Metamorphoses

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Translated from the Latin with AI (Claude) and edited



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Metamorphoses · Ovid

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INTRODUCTION

"My mind is bent on telling of bodies changed into new forms." So Ovid (43 BC–AD 17) opens the *Metamorphoses*, an epic of some 12,000 lines of Latin verse in fifteen books, finished around AD 8, the year the emperor Augustus banished him to the shores of the Black Sea. It runs in one unbroken song from the creation of the world out of chaos to Ovid's own day, linking more than two hundred stories in which people are turned into trees, stones, birds, animals, rivers and stars.

Many of the best-known myths of the ancient world reach us in Ovid's telling: Apollo and Daphne, Echo and Narcissus, Pyramus and Thisbe, Daedalus and Icarus, Philemon and Baucis, Orpheus and Eurydice, Pygmalion, Midas. Stories nest inside stories, gods punish and desire, and the moment of change is described with uncanny precision. The tone moves easily from comedy to horror to grief, and the poem ends with the philosopher Pythagoras' teaching that everything changes and nothing dies, and with Ovid's claim that his work will outlive him.

The *Metamorphoses* was among the most read books of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, a storehouse of myth for Chaucer, Shakespeare, Titian and Bernini. The translation here is in prose, passage by passage beside the Latin.

Book 1

Creation to Phaethon
The world made from chaos; the four ages; the flood; Apollo and Daphne; Io; Phaethon's parentage.

PROLOGUE

Ovid announces his subject, bodies changed into new forms, from the world's beginning to his own day.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.1	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.	My mind moves me to tell of forms changed into new bodies. Gods, since you changed those too, breathe your favor on what I have begun, and spin out an unbroken song from the very first origin of the world down to my own times.

THE CREATION

A god separates Chaos into earth, sea, air and sky, and the first human beings are made.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.5	Ante mare et terras et quod tegit omnia caelum 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, nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phoebe, nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus ponderibus librata suis, nec bracchia longo margine terrarum porrexerat Amphitrite; utque aer, tellus illic et pontus et aether. 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.	Before the sea and the lands and the sky that covers everything, nature had a single face throughout the whole world, and they called it Chaos: a rough, unordered mass, nothing but inert weight, and the warring seeds of ill-joined things heaped together in one place. No Titan yet offered his light to the world. No Phoebe renewed her fresh horns by waxing. The earth did not hang in the surrounding air, balanced by its own weight, and Amphitrite had not stretched out her arms along the long margin of the lands. Where there was air, there too were earth and sea and ether. So the earth could not be stood on, the water could not be swum, and the air had no light. Nothing kept its own form. One thing stood in the way of another, because in a single body cold things fought with hot, wet with dry, soft with hard, and things with weight against things without it.[1]
1.21	Hanc deus et melior litem natura diremit. Nam caelo terras et terris abscidit undas, et liquidum spisso secrevit ab aere caelum. Quae postquam evolvit caecoque exemit acervo, dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit. Ignea convexi vis et sine pondere caeli	A god, a kindlier nature, settled this strife. He cut the lands off from the sky and the waters off from the lands, and he separated the clear heavens from the thick air. When he had unwound these and freed them from the blind heap, he bound them, each set apart in its place, in harmonious peace.

1 Titan here is the Sun, Phoebe the Moon, and Amphitrite, a sea goddess, stands for the sea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	emicuit summaque locum sibi fecit in arce: proximus est aer illi levitate locoque: densior his tellus, elementaque grandia traxit et pressa est gravitate sua: circumfluus umor ultima possedit solidumque coercuit orbem. Sic ubi dispositam quisquis fuit ille deorum congeriem secuit sectamque in membra redegit, principio terram, ne non aequalis ab omni parte foret, magni speciem glomeravit in orbis.	The fiery, weightless force of the vaulted sky flashed upward and made itself a place in the highest citadel. Next to it in lightness and in position is air. Earth, denser than these, drew the heavy elements down with it and was pressed down by its own weight. The encircling water took the outermost place and held the solid globe in check. When he, whichever of the gods he was, had arranged that mass in this way, cut it up, and shaped what he had cut into members, he first rolled the earth into the form of a great ball, so that it would not be uneven on any side.
1.36	Tum freta diffudit rapidisque tumescere ventis iussit et ambitae circumdare litora terrae. Addidit et fontes et stagna inmensa lacusque fluminaque obliquis cinxit declivia ripis, quae, diversa locis, partim sorbentur ab ipsa, 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 parte secant zonae, quinta est ardentior illis, sic onus inclusum numero distinxit eodem cura dei, totidemque plagae tellure premuntur.	Then he poured out the seas and ordered them to swell under the rushing winds and to surround the shores of the encircled earth. He added springs as well, and vast pools and lakes, and he bound the down-flowing rivers within slanting banks. Scattered in different places, some of these are swallowed by the earth itself, while others reach the sea, and there, received into the plain of freer water, they beat against shores instead of banks. He ordered the plains to stretch out, the valleys to sink, the woods to be covered with leaves, and the rocky mountains to rise. And as two zones cut the sky on the right and as many on the left, with a fifth hotter than these, so the god's care marked off the enclosed mass by the same number, and as many regions are stamped upon the earth.
1.49	Quarum quae media est, non est habitabilis aestu: nix tegit alta duas: totidem inter utrumque locavit 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 et cum fulminibus facientes fulgura ventos. His quoque non passim mundi fabricator habendum aera permisit: vix nunc obsistitur illis, cum sua quisque regant diverso flamina tractu, quin lanient mundum: tanta est discordia fratrum.	Of these, the middle one cannot be lived in because of the heat. Deep snow covers two. Between them he placed two more and gave them a temperate climate, mixing flame with cold. Above these hangs the air, which is heavier than fire by exactly as much as it is lighter than earth and water. There he ordered the mists to settle, and the clouds, and the thunder that would shake human minds, and the winds that make lightning flashes together with thunderbolts. Yet the builder of the world did not allow the winds to hold the air everywhere at will. Even now, though each of them governs his blasts in a separate tract, they can scarcely be kept from tearing the world apart, so fierce is the discord among the brothers.
1.61	Eurus ad Auroram Nabataeaque regna recessit Persidaque et radiis iuga subdita matutinis; vesper et occiduo quae litora sole tepescunt, proxima sunt Zephyro: Scythiam septemque triones	Eurus withdrew to Aurora and the Nabataean kingdoms, to Persia and the ridges that lie beneath the morning rays. The evening and the shores warmed by the setting sun lie nearest to Zephyrus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
horrifer invasit Boreas: contraria tellus 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 massa latuere sub illa, 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.	Bristling Boreas seized Scythia and the seven stars of the Plow. The land opposite is drenched with constant clouds and rain from Auster. Over all these he set the clear ether, which has no weight and holds none of the dregs of earth. Scarcely had he walled everything off within fixed boundaries when the stars, long hidden and pressed beneath that mass, began to blaze out across the whole sky. And so that no region would be left without its own living creatures, the stars and the forms of the gods occupy the floor of heaven. The waters fell to the shining fish to dwell in, the earth took in the wild beasts, and the moving air the birds.[2]
1.76 Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altae deerat adhuc et quod dominari in cetera posset. Natus homo est, sive hunc divino semine fecit ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo, sive recens tellus seductaque nuper ab alto 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 iussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. Sic, modo quae fuerat rudis et sine imagine, tellus induit ignotas hominum conversa figuras.	Still missing was a creature holier than these, more capable of lofty thought, one that could rule over the rest. Then the human being was born. Perhaps that craftsman of things, the source of a better world, made him from divine seed. Or perhaps the earth, newly made and only lately parted from the high ether, still held seeds of its kindred sky, and the son of Iapetus mixed it with rainwater and molded it into the likeness of the gods who govern all things. And while the other animals bend down and look at the ground, he gave the human being an uplifted face and told him to look at the sky and raise his upturned gaze to the stars. So the earth, which a moment before had been rough and shapeless, was changed and put on the unknown shapes of human beings.[3]

THE FOUR AGES

The golden, silver, bronze and iron ages follow one another, each worse than the last.

LATIN	ENGLISH
1.89 Aurea prima sata est aetas, quae vindice nullo, sponte sua, sine lege fidem rectumque colebat. Poena metusque aberant, nec verba minantia fixo aere legebantur, nec supplex turba timebat iudicis ora sui, sed erant sine vindice tuti. Nondum caesa suis, peregrinum ut viseret orbem, montibus in liquidas pinus descenderat undas, nullaque mortales praeter sua litora norant. Nondum praecipites cingebant oppida fossae; non tuba directi, non aeris cornua flexi, non galeae, non ensis erat: sine militis usu mollia securae peragebant otia gentes.	Golden was the first age sown. With no one to enforce it, of its own accord, without law, it kept faith and did what was right. Punishment and fear were absent. No threatening words were read on bronze tablets fixed in place, and no suppliant crowd trembled before the face of its judge. Without anyone to enforce the law, they were safe. Not yet had the pine been felled on its mountains and come down into the flowing waves to visit a foreign world, and mortals knew no shores but their own. Not yet were towns surrounded by steep ditches. There was no straight war trumpet,

2 Eurus, Zephyrus, Boreas and Auster are the east, west, north and south winds. The Nabataeans lived in northern Arabia.
3 The son of Iapetus is the Titan Prometheus, in myth the maker of humankind.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		no curved horn of bronze, no helmet, no sword. With no need for soldiers, nations lived out their gentle leisure free from care.
1.101	ipsa quoque inmunis rastroque intacta nec ullis saucia vomeribus per se dabat omnia tellus; contentique cibis nullo cogente creatis arbuteos fetus montanaque fraga legebant cornaque et in duris haerentia mora rubetis et quae deciderant patula Iovis arbore glandes. Ver erat aeternum, placidique tepentibus auris mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores. Mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat, nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis; flumina iam lactis, iam flumina nectaris ibant, flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.	The earth herself, owing no service, untouched by the hoe and wounded by no plowshare, gave everything of her own accord. Content with foods that grew without compulsion, people gathered the fruit of the arbutus and mountain strawberries, cornelian cherries and blackberries clinging to the tough brambles, and acorns that had fallen from Jupiter's spreading tree. Spring was eternal, and gentle zephyrs with their warm breezes caressed flowers born without seed. Soon the unplowed earth bore grain as well, and the field, never left to lie fallow, grew white with heavy ears. Now rivers of milk flowed, now rivers of nectar, and golden honey dripped from the green holm oak.[4]
1.113	Postquam, Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso, sub Iove mundus erat, subiit argentea proles, auro deterior, fulvo pretiosior aere. 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. Tum primum subiere domus (domus antra fuerunt et densi frutices et vinctae cortice virgae). Semina tum primum longis Cerealia sulcis obruta sunt, pressique iugo gemuere iuvenci.	After Saturn had been sent down to dark Tartarus and the world was under Jupiter, the silver race came in, worse than gold but more precious than tawny bronze. Jupiter shortened the time of the old spring, and through winters, summers, unsteady autumns and a brief spring he completed the year in four seasons. Then for the first time the air glowed white-hot, scorched by dry heat, and icicles hung, bound fast by the winds. Then for the first time people went into houses. Their houses were caves and thick shrubs and twigs bound together with bark. Then for the first time the seeds of Ceres were buried in long furrows, and bullocks groaned under the weight of the yoke.[5]
1.125	Tertia post illam successit aenea proles, saevior ingeniis et ad horrida promptior arma, non scelerata tamen. De duro est ultima ferro. Protinus inrupit venae peioris in aevum omne nefas: fugere pudor verumque fidesque; In quorum subiere locum fraudesque dolique insidiaeque et vis et amor sceleratus habendi. Vela dabat ventis (nec adhuc bene noverat illos) navita; quaeque diu steterant in montibus altis, fluctibus ignotis insultavere carinae, communemque prius ceu lumina solis et auras cautus humum longo signavit limite mensor.	Third after that came the bronze race, fiercer in temper and quicker to take up savage arms, but not yet wicked. The last is of hard iron. At once every crime burst into this age of baser metal. Shame fled, and truth and faith, and in their place came tricks and deceits, plots and violence and the wicked love of possessing. The sailor spread his sails to the winds, though he did not yet know them well. Keels that had long stood on high mountains leapt over unfamiliar waves. And the wary surveyor marked out with long boundary lines the ground that had once been common to all, like the light of the sun and the air.

4 Jupiter's tree is the oak.
5 Saturn, ruler of the golden age, was overthrown by his son Jupiter.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.137	Nec tantum segetes alimentaque debita dives poscebatur humus, sed itum est in viscera terrae: quasque recondiderat Stygiisque admoverat umbris, effodiuntur opes, inritamenta malorum. Iamque nocens ferrum ferroque nocentius aurum prodierat: prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque, sanguineaque manu crepitantia concutit arma. Vivitur ex rapto: non hospes ab hospite tutus, non socer a genero; fratrum quoque gratia rara est. Inminet exitio vir coniugis, illa mariti; lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercae; filius ante diem patrios inquirit in annos. Victa iacet pietas, et virgo caede madentis, ultima caelestum terras Astraea reliquit.	The rich soil was no longer asked only for crops and the food it owed. People went down into the bowels of the earth, and the wealth she had hidden away and set close to the Stygian shades was dug up, a goad to evil. Now harmful iron had come forth, and gold more harmful than iron. Forth came War, which fights with both and brandishes clashing arms in a bloody hand. People live by plunder. Guest is not safe from host, nor father-in-law from son-in-law, and even between brothers affection is rare. The husband plots his wife's death, the wife her husband's. Terrible stepmothers mix lurid aconite. The son looks into his father's years before their time. Devotion lies defeated, and the maiden Astraea, last of the heavenly ones, has left the earth, soaked with slaughter.[6]

THE GIANTS

The Giants pile mountains to attack heaven; from their blood springs a violent race.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.151	Neve foret terris securior arduus aether, adfectasse ferunt regnum caeleste Gigantas altaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montes. Tum pater omnipotens misso perfregit Olympum fulmine et excussit subiectae Pelion Ossae. Obruta mole sua cum corpora dira iacerent, perfusam multo natorum sanguine Terram inmaduisse ferunt calidumque animasse cruorem, et, ne nulla suae stirpis monimenta manerent, in faciem vertisse hominum. Sed et illa propago contemptrix superum saevaeque avidissima caedis et violenta fuit: scires e sanguine natos.	And so that the high heavens would be no safer than the earth, they say the Giants grasped at the kingdom of heaven and piled up mountains to build a way to the lofty stars. Then the almighty father hurled his thunderbolt, shattered Olympus, and shook Pelion off Ossa, which lay beneath it. When those dreadful bodies lay buried under their own mass, they say that Earth, drenched with the copious blood of her sons, was soaked through. She gave life to the warm gore and, so that some memorial of her offspring would remain, turned it into human form. But that stock too despised the gods, lusted for savage slaughter and was violent. You could tell they were born of blood.[7]

LYCAON

Jupiter tells the gods how Lycaon tried to kill him and served him human flesh, and became a wolf.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.163	Quae pater ut summa vidit Saturnius arce, ingemit et, facto nondum vulgata recenti, foeda Lycaoniae referens convivia mensae, ingentes animo et dignas Iove concipit iras,	When the father, Saturn's son, saw this from his highest citadel, he groaned. He recalled the foul feast at Lycaon's table, not yet widely known because the deed was recent, and conceived in his

6 Astraea, the maiden goddess of Justice, became the constellation Virgo.
7 Pelion and Ossa are mountains in Thessaly that the Giants stacked on Olympus to climb to heaven.

LATIN	ENGLISH
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 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, haud timeam magni dixisse Palatia caeli.	mind a vast anger worthy of Jupiter. He called a council, and nothing delayed those he summoned. There is a road on high, plain to see when the sky is clear. It is called the Milky Way, marked out by its very whiteness. By this road the gods travel to the halls of the great Thunderer and his royal home. To the right and left, the halls of the noble gods are thronged, their doors thrown open. The common gods live elsewhere, scattered in different places. Here the mighty and illustrious heaven-dwellers have set their household gods. This is the place which, if I may speak boldly, I would not be afraid to call the Palatine of great heaven.[8]
1.177 Ergo ubi marmoreo superi sedere recessu, celsior ipse loco sceptroque innixus eburno terrificam capitis concussit terque quaterque caesariem, cum qua terram, mare, sidera movit. 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. 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 ense recidendum est, ne pars sincera trahatur.	So when the gods had taken their seats in the marble chamber, he himself, on a higher seat and leaning on his ivory scepter, shook the awesome locks of his head three times, four times, and with them he shook the earth, the sea and the stars. Then he opened his indignant lips in words like these: “I was not more anxious for the rule of the world in that stormy time when each of the snake-footed ones was preparing to throw his hundred arms around a captured sky. For fierce as that enemy was, that war still hung on a single body and sprang from a single origin. Now, wherever Nereus roars around the whole world, I must destroy the race of mortals. I swear it by the rivers below, which glide beneath the earth through the Stygian grove! Everything has been tried first. But a body past healing must be cut away with the sword, so that the sound part is not dragged down too.[9]
1.192 Sunt mihi semidei, sunt rustica numina, nymphae faunique satyrique et monticolae silvani: quos quoniam caeli nondum dignamur honore, quas dedimus certe terras habitare sinamus. An satis, o superi, tutos fore creditis illos, cum mihi, qui fulmen, qui vos habeoque regoque, struxerit insidias notus feritate Lycaon?” Confremuere omnes studiisque ardentibus ausum talia deposcunt. Sic, cum manus inpia saevit sanguine Caesareo Romanum exstinguere nomen, attonitum tanto subitae terrore ruinae humanum genus est totusque perhorruit orbis: nec tibi grata minus pietas, Auguste, tuorum est, quam fuit illa Iovi. Qui postquam voce manuque	I have demigods, I have rustic divinities: nymphs and fauns and satyrs and the silvani who live on the mountains. Since we do not yet think them worthy of the honor of heaven, let us at least allow them to live in the lands we have given them. Or do you believe, gods above, that they will be safe enough, when Lycaon, known for his savagery, has laid a trap for me, who hold and rule the thunderbolt, who hold and rule you?” They all roared together and, burning with zeal, demanded the man who had dared such things. So too, when an impious band raged to blot out the Roman name in Caesar’s blood, the human race was stunned

8 Augustus lived on the Palatine Hill in Rome. Lycaon was a king of Arcadia.
9 The snake-footed ones are the Giants. Nereus, an old sea god, stands for the sea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	murmura conpressit, tenuere silentia cuncti. Substitit ut clamor pressus gravitate regentis, Iuppiter hoc iterum sermone silentia rupit:	with terror at so great and sudden a ruin, and the whole world shuddered. Nor is the devotion of your people less pleasing to you, Augustus, than theirs was to Jupiter. When he had checked their murmuring with his voice and hand, they all held their silence. When the clamor had died away, subdued by their ruler's authority, Jupiter broke the silence again with these words:[10]
1.209	"Ille quidem poenas, curam hanc dimittite, solvit. Quod tamen admissum, quae sit vindicta, docebo. Contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures; quam cupiens falsam summo delabor Olympo et deus humana lustro sub imagine terras. Longa mora est, quantum noxae sit ubique repertum, enumerare: minor fuit ipsa infamia vero. 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 coeperat: inridet primo pia vota Lycaon, mox ait "experiar deus hic, discrimine aperto, an sit mortalis. Nec erit dubitabile verum."	"He has certainly paid the penalty, so put that worry aside. But I will tell you what the crime was and what the punishment. Reports of how evil the times were had reached my ears. Hoping they were false, I glided down from the top of Olympus and, a god in human form, traveled the lands. It would take too long to list how much wickedness I found everywhere. The reports themselves fell short of the truth. I had crossed Maenalus, bristling with the lairs of wild beasts, Cyllene, and the pine woods of chilly Lycaeus. From there I entered the seat and inhospitable house of the Arcadian tyrant, as late twilight was drawing on the night. I gave signs that a god had come, and the people had begun to pray. Lycaon first mocked their pious prayers, then said, 'I will put it to an open test whether he is a god or a mortal. The truth will not be in doubt.'[11]
1.224	Nocte gravem somno necopina perdere morte me parat: haec illi placet experientia veri. Nec contentus eo est: 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 in domino dignos everti tecta penates. Territus ipse fugit, nactusque silentia ruris exululat frustraque loqui conatur: ab ipso conligit os rabiem, solitaeque cupidine caedis vertitur in pecudes et nunc quoque sanguine gaudet. In villos abeunt vestes, in crura lacerti: fit lupus et veteris servat vestigia formae.	At night, when I was heavy with sleep, he prepared to kill me by an unexpected death. That was the test of truth that pleased him. Nor was he content with that. With a blade he cut the throat of a hostage sent from the Molossian people, and then, while the limbs were still half alive, he softened some in boiling water and roasted others over a fire set beneath them. The moment he placed this on the table, I, with avenging flame, brought the roof down upon household gods worthy of their master. He fled in terror, and when he reached the silence of the countryside, he howled and tried in vain to speak. His mouth drew its frenzy from himself. With his usual lust for slaughter he turned on the flocks, and even now he delights in blood. His clothes turned into shaggy hair, his arms into legs. He became a wolf, yet he kept traces of his old form.[12]
1.238	Canities eadem est, eadem violentia vultus, idem oculi lucent, eadem feritatis imago est.	He has the same gray hair, the same violence in his face. The same eyes gleam, and the same im-

10 Probably the assassination of Julius Caesar in 44 BC, though some take it as a conspiracy against Augustus.
11 Maenalus, Cyllene and Lycaeus are mountains in Arcadia, in the central Peloponnese.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Occidit una domus. Sed non domus una perire 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 inplent. 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) rex superum trepidare vetat subolemque priori dissimilem populo promittit origine mira.	age of savagery remains. One house has fallen, but not one house alone deserved to perish. Wherever the earth extends, the wild Fury reigns. You would think they had sworn an oath to crime. Let them all quickly pay the penalties they have earned. That is my sentence, and it stands." Some approved Jupiter's words aloud and added goads to his fury, while others played their part by assenting. Yet the loss of the human race grieved them all. They asked what the earth would look like without mortals, who would bring incense to the altars, and whether he meant to hand the lands over to wild beasts to ravage. As they asked these questions, the king of the gods told them not to be alarmed, since the rest would be his concern, and he promised a race unlike the first people, of miraculous origin.[13]

THE FLOOD

Jupiter and Neptune drown the world; only the peak of Parnassus stays above the water.

LATIN	ENGLISH
1.253 Iamque erat in totas sparsurus fulmina terras: sed timuit, ne forte sacer tot ab ignibus aether conciperet flammas longusque ardesceret axis: esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, adfore tempus, quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia caeli ardeat et mundi moles obsessa laboret. Tela reponuntur manibus fabricata Cyclopum: poena placet diversa, genus mortale sub undis perdere et ex omni nimbos 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: barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis; fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaeque sinusque.	And now he was about to scatter his thunderbolts over all the lands. But he feared that so many fires might set the sacred ether ablaze and the long axis of the heavens might catch fire. He also remembered that it was fated that a time would come when sea and earth and the palace of heaven would be seized by fire and burn, and the besieged mass of the world would collapse. The weapons forged by the hands of the Cyclopes were put away. He chose a different punishment: to destroy the mortal race beneath the waves and send down rain from every part of the sky. At once he shut Aquilo in the caves of Aeolus, together with every blast that chases gathered clouds away, and he let Notus loose. Notus flew out on dripping wings, his terrible face shrouded in pitch-black gloom. His beard was heavy with rain, water streamed from his white hair, mists sat on his brow, and his feathers and the folds of his robe dripped with dew.[14]
1.268 Utque manu late pendentia nubila pressit, fit fragor: hinc densi funduntur ab aethere nimbi. Nuntia Iunonis varios induta colores concipit Iris aquas alimentaque nubibus adfert.	When his hand squeezed the clouds that hung far and wide, there was a crash, and dense rain poured down from the sky. Juno's messenger, Iris, dressed in many colors, drew up water and

12 The Molossians were a people of Epirus, in northwestern Greece.
13 The Furies (Erinyes) were spirits of vengeance who pursued crime.
14 Aquilo is the north wind, which clears the sky; Notus is the rainy south wind. Aeolus is the keeper of the winds.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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. Convocat hic amnes. Qui postquam tecta tyranni intravere sui, "non est hortamine longo nunc" ait "utendum. Vires effundite vestras: sic opus est! aperite domos ac mole remota fluminibus vestris totas inmittite habenas!" Iusserat; hi redeunt ac fontibus ora relaxant et defrenato volvuntur in aequora cursu.	brought fresh supplies to the clouds. The crops were flattened, the farmers' prayers lay wept over and lost, and the labor of a long year perished for nothing. Nor was Jupiter's anger content with his own sky. His sea-blue brother helped him with waves of his own. He summoned the rivers, and when they had entered their sovereign's house, he said, "There is no time now for a long speech. Pour out your strength, for that is what is needed! Open your houses, clear away your dams, and give your streams free rein!" He had given the order. They went back, loosened the mouths of their springs, and rolled toward the sea in an unbridled course.
1.283	Ipse tridente suo terram percussit: at illa intremuit motuque vias patefecit aquarum. Exspatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos cumque satis arbusta simul pecudesque virosque tectaque cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris. Siqua domus mansit potuitque resistere tanto indeiecta malo, culmen tamen altior huius unda tegit, pressaeque latent sub gurgite turres. 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 ararat, ille supra segetes aut mersae culmina villae navigat, hic summa piscem deprendit in ulmo.	He himself struck the earth with his trident, and it trembled and with the shock opened paths for the waters. The rivers burst their bounds and rushed across the open plains, sweeping away crops along with orchards, flocks and people, houses and shrines with their sacred objects. If any house still stood and could withstand so great a disaster without falling, a higher wave covered its roof all the same, and its towers lay hidden beneath the flood. And now sea and land could not be told apart. Everything was sea, and the sea had no shores. One man took to a hill. Another sat in a curved boat and pulled his oars where he had lately plowed. One sailed over his crops or the roof of his sunken farmhouse, another caught a fish in the top of an elm.
1.297	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. 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, crura nec ablato prosunt velocia cervo. Quaesitisque diu terris, ubi sistere possit, in mare lassatis volucris vaga decidit alis. Obruerat tumulos inmensa licentia ponti, pulsabantque novi montana cacumina fluctus. Maxima pars unda rapitur; quibus unda pepercit, illos longa domant inopi ieiunia victu.	An anchor, as chance would have it, lodged in a green meadow, or curved keels scraped the vineyards below. Where slender goats had lately cropped the grass, ungainly seals now laid their bodies down. The Nereids marveled at groves and cities and houses under water. Dolphins took over the woods, charged into the high branches and buffeted the swaying oaks. The wolf swam among the sheep, the wave carried tawny lions, the wave carried tigers. The boar's lightning strength was no help to him, nor were swift legs to the stag as he was swept away. The wandering bird searched long for land where it could settle, and finally fell into the sea on weary wings. The boundless license of the sea had buried the hills, and strange waves beat against the mountain peaks. Most were carried off by the water. Those the water spared were overcome by long fasting, for lack of food.

DEUCALION AND PYRRHA

Deucalion and Pyrrha survive, consult Themis, and repeople the earth by throwing stones behind them.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.313	Separat Aonios Oetaeis Phocis ab arvis, terra ferax, dum terra fuit, sed tempore in illo pars maris et latus subitarum campus aquarum. 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 fatidicamque Themin, 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, et superesse videt de tot modo milibus unam, innocuos ambo, cultores numinis ambo, nubila disiecit nimbisque aquilone remotis et caelo terras ostendit et aethera terris.	Phocis separates the Aonian fields from the fields of Oeta. It was fertile land while it was land, but at that time it had become part of the sea, a broad plain of sudden waters. There a steep mountain reaches for the stars with its two peaks. Its name is Parnassus, and its summits rise above the clouds. When Deucalion came to rest there with the partner of his bed, carried in a small boat, for the sea had covered everything else, they worshiped the Corycian nymphs, the divinities of the mountain, and prophetic Themis, who held the oracle in those days. No man was better than he or more devoted to justice, and no woman more reverent toward the gods than she. When Jupiter saw the world flooded with standing water, and saw that only one man was left of so many thousands just now, and only one woman left of so many thousands just now, both innocent, both worshipers of the gods, he scattered the clouds, drove off the rain with the north wind, and showed the lands to the sky and the heavens to the lands.[15]
1.330	Nec maris ira manet, positoque tricuspide telo mulcet aquas rector pelagi supraque profundum exstantem atque umeros innato murice tectum caeruleum Tritona vocat conchaeque sonanti inspirare iubet fluctusque et flumina signo iam revocare dato. Cava bucina sumitur illi, tortilis, in latum quae turbine crescit ab imo, bucina, quae medio concepit ubi aera ponto, litora voce replet sub utroque iacentia Phoebo. Tunc quoque, ut ora dei madida rorantia barba contigit et cecinit iussos inflata receptus, omnibus audita est telluris et aequoris undis, et quibus est undis audita, coercuit omnes.	The sea's anger did not last either. The ruler of the deep laid down his three-pronged weapon and calmed the waters. He called sea-blue Triton, who rose above the depths, his shoulders covered with the purple shells that grow on them, and told him to blow into his echoing conch and call back the waves and rivers with the signal. Triton took up the hollow horn, a twisted shell that widens from its lowest spiral, the horn which, once it has filled with air in mid-sea, fills with its voice the shores lying beneath the rising and the setting Phoebus. This time too, as it touched the god's mouth, wet with his dripping beard, and was blown to sound the ordered retreat, it was heard by all the waters of land and sea, and it held in check all the waters that heard it.[16]
1.343	Iam mare litus habet, plenos capit alveus amnes, flumina subsidunt collesque exire videntur, surgit humus, crescunt loca decrescentibus undis, postque diem longam nudata cacumina silvae	Now the sea had a shore, the riverbeds held brimming streams, the rivers sank, and the hills seemed to rise up out of them. The ground emerged, the land grew as the waters shrank, and

15 Aonia is Boeotia. The Corycian nymphs lived in a cave on Parnassus, and Themis, goddess of right, held the oracle at Delphi before Apollo.
16 Triton is a sea god, the son of Neptune.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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: "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 duo turba sumus; possedit cetera pontus.	after many days the woods showed their bare tops, with mud still clinging to their leaves. The world had been restored. When Deucalion saw it empty and the desolate lands keeping a deep silence, tears welled up and he spoke to Pyrrha: "O sister, O wife, O only woman left alive, joined to me first by our common race, through our fathers who were brothers, then by our marriage bed, and now by our very dangers: of all the lands that the setting and the rising sun look upon, we two are the whole crowd. The sea has taken everything else.[17]
1.356	Haec quoque adhuc vitae non est fiducia nostrae certa satis; terrent etiam nunc nubila mentem. Quis tibi, si sine me fatis erepta fuisses, nunc animus, miseranda, foret? quo sola timorem ferre modo posses? quo consolante doleres? Namque ego (crede mihi) si te quoque pontus haberet, te sequerer, coniunx, et me quoque pontus haberet. O utinam possim populos reparare paternis artibus atque animas formatae infundere terrae! Nunc genus in nobis restat mortale duobus (sic visum superis) hominumque exempla manemus." Dixerat, et flebant. Placuit caeleste precari numen et auxilium per sacras quaerere sortes.	Even now our hold on life is not secure enough. Even now the clouds terrify my mind. What would you feel now, poor woman, if fate had spared you without me? How could you bear your fear alone? Who would comfort you in your grief? For believe me, if the sea had you too, I would follow you, my wife, and the sea would have me too. Oh, if only I could restore the peoples by my father's arts and pour souls into molded earth! As it is, the mortal race survives in the two of us. So the gods have willed it, and we remain as the last specimens of humankind." He had spoken, and they wept. They resolved to pray to the heavenly power and seek help through the sacred oracle.
1.369	Nulla mora est: adeunt pariter Cephisidas undas, ut nondum liquidas, sic iam vada nota secantes. 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 pronus humi gelidoque pavens dedit oscula saxo atque ita "si precibus" dixerunt "numina iustis victa remollescunt, si flectitur ira deorum, dic, Themi, qua generis damnum reparabile nostri arte sit, et mersis fer opem, mitissima, rebus." Mota dea est sortemque dedit: "Discedite templo et velate caput cinctasque resolvite vestes ossaque post tergum magnae iactate parentis."	There was no delay. Together they went to the waters of the Cephisus, which, though not yet clear, were already cutting through their familiar channel. Then, when they had drawn water and sprinkled it on their clothes and heads, they turned their steps toward the shrine of the holy goddess. Its gables were pale with foul moss, and its altars stood without fires. When they reached the temple steps, each of them fell face-down on the ground and, trembling, pressed kisses on the cold stone. Then they said, "If the gods are won over and softened by righteous prayers, if the anger of the gods can be turned aside, tell us, Themis, by what art the loss of our race can be repaired, and bring help, most gentle one, to a drowned world." The goddess was moved and gave her oracle: "Leave the temple, veil your heads, loosen your girded robes, and throw the bones of your great mother behind your backs."[18]
1.384	Obstipuere diu, rumpitque silentia voce Pyrrha prior iussisque deae parere recusat,	For a long time they stood stunned. Pyrrha was the first to break the silence. She refused to obey

17 Deucalion was the son of Prometheus and Pyrrha the daughter of his brother Epimetheus. As cousins, he can call her "sister."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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 mulcet et "aut fallax" ait "est sollertia nobis, 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, spes tamen in dubio est: adeo caelestibus ambo diffidunt monitis. Sed quid temptare nocebit? Discedunt velantque caput tunicasque recingunt et iussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt.	the goddess's command and, her voice trembling, begged her forgiveness, for she was afraid of wounding her mother's shade by throwing her bones. Meanwhile they went back over the words of the oracle they had been given, dark and hidden in obscurity, and turned them over in their minds and between themselves. Then the son of Prometheus soothed the daughter of Epimetheus with calming words and said, "Either my cleverness deceives me, or oracles are holy and urge no crime. Our great mother is the earth. I think the stones in the earth's body are what are called her bones. These are what we are told to throw behind our backs." Though the Titan's daughter was moved by her husband's reading, her hope still wavered, so deeply did they both distrust the heavenly counsel. But what harm can it do to try? They went off, veiled their heads, ungirded their tunics, and threw the stones, as ordered, behind their footsteps.[19]
1.400	Saxa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas?) ponere duritiem coepere suumque rigorem mollirique mora mollitaque ducere formam. Mox ubi creverunt naturaque mitior illis contigit, ut quaedam, sic non manifesta, videri forma potest hominis, sed, uti de marmore coepta, non exacta satis rudibusque simillima signis. 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; inque brevi spatio superorum 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.	The stones (who would believe this if antiquity did not stand witness?) began to lay aside their hardness and stiffness, to soften little by little, and once softened, to take on shape. Soon, as they grew and a gentler nature came over them, a kind of human form could be seen, though not yet distinct, like a figure begun in marble, not finished enough and very like rough statues. The part of them that was moist with some juice and earthy was turned to serve as flesh. What was solid and could not bend was changed into bones. What had just been a vein kept the same name. In a short time, by the power of the gods above, the stones thrown by the man's hands took on the appearance of men, and from the woman's throw woman was made anew. That is why we are a hard race, inured to toil, and we give proof of the origin from which we were born.[20]

APOLLO AND THE PYTHON

The earth breeds new creatures, among them the Python, which Apollo kills, founding the Pythian Games.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.416	Cetera diversis tellus animalia formis sponte sua peperit, postquam vetus umor ab igne	The other animals, in all their different forms, the earth produced of her own accord. The moisture

18 The Cephisus is a river in Phocis, below Parnassus.
19 Pyrrha's father, Epimetheus, was himself a Titan, a son of Iapetus.
20 Latin vena means both a vein in rock and a vein in the body, so the word could keep its name.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	percaluit solis, caenumque udaeque paludes intumuere aestu, fecundaque semina rerum vivaci nutrita solo ceu matris in alvo creverunt faciemque aliquam cepere morando. Sic ubi deseruit madidos septemfluus agros Nilus et antiquo sua flumina reddidit alveo aetherioque recens exarsit sidere limus, plurima cultores versis animalia glaebis inveniunt, et in his quaedam modo coepta per ipsum nascendi spatium, quaedam inperfecta 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; cumque sit ignis aquae pugnax, vapor umidus omnes res creat, et discors concordia fetibus apta est.	left from before grew warm in the fire of the sun, the mud and the wet marshes swelled in the heat, and the fertile seeds of things, nourished in the life-giving soil as in a mother's womb, grew and in time took on some kind of shape. In the same way, when the seven-streamed Nile has left the soaked fields and returned its waters to their old bed, and the fresh silt has been baked by the heavenly star, the farmers turning the clods find a great many animals. Among them they see some just begun, at the very moment of their birth, and some unfinished and lacking their proper parts. Often in one and the same body one part is alive while the other is still raw earth. For when moisture and heat are blended in due measure, they conceive, and from these two everything arises. Fire is at war with water, yet moist heat creates all things, and this discordant harmony is fit for breeding.
1.434	Ergo ubi diluvio tellus lutulenta recenti solibus aetheriis altoque recanduit aestu, edidit innumeras species, partimque figuras rettulit antiquas, partim nova monstra creavit. Illa quidem nollet, sed te quoque, maxime Python, tum genuit, populisque novis, incognite serpens, terror eras: tantum spatii de monte tenebas. Hunc deus arquitenens, 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, instituit sacros celebri certamine ludos, Pythia perdomitae serpentis nomine dictos. Hic iuvenum quicumque manu pedibusve rotave vicerat, aesculeae capiebat frondis honorem: nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phoebus.	So when the earth, muddy from the recent flood, grew hot again under the sun's rays from the sky and its deep heat, it brought forth countless species. Some of the old shapes it restored, some new monsters it created. She would not have wished it, but it was then that she bore you too, huge Python, and you, unknown serpent, were a terror to the new peoples, so much of the mountainside did you cover. The god of the bow, who had never before used such weapons except on deer and fleeing roe, destroyed him, weighed down with a thousand shafts, his quiver almost emptied, the poison pouring out through the black wounds. And so that time could not wipe out the fame of the deed, he founded sacred games with crowded contests, called the Pythian after the serpent he had subdued. Here any young man who won with fist, feet or wheels received the honor of a crown of oak leaves. There was no laurel yet, and Phoebus wreathed his temples, handsome with long hair, with leaves from any tree.[21]

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

Cupid makes Apollo love Daphne and Daphne flee him; she escapes by being turned into a laurel.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.452	Primus amor Phoebi Daphne Peneia, quem non fors ignara dedit, sed saeva Cupidinis ira. Delius hunc, nuper victa serpente superbus,	Phoebus' first love was Daphne, daughter of Peneus, and it was not blind chance that gave her to him but Cupid's cruel anger. The Delian, still

21 Python was the serpent of Delphi; the Pythian Games were held there in Apollo's honor.

LATIN	ENGLISH
viderat adducto flectentem cornua nervo "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. Tu face nescio quos esto contentus amores inritare tua, nec laudes adsere nostras." Filius huic Veneris "figat tuus omnia, Phoebe, te meus arcus:" ait "quantoque animalia cedunt cuncta deo tanto minor est tua gloria nostra."	proud from his recent conquest of the serpent, had seen Cupid bending his bow and drawing the string tight, and had said, "What business have you, playful boy, with a warrior's weapons? That gear suits my shoulders. I can deal sure wounds to wild beasts and to my enemies; I have just laid low with countless arrows the swollen Python, whose plague-bearing belly pressed down so many acres. You be content to stir up some love affairs or other with your torch, and do not lay claim to my glories." Venus' son answered him, "Your bow may pierce everything, Phoebus, but mine will pierce you. As far as all living things fall short of a god, so far does your glory fall short of mine."[22]
1.466 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; 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 tenebris captivarumque ferarum 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.	He said, and beating the air with his wings he swiftly alighted on the shady height of Parnassus. From his arrow-bearing quiver he drew two shafts with opposite effects: one drives love away, the other makes it. The one that makes it is golden and gleams with a sharp point; the one that drives it away is blunt and has lead beneath the shaft. The second the god fixed in the nymph, Peneus' daughter, but with the first he wounded Apollo, piercing through his bones to the marrow. At once the one was in love; the other fled the very name of lover. She delighted in the darkness of the woods and the skins of the beasts she caught, a rival of the virgin Phoebe. A ribbon held back her hair, which fell in no order. Many sought her, but she turned away from her suitors, and, intolerant of men and knowing none, she roamed the pathless groves, caring nothing for what Hymen is, or Love, or marriage.[23]
1.481 Saepe pater dixit "generum mihi, filia, debes," saepe pater dixit "debes mihi nata, nepotes:" illa, velut crimen taedas exosa iugales, pulchra verecundo suffunditur ora rubore, inque patris blandis haerens cervice lacertis "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, quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum oracula fallunt. Utque leves stipulae demptis adolentur aristis, ut facibus saepes ardent, quas forte viator	Often her father said, "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law"; often her father said, "Child, you owe me grandchildren." But she hated the wedding torch as if it were a crime. Her lovely face flushed with a modest blush, and clinging to her father's neck with coaxing arms she said, "Dearest father, let me enjoy my virginity forever. Diana's father granted her this before." He did give in; but that loveliness of yours forbids you to be what you wish, and your beauty fights against your prayer. Phoebus loved; he saw Daphne and longed to marry her; what he longed for he hoped for, and his own oracles deceived him. As light stubble

22 Peneus is a river of Thessaly and its god, Daphne's father.
23 Phoebe here is Diana, the virgin huntress; Hymen is the god of weddings.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	vel nimis admovit vel iam sub luce reliquit, sic deus in flammas abiit, sic pectore toto uritur et sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.	burns once the ears of grain have been reaped, as hedges blaze from torches that a traveler happened to bring too close or left behind at daybreak, so the god went up in flames, so he burned in all his heart and fed a barren love with hope.
1.497	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 bracchiaque et nudos media plus parte lacertos. Siqua 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, 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, curre fugamque inhibe; moderatius insequar ipse.	He looked at her hair hanging unadorned on her neck and said, "What if it were combed?" He saw her eyes flashing with fire like stars; he saw her lips, which it is not enough merely to have seen; he praised her fingers and her hands, her forearms, and her arms bare beyond the middle. Whatever was hidden he imagined finer still. She fled, swifter than the light breeze, and did not stop at these words as he called her back: "Nymph, daughter of Peneus, I beg you, stay! I am not chasing you as an enemy. Nymph, stay! So the lamb flees the wolf, so the deer the lion, so doves on trembling wings flee the eagle, each its own enemy. Love is my reason for pursuing you. How wretched I am! Don't fall headlong, don't let the brambles scratch legs that do not deserve to be hurt, don't let me be the cause of your pain! The ground where you are hurrying is rough. Run more slowly, I beg you, and check your flight; I will pursue more slowly myself.
1.512	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 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. 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."	Yet ask whom you are pleasing. I am no mountain-dweller, no shepherd; I am no shaggy fellow guarding herds and flocks around here. You don't know, rash girl, you don't know whom you are fleeing, and that is why you flee. The land of Delphi serves me, and Claros and Tenedos and the palace of Patara. Jupiter is my father. Through me what will be, what has been and what is are revealed; through me songs are brought into harmony with strings. My arrow is sure indeed, but one arrow is surer than mine, the one that has wounded my heart when it was free. Medicine is my invention; throughout the world I am called the Helper, and the power of herbs is subject to me. Ah—love cannot be healed by any herbs, and the arts that help everyone else do not help their master!"[24]
1.525	Plura locuturum timido Peneia cursu fugit cumque ipso verba inperfecta reliquit, tum quoque visa decens. Nudabant corpora venti, obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina vestes,	He would have said more, but the daughter of Peneus ran from him in fear and left him there with his words unfinished—and even then she looked lovely. The winds bared her body, the breezes

24 Claros, Tenedos and Patara were centers of Apollo's worship and oracles in the eastern Aegean and Asia Minor.

LATIN	ENGLISH
et levis inpulsos retro dabat aura capillos, auctaque forma fuga est. Sed enim non sustinet ultra perdere blanditias iuvenis deus, utque monebat ipse Amor, admisso sequitur vestigia passu. Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo vidit, et hic praedam pedibus petit, ille salutem: alter inhaesuro similis iam iamque tenere sperat et extento stringit vestigia rostro, alter in ambiguo est, an sit conprensus, et ipsis morsibus eripitur tangentiaque ora relinquit: sic deus et virgo est hic spe celer, illa timore.	blowing against her set her clothes fluttering, and a light air sent her hair streaming behind her; her beauty was only increased by flight. But the young god could no longer bear to waste his coaxing words, and, just as Love himself urged, he followed her tracks at full speed. As when a Gallic hound sees a hare in an open field, and one runs for its prey, the other for its life—the one, seeming about to fasten on it, hopes any moment now to catch it, and grazes its heels with outstretched muzzle, while the other is unsure whether it has been caught, snatches itself from the very jaws and leaves behind the mouth that touches it—so it was with the god and the girl: he was swift with hope, she with fear.
1.540 Qui tamen insequitur pennis adiutus Amoris, ocior est requiemque negat tergoque fugacis inminet et crinem sparsum cervicibus adflat. Viribus absumptis expalluit illa citaeque victa labore fugae spectans Peneidas undas “fer pater” inquit “opem si flumina numen habetis. Qua nimium placui, mutando perde figuram!” Vix prece finita torpor gravis occupat artus: mollia cinguntur tenui praecordia libro, in frondem crines, in ramos bracchia crescunt, 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 conplexusque suis ramos, ut membra, lacertis oscula dat ligno: refugit tamen oscula lignum.	But the pursuer, helped by the wings of Love, was faster. He gave her no rest, pressed close on her back as she fled, and breathed on the hair spread over her neck. Her strength spent, she grew pale, and overcome by the strain of her swift flight, she looked at the waters of Peneus and said, “Help me, father, if you rivers have divine power! Change and destroy this shape that has pleased too well!” Her prayer was hardly finished when a heavy numbness seized her limbs. Her soft breast was wrapped in thin bark, her hair grew into leaves, her arms into branches; her foot, so swift a moment ago, stuck fast in sluggish roots; a treetop took her face. Only her radiance remained. Even so Phoebus loved her. He placed his right hand on the trunk and felt her heart still trembling beneath the new bark, and, embracing the branches in his arms as if they were limbs, he kissed the wood; yet the wood shrank from his kisses.
1.557 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 vox canet et visent longas Capitolia pompas: postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos ante fores stabis mediamque tuebere quercum, utque meum intonsis caput est iuvenale capillis, tu quoque perpetuos semper gere frondis honores.” Finierat Paean: factis modo laurea ramis adnuit utque caput visa est agitasse cacumen.	The god said to her, “Since you cannot be my wife, you will at least be my tree. My hair, my lyre, my quivers will always have you, laurel. You will attend Latin generals when the joyful voice sings out the triumph and the Capitol sees the long processions. You will stand at the doorposts of Augustus as their most faithful guardian, before his doors, and will protect the oak between. And as my head is forever young, with uncut hair, you too must always wear the lasting honor of your leaves.” Paean had finished. The laurel nodded its newly made branches and seemed to move its top as if it were a head.[25]

IO

Jupiter rapes Io and turns her into a heifer; Juno sets hundred-eyed Argus to guard her.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.568	Est nemus Haemoniae, praerupta quod undique claudit silva: vocant Tempe. Per quae Peneus ab imo effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis, deiectuque 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, 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, moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit impetus illos, in mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.	There is a grove in Haemonia, closed in on every side by steep wooded slopes; they call it Tempe. Through it the Peneus, pouring out from the foot of Pindus, rolls on in foaming waters. Its heavy fall gathers clouds that drive along thin mists, showers spray on the treetops, and wearies far more than its neighborhood with its roar. This is the home, this the seat, these are the inner chambers of the great river. Here, seated in a cave hollowed out of rock, he gave laws to the waters and to the nymphs who live in the waters. There the rivers of his country gathered first, not knowing whether to congratulate the father or console him: poplar-bearing Spercheus and restless Enipeus, old Apidanus, gentle Amphrysus and Aeas; and soon other rivers, which, wherever their impulse carries them, lead down to the sea their waters weary with wandering.[26]
1.583	Inachus unus abest imoque reconditus antro fletibus auget aquas natamque miserrimus Io luget ut amissam. Nescit, vitane fruatur, 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 altorum nemorum" (et nemorum monstraverat umbras), "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 sceptra manu teneo, sed qui vaga fulmina mitto.	Only Inachus was missing. Hidden away in the depths of his cave, he swelled his waters with his tears and, in utter misery, mourned his daughter Io as lost. He did not know whether she was alive or among the shades; but since he could not find her anywhere, he thought she was nowhere, and in his heart he feared worse. Jupiter had seen her returning from her father's river and had said, "Girl worthy of Jupiter, who will make some man or other happy in your bed, go into the shade of these deep woods"—and he had pointed to the shade of the woods—"while it is hot and the sun is at its highest in the middle of its course. If you are afraid to enter the lairs of wild beasts alone, you will go safely into the secret places of the woods with a god to protect you—and no common god, but I who hold the great scepter of heaven in my hand, I who hurl the roving thunderbolts.[27]
1.597	Ne fuge me!"—fugiebat enim. Iam pascua Lernae consitaque arboribus Lyrcea reliquerat arva, cum deus inducta latas caligine terras occuluit tenuitque fugam rapuitque pudorem.	Don't run from me!"—for she was running. She had already left behind the pastures of Lerna and the tree-planted fields of Lyrcea when the god brought down a mist, hid the wide lands, stopped her flight

25 Paean is a title of Apollo. Laurels flanked the door of Augustus' house on the Palatine, with the oak-leaf civic crown fixed between them.
26 Haemonia is an old name for Thessaly; Tempe is the valley of the river Peneus.
27 Inachus is the river of Argos and its god, Io's father.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Interea medios Iuno despexit in agros et noctis faciem nebulas fecisse volucres sub nitido mirata die, non fluminis illas esse, nec umenti sensit tellure remitti; atque suus coniunx ubi sit circumspicit, ut quae 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 Inachidos vultus mutaverat ille iuvencam.	and raped her. Meanwhile Juno looked down into the midst of the fields and wondered that drifting clouds had made it look like night under the bright day. She saw that they were not river mists and did not rise from the damp earth, and she looked around to see where her husband was, as one who knew by now the secret affairs of a husband caught so many times. When she did not find him in the sky, she said, "Either I am mistaken or I am wronged," and gliding down from the height of heaven she stood on the earth and ordered the clouds to withdraw. He had sensed his wife's coming in advance and had changed the daughter of Inachus into a sleek heifer.
1.612	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 desinat inquiri. Petit hanc Saturnia munus. Quid faciat? crudele suos addicere amores, non dare suspectum est. Pudor est qui suadeat illinc, hinc dissuadet amor. Victus pudor esset amore; sed leve si munus sociae generisque torique vacca negaretur, poterat non vacca videri. Paelice donata non protinus exuit omnem diva metum timuitque Iovem et fuit anxia furti, donec Arestoridae servandam tradidit Argo.	Even as a cow she was beautiful. Saturn's daughter, though against her will, admired the heifer's looks, and asked, as if she did not know the truth, whose she was, where she came from, and from what herd. Jupiter lied that she had been born from the earth, so that there would be no more questions about her origin. Saturn's daughter asked for her as a gift. What was he to do? It was cruel to hand over his love, but not to give her would look suspicious. Shame urged him one way, love dissuaded him the other. Shame would have been overcome by love; but if a cow, so trifling a gift, were refused to one who shared his blood and his bed, the cow might seem to be no cow. Though her rival had been given to her, the goddess did not at once lay aside all her fear; she distrusted Jupiter and was anxious that he might steal her away, until she handed her over to Argus, son of Arestor, to be guarded.
1.625	Centum luminibus cinctum caput Argus habebat: 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, 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 tendere, non habuit, quae bracchia tenderet Argo, et conata queri mugitus edidit ore pertimuitque sonos propriaque exterrita voce est.	Argus had a head ringed with a hundred eyes. Of these, two at a time took their rest in turn, while the rest kept watch and stayed at their post. However he stood, he was looking at Io; even with his back turned, he had Io before his eyes. By day he let her graze; when the sun was deep beneath the earth, he shut her in and put chains around her undeserving neck. She fed on the leaves of trees and bitter grass; instead of a bed, the poor creature lay on the earth, which did not always have grass, and she drank from muddy streams. When she wanted to stretch out her arms to Argus in supplication, she had no arms to stretch out to Argus; when she tried to complain, a lowing came

LATIN	ENGLISH
	from her mouth, and she was terrified at the sounds, frightened by her own voice.
1.639 Venit et ad ripas, ubi ludere saepe solebat, Inachidas ripas; novaque ut conspexit in unda 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 porrexerat Inachus herbas: illa manus lambit patriisque dat oscula palmis nec retinet lacrimas et, si modo verba sequantur, oret opem nomenque suum casusque loquatur. Littera pro verbis, quam pes in pulvere duxit, corporis indicium mutati triste peregit.	She came, too, to the banks where she had so often played, the banks of Inachus; and when she saw her new horns in the water, she was terrified and fled in panic from herself. The Naiads did not know who she was; Inachus himself did not know. But she followed her father and followed her sisters, let herself be touched, and offered herself to them as they marveled. Old Inachus had plucked some grass and held it out to her. She licked his hands and kissed her father's palms, and could not hold back her tears; if only words would come, she would beg for help and tell her name and what had happened to her. Instead of words, the writing her hoof traced in the dust gave the sad proof of her changed body.
1.651 "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 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. Nec finire licet tantos mihi morte dolores, sed nocet esse deum, praeclusaque ianua leti aeternum nostros luctus extendit in aevum?"	"How wretched I am!" cried her father Inachus, and, hanging on the horns and the snow-white neck of the moaning heifer, he said again, "How wretched I am! Are you the daughter I searched for through all the lands? Unfound, you were a lighter grief than you are now that you are found. You are silent and give no words in answer to mine; you only heave sighs from deep in your breast and—the one thing you can do—low in reply to what I say. And I, knowing nothing, was preparing a marriage chamber and wedding torches for you; my first hope was of a son-in-law, my second of grandchildren. Now you must take a husband from the herd, now a son from the herd. Nor may I end such great grief by death; it is my misfortune to be a god, and the door of death, shut against me, stretches out my mourning through all eternity."
1.664 Talia maerentem stellatus submovet Argus ereptamque patri diversa in pascua natam 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. Parva mora est alas pedibus virgamque potenti somniferam sumpsisse manu tegimenque capillis. Haec ubi disposuit, patria Iove natus ab arce desilit in terras. Illic tegimenque removit et posuit pennas, tantummodo virga retenta est.	As he lamented like this, starry Argus drove him away and dragged the daughter, torn from her father, off to distant pastures. He himself took up his place on the lofty summit of a mountain, where he sat and watched in every direction. The ruler of the gods could no longer bear the terrible suffering of Phoroneus' sister. He called his son, whom the shining Pleiad had borne, and ordered him to put Argus to death. It took him only a moment to put the wings on his feet, take the sleep-bringing wand in his powerful hand and put the cap on his hair. When he had arranged this, Jupiter's son leapt down from his father's citadel to

LATIN	ENGLISH
	the earth. There he took off his cap and laid aside his wings; only the wand he kept.[28]
1.676 Hac agit, ut pastor, per devia rura capellas, dum venit, adductas et structis cantat avenis. Voce nova captus custos Iunonius "at tu, quisquis es, hoc poteras mecum considere saxo," Argus ait, "neque enim pecori fecundior ullo 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 et, quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus, parte tamen vigilat. Quaerit quoque (namque reperta fistula nuper erat), qua sit ratione reperta.	With it, like a shepherd, he drove through the lonely countryside some goats he had rounded up on the way, and played on pipes of bound reeds. Captivated by the new sound, Juno's guard said, "You there, whoever you are, you could sit with me on this rock. There is no place where the grass is richer for a flock, and you can see the shade here suits shepherds." Atlas' grandson sat down, held back the passing day with his long talk, and tried, by playing on the joined reeds, to overcome the watching eyes. But Argus fought to conquer gentle sleep, and though sleep had been let in by some of his eyes, others still stayed awake. He asked, too—for the pipe had only recently been invented—how it had been invented.

PAN AND SYRINX

Mercury lulls Argus with the tale of Syrinx, turned into reeds, then kills him; Io is restored.

LATIN	ENGLISH
1.689 Tum deus "Arcadiae gelidis in montibus" inquit "inter hamadryadas celeberrima Nonacrinas 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 falleret et 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 et precibus spretis fugisse per avia nympham, 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, corpore pro nymphae calamos tenuisse palustres.	Then the god said, "In the cold mountains of Arcadia, among the hamadryads of Nonacris, there was one Naiad more celebrated than the rest; the nymphs called her Syrinx. More than once she had escaped the satyrs who chased her, and every god that the shady wood and the fertile countryside hold. She worshiped the Ortygian goddess in her pursuits and in her very virginity. Dressed in Diana's fashion, too, she could fool the eye and be taken for Latona's daughter, except that her bow was of horn and Diana's of gold. Even so she fooled people. As she was coming back from the Lycaean hill, Pan saw her, and, his head crowned with sharp pine needles, spoke these words"—it remained to tell the words, and how the nymph, scorning his pleas, fled through pathless country until she came to the calm stream of sandy Ladon; how here, when the waters blocked her course, she begged her sisters of the stream to change her; and how Pan, when he thought he had caught Syrinx at last, held marsh reeds instead of the nymph's body.[29]
1.707 Dumque ibi suspirat, motos in harundine ventos effecisse sonum tenuem similemque querenti.	And how, while he sighed there, the air stirring in the reeds made a thin sound like someone lament-

28 Io's brother Phoroneus was an early king of Argos; Mercury's mother was Maia, one of the Pleiades.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Arte nova vocisque deum dulcedine captum “hoc mihi concilium tecum” dixisse “manebit!“ atque ita disparibus calamis conpagine cerae inter se iunctis nomen tenuisse puellae. Talia dicturus vidit Cyllenius omnes succubuisse oculos adopertaque lumina somno. Supprimit extemplo vocem firmatque soporem languida permulcens medicata lumina virga. Nec mora, falcato nutantem vulnerat ense qua collo est confine caput, saxoque cruentum deicit et maculat praeruptam sanguine rupem. Arge, iaces, quodque in tot lumina lumen habebas, exstinctum est, centumque oculos nox occupat una.	ing; how the god, captivated by the new art and the sweetness of the voice, said, “This union with you will remain mine!”; and how in this way the reeds of unequal length, joined together with wax, kept the girl’s name. The Cyllenian was about to tell all this when he saw that every eye had succumbed and their lights were covered in sleep. At once he checked his voice and deepened the slumber, stroking the drowsy eyes with his magic wand. Without delay, as Argus nodded, he struck him with his curved sword where the head meets the neck, threw him bleeding from the rock, and stained the steep cliff with blood. Argus, you lie dead; the light you had in so many eyes is put out, and a single night takes hold of a hundred eyes.
1.722	Excipit hos volucrisque suae Saturnia pennis collocat et gemmis caudam stellantibus inplet. Protinus exarsit nec tempora distulit irae horriferamque oculis animoque obiecit Erinyn paelicis Argolicae stimulosque in pectore caecos condidit et profugam per totum terruit orbem. Ultimus inmenso restabas, Nile, labori. Quem simul ac tetigit, positis in margine ripae procubuit genibus resupinoque ardua collo, quos potuit solos, tollens ad sidera vultus et gemitu et lacrimis et luctisono mugitu cum Iove visa queri finemque orare malorum.	Saturn’s daughter took the eyes and set them in the feathers of her bird, filling its tail with starry jewels. At once she blazed with anger and did not delay her vengeance. She set a horrifying Fury before the eyes and mind of her Argive rival, buried unseen goads in her breast, and drove her in terror, a fugitive, through the whole world. You, Nile, remained, the last stage of her boundless labor. As soon as she reached it, she sank down on her knees at the edge of the bank, stretched her neck back and lifted her face to the stars—the only thing she could lift—and with groans and tears and mournful lowing she seemed to complain to Jupiter and beg for an end to her sufferings.[30]
1.734	Coniugis ille suae conplexus colla lacertis, 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, contrahitur rictus, redeunt umerique manusque, ungulaque in quinos dilapsa absumitur ungues: de bove nil superest formae nisi candor in illa. Officioque pedum nymphe contenta duorum erigitur metuitque loqui, ne more iuvencae mugiat, et timide verba intermissa retemptat.	He threw his arms around his wife’s neck and begged her to end the punishment at last, and he said, “Put aside your fears for the future: she will never be a cause of grief to you,” and he called on the Stygian marshes to hear his words. As soon as the goddess was appeased, Io took on her former looks and became what she had been before. The bristles fled from her body, the horns shrank, the round of her eye narrowed, her gaping jaws contracted, her shoulders and hands returned, and the hoof split into five nails and vanished. Nothing of the cow’s form remained in her except her whiteness. The nymph, content now with the service of two feet, stood upright; she was afraid to speak in case she lowed like a heifer, and timidly tried again the words she had so long left off.[31]

29 Ortygia, an old name for Delos, was Diana’s birthplace; Nonacris and Mount Lycaeus are in Arcadia.
30 Juno’s bird is the peacock.
31 The gods swore their most binding oaths by the Styx, the river of the underworld.

PHAETHON

Taunted that the Sun is not his father, Phaethon sets out to find him.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.747	Nunc dea linigera colitur celeberrima turba, nunc Epaphus magni genitus de semine tandem creditur esse Iovis, perque urbes iuncta parenti templa tenet. Fuit huic animis aequalis et annis 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 et tulit ad Clymenen Epaphi convicia matrem;	Now she is worshiped as a goddess, most celebrated, by crowds dressed in linen. Now Epaphus is believed at last to have been born from the seed of great Jupiter, and in cities everywhere he has temples joined to his mother's. His equal in spirit and in age was Phaethon, son of the Sun. Once, when Phaethon was boasting grandly, refusing to yield to him and proud of having Phoebus as his father, the grandson of Inachus could not bear it and said, "You are mad to believe everything your mother says; you are puffed up with the fantasy of a false father." Phaethon blushed, held back his anger out of shame, and brought Epaphus' insults to his mother Clymene.[32]
1.757	"quo" que "magis doleas genetrix," ait "ille ego liber, ille ferox tacui. Pudet haec opprobria nobis et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli. At tu, si modo sum caelesti stirpe creatus, ede notam tanti generis meque adsere caelo." Dixit et inplicuit materno bracchia collo perque suum Meropisque caput taedasque sororum traderet oravit veri sibi signa parentis. Ambiguum, Clymene, precibus Phaethontis an ira mota magis dicti sibi criminis utraque caelo bracchia porrexit spectansque ad lumina solis	"To make you grieve the more, mother," he said, "I, so outspoken, I, so fierce, said nothing. I am ashamed that such insults could be spoken against me and could not be refuted. But if I really am born of heavenly stock, give me some sign of such great descent and claim me for heaven." He said this, threw his arms around his mother's neck, and begged her by his own head and Merops', and by his sisters' wedding torches, to give him proof of who his true father was. Whether you, Clymene, were moved more by Phaethon's prayers or by anger at the charge made against you is uncertain. You stretched both arms toward the sky and, gazing at the light of the sun,[33]
1.768	"per iubar hoc" inquit "radiis insigne coruscis, nate, tibi iuro, quod nos auditque videtque, 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 patrios labor est 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 dicta suae Phaethon et concipit aethera mente, Aethiopasque suos positosque sub ignibus Indos sidereis transit patriosque adit inpiger ortus.	said, "By this radiance, brilliant with flashing rays, which hears and sees us, I swear to you, my son, that you are born of this Sun you are looking at, of this Sun who governs the world. If I am lying, may he himself refuse to let me see him, and may this light be the last my eyes behold. It is no long labor for you to come to know your father's house: the home from which he rises borders on our land. If your heart is set on it, go, and you will learn the truth from him himself." At once, after his mother's words, Phaethon sprang up overjoyed, already grasping the heavens in his mind.

32 Io was identified with the Egyptian goddess Isis, whose worshipers wore linen; her son Epaphus was linked with the bull-god Apis.

33 Merops, king of Ethiopia, was Clymene's husband and Phaethon's supposed father.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	He passed his own Ethiopians and the Indians who live beneath the fires of the sky, and eagerly made his way to the place where his father rises.

Book 2

Phaethon and Jupiter's loves
Phaethon drives the Sun's chariot; Callisto; the raven; Aglauros and Envy; Europa and the bull.

THE PALACE OF THE SUN

The Sun swears to grant Phaethon's wish; Phaethon drives the chariot and sets the world on fire.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.1	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 aequora caelarat medias cingentia terras, terrarumque orbem, caelumque quod inminet orbi. Caeruleos habet unda deos, Tritona canorum Proteaque ambiguum, balaenarumque prementem Aegaeona suis inmania terga lacertis, Doridaque et natas, quarum pars nare videtur, pars in mole sedens virides siccare capillos, pisce vehi quaedam: facies non omnibus una, non diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum. Terra viros urbesque gerit silvasque ferasque fluminaque et nymphas et cetera numina ruris. Haec super imposita est caeli fulgentis imago signaque sex foribus dextris totidemque sinistris.	The palace of the Sun stood high on lofty columns, bright with glittering gold and with bronze that mimicked flame. Gleaming ivory covered its topmost gables, and its double doors shone with the radiance of silver. The workmanship surpassed the material, for there Mulciber had engraved the seas that encircle the lands at their center, the round of the lands, and the sky that hangs over that round. The waters hold the sea-blue gods: tuneful Triton, shifting Proteus, and Aegaeon, his arms clasping the huge backs of whales; Doris and her daughters, some of whom seem to swim, some to sit on a rock drying their green hair, some to ride on fish. They do not all have one face, and yet their faces are not different, just as sisters' faces should be. The land bears men and cities, woods and wild beasts, rivers and nymphs and the other divinities of the countryside. Above these was set an image of the shining sky, with six of the zodiac's signs on the right-hand door and as many on the left.[1]
2.19	Quo simul acclivi Clymeneia limite proles venit et intravit dubitati tecta parentis, protinus ad patrios sua fert vestigia vultus consistitque procul: neque enim propiora ferebat lumina. Purpurea velatus veste sedebat in solio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis. A dextra laevaque Dies et Mensis et Annus Saeculaque et positae spatiis aequalibus Horae Verque novum stabat cinctum florente corona, stabat nuda Aestas et spicea serta gerebat, stabat et Autumnus, calcatis sordidus uvis, et glacialis Hiems, canos hirsuta capillos. Inde loco medius rerum novitate paventem Sol oculis iuvenem, quibus adspicit omnia, vidit	As soon as Clymene's son had climbed the steep path there and entered the house of the father he had doubted, he at once turned his steps toward his father's face, and stood at a distance, for he could not bear the light any nearer. Clothed in a purple robe, Phoebus sat on a throne gleaming with bright emeralds. To his right and left stood Day and Month and Year and the Centuries, and the Hours set at equal intervals. Young Spring stood there, wreathed with a crown of flowers; naked Summer stood there, wearing garlands of wheat-ears; Autumn stood there too, stained from trampling grapes, and icy Winter, shaggy with white hair. From his place in their midst, the Sun,

1 Mulciber is a name of Vulcan, the smith of the gods.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	"quae" que "viae tibi causa? quid hac" ait "arce petisti, progenies, Phaethon, haud infitianda parenti?"	with the eyes that see all things, saw the young man, frightened by the strangeness of it all, and said: "What brings you on this journey? What have you come to this citadel to seek, Phaethon, my son, a son no father would deny?"
2.35	Ille refert "o lux inmensi publica mundi, Phoebe pater, si das usum mihi nominis huius nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat, pignera da, genitor, per quae tua vera propago credar, et hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris." Dixerat: at genitor circum caput omne micantes 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. Promissis testis adesto dis iuranda palus, oculis incognita nostris." Vix bene desierat, currus rogat ille paternos inque diem alipedum ius et moderamen equorum.	He answered: "O light shared by the whole vast world, Phoebus, my father—if you allow me to use that name, and if Clymene is not hiding some fault behind a false pretense—give me proofs, father, by which I may be believed your true offspring, and take this uncertainty from my mind." He had spoken; and his father laid aside the rays that glittered all around his head and told him to come closer. Embracing him, he said: "You do not deserve to be disowned as mine, and Clymene told you your true origin. And so that you may doubt the less, ask for any gift you like, and you shall have it from my hand. Let the marsh by which the gods must swear, which my eyes have never seen, be witness to my promise." He had scarcely finished when the boy asked for his father's chariot, and the right to control the wing-footed horses for one day.[2]
2.49	Paenituit iurasse patrem. Qui terque quaterque concutiens inlustre caput "temeraria" dixit vox mea facta tua est. Utinam promissa liceret non dare! confiteor, solum hoc tibi, nate, negarem. Dissuadere licet. Non est tua tuta voluntas. Magna petis, Phaethon, et quae nec viribus istis munera conveniant nec tam puerilibus annis. 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, qui fera terribili iaculatur fulmina dextra, non agat hos currus: et quid Iove maius habemus?	His father regretted his oath. Shaking his shining head three and four times, he said: "Your words have made mine rash. If only I were allowed not to grant what I promised! I confess, my son, this is the one thing I would refuse you. But I may still dissuade you. What you want is not safe. You ask for a great deal, Phaethon—gifts that suit neither your strength nor years so boyish. Your lot is mortal; what you wish for is not for mortals. In your ignorance you even aspire to more than the gods above may have. Let each of them be as pleased with himself as he likes: no one but me has the power to stand on the fire-bearing axle. Even the ruler of vast Olympus, who hurls the savage thunderbolts with his terrible right hand, could not drive this chariot—and what do we have greater than Jupiter?
2.63	Ardua prima via est et qua vix mane recentes enitantur equi: medio est altissima caelo, unde mare et terras ipsi mihi saepe videre fit timor, et pavida trepidat formidine pectus. Ultima prona via est et eget moderamine certo:	The first part of the road is steep, so steep that even in the morning, when they are fresh, the horses can barely struggle up it. In mid-heaven it is highest, and from there even I am often afraid to look down on the sea and the lands, and my heart

2 The marsh is the Styx, the river of the underworld, by which the gods swear their most binding oaths; the Sun never sees it because it lies below the earth.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	tunc etiam quae me subiectis excipit undis, ne ferar in praeceps, Tethys solet ipsa vereri. Adde quod adsidua rapitur vertigine caelum sideraque alta trahit celerique volumine torquet. Nitor in adversum, nec me, qui cetera, vincit impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi. Finge datos currus: quid ages? poterisne rotatis obvius ire polis, ne te citus auferat axis?	trembles with fearful dread. The last part of the road slopes down and needs a sure hand on the reins; then even Tethys herself, who receives me in her waters below, is often afraid I will be hurled headlong. Besides, the sky is swept along in constant rotation, dragging the high stars with it and spinning them in a swift whirl. I push against it; the momentum that overcomes everything else does not overcome me, and I drive out against the rushing sphere. Suppose you are given the chariot: what will you do? Will you be able to go against the turning poles, so that the swift axis of the heavens does not carry you off?
2.76	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 Haemoniosque arcus violentique ora leonis saevaque circuitu curvantem bracchia longo scorpion atque aliter curvantem bracchia cancrum. Nec tibi quadrupedes animosos ignibus illis, quos in pectore habent, quos ore et naribus efflant, 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.	Perhaps you imagine that there are groves up there, and cities of the gods, and shrines rich with gifts? The road runs through ambushes and the shapes of wild beasts. And even if you hold your course and are not drawn off by any straying, you will still have to pass through the horns of the Bull that faces you, the Haemonian Bow, the jaws of the violent Lion, the Scorpion curving its cruel arms in a long sweep, and the Crab curving its arms the other way. Nor is it in your power to control the four horses, fierce with the fires they have in their breasts and breathe out from mouth and nostrils. They barely tolerate me when their fierce spirits have grown hot, and their necks fight the reins. But you, my son—so that I may not be the giver of a deadly gift—beware, and while there is still time, correct your wish.
2.90	Scilicet ut nostro genitum te sanguine credas, pignera certa petis? do pignera 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, circumspice, mundus, eque tot ac tantis caeli terraeque marisque posce bonis aliquid: nullam patiere repulsam. Deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine poena, non honor est: poenam, Phaethon, pro munere poscis. Quid mea colla tenes blandis, ignare, lacertis? ne dubita, dabitur (Stygias iuravimus undas) quodcumque optaris: sed tu sapientius opta.”	You ask, no doubt, for sure proofs so that you may believe you are born of my blood? I give sure proofs by fearing for you, and a father’s fear proves me your father. Look—see my face! If only you could put your eyes into my breast and catch a father’s anxieties within! Finally, look around at all the rich world holds, and from all the many great goods of sky and earth and sea ask for anything: you will suffer no refusal. This one thing I beg you not to ask, which by its true name is a punishment, not an honor: it is a punishment, Phaethon, that you are asking for as a gift. Why do you hold my neck in your coaxing arms, you who do not understand? Do not doubt it: whatever you wish will be given—I have sworn by the Stygian waters—but wish more wisely.”
2.103	Finierat monitus: dictis tamen ille repugnat propositumque premit flagratque cupidine currus.	He had finished his warnings; but the boy fought against his words, pressed his purpose, and

LATIN	ENGLISH
Ergo qua licuit genitor cunctatus ad altos deducit iuvenem, Vulcania munera, currus. Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae curvatura rotae, radiorum argenteus ordo; per iuga chrysolithi positaeque ex ordine gemmae clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phoebo. Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratur opusque perspicit, ecce vigil nitido patefecit ab ortu purpureas Aurora fores et plena rosarum atria. Diffugiunt stellae, quarum agmina cogit Lucifer et caeli statione novissimus exit. Quem petere ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit cornuaque extremae velut evanescere lunae, iungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.	burned with desire for the chariot. So his father, having delayed as long as he could, led the young man to the lofty chariot, Vulcan's gift. The axle was gold, the pole was gold, gold the rims that curved around the wheels, and the spokes stood in a silver row; along the yoke, chrysolites and gems set in order gave back a brilliant light as Phoebus' radiance struck them. And while great-hearted Phaethon marveled at it and examined the workmanship, look: wakeful Aurora opened her purple doors in the shining east, and her halls full of roses. The stars fled, their ranks marshaled by Lucifer, who was the last to leave his post in the sky. When Titan saw him make for the earth, and the world grow red, and the horns of the waning moon seem to vanish, he ordered the swift Hours to yoke the horses.[3]
2.119 Iussa deae celeres peragunt, ignemque vomentes, ambrosiae suco saturos, praesepibus altis quadrupedes ducunt adduntque sonantia frena. Tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati contigit et rapidae fecit patientia flammae imposuitque comae radios, praesagaque luctus pectore sollicito repetens suspiria dixit: "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, 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 currum.	The goddesses swiftly carried out his orders: from their high stalls they led the four-footed steeds, breathing fire and filled with the juice of ambrosia, and put on them the ringing bridles. Then the father touched his son's face with a sacred ointment, made it able to endure the consuming flame, and set the rays on his hair; and, drawing up from his anxious breast sighs that foretold grief, he said: "If you can at least obey these warnings of your father, spare the goad, boy, and use the reins more firmly. They hurry on of their own accord; the labor is to hold them back when they are eager. And do not take the road straight through the five zones: the track is cut slantwise in a wide curve, and, keeping within the limits of three zones, it avoids the southern pole and the Bear that is joined to the north winds. Let this be your way: you will see the clear tracks of the wheels. And so that heaven and earth may receive equal warmth, neither press the chariot down nor drive it up through the highest air.
2.136 Altius egressus caelestia tecta cremabis, inferius terras: medio tutissimus ibis. Neu te dexterior tortum declinet ad anguem, neve sinisterior pressam rota ducat ad aram: inter utrumque tene. Fortunae cetera mando, quae iuvet 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.	If you go too high you will burn the dwellings of heaven, too low, the earth: you will go most safely in the middle. And do not let the right wheel swerve toward the twisting Serpent, nor the left lead you down to the low-lying Altar: keep between the two. The rest I leave to Fortune; I pray she helps you and takes better thought for you than you do yourself. While I am speaking, dewy

3 Lucifer ("light-bringer") is the morning star, the planet Venus at dawn.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Corripe lora manu, vel, si mutabile pectus est tibi, consiliis, non curribus utere nostris, dum potes et solidis etiamnunc sedibus adstas dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes. Quae tutus spectes, sine me dare lumina terris!"	night has touched the turning-posts set on the western shore. We are not free to delay; we are summoned. The darkness is put to flight and dawn shines out. Seize the reins in your hand—or, if your heart can still be changed, use my counsel, not my chariot, while you can, while you still stand on solid ground, and while you are not yet, in your ignorance, riding the chariot you so unwisely desired. Let me give the earth the light that you can watch in safety!"
2.150	Occupat ille levem iuvenali corpore currum, 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 implent pedibusque repagula pulsant. Quae postquam Tethys, fatorum ignara nepotis reppulit, et facta est inmensi copia caeli, corripuere viam pedibusque per aera motis obstantes scindunt nebulas pennisque levati praetereunt ortos isdem de partibus Euros. Sed leve 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 adsueto vacuus dat in aera saltus succutiturque alte similisque est currus inani.	With his young body he took possession of the light chariot, stood upright on it, delighted to grasp the reins put into his hands, and from there thanked his unwilling father. Meanwhile the Sun's winged horses, Pyrois, Eous, and Aethon, and the fourth, Phlegon, filled the air with fiery neighing and pounded the barriers with their hooves. When Tethys, knowing nothing of her grandson's fate, pushed these back and the boundless sky lay open to them, they tore along the road, and with their feet moving through the air they cut through the clouds in their way, and, lifted on their wings, outran the east winds that had risen from the same quarter. But the weight was light, not one the Sun's horses could recognize, and the yoke lacked its usual heaviness. And just as curved ships without their proper ballast roll and are carried unsteadily over the sea because they are too light, so the chariot, empty of its accustomed load, leaped into the air, was tossed up high, and seemed to be empty.
2.167	Quod simulac sensere, ruunt tritumque relinquunt quadriiugi spatium, nec quo prius ordine currunt. Ipse pavet nec qua commissas flectat habenas, nec scit, qua sit iter; nec, si sciat, imperet illis. Tum primum radiis gelidi caluere triones et vetito frustra temptarunt aequore tingi, quaeque polo posita est glaciali proxima serpens, frigore pigra prius nec formidabilis ulli, incaluit sumpsitque novas fervoribus iras. Te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Boote, quamvis tardus eras et te tua plaustra tenebant. Ut vero summo despexit ab aethere terras infelix Phaethon penitus penitusque iacentes, palluit et subito genua intremuere timore, suntque oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen obortae.	As soon as they felt this, the team of four rushed off and left the well-worn track, and did not run in their former order. He himself was terrified; he did not know which way to turn the reins entrusted to him, nor where the road was; nor, if he had known, could he have controlled them. Then for the first time the cold stars of the Plow grew hot under the rays and tried in vain to plunge into the sea forbidden to them; and the Serpent that lies nearest the icy pole, sluggish before with cold and frightening to no one, grew hot and took on new rage from the heat. You too, Boötes, they say, fled in confusion, though you were slow and your wagon held you back. And when unhappy Phaethon looked down from the height of heaven at the lands lying far, far below, he turned pale, his

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		knees trembled with sudden fear, and in all that light, darkness rose over his eyes.
2.182	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 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: 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 scorpius et cauda flexisque utrimque lacertis porrigit in spatium signorum membra duorum.	And now he wished he had never touched his father's horses; now he was sorry he had learned his parentage and had won his request; now, longing to be called Merops' son, he was carried along like a pine ship driven before a headlong north wind, whose helmsman, beaten, has let go the helm and abandoned the ship to the gods and to prayers. What was he to do? Much of the sky was left behind his back; more lay before his eyes. He measured both in his mind: now he looked ahead to the west, which fate did not allow him to reach, now he looked back to the east. Not knowing what to do, he was stunned; he neither let go the reins nor had the strength to hold them, nor did he know the horses' names. Trembling, he also saw marvels scattered everywhere across the varied sky, and the shapes of huge beasts. There is a place where the Scorpion bends its arms into twin arcs, and, with its tail and its claws curving on either side, stretches its limbs across the space of two signs.[4]
2.198	Hunc puer ut nigri madidum sudore veneni vulnera curvata minitantem cuspide vidit, mentis inops gelida formidine lora remisit. Quae postquam summum tetigere iacentia tergum, exspatiantur equi, nulloque inhibente per auras ignotae regionis eunt, quaque impetus egit, hac sine lege ruunt altoque sub aethere fixis incursant stellis rapiuntque per avia currum. 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 fissaque agit rimas et sucis aret ademptis. Pabula canescunt, cum frondibus uritur arbor, materiamque suo praebet seges arida damno.	When the boy saw it, wet with the sweat of black venom and threatening wounds with its curved sting, out of his mind with cold fear he dropped the reins. When the horses felt them lying slack across their backs, they bolted, and with no one to check them they went through the air of an unknown region, and wherever their impulse drove them they rushed there lawlessly; high in the heavens they charged into the fixed stars and dragged the chariot through trackless places. Now they made for the heights, now they were carried down steep slopes and pathways into space closer to the earth. The Moon was amazed to see her brother's horses running below her own, and the scorched clouds smoked. The earth caught fire at every highest point, split open in cracks, and dried up as its moisture was taken away. The pastures turned gray, trees burned along with their leaves, and the dry crops furnished the fuel for their own destruction.
2.214	Parva queror: magnae pereunt cum moenibus urbes, cumque suis totas populis incendia gentes in cinerem vertunt. Silvae cum montibus ardent, ardet Athos Taurusque Cilix et Tmolus et Oete	These are small things to lament: great cities perished together with their walls, and the fires turned whole nations, with their peoples, into ash. The woods burned with the mountains: Athos

4 Merops was Clymene's husband, a king in Ethiopia, who passed as Phaethon's father.

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	et tum sicca, prius creberrima fontibus, Ide, virgineusque Helicon et nondum Oeagrius Haemus; ardet in inmensum geminatis ignibus Aetna Parnasusque biceps et Eryx et Cynthus et Othrys, et tandem nivibus Rhodope caritura, Mimasque Dindymaque et Mycale natusque ad sacra Cithaeron. Nec prosunt Scythiae sua frigora: Caucasus ardet Ossaque cum Pindo maiorque ambobus Olympus aeriaeque Alpes et nubifer Appenninus.	burned, and Cilician Taurus, Tmolus and Oeta, and Ida, dry then though once teeming with springs; Helicon of the maiden Muses, and Haemus, not yet Oeagrian. Etna blazed immensely with doubled fires, and twin-peaked Parnassus, Eryx and Cynthus and Othrys, and Rhodope, at last to lose its snows, and Mimas, Dindyma and Mycale, and Cithaeron, born for sacred rites. Scythia's cold was no help to it: the Caucasus burned, Ossa with Pindus, and Olympus, greater than both, and the towering Alps, and the cloud- bearing Apennines.[5]
2.227	Tum vero Phaethon cunctis e partibus orbem adspicit accensum nec tantos sustinet aestus, ferventesque auras velut e fornace profunda ore trahit currusque suos candescere sentit; 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. Tum facta est Libye raptis umoribus aestu arida, tum nymphae passis fontesque lacusque deflevere comis: quaerit Boeotia Dircen, Argos Amymonen, Ephyre Pirenidas undas.	Then indeed Phaethon saw the world on fire on every side, and could not endure such great heat. He drew into his mouth air as scorching as from a deep furnace, and felt his chariot glowing white- hot. He could no longer bear the ash and the flying cinders, and he was wrapped all around in hot smoke; covered in pitch-black darkness, he did not know where he was going or where he was, and he was swept along at the will of the winged horses. It was then, people believe, that the peoples of Ethiopia, as their blood was drawn to the surface of their bodies, took on their dark skin. It was then that Libya, its moisture snatched away by the heat, became dry; then the nymphs, with hair unbound, wept for their springs and lakes. Boeotia looked for Dirce, Argos for Amymone, Ephyre for the waters of Pirene.
2.241	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 Xanthus flavusque Lycormas, quique recurvatis ludit Maeandrus in undis. Mygdoniusque Melas et Taenarius Eurotas. Arsit et Euphrates Babylonius, arsit Orontes Thermodonque citus Gangesque et Phasis et Hister. Aestuat Alpheus, ripae Spercheides ardent, quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum, et quae Maeonias celebrabant carmine ripas flumineae volucres, medio caluere Caystro. Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles. Fors eadem Ismarios Hebrum cum Strymone siccat	Nor did the rivers that had been allotted wide- spread banks remain safe. The Tanais smoked in midstream, and old Peneus, and Teuthrantean Caicus, swift Ismenus with Phegian Erymanthus, Xanthus, fated to burn a second time, and yellow Lycormas, and Maeander, which plays in its wind- ing waters, Mygdonian Melas, and Taenarian Eur- otas. Babylonian Euphrates burned too, Orontes burned, swift Thermodon, Ganges, Phasis, and Hister. Alpheus boiled, the banks of Spercheus blazed, the gold that the Tagus carries in its stream flowed molten in the flames, and the river birds that used to throng Maeonian banks with their song grew hot in the middle of the Cayster. The Nile fled in terror to the ends of the earth and hid its head, which is still hidden: its seven mouths lay empty and dusty, seven valleys without a river. The same fate dried up the Ismari-

5 Haemus, a Thracian range, was later linked with Orpheus, son of Oeagrus.

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	Hesperiosque amnes Rhenum Rhodanumque Padumque, cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia, Thybrin.	an rivers, Hebrus and Strymon, and the western rivers, the Rhine, the Rhone and the Po, and the Tiber, to whom mastery of the world had been promised.[6]
2.260	Dissilit omne solum, penetratque in Tartara rimis lumen et infernum terret cum coniuge regem. Et mare contrahitur, siccaeque est campus harenae quod modo pontus erat: quosque altum texerat aequor, exsistunt montes et sparsas Cycladas augent. Ima petunt pisces, nec se super aequora curvi 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 exserere ausus erat, ter non tulit aeris ignes.	All the ground split apart; light penetrated through the cracks into Tartarus and terrified the king of the underworld and his wife. The sea shrank, and what had just been open sea was a plain of dry sand; mountains that the deep waters had covered rose up and added to the scattered Cyclades. The fish sought the depths, and the curved dolphins did not dare to leap above the surface into the air as they used to; the bodies of seals floated lifeless, belly up, on the surface of the deep. Nereus himself too, the story goes, and Doris and her daughters hid in caves grown warm. Three times Neptune had dared to thrust his arms out of the waters with a scowling face; three times he could not bear the fiery air.
2.272	Alma tamen Tellus, ut erat circumdata ponto, inter aquas pelagi contractosque undique fontes, qui se condiderant in opacae viscera matris, sustulit oppressos collo tenus arida vultus opposuitque manum fronti magnoque tremore omnia concutiens paulum subsedit et infra quam solet esse fuit, siccaque ita voce locuta est: “Si placet hoc, meruique, quid o tua fulmina cessant, summe deum? liceat perituraе viribus ignis igne perire tuo clademque auctore levare. Vix equidem fauces haec ipsa in verba resolvo” (presserat ora vapor): “tostos en adspice crines inque oculis tantum, tantum super ora favillae. Hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem officiique refers, quod adunci vulnera aratri rastrorumque fero totoque exerceor anno, quod pecori frondes, alimentaque mitia, fruges, humano generi, vobis quoque tura ministro?	But nurturing Earth, surrounded as she was by the sea, between the waters of the ocean and her springs, which had shrunk on every side and hidden themselves in the bowels of their dark mother, lifted her stifled face, parched, as far as the neck, put her hand to her brow, and, shaking everything with a great tremor, sank down a little lower than she usually is, and spoke thus in a dry voice: “If this is your will, and I have deserved it, why, greatest of gods, do your thunderbolts hold back? If I must perish by the power of fire, let me perish by your fire, and let my ruin be lightened by the one who causes it. I can barely open my throat to say even these words”—the heat had choked her mouth—“look, see my scorched hair, and all the ash in my eyes, all the ash over my face! Is this the reward, is this the honor you pay me for my fertility and my service—that I bear the wounds of the hooked plow and the hoe and am worked all year round, that I provide leaves for the flocks, mild nourishment and grain for the human race, and incense for you gods too?
2.290	Sed tamen exitium fac me meruisse: quid undae, quid meruit frater? cur illi tradita sorte aequora decrescunt et ab aethere longius absunt? Quodsi nec fratris nec te mea gratia tangit, at caeli miserere tui. Circumspice utrumque,	But suppose I have deserved destruction: what have the waves done, what has your brother done to deserve it? Why are the seas allotted to him shrinking and drawing farther away from the sky? If neither your brother nor I can win your favor, at

6 Xanthus, the river of Troy, was burned again by Vulcan in the Trojan War; the Tiber is the river of Rome.

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fumat uterque polus. Quos si vitiaverit ignis, atria vestra ruent. Atlas en ipse laborat vixque suis umeris candentem sustinet axem. Si freta, si terrae pereunt, si regia caeli, in chaos antiquum confundimur. Eripe flammis, siquid 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.	least take pity on your own heaven. Look around at both: both poles are smoking. If the fire damages them, your halls will fall. Look, Atlas himself is struggling, and can barely hold the white-hot axis of heaven on his shoulders. If the seas perish, if the lands, if the palace of heaven, we are thrown back into the confusion of ancient Chaos. Snatch from the flames whatever is still left, and take thought for the whole universe." So Earth spoke; for she could no longer endure the heat or say any more, and she drew her face back into herself, into the caverns closer to the dead.
2.304 At pater omnipotens, superos testatus et ipsum, qui dederat currus, nisi opem ferat, omnia fato 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 demitteret imbres. Intonat et dextra libratum fulmen ab aure misit in aurigam pariterque animaque rotisque expulit et saevis compescuit ignibus ignes. Consternantur equi et saltu in contraria facto colla iugo eripiunt abruptaque lora relinquunt. Illic frena iacent, illic temone revulsus axis, in hac radii fractarum parte rotarum, sparsaque sunt late laceri vestigia currus.	But the all-powerful father called the gods to witness, and the very one who had lent the chariot, that unless he brought help everything would perish in a grievous doom. Then he climbed high to the topmost summit, from which he spreads clouds over the broad earth, from which he stirs the thunder and hurls his brandished lightning. But at that moment he had no clouds to spread over the earth and no rain to send down from the sky. He thundered, poised a thunderbolt by his right ear, and flung it at the charioteer. With one stroke he drove him out of life and out of the chariot, and with savage fire he quelled the fire. The horses panicked. Leaping apart in opposite directions, they wrenched their necks from the yoke and left the broken reins behind. There lay the bridle, there the axle torn from the pole, here the spokes of the shattered wheels, and the remains of the wrecked chariot were scattered far and wide.
2.319 At Phaethon rutilos flamma populante capillos, volvitur in praeceps longoque per aera tractu 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. Naïdes Hesperiae trifida fumantia flamma corpora dant tumulo, signant quoque carmine saxum: HIC SITUS EST PHAETHON, CURRUS AURIGA PATERNI: QUEM SI NON TENUIT, MAGNIS TAMEN EXCIDIT AUSIS. Nam pater obductos, luctu miserabilis aegro condiderat vultus: et, si modo credimus, unum isse diem sine sole ferunt: incendia lumen praebebant aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.	But Phaethon, the flames ravaging his red-gold hair, went hurtling headlong and was carried in a long trail through the air, as a star sometimes seems to have fallen from a clear sky even though it has not fallen. Far from his homeland, in another part of the world, the mighty Eridanus received him and bathed his smoking face. The Naiads of the West gave his body, still smoking from the three-forked flame, to a tomb, and they marked the stone with a verse: HERE LIES PHAETHON, DRIVER OF HIS FATHER'S CHARIOT; HE COULD NOT HOLD IT, YET HE FELL IN A GREAT ATTEMPT. For his father, pitiful in his sick grief, had covered and hidden his face. And, if we can believe it, they say that one day passed without the

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	sun. The fires gave light, and that disaster was of some use.[7]
2.333 At Clymene postquam dixit quaecumque fuerunt in tantis dicenda malis, lugubris et amens et laniata sinus totum percensuit orbem, 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 lugent et inania morti munera dant lacrimas, et caesae pectora palmis non auditurum miseras Phaethonta querellas nocte dieque vocant adsternunturque sepulcro. Luna quater iunctis implerat cornibus orbem: illae more suo (nam morem fecerat usus) 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.	But Clymene, when she had said everything that had to be said in such great sorrows, mourning and out of her mind, her robe torn at the breast, searched the whole world. She looked first for his lifeless limbs, then for his bones, and found them, but bones buried on a foreign bank! She threw herself down on the place, bathed with tears the name she read on the marble, and warmed it against her bared breast. No less did the Heliades mourn, giving their tears, an empty gift to death. Beating their breasts with their palms, night and day they called on Phaethon, who would never hear their pitiful laments, and they lay stretched upon his grave. Four times the moon had joined her horns and filled her disc, and they, as was their custom (for habit had made it a custom), had raised their lament. Among them Phaethusa, the eldest of the sisters, wanting to throw herself to the ground, complained that her feet had grown stiff. Fair Lampetie tried to come to her, and was held back by a sudden root.[8]
2.350 Tertia cum crinem manibus laniare pararet, 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. Quid faciat mater, nisi, quo trahat impetus 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. “Parce, precor, mater”, quaecumque est saucia, clamat,	A third, as she made to tear her hair with her hands, tore away leaves. One grieved that her legs were held fast in a trunk, another that her arms were becoming long branches. And while they marveled at this, bark closed around their groins, and step by step it wrapped their bellies, breasts, shoulders and hands, until only their mouths stood out, calling for their mother. What could their mother do but rush wherever her impulse drew her, here and there, and join her kisses to theirs while she still could? It was not enough. She tried to pull their bodies out of the trunks and broke off slender branches with her hands, but from them drops of blood came flowing, as if from a wound. “Spare me, mother, please,” cried whichever of them was hurt,
2.362 “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 excipit et nuribus mittit gestanda Latinis. Adfuit huic monstro proles Stheneleia Cycnus,	“spare me, please: it is my body that is being torn in the tree. And now farewell”—and the bark closed over her last words. From there tears flow, and, hardened by the sun, they drip from the new branches as amber; the bright river receives it and sends it to be worn by the brides of Latium.

7 The Eridanus is a mythical river, later identified with the Po in northern Italy.
8 The Heliades, daughters of the Sun, are Phaethon’s sisters.

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	qui tibi materno quamvis a sanguine iunctus, mente tamen, Phaethon, propior fuit. Ille relicto (nam Ligurum populos et magnas rexerat urbes) imperio ripas virides amnemque querellis Eridanum implerat silvamque sororibus auctam, cum vox est tenuata viro, canaeque capillos dissimulant plumae, collumque a pectore longe porrigitur, digitosque ligat iunctura rubentes, penna latus velat, tenet os sine acumine rostrum.	Present at this marvel was Cycnus, son of Sthenelus, who, though related to you, Phaethon, through his mother's blood, was closer still to you in heart. He had left his kingdom (for he ruled the peoples of the Ligurians and great cities) and had filled the green banks, the river Eridanus, and the forest that the sisters had enlarged with his laments, when his voice grew thin, white feathers hid his hair, his neck stretched out far from his breast, a web joined his reddening toes, plumage clothed his sides, and a beak without a point took the place of his mouth.[9]
2.377	Fit nova Cycnus avis, nec se caeloque Iovique credit, ut iniuste missi memor ignis ab illo: stagna petit patulosque lacus, ignemque perosus quae colat elegit contraria flumina flammis. 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 sors mea principiis fuit inrequieta, pigetque actorum sine fine mihi, sine honore, laborum. Quilibet alter agat portantes lumina currus!	Cycnus became a new bird. He did not trust himself to the sky or to Jupiter, as one who remembered the fire unjustly hurled by him. He sought out pools and wide lakes, and, hating fire, he chose to live in rivers, the opposite of flames. Meanwhile Phaethon's father, unkempt and stripped of his own splendor, as he looks when he fails the world in eclipse, hated the light, himself and the day. He gave his mind over to grief, added anger to his grief, and refused his service to the world. "Enough," he said. "Since the beginning of time my lot has been restless, and I am weary of my labors, endless and unhonored. Let anyone else drive the chariot that carries the light!
2.389	Si nemo est omnesque dei non posse fatentur, ipse agat ut saltem, dum nostras temptat habenas, 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, supplice voce rogant: missos quoque Iuppiter ignes excusat precibusque minas regaliter addit. Conligit amentes et adhuc terrore paventes Phoebus equos stimuloque dolens et verbere saevit: saevit enim, natumque obiectat et imputat illis.	If there is no one, and all the gods confess they cannot, let him drive it himself, so that, at least while he tries my reins, he may for once lay aside the lightning that robs fathers of their sons. Then, when he has felt the strength of the fire-footed horses, he will know that the one who failed to drive them well did not deserve death." As the Sun spoke like this, all the gods stood around him and begged him in suppliant voices not to bring darkness over the world. Jupiter, too, excused the fires he had hurled, and, like a king, added threats to his pleas. Phoebus gathered up the horses, still frenzied and trembling with terror, and in his pain raged at them with goad and whip. He raged indeed, and reproached them with his son and laid his death to their charge.

9 Cycnus' name means "swan" (Greek kyknos).

CALLISTO

Jupiter, disguised as Diana, rapes Callisto; Juno turns her into a bear, and Jupiter sets her among the stars.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.401	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 impensior illi cura suae: fontes 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. 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 gratior hac Triviae. Sed nulla potentia longa est.	But the all-powerful father went around the huge walls of heaven, inspecting them in case anything weakened by the force of the fire should collapse. When he saw that they were firm and kept their strength, he surveyed the earth and the works of men. Yet his own Arcadia was his more pressing care. He restored the springs and the rivers that did not yet dare to flow, gave grass to the earth and leaves to the trees, and ordered the damaged forests to grow green again. As he came and went, back and forth, he stopped short at a girl of Nonacris, and the fire he had caught grew hot in his very bones. It was not her task to soften wool by spinning it, or to vary her hair by arranging it. Once a brooch had fastened her dress and a white ribbon had held back her careless hair, and she had taken up now a light javelin, now a bow, she was a soldier of Phoebe; and no girl who set foot on Maenalus was dearer to Trivia than she. But no favor lasts long.[10]
2.417	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 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.” Protinus induitur faciem cultumque Dianae atque ait: “O comitum, virgo, pars una mearum, in quibus es venata iugis?” De caespite virgo se levat et “salve numen, me indice”, dixit	The sun stood high, a little past the middle of its course, when she entered a wood that no age had ever cut. Here she took the quiver from her shoulder, unstrung her pliant bow, and lay down on the ground that the grass had covered, resting her neck on her painted quiver. When Jupiter saw her tired and unguarded, he said, “This secret affair, at least, my wife will never know of; or if she does find out, quarrels are worth it, oh, they are worth it!” At once he put on the face and dress of Diana and said, “Girl, one of my own companions, on which ridges have you been hunting?” The girl raised herself from the turf and said, “Greetings, divine one, in my judgment greater,”
2.429	“audiat ipse licet maius Iove.” Ridet et audit, et sibi praeferri se gaudet et oscula iungit nec moderata satis nec sic a virgine danda. Qua venata foret silva, narrare parantem impedit amplexu, nec se sine crimine prodit. Illa quidem contra, quantum modo femina possit (adspiceres utinam, Saturnia: mitior esses !), illa quidem pugnat: sed quem superare puella,	“than Jupiter, even if he hears it himself.” He laughed as he heard it, delighted to be preferred to himself, and gave her kisses that were neither restrained enough nor such as a virgin gives. As she was getting ready to tell him in which forest she had been hunting, he stopped her with an embrace and revealed himself by violating her. She indeed fought back, as much as a woman can (if

10 The girl is Callisto, an Arcadian nymph from Nonacris, whom Ovid never names here; Phoebe and Trivia are both names of Diana.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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.	only you could have seen her, Saturn's daughter: you would be kinder!), she indeed fought; but what girl, or who at all, could overcome Jupiter? Victorious, Jupiter made for the upper air. To her the grove and the forest that had witnessed it were hateful. As she retreated from there, she almost forgot to take up her quiver with its arrows, and the bow she had hung up.
2.441	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, 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; et nisi quod virgo est poterat sentire Diana mille notis culpam; nymphae sensisse feruntur.	Look—Dictynna, walking with her band along high Maenalus and proud of her kill of wild beasts, caught sight of her and, seeing her, called her. At the call she fled, fearing at first that it was Jupiter inside that form. But when she saw the nymphs walking along with her, she realized there was no trick and joined their number. Alas, how hard it is not to betray a crime by one's face! She barely lifted her eyes from the ground. She did not walk close at the goddess's side, as she used to, nor at the head of the whole troop, but kept silent, and by her blushes gave signs of her wounded modesty. Were she not a virgin herself, Diana could have sensed her fault from a thousand signs; the nymphs, they say, did sense it.[11]
2.453	Orbe resurgebant lunaria cornua nono, cum dea venatu, fraternis languida flammis, nacta nemus gelidum, de quo cum murmure labens ibat et attritas versabat rivus harenas. Ut loca laudavit, summas pede contigit undas: his quoque laudatis "procul est" ait "arbiter omnis; nuda superfusis tingamus corpora lymphis." Parrhasis erubuit. Cunctae velamina ponunt: 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 fontes" Cynthia; deque suo iussit secedere coetu.	The moon's horns were rising again to fill their ninth disc when the goddess, faint from hunting in her brother's heat, came upon a cool grove, out of which a stream ran murmuring and turned over its worn sands. When she had praised the place, she touched the surface of the water with her foot. Praising this too, she said, "No witness is near: let us pour the water over our naked bodies and bathe." The Parrhasian girl blushed. All the others laid aside their clothes; one looked for reasons to delay. As she hesitated, her dress was taken from her, and when it was off, her crime lay open along with her naked body. She stood stunned, trying to hide her belly with her hands, and Cynthia said, "Go far from here, and do not pollute the sacred spring," and ordered her to leave her company.[12]
2.466	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, "scilicet hoc etiam restabat, adultera" dixit,	The wife of the great Thunderer had long since realized this, and had put off severe punishment to a suitable time. Now there was no reason for delay: already a boy, Arcas, had been born to her rival, and that in itself galled Juno. As soon as she turned her savage mind, along with her gaze,

11 Dictynna, originally a Cretan goddess, is here a name for Diana.
12 Parrhasian means Arcadian; Cynthia, from Mount Cynthus on Delos, is Diana.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	"ut fecunda fores, fieretque iniuria partu nota, Iovisque mei testatum dedecus esset. Haud impune feres: adimam tibi nempe figuram, qua tibi, quaque places nostro, importuna, marito." Dixit et adversa prensis a fronte capillis stravit humi pronam. Tendebat bracchia supplex: bracchia coeperunt nigris horrescere villis curvarique manus et aduncos crescere in ungues officioque pedum fungi, laudataque quondam ora Iovi lato fieri deformia rictu.	upon her, she said, "Of course this was all that was left, adulteress: that you should be fertile, that the wrong should be made known by a birth, and that the disgrace of my Jupiter should be proven. You will not get away with it. I will take away that shape of yours, you shameless creature, with which you please yourself and please my husband." She said this, and seizing her by the hair at the front, threw her face down on the ground. She stretched out her arms in supplication: her arms began to bristle with black hair, her hands to curve and grow into hooked claws and to serve as feet, and the face once praised by Jupiter to become ugly with wide gaping jaws.
2.482	Neve preces animos et verba precantia flectant posse loqui eripitur; vox iracunda minaxque plenaque terroris rauco de gutture fertur. Mens antiqua tamen facta quoque mansit in ursa, adsiduoque suos gemitu testata dolores 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! 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.	And so that her prayers and pleading words might not sway anyone's heart, the power of speech was taken from her; an angry, menacing voice, full of terror, came from her hoarse throat. Yet her old mind remained, even when she had become a bear. Bearing witness to her sufferings with constant moaning, she raised such hands as she had to the sky and the stars, and felt Jupiter's ingratitude, though she could not put it into words. Ah, how often, not daring to rest in the lonely wood, she wandered in front of her house and in the fields that were once her own! Ah, how often she was driven over the rocks by the barking of hounds, and the huntress fled in terror from the hunters! Often she hid at the sight of wild beasts, forgetting what she was; a bear herself, she shuddered at the bears she saw in the mountains, and she was terrified of wolves, although her father was among them.[13]
2.496	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 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 sustulit, et celeri raptos per inania vento imposuit caelo vicinaque sidera fecit.	Look—Lycaon's grandson Arcas arrived, knowing nothing of his mother, with nearly fifteen birthdays behind him. While he was tracking wild beasts, choosing suitable glades and encircling the Erymanthian woods with knotted nets, he came upon his mother. She stood still at the sight of Arcas and seemed to recognize him. He shrank back, and, not knowing, was frightened of her as she kept her eyes fixed on him without end. And as she longed to come closer, he would have pierced her breast with his wounding spear. The all-powerful one held him back, and removed both them and the crime together. Sweeping them up in

13 Her father, the Arcadian king Lycaon, was turned into a wolf by Jupiter in Book 1.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	a swift wind through the void, he set them in the sky and made them neighboring stars.[14]
2.508 Intumuit Iuno, postquam inter sidera paelex fulsit et ad canam descendit in aequora Tethyn Oceanumque senem, quorum reverentia movit saepe deos, causamque viae scitantibus infit: "Quaeritis, aetheriis quare regina deorum sedibus huc adsim? pro me tenet altera caelum. Mentiar, obscurum nisi nox cum fecerit orbem, nuper honoratas summo, mea vulnera, caelo videritis stellas illic, ubi circulus axem ultimus extremum spatioque brevissimus ambit. Est vero, cur quis Iunonem laedere nolit offensamque tremat, quae prosum sola nocendo?	Juno swelled with rage when her rival shone among the stars, and she went down into the sea to white-haired Tethys and old Ocean, whom the gods have often held in reverence. When they asked the reason for her journey, she began: "Do you ask why I, the queen of the gods, have come here from my heavenly home? Another holds heaven in my place. Call me a liar if, when night has darkened the world, you do not see stars newly honored in highest heaven, my wounds, there where the last circle, the smallest in extent, surrounds the end of the axis. Is there really any reason why anyone should not want to injure Juno, or should tremble at offending her, when I am the only one who does good by doing harm?[15]
2.520 O ego quantum egi! quam vasta potentia nostra est! Esse hominem vetui: facta est dea. Sic ego poenas sontibus impono, sic est mea magna potestas. Vindicet antiquam faciem vultusque ferinos detrahat, Argolica quod in ante Phoronide fecit. Cur non et pulsa ducit Iunone meoque 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."	Oh, what great things I have accomplished! How vast my power is! I forbade her to be human: she has become a goddess. That is how I punish the guilty; that is how great my power is! Let him restore her old face and strip off her beast's features, as he did before for the Argive Phoronis. Why does he not drive Juno out, marry her, install her in my bedchamber, and take Lycaon as his father-in-law? But you, if the contempt shown to your wronged foster-child moves you, keep the Seven Oxen out of your blue waters, and drive off the stars that were received into the sky as the price of debauchery, so that the mistress may not bathe in your pure sea."[16]

THE RAVEN AND CORONIS

The raven reports Coronis' unfaithfulness; Apollo kills her, saves their son, and turns the raven black.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.531 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 nigrantes versus in alas. Nam fuit haec quondam niveis argentea pennis ales ut aequaret totas sine labe columbas nec servaturis vigili Capitolia voce	The gods of the sea nodded assent. Saturn's daughter rose into the clear air in her nimble chariot drawn by painted peacocks—peacocks painted as recently, when Argus was killed, as you, talkative raven, were recently and suddenly turned to black wings, though before you had been white. For this bird was once silvery, with snowy feathers, so that

14 Callisto became the Great Bear; Arcas became the nearby constellation of the Bear-Ward (Boötes).
15 Tethys and Ocean, ancient sea deities, had raised Juno in their home.
16 The Argive Phoronis is Io, changed into a heifer and restored by Jupiter in Book 1. The Seven Oxen (Septentriones) are the stars of the Great Bear, which never set into the sea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	cederet anseribus nec amanti flumina cycno. Lingua fuit damno; lingua faciente loquaci qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.	he rivaled the doves that are entirely without blemish, and yielded neither to the geese that would one day save the Capitol with their watchful cries, nor to the swan that loves rivers. His tongue was his undoing. Because of his talkative tongue, the color that was white is now the opposite of white.[17]
2.542	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 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. Quid fuerim quid simque 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 et legem dederat, sua ne secreta viderent.	In all Haemonia there was none more beautiful than Coronis of Larisa. She certainly pleased you, god of Delphi, as long as she was chaste—or unobserved. But Phoebus' bird discovered her adultery and, an informer who would not be won over, was making his way to his master to reveal the hidden fault. The chattering crow followed him on flapping wings, to find out everything. When she heard the reason for his journey, she said, "It is no profitable path you are taking: do not despise the warnings of my tongue. Look at what I was and what I am, and ask what I deserved: you will find that loyalty did me harm. For once upon a time Pallas had shut Erichthonius, a child created without a mother, in a chest woven of Attic wicker. She gave it to the three girls born of two-formed Cecrops, and laid down the rule that they were not to look at her secret.[18]
2.557	Abdita fronde levi densa speculabar ab ulmo, quid facerent. Commissa duae sine fraude tuentur, Pandrosos atque Herse; timidas vocat una sorores Aglauros nodosque manu diducit, et intus 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. At, puto, non ultro nec quicquam tale rogantem me petiit? ipsa licet hoc a Pallade quaeras: quamvis irata est, non hoc irata negabit.	Hidden by light leaves, I was watching from a thick elm to see what they would do. Two of them, Pandrosos and Herse, guarded what had been entrusted to them without deceit. The third, Aglauros, called her sisters cowards and undid the knots with her hand, and inside they saw a baby and a snake stretched out beside him. I reported to the goddess what they had done. For this I was repaid with such thanks that I am said to have been driven from Minerva's protection, and I am ranked below the bird of night. My punishment can warn birds not to court danger with their voices. But, I suppose, she did not seek me out of her own accord, when I was asking for nothing of the kind? You may ask Pallas herself: angry though she is, in her anger she will not deny it.
2.569	Nam me Phocaica clarus tellure Coroneus (nota loquor) genuit fueramque ego regia virgo divitibusque procis (ne me contemne) petebar.	For I am the daughter of famous Coroneus of the land of Phocis (I speak of well-known things). I had been a king's daughter, and I was courted by

17 Juno set the hundred eyes of the slain Argus in the peacock's tail (Book 1). Juno's sacred geese woke the defenders of Rome's Capitol during the Gallic attack of 390 BC.

18 Haemonia is Thessaly. Erichthonius, an early king of Athens, was born from the Earth; Cecrops, the city's first king, was half man and half snake.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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, 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: bracchia coeperunt levibus nigrescere pennis.	rich suitors (do not look down on me). My beauty harmed me. For as I was strolling with slow steps along the shore, as I still do, on the surface of the sand, the god of the sea saw me and grew hot. When he had wasted time pleading with coaxing words, he prepared to use force and pursued me. I fled, leaving the firm shore behind, and wore myself out in vain on the soft sand. Then I called on gods and men, but my voice reached no mortal. A virgin was moved for a virgin and brought help. I was stretching my arms to the sky: my arms began to grow black with light feathers.
2.582	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, 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? 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."	I struggled to throw the robe off my shoulders, but it was feathers and had driven its roots deep into my skin. I tried to beat my bare breast with my palms, but I no longer had either palms or a bare breast. I ran, and the sand no longer held back my feet as before, but I was lifted from the surface of the ground. Soon I was carried high through the air and given to Minerva as her blameless companion. Yet what good is this, if Nyctimene, made a bird for a dreadful crime, has taken over my place of honor? Or have you not heard the story that is known throughout all Lesbos, that Nyctimene defiled her father's bed? She is a bird, it is true, but conscious of her guilt she flees from sight and light, hides her shame in darkness, and is driven by all from the whole sky."[19]
2.596	Talia dicenti "tibi" ait "revocamina" corvus "sint precor ista malo: nos vanum spernimus omen." Nec coeptum dimittit iter, dominoque iacentem cum iuvene Haemonio vidisse Coronida narrat. Laurea delapsa est audito crimine amanti, et pariter vultusque deo plectrumque colorque excidit. Utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira, arma adsueta rapit flexumque a cornibus arcum tendit et illa suo totiens cum pectore iuncta indevitato traiecit pectora telo.	As she was saying this, the raven answered: "May those warnings bring harm on you, I pray. I scorn your empty omen." He did not abandon the journey he had begun. He told his master that he had seen Coronis lying with a young man from Haemonia. When the lover heard of the crime, the laurel slipped from his head, and in the same moment the god's expression, his plectrum and his color all fell away. As his mind seethed with swelling anger, he seized his familiar weapons, bent the bow from its horns and strung it. With an arrow there was no escaping, he pierced that breast which had so often been joined to his own.
2.606	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. Corpus inane animae frigus letale secutum est.	Struck, she gave a groan. As the iron was drawn from her body, she drenched her white limbs in crimson blood, and said: "I could have paid you my penalty, Phoebus, and given birth first. Now two of us will die in one." So much she said, and

19 Nyctimene became the owl, the bird later sacred to Minerva.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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 odit, cumque manu temeraria tela sagittas conlapsamque fovet seraque ope vincere fata nititur et medicas exercet inaniter artes.	with her blood she poured out her life. Her body, emptied of its soul, was followed by the chill of death. Too late, alas, the lover regretted his cruel punishment. He hated himself for having listened, for having blazed up so. He hated the bird through which he had been forced to learn of the crime and the cause of his grief. He hated his bow and his hand, too, and along with his hand those rash weapons, the arrows. He cradled the fallen girl and strove to overcome fate with help that came too late, practicing his healing arts in vain.
2.619	Quae postquam frustra temptata, rogumque parari vidit et arsuros supremis ignibus artus, tum vero gemitus (neque enim caelestia tingi ora licet lacrimis) alto de corde petitos edidit, haud aliter quam cum spectante iuvenca lactentis vituli, dextra libratus ab aure tempora discussit claro cava malleus ictu. 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; sperantemque sibi non falsae praemia linguae inter aves albas vetuit consistere corvum.	When he saw that all these had been tried in vain, that the pyre was being prepared and her limbs were about to burn in the last fires, then he truly groaned. For heavenly faces may not be wet with tears, so he uttered groans drawn from deep in his heart. They were like the groans of a heifer forced to watch as the mallet, poised beside the right ear, shatters with a ringing blow the hollow temples of her suckling calf. He poured unwelcome perfumes on her breast, gave her his embraces, and performed the rightful rites of a wrongful death. Yet Phoebus could not bear that his own seed should sink into the same ashes. He snatched his son from the flames and from his mother's womb and carried him to the cave of two-formed Chiron. As for the raven, who hoped for a reward for his truthful tongue, Phoebus forbade him ever again to take his place among white birds.[20]

OCYROE

Chiron's daughter Ocyroe prophesies the fate of Aesculapius and is turned into a mare.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.633	Semifer interea divinae stirpis alumno laetus erat mixtoque oneri gaudebat honore. Ecce venit rutilis umeros protecta capillis filia Centauri, quam quondam nympha Chariclo fluminis in rapidi ripis enixa vocavit Ocyroen. Non haec artes contenta paternas edidicisse fuit: fatorum arcana canebat. Ergo ubi vaticinos concepit mente furores 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	Meanwhile the half-beast was glad of his foster-child of divine stock and delighted in a burden mixed with honor. Then came the Centaur's daughter, her shoulders covered with reddish-gold hair. The nymph Chariclo had once borne her on the banks of a swift river and called her Ocyroe. She was not content to have learned her father's arts. She sang the secrets of the Fates. So when she had taken prophetic frenzy into her mind and grew hot with the god she held shut in her breast, she looked at the infant and said: "Grow, child, bringer of health to the whole world. Mortal bod-

20 The rescued son is Aesculapius, the god of healing. Chiron was a wise Centaur, half man and half horse, who reared many heroes.

LATIN	ENGLISH
fas erit; idque semel dis indignantibus ausus posse dare hoc iterum flamma prohibebere avita eque deo corpus fies exsangue, deusque, qui modo corpus eras, et bis tua fata novabis.	ies will often owe themselves to you. You will have the right to restore souls that have been taken away. But once you have dared this, to the gods' indignation, your grandfather's flame will stop you from granting it again. From a god you will become a bloodless body, and then a god again, you who were just now a body, and so you will twice renew your fate.[21]
2.649 Tu quoque, care pater, nunc inmortalis et aevis omnibus ut maneas nascendi lege creatus, posse mori cupies, tum cum cruciabere dirae sanguine serpentis per saucia membra recepto; teque ex aeterno patientem numina mortis efficient, triplicesque deae tua fila resolvent." Restabat fatis aliquid. Suspirat ab imis pectoribus, lacrimaeque genis labuntur obortae, atque ita "praevertunt" inquit "me fata, vetorque plura loqui, vocisque meae praecluditur usus. Non fuerant artes tanti, quae numinis iram contraxere mihi; mallem nescisse futura. Iam mihi subduci facies humana videtur, iam cibus herba placet, iam latis currere campis impetus est: in equam cognataque corpora vertor. Tota tamen quare? pater est mihi nempe biformis."	You too, dear father, are now immortal, created by the law of your birth to endure through all the ages. Yet you will long to be able to die, when you are tortured by the blood of the dread serpent taken into your wounded limbs. Then the gods will make you, once eternal, subject to death, and the three goddesses will unravel your thread." There was still more of fate to tell. She sighed from the depths of her breast, tears welled up and slid down her cheeks, and she said: "The Fates forestall me. I am forbidden to say more, and the use of my voice is shut off. My arts were not worth so much, since they have drawn the anger of a god upon me. I would rather not have known the future. Already my human face seems to be slipping away from me. Already grass pleases me as food. Already I feel the urge to gallop over the broad plains. I am turning into a mare, into bodies akin to mine. But why entirely? My father, after all, is only half a horse."[22]
2.665 Talia dicenti pars est extrema querellae 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 adligat ungues 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.	As she was saying this, the last part of her lament could barely be understood, and her words were confused. Soon they seemed neither words nor yet the sound of a mare, but of someone imitating a mare. In a short time she let out true whinnies and moved her arms down into the grass. Then her fingers grew together, and a light hoof bound her five nails in one continuous piece of horn. Her mouth and neck lengthened. The greater part of her long robe became a tail, and the loose hair that had lain over her neck turned into a mane falling to the right. Her voice and her face were made new together, and these marvels gave her a new name as well.[23]

21 Ocyroe's name means "swift-flowing." Aesculapius was struck dead by the thunderbolt of Jupiter, Apollo's father, for raising the dead, and was later made a god.
22 Chiron was later wounded by an arrow dipped in the poisonous blood of the Hydra and, unable to bear the pain, gave up his immortality. The three goddesses are the Fates, who spin, measure and cut the thread of each life.
23 Other sources call her Hippe or Euippe, "Mare."

BATTUS

Mercury steals Apollo's cattle and turns the old man Battus, who betrays him, into stone.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.676	Flebat opemque tuam frustra Philyreius heros, Delphice, poscebat. Nam nec rescindere magni iussa Iovis poteras, nec, si rescindere posses, tunc aderas: Elin Messeniaque arva colebas. Illud erat tempus, quo te pastoria pellis texit onusque fuit baculum silvestre sinistrae, alterius dispar septenis fistula cannis. Dumque amor est curae, dum te tua fistula mulcet, incustoditae Pylios memorantur in agros processisse boves. Videt has Atlantide Maia 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. Hunc timuit blandaque manu seduxit et illi	The hero, Philyra's son, wept and called in vain for your help, Delphic god. For you could not undo the commands of great Jupiter, and even if you could have undone them, you were not there then. You were living in Elis and the fields of Messenia. That was the time when a shepherd's skin covered you. In your left hand you carried a woodland staff, in your other hand a pipe of seven unequal reeds. While love occupied you and your pipe soothed you, it is said that your cows wandered unguarded into the fields of Pylos. The son of Maia, Atlas' daughter, saw them, drove them off, and with his special skill hid them in the woods. No one had noticed the theft except an old man well known in that countryside. The whole neighborhood called him Battus. He worked as keeper of the glades and grassy pastures of rich Neleus and guarded his herds of pedigree mares. Mercury was afraid of him. He drew him aside with a coaxing hand and said to him:[24]
2.692	"quisquis es, hospes" ait, "si forte armenta requiret haec aliquis, vidisse nega; neu gratia facto nulla rependatur, nitidam cape praemia vaccam" — et dedit. Accepta voces has reddidit hospes: "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 siquas hoc limite" dixit "ire boves, fer opem furtoque silentia deme: iuncta suo pariter dabitur ubi 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 in durum silicem, qui nunc quoque dicitur index, inque nihil merito vetus est infamia saxo.	"Whoever you are, stranger, if anyone happens to come looking for these cattle, say you have not seen them. And so that you do not go unrewarded for the favor, take this sleek cow as payment." He gave it to him. The stranger took it and replied: "Go safely. That stone will tell of your theft before I do," and he pointed to a stone. Jupiter's son pretended to leave. Soon he came back, his voice and shape both changed, and said: "Countryman, if you have seen any cows going along this path, help me and break your silence about the theft. You will be given a cow together with her bull." The old man, now that his reward was doubled, said: "They will be at the foot of those mountains." And at the foot of those mountains they were. Atlas' grandson laughed. "Would you betray me to me, you traitor? Betray me to me?" he said, and he turned that lying breast into hard flint, which even now is called the Informer. The old disgrace clings to a stone that never deserved it.[25]

24 Philyra's son is Chiron, whose mother was the nymph Philyra. The son of Maia is Mercury.
25 The Latin *index*, "informer," was also the name for the touchstone used to test gold.

AGLAUROS AND ENVY

Envy poisons Aglauros against her sister Herse, whom Mercury loves; Mercury turns Aglauros to stone.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.708	Hinc se sustulerat paribus caducifer alis, Munychiosque volans agros gratamque Minervae despectabat humum cultique arbusta Lycei. 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. 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 inclinat cursus et easdem circinat auras.	From there the wand-bearer rose up on balanced wings. As he flew, he looked down on the fields of Munychia, on the land dear to Minerva, and on the groves of the cultivated Lyceum. That day, as it happened, chaste girls were carrying pure sacred objects, as was the custom, to Pallas' citadel for her festival, in garlanded baskets balanced on their heads. As they were returning, the winged god saw them. He did not keep a straight course but bent it round in the same circle. A kite, swiftest of birds, sees the entrails of a sacrifice but is afraid, while the attendants stand thick around the offering. So he wheels in a circle and dares not go farther, greedily circling his hope on beating wings. In just this way the nimble Cyllenian bent his course over the Actaean citadel and circled through the same air.[26]
2.722	Quanto splendidior quam cetera sidera fulget Lucifer, et quanto quam Lucifer aurea Phoebe, tanto virginibus praestantior omnibus Herse ibat, eratque decus pompae comitumque suarum. 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 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 appareat aurum, ut teres in dextra, qua somnos ducit et arcet, virga sit, ut tersis niteant talaria plantis.	Lucifer shines brighter than the other stars, and golden Phoebe brighter than Lucifer. By just so much did Herse outshine all the other girls as she walked, the glory of the procession and of her companions. Jupiter's son was stunned by her beauty. Hanging in the air, he blazed up just as a lead bullet does when a Balearic sling hurls it. It flies, grows white-hot as it goes, and finds beneath the clouds fires it did not have before. He changed course, left the sky and headed for the earth. He did not disguise himself, so great was his confidence in his looks. That confidence was justified, but still he helped his looks along with care. He smoothed his hair and arranged his cloak so that it hung well and the border and all its gold showed. He made sure the smooth wand with which he brings and banishes sleep was in his right hand, and that his winged sandals gleamed on his freshly wiped feet.[27]
2.737	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 Mercurium nomenque dei scitarier ausa est et causam adventus. Cui sic respondit Atlantis	In a secluded part of the house there were three bedrooms adorned with ivory and tortoiseshell. You, Pandrosos, had the one on the right, Aglauros the one on the left, and Herse the one in the middle. The girl in the left-hand room was the first to notice Mercury coming. She dared to ask the

26 Munychia was a hill by the harbor of Athens, and the Lyceum a grove just outside the city. "Actaean" means Athenian.
27 Phoebe is the Moon. The slingers of the Balearic Islands were famous in antiquity.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Pleionesque nepos: "Ego sum, qui iussa per auras verba patris porto: pater est mihi Iuppiter ipse. Nec fingam causas; tu tantum fida sorori esse velis prolisque meae matertera dici. Herse causa viae. Faveas oramus amanti."	god his name and the reason for his visit. The grandson of Atlas and Pleione answered her: "I am the one who carries my father's commands through the air. My father is Jupiter himself. I will not invent excuses. Only be willing to be loyal to your sister and to be called the aunt of my children. Herse is the reason for my journey. I beg you to favor a lover."
2.748	Adspicit hunc oculis isdem, quibus abdita nuper viderat Aglauros flavae secreta Minervae, proque ministerio magni sibi ponderis aurum 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 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.	Aglauros looked at him with the same eyes with which she had lately seen the hidden secrets of golden-haired Minerva. In return for her service, she demanded a great weight of gold, and meanwhile she made him leave the house. The warrior goddess turned the circle of her grim eye on her and drew a sigh so deep and so violent that it shook both her breast and the aegis lying on that mighty breast. She remembered how this girl had uncovered secrets with a profane hand, back when, breaking the pact she had agreed to, she saw the motherless child of the god who dwells on Lemnos. And now, she thought, the girl would win the favor of the god, the favor of her sister, and riches too, once she had taken the gold she had greedily demanded.[28]
2.760	Protinus Invidiae nigro squalentia tabo 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, 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, visaque oculos avertit. At illa surgit humo pigre semesarumque relinquit corpora serpentum passuque incedit inerti; utque deam vidit formaque armisque decoram, ingemuit vultumque ima ad suspiria duxit.	At once she made for the house of Envy, filthy with black gore. Envy's home is hidden deep in a valley. It has no sun, and no wind can reach it. It is gloomy and full of sluggish cold, always without fire, always thick with murk. When the warrior maiden, so fearsome in battle, arrived there, she stopped in front of the house, since she may not enter that dwelling, and struck the doorposts with the tip of her spear. Shaken, the doors flew open. She saw Envy inside, eating vipers' flesh, the food of her vices, and at the sight she turned her eyes away. But Envy got up sluggishly from the ground, leaving the half-eaten bodies of snakes, and came forward with a lazy step. When she saw the goddess, beautiful in her form and her armor, she groaned, and her face twisted as she sighed from the depths.
2.775	Pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto, nusquam recta acies, livent rubigine dentes, pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno. Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores.	Pallor sits on her face, and her whole body is wasted. Her gaze is never straight. Her teeth are livid with rot, her breast green with bile, her tongue steeped in poison. She never laughs, except

28 The god of Lemnos is Vulcan. His child Erichthonius, born from the earth without a mother, was hidden in the basket that Aglauros opened (see 2.552–561).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Nec fruitur somno, vigilacibus excita curis, sed videt ingratos intabescitque videndo 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 fugit et impressa tellurem reppulit hasta.	when the sight of suffering moves her to it. She has no joy of sleep, kept awake by restless cares. Instead she watches the successes of others, unwelcome to her, and wastes away as she watches. She gnaws and is gnawed at once, and is her own punishment. Though Tritonia hated her, she addressed her briefly in these words: "Infect one of Cecrops' daughters with your poison. It must be done. Aglauros is the one." Saying no more, she fled, planting her spear and pushing off from the earth.[29]
2.787	Illa deam obliquo fugientem lumine cernens murmura parva dedit, successurumque Minervae indoluit, baculumque capit, quod spinea totum vincula cingebant, adopertaque nubibus atris, quacumque ingreditur, florentia proterit arva exuritque herbas et summa cacumina carpit, adflatuque suo populos urbesque domosque polluit. Et tandem Tritonida conspicit arcem ingeniis opibusque et festa pace virentem, vixque tenet lacrimas, quia nil lacrimabile cernit. Sed postquam thalamos intravit Cecrope natae, iussa facit pectusque manu ferrugine tincta tangit et hamatis praecordia sentibus implet, inspiratque nocens virus, piceumque per ossa dissipat et medio spargit pulmone venenum.	Envy watched the goddess flee with a sidelong look and gave a low mutter, already resentful of Minerva's coming success. She took up her staff, wound all over with bands of thorns. Wrapped in black clouds, wherever she went she trampled the flowering fields, scorched the grass and nipped off the tallest blooms, and with her breath she polluted peoples, cities and homes. At last she caught sight of Tritonia's citadel, flourishing in talent, wealth and festive peace, and she could barely hold back her tears, because she saw nothing to cry about. Once she had entered the bedroom of Cecrops' daughter, she carried out her orders. She touched the girl's breast with a hand stained with rust and filled her heart with hooked thorns. She breathed harmful venom into her, scattered the pitch-black poison through her bones, and spread it deep in her lungs.
2.802	Neve mali causae spatium per latius errent, germanam ante oculos fortunatumque sororis coniugium pulchraque deum sub imagine ponit, cunctaque magna facit. Quibus inritata dolore Cecropis occulto mordetur et anxia nocte, anxia luce gemit, lentaque miserrima tabe liquitur ut glacies incerto saucia sole. Felicisque bonis non lenius uritur Herses, quam cum spinosis ignis supponitur herbis, quae neque dant flammas 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 verbaque iactanti mitissima "desine" dixit: "hinc ego me non sum nisi te motura repulso."	So that the source of the trouble should not range too widely, she set before the girl's eyes her sister, her sister's fortunate marriage, and the god in his handsome form, and she made it all seem great. Goaded by these images, Cecrops' daughter was gnawed by secret pain. Anxious by night, anxious by day, she groaned, and in utter misery she melted away with slow decay, like ice wounded by a fitful sun. She burned at the blessings of happy Herse no less gently than thorny weeds burn when a fire is set beneath them: they give no flames but are consumed by a gentle heat. Often she wished to die, so as not to see such a thing. Often she wished to tell her stern father, as if it were a crime. At last she sat down across the threshold to shut the god out when he came. He tried caresses, pleas and the gentlest words on her. "Stop," she said. "I

29 Cecrops was the first king of Athens and the father of Aglauros, Herse and Pandrosos.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		will not move myself from here until you have been driven away."
2.818	"Stemus" ait "pacto" velox Cyllenius "isto": caelestique fores virga patefecit. At illi surgere conanti partes, quascumque sedendo flectimus, ignava nequeunt gravitate moveri. Illa quidem pugnat recto se attollere trunco, sed genuum iunctura riget, frigusque per inguen labitur, et callent amisso sanguine venae. Utque malum late solet inmedicabile cancer serpere et inlaesas vitiatis addere partes, sic letalis hiems paulatim in pectora venit vitalesque vias et respiramina clausit. Nec conata loqui est, nec, si conata fuisset, vocis habebat iter: saxum iam colla tenebat, oraque duruerant, signumque exsangue sedebat. Nec lapis albus erat: sua mens infecerat illam.	"Let us stand by that bargain," said the swift Cyllenian, and he opened the doors with his heavenly wand. But as she tried to rise, the parts of the body we bend when we sit could not move for a sluggish heaviness. She struggled to lift herself with her trunk upright, but the joints of her knees were stiff. Cold slid through her groin, and her veins grew hard as the blood drained from them. An incurable cancer creeps far and wide and adds the healthy parts to the diseased. In the same way a deadly winter came little by little into her breast and closed the paths of life and breath. She did not try to speak, and even if she had tried, her voice had no way out. Stone already gripped her neck, her face had hardened, and a bloodless statue sat there. Nor was the stone white: her mind had stained it.

EUROPA AND THE BULL

Jupiter, disguised as a bull, carries Europa across the sea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.833	Has ubi verborum poenas mentisque profanae cepit Atlantiades, dictas a Pallade terras linquit et ingreditur iactatis aethera pennis. 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), hanc pete, quodque procul montano gramine pasci armentum regale vides, ad litora verte." Dixit, et expulsi iamdudum monte iuvenci litora iussa petunt, ubi magni filia regis ludere virginibus Tyriis comitata solebat.	When Atlas' grandson had exacted this penalty for her words and her profane mind, he left the land named after Pallas and rose into the air on beating wings. His father called him aside. Without admitting that love was the reason, Jupiter said: "Son, faithful minister of my commands, put off delay and glide down swiftly in your usual course. Make for the land that looks up at your mother from the left; the natives call it Sidonian. There you will see a royal herd grazing far off on the mountain grass. Drive it down to the shore." He said this, and at once the bullocks, already driven from the mountain, made for the shore as ordered, where the great king's daughter used to play with the Tyrian girls who were her companions.[30]
2.846	Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur maiestas et amor: sceptri gravitate relicta ille pater rectorque deum, cui dextra trisulcis ignibus armata est, qui nutu concutit orbem, induitur faciem tauri mixtusque iuvencis mugit et in teneris formosus obambulat herbis. Quippe color nivis est, quam nec vestigia duri	Majesty and love do not go well together, nor do they linger in one place. Setting aside the weight of his scepter, the father and ruler of the gods took on the look of a bull. He whose right hand is armed with three-forked fire, he who shakes the world with a nod, now mingled with the bullocks,

30 Mercury's mother Maia is one of the Pleiades, a cluster of stars. Sidon and Tyre were cities of Phoenicia, and the king's daughter is Europa, daughter of Agenor.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	calcavere pedis nec solvit aquaticus auster. Colla toris exstant, armis palearia pendent, cornua parva quidem, sed quae contendere possis 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: mox adit et flores ad candida porrigit ora.	lowed, and wandered about in his beauty on the tender grass. His color was that of snow which no hard foot has trodden and no rainy south wind has melted. His neck bulged with muscle, and a dewlap hung down between his shoulders. His horns were small, it is true, but you could argue they had been made by hand, and they were more translucent than a flawless gem. There was no menace on his brow and nothing fearsome in his eye. His face was all peace. Agenor's daughter marveled that he was so beautiful and that he threatened no fight. Yet gentle as he was, at first she was afraid to touch him. Soon she came close and held out flowers to his white mouth.
2.862	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; paulatimque metu dempto modo pectora praebet virginea plaudenda manu, modo cornua sertis impedienda novis. Ausa est quoque regia virgo nescia quem premeret, tergo considere tauri, cum deus a terra siccoque a litore sensim falsa pedum primis 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 imposita est; tremulae sinuantur flamine vestes.	The lover rejoiced, and until the pleasure he hoped for should come, he kissed her hands. He could barely, barely put off the rest. Now he frolicked and leaped about in the green grass, now laid his snowy side down on the yellow sand. Little by little her fear left her, and now he offered his breast for the girl to pat, now his horns for her to wind with fresh garlands. The princess even dared to sit on the bull's back, not knowing whom she was riding. Then the god, little by little, moved from the land and the dry shore and set his deceiving hooves in the shallows. From there he went farther out and carried his prize across the waters of the open sea. She was terrified. Carried away, she looked back at the shore she had left behind. With her right hand she held one of his horns, and her other hand rested on his back. Her fluttering garments billowed in the wind.

Book 3

Thebes

Cadmus founds Thebes; Actaeon; Semele; Tiresias; Echo and Narcissus; Pentheus defies Bacchus.

CADMUS

Cadmus kills the serpent of Mars, sows its teeth, and founds Thebes with the surviving warriors.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.1	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. Orbe pererrato (quis enim deprendere possit furta Iovis?) profugus patriamque iramque parentis vitat Agenorides Phoebique oracula supplex consulit et, quae sit tellus habitanda, requirit. "Bos tibi" Phoebus ait "solis occurret in arvis, nullum passa iugum curvique inmunis aratri. Hac duce carpe vias et qua requieverit herba moenia fac condas, Boeotiaque ma vocato."	And now the god had laid aside the likeness of the deceitful bull, had revealed who he was, and was in the fields of Dicte. Meanwhile her father, knowing nothing of this, ordered Cadmus to search for the stolen girl, and added exile as the penalty if he did not find her: a father loving and wicked in one and the same act. Agenor's son wandered the whole world (for who could catch Jupiter in his stolen loves?), and as an exile he shunned both his homeland and his father's anger. He went as a suppliant to consult the oracle of Phoebus and asked what land he should make his home. "In lonely fields," said Phoebus, "you will meet a cow that has never borne the yoke and is free of the curved plow. With her as your guide, take to the road, and where she rests on the grass, see that you found city walls, and call that country Boeotia."[1]
3.14	Vix bene Castalio Cadmus descenderat antro, incustoditam lente videt ire iuvencam nullum servitii signum cervice gerentem. Subsequitur pressoque legit vestigia gressu, auctoremque viae Phoebum taciturnus adorat. Iam vada Cephisi Panopesque evaserat arva: bos stetit et tollens speciosam cornibus altis ad caelum frontem mugitibus impulit auras, atque ita, respiciens comites sua terga sequentes, procubuit teneraque latus submisit in herba. Cadmus agit grates peregrinaeque oscula terrae figit et ignotos montes agrosque salutat. Sacra Iovi facturus erat. Iubet ire ministros et petere e vivis libandas fontibus undas.	Cadmus had hardly come down from the Castalian cave when he saw a heifer walking slowly along, unguarded, with no mark of servitude on her neck. He followed close behind, tracing her footprints with careful steps, and silently worshiped Phoebus, the guide of his journey. He had already crossed the shallows of the Cephisus and the fields of Panope when the cow stopped. Lifting her handsome brow with its tall horns to the sky, she struck the air with her lowing. Then, looking back at the companions following behind her, she lay down and sank her flank onto the soft grass. Cadmus gave thanks, pressed kisses on the foreign soil, and greeted the unknown mountains and fields. He was about to offer sacrifice to Jupiter, and he ordered his attendants to go and fetch water from running springs for the libation.[2]

1 Ovid plays on the name Boeotia as if it came from Greek *bous*, "cow." Dicte is a mountain in Crete.

LATIN	ENGLISH
3.28 Silva vetus stabat, nulla violata securi, et specus in medio, virgis ac vimine densus, efficiens humilem lapidum compagibus arcum, uberibus fecundus aquis, ubi conditus antro Martius anguis erat, cristis praesignis et auro; igne micant oculi, corpus tumet omne venenis, tres vibrant linguae, triplici stant ordine dentes. Quem postquam Tyria lucum de gente profecti infausto tetigere gradu, demissaque in undas urna dedit sonitum, longo caput extulit antro caeruleus serpens horrendaque sibila misit. Effluxere urnae manibus sanguisque reliquit corpus, et attonitos subitus tremor occupat artus.	There stood an ancient forest, never violated by an ax. In the middle was a cave, thick with brushwood and osiers, whose fitted stones formed a low arch. It was rich in abundant waters, and hidden in it was the serpent of Mars, conspicuous for its crests and its gold. Its eyes flashed with fire, its whole body swelled with poison, its three tongues flickered, and its teeth stood in a triple row. When the men who had set out from the Tyrian people set their ill-fated steps in this grove, and the pitcher they let down into the water made a sound, the dark-blue serpent thrust its head out from the depths of the cave and gave out horrifying hisses. The pitchers slipped from their hands, the blood drained from their bodies, and a sudden trembling seized their stunned limbs.
3.41 Ille volubilibus squamosos nexibus orbes torquet et inmensos saltu sinuatur in arcus, ac media plus parte leves erectus in auras despicit omne nemus, tantoque est corpore, quanto si totum spectes, geminas qui separat arctos. Nec mora, Phoenicas, sive illi tela parabant, sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque, occupat: hos morsu, longis complexibus illos, hos necat adfiatu funesti tabe veneni. Fecerat exiguas iam sol altissimus umbras: quae mora sit sociis, miratur Agenore natus, vestigatque viros. Tegimen derepta leoni pellis erat, telum splendenti lancea ferro et iaculum, teloque animus praestantior omni.	The serpent twisted its scaly coils in rolling knots and, with a leap, curved itself into huge arcs. Raising more than half its length into the light air, it looked down on the whole wood. If you saw it whole, its body was as large as the Serpent that separates the twin Bears. Without delay it fell upon the Phoenicians, whether they were preparing to fight or to flee, or whether fear itself kept them from doing either. Some it killed with its bite, some in its long embrace, some with the rotting breath of its deadly poison. The sun, now at its height, had shrunk the shadows to almost nothing. Agenor's son wondered what was delaying his companions and went tracking the men. For protection he had a hide stripped from a lion. For weapons he had a lance with a gleaming iron head and a javelin, and courage, better than any weapon.[3]
3.55 Ut nemus intravit letataque corpora vidit victoremque supra spatiosi corporis hostem tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua, "aut ultor vestrae, fidissima corpora, mortis, aut comes" inquit "ero." Dixit, dextraque molarem sustulit et magnum magno conamine misit. 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:	When he entered the wood and saw the dead bodies, and above them their victorious enemy, its huge body stretched over them, licking their grim wounds with its bloody tongue, he said, "My most faithful friends, I will either avenge your deaths or share them." He spoke, and with his right hand he lifted a rock as big as a millstone and hurled it, huge as it was, with a huge effort. Its blow would have shaken high walls with lofty towers. Yet the serpent remained unwounded. Its scales protected

2 The Castalian spring at Delphi was the site of Apollo's oracle. The Cephisus is a river and Panope a town in Phocis, on the way to Boeotia.

