactor

¹ The English names of these hounds in their order would be: *Black-foot, Trail-follower, Voracious, Gazelle, Mountain-ranger, Faun-killer, Hurricane, Hunter, Winged, Hunter, Sylvan, Glen, Shepherd, Seizer, Catcher, Runner, Gnasher, Spot,*

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horns of the long-lived stag, stretched out his neck, sharpened his ear-tips, gave feet in place of hands, changed his arms into long legs, and clothed his body with a spotted hide. And last of all she planted fear within his heart. Away in flight goes Autonoe's heroic son, marvelling to find himself so swift of foot. But when he sees his features and his horns in a clear pool, "Oh, woe is me!" he tries to say; but no words come. He groans—the only speech he has—and tears course down his changeling cheeks. Only his mind remains unchanged. What is he to do? Shall he go home to the royal palace, or shall he stay skulking in the woods? Shame blocks one course and fear the other.

But while he stands perplexed he sees his hounds.¹ And first come Melampus and keen-scented Ichnobates, baying loud on the trail—Ichnobates a Cretan dog, Melampus a Spartan; then others come rushing on swifter than the wind: Pamphagus, Dorceus, and Oribasus, Arcadians all; staunch Nebrophonus, fierce Theron and Laelaps; Pterelas, the swift of foot, and keen-scented Agre; savage Hylaeus, but lately ripped up by a wild boar; the wolf-dog Nape and the trusty shepherd Poemenis; Harpyia with her two pups; Sicyonian Ladon, thin in the flanks; Dromas, Canace, Sticte, Tigris, Alce; white-haired Leucon, black Asbolus; Lacon, renowned for strength, and fleet Aëllō; Thoüs and swift Lycisee with her brother Cyprius; Harpalos, with a white spot in the middle of his black forehead; Melaneus and shaggy Lachne; two dogs from a Cretan father and a Spartan mother, Labros and Agriodus; shrill-tongued Hylactor, and others

Tigress, Might, White, Soot, Spartan, Whirlwind, Swift, Cyprian, Wolf, Grasper, Black, Shag, Fury, White-tooth, Barker, Black-hair, Beast-killer, Mountaineer.

OVID

quosque referre mora est : ea turba cupidine praedae
 per rupes scopulosque adituque carentia saxa, 226
 quaque est difficilis quaque est via nulla, feruntur.
 ille fugit per quae fuerat loca saepe secutus,
 heu ! famulos fugit ipse suos. clamare libebat :
 " Actaeon ego sum : dominum cognoscite vestrum !"
 verba animo desunt ; resonat latratibus aether. 231
 prima Melanchaetes in tergo vulnera fecit,
 proxima Theridamas, Oresitrophus haesit in armo :
 tardius exierant, sed per compendia montis
 anticipata via est ; dominum retinentibus illis, 235
 cetera turba coit confertque in corpore dentes.
 iam loca vulneribus desunt ; gemit ille sonumque,
 etsi non hominis, quem non tamen edere possit
 cervus, habet maestisque replet iuga nota querellis
 et genibus pronis supplex similisque roganti 240
 circumfert tacitos tamquam sua bracchia vultus.
 at comites rapidum solitis hortatibus agmen
 ignari instigant oculisque Actaeona quaerunt
 et velut absentem certatim Actaeona clamant
 (ad nomen caput ille refert) et abesse queruntur 245
 nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula praedae.
 vellet abesse quidem, sed adest ; velletque videre,
 non etiam sentire canum fera facta suorum.
 undique circumstant, mersisque in corpore rostris
 dilacerant falsi dominum sub imagine cervi, 250

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whom it were too long to name. The whole pack, keen with the lust of blood, over crags, over cliffs, over trackless rocks, where the way is hard, where there is no way at all, follow on. He flees over the very ground where he has oft-times pursued; he flees (the pity of it!) his own faithful hounds. He longs to cry out: "I am Actaeon! Do you not know your own master?" But words fail his desire. All the air resounds with their baying. And first Melanchaetes fixes his fangs in his back, Theridamas next; Oresitrophus has fastened on his shoulder. They had set out later than the rest, but by a short-cut across the mountain had outstripped their course. While they hold back their master's flight, the whole pack collects, and all together bury their fangs in his body till there is no place left for further wounds. He groans and makes a sound which, though not human, is still one no deer could utter, and fills the heights he knows so well with mournful cries. And now, down on his knees in suppliant attitude, just like one in prayer, he turns his face in silence towards them, as if stretching out beseeching arms. But his companions, ignorant of his plight, urge on the fierce pack with their accustomed shouts, looking all around for Actaeon, and call, each louder than the rest, for Actaeon, as if he were far away—he turns his head at the sound of his name—and complain that he is absent and is missing through sloth the sight of the quarry brought to bay. Well, indeed, might he wish to be absent, but he is here; and well might he wish to see, not to feel, the fierce doings of his own hounds. They throng him on every side and, plunging their muzzles in his flesh, mangle their master under the deceiving form of the deer. Nor, as they say, till he had been done to death by many

IVID

nec nisi finita per plurima vulnera vita
ira pharetratae fertur satiata Dianae.

Rumor in ambiguo est; aliis violentior aequo
visa dea est, alii laudant dignamque severa
virginitate vocant: pars invenit utraque causas. 255
sola Iovis coniunx non tam, culpetne probetne,
eloquitur, quam clade domua ab Agenore ductae
gaudet et a Tyria collectum paelice transfert
in generis socios odium; subit ecce priori 259
causa recens; gravidamque dolet de semine magni
esse Iovis Semelen; dum linguam ad iurgia solvit,
“profeci quid enim totiens per iurgia?” dixit,
“ipsa petenda mihi est; ipsam, si maxima Iuno
rite vocor, perdam, si me gemmantia dextra
scepra tenere decet, si sum regina Iovisque 265
et soror et coniunx, certe soror. at, puto, furto est
contenta, et thalami brevis est iniuria nostri.
concipit: id deerat; manifestaue crimina pleno
fert utero et mater, quod vix mihi contigit, uno
de Iove vult fieri: tanta est fiducia formae. 270
fallat eam faxo; nec sum Saturnia, si non
ab Iove mersa suo Stygias penetrabit in undas.”

Surgit ab his solio fulvaeque recondita nube
limen adit Semeles nec nubes ante removit
quam simulavit anum posuitque ad tempora canos
sulcavitque cutem rugis et curva trementi 276

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wounds, was the wrath of the quiver-bearing goddess appeased.

Common talk wavered this way and that: to some the goddess seemed more cruel than was just; others called her act worthy of her austere virginity. Both sides found good reasons for their judgment. Jove's wife alone spake no word either in blame or praise, but rejoiced in the disaster which had come to Agenor's house; for she had now transferred her anger from her Tyrian rival¹ to those who shared her blood. And lo! a fresh pang had been added to her former grievance and she was smarting with the knowledge that Semele was pregnant with the seed of mighty Jove. Words of reproach were rising to her lips, but "What," she cried, "have I ever gained by reproaches? 'Tis she must feel my wrath. She herself, if I am duly called most mighty Juno, will I destroy if I am fit to wield in my hand the jewelled sceptre, if I am queen of heaven, the sister and the wife of Jove—at least his sister. And yet, methinks, she is content with this stolen love, and the insult to my bed is but for a moment. But she has conceived—that still was lacking—and bears plain proof of her guilt in her full womb, and seeks—a fortune that has scarce been mine—to be made a mother from Jove. So great is her trust in beauty! But I will cause that trust to mock her: I am no daughter of Saturn if she go not down to the Stygian pool plunged thither by her Jupiter himself."

On this she rose from her seat, and, wrapped in a saffron cloud, she came to the home of Semele. But before she put aside her concealing cloud she feigned herself an old woman, whitening her hair at the temples, furrowing her skin with wrinkles, and

¹ *i.e.* Europa, whose story has already been told.

membra tulit passu ; vocem quoque fecit anilem,
 ipsaque erat Beroe, Semeles Epidauria nutrix.
 ergo ubi captato sermone diuque loquendo
 ad nomen venere Iovis, suspirat et "opto, 280
 Iuppiter ut sit" ait ; "metuo tamen omnia : multi
 nomine divorum thalamos iniere pudicos.
 nec tamen esse Iovem satis est : det pignus amoris,
 si modo verus is est ; quantusque et qualis ab alta
 Iunone excipitur, tantus talisque, rogato, 285
 det tibi complexus suaque ante insignia sumat !"

Talibus ignaram Iuno Cadmeida dictis
 formarat : rogat illa Iovem sine nomine munus.
 cui deus "elige !" ait "nullam patiere repulsam,
 quoque magis credas, Stygii quoque conscia sunt
 numina torrentis : timor et deus ille deorum est." 291
 laeta malo nimiumque potens perituraque amantis
 obsequio Semele "qualem Saturnia" dixit
 "te solet amplecti, Veneris cum foedus initis,
 da mihi te talem !" voluit deus ora loquentis 295
 opprimere : exierat iam vox properata sub auras.
 ingemuit ; neque enim non haec optasse, neque ille
 non iurasse potest. ergo maestissimus altum
 aethera conscendit vultuque sequentia traxit
 nubila, quis nimbos inmixtaque fulgura ventis 300
 addidit et tonitrus et inevitabile fulmen ;
 qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere temptat
 nec, quo centimanum deiecerat igne Typhoea,

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walking with bowed form and feeble gait. She spoke also in the voice of age and became even as Beroë, the Epidaurian nurse of Semele. When, after gossiping about many things, they came to mention of Jove's name, the old woman sighed and said: "I pray that it be Jupiter; but I am afraid of all such doings. Many, pretending to be gods, have found entrance into modest chambers. But to be Jove is not enough; make him prove his love if he is true Jove; as great and glorious as he is when welcomed by heavenly Juno, so great and glorious, pray him grant thee his embrace, and first don all his splendours."

In such wise did Juno instruct the guileless daughter of Cadmus. She in her turn asked Jove for a boon, unnamed. The god replied: "Choose what thou wilt, and thou shalt suffer no refusal. And that thou mayst be more assured, I swear it by the divinity of the seething Styx, whose godhead is the fear of all the gods." Rejoicing in her evil fortune, too much prevailing and doomed to perish through her lover's compliance, Semele said: "In such guise as Saturnia beholds thee when thou seekest her arms in love, so show thyself to me." The god would have checked her even as she spoke; but already her words had sped forth into uttered speech. He groans; for neither can she recall her wish, nor he his oath. And so in deepest distress he ascends the steeps of heaven, and with his beck drew on the mists that followed, then mingling clouds and lightnings and blasts of wind, he took last the thunder and that bolt that none can escape. And yet whatever way he can he essays to lessen his own might, nor arms himself now with that bolt with which he hurled down from heaven Typhoeus

OID

nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo est.
 est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra cyclophum 305
 saevitiae flammaeque minus, minus addidit irae:
 tela secunda vocant superi; capit illa domumque
 intrat Agenoream. corpus mortale tumultus
 non tulit aetherios donisque iugalibus arsit.
 imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo 310
 eripitur patrioque tener (si credere dignum est)
 insuitur femori maternaque tempora complet.
 furtim illum primis Ino matertera cunis
 educat, inde datum nympphae Nyseides antris
 occulere suis lactisque alimenta dedere. 315

Dumque ea per terras fatali lege geruntur
 tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi,
 forte Iovem memorant diffusum nectare curas
 seposuisse graves vacuaque agitasse remissos
 cum Iunone iocos et "maior vestra profecto est, 320
 quam quae contingit maribus" dixisse "voluptas."
 illa negat. placuit quae sit sententia docti
 quaerere Tiresiae: Venus huic erat utraque nota.
 nam duo magnorum viridi coeuntia silva
 corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu 325
 deque viro factus (mirabile) femina septem
 egerat autumnos; octavo rursus eosdem
 vidit, et "est vestrae si tanta potentia plagae"
 dixit, "ut auctoris sortem in contraria mutet,
 nunc quoque vos feriam." percussis anguibus isdem
 forma prior rediit, genetivaque venit imago. 331
 arbiter hic igitur sumptus de lite iocosa

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

of the hundred hands, for that weapon were too deadly ; but there is a lighter bolt, to which the Cyclops' hands had given a less devouring flame, a wrath less threatening. The gods call them his "Second Armoury." With these in hand he enters the palace of Agenor's son, the home of Semele. Her mortal body bore not the onrush of heavenly power, and by that gift of wedlock she was consumed. The babe still not wholly fashioned is snatched from the mother's womb and (if report may be believed) sewed up in his father's thigh, there to await its full time of birth. In secret his mother's sister, Ino, watched over his infancy ; thence he was confided to the nymphs of Nysa, who hid him in their cave and nurtured him with milk.

Now while these things were happening on the earth by the decrees of fate, when the cradle of Bacchus, twice born, was safe, it chanced that Jove (as the story goes), while warmed with wine, put care aside and banded good-humoured jests with Juno in an idle hour. "I maintain," said he, "that your pleasure in love is greater than that which we enjoy." She held the opposite view. And so they decided to ask the judgment of wise Tiresias. He knew both sides of love. For once, with a blow of his staff he had outraged two huge serpents mating in the green forest ; and, wonderful to relate, from man he was changed into a woman, and in that form spent seven years. In the eighth year he saw the same serpents again and said : "Since in striking you there is such magic power as to change the nature of the giver of the blow, now will I strike you once again." So saying, he struck the serpents and his former state was restored and he became as he had been born. He therefore, being asked to arbitrate the playful dispute of

dicta Iovis firmat : gravius Saturnia iusto
 nec pro materia fertur doluisse suique
 iudicis aeterna damnavit lumina nocte ; 335
 at pater omnipotens (neque enim licet inrita cuiquam
 facta dei fecisse deo) pro lumine adempto
 scire futura dedit poenamque levavit honore.

Ille per Aonias fama celeberrimus urbes
 inreprehensa dabat populo responsa petenti ; 340

prima fide vocisque ratae temptamina sumpsit
 caerulea Liriope, quam quondam flumine curvo
 implicuit clausaeque suis Cephisos in undis
 vim tulit : enixa est utero pulcherrima pleno
 infantem nymphe, iam tunc qui posset amari, 345

Narcissumque vocat. de quo consultus, an esset
 tempora maturae visurus longa senectae,
 fatidicus vates " si se non noverit " inquit.

vana diu visa est vox auguris : exitus illam
 resque probat letique genus novitasque furoris. 350

namque ter ad quinos unum Cephisius annum
 addiderat poteratque puer iuvenisque videri :
 multi illum iuvenes, multae cupiere puellae ;
 sed fuit in tenera tam dura superbia forma,
 nulli illum iuvenes, nullae tetigere puellae. 355

adspicit hunc trepidos agitantem in retia cervos
 vocalis nymphe, quae nec reticere loquenti
 nec prior ipsa loqui didicit, resonabilis Echo.

Corpus adhuc Echo, non vox erat et tamen usum
 garrula non alium, quam nunc habet, oris habebat,
 reddere de multis ut verba novissima posset 361
 fecerat hoc Iuno, quia, cum deprendere posset

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the gods, took sides with Jove. Saturnia, they say, grieved more deeply than she should and than the issue warranted, and condemned the arbitrator to perpetual blindness. But the Almighty Father (for no god may undo what another god has done) in return for his loss of sight gave Tiresias the power to know the future, lightening the penalty by the honour.

He, famed far and near through all the Boeotian towns, gave answers that none could censure to those who sought his aid. The first to make trial of his truth and assured utterances was the nymph, Liriope, whom once the river-god, Cephissus, embraced in his winding stream and ravished, while imprisoned in his waters. When her time came the beauteous nymph brought forth a child, whom a nymph might love even as a child, and named him Narcissus. When asked whether this child would live to reach well-ripened age, the seer replied: "If he ne'er know himself." Long did the saying of the prophet seem but empty words. But what befell proved its truth—the event, the manner of his death, the strangeness of his infatuation. For Narcissus had reached his sixteenth year and might seem either boy or man. Many youths and many maidens sought his love; but in that slender form was pride so cold that no youth, no maiden touched his heart. Once as he was driving the frightened deer into his nets, a certain nymph of strange speech beheld him, resounding Echo, who could neither hold her peace when others spoke, nor yet begin to speak till others had addressed her.

Up to this time Echo had form and was not a voice alone; and yet, though talkative, she had no other use of speech than now—only the power out of many words to repeat the last she heard. Juno had made her thus; for often when she might have

sub Iove saepe suo nymphas in monte iacentis,
 illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat,
 dum fugerent nymphae. postquam hoc Saturnia
 sensit, 365

“huius” ait “linguae, qua sum delusa, potestas
 parva tibi dabitur vocisque brevissimus usus,”
 reque minas firmat. tamen haec in fine loquendi
 ingeminat voces auditaque verba reportat.
 ergo ubi Narcissum per devia rura vagantem 370

vidit et incaluit, sequitur vestigia furtim,
 quoque magis sequitur, flamma propiore calescit,
 non aliter quam cum summis circumlita taedis
 admotas rapiunt vivacia sulphura flammis.
 a quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis 375

et mollis adhibere preces! natura repugnat
 nec sinit, incipiat, sed, quod sinit, illa parata est
 expectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat.
 forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido
 dixerat: “ecquis adest?” et “adest” responderat

Echo. 380

hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnis,
 voce “veni!” magna clamat: vocat illa vocantem.
 respicit et rursus nullo veniente “quid” inquit
 “me fugis?” et totidem, quot dixit, verba recepit.
 perstat et alternae deceptus imagine vocis 385

“huc coeamus” ait, nullique libentius umquam
 responsura sono “coeamus” rettulit Echo
 et verbis favet ipsa suis egressaque silva
 ibat, ut iniceret sperato bracchia collo;
 ille fugit fugiensque “manus complexibus aufer! 390
 ante” ait “emoriar, quam sit tibi copia nostri”;

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surprised the nymphs in company with her lord upon the mountain-sides, Echo would cunningly hold the goddess in long talk until the nymphs were fled. When Saturnia realized this, she said to her: "That tongue of thine, by which I have been tricked, shall have its power curtailed and enjoy the briefest use of speech." The event confirmed her threat. All she does is to repeat the sounds of speech and to return words that she hears. Now when she saw Narcissus wandering through the fields, she was inflamed with love and followed him by stealth; and the more she followed, the more she burned by a nearer flame; as when quick-burning sulphur, smeared round the tops of torches, catches fire from another fire brought near. Oh, how often does she long to approach him with alluring words and make soft prayers to him! But her nature forbids this, nor does it permit her to begin; but as it allows, she is ready to await the sounds to which she may give back her own words. By chance the boy, separated from his faithful companions, had cried: "Is anyone here?" and "Here!" cried Echo back. Amazed, he looks around in all directions and with loud voice cries "Come!"; and "Come!" she calls him calling. He looks behind him and, seeing no one coming, calls again: "Why do you run from me?" and hears in answer his own words again. He stands still, deceived by the answering voice, and "Here let us meet," he cries. Echo, never to answer other sound more gladly, cries: "Let us meet"; and to help her own words she comes forth from the woods that she may throw her arms around the neck she longs to clasp. But he flees at her approach and, fleeing, says: "Hands off! embrace me not! May I die before I give you power o'er

OID

rettulit illa nihil nisi " sit tibi copia nostri!"
 spreta latet silvis pudibundaque frondibus ora
 protegit et solis ex illo vivit in antris;
 sed tamen haeret amor crescitque dolore repulsae;
 et tenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curae 396
 adducitque cutem macies et in aera sucus
 corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa super-
 sunt:
 vox manet, ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.
 inde latet silvis nulloque in monte videtur, 400
 omnibus auditur: sonus est, qui vivit in illa.
 Sic hanc, sic alias undis aut montibus ortas
 luserat hic nymphas, sic coetus ante viriles;
 inde manus aliquis despectus ad aethera tollens
 " sic amet ipse licet, sic non potiaturo amato!" 405
 dixerat: adsensit precibus Rhamnusia iustis.
 fons erat inlimis, nitidis argenteus undis,
 quem neque pastores neque pastae monte capellae
 contigerant aliudve pecus, quem nulla volucris
 nec fera turbarat nec lapsus ab arbore ramus; 410
 gramen erat circa, quod proximus umor alebat,
 silvaeque sole locum passura tepescere nullo.
 hic puer et studio venandi lassus et aestu
 procubuit faciemque loci fontemque secutus,
 dumque sitim sedare cupit, sitis altera crevit, 415
 dumque bibit, visae correptus imagine formae
 spem sine corpore amat, corpus putat esse, quod
 umbra est.
 adstupet ipse sibi vultaque inmotus eodem

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me!" "I give you power o'er me!" she says, and nothing more. Thus spurned, she lurks in the woods, hides her shamed face among the foliage, and lives from that time on in lonely caves. But still, though spurned, her love remains and grows on grief; her sleepless cares waste away her wretched form; she becomes gaunt and wrinkled and all moisture fades from her body into the air. Only her voice and her bones remain: then, only voice; for they say that her bones were turned to stone. She hides in woods and is seen no more upon the mountain-sides; but all may hear her, for voice, and voice alone, still lives in her.

