THE LIBRARY
of
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
Toronto
NONNOS
DIONYSIACA
III
NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
H. J. ROSE, M.A.
PROFESSOR OF GREEK, UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

AND NOTES ON TEXT CRITICISM BY
L. R. LIND, Ph.D.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

III

BOOKS XXXVI—XLVIII

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
MCMXLIII
PREFACE

I should like to have written an estimate of Nonnos as poet and man of letters, but that is hardly what would be expected in a translation. His Niagara of words is apt to overwhelm the reader, and his faults are easy to see; but if we stand in shelter behind the falls, we can see many real beauties, and we can see his really wonderful skill in managing his metre long after stress had displaced the old musical accent. He has left his mark, indirectly at least, on English literature; for one man of genius was for ever quoting him, and had him in mind when he created his incomparable and immortal drunkard, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi. He it was who summed up in four lines the sordid ambitions of all the tyrants of the world, from Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar to Timour and Attila and Napoleon,

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter.
And so we thought it meeter
To carry off the latter.

W. H. D. Rouse

Histon Manor
Cambridge
June 1940
## CONTENTS OF VOLUME III

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Preface</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summary of the Books of the Poem</td>
<td>viii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Text and Translation—</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XXXVI</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XXXVII</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XXXVIII</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XXXIX</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XL</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Note to Book XL</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLI</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLII</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLIII</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLIV</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLV</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLVI</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLVII</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book XLVIII</td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Index</strong></td>
<td>495</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Note: Additional Note to Book XL is on page 194.
ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ ΤΩΝ ΥΠΟΛΕΙΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ Π' ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

'Εν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἑκτῷ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης Βάκχος Δηριάδη κορύσσεται εἰδος ἀμείβων.

'Ηχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἐβδομον, εἰνεκα νίκης ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοι εἰσὶν ἀγώνες.

'Ηχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλὼ δειλαίον Φαέθοιτος ἔχεις μόρον ἡμιοχίος.

'Εν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἑιάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσσεις Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυρφλεγέων στόλον Ἰνδών.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαῖγμένον ὀρχαμον Ἰνδῶν, πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἑδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν νῦε Μύρρης ἄλλην Κύπριν ἐτικτεν Ἀμυμώνῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ύφηνα το δεύτερον, ἦχι λυγαῖῳ Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἤμερον εἴνοσιγισίον.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐτὶ τρίτον, ὀποῖοι μέλπων Ἄρεα κυματότεντα καὶ ἀμπελόσθεσαν Ἔνυῳ.

viii
SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

HEADINGS OF THE LAST THIRTEEN BOOKS
OF THE DIONYSIACA

(36) In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.

(37) When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

(38) When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaethon in the chariot, with a blazing brand.

(39) In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.

(40) The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.

(41) The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

(42) The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.

(43) Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.
SUMMARY OF BOOKS

Τεσσαρακοστόν ύφηγα τὸ τέταρτον, ἤχι γιάννακας
dέρκεο μαυρομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὅγκον ἀπειλής.

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστόν ἐπόψεαι, ὁπόθε Πεν-
θεὺς
tαῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραλκέος ἀπτὶ Λυκίου.

"Εκτὸν τεσσαρακοστὸν ὤδε πλέον, ἤχι τοῖς Πενθέος ἀκρα
cάρημα καὶ ἀλευσίτεκτον Ἀραίην.

"Ερχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἐβδομον, ὁπόθε Περ-
σεὺς
καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίων καὶ ἀθροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὤγδοον αἵμα Γιγάντων.
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπιναλήης τὸκὸν Λύρης.
SUMMARY OF BOOKS

(44) The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and the heavy threat of Pentheus.

(45) See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn Lyaios.

(46) See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agauë murdering her son.

(47) Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icarios, and Ariadne in her rich robes.

(48) In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΙΩΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

'Εν δὲ τρικοστὶ ἐκτῷ μετὰ λειματα λύσσης
Βάκχος Δημιαδὴ κορύσσεται εἰδος ἁμαζῶν.

'Ως φύμενος θάρσυνε γεγυρίσας ἡγεμονίας
Δημιάδης δ' ἐπέρωθεν ένοις ἐκόρυσας μαχητάς.
ἀμφοτέρη δὲ φίλαγγχθε θεοὶ παρτήρες Ὀλύμπιον
κεκριμένοι στέκοιτο κυβερνήτηραι Ἐπαυσεῖς,
οἱ μὲν Δημιαδῆς ἀρτήγωνες, οἱ δὲ Διωνίων.
Ζεὺς μὲν ἀναξ μακάρων ὑψίζηνες ἤφαιάν: Κέρυγγε
"Αρεος εἰχε τάλαστα παρακλιδών: οὗρονόθεν δὲ
ἐμπυρευν ὑδατόεις προκαλίζετο κυνοχαιτής
'Ηδέιον, γλαυκῶπιν Ὁρῆς, Ὁφαίστησις Ἰδάστειν
"Ηρῆς δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἀρεστικὸς "Ἀρτέμις ἔστη.
Ἀγγέλην δ' ἐπὶ δήρων εὐφραίνες ἤλυθον Ἑρμῆς.
Καὶ ζαθέων πολέμου διαμάκητους ἐθρεμαὶ ἧχῳ
ἀμφοτέρους μακάρεσσιν. ἐπεσυμενοὶ δὲ καυκομφ
"Ἀρῆς ἐπταπέλεθρος ἐμάραντο Τριστομίας,
καὶ δόρην δούρων ἤλλας: ἀνοικήτων δὲ θεαίς
μέσσην αἰγίδα τύλικα, ἀθρήτων δὲ καρήνου
ʔλασε Γοργείης ὀφίωδα ἄρη χαίτης.
Παλλάδος οὐπήσας λάς οὐκος: ὀξυγηςδὲ
πεμπομένῃ ἱογῆδον ἀκαμπτὸς ἐχίος αἰχμῆ
ποιήτην πλοκαμίδα νόθης ἐχάραξε Μοειάτης.
κούρη δ' ἐγγέρκυδομος ἐπαίξασα καὶ αὐτὴ
BOOK XXXVI

In the thirty-sixth, Bacchos, after his surges of madness, changes his shape and attacks Deriades.

With this speech he encouraged the glad leaders; and Deriades on his part put his own soldiers under arms. The gods who dwell in Olympos ranged themselves in two parties to direct the warfare on both sides, these supporting Deriades, those Lyaios. Zeus Lord of the Blessed throned high on Cerne held the tilting balance of war. From heaven Seabluehair of the waters challenged fiery Helios, Ares challenged Brighteyes, Hephaistos Hydaspes; highland Artemis stood facing Hera; Hermes rod in hand came to conflict with Leto.

12 A double din of divine battle resounded for the two parties of the Blessed. As they rushed to conflict, sevenrood Ares joined battle with Tritogencia and cast a valiant spear; the goddess was untouched, but it struck full on the aegis, and ran through the snaky crop of hair on the Gorgon’s head, which none may look upon. So it wounded only the shaggy target of Pallas, and the sharpened point of the whizzing unbending spear scored the counterfeit hair of Medusa’s image. Then the battlestirring maiden,

a The battle of the gods is imitated rather closely from II. xx. 32-74; xxi. 328-513.
σύγγραφον ἐγχύος ἀειρεν ἐπ' Ἄρη Πάλλας ἀμήτωρ, κείνο, τὸ περ φορέουσα λεχών ήλικι χαλκῷ ἄνθορε πατρίδοιο τελεσσιγόνιο καρῆνον.
καὶ δαπέδω γόνι κάμψε τυπείς περιμήκτες Ἄρης 25 ἀλλὰ μίν ὀρθώθασα παλιωθύττον Ἀθηνὴ μητρὶ φίλη μετὰ δήμῳ ἀνουτάτον ὑπασεὶς Ἡρη.

"Ἡρη δ' ἀντεριδαίμεν ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου Ἀρτεμις ὡς συνάεθλος ὀρεστίας, ὲδυτεῖς δὲ τόξου ἐδώ κύκλωσεν ὀρμοξήλῳ δὲ κυδομῇ Ἡρη Ζηνὸς ἐλούσα νέφος πεπικασμένον ὅμοιοι ἀρραγές ὡς σάκος εἰχε καὶ Ἀρτεμις ἄλλων ἐπ' ἄλλῳ ἡρής πέμπουσα δι' αὐτυγος ἵν ἁλήτην εἰς σκοπον ἀχρήστον ἠτὰ ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην,
καὶ νεφέλην ἀρρήστον ὅλην ἐποκαζέας ὀιστοῖς καὶ γεραῖον μυηλὸς ἐν τούπος ἡροφοίης ἰπταμένων στεφαιηδον ἀμοβαίων ταῖ κύκλῳ καὶ νέφεῖ σκιώντες πεπηγότες ἦσαν ὀιστοίς ὁπειλᾶς δ' ἀχάρακτος ἀναίμονας εἴξε καλύπτρην.
καὶ κραναδὸν κούφισεν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος Ἡρη, χειρὶ δὲ δυνεύσας πεπηγότα νώτα χαλάζης Ἀρτεμιν ἐστυφέλεξε χαραδρὴντε βελέμνων τόξου δ' ἀγκύλα κύκλα συν' ἐλθασε μάρμαρος αἰχμῇ ὀὐ δὲ μάχην ἀνέκοψε Διὸς δάμαρ. Ἀρτέμιδος δὲ στῆθεος ἄκρον ἐτυψε μεσαίτατον ἤ δὲ τυπεῖσα ἐγχεὶ παχηνέτε χαμαὶ κατέχεα φαρέτρην.
καὶ οἱ ἐπεγεγελώσα Διὸς μυθήσατο νύμφῃ.

"Ἀρτεμι, θηρία βάλλε τι μείζοναν αὐτιφερίζεις, καὶ σκοπέλων ἐπίβηθι τί σοι μόθος, οὕτως γὰρ ἐνδρομίδας φορέουσα λίπε κημίδας Ἀθηνή.

a Appropriately; by a popular ancient theory, Hera ("Ηρα) is the atmosphere (ἀήρ).
motherless Pallas, rushed forwards in her turn and raised her birthmate spear, the weapon as old as herself, with which at her birth she leapt out of her father's pregnant head born in armour. Huge Ares was hit, and sank to the ground on one knee; but Athena helped him up and sent him back to his dear mother Hera unwounded, when the duel was done.

Against Hera came highland Artemis as champion for hillranging Dionysos, and rounded her bow aiming straight. Hera as ready for conflict seized one of the clouds of Zeus, and compressed it across her shoulders where she held it as a shield proof against all; and Artemis shot arrow after arrow moving through the airy vault in vain against that mark, until her quiver was empty, and the cloud still unbroken she covered thick with arrows all over. It was the very image of a flight of cranes moving in the air and circling one after another in the figure of a wreath: the arrows were stuck in the dark cloud, but the veil was untorn and the wounds without blood. Then Hera picked up a rough missile of the air, a frozen mass of hail, circled it and struck Artemis with the jagged mass. The sharp stony lump broke the curves of the bow. But the consort of Zeus did not stop the fight there, but struck Artemis flat on the skin of the breast, and Artemis smitten by the weapon of ice emptied her quiver upon the ground. Then the wife of Zeus mocked at her:

"Go and shoot wild beasts, Artemis! Why do you quarrel with your betters? Climb your crags—what is war to you? Wear your trumpery shoes and let Athena wear the greaves. Stretch your
καὶ λίνα σείο τίνασε δολοπλόκα· θηροφόνου γὰρ σοι κνὲς ἀγρώσσοσυ, καὶ ὦ πτερώτετες ὀιστοῖ· σὺ γὰρ ὁ λευτοφόνον μεθέτες βέλος· ἀδρανίων γὰρ σῶν καμάτων ἰδρώτες ἀνάλκιδες εἰς λαγῳσι· σὸν δ’ ἠλάφων ἀλέγιζε καὶ εὐκεράνιο σείο δίφρον. ὡς σῶν ἠλάφων ἀλέγιζε· τί σοι Διὸς νὰ γεραιών πορδαλίων ἐλατήρα καὶ ἱμιοχία λεώσαν; ἢν δ’ ἑθέλῃς, ἔχε τόξον· Ἔρωτι οὖ τὸ ἁταίν σαρδηνικῇ φυγάδεμιν μυγοστόκε, πορθμοῦ Ἔρωτων κεστόν ἔχειν ὁφελεῖς ἀοσσητήρα λοχίης, σὺν Παφί, σὺν Ἔρωτι· οὖ γὰρ κρατάς τοιετοῖ. ἀλλὰ, τελεσσιγόνου κυβερνητέωρα γενίθλης, ἔρχεσε παιδοτόκων ἐπὶ πασσάδα θηλυτέραιω, καὶ λοχῖος βελέσσων ὀστεώσουσα γυναίκας εἰκελος ἐσσο λεόντε λεχωδός ἐγραύθι νύμφῃς, ἀντὶ φιλοπολέμιου μυγοστόκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇς ἐγγὺς σαοφρονέουσα σαόφρονος εἰνεκα μέτρης, ὅτι τεῦν μελέων μεθέτων τῖτων ὕψιμέδων ζεῖς παρθενικὰς ἁγάμους νυμφεύεται· εἰσέτι κεῖτην εἰκόνα σὴν βοῶσι γαμοκλόποι· Ἀρκάδες ὦλαι, Καλλιστοὺς ἁγάμους γαμοπτόλοι, ἀμετέρητε· ἐκ τοῦ ἀμφοτερῶν ἠρκότων ἐτὶ στενάχουσι κολώναι μεμφομένην νόθου εἴδους ἐρωμαχεῖς ἱσχεῖρης, θηλυτέρης ὅτε λέκτρου ἐδύσατο θῆλης ἀκοίτης. ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀνόνητον ἀπορρύψασα φαρέτρῃν Ἡρης κάλλιπε δῆριν ἄρείων· ἢν δ’ ἐθέλήτης, ὥς λοχίη πολέμιμε τελεσσιγύμοι Κυθεραίη. Ἔνεπε, τειρομένην δὲ παρηλύθειν· Ἀρτεμιν. Ἡρη. τὴν δὲ φόβῳ μεθύουσαν ἀπὸ φλοιόβου Κομίας

*a Cf. II. xxi. 483. Many other close imitations will be
cunning nets. Dogs, not winged arrows, hunt and kill your beasts. You handle no weapon to kill lions; the sweats of your paltry labours are timid hares. Attend to your stags and your horned team, attend to your stags: why should you exalt the son of Zeus, the driver of panthers and the charioteer of lions? Keep your bow, if you like, for Eros also bends a bow. What you ought to do, you virgin marriage-hater, you midwife, is to carry the cestus, love’s ferry, the helper of childbed, in company with Eros and the Paphian: for you have power over birth. Begone then to the bedchambers of women in labour of child, you the guide of creative birth, and shoot women with the arrows of childbirth; be like a lion\(^a\) beside the young wife in labour, be midwife rather than warrior. Nay, cease to be chaste yourself because of your chaste girdle, since Zeus our Lord on High assumes your shape to woo virgins unwedded.\(^b\) The Arcadian woods still tell of that love-stealing copy of you which seduced unwedded Callisto; the mountains lament still your bear who saw and understood, and reproached the false enamoured image of the Archeress, when a female paramour entered a woman’s bed. Come, throw away your useless quiver, and cease fighting with Hera who is stronger than you. Fight Cythereia, if you like, the childbed-nurse against the marriage-maker.”

So Hera spoke, and passed on, leaving Artemis discomfited and drunken with fear. Phoibos threw found if the reader compares this book with the passages cited in the note on the title of this book.

\(^a\) He disguised himself as Artemis to approach Callisto; she was afterwards changed into a bear (authors differ as to the reasons).
To Nonnos Apollo is the Sun, though originally there is no connexion between them. Here, then, Fire is fighting Water.
both his arms about her in pity, and brought her out of the turmoil; he left her in a lonely coppice, and returned unnoticed to join the battle of the gods.

And now a fiery chief stood up to the champion of the deep, Phoibos, to fight with Poseidon. He set shaft on string, and also lifted a brand of Delphic fir in each hand doubledextrous, to use fire against the surging sweep of water, and arrows against the trident. Fiery lance and watery arrows crashed together: while Phoibos defended, his home the upper air rattled a thunderclap for a battlesong; the stormy trumpet of the sea brayed in the ears of Phoibos—a broadbeard Triton boomed with his own proper conch, like a man half-finished, from the loins down a greeny fish—the Nereids shouted the battlecry—Arabian Nereus pushed up out of the sea and bellowed, shaking his trident.

Then Zeus of the underworld rumbled hearing the noise of the heavenly fray above; he feared that the Earthshaker, beating and lashing the solid ground with the earthquake-shock of his waves, might lever out of gear the whole universe with his trident, might move the foundations of the abysm below and show the forbidden sight of the earth’s bottom, might burst all the veins of the subterranean channels and pour his water away into the pit of Tartaros, to flood the mouldering gates of the lower world.

So great was the din of the gods in conflict, and the trumpets of the underworld added their noise. But Hermes lifted his rod as peacemaker and

If this means anything, it signifies that his bow and arrows (=sunrays) were of fire.

Pluto in Hades.
τρισσοίς δ’ ἀθανάτουις μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν.

“Γνωτῆ Δίος καὶ κοῦρε,

σὺ μέν, κλυτότοξε, θυελλαίος 110

πυρσὸν ἐα καὶ τόξα, σὺ δὲ γλωχίνα τριαίμης,

μὴ μακάρων Τιτῆνες ἐπεγγελάσσωσι κυδομῷ,

μὴ Κρονίν τοῖς δῆμιν ἀπελήτειραν Ὄλυμπου
dεύτερον ἀθανάτουιν Ἁρης ἐμφύλιος εἶη,

μὴ μόθον ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετὰ κλόνου Ἡσπεροῦ,

μὴ δὲ μετὰ Ζαγρῆ καὶ ὑφικόνου περὶ Βάκχου

φλέξας γαῖαν ἀπασαν ἐν πυρὶ χωρίμους Ζεὺς

ἀενάου κλύσσειε τὸ δεύτερον ἀίτυχα κόσμου,

ὐδασιν ὀμβρήσας χυτὸν αἰθέρα: μῆνι νοὴσω

ἡρίους πελάγεσσι διάβροχον ἀρμα Σελήνης.

μὴ ψυχὴν ἐχέτω Φαέθων πάλιν ἐμπυρωνί πάλιν.

πρεσβυτέρω δ’ ὑπόεικε κυβερνήτηρι θαλάνσης,

πατροκασιγνήτω ταῦτῳ χάρι οὖτι γεραίρει

eιναλίην σέο Δήλου ἀλὸς μεδεῶν ἐνοσίθων

μὴ σε λίπνη φοίνικος ἔρως καὶ μηκοτίς ἐλαῖς.

τὸ πάλιν, ἐνυσίγαιε, δικασπόλος εἰθάδε Κέκρος,

τὸ πάλιν Ἰαναχ άλλοσ ἐβα πόλιν ἵππεν Ἡρῆ,

ὁτι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι κορύσσεις, ὡς περ Ἁθήνη,

καὶ μόθον ἄλλοις ἑχεῖς προτέρην μετὰ φύλοποι Ἡρῆς;

καὶ σύ, πάτερ μεγάλου, κερασφόρε, Δημιοῦργος,

Ἡφαιστὸν πεφυλαξο σέλας μετὰ λημμάτα Βάκχου,

μὴ σε πυργλώχων καταφλέξεει κεραινοῦ.”

“ὢς εἰπὸν ἀνέκοψε θεῶν ἐμφυλον Ἑλλῆς

καὶ τότε λυσότες παλινάγρετον ἄμφεις ἔρμην.
DIONYSIACA, XXXVI. 109-134

checked both parties, and addressed one speech to three of the immortals:

110 "Brother of Zeus, and you his son—you, famous Archer, throw to the winds your bow and your brand, and you, your pronged trident: lest the Titans laugh to see a battle among the gods. Let there not be intestine war in heaven once again, after that conflict with Cronos which threatened Olympos: let me not see another war after the affray with Iapetos. Let not Zeus be angry again for lateborn Bacchos as for Zagreus, and set the whole earth ablaze with his fire a second time, and pour down showers of rain through the air to flood the circuit of the eternal universe. I hope I may not behold the sea in the sky and Selene's car soaking; may Phaëthon never again have his fiery radiance cooled!

122 "You then yield to your elder, the ruler of the sea; do this grace to your father's brother, because Earthshaker the ruler of the brine honours your seagirt Delos: cease not to love your palmtree, to remember your olive. A And Earthshaker, what second Cecrops will be judge b here? What second Inachos c has awarded her city to Hera that you take arms against Apollo as well as Athena, and seek a second quarrel after your quarrel with Hera?—And you, horned one, d father of great Deriades, beware of the fire of Hephaistos after the torch of Bacchos, or he may consume you with his firepronged thunderbolt."

133 This appeal put an end to the gods' intestine strife. Then Deriades, mad and furious, when he

---

c When Poseidon and Hera strove for possession of Argos; usually Phoroneus is said to have judged between them.

d Hydaspes.
Δημιάδης βαρύμην, ἀπήμονας ὡς ἢς Βάκχας: καὶ μόθον ἄρτεμενοτὸς ὀπισθὸν Διόνυσον εἰς ἐνοπὴν οὔστρησε πεφυξότας ἡγεμονίας; καὶ ξυνήν πρυλέσσει καὶ ἱππήσσειν ἀπειλήν βάρβαρον ἔσμαράγγησε βαρυθόγγων ἀπὸ λαμών.

"Σήμερον ἦ Διόνυσον ἐγὼ πλοκαμίδος ἐρύσσω, ἢ μόθος Βακχεῖος ἀιστώσει γένος Ἰνδῶν. ὑμεῖς μὲν Σατύροισιν ἀλεξίτεραιν ἀνάγκην στήσατε. Δημιάδης δὲ κορυσσάσωθι Διόνυσος. ἡμερίδων δὲ πέτηλα καὶ ὅργανα ποικίλα Βάκχου φλέξατε, καὶ κλίσια ἐμπρήσατε. Μαιναλίδας δὲ δμωίδας αὐχήνει κομίσατε Δημιάδης καὶ πυρὶ ὅμα θύρα σαραίνετε. Βουκερᾶς δὲ Σειληνῶν Σατύρων τε πολυσπερέων κεφαλῶν λήμνων ἀμῆσαντες ἀλοιπηρὶ σιδήρῳ στέψατε πάντα μέλαθρα βοσκαύροις καρήνουσιν. ηῇ Φαέθων στρέψει πυραυγέας εἰς δύσιν ἵππους, πρὶν Σατύροις καὶ Βάκχου ἀλυκτοπέδησι κομίσος σφιγγόμενον, καὶ στικτὸν ἐμὴ δεδαιμονέον αἰχήρῳ ρωγαλέον φορέουτα κατὰ στέρνου χιτώνα, θύροισιν ἀπορρήματα ταυτοπολύμων δὲ γυναικῶν χαίτην ἀμπελόεσσαι ἐμῷ τεφρῶσατε δαλῶ. θαρσαλεῖ δὲ γένεσθε, καὶ Ἰνδῶν μετὰ χάρμην νύκην κυδάνειραν ἀείσατε Δημιάδης, ὀφρὰς τὶς ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὑφιγώνων στρατὸς ἀνδρῶν Ἰνδῶις Ἡγενέεσσιν ἀνικητοτις εὐίειν.' "Εινενε, καὶ προμάξους μετανεύμενος ἀλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ ἡμῶις οὗστρησειν ἀμετροβίων ἔλεφάντων, καὶ πρυλέων πομπῆς ἐπεστηρίξειν ὀμίλῳ μαρναμένους πυργηδών. ὀμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδουμῷ θυρσομαχήσι Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμων στῆσα θηρῶν.
saw the Bacchants unharmed, began the battle again; when he saw Bacchos whole on the field he goaded his fugitive captains to rally, and to footmen and horsemen alike he roared his barbaric threats in a loud voice:

140 "This day either I shall drag Dionysos by the hair, or his assault shall destroy the Indian nation! You, fall on the Satyrs and check them by main force: let Deriades confront Dionysos. Burn the vine plants and all the various gear of Bacchos and set fire to their camp; bring the Mainalids as slaves to triumphant Deriades; consume with fire every thyrsus of the enemy; as for the oxhorned Seilenoi and the crowds of Satyrs, shear off like a crop all their heads with devastating steel, and hang the oxhorned skulls in strings round all our houses. May Phaëthon not turn his fireblazing horses to his setting before I bring in the Satyrs, and Bacchos bound with galling fetters, with his spotted cloak torn to rags on his chest by my spear and his thyrsus thrown away. Burn to ashes with my brand the long flowing hair of the women and their wreaths of vine! Courage all! After the Indian battle you may sing the glorious victory of Deriades, that even in many generations to come people may shiver to face the unconquerable Indians born of the Earth!"

161 He spoke, and passing from one to another of his chieftains he goaded on the drivers of the elephants, those creatures of endless life, and set the chiefs in their places to lead the army of footsoldiers to the battle in close columns. With equal passion for the fight, Bacchos thyrsusmad drove to the combat
eis ἐνοπήν βάκχευεν· ὀριτρεφεῖς δὲ μαχηταί
dαμονίη βρυχηδὼν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἰμάσθηλι,
καὶ πολὺς ἐκ στομάτων ἐκορύσσετο μανόμενος θήρ·
ἀμοβόρων δὲ δράκοιτες ἀποπτῶντες ὀδόντων
τηλεβόλους πόμπευον ές ἥερα πίδακας ίοὐ
χάσματι συρίζοντι μεμυκότος αὐθερείων,
λοξὰ παρασκαίροντες· ἐς αὐτιβίους δὲ θορύντες
αὐτόματον σκοπὸν εἶχον ἐχιδνήμετες ὑστοῖ·
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσαν ἐμπρώθη δέμας Ἰνδῶν
eἰλομένων, βροτέους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο σειρὴ
eἰς δρόμον ἀίσσοντας. Ἀρεμανίες δὲ γυναῖκες
δήμων ἐμμήσαντο δρακοντοβοῦλον Φιδαλείτης,
ἡ ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα γυναικεῖοι νυκτόμοι
δυσμενεῖας νύκησεν ἐχιδνήμεσσι κορίμβως . . .
καὶ τις ἀπὸ στομάτων δολιχόσκιων ἕγχος ἤλλων
ιὸν ἀκοντιστήρα κατέπτυε Δημιαδῆς,
καὶ φονίῃ ῥαθάμυγγι χάλυφ ἐδιαίνετο θώρης.
καὶ νέκυς ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο τυπεῖς ζωντὶ βελέμνω,
ἀπνοος ἀμφιέσπων βέλος ἐμπνοοῦ. ὀρθοπόδων δὲ
eἰς λοφῆν ἐπίκυρτον ἀναίξας ἐλεφάντων
πόρδαλις ἄμωρητο μετάρριος ἀλματὶ ταρσῶν
cυκνά δὲ θηρείων κατεστήκτο καρίμνου,
καὶ δρόμον ἵμωρης ταυνκῆμων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἐπιπτε, ἐβαρυμαραγγὼν ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
φρικτῶν ἐρημονόμων ἀίων βρυχήμα λεοίτων,
καὶ τις ἐνικήθη τρομεύων μυκηματα ταύρον,
καὶ βοὸς εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς γλωσχίνα κεράις
λοξῶν ἀκοντίζοοσαν ἐς ἥερα· φοίταλέος δὲ
eἰς φόβον ἄλλος ὄρους ὑποφρίσσων γεννὸν ἀρκτοῦ·
θηρείας δ' ἰαχῆνων ὀμόκτυνος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ.
his line of wild beasts from the wilderness. These mountainbred warriors roaring under the divine whip rushed madly on. Many wild beasts were there with their weapons in their mouths. There were serpents spitting from their ravening teeth fountains of poison, which they sent farshot into the air with hissing gape and rattling throat. Leaping sideways and darting at their foes, the snaky arrows found a mark which offered itself; the bodies of the Indians were surrounded and imprisoned by the coils, the feet of men starting to run were entangled in a rope. The war-maddened women imitated the attack of Phidaleia a the snakethrower, who once was stung to show what a woman could do in battle, and conquered her enemies with clusters of snakes.

One shooting a spike of poison from his mouth like a longshafted spear bespattered Deriades, and his corselet of steel was wetted by the deadly drops. Dead on the ground lay a body struck by a living missile, lifeless with a living shot in him. A panther leapt through the air with his feet upon the curved neck of a straightleg elephant, and stuck close to the monster's head delaying the course of all the longlegged elephants. A great swarm fell, when they heard the lions from the wilderness and the terrible loud roar resounding from their throats. One was conquered trembling at the bellow of a bull, and seeing the point of his formidable horn stabbing sideways into the air; another leaped into flight shuddering at the jaws of a bear; the hounds of an invincible Pan gave tongue one after another, in

a Wife of Byzas, founder of Byzantium. The Scythians attacked the city in his absence, and she drove them off by throwing snakes at them.
Πανές ἀνικήτου κύών συνελέκτει λαμών. καὶ μόδου ἐλακόμωρον ἐδείξαν καὶ ἄσπεσα Ἰνδόλ.

Εὐνή δ' ἀμφοτέρους ὁμόξυγος ἢν ἦν Ἕλλην γαία δὲ διψόουσα φῶνου κυριακετο λίθρων κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, πολυτέρως δὲ δαμέντων πληθύνοις τοσσατής νεκύων ἐστώτε τῷ Λήθῃ. χείρι δ' ἀνοχλίζων Λήθῃς ὁμομαίον ὅμα εὐρυτέρους πυλείνας ἕως ἀπεὶ μελαθρον κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, διασπερμίζως δὲ μεθρίους Ταρταρίους μύκημα Χαρτοῦδε ἐκτύπων ὁχθαί. Καὶ πολὺς ἐγρεκόδομοι ἐκ τότες, ἀντιβιάζεις ὁ ἐντελῆς κταμένων ἐπερύθρος, καὶ ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν ἐποθεὶς ἔλευθες τετυμένοις ἀντεραίνῃ, ὃς δὲ κατὰ στέροιο περίτροχον ἀντιγρα μαζοῦ, ὃς δὲ μέσον κενεών πεπαρμένων ἐκπέσει δίφρον 210 ἀλλὸς ἐνυλόχως παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄρκων ὀμστῷ βλήμενος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλε γείτοι πότῳ, ὃς δὲ τυπεῖς μεσάνης ὑπὲρ ἀντιγρα, ὃς ὃς ὃς τῷ ὁμοῦ καὶ φυγάς ἄλλος ἐπιπτεῖ μέχρι τετυμένοις σίχην, πεζὸς ἀειλήσεις τετυμένοιν ἐποὺ ὄρος 215 ὃς δὲ πεσῶν ἀνίσους ὁδύρετο σύντροφον ἦβην καὶ τῷ ἀνάληθῳ κεχαραγμένος ἦπερ ὀμστῷ κύμβαχος ἐξ ἐλέφαντος ἐπερῳδεύσεις κοίνη, κράτα παρακλίνας δαπέδου, καὶ χαίρει ἄδειας ἄιμαλένιν πήχως κατηφεῖ ταῖς ἀγοίστα.
Καὶ τῖς ἄνηρ ἴπποις ἐναυτία δόχιμος ἠστη, καὶ σάκειος κενεών κυτῆς ἔλημες κοίνης, καὶ καθὼς ταρσῶν ἐπεῖξε, διδυμένος ἄνερος ὀμμήρι 220 χειρὶ δ' ἀποσαλέγγισεν ἀπωθάναν ἀσπίδα τείνων ἰππεῖν ψαμαθοίσθων ὀληρ ἐρρίου ὀμετέρων. βακχεύσας δὲ κάρηνον ἀνα τείνωτι προσώπῳ ἰπποις ἀνηώρητο κοινεάλην τριχά σειων.

16
concert with the roars of the wild beasts, and the swarthy Indians feared their loudbarking attack.

198 There was hard fighting on both sides alike; the thirsty earth was inundated with blood and gore in the common carnage, and Lethe was choked with that great multitude of corpses brought low and scattered on every side. Hades heaved up his bar in the darkness, and opened his gates wider for the common carnage; as they descended into the pit the banks of Charon’s river echoed the rumblings of Tartaros.

206 Loud indeed was the battlestirring noise, many the wounds of the falling combatants on both sides. One struck in the throat slipt from his horse, one pierced through the chest in his rounded bosom, one wounded in the belly fell from a chariot. Another hit just in the midnipple with a barbed arrow rolled himself over to meet approaching death; one fell struck right on the waist, one through the shoulder, another left his swift horse struck, and fleeing on foot fell pierced by a lance through the spine. Another, felled before the down was on his face, mourned for his yearsmate youth. Another mortally wounded by an arrow in the liver, fell tumbling off his elephant with a thud into the dust; his head sank on the ground, he scrabbled with his hands and clutched the bloody soil in despair.

221 A man stood sideways to meet a horseman; he had filled the hollow of his shield with dust, and fixed his foot firmly awaiting the man’s onset. Pushing out the handsome shield in his bold hand, he smothered the horse’s head with sand. The horse reared wildly and threw up his head shaking the dust
καμπύλα δ' εὐλάγγος ἀπέπτυνεν ἀκρα χαλινοῦ·
tρίβων δ' ἀγκυλόδοντα παλαμψάντης γένην ἀφρώ
ψιτενής δεδόμενο, καὶ ἀρθιν αἰχέα πάλλων
οιστρίες αὐχάλων ἐπεστηρίζετο γαῖη
ποσσίν ὁπισθιότεις, καὶ πιθὺσσων κόμῳ ὀπλῇ
eἰς πέδον ἥκοντιζεν ἀπόσωστον ἴμποχία.
αὐτάρ ὁ κεκλιμένος ταχὺς ὑδραίς κάρχαρος ἄτηρ,
γυμνὸν ἔχων θοῦν ἄορ: ὑπὲρ διασίδον δὲ ταθείτως
κυανέου προμάχου διεἴρυεν αἰκτερίων.

"Αλλος ἐριπτοῖτο ἐχεῖτε πάλον ἀλήτης,
γεῖτονος χνικόχου δεδεγμένος ἕχων ἰμάσθης,
οὐκτρόν ἦν θησκοῦτα διαστείρων ἐλατῆρα,
κείμενον ἀρτιδάκτων, ἐπισπαροῦσα κονή.

Κολλήτης δ' ἀπελεθρος ἔχων περιμήκεα μορφήν,
δύσμαχος, ἐνεάπηχυς, ὀμοίως 'Αλκυονή.
Βακχείς κατὰ μέσον ἐμαίετο ὀμοστῆτος·
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα μετὰ κλών ἦθελεν ἔλκειν
eis εὐνήν ἀναέδιον ἀναγκαιών ὑμενίων,
καὶ κενῇ πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ὀλιγίδι, τηλίκος ἄνήρ,
oiōs ἔην θρασύς 'Ωτος ἀνέμβατον αἴθρα βαίνων,
ἀγνὼν ἀνυμφεύτου ποθέων λέεων ἱοχειάρης,
oiōs ἔην φιλέων καθαρῆς ὑμείών Ἀθήνης
ὑψιφης ἐσ "Ολυμποὺ ἀκοιτίζοις Ἐφιάλτης·
Κολλήτης πέλε τοῖς ὑπέρτεροι, αἴθρα γεῖτων,
Γηγενέως προγόνοι πεθαμάχων αἰμα κομίζων,
'Ινδοῦ πρωτογόνων: καὶ ἀρκίος ἐπὶ λεπό μορφή
dὴσαι θοῦρον "Ἀρη μεθ' νίεας Ἰδμεδείης·
ἀλλὰ τόσου περ ἐόντα γυνὴ κτάιεν ὅζει πέτρω.

---

A A giant.
B Otos and Ephialtes, the gigantic sons of Alocus and
out of his mane, and spat out the curved ends of his jewelled bit. His champing teeth and jaw were covered with foam, he rose high, shaken, mad, and now free of the bit he rose up on his hind legs quivering and shivering his outstretched neck; then pawing the dust with his hoof he shot his rider flying to the ground. The other man rushed fiercely upon him as he lay, with swift sword drawn, and cut the throat of the black soldier stretched on the ground.

Another horse hearing the crack of some driver's whip hard by, took fright and bolted in retreat, trampling on his own rider, who lay wounded and dying, poor wretch, gasping in the dust.

Colletes with his huge body, immense, formidable, nine cubits high, equal to Aleyoneus, went raging through the fighting hosts of Bacehos. He wished after the battle to drag a company of Basarids to his bed, and no brideprice paid for the forced bridals. But that was an empty hope he fought for, that mighty man: like bold Otos, who would tread the forbidden ground of heaven for lust of the holy bed of Archeress the unwedded; like Ephialtes, whose love was for wedlock with pure Athena, when he attacked Olympos in the clouds on high. Such was Colletes, gigantic, heavenhigh, having in him the sacrilegious blood of his giant ancestor the founder of the Indian race. He was great enough to put Ares in prison like the sons of Iphimedeia. But huge as he was, a woman killed Iphimedeia, tried to scale heaven by piling mountains on one another, Hom. Od. xi. 305 ff. (That they did it to win goddesses to wife is a later fancy; in Homer they are children.) They also bound Ares, II. v. 385 ff.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

Βακχιάδος Χαρόπεια κυβερνήτειρα χορεύτης. Και τις ἀριστεύουσαν ἱδιὰν ὑφαίνει κοῦρην θαῦμα χόλων κεράσας τρομερὴν ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν. "Ἀρες, Ἀρες, λίπε τῶν καὶ ἀσπίδα καὶ σέο λόγχην. Ἀρες, ἐσυλήθης, λίπε Καύκασου ἀνδροφόνως γὰρ ἀλλοίας Διόνυσος Ἀμαζώνας εἰς μόθον ἐλκει ὀπλοφόρους δοκεούσιν ἀνάσπιδες: ύμετέρου γὰρ οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδωντος ἔσω ἐκόμισε γυναῖκας. ξείνων ἵδιον καὶ ἀπιστῶν ἐγὼ τίσων: οὐ σάκος ἁμως, οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσιν Ἀμαζώνιδες Διόνυσος: οὐ τόσον εὐθώρηκες ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες Καύκασίδες. Βάκχαι δὲ φιλοπτόρθων ἀπὸ χειρῶν φυλλάδας αἰχμαζουσί, καὶ οὐ χατέονοι σιδήρουν. ὁμοῖ Δηριάδαι μεμηνότος, ὅτι γυναῖκες χαλκείους οὐνύχεσι διασχίζουσι χιτώνισ." Εἰσεπε θαμβήσας κρανίων βέλος, οἰον ἑλοῦσ κτηλίκον υψικάρην ἀπεκταίνεν ἀνέρα Βάκχῃ. Δηριάδης δὲ ἀκίχητος ἐπέδραμε ὑπάσι Βάκχαις, καὶ Χαρόπην ἐδώκει λιθοσσόν: ἢ δὲ φυροῦσα μάρνατο θαρσήσας παριστάμενη Διονύσῳ, θύρον ἀκοντίζουσα φιλάνθεμον Εὐάδι χάρμην. Δηριάδης δὲ Ὁρίθαλλον ἀπηλοίησ καθερήν, Κουρήτων ὁμόφυλον, Ἀβανίδος ἀστὸν ἀροῖρής, καὶ κοτέων ἔταρχω οὐδοτὶτος ἀρχὸς Ἀβανίων Καρμίων βασιλῆα κατεπρήμεξε Μελισσείς, Κύλλαρον, ὥμουντι κατ' αὐχένιον ἄρο τίθας, Δωγασιδην θ’, ὅς μοῦνοι, ἐπεὶ σοφὸς ἔσκε μαχητής, Δηριάδη μεμέλητο δοριθρασέων πλέον ἰδών

* Hindu Kush.  
b See xx. 198.
him with a sharp stone, Charopeia a leader of the Bacchic dance.

257 And one seeing the noble deed of the high-necked girl, spoke in trembling tones with wonder and anger mixed:

259 "'Ares! Ares! Leave your bow and shield and your spear! Ares, you are conquered! Leave the Caucasos, for Dionysos is bringing another sort of Amazons into the field, to kill men. Shieldless they rout men-at-arms. Not from your Thermodon has he brought his women. I have seen a strange and incredible spectacle; the Amazons of Dionysos have no shields on their shoulders, carry no valiant spear; with strong corselets and all, the Caucasian women do not so play the heroes. The Bacchant women cast bunches of leaves from foliage-loving hands, and they need no steel. Alas for the madman Deriades, when women tear coats of mail with their fingernails!"

271 This he said, when he marvelled at the rude missile which the Bacchant girl picked up and killed that huge highheaded man.

273 But Deriades ran untouched against the frenzied Bacchants, and pursued Charope who threw the stone; but she escaped, and took her stand fighting boldly beside Dionysos, stabbing with her flowery thyrsus in the Euian battle. Then Deriades killed Orithallos with his spear, one of the Curetian tribe from the land of the Abantes. Their chief Melisseus in anger for his comrade's fall, struck down Cyllaros king of the Carminians, cutting his throat with his sharp sword, and Logasides, who alone, because he was accomplished in the art of war, was more precious to Deriades than any of the bold Indian spearmen,
καὶ μὲν ἀναξ φιλέει μετὰ Μορρέας πολλάκις δ’ αὐτῇ Ὄρσιβόν καὶ ἀνακτὶ μῆς ἠφανε τραπείζης, θυγατέρων βασιλῆς ὁμέστιος ἀμφοτέρως γὰρ ἐγχεῖ καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὑπέρβαλε σύντροφον ἤβην. ένθα πολὺς προμάχῳ πρόμοι ἤρισαν ἠφάντης δὲ Πενεκτίων πολέμιζεν ἀεραπόδης Ἀλμήδης, καὶ Φλογίω κεκόρυστο Μάρων καὶ Θουρεὶς Ληνείς. 200 Ἡσμίνης δὲ ταλαίτα πατήρ ἐκλινεν Κρονίων καὶ βριαρῷ Διόισσως ἐμάρωτο Δημιαδη, μῆς ἐγχεῖ τύρσον· ἀκούσα φάρώ ἐν μαχητῇ πη μὲν ἀκούσα τε μετάτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβων δύσατο παντοῦς πολυδαίδα σφάματα μορφῆς· πη δὲ θυελλῆσσα κορύφεστο μαυρομένη φλόξ, ἀγκύλον αἰθύσουσα σέλας βητάρμου καπνῷ. ἀλλοτε κυμαίνων ἀπατήλιον ἔφθει ἐδωρ, ὕγρος ὀιστεύων διερὼ βέλος· ἀμφιέσων δὲ ἴσοφίας μίμημα λειτείου προσώπου ὀρθῶν ἥρταξε μετάρσιον ἀνθρεύων, τρηχαλέων βρυχημα χέων πυκνώτριχα λαμψ καὶ κέλαδον βροιταὶον ἑρισμαράγγους τοκήρωσ· καὶ σκιερῆς φορέων πολυδαίδαλον εἴδος ὅπρώς ἀλλοφατής μορφοῦτο, καὶ εἰκελὸς ἐρείη γαίης αὐτοτελῆς ἄκιχτος ἀνέδραμεν, αἰθήρα τύττων, ὡς πίτωσ, ὡς πλατάνιστος· ἀμειβομένῳ δὲ κυρίῳ μμηλοῖς πετάλους νόθην δενδρώσατο χαίτην, γαστέρα θάμνον ἐχον περιμῆκετο· ἀκρεμώνιας δὲ χείρας εὰς ποίησε, καὶ ἐθλοῖσε χιτῶνας, καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν· ἀνακροτῶν δὲ κεραίας· μαρναμένου βασιλῆς ἐπευθύριζε προσώπως· καὶ στυκτοῖς μελέσσι τύττον μμηλῶν ὑφαίνων πόρδαλις ψιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἀλματι πατᾶρων· καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβαινεν ἀερειλόφων ἐλεφάντων.
and the king loved him best after Morrheus—often he touched one table with Orsiboë herself and the king, living in the family with the king's daughters, for both with spear and wits he surpassed all his years-mates. Then many a captain fought against captain: tall agile-footed Halimedes against Peucetios, Maron against Phlogios, Leneus against Thureus.

Father Cronion tilted the balance of battle. Now Dionysos attacked mighty Deriades, matching spear with thyrsus. As the chieftain stabbed and thrust, the god changed his shape, and put on all sorts of varied forms. Sometimes he confronted him as a wild storm of fire, shooting tongues of crooked flame through dancing smoke. Sometimes he was running water, rolling delusive waves and sprinkling watery shots. Or taking on the exact image of a lion's face, he lifted high his chin straight up and let out a harsh roar through the hairy throat, with a noise like his louderashing father's rattling thunder. Next like something with an overshadowing mass of variegated fruitage he changed into another shape, and like a sapling of the earth he ran up selfmade, bursting into the sky untouched, a perfect pine, or a plane; for his head changed and his hair became what seemed the counterfeit foliage of a tree, his belly lengthened into the trunk, he made his arms the boughs and his dress the bark and rooted his feet, and knocking up with his long branches he whispered into the face of the fighting king. Then he wove a dappled pattern over his limbs, and like a panther he was up in the air with flying leaps, and dropping with gentle steps upon the neck of some lofty elephant;

\[1 \phi\lambda\epsilon\iota \text{Tiedke, } \phi\lambda\epsilon\iota \text{ mss. and Ludwich.} \\
\[2 \text{So mss.: Ludwich } \kappa\epsilon\rho\alpha\iota\alpha\sigma.\]
κούφα βιβάς· ἐλέφας δὲ παρῆρος ἄρμα τινάσσων
eis πέδου ἥκοιτιζε θεημάχον ἤμωχη,
σείων φαίδρα λέπαδα καὶ ἀγκύλα κύκλα χαλινών.
ουδὲ πεσών ἀμέλησε πέλωρ πρόμος, ἀλλὰ Λυαῖω
μάρνατο μορφωθέντι καὶ οὔτασε πόρδαλιν αἰχμῆ.

ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετάμειψε θεὸς δέμας· ἰψιφανῆς γὰρ,
ηέρα θερμαῖων, ἐλελίζετο πυρσός ἄλητης,
αἰθύσσων ἀνέμους φλογὸν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζίς
στῆθα λαχτήνεμο διέτρεχε Δηριάδῆς
κυκλόθεν· ὑψιπόρον δὲ δεδεγμένος ἀλματα κατιοὶ
ἀργεναισ ἱαγόνεσσιν Ἀραψ ἐμελαίνετο θώρης,
βαλλόμενος σπανθήρι· πυριβλήτου δὲ φορῆς
ἡμιάτης ζεῶντι λοφῷ θερμαίνετο πῆλης . . .

ἐκ βλοσυροῦ δὲ λεότος ἐφαίνετο κάρπος ἄλητης,
εὐρύνων μέγα χάσμα δασύτριχος ἄνθεραινος,
καὶ λοφίην πελάσας εἰπὶ γαστέρι Δηριάδῆς
ὸρθὸς ὀπισθεδὸν ποδὸς στηρίζετο παλμῆς,
θηγαλέως ὀνύχεσσι μέσον κενεῶν χαράσσων.

Δηριάδης δ᾽ ὑπέροπλος ἐμάρνατο δάσματι κωκφῷ,
ἐλπίδι μαυτίδη πεφορμημένος· ἤθελε δ᾽ αἰεὶ
ἀφανστοσ ἀκίχητον ἔλευς εἴδωλον ἀγωστοῖς·
ἀντιτύπου δὲ λέοντος ἐὸν δόρυ πῆξε μετάπω,
μῦθον ἀπαιλητήρα ἁέων πολυειδεί βάχχω
’Tί πτώσσεις, Διόνυσε;

τί σοι δόλος ἀντὶ κυδομοῖ; δι
Δηριάδην τρομέων πολυδαιδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβεις;

πόρδαλις οὐ κλονεί με φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου,
ἄρκτον οἰστεὺς, καὶ δέιδρεον ἀορί τέμνων
ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἐγὼ κενέωνα χαράξω.

ἀλλὰ σοφοῦς Βραχμήνας ἀτευχέας εἰς σὲ κορίσσω.
the elephant lunging sideways smashed the car and shot the impious driver to the ground, shaking off yokepads and bit and bridle. Even though fallen the gigantic warrior would not leave him alone, but fought with Lyaios transformed and wounded the panther with his spear. But again the god changed his shape: a moving firebrand he rose high, heating the air and shooting a fiery bolt through the wind, running all over the breast and shaggy chest of Deriades. His Arabian mailecoat was blackened as the gusts of smoke struck on his white flanks from above and the sparks fell on him; his crest burnt up and the helmet grew hot, half-scorched upon the firestruck wearer. [Then he took a lion's shape, and ...] From a grim lion he changed to a wild boar, opening the wide gape of his hairy throat, and bringing his bristles close to the belly of Deriades he stood up straight rearing on his hind legs, and tore through his flank with sharp hooves.

334 Proud Deriades went on fighting against these unsubstantial phantoms, driven by vain hopes, ever seeking to grasp the intangible image with hands that could not touch. At last he thrust his lance in the face of the lion before him, and cried threatenings against Bacchos of many shapes:

339 "Why do you hide yourself, Dionysos? why tricks instead of battle? Do you fear Deriades, that you change into so many strange forms? The panther of runaway Dionysos does not frighten me, his bear I shoot, his tree I cut down with my sword, the pretended lion I will tear in the flank! Well then, I muster against you my wise Brahmans, unarmed.

a He seems to see the elephant yoked to a chariot, as at Pompey's triumph.  
b Several lines are lost here.
NONNOS

γυμνοὶ γὰρ γεγάσασι, θεοκλήτοις δὲ ἐπαυιδαίς
πολλάκις ἥροφοιτον, ὁμοίων ἄζγα ταῦρῳ,
οὐρανόθεν κατάγοντες ἐφαρμάζαντο Ζελήτην,
pολλάκι δ' ἅπεισοῦτος ἐπειγομένων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἀσταθέος Φαέθοιτος ἀνεστήσαντο πορείην."

"Ενεπε παπταῦνων ἐπετρόπτοια φάσιματα Βάκχου 350
καὶ νόνον εἶχεν ἀπίστον: ἀκηλήτω δὲ μενούθη
tέχνην φαρμακόσσαν ἐπιρράφας Διονύσῳ
ἐλπητο νικήσειν Διὸς νῦν µυστιδί τέχνην.

"Ενθα θορών ἀκίχητος ἀνεδραμεν ὡφθαλί δίφρων
καὶ θεὸς ἀφραίνοντα θημάχον αὐδρα δοκείων
ἀμπελον ἐβλάστησεν ἄργυρον δημοτῆς.
καὶ τις ἐνσταβύλῳ θεόλατος οὐνάδος ὁρπῆς
ἐρυθώζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήτην
Δηριάδην ἐσφυγζεν ἀπειλητήρι κορύβῳ,
ἀμφιπερπλέγδην πεπεδημένοις ἀρτυθαλῇ δὲ
σύμφυτον αὐθύσιοι ἐπὶ βότρυὴ βότρυν ἀλήτην
μαυρομένου βασιλῆς ἐπισκόώντα προσωπῷ
σείτο μυτρώσας ὅλον ἀνέρα: Δηριάδῆν δὲ
αὐτοφύῆς ἐμέθυσεν ἐλίξ εὐώδει καρπῷ
γυιοπέδην δ' ἀσίδηρον ἐπέπληκε δίζην ταρσῷ,
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν ὀμοξυγέων ἐλεφάντων...
ἀρραγέος κασσωί: καὶ οὐ τόσον ὄλκαίδα πόντου
θηκτὰ περιπλεκέων ἐχενήδος ἀκρα γενείων
δεσμῶ καρχαρόδοτι διεστήμεθε θαλάσσῃ.
τόσον ἤγαν μύθημα. μάτην δ' ἐλέφαντας ἐπείγων
ἡνίοχος βαρύδουμπον ἐὴν ἐλελιζὲν ἰμάσθλην,
κέντροις ἑξυπέροισσι ἀπειβέσα νῶτα χαράσσων.
καὶ τόσον Ἰνδῶν ἀνακτα,
τὸν οὔ κτάνειν ἀσπετος αἰχμή,
ἀμπελόεις νίκησεν ἐλίξ πρόμος: ἀμφιεύχων δὲ
ἡμερίδων ὀρπηκι κατάσχετον ἀιθέρεωνα.
For they go naked; but their inspired incantations have often enchanted Selene as she passes through the air like an untamed bull, and brought her down from heaven, and often stayed the course of Phaëthon swiftly driving his hurrying car."

He spoke, surveying the varied visions of Bacchos, and his mind was still unbelieving: with implacable will he hoped to contrive some scheme of magic against Dionysos, and to conquer the son of Zeus by mystic arts.

Then he leapt unhindered into his car; but the god seeing the impious man still foolish, made a vine grow to help his attack. The godsent plant laden with clusters of winefruit crept quietly upon the cart with its silver wheels, and smothered Deriades in its threatening clusters, and entangled him round about and over all, dangling bunch after bunch new grown upon itself before the mad king, shading his face and enveloping the whole man. And Deriades was intoxicated by the sweetsmelling fruit of the selfgrown vine; it threw fetters not of steel about his two feet, and rooted to the ground the legs of the yoked elephants with trails of unbreakable ivy: not so firmly is the seagoing barge held fast on the main by the toothed bond of a holdtheship, when she fastens her sharp fangs on the timbers. Yes, it was just like that! In vain the driver whipt up his elephants and swung his cracking lash, tearing the obstinate hide with sharper prickles. The great Indian prince, whom countless blades could not kill, was conquered by the tendrils of a champion vine! Deriades struggling with his throat entangled in the

This seems the general sense of the Greek.

See xxi. 45 and note.

27
πνύγετο Δημιάδης σκολιῶν τεθημένος ὀλκᾶς.
καὶ μογέων ἀτίνακτος ἐλίσσετο μανάδι φωνῆ.
λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα θεουδεός ἀνθερεῶν,
νεῦμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων·
καὶ παλάμην ὤρεξεν ἀναυδέα, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
μόχθον ὄλον βοῶι: τὸ δὲ δάκρυν ἐπλετο φωνῆ.
καὶ σκεδάσας Διόνυσος ἐΐς πολύδεσμον ὑπόρην
γυιοπέδην εὐβοτρην ἀνέσπασε Δημιάδῆς.
καὶ στέφος ἀμερίδων ἐλικώδεα κισσῶν ἐλάσσας
dέσμιον αὔχεια λύσειν ὀμοπλεκέων ἐλεφάντων.
οὗ δὲ φυγὼν ὅρναετα ταινπόρθοιο κορύμβου
dεσμὸν ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἀνίγκην
Δηριάδῆς ἀπέειπεν θήμονα κόμπον ἀπελῆς,
ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμοι ἔσκε θεμάχος· εἷσκε δὲ βουλήν
dιχθαδίνη, ἣ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἣ δημώα τελέσαι.

'Αμφοτέροις δ’ ἀνέκοψε μάχης ἀμφιδρομος ὀρφιή,
καὶ μόθος ἦν μετὰ νύκτα, καὶ ὑπναλέων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἐγρομένους θωρηξεν ἁμοβαίη πάλιν Ἡώς.

Οὐδὲ μόθων τέλος ἦν ἐπειγομένω Τιοῦνσοι,
ἀλλὰ τόσων μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένων ἑπαυτῶν
ῥυθμόν Ττυναλίου μάτην ἐπεβόμβηκε σάλπιγξ.
ἡδὴ δ’ ἐγρεμόθων ἔτέων πολυκαμπει νύσσῃ
Βακχιᾶς ὁμιτέλεστος ἐμαίνετο μάλλον Ἰννώ.

Οὐ μὲν ἀφειδήσαντες Ττρεμμανέως Διοῦσον
κάλλιπον ἀμμητωσαὶ μειηλότα μύθον ἀῖται
Δικταιοί ΤΤαδαμαῖνες ὀμόφρωνες· ἀλλὰ Λυαῖω
νῆς ἐτεχνήσαντο μαχήμονας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχιας
ποίησουν ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος· ὀ μὲν τορνώσατο γόμφους,
vine-twigs was choked and crushed in the winding trails. For all his labour he could not stir; wherefore he adjured in tones of madness and sent out a stifled cry from a throat now pious, and prayed with voiceless movements shedding tears of supplication; held out a dumb hand, with eloquent silence uttered all his trouble; his tears were a voice.

382 Then Dionysos dispersed his entangling fruit, and broke off the fettering grapes from Deriades; then shedding the twines of ivy, he undid the wreathing garland of garden-vines from the yoked elephants’ necks. Yet Deriades, now free from the woody bonds of the long branching clusters crawling of themselves, and the constraint which threatened him, did not desist from his wonted threats and boasts. Once more he was the chieftain defying the gods; he only hesitated whether to slay Bacchos or to make him a slave.

391 But darkness surrounded both armies and put a stop to the fight. Night past, the battle began again; when they awoke from sleep and bed, the succeeding dawn armed them once more.

394 Not yet was it the end of conflict for impatient Dionysos; yet first there must be many cycles of rolling years while the trumpet blazed the tune of war in vain; but after the varied course of so many battle-stirring years, now the conflict of Bacchos grew more violent for the end.

399 Now the Rhadamanes of Dicte did not neglect the command of warmad Dionysos, nor left it for the forgetful winds to care for; but with one accord they built ships of war for Lyaios. Through the woods they were busy, some here, some there. One was turning pegs, one worked at the middle of the
ος δε μεσην πεπονητο περι τροπιν ικριν δ' αλλος
ορθα περι σταμνεσσων ομοιαησιν ιφαιων
ολκαδι τοιχων ετευχεν, επηγκενιδας δε συναπτων
μικεδαιας κατεπηξε, βαθυομενη δε μεσοδημη
μεσοσοφανη μεσου ιστων "Αραβοι ωρθωσατο τεκτων
λαιφει πεπταμενω πεφυλαγμενων αυταρ επ ακρω
δουρατεν επικυρτον ετορνωσαντο κεραην
ιδμονες ευπαλαμοιο και ιφαιωτου και Αθηνης.
Ως οι μεν μογεοντες αμμηντι των τεχνην
Βακχω νηας ετευχον. επασχαλων δε κυνομενο
μαντοσονης Διονυσου ης εμησατο Ρειης,
οττι τελος πολεμου φανησεται, οπποτε Βακχω
εναλην 'Ινδοισιν αναστησωσιν 'Ενυν.
Και Λυκος ακροσιατοι δε οιδματος ιγκεμονεων,
νευμασιν ατρεπτωσιν υποδρησεσιν Διονυσου,
αβροχων ημιοχευεν οδοιπορων αρμα θαλασσης,
ηχι σοφοι 'Ραδαμανες, άλπλανες μετανασται,
νηας ετεχνησατο θαλασσοπορω Διονυσου.
και τοτε τετραπορου χρονου στροφαληγα κυλινδων,
ιππεων έτος έκτων, ελισσετο καμπτιλος Αιων...
εις άγορην εκαλεσε μελαρρινων γενος 'Ινδων
Δηριαδης σκηπτουχος· επειγομενω δε πεδηω
λαον άολλιζων ετεροθρους ικε κηρυξ.
αυτικα δ' ηγερεθοντο πολυπερεων στιχες 'Ινδων,
εξομενοι στουχηδον άμοιβαιων επι βαθρων:
λαοις δ' αγρομενοισιν αναξ άγορησατο Μορρεως.
" 'Ιστε, φιλοι, ταχα παντες,
α περ καμον υψοθι πυργων, 130
εισοκε γαια Κίλισσα και 'Ασσυριων γενος ανδρων
αιχενα δοδον εκαμψεν υπο ζυγα Δηριαδης.
ιστε και, ουσο τελεσσα καταιχμαζων Διονυσου,
keel, one fitted the planks straight over the pairs of ribs, and fastened the long sideplanks fixed to the ribs making the vessel's wall; an Arabian shipwright raised upright in the middle of the deep mastbox the mast amidships, reserved for the spreading sail; and skilled workmen of deft Hephaistos and Athena rounded the wooden yard for the top.  