3 The constellation Draco (the Serpent) winds between the Great Bear and the Little Bear.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	quod medio lentae spinae curvamine fixum constitit et totum descendit in ilia ferrum.	it like a breastplate, and with the hardness of its black skin its hide warded off the mighty blow. But that same hardness did not also defeat the javelin. It stuck fast in the middle curve of the supple spine, and the whole iron head sank down into the creature's guts.
3.68	Ille dolore ferox caput in sua terga retorsit vulneraque adspexit fixumque hastile momordit idque, ubi vi multa partem labefecit in omnem, 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 ore niger Stygio, vitiatas inficit auras. Ipse modo inmensum spiris facientibus orbem cingitur, interdum longa trabe rectior adstat impete nunc vasto ceu concitus imbribus amnis fertur et obstantes proturbat pectore silvas.	Wild with pain, the serpent twisted its head back toward its body, looked at the wound, and bit the shaft lodged there. When with great force it had worked the shaft loose on every side, it barely wrenched it from its back, but the iron head stayed fixed in its bones. Then indeed, with a fresh cause added to its usual rage, its throat swelled with bulging veins, white foam flowed around its pestilent jaws, the earth rang as its scales scraped over it, and the black breath that came from its Stygian mouth tainted and poisoned the air. Now it coiled itself in spirals that made an immense circle. At times it reared up straighter than a long beam. Now it surged forward with vast momentum, like a river swollen by rains, and drove the trees in its way before its chest.
3.81	Cedit Agenorides paulum 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 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 guttura ferrum 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.	Agenor's son gave way a little. He took its charges on the lion's hide and held back the menacing jaws with the point of his spear thrust out in front. The serpent raged, dealing useless wounds to the hard iron and fixing its teeth on the point. And now blood had begun to flow from its poisonous palate and had stained the green grass with its spatter. But the wound was slight, because the serpent kept drawing back from the blow, pulling its injured neck away. By retreating it kept the stroke from settling in and would not let it go deeper. Then Agenor's son, following it all the way, drove the iron he had planted in its throat until an oak blocked the serpent's retreat, and the neck was pinned to the trunk. The tree bent under the serpent's weight and groaned as its trunk was lashed by the end of the tail.
3.95	Dum spatium victor victi considerat hostis, vox subito audita est; neque erat cognoscere promptum unde, sed audita est: "Quid, Agenore nate, peremptum serpentem spectas? et tu spectabere serpens." Ille diu pavidus pariter cum mente colorem perdiderat, gelidoque comae terrore rigebant. Ecce viri fautrix, superas delapsa per auras, Pallas adest motaeque iubet supponere terrae vipereos dentes, populi incrementa futuri.	While the victor was gazing at the size of his vanquished foe, suddenly a voice was heard. It was not easy to tell where it came from, but it was heard: "Son of Agenor, why do you gaze at the serpent you have killed? You too will be gazed at as a serpent." For a long while he stood terrified, having lost his color and his wits together, and his hair stood stiff with icy terror. And look, the hero's patron, Pallas, gliding down through the upper air,

LATIN	ENGLISH
Paret et, ut presso sulcum patefecit aratro, spargit humi iussos, mortalia semina, dentes. Inde (fide maius) glaebae coepere moveri, primaque de sulcis acies apparuit hastae, tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono, mox umeri pectusque onerataque bracchia telis exsistunt, crescitque seges clipeata virorum.	was there. She ordered him to plow the earth and bury the serpent's teeth in it, the seed of a people to come. He obeyed. When he had opened a furrow with the pressed-down plow, he scattered the teeth over the ground as he was told, a seed of mortal men. Then, past belief, the clods began to stir. First the points of spears appeared from the furrows. Next came helmets nodding with painted crests, then shoulders and chests and arms loaded with weapons rose up, and a crop of shielded men grew.[4]
3.111 Sic ubi tolluntur festis aulaea theatris, surgere signa solent primumque ostendere vultus, cetera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore tota patent imoque pedes in margine ponunt. Territus hoste novo Cadmus capere arma parabat: "ne cape", de populo, quem terra creaverat, unus exclamat "nec 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 vivit et exspirat modo quas acceperat auras; exemploque pari furit omnis turba, suoque Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres.	So, when the curtain is raised in a theater on a festival day, the figures on it rise up, showing their faces first and then the rest of them little by little, until, drawn smoothly upward, they stand fully revealed and plant their feet on the lower edge. Frightened by this new enemy, Cadmus was getting ready to take up arms. "Don't take them," cried one of the people the earth had created, "and don't involve yourself in civil wars." With that, he struck one of his earthborn brothers with his rigid sword at close quarters, and he himself fell to a javelin thrown from a distance. The one who had given him over to death lived no longer than he did, and breathed out the air he had only just received. The whole crowd raged in the same way, and in a war of their own these brothers of a moment fell by wounds they gave one another.[5]
3.124 Iamque brevis vitae spatium sortita iuventus sanguineam tepido plangebat pectore matrem, 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 iussam Phoebeis sortibus urbem. Iam stabant Thebae: poteras iam, Cadme, videri exsilio felix. Soceri tibi Marsque Venusque contigerant: huc adde genus de coniuge tanta, tot natos natasque et pignera cara nepotes, hos quoque iam iuvenes. Sed scilicet ultima semper exspectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.	And now these young men, allotted so brief a span of life, were beating against their blood-soaked mother with their warm breasts, until only five were left, one of whom was Echion. At Tritonia's warning he threw his weapons to the ground, and he both asked for and gave pledges of peace between brothers. These were the partners the Sidonian stranger had in his work when he founded the city that Phoebus' oracle had commanded. Now Thebes stood. Now, Cadmus, you could seem fortunate in your exile. Mars and Venus had become your parents-in-law. Add to this the offspring of so great a wife, so many sons and daughters, and grandchildren, dear pledges of love, these too already grown to manhood. But of course a man must always wait for his last day,

4 The prophecy is fulfilled in Book 4, when Cadmus and his wife are turned into snakes.
5 Roman theater curtains were raised from a trench at the front of the stage at the end of a play, so the figures woven on them seemed to rise from the ground.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	and no one should be called happy before his death and his final funeral rites.[6]

DIANA AND ACTAEON

Actaeon sees Diana bathing; she turns him into a stag, and his own hounds tear him apart.

LATIN	ENGLISH
3.138 Prima nepos inter tot res tibi, Cadme, secundas causa fuit luctus, alienaque cornua fronti addita, vosque canes satiatae sanguine erili. 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, 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, propositum repetemus opus; nunc Phoebus utraque distat idem terra finditque vaporibus arva. Sistite opus praesens nodosaque tollite lina." Iussa viri faciunt intermittuntque laborem.	Amid so much good fortune, Cadmus, the first cause of grief for you was a grandson: the alien horns placed on his brow, and you, his hounds, glutted with your master's blood. But if you look into it properly, you will find that the fault in him was fortune's, not a crime. For what crime was there in a mistake? There was a mountain stained with the slaughter of all kinds of wild beasts. Midday had shrunk the shadows of things, and the sun stood equally distant from either end of its course, when the young Hyantian called in a calm voice to the companions of his labors as they roamed through the pathless coverts: "Friends, our nets and our spears are wet with the blood of beasts, and the day has had luck enough. When another dawn, riding on saffron wheels, brings back the light, we will take up our planned work again. Now Phoebus stands the same distance from either horizon and is cracking the fields with his heat. Stop the work at hand and take up the knotted nets." They carried out his orders and broke off their work.[7]
3.155 Vallis erat piceis et acuta densa cupressu, 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. Fons sonat a dextra, tenui perlucidus unda, margine gramineo patulos succinctus hiatus. Hic dea silvarum venatu fessa solebat virgineos artus liquido perfundere rore. Quo postquam subiit, nympharum tradidit uni armigerae iaculum pharetramque arcusque retentos; altera depositae subiecit bracchia pallae, vincla duae pedibus demunt; nam doctior illis Ismenis Crocale sparsos per colla capillos conligit in nodum, quamvis erat ipsa solutis.	There was a valley thick with pines and pointed cypresses, called Gargaphie, sacred to Diana of the girded tunic. In its farthest recess was a woodland cave, shaped by no art. Nature, by her own genius, had imitated art, for she had drawn a natural arch out of living pumice and light tufa. On the right a spring splashed, clear with its thin stream, its wide pool ringed by a grassy edge. Here the goddess of the woods, when she was tired from the hunt, used to bathe her virgin limbs in the clear water. When she had come there, she handed her javelin, her quiver, and her unstrung bow to one of the nymphs, her armor-bearer. Another held out her arms to take the robe Diana had laid aside, and two untied the sandals from her feet. Meanwhile Crocale, daughter of Ismenus, more skilled

6 Cadmus married Harmonia, daughter of Mars and Venus. Echion and the other survivors were the "Sown Men," ancestors of the Theban nobility.

7 The grandson is Actaeon, son of Cadmus' daughter Autonoe. "Hyantian" means Boeotian.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Excipiunt laticem Nepheleque Hyaleque Rhanisque et Psecas et Phiale funduntque capacibus urnis.	than they, gathered into a knot the hair that was scattered over the goddess's neck, though her own hair hung loose. Nephele and Hyale and Rhanis and Psecas and Phiale drew water and poured it out of capacious urns.[8]
3.173	Dumque ibi perluitur solita Titania lympha, ecce nepos Cadmi dilata parte laborum per nemus ignotum non certis passibus errans pervenit in lucum: sic illum fata ferebant. Qui simul intravit rorantia fontibus antra, sicut erant, viso nudae sua pectora nymphae percussere viro, subitisque ululatibus omne implevere nemus circumfusaeque Dianam corporibus texere suis; tamen altior illis ipsa dea est colloque tenus supereminet omnes. Qui color infectis adversi solis ab ictu nubibus esse solet aut purpureae aurorae, is fuit in vultu visae sine veste Dianae.	And while Titania was bathing there in her usual pool, look: Cadmus' grandson, his labors put off for a while, came wandering with uncertain steps through the unfamiliar wood and arrived at the grove. So his fate was carrying him. As soon as he entered the cave, wet with spray from the springs, the nymphs, naked as they were, beat their breasts at the sight of a man and filled the whole grove with sudden shrieks. Crowding around Diana, they covered her with their own bodies. But the goddess herself was taller than they and stood above them all from the neck up. The color that tinges clouds struck by the rays of the sun facing them, or the color of a crimson dawn, was the color that came into Diana's face when she was seen without her clothes.[9]
3.186	Quae quamquam comitum turba est 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 addidit haec cladis praenuntia verba futurae: "Nunc tibi me posito visam velamine narres, si poteris narrare, licet." Nec plura minata dat sparso capiti vivacis cornua cervi, dat spatium collo summasque cacuminat aures, cum pedibusque manus, cum longis bracchia mutat cruribus et velat maculoso vellere corpus.	Though she was surrounded by the crowd of her companions, she still stood turned to one side and twisted her face back. Much as she wished she had her arrows ready, she took up what she had, the water, and drenched the man's face. Sprinkling his hair with the avenging water, she added these words, foretelling the disaster to come: "Now you may tell that you saw me with my clothes put off, if you can tell it." Threatening no more, she gave his sprinkled head the horns of a long-lived stag. She gave length to his neck, sharpened the tips of his ears, changed his hands into feet and his arms into long legs, and covered his body with a spotted hide.
3.198	Additus et pavor est. Fugit Autonoeius heros et se tam celerem cursu miratur in ipso. Ut vero vultus et cornua vidit in unda, "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 impedit illud. Dum dubitat, videre canes. Primumque Melampus	She added fear as well. The hero, Autonoe's son, fled, and in mid-flight marveled at his own speed. But when he saw his face and horns in the water, he was about to say "How wretched I am!" No voice followed. He groaned: that was his voice now, and tears flowed down a face that was not his own. Only his mind remained as it had been. What should he do? Go back home to the royal palace, or hide in the woods? Shame forbade the first, fear

8 Gargaphie was a spring near Plataea in Boeotia. The nymphs' Greek names are watery: Nephele "cloud," Hyale "glass," Rhanis "droplet," Psecas "drizzle," Phiale "bowl."
9 Titania is Diana, so called as a descendant of the Titans.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Ichnobatesque sagax latratu signa dedere, Gnosius Ichnobates, Spartana gente Melampus.	the second. While he hesitated, his dogs saw him. First Melampus and keen-nosed Ichnobates gave the signal with their barking: Ichnobates from Cnossos, Melampus of Spartan breed.
3.209	Inde ruunt alii rapida velocius aura, Pamphagus et Dorceus et Oribasus, Arcades omnes, Nebrophonusque valens et trux cum Laelape Theron et pedibus Pterelas et naribus utilis Agre, Hylaeusque ferox, nuper percussus ab apro, deque lupo concepta Nape, pecudesque secuta Poemenis et natis comitata Harpyia duobus, et substricta gerens Sicyonius ilia Ladon, et Dromas et Canache 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, et nigram medio frontem distinctus ab albo Harpalos, et Melaneus hirsutaque corpore Lachne, et patre Dictaeo, sed matre Laconide nati Labros et Argiodus, et acutae vocis Hylactor, quosque referre mora est. Ea turba cupidine praedae per rupes scopulosque adituque carentia saxa, quaque est difficilis quaque est via nulla, sequuntur.	Then the others rushed in, swifter than the rushing wind: Pamphagus and Dorceus and Oribasus, all Arcadians; strong Nebrophonus, and fierce Theron with Laelaps; Pterelas, prized for his feet, and Agre for her nose; fierce Hylaeus, lately gashed by a boar; Nape, sired by a wolf; Poemenis, who had once followed the flocks; Harpyia, with her two pups at her side; Sicyonian Ladon with his lean, tucked-up flanks; Dromas and Canache and Sticte and Tigris and Alce; Leucon with his snowy coat and Asbolus with his black; mighty Lacon, and Aello, strong in running; Thous, and swift Lycisce with her Cyprian brother; Harpalos, his black forehead marked in the middle with white; Melaneus, and Lachne with her shaggy body; Labros and Argiodus, born of a Cretan father but a Spartan mother; Hylactor with his shrill bark; and others it would take too long to name. Eager for their prey, this pack followed over cliffs and crags and rocks with no approach, where the way was hard and where there was no way at all.[10]
3.228	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. Prima Melanchaetes in tergo vulnera fecit, proxima Therodamas, Oresitrophus haesit in armo: tardius exierant, sed per compendia montis anticipata via est. Dominum retinentibus illis, 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.	He fled through the very places where he had often been the pursuer. Alas, he fled from his own servants! He longed to shout, "I am Actaeon! Recognize your master!" Words failed his will, and the air echoed with barking. Melanchaetes made the first wounds in his back, Therodamas the next, and Oresitrophus clung to his shoulder. They had set out later than the rest, but had got ahead by a shortcut over the mountain. While they held their master down, the rest of the pack gathered and sank their teeth into his body together. Soon there was no room left for wounds. He groaned, a sound that, though not human, was still one no stag could make, and he filled the familiar ridges with mournful cries.
3.240	Et genibus pronis supplex similisque roganti circumfert tacitos tamquam sua bracchia vultus. At comites rapidum solitis hortatibus agmen ignari instigant oculisque Actaeona quaerunt et velut absentem certatim Actaeona clamant	Down on his knees like a suppliant, like someone begging, he turned his silent face this way and that, as if it were his arms. But his companions, unaware, urged on the eager pack with their usual cries and looked around for Actaeon. As if he were

10 The dogs' names are Greek and descriptive: for example, Melampus "Blackfoot," Ichnobates "Tracker," Pamphagus "Eat-all," Hylactor "Barker."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	(ad nomen caput ille refert), et abesse queruntur 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.	absent, they vied with one another in calling for Actaeon (at his name he turned his head), and they complained that he was away and too slow to see the spectacle of the prey that had been offered. Absent was what he wished to be, but he was present; and he wished to see, not also to feel, the savage work of his own dogs. They surrounded him on every side and, plunging their muzzles into his body, tore apart their master in the false likeness of a stag.

SEMELE

Disguised as Semele's old nurse, Juno tricks her into asking to see Jupiter in his full glory.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.253	Rumor in ambiguo est: aliis violentior aequo visa dea est, alii laudant dignamque severa virginitate vocant; pars invenit utraque causas. Sola Iovis coniunx non tam culpetne probetne eloquitur, quam clade domus ab Agenore ductae gaudet et a Tyria conlectum paelice transfert in generis socios odium. Subit ecce priori causa recens, gravidamque dolet de semine magni esse Iovis Semelen. Dum linguam ad iurgia solvit, "profeci quid enim totiens per iurgia?" dixit:	Opinion was divided. To some the goddess seemed more violent than was fair. Others praised her and called her actions worthy of her strict virginity. Each side found its reasons. Jupiter's wife alone did not so much say whether she blamed or approved, as rejoice in the disaster of the house descended from Agenor. The hatred she had gathered against her Tyrian rival she transferred to those who shared that woman's blood. And look, a fresh cause followed the earlier one: she was resentful that Semele was pregnant by the seed of great Jupiter. As she was loosening her tongue to rail, she said, "Yet what have I ever gained by all my railing?"[11]
3.263	"ipsa petenda mihi est, ipsam, si maxima Iuno rite vocor, perdam, si me gemmantia dextra sceptra tenere decet, si sum regina Iovisque et soror et coniunx, certe soror. At, puto, furto est contenta, et thalami brevis est iniuria nostri: concipit, id deerat! manifestaque crimina pleno fert utero, et mater, quod vix mihi contigit uno de Iove vult fieri: tanta est fiducia formae. Fallat eam faxo; nec sum Saturnia, si non ab Iove mersa suo Stygias penetrabit in undas."	"I must go after the woman herself. If I am rightly called Juno the greatest, if it is fitting that I hold the jeweled scepter in my right hand, if I am queen and Jupiter's sister and wife—his sister, at any rate—then I will destroy the woman herself. But I suppose she is content with a secret affair, and the wrong done to my marriage bed is brief! She conceives—that was all that was missing! She carries her guilt for all to see in her swollen womb, and wants to become a mother by Jupiter alone, which hardly happened even to me. That is how confident she is of her beauty. I will make that beauty betray her. I am not Saturn's daughter if she does not go down into the waters of the Styx, sent under by her own Jupiter."
3.273	Surgit ab his solio fulvaque recondita nube limen adit Semeles. Nec nubes ante removit,	With that she rose from her throne and, hidden in a tawny cloud, went to Semele's threshold. She did

11 The Tyrian rival is Europa, Cadmus' sister. Semele is a daughter of Cadmus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	quam simulavit anum posuitque ad tempora canos sulcavitque cutem rugis et curva trementi 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, 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, det tibi complexus suaque ante insignia sumat."	not remove the cloud until she had disguised herself as an old woman: she put gray hair at her temples, furrowed her skin with wrinkles, and carried her bent limbs with a tottering step. She made her voice an old woman's too, and became Beroe herself, Semele's nurse from Epidaurus. So when, after striking up a conversation and talking for a long time, they came to the name of Jupiter, she sighed and said, "I hope it is Jupiter. But I fear everything. Many men have entered chaste bedrooms using the names of gods. And it is not enough for him to be Jupiter. Let him give a pledge of his love, if he really is the true one. Ask him to embrace you as great and as glorious as he is when lofty Juno receives him, and first to put on his own insignia."
3.287	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 sunto numina torrentis: timor et deus ille deorum est". 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 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 addidit et tonitrus et inevitabile fulmen.	With such words Juno had molded the unsuspecting daughter of Cadmus. Semele asked Jupiter for a gift without naming it. The god said to her, "Choose. You will suffer no refusal. And so that you may believe it all the more, let the divine power of the Stygian torrent be witness too. That god is the dread even of gods." Glad of what would harm her, too powerful for her own good, and about to perish through her lover's compliance, Semele said, "As Saturn's daughter is used to embracing you when you enter the bond of Venus, give yourself to me like that." The god wanted to stop her mouth as she spoke, but her hasty words had already gone out into the air. He groaned: she could not unwish her wish, and he could not unswear his oath. So, deeply grieved, he climbed to the high heavens and with a look drew the clouds after him. To them he added storms and lightning mixed with winds, and thunder, and the inescapable thunderbolt.[12]
3.302	Qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere temptat; nec, quo centimanum deiecerat igne Typhoea, nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo est. Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum 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 eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum est) insuitur femori maternaque tempora complet.	Still, as far as he could, he tried to lessen his own strength. He did not now arm himself with the fire he had used to cast down hundred-handed Typhoeus: there was too much savagery in that. There is another, lighter thunderbolt, into which the hand of the Cyclopes put less savagery and flame, less anger. The gods call it the second-class weapon. He took this one and entered the house of Agenor's line. Her mortal body could not bear the uproar of heaven, and she burned up in the gifts of her marriage. The baby, still unformed, was

12 The gods swore their most binding oath by the Styx, the river of the underworld.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Furtim illum primis Ino matertera cuuis educat: inde datum nymphae Nyseides antris occuluere suis lactisque alimenta dedere.	snatched from his mother's womb and—if it is right to believe it—sewn, still tender, into his father's thigh, where he completed his mother's term. His aunt Ino secretly brought him up in his earliest cradle. Then he was handed over to the nymphs of Nysa, who hid him in their caves and nourished him with milk.[13]

TIRESIAS

Tiresias, who has lived as a man and a woman, judges between Jupiter and Juno and is blinded.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.316	Dumque ea per terras fatali lege geruntur tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi, forte Iovem memorant, diffusum nectare, curas seposuisse graves vacuumque agitasse remissos cum Iunone iocos et "maior vestra profecto est, quam quae contingit maribus" dixisse "voluptas." Illa negat. Placuit quae sit sententia docti quaerere Tiresiae: venus huic erat utraque nota.	While these things were happening on earth by the law of fate, and the cradle of twice-born Bacchus was safe, they say that Jupiter, mellowed with nectar, happened to have put aside his heavy cares. At his ease, he was trading lighthearted jokes with Juno and said, "Your pleasure is certainly greater than the pleasure that falls to males." She denied it. They decided to ask the opinion of learned Tiresias: he had known love from both sides.[14]
3.324	Nam duo magnorum viridi coeuntia silva corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu; 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. Arbiter hic igitur sumptus de lite iocosa dicta Iovis firmat. Gravius Saturnia iusto nec pro materia fertur doluisse, suique iudicis aeterna damnavit lumina nocte. At pater omnipotens (neque enim licet inrita cuiquam facta dei fecisse deo) pro lumine adempto scire futura dedit, poenamque levavit honore.	For once, in a green wood, he had struck with his staff the bodies of two great serpents as they mated, and, changed from a man into a woman—marvelous to tell—he had spent seven autumns. In the eighth he saw the same snakes again and said, "If striking you has such power that it changes the striker's lot into its opposite, I will strike you now too." When he struck those same snakes, his former shape returned, and the form he was born with came back. So he was taken as judge of the playful dispute, and he confirmed Jupiter's words. Saturn's daughter, they say, was more aggrieved than was just or than the matter warranted, and she condemned the eyes of her judge to eternal night. But the all-powerful father, since no god may undo what another god has done, gave him knowledge of the future in return for the sight taken from him, and lightened the punishment with honor.

13 Typhoeus was a monstrous giant who challenged the gods and was struck down by Jupiter's thunderbolt. The child is Bacchus.
14 Tiresias became the famous blind prophet of Thebes.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Echo wastes away for love of Narcissus, who falls in love with his own reflection and dies.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.339	Ille per Aonias fama celeberrimus urbes inreprehensa dabat populo responsa petenti. Prima fide vocisque ratae temptamina sumpsit caerula Liriope. Quam quondam flumine curvo implicuit clausaeque suis Cephisus in undis vim tulit. Enixa est utero pulcherrima pleno infantem, nymphis iam tunc qui posset amari, 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. 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.	He became most famous throughout the Aonian cities and gave faultless answers to the people who came to consult him. The first to test the truth and reliability of his words was the blue water nymph Liriope. Once the river Cephisus had entangled her in his winding stream and, trapping her within his waters, raped her. Most beautiful of nymphs, she bore from her full womb a child who even then could have been loved by nymphs, and named him Narcissus. Asked about him, whether he would live to see the long years of a ripe old age, the prophet who spoke the fates said, "If he never knows himself." For a long time the seer's words seemed empty, but the outcome proved them true: the event, the manner of his death, and the strangeness of his madness. For the son of Cephisus had added one year to three times five and could seem either a boy or a young man. Many young men desired him, many girls. But in that tender beauty there was so hard a pride that no young men touched him, no girls.[15]
3.356	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. Fecerat hoc Iuno, quia, cum deprendere posset cum Iove saepe suo nymphas in monte iacentes, illa deam longo prudens sermone tenebat, dum fugerent nymphae. Postquam Saturnia sensit "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.	As he was driving frightened deer into his nets, he was seen by a talkative nymph who had learned neither to keep silent when someone speaks nor to speak first herself: Echo, who answers back. Echo was still a body then, not just a voice. And yet, chatterbox as she was, she had no other use of her mouth than she has now: she could give back, out of many words, only the last. Juno had done this, because often, when she might have caught the nymphs lying on the mountain with her Jupiter, Echo would cunningly keep the goddess busy with long talk until the nymphs could escape. When Saturn's daughter realized this, she said, "You will be given little power over this tongue that has tricked me, and only the briefest use of your voice." She made good her threats in fact. Still, at the end of what is said, Echo doubles the last sounds and brings back the words she has heard.
3.370	Ergo ubi Narcissum per devia rura vagantem vidit et incaluit, sequitur vestigia furtim, quoque magis sequitur, flamma propiore calescit, non aliter, quam cum summis circumlita taedis	So when she saw Narcissus wandering through the pathless countryside and grew warm with desire, she followed his tracks in secret, and the more

15 Aonian means Boeotian. The prophecy turns around the famous Delphic maxim "Know yourself."

LATIN	ENGLISH
admotas rapiunt vivacia sulphura flammas. O quotiens voluit blandis accedere dictis et molles adhibere preces: natura repugnat nec sinit incipiat. Sed, quod sinit, illa parata est exspectare sonos, ad quos sua verba remittat. Forte puer comitum seductus ab agmine fido, dixerat "ecquis adest?" et "adest!" responderat Echo. Hic stupet, utque aciem partes dimittit in omnes, voce "veni!" magna clamat: vocat illa vocantem. Respicit et rursus nullo veniente "quid" inquit	closely she followed, the nearer the flame that warmed her, just as quick-burning sulfur, smeared around the tops of torches, snatches at a flame brought close to it. Oh, how often she wanted to approach him with coaxing words and add soft pleas! Her nature fought against it and would not let her begin. But what it did allow, she was ready for: to wait for sounds to which she could send back words of her own. By chance the boy, separated from his faithful band of companions, had said, "Is anyone here?" and "Here!" Echo had answered. He was astonished, and as he cast his gaze in every direction, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Come!" She called him as he called. He looked behind him, and when again no one came, "Why," he said,
3.384 "me fugis?" et totidem, quot dixit, verba recepit. Perstat et, alternae deceptus imagine vocis, "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: ante" ait "emoriar, quam sit tibi copia nostri." 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. Extenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curae, adducitque cutem macies et in aera sucus corporis omnis abit. Vox tantum atque ossa supersunt: vox manet; ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.	"are you running from me?" and he got back as many words as he had spoken. He persisted, and, deceived by the image of the answering voice, he said, "Here, let us come together!" Echo, who would never answer any sound more gladly, replied, "Let us come together!" She backed up her own words: coming out of the woods, she went to throw her arms around the neck she longed for. He ran, and as he ran he cried, "Take your hands off me, no embraces! I would die before I would give myself to you!" She answered nothing but "I would give myself to you!" Scorned, she hid in the woods, covered her face in shame with leaves, and from then on lived in lonely caves. Yet her love clung to her and grew with the pain of rejection. Sleepless cares wasted her pitiful body, thinness drew her skin tight, and all the moisture of her body vanished into the air. Only her voice and her bones were left: the voice remains; the bones, they say, took on the shape of stone.
3.402 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 potiatur amato!" 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. Gramen erat circa, quod proximus umor alebat, silvaque sole locum passura tepescere nullo. Hic puer, et studio venandi lassus et aestu, procubuit faciemque loci fontemque secutus.	So he had mocked her, so other nymphs born of waters or mountains, so, before that, gatherings of young men. Then one of those he had scorned raised his hands to the heavens and said, "So may he himself love, and so may he never possess what he loves!" Rhamnusia assented to this just prayer. There was a pool, unmuddied, silvery with shining water, which neither shepherds nor goats grazing on the mountain nor any other herd had touched, which no bird or beast or branch fallen from a tree had disturbed. Grass grew around it, fed by the water nearby, and a wood that would never let the sun warm the place. Here the boy,

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		tired from the effort of the hunt and from the heat, lay down, drawn by the look of the place and by the spring.[16]
3.416	Dumque bibit, visae correptus imagine formae adstupet ipse sibi, vultuque inmotus eodem haeret, ut e Pario formatum marmore signum. Spectat humi positus geminum, sua lumina, sidus et dignos Baccho, dignos et Apolline crines impubesque 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, dumque petit, petitur, pariterque accendit et ardet. Inrita fallaci quotiens dedit oscula fonti! In mediis quotiens visum captantia collum bracchia mersit aquis, nec se deprendit in illis!	While he drank, seized by the image of the beauty he saw, he was struck with wonder at himself and hung there motionless, his expression unchanging, like a statue carved from Parian marble. Lying on the ground, he gazed at the twin stars that were his eyes, at hair worthy of Bacchus, worthy of Apollo, at his beardless cheeks, his ivory neck, the beauty of his face and the blush mixed with snowy whiteness, and he admired everything for which he himself was admired. Unwittingly he desired himself; the one who approved was himself approved; while he sought, he was sought; he kindled the flame and burned in it at once. How often he gave useless kisses to the deceptive pool! How often he plunged his arms into the water to catch the neck he saw, and did not catch himself in it!
3.430	Quid videat, nescit: sed quod videt, uritur illo, atque oculos idem, qui decipit, incitat error. Credule, quid frusta 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, 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; paulumque levatus ad circumstantes tendens sua bracchia silvas	What he saw, he did not know, but what he saw set him on fire, and the same illusion that deceived his eyes excited them. Credulous boy, why do you vainly try to catch a fleeting image? What you seek is nowhere; what you love—turn away, and you will lose it. What you see is the shadow of a reflected image: it has nothing of its own; it comes with you and stays with you; with you it will go away—if you could go away. No thought of food, no thought of rest could draw him from there; stretched out on the shady grass, he gazed with insatiable eyes at the lying form, and through his own eyes he was destroyed. Raising himself a little and stretching out his arms to the surrounding woods,
3.442	"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? Et placet et video; sed quod videoque placetque, non tamen invenio: tantus tenet error amantem. Quoque magis doleam, nec nos mare separat ingens, nec via nec montes nec clausis moenia portis: exigua prohibemur aqua. Cupit ipse teneri: nam quotiens liquidis porreximus oscula lymphis,	"O woods," he said, "has anyone ever loved more cruelly? For you know, and you have been a convenient hiding place for many. In all the long ages of your life, through so many centuries, do you remember anyone who wasted away like this? He pleases me and I see him; but what I see and what pleases me, I cannot find—such is the delusion that holds a lover. And to make my pain worse, no vast sea separates us, no road, no mountains, no walls with gates shut: a little water keeps us apart. He himself wants to be held, for every time I have

16 Rhamnusia is Nemesis, goddess of retribution, named after her shrine at Rhamnus in Attica.

LATIN	ENGLISH
hic totiens ad me resupino nititur ore. Posse putes tangi: minimum est, quod amantibus obstat.	stretched my lips toward the clear water, he has strained toward me with upturned face. You would think he could be touched: it is the smallest thing that stands between us lovers.
3.454 Quisquis es, huc exi! quid me, puer unice, fallis, quove petitus abis? certe nec forma nec aetas 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, et quantum motu formosi suspicor oris, verba refers aures non pervenientia nostras. Iste ego sum: sensi, nec me mea fallit imago. Uror amore mei, flammas moveoque feroque. Quid faciam? roger, anne rogem? quid deinde rogabo? quod cupio mecum est: inopem me copia fecit.	Whoever you are, come out here! Why do you deceive me, matchless boy? Where do you go when I reach for you? Surely it is not my looks or my age that you flee—nymphs have loved me too. With your friendly face you promise me some kind of hope; when I stretch my arms to you, you stretch yours back; when I smile, you smile in return; I have often seen your tears, too, when I was weeping; you return my nods with signs; and, as far as I can guess from the movement of your lovely lips, you answer with words that never reach my ears. I am he! I have realized it; my own image does not deceive me. I burn with love for myself; I kindle the flames and I suffer them. What should I do? Should I be asked, or should I ask? And then what shall I ask for? What I desire, I have: my plenty has made me poor.
3.467 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: hic, qui diligitur, vellem diuturnior esset. Nunc duo concordes anima moriemur in una.” Dixit et ad faciem rediit male sanus eandem et lacrimis turbavit aquas, obscuraque moto 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.”	Oh, if only I could part from my own body! A strange wish for a lover: I would want what I love to be away from me! And now grief is taking my strength; not much time is left of my life, and I am dying in my first youth. Death is not hard for me, since in death I will lay down my sorrows; I only wish that he whom I love could live longer. As it is, we two will die together, one in heart, in a single breath.” So he said, and, half out of his mind, he turned back to the same face, and his tears disturbed the water, and as the pool rippled, the form it gave back grew dim. When he saw it going away, he cried out, “Where are you fleeing? Stay! Do not abandon me, cruel one, when I love you! Let me at least look at what I cannot touch, and feed my wretched frenzy.”
3.480 Dumque dolet, summa vestem deduxit ab ora nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis. Pectora traxerunt tenuem percussa ruborem, non aliter quam poma solent, quae candida parte, parte rubent, aut ut variis solet uva racemis ducere purpureum nondum matura colorem. 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 paulatim carpitur igni. Et neque iam color est mixto candore rubori,	While he grieved, he pulled his tunic down from its upper edge and beat his bare chest with hands white as marble. His chest, where he struck it, took on a delicate flush, just as apples often do that are white in part and red in part, or as grapes in their mottled clusters take on a purple tinge when not yet ripe. As soon as he saw this in the water, now clear again, he could bear no more; but as yellow wax melts at a gentle flame, or the morning frost when the sun grows warm, so he, worn thin by love, melted away and was slowly consumed by

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nec vigor et vires et quae modo visa placebant, nec corpus remanet, quondam quod amaverat Echo.	a hidden fire. And now there was no longer the color of red mixed with white, nor the vigor and strength, nor what had pleased him when he saw it just now, nor did the body remain that Echo once had loved.
3.494	Quae tamen ut vidit, quamvis irata memorque, indoluit, quotiensque puer miserabilis "eheu" 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 verba locus, dictoque vale "vale!" inquit et Echo. Ille caput viridi fessum submisit in herba; lumina mors clausit domini mirantia formam. Tunc quoque se, postquam est inferna sede receptus, in Stygia spectabat aqua. Planxere sorores naides et sectos fratri posuere capillos, planxerunt dryades: plangentibus adsonat Echo. Iamque rogum quassasque faces feretrumque parabant: nusquam corpus erat; croceum pro corpore florem inveniunt, foliis medium cingentibus albis.	Yet when she saw this, though still angry and remembering, she grieved, and whenever the pitiful boy said "Alas!" she repeated "Alas!" with echoing voice, and when he struck his arms with his hands, she gave back the same sound of beating. His last words, as he gazed into the familiar water, were these: "Alas, boy loved in vain!" and the place returned just as many words; and when he said "Farewell!" Echo too said "Farewell!" He laid his weary head down on the green grass; death closed the eyes that marveled at their owner's beauty. Even then, after he had been received into the world below, he kept gazing at himself in the water of the Styx. His sisters the Naiads beat their breasts in mourning and laid their shorn hair as an offering for their brother; the Dryads beat their breasts; and Echo echoed the mourners. And now they were preparing the pyre, the brandished torches and the bier: the body was nowhere; in place of the body they found a saffron-yellow flower, its center ringed with white petals.

PENTHEUS AND BACCHUS

Pentheus scorns Tiresias' warning and orders the newly arrived god Bacchus to be seized.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.511	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 obicit. Ille movens albentia tempora canis "quam felix esses, si tu quoque luminis huius orbus" ait "fieres, ne Bacchica sacra videres! Namque dies aderit, quam non procul auguror esse, qua novus huc veniat, proles Semeleia, Liber; quem nisi templorum fueris dignatus honore, mille lacer spargere locis et sanguine silvas foedabis matremque tuam matrisque sorores. Evenient; neque enim dignabere numen honore, meque sub his tenebris nimium vidisse quereris." Talia dicentem proturbat Echione natus.	This story, once known, brought the seer well-deserved fame throughout the cities of Achaea, and the prophet's name was great. Yet one man alone of them all, the son of Echion, Pentheus, a despiser of the gods, scorned him; he laughed at the old man's prophetic words and taunted him with his darkness and the misfortune of his lost sight. The seer, shaking his temples, white with gray hair, said, "How fortunate you would be if you too were robbed of this light, so that you would not see the rites of Bacchus! For the day will come, and I foresee that it is not far off, when a new god will arrive here, Liber, Semele's son; and unless you honor him with temples, you will be torn apart and scattered in a thousand places, and with your blood you will foul the woods, and your mother, and your mother's sisters. It will happen,

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		for you will not honor the god, and you will complain that in this darkness of mine I saw all too much." As he was saying such things, Echion's son drove him away.[17]
3.527	Dicta fides sequitur, responsaque vatis aguntur: Liber adest, festisque fremunt ululatibus agri; turba ruit, mixtaeque viris matresque nurusque vulgusque proceresque ignota ad sacra feruntur. "Quis furor, anguigenae, proles Mavortia, vestras attonuit mentes?" Pentheus ait: "aerane tantum aere repulsa valent et adunco tibia cornu et magicae fraudes, ut, quos non bellicus ensis, non tuba terruerit, non strictis agmina telis, femineae voces et mota insania vino obscenique greges et inania tympana vincant? Vosne, senes, mirer, qui longa per aequora vecti hac Tyron, hac profugos posuistis sede penates, nunc sinitis sine Marte capi? vosne, acrior aetas, o iuvenes, propiorque meae, quos arma tenere, non thyrsos, galeaque tegi, non fronde, decebat?	Fulfillment followed his words, and the seer's prophecies came to pass. Liber arrived, and the fields roared with festive howling; the crowd rushed out; mothers and young wives mingled with men, common people and nobles, were swept along to the unknown rites. "What frenzy, you sons of the serpent, offspring of Mars, has stunned your minds?" said Pentheus. "Do bronze cymbals clashing on bronze have such power, and the pipe with its curved horn, and magic tricks, that you, whom no sword of war, no trumpet, no columns with drawn weapons could terrify, are conquered by women's voices, madness stirred up by wine, obscene mobs and empty drums? Shall I marvel at you, old men, who sailed across long seas and here set up Tyre, here your exiled household gods, and now let them be taken without a battle? Or at you, young men, of a fiercer age and closer to my own, who ought to be holding weapons, not thyrsi, and wearing helmets, not leaves?[18]
3.543	Este, precor, memores, qua sitis stirpe creati, illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus, sumite serpentis! Pro fontibus ille lacuque 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! Essemus miseri sine crimine, sorsque querenda, non celanda foret, lacrimaeque pudore carerent. At nunc a puero Thebae capientur inermi, quem neque bella iuvant nec tela nec usus equorum, sed madidi murra crines mollesque coronae purpuraque et pictis intextum vestibus aurum.	Remember, I beg you, from what stock you were born, and take on the spirit of that serpent who single-handed destroyed many! He died for his springs and his pool: but you must conquer for your good name! He put brave men to death; you must drive out soft ones and keep your fathers' honor. If the fates forbade Thebes to stand for long, I wish that siege engines and men had torn down its walls, and sword and fire had roared! We would be wretched but without disgrace; our lot would be one to lament, not to hide, and our tears would be free of shame. But now Thebes will be captured by an unarmed boy, who takes no pleasure in wars or weapons or horsemanship, but in hair drenched with myrrh, soft garlands, purple, and gold woven into embroidered robes.
3.557	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,	I will force him at once—only stand aside—to confess that he has claimed a father not his own and invented his rites. Did Acrisius have spirit enough to scorn this sham divinity and shut the gates of

17 Pentheus, king of Thebes and grandson of Cadmus, was the son of Echion, one of the warriors sprung from the serpent's teeth. Liber is an Italian name for Bacchus, Semele's son by Jupiter.
18 The first Thebans sprang from the teeth of Mars' serpent, killed and sown by Cadmus, who had come from Tyre. A thyrsus is the ivy-tipped staff carried in Bacchus' rites.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Penthea terrebit cum totis advena Thebis? Ite citi" (famulis hoc imperat), "ite ducemque attrahite huc vinctum! iussis mora segnis abesto." Hunc avus, hunc Athamas, hunc cetera turba suorum corripiunt dictis frustraque inhibere laborant. Acrior admonitu est, inritaturque retenta et crescit rabies, remoraminaque ipsa nocebant. Sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstabat eunti, lenius et modico strepitu decurrere vidi: at quacumque trabes obstructaque saxa tenebant, spumeus et fervens et ab obice saevior ibat.	Argos at his coming, and shall a newcomer terrify Pentheus and the whole of Thebes? Go quickly"—he gave this order to his servants—"go, and drag their leader here in chains! Let there be no lazy delay in carrying out my orders." His grandfather, Athamas, and all the rest of his family rebuked him and tried in vain to restrain him. He grew fiercer at their warnings; his rage was provoked by being held back and kept on growing; the very restraints did harm. So I have seen a torrent, where nothing blocked its course, run down more gently and with moderate noise; but wherever logs and piled-up rocks held it back, it went foaming and seething, made more violent by the obstacle.[19]

ACOETES AND THE TYRRHENIAN SAILORS

The captive Acoetes tells how Bacchus turned the pirates who kidnapped him into dolphins.

LATIN	ENGLISH
3.572 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 sacra dei quondam 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." Ille metu vacuus "nomen mihi" dixit "Acoetes, patria Maeonia est, humili de plebe parentes.	And now the servants came back, bloodied, and when their master asked where Bacchus was, they said they had not seen Bacchus. "But this man," they said, "a companion and servant of his rites, we did catch"; and they handed over, his hands tied behind his back, a man of the Tyrrhenian people who had once followed the god's rites. Pentheus looked at him with eyes that anger had made terrible, and though he could barely put off the time for punishment, he said, "You who are about to die, and by your death to be a lesson to others, tell me your name and the names of your parents and your country, and why you practice the rites of this new cult." Free of fear, the man said, "My name is Acoetes; my country is Maeonia; my parents were humble common folk.[20]
3.584 Non mihi quae duri colerent pater arva iuvenci, lanigerosve greges, non ulla armenta reliquit; pauper et ipse fuit, linoque solebat et hamis decipere et calamo salientes ducere pisces. Ars illi sua census erat. Cum traderet artem, "accipe quas habeo, studii successor et heres," dixit "opes." Moriensque mihi nil ille reliquit praeter aquas: unum hoc possum appellare paternum. Mox ego, ne scopulis haererem semper in isdem,	My father did not leave me fields for hardy bullocks to plow, or woolly flocks, or any herds; he was poor himself, and used to trick leaping fish with line and hooks and land them with his rod. His skill was all his wealth. When he handed his skill down to me, he said, 'Take what riches I have, successor and heir to my calling'; and dying, he left me nothing but the waters: that is the one thing I can call my inheritance. Soon, so as not to

19 Acrisius, king of Argos and father of Danae, refused to admit Bacchus to his city. Athamas, husband of Ino, was Pentheus' uncle by marriage.
20 Tyrrhenian means Etruscan. Maeonia is Lydia, in western Asia Minor.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	addidici regimen dextra moderante carinae flectere et Oleniae sidus pluviale capellae Taygetenque hyadasque oculis arctonque notavi ventorumque domos et portus puppibus aptos. Forte petens Delum Chiae telluris ad oras applicor et dextris adducor litora remis, doque leves saltus udaeque inmittor harenae.	be stuck forever on the same rocks, I learned besides to steer a ship with my right hand on the helm, and I marked with my eyes the rainy star of the Olenian She-Goat, Taygete and the Hyades and the Bear, the homes of the winds, and the harbors suited to ships. By chance, making for Delos, I put in at the shores of the land of Chios, rowing in to the beach with the oars on the right; I made a light leap down and landed on the wet sand.[21]
3.600	Nox ubi consumpta est (aurora rubescere prima coeperat), exsurgo, laticesque inferre recentes 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, 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. Et sensi et dixi sociis: "Quod numen in isto corpore sit, dubito; sed corpore numen in isto est.	When the night was over (dawn had just begun to redden), I got up, told the men to bring fresh water, and showed them the path that led to the stream. I myself, from a high mound, looked out to see what the wind promised me; then I called my comrades and went back to the ship. 'Here we are!' said Opheltes, the first of my crew, and, having found what he thought was prey in a deserted field, he led a boy of girlish beauty along the shore. The boy seemed to stagger, heavy with wine and sleep, and could hardly follow. I looked at his dress, his face, his walk: I saw nothing there that could be believed mortal. I sensed it and said to my comrades, 'What god is in that body, I am not sure; but in that body there is a god.
3.613	Quisquis es, o faveas nostrisque laboribus adsis. His quoque des veniam." — "Pro nobis mitte precari" Dictys ait, quo non alius conscendere summas ocior antemnas prensoque rudente relabi. Hoc Libys, hoc flavus, prorae tutela, Melanthus, hoc probat Alcimedon, et qui requiemque modumque voce dabat remis, animorum hortator Epopeus, hoc omnes alii: praedae tam caeca cupido est. "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 exsilium dira poenam pro caede luebat.	Whoever you are, oh, be gracious and help us in our labors. Pardon these men too.' 'Stop praying for us,' said Dictys—no one was quicker than he at climbing to the tops of the yards and sliding back down on a gripped rope. Libys agreed with him, so did fair-haired Melanthus, the guardian of the prow, so did Alcimedon, and Epopeus, who with his voice set the rest and the rhythm for the oars and cheered on their spirits, and so did all the others: so blind is the greed for plunder. 'Still, I will not allow this ship of pine to be violated by its sacred cargo,' I said. 'Here I have the largest share of authority'; and I blocked their way at the gangway. The boldest of the whole crew, Lycabas, raged—a man driven from a Tuscan city, who was paying the penalty of exile for a dreadful murder.
3.626	Is mihi, dum resto, iuvenali guttura pugno rupit et excussum misisset in aequora, si non haesissem, quamvis amens, in fune retentus. Impia turba probat factum. Tum denique Bacchus (Bacchus enim fuerat), veluti clamore solutus sit sopor aque mero redeant in pectora sensus,	While I held my ground, he smashed my throat with his young man's fist and would have knocked me overboard into the sea if I had not, though stunned, caught hold of a rope and hung on. The impious crowd approved the deed. Then at last Bacchus (for it was Bacchus), as if his sleep had

21 The Olenian She-Goat is the star Capella, whose rising brought rain; Taygete is one of the Pleiades, and the Hyades and the Bear are other stars sailors steered by.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	"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." — "Naxon" ait Liber "cursus advertite vestros. Illa mihi domus est, vobis erit hospita tellus."	been broken by the shouting and his senses were returning to his breast after the wine, said, 'What are you doing? What is this shouting? Tell me, sailors, by what means did I come here? Where are you planning to take me?' 'Put away your fear,' said Proreus, 'and tell us what port you want to reach: you will be set down in the land you seek.' 'Turn your course to Naxos,' said Liber. 'That is my home; it will be a welcoming land for you.'
3.638	Per mare fallaces perque omnia numina iurant sic fore, meque iubent pictae dare vela carinae. Dextera Naxos erat. Dextra mihi lintea danti "quid facis, o demens? quis te furor—?" inquit Opheltes. Pro se quisque timet: "laevam pete" maxima nutu pars mihi significat, pars quid velit aure susurrat. Obstipui "capiat" que "aliquis moderamina" dixi meque ministerio scelerisque artisque removi. 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.	The cheats swore by the sea and by all the gods that it would be so, and told me to set sail on the painted ship. Naxos lay to the right. As I was setting the sails to the right, Opheltes said, 'What are you doing, you fool? What frenzy—?' Each one was anxious for himself: most of them signaled to me with a nod, 'Head left!'; others whispered in my ear what they wanted. I was stunned, and said, 'Let someone else take the helm,' and withdrew from serving both their crime and my craft. They all abused me, and the whole crew muttered. One of them, Aethalion, said, 'So, of course, all our safety rests on you alone!' and he came up himself and took over my job, and leaving Naxos behind, headed the other way.
3.650	Tum deus inludens, tamquam modo denique fraudem 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?" Iamdudum flebam: lacrimas manus impia nostras ridet et impellit 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 haud aliter quam si siccum navale teneret. Illi admirantes remorum in verbere perstant velaque deducunt geminaque ope currere temptant.	Then the god, mocking them, as if only now at last he had perceived the trick, looked out over the sea from the curved stern and, as if weeping, said, 'These are not the shores you promised me, sailors; this is not the land I asked for. What have I done to deserve punishment? What glory is it for you, if you, young men, deceive a boy, if you, many, deceive one?' I had been weeping for some time: the impious band laughed at my tears and drove the water back with hurrying oars. Now I swear to you by the god himself (for no god is closer at hand than he) that what I am telling you is as true as it is beyond belief: the ship stood still on the sea just as if it were held in a dry dock. The men, amazed, kept on beating with their oars, let down the sails, and tried to run with double power.
3.664	Impediunt hederae remos nexuque recurvo serpunt et gravidis distinguunt vela corymbis. Ipse racemiferis frontem circumdatus uvis pampineis agitat velatam frondibus hastam. Quem circa tigres simulacraque inania lyncum pictarumque iacent fera corpora pantherarum. Exsiluere viri, sive hoc insania fecit, sive timor, primusque Medon nigrescere coepit	Ivy entangled the oars and crept up in twisting coils and spangled the sails with heavy clusters of berries. The god himself, his brow wreathed with grape-laden vines, shook a spear wrapped in vine leaves. Around him lay tigers and phantom shapes of lynxes and the savage bodies of spotted panthers. The men leaped overboard, whether madness made them do it or fear; and Medon was the

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	corpore et expresso spinae curvamine flecti. Incipit huic Lycabas: "In quae miracula" dixit "verteris?" et lati rictus et panda loquenti naris erat, squamamque cutis durata trahebat. At Libys obstantes dum vult obvertere remos, in spatium resilire manus breve vidit et illas iam non esse manus, iam pinnas posse vocari.	first whose body began to turn dark and to bend, his spine pressed into a curve. Lycabas began to say to him, 'Into what marvel are you turning?' and as he spoke his jaws were wide and his nose hooked, and his hardened skin was taking on scales. And Libys, while trying to turn the oars that resisted, saw his hands shrink back into a short span, and that they were no longer hands, that now they could be called fins.
3.679	Alter, ad intortos cupiens dare bracchia funes, bracchia non habuit, truncoque repandus in undas corpore desiluit: falcata novissima cauda est, qualia dimidiae sinuantur cornua lunae. Undique dant saltus multaque adspergine rorant emerguntque iterum redeuntque sub aequora rursus inque chori ludunt speciem lascivaque iactant 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 accessi sacris Baccheaque sacra frequento."	Another, wanting to put his arms to the twisted ropes, had no arms, and arching backward with his limbless body he leaped into the waves: the end of him was a sickle-shaped tail, curved like the horns of the half-moon. On every side they leaped and scattered showers of spray, surfaced again and went back under the sea, played as if in a dance, tossed their frisky bodies, and blew out through wide nostrils the sea they had taken in. Of the twenty just now (for that was how many the ship carried), I alone remained. I was terrified and cold, my body trembling, hardly myself, when the god steadied me, saying, 'Shake the fear from your heart and make for Dia.' Carried there, I joined his rites, and I keep the rites of Bacchus faithfully."[22]
3.692	"Praebuimus longis" Pentheus "ambagibus aures" inquit "ut ira mora vires absumere posset. Praecipitem famuli rapite hunc cruciataque diris corpora tormentis Stygiae demittite nocti." 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. Perstat Echionides. Nec iam iubet ire, sed ipse vadit, ubi electus facienda ad sacra Cithaeron cantibus et clara bacchantum voce sonabat. Ut fremit acer equus, cum bellicus aere canoro signa dedit tubicen, pugnaeque adsumit amorem, Penthea sic ictus longis ululatibus aether movit, et audito clamore recanduit ira.	"We have lent our ears to your long, winding tale," said Pentheus, "so that my anger might spend its strength in the delay. Servants, seize him at once, torture his body with dreadful torments, and send him down to the night of the Styx!" Immediately Tyrrhenian Acoetes was dragged away and shut up in a solid-walled building; and while the cruel instruments of the death ordered for him, the sword and fire, were being prepared, the story goes that the doors flew open of their own accord, and of their own accord, with no one loosening them, the chains slipped from his arms. Echion's son persisted. He no longer ordered others to go, but went himself to where Cithaeron, chosen for the performance of the rites, rang with songs and the clear voices of the Bacchants. As a spirited horse snorts when the warlike trumpeter has given the signal with ringing bronze, and takes on a passion for battle, so the sky, struck by long howls, roused Pentheus, and when he heard the shouting, his anger blazed white-hot again.[23]

22 Dia was another name for Naxos.
23 Cithaeron is a mountain near Thebes, sacred to Bacchus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.708	Monte fere medio est, cingentibus ultima silvis, purus ab arboribus, spectabilis undique campus. Hic oculis illum cernentem sacra profanis prima videt, prima est insano concita cursu, prima suum misso violavit Penthea thyrso mater. "Io, geminae" clamavit "adeste sorores! ille aper, in nostris errat qui maximus agris, ille mihi feriendus aper." Ruit omnis in unum 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 "Autonoë! moveant animos Actaeonis umbrae."	About halfway up the mountain, ringed at its edges by woods, there was an open plain, clear of trees and visible from every side. Here, as he watched the rites with profane eyes, the first to see him, the first to rush at him in a mad rush, the first to wound her own Pentheus with a hurled thyrsus, was his mother. "Oh, my two sisters," she cried, "come here! That boar, that enormous boar roaming our fields—that boar is mine to strike." The whole raging throng rushed at the one man; they all converged and chased him as he trembled —trembling now, now speaking less violent words, now condemning himself, now admitting that he had done wrong. Wounded, he still said, "Help me, Autonoe, my aunt! Let Actaeon's ghost move your heart."[24]
3.721	Illa, quis Actaeon, nescit dextramque precantis abstulit: Inoo lacerata est altera raptu. Non habet infelix quae matri bracchia tendat, trunca sed ostendens deiectis vulnera membris "adspice, mater!" ait. Visis ululavit Agaue collaque iactavit movitque per aera crinem avulsumque caput digitis complexa cruentis clamat "io comites, opus haec victoria nostrum est!" Non citius frondes autumni frigore tactas iamque male haerentes alta rapit arbore ventus, quam sunt membra viri manibus direpta nefandis. Talibus exemplis monitae nova sacra frequentant turaque dant sanctasque colunt Ismenides aras.	She did not know who Actaeon was, and she tore off the right arm of the man begging her; the other was ripped away by Ino's grasp. The unhappy man had no arms left to stretch out to his mother, but, showing the mutilated wounds where his limbs had been torn away, he said, "Look, mother!" At the sight Agave howled, tossed her head back and whirled her hair through the air, and, tearing off his head and clutching it in her bloody fingers, she cried, "Oh, my companions, this victory is our work!" No more quickly does the wind snatch from a tall tree leaves touched by autumn's cold and already barely clinging, than the man's limbs were torn apart by those unspeakable hands. Warned by such examples, the Ismenian women thronged to the new rites, offered incense, and worshiped at the holy altars.[25]

24 Autonoe, sister of Pentheus' mother Agave, was the mother of Actaeon, torn apart by his own hounds earlier in this book.
25 Ino was another sister of Agave. The Ismenian women are the women of Thebes, named after its river, the Ismenus.

Book 4

The daughters of Minyas; Perseus
Pyramus and Thisbe; Salmacis; Ino and Athamas; Perseus rescues Andromeda.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MINYAS

The daughters of Minyas refuse Bacchus' rites and tell stories while they spin and weave.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.1	At non Alcithoe Minyeias orgia censet accipienda dei, sed adhuc temeraria Bacchum progeniem negat esse Iovis, sociasque sorores inpietatis habet. Festum celebrare sacerdos inmunesque operum famulas dominasque suorum pectora pelle tegi, crinales solvere vittas, serta coma, manibus frondentes sumere thyrsos iusserat, et saevam laesi fore numinis iram vaticinatus erat. Parent matresque nurusque telasque calathosque infectaque pensa reponunt, turaque dant Bacchumque vocant Bromiumque Lyaeumque ignigenamque satumque iterum solumque bimatrem:	But Alcithoe, daughter of Minyas, did not think the god's rites should be accepted. Still reckless, she denied that Bacchus was Jupiter's son, and she had her sisters as partners in her impiety. The priest had ordered a festival: servants and their mistresses were to be released from work, cover their breasts with skins, loosen the ribbons in their hair, put garlands on their heads and take leafy thyrsi in their hands. He had prophesied that the anger of the offended god would be savage. Mothers and young wives obeyed. They put away their weaving, their wool baskets and their unfinished spinning, offered incense, and called on Bacchus, Bromius and Lyaeus, the fire-born, the twice-born, the only one with two mothers.[1]
4.13	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 nomina, Liber, habes. Tibi enim inconsumpta iuventa est, tu puer aeternus, tu formosissimus alto conspiceris caelo, tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas, virgineum caput est. Oriens tibi victus, adusque decolor extremo qua tingitur India Gange: Penthea tu, venerande, bipenniferumque Lycurgum sacrilegos mactas, Tyrrhenaque mittis in aequor corpora, tu biiugum pictis insignia frenis colla premis lyncum; bacchae satyrique sequuntur, quique senex ferula titubantes ebrius artus sustinet et pando non fortiter haeret asello.	To these they added the Nysean, and unshorn Thyoneus, Lenaeus and the planter of the joyous vine, Nyctelius, father Eleleus, Iacchus and Euhan, and all the many other names you bear, Liber, among the peoples of Greece. For your youth is undying. You are the eternal boy, you are seen as the most beautiful in high heaven, and when you stand before us without your horns, your head is a girl's. The East was conquered by you, as far as the point where sun-darkened India is washed by the distant Ganges. Revered one, you strike down the sacrilegious Pentheus and axe-bearing Lycurgus, and you throw the Tyrrhenian sailors' bodies into the sea. You press the necks of your yoked lynxes, splendid in their painted reins. Bacchants and satyrs follow you, and the drunken old man who props his staggering limbs on a fennel staff and clings none too firmly to his swaybacked donkey.[2]

1 Alcithoe and her sisters were daughters of Minyas, king of Orchomenus in Boeotia. Bacchus was "fire-born" and "twice-born" because he was snatched from his mother Semele as she burned and carried to term in Jupiter's thigh.
2 Lycurgus was a Thracian king punished for opposing Bacchus; the drunken old man is Silenus, the god's tutor.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.28	Quacumque ingrederis, clamor iuvenalis et una femineae voces inpulsaque tympana palmis concavaque aera sonant longoque foramine buxus. "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 famulasque laboribus urgent. 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 non sinat, in medium vacuas referamus ad aures." Dicta probant primamque iubent narrare sorores.	Wherever you go, young men's shouts ring out, and with them women's voices, drums struck with open palms, hollow bronze cymbals and boxwood pipes with their long bore. "Come to us appeased and gentle," the Ismenian women pray, and they perform the rites as ordered. Only the daughters of Minyas stayed indoors, profaning the feast with Minerva out of season. They drew out wool, or twisted threads with their thumbs, or kept close to the loom and drove their servants on at their tasks. One of them, drawing out the thread with a light thumb, said: "While the others idle and crowd to these made-up rites, let us too, whom Pallas, the better goddess, keeps here, lighten the useful work of our hands with varied talk. Let us take turns telling something for our idle ears to share, something that will keep the time from seeming long." Her sisters approved, and told her to tell the first story.[3]
4.43	Illa, quid e multis referat (nam plurima norat), cogitat et dubia est, de te, Babylonia, narret, Derceti, quam versa squamis velantibus artus stagna Palaestini credunt motasse figura; 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, donec idem passa est; an, quae poma alba ferebat, ut nunc nigra ferat contactu sanguinis arbor. Hoc placet, hanc, quoniam vulgaris fabula non est, talibus orsa modis, lana sua fila sequente:	She wondered which of many stories to tell, for she knew a great many, and could not decide. Should she tell of you, Babylonian Dercetis, whom the people of Palestine believe stirred the waters of their lakes after you were changed in shape and scales covered your limbs? Or rather how her daughter took on wings and spent her last years on white towers? Or how a Naiad, with song and herbs too potent, turned young men's bodies into silent fish, until she suffered the same fate herself? Or how the tree that used to bear white fruit now bears black, from the touch of blood? She chose this one, since it was not a common tale, and began like this, while the wool followed into her thread:[4]

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Two young Babylonian lovers meet outside the city at night; a lioness leads each to suicide.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.55	"Pyramus et Thisbe, iuvenum pulcherrimus alter, altera, quas oriens habuit, praelata puellis, contiguas tenuere domos, ubi dicitur altam coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem. Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit: tempore crevit amor. Taedae quoque iure coissent:	"Pyramus and Thisbe—he the most handsome of young men, she preferred above all the girls of the East—lived in neighboring houses, in the city whose lofty walls of baked brick Semiramis is said to have built. Being neighbors brought them acquaintance and the first steps; with time, love

3 The Ismenian women are the women of Thebes, named after the city's river, the Ismenus.
4 Dercetis was a Syrian goddess with the body of a fish; her daughter Semiramis, the legendary queen of Babylon, was said to have become a dove.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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, cum fieret paries domui communis utrique.	grew. They would have married, too, by the rite of the torch, but their fathers forbade it. What their fathers could not forbid was that both burned with equal passion, their minds captive. There was no one in their confidence; they spoke by nods and signs, and the more the fire was covered, the more fiercely the covered fire burned. The wall the two houses shared had been split by a thin crack, which it had developed long ago, when it was being built.[5]
4.67	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. 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? Nec sumus ingrati: tibi nos debere fatemur, quod datus est verbis ad amicas transitus aures."	That flaw had gone unnoticed by anyone for long ages, but you lovers were the first to see it (what does love not notice?), and you made it a path for your voices. Through it your endearments used to pass safely in the faintest murmur. Often, when they had taken their places, Thisbe on this side, Pyramus on that, and each in turn had caught the other's breath, they would say: 'Envious wall, why do you stand in lovers' way? How much would it be to let us join our whole bodies, or, if that is too much, at least to open for our kisses? Yet we are not ungrateful: we confess that we owe it to you that our words have found a passage to loving ears.'
4.78	Talia diversa nequiquam sede locuti sub noctem dixere "vale" partique dedere oscula quisque suae non pervenientia contra. 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, cumque domo exierint, urbis quoque tecta relinquant; neve sit errandum lato spatiantibus arvo, conveniant ad busta Nini lateantque sub umbra arboris. Arbor ibi, niveis uberrima pomis ardua morus, erat, gelido contermina fonti. Pacta placent. Et lux, tarde discedere visa, praecipitatur aquis, et aquis nox exit ab isdem.	After talking like this in vain from their separate sides, they said 'Goodbye' at nightfall, and each gave their own side of the wall kisses that did not reach through to the other. The next dawn had put out the fires of night, and the sun's rays had dried the frosty grass, when they met at their usual place. Then, after many complaints in a low murmur, they decided that in the silence of night they would try to slip past their guards and get out of doors, and once they were out of their homes, they would leave the city buildings behind as well. So that they would not lose their way roaming the open country, they would meet at the tomb of Ninus and hide in the shade of a tree. There was a tree there, a tall mulberry loaded with snow-white fruit, next to a cool spring. They agreed on the plan. And the daylight, which seemed slow to leave, plunged into the waters, and from the same waters night came out.[6]
4.93	Callida per tenebras versato cardine Thisbe egreditur fallitque suos, adopertaque vultum	Thisbe cleverly turned the door on its hinge, went out into the darkness unseen by her family, and

5 Semiramis was the legendary queen of Babylon.
6 Ninus was the legendary founder of Nineveh and husband of Semiramis.

LATIN	ENGLISH
pervenit ad tumulum, dictaque sub arbore sedit. Audacem faciebat amor. Venit ecce recenti caede leaena boum spumantes oblita rictus, depositura sitim vicini fontis in unda. Quam procul ad lunae radios Babylonia Thisbe vidit et obscurum timido pede fugit in antrum, 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.	with her face veiled reached the tomb and sat down under the tree they had named. Love made her bold. Then, look, a lioness came, her foaming jaws smeared with the fresh blood of slaughtered cattle, to quench her thirst in the water of the nearby spring. Babylonian Thisbe saw her far off by the light of the moon and fled on frightened feet into a dark cave, and as she fled, she left behind her veil, which had slipped from her back. When the savage lioness had quenched her thirst with plenty of water, she was returning to the woods when she happened to find the thin veil without its owner and tore it with her bloody mouth.
4.105 Serius egressus vestigia vidit in alto 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, nec prior huc veni. Nostrum divellite corpus, et scelerata fero consumite viscera morsu, o quicumque sub hac habitatis rupe, leones.	Pyramus came out later. He saw the unmistakable tracks of the beast in the deep dust, and his whole face went pale. But when he also found the veil stained with blood, he said: ‘One night will destroy two lovers. Of the two of us, she was the more deserving of a long life; mine is the guilty soul. I have killed you, poor girl, I who told you to come by night to a place full of terrors, and did not come here first myself. Tear my body apart and devour my wicked flesh with savage bites, all you lions who live beneath this rock!
4.115 Sed timidi est optare necem.” Velamina Thisbes 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. Ut iacuit resupinus humo: cruor emicat alte, non aliter quam cum vitiato fistula plumbo scinditur et tenui stridente foramine longas eiaculatur aquas atque ictibus aera rumpit. Arborei fetus adspergine caedis in atram vertuntur faciem, madefactaque sanguine radix purpureo tingit pendentia mora colore.	But it is a coward’s part merely to pray for death.’ He picked up Thisbe’s veil and carried it with him to the shade of the tree they had agreed on, and when he had given his tears and his kisses to the familiar garment, he said, ‘Now take a draught of my blood too!’ He drove the sword he was wearing into his belly, and at once, dying, pulled it out of the seething wound. As he lay on his back on the ground, the blood spurted high, just as when a pipe splits where the lead is flawed and through the thin, hissing hole shoots out long jets of water that burst through the air. The fruit of the tree, sprinkled with his blood, turned dark, and its root, soaked with blood, stained the hanging mulberries a deep purple.
4.128 Ecce metu nondum posito, ne fallat amantem, illa redit iuvenemque oculis animoque requirit, quantaque vitarit narrare pericula gestit. Utque locum et visa cognoscit in arbore formam, sic facit incertam pomi color: haeret, an haec sit. Dum dubitat, tremebunda videt pulsare cruentum membra solum, retroque pedem tulit, oraque buxo pallidiora gerens exhorruit aequoris instar,	And now, though she had not yet shaken off her fear, Thisbe came back, so as not to fail her lover. She searched for the young man with her eyes and her heart, eager to tell him of the great dangers she had escaped. She recognized the place and the shape of the tree she had seen, yet the color of the fruit made her unsure: she hesitated, wondering whether this was the one. While she hesitated, she

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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 miscuit et gelidis in vultibus oscula figens	saw, trembling, limbs twitching on the blood-stained ground. She stepped back, her face paler than boxwood, and shuddered like the sea, which trembles when a faint breeze ruffles its surface. But when, after a moment, she recognized her love, she beat her undeserving arms with loud blows, tore her hair, embraced the body she loved, filled his wounds with her tears, mingled her weeping with his blood, and pressing kisses on his cold face
4.142	"Pyrame" clamavit "quis te mihi casus ademit? Pyrame, responde: tua te carissima Thisbe nominat: exaudi vultusque attolle iacentes!" Ad nomen Thisbes oculos iam morte gravatos 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 exstinctum letique miserrima dicar causa comesque tui; quique a me morte revelli heu sola poteras, poteris nec morte revelli.	cried out, 'Pyramus, what chance has taken you from me? Pyramus, answer: it is your dearest Thisbe calling your name. Hear me, and lift up your drooping head!' At Thisbe's name, Pyramus raised his eyes, already heavy with death, and when he had seen her, he closed them again. When she recognized her own veil and saw the ivory scabbard empty of its sword, she said: 'Your own hand and your love have destroyed you, unhappy boy. I too have a hand strong enough for this one thing; I too have love, and it will give me strength for the wound. I will follow you in death, and I will be called the most wretched cause and companion of your death. You, who alas could be torn from me only by death, will not be torn from me even by death.
4.154	Hoc tamen amborum verbis estote rogati, o multum miseri meus illiusque parentes, 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 semper habe fetus, gemini monimenta cruoris." 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, quodque rogis superest, una requiescit in urna."	Yet hear this request in the words of us both, you most unhappy parents, mine and his: do not begrudge those whom unwavering love and their last hour have joined to be laid together in the same tomb. And you, tree, who now cover with your branches the pitiful body of one, and soon will cover two, keep the marks of our death, and always bear dark fruit, fit for mourning, a memorial of our twofold blood,' she said, and setting the point beneath her breast, she fell upon the sword, which was still warm from his death. Yet her prayers touched the gods, and touched the parents: for the fruit, when fully ripe, is dark, and what remained of them from the pyres rests in a single urn."

MARS AND VENUS

The Sun reveals Venus' affair with Mars, and Vulcan traps the lovers in a net before the gods.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.167	Desierat, mediumque fuit breve tempus, et orsa est dicere Leuconoe: vocem tenuere sorores.	She had finished. A brief pause followed, and then Leuconoe began to speak; her sisters were silent.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	"Hunc quoque, siderea qui temperat omnia luce, cepit amor Solem: Solis referemus amores. 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 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 leves tactus momentaque parva sequantur efficit et lecto circumdata collocat arte.	"Even the Sun, who governs all things with his starry light, was captured by love: I will tell of the Sun's loves. This god is thought to have been the first to see the adultery of Venus with Mars: this god sees everything first. He was pained by the deed, and showed the husband, Juno's son, the theft of his marriage bed and the place where it happened. The husband lost his wits, and the work his craftsman's hand was holding dropped from it. At once he filed fine chains of bronze, nets and snares that could deceive the eye (the finest threads could not outdo that work, nor the spider's web that hangs from the highest beam). He made them respond to the lightest touch and the slightest movement, and set them skillfully all around the bed.[7]
4.182	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 admisitque 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.	When the wife and her lover came together on the couch, both were caught and held fast in the middle of their embrace by the husband's skill and the chains prepared in this new way. The Lemnian at once threw open the ivory doors and let in the gods. There the two lay, shamefully bound; and one of the gods, not at all displeased, wished he might be shamed like that. The gods above laughed, and for a long time this was the best-known story in all of heaven.[8]

LEUCOTHOE AND CLYTIE

Venus makes the Sun love Leucothoe; jealous Clytie betrays her, and Clytie becomes the heliotrope.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.190	Exigit indicii memorem Cythereia poenam, 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, Leucothoen spectas, et virgine figis in una, quos mundo debes oculos. Modo surgis Eoo temperius caelo, modo serius incidis undis, spectandique mora brumales porrigis horas, deficis interdum, vitiumque in lumina mentis transit et obscurus mortalia pectora terres.	Cytherea exacted a punishment that remembered his betrayal: in her turn, she wounded him who had wounded her secret love, with a love just like it. What good to you now, son of Hyperion, are your beauty, your color and your radiant light? You, who burn all lands with your fires, are burned by a new fire; you, who ought to watch over all things, gaze at Leucothoe, and fix on one girl the eyes you owe to the world. Now you rise too early in the eastern sky, now you sink too late into the waves, and lingering to look at her, you lengthen the winter hours. Sometimes you fail altogether: the sickness of your mind passes into your light, and, darkened, you terrify the hearts of mortals.

7 Leuconoe is another of the daughters of Minyas. The husband is Vulcan, the smith god.
8 Vulcan is called "the Lemnian" because his forge was on the island of Lemnos.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.202	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, 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, quam mater cunctas, tam matrem filia vicit. Rexit Achaemenias urbes pater Orchamus, isque septimus a prisco numeratur origine Belo.	Nor are you pale because the image of the moon, closer to the earth, has blocked you: it is this love of yours that gives you that color. You love her alone. Neither Clymene nor Rhodos holds you, nor the most beautiful mother of Aeaean Circe, nor Clytie, who, though scorned, still sought your bed and at that very time carried a deep wound. Leucothoe made you forget many women—Leucothoe, whom Eurynome, the loveliest of the perfume-bearing race, bore. But when the daughter grew up, she surpassed her mother as far as her mother surpassed all others. Her father Orchamus ruled the Achaemenid cities, and he is counted seventh in line from ancient Belus.[9]
4.214	Axe sub Hesperio sunt pascua Solis equorum. Ambrosiam pro gramine habent: ea fessa diurnis membra ministeriis nutrit reparatque labori. Dumque ibi quadrupedes caelestia pabula carpunt, noxque vicem peragit, thalamos deus intrat amatos, versus in Eurynomes faciem genetricis, et inter bis sex Leucothoen famulas ad lumina cernit 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	Beneath the western sky lie the pastures of the Sun's horses. Instead of grass they have ambrosia: it nourishes their limbs, tired from their daily service, and restores them for their work. While the horses were grazing there on heavenly fodder and night was taking its turn, the god entered the chamber of his beloved, changed into the likeness of her mother Eurynome. Among twelve maidservants, by lamplight, he saw Leucothoe drawing out fine threads on her turning spindle. So, when he had kissed his dear daughter as a mother would, he said, 'This is a private matter. Servants, leave us, and do not rob a mother of the right to speak in secret.' They obeyed; and the god, left in the room without a witness,
4.226	"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 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 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.	said, 'I am the one who measures out the long year, who sees all things, through whom the earth sees all things: the eye of the world. Believe me, you please me.' She was terrified, and in her fear the distaff and spindle fell from her slackened fingers. Her very fear became her. He waited no longer, but returned to his true form and his usual brilliance. And the girl, though frightened by the unexpected sight, was overwhelmed by the god's splendor, gave up her protests and suffered his violence. Clytie was jealous (for her love for the Sun had known no limits), and, goaded by anger at her rival, she spread the story of the illicit union and, defaming the girl, told her father. Fierce and merciless, as his daughter begged him, stretching out her hands toward the Sun's light and saying, 'He forced me against my will,' he cruelly buried her

9 The Achaemenid cities are those of Persia; Belus was the legendary founder of the Babylonian royal line.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	deep in the earth and heaped a mound of heavy sand on top.
4.241 Dissipat hunc radiis Hyperione natus iterque dat tibi, qua possis defossos promere vultus. Nec tu iam poteras enectum pondere terrae tollere, nympha, caput corpusque exsangue iacebas. Nil illo fertur volucrum moderator equorum 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, multaque praequestus "tanges tamen aethera" dixit. Protinus inbutum caelesti nectare corpus dilicuit terramque suo madefecit odore: virgaque per glaebas sensim radicibus actis turea surrexit tumulumque cacumine rupit.	The son of Hyperion scattered the mound with his rays and opened a way for you to bring out your buried face. But you could no longer lift your head, nymph, crushed by the weight of earth, and you lay there, a lifeless body. Nothing, it is said, did the driver of the winged horses see more grievous than this since the fires of Phaethon. He tried, indeed, with the power of his rays, to call those cold limbs back to living warmth, if he could. But since fate opposed his mighty efforts, he sprinkled the body and the place with fragrant nectar and, after many laments, said, 'Even so, you shall reach the sky.' At once the body, soaked in heavenly nectar, melted and drenched the earth with its fragrance; and a shoot of frankincense, slowly driving its roots down through the soil, rose up and broke through the mound with its tip.
4.256 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 nympha larum inpatiens, et sub Iove nocte dieque 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. Membra ferunt haesisse solo, partemque coloris luridus exsangues pallor convertit in herbas; est in parte rubor, violaeque simillimus ora flos tegit. Illa suum, quamvis radice tenetur, vertitur ad Solem, mutataque servat amorem."	But to Clytie—though love could have excused her resentment, and resentment her betrayal—the author of light came no more, and he put an end to his lovemaking with her. From then on the nymph wasted away, having used her love so madly. Unable to bear her home, she sat night and day on the bare ground under Jupiter's open sky, bareheaded, her hair uncombed. For nine days, without water or food, she fed her fasting on pure dew and her own tears, and never moved from the ground. She only gazed at the face of the god as he went on his way, and turned her face toward him. Her limbs, they say, stuck fast to the soil, and a ghastly pallor turned part of her color into bloodless leaves; part of her is red, and a flower very like a violet covers her face. Though she is held by a root, she turns toward her Sun, and, changed, she keeps her love."[10]

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS

The nymph Salmacis embraces Hermaphroditus in her pool, and their two bodies merge into one.

LATIN	ENGLISH
4.271 Dixerat, et factum mirabile ceperat aures. Pars fieri potuisse negant, pars omnia veros posse deos memorant: sed non et Bacchus in illis. Poscitur Alcithoe, postquam siluere sorores.	She had finished, and the marvelous tale had captured their ears. Some said it could not have happened; others recalled that true gods can do anything—but Bacchus was not among those.

10 Clytie becomes the heliotrope, a flower believed to turn its face to follow the sun.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Quae radio stantis percurrens stamina telae "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. 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 Salmacis enervet tactosque remolliat artus, discite. Causa latet, vis est notissima fontis.	When the sisters had fallen silent, they called on Alcithoe. Running her shuttle through the threads of the upright loom, she said: "I say nothing of the well-known loves of the shepherd Daphnis of Ida, whom a nymph, angry at a rival, turned to stone (such is the resentment that burns in lovers). Nor do I tell how once, when the law of nature was overturned, Sithon was ambiguous, now a man, now a woman. You too, Celmis, now adamant, once most faithful to Jupiter when he was small, and the Curetes born from a heavy rain, and Crocus turned into tiny flowers along with Smilax, I pass over, and I will hold your minds with a sweet novelty. Learn why Salmacis is ill-famed, why it weakens men with its enervating waters and softens the limbs it touches. The cause is hidden; the spring's power is very well known.[11]
4.288	Mercurio puerum diva Cythereide natum naides Idaeis enutrivere sub antris; cuius erat facies, in qua materque paterque 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. 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 caespite cinguntur semperque virentibus herbis. Nympha colit, sed nec venatibus apta, nec arcus flectere quae soleat nec quae contendere cursu, solaque naiadum celeri non nota Dianae.	There was a boy born to Mercury and the Cytherean goddess, whom the Naiads raised in the caves of Ida. His face was one in which both mother and father could be recognized, and he took his name from them as well. As soon as he turned fifteen, he left his native mountains, and, leaving Ida, his nurse, he delighted in wandering through unknown places and seeing unknown rivers, his eagerness lightening the toil. He even went to the cities of Lycia, and to the Carians, Lycia's neighbors. Here he saw a pool of water shining right down to the bottom. There were no marsh reeds there, no barren sedge, no sharp-pointed rushes: the water was clear, and the edges of the pool were ringed with living turf and grass forever green. A nymph lived there, but not one suited to hunting, not one who would bend a bow or compete in running, the only one of the Naiads unknown to swift Diana.[12]
4.305	Saepe suas illi fama est dixisse sorores: "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, saepe Cytoriaco deducit pectine crines et, quid se deceat, spectatas consulit undas; nunc perlucenti circumdata corpus amictu mollibus aut foliis aut mollibus incubat herbis;	Often, it is said, her sisters told her: 'Salmacis, take up a javelin or a painted quiver, and mix your leisure with the hardships of the hunt.' She took up no javelin and no painted quiver, nor did she mix her leisure with the hardships of the hunt. Instead she would bathe her lovely limbs in her own spring, often comb her hair with a comb of Cytorian boxwood, and look into the water to ask it what suited her. Now, wrapped in a transparent robe, she would lie on soft leaves or soft grass; often she

11 Salmacis was a spring near Halicarnassus in Caria, notorious in antiquity for making men soft.
12 His name, Hermaphroditus, joins those of his parents' Greek counterparts, Hermes and Aphrodite.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	saepe legit flores. Et tunc quoque forte legebat, cum puerum vidit visumque optavit habere. Nec tamen ante adiit, etsi properabat adire, quam se conposuit, quam circumspexit amictus, et finxit vultum et meruit formosa videri.	gathered flowers. And she happened to be gathering them then too, when she saw the boy, and seeing him, wanted to have him. Yet she did not approach him, though she was eager to, until she had composed herself, looked over her clothes, arranged her expression, and earned the right to look beautiful.
4.320	Tum sic orsa loqui: "Puer o dignissime credi esse deus, seu tu deus es, potes esse Cupido, sive es mortalis, qui te genuere, beati, et frater felix, et fortunata profecto, siqua tibi soror est, et quae dedit ubera nutrix: sed longe cunctis longeque beatior illa, siqua tibi sponsa est, siquam 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.	Then she began to speak: 'Boy, most worthy to be believed a god—if you are a god, you could be Cupid; or if you are mortal, blessed are those who gave you life, happy is your brother, and fortunate indeed your sister, if you have one, and the nurse who gave you her breast. But far, far more blessed than all of them is she, if you have a bride, if you will think anyone worthy of the marriage torch. If there is one, let mine be a stolen pleasure; if there is none, let me be the one, and let us enter the same bridal chamber.' After this the Naiad fell silent. A blush colored the boy's face (for he did not know what love is), and even blushing became him.
4.331	Hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis aut ebori tincto est, aut sub candore rubenti, cum frustra resonant aera auxiliaria, lunae. Poscenti nymphae sine fine sororia saltem oscula iamque manus ad eburnea colla ferenti "desinis? aut fugio, tecumque" ait "ista relinquo." Salmacis extimuit "loca" que "haec tibi libera trado, hospes" ait, simulatque gradu discedere verso, tunc quoque respiciens, fruticumque recondita silva delituit, flexuque genu submisit. At ille, scilicet ut vacuis et inobservatus in herbis, huc it et hinc illuc, et in adludentibus undis summa pedum taloque tenus vestigia tingit; nec mora, temperie blandarum captus aquarum mollia de tenero velamina corpore ponit.	This is the color of apples hanging on a sunny tree, or of dyed ivory, or of the moon reddening beneath its whiteness, when bronze cymbals sound in vain to help her. When the nymph kept demanding kisses, sisterly ones at least, and was already reaching her hands toward his ivory neck, he said: 'Will you stop? Or I will run away and leave all this to you.' Salmacis took fright. 'I give this place up to you freely, stranger,' she said, and pretended to walk away, turning on her heel, though even then she looked back. Then she hid, concealed in a thicket of shrubs, and dropped down on bended knee. But he, thinking of course that he was unobserved in the empty meadow, strolled here and there, dipped the tips of his toes in the playful water, then went in up to his ankles; and at once, captivated by the warmth of the coaxing water, he took the soft clothes off his tender body.[13]
4.346	Tum vero placuit, 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, iam cupit amplecti, iam se male continet amens.	Then indeed she wanted him, and Salmacis burned with desire for his naked form. The nymph's eyes blazed too, just as when Phoebus, at his most brilliant with his clear disk, is reflected in the image of a mirror set opposite. She could barely stand the delay, barely put off her joys any

13 The Romans beat bronze instruments during eclipses, believing the noise would help the moon.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Ille cavis velox adplauso corpore palmis desilit in latices, alternaque bracchia ducens in liquidis translucet aquis, ut eburnea siquis signa tegat claro vel candida lilia vitro.	longer; now she longed to embrace him, now, out of her mind, she could hardly restrain herself. He slapped his body with hollow palms and quickly dove into the stream, and as he stroked with alternate arms, he gleamed through the clear water, as if someone had encased ivory statues or white lilies in clear glass.
4.356	"Vicimus 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; denique nitentem contra elabique volentem inplicat, ut serpens, quam regia sustinet ales sublimemque rapit: pendens caput illa pedesque adligat et cauda spatiantes inplicat alas: utve solent hederae longos intexere truncos, utque sub aequoribus deprensum polypus hostem continet, ex omni dimissis parte flagellis. Perstat Atlantiades, speretaque gaudia nymphae denegat. Illa premit, commissaque corpore toto sicut inhaerebat, "pugnes licet, inprobe" dixit, "non tamen effugies. Ita di iubeatis! et istum nulla dies a me nec me diducat ab isto."	'I have won, and he is mine!' the Naiad cried, and flinging all her clothes far away, she plunged into the middle of the water. She held him as he fought, snatched kisses as he struggled, slipped her hands beneath him and touched his unwilling breast, and wrapped herself around the young man, now on this side, now on that. At last, as he strained against her and tried to slip away, she entwined him like a serpent that the king of birds holds and carries off on high: as it hangs, it binds his head and feet, and entwines his spreading wings with its tail; or as ivy weaves itself around tall trunks, or as an octopus beneath the sea holds the enemy it has caught, sending out its tentacles on every side. The descendant of Atlas held out, and denied the nymph the joys she hoped for. She pressed on, and clinging to him with her whole body joined to his, she said: 'Fight all you like, cruel boy, you still won't escape. Gods, ordain it so: let no day ever part him from me, or me from him.'
4.373	Vota suos habuere deos: nam mixta duorum corpora iunguntur, faciesque inducitur illis una, velut, siquis conducat cortice ramos, crescendo iungi pariterque adolescere cernit. Sic ubi conplexu 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 semimarem fecisse videt, mollitaque in illis membra, manus tendens, sed non iam voce virili, Hermaphroditus ait: "Nato date munera vestro, et pater et genetrix, amborum nomen habenti: quisquis in hos fontes vir venerit, exeat inde semivir et tactis subito mollescat in undis." Motus uterque parens nati rata verba biformis fecit et incesto fontem medicamine tinxit."	Her prayer found its gods: their two bodies were mingled and joined, and a single face was laid over them both, as when someone grafts branches onto bark and sees them unite as they grow and mature together. So, when their limbs had come together in that clinging embrace, they were no longer two, and yet the form was double, one that could be called neither woman nor boy: they seemed neither and both. And so, when Hermaphroditus saw that the clear water into which he had gone down a man had made him half-male, and that his limbs had grown soft in it, he stretched out his hands and said, though no longer in a man's voice: 'Father and mother, grant this gift to your son, who bears the names of you both: whatever man comes into this spring, let him leave it only half a man, and grow soft at once at the touch of its waters.' Both parents were moved, granted the words of their two-formed son, and tainted the spring with an impure drug."

THE DAUGHTERS OF MINYAS BECOME BATS

Bacchus punishes the daughters of Minyas: their looms sprout vines and they are turned into bats.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.389	Finis erat dictis. Sed adhuc Minyeia proles urget opus spernitque deum festumque profanat, tympana cum subito non adparentia raucis obstrepuere sonis, et adunco tibia cornu tinnulaque aera sonant; redolent murraeque crocique, resque fide maior, coepere virescere telae inque hederae faciem pendens frondescere vestis. 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, sed cum luce tamen dubiae confinia noctis: tecta repente quati pinguesque ardere videntur lampades et rutilis conlucere ignibus aedes falsaque saevarum simulacra ululare ferarum.	Her tale was at an end. But the daughters of Minyas still pressed on with their work, scorning the god and profaning his festival. Suddenly unseen drums broke in with their harsh din, and the flute with its curved horn and the jingling bronze rang out. There was a scent of myrrh and saffron, and, past all belief, the looms began to turn green and the hanging cloth to put out leaves like ivy. Part of it turned into vines, and what had just been threads changed into tendrils; vine leaves sprang from the warp; the purple lent its sheen to painted grapes. And now the day was done, and the hour was coming on that you could call neither darkness nor light, but the borderland of dim night with light still in it. Suddenly the house seemed to shake, the oil-fed lamps to blaze, the rooms to glow with red fires, and phantom shapes of savage beasts to howl.
4.405	Fumida iamdudum latitant per tecta sorores, 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, sustinuere tamen se perlucentibus alis; conataeque loqui minimam et pro corpore vocem emittunt, peraguntque leves stridore querellas. Tectaque, non silvas celebrant lucemque perosae nocte volant, seroque tenent a vespere nomen.	For some time now the sisters had been hiding throughout the smoke-filled house, scattering to different corners to avoid the flames and the light. As they sought the darkness, a membrane spread over their shrunken limbs and enclosed their arms in a thin wing. Nor did the darkness let them know by what means they had lost their former shape. No feathers lifted them, yet they held themselves up on translucent wings. When they tried to speak, they gave out a tiny voice to match their bodies and voiced their slight complaints in squeaks. They haunt houses, not woods, and hating the light they fly by night, and they take their name from the late evening.[14]

ATHAMAS AND INO

Juno visits the underworld and sends a Fury to drive Athamas and Ino mad; Ino leaps into the sea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.416	Tum vero totis Bacchi memorabile Thebis numen erat, magnasque novi matertera vires narrat ubique dei, de totque sororibus expers una doloris erat, nisi quem fecere sorores. Adspicit hanc natis thalamoque Athamantis habentem sublimes animos et alumno numine Iuno,	Then indeed the godhead of Bacchus was renowned throughout Thebes, and his aunt told everywhere of the new god's great powers. Of all those sisters she alone was untouched by grief, except the grief her sisters had caused her. Juno saw her, proud and high-minded in her children, in

14 The Latin word for bat, *vespertilio*, comes from *vesper*, "evening."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nec tulit, et secum "potuit de paelice natus vertere Maeonios pelagoque inmergere nautas et laceranda suae nati dare viscera matri et triplices operire novis Minyeidas alis: 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 per cognata suis exempla furoribus Ino?"	her marriage to Athamas, and in the god she had nursed, and could not bear it. She said to herself: "A rival's son could transform the Maeonian sailors and plunge them into the sea, give a son's flesh to his own mother to be torn apart, and cover the three daughters of Minyas with strange new wings. Will Juno be able to do nothing but weep over her unavenged wrongs? Is that enough for me? Is this my only power? He himself teaches me what to do (it is right to learn even from an enemy). With the slaughter of Pentheus he has shown, enough and more than enough, what frenzy can do. Why should Ino not be goaded on, and follow her kinsfolk's example into frenzies of her own?"[15]
4.432	Est via declivis funesta nubila taxo, ducit ad infernas per muta silentia sedes. Styx nebulas exhalat iners, umbraeque recentes descendunt illac simulacraque functa sepulcris. Mille capax aditus et apertas undique portas urbs habet, utque fretum de tota flumina terra, sic omnes animas locus accipit ille, nec ulli exiguus populo est, turbamve accedere sentit. Errant exsangues sine corpore et ossibus umbrae, parsque forum celebrant, pars imi tecta tyranni, pars aliquas artes, antiquae imitamina vitae. Sustinet ire illuc caelesti sede relicta (tantum odiis iraeque dabat) Saturnia Iuno.	There is a downward path, gloomy with deadly yew; it leads through mute silence to the seats below. There the sluggish Styx breathes out mists, and down that way go the new shades, the phantoms of those who have received their burial. The city is roomy, with a thousand entrances and gates open on every side. As the sea receives the rivers from all the earth, so that place receives all souls; it is never too small for any people, nor does it feel the crowd increase. The bloodless shades wander without body or bones. Some throng the forum, some the palace of the lord of the depths, some pursue various crafts, imitations of their former life. Saturn's daughter Juno brought herself to go there, leaving her heavenly seat, so much did she give way to hatred and anger.
4.449	Quo simul intravit sacroque a corpore pressum ingemuit limen, tria Cerberus extulit ora et tres latratus semel 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, surrexere deae. Sedes scelerata vocatur: viscera praebebat Tityos lanianda novemque iugeribus distentus erat; tibi, Tantale, nullae deprenduntur aquae, quaeque inminet, effugit arbor; aut petis aut urges rediturum, Sisyphe, saxum; volvitur Ixion et se sequiturque fugitque; molirique suis letum patruelibus ausae adsiduae repetunt, quas perdant, Belides undas.	As soon as she entered, and the threshold groaned under the weight of her sacred body, Cerberus raised his three heads and gave three barks at once. She summoned the sisters born of Night, a grim and implacable power. They were sitting before the prison's doors, which were shut with adamant, combing black snakes from their hair. As soon as they recognized her among the shadows of the gloom, the goddesses rose. The place is called the Accursed Seat. Tityos was offering his entrails to be torn, stretched out over nine acres. For you, Tantalus, no water can be caught, and the tree that overhangs you flees away. You, Sisyphus, either chase or push the rock that is bound to roll

15 Ino, daughter of Cadmus and sister of Bacchus' mother Semele, had nursed the infant god. Juno recalls Bacchus' earlier punishments: the sailors turned into dolphins, Pentheus torn apart by his mother Agave, the daughters of Minyas turned into bats.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		back. Ixion turns on his wheel, both following and fleeing himself. And the granddaughters of Belus, who dared to plot death for their cousins, ceaselessly fetch again the water they will lose.[16]
4.464	Quos omnes acie postquam Saturnia torva vidit et ante omnes Ixiona, rursus ab illo Sisyphon adspiciens "cur hic e fratribus" inquit "perpetuas patitur poenas, Athamanta superbum regia dives habet, qui me cum coniuge semper sprevit?" et exponit causas odiique viaeque, quidque velit. Quod vellet, erat, ne regia Cadmi staret, et in facinus traherent Athamanta sorores. Imperium, promissa, preces confundit in unum sollicitatque deas. Sic haec Iunone locuta, Tisiphone, canos ut erat turbata capillos, movit et obstantes reiecit ab ore colubras atque ita "non longis opus est ambagibus" inquit: "facta puta, quaecumque iubes. Inamabile regnum desere teque refer caeli melioris ad auras."	Saturn's daughter looked at them all with a grim stare, and at Ixion above all. Then, turning from him to Sisyphus, she said: "Why does this brother suffer endless punishment, while a rich palace houses proud Athamas, who with his wife has always scorned me?" She explained the reasons for her hatred and her journey, and what she wanted. What she wanted was that the house of Cadmus should not stand, and that the sisters should drive Athamas into crime. Commands, promises, and prayers she poured out all together, urging the goddesses on. When Juno had spoken, Tisiphone shook her white hair, disheveled as it was, and tossed back the snakes that hung across her face. Then she said: "There is no need of long, roundabout talk. Count whatever you command as done. Leave this unlovely kingdom and take yourself back to the air of a better sky."[17]
4.479	Laeta redit Iuno, quam caelum intrare parantem roratis lustravit aquis Thaumantias Iris. 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. Limine constiterat: postes tremuisse feruntur Aeolii pallorque fores infecit acernas, solque locum fugit. Monstris exterrita coniunx, territus est Athamas. Tectoque exire parabant: obstitit infelix aditumque obsedit Erinys, nexaque vipereis distendens bracchia nodis caesariem excussit. Motae sonuere colubrae, parsque iacent umeris, pars circum pectora lapsae sibila dant saniemque vomunt linguisque coruscant.	Juno went back gladly, and as she was about to enter heaven, Iris, daughter of Thaumas, purified her with sprinkled water. Without delay the relentless Tisiphone took up a torch soaked in blood, put on a robe red with dripping gore, girded herself with a twisting snake, and left her home. Mourning went with her as she went, and Dread, and Terror, and Madness with frantic face. She stood on the threshold. The doorposts of Aeolus' son, they say, trembled, a pallor stained the maple doors, and the sun fled the place. His wife was terrified by the portents, and Athamas was terrified. They were getting ready to leave the house, but the baleful Fury stood in their way and blocked the doorway. Stretching out her arms, knotted with coils of vipers, she shook out her hair. The snakes rustled as they were tossed; some lay on her shoulders, some slid around her breast, hissing, spewing venom, and flickering their tongues.
4.495	Inde duos mediis abrumpit crinibus angues pestiferaque manu raptos inmisit. At illi Inoosque sinus Athamanteosque pererrant	Then she tore two snakes from the middle of her hair, seized them in her pestilent hand, and hurled them. They glided all over the breasts of Ino and

16 The granddaughters of Belus are the Danaids, who murdered their husbands, their own cousins, on their wedding night; in the underworld they carry water in leaking vessels.
17 Sisyphus and Athamas were both sons of Aeolus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
inspirantque graves animas. Nec vulnera membris ulla ferunt: mens est, quae diros sentiat ictus. Attulerat secum liquidi quoque monstra veneni, oris Cerberei spumas et virus Echidnae erroresque vagos caecaeque oblivia mentis et scelus et lacrimas rabiemque et caedis amorem, omnia trita simul; quae sanguine mixta recenti coxerat aere cavo viridi versata cicuta. Dumque pavent illi, vergit furiale venenum pectus in amborum praecordiaque intima movit. Tum face iactata per eundem saepius orbem consequitur motis velociter ignibus ignes.	Athamas, breathing their noxious breath into them. Yet they inflicted no wounds on their limbs: it is the mind that feels the cruel blows. She had brought with her, too, monstrous liquid poisons: foam from Cerberus' mouth and the venom of Echidna, aimless wanderings and the oblivion of a blinded mind, crime and tears and rage and the love of slaughter, all ground together. She had mixed these with fresh blood and boiled them in a hollow bronze pot, stirring them with green hemlock. While the two of them cowered, she poured the maddening poison into both their breasts and stirred them to their inmost hearts. Then, whirling her torch again and again around the same circle, she quickly made fire chase fire.
4.510 Sic victrix iussique potens ad inania magni 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 deque sinu matris ridentem et parva Learchum bracchia 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, 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."	So, victorious and her orders carried out, she went back to the empty realm of great Dis and unbound the snake she had girded on. At once Aeolus' son, raving in the middle of his hall, shouted: "Ho there, comrades, spread the nets in these woods! I just saw a lioness here with her two cubs!" In his madness he followed his wife's tracks as if she were a wild beast. He snatched Learchus from his mother's lap as the child laughed and stretched out his little arms, swung him two and three times through the air like a sling, and savagely dashed the baby's head against a hard rock. Then at last the mother was roused, whether grief did this or the poison spread within her. She howled aloud and fled, out of her mind, her hair streaming, carrying you, little Melicerta, in her bare arms, and cried, "Euhoe, Bacchus!" At the name of Bacchus Juno laughed and said, "May your foster child do you such services as these!"
4.525 Inminet aequoribus scopulus: pars ima cavatur 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. At Venus, inmeritae neptis miserata labores, sic patruo blandita suo est: "O numen aquarum, proxima cui caelo cessit, Neptune, potestas, magna quidem posco, sed tu miserere meorum, iactari quos cernis in Ionio inmenso, et dis adde tuis. Aliqua et mihi gratia ponto est, si tamen in medio quondam concreta profundo spuma fui Graiumque manet mihi nomen ab illa."	A cliff overhangs the sea. Its base is hollowed out by the waves and shelters the water beneath it from the rain; its top stands stiff and juts its brow out over the open sea. Ino climbed it (madness had given her strength) and, held back by no fear, threw herself and her burden into the sea; the water, struck, foamed white. But Venus, pitying the ordeals of her blameless granddaughter, coaxed her uncle with these words: "Neptune, power of the waters, to whom fell the dominion next to heaven's, I ask a great thing, but take pity on my own, whom you see tossed on the vast Ionian sea, and add them to your gods. I too have some favor with the sea, if indeed I was once foam, thickened

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		in the middle of the deep, and my Greek name still comes from it."[18]
4.539	Adnuit oranti Neptunus et abstulit illis, quod mortale fuit, maiestatemque verendam 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 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 monimenta meae." Res dicta secuta est.	Neptune granted her prayer. He took from them whatever was mortal and endowed them with an awe-inspiring majesty; he changed both their names and their looks, and named the god Palaemon, and his mother Leucothoe. Her Sidonian companions followed the traces of her footsteps as far as they could, and saw the last of them at the edge of the rock. Thinking her death beyond doubt, they mourned the house of Cadmus, beating their breasts with their hands and tearing their clothes and their hair, and they cast blame on the goddess as unjust and too cruel toward a rival. Juno could not bear their abuse and said, "I will make you yourselves the greatest monuments of my cruelty." The deed followed the word.
4.551	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; illa, manus ut forte tetenderat 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. Pars volucres factae; quae nunc quoque gurgite in illo aequora destringunt summis Ismenides alis.	For the one who had been most devoted said, "I will follow my queen into the sea," and, about to leap, could not move at all, but stuck fast, fixed to the cliff. Another, as she tried to beat her breast in the usual lament, felt her arms stiffen as she tried. One, who happened to have stretched her hands out toward the waves of the sea, now turned to stone and stretched those stone hands toward the same waves. Of another, as she was tearing the hair she had seized from her head, you could have seen the fingers suddenly hardened in her hair. In whatever gesture each was caught, she stayed fixed in it. Some became birds; even now these Ismenian women skim the waters of that gulf with the tips of their wings.

CADMUS AND HARMONIA

Cadmus and his wife Harmonia leave Thebes for Illyria and are turned into serpents.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.563	Nescit Agenorides natam parvumque nepotem aequoris esse deos: luctu serieque malorum victus et ostentis, quae plurima viderat, exit conditor urbe sua, tamquam fortuna locorum, non sua se premeret; longisque erroribus actus contigit Illyricos profuga cum coniuge fines. Iamque malis annisque graves, dum prima retractant fata domus releguntque suos sermone labores, "num sacer ille mea traiectus cuspide serpens"	Agenor's son did not know that his daughter and little grandson were gods of the sea. Overcome by grief, by the long chain of misfortunes, and by the many portents he had seen, the founder left his own city, as if it were the fortune of the place, not his own, that weighed him down. Driven through long wanderings, he reached the borders of Illyria with his wife, who shared his exile. Now, weighed down with sorrows and years, they went back

18 Venus' Greek name, Aphrodite, was derived from *aphros,* "foam," since she was said to have been born from the sea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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."	over the first fortunes of their house and talked over their trials again. "Was that serpent sacred," Cadmus said, "the one my spear pierced through, when, setting out from Sidon, I scattered its viper's teeth over the ground, a new kind of seed? If the gods' concern is avenging it with such unerring anger, I pray that I myself may become a serpent and be stretched out into a long belly."[19]
4.576	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 paulatim tereti tenuantur acumine crura. 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!" 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	He spoke, and like a serpent he was stretched out into a long belly. He felt scales growing over his hardened skin and his body, now black, becoming mottled with dark blue spots. He fell forward onto his chest, and his legs, joined into one, gradually tapered to a smooth point. Now only his arms remained; he stretched out the arms that remained, and with tears streaming down his face, still human, he said: "Come here, my wife, come, my poor unhappy wife, and while something is left of me, touch me and take my hand, while it is a hand, while the snake has not taken all of me!" He wanted to say more, but suddenly his tongue was split in two. Words failed him as he tried, and whenever he prepared to utter some lament, he hissed: this was the voice nature left him. Striking her bare breast with her hand, his wife cried out:
4.591	"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 inque sinus caros, veluti cognosceret, ibat et dabat amplexus adsuetaque colla petebat. Quisquis adest (aderant comites), terretur: at illa lubrica permulcet cristati colla draconis. Et subito duo sunt iunctoque volumine serpunt, donec in adpositi nemoris subiere latebras. Nunc quoque nec fugiunt hominem nec vulnere laedunt quidque prius fuerint, placidi meminere dracones.	"Cadmus, stay! Unhappy man, cast off these monstrous shapes! Cadmus, what is this? Where are your feet, where are your shoulders and hands, your color, your face, and, even as I speak, everything? Why do you not turn me too, you heavenly ones, into the same serpent?" She finished. He licked his wife's face and glided into the breast he loved, as if he recognized it, and embraced her and sought her familiar neck. All who were there (their companions were there) were terrified, but she stroked the slippery neck of the crested serpent. And suddenly there were two, and they crawled with coils entwined, until they slipped into the hiding places of a nearby grove. Even now they neither flee from people nor harm them with a wound, and, gentle serpents, they remember what they once were.

19 In Book 3 Cadmus killed a serpent sacred to Mars and, on Minerva's advice, sowed its teeth, from which armed men sprang up.

PERSEUS AND ATLAS

Returning with Medusa's head, Perseus is refused hospitality by Atlas and turns him into a mountain.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.604	Sed tamen ambobus versae solacia formae magna nepos dederat, quem debellata colebat India, quem positis celebrabat Achaia templis. Solus Abantiades ab origine cretus eadem Acrisius superest, qui moenibus arceat urbis Argolicae contraque deum ferat arma genusque non putet esse Iovis; neque enim Iovis esse putabat Persea, quem pluvio Danae conceperat auro. Mox tamen Acrisium (tanta est praesentia veri) tam violasse deum quam non agnosse nepotem paenitet: inpositus iam caelo est alter, at alter viperei referens spolium memorabile monstri 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.	Yet for both of them their grandson had provided a great consolation for their changed form: conquered India worshiped him, and Achaea thronged to the temples it had built for him. Only Acrisius, son of Abas, sprung from the same stock, remained to bar him from the walls of his Argive city, to take up arms against the god, and to deny that he was of Jupiter's race. For he did not believe that Perseus either was Jupiter's son, whom Danae had conceived from a shower of gold. Yet soon Acrisius (so strong is the presence of the truth) regretted both having outraged the god and having failed to acknowledge his grandson. The one was already set in heaven; the other, bringing back the memorable spoil of the viper-haired monster, was cleaving the soft air on whirring wings. As he hovered in victory over the Libyan sands, drops of blood fell from the Gorgon's head. The ground received them and brought them to life as snakes of many kinds, and so that land is full of serpents and dangerous with them.[20]
4.621	Inde per inmensum 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: saepe sub occasus, saepe est ablatus 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. Hic hominum cunctis 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 errabant, et humum vicinia nulla premebant.	From there, driven through the vastness by warring winds, he was carried now this way, now that, like a rain cloud. From the high air he looked down on lands far below and flew over the whole world. Three times he saw the frozen Bears, three times the Crab's claws; often he was swept away to the west, often to the east. And now, as day was falling, afraid to trust himself to the night, he halted in the western world, the realm of Atlas, and sought a brief rest until Lucifer should call forth Aurora's fires, and Aurora the chariot of day. Here was Atlas, son of Iapetus, surpassing all men in his huge size. Under this king lay the farthest land and the sea that spreads its waters beneath the Sun's panting horses and receives his weary chariot. He had a thousand flocks and as many herds roaming over the grass, and no neighbors pressed upon his land.
4.637	Arboreae frondes auro radiante nitentes ex auro ramos, ex auro poma tegebant. "Hospes," ait Perseus illi, "seu gloria tangit	The leaves of his trees, gleaming with radiant gold, covered branches of gold and fruit of gold. "Friend," Perseus said to him, "if you are moved

20 Acrisius, king of Argos, had locked his daughter Danae away; Jupiter reached her as a shower of gold and fathered Perseus.

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	te generis magni, generis mihi Iuppiter auctor; sive es mirator rerum, mirabere nostras. Hospitium requiemque peto." Memor ille vetustae sortis erat: Themis hanc dederat Parnasia sortem: "Tempus, Atla, veniet, tua quo spoliabitur auro arbor, et hunc praedae titulum Iove natus habebit." Id metuens solidis pomaria clauserat Atlas 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!"	by the glory of high birth, Jupiter is the author of my birth; or if you are an admirer of great deeds, you will admire mine. I ask for hospitality and rest." But Atlas remembered an ancient oracle; Themis of Parnassus had given him this oracle: "A time will come, Atlas, when your tree will be stripped of its gold, and a son of Jupiter will have the glory of this plunder." Fearing this, Atlas had enclosed his orchards with solid walls and given them to a huge serpent to guard, and he kept all strangers away from his borders. To this one too he said: "Go far away, or the glorious deeds you lie about will be far from you, and far from you your Jupiter!"
4.651	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, laevaque a parte Medusae 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 auctus in omnes crevit in inmensum (sic, di, statuistis) et omne cum tot sideribus caelum requievit in illo.	He added force to his threats and tried to drive him out with his hands, while Perseus lingered and mingled bold words with mild ones. Being weaker in strength (for who could be a match for the strength of Atlas?), Perseus said, "Well, since you think so little of my goodwill, take this gift!" and, turning his own face away, he held out Medusa's hideous head on his left. Atlas became a mountain as large as he had been: his beard and hair turned into forests, his shoulders and hands became ridges, what had been his head became the peak at the mountain's top, and his bones turned to stone. Then, enlarged in every part, he grew to an immense size (so you gods decreed), and the whole sky with all its stars rested on him.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

Perseus kills the sea monster and frees Andromeda, chained to a rock, then marries her.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.663	Clauserat Hippotades aeterno carcere ventos, admonitorque operum caelo clarissimus alto Lucifer ortus erat. Pennis ligat ille resumptis 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 Andromedan poenas iniustus iusserat Ammon. Quam simul ad duras religatam bracchia cautes vidit Abantiades (nisi quod levis aura capillos moverat et tepido manabant lumina fletu, marmoreum ratus esset opus), trahit inscius ignes et stupet et visae correptus imagine formae paene suas quatere est oblitus in aere pennas.	Aeolus, son of Hippotes, had shut the winds in their everlasting prison, and Lucifer, who rouses us to our work, had risen, brightest in the high sky. Perseus took up his wings again and bound them to both his feet, girded on his hooked blade, and cleft the clear air with beating sandals. Leaving countless peoples around him and below him, he caught sight of the peoples of the Ethiopians and the lands of Cepheus. There unjust Ammon had ordered the innocent Andromeda to pay the penalty for her mother's tongue. As soon as Abas' descendant saw her, her arms chained to the hard rocks, he would have thought her a marble statue, had a light breeze not stirred her hair and warm

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		tears flowed from her eyes. Without knowing it he caught fire and was stunned, and, seized by the image of the beauty he saw, he almost forgot to beat his wings in the air.[21]
4.678	Ut stetit, "o" dixit "non istis digna catenis, sed quibus inter se cupidi iunguntur amantes, pande requirenti nomen terraeque tuumque, 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 nolle videretur, nomen terraeque suumque, quantaque maternae fuerit fiducia formae, indicat. Et nondum memoratis omnibus unda insonuit, veniensque inmenso belua ponto inminet et latum sub pectore possidet aequor.	When he had come to a halt, he said, "You who do not deserve these chains, but rather those that bind eager lovers to each other, tell me, since I ask, the name of this land and your own, and why you wear these bonds." At first she was silent; an unmarried girl, she did not dare to speak to a man. She would have hidden her modest face with her hands if she had not been bound; she did what she could, and filled her eyes with welling tears. When he pressed her again and again, so as not to seem unwilling to confess some fault of her own, she told him the name of the land and her own, and how great her mother's confidence in her own beauty had been. And before she had told it all, the sea roared, and a monster, coming from the vast deep, loomed up, covering the broad expanse of water beneath its breast.
4.691	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 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 aerias ausus iactatis ire per auras, 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.	The girl screamed. Her grief-stricken father was there, and her mother with him, both wretched, but she with more reason. They brought no help with them, only the weeping and beating of breasts the moment called for, and they clung to her bound body, when the stranger spoke: "There will be long years left you for tears; the time for bringing help is short. If I were to ask for her hand as Perseus, son of Jupiter and of the woman whom Jupiter filled, locked away as she was, with fertile gold, Perseus, conqueror of the snake-haired Gorgon, who dared to travel through the airy breezes on beating wings, I would surely be preferred over all as a son-in-law. To such great endowments I am trying to add a service too, if only the gods are kind. I make this bargain: that she be mine if she is saved by my courage." The parents accepted the terms (for who would hesitate?), and they begged him, and promised a kingdom as her dowry besides.
4.706	Ecce velut navis praefixo concita rostro sulcat aquas, iuvenum sudantibus acta lacertis, sic fera dimotis inpulsu pectoris undis tantum aberat scopulis, quantum Balearica torto	Look! Just as a ship, speeding along with its beak fixed at the prow, plows the waters, propelled by the sweating arms of young men, so the beast, parting the waves with the thrust of its breast,

21 Andromeda's mother Cassiope had boasted of her beauty, offending the sea nymphs; Ammon, an Egyptian and Libyan god identified with Jupiter, gave the oracle demanding her daughter's sacrifice.

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funda potest plumbo medii transmittere caeli:
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 Phoebo liventia terga draconem,
occupat aversum, neu saeva retorqueat ora,
squamigeris avidos figit cervicibus ungues,
sic celeri missus praeceps per inane volatu
terga ferae pressit dextroque frementis in armo
Inachides ferrum curvo tenus abdidit hamo.

came on until it was as far from the rocks as a Balearic sling can send its whirled lead shot through the middle air. Then suddenly the young man pushed off from the ground with his feet and rose high into the clouds. When the hero's shadow was seen on the surface of the sea, the beast raged at the shadow it saw. As Jupiter's eagle, when it has seen in an empty field a serpent offering its livid back to Phoebus, seizes it from behind and, so that it cannot twist back its cruel jaws, fixes its greedy talons in its scaly neck, so the descendant of Inachus, hurling himself headlong through the void in swift flight, pressed down on the beast's back and, as it roared, buried his sword in its right shoulder up to the curved hook.

4.721 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
desinit in piscem, falcato vulnerat ense.
Belua puniceo mixtos cum sanguine fluctus
ore vomit: maduere graves adspergine pennae.
Nec bibulis ultra Perseus talaribus ausus
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.

Hurt by the deep wound, it now reared high into the air, now plunged under the water, now turned about like a fierce boar terrified by a pack of hounds baying around it. He escaped its greedy bites on swift wings, and wherever it lay open he struck with his curved sword, now at its back encrusted with hollow shells, now at the ribs of its flanks, now where its tail, at its thinnest, ends in a fish's. The monster spewed from its mouth waves mixed with crimson blood, and his wings grew wet and heavy with the spray. No longer daring to trust his soaking sandals, Perseus caught sight of a rock whose top stands out when the waters are still and is covered when the sea is stirred. Bracing himself on it and gripping the top of the ridge with his left hand, three, four times he drove his sword through its belly, again and again.

4.735 Litora cum plausu clamor superasque deorum
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,
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
percepitque novum ramis et fronde rigorem.
At pelagi nymphae factum mirabile temptant
pluribus in virgis et idem contingere gaudent
seminaque ex illis iterant iactata per undas.

Shouts and applause filled the shore and the high halls of the gods. Cassiope and Cepheus, her father, rejoiced, hailed him as son-in-law, and declared him the help and savior of their house. Freed from her chains, the girl walked forward, both the prize and the cause of his labor. He himself drew water and washed his conquering hands. So that the hard sand might not harm the snake-bearing head, he softened the ground with leaves, spread out twigs that grow under the sea, and laid on them the face of Medusa, daughter of Phorcys. The fresh twigs, their spongy pith still alive, absorbed the monster's power, hardened at its touch, and took on a strange stiffness in their branches and leaves. The sea nymphs tried the wondrous feat on more twigs and were delighted that the same

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	thing happened, and they produced more by scattering seeds from them over the waves.
4.750 Nunc quoque curaliis eadem natura remansit, duritiam tacto capiant ut ab aere, quodque vimen in aequore erat, fiat super aequora saxum. Dis tribus ille focos totidem de caespite ponit, laevum Mercurio, dextrum tibi, bellica virgo, ara Iovis media est. Mactatur vacca Minervae, alipedi vitulus, taurus tibi, summe deorum. protinus Andromedan et tanti praemia facti indotata rapit: taedas Hymenaeus Amorque praecutiunt, largis satiantur odoribus ignes, sertaque dependent tectis et ubique lyraeque tibiaque et cantus, animi felicia laeti argumenta, sonant. Reseratis aurea valvis atria tota patent, pulchroque instructa paratu Cepheni proceres ineunt convivia regis.	Even now corals keep the same nature: they harden on contact with the air, and what was a pliant stem in the sea becomes stone above the sea. To three gods he built as many altars of turf: the left one to Mercury, the right one to you, warrior maiden; the altar of Jupiter stands in the middle. A cow was sacrificed to Minerva, a calf to the wing-footed god, a bull to you, highest of the gods. At once he took Andromeda, the reward for so great a deed, without a dowry. Hymen and Love shook the torches before them, the fires were fed with rich incense, garlands hung from the roofs, and everywhere lyres and the flute and song rang out, happy signs of glad hearts. The doors were unbarred, the whole golden hall stood open, and the Cephenian nobles came in to the king's banquet, laid out in splendid array.

MEDUSA

At the wedding feast Perseus tells how he killed Medusa and why her hair became snakes.

LATIN	ENGLISH
4.765 Postquam epulis functi generosi munere Bacchi diffudere animos, cultusque genusque locorum quaerit Lyncides moresque animumque virorum. Quae simul edocuit, "nunc, o fortissime," dixit "fare, precor, Perseu, quanta virtute quibusque 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. 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.	When they had finished the feast and their spirits had been opened by the gift of noble Bacchus, Lynceus' descendant asked about the way of life and the nature of the region, and the customs and character of its men. As soon as he had been told all this, his informant said, "Now, bravest Perseus, tell us, I beg you, with what courage and by what arts you carried off the head with its hair of serpents." Agenor's descendant told them that beneath cold Atlas lies a place made safe by the defense of a solid mass of rock. At its entrance, he said, lived twin sisters, the daughters of Phorcys, who shared the use of a single eye. He had stolen it by a clever trick, slipping his hand under it while it was being passed from one to the other. Then, through remote and trackless regions and rocks bristling with rugged woods, he had reached the home of the Gorgons, and everywhere in the fields and along the roads he had seen the shapes of men and beasts, turned from their real selves to stone at the sight of Medusa.[22]
4.782 Se tamen horrendae clipei, quem laeva gerebat, aere repercusso formam adspexisse Medusae,	He himself, however, had looked at the dreadful form of Medusa reflected in the bronze of the

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dumque gravis somnus colubrasque ipsamque tenebat,
eripuisse caput collo; pennisque fugacem
Pegason et fratrem matris de sanguine natos
addidit et longi non falsa pericula cursus,
quae freta, quas terras sub se vidisset ab alto
et quae iactatis tetigisset sidera pennis.
Ante exspectatum tacuit tamen. Excipit unus
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
illa: neque 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 texit; neve hoc inpune fuisset,
Gorgoneum crinem turpes mutavit in hydros.

ENGLISH

shield he carried on his left arm, and while deep sleep held both the snakes and Medusa herself, he had cut the head from her neck. He added how Pegasus, swift on his wings, and his brother were born from their mother's blood, and he told of the dangers of his long journey, which were no fiction: what seas, what lands he had seen beneath him from on high, and what stars he had touched on his beating wings. Yet he fell silent sooner than they expected. One of the nobles took up the talk, asking why she alone of the sisters had snakes woven in among her locks. The guest replied: "Since you ask about something worth telling, hear the reason for what you ask. She was famed for her beauty and was the envied hope of many suitors, and of all her beauty nothing was more striking than her hair. I have met a man who said he had seen her. The ruler of the sea, they say, raped her in Minerva's temple. Jupiter's daughter turned away and covered her chaste face with her aegis; and so that this should not go unpunished, she changed the Gorgon's hair into foul snakes."

22 Lynceus' descendant is Perseus, whose great-great-grandfather Lynceus was king of Argos. The daughters of Phorcys are the Graeae, the Gorgons' sisters, gray-haired from birth.

Book 5

Perseus and the Muses
The fight at Perseus' wedding; the Muses' contest; Ceres and Proserpina; Arethusa.

PERSEUS AND PHINEUS

Phineus, Andromeda's former betrothed, attacks the wedding; Perseus turns him and his followers to stone.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.1	Dumque 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 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, 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?	While the son of Danae was telling these things among the gathered Cephenes, the royal halls filled with a roaring crowd. It was not the kind of shouting that celebrates a wedding feast, but the kind that announces savage war. You could compare the banquet, suddenly turned to uproar, to a calm sea that the fierce rage of the winds roughens as it whips up the waves. Foremost among them was Phineus, the reckless instigator of the fighting, brandishing an ash spear tipped with bronze. "Look," he said, "look, here I am, the avenger of the bride stolen from me! Neither your wings nor Jupiter, turned into counterfeit gold, will snatch you from me now." As he made to throw, Cepheus cried out: "What are you doing? What madness drives you, brother, raging like this, to such a crime? Is this the thanks repaid for such great services? Is this the dowry you pay for the life of the girl who was saved?[1]
5.16	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 exigis, ut pereat, luctuque levabere nostro. 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, 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!"	It was not Perseus who took her from you, if you want the truth. It was the stern divine power of the Nereids, it was horned Ammon, it was the sea monster that was coming to glut itself on my own flesh and blood. She was taken from you at the very moment she was about to die—unless, cruel as you are, you demand exactly that, that she should die, and you will find relief in our grief. Clearly it is not enough that she was chained up while you looked on, and that you, her uncle and her betrothed, brought her no help at all. Will you also resent that anyone saved her, and snatch away his reward? If it seems so great to you, you should have claimed it from those rocks it was fastened to. Now let the man who did claim it, the

1 Phineus was Cepheus' brother, and so Andromeda's uncle as well as her betrothed. Jupiter had come to Danae as a shower of gold and fathered Perseus.

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		man who saved my old age from childlessness, take what he bargained for by his deeds and by his word; and understand that he was preferred not to you, but to certain death!"[2]
5.30	Ille nihil contra: sed et hunc et Persea vultu alterno spectans petat hunc ignorat, an illum, cunctatusque brevi contortam viribus hastam, quantas ira dabat, nequiquam in Persea misit. Ut stetit illa toro, stratis tunc denique Perseus exsiluit; teloque ferox inimica remisso 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 adspergit sanguine mensas. 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.	Phineus said nothing in reply. Looking from Cepheus to Perseus and back again, he did not know whether to aim at the one or the other; then, after a brief hesitation, he hurled his spear, whirled with all the strength his anger gave him, at Perseus—in vain. When it stuck in the couch, then at last Perseus leaped up from the cushions, and, fiercely sending the weapon back, he would have burst open his enemy's chest, had Phineus not gone behind the altar: and (outrageous!) the altar served the criminal. Still, the point did not strike for nothing: it lodged in Rhoetus' forehead. When he fell and the iron was wrenched out of the bone, he kicked and spattered the laden tables with blood. Then indeed the mob blazed into uncontrollable anger. They hurled their weapons, and there were some who said that Cepheus ought to die along with his son-in-law. But Cepheus had gone out over the threshold of the house, calling justice and good faith and the gods of hospitality to witness that this was being stirred up against his will.
5.46	Bellica Pallas adest et protegit aegide fratrem datque animos. Erat Indus Athis, quem flumine Gange edita Limnaee vitreis peperisse sub undis creditur, egregius forma, quam divite cultu augebat, bis adhuc octonis integer annis, indutus chlamydem Tyriam, quam limbus obibat aureus; ornabant aurata monilia collum et madidos murra curvum crinale capillos. Ille quidem iaculo quamvis distantia misso figere doctus erat, sed tendere doctior arcus. Tunc quoque lenta manu flectentem cornua Perseus stipite, qui media positus fumabat in ara, perculit et fractis confudit in ossibus ora.	Warlike Pallas was there; she shielded her brother with the aegis and gave him courage. There was an Indian, Athis, whom Limnaee, daughter of the river Ganges, was believed to have borne beneath its glassy waters. He was outstanding in beauty, which he enhanced with rich dress, still untouched at twice eight years of age. He wore a Tyrian cloak edged with a golden border; gilded necklaces adorned his neck, and a curved band his hair, wet with myrrh. He was skilled at hitting targets however distant with a thrown javelin, but more skilled still at drawing the bow. And now, as he was bending its pliant horns with his hand, Perseus struck him with a log that lay smoking in the middle of the altar, and smashed his face into its broken bones.
5.59	Hunc ubi laudatos iactantem in sanguine vultus Assyrius vidit Lycabas, iunctissimus illi et comes et veri non dissimulator amoris,	When Assyrian Lycabas saw him rolling that much-praised face in his blood—Lycabas, his closest companion, who made no secret of his true

2 Ammon, the Libyan Jupiter worshiped with a ram's horns, had ordered through his oracle that Andromeda be offered to the monster.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	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 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 iam moriens, oculis sub nocte natantibus atra circumspexit Athin seque acclinavit ad illum et tulit ad manes iunctae solacia mortis.	love—he first lamented Athis as he breathed out his life under the cruel wound, then seized the bow Athis had drawn and said: "Let your fight be with me. You will not rejoice for long in the boy's death, which brings you more hatred than glory." He had not yet finished saying all this when the piercing arrow flashed from the string; but it was dodged, and it hung caught in the folds of Perseus' clothing. Acrisius' grandson turned on him the curved sword proven in the slaughter of Medusa and drove it into his chest. But Lycabas, already dying, his eyes swimming in black night, looked around for Athis, leaned himself against him, and carried down to the shades the comfort of a death they shared.
5.74	Ecce Syenites, genitus Metione, Phorbas et Libys Amphimedon, avidi committere pugnam, sanguine, quo late tellus madefacta tepebat, conciderant lapsi: surgentibus obstitit ensis, alterius costis, iugulo Phorbantis adactus. At non Actoriden Erytum, cui lata bipennis telum erat, hamato Perseus petit ense, sed altis 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 Polydegmona sanguine cretum Caucasiumque Abarin Sperchionidenque Lycetum intonsumque comas Helicen Phlegyanque Clytumque sternit et exstructos morientum calcat acervos.	Look: Phorbas of Syene, son of Metion, and Amphimedon of Libya, eager to join battle, had slipped and fallen in the blood that soaked the ground far and wide and kept it warm. As they rose, the sword met them, driven into the ribs of one and the throat of Phorbas. But Erytus, son of Actor, whose weapon was a broad double axe, Perseus did not attack with his hooked sword. Instead he lifted with both hands a huge mixing bowl, standing out with figures in high relief and enormously heavy, and dashed it against the man. Erytus vomited red gore and, falling on his back, beat the ground with his dying head. Next Perseus laid low Polydegmon, sprung from the blood of Semiramis, and Abaris of the Caucasus, and Lycetus, son of Spercheus, and long-haired Helices, and Phlegyas and Clytus, and he trampled the heaps he had piled up of the dying.
5.89	Nec Phineus ausus concurrere comminus hosti, intorquet iaculum: quod detulit error in Idan, expertem frustra belli et neutra arma secutum. Ille tuens oculis inmitem Phinea torvis "quandoquidem in partes" ait "abstrahor, accipe, Phineu, quem fecisti hostem pensaque hoc vulnere vulnus"; iamque remissurus tractum de vulnere telum sanguine defectos cecidit conlapsus in artus. Hic quoque Cephenum post regem primus Hodites ense iacet Clymeni; Prothoenora percutit Hypseus, Hypsea Lyncides. Fuit et grandaevus in illis Emathion, aequi cultor timidusque deorum; qui, quoniam prohibent anni bellare, loquendo pugnat et incessit sceleratque devovet arma.	Phineus, not daring to meet his enemy hand to hand, hurled a javelin. A wild throw carried it onto Idas, who had kept out of the fighting in vain and had followed neither side. Glaring with fierce eyes at pitiless Phineus, Idas said: "Since I am dragged into taking sides, Phineus, take the enemy you have made, and pay for this wound with a wound!" And just as he was about to send back the weapon he had pulled from his wound, he collapsed, falling on limbs drained of blood. Here too Hodites, first among the Cephenes after the king, lay dead by Clymenus' sword; Hypseus struck Prothoenor, and Lynceus' descendant struck Hypseus. Among them too was aged Emathion, a lover of justice who feared the gods. Since his years kept

LATIN	ENGLISH
	him from fighting, he fought with words: he went at them and cursed their criminal arms.
5.103 Huic Chromis amplexo tremulis altaria palmis decutit ense caput; quod protinus incidit arae atque ibi semianimi verba exsecrantia lingua edidit, et medios animam exspiravit in ignes. Hinc gemini fratres Broteasque et caestibus Ammon invicti, vinci si possent caestibus enses, Phinea cecidere manu, Cererisque sacerdos Ampycus, albenti velatus tempora vitta. Tu quoque, Lampetide, non hos adhibendus ad usus, sed qui, pacis opus, citharam cum voce moveres, iussus eras celebrare dapes festumque canendo. Quem procul adstantem plectrumque imbelle tenentem Pettalus inridens "Stygiis cane cetera" dixit "manibus" et laevo mucronem tempore fixit. Concidit et digitis morientibus ille retemptat fila lyrae, casuque fuit miserabile carmen.	As he clung to the altar with trembling hands, Chromis struck off his head with a sword. It fell straight onto the altar, and there, with half-living tongue, it uttered curses and breathed out its life into the midst of the flames. Next the twin brothers Broteas and Ammon, unbeaten with the boxing gloves—if swords could be beaten by boxing gloves—fell by Phineus' hand, and so did Ampycus, priest of Ceres, his temples wrapped in a white headband. You too, son of Lampetus, were not meant for uses like these: you were the one who, in the work of peace, played the lyre as you sang, and you had been bidden to grace the banquet and the feast with your song. As he stood far off, holding a plectrum unfit for war, Pettalus mocked him: "Sing the rest to the Stygian shades," he said, and drove his blade into his left temple. He collapsed, and with dying fingers he tried the strings of the lyre again; and by chance it made a pitiful song.
5.119 Nec sinit hunc impune ferox cecidisse Lycormas raptaque de dextro robusta repagula posti ossibus inlisit mediae cervicis: at ille procubuit terrae mactati more iuvenci. Demere temptabat laevi quoque robora postis Cinyphius Pelates: temptanti dextera fixa est cuspide Marmaridae Corythi lignoque cohaesit. Haerenti latus hausit Abas: nec corruit ille, sed retinente manum moriens e poste pependit. Sternitur et Menaleus, Perseia castra secutus, et Nasamoniaci Dorylas ditissimus agri, dives agri Dorylas, quo non possederat alter 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 de tot agris terrae" corpusque exsangue reliquit.	Fierce Lycormas did not let him fall unavenged. Tearing the sturdy bar from the right-hand doorpost, he smashed it against the bones in the middle of Pettalus' neck, and Pettalus fell forward to the ground like a slaughtered bullock. Pelates, from the Cinyps, was trying to wrench the oak bar from the left-hand doorpost too; as he tried, his right hand was pinned by the spear of Corythus the Marmarid and stuck fast to the wood. As he hung there, Abas pierced his side. He did not fall, but, dying, hung from the post that held his hand. Menaleus too was struck down, who had taken Perseus' side, and Dorylas, the richest man in Nasamonian land—Dorylas, rich in land, than whom no one possessed broader acres or raised so many heaps of incense. A weapon, thrown at a slant, stuck in his groin: that spot is deadly. When the author of the wound, Bactrian Halcyoneus, saw him gasping out his life and rolling his eyes, he said, "Out of all your lands, keep this much earth that you are lying on," and left the bloodless body.
5.137 Torquet in hunc hastam calido de vulnere raptam ultor Abantiades; media quae nare recepta cervice exacta est in partesque eminet ambas. Dumque manum Fortuna iuvat, Clytiumque Claninque,	At him Abas' descendant, avenging Dorylas, hurled the spear snatched from the warm wound. It entered at the middle of his nose, was driven out through his neck, and stuck out on both sides. And

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	matre satos una, diverso vulnere fudit: nam Clytii per utrumque gravis librata lacerto fraxinus acta femur, iaculum Clanis ore momordit. Occidit et Celadon Mendesius, occidit Astreus, matre Palaestina, dubio genitore creatus, Aethionque sagax quondam ventura videre (tunc ave deceptus falsa), regisque Thoactes armiger et caeso genitore infamis Agyrtes.	while Fortune favored his hand, he laid low Clytius and Clanis, born of one mother, with different wounds: the heavy ash spear, poised by his powerful arm, was driven through both of Clytius' thighs, while Clanis bit on a javelin with his mouth. Celadon of Mendes died too; Astreus died, born of a Palestinian mother and an uncertain father; and Aethion, once shrewd at foreseeing what was to come, but deceived then by a false bird omen; and Thoactes, the king's armor-bearer; and Agyrtes, notorious for killing his father.
5.149	Plus tamen exhausto superest: namque omnibus unum opprimere est animus, coniurata undique pugnant agmina pro causa meritum impugnante fidemque: hac pro parte socer frustra pius et nova coniunx cum genetrice favent ululatuque atria complent. Sed sonus armorum superat gemitusque cadentum, pollutosque semel multo Bellona penates 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. Applicat hic umeros ad magnae saxa columnae, tutaque terga gerens adversaque in agmina versus sustinet instantes. Instabat parte sinistra Chaonius Molpeus, dextra Nabataeus Echemmon.	Yet more remained than had been done. All of them had one aim, to crush one man; on every side sworn bands fought for a cause that made war on merit and good faith. On Perseus' side were his father-in-law, dutiful in vain, and his new bride with her mother: they cheered him on and filled the halls with wailing. But the clash of arms and the groans of the falling drowned them out, and Bellona drenched the household gods, already defiled, with streams of blood and stirred up the battle afresh. Phineus and a thousand followers of Phineus surrounded the one man. Weapons flew thicker than winter hail past both his sides and past his eyes and ears. He set his shoulders against the stone of a great column, and, keeping his back safe and facing the ranks opposed to him, he held off his attackers. Pressing him on the left was Molpeus the Chaonian, on the right Echemmon the Nabataean.[3]
5.164	Tigris ut auditis diversa valle duorum exstimulata fame mugitibus armentorum nescit, utro potius ruat, et ruere ardet utroque, sic dubius Perseus, dextra laevane feratur, Molpea traiecti submovit vulnere cruris, contentusque fuga est: neque enim dat tempus Echemmon, sed furit et, cupiens saltu dare vulnera collo, non circumspectis exactum viribus ensem fregit, et extrema percussae parte columnae lammina dissiluit dominique in gutture fixa est. Non tamen ad letum causas satis illa valentes plaga dedit: trepidum Perseus et inermia frustra bracchia tendentem Cyllenide confodit harpe. Verum ubi virtutem turbae succumbere vidit, "auxilium" Perseus "quoniam sic cogitis ipsi"	As a tigress, goaded by hunger, who hears the lowing of two herds in different valleys does not know which to rush at first and burns to rush at both, so Perseus, unsure whether to turn right or left, drove Molpeus off with a wound that pierced his leg, and was content to see him run; for Echemmon gave him no time. He raged, and in his eagerness to leap and land a wound on Perseus' neck, he swung his sword with heedless force and broke it: the blade, striking the edge of the column, shattered and lodged in its owner's throat. Yet that blow was not enough to kill him. As he trembled and held out his weaponless arms in vain, Perseus ran him through with the Cyllenian curved sword. But when he saw his courage giving way before the crowd, Perseus said: "Since you yourselves force me to it, I will seek help from my enemy.

3 Bellona was the Roman goddess of war.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	dixit "ab hoste petam. Vultus avertite vestros, siquis amicus adest!" et Gorgonis extulit ora.	Turn your faces away, if any friend is here!" And he raised the Gorgon's head.[4]
5.181	"Quaere alium, tua quem moveant miracula" dixit Thescelus; utque manu iaculum fatale parabat mittere, in hoc haesit signum de marmore gestu. Proximus huic Ampyx animi plenissima magni pectora Lyncidae gladio petit; inque petendo dextera deriguit nec citra mota nec ultra est. At Nileus, qui se genitum septemplice Nilo ementitus erat, clipeo quoque flumina septem argento partim, partim caelaverat auro, "adspice" ait, "Perseu, nostrae primordia gentis: magna feres tacitas solacia mortis ad umbras, a tanto cecidisse viro": pars ultima vocis in medio suppressa sono est, adapertaque velle ora loqui credas, nec sunt ea pervia verbis.	"Find someone else to be moved by your marvels," said Thescelus; and as he was preparing to hurl a deadly javelin, he froze in that pose, a statue of marble. Next to him, Ampyx aimed his sword at the breast of Lynceus' descendant, a breast full of great courage; and in the act of aiming his right hand stiffened and moved neither forward nor back. But Nileus, who had falsely claimed to be the son of the sevenfold Nile and had engraved seven rivers on his shield as well, partly in silver, partly in gold, said: "Look, Perseus, at the origins of our race! You will carry a great consolation for your death down to the silent shades: that you fell by so great a man." The last part of his speech was choked off in mid-sound; you would think his open mouth was trying to speak, but it gave no passage to words.
5.195	Increpat hos "vitio" que "animi, non viribus" inquit "Gorgoneis torpetis" Eryx: "incurrite mecum et prosternite humi iuvenem magica arma moventem!" Incursurus erat: tenuit vestigia tellus, inmotusque silex armataque mansit imago. Hi tamen ex merito poenas subiere; sed unus miles erat Persei, pro quo dum pugnat, Aconteus, Gorgone conspecta saxo concrevit oborto. Quem ratus Astyages etiamnum vivere, longo ense ferit: sonuit tinnitibus ensis acutis. Dum stupet Astyages, naturam traxit eandem, marmoreoque manet vultus mirantis in ore. Nomina longa mora est media de plebe virorum dicere: bis centum restabant corpora pugnae, Gorgone bis centum riguerunt corpora visa.	Eryx rebuked them. "It is your own lack of spirit," he said, "not the Gorgon's power, that numbs you. Charge with me, and lay low on the ground this youth who wields magic weapons!" He was about to charge: the ground held his feet fast, and he remained a motionless stone, an armed statue. These men, though, suffered the punishment they deserved. But there was one soldier of Perseus', Aconteus, who, while fighting for him, caught sight of the Gorgon and hardened as stone spread over him. Astyages, thinking he was still alive, struck him with his long sword: the sword rang with shrill clangs. While Astyages stood amazed, he took on the same nature, and the look of wonder stayed on his marble face. It would take too long to name the men from the rank and file: two hundred bodies were left for the fight; two hundred bodies grew stiff at the sight of the Gorgon.
5.210	Paenitet iniusti tunc denique Phinea belli. Sed quid agat? simulacra videt diversa figuris agnoscitque suos et nomine quemque vocatum poscit opem, credensque parum sibi proxima tangit corpora: marmor erant. Avertitur, atque ita supplex confessasque manus obliquaque bracchia tendens, "vincis" ait, "Perseu. Remove tua monstra tuaeque saxificos vultus, quaecumque ea, tolle Medusae, tolle, precor. Non nos odium regnique cupido	Then at last Phineus regretted his unjust war. But what could he do? He saw statues in every kind of posture and recognized his own men; he called on each by name and begged for help, and, hardly believing it, he touched the bodies nearest him: they were marble. He turned away, and so, a suppliant, holding out hands that admitted defeat and arms stretched out sideways, he said: "You win, Perseus. Take away your horrors; that stone-making face of

4 Cyllenian: the curved sword was a gift from Mercury, the god born on Mount Cyllene.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	compulit ad bellum: pro coniuge movimus arma. Causa fuit meritis melior tua, tempore nostra. Non cessisse piget. Nihil, o fortissime, praeter hanc animam concede mihi: tua cetera sunto."	your Medusa, whoever she is—take it away, I beg you. It was not hatred or desire for the kingdom that drove us to war: we took up arms for a bride. Your claim was better in merit, ours in time. I am sorry I did not give way. Grant me nothing, bravest of men, except this life; let everything else be yours."
5.223	Talia dicenti neque eum, quem voce rogabat respicere audenti "quod" ait, "timidissime Phineu, et possum tribuisse et magnum est munus inerti, (pone metum) tribuam: nullo violabere ferro. Quin etiam mansura dabo monimenta per aevum, inque domo soceri semper spectabere nostri, ut mea se sponsi soletur imagine coniunx?" Dixit et in partem Phorcynida transtulit illam, ad quam se trepido Phineus obverterat ore. Tunc quoque conanti sua vertere lumina cervix deriguit, saxoque oculorum induruit umor. Sed tamen os timidum vultusque in marmore supplex submissaeque manus faciesque obnoxia mansit.	As he said this, not daring to look at the man he was entreating, Perseus replied: "What I can grant, most cowardly Phineus—and it is a great gift for a coward—I will grant (put away your fear): no blade shall harm you. Indeed, I will give you a monument to last through the ages, and you will always be on display in my father-in-law's house, so that my wife may console herself with the image of her betrothed." He said this, and moved the daughter of Phorcys to the side toward which Phineus had turned his trembling face. Then too, as Phineus struggled to turn his eyes away, his neck stiffened, and the moisture of his eyes hardened into stone. But still the cowardly mouth, the suppliant look in marble, the lowered hands and the cringing expression remained.
5.236	Victor Abantiades patrios cum coniuge muros intrat et inmeriti vindex ultorque parentis adgreditur Proetum: nam fratre per arma fugato Acrisioneas Proetus possederat arces. Sed nec ope armorum, nec, quam male ceperat, arce torva colubriferi superavit lumina monstri. Te tamen, o parvae rector, Polydecta, Seriphi, nec iuvenis virtus per tot spectata labores nec mala mollierant, sed inexorabile durus exerces odium, nec iniqua finis in ira est. Detrectas etiam laudem fictamque Medusae arguis esse necem. "Dabimus tibi pignera veri. Parcite luminibus!" Perseus ait oraque regis ore Medusaeo silicem sine sanguine fecit.	Victorious, Abas' descendant entered his ancestral walls with his wife, and, as champion and avenger of his undeserving grandfather, he attacked Proetus; for Proetus had driven his brother out by force of arms and seized the citadel of Acrisius. But neither the help of arms nor the citadel he had wrongfully taken let him overcome the grim eyes of the snake-bearing monster. Yet you, Polydectes, ruler of little Seriphos, were not softened either by the young man's courage, proven in so many labors, or by his sufferings: hard as you are, you went on with your implacable hatred, and there was no end to your unjust anger. You even belittled his glory and claimed that Medusa's death was a fiction. "I will give you proof of the truth. Spare your eyes!" said Perseus, and with Medusa's face he turned the king's face into bloodless stone.[5]

5 Perseus' grandfather Acrisius, king of Argos, had been driven out by his twin brother Proetus. Polydectes, king of the island of Seriphos where Perseus grew up, had sent him to fetch the Gorgon's head.