Thus had Narcissus mocked her, thus had he mocked other nymphs of the waves or mountains; thus had he mocked the companies of men. At last one of these scorned youth, lifting up his hands to heaven, prayed: "So may he himself love, and not gain the thing he loves!" The goddess, Nemesis, heard his righteous prayer. There was a clear pool with silvery bright water, to which no shepherds ever came, or she-goats feeding on the mountain-side, or any other cattle; whose smooth surface neither bird nor beast nor falling bough ever ruffled. Grass grew all around its edge, fed by the water near, and a coppice that would never suffer the sun to warm the spot. Here the youth, worn by the chase and the heat, lies down, attracted thither by the appearance of the place and by the spring. While he seeks to slake his thirst another thirst springs up, and while he drinks he is smitten by the sight of the beautiful form he sees. He loves an unsubstantial hope and thinks that substance which is only shadow. He looks in speechless wonder at himself and hangs there motionless in the same expression,

haeret, ut e Pario formatum marmore signum ;
 spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sidus 420
 et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline crines
 inpubesque genas et eburnea colla decusque
 oris et in niveo mixtum candore ruborem,
 cunctaque miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse :
 se cupit imprudens et, qui probat, ipse probatur, 425
 dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet.
 inrita fallaci quotiens dedit oscula fonti,
 in medias quotiens visum captantia collum
 bracchia mersit aquas nec se deprendit in illis !
 quid videat, nescit ; sed quod videt, uritur illo, 430
 atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error.
 credule, quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas ?
 quod petis, est nusquam ; quod amas, avertere, perdes !
 ista repercussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est :
 nil habet ista sui ; tecum venitque manetque ; 435
 tecum discedet, si tu discedere possis !

Non illum Cereris, non illum cura quietis
 abstrahere inde potest, sed opaca fusus in herba
 spectat inexpleto mendacem lumine formam
 perque oculos perit ipse suos ; paullumque levatus
 ad circumstantes tendens sua bracchia silvas 441
 “ ecquis, io silvae, crudelius ” inquit “ amavit ?
 scitis enim et multis latebra opportuna fuistis.
 ecquem, cum vestrae tot agantur saecula vitae,
 qui sic tabuerit, longo meministis in aevo ? 445
 et placet et video ; sed quod videoque placetque,
 non tamen invenio : tantus tenet error amantem.

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like a statue carved from Parian marble. Prone on the ground, he gazes at his eyes, twin stars, and his locks, worthy of Bacchus, worthy of Apollo; on his smooth cheeks, his ivory neck, the glorious beauty of his face, the blush mingled with snowy white: all things, in short, he admires for which he is himself admired. Unwittingly he desires himself; he praises, and is himself what he praises; and while he seeks, is sought; equally he kindles love and burns with love. How often did he offer vain kisses on the elusive pool? How often did he plunge his arms into the water seeking to clasp the neck he sees there, but did not clasp himself in them! What he sees he knows not; but that which he sees he burns for, and the same delusion mocks and allures his eyes. O fondly foolish boy, why vainly seek to clasp a fleeting image? What you seek is nowhere; but turn yourself away, and the object of your love will be no more. That which you behold is but the shadow of a reflected form and has no substance of its own. With you it comes, with you it stays, and it will go with you—if you can go.

No thought of food or rest can draw him from the spot; but, stretched on the shaded grass, he gazes on that false image with eyes that cannot look their fill and through his own eyes perishes. Raising himself a little, and stretching his arms to the trees, he cries: “Did anyone, O ye woods, ever love more cruelly than I? You know, for you have been the favourite haunts of many lovers. Do you in the ages past, for your life is one of centuries, remember anyone who has pined away like this? I am charmed, and I see; but what I see and what charms me I cannot find—so great a delusion holds my love. And, to make me grieve the more, no mighty ocean separates us, no

quoque magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens
nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis ;
exigua prohibemur aqua ! cupit ipse teneri : 450
nam quotiens liquidis porreximus oscula lymphis,
hic totiens ad me resupino nititur ore.

posse putes tangi : minimum est, quod amantibus
obstat.

quisquis es, huc exi ! quid me, puer unice, fallis
quove petitus abis ? certe nec forma nec aetas 455
est mea, quam fugias, et amarunt me quoque
nymphae !

spem mihi nescio quam vultu promittis amico,
cumque ego porrexi tibi bracchia, porrigis ultro,
cum risi, adrides ; lacrimas quoque saepe notavi
me lacrimante tuas ; nutu quoque signa remittis 460
et, quantum motu formosi suspicor oris,
verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras !

iste ego sum : sensi, nec me mea fallit imago ;
uror amore mei : flammam moveoque feroque.
quid faciam ? rogem ane rogem ? quid deinde rogabo ?
quod cupio mecum est : inopem me copia fecit. 466
o utinam a nostro secedere corpore possem !

votum in amante novum, vellem, quod amamus, abesset.
iamque dolor vires adimit, nec tempora vitae
longa meae superant, primoque exstinguor in aevo.
nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores, 471
hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset ;
nunc duo concordemur anima moriemur in una."

Dixit et ad faciem rediit male sanus eandem
et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto 475

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long road, no mountain ranges, no city walls with close-shut gates; by a thin barrier of water we are kept apart. He himself is eager to be embraced. For, often as I stretch my lips towards the lucent wave, so often with upturned face he strives to lift his lips to mine. You would think he could be touched—so small a thing it is that separates our loving hearts. Whoever you are, come forth hither! Why, O peerless youth, do you elude me? or whither do you go when I strive to reach you? Surely my form and age are not such that you should shun them, and me too the nymphs have loved. Some ground for hope you offer with your friendly looks, and when I have stretched out my arms to you, you stretch yours too. When I have smiled, you smile back; and I have often seen tears, when I weep, on your cheeks. My becks you answer with your nod; and, as I suspect from the movement of your sweet lips, you answer my words as well, but words which do not reach my ears.—Oh, I am he! I have felt it, I know now my own image. I burn with love of my own self; I both kindle the flames and suffer them. What shall I do? Shall I be wooed or woo? Why woo at all? What I desire, I have; the very abundance of my riches beggars me. Oh, that I might be parted from my own body! and, strange prayer for a lover, I would that what I love were absent from me! And now grief is sapping my strength; but a brief space of life remains to me and I am cut off in my life's prime. Death is nothing to me, for in death I shall leave my troubles; I would he that is loved might live longer; now in the death of one two hearts shall die together."

He spoke and, half distraught, turned again to the same image. His tears ruffled the water, and dimly

OID

reddita forma lacu est; quam cum vidisset abire,
 "quo refugis? remane nec me, crudelis, amantem
 desere!" clamavit; "liceat, quod tangere non est,
 adspicere et misero praebere alimenta furori!"
 dumque dolet, summa vestem deduxit ab ora 480
 nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.
 pectora traxerunt roseum percussa ruborem,
 non aliter quam poma solent, quae candida parte,
 parte rubent, aut ut variis solet uva racemis
 ducere purpureum nondum matura colorem. 485
 quae simul adspexit liquefacta rursus in unda,
 non tulit ulterius, sed ut intabescere flavae
 igne levi cerae matutinaeque pruinae
 sole tepente solent, sic attenuatus amore
 liquitur et tecto paullatim carpitur igni; 490
 et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,
 nec vigor et vires et quae modo visa placebant,
 nec corpus remanet, quondam quod amaverat Echo.
 quae tamen ut vidit quamvis irata memorque
 indoluit, quotiensque puer miserabilis "eheu" 495
 dixerat, haec resonis iterabat vocibus "eheu";
 cumque suos manibus percusserat ille lacertos,
 haec quoque reddebat sonitum plangoris eundem.
 ultima vox solitam fuit haec spectantis in undam:
 "heu frustra dilecte puer!" totidemque remisit 500
 verba locus, dictoque vale "vale" inquit et Echo.
 ille caput viridi fessum submisit in herba,
 lumina mors clausit domini mirantia formam:
 tum quoque se, postquam est inferna sede receptus,
 in Stygia spectabat aqua. planxere sorores 505
 naides et sectos fratri posuere capillos,

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the image came back from the troubled pool. As he saw it thus depart, he cried: "Oh, whither do you flee? Stay here, and desert not him who loves thee, cruel one! Still may it be mine to gaze on what I may not touch, and by that gaze feed my unhappy passion." While he thus grieves, he plucks away his tunic at its upper fold and beats his bare breast with pallid hands. His breast when it is struck takes on a delicate glow; just as apples sometimes, though white in part, flush red in other part, or as grapes hanging in clusters take on a purple hue when not yet ripe. As soon as he sees this, when the water has become clear again, he can bear no more; but, as the yellow wax melts before a gentle heat, as hoar frost melts before the warm morning sun, so does he, wasted with love, pine away, and is slowly consumed by its hidden fire. No longer has he that ruddy colour mingling with the white, no longer that strength and vigour, and all that lately was so pleasing to behold; scarce does his form remain which once Echo had loved so well. But when she saw it, though still angry and unforgetful, she felt pity; and as often as the poor boy says "Alas!" again with answering utterance she cries "Alas!" and as his hands beat his shoulders she gives back the same sounds of woe. His last words as he gazed into the familiar spring were these: "Alas, dear boy, vainly beloved!" and the place gave back his words. And when he said "Farewell!" "Farewell!" said Echo too. He drooped his weary head on the green grass and death sealed the eyes that marvelled at their master's beauty. And even when he had been received into the infernal abodes, he kept on gazing on his image in the Stygian pool. His naiad-sisters beat their breasts and shore their locks in sign of grief for their dear

OVID

planxerunt dryades ; plangentibus adsonat Echo.
iamque rogam quassasque faces feretrumque
parabant :

nusquam corpus erat ; croceum pro corpore florem
inveniunt foliis medium cingentibus albis. 510

Cognita res meritam vati per Achaidas urbes
attulerat famam, nomenque erat auguris ingens ;
spernit Echionides tamen hunc ex omnibus unus
contemptor superum Pentheus praesagaque ridet
verba senis tenebrasque et cladem lucis ademptae 515

obicit. ille movens albertia tempora canis
“ quam felix esses, si tu quoque luminis huius
orbis ” ait “ fieres, ne Bacchica sacra videres !
namque dies aderit, quam non procul auguror
esse,

qua novus huc veniat, proles Semeleia, Liber, 520
quem nisi templorum fueris dignatus honore,
mille lacer spargere locis et sanguine silvas
foedabis matremque tuam matrisque sorores.
eveniet ! neque enim dignabere numen honore,
meque sub his tenebris nimium vidisse quereris.” 525
taliam dicentem proturbat Echione natus ;
dicta fides sequitur, responsaque vatis aguntur.

Liber adest, festisque fremunt ululatibus agri :
turba ruit, mixtaeque viris matresque nurusque
vulgusque proceresque ignota ad sacra feruntur. 530
“ Quis furor, anguigenae, proles Mavortia, vestras
attonuit mentes ? ” Pentheus ait ; “ aerane tantum
aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu

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brother; the dryads, too, lamented, and Echo gave back their sounds of woe. And now they were preparing the funeral pile, the torches and the bier; but his body was nowhere to be found. In place of his body they find a flower, its yellow centre girt with white petals.

When this story was noised abroad it spread the well-deserved fame of the seer throughout the cities of Greece, and great was the name of Tiresias. Yet Echion's son, Pentheus, the scoffer at gods, alone of all men flouted the seer, laughed at the old man's words of prophecy, and taunted him with his darkness and blind despair. But he, shaking his hoary head in warning, said: "How fortunate wouldst thou be if this light were dark to thee also, so that thou mightst not behold the rites of Bacchus! For the day will come—nay, I foresee 'tis near—when the new god shall come hither, Liber, son of Semele. Unless thou worship him as is his due, thou shalt be torn into a thousand pieces and scattered everywhere, and shalt with thy blood defile the woods and thy mother and thy mother's sisters. So shall it come to pass; for thou shalt refuse to honour the god, and shalt complain that in my blindness I have seen all too well." Even while he speaks the son of Echion flings him forth; but his words did indeed come true and his prophecies were accomplished.

The god is now come and the fields resound with the wild cries of revellers. The people rush out of the city in throngs, men and women, old and young, nobles and commons, all mixed together, and hasten to celebrate the new rites. "What madness, ye sons of the serpent's teeth, ye seed of Mars, has dulled your reason?" Pentheus cries. "Can clashing cymbals, can the blare of crooked horns, can

et magicæ fraudes, ut, quos non bellicus ensis,
 non tuba terruerit, non strictis agmina telis, 535
 femineæ voces et mota insania vino
 obscenique greges et inania tympana vincant?
 vosne, senes, mirer, qui longa per æquora vecti
 hac Tyron, hac profugos posuistis sede penates,
 nunc sinitis sine Marte capi? vosne, acrior aetas, 540
 o iuvenes, propiorque meae, quos arma tenere,
 non thyrsos, galeaque tegi, non fronde decebat?
 este, precor, memores, qua sitis stirpe creati,
 illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
 sumite serpentis! pro fontibus ille lacuque 545
 interiit: at vos pro fama vincite vestra!
 ille dedit leto fortes: vos pellite molles
 et patrium retinete decus! si fata vetabant
 stare diu Thebas, utinam tormenta virique
 moenia diruerent, ferrumque ignisque sonarent! 550
 essemus miseri sine crimine, sorsque querenda,
 non celandâ foret, lacrimaeque pudore carerent;
 at nunc a puero Thebae capientur inermi,
 quem neque bella iuvant nec tela nec usus equorum,
 sed madidus murra crinis mollesque coronae 555
 purpuraque et pictis intextum vestibus aurum,
 quem quidem ego actutum (modo vos absistite) cogam
 adsumptumque patrem commentaque sacra fateri.
 an satis Acrisio est animi, contemnere vanum
 numen et Argolicas venienti claudere portas: 560
 Penthea terrebit cum totis advena Thebis?
 ite citi" (famulis hoc imperat), "ite ducemque

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shallow tricks of magic, women's shrill cries, wine-heated madness, vulgar throngs and empty mummeries—can all these vanquish men, for whom real war, with its drawn swords, the blare of trumpets, and lines of glittering spears, had no terrors? Ye elders, who sailed the long reaches of the sea and planted here your Tyre, here your wandering Penates, will you, I wonder, suffer Thebes to be taken without a struggle? And, O ye men of fresher youth, of age nearer my own, whom sword and spear would better become than the thyrsus, helmets better than garlands—will you, too, surrender? Be mindful, I pray, from what seed you are sprung, and show the spirit of the serpent, who in his single strength killed many foes. For his fountain and his pool he perished; but do you conquer for your glory's sake! He did to death brave men: do you but put to flight unmanly men and save your ancestral honour. If it be the fate of Thebes not to endure for long, I would the enginery of war and heroes might batter down her walls and that sword and fire might roar around her: then should we be unfortunate, but our honour without stain; we should bewail, not seek to conceal, our wretched state; then our tears would be without shame. But now our Thebes shall fall before an untried boy, whom neither arts of war assist nor spears nor horsemen, but whose weapons are scented locks, soft garlands, gold inwoven in embroidered robes. But forthwith—only do you stand aside—I will force him to confess that his father's name is borrowed and his sacred rites a lie. Did Acrisius have spirit enough to despise his empty godhead, and to shut the gates of Argos in his face, and shall Pentheus and all Thebes tremble at this wanderer's approach? Go quickly"—this to his slaves—"go,

attrahite huc vinctum ! iussis mora segnis abesto !”
 hunc avus, hunc Athamas, hunc cetera turba suorum
 corripiant dictis frustra que inhibere laborant. 565
 acrior admonitu est irritaturque retenta
 et crescit rabies moderaminaque ipsa nocebant :
 sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstabat eunti,
 lenius et modico strepitu decurrere vidi ;
 at quacumque trabes obstructaque saxa tenebant, 570
 spumeus et fervens et ab obice saevior ibat.

Ecce cruentati redeunt et, Bacchus ubi esset,
 quaerenti domino Bacchum vidisse negarunt ;
 “ hunc ” dixere “ tamen comitem famulumque
 sacrorum
 cepimus ” et tradunt manibus post terga ligatis 575
 sacra dei quendam Tyrrhena gente secutum.

Adspicit hunc Pentheus oculis, quos ira tremendos
 fecerat, et quamquam poenae vix tempora differt,
 “ o periture tuaque aliis documenta dature
 morte, ” ait, “ ede tuum nomen nomenque parentum
 et patriam, morisque novi cur sacra frequentes ! ” 581

ille metu vacuus “ nomen mihi ” dixit “ Acoetes,
 patria Maeonia est, humili de plebe parentes.
 non mihi quae duri colerent pater arva iuveni,
 lanigerosve greges, non ulla armenta reliquit ; 585
 pauper et ipse fuit linoque solebat et hamis
 decipere et calamo salientis ducere pisces.

ars illi sua census erat ; cum traderet artem,
 ‘ accipe, quas habeo, studii successor et heres, ’
 dixit ‘ opes ’ moriensque mihi nihil ille reliquit 590

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bring this plotter hither, and in chains! And let there be no tarrying." These words his grandsire urges him to recall, and Athamas, and all his counsellors, and they vainly strive to curb his will. He is all the more eager for their warning; his mad rage is fretted by restraint and grows apace, and their very efforts at control but make him worse. So have I seen a river, where nothing obstructed its course, flow smoothly on with but a gentle murmur; but, where it was held in check by dams of timber and stone set in its way, foaming and boiling it went, fiercer for the obstruction.