So they wrought ships for Bacchos with really incomparable art. And Dionysos amid the anxieties of war remembered the prophecy of his own Rheia: that the end of the war would be seen, when Bacchants fought by sea against Indians.  

Lycos appointed by irrevocable command of Dionysos to serve as commander on the surface of the sea, drove his seachariot undrenched travelling upon its way to the place, where the Rhadamanes, those clever voyagers into foreign parts, had built the ships for seafaring Dionysos. And then circling Time, rolling the wheel of the fourseason year, was whirling along for the sixth year. King Deriades summoned to assembly the blackskin nation of Indians; the herald with hurrying steps went gathering the people and cried his call in their different languages. At once the many tribes of Indians assembled, and sat down in companies on rows of benches, and prince Morrheus addressed the assembly:  

"You all know, I think, my friends, what labours I went through among the mountain strongholds, until the Cilician land and the Assyrian nation bowed their necks as slaves under the yoke of Deriades. You know also what I have done in resisting Dionysos,
μαρνάμενος Σατύροις καὶ ἢμητηρὶ σιδήρω
τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα βουκράρωι γενέθλης,
όππωτε Βασσαρίδων πεπεδημεῖον ἐσμὼν ἐρύσοσ
ὡπασα Δημιάδη, πολέμου γέρας, ὃν ὅποι λύθρω
ἀστεος εὐλαγγεῖ εφοινίχθησαν ἄγνοι
κτεινομενον: ἐτεραὶ δὲ μετάρροι ἀμφὶ χορείη
ἀγχονίῳ θλίβοντο περιπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.
ἀλλαὶ δ’ ύδατόειτο επειρίθησαν ὀλέθρου,
κρυπτόμεναι κενθημένει πεδοσκαφέως κενεῶν.
ἀλλα πάλιν ναέτησιν ἀρείων μῆτιν ἤφαιω
εἰσαἰν ‘Ραδαμάννας, ὁτι δρωτῶμ τιν τέχη
νής ἐτεχνήσαντο φυγοπολέμῳ Διονύσῳ.
ἐμπὶς οὐ τρομεὼ δόρω ναύμαχον ἐν πολέμωι γὰρ
ἀνδρα φερεσακένω κεκορυμένων ψόθι νηών
οὐτιδανοίς πετάλουσι πότε κτεινουσι γυναῖκες;
ἡ πότε λυσσών ὀρεσίδρομος ὀψίκερως Πάν
θηγαλέως οἰνόχεσι διατιμῆξε νέας ‘Ινδῶν;
οὐ δύναται βαρύδουπον ὤδῳρ Σεληνὸς ἀράσσων
ἀπολέμῳ νάρθηκα μαχήμονα νή καλίψαι,
εἰς χορὸν αἰματόειτα θόρων λυσσώδει ταρσῷ,
κώμον ἀνακρούν θανατηφόρον· οὔδ’ ἐνὶ πόνῳ
ταυρέιος κεράσει πεπαρμένον ἀνδρὰ δαμάζει
ἀγχισθεὶς μεσάτου διχαζομένου κενεῶν,
ἀλλὰ τυπεῖς προκάρπηος ἀτυμβεύτω τιν μοίρῃ
κείσεται ἐν ῥοθίοις· ὀλυπηθοῦσοι δὲ Βάκχαι
ἐγχεσι μηκεδανοῖς μιαφόνοιν εἰς βυθὸν ἄλμης,
tυπτόμεναι· καὶ νῆς αἰστῶσι Διονύσου,
ναύμαχον εἰκοσίπηχυ δ’ ὀλκάδος ἐγχος ἑλίσσων.
ἀλλὰ, φίλοι, μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· ἀντιβίων δὲ
μὴ τις ὑποπτήσειεν ὀπιπεύων στίχα νηῶν
Βακχιάδων· Ἰνδοὶ γὰρ ἐθημονεῖς εἰσὶν κυδομοῦ
εὐναλίον, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι θαλάσσῃ.
fighting Satyrs, and cutting off the hateful heads of that oxhorned generation with shearing steel, when I dragged away and delivered to Deriades that fettered swarm of Bassarids, the prizes of war; and how the paved streets of the city were purpled by their gore as they were massacred, how others had a dance in the air with their necks choked in a throttling noose, how others were swallowed in a deepdug hollow pit and learnt what a watery death is like. But again I weave a better notion still for our people. I hear that the Rhadamanes have built ships for Dionysos the runaway by some woodcutter’s art of theirs. However, I fear not the seafighting tree! When was it known in war that women with paltry leaves kill a man in a ship full of shields? When will highthorn Pan, the crazy ranger of the hills, tear Indian ships to pieces with sharp claws? No Seilenos can row over the loudrumbling waters, and sink a ship of war with a peaceful ferule, leaping to bloody dance with frenzied foot, striking up a chant with death in it; in the sea he will never transfix a man with his bullhorns, and get near enough to cut him in two at the waist and vanquish him. No! one blow shall send him headlong, and he shall lie in the billows where he will find no tomb; the Bacchant women struck down with long spears shall sink into the depths of the sea soiled in blood. And the ships of Dionysos I will destroy, thrusting a twentycubit seafighting spear through the hulk!

462 "Come on, friends, fight with all confidence. Let no one shrink when he sees opposed to us the ships of Bacchos in line; for Indians are used to fighting by sea, indeed they have more prowess when
NONNOS

ἡ χθονὶ δηριώντες. ἀνικήτω δὲ σιδήρῳ
οὐ πολέας Σατύροις ληίσσομαι, ἂλλα κομάων
ἀντὶ διηκοσίων προμάχων ἐνα μοῦνον ἔρυσσω
θηλυμανὴ Διόνυσου, ὁπάνω Δηριάδῆς." 470

"Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀθελγέα Δηριάδῆ.
Μορρέως αἰολόμητις: ἐπεφθέγξατο δὲ λαοὶ
μῆθον ἐπαινήσαντες: ὀμογλώσσων δ' ἀπὸ λαμψὲν
οἴδιμασι κινημένοισιν ἰσόθροος ἐβρεμέν ἡχώ.
λῦσε δ' ἁναξ ἁγορῆν. Βρομίῳ δ' ἐστῆλλετο κήρις
πόντιοι ὕσμίην ἐνέστων πειθήμοι Βάκχῳ. 475

"Ἀμφὶ δ' εἰς ὑπὸς ἐρυκομένου κυδομοῦ
ἀμβολίην ποίησαν ἐπὶ τρία κύκλα Σελήνης,
eἰσόκε ταρχύσωσι δαικταμένων στίχα τεκρων:
ἤν δὲ τις εἰρήνη μινυώριος "Ἀρεῦ γεῖτων,
φύλοπιν ὀδίνουσαν ἀφαπλώσασα γαλήνην." 480
they fight by sea than by land. My invincible steel shall not take many Satyrs; but instead of two hundred warriors I will drag home one by the hair alone, womanmad Dionysos, to be the servant of Deriades."

470 With this appeal, Morrheus, cunning man, persuaded implacable Deriades. The people all cheered loudly and applauded the speech: one concordant cry resounded from all throats like the noise of stirring waves. The king dismissed the assembly. The herald was sent to Bromios to declare war by sea against willing Bacchos.

476 But both men agreed to forbid war and make a truce for three circuits of the moon, until they should do the solemn burial rites for the host of the dead who had fallen. So for a short time there was peace, never far from war, spreading abroad a calm that was pregnant with strife.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΩΣΤΟΝ
ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

·Ηχι τριηκσιτόν πέλεν ἑβδομον, εἰσεκα νύκης ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόρους ἐπιτύμβιοι εἰσιν ἁγώνες.

·Ὡς οἱ μὲν φιλότητι μεμηλότες ἐμφρόνες Ἰδοί, Βακχεῖνην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέφαντες Ἐμιῶν, ὀμμασιν ἀκλαύτουσιν ἐταρχύσαντο θανάτας, οἷα βίου βροτεον γαίης ἁσμά φυγόντας ψυχῆς πεμπομένης, δὴν ἦλυθε, κυκλάδι σειρῇ νύσσαν ἐς ἀρχαίην· στρατιῇ δ’ ἀμπαιέτο βάξχου. Καὶ φιλίην Διόνυσος ἱδὼν πολέμιον γαλήνην πρῶιον ἡμίονος καὶ ὁμήρουδας ἀνδρὰς ἐπείγον ἁζαλέην ἐκέλευσεν ἄγειν ὀρεστρόφοιν ἤλην, ὁφρα πυρὶ φλέξιεν ὀλωλότα νεκρῶν Ὀφέλτην. Τῶν μὲν ἔτην προκέλευθος ἕσω πιτυώδεος ἤλης Φαῦνος ἐρημοτομᾶς μεμηλημένος ἡμαῖν λόχην, μητρός ὀρεστιάδως δεδαμένος ἑωὶα Κύρκης, καὶ δρυτόμω στοιχηδοῖν ἐτέμιντο δενδρα σιδηρωμ. πολλῇ μὲν πτελεῖ σανύκει τάμνετο χαλκῷ, 5 10 15

· The transmigration of souls was and is an Indian doctrine; this was one of the few things about India known to the average Greek.

· This description imitates the burial of Patrocles in Homer.
BOOK XXXVII

When the thirty-seventh takes its turn, there are contests about the tomb, the men competing for prizes.

So the Indians, now sensible and busy with friendship, threw their Bacchic war to the winds, and buried their dead with tearless eyes, as prisoners now set free from the earthy chains of human life, and the soul returning whence it came, back to the starting-place in the circling course. So the army of Bacchos had rest.  

When Dionysos saw friendly calm instead of war, early in the morning he sent out mules and their attendant men to bring dry wood from the mountains, that he might burn with fire the dead body of Opheltes.  

Their leader into the forest of pines was Phaunos who was well practised in the secrets of the lonely thickets which he knew so well, for he had learnt about the highland haunts of Circe his mother. The woodman’s axe cut down the trees in long rows. Many an elm was felled by the long edge of the axe,  

Il. xxiii. The whole book is quite minutely imitated from the same model.  

Circe is mother of Latinos and Agrios as early as the Hesiodic poems; here she is the mother of the Latin wood-fairy.
πολλή δ’ ύψηπέτηλος ἐπέκτυπε κοπτομείνη δρῆς, καὶ πολλὴ τετάνυστο πῖτυς, καὶ ἐκέκλιτο πεύκη αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι; πολυσπερμών δ’ ἀπὸ δείνδρων τεμνομένων κατὰ βαιών ἐγγυμωθησαν ἔριπναι, καὶ τις Ἀμαδράδων μετανάστιος ἐστίχει Νύμφη, 20 πηγαίνε δ’ ἀκίχτητος ἀήθει μέγυντο κοῦρη.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐρχομένους ὀρίῳδρομὸς ἤμεν ἄντρη, οὐρεος οἶμον ἔχων ἐπερότροπον· ἦν δὲ νοήσαι ύψφανη προβλήτα κατηλύδα λοξόν ὀδίτην ποσσὶ πολυπλαιέσσαν· ἐνπλέκτου δὲ σειρῆς πυκνὰ περισφιγξαντες ἀρηρότι δούρατα δεσμῷ οὐρῆν ἐπεδήκαν ὑπὲρ ράξιν· ἐσομενών δὲ ἢμιονων στοιχηδὸν ὀρίῳδρομος ἐκτυπεν ὀπλῆ σπερχομένων, καὶ νῶτα πολυμαμώθου κοωης συρομένων κατοπισθε φυτῶν ἐβαρυνετο φόρτων. 30 καὶ Σάτυροι καὶ Πάνες ἐποίησαν, ἐν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν ὑλοτόμοις . . . παλάμησιν

ἀμοιβάϊοι ἀπὸ δείνδρων . . .

φιτρῶν ἀκαμάτους ἐλαφρίζοιτε ἀγοστοῖς

ποσσὶ φιλοσκάρθμοισιν ἐπεκροτάλιζον ἐρίπησι.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑλονόμοι χθονι κάθεσαν, ἦχι τελέσσαι 33

Εὐνόος ἐν δαπέδῳ σημήνατο τὴμιβον Ὀφέλτη.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἐν ἐπερός τολις· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ πενθαλέην πλοικαμίδα κατηφεῖ τάμεν σιδήρῳ· ἀμφὶ δὲ μὲν στενάκοιτες ἐπέρρεσαν ἀλλὸς ἐπ’ ἀλλω, νεκρὸν ἀμοιβάσιοι ὅλοι σκιώντες θείραις.

καὶ νέκυν ἑστενε Βάκχος ἀπενθήτου προσώπου ὀμμασιν ἀκλαυτοῖσιν, ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καρῆνον πλοχμὸν ἔνα τμῆςας ἐπεθήκατο δῷρον Ὀφέλτη.

Ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμπεδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα Ἰδαῖοι θεράποντες ὀρίτρεφεος Διοισύνου·

ἐν δὲ πυρῇ μεσάτη στόρεσαν νέκυν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ 38
many an oak with leaves waving high struck down with a crash, many a pine lay all along, many a fir stooped its dry needles; as the trees were felled far and wide, little by little the rocks were bared. So many a Hamadryad Nymph sought another home, and swiftly joined the unfamiliar maids of the brooks.

22 Parties coming up would often meet, men on the hills traversing different mountain-paths. One saw them up aloft, out in front, coming down, crossing over, with feet wandering in all directions. The sticks were packed in bundles with ropes well twisted and fastened tight and trim, and laid on the mules' backs; the animals set out in lines, and the hooves rang on the mountain-paths as they hurried along, the surface of the sandy dust was burdened by heavy logs dragged behind. Satyrs and Pans were busy; some cut wood with axes, ... some pulled it from tree after tree with their hands, ... or lifted trunks with untiring arms and rattled over the rocks with dancing feet. All this woodmen laid out upon the earth, where Euios had marked a place on the ground for the tomb of Opheltes.

37 There was a great swarm of men from different cities. Over the body they cut the tress of mourning with the steel of sadness. Groaning for him, they streamed one after another, and covered the whole body with their hair each in his turn. Bacchos lamented the dead with unmournful face and tearless eyes, and cutting one lock from his uncropt head he laid it upon Opheltes as his gift.

44 The Idaian servants of mountainbred Dionysos built the pyre a hundred feet this way and that way, and on the middle of the pyre they laid out the body.
'Αστέριος Δικταίος ἐπήρον ἀπὸ ἐρύσας
Ἰυδών κυανέους δυοκαίδεκα δειροτομήσας
θήκευν ἄγων στεφανίδον ἐπασοντέρω τινί κόσμῳ,
ἔν δ’ ἔτιθεὶ μέλιτος καὶ ἀλέιφατος ἀμφιφορής.
καὶ πολέες σφάξοντο βός καὶ πάεα ποίμνης
πρόσθε πυρῆς· κταμένων δὲ βωῖν ἐπενήμεε νεκρῷ
σώματα κυκλωθέντα καὶ ἀρτιτόμων στίχας ἰππὼν,
ὅν ἀπὸ δημῶν ἀπαντὰ λαβὼν στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστου,
ἀμφὶ νέκυν στορέσας, κυκλώσατο πίονα μίτρην.

"Ἐνθα πυρὸς χρέος ἔσκε· φιλοσκοπέλω ὀδε ᾿Εἰρικῆς
Φαῦνους ἐρημονόμοις, Τυρσηνίδος ἀστός ἀροῦρης,
ὡς παίς ἀγροτῆρης δεδαμένος ἔργα τεκούσθης,
πυρσοτόκους λαίγγας, ὀρειάδος ὀργανὰ τέχνης,
ἡγαγεν ἐκ σκοπέλου, καὶ, ὅπωθι σήμαντα Νίκης
ἤροθεν πίπτοντες ἐπιστώσατο κεραυνοί,
λείμανα θεσπεσίου πυρὸς ἡγαγεν, ὡς κεν ἀνάφη
πυρκαϊῆν φθιμένοιο· Διοβλήτῳ δὲ θεείῳ
ἀμφιτέρων ἔχρισε λίθων κενεώνας ἀλείφας
πυρσοτόκων καὶ λεπτὸν Ἐρυθραίῳ κορύμβοι
κάρφος ἀποξύσας διδυμάον μίγνυε πέτρων·
τρίβων δ’ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα καὶ ἄρσεν θῆλων ἀράσσω
ἐγκρυφὸν αὐτολόχευτον ἀνείρυν λαῖκου πῦρ,
πυρκαῖη δ’ ὑπεθηκεν, ὅπη πέλεν ἀγρίας ὑλῆ.
Οὐ δὲ πυρῆν φθιμένου

περιδέδρομεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ, 70
ἀλλὰ θεὸς Φαῦθοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα ταῖνόςσας
ἀγχιφανῆς ἐκάλεσεν ᾿Εώνον Ἐὔρων ἀήτην,
πυρκαῖης ἐπίκουρον ἄγειν ἀντίππουν αἰρήν.
καὶ Βρομίον καλέοντος ᾿Εωσφόρος ἐκλυε γείτων

* Nonnus seems to confuse the striking together of flints with the rubbing or twirling of a hardwood ("male") stick in a groove or hole in one of soft wood ("female").

40
Asterios of Dicte drew the sword that hung by his side, and cut the throats of twelve swarthy Indians over the body, then brought and laid them in a close orderly circle around it. There also he placed jars of honey and oil. Many oxen and sheep of the flock were butchered in front of the pyre; he heaped the bodies of the slain cattle round the body, together with rows of newly slaughtered horses, taking from each of them in turn all the fat which he laid like a rich girdle all round the body.

Now fire was wanted. So Phaunos the son of rock-loving Circe, the frequenter of the wilderness, who dwelt in the Tyrsenian land, who had learnt as a boy the works of his wild mother, brought from a rock the firebreeding stones which are tools of the mountain lore; and from a place where thunderbolts falling from heaven had left trusty signs of victory, he brought the relics of the divine fire to kindle the pyre of the dead. With the sulphur of the divine bolt he smeared and anointed the hollows of the two fire-breeding stones. Then he scraped off a light dry sprig of Erythraian growth and put it between the two stones; he rubbed them to and fro, and thus striking the male against the female, he drew forth the fire hidden in the stone to a spontaneous birth, and applied it to the pyre where the wood from the forest lay.

But the fire kindled would not run round the dead man's pyre; so the god came near, and fixing his eye on Phaëthon, called upon Euros the eastern wind to bring him a breeze to blow on his pyre and help. As Bromios called, the Morning Star hard by heard his
ικεσίης, καὶ γνωτὸν ἑών προέηκε Λυναῖων,
ἀσθήματι πυκνοτέρῳ φλογοειδεᾷ πυραιὸν ἀνάστεων.
Καὶ θάλαμον ῥοδόειτα λιπῶν μιτρών Ἡθὼς
πυρκαϊῆν φλογόεσσαν ἀνερρίπτες ἀήτης
πάνυνχος, αἰθύσσων ἀνεμοτρέφες ἀλλόμενον πῦρ·
καὶ σέλας ἱκόντιζον ἐς ἱέρᾳ θυιάδες οἴριν,
γείτονες Ἡλείωι. σὺν ἄχυμμαίῳ δὲ Λυναῖω
Ἀστέριος Δικταῖος, ὀμόγνιον ψίμα κομίζων,
Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἐχὼν δέπας ἡδέος οἴνου
εὐόδμου, δαπέδου χυτῆν ἐμέθυσσε κοινήν,
ψυχὴν ἰμεμόφουτον Ἀρεστορίδαο γεραίρων.
'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ δροσερὸν προαγγελος ἀρματος Ἡθὼς
ὀρθρὸς ἐρευνησών ἀμαρύνσετο νικτά χαράσσων,
δὴ τότε πάντες ῥοουσαι, ἀμοιβαῖς δὲ κυσέλλωι
πυρκαϊῆν ἐτάρμου κατέσβεσαν ἱκμάδι Βάιχου.
καὶ βαλλαίς πτερύγεσσιν ἔχαζετο θερμὸς ἀήτης
εἰς δόμον Ἡλείου φαεσφόρον. Ἀστέριος δὲ
ὀστέα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακε δημῶν.
εἰς χρυσῆν φιάλην κατεθήκατο λεγόμενα νεκρῶν,
καὶ προχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες, ἐπεὶ λάχον ἐνδίων Ἡθης,
νεκρὸν ἐταρχύσαντο, μηῖς οἰκήτορα πάτρης,
Κρῆτης γνησίων αἰμα, βαθυνομένων δὲ θεμέλων
τύμβων ἐπορύσαντο πεδοσκαφέως διὰ κόλπουν.
καὶ κόνων θνειν πυμάτην ἐπέχεαν Ὀφέλτης,
καὶ τάφον αἰπυτέρωσαν ἀνεστήσασαι δομαῖος,
τοῖον ἐπιγράψαντες ἐπος νεόπενθει τύμβῳ.
"νεκρὸς Ἀρεστορίδης μνωώριος εἰθάδε κείται,
Κνώσσιος, Ἰνδοφόνος,
Βρομίου συνάεθλος, Ὀφέλτης."
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἐπιτύμβια δώρα κομίζων

42
appeal, and sent his brother to Lyaios, to make the pyre burn up by his brisker breath.

The Wind left the rosy chamber of Dawn his mother, and fanned the blazing pyre all night long, stirring up the windfed leaping fire; the wild breezes, neighbours of the sun, shot the gleams into the air. Along with sorrowing Lyaios, Asterios of Dicte who was one of his kindred, holding a twohandled cup of sweet fragrant wine, made the dust of the earth drunken in honour of the soul of Arestor's son now carried on the wind.

But when morning, the harbinger of Dawn's dewy car, scored the night with his ruddy gleams, then all awoke, and quenched their comrade's pyre with cups of Bacchos's juice in turn. Then the hot wind returned on quick pinions to the lightbringing mansion of Helios. Asterios collected the bones, and wrapping them in folded fat laid the relics of the dead in a golden urn. Then the whirling Corybants, since their lot was cast in the haunts of Ida, gave burial to the body as an inhabitant of one country, a true-born son of Crete, and digging the foundations deep they made his round tomb in a hollow dug in the earth, and last of all they poured foreign dust over Opheltes. They built up his barrow with taller stones, and engraved these lines on this monument of their recent sorrow: "Here lies Arestor's son who untimely died: Cnossian, Indianslayer, comrade of Bromios, Opheltes."

Then the god of the vine brought the funeral

---

\[a\] Euros; presumably both are children of Astraios, cf. vi. 18, 40. No earlier author has this genealogy.

\[b\] Taken over from Hom. Il. xxiii. 217, but there it is in place, here Nonnos has just implied that it was early morning.
άυτόθι λαὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρίν ἀγώνα,
τέρμα δρόμου τελέσας ἵππηλατον· ἐν δαπέδῳ δὲ
οργυίης ἱσόμετρος ἔπν λίθος εὐρέi μέτρω,
ἡμιτόμου κύκλου φέρων τύπον, εἰκόνα μῆνης,
ἀντιτύπως λαγόνεσσιν εὗζος, οἶλον ἑυάκινον
ἐργοπόνοις παλάμησι γέρων τορθύσατο τέκτων,
ἐνθεον ἀσκήσαι ποθέων βρέτας· ὁν τὸτε γαῖῃ
κούφιζων παλάμησι πέλωρ ἰδρύσατο Κύκλωφ
νύσσης λαϊνής αἰτίρροποι, ἱσών ἑκεῖνω
ἀντίπορον λίθον ἅλλον ὁμφλυγον ἐν χτονι πῆξε. 108
ποικίλα δ’ ἦν ἀεθλα, λέβης, τρῖπος, ἀσπίδες, ἵπποι,
ἀργυρος, Ἰνδὰ μετάλλα, βοῖς, Πακτώλιδος ὦλις. 110

Καὶ θεὸς ἵππησαν ἀεθλία θῆκατο ὁίκης·
πρῶτοι μὲν θεὸ τὸξον Ἀμαζονίης της φαρέτρην
καὶ σάκος ἡμιτέλεστον Ἀρησφίλης της γυναῖκα,
τὴν ποτὲ Θερμώδοντος ὑπ’ ὁφρύι πεζὸς ὀδείων
λουμένην ζωγρήσα, καὶ ἤγαγεν εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν: 115
δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκε Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὐρη,
ἐανθοφυῆ, δολιχής κατάσκοιν αὐχένα χαίτας,
ἡμιτέλες κυέουσαν ἐτὶ βρέφος, ἦς ἐτὶ φορτῶ
ἵππιον ὅγκον ἔχουσα γονίς οἴδαίες γαστήριες·
καὶ τριτάτω θώρηκα, καὶ ἀσπίδα θῆκε τεστάτω
τὸν μὲν ἀριστοπόνος τεχνήσατο Λήμνως ἀκμῶν
ἀσκήσας χρυσέως δαιδάλμισι, τῆς δ’ ἐνε μέσω
ὁμφαλὸς ἀργυρῶ τροχεῖς ποικίλλες κόσμω
πέμπτῳ δοῦλα τάλαντα, γέρας Πακτώλίδος ὦχῆς.
ὁμωθεὶς δ’ ἀγόρευεν ἐπιστέρχων ἐλατήρας· 120

"Ὡ Φίλοι, οὓς ἔδιδαξαν Ἄρης πολίπορθον Ἑλεών,
οἷς δρόμον ἱπποσύνης δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ καμάτων ἀδαμάμονας ἄιδρας ἐπείγω,
ἀλλὰ πόνοις βιαροίσιν ἐθήμονας· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
παντοίας ἀρετῆς μεμηλότες εἰσὶ μαχηταί. 125

44
prizes. He kept the people there, and marked out a wide space for games with the goal for a chariot-race. There was on the ground a stone of a fathom's width, rounded into a half-circle, like the moon, well smoothed on its two sides, such as an old craftsman has fashioned and rounded with industrious hands wishing to make the statue of a god. A giant Cyclops lifted this in his hands and set it in the earth for a stone turning-post, and fixed another like it at the opposite end. There were various prizes, cauldron, tripod, shields, horses, silver, Indian jewels, cattle, Pactolian silt.¹

¹¹⁶ The god offered prizes of victory for the charioteers. For the first, a bow and Amazonian quiver, a demilune buckler, and one of those warlike women, whom once as he walked on the banks of Thermodon he had taken while bathing and brought to the Indian city. For the second, a bay mare swift as the north wind, with long mane overshadowing her neck, still in foal and gone half her time and her belly swollen with the burden her mate had begotten. For the third, a corselet, and a shield for the fourth. This was a masterpiece made on the Lemnian anvil b and adorned with gold patterns; the round boss in the middle was wrought with silver ornaments. For the fifth, two ingots, treasure from the banks of Pactolos. Then he stood up and encouraged the drivers:

¹³¹ "My friends, whom Ares has taught citystorming war, to whom Seabluehair has given the racer's horsemanship! You whom I urge are men not unacquainted with hardship, but used to heavy toils; for our warriors hold dear all sorts of manly prowess.

¹ i.e. gold.

b Therefore presumably by Hephaistos.
In this passage, Nonnos takes occasion to exploit his knowledge of the mythology of athletic contests. Dionysos's men include Lydians; but Pelops (137) was son of Tantalos the Lydian, so they may take example from his defeat of Oinomaos (cf. xiv. 152). But this is one of the many mythical origins of the games at Olympia, so if they come from Pisa (the nearest town to the precinct of Zeus where the games were held) that may encourage them, especially as this is to be a clean and fair contest, with no tricks such as Pelops played for the sake of his love of Hippodameia (141-143; the Foamborn is Aphrodite). Or
If one is of Lydian birth from Tmolos, he will do deeds worthy of the victorious racing of Pelops. If one comes from the land of Pisa, nurse of horses, a man of Elis with its fine chariots, a countryman of Oinomaos, he knows the sprigs of Olympian wild olive: but this is not the race of Oinomaos, our drivers here have not the goad of a marriage fatal to strangers—this is a race for honour and free from the Foamborn. If one has the land of Aonia or the blood of Phocis, he knows the Pythian contest honoured by Apollo. If he holds Marathon, rich in olives, the home of artists, he knows those jars teeming with rich juice. If one is a habitant of the fruitful land of Achaia, he has learnt of Pellene, where men wage a shivery contest for the welcome prize of a woollen cloak, a coat to huddle up their cold limbs in winter. If he has grown up to live in sea-girdled Corinth, he knows the Isthmian contest of our Palaimon.”

He spoke, and the leaders came hastening up and ran round each to his chariot. First Erechtheus brought his horse Bayard under the yoke, and if they are from the regions near Delphi (144), they are neighbours of the Pythian Games (that these were not founded till centuries later does not seem to trouble Nonnos). If they are from the Isthmus of Corinth (152-153) they are to remember that the Games there are in honour of Palaimon (cf. ix. 90). Apparently a chronological scruple prevents him naming the Nemean Games, said to have been founded by the Seven champions on their way to Thebes. Of the minor Games, the prizes for which were not wreaths but objects of value, he mentions (146) the (Heracleia at) Marathon, but obviously confuses them with the Panathenaia, for the Marathonian prizes were silver goblets (schol. Pind. Ol. xiii. 110), oil being the prize of the Panathenaia. In 148-149 the allusion is to the Hermaia at Pellene in Achaia, where the prize was a woollen cloak. Probably he had his information from Pindar and his scholiast.
άρσενα, καὶ θήλειαν ἐπεσφήκωσε Ποδάρκην,
οὖς Βορέης ἑσπερίαν ἐνυπτερίγων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
Σιθονίην. Ἀρπυιον αὖλλον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,
καὶ σφεις, Ὡρείθναιν ὅθ’ ἤρπασεν Ἀτθίδα νύφην. 160
ὥπασεν ἐδών ἔρωτος Ἐρέχθει γαμβρός ἀήτης.
δεύτερος Ἀκταιών Ησιμηθία πάλλεν ὀμάδθην,
καὶ τρίτος ὑγρομέδουτος ἀπόσπορος εἰνοσιγαίου
Σκέλμιτ ἔμη ταχύπωλος, ὃς ἐγραφεὶ πολλάκις ὑδωρ
πάτριον ἵδυνον Ποσιδήν άρμα θαλάσσης.

τέτρατος ἀνθρο Φαίνου, ὃς εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγώνος
μοῦνος ἐχὼν τύπων ἱσον ἄς γενέται τεκούσης,
'Ηελίου μήμημα φέρον τετράζυγας ἱππονεν·
καὶ Σικελῶν ὅχεων ἐπεβήσατο πέμπτος Ἀχάτης,
οἰστρον ἐχὼν Παιαίων θλιοκορίμον ποταμίοιο,
ἵπποσύης ἀκόρητος, ἔπει πέδων ὑκει νύμφης
'Αλφειοῦ δυσέρωτος, ὃς ἐς 'Αράθουσαν ἰκάτι
ἀβροχον ἐδών ἔρωτος ἄγων στέφανφόρον ὕδωρ.
Kαὶ θρασύν Ἀκταιώνα λαβὼν ἀπαίνωθεν ὀμλοὺν
παιδί πατήρ σπεύδοντι φίλους ἐπετέλλετο μύθους· 175

"Τέκνον Ἀρισταίοιο περισσοτέροιο τοκῆς,
οἶδα μέν, ὅτι φέρεις σθένος ἄρκων, ὅτι κομίζεις
σύμφυτων ἤνορεγε κεκεραμεόν ἄθλεμον ἠθῆς,
pάτριον αἴμα φέρον Φοιβὴν, ἦμετεραι ἐδὲ
kρείσσονες αἰόσουσιν ἐπὶ ὀρόμον Ἀρκάδες ἱπποῦ." 180

---

a Cf. ii. 688; Oreithyia was daughter of Erechtheus (or Pandion) king of Athens.
b Theban, from the river Ismenos (properly Ilimenos), near Thebes.
c The genealogy is Helios-Circe-Faunus, cf. xxxviii. 13.
da The story of how Alpheios, the river of Elis, loved Arethusa, the fountain of Syracuse (among other places).
fastened in his mare Swiftfoot; both sired by Northwind Boreas in winged coupling when he dragged a stormfoot Sithonian Harpy to himself, and the Wind gave them as loveprice to his goodfather Erechtheus when he stole Attic Oreithyia for his bride.\textsuperscript{a}

162 Second, Actaion swung his Ismenian\textsuperscript{b} lash. Third was speedyfoal Scelmis, offspring of Earthshaker lord of the wet, who often cut the water of the sea driving the car of his father Poseidon. Fourth Phaunos leapt up, who came into the assembly alone bearing the semblance of his mother's father,\textsuperscript{c} with four horses under his yoke like Helios; and fifth Achates mounted his Sicilian chariot, one insatiable for horsemanship, full of the passion which belongs to the river that feeds the olivetrees of Pisa. For he lived in the land of the nymph loved by hapless Alpheios, who brings to Arethusa as a gift of love his garlanded waters untainted by the brine.\textsuperscript{d}

174 Bold Actaion was led away from the crowd by his father, who addressed these loving injunctions to his eager son:

176 "My son, your father Aristaiaos has more experience than you. I know you have strength enough, that in you the bloom of youth is joined with courage; for you have in you the blood of Apollo my father, and our Arcadian mares are stronger than any

and consequently his waters flow under the sea without mingling with the salt water, to join hers, is told a hundred times in ancient authors, \textit{e.g.}, in Strabo vi. 2. 4. The epithet \textit{οὐσφανηφόρος} probably means that if a garland is thrown into Alpheios it will reappear in Arethusa; elsewhere it is a silver cup, or dirt of some kind, or generally anything that may be thrown into the river which gives this proof of the story. But it may simply refer to the garlands given as prizes at Olympia.
NONNOS

άλλα μάτης τάδε πάντα,
καὶ οὐ σθένοις, οὐ δρόμος ἵππων

νυκήσαι δεδάσσω, ὅσον φρένες ἡμιοχής:

μοῦνης κερδούσης ἐπιδεύεαι ἱππωσίνη γὰρ

χρηίζει πινυτοῖ δαήμονος ἡμιοχής.

άλλα οὐ πατρός άκονε, καὶ ἱππα κέρδεα τέχνης, 183

ὅσσα χρόνον δεδάσκα πολύτροπα, καὶ οὐ διδάξω.

οπεῦδε, τέκος, γενετῆρα τεαίς ἄρτημα γεραινών

καὶ δρόμος ἱππωσύνης μεθέπει κλέος, ὅσον ἔννω-

όπεῦδε καὶ έν σταδίωνι

μετὰ πτολέμους με γεραινών:

"Ἀρεά νυκήσας ἐτέρην ύποδύσεο νίκην,

ὀφρα μετ’ αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἀθλοφόρον σε καλέσων.

ὁ τέκος, ἀξία ρέξον ὁμογνήτω Διονύσῳ,

ἀξία καὶ Φοίβω καὶ εὐπαλάμωι Κυρήνης,

καὶ καμάτους νύκτησον 'Ἀρισταίοιο τοκῆς:

ἱππωσύνην δ’ ἀνάφαυε, φέρων τεχνήμονα νίκην.

κερδαλέην σεό μῆτιν, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μέσσον ἄγωνος

ἄλλος αἰνήρ ἄδιδακτος ἀπόσυντον ἁρμα παρέλκων

πλάζεται ἔνθα καὶ ἐνθα,

καὶ ἀτιπόρων δρόμος ἵππων

ἀστατος οὐ μάστιγι βιάζεται, οὐδε χαλινώ

πείθεται, ἡμιοχος δε μετάτροπος ἐκτοθι νύσησ

ἐλκεται, ἥχι φέρονσιν ἀπευδέες ἀρπαγες ἵππων.

ὅς δε κε τεχνήντει δόλω μεμελημένος εἰην

ἡμιοχος πολύμητης, ἔχων καὶ ελάσσονας ἱππους,

ιδύνει, προκελευθὼν ὀπισευόν ἔλατηρα,

ἐγγὺς αει περὶ νύσαν ἄγων δρόμον.

ἀρμα δε κάμπτει

ἱππεύων περὶ τέρμα καὶ οὐ ποτε τέρμα χαράσσων.

σκέπτεο μοι καὶ σφίγγε κυβερνητήρι χαλινώ

δοχμῶσας ὅλον ἵππον ἀριστερόν ἐγγύθι νύσησις,

50
for the race. But all this is in vain, neither strength
nor running horses know how to win, as much as the
driver’s brains. Cunning, only cunning you want;
for horseracing needs a smart clever man to drive.

"Then listen to your father, and I will teach
you too all the tricks of the horsey art which time has
taught me, and they are many and various. Do your
best, my boy, to honour your father by your successes.
Horseracing brings as great a repute as war; do your
best to honour me on the racecourse as well as the
battlefield. You have won a victory in war, now win
another, that I may call you prizewinner as well as
spearman. My dear boy, do something worthy of
Dionysos your kinsman, worthy both of Phoibos and
of skilful Cyrene, and outdo the labours of your
father Aristaioi. Show your horsemastery, win your
event like an artist, by your own sharp wits; for with-
out instruction one pulls the car off the course in
the middle of a race, it wanders all over the place, and
the obstinate horses in their unsteady progress are
not driven by the whip or obedient to the bit, the
driver as he turns back misses the post, he loses
control, the horses run away and carry him back
where they will. But one who is a master of arts
and tricks, the driver with his wits about him, even
with inferior horses, keeps straight and watches the
man in front, keeps a course ever close to the post,
wheels his car round without ever scratching the
mark. Keep your eyes open, please, and tighten the
guiding rein swinging the whole near horse about
and just clearing the post, throwing your weight

a Not the goal, but the mark at the end of the track where
the cars were to turn; it was a point of horsemanship to
come as near as possible without actually hitting it.

51
λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῆσι παρακλιδὸν ἀρμα βαρύνων, ἀγχυφανῆς ἁψαυστος ἀναγκαῖοι τιν μέτρῳ σὸν δρόμον ἱθὺνων, πεφυλαγμένος, ἀχραφανῆ πλήμμα εὐσυσσομένου σέθεν ἀρματος οία περ ἀκρον τέρματος ἀποτομένῃ προχειδεῖ γείτονι κύκλῳ ἀλλὰ λίθον πεφύλαξο, μὴ ἀξονι νύσσαν ἁράξας εἰν εἰν δηλήσαιο καὶ ἀρματα καὶ σέθεν ἱππον.
καὶ τεν ἐνθα καὶ ένθα κατά δρόμον ἀρμα νομεῦνων ἐσσο κυβερνήτη πανομοίων άμφότερον δέ, κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπελήν, δεξιον ἱππον Ξαυνε, θωτερον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκων ἀθλιβέος μεθέσοντα παρεμεῖνα κύκλα χαλινού ἐσσο κυβερνήτη πανομοίων ἀρμα νομεύνων εἰς δρόμον ἰθυκέλευθον, ἐπει τεχνήμων βουλῇ πηδάλιον δίφροιο πέλει νόος ἡμιοχῆς.
"Ὡς εἰπῶν παλίνορσος ἐχάζετο, παίδα διδίφας ἢβαδος ἱπποσύνης ἐτερότροπα κέρδεα τέχνης.
Καὶ κυνεής ἐντοσθεν ἐθήμονος ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ τυφλὴν χειρὰ τίταινε φυλασσομένῳ προσώπῳ, κλήρον ἐχειν ἔθελων ἐτερότροποι, οἰα τις ἀνήρ εἰς κύβον ἀλλοπρώσαλλον ἐκβόλα δάκτυλα πάλλων.
καὶ λάχον ἡμιοχῆς ἀμοιβαδίς ἱππομανῆς δὲ Φαῦνος αἰειδομείης Φαεθονίδος αἴμα γενέθλης κλήρῳ πρώτος ἐην, καὶ δεύτερος Ῥην Ἀχάτης, τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Δαμναμειηὸς αἰδελθεὶς, ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτῷ ἔλλαχεν 'Ακταῖων’. ο’ δὲ φέρτατος εἰς δρόμον ἐστὶν ὑστατίον κλήροι τυχῶν πλήξιππος Ἄρεχθεις.
Καὶ βοεᾶς μάστιγας ἐκούσων ἡμιοχῆς, ἱστάμενοι στοιχεῖδον ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ διφρών,
καὶ σκοπός Αἰακὸς ἦν ἐπὶ τυμπος, ὡφρα νοῆσας καμπτομένους περὶ τέρμα φιλοστεφάνους ἐλατήρας.
sideways to make the car tilt, guide your course by needful measure, watch until as your car turns the hub of the wheel seems almost to touch the surface of the mark with the near-circling wheel. Come very near without touching; but take care of the stone, or you may strike the post with the axle against the turning-post and wreck both horses and car together. As you guide your team this way and that way on the course, act like a steersman; ply the prick, scold and threaten the whip without sparing, press the off horse, lift him to a spurt, slacken the hold of the bit and don't let it irk him. Manage your car like a good steersman; guide your car on a straight course, for the driver's mind is like a car's rudder if he drives with his head."

224 With this advice, he turned away and retired, having taught his son the various tricks of his trade as a horseman, which he knew so well himself.

226 One after another as usual each put a blind hand into the helmet, turning away his face, and hoping to get the uncertain lot in his favour, as one who shakes his fingers for a throw of the doubtful dice far from him. So the leaders in turn took their lots. Horsemad Phaunos, offspring of the famous blood of Phaëthon, was first by lot, and Achates was second, next came the brother of Damnamenes, and next to him Actaion; but the best racer of all got the last lot, horsewhipper Erechtheus.

236 Then the drivers lifted their leather whips, and stood in a row each in his chariot. The umpire was honest Aiacos; his duty was to view the crown-eager drivers turning the post, and to watch with unerring

---

\(a\) They drew lots to see which should drive nearest the inside of the track.  
\(b\) Scelmis.
μάρτυς ἀληθείας ἑτερόθροι νείκεα λίσην.
ομμασίν ἀπλανέσσει διακρίνων δρόμον ἱππων.
Τούτω μὲν ἐκ βαλβάδος ἐν ἱδρύμοις ἐσκυμένων δὲ
ός μὲν ἐν προκέλευθος, ὃ ὅ δε προδέοντα κιηρέαι
ἤθελεν, ὃς δ' ἐδώκε μεσαίτατο, ὃς δὲ χαράζει
ἀγχισφανής μενέαιν ὁπίστερον ἑνιόχη.
καὶ τις εἰς σταδίους ἐλατήρ ἐλατήρα κιηρέας
ἀρματί δίφρον ἐμίξε, καὶ ἦνα χερσί πνεύσων
ἐπονου ἀγκυλόδοντι διεπτούσει χαλνω.
ἄλλος ἐπαισοντι συνεμπορος ἑνιόχη
εἰς ἐριν ἀμφόριστον ἱσόρροπον ἐίχε πορείνην,
δόχιμοι ὀκλαίζων, τεταυσομένος, ὀρθὸς ἀνάγκη.
ἐξεὶ καμπτομείη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἱππὸν ἑλαύνων,
πειδομείη παλάμη τεχνήμοιο βαιών ἱμάσσων,
ἐντροπαλιζομείης δοξοπαόσατο κέκλου ὁπωπής.
δίφρον ὁπισθοπόρον πεφυλαγμένος ἱνιοχῆ
καὶ νύ κεν αἰσοντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμὼ
εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὅνυξ ὁλίσθανεν ἱππῶν,
εἰ μὴ ἐτι σπεύδουσαν ἐν ἀνέκοψεν ἐρωτὴν
ἡμίχοχος, κατόπισθεν ἐπήλυθα δίφρον ἐρύκων.
καὶ τις ἐξων προκέλευθος ὁπίστερον ἑνιόχη
ἀντίτυπον δρόμον εἰχεν ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἀστατος ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα περικλείων ἑλατήρα
ἀγχισφανῆ. καὶ Σκέλμεις, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοογαίου,
εἰναλήν μάστιγαι Ποσειδώνως ἐλίσσων
πάτρων ἡμίχενε θαλασσονόμων γένος ἱππῶν
οὐδὲ τόσον πεπότητο ταυτύπτερος ἁέρα τέμνων
Πῆγασος ψυπότητος, ὅσον βυθίων πόδες ἱππῶν
χερσαίην ἀκάκητον ἐποιήσαντο πορείνην.
Λαοὶ δ' εἰς ἐν ἱόντες, ἐν ὑψιλόφω τινί χῶρῳ
ἐξόμενοι στοιχῆδον ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγώνοις,
τηλόθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἐπειγομείνων δρόμον ἱππῶν.
eyes how the horses ran. He was the witness of truth, to settle quarrels and differences.

The race started from the barrier. Off they went—one leading in the course, one trying to catch him as he raced in front, another chasing the one between, and the last ran close to the latter of these two and strove to graze his chariot. As they got farther on driver caught driver and ran car against car, then shaking the reins forced off the horses with the jagged bit. Another neck and neck with a speeding rival ran level in the doubtful race, now crouching sideways, now stretching himself, now upright when he could not help it, with bent hips urging the willing horse, just a touch of the master’s hand and a light flick of the whip. Again and again he would turn and look back for fear of the car of the driver coming on behind: or as he made speed, the horse’s hoof in the spring of his prancing feet would be slipping into a somersault, had not the driver checked his still hurrying pace and so held back the car which pressed him behind. Again, one in front with another driver following behind would change his course to counter the rival car, moving from side to side uncertainly so as to bar the way to the other who pressed him close. And Scelmis, offspring of the Earthshaker, swung Poseidon’s sea-whip and drove his father’s team bred in the sea; not Pegasos flying on high so quickly cut the air on his long wings, as the feet of the seabred horses covered their course on land unapproachable.

The people collected together sat in rows on a high hill, to see the race, and watched from
οὐν ὁ μὲν εἰστήκει πεφοβημένος, ὃς δὲ τινάσσων
dάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔσειεν ἐπιστέρχων ὑλατήρα,
ἀλλος ἀμματήρι πόθῳ δεδονημένος ἵππων
ἵππομανὴ νόουν ἐλκεν ὀμόδρομον ἴμιοχῆς·
καὶ τις εὖ προκέλευθον ἰδαίν ὁμόμον ἴμιοχῆς
χερσίν ἐπεπλατάγησε καὶ ἵαξεν πειθάδι φωνῇ
θαρσύνων, γελόων, τρομεών, ἐλατήρις κελεύων.

'Αρματα δ' εὐποίητα θυώτερα θυιάδος ἄρκτου
ἀλλοτε μὲν πεπότητα μετάρσια, πὴ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖῃ
ἀκροφανὴ πεφορτὸ τοῖσι ψαίσται κοινῆς·
kαι ταχινῷ ψαμαθώδεις ἐδός τροχοειδεῖ κύκλω
ἀρματος ἑθυπόρου κατέγραφεν ὀλκὸς ἀλῆτη·
sυμφερτῇ δ' ἔρει ἤμεν· εὐερομενή δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
στήθεσιν ἵππεοίσιν ἀντίςρητο κοινῆς,
χαίται δ' ἤρείσαν ἐπερράσοντο θυέλλαις·
ὄτρηροι δ' ἐλατήρες ὀμογλώσσοιν ἀπὸ λαμπὼν
ὀξυτέρην μάστιγος ἀπερροϊθησαν ἰωήν.

'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ πῦματον τέλεων ὁρόμοιν,
οξὺς ὀροῦσας

Σκέλμις ἦν πρώτιστος ἀλίδρομον ἀρμα τιταίνων·
kai oĩ διαρτῆσας ἐπεμάστιειν ἵπποι 'Ερεχθεύς
ἀγχιφανῆς, καὶ δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρον τὰχα φαῖης
eιναλίου Τελχίνος ἱδεῖν ἐπιβητορὰ δίφρων·
kai γὰρ ἀεροπότητος 'Ερεχθέος ἵππος ἀγήνωρ
dισθάδῶν μυκτῆρι παλύμπινον ἀσθμα τιταίνων
ἀλλοτρίου θέρμαινε μετάφρενον ἴμιοχῆς,
kai νῦ keν αὐχενίων ἐδραέατο χερσὶ κομᾶων,
ἐντροπαλιξομένοις βλεφάροις ἐλατήρα δοκεύων,
kai νῦ κε σειομένων τροχαλῆ στροφαλιζεὶ γενείων
ἀφρώδων στατὸς ἵππως ἀπέπτειν ἀκρα χαλινῷ,
ἀλλὰ παρατρέψας ἀνεσείραse δίφρον 'Ερεχθεύς,
ἡνία δ' εὐποίητα κατέσπασεν ἄρταγι παλμῷ,
a distance the course of the galloping horses. One stood anxious, another shook a finger and beckoned to a driver to hurry. Another possessed with the fever of horses' rivalry, felt a mad heart galloping along with his favourite driver; another who saw a man running ahead of his favourite, clapped his hands and shouted in melancholy tones, cheering on, laughing, trembling, warning the driver.

279 The fine chariots, faster than the furious Bear, now flew high aloft, now skimmed the earth scarcely touching the surface of dust. The track of the car dashing straight on with quick circling wheel scratched the sandy soil as it passed. Then there was a confused struggle; the dust also was stirred and rose to the horses' chests, their manes shook in the airy breezes, the busy drivers shouted all with one voice together louder than their cracking whips.

289 Now they were on the last lap. Scelmis with a swift leap was first of all pressing on his seachariot. Erechtheus was close upon him whipping up his team, and you might almost say you saw the second car ready to climb aboard the car of the maritime Telchis; for the spirited stallion of Erechtheus was up in the air, panting and snorting with both nostrils, so as to warm the back of the other charioteer. The eyes of Scelmis were turned back again and again on the other driver, and he might have pulled Erechtheus' horse by the mane, and the foaming stallion might have shaken his jaw with a quick jerk and spat out the bit; but Erechtheus checked the car, and turned it to one side with a vigorous pull at the

\[ \text{Moving faster than Ursa Maior, otherwise the Waggon (αμαξα), travels around the pole.} \]
άγχισανα κατά βαιόν ἐπισφίγγον γένοιν ἵππων·
καὶ πάλιν ἔγγυς ἐλάσσε φυγάν ἀχύλων ἀνίγκην.
καὶ μιν ἐνι ὀχέσασσι ἐπαίσσομα δοκείων.
Σκέλμις ἀπελήτειραν ἀπερροιδήσειν ἰών·
"Ἄγγε ταλασσαίοις μάτην ἵπποις ὁρίζον·
ἀλλον ἐμοὶ γενέταιο Πέλοκ ποτε δίφρον ἐλαίων.
Οὐνομάον νικήσει ἀνικήτων δρόμον ἵππων.
ἱπποποτής μεν ἐγώ κυβερνήτηρα καλέσσω
ἱππίων ὑγρομέδοτα· σὺ δὲ, πλήξις· τιταίνεις
νίκης ἐλπίδα πάσαν ἐς ἱστότελον Ἄθηνην,
οὐ δὲ τεῖς ὀλίγης μορίας χρέως, ἄλλα κομίζω
ἀμπελῶν στέφος ἄλλο καὶ οὐκ ἐλάχιστων ἐλαίην·"
"Ὡς φαμένον
ταχύβουλος ἐκώσατο μᾶλλον Ἑρεχθεός,
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροτή καὶ ἐμψιόνει μῆτιν ἰφαινόν
χερσὶ μεν ἴνεδευει ἕων δρόμοιν, εἰν κραδή 
ἱπποποτῆς πολιούχον ἐν ἐπίκουρον Ἀθηνῆς
κυκλήσκων ταχύμυθον ἀνήρρητον Ἀθηνᾶς φωνήν·
"Κοίρανε Κεκροπίης, ἱπποποτατ Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
ὅς σὺ Ποσειδάωνα τεῦ νικήσας ἀρχίσῃ,
οὔτω σοὶ ναέτης Μαραθώνιοι ἵπποιν ἐλαίων
υῖεα νικήσει Ποσειδάωνος Ἑρεχθεός."
Τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν ἐπεμάκτιεν ἰσχία πάλων,
ἀρματι δ’ ἀρμα πέλασαν ἱσόζυγοι ἀντιβιόν δὲ
λατή μὲν βαρύδεσμον ἐπισφίγγον γέτιν ἵππων,
σύνδρομον αὐ ἔρυων βεβημένον ἀρμα χαλινώ,
δεξιερὴ μάστιξεν ένων ἰφαιχειν ἵππων

---

a Pelops got from Poseidon the team with which he carried off Hippodameia, Pind. Ῥ. i. 87.
b μορία, a sacred olive, especially watched over by Λεώς and Athena, Soph. Ῥ. Κ. 705-706.
c For possession of Attica, cf. xxxvi. 126.
stout reins, wrenching the horses' jaws slowly towards himself. Then again he drove close, having escaped the disaster of a horse without bit and bridle. And Scelmis when he saw him making for his car shouted in threatening tones—

307 "That will do now! It's of no use to run a match with horses of the sea! Pelops long ago driving another car of my father's beat in a race the unconquered horses of Oinomaos. As guide of my horsemanship I will call on the Horse God of the deep: you, my friend the horse flogger, direct all your hope to Athena the Perfect Webster. I do not want your paltry olive; I'll carry off a different garland, a vinewreath and not your trumpeery olive."

315 Erechtheus was a hasty man, and these words of Scelmis made him angrier than before, and his quick intelligent mind began at once to weave plots and plans. His hands went on with his driving, but in his heart he uttered a quick prayer to Athena the queen of his own city in his own country language, to crave help in his horsemanship:

320 "Lady of Cecropia, horsemistress, Pallas unmothered! As thou didst conquer Poseidon in thy contest, so may Erechtheus thy subject, who drives a horse of Marathon, conquer Poseidon's son!"

324 With this appeal he touched up the flanks of his colts and brought up level car to car and yoke to yoke, and with his left hand caught at the mouth of his rival's horse, and pulled at the heavy grip of the bit, forcing back by the bridle the car running by his side; with his right hand he lashed his own

 Apparently a good deal of fouling was tolerated in ancient racing.
έσουμένους προτέρως μεταστήσας δὲ κελεύθου
θῆκε παλινώντων ὑπιστερον ἡμιοχήα.
καὶ προχαλοῖς στομάτεσσι χεῖων φιλοκέρτομον ἦχῳ
νία Ποσειδάώνος ἀμοιβάδι νείκειε φωνῇ,
ἐντραπαλιομένη μεθέπων γελώσαν ὀπωτὶν:
"Σκέλμις, ἐνικήθης:

σέο φέρτερος ἢστιν Ἑρεχθεὺς.

ὅτι τεὸν Βαλίων, Ἅεφυρήδος αἰμὶ γενέθλῆς,
ἀρσενα καὶ νέον ἵππου ὀδοιπόρον ἀβροχον ἅλμης
γηραλέῃ νίκησεν ἐμὲ θῆλεια Ποδάρκη.
εἰ μὲν ἀγνορεῖς Ἑλοπημίδος εἶναι τέχνης
ὑμετέροι γενετήρος ἀλίδρομον ἁρμα γεραίρουν,
Μυρτίλος αἰσολόμητις ἐπίκλοπος ἢμάθε νίκην,
μυμηλῇ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῶν.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονείς γενεῆς χάριν ἐννοιγαίοιν,
ἵππου ὑν καλέεις, βυθίων ἐπιβιτίτορα δίφρων,
πόντιον αὐτόν ἀνακτα, κυβερνητῆρα τρικάτης,
ἀρσενα σὸν νίκησεν άργγόνιν θῆλς Ἀθήνη.

"Ὡς φάμενος Τελχίνα παρέδραμεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης

τῶ δ᾽ ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἐλαμεν ὄχον τεθριππον ἦμάσσων'
Ἀκταῖων δὲ τέταρτος ἐπίκλοπος ἵππετο Φαῦνῳ,
pατρὸς Ἀρισταίου μεμνημένοι εἰσέτι μύθων
κερδαλέων καὶ λοίσθος ἐν τῷσσην Ἀχάτης.

Καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταῖος δολῆν ἐφράσσατο βουλῆν·
Φαῦνον έοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἐτὶ προθέοντα κικήας
ἀξινῆρα μάστιγι μεταστρέψας ὑπομον ἵππων
σύνδρομος ἡμίχευε, παρακλέττων ἐλατῆρα,
βαϊον ὑποθάμενοι καὶ ἐπὶ αὑτης γούνατα πηξας
δίφρων ἀμιλλητήρα κατέγραφεν ἁρματὶ λοξῷ,
ἵππειοὺς τροχόεντι διαξύων πόδας ὀλκῷ,
καὶ δαπέδω πέσεν ἁρμα; τυγασομένου δὲ δίφρων

60
highnecked steeds putting on a spurt. So he took the place of Scelmis on the course, and made that charioteer fall behind. Then he looked back with a laughing countenance on the son of Poseidon, and mocked him in his turn with raillery, the words tumbling over his shoulder in a stream—

334 "Scelmis, you're beaten! Erechtheus is a better man than you, for my old ambling mare Swift-foot has beaten your Piebald, with Zephyros for sire, a horse too, and a young one, and one that can run on the sea without getting wet! If you are so proud of the skill of Pelops and praise the seacoursing car of your father, it was Myrtilos who contrived that cheating victory, with his clever invention, when he made a wax model of an axle to deceive his master. If you are haughty because of your father Earth-shaker, the Horse God as you call him, who rides in the chariot of the deep, himself lord of the sea and master of the trident, Athena, a female, has beaten your backer, the male!"

346 As he said this, the man of Athena's town ran past the Telchis. Next after him came Phaunos flogging his fourhorse team. Fourth was Actaion the cunning and artful, who had not forgotten his father's good advice; and the last was Tyrsenian Achates.

351 Now bold Actaion thought of a cunning plan. His car was just behind Phaunos and catching him up, when with a sharper cut of the whip, he turned his horses aside and drove them up level, slipping by the driver and getting a little in front, then pressing his knees against the rail, he scraped the rival car with his own crossing car and scratched the horse's legs with his running wheel. The car was upset, and over

* Oinomaos's charioteer.
τρείς μὲν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου πέλου πεπτησμένης ἵππου, ὁ δὲ τὸν λαγόν, ὁ δὲ γαστερός, ὁς δ’ ἐπὶ δειρήν, εἰς δὲ τις ὁρθός ἐμιμεν παρακλίθην, ἀμφι δὲ γαϊή ἀκρα ποδών ῥίζωσέ, καὶ ἀστατον αὐχένα σειων σύζυγος ἑστήριξεν ὅλων πόδα γεῖτονος ἵππου, κοιφίζων ζυγόδεσμα, καὶ ὑψόει δίφρος ἀνέλκων. οἱ μὲν ἔσον προκυπθέντες ἐπὶ χθονὸς.

αὐσταλέος δὲ Ἰνίοχος κεκυλιστὸ παρὰ προχόν, ἀρματί γεῖτων: θρύπτετο δ’ ἄκρα μετασπα, μωσωμένου δὲ γενεᾶν ὀξυτενής κεκόμηστο πέδων κεχαραγμένος ἄγκων. Ἰνίοχος δ’ ἀνέσπαλτο θυωτερος ῥημαμένως δὲ εἰς χθόνα πεπτησμένα παρίστατο γεῖτον δίφρος, αἰδομένη παλάμη τετανυμένων ἱππών ἀνέλκων καὶ βαλή μάστιγι κατηφέα πόλον ἰμάσσων. καὶ θραυσὶ Ἀκταίον πεπουσμένον ἐγρήθ’ δίφρον Φαῦνον ὁπιπεῦνον φιλοπαίγμονα ρίζατο φωτήν.

“Λήγε μάτην ἀέκοντα ἐπιπέρχων σέθεν ἱπποὺς. Ἰνίγε μάτην φθάμενος γὰρ ἀπαγχόλη Διονύσω, Φαῦνος ὁ προβεσεντα όλους ἠλατήρας εάσας νόστημος ὀφικελευθος ἐλεύσεται ἀρματα σύρων φείδεο σῆς μάστιγος, ἐπει τιμεσίχροι κέιτρο σῶν ὀρών ωκειρά δέμας κεχαραγμένων ἱππών.”