MINERVA VISITS THE MUSES

Minerva visits the Muses on Helicon to see the spring made by Pegasus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.250	Hactenus aurigenae comitem Tritonia fratri se dedit: inde cava circumdata nube Seriphon deserit, a dextra Cythno Gyaroque relictis, quaque super pontum via visa brevissima, Thebas virgineumque Helicona petit. Quo monte potita constitit et doctas sic est adfata sorores: "Fama novi fontis nostras pervenit ad aures, dura Medusaei quem praepetis ungula rupit. Is mihi causa viae. Volui mirabile factum cernere: vidi ipsum materno sanguine nasci." Excipit Uranie: "Quaecumque est causa videndi has tibi, diva, domos, animo gratissima nostro es. Vera tamen fama est, et Pegasus huius origo fontis", et ad latices deduxit Pallada sacros.	Up to this point Tritonia had kept her gold-born brother company. Then, wrapped in a hollow cloud, she left Seriphos, passing Cythnos and Gyaros on her right, and by the route over the sea that seemed shortest she made for Thebes and maiden Helicon. Reaching that mountain, she halted and spoke to the learned sisters: "Word has reached my ears of a new spring, which the hard hoof of Medusa's winged horse broke open. That is the reason for my journey. I wanted to see this marvel: I saw the horse himself born from his mother's blood." Urania answered: "Whatever your reason for visiting our home, goddess, you are most welcome to our hearts. The report is true, and Pegasus is the source of this spring." And she led Pallas down to the sacred waters.[6]
5.264	Quae mirata diu factas pedis ictibus undas, silvarum lucos circumspicit antiquarum antraque et innumeris distinctas floribus herbas felicesque vocat pariter studioque locoque Mnemonidas. Quam sic adfata est una sororum: "O, nisi te virtus opera ad maiora tulisset, in partem ventura chori Tritonia nostri, vera refers meritoque probas artesque locumque, et gratam sortem, tutae modo simus, habemus. Sed (vetitum est adeo sceleri nihil) omnia terrent virgineas mentes, dirusque ante ora Pyreneus vertitur, et nondum tota me mente recepi. Daulida Threicio Phoceaque milite rura ceperat ille ferox iniustaque regna tenebat. Templa petebamus Parnasia: vidit euntes, nostraque fallaci veneratus numina vultu	Pallas marveled for a long time at the waters created by the blows of a hoof; then she looked around at the groves of ancient woods, the caves, and the grass dotted with countless flowers, and called the daughters of Mnemosyne fortunate alike in their pursuits and in their home. One of the sisters answered her: "O Tritonia, who would have joined our choir had your excellence not carried you on to greater tasks, what you say is true: you are right to praise our arts and our home, and ours is a happy lot—if only we were safe. But (so true it is that nothing is forbidden to crime) everything frightens our maiden hearts. Dreadful Pyreneus is always before my eyes, and I have not yet fully come to my senses. That fierce man had seized Daulis and the fields of Phocis with Thracian soldiers and held an unjust rule. We were on our way to the temple on Parnassus. He saw us going, and, honoring our divinity with a deceitful face,[7]
5.280	"Mnemonides" (cognorat enim), "consistite" dixit, "nec dubitate, precor, tecto grave sidus et imbrem" (imber erat) "vitare meo: subiere minores saepe casas superi." Dictis et tempore motae adnuimusque viro primasque intravimus aedes.	he said (for he had recognized us), 'Daughters of Mnemosyne, stop! Do not hesitate, I beg you, to shelter in my house from the harsh weather and the rain' (it was raining); 'the gods above have often entered humbler huts.' Moved by his words

6 The learned sisters are the nine Muses, who lived on Mount Helicon; the new spring is Hippocrene, "the horse's fountain."
7 Mnemosyne (Memory) was the mother of the Muses by Jupiter.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Desierant imbres, victoque aquilonibus austro fusca repurgato fugiebant nubila caelo. Impetus ire fuit: claudit sua tecta Pyreneus vimque parat. Quam nos sumptis effugimus alis. Ipse secuturo similis stetit arduus arce "qua" que "via est vobis, erit et mihi" dixit "eadem", seque iacit vecors e summae culmine turris et cadit in vultus, discussisque ossibus oris tundit humum moriens scelerato sanguine tinctam."	and the weather, we agreed and went into the front of the house. The rain stopped; the south wind was overcome by the north winds, and the dark clouds were fleeing from a sky swept clean. We wanted to go: Pyreneus shut his doors and prepared to use force. We escaped it by taking to our wings. He stood high on his citadel, as if about to follow, and said, 'Whatever way you take, I will take the same.' Out of his mind, he hurled himself from the top of his highest tower, fell on his face, and with the bones of his face shattered, he struck the ground as he died, staining it with his criminal blood."

THE DAUGHTERS OF PIERUS

The Muses tell how the nine daughters of Pierus challenged them to a singing contest.

LATIN	ENGLISH
5.294 Musa loquebatur: pennae sonuere per auras, voxque salutantum ramis veniebat ab altis. Suspicit et linguae quaerit tam certa loquentes unde sonent hominemque putat Iove nata locutum: Ales erat, numeroque novem, sua fata querentes, institerant ramis imitantes omnia picae. Miranti sic orsa deae dea: "Nuper et istae auxerunt volucrum victae certamine turbam. Pieros has genuit Pellaeis dives in arvis, Paeonis Euippe mater fuit. Illa potentem Lucinam noviens, noviens paritura, vocavit. Intumuit numero stolidarum turba sororum, perque tot Haemonias et per tot Achaidas urbes huc venit et tali committit proelia voce:	The Muse was still speaking when wings sounded through the air, and voices of greeting came from the high branches. Jupiter's daughter looked up, searching for the source of tongues that spoke so clearly, and thought a human being had spoken. It was birds: nine of them, lamenting their fate, had settled on the branches—magpies, which mimic everything. As she marveled, the goddess spoke to the goddess: "These too were defeated in a contest not long ago and swelled the flock of birds. Pierus, rich in the fields of Pella, was their father; Euippe of Paeonia was their mother. Nine times she called on mighty Lucina, nine times she gave birth. Puffed up by their number, this crowd of foolish sisters came here through so many cities of Haemonia and Achaea, and opened hostilities with words like these:[8]
5.308 "Desinite indoctum vana dulcedine vulgus fallere: nobiscum, siqua est fiducia vobis, Thespiades certate deae. Nec voce nec arte vincemur, totidemque sumus. Vel cedite victae fonte Medusaeo et Hyantea Aganippe, vel nos Emathiis ad Paeonas usque nivosos cedamus campis. Dirimant certamina nymphae." Turpe quidem contendere erat, sed cedere visum turpius. Electae iurant per flumina nymphae factaque de vivo pressere sedilia saxo. Tum sine sorte prior quae se certare professa est, bella canit superum, falsoque in honore Gigantas	'Stop deceiving the ignorant crowd with your empty sweetness. Compete with us, Thespian goddesses, if you have any confidence. We will not be beaten in voice or in skill, and we are as many as you. If you lose, give up Medusa's spring and Hyantean Aganippe; or if we lose, we will give up the Emathian plains as far as the snowy Paeonians. Let the nymphs judge the contest.' It was shameful, of course, to compete; but to give way seemed more shameful. The nymphs who were chosen swore by the rivers and sat down on seats carved from the living rock. Then, without drawing lots,

8 Lucina is the goddess of childbirth; Pella and Paeonia are in Macedonia, Haemonia is Thessaly.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ponit et extenuat magnorum facta deorum; emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terrae caelitibus fecisse metum cunctosque dedisse terga fugae, donec fessos Aegyptia tellus ceperit et septem discretus in ostia Nilus.	the one who had offered to compete first sang of the wars of the gods above. She gave the Giants honor they did not deserve and belittled the deeds of the great gods. She told how Typhoeus, sent up from the lowest depths of the earth, struck fear into the heavenly ones, and how they all turned their backs and fled, until the land of Egypt and the Nile, divided into seven mouths, took them in, exhausted.[9]
5.325	Huc quoque terrigenam venisse Typhoea narrat et se mentitis superos celasse figuris; "duxque gregis" dixit "fit Iuppiter; unde recurvis nunc quoque formatus Libys est cum cornibus Ammon. Delius in corvo, proles Semeleia capro, fele soror Phoebi, nivea Saturnia vacca, pisce Venus latuit, Cyllenius ibidis alis." Hactenus ad citharam vocalia moverat ora: poscimur Aonides. Sed forsitan otia non sint, nec nostris praebere vacet tibi cantibus aures." "Ne dubita, vestrumque mihi refer ordine carmen" Pallas ait nemorisque levi consedit in umbra. Musa refert: "Dedimus summam certaminis uni. Surgit et inmissos hedera conlecta capillos Calliope querulas praetemptat pollice chordas, atque haec percussis subiungit carmina nervis:	She told how earth-born Typhoeus came there too, and how the gods above hid themselves in false shapes. 'Jupiter,' she sang, 'became the leader of a flock, and that is why Libyan Ammon is still shown today with curving horns. The Delian hid in a raven, Semele's child in a goat, Phoebus' sister in a cat, Saturn's daughter in a snow-white cow, Venus in a fish, the Cyllenian in the wings of an ibis.' So far she had sung, moving her voice to the lyre; then we, the Aonian sisters, were called on. But perhaps you have no leisure, and no time to lend your ears to our songs." "Do not hesitate: tell me your song, from beginning to end," said Pallas, and sat down in the light shade of the grove. The Muse went on: "We entrusted the whole contest to one of us. Calliope rose, her loose hair bound up with ivy, tried out the plaintive strings with her thumb, and, striking the strings, followed with this song:[10]

CERES AND PROSERPINA

Calliope sings how Dis carries off Proserpina, Ceres searches the world for her, and Jupiter divides the year.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.341	"Prima Ceres unco glaebam dimovit aratro, prima dedit fruges alimentaque mitia terris, prima dedit leges: Cereris sunt omnia munus. Illa canenda mihi est. Utinam modo dicere possem carmina digna dea: certe dea carmine digna est. Vasta giganteis ingesta est insula membris Trinacris et magnis subiectum molibus urget aetherias ausum sperare Typhoea sedes. Nititur ille quidem pugnatque resurgere saepe, dextra sed Ausonio manus est subiecta Peloro, laeva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilybaeo crura premuntur, degravat Aetna caput: sub qua resupinus harenas eiectat flammamque ferox vomit ore Typhoeus.	'Ceres was the first to turn the clod with the curved plow. She was the first to give the earth its crops and gentle foods, and the first to give laws: all things are Ceres' gift. She is the one I must sing. If only I could sing a song worthy of the goddess: the goddess is surely worthy of song. The vast island of Trinacris is heaped on the giant's limbs, and under its great mass it pins down Typhoeus, who dared to hope for a home in the heavens. He strains, it is true, and often fights to rise again, but his right hand lies pinned beneath Ausonian Pelorus, his left beneath you, Pachynus. His legs

9 Thespiae and the Hyantes (an old name for the Boeotians) belong to the region of Helicon, where Aganippe is a second spring of the Muses; Emathia is Macedonia.

10 The Delian is Apollo, born on Delos; Semele's child is Bacchus; Phoebus' sister is Diana; the Cyllenian is Mercury.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Saepe remoliri luctatur pondera terrae oppidaque et magnos devolvere corpore montes.	are crushed by Lilybaeum, and Etna weighs down his head. Beneath it, lying on his back, fierce Typhoeus hurls out sand and vomits flame from his mouth. Often he struggles to heave off the weight of the earth and to roll the towns and great mountains from his body.[11]
5.356	Inde tremit tellus, et rex pavet ipse silentum, ne pateat latoque solum retegatur hiatu inmissusque dies trepidantes terreat umbras. Hanc metuens cladem tenebrosa sede tyrannus exierat, curruque atrorum vectus equorum ambibat Siculae cautus fundamina terrae. Postquam exploratum satis est loca nulla labare, depositoque metu, videt hunc Erycina vagantem monte suo residens, natumque amplexa volucrem “arma manusque meae, mea, nate, potentia”, dixit, “illa, quibus superas omnes, cape tela, Cupido, inque dei pectus celeres molire sagittas, cui triplicis cessit fortuna novissima regni. Tu superos ipsumque Iovem tu numina ponti victa domas ipsumque, regit qui numina ponti.	So the earth trembles, and the king of the silent dead himself is afraid that the ground may split open, laid bare by a wide chasm, and that daylight may break in and terrify the trembling shades. Fearing this disaster, the lord of the dead had left his shadowy seat. Borne in a chariot drawn by black horses, he was cautiously going round the foundations of Sicily. When he had made sure that no place was giving way, he laid aside his fear. Then Erycina, seated on her own mountain, saw him wandering. She embraced her winged son and said, “My son, my arms, my hands, my power, take up those weapons, Cupid, with which you conquer everyone, and drive your swift arrows into the heart of the god who drew the last lot of the threefold kingdom. You tame the gods above and Jupiter himself; you conquer and tame the powers of the sea, and him who rules the powers of the sea.[12]
5.371	Tartara quid cessant? cur non matrisque tuumque imperium profers? agitur pars tertia mundi. Et tamen in caelo, quae iam patientia nostra est, spernimur, ac mecum vires minuuntur Amoris. Pallada nonne vides iaculatricemque Dianam abscessisse mihi? Cereris quoque filia virgo, si patiemur, erit: nam spes adfectat easdem. At tu, pro socio, siqua est ea gratia, regno iunge deam patruo.” Dixit Venus. Ille pharetram solvit et arbitrio matris de mille sagittis unam seposuit, sed qua nec acutior ulla nec minus incerta est nec quae magis audiat arcus, oppositoque genu curvavit flexile cornum inque cor hamata percussit harundine Ditem.	Why does Tartarus hold back? Why not extend your mother’s empire and your own? A third of the world is at stake. And yet even in heaven, so long-suffering have I become, we are scorned, and with me the power of Love is shrinking. Don’t you see that Pallas and Diana the javelin-thrower have withdrawn from me? Ceres’ daughter too will stay a virgin, if we allow it, for she has the same ambitions. But you, for the sake of our partnership in power, if that means anything to you, join the goddess to her uncle.” So Venus spoke. He opened his quiver and, as his mother wished, picked out one arrow from his thousand. None was sharper, none surer, none more obedient to the bow. Setting the pliant bow against his knee, he bent it and with the barbed shaft struck Dis in the heart.
5.385	Haud procul Hennaeis lacus est a moenibus altae, nomine Pergus, aquae. Non illo plura Caystros carmina cycnorum labentibus audit in undis. Silva coronat aquas cingens latus omne, suisque	Not far from the walls of Henna there is a lake of deep water called Pergus. Not even the Cayster hears more songs of swans on its gliding waters. A wood crowns the water, encircling it on every

11 Trinacris (“three-cornered”) is Sicily; Pelorus, Pachynus and Lilybaeum are its three capes.
12 Erycina is Venus, named for her famous temple on Mount Eryx in western Sicily.

LATIN	ENGLISH
frondibus ut velo Phoebeos submovet ictus. Frigora dant rami, tyrios humus umida flores: perpetuum ver est. Quo dum Proserpina luco ludit et aut violas aut candida lilia carpit, dumque puellari studio calathosque sinumque implet et aequales certat superare legendo, paene simul visa est dilectaque raptaque Diti: usque adeo est properatus amor. Dea territa maesto et matrem et comites, sed matrem saepius, ore clamat; et, ut summa vestem laniarat ab ora, conlecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis.	side, and its leaves, like an awning, keep off the blows of Phoebus. The branches give coolness, the moist ground gives purple flowers: it is always spring. In this grove Proserpina was playing, picking violets or white lilies. With girlish eagerness she was filling her baskets and the fold of her dress, trying to outdo her companions in gathering, when, almost in a single moment, she was seen, loved and carried off by Dis, so headlong was his love. The terrified goddess cried out in a grief-stricken voice for her mother and her companions, but more often for her mother. She had torn her dress from its upper edge, and the flowers she had gathered fell from her loosened tunic.
5.400 Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis, haec quoque virgineum movit iactura dolorem. Raptor agit currus et nomine quemque vocando exhortatur equos, quorum per colla iubasque excutit obscura tinctas ferrugine habenas, perque lacus altos et olentia sulphure fertur stagna Palicorum, rupta fervenu terra, et qua Bacchiadae, bimari gens orta Corintho, inter inaequales posuerunt moenia portus. Est medium Cyanes et Pisaeae Arethusae, quod coit angustis inclusum cornibus aequor. Hic fuit, a cuius stagnum quoque nomine dictum est, inter Sicelidas Cyane celeberrima nymphas.	Such was the innocence of her young years that even this loss stirred her girlish grief. Her abductor drove his chariot on, urging his horses and calling each by name, shaking over their necks and manes the reins dyed a dark rust color. He was carried past deep lakes and the pools of the Palici, which smell of sulfur and seethe up from the broken earth, and past the place where the Bacchiadae, a people sprung from Corinth between two seas, built their walls between two harbors of unequal size. Between Cyane and Pisaean Arethusa lies a stretch of sea, enclosed and narrowed between two horns of land. Here lived Cyane, the most famous of the Sicilian nymphs, and the pool too is named after her.[13]
5.413 Gurgite quae medio summa tenus exstitit alvo agnovitque deam. “Nec longius ibitis!” inquit, “non potes invitae Cereris gener esse: roganda, non rapienda fuit. Quodsi componere magnis parva mihi fas est, et me dilexit Anapis: exorata tamen, nec, ut haec, exterrita nupsi.” Dixit et in partes diversas bracchia tendens obstitit. Haud ultra tenuit Saturnius iram, terribilesque hortatus equos in gurgitis ima contortum valido sceptrum regale lacerto condidit. Icta viam tellus in Tartara fecit et pronos currus medio cratere recepit.	She rose from the middle of her pool as far as her waist and recognized the goddess. “You will go no farther!” she said. “You cannot be Ceres’ son-in-law against her will: the girl should have been asked for, not snatched. And if I may compare small things with great, Anapis loved me too. But I married him after he had courted me, not terrified like her.” She spoke, and stretching out her arms in opposite directions she blocked his way. The son of Saturn held back his anger no longer. Urging on his terrifying horses, he whirled his royal scepter with his mighty arm and plunged it into the depths of the pool. The earth, struck, opened a road to Tartarus and took the chariot as it plunged headlong into the middle of the crater.[14]
5.425 At Cyane, raptamque deam contemptaque fontis iura sui maerens, inconsolabile vulnus	But Cyane, grieving for the abducted goddess and for the rights of her spring treated with contempt,

13 The Palici were twin Sicilian gods worshiped at volcanic pools; the Bacchiadae, the old ruling clan of Corinth, founded Syracuse.

LATIN	ENGLISH
mente gerit tacita lacrimisque absumitur omnis, et quarum fuerat magnum modo numen, in illas ossa pati flexus, ungues posuisse rigorem; extenuatur aquas. Molliri membra videres, primaque de tota tenuissima quaeque liquescunt, caerulei crines digitique et crura pedesque: nam brevis in gelidas membris exilibus undas transitus est: post haec umeri tergusque latusque pectoraque in tenues abeunt evanida rivos. Denique pro vivo vitiatas sanguine venas lympha subit, restatque nihil, quod prendere possis.	carried in her silent heart a wound past all consolation. She was entirely consumed by tears, and melted away into the very waters whose great divinity she had been until a moment before. You could have seen her limbs grow soft, her bones begin to bend, her nails lose their hardness. The slenderest parts of her melted first: her dark-blue hair, her fingers, her legs and feet, for slender limbs pass quickly into cold water. After that her shoulders, back, sides and breasts vanished and passed away into thin streams. Finally, in place of living blood, water entered her weakened veins, and nothing was left that you could grasp.
5.438 Interea pavidae nequiquam filia matri omnibus est terris, omni quaesita profundo. Illam non udis veniens Aurora capillis cessantem vidit, non Hesperus. Illa duabus flammiferas pinus manibus succendit ab Aetna perque pruinosas tulit inrequieta tenebras. Rursus ubi alma dies hebetarat sidera, natam solis ab occasu solis quaerebat ad ortus. Fessa labore sitim conlegerat oraque nulli colluerant fontes; cum tectam stramine vidit forte casam parvasque fores pulsavit: at inde prodit anus divamque videt, lymphamque roganti dulce dedit, tosta quod texerat ante polenta. Dum bibit illa datum, duri puer oris et audax constitit ante deam risitque avidamque vocavit. Offensa est neque adhuc epota parte loquentem cum liquido mixta perfudit diva polenta.	Meanwhile the frightened mother searched in vain for her daughter through every land and over every sea. Neither Aurora, coming with dewy hair, saw her resting, nor Hesperus. She lit pine torches from Etna's flames, one in each hand, and carried them restlessly through the frosty darkness. And when kindly day had dimmed the stars again, she searched for her daughter from the setting of the sun to its rising. Worn out by her labors, she had grown thirsty, and no spring had wet her lips, when by chance she saw a cottage thatched with straw and knocked at its little door. An old woman came out and saw the goddess, and when she asked for water, gave her a sweet drink that she had sprinkled with roasted barley. While the goddess was drinking what she had been given, a hard-faced, impudent boy stood in front of her, laughed, and called her greedy. She was offended, and since she had not yet drunk it all, she drenched him, as he spoke, with the barley and the liquid mixed together.
5.455 Combibit os maculas, et quae modo bracchia gessit, crura gerit; cauda est mutatis addita membris; inque brevem formam, ne sit vis magna nocendi, contrahitur, parvaque minor mensura lacerta est. Mirantem flentemque et tangere monstra parantem fugit anum latebramque petit; aptumque colori nomen habet, variis stellatus corpora guttis. Quas dea per terras et quas erraverit undas, dicere longa mora est: quaerenti defuit orbis. Sicaniam repetit; dumque omnia lustrat eundo, venit et ad Cyanen. Ea ni mutata fuisset, omnia narrasset: sed et os et lingua volenti dicere non aderant, nec quo loqueretur habebat.	His face soaked up spots. The limbs that had just been arms became legs, and a tail was added to his altered body. He shrank into a small form, so that he would have no great power to do harm, smaller in size than a little lizard. The old woman marveled and wept and reached out to touch the creature, but he fled from her and looked for a hiding place. He has a name suited to his coloring, his body starred with scattered spots. To tell through what lands and over what waters the goddess wandered would take too long: the world ran out before her search did. She returned to Sicily, and

14 Anapis is a river near Syracuse.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Signa tamen manifesta dedit notamque parenti, illo forte loco delapsam in gurgite sacro, Persephones zonam summis ostendit in undis.	while she was going everywhere in turn, she came to Cyane too. If Cyane had not been changed, she would have told her everything, but though she wished to speak, she had neither mouth nor tongue, nothing to speak with. Still, she gave clear signs. On the surface of her waters she showed the mother Persephone's girdle, which she knew well, and which had happened to fall there into the sacred pool.[15]
5.471	Quam simul agnovit, tamquam tunc denique raptam scisset, inornatos laniavit diva capillos et repetita suis percussit pectora palmis. Nescit adhuc, ubi sit: terras tamen increpat omnes ingratasque vocat nec frugum munere dignas, Trinacriam ante alias, in qua vestigia damni repperit. Ergo illic saeva vertentia glaebas fregit aratra manu, parilique irata colonos ruricolasque boves leto dedit arvaque iussit fallere depositum vitiataque semina fecit. Fertilitas terrae latum vulgata per orbem falsa iacet: primis segetes moriuntur in herbis, et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber sideraque ventique nocent, avidaeque volucres semina iacta legunt; lolium tribulique fatigant triticeas messes et inexpugnabile gramen.	As soon as she recognized it, as if only then had she learned that her daughter had been carried off, the goddess tore her disheveled hair and beat her breast again and again with her palms. She did not yet know where her daughter was, yet she reproached every land, calling them ungrateful and unworthy of the gift of grain, and Trinacria above all, where she had found the traces of her loss. So there, with a savage hand, she broke the plows that turn the clods. In her anger she sent farmers and the oxen of the fields alike to their deaths, ordered the fields to betray what had been entrusted to them, and blighted the seeds. The land's fertility, famed throughout the wide world, was proved false. The crops died in their first green blades. Now too much sun, now too much rain ruined them. Stars and winds did harm, and greedy birds picked up the seed as it was sown. Darnel and thistles and unconquerable grass wore down the wheat harvests.
5.487	Tum caput Eleis Alpheias extulit undis rorantesque comas a fronte removit ad aures atque ait: "O toto quaesitae virginis orbe et frugum genetrix, inmensos siste labores neve tibi fidae violenta irascere terrae. Terra nihil meruit patuitque invita rapinae. Nec sum pro patria supplex: huc hospita veni; Pisa mihi patria est et ab Elide ducimus ortus; Sicaniam peregrina colo, sed gratior omni haec mihi terra solo est: hos nunc Arethusa penates, hanc habeo sedem: quam tu, mitissima, serva.	Then Alpheus' beloved raised her head from her Elean waters, swept her dripping hair back from her forehead to her ears, and said, "Mother of the girl sought through all the world, mother of the crops, stop your endless labors, and do not rage so violently against the earth, which is faithful to you. The earth has done nothing to deserve this; it opened unwillingly for the abduction. And I do not plead for my own country: I came here as a guest. Pisa is my homeland, and I trace my origin to Elis. I live in Sicily as a stranger, but this land is dearer to me than any other soil. Here I, Arethusa, now have my household gods, here my home: protect it, gentlest of goddesses.[16]
5.498	Mota loco cur sim tantique per aequoris undas advehar Ortygiam, veniet narratibus hora	Why I left my home and was carried over so wide a sea to Ortygia, my story will find the right time

15 The lizard's Latin name is *stellio*, from *stella*, "star." Persephone is the Greek form of Proserpina's name.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	tempestiva meis, cum tu curaque levata et vultus melioris eris. Mihi pervia tellus praebet iter, subterque imas ablata cavernas hic caput attollo desuetaque sidera cerno. Ergo dum Stygio sub terris gurgite labor, visa tua est oculis illic Proserpina nostris: illa quidem tristis neque adhuc interrita vultu, sed regina tamen, sed opaci maxima mundi, sed tamen inferni pollens matrona tyranni."	to tell, when you are relieved of your cares and look more cheerful. The earth lets me pass and gives me a road. Carried down beneath its lowest caverns, I raise my head here and see the stars I had grown unused to. So while I was gliding beneath the earth in a Stygian stream, there I saw your Proserpina with my own eyes. She was sad, it is true, and her face not yet free of fear, but a queen all the same, but the greatest in that world of shadows, but still the mighty consort of the lord of the underworld."
5.509	Mater ad auditas stupuit ceu saxea voces attonitaeque diu similis fuit. Utque dolore pulsa gravi gravis est amentia, curribus oras exit in aetherias. Ibi toto nubila vultu ante Iovem passis stetit invidiosa capillis "pro" que "meo veni supplex tibi, Iuppiter" inquit, "sanguine proque tuo. Si nulla est gratia matris, nata patrem moveat, neu sit tibi cura, precamur, vilior illius, quod nostro est edita partu. En quaesita diu tandem mihi nata reperta est, si reperire vocas amittere certius, aut si scire, ubi sit, reperire vocas. Quod rapta, feremus, dummodo reddat eam: neque enim praedone marito filia digna tua est, si iam mea filia non est."	When she heard these words, the mother was stunned as if turned to stone, and for a long time she was like one thunderstruck. When her heavy stupor had been driven out by heavy grief, she rode in her chariot out into the regions of heaven. There, her face all clouded and her hair streaming, she stood before Jupiter to reproach him and said, "Jupiter, I have come to you as a suppliant for my own flesh and blood and for yours. If the mother counts for nothing with you, let the daughter move her father, and do not, I beg you, care for her any less because I gave birth to her. See, my daughter, long sought, is found at last, if you call it finding to lose her more surely, or if you call it finding to know where she is. That she was carried off, I will bear, as long as he gives her back. For your daughter does not deserve a robber for a husband, even if she is no longer mine."
5.523	Iuppiter excepit: "Commune est pignus onusque nata mihi tecum. Sed si modo nomina rebus addere vera placet, non hoc iniuria factum, verum amor est; neque erit nobis gener ille pudori, tu modo, diva, velis. Ut desint cetera, quantum est esse Iovis fratrem! — Quid quod non cetera desunt nec cedit nisi sorte mihi? sed tanta cupido si tibi discidii est, repetet Proserpina caelum, lege tamen certa, si nullos contigit illic ore cibos; nam sic Parcarum foedere cautum est."	Jupiter replied, "Our daughter is a pledge and a burden we share, you and I. But if we are willing to give things their true names, what was done here is not an injury but love. And that son-in-law will be no disgrace to us, if only you, goddess, consent. Even if all else were lacking, what a thing it is to be Jupiter's brother! And what of the fact that nothing else is lacking, and that he yields to me only by the lot? But if you are so set on separating them, Proserpina shall return to heaven, on one fixed condition: that she has touched no food there with her lips. For so the covenant of the Fates has decreed."
5.533	Dixerat. At Cereri certum est educere natam. Non ita fata sinunt, quoniam ieiunia virgo solverat et, cultis dum simplex errat in hortis,	He had spoken. But Ceres was determined to bring her daughter out. Fate did not allow it, for the girl had broken her fast. While she was wandering in-

16 Arethusa was a spring on Ortygia, the island at Syracuse; the river Alpheus of Elis in Greece was believed to flow under the sea to mingle with it.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Poeniceum curva decerpserat arbore pomum sumptaque pallenti septem de cortice grana presserat ore suo. Solusque ex omnibus illud Ascalaphus vidit, quem quondam dicitur Orphne, inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas, ex Acheronte suo silvis peperisse sub atris: vidit et indicio reditum crudelis ademit. Ingemuit regina Erebi testemque profanam fecit avem, sparsumque caput Phlegethontide lympha in rostrum et plumas et grandia lumina vertit.	nocently in the well-tended gardens, she had plucked a pomegranate from a bending tree, taken seven seeds from its pale rind, and pressed them in her mouth. Of all there, only Ascalaphus saw it. Orphne, it is said, not the least known among the nymphs of Avernus, once bore him to her Acheron in the dark woods. He saw, and by informing on her he cruelly robbed her of her return. The queen of Erebus groaned and turned the informer into a bird of ill omen. She sprinkled his head with water from Phlegethon and changed it into a beak, feathers and great eyes.
5.546	Ille sibi ablatus fulvis amicitur in alis, inque caput crescit, longosque reflectitur ungues vixque movet natas per inertia bracchia pennas: foedaque fit volucris, venturi nuntia luctus, ignavus bubo, dirum mortalibus omen. Hic tamen indicio poenam linguaque videri commeruisse potest: vobis, Acheloides, unde pluma pedesque avium, cum virginis ora geratis? an quia, cum legeret vernos Proserpina flores, in comitum numero, doctae Sirenes, eratis? Quam postquam toto frustra quaesistis in orbe, protinus, ut vestram sentirent aequora curam, posse super fluctus alarum insistere remis optastis, facilesque deos habuistis et artus vidistis vestros subitis flavescere pennis.	Robbed of himself, he was clothed in tawny wings. His head swelled, his long nails curved back, and he could barely move the feathers that sprouted along his sluggish arms. He became a loathsome bird, the herald of coming grief, the lazy horned owl, a dire omen for mortals. He, at least, may be thought to have earned his punishment by his informing tongue. But you, daughters of Achelous, why do you have the feathers and feet of birds while you keep the faces of girls? Was it because you, the skilled Sirens, were among Proserpina's companions when she was picking spring flowers? After you had searched for her in vain over the whole world, you prayed at once that you might hover above the waves on the oars of wings, so that the seas too might feel your care. You found the gods willing, and saw your limbs suddenly turn golden with feathers.[17]
5.561	Ne tamen ille canor mulcendas natus ad aures tantaque dos oris linguae deperderet usum, virginei vultus et vox humana remansit. At medius fratrisque sui maestaeque sororis Iuppiter ex aequo volventem dividit annum. Nunc dea, regnorum numen commune duorum, cum matre est totidem, totidem cum coniuge menses. Vertitur extemplo facies et mentis et oris: nam modo quae poterat Diti quoque maesta videri, laeta deae frons est, ut sol, qui tectus aquosis nubibus ante fuit, victis e nubibus exit.	But so that your singing, born to charm the ear, and so rich a gift of voice would not lose the use of the tongue, your girls' faces and human voices remained. Jupiter, mediating between his brother and his grieving sister, divided the turning year equally. Now the goddess, a divinity shared by two kingdoms, spends as many months with her mother as with her husband. At once the look of her mind and of her face was changed. Her brow, which a moment before could have looked sad even to Dis, was joyful, like the sun that has been hidden by rain clouds and comes out from the clouds it has overcome.

17 The Sirens, daughters of the river god Achelous, were bird-women whose singing lured sailors to their deaths.

ARETHUSA

Arethusa tells how she fled the river Alpheus and became a spring that flows under the sea to Sicily.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.572	Exigit alma Ceres, nata secura recepta, quae tibi causa fugae, cur sis, Arethusa, sacer fons. Conticuere undae: quarum dea sustulit alto fonte caput viridesque manu siccata capillos fluminis Elei veteres narravit amores. "Pars ego nympharum quae sunt in Achaide" dixit, "una fui, nec me studiosius altera saltus legit nec posuit studiosius altera casses. Sed quamvis formae numquam mihi fama petita est, quamvis fortis eram, formosae nomen habebam. Nec mea me facies nimium laudata iuvabat, quaque aliae gaudere solent, ego rustica dote corporis erubui, crimenque placere putavi.	Kindly Ceres, free of care now that her daughter was restored, asked what had made you flee, Arethusa, and why you are a sacred spring. The waters fell silent. Their goddess raised her head from the deep spring, wrung her green hair dry with her hand, and told the old love affair of the river of Elis. "I was one of the nymphs who live in Achaea," she said, "and no other ranged the glades more eagerly or set her nets more eagerly. But though I never sought a reputation for beauty, and though I was strong, I was known as the beautiful one. My face, too often praised, gave me no pleasure. The bodily gift that others usually delight in made me, country girl that I was, blush, and I thought it a crime to please.
5.585	Lassa revertebar (memini) Stymphalide silva: aestus erat, magnumque labor geminaverat aestum. Invenio sine vertice aquas, sine murmure euntes, perspicuas ad humum, per quas numerabilis alte calculus omnis erat, quas tu vix ire putares. Cana salicta dabant nutritaque populus unda sponte sua natas ripis declivibus umbras. Accessi primumque pedis vestigia tinxi, poplite deinde tenus: neque eo contenta, recingor molliaque impono salici velamina curvae nudaque mergor aquis. Quas dum ferioque trahoque mille modis labens excussaque bracchia iacto, nescio quod medio sensi sub gurgite murmur territaque insisto propioris margine ripae. "Quo properas, Arethusa?" suis Alpheus ab undis,	I was coming back, tired, from the Stymphalian woods, I remember. It was hot, and my exertion had doubled the great heat. I came upon a stream flowing without an eddy, without a murmur, clear to the bottom, so that every pebble in its depths could be counted; you would hardly have thought it was moving. Silvery willows and poplars fed by its water gave shade that grew of its own accord along the sloping banks. I went up and first dipped the soles of my feet, then waded in up to my knees. Not content with that, I untied my girdle, hung my soft clothes on a bending willow, and plunged naked into the water. While I was striking it and drawing it toward me, gliding in a thousand ways and flinging out my arms, I felt some kind of murmur beneath the middle of the stream, and in terror I stepped onto the edge of the nearer bank. 'Where are you rushing, Arethusa?' Alpheus called from his waters,
5.600	"quo properas?" iterum rauco mihi dixerat ore. Sicut eram, fugio sine vestibus: altera vestes ripa meas habuit. Tanto magis instat et ardet, et quia nuda fui, sum visa paratior illi. Sic ego currebam, sic me ferus ille premebat, ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae, ut solet accipiter trepidas urgere columbas. Usque sub Orchomenon Psophidaque Cyllenenque Maenaliosque sinus gelidumque Erymanthon et Elin currere sustinui; nec me velocior ille. Sed tolerare diu cursus ego, viribus impar,	'where are you rushing?' he said to me again in his hoarse voice. Just as I was, I fled without my clothes: the other bank had them. All the more he pressed on and burned, and because I was naked, I seemed readier for him. So I ran, and so he pressed me hard in his wildness, as doves on trembling wings flee the hawk, as the hawk drives on the trembling doves. All the way to Orchomenus and Psophis and Cyllene, to the valleys of Maenalus, cold Erymanthus, and Elis, I kept up

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	non poteram: longi patiens erat ille laboris. Per tamen et campos, per opertos arbore montes, saxa quoque et rupes et qua via nulla, cucurri.	the race, and he was no faster than I. But I could not keep running for long, since I was not as strong; he could endure a long exertion. Still, across plains, over mountains covered in trees, over rocks and crags and where there was no path at all, I ran.
5.614	Sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam ante pedes umbram, nisi si timor illa videbat; sed certe sonitusque pedum terrebat et ingens crinales vittas adflabat anhelitus oris. Fessa labore fugae "fer opem, deprendimur" inquam, "armigerae, Diana, tuae, cui saepe dedisti ferre tuos arcus inclusaque tela pharetra." Mota dea est spissisque ferens e nubibus unam me super iniecit. Lustrat caligine tectam amnis et ignarus circum cava nubila quaerit. Bisque locum, quo me dea texerat inscius ambit et bis "io Arethusa io Arethusa!" vocavit. Quid mihi tunc animi miserae fuit? anne quod agnae est, siqua lupos audit circum stabula alta frementes, aut lepori, qui vepre latens hostilia cernit ora canum nullosque audet dare corpore motus?	The sun was behind me. I saw a long shadow running ahead of my feet—unless it was my fear that saw it. But certainly the sound of his feet terrified me, and his enormous panting breath was blowing on the ribbons in my hair. Worn out by the effort of my flight, I cried, 'Help me, I'm caught! Help your armor-bearer, Diana, to whom you have so often given your bow to carry and your arrows shut in their quiver.' The goddess was moved. She took one of the dense clouds and threw it over me. The river searched for me as I lay hidden in the mist, and, at a loss, looked all around the hollow cloud. Twice, not knowing, he circled the place where the goddess had hidden me, and twice he called, 'Ho, Arethusa! Ho, Arethusa!' What did I feel then, poor thing? Was it not what a lamb feels when it hears wolves howling around the high sheepfold, or a hare that, hiding in a bramble, sees the hounds' hostile jaws and dares not move a muscle?
5.630	Non tamen abscedit: neque enim vestigia cernit longius ulla pedum: servat nubemque locumque. Occupat obsessos sudor mihi frigidus artus, caeruleaeque cadunt toto de corpore guttae, quaque pedem movi, manat lacus, eque capillis ros cadit, et citius, quam nunc tibi facta renarro, in latices mutor. Sed enim cognoscit amatas amnis aquas, positoque viri, quod sumpserat, ore vertitur in proprias, ut se mihi misceat, undas. Delia rupit humum; caecisque ego mersa cavernis advehor Ortygiam, quae me cognomine divae grata meae superas eduxit prima sub auras."	Still he did not go away, for he saw no footprints farther on; he kept watch on the cloud and the place. A cold sweat seized my besieged limbs, and dark-blue drops fell from my whole body. Wherever I moved my foot, a pool flowed out, dew dripped from my hair, and faster than I can now retell it to you, I was changed into water. But the river recognized the waters he loved, laid aside the human form he had taken, and turned back into his own waters, to mingle with me. Delia split open the ground, and plunging into dark caverns I was carried to Ortygia. It is dear to me because it bears my goddess's name, and it was the first to bring me up into the air above."[18]

TRIPTOLEMUS AND LYNCUS

Ceres sends Triptolemus to spread grain; Lyncus tries to kill him and is turned into a lynx.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.642	Hac Arethusa tenus. Geminos dea fertilis angues curribus admovit frenisque coercuit ora	So far Arethusa. The goddess of plenty yoked twin serpents to her chariot, curbed their mouths with

18 Ortygia was also an old name of Delos, the birthplace of Diana (called Delia after it), and Ortygia was one of her titles.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et medium caeli terraeque per aera vecta est atque levem currum Tritonida misit in urbem Triptolemo; partimque rudi data semina iussit spargere humo, partim post tempora longa recultae. Iam super Europen sublimis et Asida terram vectus erat iuvenis; Scythicas advertitur oras. Rex ibi Lyncus erat: regis subit ille penates.	bits, and was carried through the air between heaven and earth. She sent her light chariot to Tritonia's city, to Triptolemus, and ordered him to scatter the seeds she gave him, partly on untilled ground, partly on land tilled again after a long time. Now the young man had been carried high over Europe and the land of Asia; he turned toward the shores of Scythia. The king there was Lyncus, and Triptolemus entered the king's house.[19]
5.651	Qua veniat, causamque viae nomenque rogatus et patriam, "patria est clarae mihi" dixit "Athenae, Triptolemus nomen. Veni nec puppe per undas, nec pede per terras: patuit mihi pervius aether. Dona fero Cereris latos quae sparsa per agros frugiferas messes alimentaque mitia reddant." Barbarus invidit; tantique ut muneris auctor ipse sit, hospitio recipit somnoque gravatum adgreditur ferro. Conantem figere pectus lynca Ceres fecit rursusque per aera iussit Mopsopium iuvenem sacros agitare iugales."	Asked how he had come, the reason for his journey, his name and his homeland, he said, "My homeland is famous Athens, my name Triptolemus. I came neither by ship over the waves nor on foot over the land: the air opened a path for me. I bring the gifts of Ceres, which, scattered over wide fields, will yield fruitful harvests and gentle foods." The foreigner was envious. So that he himself might be credited with so great a gift, he received him as a guest, and when he was heavy with sleep, attacked him with a sword. As he tried to pierce his breast, Ceres made him a lynx, and ordered the Mopsopian youth to drive her sacred team through the air once more.'[20]

THE PIERIDES BECOME MAGPIES

The nymphs judge the Muses the winners, and the insulting daughters of Pierus become magpies.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.662	Finierat doctos e nobis maxima cantus. At nymphae vicisse deas Helicona colentes concordi dixere sono. Convicia victae cum iacerent, "quoniam" dixit "certamine vobis supplicium meruisse parum est maledictaque culpae additis et non est patientia libera nobis, ibimus in poenas et, qua vocat ira, sequemur." Rident Emathides spernuntque minantia verba: conataeque loqui et magno clamore protervas intentare manus, pennas exire per ungues adspexere suos, operiri bracchia plumis; alteraque alterius rigido concrescere rostro ora videt volucresque novas accedere silvis. Dumque volunt plangi, per bracchia mota levatae aere pendebant, nemorum convicia, picae. Nunc quoque in alitibus facundia prisca remansit raucaque garrulitas studiumque inmane loquendi."	The greatest of us had finished her learned song. With one voice the nymphs declared that the goddesses who dwell on Helicon had won. When the defeated sisters hurled abuse at us, she said, 'Since it is not enough for you to have earned punishment by the contest, and you add insults to your offense, and our patience is not unlimited, we will proceed to punishment and follow where our anger calls.' The Emathian sisters laughed and scorned her threats. But as they tried to speak and, with loud shouts, to shake their insolent fists at us, they saw feathers sprouting through their nails and their arms being covered with plumage. Each saw another's face harden into a rigid beak, and new birds joining the woods. And as they tried to beat their breasts in grief, they were lifted by the

19 Triptolemus, a prince of Eleusis near Athens, was sent by Ceres to teach agriculture to the world.
20 "Mopsopian" means Athenian, from Mopsopia, an old name for Attica.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	motion of their arms and hung in the air: magpies, the scolds of the woods. Even now their old eloquence remains in these birds, their hoarse chattering and their enormous passion for talk.”

Book 6

Divine punishments
Arachne; Niobe; the Lycian peasants; Marsyas; Tereus, Procne and Philomela; Boreas.

ARACHNE

A Lydian weaver boasts she is better than Minerva and challenges the disguised goddess to a contest.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.1	Praebuerat dictis Tritonia talibus aures carminaque Aonidum iustamque probaverat iram. Tum secum "laudare parum est; laudemur et ipsae numina nec sperni sine poena nostra sinamus" Maeoniaeque animum fatis intendit Arachnes, quam sibi lanificae non cedere laudibus artis audierat. Non illa loco neque origine gentis clara, sed arte fuit. Pater huic Colophonius Idmon Phocaico bibulas tingebat murice lanas. Occiderat mater; sed et haec de plebe suoque aequa viro fuerat. Lydas tamen illa per urbes quaesierat studio nomen memorabile, quamvis orta domo parva parvis habitabat Hypaepis.	Tritonia had listened to this tale, and had approved the songs of the Aonian sisters and their just anger. Then she said to herself, "To praise is not enough; let us be praised ourselves, and not allow our divinity to be scorned unpunished." And she set her mind on the ruin of Maeonian Arachne, who, she had heard, would not yield to her the glory of the art of working wool. The girl was famous not for her place or her family's origins, but for her art. Her father, Idmon of Colophon, dyed the thirsty wool with Phocaean purple. Her mother had died, but she too had been of the common people, her husband's equal. Yet Arachne had won by her skill a memorable name throughout the cities of Lydia, though she was born in a small house and lived in little Hypaepa.[1]
6.14	Huius ut adspicerent opus admirabile, saepe deseruere sui nymphae vineta Timoli, deseruere suas nymphae Pactolides undas. Nec factas solum vestes spectare iuvabat; tum quoque, cum fierent: tantus decor adfuit arti. Sive rudem primos lanam glomerabat in orbes, seu digitis subigebat opus repetitaque longo vellera mollibat nebulas aequantia tractu, sive levi teretem versabat pollice fusum, seu pingebat acu, scires a Pallade doctam. Quod tamen ipsa negat, tantaque offensa magistra "certet" ait "mecum: nihil est, quod victa recusem."	To gaze at her marvelous work, the nymphs often deserted the vineyards of their own Tmolus; the nymphs of the Pactolus deserted their waters. And it was a pleasure to look not only at the finished cloth but also at the cloth as it was being made, so much grace was there in her art. Whether she was winding the raw wool into its first balls, or working the stuff with her fingers and softening the fleece, drawn out again and again in long strands until it was like clouds, or twirling the smooth spindle with a light thumb, or embroidering with the needle, you would know that Pallas had taught her. Yet she denies it, and, offended at the thought of so great a teacher, she says, "Let her compete with me: if I lose, there is nothing I would refuse."
6.26	Pallas anum simulat falsosque in tempora canos addit et infirmos, baculo quos sustinet, artus. Tum sic orsa loqui: "Non omnia grandior aetas, quae fugiamus, habet: seris venit usus ab annis.	Pallas takes the shape of an old woman: she puts false gray hair on her temples and gives herself feeble limbs, which she props on a stick. Then she

1 Arachne's name is the Greek word for "spider." Maeonia is an old name for Lydia, in western Asia Minor.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Consilium ne sperne meum. Tibi fama petatur inter mortales faciendae maxima lanae: cede deae veniamque tuis, temeraria, dictis supplice voce roga: veniam dabit illa roganti." Adspicit hanc torvis inceptaque fila relinquit, vixque manum retinens confessaque vultibus iram talibus obscuram resecuta est Pallada dictis: "Mentis inops longaque venis confecta senecta. Et nimium vixisse diu nocet. Audiat istas, siqua tibi nurus est, siqua est tibi filia, voces.	began to speak: "Not everything that comes with greater age is to be shunned: experience comes with later years. Do not scorn my advice. Aim for the greatest fame among mortals in working wool, but yield to the goddess, rash girl, and in a suppliant voice ask pardon for your words: she will grant pardon if you ask." Arachne glares at her, drops the threads she had begun, and, barely holding back her hand, her face confessing her anger, she answered the disguised Pallas with these words: "You come weak in mind and worn out by long old age. Too long a life does harm. Let your daughter-in-law, if you have one, or your daughter, if you have one, listen to talk like this.
6.40	Consilii satis est in me mihi. Neve monendo profecisse putes, eadem est sententia nobis. Cur non ipsa venit? cur haec certamina vitat?" Tum dea "venit" ait, formamque removit anilem Palladaque exhibuit. Venerantur numina nymphae Mygdonidesque nurus: sola est non territa virgo. Sed tamen erubuit, subitusque invita notavit ora rubor rursusque evanuit, ut solet aer purpureus fieri, cum primum aurora movetur, et breve post tempus candescere solis ab ortu. Perstat in incepto stolidaeque cupidine palmae in sua fata ruit: neque enim Iove nata recusat, nec monet ulterius, nec iam certamina differt.	I have advice enough of my own. And so that you don't think your warnings have done any good, my opinion is unchanged. Why doesn't she come herself? Why does she avoid this contest?" Then the goddess said, "She has come," and threw off the old woman's form and revealed Pallas. The nymphs and the Mygdonian women worship her divinity; the girl alone was not afraid. Even so she blushed: a sudden flush marked her face against her will and then faded again, as the sky turns crimson when dawn first stirs and a little later grows white at the rising of the sun. She holds to her purpose and, in her desire for a foolish victory, rushes to her doom; for Jupiter's daughter does not refuse, nor warn her any further, nor put off the contest any longer.
6.53	Haud mora, constituunt diversis partibus ambae et gracili geminas intendunt stamine telas (tela iugo iuncta est, stamen secernit harundo); inseritur medium radiis subtemen acutis, quod digiti expediunt, atque inter stamina ductum percusso paviunt insecti pectine dentes. Utraque festinant cinctaeque ad pectora vestes bracchia docta movent, studio fallente laborem. Illic et Tyrium quae purpura sensit aenum texitur et tenues parvi discriminis umbrae, qualis ab imbre solet percussis solibus arcus inficere ingenti longum curvamine caelum: in quo diversi niteant cum mille colores, transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit; usque adeo quod tangit idem est, tamen ultima distant. Illic et lentum filis inmittitur aurum et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum.	Without delay they take their places on opposite sides, and both stretch two looms with fine warp threads (the web is bound to the beam, the reed separates the warp). The weft is threaded through the middle with sharp shuttles; their fingers draw it through, and once it is led between the warp threads, the notched teeth of the comb strike and pack it down. Both of them hurry, and with their robes girded up to their breasts they move their skilled arms, their eagerness beguiling the toil. There they weave purple that has known the Tyrian vat, and delicate shades with scarcely any difference between them, as when the sun's rays are struck by a shower and the rainbow stains the long sky with its huge curve: though a thousand different colors shine in it, the passage from one to the next deceives the watching eye, so alike are the colors that touch, and yet the outermost ones

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		are far apart. There too pliant gold is worked in with the threads, and an ancient tale is spun out on the loom.
6.70	Cecropia Pallas scopulum Mavortis in arce pingit et antiquam de terrae nomine litem. Bis sex caelestes medio Iove sedibus altis augusta gravitate sedent. Sua quemque deorum inscribit facies: Iovis est regalis imago. Stare deum pelagi longoque ferire tridente aspera saxa facit, medioque e vulnere saxi exsiluisse fretum, quo pignore vindicet urbem; at sibi dat clipeum, dat acutae cuspidis hastam, dat galeam capiti, defenditur aegide pectus, percussamque sua simulat de cuspide terram edere cum bacis fetum canentis olivae mirarique deos: operis Victoria finis. Ut tamen exemplis intellegat aemula laudis, quod pretium speret pro tam furialibus ausis, quattuor in partes certamina quattuor addit, clara colore suo, brevibus distincta sigillis.	Pallas depicts the crag of Mars on Cecrops' citadel and the ancient quarrel over the naming of the land. Twice six heavenly gods sit on lofty thrones in august solemnity, with Jupiter in the middle. Each god is marked by his own features: the image of Jupiter is a king's. She shows the god of the sea standing and striking the rugged rock with his long trident, and from the middle of the wound in the rock seawater leaping out, the token by which he would claim the city. To herself she gives a shield, she gives a sharp-pointed spear, she gives a helmet for her head; her breast is guarded by the aegis; and she shows the earth, struck by her spear, bringing forth the gray-green olive with its berries, and the gods marveling. Victory crowns the work. Yet so that her rival for glory may learn from examples what reward to expect for such mad daring, she adds four contests in the four corners, bright with their own colors, picked out with small figures.[2]
6.87	Threiciam Rhodopen habet angulus unus et Haemum (nunc gelidi montes, mortalia corpora quondam !), nomina summorum sibi qui tribuere deorum. Altera Pygmaeae fatum miserabile matris pars habet: hanc Iuno victam certamine iussit esse gruem populisque suis indicere bella. Pinxit et Antigonen ausam contendere quondam cum magni consorte Iovis, quam regia Iuno in volucrem vertit; nec profuit Ilion illi Laomedonve pater, sumptis quin candida pennis ipsa sibi plaudat crepitante ciconia rostro. Qui superest solus, Cinyran habet angulus orbum; isque gradus templi, natarum membra suarum, amplectens saxoque iacens lacrimare videtur. Circuit extremas oleis pacalibus oras: is modus est, operisque sua facit arbore finem.	One corner holds Thracian Rhodope and Haemus —now icy mountains, once mortal bodies!—who took for themselves the names of the highest gods. Another part holds the pitiable fate of the Pygmy mother: Juno defeated her in a contest and ordered her to become a crane and to declare war on her own people. She also painted Antigone, who once dared to compete with the consort of great Jupiter, and whom royal Juno turned into a bird; neither Ilium nor her father Laomedon could save her from taking on feathers and, as a white stork, applauding herself with her clattering beak. The one corner left holds Cinyras, bereaved: he is embracing the steps of a temple, which were once his daughters' limbs, and lying on the stone he seems to weep. She edges the outer borders with olives of peace. That is the limit; she ends her work with her own tree.[3]
6.103	Maeonis elusam designat imagine tauri Europam: verum taurum, freta vera putares. Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas	The Maeonian girl portrays Europa, deceived by the image of a bull: you would have thought it a real bull, a real sea. Europa herself seemed to look

2 The crag of Mars is the Areopagus at Athens, whose legendary first king was Cecrops. Neptune and Minerva competed to be the city's patron, and her gift of the olive won.
3 Rhodope and Haemus, a Thracian queen and king, called themselves Juno and Jupiter.

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	et comites clamare suas tactumque vereri adsilientis aquae timidasque reducere plantas. Fecit et Asterien aquila luctante teneri, fecit olorinis Ledam recubare sub alis; addidit, ut satyri celatus imagine pulchram Iuppiter implerit gemino Nycteida fetu, Amphitryon fuerit, cum te, Tirynthia, cepit, aureus ut Danaen, Asopida luserit ignis, Mnemosynen pastor, varius Deoida serpens. Te quoque mutatum torvo, Neptune, iuvenco virgine in Aeolia posuit. Tu visus Enipeus gignis Aloidas, aries Bisaltida fallis; et te flava comas frugum mitissima mater sensit equum, sensit volucrem crinita colubris mater equi volucris, sensit delphina Melantho.	back at the land she had left, to call to her companions, to fear the touch of the leaping water, and to draw up her timid feet. She also made Asterie, held by a struggling eagle; she made Leda lying beneath a swan's wings. She added how Jupiter, hidden in the image of a satyr, filled the lovely daughter of Nycteus with twin offspring; how he was Amphitryon when he took you, woman of Tiryns; how as gold he tricked Danae, as fire the daughter of Asopus, as a shepherd Mnemosyne, as a speckled serpent Deo's daughter. You too, Neptune, she pictured, changed into a fierce bullock, with the daughter of Aeolus. Appearing as Enipeus, you father the Aloidae; as a ram you deceive Bisaltis; the golden-haired, gentlest mother of crops felt you as a horse; the snake-haired mother of the winged horse felt you as a bird; Melantho felt you as a dolphin.[4]
6.121	Omnibus his faciemque suam faciemque locorum reddidit. Est illic agrestis imagine Phoebus, utque modo accipitris pennas, modo terga leonis gesserit, ut pastor Macareida luserit Issen; Liber ut Erigonen falsa deceperit uva, ut Saturnus equo geminum Chirona crearit. Ultima pars telae, tenui circumdata limbo, nexilibus flores hederis habet intertextos. Non illud Pallas, non illud carpere Livor possit opus. Doluit successu flava virago et rupit pictas, caelestia crimina, vestes. Utque Cytoriaco radium de monte tenebat, ter quater Idmoniae frontem percussit Arachnes.	To all of these she gave their proper faces, and to the places their proper face too. There is Phoebus in the guise of a countryman, and how he wore now a hawk's feathers, now a lion's hide, and how as a shepherd he tricked Isse, daughter of Macareus; how Liber deceived Erigone with a false bunch of grapes; how Saturn, as a horse, begot the two-formed Chiron. The outermost part of the web, edged with a narrow border, has flowers woven in among twining ivy. Neither Pallas nor Envy could find fault with that work. The golden-haired warrior goddess was stung by its success and tore the embroidered cloth, with its crimes of the heavenly ones; and holding her shuttle of Cytorian wood, she struck Arachne, Idmon's daughter, on the forehead three or four times.
6.134	Non tulit infelix laqueoque animosa ligavit guttura. Pendentem Pallas miserata levavit atque ita "vive quidem, pende tamen, improba" dixit: "lexque eadem poenae, ne sis secura futuri, dicta tuo generi serisque nepotibus esto." Post ea discedens sucis Hecateidos herbae sparsit; et extemplo tristi medicamine tactae defluxere comae, cum quis et naris et aures, fitque caput minimum, toto quoque corpore parva est: in latere exiles digiti pro cruribus haerent, cetera venter habet: de quo tamen illa remittit stamen et antiquas exercet aranea telas.	The unhappy girl could not bear it, and in her pride she bound her throat with a noose. As she hung there, Pallas took pity and lifted her up, and said, "Live, then, but hang all the same, wicked girl; and so that you may not be free of care for the future, let the same law of punishment be declared for your race and for your descendants to come." Then, as she left, she sprinkled her with the juices of Hecate's herb; and at once, touched by the grim drug, her hair fell away, and with it her nose and ears; her head became tiny, her whole body small; slender fingers clung to her

4 Deo's daughter is Proserpina (Deo is a name for Ceres); the snake-haired mother of the winged horse is Medusa, mother of Pegasus.

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	sides in place of legs; the rest was belly. Yet from it she still lets out a thread and, as a spider, works at her webs as of old.

NIOBE

Niobe boasts of her fourteen children; Apollo and Diana kill them all, and she turns to weeping stone.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.146 Lydia tota fremit, Phrygiaeque per oppida facti rumor it et magnum sermonibus occupat orbem. Ante suos Niobe thalamos cognoverat illam, tum cum Maeoniam virgo Sipylumque colebat; nec tamen admonita est poena popularis Arachnes cedere caelitibus verbisque minoribus uti. Multa dabant animos: sed enim nec coniugis artes nec genus amborum magnique potentia regni sic placuere illi, quamvis ea cuncta placerent, ut sua progenies; et felicissima matrum dicta foret Niobe, si non sibi visa fuisset. Nam sata Tiresia venturi praescia Manto per medias fuerat divino concita motu vaticinata vias: "Ismenides, ite frequentes et date Latonae Latonigenisque duobus cum prece tura pia lauroque innectite crinem.	All Lydia is in an uproar; the rumor of the deed goes through the towns of Phrygia and fills the wide world with talk. Niobe had known Arachne before her marriage, when as a girl she lived in Maeonia and on Sipylus; yet she was not warned by her countrywoman's punishment to yield to the gods and use humbler words. Many things made her proud; but neither her husband's art, nor the lineage of them both, nor the power of a great kingdom pleased her as much—though all of them pleased her—as her own children; and Niobe would have been called the happiest of mothers, had she not seemed so to herself. For Manto, daughter of Tiresias, who foresaw what was to come, had gone through the middle of the streets prophesying, stirred by a divine impulse: "Women of Ismenus, go in crowds and give Latona and Latona's two children incense with devout prayer, and wreathe your hair with laurel.[5]
6.162 Ore meo Latona iubet." Paretur, et omnes Thebaides iussis sua tempora frondibus ornant turaque dant sanctis et verba precantia flammis. Ecce venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turba, vestibus intexto Phrygiis spectabilis auro, et, quantum ira sinit, formosa: movensque decoro cum capite inmissos umerum per utrumque capillos constitit; utque oculos circumtulit alta superbos, "quis furor, auditos" inquit "praeponere visis caelestes? aut cur colitur Latona per aras, numen adhuc sine ture meum est? mihi Tantalus auctor, cui licuit soli superorum tangere mensas, Pleiadum soror est genetrix mea, maximus Atlas est avus, aetherium qui fert cervicibus axem; Iuppiter alter avus socero quoque glorior illo.	Latona commands it through my mouth." They obey, and all the Theban women wreathe their brows with leaves as ordered and give incense and words of prayer to the holy flames. Look—here comes Niobe, thronged by a great crowd of attendants, striking in her Phrygian robes woven with gold, and beautiful, as far as her anger allows. Tossing her loose hair over both shoulders with a graceful movement of her head, she stopped, and, standing tall, cast her proud eyes around and said, "What madness is this, to put gods you have heard of above gods you have seen? Or why is Latona worshipped at altars, while my divinity still goes without incense? My father is Tantalus, the only one ever allowed to touch the tables of the gods above; my mother is a sister of the Pleiades; my grandfather is mighty Atlas, who carries the axis of heaven on his neck; Jupiter is my other grandfather, and I boast of him as my father-in-law too.

5 Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, was queen of Thebes and wife of Amphion, whose lyre-playing raised the city's walls.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.177	Me gentes metuunt Phrygiae, me regia Cadmi sub domina est, fidibusque mei commissa mariti moenia cum populis a meque viroque reguntur. In quamcumque domus adverti lumina partem, inmensae spectantur opes. Accedit eodem digna dea facies. Huc natas adice septem et totidem iuvenes et mox generosque nurusque. Quaerite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam, nescio quoque audete satam Titanida Coeo Latonam praeferre mihi, cui maxima quondam exiguam sedem pariturae terra negavit. Nec caelo nec humo nec aquis dea vestra recepta est: exsul erat mundi, donec miserata vagantem	The peoples of Phrygia fear me; the royal house of Cadmus is under my rule; and the walls that were joined together by my husband's lyre are ruled, with their people, by me and my husband. Wherever in my house I turn my eyes, vast riches meet the view. On top of this comes a face worthy of a goddess. Add to this seven daughters, and as many sons, and soon sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. Ask now what grounds my pride has, and dare to prefer to me Latona, the Titaness, daughter of Coeus, whoever he is—Latona, to whom the great earth once refused even a tiny place when she was about to give birth. Neither heaven nor earth nor the waters received your goddess: she was an exile from the world, until, pitying her as she wandered,
6.190	"hospita tu terris erras, ego" dixit "in undis" instabilemque locum Delos dedit. Illa duorum facta parens: uteri pars haec est septima nostri. Sum felix: quis enim neget hoc? felixque manebo: hoc quoque quis dubitet? tutam me copia fecit, Maior sum, quam cui possit Fortuna nocere, multaque ut eripiat, multo mihi plura relinquet. Excessere metum mea iam bona. Fingite demi huic aliquid populo natorum posse meorum, non tamen ad numerum redigar spoliata duorum, Latonae turbam: qua quantum distat ab orba? Ite, satis, propere ite, sacri est laurumque capillis ponite." Deponunt et sacra infecta relinquunt, quodque licet tacito venerantur murmure numen.	'You wander a stranger on land,' said Delos, 'as I do on the waves,' and gave her a place that would not stand still. She became the mother of two: that is a seventh part of what my womb has borne. I am happy—who could deny it?—and happy I shall remain—who could doubt that too? My plenty has made me safe. I am too great for Fortune to harm; though she snatch away much, she will leave me much more. My blessings are already beyond fear. Suppose some of this crowd of my children could be taken from me: even stripped, I would not be reduced to the number of two, Latona's 'crowd'—and how far is she, with that, from being childless? Go—enough of these rites—go quickly, and take the laurel from your hair." They take it off and leave the rites unfinished, and, as far as they may, worship the goddess with a silent murmur.
6.204	Indignata dea est summoque in vertice Cynthi talibus est dictis gemina cum prole locuta: "En ego vestra parens, vobis animosa creatis, et nisi Iunoni nulli cessura dearum, an dea sim dubitor perque omnia saecula cultis arceor, o nati, nisi vos succurritis, aris. Nec dolor hic solus: diro convicia facto Tantalis adiecit vosque est postponere natis ausa suis, et me, quod in ipsam reccidat, orbam, dixit et exhibuit linguam scelerata paternam." Adiectura preces erat his Latona relatis: "desine!" Phoebus ait: "poenae mora longa querella est." Dixit idem Phoebe: celerique per aera lapsu contigerant tecti Calmeida nubibus arcem.	The goddess was indignant, and on the very summit of Cynthus she spoke to her twin children with these words: "See, I, your mother, proud to have borne you, who would yield to no goddess but Juno, am now doubted whether I am a goddess at all; and unless you come to my aid, my children, I am being barred from altars that have been worshipped through all the ages. Nor is this my only grief: Tantalus' daughter has added insults to her dreadful deed, has dared to rank you below her own children, and has called me childless—may it fall back on her own head!—and, wicked woman, she has shown her father's tongue." Latona was about to add pleas to this account. "Stop!" said Phoebus. "Long complaint only delays

LATIN	ENGLISH
	the punishment." Phoebe said the same; and gliding swiftly through the air, hidden in clouds, they reached the citadel of Cadmus.[6]
Planus erat lateque patens prope moenia campus, adsiduis pulsatus equis, ubi turba rotarum duraque mollierat subiectas ungula glaebas. Pars ibi de septem genitis Amphione fortes conscendunt in equos Tyrioque rubentia suco terga premunt auroque graves moderantur habenas. E quibus Ismenus, qui matri sarcina quondam prima suae fuerat, dum certum flectit in orbem quadrupedis cursus spumantiaque ora coercet, "ei mihi!" conclamat medioque in pectore fixa tela gerit, frenisque manu moriente remissis in latus a dextro paulatim defluit armo.	Near the walls there was a level plain stretching far and wide, constantly pounded by horses, where crowds of wheels and hard hoofs had softened the clods beneath. There some of Amphion's seven sons mount their strong horses, sit astride backs red with Tyrian dye, and guide reins heavy with gold. One of them, Ismenus, who had once been the first burden his mother bore, while he is turning his horse's course in a fixed circle and reining in its foaming mouth, cries out, "Oh, no!" and carries arrows fixed in the middle of his chest; the reins slip from his dying hand, and little by little he slides sideways off the horse's right shoulder.
Proximus, audito sonitu per inane pharetrae, frena dabat Sipylus, veluti cum praescius imbris nube fugit visa pendentiaque undique rector carbasa deducit, ne qua levis effluat aura. Frena tamen dantem non evitabile telum consequitur; summaque tremens cervice sagitta haesit, et exstabat nudum de gutture ferrum. Ille, ut erat, pronus per crura admissa iubasque volvitur et calido tellurem sanguine foedat. Phaedimus infelix et aviti nominis heres Tantalus, ut solito finem imposuere labori, transierant ad opus nitidae iuvenale palaestrae; et iam contulerant arto luctantia nexu pectora pectoribus, cum tento concita nervo, sicut erant iuncti, traiecit utrumque sagitta.	The next, Sipylus, hearing the sound of a quiver through the empty air, was giving his horse free rein, as a ship's master, foreseeing rain at the sight of a cloud, runs before it and lets down all the canvas hanging around him, so that not the lightest breeze may slip away. Yet as he gives rein, the arrow that cannot be escaped overtakes him; the shaft stuck quivering in the top of his neck, and the bare iron stood out from his throat. Leaning forward as he was, he rolls down over the galloping legs and the mane, and stains the earth with his warm blood. Unhappy Phaedimus and Tantalus, heir to his grandfather's name, having finished their usual exercise, had moved on to young men's work in the gleaming wrestling ground; and they had already locked chest against chest in a tight grip, when an arrow sped from the drawn string pierced them both, joined just as they were.
Ingemuere simul, simul incurvata dolore membra solo posuere, simul suprema iacentes lumina versarunt, animam simul exhalarunt. Adspicit Alphenor laniataque pectora plangens advolat, ut gelidos complexibus adlevet artus, inque pio cadit officio: nam Delius illi intima fatifero rupit praecordia ferro. Quod simul eductum est, pars est pulmonis in hamis eruta cumque anima cruor est effusus in auras. At non intonsum simplex Damasichthona vulnus adficit. Ictus erat qua crus esse incipit et qua	Together they groaned; together they laid their bodies, bent double with pain, on the ground; together, lying there, they turned their eyes for the last time; together they breathed out their lives. Alphenor sees, and, beating his torn breast, flies to them to lift their cold limbs in his embrace, and falls in that devoted duty; for the Delian god burst open the inmost depths of his chest with death-bringing steel. When it was pulled out, part of his lung was torn out on the barbs, and with his life his blood poured out into the air. But long-haired

6 Mount Cynthus on Delos was the birthplace of Apollo and Diana. Tantalus too had offended the gods with his tongue, in some versions by betraying their secrets.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	mollia nervosus facit internodia poples. Dumque manu temptat trahere exitiabile telum, altera per iugulum pennis tenus acta sagitta est.	Damasichthon is struck by no single wound. He had been hit where the leg begins and where the sinewy back of the knee makes a soft joint; and while he tries with his hand to pull out the deadly shaft, a second arrow was driven through his throat right up to the feathers.
6.259	Expulit hanc sanguis, seque eiaculatus in altum emicat et longe terebrata prosilit aura. Ultimus Ilioneus non profectura precando bracchia sustulerat, "di" que "o communiter omnes," dixerat ignarus non omnes esse rogandos "parcite." Motus erat, cum iam revocabile telum non fuit, arquitenens. Minimo tamen occidit ille vulnere, non alte percusso corde sagitta. Fama mali populique dolor lacrimaeque suorum tam subitae matrem certam fecere ruinae, mirantem potuisse, irascentemque, quod ausi hoc essent superi, quod tantum iuris haberent. Nam pater Amphion ferro per pectus adacto finierat moriens pariter cum luce dolorem.	His blood drove it out, and, spurting high, it leaps up and shoots far, boring through the air. The last, Ilioneus, had raised his arms in a prayer that would do no good, and had said, "O all you gods together"—not knowing that not all of them needed to be asked—"spare me!" The bow-bearer was moved, when the arrow could no longer be called back. Yet he died of the slightest wound, the arrow piercing his heart not deeply. The news of the disaster, the people's grief and the tears of her own household made the mother certain of the sudden ruin: she wondered that the gods could do this, and was angry that they had dared it, that they had so much power. For Amphion, the father, driving a sword through his breast, had by dying ended his grief together with the light of life.
6.273	Heu quantum haec Niobe Niobe distabat ab illa, quae modo Latois populum submoverat aris et mediam tulerat gressus resupina per urbem, invidiosa suis, at nunc miseranda vel hosti. Corporibus gelidis incumbit et ordine nullo oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes. A quibus ad caelum liventia bracchia tollens "pascere, crudelis, nostro, Latona, dolore, pascere" ait "satiaque meo tua pectora luctu: efferor. Exsulta victrixque inimica triumpha. Cur autem victrix? miserae mihi plura supersunt, quam tibi felici: post tot quoque funera vinco."	Ah, how far this Niobe was from that Niobe who had just now driven the people from Latona's altars and carried herself, head thrown back, through the middle of the city—envied by her own people then, but now pitiable even to an enemy! She throws herself on the cold bodies and, in no order, distributes last kisses among all her sons. Raising her bruised arms from them to the sky, she said, "Feed, cruel Latona, on my grief, feed on it, and glut your heart with my mourning: I go to my own funeral. Exult, and triumph, my victorious enemy! But why victorious? In my misery I have more left than you in your happiness: even after so many deaths, I win."
6.286	Dixerat, et sonuit contento nervus ab arcu. Qui praeter Nioben unam conterruit omnes: illa malo est audax. Stabant cum vestibus atris ante toros fratrum demisso crine sorores. E quibus una trahens haerentia viscere tela imposito fratri moribunda relanguit ore: altera solari miseram conata parentem conticuit subito duplicataque vulnere tota est. Haec frustra fugiens collabitur, illa sorori inmoritur, latet haec, illam trepidare videres. Sexque datis leto diversaque vulnera passis ultima restabat. Quam toto corpore mater,	She had spoken, and the string twanged from the drawn bow. It terrified everyone except Niobe alone: misfortune has made her bold. The sisters were standing in black clothes, their hair unbound, before their brothers' biers. One of them, pulling at the arrow stuck in her body, sank down dying, her face on her brother. Another, trying to comfort her poor mother, suddenly fell silent and doubled over with a wound. This one collapses as she flees in vain; that one dies upon her sister; this one hides; that one you could see trembling. When six had been given to death, each suffering a dif-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	tota veste tegens "unam minimamque relinque de multis minimam posco" clamavit "et unam."	ferent wound, the last was left. Her mother, covering her with her whole body, her whole robe, cried out, "Leave me one, the youngest! Of so many I ask only for the youngest, and only one."
6.301	Dumque rogat, pro qua rogat, occidit. Orba resedit exanimes inter natos natasque virumque, deriguitque malis. Nullos movet aura capillos, in vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina maestis stant inmota genis, nihil est in imagine vivum. Ipsa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato congelat, et venae desistunt posse moveri; nec flecti cervix nec bracchia reddere motus nec pes ire potest; intra quoque viscera saxum est. Flet tamen. Et validi circumdata turbine venti in patriam rapta est. Ibi fixa cacumine montis liquitur, et lacrimas etiam nunc marmora manant.	And while she prays, the one she prays for dies. Bereft, she sinks down among her lifeless sons and daughters and husband, and grows rigid with her sorrows. The breeze stirs not a hair; the color in her face is bloodless; her eyes stand motionless in her grieving cheeks; there is nothing alive in her likeness. Her very tongue freezes inside against the hard roof of her mouth, and her veins lose the power to move; her neck cannot bend, her arms cannot move, her foot cannot walk; inside, too, her vitals are stone. Yet she weeps. And, wrapped in the whirl of a powerful wind, she is snatched away to her homeland. There, fixed on a mountain top, she melts away, and even now the marble trickles with tears.[7]

LATONA AND THE LYCIAN PEASANTS

Lycian peasants refuse Latona a drink of water and muddy the lake, and she turns them into frogs.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.313	Tum vero cuncti manifestam numinis iram femina virque timent cultuque impensius omnes magna gemelliparae venerantur numina divae, utque fit, a facto propiore priora renarrant. E quibus unus ait: "Lyciae quoque fertilis agris non impune deam veteres sprevere coloni. Res obscura quidem est ignobilitate virorum, mira tamen. Vidi praesens stagnumque locumque prodigio notum. Nam me iam grandior aevo impatiensque viae genitor deducere lectos iusserat inde boves gentisque illius eunti ipse ducem dederat. Cum quo dum pascua lustro, ecce lacu medio sacrorum nigra favilla ara vetus stabat tremulis circumdata cannis. Restitit et pavido "faveas mihi" murmure dixit dux meus; et simili "faveas" ego murmure dixi.	Then indeed everyone, woman and man, fears the manifest anger of the divine power, and all worship with greater zeal the great godhead of the goddess who bore twins; and, as happens, starting from this recent event they retell earlier ones. One of them says, "In the fertile fields of Lycia too, the peasants of old scorned the goddess, and not unpunished. The story is little known, since the men were of no account, but it is a marvel. I saw with my own eyes the pond and the place made famous by the wonder. For my father, by then advanced in years and unable to bear the journey, had told me to drive some choice cattle from there, and had himself given me a man of that people as a guide on my way. While I was going over the pastures with him, look: in the middle of a lake stood an old altar, black with the ash of sacrifices, surrounded by trembling reeds. My guide stopped and said in a fearful murmur, 'Be kind to me!' and in a similar murmur I said, 'Be kind!'
6.329	Naiadum Faunine foret tamen ara rogabam indigenaeve dei, cum talia rettulit hospes:	Still, I asked whether it was an altar of the Naiads, or of Faunus, or of some local god, when my guide

7 Her homeland is Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where a rock resembling a weeping woman was pointed out as Niobe.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	"Non hac, o iuvenis, montanum numen in ara est: illa suam vocat hanc, cui quondam regia coniunx orbem interdixit, quam vix erratica Delos orantem accepit, tum cum levis insula nabat. Illic incumbens cum Palladis arbore palmae edidit invita geminos Latona noverca. Hinc quoque Iunonem fugisse puerpera fertur inque suo portasse sinu, duo numina, natos. Iamque Chimaeriferae, cum sol gravis ureret arva, finibus in Lyciae longo dea fessa labore sidereo siccata sitim conlegit ab aestu, uberaque ebiberant avidi lactantia nati.	answered thus: 'No mountain divinity dwells in this altar, young man. She calls it her own to whom the royal wife once forbade the world, whom wandering Delos barely received when she begged, in the days when it floated, a light island. There, leaning on a palm and on Pallas' tree, Latona gave birth to twins, against their stepmother's will. From there too, it is said, the new mother fled from Juno, carrying her children, two divinities, at her breast. And now, in the land of Lycia that bred the Chimaera, when the heavy sun was scorching the fields, the goddess, wearied by her long labor and parched by the blazing heat of the sky, grew thirsty, and her hungry children had drained her milk-filled breasts.[8]
6.343	Forte lacum mediocris aquae prospexit in imis vallibus; agrestes illic fruticosa legebant vimina cum iuncis gratamque paludibus ulvam. Accessit positoque genu Titania terram pressit, ut hauriret gelidos potura liquores. Rustica turba vetat. Dea sic adfata vetantes: "Quid prohibetis aquis? usus communis aquarum est. Nec solem proprium natura nec aera fecit nec tenues undas: ad publica munera veni. Quae tamen ut detis, supplex peto. Non ego nostros abluere hic artus lassataque membra parabam, sed relevare sitim. Caret os umore loquentis et fauces arent, vixque est via vocis in illis.	By chance she caught sight of a lake of modest size at the bottom of a valley; country people were gathering bushy osiers there, with rushes and the sedge that marshes love. The Titaness came near and, kneeling, pressed the ground, meaning to drink the cool water. The rustic crowd forbids her. The goddess addressed those who forbade her: "Why do you keep me from the water? The use of water is common to all. Nature has made neither the sun, nor the air, nor clear water anyone's private property: I have come to share a public gift. Yet I ask you as a suppliant to give it to me. I was not preparing to wash my body and tired limbs here, only to relieve my thirst. As I speak, my mouth has no moisture, my throat is parched, and there is hardly a passage for my voice in it.
6.356	Haustus aquae mihi nectar erit, vitamque fatebor accepisse simul: vitam dederitis in unda. Hi quoque vos moveant, qui nostro bracchia tendunt parva sinu:" et casu tendebant bracchia nati. Quem non blanda deae potuissent verba movere? Hi tamen orantem perstant prohibere minasque, ni procul abscedat, conviciaque insuper addunt. Nec satis est, ipsos etiam pedibusque manuque turbavere lacus imoque e gurgite mollem huc illuc limum saltu movere maligno. Distulit ira sitim: neque enim iam filia Coei supplicat indignis nec dicere sustinet ultra verba minora dea, tollensque ad sidera palmas	A drink of water will be nectar to me, and I shall confess that I have received life along with it: you will have given me life in your water. Let these too move you, who stretch out their little arms from my breast." And, as it happened, the children were stretching out their arms. Whom could the goddess's gentle words not have moved? Yet these men persist in forbidding her as she pleads, and add threats if she does not go far away, and insults besides. Nor is that enough: they even stirred up the lake itself with their feet and hands, and kicked up the soft mud from the bottom of the pool this way and that with spiteful leaps. Anger put off her thirst; for Coeus' daughter no longer pleads with the unworthy, nor can she bear any

8 Pallas' tree is the olive. Juno, Jupiter's wife, hounded Latona because she was bearing his children.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		longer to speak words beneath a goddess; and raising her palms to the stars,
6.369	"aeternum stagno" dixit "vivatis in isto." Eveniunt optata deae: iuvat esse sub undis et modo tota cava submergere membra palude, nunc proferre caput, summo modo gurgite nare, saepe super ripam stagni consistere, saepe in gelidos resilire lacus. Sed nunc quoque turpes litibus exercent linguas pulsoque pudore, quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere temptant. Vox quoque iam rauca est, inflataque colla tumescunt, ipsaque dilatant patulos convicia rictus. Terga caput tangunt, colla intercepta videntur, spina viret, venter, pars maxima corporis, albet, limosoque novae saliunt in gurgite ranae.""	she said, "May you live forever in that pond!" The goddess's wish comes true: they love to be under the water, now to submerge their whole bodies in the hollow marsh, now to put out their heads, now to swim on the surface, often to settle on the bank of the pond, often to leap back into the cool lake. But even now they exercise their foul tongues in quarrels, and, all shame driven off, though they are under water, under water they still try to slander. Their voice too is now hoarse, their necks puff up and swell, and their very insults widen their gaping jaws. Their backs touch their heads, their necks seem to have been cut away, their spines are green, their bellies, the largest part of the body, are white, and they leap as new frogs in the muddy pool.'"[9]

MARSYAS

Apollo defeats the satyr Marsyas in music and flays him; the tears of his mourners become a river.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.382	Sic ubi nescio quis Lycia de gente virorum rettulit exitium, satyri reminiscitur alter, quem Tritoniaca Latous harundine victum adfecit poena. "Quid me mihi detrahis?" inquit: "a piget a non est" clamabat "tibia tanti." Clamanti cutis est summos direpta per artus, nec quicquam nisi vulnus erat; cruor undique manat, detectique patent nervi, trepidaeque sine ulla pelle micant venae; salientia viscera posses et perlucentes numerare in pectore fibras. Illum ruricolae, silvarum numina, fauni et satyri fratres et tunc quoque carus Olympus et nymphae flerunt, et quisquis montibus illis lanigerosque greges armentaque bucera pavit. Fertilis inmaduit madefactaque terra caducas concepit lacrimas ac venis perbibit imis; quas ubi fecit aquam, vacuas emisit in auras. Inde petens rapidum ripis declivibus aequor Marsya nomen habet, Phrygiae liquidissimus amnis.	So when someone or other had told how the men of the Lycian race were destroyed, another recalled the satyr whom Latona's son defeated on Tritonia's reed pipe and then punished. "Why are you tearing me from myself?" the satyr cried. "Oh, I repent! Oh," he kept shouting, "a pipe is not worth this much!" As he shouted, the skin was ripped from the surface of his limbs, and he was nothing but one wound. Blood flowed everywhere, his sinews lay bare and exposed, and his trembling veins pulsed with no skin to cover them; you could have counted his throbbing organs and the fibers glistening in his chest. The fauns who dwell in the countryside, spirits of the woods, wept for him, and so did his brothers the satyrs, and Olympus, dear to him even then, and the nymphs, and everyone who pastured woolly flocks and horned herds on those mountains. The fertile earth grew wet. Soaked, it took in the falling tears and drank them deep into its veins, and when it had made them into water, it sent them out into the open air. From there, seeking the swift sea between sloping banks, the clearest river in Phrygia bears the name Marsyas.[10]

9 The repeated "sub aqua, sub aqua" ("under water, under water") imitates the frogs' croaking.

PELOPS

Pelops shows the ivory shoulder the gods gave him after his father cut him up.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.401	Talibus extemplo redit ad praesentia dictis vulgus et exstinctum cum stirpe Amphiona luget. Mater in invidia est. Hanc tunc quoque dicitur unus flesse Pelops, umeroque, suas a pectore postquam deduxit vestes ebur ostendisse sinistro. Concolor hic umerus nascendi tempore dextro corporeusque fuit: manibus mox caesa paternis membra ferunt iunxisse deos; aliisque repertis, qui locus est iuguli medius summique lacerti, defuit. Impositum est non comparentis in usum partis ebur, factoque Pelops fuit integer illo.	With these words the crowd at once returned to present matters and mourned Amphion, destroyed along with his offspring. The mother bore the blame. Yet even then, they say, one person wept for her: Pelops. Drawing his robe down from his chest, he showed the ivory on his left shoulder. At the time of his birth this shoulder had been flesh, the same color as the right. Later, they say, when his father's hands had cut him to pieces, the gods joined his limbs together again. The other parts were found, but the place between the throat and the top of the upper arm was missing. Ivory was set there to serve for the part that could not be found, and by that work Pelops was made whole.[11]

TEREUS, PROCNE AND PHILOMELA

Tereus rapes his wife's sister Philomela and cuts out her tongue; the sisters take a terrible revenge.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.412	Finitimi proceres coeunt, urbesque propinquae oravere suos ire ad solacia reges, Argosque et Sparte Pelopeiadesque Mycenae et nondum torvae Calydon invisa Dianae Orchomenosque ferax et nobilis aere Corinthus Messeneque ferox Patraeque humilesque Cleonae et Nelea Pylos, neque adhuc Pittheia Troezen, quaeque urbes aliae bimari clauduntur ab Isthmo exteriusque sitae bimari spectantur ab Isthmo. Credere quis posset? solae cessastis Athenae. Obstitit officio bellum, subvectaque ponto barbara Mopsopios terrebant agmina muros. Threicius Tereus haec auxiliaribus armis fuderat et clarum vincendo nomen habebat.	The leading men of the neighboring lands gathered, and the nearby cities begged their kings to go and offer comfort: Argos and Sparta and Mycenae, city of Pelops' line; Calydon, not yet hated by grim Diana; fertile Orchomenus and Corinth, famed for its bronze; fierce Messene and Patrae and lowly Cleonae; Pylos, city of Neleus, and Troezen, not yet the city of Pittheus; and the other cities enclosed by the Isthmus between two seas, and those that lie outside it and are seen from the Isthmus between two seas. Who could believe it? You alone, Athens, held back. War stood in the way of that duty. Foreign hosts, carried over the sea, were terrifying the Mopsopian walls. Thracian Tereus had routed them with his auxiliary forces, and by his victory he had won a glorious name.[12]
6.426	Quem sibi Pandion opibusque virisque potentem et genus a magno ducentem forte Gradivo conubio Procnes iunxit. Non pronuba Iuno,	He was powerful in wealth and men, and he happened to trace his descent from great Gradivus, so Pandion bound him to himself through

10 The satyr Marsyas took up the pipe Minerva (Tritonia) had thrown away and challenged Apollo to a contest. Olympus here is his pupil, a legendary piper, not the mountain.
11 Pelops was Niobe's brother. Their father Tantalus cut him up and served him to the gods, and Ceres ate the shoulder before the crime was discovered.
12 Mopsopian means Athenian, from Mopsopus, an early king of Attica.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	non Hymenaeus adest, non illi Gratia lecto. Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas, Eumenides stravere torum, tectoque profanus incubuit bubo thalamique in culmine sedit. Hac ave coniuncti Procne Tereusque, parentes hac ave sunt facti. Gratata est scilicet illis Thracia, disque ipsi grates egere diemque, quaque data est claro Pandione nata tyranno, quaque erat ortus Itys, festum iussere vocari. Usque adeo latet utilitas. Iam tempora Titan quinque per autumnos repetiti duxerat anni, cum blandita viro Procne "si gratia" dixit	marriage with Procne. Neither Juno, patron of brides, nor Hymen, nor any Grace was present at that bed. The Eumenides held torches snatched from a funeral, the Eumenides spread the couch, and an unholy owl brooded over the house and sat on the roof of the bridal chamber. Under this omen Procne and Tereus were joined, and under this omen they became parents. Thrace congratulated them, of course, and they themselves gave thanks to the gods. They ordered that the day on which Pandion's daughter was given to the illustrious king, and the day on which Itys was born, should be called festivals. So well hidden is what is truly good for us. Now Titan had led the seasons of the circling year through five autumns, when Procne, coaxing her husband, said, "If I have found any favor[13]
6.441	"ulla mea est, vel me visendam mitte sorori, vel soror huc veniat! redituram tempore parvo promittes socero: magni mihi muneris instar germanam vidisse dabis." Iubet ille carinas in freta deduci veloque et remige portus Cecropios intrat Piraeaque litora tangit. Ut primum soceri data copia, dextera dextrae iungitur, et fausto committitur omine sermo. Coeperat adventus causam, mandata referre coniugis et celeres missae spondere recursus: ecce venit magno dives Philomela paratu, divitior forma: quales audire solemus naidas et dryadas mediis incedere silvis, si modo des illis cultus similesque paratus.	with you, either send me to visit my sister, or let my sister come here! You can promise your father-in-law that she will return in a short time. Letting me see my sister will be as good as a great gift to me." He ordered ships to be launched into the sea, and with sail and oar he entered the Cecropian harbor and touched the shores of Piraeus. As soon as he was admitted to his father-in-law, right hand was joined to right, and they began to talk under a favorable omen. He had started to explain the reason for his coming, to relay his wife's request and to promise that her sister, if sent, would quickly return. Then, look, Philomela came in, rich in grand attire and richer still in beauty, like the naiads and dryads we hear of walking in the depths of the woods, if only you were to give them such dress and adornment.
6.455	Non secus exarsit conspecta virgine Tereus, quam siquis canis ignem supponat aristis, aut frondem positasque cremet faenilibus herbas. Digna quidem facies: sed et hunc innata libido exstimulat, pronumque genus regionibus illis in venerem est: flagrat vitio gentisque suoque. Impetus est illi comitum corrumpere curam nutricisque fidem, nec non ingentibus ipsam sollicitare datis totumque impendere regnum, aut rapere et saevo raptam defendere bello—, et nihil est quod non effreno captus amore ausit nec capiunt inclusas pectora flammas.	At the sight of the girl Tereus blazed up, just as if someone set fire beneath whitening ears of grain, or burned leaves and hay stored in a loft. Her face indeed deserved it. But an inborn lust also goaded him, and the people of those regions are prone to desire: he burned with his nation's vice and his own. His impulse was to corrupt the vigilance of her attendants and the loyalty of her nurse, and even to tempt the girl herself with huge gifts and spend his whole kingdom on her, or else to seize her and defend his prize with savage war. There was nothing he would not have dared, gripped by unbridled love, and his breast could not contain

13 Gradivus is a title of Mars. The Eumenides are the Furies.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Iamque moras male fert cupidoque revertitur ore ad mandata Procnes, et agit sua vota sub illa.	the flames shut inside it. Now he could hardly bear delay. With eager lips he returned to Procne's request, and under cover of her wishes he pursued his own.
6.469	Facundum faciebat amor: quotiensque rogabat ulterius iusto Procnen ita velle ferebat. Addidit et lacrimas, tamquam mandasset et illas. Pro superi, quantum mortalia pectora caecae noctis habent! ipso sceleris molimine Tereus creditur esse pius laudemque a crimine sumit. Quid quod idem Philomela cupit patriosque lacertis blanda tenens umeros, ut eat visura sororem, perque suam contraque suam petit ipsa salutem. Spectat eam Tereus praecontrectatque videndo osculaque et collo circumdata bracchia cernens omnia pro stimulis facibusque ciboque furoris accipit; et quotiens amplectitur illa parentem, esse parens vellet: neque enim minus impius esset.	Love made him eloquent. Whenever he pressed further than was proper, he said that Procne wanted it so. He added tears as well, as though she had asked for those too. O gods above, how much blind night mortal hearts contain! Through the very contriving of his crime Tereus was thought devoted, and he won praise from his wickedness. What of the fact that Philomela wanted the same thing? Coaxingly she held her father's shoulders in her arms and begged to go and see her sister, pleading by her own welfare against her own welfare. Tereus watched her, and in watching he already fondled her. Seeing her kisses and her arms around her father's neck, he took it all as goads and torches and fuel for his frenzy. Whenever she embraced her father, he wished he were her father, and he would have been no less wicked for that.
6.483	Vincitur ambarum genitor prece. Gaudet agitque illa patri grates et successisse duabus id putat infelix, quod erit lugubre duabus. Iam labor exiguus Phoebo restabat, equique pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi: regales epulae mensis et Bacchus in auro ponitur; hinc placido dantur sua corpora somno. At rex Odrysius, quamvis secessit, in illa aestuat, et, repetens faciem motusque manusque, qualia vult fingit quae nondum vidit, et ignes ipse suos nutrit, cura removente soporem. Lux erat, et generi dextram complexus euntis Pandion comitem lacrimis commendat obortis:	Their father was won over by the pleas of both. She rejoiced and thanked her father, and, unhappy girl, she thought it a success for both of them, though it would bring grief to both. Now only a little toil remained for Phoebus, and his horses were beating the downward slope of Olympus with their hooves. A royal feast was set on the tables, with Bacchus in gold, and then they gave their bodies to peaceful sleep. But the Odrysian king, though he had retired, burned for her. Recalling her face, her movements, her hands, he pictured as he wished what he had not yet seen. He fed his own fires, and longing kept sleep away. It was daylight, and Pandion, clasping the right hand of his departing son-in-law, entrusted his companion to him as tears welled up:
6.496	"Hanc ego, care gener, quoniam pia causa coegit et voluere ambae, voluisti tu quoque, Tereu, do tibi, perque fidem cognataque pectora supplex, per superos oro, patrio ut tuearis amore et mihi sollicitae lenimen dulce senectae quam primum (omnis erit nobis mora longa) remittas. Tu quoque quam primum (satis est procul esse sororem) si pietas ulla est, ad me, Philomela, redito." Mandabat pariterque suae dabat oscula natae, et lacrimae mites inter mandata cadebant. Utque fide pignus dextras utriusque poposcit	"Dear son-in-law, since a loving duty has compelled me, and both of them have wished it, and you too have wished it, Tereus, I give her to you. As a suppliant I beg you, by your good faith and our kindred hearts, and by the gods above, to protect her with a father's love, and to send this sweet comfort of my anxious old age back to me as soon as possible. Every delay will be long for me. And you too, Philomela, if you have any devotion, come back to me as soon as possible. It is enough

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	inter seque datas iunxit natamque nepotemque absentes pro se memori rogat ore salutent; supremumque vale pleno singultibus ore vix dixit timuitque suae praesagia mentis.	that your sister is far away." So he charged them, and as he did he kissed his daughter, and gentle tears fell among his instructions. As a pledge of good faith he asked for the right hands of both, joined them as they were given to each other, and asked them to remember to greet his absent daughter and grandson for him. With his mouth full of sobs he could barely say his final farewell, and he feared what his mind foreboded.
6.511	Ut semel imposita est pictae Philomela carinae, admotumque fretum remis tellusque repulsa est, "vicimus" exclamat, "mecum mea vota feruntur" exsultatque et vix animo sua gaudia differt barbarus et nusquam lumen detorquet ab illa, non aliter, quam cum pedibus praedator obuncis deposuit nido leporem Iovis ales in alto: nulla fuga est capto, spectat sua praemia raptor. Iamque iter effectum, iamque in sua litora fessis puppibus exierant, cum rex Pandione natam in stabula alta trahit, silvis obscura vetustis, atque ibi pallentem trepidamque et cuncta timentem et iam cum lacrimis, ubi sit germana, rogantem includit: fassusque nefas et virginem et unam vi superat frustra clamato saepe parente, saepe sorore sua, magnis super omnia divis.	As soon as Philomela was placed on board the painted ship, the sea was driven by the oars and the land pushed back. "I have won!" he cried. "What I prayed for is carried with me!" The savage exulted, scarcely able to put off his pleasure, and never turned his eyes from her. So it is when Jupiter's bird, the predator, has set a hare down in its high nest with hooked talons: there is no escape for the captive, and the robber gazes at his prize. Now the journey was done, and they had disembarked from the weary ships onto their own shores, when the king dragged Pandion's daughter into a high-walled lodge hidden in ancient woods. There, pale and trembling and fearing everything, and already asking in tears where her sister was, he shut her in. Openly declaring his crime, he raped her by force, a virgin and alone, while again and again she cried in vain to her father, often to her sister, and above all to the great gods.
6.527	Illa tremit velut agna pavens, quae saucia cani ore excussa lupi nondum sibi tuta videtur, utque columba suo madefactis sanguine plumis horret adhuc avidosque timet, quibus haeserat, ungues. Mox ubi mens rediit, passos laniata capillos, lugenti similis, caesis plangore lacertis, intendens palmas "o diris barbare factis, o crudelis" ait "nec te mandata parentis cum lacrimis movere piis nec cura sororis nec mea virginitas nec coniugialia iura! Omnia turbasti: paelex ego facta sororis, tu geminus coniunx, hostis mihi debita Procne.	She trembled like a frightened lamb that, wounded and shaken loose from the jaws of a gray wolf, does not yet believe itself safe, or like a dove, its feathers soaked with its own blood, that still shudders and fears the greedy talons that held it. Soon, when her mind returned, she tore her loosened hair like a mourner, beat her arms in lamentation, and stretched out her hands. "O savage, with your dreadful deeds," she said, "O cruel one! Neither my father's charges, given with loving tears, moved you, nor care for my sister, nor my virginity, nor the laws of marriage! You have confounded everything. I have been made my sister's rival, you are a husband to two, and Procne must now be my enemy.
6.539	Quin animam hanc, ne quod facinus tibi, perfide, restet, eripis? atque utinam fecisses ante nefandos concubitus vacuas habuissem criminis umbras. Si tamen haec superi cernunt, si numina divum sunt aliquid, si non perierunt omnia mecum, quandocumque mihi poenas dabis. Ipsa pudore	Why not tear out this life too, traitor, so that no crime is left for you to commit? I wish you had done it before that unspeakable coupling; then my shade would have been free of guilt. Yet if the gods above see these things, if the powers of the gods

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	proiecto tua facta loquar. Si copia detur, in populos veniam; si silvis clausa tenebor, implebo silvas et conscia saxa movebo: audiet haec aether, et si deus ullus in illo est."	mean anything, if everything has not perished with me, someday you will pay me the penalty. I myself will cast shame aside and tell what you have done. If I am given the chance, I will go among the people. If I am kept shut up in the woods, I will fill the woods with it and move the rocks that witnessed it. The upper air will hear this, and any god there may be in it."
6.549	Talibus ira feri postquam commota tyranni nec minor hac metus est, causa stimulatus utraque quo fuit accinctus, vagina liberat ensem arreptamque coma flexis post terga lacertis vincla pati cogit. Iugulum Philomela parabat spemque suae mortis viso conceperat ense: ille indignantem et nomen patris usque vocantem luctantemque loqui comprensam forcipe linguam abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguae, ipsa iacet terraeque tremens inmurmurat atrae; utque salire solet mutilatae cauda colubrae, palpitat et moriens dominae vestigia quaerit. Hoc quoque post facinus (vix ausim credere) fertur saepe sua lacerum repetisse libidine corpus.	Such words stirred the brutal tyrant's anger, and no less his fear. Goaded by both, he freed from its sheath the sword he wore at his side, seized her by the hair, bent her arms behind her back, and forced her to endure chains. Philomela was offering her throat; at the sight of the sword she had conceived the hope of dying. But as her tongue protested and kept calling her father's name and struggled to speak, he gripped it with pincers and cut it out with his savage sword. The last stump of the tongue's root quivered, while the tongue itself lay trembling and murmuring on the black earth. As the tail of a mutilated snake will leap, it writhed and, dying, sought its mistress's feet. Even after this crime—I would hardly dare believe it—he is said to have gone back again and again in his lust to her mangled body.
6.563	Sustinet ad Procnen post talia facta reverti. Coniuge quae viso germanam quaerit: at ille dat gemitus fictos commentaque funera narrat, et lacrimae fecere fidem. Velamima Procne deripit ex umeris auro fulgentia lato induiturque atras vestes et inane sepulcrum constituit falsisque piacula manibus infert et luget non sic lugendae fata sororis. Signa deus bis sex acto lustraverat anno. Quid faciat Philomela? fugam custodia claudit, structa rigent solido stabulorum moenia saxo, os mutum facti caret indice. Grande doloris ingenium est, miserisque venit sollertia rebus.	After such deeds he brought himself to return to Procne. When she saw her husband she asked for her sister, but he gave false groans and told a made-up story of her death, and his tears won belief. Procne tore from her shoulders the robe that gleamed with broad bands of gold. She put on black clothing, built an empty tomb, brought offerings of atonement to spirits that were not there, and mourned the fate of a sister who should not have been mourned like this. The god had passed through the twice six signs, and a year was over. What was Philomela to do? A guard blocked escape, the walls of the lodge stood rigid, built of solid stone, and her mute mouth had no way to reveal the deed. But grief is greatly inventive, and resourcefulness comes in misery.
6.576	Stamina barbarica suspendit callida tela purpureasque notas filis intexuit albis, indicium sceleris; perfectaque tradidit uni, utque ferat dominae gestu rogat: illa rogata pertulit ad Procnen, nec scit, quid tradat in illis. Evolvit vestes saevi matrona tyranni fortunaeque suae carmen miserabile legit	Cunningly she hung the warp on a foreign loom and wove purple signs into the white threads, a disclosure of the crime. When it was finished she gave it to a single serving woman and asked her by gestures to take it to her mistress. Asked, the woman carried it to Procne, not knowing what she was handing over in it. The savage tyrant's wife

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et (mirum potuisse) silet. Dolor ora repressit, verbaque quaerenti satis indignantia linguae defuerunt; nec flere vacat, sed fasque nefasque confusura ruit, poenaeque in imagine tota est.	unrolled the cloth, read the pitiful poem of her own fortune, and—astonishing that she could—was silent. Grief pressed her lips shut, and words indignant enough failed the tongue that searched for them. There was no time for tears: she rushed ahead, ready to confound right and wrong, wholly absorbed in the image of revenge.
6.587	Tempus erat, quo sacra solent trieterica Bacchi Sithoniae celebrare nurus: nox conscia sacris. Nocte sonat Rhodope tinnitibus aeris acuti, nocte sua est egressa domo regina deique ritibus instruitur furialiaque accipit arma. Vite caput tegitur, lateri cervina sinistro vellera dependent, umero levis incubat hasta. Concita per silvas turba comitante suarum terribilis Procne furiisque agitata doloris, Bacche, tuas simulat. Venit ad stabula avia tandem exululatque euhoeque sonat portasque refringit germanamque rapit; raptaeque insignia Bacchi induit et vultus hederarum frondibus abdit attonitamque trahens intra sua moenia ducit.	It was the time when the Sithonian women celebrate the rites of Bacchus held every other year; night is the accomplice of those rites. By night Rhodope rang with the clash of shrill bronze, and by night the queen left her house, equipped herself for the god's rites, and took up the weapons of frenzy. Her head was covered with vine leaves, deerskins hung from her left side, and a light spear rested on her shoulder. Rushing through the woods with a crowd of her women around her, terrible Procne, driven by the frenzy of grief, feigned your frenzy, Bacchus. At last she came to the remote lodge. Howling and crying "Euhoe!" she broke down the doors and seized her sister. She dressed her captive in the trappings of Bacchus, hid her face with ivy leaves, and, dragging her along in a daze, led her within her own walls.
6.601	Ut sensit tetigisse domum Philomela nefandam, horruit infelix totoque expalluit ore. Nacta locum Procne sacrorum pignera demit oraque develat miserae pudibunda sororis amplexumque petit. Sed non attollere contra sustinet haec oculos, paelex sibi visa sororis, deiectoque in humum vultu iurare volenti testarique deos, per vim sibi dedecus illud illatum, pro voce manus fuit. Ardet et iram non capit ipsa suam Procne; fletumque sororis corripiens "non est lacrimis hoc" inquit "agendum, sed ferro, sed si quid habes, quod vincere ferrum possit. In omne nefas ego me, germana, paravi.	When Philomela realized she had reached that unspeakable house, the unhappy girl shuddered and her whole face went pale. Finding a suitable place, Procne removed the emblems of the rites, uncovered the shamed face of her wretched sister, and tried to embrace her. But Philomela could not bring herself to raise her eyes in return, for she saw herself as her sister's rival. With her face cast down to the ground, she wanted to swear and call the gods to witness that this disgrace had been forced on her, and her hand served her for a voice. Procne burned, unable to contain her own anger. Cutting short her sister's weeping, she said, "This is no matter for tears, but for steel, or for anything you have that can outdo steel. I have prepared myself, sister, for every crime.
6.614	Aut ego, cum facibus regalia tecta cremabo, artificem mediis inmittam Terea flammis, aut linguam, aut oculos et quae tibi membra pudorem abstulerunt, ferro rapiam, aut per vulnera mille sontem animam expellam. Magnum quodcumque paravi: quid sit, adhuc dubito." Peragit dum talia Procne, ad matrem veniebat Itys. Quid possit, ab illo admonita est: oculisque tuens inmitibus "a quam	Either I will set the royal palace ablaze with torches and hurl Tereus, the author of all this, into the middle of the flames, or I will tear out with steel his tongue, or his eyes, or the parts that robbed you of your honor, or I will drive his guilty soul out through a thousand wounds. I have prepared something great; what it is, I am not yet sure." While Procne was saying such things, Itys

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	es similis patri" dixit. Nec plura locuta triste parat facinus tacitaque exaestuat ira.	came to his mother. He reminded her of what she could do. Gazing at him with pitiless eyes, she said, "Ah, how like your father you are!" She said no more, but began preparing the grim crime, seething with silent anger.
6.624	Ut tamen accessit natus matrique salutem attulit et parvis adduxit colla lacertis mixtaque blanditiis puerilibus oscula iunxit, mota quidem est genetrix infractaque constitit ira invitique oculi lacrimis maduere coactis: sed simul ex nimia mentem pietate labare sensit, ab hoc iterum est ad vultus versa sororis inque vicem spectans ambos "cur admovet" inquit "alter blanditias, rapta silet altera lingua? Quam vocat hic matrem, cur non vocat illa sororem? Cui sis nupta, vide, Pandione nata, marito. Degeneras: scelus est pietas in coniuge Tereo."	Yet when her son came up and greeted his mother, drew her neck down with his little arms, and mixed kisses with childish caresses, the mother was indeed moved. Her anger broke and halted, and her unwilling eyes grew wet with tears forced from them. But as soon as she felt her mind wavering from too much devotion, she turned from him back to her sister's face. Looking at each in turn, she said, "Why does one bring me caresses, while the other is silent, her tongue torn out? He calls me mother; why can she not call me sister? Look what husband you have married, daughter of Pandion! You are unworthy of your blood. Devotion to a husband like Tereus is a crime."
6.636	Nec mora, traxit Ityn, veluti Gangetica cervae lactentem fetum per silvas tigris opacas. Utque domus altae partem tenuere remotam, tendentemque manus et iam sua fata videntem et "mater, mater" clamantem et colla petentem ense ferit Procne, lateri qua pectus adhaeret, nec vultum vertit. Satis illi ad fata vel unum vulnus erat: iugulum ferro Philomela resolvit. Vivaque adhuc animaeque aliquid retinentia membra dilaniant. Pars inde cavis exsultat aenis, pars veribus stridunt: manant penetralia tabo.	Without delay she dragged Itys off, as a tigress of the Ganges drags a doe's suckling fawn through the dark woods. When they reached a remote part of the lofty house, he stretched out his hands, already seeing his fate, and cried "Mother, mother!" and reached for her neck. Procne struck him with a sword where chest meets side, and did not turn her face away. Even that one wound was enough to kill him, but Philomela cut open his throat with the steel. They tore apart the limbs while they were still alive and held some breath. Then part of them bubbled in hollow bronze cauldrons, part hissed on spits, and the inner rooms dripped with gore.
6.647	His adhibet coniunx ignarum Terea mensis et patrii moris sacrum mentita, quod uni fas sit adire viro, comites famulosque removit. Ipse sedens solio Tereus sublimis avito vescitur inque suam sua viscera congerit alvum. Tantaque nox animi est, "Ityn huc accersite" dixit. Dissimulare nequit crudelia gaudia Procne, iamque suae cupiens exsistere nuntia cladis, "intus habes, quem poscis" ait. Circumspicit ille atque ubi sit quaerit. Quaerenti iterumque vocanti, sicut erat sparsis furiali caede capillis, prosiluit Ityosque caput Philomela cruentum misit in ora patris: nec tempore maluit ullo posse loqui et mentis testari gaudia dictis.	To this feast the wife invited Tereus, who knew nothing. Pretending it was a sacred rite of her ancestral custom, which only the husband may attend, she sent away companions and servants. Tereus himself, sitting high on his ancestral throne, ate, stuffing his own flesh and blood into his belly. So deep is the night of his mind that he said, "Fetch Itys here!" Procne could not hide her cruel joy. Eager now to be the messenger of her own calamity, she said, "The one you ask for, you have inside." He looked around and asked where. As he asked and called again, Philomela leapt out, just as she was, her hair spattered from the frenzied slaughter, and threw Itys' bloody head into

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		his father's face. Never did she more wish she could speak and declare her joy in words.
6.661	Thracius ingenti mensas clamore repellit vipereasque ciet Stygia de valle sorores; et modo, si posset reserato pectore diras egerere inde dapes inmersaque viscera gestit, flet modo seque vocat bustum miserabile nati, nunc sequitur nudo genitas Pandione ferro. Corpora Cecropidum pennis pendere putares: pendebant pennis. Quarum petit altera silvas, altera tecta subit; neque adhuc de pectore caedis excessere notae, signataque sanguine pluma est. Ille dolore suo poenaeque cupidine velox vertitur in volucrem, cui stant in vertice cristae; prominet inmodicum pro longa cuspide rostrum: nomen epops volucri, facies armata videtur.	The Thracian thrust back the tables with a huge shout and summoned the viper sisters from the valley of the Styx. Now he longed, if only he could, to split open his chest and drag out the dreadful feast and the flesh sunk inside him; now he wept and called himself his son's pitiable tomb; now he pursued the daughters of Pandion with drawn sword. You would have thought the Cecropian women's bodies were hanging on wings: they were hanging on wings. One of them made for the woods, the other went under roofs. Even now the marks of the slaughter have not left her breast, and her feathers are stamped with blood. He, swift with grief and the desire for revenge, was turned into a bird with a crest standing on its head. An enormous beak juts out in place of a long spear point. The bird's name is the epops [hoopoe], and it looks armed for battle.[14]

BOREAS AND ORITHYIA

Refused Orithyia's hand, the North Wind carries her off to Thrace, where she bears winged twins.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.675	Hic dolor ante diem longaeque extrema senectae tempora Tartareas Pandiona misit ad umbras. Sceptra loci rerumque capit moderamen Erechtheus, iustitia dubium validisne potentior armis. Quattuor ille quidem iuvenes totidemque crearat femineae sortis: sed erat par forma duarum. E quibus Aeolides Cephalus te coniuge felix, Procri, fuit; Boreae Tereus Thracesque nocebant, dilectaque diu caruit deus Orithyia, dum rogat et precibus mavult quam viribus uti. Ast ubi blanditiis agitur nihil, horridus ira, quae solita est illi nimiumque domestica vento, "et merito!" dixit: "quid enim mea tela reliqui, saevitiam et vires iramque animosque minaces, admovique preces, quarum me dedecet usus?	This grief sent Pandion down to the shades of Tartarus before his time, before the last days of a long old age. Erechtheus took the scepter of the land and the governing of affairs, and no one could say whether he was more powerful in justice or in strong arms. He had fathered four sons and as many daughters, and two of the daughters were equal in beauty. Of these, Procris, you were the wife who made Cephalus, son of Aeolus, happy. But Tereus and the Thracians harmed Boreas' suit, and the god was long denied his beloved Orithyia, while he kept asking and preferred prayers to force. When coaxing achieved nothing, bristling with anger, which is usual for that wind and all too familiar, he said, "And rightly so! Why did I give up my weapons—savagery and strength, anger and threatening passion—and turn to prayers, which disgrace me?[15]
6.690	Apta mihi vis est: vi tristia nubila pello, vi freta concutio nodosaque robora verto	Force suits me. By force I drive away gloomy clouds, by force I shake the seas and overturn

14 Ovid does not say which sister became which bird; in Latin tradition Philomela usually became the nightingale and Procne the swallow.

15 Boreas, the North Wind, was said to make his home in Thrace.

LATIN	ENGLISH
induroque nives et terras grandine pulso. Idem ego cum fratres caelo sum nactus aperto (nam mihi campus is est), tanto molimine luctor, ut medius nostris concursibus insonet aether exsiliantque cavis elisi nubibus ignes. Idem ego cum subii convexa foramina terrae supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis, sollicito manes totumque tremoribus orbem. Hac ope debueram thalamos petiisse, socerque non orandus erat, vi sed faciendus Erechtheus." Haec Boreas aut his non inferiora locutus excussit pennas: quarum iactatibus omnis adflata est tellus latumque perhorruit aequor.	knotted oaks, harden the snows and pelt the earth with hail. I too, when I meet my brothers in the open sky—for that is my field—wrestle with such effort that the middle air resounds with our clashes and fires leap out, struck from the hollow clouds. I too, when I have entered the vaulted hollows of the earth and fiercely set my back beneath the deepest caverns, trouble the ghosts and the whole world with tremors. By this means I should have sought a marriage. Erechtheus should not have been begged to be my father-in-law, but made one by force." Having said this, or words no weaker, Boreas shook out his wings. Their beating blew over the whole earth, and the wide sea shuddered.
6.705 Pulvereamque trahens per summa cacumina pallam verrit humum pavidamque metu caligine tectus Orithyian amans fulvis amplectitur alis. Dum volat, arserunt agitati fortius ignes. Nec prius aerii cursus suppressit habenas, quam Ciconum tenuit populos et moenia raptor. Illic et gelidi coniunx Actaea tyranni et genetrix facta est, partus enixa gemellos, cetera qui matris, pennas genitoris haberent. Non tamen has una memorant cum corpore natas, barbaque dum rutilis aberat subnixa capillis, implumes Calaisque puer Zetesque fuerunt. Mox pariter pennae ritu coepere volucrum cingere utrumque latus, pariter flavescere malae. Ergo ubi concessit tempus puerile iuventae, vellera cum Minyis nitido radiantia villo per mare non notum prima petiere carina.	Trailing his dusty cloak over the highest peaks, he swept the ground, and, wrapped in darkness, the lover clasped Orithyia, trembling with fear, in his tawny wings. As he flew, the fires he fanned burned more fiercely. Her abductor did not rein in his airy course until he reached the peoples and walls of the Cicones. There the Athenian girl became the wife of the frozen king, and a mother too, giving birth to twin sons who had their mother's other features and their father's wings. Yet they say these wings were not born with their bodies. As long as there was no beard beneath their red-gold hair, the boys Calais and Zetes were featherless. Soon, at the same time, wings began to cover both their sides like birds', and at the same time their cheeks turned golden. So when boyhood gave way to youth, they sailed with the Minyans across an unknown sea in the first ship, to seek the fleece shining with its gleaming wool.[16]

16 The Minyans are the Argonauts, who sailed with Jason in the Argo, said to be the first ship ever built.

Book 7

Medea; Cephalus
Jason and Medea; Aeson made young; Theseus; the plague at Aegina; Cephalus and Procris.

JASON AND MEDEA

Medea falls in love with Jason and uses her magic to help him win the Golden Fleece.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.1	Iamque fretum Minyae Pagasaea puppe secabant, perpetuaque trahens inopem sub nocte senectam Phineus visus erat, iuvenesque Aquilone creati virgineas volucres miseri senis ore fugarant, multaque perpessi claro sub Iasone tandem contigerant rapidas limosi Phasidos undas. Dumque adeunt regem Phrixeaque vellera poscunt lexque datur Minyis magnorum horrenda laborum, concipit interea validos Aeetias ignes et luctata diu, postquam ratione furorem vincere non poterat, "frustra Medea, repugnas: nescio quis deus obstat" ait; "mirumque, nisi hoc est, aut aliquid certe simile huic, quod amare vocatur.	And now the Minyans were cutting through the sea in the ship from Pagasae. They had seen Phineus, dragging out a destitute old age in unending night, and the young sons of the North Wind had chased the girl-faced birds away from the wretched old man's mouth. After enduring much under the famous Jason, they had at last reached the swift waters of the muddy Phasis. While they approached the king and demanded the fleece of Phrixus, and the Minyans were given terrible terms and enormous labors, Aeetes' daughter meanwhile conceived a powerful fire. She struggled long, and when reason could not conquer her frenzy, she said: "It is useless to resist, Medea: some god or other stands in your way. It would be a wonder if this, or something very like it, were not what they call love.[1]
7.14	Nam cur iussa patris nimium mihi dura videntur? Sunt quoque dura nimis. Cur, quem modo denique vidi, ne pereat, timeo? quae tanti causa timoris? Excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammas, si potes, infelix! — Si possem, sanior essem. Sed trahit invitam nova vis, aliudque cupido, mens aliud suadet. Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor. Quid in hospite, regia virgo, ureris et thalamos alieni concipis orbis? Haec quoque terra potest, quod ames, dare. Vivat an ille occidat, in dis est. Vivat tamen! idque precari vel sine amore licet: quid enim commisit Iason?	For why do my father's orders seem too harsh to me? They are indeed too harsh. Why am I afraid that a man I have only just seen may die? What is the cause of such great fear? Shake the flames kindled in your virgin heart out of it, if you can, unhappy girl!—If I could, I would be saner. But a strange new force drags me against my will: desire urges one thing, reason another. I see the better course and approve it; I follow the worse. Why, princess, do you burn for a stranger and dream of marriage in a foreign world? This land too can give you someone to love. Whether he lives or dies is up to the gods. Still, let him live! I may pray for that even without love: for what wrong has Jason done?
7.26	Quem, nisi crudelem, non tangat Iasonis aetas et genus et virtus? Quem non, ut cetera desint,	Who but a cruel heart would not be touched by Jason's youth, his birth, his courage? Even if all

1 The Minyans are the Argonauts, Jason's crew. Phineus was a blind king tormented by the Harpies until Calais and Zetes drove them off.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ore movere potest? Certe mea pectora movit. At nisi opem tulero, taurorum adflabitur ore concurretque suae segeti, tellure creatis hostibus, aut avido dabitur fera praeda draconi. Hoc ego si patiar, tum me de tigride natam, tum ferrum et scopulos gestare in corde fatebor. Cur non et specto pereuntem oculosque videndo conscelero? Cur non tauros exhortor in illum terrigenasque feros insopitumque draconem?	else were lacking, who could fail to be moved by his face? It has certainly moved my heart. But unless I bring help, he will be scorched by the bulls' breath, or will clash with a crop of his own sowing, enemies born from the earth, or will be handed to the greedy dragon as a wild beast's prey. If I allow this, then I will confess that I am a tigress's daughter, that I carry iron and rock in my heart. Why do I not also watch him die and defile my eyes with the sight? Why not urge on against him the bulls, and the fierce earthborn men, and the dragon that never sleeps?
7.37	Di meliora velint. Quamquam non ista precanda, sed facienda mihi. — Prodamne ego regna parentis, atque ope nescio quis servabitur advena nostra, ut per me sospes sine me det lintea ventis virque sit alterius, poenae Medea relinquar? Si facere hoc aliamve potest praeponere nobis, occidat ingratus. Sed non is vultus in illo, non ea nobilitas animo est, ea gratia formae, ut timeam fraudem meritique oblivia nostri. Et dabit ante fidem, cogamque in foedera testes esse deos. Quid tuta times? accingere et omnem pelle moram: tibi se semper debebit Iason, te face sollemni iunget sibi, perque Pelasgas servatrix urbes matrum celebrabere turba.	May the gods grant better! And yet this is not something for me to pray for, but something for me to do.—Shall I then betray my father's kingdom, and shall some stranger or other be saved by my help, so that, safe thanks to me, he may spread his sails to the winds without me and become another woman's husband, while I, Medea, am left to be punished? If he can do this, or prefer another woman to me, let the ungrateful man die. But his face is not of that kind, nor are the nobility of his mind and the grace of his form such, that I should fear treachery or that he would forget what I have done for him. And he will give me his pledge first, and I will compel the gods to witness our compact. Why fear when you are safe? Prepare yourself and drive off all delay: Jason will owe himself to you forever; he will join you to himself with the solemn marriage torch, and throughout the Pelasgian cities you will be celebrated by crowds of mothers as the savior of their sons.
7.51	Ergo ego germanam fratremque patremque deosque et natale solum, ventis ablata, relinquam? Nempe pater saevus, nempe est mea barbara tellus, frater adhuc infans: stant mecum vota sororis, maximus intra me deus est. Non magna relinquam, magna sequar: titulum servatae pubis Achivae notitiamque loci melioris et oppida, quorum hic quoque fama viget, cultusque artesque locorum; quemque ego cum rebus, quas totus possidet orbis, Aesoniden mutasse velim; quo coniuge felix et dis cara ferar et vertice sidera tangam.	Am I then to leave my sister, my brother, my father, my gods, and the soil where I was born, carried off by the winds? Well, my father is cruel, my land is a foreign one, my brother is still a baby; my sister's prayers are on my side, and the greatest of gods is within me. I will not be leaving great things; I will be pursuing great things: the glory of having saved the young men of the Achaeans, knowledge of a better land, and cities whose fame flourishes even here, and the culture and arts of those places; and the son of Aeson, for whom I would gladly give everything the whole world possesses. With him as my husband I will be called fortunate and dear to the gods, and touch the stars with my head.
7.62	Quid, quod nescio qui mediis concurrere in undis dicuntur montes, ratibusque inimica Charybdis	And what of the mountains, whatever they are, that are said to clash together in the middle of the

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nunc sorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque saevis Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo? Nempe tenens, quod amo, gremioque in Iasonis haerens per freta longa ferar: nihil illum amplexa verebor aut, siquid metuam, metuam de coniuge solo. — Coniugiumne vocas speciosaque nomina culpae imponis, Medea, tuae? Quin adspice, quantum adgrediare nefas, et, dum licet, effuge crimen." Dixit, et ante oculos rectum pietasque pudorque constiterant, et victa dabat iam terga Cupido.	waves, and Charybdis, enemy of ships, who now sucks the sea down and now spews it back, and greedy Scylla, girdled with savage dogs, barking in the Sicilian deep? Surely, holding what I love, clinging to Jason's breast, I will be carried over the long seas; with my arms around him I will fear nothing—or if I fear anything, I will fear only for my husband.—Do you call it marriage, Medea, and give fine names to your guilt? No—look how great a sacrilege you are approaching, and while you still can, escape the crime." So she said, and before her eyes stood what was right, and devotion, and modesty; and Cupid, defeated, was already turning his back in flight.
7.74	Ibat ad antiquas Hecates Perseidos aras, quas nemus umbrosum secretaque silva tegebat. Et iam fortis erat pulsusque resederat ardor, cum videt Aesoniden exstinctaque flamma reluxit. Erubuere genae, totoque recanduit ore, utque solet ventis alimenta adsumere quaeque parva sub inducta latuit scintilla favilla crescere et in veteres agitata resurgere vires, sic iam lentus amor, iam quem languere putares, ut vidit iuvenem, specie praesentis inarsit. Et casu solito formosior Aesone natus illa luce fuit: posses ignoscere amanti. Spectat et in vultu veluti tum denique viso lumina fixa tenet nec se mortalia demens ora videre putat, nec se declinat ab illo.	She was going to the ancient altars of Hecate, daughter of Perses, hidden in a shady grove deep in a secluded wood. And now she was strong, and the passion she had driven off had died down, when she saw the son of Aeson, and the extinguished flame blazed up again. Her cheeks reddened, her whole face glowed hot again; and as a tiny spark that has lain hidden under a covering of ash is apt to feed on the winds, to grow, and, once stirred, to rise again to its former strength, so her love, already slackening, love you would have thought was fading, flared up when she saw the young man, at the sight of him standing there. And as chance would have it, Aeson's son was more handsome than usual that day: you could have forgiven the lover. She gazed, and kept her eyes fixed on his face as if she were seeing it for the first time; in her madness she thought it no mortal face she was looking at, and she could not turn herself away from him.[2]
7.89	Ut vero coepitque loqui dextramque prehendit hospes et auxilium submissa voce rogavit promisitque torum, lacrimis ait illa profusis: "Quid faciam, video (non ignorantia veri decipiet, sed amor): servabere munere nostro; servatus promissa dato." Per sacra triformis ille deae, lucoque foret quod numen in illo, perque patrem soceri cernentem cuncta futuri eventusque suos et tanta pericula iurat. Creditus accepit cantatas protinus herbas edidicitque usum, laetusque in tecta recessit. Postera depulerat stellas aurora micantes:	But when the stranger began to speak, and took her right hand, and in a low voice asked for help and promised to marry her, she said, with tears pouring down: "I see what I am doing: it is not ignorance of the truth that will deceive me, but love. You will be saved by my gift; once saved, keep your promises." He swore by the rites of the three-formed goddess, by whatever divine power dwelt in that grove, by the all-seeing father of his future father-in-law, by his own success and his great dangers. She believed him; he at once received the

2 Hecate was a goddess of witchcraft, crossroads and the night, often identified with Diana; here she is the daughter of the Titan Perses.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	conveniunt populi sacrum Mavortis in arvum consistuntque iugis. Medio rex ipse resedit agmine purpureus sceptroque insignis eburno.	enchanted herbs, learned their use, and went back to his lodging rejoicing. The next dawn had driven away the glittering stars: the people gathered at the sacred field of Mars and took their places on the ridges. In the middle of the throng sat the king himself, clad in purple and distinguished by his ivory scepter.[3]
7.104	Ecce adamanteis Vulcanum naribus efflant aeripedes tauri, tactaeque vaporibus herbae ardent; utque solent pleni resonare camini, aut ubi terrena silices fornace soluti concipiunt ignem liquidarum adspergine aquarum, pectora sic intus clausas volventia flammas gutturaque usta sonant. Tamen illis Aesone natus obvius it. Vertere truces venientis ad ora terribiles vultus praefixaque cornua ferro, pulvereumque solum pede pulsavere bisulco fumificisque locum mugitibus impleverunt. Deriguere metu Minyae: subit ille, nec ignes sentit anhelatos (tantum medicamina possunt), pendulaque audaci mulcet palearia dextra, suppositosque iugo pondus grave cogit aratri ducere et insuetum ferro proscindere campum.	And look: the bronze-footed bulls were breathing Vulcan's fire from nostrils of adamant, and the grass their vapors touched burst into flame; and as full furnaces roar, or as stones broken down in an earthen kiln catch fire when sprinkled with water, so their chests, churning the flames shut up inside them, and their scorched throats roared. Yet the son of Aeson went to meet them. As he came, they turned their terrible faces toward him, and their iron-tipped horns, and pawed the dusty ground with their cloven hooves, and filled the place with smoky bellowing. The Minyans went rigid with fear. He went up to them and did not feel the fire they breathed—such is the power of drugs—and stroked their hanging dewlaps with his bold right hand, and, putting them under the yoke, forced them to draw the plow's heavy weight and to cut with iron a field that had never felt it.
7.120	Mirantur Colchi, Minyae clamoribus augent adiciuntque animos. Galea tum sumit aena vipereos dentes et aratos spargit in agros. Semina mollit humus valido praetincta veneno, et crescunt fiuntque sati nova corpora dentes. Utque hominis speciem materna sumit in alvo perque suos intus numeros componitur infans, nec nisi maturus communes exit in auras, sic ubi visceribus gravidae telluris imago effecta est hominis, feto consurgit in arvo, quodque magis mirum est, simul edita concutit arma. Quos ubi viderunt praeacutae cuspidis hastas in caput Haemonii iuvenis torquere parantes, demisere metu vultumque animumque Pelasgi.	The Colchians were amazed; the Minyans cheered him with shouts and added to his courage. Then from a bronze helmet he took the serpent's teeth and scattered them over the plowed fields. The earth softened the seeds, steeped in strong poison beforehand, and the sown teeth grew and became new bodies. And just as an infant takes on human form in its mother's womb, and is put together inside, part by part, in due proportion, and does not come out into the common air until it is fully formed, so, when the image of a man had been completed in the womb of the pregnant earth, it rose up in the teeming field, and—what is more wonderful—brandished weapons at the moment of its birth. When the Pelasgians saw them preparing to hurl their sharp-pointed spears at the Haemonian youth's head, they lowered their faces and their spirits in fear.
7.134	Ipsa quoque extimuit, quae tutum fecerat illum; utque peti vidit iuvenem tot ab hostibus unum, palluit et subito sine sanguine frigida sedit;	She too was terrified, she who had made him safe; when she saw the young man, one alone, attacked by so many enemies, she went pale and suddenly

3 Aeetes, Medea's father, was the son of the Sun, who sees everything.

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neve parum valeant a se data gramina, carmen auxiliare canit secretasque advocat artes. Ille gravem medios silicem iaculatus in hostes a se depulsum Martem convertit in ipsos. Terrigenae pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres civilique cadunt acie. Gratantur Achivi victoremque tenent avidisque amplexibus haerent. Tu quoque victorem complecti, barbara, velles: sed te, ne faceres, tenuit reverentia famae. Quod licet, adfectu tacito laetaris agisque carminibus grates et dis auctoribus horum.	sat down, cold and bloodless. And in case the herbs she had given him should prove too weak, she sang a spell to help him and called upon her secret arts. He hurled a heavy stone into the midst of his enemies and turned the warfare away from himself against them. The earthborn brothers perished by each other's wounds and fell in civil battle. The Achaeans congratulated the victor, held him fast, and clung to him in eager embraces. You too, girl from a foreign land, would have liked to embrace the victor; but regard for your reputation held you back. You rejoiced as far as you were allowed, with silent feeling, and gave thanks to your spells and to the gods who were their source.
7.149 Pervigilem superest herbis sopire draconem, qui crista linguisque tribus praesignis et uncis dentibus horrendus custos erat arboris aureae. Hunc postquam sparsit Lethaei gramine suci verbaque ter dixit placidos facientia somnos, quae mare turbatum, quae concita flumina sistunt, somnus in ignotos oculos sibi venit, et auro heros Aesonius potitur spolioque superbus muneris auctorem secum, spolia altera, portans victor Iolciacos tetigit cum coniuge portus.	It remained to lull with herbs the ever-wakeful dragon which, conspicuous for its crest and triple tongue and terrifying with its hooked teeth, guarded the golden tree. After she had sprinkled it with the juice of a Lethaean herb and three times spoken the words that bring peaceful sleep, words that calm the troubled sea and stop rushing rivers, sleep came to eyes that had never known it, and the Aesonian hero took possession of the gold. Proud of his spoil, and carrying with him the giver of the gift as a second spoil, he reached the harbor of Iolcus as victor, with his wife.

AESON MADE YOUNG

Medea gathers herbs by night in her dragon chariot and makes Jason's old father young again.

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7.159 Haemoniae matres pro gnatis dona receptis grandaevique ferunt patres congestaque flamma tura liquefaciunt, inductaque cornibus aurum victima vota cadit. Sed abest gratantibus Aeson, iam propior leto fessusque senilibus annis. Cum sic Aesonides: "O cui debere salutem confiteor, coniunx, quamquam mihi cuncta dedisti excessitque fidem meritorum summa tuorum, si tamen hoc possunt (quid enim non carmina possunt?), deme meis annis et demptos adde parenti." Nec tenuit lacrimas. Mota est pietate rogantis, dissimilemque animum subiit Aeeta relictus. Nec tamen adfectus tales confessa "quod" inquit "excidit ore tuo, coniunx, scelus? ergo ego cuiquam posse tuae videor spatium transcribere vitae? Nec sinat hoc Hecate, nec tu petis aequa. Sed isto, quod petis, experiar maius dare munus Iason.	The Haemonian mothers and aged fathers brought offerings for their sons' return, and melted heaps of incense in the flames, and the vowed victim fell, its horns overlaid with gold. But Aeson was absent from the celebrations, already nearer to death and worn out by the years of old age. Then the son of Aeson spoke: "O my wife, to whom I confess I owe my life—though you have given me everything, and the sum of your services is past belief—yet if spells can do this (and what can spells not do?), take some years from mine and add them, once taken, to my father." He could not hold back his tears. She was moved by the devotion of his plea, and Aeetes, whom she had abandoned, came into her mind, a mind so unlike Jason's. Yet without admitting such feelings, she said: "What crime has fallen from your lips, husband? Do you think I can

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	transfer any span of your life to someone else? Hecate would not allow it, and what you ask is not fair. But I will try, Jason, to give you a greater gift than the one you ask for.
7.176 Arte mea soceri longum temptabimus aevum, non annis renovare tuis: modo diva triformis adiuvet et praesens ingentibus adnuat ausis." Tres aberant noctes, ut cornua tota coirent efficerentque orbem. Postquam plenissima fulsit et solida terras spectavit imagine luna, egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas, nuda pedem, nudos umeris infusa capillos, fertque vagos mediae per muta silentia noctis incomitata gradus. Homines volucresque ferasque solverat alta quies: nullo cum murmure saepes, inmotaeque silent frondes, silet umidus aer; sidera sola micant. Ad quae sua bracchia tendens ter se convertit, ter sumptis flumine crinem inroravit aquis ternisque ululatibus ora solvit et, in dura submisso poplite terra,	By my art I will try to renew my father-in-law's long life—not with your years—if only the three-formed goddess helps me and, present in person, nods assent to my great daring." Three nights were still lacking before the horns of the moon would meet completely and form a full circle. When she shone at her fullest and looked down on the earth with her image complete, Medea went out of the house, dressed in an ungirdled robe, barefoot, her hair loose and streaming over her shoulders, and through the mute silences of midnight she made her wandering way alone. Deep rest had released men, birds and beasts; the hedges were without a murmur, the leaves hung motionless and silent, the damp air was silent; only the stars twinkled. Stretching out her arms to them, she turned around three times, three times sprinkled her hair with water taken from a stream, three times opened her lips in a howl, and, kneeling on the hard ground,
7.192 "Nox" ait "arcanis fidissima, quaeque diurnis aurea cum luna succeditis ignibus astra, tuque triceps Hecate, quae coeptis conscia nostris adiutrixque venis cantusque artisque magorum, quaeque magos, Tellus, pollentibus instruis herbis, auraeque et venti montesque amnesque lacusque dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis adeste. Quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus amnes in fontes rediere suos, concussaque sisto, stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello nubilaque induco, ventos abigoque vocoque, vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces, vivaque saxa sua convulsaque robora terra et silvas moveo, iubeoque tremescere montes et mugire solum manesque exire sepulcris.	"Night," she said, "most faithful keeper of secrets, and you golden stars who, with the moon, take over from the fires of day; and you, three-headed Hecate, who come as one who knows my undertakings, a helper to the chants and the art of magicians; and you, Earth, who supply magicians with potent herbs; you breezes and winds, mountains, rivers and lakes, all you gods of the groves, all you gods of the night: be present. With your help, whenever I wished, rivers have run back to their sources while their banks marveled; with my chant I calm the churning seas and churn the calm ones; I drive the clouds away and draw the clouds on; I banish the winds and summon them; with words and spells I burst the jaws of snakes; I move living rocks, and oaks torn from their soil, and whole forests; I command the mountains to tremble, the ground to rumble, and the shades of the dead to come out of their tombs.
7.207 Te quoque, Luna, traho, quamvis Temesaea labores aera tuos minuant; currus quoque carmine nostro pallet avi, pallet nostris Aurora venenis. Vos mihi taurorum flammas hebetastis et unco impatiens oneris collum pressistis aratro, vos serpentigenis in se fera bella dedistis	You too, Moon, I draw down, though the bronzes of Temesa lessen your labors; even my grandfather's chariot grows pale at my song, Aurora grows pale at my poisons. You dulled the bulls' flames for me and pressed their necks, which had never

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	custodemque rudem somno sopistis et aurum vindice decepto Graias misistis in urbes. Nunc opus est sucis, per quos renovata senectus in florem redeat primosque reconligat annos. Et dabitis. Neque enim micuerunt sidera frustra, nec frustra volucrum tractus cervice draconum currus adest." Aderat demissus ab aethere currus.	borne a load, under the curved plow; you turned the serpent-born men's savage war upon themselves; you lulled to sleep the guardian who had never known it, and, deceiving the gold's protector, sent it to the cities of Greece. Now there is need of juices by which old age may be renewed, return to its bloom, and gather back its first years. And you will give them. For the stars have not glittered in vain, nor is a chariot drawn by the necks of winged dragons here in vain." And there was the chariot, sent down from the sky.[4]
7.220	Quo simul adscendit frenataque colla draconum permulsit manibusque leves agitavit habenas, sublimis rapitur subiectaque Thessala Tempe despicit et Threces regionibus applicat angues: et quasque Ossa tulit quasque altus Pelion herbas Othrysque Pindusque et Pindo maior Olympus perspicit, et placitas partim radice revellit, partim succidit curvamine falcis aenae. Multa quoque Apidani placuerunt gramina ripis, multa quoque Amphrysi neque eras inmunis, Enipeu; nec non Peneos, nec non Spercheides undae contribuere aliquid iuncosaque litora Boebes. Carpsit et Euboica vivax Anthedone gramen, nondum mutato vulgatum corpore Glauci. Et iam nona dies curru pennisque draconum nonaque nox omnes lustrantem viderat agros, cum rediit. Neque erant tacti, nisi odore, dracones, et tamen annosae pellem posuere senectae.	As soon as she had mounted it, stroked the bridled necks of the dragons, and shaken the light reins in her hands, she was swept aloft. She looked down on Thessalian Tempe below and steered her serpents toward Thracian lands; and she surveyed the herbs that Ossa bore, and high Pelion, and Othrys and Pindus, and Olympus, greater than Pindus; those that pleased her she partly tore out by the root, partly cut with the curve of a bronze sickle. Many herbs pleased her on the banks of the Apidanus, many on the banks of the Amphrysus, and you were not spared either, Enipeus; the Peneus too, and the waters of the Spercheus, contributed something, and the reedy shores of Boebe. At Euboean Anthedon she also plucked a life-giving herb, not yet famous for the change of Glaucus' body. And now the ninth day and the ninth night had seen her traveling over all the fields in her chariot drawn by the dragons' wings, when she returned. The dragons had been touched by nothing but the scent, and yet they cast off the skin of their aged years.[5]
7.238	Constitit adveniens citra limenque foresque et tantum caelo tegitur refugitque viriles contactus statuitque aras de caespite binas, dexteriore Hecates, ast laeva parte Iuventae. Has ubi verbenis silvaque incinxit agresti. haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus sacra facit cultrosque in guttura velleris atri conicit et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas. Tum super invergens liquidi carchesia vini alteraque invergens tepidi carchesia lactis verba simul fudit terrenaque numina civit	On arriving she stopped short of the threshold and the doors, with only the sky for a roof, and avoided all contact with men. She set up two altars of turf, Hecate's on the right, and on the left the altar of Youth. When she had wreathed them with sacred boughs and wild foliage, she dug two pits in the earth not far away and performed the rites, plunging her knife into the throat of a black-fleeced sheep and drenching the wide pits with its blood. Then, pouring over it cups of clear wine, and pouring next cups of warm milk, she poured out words at the same time, called on the divine

4 Witches were thought to draw the moon down from the sky, and bronze was clashed to help her during eclipses; Temesa in southern Italy was famous for its copper.
5 Glaucus, a fisherman of Anthedon, became a sea-god after eating a magic herb; Ovid tells his story in Book 13.