But now the slaves come back, all covered with blood, and, when their master asks where Bacchus is, they say that they have not seen him; "but this companion of his," they say, "this priest of his sacred rites, we have taken," and they deliver up, his hands bound behind his back, a certain man of Tyre, a votary of Bacchus. Him Pentheus eyes awhile with gaze made terrible by his wrath; and, with difficulty withholding his hand from punishment, he says: "Thou fellow, doomed to perish and by thy death to serve as a warning to others, tell me thy name, thy parents, and thy country; and why thou dost devote thyself to this new cult." He fearlessly replies: "My name is Acoetes, and my country is Maeonia; my parents were but humble folk. My father left me no fields or sturdy bullocks to till them; no woolly sheep, no cattle. He himself was poor and used to catch fish with hook and line and rod and draw them leaping from the stream. Craft was all his wealth; and when he passed it on to me he said: 'Take this craft; 'tis all my fortune. Be you my heir and successor in it.' And in dying he left me nothing but the waters. This alone can

praeter aquas : unum hoc possum adpellare paternum.
 mox ego, ne scopulis haererem semper in isdem,
 addidici regimen dextra moderante carinae
 flectere et Oleniae sidus pluviale capellae
 Taygetenque Hyadasque oculis Arctonque notavi 595
 ventorumque domos et portus puppibus aptos.
 forte petens Delum Chiae telluris ad oras
 adplicor et dextris adducor litora remis
 doque levis saltus udaeque inmittor harenae :
 nox ibi consumpta est ; aurora rubescere prima 600
 coeperat : exsurgo laticesque inferre recentis
 admoneo monstroque viam, quae ducat ad undas ;
 ipse quid aura mihi tumulo promittat ab alto
 prospicio comitesque voco repetoque carinam.
 ‘ adsumus en’ inquit sociorum primus Opheltes, 605
 utque putat, praedam deserto nactus in agro,
 virginea puerum ducit per litora forma.
 ille mero somnoque gravis titubare videtur
 vixque sequi ; specto cultum faciemque gradumque :
 nil ibi, quod credi posset mortale, videbam. 610
 et sensi et dixi sociis : ‘ quod numen in isto
 corpore sit, dubito ; sed corpore numen in isto est !
 quisquis es, o faveas nostrisque laboribus adsis ;
 his quoque des veniam !’ ‘ pro nobis mitte precari !’
 Dictys ait, quo non alius conscendere summas 615
 ocior antemnas prenoque rudente relabi.
 hoc Libys, hoc flavus, prorae tutela, Melanthus,
 hoc probat Alcimedon et, qui requiemque modumque
 voce dabat remis, animorum hortator, Epopeus,
 166

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

I call my heritage. Soon, that I might not always stay planted on the selfsame rocks, I learned the art of sailing ships; I studied the stars; the rainy constellation of the Olenian Goat, Taygete, the Hyades, the Bears; I learned the winds and whence they blow; I learned what harbours are best for ships. It chanced that while making for Delos I was driven out of my course to the shore of Chios and made the land with well-skilled oars. Light leaping, we landed on the sandy shore and spent the night. As soon as the eastern sky began to redden I rose and bade my men go for fresh water, showing them the way that led to the spring. For my own task, from a high hill I observed the direction of the wind; then called my comrades and started back on board. 'Lo, here we are!' cried Opheltus, first of all the men, bringing with him a prize (so he considered it) which he had found in a deserted field, a little boy with form beautiful as a girl's. He seemed to stagger, as if o'ercome with wine and sleep, and could scarce follow him who led. I gazed on his garb, his face, his walk; and all I saw seemed more to me than mortal. This I perceived, and said to my companions: 'What divinity is in that mortal body I know not; but assuredly a divinity is therein. Whoever thou art, be gracious unto us and prosper our undertakings. Grant pardon also to these men.' 'Pray not for us,' said Dictys, than whom none was more quick to climb the topmost yard and slide down on firm-grasped rope. Libys seconded this speech; so did yellow-haired Melanthus, the helmsman, and Alcimedon and Epopeus, who by his voice marked the time for the rowers and urged on their flagging spirits. And all the rest approved, so blind and heedless was their greed for booty. 'And yet I

hoc omnes alii : praedae tam caeca cupido est. 620
 ' non tamen hanc sacro violari pondere pinum
 perpetiar ' dixi : ' pars hic mihi maxima iuris '
 inque aditu obsisto : furit audacissimus omni
 de numero Lycabas, qui Tusca pulsus ab urbe
 exilium dira poenam pro caede luebat ; 625
 is mihi, dum resto, iuvenali guttura pugno
 rupit et excussum misisset in aequora, si non
 haessem, quamvis amens, in fune retentus.
 in pia turba probat factum ; tum denique Bacchus
 (Bacchus enim fuerat), veluti clamore solutus 630
 sit sopor aque mero redeant in pectora sensus,
 ' quid facitis ? quis clamor ? ' ait ' qua, dicite, nautae,
 huc ope perveni ? quo me deferre paratis ? '
 ' pone metum ' Proreus, ' et quos contingere portus
 ede velis ! ' dixit ; ' terra sistere petita. ' 635
 ' Naxon ' ait Liber ' cursus advertite vestros !
 illa mihi domus est, vobis erit hospita tellus.'
 per mare fallaces perque omnia numina iurant
 sic fore meque iubent pictae dare vela carinae.
 dextera Naxos erat : dextra mihi linthea danti 640
 ' quid facis, o demens ? quis te furor—? ' inquit
 Opheltis ;
 pro se quisque, ' tenet ? ¹ laevam pete ! ' maxima nutu
 pars mihi significat, pars quid velit aure susurrat.
 obstipui ' capiat ' que ' aliquis moderamina ! ' dixi
 meque ministerio scelerisque artis removi. 645

¹ pro se quisque, ' tenet ? *Heinsius* : ' persequiturve timor ? '
Burnman : pro se quisque timet *MSS.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

shall not permit this ship to be defiled by such sacrilege,' I said; 'here must my authority have greater weight.' And I resisted their attempt to come on board. Then did Lycabas break out into wrath, the most reckless man of the crew, who, driven from Tuscany, was suffering exile as a punishment for the foul crime of murder. He, while I withstood him, tore at my throat with his strong hands and would have hurled me overboard, if, scarce knowing what I did, I had not clung to a rope that held me back. The godless crew applauded Lycabas. Then at last Bacchus—for it was he—as if aroused from slumber by the outcry, and as if his wine-dimmed senses were coming back, said: 'What are you doing? Why this uproar? And tell me, ye sailor-men, how did I get here and whither are you planning to take me?' 'Be not afraid,' said Proreus, 'tell me what port you wish to make, and you shall be set off at any place you choose.' 'Then turn your course to Naxos,' said Liber; 'that is my home, and there shall you find, yourselves, a friendly land.' By the sea and all its gods the treacherous fellows swore that they would do this, and bade me get the gay vessel under sail. Naxos lay off upon the right; and as I was setting my sails towards the right Opheltus said: 'What are you doing, you fool? what madness—' and each one for himself supplied the words—'holds you? Take the left tack.' The most of them by nods and winks let me know what they wanted, and some whispered in my ear. I could not believe my senses and I said to them: 'Then let someone else take the helm'; and declared that I would have nor part nor lot in their wicked scheme. They all cried

increpor a cunctis, totumque inmurmurat agmen ;
 e quibus Aethalion ' te scilicet omnis in uno
 nostra salus posita est ! ' ait et subit ipse meumque
 explet opus Naxoque petit diversa relicta.
 tum deus inludens, tamquam modo denique
 fraudem 650
 senserit, e puppi pontum prospectat adunca
 et flenti similis ' non haec mihi litora, nautae,
 promisistis ' ait, ' non haec mihi terra rogata est !
 quo merui poenam facto ? quae gloria vestra est,
 si puerum iuvenes, si multi fallitis unum ? ' 655
 iamdudum flebam : lacrimas manus in pia nostras
 ridet et inpellit properantibus aequora remis.
 per tibi nunc ipsum (nec enim praesentior illo
 est deus) adiuro, tam me tibi vera referre
 quam veri maiora fide : stetit aequore puppis 660
 haud aliter, quam si siccum navale teneret.
 illi admirantes remorum in verbere perstant
 velaque deducunt geminaque ope currere temptant :
 inpediunt hederæ remos nexuque recurvo
 serpunt et gravidis distinguunt vela corymbis. 665
 ipse racemiferis frontem circumdatus uvis
 pampineis agitât velatam frondibus hastam ;
 quem circa tigres simulacraque inania lyncum
 pictarumque iacent fera corpora pantherarum.
 exsiluere viri, sive hoc insania fecit 670
 sive timor, primusque Medon nigrescere coepit
 corpore et expresso spinae curvamine flecti.
 incipit huic Lycabas : ' in quae miracula ' dixit
 ' verteris ? ' et lati rictus et panda loquenti
 170

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

out upon me and kept up their wrathful mutterings. And one of them, Aethalion, broke out: 'I'd have you know, the safety of us all does not depend on you alone!' So saying, he came and took my place at the helm and, leaving the course for Naxos, steered off in another direction. Then the god, in mockery of them, as if he had just discovered their faithlessness, looked out upon the sea from the curved stern, and in seeming tears cried out: 'These are not the shores you promised me, you sailor-men; and this is not the land I sought. What have I done to be so treated? And what glory will you gain if you, grown men, deceive a little boy? if you, so many, overcome just one?' I was long since in tears; but the godless crew mocked my tears and swept the seas with speeding oars. Now by the god himself I swear (for there is no god more surely near than he) that what I speak is truth, though far beyond belief. The ship stands still upon the waves, as if a dry-dock held her. The sailors in amaze redouble their striving at the oars and make all sail, hoping thus to speed their way by twofold power. But ivy twines and clings about the oars, creeps upward with many a back-flung, catching fold, and decks the sails with heavy, hanging clusters. The god himself, with his brow garlanded with clustering berries, waves a wand wreathed with ivy-leaves. Around him lie tigers, the forms (though empty all) of lynxes and of fierce spotted panthers. The men leap overboard, driven on by madness or by fear. And first Medon's body begins to grow dark and his back to be bent in a well-marked curve. Lycabas starts to say to him: 'Into what strange creature are you turning?' But as he speaks his own jaws spread wide, his nose becomes hooked, and his skin

naris erat, squamamque cutis durata trahebat. 675
 at Libys obstantis dum vult obvertere remos,
 in spatium resilire manus breve vidit et illas
 iam non esse manus, iam pinnas posse vocari.
 alter ad intortos cupiens dare bracchia funes
 bracchia non habuit truncoque repandus in undas 680
 corpore desiluit : falcata novissima cauda est,
 qualia dimidia sinuantur cornua lunae.
 undique dant saltus multaque adspersine rorant
 emerguntque iterum redeuntque sub aequora rursus
 inque chori ludunt speciem lascivaque iactant 685
 corpora et acceptum patulis mare naribus efflant.
 de modo viginti (tot enim ratis illa ferebat)
 restabam solus : pavidum gelidumque trementi
 corpore vixque meum firmat deus 'excute' dicens
 'corde metum Diamque tene!' delatus in illam 690
 accessi sacris Baccheaque sacra frequento."
 "Praebuimus longis" Pentheus "ambagibus aures,"
 inquit "ut ira mora vires absumere posset.
 praecipitem, famuli, rapite hunc cruciataque diris
 corpora tormentis Stygiae demittite nocti!" 695
 protinus abstractus solidis Tyrrhenus Acoetes
 clauditur in tectis; et dum crudelia iussae
 instrumenta necis ferrumque ignesque parantur,
 sponte sua patuisse fores lapsasque lacertis
 sponte sua fama est nullo solvente catenas. 700
 Perstat Echionides, nec iam iubet ire, sed ipse
 vadit, ubi electus facienda ad sacra Cithaeron
 cantibus et clara bacchantum voce sonabat.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

becomes hard and covered with scales. But Libys, while he seeks to ply the sluggish oars, sees his hands suddenly shrunk in size to things that can no longer be called hands at all, but fins. Another, catching at a twisted rope with his arms, finds he has no arms and goes plunging backwards with limbless body into the sea: the end of his tail is curved like the horns of a half-moon. They leap about on every side, sending up showers of spray; they emerge from the water, only to return to the depths again; they sport like a troupe of dancers, tossing their bodies in wanton sport and drawing in and blowing out the water from their broad nostrils. Of but now twenty men—for the ship bore so many—I alone remained. And, as I stood quaking and trembling with cold fear, and hardly knowing what I did, the god spoke words of cheer to me and said: ‘Be of good courage, and hold on your course to Naxos.’ Arrived there, I have joined the rites and am one of the Bacchanalian throng.”

Then Pentheus said: “We have lent ear to this long, rambling tale, that by such delay our anger might gain new strength. Ye slaves, now hurry him away, rack his body with fearsome tortures, and so send him down to Stygian night.” Straightway Acoetes, the Tyrian, was dragged out and shut up in a strong dungeon. And while the slaves were getting the cruel instruments of torture ready, the iron, the fire—of their own accord the doors flew open wide; of their own accord, with no one loosing them, the chains fell from the prisoner’s arms.

But Pentheus stood fixed in his purpose. He no longer sent messengers, but went himself to where Cithaeron, the chosen seat for the god’s sacred rites, was resounding with songs and the shrill cries of wor-

ut fremit acer equus, cum bellicus aere canoro
 signa dedit tubicen pugnaeque adsumit amorem, 705

Pentheas sic ictus longis ululatus aether
 movit, et audito clamore recanduit ira.

Monte fere medio est, cingentibus ultima silvis,
 purus ab arboribus, spectabilis undique, campus :
 hic oculis illum cernentem sacra profanis 710

prima videt, prima est insano concita cursu,
 prima suum misso violavit Penthea thyrsos
 mater et "o geminae" clamavit "adeste sorores !
 ille aper, in nostris errat qui maximus agris,
 ille mihi feriendus aper." ruit omnis in unum 715

turba furens ; cunctae coeunt trepidumque sequuntur,
 iam trepidum, iam verba minus violenta loquentem,
 iam se damnantem, iam se peccasse fatentem.
 saucius ille tamen "fer opem, matertera" dixit
 "Autonoe ! moveant animos Actaeonis umbrae !" 720

illa, quis Actaeon, nescit dextramque precantis
 abstulit, Inoo lacerata est altera raptu.
 non habet infelix quae matri brachia tendat,
 trunca sed ostendens deiectis vulnera membris
 "adspice, mater !" ait. visis ululavit Agaue 725

collaque iactavit movitque per aera crinem
 avulsumque caput digitis complexa cruentis
 clamat : "io comites, opus haec victoria nostrum est !"
 non citius frondes autumnis frigore tactas
 iamque male haerentes alta rapit arbore ventus, 730

quam sunt membra viri manibus direpta nefandis.
 talibus exemplis monitae nova sacra frequentant
 turaque dant sanctasque colunt Ismenides aras.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK III

shippers. As a spirited horse snorts when the brazen trumpet with tuneful voice sounds out the battle and his eagerness for the fray waxes hot, so did the air, pulsing with the long-drawn cries, stir Pentheus, and the wild uproar in his ears heated his wrath white-hot.

About midway of the mountain, bordered with thick woods, was an open plain, free from trees, in full view from every side. Here, as Pentheus was spying with profane eyes upon the sacred rites, his mother was the first to see him, first to rush madly on him, first with hurled thyrsus to smite her son. "Ho, there, my sisters, come!" she cried, "see that huge boar prowling in our fields. Now must I rend him." The whole mad throng rush on him; from all sides they come and pursue the frightened wretch—yes, frightened now, and speaking milder words, cursing his folly and confessing that he has sinned. Sore wounded, he cries out: "Oh help, my aunt, Autonoe! Let the ghost of Actaeon move your heart." She knows not who Actaeon is, and tears the suppliant's right arm away; Ino in frenzy rends away his left. And now the wretched man has no arms to stretch out in prayer to his mother; but, showing his mangled body where his arms have been torn away, he cries: "Oh, mother, see!" Agave howls madly at the sight and tosses her head with wildly streaming hair. Off she tears his head, and holding it in bloody hands, she yells: "See, comrades, see my toil and its reward of victory!" Not more quickly are autumn leaves at the first touch of frost whirled from the lofty tree by the wind from their slender hold than is Pentheus torn limb from limb by those impious hands. Taught by such a warning, the Thebans throng the new god's sacred rites, burn incense, and bow down before his shrines,

BOOK IV

LIBER IV

At non Alcithoe Minyeias orgia censet
accipienda dei, sed adhuc temeraria Bacchum
progeniem negat esse Iovis sociasque sorores
impietatis habet. festum celebrare sacerdos
inmunesque operum famulas dominasque suorum 5
pectora pelle tegi, crinales solvere vittas,
serta coma, manibus frondentis sumere thyrsos
iusserat et saevam laesi fore numinis iram
vaticinatus erat: parent matresque nurusque
telasque calathosque infectaque pensa reponunt 10
turaque dant Bacchumque vocant Bromiumque
Lyaeumque
ignigenamque satumque iterum solumque bimatrem;
additur his Nyseus indetonsusque Thyoneus
et cum Lenaeo genialis consitor uvae
Nycteliusque Eleleusque parens et Iacchus et Euhan,
et quae praeterea per Graias plurima gentes 16
nomina, Liber, habes. tibi enim inconsumpta iuventa
est,

¹ "The noisy one."

² "The deliverer from care."

³ "Of Nysa," a city in India, connected traditionally with the infancy of Bacchus.

⁴ "Son of Thyone," the name given to his mother, Semele, after her translation to the skies.

⁵ "God of the wine-press."

⁶ So named from the fact that his orgies were celebrated in the night.

BOOK IV

BUT not Minyas' daughter Alcithoë; she will not have the god's holy revels admitted; nay, so bold is she that she denies Bacchus to be Jove's son! And her sisters are with her in the impious deed. The priest had bidden the people to celebrate a Bacchic festival: all serving-women must be excused from toil; with their mistresses they must cover their breasts with the skins of beasts, they must loosen the ribands of their hair, and with garlands upon their head they must hold in their hands the vine-wreathed thyrsus. And he had prophesied that the wrath of the god would be merciless if he were disregarded. The matrons and young wives all obey, put by weaving and work-baskets, leave their tasks unfinished; they burn incense, calling on Bacchus, naming him also Bromius,¹ Lyaeus,² son of the thunderbolt, twice born, child of two mothers; they hail him as Nyseus³ also, Thyoneus⁴ of the unshorn locks, Lenaeus,⁵ planter of the joy-giving vine, Nyctelius,⁶ father Eleleus,⁷ Iacchus,⁸ and Euhan, and all the many names besides by which thou art known, O Liber,⁹ throughout the towns of Greece.

⁷ From the wild cries uttered by his worshippers in the orgies.

⁸ A name identified with Bacchus.

⁹ Either from *liber*, "the free," or from *libo*, "he to whom libations of wine are poured."