“Εἰςεπεν ἀστήρικτον όχον προκελευθὸν ἑλαίων ἀκυτέρη μάστιγι καὶ ἄχυτο Φαῦνος ἄκοιν. καὶ μόγις ἐν δαπέδῳ λυσίς δεδραγμένος οὐρῆς κεκλιμένων ὑρθωσε δέμας κεκομενίων ἱππών, καὶ τινα λυμένοι παραξένα τετανύου πώλου ἄγων παλίνωρσον ἐπεσφήκασε χαλινώ στήσασ’ δ’ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα παρεσφιμένων πώδας ἱππών ἀρματος υὴββήκε, καὶ ἱγιον ἀρματι πῆξας φρικαλεί αὐστείζο το δεύτερον ἱππον ἱμάσθην.”
the wreckage three of the horses lay fallen on the ground, one on the flank, one on the belly, one on the neck. But one kept clear by a swerve and remained standing, his feet firmly rooted on the earth, shaking his trembling neck; he supported the whole leg of the horse yoked next to him, and lifting the yokeband pulled the car up again. There they were in a mess on the ground; the driver rolled in the dirt beside his wheel, close to the car, the skin of his forehead barked, his chin soiled, his arm stretched out in the dust and the elbow torn by the ground. The driver leapt up quickly, and in a moment he was standing beside his wrecked car, dragging up the prostrate horse with shamed hand and flogging the discomfited beast with quick lash. Bold Actaion watched Phaunos in difficulties beside his car, and made merry at his plight:

375 "That will do now! It's of no use to press your unwilling horses. That will do, it's all of no use! I shall be there first, and I will inform Dionysos that Phaunos will let all the other drivers pass, and he will come in last dragging his own car. Spare your whip. It really makes me sorry to see your poor horses torn like that with a fleshcutting prick!"

381 Phaunos was furious to hear these words, as the speaker drove his team quickly on with speeding whip. He pulled at the thick tails of the horses lying on the ground, and with great difficulty made the beasts get up from the dust. One colt which had struggled out of the untied yokestrap he brought back again and fastened into the bridle. He put the feet of the struggling horses into their places on both sides, and mounted the car, taking his stand firmly in it, then once more whipt up the team with
καὶ πλέον ἠλασε Φαῦνος ἐπισπέρχων δρόμον ἱπποιν, τοῖς ὑκύτεροιν δ᾿ ἐδίωκε παροίτερον ἴησοχίαν· καὶ φθαμένους ἐκίησεν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἐμβαλεὶν ἱπποις ἱππίοις ἐννοοῖσθαις ἔσον θραύσειν ὑπὲρ γεραίρων· στενώτην δὲ κέλευθον ἱδὼν παρὰ κουλαδὶ πέτρῃ ἐμφρόνα μῆτιν ὑφαίνει δολοπλόκοιν, ὡφα κακῆς ἐπομετε τεχνήςει παραίσθειν 'Ἀχάτηςν.

ῥωγμός ζήν παθύκολος, ὁν ἑκερρῆς κέλευθος χειμερίη μάστυγι Διὸς μετανάστιον ὕδωρ ἦροθεν προχέοιτος· ἐεργομένως δὲ ἰεύθωρ ὀμβρον γειοτόμοιο ράχις κουλαίνετο γαϊής, ἢχι μολὼν ἀέκων ἀνέσειρασε δίφρον 'Ἀχάτηςν, φεύγων ἀγχικέλευθον ἐπηλυσιὴν ἐλατηροὺς· καὶ οἱ ἐπεσυμμείω τρομερὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνή.

"Εἰςετὶ, ἦττι τε Φαῦνε, τεοὶ ῥυπόσωι χιτῶνες, εἰςετὶ σῶν ὄχεων φαμαθώδεες εἰςι πορώναι, οὐ πῶς σῶν ἐτύναξας ἀκοσμήτων κόινω ἱππίων· λύματα σεῖο κάθαιρε· τί σοι τόσον ἱπποι ἐλαύνειν; μὴ σε πάλιν πίπτοιντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα νόησων· τὸν δὲραίνον Ἀκταῖωνα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε κακῆς σαμερή σεβό τοῦ νῶτον ὑποστίζειν ἴμασθῆλι, μὴ σε πάλιν προκάρηγον ἀκοντίζεις κοινῆ, εἰςετὶ σῆς μεθῆπεις κεχαραγμένα κύκλα παρεῖς· Φαῦνε, τί μαργαίνεις, ξυνήγονα μῶμοι ἀνάπτων πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι καὶ Ἡλίῳ σεό πάπποι· ἢξεό μοι Σατύρων φιλοκέρτωμον ἀνθρεώνα. Σειληνοὺς πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀμφίπολους Διονύσου, μὴ σοι ἑπεγγελάσωσι καὶ αὐσταλέω σεό δίφρω· πὴ θρόνα; πὴ βοτάναι;

πὴ φάρμακα ποικίλα Κύρης; πάντα σε, πάντα λέλοιπεν,

ὁτ᾿ εἰς δρόμον ἠλθες ἀγώνος.

64
his terrible lash. Harder than ever Phaunos drove and urged on his galloping horses, quicker than ever he pursued the driver in front of him—and he caught up the team ahead, for horsegod Earthshaker put spirit into the horses to honour his bold son. Then seeing a narrow pass by a beetling cliff, he wove a tangled web of deceitful artifice, to catch Achates and pass him by skilful driving.

397 There was a deep ravine, which the errant flood of rain pouring from the sky had torn by the side of the course under the wintry scourge of Zeus; the torrent of rain confined there had cut away a strip of earth and hollowed the ground so as to form a narrow ridge. Achates when he got there had unwillingly checked his car, to avoid a collision with the approaching driver; and as Phaunos galloped upon him, he called out in a trembling voice—

404 "Your dress is dirty still, foolish Phaunos! The tips of your harness are still covered with sand! You have not yet dusted your untidy horses! Clean off your dirt! What's the good of all that driving? I fear I may see you tumbling and struggling again! Take care of that bold Actaion, or he may catch you and flick your back with his leather thong and shoot you headlong into the dust again. You still show scratches on your round cheeks. Why do you still rage, Phaunos, bringing disgrace alike on Poseidon your father and Helios your gaffer? Pray have respect for the mocking throat of the Satyrs—beware of the Seilenoi and the attendants of Dionysos, or they may laugh at your dirty car! Where are your herbs and your plants, where all the drugs of Circe? All have left you, all, as soon as you began this race." Who
NONNOS

tίς κεν ἀπαγγείλειν ἀγήροι σείο τεκοτή
καὶ σέο κύμβαχον ἀρμα καὶ αὐχμώνονται ἕμασθλην;''

Τοῦτον ἀπερροῦσθαν ἀγήροι μύθον Ἀχάτης,
κερτομέων. Νέμεσις δὲ τῶθν ἐγράφατο φωνήν,
καὶ σχεδόν ἦλθε Φαύνος ὁμήλωδα δίφρων ἔλαινων
ἀρματὶ δ’ ἀρμα πέλασε, καὶ ἁξον γόμφων ἀράσσων
μεσσόπαγη συνέαζε βαλῶν τροχοεἰδεί κύκλῳ
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος έλιξ ἐπεκέκλιτο γαῖη,
ἀρμασιν Οἰνομάροι πανείκελος, ὀππότε κηροῦ
θαλπομένου Φαύνοιν λυθεὶς απατήμοις ἄξων
ιπποσύνην ἀνέκοπτε μεμηνότος ἱμοχής.

οτεινωπήν δὲ κέλευθον ἔχων ἀνέμμυεν Ἀχάτης,
εἰσόκε τετραπόρων υπὲρ ἀντύγος ἕμενοι ἱππών
ἀκυτέρη μάστηγι παρῆλθε Φαύνος Ἀχάτην,
οτί περ ὑκ ἄλων καὶ ἐκούσιε μᾶλλον ἕμασθλήν,
μαστίξων ἄκηχτος ἐπειγομένων λόφοι ἱππών:
καὶ πέλεν Ἀκταίωνος ὀπίστερος, ὤσσα βορόντος
dίκοιον πεμπομένου πέλει δολίχοσκιος ὀρμή,
ὅν βριαρὴ παλάμη δονέων αἰχής ιάλλει.

Δαοῖς δ’ ἐμπεσε λύσσα:
καὶ ἤρισαν ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ,
συνθεσίας τεύχοντες ἀτεκμάρτον περὶ νίκης
ἐσσόμενης· τὰ δὲ δώρα θυελλοπόδων χάριν ἱππών
ἡ τρίτος ἡ λέβης ἡ φάσγανον ἡ βοείη·
καὶ ναέτης ναετήρι, φίλος δ’ ἐρίδαιεν ἐταίρῳ,
γηραλεος δὲ γέροντι, νέω νέος, ἀνέρι δ’ αἰτήρ.

ἡν δ’ ἔρις ἀμφοτέρων ἐτερόθροος, ὦς μὲν Ἀχάτην
κυδαίνων, ἐτερος δὲ χερείων Φαύνον ἐλέγχων
ἐν χθονὶ πεπτήματα κυλῳδομένων ἀπὸ δίφρων,
ἄλλος ἐρυμαίνων, ὅτι δεύτερος ἦν Ἐρεχθεύς
eιναλίου Τελχίνος ὀπίστερος ἱμοχής.
ἄλλω δ’ ἄλλος ἔριζον, ὅτι φθαμένων δρόμον ἱππών.
will tell your proud mother the tale of a tumbling chariot and a filthy whip?"

Such were the proud words that Achates shouted in mockery: but Nemesis recorded that big speech. Now Phaunos came close and drove alongside. Chariot struck chariot, and hitting the middle bolt with his axle he broke it with his rolling wheel—the other wheel rolled off by itself and fell twisting on the ground, as with the chariot of Oinomaos, when the wax of the false axle melted in Phaëthon’s heat and ended the horsemanship of that furious driver. Achates remained in the narrow way, while Phaunos in his car, leaning over the rail of his four-in-hand, passed him with speeding whip as if he did not hear; he lifted his lash more than ever, flogging the necks of the galloping horses beyond pursuit. Now he was next behind Actaion, as far as the long throw of a hurtling quoit when some stout lad casts it with strong hand.

The spectators were mad with excitement, all quarrelling and betting upon the uncertain victory that was not yet. They lay their wagers on the storm-foot horses—tripod or cauldron or sword or shield; native quarrelled with native, friend with comrade, old with old and young with young, man with man. All took sides shouting in confusion, one praised up Achates, a second would prove Phaunos the worse, for falling to the ground from his upset car; another maintained that Erechtheus was second behind Telchis the driver from the sea; another would have it that the resourceful man of Athens was visible.
καὶ εἰδώσεις Ἐρεχθεύς.

ίππους ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατωμαθῶν αἰὲν ἴμασσον
καὶ πολὺς ἵππειόν δι' αὐχείνος ὥρρεν ἱδρῶς
καὶ λασίον στέρνοι, καὶ ἕνιόχοι δὲ πυκναὶ
αὐχείναι παραμίμησε ἐπερρόσου κοινῆς
ἀρματα δ' ἀγχιπόροιοι ἐπέτρεχεν ἴμασσιν ἴππων
ἀλλομένη στροφάληγε καὶ οὐ τροχότητι σιδήρω
λεπταλής ἀτάνακτα παμάσσετο ιώτα κοινῆς.

αὐτὰρ ὁ πωτήρια μετὰ ὁδόμων ἐκεῖθε δίφρον
εἰς μέσον ἠθεῖν ἁγώνοις· εἰδ' ὁ ἐσμήςχε χιτῶν
μυδαλέων ἱδρῶτα διαστάζουτα μετώπων
καὶ ταχὺς ἐκ δίφρου κατῆκε μηκεδανήν δὲ
εἰς ζυγὸν ἐνυπόητον ἑτὸν ἐκλαύνεν ἴμασθην.

-Token missing-

Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἠθεὶς θαλασσαῖοι ἐπὶ δίφρων

Σκέλμις, ἐπισπέρχων Ποσίδημοι ἀρμα θαλάσσης,
κύκλοι ὅσον τροχοῖς ἀπολείπεται ἀκίως ἴππου,
τοῦ μὲν ἐπαίσσοντος ἐπισφῶτρων μόρις ἀκραι
ἐκτάδης ψαύωσον ἐλεισομένης τρίχες οὐρῆς·

deútera δ' εἰλὲν ἀθέλα, καὶ ὅρεγε Δαμαμενή
ἐγκυνο ἴππου ἑχει, ἔτημοι χειρὶ τίτασίων.

Καὶ τρίτος 'Ακταίων ἀνεκουφίσε σύμβολα νίκης
χρυσοφαῖ θάρηκα, παναιόλοι ἔργον Ὀλύμπου.

Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἰκατε·

καὶ αὐτόθι δίφρον ἐρύσσας

ὁμφαλὸν ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπηρταξε βοεῖς,
close by, that his team was in front and he had won after passing Scelmis the leading driver.

453 The quarrel had not ended when Erechtheus came in first, a near thing! unceasingly lashing his horses right and left down from the shoulder. Sweat ran in rivers over the horses’ necks and hairy chests, their driver was sprinkled with plentiful dry spatterings of dust; the car was running hard on the horses’ footsteps amid rising whirls, and the undisturbed surface of the light dust was disturbed by the rolling tyres. After this flying race, he came into their midst in his car. He wiped off with his dress the sweat which poured from his wet brow, and quickly got out of the car. He rested his long whip against the fine yoke, and his groom Amphidamas unloosed the horses. Then quickly with happy hand he lifted the first prize of victory, quiver and bow and helmeted woman, and shook the flat half-shield with the boss in the middle.

470 Scelmis came second in his chariot from the sea—for he drove Poseidon’s car from the sea, as far behind as the round wheel is behind the running horse—as he gallops, the hairy tip of his long waving tail just touches the tyre. He took the second prize, the mare in foal, and gave her in charge to Damnanes, offering her with jealous hand.

477 Third Aetaion lifted his token of victory, the corselet shining with gold, the gorgeous work of Olympos.

479 Next came Phaunos, and there checked his car. He lifted the shield with rounded silver
οὐχιμήρης μεθέπων ἐτὶ λεύθανα κεῖνα κοινῆς.
Καὶ Σικελὸς θεράπων βραδυδείσιος ἐγγύθι δίφρου
χρυσοῦ δισσὰ τάλαιτα κατηφεὶ δείξειν 'Αχατη,
οἰκτρῶν ἀγηνόρειοί φιλοστόργως Διονύσω.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίς χαλεπῆς ἑστηκεν ἀγώνα
πρῶτῳ μὲν θέτο ταῦρον ἀπ' Ἰνδῷοι βοαίλου
δῷρον ἄγειν, ἑτέρῳ δὲ μελαρρύων κτέρας Ἰνδῶν
βάρβαρον αἰολόνωτον ἐλὼν κατέθηκε βοσίην.
ὁρθωθεὶς δὲ ἀγορέουν ἀεθλητήρας ἑπίγων,
ἐυπαλάμου διὸ φῶτας ἐριδμαίνειν περὶ νίκης.

"Πυγμής οὖτος ἀεθλὸς ἀταιρεός· ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι δασύτριχα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι πολύπτυχον ἀσπίδα δώσω."  
"Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίου

σακέσπαλος ὁρτο Μελισσεύς.

ἡθάδι πυγμαχίς μεμελημένος· εὐκεράοι δὲ
ἀψάμενος ταῦροι τὸσην ἐθήγεται φωτήν.
"Ελθέτω, ὃς ποθεῖα σάκους αἰολόν· οὐ γὰρ ἔσω
ἄλλῳ πίωνα ταῦρον, ἐὼς ἐτὶ χεῖρας ἀείρω."

"Ὡς φαμένου ξύμπαντας ἐπεσφρήγμενοι σωπῆ.
Εὐρυμέδων δὲ οἱ οἴος ἀκίστατο, τῷ πόρει Ἐρμῆς
ὅργανα πυγμαχίς γυνακίων, ὃς πάρος αἰεὶ
πατρώφῳ μεμέλητο παρῆμενος ἐσχαρεών,
'Ηφαιστιάδης, σφυρήλατον ἀκμόνα τύπτων.
τὸν μὲν ἐριπποίητος ἅδελφεος ἀμβηκεν 'Αλκών,
ζῶμα δὲ οἱ παρέδηκε, καὶ ἤρμοσεν ἰζιὰ μέτρην.
καὶ δολιχαῖς παλάμησε κασιγνήτοιο συνάπτων

1 So mss.: ἐριπποίητον Ludwicch.
boss, and he still showed those relics of the dirty dust.

482 When Achates arrived despondent beside his slowrolling car, a Sicilian groom displayed two ingots of gold, a consolation from his kind friend the splendid Dionysos.

485 Next the god put up the boxing, a hard match that. For the first man, he offered a bull from an Indian stall as a prize; for the second, he put up a barbaric manicoloured shield which had been a treasure of the blackskin Indians. Then standing up he called with urgent voice for competitors, inviting two men to contend for the prize of ready hands:

491 "This is the battle for hardy boxers. The victor in this contest shall have a shaggy bull, to the loser I will give a shield with many layers of good hide."

494 When Bromios had spoken, shakeshield Melisseus stood up, one well practised and familiar with boxing; and seizing the bull's horn he shouted these big words,

497 "This way anyone who wants a painted shield! For I will not let another have the fat bull as long as I can hold up my hands!"

499 At these words, silence sealed all lips. Only Eurymedon rose to face him, one to whom Hermes had given the gear of stronglimbed boxing. This man, a son of Hephaistos, had always been used to remain busy beside his father's furnace hammering away at the beaten anvil. Now his brother Alcon attended him full of excitement, placed his body-belt beside him and fitted the girdle to his loins, coiled the

a There is no need to alter the text to περιθηκε, as L. suggests: the word imitates Homer, II. xxiii. 683, παρακάββαλεν.
άζαλέων ἐσφυγξε περίπλοκον ὅλκον ἰμάντων. καὶ πρόμοι εἰς μέσον ἠλθεν.

εὗρ προβλήτα προσώπου

λαῖνε χείρα φέρων, σάκος ἐμφυτον ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
ποιήτῃς παλάμης παρασίκροες ἦσαν ἰμάντες.

αἰεὶ δ’ ἀντιπάλου φυλίσσετο δύσμαχον ὄρμην,

μὴ ποτὲ μιν πλήξεις κατ’ ὁφρύος ἡ μετάπου,

ἡ μὲν αἰμαξεῖς, τετυμμένον ἄρθρον ἀμίξας,

ἡ διατμῆσει, κατὰ κροτάφοιο τυχήσας,

εἰς μέσον ἐγκεφάλου νόημον ἄκρον ἀράξας,

ἡ παλάμην τρηχεῖαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοιοι τιταῖνων

ὀμματα γαμιόωσει λυπογλύρῳ προσώπου,

ἡ δαφνινήτευτος ἀρασσομάτωι γενείου

δευτέρων ἐλάσσει πολέωτιχον ὅρμον ὁδόντων.

"Ενθα μὲν Εὐρυμέδων ἐπεαυμένου Μελισσεὺς

στῆθος ἄκρον ἐλάσσεν: ὁ δὲ σχέδων ἀντα προσώπου

χείρα μάτην ἐτίθαμε, καὶ ἦμβροτεν ἡρα τύπτων,

καὶ μιν ἄει τρομέων περιδέραιμε, κόλπον ἀμείβων,

δεξιτερῆν γυμνοῦ κατω μαζοῦ τιταίνων.

ἀμφω δ’ εἰς ἐν ἰκανον ἐπῆμοις, ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλον

ἐχεισι φειδομένους ποδος πόδα τυπθόν ἀμείβων

χεροι δὲ χειράς ἐμβαζαν: ἐπαστερήσαν ὅ παίας

φρικτὸς ὀμοπλεκέων ἐπεβόμησε δοῦποι ἰμάτων

ἀκροτάτην περὶ χείρα: χαρασσομένης δὲ παρείας

αἰμαλέαις λιβάδεσσαν ἐθοικεθησαν ἰμάντες.

καὶ γενόνων πέλε δοῦπος: ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ δὲ προσώπου

εὐρυτέρων γεγαωτὸς εἰκυμαίνοντο παρειαί,

ὁφθαλμοι δ’ ἐκάτερθεν ἐκοιλαίνοντο προσώπου.

Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἐκαμμε Μελισσεὺς ἱδρον τέχην,

ἀσχετον ἡλίοιο μένων ἀντώπιοιν ἀγλην,

ὁμμα καταγγαζοντος: ἐπαίξας δὲ Μελισσεὺς

72
straps of dry leather neatly round his brother's long hands. Then the champion advanced into the ring, holding his left hand on guard before his face like a natural shield, and the fleshcutting straps of his artificial hand did for a wrought lance. Always he kept on his defence before the dangerous attack of his adversary, that he might not get one in upon brow or forehead, or land on the face and draw blood, or smash his temple with a lucky blow, tearing a way to the very centre of his busy brain, or with a hard hook over the temples tear the eyes out of his blinded face, and smash his bloody jaw and drive in a long row of his sharp teeth.\(^2\)

\(^{520}\) But now as Eurymedon rushed him, Melisseus landed one high up on the chest; he countered with a lead at the face but missed—hit nothing but air. Shaking with excitement, he skipt round the man past his chest with a side-step and brought home his right on the exposed breast under the nipple. Then they clinched, one against the other, shifting a bit their feet carefully in short steps, hands making play against hands: as the blows fell in quick succession the straps wreathed about their fingers made a terrible noise. Cheeks were torn, drops of blood stained the handstraps, their jaws resounded under the blows, the round cheeks swelled and spread on the puffy face, the eyes of both sunk in hollows.

\(^{534}\) Eurymedon was badly shaken by Melisseus and his artful dodging. He had to stand with the sun shining intolerably in his face and blinding his eyes; Melisseus rushed in, dancing about with quickened

\(^{a}\) Nonnos had never seen any real boxing, and is thinking of the brutal and unscientific Roman slogging with the caestus.
NONNOS

...οὐ ὑπὲρ στροφεύλαιον μετάρροιον ἴχνος ἀειρῶν ἄφνω γναθοῦν ἐτυφεὶν ὑπ’ οὐιάτος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων ὑπτίοις αὐτοκύλιστος ἐρείσατο νῦτα κοινῆ. θυμολιπῆς μεθύουντι πανείκελος· εἰχε δὲ κόρην κεκλημένην ἐτέρωσε, καὶ αἵματος ἐπτυχὼν ἀχνὴν λεπτὰ παχυμένου· λαβὼν δὲ μὲν ἐκτὸς ἀγώνος στυγνὸς ὑπὲρ νῦτοι μετήραγε σύγγονος. Ἀλκων πληγὴ ἀμεραινὼν βεβαρημένην. ἔσσυμενος δὲ Ἰνδώμην περίμετρον ἀντέρταξε βοεῖν.

Καὶ διδύμους Διόνυσος ἀεθλητήρας ἐπείγων ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόρουσι πάλης κήρυξεν ἀγώνα· καὶ τρίτος εἰκοσιμέτρος ἀεθλιόν ὅστατο νῖκης πρότω ἀεθλητήρας τίθει δ’ εἰς μέσον ἀείρας ἀνθριόντα λέβητα χερείων φωτὶ φυλάσσων. ὁρθοθεὶς δ’ ἱάχησε πάλιν σημάντορι φωνῇ: "Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ τοῦτον ἐγείρατε καλὸν ἀγώνα.

"Εἰπε: κεκλημένου δὲ φιλοστειφαίνου Διονύσου πρῶτος 'Αριστάιος, μετέπειται δὲ δεύτερος ἰστὴ Αἰακὸς εὐπαλάμιον πάλης δεδαμείνος ἔργα. ζώματι δὲ σκεπώσιτε θηρίτων φύσιν αἰδοῖς γυμνοὶ ἀεθλεύοντες ἐφέστασαν ἀμφότεροι δὲ πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφότερας παλάμας ἐπὶ δίζυγι καρπῷ σύμπλεκον ἑνώδα καὶ ἑνθά, χυτῆς ἐπὶ νῦτα κοινῆς ἀλλήλους ἑρύτοντες ἀμοιβαίδες, ἀμματὶ χειρῶν ἀκροτάτῳ σφίγξατε· ἐνὶ δ’ ἀμφιδρομοὶ ἀνὴρ, ἄνδρα παλινδήκτην ἀγών ἐτερόζυγι παλμὼ, ἐλκὼν ἐλκόμενος τε· συνοχμάζοντο γὰρ ἀμφώ χεροῖν ἀμοιβαίησιν, ἕκατὼσαίτο δὲ δειρην, μεσσατίῳ δὲ κάρηνοι ἐπηρείδοντο μετώπων ἀκλινέες, νεύοντες ἐπὶ χθονὸς· ἐκ δὲ μετώπων θλυβομένων καμάτωι προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἱδρῶς· ἀμφότερον δ’ ἀρα νῦτα κεκυφότα πήλεος ὅλκῳ.
twists and turns, and popped in a sudden one on the jaw beneath the ear; and Eurymedon being distressed fell on his back and rolled in the dust helpless, fainting, like a drunken man. He inclined his head to one side and spat out a foam of thickish blood. His brother Alcon slung him over his back and gloomily carried him out of the ring, stunned by the blow and unconscious, then quickly lifted the great Indian shield.

546 Next Dionysos called for a couple of competitors in wrestling, and announced the contest for this prize. He offered a tripod of twenty measures as prize for the winner, and brought out a cauldron with flower-ornaments reserved for the defeated man. Then he rose, and called out with announcing voice,

552 "This way, friends, for the next fine contest!"

553 He spoke, and at the summons of crownloving Dionysos, Aristaios first rose, then second Aiacos, one well schooled in the lore of strongarmed wrestling. The athletes came forward naked but for the body-belts that hid their unseen loins. They both began by grasping each the other's wrists, and wreathed this way and that way, and pulled each other in turn over the surface of the widespread dust, holding the arms in a close grip of the fingers. Between the two men it was like ebb and flow, man drawing man with evenly balanced pulls, dragging and dragged; for they hugged each other with both arms and bent the neck, and pressed head to head on the middle of the forehead, pushing steadily downwards. Sweat ran from their rubbed foreheads to show the hard struggle; the backs of both were bent by the pull
δίζυγι συμπλεκέοσ παλάμης ἐτρίβετο δέσμως· ἦμιδίας δ’ αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνέδραμεν αἰματι θερμῷ, αἰόλα πορφύρουσα· δέμας δ’ ἐστίζετο φωτῶν.  
Οἱ δὲ παλαισμοσύνης ἐτερότροτα μάγγανα τέχνης ἄλληλοις ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαδίς· ἀντίβιον δὲ πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος παλάμης πηχύνατο καρπῷ, ἐκ χθονὸς ὀχλίζεσθαι· δαλίης δ’ οὐ λήσετο τέχνης Αἰακὸς αἰολόμητις, ὑποκλέπτοντι δὲ ταρσῷ λαιὸν Ἀρισταῖοιο ποδὸς κώλητα πατάξας ὑπτιον αὐτοκύλιστον ὠλον περικάββαλε γαῖῃ, ἀνιβάτω πηρῶν πανείκελον· ἀμβοὶ δὲ λαοὶ τηλίκον αὐχήνετα βοώμενον νῦε Φοῖβον ὀμμασθαμβαλέουσιν ἑθήσατο πεσόντα.  
δεύτερος ἡρταζίς μετάριον ὑψώθη γαῖῃς κουφίζων ἀμογητὶ πελώριον νῦε Κυρήνης Αἰακός, ἐσσομένην ἁρετὴν τεκέσσης φυλάσσων, ἀκαμάτῳ Πηλής καὶ εὐρυβής Τελαμῶν, ἀγκάς ἔχων, οὐ νῦτοι ἡ ὅρθιον αὐχένα κάμπτων, πῆχεσιν ἀμφοτέρους μεσαίηταν ἀνήρ κομίζων, ἰσον ἀμεβόντεσσον ἔχων τύπον, οἷς κάμε τέκτων πρηθύνων ἀνέμου θυελλήσσαν ἀνάγκην.  
καὶ πελάσας ὠλον ἀνήρ περιστρωθέντα κοινή Αἰακὸς ἀντιπάλοιο μέσων ἐπεβήσατο νῦτων καὶ πόδα πεπταμένης διὰ γαστέρου ἐκτάδα πέμπτων, καμπύλων ἀκροτάτω περὶ γούνατι δέσμα πυκατένων, ταρσῷ ταρσόν ἐρείδε παρὰ σφυρόν ἁκρον ἐλίξας· καὶ ταχὺς ἀντιβιόν τεταυσμένος ὑψόθι νῦτων.

---

*a The genealogy is:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Genealogy</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Endeis</td>
<td>Αἰακὸς = Psamathe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peleus Telamon</td>
<td>Phocos.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
of the arms, and pressed hard by the two pairs of twined hands. Many a weal ran up of itself and made a purple pattern with the hot blood, until the fellows' bodies were marked with it.

So they showed each against the other all the various tricks of the wrestler's art. Then first Aristaïos got his arms round his adversary and heaved him bodily from the ground. But Aiácos the crafty did not forget his cunning skill; with insinuating leg he gave a kick behind the left knee of Aristaïos, and rolled him over bodily, helpless upon his back on the ground, for all the world like a falling cliff. The people round about all gazed with astonished eyes at the son of Phoibos, so grand, so proud, so famous, taking a fall! Next Aiácos without an effort lifted the gigantic son of Cyrene high above the ground, to be an example of valour for his future sons, Peleus the unwearying and Telamon the mighty: he held the man in his arms, bending neither back nor upright neck, carrying the man with both arms by the middle, so that they were like a couple of cross-rafters which some carpenter has made to calm the stormy compulsion of the winds. Aiácos threw down the man at full length in the dust, and got on his adversary's back as he lay, thrust both legs along under his belly and bent them in a close clasp just below the knees, pressing foot to foot, and encircling the ankles; quickly he stretched himself over his adversary's

b The picture in Iliad xxiii. 712, which Nonnos copies, is more exact: the two wrestlers stand on the ground, leaning against each other, like two rafters in a roof.
χείρας ἐὰς στεφανηδὸν ἐπικινθνοῦν ἐλίξας, 600
 αὐχένι δεσμῶν ἐβαλλε βραχίονι, δάκτυλα κάμψας. 601
 μυδαλέω δὲ ἱδρώτι χατην ἔρριπε κοινὴν, 568
 αὐχύμηρη φαμάθω διερή μαθάμητα καθαίρων. 569
 μὴ διολισθήσεις περιπλοκος ἀρματε χειρῶν 570
 θερμῇ τριβομένῳ κατ’ αὐχένος ἱκράδα πέμπων. 571

Τοῦ δὲ πιεζομένου συνέρρον οξεὶ παλμῷ 602
 κεκριμένου κήρυκες, ὁππιευτήρες ἁγώνος,
 μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνεις ὀμόζην πήχεος ὀλικώ.
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ τότε θεσμὸς ὁμοίως, ὅποι πάροι 
 ὀβίγοιον φράσσαυτο, τιτανομένων ὅτε δεσμῶν
 αὐχενίων πυκτηροί πόνο θεβαραμένος ἀνήρ
 νίκην ἀντιπάλου μυστεύεται ἐμφρον συγῇ,
 ἀνέρα νικήσαντα κατηφεὶ χειρὶ πατάξας.1

Καὶ τρίπον εἰκοσιμετρον ἐπιχυνάτο λαβώντες 610
 Μυρμιδόνες, θεράποντες ἀεθλοφόρον βασιλέως.
 Ἀκταίων δὲ λέβητα ταχίον κούφαις μιπῇ,
 δεύτερα πατρὸς ἀεθλα κατηφεὶ χειρὶ κοιμίζον.

Καὶ τότε Βάκχος ἔθηκε ποδῶν ταχυτῆτος ἁγώνα·
 πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῇ τιθεὶς κειμήλια νίκης 615
 ἀργύρεον κρητὴρα δορικῆτην τε γυμναίκα,
 δεύτερῳ αἰολόδειρον ἐδήκατο Θεσσαλον ἱππον,
 καὶ πυμάτῳ ξῖφος ὦν σὺν εὐτρήτῳ τελαμών.
 ὀρθωθεὶς δ’ ἀγόρευε, ποδῶκες ἀνδρὰς ἐπείγον.
 "Ἀνδράσιν ὦκυπόροιοσιν ἄεθλα ταῦτα γενέσθω." 620

"Ὡς φαμένου

Δικταίος ἔθημον γοῦνατα πάλλων . . .

1 So mss.: καθάφας Ludwich.

a From a wrestling bout this has suddenly become a pancration, "all-in" wrestling. In true παλη only clear 78
back and wound his two hands over each other round the neck like a necklace, interlacing his fingers, and so made his arms a fetter for the neck. Sweat poured in streams and soaked the dust, but he wiped away the running drops with dry sand, that his adversary might not slip out of his encircling grip by the streams of hot moisture which he sent out of his squeezed neck.

602 As he lay in this tight embrace, the heralds came running up at full speed, men chosen to be overseers of the games, that the victor might not kill him with those strangling arms. For there was then no such law as in later days their successors invented, for the case when a man overwhelmed by the suffocating pain of a noose round the neck testifies the victory of his adversary with significant silence, by tapping the victor with submissive hand.

610 Then the Myrmidons laid hands on the twenty-measure tripod as the servants of the victorious prince; and Actaion quickly lifted the cauldron, his father's second prize, and carried it away with sorrowful hand.

614 Then Bacchos set the contest of the footrace. For the first man he offered as treasures of victory a silver mixing-bowl and a woman captive of the spear; for the second he offered a Thessalian horse with dappled neck; for the last, a sharp sword with well-wrought sling-strap. He rose and made the announcement, calling for quickfoot runners:

620 "Let these be the prizes for men who can run!"

621 At these words, came Dictaian Ocythoös,}

falls counted (in which A throws B off his feet while still standing himself).

b The name inferred from what follows. A line has dropt out.
τω δ' ἐπὶ ποικιλόμητις ἀντίδραμει ὡς Ὁ Ἐρεχθεύς. 623
Παλλάδι Νικαιὴ μερελημένην, αὐτήρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
Πρίασος ὦκυπόδης, Κυβεληδός ἀστὸς ἀρόωρης.
τοὶς μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἐν ὄρμοις: Ὁκύθοος δὲ
πρῶτος ἀελλήνητι ποδῶν κομφίζετο παλμῷ,
ἰδυτείη προκέλευθοι ἐκον ὄρμον ἵσσιμενοι δὲ
dεύτερος ἀγχικέλευθος ὀπίστερος ἢ Ὁ Ἐρεχθεύς,
γείτονος Ὁκυθόου κυτάμενοι ἀσθρατὶ βαλλον,
καὶ κεφαλὴν θέρμαινος φιλημακάτων δε κούρης
οί καὶ πάντων στέρνου πέλει μέσος, ὡς των μέτρων
παρθένων ἱστούσιοι τεχνήμοι χαρὶ τανύση.
630 Ὁκυθόου πέλε τόσσον ὀπίστερος ἥμιφι δὲ γαῖῃ
ἐκ τῶν τύπτε πόδεσσι, πάροι καὶ ἀμφίωθηται,
καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφίρροσι ἐκ δρόμοις ἀλλὰ πορείν
μημήλῃ ἱδομετρον ἵδιων ἐπιταμεντο ταρσῷ
κουφτέρω, καὶ φῶτα παράδραμα μαίζοι μέτρῳ,
ὄπποσον ἀνέρος ἢν τῶν τρομῶν περί νίκης
τοῖον ἐπος βοῶν Βορέθη ἰκέτειν Ὁ Ἐρεχθεύς.
“Γαμβρέ, τεῦχ χραίσμησον Ὁ Ἐρεχθεί
καὶ σεο ὑμήφη, εἴ μεθέπεις γλυκῶν ὀιστρων
ἐμίς ἐτί παιδὸς Ἐρώτων.
640
dος μοι σών πτερύγων βαλλον ὄρμον εἰς μιαν ὑρην.
Ὤκυθόου ταχύγυοιν ἵνα προβέοιτα παρέλθων."
"Ὡς χαμένου Βορέθη ἰκέτησοι ἐκλυ φωτην,
καὶ μιν ἐντροχάλοιο ταχίσαν τῆς ἀέλλης.
643
τρεῖς μὲν ἐπερρώσοντο ποδῶν ἀναμένει παλμῷ,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἵσα τάλαντα καὶ ὀππόσον ὕκει ταρσῷ
ὦκυθόου προβέοιτο ὀπίστερος ἢ Ὁ Ἐρεχθεύς,
τόσσον ἀελλήνηστο Ὁ Ἐρεχθεύς ἐπετο γείτον
Πρίασος αὐχήεις, Φρύγῳν γένος. ἐσυμμενών δὲ
ὄπποτε λοίσθιος ἢν ἐτὶ ὄρμος ἀλματὶ ταρσῶν,
80
wagging his experienced knees. Next ran up fleet Erechtheus, a man full of craft, and dear to Victorious Pallas; after him fleetfoot Priasos, one from the arable land of Cybele. Off they went from scratch. Ocythoës led, light as the stormwind on his feet, going straight ahead and keeping his lead. Close behind came Erechtheus second at full speed, with his breath beating on the back of Ocythoës close by, and warming his head with it: as near as the rod lies between the web and the breast of a girl who loves the shuttle, when she holds it at measured distance with skilful hand working at the loom, so much was he behind Ocythoës, and he trod in his footmarks on the ground before the dust could settle in them. Then it would have been a dead heat; but Ocythoës saw this rival running pace for pace with himself, so he made a spurt and ran past the fellow by a longer distance, as much as a man's pace. Then Erechtheus anxious for victory addressed a prayer to Boreas and cried out:

"Goodson, help your own Erechtheus and your own bride, if you still cherish a sweet passion for my girl, your sweetheart! Lend me the speed of your swift wings for one hour, that I may pass kneequick Ocythoës now in front!"

Boreas heard his supplicating voice, and made him swifter than the rapid gale. All three were moving their legs like the wind, but the balance was not equal for all: as far as Erechtheus was behind Ocythoës running before him with swift foot, so far behind, near stormswift Erechtheus, was Priasos the proud son of Phrygia. So they ran on, until just as the end of the race was coming for their bounding
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

"Όκυθοος ταχύγονος ἐπαλισθησε κοινῇ,
τῇ βοῶν πέλεν οὖθος ἀθέσφατος, οἷς παρὰ τέμπερ
Μυγδονίη Διόνυσος ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ
ἀλλὰ παλινόστοιο ποδὸς ταχύτατο παλμῷ 665
"Όκυθοος πεφόρητο μετάλμενος ἐσομαίνως δὲ
ἀντιπάλου προθέοντος ἐπῆλθε ταρσὸν ἀμείβαν,
εἰ τότε βαίος ἐκεὶ ἔτη ποὺ δρόμοι, ἡ τάχα βαίων 668
ἡ πέλεν ἀμφήριστος ἡ ἐφθάσεσιν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης. 667

Καὶ κτέρας αἰολόνωτον
ἐκοῦπισεν ἡκις Ἐρεχθείς. 669

Σιδόνου κρητήρα τετυγμένον, Ὁκυθοος δὲ
eἰρυσε Θεσσαλὸν ἰππον· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἱρίμα βαίων
Πρίασος ἀπο ἐδεκτὸ σὺν ἀργυρῷ τελμῶν.
καὶ Σατύρων ἐγέλασε χορὸς φιλοπαίγμου θυμῷ,
pαππαίνων Κορύβατα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κοινῇ,
ὄνθον ἀποπτύνοιτα κατάρρυστοι αἰθηρείνων.

Καὶ σόλον αὐτοχώνον ἁγῶν ἐπέπειρεν ἁγῶν
δισκοβόλους Διόνυσος ἀκοτιστήρας ἐπείγων
πρῶτοι μὲν δύο δούρα σὺν ἰπποκόμῳ τριφαλείᾳ
θῆκεν ἁγῶν, ἐτέρῳ δὲ διαγρα χυκλάδα μίτην,
καὶ τριτάτῳ φιάλην, καὶ ἐβρίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ,
ην χρυσῆ κληρίδι Διός περονῆσατο χαλκεῖς.

ἤρωθείς δ’ ἀνά μέσουν ἐγερσινόυ φῶς ὕπνι-
"Οὖτος ἁγῶν ἐπὶ δίσκον ἀεθλητήρας ἐπείρει·"

"Ὄς φαμένοι Βρομίου

σακέσσαλος ὀρτοῦ Μελισσαίς. 678

τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἤλθεν ἀεροπόδῃς Ἄλμηθίς,
καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων καὶ τέταρτος ἤλθεν Ἀκμών
καὶ πίσυρες στοιχηδόν ἐφέστασαν ἄλλοι ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ.

82
feet, kneeswift Ocythoös slipt in the dirt, where was an infinite heap of dung from those cattle which had been slaughtered by the Mygdonian knife of Dionysos beside the tomb. But he sprang backwards with a quick-whirling spring of his foot and jumped back again, then off he went—and he would have quickly passed the travelling step of his rival running in front if there had been even a little space to run: whereby he would either have made a dead heat by a spurt or he would have passed the Athenian.

Swift Erechtheus then lifted the Sidonian mixing-bowl, that treasure adorned with curious workmanship on the surface; Ocythoös took off the Thessalian horse; Priasos quietly walked in third, and received the sword with silver sling-strap. The company of Satyrs laughed in mocking spirit when they saw the Corybant smeared all over with dirt, and spitting out the dung that filled his throat.

Now Dionysos brought out a lump of crude ore and laid it before him, and summoned competitors to put the weight. For the first, he brought and offered two spears and a helmet with horsehair crest; for the second, a brilliant round body-girdle; for the third, a flat bowl; and for the fourth a fawnskin, which the craftsman of Zeus had fastened with a golden brooch. Then he rose, and made his announcement among them in a rousing tone:

"This contest calls for competitors with the weight!"

At these words of Bromios up rose shakeshield Melisseus; second after him came footlifting Halimedes, and third, Eurymedon, and fourth, Acmon. The four stood in a row side by side. Melisseus took
καὶ σόλον εὐδίητον ἐλῶν ἔρρυσε Μελισσεύς. Σειληνοὶ δὲ ἐγέλασαν ὀλύζων φωτὸς ἐρωτη.

δεύτερος Εὐρυμέδων παλάμην ἐπερείσατο δίσκῳ...

καὶ σόλον εὐδίητον ἐλῶν νωμητῷ καρπῷ βρεθ' βέλος προείχε περίτροχον εὐλοφος ᾽Ακμών' καὶ βέλος ἡρόφοιτον ἐπέτρεξε σύνδρομον αὐραίς, καὶ σκοπὸν Εὐρυμέδων ὑπέρβαλε μείζονι μέτρῳ ὀξείᾳ στροφάλυγγι καὶ ὑψιπόδης ᾽Αλμήδης εἰς σκοπὸν ἦκοίτιζεν ἐν ἡρί δίσκῳ ἄλητην' καὶ σόλος ἡρέσαν ἐπερροίζησεν ἄελλας ἐκ βριαρῆς παλάμης πεφορμηένος, ἴσω ἀπὸ τοξου ἰππαται ἀσταθέοις βέλος δεδοιμηένοι αὐραίς ὀρθίων' ἡρόθεν δὲ πεσὼν ἐκυλίσειτο γαίη ἀλματι τηλεπόρῳ, πεφορμηένοι εἰςτε παλμῷ χειρός ἐνυστρέπτου, φέρων αὐτόσωτον ὀρμήν, εἰσόκε σήματα πάντα παρέδραμεν ἀγρόμενοι δὲ πάντες ἐπεσμαράγησαν ὀπὶπειτήρες ἁγώνος, ἀλλομένου δίσκου τεθηπότες ἀστάτον ὀρμήν.

Καὶ δονέων δύο δοῦρα σὺν ψιλόφῳ τρυφαλεία ἔκπλος δωρὰ ἐκμείζει ἀγνορέων ᾽Αλμήδης: ᾽Ακμών δὲ εὐποδῆς χρυσανίγεια κούφισε μέτρην· καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἀείρας ἀμφίθετον κτέρας εἰλε· κατηφιόων δὲ προσώπῳ νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἀνήρτατε Μελισσεύς.

Καὶ προμαχός Διόνυσος ἀέθλια θῆκατο τόξου, εὐστοχίης ἀνάθημα· καὶ ἐπτάετηρον ἐρύσσας ἠμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἐεστηρίζειν ἁγών, καὶ δέπας εὐποίητον ἀέθλιον ἰστατο ὑκής ἀνδρὶ χερειστέρῳ πεφυλαγμένοι. Εὐρύαλος δὲ νήων ὀρθώσας περιμήκητον ἴστον ἀρούρη στήσει ὑπὲρ δαπεδοῦ ψαμαθώδεος, ψιφαίνῃ δὲ
the lump, swung it well and threw: the Seilenoi laughed loudly at the fellow's miserable throw! Second, Eurymedon rested his hand on the weight [and threw it farther]. Then highcrested Acmon took the lump, swung it well with experienced wrist, and cast the heavy missile hurtling through the air; the missile travelled through the air like the wind, and passed Eurymedon's mark by a longer measure, whirling swiftly. Then Halimedes, towering high on his feet, sent the weight travelling through the air to the mark: the mass whistled amid the stormwinds in the sky when hurled by that strong hand—for it flew like an arrow straight from a bow, twirled by unstable breezes; down from the sky to the earth it fell after its long leap, and rolled along the ground still under the impulse of the accomplished hand, moving of itself, until it had passed all the marks. The spectators of the contest crowded and cheered all together, amazed at the unchecked movement of the weight bounding along.

697 Halimedes proudly received the double prize, and went off with the highplumed helmet shaking the pair of spears. Acmon came shuffling up and lifted the body-belt shining with gold; third Eurymedon took up his treasure, the brand-new bowl with two handles; Melisseus with downcast countenance lifted the dappled fawnskin.

703 Now Dionysos put prizes ready for champions of the bow, the offering for good archery. He led out for the contest a hardy sevenyear mule, and made it stand before the company; and laid down a well-finished goblet as prize of victory to be kept for the less competent man. Then Euryalos planted a ship's tall mast in the ground, upright above the
δέσμων ἣφορησε πελειάδα σύμπλοκον ἱστών, λεπταλέον δισσοῦσι μίτων περὶ ποσσίν ἐλίζας. καὶ θεὸς ἀγρομένοις ἐναγώνιοι ἰαχὲ φωτὶν, εἰς σκοποῦ ἥερόφοτον οἰστευτῆρας ἐπείγων.

"Οσ μὲν οἰστεύσειε πελειάδος ἀκρα τορήσας, ἦμιονον φερέτω πολυαλφέα, μάρτυρα νίκης ὁδὲ παραπλάζοιτο πελειάδος εἰς σκοποῦ ἐλκων, ὅριν ἐνυλώχιν λιπῶν ἀχάρακτον οἰστῶ, ἀκρα δὲ μηρύθοιο βαλὼν πτερόειτι βελέμνῳ, ἦσσονα τοξεύσειε καὶ ἦσσονα δῶρα δεχόσθων ἀντὶ γὰρ ἦμιόνου δέπας οἰστεῖ, ὅφρα καὶ Φοίβω τοξοφόρῳ σπείσειε καὶ οἴονοχύτω Διονύσῳ.

Τοῖον ἐπος βοόωντος ἐχεκτεάνωι Λυκίου εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιοις ἐκτόποιοι εἰς μίσον ίστη εἰς σκοποῦ ἠθυκέλευθον ἄγων ἀντίωπων ἵστον, Κνώσσα τόξα φέρων τεταυσμένα κυκλάδι νεφρῇ." Ἀστέριος προείκε βέλος κλήροιο τυχήσας, καὶ τόχε μηρύθοιο: δαίζομένης δὲ βελέμνων ἥρει πεφόρητο μετάρριους ὀρνις ἀλῆμων καὶ μίτος εἰς χθόνα πίπτε.

δὲ ἤψιπόρου δὲ κελείδοιον ὀμμα φέρων ἐλικηδόνι, ὑπὲρ νεφών δὲ δοκείων τοξευτῆρ Ὑμέναιος ἐστομοτάτης ἀπὸ νεφρῆς εἰς σκοποῦ ἥερόφοτον υπηνέμων βέλος ἐλκων ἰδέατερον προείκε, πελειάδος ἀντα τηταινῶν καὶ πτερώεις πεπότητο δὲ ἥερος ἰός ἅλητης ἀκροφανῆς, μέσα νῦτα παραξύν νεφελῶν, συρίζων ἀνέμοις: βέλος δὲ ἠθυνεν Ἅπολλων πιστὰ φέρων δυσέρωτι κασωγητὸν Διονύσῳ ἐπταμένης δὲ ἐτύχησε πελειάδος, ἐσσυμενής δὲ στήθεος ἄκρον ἐτυψε: βαρυμομένον δὲ καρτίου ὀρνις ἀελλήσσεσα δὲ ἥερος ἐμπέσε ναίγ.
sandy soil, and fastened a wild pigeon by a string to the top of the mast, winding a light cord about the two feet. The god called to all those assembled for the games, inviting any to shoot at the flying mark:

714 "Whoever shall pierce the skin of the pigeon, let him receive this valuable mule as witness to his victory: whoever shall draw at the mark and miss the pigeon, leaving the bird unwounded by the barbed arrow, but shall touch the string with his feathered shaft, he will be a worse shot and he shall receive a worse prize; for instead of the mule he shall carry off the goblet, that he may pour a libation to Archer Apollo and Winegod Dionysos."

722 Such was the proclamation of wealthy Lyaios. Then Hymenaios the long-shot, with his flowing hair, came forward [and after him Asterios. The lot fell to Asterios;] and he taking aim straight at the mast in front of him, with his Cnossian bow and the string pulled back from it, let fly the first shot, and hit the string. When the shaft cut the string, the bird flew away up into the sky and the cord fell to the ground. Archer Hymenaios followed round the bird’s high course with his eye and watched for him over the clouds; he had his bowstring quite ready, and let fly a swift shot through the air at his highflying mark, aiming at the pigeon. The winged arrow sped travelling through the air visible on high, grazing the surface of the cloud in the middle, whistling at the winds. Apollo held the shot straight, keeping faith with his lovesick brother Dionysos; the point hit the flying pigeon and struck it upon the breast as it sped, and the bird fell through the air quick as the wind to the earth, with heavy head, and half-dead
NONNOS

ήμιθανής δὲ πέλεια περὶ πτερὰ πάλλε κοινῆ, 
pοσσὶ περισκαίρουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.
Καὶ θεὸς ἕβητήρος ἀναθρόπως ἐπὶ νῖκη 
χείρας ἐπεπλατάγησεν ἐπικλάγης Ὑμηναίων 
ἐξυνό δὲ εἰν εἰν πάντες, ὅσοι παρέμμιτον ἁγών, 
ἀγχινεφὴ θάμβησαν ἐκηβολήν Ὑμηναίων. 
καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἑαυτὸς παλάμησεν ἑρύσας 
ἡμίονον πόρε δύρων ὀφειλομένη Ὑμηναίων 
kαὶ γέρας Ἀστέριοι δέπας κοῦφιζον ἔσταιροι. 
Καὶ φιλίνην ἐπὶ δῆρων ἀκοντιστήρας ἄπειρον 
Ἰνδικὰ Βάκχος ἄεθλα φέρων παρέθηκεν ἁγών, 
διχθαδῆνι κινημία καὶ Ἰνδίκης λίθον Ἀλμής. 
ὁρθωθεὶς δὲ ἀγόρευε, δόω δὲ ἐκέλευσε μαχηταῖς, 
ὄφρα μάθω παίζοιτι καὶ οὐ κτείνοιτι σιδήρῳ 
μμηλήν τελέσοσιν ἀναίμων εἰκόνια χάρμης: 
"Οὕτωι ἁγῶν δύο φώτας ἀκοντιστήρας ἐγείρων 
μείλιχον οἶδεν Ἀρης καὶ εὐδοκόσαν Ἑινών." 
"Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίου σιδΗρα τεύχεα πάλλων 
Ἀστέριος κεκόρυστο, καὶ Λιάκος εἰς μέσον ἐτη 
χάλκεον ἐγχος ἐχων, πολυβαύδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων. 
οδα λέων ἄγραυλος ἐπαίσισει τινὶ ταῖρῳ 
ἡ σὺν λαχνήδει: σιδηρεῖς ἔκ ξετῶν 
 eius μέσον ἐρρωντο καλυφόμενοι χίμαις ἄμφω 
"Ἀρεος αἰχμητῆρες: ὁ μὲν δόρυ βούρων ἡπλων 
Ἀστέριος, Μύσως ἑχων πατρίων ἀλκήν, 
οὔταση δεξιτεροῖ βραχίων ἄκρων ἀμφίξεις. 
δὲ καὶ ἀσφαράγοι σιδήρεις ἐγχος ἄεριων 
Αἰακός, ὑψιμέδουτος ἐοὐ Δίος ἀεία μέζων, 
νύξαι μὲν μενεάνει μεσαίτατον ἀνθερεώνα: 
ἀλλὰ ἐ Βάκχος ἔρυκε καὶ ἤπασε φοινικόν αἰχμῆν;"
the pigeon beat about with its wings in the dust, fluttering about the feet of Dionysos weaver of dances.

743 Then the god leapt up on the young man's victory, and clapt his hands to applaud Hymenaios; and the company one and all who were present at the contest were astonished at the long shot of Hymenaios near the clouds. Dionysos laughing led forward with his own hands the mule which was due as a prize to Hymenaios, and gave it to him; and the comrades of Asterios lifted his prize, the goblet.

750 Now Bacchos invited those present to a friendly match at casting the javelin, and brought forward Indian prizes, a pair of greaves, and a stone from the Indian sea. He rose and made his announcement, and called for two warriors, bidding them show a fictitious image of bloodless battle, with not-killing steel in sport:

756 "This contest summons two javelin-men, and knows only Ares gentle and Enyo tranquil."

758 So spoke Bromios, and Asterios came up armed, shaking his weapons of steel; and Aiaeos stept forward, holding a bronze spear and shaking a shield gorgeously adorned, like a lion in the country charging a bull or a shaggy boar. Both these spearmen of Ares marched forward covered with steel corselets. Asterios cast a furious spear with the vigour of Minos his father, and he wounded the right arm grazing the skin. Aiaeos, doing a deed worthy of his father Zeus Lord in the highest, aimed his iron spear at the gullet and tried to pierce the throat right in the middle; but Bacchos checked him and caught the deadly blade, that he might not strike
αὐχένα μὴ πληξείεν ἀκοινοτητήν σιδήρῳ
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε καὶ ἵαξε θυάδα φωνῇ.
"Ῥήσατε τεῦχεα ταῦτα φίλην στήσατες Ἐνυώνος ἀρθμός οὗτος Ἀρης, καὶ ἀνούτατοι εἰσιν ἀγώνες."
"Ἐνεπεν ἐγρεμόθου δὲ λαβὼν πρεσβήμα νίκης Ἀἰακὸς αὐχήεις χρυσέας κνημίδας ἀείρων
dῶκεν ἐὼ θεράποιτε καὶ ὑπερα δῶρα κομίζων Ἀστέριος κούφιζε δορικτήτην λίθον Ἰνδῶν."
the neck with the cast spear. Then he made them both stop, and called out with wild voice—

773 "Drop those spears! Yours was a friendly battle. This is a peaceful war, a contest without wounds."

775 So he spoke. Aiakos proudly received the prize of battlestirring victory, and took the golden greaves, which he handed over to his servant. Asterios carried off the second prize, the Indian stone taken by force of arms.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

'Ηχι τριηκοστον πέλεν όγδοον, αίδοσι δαλµ
δελαῖον Φαεθοντος ἡχεις μόρον ἤµαχος.

Λύτο δ' ἂγὼν· λοιποὶ δε μετίμων ὑδα λόχυτης,
καὶ σφετέραις κλισίησιν ὀμμέλων ἀγροτῶν δὲ
Πάνες ἐναυλίζουσιν χαραδραίους μυλότρεις,
αὐτοπαγῇ ναίοντες ἄρχιμαίδος ἁπερι λειώθης
ἐσπέρῳ. Σάτυροι δὲ διδυκότες εἰς σπέος ἁρέτον 3
θηγαλέως ὀνύχεσι καὶ οὐ τριητερίς σιδήρων
πετραῖν ἔλαχειαν ἐκοιλαῖσθε χαραίνην,
εἰσόκεν ὄρθρος ἐλαμψε σελασφόρος, ἀρτιδεότερος δὲ
ἀμφοτέρους ἀνέτελε γαληγαίας φῶς 'Ιούς,
'Ινδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν· ἐπεὶ τότε ἐκκλαῖε σύσσα.

Μυγδοινον πολέμοιο καὶ 'Ινδόφοι κευκοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίην ἐτάνυσεν ἐλιξ χρόνος· οὐδὲ τις αὐτοίς
οὐ φόνος, οὐ τότε δήρις· ἐκεῖνο δε τιλότες χάρμης
Βακχιάς ἔξαετηρος ἀραχνώσα βοηθή.

'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ἔτος ἐβδομον ἠγάγον Ὑμην, 13
οὐράνιον τότε σήμα προάγελον οἴνους Βάκχῳ
φαίνειτο, θάμβος ἁπιστοῦ· ἐπεὶ ζόφος ἠματί μέσος
ἀπροϊδής τετάνυστο, κελαμίωντε δὲ πέπλων.
BOOK XXXVIII

When the thirty-eighth takes its turn, you have the fate of unhappy Phaëthon in the chariot, with a blazing brand.

The games were over. The people retired into the recesses of the forest, and entered their huts. The rustic Pans housed themselves under shelter in the ravines, for they occupied at evening time the natural caverns of a lioness in the wilds. The Satyrs dived into a bear's cave, and hollowed their little bed in the rock with sharp finger-nails in place of cutting steel; until the lightbringing morning shone, and the brightness of Dawn newly risen showed itself peacefully to both Indians and Satyrs. For then Time rolling in his ambit prolonged the truce of combat and strife between Indians and Mygdonians; there was no carnage among them then, no conflict, and the shield which Bacchos had borne for six years lay far from the battle covered with spiders' webs.\footnote{From Bacchylides, frag. 3 (Jebb), 6-7. Nonnos means there was perfect peace.}

15 But as soon as the Seasons brought the seventh year of warfare, a foreboding sign was shown to wine-faced Bacchos in the sky, an incredible wonder. For at midday, a sudden darkness was spread abroad,
κρυπτόμενον Φαέθοντα μεσημβριάς εἶχεν ὀμίχλη, κλεπτομένης δ' ἀκτίνας ἐπεσκιῶντο κολώναι καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἐνθα κατήριτε πυρσὸς ἄλήτης, ἀρματος οὐρανίωσιν κατάρρυτος' ἀκρα δὲ γαίης μυρίος ἐκλυσεν ὀμβρος, ἐκμαίνοντο δὲ πέτραι ἥερίαις ὁλιβάδεσσιν, ἑως μόγις υψαθὶ δίφρου υψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε πάλιν πυρόεις 'Ἰπερίων.

Βάκχῳ δ' ἀσχαλώσωτι δ' ἄρεος αἰώνιος ἐπτη ἀιέτος υψικέλευθος, ὅφι τε ηεὐετα κομίζων θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν ὀ δὲ θρασὺν αἰχένια κάμπτων κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλύθησεν Ἰδάστῃ. καὶ τρομερὴ νήριμον ὅλον στρατὸν ἀλὰ ἄσποτη "Ἰδμων δ' αἰολόμητες, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ὄργα Μικύσης Οὐρανίης εὐκύκλου ἐπισταμενής ἵτεν ἄσποτων, ἀτρομὸς ἵστατο μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ἱδμων τέχην συμπλεκέος Φαέθοντι κατάσκαλο κύκλα Σέληνης, καὶ φλόγα πορφύρουσαν ὑπὸ ἐοὺς ηεὐεταί κώσι κλεπτομένοι Φαέθοντος ἀθητοῦ πορείς, καὶ πάταγον βρονταῖον ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων, αἰθέριον μύκημα, καὶ ἀστράπτοιτα κομήτης, καὶ δοκίδων ἀκτίνα, καὶ ἐμπυρόν ἀλμα κεραυνοῦ. τοῖς παρ' Οὐρανίης δεδαρμενίοις ἐργα θεαίης ἱστατο θαρσήσασαι ἑχων φρένα: γνιὰ δ' ἐκάστου λύτο: μαντιπόλος δὲ γέρων γελώσει προσώπω "Ἰδμων ἐμπεδόμυθον ἑχων ἐπὶ χείλεσι πειθῶ λαὸν ὅλου θάρσουνε, ὅτι χρονίοιο κυδομοῦ ἐσσομένην μετὰ βαιον ἐπίστατο γείτονα νίκην.