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	umbrarumque rogat rapta cum coniuge regem, ne properent artus anima fraudare senili.	powers of the earth, and begged the king of the shades, with his stolen bride, not to hurry to rob the old man's limbs of life.
7.251	Quos ubi placavit precibusque et murmure longo, Aesonis effetum proferri corpus ad auras iussit et in plenos resolutum carmine somnos, exanimi similem, stratis porrexit in herbis. Hinc procul Aesoniden, procul hinc iubet ire ministros et monet arcanis oculos removere profanos. Diffugiunt iussi. Passis Medea capillis bacchantum ritu, flagrantes circuit aras multifidasque faces in fossa sanguinis atra tingit et infectas geminis accendit in aris terque senem flamma, ter aqua, ter sulphure lustrat. Interea validum posito medicamen aeno fervet et exsultat spumisque tumentibus albet. Illic Haemonia radices valle resectas seminaque floresque et sucos incoquit atros.	When she had placated them with prayers and long murmuring, she ordered Aeson's worn-out body to be brought out into the open air, and, having loosened it into deep sleep with a spell, she laid it out on a bed of herbs, like a lifeless corpse. Far from here she ordered the son of Aeson to go, and far from here the attendants, and warned them to keep their uninitiated eyes away from the secret rites. They scattered as ordered. Medea, her hair streaming loose like the Bacchants, circled the blazing altars, dipped torches split into many strands in the black blood of the pit, lit them, so dipped, on the twin altars, and three times purified the old man with fire, three times with water, three times with sulfur. Meanwhile a powerful drug was boiling in a bronze cauldron set on the fire, leaping up and whitening with swelling foam. In it she boiled roots cut in a Haemonian valley, seeds and flowers and black juices.
7.266	Adicit extremo lapides oriente petitos et quas Oceani refluum mare lavit harenas, addit et exceptas luna pernocte pruinas et strigis infames ipsis cum carnibus alas inque virum soliti vultus mutare ferinos ambigui prosecta lupi; nec defuit illis squamea Cinyphii tenuis membrana chelydri vivacisque iecur cervi; quibus insuper addit ora caputque novem cornicis saecula passae. His et mille aliis postquam sine nomine rebus propositum instruxit mortali barbara maius arenti ramo iampridem mitis olivae omnia confudit summisque inmiscuit ima. Ecce vetus calido versatus stipes aeno fit viridis primo, nec longo tempore frondes induit et subito gravidis oneratur olivis.	She added stones brought from the farthest East, and sands washed by the ebbing tide of Ocean; she added frost gathered under the moon at night, the ill-omened wings of a screech owl together with its flesh, and the entrails of a shape-shifting wolf, which used to change its wild beast's face into a man's. Nor did she leave out the thin scaly skin of a Cinyphian water snake, or the liver of a long-lived stag; and to these she added besides the beak and head of a crow that had lived through nine generations. When with these and a thousand other nameless things the foreign woman had prepared her design, greater than mortal, she stirred everything with a long-dried branch of the gentle olive and mixed the bottom with the top. And look: the old stick, turned in the hot cauldron, first grew green, before long put on leaves, and suddenly was loaded with heavy olives.
7.282	At quacumque cavis spumas eiecit aenis ignis et in terram guttae cecidere calentes, vernat humus, floresque et mollia pabula surgunt. Quae simul ac vidit, stricto Medea recludit ense senis iugulum, veteremque exire cruorem passa, replet sucis. Quos postquam combibit Aeson aut ore acceptos aut vulnere, barba comaeque canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem, pulsa fugit macies, abeunt pallorque situsque,	And wherever the fire made foam spill over from the hollow cauldron and hot drops fell on the ground, the earth burst into spring, and flowers and soft grasses sprang up. As soon as Medea saw this, she drew her sword and cut open the old man's throat, and, letting the old blood run out, filled him with the juices. When Aeson had drunk them in, through his mouth or through the wound, his beard and hair put off their gray and

LATIN	ENGLISH
adiectoque cavae supplentur corpore rugae, membraque luxuriant. Aeson miratur et olim ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos. Viderat ex alto tanti miracula monstri Liber, et admonitus iuvenes nutricibus annos posse suis reddi, capit hoc a Colchide munus.	took on a dark color; his gauntness was driven out and fled, pallor and decay departed, the hollow wrinkles were filled out with new flesh, and his limbs grew full and vigorous. Aeson marveled, and remembered that this was how he had been forty years before. Liber had seen the wonders of so great a marvel from on high, and, reminded that his nurses could have their youthful years given back to them, received this gift from the Colchian woman.[6]

THE DEATH OF PELIAS

Medea tricks the daughters of Pelias into killing their father, then flees through the air.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.297 Neve doli cessent, odium cum coniuge falsum Phasias adsimulat Peliaeque ad limina supplex confugit. Atque illam, quoniam gravis ipse senecta est, excipiunt natae. Quas tempore callida parvo Colchis amicitiae mendacis imagine cepit. Dumque refert inter meritorum maxima, demptos Aesonis esse situs, atque hac in parte moratur, spes est virginibus Pelia subiecta creatis arte suum parili revirescere posse parentem. Idque petunt pretiumque iubent sine fine pacisci. Illa brevi spatio silet et dubitare videtur suspenditque animos ficta gravitate rogantes. Mox ubi pollicita est, "quo sit fiducia maior muneris huius" ait, "qui vestri maximus aevo est dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet."	So that her trickery would not stop there, the woman from the Phasis pretended to hate her husband and fled as a suppliant to the threshold of Pelias. Since he himself was weighed down by old age, his daughters received her. In a short time the cunning Colchian captured them with a show of false friendship. And as she told, among the greatest of her services, how she had stripped the decay of age from Aeson, and dwelt on that part of the story, the daughters of Pelias were led to hope that their own father could grow young again by the same art. This they begged of her, and told her to name her price without limit. For a little while she was silent and seemed to hesitate, and with pretended gravity she kept their minds in suspense as they pleaded. Then, when she had promised, she said: "So that you may have greater faith in this gift, the oldest in your flock, the leader among the sheep, will become a lamb through my drug."[7]
7.312 Protinus innumeris effetus laniger annis attrahitur flexo circum cava tempora cornu. Cuius ut Haemonio marcentia guttura cultro fodit et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum, membra simul pecudis validosque venefica sucos mergit in aere cavo: minuunt en corporis artus cornuaque exurunt nec non cum cornibus annos, et tener auditur medio balatus aeno. Nec mora, balatum mirantibus exsilit agnus lascivitque fuga lactantiaque ubera quaerit.	At once a woolly ram, worn out by countless years, was dragged in, its horns curling around its hollow temples. When she had stabbed its withered throat with a Haemonian knife and stained the blade with its scanty blood, the sorceress plunged the animal's limbs, together with her potent juices, into a hollow bronze cauldron. And see—they shrank its limbs and burned away its horns, and with its horns its years, and a tender bleating was heard from the middle of the cauldron. Instantly, while they marveled at the

6 Liber is Bacchus; his nurses were the nymphs who reared him as an infant.
7 Pelias, Jason's uncle, had seized the throne of Iolcos. The Phasis is the river of Medea's homeland, Colchis.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Obstipuere satae Pelia: promissaque postquam exhibuere fidem, tum vero impensius instant.	bleating, out leaped a lamb, frisked away, and looked for a milky udder. The daughters of Pelias were astounded; and once the promise had proved its truth, then indeed they pressed her all the harder.
7.324	Ter iuga Phoebus equis in Hibero flumine mersis dempserat et quarta radiantia nocte micabant sidera, cum rapido fallax Aeetias igni imponit purum laticem et sine viribus herbas. Iamque neci similis resoluto corpore regem et cum rege suo custodes somnus habebat, quem dederant cantus magicaeque potentia linguae: intrarant iussae cum Colchide limina natae ambierantque torum. "Quid nunc dubitatis inertes? Stringite" ait "gladios veteremque haurite cruorem, ut repleam vacuas iuvenali sanguine venas. In manibus vestris vita est aetasque parentis: si pietas ulla est nec spes agitatis inanes, officium praestate patri telisque senectam exigite et saniem coniecto emittite ferro."	Three times Phoebus had unyoked his horses after plunging them into the Iberian river, and on the fourth night the radiant stars were twinkling, when the deceitful daughter of Aeetes set plain water and herbs without any power over a fierce fire. And now a sleep like death held the king, his body slack, and with their king his guards—a sleep that her chants and the power of her magic tongue had given. As they had been told, the daughters had entered the threshold with the Colchian and stood around the bed. "Why do you hesitate now and do nothing? Draw your swords," she said, "and drain out the old blood, so that I may refill the empty veins with young blood. Your father's life and youth are in your hands. If you have any devotion, and the hopes you nurse are not empty, do your duty by your father: drive out his old age with your weapons, and thrust in the steel to let the foul matter out."
7.339	His, ut quaeque pia est, hortatibus impia prima est, et ne sit scelerata, facit scelus. Haud tamen ictus ulla suos spectare potest, oculosque reflectunt caecaque dant saevis aversae vulnera dextris. Ille, cruore fluens, cubito tamen adlevat artus semilacerque toro temptat consurgere et inter tot medius gladios pallentia bracchia tendens "quid facitis, gnatae? quis vos in fata parentis armat?" ait. Cecidere illis animique manusque. Plura locuturo cum verbis guttura Colchis abstulit et calidis laniatum mersit in undis.	At these urgings, the more dutiful each daughter was, the quicker she was to be undutiful, and to avoid being wicked, she did a wicked thing. Yet none of them could bear to watch her own blows: they turned their eyes away, and with faces averted dealt blind wounds with cruel hands. He, streaming with blood, still raised himself on his elbow, and, half-mangled, tried to rise from the bed; and in the midst of so many swords, stretching out his pale arms, he said, "What are you doing, my daughters? Who arms you to bring about your father's death?" Their courage failed, and their hands fell. As he was about to say more, the Colchian cut his throat, and his words with it, and plunged his mangled body into the boiling water.

MEDEA'S FLIGHT

Medea's flight passes scenes of old transformations; she kills her sons at Corinth and reaches Athens.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.350	Quod nisi pennatis serpentibus isset in auras, non exempta foret poenae. Fugit alta superque Pelion umbrosum, Philyreia tecta, superque Othryn et eventu veteris loca nota Cerambi.	Had she not gone up into the air with her winged serpents, she would not have escaped punishment. She fled high above shady Pelion, the Philyrean home, above Othrys and the places

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Hic ope nympharum sublatus in aera pennis, cum gravis infuso tellus foret obruta ponto, Deucalioneas effugit inobrutus undas. Aeoliam Pitanen a laeva parte relinquit factaque de saxo longi simulacra draconis, Idaeumque nemus, quo nati furta, iuvencum occuluit Liber falsi sub imagine cervi, quaque pater Corythi parva tumulatus harena est, et quos Maera novo latratu terruit agros, Eurypylique urbem, qua Coae cornua matres gesserunt tum cum discederet Herculis agmen Phoebeamque Rhodon et Ialysios Telchinas, quorum oculos ipso vitiantes omnia visu Iuppiter exosus fraternis subdidit undis.	made famous by what befell old Cerambus. He, lifted into the air on wings with the nymphs' help, when the heavy earth was overwhelmed by the sea pouring in, escaped Deucalion's flood undrowned. She left on her left Aeolian Pitane, and the image of a long serpent made of stone, and the grove of Ida, where Liber hid a bullock, his son's theft, under the false likeness of a stag; and the place where the father of Corythus lies buried in a little sand; and the fields that Maera terrified with her strange new barking; and the city of Eurypylus, where the women of Cos wore horns at the time when Hercules' troop was departing; and Phoebus' Rhodes, and the Telchines of Ialysos, whose eyes blighted everything by their very gaze, until Jupiter, loathing them, sank them beneath his brother's waves.[8]
7.368	Transit et antiquae Cartheia moenia Ceae, qua pater Alcidamas placidam de corpore natae miraturus erat nasci potuisse columbam. Inde lacus Hyries videt et Cycneia tempe, quae subitus celebravit olor. Nam Phyllius illic imperio pueri volucresque ferumque leonem tradiderat domitos; taurum quoque vincere iussus vicerat, et spreto totiens iratus amore praemia poscenti taurum suprema negabat. Ille indignatus "cupies dare" dixit et alto desiluit saxo. Cuncti cecidisse putabant: factus olor niveis pendebat in aere pennis. At genetrix Hyrie, servatum nescia, flendo delicuit stagnumque suo de nomine fecit. Adiacet his Pleuron, in qua trepidantibus alis Ophias effugit natorum vulnera Combe.	She passed also the walls of Carthaea on ancient Cea, where the father Alcidamas would one day marvel that a gentle dove could be born from his daughter's body. Then she saw the lake of Hyrie and the Cycnean vale, made famous by a sudden swan. For there Phyllius, at a boy's command, had handed over birds and a fierce lion, tamed; ordered also to subdue a bull, he had subdued it; but, angry that his love was spurned so often, he refused the boy the bull, the last of his prizes, when he asked for it. The boy, indignant, said, "You will wish you had given it," and leaped from a high rock. Everyone thought he had fallen: turned into a swan, he hung in the air on snowy wings. But his mother Hyrie, not knowing he had been saved, melted away in weeping and made a lake that bears her name. Next to these lies Pleuron, where on trembling wings Combe, daughter of Ophius, escaped the wounds her sons would have dealt her.[9]
7.384	Inde Calaureae Letoidos adspicit arva, in volucrem versi cum coniuge conscia regis. Dextera Cyllene est, in qua cum matre Menephron concubiturus erat saevarum more ferarum Cephison procul hinc deflentem fata nepotis respicit, in tumidam phocen ab Apolline versi, Eumelique domum lugentis in aere natum. Tandem vipereis Ephyren Pirenida pennis	Next she looked on the fields of Calaurea, sacred to Latona's daughter, which witnessed the king turned into a bird together with his wife. On the right was Cyllene, where Menephron was to sleep with his mother in the manner of savage beasts. Far off from there she looked back at Cephisus weeping over the fate of his grandson, turned by Apollo into a bloated seal, and at the house of Eu-

8 Pelion was the home of the Centaur Chiron, son of the nymph Philyra. Medea's flight passes a string of obscure transformation stories, many known only from these brief allusions.
9 The boy is Cycnus, whose name means "swan."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	contigit. Hic aevo veteres mortalia primo corpora vulgarunt pluvialibus edita fungis. Sed postquam Colchis arsit nova nupta venenis, flagrantemque domum regis mare vidit utrumque, sanguine natorum perfunditur impius ensis, ultaque se male mater Iasonis effugit arma. Hinc Titaniacis ablata draconibus intrat Palladias arces, quae te, iustissima Phene, teque, senex Peripha, pariter videre volantes innixamque novis neptem Polypemonis alis. Excipit hanc Aegeus, facto dammandus in uno; nec satis hospitium est: thalami quoque foedere iungit.	melus, who mourned his son now living in the air. At last, on her serpents' wings, she reached Ephyre of the spring Pirene. Here, the ancients spread the tale, human bodies in the earliest age sprang from mushrooms swollen by rain. But after the new bride had burned from the Colchian's poisons, and both seas had seen the king's palace ablaze, her impious sword was drenched in the blood of her sons; and the mother, wickedly avenged, fled from Jason's arms. From there, carried off by the Titan's dragons, she entered the citadel of Pallas, which saw you, most just Phene, and you, old Periphas, flying side by side, and the granddaughter of Polypemon resting on new wings. Aegeus received her —a man to be condemned for this one deed alone; and hospitality was not enough: he also bound her to himself in the pact of marriage.[10]

THESEUS AND AEGEUS

Medea tries to poison Theseus, but his father Aegeus recognizes him in time.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.404	Iamque aderat Theseus, proles ignara parenti, et virtute sua bimarem pacaverat Isthmon. Huius in exitium miscet Medea quod olim attulerat secum Scythicis aconiton ab oris. Illud Echidneae memorant e dentibus ortum esse canis. Specus est tenebroso caecus hiatu, est via declivis, per quam Tirynthius heros restantem contraque diem radiosque micantes obliquantem oculos nexis adamante catenis Cerberon abstraxit; rabida qui concitus ira implevit pariter ternis latratibus auras et sparsit virides spumis albentibus agros. Has concresse putant nactasque alimenta feracis fecundique soli vires cepisse nocendi. Quae quia nascuntur dura vivacia caute, agrestes aconita vocant. Ea coniugis astu ipse parens Aegeus nato porrexit ut hosti.	And now Theseus had arrived, a son unknown to his father, who by his own courage had brought peace to the Isthmus between two seas. To destroy him, Medea mixed the aconite she had long ago brought with her from the shores of Scythia. That poison, they say, sprang from the teeth of Echidna's dog. There is a blind cave with a gloomy mouth; there is a sloping path, down which the Tirynthian hero dragged Cerberus, bound in chains of adamant, as he resisted and turned his eyes aside from the daylight and its glittering rays. Roused to rabid fury, the dog filled the air with his threefold barking and spattered the green fields with white foam. This foam, people think, congealed, and drawing nourishment from the rich and fertile soil, gained the power to harm. Because it springs up hardy on hard rock, country people call it aconite. Through his wife's cunning, Aegeus himself, the father, held it out to his son as if to an enemy.[11]
7.421	Sumpserat ignara Theseus data pocula dextra, cum pater in capulo gladii cognovit eburno signa sui generis facinusque excussit ab ore.	Theseus had taken the cup he was offered in his unsuspecting hand, when his father recognized on the ivory hilt of his sword the emblems of his own

10 Ephyre is an old name for Corinth, where Jason had abandoned Medea to marry the king's daughter.
11 The Tirynthian hero is Hercules, whose last labor was to bring Cerberus up from the underworld. Ovid derives "aconite" from the Greek akonē, "whetstone."

LATIN	ENGLISH
Effugit illa necem nebulis per carmina motis. At genitor, quamquam laetatur sospite nato, attonitus tamen est ingens discrimine parvo committi potuisse nefas. Fovet ignibus aras muneribusque deos implet, feriuntque secures colla torosa boum vinctorum corpora vittis. Nullus Erechthidis fertur celebratior illo inluxisse dies. Agitant convivia patres et medium vulgus, nec non et carmina, vino ingenium faciente, canunt: "Te, maxime Theseu, mirata est Marathon Cretaei sanguine tauri; quodque suis securus arat Cromyona colonus, munus opusque tuum est. Tellus Epidauria per te clavigeram vidit Vulcani occumbere prolem, vidit et inmitem Cephisias ora Procrusten, Cercyonis letum vidit Cerealis Eleusin.	family and struck the crime from his lips. She escaped death in a mist raised by her spells. But his father, though he rejoiced that his son was safe, was still stunned that so enormous a crime had come so small a margin from being committed. He warmed the altars with fires and loaded the gods with gifts, and axes struck the muscular necks of oxen whose bodies were bound with ribbons. No day, it is said, ever dawned more festive for the descendants of Erechtheus. The elders and the common people held banquets, and, with wine stirring their wits, they sang songs too: "Marathon marveled at you, greatest Theseus, for the blood of the Cretan bull; and that the farmer plows Cromyon safely is your gift and your work. Through you the land of Epidaurus saw the club-bearing son of Vulcan fall; the shore of the Cephisus saw cruel Procrustes fall; Ceres' Eleusis saw the death of Cercyon.[12]
7.440 Occidit ille Sinis, magnis male viribus usus, qui poterat curvare trabes et agebat ab alto ad terram late sparsuras corpora pinus. Tutus ad Alcathoen, Lelegeia moenia, limes composito Scirone patet, sparsisque latronis terra negat sedem, sedem negat ossibus unda; quae iactata diu fertur durasse vetustas in scopulos: scopulis nomen Scironis inhaeret. Si titulos annosque tuos numerare velimus, facta premant annos. Pro te, fortissime, vota publica suscipimus, Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus." Consonat adsensu populi precibusque faventum regia, nec tota tristis locus ullus in urbe est.	That Sinis has fallen, who misused his great strength: he could bend tree trunks, and would force pines down from on high to the earth to scatter bodies far and wide. The road to Alcathoe, the walls of the Leleges, lies open and safe now that Sciron is laid low; and when the robber's bones were scattered, the earth refused them a resting place, the sea refused them a resting place; long tossed about, they are said to have hardened with age into crags, and to the crags the name of Sciron clings. If we wished to count your honors and your years, your deeds would outnumber your years. For you, bravest of men, we offer public vows; to you we drink our draughts of Bacchus." The palace echoed with the people's approval and the prayers of their goodwill, and nowhere in the whole city was there any place of sadness.[13]

MINOS AND AEACUS

Minos gathers allies for war on Athens, but Aeacus of Aegina sides with the Athenians.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.453 Nec tamen (usque adeo nulla est sincera voluptas, sollicitumque aliquid laetis intervenit) Aegeus gaudia percepit nato secura recepto. Bella parat Minos. Qui quamquam milite, quamquam classe valet, patria tamen est firmissimus ira	And yet (so true is it that no pleasure is unmixed, and some worry always intrudes on happiness) Aegeus did not enjoy a carefree joy at the return of his son. Minos was preparing war. Though he was strong in soldiers and strong in ships, he was

12 The song lists the monsters and bandits Theseus killed on his journey from Troezen to Athens.
13 Alcathoe is Megara, named after its founder Alcathous.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Androgeique necem iustis ulciscitur armis. Ante tamen bello vires adquirit amicas, quaque potens habitus, volucri freta classe pererrat. Hinc Anaphen sibi iungit et Astypaleia regna, promissis Anaphen, regna Astypaleia bello; hinc humilem Myconum cretosaque rura Cimoli florentemque thymo Cythnum parvamque Seriphon marmoreamque Paron, quaque impia prodidit Arnen Sithonis (accepto, quod avara poposcerat, auro mutata est in avem, quae nunc quoque diligit aurum, nigra pedes, nigris velata monedula pennis).	strongest of all in a father's anger, and he was avenging the death of Androgeos with a just war. First, however, he gathered friendly forces for the war, and with his swift fleet roamed the seas where he was held to be powerful. Here he won over Anaphe and the realm of Astypalaea—Anaphe by promises, the realm of Astypalaea by war; here low-lying Myconos, the chalky fields of Cimolos, Cythnos blooming with thyme, little Seriphos, marble Paros, and the place where the impious Sithonian woman betrayed Arne (she received the gold her greed had demanded and was changed into a bird that even now loves gold: the jackdaw, black-footed, clothed in black feathers).[14]
7.469	At non Oliaros Didymaeque et Tenos et Andros et Gyaros nitidaeque ferax Peparethos olivae Gnosiacas iuvere rates. Latere inde sinistro Oenopiam Minos petit, Aeacideia regna: Oenopiam veteres appellavere, sed ipse Aeacus Aeginam genetricis nomine dixit. Turba ruit tantaeque virum cognoscere famae expetit. Occurrunt illi Telamonque, minorque quam Telamon Peleus, et proles tertia Phocus. Ipse quoque egreditur tardus gravitate senili Aeacus, et quae sit veniendi causa requirit. Admonitus patrii luctus suspirat et illi dicta refert rector populorum talia centum: "Arma iuves oro pro gnato sumpta piaeque pars sis militiae; tumulo solacia posco."	But Oliaros and Didymae, Tenos and Andros, Gyaros and Peparethos, rich in glossy olives, did not help the ships of Cnossos. Turning from there to the left, Minos made for Oenopia, the realm of the line of Aeacus: the ancients called it Oenopia, but Aeacus himself named it Aegina after his mother. A crowd rushed out, eager to see a man of such great fame. Telamon came to meet him, and Peleus, younger than Telamon, and the third son, Phocus. Aeacus himself came out too, slow with the weight of old age, and asked the reason for his coming. Reminded of his grief as a father, the ruler of a hundred peoples sighed and spoke these words to him: "I beg you to help the war I have taken up for my son, and to have a part in a campaign of devotion; I ask for comfort for his tomb."[15]
7.484	Huic Asopiades "petis inrita" dixit "et urbi non facienda meae: neque enim coniunctior ulla Cecropidis hac est tellus: ea foedera nobis." Tristis abit "stabunt" que "tibi tua foedera magno" dixit et utilius bellum putat esse minari quam gerere atque suas ibi praeconsumere vires. Classis ab Oenopiis etiamnum Lyctia muris spectari poterat, cum pleno concita velo Attica puppis adest in portusque intrat amicos, quae Cephalum patriaeque simul mandata ferebat. Aeacidae longo iuvenes post tempore visum agnovere tamen Cephalum dextrasque dedere inque patris duxere domum. Spectabilis heros et veteris retinens etiamnum pignera formae ingreditur ramumque tenens popularis olivae	Asopus' grandson answered him, "You ask in vain, and for what my city must not do; for no land is more closely bound to the sons of Cecrops than this one: such is our treaty." Minos went away gloomy, saying, "Your treaty will cost you dear," and he thought it more useful to threaten war than to wage it and use up his strength there beforehand. The Lyctian fleet could still be seen from the walls of Oenopia when an Attic ship, driven on under full sail, arrived and entered the friendly harbor, bringing Cephalus and, with him, the instructions of his country. The young sons of Aeacus, though they had not seen Cephalus for a long time, recognized him nevertheless, gave him their right hands, and led him into their father's house.

14 Minos' son Androgeos had been killed while visiting Athens.
15 Aeacus was the son of Jupiter and the nymph Aegina, daughter of the river-god Asopus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	a dextra laevaque duos aetate minores maior habet, Clyton et Buten, Pallante creatos.	The hero, striking to look at and still keeping the tokens of his former beauty, came in holding a branch of his people's olive; and at his right and left, younger than he, were two men, Clytus and Butes, sons of Pallas.[16]
7.501	Postquam congressus primi sua verba tulerunt, Cecropidae Cephalus peragit mandata rogatque auxilium foedusque refert et iura parentum imperiumque peti totius Achaidos addit. Sic ubi mandatam iuvit facundia causam, Aeacus, in capulo sceptri nitente sinistra, "ne petite auxilium, sed sumite", dixit "Athenae; nec dubie vires, quas haec habet insula, vestras ducite; et omnia habet (rerum status iste mearum). Robora non desunt, superat mihi miles et hosti: gratia dis, felix et inexcusabile tempus."	After the first meeting had had its exchange of words, Cephalus delivered the message of Cecrops' descendant, asked for help, recalled their treaty and the oaths of their fathers, and added that what was being sought was dominion over all Achaea. When eloquence had thus aided the cause entrusted to him, Aeacus, his left hand resting on the shining hilt of his scepter, said: "Do not ask for help, Athens, but take it; and without hesitation count as yours the forces this island has—and it has everything (such is the state of my affairs). We do not lack strength; I have soldiers to spare, both for myself and against the enemy—thanks be to the gods—a fortunate time, one that leaves no excuse."
7.512	"Immo ita sit," Cephalus, "crescat tua civibus opto urbs!" ait. "Adveniens equidem modo gaudia cepi, cum tam pulchra mihi, tam par aetate iuventus obvia processit. Multos tamen inde requiro, quos quondam vidi vestra prius urbe receptus." Aeacus ingemuit tristique ita voce locutus: "Flebile principium melior fortuna secuta est. Hanc utinam possem vobis memorare sine illo! Ordine nunc repetam. Neu longa ambage morer vos: ossa cinisque iacent, memori quos mente requiris. Et quota pars illi rerum periere mearum!	"Indeed, may it be so," said Cephalus. "I pray that your city may grow in citizens! Just now, as I arrived, I felt joy when young men so handsome and so alike in age came out to meet me. And yet I miss many of those I saw here once before, when I was received in your city." Aeacus groaned and spoke thus in a sad voice: "A tearful beginning was followed by better fortune. If only I could tell you of the one without the other! Now I shall go back over it in order; and so as not to delay you with a long, roundabout tale: they lie as bones and ashes, those you ask about with such good memory. And how small a part of all I lost they were!

THE PLAGUE AT AEGINA

Aeacus tells Cephalus how a plague sent by Juno destroyed the people of Aegina.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.523	Dira lues ira populis Iunonis iniquae incidit exosae dictas a paelice terras. Dum visum mortale malum tantaeque latebat causa nocens cladis, pugnatum est arte medendi: exitium superabat opem, quae victa iacebat. Principio caelum spissa caligine terras pressit et ignavos inclusit nubibus aestus; dumque quater iunctis explevit cornibus orbem luna, quater plenum tenuata retexuit orbem,	A terrible plague fell on my people through the anger of unjust Juno, who hated the land named after her rival. While the evil seemed a mortal one, and the harmful cause of so great a disaster lay hidden, we fought it with the art of healing: destruction overcame our aid, which lay defeated. At first the sky pressed down on the earth with thick darkness and shut in a sluggish heat beneath the

16 Cecrops was a legendary first king of Athens, so "the sons of Cecrops" are the Athenians.

LATIN	ENGLISH
letiferis calidi spirarunt aestibus austri. Constat et in fontes vitium venisse lacusque, miliaque incultos serpentum multa per agros errasse atque suis fluvios temerasse venenis. Strage canum primo volucrumque oviumque boumque, inque feris subiti deprensa potentia morbi. Concidere infelix validos miratur arator inter opus tauros medioque recumbere sulco; lanigeris gregibus balatus dantibus aegros sponte sua lanaeque cadunt et corpora tabent.	clouds; and while the moon four times filled out her disk by joining her horns, and four times, waning, unwove her full disk, the hot south winds blew with deadly heat. It is known, too, that the infection reached the springs and lakes, and that many thousands of snakes roamed the untilled fields and fouled the rivers with their poisons. The power of the sudden disease was first detected in the deaths of dogs and birds and sheep and cattle, and among the wild beasts. The unhappy plowman marveled to see his strong bulls collapse in the middle of their work and sink down in the middle of the furrow; from the woolly flocks, as they uttered sickly bleats, the wool fell of its own accord and their bodies wasted away.[17]
7.542 Acer equus quondam magnaeque in pulvere famae degenerat palmas veterumque oblitus honorum ad praesepe gemit leto moriturus inerti. Non aper irasci meminit, non fidere cursu cerva, nec armentis incurrere fortibus ursi. Omnia languor habet; silvisque agrisque viisque corpora foeda iacent, vitiantur odoribus aurae. Mira loquar: non illa canes avidaeque volucres, non cani tetigere lupi; dilapsa liquescunt adflatuque nocent et agunt contagia late. Pervenit ad miseros damno graviore colonos pestis et in magnae dominatur moenibus urbis. Viscera torrentur primo, flammaeque latentis indicium rubor est et ductus anhelitus ingens. Aspera lingua tumet, tepidisque arentia ventis ora patent, auraeque graves captantur hiatu.	The spirited horse, once of great fame in the dust of the racecourse, disgraced his victories, and, forgetting his former honors, groaned at his stall, doomed to an inglorious death. The boar did not remember how to rage, nor the hind how to trust her speed, nor the bears how to attack the strong herds. Listlessness held everything; in woods and fields and roads lay foul bodies, and the air was tainted by the stench. I will tell you something astonishing: dogs and greedy birds did not touch them, nor gray wolves; they fell apart and rotted, harmed with their breath, and spread the contagion far and wide. With heavier loss the plague reached the wretched farmers and lorded it within the walls of the great city. First their vitals were scorched; the sign of the hidden flame was a flush and labored breathing. The rough tongue swelled; mouths, parched by feverish breath, gaped open, and with gaping jaws they caught at the heavy air.
7.558 Non stratum, non ulla pati velamina possunt, dura sed in terra ponunt praecordia; nec fit corpus humo gelidum, sed humus de corpore fervet. Nec moderator adest, inque ipsos saeva medentes erumpit clades, obsuntque auctoribus artes: quo propior quisque est servitque fidelius aegro, in partem leti citius venit. Utque salutis spes abiit finemque vident in funere morbi, indulgent animis et nulla, quid utile, cura est: utile enim nihil est. Passim positoque pudore fontibus et fluviis puteisque capacibus haerent, nec sitis est exstincta prius quam vita bibendo.	They could not bear bedding or any covering, but laid their chests on the hard ground; and their bodies did not grow cool from the earth, but the earth grew hot from their bodies. Nothing could check it: the cruel disaster broke out against the healers themselves, and their arts harmed those who practiced them. The closer anyone was to the sick and the more faithfully he served them, the sooner he came to share their death. And when hope of recovery had gone and they saw that the disease would end only in death, they gave in to their desires and cared nothing for what was good

17 Juno's rival is the nymph Aegina, loved by Jupiter, after whom the island was named.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Inde graves multi nequeunt consurgere et ipsis inmoriuntur aquis: aliquis tamen haurit et illas.	for them: for nothing was good for them. Everywhere, casting off shame, they clung to springs and rivers and deep wells, and their thirst was not put out by drinking before their life was. Many, too heavy to rise from there, died in the very water: yet someone would drink even that.
7.572	Tantaque sunt miseris invisi taedia lecti: prosiliunt, aut si prohibent consistere vires, corpora devolvunt in humum: fugiuntque penates quisque suos, sua cuique domus funesta videtur, et quia causa latet, locus est in crimine parvus Semianimes errare viis, dum stare valebant, adspiceres, flentes alios terraque iacentes lassaque versantes supremo lumina motu: membraque pendentis tendunt ad sidera caeli, hic illic, ubi mors deprenderat, exhalantes. Quid mihi tunc animi fuit? an quod debuit esse, ut vitam odissem et cuperem pars esse meorum? Quo se cumque acies oculorum flexerat, illic vulgus erat stratum, veluti cum putria motis poma cadunt ramis agitataque ilice glandes.	So great was the wretches' loathing of their hateful beds that they leaped up, or, if their strength would not let them stand, they rolled their bodies onto the ground; and each fled his own home; to each man his own house seemed deadly, and since the cause was hidden, the cramped place was blamed. You could have seen them wandering half-alive in the streets while they could still stand, others weeping and lying on the ground, rolling their weary eyes in a final movement; and they stretched out their limbs toward the stars of the overhanging sky, breathing their last here and there, wherever death had caught them. What was my state of mind then? Surely what it ought to have been: to hate my life and long to be one of my own people? Wherever I turned my eyes, there the people lay strewn, as rotten apples fall when branches are shaken, or acorns from a tossed holm oak.
7.587	Templa vides contra gradibus sublimia longis: Iuppiter illa tenet. Quis non altaribus illis inrita tura dedit? Quotiens pro coniuge coniunx, pro gnato genitor dum verba precantia dicit, non exoratis animam finivit in aris, inque manu turis pars inconsumpta reperta est! Admoti quotiens templis, dum vota sacerdos concipit et fundit purum inter cornua vinum, haud exspectato ceciderunt vulnere tauri! Ipse ego sacra Iovi pro me patriaque tribusque cum facerem natis, mugitus victima diros edidit et subito conlapsa sine ictibus ullis exiguo tinxit subiectos sanguine cultros.	You see the temple opposite, high at the top of its long flight of steps: it belongs to Jupiter. Who did not offer useless incense on those altars? How often, while a husband was praying for his wife or a father for his son, did he breathe his last at altars that would not be moved, and a portion of unburned incense was found in his hand! How often bulls led up to the temples, while the priest was pronouncing the vows and pouring pure wine between their horns, fell without waiting for the blow! I myself, when I was sacrificing to Jupiter for myself, my country and my three sons, saw the victim give a dreadful bellow and suddenly collapse without a single blow, staining the knives held beneath it with only a little blood.
7.600	Exta quoque aegra notas veri monitusque deorum perdiderant: tristes penetrant ad viscera morbi. Ante sacros vidi proiecta cadavera postes, ante ipsas, quo mors foret invidiosior, aras. Pars animam laqueo claudunt mortisque timorem morte fugant ultroque vocant venientia fata. Corpora missa neci nullis de more feruntur funeribus: neque enim capiebant funera portae. Aut inhumata premunt terras aut dantur in altos	The diseased entrails, too, had lost the marks of truth and the warnings of the gods: the grim sickness reached right into the vitals. I saw corpses flung down before the sacred doors, before the very altars, so that their deaths might bring more reproach on the gods. Some shut off their breath with a noose, escaping the fear of death by death and summoning of their own accord the fate that

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	indotata rogos. Et iam reverentia nulla est, deque rogis pugnant alienisque ignibus ardent. Qui lacriment, desunt; indefletaeque vagantur matrumque nuruumque animae iuvenumque senumque: nec locus in tumulos, nec sufficit arbor in ignes.	was already coming. The bodies sent to their deaths were not carried out with any of the customary funeral rites, for the gates could not hold so many funerals. Either they lay unburied, weighing on the earth, or they were given to tall pyres without offerings. And now there was no reverence left: people fought over pyres and burned in fires meant for others. There was no one left to weep, and the souls of mothers and young wives, of young men and old, wandered unmourned. There was no room for tombs, and not enough wood for the fires.

THE MYRMIDONS

Jupiter answers Aeacus' prayer by turning ants into men, the Myrmidons.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.614	Attonitus tanto miserarum turbine rerum, "Iuppiter o!" dixi "si te non falsa loquuntur dicta sub amplexus Aeginae Asopidos isse, nec te, magne pater, nostri pudet esse parentem, aut mihi redde meos aut me quoque conde sepulcro." Ille notam fulgore dedit tonitruque secundo. "Accipio, sintque ista, precor, felicia mentis signa tuae" dixi. "Quod das mihi, pigneror omen."	Stunned by such a whirlwind of miseries, I said, 'O Jupiter! If the stories are true that tell of you going to the embraces of Aegina, daughter of Asopus, and if, great father, you are not ashamed to be our parent, either give me back my people or lay me too in the tomb.' He gave a sign with lightning and a favorable thunderclap. 'I accept,' I said, 'and may these be, I pray, propitious signs of your will. The omen you give me I take as a pledge.'[18]
7.622	Forte fuit iuxta patulis rarissima ramis sacra Iovi quercus de semine Dodonaeo: hic nos frugilegas adspeximus agmine longo grande onus exiguo formicas ore gerentes rugosoque suum servantes cortice callem. Dum numerum miror, "totidem, pater optime" dixi, "tu mihi da cives et inania moenia supple." Intremuit ramisque sonum sine flamine motis alta dedit quercus. Pavido mihi membra timore horruerant, stabantque comae. Tamen oscula terrae roboribusque dedi; nec me sperare fatebar: sperabam tamen atque animo mea vota fovebam.	It happened that nearby there stood a very rare oak with spreading branches, sacred to Jupiter and grown from the seed of Dodona. Here we saw grain-gathering ants in a long column, carrying great loads in their tiny mouths and keeping to their own path along the wrinkled bark. As I marveled at their number, I said, 'Give me as many citizens as these, best of fathers, and fill my empty walls.' The tall oak trembled and, its branches moving without any wind, made a sound. My limbs bristled with fearful dread, and my hair stood on end. Still I kissed the earth and the oak's trunk. I would not admit to myself that I hoped, and yet I did hope, and cherished my prayers in my heart.[19]
7.634	Nox subit, et curis exercita corpora somnus occupat: ante oculos eadem mihi quercus adesse et ramos totidem totidemque animalia ramis ferre suis visa est pariterque tremiscere motu	Night came on, and sleep took hold of bodies worn out by cares. Before my eyes the same oak seemed to stand, with as many branches and as many creatures on its branches, trembling with the

18 Aegina, a nymph and daughter of the river god Asopus, bore Aeacus to Jupiter; the island was named after her.
19 Dodona, in northwestern Greece, was the site of Jupiter's oldest oracle, where the god spoke through the rustling of sacred oaks.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	graniferumque agmen subiectis spargere in arvis; crescere quod subito et maius maiusque videri ac se tollere humo rectoque adsistere trunco et maciem numerumque pedum nigrumque colorem ponere et humanam membris inducere formam. Somnus abit: damno vigilans mea visa querorque in superis opis esse nihil. At in aedibus ingens murmur erat, vocesque hominum exaudire videbar iam mihi desuetas. Dum suspicor has quoque somni esse, venit Telamon properus, foribusque reclusis	same motion and scattering the grain-bearing column over the fields below. Then suddenly they seemed to grow, to look larger and larger, to raise themselves from the ground and stand with upright trunks, to put off their thinness, their many feet and their black color, and to take on human form in their limbs. Sleep left me. Awake, I condemned my vision and complained that there was no help in the gods above. But in the palace there was a great murmur, and I seemed to hear human voices, voices I had grown unused to. While I suspected that these too belonged to sleep, Telamon came in haste and, flinging open the doors,
7.648	"speque fideque, pater" dixit, "maiora videbis: egredere!" Egredior, qualesque in imagine somni visus eram vidisse viros, ex ordine tales adspicio noscoque. Adeunt regemque salutant. Vota Iovi solvo populisque recentibus urbem partior et vacuos priscis cultoribus agros, Myrmidonasque voco, nec origine nomina fraudo. Corpora vidisti; mores quos ante gerebant, nunc quoque habent: parcum genus est patiensque laborum quaesitique tenax et quod quaesita reservet. Hi te ad bella pares annis animisque sequentur, cum primum qui te feliciter attulit, eurus" (eurus enim attulerat) "fuerit mutatus in austros."	'Father,' he said, 'you will see things greater than you could hope or believe: come out!' I came out, and just such men as I had seemed to see in my dream I now saw, one after another, and recognized them. They approached and saluted me as king. I paid my vows to Jupiter, and divided the city among the new peoples, and the fields emptied of their former farmers; and I called them Myrmidons, not cheating the name of its origin. You have seen their bodies; the habits they had before, they have still: they are a thrifty race, patient of toil, tenacious of what they gain and careful to keep what they have gained. These men, matched in years and spirit, will follow you to war as soon as the east wind that brought you here so happily"—for it was the east wind that had brought him—"has turned into the south wind."[20]

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS

Cephalus tells how he tested his wife Procris and later killed her by mistake with his own javelin.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.661	Talibus atque aliis longum sermonibus illi implevere diem. Lucis pars ultima mensae est data, nox somnis. Iubar aureus extulerat Sol (flabat adhuc eurus redituraqua vela tenebat): ad Cephalum Pallante sati, cui grandior aetas, ad regem Cephalus simul et Pallante creati conveniunt. Sed adhuc regem sopor altus habebat. Excipit Aeacides illos in limine Phocus: nam Telamon fraterque viros ad bella legebant. Phocus in interius spatium pulchrosque recessus Cecropidas ducit, cum quis simul ipse resedit.	With such talk and more they filled the long day. The last part of the daylight was given to the table, the night to sleep. The golden Sun had raised his radiance (the east wind was still blowing and kept back the sails that were to return home) when the sons of Pallas came to Cephalus, who was older, and Cephalus together with the sons of Pallas went to the king. But deep sleep still held the king. Phocus, son of Aeacus, received them at the threshold, for Telamon and his brother were levying men for the war. Phocus led the Athenians into

20 The name Myrmidons recalls the Greek word myrmēx, "ant."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		an inner space and lovely recesses, and sat down there with them.
7.672	Adspicit Aeoliden ignota ex arbore factum ferre manu iaculum, cuius fuit aurea cuspis. Pauca prius mediis sermonibus ille locutus "sum nemorum studiosus" ait "caedisque ferinae: qua tamen e silva teneas hastile recisum, iamdudum dubito. Certe si fraxinus esset, fulva colore foret; si cornus, nodus inesset. Unde sit, ignoro. Sed non formosius isto viderunt oculi telum iaculabile nostri." Excipit Actaeis e fratribus alter, et "usum maiorem specie mirabere" dixit "in isto. Consequitur quodcumque petit, fortunaque missum non regit, et revolat nullo referente cruentum."	He saw that Aeolus' son held in his hand a javelin made of an unknown wood, with a golden point. After saying a few things first, in the middle of their conversation, he said, "I am fond of the woods and of hunting wild beasts, but for some time now I have been wondering what forest the shaft you hold was cut from. Certainly if it were ash, it would be tawny in color; if cornel, it would have knots in it. Where it comes from I do not know. But my eyes have never seen a lovelier weapon for throwing than that one." One of the Athenian brothers took him up and said, "You will admire its usefulness even more than its looks. It hits whatever it aims at; no chance steers it once it is thrown, and it flies back, bloody, with no one to bring it back."
7.685	Tum vero iuvenis Nereius omnia quaerit, cur sit et unde datum, quis tanti muneris auctor. Quae petit, ille refert. Sed enim (narrare pudori est !), qua tulerit mercede silet; tactusque dolore coniugis amissae lacrimis ita fatur obortis: "Hoc me, nate dea, (quis possit credere?) telum flere facit facietque diu, si vivere nobis fata diu dederint. Hoc me cum coniuge cara perdidit: hoc utinam caruissem munere semper! Procris erat (si forte magis pervenit ad aures Orithyia tuas, raptae soror Orithyiae), si faciem moresque velis conferre duarum, dignior ipsa rapi. Pater hanc mihi iunxit Erechtheus, hanc mihi iunxit amor. Felix dicebar eramque.	Then indeed the young son of the Nereid asked everything: why it was so, where it came from, who had given so great a gift. What he asked, Cephalus told him; but—he was ashamed to tell it—he kept silent about the price at which he had got it. Touched by grief for the wife he had lost, with tears welling up, he spoke thus: "This weapon, son of a goddess—who could believe it?—makes me weep, and will make me weep for a long time, if the Fates grant me a long life. This destroyed me, together with my dear wife: if only I had never had this gift! There was Procris—if perhaps Orithyia has reached your ears more readily, she was the sister of Orithyia who was carried off—and if you wished to compare the looks and character of the two, she was the one more worthy to be carried off. Her father Erechtheus joined her to me; love joined her to me. I was called happy, and I was.[21]
7.699	Non ita dis visum est, aut nunc quoque forsitan essem. Alter agebatur post sacra iugalia mensis, cum me cornigeris tendentem retia cervis vertice de summo semper florentis Hymetti lutea mane videt pulsis Aurora tenebris invitumque rapit. Liceat mihi vera referre pace deae. Quod sit roseo spectabilis ore, quod teneat lucis, teneat confinia noctis, nectareis quod alatur aquis, ego —Procrin amabam:	The gods decided otherwise, or perhaps I would be happy even now. The second month after our marriage rites was passing when, as I was spreading nets for antlered deer, saffron-robed Aurora, having put the darkness to flight, saw me early in the morning from the topmost summit of ever-flowering Hymettus, and carried me off against my will. May I be allowed to tell the truth without

21 Phocus was Aeacus' son by the Nereid Psamathe. Orithyia, daughter of the Athenian king Erechtheus, was carried off by the North Wind, Boreas (6.682–721).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	pectore Procris erat, Procris mihi semper in ore. Sacra tori coitusque novos thalamosque recentes primaque deserti referebam foedera lecti.	offending the goddess: though she is lovely to look at with her rosy face, though she holds the borders of light and the borders of night, though she is fed on the waters of nectar, I—loved Procris. Procris was in my heart, Procris was always on my lips. I kept speaking of the sacred rites of our marriage bed, our new union, our fresh bridal chamber and the first vows of the bed I had abandoned.
7.711	Mota dea est et "siste tuas, ingrate, querellas: Procrin habe!" dixit. "Quodsi mea provida mens est, non habuisse voles." Meque illi irata remisit. Dum redeo mecumque deae memorata retracto, esse metus coepit, ne iura iugalia coniunx non bene servasset. Facies aetasque iubebat credere adulterium; prohibebant credere mores. Sed tamen afueram, sed et haec erat unde redibam, criminis exemplum, sed cuncta timemus amantes. Quaerere quod doleam statuo donisque pudicam sollicitare fidem. Favet huic Aurora timori inmutatque meam (videor sensisse) figuram.	The goddess was angered and said, 'Stop your complaints, ungrateful man: have your Procris! But if my mind foresees truly, you will wish you had never had her.' And she sent me back to Procris in anger. As I returned, turning over in my mind what the goddess had said, I began to fear that my wife had not kept her marriage vows faithfully. Her beauty and her youth urged me to believe in adultery; her character forbade me to believe it. But still, I had been away; and the woman I was coming back from was herself an example of the crime; and we lovers fear everything. I decided to look for something to grieve over, and to tempt her chaste fidelity with gifts. Aurora favored this fear and changed my appearance (I seem to have felt it).
7.723	Palladias ineo non cognoscendus Athenas ingrediorque domum. Culpa domus ipsa carebat castaque signa dabat dominoque erat anxia rapto: vix aditus per mille dolos ad Erechthida factus. Ut vidi, obstipui meditataque paene reliqui temptamenta fide. Male me, quin vera faterer, continui, male, quin, ut oportuit, oscula ferrem. Tristis erat (sed nulla tamen formosior illa esse potest tristi) desideriosque calebat coniugis abrepti. Tu conlige, qualis in illa, Phoce, decor fuerit, quam sic dolor ipse decebat. Quid referam, quotiens temptamina nostra pudici reppulerint mores, quotiens "ego" dixerit "uni servor; ubicumque est, uni mea gaudia servo!"	I entered Pallas' Athens unrecognizable and went into my house. The house itself was free of fault: it showed signs of chastity and was anxious for its master who had been carried off. Only with difficulty, through a thousand tricks, did I gain access to the daughter of Erechtheus. When I saw her, I was stunned, and almost abandoned the test of her faithfulness I had planned. I barely kept myself from confessing the truth, barely from kissing her, as I ought to have done. She was sad—and yet no woman could be lovelier than she was in her sadness—and burned with longing for the husband who had been snatched away. Imagine for yourself, Phocus, what beauty she had, when grief itself so became her. Why should I tell how often her chaste character repelled my attempts, how often she said, 'I am keeping myself for one man; wherever he is, I keep my joys for him alone!'
7.737	Cui non ista fide satis experientia sano magna foret? Non sum contentus et in mea pugno vulnera, dum census dare me pro nocte loquendo muneraque augendo tandem dubitare coegi. Exclamo: "Male (fictor adest !), male fictus adulter verus eram coniunx! me, perfida, teste teneris!" Illa nihil. Tacito tantummodo victa pudore	To whom, if he were sane, would that test not have been proof enough of her faithfulness? I was not content, and I fought for my own wounding, until, by talking of giving her a fortune for one night and by increasing my gifts, I at last forced her to hesitate. I cried out, 'Shame on you! Here is the

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	insidiosa malo cum coniuge limina fugit; offensaque mei genus omne perosa virorum montibus errabat, studiis operata Dianae. Tum mihi deserto violentior ignis ad ossa pervenit. Orabam veniam et peccasse fatebar et potuisse datis simili succumbere culpae me quoque muneribus, si munera tanta darentur.	pretender: your false lover was, to my sorrow, your true husband! Faithless woman, you are caught, and I am the witness!' She said nothing. Overcome only by silent shame, she fled the treacherous threshold and her wicked husband; and, hurt by me and hating the whole race of men, she wandered in the mountains, devoting herself to the pursuits of Diana. Then, deserted, I felt a more violent fire reach my very bones. I begged her forgiveness and confessed that I had done wrong, and that I too could have yielded to a similar fault if such great gifts had been offered to me.
7.751	Haec mihi confesso, laesum prius ulta pudorem, redditur et dulces concorditer exigit annos. Dat mihi praeterea, tamquam se parva dedisset dona, canem munus, quem cum sua traderet illi Cynthia, "currendo superabit" dixerat "omnes." Dat simul et iaculum, manibus quod (cernis) habemus. Muneris alterius quae sit fortuna, requiris? Accipe mirandum: novitate movebere facti. Carmina Laiades non intellecta priorum solverat ingeniis, et praecipitata iacebat inmemor ambagum vates obscura suarum. Protinus Aoniis inmittitur altera Thebis pestis, et exitio multi pecorumque suoque rurigenae pavere feram. Vicina iuventus venimus et latos indagine cinximus agros.	When I had confessed this, she, having first avenged her injured modesty, was restored to me and spent sweet years with me in harmony. Besides that, as if in giving herself she had given me only small gifts, she gave me a dog as a present, of which her own Cynthia, when handing it over to her, had said, 'He will outrun them all.' At the same time she gave me the javelin which, as you see, I hold in my hands. Do you ask what became of the other gift? Hear something marvelous: you will be moved by the strangeness of the deed. The son of Laius had solved by his wit the riddles that minds before him had not understood, and the obscure prophetess lay hurled headlong, forgetful of her own riddles. At once a second plague was sent against Aonian Thebes, and many country folk feared the wild beast, dreading the ruin of their flocks and of themselves. We young men of the neighborhood came and surrounded the broad fields with a ring of nets.[22]
7.767	Illa levi velox superabat retia saltu summaque transibat positarum lina plagarum. Copula detrahitur canibus: quos illa sequentes effugit et celeri non segnior alite ludit. Poscor et ipse meum consensu Laelapa magno (muneris hoc nomen). Iamdudum vincula pugnat exuere ipse sibi colloque morantia tendit. Vix bene missus erat, nec iam poteramus, ubi esset, scire. Pedum calidus vestigia pulvis habebat, ipse oculis ereptus erat. Non ocior illo hasta nec exutae contorto verbere glandes, nec Gortyniaco calamus levis exit ab arcu.	With light leaps the swift creature cleared the nets and passed over the top lines of the snares we had set. The leashes were slipped from the dogs; it fled them as they followed and mocked them, no slower than a swift bird. With a great shout of agreement everyone called on me for my Laelaps (that was the gift's name). He had long been struggling to get free of his bonds and straining at the leash that held back his neck. Scarcely was he let go, and already we could not tell where he was. The hot dust held the prints of his feet; he himself had vanished from our sight. No spear is swifter than he, nor the lead shot sent from a whirled

22 Cynthia is Diana. Oedipus, son of Laius, solved the Sphinx's riddle, after which she threw herself to her death and a monstrous fox was sent to ravage Thebes.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		sling, nor the light reed that flies from a Gortynian bow.[23]
7.779	Collis apex medii subiectis inminet arvis: tollor eo capioque novi spectacula cursus, quo modo deprendi, modo se subducere ab ipso vulnere visa fera est. Nec limite callida recto in spatiumque fugit, sed decipit ora sequentis et redit in gyrum, ne sit suus impetus hosti. Inminet hic sequiturque parem similisque tenenti non tenet et vanos exercet in aera morsus. Ad iaculi vertebar opem. Quod dextera librat dum mea, dum digitos amentis addere tempto, lumina deflexi. Revocataque rursus eodem rettuleram: in medio (mirum) duo marmora campo adspicio: fugere hoc, illud captare putares. Scilicet invictos ambo certamine cursus esse deus voluit, siquis deus adfuit illis."	The top of a hill in the middle overlooks the fields below: I climbed up there and took in the spectacle of that strange race, in which the beast seemed one moment to be caught, the next to slip away from the very wound. Nor did the cunning creature flee in a straight line and out into open space; it baffled the jaws of its pursuer and wheeled round in a circle, so that its enemy could not use his charge. The dog pressed close and followed, matching its pace; seeming to have it, he did not have it, and snapped vainly at the air. I turned to my javelin for help. While my right hand was balancing it, while I was trying to fit my fingers into the throwing-loops, I turned my eyes away; and when I brought them back again to the same place—a wonder!—I saw two marble figures in the middle of the plain: you would think one was fleeing, the other catching. Clearly some god wished both of them to be unconquered in the contest of speed, if any god was there with them."
7.794	Hactenus, et tacuit. "Iaculo quod crimen in ipso est?" Phocus ait. Iaculi sic crimina reddidit ille: "Gaudia principium nostri sunt, Phoce, doloris: illa prius referam. Iuvat o meminisse beati temporis, Aeacida, quo primos rite per annos coniuge eram felix, felix erat illa marito. Mutua cura duos et amor socialis habebat; nec Iovis illa meo thalamos praeferret amori, nec, me quae caperet, non si Venus ipsa veniret, ulla erat: aequales urebant pectora flammae. Sole fere radiis feriente cacumina primis venatum in silvas iuvenaliter ire solebam.	So far he spoke, and then fell silent. "What fault is there in the javelin itself?" Phocus asked. And Cephalus told him the javelin's guilt in this way: "Joys are the beginning of my grief, Phocus: I will tell of them first. Oh, it is a pleasure to remember that blessed time, son of Aeacus, when in those first years I was happy, as was right, in my wife, and she was happy in her husband. Mutual care and wedded love held the two of us. She would not have preferred Jupiter's bed to my love, nor was there any woman who could capture me—not even if Venus herself were to come: equal flames burned in our hearts. When the Sun was just striking the mountaintops with his first rays, I used to go off to hunt in the woods, as young men do.
7.806	Nec mecum famuli nec equi nec naribus acres ire canes, nec lina sequi nodosa solebant: tutus eram iaculo. Sed cum satiata ferinae dextera caedis erat, repetebam frigus et umbras et quae de gelidis exibat vallibus aura. Aura petebatur medio mihi lenis in aestu, auram exspectabam, requies erat illa labori. "Aura" (recordor enim) "venias" cantare solebam, "meque iuves intresque sinus, gratissima, nostros,	No servants, no horses, no keen-scented hounds used to go with me, nor did knotted nets follow: I was safe with my javelin. But when my right hand had had its fill of slaughtering game, I would seek out the cool and the shade, and the breeze that came out of the chill valleys. The gentle breeze was what I sought in the midday heat, the breeze I waited for; it was the rest from my labor. 'Come, Breeze,' I used to sing (for I remember it), 'come

23 Laelaps means "Hurricane" in Greek. Gortyn was a city in Crete, whose archers were famous.

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	utque facis, relevare velis, quibus urimur, aestus." Forsitan addiderim (sic me mea fata trahebant) blanditias plures et "tu mihi magna voluptas," dicere sim solitus, "tu me reficisque fovesque, tu facis, ut silvas, ut amem loca sola; meoque spiritus iste tuus semper captatur ab ore."	and help me, enter my bosom, dearest one, and, as you always do, be willing to relieve the heat that burns me.' Perhaps I added—so my fate was dragging me on—more endearments, and used to say, 'You are my great delight, you restore me and comfort me, you make me love the woods and lonely places; this breath of yours my lips are always trying to catch.'[24]
7.821	Vocibus ambiguis deceptam praebuit aurem nescio quis, nomenque aurae tam saepe vocatum esse putat nymphae: nympham mihi credit amari. Criminis extemplo ficti temerarius index Procrin adit linguaque refert audita susurra. Credula res amor est: subito conlapsa dolore, ut mihi narratur, cecidit; longoque refecta tempore se miseram, se fati dixit iniqui, deque fide questa est; et crimine concita vano quod nihil est, metuit, metuit sine corpore nomen et dolet infelix veluti de paelice vera. Saepe tamen dubitat speratque miserrima falli indicioque fidem negat et, nisi viderit ipsa, damnatura sui non est delicta mariti. Postera depulerant Aurorae lumina noctem: egredior silvamque peto, victorque per herbas	Someone or other lent an ear that was deceived by these ambiguous words, and thought that the name 'Breeze,' called so often, was a nymph's: he believed I was in love with a nymph. At once the rash informer of an imaginary crime went to Procris and repeated in a whisper what he had heard. Love is a credulous thing. Overcome by sudden grief, as I am told, she fell in a faint; and when she recovered after a long time, she called herself wretched and ill-fated, and complained of my faithlessness. Stirred by an empty charge, she feared what was nothing, feared a name without a body, and grieved, poor woman, as if over a real rival. Yet often she doubted, and hoped in her misery that she was deceived; she refused to believe the report, and unless she saw it herself, she would not condemn her husband's wrongdoing. The next day Aurora's light had driven away the night. I went out and made for the woods, and, successful in the hunt, there in the grass
7.837	"Aura veni" dixi, "nostroque medere labori." Et subito gemitus inter mea verba videbar nescio quos audisse: "veni" tamen "optima!" dicens fronde levem rursus strepitum faciente caduca sum ratus esse feram telumque volatile misi. Procris erat; medioque tenens in pectore vulnus "ei mihi" conclamat. Vox est ubi cognita fidae coniugis, ad vocem praeceps amensque cucurri. Semianimem et sparsas foedantem sanguine vestes et sua (me miserum!) de vulnere dona trahentem invenio, corpusque meo mihi carius ulnis mollibus attollo scissaque a pectore veste vulnera saeva ligo conorque inhibere cruorem, neu me morte sua sceleratum deserat, oro.	'Come, Breeze,' I said, 'and heal my weariness.' And suddenly, amid my words, I seemed to hear some sort of moan. Still I went on saying, 'Come, dearest one!' and when the fallen leaves made a slight rustle again, I thought it was a wild beast and sent my flying weapon. It was Procris. Holding the wound in the middle of her breast, she cried out, 'Ah me!' When I recognized the voice of my faithful wife, I ran headlong, out of my mind, toward the voice. I found her half-alive, fouling her clothes with spattered blood, and pulling—oh, my misery!—her own gift out of the wound. I lifted her body, dearer to me than my own, in my gentle arms, and tearing the clothing from her breast, I bound up the cruel wound and tried to stop the blood, and begged her not to leave me guilty of her death.
7.851	Viribus illa carens et iam moribunda coegit haec se pauca loqui: "Per nostri foedera lecti	Her strength failing and already dying, she forced herself to say these few words: 'By the bond of our

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perque deos supplex oro superosque meosque,
per siquid merui de te bene perque manentem
nunc quoque, cum pereo, causam mihi mortis, amorem,
ne thalamis Auram patiare innubere nostris."
Dixit, et errorem tum denique nominis esse
et sensi et docui. Sed quid docuisse iuvabat?
Labitur, et parvae fugiunt cum sanguine vires.
Dumque aliquid spectare potest, me spectat et in me
infelicem animam nostroque exhalat in ore;
sed vultu meliore mori secura videtur."
Flentibus haec lacrimans heros memorabat: et ecce
Aeacus ingreditur duplici cum prole novoque
milite, quem Cephalus cum fortibus accipit armis.

ENGLISH

marriage bed, by the gods above and by my own gods, I beg you as a suppliant, by anything I have deserved of you, and by the love that remains even now, as I die, the cause of my death: do not let Breeze marry into our bridal chamber.' She spoke, and only then did I realize that there had been a mistake over the name, and I told her. But what good was it to tell her? She sank, and her little strength fled with her blood. As long as she could look at anything, she looked at me, and breathed out her unhappy soul upon me and into my mouth; but with a happier face she seemed to die at peace." Weeping, the hero told this to his weeping listeners; and look, Aeacus came in with his two sons and the new soldiers, whom Cephalus received together with their strong weapons.

24 The Latin aura means "breeze," but it could also be heard as a woman's name, Aura; the confusion drives what follows.

Book 8

Minos, Daedalus, Meleager
Scylla betrays her father; Daedalus and Icarus; the Calydonian boar; Philemon and Baucis.

SCYLLA AND MINOS

Scylla cuts her father's purple lock to give his city to Minos, who sails away in disgust.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.1	Iam nitidum retegente diem noctisque fugante tempora Lucifero cadit eurus, et umida surgunt nubila: dant placidi cursum redeuntibus austri Aeacidis Cephaloque, quibus feliciter acti ante exspectatum portus tenuere petitos. Interea Minos Lelegeia litora vastat praetemptatque sui vires Mavortis in urbe Alcathoi, quam Nisus habet, cui splendidus ostro inter honoratos medioque in vertice canos crinis inhaerebat, magni fiducia regni. Sexta resurgebant orientis cornua lunae, et pendebat adhuc belli fortuna: diuque inter utrumque volat dubiis Victoria pennis.	Now, as Lucifer, the Morning Star, was unveiling the shining day and putting the hours of night to flight, the east wind dropped and moist clouds rose. The calm south winds gave passage to the sons of Aeacus and to Cephalus on their way home, and, driven happily along by them, they reached the harbor they were making for sooner than they had expected. Meanwhile Minos was laying waste the Lelegeian coast and testing the strength of his Mars against the city of Alcathous, which Nisus ruled. On Nisus' head, among his honored white hairs, in the very middle of his crown, there clung a lock bright with purple, the guarantee of his great kingdom. Six times the horns of the rising moon had grown again, and the fortune of the war still hung in the balance; for a long while Victory flew between the two sides on wavering wings.[1]
8.14	Regia turris erat vocalibus addita muris, in quibus auratam proles Letoia fertur deposuisse lyram: saxo sonus eius inhaesit. Saepe illuc solita est ascendere filia Nisi et petere exiguo resonantia saxa lapillo, tum cum pax esset: bello quoque saepe solebat spectare ex illa rigidi certamina Martis. Iamque mora belli procerum quoque nomina norat armaque equosque habitusque Cydonaeasque pharetras. Noverat ante alios faciem ducis Europaei, plus etiam, quam nosse sat est. Hac iudice Minos, seu caput abdiderat cristata casside pennis, in galea formosus erat; seu sumpserat aere fulgentem clipeum, clipeum sumpsisse decebat.	There was a royal tower built onto the singing walls. Latona's son is said to have laid down his golden lyre on these walls, and its sound had lodged in the stone. Nisus' daughter often used to climb up there and strike the echoing stones with a little pebble, in time of peace. In wartime too she often used to watch from it the contests of stern Mars. And by now, as the war dragged on, she knew even the names of the chieftains, their arms, horses, dress and Cydonian quivers. Above all she knew the face of their leader, Europa's son, and knew it even better than she needed to. In her judgment, if Minos had hidden his head in a helmet crested with plumes, he was handsome in a helmet. If he had taken up a shield gleaming with bronze, taking up a shield became him.[2]

1 Alcathous' city is Megara, west of Athens. The Leleges were an early people of the region.
2 Minos was the son of Jupiter and Europa, whom the god carried off to Crete in the form of a bull. "Cydonian" means Cretan.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.28	Torserat adductis hastilia lenta lacertis: laudabat virgo iunctam cum viribus artem. Imposito calamo patulos sinuaverat arcus: sic Phoebum sumptis iurabat stare sagittis. Cum vero faciem dempto nudaverat aere purpureusque albi stratis insignia pictis terga premebat equi spumantiaque ora regebat, vix sua, vix sanae virgo Niseia compos mentis erat. Felix iaculum, quod tangeret ille, quaeque manu premeret, felicia frena vocabat. Impetus est illi, liceat modo, ferre per agmen virgineos hostile gradus, est impetus illi turribus e summis in Gnosia mittere corpus castra, vel aeratas hosti recludere portas, vel siquid Minos aliud velit. Utque sedebat candida Dictaei spectans tentoria regis,	When he drew back his arms and hurled a pliant spear, the girl praised his skill combined with strength. When he set an arrow to the string and bent his wide bow, she swore that this was how Phoebus stood when he took up his arrows. But when he took off the bronze and bared his face, and, dressed in purple, sat on the back of a white horse marked out by its embroidered saddlecloth and guided its foaming mouth, then Nisus' daughter was scarcely mistress of herself, scarcely of sound mind. She called the javelin he touched happy, and happy the reins he gripped in his hand. She longed, if only she were allowed, to carry her girlish steps through the enemy lines. She longed to fling her body from the top of the towers into the Cnossian camp, or to open the bronze gates to the enemy, or to do anything else Minos might want. And as she sat gazing at the white tents of the Dictaean king,[3]
8.44	"laeter," ait "doleamne geri lacrimabile bellum, in dubio est. Doleo, quod Minos hostis amanti est: sed nisi bella forent, numquam mihi cognitus esset. Me tamen accepta poterat deponere bellum obside, me comitem, me pacis pignus haberet. Si quae te peperit, talis, pulcherrime rerum, qualis es ipsa fuit, merito deus arsit in illa. O ego ter felix, si pennis lapsa per auras Gnosiaci possem castris insistere regis fassaque me flammasque meas, qua dote, rogarem, vellet emi! tantum patrias ne posceret arces.	"Whether I should rejoice or grieve," she said, "that this tearful war is being waged, I cannot tell. I grieve that Minos is the enemy of the one who loves him. But if there were no war, I would never have known him. Yet he could end the war by taking me as a hostage: he could have me as his companion, me as the pledge of peace. If the woman who bore you, most beautiful of all beings, was such as you are, the god had good reason to burn for her. Oh, three times happy I would be if I could glide on wings through the air and set foot in the camp of the Cnossian king! I would confess who I am and confess my flames, and ask with what dowry he would like to be bought. Only let him not demand my father's citadel.
8.55	Nam pereant potius sperata cubilia, quam sim proditione potens! — Quamvis saepe utile vinci victoris placidi fecit clementia multis: iusta gerit certe pro nato bella perempto et causaque valet causamque tenentibus armis, et, puto, vincemur. Quis enim manet exitus urbem, cum suus haec illi reserabit moenia Mavors et non noster amor? Melius sine caede moraque impensaque sui poterit superare cruoris. Non metuam certe, ne quis tua pectora, Minos, vulneret imprudens. Quis enim tam durus, ut in te dirigere inmitem non inscius audeat hastam?	For let the marriage bed I hope for perish sooner than I prevail by treachery! And yet the mercy of a gentle victor has often made defeat a gain for many. He is certainly waging a just war for his murdered son. He is strong both in his cause and in the arms that defend his cause, and, I think, we shall be beaten. For what end awaits the city when his Mars, and not my love, unbars these walls to him? Better that he should conquer without slaughter and delay and the cost of his own blood. At least I will not have to fear, Minos, that someone may wound your breast without knowing it. For who is so hard-hearted that he would

3 "Dictaean" and "Cnossian" both mean Cretan, after Mount Dicte and the city of Cnossus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Coepta placent, et stat sententia tradere mecum dotalem patriam finemque imponere bello.	knowingly dare to aim a cruel spear at you? I like the plan, and my mind is made up: I will hand over my country, and myself with it, as my dowry, and put an end to the war.[4]
8.69	Verum velle parum est! Aditus custodia servat claustraque portarum genitor tenet: hunc ego solum infelix timeo, solus mea vota moratur. Di facerent, sine patre forem! — Sibi quisque profecto est deus: ignavis precibus Fortuna repugnat. Altera iamdudum succensa cupidine tanto perdere gauderet quodcumque obstaret amori. Et cur ulla foret me fortior? Ire per ignes et gladios ausim. Nec in hoc tamen ignibus ullis aut gladiis opus est: opus est mihi crine paterno. Illa mihi est auro pretiosior, illa beatam purpura me votique mei factura potentem."	But wishing is not enough! Guards watch the approaches, and my father holds the keys of the gates. He is the only one I fear, unhappy as I am, and he alone stands in the way of my prayers. If only the gods would make me fatherless! Surely each of us is our own god: Fortune resists idle prayers. Another girl, fired by so great a passion, would long ago have rejoiced to destroy whatever stood in the way of her love. And why should any girl be braver than I? I would dare to go through fire and swords. And yet for this there is no need of any fire or swords: what I need is my father's lock. That purple is more precious to me than gold. It will make me blessed and give me my heart's desire."
8.81	Talia dicenti curarum maxima nutrix nox intervenit, tenebrisque audacia crevit. Prima quies aderat, qua curis fessa diurnis pectora somnus habet: thalamos taciturna paternos intrat et (heu facinus!) fatali nata parentem crine suum spoliat praedaque potita nefanda per medios hostes (meriti fiducia tanta est) pervenit ad regem. Quem sic adfata paventem est: "Suasit amor facinus. Proles ego regia Nisi Scylla tibi trado patriaeque meosque penates. Praemia nulla peto nisi te. Cape pignus amoris purpureum crinem, nec me nunc tradere crinem, sed patrium tibi crede caput." Sceleratque dextra munera porrexit. Minos porrecta refugit turbatusque novi respondit imagine facti:	As she was saying such things, night, the greatest nurse of cares, came on, and with the darkness her daring grew. It was the first quiet of the night, when sleep takes hold of hearts weary with the cares of the day. Silently she entered her father's bedroom and (oh, the crime!) the daughter robbed her own father of his fateful lock. Having seized her unspeakable prize, she made her way through the midst of the enemy (so sure was she of her deserving) to the king. He was alarmed, and she addressed him thus: "Love urged this deed. I, Scylla, royal daughter of Nisus, hand over to you the household gods of my country and my own. I ask for no reward but you. Take this purple lock as a pledge of my love, and believe that I am handing you not a lock but my father's head." And with her guilty right hand she held out the gift. Minos shrank from what she held out, and, shaken by the image of so unheard-of a deed, he replied:
8.97	"Di te summoveant, o nostri infamia saecli, orbe suo, tellusque tibi pontusque negetur. Certe ego non patiar Iovis incunabula, Creten, qui meus est orbis, tantum contingere monstrum." Dixit, et ut leges captis iustissimus auctor hostibus imposuit, classis retinacula solvi iussit et aeratas impelli remige puppes. Scylla freto postquam deductas nare carinas	"May the gods banish you from their world, you disgrace of our age, and may land and sea be denied to you! Certainly I will not let Crete, the cradle of Jupiter, which is my world, be touched by such a monster." So he said. Then, as the most just of lawgivers, he imposed terms on his conquered enemies, and after that he ordered the fleet's cables to be loosed and the bronze-fitted

4 Minos' son Androgeos had been killed in Attica, and this war was waged to avenge him.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nec praestare ducem sceleris sibi praemia vidit, consumptis precibus violentam transit in iram, intendensque manus, passis furibunda capillis, "quo fugis" exclamat, "meritorum auctore relicta, o patriae praelate meae, praelate parenti?	ships to be driven on by the rowers. Scylla saw the keels launched and floating on the sea, and saw that the leader was not granting her the reward of her crime. Her pleas exhausted, she passed into violent rage. Stretching out her hands in a frenzy, her hair streaming, she cried: "Where are you fleeing, leaving behind the one who did you such service, you whom I put before my country, put before my father?
8.110	Quo fugis, inmitis? cuius victoria nostrum et scelus et meritum est. Nec te data munera, nec te noster amor movit, nec quod spes omnis in unum te mea congesta est? Nam quo deserta revertar? In patriam? Superata iacet. Sed finge manere: proditione mea clausa est mihi. Patris ad ora? Quem tibi donavi! Cives odere merentem, finitimi exemplum metuunt: exponimur orbae, terrarum nobis ut Crete sola pateret. Hac quoque si prohibes et nos, ingrate, relinquis, non genetrix Europa tibi ea, sed inhospita Syrtis, Armeniae tigres austroque agitata Charybdis.	Where are you fleeing, cruel man? Your victory is both my crime and my service. Were you not moved by the gifts I gave, nor by my love, nor by the fact that all my hope was heaped on you alone? For where shall I return, deserted as I am? To my country? It lies defeated. But suppose it still stood: my treachery has shut it against me. To my father's face? I gave him to you! The citizens hate me, as I deserve, and the neighbors fear my example. I am cast out, deprived of every land, so that Crete alone might be open to me. If you bar me from this too and leave me, ungrateful man, then your mother was not Europa. You were born of the inhospitable Syrtis, of Armenian tigers, of Charybdis lashed by the south wind.[5]
8.122	Nec Iove tu natus, nec mater imagine tauri ducta tua est (generis falsa est ea fabula !): verus et ferus et captus nullius amore iuvencae, qui te progenuit, taurus fuit. Exige poenas, Nise pater! gaudete malis, modo prodita, nostris moenia! nam fateor, merui et sum digna perire. Sed tamen ex illis aliquis, quos impia laesi, me perimat. Cur, qui vicisti crimine nostro, insequeris crimen? Scelus hoc patriaeque patrique, officium tibi sit. Te vere coniuge digna est, quae torvum ligno decepit adultera taurum discordemque utero fetum tulit. Ecquid ad aures perveniunt mea dicta tuas? An inania venti verba ferunt idemque tuas, ingrate, carinas?	You are not Jupiter's son, nor was your mother lured by the likeness of a bull (that tale of your birth is false!). The one who begot you was a bull, a real one, savage, and never captivated by love for any heifer. Exact your punishment, Nisus, my father! Rejoice at my misfortunes, you walls I have just betrayed! For I confess it: I have deserved it, and I am worthy to die. But still, let one of those whom I wickedly wronged destroy me. Why do you, who conquered through my crime, pursue that crime? Let this be a crime against my country and my father, but let it be a service to you. Truly worthy of you as a wife is the adulteress who deceived the fierce bull with wood and carried in her womb an ill-matched offspring. Do my words reach your ears at all? Or do the winds carry off my empty words, and the same winds your ships, ungrateful man?[6]
8.136	Iam iam Pasiphaen non est mirabile taurum praeposuisse tibi: tu plus feritatis habebas. Me miseram! properare iubet, divulsaque remis unda sonat; mecumque simul mea terra recedit.	Now, now it is no wonder that Pasiphae preferred a bull to you: you had more savagery in you. How wretched I am! He orders them to hurry, and the water torn apart by the oars resounds. My land re-

5 The Syrtes were dangerous shoals off the coast of Libya. Charybdis was a whirlpool in the strait between Italy and Sicily.
6 Minos' wife Pasiphae, inflamed with desire for a bull, hid inside a wooden cow made by Daedalus and bore the Minotaur.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Nil agis, o frustra meritorum oblite meorum: insequar invitum, puppimque amplexa recurvam per freta longa trahar." Vix dixerat, insilit undis consequiturque rates, faciente cupidine vires, Gnosiacaeque haeret comes invidiosa carinae. Quam pater ut vidit (nam iam pendebat in aura et modo factus erat fulvis haliaeetus alis), ibat, ut haerentem rostro laceraret adunco. Illa metu puppim dimisit, et aura cadentem sustinuisse levis, ne tangeret aequora, visa est. Pluma fuit: plumis in avem mutata vocatur ciris, et a tonso est hoc nomen adepta capillo.	cedes, and I recede along with it. You achieve nothing, you who vainly forget my services. I will follow you against your will, and clinging to your curved stern I will be dragged across the long seas." Scarcely had she spoken when she leapt into the waves and caught up with the ships, for desire gave her strength. She clung to the Cnossian keel, an unwelcome companion. As soon as her father saw her (for he was now hovering in the air, newly made a sea eagle with tawny wings), he went to tear her with his hooked beak as she clung there. In fear she let go of the stern, and as she fell a light breeze seemed to hold her up so that she would not touch the sea. It was feathers: changed by feathers into a bird, she is called the ciris, and she took this name from the shorn lock.[7]

THE MINOTAUR AND ARIADNE

Daedalus builds the Labyrinth for the Minotaur; Theseus kills it with Ariadne's help and abandons her.

LATIN	ENGLISH
8.152 Vota Iovi Minos taurorum corpora centum solvit, ut egressus ratibus Curetida terram contigit, spoliis decorata est regia fixis. Creverat opprobrium generis, foedumque patebat matris adulterium monstri novitate biformis. Destinat hunc Minos thalamo removere pudorem multiplicique domo caecisque includere tectis. Daedalus ingenio fabrae celeberrimus artis ponit opus turbatque notas et lumina flexu ducit in errorem variarum ambage viarum. Non secus ac liquidis Phrygius Maeandrus in undis ludit et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque occurrensque sibi venturas adspicit undas, et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum incertas exercet aquas: ita Daedalus implet innumeras errore vias. Vixque ipse reverti ad limen potuit: tanta est fallacia tecti.	As soon as he left his ships and reached the land of the Curetes, Minos paid his vows to Jupiter with the bodies of a hundred bulls, and his palace was adorned with the spoils fastened up there. The disgrace of his family had grown, and the strangeness of the two-formed monster laid bare the mother's foul adultery. Minos resolved to remove this shame from his marriage chamber and to shut it away in a house of many windings, with blind passages. Daedalus, most famous for his genius in the craftsman's art, constructed the work. He confused the landmarks and led the eye astray in the windings of its many paths. The Phrygian Maeander plays in its clear waters and flows back and forth in its uncertain course. Running into itself, it sees the waters that are still to come, and, turning now toward its source, now toward the open sea, it keeps its wavering waters at work. Just so Daedalus filled the countless paths with wandering. He himself was scarcely able to find his way back to the entrance, so deceptive was the building.[8]
8.169 Quo postquam geminam tauri iuvenisque figuram clausit, et Actaeo bis pastum sanguine monstrum tertia sors annis domuit repetita novenis,	There he shut up the double form of bull and young man. Twice the monster fed on Actaean blood, and then it was overcome by the third lot,

7 The name "ciris" was derived from the Greek verb keirein, "to shear."
8 The Curetes were Cretan spirits who guarded the infant Jupiter, so their land is Crete.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	utque ope virginea nullis iterata priorum ianua difficilis filo est inventa relecto, protinus Aegides rapta Minoide Diam vela dedit comitemque suam crudelis in illo litore destituit. Desertae et multa querenti amplexus et opem Liber tulit; utque perenni sidere clara foret, sumptam de fronte coronam inmisit caelo. Tenues volat illa per auras dumque volat, gemmae nitidos vertuntur in ignes consistuntque loco specie remanente coronae, qui medius Nixique genu est anguemque tenentis.	drawn again after nine years. With a girl's help the difficult door was found by winding back the thread, though none of those before had ever reached it a second time. At once Aegeus' son carried off Minos' daughter and set sail for Dia, and on that shore he cruelly abandoned his companion. She was deserted and lamenting long, and Liber brought her embraces and help. So that she might shine as an everlasting constellation, he took the crown from her forehead and sent it into the sky. It flew through the thin air, and as it flew its jewels were turned into shining fires. They settled in place, keeping the shape of a crown, midway between the Kneeler and the man who holds the serpent.[9]

DAEDALUS AND ICARUS

Daedalus makes wings to escape Crete; his son Icarus flies too near the sun and falls.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.183	Daedalus interea Creten longumque perosus exsilium tactusque loci natalis amore clausus erat pelago. "Terras licet" inquit "et undas obstruat: at caelum certe patet; ibimus illac. Omnia possideat, non possidet aera Minos." Dixit et ignotas animum dimittit in artes naturamque novat. Nam ponit in ordine pennas, a minima coeptas, longam breviore sequenti, ut clivo crevisse putes. Sic rustica quondam fistula disparibus paulatim surgit avenis. Tum lino medias et ceris adligat imas, atque ita compositas parvo curvamine flectit, ut veras imitetur aves. Puer Icarus una stabat et, ignarus sua se tractare pericla, ore renidenti modo, quas vaga moverat aura, captabat plumas, flavam modo pollice ceram mollibat lusuque suo mirabile patris impediebat opus. Postquam manus ultima coepto imposita est, geminas opifex libravit in alas ipse suum corpus motaque pependit in aura.	Meanwhile Daedalus hated Crete and his long exile, and he was moved by longing for his native land, but he was shut in by the sea. "He may block the lands and the waves," he said, "but the sky at least lies open; that is the way we will go. Minos may possess everything, but he does not possess the air." So he said, and he turned his mind to arts unknown and made nature new. He laid feathers in order, beginning with the smallest, a long one beside a shorter one, so that you would think they had grown on a slope. In the same way a country panpipe sometimes rises little by little, with reeds of unequal length. Then he bound the feathers with thread in the middle and with wax at the base, and, having arranged them so, bent them in a gentle curve to imitate real birds. The boy Icarus stood beside him, not knowing that he was handling his own peril. With a beaming face he would catch at feathers that a passing breeze had stirred, or soften the yellow wax with his thumb, and by his play he hindered his father's marvelous work. When the finishing touch had been put to the undertaking, the craftsman himself balanced his body on the two wings and hung in the air he had set in motion.
8.203	Instruit et natum "medio" que "ut limite curras, Icare," ait "moneo, ne, si demissior ibis,	He instructed his son too. "I warn you, Icarus," he said, "to fly in the middle course. If you go too low,

LATIN	ENGLISH
unda gravet pennas, si celsior, ignis adurat. Inter utrumque vola. Nec te spectare Booten aut Helicen iubeo strictumque Orionis ensem: me duce carpe viam." Pariter praecepta volandi tradit et ignotas umeris accommodat alas. Inter opus monitusque genae maduere seniles, et patriae tremuere manus. Dedit oscula nato non iterum repetenda suo, pennisque levatus ante volat comitique timet, velut ales, ab alto quae teneram prolem produxit in aera nido, hortaturque sequi damnosasque erudit artes et movet ipse suas et nati respicit alas.	the water may weigh down your wings, and if you go too high, the fire may scorch them. Fly between the two. And I tell you not to look at Bootes or Helice or Orion's drawn sword: take your path with me as your guide." At the same time he handed down the rules of flight and fitted the strange wings to the boy's shoulders. Amid the work and the warnings the old man's cheeks grew wet, and the father's hands trembled. He gave his son kisses that would never be repeated. Rising on his wings, he flew ahead and feared for his companion, like a bird that has led its tender young from a high nest into the air. He urged him to follow and taught him the ruinous arts, moving his own wings and looking back at his son's.[10]
8.217 Hos aliquis tremula dum captat harundine pisces, aut pastor baculo stivave innixus arator vidit et obstipuit, quique aethera carpere possent credidit esse deos. Et iam Iunonia laeva parte Samos (fuerant Delosque Parosque relictae), dextra Lebinthos erat fecundaque melle Calymne, cum puer audaci coepit gaudere volatu deseruitque ducem caelique cupidine tractus altius egit iter. Rapidi vicinia solis mollit odoratas, pennarum vincula, ceras. Tabuerant cerae: nudos quatit ille lacertos, remigioque carens non ullas percipit auras, oraque caerulea patrium clamantia nomen excipiuntur aqua: quae nomen traxit ab illo. At pater infelix, nec iam pater, "Icare," dixit, "Icare," dixit "ubi es? qua te regione requiram?" "Icare" dicebat: pennas adspexit in undis devovitque suas artes corpusque sepulcro condidit, et tellus a nomine dicta sepulti.	Some fisherman catching fish with his quivering rod, or a shepherd leaning on his crook, or a plowman on his plow handle, saw them and stood amazed. He believed that those who could travel the sky were gods. And now Juno's Samos was on their left, with Delos and Paros left behind, and on the right were Lebinthos and Calymne, rich in honey. Then the boy began to delight in his daring flight. Drawn by longing for the sky, he left his guide and flew higher. The nearness of the scorching sun softened the fragrant wax that bound the feathers. The wax melted, and he flapped his bare arms, but with nothing to row with he caught no air. His mouth, crying out his father's name, was swallowed by the blue water, which took its name from him. But the unhappy father, now a father no longer, called, "Icarus!" "Icarus," he called, "where are you? In what region shall I look for you?" "Icarus," he kept calling. He caught sight of feathers on the waves and cursed his arts. He laid the body in a tomb, and the land is called after the one buried there.[11]

PERDIX

Daedalus once threw his gifted nephew from the Acropolis, and Minerva turned the boy into a partridge.

LATIN	ENGLISH
8.236 Hunc miseri tumulo ponentem corpora nati garrula limoso prospexit ab elice perdix et plausit pennis testataque gaudia cantu est:	As he was laying his poor son's body in the tomb, a chattering partridge looked out from a muddy ditch, clapped its wings, and proclaimed its joy in

9 Athens (Actaea) owed Minos a tribute of young people, chosen by lot every nine years, to be fed to the Minotaur. Theseus, son of Aegeus, killed it with the help of Minos' daughter Ariadne.
10 Bootes, Helice (the Great Bear) and Orion are constellations by which sailors steered.
11 The Icarian Sea in the eastern Aegean and the island of Icaria were named after him.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	unica tunc volucris nec visa prioribus annis, factaque nuper avis, longum tibi, Daedale, crimen. Namque huic tradiderat, fatorum ignara, docendam progeniem germana suam, natalibus actis bis puerum senis, animi ad praecepta capacis. Ille etiam medio spinas in pisce notatas traxit in exemplum ferroque incidit acuto perpetuos dentes et serrae repperit usum.	song. At that time it was the only bird of its kind, never seen in earlier years, and it had only recently been made a bird, a lasting reproach to you, Daedalus. For his sister, unaware of what fate held, had handed her son over to him to be taught. The boy had passed twelve birthdays, and his mind was quick to take in instruction. He even took the spine he noticed in the middle of a fish as a model. He cut a row of continuous teeth into sharp iron and discovered the use of the saw.
8.247	Primus et ex uno duo ferrea bracchia nodo vinxit, ut aequali spatio distantibus illis altera pars staret, pars altera duceret orbem. Daedalus invidit sacraque ex arce Minervae praecipitem misit, lapsum mentitus. At illum quae favet ingeniis excepit Pallas avemque reddidit et medio velavit in aere pennis. Sed vigor ingenii quondam velocis in alas inque pedes abiit: nomen quod et ante remansit. Non tamen haec alte volucris sua corpora tollit, nec facit in ramis altoque cacumine nidos: propter humum volitat ponitque in saepibus ova antiquique memor metuit sublimia casus.	He was also the first to bind two iron arms at a single joint, so that, with the two kept an equal distance apart, one part would stand still while the other drew a circle. Daedalus envied him and threw him headlong from Minerva's sacred citadel, pretending he had fallen. But Pallas, who favors talent, caught him, made him a bird, and clothed him in feathers in midair. But the vigor of his once quick mind passed into his wings and feet, and the name he had before remained. Yet this bird does not lift its body high, nor does it build its nests in branches and lofty treetops. It flutters near the ground and lays its eggs in hedges, and, remembering its old fall, it fears high places.[12]

THE CALYDONIAN BOAR HUNT

Diana sends a monstrous boar against Calydon, and the heroes of Greece gather to hunt it.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.260	Iamque fatigatum tellus Aetnaea tenebat Daedalon, et sumptis pro supplice Cocalus armis mitis habebatur, iam lamentabile Athenae pendere desierant Thesea laude tributum. Templa coronantur, bellatricemque Minervam cum Iove disque vocant aliis, quos sanguine voto muneribusque datis et acerris turis honorant. Sparserat Argolicas nomen vaga fama per urbes Theseos, et populi, quos dives Achaia cepit, huius opem magnis imploravere periclis. Huius opem Calydon, quamvis Meleagron haberet, sollicita supplex petiit prece. Causa petendi sus erat, infestae famulus vindexque Dianae. Oenea namque ferunt pleni successibus anni primitias frugum Cereri, sua vina Lyaeo, Palladios flavae latices libasse Minervae.	Now the land of Etna held the weary Daedalus, and Cocalus, who had taken up arms on behalf of his suppliant, was thought kind. Now, thanks to Theseus' glory, Athens had ceased to pay its mournful tribute. The temples were hung with garlands, and the people called on warlike Minerva, with Jupiter and the other gods, honoring them with the blood of vowed victims, with offerings, and with caskets of incense. Wandering rumor had spread the name of Theseus through the Argive cities, and the peoples whom rich Achaia held begged for his help in their great dangers. Calydon too, though it had Meleager, came as a suppliant and sought his help with anxious prayers. The reason for asking was a boar, the servant and avenger of a hostile Diana. For they say that Oeneus, after a year full of good harvests, had offered

12 The boy was called Perdix, the Latin and Greek word for "partridge." Minerva's citadel is the Acropolis of Athens.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	the first-fruits of the crops to Ceres, his wine to Lyaeus, and the oil of Pallas to golden-haired Minerva.[13]
8.276 Coeptus ab agricolis superos pervenit ad omnes ambitiosus honor; solas sine ture relictas praeteritae cessasse ferunt Latoidos aras. Tangit et ira deos. "At non impune feremus, quaeque inhonoratae, non et dicemur inultae" inquit, et Oeneos ultorem spreta per agros misit aprum, quanto maiores herbida tauros non habet Epiros, sed habent Sicula arva minores. Sanguine et igne micant oculi, riget horrida cervix, fervida cum rauco latos stridore per armos spuma fluit, dentes aequantur dentibus Indis, fulmen ab ore venit, frondes adflatibus ardent. Is modo crescentes segetes proculcat in herba, nunc matura metit fleturi vota coloni et Cererem in spicis intercipit. Area frustra et frustra exspectant promissas horrea messes.	These coveted honors began with the gods of the fields and reached all the gods above. Only the altars of Latona's daughter were passed over and left without incense, idle, so they say. Gods too are touched by anger. "But we will not bear this unpunished," she said. "We may be called unhonored, but we will not also be called unavenged." And, spurned, she sent a boar through the fields of Oeneus to avenge her. It was so huge that grassy Epirus has no bulls larger, and the fields of Sicily have only smaller ones. His eyes glittered with blood and fire, and his bristling neck was rigid. Hot foam flowed with a hoarse screeching down over his broad shoulders, and his tusks were a match for the tusks of Indian elephants. Lightning came from his mouth, and leaves caught fire at his breath. One moment he trampled the crops still growing in the blade, the next he mowed down the ripe harvest, the hopes of a farmer who would weep, and intercepted Ceres in the ear. In vain the threshing floor, and in vain the granaries, waited for the harvests they had been promised.
8.294 Sternuntur gravidi longo cum palmite fetus bacaque cum ramis semper frondentis olivae. Saevit et in pecudes: non has pastorve canisve, non armenta truces possunt defendere tauri. Diffugiunt populi nec se nisi moenibus urbis esse putant tutos, donec Meleagros et una lecta manus iuvenum coiere cupidine laudis: Tyndaridae gemini, spectatus caestibus alter, alter equo, primaeque ratis molitor Iason, et cum Pirithoo, felix concordia, Theseus; et duo Thestiadae prolesque Aphareia, Lynceus et velox Idas, et iam non femina Caeneus Leucippusque ferox iaculoque insignis Acastus Hippothousque Dryasque et cretus Amyntore Phoenix, Actoridaeque pares et missus ab Elide Phyleus.	The vines heavy with grapes were laid low along with their long shoots, and the berries of the everleafy olive along with its branches. He raged against the flocks too: neither shepherd nor dog could defend them, nor could fierce bulls defend the herds. The people fled in all directions and believed themselves safe only inside the city walls, until Meleager and a chosen band of young men came together with him, eager for glory. There were the twin sons of Tyndareus, one renowned for boxing, the other for horsemanship; Jason, builder of the first ship; and Theseus with Pirithous, a happy harmony. There were the two sons of Thestius; the sons of Aphareus, Lynceus and swift Idas; Caeneus, no longer a woman; fierce Leucippus; and Acastus, famous with the javelin. There were Hippothous and Dryas, and Phoenix, son of Amyntor; the matched sons of Actor; and Phyleus, sent from Elis.[14]

13 Cocalus, king of Sicily, sheltered Daedalus from Minos. Athens' tribute was the young men and girls sent to Crete to be devoured by the Minotaur, until Theseus killed it.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.309	Nec Telamon aberat magnique creator Achillis cumque Pheretiade et Hyanteo Iolao impiger Eurytion, et cursu invictus Echion, Naryciusque Lelex Panopeusque Hyleusque feroxque Hippasus et primis etiamnum Nestor in annis, et quos Hippocoon antiquis misit Amyclis, Penelopaeque socer cum Parrhasio Ancaeo, Ampycidesque sagax et adhuc a coniuge tutus Oeclides, nemorisque decus Tegeaea Lycaei. Rasilis huic summam mordebat fibula vestem, crinis erat simplex, nodum conlectus in unum. Ex umero pendens resonabat eburnea laevo telorum custos, arcum quoque laeva tenebat. Talis erat cultu; facies, quam dicere vere virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine possis.	Telamon was there too, and the father of great Achilles. With the son of Pheres and Iolaus of Boeotia came tireless Eurytion, and Echion, unbeaten at running. There were Lelex of Naryx, Panopeus, Hyleus, fierce Hippasus, and Nestor, still in his early years. There were those whom Hippocoon sent from ancient Amyclae, and Penelope's father-in-law with Ancaeus of Parrhasia. There were the shrewd son of Ampycus, and the son of Oecles, still safe from his wife. And there was the pride of the Lycaean woods, the girl from Tegea. A polished brooch gripped the top of her robe, and her hair was simple, gathered into a single knot. From her left shoulder hung a rattling ivory quiver, the keeper of her arrows, and her left hand held a bow as well. Such was her dress. As for her face, you could truly call it girlish in a boy, boyish in a girl.[15]
8.324	Hanc pariter vidit, pariter Calydonius heros optavit renuente deo flammasque latentes hausit et "o felix, siquem dignabitur" inquit "ista virum." Nec plura sinit tempusque pudorque dicere: maius opus magni certaminis urget. Silva frequens trabibus, quam nulla ceciderat aetas, incipit a plano devexaque prospicit arva. Quo postquam venere viri, pars retia tendunt, vincula pars adimunt canibus, pars pressa sequuntur signa pedum cupiuntque suum reperire periclum. Concava vallis erat, quo se demittere rivi adsuerant pluvialis aquae: tenet ima lacunae lenta salix ulvaeque leves iuncique palustres viminaque et longa parvae sub harundine cannae.	At the same moment the Calydonian hero saw her, at the same moment he desired her, though the god refused it. He drank in hidden flames and said, "Oh, happy the man, if she ever thinks anyone worthy of her!" Time and modesty let him say no more, because the greater work of the great contest pressed on him. There was a forest, thick with trunks, which no age had ever felled. It began on the plain and looked down over sloping fields. When the men arrived there, some spread nets and some loosed the dogs from their leashes. Others followed the clear prints of feet, eager to find their own danger. There was a hollow valley where streams of rainwater used to run down. The bottom of the marshy pool held pliant willow, light sedge, marsh rushes, osiers, and little reeds beneath tall canes.
8.338	Hinc aper excitus medios violentus in hostes fertur, ut excussis elisi nubibus ignes. Sternitur incursu nemus et propulsa fragorem silva dat. Exclamant iuvenes praetentaque forti tela tenent dextra lato vibrantia ferro. Ille ruit spargitque canes, ut quisque furenti obstat, et obliquo latrantes dissipat ictu. Cuspis Echionio primum contorta lacerto vana fuit truncoque dedit leve vulnus acerno.	Roused from here, the boar charged violently into the midst of his enemies, like lightning struck from colliding clouds. The grove was flattened by his onrush, and the woods crashed as he drove through them. The young men shouted and held their weapons out before them in strong right hands, the broad iron points quivering. He rushed on and scattered the dogs as each one stood in the way of his fury, and drove off the barking pack

14 The sons of Tyndareus are Pollux the boxer and Castor the horseman. Caeneus was born a girl, Caenis, and changed into a man by Neptune (told in Book 12).
15 Penelope's father-in-law is Laertes; the son of Ampycus is the seer Mopsus; the son of Oecles is Amphiaraus, later betrayed to his death by his wife; the girl from Tegea is Atalanta.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Proxima, si nimiis mittentis viribus usa non foret, in tergo visa est haesura petito: longius it. Auctor teli Pagasaeus Iason. "Phoebe," ait Ampycides "si te coluique coloque, da mihi quod petitur certo contingere telo!"	with sidelong blows. The first spear, hurled by Echion's arm, missed and made only a slight wound in the trunk of a maple. The next looked certain to stick in the back it was aimed at, had its thrower not used too much strength, but it went too far. The man who threw it was Jason of Pagasae. "Phoebus," said the son of Ampycus, "if I have worshiped you and worship you still, grant that my weapon strike true and reach what I aim at!"
8.352	Qua potuit, precibus deus adnuit: ictus ab illo est, sed sine vulnere, aper; ferrum Diana volanti abstulerat iaculo: lignum sine acumine venit. Ira feri mota est, nec fulmine lenius arsit: emicat ex oculis, spirat quoque pectore flamma. Utque volat moles adducto concita nervo, cum petit aut muros aut plenas milite turres, in iuvenes certo sic impete vulnificus sus fertur et Hippalmon Pelagonaque, dextra tuentes cornua, prosternit; socii rapuere iacentes. At non letiferos effugit Enaesimus ictus, Hippocoonte satus: trepidantem et terga parantem vertere succiso liquerunt poplite nervi.	As far as he could, the god granted the prayer. The boar was struck by him but not wounded, because Diana had taken the iron from the javelin in flight, and the shaft arrived without its point. The beast's anger was stirred, and it blazed no more gently than lightning. Flame flashed from his eyes and breathed from his chest as well. A boulder flies when the cord is drawn back and launched against walls or towers full of soldiers. Just so the wound-dealing boar charged at the young men with sure onslaught, and laid low Hippalmus and Pelagon, who were guarding the right wing; their comrades snatched them up where they lay. But Enaesimus, son of Hippocoon, did not escape the deadly strokes. As he trembled and was ready to turn his back, his knee was slashed and his sinews gave way.
8.365	Forsitan et Pylius citra Troiana perisset tempora: sed sumpto posita conamine ab hasta arboris insiluit, quae stabat proxima, ramis despexitque, loco tutus, quem fugerat hostem. Dentibus ille ferox in querno stipite tritis inminet exitio fidensque recentibus armis Eurytidae magni rostro femur hausit adunco. At gemini, nondum caelestia sidera, fratres, ambo conspicui, nive candidioribus ambo vectabantur equis, ambo vibrata per auras hastarum tremulo quatiebant spicula motu. Vulnera fecissent, nisi saetiger inter opacas nec iaculis isset nec equo loca pervia silvas. Persequitur Telamon studioque incautus eundi pronus ab arborea cecidit radice retentus.	Perhaps the Pylian too would have perished long before the time of Troy. But he launched himself on his planted spear and vaulted into the branches of a tree that stood nearby. Safe in that spot, he looked down at the enemy he had escaped. The savage beast whetted his tusks on an oak trunk, intent on slaughter. Trusting in his freshly sharpened weapons, he ripped open the thigh of great Eurytus' son with his curving snout. But the twin brothers, not yet stars in the sky, both conspicuous, both rode horses whiter than snow. Both brandished spear-points that quivered as they shook them through the air. They would have dealt wounds, had the bristling beast not gone into the dark woods, which neither javelins nor horses could pass. Telamon gave chase, but in his eagerness to go on he grew careless and fell headlong, caught by the root of a tree.[16]
8.380	Dum levat hunc Peleus, celerem Tegeaea sagittam imposuit nervo sinuatoque expulit arcu.	While Peleus was helping him up, the girl from Tegea set a swift arrow to the string and shot it

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Fixa sub aure feri summum destrinxit harundo corpus et exiguo rubefecit sanguine saetas. Nec tamen illa sui successu laetior ictus, quam Meleagros erat. Primus vidisse putatur et primus sociis visum ostendisse cruorem et "meritum" dixisse "feres virtutis honorem." Erubuere viri seque exhortantur et addunt cum clamore animos iaciuntque sine ordine tela: turba nocet iactis et, quos petit, impedit ictus. Ecce furens contra sua fata bipennifer Arcas "discite, femineis quid tela virilia praestent, o iuvenes, operique meo concedite!" dixit.	from her curved bow. The shaft lodged under the beast's ear, grazing the surface of his body and reddening his bristles with a little blood. Yet she was no happier at the success of her shot than Meleager was. He is thought to have been the first to see the blood, and the first to show his comrades what he had seen. He said to her, "You will win the honor your courage has earned." The men blushed and urged one another on. They stirred up their spirits with shouting and threw their weapons without order. Their very numbers spoiled the throws and kept the blows from reaching what they aimed at. Then, look—raging against his own fate, the Arcadian with the double ax said, "Learn, young men, how much better men's weapons are than women's, and leave this work to me!"
8.394	"Ipsa suis licet hunc Latonia protegat armis, invita tamen hunc perimet mea dextra Diana." Talia magniloquo tumidus memoraverat ore ancipitemque manu tollens utraque securim institerat digitis, primos suspensus in artus. Occupat audentem, quaque est via proxima leto, summa ferus geminos direxit ad inguina dentes. Concidit Ancaeus glomerataque sanguine multo viscera lapsa fluunt: madefacta est terra cruore. Ibat in adversum proles Ixionis hostem Pirithous valida quatiens venabula dextra. Cui "procul" Aegides "o me mihi carior" inquit "pars animae consiste meae! licet eminus esse fortibus: Ancaeo nocuit temeraria virtus."	"Though Latona's daughter herself should shield him with her own weapons, still my right hand will destroy him, against Diana's will." Puffed up, he had spoken such words with a boastful mouth. Lifting his two-edged ax in both hands, he had risen up on his toes, poised on the tips of his feet. But the beast struck first at the bold man. He aimed his twin tusks where the nearest way to death lay, at the top of the groin. Ancaeus fell, and his entrails slid out and poured forth, tangled in streams of blood, until the earth was soaked with gore. Pirithous, Ixion's son, was going straight at the enemy, shaking a hunting spear in his strong right hand. The son of Aegeus said to him, "Keep back, you who are dearer to me than myself, half of my soul—stand off! The brave may fight from a distance. Reckless courage was Ancaeus' ruin."
8.408	Dixit et aerata torsit grave cuspide cornum. Quo bene librato votique potente futuro, obstitit abscisa frondosus ab arbore ramus. Misit et Aesonides iaculum: quod casus ab illo vertit in inmeriti fatum latrantis et inter ilia coniectum tellure per ilia fixum est. At manus Oenidae variat, missisque duabus hasta prior terra, medio stetit altera tergo. Nec mora, dum saevit, dum corpora versat in orbem stridentemque novo spumam cum sanguine fundit, vulneris auctor adest hostemque inritat ad iram splendidaque adversos venabula condit in armos.	He spoke, and hurled a heavy cornel-wood shaft tipped with bronze. It was well balanced and would have fulfilled his wish, but a leafy branch from a lopped tree blocked it. Aeson's son also threw a javelin, but chance turned it aside to the death of an undeserving barking dog. Thrown into its flanks, the javelin pinned it through the flanks to the ground. But the hand of Oeneus' son had mixed fortune. Of the two spears he threw, the first stuck in the earth, the second in the middle of the boar's back. The beast raged, whirling his body

16 The Pylian is Nestor, king of Pylos, who would fight at Troy in old age. The twins, Castor and Pollux, later became the constellation Gemini.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	round and round and pouring out hissing foam with fresh blood. Without delay, the author of the wound came up and goaded his enemy to fury. Then he buried his gleaming hunting spear in the shoulders that faced him.
8.420 Gaudia testantur socii clamore secundo victricemque petunt dextrae coniungere dextram inmanemque ferum multa tellure iacentem mirantes spectant, neque adhuc contingere tutum esse putant; sed tela tamen sua quisque cruentat. Ipse pede imposito caput exitiabile pressit atque ita "sume mei spolium, Nonacria, iuris," dixit "et in partem veniat mea gloria tecum." Protinus exuvias rigidis horrentia saetis terga dat et magnis insignia dentibus ora. Illi laetitiae est cum munere muneris auctor: invidere alii, totoque erat agmine murmur. E quibus ingenti tendentes bracchia voce	His comrades showed their joy with a cheering shout and sought to clasp his victorious right hand in theirs. They gazed in wonder at the huge beast lying over a wide stretch of ground, and did not yet think it safe to touch him; but still each one stained his own weapon in the boar's blood. Meleager himself set his foot on the deadly head and pressed down. Then he said, "Take the spoil that is mine by right, girl of Nonacris, and let my glory be shared with you." At once he gave her the hide, the back bristling with stiff hair, and the head remarkable for its enormous tusks. She was delighted with the gift, and with the giver of the gift. The others were envious, and a muttering ran through the whole band. Among them, stretching out their arms and shouting in a huge voice,
8.433 "pone age nec titulos intercipe, femina, nostros," Thestiadae clamant "nec te fiducia formae decipiat, ne sit longe tibi captus amore auctor" et huic adimunt munus, ius muneris illi. Non tulit et tumida frendens Mavortius ira "discite, raptores alieni" dixit "honoris, facta minis quantum distent," hausitque nefando pectora Plexippi nil tale timentia ferro. Toxea, quid faciat, dubium pariterque volentem ulcisci fratrem fraternaque fata timentem haud patitur dubitare diu calidumque priori caede recalfecit consorti sanguine telum.	"Come, put it down, woman, and do not steal the honors that are ours," the sons of Thestius cried. "Do not let confidence in your beauty deceive you, or the giver, captivated by love, may prove to be far away from you." They took the gift from her, and from him the right to give it. The son of Mars would not bear it. Gnashing his teeth in swelling anger, he said, "Learn, you robbers of another's honor, how far deeds differ from threats." Then he drove his sacrilegious sword into the breast of Plexippus, who feared no such thing. Toxeus was unsure what to do, wanting to avenge his brother and at the same time fearing his brother's fate. Meleager did not let him hesitate long. He warmed again, in a brother's blood, the blade still warm from the first killing.[17]

ALTHAEA AND THE DEATH OF MELEAGER

Meleager kills his uncles over the boar's hide, and his mother burns the log that holds his life.

LATIN	ENGLISH
8.445 Dona deum templis nato victore ferebat, cum videt exstinctos fratres Althaea referri. Quae plangore dato maestis clamoribus urbem implet et auratis mutavit vestibus atras.	Althaea was carrying gifts to the temples of the gods for her son's victory when she saw her brothers carried back dead. She beat her breast, filled the city with mournful cries, and changed her

17 Meleager was sometimes said to be the son of Mars rather than of Oeneus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
At simul est auctor necis editus, excidit omnis luctus et a lacrimis in poenae versus amorem est. Stipes erat, quem, cum partus enixa iaceret Thestias, in flammam triplices posuere sorores; staminaque impresso fatalia pollice nentes "tempora" dixerunt "eadem lignoque tibique, o modo nate, damus." Quo postquam carmine dicto excessere deae, flagrantem mater ab igne eripuit ramum sparsitque liquentibus undis. Ille diu fuerat penetralibus abditus imis servatusque tuos, iuvenis, servaverat annos.	golden robes for black. But as soon as the author of their death was made known, all her grief fell away, and she turned from tears to a passion for revenge. There was a log which the three sisters had put into the fire when the daughter of Thestius lay in childbed. As they spun the threads of fate with pressing thumb, they said, "We give the same span of time to the wood and to you, newborn child." When they had spoken this spell and the goddesses had gone, the mother snatched the blazing branch out of the fire and sprinkled it with running water. It had long been hidden in the innermost part of the house, and, being kept safe, it had kept your years safe, young man.[18]
8.460 Protulit hunc genetrix taedasque et fragmina poni imperat et positis inimicos admovet ignes. Tum conata quater flammis imponere ramum, coepta quater tenuit. Pugnant materque sororque, et diversa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus. Saepe metu sceleris pallebant ora futuri, saepe suum fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem. Et modo nescio quid similis crudele minanti vultus erat, modo quem misereri credere posses. Cumque ferus lacrimas animi siccaverat ardor, inveniebantur lacrimae tamen. Utque carina, quam ventus ventoque rapit contrarius aestus, vim geminam sentit paretque incerta duobus: Thestias haud aliter dubiis adfectibus errat inque vices ponit positamque resuscitat iram.	His mother brought it out, ordered pine-torches and kindling to be laid, and set hostile flames to the pile. Then four times she tried to put the branch on the flames, and four times she checked herself. Mother and sister fought within her, and the two names pulled one heart in different directions. Often her face grew pale with fear of the crime to come; often seething anger lent her eyes its own red. One moment she looked like someone threatening some cruelty or other, the next like someone you could believe was moved to pity. And when the fierce burning of her heart had dried her tears, tears were still found. A ship is driven one way by the wind and the other way by a tide running against the wind, and it feels the double force and obeys both, unsure. Just so the daughter of Thestius drifted between wavering feelings. By turns she laid her anger aside and revived it once it was laid aside.
8.475 Incipit esse tamen melior germana parente, et consanguineas ut sanguine leniat umbras, impietate pia est. Nam postquam pestifer ignis convaluit, "rogus iste cremet mea viscera" dixit. Utque manu dira lignum fatale tenebat, ante sepulcrales infelix adstitit aras "poenarum" que "deae triplices, furialibus," inquit, "Eumenides, sacris vultus advertite vestros. Ulciscor facioque nefas: mors morte pianda est, in scelus addendum scelus est, in funera funus. Per coacervatos pereat domus impia luctus. An felix Oeneus nato victore fruetur, Thestius orbus erit? Melius lugebitis ambo.	Yet the sister began to prevail over the parent. To soothe the shades of her own blood with blood, she was dutiful through an undutiful act. For when the deadly fire had gathered strength, she said, "Let this pyre burn my own flesh and blood." Holding the fatal wood in her dreadful hand, the unhappy woman stood before the funeral altars and said, "Three goddesses of punishment, Eumenides, turn your faces to these frenzied rites. I take vengeance, and I commit sacrilege. Death must be atoned for by death, crime added to crime, funeral to funeral. Let this wicked house perish under heaped-up griefs. Shall Oeneus be

18 The three sisters are the Fates, who spin, measure and cut the thread of each life.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		happy and enjoy his victorious son, while Thestius is left childless? Better that you both mourn.[19]
8.488	Vos modo, fraterni manes animaeque recentes, officium sentite meum magnoque paratas accipite inferias, uteri mala pignera nostri! — Ei mihi! quo rapior? Fratres, ignoscite matri. Deficiunt ad coepta manus. Meruisse fatemur illum, cur pereat: mortis mihi displicet auctor. — Ergo impune feret, vivusque et victor et ipso successu tumidus regnum Calydonis habebit: vos cinis exiguus gelidaeque iacebitis umbrae? Haud equidem patiar. Pereat sceleratus et ille spemque patris regnumque trahat patriaeque ruinam. Mens ubi materna est? Ubi sunt pia iura parentum et quos sustinui bis mensum quinque labores?	Only you, my brothers' ghosts, souls newly dead, take note of my service. Accept the offering to the dead that I have prepared at such cost, the evil pledge of my womb!—Ah, where am I being swept away? Brothers, forgive a mother. My hands fail at what they have begun. I admit he has earned his death; it is the one who brings about his death that I shrink from.—So will he go unpunished? Will he live, victorious and swollen with his very success, and hold the kingdom of Calydon, while you lie there, a handful of ash and cold shades? I will not allow it. Let the criminal perish too, and drag down with him his father's hope, his kingdom, and his country in ruin. Where is a mother's heart? Where are the sacred bonds of parents, and the labor I endured for twice five months?
8.501	O utinam primis arsisses ignibus infans, idque ego passa forem! Vixisti munere nostro: nunc merito moriere tuo. Cape praemia facti bisque datam, primum partu, mox stipite rapto, redde animam — vel me fraternis adde sepulcris! Et cupio et nequeo. Quid agam? modo vulnera fratrum ante oculos mihi sunt et tantae caedis imago, nunc animum pietas maternaque nomina frangunt. — Me miseram! male vincetis, sed vincite, fratres: dummodo quae dedero vobis solacia vosque ipsa sequar." Dixit, dextraque aversa trementi funereum torrem medios coniecit in ignes. Aut dedit aut visus gemitus est ipse dedisse stipes, ut invitis correptus ab ignibus arsit.	Oh, if only you had burned as a baby in those first flames, and I had let it happen! You lived by my gift; now you will die by your own desert. Take the reward of what you have done. Give back the life I gave you twice, first at your birth, then when I snatched the log from the fire—or else add me to my brothers' tombs! I want to, and I cannot. What shall I do? One moment my brothers' wounds are before my eyes, and the image of so great a slaughter; the next, devotion and the name of mother break my resolve.—Wretch that I am! Yours will be an evil victory, brothers, but win! Only let me follow the comfort I give you, and follow you." She spoke, and with her trembling right hand turned away, she threw the funeral brand into the middle of the flames. The log itself gave a groan, or seemed to, as it was seized by the unwilling flames and burned.
8.515	Inscius atque absens flamma Meleagros ab illa uritur et caecis torreri viscera sentit ignibus ac magnos superat virtute dolores. Quod tamen ignavo cadat et sine sanguine leto, maeret et Ancaei felicia vulnera dicit grandaevumque patrem fratresque piasque sorores cum gemitu sociamque tori vocat ore supremo, forsitan et matrem. Crescunt ignisque dolorque languescuntque iterum: simul est exstinctus uterque, inque leves abiit paulatim spiritus auras paulatim cana prunam velante favilla.	Unknowing and far away, Meleager was burned by that flame. He felt his insides scorched by hidden fires, and with courage he mastered his terrible pain. Yet he grieved that he was falling by a cowardly, bloodless death, and he called Ancaeus' wounds fortunate. With groans he called on his aged father, his brothers, his loving sisters, and, with his last breath, the partner of his bed—perhaps his mother too. The fire and the pain grew, and then died down again. Both were extin-

19 The Eumenides ("Kindly Ones") are the Furies, avengers of crimes against kin.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Alta iacet Calydon: lugent iuvenesque senesque, vulgusque proceresque gemunt, scissaeque capillos planguntur matres Calydonides Eueninae. Pulvere canitiem genitor vultusque seniles foedat humi fusus spatiosumque increpat aevum.	guished together, and little by little his spirit departed into the light air, as little by little white ash veiled the embers. High Calydon lay low. Young and old mourned, common people and nobles groaned, and the mothers of Calydon by the Euenus tore their hair and beat their breasts. His father flung himself on the ground and defiled his white hair and aged face with dust, railing at his long life.
8.531	Nam de matre manus diri sibi conscia facti exegit poenas acto per viscera ferro. Non mihi si centum deus ora sonantia linguis ingeniumque capax totumque Helicona dedisset, tristia persequerer miserarum dicta sororum. Inmemores decoris liventia pectora tundunt, dumque manet corpus, corpus refoventque foventque, oscula dant ipsi, posito dant oscula lecto. Post cinerem cineres haustos ad pectora pressant, adfusaeque iacent tumulo signataque saxo nomina complexae lacrimas in nomina fundunt. Quas Parthaoniae tandem Latonia clade exsatiata domus praeter Gorgenque nurumque nobilis Alcmenae natis in corpore pennis adlevat et longas per bracchia porrigit alas corneaque ora facit versasque per aera mittit.	For as for the mother, her own hand, conscious of the dreadful deed, had exacted the penalty from her by driving a blade through her body. Even if a god had given me a hundred mouths resounding with tongues, a capacious genius, and all of Helicon, I could not do justice to the sad words of his wretched sisters. Heedless of decorum, they beat their bruised breasts. While the body remained, they cherished it and cherished it again; they kissed him, and they kissed the bier where he was laid. When he had become ash, they gathered his ashes and pressed them to their breasts. They lay prostrate on the tomb, and, embracing the name carved on the stone, they poured their tears upon the name. At last Latona's daughter, glutted with the disaster of Parthaon's house, lifted them up, all but Gorge and the daughter-in-law of noble Alcmena. Feathers sprouted on their bodies. She stretched long wings along their arms, made their mouths into horn, and sent them, transformed, through the air.[20]

THESEUS AT THE HOUSE OF ACHELOUS

Flooding stops Theseus on his way home, and the river-god Achelous takes him in as his guest.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.547	Interea Theseus sociati parte laboris functus Erechtheas Tritonidos ibat ad arces. Clausit iter fecitque moras Achelous eunti imbre tumens. "Succede meis," ait "inclite, tectis, Cecropida, nec te committe rapacibus undis: ferre trabes solidas obliquaque volvere magno murmure saxa solent. Vidi contermina ripae cum gregibus stabula alta trahi: nec fortibus illic profuit armentis, nec equis velocibus esse. Multa quoque hic torrens nivibus de monte solutis corpora turbineo iuvenalia flumine mersit.	Meanwhile Theseus, having done his part in the shared labor, was making his way to the Erechthean citadel of Tritonia. Achelous, swollen with rain, blocked his path and delayed him on his way. "Come under my roof, famous descendant of Cecrops," he said, "and do not trust yourself to these greedy waters. They are used to carrying off solid beams and rolling boulders sideways with a mighty roar. I have seen tall stables near the bank swept away, flocks and all. There it did the cattle no good to be strong, nor the horses to be swift.

20 Parthaon was Oeneus' father; Alcmena's daughter-in-law is Deianira, wife of Hercules. The sisters became guinea-fowl, called meleagrides in Greek.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Tutior est requies, solito dum flumina currant limite, dum tenues capiat suus alveus undas." Adnuit Aegides, "utar" que "Acheloe, domoque consilioque tuo" respondit; et usus utroque est.	This torrent, too, when the snows melt on the mountain, has drowned many young men's bodies in its whirling flood. It is safer to rest until the rivers run in their usual course, and the stream's own bed can hold its waters, slender again." The son of Aegeus nodded and answered, "I will make use, Achelous, of your house and your advice"; and he made use of both.[21]
8.562	Pumice multicavo nec levibus atria tophis structa subit: molli tellus erat umida musco, summa lacunabant alterno murice conchae. Iamque duas lucis partes Hyperione menso discubuere toris Theseus comitesque laborum: hac Ixionides, illa Troezenius heros parte Lelex, raris iam sparsus tempora canis, quosque alios parili fuerat dignatus honore amnis Acarnanum, laetissimus hospite tanto. Protinus adpositas nudae vestigia nymphae instruxere epulis mensas dapibusque remotis in gemma posuere merum. Tum maximus heros, aequora prospiciens oculis subiecta, "quis" inquit "ille locus?" digitoque ostendit, "et insula nomen quod gerit illa, doce: quamquam non una videtur."	He went into a hall built of porous pumice and rough tufa. The floor was damp with soft moss, and shells alternating with purple murex paneled the ceiling. And now Hyperion had measured out two parts of the daylight, and Theseus and the companions of his labors reclined on the couches. On one side was the son of Ixion, and on the other the hero of Troezen, Lelex, his temples already sprinkled with a few gray hairs. With them were the others whom the river of the Acarnanians had thought worthy of equal honor, overjoyed to have so great a guest. At once barefoot nymphs set the tables placed before them with food, and when the meal had been cleared away, they served wine in jeweled cups. Then the greatest hero, looking out over the waters spread beneath his gaze, said, "What is that place?" He pointed with his finger. "And tell me the name that island bears—though it does not seem to be just one."[22]

THE ECHINADES AND PERIMELE

Achelous tells how he swept nymphs out to sea as islands and saved Perimele by changing her.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.577	Amnis ad haec "non est" inquit "quod cernitis, unum: quinque iacent terrae: spatium discrimina fallit. Quoque minus spretae factum mirere Dianae, naides hae fuerant. Quae cum bis quinque iuvencos mactassent rurisque deos ad sacra vocassent, inmemores nostri festas duxere choreas. Intumui, quantusque feror, cum plurimus umquam, tantus eram, pariterque animis inmanis et undis a silvis silvas et ab arvis arva revelli cumque loco nymphas, memores tum denique nostri, in freta provolvi. Fluctus nosterque marisque continuam diduxit humum partesque resolvit in totidem, mediis quot cernis Echinadas undis.	The river replied: "What you see is not one island. Five lands lie there; the distance hides the gaps between them. And so that you may wonder less at what scorned Diana did, these were once Naiads. They had sacrificed twice five bullocks and invited the gods of the countryside to the rites, and then, forgetting me, they danced their festive dances. I swelled with anger, and I grew as great as I ever run when I am at my fullest. Monstrous alike in rage and in waters, I tore forests from forests and fields from fields, and I rolled the nymphs out into the sea together with the ground they stood on. Only then did they remember me.

21 Achelous is the great river of western Greece and its god. Erechtheus and Cecrops were early kings of Athens, the city of Minerva (Tritonia).
22 Hyperion here stands for the Sun.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		My waves and the sea's split the unbroken land and broke it into as many pieces as the Echinades you see in the midst of the waters.[23]
8.590	Ut tamen ipse vides, procul en procul una recessit insula, grata mihi; Perimelen navita dicit. Huic ego virgineum dilectae nomen ademi. Quod pater Hippodamas aegre tulit inque profundum propulit e scopulo periturae corpora natae. Excepi nantemque ferens "o proxima mundi regna vagae" dixi "sortite, tridentifer, undae, adfer opem mersaeque precor, feritate paterna da, Neptune, locum; vel sit locus ipsa licebit." Dum loquor, amplexa est artus nova terra natantes, et gravis increvit mutatis insula membris.	Yet, as you see for yourself, far off—look, far off—one island has drawn away, one dear to me; sailors call it Perimele. I loved her, and I took from her the name of virgin. Her father Hippodamas could not bear it, and he pushed his daughter's body off a cliff into the deep to die. I caught her, and as I bore her up while she swam, I said, 'O trident-bearer, who drew by lot the realm of the restless waves, next to the heavens, bring help, Neptune. I pray you, give a place to her whom her father's cruelty has drowned—or let her herself become a place.' While I was speaking, new earth embraced her swimming limbs, and a heavy island grew over her changed body."

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS

An old couple welcome disguised gods to their cottage and are rewarded while their neighbors drown.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.611	Amnis ab his tacuit. Factum mirabile cunctos moverat: inridet credentes, utque deorum spretor erat mentisque ferox, Ixione natus "ficta refers nimiumque putas Acheloe potentes esse deos" dixit, "si dant adimuntque figuras." Obstipuere omnes nec talia dicta probarunt, ante omnesque Lelex, animo maturus et aevo, sic ait: "Inmensa est finemque potentia caeli non habet, et quidquid superi voluere, peractum est. Quoque minus dubites, tiliae contermina quercus collibus est Phrygiis modico circumdata muro. Ipse locum vidi; nam me Pelopeia Pittheus misit in arva, suo quondam regnata parenti. Haud procul hinc stagnum est, tellus habitabilis olim, nunc celebres mergis fulicisque palustribus undae.	With this the river fell silent. The marvelous tale had moved them all. Ixion's son, who scorned the gods and was fierce of mind, laughed at them for believing it and said, "What you tell is fiction, Achelous, and you think the gods too powerful if they give shapes and take them away." They were all astonished and did not approve of such words. Above them all Lelex, ripe in mind and in years, spoke: "The power of heaven is immense and has no limit, and whatever the gods above have willed is done. And so that you may doubt it less: in the Phrygian hills there stands an oak beside a linden, enclosed by a low wall. I have seen the place myself, for Pittheus sent me to the lands of Pelops, which his father once ruled. Not far from there is a pool. It was once land where people lived, and now it is water crowded with diving birds and marsh coots.[24]
8.626	Iuppiter huc specie mortali cumque parente venit Atlantiades positis caducifer alis. Mille domos adiere locum requiemque petentes, mille domos clausere serae. Tamen una recepit, parva quidem, stipulis et canna tecta palustri; sed pia Baucis anus parilique aetate Philemon	Jupiter came here in mortal guise, and with his father came Atlas' grandson, bearer of the caduceus, his wings laid aside. They went to a thousand houses looking for a place to rest, and a thousand houses bolted their doors against them. Yet

23 The Echinades are a group of small islands off the mouth of the Achelous River in western Greece.
24 Pittheus, king of Troezen, was Theseus' grandfather; his father Pelops had ruled in Phrygia before moving to Greece.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	illa sunt annis iuncti iuvenalibus, illa consenuere casa paupertatemque fatendo effecere levem nec iniqua mente ferendo. Nec refert, dominos illic famulosne requiras: tota domus duo sunt, idem parentque iubentque. Ergo ubi caelicolae parvos tetigere penates submissoque humiles intrarunt vertice postes, membra senex posito iussit relevare sedili, quo superiniecit textum rude sedula Baucis. Inque foco tepidum cinerem dimovit et ignes suscitat hesternos foliisque et cortice sicco nutrit et ad flammas anima producit anili.	one took them in. It was small, it is true, thatched with straw and marsh reed. But in that cottage pious old Baucis and Philemon, her equal in age, had been joined in their youthful years, and in that cottage they had grown old together. They made their poverty light by admitting it and by bearing it without resentment. It makes no difference whether you ask for masters or servants there: the whole household is two, and the same two obey and command. So when the heaven-dwellers reached the little home and, bowing their heads, entered the low doorway, the old man set out a bench and told them to rest their limbs, and attentive Baucis threw a rough cloth over it. Then she pushed aside the warm ash on the hearth, roused yesterday's fire, fed it with leaves and dry bark, and with her old woman's breath coaxed it into flame.[25]
8.644	Multifidasque faces ramaliaque arida tecto detulit et minuit parvoque admovit aeno. Quodque suus coniunx riguo conlegerat horto, truncat holus foliis; furca levat illa bicorni sordida terga suis nigro pendentia tigno servatoque diu resecat de tergore partem exiguam sectamque domat ferventibus undis. Interea medias fallunt sermonibus horas concutiuntque torum de molli fluminis ulva impositum lecto sponda pedibusque salignis. Vestibus hunc velant, quas non nisi tempore festo sternere consuerant: sed et haec vilisque vetusque vestis erat, lecto non indignanda saligno. Accubuere dei. Mensam succincta tremensque ponit anus, mensae sed erat pes tertius impar. Testa parem fecit. Quae postquam subdita clivum sustulit, aequatam mentae tersere virentes.	She brought down split kindling and dry twigs from the roof, broke them small, and set them under a little bronze pot. She stripped the leaves from the cabbage her husband had gathered in the well-watered garden. With a two-pronged fork she lifted down a smoke-blackened side of pork that hung from the dark beam, cut a small piece from the long-kept chine, and softened it in boiling water. Meanwhile they beguiled the hours in between with talk, and they shook out a mattress of soft river sedge that lay on a couch with a frame and feet of willow. They covered it with cloths that they used to spread only on feast days, but even this was cheap old cloth, quite fit for a willow couch. The gods reclined. The old woman, her skirts tucked up and trembling, set the table, but the table's third leg was too short. A potsherd made it even. When she had slipped it underneath and taken away the slope, they wiped the level tabletop with green mint.
8.664	Ponitur hic bicolor sincerae baca Minervae conditaque in liquida corna autumnalia faece intibaque et radix et lactis massa coacti ovaque non acri leviter versata favilla, omnia fictilibus. Post haec caelatus eodem sistitur argento crater fabricataque fago pocula, qua cava sunt, flaventibus inlita ceris. Parva mora est, epulasque foci misere calentes, nec longae rursus referuntur vina senectae	On it were set the two-colored berry of chaste Minerva, autumn cornel cherries preserved in liquid lees, endive and radish and a lump of curdled cheese, and eggs lightly turned in embers that were not too hot—all in earthenware. After this a mixing bowl embossed in the same silver was set down, along with cups carved from beech wood and coated with yellow wax where they were hol-

25 Atlas' grandson is Mercury, son of Jupiter and Maia; the caduceus is his herald's staff.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	dantque locum mensis paulum seducta secundis. Hic nux, hic mixta est rugosis carica palmis prunaque et in patulis redolentia mala canistris et de purpureis conlectae vitibus uvae. Candidus in medio favus est. Super omnia vultus accessere boni nec iners pauperque voluntas.	low. There was a short wait, and the hearth sent out hot dishes. The wine, of no great age, was brought round again and then, set a little aside, made room for the second course. Here there were nuts, here dried figs mixed with wrinkled dates, and plums, and fragrant apples in wide baskets, and grapes gathered from purple vines. In the middle was a white honeycomb. And above all, there were kindly faces, and a goodwill neither grudging nor poor.[26]
8.679	Interea totiens haustum cratera repleri sponte sua per seque vident succrescere vina: attoniti novitate pavent manibusque supinis concipiunt Baucisque preces timidusque Philemon et veniam dapibus nullisque paratibus orant. Unicus anser erat, minimae custodia villae: quem dis hospitibus domini mactare parabant. Ille celer penna tardos aetate fatigat eluditque diu tandemque est visus ad ipsos confugisse deos. Superi vetuere necari "di" que "sumus, meritasque luet vicinia poenas impia" dixerunt; "vobis inmunibus huius esse mali dabitur. Modo vestra relinquite tecta ac nostros comitate gradus et in ardua montis ite simul." Parent ambo baculisque levati nituntur longo vestigia ponere clivo.	Meanwhile they saw that the mixing bowl, drained so often, kept refilling of its own accord, and that the wine welled up by itself. Astonished by the strange sight, they were afraid. With upturned palms Baucis and timid Philemon offered prayers and begged pardon for the meal and for their lack of preparation. They had a single goose, guardian of their tiny homestead, and its owners were getting ready to kill it for their divine guests. Quick on the wing, it wore out the old pair, slow with age, and dodged them for a long time, until at last it seemed to take refuge with the gods themselves. The gods above forbade its killing and said, 'We are gods, and your impious neighbors will pay the penalty they deserve. You two will be spared this disaster. Only leave your house, come along with us as we go, and climb the heights of the mountain together with us.' Both obeyed. Leaning on their sticks, they struggled to plant their steps up the long slope.
8.695	Tantum aberant summo, quantum semel ire sagitta missa potest: flexere oculos et mersa palude cetera prospiciunt, tantum sua tecta manere. Dumque ea mirantur, dum deflent fata suorum, illa vetus, dominis etiam casa parva duobus vertitur in templum: furcas subiere columnae, stramina flavescunt, aurataque tecta videntur caelataeque fores adopertaque marmore tellus. Talia tum placido Saturnius edidit ore: "Dicite, iuste senex et femina coniuge iusto digna, quid optetis." Cum Baucide pauca locutus iudicium superis aperit commune Philemon: "Esse sacerdotes delubraque vestra tueri poscimus; et quoniam concordes egimus annos, auferat hora duos eadem, ne coniugis umquam busta meae videam neu sim tumulandus ab illa."	They were as far from the summit as an arrow can travel in a single shot when they turned their eyes and saw everything else sunk in a marsh, with only their own house left standing. While they marveled at this and wept for their neighbors' fate, that old cottage, small even for its two owners, turned into a temple. Columns took the place of forked posts, the thatch grew yellow, the roof looked golden, the doors were carved, and the ground was paved over with marble. Then Saturn's son spoke these words calmly: 'Tell us, just old man, and you, woman worthy of a just husband, what you wish for.' Philemon exchanged a few words with Baucis and then disclosed their shared decision to the gods: 'We ask to be your priests and to guard your shrine. And since we have spent our

26 Minerva's berry is the olive, the fruit of her sacred tree.

LATIN		ENGLISH
		years in harmony, let the same hour take us both, so that I may never see my wife's tomb, nor be buried by her.'
8.711	Vota fides sequitur. Templi tutela fuere, donec vita data est. Annis aevoque soluti ante gradus sacros cum starent forte locique narrarent casus, frondere Philemona Baucis, Baucida conspexit senior frondere Philemon Iamque super geminos crescente cacumine vultus mutua, dum licuit reddebant dicta "vale" que "o coniunx" dixere simul, simul abdita texit ora frutex. Ostendit adhuc Thyneius illic incola de gemino vicinos corpore truncos. Haec mihi non vani (neque erat cur fallere vellent) narravere senes: equidem pendentia vidi serta super ramos, ponensque recentia dixi "cura deum di sint, et qui coluere colantur.""	Fulfillment followed their prayers. They were the temple's guardians as long as life was granted them. One day, worn out by years and age, they happened to be standing before the sacred steps, telling the story of the place. Baucis saw Philemon putting out leaves, and old Philemon saw Baucis putting out leaves. And now, as a treetop grew over both their faces, they spoke to each other while they still could, and they said together, 'Farewell, dear spouse,' and at that same moment the leafy growth covered and hid their faces. The Thynian who lives there still points out the neighboring trunks that grew from their two bodies. Old men who were no liars told me this, and there was no reason why they should want to deceive me. Indeed, I have seen garlands hanging on the branches, and as I laid fresh ones there I said, 'Let those whom the gods cared for be gods, and let those who worshiped be worshiped.'"[27]
8.725	Desierat cunctosque et res et moverat auctor, Thesea praecipue. Quem facta audire volentem mira deum, innixus cubito Calydonius amnis talibus adloquitur: "Sunt, o fortissime, quorum forma semel mota est et in hoc renovamine mansit, sunt, quibus in plures ius est transire figuras, ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu. Nam modo te iuvenem, modo te videre leonem; nunc violentus aper, nunc, quem tetigisse timerent, anguis eras, modo te faciebant cornua taurum. Saepe lapis poteras, arbor quoque saepe videri; interdum, faciem liquidarum imitatus aquarum, flumen eras, interdum undis contrarius ignis.	He had finished, and both the story and its teller had moved them all, Theseus most of all. As Theseus wanted to hear more of the gods' wondrous deeds, the Calydonian river leaned on his elbow and addressed him: "There are some, bravest of men, whose form has been changed once and has stayed in its new state. There are others who have the right to pass into many shapes, like you, Proteus, dweller in the sea that embraces the earth. For people have seen you now as a young man, now as a lion. Now you were a violent boar, now a serpent they would fear to touch, and at times horns made you a bull. Often you could appear as a stone, often too as a tree. Sometimes, imitating the look of flowing water, you were a river, and sometimes fire, the enemy of water.[28]

ERYSICHTHON AND HIS DAUGHTER

Erysichthon cuts down Ceres' sacred oak, and Hunger makes him so ravenous that he devours himself.

LATIN		ENGLISH
8.738	Nec minus Autolyci coniunx, Erysichthone nata, iuris habet. Pater huius erat, qui numina divum	No less power belongs to the wife of Autolycus, Erysichthon's daughter. Her father was a man who

27 Thynian here means Bithynian, from the region of Asia Minor next to Phrygia.
28 Proteus is a shape-shifting sea god, the "old man of the sea" who changes form to escape anyone who seizes him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
sperneret et nullos aris adoleret odores. Ille etiam Cereale nemus violasse securi dicitur et lucos ferro temerasse vetustos. Stabat in his ingens annoso robore quercus, una nemus; vittae mediam memoresque tabellae sertaque cingebant, voti argumenta potentis. Saepe sub hac dryades festas duxere choreas, saepe etiam manibus nexis ex ordine trunci circuiere modum, mensuraque roboris ulnas quinque ter implebat. Nec non et cetera tantum silva sub hac, silva quantum fuit herba sub omni.	scorned the divine power of the gods and burned no incense on their altars. He is even said to have violated Ceres' grove with an ax and to have defiled her ancient woods with iron. Among them stood a huge oak, its wood strong with age, a grove in itself. Ribbons, tablets of remembrance and garlands encircled its middle, proof of prayers that had been answered. Often the Dryads danced their festive dances beneath it. Often, too, they joined hands in a line and circled the girth of its trunk, and the measure of the oak came to fifteen arm-spans. The rest of the wood stood as far below it as the grass stood below the whole wood.[29]
8.751 Non tamen idcirco ferrum Triopeius illa abstinuit famulosque iubet succidere sacrum robur; et ut iussos cunctari vidit, ab uno edidit haec rapta sceleratus verba securi: "Non dilecta deae solum, sed et ipsa licebit sit dea, iam tanget frondente cacumine terram." Dixit, et obliquos dum telum librat in ictus, contremuit gemitumque dedit Deoia quercus: et pariter frondes, pariter pallescere glandes coepere ac longi pallorem ducere rami. Cuius ut in trunco fecit manus impia vulnus, haud aliter fluxit discusso cortice sanguis, quam solet, ante aras ingens ubi victima taurus concidit, abrupta cruor e cervice profundi.	Not even for that did Triopas' son keep his ax away from it. He ordered his servants to cut down the sacred oak, and when he saw them hesitate at the order, the wicked man snatched an ax from one of them and uttered these words: 'Even if it were not just a tree the goddess loves but the goddess herself, it will now touch the ground with its leafy crown.' He said this, and as he poised the blade for slanting strokes, Deo's oak trembled and gave a groan. Its leaves and its acorns together began to grow pale, and its long branches took on a pallor. As soon as his impious hand made a wound in its trunk, blood flowed from the shattered bark, just as gore pours from the severed neck when a huge bull falls as a victim before the altar.[30]
8.765 Obstipuere omnes, aliquisque ex omnibus audet deterrere nefas saevamque inhibere bipennem. Adspicit hunc "mentis" que "piae cape praemia!" dixit Thessalus, inque virum convertit ab arbore ferrum detruncatque caput repetitaque robora caedit, redditus et medio sonus est de robore talis: "Nympha sub hoc ego sum Cereri gratissima ligno, quae tibi factorum poenas instare tuorum vaticinor moriens, nostri solacia leti." Persequitur scelus ille suum, labefactaque tandem ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor corruit et multam prostravit pondere silvam. Attonitae dryades damno nemorumque suoque, omnes germanae, Cererem cum vestibus atris maerentes adeunt poenamque Erysichthonis orant. Adnuit his capitisque sui pulcherrima motu concussit gravidis oneratos messibus agros.	They were all aghast, and one of them dared to try to stop the crime and hold back the cruel double ax. The Thessalian looked at him and said, 'Take the reward for your pious mind!' He turned the blade from the tree against the man and cut off his head. Then he struck at the oak again, and from the middle of the oak came a voice: 'I am a nymph within this wood, most dear to Ceres, and as I die I prophesy that punishment for your deeds is close at hand, and that is my comfort in death.' He carried his crime through. At last, weakened by countless blows and dragged by ropes, the tree crashed down and flattened much of the forest with its weight. The Dryads, stunned by the loss of the groves and by their own, all sisters, went in black robes to Ceres in mourning and begged her to punish Erysichthon. She assented, and with a

29 Erysichthon's daughter, not named here, is Mestra; her husband Autolycus was a famous trickster and the grandfather of Ulysses.
30 Deo is a Greek name for Demeter, the goddess the Romans called Ceres.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	nod of her most lovely head she shook the fields laden with heavy harvests.
8.782 Moliturque genus poenae miserabile, si non ille suis esset nulli miserabilis actis, pestifera lacerare Fame. Quae quatenus ipsi non adeunda deae est (neque enim Cereremque Famemque fata coire sinunt), montani numinis unam talibus agrestem compellat oreada dictis: "Est locus extremis Scythiae glacialis in oris, triste solum, sterilis, sine fruge, sine arbore tellus; Frigus iners illic habitant Pallorque Tremorque et ieiuna Fames. Ea se in praecordia condat sacrilegi scelerata iube; nec copia rerum vincat eam, superetque meas certamine vires. Neve viae spatium te terreat, accipe currus, accipe quos frenis alte moderere dracones."	She devised a kind of punishment that would be pitiable, if his deeds had not put him beyond anyone's pity: to torment him with baneful Hunger. Since the goddess herself could not go to Hunger, for the Fates do not allow Ceres and Hunger to meet, she spoke to one of the mountain spirits, a rustic Oread, with these words: 'There is a place in the farthest regions of icy Scythia, a gloomy soil, a barren land without crops and without trees. Sluggish Cold lives there, and Pallor, and Trembling, and starving Hunger. Tell her to hide herself in the sacrilegious man's wicked heart. Let no abundance of food overcome her, and let her defeat my powers in the contest. And so that the length of the journey does not frighten you, take my chariot, take my dragons, and guide them with the reins high through the air.'
8.796 Et dedit. Illa dato subvecta per aera curru devenit in Scythiam rigidique cacumine montis (Caucason appellant) serpentum colla levavit quaesitamque Famem lapidoso vidit in agro unguibus et raras vellentem dentibus herbas. Hirtus erat crinis, cava lumina, pallor in ore, labra incana situ, scabrae rubigine fauces, dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent; ossa sub incurvis exstabant arida lumbis, ventris erat pro ventre locus, pendere putares pectus et a spinae tantummodo crate teneri. Auxerat articulos macies, genuumque tumebat orbis, et inmodico prodibant tubere tali. Hanc procul ut vidit (neque enim est accedere iuxta ausa), refert mandata deae: paulumque morata, quamquam aberat longe, quamquam modo venerat illuc, visa tamen sensisse famem retroque dracones egit in Haemoniam, versis sublimis habenis.	And she gave them. Carried through the air in the chariot she had been given, the nymph came down in Scythia, and on the summit of a frozen mountain (they call it Caucasus) she relieved the serpents' necks of the yoke. She saw Hunger, whom she had been seeking, in a stony field, tearing up the scanty grass with her nails and teeth. Her hair was matted, her eyes hollow, her face pale. Her lips were gray with neglect, her throat rough with scurf. Her skin was hard, and her entrails could be seen through it. Her dry bones jutted out beneath her bent loins. In place of a belly there was only the place where a belly should be. You would think her breast was hanging loose, held only by the framework of her spine. Her thinness had made her joints look larger, her round kneecaps swelled, and her ankles stuck out in huge lumps. The nymph saw her from far off, for she did not dare go near, and delivered the goddess's orders. Though she stayed only a little while, though she was far away, though she had only just arrived, she still seemed to have felt hunger, and turning the reins, she drove the dragons back high through the air to Haemonia.[31]
8.814 Dicta Fames Cereris, quamvis contraria semper illius est operi, peragit. Perque aera vento ad iussam delata domum est et protinus intrat	Hunger carried out Ceres' orders, although she is always opposed to Ceres' work. Borne by the wind through the air to the house she had been told of,

31 Haemonia is a poetic name for Thessaly, Erysichthon's homeland.

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sacrilegi thalamos altoque sopore solutum (noctis enim tempus) geminis amplectitur ulnis: seque viro inspirat faucesque et pectus et ora adflat et in vacuis spargit ieiunia venis. Functaque mandato fecundum deserit orbem inque domos inopes adsueta revertitur antra. Lenis adhuc somnus placidis Erysichthona pennis mulcebat: petit ille dapes sub imagine somni oraque vana movet dentemque in dente fatigat exercetque cibo delusum guttur inani proque epulis tenues nequiquam devorat auras. Ut vero est expulsa quies, furit ardor edendi perque avidas fauces incensaque viscera regnat.	she went straight into the sacrilegious man's bedroom. He lay relaxed in deep sleep, for it was night, and she clasped him in both her arms. She breathed herself into the man, blew on his throat and chest and mouth, and spread starvation through his empty veins. Her charge fulfilled, she left the fertile world and went back to her needy home, her familiar caves. Gentle Sleep was still soothing Erysichthon with his peaceful wings. In his dream he reached for food, worked his jaws on nothing, wore out tooth against tooth, exercised his cheated gullet on empty food, and in place of a feast devoured the thin air in vain. But when sleep was driven off, a raging desire to eat burned in him and ruled his greedy throat and inflamed entrails.
8.830 Nec mora, quod pontus, quod terra, quod educat aer, poscit et adpositis queritur ieiunia mensis inque epulis epulas quaerit; quodque urbibus esse quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni, plusque cupit, quo plura suam demittit in alvum. Utque fretum recipit de tota flumina terra nec satiatur aquis peregrinosque ebibit amnes, utque rapax ignis non umquam alimenta recusat innumerasque faces cremat et, quo copia maior est data, plura petit turbaque voracior ipsa est: sic epulas omnes Erysichthonis ora profani accipiunt poscuntque simul. Cibus omnis in illo causa cibi est, semperque locus fit inanis edendo.	At once he demanded whatever the sea, the earth and the air produce. With tables set before him he complained of starving, and in the midst of feasts he looked for feasts. What could have been enough for cities, enough for a whole people, was not enough for one man, and the more he sent down into his belly, the more he wanted. The sea receives rivers from all the earth and is never sated with water, and drinks up streams from distant lands. A ravenous fire never refuses fuel and burns countless logs, and the greater the supply it is given, the more it seeks, and the very abundance makes it more voracious. Just so, the mouth of impious Erysichthon took in every feast and, in the same moment, demanded more. In him all food was only a reason for food, and by eating he kept making room inside himself.
8.843 Iamque fame patrias altaque voragine ventris attenuarat opes, sed inattenuata manebat tum quoque dira fames, implacataeque vigebat flamma gulae. Tandem, demisso in viscera censu, filia restabat, non illo digna parente. Hanc quoque vendit inops. Dominum generosa recusat et vicina suas tendens super aequora palmas "eripe me domino; qui raptae praemia nobis virginitatis habes" ait. Haec Neptunus habebat. Qui prece non spreta, quamvis modo visa sequenti esset ero, formamque novat vultumque virilem induit et cultus piscem capientibus aptos. Hanc dominus spectans "o qui pendentia parvo aera cibo celas, moderator harundinis," inquit	And now through hunger and the deep abyss of his belly he had diminished his inherited wealth, but even then his dreadful hunger remained undiminished, and the flame of his gullet blazed on unappeased. At last, when he had sent all his property down into his entrails, his daughter remained, who did not deserve such a father. Penniless, he sold her too. Being nobly born, she refused to have a master, and stretching out her hands over the nearby sea, she said, 'Rescue me from a master—you who hold as your prize the virginity you took from me by force.' Neptune held that prize. He did not scorn her prayer. Though her master, following, had just seen her, Neptune changed her form, giving her a man's face and the

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	clothes that suit those who catch fish. Her master, looking at her, said, 'You who hide the dangling bronze with a little bait, you master of the rod,
8.857 "sic mare compositum, sic sit tibi piscis in unda credulus et nullos, nisi fixus, sentiat hamos: quae modo cum vili turbatis veste capillis litore in hoc steterat (nam stantem in litore vidi), dic ubi sit: neque enim vestigia longius exstant." Illa dei munus bene cedere sensit et a se se quaeri gaudens, his est resecuta rogantem: "Quisquis es, ignoscas; in nullam lumina partem gurgite ab hoc flexi studioque operatus inhaesi. Quoque minus dubites, sic has deus aequoris artes adiuvet, ut nemo iamdudum litore in isto, me tamen excepto, nec femina constitit ulla." Credidit et verso dominus pede pressit harenam elususque abiit: illi sua reddita forma est.	so may the sea be calm for you, so may the fish in the water be trusting and feel no hook until it is caught: tell me where she is, the girl who stood on this shore just now in a cheap dress, her hair disheveled. I saw her standing on the shore, and her footprints go no farther.' She sensed that the god's gift was working well, and delighted to be asked about herself, she answered his question with these words: 'Whoever you are, forgive me. I have not turned my eyes from this water in any direction, I have been so intent on my work. And so that you may doubt it less—so may the god of the sea help this craft of mine—no man has stood on this shore for a long time except me, and no woman either.' Her master believed her, turned on his heel, tramped off across the sand and went away deceived. And her own form was given back to her.
8.871 Ast ubi habere suam transformia corpora sensit, saepe pater dominis Triopeida tradit. At illa nunc equa, nunc ales, modo bos, modo cervus abibat praebebatque avido non iusta alimenta parenti. Vis tamen illa mali postquam consumpserat omnem materiam dederatque gravi nova pabula morbo, ipse suos artus lacero divellere morsu coepit et infelix minuendo corpus alebat. Quid moror externis? Etiam mihi nempe novandi est corporis, o iuvenis, numero finita potestas. Nam modo qui nunc sum videor, modo flector in anguem, armenti modo dux vires in cornua sumo, — cornua, dum potui! nunc pars caret altera telo frontis, ut ipse vides." Gemitus sunt verba secuti.	But when her father realized that his daughter had a body that could change its shape, he often sold Triopas' granddaughter to masters. She would get away now as a mare, now as a bird, now as a cow, now as a stag, and so supplied her greedy father with ill-gotten food. Yet when the violence of that affliction had consumed all his means and had given new fodder to his grievous disease, he began to tear his own limbs apart with mangling bites, and the wretched man fed his body by diminishing it. But why do I dwell on others' stories? I too, young man, have the power to change my body, though it is limited in number. For sometimes I appear as I am now, sometimes I am turned into a snake, and sometimes, as leader of the herd, I take my strength into my horns—my horns, while I still could! Now one side of my forehead lacks its weapon, as you see yourself." Groans followed his words.