OVID

tu puer aeternus, tu formosissimus alto
 conspiceris caelo; tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas,
 virgineum caput est; Oriens tibi victus, adusque 20
 decolor extremo qua tingitur India Gange.
 Penthea tu, venerande, bipenniferumque Lycurgum
 sacrilegos mactas, Tyrrenaque mittis in aequor
 corpora, tu biugum pictis insignia frenis
 colla premis lyncum. bacchae satyrique sequuntur, 25
 quique senex ferula titubantis ebruius artus
 sustinet et pando non fortiter haeret asello.
 quaecumque ingrederis, clamor iuvenalis et una
 femineae voces inpulsaque tympana palmis
 concavaque aera sonant longoque foramine buxus. 30
 "Placatus mitisque" rogant Ismenides "adsis,"
 iussaque sacra colunt; solae Minyeides intus
 intempestiva turbantes festa Minerva
 aut ducunt lanas aut stamina pollice versant
 aut haerent telae fumulasque laboribus urgent. 35
 e quibus una levi deducens pollice filum
 "dum cessant aliae commentaque sacra frequentant,
 nos quoque, quas Pallas, melior dea, detinet" inquit,
 "utile opus manuum vario sermone levemus
 perque vices aliquid, quod tempora longa videri 40
 non sinat, in medium vacuas referamus ad aures!"
 dicta probant primamque iubent narrare sorores.
 illa, quid e multis referat (nam plurima norat),
 cogitat et dubia est, de te, Babylonia, narret,
 Derceti, quam versa squamis velantibus artus 45
 stagna Palaestini credunt motasse figura,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

For thine is unending youth, eternal boyhood ; thou art the most lovely in all the skies ; thy face is virgin-seeming, if without horns thou stand before us. The Orient owns thy sway, even to the bounds where remotest Ganges laves swart India. Pentheus thou didst destroy, thou awful god, and Lycurgus, armed with the two-edged battle-axe (impious were they both), and didst hurl the Tuscan sailors into the sea. Lynxes, with bright reins harnessed, draw thy car ; bacchant women and satyrs follow thee, and that old man who, drunk with wine, supports his staggering limbs on his staff, and clings weakly to his misshapen ass. Where'er thou goest, glad shouts of youths and cries of women echo round, with drum of tambourine, the cymbals' clash, and the shrill piping of the flute.

"Oh, be thou with us, merciful and mild!" the Theban women cry ; and perform the sacred rites as the priest bids them. The daughters of Minyas alone stay within, marring the festival, and out of due time ply their household tasks, spinning wool, thumbing the turning threads, or keep close to the loom, and press their maidens with work. Then one of them, drawing the thread the while with deft thumb, says : "While other women are deserting their tasks and thronging this so-called festival, let us also, who keep to Pallas, a truer goddess, lighten with various talk the serviceable work of our hands, and to beguile the tedious hours, let us take turns in telling stories, while all the others listen." The sisters agree and bid her be first to speak. She mused awhile which she should tell of many tales, for very many she knew. She was in doubt whether to tell of thee, Dercetis of Babylon, who, as the Syrians believe, changed to a fish, all covered with

OID

an magis, ut sumptis illius filia pennis
 extremos albis in turribus egerit annos,
 nais an ut cantu nimiumque potentibus herbis
 verterit in tacitos iuvenalia corpora pisces, 50
 donec idem passa est, an, quae poma alba ferebat
 ut nunc nigra ferat contactu sanguinis arbor :
 hoc placet, haec quoniam vulgaris fabula non est ;
 talibus orsa modis lana sua fila sequente :

“Pyramus et Thisbe, iuvenum pulcherrimus alter,
 altera, quas Oriens habuit, praelata puellis, 56
 contiguas tenuere domos, ubi dicitur altam
 coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.
 notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit,
 tempore crevit amor ; taedae quoque iure coissent, 60
 sed vetuere patres : quod non potuere vetare,
 ex aequo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
 conscius omnis abest ; nutu signisque loquuntur,
 quoque magis tegitur, tectus magis aestuat ignis.
 fissus erat tenui rima, quam duxerat olim, 65
 cum fieret, paries domui communis utrique.
 id vitium nulli per saecula longa notatum—
 quid non sentit amor ?—primi vidistis amantes
 et vocis fecistis iter, tutaeque per illud
 murmure blanditiae minimo transire solebant. 70
 saepe, ubi constiterant hinc Thisbe, Pyramus illinc,
 inque vices fuerat captatus anhelitus oris,
 ‘ invide ’ dicebant ‘ paries, quid amantibus obstas ?
 quantum erat, ut sineres toto nos corpore iungi
 aut, hoc si nimium est, vel ad oscula danda pateres ?

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

scales, and swims in a pool; or how her daughter, changed to a pure white dove, spent her last years perched on high battlements; or how a certain nymph, by incantation and herbs too potent, changed the bodies of some boys into mute fishes, and at last herself became a fish; or how the mulberry-tree, which once had borne white fruit, now has fruit dark red, from the bloody stain. The last seems best. This tale, not commonly known as yet, she tells, spinning her wool the while.

“Pyramus and Thisbe—he, the most beautiful youth, and she, loveliest maid of all the East—dwelt in houses side by side, in the city which Semiramis is said to have surrounded with walls of brick. Their nearness made the first steps of their acquaintance. In time love grew, and they would have been joined in marriage, too, but their parents forbade. Still, what no parents could forbid, sore smitten in heart they burned with mutual love. They had no go-between, but communicated by nods and signs; and the more they covered up the fire, the more it burned. There was a slender chink in the party-wall of the two houses, which it had at some former time received when it was building. This chink, which no one had ever discovered through all these years—but what does love not see?—you lovers first discovered and made it the channel of speech. Safe through this your loving words used to pass in tiny whispers. Often, when they had taken their positions, on this side Thisbe, and Pyramus on that, and when each in turn had listened eagerly for the other's breath, ‘O envious wall,’ they would say, ‘why do you stand between lovers? How small a thing ’twould be for you to permit us to embrace each other, or, if this be too much, to open for our kiss! But we are

nec sumus ingrati : tibi nos debere fatemur, 76
 quod datus est verbis ad amicas transitus auris.
 talia diversa nequiquam sede locuti
 sub noctem dixere ' vale ' partique dedere
 oscula quisque suae non pervenientia contra. 80
 postera nocturnos Aurora removerat ignes,
 solque pruinosas radiis siccaverat herbas :
 ad solitum coiere locum. tum murmure parvo
 multa prius questi statuunt, ut nocte silenti
 fallere custodes foribusque excedere temptent, 85
 cumque domo exierint, urbis quoque tecta relinquunt,
 neve sit errandum lato spatiantibus arvo,
 convenient ad busta Nini lateantque sub umbra
 arboris : arbor ibi niveis uberrima pomis
 (ardua morus erat) gelido contermina fonti. 90
 pacta placent ; et lux, tarde discedere visa,
 praecipitatur aquis, et aquis nox exit ab isdem.
 " Callida per tenebras versato cardine Thisbe
 egreditur fallitque suos adopertaque vultum
 pervenit ad tumulum dictaque sub arbore sedit. 95
 audacem faciebat amor. venit ecce recenti
 caede leaena boum spumantis oblita rictus
 depositura sitim vicini fontis in unda ;
 quam procul ad lunae radios Babylonia Thisbe
 vidit et obscurum timido pede fugit in antrum, 100
 dumque fugit, tergo velamina lapsa reliquit.
 ut lea saeva sitim multa conpescuit unda,
 dum redit in silvas, inventos forte sine ipsa
 ore cruentato tenues laniavit amictus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

not ungrateful. We owe it to you, we admit, that a passage is allowed by which our words may go through to loving ears.' So, separated all to no purpose, they would talk, and as night came on they said good-bye and printed, each on his own side of the wall, kisses that did not go through. The next morning had put out the starry beacons of the night, and the sun's rays had dried the frosty grass; they came together at the accustomed place. Then first in low whispers they lamented bitterly, then decided when all had become still that night to try to elude their guardians' watchful eyes and steal out of doors; and, when they had gotten out, they would leave the city as well; and that they might not run the risk of missing one another, as they wandered in the open country, they were to meet at Ninus' tomb and hide in the shade of a tree. Now there was a tree there hanging full of snow-white berries, a tall mulberry, and not far away was a cool spring. They liked the plan, and slow the day seemed to go. But at last the sun went plunging down beneath the waves, and from the same waves the night came up.

"Now Thisbe, carefully opening the door, steals out through the darkness, seen of none, and arrives duly at the tomb with her face well veiled and sits down under the trysting-tree. Love made her bold. But see! here comes a lioness, her jaws all dripping with the blood of fresh-slain cattle, to slake her thirst at the neighbouring spring. Far off under the rays of the moon Babylonian Thisbe sees her, and flees with trembling feet into the deep cavern, and as she flees she leaves her cloak on the ground behind her. When the savage lioness has quenched her thirst by copious draughts of water, returning to the woods she comes by chance upon the light garment (but without the

OVID

serius egressus vestigia vidit in alto 105
 pulvere certa ferae totoque expalluit ore
 Pyramus; ut vero vestem quoque sanguine tinctam
 repperit, ' una duos ' inquit ' nox perdet amantes,
 e quibus illa fuit longa dignissima vita;
 nostra nocens anima est. ego te, miseranda, peremi,
 in loca plena metus qui iussi nocte venires 111
 nec prior huc veni. nostrum divellite corpus
 et scelerata fero consumite viscera morsu,
 o quicumque sub hac habitatis rupe leones!
 sed timidi est optare necem.' velamina Thisbes 115
 tollit et ad pactae secum fert arboris umbram,
 utque dedit notae lacrimas, dedit oscula vesti,
 ' accipe nunc ' inquit ' nostri quoque sanguinis
 haustus!'
 quoque erat accinctus, demisit in ilia ferrum,
 nec mora, ferventi moriens e vulnere traxit. 120
 ut iacuit resupinus humo, cruor emicat alte,
 non aliter quam cum vitiato fistula plumbo
 scinditur et tenui stridente foramine longas
 ei aculatur aquas atque ictibus aera rumpit.
 arborei fetus adspergine caedis in atram 125
 vertuntur faciem, madefactaque sanguine radix
 purpureo tinguit pendenti mora colore.
 " Ecce metu nondum posito, ne fallat amantem,
 illa redit iuvenemque oculis animoque requirit,
 quantaque vitarit narrare pericula gestit; 130
 utque locum et visa cognoscit in arbore formam,
 sic facit incertam pomi color: haeret, an haec sit.
 186

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

girl herself!) and tears it with bloody jaws. Pyramus, coming out a little later, sees the tracks of the beast plain in the deep dust and grows deadly pale at the sight. But when he saw the cloak smeared with blood, he cried: 'One night shall bring two lovers to death. But she of the two was more worthy of long life; on my head lies all the guilt. Oh, I have been the cause of your death, poor girl, in that I bade you come forth by night into this dangerous place, and did not myself come hither first. Come, rend my body and devour my guilty flesh with your fierce fangs, O all ye lions who have your lairs beneath this cliff! But 'tis a coward's part merely to pray for death.' He picks up Thisbe's cloak and carries it to the shade of the trysting-tree. And while he kisses the familiar garment and bedews it with his tears he cries: 'Drink now my blood too.' So saying, he drew the sword which he wore girt about him, plunged the blade into his side, and straightway, with his dying effort, drew the sword from his warm wound. As he lay stretched upon the earth the spouting blood leaped high; just as when a pipe has broken at a weak spot in the lead and through the small hissing aperture sends spurting forth long streams of water, cleaving the air with its jets. The fruit of the tree, sprinkled with the blood, was changed to a dark red colour; and the roots, soaked with his gore, also tinged the hanging berries with the same purple hue.

"And now comes Thisbe from her hiding-place, still trembling, but fearful also that her lover will miss her; she seeks for him both with eyes and soul, eager to tell him how great perils she has escaped. And while she recognizes the place and the shape of the well-known tree, still the colour

dum dubitat, tremebunda videt pulsare cruentum
 membra solum, retroque pedem tulit, oraque buxo
 pallidiora gerens exhorruit aequoris instar, 135
 quod tremit, exigua cum summum stringitur aura.

sed postquam remorata suos cognovit amores,
 percutit indignos claro plangore lacertos
 et laniata comas amplexaque corpus amatum
 vulnera supplevit lacrimis fletumque cruori 140
 miscuit et gelidis in vultibus oscula figens

‘Pyrame,’ clamavit, ‘quis te mihi casus ademit?
 Pyrame, responde! tua te carissima Thisbe
 nominat; exaudi vultusque attolle iacentes!’
 ad nomen Thisbes oculos a morte gravatos 145
 Pyramus erexit visaque recondidit illa.

“Quae postquam vestemque suam cognovit et ense
 vidit ebur vacuum, ‘tua te manus’ inquit ‘amorque
 perdidit, infelix! est et mihi fortis in unum
 hoc manus, est et amor: dabit hic in vulnera vires.
 persequar extinctum letique miserrima dicar 151
 causa comesque tui: quique a me morte revelli
 heu sola poteras, poteris nec morte revelli.

hoc tamen amborum verbis estote rogati,
 o multum miseri meus illiusque parentes, 155
 ut, quos certus amor, quos hora novissima iunxit,
 conponi tumulo non invideatis eodem;

at tu quae ramis arbor miserabile corpus
 nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum,
 signa tene caedis pullosque et luctibus aptos 160
 semper habe fetus, gemini monumenta cruoris.’

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

of its fruit mystifies her. She doubts if it be this. While she hesitates, she sees somebody's limbs writhing on the bloody ground, and starts back, paler than boxwood, and shivering like the sea when a slight breeze ruffles its surface. But when after a little while she recognizes her lover, she smites her innocent arms with loud blows of grief, and tears her hair; and embracing the well-beloved form, she fills his wounds with tears, mingling these with his blood. And as she kissed his lips, now cold in death, she wailed: 'O my Pyramus, what mischance has reft you from me? Pyramus! answer me. 'Tis your dearest Thisbe calling you. Oh, listen, and lift your drooping head!' At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus lifted his eyes, now heavy with death, and having looked upon her face, closed them again.

"Now when she saw her own cloak and his sword and empty scabbard, she said: 'Twas your own hand and your love, poor boy, that took your life. I, too, have a hand brave for this one deed; I, too, have love. This shall give me strength for the fatal blow. I will follow you in death, and men shall say that I was the most wretched cause and comrade of your fate. And you, who could have been parted from me by death alone, not even death shall part from me. O wretched parents, mine and his, be ye entreated of this by the prayers of us both, that you begrudge us not that we, whom faithful love, whom the hour of death has joined, should be laid together in the same tomb. And do you, O tree, who now shade with your branches the poor body of one, and soon will shade two, keep the marks of our death and always bear your fruit of a dark colour, meet for mourning, as a monument of our double death.'

dixit et aptato pectus mucrone sub imum
 incubuit ferro, quod adhuc a caede tepebat.
 vota tamen tetigere deos, tetigere parentes ;
 nam color in pomo est, ubi permaturuit, ater, 165
 quodque rogis superest, una requiescit in urna."

Desierat : mediumque fuit breve tempus, et orsa est
 dicere Leuconoe : vocem tenuere sorores.

" hunc quoque, siderea qui temperat omnia luce,
 cepit amor Solem : Solis referemus amores. 170

primus adulterium Veneris cum Marte putatur
 hic vidisse deus ; videt hic deus omnia primus.
 indoluit facto Iunonigenaeque marito
 furta tori furtique locum monstravit, at illi
 et mens et quod opus fabrilis dextra tenebat 175

excidit : extemplo graciles ex aere catenas
 retiaque et laqueos, quae lumina fallere possent,
 elimat. non illud opus tenuissima vincant
 stamina, non summo quae pendet aranea tigno ;
 utque levis tactus momentaque parva sequantur, 180
 efficit et lecto circumdata collocat arte.

ut venere torum coniunx et adulter in unum,
 arte viri vinclisque nova ratione paratis
 in mediis ambo deprensi amplexibus haerent.

Lemnius extemplo valvas patefecit eburnas 185
 inmisitque deos ; illi iacuere ligati
 turpiter, atque aliquis de dis non tristibus optat
 sic fieri turpis ; superi risere, diuque
 haec fuit in toto notissima fabula caelo.

" Exigit indicii memorem Cythereia poenam 190
 190

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She spoke, and fitting the point beneath her breast, she fell forward on the sword which was still warm with her lover's blood. Her prayers touched the gods and touched the parents; for the colour of the mulberry fruit is dark red when it is ripe, and all that remained from both funeral pyres rests in a common urn."

The tale was done. Then, after a brief interval, Leuconoë began, while her sisters held their peace. "Even the Sun, who with his central light guides all the stars, has felt the power of love. The Sun's loves we will relate. This god was first, 'tis said, to see the shame of Mars and Venus; this god sees all things first. Shocked at the sight, he revealed her sin to the goddess' husband, Vulcan, Juno's son, and where it was committed. Then Vulcan's mind reeled and the work upon which he was engaged fell from his hands. Straightway he fashioned a net of fine links of bronze, so thin that they would escape detection of the eye. Not the finest threads of wool would surpass that work; no, not the web which the spider lets down from the ceiling beam. He made the web in such a way that it would yield to the slightest touch, the least movement, and then he spread it deftly over the couch. Now when the goddess and her paramour had come thither, by the husband's art and by the net so cunningly prepared they were both caught and held fast in each other's arms. Straightway Vulcan, the Lemnian, opened wide the ivory doors and invited in the other gods. There lay the two in chains, disgracefully. The gods were merry, and someone prayed that he might be so disgraced. The gods laughed, and for a long time this story was the talk of heaven.

"But the goddess of Cythera did not forget the one

OID

inque vices illum, tectos qui laesit amores,
 laedit amore pari. quid nunc, Hyperione nate,
 forma colorque tibi radiataque lumina prosunt?
 nempe, tuis omnes qui terras ignibus uris,
 ureris igne novo; quique omnia cernere debes, 195
 Leucothoen spectas et virgine figis in una,
 quos mundo debes, oculos. modo surgis Eoo
 temperius caelo, modo serius incidis undis,
 spectandique mora brumalis porrigis horas;
 deficis interdum, vitiumque in lumina mentis 200
 transit et obscurus mortalia pectora terres.
 nec tibi quod lunae terris propioris imago
 obstiterit, palles: facit hunc amor iste colorem.
 diligis hanc unam, nec te Clymeneque Rhodosque
 nec tenet Aeaeae genetrix pulcherrima Circes 205
 quaeque tuos Clytie quamvis despecta petebat
 concubitus ipsoque illo grave vulnus habebat
 tempore: Leucothoe multarum oblivia fecit,
 gentis odoriferae quam formosissima partu
 edidit Eurynome; sed postquam filia crevit, 210
 quam mater cunctas, tam matrem filia vicit.
 rexit Achaemenias urbes pater Orchamus isque
 septimus a prisco numeratur origine Belo.

"Axe sub Hesperio sunt pascua Solis equorum:
 ambrosiam pro gramine habent; ea fessa diurnis 215
 membra ministeriis nutrit reparatque labori.
 dumque ibi quadrupedes caelestia pabula carpunt
 noxque vicem peragit, thalamos deus intrat
 amatos,

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who had spied on her, and took fitting vengeance on him; and he that betrayed her stolen love was equally betrayed in love. What now avail, O son of Hyperion, thy beauty and brightness and radiant beams? For thou, who dost inflame all lands with thy fires, art thyself inflamed by a strange fire. Thou who shouldst behold all things, dost gaze on Leucothoë alone, and on one maiden dost thou fix those eyes which belong to the whole world. Anon too early dost thou rise in the eastern sky, and anon too late dost thou sink beneath the waves, and through thy long lingering over her dost prolong the short wintry hours. Sometimes thy beams fail utterly, thy heart's darkness passing to thy rays, and darkened thou dost terrify the hearts of men. Nor is it that the moon has come 'twixt thee and earth that thou art dark; 'tis that love of thine alone that makes thy face so wan. Thou delightest in her alone. Now neither Clymene seems fair to thee, nor the maid of Rhodes, nor Aæean Circes' mother, though most beautiful, nor Clytie, who, although scorned by thee, still seeks thy love and even now bears its deep wounds in her heart. Leucothoë makes thee forgetful of them all, she whom most fair Eurynome bore in the land of spices. But, after the daughter came to womanhood, as the mother surpassed all in loveliness, so did the daughter surpass her. Her father, Orchamus, ruled over the cities of Persia, himself the seventh in line from ancient Belus.