Καὶ Φρύγιον πολύδρων ἀειρέτο ἀντίνων Ἐρεχθεώς,

* Nonnos seems to think that a solar eclipse causes meteors.
and a midday obscurity covered Phaëthon with its black pall, and the hills were overshadowed as his beams were stolen away. Many a stray brand fell here and there scattered from the heavenly car; thousands of rainshowers deluged the surface of the earth, the rocks were flooded by drops from the sky, until fiery Hyperion rose again shining high on his chariot after his hard struggle.

Then a happy omen was seen by impatient Bacchos, an eagle flying high through the air, holding a horned snake in his sharp talons. The snake twisted his bold neck, and slipt away of itself diving into the river Hydaspes. Trembling silence held all that innumerable host. Idmon alone stood untrembling, Idmon the treasury of learned lore, for he had been taught the secrets of Urania, the Muse who knows the round circuit of the stars: he had been taught by his learned art the shades on the Moon's orb when in union with the Sun, and the ruddy flame of Phaëthon stolen out of sight from his course behind the cone of darkness, and the clap of thunder, the heavenly bellow of the bursting clouds, and the shining comet, and the flame of meteors, and the fiery leap of the thunderbolt. Having been taught all these doings by Urania the goddess he stood with dauntless heart, while the limbs of every man were loosened. But Idmon that ancient seer encouraged all the host, with laughing countenance, and words of confident persuasion upon his lips: "I know," he said, "that victory is near, and soon it will end this long struggle."

Erechtheus also inquired of the accomplisht Phry-
εἴδεις παρατίθενται ὑπάτων Διός, εἰ τίλα χαράμης
αἰσία δυσμενεύουσιν ἣ Ἰνδοφόνως Διονύσων,
οὐ τόσον ὑποίμηνοι ποθείων τέλος, ὅσον ἀκοῦσαι
μυστιπόλοις ἀροῦσι μεμελότα μέθων Ὄλυμπου,
καὶ στίχαι ἀστραῖοι ἐλίκων καὶ κυκλάδα μήτηρ,
καὶ δύσων ἡμιτίμης Φαεθονίδος ἀμμορον ἀγέλης
κλεπτομένης. αἰεὶ δὲ θεορητῶν περὶ μέθων
'Αρχίδος ἀρχαίης φιλοσεπεῖες εἰσὶν πολιταῖ.
Οὐδὲ γέρων ἀμέλησε θεοπρόσως, ἀλλά Λυαίου
σείων Εὐδα θύρα καὶ οὐ Παιοπηῶδα δάφνην
τοῖον ἐπος μαντίδον ἀντίρρυγιν ἀπτεραφίως.
''Εἰςαίειν ἑθέλεις φρενοτελεῖα μέθων, Ἐρεχθεόν,
ὅν μοῦνοι δεδάσαι θεοὶ ναετήρει Ὄλυμποι;
λέξω δ', ὡς με διδάξεις ἐμὸς δαβιάιος Ἀπόλλων.
μὴ στεροπήν τρομείος, μὴ δείδωμε πυραϊν ἀλήτην,
μὴ δρόμον Ἡρέων ζωοειδέα, μηδὲ Λυαίου
νίκης ἐσομείης προτάγγελον ὑπὸ Ὅλυμπον;
ὡς ο γε θηγαλέων ὁνύχων κεχαραγμένοις αἰχμαῖς,
ἀρπαγος οἰωνοῦ πεπαρμένος ὑπὲρ ταραρώ,
εἰς προχοας ποταμοῦ δράκων ὁλισθε κράσησης,
καὶ νέκων ἐρπητηρα γέρων ἐκριθείς Ἰδαίσσης,
οὕτω Δημαίδης πατρώιον οὐδῆ καλίζω
εὐκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα βουκραίφῳ γενετήρι.
''
Τοῖα γέρων ἀγόρευε θεγγόρος οὕτω δε μέθω
μαντιπόλω γῇθησεν ὅλος στρατός ἐχοκα δ' ἀλλων
θαῦματι χάρμα κέρασσεν αμήτορος άντός Ἀθήνης,
τόσο ἐών γλυκερήσων ἐπ' ἐλπίδων, ὡς εἰν μέσῳ
κομμάξων Μαραθώνα μετ' 'Ἀρεα Δημαίδης.
Καὶ τότε μουνωθεῖτι φιλοσοκοπεῖο Διονύσω

---

a Is this a reminiscence of St. Paul’s words on the
gian prophet, when he saw the portents of Highest Zeus, whether they were favourable to the enemy or to Indian-slaying Dionysos. He did not so much wish for the end of the conflict, but rather to hear the message from Olympos, the theme of mystical tales, and the orders of circling stars, and the round moon, and the sunset at midday which has no light of Phaëthon because this is stolen away. Always the citizens of ancient Athens are ready to hear discourses concerning the gods.a

55 Nor was the old seer neglectful; but shaking his Euian thyrsus instead of the Panopeian laurel, b he uttered these words of interpretation with his mouth:

58 "Do you wish, Erechtheus, to hear the heart-consoling tale which only the gods know who dwell in Olympos? Well, I will speak, as my laurelled Apollo has taught me. Tremble not at the lightning, fear not the travelling brand, nor the darkened course of Helios, nor the bird of Olympos, first harbinger of Lyaios’s victory to come; as that horned snake, torn by the sharp pointed claws of the robber bird and pierced by its talons, slipt into the waters of the river, and old Hydaspes swallowed the reptile corpse, so Deriades shall be swallowed in the flood of his father’s stream under the likeness of his bullhorned sire."

70 Thus spoke the old prophet; and at the diviner’s words all the host was glad, but beyond others the citizen of unmothered Athene mingled gladness with wonder, as full of joy in his sweet hopes as if he were triumphing in Marathon itself after the war with Deriades.

75 And now to Dionysos, alone among the rocks Areopagus, Acts xvii. 22 ἀνδρεῖς Ἀθηναῖοι, κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεσιδαιμονεῖτέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρώ; b Delphian: Panopeus was near Delphi.
σύγγονος οὐρανόθεν Δίως ἄγγελος ἠλθεν Ἦρμης,
καὶ τινα μύθου έείπεν παρηγορέων ἐπί νῖκην.
"Μὴ τρομείσας τόδε σήμα,
καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἠματίη νίξ:
τούτο σοι, ἄτρομε Βάκχε, πατήρ ἀνέφην Κρονίων
νίκης Ἰνδοφόνου προαγγέλων ἧλιών γὰρ
δεύτερον ἀστράπτοντι φεραγεώ Βάκχου εἶσκω,
καὶ θραύσῃ ὀρφανὴ μελανόχρου Ἰνδόν ὀμίχλῃ:
αἰθέρι γὰρ τύπος ὅτος ὀμοίως· εὐφαίνος δὲ
ὡς ξόφος ἠμάλλουν καλυπτομένης φίος ἦν,
καὶ πάλιν αὐτέλλων πυρυφαγεώ ἑσόθι δίφρον
'Ἡλίους ζωφὸσαν ἀπηκοιτίζειν ὀμίχλην,
οὕτω σὰν βλεφάρων μᾶλα τηλθῷ καὶ σὺ τισάς
Ταρταρίης ζωφόσαν Ἦρμηνος ἀσκομῶν ἄχλων
ἀστράψεις κατ’ Ἀρη στὸ δεύτερον ὡς 'Ὑπέρων.
τηλίκον οὐ ποτὲ βαῶμα γέρων τροφῶν' ἠγαγεν Λιῶν,
ἐξ ὅτε δαμανοῖο πυρὸς βεβολημένος ἀτμῷ
κύμβαξι, 'Ἡλίου φεραγέος ἐκπεσε δίφρον
ημιδαῖς Φαέθων, ποταμῷ δ’ ἐκρύπτειτο Κελτῶ,
καὶ θραύσῃ ἠβητήρα παρ’ ὁφρύνω 'Ἡράδανο
'Ηλιάδες κυνροίσσι ἐτι στενήχουσι πετήλους.'
"Ὡς φαμένοι Διόνυσος ἐγήθηεν ἀληθὸς νίκης:
'Ἐρμεῖαν δ’ ἐρέειν, καὶ ἥθελε μᾶλλον ἀκούσαι
Κελτοῖς 'Ἐσπερίσσι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
pῶς Φαέθων κεκυλίστο δι’ αἰθέροις, ἡ πόθεν αὐταὶ
'Ηλιάδες παρὰ χεῦμα γοημίους 'Ἡραδανοί
eis φυτὸν ἠμείβοντο, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δείδρων
δάκρυα μαρμαροῖτα κατασταλάον πεζηροίς.
Καὶ οἱ ἀνειρομένων
πετάσας στόμα μελίχος 'Ἐρμῆς
θέσκελον ἐρροβίδησεν ἐπος φιλοπευθεὶ Βάκχων.

1 So mss.: χρόνος Ludwig.
DIONYSIACA, XXXVIII. 76-104

which he loved, came Hermes his brother from heaven as messenger of Zeus, and spoke assuring him of victory:

78 "Tremble not at this sign, even though night came at midday. This sign, fearless Bacchos, your father Cronion has shown you to foretell your victory in the Indian War. For I liken Bacchos the light-bringer to the sun shining again, and the bold black Indian to the thick darkness. That is what is meant by the picture in the sky. For as the darkness blotted out and covered the light of shining day, and then Helios rose again in his fire-shining chariot and dispensed the gross darkness, so you also shall shake from your eyes far far away the darksome sightless gloom of the Tartarian Fury, and blaze again on the battlefield like Hyperion. So great a marvel ancient eternal Time our foster-father has never brought, since Phaëthon, struck by the steam of fire divine, fell tumbling half-burnt from Helios's light-bearing chariot, and was swallowed up in the Celtic river; and the daughters of Helios are still on the banks of Eridanos, lamenting the audacious youth with their whimpering leaves."

96 At these words, Dionysos rejoiced in hope of victory; then he questioned Hermes and wished to hear more of the Olympian tale which the Celts of the west know well: how Phaëthon tumbled over and over through the air, and why even the daughters of Helios were changed into trees beside the moaning Eridanos, and from their leafy trees drop sparkling tears into the stream.

103 In answer, friendly Hermes opened his mouth and noised out his inspired tale to Bacchos eagerly listening:

99
For the literary history of Phaëthon from Alexandrian times on, see G. Knaack, Quaestiones Phaëthonticae, Berlin 1886.

* The Zodiac (because all the planets move within it). The Greeks called the seven heavenly bodies planets; these
DIONYSIACA, XXXVIII. 105-131

105 "Dionysos, joy of mankind, shepherd of human life! If sweet desire constrains you to hear these ancient stories, I will tell you the whole tale of Phaethon from beginning to end."

108 "Loudbooming Oceanos, girdled with the circle of the sky, who leads his water earth-encompassing round the turning point which he bathes, was joined in primeval wedlock with Tethys. The watery bridegroom begat Clymene, fairest of the Naiads, whom Tethys nursed on her wet breast, her youngest, a maiden with lovely arms. For her beauty Helios pined, Helios who spins round the twelvemonth light-gang, and travels the sevenzone circuit —Helios dispenser of fire was afflicted with another fire! The torch of love was stronger than the blaze of his car and the shining of his rays, when over the bend of the reddened Ocean as he bathed his fiery form in the eastern waters, he beheld the maiden close by the way, while she swam naked and sported in her father's waves. Her body gleamed in her bath, she was one like the full Moon reflected in the evening waters, when she has filled the compass of her twin horns with light. Half-seen, unshod, the girl stood in the waves shooting the rosy shafts from her cheeks at Helios; her shape was outlined in the waters, no stomacher hid her maiden bosom, but the glowing circle of her round silvery breasts illuminated the stream.

130 "Her father united the girl to the heavenly charioteer. The lightfoot Seasons acclaimed Cly-

were the real planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and also the sun and moon. Thus the Zodiac is called seven-zoned. Note that they did not regard the Earth as a planet, and did not know the planets Uranus and Neptune."
καὶ γάμου Ἡλείουοις ἀμφι δὲ Νήμφαι
Νήθιδες ὄρχησαν υπὲρ ὑδατώντι δὲ παστὴρ
εὐλοχος στραπέττοι γάμῳ νυμφεῖτο κοῦρην,
καὶ ψυχροὶς μελέσσαν ἐδέξατο θερμὸν ἀκοίτην.
ἀστραίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐγὼς θαλαμηπόλος αἰγλῆ,
καὶ μέλος εἰς Ἰμέναιον αἰέπλεκε Ὀκτῳδὸς ἀστήρ,
συζυγίας προκελεύθης Ἐκασφόρος· ἀντὶ δὲ παῦσθη
νυμφιὰν ἀκτίνα γαμοστόλον εἴρη Σελήνη·
'Ἐσπερίδες δ' ἀλάλαζον ἥ' δ' ἁμα Ἡθεὶς νύμφη
Ὡκεανὸς κελάδης μέλος πολυπίδακε λαμών.

Καὶ Κλυμένης γονὸντες γάμῳ κυμαίνετο γαστήρ,
καὶ βρέφος ὠδίνουσα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῦ
γενάτος θέσκελον νῦν φασαφόρου· ἀμφί δὲ κοῦρω
τικτομένω κελάδης μέλος πατρών ἁθήνη·
Ὡκεανὸς δὲ θύγατρες ἀποθρόσσεοντα λοχεῖς
νῦεα παππόουσιν ἐφαιδρύναιτο λοετρῶς·
σπάργανα δ' ἀμφεβάλοιτο,
καὶ ἀστέρες αἰθοπὶ παλμῷ
eἰς ὄνοι τοὺς ἐθήμορος Ὀκεανοῦ
κοῦρον ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ Ἐπείθεια Σελήνη
μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπονα σελαφόρον· Ἡλείος δὲ
νιέο ἄδηκεν ἔχειν ἐνώ μνημοί μαρτυρὶ μορφὴ
ἀρμονον· ἠθεῖον γαρ ὑπ' ἀστρέπτοντι προσώπῳ
Ὡλείος γενετήρος ἐπέπρεπε σύγγονος αἰγλῆ.

Πολλάκι παιδοκόμουσιν ἐν ἡθεῖοι ἀβροῦν ἀθυρὸν
Ὡκεανὸς Φαεύστα τα παλιδιπτην ἀέρων
gαστρὶ μέσῃ κοῦφιζε, δε' ὑποσκό χεῖριν
ἀστατον αὐτοέλεκτον ἁλῆμον σύνδρομον αὐρη
ἡράθην παλύροφον ἐδέξατο κοῦρον ἀγορητῶ,
καὶ πάλιν ἡκοντίζει· δε' ἐπὶ τροχοειδεὶ παλμῷ
χειρὸς ὑματρεπτοῦ παράπτροπος Ὀκεανοῦ
διωτῆ ὀστροφάλιγγι κατήρισεν εἰς μέλαιν ὕδωρ,
DIONYSIACA, XXXVIII. 132-162

mene's bridal with Helios Lightbringer, the Naiad Nymphs danced around; in a watery bridal-bower the fruitful maiden was wedded in a flaming union, and received the hot bridegroom into her cool arms. The light that shone on that bridal bed came from the starry train; and the star of Cypris, Lucifer, herald of the union, wove a bridal song. Instead of the wedding torch, Selene sent her beams to attend the wedding. The Hesperides raised the joy-cry, and Oceanos beside his bride Tethys sounded his song with all the fountains of his throat.

142 "Then Clymene's womb swelled in that fruitful union, and when the birth ripened she brought forth a baby son divine and brilliant with light. At the boy's birth his father's ether saluted him with song; as he sprang from the childbed, the daughters of Oceanos cleansed him, Clymene's son, in his grandsire's waters, and wrapt him in swaddlings. The stars in shining movement leapt into the stream of Oceanos which they knew so well, and surrounded the boy, with Selene our Lady of Labour, sending forth her sparkling gleams. Helios gave his son his own name, as well suited the testimony of his form; for upon the boy's shining face was visible the father's inborn radiance.

155 "Often in the course of the boy's training Oceanos would have a pretty game, lifting Phaëthon on his midbelly and letting him drop down; he would throw the boy high in the air, rolling over and over moving in a high path as quick as the wandering wind, and catch him again on his arm; then he would shoot him up again, and the boy would avoid the ready hand of Oceanos, and turn a somersault round and round till he splashed into the dark
μάντις ἐοὐ θανάτοιο γέρων δ᾽ ὠμώξε νοῆσας, θέσφατα γυνώσκων, πινυτῇ δ᾽ ἐκρυψέ σωπῆ, μὴ Κλυμένης φιλόπαιδος ἀπενθέα θυμόν ἀμύξῃ πικρὰ προθεσπίζων Φαεθοντιάδος λίια Μοῖρης.

Καὶ πάις ἀρτικόμιστος ἔχων ἀνίουλον ὑπῆνεν πῇ μὲν ἐής Κλυμένης δόμον ἀμφετε, πῇ δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς Ὀρινακής λεμόνα μετήιεν, ἧχι θαμίζων Λαμπετή παρέμιμνε, βοᾶς καὶ μήλα νομεύον... 170 πατρός ἐοῦ ζαθείου φέρων πόθον ἰμιοχίος, ἄξονα τεχνήτεντι συντήρμοσε δούρας δεσμών, κυκλώσας τροχόειτα τύπων ψευδήμον δίφρω: ἀσκήσας δὲ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀνθοκόμων ἀπὸ κῆπων πλέξας λεπταλέουσι λύγοις τριελικτον ἰμάσθην ἀρνείοις πισύροισι νέους ἐπέδθηκε χαλινωίς... καὶ νόθουν εὐποιήτου Ἐωσφόρου ἀστέρα τεῦχων ἄνθεσιν ἀργεννοίσιν, ἵσον τροχειδίε κύκλω, θηκεν ἐής προκέλευθων ἐυκινίμιδος ἀπήτης, ἀστέρος Ἡώοιο φέρων τύπων ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις ὀρθῶν ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα φερανγία δαλῶν ἐρείσας ψευδομέναις ἀκτίων ἐοῦ μμεῖτο τοκῆ, ἰππεύων στεφανηδὸν ἀλκτυπον ἀντυγκα νήσου.

'Αλλ' ὅτ' ἀντεξητο φέρων εὐανέθεαν ἱβην, πολλάκι πατρώχης φλογὸς ἱματο, χειρὶ δὲ βαυῆ κούφισε θερμά λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἰμάσθην, καὶ τροχὸν ἀμφιπόλευ, καὶ ἀμφαφῶν δέμας ἂπων χιονέαις παλάμησιν ἐτέρπετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων δεξιτερῇ δ᾽ ἐφαυε πυρβλήτου χαλινοῦ.

μαϊνετο δ᾽ ἱπποσύνης μεθέπων πόθον ἐξομενὸς δὲ 190 γούνας πατρώχοις ἤκτησια δάκρυνα λείβων

* The island (later identified with Sicily) where the cattle
waters, prophet of his own death. The old man groaned when he saw it, recognizing the divine oracle, and hid all in prudent silence, that he might not tear the happy heart of Clymene the loving mother by foretelling the cruel threads of Phaëthon's Fate. 

167 "So the boy, hardly grown up, and still with no down on his lip, sometimes frequented his mother Clymene's house, sometimes travelled even to the meadows of Thrinacia,\(^a\) where he would often visit and stay with Lampetie, tending cattle and sheep . . . There he would long for his father the charioteer divine; made a wooden axle with skilful joinery, fitted on a sort of round wheel for his imitation car, fashioned yoke-straps, took three light withies from the flowering garden and plaited them into a lash, put unheard-of bridles on four young rams. Then he made a clever imitation of the morning star round like a wheel, out of a bunch of white flowers, and fixed it in front of his spokewheeled waggon to show the shape of the star Lucifer. He set burning torches standing about his hair on every side, and mimicked his father with fictitious rays as he drove round and round the coast of the seagirt isle.

184 "But when he grew up into the fair bloom of youth, he often touched his father's fire, lifted with his little hand the hot yokestraps and the starry whip, busied himself with the wheel, stroked the horses' coats with snow-white hands—and so the playful boy enjoyed himself. With his right hand he touched the fireshotted bridle, mad with longing to manage the horses. Seated on his father's knees, he shed imploring tears, and begged for a run with of the Sun were, see Od. xii. 127; Lampetie was in charge of them.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

γένετης ἀνένευεν ο̣̃ δὲ πλέον ἤδει μέδων αἰτίζων λιτάνευε· παρηγορεῶν δὲ ἐπὶ δίφρων υψπόρων νέον υπὸ φιλοστόργον φαίτο φωνῇ.

"Ω τέκος Ἡλέωιο, φίλον γένος Ἡκσανοίο, ἀλλο γέρας μάστευε· τί σοι ποτὲ δίφρως Ὀλύμπου; ἰπποσύνης αἰκίχητον ἐὰν δρόμων οὐ δίπασαν γάρ ἱθύνει ἐμὸν ἀρμα, τὸ περ μόγις ἕμισχον. οὐ ποτε θυροὔς Ἀρης φλογεράς κέκομιστο κεφαλῷ, ἀλλὰ μέλος σάλπιγγι καὶ οὐ βρονταῖον ἀράσσει· οὐ νεφέλας Ἡφαίστος οὐ γενετήρου ἀγέραι, οὐ νεφεληγερέτης κικλήσκεται οἷά Κρονίων, ἀλλὰ παρ’ ἐσχαρεῶν σιδήρεων ἀκρον νέπτει, ἀσθμασὶ ποιητοῖς χέων ποιητῶν ἀήτην κύκνον ἔχει πτερόειτα, καὶ οὐ ταχύν ἱππῶν Ἀπόλλων· οὐ στεροπὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀερτάζει γενετήρος Ἐρμῆς ῥάβδουν ἔχων, οὐκ αἰγίδα πατρὸς ἀείρᾳ. ἀλ’ ἐρεῖς· "Ζαγρῆ πόρεν σπαθῆρα κεφαλοῦ. Ζαγρεὺς σκηπτὸν ἀείρῳ, καὶ ὁμίλησεν ὀλέθρῳ. ἄξεο καὶ σὺ, τέκος, παγομοία πίματα πάσχειν. Εἰπε, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισε· πάις δὲ γενητορά νήσσων δάκρυσι θερμότεροισιν ἐοὺς ἐδύμιε χιτῶνας· χεραὶ δὲ πατρώης φλογερῆς ἐφαυσεν ὑπήρῃς, ὀκλαδὸν ἐν δαπέδῳ κυκλομενον αἰχεία καμπτων, λισσόμενος· καὶ παίδα πατήρ ἐλέαρε δοκεῖνων. καὶ κυνρή Κλυμένη πλέον ἦτεεν· αὐτάρ ὁ θυμῷ ἐμπέδα γυνώσκων ἀμετάτροπα ἥματα Μοῖρης ἀσχαλῶν ἐπένευσεν, ἀποσμῆξας δὲ χιτῶν μυρομένου Φαέθοντος ἀμειδέος ὄμβρον ὀπωσὶς χείλεα παιδὸς ἐκυσσε, τόσην δ’ ἐφθέγγατο φωνῆ. 106
the fiery chariot and heavenly horses. His father said no, but he only begged and prayed all the more with gracious pleading. Then the father said in affectionate words to his young son in the highfaring car:

196 "Dear son of Helios, dear grandson of Oceanos, ask me another boon; what have you to do with the chariot of the sky? Let alone the course of horsemanship. You cannot attain it, for you cannot guide my car—I can hardly drive it myself! Furious Ares never armed him with flaming thunderbolt, but he blares his tune with a trumpet, not with thunder. Hephaistos never collects his father's clouds; he is not called Cloudgatherer like Cronion, but hammers his iron anvil in the forge, and pours artificial blasts of artificial wind. Apollo has a winged swan, not a running horse. Hermes keeps his rod and wears not his father's aegis, lifts not his father's fiery lightning. But you will say—"He gave Zagreus the flash of the thunderbolt." Yes, Zagreus held the thunderbolt, and came to his death! Take good care, my child, that you too suffer not woes like his."

212 "So he spoke, but the boy would not listen; he prodded his father and wetted his tunic with hotter tears. He put out his hands and touched his father's fiery beard; kneeling on the ground he bent his arched neck, pleading, and when the father saw, he pitied the boy. Clymene cried and begged too. Then although he knew in his heart the immovable inflexible spinnings of Fate, he consented regretful, and wiped with his tunic the rain of tears from the smiling face of sad Phaëthon, and kissed the boy's lips while he said:
NONNOS

'Dώδεκα πάντες έσσι πυρώδεος αιθέρος οἶκοι, Ζωδιακοῦ γλαφυροῖο πεπηγότες ἀντυγι κύκλου, κεκρυμένοι στοιχεῖον ἐπήτριμοι, οίς ἐν μούνοις λοξῇ πουλυέλκτος ἀπαρπιτός ἔστι πλανήτων ἀσταθέων. καὶ ἐκαστόν ἐλὶς Κρόνος οἶκον ἀμείβαι ἐμπύζων βαρύγουνος, ἐως μόγις ὄψε τελέσῃ εἰκοσι καὶ δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστιον Σελήνης, ζώνης ἐβδομάτης ὑπὲρ ἀντυγι ο.addColumn(0x80, 0x80, 0x80, 0x80)δε ἕκτης ὑκύτερον γενετήρος έχει δρόμον ἀντίπορος Ζεύς, καὶ δρόμον εἰς λυκάβαντα διέρχεται:

ἐν τριτάτη δὲ . . .

ήμαιν ἐξήκοντα παρέρχεται ἐμπυρος Ἀρης, γείτων σείο τοκῆος ἐπαντέλλων δὲ τετάρτη τοῦτος ἐγὼ στεφανηδόν ὅλον πόλον ἀρμασι τέμνω οὐρανίων 'Ελίκων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα διώκων, μετὰ χρόνου πισύρησι φερών κυκλούμενος Ὄμης, τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσσαν, ἑως ὅλου οἴκου ὄδείσω, πλήσας ἥθαδα μὴν τελεσφόρον οὐδὲ πορεῖν καλλείψας ἀτέλεστον ὅπιστερον οἴκον ἀμείβω, οὐδὲ πάλιν προκέλευθοι, ἐπεί πολυκαμμεῖς ἄλλοι ἀστέρες ἀντιθέουτες ἄει στείχουσιν ἀλήται, ἂφ δὲ ἀνασειράζοτες ἄμα πρόσω καὶ ὀπίσω ἡμιτελῆ μεθέσουσι παλιλλυτα μέτρα κελεύθου, δέγμενοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐμὴν ἐπερόσσουτοι αἰγλῆν ὀίς ἐνι λευκαίνουσα πόλον κερόεσσα Σελήνη κύκλον ὅλον πλήσασα σοφῶ πυρὶ μὴν λοχεύει, μεσοφανής, ἐπίκυρτος, ἀλὼ πληθεύσα προσώπων.

\*\(=\) i.e. Saturn takes two and a half years to traverse one sign (30°), and therefore thirty years for the whole Zodiac.
\(=\) A line to this effect has perhaps been lost. The counting is very odd: Saturn is "seventh," i.e. from the earth, but Ares "third," i.e. counting from Saturn.
\(=\) The sun (regarded by the Greeks as a planet) never re-
"There are twelve houses in all the fiery ether, set in the circle of the rounded Zodiac, one close after another in a row, each separate; through these alone is the inclined winding path of the restless planets rolling in their courses. All round these Cronos crawls from house to house on his heavy knees along the seventh zone upon the circle, until at last with difficulty he completes thirty circuits of returning Selene. On the sixth, quicker than his father, Zeus has his course opposite, and goes his round in a lichtgang. By the third, fiery Ares passes [one sign that is, of the Zodiac] in sixty days, near your father. I myself rise in the fourth, and traverse the whole sky garland-wise in my car, following the winding circles of the heavenly orbits. I carry the measures of time, surrounded by the four Seasons, about the same centre, until I have passed through a whole house and fulfilled one complete month as usual; I never leave my journey unfinished and change to a backward course, nor do I go forward again; since the other stars, the planets, in their various courses always run contrary ways: they check backwards, and go both to and fro; when the measures of their way are half done they run back again, thus receiving on both sides my one-sided light. One of these planets is the horned moon whitening the sky; when she has completed all her circuit, she brings forth with her wise fire the month, being at first half seen, then curved, then full moon with her whole face. trogresses, as the other planets appear to do (ἀνασειράζοντες). As half the other planets (including the moon) are above and half below him (on the geocentric theory), each of them gets his light from one side only.

The curving outline between first quarter and full moon (Stegemann).
Against the moon I move my rolling ball, the sparkling nourisher of sheafproducing growth, and pass on my endless circuit about the turning-point of the Zodiac, creating the measures of time. When I have completed one whole circle passing from house to house I bring off the lichtgang. Take care of the crossing-point itself,\(^a\) lest when you come close, rounding the cone of darkness with your car, it should steal all the light from your overshadowed chariot. And in your driving do not stray from the usual circuit of the course, or be tempted to leave your father’s usual goal by looking at the five parallel circles \(^b\) with their multiple bond of long encompassing lines, or your horses may run away and carry you through the air out of your course. Do not, when you look about on the twelve circles \(^c\) as you cross them, hurry from house to house. When you are driving your car in the Ram, do not try to drive over the Bull. Do not seek for his neighbour, the Scorpion moving among the stars, the harbinger of the plowtree,\(^d\) when you are driving under the Balance, until you complete the thirty degrees.\(^e\)

\[^a\] Just listen to me, and I will tell you everything. When I reach the Ram, the centre \(^f\) of the universe, the navel-star of Olympos, I in my exaltation let the Spring increase; and crossing the herald of the west wind, the turning-line which balances night equal with day, I guide the dewy course of that

\(^{\text{c An absurd inaccuracy for the 12 signs.}}\)
\(^{\text{d The beginning of autumn ploughing.}}\)
\(^{\text{e The distance from the beginning of one sign to the beginning of the next is 30 degrees. What follows describes the Sun’s yearly course through the Signs.}}\)
\(^{\text{f More absurdity; Aries is the starting-point on the circle of the Zodiac, not the centre of anything.}}\)
ιθύνω δροσόεντα χελιδονίης δρόμον. Ὡρης:
Κριοῦ δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἐνερτερον ὀλον αμέβων,
χηλαῖς ἐν διδύμησιν ἵσμερα φέγγεα πέμπων,
ἐντύνω παλίνορος ἰσόζυγον ἵμαρ ὀμίχλη,
καὶ δρόμον εἰσοσφυλλον ἄγω φθινοπωρίδος Ὡρης,
φέγγει μειστέρω χραμαλῆν ἐπὶ νύσσαν ἐλαύνων
φυλλοχῶν ἐνι μηνὶ· καὶ ἀνάρασι χείμα κομίζω
ὀμβριον ἰχθυόντος ὑπὲρ μάχιν Λιγοκερῆς,
ἀγρονόμοις ἱνα γαία φερέσθια δώρα λοχεύσῃ,
νυμφίον ὀμβρον ἔχουσα καὶ εἰλιθνιαν ἑραση
καὶ θέρος ἐντύνω σταχυχμόμον ἄγγελον ὀμπνῆς,
θερμοτέραις ἀκτίσι πυρώδεα γαῖαν ἰμάσσων,
ὑμπενήσ παρὰ νύσσαν ὦτ' εἰς δρόμον ἡνωχεύω
Καρκίνων, ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπεος Λιγοκερῆς,
ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Νείλου ὁμοῦ καὶ βότρυν αέων.
ἀρχομενος δ' ὑπὸ δρόμου μετέρχεο γείτονα Κέρην,
Φωσφόρον ἀπλανεος μεθέπων πομπῆα κελεύθου
ἵπποσύνης προκέλευθον· ἀμοιβαίη δ' ἰπότι
ὅσον δρόμον ιθύνουσι δυσδεκα κυκλάδες Ὡραι.

Ὡς εἴπων Φαέθωντος ἐπεστήρεξε καρήνω
χρυσείν τρυφάλειαν, ἐώς δὲ μιν ἐστηκε πυρσῶ,
ἐπτατόνου ἀκτίνας ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίζας,
κυκλόσας στεφανηδόν ἐπ' ἰξίου λευκάδα μίτρην,
καὶ μιν ἀνεκλαίνωσεν ἐὼ πυρόειν χιτώνι
καὶ πόδα φοινίσσοντι διεσφήκοσε πεδίλω.
παιδὶ δὲ δύρων ἐδώκε· καὶ ἦπερ ἀπὸ φάτνης
ἵπποις Ὡ.Νείλοιο πυρώδειας ἡγαγον Ὡ.Ραι:
καὶ θρασύς εἰς ζυγόν ἠδεν Ἐσωφόρος,
ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῷ
ἵπποιν αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεκλήσατο λεπάδων.

Καὶ Φαέθων ἐπέβαινε· δίδον δὲ οἱ ἦπεί πάλλειν,

* The summer solstice.  
* Cf. xvi. 45.
Season when the swallow comes. Passing into the lower house, opposite the Ram, I cast the light of equal day on the two hooves; and again I make day balanced equally with dark on my homeward course when I bring in the leafshaking course of the autumn Season, and drive with lesser light to the lower turning-point in the leafshedding month. Then I bring winter for mankind with its rains, over the back of fishtailed Capricorn, that earth may bring forth her gifts full of life for the farmers, when she receives the bridal showers and the creative dew. I deck out also corn-tending summer the messenger of harvest, flogging the wheatbearing earth with hotter beams, while I drive at the highest point of my course in the Crab, who is right opposite to the cold Capricorn: both Nile and grapes together I make to grow.

287 "'When you begin your course, pass close by the side of Cerne, and take Lucifer as guide to lead the way for your car, and you will not go astray; twelve circling Hours in turn will direct your way.'

291 "'After this speech, he placed the golden helmet on Phaëthon's head and crowned him with his own fire, winding the seven rays like strings upon his hair, and put the white kilt girdlewise round him over his loins; he clothed him in his own fiery robe and laced his foot into the purple boot, and gave his chariot to his son. The Seasons brought the fiery horses of Helios from their eastern manger; Lucifer came boldly to the yoke, and fastened the horses' necks in the bright yokestraps for their service.

301 "'Then Phaëthon mounted, Helios his father gave

\[c\] The Sun has twelve minor hours attendant upon him, which are elsewhere assigned to the months, here clearly to the hours of the day.
Ηνία μαρμάριοντα καὶ αἰγλήσαναν ἰμάσθλην
'Ἡλίως γενέτης· τρομερῇ δ' ἐλαλίζετο σιγῇ,
υίεα γυνώσκων μινώρων ἐγκύθεὶ δ' ὁ χόθες
ήμφανής Κλυμένη φλογερῶν ἐπιβήτωρα δίφρων
derκομένη φιλότεκνος ἐπίλλετο χάρματι μήτηρ.
"Ἡδη δὲ δροσόεις ἀμπαρίσσετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ,
καὶ Φαέθων ἀνέτελεν Ἑώνοις ἀντιγα βαίνων,
υδαι παππώσας λελουμένος Ἡκέανοιο.
καὶ θραύσει εὐφαέων ἐλατήρ ἱψάρομοι ἔπων
οὐρανοῦ ἕσκοπίσαζε χορῷ κεχαραγμένον ἀστρών,
ἐπτὰ περὶ ζώνας κυκλουμένον· ἔδει ἀλήτας
ἀντιπόρους, καὶ γαῖαν ὀμοῖον ἔδρακε κέντρῳ
μεσσόπαγη, δολιχήσαν ἀνυψωθεῖσαν ἑρύταις,
πάντοθι πυργωθεῖσαν ὑπωρόφιοισιν ἄτασις.
καὶ ποταμοῦς σκοπίσαζε, καὶ ὀφρίας Ἡρεανόιο
ἀψ ἀνασειράζοντος ἐών ῥόον εἰς ἔον υδώρ.
"Οφρα μὲν ὄμη τίτανεν
ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ χύσιν ἀστρῶν
καὶ χθονὸς αἰώλα φίλα καὶ ἀστατα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
pαπταίνων ἐλικηδόν ἀτέρμονος ἔδραν κόσμου·
τόφρα δὲ δινηθήντες ὑπὲρ ξιγνὸν αἴθοπες ἔπων
Ζωδίακον παράμειβον ἐθήμονος ἀντίγα κύκλω.
καὶ Φαέθων ἀδίδακτος, ἔχων πυρόσχοιν ἰμάσθλην,
φαίνετο1 μαστίζων λόφον ἔπων· οἱ δὲ μακεντεῖ,
κέντρον ὑποπτήσοντες ἀφειδέος ἱμοχής,
ἀρχαίς ἀέκοντες ὑπὲρ βαλβίδα κελεύθουν
ἀξονήν παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμων ἐτρεχον ἔπων,
δεχνύμενοι κτύποιν ἀλλον ἐθήμονος ἱμοχής.
καὶ Νότιον παρὰ τέρμα καὶ ἄρκτα νῶτα Βορήθος
ἂν κλόνος. οὐρανοὶ δὲ παριστάμεναι πυλεών
ἀλλοφανές νόθον ἦμαρ ἐθάμβεον εὐποδες Ὡραί·

1 So mss.: Ludwicg μαίνετο.
him the reins to manage, shining reins and gleaming whip: he shook in trembling silence, for he understood that his son had not long to live. Clymene his mother could be half seen near the shore, as she watched her dear son mounting the flaming car, and shook with joy.

307 "Already Lucifer was sparkling, that dewy star, and Phaëthon rose traversing the eastern ambit, after his bath in the waters of Oceanos his grandsire. The bold driver of brilliant horses, running on high, scanned the heavens dotted with the company of the stars, girdled about by the seven Zones; he beheld the planets moving opposite, he saw the earth fixed in the middle like a centre, uplifted on tall cliffs and fortified on all sides by the winds in her caverns, he scanned the rivers, and the brows of Oceanos, driving back his own water into his own stream.

318 "While he directed his eye to the upper air and the flood of stars, the diverse races of earth and the restless back of the sea, gazing round and round on the foundations of the infinite universe, the shining horses rolled along under the yoke over their usual course through the zodiac. Now inexperienced Phaëthon with his fiery whip could be seen flogging the horses' necks; they went wild shrinking under the goad of their merciless charioteer, and all unwilling they ran away over the limit of their ancient road beyond the mark of the zodiac, expecting a different call from their familiar driver. Then there was tumult along the bounds of the South and the back of the North Wind: the quickfoot Seasons at the celestial

* i.e. she was up to her waist in water.
NONNOS

έτρεμε δ’ ἡριγένεια· καὶ θαλε Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ·
Πῇ φέρεαι, φίλε κούρε;
τί μαίνεαι ἰππον ἐλαύνων;
φείδεο σής μάστιγος ἀγήνορος· ἀμφιτέρων δὲ
πλαξομένων πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀπλανέων χορὸν ἀστρών.

μὴ θραύσῃ Ἄριων σε κατακτεῖνει μαχαίρῃ,
μὴ ῥοπάλῳ πυρόεντι γέρων πλήξεις Βοώτης,
πλαγκτῆς δ’ ἱπποσύνης ἐτι φείδεο, μηδὲ σε μακρῷ
γαστέρι τυμβεύσειν ἐν αἰθέρι Κήτος Ὀλύμπου,
μηδὲ σε δαιτρεύσειε Λέων, ἣ Ταύρος Ὀλύμπου

αὐχένα κυρτώσας φλογερῆ πλήξεις κεραίᾳ·
ἐξε Τοξευτῆρα, τιτανομεῖγς ἀπὸ νευρῆς
μὴ σε πυργιλώχωι κατακτεῖειν ὁστῷ.
μὴ χάος ἄλλο γένοιτο, καὶ αἰθέρος ἀστρα φανεῖ

ήματος ἰσταμένῳ, μεσημβρίζοιτι δὲ δίφρων
ἀστάτος ἡριγένεια συναίτησει Σελήνη.

"Ὡς φαμέιον Φαέθων πλέον ἠλιανεί,
ἀρμα παρέλκων

εἰς Νότων, εἰς Βορέην,
Ζεφύρου σχεδόν, ἐγχίθειν Εὔρον.
καὶ κλόνοις αἰθέρος ἦν, ἀκινήτιοι δὲ κόσμου
ἀρμονίην ἑτάναξεν· ἐδοχμωθῆ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
αἰθέρι δινήγατι μέσος τετορημένος ἤξων.
καὶ μόνης αὐτοεξουτος ἐλαφρίζων πόλον ἀστρών

ὀκλαδόν ἐστήρικτο Λίβυς κυρτούμενος "Ἀτλας,
μεῖζον φόρτον ἐχών" καὶ ὑσῖμερον ἐκτοθεν "Ἀρκτοῦν
κύκλον ἐπιξύων ἐλικώδει γαστέρος ὀλκῷ
σύνδρομος ἁστερόειν Δρακῶν ἐπεσύρισε Ταύρῳ,
καὶ Κυνὶ σειράοιτι Λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
αἰθέρα θερμαίνων μαλερῷ πυρί, καὶ θραύσε ἐστῇ

Καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην κλονέων λασιόρμηαι παλμῷ·
οὐρανίῳ δὲ Λέοντος ὀπισθιδίῳ παρὰ ταρσῷ
gate wondered at the strange and unreal day, Dawn trembled, and star Lucifer cried out.

333 "Where are you hurrying, dear boy? Why have you gone mad with reins in your hand? Spare your headstrong lash! Beware of these two companies—both planets and company of fixed stars, lest bold Orion kill you with his knife, lest ancient Boötes hit you with fiery cudgel. Spare this wild driving, and let not the Olympian Whale entomb you in his belly in high heaven; let not the Lion tear you to pieces, or the Olympian Bull arch his neck and strike you with fiery horn! Respect the Archer, or he may kill you with a firebarbed arrow from his drawn bowstring. Let there not be a second chaos, and the stars of heaven appear at the rising day, or erratic Dawn meet Selene at noonday in her car!"

347 "As he spoke, Phaëthon drove harder still, drawing his car aside to South, to North, close to the West, near to the East. There was tumult in the sky shaking the joints of the immovable universe: the very axle bent which runs through the middle of the revolving heavens. Libyan Atlas could hardly support the selfrolling firmament of stars, as he rested on his knees with bowed back under this greater burden. Now the Serpent scraped with his writhing belly the equator far away from the Bear, and hissed as he met with the starry Bull; the Lion roared out of his throat against the scorching Dog, heating the air with ravening fire, and stood boldly to attack the eight claws of the Crab with his shaggy hair bristling, while the heavenly Lion’s thirsty tail flogged the Virgin hard by
Parthenon ἀγχικέλευθυν ἐμάστην δύμες οὐρή. Κοῦρη δὲ πτερώσεσα παραίζεσα Βοώτην ἀξοῦνος ἔγγυς ἰκανε καὶ ἀμίλησεν Ἄρμαξ. καὶ δυτικῇ παρὰ νῦσαν ἀλήμονα φέγγεα πέμπων Ἑσπεροῦν ἀντίκελευθυν Ἐωσφόρος ὀθεεν ἀστήρ· πλάζετο δ' ἤριγενεια. καὶ ἴθαδος ἀντὶ Λαγωνοῦ Σείριος αἰθαλόεις ἐδραῖατο διφάδος Ἀρκτοῦ. διχθὰ δὲ καλλεύφατες, ὦ μὲν Νότον, ὦς δὲ Βορῆα, Ἰχθύες ἀστερόντες ἐπεσκίρτησαν 'Ολύμπω, γεῖτονες Ἰδροχόοιο. κυβιστιτήρι δὲ παλμῷ σύνδρομος Αἰγοκέρης ἐλίξ ύρχησατο Δελφίς· καὶ Νότης ἐλικηδὸν ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου Σκορπίον ἀγχικέλευθυν, ἐς ψαυῶτα μαγαίρης, ἐτρεμεν �resenter καὶ ἐν ἀστρασὶ, μὴ βραδὺς ἔρπων ἀκρα ποδῶν ἔπεσε τὸ δεύτερον ὥέι κέμπρω· καὶ σέλας ἤμιτέλεστον ἀποπτύουσα προσώπου ἀκροκελαινώσα μεσθμεῖας ἀνθορε Μήης· οὐ γὰρ ὑποκλέπτουσα νόθον σέλας ἁρενε πυρῳ ἀντιπόρον Φαέθοντος ἀμέλγητο σύγγονον αἰγήν. Πληιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐλίξ ἐπτάστερος ἦχω οὐρανον ἐπτάζων ἐπέβρεμε κυκλάδι φωνῇ· καὶ κτύπων αἰθύσοντες ισηριθμιν ἀπὸ λαιμῶν ἀστέρες ἀντιβέντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀλῆται. Ζῆνα μὲν ὦθεε όυρής, Ἀρης Κρόνον, εἰαρνῆς δὲ Πλειάδος ἔγγυς ἰκανεν ἐμὸς μετατάστιος ἀστήρ. ἀστρασὶ δ' ἐπταπόροις κεράσας ἐρμφύλιον αἰγήν ἕμφανης ἀνέτελλεν ἐμθ παρά μήτερι Μαῖη, Ἀρματος ὑμάνιοι παράπτροπος, ὦ πέλεν αἰεί

a Leo lashed his tail so hard that it hit the next constellation, Virgo!

b “Thirsty,” because it never sets and so never touches the water.

118
his hind leg, and the winged Maiden darting past the Waggoner came near the pole and met the Wain. The Morning Star sent forth his straying light in the setting region of the West and pushed away the Evening Star who met him there. Dawn wandered about; blazing Sirius grabbed the thirsty Bear instead of his usual Hare. The two starry Fishes left one the South and one the North, and leapt in Olympos near Aquarius; the Dolphin danced in a ring and tumbled about with Capricorn. Scorpios also had wandered around from the southern path until he came near to Orion and touched his sword—Orion trembled even among the stars, lest he might creep up slowly and pierce his feet once again with a sharp sting. The Moon leapt up at midday, spitting off the half-completed light from her face and growing black on the surface, for she could no longer steal the counterfeit light from the male torch of Phaëthon opposite and milk out his inborn flame. The sevenstar voices of the Pleiades rang circling round the sevenzone sky with echoing sound; the planets from as many throats raised an outcry and rushed wildly against them. Cypris pushed Zeus, Ares Cronos; my own wandering star approached the Pleiad of Spring, and mingling a kindred light with the seven stars he rose halfseen beside my mother Maia—he turned away from the heavenly chariot, beside which he always runs or before it in the

When he was on earth, Orion was killed by the sting of a huge scorpion, and the two constellations commemorate this. Presumably six; one planet, the Sun, was otherwise engaged. There are six Pleiades, omitting the one (Electra) which is too dim to see clearly.

Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn.
The planet Mercury.
σύνδρομος ἡ προκέλευθος ἐώς, ἐσπέριος δὲ Ἡελίου δύνατος ὀπίστερα φέγγεα πέμπει·
καὶ μιν, ὅτε δρόμον ἵσων ἐχων ἰδόμοιρος ὀδεύει.
'Ἡελίου κραδήν ἐπεφήμισαν άδρόνες ἀστρῶν·
kαὶ δροσεραῖς νυφάδεσι διάβροχον αὐχένα πέχων
νυμφίως Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο Ταῦρος Ὁλύμπου,
eἰς δρόμον ὀρθώςας πόδα καμπύλων ὀξυτονές δὲ

δοχμώσας Φαέθοντι κέρας λοξόιαν μετώπου
ουρανήν φλογερήν ἐπέκτυπεν ἄντυγα χηλαίσι·
kαὶ θρασὺς ἐκ κολεοῖο παρῆρον αἰθοτί μηρῷ
'Ὤριων ἔψιφος εἰλκε· καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·
kαὶ ποδὸς ἀστραίων μετάρραγα γούνατα πάλλων
Πήγασος ἔχρεμέτιζε, καὶ αἰθύσαμιν πόλον ὑπλή
ἡμιφανὴς Λίβυς ἱππὸς ἐπέτρεχε γείτοιν Κύκνῳ,
kαὶ κοτέων πτερὰ πάλλεν, ὅπως πάλιν ἰμνηχῆ
ἀλλον ἀκοντίσσειν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸν
ἀντυγος οὐρανῆς ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην.

οὐκέτι δ' υψιπόροι Βορειάδος ἐγχειρίες ἴσας
ἀλλήλων ἐχόρευον ἔπ' ἰξυὶ κυκλάδες Ἀρκτοι,
ἀλλὰ Νότω μίσγοιτο, καὶ Ἐσπερίη παρὰ λίμη
ἀβροχον ἵχνος ἐλούσαν ἀἴθεος Ὁκεανοί.

Zeus δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεπρήμιξε κέραυνῷ

ψόθεν αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὲρ ῥόου 'Ἡρωδαῖοι·

δῆσας δ' ἀρμοινήν παλινάγρετον ἥλικε δεσμῷ
ἵππων 'Ἡελίῳ πάλιν ὑπάσσει, αἰθέριοιν δὲ

ἀντολή πόρεν ἂρμα, καὶ ἀρχαῖη παρὰ νύσῃ
ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος ἐπέτρεχοι εὔποδες Ὁραί.

γαῖα δὲ πάσα γέλασε τὸ δεύτερον ἡρόθεν δὲ

ζωοτόκου Δίως ὀμβρος ὅλας ἐκάθηρεν ἀρούρας,
καὶ διερηρῆ ῥαθάμιγγι κατέσβεσε πυρσον ἀλήτην.

120

NONNOS
morning, and in the evening when Helios sets he sends his following light, and because he keeps equal course with him and travels with equal portion, astronomers have named him the Sun's Heart. Europa's bride-groom the Olympian Bull bellowed, stretching his neck drenched with damp snowflakes; he raised a foot curved for a run, and inclining his head sideways with its sharp horn against Phaëthon, stamped on the heavenly vault with fiery hooves. Bold Orion drew sword from sheath hanging by his glowing thigh; Boötes shook his cudgel; Pegasos neighed rearing and shaking the knees of his starry legs—halfseen \(^a\) the Libyan courser trod the firmament with his foot and galloped towards the Swan his neighbour, angrily flapping his wings, that again he might send another rider hurtling down from the sky as he had once thrown Bellerophon himself out of the heavenly vault.\(^b\) No longer the circling Bears danced back to back beside the northern turningpost on high; but they passed to the south, and bathed their unwashen feet in the unfamiliar Ocean beside the western main.

\(^{410}\) "Then Father Zeus struck down Phaëthon with a thunderbolt, and sent him rolling helplessly from on high into the stream of Eridanos. He fixed again the joints which held all together with their primeval union, gave back the horses to Helios, brought the heavenly chariot to the place of rising; and the agile Hours that attended upon Phaëthon followed their ancient course. All the earth laughed again. Rain from lifebreeding Zeus cleared all the fields, and with moist showers quenched the wandering fires, all that

\(^a\) The figure of the constellation shows only the front half of the heavenly horse, here called Pegasos.

\(^b\) When he tried to ride to heaven on Pegasos's back.
ήσουν ἐπὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐριφλεγέων ἀπὸ λαμμάων οὐρανόθεν χρεμέθουσε ἀπέπτυνον αἴθοπες ἰπποι. Ἅλειος δ' ἀνέτελλε παλινδρομον ἅρμα νυμβών· καὶ σπόρος ἥέξητο, πάλιν δ' ἐγέλασαν ἅλωαι. δεχύμεναι προτέρην βιοτήσιον αἰθέρος αἰγλῆν.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπων ἑκελον Ἡμιόχω καὶ ἐπώνυμον οὐράνιον δὲ πήχει μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Ἀρμα τιταίων εἰς δρόμον ἁίσσοιτος ἔχει τύπον Ἡμιοχής, ὦν πάλιν ποθέων καὶ ἐν ἀστρασιν ἅρμα τοκής. καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος αἰχμάθει δὲ πόλον ἀστραν Ὁρίος ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐν ἀστερώειτι δὲ κύκλῳ Ἡρδανοῦ πυρόειτος ἐλίσσεται ἄγκυλον ὑδῷρ.
Γνωταὶ δ' ὡκυμόροιο δεδουπότος ἡμιοχής εἰς φυτὸν εἴδος ἁμειψαν, ὀδυρομένων δ' ἀπὸ δνδρων ἀφνειήν πετάλουσι κατασταλάουσιν ἐέροιν."
the glowing horses had spat whinnying from their flaming throats out of the sky over all the earth. Helios rose driving his car on his road again; the crops grew, the orchards laughed again, receiving as of yore the life-giving warmth from the sky.

424 "But Father Zeus fixed Phaethon in Olympos, like a Charioteer, and bearing that name. As he holds in the radiant Chariot of the heavens with shining arm, he has the shape of a Charioteer starting upon his course, as if even among the stars he longed again for his father's car. The fire-scorched river also came up to the vault of the stars with consent of Zeus, and in the starry circle rolls the meandering stream of burning Eridanos."

432 "But the sisters of the charioteer fallen to his early death changed their shape into trees, and from the weeping trees they distil precious dew out of their leaves."

* The Milky Way.  
* Amber.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΑΤΩΝ

'Εν δὲ τριήκοστῳ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσεις Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλέγεων στόλον Ἡ νιδών.

"Ως εἰπὼν ἀκίχτητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἠλθεν Ἑρμῆς, χάρμα λιπῶν καὶ θαύμα κασιγνήτω Διονύσῳ. Οφρα μὲν εἰσέτε Βάκχος ἀκομήτων χύσιν ἄστρων θάμβεε καὶ Φαέθοντα δεδουπότα, πῶς παρὰ Κελτοὺς Ἑσπερίῳ πυρίκαυτος ἐπιωλίσθησε πέθρῳ, τόφρα δὲ ηῆς ἰκανον ἐπῆλυσε, ἂς ἐνὶ πόνιῳ στοιχάδας ἰθύνοντες ἔς 'Ἀρεὰ ναύμαχον Ἡ νιδών ἀκλύστων Ῥαδαμάντες ἐναυτέλλοντο βαλάσσῃ, πόντον ἀμοιβαῖς ἐπιρρέσσοντες ἑρωϊς ὕσμιν ἑλατῆρες: ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ Λυκῷ ὀλκάσιν αὐτιτύπως ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἁήτης. καὶ Λύκος ἰγεμόνευεν ἐν ἱδαι δίφρου ἑλαύνων, ἰππείαις ἀχάρακτον ἐπιξύων ῥόου ὀπλαῖς.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ὑπέρτερος ὑψώθι πῦργων ἐσομεμένων νεφεληδὸν ἐδέρκετο λαῖθεα νηών ὀφθαλμῷ κοτέοντι, καὶ ὡς ὑπέροπλος ἀκούσαν, ἐγρεμόθουσι ὅτι ηῆς Ταραὶ τορνώσατο τέκτων, ὤμοσεν ὑλοτόμουσι οἳ εἰς Ἀράβεσσον Ἐννώ, καὶ πόλιν ἥπειλησεν ἀιστώσαι Λυκούργου.
BOOK XXXIX

In the thirty-ninth, you see Deriades after the flood trying to desert the host of fire-blazing Indians.

This story told, Hermes went into the heavens unapproachable, leaving joy and amazement to his brother Dionysos.

3 While Bacchos was wondering still at the confusion of the disordered stars, and Phaëthon’s fall, how he slipped down among the Celts into the Western river, firescorched, the foreign ships were arriving, which the Rhadamanes had been navigating over the tranquil sea, guiding their columns on the deep towards the Indian War of ships, splashing into the deep with alternating motions, oarsmen of battle; to suit the haste of Lyaios, a following wind whistled against the ships. And Lycos led them driving his car over the waters, and skimmed over the flood, where the horses’ hooves left no mark.

14 But gigantic Deriades high on his battlements saw with angry eye the sails of the ships like a cloud; and in his overweening pride, as he heard that an Arabian shipwright had built battle-rousing ships, he swore to make war on the woodcutting Arabs, and threatened to mow down the Rhadamanes with de-
ἀμήσας Ἀραδαμάντας ἀλοιπήρι σιδήρῳ, καὶ στόλον ἀδρήσατες ἀπαρβίες ἔτρεμον Ἰδδός, ἃ Ἀρεα παπταίνοντες ἀλίκτυπον, ἄχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ γούνατα τολμήσετο ἐλέετο Δημιοῦργος: ποιητῷ δὲ γέλωτι γαληναῖοι προσώπου Ἰδδός ἀναί ἐκέλευσε τρηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων ἢς ἐλεφαίτιβότοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δύσβατα γαῖς λαὸν ἁγείν· καὶ κραπτὸς ὥς ἀτραπόν ἡμεῖς ἄκριν· ποσαὶ πολυγνάμπτουσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἡς χθόνα βαῖνων καὶ στόλος ὑξὺς ἰκανει πολυπερέων ἀπὸ νήσων κεκλομένου βασιλῆς· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς αὐχένα τεῦχων, ὅλκαδας εὐπήληκας ἡς Ἀρεα ποιίτιον ἠλκων, λαὸν ὅλου θάρσουν, καὶ ἡμῶν φιάτο φωνή.

"Ἀνέρες, οὐς ἀτίταλλεν ἐμὸς μετέχαρμος Ἰδάσσης, ἄρτι πάλιν μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· αἰθόμενον δὲ ἄξατε πῦρ ἐς Ἀρη, καὶ ἄσπετον ἔφατε πεύκην. 35 νής ἢν φλέξομι νεήλυδας αἴσθοι δαλώ, καὶ στρατὸν ἐγροκέλευθον ἐνκρίψομι θαλάσσῃ σὺν δορί, σὺν θάρτηκι, σὺν ὀλκάσι, σὺν Διονύσῳ. εἰ θέος ἐπλετο Ἁβκχος, ἐμῶ πῦρ Ἁβκχον ὀλέσσω· οὐχ ἄλις, ὡς προχοῇ πολύτροπα φάρμακα πάσσων ἢ ἄνθει Θεσσαλικοίσιν ἐμὸν φοίνεξεν Ἰδᾶσσην, καὶ μν ὅδων σίγησα, καὶ ἶσος δὲστε λέοσσεν ἐτλὴν ἀναϊ δέθρα μεινομένων ποταμοί; εἰ γὰρ ἐν ἤρος ὄντος άπ' ἀλλοτρίῳ ποταμόι, μηδὲ πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἢς Ἅρημος Ἰδδός Ἰδᾶσσης, καὶ καὶ κεν ἡγω τόδε χένμα χυτῆς ἐπλησα κοινῆς ὁδην βοτρύοςαν ἀμαλδύνων Διονύσου, καὶ προχοῇ μεθύουσαν ἐμοὶ γενετήρος ὀδενῶν ποσαὶ κοινομένοις διέτρεχον ἅρροχον ὅῳρ, οἷα παρ' Ἀργείοισι φατίζεται, ἡς εἰνοσίχθων 126
DIONYSIACA, XXXIX. 20-50

stroying steel and to devastate the city of Lycurgos.¹ The fearless Indians trembled at sight of the fleet, when they surveyed the seabeaten armada, until even the knees of daring Deriades gave way. With a forced laugh on a calm face, the Indian king ordered men to be marshalled from three hundred islands along the unapproachable slopes of his elephantfeeding land. In haste a herald went on his way, travelling from land to land with many a twist and turn, and a fleet came with speed from the many scattered isles at the summons of their king: boldly he stretched his neck, and drew the helmeted ships into the maritime war, with words of encouragement to all his men which he uttered in high-hearted tones:

33 "My men, bred beside my standfast Hydaspes, now fight again with confidence! Bring flaming fire into battle, light unquenchable torches, that I may burn those newly come ships with blazing brand and sink in the sea that waterfaring host, with spear, with corselet, with ships, with Dionysos! If Bacchos is a god, I will destroy Bacchos with my fire. Is it not enough, that he has sprinkled those cunning poisons in the water and reddened my Hydaspes with Thessalian flowers? That I have looked on him in silence, and let myself quietly behold the yellow streams of my maddened river? For if that stream came from a foreign river, if the warlike Indian Hydaspes were not my own father, then I would have filled that flood with heaps of dust to drown the viny stink of Dionysos; I would have walked upon the drunken stream of my father and crossed unwetting water with dusty feet, as once it is said among the Argives that Earthshaker made

¹ The Lycurgos of books xx.-xxi.
ἐξερήσω τοίον, καὶ αὐτοῖς ποταμοῖς
Τιναχήν ἔπειτος οὐν ἐχάραξε κοίτην.
οὐ θεός, οὐ θεός οὐτος· εἰτὸν δ’ ἐθεύσατο φύλην
ποιῆσαι γὰρ Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἰγίδα πάλλει; 55
ποιῆσαι δ’ οὐρανίην στερεώσῃ γενετήρας ἀείρειν,
οὐ Κρονίδης κατ’ Ἀρην κορύσσαται οἰνοπίς κισσῷ.
οὐ τυπάνων πατάγοις μέλος βρεταιόν ἑίσκω,
οὐδὲ Δίος σκηπτοίσιν ὄρμων θύρας καλέσω,
οὐ χθονίωθεν θύρηκε Δίος νέφων ἱσον ἐνίφω.
νεpcion δακταλίῃ πότε ποτιλοῦν ἀστρον ἑίσκω;
ἀλλ’ ἔρεες, ὅτι βότρυν ἐδέξατο καὶ χύσιν οὖν
δῶρα παρὰ Κρονίωνος ἀειφύτευτοι τοκῆσιν:
Τρώιον αἷμα φέροιτι καὶ ἀγροῦχος τινὶ βούτη
Ζεὺς πόρεν οὐνοχῶι Γαμνῆρει νέκταρ Ὀλύμπιον, 65
νέκταρι δ’ οὐ πέλεν οὖνος ὀμοίως· εἶσατε, θύρας.
Βάκχος ὁμοῦ Σατύροισιν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἐλαπνάζειν·
δαύνται οὐρανίους σὺν αἴανῶτοις Γαμνῆρας. 60
εἰ δὲ πέλε βροτὸς οὗτος ἐσουρανίῳ τοκῆν,
σὺν Δίι καὶ μακάρεσι μιής ἐφαυση τραπέζης.
ἐκλυνον, ὡς ποτε θάκον ἐνα καὶ σκηπτρὸν Ὀλύμπιον
δῶκε γέρας Ζαγρῆν παλαιότερον Διονύσω,
ἀστερεψεν Ζαγρῆν καὶ ἀμπελὸν οἰνοπί Βάκχῳ.