Book 9

Hercules; forbidden loves
Achelous and Hercules; the death of Hercules; Dryope; Byblis; Iphis and Ianthe.

ACHELOUS AND HERCULES

Achelous tells how he wrestled Hercules for Deianira in three shapes and lost a horn.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.1	Quae gemitus truncaeque deo Neptunius heros causa rogat frontis, cum sic Calydonius amnis coepit inornatos redimitus harundine crines: "Triste petis munus. Quis enim sua proelia victus commemorare velit? Referam tamen ordine. Nec tam turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est, magnaque dat nobis tantus solacia victor. Nomine siqua suo fando pervenit ad aures Deianira tuas—quondam pulcherrima virgo multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum. Cum quibus ut soceri domus est intrata petiti, "accipe me generum," dixi "Parthaone nate:" dixit et Alcides. Alii cessere duobus.	The hero, Neptune's son, was asking the god the cause of his groans and of his maimed forehead, when the Calydonian river, his unkempt hair wreathed with reeds, began: "It is a sad favor you ask. For who, once beaten, would want to recall his battles? Still, I will tell it in order. It was not so shameful to be beaten as it is honorable to have fought, and so great a victor is a great consolation to me. Perhaps the name of Deianira has reached your ears in talk. She was once a most beautiful girl, the envied hope of many suitors. When I entered the house of the father-in-law we were seeking, along with them, I said, 'Son of Parthaon, take me as your son-in-law'; Alcides said the same. The others gave way to the two of us.[1]
9.14	Ille Iovem socerum dare se famamque laborum et superata suae referebat iussa novercae. Contra ego "turpe deum mortali cedere" dixi (nondum erat ille deus), "regem me cernis aquarum cursibus obliquis inter tua regna fluentum. Nec gener externis hospes tibi missus ab oris, sed popularis ero et rerum pars una tuarum. Tantum ne noceat, quod me nec regia Iuno odit et omnis abest iussorum poena laborum. Nam, quo te iactas, Alcmena nate, creatum, Iuppiter aut falsus pater est, aut crimine verus. Matris adulterio patrem petis. Elige, fictum esse Iovem malis, an te per dedecus ortum."	He told of the Jupiter he would bring as a father-in-law, of the fame of his labors, and of his stepmother's commands overcome. Against this I said, 'It is shameful for a god to give way to a mortal' (he was not yet a god). 'You see in me the king of the waters that flow in winding courses through your kingdom. I will not be a son-in-law sent to you as a stranger from foreign shores. I will be one of your own people and a part of your realm. Only do not hold it against me that royal Juno does not hate me, and that I am spared all punishment of imposed labors. As for the Jupiter you boast of as your father, son of Alcmena, either he is a false father, or a true one through a crime. You claim a father by your mother's adultery. Choose: would you rather Jupiter were a fiction, or that you were born in disgrace?'
9.27	Talia dicentem iamdudum lumine torvo spectat et accensae non fortiter imperat irae	All the while I was speaking he had been glaring at me with fierce eyes. He could not keep a firm rein on his blazing anger, and he answered with just

LATIN	ENGLISH
verbaque tot reddit: "Melior mihi dextera lingua. Dummodo pugnando superem, tu vince loquendo," congrediturque ferox. Puduit modo magna locutum cedere: reieci viridem de corpore vestem bracchiaque opposui tenuique a pectore varas in statione manus et pugnae membra paravi. Ille cavis hausto spargit me pulvere palmis inque vicem fulvae tactu flavescit harenae. Et modo cervicem, modo crura micantia captat, aut captare putes, omnique a parte lacessit. Me mea defendit gravitas frustraque petebar, haud secus ac moles, quam magno murmure fluctus oppugnant: manet illa suoque est pondere tuta.	these words: 'My right hand is better than my tongue. So long as I win at fighting, you can win at talking.' Then he came at me fiercely. Having just spoken so grandly, I was ashamed to give way. I threw the green robe off my body, put up my arms against him, held my hands curved and ready in front of my chest, and braced my limbs for the fight. He scooped up dust in his hollowed palms and sprinkled me with it, and in turn he grew golden himself from the touch of the tawny sand. Now he grabbed at my neck, now at my darting legs, or you would think he grabbed, attacking me from every side. My weight protected me, and his assaults were in vain. I was just like a massive breakwater that the waves attack with a great roar: it stands firm, safe in its own weight.
9.42 Digredimur paulum rursusque ad bella coimus, inque gradu stetimus, certi non cedere; eratque cum pede pes iunctus, totoque ego pectore pronus et digitos digitis et frontem fronte premebam. Non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros, cum pretium pugnae toto nitidissima saltu expetitur coniunx: spectant armenta paventque nescia, quem maneat tanti victoria regni. Ter sine profectu voluit nitentia contra reicere Alcides a se mea pectora; quarto excutit amplexus adductaque bracchia solvit, inpulsumque manu (certum est mihi vera fateri) protinus avertit tergoque onerosus inhaesit. Siqua fides neque ficta mihi nunc gloria voce quaeritur, inposito pressus mihi monte videbar.	We drew apart a little and came together again for battle, and stood our ground, determined not to give way. Foot was locked with foot, and leaning forward with my whole chest I pressed fingers against fingers and forehead against forehead. Just so I have seen powerful bulls clash, when the sleekest mate in the whole pasture is sought as the prize of the fight. The herds watch and tremble, not knowing which one the victory of so great a kingdom awaits. Three times Alcides tried without success to thrust my chest, straining against his, away from him. At the fourth try he broke my hold, loosened my clasping arms, and with a shove of his hand (I am resolved to confess the truth) he at once spun me around and clung heavily to my back. If you will believe me, and I am not seeking false glory by what I say now, I seemed to be crushed under a mountain set on top of me.
9.57 Vix tamen inserui sudore fluentia multo bracchia, vix solvi duros a corpore nexus: instat anhelanti prohibetque resumere vires, et cervice mea potitur. Tum denique tellus pressa genu nostro est, et harenas ore momordi. Inferior virtute meas divertor ad artes, elaborque viro longum formatus in anguem. Qui postquam flexos sinuavi corpus in orbes cumque fero movi linguam stridore bisulcam, risit et inludens nostras Tirynthius artes "cunarum labor est angues superare mearum," dixit "et ut vincas alios, Acheloe, dracones, pars quota Lernaeae serpens eris unus echidnae?	Even so, with difficulty I worked my arms, streaming with sweat, between us, and with difficulty I freed my body from his hard grip. He pressed on me as I panted, kept me from regaining my strength, and got hold of my neck. Then at last my knee was forced to the ground, and I bit the sand. Inferior in strength, I turned to my arts and slipped from the man, transformed into a long snake. When I had wound my body into curving coils and flickered my forked tongue with a fierce hiss, the Tirynthian laughed and mocked my arts: 'Overcoming snakes was the work of my cradle,' he

1 The hero is Theseus, guest of the river-god Achelous of Calydon. The son of Parthaon is Oeneus, king of Calydon and Deianira's father.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	said. 'And even if you outdo other serpents, Achelous, what fraction of the Lernaean serpent will you be, one single snake?[2]
9.70 Vulneribus fecunda suis erat illa, nec ullum de centum numero caput est inpune recisum, quin gemino cervix herede valentior esset. Hanc ego ramosam natis e caede colubris crescentemque malo domui domitamque reclusi. Quid fore te credas, falsum qui versus in anguem arma aliena moves, quem forma precaria celat?" Dixerat, et summo digitorum vincula collo inicit: angebar ceu guttura forcipe pressus, pollicibusque meas pugnabam evellere fauces. Sic quoque devicto restabat tertia tauri forma trucis: tauro mutatus membra rebello. Induit ille toris a laeva parte lacertos, admissumque trahens sequitur depressaque dura cornua figit humo meque alta sternit harena.	She grew fertile from her own wounds. Not one of her hundred heads was cut off with impunity: each time, her neck grew stronger with a double heir. That creature, branching with snakes born from slaughter and growing by her own injury, I subdued, and once I had subdued her, I laid her open. What do you think will become of you, turned into a false snake, wielding weapons not your own, hidden in a borrowed form?' He had spoken, and he clamped the chains of his fingers round the top of my neck. I was choking, as if my throat were squeezed in pincers, and I struggled to wrench his thumbs from my gullet. Beaten in this form too, I still had a third form left, a savage bull's. Changed into a bull in my limbs, I fought back. He threw his arms round my brawny neck from the left side, and as I charged he followed, dragging me. He forced down my hard horns, drove them into the ground, and laid me low in the deep sand.
9.85 Nec satis hoc fuerat: rigidum fera dextera cornu dum tenet, infregit truncaque a fronte revellit. Naides hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum, sacrarunt, divesque meo Bona Copia cornu est." Dixerat, et nymphe ritu succincta Dianae, una ministrarum, fusis utrimque capillis, incessit totumque tulit praedivite cornu autumnum et mensas, felicia poma, secundas. Lux subit, et primo feriente cacumina sole discedunt iuvenes: neque enim dum flumina pacem et placidos habeant lapsus totaeque residant, opperiuntur, aquae. Vultus Achelous agrestes et lacerum cornu mediis caput abdidit undis.	And that was not enough for him. While his savage right hand held my rigid horn, he broke it and tore it from my forehead, leaving it maimed. The Naiads filled the horn with fruit and fragrant flowers and made it sacred, and Good Plenty is rich through my horn." He had spoken. A nymph, one of his attendants, her dress girt up in Diana's fashion and her hair streaming down on both sides, came in and brought the whole of autumn in the richly laden horn, the dessert course of delicious fruit. Day came on, and as the first sun struck the peaks, the young men departed. They did not wait for the rivers to be at peace and flow calmly, and for all the waters to subside. Achelous hid his rustic face and his head, maimed of a horn, in the middle of his waves.[3]

NESSUS AND DEIANIRA

Hercules shoots the Centaur Nessus, who gives Deianira his poisoned shirt as a love charm.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.98 Hunc tamen ablati domuit iactura decoris, cetera sospes habet; capitis quoque fronde saligna	Yet the only thing that humbled him was the loss of the ornament taken from him. In all else he is

2 As a baby, Hercules strangled two snakes that Juno sent to his cradle. The Lernaean serpent is the many-headed Hydra.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	aut super inposita celatur harundine damnum. At te, Nesse ferox, eiusdem virginis ardor perdiderat volucri traiectum terga sagitta. Namque nova repetens patrios cum coniuge muros venerat Eueni rapidas Iove natus ad undas. Uberior solito, nimbis hiemalibus auctus verticibusque frequens erat atque inpervius amnis. Intrepidum pro se, curam de coniuge agentem Nessus adit, membrisque valens scitusque vadorum,	unharmed, and the damage to his head, too, is hidden by willow leaves or by reeds laid over it. But you, fierce Nessus, were destroyed by passion for the same girl, your back pierced by a flying arrow. For the son of Jupiter, returning with his new wife to his native walls, had come to the swift waters of the Euenus. The river was fuller than usual, swollen by winter rains, thick with whirlpools and impassable. The hero was fearless for himself but anxious for his wife, and Nessus approached him, Nessus, strong in limb and familiar with the fords,[4]
9.109	"officio" que "meo ripa sistetur in illa haec," ait "Alcide. Tu viribus utere nando!" pallentemque metu fluviumque ipsumque timentem tradidit Aonius pavidam Calydonida Nesso. Mox, ut erat, pharetraque gravis spolioque leonis (nam clavam et curvos trans ripam miserat arcus), "quandoquidem coepi, superentur flumina!" dixit, nec dubitat nec, qua sit clementissimus amnis, quaerit et obsequio deferri spernit aquarum. Iamque tenens ripam, missos cum tolleret arcus, coniugis agnovit vocem: Nessoque paranti fallere depositum "quo te fiducia" clamat	"With my help," he said, "she will be set down on that bank, Alcides. You use your strength and swim!" And the Aonian hero handed over to Nessus the frightened girl from Calydon, pale with fear and afraid both of the river and of Nessus himself. Then, just as he was, weighed down by his quiver and the lion's skin (he had thrown his club and his curved bow across to the far bank), he said, "Since I have begun, let rivers be conquered!" He did not hesitate. He did not look for where the river was gentlest, and he scorned to be carried down by giving way to the waters. He was already on the bank, picking up the bow he had thrown, when he recognized his wife's voice. Nessus was preparing to cheat him of what had been entrusted to him, and Hercules shouted, "Where is it carrying you, that confidence
9.121	"vana pedum, violente, rapit? Tibi, Nesse biformis, dicimus. Exaudi nec res intercipe nostras! Si te nulla mei reverentia movit, at orbes concubitus vetitos poterant inhibere paterni. Haud tamen effugies, quamvis ope fidis equina: vulnere, non pedibus te consequar." Ultima dicta res probat, et missa fugientia terga sagitta traicit: exstabat ferrum de pectore aduncum. Quod simul evulsum est, sanguis per utrumque foramen emicuit mixtus Lernaei tabe veneni. Excipit hunc Nessus "neque enim moriemur inulti" secum ait et calido velamina tincta cruore dat munus raptae velut inritamen amoris.	in your feet, vain as it is, you violent creature? I am speaking to you, two-formed Nessus. Listen, and do not steal what is mine! If no respect for me moved you, at least your father's wheel could have held you back from a forbidden union. You will not escape, though you trust in your horse's strength. I will catch you by a wound, not by running." His deed proved his last words. With a shot arrow he pierced the fleeing back, and the barbed iron stuck out from the Centaur's chest. As soon as it was pulled out, blood spurted from both holes, mixed with the venom of the Lernaean poison. Nessus caught it up. "I will not die unavenged," he said to himself, and he gave his tunic, soaked in the warm blood, as a gift to the woman he had seized, as if it were a charm to stir up love.[5]

3 Bona Copia ("Good Plenty"), the goddess of abundance, was shown holding the horn of plenty, the cornucopia.
4 Nessus was a Centaur, half man and half horse. The Euenus is a river in Aetolia.
5 Ixion, father of the Centaurs, was bound to a turning wheel in the underworld for trying to violate Juno.

THE DEATH OF HERCULES

The poisoned shirt burns Hercules alive; on his pyre his immortal part is taken up to the gods.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.134	Longa fuit medii mora temporis, actaque magni Herculis inplerant terras odiumque novercae. Victor ab Oechalia Cenaeo sacra parabat vota Iovi, cum Fama loquax praecessit ad aures, Deianira, tuas, quae veris addere falsa gaudet et e minimo sua per mendacia crescit, Amphitryoniaden Ioles ardore teneri. Credit amans, venerisque novae perterrita fama indulsit primo lacrimis flendoque dolorem diffudit miseranda suum; mox deinde "quid autem flemus?" ait "paelex lacrimis laetabitur istis. Quae quoniam adveniet, properandum aliquidque novandum est, dum licet et nondum thalamos tenet altera nostros.	A long interval of time passed, and the deeds of great Hercules had filled the earth and glutted his stepmother's hatred. Returning victorious from Oechalia, he was preparing to pay his vows to Jupiter at Cenaeum, when talkative Rumor reached your ears first, Deianira. Rumor loves to add falsehoods to the truth and grows from the smallest beginnings through her own lies, and she said that Amphitryon's son was in the grip of passion for Iole. Being in love, Deianira believed it. Terrified by the report of a new love, at first she gave way to tears, and, poor woman, poured out her pain in weeping. But soon she said, "Yet why do I weep? My rival will rejoice at these tears. Since she is coming, I must hurry and devise something new, while I can, and before another woman holds my bed.[6]
9.147	Conquerar an sileam? Repetam Calydona morerne? Excedam tectis an, si nihil amplius, obstem? Quid si me, Meleagre, tuam memor esse sororem forte paro facinus, quantumque iniuria possit femineusque dolor, iugulata paelice testor?" In cursus animus varios abit: omnibus illis praetulit inbutam Nesseo sanguine vestem mittere, quae vires defecto reddat amori. Ignaroque Lichae, quid tradat, nescia, luctus ipsa suos tradit blandisque (miserrima!) verbis, dona det illa viro, mandat. Capit inscius heros induiturque umeris Lernaeae virus echidnae.	Shall I complain or keep silent? Go back to Calydon or stay? Leave the house, or, if nothing more, stand in their way? What if, remembering, Meleager, that I am your sister, I prepare a crime, and prove by cutting my rival's throat what injury and a woman's pain can do?" Her mind ran down many courses. Over all of them she preferred to send the robe steeped in Nessus' blood, to restore its strength to failing love. She did not know what she was handing over, and she herself handed her own grief to Lichas, who did not know either. With coaxing words, most wretched woman, she told him to give the gift to her husband. The hero took it, unaware, and put on his shoulders the venom of the Lernaean serpent.[7]
9.159	Tura dabat primis et verba precantia flammis vinaque marmoreas patera fundebat in aras: incaluit vis illa mali resolutaque flammis Herculeos abiit late dilapsa per artus. Dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit; victa malis postquam est patientia, reppulit aras inplevitque suis nemorosam vocibus Oeten. Nec mora, letiferam conatur scindere vestem: qua trahitur, trahit illa cutem, foedumque relatu, aut haeret membris frustra temptata revelli,	He was offering incense and words of prayer to the first flames and pouring wine from a bowl onto the marble altars. The power of the poison grew hot, and released by the flames it spread far and wide through the limbs of Hercules. While he could, he held back his groans with his usual courage. When his endurance was overcome by the pain, he pushed the altars away and filled wooded Oeta with his cries. At once he tried to tear off the deadly robe. Where it was pulled, it pulled the

6 Oechalia was the city of King Eurytus, Iole's father, which Hercules sacked. Cenaeum is a headland of Euboea.
7 Meleager, Deianira's brother, killed the Calydonian boar (Book 8). Lichas was Hercules' attendant.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	aut laceros artus et grandia detegit ossa. Ipse cruor, gelido ceu quondam lamina candens tincta lacu, stridit coquiturque ardente veneno.	skin with it, and, horrible to tell, it either clung to his limbs, resisting his efforts to rip it away, or laid bare his torn flesh and his huge bones. His very blood hissed and boiled with the burning poison, like a white-hot blade plunged into an icy pool.[8]
9.172	Nec modus est: sorbent avidae praecordia flammae, caeruleusque fluit toto de corpore sudor, ambustique sonant nervi: caecaque medullis tabe liquefactis tollens ad sidera palmas "cladibus," exclamat "Saturnia, pascere nostris, pascere et hanc pestem specta, crudelis, ab alto corque ferum satia. Vel si miserandus et hosti, hoc est, si tibi sum, diris cruciatibus aegram invisamque animam natamque laboribus aufer: hoc mihi munus erit; decet haec dare dona novercam. Ergo ego foedantem peregrino templa cruore Busirin domui saevoque alimenta parentis Antaeo eripui? Nec me pastoris Hiberi forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua, Cerbere, movit?	There was no end. Greedy flames sucked up his vitals, dark sweat streamed from his whole body, his scorched sinews crackled, and as his marrow melted with the unseen corruption, he raised his hands to the stars and cried: "Feed, Saturn's daughter, on my disasters! Feed, cruel one, watch this plague from on high, and glut your savage heart! Or if I am pitiable even to an enemy, that is, to you, take away this life, sick with dreadful torments, hateful, born for labors. That will be a gift to me; such gifts befit a stepmother. Was it for this that I overcame Busiris, who defiled temples with strangers' blood? For this that I robbed savage Antaeus of his mother's nourishment? That I was not shaken by the triple form of the Spanish herdsman, nor by your triple form, Cerberus?[9]
9.186	Vosne, manus, validi pressistis cornua tauri? Vestrum opus Elis habet, vestrum Stymphalides undae Partheniumque nemus? Vestra virtute relatus Thermodontiaco caelatus balteus auro pomaque ab insomni concustodita dracone? Nec mihi Centauri potuere resistere, nec mi Arcadiae vastator aper? Nec profuit hydrae crescere per damnum geminasque resumere vires? Quid tum? Thracis equos humano sanguine pingues plenaque corporibus laceris praesepia vidi visaque deieci dominumque ipsosque peremi. His elisa iacet moles Nemeaea lacertis, hac caelum cervice tuli. Defessa iubendo est saeva Iovis coniunx: ego sum indefessus agendo.	Was it you, my hands, that forced down the horns of the mighty bull? Is it your work that Elis keeps, and the waters of Stymphalus, and the Parthenian wood? By your valor was the belt of chased gold from the Thermodon brought back, and the apples guarded by the sleepless dragon? The Centaurs could not stand against me, nor the boar that ravaged Arcadia. It did the Hydra no good to grow through loss and regain double strength. What then? I saw the Thracian horses fat with human blood, their stalls full of mangled bodies; I saw them, threw them down, and killed their master and the horses themselves. By these arms the huge Nemean beast lies crushed; on this neck I held up the sky. Jupiter's cruel wife is worn out with giving orders; I am not worn out with carrying them out.[10]
9.200	Sed nova pestis adest, cui nec virtute resisti nec telis armisque potest. Pulmonibus errat ignis edax imis perque omnes pascitur artus. At valet Eurystheus!—et sunt qui credere possint esse deos!" Dixit, perque altam saucius Oeten	But a new plague is here, one that cannot be resisted by valor, or by spears and arms. A devouring fire wanders deep in my lungs and feeds through all my limbs. But Eurystheus is well! And there are

8 Oeta is a mountain range in southern Thessaly.
9 Busiris, an Egyptian king, sacrificed strangers; the giant Antaeus drew strength from his mother, Earth. Geryon was the three-bodied herdsman of Spain, and Cerberus the three-headed hound of the underworld.
10 These are among the labors of Hercules: the Cretan bull, the Augean stables in Elis, the Stymphalian birds, the hind of Mount Parthenius, the Amazon's belt (from the river Thermodon), the apples of the Hesperides, the Erymanthian boar, the Hydra, the man-eating horses of Diomedes, and the Nemean lion.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	haud aliter graditur, quam si venabula taurus corpore fixa gerat, factique refugerit auctor. Saepe illum gemitus edentem, saepe frementem, saepe retemptantem totas infringere vestes sternentemque trabes irascentemque videres montibus aut patrio tendentem bracchia caelo. Ecce Lichan trepidum latitantem rupe cavata adspicit, utque dolor rabiem conlegerat omnem,	people who can believe there are gods!" He said this, and, wounded, he strode across high Oeta, just as a bull carries hunting spears fixed in its body after the man who threw them has fled. You might have seen him often groaning, often roaring, often trying again to tear off the whole robe, knocking down trees, raging at the mountains, or stretching his arms out to his father's sky. Then he caught sight of Lichas, trembling and hiding in a hollow rock, and as his pain had gathered all its fury,[11]
9.213	"tune, Licha," dixit "feralia dona dedisti? Tune meae necis auctor eris?" Tremit ille pavetque pallidus et timide verba excusantia dicit. Dicentem genibusque manus adhibere parantem corripit Alcides et terque quaterque rotatum mittit in Euboicas tormento fortius undas. Ille per aerias pendens induruit auras, utque ferunt imbres gelidis concrescere ventis, inde nives fieri, nivibus quoque molle rotatis adstringi et spissa glomerari grandine corpus: sic illum validis iactum per inane lacertis exsanguemque metu nec quicquam umoris habentem in rigidos versum silices prior edidit aetas.	"Was it you, Lichas," he said, "who gave me this deadly gift? Will you be the author of my death?" Lichas trembled, pale with fear, and timidly spoke words of excuse. As he was speaking and getting ready to clasp the hero's knees, Alcides seized him, whirled him around three or four times, and hurled him, harder than a catapult, into the Euboean waves. As he hung in the airy breezes, he hardened. They say that rain congeals in icy winds and becomes snow, and that the soft snow, whirled about, binds together and gathers into a solid mass of thick hail. In the same way, an earlier age reports, Lichas, thrown through the void by those powerful arms, bloodless with fear and with no moisture left in him, was turned into hard flint.
9.226	Nunc quoque in Euboico scopulus brevis eminet alto gurgite et humanae servat vestigia formae; quem, quasi sensurum, nautae calcare verentur appellantque Lichan.—At tu, Iovis inclita proles, arboribus caesis, quas ardua gesserat Oete, inque pyram structis, arcum pharetramque capacem regnaque visuras iterum Troiana sagittas ferre iubes Poeante satum. Quo flamma ministro est subdita; dumque avidis comprenditur ignibus agger, congeriem silvae Nemeaeo vellere summam sternis et inposita clavae cervice recumbis, haud alio vultu, quam si conviva iaceres inter plena meri redimitus pocula sertis. Iamque valens et in omne latus diffusa sonabat securosque artus contemptoremque petebat flamma suum; timuere dei pro vindice terrae.	Even now a small crag rises from the deep Euboean sea and keeps the traces of a human shape. Sailors are afraid to step on it, as though it could feel, and they call it Lichas. But you, glorious son of Jupiter, cut down the trees that steep Oeta had borne and built them into a pyre. You ordered the son of Poeas to take your bow, your roomy quiver, and the arrows that would see the kingdom of Troy a second time. With his help the flame was set beneath, and while the pile was being seized by the greedy fire, you spread the Nemean fleece over the top of the heap of timber and lay down with your neck resting on your club. Your face was no different than if you were reclining as a guest at a banquet, crowned with garlands, among cups full of wine. And now the flame, strong and spreading on every side, roared and made for the untroubled limbs of the man who scorned it. The gods were afraid for the earth's champion.[12]

11 Eurystheus, king of Tiryns, imposed the labors on Hercules at Juno's prompting.
12 The son of Poeas is Philoctetes, whose arrows from Hercules were later needed to take Troy, which Hercules himself had once sacked.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.242	Quos ita (sensit enim) laeto Saturnius ore Iuppiter adloquitur: "Nostra est timor iste voluptas, o superi, totoque libens mihi pectore grator, quod memoris populi dicor rectorque paterque, et mea progenies vestro quoque tuta favore est. Nam quamquam ipsius datis hoc inmanibus actis, obligor ipse tamen. Sed enim ne pectora vano fida metu paveant: Oetaeas spernite flammas! Omnia qui vicit, vincet, quos cernitis, ignes nec nisi materna Vulcanum parte potentem sentiet: aeternum est a me quod traxit et expers atque inmune necis nullaque domabile flamma. Idque ego defunctum terra caelestibus oris accipiam, cunctisque meum laetabile factum dis fore confido. Siquis tamen Hercule, siquis forte deo doliturus erit, data praemia nolet, sed meruisse dari sciet invitusque probabit."	Jupiter, son of Saturn, sensed it, and spoke to them with a joyful face: "This fear of yours is my delight, gods above. With all my heart I gladly congratulate myself that I am called ruler and father of a grateful people, and that my offspring is safe in your favor too. For although you grant this to his own mighty deeds, I myself am in your debt. But do not let your loyal hearts tremble with empty fear: think nothing of the flames of Oeta! He who has conquered everything will conquer the fires you see, and he will feel Vulcan's power only in the part he has from his mother. What he took from me is eternal, free from death and immune to it, and no flame can subdue it. When it has finished with earth, I will receive it into the heavenly regions, and I trust that my act will be a joy to all the gods. If anyone, though, if anyone should happen to be pained that Hercules becomes a god, he will not want the reward to be given, but he will know it was deserved, and will approve it against his will."
9.259	Adsensere dei: coniunx quoque regia visa est cetera non duro, duro tamen ultima vultu dicta tulisse Iovis seque indoluisse notatam. Interea quodcumque fuit populabile flammae Mulciber abstulerat, nec cognoscenda remansit Herculis effigies; nec quicquam ab imagine ductum matris habet, tantumque Iovis vestigia servat. Utque novus serpens posita cum pelle senecta luxuriare solet squamaque nitere recenti, sic, ubi mortales Tirynthius exuit artus, parte sui meliore viget maiorque videri coepit et augusta fieri gravitate verendus. Quem pater omnipotens inter cava nubila raptum quadriiugo curru radiantibus intulit astris.	The gods assented. Even his royal wife seemed to hear the rest of Jupiter's words with no harsh look, but the last with a harsh one, and to resent being singled out. Meanwhile Mulciber had carried off whatever the flame could ravage. No recognizable likeness of Hercules remained; he kept nothing drawn from his mother's image, and preserved only the traces of Jupiter. As a new snake, when it has shed its old skin, revels and gleams in fresh scales, so the Tirynthian, once he had put off his mortal limbs, flourished in his better part. He began to seem greater and to become awe-inspiring in his majestic dignity. The almighty father snatched him up through the hollow clouds and carried him in his four-horse chariot to the shining stars.

ALCMENA AND GALANTHIS

Alcmena tells how Lucina, sent by Juno, blocked Hercules' birth until a servant girl tricked her.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.273	Sensit Atlas pondus.—Neque adhuc Stheneleius iras solverat Eurystheus odiumque in prole paternum exercebat atrox. At longis anxia curis Argolis Alcmene, questus ubi ponat aniles, cui referat nati testatos orbe labores, cuive suos casus, Iolen habet. Herculis illam	Atlas felt the weight. Still Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, had not given up his anger, and he cruelly turned against the son the hatred he had felt for the father. But Alcmena of Argos, troubled by long anxieties, had Iole: someone to whom she could pour out an old woman's complaints, to

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	imperiis thalamoque animoque receperat Hyllus inpleratque uterum generoso semine, cum sic incipit Alcmene: "Faveant tibi numina saltem conripiantque moras, tum cum matura vocabis praepositam timidis parientibus Ilithyiam, quam mihi difficilem Iunonis gratia fecit.	whom she could tell of her son's labors, attested by the whole world, and of her own misfortunes. At Hercules' command Hyllus had taken Iole into his bed and his heart, and had filled her womb with noble seed, when Alcmena began: "May the gods at least favor you and cut short the delays when, your time come, you call on Ilithyia, who presides over fearful women in labor. Out of favor to Juno, she made things hard for me.[13]
9.285	Namque laboriferi cum iam natalis adesset Herculis et decimum premeretur sidere signum, tendebat gravitas uterum mihi, quodque ferebam, tantum erat, ut posses auctorem dicere tecti ponderis esse Iovem. Nec iam tolerare labores ulterius poteram: quin nunc quoque frigidus artus, dum loquor, horror habet, parsque est meminisse doloris. Septem ego per noctes, totidem cruciata diebus, fessa malis tendensque ad caelum bracchia magno Lucinam Nixosque pares clamore vocabam. Illa quidem venit, sed praecorrupta meumque quae donare caput Iunoni vellet iniquae.	When the birth of Hercules, bearer of labors, was near, and the sun was pressing on the tenth sign, the weight stretched my womb, and what I carried was so great that you could tell Jupiter was the father of the hidden burden. I could no longer bear my labor. Even now, as I speak, a cold shudder grips my limbs, and remembering is part of the pain. Seven nights and as many days I was tormented. Worn out by suffering, stretching my arms to the sky, I called with loud cries on Lucina and the Nixi, her partners. She came indeed, but bribed beforehand and wanting to make a present of my life to cruel Juno.[14]
9.297	Utque meos audit gemitus, subsedit in illa ante fores ara dextroque a poplite laevum pressa genu digitis inter se pectine iunctis sustinuit partus. Tacita quoque carmina voce dixit, et inceptos tenuerunt carmina partus. Nitor et ingrato facio convicia demens vana Iovi cupioque mori moturaque duros verba queror silices. Matres Cadmeides adsunt votaque suscipiunt exhortanturque dolentem. Una ministrarum, media de plebe, Galanthis, flava comas, aderat, faciendis strenua iussis, officiis dilecta suis. Ea sensit iniqua nescio quid Iunone geri, dumque exit et intrat saepe fores, divam residentem vidit in ara bracchiaque in genibus digitis conexa tenentem, et "quaecumque es," ait "dominae gratare: levata est Argolis Alcmene potiturque puerpera voto."	When she heard my groans, she sat down on the altar there before the doors. With her left knee pressed under her right and her fingers interlaced like the teeth of a comb, she held back the birth. She also spoke spells in a silent voice, and the spells held back the birth once it had begun. I strained, and in my madness I hurled useless reproaches at ungrateful Jupiter, longed to die, and lamented in words that would have moved hard flint. The mothers of Cadmus' city were there, offering vows and encouraging me in my pain. One of the serving women, a girl of the common people, was there too, golden-haired Galanthis, quick to carry out orders and loved for her services. She sensed that cruel Juno was up to something, and as she kept going in and out of the doors, she saw the goddess sitting on the altar, her arms on her knees and her fingers locked together. 'Whoever you are,' she said, 'congratulate my mistress. Alcmena of Argos has been delivered, and the new mother has her prayer.'
9.314	Exsiluit iunctasque manus pavefacta remisit diva potens uteri: vinclis levor ipsa remissis.	The goddess who rules the womb leapt up, terrified, and released her joined hands, and with the

13 Atlas holds up the sky, now heavier with Hercules. Hyllus is Hercules' son; Ilithyia is the goddess of childbirth.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Numine decepto risisse Galanthida fama est: ridentem prensamque ipsis dea saeva capillis traxit, et e terra corpus relevare volentem arcuit inque pedes mutavit bracchia primos. Strenuitas antiqua manet, nec terga colorem amisere suum: forma est diversa priori. Quae quia mendaci parientem iuverat ore, ore parit nostrasque domos, ut et ante, frequentat."	bonds released I was delivered. The story goes that Galanthis laughed at having fooled the goddess. As she laughed, the cruel goddess seized her by her very hair and dragged her along, and when she tried to lift her body from the ground, she held her down and changed her arms into forelegs. Her old quickness remains, and her back has not lost its color, but her form is different from before. Because she helped a woman in childbirth with a lying mouth, she gives birth through her mouth, and she still frequents our houses as she did before."[15]

DRYOPE

Iole tells how her sister Dryope picked a nymph's flowers and was turned into a lotus tree.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.324	Dixit, et admonitu veteris commota ministrae ingemuit. Quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem: "Te tamen, o genetrix, alienae sanguine vestro rapta movet facies. Quid si tibi mira sororis fata meae referam? quamquam lacrimaeque dolorque impediunt prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri (me pater ex alia genuit) notissima forma Oechalidum Dryope. Quam virginitate carentem vimque dei passam Delphos Delumque tenentis excipit Andraemon, et habetur coniuge felix. Est lacus adclivis devexo margine formam litoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant. Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia, quoque indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas; inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum, dulce ferebat onus tepidique ope lactis alebat.	She said this, and stirred by the memory of her old servant she groaned. As she grieved, her daughter-in-law spoke to her: "Yet, mother, you are moved by the lost form of a woman not of your blood. What if I were to tell you the strange fate of my own sister? Though tears and grief hinder me and keep me from speaking. Dryope was her mother's only child (my father had me by another woman), the most famous beauty among the women of Oechalia. She had lost her virginity, raped by the god who holds Delphi and Delos, and Andraemon took her as his wife; he is thought fortunate in his wife. There is a lake whose sloping banks give it the shape of a seashore, and groves of myrtle crown the ridge above. Dryope had come here, not knowing her fate, and, to make you more indignant still, to bring garlands to the nymphs. On her breast she carried her little boy, not yet a year old, a sweet burden, and nursed him with her warm milk.[16]
9.340	Haud procul a stagno Tyrios imitata colores in spem bacarum florebat aquatica lotos. Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato porrigeret, flores, et idem factura videbar (namque aderam): vidi guttas e flore cruentas decidere et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,	Not far from the pool a water-loving lotus was blooming, rivaling Tyrian purple and promising berries. Dryope had picked some of its flowers to offer her son as playthings, and I was about to do the same, for I was there. Then I saw drops of blood fall from the flower and the branches stir with a trembling shudder. It seems, as the country

14 The tenth sign marks the tenth month of pregnancy. Lucina is another name for the birth goddess, and the Nixi were deities who helped women in labor.
15 Galanthis became a weasel, which the ancients believed gave birth through its mouth.
16 The god who holds Delphi and Delos is Apollo.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscena Priapi, contulerat versos servato nomine, vultus. Nescierat soror hoc. Quae cum perterrita retro ire et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis, haeserunt radice pedes. Convellere pugnat, nec quicquam nisi summa movet. Subcrescit ab imo totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex. Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos, fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.	people, slow to tell it, now at last report, that the nymph Lotis, fleeing the lewdness of Priapus, had changed her features into this tree and kept her name. My sister had not known this. Terrified, she wanted to step back and leave after praying to the nymphs, but her feet were held fast by roots. She struggled to tear them free, but could move nothing except her upper body. From below, pliant bark grew up and little by little covered her whole groin. When she saw it, she tried to tear her hair with her hand, and her hand filled with leaves: leaves were covering her whole head.[17]
9.356	At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit ubera, nec sequitur ducentem lacteus umor. Spectatrix aderam facti crudelis opemque non poteram tibi ferre, soror; quantumque valebam, crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa morabar et, fateor, volui sub eodem cortice condi. Ecce vir Andraemon genitorque miserrimus adsunt et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis ostendi loton. Tepido dant oscula ligno adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent. Nil nisi iam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat cara soror: lacrimae misero de corpore factis inrorant foliis, et, dum licet oraque praestant vocis iter, tales effundit in aera questus:	Her boy Amphissus (his grandfather Eurytus had given him this name) felt his mother's breasts stiffen, and no milk followed when he sucked. I stood there, a witness to the cruel event, and could bring you no help, sister. As far as I could, I held back the growing trunk and branches with my embrace, and, I confess, I wanted to be hidden under the same bark. Then her husband Andraemon and her most unhappy father came, looking for Dryope. As they looked for Dryope, I showed them the lotus. They kissed the warm wood, threw themselves down, and clung to the roots of their tree. My dear sister now had nothing that was not tree except her face. Her tears bedewed the leaves made from her wretched body, and while she could, while her mouth still offered a path for her voice, she poured out laments like these into the air:
9.371	"Siqua fides miseris, hoc me per numina iuro non meruisse nefas: patior sine crimine poenam. Viximus innocuae: si mentior, arida perdam quas habeo, frondes et caesa securibus urar. Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore saepe lac facitote bibat nostraque sub arbore ludat! Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, et tristis dicat "latet hoc in stipite mater." Stagna tamen timeat nec carpat ab arbore flores, et frutices omnes corpus putet esse deorum!	'If the wretched are believed, I swear by the gods that I did not deserve this horror. I suffer punishment without any crime. I have lived innocent. If I am lying, may I wither and lose the leaves I have, and be cut down with axes and burned. But take this baby from his mother's branches and give him to a nurse. See that he often drinks his milk beneath my tree, and plays beneath my tree! And when he can talk, see that he greets his mother and says sadly, "My mother is hidden in this trunk." But let him fear pools, and not pick flowers from trees, and let him think that every bush is the body of a god!
9.382	Care vale coniunx, et tu, germana, paterque! Qui, siqua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis, a pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.	Farewell, dear husband, and you, sister, and father! If you have any devotion, protect my leaves from the wound of the sharp pruning hook and

17 Priapus was a rustic fertility god. Lotis was a nymph he pursued.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est, erigite huc artus et ad oscula nostra venite, dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum. Plura loqui nequeo. Nam iam per candida mollis colla liber serpit, summoque cacumine condor. Ex oculis removete manus: sine munere vestro contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex!" Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse, diuque corpore mutato rami caluere recentes."	from the bite of the flock. And since I cannot bend down to you, stretch yourselves up here and come to my kisses while I can still be touched, and lift up my little son. I can say no more. Already the soft bark is creeping over my white neck, and I am being buried in the topmost crown. Take your hands from my eyes. Without your service, let the spreading bark close my dying eyes!' At the same moment her lips ceased to speak and ceased to be, and long after her body was changed, the new branches stayed warm."

IOLAUS AND THE SONS OF CALLIRHOE

Hebe makes Iolaus young again, and Themis foretells two other boys suddenly grown into men.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.394	Dumque refert Iole factum mirabile, dumque Eurytidos lacrimas admoto pollice siccat Alcmene (flet et ipsa tamen), conpescuit omnem res nova tristitiam. Nam limine constitit alto paene puer dubiaque tegens lanugine malas ora reformatus primos Iolaus in annos. Hoc illi dederat Iunonia muneris Hebe, victa viri precibus. Quae cum iurare pararet dona tributuram post hunc se talia nulli, non est passa Themis: "Nam iam discordia Thebae bella movent" dixit "Capaneusque nisi ab Iove vinci haud poterit, fientque pares in vulnere fratres, subductaque suos manes tellure videbit vivus adhuc vates; ultusque parente parentem natus erit facto pius et sceleratus eodem;	While Iole was telling this marvelous event, and while Alcmena dried the tears of Eurytus' daughter with her thumb, though she was weeping herself, something new checked all their sadness. For on the high threshold stood Iolaus, almost a boy, his cheeks covered with faint down, his face restored to his early years. Hebe, Juno's daughter, had given him this gift, won over by her husband's prayers. When she was about to swear that she would grant such gifts to no one after him, Themis would not allow it. "For already," she said, "Thebes is stirring up wars of discord. Capaneus can be conquered only by Jupiter, the brothers will be equal in their wounds, and the prophet, still alive, will see the land of the dead as the earth is snatched from under him. The son, avenging parent on parent, will be dutiful and criminal by the same deed;[18]
9.409	attonitusque malis exsul mentisque domusque, vultibus Eumenidum matrisque agitabitur umbris, donec eum coniunx fatale poposcerit aurum, cognatumque latus Phegeius hauserit ensis. Tum demum magno petet hos Acheloia supplex ab Iove Callirhoe natis infantibus annos neve necem sinat esse diu victoris inultam, Iuppiter his motus privignae dona nurusque praecipiet facietque viros inpubibus annis."	and stunned by his woes, an exile from his mind and from his home, he will be hounded by the faces of the Furies and by his mother's ghost, until his wife demands the fatal gold and the sword of Phegeus' house drains the side of its kinsman. Then at last Callirhoe, daughter of Achelous, will come as a suppliant to great Jupiter and beg these years for her infant sons, so that he will not let the victor's death go long unavenged. Moved by her, Jupiter will anticipate the gifts of his stepdaughter

18 Iolaus, Hercules' nephew and companion, is rejuvenated. Themis foretells the war of the Seven against Thebes: the brothers Eteocles and Polynices, the prophet Amphiaraus swallowed by the earth, and his son Alcmaeon, who killed his mother to avenge him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	and daughter-in-law and make them men while they are still beardless boys."[19]

MILETUS

The gods want youth for their own favorites, but Jupiter says even he is ruled by fate.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.418 Haec ubi faticano venturi praescia dixit ore Themis, vario superi sermone fremebant, et "cur non aliis eadem dare dona liceret" murmur erat: queritur veteres Pallantias annos coniugis esse sui, queritur canescere mitis Iasiona Ceres, repetitum Mulciber aevum poscit Erichthonio. Venerem quoque cura futuri tangit et Anchisae renovare paciscitur annos. Cui studeat, deus omnis habet, crescitque favore turbida seditio, donec sua Iuppiter ora solvit et "o nostri siqua est reverentia," dixit "quo ruitis? Tantumne aliquis sibi posse videtur, fata quoque ut superet? Fatis Iolaus in annos, quos egit, rediit, fatis iuvenescere debent Callirhoe geniti, non ambitione nec armis.	When Themis, who knew what was to come, had said this with her prophetic lips, the gods above grumbled in a babble of talk, and the murmur ran: why were they not allowed to give the same gifts to others? Pallas' daughter complained that her husband was old; gentle Ceres complained that Iasion was going gray; Mulciber demanded a renewed life for Erichthonius. Venus too was touched by concern for the future and bargained to renew Anchises' years. Every god had someone to favor, and the unruly revolt grew with partisanship, until Jupiter opened his lips and said, "Oh, if you have any reverence for me, where are you rushing? Does anyone think himself so powerful that he can overcome even the fates? It was by the fates that Iolaus returned to the years he had already spent. By the fates Callirhoe's sons must grow young, not by ambition or by arms.[20]
9.433 Vos etiam, quoque hoc animo meliore feratis, me quoque fata regunt. Quae si mutare valerem, nec nostrum seri curvarent Aeacon anni, perpetuumque aevi florem Rhadamanthus haberet cum Minoe meo, qui propter amara senectae pondera despicitur nec quo prius ordine regnat." Dicta Iovis movere deos, nec sustinet ullus, cum videat fessos Rhadamanthon et Aeacon annis et Minoa, queri. Qui, dum fuit integer aevi, terruerat magnas ipso quoque nomine gentes. Tunc erat invalidus Deionidenque iuventae robore Miletum Phoeboque parente superbum pertimuit credensque suis insurgere regnis, haud tamen est patriis arcere penatibus ausus. Sponte fugis, Milete, tua, celerique carina Aegaeas metiris aquas et in Aside terra moenia constituis positoris habentia nomen.	The fates rule you as well—and, so that you may bear this in better spirit, they rule me too. If I had the power to change them, the late years would not be bowing our Aeacus. Rhadamanthus would have the unending flower of life, and so would my Minos, who is despised because of the bitter weight of old age and no longer reigns with his former authority." Jupiter's words moved the gods, and none could bring himself to complain when he saw Rhadamanthus and Aeacus worn out with years, and Minos too. While Minos was in the prime of life, his very name had terrified great nations. Now he was feeble. He feared Miletus, son of Deione, who was proud of his youthful strength and of having Phoebus as his father. Though he believed Miletus was rising against his throne, he still did not dare to drive him from his ancestral home. Of your own accord, Miletus, you fled. On a swift keel you measured out the Aegean waters,

19 Alcmaeon was killed by the sons of Phegeus, his first wife's father, after his second wife, Callirhoe, demanded the necklace of Harmonia. Hebe is Jupiter's stepdaughter in the tradition that Juno bore her alone, and his daughter-in-law as Hercules' wife.
20 Pallas' daughter is Aurora, the Dawn, whose husband Tithonus was given immortality without youth. Iasion, Erichthonius and Anchises were mortal favorites of Ceres, Vulcan and Venus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		and in the land of Asia you built walls that bear their founder's name.[21]

BYBLIS AND CAUNUS

Byblis falls in love with her twin brother, writes to him, and dissolves into a spring when rejected.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.450	Hic tibi, dum sequitur patriae curvamina ripae, filia Maeandri totiens redeuntis eodem cognita Cyanee, praestantia corpora forma, Byblida cum Cauno, prolem est enixa gemellam. Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellae: Byblis Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris: non soror ut fratrem, nec qua debebat, amabat. Illa quidem primo nullos intellegit ignes nec peccare putat, quod saepius oscula iungat, quod sua fraterno circumdet bracchia collo, mendacique diu pietatis fallitur umbra. Paulatim declinat amor, visuraque fratrem culta venit nimiumque cupit formosa videri et siqua est illic formosior, invidet illi.	Here you came to know Cyanee as she followed the curves of her father's banks. She was the daughter of the Maeander, the river that so often winds back to the same place, and she bore you twin children of outstanding beauty, Byblis and Caunus. Byblis is a lesson that girls should love only what is allowed—Byblis, seized with desire for her brother, Apollo's grandson. She loved him not as a sister loves a brother, nor in the way she should. At first, indeed, she recognized no flames. She did not think it wrong to kiss him so often, or to throw her arms around her brother's neck, and for a long time she was deceived by the false shadow of sisterly devotion. Little by little her love went astray. She dressed with care to go and see her brother, she was too eager to look beautiful, and if any girl there was more beautiful, she envied her.
9.464	Sed nondum manifesta sibi est nullumque sub illo igne facit votum: verumtamen aestuat intus. Iam dominum appellat, iam nomina sanguinis odit: Byblida iam mavult, quam se vocet ille sororem. Spes tamen obscenas animo demittere non est ausa suo vigilans: placida resoluta quiete saepe videt, quod amat; visa est quoque iungere fratri corpus et erubuit, quamvis sopita iacebat. Somnus abit: silet illa diu repetitque quietis ipsa suae speciem dubiaque ita mente profatur: "Me miseram! tacitae quid vult sibi noctis imago? Quam nolim rata sit! cur haec ego somnia vidi?	But she did not yet understand herself, and beneath that fire she formed no wish; yet inside she was burning. Now she called him "my lord," now she hated the names of kinship; now she would rather he called her Byblis than sister. Still, while she was awake, she did not dare let shameful hopes into her mind. But when she lay relaxed in peaceful sleep, she often saw what she loved. She even seemed to unite her body with her brother's, and she blushed, though she lay asleep. Sleep left her. For a long time she was silent, going over the image of her dream, and then, her mind wavering, she spoke these words: "Poor me! What does this vision of the silent night mean? How I would hate it to come true! Why have I seen these dreams?
9.476	Ille quidem est oculis quamvis formosus iniquis et placet, et possim, si non sit frater, amare, et me dignus erat. Verum nocet esse sororem.— Dummodo tale nihil vigilans committere temptem, saepe licet simili redeat sub imagine somnus! testis abest somno, nec abest imitata voluptas.	He is handsome, it is true, even to hostile eyes. I like him, and I could love him if he were not my brother, and he would be worthy of me. But being his sister is my ruin.—As long as I never try anything like this awake, let sleep often come back with such an image! Sleep has no witness, yet it

21 Miletus, a great Greek city on the coast of Asia Minor, was said to take its name from him.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Pro! Venus et tenera volucer cum matre Cupido, gaudia quanta tuli! quam me manifesta libido contigit! ut iacui totis resoluta medullis! ut meminisse iuvat! quamvis brevis illa voluptas noxque fuit praeceps et coeptis invida nostris. O ego, si liceat mutato nomine iungi, quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram nurus esse parenti!	does not lack a counterfeit of pleasure. O Venus, and winged Cupid with your tender mother, what joys I had! How real the desire was that came over me! How I lay, melted to my very marrow! How sweet it is to remember! Yet that pleasure was brief, and the night ran headlong, jealous of what we had begun. Oh, if we could change our name and be joined, how good a daughter-in-law, Caunus, I could be to your father!
9.489	quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse parenti! Omnia, di facerent, essent communia nobis, praeter avos: tu me vellem generosior esses! Nescioquam facies igitur, pulcherrime, matrem: at mihi, quae male sum quos tu sortita parentes, nil nisi frater eris. Quod obest, id habebimus unum. Quid mihi significant ergo mea visa?—quod autem somnia pondus habent?—an habent et somnia pondus? Di melius!—di nempe suas habuere sorores: Sic Saturnus Opem iunctam sibi sanguine duxit, Oceanus Tethyn, Iunonem rector Olympi. Sunt superis sua iura! Quid ad caelestia ritus exigere humanos diversaque foedera tempto?	How good a son-in-law, Caunus, you could be to my father! If only the gods would let us share everything except our ancestors! I would want you to be of nobler birth than I am! As it is, most beautiful one, you will make some woman or other a mother. But to me, who had the bad luck to draw the same parents as you, you will be nothing but a brother. The one thing we shall share is the thing that stands in our way. What, then, do my visions mean for me? And what weight do dreams have?—or do dreams have weight after all? Gods forbid!—and yet the gods have certainly had their own sisters. So Saturn married Ops, joined to him by blood, Oceanus married Tethys, and the ruler of Olympus married Juno. The gods above have laws of their own! Why am I trying to measure heavenly things by human customs and by bonds of a different kind?
9.502	Aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor, aut hoc si nequeo, peream, precor, ante toroque mortua conponar, positaeque det oscula frater.— Et tamen arbitrium quaerit res ista duorum. Finge placere mihi: scelus esse videbitur illi! At non Aeolidae thalamos timuere sororum! Unde sed hos novi? Cur haec exempla paravi? Quo feror? Obscenae procul hinc discedite flammae, nec, nisi qua fas est germanae, frater ametur!— Si tamen ipse mei captus prior esset amore, forsitan illius possem indulgere furori. Ergo ego, quae fueram non reiectura petentem, ipsa petam! Poterisne loqui? poterisne fateri? Coget amor: potero! vel, si pudor ora tenebit, littera celatos arcana fatebitur ignis: hoc placet, haec dubiam vicit sententia mentem."	Either this forbidden passion will be driven from my heart, or, if I cannot do this, may I die first, I pray, and be laid out dead on my bier, and may my brother kiss me as I lie there.—And yet this business needs the consent of two. Suppose I want it: to him it will seem a crime! But the sons of Aeolus did not shrink from their sisters' beds! Yet how do I know about them? Why have I gathered these examples? Where am I being swept? Away from here, you shameful flames! Let my brother be loved only as a sister may rightly love him!—Still, if he had been seized by love for me first, perhaps I could have given in to his frenzy. So shall I, who would not have refused him had he courted me, do the courting myself? Will you be able to speak? Will you be able to confess? Love will force me: I will be able! Or, if shame keeps my lips closed, a secret letter will confess my hidden fires. That is what I want. This is the plan that has won over my wavering mind."[22]

22 In Homer's *Odyssey* the sons of Aeolus, keeper of the winds, are married to their sisters.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.518 In latus erigitur cubitoque innixa sinistro "viderit: insanos" inquit "fateamur amores. Ei mihi! quo labor? quem mens mea concipit ignem?" et meditata manu componit verba trementi: dextra tenet ferrum, vacuam tenet altera ceram. Incipit et dubitat, scribit damnatque tabellas et notat et delet, mutat culpatque probatque, inque vicem sumptas ponit positasque resumit. Quid velit ignorat; quidquid factura videtur, displicet. In vultu est audacia mixta pudori. Scripta "soror" fuerat, visum est delere sororem verbaque correctis incidere talia ceris: "Quam, nisi tu dederis, non est habitura salutem, hanc tibi mittit amans: pudet, a! pudet edere nomen.	She raised herself onto her side and, propped on her left elbow, said, "Let him think what he will: let me confess my mad love. Ah me! Where am I slipping? What fire is my mind conceiving?" And with a trembling hand she set down the words she had planned. Her right hand held the stylus; the other held the blank wax. She began and hesitated. She wrote and condemned the tablets. She marked and erased; she changed, faulted, approved. By turns she put the tablets down and took them up, and took them up and put them down again. She did not know what she wanted; whatever she seemed about to do, she disliked. On her face boldness was mixed with shame. She had written "sister." She decided to erase "sister" and to cut these words into the corrected wax: "The good health she will never have unless you give it, a lover sends to you. She is ashamed, ah, ashamed to say her name.[23]
9.532 Et si, quid cupiam, quaeris, sine nomine vellem posset agi mea causa meo, nec cognita Byblis ante forem, quam spes votorum certa fuisset. Esse quidem laesi poterat tibi pectoris index et color et macies et vultus et umida saepe lumina nec causa suspiria mota patenti et crebri amplexus, et quae, si forte notasti, oscula sentiri non esse sororia possent: ipsa tamen, quamvis animo grave vulnus habebam, quamvis intus erat furor igneus, omnia feci (sunt mihi di testes), ut tandem sanior essem, pugnavique diu violenta Cupidinis arma effugere infelix et plus, quam ferre puellam posse putes, ego dura tuli. Superata fateri cogor opemque tuam timidis exposcere votis.	And if you ask what I want, I would wish my case could be pleaded without my name. I wish I were not known as Byblis until my hope of what I pray for was certain. You might, indeed, have read the signs of my wounded heart: my color, my thinness, my face, my eyes so often wet, sighs heaved for no evident reason, embraces again and again, and kisses that—if you happened to notice—could be felt to be no sister's kisses. And yet I myself did everything (the gods are my witnesses) to come to my senses at last, though I had a deep wound in my heart, though a fiery frenzy raged within. For a long time, unhappy as I am, I struggled to escape Cupid's violent weapons, and I have endured harder things than you would think a girl could bear. Defeated, I am forced to confess, and to beg your help with timid prayers.
9.547 Tu servare potes, tu perdere solus amantem: elige, utrum facias! Non hoc inimica precatur, sed quae, cum tibi sit iunctissima, iunctior esse expetit et vinclo tecum propiore ligari. Iura senes norint et, quid liceatque nefasque fasque sit, inquirant legumque examina servent: conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris! Quid liceat, nescimus adhuc et cuncta licere credimus et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum.	You alone can save the one who loves you; you alone can destroy her: choose which you will do! It is no enemy who begs this. It is one who, though joined to you as closely as can be, longs to be joined still more closely and to be bound to you by a nearer tie. Let old men know the laws. Let them inquire what is allowed, what is sinful and what is right, and observe the fine balances of the law. Reckless love suits our years! We do not yet know what is allowed; we believe that everything is al-

23 Roman letters opened with *salutem*, "greeting," a word that also means "health" or "well-being."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Nec nos aut durus pater aut reverentia famae aut timor impediet (tantum sit causa timendi!).	lowed, and we follow the examples of the great gods. No harsh father, no concern for our reputation, no fear will stand in our way (if indeed there is any cause to fear!).
9.558	Dulcia fraterno sub nomine furta tegemus: est mihi libertas tecum secreta loquendi, et damus amplexus et iungimus oscula coram, quantum est, quod desit? Miserere fatentis amores et non fassurae, nisi cogeret ultimus ardor, neve merere meo subscribi causa sepulcro!" Talia nequiquam perarantem plena reliquit cera manum, summusque in margine versus adhaesit. Protinus inpressa signat sua crimina gemma, quam tinxit lacrimis (linguam defecerat umor), deque suis unum famulis pudibunda vocavit et pavidum blandita "fer has, fidissime, nostro"— dixit, et adiecit longo post tempore "fratri."	We shall hide our sweet stolen pleasures under the name of brother and sister. I am free to talk with you in private, and we embrace and kiss openly—how much is still lacking? Pity one who confesses her love, and who would not confess it if the utmost passion did not force her. Do not deserve to be inscribed on my tomb as the cause of my death!" Her hand was furrowing the wax with such words, in vain, when the tablet, now full, gave out, and the last line clung to the margin. At once she sealed her crime with the imprint of her gem, which she moistened with her tears (moisture had failed her tongue). In her shame she called one of her servants and, coaxing the frightened man, said, "Take these, most faithful one, to my—" and after a long pause she added, "brother."
9.571	Cum daret, elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae. Omine turbata est: misit tamen. Apta minister tempora nactus adit traditque latentia verba. Attonitus subita iuvenis Maeandrius ira proicit acceptas lecta sibi parte tabellas vixque manus retinens trepidantis ab ore ministri "dum licet, o vetitae scelerate libidinis auctor, effuge!" ait: "qui, si nostrum tua fata pudorem non traherent secum, poenas mihi morte dedisses." Ille fugit pavidus dominaeque ferocia Cauni dicta refert. Palles audita, Bybli, repulsa, et pavet obsessum glaciali frigore corpus. Mens tamen ut rediit, pariter rediere furores, linguaque vix tales icto dedit aere voces:	As she handed them over, the tablets slipped from her hands and fell. She was disturbed by the omen, but she sent them all the same. The servant found a suitable moment, approached, and delivered the hidden words. Maeander's young grandson was stunned. In sudden anger he flung away the tablets he had received when he had read only part, and he barely kept his hands off the face of the trembling servant. "Get away while you can," he said, "you wicked agent of forbidden lust! If your death would not drag our shame down with it, you would have paid me the penalty with your life." The man fled in terror and reported Caunus' fierce words to his mistress. You turned pale, Byblis, when you heard you had been rejected, and your body, gripped by an icy chill, trembled. But when her mind returned, her frenzy returned with it, and her tongue, striking the air, barely uttered these words:
9.585	"Et merito! quid enim temeraria vulneris huius indicium feci? Quid, quae celanda fuerunt, tam cito commisi properatis verba tabellis? Ante erat ambiguis animi sententia dictis praetemptanda mihi. Ne non sequeretur euntem, parte aliqua veli, qualis foret aura, notare debueram tutoque mari decurrere, quae nunc non exploratis inplevi lintea ventis.	"And I deserved it! Why was I so reckless as to reveal this wound? Why did I so quickly entrust words that should have been concealed to hastily written tablets? I ought first to have sounded out his feelings with ambiguous hints. To make sure the breeze would follow my course, I should have tested what kind of wind it was with part of the sail, and run along a safe sea. Instead I have filled

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Auferor in scopulos igitur subversaque toto obruor oceano, neque habent mea vela recursus. Quid quod et ominibus certis prohibebar amori indulgere meo, tum cum mihi ferre iubenti excidit et fecit spes nostras cera caducas?	my canvas with winds I had not explored. So I am carried onto the rocks, capsized and overwhelmed by the whole ocean, and my sails have no way back. And what of the fact that clear omens forbade me to indulge my love? When I told him to carry the letter, the wax slipped from my hand and made my hopes fall with it.
9.598	Nonne vel illa dies fuerat vel tota voluntas, sed potius mutanda dies? Deus ipse monebat signaque certa dabat, si non male sana fuissem. Et tamen ipsa loqui, nec me committere cerae debueram praesensque meos aperire furores (vidisset lacrimas, vultum vidisset amantis!), plura loqui poteram, quam quae cepere tabellae. Invito potui circumdare bracchia collo et, si reicerer, potui moritura videri amplectique pedes adfusaque poscere vitam. Omnia fecissem, quorum si singula duram flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia, mentem. Forsitan et missi sit quaedam culpa ministri: non adiit apte nec legit idonea, credo, tempora nec petiit horamque animumque vacantem.	Shouldn't I have changed either the day or my whole intention—or rather the day? The god himself was warning me and giving clear signs, if I had not been out of my mind. And yet I ought to have spoken myself, instead of entrusting myself to wax. I ought to have revealed my frenzy face to face (he would have seen my tears, he would have seen the face of one in love!). I could have said more than the tablets held. I could have thrown my arms around his unwilling neck. If I was rejected, I could have seemed on the point of death, and embraced his feet, and, lying at them, begged for my life. I would have done everything; and if each thing alone could not have bent his hard mind, all of them together could have. Perhaps the servant I sent is also somewhat to blame. He did not approach skillfully, nor, I think, choose the right moment, nor look for an hour when his mind was free.
9.613	Haec nocuere mihi. Neque enim est de tigride natus nec rigidas silices solidumve in pectore ferrum aut adamanta gerit nec lac bibit ille leaenae. Vincetur! Repetendus erit, nec taedia coepti ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit. Nam primum, si facta mihi revocare liceret, non coepisse fuit: coepta expugnare secundum est. Quippe nec ille potest, ut iam mea vota relinquam, non tamen ausorum semper memor esse meorum, et, quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor aut etiam temptasse illum insidiisque petisse; vel certe non hoc, qui plurimus urget et urit pectora nostra, deo, sed victa libidine credar.	That is what harmed me. For he was not born of a tigress. He does not carry hard flint or solid iron or adamant in his breast, nor did he drink a lioness's milk. He will be conquered! I must try him again, and I will never weary of what I have begun while this breath remains in me. For the best course, if I could undo what I have done, would have been never to begin; the next best is to fight through to victory what I have begun. Besides, even if I gave up my desires now, he could never forget what I dared. If I stop, I will seem to have wanted it only lightly, or even to have been testing him and laying a trap for him. Or at least I will be thought to have been overcome not by the god who presses and burns my heart so fiercely, but by lust.
9.626	Denique iam nequeo nil commisisse nefandum. Et scripsi et petii: temerata est nostra voluntas; ut nihil adiciam, non possum innoxia dici. Quod superest, multum est in vota, in crimina parvum." Dixit, et (incertae tanta est discordia mentis) cum pigeat temptasse, libet temptare: modumque exit et infelix committit saepe repelli.	In short, I can no longer be innocent of every wrong. I have written and I have asked; my will is already stained. Even if I add nothing more, I cannot be called innocent. What remains adds much to my hopes, little to my guilt." So she said. Though she regretted having tried, she wanted to try again (so great is the conflict in a divided

LATIN	ENGLISH
Mox ubi finis abest, patriam fugit ille nefasque inque peregrina ponit nova moenia terra. Tum vero maestam tota Miletida mente defecisse ferunt, tum vero a pectore vestem diripuit planxitque suos furibunda lacertos.	mind). She passed all bounds and, unhappy girl, exposed herself to rejection again and again. Soon, when there was no end to it, he fled his country and the crime, and founded new walls in a foreign land. Then indeed, they say, the grieving daughter of Miletus lost her mind entirely. Then indeed she tore the dress from her breast and in her frenzy beat her arms.
9.638 Iamque palam est demens inconcessamque fatetur spem veneris, siquidem patriam invisosque penates deserit et profugi sequitur vestigia fratris. Utque tuo motae, proles Semeleia, thyrso Ismariae celebrant repetita triennia bacchae, Byblida non aliter latos ululasse per agros Bubasides videre nurus. Quibus illa relictis Caras et armiferos Lelegas Lyciamque pererrat. Iam Cragon et Limyren Xanthique reliquerat undas, quoque Chimaera iugo mediis in partibus ignem, pectus et ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat; deficiunt silvae, cum tu lassata sequendo concidis et dura positis tellure capillis, Bybli, iaces frondesque tuo premis ore caducas.	And now she was openly mad and admitted her forbidden hope of love, for she left her country and her hated home and followed the trail of her fugitive brother. The Ismarian Bacchants, roused by your thyrsus, son of Semele, celebrate your festival that returns every third year; just so the women of Bubassus saw Byblis howling across the wide fields. Leaving them behind, she wandered through Caria, through the armed Leleges, and through Lycia. Now she had left behind Cragus and Limyre and the waters of the Xanthus. She had left the ridge where the Chimaera had fire in its middle parts, the chest and face of a lioness, and the tail of a serpent. The woods were thinning out when you, Byblis, worn out by your pursuit, collapsed. With your hair spread on the hard ground you lay there, pressing the fallen leaves with your face.[24]
9.652 Saepe etiam nymphae teneris Lelegeides ulnis tollere conantur; saepe, ut medeatur amori, praecipiunt surdaeque adhibent solacia menti: muta iacet viridesque suis tenet unguibus herbas Byblis, et umectat lacrimarum gramina rivus. Naidas his venam, quae numquam arescere posset, subposuisse ferunt: quid enim dare maius habebant? Protinus, ut secto piceae de cortice guttae, utve tenax gravida manat tellure bitumen, utve sub adventu spirantis lene favoni sole remollescit, quae frigore constitit, unda, sic lacrimis consumpta suis Phoebeia Byblis vertitur in fontem, qui nunc quoque vallibus illis nomen habet dominae nigraque sub ilice manat.	Often, too, the Lelegeian nymphs tried to lift her in their tender arms. Often they advised her how to cure her love and offered comfort to a mind that would not listen. Byblis lay silent, clutching the green grass with her nails and soaking the turf with a stream of tears. They say the Naiads placed beneath her a vein of water that could never run dry: what greater gift did they have to give? Drops of resin ooze from the cut bark of a pitch pine; sticky bitumen seeps from the heavy earth; water that has frozen in the cold softens in the sun when the gently breathing west wind arrives. Just so, at once, Byblis, Phoebus' descendant, consumed by her own tears, was turned into a spring. Even now in those valleys it bears its mistress's name and flows beneath a dark holm oak.

24 Ismarus is a mountain in Thrace; the thyrsus is the ivy-tipped wand carried by Bacchus and his followers.

IPHIS AND IANTHE

A girl raised as a boy is betrothed to another girl, and Isis turns her into a man.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.666	Fama novi centum Cretaeas forsitan urbes implesset monstri, si non miracula nuper Iphide mutata Crete propiora tulisset. Proxima Cnosiaco nam quondam Phaestia regno progenuit tellus ignotum nomine Ligdum, ingenua de plebe virum. Nec census in illo nobilitate sua maior, sed vita fidesque inculpata fuit. Gravidae qui coniugis aures vocibus his monuit, cum iam prope partus adesset: "Quae voveam, duo sunt; minimo ut relevere dolore, utque marem parias; onerosior altera sors est, et vires fortuna negat. Quod abominor, ergo edita forte tuo fuerit si femina partu, (invitus mando: pietas, ignosce!) necetur."	Rumor of this strange new wonder might perhaps have filled the hundred cities of Crete, if Crete had not recently produced a marvel closer to home in the transformation of Iphis. For once the land of Phaestus, close to the kingdom of Cnossos, gave birth to a man named Ligdus. He was of no renown, a freeborn man of the common people. His wealth was no greater than his rank, but his life and his good faith were beyond reproach. When his wife was pregnant and her time was near, he warned her with these words: "There are two things I pray for: that you are delivered with the least pain, and that you bear a male. The other lot is more burdensome, and fortune has denied us the means. So—and I dread to say it—if by chance your labor brings forth a female (I order this unwillingly: Devotion, forgive me!), let her be killed."
9.680	Dixerat, et lacrimis vultus lavere profusis, tam qui mandabat, quam cui mandata dabantur. Sed tamen usque suum vanis Telethusa maritum sollicitat precibus, ne spem sibi ponat in arto. Certa sua est Ligdo sententia. Iamque ferendo vix erat illa gravem maturo pondere ventrem, cum medio noctis spatio sub imagine somni Inachis ante torum, pompa comitata sacrorum, aut stetit aut visa est. Inerant lunaria fronti cornua cum spicis nitido flaventibus auro et regale decus. Cum qua latrator Anubis sanctaque Bubastis variusque coloribus Apis, quique premit vocem digitoque silentia suadet, sistraque erant numquamque satis quaesitus Osiris plenaque somniferis serpens peregrina venenis.	He had spoken, and the faces of both were bathed in streaming tears, his who gave the order and hers who received it. Still Telethusa kept begging her husband, in vain, not to confine their hopes so narrowly. Ligdus' mind was made up. And now she could barely carry her womb, heavy with its ripened weight. Then, in the middle of the night, in the form of a dream, Inachus' daughter stood—or seemed to stand—before her bed, attended by her procession of sacred followers. On her brow were the horns of the moon, with ears of grain golden with gleaming gold, and a queen's splendor. With her were barking Anubis, holy Bubastis, Apis of mottled colors, and the god who holds back his voice and with a finger urges silence. There were sistrums, and Osiris, never sought enough, and the foreign serpent full of sleep-bringing venom.[25]
9.695	Tum velut excussam somno et manifesta videntem sic adfata dea est: "Pars o Telethusa mearum, pone graves curas mandataque falle mariti. Nec dubita, cum te partu Lucina levarit, tollere quidquid erit. Dea sum auxiliaris opemque exorata fero, nec te coluisse quereris ingratum numen." Monuit thalamoque recessit.	Then, as Telethusa seemed to be roused from sleep and to see everything plainly, the goddess spoke to her: "Telethusa, one of my own, put aside your heavy cares and evade your husband's orders. When Lucina has delivered you, do not hesitate to raise the child, whatever it may be. I am a goddess

25 Inachus' daughter is Io, whom Ovid identifies with the Egyptian goddess Isis; the sistrum was her sacred rattle.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Laeta toro surgit purasque ad sidera supplex Cressa manus tollens, rata sint sua visa, precatur. Ut dolor increvit, seque ipsum pondus in auras expulit et nata est ignaro femina patre, iussit ali mater puerum mentita: fidemque res habuit, neque erat ficti nisi conscia nutrix.	who brings help; when I am entreated, I give aid. You will not complain that you worshipped an ungrateful divinity." She gave her warning and withdrew from the bedroom. Joyfully the Cretan woman rose from her bed and, lifting pure hands to the stars as a suppliant, prayed that her vision would come true. The pains grew stronger, and the burden itself pushed out into the air, and a girl was born without her father's knowledge. The mother had her reared, pretending she was a boy. The deception was believed, and no one shared the secret but the nurse.[26]
9.708	Vota pater solvit nomenque inponit avitum: Iphis avus fuerat. Gavisa est nomine mater, quod commune foret nec quemquam falleret illo. Inde incepta pia mendacia fraude latebant: cultus erat pueri, facies, quam sive puellae, sive dares puero, fuerat formosus uterque. Tertius interea decimo successerat annus, cum pater, Iphi, tibi flavam despondet Ianthen, inter Phaestiadas quae laudatissima formae dote fuit virgo, Dictaeo nata Teleste. Par aetas, par forma fuit, primasque magistris accepere artes, elementa aetatis, ab isdem.	The father paid his vows and gave the child its grandfather's name: the grandfather had been called Iphis. The mother was glad of the name, because it was shared by both sexes and she would deceive no one by it. From then on, the lies begun with a devoted deceit stayed hidden. The clothes were a boy's; and the face, whether you assigned it to a girl or a boy, would have been beautiful either way. Meanwhile the thirteenth year had come, when your father, Iphis, betrothed you to golden-haired Ianthe. She was the girl most praised among the women of Phaestus for the dowry of her beauty, the daughter of Telestes of Dicte. They were equal in age, equal in beauty, and they had received their first lessons, the elements suited to their age, from the same teachers.
9.720	Hinc amor ambarum tetigit rude pectus et aequum vulnus utrique dedit. Sed erat fiducia dispar: coniugium pactaeque exspectat tempora taedae quamque virum putat esse, virum fore credit Ianthe; Iphis amat, qua posse frui desperat, et auget hoc ipsum flammas, ardetque in virgine virgo; vixque tenens lacrimas "quis me manet exitus" inquit, "cognita quam nulli, quam prodigiosa novaeque cura tenet Veneris? Si di mihi parcere vellent, naturale malum saltem et de more dedissent. Nec vaccam vaccae, nec equas amor urit equarum: urit oves aries, sequitur sua femina cervum.	From this, love touched the innocent hearts of both and dealt the same wound to each. But their confidence was not equal. Ianthe looked forward to marriage and the agreed time of the wedding torch, and believed that the one she took for a man would be her man. Iphis loved a girl she despaired of ever possessing, and this very thing fed her flames: a girl burned for a girl. Scarcely holding back her tears, she said, "What end awaits me? I am gripped by a passion no one has known, a monstrous passion for a new kind of love. If the gods wanted to spare me, they should at least have given me a natural ill, one in keeping with custom. Love for a cow does not burn a cow, nor love for mares the mares. The ram inflames the ewes, and his doe follows the stag.
9.733	Sic et aves coeunt, interque animalia cuncta femina femineo conrepta cupidine nulla est.	So too the birds mate, and among all the animals there is not one female seized with desire for a fe-

26 Lucina is the goddess of childbirth.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Vellem nulla forem! Ne non tamen omnia Crete monstra ferat, taurum dilexit filia Solis, femina nempe marem: meus est furiosior illo, si verum profitemur, amor! Tamen illa secuta est spem Veneris, tamen illa dolis et imagine vaccae passa bovem est, et erat, qui deciperetur adulter! Huc licet e toto sollertia confluat orbe, ipse licet revolet ceratis Daedalus alis, quid faciet? Num me puerum de virgine doctis artibus efficiet? num te mutabit, Ianthe? Quin animum firmas, teque ipsa reconligis, Iphi, consiliique inopes et stultos excutis ignes?	male. I wish I were not one at all! Yet, so that Crete may bring forth every kind of monster, the daughter of the Sun loved a bull—a female, after all, loving a male. My love, if I admit the truth, is more frenzied than hers! For she still pursued a hope of love. She still, by trickery and in the likeness of a cow, submitted to the bull, and there was a male lover there to be deceived! Though all the ingenuity in the world should flow together here, though Daedalus himself should fly back on his waxen wings, what could he do? Could he make me a boy instead of a girl by his clever arts? Could he change you, Ianthe? Why not steady your mind, Iphis, pull yourself together, and shake off these foolish fires that have no way out?[27]
9.747	Quid sis nata, vide, nisi te quoque decipis ipsa, et pete quod fas est, et ama quod femina debes! Spes est, quae capiat, spes est, quae pascit amorem: hanc tibi res adimit. Non te custodia caro arcet ab amplexu nec cauti cura mariti, non patris asperitas, non se negat ipsa roganti: nec tamen est potienda tibi, nec, ut omnia fiant, esse potes felix, ut dique hominesque laborent. Nunc quoque votorum nulla est pars vana meorum, dique mihi faciles, quidquid valuere, dederunt; quodque ego, vult genitor, vult ipsa socerque futurus.	Look at what you were born, unless you are deceiving yourself as well. Seek what is lawful, and love what a woman ought to love! It is hope that captures love, hope that feeds it—and the facts take that hope away from you. No guard keeps you from her dear embrace, no watchful husband's care, no harsh father; she does not refuse herself when you ask. And yet she cannot be yours. Even if everything should happen, even if gods and men should labor for it, you cannot be happy. Even now, no part of my prayers has gone unanswered. The gods have been kind to me and have given me all they could. What I want, my father wants, she herself wants, and so does my future father-in-law.
9.758	At non vult natura, potentior omnibus istis, quae mihi sola nocet. Venit ecce optabile tempus, luxque iugalis adest, et iam mea fiet Ianthe— nec mihi continget: mediis sitiemus in undis. Pronuba quid Iuno, quid ad haec, Hymenaee, venitis sacra, quibus qui ducat abest, ubi nubimus ambae?" Pressit ab his vocem. Nec lenius altera virgo aestuat, utque celer venias, Hymenaee, precatur. Quod petit haec, Telethusa timens modo tempora differt, nunc ficto languore moram trahit, omina saepe visaque causatur. Sed iam consumpserat omnem materiam ficti, dilataque tempora taedae institerant, unusque dies restabat. At illa crinalem capiti vittam nataeque sibique detrahit et passis aram complexa capillis	But Nature does not want it, and she is more powerful than all of them; she alone is against me. See, the longed-for time has come, the wedding day is here, and now Ianthe will be mine—and yet she will not be granted to me: we shall go thirsty in the midst of the waters. Why, Juno, patron of brides, why, Hymen, do you come to these rites, where there is no one to lead the bride, where both of us are brides?" With this she checked her voice. The other girl burned no less fiercely, and prayed that you would come quickly, Hymen. What Ianthe longed for, Telethusa feared. Now she put off the date, now she drew out the delay with a pretended illness, often pleading omens and visions. But by now she had used up every pretext; the postponed day of the wedding torch was upon them, and only one day remained. Then she took

27 Pasiphae, daughter of the Sun and wife of Minos, hid inside a wooden cow built by Daedalus in order to mate with a bull, and bore the Minotaur.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	the ribbons from her daughter's head and her own, and with her hair loose, clasping the altar,
9.773 "Isi, Paraetonium Mareoticaque arva Pharonque quae colis et septem digestum in cornua Nilum: fer, precor" inquit "opem nostroque medere timori! Te, dea, te quondam tuaque haec insignia vidi cunctaque cognovi, sonitum comitantiaque aera sistrorum, memorique animo tua iussa notavi. Quod videt haec lucem, quod non ego punior, ecce consilium munusque tuum est. Miserere duarum auxilioque iuva!" Lacrimae sunt verba secutae. Visa dea est movisse suas (et moverat) aras, et templi tremuere fores, imitataque lunam cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.	"Isis," she said, "who dwell in Paraetonium and the fields of Mareotis and Pharos, and in the Nile divided into seven horns: bring help, I pray, and heal our fear! You, goddess, you and these emblems of yours I once saw, and I recognized all of it, the sound and the attendant bronze of the sistrums. I took note of your commands with a mindful heart. That this girl sees the light of day, that I am not punished—look, this is your counsel and your gift. Pity the two of us and help us with your aid!" Tears followed her words. The goddess seemed to move her altar (and she had moved it). The temple doors shook, the horns gleamed like the moon, and the resonant sistrum rattled.[28]
9.785 Non secura quidem, fausto tamen omine laeta mater abit templo: sequitur comes Iphis euntem, quam solita est, maiore gradu, nec candor in ore permanet, et vires augentur, et acrior ipse est vultus, et incomptis brevior mensura capillis, plusque vigoris adest, habuit quam femina. Nam quae femina nuper eras, puer es. Date munera templis nec timida gaudete fide! Dant munera templis, addunt et titulum; titulus breve carmen habebat: DONA PUER SOLVIT QUAE FEMINA VOVERAT IPHIS Postera lux radiis latum patefecerat orbem, cum Venus et Iuno sociosque Hymenaeus ad ignes conveniunt, potiturque sua puer Iphis Ianthe.	Not free from anxiety, but glad at the favorable omen, the mother left the temple. Iphis walked beside her as she went, with a longer stride than usual. The fair complexion did not remain, the strength grew, and the features themselves were sharper. The uncombed hair was shorter, and there was more vigor than Iphis had as a woman. For you who were a woman a moment ago are a boy! Bring gifts to the temples, and rejoice with a faith that knows no fear! They brought gifts to the temples and added an inscription; the inscription bore a short verse: IPHIS PAID AS A BOY THE GIFTS VOWED AS A WOMAN. The next day's light had opened up the wide world with its rays, when Venus and Juno and Hymen gathered at the shared wedding fires, and the boy Iphis won his Ianthe.

28 Paraetonium, Mareotis and Pharos are places on the Egyptian coast near Alexandria; the Nile reaches the sea through seven mouths.

Book 10

The songs of Orpheus
Orpheus and Eurydice; Hyacinthus; Pygmalion; Myrrha; Venus and Adonis; Atalanta.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Orpheus goes down to the underworld for his wife, but loses her when he looks back.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.1	Inde per inmensum croceo velatus amictu aethera digreditur Ciconumque Hymenaeus ad oras tendit et Orphea nequiquam voce vocatur. Adfuit ille quidem, sed nec sollemnia verba nec laetos vultus nec felix attulit omen. Fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimoso stridula fumo usque fuit nullosque invenit motibus ignes. Exitus auspicio gravior: nam nupta per herbas dum nova naiadum turba comitata vagatur, occidit in talum serpentis dente recepto.	From there Hymen, veiled in his saffron cloak, passed through the boundless air and made for the shores of the Ciconians, and he was summoned by the voice of Orpheus, in vain. He came, it is true, but he brought neither the ritual words, nor happy faces, nor a lucky omen. Even the torch he held kept sputtering with tear-stinging smoke, and however it was waved, it found no flame. The outcome was worse than the omen. While the new bride was wandering through the grass with a band of Naiads around her, a serpent's fang struck her ankle, and she fell dead.[1]
10.11	Quam satis ad superas postquam Rhodopeius auras deflevit vates, ne non temptaret et umbras, ad Styga Taenaria est ausus descendere porta; perque leves populos simulacraque functa sepulcro Persephonen adiit inamoenaque regna tenentem umbrarum dominum. Pulsisque ad carmina nervis sic ait: "O positi sub terra numina mundi, in quem reccidimus, quidquid mortale creamur, si licet et falsi positis ambagibus oris vera loqui sinitis, non huc, ut opaca viderem Tartara, descendi, nec uti villosa colubris terna Medusaei vincirem guttura monstri: causa viae est coniunx, in quam calcata venenum vipera diffudit crescentesque abstulit annos.	When the bard of Rhodope had mourned her enough in the upper air, he resolved to try the shades as well. He dared to go down to the Styx through the Taenarian gate. Through the weightless throngs and the ghosts of those who had received burial, he approached Persephone and the lord of the shades, who rules that unlovely kingdom. Striking the strings to accompany his song, he spoke: "O divine powers of the world set beneath the earth, into which all of us fall back, whatever mortal thing we are born! If it is allowed, and if you permit me to set aside the evasions of a lying tongue and speak the truth: I have not come down here to see dark Tartarus, nor to chain the three throats of the Medusan monster, shaggy with snakes. The reason for my journey is my wife. A viper she trod on poured its venom into her and robbed her of her growing years.[2]
10.25	Posse pati volui nec me temptasse negabo: vicit Amor. Supera deus hic bene notus in ora est, an sit et hic, dubito. Sed et hic tamen auguror esse;	I wanted to be able to bear it, and I will not deny that I tried: Love has won. This god is well known in the world above; whether he is here too, I am

1 Hymen is the god of weddings. The Ciconians were a people of Thrace, home of the legendary singer Orpheus.
2 The Taenarian gate was a cave at Cape Taenarum in southern Greece, thought to lead to the underworld. The "Medusan monster" is Cerberus, the three-headed watchdog of the dead, snaky like Medusa.

LATIN	ENGLISH
famaque si veteris non est mentita rapinae, vos quoque iunxit Amor. Per ego haec loca plena timoris, per chaos hoc ingens vastique silentia regni, Eurydices, oro, properata retexite fata. Omnia debemur vobis, paulumque morati serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam. Tendimus huc omnes, haec est domus ultima, vosque humani generis longissima regna tenetis. Haec quoque, cum iustos matura peregerit annos, iuris erit vestri: pro munere poscimus usum. Quod si fata negant veniam pro coniuge, certum est nolle redire mihi: leto gaudete duorum."	not sure. Yet I guess that he is here as well, and if the story of that abduction long ago is not a lie, Love joined you too. By these places full of fear, by this huge Chaos and the silence of this vast kingdom, I beg you: reweave Eurydice's hurried fate. All of us are owed to you, and after a short delay, sooner or later, we hasten to one home. Here we are all heading. This is our final home, and yours is the longest reign over the human race. She too, when she has ripened and lived out her rightful span of years, will come under your rule. I ask for her not as a gift but as a loan. But if the fates refuse this favor for my wife, I am determined not to return: rejoice in the death of two."[3]
10.40 Talia dicentem nervosque ad verba moventem exsangues flebant animae: nec Tantalus undam captavit refugam, stupuitque Ixionis orbis, nec carpsere iecur volucres, urnisque vacarunt Belides, inque tuo sedisti, Sisyphe, saxo. Tunc primum lacrimis victarum carmine fama est Eumenidum maduisse genas. Nec regia coniunx sustinet oranti nec qui regit ima negare, Eurydicenque vocant. Umbras erat illa recentes inter et incessit passu de vulnere tardo. Hanc simul et legem Rhodopeius accipit Orpheus, ne flectat retro sua lumina, donec Avernas exierit valles: aut inrita dona futura. Carpitur acclivis per muta silentia trames, arduus, obscurus, caligine densus opaca.	As he said these things and moved the strings in time with his words, the bloodless spirits wept. Tantalus did not reach for the retreating water, Ixion's wheel stood still in wonder, the birds did not tear at the liver, the Belides rested from their urns, and you, Sisyphus, sat on your rock. Then for the first time, the story goes, the cheeks of the Eumenides, conquered by the song, were wet with tears. Neither the royal consort nor he who rules the depths could bear to refuse the suppliant, and they called Eurydice. She was among the newly arrived shades, and she came forward slowly, limping from her wound. Orpheus of Rhodope received her, and with her the condition that he must not turn his eyes back until he had left the valleys of Avernus. Otherwise the gift would be void. They climbed the uphill path through the mute silence, steep and dark and thick with murky fog.[4]
10.55 Nec procul afuerunt telluris margine summae: hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi flexit amans oculos; et protinus illa relapsa est, bracchiaque intendens prendique et prendere certans nil nisi cedentes infelix arripit auras. Iamque iterum moriens non est de coniuge quicquam questa suo: quid enim nisi se quereretur amatam? Supremumque "vale," quod iam vix auribus ille acciperet, dixit revolutaque rursus eodem est. Non aliter stupuit gemina nece coniugis Orpheus, quam tria qui timidus, medio portante catenas, colla canis vidit, quem non pavor ante reliquit,	They were not far from the edge of the upper earth when the lover turned his eyes back, afraid she might falter and eager to see her. At once she slipped back. Stretching out her arms, struggling to be held and to hold, the unhappy woman clutched nothing but the yielding air. Dying now a second time, she made no complaint against her husband, for what could she complain of, except that she was loved? She spoke a last "farewell," which he could barely catch, and fell back again to the same place. Orpheus was stunned by his wife's double death. He was like the man who in terror

3 The "abduction long ago" is Pluto's seizure of Proserpina, told in Book 5.
4 Tantalus, Ixion, Sisyphus, Tityos (whose liver birds devour) and the Belides (the Danaids, who must carry water in leaking jars) were sinners punished in the underworld. The Eumenides are the Furies.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	quam natura prior, saxo per corpus oborto; quique in se crimen traxit voluitque videri Olenos esse nocens, tuque, o confisa figurae, infelix Lethaea, tuae, iunctissima quondam pectora, nunc lapides, quos umida sustinet Ide.	saw the dog's three necks, the middle one in chains, and whose fear did not leave him until his former nature did, as stone spread over his body. Or he was like Olenos, who drew the guilt onto himself and wanted to be thought the guilty one, and like you, unhappy Lethaea, too confident in your beauty: hearts once most closely joined, now stones on well-watered Ida.[5]
10.72	Orantem frustraque iterum transire volentem portitor arcuerat. Septem tamen ille diebus squalidus in ripa Cereris sine munere sedit: cura dolorque animi lacrimaeque alimenta fuere. Esse deos Erebi crudeles questus, in altam se recipit Rhodopen pulsumque aquilonibus Haemum. Tertius aequoreis inclusum piscibus annum finierat Titan, omnemque refugerat Orpheus femineam venerem, seu quod male cesserat illi, sive fidem dederat. Multas tamen ardor habebat iungere se vati, multae doluere repulsae. Ille etiam Thracum populis fuit auctor amorem in teneros transferre mares citraque iuventam aetatis breve ver et primos carpere flores.	He begged to cross again and longed to, but the ferryman had driven him off. Still, for seven days he sat on the bank, unkempt, without the gift of Ceres. Care, grief of heart and tears were his food. Complaining that the gods of Erebus were cruel, he withdrew to high Rhodope and to Haemus, lashed by the north winds. Three times Titan had finished the year that closes with the watery Fishes, and Orpheus had shunned all love of women. Perhaps it had gone badly for him, or perhaps he had pledged his faith. Yet many women burned with desire to join themselves to the bard, and many grieved at being rejected. He was also the one who taught the peoples of Thrace to transfer their love to tender boys, and to pluck the brief springtime of life and its first flowers before manhood.

THE TREES GATHER TO ORPHEUS

Orpheus sings, and trees of every kind gather to shade him.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.86	Collis erat collemque super planissima campi area, quam viridem faciebant graminis herbae. Umbra loco deerat: qua postquam parte resedit dis genitus vates et fila sonantia movit, umbra loco venit. Non Chaonis afuit arbor. non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus aesculus altis, nec tiliae molles, nec fagus et innuba laurus, et coryli fragiles et fraxinus utilis hastis enodisque abies curvataque glandibus ilex et platanus genialis acerque coloribus impar amnicolaeque simul salices et aquatica lotos perpetuoque virens buxum tenuesque myricae et bicolor myrtus et bacis caerula tinus. Vos quoque, flexipedes hederae, venistis et una pampineae vites et amictae vitibus ulmi, ornique et piceae pomoque onerata rubenti	There was a hill, and on the hill a stretch of perfectly level ground, made green with grassy turf. The place had no shade. But after the god-born bard sat down there and moved the sounding strings, shade came to the place. The Chaonian tree was there, and the grove of the Heliades, and the oak with its lofty foliage. There were the soft lindens, the beech and the unwed laurel, the brittle hazels and the ash that is good for spears. There were the knotless fir, the holm oak bowed with acorns, the festive plane tree and the maple of varied colors. With them came the willows that live by rivers and the water-loving lotus, the evergreen box and the slender tamarisks, the two-toned myrtle and the laurustinus with its dark-blue berries. You came too, ivies with your twin-

5 The first man was turned to stone by fear when Hercules dragged Cerberus up from the underworld. Olenos took the blame for his wife Lethaea's boast about her beauty, and both became stones on Mount Ida.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	arbutus et lentae, victoris praemia, palmae et succincta comas hirsutaque vertice pinus, grata deum matri; siquidem Cybeleius Attis exuit hac hominem truncoque induruit illo.	ing feet, and with you the leafy vines and the elms clothed in vines. There were the mountain ashes and the pitch pines, the arbutus laden with red fruit, and the pliant palms, the victor's prize. And there was the pine, with its foliage gathered up and bristling at the top, dear to the mother of the gods, since Cybele's Attis shed his human form for this tree and hardened in its trunk.[6]

CYPARISSUS

A boy kills his beloved pet stag by accident and is turned into the mourning cypress.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.106	Adfuit huic turbae metas imitata cupressus, nunc arbor, puer ante deo dilectus ab illo, qui citharam nervis et nervis temperat arcum. Namque sacer nymphis Carthaea tenentibus arva ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas ipse suo capiti praebebat cornibus umbras. Cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo. Bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris vincta movebatur parilique aetate: nitebant auribus e geminis circum cava tempora bacae. Isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore deposito celebrare domos mulcendaque colla quamlibet ignotis manibus praebere solebat. Sed tamen ante alios, Ceae pulcherrime gentis, gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi. Tu pabula cervum ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam, tu modo nectebas varios per cornua flores, nunc eques in tergo residens huc laetus et illuc mollia purpureis frenabas ora capistris.	Among this crowd was the cypress, shaped like the turning post of a racecourse. It is a tree now, but it was once a boy, loved by the god who tunes the lyre with strings, and with strings the bow. For there was a huge stag, sacred to the nymphs who live in the fields of Carthaea, and with his wide-spreading antlers he gave deep shade to his own head. His antlers gleamed with gold, and jeweled necklaces hung from his smooth neck down onto his shoulders. A silver boss, tied on with small thongs and as old as he was, swung above his forehead, and from both ears pearls gleamed around his hollow temples. He was free of fear. He had laid aside his natural timidity, and he used to visit people's houses and offer his neck to be stroked by any hand, however unfamiliar. But he was dearest of all to you, Cyparissus, most beautiful of the people of Ceos. You used to lead the stag to fresh pastures, you led him to the water of a clear spring. Sometimes you wove flowers of many kinds through his antlers. Sometimes you rode on his back like a horseman and, full of joy, guided his soft mouth this way and that with purple halters.[7]
10.126	Aestus erat mediusque dies, solisque vapore concava litorei fervebant bracchia cancri: fessus in herbosa posuit sua corpora terra cervus et arborea frigus ducebat ab umbra. Hunc puer imprudens iaculo Cyparissus acuto fixit; et ut saevo morientem vulnere vidit, velle mori statuit. Quae non solacia Phoebus dixit et ut leviter pro materiaque doleret,	It was the heat of midday, and the curving claws of the shore-dwelling Crab were blazing with the sun's fire. The weary stag had laid his body down on the grassy earth and was drawing in the coolness from the shade of a tree. The boy Cyparissus, without meaning to, pierced him with a sharp javelin, and when he saw him dying of the cruel wound, he resolved to die. What comforts Phoebus

6 The "Chaonian tree" is the oak, sacred to Jupiter at Dodona, and the Heliades, Phaethon's sisters, had become poplars (Book 2). Attis, beloved of Cybele, the mother of the gods, was turned into a pine.
7 Carthaea was a town on the Aegean island of Ceos.

LATIN	ENGLISH
admonuit! Gemit ille tamen munusque supremum hoc petit a superis, ut tempore lugeat omni. Iamque per inmensos egesto sanguine fletus in viridem verti coeperunt membra colorem, et modo qui nivea pendebant fronte capilli, horrida caesaries fieri sumptoque rigore sidereum gracili spectare cacumine caelum. Ingemuit tristisque deus "lugebere nobis lugebisque alios aderisque dolentibus" inquit.	offered him! He urged him to grieve lightly, in proportion to the cause. Still the boy groaned, and asked the gods above for this as his last gift: that he might mourn for all time. And now, as his blood drained away in endless weeping, his limbs began to turn green. The hair that had just hung over his snowy brow became a bristling crest, and, stiffening, it looked up with slender tip at the starry sky. The god groaned and said sadly: "You will be mourned by me, you will mourn others, and you will stand beside those who grieve."[8]

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS: GANYMEDE

Orpheus begins his song with Jupiter, who as an eagle carries off the Trojan boy Ganymede.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.143 Tale nemus vates attraxerat inque ferarum concilio medius turba volucrumque sedebat. Ut satis impulsas temptavit pollice chordas et sensit varios, quamvis diversa sonarent, concordare modos, hoc vocem carmine movit: "Ab Iove, Musa parens, (cedunt Iovis omnia regno!) carmina nostra move! Iovis est mihi saepe potestas dicta prius: cecini plectro graviore Gigantas sparsaque Phlegraeis victricia fulmina campis: nunc opus est leviore lyra, puerosque canamus dilectos superis, inconcessisque puellas ignibus attonitas meruisse libidine poenam. Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore arsit, et inventum est aliquid, quod Iuppiter esse, quam quod erat, mallet. Nulla tamen alite verti dignatur, nisi quae posset sua fulmina ferre. Nec mora, percusso mendacibus aere pennis abripit Iliaden; qui nunc quoque pocula miscet invitaque Iovi nectar Iunone ministrat.	Such was the grove the bard had drawn to him, and he sat in the middle of a gathering of wild beasts and a crowd of birds. When he had tested the strings enough with his thumb and felt that the different notes, though they sounded differently, made harmony, he raised his voice in this song: "From Jupiter, Muse, my mother, begin my songs, for all things yield to Jupiter's rule! I have often sung of Jupiter's power before. I sang of the Giants with a weightier plectrum, and of the victorious thunderbolts scattered over the Phlegraean fields. Now I need a lighter lyre. Let us sing of boys loved by the gods, and of girls who were struck by forbidden fires and deserved punishment for their lust. The king of the gods once burned with love for Phrygian Ganymede, and something was found that Jupiter would rather be than what he was. Yet he did not deign to be turned into any bird but the one that could carry his thunderbolts. Without delay he beat the air on false wings and snatched away the descendant of Ilus. Even now the boy mixes the cups and, against Juno's will, serves Jupiter his nectar.[9]

8 The Crab is the constellation Cancer, which the sun enters at midsummer. The cypress was planted by tombs and used at Roman funerals.

9 Orpheus' mother was the Muse Calliope, and at Phlegra the gods defeated the Giants. Ganymede, a Trojan prince descended from Ilus, was carried off by Jupiter in the form of an eagle.

HYACINTHUS

Apollo accidentally kills his beloved Hyacinthus with a discus, and the boy becomes a flower.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.162	Te quoque, Amyclide, posuisset in aethere Phoebus, tristia si spatium ponendi fata dedissent. Qua licet, aeternus tamen es: quotiensque repellit ver hiemem piscique aries succedit aquoso, tu totiens oreris viridique in caespite flores. Te meus ante omnes genitor dilexit, et orbe in medio positi caruerunt praeside Delphi, dum deus Eurotan inmunitamque frequentat Sparten. Nec citharae nec sunt in honore sagittae: inmemor ipse sui non retia ferre recusat, non tenuisse canes, non per iuga montis iniqui ire comes, longaque alit adsuetudine flammas.	You too, son of Amyclas, Phoebus would have set in the sky, if your grim fate had given him time to set you there. Still, as far as is allowed, you are eternal. As often as spring drives winter away and the Ram follows the watery Fish, so often you rise and bloom on the green turf. You, above all others, my father loved. Delphi, set at the center of the world, was left without its guardian while the god haunted the Eurotas and unwalled Sparta. Neither his lyre nor his arrows were held in honor. Forgetful of himself, he did not refuse to carry the nets, to hold the hounds, or to go as a companion over the ridges of the rough mountain, and by long familiarity he fed his flames.[10]
10.174	Iamque fere medius Titan venientis et actae noctis erat spatioque pari distabat utrimque: corpora veste levant et suco pinguis olivi splendescunt latique ineunt certamina disci. Quem prius aerias libratum Phoebus in auras misit et oppositas disiecit pondere nubes. Reccidit in solidam longo post tempore terram pondus et exhibuit iunctam cum viribus artem. Protinus imprudens actusque cupidine lusus tollere Taenarides orbem properabat. At illum dura repercusso subiecit verbere tellus in vultus, Hyacinthe, tuos. Expalluit aeque quam puer ipse deus conlapsosque excipit artus, et modo te refovet, modo tristia vulnera siccat, nunc animam admotis fugientem sustinet herbis. Nil prosunt artes: erat inmedicabile vulnus.	And now Titan was almost midway between the night to come and the night gone by, equally distant from both. They stripped their bodies of clothing, gleamed with the juice of rich olive oil, and began a contest with the broad discus. Phoebus first balanced it and sent it into the airy breezes, and its weight split the clouds in its path. After a long time the weight fell back to the solid earth, displaying skill joined with strength. At once, without a thought, driven by eagerness for the game, the Taenarian boy rushed to pick up the discus. But the hard earth bounced it back and drove it up into your face, Hyacinthus. The god turned as pale as the boy himself. He caught the collapsing limbs, and now he warmed you, now he staunched the grim wound, now he held back your fleeing life with healing herbs. His arts were no use: the wound was past healing.
10.190	Ut siquis violas rigidumve papaver in horto liliaque infringat fulvis horrentia linguis, marcida demittant subito caput illa vietum nec se sustineant spectentque cacumine terram: sic vultus moriens iacet, et defecta vigore ipsa sibi est oneri cervix umeroque recumbit. "Laberis, Oebalide, prima fraudate iuventa," Phoebus ait "videoque tuum, mea crimina, vulnus. Tu dolor es facinusque meum: mea dextera leto inscribenda tuo est! Ego sum tibi funeris auctor.	It was as when someone breaks violets in a garden, or stiff poppies, or lilies bristling with yellow tongues: they droop at once, wilted, letting their withered heads hang. They cannot hold themselves up, and their tips gaze at the earth. So the dying face sank, and the neck, its strength gone, became a burden to itself and fell back on his shoulder. 'You are slipping away, son of Oebalus, cheated of your early youth,' said Phoebus, 'and I see your wound, my crime. You are my grief

10 Orpheus here calls Apollo his father. Amyclas, Hyacinthus' father, was king of Amyclae near Sparta, and Delphi, Apollo's chief shrine, was thought to lie at the center of the world.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Quae mea culpa tamen? Nisi si lusisse vocari culpa potest, nisi culpa potest et amasse vocari. Atque utinam merito vitam tecumque liceret reddere! Quod quoniam fatali lege tenemur, semper eris mecum memorique haerebis in ore.	and my guilt. My right hand must be charged with your death! I am the cause of your death. Yet what is my fault? Unless playing can be called a fault, unless loving too can be called a fault. If only I could give up my life, as you deserve, along with you! But since we are bound by the law of fate, you will always be with me, and you will cling to my remembering lips.
10.205	Te lyra pulsa manu, te carmina nostra sonabunt, flosque novus scripto gemitus imitabere nostros. Tempus et illud erit, quo se fortissimus heros addat in hunc florem folioque legatur eodem." Talia dum vero memorantur Apollinis ore, ecce cruor, qui fusus humo signaverat herbas, desinit esse cruor, Tyrioque nitentior ostro flos oritur formamque capit quam lilia, si non purpureus color his, argenteus esset in illis. Non satis hoc Phoebo est (is enim fuit auctor honoris): ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et AI AI flos habet inscriptum, funestaque littera dicta est. Nec genuisse pudet Sparten Hyacinthon, honorque durat in hoc aevi, celebrandaque more priorum annua praelata redeunt Hyacinthia pompa.	You will be the theme of the lyre struck by my hand, you the theme of my songs. And as a new flower you will imitate my laments in written letters. A time will come, too, when the bravest of heroes will join himself to this flower and be read on the same petal.' While Apollo's truthful lips were uttering these words, look: the blood that had poured onto the ground and stained the grass ceased to be blood. A flower more brilliant than Tyrian purple sprang up and took the shape of a lily, except that this one was purple and lilies are silver. That was not enough for Phoebus, for he was the author of the honor. He himself inscribed his laments on the petals, and the flower bears the inscription AI AI [Alas! Alas!], the mournful letters traced there. Nor is Sparta ashamed to have borne Hyacinthus, and his honor lasts to this day. Every year the Hyacinthia return, to be celebrated in the ancestral way with a procession leading the rites.[11]

THE CERASTAE AND THE PROPOETIDES

Venus turns the murderous Cerastae into bulls and the Propoetides into stone.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.220	At si forte roges fecundam Amathunta metallis, an genuisse velit Propoetidas, abnuat aeque atque illos, gemino quondam quibus aspera cornu frons erat: unde etiam nomen traxere Cerastae. Ante fores horum stabat Iovis Hospitis ara; ignarus sceleris quam siquis sanguine tinctam advena vidisset, mactatos crederet illic lactantes vitulos Amathusiacasque bidentes: hospes erat caesus. Sacris offensa nefandis ipsa suas urbes Ophiusiaque arva parabat deserere alma Venus. "Sed quid loca grata, quid urbes peccavere meae? Quod" dixit "crimen in illis?	But if you should happen to ask Amathus, rich in metals, whether it would like to have borne the Propoetides, it would refuse. It would refuse just as firmly to own those whose brows were once rough with a pair of horns, from which they took the name Cerastae. Before their doors stood an altar of Jupiter, god of guests. If any stranger who did not know their crime had seen it stained with blood, he would have thought that suckling calves and Amathusian sheep had been sacrificed there. It was a guest who had been slaughtered. Offended by these unspeakable rites, kindly Venus herself was preparing to abandon her cities and the fields

11 The "bravest of heroes" is Ajax, whose blood would also produce a flower marked AI, the first letters of his Greek name, Aias (Book 13). AI is also the Greek cry of grief.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	of Ophiusa. 'But what wrong have these places I love, what wrong have my cities done?' she said. 'What crime is in them?[12]
10.232 Exsilio poenam potius gens impia pendat, vel nece, vel siquid medium est mortisque fugaeque. Idque quid esse potest, nisi versae poena figurae?" Dum dubitat, quo mutet eos, ad cornua vultum flexit et admonita est haec illis posse relinqui: grandiaque in torvos transformat membra iuvencos. Sunt tamen obscenae Venerem Propoetides ausae esse negare deam. Pro quo sua, numinis ira, corpora cum forma primae vulgasse feruntur: utque pudor cessit sanguisque induruit oris, in rigidum parvo silicem discrimine versae.	Let this impious people pay the penalty with exile instead, or with death, or with something halfway between death and exile. And what can that be, if not the punishment of a changed shape?' While she was unsure what to change them into, she turned her eyes to their horns and was reminded that these could be left to them. So she transformed their huge bodies into fierce bullocks. Yet the shameless Propoetides dared to deny that Venus was a goddess. For this, through the goddess's anger, they are said to have been the first to prostitute their bodies and their beauty. As their shame gave way and the blood in their faces hardened, they were turned, with little change, into hard flint.

PYGMALION

A sculptor falls in love with his ivory statue, and Venus brings her to life.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.243 Quas quia Pygmalion aevum per crimen agentes viderat, offensus vitiis, quae plurima menti femineae natura dedit, sine coniuge caelebs vivebat thalamique diu consorte carebat. Interea niveum mira feliciter arte sculpsit ebur formamque dedit, qua femina nasci nulla potest: operisque sui concepit amorem. Virginis est verae facies, quam vivere credas, et, si non obstet reverentia, velle moveri: ars adeo latet arte sua. Miratur et haurit pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes. Saepe manus operi temptantes admovet, an sit corpus an illud ebur: nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur.	Pygmalion had seen these women living their lives in vice. Offended by the faults that nature has given so abundantly to the female mind, he lived single, without a wife, and for a long time had no partner to share his bed. Meanwhile, with wonderful skill and happy success, he carved snow-white ivory and gave it a beauty that no woman can be born with. And he fell in love with his own work. It had the face of a real girl, whom you would believe alive and, if modesty did not hold her back, wanting to move: so completely was art hidden by its own art. Pygmalion marveled, and drank into his heart the fires of love for the counterfeit body. Often he brought his hands to the work, testing whether it was a body or ivory, and still he would not admit that it was ivory.
10.256 Oscula dat reddique putat loquiturque tenetque, et credit tactis digitos insidere membris, et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus. Et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis munera fert illi conchas teretesque lapillos et parvas volucres et flores mille colorum liliaque pictasque pilas et ab arbore lapsas Heliadum lacrimas; ornat quoque vestibus artus,	He gave her kisses and thought they were returned. He spoke to her and held her. He believed his fingers sank into the limbs they touched, and he feared that bruises might appear where he pressed. Now he used flattering words, now he brought her gifts that girls love: shells and smooth pebbles, little birds and flowers of a thousand colors, lilies and painted balls, and the tears of the

12 Amathus was a town on Cyprus, Venus' island, also called Ophiusa. The name Cerastae comes from the Greek for "horn."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo: aure leves bacae, redimicula pectore pendent. Cuncta decent: nec nuda minus formosa videtur. Conlocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis appellatque tori sociam, acclinataque colla mollibus in plumis, tamquam sensura, reponit.	Heliades fallen from their tree. He dressed her limbs in clothes too, put rings on her fingers and long necklaces on her neck. Light pearls hung from her ears, ribbons from her breast. Everything suited her, but naked she seemed no less beautiful. He laid her on coverlets dyed with Sidonian shell and called her the partner of his bed. He rested her neck on soft feathers, as if she could feel them.[13]
10.270	Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro venerat, et pandis inductae cornibus aurum conciderant ictae nivea cervice iuvencae, turaque fumabant: cum munere functus ad aras constitit et timide, "si di dare cuncta potestis, sit coniunx, opto" (non ausus "eburnea virgo" dicere) Pygmalion "similis mea" dixit "eburnae." Sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis, vota quid illa velint; et, amici numinis omen, flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit. Ut rediit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae incumbensque toro dedit oscula: visa tepere est.	The feast day of Venus had come, the most crowded festival in all Cyprus. Heifers, their curving horns covered with gold, had fallen, struck on their snowy necks, and incense was smoking. Having made his offering, Pygmalion stood at the altar and said timidly, 'If you gods can give all things, I pray that my wife may be'—he did not dare to say 'the ivory girl'—'one like my ivory girl.' Golden Venus, who was present at her own festival, understood what his prayer meant. As an omen of her friendly favor, the flame blazed up three times and sent its tip into the air. When he returned home, he went to the image of his girl, and leaning over the couch he kissed her. She seemed to be warm.
10.282	Admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat: temptatum mollescit ebur positoque rigore subsidit digitis ceditque, ut Hymettia sole cera remollescit tractataque pollice multas flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu. Dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur, rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat. Corpus erat: saliunt temptatae pollice venae. Tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oraque tandem ore suo non falsa premit: dataque oscula virgo sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem. Coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea. Iamque coactis cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.	He brought his lips to hers again and touched her breast with his hands too. At his touch the ivory softened, lost its hardness, and yielded and gave way under his fingers. It was as Hymettian wax softens in the sun and, worked by the thumb, is shaped into many forms and is made useful by use itself. While he stood amazed, rejoicing but uncertain and afraid he was deceived, the lover touched the object of his prayers with his hand again and again. It was a body: the veins throbbed under his testing thumb. Then indeed the hero of Paphos poured out the fullest words of thanks to Venus. At last he pressed lips that were not false with his own. The girl felt the kisses he gave and blushed, and, raising her timid eyes to the light, she saw her lover and the sky together. The goddess was present at the marriage she had made. When the moon's horns had nine times come together into a full circle, the girl bore Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.[14]

13 The "tears of the Heliades" are amber: Phaethon's sisters, turned into poplars, wept amber (Book 2). Sidonian shell is the murex, source of purple dye.

14 Mount Hymettus near Athens was famous for its honey. Paphos, a city on Cyprus, was a major center of Venus' cult.

MYRRHA

Myrrha desires her father, Cinyras, sleeps with him in darkness, and becomes the myrrh tree.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.298	Editus hac ille est, qui, si sine prole fuisset, inter felices Cinyras potuisset haberi. Dira canam: procul hinc natae, procul este parentes! Aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes, desit in hac mihi parte fides, nec credite factum, vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam. Si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri, gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis, quae tantum genuere nefas. Sit dives amomo cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus, dum ferat et murram: tanti nova non fuit arbor.	Of her was born Cinyras, who, had he been childless, could have been counted among the happy. I will sing of dreadful things. Daughters, keep far away from here; keep far away, fathers! Or, if my songs charm your minds, refuse me belief in this part. Do not believe it happened, or, if you do believe it, believe also in its punishment. Yet if nature allows such a deed to be seen, I congratulate this land on lying far from those regions that bore so great a crime. Let the land of Panchaia be rich in amomum. Let it bear its cinnamon and costus, the incense that oozes from wood, and other flowers, so long as it bears myrrh too: the new tree was not worth the price.[15]
10.311	Ipse negat nocuisse tibi sua tela Cupido, Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto. Stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echidnis e tribus una soror. Scelus est odisse parentem: hic amor est odio maius scelus. Undique lecti te cupiunt proceres, totoque oriente iuventus ad thalami certamen adest. Ex omnibus unum elige, Myrrha, virum: dum ne sit in omnibus unus. Illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amori et secum "quo mente feror? quid molior?" inquit:	Cupid himself denies that his arrows harmed you, Myrrha, and clears his torches of that crime. It was one of the three sisters who breathed on you with a Stygian brand and swollen vipers. It is a crime to hate a parent, but this love is a greater crime than hatred. Chosen nobles from everywhere desire you, and young men from the whole East have come to compete for your bed. From them all, Myrrha, choose one man, so long as one man is not among them all. She did feel it, and fought against her foul love, and said to herself, 'Where is my mind carrying me? What am I plotting?'[16]
10.321	"di, precor, et pietas sacrataque iura parentum, hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro, — si tamen hoc scelus est. Sed enim damnare negatur hanc venerem pietas, coeuntque animalia nullo cetera delicto. Nec habetur turpe iuvencae ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx, quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, cuius semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales. Felices, quibus ista licent! Humana malignas cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit, invida iura negant. Gentes tamen esse feruntur, in quibus et nato genetrix et nata parenti iungitur, ut pietas geminato crescat amore.	'Gods, I pray you, and Devotion, and the sacred rights of parents: prevent this sacrilege and resist my crime—if it really is a crime. But Devotion, they say, does not condemn this love, and the other animals mate without any wrong. It is not thought shameful for a heifer to carry her father on her back. A horse's own daughter becomes his mate, the goat mounts the flocks he fathered, and the bird conceives by the very one from whose seed she was conceived. Happy are those who are allowed such things! Human scruple has made spiteful laws, and what nature permits, jealous rules forbid. Yet there are said to be peoples among whom mother is joined with son and

15 Panchaia was a fabulous spice-bearing land in Arabia. "This land" is Thrace, where Orpheus is singing.
16 The three sisters are the Furies, avengers of crimes against kin.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		daughter with father, so that devotion grows with love doubled.
10.334	Me miseram, quod non nasci mihi contigit illic, fortunaque loci laedor! — Quid in ista revolvor? Spes interdictae discedite! Dignus amari ille, sed ut pater, est. — Ergo si filia magni non essem Cinyrae, Cinyrae concumbere possem; nunc quia iam meus est, non est meus, ipsaque damno est mihi proximitas: aliena potentior essem. Ire libet procul hinc patriaeque relinquere fines, dum scelus effugiam. Retinet malus ardor amantem, ut praesens spectem Cinyram tangamque loquarque osculaque admoveam, si nil conceditur ultra.	Poor me, that I did not happen to be born there! The accident of place is what wounds me.—Why do I keep turning these things over? Forbidden hopes, be gone! He deserves to be loved, but as a father.—So if I were not the daughter of great Cinyras, I could sleep with Cinyras. As it is, because he is already mine, he is not mine, and our very closeness is my ruin: as a stranger I would have more power. I want to go far from here and leave the borders of my country, if only I may escape this crime. But an evil passion holds me back in my love, so that I may be near Cinyras and gaze at him, touch him, talk to him and kiss him, if nothing more is granted.
10.345	Ultra autem spectare aliquid potes, impia virgo? Et quot confundas et iura et nomina, sentis! Tune eris et matris paelex et adultera patris? Tune soror nati genetrixque vocabere fratris? Nec metues atro crinitas angue sorores, quas facibus saevis oculos atque ora petentes noxia corda vident? At tu, dum corpore non es passa nefas, animo ne concipe, neve potentis concubitu vetito naturae pollue foedus. Velle puta: res ipsa vetat. Pius ille memorque est moris — et o vellem similis furor esset in illo!"	But can you look for anything more, you impious girl? Do you see how many rights and names you are confounding? Will you be your mother's rival and your father's mistress? Will you be called your son's sister and your brother's mother? Will you not fear the sisters whose hair is black snakes, whom guilty hearts see thrusting cruel torches at their eyes and faces? But you, while you have not yet suffered the crime in your body, do not conceive it in your mind. Do not defile the covenant of mighty nature with a forbidden union. Suppose he were willing: the thing itself forbids it. He is dutiful and mindful of what is right—and oh, how I wish a like frenzy were in him!'
10.356	Dixerat, at Cinyras, quem copia digna procorum, quid faciat, dubitare facit, scitatur ab ipsa nominibus dictis, cuius velit esse mariti. Illa silet primo, patriisque in vultibus haerens aestuat et tepido suffundit lumina rore. Virginei Cinyras haec credens esse timoris, flere vetat siccatque genas atque oscula iungit. Myrrha datis nimium gaudet: consultaque, qualem optet habere virum, "similem tibi" dixit. At ille non intellectam vocem conlaudat et "esto tam pia semper" ait. Pietatis nomine dicto demisit vultus sceleris sibi conscia virgo.	She had finished speaking. Cinyras, though, was unsure what to do, faced with such a wealth of worthy suitors. He named them and asked her which of them she wanted for a husband. At first she was silent. Then, her eyes fixed on her father's face, she burned with turmoil and her eyes filled with warm tears. Cinyras, believing this was a girl's shyness, told her not to cry, dried her cheeks and kissed her. Myrrha was too delighted by the kisses he gave. When she was asked what sort of husband she wanted, she said, 'Someone like you.' But he praised the words without understanding them and said, 'Always be as devoted as this.' At the word 'devoted,' the girl, conscious of her crime, lowered her eyes.
10.368	Noctis erat medium, curasque et corpora somnus solverat. At virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni carpitur indomito furiosaque vota retractat.	It was the middle of the night, and sleep had loosened cares and bodies. But Cinyras' daughter lay wide awake, consumed by an untamable fire,

LATIN	ENGLISH
Et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque et cupit, et, quid agat, non invenit. Utque securi saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat, quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur: sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat huc levis atque illuc momentaque sumit utroque. Nec modus aut requies, nisi mors, reperitur amoris. Mors placet. Erigitur laqueoque innectere fauces destinat et zona summo de poste revincta "care vale Cinyra causamque intellege mortis!" dixit et aptabat pallenti vincula collo.	going over her frenzied wishes again and again. Now she despaired, now she wanted to try; she was ashamed and she desired, and she could not find what to do. A huge tree trunk wounded by the ax, when only the final stroke remains, is uncertain which way it will fall and is feared on every side. In the same way her mind, weakened by wounds from this side and that, swayed lightly back and forth and took its impulse from either direction. She could find no limit or rest for her love except death. Death appealed to her. She got up and resolved to bind her throat in a noose. Fastening her girdle to the top of the doorpost, she said, 'Farewell, dear Cinyras, and understand the cause of my death!' and began fitting the cord to her pale neck.
10.382 Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures pervenisse ferunt limen servantis alumnae. Surgit anus reseratque fores, mortisque paratae instrumenta videns spatio conclamat eodem seque ferit scinditque sinus ereptaque collo vincula dilaniat. Tum denique flere vacavit, tum dare complexus laqueique requirere causam. Muta silet virgo terramque inmota tuetur et deprensa dolet tardae conamina mortis. Instat anus canosque suos et inania nudans ubera per cunas alimentaque prima precatur, ut sibi committat, quidquid dolet. Illa rogantem aversata gemit. Certa est exquirere nutrix nec solam spondere fidem: "dic" inquit "opemque me sine ferre tibi; non est mea pigra senectus.	They say the murmur of her words reached the faithful ears of her nurse, who was keeping watch at her foster child's threshold. The old woman got up and unbarred the door. Seeing the instruments of the death prepared, in the same instant she cried out, beat herself, tore the front of her dress, and snatched the cord from the girl's neck and ripped it to pieces. Only then did she have time to weep, to embrace her, and to ask the reason for the noose. The girl stayed silent, mute, staring motionless at the ground, grieving that her attempt at a death too slow had been discovered. The old woman pressed her. Baring her white hair and her empty breasts, she begged her by her cradle and her first nourishment to confide whatever was causing her grief. The girl turned away from her pleading and groaned. The nurse was determined to find out, and she pledged more than her silence: 'Tell me,' she said, 'and let me help you; my old age is not sluggish.
10.397 Seu furor est, habeo, quae carmine sanet et herbis, sive aliquis nocuit, magico lustrabere ritu, ira deum sive est, sacris placabilis ira. Quid rear ulterius ? Certe fortuna domusque sospes et in cursu est, vivit genetrixque paterque." Myrrha, patre audito, suspiria duxit ab imo pectore. Nec nutrix etiamnum concipit ullum mente nefas, aliquemque tamen praesentit amorem; propositique tenax, quodcumque est, orat, ut ipsi indicet, et gremio lacrimantem tollit anili atque ita complectens infirmis membra lacertis	If it is madness, I know a woman who can heal it with spells and herbs. If someone has harmed you, you will be purified with a magic rite. If it is the anger of the gods, anger can be appeased by sacrifice. What else should I suppose? Surely your fortune and your house are safe and prospering, and your mother and father are alive.' At the word 'father' Myrrha drew a sigh from deep in her breast. Even then the nurse did not conceive of any crime in her mind, yet she sensed there was some love. Holding to her purpose, she begged the girl to reveal it to her, whatever it was. She lifted

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		the weeping girl onto her aged lap, and so, embracing her body in her feeble arms,
10.408	"sensimus," inquit "amas! sed et hic mea (pone timorem) sedulitas erit apta tibi, nec sentiet umquam hoc pater." Exsiluit gremio furibunda torumque ore premens "discede, precor, miseroque pudori parce!" ait. Instanti "discede, aut desine" dixit "quaerere, quid doleam: scelus est, quod scire laboras." Horret anus tremulasque manus annisque metuque tendit et ante pedes supplex procumbit alumnae et modo blanditur, modo, si non conscia fiat, terret; et indicium laquei coeptaeque minatur mortis et officium commisso spondet amori.	'I can tell,' she said, 'you are in love! But here too my devotion—put away your fear—will serve you, and your father will never know of this.' The girl leapt from her lap in a frenzy and, pressing her face into the bed, said, 'Go away, I beg you, and spare my wretched shame!' When the nurse kept on, she said, 'Go away, or stop asking what is wrong with me: what you are working so hard to learn is a crime.' The old woman shuddered. She stretched out her hands, trembling with age and fear, and fell at her foster child's feet as a suppliant. Now she coaxed her, now she frightened her if she would not share the secret. She threatened to reveal the noose and the attempted death, and she pledged her help to the love once it was confided.
10.419	Extulit illa caput lacrimisque implevit obortis pectora nutricis; conataque saepe fateri saepe tenet vocem, pudibundaque vestibus ora texit et "o" dixit "felicem coniuge matrem!" Hactenus, et gemuit. Gelidus nutricis in artus ossaque (sensit enim) penetrat tremor, albaque toto vertice canities rigidis stetit hirta capillis. Multaque, ut excuteret diros, si posset, amores, addidit: at virgo scit se non falsa moneri, certa mori tamen est, si non potiatur amore. "Vive," ait haec "potiere tuo" — et, non ausa "parente" dicere, conticuit promissaque numine firmat.	The girl raised her head and filled the nurse's breast with welling tears. Again and again she tried to confess, again and again she checked her voice. Covering her blushing face with her clothes, she said, 'Oh, how happy my mother is in her husband!' That was all, and she groaned. A chill trembling pierced the nurse's limbs and bones, for she understood, and the white hair stood up stiff and bristling all over her head. She said many things to drive out that dreadful love, if she could. But the girl knew the warnings were not false, and yet was determined to die if she could not have her love. 'Live,' said the nurse, 'you shall have your—' and, not daring to say 'father,' she fell silent, and sealed her promise with an oath by the gods.
10.431	Festa piae Cereris celebrabant annua matres illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste primitias frugum dant spicea serta suarum perque novem noctes venerem tactusque viriles in vetitis numerant. Turba Cenchreis in illa regis adest coniunx, arcanaque sacra frequentat. Ergo legitima vacuus dum coniuge lectus, nacta gravem vino Cinyram male sedula nutrix, nomine mentito veros exponit amores et faciem laudat. Quaesitis virginis annis "par" ait "est Myrrhae." Quam postquam adducere iussa est utque domum rediit, "gaude mea" dixit "alumna: vicimus." Infelix non toto pectore sentit	The married women were celebrating the annual festival of devoted Ceres. At this festival, their bodies veiled in snow-white robes, they offer garlands of wheat ears as the first fruits of their crops, and for nine nights they count love and a man's touch among things forbidden. In that crowd was the king's wife, Cenchreis, attending the secret rites. So while the bed was empty of its lawful wife, the nurse, zealous in an evil cause, found Cinyras heavy with wine. Under a false name she told him of a real love and praised the girl's looks. When he asked the girl's age, she said, 'The same as Myrrha's.' After she was told to bring her, she went home and said, 'Rejoice, my child: we have won!' The unhappy girl did not feel joy with her

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	laetitiam virgo, praesagaque pectora maerent; sed tamen et gaudet: tanta est discordia mentis.	whole heart, and her foreboding heart grieved; yet she rejoiced too, so great was the conflict in her mind.[17]
10.446	Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones flexerat obliquo plaustrum temone Bootes: ad facinus venit illa suum. Fugit aurea caelo luna, tegunt nigrae latitantia sidera nubes: nox caret igne suo. Primus tegis, Icare, vultus Erigoneque pio sacrata parentis amore. Ter pedis offensi signo est revocata, ter omen funereus bubo letali carmine fecit: it tamen, et tenebrae minuunt noxque atra pudorem; nutricisque manum laeva tenet, altera motu caecum iter explorat. Thalami iam limina tangit, iamque fores aperit, iam ducitur intus: at illi poplite succiduo genua intremuere, fugitque et color et sanguis, animusque relinquit euntem.	It was the hour when all things are silent, and Bootes, among the stars of the Bear, had turned his Wagon on its slanting pole. She came to her crime. The golden moon fled the sky, black clouds covered the hiding stars, and the night was without its fires. You, Icarus, were the first to hide your face, and you, Erigone, made sacred by your devoted love for your father. Three times she was called back by the omen of a stumbling foot; three times the funereal owl gave warning with its deadly song. Still she went on, and the darkness and the black night lessened her shame. With her left hand she held the nurse's hand; with the other she groped her way along the unseen path. Now she reached the threshold of the bedroom, now the doors were opened, now she was led inside. But her knees trembled as her legs gave way beneath her, color and blood fled from her, and her courage left her as she went.[18]
10.460	Quoque suo propior sceleri est, magis horret, et ausi paenitet, et vellet non cognita posse reverti. Cunctantem longaeva manu deducit et alto admotam lecto cum traderet "accipe," dixit "ista tua est, Cinyra" devotaque corpora iunxit. Accipit obsceno genitor sua viscera lecto virgineosque metus levat hortaturque timentem. Forsitan aetatis quoque nomine "filia" dixit, dixit et illa "pater," sceleri ne nomina desint. Plena patris thalamis excedit et impia diro semina fert utero conceptaque crimina portat.	The nearer she came to her crime, the more she shuddered. She regretted her daring and wished she could turn back unrecognized. As she hesitated, the old woman led her by the hand, brought her to the high bed, and, handing her over, said, 'Take her, Cinyras; she is yours,' and joined their accursed bodies. The father received his own flesh in that obscene bed, eased her girlish fears, and encouraged her as she trembled. Perhaps, because of her age as well, he called her 'daughter,' and she called him 'father,' so that the crime should not lack its names. She left her father's bedroom full, carrying his impious seed in her dreadful womb, bearing the crime she had conceived.
10.471	Postera nox facinus geminat. Nec finis in illa est: cum tandem Cinyras, avidus cognoscere amantem post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit et scelus et natam, verbisque dolore retentis pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ensem. Myrrha fugit, tenebrisque et caecae munere noctis intercepta neci est: latosque vagata per agros palmiferos Arabas Panchaeaque rura reliquit; perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,	The next night doubled the crime, and that was not the end. At last Cinyras, eager to know his lover after so many nights together, brought in a lamp and saw both the crime and his daughter. His words choked back by grief, he snatched his gleaming sword from the scabbard hanging nearby. Myrrha fled, and by the gift of darkness and blind night she was rescued from death. Wan-

17 A women's festival of Ceres that required nine nights of chastity, much like the Greek Thesmophoria.
18 Ovid's "Icarus" here is Icarius, an Athenian killed by drunken shepherds; his daughter Erigone hanged herself in grief, and both were set among the stars.

LATIN	ENGLISH
cum tandem terra requievit fessa Sabaea; vixque uteri portabat onus. Tum nescia voti atque inter mortisque metus et taedia vitae est tales complexa preces: "O siqua patetis numina confessis, merui nec triste recuso supplicium. Sed ne violem vivosque superstes mortuaque exstinctos, ambobus pellite regnis mutataeque mihi vitamque necemque negate."	dering through wide fields, she left behind the palm-bearing Arabs and the lands of Panchaea. She roamed while the horns of the returning moon came round nine times, until at last, exhausted, she rested in the land of Saba. She could barely carry the burden of her womb. Then, not knowing what to wish for, caught between fear of death and weariness of life, she framed this prayer: 'O gods, if any of you are open to those who confess, I have deserved it, and I do not refuse a harsh punishment. But so that I do not defile the living by surviving, or the dead by dying, drive me out of both realms: change me, and deny me both life and death.'[19]
10.488 Numen confessis aliquod patet: ultima certe vota suos habuere deos. Nam crura loquentis terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per ungues porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci; ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla sanguis it in sucos, in magnos bracchia ramos, in parvos digiti, duratur cortice pellis. Iamque gravem crescens uterum perstrinxerat arbor pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat, non tulit illa moram venientique obvia ligno subsedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus. Quae quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus, flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex arbore guttae. Est honor et lacrimis, stillataque robore murra nomen erile tenet nulloque tacebitur aevo.	Some divine power is open to those who confess: at any rate, her last prayer found its gods. For as she spoke, earth came up over her legs, and a root pushed out slantwise through her splitting toenails, the support of a tall trunk. Her bones turned to hard wood, and while the marrow stayed in the middle, her blood turned to sap, her arms to large branches, her fingers to small ones, and her skin hardened into bark. Now the growing tree had bound tight her heavy womb, had buried her breast, and was getting ready to cover her neck. She could not bear the delay: sinking down to meet the advancing wood, she plunged her face into the bark. Though she lost her old feelings along with her body, she weeps still, and warm drops ooze from the tree. Even her tears have their honor: the myrrh that drips from the trunk keeps its mistress's name, and no age will ever leave it unspoken.

THE BIRTH OF ADONIS

Adonis, child of Myrrha's crime, is born from the myrrh tree.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.503 At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans quaerebatque viam, qua se genetrice relicta exsereret: media gravidus tumet arbore venter. Tendit onus matrem: neque habent sua verba dolores, nec Lucina potest parientis voce vocari. Nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus umet. Constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentes admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit.	But the child, wickedly conceived, had grown under the wood and was seeking a way to leave his mother and come out. The pregnant belly swelled in the middle of the tree. The burden strained the mother, but her pains had no words of their own, and she could not call on Lucina with the voice of a woman in labor. Yet the tree looked like one straining to give birth; bending, it gave frequent groans and was wet with falling tears. Kindly Lu-

19 Panchaea, a fabled land of incense, and Saba (Sheba) in southern Arabia were both famous for their spices.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Arbor agit rimas et fissa cortice vivum reddit onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis naides impositum lacrimis unxere parentis. Laudaret faciem Livor quoque. Qualia namque corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum, talis erat: sed, ne faciat discrimina cultus, aut huic adde leves, aut illi deme pharetras.	cina stood by the suffering branches, laid her hands on them, and spoke the words of childbirth. The tree split open, and through the cracked bark it gave up its living burden, and the boy wailed. The Naiads laid him on soft grass and anointed him with his mother's tears. Even Envy would have praised his looks, for he was just like the bodies of the naked Loves painted on panels. But so that dress should make no difference, either give him a light quiver or take theirs away.[20]

VENUS AND ADONIS

Venus falls in love with Adonis and warns him to avoid dangerous beasts.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.519	Labitur occulte fallitque volatilis aetas, et nihil est annis velocius. Ille sorore natus avoque suo, qui conditus arbore nuper, nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans, iam iuvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est: iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes. Namque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri, inscius exstanti destrinxit harundine pectus. Laesa manu natum dea reppulit. Altius actum vulnus erat specie primoque fefellerat ipsam. Capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam piscosamque Gnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis; abstinet et caelo: caelo praefertur Adonis.	Time glides by unnoticed and deceives us as it flies, and nothing is swifter than the years. That boy, son of his sister and his grandfather, who had lately been shut inside a tree, had lately been born, was just now a most beautiful baby; now he was a youth, now a man, now more beautiful than himself. Now he even pleased Venus, and avenged his mother's passion. For while the boy with the quiver was kissing his mother, he unknowingly grazed her breast with a projecting arrow. The wounded goddess pushed her son away with her hand, but the wound had gone deeper than it seemed, and at first it deceived even her. Captivated by the young man's beauty, she no longer cared for the shores of Cythera. She did not revisit Paphos, ringed by the deep sea, or Cnidus rich in fish, or Amathus heavy with ore. She stayed away even from heaven: Adonis was preferred to heaven.[21]
10.533	Hunc tenet, huic comes est; adsuetaque semper in umbra indulgere sibi formamque augere colendo per iuga, per silvas dumosaque saxa vagatur fine genu vestem ritu succincta Dianae hortaturque canes; tutaeque animalia praedae, aut pronos lepores aut celsum in cornua cervum, aut agitat dammas: a fortibus abstinet apris raptoresque lupos armatosque unguibus ursos vitat et armenti saturatos caede leones. Te quoque, ut hos timeas, siquid prodesse monendo possit, Adoni, monet, "fortis" que "fugacibus esto" inquit "in audaces non est audacia tuta.	She held fast to him; she was his companion. Though she had always been used to taking her ease in the shade and enhancing her beauty by tending it, she roamed over ridges, through woods, over rocks overgrown with brush, her dress belted up to the knee in the manner of Diana, and she urged on the hounds. She hunted animals that are safe prey—hares racing headlong, or the stag crowned high with antlers, or deer. From strong boars she kept away, and she avoided ravening wolves, bears armed with claws, and lions glutted with the slaughter of cattle. You too,

20 Lucina was the goddess of childbirth, a title of Juno (and sometimes Diana).
21 Cythera, Paphos, Cnidus and Amathus were famous centers of the cult of Venus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	Adonis, she warned to fear them, if warning could do any good. 'Be brave,' she said, 'against creatures that flee; against the bold, boldness is not safe.
10.545 Parce meo, iuvenis, temerarius esse periclo, neve feras, quibus arma dedit natura, lacesse, stet mihi ne magno tua gloria. Non movet aetas nec facies nec quae Venerem movere, leones saetigerosque sues oculosque animosque ferarum. Fulmen habent acres in aduncis dentibus apri, impetus est fulvis et vasta leonibus ira, invisumque mihi genus est." Quae causa, roganti "dicam," ait "et veteris monstrum mirabere culpae. Sed labor insolitus iam me lassavit, et ecce opportuna sua blanditur populus umbra, datque torum caespes; libet hac requiescere tecum" (et requievit) "humo" pressitque et gramen et ipsum, inque sinu iuvenis posita cervice reclinis sic ait ac mediis interserit oscula verbis:	Do not be reckless, young man, at my risk, and do not provoke the beasts to whom nature has given weapons, or your glory may cost me dear. Youth and beauty and the things that moved Venus do not move lions or bristling boars, or the eyes and hearts of wild beasts. Fierce boars have lightning in their curving tusks; tawny lions have fury in their charge and boundless anger, and they are a breed I hate.' When he asked the reason, she said, 'I will tell you, and you will marvel at the monstrous outcome of an old offense. But this unaccustomed toil has tired me out, and look, a poplar invites us with its welcome shade, and the turf offers a couch. I would like to rest here with you'—and she rested—'on the ground.' She pressed down both the grass and him, and lying back with her head in the young man's lap, she spoke as follows, scattering kisses among her words:

ATALANTA AND HIPPOMENES

Venus tells how Hippomenes won the swift Atalanta with golden apples, and both became lions.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.560 "Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus veloces superasse viros. Non fabula rumor ille fuit: superabat enim; nec dicere posses, laude pedum formaene bono praestantior esset. Scitanti deus huic de coniuge "coniuge" dixit "nil opus est, Atalanta, tibi: fuge coniugis usum! nec tamen effugies teque ipsa viva carebis." Territa sorte dei per opacas innuba silvas vivit et instantem turbam violenta procorum condicione fugat, nec "sum potienda, nisi" inquit "victa prius cursu. Pedibus contendite mecum: praemia veloci coniunx thalamique dabuntur, mors pretium tardis. Ea lex certaminis esto."	'Perhaps you have heard of a girl who outran swift men in a footrace. That story was no fiction: she did outrun them. And you could not have said whether she was more outstanding for the glory of her feet or the gift of her beauty. When she asked the god about a husband, the god said, "You have no need of a husband, Atalanta: flee the use of a husband! And yet you will not escape it, and, still living, you will lose yourself." Terrified by the god's oracle, she lived unmarried in the shadowy woods, and she drove off the insistent crowd of suitors with a harsh condition. "I am not to be won," she said, "unless I am first beaten in a race. Compete with me on foot. The swift will have a wife and a marriage bed as the prize; the slow will pay with death. Let that be the law of the contest."[22]
10.573 Illa quidem inmitis: sed (tanta potentia formae est) venit ad hanc legem temeraria turba procorum. Sederat Hippomenes cursus spectator iniqui et "petitur cuiquam per tanta pericula coniunx?"	She was pitiless indeed, but—so great is the power of beauty—a reckless crowd of suitors came to accept this law. Hippomenes had taken his seat to watch the unfair race. "Would anyone seek a wife

22 Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus of Boeotia, was a famous swift-footed huntress.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	dixerat ac nimios iuvenum damnarat amores. Ut faciem et posito corpus velamine vidit, quale meum, vel quale tuum, si femina fias, obstipuit tollensque manus "ignoscite," dixit "quos modo culpavi. Nondum mihi praemia nota, quae peteretis, erant." Laudando concipit ignes et, ne quis iuvenum currat velocius, optat invidiaque timet. "Sed cur certaminis huius intemptata mihi fortuna relinquitur?" inquit	at such great risk?" he had said, and had condemned the young men's excessive love. But when he saw her face and her body with its covering laid aside—a body like mine, or like yours if you were to become a woman—he was astounded. Raising his hands, he said, "Forgive me, you whom I just blamed. I did not yet know the prize you were seeking." Even as he praised her, he caught fire. He hoped that none of the young men would run faster, and out of jealousy he was afraid. "But why should I leave the fortune of this contest untried?" he said.
10.586	"audentes deus ipse iuvat." Dum talia secum exigit Hippomenes, passu volat alite virgo. Quae quamquam Scythica non setius ire sagitta Aonio visa est iuveni, tamen ille decorem miratur magis; et cursus facit ipse decorem. Aura refert ablata citis talaria plantis, tergaque iactantur crines per eburnea, quaeque poplitibus suberant picto genualia limbo; inque puellari corpus candore ruborem traxerat, haud aliter, quam cum super atria velum candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras. Dum notat haec hospes, decursa novissima meta est et tegitur festa victrix Atalanta corona. Dant gemitum victi penduntque ex foedere poenas.	"God himself helps the bold." While Hippomenes was weighing such thoughts, the girl flew by on winged feet. Though to the Aonian youth she seemed to go no less swiftly than a Scythian arrow, it was her beauty he admired more, and the running itself made her beautiful. The breeze blew back the ribbons from her swift ankles, her hair streamed over her ivory back, and so did the bands with embroidered borders below her knees; and over her girlish whiteness her body had taken on a blush, just as when a purple awning over a white atrium stains it with a semblance of shade. While the stranger noted all this, the last stretch was run, and Atalanta, victorious, was crowned with a festive garland. The defeated groaned and paid the penalty as agreed.[23]
10.600	Non tamen eventu iuvenis deterritus horum constitit in medio, vultuque in virgine fixo "quid facilem titulum superando quaeris inertes? mecum confer!" ait. "Seu me fortuna potentem fecerit, a tanto non indignabere vinci: namque mihi genitor Megareus Onchestius, illi est Neptunus avus, pronepos ego regis aquarum, nec virtus citra genus est; seu vincar, habebis Hippomene victo magnum et memorabile nomen." Talia dicentem molli Schoeneia vultu adspicit et dubitat, superari an vincere malit.	Yet the young man was not deterred by what had happened to them. He stood in the middle of the course, fixed his eyes on the girl, and said, "Why seek an easy title by beating sluggards? Match yourself with me! If fortune makes me the stronger, you will not be ashamed to be beaten by so great a man. For my father is Megareus of Onchestus, his grandfather is Neptune, and so I am the great-grandson of the king of the waters, and my courage does not fall short of my birth. Or if I am beaten, you will have a great and memorable name for defeating Hippomenes." As he spoke, the daughter of Schoeneus looked at him with a softened face, and wondered whether she would rather be beaten or win.
10.611	Atque ita "quis deus hunc formosis" inquit "iniquus perdere vult caraeque iubet discrimine vitae coniugium petere hoc? Non sum, me iudice, tanti. —	And she said, "Which god, hostile to the beautiful, wants to destroy this one, and bids him seek this marriage at the risk of his dear life? In my own

23 Aonian means Boeotian; Hippomenes came from Onchestus in Boeotia.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Nec forma tangor (poteram tamen hac quoque tangi), sed quod adhuc puer est: non me movet ipse, sed aetas. Quid quod inest virtus et mens interrita leti? Quid quod ab aequorea numeratur origine quartus? Quid quod amat tantique putat conubia nostra, ut pereat, si me fors illi dura negarit? Dum licet, hospes, abi thalamosque relinque cruentos: coniugium crudele meum est. Tibi nubere nulla nolet, et optari potes a sapiente puella. — Cur tamen est mihi cura tui tot iam ante peremptis?	judgment I am not worth so much.—It is not his beauty that touches me, though I could be touched by that too, but that he is still a boy: it is not he himself who moves me, but his youth. What of the courage in him, and a mind unafraid of death? What of his being fourth in descent from the sea god? What of his loving me, and valuing marriage with me so highly that he would die if harsh fortune denied me to him? While you still can, stranger, go away and leave this bloodstained bridal bed: marriage with me is cruel. No girl would refuse to marry you, and a sensible girl could choose you.—Yet why do I care about you, when so many have already been killed before you?
10.624	Viderit! Intereat, quoniam tot caede procorum admonitus non est agiturque in taedia vitae. — Occidet hic igitur, voluit quia vivere mecum, indignamque necem pretium patietur amoris? Non erit invidiae victoria nostra ferendae. Sed non culpa mea est. Utinam desistere velles, aut, quoniam es demens, utinam velocior esses! A! quam virgineus puerili vultus in ore est! A! miser Hippomene, nollem tibi visa fuissem! Vivere dignus eras. Quod si felicior essem, nec mihi coniugium fata importuna negarent, unus eras, cum quo sociare cubilia vellem." Dixerat; utque rudis primoque Cupidine tacta, quid facit ignorans, amat et non sentit amorem.	Let him see to it! Let him die, since the slaughter of so many suitors has not warned him and he is driven to be weary of life.—So he will die, then, because he wanted to live with me, and suffer an undeserved death as the price of love? My victory will bring me unbearable resentment. But it is not my fault. If only you would give up, or, since you are mad, if only you were faster! Ah, how girlish the look of that boyish face! Ah, poor Hippomenes, I wish you had never seen me! You deserved to live. If I were luckier, and the unkind fates did not deny me marriage, you would be the only one I would want to share my bed with." She had spoken. Inexperienced, touched by Cupid for the first time, not knowing what she was doing, she loved and did not recognize it as love.
10.638	Iam solitos poscunt cursus populusque paterque, cum me sollicita proles Neptunia voce invocat Hippomenes "Cytherea" que "comprecor, ausis adsit" ait "nostris et quos dedit adiuvet ignes." Detulit aura preces ad me non invida blandas; motaque sum, fateor. Nec opis mora longa dabatur. Est ager, indigenae Tamasenum nomine dicunt, telluris Cypriae pars optima, quam mihi prisci sacravere senes templisque accedere dotem hanc iussere meis. Medio nitet arbor in arvo, fulva comas, fulvo ramis crepitantibus auro. Hinc tria forte mea veniens decerpta ferebam aurea poma manu: nullique videnda nisi ipsi Hippomenen adii docuique, quis usus in illis.	