“Beneath the western skies lie the pastures of the Sun's horses. Here not common grass, but ambrosia is their food. On this their bodies, weary with their service of the day, are refreshed and gain new strength for toil. While here his horses crop their celestial pasturage and Night takes her turn of toil, the

OID

versus in Eurynomes faciem genetricis, et inter
 bis sex Leucothoen famulas ad lumina cernit 220
 levia versato ducentem stamina fuso.
 ergo ubi ceu mater carae dedit oscula natae,
 'res' ait 'arcana est: famulae, discedite neve
 eripite arbitrium matri secreta loquendi.'
 paruerant, thalamoque deus sine teste relicto 225
 'ille ego sum' dixit, 'qui longum metior annum,
 omnia qui video, per quem videt omnia tellus,
 mundi oculus: mihi, crede, places.' pavet illa
 metuque
 et colus et fusus digitis cecidere remissis.
 ipse timor decuit. nec longius ille moratus 230
 in veram rediit speciem solitumque nitorem;
 at virgo quamvis inopino territa visu
 victa nitore dei posita vim passa querella est.
 "Invidit Clytie (neque enim moderatus in illa
 Solis amor fuerat) stimulataque paelicis ira 235
 vulgat adulterium diffamatumque parenti
 indicat. ille ferox inmansuetusque precantem
 tendentemque manus ad lumina Solis et 'ille
 vim tulit invitae' dicentem defodit alta
 crudus humo tumulumque super gravis addit
 harenae. 240
 dissipat hunc radiis Hyperione natus iterque
 dat tibi, qua possis defossos promere vultus;
 nec tu iam poteras enectum pondere terrae
 tollere, nympa, caput corpusque exsanguie iacebas:
 nil illo fertur voluerum moderator equorum 245

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god enters the apartments of his love, assuming the form of Eurynome, her mother. There he discovers Leucothoë, surrounded by her twelve maidens, spinning fine wool with whirling spindle. Then having kissed her, just as her mother would have kissed her dear daughter, he says: 'Mine is a private matter. Retire, ye slaves, and let not a mother want the right to a private speech.' The slaves obey; and now the god, when the last witness has left the room, declares: 'Lo, I am he who measure out the year, who behold all things, by whom the earth beholds all things—the world's eye. I tell thee thou hast found favour in my sight.' The nymph is filled with fear; distaff and spindle fall unheeded from her limp fingers. Her very fear becomes her. Then he, no longer tarrying, resumes his own form and his wonted splendour. But the maiden, though in terror at this sudden apparition, yet, overwhelmed by his radiance, at last without protest suffers the ardent wooing of the god.

"Clytie was jealous, for love of the Sun still burned uncontrolled in her. Burning now with wrath at the sight of her rival, she spread abroad the story, and especially to the father did she tell his daughter's shame. He, fierce and merciless, unheeding her prayers, unheeding her arms stretched out to the Sun, and unheeding her cry, 'He overbore my will,' with brutal cruelty buried her deep in the earth, and heaped on the spot a heavy mound of sand. The son of Hyperion rent this with his rays, and made a way by which you might put forth your buried head; but too late, for now, poor nymph, you could not lift your head, crushed beneath the heavy earth, and you lay there, a lifeless corpse. Naught more pitiful than that sight, they say, did the driver of the swift steeds

post Phaethonteos vidisse dolentius ignes.
 ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus
 si queat in vivum temptat revocare calorem ;
 sed quoniam tantis fatum conatibus obstat,
 nectare odorato sparsit corpusque locumque 250
 multaue praequestus ‘ tanges tamen aethera ’ dixit.
 protinus inbutum caelesti nectare corpus
 dilicuit terramque suo madefecit odore,
 virgaue per glaebas sensim radicibus actis
 turea surrexit tumulumque cacumine rupit. 255

“ At Clytien, quamvis amor excusare dolorem
 indiciumque dolor poterat, non amplius auctor
 lucis adit Venerisque modum sibi fecit in illa.
 tabuit ex illo dementer amoribus usa ;
 nympharum inpatiens et sub Iove nocte dieque 260
 sedit humo nuda nudis incompta capillis,
 perque novem luces expers undaeque cibique
 rore mero lacrimisque suis ieiunia pavit
 nec se movit humo ; tantum spectabat euntis
 ora dei vultusque suos flectebat ad illum. 265
 membra ferunt haesisse solo, partemque coloris
 luridus exsanguis pallor convertit in herbas ;
 est in parte rubor violaeque simillimus ora
 flos tegit. illa suum, quamvis radice tenetur,
 vertitur ad Solem mutataque servat amorem.” 270

“ Dixerat, et factum mirabile ceperat auris ;
 pars fieri potuisse negant, pars omnia veros
 posse deos memorant : sed non est Bacchus in illis.
 poscitur Alcithoe, postquam siluere sorores.

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see since Phaëthon's burning death. He tried, indeed, by his warm rays to recall those death-cold limbs to the warmth of life. But since grim fate opposed all his efforts, he sprinkled the body and the ground with fragrant nectar, and precluding with many words of grief, he said: 'In spite of fate shalt thou reach the upper air.' Straightway the body, soaked with the celestial nectar, melted away and filled the earth around with its sweet fragrance. Then did a shrub of frankincense, with deep-driven roots, rise slowly through the soil and its top cleaved the mound.

"But Clytie, though love could excuse her grief, and grief her tattling, was sought no more by the great light-giver, nor did he find aught to love in her. For this cause she pined away, her love turned to madness. Unable to endure her sister nymphs, beneath the open sky, by night and day, she sat upon the ground, naked, bareheaded, unkempt. For nine whole days she sat, tasting neither drink nor food, her hunger fed by naught save her falling tears, and moved not from the ground. Only she gazed on the face of her god as he went his way, and turned her face towards him. They say that her limbs grew fast to the soil and her deathly pallor changed in part to a bloodless plant; but in part 'twas red, and a flower, much like a violet, came where her face had been. Still, though roots hold her fast, she turns ever towards the sun and, though changed herself, preserves her love unchanged."

The story-teller ceased; the wonderful tale had held their ears. Some of the sisters say that such things could not happen; others declare that true gods can do anything. But Bacchus is not one of these. Alcithoë is next called for when the sisters

OVID

quae radio stantis percurrens stamina telae 275
 “vulgatos taceo,” dixit “pastoris amores
 Daphnidis Idaei, quem nymphe paelicis ira
 contulit in saxum : tantus dolor urit amantes ;
 nec loquor, ut quondam naturae iure novato
 ambiguus fuerit modo vir, modo femina Sithon. 280
 te quoque, nunc adamas, quondam fidissime parvo,
 Celmi, Iovi largoque satos Curetas ab imbri
 et Crocon in parvos versum cum Smilace flores
 praetereo dulcique animos novitate tenebo.
 “Unde sit infamis, quare male fortibus undis 285
 Salmacis enervet tactosque remolliat artus,
 discite. causa latet, vis est notissima fontis.
 Mercurio puerum diva Cythereide natum
 naides Idaeis enutrivere sub antris,
 cuius erat facies, in qua materque paterque 290
 cognosci possent ; nomen quoque traxit ab illis.
 is tria cum primum fecit quinquennia, montes
 deseruit patrios Idaque altrice relicta
 ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
 flumina gaudebat, studio minuente laborem. 295
 ille etiam Lycias urbes Lyciaeque propinquos
 Caras adit : videt hic stagnum lucentis ad imum
 usque solum lymphae ; non illic canna palustris
 nec steriles ulvae nec acuta cuspide iunci ;
 perspicuus liquor est ; stagni tamen ultima vivo 300
 caespite cinguntur semperque virentibus herbis.
 nympha colit, sed nec venatibus apta nec arcus
 flectere quae soleat nec quae contendere cursu,

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have become silent again. Running her shuttle swiftly through the threads of her loom, she said: "I will pass by the well-known love of Daphnis, the shepherd-boy of Ida, whom a nymph, in anger at her rival, changed to stone: so great is the burning smart which jealous lovers feel. Nor will I tell how once Sithon, the natural laws reversed, lived of changing sex, now woman and now man. How you also, Celmis, now adamant, were once most faithful friend of little Jove; how the Curetes sprang from copious showers; how Crocus and his beloved Smilax were changed into tiny flowers. All these stories I will pass by and will charm your minds with a tale that is pleasing because new.

"How the fountain of Salmacis is of ill-repute, how it enervates with its enfeebling waters and renders soft and weak all men who bathe therein, you shall now hear. The cause is hidden; but the enfeebling power of the fountain is well known. A little son of Hermes and of the goddess of Cythera the naiads nursed within Ida's caves. In his fair face mother and father could be clearly seen; his name also he took from them. When fifteen years had passed, he left his native mountains and abandoned his foster-mother, Ida, delighting to wander in unknown lands and to see strange rivers, his eagerness making light of toil. He came even to the Lycian cities and to the Carians, who dwell hard by the land of Lycia. Here he saw a pool of water crystal clear to the very bottom. No marshy reeds grew there, no unfruitful swamp-grass, nor spiky rushes; it is clear water. But the edges of the pool are bordered with fresh grass, and herbage ever green. A nymph dwells in the pool, not one that loves hunting, who loves not to bend the bow or strive with speed of foot. She

OVID

solaque naiadam celeri non nota Dianae.
 saepe suas illi fama est dixisse sorores 305
 ‘Salmaci, vel iaculum vel pictas sume pharetras
 et tua cum duris venatibus otia misce!’
 nec iaculum sumit nec pictas illa pharetras,
 nec sua cum duris venatibus otia miscet,
 sed modo fonte suo formosos perluit artus, 310
 saepe Cytoriaco deducit pectine crines
 et, quid se deceat, spectatas consulit undas;
 nunc perlucenti circumdata corpus amictu
 mollibus aut foliis aut mollibus incubat herbis,
 saepe legit flores. et tum quoque forte legebat, 315
 cum puerum vidit visumque optavit habere.

“Nec tamen ante adiit, etsi properabat adire,
 quam se composuit, quam circumspexit amictus
 et finxit vultum et meruit formosa videri.
 tunc sic orsa loqui: ‘puer o dignissime credi 320
 esse deus, seu tu deus es, potes esse Cupido,
 sive es mortalis, qui te genuere, beati,
 et frater felix, et fortunata profecto,
 si qua tibi soror est, et quae dedit ubera nutrix;
 sed longe cunctis longeque beatior illa, 325
 si qua tibi sponsa est, si quam dignabere taeda.
 haec tibi sive aliqua est, mea sit furtiva voluptas,
 seu nulla est, ego sim, thalamumque ineamus
 eundem.’

nais ab his tacuit. pueri rubor ora notavit;
 nescit enim, quid amor; sed et erubuisse decebat:
 hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis 331
 aut ebori tincto est aut sub candore rubenti,
 cum frustra resonant aera auxiliaria, lunae.
 poscenti nymphae sine fine sororia saltem

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only of the naiads follows not in swift Diana's train. Often, 'tis said, her sisters would chide her: 'Sal-macis, take now either hunting-spear or painted quiver, and vary your ease with the hardships of the hunt.' But she takes no hunting-spear, no painted quiver, nor does she vary her ease with the hardships of the hunt; but at times she bathes her shapely limbs in her own pool; often combs her hair with a boxwood comb, often looks in the mirror-like waters to see what best becomes her. Now, wrapped in a shimmering robe, she lies down to rest on the soft grass or the soft herbage. Often she gathers flowers; and on this occasion, too, she chanced to be gathering flowers when she saw the boy and longed to possess what she saw.

"Not yet, however, did she approach him, though she was eager to do so, until she had calmed herself, until she had arranged her robes and composed her countenance, and taken all pains to appear beautiful. Then did she speak: 'O youth, most worthy to be believed a god, if thou art indeed a god, thou must be Cupid; or if thou art mortal, happy are they who gave thee birth, blest is thy brother, fortunate indeed any sister of thine and thy nurse who gave thee suck. But far, oh, far happier than they all is she, if any be thy promised bride, if thou shalt deem any worthy to be thy wife. If there be any such, let mine be stolen joy; if not, may I be thine, thy bride, and may we be joined in wedlock.' The maiden said no more. But the boy blushed rosy red; for he knew not what love is. But still the blush became him well. Such colour have apples hanging in sunny orchards, or painted ivory; such has the moon, eclipsed, red under white, when brazen vessels clash vainly for her relief. When the nymph begged and prayed for at least a sister's kiss

OID

oscula iamque manus ad eburnea colla ferenti 335
 'desinis? aut fugio tecumque' ait 'ista relinquo.'
 Salmacis extimuit 'loca' que 'haec tibi libera
 trado,
 hospes' ait simulatque gradu discedere verso,
 tum quoque respiciens, fruticumque recondita
 silva
 delituit flexuque genu submisit; at ille, 340
 scilicet ut vacuis et inobservatus in herbis,
 huc it et hinc illuc et in adludentibus undis
 summa pedum taloque tenus vestigia tinguit;
 nec mora, temperie blandarum captus aquarum
 mollia de tenero velamina corpore ponit. 345
 tum vero stupuit nudaeque cupidine formae
 Salmacis exarsit, flagrant quoque lumina nymphae,
 non aliter quam cum puro nitidissimus orbe
 opposita speculi referitur imagine Phoebus;
 vixque moram patitur, vix iam sua gaudia differt, 350
 iam cupit amplecti, iam se male continet amens.
 ille cavis velox adplauso corpore palmis
 desilit in latices alternaque bracchia ducens
 in liquidis translucet aquis, ut eburnea si quis
 signa tegat claro vel candida lilia vitro. 355
 'vicinus et meus est' exclamat nais, et omni
 veste procul iacta mediis inmittitur undis,
 pugnantemque tenet, luctantiaque oscula carpit,
 subiectatque manus, invitaque pectora tangit,
 et nunc hac iuveni, nunc circumfunditur illac; 360
 denique nitentem contra elabique volentem
 implicat ut serpens, quam regia sustinet ales
 sublimemque rapit: pendens caput illa pedesque
 adligat et cauda spatiantes implicat alas;
 utve solent hederæ longos intexere truncos, 365
 utque sub aequoribus deprensus polypus hostem

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and was in act to throw her arms round his snowy neck, he cried: 'Have done, or I must flee and leave this spot—and you.' Salmacis trembled at this threat and said: 'I yield the place to you, fair stranger,' and turning away, pretended to depart. But even so she often looked back, and deep in a neighbouring thicket she hid herself, crouching on bended knees. But the boy, freely as if unwatched and alone, walks up and down on the grass, dips his toes in the lapping waters, and his feet. Then quickly, charmed with the coolness of the soothing stream, he threw aside the thin garments from his slender form. Then was the nymph as one spellbound, and her love kindled as she gazed at the naked form. Her eyes shone bright as when the sun's dazzling face is reflected from the surface of a glass held opposite his rays. Scarce can she endure delay, scarce bear her joy postponed, so eager to hold him in her arms, so madly incontinent. He, clapping his body with hollow palms, dives into the pool, and swimming with alternate strokes flashes with gleaming body through the transparent flood, as if one should encase ivory figures or white lilies in translucent glass. 'I win, and he is mine!' cries the naiad, and casting off all her garments dives also into the waters: she holds him fast though he strives against her, steals reluctant kisses, fondles him, touches his unwilling breast, clings to him on this side and on that. At length, as he tries his best to break away from her, she wraps him round with her embrace, as a serpent, when the king of birds has caught her and is bearing her on high: which, hanging from his claws, wraps her folds around his head and feet and entangles his flapping wings with her tail; or as the ivy oft-times embraces great trunks of trees, or as the sea-polyp holds its enemy caught

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VI. 1008 OVID

continet ex omni dimissis parte flagellis.
 perstat Atlantiades sperataque gaudia nymphae
 denegat, illa premit commissaque corpore toto
 sicut inhaerebat, 'pugnes licet, inprobe,' dixit, 370
 'non tamen effugies. ita di iubeatis, et istum
 nulla dies a me nec me deducat ab isto.'

vota suos habuere deos; nam mixta duorum
 corpora iunguntur, faciesque inducitur illis
 una. velut, si quis conducat cortice ramos, 375
 crescendo iungi pariterque adolescere cernit,
 sic ubi complexu coierunt membra tenaci,
 nec duo sunt et forma duplex, nec femina dici
 nec puer ut possit, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.

"Ergo ubi se liquidas, quo vir descenderat, undas
 seminarem fecisse videt mollitaque in illis 381
 membra, manus tendens, sed iam non voce virili
 Hermaphroditus ait: 'nato date munera vestro,
 et pater et genetrix, amborum nomen habenti:
 quisquis in hos fontes vir venerit, exeat inde 385
 semivir et tactis subito mollescat in undis!'
 motus uterque parens nati rata verba biformis
 fecit et incesto fontem medicamine tinxit."

Finis erat dictis, sed adhuc Minyeia proles
 arguet opus spernitque deum festumque profanat,
 tympana cum subito non adparentia raucis 391
 obstrepuere sonis, et adunco tibia cornu
 tinnulaque aera sonant; redolent murræque crocique,
 resque fide maior, coepere virescere telae
 inque hederæ faciem pendens frondescere vestis; 395

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beneath the sea, its tentacles embracing him on every side. The son of Atlas resists as best he may and denies the nymph the joy she craves; but she holds on, and clings as if grown fast to him. 'Strive as you may, wicked boy,' she cries, 'still shall you not escape me. Grant me this, ye gods, and may no day ever come that shall separate him from me or me from him.' The gods heard her prayer. For their two bodies, joined together as they were, were merged in one, with one face and form for both. As when one grafts a twig on some tree, he sees the branches grow one, and with common life come to maturity, so were these two bodies knit in close embrace: they were no longer two, nor such as to be called, one, woman, and one, man. They seemed neither, and yet both.

"When now he saw that the waters into which he had plunged had made him but half-man, and that his limbs had become enfeebled there, stretching out his hands and speaking, though not with manly tones, Hermaphroditus cried: 'Oh, grant this boon, my father and my mother, to your son who bears the names of both: whoever comes into this pool as man may he go forth half-man, and may he weaken at touch of the water.' His parents heard the prayer of their two-formed son and charged the waters with that uncanny power."