Εἰπε καὶ εῖς μόθον ὥρτο· συνέρρωστο δὲ λαοὶ
σὺν δορὶ, σὺν σακέσσι, καὶ οὕμον ἐλπίδα νίκης 75
χερσαῖοι πολέμου μετέστησαντο δαλάσσῃ.
καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἐκέκλετο θυιάδε φωνῇ.

"Ἀρεος ἀλκίμα τέκνα καὶ εὐθωρηκὸς Άθηνᾶς,
οῖς βίος ἔργα μόθοι καὶ ἐλπίδες εἰσὶν ἀγώνες, 80

---

* In his anger because Phoroneus and the other princes of Argos adjudged their land to Hera; see [Apollodorus] ii. 13, Pausanias ii. 15. 5.

128
water dry, and a horse's hoof left his prints on the dust of river Inachos dried up."

53 "No god, no god is that man; he has lied about his birth. For what Olympian aegis of Cronion does he brandish? What spark has he of Zeus-thrown thunderbolt? What heavenly lightning of his father's does he lift? No Cronides equips himself for war with vineleaf and ivy! I cannot compare the music of thunder to rattling cymbals. I will not call the thyrsus anything like the thunderbolt of Zeus, I will not allow an earthly corselet to be equal to the clouds of Zeus. How can I liken a dappled fawnskin to the pattern of the stars?—But you will say, he received the grapes and the liquid wine as gifts from Cronion his father, who blesses the crops with increase. Well, Zeus gave Olympian nectar to one of Trojan blood, a country clown, a cowman, Ganymede the cupbearer, and wine is not equal to nectar: thyrsus, you have the worst of it! Bacchos feasts on earth with Satyrs; Ganymede banquets with the heavenly immortals. If this mortal had a heavenly father, he would have touched one board with Zeus and the Blessed. I have heard how Zeus once gave his throne and the sceptre of Olympos as prerogative to Zagreus the ancient Dionysos—lightning to Zagreus, vine to wineface Bacchos!"

74 He spoke, and away to battle. The people rushed together armed with spears, with shields, and now transferred their last hope of victory from land to sea. Then Dionysos called to his leaders with wild voice:

78 "Mighty sons of Ares and corseleted Athena, whose life is the works of war, whose hope is conflict!
NONNOS

σπεύσατε καὶ κατὰ πόστον ἀιστώσας γένος Ἰνδῶν, εἰναλίην τελέσατες ἐπιχθοῦνην μετὰ νίκην.

ἀλλὰ θαλασσαῖοι διάκτορα δηιστήτος,

ἐγχει διπλώσασις ὁμόπλοκα δίζηγα δεσμὸν

ναύμαχα κολλῆθετα, περὶ στόμα εἰμίνα χαλκῷ,

μίζατε δυσμενεύσαα ἀλπτοίητον Ἐνικῷ,

προφθάμενοι, μὴ χειρὶ πυραγία δαλὼν ἀείρων

Δημιάδης φλέξεες Ἀρήμα δωράτα ὕπων. ἀνάσφε φόβου μάνασθε, Μιμαλλῶνες ἵγρομόδων γάρ

ἐλπίδες ἀντιβῶν κενευχέος· εἰ δὲ μογήσας

φιλοποιν οὐκ ἐπέλεξαν ἐπὶ χαονὸς ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν, ἦλιβάτων λοφήσιν ἐφεδρήσασιν ὕλεφατων,

ἀγχινεφῆς, ἀκίχητος, ἀνοῦτατος, ἡρί γείτων,

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ προμάχων ποτὲ δεύομαι, οὐδὲ καλέσων

ἀλλον ἀδοσητῆρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα τοκήν,

ήμιοχον πόντοικο καὶ αἰθέρος· ἡν δ’ ἑθελήσω,

γνωτὸν ἐμοὶ Κρονίδαο Ποσειδάωνα κορύσσω

Ἰνδοῦνη στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνοιτα τριαίην·

καὶ πρόμον εὐρυγένειον, ἀπόσπορον ἐννοιαύιον,

Πλαύκον ἔχω συνάεθλον, ἐμῆς ὀτε γείτων Θῆβης,

πόντιων Ἀοινής Ἀιθιδῶνος ἀστόν ἀρούρης.

Πλαύκον ἔχω καὶ Φόρκων· ἰμασσομένην δὲ θαλάσση

ὅλκάδα Δημιάδαιος κατακρύψει Μελικέρτης,

κυδαίνων Δίονυσον ὀμόγνων, οὐ ποτὲ μήτηρ

νήπιον ἔτρεφε Βάκχοι, ἐπεὶ πόρε ποιτίας Ἰνώ

ἐν γλάγος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαιμῶν καὶ Διονύσω.

μαντιπόλοι δὲ γέροιτος, ὃς ἠμετέρην ποτὲ νίκην

ἐσομε ['',Kat' πόντον υποβρυχίη φάτο φωνῆ,

ἐμὶ φίλοις Πρωτῆος· ἐς ωμίτην δὲ κορύσσει

θυγατέρας Νηρῆος ἐμὴ 'Θέτις· ἐν δὲ κυδομοῖς

Βασσαρίδων συνάεθλος ἐμὴ δωρήσεται Ἰνώ·

θωρήξω δ’ ἐς 'Ἀρη καὶ Αἰόλων, ὀφρα νοῆσω
Make haste now—destroy the Indian race on the sea as well, and finish your land victory with another by sea! Come, take in hand those messengers of sea-warfare, spears coupled together with double rings, welded seapikes with bronze fixed at the mouth, and join sea-terrifying battle with your enemies—get in before them, that Deriades may not lift his fireblazing torch and burn up the warlike timbers of our ships. Fight without fear, Mimalones! For the hopes of our seafighting adversaries are all empty boasts. If for all his efforts the Indian chieftain could not finish off his war on land, seated on the neck of mountainous elephants, near the clouds, unapproachable, unwounded, a neighbour to the sky, then I never lack champions, I will call on no other helper after my father Cronion, charioteer of sea and sky; or if it please me, I will arm Poseidon the brother of my Cronides, to wipe out all the Indian host with his trident, and I have as my ally Earthshaker’s offspring Glaucos, the broadbearded champion, as neighbour of my own Thebes and seaborne inhabitant of the land of Aonian Anthedon—a—yes, Glaucos I have and Phorcys. And Melicertes will drown the vessel of Deriades flogged by the sea; he shall glorify Dionysos his kinsman, for his mother once nursed baby Bacchos, since Ino of the sea gave one milk to both Palaimon and Dionysos. I am also the friend of Proteus the Old Man prophetic, who told with a voice out of the deep waters my coming victory on the sea. My Thetis also prepares the daughters of Nereus for war, and in the battle my Ino is arming to help the Bassarids. Aiolos too I will arm for warfare, that I

\[a \text{ Cf. xiii. 73.} \]
\[b \text{ Cf. xxi. 289.} \]
Εύρον ἀκοντίζοιτα καὶ αἰχμάζοιτα Βορήα, γαμβρὸν ἐμὸν προμάχουν.

Μαραθωνιδος ἄρπαγα νύφης, καὶ Νότον Αἰθιοπία προασπιστήρα Λυκίου καὶ Ζέφυρος πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀκελθήτει κυδουμῷ ὀλκάδας αἰτιῶν δηλήσεται ἡμετέρον γὰρ εὐνέτω Ἠρων ἔχει Δίος ἁγγελον. ἀλλὰ σιωπῇ ἐκτὸθεν εὐθύρσοιο καὶ Ἰνδύοιο κυδομοῦ μμιμέτω ἡρεμέων θρασύς Λιόλος, ἦθαδί δεσμῷ ἁσκόν ἐπισφίγγας ἀνεμώδεα, μηδὲ ἐὰν πόνῳ ἀσθμασίν Ἰνδυφάνοισιν ἀριστεύσῳσιν ἀῆται: ἀλλὰ μόθον τελέσω ηὐφόθρᾳ θύρα τιταῖνων."

"Ὤς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσε πεποιθότας ἡγεμονής. ἦδη δὲ πτολέμιοι προαγγέλος ἱστατο σάλπιγξ, καὶ μέλος ἐγρηκύδουμον ἀνέκλαγον Ἄρεος αὐλοὶ λαὸν ἀολλίζοιτες, ἀρασσομεῖνη δὲ βοεῖη εἰναλίου κελάδησε μόθου χαλκόκροτον ἡχῶ, καὶ καναχήν ὀμόδουπον ἀγέστρατος ἱαχε σύριγξ: ἀντὶ δὲ πετραῖς πολεμήμα λείβανα φωνῆς Πανιάς ὑστερόφωνοι ἀμείβετο ποιτιάς Ἡχῶ."

Τοῦτο δὲ μαραθώνευσαν ἐγὼ κλόνος, ὦρτο δ’ Ἰώῃ κεκλομένῳ καὶ λαὸς ἑθήμοι καρνατο τέχνη κυκλώσας στεφάνηδον ὁλον στρατὸν, ἐν δ’ ἄρα μέσῳ νυσοὶν ὀμοζυγεσίοις ἐμιτρώθη στόλος Ἰνδών εἰς λίνον ἐργομένων νεπόδων τύπων. Αἰακίδαις δὲ Αἰακὸς ὑγρὸν "Ἀρηα προθεσπίζων Σαλαμίνος ἀρχόμενος πολέμοιο θεουδέα ῥήξατο φωνῆν." "Εἰ πάρος ἡμετέρην αἶων ἱκετήσιον ἡχὼ ἀσπορον εὐρυάλως ἀπῆλασε αὐχμὸν ἀρόφης,
may behold East Wind shooting arrows and North Wind hurling javelins—North Wind goodson of my champion and the spoiler of the Marathonian bride, South Wind the Ethiopian defender of Lyaios. West Wind also much more shall destroy the ships of my adversaries with stormy tumult, for he has to wife Iris the messenger of my father Zeus. No, better let bold Aiolos keep away from the battle of Indian and thyrsus and remain in peace and quiet; let him tie up tight his windy bag by its usual cord, that the winds may not be heroes on the deep and slay the Indians with their blasts. I will finish the battle shaking a ship-destroying thyrsus."

With these words, he armed his confident captains. Already the trumpet was there as harbinger of war, and the pipes of war gave out their battle-rousing tune collecting the army. The stricken shield sounded with bronze-rattling noise for the seafight, and the host-assembling syrinx mingled its piercing tones, and Pan's answering Echo came from the sea with faint warlike whispers instead of her rocky voice.

Then there was din amongst the fighters, and the noise of clamour arose. The host fought with their accustomed skill, and surrounded all the enemy in ring; the Indian fleet was in the middle girt about with an unbroken circle of ships like a shoal of fish enclosed in a net. Then Aiacos beginning the battle cried aloud with inspired voice this prophecy of the watery strife at Salamis for the descendants of Aiacos:

"If ever, O Zeus of the rains, thou hast heard our voice of prayer, and driven away seedless drought

a Erechtheus.
δυμαλέσαν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὤδωρ, δὸς πάλιν ὁμιτέλεστον ἵσθην χάριν, ὑέτε Ζεῦς, ὕδατί κυδαίνων με καὶ εἰπόδει καὶ τις ἐνώπιον νίκην ὑμετέρην δεδοκιμαίον τῶς ἐν γαῖῃ Ζεῦς ἐδόθη γέραις, καὶ ἐν πελάγεσσι γεραίρει. ἄλλος ἀνὴρ λέεσεν Ἀχαικὸς· ὡς ἐν ἰδίῳ θεσμῷ Αἰακὸς Ἰνδόφρονος φυσίζος· ἀμφοτέρον γὰρ, κείρων ἑξῆρα κάρημα καὶ αὐλακε καρπῶν ὀπάσσας χάρμα πόρεν Δήμητρι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσῳ. ρύεο δ’ ὑμετέρης πλούν ὀλκάδος· αὐσταλέω δὲ ὡς χθονίω κενεύων φερόσβιον ἦματον ὤδωρ, καὶ βυθίων λαγόνων θανατηφόρον ἰδῶμα κορύσσω μαρνάμενον στρατηγὸς καὶ ὀλκάσα Δημιάδος. ἀλλὰ, πάτερ, σκηπτοῦχε βίου, σκηπτοῦχε κυδομοῦ, τέμπε μοι αἰετὸν ὅριν ἐμῆς κήρυκα γενέθλης δεξιστῶν προμάχουσι καὶ ὑμετέρῳ Διονύσῳ. ἄλλος δ’ ἀντιβίοις ἀριστερὸς ὅρις ἱκέσθω· σύμβολα δ’ ἀμφοτέροις ἐτερότροπα ταῦτα γενέθλης· τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρῆσον πεφορημένον ἁρπαγματό σαλῶθι θηγαλέων οἰνύχων κεχαραγμένοι ὠξεί κέντρω νεκρῶν όφιν περίμετρον ἀερτάζοντα κεράστης, δυσμενέος κερόεις ἀπαγγέλλοντα τελευτήν· λαῷ δ’ ἀντιβίοις ἑτεροῖς μελανόχροοι ἐλθή· κυνάεις πτερύγεσσι προθεσπίζων φόνων Ἰνδόν, αὐτομάτου θανάτου μέλαιν τύπου· ἵν’ ὁ ἐθελήσῃς, βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμῆς μαίτευε νίκην, καὶ στεροπήν Βρομί Γεώλαφάθα ἠγγεία πέμπτων νυέα σείο γέραιρε πάλιν πυρί, δυσμενεῖς δὲ ὀλκάδας εὐπήληκας ὀιστεύσωσι κεραυνοί.  

* Because of Αἰακος’ piety, Ζεῦς readily granted his
from the broad threshingfloors of our country, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty land, then give us again an equal boon now at last, and glorify me here also with water! Then men may say when they see our victory, 'As Zeus showed honour to his son on land, so he shows him honour on the sea.' Some other man of Achaia may say, 'Aiaios is both Indian slayer and lifebringer at once; he both cuts off his enemies' heads and brings fruit to the furrow, giving joy to Demeter and a merry heart to Dionysos.' Protect thou the sailing of our ship! As I brought lifegiving water to the hollow of the parched earth, so now I arm this flood from the hollows of the deep to bring death, battling against the armies and ships of Deriades.

153 "Come, O Father, monarch of life, monarch of battle! Send me an eagle, the auspicious herald of my birth, on the right hand of my captains and your own Dionysos! Let another omen come on the left for my adversaries, and let these two be opposite tokens for both. Let me see the one sailing along with robber's wing and lifting a huge horned serpent, dead and torn by sharp points of his keen talons, proclaiming the end of my horned enemy: let the other come to my host of adversaries black-hued, with dark wings, foretelling the carnage of the Indians, the black image of self-inflicted death. If it be thy pleasure, foretell my victory with claps of thunder, and send the lightning which lighted the birth of Bromios to honour your son once again with fire, and let thunderbolts strike the helmeted ships prayers; therefore, when a great drought visited Greece, he was asked to intercede for the rest, and did so successfully; see Isocrates, Evagoras 5; Pausanias ii. 29. 7-8. Cf. xxii. 277.
ναί, πάτερ, Αιγύπτης μμυθάκεο, μη σέο νύμφης νυμφίον αἰσχύνειας ὁμώπτερῳ ὅρμῳ Ἐρώτων."  
"Ὡς εἰπὼν πολέμιζεν, ἐς ἡρίας δὲ κελεύθος ὁμμα παλινουστοῖο βαλὼν ἀντώπιον Ἀρκτοῦ γαμβρὸν ἔων λιτάνευε καὶ ἱακε μέθον Ἐρεχθεὸς.  
"Γαμβρὸς εἰμὸς Βορής, θωρήσαε,  
καὶ σέο νῦμφης  
μαραγμένῳ γενετῆρι βοηθόν άσθμα τιταῖνων  
ἔδινα τεοῦ θαλάμῳ θαλαισσαῖν πόρο νύκτην  
ὁλκάσι μέν Βρομίου φέρων ἑροσάφων αὐρήν  
δός χάριν ἀμφοτέρους, Ἐρεχθεὶ καὶ Διονύσῳ  
νυσὶ δὲ Δηριάδο τερμηνότα πόντον ἴμασσων  
άσθματι κυματείνη τεας θώρηξον ἀέλλας—  
ἐσσι γὰρ ὑσμίνης ἐμπείραμος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς  
Θρήκην ναιετάς, ἐμπείραμος, οἵτι περ Ἀρης—  
ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγι δυσήμεροι ἀόμβα κομίζων  
ἐγχεἴ παχυότεν κορύσσεο Δηριαδῆς  
στήσας δὲ ἀντιβίως υελλήμεσαν Ἐκυώδ  
δυσμενέας τόξευε χαλαζίνει ϒβελμυσ,  
καὶ Διὶ πιστὰ φέρων καὶ Παλλίδῳ καὶ Διονύσῳ.  
μνώς πε Κεκροπίης εὔπαρθένου, ἥχι γυναῖκες  
κερκίδε ποικίλλουσι τεών ύμέναυν Ἐρώτων:  
'Ηλιοσōν δὲ γέραιρε γαμοστόλου, ὀππόθι κοῦρην  
'Ανθίδα σὴν παράκοιτων ἀνήρπασαν ἀρπαγες αὐρα  
ἐξομενὴν ἀτίκντων ἰκινητώ σέθεν ὕμων.  
οἶδα μὲν, ὡς συνάθλος εὔλευσε άλλος ἀήτης  
γείτων ἀντιβίων 'Εαίων· ἀλλ' ἐνι χάρμη  
οὐ τρομέω θρασύν Εὑρον, ὅτι πτερόετες ἁτται  
πάντες, ὅσοι πνεύονσιν, ὀπάονες εἰς Βορής·  
καὶ πρόμος Αἴθιόπων Νότην ἐπὶ πέζαι ἀρούρης  
μηκέτι νοστήσειε Κορύμβασος, ἀλλὰ δαμεῖ
of the foe. Yes, Father, remember Aigina, and do not shame the bridegroom a of thy bride, the love-bird of like feather with this!"

171 After this prayer, he began the fight; Erechtheus also cast up his eye to the heavenly path of the ever-returning Bear, and prayed to his goodson in these words:

174 "Goodson Boreas, put on your armour, and send a helping blast to your bride’s father in battle! Give victory by sea as the price of your bride! Bring a ship-stirring wind for Bromios’s fleet and grant a boon to Erechtheus and Dionysos alike. For the ships of Deriades, flog the maddened deep into waves with your blast and arm your tempests—for you are well practised in fighting, as one whose habitation is Thrace, well-practised as Ares himself—then drive a stormy wind upon the host of our enemies, arm yourself against Deriades with your icy spear. Raise a hurricane of war against our enemies, shoot the foe with your frozen shafts, and keep faith with Zeus and Pallas and Dionysos. Remember Cecropia b with its lovely girls, where the women weave with their shuttle the love-story of your wedding. Honour Ilissos who led the bridal train, when the robber breezes made robbery of your Attic bride, sitting unshaken upon your unmoving shoulder.

193 "I know that another wind will come to help our adversaries, the East Wind their neighbour: but I fear not bold Euros in battle, because all the winged breezes that blow are servants of Boreas. Let Corymbasos the chief of the Ethiopians never return to the arable land of the south; let him be brought

a Alluding to the eagle-shape which Zeus took to carry off Aigina.

b Attica.
θερμόν ἔχων συνάεθλον ἐὼν Νότον Λιθισσῆα, ψυχρόν ὑπὲρ πόντιοι πιὰ διανανθρώπου ὕδωρ· οὐκ ἀλέγω Ζεφύροιο, κορυσσαρίαίοι Βορρᾶς. δεῖξον ὁμοφροσύνην ἐκφυὸς σέθεν: οὐρανόθεν δὲ σὺν σοι Βακχιάδεσσαν ἐμαῖς στρατήσων ἀρήξει μαρνάμενοι τριόδοντι Ποσειδάνιον καὶ Ἀθήνη, ἡ μὲν ἐός ναέτησιν, ὁ δὲ γνωτοῦ γενέθλῃ· καὶ πυρὸν Ἐφαίστου Ἑρεχθέων αἶμα γεραίρων ἢσται εὐάντητος ἐς ὑδατόσσαιν Ἑνω, ὀλκᾶς Δημιάδαμοι μαχήμων πυρὸν ἠλίσσων. δὸς δὲ με νυκῆσαι καὶ ἐν ἱδασι, καὶ μετὰ νύκην Κεκροπίη κομίσειν ἀπήμων λαὸν Ἐρεχθείας, καὶ Βορέην μέλψωσι καὶ Ὀμείθυναι Ἀθήναι." Τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν ἀλιδίνοις ἢβατο χάρμης ἐγχεὶ τεχνήτηι, καὶ ὡς ναέτης Μαριθάνως ναύΜαχον εἶχεν ἔρωτα: φιληρέτμῳ δὲ κυδομῷ εὐστόλος ἦν Ἀρης τότε ναυτίλοις, ἐν παλάμῃ δὲ πηδάλιον Φόβος εἶχε, κυθερνήτης δὲ κυδομοῦ Δείμος ἀκοιτοφόρων ἀνελύσατο πεῖσματα νῦν. Κυκλώπων δὲ φαλαγγεῖς ἐναυτύλλοντο θαλάσσῃ ὀλκάδας ἀγχαίλουσιν ὀἰστεύοιτες ἐρπναῖς. Εὐρύαλος δὲ ἀλάλαζεν, ἀλιρροίζῳ δὲ κυδομῷ ἀγχαινεφής οὐστρησεν ἐς ὑςΜήν Ἀλμυρῆς. καὶ διδύμαις στρατησών ἐπέκτυσε πόντιος Ἀρης χερσαίην μετὰ δήριν, ἀλιρροίζῳ δὲ ἀλαλητῷ ὀλκάσι Βακχεύσῃς ἐπέρρεον ὀλκάδες Ἰνδῶν· καὶ φόνος ἦν ἐκάτερβε, καὶ ἔζεε κύματα λύθρω, καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέρων στρατὸς ἦρπεν ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ αἵματι κυνανής ἐμυθαινείς νῦτα θαλάσσης.
low, although he is helped by his own hot Ethiopian South, let him drink the cold water of death beyond the sea. I care nothing for Zephyros, when Boreas is under arms. Show that you are of one heart with your goodfather. From heaven by your side will come Poseidon fighting for my Bacchiad armies with his trident, and Athena, she helping her countrymen, he his brother's son; and fiery Hephaistos honouring the blood of Erechtheus will come full welcome to the watery war, swinging a warlike torch against the ships of Deriades. Grant me victory on the sea also, and after victory let Erechtheus take his people home to Cecropia unhurt, and let Athens chant of Boreas and Oreithyia."

212 Thus he cried loudly, and fell to the fight on the eddies of the brine with well-skilled spear—as a man of Marathon he was in love with seafighting. In that tumult of many oars Ares was then an excellent mariner, Rout held rudder in hand, Terror was pilot of the fray and threw off the hawsers of the javelin-bearing ships.

218 Troops of Cyclopians navigated the sea, showering rocks from the shore upon the ships; Euryalos shouted the warcry, and Halimedes high as the sky dashed raging into battle with brineblustering tumult. In both armies the sea-battle roared after the conflict on land, while Indian ships charged Bacchic ships with brineblustering yells. There was carnage on both sides, and the waves boiled with gore; a great company fell from both armies, the back of the blue sea grew red with newly-shed blood.

a An odd blunder; Nonnos seems to confuse Marathon with Salamis.

b Phobos and Deimos are Ares’ attendants in Homer.
Πολλοὶ δ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα χυτῷ πίπτοντες ὀλέθρῳ
οἰδαλέοι πλωτῆρες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσσης·
kai ῥοθίοις ἐλικηδόν ἐχων πορθμήας ἅγιας
σύρετο νεκρὸς ὁμιλος ἀφειδὲ σύνδρομος αὑρή·
polloi δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὸ στροφήλιγγα κυδομοῦ
eis ῥόων ὠλίσθησαν, ἀναγκαῖα δὲ πιόντες
πεκρὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόσαν ὑποβρυχίας λίαν Μοίρης,
βριθὸμενοι θωρῆκι καὶ οἰδαλέων μέλαν ὕδωρ
κυανεῶν ἐκάλυπτης ὀμίχρων σώματα νεκρῶν
βενθεὶ· φυκεύσης, σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ φορῆς
χάλκεος ἔλυσετι χιτῶν ἐκάλυπττο πτελώ·
kai τάφος ἐπλετο πόντος· ἐτυμβεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
κητείοις γεινόπον, εὐ ἐκτυφόπτες δὲ λαιμῷ
ἀπνοον αὐθύψουσα νέκων τυμβεύσατο φῶκη,
εανθὸν ἐρευγομενὴ ῥόων αἰματος· ὀλυμπείων δὲ
τεύχεα πόντος ἐδεκτό, νεοσφαγέος δὲ φορῆς
αὐτομάτη λοφόεσσα δ' ῥόδας ἐπλεε πήλιξ
δεσμοῦ λυμείνου, θυελλήεστι δὲ πολλῆς
χεύματι φοιτάλεσι ἐπεντήκετο κύκλη βοείης
σὺν διερῶ τελαμωνί. πολις δ' ὑπὸ κύμασιν ἄκροις
ἀφρος ἐρευθίων πολιῆς ἀντεκήκει ἀλήης
αἰμαλεὼ πάνευκον ὑποστίζας χύσων ὀλκῷ.

Καὶ φοινίας λιβάδεσσι ἐφοινιχῇ Μελικέρτης·
Λευκοθέη δ' ὀλόλυζε, τιθηνήτεερα Λυσίου,
αὐχένα γαύρον ἔχουσα, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου περὶ νίκης
ἀνθεὶ φυκεύσης κόμην ἐστέφατο Νύμφῃ·
kai Θέτις ἀκρήδεμιος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
χεῖρας ἐρεισμενῆς καὶ Δωρίδε καὶ Πανοπεῖ
ἀσμενον ὃμια τίταινε ὑπ' εὐθύρως Διονύσω.

Καὶ βυθίθ Γαλάτεια θαλάσσαιον διὰ κόλπου
ημφαίης πεφόρητο διαξύουσα γαλήνην,
Many on this side and that side fell into the mess of carnage, and navigated the sea swollen and floating. The merciless winds dragged with them the crowds of dead bodies, tossed about by the surge with breezes to ferry them. Many fell of themselves under the whirlwind of battle, and slipt into the flood, then drank of the bitter brine, for they could not help it, and weighed down with their corselets knew the threads of the Fate who drowned them in the waters. The black water covered the black livid bodies of the swollen dead with seaweed in the depths; slimy mud covered coat of mail and seafaring wearer together; the sea was their grave. Many again had sepulture in the maw of seamonsters, or the darting seal entombed the inanimate corpse in her fishy throat and belched out a stream of brownish blood. The sea took the armour of the dead; the plumed helmet worked loose from the strap and floated upon the water by itself, its owner newly slain; many a round shield swam at random on the flood with soaking sling driven by the gale, and under the surface of the waves masses of red foam bubbled up from the grey brine, marking the spread of white with streaks of blood.

Melicertes also was stained by the drops of gore; Leucothea cried out for joy, she the nurse of Lyaios, raising a proud neck, and the Nymph crowned her hair with flowers of seaweed for the Indian-slaying victory; and Thetis unveiled peeping up out of the sea, with her hands resting on Doris and Panopeia, turned a gladsome eye towards Dionysos with his thyrsus.

Galatea too came from the depths and moved half visible through the bosom of the deep sea,
καὶ φονίου Κύκλωπος ἀληττοῦτον Ἠμῶν
dερκομενὴ δεδομένο, φόβοι δ' ἦμειρε παρεῖς·
ἔλπητο γὰρ Πολυφήμου ὑδίν κατὰ φύλοιν Ἰνδῶν
αὐτὰ Δηρίαδα συναιξμαζοῖτα Ἀμαίν.
tαρβαληθ' δ' ἱκέτευθε βαλασαμάθ' Ἀψρωίτην
νὲα Ποσειδάωνος ἀριστείοντα σαῶσαι,
καὶ γενέτηρι φιλότεχνον ἐφ' ὑπὲρ κυκοχαίτην
μαριαμενὸν λιτάεις προασπίζεις Πολυφήμου,
καὶ βυθίου τρούδοτος ἐκυκλώσασατο φορηὰ
θυγατέρας Νηρῆος: ἐρείδομενος δὲ τριαίτη
πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιον ἐδέρκετο γείτων χάρμην,
καὶ στρατὸν εὐθωρήκος ὀπίσεων Διονύσου,
ζηλήμων ὀρών ἑτέρου Κύκλωπος Ἐικώ,
ὑγρομόθῳ Βρομίῳ πολυμεμφείτο ρίζατο φωνῆν.
"Εἰς ἐνοπὴν, φίλε Βάκχε,
tόσοις Κύκλωπας ἀγείρων,
καλλεύφας δ' ἐνα μοῦνον ἀπόπροθθ' δημοτήτος,
eἰς χρόνον ἔπταετηρ' ἣχας πολικυκλον ἀγώνα,
βόσκων ἀλλοπροσαλλον ἀτρεμίων ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
ὅτι τεοῦ μεγάλοου προαστιστήρες ἀγώνος
πάντες ἐνὸς χατέουσαν ἀνικήτου Πολυφήμου:
eἰ δὲ τεὴν ἐπὶ δήρων ἐμὸς πᾶς ἱκέτο Κύκλωφ,
pατρῷν δ' ἐλέλειξεν ἐμὴς γλωχία τριαίτης,
καί κεν ὑπὲρ πεδίου συναχμαζών Διονύσῳ
στήθεα βουκεράοιο διέθλασε Δηριαδῆς,
καὶ πολὺν αἴνον ὀμιλον ἐμῷ τριόδοντι δαίζων
eἰς μίαν ἠριγενείαν ὅλον γένος ἐκτανεν Ἰνδῶν.
νῦὸς ἐμὸς πάλαι ἀλλος ἔχων ἐκατοντάδα χειρῶν
Τιτήνων ολεπηρε τεῷ χραίμησε τοκτη,
Αἰγαῖοιν πολυπηχύσ, ὦτε Κρόνον εἰς φόβον ἐλκών
1 Σα Marcellus: πάλαι mss. and edd.

a Nonnos follows the story according to which Galateia

142
wringling the calm surface, and looking upon the sea-affrighting battle of murderous Cyclops she was shaken, and her cheeks changed colour from fear, for she thought she saw Polyphemos fighting for Lyaios against Deriades in this Indian War; and in dismay she besought Aphrodite of the sea to protect the heroic son of Poseidon, and she prayed the loving father Seabluether to defend his son Polyphemos in the battle. The daughters of Nereus gathered round the bearer of the deepsea trident; Earthshaker the seagod leaning upon his trident watched the neighbouring conflict, and scanning the host of corseleted Dionysos, he observed with jealousy the valour of another Cyclops, and loudly reproached Bacchos for disturbing the waters with battle:

"Bacchos my friend, how many Cyclopians you have brought into your war, and left only one far from the battle! Your conflict has lasted through many cycles, seven years, feeding the varying hopes of endless strife, because all the foremost champions of your great contest lack one, Polyphemos the invincible. If my son the Cyclops had come to your conflict, and brandished the prong of my trident, his father's, then indeed as the ally of Dionysos he would have pierced the chest of horned Deriades on this field—he would have destroyed a great and terrible host with my threetooth, and slain the whole Indian nation in one day! Before this another son of mine with a hundred hands helped your Father to destroy the Titans, Aigaion manyarm, when he loved Polyphemos in return (contrast Theocritos xi.) and bore him a son.

143
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

ηλιβάτων ἐτίτασιν πολυσπερές ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν, ἡλίου σκιώσαν ἔχων ὑφαίνειν χαίτην, καὶ βλοσυροὶ Τιτῆρες ἐνοσφίσησαν Ὁλύμπουν 290 εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆς ὑποπτήσοντες Ἑινώ." 

Τοῖον ἐπος φθονέων νευσήμου πέφραδε φωνή, αἰδομένη δὲ Θόωσα κατηφέας εἰχε παρείας, Ἀρεί μὴ παρεοίτος ἐρωμανέος Πολυφήμου.

'Ως δὲ πόνου τέλος ἴην ἐρυθλοίσθησαν κυδομοῦ, 295 ἠθάδα πόντων ὑσσε κατάρρυτον αἵματι Νηρείς: ξανθῆς δὲ ἐνοσίγαιος ἐθάμβηκε νύτα θαλάσσης, ἰχθύας αἰδροφάγους ἄρων καὶ πληθὺν νεκρῶν γείτονος ἀβροχα νύτα γεφυρωθέντα θαλάσσης . . . Βακχιάδες τε φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεεν αἴθοπι λαῷ. 

Κεῖτο δὲ δυσμενέων στρατός ἄσπετος,

ὡν ὡν χάρμῃ

βαλλομένων ἐφεύεσοι καὶ ἀὐτόροσιν ὀιστοῖς.

tοῦ μὲν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βέλος ἐμπεσε,

tοῦ δὲ τυπέντος

ἔγχει χαλκείως μεσάτης ὑπὲρ άντιγα κόρης ὑτειλή βεβάθυστο χαρασσομένου καρῦνου.

πολλοὶ δὲ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα πολυσπερέων ἐλατήρων πόντου ἀμοβαίοισιν ἀνασχίζοισις ἔρτμοίς κυνάνεν λεύκαινον ἐπασσυτέρην χύσου ἄφρω, καὶ πόνος ἧν ἀνόιητος ἑπειγομένων ἐλατήρων, ςυμφερτοὺς δὲ κάλως ἀοσσῆτηρι σιδήρῳ ἰθυνὴ ἀπέκοψε καὶ ἐσχίσεν ἄορι σειρὴν.
put Cronos to flight and stretched the farspread legion of his high-climbing arms and shadowed the sun with hair flying high over his neck, so that the grim Titans were driven from Olympos cringing, before the attack of Briareos and all his arms!"

292 So he spoke, in a tone of grudging jealousy; and Thoösa a sank down her cheeks in shame that lovesick Polyphemos was not present in the battle.

295 But when the end came of this loudblustering conflict, Nereus saw his familiar sea flooded with blood; Earthshaker was amazed at the brownish surface of the deep, as he saw fishes eating men, and the back of the neighbouring sea bridged over dry with the heaps of corpses . . . The troops of Bacchos poured upon the swarthy people.

(301 There lay an infinite multitude of the enemy, struck down in the fight by swords and sharp arrows. One had a shaft lodged over the flank; one was struck by a bronze spear over the round of his temple, the wound running deep into the cloven head. Great numbers of the farscattered oarsmen on both sides cleft the dark flood with continuous strokes of alternating oars, and whitened it with foam; but the labour of the hurrying oarsmen was in vain, for the commander cut the ropes with his sword and severed with aiding steel the tangled mass of lashings. b)

a Daughter of Phorcys, mother by Poseidon of Polyphemos, Od. i. 71.

b This seems to be a description of a ship getting away from another which has grappled her. Something is lost to the effect that Dionysos's followers caught and killed those who were rowing away. But the whole paragraph may be out of place, for in the next lines the Indians are still fighting stoutly.

VOL. III   L   145
'Αμφοτέρης δὲ φαίνεται εἰς ἥρι προίζων ἄλλων ἔρρεεν ἀπλανέων δολιχόσκιος ὁμίμος οἰστών· οὖν δὲ μὲν ἵστον ἐβιλλε μεσαίτατον, ὡς δὲ περίσσαι ἱστίων εὐδίστην ἐθόμμησε σάνδρομοι αὕραις, ἄλλος ἐγὼ προτόνοις πεπαρμένος, ὡς δὲ μεσόδημη κεῖτο πεσών, ἐτέρος δὲ δὴ τὸν ἰὸς ἀλητῆς ἀκροτάτης ἐτύχησεν ἀερισλόφοιο κεραίας, σελήνας δὲ ἄλος ἐγὼ τεταυκαμένος ἀγγέλαν ἔρρεεν ἄλλα κυβέρνητρος ἀποπλαγχθέστα κελεύθερον ἀστατα πηδαλίου διέξειν ἄκρα κορύμβου καὶ Φλόγιος κλυτότοξος ὑπηνέμων βέλος ἐλκων ἄκρα νήσος ἐβαλλε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε νευάιον· ἤν δὲ ἐσεύει κατὰ ποίτων εὐπτερον ἵνα ἀλητή πουλύποδος σκολιοῦ περιπλεχθέστα κορύμβους· ἄλλου δὲ ἡμβροτεν ἄλλος· Ἕραπαραϊ δὴ σιδήρῳ πομπίλον ἄλλος ἐτυφε καταχμάζων Διονύσου· ἐγχεί δὲ ἱκώτιτε κορύμβαςος, ὅφει τυχῆσα ὅλκαιής Σατύροιο, παραίζεσα δὴ λόγχη  ἱχθύος ὑγροπόρου κατέγραφε δίζησιν οὐρὴν θηγαλέα γλωχίνα· τιτυσκόμειος δὲ σιδήρῳ εἰς σκοποῦ ἀχρίμωστον ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου Δημάδης δόρυ πέμπεν, ἀποπλαγχθέσα δὲ Βάκχου εἰς ραχήν δελψίως ἐποίητε λοιίος αἴχημα, κυρτός ὅπη λοφίζει συνάπτεται ἱχθύος αὐχῆν, δελφῆς δὲ αὐτοεἰδικός ἐθήμου κυκλάδι νύσσῃ ἡμιθανής σκύρτησε χορίτιδος ἀλματί Μοίρης· πολλοί δὲ ἔθα καὶ ἔποιη κυβιστήτρες ὀλέθρου ἱχθύες ὀρχισίαντο χαρασσομένων ἀπὸ νύστων· Καὶ Στεροπῆς προμάχεζεν· ἀεραπόδης δὲ Ἀλμυρῆς χερὶ λαβών πρηγώνα διαλασσοτόκοι κολέων ῥυφεν ἐπὶ ἀντιβίουσι· έδυνε δὲ φοιταλείη νηῦς

146
From each army flew straight a shower of long-shafted arrows whizzing unerringly through the air. One struck full upon a mast, one ran noisily through a flapping sail quick as the wind, another pierced the forestays, another fell and stuck in the mastbox; an arrow again flying through the air hit the end of the yard which supported the sail, another stuck straight up on the foredeck. Others came near the helmsman, but missed the way in which they had been sent and scraped the top of the moving rudder. Phlogios the famous archer drew a shot through the air, and hit the ship’s deck but missed Lyaios. You could see a winged arrow fly and skim over the sea, then embraced in the feelers of a curling squid. Many missed, but one with Erythraian steel aimed at Dionysos hit a pilot-fish. Corymbasos cast a lance at a Satyr’s tail, but the lance missed him and scored the forked tail of a waterfaring fish with its sharp point. Deriades aimed his steel at a target impossible to hit, as he cast at unwounded Dionysos; the deadly point missed Bacchos and got to work on the backbone of a dolphin, where the curving neck of the fish joins the bristling back—the fish leapt of itself in its usual curving course, and already half-dead skipt with the leap of a dancing Fate. On all sides many a fish with pierced back tumbled about in his dance of death.

Steropes also fought in the forefront; Hali-medes high uplifted upon his feet grasped the crag of a seaborne cliff and threw it at the foe—a stray

\(^\text{a} \) Naucrates ductor.
τρηχαλέον Βληθείσα λίθον τροχοείδει κύκλων, καὶ τις ἀκούσαθείσα δὲ ἀλκάδος ἀλκάδι γεῖτων ἀμφοτέρας ἐξενεύς ἀλιόμοιον ἐγχεος αἰχμῆς, νῆας ἐπισφιγγότα δύω ξυπνόν δεσμῆς στεινομένων νεμεληδῶν: ἔχον δ’ ἐτερόκτυπος ἥχῳ.

Καὶ στόλος ἀμφοτέρων πετραζηγον εἶχεν 'Εννυό, ὥν ὁ μὲν ἀντιπόροιο περὶ ράχιν αἴθων Ἐὔρου, ὅς δὲ Λιβός δροσεροὶ παρὰ πτερόν, ὃς δὲ Βορῆος, καὶ Νοτίην παρὰ πέζαιν. ἀμοίβαις δὲ μίπαις Μορρεὺς μὲν ταχύγυουνος ἀφ’ ἀλκάδος ἀλκάδα βαίνων Βασσαρίδων ἐφοβήσει ἀλιπτοῖτον 'Εννύ, ἦσος ἀριστεύων καὶ ἐν ὅδασιν: ἀλλὰ ἐθύρῳ Εὔνιος οὐτήσας διερῆς ἀκεσίρασε χάρμης, καὶ μογέων ὅδυνησαν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ὅχετο Μορρεὺς.

"Οφρα μὲν ἐνθεόν ἔλκος, ὁ μὲν λάχε, δαμονηὴ χεῖρ λυσιπόνῳ Βραχμής ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνη, θεσπεσίη λάλων ὕμων ἐποτρύουτος ἀοιδή, τόφρα δὲ δυσμενέσσαν ἐπέχρας Λίθιος 'Αρης. Τοῦτο μὲν ἐγρεκύδομος ἐν πλόος, εἴχε δ’ 'Εννύ ναυτιλίας προκέλευθον, ἀλισμαράγου δὲ κυδομοῦ ἤν κλόνος ἀμφοτέρων ἐτερότροπος: αὐτιβίων χάρ δόσοι μὲν κρανασίοις οὐστεύωτο βελήμνοις ἡ φονίος πετάλοισιν ἡ ἐγχεος ἡ μαχαίραις, χεῖρας ἐρετμώσατες ἀγθεας εἰς μέλαιν ὄδωρ ὀθμασιν ἀσταθέσσαν ἐτυμβενίον θαλάσσης: εἰ δὲ τις εἰς ἀλα πίπτε τυπεῖς Βρομίῳ μαχητῆς, αἰθύσων παλάμας ἐπενήχετο κύματα τέμνων χεροὶ θαλασσομόθοισιν, ἀλιρροῖς δὲ κυδομῷ μαρνάμενος ροθίουι μετ’ ανέρας ἐσχισεν ὄδωρ.

Εἰναλίης δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἐκλίνε Κρονίων,
ship sank, struck by the rounded mass of hard stone. Or again, a spear cast over the sea at close quarters joined ship to ship and coupled the pair together, holding two vessels fast in a common bond, while they were all crushed together in a cloud—great was the clamour on both sides.

348 The two fleets were engaged in four divisions: one facing the backbone of the scorching East Wind, one by the wing of the rainy Sou'west, one in the region of the North, one in the South. Morrheus with alternating rushes marched kneeswift from ship to ship and scattered the seascared array of Bassarids, a conquering hero equally on the sea; but Euios wounded him with his thyrsus and checked his valour on the deep—then Morrheus in agony was gone back to the city.

357 While the divine wound which had got him was being healed by the godly hand of a painquelling Brahman with Apollo's art, who cooed a verbose ditty of solemn incantation, so long the Lydian wargod prevailed against his enemies.

361 Their assault awoke a new conflict: Enyo went before their sails, and the struggle of the two navies in the brineplashing battle was different. For those of the enemy who were struck by volleys of hard stones, or deadly leaves, or spears or swords, paddled the black water with unaccustomed hands and found a grave in the sea with staggering steps; but if any warrior of Bromios fell stricken into the brine, he darted out his arms and swam cutting the waves with seabattling hands, as he fought the surge with brineblustering noise and cleft water instead of men.

372 Now Cronion inclined the balance of the sea-
νίκην ὑδατόσασσαν ἐπειτίκως Διονύσων·
καὶ βυθῷ τρύόμεντες κορύφαστο κυανοχαίτης
μαρνάμενος ἐνεσι, καὶ ἄβροχον ἡποχείων
ἀρμα Ποσειδάωνος ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
καὶ πισόρας κατὰ πόντον ἐσπερύμενες ἄλλαις
κύμαι πυργώσαντες ἑδορήθησαν ἀγαλλαί
dυσμενέων θηρέοντες αἰστῶσαί στίχα νηών,
oί μὲν Δημιαδός ἀργήονες, οί δὲ Λυαίουν·
cαὶ Ζέφυρος κεκόρυστο,

Νότος δ’ ἐπεσύρμες Εὔρον·
καὶ Βορέθι Θρήσσαν ἄρων αἰτίπνουν αὐρην
ἄγρια μαυνομένης ἐπεράστηκε νάτα θαλάσσης.
καὶ στόλων ἤθυνονας μαχημένα Δημιαδός
ὑσμίτης Ἐρις ἤρχα. Διωνύσιοι δὲ νηών
יודοφόρω παλαμή κολπάσισα λαίβη Νίκην.
χειλεσι δ’ ἰκμαλέοις μαχημένα κόχλον ἐρείσας
eὐναλή σάλπιγγι μέλος μακησάτο Νηραίος·
cαὶ Θείες ἐσμαράγγες εὐναλίης μέλος Ἡχοὺς
κύμασι πατρόσισα προασπίζοσα Λυαίουν.

Εὐρυμέδων δὲ Κάβειρος θῆμιον δαλόν ἀείρων
υσμίτης δόλον εὐρέν ἁργώνα· μηκεδανή γὰρ
νηών ἄδην ἠφλεσεν ἑκούσιον ἀκαυμένος πῦρ·
νηών δ’ ἐπ’ ἀντιβίοσιν ἑπέτρεχε θευτήριη νηώς
νεύμασι Βακχείοις περισακάρφουσα θαλάσσης,
cαὶ λοξαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἄφ’ ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαύνων
κύκλων ἐς αὐτοελικτον ἑιπάχετο πυρασάς ἀλήτης,
καίων ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα πολυπρέπων στίχα νηών.
cαὶ σέλας ἀθρήσασα πυρβλήττου θαλάσσης
Νηρεῖς ἀκρήδεμους ἐδύσατο βείθεα πόντου,
αιθομένου φεύγουσα δι’ ὕδατος ἰκμαλέον πῦρ.

Χάζετο δ’ ᾿Ηιδός ὦμιλος ἐπὶ χθώνα, πόντου ἐάσας·
cαὶ Φαέθων ἐγέλασεν, ὅτι προτέρους μετὰ δεσμοὺς

150
fight, preparing a watery victory for Dionysos; Sea-bluehair armed him with his trident of the deep to fight the foe, and Melicertes madly drove the unwetted car of Poseidon. The winds also rode on four tempests over the sea, armed for the fray and towering up the waves, with a will to destroy the lines of their enemies’ ships, these to help Deriades, those Lyaios: Zephyros was ready, Notos whistled against Euros, Boreas brought up his Thracian breeze as a counterblast and flogged the back of the maddened sea. Discord guided the warlike navy of Deriades and led the battle; but Victory filled out the sails of Dionysos with a hand which bore death for the Indians. Nereus pressed his conch of war with dripping lips and boomed a tune through the sea-trumpet, and Thetis shrilled a tune of warlike sound and defended Lyaios with her father’s billows.

391 Eurymedon the Cabeiros lifting his familiar torch invented a useful stratagem of war. He set fire to his own long vessel on purpose; then the vessel was sent adrift bounding over the sea against the enemy at the command of Bacchos. The errant bonfire floated round of itself by wayward turns from ship to ship, and setting alight here and there the long line of far-scattered vessels. The Nereïd unveiled seeing the glare of the fire-shotten sea dived into the depths, and fled from liquid fire through burning water.

402 Then the Indian host left the sea and retreated to the land; and Phaëthon laughed, because Ares in the seafight had fled again before the fire of
When Hephaistos caught him with Aphrodite in a net.
Hephaistos, as once before he fled from his chains. And Deriades when he saw the flame, fast as the wind fled to the land, wagging his knees too quick to catch, as he tried to escape the watery assault of seafighting Dionysos.

of fine chains, *Od.* viii. 296; Helios (Phaëthon) spied on them, *ibid.* 302.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΩΣΤΟΝ

Τέσσαρακωστον ἔχει δεδαυμένον ὁρχαμον Ἰνδων, πῶς δὲ Τύρων Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Οὐ δὲ Δίκην ἀλέειν πανόφιοι, οἴδι καὶ αὐτῆς ἁρραγέος κλωστῆρος ἀκαμπέα γῆματα Μοίρης· ἀλλὰ μιν ἀθρήσασα πεφυζότα Παλλᾶς Άθηνή— ἐξετο γὰρ κατὰ πόστον ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐρέπη σα, ναύμαχον εἰσορόωσα κορυσσομένων μόθων Ἰνδῶν— 3 ἐκ σκοπιής ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ἁρσενα δύσατο μορφήν κλεφεινοὶς δ’ ὀάροις παρήπαθες ὁρχαμον Ἰνδών, Μορρέος εἰδος ἔχουσα, χαιρετισμεῖν δ’ Ἁμας Δηρίαδην ἀνέκομψε, καὶ ἓς ἀλέγουσα κυθιομένοις φρικτον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἐπος πολυμεμφείς φωνή.

"Φεύγεις, Δηρίάδη; τίνα κάλλιτης 'Ἀρεα γυνώ; πῶς δύνασαι ναέτης φαινήμεαι; ἡ πόθεν ἀντῆν ὀψει 'Ορσιβόην μενεδήμου, αἰ καὶ ἀκούσῃ Δηρίάδην φεύγοιτα καὶ οὐ μίμοιτα γυναῖκας; αἴδεο Χειροβίην ῥῆξίνωρα, μὴ σε νοίησῃ ὑσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ὑποτήρισσοτα Ἀμιαίων, ἡ δόρον θοῦρον ἔχουσα καὶ ὀχλίζουσα βοείην μάρνατο Βασσαρίδεσσα, συνεσπομένη παρακοίτη. χάζεο μοι Μορρῆι λιπῶν μόθων ἦν δ’ ἐδελήσθης, αὐτὸς ἄριστεύσω καὶ ἀνάλκιδα Βάκχοις ὀλέσσω."
BOOK XL

The fortieth has the Indian chief wounded, and how Dionysos visited Tyre, the native place of Cadmos.

Yet he escaped not allseeing Justice, nor the inflexible threads of Fate herself the inexorable Spinner. No—Pallas Athena beheld him in flight, for she sat on a headland high over the sea, and watched the Indians contending in their battle on the sea. Down from the height she leapt, and put on the shape of a man, the form of Morpheus; and, all to please Dionysos, she checked Deriades, cajoling the Indian chieftain with mindstealing whispers. As if anxious about the conflict, she poured out words of affright in reproachful tones:

"You flee, Deriades! Whom have you left in charge of the seafight? How can you show yourself to the people? Or how will you look in the face of dauntless Orsiboe, if she hears that Deriades is in flight and will not stand before women? Have respect for manbreaking Cheirobië, let her not see you shrinking from fight with Lyaios unarmed—why, she held a furious spear, she heaved up an oxhide and fought the Bassarids following her husband! Give place, please, to Morpheus—you have left the field, and if you please, I will be champion myself and
The sense of the lost words may have been "I attack the panther and it turns into a lion."
destroy that weakling Bacchos. I call you good-father no more, you, a runaway—let your girl Cheirobiē find another husband: for I am ashamed—I will leave your city and migrate to the Median country, I will go to Scythia, that I may not be called your goodson.

25 "But you will say 'My wife is well armed, she understands warfare!' There are Amazons about Caucasos, and many women are there far better champions than Cheirobiē. There I will carry off a strong one for my bed, captive of my spear, to wed me without brideprice, if I like. For I will never receive into my bridechamber your daughter, whose father is a fugitive from the battle!"

31 With this reproach she persuaded proud Deriades, and gave him courage again, that he might be struck down by the mandestroying thyrsus of warring Bromios. He knew not that it was deceitful Athena before him; he heard the reproachful voice of the pretended Morrheus, and bold again, spoke comforting words with shamed lips:

37 "Spare your words. Why do you reproach me, fearless Morrheus? No soldier is this, no soldier, who is always changing shape. Indeed I am at a loss who it is I am fighting and whom I strike. Eager to shoot Dionysos with a feathered arrow, or to cut through his neck with a sword, or desiring to cast a spear and pierce his belly—instead of Lyaios I find a speckled panther charging upon me. . . ." A lion is fighting and I hasten to shear his neck, and I see a bold horrible serpent instead of a lion—I attack, and instead of a serpent I behold a bear's back—I cast my furious spear at the curving neck, but in vain I hurl
φαίνεται ηρώφοιτος ἁνωτάτος ἰπταμένη φλόξ.
κάπρον ἵδων ἐπιότα βοῖς μυκηθμοῦ ἀκοῦω,
ἀντὶ συὸς ὑπὲρ ταῦρον ἱππόλυτον μετώπου
παπταίνω χαροπήγων ἀκοινώιον κεραίας
ἡμετέρους ἐλέφαντας ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν ἄρο δὼσο
หลากν πολυσπερέεσσαι, καὶ οὐκ ἔνα θῆρα δαμάζω.
καὶ φυτὸν ἄθροσας ταὐτώ βάλος, ἀλλὰ φυγόντος
νύσσαν ἐς ἡρήνω ὄρῳ κυρτοῦμενοι ἴδωρ.
ἐἰθὲν ἐγὼ τρομεῖν πολυθάρμακα θαύματα τέχνης
φύλοπιν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀλυσακίῳ Διονύσουν.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Βρομίῳ θωρίζομαι, ἀρχεῖ εὐλέγω
μάγγανα τεχνήτα δολαρραφέος Διονύσουν.

Ὡς εἶπών κεκόρωστο τὸ δεύτερον ἱθάδι λίσση,
καὶ πάλιν ἐν πεδίῳ μόδος ἐβρεμέ, μαρμαρένις δὲ
eὐναλήθν μετὰ δήριν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσους,
καὶ προτέρης Βρομίῳ λελασμένος ἐπλετο νύκης,
ὀπποτε δενδρήετι περίπλοκος αὐχένα δεσμῷ
ἰκέσιῃ πολυενικτὸν ἀνέσχεθε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἐσκε θεημάχος; ἔχε δὲ βουλὴν
dειχθαῖν, ἦ Βάκχον ἐλείν ἦ διμά σελέσσαι.
τρὶς μὲν ἐόν δόρυ πέμπε,
καὶ ἱμβροτεν ἑρά βάλλων:
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπεδραμεν οἰνοπι Βάκχῳ
ἐὸς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον ἐπίθορον ἔχχος ἰάλλων
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐόν συνάεθεν ἄγωνος
γαμβρὸν ἐόν καλέσσε, καὶ οὐκέτι φαίνετο Μορρέως;
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα δολοπλόκον εῖδος Ἀθήνη
dαίμον βοτρυότεν παρίστατο: δερκομένον δὲ
δείματι θεσσεῖσθ' λύτῳ γούνατα Δηριάδῆςος
ἐγνω δ' ἀνδρομένης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Μορρέος αἰτιτύποιο φέρειν μίμημα προσώπου,
καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπήσα σοφῆς ενύόσει Ἀθήνης.

158
the long shaft, for instead of a bear appears a flame flickering up into the air uninjured! I see a boar rushing and I hear a bull's bellow, instead of the boar I see a bull lowering his head sideways and stabbing our elephants with flashing horns. I swing my sword against all sorts of beasts, and cannot overcome that one beast. I behold a tree and take aim, but it is off and I see a spout of water curving into the path of the sky. Therefore I tremble at the bewitched miracles of his art, and shrink from the changeable warfare of Dionysos. But I will confront Bromios again, until I lay bare the cunning enchantments of Dionysos the botcher of guile!"

61 He spoke, and a second time armed himself, wild as before; again the uproar of battle rose on the plain—there after the seafight he met Dionysos in arms. He had forgotten the former victory of Bromios, when his neck was entangled in leafy bonds and he offered his prayers of many supplications to Bacchos, who saw it all. Again he was a soldier fighting against the gods; doubtful only whether to kill or make Bromios a slave. Thrice he cast a spear, and missed, striking nothing but air; but when the fourth time in his arrogance Deriades rushed upon wineface Bacchos, and cast his spear through the air at a mark which could not be hit, he called his goodson to help him—and Morrheus was no longer to be seen, but Athena had changed her deceptive shape and stood beside the vinegod. Deriades saw her, and his knees trembled with overwhelming fear: he understood that the human shape which bore the likeness of Morrheus was all a deception, and recognized the
τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐγῆθεν, ἐν κραδή δὲ ψευδομένην γύναςκε συναιχμαίζουσαν Ἀθήνην.

Καὶ τὸτε βοτρύοις κοτέων βακχεύτο δαίμων ύψιτενῆς περίμετρος, ἵσος Παρνησσιδί πέτρῃ. Δηριάδην δ' ἐδώκε ταχύδρομον· αὐτάρ ὁ φεύγων κούφος ἐπειγομέναις ἐτιμαίνετο σύνδρομος αὐραίς. ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἰκανον, ὅτη πολεμητόκοιν ὑδωρ κύματι λυσσώντι γέρων κελάρυζεν Ἑγάστης, ἦτοι ὁ μὲν ποταμοῖο παρ' ἱόνιας ἀπλετος ἱστη, ὡς γενέτην συνάεθλον ἱχνὸς κελάδουνα μαχητὴν ἵγρον ἀκοιτιστηρά κορυσσομένου Διονύσου, δαίμων δ' ἀμπελόεις ταμείσιχρα δύρουν ἰάλλων ἀκροτατον χρόα μούνον ἐπέγραφε Δηριάδης. αὐτάρ ὁ κισσήντε κυπεῖς φθυσίνορι θαλλώ πατρώῳ προκάρηνος ἐπικλίθησεν ἰέθρω, μηκεδανοῖς μελέσσι γεφυρώσας ὅλον ὑδωρ αὐτόματος. χρονίνι δὲ θεοί μετά φύλοπιν Ἰνδών ἱν Διε παμμεδέουτι πάλιν νόστησαν Ἡλιόμπιρ. Βάκχοι δ' ἀμφαλάλαζον ἀδηρίτου Διονύσου δήμων ἀνευάζοιται, ἀολλίζοιτο δὲ πολλοὶ ἐγχεσιν οὐτάζοιται ὅλον χρόα Δηριάδης.