LATIN	ENGLISH
	Now the people and her father were demanding the usual race, when Hippomenes, Neptune's descendant, called on me in an anxious voice: "Cytherea," he said, "I pray you, stand by my daring and help the fire you have given me." A breeze, not grudging, carried his coaxing prayer down to me, and I was moved, I confess. Nor was help long delayed. There is a field the natives call the field of Tamasus, the best part of the land of Cyprus, which elders of old consecrated to me and ordered to be added to my temples as an endowment. In the middle of the field gleams a tree, its leaves tawny, its branches rustling with tawny gold. As it happened, I was coming from there, carrying in my hand three golden apples I had picked. Visible to no one but him, I went up to Hippomenes and taught him how to use them.[24]
10.652 Signa tubae dederant, cum carcere pronus uterque emicat et summam celeri pede libat harenam. Posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu et segetis canae stantes percurrere aristas. Adiciunt animos iuveni clamorque favorque verbaque dicentum: "Nunc, nunc incumbere tempus! Hippomene, propera! nunc viribus utere totis! pelle moram, vinces!" Dubium, Megareius heros gaudeat, an virgo magis his Schoeneia dictis. O quotiens, cum iam posset transire, morata est spectatosque diu vultus invita reliquit! Aridus e lasso veniebat anhelitus ore, metaque erat longe. Tum denique de tribus unum fetibus arboreis proles Neptunia misit.	The trumpets had given the signal when both of them, bent low, shot out from the starting gate and skimmed the top of the sand with swift feet. You would think they could graze the sea with dry steps and run over the standing ears of a field of white grain. The young man's spirits were lifted by the shouts and the cheers and the words of the crowd: "Now, now is the time to push on! Hurry, Hippomenes! Now use all your strength! No delay —you will win!" It is hard to say whether the son of Megareus or the daughter of Schoeneus was more glad at these words. Oh, how often, when she could have passed him, she slowed down, and after gazing long at his face, left it behind unwillingly! Dry gasps came from his tired mouth, and the turning post was far away. Then at last Neptune's descendant threw one of the three fruits of the tree.
10.666 Obstipuit virgo, nitidique cupidine pomi declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit. Praeterit Hippomenes! Resonant spectacula plausu. Illa moram celeri cessataque tempora cursu corrigit atque iterum iuvenem post terga relinquit. Et rursus pomi iactu remorata secundi consequitur transitque virum. Pars ultima cursus restabat; "nunc" inquit "ades, dea muneris auctor!" inque latus campi, quo tardius illa rediret, iecit ab obliquo nitidum iuvenaliter aurum. An peteret, virgo visa est dubitare: coegi tollere et adieci sublato pondera malo	The girl was astonished, and, longing for the shining apple, she swerved from her course and picked up the rolling gold. Hippomenes passed her! The stands rang with applause. With a burst of speed she made up for the delay and the lost time, and once more left the young man behind her. Again she was held up by the throw of the second apple; again she caught up with the man and passed him. The last part of the course remained. "Now," he said, "be with me, goddess, giver of the gift!" And to the side of the field, so that she would take longer coming back, he threw

24 Tamasus was a town in central Cyprus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
impediique oneris pariter gravitate moraque. Neve meus sermo cursu sit tardior ipso, praeterita est virgo: duxit sua praemia victor.	the shining gold slantwise with all his young strength. The girl seemed to hesitate whether to go after it. I made her pick it up, and once she had it I added weight to the apple, and hindered her equally with the heaviness of the load and with the delay. And so that my story should not be longer than the race itself: the girl was passed, and the winner led away his prize.
10.681 Dignane, cui grates ageret, cui turis honorem ferret, Adoni, fui? — nec grates inmemor egit, nec mihi tura dedit. Subitam convertor in iram; contemptuque dolens, ne sim spernenda futuris, exemplo caveo meque ipsa exhortor in ambos. Templa, deum Matri quae quondam clarus Echion fecerat ex voto, nemorosis abdita silvis, transibant, et iter longum requiescere suasit. Illic concubitus intempestiva cupido occupat Hippomenen, a numine concita nostro. Luminis exigui fuerat prope templa recessus, speluncae similis, nativo pumice tectus, religione sacer prisca, quo multa sacerdos lignea contulerat veterum simulacra deorum.	Did I not deserve, Adonis, that he should give me thanks and bring me the honor of incense? But he forgot: he gave me neither thanks nor incense. I was turned to sudden anger, and, stung by the slight, I took care that I should not be scorned in future by making an example of them, and I spurred myself on against them both. They were passing a temple, hidden deep in the woods, which famous Echion had once built for the Mother of the Gods in fulfillment of a vow, and the long journey persuaded them to rest. There an untimely desire to lie together seized Hippomenes, roused by my divine power. Near the temple was a dimly lit recess like a cave, roofed with natural pumice, sacred through ancient religion, where a priest had gathered many wooden images of the old gods.[25]
10.695 Hunc init et vetito temerat sacraria probro. Sacra retorserunt oculos; turritaque Mater an Stygia sontes dubitavit mergeret unda. Poena levis visa est. Ergo modo levia fulvae colla iubae velant, digiti curvantur in ungues, ex umeris armi fiunt, in pectora totum pondus abit, summae cauda verruntur harenae. Iram vultus habet, pro verbis murmura reddunt, pro thalamis celebrant silvas: aliisque timendi dente premunt domito Cybeleia frena leones. Hos tu, care mihi, cumque his genus omne ferarum, quod non terga fugae, sed pugnae pectora praebet, effuge, ne virtus tua sit damnosa duobus.”	He went in and defiled the sanctuary with a forbidden act. The sacred images turned away their eyes, and the turret-crowned Mother hesitated whether to plunge the guilty pair into the waters of the Styx. That punishment seemed too light. So tawny manes covered their necks, smooth only a moment before; their fingers curved into claws; their shoulders became forelegs; all their weight shifted into their chests; their tails swept the surface of the sand. Their faces held anger; instead of words they gave growls; instead of bedrooms they haunted the woods. Lions, dreadful to others, they champ with tamed teeth on Cybele’s bit. These, my dear, and with them every kind of wild beast that offers not its back for flight but its breast for battle —flee them, so that your courage does not ruin us both.’[26]

25 The Mother of the Gods is Cybele; Echion was one of the warriors sprung from the dragon’s teeth at Thebes.
26 Cybele was shown wearing a turreted crown and riding in a chariot drawn by lions.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS

A boar kills Adonis, and Venus turns his blood into the anemone.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.708	Illa quidem monuit iunctisque per aera cygnis carpit iter: sed stat monitis contraria virtus. Forte suem latebris vestigia certa secuti excivere canes, silvisque exire parantem fixerat obliquo iuvenis Cinyreius ictu. Protinus excussit pando venabula rostro sanguine tincta suo trepidumque et tuta petentem trux aper insequitur totosque sub inguine dentes abdidit et fulva moribundum stravit harena. Vecta levi curru medias Cytherea per auras Cypron olorinis nondum pervenerat alis, agnovit longe gemitum morientis et albas flexit aves illuc. Utque aethere vidit ab alto exanimem inque suo iactantem sanguine corpus, desiluit pariterque sinum pariterque capillos rupit et indignis percussit pectora palmis.	So she warned him, and, harnessing her swans, she made her way through the air; but his courage stood against her warnings. As it happened, his hounds, following a sure trail, roused a boar from its lair, and as it was getting ready to leave the woods, the son of Cinyras pierced it with a slanting throw. At once the fierce boar shook off with its curved snout the hunting spear stained with its own blood, and chased him as he ran in fear, seeking safety. It buried its tusks deep in his groin and stretched him out, dying, on the tawny sand. Cytherea, borne in her light chariot through the middle of the air on her swans' wings, had not yet reached Cyprus. She recognized from afar the groans of the dying youth and turned her white birds toward him. And when from high in the sky she saw him lifeless, his body writhing in his own blood, she leapt down and tore both her dress and her hair, and beat her breast with hands that did not deserve it.
10.724	Questaque cum fatis "at non tamen omnia vestri iuris erunt" dixit. "Luctus monimenta manebunt semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri. At cruor in florem mutabitur. An tibi quondam femineos artus in olentes vertere mentas, Persephone, licuit: nobis Cinyreius heros invidiae mutatus erit ?" — Sic fata cruorem nectare odorato sparsit: qui tactus ab illo intumuit sic ut fulvo perlucida caeno surgere bulla solet. Nec plena longior hora facta mora est, cum flos de sanguine concolor ortus, qualem, quae lento celant sub cortice granum, punica ferre solent. Brevis est tamen usus in illo: namque male haerentem et nimia levitate caducum excutiunt idem, qui praestant nomina, venti."	Reproaching the fates, she said, 'But not everything will be under your rule. Memorials of my grief, Adonis, will remain forever, and each year the image of your death, enacted again, will reproduce my mourning. And your blood will be changed into a flower. Or were you once allowed, Persephone, to turn a woman's limbs into fragrant mint, while I am to be begrudged the transformation of Cinyras' heroic son?' So saying, she sprinkled his blood with fragrant nectar. At its touch the blood swelled, as a clear bubble rises from yellow mud. No more than a full hour passed before a flower sprang from the blood, of the same color, like the bloom of pomegranates, which hide their seeds under a tough rind. But its enjoyment is brief: it clings weakly and falls easily from too much lightness, shaken off by the very winds that give it its name."[27]

27 The flower is the anemone, from Greek *anemos*, "wind"; the yearly mourning is the festival of the Adonia. Persephone turned the nymph Minthe into mint.

Book 11

Orpheus' death; Midas; Ceyx and Alcyone
Orpheus is killed; Midas' golden touch; Peleus and Thetis; Ceyx and Alcyone.

THE DEATH OF ORPHEUS

The Thracian women kill Orpheus; his head and lyre float down the Hebrus, and he rejoins Eurydice.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.1	Carmine dum tali silvas animosque ferarum Threicius vates et saxa sequentia ducit, ecce nurus Ciconum, tectae lymphata ferinis pectora velleribus, tumuli de vertice cernunt Orphea percussis sociantem carmina nervis. E quibus una, leves iactato crine per auras, "en," ait "en hic est nostri contemptor!" et hastam vatis Apollinei vocalia misit in ora, quae foliis praesuta notam sine vulnere fecit; alterius telum lapis est, qui missus in ipso aere concentu victus vocisque lyraeque est ac veluti supplex pro tam furialibus ausis ante pedes iacuit. Sed enim temeraria crescunt bella modusque abiit, insanaque regnat Erinys. Cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita, sed ingens clamor et infracto Berecyntia tibia cornu tympanaque et plausus et Bacchei ululatus obstrepuere sono citharae: tum denique saxa non exauditi rubuerunt sanguine vatis.	While the Thracian bard, with songs like these, was leading the woods, the hearts of wild beasts and the stones that followed him, look: the young women of the Ciconians, their frenzied breasts covered in the skins of animals, caught sight from the top of a hill of Orpheus, fitting his songs to the strings he struck. One of them, tossing her hair through the light air, cried, "Look, look, here is the man who scorns us!" She flung her spear at the singing mouth of Apollo's bard, but its tip was wrapped in leaves, and it left a mark without a wound. Another woman's weapon was a stone. As it flew, it was conquered in mid-air by the harmony of voice and lyre, and it fell at his feet like a suppliant begging pardon for so frenzied an outrage. But now the reckless warfare grew, all restraint was gone, and a mad Fury reigned. Every weapon would have been softened by his song, but a huge clamor drowned the sound of the lyre: the Berecyntian pipe with its curved horn, drums, clapping and Bacchic howling. Then at last the stones grew red with the blood of the bard, no longer heard.[1]
11.20	Ac primum attonitas etiamnum voce canentis innumeras volucres anguesque agmenque ferarum Maenades, Orphei titulum, rapuere, theatri. Inde cruentatis vertuntur in Orphea dextris et coeunt ut aves, si quando luce vagantem noctis avem cernunt. Structoque utrimque theatro ceu matutina cervus periturus harena praeda canum est, vatemque petunt et fronde virentes coniciunt thyrsos non haec in munera factos. Hae glaebas, illae direptos arbore ramos, pars torquent silices. Neu desint tela furori, forte boves presso subigebant vomere terram,	First the Maenads seized the countless birds, still spellbound by the singer's voice, along with the snakes and the troop of wild beasts that were the glory of Orpheus' audience. Then they turned on Orpheus with bloodied hands and flocked together, like birds that have spotted the bird of night straying in daylight. They went for the bard as hounds go for a stag doomed to die on the sand of the amphitheater in the morning games. They hurled their thyrsi, green with leaves, which were not made for such a task. Some threw clods, others branches torn from trees, some flints. And so that

1 The Ciconians were a people of Thrace, Orpheus' homeland.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nec procul hinc multo fructum sudore parantes dura lacertosi fodiebant arva coloni. Agmine qui viso fugiunt operisque relinquunt arma sui, vacuosque iacent dispersa per agros sarculaque rastrique graves longique ligones.	their frenzy should not lack weapons, oxen happened to be working the soil under the pressed plowshare. Not far away, brawny farmers were digging the hard fields, readying their harvest with much sweat. At the sight of the horde they fled and left behind the tools of their work, and hoes, heavy rakes and long mattocks lay scattered over the empty fields.
11.37	Quae postquam rapuere ferae cornuque minaci divulsere boves, ad vatis fata recurrunt Tendentemque manus et in illo tempore primum inrita dicentem nec quicquam voce moventem sacrilegae perimunt. Perque os, pro Iuppiter! illud auditum saxis intellectumque ferarum sensibus in ventos anima exhalata recessit. Te maestae volucres, Orpheu, te turba ferarum, te rigidi silices, tua carmina saepe secutae fleverunt silvae, positis te frondibus arbor tonsa comas luxit. Lacrimis quoque flumina dicunt increvisse suis, obstrusaque carbasa pullo naides et dryades passosque habuere capillos. Membra iacent diversa locis. Caput, Hebre, lyramque excipis, et (mirum!) medio dum labitur amne, flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua murmurat exanimis, respondent flebile ripae.	The savage women snatched these up and tore apart the oxen, for all their threatening horns, and then they ran back to finish the bard. He stretched out his hands, and for the first time his words were in vain and his voice moved nothing; and the sacrilegious women killed him. Through that mouth—O Jupiter!—which stones had listened to and the senses of wild beasts had understood, his breath was breathed out and passed away into the winds. For you, Orpheus, the grieving birds wept; for you the crowd of beasts, for you the hard flints, for you the woods that had so often followed your songs. The tree shed its leaves and mourned you with its locks shorn. They say the rivers too swelled with their own tears, and the Naiads and Dryads wore linen dyed dark and let their hair hang loose. His limbs lay scattered in different places. His head and lyre, Hebrus, you received, and (a wonder!) as they floated down midstream, the lyre made some mournful lament, the lifeless tongue murmured mournfully, and mournfully the banks replied.[2]
11.54	Iamque mare invectae flumen populare relinquunt et Methymnaeae potiuntur litore Lesbi. Hic ferus expositum peregrinis anguis harenis os petit et sparsos stillanti rore capillos. Tandem Phoebus adest morsusque inferre parantem arcet et in lapidem rictus serpentis apertos congelat et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus. Umbra subit terras et quae loca viderat ante, cuncta recognoscit quaerensque per arva piorum invenit Eurydicen cupidisque amplectitur ulnis. Hic modo coniunctis spatiantur passibus ambo, nunc praecedentem sequitur, nunc praevius anteit Eurydicenque suam iam tutus respicit Orpheus.	Carried out to sea, they now left their native river and reached the shore of Methymna on Lesbos. Here a fierce serpent went for the head, which lay exposed on foreign sands, and for the hair, still sprinkled with dripping spray. At last Phoebus came. As the serpent prepared to bite, he warded it off, froze its open jaws into stone and hardened its gaping mouth just as it was. The shade passed beneath the earth and recognized all the places it had seen before. Searching through the fields of the righteous, it found Eurydice and clasped her in eager arms. Here they strolled together, side by side; now he followed as she went ahead, now he went in front, and Orpheus, safe at last, looked back at his Eurydice.
11.67		

LATIN	ENGLISH
Non impune tamen scelus hoc sinit esse Lyaeus, amissoque dolens sacrorum vate suorum protinus in silvis matres Edonidas omnes, quae videre nefas, torta radice ligavit. utque suum laqueis, quos callidus abdidit auceps, crus ubi commisit volucris sensitque teneri, plangitur ac trepidans adstringit vincula motu: sic, ut quaeque solo defixa cohaeserat harum, exsternata fugam frustra temptabat; at illam lenta tenet radix exsultantemque coercet, dumque ubi sint digiti, dum pes ubi, quaerit, et ungues, adspicit in teretes lignum succedere suras, et conata femur maerenti plangere dextra, robora percussit: pectus quoque robora fiunt, robora sunt umeri, porrectaque bracchia veros esse putes ramos, et non fallere putando.	Yet Lyaeus did not let this crime go unpunished. Grieving at the loss of the bard of his rites, he at once bound fast in the woods, with twisted roots, all the Edonian women who had witnessed the outrage. A bird that has caught its leg in snares a cunning fowler has hidden feels itself held, beats its wings, and tightens the bonds by its fluttering. In the same way each of these women, as she stuck fast, fixed in the ground, tried in terror to flee, in vain. The tough root held her and checked her leaping. While she looked for where her toes were, where her foot was, and her nails, she saw wood creeping up her smooth calves. When she tried to beat her thigh with a grieving hand, she struck oak. Her breast too became oak, her shoulders were oak, and you would think her outstretched arms real branches, and you would not be deceived in thinking so.

MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Midas returns Silenus to Bacchus and asks that everything he touches turn to gold.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.85 Nec satis hoc Baccho est: ipsos quoque deserit agros cumque choro meliore sui vineta Timoli Pactolonque petit, quamvis non aureus illo tempore nec caris erat invidiosus harenis. Hunc adsueta cohors satyri bacchaeque frequentant, at Silenus abest: titubantem annisque meroque ruricolae cepere Phryges vinctumque coronis ad regem duxere Midan, cui Thracius Orpheus orgia tradiderat cum Cecropio Eumolpo. Quem simul agnovit socium comitemque sacrorum, hospitis adventu festum genialiter egit per bis quinque dies et iunctas ordine noctes. Et iam stellarum sublime coegerat agmen Lucifer undecimus, Lydos cum laetus in agros rex venit et iuveni Silenum reddit alumno.	Nor was this enough for Bacchus. He left those very fields as well and, with a better band of followers, made for the vineyards of his own Tmolus and for the Pactolus, though at that time the river was not golden, nor envied for its precious sands. His usual retinue of satyrs and bacchantes thronged around him, but Silenus was missing. Phrygian country folk had caught him as he staggered with years and wine, bound him with garlands, and led him to King Midas, to whom Thracian Orpheus, together with Cecropian Eumolpus, had handed down the rites. As soon as Midas recognized a fellow worshiper and companion in the rites, he held a joyful feast for his guest's arrival over twice five days and the nights that followed them in turn. And now the eleventh Morning Star had driven off the lofty column of stars when the king came gladly to the fields of Lydia and returned Silenus to his young foster-son.[3]
11.100 Huic deus optandi gratum, sed inutile, fecit muneris arbitrium, gaudens altore recepto. Ille male usurus donis ait "effice, quidquid	The god, glad to have his foster-father back, gave Midas the choice of a reward, welcome but useless. Midas, who would make bad use of the gift,

2 The Hebrus is the chief river of Thrace.
3 Silenus, an old satyr, was the foster-father and tutor of Bacchus. Eumolpus, a legendary Athenian ("Cecropian," after Cecrops, first king of Athens), founded the Eleusinian Mysteries.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	corpore contigero fulvum vertatur in aurum." Adnuit optatis nocituraque munera solvit Liber, et indoluit, quod non meliora petisset. Laetus abit gaudetque malo Berecyntius heros pollicitique fidem tangendo singula temptat Vixque sibi credens non alta fronde virentem ilice detraxit virgam: virga aurea facta est. Tollit humo saxum: saxum quoque palluit auro. Contigit et glaebam: contactu glaeba potenti massa fit. Arentes Cereris decerpsit aristas: aurea messis erat. Demptum tenet arbore pomum: Hesperidas donasse putes. Si postibus altis admovit digitos, postes radiare videntur.	said, "Make whatever I touch with my body turn into yellow gold." Liber granted his wish and gave him the gift that would harm him, sorry that he had not asked for something better. The Berecyntian hero went off happy, rejoicing in his misfortune, and tested the promise by touching things one by one. Scarcely believing it himself, he pulled a twig, green with leaves, from a low holm-oak: the twig turned to gold. He picked up a stone from the ground: the stone too grew pale with gold. He touched a clod as well: at that potent touch the clod became a nugget. He plucked dry ears of Ceres' grain: the harvest was golden. He held an apple picked from a tree: you would think the Hesperides had given it. If he put his fingers to the tall doorposts, the doorposts seemed to gleam.[4]
11.116	Ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis, unda fluens palmis Danaen eludere posset. Vix spes ipse suas animo capit aurea fingens omnia. Gaudenti mensas posuere ministri exstructas dapibus nec tostae frugis egentes. Tum vero, sive ille sua Cerealia dextra munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigebant, sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat, lammina fulva dapes admoto dente premebat. Miscuerat puris auctorem muneris undis: fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres. Attonitus novitate mali, divesque miserque, effugere optat opes et, quae modo voverat, odit. Copia nulla famem relevat; sitis arida guttur urit, et inviso meritus torquetur ab auro Ad caelumque manus et splendida bracchia tollens	Even when he washed his hands in clear water, the water flowing from his hands could have fooled Danae. He himself could hardly take in his hopes as he imagined everything turned to gold. As he rejoiced, his servants set before him tables piled with dishes and not lacking bread. But then, whenever he touched the gifts of Ceres with his right hand, the gifts of Ceres grew stiff. Whenever he went to tear into the food with greedy teeth, a sheet of yellow metal encased the food as his teeth came near. He had mixed the giver of his gift with pure water, and you could have seen molten gold streaming through his jaws. Stunned by this strange misfortune, rich and wretched, he longed to escape his wealth and hated what he had just prayed for. No abundance relieved his hunger; parching thirst burned his throat, and he was tormented, as he deserved, by the hateful gold. Raising his hands and his gleaming arms to the sky,[5]
11.132	"da veniam, Lenaee pater! peccavimus," inquit, "sed miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno." Mite deum numen: Bacchus peccasse fatentem restituit factique fide data munera solvit "Neve male optato maneas circumlitus auro, vade" ait "ad magnis vicinum Sardibus amnem perque iugum ripae labentibus obvius undis carpe viam, donec venias ad fluminis ortus, spumigeroque tuum fonti, qua plurimus exit, subde caput corpusque simul, simul elue crimen."	he said, "Forgive me, father Lenaeus! I have done wrong. But have pity, I beg you, and rescue me from this glittering ruin." The gods' power is gentle. When Midas confessed his wrong, Bacchus restored him and, true to his word, undid the gift he had given. "So that you do not stay coated with the gold you so foolishly wished for," he said, "go to the river that runs near great Sardis. Make your way along the ridge of its bank, against the flow-

4 Midas was said to be the son of Cybele, the Berecyntian goddess.
5 Jupiter came to Danae as a shower of gold. "The giver of his gift" is Bacchus, that is, wine.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Rex iussae succedit aquae: vis aurea tinxit flumen et humano de corpore cessit in amnem. Nunc quoque iam veteris percepto semine venae arva rigent auro madidis pallentia glaebis.	ing waters, until you come to the river's source. There, at the foaming spring where it gushes out most fully, plunge your head and body in together, and together wash away your offense." The king went into the waters as he was told. The golden power tinged the river and passed from his human body into the stream. Even now the fields, having taken in the seed of that ancient vein, are hard with gold, and their soaked clods gleam pale.[6]

MIDAS' EARS

Midas prefers Pan's piping to Apollo's lyre, and Apollo gives him a donkey's ears.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.146 Ille, perosus opes, silvas et rura colebat Panaque montanis habitantem semper in antris. Pingue sed ingenium mansit, nocituraque, ut ante, rursus erant domino stultae praecordia mentis. Nam freta prospiciens late riget arduus alto Tmolus in adscensu, clivoque extensus utroque Sardibus hinc, illinc parvis finitur Hypaepis. Pan ibi dum teneris iactat sua carmina nymphis et leve cerata modulatur harundine carmen, ausus Apollineos prae se contemnere cantus, iudice sub Tmolo certamen venit ad impar. Monte suo senior iudex consedit et aures liberat arboribus: quercu coma caerula tantum cingitur, et pendent circum cava tempora glandes. Isque deum pecoris spectans "in indice" dixit	Midas, now hating wealth, dwelt among the woods and fields and worshiped Pan, who always lives in mountain caves. But his wits stayed dull, and once again the heart of his foolish mind was to harm its owner, as before. Tmolus rises steep and rigid in a lofty climb, looking out far over the sea. Stretching down on either slope, it ends on one side at Sardis and on the other at little Hypaepa. There Pan was boasting of his songs to the tender nymphs and playing a light tune on his reeds joined with wax. He dared to scorn Apollo's songs beside his own and came to an unequal contest, with Tmolus as judge. The old judge sat down on his own mountain and freed his ears of trees. Only his dark hair was wreathed with oak, and acorns hung around his hollow temples. Looking at the god of the flock, he said, "On your judge's part[7]
11.161 "nulla mora est." Calamis agrestibus insonat ille barbaricoque Midan (aderat nam forte canenti) carmine delenit. Post hunc sacer ora retorsit Tmolus ad os Phoebi: vultum sua silva secuta est. Ille caput flavum lauro Parnaside vinctus verrit humum Tyrio saturata murice palla, instrictamque fidem gemmis et dentibus Indis sustinet a laeva; tenuit manus altera plectrum. Artificis status ipse fuit. Tum stamina docto pollice sollicitat, quorum dulcedine captus Pana iubet Tmolus citharae submittere cannas. Iudicium sanctique placet sententia montis omnibus, arguitur tamen atque iniusta vocatur unius sermone Midae; nec Delius aures humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram,	there is no delay." Pan played on his rustic reeds, and his foreign song charmed Midas, who happened to be there as he played. After him, sacred Tmolus turned his face toward the face of Phoebus, and his forest turned with him. Phoebus, his golden head crowned with Parnassian laurel, swept the ground with a robe steeped in Tyrian purple. In his left hand he held a lyre inlaid with gems and Indian ivory, and his other hand held the plectrum. His very pose was an artist's. Then he plucked the strings with a practiced thumb, and Tmolus, captivated by their sweetness, ordered Pan to lower his reeds before the lyre. The judgment, the verdict of the holy mountain, pleased everyone, yet the voice of Midas alone

6 The river is the Pactolus, famous for its gold-bearing sands; Sardis was the capital of Lydia.
7 Tmolus is a mountain in Lydia; here its god acts as judge.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	sed trahit in spatium villisque albentibus implet instabilesque imas facit et dat posse moveri, cetera sunt hominis: partem damnatur in unam induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli.	challenged it and called it unjust. The Delian would not let such stupid ears keep their human shape. He drew them out in length, filled them with grayish-white hair, made them unsteady at the base and gave them the power to move. The rest was human: Midas was punished in one part only, and put on the ears of a slow-plodding donkey.
11.180	Ille quidem celare cupit, turpisque pudore tempora purpureis temptat velare tiaris. Sed solitus longos ferro resecare capillos viderat hoc famulus. Qui cum nec prodere visum dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras, nec posset reticere tamen, secedit humumque effodit et, domini quales adspexerit aures, voce refert parva terraeque inmurmurat haustae, indiciumque suae vocis tellure regesta obruit et scrobibus tacitus discedit opertis. Creber harundinibus tremulis ibi surgere lucus coepit et, ut primum pleno maturuit anno, prodidit agricolam: leni nam motus ab austro obruta verba refert dominique coarguit aures.	Midas, of course, wanted to hide it, and in his shame and disgrace he tried to cover his temples with a purple turban. But the servant who used to trim his long hair with steel had seen it. He did not dare reveal the shame he had seen, though he longed to let it out into the air, and yet he could not keep quiet. So he went off and dug a hole in the ground. In a low voice he told what kind of ears he had seen on his master, murmuring it into the scooped-out earth. Then he buried the evidence of his voice by putting back the soil, and once the pit was covered he went away in silence. A thick clump of trembling reeds began to spring up there. As soon as it had ripened, after a full year, it betrayed the man who had sown it: stirred by the gentle south wind, it repeated the buried words and exposed his master's ears.

LAOMEDON AND THE WALLS OF TROY

Apollo and Neptune build Troy's walls for Laomedon, who refuses to pay them.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.194	Ultus abit Tmolo liquidumque per aera vectus angustum citra pontum Nepheleidos Helles Laomedonteis Latoius adstitit arvis. Dextera Sigei, Rhoetei laeva profundi ara Panomphaeo vetus est sacrata Tonanti. Inde novae primum moliri moenia Troiae Laomedonta videt susceptaque magna labore crescere difficili nec opes exposcere parvas cumque tridentigero tumidi genitore profundi mortalem induitur formam Phrygiaeque tyranno aedificat muros, pactus pro moenibus aurum. Stabat opus: pretium rex infitiatur et addit, perfidiae cumulum, falsis periuria verbis.	His revenge complete, Latona's son left Tmolus and was carried through the clear air. On this side of the narrow strait of Helle, Nephele's daughter, he came to rest in the lands of Laomedon. To the right of Sigeum and the left of the deep waters of Rhoeteum there is an ancient altar dedicated to the Panomphaean Thunderer. From there he saw Laomedon beginning to build the walls of new Troy, a great undertaking that grew only with hard labor and demanded no small resources. So, together with the trident-bearing father of the swelling deep, he put on mortal form and built walls for the Phrygian ruler, having agreed on gold as payment for the ramparts. The work stood finished. The king refused the payment and, to crown his treachery, added perjury to his lies.[8]

8 Helle fell from a golden ram into this strait, which was named the Hellespont after her. "Panomphaean" ("of all oracular voices") is a title of Jupiter.

LATIN		ENGLISH
11.207	"Non impune feres" rector maris inquit et omnes inclinavit aquas ad avarae litora Troiae, inque freti formam terras complevit opesque abstulit agricolis et fluctibus obruit agros. Poena neque haec satis est: regis quoque filia monstro poscitur aequoreo; quam dura ad saxa revinctam vindicat Alcides promissaque munera, dictos poscit equos, tantique operis mercede negata bis periura capit superatae moenia Troiae. Nec pars militiae, Telamon, sine honore recessit, Hesioneque data potitur. Nam coniuge Peleus clarus erat diva: nec avi magis ille superbus nomine, quam soceri, siquidem Iovis esse nepoti contigit haud uni, coniunx dea contigit uni.	"You will not get away with this," said the ruler of the sea. He tipped all his waters toward the shores of greedy Troy and flooded the land until it looked like the sea, sweeping away the farmers' wealth and burying the fields under the waves. Nor was this punishment enough: a sea-monster demanded the king's daughter as well. She was chained to the hard rocks, and Alcides rescued her. He claimed the promised reward, the horses he had been pledged, and when payment for so great a labor was refused, he captured the twice-perjured walls of conquered Troy. Nor did you, Telamon, his partner in the campaign, leave without honor: you were given Hesione and made her yours. Peleus was not given her, for he was already famous for his goddess wife. He was no prouder of his grandfather's name than of his father-in-law's, since more than one man has had the luck to be Jupiter's grandson, but only one to have a goddess as his wife.[9]

PELEUS AND THETIS

Warned that Thetis' son will surpass his father, Jupiter gives her to Peleus, who wins her by force.

LATIN		ENGLISH
11.221	Namque senex Thetidi Proteus "dea" dixerat "undae, concipe: mater eris iuvenis, qui fortibus annis acta patris vincet maiorque vocabitur illo." Ergo, ne quicquam mundus Iove maius haberet, quamvis haud tepidos sub pectore senserat ignes, Iuppiter aequoreae Thetidis conubia fugit in suaque Aeaciden succedere vota nepotem iussit et amplexus in virginis ire marinae. Est sinus Haemoniae curvos falcatus in arcus: bracchia procurrunt, ubi, si foret altior unda, portus erat (summis inductum est aequor harenis); litus habet solidum, quod nec vestigia servet nec remoretur iter, nec opertum pendeat alga.	For old Proteus had said to Thetis, "Goddess of the waves, conceive: you will be the mother of a young man who in the strength of his years will surpass his father's deeds and be called greater than he." The world must hold nothing greater than Jupiter. So Jupiter, although he had felt fires in his heart that were far from lukewarm, shunned marriage with Thetis of the sea. He ordered his grandson, the son of Aeacus, to take his place in his desires and go to the embraces of the sea-maiden. There is a bay in Haemonia curved into a sickle-shaped arc. Its arms run out, and if the water were deeper it would be a harbor (the sea only just covers the surface of the sands). Its shore is firm: it keeps no footprints, does not slow one's step, and is not covered with seaweed.[10]
11.234	Myrtea silva subest bicoloribus obsita bacis et specus in medio (natura factus an arte, ambiguum, magis arte tamen), quo saepe venire frenato delphine sedens, Theti, nuda solebas.	Nearby lies a myrtle grove, thick with two-colored berries, and in its middle a cave. Whether it was made by nature or by art is uncertain, but more likely by art. You, Thetis, often used to come there

9 Hesione was Laomedon's daughter. Telamon and Peleus were brothers, sons of Aeacus and so grandsons of Jupiter.
10 Proteus is the shape-shifting, prophetic old man of the sea. Haemonia is Thessaly.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Illic te Peleus, ut somno vincta iacebas, occupat: et quoniam precibus temptata repugnas, vim parat, innectens ambobus colla lacertis. Quod nisi venisses variatis saepe figuris ad solitas artes, auso foret ille potitus. Sed modo tu volucris (volucrem tamen ille tenebat), nunc gravis arbor eras (haerebat in arbore Peleus), tertia forma fuit maculosae tigridis: illa territus Aeacides a corpore bracchia solvit. Isque deos pelagi vino super aequora fuso et pecoris fibris et fumo turis adorat, donec Carpathius medio de gurgite vates	naked, riding a bridled dolphin. There Peleus seized you as you lay bound in sleep. When his entreaties failed and you resisted, he prepared to use force, wrapping both his arms around your neck. Had you not turned to your usual arts and changed your shape again and again, he would have achieved what he dared. But now you were a bird (yet he held the bird), now a heavy tree (Peleus clung to the tree). Your third form was a spotted tigress, and that frightened the son of Aeacus into releasing his arms from your body. He worshiped the gods of the sea, pouring wine over the waters and offering the entrails of sheep and the smoke of incense, until the Carpathian prophet, from the middle of the deep,[11]
11.250	"Aeacide," dixit, "thalamis potiere petitis! Tu modo, cum rigido sopita quiescit in antro, ignaram laqueis vincloque innecte tenaci. Nec te decipiat centum mentita figuras, sed preme, quidquid erit, dum, quod fuit ante, reformet!" Dixerat haec Proteus et condidit aequore vultum admisitque suos in verba novissima fluctus. Pronus erat Titan inclinatoque tenebat Hesperium temone fretum, cum pulchra relecto Nereis ingreditur consueta cubilia saxo. Vix bene virgineos Peleus invaserat artus, illa novat formas, donec sua membra teneri sentit et in partes diversas bracchia tendi. Tum demum ingemuit, "neque" ait "sine numine vincis" exhibita estque Thetis. Confessam amplectitur heros et potitur votis ingentique implet Achille.	said, "Son of Aeacus, you will win the marriage you seek! Only, when she lies asleep in her rocky cave, bind her with snares and tight bonds while she is unaware. Do not let her fool you by feigning a hundred shapes. Hold her tight, whatever she becomes, until she takes back the form she had before." When he had said this, Proteus hid his face in the sea and let his waves close over his final words. Titan was sinking, his chariot-pole tilted downward over the western sea, when the beautiful Nereid returned to the rock and entered her familiar bed. Peleus had scarcely seized her virgin limbs when she began changing her forms. She went on until she felt her limbs held fast and her arms stretched in opposite directions. Then at last she groaned and said, "Not without a god's help do you win," and showed herself as Thetis. Once she had yielded, the hero embraced her, had what he had prayed for, and made her pregnant with mighty Achilles.

PELEUS AND CEYX

Peleus, exiled for killing his brother, takes refuge with Ceyx, king of Trachis.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.266	Felix et nato, felix et coniuge Peleus et cui, si demas iugulati crimina Phoci, omnia contigerant. Fraterno sanguine sontem expulsumque domo patria Trachinia tellus accipit. Hic regnum sine vi, sine caede regebat Lucifero genitore satus patriumque nitorem	Happy in his son, happy in his wife was Peleus, a man to whom everything had been granted, if you leave out the crime of murdering Phocus. Guilty of his brother's blood and driven from his father's house, he was taken in by the land of Trachis. Ceyx ruled the kingdom here without force and without bloodshed. He was the son of the Morning

11 The Carpathian prophet is Proteus, named after the Carpathian Sea between Crete and Rhodes.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ore ferens Ceyx, illo qui tempore maestus dissimilisque sui fratrem lugebat ademptum.	Star and bore his father's brightness in his face, but at that time, sorrowful and unlike himself, he was mourning the brother he had lost.[12]
11.274	Quo postquam Aeacides fessus curaque viaque venit et intravit paucis comitantibus urbem, quosque greges pecorum, quae secum armenta trahebat, haud procul a muris sub opaca valle reliquit, copia cum facta est adeundi prima tyranni, velamenta manu praetendens supplice, qui sit se quoque satus, memorat, tantum sua crimina celat mentiturque fugae causam: petit, urbe vel agro se iuvet. Hunc contra placido Trachinius ore talibus adloquitur: "Mediae quoque commoda plebi nostra patent, Peleu, nec inhospita regna tenemus. Adicis huic animo momento potentia, clarum nomen avumque Iovem. Ne tempora perde precando! Quod petis, omne feres tuaque haec pro parte vocato, qualiacumque vides! Utinam meliora videres!" Et flebat: moveat tantos quae causa dolores, Peleusque comitesque rogant. Quibus ille profatur:	The son of Aeacus arrived there, worn out by worry and travel, and entered the city with a few companions. The flocks of sheep and herds of cattle he had brought with him he left in a shady valley not far from the walls. As soon as he had his first chance to approach the ruler, he held out wool-wreathed branches in a suppliant's hand and told him who he was and whose son. He concealed only his crime, and lied about the reason for his flight. He asked for help, either a city or land. The Trachinian answered him with a gentle face in these words: "Our bounty is open even to ordinary people, Peleus, and the kingdom I rule is not inhospitable. To this disposition you add powerful claims: a famous name, and Jupiter for a grandfather. Do not waste time pleading! Everything you ask you will have. Call all this partly your own, whatever you see! If only you saw something better!" And he wept. Peleus and his companions asked what cause stirred such grief. He spoke to them:

DAEDALION

Ceyx tells how his brother Daedalion, grieving for his daughter Chione, became a hawk.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.291	"Forsitan hanc volucrem, rapto quae vivit et omnes terret aves, semper pennas habuisse putetis: acer erat belloque ferox ad vimque paratus, nomine Daedalion. Illo genitore creatis, qui vocat auroram caeloque novissimus exit, (cura mihi pax est) pacis mihi cura tenendae coniugiique fuit, fratri fera bella placebant: illius virtus reges gentesque subegit, quae nunc Thisbaeas agitat mutata columbas. Nata erat huic Chione. Quae dotatissima forma mille procos habuit, bis septem nubilis annis. Forte revertentes Phoebus Maiaque creatus, ille suis Delphis, hic vertice Cylleneo, videre hanc pariter, pariter traxere calorem.	"Perhaps you think that this bird, which lives by plunder and terrifies every bird, always had feathers. He was spirited, fierce in war and ready for violence, and his name was Daedalion. We were both sons of the one who summons the dawn and is the last to leave the sky. Peace is what I care for, and my care was for keeping the peace and for my marriage; my brother delighted in savage wars. His courage subdued kings and nations, and now, changed, it harries the doves of Thisbe. He had a daughter, Chione. She was richly endowed with beauty, and at twice seven years, when she was ready to marry, she had a thousand suitors. By chance Phoebus and Maia's son were returning, the one from his Delphi, the other from the summit of Cyllene. They saw her at the same moment, and at the same moment caught fire.[13]

12 Phocus was Peleus' half-brother, son of Aeacus by the sea-nymph Psamathe.
13 Thisbe was a town in Boeotia famous for its doves.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.306	Spem veneris differt in tempora noctis Apollo, non fert ille moras virgaque movente soporem virginis os tangit: tactu iacet illa potenti vimque dei patitur. Nox caelum sparserat astris: Phoebus anum simulat praereptaque gaudia sumit. Ut sua maturus complevit tempora venter, alipedis de stirpe dei versuta propago nascitur, Autolycus, furtum ingeniosus ad omne, candida de nigris et de candentibus atra qui facere adsuerat, patriae non degener artis; nascitur e Phoebo (namque est enixa gemellos) carmine vocali clarus citharaque Philammon.	Apollo put off his hope of love until nighttime. The other would not bear delay and touched the girl's face with his sleep-inducing wand. At that potent touch she lay still and was raped by the god. Night had sprinkled the sky with stars. Then Phoebus took the shape of an old woman and seized the pleasure another had snatched before him. When her ripening womb had completed its time, a crafty offspring of the wing-footed god was born: Autolycus, ingenious at every kind of theft, who could make white out of black and black out of white, a true heir to his father's art. From Phoebus was born (for she bore twins) Philammon, famous for his tuneful song and his lyre.[14]
11.318	Quid peperisse duos et dis placuisse duobus et forti genitore et progenitore Tonanti esse satam prodest? An obest quoque gloria? multis Offuit, huic certe! Quae se praeferre Dianae sustinuit faciemque deae culpavit. At illi ira ferox mota est "factis" que "placebimus" inquit. Nec mora, curvavit cornu nervoque sagittam impulit et meritam traiecit harundine linguam. Lingua tacet, nec vox temptataque verba sequuntur, conantemque loqui cum sanguine vita reliquit. Quo miser amplexus ego tum patriumque dolorem corde tuli fratrique pio solacia dixi! Quae pater haud aliter quam cautes murmura ponti accipit et natam delamentatur ademptam.	What good did it do her to have borne two sons, to have pleased two gods, to be the daughter of a brave father and descended from the Thunderer? Or is glory a harm as well? It has harmed many, and certainly her! She dared to set herself above Diana and found fault with the goddess's beauty. But the goddess was stirred to fierce anger and said, 'My deeds, then, will win your approval.' Without delay she bent her bow, sent an arrow from the string, and pierced with its shaft the tongue that had earned it. The tongue fell silent; neither voice nor the words she tried to say followed, and as she struggled to speak, life left her with her blood. How wretched I was as I held her then, feeling a father's grief in my heart and speaking words of comfort to my loving brother! Her father took them in no differently than a cliff takes the murmurs of the sea, and he kept lamenting the daughter taken from him.
11.332	Ut vero ardentem vidit, quater impetus illi in medios fuit ire rogos; quater inde repulsus concita membra fugae mandat similisque iuvenco spicula crabronum pressa cervice gerenti, qua via nulla, ruit. Iam tum mihi currere visus plus homine est, alasque pedes sumpsisse putares. Effugit ergo omnes veloxque cupidine leti vertice Parnasi potitur. Miseratus Apollo, cum se Daedalion saxo misisset ab alto, fecit avem et subitis pendentem sustulit alis oraque adunca dedit, curvos dedit unguibus hamos, virtutem antiquam, maiores corpore vires.	When he saw her burning, four times he tried to rush into the middle of the pyre, and four times he was driven back. Then he turned his frantic limbs to flight, and, like a young bull with hornets' stings driven into its neck, he charged where there was no path. Even then he seemed to me to run faster than a man, and you would have thought his feet had grown wings. So he escaped us all and, swift with the desire for death, reached the summit of Parnassus. Apollo took pity on him. When Daedalion threw himself from a high rock, the god made him a bird and lifted him on sudden wings as he hung in the air. He gave him a hooked beak,

14 Autolycus, a master thief like his father Mercury, was the grandfather of Ulysses.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Et nunc accipiter, nulli satis aequus, in omnes saevit aves aliisque dolens fit causa dolendi."	gave him curved hooks for nails, his old courage, and strength greater than his body. And now, as a hawk, kind to no one, he rages against all birds and, grieving himself, becomes a cause of grief to others."

THE WOLF

A wolf sent by Psamathe ravages Peleus' cattle until it is turned to marble.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.346	Quae dum Lucifero genitus miracula narrat de consorte suo, cursu festinus anhelo advolat armenti custos Phoceus Onetor et "Peleu, Peleu! magnae tibi nuntius adsum cladis" ait. Quodcumque ferat, iubet edere Peleus, pendet et ipse metu trepidi Trachinius oris. Ille refert: "Fessos ad litora curva iuvencos adpuleram, medio cum Sol altissimus orbe tantum respiceret, quantum superesse videret; parsque boum fulvis genua inclinarat harenis latarumque iacens campos spectabat aquarum, pars gradibus tardis illuc errabat et illuc, nant alii celsoque exstant super aequora collo. Templa mari subsunt nec marmore clara neque auro, sed trabibus densis lucoque umbrosa vetusto. Nereides Nereusque tenent: hos navita ponti edidit esse deos, dum retia litore siccat.	While the son of the Morning Star was telling these wonders about his brother, Onetor the Phocian, the herdsman of the cattle, came running up in a hurry, panting. "Peleus, Peleus!" he cried. "I come to you with news of a great disaster." Peleus told him to say whatever it was, and the Trachinian himself hung in fear on the man's trembling lips. He told them: "I had driven the weary bullocks down to the curving shore at the hour when the Sun, at his highest in the middle of his circuit, could look back on as much of his course as he saw still remaining. Some of the cattle had bent their knees on the yellow sand and lay gazing out over the plains of the wide water. Some wandered here and there with slow steps, and others were swimming, their necks held high above the waves. Near the sea stands a temple, not bright with marble or gold, but shaded by dense timbers and an ancient grove. The Nereids and Nereus own it: a sailor drying his nets on the shore told us they were its gods.
11.363	Iuncta palus huic est, densis obsessa salictis, quam restagnantis fecit maris unda paludem. Inde fragore gravi strepitus loca proxima terret belua vasta, lupus! Udisque paludibus exit, oblitus et spumis et sparsus sanguine rictus, fulmineus, rubra suffusus lumina flamma. Qui quamquam saevit pariter rabieque fameque, acrior est rabie: neque enim ieiunia curat caede boum diramque famem finire, sed omne vulnerat armentum sternitque hostiliter omne. Pars quoque de nobis funesto saucia morsu, dum defensamus, leto est data. Sanguine litus undaque prima rubet demugitaeque paludes. — Sed mora damnosa est, nec res dubitare remittit: dum superest aliquid, cuncti coeamus et arma, arma capessamus coniunctaque tela feramus!"	Next to it is a marsh, thick with willows, which the backwater of the sea has turned into a marsh. From there came a heavy crashing, and a huge beast terrified the places nearby with its din. It was a wolf! It came out of the wet marshes, its jaws smeared with foam and spattered with blood, swift as lightning, its eyes suffused with red flame. It raged with madness and hunger alike, but the madness was fiercer. It did not care to end its fast and its dreadful hunger by killing the cattle; it wounded the whole herd and laid the whole herd low, like an enemy. Some of us too were wounded by its deadly bite as we tried to defend them, and were killed. The shore and the edge of the water were red with blood, and the marshes rang with lowing—but delay is costly, and the situation leaves no room for hesitation. While something is

LATIN	ENGLISH
	still left, let us all gather and take up arms, arms, and bring our weapons together!"
11.379 Dixerat agrestis; nec Pelea damna movebant, sed, memor admissi, Nereida conligit orbam damna sua inferias exstincto mittere Phoco. Induere arma viros violentaque sumere tela rex iubet Oetaeus; cum quis simul ipse parabat ire, sed Alcyone coniunx excita tumultu prosilit et, nondum totos ornata capillos, disicit hos ipsos, colloque infusa mariti, mittat ut auxilium sine se, verbisque precatur et lacrimis, animasque duas ut servet in una. Aeacides illi: "Pulchros, regina, piosque pone metus! Plena est promissi gratia vestri. Non placet arma mihi contra nova monstra moveri: numen adorandum pelagi est." Erat ardua turris arce focus summa, fessis loca grata carinis.	The countryman had spoken. The losses did not move Peleus. Remembering what he had done, he realized that the bereaved Nereid was sending these losses of his as funeral offerings to the dead Phocus. The Oetaean king ordered his men to put on their armor and take up violent weapons, and he himself was preparing to go with them. But his wife Alcyone, roused by the commotion, rushed out with her hair not yet fully arranged, and she tore loose even what had been done. Throwing her arms around her husband's neck, she begged him with words and tears to send help without going himself, and so to save two lives in one. The son of Aeacus said to her: "Put aside your fine and loving fears, my queen! Your offer has earned my full gratitude. I do not want arms taken up against these strange monsters: the divine power of the sea must be worshiped." There was a lofty tower with a beacon fire at the top of the citadel, a place welcome to weary ships.[15]
11.394 Adscendunt illuc stratosque in litore tauros cum gemitu adspiciunt vastatoremque cruento ore ferum, longos infectum sanguine villos. Inde manus tendens in aperti litora ponti caeruleam Peleus Psamathen, ut finiat iram, orat, opemque ferat; nec vocibus illa rogantis flectitur Aeacidae: Thetis hanc pro coniuge supplex accepit veniam. Sed enim revocatus ab acri caede lupus perstat, dulcedine sanguinis asper, donec inhaerentem lacerae cervice iuvencae marmore mutavit. Corpus praeterque colorem omnia servavit: lapidis color indicat illum iam non esse lupum, iam non debere timeri. Nec tamen hac profugum consistere Pelea terra fata sinunt: Magnetas adit vagus exul et illic sumit ab Haemonio purgamina caedis Acasto.	They climbed up there and, groaning, saw the bulls strewn on the shore and the ravager with his bloody jaws, his long shaggy coat stained with blood. Then Peleus stretched out his hands toward the shores of the open sea and prayed to sea-blue Psamathe to end her anger and bring help. But the pleas of the son of Aeacus did not sway her; it was Thetis, begging on her husband's behalf, who won his pardon. Even when called off from its fierce slaughter, the wolf kept on, savage with the sweetness of blood, until, as it clung to the neck of a mangled heifer, she changed it into marble. The body kept everything but its color, and the color of the stone shows that it is no longer a wolf and need no longer be feared. Yet the Fates did not let the fugitive Peleus settle in this land. A wandering exile, he went to the Magnesians and there received purification for the killing from Haemonian Acastus.[16]

15 The bereaved Nereid is Psamathe, mother of Phocus. Oeta is a mountain near Trachis.
16 Acastus was king of Iolcus in Magnesia, a region of Haemonia (Thessaly).

CEYX AND ALCYONE

Ceyx sets sail against Alcyone's pleas and drowns in a storm.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.410	Interea fratrisque sui fratremque secutis anxia prodigiis turbatus pectora Ceyx, consulat ut sacras, hominum oblectamina, sortes, ad Clarium parat ire deum; nam templa profanus invia cum Phlegyis faciebat Delphica Phorbas. Consilii tamen ante sui, fidissima, certam te facit, Alcyone; cui protinus intima frigus ossa receperunt, buxoque simillimus ora pallor obit, lacrimisque genae maduere profusis. Ter conata loqui ter fletibus ora rigavit, singultuque pias interrumpente querellas "quae mea culpa tuam," dixit "carissime, mentem vertit? Ubi est quae cura mei prior esse solebat? Iam potes Alcyone securus abesse relicta?	Meanwhile Ceyx was troubled at heart by his brother's fate and by the portents that had followed it. He prepared to go to the Clarian god to consult the sacred oracles, which bring comfort to mankind, for the impious Phorbas and his Phlegyans had made the temple at Delphi impossible to reach. But first he told you his plan, Alcyone, most faithful wife. At once a chill went deep into her bones, a pallor very like boxwood spread over her face, and her cheeks were wet with streaming tears. Three times she tried to speak, and three times she wet her face with weeping. Then, with sobs breaking into her loving complaints, she said, "What fault of mine, dearest, has changed your mind? Where is the care for me that used to come first? Can you now go away untroubled and leave Alcyone behind?[17]
11.424	Iam via longa placet? Iam sum tibi carior absens? At, puto, per terras iter est, tantumque dolebo, non etiam metuam, curaeque timore carebunt. Aequora me terrent et ponti tristis imago: et laceras nuper tabulas in litore vidi, et saepe in tumulis sine corpore nomina legi. Neve tuum fallax animum fiducia tangat, quod socer Hippotades tibi sit, qui carcere fortes contineat ventos et, cum velit, aequora placet! Cum semel emissi tenuerunt aequora venti, nil illis vetitum est, incommendataque tellus omnis et omne fretum est. Caeli quoque nubila vexant excutiuntque feri rutilos concursibus ignes.	Is a long journey what you want now? Am I dearer to you now when you are away? But, I suppose, your road lies over land, and I shall only grieve, not fear as well, and my worries will be free of terror. It is the sea that frightens me, and the grim face of the deep. Only lately I saw broken planks on the shore, and I have often read names on tombs that hold no bodies. And do not let false confidence touch your mind because your father-in-law is the son of Hippotes, who keeps the mighty winds in prison and calms the seas when he wishes! Once the winds have been let loose and have taken hold of the sea, nothing is forbidden them, and every land and every sea is left without protection. They harass even the clouds of the sky, and in their savage collisions they strike out red flashes of fire.[18]
11.437	Quo magis hos novi (nam novi et saepe paterna parva domo vidi), magis hos reor esse timendos. Quod tua si flecti precibus sententia nullis, care, potest, coniunx, nimiumque es certus eundi, me quoque tolle simul. Certe iactabimur una, nec nisi quae patiar, metuam: pariterque feremus, quidquid erit, pariter super aequora lata feremur."	The better I know them, the more I think they are to be feared, and I do know them, for as a little girl I often saw them in my father's house. But if no prayers can bend your purpose, dear husband, and you are too set on going, take me with you too. At least we shall be tossed about together, and I shall fear nothing but what I actually suffer. To-

17 The Clarian god is Apollo, whose oracle stood at Claros in Asia Minor. Phorbas led the Phlegyans, a lawless people who attacked Delphi.

18 The son of Hippotes is Aeolus, keeper of the winds and Alcyone's father.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Talibus Aeolidis dictis lacrimisque movetur sidereus coniunx: neque enim minor ignis in ipso est. Sed neque propositos pelagi dimittere cursus, nec vult Alcyonen in partem adhibere pericli, multaque respondit timidum solantia pectus.	gether we shall bear whatever comes; together we shall be borne over the wide sea." Her starry husband was moved by these words and tears from Aeolus' daughter, for the fire in him burned no less. But he would neither give up the voyage he had planned nor let Alcyone share the danger, and he gave her many answers to soothe her fearful heart.[19]
11.449	Non tamen idcirco causam probat; addidit illis hoc quoque lenimen, quo solo flexit amantem: "Longa quidem est nobis omnis mora: sed tibi iuro per patrios ignes, si me modo fata remittant, ante reversurum, quam luna bis impleat orbem." His ubi promissis spes est admota recursus, protinus eductam navalibus aequore tingi armarique suis pinum iubet armamentis. Qua rursus visa, veluti praesaga futuri, horruit Alcyone lacrimasque emisit obortas amplexusque dedit, tristique miserrima tandem ore "vale" dixit conlapsaque corpore toto est.	Still, he did not win her over to his cause, so he added this further comfort, the only one that swayed her loving heart: "Any delay, it is true, seems long to us both. But I swear to you by my father's fires that, if only the fates let me return, I shall be back before the moon has twice filled her circle." When these promises had given her hope of his return, he at once ordered a pine ship to be drawn out of the dockyard, launched on the sea, and fitted with its gear. At the sight of it, as if she foresaw what was to come, Alcyone shuddered again and let her welling tears fall. She embraced him, and at last, in utter misery, with a sorrowful face, she said "Farewell," and her whole body collapsed.
11.461	Ast iuvenes, quaerente moras Ceyce, reducunt ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos aequalique ictu scindunt freta. Sustulit illa umentes oculos, stantemque in puppe relicta concussaque manu dantem sibi signa maritum prima videt redditque notas; ubi terra recessit longius atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus, dum licet, insequitur fugientem lumine pinum. Haec quoque ut haud poterat, spatio submota, videri, vela tamen spectat summo fluitantia malo; ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia lectum seque toro ponit; renovat lectusque locusque Alcyonae lacrimas et, quae pars, admonet, absit. Portibus exierant, et moverat aura rudentes: obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos cornuaque in summa locat arbore totaque malo carbasa deducit venientesque accipit auras.	While Ceyx was still looking for reasons to linger, the young men drew the oars back to their strong chests in double rows and cut the water with even strokes. She lifted her wet eyes, and, left behind, she was the first to see her husband standing on the high stern and waving his hand as a signal to her, and she returned his signs. When the land had drawn farther away and her eyes could no longer make out his face, she followed the departing ship with her gaze as long as she could. When the ship too, carried into the distance, could no longer be seen, she still watched the sails fluttering at the top of the mast. When she could not see even the sails, she went in anguish to her empty bed and lay down on it. The bed and the room renewed Alcyone's tears and reminded her which part of her was missing. They had left the harbor, and a breeze had stirred the rigging. The sailors turned the hanging oars in against the ship's sides, set the yards high on the mast, let all the canvas down from it, and caught the coming breezes.
11.478	Aut minus, aut certe medium non amplius aequor puppe secabatur, longeque erat utraque tellus, cum mare sub noctem tumidis albescere coepit	The ship had cut through less than half the sea, or certainly no more, and both shores were far away, when toward nightfall the sea began to whiten

19 Ceyx was the son of Lucifer, the Morning Star; hence "starry husband."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	fluctibus et praeceps spirare valentius eurus. "Ardua iamdudum demittite cornua" rector clamat "et antemnis totum subnectite velum." Hic iubet: impediunt adversae iussa procellae, nec sinit audiri vocem fragor aequoris ullam. Sponte tamen properant alii subducere remos, pars munire latus, pars ventis vela negare. Egerit hic fluctus aequorque refundit in aequor, hic rapit antemnas. Quae dum sine lege geruntur, aspera crescit hiems, omnique e parte feroces bella gerunt venti fretaque indignantia miscent.	with swelling waves and Eurus began to blow hard and headlong. "Lower the high yards at once," the helmsman shouted, "and furl the whole sail to the yardarms!" So he ordered, but the gales blowing against them hindered his orders, and the roar of the sea let no voice be heard. Still, of their own accord, some hurried to draw in the oars, some to shore up the sides, some to deny the sails to the winds. One bailed out the waves and poured sea back into sea, another seized the yards. While all this was done without order, the storm grew harsher, and from every side the fierce winds waged war and churned up the indignant waters.
11.492	Ipse pavet nec se, qui sit status, ipse fatetur scire ratis rector, nec, quid iubeatve velitve: tanta mali moles tantoque potentior arte est. Quippe sonant clamore viri, stridore rudentes, undarum incursu gravis unda, tonitribus aether. Fluctibus erigitur caelumque aequare videtur pontus et inductas adspergine tangere nubes; et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit harenas, concolor est illis, Stygia modo nigrior unda, sternitur interdum spumisque sonantibus albet. Ipsa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis, et nunc sublimis veluti de vertice montis despicere in valles imumque Acheronta videtur, nunc, ubi demissam curvum circumstetit aequor, suspicere inferno summum de gurgite caelum.	The helmsman himself was afraid, and he himself admitted that he did not know the state of the ship, or what to order or want, so great was the mass of the disaster and so much stronger than his skill. The men resounded with shouting, the rigging with creaking, the heavy sea with the onrush of waves, the sky with thunder. The sea heaved up in waves and seemed to reach the sky and touch the low clouds with its spray. At one moment, when it churned up tawny sand from the bottom, it took on the sand's color; at another it was blacker than the waters of the Styx; at times it lay flat and whitened with roaring foam. The Trachinian ship too was driven by these changes. Now, lifted high, it seemed to look down as if from a mountaintop into the valleys and to deepest Acheron; now, when it had sunk and the curving sea stood all around it, it seemed to look up from the bottom of an underworld abyss at the height of heaven.[20]
11.507	Saepe dat ingentem fluctu latus icta fragorem nec levius pulsata sonat, quam ferreus olim cum laceras aries ballistave concutit arces. Utque solent sumptis incursu viribus ire pectore in arma feri protentaque tela leones, sic ubi se ventis admiserat unda coortis, ibat in arma ratis multoque erat altior illis. Iamque labant cunei, spoliataque tegmine cerae rima patet praebetque viam letalibus undis. Ecce cadunt largi resolutis nubibus imbres, inque fretum credas totum descendere caelum, inque plagas caeli tumefactum adscendere pontum. Vela madent nimbis, et cum caelestibus undis aequoreae miscentur aquae; caret ignibus aether, caecaque nox premitur tenebris hiemisque suisque.	Often its side, struck by a wave, gave a huge crash and rang under the blows as loudly as a citadel does when an iron ram or a catapult batters its broken walls. And as fierce lions, gathering strength from their charge, often hurl their chests against weapons and leveled spears, so the wave, whenever it had given itself up to the rising winds, went against the ship's defenses and towered far above them. Now the wedges began to give way, and a seam, stripped of its covering of wax, gaped open and let in the deadly waters. Look! Heavy rains fell from the loosened clouds. You would think the whole sky was coming down into the sea, and the swollen sea climbing up into the re-

20 Acheron is a river of the underworld.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Discutiunt tamen has praebentque micantia lumen fulmina: fulmineis ardescunt ignibus ignes.	gions of the sky. The sails were drenched with downpours, and the waters of the sea mingled with the waters of heaven. The sky had lost its fires, and the blind night was weighed down by darkness, the storm's and its own. Yet flashing lightning broke through the darkness and gave light, and fires blazed up in the fires of the lightning.
11.524	Dat quoque iam saltus intra cava texta carinae fluctus; et ut miles, numero praestantior omni, cum saepe adsiluit defensae moenibus urbis, spe potitur tandem laudisque accensus amore inter mille viros murum tamen occupat unus, sic, ubi pulsarunt noviens latera ardua fluctus, vastius insurgens decimae ruit impetus undae; nec prius absistit fessam oppugnare carinam, quam velut in captae descendat moenia navis. Pars igitur temptabat adhuc invadere pinum, pars maris intus erat. Trepidant haud segnius omnes, quam solet urbs, aliis murum fodientibus extra atque aliis murum, trepidare, tenentibus intus.	Now the waves were even leaping into the hollow frame of the hull. A soldier who outshines all the rest, after many assaults on the walls of a defended city, at last achieves his hope, and, fired with love of glory, he alone among a thousand men seizes the wall. In the same way, when the waves had beaten nine times on the ship's high sides, the onslaught of the tenth wave rose more hugely than the rest and rushed in. It did not stop attacking the weary ship until it came down, as it were, over the walls of the captured vessel. So part of the sea was still trying to invade the ship, and part was already inside. All of them were in a panic, no less than a city panics when some of the enemy are digging under its wall outside and others already hold the wall within.
11.537	Deficit ars animique cadunt, totidemque videntur, quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque inrumpere mortes. Non tenet hic lacrimas, stupet hic, vocat ille beatos, funera quos maneant: hic votis numen adorat bracchiaque ad caelum, quod non videt, inrita tollens poscit opem, subeunt illi fraterque parensque, huic cum pignoribus domus et quodcumque relictum est. Alcyone Ceyca movet, Ceycis in ore nulla nisi Alcyone est; et cum desideret unam, gaudet abesse tamen. Patriae quoque vellet ad oras respicere inque domum supremos vertere vultus, verum ubi sit, nescit; tanta vertigine pontus fervet, et inducta piceis e nubibus umbra omne latet caelum, duplicataque noctis imago est.	Skill failed and courage sank. As many deaths seemed to rush and burst upon them as there were waves coming in. One could not hold back his tears, one was stunned, one called those blessed who had funerals awaiting them. One worshiped the god with vows and, raising his arms in vain to a sky he could not see, begged for help. One thought of his brother and his father, another of his home and children and whatever he had left behind. Alcyone was in Ceyx's mind; on Ceyx's lips there was no one but Alcyone, and though she was the only one he longed for, he was glad all the same that she was not there. He would have liked, too, to look back toward the shores of his homeland and turn his last gaze toward his home, but he did not know where it was. The sea was boiling in such a whirl, the whole sky was hidden by the shadow drawn across it from pitch-black clouds, and the face of night was doubled.
11.551	Frangitur incursu nimbosi turbinis arbor, frangitur et regimen, spoliisque animosa superstes unda, velut victrix, sinuataque despicit undas, nec levius, quam siquis Athon Pindumve revulsos sede sua totos in apertum everterit aequor,	The mast was broken by the onrush of a rain-laden whirlwind, and the rudder was broken too. Then a wave, proud and towering over its spoils like a victor, arched up and looked down on the other waves. With no less force than if someone had

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	praecipitata cadit pariterque et pondere et ictu mergit in ima ratem; cum qua pars magna virorum, gurgite pressa gravi neque in aera reddita, fato functa suo est: alii partes et membra carinae trunca tenent: tenet ipse manu, qua sceptra solebat, fragmina navigii Ceyx socerumque patremque invocat heu! frustra. Sed plurima nantis in ore Alcyone coniunx: illam meminitque refertque, illius ante oculos ut agant sua corpora fluctus, optat et exanimis manibus tumuletur amicis.	torn Athos or Pindus whole from their foundations and toppled them into the open sea, it plunged down and, with its weight and its blow together, sank the ship to the bottom. With it a large part of the crew, pressed down by the heavy flood and never given back to the air, met their fate. Others clung to pieces and broken limbs of the hull. Ceyx himself, with the hand that used to hold the scepter, held on to fragments of the ship and called on his father-in-law and his father, alas, in vain. But most of all, as he swam, his wife Alcyone was on his lips. He remembered her and repeated her name, and he prayed that the waves would carry his body before her eyes and that, once dead, he might be buried by loving hands.
11.566	Dum natat, absentem, quotiens sinit hiscere fluctus, nominat Alcyonen ipsisque inmurmurat undis. Ecce super medios fluctus niger arcus aquarum frangitur et rupta mersum caput obruit unda. Lucifer obscurus nec quem cognoscere posses illa luce fuit, quoniamque excedere caelo non licuit, densis texit sua nubibus ora. Aeolis interea tantorum ignara malorum dinumerat noctes, et iam, quas induat ille festinat vestes, iam quas, ubi venerit ille, ipsa gerat, reditusque sibi promittit inanes.	As he swam, as often as the waves let him open his mouth, he named the absent Alcyone and murmured her name into the very waves. Look! Over the middle of the waves a black arch of water broke, and the shattered wave buried his head beneath it. Lucifer was dim that dawn, so that you could not have recognized him, and since he was not allowed to leave the sky, he hid his face in thick clouds. Meanwhile Aeolus' daughter, knowing nothing of such great disasters, counted off the nights. She hurried to make ready the clothes he would wear, and now the ones she herself would wear when he came, and promised herself a return that would never come.
11.577	Omnibus illa quidem superis pia tura ferebat, ante tamen cunctos Iunonis templa colebat proque viro, qui nullus erat, veniebat ad aras utque foret sospes coniunx suus utque rediret, optabat, nullamque sibi praeferret; at illi hoc de tot votis poterat contingere solum. At dea non ultra pro functo morte rogari sustinet; utque manus funestas arceat aris, "Iri, meae" dixit "fidissima nuntia vocis, vise soporiferam Somni velociter aulam exstinctique iube Ceycis imagine mittat somnia ad Alcyonen veros narrantia casus." Dixerat: induitur velamina mille colorum Iris, et arcuato caelum curvamine signans tecta petit iussi sub nube latentia regis.	To all the gods above she brought devout offerings of incense, but above them all she honored the temple of Juno. She came to the altars for a husband who was no more, praying that her husband would be safe, that he would return, and that he would prefer no other woman to her. Of all those prayers, this last was the only one that could be granted. The goddess could not bear to be entreated any longer for one who was already dead. To keep hands touched by death away from her altars, she said, "Iris, most faithful messenger of my words, go quickly to the sleep-bringing hall of Sleep, and tell him to send dreams to Alcyone in the likeness of dead Ceyx, to tell her what truly happened." So she spoke. Iris put on her veil of a thousand colors and, marking the sky with her curving bow, made for the dwelling of the king she had been sent to, hidden beneath a cloud.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP

Iris visits Sleep's cave, and Morpheus appears to Alcyone as her drowned husband.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.592	Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu, mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni: quo numquam radiis oriens mediusve cadensve Phoebus adire potest. Nebulae caligine mixtae exhalantur humo dubiaeque crepuscula lucis. Non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris evocat auroram, nec voce silentia rumpunt sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser. Non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami humanaeve sonum reddunt convicia linguae: muta quies habitat; saxo tamen exit ab imo rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis. Ante fores antri fecunda papavera florent innumeraeque herbae, quarum de lacte soporem nox legit et spargit per opacas umida terras.	Near the Cimmerians there is a cave with a deep recess, a hollow mountain, the home and inner sanctum of lazy Sleep. Phoebus can never reach it with his rays, whether rising, at midday, or setting. Mists mixed with darkness rise from the ground, and the twilight of uncertain light. No wakeful bird with crested head calls forth the dawn there with its song. No watchful dogs break the silence with their voices, nor geese, keener than dogs. No wild beasts, no cattle, no branches stirred by the breeze, no clamor of human tongues give back a sound: mute rest dwells there. Yet from the bottom of the rock flows a stream of Lethe's water, and its current, gliding with a murmur over crackling pebbles, invites sleep. Before the doors of the cave fertile poppies bloom, and countless herbs, from whose milky juice dewy night gathers sleep and scatters it over the darkened lands.[21]
11.608	Ianua nec verso stridores cardine reddit: nulla domo tota, custos in limine nullus. At medio torus est ebeno sublimis in antro, plumeus, unicolor, pullo velamine tectus: quo cubat ipse deus membris languore solutis. Hunc circa passim varias imitantia formas somnia vana iacent totidem, quot messis aristas, silva gerit frondes, eiectas litus harenas. Quo simul intravit manibusque obstantia virgo somnia dimovit, vestis fulgore reluxit sacra domus, tardaque deus gravitate iacentes vix oculos tollens iterumque iterumque relabens summaque percutiens nutanti pectora mento, excussit tandem sibi se; cubitoque levatus, quid veniat (cognovit enim), scitatur. At illa:	No door creaks there on a turning hinge; there is no doorkeeper in the whole house, no guard on the threshold. But in the middle of the cave stands a high couch of ebony, soft with down, all of one color, covered with a dark coverlet, and on it lies the god himself, his limbs loosened in languor. All around him lie empty dreams that imitate every kind of shape, as many as the ears of grain at harvest, the leaves a forest bears, the grains of sand the shore casts up. As soon as the girl entered and brushed aside with her hands the dreams in her way, the sacred house shone with the brightness of her robe. The god, barely lifting his eyes heavy with sluggish weight, sinking back again and again, his nodding chin striking the top of his chest, at last shook himself free of himself. Raising himself on his elbow, he asked her why she had come, for he recognized her. And she said:
11.623	"Somne, quies rerum, placidissime, Somne, deorum, pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corpora duris fessa ministeriis mulces reparasque labori, somnia, quae veras aequent imitantia formas, Herculea Trachine iube sub imagine regis Alcyonen adeant simulacraque naufraga fingant.	"Sleep, rest of all things, Sleep, gentlest of the gods, peace of the mind, from whom care flees, who soothe bodies worn out by hard toil and restore them for their labor: command dreams that match true forms in their imitation to go to Alcy-

21 The Cimmerians were a legendary people said to live in perpetual mist and darkness at the edge of the world.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Imperat hoc Iuno." Postquam mandata peregit, Iris abit (neque enim ulterius tolerare soporis vim poterat), labique ut somnum sensit in artus, effugit et remeat per quos modo venerat arcus. At pater e populo natorum mille suorum excitat artificem simulatoremque figurae Morphea: non illic quisquam sollertius alter exprimit incessus vultumque sonumque loquendi.	one in Herculean Trachis in the likeness of the king, and to fashion the image of a shipwrecked man. Juno orders this." When she had delivered her message, Iris left, for she could no longer bear the force of sleep. When she felt drowsiness gliding into her limbs, she fled and went back along the bow by which she had just come. Then the father, from the crowd of his thousand sons, roused Morpheus, a craftsman and imitator of shapes. No one else there reproduces more skillfully a person's walk, face, and manner of speaking.[22]
11.637	Adicit et vestes et consuetissima cuique verba; sed hic solos homines imitatur, at alter fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens: hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phobetora vulgus nominat. Est etiam diversae tertius artis Phantasos: ille in humum saxumque undamque trabemque quaeque vacant anima, fallaciter omnia transit. Regibus hi ducibusque suos ostendere vultus nocte solent, populos alii plebemque pererrant. Praeterit hos senior cunctisque e fratribus unum Morphea, qui peragat Thaumantidos edita, Somnus eligit: et rursus molli languore solutus deposuitque caput stratoque recondidit alto.	He adds the clothing too, and the words each person uses most. But he imitates only human beings. Another becomes a beast, becomes a bird, becomes a long-bodied snake: the gods call him Icelos, the race of mortals Phobetor. There is also a third, with a different art, Phantasos. He passes deceptively into earth and rock and water and timber and everything that has no life. These show their faces by night to kings and generals; others roam among the peoples and the common folk. Old Sleep passed these by, and from all the brothers he chose Morpheus alone to carry out the instructions of Thaumas' daughter. Then, loosened once more in soft languor, he laid down his head and buried it deep in the bedding.[23]
11.650	Ille volat nullos strepitus facientibus alis per tenebras intraque morae breve tempus in urbem pervenit Haemoniam positisque e corpore pennis in faciem Ceycis abit sumptaque figura luridus, exanimi similis, sine vestibus ullis, coniugis ante torum miserae stetit: uda videtur barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis. Tum lecto incumbens, fletu super ora profuso, haec ait: "Agnoscis Ceyca, miserrima coniunx? An mea mutata est facies? Nunc respice! nosces inveniesque tuo pro coniuge coniugis umbram. Nil opis, Alcyone, nobis tua vota tulerunt: occidimus! Falso tibi me promittere noli!	On wings that made no sound Morpheus flew through the darkness, and in a short time he reached the Haemonian city. There he laid aside the wings from his body and took on the face of Ceyx. In that form, wan, like a dead man, without any clothing, he stood before the bed of the unhappy wife. The man's beard seemed wet, and water seemed to stream heavily from his soaking hair. Then, leaning over the bed, his face streaming with tears, he said: "Do you recognize Ceyx, most wretched wife? Or has my face been changed? Look at me! You will know me, and in place of your husband you will find your husband's ghost. Your prayers, Alcyone, have brought us no help. We have perished! Stop promising yourself my return; it is a false hope!
11.663	Nubilus Aegaeo deprendit in aequore navem auster et ingenti iactatam flamine solvit,	The cloudy south wind caught our ship on the Aegean Sea, tossed it with its huge blasts, and broke it apart, and the waves filled my mouth as it called

22 Trachis, Ceyx's city, was where Hercules had lived for a time.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	oraque nostra, tuum frustra clamantia nomen, implerunt fluctus. Non haec tibi nuntiat auctor ambiguus, non ista vagis rumoribus audis: ipse ego fata tibi praesens mea naufragus edo. Surge, age, da lacrimas lugubriaque indue nec me indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte." Adicit his vocem Morpheus, quam coniugis illa crederet esse sui: fletus quoque fundere veros visus erat, gestumque manus Ceycis habebat. Ingemit Alcyone, lacrimas movet atque lacertos per somnum, corpusque petens amplectitur auras exclamatque "mane! quo te rapis? ibimus una!"	your name in vain. It is no uncertain messenger who brings you this news; you are not hearing it from wandering rumors. I myself, shipwrecked, present before you, tell you my fate. Get up, then, weep for me, put on mourning, and do not send me unlamented to empty Tartarus." To these words Morpheus added a voice she would believe was her husband's. He seemed also to be shedding real tears, and his hands had Ceyx's gestures. Alcyone groaned; her tears flowed and her arms moved in her sleep. Reaching for his body, she embraced the air, and cried out, "Wait! Where are you rushing off to? We will go together!"
11.677	Voce sua specieque viri turbata soporem excutit et primo, si sit, circumspicit, illic, qui modo visus erat: nam moti voce ministri intulerant lumen. Postquam non invenit usquam, percutit ora manu laniatque a pectore vestes pectoraque ipsa ferit, nec crines solvere curat: scindit et altrici, quae luctus causa, roganti "nulla est Alcyone, nulla est!" ait. "Occidit una cum Ceyce suo! Solantia tollite verba! Naufragus interiit! Vidi agnovique manusque ad discedentem cupiens retinere, tetendi. Umbra fuit, — sed et umbra tamen manifesta virique vera mei! Non ille quidem, si quaeris, habebat adsuetos vultus, nec quo prius, ore nitebat: pallentem nudumque et adhuc umente capillo infelix vidi. Stetit hoc miserabilis ipse ecce loco!" (et quaerit, vestigia siqua supersint)	Startled by her own voice and by the vision of her husband, she shook off sleep. First she looked around to see whether he was there, the one she had just seen, for the servants, roused by her voice, had brought in a light. When she could not find him anywhere, she struck her face with her hand, tore her clothes from her breast, and beat her breast itself. She did not bother to loosen her hair but tore it, and when her nurse asked the reason for her grief, she said, "Alcyone is no more, no more! She has died together with her Ceyx! Away with your words of comfort! He was shipwrecked and is dead! I saw him and I knew him, and as he went away I stretched out my hands to him, longing to hold him back. It was a ghost, but even so a ghost clearly seen, and truly my husband's! He did not, if you ask, have his usual looks, nor was his face as radiant as before. I saw him pale and naked, his hair still wet, wretched woman that I am. Look, here, in this very spot, he stood, pitiful!" And she searched for any footprints that might remain.
11.694	"Hoc erat, hoc, animo quod divinante timebam, et ne me fugeres, ventos sequerere, rogabam. At certe vellem, quoniam periturus abibas, me quoque duxisses! Multum fuit utile tecum ire mihi: neque enim de vitae tempore quicquam non simul egissem, nec mors discreta fuisset. Nunc absens perii, iactor quoque fluctibus absens, et sine me me pontus habet. Crudelior ipso sit mihi mens pelago, si vitam ducere nitar longius et tanto pugnem superesse dolori. Sed neque pugnabo, nec te, miserande, relinquam	"This was it, this was what my prophetic heart feared, and I begged you not to leave me and follow the winds. But at least, since you were going away to die, I wish you had taken me with you too! It would have been far better for me to go with you, for then I would have spent no part of my life apart from you, nor would our deaths have been divided. Now I have died far away from you; far away, I too am tossed on the waves, and without me the sea holds me. My mind would be crueler than the sea itself if I tried to drag out my life any

23 Morpheus' name recalls Greek morphē, "form"; Icelos means "Like," Phobetor "Terrifier," and Phantasos suggests "apparition." Thaumas' daughter is Iris.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et tibi nunc saltem veniam comes, inque sepulcro si non urna, tamen iunget nos littera: si non ossibus ossa meis, at nomen nomine tangam."	longer and struggled to outlive so great a grief. But I will not struggle, nor will I abandon you, my poor husband. Now at least I will come as your companion, and in the tomb, if not an urn, then at least an inscription will join us. If I cannot touch your bones with my bones, I shall touch your name with my name."
11.708	Plura dolor prohibet, verboque intervenit omni plangor, et attonito gemitus a corde trahuntur. Mane erat, egreditur tectis ad litus et illum maesta locum repetit, de quo spectarat euntem. Dumque moratur ibi, dumque "hic retinacula solvit, hoc mihi discedens dedit oscula litore" dicit, prospicit: in liquida, spatio distante, tuetur nescio quid quasi corpus, aqua. Primoque, quid illud esset, erat dubium; postquam paulum appulit unda, et, quamvis aberat, corpus tamen esse liquebat, qui foret, ignorans, quia naufragus, omine mota est et, tamquam ignoto lacrimam daret, "heu! miser" inquit	Grief kept her from saying more; wailing broke in on every word, and groans were drawn from her stunned heart. It was morning. She went out of the house to the shore and sadly returned to the place from which she had watched him leave. While she lingered there, saying, "Here he cast off the moorings; on this shore he kissed me as he left," she looked out to sea. Far off on the water she saw something, she could not tell what, like a body. At first it was unclear what it was. After the waves had carried it in a little, though it was still far away, it was clear that it was a body. Not knowing who it was, she was moved by the omen, because it was a shipwrecked man, and as though she were shedding a tear for a stranger, she said, "Ah, poor man,"
11.721	"quisquis es, et siqua est coniunx tibi !" Fluctibus actum fit propius corpus; quod quo magis illa tuetur, hoc minus et minus est mentis sua, iamque propinquae admotum terrae, iam quod cognoscere posset, cernit: erat coniunx. "Ille est!" exclamat et una ora, comas, vestem lacerat tendensque trementes ad Ceyca manus "sic, o carissime coniunx, sic ad me, miserande, redis?" ait. Adiacet undis facta manu moles, quae primas aequoris undas frangit et incursus quae praedelassat aquarum. Insilit huc, mirumque fuit potuisse: volabat percutiensque levem modo natis aera pennis stringebat summas ales miserabilis undas. Dumque volat, maesto similem plenumque querellae ora dedere sonum tenui crepitantia rostro.	"whoever you are, and poor wife of yours, if you have one!" Driven by the waves, the body came closer, and the more she looked at it, the less and less she was in her right mind. Now it had been brought close to land, and now she saw what she could recognize: it was her husband. "It is he!" she cried, and at once she tore her face, her hair, her clothes, and stretching out her trembling hands to Ceyx, she said, "Is this how, dearest husband, is this how you come back to me, my poor love?" Next to the water there is a breakwater built by hand, which breaks the first waves of the sea and wears out the onrush of the waters before they reach the shore. She leaped onto it, and it was a marvel that she could. She was flying, and beating the light air with newly grown wings, a pitiful bird, she skimmed the surface of the waves. As she flew, her mouth, chattering with a slender beak, gave out a sound like one of mourning and full of lament.
11.736	Ut vero tetigit mutum et sine sanguine corpus, dilectos artus amplexa recentibus alis frigida nequiquam duro dedit oscula rostro. Senserit hoc Ceyx, an vultum motibus undae tollere sit visus, populus dubitabat: at ille	But when she touched the mute and bloodless body, she embraced the beloved limbs with her new wings and gave him cold kisses, in vain, with her hard beak. Whether Ceyx felt this, or only seemed to lift his face with the movement of the

LATIN	ENGLISH
senserat, et tandem superis miserantibus, ambo alite mutantur. Fatis obnoxius isdem tunc quoque mansit amor, nec coniugiale solutum est foedus in alitibus: coeunt fiuntque parentes, perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem incubat Alcyone pendentibus aequore nidis. Tunc iacet unda maris: ventos custodit et arcet Aeolus egressu praestatque nepotibus aequor.	waves, the people could not tell. But he had felt it, and at last, through the pity of the gods, both were changed into birds. Their love, subject to the same fate, remained even then, and their marriage bond was not dissolved when they became birds. They mate and become parents, and for seven calm days in the winter season Alcyone broods on her nest as it floats on the sea. Then the sea's waves lie still: Aeolus guards the winds, keeps them from going out, and offers his grandchildren a calm sea.[24]

AESACUS

An old man tells how Priam's son Aesacus, mourning Hesperie, became a diving bird.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.749 Hos aliquis senior iunctim freta lata volantes spectat et ad finem servatos laudat amores; proximus, aut idem, si fors tulit, "hic quoque," dixit "quem mare carpentem substrictaque crura gerentem adspicis" (ostendens spatiosum in guttura mergum), "regia progenies: sunt si descendere ad ipsum ordine perpetuo quaeris, sunt huius origo Ilus et Assaracus raptusque Iovi Ganymedes Laomedonque senex Priamusque novissima Troiae tempora sortitus. Frater fuit Hectoris iste: qui nisi sensisset prima nova fata iuventa, forsitan inferius non Hectore nomen haberet, quamvis est illum proles enixa Dymantis, Aesacon umbrosa furtim peperisse sub Ida fertur Alexirhoe, Granico nata bicorni.	Some old man watched them flying together over the wide waters and praised their love, kept to the end. The man next to him, or perhaps the same one, as chance had it, said, "This one too, whom you see skimming the sea with his legs drawn up," and he pointed to a long-throated diver, "is of royal descent. If you want to trace his line down to him in unbroken order, his ancestors are Ilus and Assaracus and Ganymede, carried off for Jupiter, and old Laomedon and Priam, whose lot was the last days of Troy. That bird was Hector's brother. If he had not met his strange fate in early youth, he might perhaps have had a name no lesser than Hector's, even though Hector was born to the daughter of Dymas, while Aesacus, it is said, was born in secret under shady Ida to Alexirhoe, daughter of two-horned Granicus.[25]
11.764 Oderat hic urbes nitidaque remotus ab aula secretos montes et inambitiosa colebat rura nec Iliacos coetus nisi rarus adibat. Non agreste tamen nec inexpugnabile amori pectus habens silvas captatam saepe per omnes adspicit Hesperien patria Cebrenida ripa iniectos umeris siccantem sole capillos. Visa fugit nymphe, veluti perterrita fulvum cerva lupum longeque lacu deprensa relicto accipitrem fluvialis anas; quam Troius heros insequitur celeremque metu celer urget amore: ecce latens herba coluber fugientis adunco dente pedem strinxit virusque in corpore liquit;	Aesacus hated cities. Far from the glittering palace, he haunted the lonely mountains and the unambitious countryside, and rarely went to gatherings at Ilium. Yet his heart was not rustic or proof against love. He had often pursued Hesperie, Cebren's daughter, through all the woods, and now he saw her on her father's bank, drying in the sun the hair spread over her shoulders. Seen, the nymph fled, like a deer terrified by a tawny wolf, or a river duck caught far from the pool it has left by a hawk. The Trojan hero chased her, and swift with love he pressed her, swift with fear. Look! A snake hidden in the grass grazed the foot of the

24 Alcyone became the kingfisher (Greek halcyon); these seven calm winter days are the "halcyon days."
25 The daughter of Dymas is Hecuba, Priam's queen. Granicus is a river god, pictured with horns like other rivers.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	cum vita suppressa fuga est: amplectitur amens exanimem clamatque "piget, piget esse secutum! Sed non hoc timui, neque erat mihi vincere tanti.	fleeing girl with its curved fang and left its venom in her body; her flight ended together with her life. Out of his mind, he embraced her lifeless body and cried, 'I regret it, I regret that I chased you! But I did not fear this, and winning was not worth such a price to me.
11.780	Perdidimus miseram nos te duo: vulnus ab angue, a me causa data est. Ego sum sceleratior illo, qui tibi morte mea mortis solacia mittam." Dixit et e scopulo, quem rauca subederat unda, decidit in pontum. Tethys miserata cadentem molliter excepit nantemque per aequora pennis texit, et optatae non est data copia mortis. Indignatur amans invitum vivere cogi obstarique animae misera de sede volenti exire. Utque novas umeris adsumpserat alas, subvolat atque iterum corpus super aequora mittit. Pluma levat casus: furit Aesacos inque profundum pronus abit letique viam sine fine retemptat. Fecit amor maciem: longa internodia crurum, longa manet cervix, caput est a corpore longe; aequor amat nomenque manet, quia mergitur, illi."	We two have destroyed you, poor girl: the snake gave the wound, I gave the cause. I am guiltier than the snake, and I shall send you my death as consolation for yours.' He spoke, and from a cliff that the hoarse waves had eaten away beneath, he plunged into the sea. Tethys, pitying him as he fell, caught him gently, covered him with feathers as he swam through the water, and he was not granted the death he longed for. The lover was indignant at being forced to live against his will, and that his soul should be prevented from leaving its wretched home when it wished to go. As soon as he had taken new wings on his shoulders, he flew up and again hurled his body down on the sea. His feathers softened the fall. Aesacus raged, dove headfirst into the depths, and tried the road to death again and again, without end. Love made him lean: the joints of his legs are long, his neck remains long, his head is far from his body. He loves the sea, and he keeps the name of diver because he dives."[26]

26 Tethys is a sea goddess, wife of Ocean.

Book 12

The Trojan War

The Greeks at Aulis; the House of Rumor; Cycnus; Nestor tells of Caeneus and the Centaurs; Achilles dies.

THE GREEKS AT AULIS

The Greek fleet gathers at Aulis, and Iphigenia is offered to Diana.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.1	Nescius adsumptis Priamus pater Aesacon alis vivere lugebat, tumulo quoque nomen habenti inferias dederat cum fratribus Hector inani. Defuit officio Paridis praesentia tristi, postmodo qui rapta longum cum coniuge bellum attulit in patriam; coniurataeque sequuntur mille rates gentisque simul commune Pelasgae. Nec dilata foret vindicta, nisi aequora saevi invia fecissent venti Boeotaque tellus Aulide piscosa puppes tenuisset ituras. Hic patrio de more Iovi cum sacra parassent, ut vetus accensis incanduit ignibus ara, serpere caeruleum Danai videre draconem in platanum, coeptis quae stabat proxima sacris.	Father Priam, not knowing that Aesacus had taken on wings and was alive, mourned him; Hector and his brothers had even offered funeral rites at an empty tomb that bore his name. Only Paris was absent from that sad duty—Paris, who soon afterward brought a long war upon his country along with the wife he had stolen. After him came a thousand ships, sworn together, and with them the united force of the whole Pelasgian nation. Vengeance would not have been delayed, had savage winds not made the seas impassable, and had the land of Boeotia not held the ships ready to sail at Aulis, rich in fish. Here, when they had prepared a sacrifice to Jupiter in their fathers' fashion, and the ancient altar glowed with kindled fires, the Danaans saw a sea-blue serpent crawl up into a plane tree that stood right beside the rites they had begun.[1]
12.15	Nidus erat volucrum bis quattuor arbore summa: quas simul et matrem circum sua damna volantem corripuit serpens avidoque recondidit ore. Obstipuere omnes. At veri providus augur Thestorides "vincemus" ait, "gaudete, Pelasgi! Troia cadet, sed erit nostri mora longa laboris," atque novem volucres in belli digerit annos. Ille, ut erat virides amplexus in arbore ramos, fit lapis et servat serpentis imagine saxum. Permanet Aoniis Nereus violentus in undis bellaque non transfert; et sunt qui parcere Troiae Neptunum credant, quia moenia fecerat urbi.	At the top of the tree was a nest of twice four birds. The serpent seized them, together with their mother as she flew around her lost brood, and buried them in its greedy mouth. Everyone was astounded. But the augur, the son of Thestor, who foresaw the truth, said: "We will win—rejoice, Pelasgians! Troy will fall, but our labor will be long drawn out." And he read the nine birds as the years of the war. The serpent, coiled just as it was around the green branches of the tree, turned to stone, and the rock kept the serpent's likeness. But Nereus stayed violent in the Aonian waters and would not carry the war across; and there are those who believe that Neptune was sparing Troy, because he had built the city's walls.[2]

1 Paris carried off Helen, wife of Menelaus of Sparta, and so caused the Trojan War. Aulis, on the coast of Boeotia, was where the Greek fleet gathered.

2 The son of Thestor is Calchas, the Greeks' seer.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.27	At non Thestorides: nec enim nescitve tacetve sanguine virgineo placandam virginis iram esse deae. Postquam pietatem publica causa rexque patrem vicit castumque datura cruorem flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris, victa dea est nubemque oculis obiecit et inter officium turbamque sacri vocesque precantum supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida cerva. Ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita est caede Diana, et pariter Phoebes, pariter maris ira recessit, accipiunt ventos a tergo mille carinae multaque perpessae Phrygia potiuntur harena.	But the son of Thestor did not think so: he knew, and did not keep silent, that the anger of the virgin goddess had to be appeased with a virgin's blood. When the public cause had overcome devotion, and the king had overcome the father, and Iphigenia stood before the altar, ready to give her chaste blood, while the attendants wept, the goddess was won over. She cast a cloud before their eyes, and amid the ritual and the bustle of the sacrifice and the voices of those praying, she is said to have put a doe in place of the Mycenaean girl. So when Diana had been soothed by the slaughter fitting for her, and the anger of Phoebe and the anger of the sea subsided together, the thousand ships took the winds at their sterns and, after enduring much, reached the Phrygian sand.[3]

THE HOUSE OF RUMOR

Rumor's bronze house, open on every side, repeats all that is said in the world.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.39	Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque caelestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi, unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit, inspicitur, penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures. Fama tenet summaque domum sibi legit in arce, innumerosque aditus ac mille foramina tectis addidit et nullis inclusit limina portis: nocte dieque patet. Tota est ex aere sonanti, tota fremit vocesque refert iteratque quod audit. Nulla quies intus nullaque silentia parte, nec tamen est clamor, sed parvae murmura vocis, qualia de pelagi, siquis procul audiat, undis esse solent, qualemve sonum, cum Iuppiter atras increpuit nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.	There is a place in the middle of the world, between the lands and the sea and the regions of the sky, where the threefold universe meets. From there whatever exists anywhere, however far away, can be seen, and every voice reaches its hollow ears. Rumor holds it, and has chosen her home on its highest summit. She has given the house countless entrances and a thousand openings, and has closed its thresholds with no doors: it stands open night and day. It is made entirely of resounding bronze; all of it hums, gives back voices, and repeats what it hears. There is no rest inside, no silence anywhere; and yet there is no shouting, only the murmur of low voices, like the sound of the sea's waves when you hear them from far off, or like the sound the last rolls of thunder make when Jupiter has set the dark clouds crashing.[4]
12.53	Atria turba tenet: veniunt, leve vulgus, euntque mixtaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur milia rumorum confusaque verba volutant. E quibus hi vacuas inplent sermonibus aures, hi narrata ferunt alio; mensuraque ficti crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adicit auctor. Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error	Crowds fill the halls: a fickle throng comes and goes, and thousands of rumors, fictions mixed with truths, wander everywhere and roll confused words about. Of these, some fill idle ears with talk, others carry what they have been told elsewhere; the fiction grows in size, and each new teller adds something to what he has heard. Credulity is

3 Iphigenia was the daughter of Agamemnon, king of Mycenae and commander of the Greek fleet.
4 The House of Rumor: Ovid's personified Fama, goddess of report and gossip, in her echoing bronze palace.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	vanaque Laetitia est consternatique Timores Seditioque recens dubioque auctore Susurri. Ipsa, quid in caelo rerum pelagoque geratur et tellure, videt totumque inquirit in orbem.	there, and rash Error, and empty Joy, and panic-stricken Fears, and sudden Sedition, and Whispers of doubtful origin. Rumor herself sees whatever is happening in heaven, on the sea, and on earth, and searches out the whole world.

ACHILLES AND CYCNUS

Achilles fights Cycnus, who cannot be wounded, strangles him, and sees him become a swan.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.64	Fecerat haec notum Graias cum milite forti adventare rates, neque inexspectatus in armis hostis adest: prohibent aditus litusque tuentur Troes, et Hectorea primus fataliter hasta, Protesilae, cadis, commissaque proelia magno stant Danais, fortisque animae nece cognitus Hector. Nec Phryges exiguo, quid Achaica dextera possit sanguine senserunt. Et iam Sigea rubebant litora, iam leto proles Neptunia Cygnus mille viros dederat, iam curru instabat Achilles totaque Peliacae sternebat cuspidis ictu agmina, perque acies aut Cygnum aut Hectora quaerens congreditur Cygno (decimum dilatus in annum Hector erat): tum colla iugo canentia pressos exhortatus equos currum direxit in hostem concutiensque suis vibrantia tela lacertis "quisquis es, o iuvenis" dixit "solamen habeto mortis, ab Haemonio quod sis iugulatus Achille."	She had made it known that Greek ships were approaching with a brave army, and so the enemy did not arrive in arms unexpected. The Trojans barred the landing and guarded the shore, and you, Protesilaus, were the first to fall, as fate decreed, by Hector's spear. The battles, once joined, cost the Danaans dear, and Hector made his name by killing a brave man. Nor did the Phrygians learn at small cost in blood what an Achaean right hand could do. Already the Sigean shore was red; already Cycnus, Neptune's son, had given a thousand men to death; already Achilles was pressing on in his chariot and laying low whole columns with the stroke of his spear from Pelion. Seeking either Cycnus or Hector through the battle lines, he met Cycnus (Hector had been put off until the tenth year). Then, urging on his horses, their white necks pressed by the yoke, he steered his chariot at the enemy, and brandishing his quivering spears in his arms, he said: "Whoever you are, young man, take this as comfort in death: that you were slain by Haemonian Achilles."[5]
12.82	Hactenus Aeacides; vocem gravis hasta secuta est. Sed quamquam certa nullus fuit error in hasta, nil tamen emissi profecit acumine ferri utque hebeti pectus tantummodo contudit ictu. "Nate dea, nam te fama praenovimus," inquit ille "quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?" (mirabatur enim) "non haec, quam cernis, equinis fulva iubis cassis neque onus cava parma sinistrae auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quaesitus ab istis. Mars quoque ob hoc capere arma solet! Removebitur omne tegminis officium, tamen indestrictus abibo. Est aliquid non esse satum Nereide, sed qui Nereaque et natas et totum temperat aequor."	So spoke the grandson of Aeacus; his heavy spear followed his words. But although there was no error in that sure spear, the point of the iron he threw achieved nothing; it only bruised the chest, as if with a blunt blow. "Son of a goddess—for we have known you by fame beforehand," said the other, "why are you amazed that I am unwounded?" (for Achilles was amazed). "This helmet you see, tawny with its horsehair crest, and this hollow shield, the burden of my left arm—these are no help to me: I wear them for show. Mars too takes up arms for this reason! Strip away all the protection armor gives, and still I will come away unscratched. It is something to be born not

5 Protesilaus was the first Greek to leap ashore at Troy and the first to die.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		of a Nereid, but of the one who rules Nereus and his daughters and the whole sea."[6]
12.95	Dixit et haesurum clipei curvamine telum misit in Aeaciden, quod et aes et proxima rupit terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum est. Excutit hoc heros rursusque trementia forti tela manu torsit: rursus sine vulnere corpus sincerumque fuit! Nec tertia cuspis apertum et se praebentem valuit destringere Cygnum. Haud secus exarsit, quam circo taurus aperto, cum sua terribili petit inritamina cornu, poeniceas vestes, elusaque vulnera sentit. Num tamen exciderit ferrum, considerat hastae: haerebat ligno. "Manus est mea debilis ergo, quasque" ait "ante habuit vires, effudit in uno?	He spoke, and hurled at the grandson of Aeacus a spear that lodged in the curve of his shield: it broke through the bronze and the next nine layers of oxhide, but stopped at the tenth circle. The hero shook it out and again, with his strong hand, hurled quivering spears: again the body was unwounded and whole! Nor could a third spear-point graze Cycnus, though he stood exposed and offered himself to the blow. Achilles blazed up just like a bull in the open arena, when he charges with terrible horn at the purple cloths that provoke him and feels his blows eluded. He checked, though, whether the iron had fallen from his spear: it was still fixed to the shaft. "Is my hand weak, then," he said, "and has it poured out on one man all the strength it had before?
12.108	Nam certe valuit, vel cum Lyrnesia primus moenia deieci, vel cum Tenedonque suoque Eetioneas inplevi sanguine Thebas, vel cum purpureus populari caede Caicus fluxit opusque meae bis sensit Telephus hastae. Hic quoque tot caesis, quorum per litus acervos et feci et video, valuit mea dextra valetque." Dixit et, ante actis veluti male crederet, hastam misit in adversum Lycia de plebe Menoeten loricamque simul subiectaque pectora rupit. Quo plangente gravem moribundo pectore terram extrahit illud idem calido de vulnere telum atque ait: "Haec manus est, haec, qua modo vicimus, hasta: utar in hoc isdem; sit in hoc, precor, exitus idem!"	For surely it was strong when I was first to throw down the walls of Lyrnesus, and when I filled Tenedos and Eetion's Thebes with their own blood, and when the Caicus flowed purple with the slaughter of its people, and Telephus twice felt the work of my spear. Here too, with so many slain, whose heaps along the shore I both made and see, my right hand has been strong, and is strong." He spoke and, as though he distrusted what he had done before, threw his spear at Menoetes, one of the Lycian rank and file, who faced him, and broke through both his breastplate and the chest beneath. As the man beat the heavy earth with his dying breast, Achilles drew that same spear from the warm wound and said: "This is the hand, this the spear with which I have just conquered: I will use the same against this man; may the outcome, I pray, be the same!"[7]
12.122	Sic fatus Cygnum repetit, nec fraxinus errat inque umero sonuit non evitata sinistro, inde velut muro solidaque a caute repulsa est; qua tamen ictus erat, signatum sanguine Cygnum viderat et frustra fuerat gavisus Achilles: vulnus erat nullum, sanguis fuit ille Menoetae! Tum vero praeceps curru fremebundus ab alto desilit et nitido securum comminus hostem ense petens parmam gladio galeamque cavari cernit et in duro laedi quoque corpore ferrum!	So speaking, he went for Cycnus again. The ash spear did not miss: unavoided, it rang on his left shoulder, then rebounded as if from a wall or a solid cliff. Yet where Cycnus had been struck, Achilles had seen him marked with blood and had rejoiced—in vain: there was no wound; that blood was Menoetes'! Then indeed, roaring, he leaped headlong from his high chariot and attacked his unconcerned enemy at close quarters with his

6 Achilles' mother was the sea-nymph Thetis, a daughter of Nereus; Cycnus' father was Neptune himself.
7 Telephus, king of Mysia on the river Caicus, was wounded by Achilles' spear and later healed by it.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	gleaming sword. He saw that shield and helmet were pierced by the blade—but that on the hard body the iron itself was damaged too!
12.132 Haud tulit ulterius, clipeoque adversa reducto ter quater ora viri, capulo cava tempora pulsat cedentique sequens instat turbatque ruitque attonitoque negat requiem: pavor occupat illum, ante oculosque natant tenebrae, retroque ferenti aversos passus medio lapis obstitit arvo. Quem super inpulsum resupino corpore Cygnum vi multa vertit terraeque adflixit Achilles. Tum clipeo genibusque premens praecordia duris vincla trahit galeae: quae presso subdita mento elidunt fauces et respiramen utrumque eripiunt animae. Victum spoliare parabat: arma relicta videt; corpus deus aequoris albam contulit in volucrem, cuius modo nomen habebat.	He could bear it no longer. Drawing back his shield, he struck the man's face with it three, four times, and his hollow temples with the hilt of his sword; as Cycnus gave way, he followed and pressed him, confused him, rushed at him, and gave the stunned man no rest. Terror seized Cycnus, darkness swam before his eyes, and as he stepped backward, a stone in the middle of the field blocked his way. Driven back against it, Cycnus fell backward, and Achilles twisted him over with great force and dashed him to the ground. Then, pressing down on his chest with his shield and his hard knees, he dragged at the straps of his helmet; drawn tight beneath the chin, they crushed his throat and robbed his life of both passages of breath. Achilles was preparing to strip the man he had conquered: he saw the armor left empty. The god of the sea had changed the body into the white bird whose name it had just borne.[8]

NESTOR'S TALE: CAENEUS

At a feast, Nestor tells of Caeneus, born a woman and made an invulnerable man.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.146 Hic labor, haec requiem multorum pugna dierum attulit, et positis pars utraque substitit armis. Dumque vigil Phrygios servat custodia muros et vigil Argolicas servat custodia fossas, festa dies aderat, qua Cygni victor Achilles Pallada mactatae placabat sanguine vaccae. Cuius ut inposuit prosecta calentibus aris et dis acceptus penetravit in aethera nidor, sacra tulere suam, pars est data cetera mensis. Discubuere toris proceres et corpora tosta carne replent vinoque levant curasque sitimque.	This labor, this fight, brought a rest of many days, and both sides laid down their arms and halted. And while watchful guards kept the Phrygian walls, and watchful guards kept the Argive trenches, a festal day came, on which Achilles, Cycnus' conqueror, appeased Pallas with the blood of a slaughtered heifer. When he had laid its cut entrails on the hot altars, and the savor, pleasing to the gods, had risen into the upper air, the rites took their share, and the rest was given to the tables. The chiefs reclined on couches, filled their bodies with roasted meat, and with wine relieved both their cares and their thirst.
12.157 Non illos citharae, non illos carmina vocum longave multifori delectat tibia buxi, sed noctem sermone trahunt, virtusque loquendi materia est: pugnas referunt hostisque suasque, inque vices adita atque exhausta pericula saepe commemorare iuvat,— quid enim loqueretur Achilles,	No lyres delighted them, no songs of voices, no long pipe of many-holed boxwood; instead they drew out the night in talk, and valor was the matter of their speaking. They recounted battles, the enemy's and their own, and took turns, with pleasure, recalling dangers often faced and come

8 Cycnus (Latin cycnus or cygnus) means "swan."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	aut quid apud magnum potius loquerentur Achillem? Proxima praecipue domito victoria Cygno in sermone fuit. Visum mirabile cunctis, quod iuvenis corpus nullo penetrabile telo invictumque a vulnere erat ferrumque terebat.	through—for what would Achilles talk about, or what would they rather talk about in the presence of great Achilles? The recent victory, the conquest of Cycnus, was above all the subject of conversation. It seemed a marvel to everyone that the young man's body could be pierced by no weapon, could not be overcome by wounds, and wore down iron.
12.168	Hoc ipse Aeacides, hoc mirabantur Achivi, cum sic Nestor ait: "Vestro fuit unicus aevo contemptor ferri nulloque forabilis ictu Cygnus. At ipse olim patientem vulnera mille corpore non laeso Perrhaebum Caenea vidi, Caenea Perrhaebum, qui factis inclitus Othryn incoluit; quoque id mirum magis esset in illo, femina natus erat." Monstri novitate feruntur quisquis adest, narretque rogant. Quos inter Achilles: "Dic age! nam cunctis eadem est audire voluntas, o facunde senex, aevi prudentia nostri, quis fuerit Caeneus, cur in contraria versus, qua tibi militia, cuius certamine pugnae cognitus, a quo sit victus, si victus ab ullo est."	The grandson of Aeacus himself marveled at this, the Achaeans marveled at this, when Nestor spoke: "In your generation Cycnus was the only one to scorn iron, to be pierced by no blow. But I myself once saw Caeneus of Perrhaebia endure a thousand wounds with his body unharmed—Caeneus of Perrhaebia, famous for his deeds, who lived on Othrys. And what made it still more marvelous in him: he had been born a woman." Everyone present was carried away by the strangeness of the wonder, and they asked him to tell the story. Among them Achilles said: "Come, tell us! For all of us have the same wish to hear, eloquent old man, wisdom of our age: who Caeneus was, why he was changed into the opposite sex, in what campaign and in what contest of battle you came to know him, by whom he was conquered, if he was conquered by anyone."[9]
12.182	Tum senior: "Quamvis obstet mihi tarda vetustas, multaque me fugiant primis spectata sub annis, plura tamen memini. Nec, quae magis haereat ulla pectore res nostro est inter bellique domique acta tot. Ac siquem potuit spatiosa senectus spectatorem operum multorum reddere, vixi annos bis centum; nunc tertia vivitur aetas. Clara decore fuit proles Elateia Caenis, Thessalidum virgo pulcherrima, perque propinquas perque tuas urbes (tibi enim popularis, Achille), multorum frustra votis optata procorum. Temptasset Peleus thalamos quoque forsitan illos, sed iam aut contigerant illi conubia matris, aut fuerant promissa, tuae. Nec Caenis in ullos denupsit thalamos secretaque litora carpens aequorei vim passa dei est (ita fama ferebat), utque novae Veneris Neptunus gaudia cepit,	Then the old man said: "Although slow old age hinders me, and much that I saw in my early years escapes me, still I remember more. And among so many deeds of war and peace there is nothing that clings more firmly to my heart. If long old age could make anyone a witness of many deeds, I have lived two hundred years; now I am living my third century. Caenis, daughter of Elatus, was famous for her beauty, the loveliest girl in Thessaly. Throughout the neighboring cities, and throughout your own cities (for she was your countrywoman, Achilles), she was sought, in vain, in the prayers of many suitors. Peleus too might perhaps have tried for that marriage, but he had already won your mother as his bride, or she had been promised to him. Caenis would not marry into any bridal chamber; and while she was walking along a lonely shore she was raped by the god of the sea (so rumor reported). And when Neptune had taken his pleasure in this new love,

9 Nestor, the aged king of Pylos, was said to have lived through three generations of men.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.199	"sint tua vota licet" dixit "secura repulsae: elige, quid voveas!" (eadem hoc quoque fama ferebat). "Magnum" Caenis ait "facit haec iniuria votum; tale pati iam posse nihil; da, femina ne sim: omnia praestiteris." Graviore novissima dixit verba sono, poteratque viri vox illa videri, sicut erat; nam iam voto deus aequoris alti adnuerat dederatque super, ne saucius ullis vulneribus fieri ferrove occumbere posset. Munere laetus abit studiisque virilibus aevum exigit Atracides Peneiaque arva pererrat.	he said: 'You may pray without fear of refusal: choose what you wish!' (the same rumor reported this too). 'This wrong,' said Caenis, 'makes my wish a great one: to be able to suffer nothing like this ever again. Grant that I may not be a woman, and you will have given me everything.' She spoke the last words in a deeper tone, and that voice could seem to be a man's—as indeed it was. For the god of the deep sea had already granted the pray- er, and had given besides that he could never be wounded by any blow or fall by the sword. Glad of the gift, the man of Atrax went away, spent his life in manly pursuits, and roamed the fields of the Peneus.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAPITHS AND THE CENTAURS

Drunken Centaurs try to carry off the bride at Pirithous' wedding, and a battle follows.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.210	Duxerat Hippodamen audaci Ixione natus, nubigenasque feros positis ex ordine mensis arboribus tecto discumbere iusserat antro. Haemonii proceres aderant, aderamus et ipsi, festaque confusa resonabat regia turba. Ecce canunt Hymenaeon, et ignibus atria fumant, cinctaque adest virgo matrum nuruumque caterva; praesignis facie. Felicem diximus illa coniuge Pirithoum: quod paene fefellimus omen. Nam tibi, saevorum saevissime Centaurorum, Euryte, quam vino pectus, tam virgine visa ardet, et ebrietas geminata libidine regnat. Protinus eversae turbant convivia mensae, raptaturque comis per vim nova nupta prehensis. Eurytus Hippodamen, alii, quam quisque probabant, aut poterant, rapiunt, captaeque erat urbis imago. Femineo clamore sonat domus: ocius omnes surgimus, et primus "quae te vecordia," Theseus	The son of bold Ixion had married Hippodame, and had invited the fierce cloud-born Centaurs to recline at tables set out in rows in a cave screened by trees. The Haemonian chiefs were there, I was there myself, and the festive palace resounded with the mingled crowd. Then they sang the wed- ding hymn, the halls were smoky with fires, and the bride arrived, surrounded by a band of mat- rons and young wives, outstanding in her beauty. We called Pirithous fortunate in that bride—an omen we very nearly made false. For your heart, Eurytus, most savage of the savage Centaurs, burned as much at the sight of the girl as with wine, and drunkenness, doubled by lust, took con- trol. At once the tables were overturned and the banquet thrown into chaos, and the new bride was seized by the hair and dragged off by force. Eurytus carried off Hippodame, the others whichever woman each fancied or could get, and it was the very image of a captured city. The house rang with women's screams. We all rose quickly, and Theseus was the first: 'What madness[10]
12.228	"Euryte, pulsat" ait, "qui me vivente lacessas Pirithoum violesque duos ignarus in uno?" Ille nihil contra (neque enim defendere verbis talia facta potest), sed vindicis ora protervis	drives you, Eurytus,' he said, 'to provoke Pirithous while I am alive, and, without knowing it, to wrong two men in one?' Eurytus made no reply (for he could not defend such deeds with words),

10 The Centaurs, half man and half horse, were born of Ixion and a cloud; Pirithous, king of the Lapiths, was Ixion's son by a mortal mother.

LATIN	ENGLISH
insequitur manibus generosaque pectora pulsat. Forte fuit iuxta signis exstantibus asper antiquus crater; quem vastum vastior ipso sustulit Aegides adversaque misit in ora. Sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque vulnere et ore vomens madida resupinus harena calcitrat. Ardescunt germani caede bimembres certatimque omnes uno ore "arma, arma" loquuntur. Vina dabant animos, et prima pocula pugna missa volant fragilesque cadi curvique lebetes, res epulis quondam, tum bello et caedibus aptae.	but went for his challenger's face with insolent hands and struck his noble chest. By chance there was an ancient mixing bowl nearby, rough with figures in relief; vast as it was, the son of Aegeus, vaster still, lifted it and hurled it straight into the Centaur's face. Spewing clots of blood, and brains and wine together, from the wound and from his mouth, he lay on his back on the soaked sand, kicking. His two-formed brothers flared up at his death, and all of them, vying with one another, cried with one voice: 'Arms, arms!' Wine gave them courage, and in the first fighting cups flew through the air, and fragile jars and rounded cauldrons—things once suited to feasting, now to war and slaughter.
12.245 Primus Ophionides Amycus penetralia donis haud timuit spoliare suis et primus ab aede lampadibus densum rapuit funale coruscis, elatumque alte, veluti qui candida tauri rumpere sacrifica molitur colla securi, inlisit fronti Lapithae Celadontis et ossa non cognoscendo confusa relinquit in ore. Exsiluere oculi, disiectisque ossibus oris acta retro naris medioque est fixa palato. Hunc pede convulso mensae Pellaeus acernae stravit humi Pelates deiecto in pectora mento, cumque atro mixtos sputantem sanguine dentes vulnere Tartareas geminato mittit ad umbras.	Amycus, son of Ophion, was the first who did not shrink from stripping the inner shrine of its gifts. He was first to snatch from the sanctuary a chandelier crowded with flashing lamps; lifting it high, like a man who strives to break a bull's white neck with the sacrificial ax, he smashed it against the forehead of Celadon the Lapith, and left the bones crushed together in a face no one could recognize. His eyes leaped out, the bones of his face were shattered, and his nose was driven back and fixed in the middle of his palate. Pelates of Pella, with a leg wrenched from a maple table, laid Amycus on the ground, his chin forced down onto his chest; and as he spat out teeth mixed with dark blood, Pelates struck him a second time and sent him to the shades of Tartarus.
12.258 Proximus ut steterat, spectans altaria vultu fumida terribili "cur non" ait "utimur istis?" cumque suis Gryneus inmanem sustulit aram ignibus et medium Lapitharum iecit in agmen depressitque duos, Brotean et Orion: Orio mater erat Mycale, quam deduxisse canendo saepe reluctantis constabat cornua lunae. "Non inpune feres, teli modo copia detur!" dixerat Exadius telique habet instar, in alta quae fuerant pinu votivi cornua cervi. Figitur hinc duplici Gryneus in lumina ramo eruiturque oculos, quorum pars cornibus haeret, pars fluit in barbam concretaque sanguine pendet.	Gryneus, who was standing nearest, gazed with a terrible face at the smoking altars and said, 'Why don't we use these?' Then he lifted the huge altar, fire and all, hurled it into the middle of the Lapith ranks, and crushed two men, Broteas and Orius. Orius' mother was Mycale, who, it was well known, had often drawn down with her chants the horns of the resisting moon. 'You won't get away with this, if only I can lay my hands on a weapon!' Exadius had said—and he found something like a weapon: the antlers of a stag, hung up as an offering on a tall pine. With their double branch Gryneus was pierced in the eyes, and his eyes were gouged out: part of them stuck to the antlers, part ran down into his beard and hung there, clotted with blood.
12.271	

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Ecce rapit mediis flagrantem Rhoetus ab aris pruniceum torrem dextraque a parte Charaxi tempora perstringit fulvo protecta capillo. Correpti rapida, veluti seges arida, flamma arserunt crines, et vulnere sanguis inustus terribilem stridore sonum dedit, ut dare ferrum igne rubens plerumque solet, quod forcipe curva cum faber eduxit, lacubus demittit: at illud stridet et in tepida submersum sibilat unda. Saucius hirsutis avidum de crinibus ignem excutit inque umeros limen tellure revulsum tollit, onus plaustri, quod ne permittat in hostem, ipsa facit gravitas: socium quoque saxea moles oppressit spatio stantem propiore Cometen. Gaudia nec retinet Rhoetus: "Sic, conprecor," inquit "cetera sit fortis castrorum turba tuorum!"	Then Rhoetus snatched from the middle of the altars a blazing brand of plum wood and, from the right side, grazed the temples of Charaxus, covered with tawny hair. Caught by the swift flame, his hair blazed like a dry field of grain, and the blood seared in the wound gave a terrible hissing sound—like the sound that iron red-hot from the fire usually makes, when the smith has drawn it out with his curved tongs and plunges it into the trough: it hisses and whistles as it sinks into the warming water. Wounded, Charaxus shook the greedy fire from his shaggy hair, and lifted onto his shoulders a threshold stone torn from the ground, a wagon's load—so heavy that its very weight kept him from hurling it at the enemy. The stone mass crushed his comrade Cometes, who was standing closer to him. Rhoetus did not hold back his joy: 'So, I pray,' he said, 'may the rest of your camp's crowd be just as brave!'
12.287	semicremoque novat repetitum stipite vulnus, terque quaterque gravi iuncturas verticis ictu rupit, et in liquido sederunt ossa cerebro. Victor ad Euagrum Corythumque Dryantaque transit; e quibus ut prima tectus lanugine malas procubuit Corythus, "puero quae gloria fuso parta tibi est?" Euagrus ait, nec dicere Rhoetus plura sinit rutilasque ferox in aperta loquentis condidit ora viri perque os in pectora flammas. Te quoque, saeve Drya, circum caput igne rotato insequitur; sed non in te quoque constitit idem exitus: adsiduae successu caedis ovantem, qua iuncta est umero cervix, sude figis obusta. Ingemuit duroque sudem vix osse revellit Rhoetus et ipse suo madefactus sanguine fugit.	and with the half-burned brand he struck again and reopened the wound; three, four times he broke the joints of the skull with heavy blows, and the bones sank into the liquid brain. The victor moved on to Euagrus, Corythus and Dryas. When Corythus, the first of these, his cheeks covered with youth's first down, fell, Euagrus said: 'What glory have you won by felling a boy?' Rhoetus would not let him say more, but savagely thrust the red flames into the speaking man's open mouth, and through the mouth into his chest. You too, savage Dryas, he pursued, whirling the fire around his head; but with you the outcome was not the same. As he exulted in his success and his ceaseless slaughter, you pierced him with a fire-hardened stake where the neck joins the shoulder. Rhoetus groaned, barely wrenched the stake from the hard bone, and fled, drenched in his own blood.
12.302	Fugit et Orneus Lycabasque et saucius armo dexteriore Medon et cum Pisenore Thaumas, quique pedum nuper certamine vicerat omnes Mermeros (accepto tum vulnere tardius ibat!), et Pholus et Melaneus et Abas praedator aprorum, quique suis frustra bellum dissuaserat augur, Astylos: ille etiam metuenti vulnera Nesso "ne fuge! ad Herculeos" inquit "servaberis arcus." At non Eurynomus Lycidasque et Areos et Imbreus effugere necem: quos omnes dextra Dryantis perculit adversos. Adversum tu quoque, quamvis	Orneus fled too, and Lycabas, and Medon, wounded in his right shoulder, and Thaumas with Pisenor, and Mermeros, who had lately beaten everyone in the footrace (now, wounded, he ran more slowly!), and Pholus, and Melaneus, and Abas the boar-hunter, and the augur Astylos, who had tried in vain to dissuade his people from the war. He even said to Nessus, who was afraid of being wounded: 'Don't run! You are being saved for the bow of Hercules.' But Eurynomus and Lycidas and Areos and Imbreus did not escape death: the

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	terga fugae dederas, vulnus, Crenaee, tulisti; nam grave respiciens inter duo lumina ferrum, qua naris fronti committitur, accipis, imae.	right hand of Dryas struck them all down from the front. You too, Crenaeus, took a wound in front, although you had turned your back in flight: for as you looked back, you received the heavy iron between your two eyes, where the nose meets the base of the forehead.[11]
12.316	In tanto fremitu cunctis sine fine iacebat sopitus venis et inexperrectus Aphidas languentique manu carchesia mixta tenebat, fusus in Ossaeae villosis pellibus ursae. Quem procul ut vidit frustra nulla arma moventem, inserit amento digitos "miscenda" que dixit "cum Styge vina bibes!" Phorbas; nec plura moratus in iuvenem torsit iaculum, ferrataque collo fraxinus, ut casu iacuit resupinus, adacta est. Mors caruit sensu, plenoque e gutture fluxit inque toros inque ipsa niger carchesia sanguis.	Amid all this uproar Aphidas lay drowsing, every vein lulled without end, and never woke. In his slack hand he still held a cup of mixed wine, and he sprawled on the shaggy hide of a bear from Ossa. When Phorbas saw him from far off, raising no weapon and of no use to anyone, he slipped his fingers into the throwing-thong and said, 'You will drink your wine mixed with the Styx!' Delaying no longer, he hurled his javelin at the young man. The iron-tipped ash was driven into his neck as he happened to lie on his back. His death came without feeling. From his full throat dark blood flowed onto the couches and into the cup itself.
12.327	Vidi ego Petraeum conantem tollere terra glandiferam quercum; quam dum conplexibus ambit et quatit huc illuc labefactaque robora iactat, lancea Pirithoi costis inmissa Petraei pectora cum duro luctantia robore fixit. Pirithoi cecidisse Lycum virtute ferebant, Pirithoi virtute Chromin. Sed uterque minorem victori titulum quam Dictys Helopsque dederunt: fixus Helops iaculo, quod pervia tempora fecit et missum a dextra laevam penetravit ad aurem; Dictys, ab ancipiti delapsus acumine montis, dum fugit instantem trepidans Ixione natum, decidit in praeceps et pondere corporis ornum ingentem fregit suaque induit ilia fractae.	I saw Petraeus trying to tear an acorn-bearing oak out of the ground. While he wrapped it in his arms, shook it this way and that and rocked the loosened timber, Pirithous' lance was hurled into Petraeus' ribs and pinned his chest to the hard oak he was wrestling. By Pirithous' valor, they said, Lycus fell; by Pirithous' valor, Chromis. But both brought the victor less renown than Dictys and Helops did. Helops was pierced by a javelin that made a passage through his temples: thrown from the right, it drove through to his left ear. Dictys was fleeing in panic from Ixion's son, who pressed hard on him, when he slipped from the sheer edge of a mountain ridge. He fell headlong, and the weight of his body broke a huge ash tree, and he spitted his own belly on its broken trunk.
12.341	Victor adest Aphareus saxumque e monte revulsum mittere conatur: mittentem stipite querno occupat Aegides cubitique ingentia frangit ossa; nec ulterius dare corpus inutile leto aut vacat aut curat tergoque Bienoris alti insilit haud solito quemquam portare nisi ipsum, opposuitque genu costis prensamque sinistra caesariem retinens vultum minitantiaque ora robore nodoso praeduraque tempora fregit: robore Nedymnum iaculatoremque Lycopen sternit et inmissa protectum pectora barba	Aphareus came on in triumph and tried to hurl a rock torn from the mountain. As he hurled it, the son of Aegeus struck first with an oak club and broke the huge bones of his elbow. He had neither time nor interest to go further and put the useless body to death. Instead he leaped onto the back of tall Bienor, who was used to carrying no one but himself. He set his knee against his ribs, held the hair he had grabbed in his left hand, and with the knotty oak smashed his face, his threatening mouth and his very hard temples. With that oak

11 Nessus would later die by Hercules' poisoned arrow, as told in Book 9.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Hippason et summis exstantem Riphea silvis Thereaque, Haemoniis qui prensos montibus ursos ferre domum vivos indignantesque solebat.	he laid low Nedymnus and Lycopes the javelin-thrower; Hippasus, whose chest was shielded by his flowing beard; Ripheus, who towered above the tops of the forests; and Thereus, who used to catch bears in the mountains of Haemonia and carry them home alive and raging.[12]
12.355	Haud tulit utentem pugnae successibus ultra Thesea Demoleon: solido divellere dumo annosam pinum magno molimine temptat; quod quia non potuit, praefractam misit in hostem. Sed procul a telo Theseus veniente recessit Pallados admonitu: credi sic ipse volebat. Non tamen arbor iners cecidit; nam Crantoris alti abscidit iugulo pectusque umerumque sinistrum. Armiger ille tui fuerat genitoris, Achille, quem Dolopum rector, bello superatus, Amyntor Aeacidae dederat pacis pignusque fidemque.	Demoleon could not bear to see Theseus press his success in the fight any further. With a mighty effort he tried to tear an aged pine from its dense thicket. When he could not, he broke it off and hurled it at his enemy. But Theseus drew back well away from the oncoming missile at Pallas' warning—or so he himself wanted people to believe. Still, the tree did not fall harmlessly: it sheared from tall Crantor's throat his chest and his left shoulder. He had been your father's armor-bearer, Achilles. Amyntor, ruler of the Dolopians, defeated in war, had given him to the son of Aeacus as a pledge and guarantee of peace.[13]
12.366	Hunc procul ut foedo disiectum vulnere Peleus vidit, "at inferias, iuvenum gratissime Crantor, accipe" ait, validoque in Demoleonta lacerto fraxineam misit, mentis quoque viribus, hastam. Quae laterum cratem praerupit et ossibus haerens intremuit. Trahit ille manu sine cuspide lignum (id quoque vix sequitur), cuspis pulmone retenta est. Ipse dolor vires animo dabat: aeger in hostem erigitur pedibusque virum proculcat equinis. Excipit ille ictus galea clipeoque sonanti defensatque umeros praetentaque sustinet arma perque armos uno duo pectora perforat ictu.	When Peleus saw him from a distance, torn apart by that hideous wound, he said, 'Take this, at least, as an offering at your grave, Crantor, dearest of young men!' With his powerful arm, and with all the strength of his spirit as well, he hurled an ash-wood spear at Demoleon. It burst through the lattice of his ribs and, lodged in the bones, quivered there. Demoleon pulled out the shaft with his hand, but without its point (even the shaft barely came), and the point stayed caught in his lung. Pain itself gave strength to his spirit: wounded as he was, he reared up against his enemy and trampled the man under his horse's hooves. Peleus took the blows on his helmet and ringing shield, guarded his shoulders, held his weapons out before him, and with a single thrust through the forequarters pierced both his chests.
12.378	Ante tamen leto dederat Phlegraeon et Hylen eminus, Iphinoum conlato Marte Claninque; additur his Dorylas, qui tempora tecta gerebat pelle lupi saevique vicem praestantia teli cornua vara boum multo rubefacta cruore. Huic ego (nam vires animus dabat) "adspice," dixi, "quantum concedant nostro tua cornua ferro!" et iaculum torsi; quod cum vitare nequiret, opposuit dextram passurae vulnera fronti:	Before this, though, Demoleon had sent Phlegraeus and Hyles to their deaths at long range, and Iphinous and Clanis in close combat. To these was added Dorylas, who wore a wolf's pelt covering his temples and, in place of a cruel weapon, a pair of curving bull's horns reddened with much blood. I said to him (for my spirit gave me strength), 'Look how far your horns fall short of my iron!' and I hurled my javelin. Since he could not dodge it, he

12 The son of Aegeus is Theseus, the Athenian hero and Pirithous' close friend.
13 Nestor is telling this story to Achilles at Troy; Achilles' father is Peleus, son of Aeacus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	adfixa est cum fronte manus. Fit clamor, at illum haerentem Peleus et acerbo vulnere victum (stabat enim propior) mediam ferit ense sub alvum. Prosiluit terraque ferox sua viscera traxit tractaque calcavit calcataque rupit et illis crura quoque inpediit et inani concidit alvo.	raised his right hand before his forehead, which was about to take the wound: his hand was pinned to his forehead. A shout went up. But Peleus, who was standing closer, struck him, stuck fast and overcome by that bitter wound, with his sword in the middle of the belly. He leaped forward and fiercely dragged his own entrails along the ground, and trampled what he dragged, and burst what he trampled, and tangled his legs in them too, and collapsed with his belly emptied.