Alcithoë was done; but still did the daughters of Minyas ply their tasks, despising the god and profaning his holy day: when suddenly unseen timbrels sounded harshly in their ears, and flutes, with curving horns, and tinkling cymbals; the air was full of the sweet scent of saffron and of myrrh; and, past all belief, their webst turned green, the hanging cloth changed into vines of ivy; part became grape-vines, and what were but now threads became clinging

OID

pars abit in vites, et quae modo fila fuerunt,
 palmite mutantur; de stamine pampinus exit;
 purpura fulgorem pictis adcommodat uvis.
 iamque dies exactus erat, tempusque subibat,
 quod tu nec tenebras nec possis dicere lucem, 400
 sed cum luce tamen dubiae confinia noctis:
 tecta repente quati pinguesque ardere videntur
 lampades et rutilus conlucere ignibus aedes
 falsaque saevarum simulacra ululare ferarum,
 fumida iamdudum latitant per tecta sorores 405
 diversaeque locis ignes ac lumina vitant,
 dumque petunt tenebras, parvos membrana per artus
 porrigitur tenuique includit bracchia pinna;
 nec qua perdiderint veterem ratione figuram,
 scire sinunt tenebrae: non illas pluma levavit, 410
 sustinuerunt tamen se perlucentibus alis
 conataeque loqui minimam et pro corpore vocem
 emittunt peraguntque levi stridore querellas.
 tectaue, non silvas celebrant lucemque perosae
 nocte volant seroque tenent a vespere nomen. 415

Tum vero totis Bacchi memorabile Thebis
 numen erat, magnasque novi matertera vires
 narrat ubique dei de totque sororibus experts
 una doloris erat, nisi quem fecere sorores:
 adspicit hanc natis thalamoque Athamantis habentem
 sublimes animos et alumno numine Iuno 421
 nec tulit et secum: "potuit de paelice natus

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

tendrils ; vine-leaves sprang out along the warp, and bright-hued clusters matched the purple tapestry. And now the day was ended and the time was come when you could not say 'twas dark or light ; it was the borderland of night, yet with a gleam of day. Suddenly the whole house seemed to tremble, the oil-fed lamps to flare up, and all the rooms to be ablaze with ruddy fires, while ghostly beasts howled round. Meanwhile the sisters are seeking hiding-places through the smoke-filled rooms, in various corners trying to avoid the flames and glare of light. And while they seek to hide, a skinny covering overspreads their slender limbs, and thin wings enclose their arms. And in what fashion they have lost their former shape they know not for the darkness. No feathered pinions uplift them, yet they sustain themselves on transparent wings. They try to speak, but utter only the tiniest sound as befits their shrivelled forms, and give voice to their grief in thin squeaks. Houses, not forests, are their favourite haunts ; and, hating the light of day, they flit by night and from late eventide derive their name.¹

Then, truly, was the divinity of Bacchus acknowledged throughout all Thebes, and his mother's sister, Ino, would be telling of the wonderful powers of the new god everywhere. She alone of all her sisters knew naught of grief, except what she felt for them. She, proud of her children, of her husband, Athamas, and proud above all of her divine foster-son, is seen by Juno, who could not bear the sight. "That child of my rival," she said, communing with herself, "had power to change the

¹ *i.e. vesperitiliones*, "creatures that flit about in the twilight," *i.e.* bats.

OID

vertere Maeonios pelagoque inmergere nautas
 et laceranda suae nati dare viscera matri
 et triplices operire novis Minyeidas alis : 425
 nil poterit Iuno nisi inultos flere dolores ?
 idque mihi satis est ? haec una potentia nostra est ?
 ipse docet, quid agam (fas est et ab hoste doceri),
 quidque furor valeat, Penthea caede satisque
 ac super ostendit : cur non stimuletur eatque 430
 per cognata suis exempla furoribus Ino ? ”

Est via declivis funesta nubila taxo :
 ducit ad infernas per muta silentia sedes ;
 Styx nebulas exhalat iners, umbraeque recentes
 descendunt illac simulacraque functa sepulcris : 435
 pallor hiemsque tenent late loca senta, novique,
 qua sit iter, manes, Stygiam quod ducat ad urbem,
 ignorant, ubi sit nigri fera regia Ditis.
 mille capax aditus et apertas undique portas
 urbs habet, utque fretum de tota flumina terra, 440
 sic omnes animas locus accipit ille nec ulli
 exiguus populo est turbamve accedere sentit.
 errant exsanguis sine corpore et ossibus umbrae,
 parsque forum celebrant, pars imi tecta tyranni,
 pars aliquas artes, antiquae imitamina vitae.¹ 445

Sustinet ire illuc caelesti sede relicta 447
 (tantum odiis iraeque dabat) Saturnia Iuno ;
 quo simul intravit sacroque a corpore pressum
 ingemuit limen, tria Cerberus extulit ora 450

¹ 446 exercent, aliam partem sua poena coercent. *This line, included in some manuscripts, is rejected by most editors.*

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

Maeonian sailors and plunge them in the sea, to cause the flesh of a son to be torn in pieces by his own mother, and to enwrap the three daughters of Minyas with strange wings; and shall naught be given to Juno, save to bemoan her wrongs still unavenged? Does that suffice me? Is this my only power? But he himself teaches me what to do. 'Tis proper to learn even from an enemy. To what length madness can go he has proved enough and to spare by the slaughter of Pentheus. Why should not Ino be stung to madness too, and, urged by her fury, go where her kinswomen have led the way?"

There is a down-sloping path, by deadly yew-trees shaded, which leads through dumb silence to the infernal realms. The sluggish Styx there exhales its vaporous breath; and by that way come down the spirits of the new-dead, shades of those who have received due funeral rites. This is a wide-extending waste, wan and cold; and the shades newly arrived know not where the road is which leads to the Stygian city where lies the dread palace of black Dis. This city has a thousand wide approaches and gates open on all sides; and as the ocean receives the rivers that flow down from all the earth, so does this place receive all souls; it is not too small for any people, nor does it feel the accession of a throng. There wander the shades bloodless, without body and bone. Some throng the forum, some the palace of the underworld king; others ply some craft in imitation of their former life.

Thither, leaving her abode in heaven, Saturnian Juno endured to go; so much did she grant to her hate and wrath. When she made entrance there, and the threshold groaned beneath the weight of her sacred form, Cerberus reared up his threefold head

et tres latratus simul edidit; illa sorores
 Nocte vocat genitas, grave et inplacabile numen:
 carceris ante fores clausas adamante sedebant
 deque suis atros pectebant crinibus angues.
 quam simul agnorunt inter caliginis umbras, 455
 surrexere deae; sedes scelerata vocatur:
 viscera praebebat Tityos lanianda novemque
 iugeribus distentus erat; tibi, Tantale, nullae
 deprenduntur aquae, quaeque inminet, effugit
 arbos;

aut petis aut urges rediturum, Sisyphe saxum; 460
 volvitur Ixion et se sequiturque fugitque,
 molirique suis letum patruelibus ausae
 adsiduae repetunt, quas perdant, Belides undas.

Quos omnes acie postquam Saturnia torva
 vidit et ante omnes Ixiona, rursus ab illo 465
 Sisyphon adspiciens "cur hic e fratribus" inquit
 "perpetuas patitur poenas, Athamanta superbum
 regia dives habet, qui me cum coniuge semper
 sprexit?" et exponit causas odiique viaeque,
 quidque velit: quod vellet, erat, ne regia Cadmi 470
 staret, et in facinus traherent Athamanta sorores.
 imperium, promissa, preces confundit in unum
 sollicitatque deas: sic haec Iunone locuta,
 Tisiphonè canos, ut erat, turbata capillos
 movit et obstantes reiecit ab ore colubras 475
 atque ita "non longis opus est ambagibus," inquit;
 "facta puta, quaecumque iubes; inamabile regnum
 desere teque refer caeli melioris ad auras."

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and uttered his threefold baying. The goddess summoned the Furies, sisters born of Night, divinities deadly and implacable. Before hell's closed gates of adamant they sat, combing the while black snakes from their hair. When they recognized Juno approaching through the thick gloom, the goddesses arose. This place is called the Accursed Place. Here Tityos offered his vitals to be torn, lying stretched out over nine broad acres. Thy lips can catch no water, Tantalus, and the tree that overhangs ever eludes thee. Thou, Sisyphus, dost either push or chase the rock that must always be rolling down the hill again. There whirls Ixion on his wheel, both following himself and fleeing, all in one; and the Belides, for daring to work destruction on their cousin-husbands, with unremitting toil seek again and again the waters, only to lose them.

On all these Saturnia looks with frowning eyes, but especially on Ixion; then, turning her gaze from him to Sisyphus, she says: "Why does this of all the brothers suffer unending pains, while Athamas dwells proudly in a rich palace—Athamas, who with his wife has always scorned my godhead?" And she explains the causes of her hatred and of her journey hither, and what she wants. What she wanted was that the house of Cadmus should fall, and that the Fury-sisters should drive Athamas to madness. Commands, promises, prayers she poured out all in one, and begged the goddesses to aid her. When Juno had done, Tisiphone, just as she was, shook her tangled grey locks, tossed back the straggling snakes from her face, and said: "There is no need of long explanations; consider done all that you ask. Leave this unlovely realm and go back to the sweeter airs of your native skies." Juno went back rejoicing;

OID

laeta redit Iuno, quam caelum intrare parantem
roratis lustravit aquis Thaumantias Iris. 480

Nec mora, Tisiphone madefactam sanguine sumit
inportuna facem, fluidoque cruore rubentem
induitur pallam, tortoque incingitur angue
egrediturque domo. Luctus comitatur euntem
et Pavor et Terror trepidoque Insania vultu. 485

limine constiterat: postes tremuisse feruntur
Aeolii pallorque fores infecit Avernus¹
solque locum fugit. monstris exterrita coniunx,
terrītus est Athamas, tectoque exire parabant:
obstitit infelix aditumque obsedit Erinys, 490

nexaque vipereis distendens bracchia nodis
caesariem excussit: motae sonuere colubrae
parsque iacent umeris, pars circum pectora lapsae
sibila dant saniemque vomunt linguisque coruscant.
inde duos mediis abruptit crinibus angues 495

pestiferaque manu raptos inmisit, at illi
Inoosque sinus Athamanteosque pererrant
inspirantque graves animos; nec vulnera membris
ulla ferunt: mens est, quae diros sentiat ictus.
attulerat secum liquidi quoque monstra veneni, 500

oris Cerberei spumas et virus Echidnae
erroresque vagos caecaeque obliviae mentis
et scelus et lacrimas rabiemque et caedis amorem,
omnia trita simul, quae sanguine mixta recenti
coxerat aere cavo viridi versata cicuta; 505

¹ Avernus *Merkel*: acernas *MSS.*

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and as she was entering heaven, Iris, the daughter of Thaumus, sprinkled her o'er with purifying water.

Straightway the fell Tisiphone seized a torch which had been steeped in gore, put on a robe red with dripping blood, girt round her waist a writhing snake, and started forth. Grief went along with her, Terror and Dread and Madness, too, with quivering face. She stood upon the doomed threshold. They say the very door-posts of the house of Aeolus¹ shrank away from her; the baleful light of hell lit up the doors and the sun hid his face. Ino was mad with terror at the monstrous sight, and her husband, Athamas, was filled with fear. They made to leave their palace, but the baleful Fury stood in their way and blocked their exit. And stretching her arms, wreathed with vipers, she shook out her locks: disturbed, the serpents hissed horribly. A part lay on her shoulders, part twined round her breast, hissing, vomiting venomous gore, and darting out their tongues. Then she tears away two serpents from the midst of her tresses, and with deadly aim hurls them at her victims. The snakes go gliding over the breasts of Ino and of Athamas and breathe upon them their pestilential breath. No wounds their bodies suffer; 'tis their minds that feel the deadly stroke. The Fury, not content with this, had brought horrid poisons too—froth of Cerberus' jaws, the venom of the Hydra, strange hallucinations and utter forgetfulness, crime and tears, mad love of slaughter, all mixed together with fresh blood and green hemlock juice, and brewed in a brazen cauldron. And while they stood quaking there, over the breasts of both she poured this maddening poison brew, and made it sink to their being's core.

¹ The father of Athamas.

IVID

dumque pavent illi, vergit furiale venenum
 pectus in amborum praecordiaque intima movit.
 tum face iactata per eundem saepius orbem
 consequitur motis velociter ignibus ignes.
 sic victrix iussique potens ad inania magni 510
 regna redit Ditis sumptumque recingitur anguem.

Protinus Aeolides media furibundus in aula
 clamat "io, comites, his retia tendite silvis!
 hic modo cum gemina visa est mihi prole leaena"
 utque ferae sequitur vestigia coniugis amens 515
 deque sinu matris ridentem et parva Learchum
 brachia tendentem rapit et bis terque per auras
 more rotat fundae rigidoque infantia saxo
 discutit ora ferox; tum denique concita mater,
 seu dolor hoc fecit seu sparsi causa veneni, 520
 exululat passisque fugit male sana capillis
 teque ferens parvum nudis, Melicerta, lacertis
 "euhoe Bacche" sonat: Bacchi sub nomine Iuno
 risit et "hos usus praestet tibi" dixit "alumnus!"
 imminet aequoribus scopulus: pars ima cavatur 525
 fluctibus et tectas defendit ab imbribus undas,
 summa riget frontemque in apertum porrigit
 aequor;

occupat hunc (vires insania fecerat) Ino
 seque super pontum nullo tardata timore
 mittit onusque suum; percussa recanduit unda. 530

At Venus, inmeritae neptis miserata labores,
 sic patruo blandita suo est "o numen aquarum,
 proxima cui caelo cessit, Neptune, potestas,

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Then, catching up her torch, she whirled it rapidly round and round and kindled fire by the swiftly moving fire. So, her task accomplished and her victory won, she retraced her way to the unsubstantial realm of mighty Dis, and there laid off the serpents she had worn.

Straightway cried Athamas, the son of Aeolus, madly raving in his palace halls: "Ho! my comrades, spread the nets here in these woods! I saw here but now a lioness with her two cubs"; and madly pursued his wife's tracks as if she were a beast of prey. His son, Learchus, laughing and stretching out his little hands in glee, he snatched from the mother's arms, and whirling him round and round through the air like a sling, he madly dashed the baby's head against a rough rock. Then the mother, stung to madness too, either by grief or by the sprinkled poison's force, howled wildly, and, quite bereft of sense, with hair streaming, she fled away, bearing thee, little Melicerta, in her naked arms, and shouting "Ho! Bacchus!" as she fled. At the name of Bacchus, Juno laughed in scorn and said: "So may your foster-son ever bless you!" A cliff o'erhung the sea, the lower part of which had been hollowed out by the beating waves, and sheltered the waters underneath from the rain. Its top stood high and sharp and stretched far out in front over the deep. To this spot—for madness had made her strong—Ino climbed, and held by no natural fears, she leaped with her child far out above the sea. The water where she fell was churned white with foam.

But Venus, pitying the undeserved sufferings of her granddaughter, thus addressed her uncle with coaxing words: "O Neptune, god of waters, whose

OVID

magna quidem posco, sed tu miserere meorum,
 iactari quos cernis in Ionio immenso, 535
 et dis adde tuis. aliqua et mihi gratia ponto est,
 si tamen in dio quondam concreta profundo
 spuma fui Graiumque manet mihi nomen ab
 illa."

adnuit oranti Neptunus et abstulit illis,
 quod mortale fuit, maiestatemque verendam 540
 inposuit nomenque simul faciemque novavit
 Leucothoeque deum cum matre Palaemona dixit.

Sidoniae comites, quantum valuere secutae
 signa pedum, primo videre novissima saxo ;
 nec dubium de morte ratae Cadmeida palmis 545
 deplanxere domum scissae cum veste capillos,
 utque parum iustae nimiumque in paelice saevae
 invidiam fecere deae. convicia Iuno
 non tulit et "faciam vos ipsas maxima" dixit
 "saevitiae monumenta meae"; res dicta secuta
 est. 550

nam quae praecipue fuerat pia, "persequar" inquit
 "in freta reginam" saltumque datura moveri
 haud usquam potuit scopuloque adfixa cohaesit ;
 altera, dum solito temptat plangore ferire
 pectora, temptatos sensit riguisse lacertos ; 555
 illa, manus ut forte tedenderat in maris undas ;
 saxea facta manus in easdem porrigit undas ;
 huius, ut arreptum laniabat vertice crinem,
 duratos subito digitos in crine videres :
 quo quaeque in gestu deprensa est, haesit in illo. 560
 216

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power is second to heaven alone, I ask great things, I know; but do thou pity these my friends, whom thou seest plunged in the broad Ionian sea, and receive them among thy sea-deities. Some favour is due to me from the sea, if in its sacred depths my being sprang once from foam, and in the Greek tongue I have a name from this." Neptune consented to her prayer and, taking from Ino and her son all that was mortal, gave them a being to be revered, changing both name and form; for he called the new god Palaemon, and his goddess-mother, Leucothoë.

The Theban women who had been Ino's companions followed on her track as best they could, and saw her last act from the top of the rock. Nothing doubting that she had been killed, in mourning for the house of Cadmus they beat their breasts with their hands, tore their hair, and rent their garments; and they upbraided Juno, saying that she was unjust and too hard upon the woman who had wronged her. Juno could not brook their reproaches and said: "I will make yourselves the greatest monument of my wrath." No sooner said than done. For she who had been most devoted to the queen cried: "I shall follow my queen into the sea"; and was just about to take the leap when she was unable to move at all, and stood fixed fast to the rock. A second, while she was preparing again to smite her breasts as she had been doing, felt her lifted arms grow stiff. Another had by chance stretched out her hands towards the waters of the sea, but now 'twas a figure of stone that stretched out hands to those same waters. Still another, plucking at her hair to tear it out, you might see with sudden stiffened fingers still in act to

pars volucres factae, quae nunc quoque gurgite in
 illo

aequora destringunt summis Ismenides alis.

Nescit Agenorides natam parvumque nepotem
 aequoris esse deos ; luctu serieque malorum
 victus et ostentis, quae plurima viderat, exit 565

conditor urbe sua, tamquam fortuna locorum,
 non sua se premeret, longisque erratibus actus
 contigit Illyricos profuga cum coniuge fines.

iamque malis annisque graves dum prima retractant
 fata domus releguntque suos sermone labores, 570

“ num sacer ille mea traiectus cuspide serpens ”

Cadmus ait “ fuerat, tum cum Sidone profectus
 vipereos sparsi per humum, nova semina, dentes ?

quem si cura deum tam certa vindicat ira,
 ipse precor serpens in longam porrigar alvum.” 575

dixit, et ut serpens in longam tenditur alvum

durataeque cuti squamas increscere sentit

nigraque caeruleis variari corpora guttis

in pectusque cadit pronus, commissaque in unum

paullatim tereti tenuantur acumine crura. 580

bracchia iam restant : quae restant bracchia tendit

et lacrimis per adhuc humana fluentibus ora

“ accede, o coniunx, accede, miserrima ” dixit,

“ dumque aliquid superest de me, me tange

manumque

accipe, dum manus est, dum non totum occupat

anguis.”

585

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

tear. Each turned to stone and kept the pose in which she was overtaken. Still others were changed to birds, and they also, once Theban women, now on light wings skim the water over that pool.

Cadmus was all unaware that his daughter and little grandson had been changed to deities of the sea. Overcome with grief at the misfortunes which had been heaped upon him, and awed by the many portents he had seen, he fled from the city which he had founded, as if the fortune of the place and not his own evil fate were overwhelming him. Driven on through long wanderings, at last his flight brought him with his wife to the borders of Illyria. Here, overborne by the weight of woe and age, they reviewed the early misfortunes of their house and their own troubles. Cadmus said: "Was that a sacred serpent which my spear transfixed long ago when, fresh come from Sidon, I scattered his teeth on the earth, seed of a strange crop of men? If it be this the gods have been avenging with such unerring wrath, I pray that I, too, may be a serpent, and stretch myself in long snaky form——" Even as he spoke he was stretched out in long snaky form; he felt his skin hardening and scales growing on it, while iridescent spots besprinkled his darkening body. He fell prone upon his belly, and his legs were gradually moulded together into one and drawn out into a slender, pointed tail. His arms yet remained; while they remained, he stretched them out, and with tears flowing down his still human cheeks he cried: "Come near, oh, come, my most wretched wife, and while still there is something left of me, touch me, take my hand, while I have a hand, while still the serpent does not usurp me quite." He wanted to

ille quidem vult plura loqui, sed lingua repente
 in partes est fissa duas, nec verba volenti
 sufficiunt, quotiensque aliquos parat edere questus,
 sibilat: hanc illi vocem natura reliquit.

nuda manu feriens exclamat pectora coniunx: 590

“ Cadme, mane teque, infelix, his exue monstris!