Ὁρσίβοις δ' ὄμωζε πολυθήνων ἐπὶ πύργων, κείμενον ἀρτιδάκτον ὀδυρομένη παρακοίτην πενθαλέοις δ' ὄνυχεσι κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου, καὶ σκολιῆς ὀλοψιν ἀκηδεὰ βότρυν ἐθείρης, καὶ κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν εὖν κατέχευε καρπῆν· Ἐχιροβίης δ' ὀλούζε καταφθιμένου τοκῆς, κυανεύοις δ' ἤραςε βραχίονας, ἀργυφέου δὲ στέρνον ὅλον γύμνωσε διαξομένου χιτώνος· Πρωτονόη δ' ἀπέδιλος ἔας ἐξούσια παρείς,
DIONYSIACA, XL. 80–109

deluding trick of wise Athena. But Dionysos was glad when he saw Athena, and knew in his heart that she had been helping him in disguise.

82 Then the grapy deity was maddened with anger. He rose lofty and huge, like the rock of Parnassos, and pursued swiftrunning Deriades; he raced off light and quick as the hurrying winds, but when they reached the place where ancient Hydaspes rolled his warbreeding water in wild bubbling waves, he stood immense on the river bank as having now an ally, his father, roaring loud, to shoot with his waters against Dionysos in battle: there the vine-deity cast his fleshcutting thyrsus and just grazed the skin of Deriades. Struck with the mandestroying ivy bunch he slipt headfirst into his father’s flood, and bridged all that water himself with his long frame.

96 Now the long Indian War was ended, the gods returned again to Olympos with Zeus the Lord of all; the Bacchants cheered in triumph around Dionysos the invincible, crying Euoï for the conflict, and many thronged round Deriades piercing him everywhere with their spears.a

101 Orsiboë wailed on the battlements with a loud lamentable dirge, sorrowing for her husband who lay so newly slain; she scratched her cheeks with her fingernails in sorrow, and heedlessly tore out bunches of her curling hair, and poured smoking ashes on her head. Cheirobiö lamented for her dead father, and scored her black arms, rent her white robe and bared all her breast; Protonoë b unshod tore her

a From the appearance of Athena in the shape of Morrheus to this line, the death of Hector in Iliad xxii. is closely imitated.

b Daughter of Deriades, wife of Orontes (xxvi. 17).
κύκλα κονισαλέοιο κατασκεύασα προσώπου,
κλαίειν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρου καὶ ἄνδρι καὶ γενετήρι,
διπλῶν ἁλγος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἦχε πεθάδι φωνῆ.

"Ἀνερ, ἀπ' αὐτῶν νέος ὅλεος καὶ δ' ἐμὲ χήρην
ἐλλαπεῖς ἐν μεγάρωσιν ἀπειρήτην τοκετοῖο·
νήπιον οὐ τέκοι νυ παραιβασιν οὗ μετὰ νυκτὴν
νόστιμον ἄνδρα νόησα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀλλὰ οἰδήρω
αὐτὸς ἐκ δέδημτο, καὶ οὔσομα δάκικε ἰδέρους,
καὶ θάνεν ἐν δείπνωσι, ὅπως ἔμοι ἄνδρα καλέσω
ἀσπορον αὐτοδάκτυον ἀνόστιμον ἱγρῶν Ὀρόντῃν.
μύρομαι ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Δημιάδην καὶ Ὀρόντῃν,
Ἰσον ἀποφθείμενος διερὼν μόρον ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
Δημιάδην κρύφε κύμα, ρόσος δ' ἐκάλυψεν Ὀρόντῃν.
μητέρι δ' οὐ γενόμην πανομώνος Ὀρσιβή γὰρ
θυγατέρων ἦείσε καταφθαμένους ὑμεναῖοι·
Πρωτονόης γάμον εἴδειν,

ἐδέσατο γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντῃν, 125
Χειροβίην δ' ἐξευξείς ἀνικήτω παρακολύτη,
ὅν τρομεῖ καὶ Βάκχος οὐ τηλίκος· ἀμφιεῖται μὲν
Χειροβίη ζωοίτα φιλόν τῶν, οὐ δὲ ἐθύροις,
οὐ ρόσος ἐπρήμιζεν ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα διπλῶ πάσχω,
ἀνέρος οἰχομένου καὶ ὀλυμπίου γενετήρος.

λῆγε, μάτην σὲ παῖδα παρηγορεύοσα, τιθήμη,
δόσκανες ἑρχείς ἐμὸν ἄνδρα, καὶ ὑπεπιρήμων
δειξον ἐμοὶ τίνα παῖδα, παρηγορον ἄνδρος ἀνής.
120

τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειν ἐς εὐρυρέθρον Ἑδάσπην, 133
ὁφρα κύσω φιλόν οἰδμα μελισταγεός ποταμιοῖο;

τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειν ἐς ἱερὰ τέμπεα Δάφνης, 134

ὁφρα περιπτύξαιμι καὶ ἐν προχορήσιν Ὀρόντῃν;

εἴην ἰμερόεις καὶ εγὼ ρόσοι· αἴθη καὶ αὐτὴ
δάκρυσιν ὀμβρηθείσα φαινόμειν αὐτοθὶ πηγῆ,

χιθανῶν εὐνόροις ἐμὸς πόσις οἰδμα κυλίδειν,
cheeks and smeared her face all over with dirty dust, weeping for both husband and father, with twofold agony, and cried in tones of sorrow—

113 "Husband, how young you have lost your life! You have left me a widow in the house ere I have borne a child, no baby son I have to console me! I never saw my husband come home a second time after victory, but he slew himself with his own steel, and gave his name to the stream, and died among strangers, that I should have to call the watery Orontes my husband, childless, self-slain, never returned! I wail for both Deriades and Orontes, both perished by one watery fate: Deriades the death of many men was buried in the wave, the flood swallowed Orontes. But I am not like my mother; for Orsiboë sang her hymn over her daughters' weddings accomplished, she saw the marriage of Protonoë, she received Orontes as goodson, she joined Cheirobië to an unconquered husband, whom Bacchos trembled at great as he is; Cheirobië has her dear husband alive, no thyrsus, no flood has brought him down—but it seems doubly suffer, my husband gone and my father perished.

131 "Cease to comfort your child, my nurse, all in vain. Let me have my husband, and I will not bewail my father; show me a child to console me for my husband's loss! Who will take me and bring me to the broad stream of Hydaspes, that I may kiss the wave of that honeydropping river? Who will take me and bring me to the sacred vale of Daphne, that I may embrace Orontes even in the waters? O that I too could be a lovely stream! O that I might also become a fountain there, watered by my own tears, a watery bride where my husband dead rolls his
εὐνέτις ὑδατόεσσα· καὶ ἐσσομαι ὁία Κομαίθω, ἡ πάρος ἑμερόετος ἐρασαμεῖτη ποταμοῖο τέρπεται ἀγκαὶς ἔχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι Κύδνων ἄκοιτην, δαέρος ἑμετέρου παρὰ Μορρήως οἷον ἑκεῖνος ἀνδράσι πάρ Κιλίκεσσι μεμηλότα μύθον ἄκοιτων·

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ πολεύουσα παρέχομαι ἢδύν 'Ὀρόντην, οἷα φυγάς Περίβοια, καὶ οὐ ποτε καμπύλων ὕδωρ ἀμ ἀνασειράζουσα φυλάξομαι ἵγρον ἄκοιτην.

εἰ δὲ μοι οὖ πέπρωτο θανεῖν παρὰ γείτον Αἴφνη, κύμασι πατροπάτῳ με κατακρίθηκεν Ἡδάσπης, μὴ Σατύρου κερόετος ἐν ἀγκοίησιν ἱαύσω, μὴ Φρύγα κάμον ὑδῷ, μὴ κύμβαλα χερσί τινάξω, μὴ τελετὴν τελέσω φιλοπαίγμωνα, μηδὲ νοῆσον Μαιονίτην, μὴ Τμώλων ὑδῷ, μὴ δῶμα Λυκίον ἡ ξυγά δουλοσύνης βαρναχθέα, μὴ τις ἐνίψη· κούρη Δημιάδαο δοριθρασέος βασιλῆς ληδὴ μετὰ δήμων ὑποδρήσσει Διονίσω."

"Ως φαμεῖς ἐλεεινά συνεστενάξοντο γυναῖκες, ὅτι παῖς, ὅτι τέθνηκεν ἀδελφεός, ὅτι γενετῆρες ἡ πόσις ἀρτιγενεῖος ἁώριος. εἴ δὲ καρήνου Ἐκεροβιῆ τιλλοῦσα κόμην ἡμὺξε παρεῖας· διχθαδίας δ' ὀδύψιν ἴμασσετο, καὶ γενετῆρα οὐ τόσον ἐστενάξις, ὅσον νεμέσιξεν ἄκοιτη· ἐκλυε γὰρ Μορρήως ἐρωμαινέουσαν ἀνάγκην καὶ δόλων ἥπερπη ἁσοφροί Χαλκομιδέης. καὶ τινα μύθον ἔεισεν ἐδώ ῥήξασα χεῖτων."

NOT MENTIONED ELSEWHERE. THERE WAS A COMAITHO, DAUGHTER OF PTERELAOS, WHO LOVED AMPHITRYON, AND CUT OFF PTERELAOS'S GOLDEN HAIR WHICH MADE HIM IMMORTAL. SHE WAS KILLED BY AMPHITRYON.
beautiful waters! Then I shall be like Comaitho, who in olden days was enamoured of a lovely river and still has the joy of holding Cydnos her husband in her arms, as I hear is a favourite story among those Cilician men. So says Morrheus my goodbrother. But I am not like runaway Periboia; I will not pass charming Orontes whom I love, I will not draw back my winding water and avoid a watery spouse. If it was not ordained that I should die near his neighbour Daphne, may Hydaspes my father's father drown me in his waves, and save me from sleeping in the arms of a horned Satyr, and seeing Phrygian revels, rattling their cymbals in my hands, joining their sportive rites; that I may not see Maionia and Tmolos, the house of Lyaios or the all-burdensome yoke of slavery; that men may not say—'The daughter of Deriades the spearbold king, taken captive after the war, is now a servant to Dionysos.'"

158 When she had finished the women groaned piteously with her, those who had lost a son or a brother, whose fathers were dead or husband untimely taken, with the down on his chin. And Cheirobië tore the hair from her head and scored her cheeks; she was tormented by double sorrow, and she groaned not so much for her father as she was indignant against her husband, for she had heard the enamoured passion of her husband and the delusive guile of chaste Chalcomedeia. She rent her dress and spoke:

b Unknown; unless she is that Periboia who was wife of Oineus of Calydon. See the play of Pacuvius, entitled Periboia (Remains of Old Latin, L.C.L. ii., pp. 274 ff.).

c An echo of Iliad xxii. 515. This whole passage is a feeble imitation of the wailing for Hector.

d Cf. bks. xxxiii.-xxxv.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

"Φειδόμενος μελής
γενέτην ἐμὸν ἔκτας Μορρεύς.
οὐδὲ πέλε φθιμένου τιμήρος. ἔχθομάτην δὲ
Χαλκομέδην ποθέων οὐκ ἠλατο θῆλυν Ἐννώ,
ἀλλ’ ἐτι Βασσαρίδεσσι χαρίζεται. εἰπάτε, Μοῖραι. 170
τις φθόνος Ἰνδών πόλιν ἐπραθεῖ;
τις φθόνος ἀφινο
ἐξαρεν ἀμφοτέρησι θυγατράσι Δημιάδος;
θυήσκων μεν κατὰ δήρν ἐμὴν παράκοιτων Ὀρόντης
Πρωτονόπον ἀκόμαστον ἐθήκατο πειθάδα χήρην.
Χειροβίην δ’ ἀπέειπεν ἐτὶ ζώουσαν ἄκοιτης.
γνωτῆς δ’ ἱμετέρης ὀλοωτέρα πήματα πάσχω.
Πρωτονόπον πόσιν ἐσχεν ἀοὔσπητρα τιθήνησ.
Χειροβίη πόσιν ἐσχεν ἐης δηλήμου πατρῆς,
αἰχμητὴν ἁούνητον, ὀπάονα Κυπρογενείς
ἀλκίμον, ἀλλοπρόσαλλον, ὀμοφρονεότα Λυνάιω.
 eius ἐμὲ θωρήχθη καὶ ἐμὸς γάμος: ἱμετέρου γὰρ
Μορρέος ἱμεῖροντος ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδών;
πατρὸς ἐνσφίσθην χάριν ἀνέρος: ἦ πρὶν ἀγήνωρ
καὶ θυγάτηρ βασίλης, ἐγὼ ποτε δειπνόσις Ἰνδών,
ἐσσομαι ἀμφιπόλων καὶ ἐγώ μία: καὶ τάχα δειλῇ
δημώδα Χαλκομέδειαν ἐμὴν δέσπουναι ἐνίψω.
σήμερον Ἰνδών ἐδεθλὸν ἑχεις, ἀπατήλει Μορρεύ:
ἀυρίων αὐτοκελευστὸς ἐλεύσεαι εἰς χθονά Λυνάων,
Χαλκομέδης διὰ κάλλος ὑποδήσασις Διονύσω.
ἀμφαδὰ Χαλκομέδης ἐχε δέμια, ὑμφίε Μορρεύ:
οὐκέτι γὰρ τρομεέις βλυστῶν στόμα Δημιάδος.
χάζεο, κυκλήσκει σε δράκων πάλιν, ὅσ σε διώκει
φρυρὸν ἀσυλήτου γάμον συργιμὸν ἑκάλων."
Τοῦτα μὲν ἀχυμείη βαρυδάκρυος ἐνεπεὶ νύμφη:
Πρωτονύθ’ δ’ ὀλόλυετο τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφοτέραις δὲ 195
χεῖρᾳς ἐπικλίνασα κατηφέας ἰαχε μῆτηρ.
166
"By sparing his spear Morrheus killed my father, and no one avenged his death. For desire of that hateful Chalcomede he did not rout the women on the field—nay, he still shows favour to the Bassarids. Tell me, Fates; what jealousy destroyed the Indian city? What jealousy came down suddenly upon both daughters of Deriades? Dying on the battlefield, Orontes made his wife Protonoë a widow to mourn uncared-for; Cheirobië still living was repudiated by her husband. And I have more cruel things to suffer than my sister. Protonoë had a husband who defended her that nursed him; Cheirobië had a husband who destroyed his country, a useless warrior, the lackey of Cyprogeneia, a strong man unstable, a partisan of Lyaios. Even my marriage was my enemy, for the Indian city was sacked because my Morrheus fell in love. I was robbed of my father for my husband's sake; I so proud once, and daughter of a king, I once the mistress of the Indians, I too shall be one of the servants; perhaps I shall be so unhappy as to give the title of mistress to Chalcomedeia the serf! Traitor Morrheus, to-day India is your home; to-morrow unbidden you will go to the Lydian land, a menial of Dionysos because of Chalcomede's beauty. Husband Morrheus, make no secret of your union with Chalcomede; for you fear no longer the threatening tongue of Deriades. Begone! the serpent calls you back, the one that chased you away with hisses from the wedding which you failed to force!"

Thus lamented the wife with heavy tears, and Protonoë wailed a second time. Their mother rested an arm on each and dolorously cried—

---

a Jealousy of the gods.  

b His country.
"Πατρίδος ἡμετέρης πέσον ἐλπίδες,
οὐκέτι λεύσω
ἀνέρα Δηριάδη καὶ οὐκέτι γαμβρὸν Ὄροντην.
Δηριάδης τεθηκεν ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν,
ἀρραγές ἥρπε τείχος ἐμῆς χθονὸς· αἴτε καὶ αὐτὴν 200
Βάκχος ἐλών ὀλέσῃ με σὺν ὀλυμμένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
καὶ με λαβὼν ῥύθευεν ἐς ὀκυρέθρον ὸδάσπην,
γαῖαν ἀναινομεῖν· ἐχέτω δὲ με πενθερὸν ὕδωρ,
Δηριάδην δ’ ἐσίδω καὶ ἐν ἱδασί· μηδὲ νόσῳ Πρωτονόθην ἀείκουσαν ἐφευρομεῖν Διονύσῳ,
μὴ ποτε Χειροβίθης ἐτερον γοῦν οἰκτρῶν ἀκοῦσων
ἐλκομένης ἐς ἐρωτα δορικτῆτων ῥυμαίων
μὴ πόσω ἀλλον ἱδομι μετ’ ἀνέρα Δηριάδηα.
εἰς Ἦμηάδεςαν ὀμεσίας, ὥστι καὶ αὐτὴν Λευκοθέην ἱώουσαν ὐδεξάτο κυνοχαῖτης,
καὶ μία Νηρείδων κυκλήσκεται, ἀντὶ δὲ λευκής
ἀλλή κυανοπεζά φανήσομαι ὕδρας· 'Ἰνώ·
Τοία μὲν ἐκεχιτώνες ἐπωδύρωτο γυναῖκες
ιστάμεναι στοιχήδων ἐρυμαράγων ἐπὶ πύργων.
Βάκχοι δ’ ἐκροτάλιζον ἀπορρίψατε Ἅρδοα,
τοῦτον ἔπος βοϊσμένος ὀμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαμῶν·
"Ἡράμεθα μέγα κύδος·
ἐπέφρονεν ὀρχαμον Ἰνδῶν·"
Καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι νήκης,
ἀμπεύσας δὲ πόνοιο καὶ ἀματέντος ἀγώνος
πρῶτα μὲν ἐκτερείξεν ἀτυμβεύτων στίχα νεκρῶν,
δωμήσας ἔνα τύμβον ἀπείρωτον εὐρεί κόλπω
ἀκριτών ἀμφὶ πυρῆν ἐκατόμπεδων· ἀμβὶ δὲ νεκρῶν
Μυγδοῖς αἰολόμολπος ἑπέκτυτεν αἰλίνα σύριγξ,
καὶ Φρύγες αὐλητήρες ἀνέπλεκον ἁρσενα μολῆν.

---
a Ino is also called Leucothoe, "white goddess," and "silver-footed" is a stock epithet of Thetis.
The hopes of our country have perished! No longer I see Deriades my husband, no longer Orontes my son. Deriades is dead; the city of the Indians is plundered. The unbreakable citadel of my country has fallen: would that I myself may be taken by Bacchos and slain with my dead husband! May he seize and cast me into the swift-flowing Hydaspes, for I refuse the earth. Let my goodfather's water receive me, may I see Deriades even in the waters; may I not see Protonoë following Dionysos perforce, may I never hear another piteous groan from Cheirobië while she is dragged to a captive wedlock; may I not see another husband after Deriades, my man. May I dwell with the Naiads, since Seablue-hair received Leucothea also living and she is called one of the Nereïds; and may I appear another watery Ino, no longer white, but blackfooted." 

Such were the lamentations of the longrobed women, standing in a row upon the loud-echoing battlements.

But the Bacchoi rattled their cymbals, having now made an end of warring, and they cried with one voice: "We have won great glory! we have slain the Indian chieftain!"

And Dionysos laughed aloud, trembling with the joy of victory. Now resting from his labours and the bloody contest, he first gave their due to the crowd of unburied dead. He built round the pyre one vast tomb for all alike with a wide bosom, a hundred feet long. Round about the bodies the melodious Mygdonian syrinx sounded their dirge, and the Phrygian pipers wove their manly tune with

---

*Quoted from Iliad xxii. 393, with ὀχαμον Ἰνδῶν for Ἐκτορα δίον.
NONNOS

πενθαλεώς στομάτεσσιν, ἐπωρχήσαυτο ὁ Βάκχαι 225
ἀβρα μελιζουμένου Γανύκτορος Εὐκάδα φωνῇ·
καὶ Κλέοχοι Βερέκυντες ὑπὸ στόμα δίζυγες αὐλοί
φρικτὸν ἐμυκήσαυτο Λίβυν γόον, ὤν πάρος ἀμφὼ
Σθεννό τ' Εὐρυάλη τε μῆ πολυδειράδι φωνῇ
ἀρτίτομω ῥοζήδον ἐπεκλάυσαυτο Μεδούσῃ
φθεγγομένων κεφαλῆι δημοσίηι δρακόντων,
ὅποι αὐτο μυρομένων σκολίον σύργμα κομάων
θρήνον ποιουκάρησήν ἐφημείξαυτο Μεδούσῃς.

Παυσάμενος δὲ πόνοιο, καὶ ἱδατι γυνα καθήρας,
ὁπασε λυσιμόθοις θεουδέα κοίρινον Ἰνδώιος,
κρυνάμενοι Μωδαιόν ἐπὶ ἔνακ δὲ κυπέλλω
Βάκχοις δανυμένοις μῆρς ἱλαντο τραπείζης
ξανθόν ύδωρ πύνοιτε ἀπ’ οἰνοπόρον ποταμοῖο.
καὶ χορὸς ἀσπετο ἐσκεν ἐπεκόρητης δὲ πολλῇ
Βασσαρίς οἰστρήσετι πέδων κρούουσα πέδωλα,
καὶ Σάτυρος βαριδουπῶν ἐπιρρήσατω χθόνα ταρσῷ
λοξὰ κυβιστητήρι ποδῶν βακχεύσεαν παλμῷ,
πήχειν ἐπικλίνων μανιῶδες αὐχένι Βάκχης·
καὶ πρυλέσες Βρομίοι συνωρχήσαυτο βοεῖας,
καὶ τροχαλῆς κλονέοιτε ἐνόπλια κύκλα χοράης
ῥυθμῶν ἐμμυκήσαυτο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάιτων,
καὶ στρατός ἵππων κορυβαίολον εἰς χορὸν ἔστη
τικην πανδαμάτειραν ἀνενάζων Διονύσου.
οὐδὲ τις ἀφιμος ἤμιν ὀμυγλώσσω δ’ ἀλαλητῷ
eis πόλον ἐπτάζων ἀνέδραμεν εὐίος ἡχῷ.

Ἀλλ’ ὅτε λυσιπόνιοι παρῆλθε κόμος ἐορτῆς,
τικῆς ληίδα πάσαν ἔλων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδών

* Pindar, Pyth. xii. 23 gives this origin of the tune called πολυκέφαλος—πολλάν κεφαλὰν τομὸν, the tune of many heads.

b A particularly bad imitation of Homer. Achilles in his grief for Patroclus refuses to wash till he has buried him.

170
mournful lips, while the Bacchant women danced and Ganyctor trolled his dainty song with Euian voice. The double Berecyntian pipes in the mouth of Cleochos drooned a gruesome Libyan lament, one which long ago both Sthenno and Euryale with one manythroated voice sounded hissing and weeping over Medusa newly gashed, while their snakes gave out voice from two hundred heads, and from the lamentations of their curling and hissing hairs they uttered the "manyheaded dirge of Medusa."\(^a\)

\(^{234}\) Now resting from his labours, he cleansed his body with water,\(^b\) and assigned a governor for the Indians, choosing the godfearing Modaios\(^c\); they now pacified touched one table with banqueting Bacchoi over a common bowl, and drank the yellow water from the winebreeding river. There was dancing without end. Many a Bassarid skipt about, tapping the floor with wild slipper; many a Satyr stormed the resounding ground with heavy foot, and revelled with side-trippings of his tumbling feet as he rested an arm on the neck of some maddened Bacchant. The foot-soldiers of Bromios danced round with their oxhides and mimicked the pattern of the shieldbearing Corybants, wildly circling in the quick dance under arms. The horsemen in their glancing helmets also stood up for the dance, acclaiming the allvanquishing victory of Dionysos. Not a soul was silent—the Euian tones went up to the sevenzone sky with shouts of triumph from every tongue.

\(^{251}\) But when the revels of the carefree feast were over, and Dionysos had gathered all the spoil after his

\(^{Il. \ xxiii. \ 39 \ ff.}\) Dionysos apparently does the same for no particular reason.

\(^{c}\) Mentioned in xxxii. 165.
άρχαίης Διόνυσος ἐξε ἐμνήσατο πάτρης, λύσας ἐπταέτηρα θεμελίων ἰδιωτῶν καὶ δημών ὅλων ὀλβῶν ἐλπίζοντο μαχηταί. ὃν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδόν ἱερίν, ὁ δὲ γραττής ιακόπθου Φοιβάδος εἰχε μέταλλα καὶ ἐγχλοα νῦτα μαράγδους ἀλλος εὐκρήπδος ὑπὸ σκοπιεῖαν Ἰμαίου ὀρθόν ἱχνον ἐπειγε δορικητῶν ἐλεφάντων, ὃς δὲ παρ’ Ἰμωδοῖο βαθυπήλυγη κολώνη ἡλασεν Ἰνδών μεταγάτοις ἀρμα λειτων κυδίων, ἐτέρος δὲ κατ’ αὐχένας ἄμμα πεδήσας Μυγδούην ἐσπευδεν ἐς ἡνω πόρδαλην ἐλκεϊν καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο, φαλακρήτω δὲ πετέλῳ στίκτον ἱχνων προκελευθον ἐκώμποτε γῖγνοι ιμᾶσων ἀλλος ἄγων νόστησεν ἐς Κυβεληδὶ νύμφῃ φυταλινε εὐδομον ἀλτρεφέων δονακης καὶ λύθων ἀστράπτουσαν Ἐρυθραίης γέρας ἀλιμης πολλῆ δ’ ἐκ θαλάμου σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ ληδίη πλοκάμων μελανόχροις ἐλκετο νύμφῃ δέσμων αὐχένα δούλων ὑποξεύζασα λεπάδων. χειρὶ δὲ κουφίζουσα ρυθμενεοι χύσιν ὀλβου εἰς σκοπιας Τιμώλοιο θεόσων ής Βάκχη, κώμου ἀνενάζουσα παλινόσεω Σινώσω. Καὶ στράτη θιονυς οδάσατο ληδὰ χάρμης λαὸν ὄλων συνάεθλων ὑπότροπων οἴκαδε πέμπων Ἰνδων μετὰ δήην ἀπεσεύνωτο δὲ λαοὶ μάρμαρα κουφίζουσες Ἐσια δωρα θαλάσσης, ὄρεια τ’ αἰολόμορφα παλινόσεω δὲ πορείη κώμου ἀνενάζουσες αἰκητῆς Διονύσῳ

* Hyacinthos again! The stone has no connexion with the god, but the fact that it has the same name as the flower is enough to awaken Nonnos’s obsession.
Indian War, he remembered the land of his ancient home, now he had swept away the foundations of that seven years' conflict. The whole wealth of the enemy was given to the army as their plunder. One got an Indian jasper, one the jewel of Phoibos's patterned sapphire \(^a\) and the smooth green emerald; another hurried under the lofty peaks of broad-based Imaios \(^b\) the straight-legged elephants which he had captured by his spear. Here was one by the deepcaverned mountain of Hemodos \(^c\) driving to exile a team of Indian lions, in triumph; there was another pulling a panther to the Mygdonian shore with a chain fast about its neck. A Satyr rushed along with a striped tiger before him, which he flogged in his wild way with a handful of tippling-leaves. Another returned with a gift for his Cybeleid \(^d\) bride, the fragrant plants of seagrown reeds and the shining stone \(^e\) which is the glory of the Erythraian brine. Many a blackskin bride was dragged out of her chamber by the hair, her neck bound fast under the yoke of slavery, spoil of war along with her newly wedded husband. The Bacchant woman god-possessed returned to the hills of Tmolos with hands full of streaming riches, chanting Euoi for the return of Dionysos.

So Dionysos distributed the spoils of battle among his followers, after the Indian War, and sent returning home the whole host who had shared his labours. The people made haste to go, laden with shining treasures of the Eastern sea and birds of many strange forms. Their return was a triumphal march with universal acclaim to Dionysos the invincible;

\(^{b}\) Himalaya.  
\(^{c}\) Himalaya, Imaios in 258.  
\(^{d}\) Phrygian.  
\(^{e}\) Pearl.
πάντες εθακευόντο, πολυκιμήτου λιπόντες
μαγευτιν ὅλου πολέμου, Βορειάδι σύνθρομον αὐρη
σκιδναμένης καὶ ἐκαστὸς ἔχων ἀναθήματα νίκης
δόμιον εἰς δόμι οἷθε παλαρίμος. ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
'Lαστέριος τότε μουνός ἀνπτυπόθθων σχεδὸν Ἀρκτων 285
Φάσιδος ἀμφὶ πέθρον ἀθαλπεὶ κάσατο γαῖῃ
Μαμαγέτην παρὰ κόλπουν, ἐνὸ γενέται τοκῆς
ναών ἀστέρων ὑπὸ σφυρά δίσπυξα Ταύρου,
φεύγων Κιώσσων ἀστυ καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην,
Πασιφάης στυγέων καὶ ἔν Μίνωα τοκήα,
καὶ Σκυθὴν προβέβουλεν ἐνὶ χθονός:

αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος
Βάκχος ἐοίς Σατύρουσι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοις ἀμα Βάκχαίς
Καυκασίην μετὰ δήμων Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
'Αρραβίης ἑπέβαινε τὸ δαὐτερον, ἤχι θαμίζων
λαὸν ἀβακχεύτων Ἀράβων ἐδίδαξαν ἀείρεων
μυστιπόλους νάρθηκας: ἀειφύτοιο δὲ λόχης
Νῦσα βοτρύσει ταῖστεθεῖν οὐρεὰ θαλλῷ.
'Αρραβίης δὲ τένοντα βαθύσκιον ἀλσος ἐσάσα
ἀτραπών Ἀσσυρίην διεμέτρεε πεζὸς ὑδίτης,
καὶ Τυρίων μενέαίνειν ἑδεῖν χόνα πατρῶα Κάδμου 300
κεῖθι γάρ ἱγνοι ἐκαμψί, καὶ ἀσπιετα πέπλα δοκείων
θάμβεεν Ἀσσυρίης ἐτέρὀχρον δαίδαλα τέχης,
ἀργυφον εἰσορόων Βαβυλωνίδος ἐργον Ἀράκης,
καὶ Τυρίη σκοπίαζε δεδεμέναι φίρεα κόχλω,
πορφυρέους σπινθήρας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
ήχι κύων ἄλιεργος ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῖς ἐρέπτων
ἐνδόμυχον χαροπησὶ γενειάσι θέσκελον ἰχθὺν
χιονέας πόρφυρε παρηδας αἵματι κόχλου,

* Because the great Bear never dips into the ocean.
  b Now the Bion.
all revelled, for they left behind them all memory of that toilsome war, to blow away with the north wind, and each came returning home at last with his thank-offerings for victory. Asterios alone did not now return to his own country; instead, he settled near the foot-unwashen Bears, about the river Phasis in a cold land by the Massagetic Gulf, where he dwelt under the snowburdened feet of his father's father, Tauros the Bull, translated to the stars. He avoided the Cnossian city and the sons of his family, hating Pasiphaë and his own father Minos, and preferring Scythia to his own country. But Bacchos, followed only by his Satyrs and the Indianslaying Baechant women, after a war in the Caucasos beside the Amazonian River, visited Arabia the second time, where he stayed and taught the Arabian people who knew not Bacchos to uplift the mystic fennel, and crowned the Nysian hills with the vineclusters of his fruitful plant.

Leaving the long stretch of Arabia with its deep-shadowy forests he measured the Assyrian road on foot, and had a mind to see the Tyrian land, Cadmos's country; for thither he turned his tracks, and with stuffs in thousands before his eyes he admired the manycoloured patterns of Assyrian art, as he stared at the woven work of the Babylonian Araehne; he examined cloth dyed with the Tyrian shell, shooting out sea-sparklings of purple: on that shore once a dog busy by the sea, gobbling the wonderful lurking fish with joyous jaws, stained his white jowl with the blood

c The Caspian Sea, called a gulf because it was supposed to open out into the so-called Northern Ocean.

d The pedigree is Zeus and Europe—Minos—Asterios.

e Araehne, daughter of Idmon of Colophon, a great dyer and weaver; she challenged Athena, and was changed into a spider. See Ovid, Met. vi. 1. ff.
χείλεα φοινίκας διερόν πυρι, τῷ ποτε μούνι
φαΐδρον ἀλιχλαίνων ἐρυθαίνετο φάρος ἀνάκτων.

Καὶ πόλιν ἀθρήσας ἐπεγήθεσεν, ἧν ἐνοσίκθων
οὐ διερῷ μιτρουσέν ὡλῷ ξωστῆρι θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ τύπον λάχε τοῦ τοῦ Ὀλύμπιον, οὗν ὑφαίνει
ἀγχιτελής λείπουσα μὴ γλωσσίν σελήνη.
καὶ οἱ ὀπισεύοντι μέσην χθόνα σύζυγον ἁλμή
dιπλόν ἐλλαχεθαμβός, ἔπει Τύρος εἰν ἀλὶ κεῖται
eἰς χθόνα μοιρηθείσα, συναπτομενή δὲ θαλάσσης
πριχθαδίας λαγόνεσσι μιᾶν ἐυνόσατο μιτρην
ιχθομενήν ὃ ἀτινάκτος ὁμοίος ἐπλετο κοῦρη,
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα καὶ αὐχένα δῶκε θαλάσσης
χείρας ἐφαπλώσασα μέση διδυμάν ρύοτω,
γείτονι λευκαίνουσα θαλασσαίῳ δέμας ἀφρῶ,
καὶ πόδας ἀμφοτέρους ἐπερείσατο μητέρι γαῖῃ.
καὶ πόλιν ἐνοσίγαϊος ἔχων ἀστερφεὶ δεσμῷ
μυμφίος ὑδατοίς περιμῆχεται, οὐα συνάπτων
πῆχεὶ παφλάζοντι περίπλοκον αὐχίαν νύμφης.

Καὶ Τύρον εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐθάμβεε, τῇ ἐν μούνῃ
βουκόλος ἀγχικέλευθος ὀμιλεῖ γείτονι ναυτῇ
συρίζων παρὰ θίνα, καὶ αἰπόλος ἰχθυβολὴ
dίκτυνον αὐ ἐρόουτι, καὶ αἰτιτύποισιν ἐρημοῖς
σχιζομένων ύδατῶν ἑχαράσσετο βῶλος ἀρότρωος
εἶναλίης ὅ ὁδρίζων ὀμίλυδες ἐγχύθι λόχης
ποιμένες . . . ύλοτόμοισι, καὶ ἔβρεμεν εἰν ἐνὶ ἱερῷ
φλοίοβος ἀλός, μύκημα βοῶν, ψυθύρισμα πετήλων,
πεἶσμα, φυτὸν, πλόος, ἄλσος,
ὑδῶρ, νέες, ὀλκάς, ἕχετλη.
of the shell, and reddened his lips with running fire, which once alone made scarlet the sea-dyed robes of kings.⁶

311 He was delighted to see that city, which Earthshaker surrounded with a liquid girdle of sea, not wholly, but it got the shape which the moon weaves in the sky when she is almost full, falling short of fullness by one point. And when he saw the mainland joined to the brine, he felt a double wonder, since Tyre lies in the brine, having her own share in the land but joined with the sea which has joined one girdle with the three sides together. Unshakable, it is like a swimming girl, who gives to the sea head and breast and neck, stretching her arms between under the two waters, and her body whitened with foam from the sea beside her, while she rests both feet on mother earth. And Earthshaker holding the city in a firm bond floats all about like a watery bridegroom, as if embracing the neck of his bride in a splashing arm.

327 Still more Bacchos admired the city of Tyre; where alone the herdsman’s way was near the fisherman, and he kept company with his piping along the shore, and goatherd with fisher again when he drew his net, and the glebe was cleft by the plow while opposite the oars were cutting the waters. Shepherds near the seaside woods gossiped in company [with boatmen, fisher with] woodmen, and in one place was the loud noise of the sea, the lowing of cattle, the whispering of leaves, rigging and trees, navigation and forest, water, ships, and lugger, plowtail, "discoverers," εὐπέρατι, to another (see M. Kremmer, De catalogis heurematum, Leipzig 1890, pp. 45, 94), is told by St. Gregory Nazianzen, Orat. iv. 108, Cassiodorus, Variae i. 2.
μήλα, δόναξ, δρεπάνη, ακαφίδες.

λίνα, λαίφεα, θωρησ.

καὶ τάδε παπταίνων πολυθαμβέα ρήξατο φωνή.

"Νήσον εν ῥηέρῳ πόθεν ἔδρακον; εἰ θέμες εἰσεῖν, τηλίκοιν οὐ ποτε κάλλος ἐσέδρακον ἐφιπτενη γὰρ δεύδρα συρίζει παρὰ κύματα. Νηρείδος δὲ ἐθέγγομεν κατὰ πόντου 'Ἀμαδρίας ἐγγὺς ἀκούει, καὶ Τυρίοις πελάγεσσι καὶ ἀγχιάλουσιν ἀρούραις πνείων εἰκ. Λεβάνοιο μεσημβριώς ἄβρος ἀγός ἀσθματι καρποτόκως προχεί ἀροούον αὐρην, ψύχοιν ἀγροιόμον καὶ ναυτίλον εἰς πλόους Ἐκων. καὶ χθονίῳ δρεπάνῃ βυθῇ πελάσασα τραίνῃ φθέγγεται ἵφρομενοι θαλυσίας εἰνθάδε Δημό, κοφής ἄβροχν ἀρμα καθιπεινούτι γαλῆς, θύνειν δρόμον ἱσον ἀμοζῆλων ἐπὶ διήμω, ὑμπνα μαστίζουσα μετάρσια νῦτα ὅλακτων. ὁ πόλι πασιμέλουσα, τύπος χθονός, αἰθέρος εἰκῶν, συμφυνέος τρίπλευρον ἕχεις τελαμώνα θαλάσσης." "Ως εἰπών παράμειβε δι' ἀστεός ὀμμα τιταϊνων καὶ οἱ ὀπιπευόντι λιθογλώξους ἀγναί

μαρμαρυγήν ἀείφαινον ἀμοβαίαιο μετάλλουν.

καὶ προγόνου δόμον εἴδεν Ἀγήρωρος, ἐδρακεν αἰλᾶς καὶ θάλαμον Κάδρμοι, καὶ ἀρπαμένης ποτὲ νύμφης Ἐὐρώπης ἀφύλακτον ἐδύσατο παρθενώνα

μυήστων ἔχων κεράκειτο ἐνοῦ Διός ἀρχεγόνους δὲ πηγάς τάμβεε μάλλον, ὅτε χθονίῳ διὰ κάλπου νάματος ἐκχυμένου παλινάγρετον εἰς μίαν ἄρην χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοις πολυτρεφές ἐβλυκεν ὑδάρῳ: εἴδεν Ἀβαρβαρέης γόμην ρόου, ἐδρακε πηγήν

178
sheep, reeds, and sickle, boats, lines, sails, and corselet. As he surveyed all this, he thus expressed his wonder:

338 "How's this—how do I see an island on the mainland? If I may say so, never have I beheld such beauty. Lofty trees rustle beside the waves, the Nereid speaks on the deep and the Hamadryad hears hard by. A delicate breeze of the south breathes from Lebanon upon Tyrian seas and seaside plowland, pouring a breath of wind which fosters the corn and speeds the ships at once, cools the husbandman and draws the seaman to his voyage. Here harvesthome Deo brings the sickle of the land close to the trident of the deep, and speaks to the monarch of the wet, who drives his car unwetted upon the soundless calm, while she asks him to guide her rival car on the same course, and herself whips the bounteous backs of her aerial dragons. O world-famous city, image of the earth, picture of the sky! You have a belt of sea grown into one with your three sides!"

353 So he spoke, and wandered through the city casting his eyes about. He gazed at the streets paved with mosaic of stones and shining metals; he saw the house of Agenor his ancestor, he saw the courtyards and the women's apartments of Cadmos; he entered the ill-guarded maiden chamber of Europe, the bride stolen long ago, and thought of his own horned Zeus. Still more he wondered at those primeval fountains, where a stream comes pouring out through the bosom of the earth, and after one hour plenty of water bubbles up again with flood self-produced. He saw the creative stream of Abarbareë, a he saw the

a Not the same as in xv. 378. For the stories of these otherwise unknown fountains, see below, 538 ff.
Καλλιρόθην ἐρόεσσαν ἐπώνυμον, εἶδε καὶ αὐτῆς ἄβρον ἔρευνομείτης Δροσερῆς νυμφήν ὑδάρῃ. Ἄλλ’ ὅτε πάντα νοησεν ἂν φιλοτερπεῖ θυμῷ, εἰς δόμον Ἀστροχίτωνος ἐκώμασε, καὶ πρόμον ἀστρων τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν ἐκαλέσσατο μέστιδι φωνῇ.

"Ἀστροχίτων Ἡρακλεῖς, ἀνάξ πυρός, ὅρχαμε κόσμου, Ἡρεί, βροτείοι βίου δολικόσκει ποιμήν, ἰππεύων ἐλικηδὼν ὅλον πόλον αἴδοτο δίσκῳ, ὑπὸ χρόνου λυκάβατα διωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων, κύκλον ἄγεις μετὰ κύκλον ἀδ’ ὑπετέροιο δὲ δίφρου γῆραι καὶ νεότητι ρέει μορφούμενος αἰῶν: μαῖα σοφῆς ὁδίνος ἀμήτορος ἐικόνα Μήτης ὁδίνεις τριέλικτοι, ὅτε δροσόσοσα Σελήνη σῆς λοχίας ἀκτίνος ἀμέλεσται ἀντίτυπον πῦρ, ταυρεῖην ἐπίκυρτον ἀολλίζουσα κεραίνην: παμφαίες αἰθέρος ὁμία, δέρεις τετραίνυη δίφρου χεῖμα μετὰ φθινόπωρον, ἄγεις θέρος εἰαρ ἀμείβων. ὑπὲς μὲν ἀκοιντιστῆρι διωκομείτη σὸν πυροῦ χάζεται ἀστήρικτος, ὅτε θυρὸν ἄργυρον ἐλκών ἀκροβαίνης ἰππεύοις ἱμάσσεται ὀρθοὶς αὐχῆν, σείο δὲ λαμπρομένῳ φαντεροῦ οὐκέτι λάμπων ποικίλος εὐφαέεσσι χαράσσεται ἀστρασὶ λεμίων, χεῦμασι δ’ ἀιτολικοῖο λελουμένος Ὡκεανοῖο σεισάμενος γονόςσαν ἀβαλπεός ἱκράδα χαίτης ὀμβρον ἄγεις φερέκαρτον, ἐπ’ εἰώδῳ δὲ Γαῖη ἱερίης ἡμῶν ἐρείγει αἰρόμον ἑράθης, καὶ σταχύων ὕδινας ἀναλαίοςει σὸν δίσκω

180
lovely fountain named after Callirhoë, he saw the bridal water of Drosera herself spouting daintily out.

366 But when he had noted all this and gratified his curiosity, he went revelling to the temple of the Starclad and there called loudly upon the leader of the stars in mystic words:

369 "Starclad Heracles, lord of fire, prince of the universe! O Helios, longshadowed shepherd of human life, coursing round the whole sky with shining disk and wheeling the twelvemonth lichtgang the son of Time! Circle after circle thou drivest, and from thy car is shaped the running lifespace for youth and age! Nurse of wise birth, thou bringest forth the threefold image of the motherless Moon, while dewy Selene milks her imitative light from thy fruitful beam, while she fills in her curving bull's-horn. All-shining Eye of the heavens, thou bringest in thy four-horse chariot winter following autumn, and changest spring to summer. Night pursued by thy shooting torch moves and gives place, when the first morning glimpse comes of thy straightnecked steeds drawing the silver yoke under thy lashes; when thy light shines, the varied heavenly meadow no longer shines brighter dotted with patterns of bright stars. From thy bath in the waters of the eastern Ocean thou shakest off the creative moisture from thy cool hair, bringing the fruitful rain, and discharging the early wet of the heavenly dew upon the prolific earth. With thy disk thou givest increase to the growth of Melkart. He had long been identified with Heracles and, later, with the Sun.

b Helios is the father, according to Nonnos there is no mother.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

ράινων ζωότοκοι δι’ αὐλακος ὡμπτων ἀκτήν.
Βῆλος ἐπ’ Εὐφρίταο, Ἀρίθμες ἑκλημένος Ἀρμον, Ἀπει ἔφος Νελώνος.

"Ἀραί Κρόνος, Ἀσσύριος Ζητης, καὶ ξύλα κηρύττο τέρων γαμφώνιχι ταρσω χιλιάτης σοφός ὅρνες ἐπ’ εὐώδμω σεὸ βουμάρ
φοινικὶ, τέμπα βίου τέρων αὐτόσπορον ἀρχήν, τίκτεται ἵσοτύπῳ χρόνου παλαιόρρητος οὐκῶν, λύσας δὲ ἐν πυρὶ γῆρας ἀμίμβεται ἐκ πυρὸς ἡθην· εἰτε Σάραπης ἐφος, Ἀἰγύπτιος αὐτόφελος Ζεὺς, εἰ Κρόνος, εἰ Φαεθών πολιούριμος, εἰτε σὺ Μιθρής. Πελεος Βαβυλώνος, ἐν Ἔλλαθι Δελφος Ἀπολλων ἐγίμως, ὅπε περιοίς Ἱερῶς ἀστερεῖς ὄντιςς
μυθήδης τελέων ἀπατήλιον ἴμφυν εἰνής, ἐκ Διὸς ὑποώντος ὅτε γλυκάα μαχαίρος
αὐτογάμω σπόρον ἱγρὸν ἐπιξίθανος ἀροῦρης
οὐρανίες λιβάδεσσιν ἐμιαώθηςαν ἐρίπναι, εἰτε σὺ Παιήνων ὀδυνήφατος, εἰ πέλες Αἱθήρ
ποικιλος, Ἀστροχίτων δε φατίζει—ἐνάχχιοι γὰρ οὐρανὸν ἀστερεῖτες ἐπαινάζονται χειῶν—
οὐασιν εὐμενέσσας ἐμὴν ἀσπάζει φωνὴν." Τοῖν ἔπος Διοίνος ἀντίρρητος, ἐξαπίτης δὲ
ἐνθεον εἰδος ἔχων θεοδέγμων ἐιδοθι θεῷ
Ἀστροχίτων ἡστραφεί πυρολήμμοι δὲ προσώπου
μαρμαρυνός ροδόσσασαν ἀπεκόπτων ὀπωπαί
καὶ θεος αἰγήλεως παλάμην ὁρείζε Δαναίω, ποικίλον εἶμα φερών, τύπον αἰθέρος,

στίλβων ξανθὰ γένεια καὶ ἀστεροβίασσαν υπήρην·
καὶ μὲν ἐνφραίνων φιλὴς μείλιξε τραπεῖς,
αὐτάρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔστρεψεν ἀδαιρετῆς παρὰ ἰδίτων
φαινων ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος· οὐ νέμεσις δε,

182
harvest, irrigating the bounteous corn in the life-nourishing furrows.

392 "Belos on the Euphrates, called Ammon in Libya, thou art Apis by the Nile, Arabian Cronos, Assyrian Zeus! On thy fragrant altar, that thousand-year-old wise bird the phoenix lays sweetsmelling woods with his curved claw, bringing the end of one life and the beginning of another; for there he is born again, self-begotten, the image of equal time renewed—he sheds old age in the fire, and from the fire takes in exchange youthful bloom. Be thou called Sarapis, the cloudless Zeus of Egypt; be thou Cronos, or Phaethon of many names, or Mithras the Sun of Babylon, in Hellas Delphic Apollo; be thou Gamos, a whom Love begat in shadowy dreams, fulfilling the deceptive desire of a mock union, when from sleeping Zeus, after he had sprinkled the damp seed over the earth with the self-wedding point of the sword, the heights brought forth by reason of the heavenly drops; be thou painquelling Paicon, or patterned Heaven; be thou called the Starclad, since by night starry mantles illuminate the sky—O hear my voice graciously with friendly ears!"

411 Such was the hymn of Dionysos. Suddenly in form divine the Starclad flashed upon him in that dedicated temple. The fiery eyes of his countenance shot forth a rosy light, and the shining god, clad in a patterned robe like the sky, and image of the universe, with yellow cheek sparkling and a starry beard, held out a hand to Lyaios, and entertained him with good cheer at a friendly table. He enjoyed a feast without meatcarving, and touched nectar and ambrosia: why not indeed, if he did drink sweet nectar,
νοννος

'Ἡρης εἴρετο δ’ 'Ἀστροχίτων κρίων φιλοπενθέα φωνήν.
"'Ἀστροχίτων με δίδασκε,

tίπω χθονό, εἰκόνις νήσου,
tίς θεός ἀστυ πόλιςσε, τίς ἐγραφεὶν οὐρανῆς κείρ;
tίς σκοπέλους ἀνάειρε καὶ ἐφρίζως θαλάσση;
tίς κἀκε δαιδάλα ταῦτα; πόθεν λίχον οἴνομα πηγαί;
tίς χθονι νήσου ἐμέξεν ὁμώξηα μητρὶ θαλάσση;
"Εἴπε καὶ 'Ἡρακλῆς φιλῶν μελίζατο μύθῳ:
"Βάκχε, σὺ μὲν κλέε μέθῳ

tέγω δὲ σε πάντα διδάξω.
εἰθάδε φώτης ἐναιων, ὀμόσπορος οὐς ποτε μοῦνοις ἄεναοὶ κόσμοιο συνῆλικας ἐδρακεν Λιών,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου γένος χθονός, ὥν τότε μορφὴν
ἀυτομάτην ἀδινεν ἀνήροτος ἀσπορος ὑλῆς
οἱ πολὺ ἰσοτύπων δαπέδων αὐτόχθονι τέχην
πετραῖος ἀτάνακτον ἐπυργόσαντο θεμέλθοις.
καὶ ποτε πηγαίνῃ παρ’ εἰνόροις χαμεύναις
ἥλιον πυρόεντος ἰμασσομένης χθονὸς ἀτμῆ
τερβινὸν Ληθαίον ἀμεργόμενοι πτερών Ἱπποῦ
ἐνόδοι όμοι, κραδίθ δὲ φιλόπτολιν οἶστρον ἀέων
Γηγενέων στατῶν ἴχνος ἐπιφώρησα καρῆν,
καὶ βροτέαν σκιοεῖδες ἐχὼν ἵδαλμα προσώπου
θέσφατον ὀμφήκετο ἀνῆρηγον ἀνθερεῖνος.
"ὑπὸν ἀποσκεδάσαντες ἀγρεύα, παῖδες ἀραύρης,
tευξατε μοι ἐξένοι ἄρμα βατής ἀλός: ὀξυτομοῖος δὲ
κόψατε μοι πελέκεσσι ράχιν πιτυώδεος υλῆς.
"τευξατε μοι σοφὸν ἐργον ὑπὸ σταμίνεσσι δὲ πυκνοῖς
ἰκρία γομφώσαντες ἐπασσυτέρῳ τιν κόσμῳ

---

Heraclitus, here identified with Helios, sucked Hera’s 184
after the immortal milk of Hera? Then he spoke to the Starclad in words full of curiosity:

423 "Inform me, Astrochiton, what god built this city in the form of a continent and the image of an island? What heavenly hand designed it? Who lifted these rocks and rooted them in the sea? Who made all these works of art? Whence came the name of the fountains? Who mingled island with mainland and bound them together with mother sea?"

428 He spoke, and Heracles satisfied him with friendly words:

429 "Hear the story, Bacchos, I will tell you all. People dwelt here once whom Time, bred along with them, saw the only agemates of the eternal universe, holy offspring of the virgin earth, whose bodies came forth of themselves from the unplowed unsown mud. These by indigenous art built upon foundations of rock a city unshakable on ground also of rock. Once on their watery beds among the fountains, while the fiery sun was beating the earth with steam, they were resting together and plucking at the Lethean wing of mind-rejoicing sleep. Now I cherished a passion of love for that city; so I took the shadowed form of a human face, and stayed my step overhanging the head of these earthborn folk, and spoke to them my oracle in words of inspiration:

443 "Shake off idle sleep, sons of the soil! Make me a new kind of vehicle to travel on the brine. Clear me this ridge of pinewoods with your sharp axes and make me a clever work. Set a long row of thickset standing ribs and rivet planks to them, then breast (without her knowledge, for the story varies) and so became her fosterson.
NONNOS

συμφερτήν ἅτινακτον ἀρηρότι ἄψατε δεσμῷ, δέφροιν ἀλος, σχεδὴν πρωτόπλασσαν, ἢ διά ποίτου ὑμέας οὐλίζειει καὶ ἄγκυλον ἄκρον ἀπ’ ἄκρου
πρωτοπαγεῖς δόρυ μακρὸν ἄλον στήριγμα δεχέσθων· ἱκρία δὲ σταμάνεσσαι ἀρηρότα ἄψατε κύκλῳ,
tοίχου δουρατέου πυκνοῦ τύπου ἐψειτεῖς δὲ σφιγγόμενον δεσμοίζῃ μέσον ἡλον ὀρθῶν ἴστω· καὶ λίνευν πλατὺ φάρος ἐφάσατε δούρατα μέσων, συμπλεκέας δὲ κάλως ἀμοιβαδίς, ὥν ἀπὸ δεισμῶν ἐκταδὸν ἦρεμω κολπώσατε φάρος ἄθτη ἐγκυνον ἐξ ἀνέμου ἱποσσόν ἱρτεπαγῇ δὲ φράζατε λεπταλέουσι σεστρότα δούρατα γόμφως, πυκνα περιστράσαντες ὀμοζυγεῖον ἐπὶ τοίχων ρίπεοι οἰσυνοί, μὴ φώριον οἶδια χυθεὶη ἐνδόμυχον γλαφυροῖο κεχηνότι δούρατος ὀλκῷ.
καὶ σχεδῆς οἴηκα κυβεριτῆρα πορείης ὕγρης ἀτραπίτοιο πολυστροφὸν ἡμοχτὰ
πάντοθι δινεύοντες, ὅπη νος ὑμέας ἐλκει, δουρατέως κενεών χαράζατε νῶτα βαλάσσης, εἰσόκε χώρον ἱκουσθε μεμορμέον, ὅπποθι δισσάι ἀσταθέες πλώουσιν ἀλήμονες εἰν ἀλι πέτρωι, ἂς Φύσις Ἀμβροσίας ἐπεφήμισεν, αἰς ἐν θάλλει ἓλικος αὐτόρριζον ὀμόζυγον ἐρνος ἐλαιῆς, πέτρης ὑγροπόρου μεσόμυθαν ἀκροτάτως δὲ αἰετὸν ἄθρηστη παρεδρήσοιτα κορύμβοις καὶ φάλην εὐτυκτοι απὸ φλογεροῖο δὲ δευδρον θαμβαλέους σπνθήρας ἐρείγεσιτα αὐτόματον πῦρ.
καὶ σέλας ἀφλέγεσ απερδόκεται ἐρνος ἐλαιῆς· καὶ φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἐλιξ ὁφις ἀμφιχορεύει,
ἀμφότερον βλεφάροις καὶ οὐασια θάμβος ἀέων.
join them firmly together with a wellfitting bond—the chariot of the sea, the first craft that ever sailed, which can heave you over the deep! But first let it have a long curved beam running from end to end to support the whole, and fasten the planks to the ribs fitted about it like a close wall of wood. Let there be a tall spar upright in the middle held fast with stays. Fasten a wide linen cloth to the middle of the pole with twisted ropes on each side. Keep the sail extended by these ropes, and let it belly out to the wind of heaven, pregnant by the breeze which carries the ship along. Where the newfitted timbers gape, plug them with thin pegs. Cover the sides with hurdles of wickerwork to keep them together, lest the water leak through unnoticed by a hole in the hollow vessel. Have a tiller as guide for your craft, to steer a course and drive you on the watery path with many a turn—twist it about everywhere as your mind draws you, and cleave the back of the sea in your wooden hull, until you come to the fated place, where driven wandering over the brine are two floating rocks, which Nature has named the Ambrosial Rocks.  

469 "On one of them grows a spire of olive, their agemate, selfrooted and joined to the rock, in the very midst of the waterfaring stone. On the top of the foliage you will see an eagle perched, and a well-made bowl. From the flaming tree fire selfmade spits out wonderful sparks, and the glow devours the olive tree all round but consumes it not. A snake writhes round the tree with its highlifted leaves, increasing the wonder both for eyes and for ears. For the serpent

---

Where, if anywhere, Nonnos found this extraordinary tale of the founding of Tyre is unknown.
οὐ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητον ἐς αἰτῶν ἁψοφος ἐρπον λοξός ἀπειλητήρι οἵκαν περιβάλλεται ὀλυφή, οὐδὲ διαπτύου θανατηφόρον ἴον ὀδότου ὀριν ἐαις γενέσας καταστεί, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸς αἰετὸς ἐρπηστῆρα πολυπειρήτον ἀκάνθας ἀρπάξας ὀμόχειοι μετάρρυξε ἕρα τέμνει, οὐδὲ μὴν ἐξυόλοντι καταγράφεις γενείων, οὐδὲ ταυτικόνυμον φυτοῦ πεφορημένος οἷος πυρσοὶ ἀδηλήτου περιβόσκεται ἐρνος ἐλαίης, οὐδὲ δρακοντεῖων φολίδων σπείρημα μαρτινί σύννομον ἀγχικέλεθουν, ὀμπλοκεύον δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν οὐ πτερύγων ὄρνιθος ἐφάπτεται ἀλλόμενον πῦρ, ἀλλὰ φυτοῦ κατὰ μέσα φίλον σέλας ἄτρων ἰάλλει. οὐδὲ κύλεις ἀτύνακτος ἐπίρρος ὑφόδι πιπτεῖ σειρεμένος ἀνέμνοις ὀλισθήσασα κορύμβων, καὶ σοφῶν ἀγρεῦσαντες ἀμόχρονον ὀριν ἐλαίης αἰετῶν ὑψιπέτην ἱερεύσατε κυανοχάιτην, λύθρων ἐπιπεύδοντες ἀλιπλακέσσι κολάνως καὶ Δῦ καὶ μακάρεσσε καὶ ἀστατος οὐκέτι πέτρῃ πλάζεται ὑγροφόρητος, ἀκινήτως δὲ θερέθλοις αὐτομάτη Ἑισθεία συνάπτεται ἄζυγη πέτρῃ. πῆξατε δ’ ἀμφοτέρως ἐπικειμένοι ἄστυ κολάνως ἀμφοτέρῃς ἐκατέρθειν ἐπὶ κρηπίδι θαλάσσης: τοῖς ἐποῖς μαυτῶν ἀνήργων ἐγρόμενοι δὲ Γηγενεῖς δεδομένω, καὶ οἴασαν αὐτὸν ἑκατόν θέσκελος ἀπλανέων ἐπεθομβεῖς μεθὸς ὀνείρων. τοῖς δ’ ἐγὼ τέρας ἀλλο μετὰ πτερόντας ὄνειρος ἁχνυμένος ἀνέφηνα, φιλόκτετον ἱθες ἀέξων ἐσόμενοι πολιοῦχος ὑπερκύβας δὲ θαλάσσης ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φέρων ἰσόζυγη μορφῇ εἰς πλοῦν αὐτοδίδακτον εἴνηχετο ναυτίλος ἱχθὺς· τὸν τότε παπταίνοντες ἐοικότα τῇ θαλάσσῃ.
DIONYSIACA, XL. 478-509

does not creep silently to the eagle flying on high, and throw itself at him from one side with a threatening sweep to envelop him, nor spits deadly poison from his teeth and swallows the bird in his jaws; the eagle himself does not seize in his talons that crawler with many curling coils and carry him off high through the air, nor will he wound him with sharptoothed beak; the flame does not spread over the branches of the tall trunk and devour the olive tree, which cannot be destroyed, nor withers the scales of the twining snake, so close a neighbour, nor does the leaping flame catch even the bird's interlaced feathers. No—the fire keeps to the middle of the tree and sends out a friendly glow: the bowl remains aloft, immovable though the clusters are shaken in the wind, and does not slip and fall.