CYLLARUS AND HYLONOME

The Centaur Cyllarus is killed, and his mate Hylonome dies on the same weapon.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.393	Nec te pugnantem tua, Cyllare, forma redemit, si modo naturae formam concedimus illi: barba erat incipiens, barbae color aureus, aurea ex umeris medios coma dependebat in armos. Gratus in ore vigor; cervix umerique manusque pectoraque artificum laudatis proxima signis, et quacumque vir est; nec equi mendosa sub illo deteriorque viro facies: da colla caputque, Castore dignus erit; sic tergum sessile, sic sunt pectora celsa toris. Totus pice nigrior atra; candida cauda tamen, color est quoque cruribus albus.	Nor did your beauty save you in the fight, Cyllarus —if indeed we grant beauty to a nature like his. His beard was just beginning, a golden beard, and golden hair hung from his shoulders halfway down his forequarters. There was a pleasing vigor in his face. His neck, shoulders, hands and chest came close to the much-praised statues of the sculptors, and so did every part of him that was man. Nor was the horse's form beneath the man flawed or inferior to him: give it a neck and head, and it would be worthy of Castor, so fit for a rider was its back, so high its chest with muscle. All of him was blacker than black pitch, but his tail was white, and his legs were white as well.[14]
12.404	Multae illum petiere sua de gente, sed una abstulit Hylonome, qua nulla decentior inter semiferos altis habitavit femina silvis. Haec et blanditiis et amando et amare fatendo Cyllaron una tenet; cultus quoque, quantus in illis esse potest membris, ut sit coma pectine levis, ut modo rore maris, modo se violave rosave inplicet, interdum candentia lilia gestet, bisque die lapsis Pagasaeae vertice silvae fontibus ora lavet, bis flumine corpora tingat, nec nisi quae deceant electarumque ferarum aut umero aut lateri praetendat vellera laevo.	Many females of his own kind sought him, but Hylonome alone won him—no female more graceful lived among the half-beasts in the high woods. She alone held Cyllarus, by coaxing, by loving, and by owning that she loved him; by her grooming too, as far as there can be grooming in such limbs. She would smooth her hair with a comb; she would twine herself now with rosemary, now with violets or roses, and sometimes wear white lilies. Twice a day she washed her face in springs that flowed down from the heights of the Pagasaean forest, twice a day she dipped her body in the river, and over her shoulder or her left side she draped only becoming pelts from choice wild beasts.
12.416	Par amor est illis: errant in montibus una, antra simul subeunt; et tum Lapitheia tecta	Their love was equal. Together they roamed the mountains, together they went into caves; and

14 Castor, twin brother of Pollux, was famous as a tamer and rider of horses.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	intrarant pariter, pariter fera bella gerebant. Auctor in incerto est: iaculum de parte sinistra venit et inferius qua collo pectora subsunt, Cyllare, te fixit; parvo cor vulnere laesum corpore cum toto post tela educta refrixit. Protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus inpositaque manu vulnus fovet oraque ad ora admovet atque animae fugienti obsistere temptat. Ut videt exstinctum, dictis, quae clamor ad aures arcuit ire meas, telo, quod inhaeserat illi, incubuit moriensque suum conplexa maritum est.	that day too they had entered the Lapiths' palace side by side, and side by side they were waging the fierce war. Who threw it is unknown: a javelin came from the left and pierced you, Cyllarus, just below where the chest meets the neck. Your heart, hurt by a small wound, grew cold, along with your whole body, once the weapon was pulled out. At once Hylonome took his dying limbs in her arms, laid her hand on the wound to soothe it, put her lips to his lips and tried to hold back the fleeing soul. When she saw him dead, she spoke words that the uproar kept from reaching my ears, threw herself on the weapon that had pierced him, and, dying, embraced her husband.
12.429	Ante oculos stat et ille meos, qui sena leonum vinxerat inter se conexis vellera nodis, Phaeocomes, hominemque simul protectus equumque. Codice qui misso, quem vix iuga bina moverent, Tectaphon Oleniden a summo vertice fregit. Ast ego, dum parat hic armis nudare iacentem, (scit tuus hoc genitor) gladium spoliantis in ima ilia demisi. Chthonius quoque Teleboasque ense iacent nostro: ramum prior ille bifurcum gesserat, hic iaculum; iaculo mihi vulnera fecit: signa vides! adparet adhuc vetus inde cicatrix.	Before my eyes, too, stands Phaeocomes, who had bound six lion pelts together with knotted ties, protecting man and horse alike. He hurled a log that two teams of oxen could hardly have moved and smashed Tectaphos, son of Olenus, from the crown of his head down. But as he was getting ready to strip the fallen man of his armor (your father knows this), I drove my sword deep into the spoiler's groin. Chthonius and Teleboas also lie dead by my sword. The first had carried a forked branch, the second a javelin, and with that javelin he wounded me: you can see the marks! The old scar still shows there.
12.445	Tunc ego debueram capienda ad Pergama mitti, tum poteram magni, si non superare, morari Hectoris arma meis! Illo sed tempore nullus, aut puer Hector erat, nunc me mea deficit aetas. Quid tibi victorem gemini Periphanta Pyraethi, Ampyca quid referam, qui quadrupedantis Echecli fixit in adverso cornum sine cuspide vultu? Vecte Pelethronium Macareus in pectus adacto stravit Erigdupum, memini et venabula condi inguine Nesseis manibus coniecta Cymeli. Nec tu credideris tantum cecinisse futura Ampyciden Mopsum: Mopso iaculante biformis accubuit frustraque loqui temptavit Hodites ad mentum lingua mentoque ad guttura fixo.	That was when I ought to have been sent to capture Pergama; then I could, if not have overcome, at least have held back great Hector's arms with mine! But at that time Hector was nobody, or a boy, and now my age fails me. Why should I tell you of Periphas, victor over the double-formed Pyraethus? Why tell of Ampyx, who drove a pointless cornel-wood shaft into the face of four-footed Echeclus as he charged? Macareus drove a crowbar into the chest of Erigdupus of Pelethronium and laid him low. I remember, too, a hunting spear hurled by Nessus' hands and buried in Cymelus' groin. And you should not think that Mopsus, son of Ampyx, only sang of things to come: struck by Mopsus' javelin, the two-formed Hodites sank down and tried in vain to speak, his tongue pinned to his chin and his chin to his throat.[15]

15 Pergama was the citadel of Troy, often standing for the city itself.

THE END OF CAENEUS

The Centaurs bury Caeneus under a forest of trees, and a tawny bird flies out.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.459	Quinque neci Caeneus dederat, Styphelumque Bromumque Antimachumque Elymumque securiferumque Pyraechmen: vulnera non memini, numerum nomenque notavi. Provolat Emathii spoliis armatus Alesi, quem dederat leto, membris et corpore Latreus maximus: huic aetas inter iuvenemque senemque, vis iuvenalis erat, variabant tempora cani. Qui clipeo gladioque Macedoniaque sarisa conspicuus faciemque obversus in agmen utrumque armaque concussit certumque equitavit in orbem verbaque tot fudit vacuas animosus in auras:	Caeneus had sent five to their deaths: Styphelus and Bromus, Antimachus and Elymus, and Pyraechmes the ax-bearer. I do not remember their wounds; the number and the names I noted. Out rushed Latreus, huge of limb and body, armed with the spoils of Halesus of Emathia, whom he had killed. His age was between youth and old age: his strength was a young man's, but gray flecked his temples. Conspicuous with his shield, his sword and his Macedonian pike, he turned his face toward each army in turn, clashed his weapons, rode round in a fixed circle, and boldly poured out these many words into the empty air:[16]
12.470	"Et te, Caeni, feram? Nam tu mihi femina semper, tu mihi Caenis eris. Nec te natalis origo commonuit, mentemque subit, quo praemia facto quaque viri falsam speciem mercede parasti? Quid sis nata, vide, vel quid sis passa, columque, i, cape cum calathis et stamina pollice torque: bella relinque viris." Iactanti talia Caeneus extentum cursu missa latus eruit hasta, qua vir equo commissus erat. Furit ille dolore nudaque Phyllei iuvenis ferit ora sarisa. Non secus haec resilit, quam tecti a culmine grando, aut siquis parvo feriat cava tympana saxo. Comminus adgreditur laterique recondere duro luctatur gladium: gladio loca pervia non sunt.	'And must I put up with you too, Caenis? For to me you will always be a woman, to me you will be Caenis. Has your birth not reminded you? Does it not cross your mind by what deed you won your reward, and at what price you got that false appearance of a man? Consider what you were born as, or what you suffered, and go, take up the distaff along with your wool baskets and twist the threads with your thumb: leave wars to men.' As he boasted like this, Caeneus hurled his spear and tore open his flank, stretched out in the gallop, where man was joined to horse. Latreus raged with pain and struck the young man of Phyllus in his bare face with his pike. It bounced off no differently than hail from a rooftop, or as when someone strikes a hollow drum with a small stone. He attacked at close quarters and struggled to bury his sword in that hard flank, but there was no way in for the sword.
12.484	"Haud tamen effugies! medio iugulaberis ense, quandoquidem mucro est hebes" inquit et in latus ensem obliquat longaque amplectitur ilia dextra. Plaga facit gemitus in corpore marmoris icti, fractaque dissiluit percusso lammina callo. Ut satis inlaesos miranti praebuit artus, "nunc age," ait Caeneus, "nostro tua corpora ferro temptemus!" capuloque tenus demisit in armos ensem fatiferum caecumque in viscera movit versavitque manu vulnusque in vulnere fecit. Ecce ruunt vasto rabidi clamore bimembres	'Still, you will not escape! Since the point is blunt, you will have your throat cut with the middle of the blade,' he said. He angled the sword at his side and swept it round, his long right arm encircling his loins. The stroke rang as if it had struck a body of marble, and the blade broke and its pieces flew apart off that hardened skin. When Caeneus had shown his unharmed limbs long enough to the astonished Centaur, he said, 'Now come, let us test your bodies with my steel!' He drove his deadly

16 Caeneus had been born a girl, Caenis; after Neptune raped her, he granted her wish to become a man who could not be wounded.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	telaque in hunc omnes unum mittuntque feruntque. Tela retusa cadunt: manet inperfossus ab omni inque cruentatus Caeneus Elateius ictu.	sword up to the hilt into his forequarters, moved it blindly through his vitals, twisted it with his hand, and made a wound within the wound. And now the frenzied two-formed creatures rushed at him with a huge shout, and all of them hurled and thrust their weapons at this one man. The weapons fell blunted: Caeneus, son of Elatus, remained unpierced and unbloodied by every blow.
12.498	Fecerat attonitos nova res. "Heu dedecus ingens!" Monychus exclamat, "populus superamur ab uno vixque viro: quamquam ille vir est, nos segnibus actis quod fuit ille, sumus! Quid membra inmania prosunt? Quid geminae vires et quod fortissima rerum in nobis duplex natura animalia iunxit? Nec nos matre dea, nec nos Ixione natos esse reor, qui tantus erat, Iunonis ut altae spem caperet: nos semimari superamur ab hoste! Saxa trabesque super totosque involvite montes vivacemque animam missis elidite silvis! silva premat fauces, et erit pro vulnere pondus."	The unheard-of thing had stunned them. 'Oh, what a huge disgrace!' cried Monychus. 'We, a whole people, are beaten by one, and barely a man at that! Though he is a man, and we, by our sluggish deeds, are what he once was. What good are our huge limbs? What good our double strength, and the fact that a twofold nature has joined in us the strongest creatures in the world? I do not believe we are the sons of a goddess mother, or of Ixion, who was so great that he set his hopes on lofty Juno: we are beaten by a half-male enemy! Roll rocks and beams and whole mountains on top of him, and crush the stubborn life out of him by hurling forests! Let a forest press on his throat, and weight will do the work of a wound.'[17]
12.510	Dixit et insanis deiectam viribus austri forte trabem nactus validum coniecit in hostem exemplumque fuit, parvoque in tempore nudus arboris Othrys erat, nec habebat Pelion umbras. Obrutus inmani tumulo sub pondere Caeneus aestuat arboreo congestaque robora duris fert umeris. Sed enim postquam super ora caputque crevit onus neque habet, quas ducat, spiritus auras, deficit interdum, modo se super aera frustra tollere conatur iactasque evolvere silvas, interdumque movet, veluti, quam cernimus, ecce, ardua si terrae quatiatur motibus Ide.	He said, and, happening to find a tree trunk thrown down by the mad force of the south wind, he hurled it at his powerful enemy. He set the example, and in a short time Othrys was bare of trees and Pelion had no shade. Buried under the huge mound, Caeneus heaved beneath the weight of trees and bore the piled oaks on his hard shoulders. But once the load had grown over his face and head and his breath had no air to draw, he sometimes weakened, sometimes tried in vain to lift himself into the open air and roll off the forests thrown on him, and at times he moved them—just as if lofty Ida, which we see there, look, were shaken by an earthquake.
12.522	Exitus in dubio est: alii sub inania corpus Tartara detrusum silvarum mole ferebant; abnuit Ampycides medioque ex aggere fulvis vidit avem pennis liquidas exire sub auras, quae mihi tum primum, tunc est conspecta supremum. Hanc ubi lustrantem leni sua castra volatu Mopsus et ingenti circum clangore sonantem adspexit pariterque animis oculisque secutus "o salve" dixit, "Lapithaeae gloria gentis,	His end is uncertain. Some said that his body was thrust down to empty Tartarus by the weight of the forests. The son of Ampyx denied it: he saw a bird with tawny wings rise from the middle of the heap into the clear air. I saw it then for the first time, and for the last. When Mopsus saw it circling its own camp in gentle flight, filling the air all around with loud cries, he followed it with his mind and his eyes alike and said, 'Hail, glory of

17 Ixion tried to seduce Juno; Jupiter deceived him with a cloud in her likeness, and from it the Centaurs were born.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	maxime vir quondam, sed nunc avis unica, Caeneu!" Credita res auctore suo est: dolor addidit iram, oppressumque aegre tulimus tot ab hostibus unum; nec prius abstitimus ferro exercere dolorem, quam data pars leto, partem fuga noxque removit."	the Lapith race, once the greatest of men, but now a bird unique, Caeneus!' The thing was believed on the word of the one who told it. Grief added anger, and we were outraged that one man had been crushed by so many enemies. Nor did we stop venting our grief with the sword until some of them were given to death, and flight and night removed the rest."

PERICLYMENUS

Nestor tells Tlepolemus how Hercules killed Periclymenus, who had taken the form of an eagle.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.536	Haec inter Lapithas et semihomines Centauros proelia Tlepolemus Pylio referente dolorem praeteriti Alcidae tacito non pertulit ore atque ait: "Herculeae mirum est oblivia laudis acta tibi, senior! Certe mihi saepe referre nubigenas domitos a se pater esse solebat." Tristis ad haec Pylius: "Quid me meminisse malorum cogis et obductos oculis rescindere luctus inque tuum genitorem odium offensasque fateri? Ille quidem maiora fide, di! gessit et orbem inplevit meritis, quod mallem posse negare: sed neque Deiphobum nec Polydamanta nec ipsum Hectora laudamus—quis enim laudaverit hostem?	While the Pylian was telling of these battles between the Lapiths and the half-human Centaurs, Tlepolemus could not bear in silence the pain of Alcides being passed over, and said: "It is strange that you have forgotten the glories of Hercules, old sir! Surely my father often used to tell me that the cloud-born had been tamed by him." To this the Pylian answered sadly: "Why do you force me to remember wrongs, to tear open griefs long closed over and hidden from view, and to confess my hatred of your father and my grievances against him? He did deeds beyond belief—by the gods!—and filled the world with his merits, which I would rather be able to deny. But we do not praise Deiphobus, or Polydamas, or Hector himself—for who would praise an enemy?[18]
12.549	Ille tuus genitor Messenia moenia quondam stravit et inmeritas urbes Elimque Pylumque diruit inque meos ferrum flammamque penatis inpulit, utque alios taceam, quos ille peremit, bis sex Nelidae fuimus, conspecta iuventus: bis sex Herculeis ceciderunt me minus uno viribus; atque alios vinci potuisse ferendum est: mira Periclymeni mors est, cui posse figuras sumere, quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor. Hic ubi nequiquam est formas variatus in omnes, vertitur in faciem volucris, quae fulmina curvis ferre solet pedibus divum gratissima regi; Viribus usus avis pennis rostroque reducto hamatisque viri laniaverat unguibus ora:	That father of yours once leveled the walls of Messene, destroyed the guiltless cities of Elis and Pylos, and brought sword and fire into my own home. To say nothing of the others he killed, we were twice six sons of Neleus, a splendid band of young men; twice six fell by Hercules' strength, all but one—me. That the others could be beaten must be borne. But strange was the death of Periclymenus, to whom Neptune, the founder of Neleus' line, had given the power to take whatever shapes he wished and to lay aside again the shapes he had taken. When he had changed into every form in vain, he turned into the likeness of the bird that carries thunderbolts in its curved talons, dearest to the king of the gods. Using a bird's strength, with wings and hooked beak and barbed talons, he had torn the hero's face:
12.564	tendit in hunc nimium certos Tirynthius arcus atque inter nubes sublimia membra ferentem	

LATIN	ENGLISH
pendentemque ferit, lateri qua iungitur ala; nec grave vulnus erat sed rupti vulnere nervi deficiunt motumque negant viresque volandi. Decidit in terram, non concipientibus auras infirmis pennis, et qua levis haeserat alae, corporis adfixi pressa est gravitate sagitta perque latus summum iugulo est exacta sinistro. Nunc videor debere tui praeconia rebus Herculis, o Rhodiae rector pulcherrime classis? Nec tamen ulterius, quam fortia facta silendo ulciscor fratres: solida est mihi gratia tecum." Haec postquam dulci Neleius edidit ore, a sermone senis repetito munere Bacchi surrexere toris: nox est data cetera somno.	the Tirynthian aimed his all-too-unerring bow at him, and as he carried his body high among the clouds and hovered there, he struck him where the wing joins the side. The wound was not serious, but the sinews it cut failed and denied him movement and the strength to fly. He fell to earth, his weakened wings no longer catching the air, and the light arrow, where it had stuck in his wing, was forced in by the weight of the body it pierced, and driven through the top of his side and out at the left of his throat. Now, most handsome commander of the Rhodian fleet, do you think I owe praises to the deeds of your Hercules? Still, I avenge my brothers no further than by keeping silent about his brave deeds: my friendship with you is sound." When Neleus' son had said all this in his sweet voice, and the gift of Bacchus had gone round again after the old man's talk, they rose from their couches; the rest of the night was given to sleep.[19]

THE DEATH OF ACHILLES

Neptune asks Apollo to guide Paris' arrow, and Achilles is killed.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.580 At deus, aequoreas qui cuspide temperat undas, in volucrem corpus nati Phaethontida versum mente dolet patria saevumque perosus Achillem exercet memores plus quam civiliter iras, iamque fere tracto duo per quinquennia bello talibus intonsum conpellat Sminthea dictis: "O mihi de fratris longe gratissime natis, inrita qui mecum posuisti moenia Troiae, ecquid, ubi has iamiam casuras adspicis arces, ingemis? Aut ecquid tot defendentia muros milia caesa doles? Ecquid, ne persequar omnes, Hectoris umbra subit circum sua Pergama tracti? cum tamen ille ferox belloque cruentior ipso vivit adhuc, operis nostri populator, Achilles. Det mihi se! faxo, triplici quid cuspide possim, sentiat; at quoniam concurrere comminus hosti non datur, occulta necopinum perde sagitta!"	But the god who governs the waves of the sea with his trident grieved, with a father's heart, for his son's body turned into Phaethon's bird. Hating savage Achilles, he nursed a vengeful anger far beyond civil bounds. And now, when the war had dragged on for nearly twice five years, he addressed long-haired Smintheus with these words: "O dearest to me by far of my brother's sons, you who built with me the walls of Troy in vain, do you groan at all when you see these citadels about to fall at any moment? Do you grieve at all for so many thousands slain defending the walls? Do you —not to go through them all—think of the shade of Hector, dragged around his own Pergama? And yet that fierce Achilles, bloodier than war itself, still lives, the destroyer of our work. Let him face me! I would make him feel what my triple spear can do. But since I am not allowed to meet the enemy hand to hand, destroy him unawares with a hidden arrow!"[20]

18 Tlepolemus, a son of Hercules, led the contingent from Rhodes at Troy; Deiphobus and Polydamas were Trojan warriors.
19 Hercules is called "the Tirynthian" from Tiryns in the Argolid, where he was raised.
20 Neptune's son Cycnus, killed by Achilles, became a swan, the bird of Phaethon's kinsman, the earlier Cycnus of Book 2; Smintheus is a title of Apollo, who with Neptune built Troy's walls.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.597 Adnuit atque animo pariter patruique suoque Delius indulgens nebula velatus in agmen pervenit Iliacum mediaque in caede virorum rara per ignotos spargentem cernit Achivos tela Parim fassusque deum "Quid spicula perdis sanguine plebis?" ait. "Siqua est tibi cura tuorum, vertere in Aeaciden caesosque ulciscere fratres!" Dixit et ostendens sternentem Troica ferro corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum certaque letifera direxit spicula dextra. Quod Priamus gaudere senex post Hectora posset, hoc fuit: ille igitur tantorum victor, Achille, victus es a timido Graiae raptore maritae! At si femineo fuerat tibi Marte cadendum, Thermodontiaca malles cecidisse bipenni!	The Delian nodded and, indulging his uncle's wishes and his own alike, came veiled in a cloud to the Trojan line. In the midst of the slaughter he saw Paris shooting an occasional arrow at nameless Achaeans. Revealing himself as a god, he said, "Why waste your arrows on the blood of the rank and file? If you care at all for your people, turn on Aeacus' grandson and avenge your slain brothers!" He said, and pointing to Peleus' son, who was laying low Trojan bodies with his sword, he turned Paris' bow toward him and guided the sure arrows with his deadly hand. This was the one thing old Priam could rejoice at after Hector. So you, Achilles, conqueror of so many, were conquered by the timid abductor of a Greek wife! But if you had to fall to a woman's kind of warfare, you would rather have fallen to the double ax of Thermodon![21]
12.612 Iam timor ille Phrygum, decus et tutela Pelasgi nominis, Aeacides, caput insuperabile bello, arserat: armarat deus idem idemque cremabat; iam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille nescio quid parvam, quod non bene conpleat urnam: at vivit totum quae gloria conpleat orbem! Haec illi mensura viro respondet, et hac est par sibi Pelides nec inania Tartara sentit. Ipse etiam, ut, cuius fuerit, cognoscere posses bella movet clipeus, deque armis arma feruntur. Non ea Tydides, non audet Oileos Aiax, non minor Atrides, non bello maior et aevo poscere, non alii: solis Telamone creato Laerteque fuit tantae fiducia laudis. A se Tantalides onus invidiamque removit Argolicosque duces mediis considere castris iussit et arbitrium litis traiecit in omnes.	Now that terror of the Phrygians, glory and bulwark of the Pelasgian name, Aeacus' grandson, a head unconquerable in war, had burned: the same god who had armed him was burning him. Now he is ash, and of Achilles, so great, there remains some little something that would hardly fill a small urn. But his glory lives, enough to fill the whole world! This is the measure that matches the man; in this the son of Peleus is equal to himself and knows nothing of empty Tartarus. Even his shield—so that you could tell whose it had been—stirs up war, and arms are taken up over arms. Tydeus' son did not dare to claim them, nor Ajax son of Oileus, nor the younger son of Atreus, nor the elder, greater in war and in years, nor any others: only Telamon's son and Laertes' son had the confidence to seek such glory. The descendant of Tantalus shifted the burden and the resentment away from himself: he ordered the Argive leaders to sit in the middle of the camp and passed the judgment of the dispute on to them all.[22]

21 The river Thermodon was the home of the Amazons, the warrior women whose queen Penthesilea Achilles had killed.
22 The god is Vulcan, maker of Achilles' armor and lord of fire. Tydeus' son is Diomedes, Atreus' sons Menelaus and Agamemnon (the descendant of Tantalus), Telamon's son Ajax, and Laertes' son Ulysses.

Book 13

The arms of Achilles; after Troy
Ajax and Ulysses dispute the arms; Troy falls; Hecuba; Aeneas sets out; Galatea and Polyphemus.

THE CONTEST FOR THE ARMS: AJAX

Ajax claims Achilles' arms before the Greek leaders, citing his deeds and his birth.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.1	Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona surgit ad hos clipei dominus septemplicis Aiax, utque erat impatiens irae, Sigeia torvo litora respexit classemque in litore vultu intendensque manus "agimus, pro Iuppiter!" inquit "ante rates causam, et mecum confertur Ulixes! At non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis, quas ego sustinui, quas hac a classe fugavi. Tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis, quam pugnare manu! Sed nec mihi dicere promptum, nec facere est isti: quantumque ego Marte feroci quantum acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo.	The leaders took their seats, and with the common soldiers standing around them in a ring, Ajax, master of the sevenfold shield, rose to face them. Impatient in his anger as always, he glared back at the Sigean shore and at the fleet on the shore, stretched out his hands, and said, "By Jupiter! We are pleading our case in front of the ships, and Ulysses is matched against me! Yet he did not hesitate to give way before Hector's flames, which I withstood, which I drove from this fleet. It is safer, then, to fight with made-up words than with your hands! But speaking does not come readily to me, nor doing to him. As much as I am worth in fierce war and the battle line, so much is he worth in talk.[1]
13.13	Nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi, esse reor: vidistis enim. Sua narret Ulixes, quae sine teste gerit, quorum nox conscia sola est. Praemia magna peto, fateor; sed demit honorem aemulus: Aiaci non est tenuisse superbum, sit licet hoc ingens, quidquid speravit Ulixes. Iste tulit pretium iam nunc temptaminis huius, quod, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur. Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset, nobilitate potens essem, Telamone creatus, moenia qui forti Troiana sub Hercule cepit litoraque intravit Pagasaea Colcha carina. Aeacus huic pater est, qui iura silentibus illic reddit, ubi Aeoliden saxum grave Sisyphon urget.	Still, Pelasgians, I do not think my deeds need recounting to you, for you saw them. Let Ulysses tell of his own, done without a witness, known only to the night. I seek a great prize, I admit, but my rival robs it of its honor. It is nothing for Ajax to be proud of, to have won anything, however huge, that Ulysses has hoped for. He has already carried off his reward for this contest, since, when he is beaten, it will be said that he competed with me. And if my courage were open to doubt, I would still be strong in noble birth, a son of Telamon, who took the walls of Troy under brave Hercules and entered the shores of Colchis in the ship from Pagasae. His father is Aeacus, who gives judgment to the silent dead in the place where the heavy rock weighs down Sisyphus, son of Aeolus.[2]
13.27	Aeacon agnoscit summus prolemque fatetur Iuppiter esse suam: sic a Iove tertius Aiax.	Supreme Jupiter acknowledges Aeacus and owns him as his son: so Ajax is third in descent from

1 Sigeum was the headland near Troy where the Greek ships lay beached. Ajax, son of Telamon, was famed for his huge shield of seven layers of oxhide.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Nec tamen haec series in causam prosit, Achivi, si mihi cum magno non est communis Achille: frater erat, fraterna peto! Quid sanguine cretus Sisyphio furtisque et fraude simillimus illi inseris Aeacidis alienae nomina gentis? An quod in arma prior nulloque sub indice veni, arma neganda mihi, potiorque videbitur ille, ultima qui cepit detrectavitque furore militiam ficto, donec sollertior isto et sibi inutilior timidi commenta retexit Naupliades animi vitataque traxit ad arma? Optima num sumat, quia sumere noluit ulla: nos inhonorati et donis patruelibus orbi, obtulimus quia nos ad prima pericula, simus?	Jupiter. And yet, Achaeans, let this lineage not help my case unless I share it with great Achilles. He was my cousin: it is my cousin's arms I seek! Why do you, sprung from the blood of Sisyphus and just like him in theft and deceit, foist the names of a foreign family on the house of Aeacus? Or are arms to be denied me because I came to arms first, with no informer to drive me, and will he be thought the better man who took them up last and dodged service by faking madness, until the son of Nauplius, cleverer than he but less wise for his own good, unraveled the schemes of his cowardly mind and dragged him to the arms he had avoided? Is he to take the best arms because he was unwilling to take up any, while I go unhonored and robbed of my cousin's gifts because I offered myself to the first dangers?[3]
13.43	Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus esset, nec comes hic Phrygias umquam venisset ad arces hortator scelerum. Non te, Poeantia proles, expositum Lemnos nostro cum crimine haberet! Qui nunc, ut memorant, silvestribus abditus antris saxa moves gemitu Laertiadaeque precaris quae meruit: quae, si di sunt, non vana precaris! Et nunc ille eadem nobis iuratus in arma, heu! pars una ducum, quo successore sagittae Herculis utuntur, fractus morboque fameque velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo debita Troianis exercet spicula fatis. Ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulixen; mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus: viveret aut certe letum sine crimine haberet!	I wish that madness of his had been real, or had been believed, and that this companion, this instigator of crimes, had never come to the Phrygian citadels! Then Lemnos would not hold you, son of Poeas, marooned there to our shame! You who now, they say, hidden in woodland caves, move the very rocks with your groans and call down on Laertes' son what he deserves—and if there are gods, you do not call it down in vain! And now he who swore with us to the same war, one of our leaders—alas!—he whom the arrows of Hercules have as their heir, broken by sickness and hunger, is clothed and fed by birds, and spends in hunting winged creatures the shafts that are owed to the fate of Troy. Yet he lives, because he did not keep company with Ulysses. Unhappy Palamedes, too, would rather have been left behind: he would be alive, or at least he would have had a death without the stain of a crime![4]
13.58	Quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris prodere rem Danaam finxit fictumque probavit crimen et ostendit, quod iam praefoderat, aurum. Ergo aut exsilio vires subduxit Achivis, aut nece: sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulixes. Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat, haud tamen efficiet, desertum ut Nestora crimen	For this fellow, remembering all too well the madness that had been so damagingly exposed, pretended that Palamedes was betraying the Danaan cause; he proved the charge he had invented, and displayed the gold he had buried in advance. So he has drained the Achaeans of strength, by exile or by death: this is how Ulysses fights, this is why

2 Telamon sacked Troy with Hercules a generation earlier and sailed with Jason on the Argo, built at Pagasae. His father Aeacus became one of the judges of the dead.
3 A slanderous story made Ulysses the son of the trickster Sisyphus rather than of Laertes. Palamedes, son of Nauplius, exposed Ulysses' feigned madness and was later destroyed by him.
4 Philoctetes, son of Poeas, inherited Hercules' bow and arrows; when a snakebite left him with a festering wound, the Greeks abandoned him on the island of Lemnos on Ulysses' advice.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	esse rear nullum. Qui cum imploraret Ulixem vulnere tardus equi fessusque senilibus annis, proditus a socio est. Non haec mihi crimina fingi scit bene Tydides, qui nomine saepe vocatum corripuit trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico. Adspiciunt oculis superi mortalia iustis!	Ulysses is to be feared. Though he may outdo even loyal Nestor in eloquence, he will never bring me to think that deserting Nestor was no crime. When Nestor, slowed by his horse's wound and worn out by his years, begged Ulysses for help, he was betrayed by his comrade. That I am not inventing these charges Tydeus' son knows well: he called him again and again by name, rebuked him, and reproached his frightened friend for running away. The gods above look on mortal affairs with just eyes![5]
13.71	En eget auxilio, qui non tulit, utque reliquit, sic linquendus erat: legem sibi dixerat ipse. Conclamat socios: adsum videoque trementem pallentemque metu et metuentem morte futura; opposui molem clipei texique iacentem servavique animam (minimum est hic laudis) inertem. Si perstas certare, locum redeamus in illum: redde hostem vulnusque tuum solitumque timorem post clipeumque late et mecum contende sub illo! At postquam eripui, cui standi vulnera vires non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit. Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit, quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulixe, sed fortes etiam: tantum trahit ille timoris.	Look: the man who gave no help now needs help, and as he had abandoned another, so he deserved to be abandoned. He had laid down the law for himself. He shouts for his comrades. I am there, and I see him trembling, pale with fear, dreading the death to come. I set the bulk of my shield in front of him, covered him where he lay, and saved his worthless life—there is very little glory in that. If you insist on competing, let us go back to that place: bring back the enemy, your wound and your usual fear, hide behind my shield, and compete with me under it! But once I had rescued him, the man whose wounds had left him no strength to stand ran off, slowed by no wound at all. Hector is here, leading the gods with him into battle, and wherever he charges, it is not only you who are terrified, Ulysses, but the brave as well, such is the terror he brings in his wake.
13.85	Hunc ego sanguineae successu caedis ovantem eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi, hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus sustinui, sortemque meam vovistis, Achivi, et vestrae valuere preces! Si quaeritis huius fortunam pugnae, non sum superatus ab illo. Ecce ferunt Troes ferrumque ignesque Iovemque in Danaas classes: ubi nunc facundus Ulixes? Nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes, spem vestri reditus: date pro tot navibus arma! Quod si vera licet mihi dicere, quaeritur istis, quam mihi, maior honos, coniunctaque gloria nostra est, atque Aiax armis, non Aiaci arma petuntur.	Him, as he exulted in the success of his bloody slaughter, I laid flat on his back from a distance with a huge weight. Him, when he demanded someone to fight, I alone withstood; and you, Achaeans, prayed for my lot to come out, and your prayers were answered! If you ask how this fight turned out, I was not beaten by him. Look, the Trojans are bringing sword and fire and Jupiter against the Danaan fleet: where now is eloquent Ulysses? I, surely, shielded a thousand ships with my own breast, the hope of your return: give me the arms in return for all those ships! And if I may speak the truth, more honor is being sought for these arms than for me; our glory is joined together, and Ajax is being sought for the arms, not the arms for Ajax.[6]

5 In the *Iliad* Diomedes rescues the old king Nestor when Ulysses ignores his call.
6 In *Iliad* 7 Ajax, chosen by lot, fought Hector in single combat and felled him with a huge stone; the duel ended undecided.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.98	Conferat his Ithacus Rhesum imbellemque Dolona Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum: luce nihil gestum est, nihil est Diomede remoto. Si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma, dividite, et pars sit maior Diomedis in illis! Quo tamen haec Ithaco, qui clam, qui semper inermis rem gerit et furtis incautum decipit hostem? Ipse nitor galeae claro radiantis ab auro insidias prodet manifestabitque latentem. Sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis casside vertex pondera tanta feret, nec non onerosa gravisque Pelias hasta potest imbellibus esse lacertis, nec clipeus vasti concretus imagine mundi conveniet timidae nataeque ad furta sinistrae: debilitaturum quid te petis, Improbe, munus?	Let the Ithacan set against these Rhesus, and unwarlike Dolon, and Priam's son Helenus, taken captive along with the stolen Pallas: nothing was done by daylight, nothing without Diomedes. If you are going to give these arms for such paltry services, divide them, and let Diomedes have the larger share! But what use are they to the Ithacan, who does his work in secret, always unarmed, and tricks an unwary enemy by stealth? The very gleam of the helmet, shining with bright gold, will betray his ambushes and expose him where he hides. Nor will the Dulichian's head bear the great weight of Achilles' helmet; the spear from Pelion cannot help being heavy and burdensome to unwarlike arms; nor will the shield, embossed with an image of the vast world, suit a cowardly left hand born for theft. Why, you shameless man, do you seek a gift that will only weaken you?[7]
13.113	Quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi, cur spolieris, erit, non cur metuaris ab hoste, et fuga, qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis, tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti. Adde quod iste tuus, tam raro proelia passus, integer est clipeus: nostro, qui tela ferendo mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus. Denique (quid verbis opus est?) spectemur agendo! Arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes: inde iubete peti et referentem ornate relatis?"	If a mistake of the Achaean people should give it to you, it will be a reason for the enemy to strip you, not to fear you, and running away—the one thing, you most cowardly of men, in which you outdo everyone—will be slow for you as you drag such a load. Besides, that shield of yours, which has so rarely faced battle, is intact; mine, gaping with a thousand gashes from taking blows, needs a new successor. In short—what need is there for words?—let us be judged by what we do! Let the brave man's arms be thrown into the midst of the enemy; order them to be fetched from there, and adorn the man who brings them back with what he has brought!"

THE SPEECH OF ULYSSES

Ulysses answers that intelligence and counsel have served the Greeks better than strength.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.123	Finierat Telamone satus vulgique secutum ultima murmur erat, donec Laertius heros adstitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos sustulit ad proceres exspectatoque resolvit ora sono; neque abest facundis gratia dictis. "Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi, non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis heres, tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille. Quem quoniam non aequa mihi vobisque negarunt	The son of Telamon had finished, and a murmur from the crowd had followed his last words, when the hero, son of Laertes, stood up, kept his eyes on the ground for a moment, then raised them to the chiefs and opened his lips to the speech they were waiting for; nor did his eloquent words lack grace. "If my prayers and yours had been answered, Pelasgians, the heir to this great contest would not be in doubt, and you would still have your arms,

7 Ulysses and Diomedes killed the Thracian king Rhesus and the Trojan spy Dolon in a night raid, captured the seer Helenus, and stole the Palladium, Troy's protecting image of Pallas.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	fata" (manuque simul veluti lacrimantia tersit lumina), "quis magno melius succedit Achilli, quam per quem magnus Danais successit Achilles? Huic modo ne prosit, quod, uti est, hebes esse videtur, neve mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi, profuit ingenium, meaque haec facundia, siqua est, quae nunc pro domino, pro vobis saepe locuta est, invidia careat, bona nec sua quisque recuset.	Achilles, and we would still have you. But since unjust fate has denied him to me and to you"—and at the same time he wiped his eyes with his hand, as if they were wet with tears—"who has a better right to succeed great Achilles than the man through whom great Achilles joined the Danaans? Only let it not help Ajax that he seems dull, as indeed he is, nor harm me, Achaeans, that my intelligence has always helped you. And let this eloquence of mine, if I have any, which now speaks for its master and has often spoken for you, be free from ill will, and let no one disown his own gifts.
13.140	Nam genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco; sed enim quia rettulit Aiax esse Iovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis auctor Iuppiter est, totidemque gradus distamus ab illo. Nam mihi Laertes pater est, Arcesius illi, Iuppiter huic, neque in his quisquam damnatus et exsul. Est quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis altera nobilitas: deus est in utroque parente. Sed neque materno quod sum generosior ortu, nec mihi quod pater est fraterni sanguinis insons, proposita arma peto: meritis expendite causam, dummodo, quod fratres Telamon Peleusque fuerunt, Aiacis meritum non sit nec sanguinis ordo, sed virtutis honor spoliis quaeratur in istis!	For birth and ancestors and things we did not do ourselves I scarcely call our own. But since Ajax has declared that he is Jupiter's great-grandson, Jupiter is the founder of my blood too, and I stand just as many steps away from him. Laertes is my father, Arcesius his, Jupiter his, and none of them was ever condemned and exiled. Through my mother, too, the Cyllenian adds a second nobility: there is a god on both sides of my family. But it is not because I am better born on my mother's side, nor because my father is innocent of a brother's blood, that I seek the arms set before us. Weigh the case on merit—provided that the fact that Telamon and Peleus were brothers is not counted to Ajax's credit, and that in these spoils it is not the order of blood that is sought but the honor due to courage![8]
13.154	Aut si proximitas primusque requiritur heres, est genitor Peleus, est Pyrrhus filius illi. Quis locus Aiaci? Phthiam haec Scyrumve ferantur! Nec minus est isto Teucer patruelis Achilli: num petit ille tamen? num si petat, auferat illa? Ergo operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur: plura quidem feci, quam quae comprendere dictis in promptu mihi sit; rerum tamen ordine ducar. Praescia venturi genetrix Nereia leti dissimulat cultu natum, et deceperat omnes, in quibus Aiacem, sumptae fallacia vestis. Arma ego femineis animum motura virilem mercibus inserui, neque adhuc proiecerat heros virgineos habitus, cum parmam hastamque tenenti	Or if nearness of kin and the first heir are what count, Achilles has a father, Peleus, and a son, Pyrrhus. What place is there for Ajax? Let the arms be carried to Phthia or to Scyros! And Teucer is no less Achilles' cousin than Ajax is: does he claim them, though? And if he did, would he carry them off? So, since this is a bare contest of deeds, I have done more, indeed, than I could easily put into words; still, I will follow the order of events. His mother, the Nereid, foreseeing his coming death, disguised her son in women's dress, and the trick of the clothes he wore fooled everyone, Ajax among them. I slipped arms, which would stir a man's spirit, among the women's wares; and the hero had not yet thrown off his girl's clothing when, as he held the shield and spear,[9]

8 Telamon and Peleus were exiled for killing their half-brother Phocus. Ulysses' mother descended from Mercury, the Cyllenian, through her father Autolycus.
9 Achilles' mother Thetis hid him on Scyros dressed as a girl to keep him from the war; there he fathered Pyrrhus. Teucer was Ajax's half-brother.

LATIN	ENGLISH
13.168 "nate dea," dixi "tibi se peritura reservant Pergama! quid dubitas ingentem evertere Troiam?" iniecique manum fortemque ad fortia misi. Ergo opera illius mea sunt: ego Telephon hasta pugnantem domui, victum orantemque refeci; quod Thebae cecidere, meum est, me credite Lesbon, me Tenedon Chrysenque et Cillan, Apollinis urbes, et Scyrum cepisse, mea concussa putate procubuisse solo Lyrnesia moenia dextra, utque alias taceam, qui saevum perdere posset Hectora, nempe dedi: per me iacet inclitus Hector. Illis haec armis, quibus est inventus Achilles, arma peto: vivo dederam, post fata reposco. —	'Son of a goddess,' I said, 'Pergama, doomed to fall, is saving itself for you! Why do you hesitate to overthrow mighty Troy?' I laid my hand on him and sent the brave man to brave deeds. So his deeds are mine. It was I who subdued Telephus with the spear as he fought, I who healed him when, defeated, he begged. That Thebes fell is my doing. Believe that it was I who took Lesbos, I who took Tenedos and Chryse and Cilla, Apollo's cities, and Scyros; consider that it was my right hand that shook the walls of Lyrnesus and laid them flat on the ground. And, to say nothing of others, it was I, of course, who provided the man who could destroy savage Hector: thanks to me famous Hector lies dead. With those arms by which Achilles was discovered, I seek these arms. I gave them to him alive; now that he is dead, I ask for them back.[10]
13.181 Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes Aulidaque Euboicam complerunt mille carinae, exspectata diu, nulla aut contraria classi flamina erant, duraeque iubent Agamemnona sortes inmeritam saevae natam mactare Dianae. Denegat hoc genitor divisque irascitur ipsis atque in rege tamen pater est. Ego mite parentis ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti. Nunc equidem (fateor, fassoque ignoscat Atrides!) difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice causam. Hunc tamen utilitas populi fraterque datique summa movet sceptri, laudem ut cum sanguine penset.	When the grief of one man reached all the Danaans and a thousand ships filled Aulis, facing Euboea, the winds, long awaited, either did not blow or blew against the fleet, and harsh oracles ordered Agamemnon to sacrifice his innocent daughter to cruel Diana. Her father refuses, and is angry with the gods themselves: even in the king he is still a father. It was I who, with my words, turned the parent's gentle nature toward the public good. Now, indeed—I confess it, and may Atreus' son forgive the confession—I argued a difficult case before a biased judge. Yet the good of the people moved him, and his brother, and the supreme power of the scepter entrusted to him, to weigh glory against blood.[11]
13.193 Mittor et ad matrem, quae non hortanda, sed astu decipienda fuit: quo si Telamonius isset, orba suis essent etiamnum lintea ventis. Mittor et Iliacas audax orator ad arces, visaque et intrata est altae mihi curia Troiae (plenaque adhuc erat illa viris), interritus egi, quam mihi mandarat communis Graecia causam, accusoque Parim praedamque Helenamque reposco et moveo Priamum Priamoque Antenora iunctum. At Paris et fratres et qui rapuere sub illo, ni tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelae) nefandas, primaque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.	I am sent, too, to the mother, who could not be persuaded but had to be tricked by cunning. Had Telamon's son gone to her, our sails would still be waiting for their winds. I am sent, too, as a bold envoy to the citadel of Ilium. I saw and entered the senate house of lofty Troy, still full of men in those days, and fearlessly pleaded the cause that all Greece had entrusted to me. I accuse Paris, demand back the plunder and Helen, and move Priam, and Antenor along with Priam. But Paris and his brothers and those who had joined him in the abduction could barely keep their wicked hands

10 This Thebes was a town near Troy, the home of Andromache.
11 The grief was Menelaus', whose wife Helen had been carried off by Paris. Agamemnon's daughter was Iphigenia.

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off me (you know this, Menelaus), and that day was the first of the dangers I shared with you.[12]

13.205 Longa referre mora est, quae consilioque manuque
utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli.
Post acies primas urbis se moenibus hostes
continuere diu, nec aperti copia Martis
ulla fuit: decimo demum pugnavimus anno.
Quid facis interea, qui nil nisi proelia, nosti?
Quis tuus usus erat? Nam si mea facta requiris,
hostibus insidior, fossas munimine cingo,
consolor socios, ut longi taedia belli
mente ferant placida, doceo, quo simus alendi
armandique modo, mittor, quo postulat usus.

It would take too long to recount all the useful things I did by counsel and by hand over the long course of the war. After the first battles the enemy shut themselves inside the city walls for a long time, and there was no chance for open warfare: only in the tenth year did we fight. What were you doing meanwhile, you who know nothing but battles? What use were you? For if you ask about my deeds: I laid ambushes for the enemy, I ringed our trenches with fortifications, I comforted our comrades so that they could bear the weariness of a long war with calm minds, I showed how we should be fed and armed, I was sent wherever need required.

13.216 Ecce Iovis monitu, deceptus imagine somni,
rex iubet incepti curam dimittere belli.
Ille potest auctore suam defendere vocem:
non sinat hoc Aiax delendaque Pergama poscat,
quodque potest, pugnet! Cur non remoratur ituros?
Cur non arma capit? det, quod vaga turba sequatur!
Non erat hoc nimium numquam nisi magna loquenti.
Quid quod et ipse fugit? Vidi, puduitque videre,
cum tu terga dares inhonestaque vela parares.
Nec mora, "quid facitis? quae vos dementia" dixi
"concitat, o socii? captam dimittite Troiam!
Quidve domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno?"

Then, at Jupiter's prompting, deceived by an image in a dream, the king orders us to abandon the war we had begun. He can defend his word by naming its author. Let Ajax refuse to allow this, let him demand that Pergama be destroyed, and let him fight—that much he can do! Why does he not hold back those about to leave? Why does he not take up arms? Let him give the drifting crowd something to follow! This was not too much to ask of a man who never says anything but big things. And what of the fact that he himself fled? I saw it, and was ashamed to see it, when you were turning your back and readying your shameful sails. At once I said, 'What are you doing? What madness, comrades, is driving you? Let Troy go, then, when it is as good as taken! And what are you carrying home in the tenth year but disgrace?'[13]

13.228 Talibus atque aliis, in quae dolor ipse disertum
fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.
nec Telamoniades etiam nunc hiscere quicquam
audet, at ausus erat reges incessere dictis
Thersites etiam, per me haud impune protervus!
Erigor et trepidos cives exhortor in hostem
amissamque mea virtutem voce reposco.
Tempore ab hoc, quodcumque potest fecisse videri
fortiter iste, meum est, qui dantem terga retraxi.
Denique de Danais quis te laudatve petitve?
At sua Tydides mecum communicat acta,
me probat et socio semper confidit Ulixe.

With these words and others, in which indignation itself had made me eloquent, I turned them around and brought them back from the fleeing fleet. Even then the son of Telamon did not dare to utter a sound—yet even Thersites had dared to attack the kings with words, and thanks to me he did not get away with his insolence! I rise and urge my frightened fellow citizens against the enemy, and with my voice I call back their lost courage. From that moment on, whatever that man can be thought to have done bravely is mine, since it was

12 Ulysses lured Clytemnestra into sending Iphigenia to Aulis by pretending she was to marry Achilles.
13 In the *Iliad* Jupiter sends Agamemnon a deceptive dream; when the king tests the army by proposing retreat, the men rush for the ships.

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		I who dragged him back when he turned his back. Finally, which of the Danaans praises you or seeks your company? But Tydeus' son shares his exploits with me, values me, and always trusts in Ulysses as his comrade.[14]
13.241	Est aliquid, de tot Graiorum milibus unum a Diomede legi (nec me sors ire iubebat !), si tamen et spreto noctisque hostisque periclo ausum eadem, quae nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona interimo, non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi prodere, et edidici, quid perfida Troia pararet. Omnia cognoram, nec, quod specularer, habebam, et iam promissa poteram cum laude reverti. Haud contentus eo petii tentoria Rhesi inque suis ipsum castris comitesque peremi atque ita captivo victor votisque potitus ingredior curru laetos imitante triumphos; cuius equos pretium pro nocte poposcerat hostis, arma negate mihi, fueritque benignior Aiax!	It is something to be the one man chosen by Diomedes out of so many thousands of Greeks (and no lot ordered me to go!). And yet, scorning the dangers of night and of the enemy, I also kill Dolon, of the Phrygian race, who had dared the very same as we had—but not before I had forced him to betray everything and learned what treacherous Troy was planning. I had found out everything, had nothing left to spy on, and could already have returned with the praise we had been promised. Not content with that, I made for the tents of Rhesus and killed him in his own camp, together with his companions; and so, victorious, my prayers fulfilled, I ride back in a captured chariot, like a joyful triumph. Deny me the arms of the man whose horses the enemy had demanded as payment for his night's work—and let Ajax prove the more generous![15]
13.255	Quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro devastata meo? Cum multo sanguine fudi Coeranon Iphitiden et Alastoraque Chromiumque Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque, exitioque dedi cum Chersidamante Thoona et Charopem fatisque inmitibus Ennomon actum quique minus celebres nostra sub moenibus urbis procubuere manu. Sunt et mihi vulnera, cives, ipso pulchra loco; nec vanis credite verbis: adspicite en!" vestemque manu deduxit et "haec sunt pectora semper" ait "vestris exercita rebus. At nil impendit per tot Telamonius annos sanguinis in socios et habet sine vulnere corpus!	Why should I tell of the ranks of Lycian Sarpedon laid waste by my sword? With much bloodshed I struck down Coeranus son of Iphitus, and Alastor and Chromius, Alcander and Halius, Noemon and Prytanis; I put to death Thoon along with Chersidamas, and Charops, and Ennomus, driven on by pitiless fate, and others less famous who fell by my hand beneath the walls of the city. I too have wounds, fellow citizens, beautiful because of where they are. And do not trust empty words: look, here!" With his hand he pulled down his garment and said, "Here is a breast that has always labored in your service. But in all these years Telamon's son has spent no blood for his comrades, and his body has not a wound on it!
13.268	Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasga arma tulisse refert contra Troasque Iovemque? Confiteorque, tulit (neque enim benefacta maligne detractare meum est), sed ne communia solus occupet atque aliquem vobis quoque reddat honorem, reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.	But what does it count for, if he recounts how he bore arms for the Pelasgian fleet against the Trojans and Jupiter? I admit he did—it is not my way to belittle good deeds out of spite—but let him not claim for himself alone what was shared by all, and let him give some honor to you as well. It was Actor's grandson who, safe under the likeness of

14 Thersites, a common soldier who railed at the kings, was beaten into silence by Ulysses in *Iliad* 2.
15 Dolon had been promised Achilles' horses as his reward for spying on the Greek camp.

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	Ausum etiam Hectoreis solum concurrere telis se putat, oblitus regisque ducumque meique, nonus in officio et praelatus munere sortis. Sed tamen eventus vestrae, fortissime, pugnae quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo!	Achilles, drove the Trojans back from the ships, which were about to burn, and from their defender. He thinks, too, that he alone dared to face Hector's weapons, forgetting the king and the leaders and me: he was only the ninth to volunteer, and was preferred by the favor of the lot. And yet, bravest of men, what was the outcome of your fight? Hector walked away without a single wound![16]
13.280	Me miserum, quanto cogor meminisse dolore temporis illius, quo Graium murus, Achilles procubuit! Nec me lacrimae luctusque timorque tardarunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem. His umeris, his, inquam, umeris ego corpus Achillis. et simul arma tuli, quae nunc quoque ferre laboro! Sunt mihi, quae valeant in talia pondera, vires, est animus certe vestros sensurus honores. Scilicet idcirco pro nato caerula mater ambitiosa suo fuit, ut caelestia dona, artis opus tantae, rudis et sine pectore miles indueret? neque enim clipei caelamina novit, Oceanum et terras cumque alto sidera caelo Pleiadasque hyadasque inmunemque aequoris arcton diversasque urbes nitidumque Orionis ensem:	Poor me, with what grief I am forced to remember the day when Achilles, the wall of the Greeks, fell! Neither tears nor mourning nor fear kept me from lifting his body high from the ground and carrying it back. On these shoulders—on these shoulders, I say—I carried the body of Achilles, and his arms along with it, the arms I am striving to carry now as well! I have strength enough for such weights; I have, surely, a mind that will appreciate the honor you give. Was it for this, then, that his sea-blue mother was so ambitious for her son—so that heavenly gifts, the work of such great art, should be worn by a crude soldier with no understanding? For he knows nothing of the scenes engraved on the shield: Ocean and the lands, and the stars with the high heavens, the Pleiades and the Hyades, the Bear that never touches the sea, the different cities, and the gleaming sword of Orion.[17]
13.296	Quid quod me duri fugientem munera belli arguit incepto serum accessisse labori, nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli? Si simulasse vocas crimen, simulavimus ambo; si mora pro culpa est, ego sum maturior illo. Me pia detinuit coniunx, pia mater Achillem, primaque sunt illis data tempora, cetera vobis. Haud timeo, si iam nequeam defendere, crimen cum tanto commune viro: deprensus Ulixis ingenio tamen ille, at non Aiacis Ulixes! Neve in me stolidae convicia fundere linguae admiremur eum, vobis quoque digna pudore obicit. An falso Palameden crimine turpe est accusasse mihi, vobis damnasse decorum?	What of his charge that I tried to escape the duties of harsh war and came late to the task already begun? Does he not see that he is slandering great-hearted Achilles? If you call pretending a crime, we both pretended; if delay counts as guilt, I came sooner than he did. A devoted wife held me back, a devoted mother held Achilles; the first part of our time was given to them, the rest to you. Even if I could not refute it, I do not fear a charge that I share with so great a man. Yet he was found out by Ulysses' cleverness, and Ulysses was not found out by Ajax's! And we should not be surprised that he pours out the abuse of his foolish tongue on me: he charges you too with things that ought to shame you. Is it disgraceful for me to have accused Palamedes on a false charge, and honorable for you to have condemned him?
13.310	Sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum tamque patens valuit, nec vos audistis in illo	But the son of Nauplius could not defend a crime so great and so obvious, and you did not merely

16 Actor's grandson is Patroclus, who went into battle wearing Achilles' armor and was killed by Hector.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	crimina: vidistis, pretioque obiecta patebant. Nec Poeantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos, esse reus merui: factum defendite vestrum, consensistis enim. Nec me suasisse negabo, ut se subtraheret bellique viaeque labori temptaretque feros requie finire dolores. Paruit et vivit! Non haec sententia tantum fida, sed et felix, cum sit satis esse fidelem. Quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt, ne mandate mihi: melius Telamonius ibit eloquioque virum morbis iraque furentem molliet aut aliqua producet callidus arte.	hear the charges against him: you saw them, and the bribe laid them bare. Nor have I deserved to stand trial because Vulcan's Lemnos holds the son of Poeas: defend your own act, for you agreed to it. I will not deny that I advised him to withdraw from the hardships of war and travel and to try to end his savage pains with rest. He obeyed—and he is alive! This advice was not only loyal but lucky, though it is enough to be loyal. Since the prophets demand him for the destruction of Pergama, do not send me: the son of Telamon will do better to go. With his eloquence he will soothe the man raging with sickness and anger, or cunningly draw him out by some trick.[18]
13.324	Ante retro Simois fluet et sine frondibus Ide stabit et auxilium promittet Achaia Troiae, quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus, Aiacis stolidi Danais sollertia prosit! Sis licet infestus sociis regique mihique, dure Philoctete, licet exsecrere meumque devoveas sine fine caput cupiasque dolenti me tibi forte dari nostrumque haurire cruorem, te tamen adgrediar mecumque reducere nitar, tamque tuis potiar (faveat Fortuna!) sagittis, quam sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus, quam responsa deum Troianaque fata retexi, quam rapui Phrygiae signum penetrale Minervae hostibus e mediis. Et se mihi comparat Aiax?	The Simois will flow backward, Ida will stand without leaves, and Achaea will promise help to Troy, before—if my heart should stop working for your cause—the shrewdness of stupid Ajax is of any use to the Danaans! Though you may be hostile to your comrades, to the king and to me, harsh Philoctetes, though you curse me and call down endless ruin on my head, and long, in your pain, for me to fall somehow into your hands so that you may drain my blood, still I will approach you and strive to bring you back with me. And I will get hold of your arrows (may Fortune favor me!) just as I got hold of the Dardanian prophet whom I captured, just as I uncovered the answers of the gods and the fates of Troy, just as I snatched the image of Phrygian Minerva from her inner shrine in the midst of the enemy. And Ajax compares himself with me?[19]
13.339	Nempe capi Troiam prohibebant fata sine illo: fortis ubi est Aiax? Ubi sunt ingentia magni verba viri? Cur hic metuis? cur audet Ulixes ire per excubias et se committere nocti perque feros enses non tantum moenia Troum, verum etiam summas arces intrare suaque eripere aede deam raptamque adferre per hostes? Quae nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus gestasset laeva taurorum tergora septem. Illa nocte mihi Troiae victoria parta est, Pergama tunc vici, cum vinci posse coegi! Desine Tydiden vultuque et murmure nobis	Of course: the Fates forbade Troy to be taken without it. Where is brave Ajax then? Where are the great man's mighty words? Why are you afraid here? Why does Ulysses dare to go through the sentries and entrust himself to the night, and pass through savage swords to enter not only the walls of the Trojans but even the topmost citadel, to snatch the goddess from her temple and carry her off through the enemy? Had I not done these things, the son of Telamon would have carried seven bulls' hides on his left arm for nothing. That night I won the victory over Troy; I conquered Per-

17 Achilles' mother, the sea nymph Thetis, had Vulcan forge his armor, including a shield engraved with the whole world.
18 Prophets declared that Troy could not fall without the arrows of Philoctetes.
19 The prophet is Helenus, Priam's son, who revealed the conditions for Troy's fall, among them the theft of the Palladium, Minerva's image guarding the city.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ostentare meum: pars est sua laudis in illo. Nec tu, cum socia clipeum pro classe tenebas, solus eras: tibi turba comes, mihi contigit unus.	gama then, when I made it possible for it to be conquered! Stop pointing out the son of Tydeus, my comrade, to us with your looks and your muttering: he has his own share of the praise in that. And you were not alone when you held your shield over the allied fleet: you had a crowd beside you; I had only one.
13.354	Qui nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem esse nec indomitae deberi praemia dextrae, ipse quoque haec peteret, peteret moderatior Aiax Eurypylusque ferox claroque Andraemone natus, nec minus Idomeneus patriaque creatus eadem Meriones, peteret maioris frater Atridae: quippe manu fortes nec sunt tibi Marte secundi, consiliis cessere meis. Tibi dextera bello utilis: ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro; tu vires sine mente geris, mihi cura futuri; tu pugnare potes, pugnandi tempora mecum eligit Atrides; tu tantum corpore prodes, nos animo; quantoque ratem qui temperat, anteit remigis officium, quanto dux milite maior, tantum ego te supero; nec non in corpore nostro pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis.	If he did not know that the fighter is less than the wise man, and that the prize is not owed to an untamed right hand, he too would claim these arms; so would the more restrained Ajax, and fierce Eurypylus, and the son of famous Andraemon, and no less Idomeneus and Meriones, born in the same land; so would the brother of the elder son of Atreus. For they, strong in action and not second to you in war, have yielded to my counsels. Your right hand is useful in war, but your mind is what needs my guidance. You have strength without intelligence; I have care for the future. You can fight; it is with me that the son of Atreus chooses the times for fighting. You serve only with your body, I with my mind; and as much as the one who steers a ship outranks the work of the rower, as much as the general is greater than the soldier, so far do I surpass you. In our bodies, too, the mind is worth more than the hand: all our strength lies there.[20]
13.370	At vos, o proceres, vigili date praemia vestro, proque tot annorum cura, quibus anxius egi, hunc titulum meritis pensandum reddite nostris. Iam labor in fine est: obstantia fata removi altaque posse capi faciendo Pergama cepi. Per spes nunc socias casuraque moenia Troum perque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi, per siquid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum, siquid adhuc audax ex praecipitique petendum est, este mei memores! Aut si mihi non datis arma, huic date!" — et ostendit signum fatale Minervae.	But you, leaders, give the prize to your watchman, and in return for the cares of so many years that I have spent in anxiety, grant this honor as payment for my services. Now the work is at its end: I have removed the fates that stood in the way, and by making it possible for high Pergama to be taken, I have taken it. Now, by our shared hopes and by the Trojans' walls that are about to fall, by the gods I lately took from the enemy, by anything that still remains to be done with wisdom, by anything still to be won through daring and danger, remember me! Or, if you do not give the arms to me, give them to her!"—and he pointed to Minerva's fateful image.

THE DEATH OF AJAX

The arms go to Ulysses; Ajax kills himself, and a flower springs from his blood.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.382	Mota manus procerum est, et quid facundia posset, re patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.	The band of leaders was moved, and the outcome showed what eloquence could do: the man of

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum ignesque Iovemque sustinuit totiens, unam non sustinet iram, invictumque virum vicit dolor: arripit ensem et "meus hic certe est! an et hunc sibi poscit Ulixes? Hoc" ait "utendum est in me mihi, quique cruore saepe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc caede madebit, ne quisquam Aiacem possit superare nisi Aiax." Dixit et in pectus tum demum vulnera passum, qua patuit ferro, letalem condidit ensem. Nec valuere manus infixum educere telum: expulit ipse cruor, rubefactaque sanguine tellus purpureum viridi genuit de caespite florem, qui prius Oebalio fuerat de vulnere natus; littera communis mediis pueroque viroque incripta est foliis, haec nominis, illa querellae.	words carried off the brave man's arms. He who alone had so often withstood Hector, and sword and fire and Jupiter, could not withstand one thing, his anger; and grief conquered the unconquered man. He seized his sword. "This at least is mine!" he said. "Or does Ulysses claim this for himself too? This I must use against myself; the blade that has so often been wet with Phrygian blood will now be wet with its master's death, so that no one can overcome Ajax but Ajax." He spoke, and into his breast, which then for the first time suffered a wound, where it lay open to the steel, he buried the deadly sword. His hands could not draw out the embedded blade: the blood itself drove it out. And the earth, reddened with his blood, brought forth from the green turf a purple flower, the same that had first been born from the Oebalian wound; letters shared by the boy and the man are written in the middle of its petals, for the one a name, for the other a lament.[21]

THE FALL OF TROY

Troy falls, and the Trojan women, Hecuba among them, are carried off as captives.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.399	Victor ad Hypsipyles patriam clarique Thoantis et veterum terras infames caede virorum vela dat, ut referat Tirynthia tela, sagittas. Quae postquam ad Graios, domino comitante, revexit, imposita estque fero tandem manus ultima bello, Ilion ardebat, neque adhuc consederat ignis, exiguumque senis Priami Iovis ara cruorem combiberat tracta atque comis antistita Phoebi non profecturas tendebat ad aethera palmas. Dardanidas matres patriorum signa deorum, dum licet, amplexas succensaque templa tenentes invidiosa trahunt victores praemia Grai. Mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus, unde pugnantem pro se proavitaque regna tuentem saepe videre patrem monstratum a matre solebat.	The victor set sail for the homeland of Hypsipyle and famous Thoas, the land infamous for the slaughter of its men long ago, to bring back the weapons of the Tirynthian hero, his arrows. When he had brought them back to the Greeks, with their owner coming too, and the final hand had at last been put to the savage war, Ilium was burning, and the fire had not yet died down. Jupiter's altar had drunk up old Priam's scanty blood, and Phoebus' priestess, dragged by her hair, was stretching to the sky hands that would do no good. The Dardanian mothers, embracing the images of their ancestral gods while they still could and clinging to the burning temples, were dragged away by the victorious Greeks, prizes that would stir up hatred. Astyanax was hurled from those towers from which, as his mother pointed him out, he used to watch his father fighting for him and defending the kingdom of his forefathers.[22]

20 The "more restrained Ajax" is Ajax son of Oileus; the brother of Agamemnon is Menelaus.
21 The Spartan (Oebalian) boy is Hyacinthus, loved by Apollo; the markings on the hyacinth were read as AI, both a cry of grief and the start of Ajax's Greek name, Aias.
22 The women of Lemnos killed all their men except King Thoas, whom his daughter Hypsipyle secretly saved. The Tirynthian hero is Hercules, whose arrows Philoctetes inherited.

LATIN	ENGLISH
13.418 Iamque viam suadet boreas, flatuque secundo carbasa mota sonant, iubet uti navita ventis. "Troia, vale! rapimur" clamant, dant oscula terrae Troades et patriae fumantia tecta relinquunt. Ultima conscendit classem (miserabile visu!) in mediis Hecube natorum inventa sepulcris: prensantem tumulos atque ossibus oscula dantem Dulichiae traxere manus, tamen unius hausit inque sinu cineres secum tulit Hectoris haustos; Hectoris in tumulo canum de vertice crinem, inferias inopes, crinem lacrimasque reliquit.	And now Boreas urged them on their way, the sails flapped loudly in the following breeze, and the sailor ordered them to use the winds. "Farewell, Troy! We are being carried off!" cried the Trojan women; they kissed the earth and left the smoking roofs of their homeland. The last to board the fleet (a pitiful sight!) was Hecuba, found among the tombs of her sons: as she clutched at the graves and kissed the bones, Dulichian hands dragged her away. Yet she scooped up the ashes of one, Hector, and carried them off with her in her bosom; and on Hector's tomb she left white hair from her head, a poor offering to the dead—her hair and her tears.[23]
13.429 Est, ubi Troia fuit, Phrygiae contraria tellus, Bistoniis habitata viris: Polymestoris illic regia dives erat, cui te commisit alendum clam, Polydore, pater Phrygiisque removit ab armis, consilium sapiens, sceleris nisi praemia magnas adiecisset opes, animi inritamen avari. Ut cecidit fortuna Phrygum, capit impius ensem rex Thracum iuguloque sui demisit alumni et, tamquam tolli cum corpore crimina possent, exanimem scopulo subiectas misit in undas.	Opposite Phrygia, where Troy once stood, there is a land inhabited by Bistonian men. There stood the rich palace of Polymestor, to whom your father secretly entrusted you to be raised, Polydorus, removing you from the Phrygian war—a wise plan, had he not added great wealth, a prize for crime and a provocation to a greedy mind. When the fortune of the Phrygians fell, the impious king of the Thracians took his sword and plunged it into the throat of his ward, and, as if the crime could be done away with along with the body, he threw the lifeless boy from a cliff into the waves below.

POLYXENA

Achilles' ghost demands a sacrifice, and Polyxena dies bravely at his tomb.

LATIN	ENGLISH
13.439 Litore Threicio classem religarat Atrides, dum mare pacatum, dum ventus amicior esset. Hic subito, quantus cum viveret esse solebat, exit humo late rupta similisque minanti temporis illius vultum referebat Achilles, quo ferus iniustum petiit Agamemnona ferro, "inmemores" que "mei disceditis" inquit "Achivi, obrutaque est mecum virtutis gratia nostrae? Ne facite! utque meum non sit sine honore sepulcrum, placet Achilleos mactata Polyxena manes!" Dixit, et inmiti sociis parentibus umbrae, rapta sinu matris, quam iam prope sola fovebat, fortis et infelix et plus quam femina virgo ducitur ad tumulum diroque fit hostia busto.	The son of Atreus had moored his fleet on the Thracian shore until the sea should be calm, until the wind should be friendlier. Here suddenly Achilles, as large as he used to be when he was alive, came out of the ground, which split wide open, and, like a man threatening, he wore the face he had worn at that moment when he fiercely went for unjust Agamemnon with his sword. "Are you leaving, Achaeans," he said, "forgetful of me? Has gratitude for my valor been buried with me? Do not do it! So that my tomb may not be without honor, let Polyxena be sacrificed to appease the shade of Achilles!" He spoke, and as his comrades obeyed the cruel ghost, the girl was torn from the

23 Dulichium was an island in Ulysses' kingdom; the hands are those of his men, to whom Hecuba fell as captive.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Quae memor ipsa sui, postquam crudelibus aris admota est sensitque sibi fera sacra parari, utque Neoptolemum stantem ferrumque tenentem utque suo vidit figentem lumina vultu, utere iamdudum generoso sanguine!" dixit,	arms of her mother, whom she was now almost alone in comforting; brave and unhappy and more than a woman, she was led to the tomb and became a victim for the dreadful grave. True to herself, when she had been brought to the cruel altar and realized that the savage rite was being prepared for her, and when she saw Neoptolemus standing there holding the sword, and saw him fix his eyes on her face, "Make use of my noble blood at once!" she said.[24]
13.458	"nulla mora est: aut tu iugulo vel pectore telum conde meo! (iugulumque simul pectusque retexit) Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posset! Mater obest minuitque necis mihi gaudia, quamvis non mea mors illi, verum sua vita gemenda est. Vos modo, ne Stygios adeam non libera manes, ite procul, si iusta peto, tactuque viriles virgineo removete manus! Acceptior illi, quisquis is est, quem caede mea placare paratis, liber erit sanguis. Siquos tamen ultima nostri verba movent oris (Priami vos filia regis, nunc captiva rogat), genetrici corpus inemptum reddite, neve auro redimat ius triste sepulcri, sed lacrimis! Tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro."	"There is nothing to hold you back: bury your weapon in my throat or in my breast!" (And at once she bared both throat and breast.) "I only wish that my death could escape my mother's notice! My mother stands in the way and lessens my joy in dying, though it is not my death she ought to mourn, but her own life. Only, so that I may not go to the Stygian shades unfree, stand far off, if what I ask is just, and keep your men's hands from touching a virgin! More acceptable to him, whoever he is whom you are preparing to appease by killing me, will be free blood. Yet if the last words from my mouth move any of you (it is the daughter of King Priam who asks you, now a captive), give my body back to my mother without ransom, and let her buy the sad right of burial not with gold but with tears! In the past, when she could, she paid with gold as well."
13.474	Dixerat, at populus lacrimas, quas illa tenebat, non tenet; ipse etiam flens invitusque sacerdos praebita coniecto rupit praecordia ferro. Illa super terram defecto poplite labens pertulit intrepidos ad fata novissima vultus. Tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas, cum caderet, castique decus servare pudoris. Troades excipiunt deploratosque recensent Priamidas et quid dederit domus una cruoris, teque gemunt, virgo, teque, o modo regia coniunx, regia dicta parens, Asiae florentis imago, nunc etiam praedae mala sors, quam victor Ulixes esse suam nollet, nisi quod tamen Hectora partu edideras: dominum matri vix repperit Hector!	She had finished; but the people did not hold back the tears that she held back. Even the priest himself, weeping and unwilling, drove in his blade and broke open the breast she offered. Her knees gave way and she sank to the ground, keeping a fearless face to the very end. Even then, as she fell, she took care to cover what should be covered and to preserve the grace of chaste modesty. The Trojan women took her up and counted over the children of Priam they had mourned and all the blood one house had given; and they lamented you, maiden, and you, lately called a royal wife, called a royal mother, the image of flourishing Asia, now a poor lot even as spoils, whom victorious Ulysses would not want as his own, except that you had brought Hector into the world: Hector barely found a master for his mother!
13.488	Quae corpus complexa animae tam fortis inane, quas totiens patriae dederat natisque viroque,	Embracing the body, empty now of so brave a spirit, she gave it too the tears she had so often given

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	huic quoque dat lacrimas lacrimas in vulnera fundit osculaque ore tegit consuetaque pectora plangit canitiemque suam concreto in sanguine verrens plura quidem, sed et haec laniato pectore dixit: "Nata, tuae (quid enim superest?) dolor ultime matris, nata, iaces, videoque tuum, mea vulnera, pectus, et ne perdiderim quemquam sine caede meorum, tu quoque vulnus habes! At te, quia femina, rebar a ferro tutam: cecidisti et femina ferro, totque tuos idem fratres, te perdidit idem, exitium Troiae nostrique orbator, Achilles. At postquam cecidit Paridis Phoebique sagittis,	to her country, her sons and her husband. She poured tears into the wounds, covered the lips with kisses, beat the breast long used to beating, and, sweeping her white hair through the clotted blood, she said many things, and this among them, as she tore at her breast: "Daughter, your mother's last grief—for what else is left?—daughter, you lie dead, and I see your wound, my own wound. So that I should lose none of my children without bloodshed, you too have a wound! But I thought that you, being a woman, were safe from the sword: yet you, a woman, have fallen by the sword; and the same man who destroyed so many of your brothers has destroyed you—Achilles, the ruin of Troy, who robbed me of my children. But after he fell by the arrows of Paris and Phoebus,
13.502	"nunc certe," dixi, "non est metuendus Achilles!" Nunc quoque mi metuendus erat: cinis ipse sepulti in genus hoc saevit, tumulo quoque sensimus hostem. Aeacidae fecunda fui! Iacet Ilion ingens, eventuque gravi finita est publica clades, — sed finita tamen; soli mihi Pergama restant, in cursuque meus dolor est: modo maxima rerum, tot generis natisque potens nuribusque viroque, nunc trahor exul, inops, tumulis avulsa meorum, Penelopae munus; quae me data pensa trahentem matribus ostendens Ithacis "haec Hectoris illa est clara parens, haec est" dicet "Priameia coniunx!" Postque tot amissos tu nunc, quae sola levabas maternos luctus, hostilia busta piasti! Inferias hosti peperi! Quo ferrea resto?	'Now surely,' I said, 'Achilles is not to be feared.' Even now I had to fear him: the very ashes of the buried man rage against this family; even in his tomb we have felt our enemy. It was for the grandson of Aeacus that I was fertile! Mighty Ilium lies low, and the public disaster has ended in a grievous outcome—but it has ended. For me alone Pergama still stands, and my grief is still running its course. Just now the greatest of all, powerful in so many sons-in-law and sons, daughters-in-law and husband, I am now dragged off an exile, destitute, torn from the tombs of my family, a gift for Penelope; and as I spin out my allotted wool, she will point me out to the mothers of Ithaca and say, 'This is that famous mother of Hector, this is the wife of Priam!' And now, after the loss of so many, you, who alone relieved your mother's grief, have been made an offering at an enemy's tomb! I have given birth to funeral offerings for an enemy! What am I left for, I who am made of iron?
13.517	Quidve moror? Quo me servas, annosa senectus? Quo, di crudeles, nisi uti nova funera cernam, vivacem differtis anum? Quis posse putaret felicem Priamum post diruta Pergama dici? Felix morte sua est, nec te, mea nata, peremptam adspicit et vitam pariter regnumque reliquit. At, puto, funeribus dotabere, regia virgo, condeturque tuum monumentis corpus avitis. Non haec est fortuna domus: tibi munera matris contingent fletus peregrinaeque haustus harenae! Omnia perdidimus: superest, cur vivere tempus	Or why do I linger? What are you saving me for, long-lived old age? What for, cruel gods, unless to see new deaths, do you prolong the life of a hardy old woman? Who would think that Priam could be called happy after Pergama was destroyed? He is happy in his death: he does not see you, my daughter, slain, and he left his life and his kingdom at the same time. But, I suppose, you will be given funeral rites for a dowry, royal maiden, and your body will be laid in the tombs of your ancestors! That is not the fortune of our house: your

24 Neoptolemus was the son of Achilles.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	in breve sustineam, proles gratissima matri, nunc solus, quondam minimus de stirpe virili, has datus Ismario regi Polydorus in oras. Quid moror interea crudelia vulnera lymphis abluere et sparsos inmiti sanguine vultus?”	mother’s tears will be your funeral gifts, and a handful of foreign sand! We have lost everything; there remains one reason for me to bear living a little while longer: the child dearest to his mother, now the only one, once the youngest of the male line, Polydorus, sent to the Ismarian king on these shores. Why do I delay meanwhile to wash her cruel wounds with water, and her face spattered with pitiless blood?”

HECUBA’S REVENGE

Hecuba finds her murdered son Polydorus, blinds Polymestor, and is turned into a dog.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.533	Dixit et ad litus passu processit anili, albentes lacerata comas. “Date, Troades, urnam” dixerat infelix, liquidas hauriret ut undas: adspicit eiectum Polydori in litore corpus factaque Threiciis ingentia vulnera telis! Troades exclamant: obmutuit illa dolore, et pariter vocem lacrimasque introrsus obortas devorat ipse dolor, duroque simillima saxo torpet et adversa figit modo lumina terra, interdum torvos sustollit ad aethera vultus, nunc positi spectat vultum, nunc vulnera nati vulnera praecipue, seque armat et instruit iram.”	She spoke, and went down to the shore with an old woman’s step, tearing her white hair. “Give me an urn, Trojan women,” the unhappy woman had said, to draw clear water; and she saw the body of Polydorus cast up on the shore, and the huge wounds made by Thracian weapons! The Trojan women cried out; she was struck speechless with grief, and grief itself devoured both her voice and the tears that welled up within her. Like a hard rock, she stood numb, now fixing her eyes on the ground before her, now lifting her grim face to the sky, now gazing at the face of her son as he lay, now at his wounds—his wounds above all—and she armed herself and marshaled her anger.
13.545	Qua simul exarsit, tamquam regina maneret, ulcisci statuit poenaeque in imagine tota est, utque furit catulo lactente orbata leaena signaque nacta pedum sequitur, quem non videt, hostem, sic Hecube, postquam cum luctu miscuit iram, non oblita animorum, annorum oblita suorum, vadit ad artificem dirae, Polymestora, caedis conloquiumque petit: nam se monstrare relictum velle latens illi, quod nato redderet, aurum.	As soon as she blazed up with it, as though she were still a queen, she resolved to take revenge and was wholly absorbed in imagining the punishment. As a lioness rages when robbed of her suckling cub and, finding its tracks, follows the enemy she cannot see, so Hecuba, after she had mingled anger with grief, forgetting not her spirit but her years, went to Polymestor, the author of the dreadful murder, and asked to speak with him: she said she wanted to show him gold that had been left in hiding, for him to pass on to her son.
13.554	Credidit Odrysius praedaeque adsuetus amore in secreta venit. Tum blando callidus ore “tolle moras, Hecube,” dixit, “da munera nato! Omne fore illius quod das, quod et ante dedisti, per superos iuro.” Spectat truculenta loquentem falsaque iurantem tumidaque exaestuat ira atque ita correpto captivarum agmina matrum invocat et digitos in perfida lumina condit expellitque genis oculos (facit ira nocentem)	The Odrysian believed her and, with his habitual love of plunder, came to a secret place. Then, cunning and smooth-tongued, he said, “No more delay, Hecuba: give me the gifts for your son! All that you give will be his, and all that you gave before—I swear it by the gods above.” She glared savagely at him as he spoke and swore falsely, and seethed with swelling anger. Then, seizing him, she called the band of captive mothers to her and

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	immergitque manus, foedataque sanguine sonti non lumen (neque enim superest), loca luminis haurit.	drove her fingers into his treacherous eyes; she forced the eyeballs from their sockets (anger made her dangerous), plunged her hands in, and, stained with his guilty blood, dug out not his eyes (for none were left) but the places where his eyes had been.
13.565	Clade sui Thracum gens inritata tyranni Troada telorum lapidumque incessere iactu coepit. At haec missum rauco cum murmure saxum morsibus insequitur, rictuque in verba parato latravit, conata loqui: locus exstat et ex re nomen habet, veterumque diu memor illa malorum tum quoque Sithonios ululavit maesta per agros. illius Troasque suos hostesque Pelasgos, illius fortuna deos quoque moverat omnes, sic omnes, ut et ipsa Iovis coniunxque sororque eventus Hecubam meruisse negaverit illos.	Enraged by the disaster of their tyrant, the Thracian people began to attack the Trojan woman with a shower of weapons and stones. But she, with a hoarse growl, chased a thrown stone with her bites, and when she opened her jaws ready for words, she barked as she tried to speak. The place still exists and takes its name from the event; and she, long remembering her old sufferings, even then howled mournfully through the Sithonian fields. Her fortune had moved her own Trojans and her Pelasgian enemies; her fortune had moved all the gods as well—so much so that even Jupiter's wife and sister herself denied that Hecuba had deserved such an end.[25]

MEMNON

Aurora mourns her son Memnon, and birds rise from the ashes of his pyre.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.576	Non vacat Aurorae, quamquam isdem faverat armis, cladibus et casu Troiaeque Hecubaeque moveri. Cura deam proprior luctusque domesticus angit Memnonis amissi, Phrygiis quem lutea campis vidit Achillea pereuntem cuspide mater: vidit, et ille rubor, quo matutina rubescunt tempora, palluerat, latuitque in nubibus aether. At non impositos supremis ignibus artus sustinuit spectare parens, sed crine soluto, sicut erat, magni genibus procumbere non est dedignata Iovis lacrimisque has addere voces:	Aurora, though she had favored the same side, had no time to be moved by the disasters and fall of Troy and Hecuba. A nearer care and a grief within her own house tormented the goddess—the loss of Memnon, whom his saffron-robed mother had seen dying on the Phrygian plains by the spear of Achilles. She saw it, and that blush with which the hours of morning redden turned pale, and the sky hid itself in clouds. But his mother could not bear to watch his limbs laid on the final fire; with her hair unbound, just as she was, she did not scorn to fall at the knees of great Jupiter and to add these words to her tears:[26]
13.587	"Omnibus inferior, quas sustinet aureus aether (nam mihi sunt totum rarissima templa per orbem), diva tamen veni, non ut delubra diesque des mihi sacrificos caliturasque ignibus aras. Si tamen adspicias, quantum tibi femina praestem, tum cum luce nova noctis confinia servo, praemia danda putes; sed non ea cura neque hic est	"Though I am the lowest of all the goddesses whom the golden heavens hold (for I have very few temples anywhere in the world), still I have come as a goddess—not for you to grant me shrines and days of sacrifice and altars to grow hot with fires. Yet if you were to consider how much I, a woman, do for you, when with new light I guard

25 The place is Cynossema, "the Dog's Tomb," on the Thracian coast of the Hellespont.
26 Memnon, son of Aurora and Tithonus, came to fight for his uncle Priam and was killed by Achilles.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nunc status Aurorae, meritos ut poscat honores: Memnonis orba mei venio, qui fortia frustra pro patruo tulit arma suo primisque sub annis occidit a forti, sic vos voluistis, Achille. Da, precor, huic aliquem, solacia mortis, honorem, summe deum rector, maternaque vulnera leni."	the borders of the night, you might think I ought to be rewarded. But that is not my concern, nor is Aurora now in a state to ask for the honors she has earned. I come bereft of my Memnon, who bore brave arms in vain for his uncle and in his early years fell to brave Achilles—so you gods willed it. Grant him, I beg you, some honor as a comfort for his death, highest ruler of the gods, and soothe a mother's wounds."
13.600	Iuppiter adnuerat, cum Memnonis arduus alto corruit igne rogus nigrique volumine fumi infecere diem (veluti cum flumina natas exhalant nebulas, nec sol admittitur infra); atra favilla volat glomerataque corpus in unum densetur faciemque capit sumitque calorem atque animam ex igni (levitas sua praebuit alas), et primo similis volucri, mox vera volucris insonuit pennis: pariter sonuere sorores innumerae, quibus est eadem natalis origo, terque rogum lustrant, et consonus exit in auras ter plangor: quarto seducunt castra volatu.	Jupiter had nodded his assent when Memnon's towering pyre collapsed in high flames, and the rolling coils of black smoke darkened the day (as when rivers breathe out the mists born from them, and the sun is not let in below). The black ash flew up and, gathering together, thickened into a single body; it took on a shape and drew heat and life from the fire (its own lightness gave it wings). At first like a bird, then soon a true bird, it whirred with its wings; at the same moment countless sisters whirred too, who shared the same birth. Three times they circled the pyre, and three times their cry, sounding in unison, rose into the air; on the fourth flight they parted into two camps.
13.612	Tam duo diversa populi de parte feroces bella gerunt rostrisque et aduncis unguibus iras exercent alasque adversaque pectora iactant inferiaeque cadunt cineri cognata sepulto corpora seque viro forti meminere creatas. praepetibus subitis nomen facit auctor: ab illo Memnonides dictae, cum sol duodena peregit signa, parentali moriturae voce rebellant. Ergo aliis latrasse Dymantida flebile visum est: luctibus est Aurora suis intenta, piasque nunc quoque dat lacrimas et toto rorat in orbe.	Then the two fierce peoples, from opposite sides, waged war, venting their anger with beaks and hooked claws, beating their wings and breast against breast; and their bodies, kin to the buried ashes, fell as offerings to the dead, remembering that they had been born from a brave man. Their founder gave a name to the sudden birds: after him they were called Memnonides; and when the sun has run through the twelve signs, they renew their war, ready to die, with a cry of mourning for their father. So, while to others it seemed pitiful that the daughter of Dymas had barked, Aurora was intent on her own grief; and even now she sheds devoted tears and sprinkles dew over the whole world.[27]

AENEAS AND ANIUS

Aeneas reaches Delos, where King Anius tells how his daughters became doves.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.623	Non tamen eversam Troiae cum moenibus esse spem quoque fata sinunt: sacra et, sacra altera, patrem	Yet the fates did not allow hope, too, to be overthrown along with the walls of Troy. The hero son

27 The Memnonides were birds said to return each year to fight and die over Memnon's tomb.

LATIN	ENGLISH
fert umeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros: de tantis opibus praedam pius eligit illam Ascaniumque suum profugaque per aequora classe fertur ab Antandro sceleratque limina Thracum et Polydoreo manantem sanguine terram linquit et utilibus ventis aestuque secundo intrat Apollineam sociis comitantibus urbem. Hunc Anius, quo rege homines, antistite Phoebus rite colebatur, temploque domoque recepit urbemque ostendit delubraque nota duasque Latona quondam stirpes pariente retentas. Ture dato flammis vinoque in tura profuso caesarumque boum fibris de more crematis regia tecta petunt positisque tapetibus altis munera cum liquido capiunt Cerealia Baccho.	of Cytherea carried on his shoulders the sacred objects and, a second sacred thing, his father, a burden worthy of reverence. Out of so much wealth, devoted son that he was, he chose that as his plunder, and his Ascanius. With a fleet of exiles he was carried over the seas from Antandros. He left behind the accursed threshold of the Thracians and the land dripping with Polydorus' blood, and with favoring winds and a following tide he entered Apollo's city, his companions with him. Anius, under whom as king men were governed and as priest Phoebus was duly worshiped, received him in temple and in home. He showed him the city, the famous shrines, and the two tree-trunks Latona once clung to as she gave birth. Incense was given to the flames and wine poured over the incense, and the entrails of slaughtered cattle were burned in the customary way. Then they made for the royal palace and, reclining on high-piled coverlets, took the gifts of Ceres together with flowing Bacchus.[28]
13.640 Tum pius Anchises: "O Phoebi lecte sacerdos, fallor, an et natum, cum primum haec moenia vidi, bisque duas natas, quantum reminiscor, habebas?" Huic Anius niveis circumdata tempora vittis concutiens et tristis ait: "Non falleris, heros maxime: vidisti natorum quinque parentem, quem nunc (tanta homines rerum inconstantia versat!) paene vides orbum. Quod enim mihi filius absens auxilium, quem dicta suo de nomine tellus Andros habet pro patre locumque et regna tenentem?	Then devoted Anchises said: "O chosen priest of Phoebus, am I mistaken, or, when I first saw these walls, did you have a son and twice two daughters, as far as I remember?" Anius shook his head, its temples bound with snowy fillets, and answered him sadly: "You are not mistaken, greatest of heroes. You saw the father of five children, and now (such is the fickleness of things that tosses human beings about!) you see him almost childless. For what help to me is my absent son? The land called Andros after his name holds him, and he rules its territory and kingdom in his father's place.
13.650 Delius augurium dedit huic, dedit altera Liber femineae stirpi voto maiora fideque munera: nam tactu natarum cuncta mearum in segetem laticemque meri canaeque Minervae transformabantur, divesque erat usus in illis. Hoc ubi cognovit Troiae populator Atrides, ne non ex aliqua vestram sensisse procellam nos quoque parte putes, armorum viribus usus abstrahit invitas gremio genitoris, alantque imperat Argolicam caelesti munere classem. Effugiunt, quo quaeque potest: Euboea duabus, et totidem natis Andros fraterna petita est. Miles adest et, ni dedantur, bella minatur.	The Delian god gave him the gift of augury. To my female offspring Liber gave other gifts, greater than anyone could wish or believe, for at my daughters' touch everything was transformed into grain and streams of unmixed wine and the oil of gray-green Minerva, and they were a rich source of profit. When the son of Atreus, Troy's destroyer, learned of this (so you will not think that we, too, had no share at all in the storm that struck you), he used force of arms to drag them, unwilling, from their father's lap, and ordered them to feed the Argive fleet with their heavenly gift. They fled,

28 Aeneas is the son of Venus (Cytherea). Apollo's city is Delos, his birthplace, where Latona clung to a palm and an olive while giving birth to him and Diana.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		each wherever she could. Two of them made for Euboea, and as many for their brother's Andros. The soldiers arrived and threatened war unless the girls were surrendered.[29]
13.663	Victa metu pietas: consortia corpora poenae dedidit (et timido possis ignoscere fratri: non hic Aeneas, non, qui defenderet Andron, Hector erat, per quem decimum durastis in annum); iamque parabantur captivis vincla lacertis: illae tollentes etiamnum libera caelo bracchia "Bacche pater, fer opem!" dixere, tulitque muneris auctor opem, — si miro perdere more ferre vocatur opem, nec qua ratione figuram perdiderint, potui scire aut nunc dicere possum; summa mali nota est: pennas sumpsere tuaeque coniugis in volucres, niveas abiere columbas."	Devotion was conquered by fear. He surrendered his sisters' bodies to punishment (and you could forgive a frightened brother: there was no Aeneas here, no Hector to defend Andros, Hector, through whom you held out into the tenth year). Already chains were being readied for their captive arms. Raising to heaven arms that were still free, they cried, 'Father Bacchus, help us!' And the giver of their gift did help them, if destroying them in a wondrous way can be called help. By what means they lost their shape I could not discover, nor can I tell you now. The sum of the disaster is known: they took on feathers and turned into your consort's birds, snow-white doves."
13.675	Talibus atque aliis postquam convivia dictis implerunt, mensa somnum petiere remota, cumque die surgunt adeuntque oracula Phoebi: qui petere antiquam matrem cognataque iussit litora; prosequitur rex et dat munus ituris, Anchisae sceptrum, chlamydem pharetramque nepoti, cratera Aeneae, quem quondam transtulit illi hospes ab Aoniis Therses Ismenius oris. Miserat hunc illi Therses, fabricaverat Alcon Hyleus et longo caelaverat argumento. Urbs erat, et septem posses ostendere portas: hae pro nomine erant et, quae foret illa, docebant.	They filled the banquet with these words and others. Then the tables were removed and they sought sleep. They rose with the day and went to the oracle of Phoebus, which told them to seek their ancient mother and the shores of their kin. The king escorted them and gave gifts to the departing: to Anchises a scepter, to his grandson a cloak and a quiver, to Aeneas a mixing bowl that his guest-friend Therses of Ismenus had once brought him from the Aonian shores. Therses had sent it to him. Alcon of Hyle had made it and engraved it with a long story. There was a city, and you could point out its seven gates: these served as its name and told which city it was.[30]
13.687	Ante urbem exequiae tumulique ignesque rogique effusaeque comas et apertae pectora matres significant luctum: nymphae quoque flere videntur siccatosque queri fontes, sine frondibus arbor nuda riget, rodunt arentia saxa capellae. Ecce facit mediis natas Orione Thebis, agmen femineum, iugulo dare pectus aperto, illas demisso per inertia vulnera telo pro populo cecidisse suo pulchrisque per urbem funeribus ferri celebrique in parte cremari, tum de virginea geminos exire favilla, ne genus intereat, iuvenes, quos fama Coronos nominat, et cineri materno ducere pompam.	Before the city, funerals, tombs, fires and pyres, and mothers with loosened hair and bared breasts signify mourning. The nymphs, too, seem to weep and lament their dried-up springs. The tree stands stiff and bare, without leaves, and goats gnaw the parched rocks. See, in the middle of Thebes he shows the daughters of Orion, a band of women, offering their breasts with throats laid bare. He shows them, the blade driven home through unwarlike wounds, fallen for their people, borne through the city in a splendid funeral and burned in a crowded place. Then from the maidens' ashes two youths come forth, so that their line may not

29 The Delian god is Apollo; Liber is Bacchus; the son of Atreus is Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks at Troy.
30 Aonia is Boeotia, and the city with seven gates is Thebes.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Hactenus antiquo signis fulgentibus aere, summus inaurato crater erat asper acantho.	perish. Report names them the Coroni, and they lead the procession for their mothers' ashes. So far the figures gleaming on the ancient bronze. The rim of the bowl was rough with gilded acanthus.[31]
13.702	Nec leviora datis Troiani dona remittunt dantque sacerdoti custodem turis acerram, dant pateram claramque auro gemmisque coronam. Inde recordati Teucros a sanguine Teucri ducere principium, Cretam tenuere locique ferre diu nequiere Iovem, centumque relictis urbibus Ausonios optant contingere portus: saevit hiems iactatque viros, Strophadumque receptos portubus infidis exterruit ales Aello. Et iam Dulichios portus Ithacamque Samonque Neritiasque domus, regnum fallacis Ulixis, praeter erant vecti: certatam lite deorum Ambraciam versique vident sub imagine saxum iudicis, Actiaco quae nunc ab Apolline nota est, vocalemque sua terram Dodonida quercu Chaoniosque sinus, ubi nati rege Molosso inpia subiectis fugere incendia pennis.	The Trojans sent back gifts no less valuable than those they had received. They gave the priest a box for keeping incense, and a libation dish, and a crown bright with gold and gems. Then, remembering that the Teucrians took their origin from the blood of Teucer, they made for Crete. But they could not long endure Jupiter's sky there, and, leaving its hundred cities behind, they longed to reach the harbors of Ausonia. A storm raged and tossed the men, and when they had been received in the treacherous harbors of the Strophades, the winged Aello terrified them. Soon they had sailed past the ports of Dulichium, past Ithaca and Samos and the homes of Neritos, the kingdom of deceitful Ulysses. They saw Ambracia, once fought over in a lawsuit of the gods, and the rock in the likeness of the judge who was turned to stone, a place now famous for Actian Apollo. They saw the land of Dodona, whose oak speaks, and the Chaonian bays, where the sons of the Molossian king escaped unholy flames on wings that sprang beneath them.[32]
13.719	Proxima Phaeacum felicibus obsita pomis rura petunt, Epiros ab his regnataque vati Buthrotos Phrygio simulataque Troia tenetur. Inde futurorum certi, quae cuncta fideli Priamides Helenus monitu praedixerat, intrant Sicaniam: tribus haec excurrit in aequora pinnis, e quibus imbriferos est versa Pachynos ad austros, mollibus expositum zephyris Lilybaeon, ad arctos aequoris expertes spectat boreamque Peloros. Hac subeunt Teucri, et remis aestuque secundo sub noctem potitur Zanclaea classis harena.	Next they reached the land of the Phaeacians, planted with fruitful orchards. After that they landed in Epirus and at Buthrotos, ruled by the Phrygian seer, with its imitation Troy. Then, sure of the future, all of which Priam's son Helenus had foretold in his faithful counsel, they entered Sicania. It runs out into the sea in three headlands. Of these, Pachynos faces the rain-bringing south winds, Lilybaeon is exposed to the gentle west winds, and Peloros looks toward the north wind and the Bears, which never touch the sea. Here the Teucrians came in, and, with oars and a following tide, at nightfall the fleet reached the sand of Zancle.[33]

31 Orion's daughters gave their lives to end a plague; the two youths who rose from their ashes were called the Coroni ("Crowns").
32 Aello is one of the Harpies. Actium, near Ambracia, was the site of Augustus' naval victory in 31 BC, which he celebrated with a temple of Apollo.
33 Helenus, a son of Priam and a prophet, ruled Buthrotum in Epirus and built a small copy of Troy there. Sicania is Sicily; Zancle is modern Messina.

SCYLLA

Scylla, a maiden courted by many suitors, keeps company with the sea nymphs.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.730	Scylla latus dextrum, laevum inrequieta Charybdis infestat: vorat haec raptas revomitque carinas, illa feris atram canibus succingitur alvum, virginis ora gerens, et, si non omnia vates ficta reliquerunt aliquo quoque tempore virgo. Hanc multi petiere proci; quibus illa repulsis ad pelagi nymphas, pelagi gratissima nymphis, ibat et elusos iuvenum narrabat amores.	Scylla besets the right side, restless Charybdis the left. Charybdis swallows ships she has seized and vomits them back up. Scylla has her black belly girded with savage dogs, though she bears a maiden's face, and, unless all that the bards have handed down is fiction, she was once a maiden, too. Many suitors sought her. She rejected them and would go to the sea nymphs, being dearest of all to the sea nymphs, and tell them of the young men's loves she had eluded.[34]

GALATEA, ACIS AND POLYPHEMUS

Galatea tells how the Cyclops Polyphemus wooed her and crushed her lover Acis.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
13.738	Quam, dum pectendos praebet Galatea capillos, talibus adloquitur, referens suspiria, dictis: "Te tamen, o virgo, genus haud inmite virorum expetit, utque facis, potes his impune negare; At mihi, cui pater est Nereus, quam caerula Doris enixa est, quae sum turba quoque tuta sororum, non nisi per luctus licuit Cyclopis amorem effugere," — et lacrimae vocem impediere loquentis. Quas ubi marmoreo detersit pollice virgo et solata deam est, "refer, o carissima," dixit. "neve tui causam tege (sic sum fida) doloris!" Nereis his contra resecuta Crataeide natam est:	Once, while Galatea was offering her hair to be combed, she sighed and addressed Scylla with these words: "You, at least, maiden, are courted by a race of men that is not cruel, and you can refuse them, as you do, without harm. But I, whose father is Nereus, whom sea-blue Doris bore, who am protected by a whole crowd of sisters, too, could escape the Cyclops' love only through grief." Tears stopped her voice as she spoke. When the maiden had wiped them away with her marble-white thumb and comforted the goddess, she said, "Tell me, dearest, and do not hide the cause of your sorrow (you can trust me that much)!" The Nereid answered the daughter of Crataeis with these words:[35]
13.750	"Acis erat Fauno nymphaque Symaethide cretus, magna quidem patrisque sui matrisque voluptas, nostra tamen maior: nam me sibi iunxerat uni. Pulcher et octonis iterum natalibus actis signarat teneras dubia lanugine malas. Hunc ego, me Cyclops nulla cum fine petebat. En si quaesieris, odium Cyclopis, amorne Acidis in nobis fuerit praesentior, edam: par utrumque fuit. Pro quanta potentia regni est, Venus alma, tui! Nempe ille inmitis et ipsis horrendus silvis et visus ab hospite nullo impune et magni cum dis contemptor Olympi,	"Acis was the son of Faunus and a nymph, a daughter of the Symaethus. He was a great joy to his father and his mother, but a greater one to me, for he had bound himself to me alone. He was handsome, and, with twice eight birthdays past, he had marked his tender cheeks with the first uncertain down. I pursued him, and the Cyclops pursued me without end. If you asked whether my hatred of the Cyclops or my love of Acis was stronger in me, I would tell you: both were equal. Oh, how great is the power of your kingdom, kindly Venus! Why,

34 Scylla and Charybdis were the monsters of the Strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italy.
35 Galatea is a sea nymph, daughter of Nereus and Doris; Crataeis is Scylla's mother.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	quid sit amor, sensit validaque cupidine captus uritur, oblitus pecorum antrorumque suorum.	that savage, dreadful even to the forests themselves, whom no stranger ever saw without coming to harm, who scorned great Olympus and its gods, felt what love is. Seized by powerful desire, he burned, forgetting his flocks and his caves.[36]
13.764	Iamque tibi formae, iamque est tibi cura placendi, iam rigidos pectis rastris, Polypheme, capillos, iam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam et spectare feros in aqua et componere vultus. Caedis amor feritasque sitisque inmensa cruoris cessant, et tutae veniunt abeuntque carinae. Telemus interea Siculam delatus ad Aetnen, Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefellerat ales, terribilem Polyphemon adit "lumen" que, "quod unum fronte geris media, rapiet tibi" dixit "Ulixes!" Risit et "o vatum stolidissime, falleris," inquit,	Now you care about your looks, Polyphemus, now you care about pleasing. Now you comb your stiff hair with rakes, now you like to trim your shaggy beard with a sickle and gaze at your savage face in the water and compose it. Your love of slaughter, your ferocity, and your boundless thirst for blood are gone, and ships come and go in safety. Meanwhile Telemus, carried to Sicilian Etna, Telemus son of Eurymus, whom no bird had ever deceived, approached the terrible Polyphemus and said, 'The single eye you wear in the middle of your forehead, Ulysses will snatch it from you!' He laughed. 'O stupidest of prophets, you are wrong,' he said,[37]
13.775	"altera iam rapuit!" Sic frustra vera monentem spernit et aut gradiens ingenti litora passu degravat aut fessus sub opaca revertitur antra. Prominet in pontum cuneatus acumine longo collis utrumque latus circumfluit aequoris unda; huc ferus ascendit Cyclops mediusque resedit, lanigerae pecudes nullo ducente secutae. Cui postquam pinus, baculi quae praebuit usum, ante pedes posita est, antemnis apta ferendis, sumptaque harundinibus compacta est fistula centum, senserunt toti pastoria sibila montes, senserunt undae; latitans ego rupe meique Acidis in gremio residens procul auribus hausi talia dicta meis auditaque verba notavi:	'another, a woman, has already snatched it!' So he spurned the man who warned him of the truth in vain, and either weighed down the shore, walking with enormous strides, or went back, weary, into his shadowy caves. A wedge-shaped hill juts out into the sea in a long point, and the sea's waves wash around both its sides. The savage Cyclops climbed up here and sat down in the middle, and his woolly flocks followed with no one leading them. He laid at his feet the pine that served him as a staff, fit to carry a ship's yards, and took up his pipe, made of a hundred reeds joined together. All the mountains felt the shepherd's piping, and the waves felt it. I was hiding behind a rock, resting in the lap of my Acis, and from far off I drank in these words with my ears and noted what I heard:
13.789	"Candidior folio nivei, Galatea, ligustri, floridior pratis, longa procerior alno, splendidior vitro, tenero lascivior haedo, levior adsiduo detritis aequore conchis, solibus hibernis, aestiva gratior umbra, nobilior pomis, platano conspectior alta, lucidior glacie, matura dulcior uva, mollior et cygni plumis et lacte coacto saevior indomitis eadem Galatea iuvencis, durior annosa quercu, fallacior undis, lentior et salicis virgis et vitibus albis,	'Whiter than the leaf of the snowy privet, Galatea, more blooming than the meadows, taller than the tall alder, brighter than glass, more playful than a tender kid, smoother than shells worn by the ceaseless sea, more welcome than winter sun or summer shade, nobler than fruit, more striking than the tall plane tree, clearer than ice, sweeter than ripe grapes, softer than swan's down and curdled milk! Yet you, the same Galatea, are wilder than untamed heifers, harder than an aged

36 Faunus is a Roman woodland god; the Symaethus is a river of Sicily near Etna.
37 Polyphemus is the Cyclops whom Ulysses later blinds, as Homer tells in the *Odyssey*.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	his inmobilior scopulis, violentior amne, laudato pavone superbior, acrior igni, asperior tribulis, feta truculentior ursa, surdior aequoribus, calcato inmitior hydro, et, quod praecipue vellem tibi demere possem.	oak, more deceptive than the waves, tougher than willow switches and white vines, more immovable than these crags, more violent than a river, prouder than a peacock that is praised, fiercer than fire, pricklier than thorns, more savage than a bear with cubs, deafer than the seas, more pitiless than a trodden snake, and (what most of all I would like to take from you, if I could)
13.806	Non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto, verum etiam ventis volucrique fugacior aura! At bene si noris, pigeat fugisse morasque ipsa tuas damnes et me retinere labores. Sunt mihi, pars montis, vivo pendentia saxo antra, quibus nec sol medio sentitur in aestu nec sentitur hiems; sunt poma gravantia ramos, sunt auro similes longis in vitibus uvae, sunt et purpureae: tibi et has servamus et illas. Ipsa tuis manibus silvestri nata sub umbra mollia fraga leges, ipsa autumnalia corna prunaque, non solum nigro liventia suco, verum etiam generosa novasque imitantia ceras.	swifter in flight not only than a deer driven by loud barking, but even than the winds and the fleeting breeze! But if you knew me well, you would regret having fled, you would condemn your own delays and strive to keep me. I have caves, part of the mountain itself, hollowed under the living rock, where neither the sun is felt in midsummer heat nor winter. I have fruit weighing down the branches. I have grapes like gold on the long vines, and purple ones too, and I am keeping both kinds for you. With your own hands you will pick soft strawberries grown in the woodland shade, autumn cornels, too, and plums, not only those dark with black juice, but also choice ones like fresh wax.
13.819	Nec tibi castaneae me coniuge, nec tibi deerunt arbutei fetus: omnis tibi serviet arbor. Hoc pecus omne meum est, multae quoque vallibus errant, multas silva tegit, multae stabulantur in antris. Nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere, quot sint: pauperis est numerare pecus! De laudibus harum nil mihi credideris: praesens potes ipse videre, ut vix circueant distentum cruribus uber. Sunt, fetura minor, tepidis in ovilibus agni, sunt quoque, par aetas, aliis in ovilibus haedi. Lac mihi semper adest niveum: pars inde bibenda servatur, partem liquefacta coagula durant.	With me as your husband you will lack neither chestnuts nor the fruit of the arbutus: every tree will serve you. This whole flock is mine. Many more wander in the valleys, many are hidden by the woods, many are penned in caves. If you asked me, I could not tell you how many there are: counting your flock is for poor men! Do not take my word for their merits: come and see for yourself how they can barely straddle their swollen udders. In warm folds there are lambs, the younger brood, and in other folds there are kids, too, of the same age. I always have snow-white milk. Part of it is kept for drinking, and the rest is curdled with rennet and hardened.
13.831	Nec tibi deliciae faciles vulgataque tantum munera contingent, dammae leporesque caperque parve columbarum demptusve cacumine nidus: inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint, inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis, villosae catulos in summis montibus ursae, inveni et dixi “dominae servabimus istos!” Iam modo caeruleo nitidum caput exsere ponto, iam, Galatea, veni, nec munera despice nostra. Certe ego me novi liquidaeque in imagine vidi nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti. Adspice, sim quantus! Non est hoc corpore maior	And not only easy delights and common gifts will come your way, does and hares and a goat, or a pair of doves, or a nest taken from a treetop. I have found twins that could play with you, so alike you could hardly tell them apart, the cubs of a shaggy bear, up on the mountaintops. I found them and said, “We’ll keep these for our mistress!” Now just lift your shining head out of the sea-blue water, now, Galatea, come, and do not scorn my gifts. I certainly know what I look like: I saw myself just lately reflected in clear water, and my looks pleased me when I saw them. Look how big I am!

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Iuppiter in caelo: nam vos narrare soletis, nescio quem regnare Iovem. Coma plurima torvos prominet in vultus umerosque, ut lucus, obumbrat.	Jupiter in the sky is not bigger than this body (for you people like to say that some Jupiter or other is king). Abundant hair hangs over my grim face and shades my shoulders like a grove.
13.846	Nec mea quod rigidis horrent densissima saetis corpora, turpe puta turpis sine frondibus arbor, turpis equus, nisi colla iubae flaventia velent; barba viros hirtaeque decent in corpore saetae. Unum est in media lumen mihi fronte, sed instar ingentis clipei. Quid? non haec omnia magnus Sol videt e caelo? Soli tamen unicus orbis! Adde, quod in vestro genitor meus aequore regnat: hunc tibi do socerum; tantum miserere precesque supplicis exaudi! tibi enim succumbimus uni.	And do not think it ugly that my body bristles with dense, stiff hair. A tree without leaves is ugly, and ugly is a horse unless a golden mane veils its neck. A beard and bristling hair on the body suit a man. I have only one eye in the middle of my forehead, but it is the size of a huge shield. What of it? Does the great Sun not see all these things from the sky? Yet the Sun has only one orb! Besides, my father reigns in your sea: I give him to you as your father-in-law. Only pity me and hear the prayers of a suppliant! For to you alone do I yield.
13.857	Quique Iovem et caelum sperno et penetrabile fulmen, Nerei, te veneror: tua fulmine saevior ira est. — Atque ego contemptus essem patientior huius, si fugeres omnes; sed cur Cyclope repulso Acin amas praefersque meis complexibus Acin? Ille tamen placeatque sibi placeatque licebit, quod nollem, Galatea, tibi; modo copia detur, sentiet esse mihi tanto pro corpore vires! Viscera viva traham divisaque membra per agros perque tuas spargam (sic se tibi misceat!) undas. Uror enim, laesusque exaestuat acrior ignis, cumque suis videor translatam viribus Aetnam pectore ferre meo: nec tu, Galatea, moveris.”	I, who scorn Jupiter and heaven and the piercing thunderbolt, revere you, Nereid: your anger is fiercer than the thunderbolt. And I would bear this contempt more patiently if you fled from everyone. But why do you reject the Cyclops and love Acis, why prefer Acis to my embraces? Still, let him please himself, and let him please you, Galatea, though I would not wish it. Only give me the chance, and he will find that I have strength to match so great a body! I will tear out his living guts and scatter his torn limbs over the fields and through your waters: so may he mingle with you! For I am burning, and the fire, wounded, seethes more fiercely; I seem to carry Etna in my breast, transplanted there with all its force. And you, Galatea, are not moved.’
13.870	Talia nequiquam questus (nam cuncta videbam) surgit et ut taurus vacca furibundus adempta, stare nequit silvaque et notis saltibus errat: cum ferus ignaros nec quicquam tale timentes me videt atque Acin “video” que exclamat “et ista ultima sit, faciam, veneris concordia vestrae!” Tantaque vox, quantam Cyclops iratus habere debuit, illa fuit: clamore perhorruit Aetne. Ast ego vicino pavefacta sub aequore mergor, terga fugae dederat conversa Symaethius heros et “fer opem, Galatea, precor, mihi! ferte, parentes” dixerat “et vestris periturum admittite regnis!”	Having uttered these complaints in vain (for I saw everything), he rose. Like a bull raging when its heifer has been taken away, he could not stand still, but wandered through the forest and the familiar glades. Then the savage creature saw me and Acis, unaware and fearing nothing of the kind, and shouted, ‘I see you, and I will make this the last union of your love!’ That voice was as loud as the voice of an angry Cyclops ought to be: Etna shuddered at the shout. But I, terrified, plunged beneath the nearby sea. The Symaethian hero had turned his back in flight and cried, ‘Help me, Galatea, I beg you! Help me, parents, and admit me, about to die, into your realms!’
13.882	Insequitur Cyclops partemque e monte revulsam mittit, et extremus quamvis pervenit ad illum, angulus is molis totum tamen obruit Acin.	The Cyclops pursued him and hurled a part torn from the mountain, and though only its very edge reached him, that corner of the mass buried Acis

LATIN	ENGLISH
At nos, quod fieri solum per fata licebat, fecimus, ut vires adsumeret Acis avitas. Puniceus de mole cruor manabat, et intra temporis exiguum rubor evanescere coepit fitque color primo turbati fluminis imbre purgaturque mora; tum moles tacta dehiscit, vivaque per rimas proceraque surgit harundo, osque cavum saxi sonat exsultantibus undis: miraque res, subito media tenus exstitit alvo incinctus iuvenis flexis nova cornua cannis, qui, nisi quod maior, quod toto caerulus ore, Acis erat. Sed sic quoque erat tamen Acis, in amnem versus, et antiquum tenuerunt flumina nomen."	entirely. But we did the only thing the fates allowed: we made Acis take on the powers of his grandfather. Crimson blood was flowing from the mass, and within a short time the redness began to fade. It became the color of a river muddied by the first rain, and gradually cleared. Then the mass, touched by us, split open, and a tall, living reed rose through the cracks, and the hollow mouth of the rock resounded with leaping waters. And, a wondrous thing, suddenly a youth emerged, as far as his waist, his new horns wreathed with bending rushes. Except that he was bigger, and sea-blue all over his face, he was Acis. And even so, he was still Acis, turned into a river, and the waters kept his old name."[38]

GLAUCUS

The sea god Glaucus woos Scylla and tells how eating a magic herb changed him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
13.898 Desierat Galatea loqui, coetuque soluto discedunt placidisque natant Nereides undis. Scylla redit (neque enim medio se credere ponto audet) et aut bibula sine vestibus errat harena, aut, ubi lassata est, seductos nacta recessus gurgitis, inclusa sua membra refrigerat unda. Ecce fretum scindens alti novus incola ponti, nuper in Euboica versis Anthedone membris, Glaucus adest visaeque cupidine virginis haeret et quaecumque putat fugientem posse morari verba refert; fugit illa tamen veloxque timore pervenit in summum positi prope litora montis.	Galatea had stopped speaking. The gathering broke up, and the Nereids departed, swimming through the calm waves. Scylla returned (for she did not dare trust herself to the open sea) and either wandered naked on the thirsty sand or, when she was tired, found a secluded hollow of the water and cooled her limbs in its enclosed waves. Look: cutting through the sea came a new inhabitant of the deep, his limbs lately changed at Euboean Anthedon. It was Glaucus. At the sight of the maiden he stopped, caught by desire, and spoke whatever words he thought might delay her flight. She fled all the same and, swift with fear, reached the top of a mountain that stood near the shore.[39]
13.910 Ante fretum est ingens, apicem conlectus in unum, longa sub arboribus convexus in aequora vertex: constitit hic, et tuta loco, monstrumne deusne ille sit, ignorans, admiraturque colorem caesariemque umeros subiectaque terga tegentem, ultimaque excipiat quod tortilis inguina piscis. Sensit et innitens, quae stabat proxima, moli, "non ego prodigium nec sum fera belua, virgo, sed deus" inquit "aquae: nec maius in aequore Proteus ius habet et Triton Athamantiadesque Palaemon. Ante tamen mortalis eram, sed, scilicet altis	Facing the sea there is a huge peak, gathered into a single point, its long summit curving out, beneath its trees, over the water. Here she stopped, and, safe in that place, not knowing whether he was a monster or a god, she wondered at his color, at the hair that covered his shoulders and the back beneath, and at the way a twisting fish took over below his groin. He noticed, and, leaning on the nearest rock, said, "I am no monster, maiden, and no wild beast, but a god of the water. Proteus has no greater power in the sea, nor does Triton, nor

38 The Acis is a small river at the foot of Etna.
39 Glaucus was a fisherman of Anthedon, a Boeotian town facing the island of Euboea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	deditus aequoribus, tantum exercebar in illis. Nam modo ducebam ducentia retia pisces, nunc in mole sedens moderabar harundine linum.	Palaemon, son of Athamas. Yet before this I was a mortal, though, naturally, I was devoted to the deep sea and worked only on it. Now I would draw nets that drew in fish, now, sitting on a rock, I would guide my line with a rod.
13.924	Sunt viridi prato confinia litora, quorum altera pars undis, pars altera cingitur herbis, quas neque cornigerae morsu laesere iuvencae, nec placidae carpsistis oves hirtaeve capellae; non apis inde tulit conlectos semine flores, non data sunt capiti genialia serta, neque umquam falciferae secuere manus; ego primus in illo caespite consedi, dum lina madentia sicco, utque recenserem captivos ordine pisces, insuper exposui, quos aut in retia casus aut sua credulitas in aduncos egerat hamos. Res similis fictae (sed quid mihi fingere prodest?): gramine contacto coepit mea praeda moveri et mutare latus terraque, ut in aequore, niti. Dumque moror mirorque simul, fugit omnis in undas turba suas dominumque novum litusque relinquunt.	There is a shore bordering a green meadow, one side of which is bounded by the waves, the other by grass. Horned heifers have never harmed it with their bite, nor have you cropped it, peaceful sheep or shaggy goats. No bee has carried away flowers gathered there, no festive garlands from it have ever been given to anyone's head, and no hands bearing scythes have ever cut it. I was the first to sit on that turf, while I dried my dripping lines. To count my captive fish in order, I laid out on top of it the ones that chance had driven into my nets or their own credulity onto my curved hooks. It sounds like a fiction (but what would I gain by fiction?): as soon as it touched the grass, my catch began to move, to flip from side to side and to strive on land as if in the sea. While I hesitated and wondered, the whole crowd fled into their own waters, leaving their new master and the shore behind.
13.940	Obstipui dubitoque diu causamque requiro, num deus hoc aliquis, num sucus fecerit herbae. "Quae" tamen "has" inquam "vires habet herba?",manuque pabula decerpsi decerptaque dente momordi. Vix bene combiberant ignotos guttura sucos, cum subito trepidare intus praecordia sensi alteriusque rapi naturae pectus amore, nec potui restare diu "repetenda" que "numquam terra, vale!" dixi corpusque sub aequora mersi. Di maris exceptum socio dignantur honore, utque mihi quaecumque feram mortalia, demant, Oceanum Tethynque rogant: ego lustror ab illis, et purgante nefas noviens mihi carmine dicto pectora fluminibus iubeor supponere centum; nec mora, diversis lapsi de partibus amnes totaque vertuntur supra caput aequora nostrum.	I was stunned and long in doubt, and searched for the cause: had some god done this, or the juice of the grass? 'But what grass has such powers?' I said, and I plucked the grass with my hand and, once plucked, bit it with my teeth. My throat had scarcely swallowed the unknown juices when suddenly I felt my heart trembling within me and my breast swept away by love of another nature. I could not resist for long. 'Farewell, land, never to be sought again!' I said, and plunged my body beneath the waters. The gods of the sea received me and deemed me worthy of the honor of their company, and asked Oceanus and Tethys to take away whatever mortal nature I bore. I was purified by them. A spell to purge sacrilege was chanted over me nine times, and I was told to put my breast beneath a hundred rivers. At once streams came gliding from every direction, and whole waters poured over my head.
13.956	Hactenus acta tibi possum memoranda referre, hactenus haec memini, nec mens mea cetera sensit. Quae postquam rediit, alium me corpore toto ac fueram nuper, neque eundem mente recepi. Hanc ego tum primum viridem ferrugine barbam caesariemque meam, quam longa per aequora verro,	This far I can tell you things worth recording; this far I remember, and my mind perceived nothing more. When it returned, I found myself different in my whole body from what I had been before, and not the same in mind. Then for the first time I

LATIN	ENGLISH
ingentesque umeros et caerula bracchia vidi cruraque pinnigero curvata novissima pisce. Quid tamen haec species, quid dis placuisse marinis, quid iuvat esse deum, si tu non tangeris istis?" Talia dicentem, dicturum plura, reliquit Scylla deum; furit ille inritatusque repulsa prodigiosa petit Titanidos atria Circes.	saw this beard, green with a dark rust color, and the hair that I sweep through the long seas, my huge shoulders and sea-blue arms, and my legs curving at their end into a finned fish. Yet what good is this appearance, what good is it to have pleased the gods of the sea, what good is it to be a god, if you are not moved by these things?" As he was saying this, and about to say more, Scylla left the god. He raged, and, stung by her rejection, made for the wonder-filled halls of Circe, the Titan's daughter.[40]

40 Circe, daughter of the Sun (the Titan), is a sorceress famous from Homer's *Odyssey*.

Book 14

Aeneas in Italy
Scylla and Circe; the Sibyl; Picus and Canens; Aeneas made a god; Pomona and Vertumnus; Romulus.

GLAUCUS, SCYLLA AND CIRCE

Circe, rejected by Glaucus, poisons Scylla's pool and turns her into a monster.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.1	Iamque Giganteis iniectam faucibus Aetnen arvaque Cyclopum, quid rastra, quid usus aratri nescia nec quicquam iunctis debentia bubus, liquerat Euboicus tumidarum cultor aquarum, liquerat et Zanclen adversaque moenia Rhegi navifragumque fretum, gemino quod litore pressum Ausoniae Siculaeque tenet confinia terrae. Inde manu magna Tyrrhena per aequora raptus herbiferos adiit colles atque atria Glaucus Sole satae Circes, variarum plena ferarum. Quam simul adspexit, dicta acceptaque salute, "diva, dei miserere, precor! nam sola levare tu potes hunc," dixit "videar modo dignior esse!	Glaucus, the Euboean who dwells in the swelling waters, had now left behind Etna, heaped on the Giant's jaws, and the fields of the Cyclopes, which know nothing of the hoe or the use of the plow and owe nothing to yoked oxen. He had left behind Zancle too, and the walls of Rhegium opposite, and the ship-wrecking strait that, hemmed in by twin shores, marks the border between the Ausonian and the Sicilian lands. From there, sweeping through the Tyrrhenian waters with his great hands, Glaucus came to the grassy hills and to the halls of Circe, daughter of the Sun, which were full of beasts of every kind. As soon as he saw her, and greetings had been given and returned: "Goddess, pity a god, I beg you! You alone can relieve this god," he said, "if only I seem worthy![1]
14.14	Quanta sit herbarum, Titani, potentia, nulli quam mihi cognitius, qui sum mutatus ab illis. Neve mei non nota tibi sit causa furoris: litore in Italico, Messenia moenia contra, Scylla mihi visa est; pudor est promissa precesque blanditiasque meas contemptaque verba referre. At tu, sive aliquod regnum est in carmine, carmen ore move sacro, sive expugnantior herba est, utere temptatis operosae viribus herbae. Nec medeare mihi sanesque haec vulnera mando, fineque nil opus est: partem ferat illa caloris."	No one knows better than I, daughter of Titan, how great the power of herbs is, for I was changed by them. And so that the cause of my frenzy is not unknown to you: on the Italian shore, opposite the walls of Messana, I saw Scylla. I am ashamed to recount my promises and my prayers, my coaxing, and how my words were scorned. But you—if there is any sovereignty in spells, move your sacred lips in a spell; or if a herb has greater power to conquer, use the proven strength of a potent herb. I do not ask you to cure me and heal these wounds; there is no need for them to end. Let her bear a share of the heat."
14.25	At Circe (neque enim flammis habet aptius ulla talibus ingenium, seu causa est huius in ipsa, seu Venus indicio facit hoc offensa paterno) talia verba refert. "Melius sequerere volentem	But Circe—for no one has a nature more prone to such flames, whether the cause lies in herself or Venus makes it so, offended by her father's informing—replied with these words: "You would do

1 Rhegium (Reggio) faces Zancle across the strait. The Giant buried under Etna is Typhoeus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
optantemque eadem parilique cupidine captam. Dignus eras ultro (poteras certeque) rogari, et, si spem dederis, mihi crede, rogaberis ultro. Neu dubites adsitque tuae fiducia formae: en ego, cum dea sim, nitidi cum filia Solis, gramine cum tantum, tantum quoque carmine possim, ut tua sim, voveo; spernentem sperne, sequenti redde vices unoque duas ulciscere facto!" Talia temptanti "prius" inquit "in aequore frondes" Glaucus "et in summis nascentur montibus algae, sospite quam Scylla nostri mutentur amores!"	better to pursue one who is willing, who longs for the same thing and is caught by an equal desire. You deserved to be wooed unasked—and you certainly could have been—and if you give any hope, believe me, you will be wooed unasked. Do not doubt, and have confidence in your looks: see, I, though a goddess, though the daughter of the shining Sun, though I can do so much with herbs and so much with spells, pray that I may be yours. Scorn her who scorns you; repay her who pursues you in kind, and with a single act take revenge for two!" As she tempted him with such words, Glaucus said, "Sooner will leaves grow in the sea and seaweed on the mountaintops than my love will change while Scylla lives!"[2]
14.40 Indignata dea est, et laedere quatenus ipsum non poterat (nec vellet amans), irascitur illi, quae sibi praelata est, venerisque offensa repulsa protinus horrendis infamia pabula sucis conterit et tritis Hecateia carmina miscet caerulaque induitur velamina perque ferarum agmen adulantum media procedit ab aula, oppositumque petens contra Zancleia saxa Rhegion ingreditur ferventes aestibus undas, in quibus ut solida ponit vestigia terra summaque decurrit pedibus super aequora siccis. Parvus erat gurges, curvos sinuatus in arcus, grata quies Scyllae; quo se referebat ab aestu et maris et caeli, medio cum plurimus orbe sol erat et minimas a vertice fecerat umbras. Hunc dea praevitiat portentificisque venenis inquinat, hic pressos latices radice nocenti spargit et obscurum verborum ambage novorum ter noviens carmen magico demurmurat ore.	The goddess was indignant. Since she could not harm Glaucus himself (nor, loving him, would she have wished to), she turned her anger on the girl who had been preferred to her. Stung by the rejection of her love, she at once ground up notorious herbs with horrible juices and, as she ground them, mixed in Hecate's spells. She put on a dark-blue cloak and passed out of the middle of her hall through the troop of fawning beasts. Making for Rhegium, opposite the rocks of Zancle, she stepped onto the waves that seethe with surging tides, setting her feet on them as if on solid ground, and ran across the surface of the sea with dry feet. There was a small pool, curving into a bow-shaped bay, Scylla's favorite place of rest. She would retreat there from the heat of both sea and sky, when the sun stood at its strongest in mid-heaven and from its height had made the shadows shortest. This pool the goddess fouled in advance and polluted with monster-making poisons. Over it she sprinkled liquids pressed from a harmful root, and three times nine times she murmured with her magic lips a dark spell, a maze of strange words.
14.59 Scylla venit mediaque tenus descenderat alvo, cum sua foedari latrantibus inguina monstris adspicit ac primo credens non corporis illas esse sui partes refugitque abigitque timetque ora proterva canum, sed quos fugit, attrahit una et corpus quaerens femorum crurumque pedumque, Cerbereos rictus pro partibus invenit illis: statque canum rabie subiectaque terga ferarum	Scylla came and had waded in as far as her waist when she saw her loins disfigured by barking monsters. At first, not believing they were parts of her own body, she fled from them, drove them off, and shrank in fear from the savage mouths of the dogs; but what she fled she dragged along with her. Looking for her body—thighs, legs, and feet—

2 The Sun had revealed Venus' affair with Mars to her husband Vulcan (Book 4), and Venus took revenge on his children.

LATIN	ENGLISH
inguinibus truncis uteroque exstante coercet. Flevit amans Glaucus nimiumque hostiliter usae viribus herbarum fugit conubia Circes; Scylla loco mansit cumque est data copia primum, in Circes odium sociis spoliavit Ulixen; mox eadem Teucras fuerat mersura carinas, ni prius in scopulum, qui nunc quoque saxeus exstat, transformata foret: scopulum quoque navita vitat.	she found in place of those parts the gaping jaws of Cerberus. She stood on a mass of raging dogs, and with her truncated loins and her belly rising above them, she held in check the backs of the beasts beneath her. Glaucus, who loved her, wept, and fled from union with Circe, who had used the power of her herbs too cruelly. Scylla stayed in that place, and as soon as she had the chance, out of hatred for Circe she robbed Ulysses of his companions. Later she would have sunk the Trojan ships too, had she not first been turned into a rock, which even now juts out in stone; that rock, too, sailors shun.

AENEAS AND DIDO

Aeneas is driven to Carthage, where Dido kills herself when he leaves.

LATIN	ENGLISH
14.75 Hunc ubi Troianae remis avidamque Charybdim evicere rates, cum iam prope litus adesset Ausonium, Libycas vento referuntur ad oras. Excipit Aenean illic animoque domoque non bene discidium Phrygii latura mariti Sidonis; inque pyra sacri sub imagine facta incubuit ferro deceptaque decipit omnes. Rursus harenosae fugiens nova moenia terrae ad sedes Erycis fidumque relatus Acesten sacrificat tumulumque sui genitoris honorat; quasque rates Iris Iunonia paene cremarat, solvit et Hippotadae regnum terrasque calenti sulphure fumantes Acheloiadumque relinquit Sirenum scopulos, orbataque praeside pinus Inarimen Prochytenque legit sterilique locatas colle Pithecusas, habitantum nomine dictas.	When the Trojan ships had got past this rock and greedy Charybdis with their oars, and were already near the Ausonian shore, the wind carried them back to the coast of Libya. There the Sidonian queen welcomed Aeneas into her heart and her home—she who would not bear well the parting from her Phrygian husband. On a pyre built under the pretense of a sacrifice she fell upon a sword, and, deceived herself, deceived everyone. Fleeing again the new walls of that sandy land, and carried back to the seat of Eryx and faithful Acestes, Aeneas sacrificed and honored his father's tomb. He unmoored the ships that Juno's Iris had almost burned, and left behind the realm of Hippotes' son, the lands smoking with hot sulfur, and the rocks of the Sirens, daughters of Achelous. His ship, robbed of its pilot, coasted past Inarime, Prochyte, and the Pithecusae, set on a barren hill and named after their inhabitants.[3]
14.91 Quippe deum genitor, fraudem et periuria quondam Cercopum exosus gentisque admissa dolosae, in deforme viros animal mutavit, ut idem dissimiles homini possent similesque videri, membraque contraxit naresque a fronte resimas contudit et rugis peraravit anilibus ora totaque velatos flaventi corpora villo misit in has sedes nec non prius abstulit usum verborum et natae dira in periuria linguae: posse queri tantum rauco stridore reliquit.	For the father of the gods, who once loathed the deceit and perjuries of the Cercopes and the crimes of that treacherous race, changed the men into an ugly animal, so that they could seem at once unlike a human being and like one. He shrank their limbs, flattened their noses so that they turned up from the forehead, and furrowed their faces with an old woman's wrinkles. Then he sent them, their whole bodies covered in yellowish hair, to dwell in this place. But first he took

3 The Sidonian queen is Dido of Carthage, whose story Virgil tells in *Aeneid* 4. The lost pilot is Palinurus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	away their use of words and of the tongue that had been born for dreadful perjury. He left them only the power to complain in hoarse screeching.[4]

THE SIBYL OF CUMAE

The Sibyl guides Aeneas through the underworld and tells how Apollo granted her long life.

LATIN	ENGLISH
14.101 Has ubi praeteriit et Parthenopeia dextra moenia deseruit, laeva de parte canori Aeolidae tumulum et, loca feta palustribus undis, litora Cumarum vivacisque antra Sibyllae intrat, et ut manes veniat per Averna paternos, orat. At illa diu vultum tellure moratum erexit tandemque deo furibunda recepto "magna petis" dixit, "vir factis maxime, cuius dextera per ferrum est, pietas spectata per ignes. Pone tamen, Troiane, metum: potiere petitis Elysiasque domos et regna novissima mundi me duce cognosces simulacraque cara parentis. Invia virtuti nulla est via!" Dixit et auro fulgentem ramum silva Iunonis Avernae monstravit iussitque suo divellere trunco.	When he had passed these islands and left the walls of Parthenope on his right, he came on his left to the tomb of the tuneful son of Aeolus, and to the shores of Cumae, a place teeming with marshy waters. He entered the cave of the long-lived Sibyl and begged that he might go through Avernus to his father's shade. For a long time she kept her face fixed on the ground; then at last she raised it, and, frenzied as the god entered her, said, "You ask great things, man greatest in deeds, whose right hand has been proved by the sword and whose devotion has been proved by fire. But put aside your fear, Trojan: you shall have what you seek. With me as your guide you will come to know the Elysian homes, the last kingdom of the world, and the dear image of your father. To courage no way is impassable!" She spoke, and in the forest of Avernian Juno she showed him a bough shining with gold and told him to tear it from its trunk.[5]
14.116 Paruit Aeneas et formidabilis Orci vidit opes atavosque suos umbramque senilem magnanimi Anchisae; didicit quoque iura locorum, quaeque novis essent adeunda pericula bellis. Inde ferens lassos adverso tramite passus cum duce Cumaea mollit sermone laborem. Dumque iter horrendum per opaca crepuscula carpit, "seu dea tu praesens, seu dis gratissima" dixit, "numinis instar eris semper mihi meque fatebor muneris esse tui, quae me loca mortis adire, quae loca me visae voluisti evadere mortis. Pro quibus aerias meritis evectus ad auras templa tibi statuam, tribuam tibi turis honores."	Aeneas obeyed. He saw the riches of dreaded Orcus, his ancestors, and the aged shade of great-hearted Anchises; he learned too the laws of those regions, and what dangers he would have to face in new wars. Then, as he climbed back with weary steps along the uphill path, he lightened the toil by talking with his Cumaean guide. As he made his way along the fearsome road through the shadowy twilight, he said, "Whether you are a goddess in person or a woman most beloved by the gods, to me you will always be like a divinity, and I will confess that I owe myself to your gift. For you willed that I should enter the places of death, and escape the places of death once seen. For this kindness, when I have risen to the open air, I will build you a temple and grant you the honors of incense."

4 The Cercopes were a mythical race of tricksters. The name Pithecusae comes from Greek *pithekos* ("ape").
5 Parthenope is Naples, and the son of Aeolus is Misenus, Aeneas' trumpeter. "Avernian Juno" is Proserpina, queen of the underworld.

LATIN	ENGLISH
14.129 Respicit hunc vates et suspiratibus haustis "nec dea sum" dixit "nec sacri turis honore humanum dignare caput; neu nescius erres, lux aeterna mihi carituraque fine dabatur, si mea virginitas Phoebo patuisset amanti. Dum tamen hanc sperat dum praecorrumpere donis me cupit, "elige" ait, "virgo Cumaea, quid optes: optatis potiere tuis." Ego pulveris hausti ostendi cumulum: quot haberet corpora pulvis, tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi; excidit, ut peterem iuvenes quoque protinus annos.	The prophetess looked back at him and, drawing a deep sigh, said, "I am no goddess; do not think a human head worthy of the honor of sacred incense. And so that you do not go wrong through ignorance: light everlasting, without end, was offered to me, if I had yielded my virginity to Phoebus, who loved me. While he hoped for it, while he longed to corrupt me beforehand with gifts, he said, 'Maiden of Cumae, choose what you wish: you shall have your wish.' I pointed to a heap of dust I had gathered up and, foolish girl, asked to be granted as many birthdays as the dust had grains. It slipped my mind to ask that the years should also be young ones.
14.140 Hos tamen ille mihi dabat aeternamque iuventam, si venerem paterer: contempto munere Phoebi innuba permaneo; sed iam felicior aetas terga dedit, tremuloque gradu venit aegra senectus, quae patienda diu est (nam iam mihi saecula septem acta vides): superest, numeros ut pulveris aequem, ter centum messes, ter centum musta videre. Tempus erit, cum de tanto me corpore parvam longa dies faciet consumptaque membra senecta ad minimum redigentur onus: nec amata videbor nec placuisse deo; Phoebus quoque forsitan ipse vel non cognoscet vel dilexisse negabit: usque adeo mutata ferar, nullique videnda, voce tamen noscar; vocem mihi fata relinquent."	Yet he was offering me those too, and eternal youth, if I would submit to his love. I scorned Phoebus' gift, and I remain unwed. But now the happier time of my life has turned its back, and sickly old age has come with trembling step, and I must endure it long. For as you see, I have already lived seven centuries; to match the number of the grains of dust, it remains for me to see three hundred harvests, three hundred vintages. A time will come when the long days will make me small out of so large a body, and my limbs, consumed by age, will be reduced to the slightest weight. I will not seem to have been loved, or to have pleased a god; perhaps Phoebus himself will either not recognize me or will deny that he loved me. So changed will I be said to be. Though no one will see me, I will still be known by my voice: my voice the Fates will leave me."

ACHAEMENIDES

Achaemenides, rescued from the Cyclops, tells his story to Ulysses' comrade Macareus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
14.154 Talia convexum per iter memorante Sibylla sedibus Euboicam Stygiis emergit in urbem Troius Aeneas sacrisque ex more litatis litora adit nondum nutricis habentia nomen. Hic quoque substiterat per taedia longa laborum Neritius Macareus, comes experientis Ulixei; desertum quondam mediis e rupibus Aetnae noscit Achaemeniden improvisoque repertum vivere miratus "qui de casusve deusve servat, Achaemenide? cur" inquit "barbara Graium prora vehit? petitur vestra quae terra carina?" Talia quaerenti iam non hirsutus amictu,	As the Sibyl told these things along the steep path, Trojan Aeneas emerged from the Stygian realm into the Euboean city, and, having offered sacrifice in the customary way, he went to the shore that did not yet bear his nurse's name. Here too Neritian Macareus, companion of much-tried Ulysses, had stopped, worn out by the long weariness of his hardships. He recognized Achaemenides, who had once been abandoned among the crags of Etna, and, amazed to find him unexpectedly alive, said, "What chance or what god keeps

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	iam suus et spinis conserto tegmine nullis, fatur Achaemenides: "Iterum Polyphemon et illos adspiciam fluidos humano sanguine rictus, hac mihi si potior domus est Ithacique carina, si minus Aenean veneror genitore nec umquam esse satis potero, praestem licet omnia, gratus.	you safe, Achaemenides? Why does a foreign ship carry a Greek? What land is your ship making for?" To these questions Achaemenides—no longer shaggy in his clothing, now himself again, his covering no longer stitched together with thorns—replied: "May I see Polyphemus again, and those jaws streaming with human blood, if my home and the Ithacan's ship are dearer to me than this ship, if I revere Aeneas less than my father. Never can I be grateful enough, even if I were to give everything.[6]
14.172	Quod loquor et spiro caelumque et sidera solis respicio, possimne ingratus et impius esse? Ille dedit, quod non anima haec Cyclopis in ora venit, et ut iam nunc lumen vitale relinquam, aut tumulo aut certe non illa condar in alvo. Quid mihi tunc animi (nisi si timor abstulit omnem sensum animumque) fuit, cum vos petere alta relictus aequora conspexi? Volui inclamare, sed hosti prodere me timui: vestrae quoque clamor Ulixis paene rati nocuit. Vidi, cum monte revulsum inmanem scopulum medias permisit in undas; vidi iterum veluti tormenti viribus acta vasta Giganteo iaculantem saxa lacerto et, ne deprimeret fluctus ventusve carinam, pertimui, iam me non esse oblitus in illa.	That I speak and breathe and look up at the sky and the shining of the sun—could I be ungrateful and undutiful for that? It is his gift that this life of mine did not pass into the Cyclops' mouth; and if I were to leave the light of life even now, I would be buried in a tomb, or at least not in that belly. What did I feel then (unless fear took away all sense and feeling), when, left behind, I saw you making for the open sea? I wanted to shout to you, but I was afraid of betraying myself to the enemy: even Ulysses' shout nearly ruined your ship. I saw him when he tore an enormous rock from the mountain and hurled it into the midst of the waves. I saw him again hurling huge stones with his giant arm, as if driven by the force of a catapult, and I was terrified that the waves or the wind would sink the ship, forgetting that I was no longer on board.
14.187	Ut vero fuga vos a certa morte reduxit, ille quidem totam gemebundus obambulat Aetnam praetemptatque manu silvas et luminis orbus rupibus incursat foedataque bracchia tabo in mare protendens gentem exsecratur Achivam atque ait: "O si quis referat mihi casus Ulixem aut aliquem e sociis, in quem mea saeviat ira, viscera cuius edam, cuius viventia dextra membra mea laniem, cuius mihi sanguis inundet guttur et elisi trepident sub dentibus artus: quam nullum aut leve sit damnum mihi lucis ademptae!"	But when flight had carried you away from certain death, he went groaning all around Etna, groping through the forests with his hands; robbed of his eye, he stumbled against the rocks. Stretching out his arms, fouled with gore, toward the sea, he cursed the Achaean race and said, 'Oh, if only some chance would bring Ulysses back to me, or one of his companions, on whom my anger could vent itself—whose guts I could eat, whose living limbs I could tear apart with my right hand, whose blood could flood my throat, whose crushed limbs could quiver between my teeth! How slight, or how nothing, would be the loss of the light that was taken from me!'
14.198	Haec et plura ferox; me luridus occupat horror spectantem vultus etiamnum caede madentes	This and more he raved in his savagery. Pale horror seized me as I looked at his face, still dripping

6 The Euboean city is Cumae; the shore was later named Caieta (Gaeta) after Aeneas' nurse, who was buried there. Achaemenides, one of Ulysses' men left behind among the Cyclopes, was rescued by Aeneas in Virgil's *Aeneid* 3.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	crudelesque manus et inanem luminis orbem membraque et humano concretam sanguine barbam. mors erat ante oculos, minimum tamen ipsa doloris: et iam prensurum, iam nunc mea viscera rebar in sua mersurum, mentique haerebat imago temporis illius, quo vidi bina meorum ter quater adfligi sociorum corpora terrae, cum super ipse iacens hirsuti more leonis visceraque et carnes cumque albis ossa medullis semianimesque artus avidam condebat in alvum.	with slaughter, his cruel hands, the empty socket of his eye, his limbs, and his beard matted with human blood. Death was before my eyes, yet death itself was the least of my pain. I thought that at any moment he would seize me, at any moment bury my flesh in his own; and the image clung in my mind of that time when I saw him take two of my companions and dash their bodies three, four times against the ground, while he himself, crouching over them like a shaggy lion, stowed in his greedy belly their guts and flesh, their bones with the white marrow, and their half-living limbs.
14.210	Me tremor invasit: stabam sine sanguine maestus; mandentemque videns eiectantemque cruentas ore dapes et frusta mero glomerata vomentem talia fingebam misero mihi fata parari perque dies multos latitans omnemque tremescens ad strepitum, mortemque timens cupidusque moriri, glande famem pellens et mixta frondibus herba, solus, inops, exspes, leto poenaeque relictus hanc procul adspexi longo post tempore navem oravique fugam gestu ad litusque cucurri — et movi. Graiumque ratis Troiana recepit! Tu quoque pande tuos, comitum gratissime, casus et ducis et turbae, quae tecum est credita ponto.”	Trembling took hold of me; I stood bloodless and wretched. Seeing him chew, spit the bloody feast out of his mouth, and vomit lumps clotted with wine, I imagined that such a fate was being prepared for wretched me. For many days I hid, trembling at every sound, afraid of death and yet longing to die, keeping off hunger with acorns and with grass mixed with leaves. Alone, helpless, hopeless, abandoned to death and punishment, after a long time I saw this ship far off, begged by signs to be rescued, ran to the shore—and moved them. A Trojan ship took in a Greek! You too, dearest of companions, tell your fortunes, and those of our leader and of the crew that entrusted itself to the sea with you.”

ULYSSES AND CIRCE

Macareus tells of Aeolus, the Laestrygonians, and Circe turning Ulysses’ men into pigs.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.223	Aeolon ille refert Tusco regnare profundo, Aeolon Hippotaden, cohibentem carcere ventos; quos bovis inclusos tergo, memorabile munus, Dulichium sumpsisse ducem flatuque secundo lucibus isse novem et terram adspexisse petitam; proxima post nonam cum sese aurora moveret, invidia socios praedaeque cupidine victos, esse ratos aurum, dempsisse ligamina ventis; cum quibus isse retro, per quas modo venerat undas, Aeoliique ratem portus repetisse tyranni. “Inde Lami veterem Laestrygonis” inquit “in urbem venimus. Antiphates terra regnabat in illa.	Macareus told how Aeolus reigns over the Tuscan deep—Aeolus, son of Hippotes, who confines the winds in a prison. He told how the Dulichian leader received the winds shut up in an ox hide, a memorable gift, and with a favoring breeze sailed for nine days and sighted the land he was seeking; how, when dawn was stirring on the day after the ninth, his companions, overcome by envy and greed for plunder and thinking it was gold, untied the fastenings that held the winds; and how with those winds the ship went back through the waters it had just crossed and returned to the harbor of the Aeolian king. “From there,” he said, “we came to the ancient city of Lamus the Laestrygonian. Antiphates was king in that land.[7]

LATIN	ENGLISH
14.235 Missus ad hunc ego sum, numero comitante duorum, vixque fuga quaesita salus comitique mihique: tertius e nobis Laestrygonis impia tinxit ora cruore suo. Fugientibus instat et agmen concitat Antiphates. Coeunt et saxa trabesque coniciunt merguntque viros merguntque carinas. Una tamen, quae nos ipsumque vehebat Ulixen, effugit. Amissa sociorum parte dolentes multaque conquesti terris adlabimur illis, quas procul hinc cernis (procul hinc, mihi crede, videnda insula, visa mihi!), tuque o iustissime Troum, nate dea (neque enim finito Marte vocandus hostis es, Aenea), moneo, fuge litora Circes.	I was sent to him with two companions, and by flight my companion and I barely found safety; the third of us stained the impious mouth of the Laestrygonian with his blood. As we fled, Antiphates pursued us and roused his people. They gathered and hurled rocks and beams, sinking men and sinking ships. One ship, however, the one that carried us and Ulysses himself, escaped. Grieving for the companions we had lost, with many laments, we drifted to that land which you see far off from here—believe me, that island should be seen only from far off; I have seen it! And you, most just of the Trojans, son of a goddess—for now that the war is over you must no longer be called an enemy, Aeneas—I warn you: shun the shores of Circe.
14.248 Nos quoque Circaeo religata in litore pinu, Antiphatae memores inmansuetique Cyclopis, ire negabamus vel tecta ignota subire; sorte sumus lecti, sors me fidumque Politen Eurylochumque simul nimiique Elpenora vini bisque novem socios Circaea ad moenia misit. Quae simul attigimus stetimusque in limine tecti, mille lupi mixtaeque lupis ursique leaeque occursu fecere metum, sed nulla timenda nullaque erat nostro factura in corpore vulnus. Quin etiam blandas movere per aera caudas nostraque adulantes comitant vestigia, donec excipiunt famulae perque atria marmore tecta ad dominam ducunt: pulchro sedet illa recessu, sollemni solio, pallamque induta nitentem insuper aurato circumvelatur amictu.	We too moored our ship on Circe's shore, but remembering Antiphates and the savage Cyclops, we refused to go on or to enter an unknown house. We were chosen by lot: the lot sent me, faithful Polites, Eurylochus, Elpenor, too fond of wine, and twice nine companions to Circe's walls. As soon as we reached them and stood at the threshold of the house, a thousand wolves, and bears and lionesses mixed with the wolves, frightened us by running to meet us. But none of them was to be feared; none was going to wound our bodies. In fact they waved their tails gently in the air and, fawning, followed our steps, until serving women received us and led us through marble-clad halls to their mistress. She sat in a lovely alcove on a ceremonial throne, wearing a gleaming robe, and over it she was wrapped in a golden mantle.
14.264 Nereides nymphaeque simul, quae vellera motis nulla trahunt digitis nec fila sequentia ducunt: gramina disponunt sparsosque sine ordine flores secernunt calathis variasque coloribus herbas; ipsa quod hae faciunt opus, exigit, ipsa, quis usus quove sit in folio, quae sit concordia mixtis, novit et advertens pensas examinat herbas. Haec ubi nos vidit, dicta acceptaque salute, diffudit vultus et reddidit omina voce. Nec mora, misceri tosti iubet hordea grani mellaque vimque meri cum lacte coagula passo, quique sub hac lateant furtim dulcedine, sucos adicit. Accipimus sacra data pocula dextra.	Nereids and nymphs were with her, who draw out no fleece with nimble fingers and spin no following thread. Instead they sort herbs, and separate into baskets flowers scattered in disorder and plants of varied colors. She herself oversees the work they do; she herself knows what use there is in each leaf and what harmony there is in their mixing, and she attentively examines the herbs once they are weighed. When she saw us, and greetings had been given and returned, her face brightened and she answered our good wishes with words of good omen. At once she ordered a mixture of barley from toasted grain, honey, strong wine, and curds with raisin wine, and she

7 The Dulichian leader is Ulysses. The Laestrygonians were a race of man-eating giants.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	added juices to lurk secretly beneath this sweetness. We took the cups handed to us by her sacred right hand.
14.277 Quae simul arenti sitientes hausimus ore, et tetigit summos virga dea dira capillos, (et pudet et referam!) saetis horrescere coepi nec iam posse loqui, pro verbis edere raucum murmur et in terram toto procumbere vultu; osque meum sensi pando occallescere rostro, colla tumere toris, et qua modo pocula parte sumpta mihi fuerant, illa vestigia feci, cumque eadem passis (tantum medicamina possunt!) claudor hara, solumque suis caruisse figura vidimus Eurylochum: solus data pocula fugit. Quae nisi vitasset, pecoris pars una manerem nunc quoque saetigeri, nec tantae cladis ab illo certior ad Circen ultor venisset Ulixes.	As soon as we had thirstily drained them with parched mouths, and the dread goddess had touched the tips of our hair with her wand—I am ashamed, but I will tell it—I began to bristle with stiff hairs. I could no longer speak; instead of words I let out a hoarse grunt, and I bent toward the ground with my whole face. I felt my mouth harden into an upturned snout and my neck swell with muscles, and with the hands that had just taken the cup I made footprints. Along with the others who had suffered the same—so great is the power of drugs!—I was shut in a sty. We saw that Eurylochus alone had escaped the shape of a pig: he alone had refused the cup he was offered. Had he not avoided it, I would still be one of the bristly herd even now, and Ulysses would not have learned of our great disaster from him and come to Circe as our avenger.
14.291 Pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album, moly vocant superi, nigra radice tenetur; tutus eo monitisque simul caelestibus intrat ille domum Circes, et ad insidiosa vocatus pocula, conantem virga mulcere capillos reppulit et stricto pavidam deterruit ense. Inde fides dextraeque datae, thalamoque receptus coniugii dotem sociorum corpora poscit. Spargimur ignotae sucis melioribus herbae percutimurque caput conversae verbere virgae, verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis. Quo magis illa canit, magis hoc tellure levati erigimur, saetaeque cadunt, bifidosque relinquit rima pedes, redeunt umeri et subiecta lacertis bracchia sunt: flentem flentes amplectimur ipsi haeremusque ducis collo nec verba locuti ulla priora sumus quam nos testantia gratos.	The Cyllenian, bringer of peace, had given him a white flower. The gods call it moly, and it is held by a black root. Protected by it, and by heavenly advice as well, he entered Circe's house. When he was invited to the treacherous cups and she tried to stroke his hair with her wand, he pushed her back and, with drawn sword, frightened her off in terror. Then pledges were exchanged and right hands given. Received into her bedroom, he demanded his comrades' bodies as the dowry for their union. We were sprinkled with the kinder juices of some unknown herb and struck on the head with a blow of the reversed wand, and words were spoken that undid the words spoken before. The more she chanted, the more we were lifted from the ground and stood upright. The bristles fell away, the cleft left our split hooves, our shoulders came back, and forearms were set beneath our upper arms. Weeping, we embraced our weeping leader and clung to his neck, and the first words we spoke were words that bore witness to our gratitude.
14.308 Annua nos illic tenuit mora, multaque praesens tempore tam longo vidi, multa auribus hausi, hoc quoque cum multis, quod clam mihi rettulit una quattuor e famulis ad talia sacra paratis. Cum duce namque meo Circe dum sola moratur,	A year's delay kept us there. In so long a time I saw many things with my own eyes and took in many with my ears. Among them was this, which one of the four handmaids assigned to such rites told me in secret. While Circe was spending time alone

LATIN	ENGLISH
illa mihi niveo factum de marmore signum ostendit iuvenale, gerens in vertice picum, aede sacra positum multisque insigne coronis. Quis foret et quare sacra coleretur in aede, cur hanc ferret avem, quaerenti et scire volenti "accipe" ait "Macareu, dominaeque potentia quae sit hinc quoque disce meae: tu dictis adice mentem!	with my leader, the handmaid showed me a statue of a young man made of snow-white marble, with a woodpecker on its head, set up in a sacred shrine and decked with many garlands. I asked who he was, why he was worshiped in a sacred shrine and why he carried this bird, for I wanted to know. 'Listen, Macareus,' she said, 'and learn from this too what power my mistress has. Pay close attention to what I tell you!