Cadme, quid hoc? ubi pes, ubi sunt umerique
 manusque

et color et facies et, dum loquor, omnia? cur non
 me quoque, caelestes, in eandem vertitis anguem?”

dixerat, ille suae lambebat coniugis ora 595

inque sinus caros, veluti cognosceret, ibat

et dabat amplexus adsuetaque colla petebat.

quisquis adest (aderant comites), terrentur; at illa
 lubrica permulcet cristati colla draconis,

et subito duo sunt iunctoque volumine serpunt, 600

donec in adpositi nemoris subiere latebras,

nunc quoque nec fugiunt hominem nec vulnere
 laedunt

quidque prius fuerint, placidi meminere dracones.

Sed tamen ambobus versae solacia formae
 magna nepos dederat, quem debellata colebat 605

India, quem positis celebrabat Achaïa templis;

solus Abantiades ab origine cretus eadem

Acrisius superest, qui moenibus arceat urbis

Argolicae contraque deum ferat arma genusque

non putet esse deum: neque enim Iovis esse putabat

Persea, quem pluvio Danae conceperat auro. 611

mox tamen Acrisium (tanta est praesentia veri)

tam violasse deum quam non agnosse nepotem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

say much more, but his tongue was of a sudden cleft in two; words failed him, and whenever he tried to utter some sad complaint, it was a hiss; this was the only voice which Nature had left him. Then his wife, smiting her naked breasts with her hands, cried out: "O Cadmus, stay, unhappy man, and put off this monstrous form! Cadmus, what does this mean? Where are your feet? Where are your shoulders and your hands, your colour, face, and, while I speak, your—everything? Why, O ye gods of heaven, do you not change me also into the same serpent form?" She spoke; he licked his wife's face and glided into her dear familiar breast, and embraced her winding about her neck. All who were there—for they had comrades with them—were filled with horror. But she only stroked the sleek neck of the crested dragon, and suddenly there were two serpents there with intertwining folds, which after a little while crawled off and hid in the neighbouring woods. Now also, as of yore, they neither fear mankind nor wound them, mild creatures, remembering what once they were.

But both in their altered form found great comfort in their grandson, whom conquered India now worshipped, whose temples Greece had filled with adoring throngs. There was one only, Acrisius, the son of Abas, sprung from the same stock, who forbade the entrance of Bacchus within the walls of his city, Argos, who violently opposed the god, and did not admit that he was the son of Jove. Nor did he admit that Perseus was son of Jove, whom Danaë had conceived of a golden shower. And yet, such is the power of truth, Acrisius in the end was sorry that he had repulsed the god and had not acknowledged his grandson. The one had now been received to a

paenitet : inpositus iam caelo est alter, at alter
 viperei referens spolium memorabile monstri 615
 aera carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis,
 cumque super Libycas victor penderet harenas,
 Gorgonei capitis guttae cecidere cruentae ;
 quas humus exceptas varios animavit in angues,
 unde frequens illa est infestaque terra colubris. 620

Inde per immensum ventis discordibus actus
 nunc huc, nunc illuc exemplo nubis aquosae
 fertur et ex alto seductas aethere longe
 despectat terras totumque supervolat orbem.
 ter gelidas arctos, ter cancri bracchia vidit, 625
 saepe sub occasus, saepe est ablatas in ortus,
 iamque cadente die, veritus se credere nocti,
 constitit Hesperio, regnis Atlantis, in orbe
 exiguamque petit requiem, dum Lucifer ignes
 evocet Aurorae, currus Aurora diurnos. 630

hic hominum cunctos ingenti corpore praestans
 Iapetionides Atlas fuit : ultima tellus
 rege sub hoc et pontus erat, qui Solis anhelis
 aequora subdit equis et fessos excipit axes.
 mille greges illi totidemque armenta per herbas 635
 errabant, et humum vicinia nulla premebant ;
 arboreae frondes auro radiante nitentes
 ex auro ramos, ex auro poma tegebant.
 " hospes " ait Perseus illi, " seu gloria tangit
 te generis magni, generis mihi Iuppiter auctor ; 640
 sive es mirator rerum, mirabere nostras ;
 hospitium requiemque peto." memor ille vetustae
 sortis erat : Themis hanc dederat Parnasia sortem

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

place in heaven ; but the other, bearing the wonderful spoil of the snake-haired monster, was taking his way through the thin air on whirring wings. As he was flying over the sandy wastes of Libya, bloody drops from the Gorgon's head fell down ; and the earth received them as they fell and changed them into snakes of various kinds. And for this cause the land of Libya is full of deadly serpents.

From there he was driven through the vast stretches of air by warring winds and borne, now hither, now thither, like a cloud of mist. He looked down from his great height upon the lands lying below and flew over the whole world. Thrice did he see the cold Bears, and thrice the Crab's spreading claws ; time and again to the west, and as often back to the east was he carried. And now, as daylight was fading, fearing to trust himself to flight by night, he alighted on the borders of the West, in the realm of Atlas. Here he sought a little rest until the morning star should wake the fires of dawn and the dawn lead out the fiery car of day. Here, far surpassing all men in huge bulk of body, was Atlas, of the stock of Iapetus. He ruled this edge of the world and the sea which spread its waters to receive the Sun's panting horses and his weary car. A thousand flocks he had, and as many herds, wandering at will over the grassy plains ; and no other realm was near to hem in his land. A tree he had whose leaves were of gleaming gold, concealing golden branches and golden fruits. " Good sir," said Perseus, addressing him, " if glory of high birth means anything to you, Jove is my father ; or if you admire great deeds, you surely will admire mine. I crave your hospitality and a chance to rest." But Atlas bethought him of an old oracle, which Themis of Parnasus had given :

OID

“ tempus, Atla, venient, tua quo spoliabitur auro
arbor, et hunc praedae titulum Iove natus habebit.”

id metuens solidis pomaria clauserat Atlas 646

moenibus et vasto dederat servanda draconi
arcebatque suis externos finibus omnes.

huic quoque “ vade procul, ne longe gloria rerum,
quam mentiris ” ait, “ longe tibi Iuppiter absit ! ” 650

vimque minis addit manibusque expellere temptat
cunctantem et placidis miscentem fortia dictis.

viribus inferior (quis enim par esset Atlantis
viribus ?) “ at, quoniam parvi tibi gratia nostra est,
accipe munus ! ” ait laevaue a parte Medusae 655

ipse retro versus squalentia protulit ora.

quantus erat, mons factus Atlas ; nam barba comaeque
in silvas abeunt, iuga sunt umerique manusque,

quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen,
ossa lapis fiunt ; tum partes altus in omnes 660

crevit in inmensum (sic di statuistis), et omne
cum tot sideribus caelum requievit in illo.

Cluserat Hippotades aeterno carcere ventos,
admonitorque operum caelo clarissimus alto

Lucifer ortus erat : pennis ligat ille resumptis 665
parte ab utraque pedes teloque accingitur unco

et liquidum motis talaribus aera findit,
gentibus innumeris circumque infraque relictis

Aethiopum populos Cepheaque conspicit arva.
illic inmeritam maternae pendere linguae 670

Andromedan poenas iniustus iusserat Ammon ;
quam simul ad duras religatam bracchia cautes

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

“Atlas, the time will come when your tree will be spoiled of its gold, and he who gets the glory of this spoil will be Jove’s son.” Fearing this, Atlas had enclosed his orchard with massive walls and had put a huge dragon there to watch it; and he kept off all strangers from his boundaries. And now to Perseus, too, he said: “Hence afar, lest the glory of your deeds, which you falsely brag of, and lest this Jupiter of yours be far from aiding you.” He added force to threats, and was trying to thrust out the other, who held back and manfully resisted while he urged his case with soothing speech. At length, finding himself unequal in strength—for who would be a match in strength for Atlas?—he said: “Well, since so small a favour you will not grant to me, let me give you a boon”; and, himself turning his back, he held out from his left hand the ghastly Medusa-head. Straightway Atlas became a mountain huge as the giant had been; his beard and hair were changed to trees, his shoulders and arms to spreading ridges; what had been his head was now the mountain’s top, and his bones were changed to stones. Then he grew to monstrous size in all his parts—for so the gods had willed it—and the whole heaven with all its stars rested upon his head.

Now Aeolus, the son of Hippotas, had shut the winds in their everlasting prison, and the bright morning star that wakes men to their toil had risen in the heavens. Then Perseus bound on both his feet the wings he had laid by, girt on his hooked sickle, and soon in swift flight was cleaving the thin air. Having left behind countless peoples all around him and below, he spied at last the Ethiopians and Cepheus’ realm. There unrighteous Ammon had bidden Andromeda, though innocent, to

OID

vidit Abantiades, nisi quod levis aura capillos
 moverat et tepido manabant lumina fletu,
 marmoreum ratus esset opus ; trahit inscius ignes 675
 et stupet eximiae correptus imagine formae
 paene suas quaterne est oblitus in aere pennas,
 ut stetit, "o" dixit "non istis digna catenis,
 sed quibus inter se cupidi iunguntur amantes,
 pande requirenti nomen terraeque tuumque, 680
 et cur vincla geras." primo silet illa nec audet
 adpellare virum virgo, manibusque modestos
 celasset vultus, si non religata fuisset ;
 lumina, quod potuit, lacrimis inplevit obortis.
 saepius instanti, sua ne delicta fateri 685
 nolle videretur, nomen terraeque suumque,
 quantaque maternae fuerit fiducia formae,
 indicat, et nondum memoratis omnibus unda
 insonuit, veniensque inmensa belua ponto
 inminet et latum sub pectore possidet aequor. 690
 conclamat virgo : genitor lugubris et una
 mater adest, ambo miseri, sed iustius illa,
 nec secum auxilium, sed dignos tempore fletus
 plangoremque ferunt vinctoque in corpore adhaerent,
 cum sic hospes ait "lacrimarum longa manere 695
 tempora vos poterunt, ad opem brevis hora ferendam
 est.

hanc ego si peterem Perseus Iove natus et illa,
 quam clausam inplevit fecundo Iuppiter auro,
 Gorgonis anguicomae Perseus superator et alis
 aérias ausus iactatis ire per auras, 700

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

pay the penalty of her mother's words. As soon as Perseus saw her there bound by the arms to a rough cliff—save that her hair gently stirred in the breeze, and the warm tears were trickling down her cheeks, he would have thought her a marble statue—he took fire unwitting, and stood dumb. Smitten by the sight of her exquisite beauty, he almost forgot to move his wings in the air. Then, when he alighted near the maiden, he said: "Oh! those are not the chains you deserve to wear, but rather those that link fond lovers together! Tell me, for I would know, your country's name and yours, and why you are chained here." She was silent at first, for, being a maid, she did not dare address a man; she would have hidden her face modestly with her hands but that her hands were bound. Her eyes were free, and these filled with rising tears. As he continued to urge her, she, lest she should seem to be trying to conceal some fault of her own, told him her name and her country, and what sinful boasting her mother had made of her own beauty. While she was yet speaking, there came a loud sound from the sea, and there, advancing over the broad expanse, a monstrous creature loomed up, breasting the wide waves. The maiden shrieked. The grieving father and the mother are at hand, both wretched, but she more justly so. They have no help to give, but only wailings and loud beatings of the breast, befitting the occasion, and they hang to the girl's chained form. Then speaks the stranger: "There will be long time for weeping by and by; but time for helping is very short. If I sought this maid as Perseus, son of Jove and that imprisoned one whom Jove filled with his life-giving shower; if as Perseus, victor over Gorgon of the snaky locks, and as he who has dared to ride the

OID

praeferrer cunctis certe gener; addere tantis
 dotibus et meritum, faveant modo numina, tempto :
 ut mea sit servata mea virtute, paciscor.”
 accipiunt legem (quis enim dubitaret?) et orant
 promittuntque super regnum dotale parentes. 705

Ecce, velut navis praefixo concita rostro
 sulcat aquas iuvenum sudantibus acta lacertis,
 sic fera dimotis impulsu pectoris undis ;
 tantum aberat scopulis, quantum Balearica torto
 funda potest plumbo medii transmitters caeli, 710
 cum subito iuvenis pedibus tellure repulsa
 arduus in nubes abiit : ut in aequore summo
 umbra viri visa est, visa fera saevit in umbra,
 utque Iovis praepes, vacuo cum vidit in arvo
 praebentem Phoebos liventia terga draconem, 715
 occupat aversum, neu saeva retorqueat ora,
 squamigeris avidos figit cervicibus unguis,
 sic celeri missus praeceps per inane volatu
 terga ferae pressit dextroque frementis in armo
 Inachides ferrum curvo tenus abdidit hamo. 720
 vulnere laesa gravi modo se sublimis in auras
 attollit, modo subdit aquis, modo more ferocis
 versat apri, quem turba canum circumsona terret.
 ille avidos morsus velocibus effugit alis
 quaque patet, nunc terga cavis super obsita conchis,
 nunc laterum costas, nunc qua tenuissima cauda 726
 desinit in piscem, falcato verberat ense.
 belua puniceo mixtos cum sanguine fluctus
 ore vomit : maduere graves adspergine pennae.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

winds of heaven on fluttering wings, surely I should be preferred to all suitors as your son-in-law. But now I shall try to add to these great gifts the gift of service, too, if only the gods will favour me. That she be mine if saved by my valour is my bargain." The parents accept the condition—for who would refuse?—and beg him to save her, promising him a kingdom as dowry in addition.

But see! as a swift ship with its sharp beak plows the waves, driven by stout rowers' sweating arms, so does the monster come, rolling back the water from either side as his breast surges through. And now he was as far from the cliff as is the space through which a Balearic sling can send its whizzing bullet; when suddenly the youth, springing up from the earth, mounted high into the clouds. When the monster saw the hero's shadow on the surface of the sea, he savagely attacked the shadow. And as the bird of Jove, when it has seen in an open field a serpent sunning its mottled body, swoops down upon him from behind; and, lest the serpent twist back his deadly fangs, the bird buries deep his sharp claws in the creature's scaly neck; so did Perseus, plunging headlong in a swift swoop through the empty air, attack the monster from above, and in his right shoulder buried his sword clear down to the curved hook. Smarting under the deep wound, the creature now reared himself high in air, now plunged beneath the waves, now turned like a fierce wild-boar when around him a noisy pack of hounds give tongue. Perseus eludes the greedy fangs by help of his swift wings; and where the vulnerable points lie open to attack, he smites with his hooked sword, now at the back, thick-set with barnacles, now on the sides, now where the tail is most slender and changes into

OVID

nec bibulis ultra Perseus talaribus ausus 730
 credere conspexit scopulum, qui vertice summo
 stantibus exstat aquis, operitur ab aequore moto.
 nixus eo rupisque tenens iuga prima sinistra
 ter quater exegit repetita per ilia ferrum.
 litora cum plausu clamor superasque deorum 735
 inplevere domos: gaudent generumque salutant
 auxiliumque domus servatoremque fatentur
 Cassiope Cepheusque pater; resoluta catenis
 incedit virgo, pretiumque et causa laboris.
 ipse manus hausta victrices abluit unda, 740
 anguiferumque caput dura ne laedat harena,
 mollit humum foliis natasque sub aequore virgas
 sternit et inponit Phorcynidos ora Medusae.
 virga recens bibulaque etiamnum viva medulla
 vim rapuit monstri tactuque induruit huius 745
 percepitque novum ramis ut fronde rigorem.
 at pelagi nymphae factum mirabile temptant
 pluribus in virgis et idem contingere gaudent
 seminaque ex illis iterant iactata per undas:
 nunc quoque curaliis eadem natura remansit, 750
 duritiam tacto capiant ut ab aere quodque
 vimen in aequore erat, fiat super aequora saxum.
 Dis tribus ille focus totidem de caespite ponit,
 laevum Mercurio, dextrum tibi, bellica virgo,
 ara Iovis media est; mactatur vacca Minervae, 755
 alipedi vitulus, taurus tibi, summe deorum,

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

the form of fish. The beast belches forth waters mixed with purple blood. Meanwhile Perseus' wings are growing heavy, soaked with spray, and he dares not depend further on his drenched pinions. He spies a rock whose top projects above the surface when the waves are still, but which is hidden by the roughened sea. Resting on this and holding an edge of the rock with his left hand, thrice and again he plunges his sword into the vitals of the monster. At this the shores and the high seats of the gods re-echo with wild shouts of applause. Cassiope and Cepheus rejoice and salute the hero as son-in-law, calling him prop and saviour of their house. The maiden also now comes forward, freed from chains, she, the prize as well as cause of his feat. He washes his victorious hands in water drawn for him; and, that the Gorgon's snaky head may not be bruised on the hard sand, he softens the ground with leaves, strews seaweed over these, and lays on this the head of Medusa, daughter of Phorcys. The fresh weed twigs, but now alive and porous to the core, absorb the power of the monster and harden at its touch and take a strange stiffness in their stems and leaves. And the sea-nymphs test the wonder on more twigs and are delighted to find the same thing happening to them all; and, by scattering these twigs as seeds, propagate the wondrous thing throughout their waters. And even till this day the same nature has remained in coral so that they harden when exposed to air, and what was a pliant twig beneath the sea is turned to stone above.

Now Perseus builds to three gods three altars of turf, the left to Mercury, the right to thee, O warlike maid, and the central one to Jove. To Minerva he slays a cow, a young bullock to the winged god, and

OID

protinus Andromedan et tanti praemia facti
 indotata rapit; taedas Hymenaeus Amorque
 praecutiunt; largis satiantur odoribus ignes,
 sartaque dependent tectis et ubique lyraeque 760
 tibiaque et cantus, animi felicia laeti
 argumenta, sonant; reseratis aurea valvis
 atria tota patent, pulchroque instructa paratu
 Cephenum proceres ineunt convivium regis.

Postquam epulis functi generosi munere Bacchi 765
 diffudere animos, cultusque genusque locorum
 quaerit Lyncides moresque animumque virorum; 767
 qui simul edocuit, "nunc, o fortissime," dixit 769
 "fare, precor, Perseu, quanta virtute quibusque 770
 artibus abstuleris crinita draconibus ora!"
 narrat Agenorides gelido sub Atlante iacentem
 esse locum solidae tutum munimine molis;
 cuius in introitu geminas habitasse sorores
 Phorcidas unius partitas luminis usum; 775
 id se sollerti furtim, dum traditur, astu
 supposita cepisse manu perque abdita longe
 deviaque et silvis horrentia saxa fragosis
 Gorgoneas tetigisse domos passimque per agros
 perque vias vidisse hominum simulacra ferarumque
 in silicem ex ipsis visa conversa Medusa. 781
 se tamen horrendae clipei, quem laeva gerebat,
 aere repercusso formam adspexisse Medusae,
 dumque gravis somnus colubrasque ipsamque tenebat,
 eripuisse caput collo; pennisque fugacem 785
 Pegason et fratrem matris de sanguine natos.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

a bull to thee, thou greatest of the gods. Forthwith the hero claims Andromeda as the prize of his great deed, seeking no further dowry. Hymen and Love shake the marriage torch; the fires are fed full with incense rich and fragrant, garlands deck the dwellings, and everywhere lyre and flute and songs resound, blessed proofs of inward joy. The huge folding-doors swing back and reveal the great golden palace-hall with a rich banquet spread, where Cepheus' princely courtiers grace the feast.