483 "You must catch this wise bird, the high-flying eagle agemate of the olive, and sacrifice him to Seabluehair. Pour out his blood on the seawandering cliffs to Zeus and the Blessed. Then the rock wanders no longer driven over the waters; but it is fixed upon immovable foundations and unites itself bound to the free rock. Found upon both rocks a builded city, with quays on two seas, on both sides.'

501 "Such was my prophetic message. The Earthborn awaking were stirred, and the divine message of the unerring dreams still rang in the ears of each. I showed yet another marvel after the winged dreams to these troubled ones, indulging my mood of founding cities, myself destined to be Cityholder: out of the sea popped a nautilus fish, perfect image of what I meant and shaped like a ship, sailing on its voyage selftaught. Thus observing this crea-
καὶ πλόον εὐποίητον ἀτερ καμάτιοι μαθόντες, 810
καὶ σχεδίην πίξιαντες ὁμοίων ἰγθῆν πόντον 
ναυτιλίας τύποι ίσον ἐμμέσαντο θαλάσσης,
καὶ πλόος ὅν πιστρῶν δὲ λίθων ἴσοελκεῖ φόρτω 
ναυτιλίαν ἰσόμετρον ἐπιστῶσαντο θαλάσση,
καὶ γεράνων ἀτάκτον ἐμμέσαντο πορείην,
αἱ στομάτων έπιτοσθέν ἀδασητήρα κελεύθον 
λάνε ἐλαφρίζουσι καταχθέα, μὴ ποτε κεῖτον 
ἐπιτρεμένων πτερὰ κοινῆ παραπλάγξειν ἄγητης,
εἰσόκε χώρον ἐκεῖνον ἐπέδρακον, ἡγὴ θεῖλας 
eis πλοῦν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐναυτήλλουτο κολῶνα.
καὶ σχεδίην ἐστησαν ἀλιστεφάνῳ παρὰ γῆσω,
καὶ σπλάδων ἐπίβαινον, ὅπη φυτῶν ἕνεν Ἀθήνης.
τοῖς δὲ ματαμένοις ἐφάστων ὅρὼν ἑλαίης 
αἰετός ἱερόφοιτος ἐκούσιοι εἰς μόρον ἑστη.
Γηγενεῖς δὲ λαβόντες εὔπτερον εὐθεὸν ἄγρην,
ἀφ ἀνασειράζουσιν ἀπαυράτονοι καρθήν 
γυμνῶν ἐφαπλώσαντες ἐλεύθερον ἀνθερεῶν,
αἰετόν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐδωτρεύσαντο μαχαίρῃ 
Ζηνὶ καὶ ύγρομέδουτι δαίζομένῳ δὲ κυδῆρῳ 
ἐμφρόνοις οἰωνοὶ νεοσφαγέων ἀπὸ λαμῶν 
θέσκελον ἔρρεεν αἰγὰ, θαλασσοπόρους δὲ κολὼνας 
δαιμονίας λιβάδεσαν ἐπερρίζωσε θαλάσση 
ἀγχ Ἐνυρον παρὰ πόντον ἐπ ἀρραγέσσας δὲ πέτραις 
Γηγενεῖς βαθύκολπον ἐδωμήσαντο τιθήνην. 530
σοὶ μὲν, ἄναξ Διόνυσε, πεδότρεφες αἴμα Γιγάντων 
ἐνεπον αὐτολόχευτον Ἑλυπτίον, ὅφρα δαίης 
ὑμετέρων προγόνων Τυρήν αὐτὸχθοσα φύτην· 
ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγάδων μυθήσομαι ἀρχέγονοι γὰρ 
παρθενικὰς πάρος ἤσαν ἐχέφονες, ὥν ἐπὶ μῖτρῃ
ture so like a ship of the sea, they learnt without trouble how to make a voyage, they built a craft like to a fish of the deep and imitated its navigation of the sea. Then came a voyage: with four stones of an equal weight they trusted their balanced navigation to the sea, imitating the steady flight of the crane; for she carries a ballast-stone in her mouth to help her course, lest the wind should beat her light wings aside as she flies. They went on until they saw that place, where the rocks were driven by the gales to navigate by themselves.

521 "There they stayed their craft beside the sea-girt isle, and climbed the cliffs where the tree of Athena stood. When they tried to catch the eagle which was at home on the olive tree, he flew down willingly and awaited his fate. The Earthborn took their winged prey inspired, and drawing the head backwards they stretched out the neck free and bare, they sacrificed with the knife that selfsurrendered eagle to Zeus and the Lord of the waters. As the sage bird was sacrificed, the blood of prophecy gushed from the throat newly cut, and with those divine drops rooted the seafaring rocks at the bottom near to Tyre on the sea; and upon those unassailable rocks the Earthborn built up their deepbreasted nurse.

535 "There, Lord Dionysos, I have told you of the soilbred race of the Earthborn, selfborn, Olympian, that you might know how the Tyrian breed of your ancestors sprang out of the earth. Now I will speak of the fountains. In the olden days they were chaste maidens primeval, but hot Eros was angered against

---

*a For some references to this story about cranes, see Sir D'A. W. Thompson, *Glossary of Greek Birds*, p. 72.

*b i.e. Old Tyre, the mainland part of the city.
θερμός 'Ερως κεχόλωτο, και ἤμερόν βέλος Ἐλκων 540
τοιον ἀλεξιγάμουσιν ἐπος ξυμωσατο Νύμφαις.
' Νησ' Ἀβαρβαρή' φιλοπάρθενε, δέξο καὶ αὐτή
tούτο βέλος, τὸ περ ἑσχεν ὅλη φύσις: ἐνθάδε πήξι
παστάδα Καλλιρόης, Δροσερῆς δ’ ἤμαιναι αἰείω.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις: "μεθέπω διερον γένος, ἐκ δὲ ροϊὰν 543
αὐτοτελῆς γενόμην, καὶ ἐμ’ τροφὸς ἐπέλετο πηγή."'
Νησ’ ἤν Κλυμένη καὶ ἀπόσπορος 'Οκεανοί,
ἀλλ’ γαμοῖς ὑπόθεσεν, ἑνμμεθ' ἐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆ,
ὡς ἵδε λάτριον 'Ερωτος ἀρέων κυνοχάιτην
οἰστρῳ Κυπρίδῳ δεδομημένον ἀρχέγονος δὲ
'Οκεανὸς ποταμοῖς καὶ ὕδασι πάσι κελεύουν
Τηθύνος οἴδεν ἔρωτα καὶ εὐάνδρους ὑμεναίοις.
τέτλαθι καὶ ὑπὸ φέρειν ὑπὸ Τηθύν. τοσσατίς δὲ
ἐξ ἀλὸς αἶμα φέρουσα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
ἵμειρει Γαλάτεια μελιζομένον Πολυφίμου,
καὶ βωθὴ κερσαίον ἔχει πόσιν, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
πηκτίδι θελγομένη μετανάστοις εἰς χθόνα βαίνη.
καὶ πηγαὶ δεδάσσων ἐμὸν βέλος: οὐ σε διδάξω
ἵμερον ὑδατόεντα: ποθοβλητῶν δὲ πηγῆς
ἐκλύσες ύγρὸν ἔρωτα Συρηκοσίς 'Αρεδίουσ'.
'Αλφεῖον δεδάσθακας, ὁς ἱκμαλέω παρὰ παστῶ
ὑδρηλαισ παλάμας περιβάλλεται ἡθάδα Νύμφην;
πηγῆς αἴμα φέρουσα τί τέρπει τοιχαίρη;
"Ἀρτέμις οὐ βλάστησεν αὐτ’ ὑδατος, ὡς 'Αφροδίτῃ. 564
ἐννεπε Καλλιρόη. Δροσερῆ μὴ κρύπτε καὶ αὐτή.
Κύπριδι μᾶλλον ὀφέλεις ἀγεν χαρίν, ὅτι καὶ αὐτή 565
αὐχέα κάμψειν 'Ερωτι,
καὶ εἰ τροφός ἐστίν 'Ερωτών.
δέχυσο κέντρα πόθοιο, καὶ ὑγροίμοι σε καλέσσω
εἰς γενεήν, ἐς ἔρωτα κασιγήτην 'Αφροδίτης."
tοιον ἐπος κατελεξεν ὁπισθοτοιον δὲ τόξου 570
192
their maiden girdles, and drawing a shaft of love he
spoke thus to the marriage-hating nymphs: 'Naiad
Abarbarie, so fond of your maidenhood, you too re-
ceive this shaft, which all nature has felt. Here I will
build Callirhoe's bridechamber, here I will sing
Drosera's wedding hymn—But you will say, Mine is a
watery race, I came selfborn from the streams, and
my nurse was a fountain.—Yes, Clymene was a Naiad,
and the offspring of Oceanos; but she yielded to wed-
lock, she also was a bride, when she saw Seabluethair
the mighty a lackey of Eros, and shaken with the
passion of Cypris. Primeval Oceanos, who commands
all rivers and waters, knows love for Tethys and a
watery wedding. Make the best of it, and endure as
Tethys did. Another sprung from the sea so great
and not from a little fountain, Galateia, has desire for
melodious Polyphemos; the deepsea maiden has a
husband from the land, she migrates from sea to land,
enchanted by the lute. Fountains also have known
my shafts. I need not teach you of love in the
waters; you have heard of the watery passion of
Syracusan Arethusa, that lovestricken fountain; you
have heard of Alpheios, who in a watery bower em-
braces the indwelling nymph with watery hands.
You—the offspring of a fountain—why are you
pleased with the Archeress? Artemis did not come
from the water like Aphrodite. Tell that to Calli-
rhoe, do not hide it from Drosera herself. You ought
rather to please Cypris, because she herself bent her
neck to Eros even though she is nurse of the loves.
Accept the stings of desire, and I will call you by birth
one waterwalking, by love sister of Aphrodite.' So
he spoke; and from his backbent bow let fly three

---

\[ a \] Cf. on xxxix. 257. \hspace{1cm} \[ b \] Cf. on xxxvii. 173.
NONNOS

τριπλόα πέμπε βέλεμα, καὶ εὐθέως παρὰ παστῷ
Νημάδων φιλότητι συνήμμουσιν νῖ τὸ ἄρωφης,
καὶ Τυρίης ἔστηπε θερμεῖς αἷμα γενέθλης."

Τοῖα μὲν Ἡρακλῆς πρόμορον ἀδέρφος ἐπετεί Βάκχῳ
περιγυνόνιοι ἄρωοις: ὁ δὲ φρέω τέρπετο μῦθῳ,
καὶ πόρεν Ἡρακλῆ, τὸν οὐρανία κάμε τέχνῃ,
χρυσαφαῖ κρητήρα σελασφόρον Ἡρακλῆς δὲ
ἀστραίῳ Διόνυσῳ ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτώνι.

Καὶ θεὸν ἀστροχιτῶν Τύρου πολιοῦχον ἱάσας
Ἀσσυρίης ἐτέρης ἐπεβήσατο Βάκχος ἁρώνης. 580

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK XL

369 ff. This curious prayer, or hymn, might almost be
called a compendium of solar syncretism. Ὑπὸ τοῦ παρὰ deos
ad solem referunt, says Macrobius, Sat. i. 17. 2, and some
examples of the ingenious theorizing by which this result was
reached may be found there or in Julian's Hymn to King
Sun 143 v ff. (vol. i. p. 380 in L.C.L.). Down to 391,
Dionysos simply celebrates the physical powers of the sun;
then begin the identifications. He is "Helos on the
Euphrates"; the Greeks were as firmly convinced as many
modern Bible-readers that the Semites, or the Orientals
generally, worshipped a god called Baal or Bel, the truth of
course being that ba'ad is a Semitic word for lord or master,
and so is applied to a multitude of gods. This "Bel," then,
being an important deity, must be the sun, the more so as
some of the gods bearing that title may have been really
solar. He is "Libyan Ammon" and "the Assyrian Zeus",
because Zeus is the same as Helios and Ammon is Zeus.
Apis is solis instar, Macrobi. ibid. xxi. 20, Cronos, long since
shots. Then in that watery bower he joined in love sons of the soil to the Naiads, and sowed the divine race of your family."

574 So much Heracles leader of heaven said to Bacchos in pleasant gossip. He was delighted at heart by the tale, and offered to Heracles a mixing-bowl of gold bright and shining, which the art of heaven had made; Heracles clad Dionysos in a starry robe.

579 Then Bacchos left the Starclad god, cityholder of Tyre, and went on to another district of Assyria.

misinterpreted as Time, was very easy to identify with the best-known measure of time, and therefore the gods of other nations identified with him (we do not know what Arab god Nonnos means; it would be interesting if it were Allah) are sun-gods too. Sarapis (399) had declared himself to be the Sun, Macrobr. ibid. xx. 17, and so he must be Zeus also; Phaethon means Helios scores of times in Nonnos, to say nothing of other writers; Mithra really was a sun-god; the "Helios of Babylon" might be simply El; Apollo had been identified with Helios since the fifth century B.C. Paian is Apollo (407) and consequently Helios also; to call the sun the ether or sky (ibid.) is but a small stretch of identification for a syncretist of those days; remains Gamos (402), and here we seem to have neither cult nor philosophy, but a literary pedantry of Nonnos's own. Philoxenos the dithyrambic poet, in a passage cited by Athenaios, 6 a, had called Gamos the most brilliant (λαμπρότατη) of the gods; now the sun is the most brilliant object in the universe, and undoubtedly a god; therefore Gamos also is Helios, Q.E.D.!
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Πρώτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν νῦν Μύρρης ἄλλῃν Κύπριν ἑτίκτην Ἀμμιμώνην Ἀφροδίτη.

"Ἄρτι μὲν ὀφρυώεστος ὑπὲρ Διανόοι καρΈμων πήγας ἀγιακόρπον ἐπὶ χιοῖ βότρυν ὅπωρῆς οὐσιότοκοις ἐμέθυσασιν ὅλης κοινώνας ἀροῦρης: καὶ Παφίης δόμων εἴδε γαμηλίων ἡμερίδων δὲ ἔρνεσιν ἀρτιφύτοισι βαθύκοιοι ἄλος ἐρέφας ἀμπελόεν πόρε δώρων Ἀδωνίδι καὶ Κυθηρείᾳ. καὶ Χαρίτων χορὸς ἠκόαν ἀεισφύτου δὲ λόχης ἡμερίδων ζωστῆρι θορὰν ἐπιβήτορα παλμῷ κυσσὸς ἀφεσιπότητος ἐμπρόπθη κυπαρίσσῳ.

'Αλλὰ θερμϊστοπόλου Βερός παρὰ γείτονι πέζῃ ᾗ μνὸν Ἀμμιμώνης, Διανόοιδες εἰπατε Μοῦσαι, καὶ βυθίον Κρόνιδαο καὶ εὐφμυνοι Λυκιάοι 'Ἀρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσαν Ἕνων.

'Εστι πόλις Βερός, βιότου τρόπης, ὁρμος Ἐρώτων, ποὺτοπαγής, εὐηθεῖα, εὔχλεος, οὐ ράχις ὅσθμων ὁπί οὐ μήκος ἐχοίτος, ὅτη διδύμης μέσος ἄλμης κύμασιν ἀμφοτέρουσιν ἴμασσαι ὅρθιος αὐχήν ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν βαθύδενδρον ὕπο ράχιν αἰθόπος Ἐὔρου
BOOK XLI

The forty-first tells how Aphrodite bore Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

Already he had planted in the earth the clustering vintage of his glorious fruit under the beetling crags of Lebanon, and intoxicated all the winebearing bottoms of the land. He saw the wedding-chamber of Paphia; there with newgrown shoots of the gardenvine he roofed a deep-shaded grove, then presented the viny gift to Adonis and Cythereia. There was also a troop of Graces; and from the luxuriant coppice high leapt the ivy in his girdle of cultivated vine, and climbed aloft embracing the cypress.

10 Come now, ye Muses of Lebanon on the neighbouring land of Beroë, that handmaiden of law! recite the lay of Amymone, the war between Cronides of the deep and well-besung Lyaios, the war of waters and the strife of the vine.

13 There is a city Beroë, the keel of human life, harbour of the Loves, firmbased on the sea, with fine islands and fine verdure, with a ridge of isthmus narrow and long, where the rising neck between two seas is beaten by the waves of both. On one side it spreads under the deepwooded ridge of Assyrian

a Poseidon.

b Berytos, Beyrout.
Ἀσσυρίων Λιβάνθρο παραπέπταται, ἧς πολίταις ὀρθὰ συριζόμενα βιωσόμενος ἐρχεται αὖρη.

εὐόδμοις ἀνύμωτι ταυτοσωμένων κυπαρίσσων... 21

σύννομος ἱκθυβολῆ γέρων ἐμελεῖτο ποιμήν,

καὶ δόμος ἀγροτῶν, ὅτι πολλάκις ἐγγύθη λόχυς

Παντὶ μελιξωμένῳ ὑπεραντήφορος ἤντε Ἰδρώ,

καὶ τις ἐδ' ἱστοβούη γεωμόρος αὐχένα κάμψας,

ραῖνων ἀρτιχάρικον ὀπισθοβόλων χθόνα καρπῷ,

γείτονι μηλοβοτηρί παρὰ σφυρά φορθάδος ὑλῆς,

σφίγξας σύζυγον ταῦρον, ὀμίλιος κυρτὸς ἀροτρείς.

αλλὰ δὲ πᾶρ πελάγεσσιν ἔχει πόλε, ἥχι τιτάωνο

στέρνη Ποσειδάωνι, καὶ ἐμβρυών αὐχένα κοὐρῆς

πίχεὶ μυδαλέως περιβάλλεται ἑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,

πέμπων ὑδατόντας ψείλματα χέλεσι νύμφης

καὶ βυθῖς ἀπὸ χειρῶν ὄμενετς ἡθάδι κόλπῳ

ἐδα Ποσειδάωνος ἀλτροβα πίσια λίμνης

δέχονται, ἵχθυοντας πολύχροα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,

εἰναλή Νηρῆος ἐπισκαίρωντα τραπέζης,

ἀρκτῶν παρὰ πέζαιν, ὅπῃ βαθυκύμονος ἀκτής

μηκεδαφοὶ κενὲοι Βορήνιος ἔλκεται αὐλῶν.

ἀμφὶ δὲ περιμνόοις μεσημβρινῶν αὐχένα γαίης

εἰς ῥαχήν Νοτίην φαμαθώδεις εἰς ἀταροῖ

εἰς χθόνα Σιδωνίην, ὅθι ποικίλα δεῖδρα κήπων

καὶ σταφυλαὶ κομῶσι, ταυντορθοῖς δὲ πετύλιοις

δάσκιοι ἀπλαγέσσι τιταῖνεται οίμοι ὀδίταις.

δοχμώσας δὲ κεύθρου ἐπ' ἕοι πῶς ἀταροῖ

ἀμφὶ δύσιν κυνωποῖν, ὅπῃ λειμυχεῖ ταρσῷ

Ἐσπερίῳ Ζευρῷ καθεπεύνοιτο ἐναύλων

σωριγμῷ δροσόειτι Λίβυς ῥηπίζεται ἄγκων,

ἀνθεμόεις ὅθι χῶρος, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτον πῶντῳ

198
Lebanon in the blazing East, and there comes for its people a lifesaving breeze, whistling loud and shaking the cypress trees with fragrant winds. There the ancient shepherd shared his domain and made his music along with the fisherman; there was the dwelling of the farmers, where often near the woodland, Deo sickle in hand met Pan playing on his pipes; and the husbandman bending his neck over the plowpole, and showering the corn behind him into the newcut furrows with backturned wrist, the bowed plowman gripping his yoke of bulls, had converse with his neighbour the shepherd along the foothills of the woodland pasture. The other part by the seas the city possesses, where she offers her breast to Poseidon, and her watery husband embraces the girl’s pregnant neck with wet arm, putting moist kisses on the bride’s lips; his bedfellow in her well-accustomed bosom accepts Poseidon’s familiar bride-gifts from his hand out of the deep, the seabred flocks of the waters, the fishes of many colours for her banqueting-table, which dance on the table of Nereus in the brine, in the region of the Bear, where the northerly coast receives the deep waves into its long channel. About the southern neck of this delightful country sandy roads lead to the southern hills and the Sidonian land, where are all manner of trees and vines thick with foliage in the gardens, and a highway stretches that no traveller can miss, overshadowed with long leafy branches. The sea bending its course beats on the shore about the darkfaced west, while the bight of Libya is fanned by the dewy whistle of Zephyros as he rides with shrill-sounding heel over the western channels, where is a flowery land, where nurseries
The four elements.

First king of Athens, a kind of Attic Adam; he had snakes for legs.

He means Erichthonios, cf. xiii. 171 ff.

200
bloom hard by the sea, and the fragrant forest pervaded by humming winds sings from its leafy trees.

51 Here dwelt a people agemates with the Dawn, whom Nature by her own breeding, in some unwedded way, begat without bridal, without wedding, fatherless, motherless, unborn: when the atoms were mingled in fourfold combination, and the seedless ooze shaped a clever offspring by commingling water with fiery heat and air, and quickened the teeming mud with the breath of life. To these Nature gave perfect shape: for they had not the form of primeval Cecrops, who crawled and scratched the earth with snaky feet that spat poison as he moved, dragon below, but above from loins to head he seemed a man half made, strange in shape and of twyform flesh; they had not the savage form of Erechtheus, whom Hephaistos begat on a furrow of Earth with fertilizing dew; but now first appeared the golden crop of men brought forth in the image of the gods, with the roots of their stock in the earth. And these dwelt in the city of Beroë, that primordial seat which Cronos himself builded, at the time when invited by clever Rheia he set that jagged supper before his voracious throat, and having the heavy weight of that stone within him to play the deliverer's part, he shot out the whole generation of his tormented children. Gaping wide, he sucked up the storming flood of a whole river, and swallowed it in his bubbling chest to ease his pangs, then threw off the burden of his belly; so one after another his pregnant throat pushed up and disgorged his twiceborn sons through the delivering channel of his gullet.

* The Golden Age.
Ζέυς τότε κούρος ἐκείνος ἐτεῖν ποτό νεφών τοίχα τοίχων παλαιό
ἀστεροπής σελάγις, καὶ οὖ Τιτηνίδη χάρμη

Νόμος αἰσθητήρες οἰστεώντο κεραυνοῖς
οἴδε συνερχομένων νεφέων μικρότερο βόμβω
βρονταί βαρηδούποι ἐβόμβευον ἀμβροσία ἥχω.

Αλλά πόλες Βεροῦ προτέρη πέτει, ἢν ἀμά γαίη
πρωτοφανῆς ἐνύψεις ὀμήλικα σύμφωνοι λιῶν·
οὐ τότε Ταρσοῦ ἐν τερψιμβολοῖς, ὁμίο τότε Ἑθηῆ, ὃ
οὐ τότε Σάρδεις ὄσαν, ὅπη Πακτωλίδος ὁχθὴς
χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένης ἀμαρυσσότα αἴβοις ὀλύσ,
Σάρδεις, Ἡλίου συνήλικες· οὐ γένος ἀνδρῶν,
οὐ τότε τις πόλις ἦν Ἀχαιῶς, οἴδε καὶ αὐτὴ
Ἀρκαία προσέληνος· αἰνεβλάστηροι δέ μοῦνη

Ulus βατεντήν Φαέθοντο, ὃθεν φάοι ἕσκε Σελήνη,
καὶ φθαμένη χόνα πάσαν, ἐν παμμέτροι κολπῷ

Ἡλίου νεοφεγγέες ἀμελγομένη σέλας αἰγλῆς
καὶ φαοὶ ὀψιτέλεστον ἀκομήτου Σελήνης,
πρώτη κυναεῖς ἀπεσείσατο κάκων ὀμίχλης,
καὶ χαῖς ζοφόεσσαν ἀπεστεφάλεις καλύπτρην·
καὶ φθαμένη Κύπρου καὶ Ἰασθίου ἄστυ Κορίνθου

Ἀδεικτὸς τυλεώι ἐκεῖ Φίλοξεώι φυλαττειν

Ὤ ἀλὸς ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὅτε βρυχῆν Ἐφροδίτην

Οὐρανίής ὁδινεῖς ἀπ’ αἰλακόσ εἰκὼν ὑδῶρ,

ὀππόθι νόσφι γάμων ἀρόσας ῥων ἀραΐνει λύθρω

Αὐτοτελῆς μορφοῦτο θυγατρογόμοι γόνοι ἀφρώ

καὶ Φύσες ἐπλετο μαία· συναντέλλων δὲ θεαῖν

στικτός ἢμας, στεφανηδόν ἐπ’ ἔξι κύκλων ἑλίξας,

αὐτομάτω ξωστήρι δέμας μίτρωσεν ἀνάβεσις.

καὶ θεὸς ἱχνεύουσα δι’ ὅδας ἄφοδοι ἀκτήν

οὐ Πάφον, οὐκ ἔπι Βυβλὸν ἀμέδραμεν,

οὐ πόδα χέρωι

202
Zeus was then a child, still a baby methinks; not yet the lightning flashed and cleft the hot clouds with many a dancing leap, not yet bolts of Zeus were shot to help in the Titans' war, not yet the rainy sound of thunderclaps roared heavily with bang and boom through colliding clouds: but before that, the city of Beroë was there, which Time with her first appearing saw when born together with her agemate Earth. Tarsos the delight of mankind was not then, Thebes was not then, nor then was Sardis where the bank of Pactolos sparkles with opulent ooze disgorged, Sardis agemate of Helios. The race of men was not then, nor any Achaian city, nor yet Arcadia itself which came before the moon. Beroë alone grew up, older than Phaëthon, from whom Selene got her light, even before all the earth, milking out from Helios the shine of his newmade brightness upon her all-mothering breast and the later perfected light of unresting Selene Beroë first shook away the cone of darkling mist, and threw off the gloomy veil of chaos. Before Cyprus and the Isthmian city of Corinth, she first received Cypris within her welcoming portal, newly born from the brine: when the water impregnated from the furrow of Uranos was delivered of deepsea Aphrodite; when without marriage, the seed plowed the flood with male fertility, and of itself shaped the foam into a daughter, and Nature was the midwife—coming up with the goddess there was that embroidered strap which ran round her loins like a belt, set about the queen's body in a girdle of itself. Then the goddess, moving through the water along the quiet shore, ran out, not to Paphos, not to Byblos, set no
Κωλιάδος ῥημάινος ἐφήμοσεν, ἄλλα καὶ αὐτῶν ὥκυτέρη στροφάλιγγι παρέτρεχεν ἀστυ Κυθήρων· καὶ χρόνος πυκνότιτε περιτρίβασα κορύμβω· ἐπορφυρεῖ τέλε μᾶλλον ἀκυμάντου ὑπὸ πόντου χείρας ἐρέτμώσασα θεητόκον ἐχυσίην ὑδωρ ἴηρομείη, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα θαλάσσῃ σιγαλέν ἀνέκοπτε χαρασσομείν ἀλα ταρσῷ, καὶ δέμας ἥψησε, διχαζομεῖς δὲ γαλήνης ποσοίν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὑδωρ· καὶ Βερόης ἐπέβαινε· ποδῶν δὲ ἐπίβαθρα θεαίνης εἰς ἄλος ἔρχομεν ἱετής ἐφεύσατο Κύπρων. πρώτη Κύπρων ἐδεκτο· καὶ ἑφόθυ γείτονος ὅρμου αὐτοφυέας λεμῶνες ἑρευγόμενοι βριά ποίης ἤμθεον ἐνθά καὶ ἐνθά, πολυφαμαθῶν δὲ ἐνι κόλπῳ ἤμονοι ροδεόισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο κορύμβους, πέτρη δὲ ἀφριώνας θυώδεως ἐγκυως οἰνον πορφυρεῖν ὑδίνα χαραδράίῳ τέκε μαζῷ, ληναίας λιβάδεσσι κατάσκοιν ὀμβρον ἐκροπης... ἀργείνης κελάρυε γαλαξαίω χύσεις ὀλκάροις αὐτοχύτου δὲ μύροι μετάρασον ἀτμον ἐλίσσων ἥριοις ἐμέθυσε σῶροι εὐομος ἀήτης. καὶ τότε θούρον Ἕρωτα, γονής πρωτόσπορον ἄρχην, ἀρμονίας κόσμου φερέσβιοι ἑμοχής, ἀρτιφανῆς ὑδίνεν ἐπ' ὀφρύι γείτονος ὅρμου· καὶ παῖς ῥπυόδης, κόπον ἀρσέα πουσὶ τινάξας, γαστρός ἀμαίεύτως μογοστόκον ἐφθασεν ἡρην, μητρός ἀνυμφεύτωι μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀράξης, θερμὸς ἐτι προ τόκοιον κυβιστητήρι δε παλμῳ...
foot on land by the dry beach of Colias,\textsuperscript{a} even passed by Cythera's city itself with quicker circuit: aye, she rubbed her skin with bunches of seaweed and made it purpler still; paddling with her hands she cleft the birthwaters of the waveless deep, and swam; resting her bosom upon the sea she struck up the silent brine, marking it with her feet, and kept her body afloat, and as she cut through the calm, pushed the water behind her with successive thrusts of her feet, and emerged at Beroë. Those footsteps of the goddess coming out from the sea are all lies of the people of Cyprus.\textsuperscript{b}

\textsuperscript{119} Beroë first received Cypris; and above the neighbouring roads, the meadows of themselves put out plants of grass and flowers on all sides; in the sandy bay the beach became ruddy with clumps of roses, the foamy stone teemed with sweetsmelling wine and brought forth purple fruit on its rocky bosom, a shadowing shower of dew with the liquor of the winepress,\textsuperscript{c} . . . a white rill bubbled with milky juice: the fragrant breeze wafted upwards the curling vapours of scent, selfspread, and intoxicated the paths of the air. There, as soon as she was seen on the brows of the neighbouring harbourage, she brought forth wild Eros, first seed and beginning of generation, quickening guide of the system of the universe; and the quickleg boy, kicking manfully with his lively legs, hastened the hard labour of that body without a nurse, and beat on the closed womb of his unwedded mother; then a hot one even before birth, he shook his light

\textsuperscript{b} Possibly this means that some marks on the rocks in Cyprus were shown as the prints of Aphrodite's feet.

\textsuperscript{c} The loss of one or more lines makes this obscure.
δινεύων πτερὰ κούφα πύλας ὑψε λοχείης.
καὶ ταχὺς αἰγλήσιν θορὸν ἐπὶ μητρὸς ἀγοστῆ ἀστατος ἀκλινέσσων Ἔρως ἀνεσάλλετο μαζὸς,
στῆθεῖ παιδοκόμω τετανυσίμως· εἰς ἀρεὶ φορβῆς ἑμερον αὐτοδίδακτον· αἵμαλκτου δὲ θηλῆς
ἀκρα δακῶν γονίμων λιβάδων τεθλυμένων ὅγκῳ οἰδαλέων ἀκόρητος ὅλων γλάγος ἐσπασε μαζῶν.
'Ῥίζα βίου, Βερόη, πολίων τροφῶς, εὐχὸς ἀνάκτων,
πρωτοφανῆς, Αἰώνος ὀρώσπορα, σύγχρονι κόσμοι,
ἐδρανον Ἐρμεῖα, Δίκης πέδων, ἀστυ θεμίστων,
ἐνδοικ Ἐὐθροσίής, Παθῆς ὁμοίως, ὁικὸς Ἐρώτων,
Βάκχου τερπνῶν ἐδεικὼν, ἵππων ἱοχείρης,
Νησείδων ἀνάθημα, Διός ὁμοίως, Ἄρεος αἰλή,
Ὀρχομενὸς Χαρίτων, Λιβανηδῶς ἀστρον ἀρούρης,
Τηθύος ἀσοέτηρος, ὀρῶμορρος Ὀκεανοῦ,
ὁς Βερόην ἐφυτευσεν ἐφ' ἀνυπώδαικα παστῷ,
Τηθύος ἐκμαλέουσιν ὀμιλήσας ἐμεναίος,
Ἠν περ Ἀμυμώνην ἐπεκήρυσαν, αὕτ' ἐ μήτηρ
ὑδρηλής φιλότητος ὑπορροχίη τέκνων εὔπῃ.
'Αλλὰ τις ὀπλοτήρη πέλεται φάτις, ὅτι μν αὐτή
ἀνδρομένης Κυθέρεια κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
Ἀσσυρίω πάλινκον Ἀδάνιδι γείνατο μήτηρ·
καὶ δρόμων ἐνεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσασα Σελήνης
φόρτων ἑλαφρίζει· φθάμενος δὲ μν ὦκει ταρσῷ,
ἐσσομένων κήρυκα, Λατινίδα δέλτων, ἄειρῶν,
εἰς Βερόης ὤδινα μογοστόκος ἤλθεν Ἐρμῆς,
καὶ Θέμις Εἰλείθυια, καὶ οἰδαλέω διὰ κόλπου

---

a i.e. as much beloved by them as Orchomenos, the ancient seat of their cult, cf. xvi. 131.
b Whether either legend is older than Nonnos or his own
wings and with a tumbling push opened the gates of birth. Thus quickly Eros leapt into his mother's gleaming arms, and pounced at once upon her firm breasts spreading himself over that nursing bosom. Untaught he yearned for his food; he bit with his gums the end of the teat never milked before, and greedily drank all the milk of those breasts swollen with the pressure of the lifegiving drops.

143 O Beroë, root of life, nurse of cities, the boast of princes, the first city seen, twin sister of Time, coeval with the universe, seat of Hermes, land of justice, city of laws, bower of Merryheart, house of Paphia, hall of the Loves, delectable ground of Bacchos, home of the Archaress, jewel of the Nereids, house of Zeus, court of Ares, Orchomenos of the Graces, a star of the Lebanon country, yearsmate of Tethys, running side by side with Oceanos, who begat thee in his bed of many fountains when joined in watery union with Tethys—Beroë the same they named Amymone when her mother brought her forth on her bed in the deep waters!

155 But there is a younger legend, b that her mother was Cythereia herself, the pilot of human life, who bore her all white to Assyrian Adonis. Now she had completed the nine circles of Selene's course carrying her burden: but Hermes was there in time on speedy foot, holding a Latin c tablet which was herald of the future. He came to help the labour of Beroë, and Themis d was her Eileithyia—she made a way through invention may be doubted. All this mixture of pedantry and prettiness has for its inspiration the great law school of Berytus (Beirut).

c It was of course Roman law that was taught at Berytus, although not at the time of Solon (see line 165).

d Goddess of Justice.
στενομείνης ωδίνος ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρην ὑψό βέλος κούφιζε πεπαυμομένου τοκετοίον, θεσμα Σόλωνος ἔχουσα: πιεζομένη δὲ λοχιή λυσιτόκω βαρύ νωτὸν ἐπικλύσασα θεάτην. Κύπρις ἀνωσίας, καὶ Ἀττιδὸς ὅψιθι βιβλίον παίδα σοφὴν ἠλύγχεσε, Λακωνίδες οἷα γυναῖκες νεάς ὁδίνουσιν ἐπ' εὐκύκλῳ βοεῖς· καὶ τόκον ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀπέπτυξε θηλῆι κόλπῳ, ἀρσενα μαίαν ἔχουσα δικασπόλον νεά Μαιῆς· καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἤγεν. ἐχυτλώσαστο δὲ κούρην πέσορις ἀστεῖα πάντα διμπλεύοντες ἀήττα, ἐκ Βερόης ἵνα γαίαν ὅλην πλήσωσι θεμίστων· τῇ δὲ λοχευμείνη πρωταγγέλος εἰσέτι θεσμῶν Ὀκεανὸς πόρε χεῦρα λεχίων ξύλο κόσμου ἀενάω τελαμών ἱέων μιτρωμένοιν ὑδὼρ· χεραὶ δὲ γηραλήσαντες ἐκ ἀρτιτόκου χρόα κούρης σπάργανα πέπλα Δίκης ἀνεκούφισε σύντροφος Λιών, μάντις ἐπεσσωμένων, ὅτι γῆρας άχθος ἀμείβων, ὡς ὅφαι ἀδρανὲς φολίδων σπείρημα τινάξας, ἐμπαλὶς ἤβησες λελουμένοις οἴδαμες θεσμῶν· θεσπεσίην δὲ θύγατρα λοχευμείνης Ἀφροδίτης σύνθροον ἐκρούσαστο μέλος τετραίνὺς Ὀμαῖ. 
Καὶ Παφίης ωδίνα τελεσιγάονοι καθοντες θήρες ἐβακχεύοντο· λέων δὲ τις άβρον άθύρων χείλει μειλιχῶς ραχίην ἡραξετο ταῦρον, ἀκροτέρους στομάτεσα φίλον μυκητὸν ἐλλοῖν, καὶ προχαλὴ βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσοσαν πέδον ὑπὸ ἵππος ἀνεκροταλίζε γενέθλιον ἦχον ἀράσσων, καὶ ποδὸς ὑψιπόροι σαρών ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐπεσκήνησε λαγῳ, ὑφυγῆς δ' ὀλὼνγμα χέων φιλοπαίγμονι λαμφ
the narrow opening of the swollen womb for the child, and unfolded the wrapping, and lightened the sharp pang of the ripening birth, with Solon's laws in hand. Cypris under the oppression of her travail leaned back heavily against the ministering goddess, and in her throes brought forth the wise child upon the Attic book, as the Laconian women bring forth their sons upon the round leather shield. She brought forth her newborn child from her motherly womb with Hermes the Judge to help as man-midwife. So she brought the baby into the light. The girl was bathed by the four Winds, which ride through all cities to fill the whole earth with the precepts of Beroë. Oceanos, first messenger of the laws for the newborn child, sent his flood for the childbed round the loins of the world, pouring his girdle of water in an everflowing belt. Time, his coeval, with his aged hands swaddled about the newborn girl's body the robes of Justice, prophet of things to come; because he would put off the burden of age, like a snake throwing off the rope-like slough of his feeble old scales, and grow young again bathed in the waves of Law. The four Seasons struck up a tune together, when Aphrodite brought forth her wonderful daughter.

185 The beasts were wild with joy when they learnt of the Paphian's child safely born. The lion in playful sport pressed his mouth gently on the bull's neck, and uttered a friendly growl with pouting lips. The horse rattled off, scraping the ground with thuds of galloping feet, as he beat out a birthday tune. The spotted panther leaping on high with bounding feet capered towards the hare. The wolf let out a triumphal howl from a merry throat and kissed the
άδρυπτοις γενέσσι λέκοις προσπειξατό ποίμνην, καὶ τὶς ἐν ἔνωξοις λιπίων κέμαδοσσόν όγρην, ἄλλον ἐχων γλυκῶν οἰόστρων, ἀμμίλητης χορέῃ ὀρχήστρῃ ἐρίδαινε κύων βητάρμων κάτρην, καὶ πόδας ὀρθώσσας, περιπλεχθείσα δὲ δειρῇ, ἄρκτος ἀδηλήτως δαμάλην ἠκάκασσατο δεσμῷ, πυκνὰ δὲ κυρτώσσα σφελές ἁπτυγα κόρης πόρτες ἀνεακίρττησε, δέμας λευχώσσα λεκίστης, ἡμιτελές μικτῆς νεὼν πέρπονοις γενίζων, καὶ φιλίων ἐλέφαντι δράκων ἦσανι οἰόστρων· καὶ ὤρνες ἐθέγεχατο· γαλήναις δὲ προσώπῳ Ἰθάδα πέμπτε γέλωσα ψιλομειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη, τερπομένων ὀρόσσα λεκώσα παίγνια θηρῶν. πάσι μὲν ἀμφελέλειζε γεγηθότα κύκλων ὀπωτῆς, πάσιν ὀμοὶ· μοῦντι δὲ συνὸν οὐκ ἴθελε λεύσσειν τερπωλήν, ἀτε μαντις, ἐπεὶ συνὸς εἰκὼν μορφῆς Ἀρης καρχαρόδων βανατήφορον ἵνα ἄλλων ζηλομαιῆς ἦμελλεν Ἀδώνιδε πότιον ἦσαιν. Καὶ Βερόην γελώσαν ἐτὶ βρέφος ἀμματὶ χειρῶν δεξαμένη παρὰ μητρὸς ὅλου κόσμου τιθήνη παρθένοις Ἁστραῖη, χρυσῆς ὑρέπτειρα γενίθλης, ἐνωμα παππάζουσαν ἀνέτρεφεν ἐμφορίᾳ μαζῷ παρθενῶν δὲ γάλακτι ροᾶς βλυζουσα θεμίστων χείλεα παιδὸς ἐδευσε, καὶ ἐβλυσε εἰς στόμα κοῦρης Ἀθίδος ἢδοτόκου περιθλίφασα μελίσσης δαιδαλεν ὠδίνα πολυτρήτου λοχείς, κηρία φωνήσεται σοφῷ κεράσασα κυπέλλῳ.
sheep with jaws that tore not. The hound left his chase of the deer in the thickets, now that he felt a passion strange and sweet, and danced in tripping rivalry with the sportive boar. The bear lifted her forefeet and threw them round the heifer’s neck, embracing her with a bond that did no hurt. The calf bending again and again in sport her rounded head, skipt up and licked the lioness’s body, while her young lips made a half-completed moo. The serpent touched the friendly tusks of the elephant, and the trees a uttered a voice.

204 With calm face ever-smiling Aphrodite rang out her unfailing laugh, when she saw the birthday games of the happy beasts. She turned her round eyes delighted in all directions; only the boars she would not watch in their pleasures, for being a prophet she knew, that in the shape of a wild boar, Ares with jagged tusk and spitting deadly poison was destined to weave fate for Adonis in jealous madness. b

212 Virgin Astraia, nurse of the whole universe, cherisher of the Golden Age, received Beroë from her mother into the embrace of her arms, laughing, still a babe, c and fed her with wise breast as she babbled words of law. With her virgin milk, she let streams of statutes gush into the baby’s lips, and dropt into the girl’s mouth the sweet produce of the Attic bee; she pressed the bee’s riddled travail of many cells, and mixed the voiceful comb in a sapient cup. If the girl

tiger’s (or some other carnivore’s) purr].” For a possible imitation of this passage by Milton, see Paradise Lost, iv. 340 ff.

b All stories agree that Adonis was killed by a boar, but differ as to what, if anything, Ares had to do with it.


211
The star Spica, which Virgo-Astraea holds in her hand.

b Peirene in Corinth, or Hippocrene in Helicon.

c Mother of Andromeda, cf. xxv. 135: Thetis fears that she
thirsting asked for a drink, she gave the speaking Pythian water kept for Apollo, or the stream of Ilissos, which is inspired by the Attic Muse when the Pierian breezes of Phoibos beat on the bank. She took the golden Cornstalk a from the stars, and entwined it in a cluster to put round the girl’s neck like a necklace. The dancing maidens of Orchomenos, handmaids of the Paphian, drew from the horsehoof b fountain of imagination, dear to the nine Muses, delicate water to wash her.

230 Beroë grew up, and coursed with the Archeress, carrying the nets of her hunter sire. She had the very likeness of her Paphian mother, and her shining feet. When Thetis came up out of the sea to skip with snowy dancing foot, she saw another silverfoot Thetis, and hid in shame, fearing the raillery of Cassiepeia c once again. Zeus perceiving another unwedded maiden of Assyria, was fluttered again and wished to change his form: certainly he would have carried the burden of love in bull’s form again, skimming away with his legs in the water, paddling along, bearing the woman unwetted on his back, had he not been held back by the memory of that Sidonian d bull-horned wedding, and had not the Bull of Olympos, Europa’s bridegroom, bellowed from out the stars with jealous throat, to think that he might set up there a new star of seafaring amours and make the image of a rival bull in the sky. So he left Beroë, who was destined for a watery bridal, as his brother’s will once more be told, this time with truth, that someone else, viz. Beroë, is more beautiful than the Nereïds. “Silverfoot” is Thetis’s stock epithet.

d To Nonnos’s free and easy geography Assyria and Sidon are much the same, and Berytus is more or less equivalent to both.
γνωτῇ λείπειν ἄκοιτων, ἐπιχειρήσεις περὶ νύμφης ὑσμάτην γαμής πεφυλακμένος ἄντωσιγμάτων.

Τοῖς ἔτι Βερόη, Χαρίτων θάλοις· εἴ ποτε κούρη, λαροτέρην σύμβλοο μελίρρυτον ἴππου φωνήν, ἡδυεπὶς ἀκόρητος ἐφίστατο χεισεὶ Πειθώ καὶ πινυτὰς οἰστρηθὲς ἀκηλήτων φρέας ἀνδρῶν· Ἀσσυρίας δ’ ἐκρυπτον ὁμώρυρα ἠλικὸς ἠβῆς ὀφθαλμοὶ γελώτητες, ἀκουστήρες Ἐρώτων, φαιδροτέραις χαρίτεσσαί. οὐν πλέον ἄστρα καλύττει αἴνεφέλους ἀκτίνως οἰστείους Σελήνην πλησιαζές· λευκοὶ δὲ παρὰ οὐφρά νείλατο κούρης πορφυρέοις μελέασιν εὐσυνίατο χειτών. οὐ νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἠλικὸς ἠβῆς τηλίκοι εὔληκτοι εἶδος, ἐπεὶ χοι ἁμβρ. προσώπῳ κάλλεα διαχθαδίων ἀμαρόσετο φαίδρα τοκήνων.

Τὴν τοτε Κύπρεις ἱδοίσα, νυμφίοις ἐγκινος ὀμφής, ὀκυτέρην ἐλείζει περιστροφόσα μενούση, καὶ νὸν ἐπενεύσασα περὶ χθώινα πάσαν ἀλητήν φαίδρα παλαιγενέων διεμέτρεε βαΐρα ποληίων, ὡτε φερονυμήν ἐλικώπιδος ἐχεῖ Μυκήνης στέμματι τειχώσειν περιβαλλόμενα Μυκήνη Κυκλώπων κανόνεσα, καὶ ὡς νοτίω παρὰ Νεώκ Θῆβαις ἄρχεγόνου φερώμενος ἐπείτο Θήβην καὶ Βερόης μενεάνες ἐπωνύμου ὀστὶ χαράξαι, ἀντιτύπων μεθέπουσα φιλόπολιν οἰστρον Ἐρώτων. φραζομένη δὲ Σόλωνος ἀλεξικάκων στίχα θεσμῶν δόχων ὁμμα τίτανες ἐς εὐρυάγμων Ἀθηνίην, γνωτῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα δικασπόλων ἔσομενεῖν δὲ ἥρείνη ἀφίδα διερροίησε πεδίων εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης παμμήτορος, ὀππόθι νῦμφη 214
bedfellow, for he wished not to quarrel with Earth-shaker about a mortal wife.

Such was Beroë, flower of the Graces. If ever the girl uttered her voice trickling sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, winning Persuasion sat ever upon her lips and enchanted the clever wits of men whom nothing else could charm. Her laughing eyes outshone all the company of her young Assyrian agemates as they shot their shafts of love, with brighter graces, like the moon at the full, when showering her cloudless rays and hiding the stars. Her white robes falling down to the girl’s feet showed the blush of her rosy limbs.

There is no wonder in that, even if she had such fairness beyond her young yearsmates, since bright over her countenance sparkled the beauties of both her parents.

Then Cypris saw her: pregnant with prophetic intelligence she sent her imagination wandering swiftly round, and driving her mind to wander about the whole earth surveyed the foundations of the brilliant cities of ancient days. She saw how Mycene girt about with a garland of walls by the Cyclopian masons took the name of twinkle-eye Mycene; how Thebes beside the southern Nile took the name of primeval Thebe; and she decided to design a city named after Beroë, being possessed with a passion to make her city as good as theirs. She observed there the long column of Solon’s Laws, that safeguard against wrong, and turned aside her eye to the broad streets of Athens, and envied her sister the just Judge. With hurrying shoe, she whizzed along the vault of heaven to the hall of Allmother Harmonia, where that nymph dwelt
NONNOS

εἰκελον οἶκον ἐναε τέτων πετραῖς γόσμον
αὐτοπαγῆ πύσυρες ὅπε θέρει στιβαροῖο μελάθρου
ἀρραγεῖς πιστρέσσαι ἐμπρόθησαι άήτας.
καὶ δόμοιν ἐρρυνότο περίτροχον εἰκών γόσμον
διμώδες ἐνθα καὶ οἰθα· μεριζομένων δὲ θυρετρών
'Αντολήθη θεράπανα πιθήν περιδέρομεν Εὐροῦ,
καὶ Ζεφύρου πυλεών Δώσις, ψεύττερα Σελήνης,
καὶ Νότιον πυρόπιτα Μεσημβριάς εἰχεν οχή,
καὶ πυκτήν νεφέσσαι, παλιομάτην δὲ χαλάζη
'Αρκτος ὑποδρήσατερα πιθήν ἐπέτασσε Βορῆος.

Κεῖθι Χάρις προθοροῖνα, συμμέταρος ἀγροτείη,
Εὐροὺν κόψε θυρετρών 'Εαίνον ἑιδόμυχος δὲ
'Αντολήθης κροκόεντος ἀμασομείου πυλεώνς
ἀκδραμεν 'Αστυνόμεια διάκτορος, ἱσταμένην δὲ
Κέπρων ἐσαλβῆσαι παρὰ προπίλαιοι μελάθρου
ποσσὶ παλυνόστοισι προάγγελος ἦλθεν ἀνάσση.
ἡ μὲν ἑποιχομένῃ πολυδίδαλον ἵστον 'Ἄθηνής
κερκίδι πέπλον ἐφαινεν ἐφαινομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
πρώτην γαῖαν ἔπασσε μεσομαξιολον, ἀρφί δὲ γαῖῃ
ουράνον ἐσφαίρωσε τῦτοι χειραρχημένοι ἀστρῶν,
συμφέρτην δὲ τάλασσαι ἐφήρμοσε σύζευγον γαίῃ
καὶ ποταμοὺς πούκιλλεν, ἐπ' ἀκομαίνοι δὲ μετώπω
ταυρότην μορφοῦτο κερασφόρος ἐγχέλως εἰκών
καὶ πυμάτην παρὰ πέξαν ἐκκλώστοις χιτῶνος
ἀκελανον κύκλωσε περιδέρουν ἀπότη γόσμου.
ἀμφόπολος δὲ οἱ ἡλικ καὶ ἐγχείλε θύλευς ἰστοῦ
ἱσταμένην ἐγγείλε παρὰ προπίλα Αἰφροδίτην.
καὶ θεῶς, ὡς ἦκοντε, μύτους ρύμασα χιτῶνος
θέσκελον ἱστοπόλων ἀπεσείσατο κερκίδα χειρῶν
καὶ ταχυνῆ πυκάσασα δέμας χιονώδει πέπλω
216
in a house, self-built, shaped like the great universe with its four quarters joined in one. Four portals were about that stronghold standing proof against the four winds. Handmaids protected this dwelling on all sides, a round image of the universe: the doors were allotted—Antolia was the maid who attended the East Wind's gate; at the West Wind's was Dysis the nurse of Selene; Mesembrias held the bolt of the fiery South; Aretos the Bear was the servant who opened the gate of the North, thick with clouds and sprinkled with hail.

288 To that place went Charis, fellow-voyager with the Foamborn, and running ahead she knocked at the eastern gate of Euros. As the rap came on the saffron portal of sunrise, Astynomeia an attendant ran up from within; and when she saw Cypris standing in front of the gatehouse of the dwelling, she went with returning feet to inform her mistress beforehand. She was then busy at Athena's loom, weaving a patterned cloth with her shuttle. In the robe she was weaving, she worked first Earth as the navel in the midst; round it she balled the sky dotted with the shape of stars, and fitted the sea closely to the embracing earth; she embroidered also the rivers in a green picture, shaped each with a human face and bull's horns; and at the outer fringe of the wellspun robe she made Ocean run all round the world in a loop. The maid came up to the woman's loom, and announced that Aphrodite stood before the gatehouse. When the goddess heard, she dropt the threads of the robe and threw down the divine shuttle from her hands busy at the loom. Quickly she wrapped a snow-white

* The names mean Rising, Setting, She of Midday.
φαιδροτέρη χρυσείς ύπερίζανεν ἱθάδος ἔδρης,
δεχυμένη Κυθέρειαν, ἀναίδεα δὲ θάκον
τηλεφανῇ κύδηνεν ἐπιρρομένην 'Αφροδίτην.
καὶ Παφίην ἱδρυον ἐπὶ θρόιον ἱγκίς ἀνάσσης
Εὐρυνόμη ταντοπολοεί ἀτυχομένοι δὲ προσώπου
Κύπρων ὅπιπειόνσα κατηθῇ μάρτυρι μορφῇ
παιτρόφος 'Αρμονίη φίλῳ μελιζετο μῦθῳ.

"Ῥίζα βίου, Κυθέρεια φιυτοπόρε, μαία γεωταλής.
ἄπλικ ὅλου κύσμου, τετῆ ἵπτο νεόματι βουλής
ἀπλανές κλάθουσι πολύτροπα νήματα Μοῖραι . . ."

". . . εἰρομένῃ θεοπίξει, καὶ ἢς μισότου πτίθη,
ὡς τροφὸς ἄθανάτων, ὡς σύγχροος ἥλικι κόσμῳ,
ciτε: τιν πτολίων βασιλείδως ὄργανα φωνῆς
λυσιπόκοι ἀτίνακτα φυλάσσεται ἡ μία θεσμῶν;
ὅτι πολυχρόνοιο πόλθον δεδοιμένοιν οίστρον
"Ἡρῆς κέιτρον ἔχοντα κασιγνήτως ἰμµηνίαν
εἰς χρόνου ἵμεροντα τρηκοσίων ἡμείων
Ζήνα γάμοις ἐξευξά: χάριν δὲ μοι ἰχνών
μισθῶν ἐοῦ βαλάμωο νοῦμον νεες καρήθων,
ὅτι μη πολίων, ὅν ἐλλαχον, ἐγκαλιζει
θεσμα Δίκης. ποθέω δὲ διαίμεναί, εἰ χθονι Κύπρου
ἡ Πάρῳ τάδε δώρα φυλάσσεται ἡ Κορίθῳ
ἡ Σπάρτη, Ἀικόρογος ὅθεν πέλει, ἢ καὶ αὐτής
κούρης ἠμετέρης Βερόης εὐήροι πάτρη.
アルバム δίκης ἀλέγγζε καὶ ἀρμονίην πόρε κόσμῳ
'Ἀρμονίη γεγανία βιοσσόν: εἰς σι γὰρ αὐτῇ
πέμψεν ἐπειγομένην μὲ

θεμιστοπόλων τροφῶν ἄνδρῶν,

While weaving she no doubt had nothing on but a smock.
robe about her body, and brighter than the gold took her place on her usual seat to await Cythereia. As soon as Aphrodite appeared in the distance, she leapt from her throne to show due respect. Eurynome in her long robe led the Paphian to a seat near her mistress; Harmonia the Nurse of the world saw the looks and dejected bearing of Cypris that showed her distress, and comforted her in friendly tones:

315 "Cythereia, root of life, seedsower of being, midwife of nature, hope of the whole universe, at the bidding of your will the unbending Fates do spin their complicated threads! [Tell me your trouble.]"

318 [She replied]: "... Reveal to your questioner, and tell me, as nourisher of life, nurse of immortals, as coeval with the universe your agemate; which of the cities has the organ of sovereign voice? which has reserved for it the unshaken reins of troublesolving Law? I joined Zeus in wedlock with Hera his sister, after he had felt the pangs of longlasting desire and desired her for three hundred years: in gratitude he bowed his wise head, and promised as a worthy reward for the marriage that he would commit the precepts of Justice to one of the cities allotted to me. I wish to learn whether the gift is reserved for land of Cyprus or Paphos or Corinth, or Sparta whence Lycurgos came, or the noblemen's country of my own daughter Beroë. Have a care then for Justice, and grant harmony to the world, you who are Harmonia the saviour of life! For I was sent here in haste by the Virgin of the Stars herself, the nurse of law-abiding men;

χυτώμον, like the housewife in Theocritos xv. 31; she dresses more formally to receive her visitor.
Παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα: τὸ δὲ πλέον ἐννομὸς Ἑρμῆς 335
tοῦτο γέρας μεθέχκε, βιωσομένου ὑπὸ μοῖρὴν
ἀνέρας, ὦς ἐσπειρα, γάμῳ θεσμοῖσι σαώσων." 340
"Ὡς φαμεῖν θάρανεν θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ:
"Γάνεο θαρσαλῆ, μὴ δειδηθ, μήτερ Ἑρώτων:
ἐπτὰ γὰρ ἐν πινάκεσσι ἔχω μαντημα κόσμου,
καὶ πίπακες γεγασαί ἐποίημι ἐπὶ πλατήτων,
πρῶτος ἐντροχάλου φερόμεθος ἐστὶ Σελήνης:
δεύτερος Ἑρμεῖο πάναξ χρύσεως ἀκονίστι
στίλβων, ὃ ἐν πάντα τετείχαται ὄργα θεσμῶν
οὐνομά σον μεθέπα ροδών τρότων ἐμετέρου γὰρ 345
ἀστέρος Ἡσυχὸ φέρει τύπον ἐπαπώρων δὲ
τέτατος Ἡλίου μεσόμφιλος ἐστὶ πλατήτων:
πέμπτος ἐρημίσων πυρός κεκλήσκαται Ἄρης:
καὶ Φαεθών Κρονίδαο φατίζεται ἐκτος ἁλήτης:
ἐβεδομος ὑψιπόρου Κρόνου πέλεν οὐνομα φαίων.
τοῖς ἐν πουκία πάντα μεμορενά θέσφατα κόσμου
γράμματι φουικόεστι γέρων ἔχαραξέν Ὄφιων.
ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ ἰθυνόνων με διείρειες ἡγεῖαι θεσμῶν,
προσβυτέρη πολίων πρεσβήμα ταύτα φυλάσσω
εἰτ' οὐν Ἀρκαδίη προτέρη πέλεν ἡ πόλις Ἡρῆς. 350
Σάρδιες εἰ γεγάσασι πυλαίτεραι, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
Ταρσὸς αἰειδομένῃ πρωτότολικ, εἰ δὲ τις ἅλη,
οὐκ ἔδαρν: Κρόνος δὲ πιναξ τάδε πάντα διδάσκει,
tὶς προτέρη βλάστησε,
tὶς ἐπλετο σύγχρονος Ἡοίς." 355
Εἶπε' καὶ ἤγεμόνευν ἐς ἄγλα γέφοσα τοῖχου, 360
eἰσόκεν ἔδρακε χώρων, ὅπῃ Βερόης περὶ πάτρης
θέσφατον ὁμπέλεστον Ὄφιωνι γράφες τέχνη
ἐν πίνακι Κρονίω κεχαραγμένον οἴνοπι μίλτω.
"πρωτοφανῆς Βερόη πέλε σύγχρονος ἥλικι κόσμῳ,
and what is more, law-loving Hermes has passed on this honour to me, that I alone by enforcing the laws of marriage may preserve the men whom I have sown.”

338 To these words of hers the goddess replied with an encouraging speech:

339 “Be of good cheer, fear not, mother of the Loves! For I have oracles of history on seven tablets, and the tablets bear the names of the seven planets. The first has the name of revolving Selene; the second is called of Hermes, a shining tablet of gold, upon which are wrought all the secrets of law; the third has your name, a rosy tablet, for it has the shape of your star in the East; the fourth is of Helios, central navel of the seven travelling planets; the fifth is called Ares, red and fiery; the sixth is called Phaëthon, the planet of Cronides; the seventh shows the name of highmoving Cronos. Upon these, ancient Ophion has engraved in red letters all the divers oracles of fate for the universe. But since you ask me about the directing laws, this prerogative I keep for the eldest of cities. Whether then Arcadia is first or Hera’s city, whether Sardis be the oldest, or even Tarsos celebrated in song be the first city, or some other, I have not been told. The tablet of Cronos will teach you all this, which first arose, which was coeval with Dawn.”