PICUS AND CANENS

Circe changes King Picus into a woodpecker, and his wife Canens wastes away.

LATIN	ENGLISH
14.320 Picus in Ausoniis, proles Saturnia terris rex fuit, utilium bello studiosus equorum; forma viro, quam cernis, erat: licet ipse decorem adspicias fictaque probes ab imagine veram. Par animus formae; nec adhuc spectasse per annos quinquennem poterat Graia quater Elide pugnam. Ille suos dryadas Latiis in montibus ortas verterat in vultus, illum fontana petebant numina, naiades, quas Albula, quasque Numici, quas Anienis aquae cursuque brevissimus Almo Narve tulit praeceps et opacae Farfarus umbrae, quaeque colunt Scythicae stagnum nemorale Dianae finitimosque lacus; spretis tamen omnibus unam ille colit nymphen, quam quondam in colle Palati dicitur Ionio peperisse Venilia Iano.	Picus, offspring of Saturn, was a king in the lands of Ausonia, devoted to horses that serve in war. He had the looks you see here: you may view his beauty for yourself and judge the real one from the sculpted likeness. His spirit matched his looks, and he could not yet have seen four times the contest held every fifth year in Greek Elis. He had drawn the eyes of the Dryads born in the mountains of Latium. The goddesses of springs sought him too: the Naiads borne by the Albula, by the waters of the Numicius and the Anio, by the Almo, shortest in its course, by the headlong Nar and by the Farfarus of deep shade, and those who dwell by the woodland pool of Scythian Diana and the neighboring lakes. Yet he scorned them all and cherished one nymph, whom Venilia is said once to have borne to Ionian Janus on the Palatine hill.[8]
14.335 Haec ubi nubilibus primum maturuit annis, praeposito cunctis Laurenti tradita Pico est, rara quidem facie, sed rarior arte canendi, unde Canens dicta est: silvas et saxa movere et mulcere feras et flumina longa morari ore suo volucresque vagas retinere solebat. Quae dum feminea modulatur carmina voce, exierat tecto Laurentes Picus in agros, indigenas fixurus apros, tergumque premebat acris equi, laevaque hastilia bina ferebat, poeniceam fulvo chlamydem contractus ab auro.	When she first came of age for marriage, she was given to Laurentine Picus, who was preferred above all others. She was rare in beauty but rarer in the art of singing, and so she was called Canens. With her voice she used to move woods and rocks, soothe wild beasts, hold back long rivers and stop wandering birds. While she was singing her songs in her woman's voice, Picus had gone out from his house into the Laurentine fields to spear the native boars. He sat astride a spirited horse, carried two spears in his left hand, and wore a crimson cloak fastened with tawny gold.[9]
14.346 Venerat in silvas et filia Solis easdem, utque novas legeret fecundis collibus herbas,	The daughter of the Sun had also come into those same woods. To gather fresh herbs on the fertile

8 Picus is the Latin for "woodpecker." The contest at Elis is the Olympic Games, held every four years ("every fifth year" by Roman counting), so he was not yet twenty.
9 Canens means "singing" in Latin.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nomine dicta suo Circaea reliquerat arva. Quae simul ac iuvenem, virgultis abdita, vidit, obstipuit: cecidere manu, quas legerat, herbae, flammaque per totas visa est errare medullas. Ut primum valido mentem conlegit ab aestu, quid cuperet, fassura fuit: ne posset adire, cursus equi fecit circumfususque satelles. "Non" ait "effugies, vento rapiare licebit, si modo me novi, si non evanuit omnis herbarum virtus et non mea carmina fallunt."	hills, she had left the fields called Circaean after her own name. Hidden in the thickets, she saw the young man and was stunned. The herbs she had gathered fell from her hand, and a flame seemed to wander through all her marrow. As soon as she had collected her wits from that fierce heat, she was about to confess what she desired, but the speed of his horse and the attendants crowding around him kept her from approaching. "You will not escape," she said, "even if the wind should carry you off, if only I know myself, if all the power of herbs has not vanished and my spells do not fail me."
14.358	Dixit et effigiem, nullo cum corpore, falsi finxit apri praeterque oculos transcurrere regis iussit et in densum trabibus nemus ire videri, plurima qua silva est et equo loca pervia non sunt. Haud mora: continuo praedae petit inscius umbram Picus equique celer spumantia terga relinquit spemque sequens vanam silva pedes errat in alta. Concipit illa preces et verba precantia dicit ignotosque deos ignoto carmine adorat, quo solet et niveae vultum confundere Lunae et patrio capiti bibulas subtexere nubes. Tum quoque cantato densetur carmine caelum, et nebulas exhalat humus, caecisque vagantur limitibus comites, et abest custodia regis. Nacta locum tempusque "per, o, tua lumina" dixit,	So she said, and she fashioned the phantom of a sham boar with no body. She ordered it to run past the king's eyes and to seem to plunge into a grove dense with trees, where the woods are thickest and no horse can pass. Without delay Picus, unaware, at once went after the shadow of prey. He swiftly left his horse's foaming back and, following an empty hope, wandered on foot in the deep wood. She framed prayers and spoke words of entreaty, and she worshiped unknown gods with an unknown chant. It was the chant she used to cloud the face of the snow-white Moon and to draw thirsty clouds across her father's head. Then too, at the chanting of the spell, the sky thickened and the ground breathed out mists. His companions wandered on blind paths, and the king was left without his guard. Having found her place and time, she said, "By your eyes,"
14.373	"quae mea ceperunt, perque hanc, pulcherrime, formam, quae facit, ut supplex tibi sim dea, consule nostris ignibus et socerum, qui pervidet omnia, Solem accipe, nec durus Titanida despice Circen!" Dixerat. Ille ferox ipsamque precesque relinquit et "quaecumque es" ait, "non sum tuus: altera captum me tenet et teneat per longum, comprecor, aevum! Nec venere externa socialia foedera laedam, dum mihi Ianigenam servabunt fata Canentem!" Saepe retemptatis precibus Titania frustra "non impune feres, neque" ait "reddere Canenti, laesaque quid faciat, quid amans, quid femina disces."	"which have captured mine, and by this beauty, most handsome one, which makes me, a goddess, your suppliant: have regard for my flames, accept the all-seeing Sun as your father-in-law, and do not harshly scorn Circe, the Titan's daughter!" She had spoken. Fiercely he rejected both her and her prayers. "Whoever you are," he said, "I am not yours. Another has captured me and holds me, and may she hold me, I pray, for a long age to come! I will not wound the bonds of marriage with a stranger's love while the fates keep Canens, Janus' daughter, for me!" She renewed her prayers again and again in vain. Then the Titan's daughter said, "You will not get away with this, nor will you be given back to Canens. You will learn what a woman wronged, a woman in love, a woman, can do."
14.386		

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Tum bis ad occasum, bis se convertit ad ortus, ter iuvenem baculo tetigit, tria carmina dixit. Ille fugit, sed se solito velocius ipse currere miratur: pennas in corpore vidit, seque novam subito Latiis accedere silvis indignatus avem duro fera robora rostro figit et iratus longis dat vulnera ramis. Purpureum chlamydis pennae traxere colorem, fibula quod fuerat vestemque momorderat aurum, pluma fit, et fulvo cervix praecingitur auro, nec quicquam antiquum Pico nisi nomina restat.	Then twice she turned to the west and twice to the east. Three times she touched the young man with her staff, and three spells she chanted. He fled, but he was amazed to find himself running faster than usual. He saw feathers on his body. Outraged to be suddenly added to the woods of Latium as a new bird, he struck the wild oaks with his hard beak and in anger dealt wounds to their long branches. His feathers took on the crimson of his cloak. What had been a brooch, the gold that had bitten into his garment, became plumage, and his neck was ringed with tawny gold. Nothing of the old Picus remained except his name.
14.397	Interea comites, clamato saepe per agros nequiquam Pico nullaque in parte reperto, inveniunt Circen (nam iam tenuaverat auras passaque erat nebulas ventis ac sole recludi) criminibusque premunt veris regemque reposcunt vimque ferunt saevisque parant incessere telis. Illa nocens spargit virus sucosque veneni et Noctem noctisque deos Ereboque chaoque convocat et longis Hecaten ululatibus orat: exsiluere loco (dictu mirabile) silvae, ingemuitque solum, vicinaque palluit arbor, sparsaque sanguineis maduerunt pabula guttis, et lapides visi mugitus edere raucos, et latrare canes et humus serpentibus atris squalere et tenues animae volitare videntur.	Meanwhile his companions called Picus again and again through the fields, in vain, and found him nowhere. Then they came upon Circe, for she had now thinned the air and let the winds and the sun open up the mists. They pressed her with true accusations, demanded their king back, used force, and got ready to attack her with savage weapons. Guilty as she was, she sprinkled poisons and venomous juices. She called together Night and the gods of night from Erebus and Chaos, and prayed to Hecate with long howls. The woods leaped from their places (wonderful to tell), the ground groaned, and the nearby trees went pale. The grass she had sprinkled grew wet with drops of blood. Stones seemed to utter hoarse bellows, and dogs seemed to bark, the earth to bristle with black snakes, and thin ghosts to flit about.
14.412	Attonitum monstris vulgus pavet: illa paventis ora venenata tetigit mirantia virga, cuius ab attactu variarum monstra ferarum in iuvenes veniunt: nulli sua mansit imago. Sparserat occiduus Tartessia litora Phoebus, et frustra coniunx oculis animoque Canentis exspectatus erat: famuli populusque per omnes discurrunt silvas atque obvia lumina portant; nec satis est nymphae flere et lacerare capillos et dare plangorem (facit et tamen omnia) seque proripit ac Latios errat vesana per agros. Sex illam noctes, tetidem redeuntia solis lumina viderunt inopem somnique cibique per iuga, per valles, qua fors ducebat, euntem.	The crowd, stunned by these portents, was terrified. She touched their terrified, wondering faces with her poisoned wand, and at its touch the monstrous shapes of various wild beasts came over the young men. None kept his own likeness. Phoebus, setting, had sprinkled the shores of Tartessus with his light, and Canens had waited for her husband in vain with her eyes and her heart. Servants and townspeople ran through all the woods carrying torches to meet him. Nor was it enough for the nymph to weep, tear her hair and beat her breast, though she did all these things. She rushed out and wandered frantic through the fields of Latium. Six nights and as many returns of the sun's light saw her going over ridges and through valleys, wherever chance led, without sleep or food.[10]

10 Tartessus, in southern Spain, stands for the far west.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.426	Ultimus adspexit Thybris luctuque viaque fessam et iam longa ponentem corpora ripa. Illic cum lacrimis ipso modulata dolore verba sono tenui maerens fundebat, ut olim carmina iam moriens canit exequialia cygnus. Luctibus extremis teneras liquefacta medullas tabuit inque leves paulatim evanuit auras; fama tamen signata loco est, quem rite Canentem nomine de nymphae veteres dixere Camenae." Talia multa mihi longum narrata per annum visaque sunt. Resides et desuetudine tardi rursus inire fretum, rursus dare vela iubemur. Ancipitesque vias et iter Titania vastum dixerat et saevi restare pericula ponti. Pertimui, fateor, nactusque hoc litus adhaesi."	The Tiber was the last to see her, worn out with grief and travel, laying her body down on its long bank. There, weeping and grieving, she poured out words in a faint voice, tuned to her very sorrow, as a swan sometimes sings its own funeral song as it dies. Her tender marrow melted by this final grief, she wasted away and little by little vanished into thin air. Yet her fame was stamped upon the place, which the ancient Camenae fittingly named Canens, after the nymph.' Many such things I was told, and saw, through that long year. Sluggish and slow from lack of practice, we were ordered to go to sea again and set sail again. The Titan's daughter had told us of perilous routes and a vast journey, and of the dangers of the savage sea still awaiting us. I was terrified, I admit, and when I reached this shore I clung to it."[11]

THE COMPANIONS OF DIOMEDES

Diomedes refuses Turnus his help and tells how his comrades were turned into birds.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.441	Finierat Macareus. Urnaque Aeneia nutrix condita marmoreo tumulo breve carmen habebat: HIC ME CAIETAM NOTAE PIETATIS ALUMNUS EREPTAM ARGOLICO QUO DEBUIT IGNE CREMAVIT. Solvitur herboso religatus ab aggere funis, et procul insidias infamataeque relinquunt tecta deae lucosque petunt, ubi nubilus umbra in mare cum flava prorumpit Thybris harena; Faunigenaeque domo potitur nataque Latini, non sine Marte tamen: bellum cum gente feroci suscipitur, pactaque furit pro coniuge Turnus. Concurrit Latio Tyrrhenia tota, diuque ardua sollicitis victoria quaeritur armis.	Macareus had finished. Aeneas' nurse, buried in an urn in a marble tomb, bore a short inscription: HERE MY FOSTER-SON, OF FAMOUS DEVOTION, BURNED ME, CAIETA, RESCUED FROM THE ARGIVE FIRE, WITH THE FIRE THAT WAS MY DUE. The cable tied to the grassy bank was cast off. They left far behind the treachery and the house of the infamous goddess and made for the groves where the Tiber, darkened by shade, bursts into the sea with its yellow sand. Aeneas won the house and the daughter of Latinus, son of Faunus, though not without war. War was taken up against a fierce people, and Turnus raged for the bride he had been promised. All Tyrrhenia clashed with Latium, and for a long time hard-won victory was sought with anxious arms.
14.454	Auget uterque suas externo robore vires, et multi Rutulos, multi Troiana tuentur castra. Neque Aeneas Euandri ad moenia frustra, at Venulus frustra profugi Diomedis ad urbem venerat: ille quidem sub Iapyge maxima Dauno moenia condiderat dotaliaque arva tenebat. Sed Venulus Turni postquam mandata peregit auxilium petiit, vires Aetolius heros	Each side increased its strength with foreign forces. Many defended the Rutulians, and many the Trojan camp. Aeneas had not gone to Evander's walls in vain, but Venulus had gone in vain to the city of the exiled Diomedes. Diomedes had founded a very great city under Iapygian Daunus and held lands that had come to him as a dowry. When Venulus had delivered Turnus' mes-

11 The Camenae were Italian goddesses of springs, identified with the Muses.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	excusat: nec se aut soceri committere pugnae velle sui populos, aut quos e gente suorum armet habere ullos, "neve haec commenta putetis, admonitu quamquam luctus renoventur amari perpetiar memorare tamen. Postquam alta cremata est Ilion et Danaas paverunt Pergama flammas, Naryciusque heros, a virgine virgine rapta, quam meruit poenam solus, digessit in omnes, spargimur et ventis inimica per aequora rapti fulmina, noctem, imbres, iram caelique marisque perpetimur Danai cumulumque Capherea cladis.	sage and asked for help, the Aetolian hero excused himself from sending troops. He was unwilling to commit his father-in-law's people to battle, and he had none of his own race to arm. "So that you will not think this an invention, I will bear to tell it, though the reminder renews bitter grief. Lofty Ilium was burned, and Pergama fed the Danaan flames. The Narycian hero tore a virgin from the Virgin and spread among us all the punishment he alone deserved. After that we were scattered. Swept by winds over hostile seas, we Danaans endured lightning, darkness, rain, the anger of sky and sea, and Caphereus, the crown of our disasters.[12]
14.473	Neve morer referens tristes ex ordine casus, Graecia tum potuit Priamo quoque flenda videri. Me tamen armiferae servatum cura Minervae fluctibus eripuit, patriis sed rursus ab agris pellor, et antiquo memores de vulnere poenas exigit alma Venus, tantosque per alta labores aequora sustinui, tantos terrestribus armis, ut mihi felices sint illi saepe vocati, quos communis hiems importunusque Caphereus mersit aquis, vellemque horum pars una fuissem.	I will not delay you by telling our sad misfortunes in order. At that time Greece could have seemed worth weeping for even to Priam. Yet the care of Minerva, bearer of arms, saved me and snatched me from the waves. But again I was driven from my native fields, and kindly Venus, remembering an old wound, exacted punishment. I endured such great hardships on the deep sea, and such great hardships in wars on land, that I often called those men fortunate whom the storm we all shared and cruel Caphereus drowned in the waters, and I wished I had been one of them.[13]
14.483	Ultima iam passi comites belloque fretoque deficiunt finemque rogant erroris, at Acmon fervidus ingenio, tum vero et cladibus asper, "quid superest, quod iam patientia nostra recuset ferre, viri?" dixit; "quid habet Cytherea, quod ultra (velle puta!) faciat? Nam dum peiora timentur, est locus in vulnus: sors autem ubi pessima rerum, sub pedibus timor est securaque summa malorum. Audiat ipsa licet, et, quod facit, oderit omnes sub Diomede viros, odium tamen illius omnes spernimus: et magno stat magna potentia nobis!" Talibus iratam Venerem Pleuronius Acmon instimulat verbis stimulisque resuscitat iram.	My companions had now suffered the worst in war and at sea. They were losing heart and begging for an end to our wandering. But Acmon, hot-tempered by nature and then made fierce by disaster as well, said, 'What is left, men, that our endurance could now refuse to bear? What more can Cytherea do to us, supposing she wants to? For while worse is feared, there is room for a wound. But when your lot is the worst of all, fear lies underfoot and the height of misfortune is free from care. Let her hear me herself, and let her hate all the men under Diomedes, as she does. All of us scorn her hatred: her great power has cost us a great price!' With such words Acmon of Pleuron goaded Venus, who was already angry, and with his goading roused her anger anew.
14.496	Dicta placent paucis: numeri maioris amici Acmona corripimus; cui respondere volenti vox pariter vocisque via est tenuata, comaeque	His words pleased few. The greater number of us, his friends, rebuked Acmon. As he tried to reply,

12 The Narycian hero is Ajax son of Oileus, who dragged Cassandra from Minerva's altar. Caphereus is the headland on Euboea where the Greek fleet was wrecked on its way home.
13 At Troy Diomedes wounded Venus in the hand as she tried to rescue Aeneas (*Iliad* 5).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	in plumas abeunt, plumis nova colla teguntur pectoraque et tergum, maiores bracchia pennas accipiunt, cubitusque leves sinuatur in alas. Magna pedis digitos pars occupat, oraque cornu indurata rigent finemque in acumine ponunt. Hunc Lycus, hunc Idas et cum Rhexenore Nycteus, hunc miratur Abas: et dum mirantur, eandem accipiunt faciem, numerusque ex agmine maior subvolat et remos plausis circumvolat alis. Si volucrum quae sit dubiarum forma, requiris, ut non cygnorum, sic albis proxima cygnis. Vix equidem has sedes et Iapygis arida Dauni arva gener teneo minima cum parte meorum."	his voice and the passage of his voice both grew thin. His hair turned into feathers, and feathers covered his new neck, his chest and his back. His arms took on larger plumes, and his elbows curved into light wings. Toes took up the greater part of his foot, and his mouth, hardened with horn, stiffened and ended in a point. At him Lycus marveled, at him Idas and Nycteus with Rhexenor, at him Abas. While they marveled, they took on the same appearance, and the greater part of our company flew up and circled the oars on beating wings. If you ask what these uncertain birds looked like: though they were not swans, they were very like white swans. As Daunus' son-in-law, I barely hold these dwellings and the dry fields of Iapygian Daunus, with the smallest remnant of my men."

THE APULIAN SHEPHERD

An Apulian shepherd who mocked the nymphs is turned into a wild olive tree.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.512	Hactenus Oenides. Venulus Calydonia regna Peucetiosque sinus Messapiaque arva relinquit. In quibus antra videt, quae multa nubila silva et levibus cannis manantia semicaper Pan nunc tenet, at quodam tenuerunt tempore nymphae. Apulus has illa pastor regione fugatas terruit et primo subita formidine movit, mox, ubi mens rediit et contempsere sequentem, ad numerum motis pedibus duxere choreas. Improbat has pastor, saltuque imitatus agresti addidit obscenis convicia rustica dictis, nec prius os tacuit, quam guttura condidit arbor: arbore enim sucoque licet cognoscere mores; quippe notam linguae bacis oleaster amaris exhibet: asperitas verborum cessit in illas.	Thus far the son of Oeneus. Venulus left the Calydonian kingdom, the Peucetian bays and the Messapian fields. In that country he saw caves, dim with thick woods and trickling with water among light reeds. Half-goat Pan holds them now, but once nymphs held them. In that region an Apulian shepherd frightened the nymphs and drove them off, at first unsettling them with sudden fear. Soon their wits came back, and they scorned their pursuer and began their dances, moving their feet in rhythm. The shepherd mocked them, imitating them with a clumsy country leap, and to obscene words he added rustic abuse. His mouth did not fall silent until a tree enclosed his throat. For you can tell his character from the tree and its sap. The wild olive displays the mark of his tongue in its bitter berries: the harshness of his words passed into them.

THE SHIPS OF AENEAS

Cybele saves Aeneas' burning ships by turning them into sea nymphs.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.527	Hinc ubi legati rediere, negata ferentes arma Aetola sibi, Rutuli sine viribus illis bella instructa gerunt, multumque ab utraque cruoris parte datur; fert ecce avidas in pinea Turnus	The envoys returned from there, reporting that Aetolian arms had been refused them. The Rutulians then fought the war they had prepared without those forces, and much blood was shed on

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	texta faces, ignesque timent, quibus unda pepercit. Iamque picem et ceras alimentaque cetera flammae Mulciber urebat perque altum ad carbasa malum ibat, et incurvae fumabant transtra carinae: cum memor has pinus Idaeo vertice caesas sancta deum genetrix tinnitibus aera pulsi aeris et inflati complevit murmure buxi, perque leves domitis invecta leonibus auras "inrita sacrilega iactas incendia dextra, Turne!" ait. "Eripiam, nec me patiente cremabit ignis edax nemorum partes et membra meorum." Intonuit dicente dea, tonitrumque secuti cum saliente graves ceciderunt grandine nimbi, aeraque et tumidum subitis concursibus aequor Astraei turbant et eunt in proelia fratres.	both sides. And look: Turnus brought greedy torches against the ships of pine, and those whom the waves had spared feared fire. Already Mulciber was burning the pitch, the wax and the other food of flame, and climbing the tall mast to the sails, and the thwarts of the curved hulls were smoking. Then the holy mother of the gods remembered that these pines had been felled on the summit of Ida. She filled the air with the ringing of struck bronze and the drone of blown boxwood pipes, and, riding through the light air behind tamed lions, she said, "In vain, Turnus, do you hurl these fires with your sacrilegious hand! I will snatch them away. I will not let devouring fire burn parts and limbs of my woods." As the goddess spoke, it thundered. After the thunder heavy storm clouds fell with leaping hail, and the brothers born of Astraeus threw the air and the swelling sea into turmoil with sudden onsets and went into battle.[14]
14.546	E quibus alma parens unius viribus usa stuppea praerupit Phrygiae retinacula puppis fertque rates pronas medioque sub aequore mergit; robore mollito lignoque in corpora verso in capitum facies puppes mutantur aduncae, in digitos abeunt et crura natantia remi, quodque prius fuerat, latus est mediisque carina subdita navigiis spinae mutatur in usum, lina comae molles, antemnae bracchia fiunt, caerulus, ut fuerat, color est; quasque ante timebant, illas virgineis exercent lusibus undas naides aequoreae durisque in montibus ortae molle fretum celebrant nec eas sua tangit origo. Non tamen oblitae, quam multa pericula saepe pertulerint pelago, iactatis saepe carinis supposuere manus, nisi siqua vehebat Achivos: cladis adhuc Phrygiae memores, odere Pelasgos Neritiaeque ratis viderunt fragmina laetis vultibus et laetis videre rigescere puppem vultibus Alcinoi saxumque increscere ligno.	Using the strength of one of them, the kindly mother broke the hempen cables of the Phrygian fleet, carried the ships off headlong, and sank them in mid-sea. Their timber softened, and their wood turned into bodies. The curved sterns changed into the shapes of heads, and the oars became fingers and swimming legs. What had been a side stayed a side, and the keel set beneath the middle of each vessel changed to serve as a spine. The rigging became soft hair, and the yardarms became arms. Their color stayed sea-blue, as it had been. In the waves they once feared, they now played girlish games as Naiads of the sea. Though born on hard mountains, they thronged the soft sea, and their origin did not trouble them. Yet they did not forget how many dangers they had so often endured at sea, and they often put their hands beneath storm-tossed ships, unless a ship was carrying Achaeans. Still remembering the Phrygian disaster, they hated the Pelasgians. With glad faces they saw the wreckage of the Neritian ship, and with glad faces they saw Alcinous' ship stiffen and stone grow over its wood.[15]
14.566	Spes erat, in nymphas animata classe marinas, posse metu monstri Rutulum desistere bello:	There was hope that, now that the fleet had come to life as sea nymphs, the Rutulian might give up

14 The holy mother of the gods is Cybele, from whose sacred Mount Ida the Trojans cut the timber for their ships. The sons of Astraeus are the winds.

LATIN	ENGLISH
perstat, habetque deos pars utraque, quodque deorum est instar, habent animos; nec iam dotalia regna nec sceptrum soceri, nec te, Lavinia virgo, sed vicisse petunt deponendique pudore bella gerunt, tandemque Venus victricia nati arma videt, Turnusque cadit, cadit Ardea, Turno sospite dicta potens. Quem postquam barbarus ensis abstulit et tepida latuerunt tecta favilla, congerie e media tum primum cognita praepes subvolat et cineres plausis everberat alis. Et sonus et macies et pallor et omnia, captam quae deceant urbem, nomen quoque mansit in illa urbis; et ipsa suis deplangitur Ardea pennis.	the war in fear of the portent. He persisted. Each side had gods and, what is as good as gods, courage. They no longer sought a kingdom as dowry, nor a father-in-law's scepter, nor you, Lavinia, still unwed. They sought victory, and they kept up the war from shame at laying it down. At last Venus saw her son's arms victorious. Turnus fell, and Ardea fell, which had been called mighty while Turnus lived. The foreign sword destroyed it, and its roofs lay buried in warm ash. Then from the middle of the heap a bird, seen then for the first time, flew up and beat the ashes with flapping wings. Its cry, its leanness, its pallor, everything that befits a captured city, and the city's name as well, remained in it. And Ardea herself is mourned with the beating of her own wings.[16]

AENEAS MADE A GOD

Venus asks Jupiter to make Aeneas a god, and his mortal part is washed away.

LATIN	ENGLISH
14.581 Iamque deos omnes ipsamque Aeneia virtus Iunonem veteres finire coegerat iras, cum, bene fundatis opibus crescentis Iuli, tempestivus erat caelo Cythereius heros: ambieratque Venus superos, colloque parentis circumfusa sui "numquam mihi" dixerat "ullo tempore dure pater, nunc sis mitissimus, opto, Aeneaeque meo, qui te de sanguine nostro fecit avum, quamvis parvum des, optime, numen, dummodo des aliquod: satis est inamabile regnum adspexisse semel, Stygios semel isse per amnes." Adsensere dei, nec coniunx regia vultus immotos tenuit placatoque adnuit ore; tum pater "estis" ait "caelesti numine digni, quaeque petis, pro quoque petis: cape, nata, quod optas!"	By now Aeneas' courage had forced all the gods, and Juno herself, to end their old anger. The fortunes of the growing Iulus were firmly founded, and the hero son of Cytherea was ripe for heaven. Venus had canvassed the gods above, and, throwing her arms around her father's neck, she had said: "Father, you have never at any time been harsh to me; now, I pray, be at your gentlest. To my Aeneas, who through our blood has made you a grandfather, grant some divine power, best of fathers, however small, so long as you grant him some. It is enough to have looked once on the unlovely kingdom, and to have crossed the Stygian rivers once." The gods agreed. Nor did the royal consort keep her face unmoved; she nodded, her expression appeased. Then the father said: "You are worthy of a heavenly godhead, both you who ask and he for whom you ask. Take what you wish for, daughter!"
14.596 Fatus erat: gaudet gratesque agit illa parenti, perque leves auras iunctis invecta columbis litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus harundine serpit in freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis. Hunc iubet Aeneae, quaecumque obnoxia morti,	He had spoken. She rejoiced and thanked her father, and, carried through the light air by her yoked doves, she came to the Laurentine shore, where the Numicius, screened by reeds, winds its river waters into the sea close by. She ordered him to

15 The Neritian ship is Ulysses' (Neritos is a mountain on Ithaca). The Phaeacian ship of King Alcinous that carried him home was turned to stone.
16 Ardea was the Rutulians' city; ardea is also the Latin word for "heron."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	abluere et tacito deferre sub aequora cursu; corniger exsequitur Veneris mandata suisque, quidquid in Aenea fuerat mortale, repurgat et respergit aquis: pars optima restitit illi. Lustratum genetrix divino corpus odore unxit et ambrosia cum dulci nectare mixta contigit os fecitque deum, quem turba Quirini nuncupat Indigetem temploque arisque recepit.	wash away from Aeneas whatever was subject to death and carry it down beneath the sea in his silent course. The horned god carried out Venus' commands: whatever in Aeneas had been mortal he purged away and washed with his waters, and his best part remained. His mother anointed the cleansed body with divine perfume, touched his lips with ambrosia mixed with sweet nectar, and made him a god, whom the people of Quirinus call Indiges and have welcomed with a temple and altars.[17]

THE KINGS OF ALBA

The kings of Alba Longa follow Aeneas' son Ascanius down to Proca.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.609	Inde sub Ascanii dicione binominis Alba resque Latina fuit. Succedit Silvius illi. Quo satus antiquo tenuit repetita Latinus nomina cum sceptro. Clarus subit Alba Latinum. Epytus ex illo est; post hunc Capetusque Capysque, sed Capys ante fuit. Regnum Tiberinus ab illis cepit et in Tusci demersus fluminis undis nomina fecit aquae; de quo Remulusque feroxque Acrota sunt geniti. Remulus maturior annis fulmineo periit, imitator fulminis, ictu. Fratre suo sceptrum moderatior Acrota forti tradit Aventino, qui, quo regnarat, eodem monte iacet positus tribuitque vocabula monti. Iamque Palatinae summam Proca gentis habebat.	Next, Alba and the Latin state came under the rule of Ascanius, the man of two names. Silvius succeeded him. His son Latinus held, along with the scepter, the revived name of the old king. The famous Alba followed Latinus. Epytus came after him; then Capetus and Capys, though Capys came first. Tiberinus took the kingdom from them, and, drowning in the waters of the Tuscan river, gave his name to its stream. His sons were Remulus and fierce Acrota. Remulus, the elder, who imitated the thunderbolt, perished by a thunderbolt's stroke. Acrota, more restrained than his brother, handed the scepter to brave Aventinus, who lies buried on the very hill where he had reigned and gave the hill its name. And now Proca held sway over the Palatine people.[18]

POMONA AND VERTUMNUS

Vertumnus, disguised as an old woman, woos the garden nymph Pomona.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.623	Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit, qua nulla Latinas inter hamadryadas coluit sollertius hortos nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fetus. Unde tenet nomen: non silvas illa nec amnes, rus amat et ramos felicia poma ferentes. Nec iaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce, qua modo luxuriem premit et spatiantia passim bracchia compescit, fisso modo cortice lignum	Under this king lived Pomona. No Hamadryad among the Latins tended gardens more skillfully, and none was more devoted to the fruit of trees. From this she took her name. She loved neither woods nor rivers, but the countryside and branches bearing rich fruit. Her right hand was weighted not with a javelin but with a curved pruning hook, with which she would now check

17 Aeneas was worshiped as Pater (or Jupiter) Indiges at a shrine by the river Numicius near Lavinium.
18 Ascanius, Aeneas' son, was also called Iulus. These are the legendary kings of Alba Longa, bridging the centuries from Aeneas to Romulus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	inserit et sucos alieno praestat alumno; nec sentire sitim patitur bibulaeque recurvas radicis fibras labentibus inrigat undis: hic amor, hoc studium; veneris quoque nulla cupido est.	excess growth and rein in branches straying everywhere, now split the bark and graft in a shoot, giving sap to a foster-child not its own. Nor did she let them feel thirst; she watered the curling fibers of the thirsty roots with running streams. This was her love, this her passion; for sex she had no desire at all.[19]
14.635	Vim tamen agrestum metuens pomaria claudit intus et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. Quid non et satyri, saltatibus apta iuventus, fecere et pinu praecincti cornua Panes Silenusque, suis semper iuvenalior annis, quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret, ut poterentur ea? Sed enim superabat amando hos quoque Vertumnus neque erat felicior illis. O quotiens habitu duri messoris aristas corbe tulit verique fuit messoris imago! Tempora saepe gerens faeno religata recenti desectum poterat gramen versasse videri; saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat, ut illum iurasses fessos modo disiunxisse iuvencos.	Yet, fearing violence from country folk, she walled her orchards in, barred all approach, and fled from men. What did the satyrs not try—a youthful crowd made for dancing—and the Pans, their horns wreathed with pine, and Silenus, always younger than his years, and the god who frightens thieves with his sickle or his groin, to possess her? But Vertumnus outdid even these in loving, and was no luckier than they. Oh, how often, dressed as a rough reaper, he carried ears of grain in a basket and was the very image of a real reaper! Often, his temples bound with fresh hay, he could seem to have just been turning the mown grass. Often he carried an ox-goad in his hard hand, so that you would have sworn he had just unyoked his weary bullocks.[20]
14.649	Falce data frondator erat vitisque putator; induerat scalas: lecturum poma putares; miles erat gladio, piscator harundine sumpta. Denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae. Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra, innitens baculo, positis per tempora canis, adsimulavit anum cultosque intravit in hortos pomaque mirata est "tanto" que "potentior!" inquit, paucaque laudatae dedit oscula, qualia numquam vera dedisset anus, glaebaque incurva resedit suspiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.	Given a pruning hook, he was a leaf-trimmer and a pruner of vines; he had shouldered a ladder, and you would think he was going to pick fruit. With a sword he was a soldier, a fisherman once he took up a rod. In short, through many shapes he often found a way to get near her, to win the joy of gazing at her beauty. He even bound his temples with an embroidered headscarf, leaned on a stick, arranged gray hair around his temples, and passed himself off as an old woman. He entered the well-kept gardens and, admiring the fruit, the old woman said, "But you are so much finer!" and gave the girl she praised a few kisses such as no real old woman would ever have given. Then she sat down, bent over, on the turf, gazing up at the branches bowed with autumn's weight.
14.661	Ulmus erat contra speciosa nitentibus uvis: quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit, "at si staret" ait "caelebs sine palmite truncus, nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet; haec quoque, quae iuncta est, vitis requiescit in illo: si non nupta foret, terrae acclinata iaceret.	Opposite stood an elm, handsome with gleaming grapes. When she had praised it, and the vine that was its partner along with it, she said: "But if that trunk stood there unwed, without the vine, it would have nothing but leaves to make anyone

19 Pomona's name comes from *poma*, "fruit."
20 The god with the sickle is Priapus, whose phallic statues guarded gardens. Vertumnus was an Italian god of the changing seasons, his name linked to *vertere*, "to turn."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris huius concubitusque fugis nec te coniungere curas. Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset sollicitata procis nec quae Lapitheia movit proelia nec coniunx nimium tardantis Ulixei. Nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes, mille viri cupiunt et semideique deique et quaecumque tenent Albanos numina montes.	seek it out. And this vine too, which is joined to it, rests upon it; if it were not married, it would lie sprawled on the ground. Yet you are not moved by this tree's example: you shun the marriage bed and have no wish to be joined to anyone. If only you were willing! Helen would not have been courted by more suitors, nor she who stirred up the Lapiths' war, nor the wife of Ulysses, who was so slow to return. Even now, though you flee and turn away from those who seek you, a thousand men desire you, demigods and gods, and all the divine powers that dwell in the Alban hills.[21]
14.675	Sed tu, si sapies, si te bene iungere anumque hanc audire voles, quae te plus omnibus illis, plus quam credis, amo, vulgares reice taedas Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige! pro quo me quoque pignus habes (neque enim sibi notior ille est, quam mihi); nec passim toto vagus errat in orbe: haec loca magna colit; nec, uti pars magna procorum, quam modo vidit, amat: tu primus et ultimus illi ardor eris, solique suos tibi devovet annos. Adde, quod est iuvenis, quod naturale decoris munus habet formasque apte fingetur in omnes, et quod erit iussus, iubeas licet omnia, fiet.	But you, if you are wise, if you want to make a good match and listen to this old woman, who loves you more than all of them, more than you believe, reject commonplace marriages and choose Vertumnus to share your bed! You have me as guarantor for him, since he does not know himself better than I know him. He does not roam aimlessly over the whole world; he dwells in these broad lands. Nor does he, like most of your suitors, fall in love with every woman he has just seen. You will be his first flame and his last, and to you alone he will devote his years. Add that he is young, that nature has given him the gift of beauty, that he can shape himself to fit any form, and that whatever he is told to become he will become, even if you demand everything.
14.687	Quid quod amatis idem? quod, quae tibi poma coluntur, primus habet laetaque tenet tua munera dextra? Sed neque iam fetus desiderat arbore demptos, nec, quas hortus alit, cum sucis mitibus herbas, nec quicquam, nisi te; miserere ardentis et ipsum, quod petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari ultoresque deos et pectora dura perosam Idalien memoremque time Rhamnusidis iram! Quoque magis timeas (etenim mihi multa vetustas scire dedit), referam tota notissima Cypro facta, quibus flecti facile et mitescere possis.	And what of the fact that you both love the same things? That he is the first to have the fruit you tend, and holds your gifts in his glad right hand? But now he no longer longs for fruit picked from the tree, nor for the herbs with mellow juices that your garden grows, nor for anything but you. Pity his burning, and believe that he himself is here in person, begging through my lips for what he seeks. Fear the avenging gods, and the Idalian goddess, who loathes hard hearts, and the unforgetting anger of the Rhamnusian! And to make you fear them more (for great age has taught me many things), I will tell you a story known all over Cyprus, by which you may easily be swayed and softened.[22]

21 The bride who caused the Lapiths' war is Hippodamia, whose wedding ended in the battle with the Centaurs (Book 12). Ulysses' wife is Penelope, besieged by suitors in his absence.
22 The Idalian goddess is Venus, worshiped at Idalium on Cyprus; the Rhamnusian is Nemesis, goddess of retribution, whose shrine was at Rhamnus in Attica.

IPHIS AND ANAXARETE

Vertumnus tells how proud Anaxarete was turned to stone after her lover hanged himself.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.698	Viderat a veteris generosam sanguine Teucri Iphis Anaxareten, humili de stirpe creatus, viderat et totis perceperat ossibus aestum luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem vincere non potuit, supplex ad limina venit et modo nutrici miserum confessus amorem, ne sibi dura foret, per spes oravit alumnae, et modo de multis blanditus cuique ministris sollicita petiit propensum voce favorem; saepe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis, interdum madidas lacrimarum rore coronas postibus intendit posuitque in limine duro molle latus tristisque serae convicia fecit. Saevior illa freto surgente cadentibus Haedis, durior et ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis, et saxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur, spernit et inridet factisque inmitibus addit verba superba ferox et spe quoque fraudat amantem.	Iphis, a man of humble birth, had seen Anaxarete, nobly descended from the blood of ancient Teucer. He had seen her, and felt the fire through all his bones. He struggled long, and when he could not conquer his frenzy by reason, he came as a suppliant to her door. Now he confessed his wretched love to her nurse and begged her, by her hopes for her foster-child, not to be hard on him; now he flattered each of her many servants and, in an anxious voice, asked for their kind support. Often he gave them his words to carry on coaxing tablets; sometimes he hung garlands wet with the dew of his tears on her doorposts, laid his soft body on the hard threshold, and hurled reproaches at the grim bolt. She, crueler than the sea that rises when the Kids are setting, harder than iron refined in Noric fires, and than rock still held alive by its root, scorned and mocked him. Proud and fierce, she added arrogant words to her pitiless deeds, and cheated her lover even of hope.[23]
14.716	Non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris Iphis et ante fores haec verba novissima dixit: “Vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi taedia tandem ulla ferenda mei: laetos molire triumphos et Paeana voca nitidaque incingere lauru! Vincis enim, moriorque libens: age, ferrea, gaude! Certe aliquid laudare mei cogeris amoris, Non tamen ante tui curam fugisse memento, quam vitam, geminaque simul mihi luce carendum est. Nec tibi fama mei ventura est nuntia leti: ipse ego, ne dubites, adero praesensque videbor, corpore ut exanimi crudelia lumina pascas. Si tamen, o superi, mortalia facta videtis, este mei memores (nihil ultra lingua precari sustinet) et longo facite ut narremur in aevo, et, quae dempsistis vitae, date tempora famae!”	Iphis could not endure the torment of his long pain, and before her door he spoke these last words: ‘You win, Anaxarete, and at last you will not have to put up with the weariness of me any longer. Prepare your joyful triumphs, raise the victory hymn, and wreathe yourself in shining laurel! For you win, and I die gladly: come, woman of iron, rejoice! Surely you will be forced to praise something in my love. Yet remember that I did not stop caring for you before I stopped living, and that I must lose my two lights together. No rumor will come to you as the messenger of my death: I myself, do not doubt it, will be there, seen in person, so that you may feast your cruel eyes on my lifeless body. Yet if you, gods above, see what mortals do, remember me (my tongue can bear to pray no further), make my story told through long ages, and give to my fame the time you have taken from my life!’
14.733	Dixit, et ad postes ornatos saepe coronis umentes oculos et pallida bracchia tollens,	He spoke, and lifting his wet eyes and pale arms toward the doorposts he had so often decked with

23 Teucer, Ajax’s half-brother, founded Salamis on Cyprus after the Trojan War. The setting of the Kids, a pair of stars, was thought to bring storms.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	cum foribus laquei religaret vincula summis, "haec tibi serta placent, crudelis et impia?" dixit, inseruitque caput, sed tum quoque versus ad illam, atque onus infelix elisa fauce pependit. Icta pedum motu est adapertaque ianua factum prodidit. Exclamant famuli frustraque levatum (nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris; accipit illa sinu complexaque frigida nati membra sui postquam miserarum verba parentum edidit et matrum miserarum facta peregit, funera ducebat mediam lacrimosa per urbem luridaque arsuro portabat membra feretro.	garlands, he tied the cord of a noose to the top of the door and said, 'Do these garlands please you, cruel, heartless woman?' He put his head in, still turned toward her even then, and hung there, a pitiful weight, his throat crushed. The door, struck by the kicking of his feet, swung open and revealed the deed. The servants cried out, lifted him down in vain, and carried him (for his father had died) to his mother's door. She took him in her lap and embraced her son's cold limbs; and after she had spoken the words of grieving parents and performed the rites of grieving mothers, she led his funeral in tears through the middle of the city, carrying his livid body on the bier on which it would be burned.
14.748	Forte viae vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat pompa, fuit, duraeque sonus plangoris ad aures venit Anaxaretae, quam iam deus ultor agebat: mota "tamen videamus" ait "miserabile funus" et patulis iniit tectum sublime fenestris; vixque bene impositum lecto prospexerat Iphin, deriguere oculi, calidusque e corpore sanguis inducto pallore fugit, conataque retro ferre pedes haesit, conata avertere vultus hoc quoque non potuit, paulatimque occupat artus, quod fuit in duro iam pridem pectore, saxum.	As it happened, a house stood near the street along which the mournful procession was passing, and the sound of the lamentation reached the ears of hard Anaxarete, whom an avenging god was already driving on. Stirred, she said, 'Still, let us see this pitiful funeral,' and went up to a high room with wide windows. She had scarcely caught sight of Iphis laid out on the bier when her eyes stiffened, and the warm blood fled from her body as pallor spread over it. She tried to step back and stuck fast; she tried to turn her face away, and could not do even this; and little by little the stone that had long been in her hard heart took over her limbs.
14.759	Neve ea ficta putes, dominae sub imagine signum servat adhuc Salamis: Veneris quoque nomine templum Prospicientis habet. — Quorum memor, o mea, lentos pone, precor, fastus et amanti iungere, nymphe. Sic tibi nil vernum nascentia frigus adurat poma nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti!" Haec ubi nequiquam formae deus aptus anili edidit, in iuvenem rediit et anilia demit instrumenta sibi talisque apparuit illi, qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago evicit nubes nullaque obstante reluxit, vimque parat: sed vi non est opus, inque figura capta dei nymphe est et mutua vulnera sensit.	And in case you think this is made up, Salamis still keeps a statue in the lady's likeness, and it also has a temple called that of Venus Prospiciens. Remember these things, my dear, and put aside, I beg you, your stubborn pride, and give yourself to your lover, nymph. Then may no spring frost blight your budding fruit, and no rushing winds shake down its blossoms!" When the god, so apt in an old woman's form, had said all this in vain, he turned back into a young man, stripped off the old woman's trappings, and appeared to her just as the sun's most dazzling image looks when it has overcome the clouds in its way and shines out again with nothing to block it. He was ready to use force; but there was no need for force, and the nymph, captivated by the god's beauty, felt a wound of love in return.[24]

24 *Prospiciens* means "looking out," a play on Anaxarete gazing from her window.

ROMULUS AND HERSILIA

Rome is founded, the Sabines attack, and Romulus and his wife Hersilia become gods.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
14.772	Proximus Ausonias iniusti miles Amuli rexit opes, Numitorque senex amissa nepotis munere regna capit, festisque Palilibus urbis moenia conduntur, Tatiusque patresque Sabini bella gerunt, arcisque via Tarpeia reclusa dignam animam poena congestis exuit armis. Inde sati Curibus tacitorum more luporum ore premunt voces et corpora victa sopore invadunt portasque petunt, quas obice firmo clauserat Iliades: unam tamen ipsa reclusit nec strepitum verso Saturnia cardine fecit.	Next, the armed men of the unjust Amulius ruled the wealth of Ausonia, and old Numitor recovered his lost kingdom through his grandson's gift. On the festal day of the Palilia the walls of the city were founded. Tatius and the Sabine elders waged war, and Tarpeia, who opened the way to the citadel, gave up her life—the punishment it deserved—beneath the heaped-up arms. Then the men born at Cures, like silent wolves, stifled their voices, fell upon bodies overcome by sleep, and made for the gates that Ilia's son had shut with a firm bar. But one of them Saturn's daughter herself opened, and the hinge made no sound as it turned.[25]
14.783	Sola Venus portae cecidisse repagula sensit et clausura fuit, nisi quod rescindere numquam dis licet acta deum. Iano loca iuncta tenebant naides Ausoniae gelido rorantia fonte: has rogat auxilium, nec nymphae iusta petentem sustinuere deam venasque et flumina fontis elicuere sui; nondum tamen invia Iani ora patentis erant, neque iter praecluserat unda: lurida supponunt fecundo sulphura fonti incenduntque cavas fumante bitumine venas. Viribus his aliisque vapor penetravit ad ima fontis, et Alpino modo quae certare rigori audebatis aquae, non ceditis ignibus ipsis!	Only Venus sensed that the gate's bars had fallen, and she would have closed it, except that gods may never undo what gods have done. Next to Janus the Ausonian Naiads had a place, wet with a cold spring. Venus asked them for help, and the nymphs could not refuse the goddess's just request: they drew out the channels and streams of their spring. Yet the mouth of open Janus was not yet impassable, nor had the water blocked the way. So they set yellow sulfur beneath the abundant spring and kindled its hollow channels with smoking pitch. By these and other forces the heat reached the depths of the spring, and you waters, which just now dared to rival Alpine cold, now yield not even to fire itself![26]
14.796	Flammifera gemini fumant adspergine postes, portaque, nequiquam rigidis promissa Sabinis, fonte fuit praestructa novo, dum Martius arma indueret miles; quae postquam Romulus ultro obtulit, et strata est tellus Romana Sabinis corporibus strata estque suis, generique cruorem sanguine cum soceri permiscuit impius ensis, pace tamen sisti bellum nec in ultima tantum decertare placet Tatiumque accedere regno. Occiderat Tatius, populisque aequata duobus, Romule, iura dabas, posita cum casside Mavors talibus adfatur divumque hominumque parentem: "Tempus adest, genitor, quoniam fundamine magno	The twin doorposts smoked with the fiery spray, and the gate, promised in vain to the stern Sabines, was blocked by the new spring until the soldiers of Mars could put on their armor. Romulus then took the offensive, and the Roman earth was strewn with Sabine bodies and strewn with its own, and the impious sword mingled the blood of son-in-law with the blood of father-in-law. Even so, they resolved to end the war in peace rather than fight it out to the last, and agreed that Tatius should share the throne. Tatius had died, and you, Romulus, were giving laws to the two peoples alike, when Mars took off his helmet and ad-

25 The Palilia, a shepherds' festival on April 21, was celebrated as Rome's birthday. Tarpeia betrayed the citadel to the Sabines and was crushed beneath their shields.

26 The shrine of Janus near the Forum had doors that stood open in time of war.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	res Romana valet et praeside pendet ab uno, praemia (sunt promissa mihi dignoque nepoti!) solvere et ablatum terris imponere caelo. Tu mihi concilio quondam praesente deorum (nam memoro memorique animo pia verba notavi)	dressed the father of gods and men with these words: "The time has come, father, since the Roman state stands strong on a great foundation and rests on a single ruler, to pay the reward promised to me and to your worthy grandson: to take him from the earth and set him in heaven. Once, in the presence of the council of the gods, you said to me (for I remember, and with a remembering mind I marked your kindly words):[27]
14.814	"unus erit, quem tu tolles in caerula caeli" dixisti: rata sit verborum summa tuorum!" Adnuit omnipotens et nubibus aera caecis occuluit tonitruque et fulgure terruit orbem: quae sibi promissae sensit rata signa rapinae innixusque hastae pressos temone cruento impavidus conscendit equos Gradivus et ictu verberis increpuit pronusque per aera lapsus constitit in summo nemorosi colle Palati reddentemque suo non regia iura Quiriti abstulit Iliaden: corpus mortale per auras dilapsum tenues, ceu lata plumbea funda missa solet medio glans intabescere caelo. Pulchra subit facies et pulvinaribus altis dignior, est qualis trabeati forma Quirini.	'There will be one whom you will raise to the blue of heaven.' Let the full sum of your words be fulfilled!" The almighty one nodded, hid the air in dark clouds, and terrified the world with thunder and lightning. Gradivus knew these for the sure signs of the abduction promised him. Leaning on his spear, he fearlessly mounted behind his horses as they strained beneath the bloodstained pole, cracked the lash, and, swooping headlong through the air, came to rest on the summit of the wooded Palatine hill. There he carried off Ilia's son as he was giving his Quirites laws that were not a tyrant's. His mortal body melted away as it passed through the thin air, as a lead bullet flung from a broad sling dissolves in mid-sky. A beautiful face took its place, worthier of the high couches of the gods, such as the form of Quirinus in his robe of state.[28]
14.829	Flebat ut amissum coniunx, cum regia Iuno Irin ad Hersiliam descendere limite curvo imperat et vacuae sua sic mandata referre: "O et de Latio, o et de gente Sabina praecipuum, matrona, decus, dignissima tanti ante fuisse viri, coniunx nunc esse Quirini, siste tuos fletus et, si tibi cura videndi coniugis est, duce me lucum pete, colle Quirini qui viret et templum Romani regis obumbrat." Paret et in terram pictos delapsa per arcus Hersilien iussis compellat vocibus Iris. Illa verecundo vix tollens lumina vultu	His wife was weeping for him as lost, when royal Juno ordered Iris to go down along her curving path to Hersilia and give the bereaved woman this message: "Lady, foremost glory of Latium and of the Sabine people alike, most worthy to have been the wife of so great a man before and now to be the wife of Quirinus, stop your weeping, and, if you long to see your husband, follow me to the grove that grows green on Quirinus' hill and shades the temple of the Roman king." Iris obeyed, and, gliding down to earth along her painted bow, spoke to Hersilia the words she had been ordered to say. Hersilia, scarcely lifting her eyes, her face modest,[29]
14.841	"o, dea, namque mihi nec, quae sis, dicere promptum est, et liquet esse deam, duc, o duc" inquit "et offer	said: "O goddess—for though I cannot easily say which goddess you are, it is plain that you are a

27 The Romans had seized Sabine women as wives, so the two sides were now bound by marriage.
28 Gradivus is a title of Mars. Romulus became the god Quirinus, shown wearing the trabea, a striped ceremonial robe; the Roman citizens were called Quirites.
29 Hersilia, a Sabine woman, was the wife of Romulus. Quirinus' hill is the Quirinal.

LATIN

coniugis ora mihi, quem si modo posse videre
fata semel dederint, caelum accepisse fatebor."
Nec mora, Romuleos cum virgine Thaumantea
ingreditur colles: ibi sidus ab aethere lapsum
decidit in terras, a cuius lumine flagrans
Hersilie crines cum sidere cessit in auras.
Hanc manibus notis Romanae conditor urbis
excipit et priscum pariter cum corpore nomen
mutat Horamque vocat, quae nunc dea iuncta Quirino est.

ENGLISH

goddess—lead me, oh lead me, and show me my husband's face. If only the Fates allow me to see him just once, I will confess that I have gained heaven." Without delay she went with the virgin daughter of Thaumas up onto the hills of Romulus. There a star fell from the upper air down to earth, and Hersilia, her hair set ablaze by its light, rose with the star into the air. The founder of the city of Rome received her in his familiar arms, and changed her old name along with her body, calling her Hora, who is now a goddess joined to Quirinus.[30]

30 Iris was the daughter of Thaumas. Hora was an old Roman goddess worshiped as the consort of Quirinus.

Book 15

Pythagoras and Rome
Numa; the teaching of Pythagoras; Hippolytus; Aesculapius comes to Rome; Caesar made a god; epilogue.

NUMA; MYSCELUS AND CROTON

Numa travels to Croton and hears how Myscelus founded the city at Hercules' command.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
15.1	Quaeritur interea quis tantae pondera molis sustineat tantoque queat succedere regi: destinat imperio clarum praenuntia veri fama Numam; non ille satis cognosse Sabinae gentis habet ritus: animo maiora capaci concipit et, quae sit rerum natura, requirit. Huius amor curae, patria Curibusque relictis, fecit ut Herculei penetraret ad hospitis urbem. Graia quis Italicis auctor posuisset in oris moenia, quaerenti sic e senioribus unus rettulit indigenis, veteris non inscius aevi:	Meanwhile the question was who could bear the weight of so great a burden and succeed so great a king. Rumor, the herald of truth, marked out the illustrious Numa for the throne. It was not enough for him to have learned the rites of the Sabine people: his capacious mind conceived greater things, and he inquired into the nature of the universe. His love of this study made him leave his homeland and Cures and journey to the city of Hercules' host. When he asked what founder had set Greek walls on Italian shores, one of the native elders, who knew the old times well, told him this:[1]
15.12	"Dives ab Oceano bubus Iove natus Hiberis litora felici tenuisse Lacinia cursu fertur et, armento teneras errante per herbas, ipse domum magni nec inhospita tecta Crotonis intrasse et requie longum relevasse laborem atque ita discedens "aevo" dixisse "nepotum hic locus urbis erit"; promissaque vera fuerunt. Nam fuit Argolico generatus Alemone quidam Myscelos, illius dis acceptissimus aevi. Hunc super incumbens pressum gravitate soporis claviger adloquitur: "Lapidosas Aesaris undas i, pete diversi! Patrias, age, desere sedes!" et, nisi paruerit multa ac metuenda minatur; post ea discedunt pariter somnusque deusque.	"Jupiter's son, rich with the Iberian cattle, is said to have reached the Lacinian shore after a fortunate journey from Ocean. While his herd wandered over the tender grass, he entered the home of great Croton, a roof that did not turn him away, and relieved his long labor with rest. As he left, he said: 'In the age of your descendants this place will be a city'; and the promise came true. For there was a certain Myscelus, son of the Argive Alemon, the man most pleasing to the gods in that age. As he lay weighed down by heavy sleep, the club-bearer bent over him and spoke: 'Go, make for the stony waters of the far-off Aesar! Come, leave your ancestral home!' And he threatened many fearful things if Myscelus did not obey. Then sleep and the god departed together.[2]
15.26	Surgit Alemonides tacitaque recentia mente visa refert, pugnatque diu sententia secum: numen abire iubet, prohibent discedere leges, poenaque mors posita est patriam mutare volenti.	Alemon's son rose and turned the fresh vision over in his silent mind, and his judgment fought long against itself: the god ordered him to go, the laws

1 Numa Pompilius, the legendary second king of Rome, was a Sabine from the town of Cures.
2 Hercules was driving home the cattle of Geryon, taken in Spain; his host Croton gave his name to the Greek city of Croton in southern Italy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Candidus Oceano nitidum caput abdiderat Sol, et caput extulerat densissima sidereum Nox: visus adesse idem deus est eademque monere et, nisi paruerit, plura et graviora minari. Pertimuit patriumque simul transferre parabat in sedes penetrale novas: fit murmur in urbe, spretarumque agitur legum reus; utque peracta est causa prior crimenque patens sine teste probatum, squalidus ad superos tollens reus ora manusque "o cui ius caeli bis sex fecere labores, fer, precor" inquit, "opem! nam tu mihi criminis auctor."	forbade him to leave, and death was the penalty fixed for anyone who wished to change his homeland. The shining Sun had hidden his bright head in Ocean, and thickest Night had raised her starry head: the same god seemed to stand beside him, give the same warnings, and threaten more and heavier punishments if he did not obey. He was terrified, and he was preparing at once to move his ancestral household shrine to a new home. A murmur arose in the city, and he was put on trial for scorning the laws. When the prosecution had finished its case and the crime, plain to see, had been proved without witnesses, the accused, unkempt, lifted his face and hands to the gods above and said: 'O you whose twice six labors won you the right to heaven, bring me help, I pray! For you are the cause of my crime.'
15.41	Mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis, his damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa; tunc quoque sic lata est sententia tristis, et omnis calculus inmitem demittitur ater in urnam. Quae simul effudit numerandos versa lapillos, omnibus e nigro color est mutatus in album, candidaque Herculeo sententia numine facta solvit Alemoniden. Grates agit ille parenti Amphitryoniadae, ventisque faventibus aequor navigat Ionium, Sallentinumque Neretum praeterit et Sybarin Crimisenque et Iapygis arva; vixque pererratis, quae spectant litora, terris, invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora nec procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata Crotonis ossa tegebat humus, iussaque ibi moenia terra condidit et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem." Talia constabat certa primordia fama esse loci positaeque Italis in finibus urbis.	It was an ancient custom to use white and black pebbles, condemning defendants with the black and acquitting them with the white. This time, too, the grim verdict was cast this way, and every pebble dropped into the pitiless urn was black. But as soon as the urn was turned over and poured out the pebbles to be counted, every one of them changed color from black to white, and the verdict, made white by Hercules' divine power, set Alemon's son free. He gave thanks to Amphitryon's son as to a father, and with favoring winds he sailed the Ionian Sea, passing Sallentine Neretum, Sybaris, Crimisa and the fields of Iapyx. He had barely finished wandering past the lands that face those shores when he found the fated mouth of the river Aesar, and not far from it the mound under which the earth covered the hallowed bones of Croton. There, in the land he had been commanded to seek, he founded his walls, and he gave the city the name of the man buried there." Such, by well-established tradition, were the beginnings of the place and of the city founded within the borders of Italy.[3]

THE TEACHING OF PYTHAGORAS

Pythagoras urges people not to eat meat and teaches that everything changes.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
15.60	Vir fuit hic, ortu Samius, sed fugerat una et Samon et dominos odioque tyrannidis exsul	There was a man here, a Samian by birth, but he had fled both Samos and its masters, and out of

3 Neretum, Sybaris, Crimisa and Iapygia lie along the coast of southern Italy; the Aesar flows past Croton.

LATIN	ENGLISH
sponte erat, isque, licet caeli regione remotos, mente deos adiit et quae natura negabat visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit, cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia cura, in medium discenda dabat coetusque silentum dictaque mirantum magni primordia mundi et rerum causas et, quid natura, docebat, quid deus, unde nives, quae fulminis esset origo, Iuppiter an venti discussa nube tonarent, quid quateret terras, qua sidera lege mearent — et quodcumque latet; primusque animalia mensis arguit imponi, primus quoque talibus ora docta quidem solvit, sed non et credita, verbis:	hatred for tyranny he lived in voluntary exile. Though the gods were far off in the region of the sky, he approached them with his mind, and what nature denied to human sight he drank in with the eyes of his heart. When he had surveyed everything with his intellect and watchful care, he offered it openly for others to learn. To gatherings that listened in silence and marveled at his words, he taught the beginnings of the great universe, the causes of things, what nature is and what god is, where snow comes from, what the origin of lightning is, whether it is Jupiter or the winds that thunder when a cloud bursts apart, what shakes the earth, by what law the stars move—and whatever else lies hidden. He was the first to condemn putting animals on our tables; he was the first, too, to open his lips—learned lips, but not believed—in words like these:[4]
15.75 "Parcite, mortales, dapibus temerare nefandis corpora! Sunt fruges, sunt deducentia ramos pondere poma suo tumidaeque in vitibus uvae, sunt herbae dulces, sunt quae mitescere flamma mollirique queant; nec vobis lacteus umor eripitur, nec mella thymi redolentia flore: prodiga divitias alimentaque mitia tellus suggerit atque epulas sine caede et sanguine praebet. Carne ferae sedant ieiunia, nec tamen omnes: quippe equus et pecudes armentaque gramine vivunt. At quibus ingenium est inmansuetumque ferumque, Armeniae tigres iracundique leones cumque lupis ursi, dapibus cum sanguine gaudent.	"Mortals, stop defiling your bodies with sinful feasts! There are crops; there are apples bending the branches with their weight, and grapes swelling on the vines; there are sweet herbs, and others that fire can soften and make tender. You are not robbed of flowing milk, or of honey fragrant with the flower of thyme. The lavish earth supplies its riches and gentle foods, and offers banquets without slaughter and blood. Wild beasts satisfy their hunger with flesh—yet not all of them: the horse, the sheep and the cattle live on grass. But those whose nature is savage and fierce—Armenian tigers, raging lions, bears and wolves—delight in feasts with blood.
15.88 Heu quantum scelus est in viscera viscera condi congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto! Scilicet in tantis opibus, quas optima matrum terra parit, nil te nisi tristia mandere saevo vulnera dente iuvat ritusque referre Cyclopum, nec, nisi perdideris alium, placare voracis et male morati poteris ieiunia ventris? At vetus illa aetas, cui fecimus aurea nomen, fetibus arboreis et, quas humus educat, herbis fortunata fuit nec polluit ora cruore.	Ah, what a crime it is to bury flesh in flesh, for a greedy body to grow fat on another body crammed inside it, for one living creature to live by another living creature's death! So amid all the wealth that earth, the best of mothers, brings forth, nothing pleases you but to chew piteous wounds with savage teeth and revive the ways of the Cyclopes? Can you not appease the hunger of your greedy, ill-mannered belly unless you have destroyed another? But that ancient age, which we have named golden, was blessed with the fruit of trees and the plants the soil brings forth, and it did not pollute its lips with blood.

4 The unnamed sage is Pythagoras of Samos (6th century BC), who settled at Croton; he taught the transmigration of souls and abstinence from meat.

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15.99	Tunc et aves tutae movere per aera pennas, et lepus impavidus mediis erravit in arvis, nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo: cuncta sine insidiis nullamque timentia fraudem plenaque pacis erant. Postquam non utilis auctor victibus invidit, quisquis fuit ille, deorum corporeasque dapes avidam demersit in alvum, fecit iter sceleri, primoque e caede ferarum incaluisse potest maculatum sanguine ferrum (idque satis fuerat), nostrumque petentia letum corpora missa neci salva pietate fatemur: sed quam danda neci, tam non epulanda fuerunt.	Then birds moved their wings safely through the air, the hare wandered unafraid in the middle of the fields, and no fish had been hung on a hook by its own trustfulness. Everything was free of ambush, feared no treachery, and was full of peace. But after someone—whoever he was, an innovator who did no good—envied the diet of the gods and plunged fleshly feasts into his greedy belly, he opened the road to crime. Perhaps the steel first grew warm and stained with blood from the killing of wild beasts (and that should have been enough); bodies that seek our death may be put to death, we admit, without offense to piety. But, fit as they were to be killed, they were not fit to be eaten.
15.111	Longius inde nefas abiit, et prima putatur hostia sus meruisse mori, quia semina pando eruerit rostro spemque interceperit anni. Vite caper morsa Bacchi mactatus ad aras dicitur ultoris; nocuit sua culpa duobus! Quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus, inque tuendos natum homines, pleno quae fertis in ubere nectar, mollia quae nobis vestras velamina lanas praebetis vitaque magis quam morte iuvatis? Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque, innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores? Inmemor est demum nec frugum munere dignus, qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri ruricolam mactare suum, qui trita labore illa, quibus totiens durum renovaverat arvum, tot dederat messes, percussit colla securi.	From there the sin spread further. The pig is thought to have been the first victim to deserve death, because it had rooted up the seeds with its upturned snout and cut off the hope of the year. The goat, for gnawing a vine, is said to have been slaughtered at the altars of Bacchus the avenger: both were ruined by their own guilt! But what did you deserve, you sheep, a peaceful flock born to serve humankind, you who carry nectar in your full udders, who give us your wool for soft clothing and help us more by your life than by your death? What did the oxen deserve, a creature without fraud or guile, harmless, simple, born to endure toil? Ungrateful indeed, and unworthy of the gift of grain, is the man who could slaughter his fellow laborer the moment the weight of the curved plow was lifted from him, who could strike with an ax that neck worn by toil, the neck with which he had so often renewed the hard field, and which had given him so many harvests.
15.127	Nec satis est, quod tale nefas committitur: ipsos inscripsere deos sceleri, numenque supernum caede laboriferi credunt gaudere iuvenci. Victima labe carens et praestantissima forma (nam placuisse nocet) vittis insignis et auro sistitur ante aras auditque ignara precantem imponique suae videt inter cornua fronti, quas coluit, fruges percussaque sanguine cultros inficit in liquida praevisos forsitan unda. Protinus ereptas viventi pectore fibras inspiciunt mentesque deum scrutantur in illis: unde (fames homini vetitorum tanta ciborum!) audetis vesci, genus o mortale? Quod, oro,	Nor is it enough that such a crime is committed: they have written the gods themselves into the crime, and they believe that the power above rejoices in the slaughter of the hardworking bullock. A victim without blemish and of the finest form (for to have pleased is its ruin), decked out with ribbons and gold, is set before the altar. Uncomprehending, it hears the priest praying, and sees the grain it labored to grow sprinkled on its brow between its horns; struck down, it stains with its blood the knives it perhaps saw beforehand reflected in the clear water. At once they tear the entrails from its still-living breast, inspect them, and

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	ne facite, et monitis animos advertite nostris! Cumque boum dabitis caesorum membra palato, mandere vos vestros scite et sentite colonos.	search out in them the minds of the gods. And from such a source—so great is humankind's hunger for forbidden food!—you dare to feed, you mortal race? Do not do it, I beg you, and turn your minds to my warnings! When you put the limbs of slaughtered oxen to your palate, know and feel that you are chewing your own farmhands.
15.143	Et quoniam deus ora movet, sequar ora moventem rite deum Delphosque meos ipsumque recludam aethera et augustae reserabo oracula mentis. Magna nec ingeniis investigata priorum quaeque diu latuere, canam; iuvat ire per alta astra, iuvat terris et inerti sede relicta nube vehi validique umeris insistere Atlantis palantesque homines passim ac rationis egentes despectare procul trepidosque obitumque timentes sic exhortari seriemque evolvere fati: O genus attonitum gelidae formidine mortis, quid Styga, quid manes et nomina vana timetis, materiem vatum, falsique pericula mundi? Corpora, sive rogus flamma, seu tabe vetustas abstulerit, mala posse pati non ulla putetis!	And since a god moves my lips, I will duly follow the god who moves my lips; I will open my Delphi and the very heavens, and unlock the oracles of an august mind. I will sing of great things never explored by the minds of earlier men, things long hidden. It is a joy to travel among the lofty stars, a joy to leave the earth and its sluggish seat, to ride on a cloud and stand on the shoulders of mighty Atlas, to look down from afar on people wandering here and there, lacking reason, and so to exhort them in their anxiety and fear of death, and unroll the chain of fate: O race stunned by the terror of icy death, why do you fear the Styx, why the shades and empty names—the stuff of poets—and the perils of a world that does not exist? Your bodies, whether the pyre has consumed them with flame or time with decay, cannot suffer any harm: do not think it!
15.158	Morte carent animae, semperque priore relicta sede novis domibus vivunt habitantque receptae. Ipse ego (nam memini) Troiani tempore belli Panthoides Euphorbus eram, cui pectore quondam haesit in adverso gravis hasta minoris Atridae: cognovi clipeum, laevae gestamina nostrae, nuper Abanteis templo Iunonis in Argis. Omnia mutantur, nihil interit: errat et illinc huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus spiritus eque feris humana in corpora transit inque feras noster nec tempore deperit ullo; utque novis facilis signatur cera figuris nec manet ut fuerat nec formas servat easdem, sed tamen ipsa eadem est: animam sic semper eandem esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.	Souls are free from death. Always, leaving their former home, they live on in new dwellings that receive them. I myself (for I remember it) was Euphorbus, son of Panthous, at the time of the Trojan War, and once the heavy spear of the younger son of Atreus lodged full in my breast. Not long ago I recognized the shield my left arm used to carry in Juno's temple at Argos, city of Abas. Everything changes; nothing perishes. The spirit wanders, comes from there to here and from here to there, takes over whatever limbs it pleases, passes from beasts into human bodies and from us into beasts, and is never destroyed in all of time. As pliant wax is stamped with new designs, does not stay as it was or keep the same forms, and yet is still the same wax, so, I teach, the soul is always the same but migrates into different shapes.[5]
15.173	Ergo, ne pietas sit victa cupidine ventris, parcite, vaticinor, cognatas caede nefanda exturbare animas, nec sanguine sanguis alatur!	Therefore, so that piety may not be conquered by the craving of the belly, stop—I prophesy it—driving out kindred souls by abominable slaughter,

5 Euphorbus was a Trojan killed by Menelaus, the younger son of Atreus, in the *Iliad*; Pythagoras claimed to have been him in an earlier life.

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	Et quoniam magno feror aequore plenaque ventis vela dedi: nihil est toto, quod perstet, in orbe. Cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago; ipsa quoque adsiduo labuntur tempora motu, non secus ac flumen, neque enim consistere flumen nec levis hora potest, sed ut unda impellitur unda urgeturque eadem veniente urgetque priorem, tempora sic fugiunt pariter pariterque sequuntur et nova sunt semper; nam quod fuit ante, relictum est, fitque quod haud fuerat, momentaque cuncta novantur.	and let blood not be nourished by blood! And since I am carried over a great sea and have spread full sails to the winds: there is nothing in the whole world that endures. Everything flows, and every image takes shape as a passing thing. Time itself, too, glides on in constant motion, just like a river; for neither a river nor the fleeting hour can stand still. As wave is driven on by wave, and each, pressed by the one coming after, presses the one before, so the moments flee and follow alike, and are always new. For what was before is left behind, what had not been comes to be, and every moment is made new.
15.186	Cernis et emensas in lucem tendere noctes, et iubar hoc nitidum nigrae succedere nocti. Nec color est idem caelo, cum lassa quiete cuncta iacent media, cumque albo Lucifer exit clarus equo rursusque alius, cum praevia lucis tradendum Phoebo Pallantias inficit orbem. Ipse dei clipeus, terra cum tollitur ima, mane rubet, terraque, rubet cum conditur ima, candidus in summo est, melior natura quod illic aetheris est terraeque procul contagia fugit. Nec par aut eadem nocturnae forma Dianae esse potest umquam, semperque hodierna sequente, si crescit, minor est, maior, si contrahit orbem.	You see, too, how spent nights stretch toward the light, and how this shining radiance takes the place of black night. Nor is the color of the sky the same when all things lie weary in rest at midnight and when the bright Morning Star rides out on his white horse; and it is different again when Pallas' daughter, going ahead of the light, tints the world she will hand over to Phoebus. The god's shield itself is red in the morning, when it rises from beneath the earth, and red when it sinks beneath the earth; at its height it is white, because the nature of the upper air is purer there and escapes far from the contamination of earth. Nor can the form of nocturnal Diana ever be equal or the same: always tonight's is smaller than the next if she is waxing, and larger if she is shrinking her disk.[6]
15.199	Quid? non in species succedere quattuor annum adspicis, aetatis peragentem imitamina nostrae? Nam tener ac lactens puerique simillimus aevo vere novo est: tunc herba nitens et roboris expers turget et insolida est et spe delectat agrestes. Omnia tunc florent, florumque coloribus almus ludit ager, neque adhuc virtus in frondibus ulla est. Transit in aestatem post ver robustior annus fitque valens iuvenis: neque enim robustior aetas ulla nec uberior, nec quae magis ardeat, ulla est. Excipit autumnus, posito fervore iuventae maturus mitisque, inter iuvenemque senemque temperie medius, sparsus quoque tempora canis. Inde senilis hiems tremulo venit horrida passu, aut spoliata suos, aut quos habet, alba capillos.	What? Do you not see the year passing through four seasons, imitating the course of our own life? In early spring it is tender and suckling, very like a child in age: then the grass, shining and without strength, swells and is soft and delights the farmers with hope. Then everything blooms, the nourishing field plays with the colors of flowers, and there is no strength yet in the leaves. After spring the year grows sturdier, passes into summer, and becomes a strong young man; for no age is sturdier, none more fruitful, none burns more fiercely. Autumn follows, its youthful fervor laid aside, ripe and mellow, midway in temper between the young man and the old, its temples sprinkled with gray. Then comes aged winter, shivering, with trembling step, either stripped of its hair or white with what it still has.

6 Pallas' daughter is Aurora, the Dawn; the god's shield is the disk of the Sun.

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15.214	Nostra quoque ipsorum semper requieque sine ulla corpora vertuntur, nec, quod fuimusve sumusve, cras erimus; fuit illa dies, qua semina tantum spesque hominum primae matrisque habitavimus alvo. Artifices natura manus admovit et angi corpora visceribus distentae condita matris noluit eque domo vacuas emisit in auras. Editus in lucem iacuit sine viribus infans; mox quadrupes rituque tulit sua membra ferarum, paulatimque tremens et nondum poplite firmo constitit adiutis aliquo conamine nervis. Inde valens veloxque fuit spatiumque iuventae transit et emeritis medii quoque temporis annis labitur occiduae per iter declive senectae.	Our own bodies, too, are always changing, without any rest, and what we were or are, we shall not be tomorrow. There was a day when we lived, mere seeds and the first hope of human beings, in our mother's womb. Nature applied her skillful hands; she did not want our bodies to be cramped, shut up in the vitals of a mother stretched taut, and she sent us out of that home into the empty air. Brought forth into the light, the infant lay without strength; soon, on all fours, he moved his limbs about like a beast, and little by little, trembling and with knees not yet firm, he stood up, his sinews helped by some effort. Then he was strong and swift, passed through the span of youth, and, when the years of middle life too had been served out, slid down the sloping road of declining old age.
15.228	Subruit haec aevi demoliturque prioris robora, fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes (illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum Herculeis similes!) fluidos pendere lacertos; Flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles, Tyndaris et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requirit. Tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa vetustas, omnia destruitis, vitiataque dentibus aevi paulatim lenta consumitis omnia morte. Haec quoque non perstant, quae nos elementa vocamus, quasque vices peragant, (animos adhibete!) docebo. Quattuor aeternus genitalia corpora mundus continet; ex illis duo sunt onerosa suoque pondere in inferius, tellus atque unda, feruntur, et totidem gravitate carent nulloque premente alta petunt, aer atque aere purior ignis.	Old age undermines and demolishes the strength of earlier years. Milo, grown old, weeps when he sees his arms hanging empty and flabby—arms that in their mass of solid muscle had been like Hercules'! Tyndareus' daughter weeps too when she sees an old woman's wrinkles in her mirror, and asks herself why she was twice carried off. Time, devourer of things, and you, envious age, destroy everything; you spoil all things with the teeth of the years and consume them little by little in a slow death. Even what we call the elements does not endure. What changes they go through—pay attention!—I will teach you. The eternal universe contains four generative bodies. Two of them, earth and water, are heavy and are carried downward by their own weight; as many are weightless and, with nothing pressing on them, seek the heights—air, and fire, purer than air.[7]
15.244	Quae quamquam spatio distant, tamen omnia fiunt ex ipsis et in ipsa cadunt, resolutaque tellus in liquidas rarescit aquas, tenuatus in auras aeraque umor abit, dempto quoque pondere rursus in superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes. Inde retro redeunt, idemque retexitur ordo; ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit, hic in aquas, tellus glomerata cogitur unda. Nec species sua cuique manet, rerumque novatrix ex aliis alias reddit natura figuras: nec perit in toto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo,	Though they are set apart in space, all things are made from them and fall back into them. Earth, dissolving, thins out into liquid water; moisture, rarefied, passes into breezes and air; and air, its weight removed once more, at its thinnest flashes up into the fires above. From there they come back again, and the same sequence is unwoven: fire, condensing, passes into dense air, air into water, and earth is compacted from water massed together. Nothing keeps its own appearance; nature,

7 Milo of Croton was a famous wrestler of the 6th century BC; Tyndareus' daughter is Helen, abducted first by Theseus and later by Paris.

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sed variat faciemque novat, nascique vocatur incipere esse aliud, quam quod fuit ante, morique desinere illud idem. Cum sint huc forsitan illa, haec translata illuc, summa tamen omnia constant.	the renewer of things, makes some shapes out of others. Nothing in the whole universe perishes, believe me; it varies and renews its appearance. What we call being born is beginning to be something other than what one was before, and dying is ceasing to be that same thing. Though perhaps these things are moved there and those here, yet in sum everything remains constant.
15.259 Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eadem crediderim: sic ad ferrum venistis ab auro, saecula, sic totiens versa est fortuna locorum. Vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus, esse fretum, vidi factas ex aequore terras: et procul a pelago conchae iacuere marinae, et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis. Quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor, eque paludosa siccis humus aret harenis, quaeque sitim tulerant, stagnata paludibus ument. Hic fontes natura novos emisit, at illic clausit, et antiquis tam multa tremoribus orbis flumina prosiliunt aut excaecata residunt.	For my part, I would not believe that anything lasts long under the same likeness: so you, ages, have come from gold to iron; so has the fortune of places so often been reversed. I have seen what was once the most solid land become sea; I have seen land made out of the waters. Seashells have lain far from the ocean, and an old anchor has been found on mountaintops. What was a plain has been made a valley by rushing waters, and floods have carried a mountain down into the sea. Ground that was marshy is parched with dry sand, and places that had endured thirst are wet with standing marshes. Here nature has released new springs, there she has shut them off; and in the ancient tremors of the earth so many rivers leap forth or, choked, sink back again.
15.273 Sic ubi terreno Lycus est epotus hiatu, exsistit procul hinc alioque renascitur ore: Sic modo combibitur, tecto modo gurgite lapsus redditur Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis, et Mysum, capitisque sui ripaeque prioris paenituisse ferunt, alia nunc ire Caicum; nec non Sicanias volvens Amenanus harenas nunc fluit, interdum suppressis fontibus aret. Ante bibebatur, nunc, quas contingere nolis, fundit Anigros aquas, postquam, nisi vatibus omnis eripienda fides, illic lavere bimembres vulnera, clavigeri quae fecerat Herculis arcus. Quid? non et Scythicis Hypanis de montibus ortus, qui fuerat dulcis, salibus vitiatur amaris? Fluctibus ambitae fuerant Antissa Pharosque et Phoenissa Tyros, quarum nunc insula nulla est.	So too, when the Lycus has been swallowed by a gaping chasm in the earth, it comes out far from there and is born again from another mouth. So the great Erasinus is now drunk down, and now, having slipped along a hidden channel, is given back in the Argive fields. They say the Mysian Caicus regretted its source and its former banks, and now runs a different course. The Amenanus too, rolling Sicilian sands, now flows, and now at times runs dry when its springs are choked. The Anigrus was once drunk from; now it pours out waters you would not want to touch, ever since (unless the bards are to be denied all belief) the two-formed Centaurs washed there the wounds that the bow of club-bearing Hercules had dealt. What? Does not the Hypanis too, which rises in the Scythian mountains and was once sweet, become spoiled with bitter salts? Antissa and Pharos and Phoenician Tyre were once surrounded by waves; none of them is an island now.
15.289 Leucada continuam veteres habuere coloni: nunc freta circueunt. Zancle quoque iuncta fuisse dicitur Italiae, donec confinia pontus abstulit et media tellurem reppulit unda.	The early settlers had Leucas joined to the mainland; now the sea flows around it. Zancle too is said to have been joined to Italy, until the sea took away the land between them and drove the shore

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	Si quaeras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes, invenies sub aquis, et adhuc ostendere nautae inclinata solent cum moenibus oppida mersis. Est prope Pittheam tumulus Troezena, sine ullis arduus arboribus, quondam planissima campi area, nunc tumulus; nam (res horrenda relatu!) vis fera ventorum, caecis inclusa cavernis, exspirare aliqua cupiens luctataque frustra liberiore frui caelo, cum carcere rima nulla foret toto nec pervia flatibus esset, extentam tumefecit humum, ceu spiritus oris tendere vesicam solet aut derepta bicorni terga capro; tumor ille loci permansit et alti collis habet speciem longoque induruit aevo.	back with water in the middle. If you look for Helice and Buris, cities of Achaea, you will find them under the water, and sailors still point out the tilted towns with their sunken walls. Near Troezen, city of Pittheus, there is a mound, steep and without any trees, once a perfectly level stretch of plain, now a mound. For (a thing dreadful to tell!) the fierce force of the winds, shut up in blind caverns, longed to breathe out somewhere and struggled in vain to enjoy a freer sky. Since there was no crack anywhere in its prison, and none open to its blasts, it swelled the outstretched ground, just as the breath of the mouth will blow up a bladder, or the hide stripped from a two-horned goat. That swelling of the place has remained, has the look of a high hill, and has hardened over long ages.[8]
15.307	Plurima cum subeant audita et cognita nobis, pauca super referam. Quid? non et lympha figuras datque capitque novas? Medio tua, corniger Ammon, unda die gelida est, ortuque obituque calescit. Admotis Athamanas aquis accendere lignum narratur, minimos cum luna recessit in orbes. Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus. Crathis et huic Sybaris, nostris conterminus oris electro similes faciunt auroque capillos. Quodque magis mirum est, sunt qui non corpora tantum, verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores. Cui non audita est obscenae Salmacis undae Aethiopesque lacus? Quos siquis faucibus hausit, aut furit, aut patitur mirum gravitate soporem.	Though a great many things I have heard and learned come to mind, I will tell only a few more. What? Does not water too give and take on new forms? Your stream, horned Ammon, is cold at midday and grows warm at sunrise and sunset. The Athamanians, it is said, set wood alight by putting water to it, when the moon has waned to its smallest disk. The Cicones have a river which, when drunk, turns the innards to stone and lays a coat of marble over anything it touches. The Crathis, and the Sybaris that borders it on our shores, make hair like amber and gold. And what is more wonderful still, there are waters that can change not only bodies but minds as well. Who has not heard of Salmacis with its ill-famed waters, and of the Ethiopian lakes? Whoever drinks them down either goes mad or falls into a sleep of wondrous heaviness.[9]
15.322	Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levavit, vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis, seu vis est in aqua calido contraria vino, sive, quod indigenae memorant, Amythaone natus, Proetidas attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas misit aquas odiumque meri permansit in undis. Huic fluit effectu dispar Lyncestius amnis; quem quicumque parum moderato gutture traxit, haud aliter titubat, quam si mera vina bibisset. Est locus Arcadiae (Pheneum dixere priores),	Whoever has quenched his thirst at the spring of Clitor shuns wine and, abstaining, delights in plain water. Either the water has a power opposed to warming wine, or, as the locals tell it, the son of Amythaon, after rescuing the frenzied daughters of Proetus from their madness by spells and herbs, cast the purgings of their minds into those waters, and the hatred of wine has stayed in the stream. Unlike it in its effect flows the river of Lyncestis: whoever drinks of it with too little restraint

8 Helice and Buris, towns on the Gulf of Corinth, were destroyed by an earthquake and flood in 373 BC.
9 Salmacis is the pool in Caria whose nymph fused with Hermaphroditus into one body (Book 4).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ambiguis suspectus aquis, quas nocte timeto: nocte nocent potae, sine noxa luce bibuntur.	staggers just as if he had drunk unmixed wine. There is a place in Arcadia (earlier generations called it Pheneus) suspect for its treacherous waters. Fear them at night: drunk at night they do harm; by daylight they are drunk without harm.[10]
15.335	Sic alias aliasque lacus et flumina vires concipiunt, tempusque fuit, quo navit in undis, nunc sedet Ortygie. Timuit concursibus Argo undarum sparsas Symplegadas elisarum, quae nunc inmotae perstant ventisque resistunt. Nec, quae sulphureis ardet fornacibus, Aetne ignea semper erit, neque enim fuit ignea semper. Nam sive est animal tellus et vivit habetque spiramenta locis flammam exhalantia multis, spirandi mutare vias, quotiensque movetur, has finire potest, illas aperire cavernas; sive leves imis venti cohibentur in antris saxaque cum saxis et habentem semina flammae materiam iactant, ea concipit ictibus ignem, antra relinquentur sedatis frigida ventis;	So lakes and rivers take on now one power, now another. There was a time when Ortygia floated on the waves; now it stands fixed. The Argo feared the Symplegades, drenched in spray as the waves clashed and were crushed between them; now they stand unmoving and withstand the winds. Nor will Etna, which burns with sulfurous furnaces, always be fiery; for it was not always fiery. If the earth is a living creature, alive and with breathing-holes that exhale flame in many places, it can change its paths of breathing, and whenever it moves, close these caverns and open others; or if light winds are shut up in the deepest caves and hurl rock against rock, and against matter that holds the seeds of flame, so that it catches fire from the blows, then the caves will be left cold when the winds die down;[11]
15.350	sive bitumineae rapiunt incendia vires luteave exiguis ardescunt sulphura fumis: nempe ubi terra cibos alimentaque pinguia flammae non dabit absumptis per longum viribus aevum naturaeque suum nutrimen deerit edaci, non feret illa famem desertaque deseret ignis. Esse viros fama est in Hyperborea Pallene, qui soleant levibus velari corpora plumis, olim Tritoniacam noviens subiere paludem. Haud equidem credo: sparsae quoque membra venenis exercere artes Scythides memorantur easdem. Siqua fides rebus tamen est addenda probatis, nonne vides, quaecumque mora fluidoque calore corpora tabescunt, in parva animalia verti?	or if powers of bitumen catch fire, or yellow sulfur burns with faint fumes, surely, when the earth no longer gives food and rich nourishment to the flame, its strength used up over long ages, and its devouring nature lacks its own sustenance, it will not endure hunger, and the fire will desert what has deserted it. There is a story that in Hyperborean Pallene there are men who cover their bodies with light feathers once they have plunged nine times into the Tritonian marsh. I for my part do not believe it; and the women of Scythia too, sprinkling their limbs with potions, are said to practice the same arts. But if any belief is to be given to things that have been tested, do you not see that whatever bodies rot away through time or melting heat are turned into small creatures?
15.364	I quoque, delectos mactatos obrue tauros (cognita res usu) de putri viscere passim florilegae nascuntur apes, quae more parentum rura colunt operique favent in spemque laborant; pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est; concava litoreo si demas bracchia cancro, cetera supponas terrae, de parte sepulta	Or go, slaughter chosen bulls and bury them: it is a thing known by experience that from the rotting innards, here and there, flower-gathering bees are born, which in their parents' way work the fields, love toil, and labor for the future. A warhorse buried in the ground is the origin of the hornet. If you take away the hollow claws of a shore crab and put

10 Amythaon's son is the seer Melampus, who cured the daughters of Proetus, king of Tiryns, of their madness.
11 Ortygia here is Delos, the floating island that became fixed when Latona gave birth there to Apollo and Diana.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	scorpius exibit caudaque minabitur unca; quaeque solent canis frondes intexere filis agrestes tineae (res observata colonis) ferali mutant cum papilione figuram. Semina limus habet virides generantia ranas, et generat truncas pedibus, mox apta natando cura dat, utque eadem sint longis saltibus apta, posterior superat partes mensura priores.	the rest under the earth, from the buried part a scorpion will come out and threaten with its hooked tail. And the caterpillars of the countryside that weave leaves together with white threads (a thing farmers have observed) change their shape into the funereal butterfly. Mud holds seeds that produce green frogs; it produces them without feet, then gives them legs fit for swimming, and so that the same legs may be fit for long leaps, the hind ones outgrow the front ones in length.[12]
15.379	Nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti, sed male viva caro est: lambendo mater in artus fingit et in formam, quantam capit ipsa, reducit. Nonne vides, quos cera tegit sexangula, fetus melliferarum apium sine membris corpora nasci et serosque pedes serasque adsumere pennas? Iunonis volucrem, quae cauda sidera portat, armigerumque Iovis Cythereiadasque columbas et genus omne avium mediis e partibus ovi, ni sciret fieri, quis nasci posse putaret? Sunt qui, cum clauso putrefacta est spina sepulcro, mutari credant humanas angue medullas.	What a she-bear has just brought forth is not a cub but flesh barely alive; by licking it the mother shapes it into limbs and molds it into a form like the one she has herself. Do you not see that the young of the honey-making bees, covered by the six-sided wax, are born as bodies without limbs, and only later take on feet and later wings? Juno's bird, which carries stars in its tail, and Jupiter's armor-bearer, and the doves of Cytherea, and the whole race of birds—who would think they could be born from the inside of an egg, if he did not know it happens? There are those who believe that when the spine has rotted in the closed tomb, the human marrow is changed into a snake.
15.391	Haec tamen ex aliis generis primordia ducunt: una est, quae reparet seque ipsa reseminet, ales. Assyrii phoenica vocant; non fruge neque herbis, sed turis lacrimis et suco vivit amomi. Haec ubi quinque suae complevit saecula vitae, ilicis in ramis tremulaeque cacumine palmae unguibus et puro nidum sibi construit ore. Quo simul ac casias et nardi lenis aristas quassaque cum fulva substravit cinnama murra, se super imponit finitque in odoribus aevum. Inde ferunt, totidem qui vivere debeat annos, corpore de patrio parvum phoenica renasci.	Yet these creatures draw the beginnings of their kind from others. There is one bird that renews itself and sows itself again: the Assyrians call it the phoenix. It lives not on grain or herbs but on tears of incense and the juice of amomum. When it has completed five centuries of its life, it builds itself a nest with its talons and its clean beak in the branches of a holm oak and the top of a swaying palm. As soon as it has lined this with cassia and ears of soft nard, and crushed cinnamon with yellow myrrh, it lays itself on top and ends its life amid the fragrance. Then, they say, from the father's body a little phoenix is born again, destined to live the same number of years.
15.403	Cum dedit huic aetas vires, onerique ferendo est, ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altae fertque pius cunasque suas patriumque sepulcrum, perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus ante fores sacras Hyperionis aede reponit. Si tamen est aliquid mirae novitatis in istis, alternare vices et quae modo femina tergo passa marem est, nunc esse marem miremur hyaenam;	When age has given it strength and it can bear a load, it frees the branches of the tall tree from the weight of the nest and dutifully carries off both its own cradle and its father's tomb; and having reached the city of Hyperion through the light air, it lays it down before the sacred doors in Hyperion's temple. But if there is anything of wondrous

12 The belief that bees are born from a slaughtered bullock's carcass is told at length in Virgil's *Georgics* 4.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	id quoque, quod ventis animal nutritur et aura, protinus adsimulat, tetigit quoscumque colores. Victa racemifero lyncas dedit India Baccho: e quibus, ut memorant, quidquid vesica remisit, vertitur in lapides et congelat aere tacto. Sic et curalium quo primum contigit auras tempore, durescit: mollis fuit herba sub undis.	novelty in these things, let us wonder that the hyena changes its role, and that she who just now, as a female, took a male upon her back is now a male. Let us wonder too at that creature which feeds on the winds and the air and at once takes on whatever colors it has touched. Conquered India gave lynxes to Bacchus, bearer of the grape clusters; whatever their bladder releases, they say, turns to stone and hardens at the touch of air. So too coral hardens the moment it first meets the air; under the waves it was a soft plant.[13]
15.418	Desinet ante dies et in alto Phoebus anhelos aequore tinget equos, quam consequar omnia verbis in species translata novas: sic tempora verti cernimus atque illas adsumere robora gentes, concidere has. Sic magna fuit censuque virisque perque decem potuit tantum dare sanguinis annos, nunc humilis veteres tantummodo Troia ruinas et pro divitiis tumulos ostendit avorum. Nunc quoque Dardaniam fama est consurgere Romam, Appenninigenae quae proxima Thybridis undis mole sub ingenti rerum fundamina ponit: haec igitur formam crescendo mutat et olim immensi caput orbis erit. Sic dicere vates faticinasque ferunt sortes quantumque recordor, dixerat Aeneae, cum res Troiana labaret, Priamides Helenus flenti dubioque salutis:	Day will end and Phoebus will dip his panting horses in the deep sea before I could cover in words all the things that have passed into new forms. So we see the times change, and these nations gain strength while those fall. So Troy was great in wealth and men, and for ten years could give so much blood; now, brought low, she shows only her ancient ruins, and in place of riches, the tombs of her ancestors. Now too, the story goes, Dardanian Rome is rising, which beside the waters of the Tiber, born in the Apennines, is laying the foundations of her power with an immense effort. She too, then, changes her form by growing, and one day will be the head of the boundless world. So, they say, the prophets declare, and the oracles that tell the fates; and, as far as I remember, Helenus, son of Priam, had said this to Aeneas when the fortunes of Troy were tottering, as he wept, uncertain of survival:
15.439	"Nate dea, si nota satis praesagia nostrae mentis habes, non tota cadet te sospite Troia! Flamma tibi ferrumque dabunt iter: ibis et una Pergama rapta feres, donec Troiaeque tibique externum patrio contingat amicius arvum. Urbem etiam cerno Phrygios debere nepotes, quanta nec est nec erit nec visa prioribus annis. Hanc alii proceres per saecula longa potentem, sed dominam rerum de sanguine natus Iuli efficiet; quo cum tellus erit usa, fruentur aetheriae sedes, caelumque erit exitus illi."	'Son of the goddess, if you know well enough the foreknowledge of my mind, Troy will not wholly fall while you are safe! Fire and sword will give you a way through. You will go, and carry Pergama, snatched away, with you, until a foreign field, kinder to Troy and to you than your fathers' land, becomes yours. I see a city too, owed to the descendants of the Phrygians, so great as none is, none will be, none was seen in years gone by. Other leaders through long ages will make it powerful, but one born of the blood of Iulus will make it mistress of the world. When the earth has had the use of him, the heavenly seats will have the enjoyment of him, and heaven will be his end.'[14]
15.450	Haec Helenum cecinisse penatigero Aeneae mente memor refero, cognataque moenia laetor	That Helenus sang this to Aeneas, bearer of the household gods, I recall with a mindful heart and

13 The city of Hyperion, that is, of the Sun, is Heliopolis in Egypt.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	crescere et utiliter Phrygibus vicisse Pelasgos. Ne tamen oblitis ad metam tendere longe exspatiemur equis, caelum et quodcumque sub illo est, inmutat formas tellusque et quidquid in illa est: nos quoque, pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum, verum etiam volucres animae sumus inque ferinas possumus ire domos pecudumque in corpora condi, corpora, quae possunt animas habuisse parentum aut fratrum aut aliquo iunctorum foedere nobis aut hominum certe, tuta esse et honesta sinamus neve Thyesteis cumulemus viscera mensis!	relate; and I rejoice that kindred walls are rising, and that the Pelasgians' victory turned out to the Phrygians' benefit. But so that we do not stray far off course, with horses that have forgotten to head for the turning post: the sky and whatever is beneath it change their forms, and so does the earth and whatever is in it. We too are part of the world, and since we are not only bodies but also winged souls, and can pass into the homes of wild beasts and be lodged in the bodies of cattle, let us allow those bodies, which may have held the souls of our parents or brothers or of those joined to us by some bond, or at least of human beings, to be safe and respected, and let us not stuff our bellies with banquets like Thyestes'![15]
15.463	Quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro rumpit et inmotas praebet mugitibus aures, aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus haedum edentem iugulare potest, aut alite vesci, cui dedit ipse cibos! Quantum est, quod desit in istis ad plenum facinus? Quo transitus inde paratur? Bos aret aut mortem senioribus imputet annis, horriferum contra borean ovis arma ministret, ubera dent saturae manibus pressanda capellae! Retia cum pedicis laqueosque artesque dolosas tollite nec volucrem viscata fallite virga, nec formidatis cervos includite pennis, nec celate cibis uncos fallacibus hamos! Perdite, siqua nocent, verum haec quoque perdite tantum: ora vacent epulis alimentaque mitia carpant!"	How badly he trains himself, how impiously he readies himself for human blood, the man who cuts a calf's throat with the knife and turns deaf ears to its lowing, or who can slaughter a kid that utters cries like a child's, or eat a bird he has fed with his own hand! How much is lacking in these deeds to complete the crime? To what is the way being paved from there? Let the ox plow, or owe its death to old age; let the sheep provide armor against the shuddering north wind; let the well-fed she-goats offer their udders for hands to press! Away with nets and traps and snares and crafty arts! Do not cheat the bird with the limed twig, nor hem in the deer with the dreaded feathers, nor hide barbed hooks in deceitful bait! Destroy what does harm, but even these you should only destroy: let mouths go without such feasts and take gentle nourishment!"

NUMA AND EGERIA

Numa dies, and his grieving wife Egeria is comforted by Hippolytus, who tells his story.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
15.479	Talibus atque aliis instructum pectora dictis in patriam remeasse ferunt ultroque petitum accepisse Numam populi Latiaris habenas. Coniuge qui felix nympha ducibusque Camenis sacrificos docuit ritus gentemque feroci adsuetam bello pacis traduxit ad artes. Qui postquam senior regnumque aevumque peregit,	With these and other words in his heart, they say, Numa returned to his homeland and, invited without his seeking it, took up the reins of the Latin people. Happy in his nymph wife and guided by the Camenae, he taught them the rites of sacrifice and led a people used to fierce war over to the arts of peace. When, grown old, he had come to the

14 The descendant of Iulus, Aeneas' son, is Augustus, adopted heir of Julius Caesar, whose family claimed descent from Iulus.
15 Pythagoras claimed to have been the Trojan Euphorbus in an earlier life, hence the "kindred" walls. Thyestes was tricked by his brother Atreus into eating the flesh of his own sons.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	exstinctum Latiaeque nurus populusque patresque deflevere Numam; nam coniunx urbe relicta vallis Aricinae densis latet abdita silvis sacraque Oresteae gemitu questuque Dianae impedit: a! quotiens nymphae nemorisque lacusque, ne faceret, monuere et consolantia verba dixerunt. Quotiens flenti Theseius heros "siste modum!" dixit, "ne que enim fortuna querenda sola tua est; similes aliorum respice casus: mitius ista feres, utinamque exempla dolentem non mea te possent relevare! Sed et mea possunt.	end of his reign and his life, the young wives of Latium, the people, and the senators wept for Numa's death. For his wife left the city and hid herself away in the dense woods of the valley of Aricia, disturbing the rites of Orestean Diana with her groans and laments. Ah, how often the nymphs of the grove and the lake urged her not to, and spoke words of comfort! How often, as she wept, the hero son of Theseus said: "Set a limit! Your fortune is not the only one to lament. Look at the like misfortunes of others, and you will bear yours more gently. I wish it were not my own example that could relieve you in your grief! But mine can too.[16]

HIPPOLYTUS

Hippolytus tells how he was dragged to death by his horses and brought back to life.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
15.497	Fando aliquem Hippolytum vestras puto, contigit aures credulitate patris, sceleratae fraude novercae occubuisse neci: mirabere, vixque probabo, sed tamen ille ego sum. Me Pasiphaeia quondam temptatum frustra patrium temerare cubile, quod voluit, voluisse, infelix crimine verso (indiciine metu magis offensane repulsae?) damnavit, meritumque nihil pater eicit urbe hostilique caput prece detestatur euntis. Pittheam profugo curru Troezena petebam, iamque Corinthiaci carpebam litora ponti, cum mare surrexit, cumulusque inmanis aquarum in montis speciem curvari et crescere visus et dare mugitus summoque cacumine findi. Corniger hinc taurus ruptis expellitur undis, pectoribusque tenus molles erectus in auras naribus et patulo partem maris evomit ore.	Some Hippolytus, I suppose, has reached your ears in story, who met his death through his father's credulity and the treachery of a wicked stepmother. You will be amazed, and I can hardly prove it, but I am he. Pasiphae's daughter once tried in vain to make me defile my father's bed; then, turning the charge around, she accused me of wanting what she herself had wanted (was it more from fear of being exposed, or from anger at her rejection?), unhappy woman. My father drove me, though I had done nothing to deserve it, from the city, and as I went he called down a curse on my head with a hostile prayer. I was making for Troezen, city of Pittheus, in my chariot of exile, and was already skirting the shore of the Corinthian sea, when the sea rose up, and a vast heap of water seemed to arch into the shape of a mountain, to swell, to bellow, and to split at its topmost peak. Out of it a horned bull was driven through the broken waves, and rearing up to its chest into the soft air, spewed out part of the sea from its nostrils and wide mouth.[17]
15.514	Corda pavent comitum. Mihi mens interrita mansit exsiliis contenta suis: cum colla feroces ad freta convertunt adrectisque auribus horrent quadrupedes monstrique metu turbantur et altis	My companions' hearts were afraid. My mind remained undaunted, content with its own exile. But the fierce horses turned their necks toward the sea, pricked up their ears and shuddered, and,

16 Numa was Rome's second king; his wife was the nymph Egeria. Orestes was said to have brought Diana's cult image from the land of the Taurians to Aricia.

17 Pasiphae's daughter is Phaedra, wife of Theseus and stepmother of Hippolytus.

LATIN

praecipitant currum scopulis; ego ducere vana
frena manu spumis albentibus oblita luctor
et retro lentas tendo resupinus habenas.
Nec vires tamen has rabies superasset equorum.
ni rota, perpetuum qua circumvertitur axem,
stipitis occursu fracta ac disiecta fuisset.
Excutior curru, lorisque tenentibus artus
viscera viva trahi nervosque in stipe teneri,
membra rapi partim, partim reprensa relinqui,
ossa gravem dare fracta sonum fessamque videres
exhalari animam nullasque in corpore partes,
noscere quas posses; unumque erat omnia vulnus.

15.530 Num potes aut audes cladi componere nostrae,
nympha, tuam? Vidi quoque luce carentia regna
et lacerum fovi Phlegethontide corpus in unda,
nec nisi Apollineae valido medicamine prolis
reddita vita foret; quam postquam fortibus herbis
atque ope Paeonia Dite indignante recepi,
tum mihi, ne praesens augerem muneris huius
invidiam, densas obiecit Cynthia nubes,
utque forem tutus possemque impune videri,
addidit aetatem nec cognoscenda reliquit
ora mihi Cretenque diu dubitavit habendam
traderet an Delon: Delo Creteque relictis
hic posuit nomenque simul, quod possit equorum
admonuisse, iubet deponere, "qui" que "fuisti
Hippolytus" dixit, "nunc idem Virbius esto!"

15.545 Hoc nemus inde colo, de disque minoribus unus
numine sub dominae lateo atque accenseor illi."
Non tamen Egeriae luctus aliena levare
damna valent, montisque iacens radicibus imis
liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis
mota soror Phoebi gelidum de corpore fontem
fecit et aeternas artus tenuavit in undas.

ENGLISH

thrown into confusion by fear of the monster, dragged the chariot headlong down the high cliffs. I struggled to control with my hand the useless bridle, smeared with whitening foam, and leaning backward pulled the pliant reins taut. And yet the horses' frenzy would not have overcome my strength, had not the wheel, where it turns about the endless axle, struck a stump and been broken and shattered. I was flung from the chariot; and with the reins entangling my limbs, you could have seen my living flesh dragged along, my sinews caught on the stump, my limbs partly torn away, partly held fast and left behind, my broken bones giving a heavy crack, my exhausted breath being breathed away, and no part of my body that you could recognize: it was all one wound.

Can you, or dare you, compare your loss with my disaster, nymph? I also saw the kingdoms that lack light, and bathed my torn body in the waters of Phlegethon; and my life would not have been given back but for the potent medicine of Apollo's son. After I had recovered it through powerful herbs and Paeonian aid, though Dis resented it, Cynthia cast thick clouds around me, so that my presence should not increase the resentment at this gift; and so that I might be safe and could be seen without danger, she added years to me and left me a face that could not be recognized. For a long time she hesitated whether to give me Crete or Delos to live in. Passing over Delos and Crete, she set me here, and at the same time told me to put away my name, which might remind people of horses, and said: 'You who were Hippolytus, now be Virbius, the same man!'[18]

From that time I have dwelt in this grove, and, one of the lesser gods, I lie hidden under the divine power of my mistress and am numbered among her attendants." Yet the sorrows of others could not ease Egeria's grief. Lying at the very foot of the mountain, she melted into tears, until Phoebus' sister, moved by the devotion of the mourner, made a cool spring from her body and thinned her limbs into everlasting waters.

18 Apollo's son is Aesculapius, god of medicine; "Paeonian" refers to Paean, the healer god. The Greek name Hippolytus suggests "loosed by horses."

TAGES AND CIPUS

Tages rises from a furrow, and Cipus finds horns on his head and refuses to be king.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
15.552	Et nymphas tetigit nova res, et Amazone natus haud aliter stupuit, quam cum Tyrrhenus arator fatalem glaebam mediis adspexit in arvis sponte sua primum nulloque agitante moveri, sumere mox hominis terraeque amittere formam oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis (indigenae dixere Tagen, qui primus Etruscam edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros); utve Palatinis haerentem collibus olim cum subito vidit frondescere Romulus hastam, quae radice nova, non ferro stabat adacto et iam non telum, sed lenti viminis arbor non exspectatas dabat admirantibus umbras; aut sua fluminea cum vidit Cipus in unda cornua (vidit enim) falsamque in imagine credens esse fidem, digitis ad frontem saepe relatis, quae vidit, tetigit, nec iam sua lumina damnans restitit, ut victor domito veniebat ab hoste, ad caelumque manus et eodem lumina tollens	The strange event touched the nymphs, and the son of the Amazon was struck with amazement, just as when the Tyrrhenian plowman saw a fateful clod in the middle of his fields first move of its own accord, with no one stirring it, then take on human form and lose the form of earth, and open its newly made mouth to the fates to come (the natives called him Tages, and he was the first to teach the Etruscan people how to reveal future events); or as when Romulus once saw his spear, fixed in the Palatine hill, suddenly put forth leaves, standing now by a new root, not by its driven iron point, and, no longer a weapon but a tree of pliant wood, giving unexpected shade to those who marveled at it; or as when Cipus saw his own horns in the river water (for he did see them) and, believing the reflection played him false, raised his fingers to his brow again and again and touched what he had seen. No longer blaming his eyes, he halted, as he was returning victorious from the conquered enemy, and raising his hands and his eyes to the sky,[19]
15.571	"quiquid" ait, "superi, monstro portenditur isto, seu laetum est, patriae laetum populoque Quirini, sive minax, mihi sit!" viridique e caespite factas placat odoratis herbosas ignibus aras vinaque dat pateris mactatarumque bidentum, quid sibi significent, trepidantia consulit exta. Quae simul adspexit Tyrrhenae gentis haruspex, magna quidem rerum molimina vidit in illis, non manifesta tamen. Cum vero sustulit acre a pecudis fibris ad Cipi cornua lumen, "rex" ait, "o salve! Tibi enim, tibi, Cipe, tuisque hic locus et Latiae parebunt cornibus arces. Tu modo rumpe moras portasque intrare patentes adpropera! sic fata iubent; namque urbe receptus rex eris et sceptro tutus potiere perenni."	"Whatever is foretold by this portent, gods above," he said, "if it is happy, let it be happy for my country and the people of Quirinus; if it is threatening, let it fall on me!" Then he appeased grassy altars made of green turf with fragrant fires, offered wine from bowls, and consulted the quivering entrails of slaughtered sheep as to what they meant for him. As soon as the soothsayer of the Tyrrhenian race looked at them, he saw in them great undertakings, though not clear ones. But when he raised his keen gaze from the beast's organs to the horns of Cipus, he said: "Hail, king! For to you, Cipus, to you and to your horns this place and the citadels of Latium will submit. Only break off delay and hurry to enter the open gates! So the fates command. Once received in the city, you will be king, and safely hold a lasting scepter."
15.586	Rettulit ille pedem torvamque a moenibus urbis avertens faciem "procul a! procul omina" dixit "talia di pellant! Multoque ego iustius aevum exsul agam, quam me videant Capitolia regem!"	He drew back his foot and turned his grim face away from the city walls. "Far, oh far away," he said, "may the gods drive such omens! It would be

19 Tages, a child who sprang from a plowed furrow, was said to have taught the Etruscans the art of divination.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Dixit et extemplo populumque gravemque senatum convocat, ante tamen pacali cornua lauro velat; et aggeribus factis a milite forti insistit priscosque deos e more precatus "est" ait "hic unus, quem vos nisi pellitis urbe, rex erit. Is qui sit, signo, non nomine dicam: cornua fronte gerit. Quem vobis indicat augur, si Romam intrarit, famularia iura daturum.	much more just for me to live out my life in exile than for the Capitol to see me king!" He said this, and at once he called together the people and the solemn senate, though first he veiled his horns with the laurel of peace. Then he stood on a mound built by his brave soldiers and, after praying to the ancient gods in the customary way, he said: "There is one man here who will be king unless you drive him from the city. I will tell you who he is by a sign, not by his name: he wears horns on his brow. The augur tells you that if this man enters Rome, he will lay on you the laws of slaves.
15.598	Ille quidem potuit portas inrumpere apertas, sed nos obstitimus, quamvis coniunctior illo nemo mihi est. Vos urbe virum prohibete, Quirites, vel, si dignus erit, gravibus vincite catenis, aut finite metum fatalis morte tyranni!" Qualia succinctis, ubi trux insibilat eurus, murmura pinetis fiunt, aut qualia fluctus aequorei faciunt, siquis procul audiat illos, tale sonat populus; sed per confusa frementis verba tamen vulgi vox eminet una "quis ille est?", et spectant frontes praedictaque cornua quaerunt.	He could indeed have burst through the open gates, but I stood in his way, though no one is closer to me than he is. Citizens of Rome, keep this man out of the city, or, if he deserves it, bind him in heavy chains, or end your fear with the death of the fated tyrant!" The murmur that rises in tall, trim pinewoods when the fierce east wind hisses through them, or the sound the sea's waves make when someone hears them from far off: such was the sound the people made. But through the confused words of the clamoring crowd one cry stood out: "Who is he?" They looked at each other's foreheads and searched for the horns he had spoken of.
15.609	Rursus ad hos Cipus "quem poscitis" inquit, "habetis" et dempta capiti, populo prohibente, corona exhibuit gemino praesignia tempora cornu. Demisere oculos omnes gemitumque dedere atque illud meritis clarum (quis credere possit?) inviti videre caput; nec honore carere ulterius passi, festam imposuere coronam. At proceres, quoniam muros intrare vetaris, ruris honorati tantum tibi, Cipe, dedere, quantum depresso subiectis bubus aratro complecti posses ad finem lucis ab ortu, cornuaque aeratis miram referentia formam postibus insculpunt, longum mansura per aevum.	Cipus spoke to them again. "The man you demand," he said, "you have." The people tried to stop him, but he took the garland from his head and showed them his temples, marked out by their two horns. All of them lowered their eyes and groaned, and, though they did not want to (who could believe it?), they looked at that head made famous by its services. They would not let it go without its honor any longer, and they placed the festive garland back on it. But the city's leaders, Cipus, since you were forbidden to enter the walls, gave you, as a mark of honor, as much land as you could encircle with oxen yoked to a deep-pressed plow from sunrise to the end of day. On the bronze doorposts of the gate they carved horns that copied that wondrous shape, to remain there through long ages.

AESCULAPIUS COMES TO ROME

Plague strikes Rome, and Aesculapius comes from Epidaurus as a serpent.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
15.622	Pandite nunc, Musae, praesentia numina vatum (scitis enim, nec vos fallit spatiosa vetustas,) unde Coroniden circumflua Thybridis alti insula Romuleae sacris adiecerit urbis. Dira lues quondam Latias vitiaverat auras, pallidaque exsangui squalebant corpora morbo. Funeribus fessi postquam mortalia cernunt temptamenta nihil, nihil artes posse medentum, auxilium caeleste petunt mediamque tenentes orbis humum Delphos adeunt, oracula Phoebi, utque salutifera miseris succurrere rebus sorte velit tantaeque urbis mala finiat, orant: et locus et laurus et, quas habet ipse, pharetras intremuere simul, cortinaque reddidit imo hanc adyto vocem pavefactaque pectora movit:	Reveal now, Muses, you divine powers who stand by bards (for you know, and the long reach of the past does not deceive you), how the island that the deep Tiber flows around brought Coronis' son into the sacred rites of Romulus' city. Once a dreadful plague had tainted the air of Latium, and pale bodies lay wasting with a bloodless disease. Worn out by funerals, the people saw that human efforts could do nothing, and nothing could the arts of physicians. So they sought help from heaven. They went to Delphi, which holds the center of the world, the oracle of Phoebus, and begged him to come to the aid of their wretched state with a saving response and to end the sufferings of so great a city. The place, the laurel, and the quiver the god himself carries all trembled at once, and from the depths of the sanctuary the tripod gave back this answer, which shook their terrified hearts:[20]
15.637	"Quod petis hinc, propiore loco, Romane, petisses, et pete nunc propiore loco! nec Apolline vobis, qui minuat luctus, opus est, sed Apolline nato. Ite bonis avibus prolemque accersite nostram!" Iussa dei prudens postquam accepere senatus, quam colat, explorant, iuvenis Phoebeius urbem, quique petant ventis Epidauria litora mittunt. Quae simul incurva missi tetigere carina, concilium Graiosque patres adiere, darentque, oravere, deum, qui praesens funera gentis finiat Ausoniae: certas ita dicere sortes.	"What you seek here, Roman, you should have sought from a nearer place, and now seek it from a nearer place! You do not need Apollo to lessen your grief, but Apollo's son. Go with good omens, and summon my offspring!" When the wise senate had received the god's commands, they found out which city the young son of Phoebus lived in, and sent men to sail for the shores of Epidaurus. As soon as the envoys had touched those shores in their curved ship, they went before the council and the Greek elders. They begged them to give them the god whose presence would end the deaths among the Ausonian people, for so, they said, the unerring oracle had declared.[21]
15.648	Dissidet et variat sententia, parsque negandum non putat auxilium, multi retinere suamque non emittere opem nec numina tradere suadent: dum dubitant, seram pepulere crepuscula lucem, umbraque telluris tenebras induxerat orbi, cum deus in somnis opifer consistere visus ante tuum, Romane, torum, sed qualis in aede esse solet, baculumque tenens agreste sinistra caesariem longae dextra deducere barbae	Opinion was divided and kept shifting. Some thought help should not be refused; many urged them to keep the source of aid that was theirs, not to send it away or hand over their god. While they hesitated, twilight had driven out the last of the daylight, and the earth's shadow had brought darkness over the world, when the helping god seemed in your dreams, Roman, to stand before

20 Coronis' son is Aesculapius, god of healing and son of Apollo; his cult was brought to Rome in 292 BC and given a temple on the island in the Tiber.

21 Epidaurus, in the Peloponnese of Greece, was home to the chief sanctuary of Aesculapius.

LATIN	ENGLISH
et placido tales emittere pectore voces: "Pone metus! Veniam simulacraque nostra relinquam. Hunc modo serpentem, baculum qui nexibus ambit, perspice et usque nota visu, ut cognoscere possis! Vertar in hunc, sed maior ero tantusque videbor, in quantum verti caelestia corpora debent."	your bed. He looked as he usually does in his temple: he held a rustic staff in his left hand, stroked his long beard with his right, and uttered these words from his tranquil breast: "Put away your fears! I will come, and I will leave my statues behind. Only look closely at this serpent, which winds its coils around my staff, and mark it well with your eyes so that you will recognize it! I will turn into this, but I will be larger, and I will appear as great as heavenly bodies ought to be when they are transformed."
15.663 Extemplo cum voce deus, cum voce deoque somnus abit, somnique fugam lux alma secuta est. Postera sidereos aurora fugaverat ignes: incerti, quid agant, proceres ad templa petiti perveniunt operosa dei, quaque ipse morari sede velit, signis caelestibus indicet, orant. Vix bene desierant, cum cristis aureus altis in serpente deus praenuntia sibila misit adventuque suo signumque arasque foresque marmoreumque solum fastigiaque aurea movit pectoribusque tenus media sublimis in aede constitit atque oculos circumtulit igne micantes. Territa turba pavet. Cognovit numina castos evinctus vitta crines albente sacerdos: "En deus est deus est! Animis linguisque favete, quisquis ades!" dixit. "Sis, o pulcherrime, visus utiliter populosque iuves tua sacra colentes !"	At once the god was gone with his voice, and with his voice and the god went sleep, and kindly daylight followed the flight of sleep. The next dawn had put the starry fires to flight. Unsure what to do, the leaders gathered at the richly built temple of the god they sought, and begged him to show by heavenly signs where he himself wished to make his home. They had barely finished when the god, golden in the form of a high-crested serpent, sent out hisses to announce his coming. At his arrival the statue, the altars, the doors, the marble floor and the golden roof all shook. Rising as high as his breast, he stood tall in the middle of the temple and turned his eyes, flashing fire, all around. The crowd shrank back in terror. The priest, his chaste hair bound with a white fillet, recognized the divine power. "Look, the god! It is the god! Keep holy silence in heart and tongue, all who are here!" he said. "Most beautiful one, may your appearing bring us good, and may you help the peoples who honor your rites!"
15.680 Quisquis adest, visum venerantur numen, et omnes verba sacerdotis referunt geminata piumque Aeneadae praestant et mente et voce favorem. Adnuit his motisque deus rata pignora cristis et repetita dedit vibrata sibila lingua. Tum gradibus nitidis delabitur oraque retro flectit et antiquas abiturus respicit aras adsuetasque domos habitataque templa salutat. Inde per iniectis adopertam floribus ingens serpit humum flectitque sinus mediamque per urbem tendit ad incurvo munitos aggere portus. Restitit hic agmenque suum turbaeque sequentis officium placido visus dimittere vultu corpus in Ausonia posuit rate: numinis illa sensit onus, pressa estque dei gravitate carina; Aeneadae gaudent caesoque in litore tauro torta coronatae solvunt retinacula navis.	All who were there worshiped the divine power they saw. All of them repeated the priest's words twice over, and the descendants of Aeneas offered their reverence in both mind and voice. The god nodded to them, stirred his crest as a sure pledge, and hissed again and again with flickering tongue. Then he glided down the gleaming steps, turned his head back, and, about to depart, looked back at his ancient altars and bade farewell to the home he was used to and the temple he had lived in. From there, huge as he was, he slithered over ground strewn with flowers, winding his coils, and made his way through the middle of the city to the harbor protected by its curving mole. There he stopped, and with a calm face he seemed to dismiss his escort, the dutiful crowd that followed

LATIN	ENGLISH
	him. Then he laid his body in the Ausonian ship. The ship felt the burden of the godhead, and its keel was weighed down by the god's weight. The descendants of Aeneas rejoiced; they sacrificed a bull on the shore and loosed the twisted cables of their garlanded ship.
15.697 Impulerat levis aura ratem: deus eminet alte, impositaque premens puppim cervice recurvam caeruleas despectat aquas modicisque per aequor Ionium zephyris sextae Pallantidos ortu Italiam tenuit praeterque Lacinia templo nobilitata deae Scylaceaque litora fertur; linquit Iapygiam laevisque Amphrisia remis saxa fugit, dextra praerupta Celennia parte, Romethiumque legit Caulonaque Naryciamque, evincitque fretum Siculique angusta Pelori Hippotadaeque domos regis Temesesque metalla, Leucosiamque petit tepidique rosaria Paesti. Inde legit Capreas promunturiumque Minervae et Surrentino generosos palmite colles Herculeamque urbem Stabiasque et in otia natam Parthenopen et ab hac Cumaeae templa Sibyllae.	A light breeze had driven the ship forward. The god rose up high and, resting his neck heavily on the curved stern, gazed down on the blue waters. With gentle west winds he crossed the Ionian Sea, and when Pallas' daughter, the Dawn, rose for the sixth time, he reached Italy. He was carried past Lacinium, famed for the goddess's temple, and the shores of Scylaceum. He left Iapygia behind; to the left of his oars he fled the Amphrisian rocks, to the right the cliffs of Celennia. He skirted Romethium and Caulon and Narycia, won his way across the sea and through the narrows of Sicilian Pelorus, past the home of the king who was Hippotes' son and the mines of Temesa, and made for Leucosia and the rose gardens of warm Paestum. From there he coasted past Capreae and Minerva's promontory and the hills rich in Surrentine vines, past Hercules' city and Stabiae and Parthenope, born for leisure, and after it the temple of the Cumaean Sibyl.[22]
15.713 Hinc calidi fontes lentisciferumque tenetur Liternum multamque trahens sub gurgite harenam Volturnus niveisque frequens Sinuessa columbis Minturnaeque graves et quam tumulavit alumnus Antiphataeque domus Trachasque obsessa palude et tellus Circaea et spissi litoris Antium. Huc ubi veliferam nautae advertere carinam (asper enim iam pontus erat), deus explicat orbes perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens templa parentis init flavum tangentia litus. Aequore placato patrias Epidaurius aras linquit et hospitio iuncti sibi numinis usus litoream tractu squamae crepitantis harenam sulcat et innixus moderamine navis in alta puppe caput posuit, donec Castrumque sacrasque Lavini sedes Tiberinaque ad ostia venit.	Next the ship reached the warm springs, and Liternum with its mastic trees, and the Volturnus, which drags heavy sand beneath its eddies, and Sinuessa, thronged with snow-white doves, and unhealthy Minturnae, and the town of the woman whom her foster son laid in her tomb, and the home of Antiphates, and Trachas, hemmed in by its marsh, and Circe's land, and Antium with its firm-packed shore. When the sailors turned their ship under sail in here (for the sea was now rough), the god uncoiled himself and, gliding in winding curves and great coils, entered his father's temple, which borders the golden shore. When the sea had calmed, the Epidaurian god left his father's altars and, having enjoyed the hospitality of his kindred god, furrowed the sand of the shore with the trail of his rasping scales. Leaning on the ship's rudder, he laid his head on the high stern, until he came to Castrum and the sacred home of Lavinium and the mouth of the Tiber.[23]

22 "Hercules' city" is Herculaneum.

23 The town is Caieta, named for Aeneas' nurse; Antiphates was king of the cannibal Laestrygonians, placed at Formiae.

LATIN		ENGLISH
15.729	Huc omnis populi passim matrumque patrumque obvia turba ruit, quaeque ignes, Troica, servant, Vesta, tuos, laetoque deum clamore salutant. Quaque per adversas navis cita ducitur undas, tura super ripas aris ex ordine factis parte ab utraque sonant et odorant aera fumis, ictaque coniectos incalfacit hostia cultros. Iamque caput rerum, Romanam intraverat urbem: erigitur serpens summoque acclinia malo colla movet sedesque sibi circumspicit aptas. Scinditur in geminas partes circumfluus amnis (Insula nomen habet), laterumque a parte duorum porrigit aequales media tellure lacertos. Huc se de Latia pinu Phoebeius anguis contulit et finem, specie caeleste resumpta, luctibus imposuit venitque salutifer urbi.	Here the whole crowd of the people came rushing from every side to meet him, mothers and fathers, and the women who keep your fires, Trojan Vesta, and they greeted the god with joyful shouts. Wherever the swift ship was towed upstream against the current, incense crackled on altars set in rows along both banks and scented the air with its smoke, and the victims, struck down, warmed the knives plunged into them. And now he had entered the city of Rome, capital of the world. The serpent raised himself up, swayed his neck as it rested against the top of the mast, and looked around for a dwelling that would suit him. The river that flows around it divides into two branches (the place is called the Island), and on either side it stretches out equal arms, with land in the middle. Here the serpent son of Phoebus left the Latin ship, took back his heavenly form, put an end to the people's grief, and came to the city as the bringer of health.

JULIUS CAESAR MADE A GOD

Julius Caesar is murdered, and Venus carries his soul to the stars.

LATIN		ENGLISH
15.745	Hic tamen accessit delubris advena nostris: Caesar in urbe sua deus est; quem Marte togaque praecipuum non bella magis finita triumphis resque domi gestae properataque gloria rerum in sidus vertere novum stellamque comantem, quam sua progenies; neque enim de Caesaris actis ullum maius opus, quam quod pater exstitit huius: scilicet aequoreos plus est domuisse Britannos perque papyriferi septemflua flumina Nili victrices egisse rates Numidasque rebelles Cinyphiumque Iubam Mithridateisque tumentem nominibus Pontum populo adiecisse Quirini et multos meruisse, aliquos egisse triumphos, quam tantum genuisse virum? Quo praeside rerum humano generi, superi, favistis abunde!	Yet this god came to our shrines from abroad; Caesar is a god in his own city. He was outstanding in war and in peace, but it was not so much his wars ended in triumphs, nor his achievements at home, nor his swiftly won glory that turned him into a new star, a comet with flowing hair, as his own offspring. For of all Caesar's deeds none is greater than this: that he became this man's father. Is it, after all, a greater thing to have conquered the sea-bound Britons, to have led his victorious fleets up the seven streams of the papyrus-bearing Nile, to have added to the people of Quirinus the rebel Numidians and Cinyphian Juba and Pontus, swollen with the name of Mithridates, to have earned many triumphs and celebrated some, than to have fathered so great a man? With him presiding over the world, gods above, you have shown the human race abundant favor![24]
15.760	Ne foret hic igitur mortali semine cretus, ille deus faciendus erat. Quod ut aurea vidit	So that this man, then, should not be born of mortal seed, that one had to be made a god. When the

24 Julius Caesar, murdered in 44 BC, was declared a god, and a comet seen that year was taken to be his soul; "this man" is his adoptive son Augustus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Aeneae genetrix, vidit quoque triste parari pontifici letum et coniurata arma moveri, palluit et cunctis, ut cuique erat obvia, divis "adspice" dicebat, "quanta mihi mole parentur insidiae quantaque caput cum fraude petatur, quod de Dardanio solum mihi restat Iulo. Solane semper ero iustis exercita curis, quam modo Tydidae Calydonia vulneret hasta, nunc male defensae confundant moenia Troiae, quae videam natum longis erroribus actum iactarique freto sedesque intrare silentum bellaque cum Turno gerere, aut, si vera fatemur, cum Iunone magis? Quid nunc antiqua recordor damna mei generis? Timor hic meminisse priorum non sinit: en acui sceleratos cernitis enses?	golden mother of Aeneas saw this, and saw too that a grim death was being prepared for the high priest and that conspirators were taking up arms, she turned pale. To all the gods, to each one as she met them, she said: "Look at the massive treachery being prepared against me, and with what deceit they are aiming at the one life left to me from Dardanian Iulus! Am I always to be the only one harassed by anxieties, and justified ones? Once the Calydonian spear of Tydeus' son wounded me; then the walls of ill-defended Troy brought me to ruin; I saw my son driven on long wanderings, tossed on the sea, entering the home of the silent dead, and waging war with Turnus, or, if I am to tell the truth, rather with Juno. But why do I now recall the old losses of my line? This present fear does not let me remember earlier ones. Look, do you see the wicked swords being sharpened?[25]
15.777	Quos prohibete, precor, facinusque repellite, neve caede sacerdotis flammas exstinguite Vestae!" Talia nequiquam toto Venus anxia caelo verba iacit superosque movet, qui rumpere quamquam ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum, signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futuri. Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes terribilesque tubas auditaque cornua caelo praemonuisse nefas; solis quoque tristis imago lurida sollicitis praebebat lumina terris. Saepe faces visae mediis ardere sub astris, saepe inter nimbos guttae cecidere cruentae. Caerulus et vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra sparsus erat, sparsi Lunares sanguine currus.	Stop them, I beg you, drive back this crime, and do not let the fires of Vesta be quenched by the slaughter of her priest!" Such were the words that anxious Venus flung, in vain, all through the heavens. She moved the gods above, and though they could not break the iron decrees of the ancient sisters, they still gave signs, all too clear, of the grief to come. They say that arms clashing among black clouds, fearsome trumpets and horns heard in the sky gave warning of the crime. The sun's face, too, was sad and gave only a lurid light to the anxious earth. Often torches were seen burning among the stars; often drops of blood fell amid the rain clouds. Lucifer, the morning star, was dark, his face spattered with black rust, and the Moon's chariot was spattered with blood.
15.791	Tristia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo, mille locis lacrimavit ebur, cantusque feruntur auditi sanctis et verba minantia lucis. Victima nulla litat magnosque instare tumultus fibra monet, caesumque caput reperitur in extis. Inque foro circumque domos et templa deorum nocturnos ululasse canes umbrasque silentum erravisse ferunt motamque tremoribus urbem. Non tamen insidias venturaque vincere fata praemonitus potuere deum, strictique feruntur in templum gladii; neque enim locus ullus in urbe ad facinus diramque placet nisi curia, caedem. Tum vero Cytherea manu percussit utraque	In a thousand places the Stygian owl gave gloomy omens; in a thousand places ivory wept; and chants and threatening words are said to have been heard in the sacred groves. No victim gave favorable signs. The entrails warned that great upheavals were at hand, and the head of the liver was found cut away among the innards. In the forum, and around houses and the temples of the gods, they say, dogs howled by night, the shades of the silent dead wandered, and the city was shaken by earthquakes. Yet the gods' warnings could not overcome the plot and the coming fate. Drawn swords were carried into a hallowed place, for no

25 Caesar was pontifex maximus, Rome's chief priest, and his family claimed descent from Aeneas' son Iulus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
pectus et Aeneaden molitur condere nube, qua prius infesto Paris est ereptus Atridae et Diomedeos Aeneas fugerat enses.	place in the city would do for the crime and the dreadful murder but the senate house. Then indeed Cytherea struck her breast with both hands and tried to hide Aeneas' descendant in the cloud in which Paris had once been snatched away from hostile Atreus' son, and in which Aeneas had escaped the sword of Diomedes.
15.807 Talibus hanc genitor: "Sola insuperabile fatum, nata, movere paras? Intres licet ipsa sororum tecta trium: cernes illic molimine vasto ex aere et solido rerum tabularia ferro, quae neque concussum caeli neque fulminis iram nec metuunt ullas tuta atque aeterna ruinas. Invenies illic incisa adamante perenni fata tui generis: legi ipse animoque notavi et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri. Hic sua complevit, pro quo, Cytherea, laboras, tempora, perfectis, quos terrae debuit, annis. Ut deus accedat caelo templisque colatur, tu facies natusque suus, qui nominis heres impositum feret unus onus caesique parentis nos in bella suos fortissimus ultor habebit.	Her father answered her with these words: "Do you, my daughter, mean to move unconquerable fate on your own? You may enter the house of the three sisters yourself. There you will see the records of the world, a vast structure of bronze and solid iron. They fear neither the shaking of the sky, nor the thunderbolt's anger, nor any destruction, for they are safe and everlasting. There you will find the fates of your descendants carved in eternal adamant. I have read them myself and marked them in my mind, and I will tell them to you, so that you may no longer be ignorant of the future. This man for whom you are troubling yourself, Cytherea, has completed his time, fulfilling the years he owed to the earth. That he may enter heaven as a god and be worshiped in temples is something you will bring about, you and his son. As heir to his name, his son will carry alone the burden laid on him, and as the bravest avenger of his murdered father he will have us as allies in his wars.
15.822 Illius auspiciis obsessae moenia pacem victa petent Mutinae, Pharsalia sentiet illum. Emathiique iterum madefient caede Philippi, et magnum Siculis nomen superabitur undis, Romanique ducis coniunx Aegyptia taedae non bene fisa cadet, frustraque erit illa minata, servitura suo Capitolia nostra Canopo. Quid tibi barbariem, gentesque ab utroque iacentes oceano numerem? Quodcumque habitabile tellus sustinet, huius erit: pontus quoque serviet illi! Pace data terris animum ad civilia vertet iura suum legesque feret iustissimus auctor exemploque suo mores reget inque futuri temporis aetatem venturorumque nepotum prospiciens prolem sancta de coniuge natam ferre simul nomenque suum curasque iubebit, nec nisi cum senior Pylios aequaverit annos, aetherias sedes cognataque sidera tanget.	Under his command the walls of besieged Mutina, conquered, will sue for peace; Pharsalia will feel his power; Emathian Philippi will be drenched with slaughter a second time; a great name will be overcome in Sicilian waters; and the Egyptian wife of a Roman general, who trusted her marriage to her cost, will fall, and in vain will she have threatened that our Capitol would be a slave to her Canopus. Why should I list for you the foreign peoples and the nations that lie on either shore of Ocean? Whatever habitable land the earth holds will be his; the sea too will serve him! When he has given peace to the lands, he will turn his mind to civil law and, a most just lawgiver, will bring in laws. He will guide morals by his own example, and, looking ahead to future time and to the generations of descendants still to come, he will bid the son born of his chaste wife bear both his name and his cares. Not until he is old and has matched the years of the old man of Pylos will he

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	reach his home in the heavens and his kindred stars.[26]
15.840 Hanc animam interea caeso de corpore raptam fac iubar, ut semper Capitolia nostra forumque divus ab excelsa prospectet Iulius aede." Vix ea fatus erat, media cum sede senatus constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, suique Caesaris eripuit membris neque in aera solvi passa recentem animam caelestibus intulit astris. Dumque tulit, lumen capere atque ignescere sensit emisitque sinu: luna volat altius illa, flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem stella micat natique videns bene facta fatetur esse suis maiora et vinci gaudet ab illo.	Meanwhile, snatch this soul from the murdered body and make it a star, so that the deified Julius may always look out from his lofty temple on our Capitol and forum." He had scarcely finished speaking when kindly Venus, seen by no one, took her stand in the middle of the senate house. She snatched the newly freed soul of her Caesar from his body and, not letting it dissolve into the air, carried it up to the stars of heaven. As she carried it, she felt it take light and catch fire, and she released it from her breast. It flies up higher than the moon and, trailing its fiery hair along a wide path, shines as a star. Seeing his son's good deeds, he admits that they are greater than his own, and rejoices to be surpassed by him.
15.852 Hic sua praeferri quamquam vetat acta paternis, libera fama tamen nullisque obnoxia iussis invitum praefert unaque in parte repugnat: sic magni cedit titulis Agamemnonis Atreus, Aegea sic Theseus, sic Pelea vicit Achilles; denique, ut exemplis ipsos aequantibus utar, sic et Saturnus minor est Iove: Iuppiter arces temperat aetherias et mundi regna triformis, terra sub Augusto est; pater est et rector uterque. Di, precor, Aeneae comites, quibus ensis et ignis cesserunt, dique Indigetes genitorque Quirine urbis et invicti genitor Gradive Quirini, Vestaque Caesareos inter sacrata penates, et cum Caesarea tu, Phoebe domestice, Vesta, quique tenes altus Tarpeias Iuppiter arces, quosque alios vati fas appellare piumque est: tarda sit illa dies et nostro serior aevo, qua caput Augustum, quem temperat, orbe relicto accedat caelo faveatque precantibus absens!	Though the son forbids his own deeds to be ranked above his father's, fame, which is free and obeys no one's orders, ranks him higher against his will, and in this one thing defies him. So Atreus yields to the titles of great Agamemnon; so Theseus surpasses Aegeus, and Achilles Peleus; finally, to use examples equal to the men themselves, so too Saturn is less than Jupiter. Jupiter governs the heights of heaven and the kingdoms of the threefold world; the earth is under Augustus. Each is father and ruler. Gods, I pray: companions of Aeneas, before whom sword and fire gave way; native gods, the Indigetes; Quirinus, father of the city; Gradivus, father of unconquered Quirinus; Vesta, made sacred among Caesar's household gods; you, Phoebus of the household, together with Caesar's Vesta; you, Jupiter, who hold the Tarpeian citadel on high; and all the others whom a bard may rightly and reverently call upon: slow may that day come, and later than my own lifetime, when Augustus, that august head, leaves the world he governs, ascends to heaven, and from afar favors those who pray to him![27]

26 These are Octavian's civil wars, from Mutina (43 BC) and Philippi (42 BC) to the defeats of Sextus Pompey, son of Pompey "the Great," off Sicily (36 BC) and of Cleopatra, wife of Mark Antony (31–30 BC); the son is Tiberius, child of Augustus' wife Livia, and the old man of Pylos is Nestor.

27 Mars was the father of Romulus, who was deified as Quirinus; Augustus housed shrines of Apollo and Vesta beside his home on the Palatine.

EPILOGUE

Ovid declares that his poem will outlast fire, sword and time, and that he will live.

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15.871	Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas. Cum volet, illa dies, quae nil nisi corporis huius ius habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat aevi: parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum, quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris, ore legar populi, perque omnia saecula fama, siquid habent veri vatum praesagia, vivam.	And now I have completed a work that neither Jupiter's anger nor fire nor sword nor devouring time will be able to destroy. Let that day, which has no power over anything but this body, end the span of my uncertain life whenever it wishes. Yet in the better part of me I shall be carried, everlasting, above the high stars, and my name will never be erased. Wherever Roman power extends over conquered lands, I shall be read on the lips of the people, and through all the ages, in fame, if the prophecies of bards hold any truth, I shall live.