When they have had their fill of food, and their hearts have been warmed by Bacchus' generous gift, then Perseus seeks to know the manner of the region thereabouts, its peoples, customs, and the spirit of its men. The prince who answered him then said: "Now tell us, pray, O Perseus, by what wondrous valour, by what acts you won the Gorgon's snaky head." The hero, answering, told how beneath cold Atlas there was a place safe under the protection of the rocky mass. At the entrance to this place two sisters dwelt, both daughters of old Phoreys, who shared one eye between them. This eye by craft and stealth, while it was being passed from one sister to the other, Perseus stole away, and travelling far through trackless and secret ways, rough woods, and bristling rocks, he came at last to where the Gorgons lived. On all sides through the fields and along the ways he saw the forms of men and beasts changed into stone by one look at Medusa's face. But he himself had looked upon the image of that dread face reflected from the bright bronze shield that he bore; and while deep sleep held fast both the snakes and her who wore them, he smote her head clean from her neck, and from the streaming blood swift-winged Pegasus and his brother sprang.

OVID

Addit et longi non falsa pericula cursus,
 quae freta, quas terras sub se vidisset ab alto
 et quae iactatis tetigisset sidera pennis;
 ante expectatum tacuit tamen. excipit unus 790
 ex numero procerum quaerens, cur sola sororum
 gesserit alternis inmixtos crinibus angues.
 hospes ait: " quoniam scitaris digna relatu,
 accipe quaesiti causam. clarissima forma
 multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum 795
 illa, nec in tota conspectior ulla capillis
 pars fuit: inveni, qui se vidisse referret.
 hanc pelagi rector templo vitiasse Minervae
 dicitur: aversa est et castos aegide vultus
 nata Iovis textit, neve hoc inpune fuisset, 800
 Gorgoneum crinem turpes mutavit in hydros.
 nunc quoque, ut attonitos formidine terreat hostes,
 pectore in adverso, quos fecit, sustinet angues."

METAMORPHOSES BOOK IV

The hero further told of his long journeys and perils passed, all true, what seas, what lands he had beheld from his high flight, what stars he had touched on beating wings. He ceased, while they waited still to hear more. But one of the princes asked him why Medusa only of the sisters wore serpents mingled with her hair. The guest replied: "Since what you ask is a tale well worth the telling, hear then the cause. She was once most beautiful in form, and the jealous hope of many suitors. Of all her beauties, her hair was the most beautiful—for so I learned from one who said he had seen her. 'Tis said that in Minerva's temple Neptune, lord of the Ocean, ravished her. Jove's daughter turned away and hid her chaste eyes behind her aegis. And, that the deed might be punished as was due, she changed the Gorgon's locks to ugly snakes. And now to frighten her fear-numbered foes, she still wears that snaky head upon her breast."

BOOK V

LIBER V

DVMQVE ea Cephenum medio Danaeius heros
agmine commemorat, fremida regalia turba
atria complentur, nec coniugialia festa
qui canat est clamor, sed qui fera nuntiet arma ;
inque repentinos convivia versa tumultus 5
adsimilare freto possis, quod saeva quietum
ventorum rabies motis exasperat undis.
primus in his Phineus, belli temerarius auctor ;
fraxineam quatiens aeratae cuspidis hastam
“ en ” ait, “ en adsum praereptae coniugis ultor ; 10
nec mihi te pennae nec falsum versus in aurum
Iuppiter eripiet ! ” conanti mittere Cepheus
“ quid facis ? ” exclamat, “ quae te, germane,
furentem
mens agit in facinus ? meritisne haec gratia tantis
redditur ? hac vitam servatae dote rependis ? 15
quam tibi non Perseus, verum si quaeris, ademit,
sed grave Nereidum numen, sed corniger Ammon,
sed quae visceribus veniebat belua ponti
exsaturanda meis ; illo tibi tempore rapta est,
quo peritura fuit, nisi si, crudelis, id ipsum 20
exigis, ut pereat, luctuque levabere nostro.

BOOK V

WHILE the heroic son of Danaë is relating these adventures amongst the Ethiopian chiefs, the royal halls are filled with confused uproar: not the loud sound that sings a song of marriage, but one that presages the fierce strife of arms. And the feast, turned suddenly to tumult, you could liken to the sea, whose peaceful waters the raging winds lash to boisterous waves. First among them is Phineus, brother of the king, rash instigator of strife, who brandishes an ashen spear with bronze point. "Behold," says he, "here am I, come to avenge the theft of my bride. Your wings shall not save you this time, nor Jove, changed to seeming gold." As he was in the act of hurling his spear, Cepheus cried out: "What are you doing, brother? What mad folly is driving you to crime? Is this the way you thank our guest for his brave deeds? Is this the dower you give for the maiden saved? If 'tis the truth you want, it was not Perseus who took her from you, but the dread deity of the Nereids, but horned Ammon, but that sea-monster who came to glut his maw upon my own flesh and blood. 'Twas then you lost her when she was exposed to die; unless, perchance, your cruel heart demands this very thing—her death, and seeks by my grief to ease its own. It seems it is not enough that you saw her chained, and that you brought no aid, uncle though

OVID

scilicet haud satis est, quod te spectante revincta est
 et nullam quod opem patruus sponsusve tulisti ;
 insuper, a quoquam quod sit servata, dolebis
 praemiaque eripies ? quae si tibi magna videntur, 25
 ex illis scopulis, ubi erant adfixa, petisses.

nunc sine, qui petiit, per quem haec non orba
 senectus,

ferre, quod et meritis et voce est pactus, eumque
 non tibi, sed certae praelatum intellege morti."

Ille nihil contra, sed et hunc et Persea vultu 30

alternò spectans petat hunc ignorat an illum :

cunctatusque brevi contortam viribus hastam,

quantas ira dabat, nequiquam in Persea misit.

ut stetit illa toro, stratis tum denique Perseus

exsiluit teloque ferox inimica remisso 35

pectora rupisset, nisi post altaria Phineus

isset : et (indignum) scelerato profuit ara.

fronte tamen Rhoeti non inrita cuspis adhaesit,

qui postquam cecidit ferrumque ex osse revulsum est

calcitrat et positas adspersit sanguine mensas. 40

tum vero indomitas ardescit vulgus in iras,

telaque coniciunt, et sunt, qui Cephea dicunt

cum genero debere mori ; sed limine tecti

exierat Cepheus testatus iusque fidemque

hospitiique deos, ea se prohibente moveri. 45

bellica Pallas adest et protegit aegide fratrem

datque animos.

Erat Indus Athis, quem flumine Gange

edita Limnaee vitreis peperisse sub undis

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

you were, and promised husband : will you grieve, besides, that someone did save her, and will you rob him of his prize ? If this prize seems so precious in your sight, you should have taken it from those rocks where it was chained. Now let the man who did take it, by whom I have been saved from childlessness in my old age, keep what he has gained by his deserving deeds and by my promise. And be assured of this : that he has not been preferred to you, but to certain death."

Phineus made no reply ; but, looking now on him and now on Perseus, he was in doubt at which to aim his spear. Delaying a little space, he hurled it with all the strength that wrath gave at Perseus ; but in vain. When the weapon struck and stood fast in the bench, then at last Perseus leapt gallantly up and hurled back the spear, which would have pierced his foeman's heart ; but Phineus had already taken refuge behind the altar, and, shame ! the wretch found safety there. Still was the weapon not without effect, for it struck full in Rhoetus' face. Down he fell, and when the spear had been wrenched forth from the bone he writhed about and sprinkled the well-spread table with his blood. And now the mob was fired to wrath unquenchable. They hurled their spears, and there were some who said that Cepheus ought to perish with his son-in-law. But Cepheus had already withdrawn from the palace, calling to witness Justice, Faith, and the gods of hospitality that this was done against his protest. Then came warlike Pallas, protecting her brother with her shield, and making him stout of heart.

There was an Indian youth, Athis by name, whom Limnaee, a nymph of Ganges' stream, is said to have

OVID

creditur, egregius forma, quam divite cultu
 augebat, bis adhuc octonis integer annis, 50
 indutus chlamydem Tyriam, quam limbus obibat
 aureus ; ornabant aurata monilia collum
 et madidos murra curvum crinale capillos ;
 erst quidem iaculo quamvis distantia misso
 figere doctus erat, sed tendere doctior arcus. 55
 tum quoque lenta manu flectentem cornua Perseus
 stipite, qui media positus fumabat in ara,
 percudit et fractis confudit in ossibus ora.

Hunc ubi laudatos iactantem in sanguine vultus
 Assyrius vidit Lycabas, iunctissimus illi 60
 et comes et veri non dissimulator amoris,
 postquam exhalantem sub acerbo vulnere vitam
 deploravit Athin, quos ille tetenderat arcus
 arripit et "mecum tibi sint certamina!" dixit ;
 "nec longum pueri fato laetabere, quo plus 65
 invidiae quam laudis habes." haec omnia nondum
 dixerat : emicuit nervo penetrabile telum
 vitatumque tamen sinuosa veste pependit.
 vertit in hunc harpen spectatam caede Medusae
 Acrisioniades adigitque in pectus ; at ille 70
 iam moriens oculis sub nocte natantibus atra
 circumspexit Athin seque adclinavit ad illum
 et tulit ad manes iunctae solacia mortis.

Ecce Syenites, genitus Metione, Phorbas
 et Libys Amphimedon, avis committere pugnam, 75
 sanguine, quo late tellus madefacta tepebat,
 conciderant lapsi ; surgentibus obstitit ensis,
 alterius costis, iugulo Phorbantis adactus.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

brought forth beneath her crystal waters. He was of surpassing beauty, which his rich robes enhanced, a sturdy boy of sixteen years, clad in a purple mantle fringed with gold; a golden chain adorned his neck, and a golden circlet held his locks in place, perfumed with myrrh. He was well skilled to hurl the javelin at the most distant mark, but with more skill could bend the bow. When now he was in the very act of bending his stout bow, Perseus snatched up a brand which lay smouldering on the altar and smote the youth, crushing his face to splintered bones.

When Assyrian Lycabas beheld him, his lovely features defiled with blood—Lycabas, his closest comrade and his declared true lover—he wept aloud for Athis, who lay gasping out his life beneath that bitter wound; then he caught up the bow which Athis had bent, and cried: “Now you have me to fight, and not long shall you plume yourself on a boy’s death, which brings you more contempt than glory.” Before he had finished speaking the keen arrow flashed from the bowstring; but it missed its mark and stuck harmless in a fold of Perseus’ robe. Acrisius’ grandson quickly turned on him that hook which had been flashed in Medusa’s death, and drove it into his breast. But he, even in death, with his eyes swimming in the black darkness, looked round for Athis, fell down by his side, and bore to the shadows this comfort, that in death they were not divided.

Then Phorbas of Syene, Metion’s son, and Libyan Amphimedon, eager to join in the fray, slipped and fell in the blood with which all the floor was wet. As they strove to rise the sword met them, driven through the ribs of one and through the other’s throat.

OID

At non Actoriden Erytum, cui lata bipennis
 telum erat, hamato Perseus petit ense, sed altis 80
 exstantem signis multaeque in pondere massae
 ingentem manibus tollit cratera duabus
 infligitque viro ; rutilum vomit ille cruorem
 et resupinus humum moribundo vertice pulsat.
 inde Semiramio Polydaemona sanguine cretum 85
 Caucasiumque Abarin Sperchionidenque Lycetum
 intonsumque comas Helicem Phlegyanque Clytumque
 sternit et exstructos morientum calcatur acervos.

Nec Phineus ausus concurrere comminus hosti
 intorquet iaculum, quod detulit error in Idan, 90
 expertem frustra belli et neutra arma secutum.
 ille tuens oculis inमितem Phinea torvis

“quandoquidem in partes” ait “abstrahor, accipe,
 Phineu,

quem fecisti, hostem pensaque hoc vulnere vulnus!”
 iamque remissurus tractum de corpore telum 95
 sanguine defectos cecidit conlapsus in artus.

Tum quoque Cephenum post regem primus Hodites,
 ense iacet Clymeni, Prothoenora percutit Hypseus,
 Hypsea Lyncides. fuit et grandaevus in illis
 Emathion, aequi cultor timidusque deorum, 100
 quem quoniam prohibent anni bellare, loquendo
 pugnat et incessit scelerataque devovet arma ;
 huic Chromis amplexo tremulis altaria palmis
 decutit ense caput, quod protinus incidit arae
 atque ibi semianimi verba exsecrantia lingua 105
 edidit et medios animam exspiravit in ignes.

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

But Eurytus, the son of Actor, who wielded a broad, two-edged battle-axe, Perseus did not attack with his hooked sword, but lifting high in both hands a huge murrine mixing-bowl heavily embossed and ponderous, he hurled it crashing at the man. The red blood spouted forth as he lay prone and dying, beating the floor with his head. Then in rapid succession Perseus laid low Polydaemon, descended from Queen Semiramis, Caucasian Abaris, Lycetus who dwelt by Spercheos, Helices of unshorn locks, Phlegyas and Clytus, treading the while on heaps of dying men.

Phineus did not dare to come to close combat with his enemy, but hurled his javelin. This was ill-aimed and struck Idas, who all to no purpose had kept out of the fight, taking sides with neither party. He, gazing with angry eyes upon cruel Phineus, said: "Since I am forced into the strife, O Phineus, accept the foeman you have made, and score me wound for wound." And he was just about to hurl back the javelin which he had drawn out of his own body, when he fell fainting, his limbs all stained with blood.

Then also Hodites, first of the Ethiopians after the king, fell by the sword of Clymenus; Hypseus smote Prothoënor; Lyncides, Hypseus. Amid the throng was one old man, Emathion, who loved justice and revered the gods. He, since his years forbade warfare, fought with the tongue, and strode forward and cursed their impious arms. As he clung to the altar-horns with age-enfeebled hands Chromis struck off his head with his sword: the head fell straight on the altar, and there the still half-conscious tongue kept up its execrations and the life was breathed out in the midst of the altar-fires.

OID

Hinc gemini fratres Broteasque et caestibus
 Ammon
 invicti, vinci si possent caestibus enses,
 Phinea cecidere manu Cererisque sacerdos
 Ampycus albenti velatus tempora vitta, 110
 tu quoque, Lampetide, non hos adhibendus ad
 usus,
 sed qui, pacis opus, citharam cum voce moveres;
 iussus eras celebrare dapes festumque canendo.
 cui procul adstanti plectrumque inbelle tenenti
 Pettalus inridens "Stygiis cane cetera" dixit 115
 "manibus!" et laevo mucronem tempore fixit;
 concidit et digitis morientibus ille retemptat
 fila lyrae, casuque fuit miserabile carmen.
 nec sinit hunc inpune ferox cecidisse Lycormas
 raptaque de dextro robusta repagula posti 120
 ossibus inlisit mediae cervicis, at ille
 procubuit terrae mactati more iuveni.
 demere temptabat laevi quoque robora postis
 Cinyphius Pelates; temptanti dextera fixa est
 cuspide Marmaridae Corythi lignoque cohaesit; 125
 haerenti latus hausit Abas, nec corrui ille,
 sed retinente manum moriens e poste pependit.
 sternitur et Melaneus, Perseia castra secutus,
 et Nasamoniaci Dorylas ditissimus agri,
 dives agri Dorylas, quo non possederat alter 130
 latius aut totidem tollebat turis acervos.
 huius in obliquo missum stetit inguine ferrum:
 letifer ille locus, quem postquam vulneris auctor
 singultantem animam et versantem lumina vidit
 Bactrius Halcyoneus, "hoc, quod premis," inquit
 "habeto" 135
 de tot agris terrae!" corpusque exsanguie relinquit.
 torquet in hunc hastam calido de vulnere raptam

METAMORPHOSES BOOK V

Next fell two brothers by Phineus' hand, Broteas and Ammon, invincible with gauntlets, if gauntlets could but contend with swords; and Ampycus, Ceres' priest, his temples wreathed with white fillets. You, too, Lampetides, not intended for such a scene as this, but for a peaceful task, to ply lute and voice: you had been bidden to grace the feast and sing the festal song. To him standing apart and holding his peaceful quill, Pettalus mocking cried: "Go sing the rest of your song to the Stygian shades," and pierced the left temple with his steel. He fell, holding the strings with dying fingers, and as he fell there was a lamentable sound. Nor did Lycormas, maddened at the sight, suffer him to perish unavenged; but, tearing out a stout bar from the door-post on the right, he broke the murderer's neck with a crashing blow. And Pettalus fell to the earth like a slaughtered bull. Cinyphian Pelates essayed to tear away another bar from the left post, but in the act his right hand was pierced by the spear of Corythus of Marmarida, and pinned to the wood. There fastened, Abas thrust him through the side; nor did he fall, but, dying, hung down from the post to which his hand was nailed. Melaneus, too, was slain, one of Perseus' side; and Dorylas, the richest man in the land of Nasamonía—Dorylas, rich in land, than whom none held a wider domain, none heaped so many piles of spices. Into his groin a spear hurled from the side struck; that place is fatal. When Bactrian Halcioneus, who hurled the spear, beheld him gasping out his life and rolling his eyes in death, he said: "This land alone on which you lie of all your lands shall you possess," and left the lifeless body. Against him Perseus, swift to avenge, hurled the spear snatched from the warm wound, which,

ultor Abantiadès ; media quae nare recepta
 cervice exacta est in partesque eminent ambas ;
 dumque manum Fortuna iuvat, Clytiumque
 Claninque, 140
 matre satos una, diverso vulnere fudit :
 nam Clytii per utrumque gravi librata lacerto
 fraxinus acta femur, iaculum Clanis ore momor-
 dit.
 occidit et Celadon Mendesius, occidit Astreus
 matre Palaestina dubio genitore creatus, 145
 Aethionque sagax quondam ventura videre,
 tunc ave deceptus falsa, regisque Thoactes
 armiger et caeso genitore infamis Agyrtes.
 Plus tamen exhausto superest ; namque omnibus
 unum
 opprimere est animus, coniurata undique pugnant 150
 agmina pro causa meritum inpugnante fidemque ;
 hac pro parte socer frustra pius et nova coniunx
 cum genetrice favent ululatuque atria complent,
 sed sonus armorum superat gemitusque cadentum,
 pollutosque simul multo Bellona penates 155
 sanguine perfundit renovataque proelia miscet.
 Circueunt unum Phineus et mille secuti
 Phinea : tela volant hiberna grandine plura
 praeter utrumque latus praeterque et lumen et
 aures.
 adplicat hic umeros ad magnae saxa columnae 160
 tutaque terga gerens adversaque in agmina versus
 sustinet instantes : instabat parte sinistra
 Chaonius Molpeus, dextra Nabataeus Ethemon.
 tigris ut auditis diversa valle duorum
 exstimulata fame mugitibus armentorum 165
 nescit, utro potius ruat, et ruere ardet utroque,
 sic dubius Perseus, dextra laevane feratur,
 Molpea traiectione submovit vulnere cruris