360 She spoke; and led the way to the glorious oracles of the wall, until she saw the place where Ophion’s art had engraved in ruddy vermilion on the tablet of Cronos the oracle to be fulfilled in time about Beroë’s country. “Beroë came the first, coeval with

---

*a ὑιθῷον, an older name for the planet Mercury.
*b The planet Jupiter.
*c Cf. ii. 573.
*d Argos.
νέμφης ὁμιγόνου φερώμεθα, ἡν μετανάσται 365 νιές Αὐστρικῶν, ὑπατίμα δέχεται Ἡρώους. 
Βηρυτοῦ καλέσοντι, ἐπὶ Αἰδητῷ πέσι γείτων. . . . τοιον ἔκοσ δεδήγκε θεοπρόποι. ἄλλα ὅτε δαίμον 
θέσκελον ἐβδομάτων πάνως παρεμέτρησαν ἀρχήν, 
δεύτερον ἀνυκοπίαζεν, ὅτι παρὰ γείτοις τοίχῳ 
ποικίλα πιατοῖς ἐχαράσσετο διάδαλα τέχνης 
μαντιπόλοις ἐπέλεσαν, ὁτι πρωτοστα νοησα 
Πάν νόμος σύριγγα, λύθην Ἔλυκοις Ἐρμῆς, 
δίδροον ἁβρός Ἡγνίς εὐτρήτου μέλος αἴλου. 
Ὀρφεὺς μνητιπόλοι θετόρα χείματα μολῆς, 370 
καὶ Λίνος εὐσείην Φυσήμος, Ἀρκας ἀλήτης 
μέτρα δυσδεκάμηνα καὶ Ἑλιόφω πορείην, 
μητέρα τικτομέων ἐτέων τετράζην δίφρω, 
καὶ σοφός Ἐνδυμίων ἐρέστροπα δάκτυλα κάμφας 
γνώσεται ἀστατα κύκλα παλινόστου Σελήνης 
τριπλόα, καὶ στοιχείων ὁμοίηγοι ἀξίγη μέδος 380 
Κάδμος ἐνγωλόσσου διδάξεται ἀργα φωνῆς.
the universe her agemate, bearing the name of the nymph later born, which the colonizing sons of the Ausonians, the consular lights of Rome, shall call Berytos, since here fell a neighbour to Lebanon. . . .”

368 Such was the word of prophecy that she learnt. But when the deity had scanned the prophetic beginning of the seventh tablet, she looked at the second, where on the neighbouring wall many strange signs were engraved with varied art in oracular speech: how first shep herd Pan will invent the syrinx, Heli conian Hermes the harp, tender Hyagnis the music of the double pipes with their clever holes, Orpheus the streams of mystic song with divine voice, Apollo’s Linos eloquent speech; how Arcas the traveller will find out the measures of the twelve months, and the sun’s circuit which is the mother of the years brought forth by his fourhorse team; how wise Endymion with changing bends of his fingers will calculate the three varying phases of Selene; how Cadmos will combine consonant with vowel and teach the secrets

the clumsiness of their written figures, they found it convenient to have a number of conventional gestures with the fingers to signify numerals for purposes of calculation. A rough method, of which no details are known, is mentioned by Ar. Wasps 656, but long before Nonnos’s day (see Juvenal x. 249 and Mayor ad loc.) a kind of arithmetical deaf-and-dumb alphabet had been invented, details of which are preserved by the Venerable Bede, in the section De ratione computandi at the beginning of his work De temporum ratione (printed, beside the editions of Bede, in Graevius, Thesaurus xi. 1699 ff. and C. Sittl, Gebärde der Griechen und Römer, pp. 256 ff.). By this, the fingers of the left hand alone can express numbers from 1 to 99, those of the right, 100-1,000, while by holding the hands against various parts of the body, higher numbers up to 1,000,000 can be indicated. See also G. Loria, Le Scienze esatte nell’ antica Grecia, 743-747, and Sir T. L. Heath, Hist. of Greek Maths. i. 26-27; ii. 550-552.
The Phoenician alphabet, which the Greeks borrowed (traditionally through Cadmus), had signs for consonants only: the brilliant Greek innovation was to use some of these signs, which represented consonants which did not exist in Greek, for vowels. They thus invented the first complete alphabet of human history.

The list rationalizes: Endymion, beloved of the Moon, becomes a skilful astronomer, and the twy-formed Cecrops.
of correct speech; how Solon will invent inviolable laws, and Cecrops the union of two yoked together under the sacred yoke of marriage made lawful with the Attic torch.

385 Now the Paphian, after all these manifold wonders of the Muse, scanned the various deeds of the scattered cities; and on the written tablet which lay in the midst on the circuit of the universe, she found these words of wisdom inscribed in many lines of Grecian verse:

389 "When Augustus shall hold the sceptre of the world, Ausonian Zeus will give to divine Rome the lordship, and to Beroë he will grant the reins of law, when armed in her fleet of shielded ships she shall pacify the strife of battle-stirring Cleopatra. For before that, city-sacking violence will never cease to shake city-saving peace, until Berytos the nurse of quiet life does justice on land and sea, fortifying the cities with the unshakable wall of law, one city for all cities of the world."

399 Then the goddess, having learnt all the oracles of Ophion, returned to her own house. She placed her own gold-wrought throne beside the place where her son sat, and throwing an arm round his waist, with quiet countenance opened her glad arms to receive the boy and held the dear burden on her knees; she kissed both his lips and eyes, touched his mind-

(cf. 59) is the person who first united the two contrasting natures of man and woman in a durable union. To do Nonnos justice, he did not originate these sillinesses.

BERYTOS was destroyed by Tryphon in 140 B.C. in his rivalry with Antiochos VII. It recovered, became a town of the Roman Empire, and was renowned for its schools, especially of law. Octavian (afterwards Augustus) defeated Cleopatra at Actium in 31 B.C.
άπτομένη τόξοι καὶ ἀμφασφώσσα φαρέτρην,
ολὰ περ ἀσχαλῶσσα, δουλόφρονε ρήξατο φανήν.

"'Ελπίς ὅλων βιότου, παραίδαφος ἀφρογενείς,
νηλείας ἐμὰ τέκνα βιήσατο μοίνα Κρονίων·
ἐνενά γὰρ πλήσασα μογοστόκα κύκλα Σελήνης
δρμιν βέλος μεθέπουσα διηπαθέος τοκετοῦ
'Αρμοινήν ἑλύχευσα, καὶ ἄλγεα ποικὰλα πάσχει
ἀχυμενὴ κούρην δὲ μογοστόκων Ἐλλαχε Άητώ,
'Αρτεμιν Ἐβελίθειναν, ἀργᾶνα θηλυτερὰς.
τέκνον Ἀμυμῶντες ὑμογάστριον, οὐ σε διδάξω,
ὡς λάχον ἐξ ἀλὸς αἴμα καὶ αἰθέρος: ἄλλα τελόσσαι
ἡθελων άξιον ἔργον, ὅπως παρὰ μετὰ θαλάσσῃ
οὐρανόθεν γεγαυίκ καὶ οὐρανοῖν ἐν χθονὶ πῆξων
ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτης ὅπι κάλλει σεῖο . . . τιταίων
θέλει θεοῦς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἵσον βέλος εἰν ἐνὶ θεσπῇ
πέμπε Ποσειδάωνι καὶ ἀμεπόλειτι Λυνώι,
ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν ἔγω δέ σοι ἀξια μόχθων
dῶρον ἐκτομίνα ἐπεοικότα μισθῶν ὀπάσσων
δῶσω σοι χρυσέην γαμήν χέλυς, ἢν παρὰ παστῷ
'Αρμοινή πόρε Φοίβος, ἔγω δὲ σοι ἐγγυαλίξω
ἀστεὸς ἐπαριμένου μυτημίων, ὡρὰ κεν οἰης
καὶ μετὰ τοξευτῆρα λυροκτύποσ,

ὡς περ 'Απόλλων."
bewitching bow and fingered the quiver, and spoke in feigned anger these cunning words:

408 "You hope of all life! You cajoler of the Foamborn! Cronion is a cruel tyrant to my children alone! After nine full months of hard travail I brought forth Harmonia, suffering the bitter pangs of painful childbirth; and now she suffers all sorts of grief and tribulation. But Leto has borne Artemis Eileithyia, the Lady of Travail, the ally of woman-kind. You Amymone's a brother, son of the same mother, need not to be told how I got my blood from brine and ether; but I would perform a worthy deed, and being born of heaven, I will plant heaven on earth beside the sea my mother. Come then—for your sister's beauty draw your bow b and bewitch the gods, or say, shoot one shaft and hit with the same shot Poseidon and vinegod Lyaios, Blessed Ones both. I will give you a gift for your long shot which will be a proper wage worthy of your feat—I will give you the marriage harp of gold, which Phoibos gave to Harmonia at the door of the bridal chamber; I will place it in your hands in memory of a city to be, that you may be not only an archer, but a harpist, just like Apollo."

a Otherwise unknown, not daughter of Danaos.
b A line has fallen out paraphrasing the word "bow."
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ
ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ἕφημα τὸ δεύτερον, ἤχι λιγαῖον Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἂμερον ἐννοσιγαίον.

"Ως φαμένη παρέπεισε· μεταχρονῶς δὲ πεδίλων θερμῶς ἔρως ἀκίχθησος ὑπηρίμων πόδα πάλλων ύψινεφής ππερέοντι κατέγραφεν ἄρα ταράφι, τόξα φέρων φλογόειτα, κατωμαθί αὐτί καὶ αὐτὴ μειλιχίου πλήθουσα πυρὸς κεκάλαστο φαρέτρη. 5 ὥς δ' ὅποτ' ἀνεφέλω στ' αἰθέρος ὡς ὡδίτης ἐκταδίω σπανθῆρα· τοιαῖαν ὀρθῶς ἀστήρ, ἡ στρατηγὸς πολέμιοιν φέρων τέρας ἢ τιν ναύτη, αἰθέρος ἐγγαφει νάτο τὸν ὀπιοθιδίω πυρὸς ὅλυκα· ὡς τὸ τοῦ τοῦριος ἔρως πεφορμήνας ὡς θηρίῳ, 10 παλλομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμόεια βόμβων ἢλπον, ἥροδθεν ὢδησε· καὶ Ἀσσυρίη παρὰ πέτρη ἐμπυρα δισσᾶ βέλεμα μὴ ἐμφώσατο νευρή, παρθενικῆς ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὀμοίων εἰς πόθον ἔλκων διχαδίους μητηρίας ὄμοζήλων ἔμεναιν, 15 δαιμονζ βοτυσείτα καὶ ἡμιοχή θαλάσσης.

Τήμος ὁ μὲν βαθὺ κύμα λιπῶν ἀλιγείτονος ὀρμοῦ, ὃς δὲ Τύρων μετὰ πέζαν, ἐσοω Λιβάνιοι καρηνων ἦντευ εἰς ἑνα χώρον. ἀπὸ βλοσυροῦ δὲ διφοῦν πόρδαλιν ἱδρώσετα Μάρων ἀνέλυσε λεπάδινων, 20 228
BOOK XLII

The forty-second web I have woven, where I celebrate a delightful love of Bacchos and the desire of Earthshaker.

He obeyed her request; treading on Time’s heels hot Love swiftly sped, plying his feet into the wind, high in the clouds scoring the air with winged step, and carried his flaming bow; the quiver too, filled with gentle fire, hung down over his shoulder. As when a star stretches straight with a long trail of sparks, a swift traveller through the unclouded sky, bringing a portent for a warhost or some sailor man, and streaks the back of the upper air with a wake of fire—so went furious Eros in a swift rush, and his wings beat the air with a sharp whirring sound that whistled down from the sky. Then near the Assyrian rock he united two fiery arrows on one string, to bring two wooers into like desire for the love of a maid, rivals for one bride, the vinegod and the ruler of the sea.

17 Meanwhile one came from the deep waters of the sea-neighbouring roadstead, and one left the land of Tyre, and among the mountains of Lebanon the two met in one place. Maron loosed the panther sweating from the yoke of his awful car, and brushed off the dust
καὶ κόμιν ἐξετάζει καὶ ἐκλίνειν ὕδατι πηγῆς
θερμῶν ἀναψύχον κεχαραγμένοι αἰχένα θηρῶν,
ἐνθα μολὼν ἀκίχητος Ἑρως ἐπὶ γαῖτον κούρή
δαίμονας ἀμφοτέρους διδυμῶν βάλλει ὡστὶ,
βακχεύσας Δίονυσον ἀγεναι καμήλα νήμφῃ, 25
εὐφροσύνην βιώτου καὶ ρώσια βότρυν ὀπώρης,
οἰστρήσας δ' ἐς ἔρωτα κυβερνητῆρα τραίνης
dιπλῶν ἔδων ἔρωτος ἄγεναι ἀλγείτον κούρη,
ναύμαχον ἑγρον Ἁρη καὶ αἰάλα δείπνα τραπείζης.
καὶ πλέων ἐφλέγε Βάκχος, ἐπεὶ νόσον ὄντος ἐγκύραι 30
εἰς πόθον, ὀπλοτέρων δὲ πολὺ πλέων ἀρφον κέντρῳ
θελομεῖν ἀχλιών ἔχων παιμύνῃ ἤδην.
Βάκχος 'Ἑρως τόξευεν, ὄλον βέλος εἰς φρίνα πήκας
ἐφλέγε δ', ὡςον ἔθελεν ἐπιστάσας μέλι πείθους.
ἀμφοτέρους δ' οἰστρήσας δ' αἰθρίτης δὲ κελεύθου 35
κυκλώσας βαλίσαιν ὀμόδρομον ἵχος ἄθται
νηχομένω νόθος ὀρίτις ἀνθώρητο πεδίῳ,
τοῖν ἐπος βοῶν φιλοκόρτουμον "ἀνέρας οἶνῳ
εἰ κλονεῖ Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ πυρί Βάκχοιν ὀρῖνω." 40
Καὶ θέος ἀμπελόεις ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιτάινων
ἀβρόν ἐνυπολάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρει πύρνης,
θάμβος ἔχων ὀχύρων ἐς ἕμερον ἀρχομένων δὲ
ὁφθαλμός προκέλευθος ἐγκύριον παρθήνῳ Ἑρώτων,
πλάζετο μὲν Δίονυσος ἐὼν περιβραχὸν ὕλης,
λάθριος εἰς Βερόνην πεφυλαγμένον ὄμμα τιτάινων, 45
καὶ κατὰ βαῖνων ὀπίσθεν ἐς ἀτραπον τῆς κούρης
οὔδε οἱ εἰσορώσατι κόρος πέλεν εἰσαμένην γὰρ
παρθένον ὡςον ὀπώπε, τόσον πλέων ἱδελε λεύσειν.
καὶ Κλυμένης φίλοτητος ἀιματήσας πρόμον ἀστρων
'Ἡλίων λυτάνευεν, ὀπωσθότοιν ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἀθερίῳ στατόν ἱππον ἀνασφίγγουτα χαλκῷ
μηκύνειν γυλκῦ φέγγος, ἱππαρδύς εἰς ὀδύν Ἑλθή
230
and swilled the beasts with water of the fountain, cooling their hot scarred necks. Then Eros came quickly up to the maiden hard by, and struck both divinities with two arrows. He maddened Dionysos to offer his treasures to the bride, life’s merry heart and the ruddy vintage of the grape; he goaded to love the lord of the trident, that he might bring the sea-neighbouring maid a double lovegift, seafaring battle on the water and varied dishes for the table. He set Bacchos more in a flame, since wine excites the mind for desire, and wine finds unbridled youth much more obedient to the rein when it is charmed with the prick of unreason; so he shot Bacchos and drove the whole shaft into his heart, and Bacchos burnt, as much as he was charmed by the trickling honey of persuasion. Thus he maddened them both; and in the counterfeit shape of a bird circling his tracks in the airy road as swift as the rapid winds, he rose with paddling feet, and cried these taunting words: "If Dionysos confounds men with wine, I excite Bacchos with fire!"

The vinegod turned his eye to look, and scanned the tender body of the longhaired maiden, full of admiration the conduit of desire; his eye led the way and ferried the newborn love. Dionysos wandered in that heartrejoicing wood, secretly fixing his careful gaze on Beroë, and followed the girl’s path a little behind. He could not have enough of his gazing; for the more he beheld the maid standing there, the more he wanted to watch. He called to Helios, reminding the chief of stars of his love for Clymene, and prayed him to hold back his car and check the stalled horses with the heavenly bit, that he might prolong the sweet light, that he might go
Φειδόμενη μάστιγα παλμάνως ἦμαρ ἀέων.
καὶ Βερόης μετρηδόν ἐπὶ ἱγνείων ἤχοις ὀρείδων,
οὐδὲν πέρ ἀγνώσωσιν, περιδύρρωμεν ἐκ Λιβάνου δὲ
οὐκαλεόν ποδὸς ἤχοις ἱπποκλέπτων ἐνοσίχων
ἐντροπαλιζομένως βραδυπειδεῖ χάζετο ταρσῆ, 
καὶ νὸν ἀστηρικτὸν ὀρμών ἐχει θαλάσση,
κύμασι παρθειώμοντα πολυφλοβυῖον μερίμνης.
Καὶ γλυκερῆς ἀκόρητος ἐσώ Λιβανιδῶς ὑλῆς
οἰωθὴ Διόνυσος ἐρημαῖα παρὰ νύμφη,
οἰωθὴ Διόνυσος. Ὀρειάδες εἰπατὶ Νύμφαι,
τὶ πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον, ἡ χρῶν κοῦρθς
μοῦνος ἰδεῖν δυσέρωτος ἐλαπθερὸς ἐννοιγαίον;
καὶ κύσε νηρείθωσιν φιλῆμασι λάθρως ἐρπαν
χῶρον, ὅπη πόδα θῆκε, καὶ ἢ ἐπάτησε κοῦρθν
παρθεινὴ ῥοδόεντι καταναγάζουσα πεδάλω
καὶ γλυκῆν αὐχένα Βάκχος ἐδέρκετο,
slow to his setting and with sparing whip increase the day to shine again. Pressing measured step by step in Beroë's tracks the god passed round her as if noticing nothing; while Earthshaker stole from Lebanon with lingering feet, and departed with steps slow to obey, turning again and again, his mind shifting like the sea and rippling with billows of ever-murmuring care.

60 Unsated, in the delicious forests of Lebanon, Dionysos was left alone beside the lonely girl. Dionysos was left alone! Tell me, Oreiad Nymphs, what could he wish for more lovely than to see the maiden's flesh, alone, and free from lovesick Earthshaker? He kissed with a million kisses the place where she set her foot, creeping up secretly, and kissed the dust where the maiden had trod making it bright with her shoes of roses. Bacchos watched the girl's sweet neck, her ankles as she walked, beauty which nature had given her, the beauty which nature had made: for no ruddy ornament for the skin had Beroë smeared on her round rosy face, no meretricious rouge put a false blush on her cheeks. She consulted no shining mirror of bronze with its reflection a witness of her looks, she laughed at no lifeless form of a mimic face to estimate her beauty, she was not for ever arranging the curls over her brows, and setting in place some stray wandering lock of hair by her eyebrows with cunning touch. But the natural beauties of a face confound the desperate lover with far sharper sting, and the untidy tresses of an unbedizened head are all the more dainty, when they stray unbraided down the sides of a snow-white face.

89 Sometimes athirst when beaten by the heat of

1 See below, p. 246, for lines 65-70.
NONNOS

ουρανίον πυρόεντος ἵματομενή Κυνὸς ἀτμῷ, 90
χείλεις καρχαλέοις καθελκομένω δε καρφίῳ
κάμπτετο κυρτωθείᾳ, καὶ εἰς στόμα πολλάκις κοῦρη
χερσὶ βαθυνομένην ἀρέσκο πάτρων ἱδωρ, 95
ἀλλ’ ἄριστας κορεσμαίνῃ λίπε νάμας: χαζομένης δὲ
ἱμερτῇ Διόνυσῳ ὑποκλίνεις γύνῃ πηγῇ
couλαίων παλάμης ἐρατὴ μεμψατο κοῦρην,
νέκταρος αὐτοχύτου πίων γλυκρῶτερον ἱδωρ, 100
καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσασα πόθον δὲδονυήμενον οἴστρω
πηγαίθ βαθύκολποσ ἀσάμβαλος ἱαχε Νύμψη:
"Ὑχρὸν ἱδωρ, Διόνυσε, μάτην πίει.
οὐ διότατα γὰρ 105
σβέσαι δύψαι ἐρωτός ὀλος ρόου Ὀμειανοῖο.
eἴρεο σον γενέτην, ὅτι τηλίκον οἴδιμα περίσσας
υμφίφος Ἐὐρώπης οὐκ ἐδείκεν ἰμέρον πῦρ,
ἀλλ’ ἐτι μᾶλλον ἐκαμνείν εἰν ἱδαίων: ἐγραπυροῦ δὲ
πάρτυρα λάτριν Ἐρωτός ἐχεις Ἀλκαῖον ἀλήτην, 105
ὅτι τόσοις ροθίοις δὲ ἱδαῖος ἱδατα σύρων
οὐ φύγε θερμόν ἐρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλει ὑγρὸν ὑδίτης."
"Ὡς φαμείη πηγαίθον ἑδύσατο σύχχρονο ἱδωρ
Νημίας ἀκρίβειμοι ἐπεγγέλωσα Λυκιάιν.
καὶ θεὸς ἐγραπυροῦ Ποσειδανίων μεγαίων 110
eἰχε φόβον καὶ ἕθλον, ἐπεὶ πίε παρθένος ἱδωρ
ἀντι μέθης, καὶ κωφὸν ὡς ἤρα ρήξατο φαινή,
oλὰ πέρε ἐσαφόσαν ἑχον πειθήμωνα κοῦρην:
"Παρθένε, δέχινυσα νέκταρ:
ἐα φιλοσάρθειον ἱδωρ:
φεύγε ποτὸν κρηναίον, ὅπως μὴ σείο κορεῖν 115
ὑδατόεις κλείψειν ἐν ἱδασί κυανοχάιτης,
ὅτι γυναιμαίεων δόλοεις πέλε: Ἡθεσαλίδος δὲ
234
the fiery Dog of heaven, the girl sought out a neighbouring spring with parched lips; the girl bent down her curving neck and stooped her head, dipping a hand again and again and scooping the water of her own country to her mouth, until she had enough and left the rills. When she was gone, Dionysos would bend his knee to the lovely spring, and hollow his palms in mimicry of the beloved girl: then he drank water sweeter than selfpoured nectar. And the unshod deep-bosomed nymph of the spring, seeing him struck by the sting of desire, would say:

"Cold water to drink, Dionysos, is of no use to you; for all the stream of Oceãnos cannot quench the thirst of love. Ask your own father! Europa's bridegroom traversed that wide gulf and yet did not quench the fire of longing, but he suffered still more on the waters. Witness wandering Alpheios, whom you see the servant of waterfaring love, in that trailing water through water in all those floods he escaped not hot love, though he was a watery traveller!"

So said the unveiled Naiad, and laughed at Lyaios, diving into her spring, which had one colour with her body. And the god grudging at Poseidon ruler of the waves felt fear and jealousy, since the maiden drank water and not wine. He uttered his voice to the unhearing air, as if the girl were there to hear and obey:

"Maiden, accept the nectar—leave this water that maidens love! Avoid the water of the spring, lest Seabluehair steal your maidenhood in the water—for a mad lover and a crafty one he is! You know

---

* See on xxxvii. 173.

* This, if anything, is what the curious Greek phrase seems to mean.
Τυροῦς οἶδας ἑρωτα καὶ ἑγροσπόρους ὑμεναῖον,
καὶ σὺ ρόον δολοειτα φυλάσσεο, μή σεο μίτρην
ψευδάλεος λύσεις, γαμοκλόπος ὡς περ Ἐμπεύς. 120
ηθελον εἰ γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ ρόος, ὡς ἐνοσίθων,
καὶ κελάδων πήχυνα ποθοβλητῷ παρὰ πηγῇ
dιψαλέῃ άφύλακτον ἐμήν Λιβανηδὰ Τυρώ.
Εἰπε θεὸς· μελεών δε μετάτροπον είδος ἀμείβας,
ὀππόθι παρθένος ἤεν, ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὑλὴν 125
Εὔνοι ἀγρευτήρι πανείκελος· άβροκόμῳ δὲ
ἀλλοφυῆς ἀγνωστοι ομίλεον άζυγι κούρῃ,
εἰκελὸς ήβητήρι, καὶ ἀκλαίος ἀμφι προσώπῳ
ψευδαλεό ποίημα σαῦφρονος ἐπιλαίεν αἰδοὺς·
καὶ πη μὲν σκοπβαζέν ἔρημάδος άκρον ἐρένησ.
πη δὲ πανπτόρθοι βαθύσκιον εἰς ράχιν ὑλῆς,
εἰς πτώσις ὄμια φέρων λελημένον, ἀλλοτε πεύκην
ἡ πτελένη ἐδόκεες· φυλασσομένου δὲ προσώπων
ομισα λαθριδίους ἐδέρκετο γείτονα κούρην,
μη μιν ἀλυσαζεε μετάτροπος· ήθεα χάρ
κάλλος ὁπιπεύοιται καὶ ἡλικὸς ὄμματα κούρης
Κυπριδῶν ἐλάχεια παραφαισίς ἐστιν Ἐρώτων.
Καὶ Βερόης σχεδὸν ἤλθε καὶ ἤθελε μύθον ἐνύφαι,
ἄλλα φόβῳ πεπέθητο· φιλεύε, πη σεο θύροι
ἀνδροφῶν; πη φρικτὰ κεράτα; πη σεο χαίτη
gλαυκὰ πεδοτρέφεων οἰμώδεα δεσμὰ ὀρακότων;
πη στομάτων μύκημα βαρύβρομοι; ἀ μέγα θάυμα,
παρθένον ἐτρέμε Βάκχος, ὅν ἐτρεμε φίλα Γιγάντων·
Γηγενέων ολητήρα φόβος νύκτην Ἐρώτων
τοσσάτων δ' ἤμησεν ἀρέμιανεὼν γένος Ἰνδών,
καὶ μιν ἵμερόσσαν ἀνάλκιδα δείδε κούρην,
δείδε θηλυτέρην ἀπαλοχροόν· ἐν δὲ κολώναις
the love of Thessalian Tyro \textsuperscript{a} and her wedding in the waters; then you too take care of the crafty flood, lest the deceiver lose your girdle just as the wedding-thief Enipeus did. O that I also might become a flood, like Earthshaker, and murmuring might embrace my own Tyro of Lebanon, thirsty and careless beside the lovesstricken spring!"

124 So the god spoke; and changing his form for another he plunged into the shady thicket where the maiden was, Euios wholly like a hunter; in a new and unknown aspect he joined the soft-haired unyoked maid, like a youth, moulding a false image of modesty with steady looks on his face. Now he surveyed the peak of a lonely rock, now he spied into the long-branching trees on the uplands, turning an eager eye on a pine or again inspecting a firtree, or an elm—but with cautious countenance and stolen glances he watched the girl so close to him, lest she should turn and run away; for beauty and the eyes of a girl of his own age have little consolation to a lad who gazes at her for the loves which the Cyprian sends.

138 He came near to Beroë and would have spoken a word, but fear held him fast. God of jubilation, where is your manslaying thyrsus? Where your frightful horns? Where the green snaky ropes of earthfed serpents in your hair? Where is your heavy-booming bellow? See a great miracle—Bacchos trembling before a maid, Bacchos before whom the tribes of the giants trembled! Love's fear has conquered the destroyer of giants. He mowed down all that warmad nation of the Indians, and he fears one weak lovely girl, fears a tender woman. On the

\textsuperscript{a} She loved the river Enipeus; Poseidon enjoyed her by taking the river god's shape. See \textit{Od.} xi. 235 ff.
θηρονόμω νάρθηκα κατερήμενε λεώνων
φρικάλεον μύκημα, καὶ ἐτρεψε θήλην ἀπελήνην,
καὶ οἱ ἐρπτοιητοὶ ἀπὸ στόμα μύθος ἀλήθης
γλώσσαν ἐς ἀκροτάτην ἐπιτάινητο χεληὶ γείτων,
ἐκ φρενὸς αἴσθησιν καὶ ἐπὶ φρέαν νόστημος ἐρπτων
ἀλλὰ φῶδων γλυκύπικρον ἔχων αἰδήμοιν σιγῇ
eἰς φάος ἐσσυμήνθην παλινάγρετον ἐσφάζει φωτὴν.
καὶ μόρις ὑστερόμυθον ἀπὸ στόμα δεσμὸν ἀράξας
αίδοις ἀμβολυργῶν ἀπεσφήκωσε σωμᾶς,
καὶ Βεροῖν ἐρέμων χέων φευδήμονα φωτὴν:

'Ἀρτεμί, ἵ σὲ σέο τοῖς,

τὸ ἔρπασε σεῖο φαρέτρην;

πη λίπεις, ὅν φορέεις ἐκγεγονίδος ἀχρὶ χιτώνα;

πη σέο κέιμα πέολα, θοῶτέρα κυκλάδος αὐρης;

πη χορὸς ἀμφαπόλων; πη δίκτυα; πη κύνες ἀργαί;

οὐ δρόμον εὔτυχες κεμάδοσσον αὐξ ἔθελεις γὰρ
ἀγρόσασες, ὁτι Κύπριε Ἀδώνιδος ἑγγείς ἱανεί.'

'Εντεπε θάμβος ἐξών ἀπατήλων: ἐν κραδή ὁι

παρθενικὴ μείδησεν ἀπειροκακῷ δε μενουῇ

αὐχενὰ γαύρων ἀειρε ἀγαλλομένη χάρῳ ἠῆς,

ὅττι, γυνὴ περ ἐοῦσα, φθόν ἠκτο θεαῖῃ;

οὐδὲ δόλον γάϊσακε νοοπλανός Διονύσου.

καὶ πλέον ἄχιντο Βάικχος, ἐπεὶ πόθον οὐ μάθε κούρη

νήπιον ἦθος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἴθελεν, ὅφηρα δαείη

οἴστρον ἐων βαρημοχθον, ἐπισπαμένης ὑπὸ κούρης

ὁφιμος ἦθεϊν περιλειπεται ἐλπὶς Ἐρώτων

ἐσσομένης φιλότητος, ἐπ' ἀπρόκτῳ δε μενοῃ

ἀνέρες ἰμείρουσιν, ὅτ' ἀγνώσοοςοι γυναῖκες.

καὶ θεὸς ἡμαρ ἐπ' ἡμαρ ἐσῶ πτικδόδοις χύλης

δείελος, εἰς μέσον ἡμαρ, Ἐσών, Ἰσπερός ἐρπων,

παρθενικὴ παρέμμυ, καὶ ἴθελεν εἰσέτι μύμκειν.
mountains he quieted the terrifying roar of lions with his beast-ruling fennel, and he trembled before a woman's threat. A word strayed into his trembling mouth to the tip of his tongue close behind the lips—it came from his heart and crept back to his heart again, but the bittersweet fear held it in shamefast silence, and drew back the voice, as it tried to issue into the light. Too late he spoke, and hardly then, when he burst the chain of shame from his lips and undid the procrastinating silence, and asked Beroë in a voice of pretence,

158 "Artemis, where are your arrows? Who has stolen your quiver? Where did you leave the tunic you wear, just covering the knees? Where are those boots quicker than the whirling wind? Where is your company in attendance? Where are your nets? Where your fleet hounds? You are not making ready for chase of the pricket, for you do not wish to hunt where Cypris is sleeping beside Adonis."

164 So he spoke, feigning astonishment, and the maiden smiled in her heart; she lifted a proud neck in unsuspicious pleasure, rejoicing in her youthful freshness, because she, a mortal woman, was likened to a goddess in beauty, and did not see the trick of mindconfusing Dionysos. But Bacchos was yet more affected, because the girl in her childish simplicity knew not desire; he wished she might learn his own overpowering passion, since when the girl knows, there is always hope for the lad that love will come at last, but when women do not notice, man's desire is only a fruitless anxiety.

175 Thus day after day, midday and afternoon, morning and evening, the god lingered in the pine-wood, waiting for the girl and ever willing to wait;
πάντων γὰρ κόρος ἐστὶ παρ’ ἰνδράσιν, ἢδὲς ὑπ’ οὗ τὸν μολπής τ’ εὐκελάδοιο καὶ ὑπὸτε κάμπτεται ἀνὴρ ἐἰς δρόμοιν ὀρχηστῆρας γνατιμακόντι δὲ μοῦνον οὐ κόρος ἐστὶ πάθον ἔθεσατο βιβλίον Ὀμήρου.

Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ὑπεβρυχάτο σιωπῇ, δαιμονίης μάστηγα τετυμένος, ἡδονή πέσσων κρυπτὸν ἀκομήτων ὑποκάρδιον ἄλκος Ἐρώτων, ὡς δ’ ἄλλ’ ἄκιχτος ἰσον πλαταμίων ὀδεύων ἐσμόν ὀρεσσινώμον παρεμέτρεν ἱβάδα ταῦρων οἰστρηθεὶς ἀγέληθεν, ὡς εἰπετάλω παρὰ λόχην βουτύπος ἰδυόστυ μέσῳ ἑκαράσσετο κέντρῳ ἀπροδής, ἀλίγυ δὲ δέμας βεβολμένους οἰστρῳ τηλίκος ἑστιφελίκτῳ, καὶ ὀρθῶν ὑφόθι νότου ἀψὶ ἀνασταράζουν παλιάγρητον ἑσπασεν οὐρήν κυρτὸς ἐπιτριβῶν σκοπόλων ράχιν, ἀντίτυπον δὲ ὁξὶ κέρας δόχμισεν αἰνοῖτατον ἡρα τύπτων οὐτοὶ καὶ Διόνυσον, ὡς ἕστεφε πολλάκι νύκη, βαῦς Ἐρώς οἰστρηθεὶς βαλὼν παθελυγένι κέντρῳ.

"Οψε δὲ μαστείων γλυκὰ φίλμακων εἰς Ἀφροδίτην, Πανὶ δασυστέρῃς Παρδής ἐγκήμων μέθω, Κυρινίδης ἀγριπτίων ὧν ἀνέψιμον ἀνάγκην, καὶ βουλήν ἐρείπειν, ἀλεξίτεραν Ἐρώτων, καὶ καμάτους Βάκχοιο πυρπνιούσας ἀκούων. Πᾶν κεροὺς ἐγκλώσας, κατεκλάσθη δὲ μενοὺς οἰκτείρων δυστέρωτα δυσμενοῖς: εἰπὲ δὲ βουλῆν Κυρινίδης ὀλίγην δὲ παραδίασεν ἐκεῖν Ἐρώτων ἄλλοιν ἑδὼν φλεξίντα μῆς σπαθῆρᾳ φαρέτρησι: "Ἐναὶ παθῶν, φίλε Βάκχε, τείς ὀικτείρα μερίμνας: καὶ σὲ πόθεν νύκησεν Ἐρώς θρασίς; εἰ θέμασ εἰπέων,

* Hom. Il. xiii. 636: "Sleep and love are very sweet."
for men can have enough of all things, of sweet
sleep and melodious song, and when one turns in
the moving dance—but only the man mad for love
never has enough of his longing; Homer's book did
not tell the truth! a

182 Dionysos suffered and moaned in silence, struck
with the divine whip, stewing the hidden wound of
love in his restless heart. As an ox goes scampering
over the flats past the well-known swarm of hillranging
bulls, driven from the herd when a gadfly has pierced
his hide with sharp sting under the leafy trees un-
noticed: how small the sting that strikes, how vast
the bulk of the routed beast! he lifts the tail straight
over his back and lashes back, bends and scratches
his chine on the rocks, and darts a sharp horn at his
side striking only the unwounded elastic air—so
Dionysos, crowned so often with victory, was pricked
by little Love and his allbewitching sting.

196 At length, seeking a sweet medicine for love,
he disclosed to bushybreasted Pan in words full of
passion the unsleeping constraint of his desire, and
craved advice to defend him against love. Horned
Pan laughed aloud, when he heard the firebreathing
torments of Bacchos, but, a luckless lover himself,
heartbroken he pitied one unhappy in love, and
gave him love-advice; it was a small alleviation of
his own love to see another burnt with a spark from
the same quiver:

205 "We are companions in suffering, friend
Bacchos, and I pity your feelings. How comes it that
bold Love has conquered you too? If I dare to say

song and dance with tripping feet, yet a time comes when
they pall, you can have enough of all—but these Trojans
never can have enough of war!"
NONNOS

eἰς ἐμὲ καὶ Δόσυσον Ἐρως ἐκέντωσε φαρέτρην. ἀλλὰ πόθον δολίων πολύτροφον ἕθος ἐνίκησεν. πᾶσα γυνὴ ποθεῖε πλοὺν ἀέρος, αἰδομένη δὲ κεύθει κέντρον Ἐρωτός ἐφαμανέουσα καὶ αὐτῆ, καὶ μογεῖ τὸν μάλλον, οὐδὲ σπαθῆρες Ἐρωτῶν θερμότεροι γεγονοῦσιν, ὅτε κρύπτωσι γυναῖκες εὐδόμενοι πραπίδουσι πεπαρμένοι ὑπὸ Ἐρωτῶν. καὶ γὰρ ὅτι ἄλληλης πόθον ἐνίπουσιν ἀνάγκην, λυσιπόνοις δόρων ἐποκλείστουσι μερίμνας. 210
Κυπριώτας. οὐ δὲ, Βάκχε, τεῦχος ὁ χετήριος Ἐρωτῶν μοιχῆς ἐρύθημα φέρων ἀπατήμων αἰδοὺς, οὐσὶ σοφοφνεύουσαν ἆχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωσθήν, ὅς αἷκων Βερόθς σχέδον ἱστασο: καὶ λίνα πάλλων θαύματι μὲν δολίῳ ροδοειδέα δόρκεο κοῦρην, κάλλος ἐπαινήσας, ὅτι τηλίκων οὐ λάχεν Ἑρη, καὶ Χάρματας κικλησάτε χεραίνας, ἀρμοτέρων δὲ 220 μορφὴ μῶμον ἀναπτό, καὶ Αρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθηνᾶς, καὶ Βερόθνι ἀγόρατεν φανερότερην Ἀφροδίτης κούρην τῇ εἰσαίασα τῷ θενθήμονι μορφὴν αὐτοῦ τερπομεῖσθαι πλέον ἱσταται οἷς ἐθέλει γὰρ οἴδον ὅλου χρύσειον, ὅσιος μορφῆς περί μορφῆς εἰςαῖεν, ὅτι κάλλος ὕπερβαλεν ἱλικοὶ ὑβῆσι. 221
παρθενικὴν δ' ἐσ ἐρωτα νοῶμοι θέλγα σιωπῆ, κινυμένων βλεφάρων ἀντίστοια τεῦματα πέμπτων πεπταμένη δὲ μετωποι ἀφεῖδε χαρὴ πατάξας 222 ψευδαλέων σὸν θάμβος ἐξέρθουν ὅκινη τὴν γῆ: ἀλλὰ φόδοις μεθέπει σαφεῖρος ἐγχέει κοῦρης: εἰπέ, τι σοι ἐξεῖ μία παρθενοῖς; οὐ δόρν πάλλει, 223 οὐ ροδὴν παλάμη ταῦτα βέλος· ἐγχεία κοῦρης ὀφθαλμοὶ γεγαμάσιν ἀκοιτοπτῆρες Ἐρωτῶν, παρθενικῆς δὲ βελεμνὰ ροδίπιδες εἴσοι παρειάι.
so, Eros has emptied his quiver on me and Dionysos! But I will tell you the multifarious ways of deception in love.

209 "Every woman has greater desire than the man, but shamefast she hides the sting of love, though mad for love herself; and she suffers much more, since the sparks of love become hotter when women conceal in their bosoms the piercing arrow of love. Indeed, when they tell each other of the force of desire, their gossip is meant to soothe the pain and deceive their voluptuous longings. And you, Bacchos, must wear a deceptive blush of pretended shame to carry your love along. You must keep an unsmilıng countenance as if through modesty, and stand beside Beroê as if by mere chance. Hold your nets in hand, and look at the rosy girl with pretended amazement, praising her beauty; say that not Hera has the like, call the Graces less fair, find fault with the good looks of both Artemis and Athena, tell Beroê she is more brilliant than Aphrodite. Then the girl when she hears your feigned faultfinding, stands there more delighted with your praise; more than mountains of gold she would hear about her rosy comeliness, how her beauty surpasses all the friends of her youth. Charm the maiden to love with a meaning silence. Let your eyelids move, send wink and beck towards her. Open your hand and slap your brow without mercy, and show your feigned amazement by prudent silence. You will say, fear restrains you in the presence of a modest maid; tell me, what will a lonely girl do to you? She shakes no spear, she draws no shaft with that rosy hand a; the girl's weapons are those eyes which shoot love, her batteries are

a Nonnos, or Pan, has forgotten that Beroê was a huntress.
NONNOS

ęża de' soio pódou, teix kaimília nýmíth, mía lýdou 'Idóthyn, mía márgara cheiri tiváth, oía glymamánouit péla thémis: eis Pafíthyn gar amphiépeis teon eldos épárkiou, éiafhois de kallesis ímeíroui kai ou chrusioi glynaikes, marrtríthés étérh's ou deúmnaí abrokoymou gar poiá par' 'Eidumíwos idéxato dór' Sélínth; Kúprido poiou 'Adwias idékínven idon 'Erwtoin; árguron 'Hrnwn ouk ópassei ýrgentei' ou Kébalos pórein olbou éptíraton.

ál' ára móvnon

chwldos èwv 'Hfaiostos abelégios eíneka morphi ópasse poikíla dór'a, kai ou parépeisin 'Athríthn ou pélékws chráßmymen lechíwos állass theávthn ímeíroun áfámartì. se de xintwn ýmenvaiwn férteron, hí ãthelíth, xlektíron állo didáxw: bárbbta cheiri lágyain, teis ánathýmatà 'Peíth', Kúpridois ábron ágala paroimov amfotérous de pléktrou kai stómaóssai xíwn étérobroon h'xw. 235

Dáfíthn próton áeide kai åstathíos drómon 'Hchous kai ktpou ústeróphoun úsiahtíou theávth, óstti theous pothouita ápestíyoun állass kai átín méllpe Pítun fynódemion,

órëiasí sýndromon aúras.

Painós álvskaójouisn ántimphéutous ýmenvaiou. 200

méllpe móron thyméntis autókhoun: mémpheo gáith. kai táxa dakrússeie gýmnonos álgya nýmíth kai móron oikteírousa: ou dé fréna térpeo sýgh 244
those rose-red girlish cheeks. For lovegifts to be treasures for your bride, do not display the Indian jewel, or pearls, as is the way of mad lovers; for to get love, your own handsome shape is enough—to touch your beautiful body is what women want, not gold!

243 "I need no other testimony—what gifts did Selene take from softhaired Endymion? What lovegift did Adonis produce for Cypris? Orion\(^a\) gave no silver to Dawn; Cephalos\(^b\) provided no delectable wealth; but the only one it seems who did offer handsome gifts was Hephaistos, being lame, to make up for his unattractive looks, and then he failed to persuade Athena—his birthdelivering axe did not help him, but he missed the goddess he wanted.

251 "But there is a stronger charm for wedded union, which I will teach you if you like. Twang the lyre which was dedicated to your Rheia, the delicate treasure of Cypris beside the winecup. Pour out the varied sounds together, voice and striker! Sing first Daphne,\(^c\) sing the erratic course of Echo,\(^d\) and the answering note of the goddess who never fails to speak, for these two despised the desire of gods. Yes, and sing also of Pitys\(^e\) who hated marriage, who fled fast as the wind over the mountains to escape the unlawful wooing of Pan, and her fate—how she disappeared into the soil herself; put the blame on the Earth! Then she may perhaps lament the sorrows and the fate of the wailing nymph; but you must let your heart rejoice in silence, as you see the honey-

\(^a\) One of the numerous lovers of Eos; same as Orion the hunter.
\(^b\) An Attic hero, husband of Procris, loved by Eos.
\(^c\) Cf. ii. 108.
\(^d\) Cf. ii. 119.
\(^e\) Cf. ii. 108.
μουρμαίας ὀρῶν μελημέτα ὄρκημα κοίρης; οὐδὲ γέλως πέλε τοῖς, ἐπεὶ πλόους οἴνοπι μορφῇ ἱμερταὶ γεγάμειν, ὅτε στανίχουσι ναοῖσι, μέλφῳν ἑρωμαίνουσαν ἐπ' Ἐισέληνα Συλήνην, μέλπε γάρ τοις χαρίστος Ἄδωνίδος, εἴπε καὶ αὐτὴν αὐχμηρῆν ἀπέδιλον ἀλαμβάνειν Ἀφροδίτην, νυμφίων ἱρέωνοις ὀρύδρομον οὐδὲ σε φεύγα πατρὸποι· αἴνοσα μελιφρέα θεομέν Ἔρωτοιν. σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τάδε πάιτα τὸν διαίμερον Βάικε, πιφαίνκιοι· ἀλλὰ με καὶ σὺ ὄδαξοι ἐμῆς θελκτήριων Ἡχεύς." Ὁς εἰπὼν ἀπετίμησε γεγέντοις παίδα Θυσίως. καὶ δολίτην Διόνυσος ἔχων ἀγέλαστόν ὀπωσπήν παρθενικὴν ἔρευναν Ἀδώνυδος ἐμφαί τοκῆς, ὡς φίλοσ, ὡς ὀμφάδος ὀρύδρομος ἱσταμένης δὲ στήθει χείρα πέλασε δυσίμερων, ἀκραὶ δὲ μήτρης ὡς ἄκιπην ἐθλισεν· ἐπιφανειαὶ δὲ μοῖχων δεξιτερῆ νάρκησε γεμαμιάνεος Διονύσοι. καὶ ποτε νηπιάχθησιν ἐν ἱδεσίν εἴρετο κούρη νῦν Διὸς παρεώτα, τάς ἄμελτο καὶ τίνος εἰς καὶ πρόφασιν μόρις ἀκραὶ προθυρίως Ἀφροδίτης ὁρχατὸν ἀμπελώνα ὧς ἀμιπήν λήμα γαῖς καὶ δροσερὸν λεμβάνα καὶ αἰόλα ὀξύρα δοκεῖν ήθεσι κερδαλέουσα καὶ, οὐ τε γηπόνοις ἄιτηρ, ἀμφι γάμου τινὰ μέθον ἀσυμάκματο φάτο φωνή.

"Εἰμὶ τεοῦ Διβάνου γεωμόρος ημὶ ἐθελήσθης, ἀρδεύω σέο γαῖαν, ἔγω σέο καρπὸν ἄξων. Ἡμᾶς πιστοὺς νῦν δρόμου ἱσταμένην δὲ νύσσαν ὀπισθώς φθυσιοφρίδα τοῦτο βοήσω. 'Σκορπίως ἀντέλλει βιομήσιος, ἔστι δὲ κήρυς αὐλακος εὐκάρποιο τὸν ἄχους εὐεξώμεν ἀρότρω.
sweet tears of the sorrowing maid. No laugh was ever like that, since women become more desirable with that ruddy flush when they mourn. Sing Selene madly in love with Endymion, sing the wedding of graceful Adonis, sing Aphrodite herself wandering dusty and unshod, and tracking her bridegroom over the hills. Beroë will not run away from you when she hears the honeyhearted lovestories of her home. There you have all I can tell you, Bacchos, for your unhappy love! Now you tell me something to charm my Echo."

274 Having said his say, he dismissed the son of Thyone comforted. Then Dionysos put on a serious look, the trickster! and questioned the maiden about her father Adonis, as a friend of his, as a fellow-hunter among the hills. She stood still, he brought a longing hand near her breast, and stroked her belt as if not thinking what he did: but touching her breast, the lovesick god's right hand grew numb. Once in her childlike way, the girl asked the son of Zeus beside her who he was and who was his father. With much ado he found an excuse, when he saw before the portals of Aphrodite the vineyard and the bounteous harvest of the land, the dewy meadow and all the trees; and in the cunning of his mind, he made as if he were a farm-labourer and spoke of wedding in words that meant more than they said:

282 "I am a countryman of your Lebanon. If it is your pleasure, I will water your land, I will grow your corn. I understand the course of the four Seasons. When I see the limit of autumn is here, I will call aloud—' Scorpion is rising with his bounteous plenty, he is the herald of a fruitful furrow, let us yoke oxen
Πλημάδες δύνασθε πότεν σπείρωμεν ἁρώπας; αὐλάκες ὁδύουσιν, ὅτε δρόσος εἰς χθόνα πίπτει αὐνομένῃ Φαέθοτης• καὶ Ἀρκάδος ἐγγύς Ἅμαξης 290 χείματος ὁμβρύσαστος ἢδον Ἀρκτοῦρον ἐνύφων; 'διψάλη ποτὲ γαίᾳ Δίως ὑμφεύεται ὁμβρως; ἁιρός ἀντέλλοντος ἐώς εἰς τη βοησία'.
'ἀνθεα σείο τέθηλη πότε κρίνα καὶ ρόδα τὸ λῶ;· ἢνδη, πῶς ὧκινθος ἐπέτρεξε γείτον μῦρτων, πῶς γελάδα νάρκισσος ἐπιθρίφοκας ἀνεμίστην· καὶ σταφυλη ὀρόων θέρες παρούσων ἐνύφων; ἀμπελοὺς ἰδιώνασα πεπάνεται ἀμμορος ἀρτης· παρθένε, σύγγονος ἠλθε. πότε τηργόμεν ὁπώρη; σὸς στάχνος ἠέχητο καὶ ἀμητοίχας χατίζειν· λήιον ἁμήσω σταχυφόρου, αὐτὶ δὲ Δηρώς μητρὶ τεὴ ῥέξαιμι θαλύστα Κυπρογενεής.'
δέξο δὲ γειοπόοιον με τῆς ὑποπτούν ἀλάς· ἤμετέρης με κόμισε φυτικόμον ἀφρογενεύης, ὀφρα φυτῶν πῆξαμι φερέασιν, ἤμερῶν δὲ ὀμφακα γυμνόσκω νεοθῆλεα χεραίν ἀφάσσον.
οἶδα, πόθεν πότε μῆλα πεπαίνεται; οἶδα φυτεύσαι καὶ πτελείν ταυτήρωλλον ἐρειδομένην κυπαρίσσων· ἄρσενα καὶ φοίνικα γεγηθότα θήλεί μύσαν, καὶ κρόκον, ἦν ἔθελης, παρὰ μιλακα καλῶν αἴξων. 310 μὴ μοι χρυσὸν ἁγοῖς κομιδής χάριν·
οὐ χρέος ὀλβοῦν.

1 δύνουσιν πότε Rose, δύνουσι πότε edd.
to the plow. The Pleiads are setting: when shall we sow the fields? The furrows are teeming, when the dew falls on land parched by Phaëthon. And in the showers of winter when I see Arcturos close to the Arcadian wain, I will exclaim—'At last thirsty Earth is wedded with the showers of Zeus.' As the spring rises up, I will cry out in the morning—'Your flowers are blooming, when shall I pluck lilies and roses? Just look how the iris has run over the neighbouring myrtle, how narcissus laughs as he leaps on anemone!' And when I see the grapes of summer before me I will cry—'The vine is in her prime, ripening without the sickle: Maiden, your sister has come—when shall we gather the grapes? Your wheatear is grown big and wants the harvest; I will reap the crop of corn-ears, and I will celebrate harvest home for your mother the Cyprus-born instead of Deo.'

303 "Accept me as your labourer to help on your fertile lands. Take me as planter for your Foam-born, that I may plant that lifebringing tree, that I may detect the half-ripe berry of the tame vine and feel the newgrowing bud. I know how apples ripen; I know how to plant the widening elm too, leaning against the cypress. I can join the male palm happily with the female, and make pretty saffron, if you like, grow beside bindweed. Don't offer me gold for my keep; I have no need of wealth—my

a The Sun is in Scorpius in late October, the Pleiads set about the beginning of November, the plowing and sowing are for winter wheat.

b Arcturos (and Boötes) sets in the evening early in November, and rises in the evening about the beginning of March; the latter is meant here, apparently: a sign of rain.

c Perhaps this means "Virgo has risen" (Aug. 31).
Dionysos is using the well-worn parallel of woman and field, man and plowman, or plow, but Beroë is too innocent to understand (314). Half the things he says are charged with a double meaning; Aphrodite's harvest-home (300) would be marriage, or perhaps the birth of a child, the
wages will be two apples and one bunch of grapes of one vintage." \(^a\)

313 All this he said in vain; the girl answered nothing, for she understood nothing of the mad lover’s long speech.

315 But Eiraphiotes \(b\) thought of trick after trick. He took the hunting-net from Beroë’s hands and pretended to admire the clever work, shaking it round and round for some time and asking the girl many questions—“What god made this gear, what heavenly art? Who made it? Indeed I cannot believe that Hephaistos mad with jealousy made hunting-gear for Adonis!”

322 So he tried to bewilder the wits of the girl who would not be so charmed. Once it happened that he lay sound asleep on a bed of anemone leaves; and he saw the girl in a dream decked out in bridal array. For what a man does in the day, the image of that he sees in the night; the herdsman sleeping takes his horned cattle to pasture; the huntsman sees nets in the vision of a dream; men who work on the land plow the fields in sleep and sow the furrow with corn; a man parched at midday and possessed with fiery thirst is driven by deceiving sleep to a river, to a channel of water. So Dionysos also beheld the likeness of his troubles, and let his mind go flying in mimic dreams “planter of the Foamborn” a successful lover (304), and the trees and grapes have an obvious sexual allusion. Finally, the proposed wages (311-312) contain another pun; \(μηλα\) is properly apples, but can mean a woman’s breasts, and a bunch of grapes is what one gathers at vintage, but to “gather the vintage” of a woman is to enjoy her favours, cf. Ar. Peace 1338-1339.

\(b\) The meaning of the epithet is unknown; but Nonnos connects it with \(ῥαπτεων\) “to stitch” in ix. 23, which suggested the conjecture \(ἐπέρραφεν\) here for \(ἐπέφραδεν\) from vii. 152.
καὶ σκιεροὶ γάμμοις ὀμίλεσιν ἐγράμμενος δὲ παρθένοι οὐκ ἕκισθησε, καὶ ἔθελεν αὐτὶς ἱερεῖς. καὶ κενεή ἐκόμισε μαναθαδίς χάριν εὐθὺς, εὖδων ἐν πετάλωσι ταχυφθομένης ἀνεμώνης. μέμφετο δὲ ἀφθόνγων πετάλων χύσιν: ἀχνύμενος δὲ "Τινος ὀμοὶ καὶ Ἐρωτα καὶ ἐσπερίην Αφροδίτην τὴν αὐτήν ἴκετεν ἰδεῖν πάλιν ὅφιν ὀνόμας, φάσμα γάμμου ποθεῖν ἀπατήλιον. ἄγχε δὲ μύρτου πολλάκι Βάκχος ίανε, καὶ οὐ γαμίου τέχνεν ὑπνοῦ. ἀλλὰ πὸνον γλυκῶν ἐχὲ, πωδοβλήτῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς λυχμελῆς Διόνυσος ἐλύετο γεία μερίμησι. 345

Καὶ Βερόης γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, νικᾶ Μύρρης, θηροπούθην ἀνέφην: ἀκοντιστῆρα δὲ θυροῳ στικτὰ γεοσφαγέως ἅπαξ ἐπεδίωκα δέρματα νεβρῶν, λάθρους εἰς Βερόην δεδοκημένους ἵσταμένου δὲ παρθένου ἀστατοῦ ὄμμα φυλασσομένη Διονύσου φαρεῖ μαρμαίρουσαν ἐν ἐκρυβῆ παραίη.

καὶ πλέον ἐφλεγε Βάκχον, ὅτι δρηστηρίες Ἐρώτων αἰδομένας ἐτί μᾶλλον ὀπισχεῖσθαι γυναῖκας, καὶ πλέον ἱμείρουσα καλυπτομένου προσώπου.

Καὶ ποτὲ μονωθεῖσαν Ἀδώνιδος ἄξυγα κούρην ἅθρησας σχεδὸν ἢλθε, καὶ ἀνθρωπεῖς ἀπὸ μορφῆς εἰδος ἐον μετάμειψε, καὶ ὃς θεὸς ἑστατο κουρη. καὶ οἱ ἐον γένος εἰπε καὶ ὡτομεν, καὶ φοινὸν ἱδών, καὶ χορὸν ἀμπελόειντα, καὶ ἰδυπότον χύσιν οὐν, ὅτι μιν ἀνδράσιν εὑρε: φιλοστοργῷ δὲ μενουῃ 355

θάρσος ἀναίδεια κεράσας ἀλλότριον αἴδοις τοῖν ποικιλομυνθέν υποσαλίων φάτο φωνήν. "Παρθένε, σοὶ δὲ ἠρωτα καὶ οὐρανὸν οὐκέτι ναίων πατέρων σπῆλυγχας ἄρειονες εἰσίν Ὀλύμπου. 352
until he was joined to her in a wedding of shadow. He awoke—and found no maiden, and wished once again to slumber: he carried away the empty largess of that short embrace, as he slept on the leaves of the anemone which perishes so soon. He reproached the dumb leaves there spread; and sorrowfully prayed to Sleep and Love and Aphrodite of the evening, a all at once, to let him see the same vision of a dream once more, longing for the deceptive phantom of an embrace. Bacchos often slept near the myrtle b and never dreamt of marriage. But sweet pain he did feel; and limb-relaxing Dionysos found his own limbs relaxed by lovestricken cares.

346 In company with Beroë's father, the son of Myrrha, he showed his hunting-skill. He cast his thyrsus, and wrapt himself in the dappled skins of the newslain fawns, ever with his eye secretly on Beroë; as he stood, the maiden covered her bright cheeks with her robe, to escape the wandering eye of Dionysos. She made him burn all the more, since the servants of love watch shamefast women more closely, and desire more strongly the covered countenance.

355 Once he caught sight of the unyoked girl of Adonis alone, and came near, and changed his human form and stood as a god before her. He told her his name and family, the slaughter of the Indians, how he found out for man the vine-dance and the sweet juice of wine to drink; then in loving passion he mingled audacity with a boldness far from modesty, and his flattering voice uttered this ingratiating speech:

363 "Maiden, for your love I have even renounced my home in heaven. The caves of your fathers are

a Venus, the evening star.
b As being Aphrodite's plant.
πατρίδα σήν φιλέω πλέον αιθέρος· ού μενεαίνω
ακόπτερα Διός γενετήρος, ὁσον Βερόης ύμεναιούς·
άμβροσίης σέο κάλλος ὑπέρτερον· αἰθέριον δὲ
νέκταρος εὐόδμου τεοί πνείουσι χιτώνες.
παρθένε, θάμβος ἐξω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἀκούων,
ὅτι σε κεστός ἐλευθέρω ἀθελγέα: πῶς δὲ σὺ μοῦνῃ
σύγγονον εἴχες Ἔρωτα
καὶ οὐ μάθες οἰστρον Ἐρώτων;

ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γλαυκῶπιν ἀπειρήτην ύμεναιούν·
νόσφι γάμου βλάστησε καὶ οὐ γάμον οἴδεν Ἀθηνή·
οὐ σὲ τέκε γλαυκῶπις Ἡ Ἀρτέμις. ἂλλα σὺ, κούρη,
Κύπριδος αἴμα φέρουσα τι Κύπριδος ὄργα φεύγεις;
μὴ γένος αἰσχύνης μητρῶν: Ἀσαυρίου δὲ
εἰ ἐστεχν ἀριστέτος Ἀδώνιδος αἴμα κομίζεις,
ἀβρά τελεσιγάμμου διδάσκει θεσμα τοκῆς,
καὶ Παφίης ζωοτήρι συνήλκυ πείδεο κεστῷ,
καὶ γαμίων πεφύλαξε δυσάιτεα μῆριν Ἐρώτων·
νηλέες εἰς Ἐρωτες, ὅτε χρέως, ὅπποτε ποιήν
ἀπρήκτων φιλότητος ἀπαιτίζουσι γυναῖκας·
οἴσθα γάρ, ὡς πυρόσσαν ἀτμήσασα Κυθήρην
μισθόν ἀγνορίης φιλοπάρθενος ὑπαστὶ Σύργες,
οἵτι φυτὸν γεγανία νόθη δομακώδει μορφῇ
ἐκφυγε Παιός Ἐρωτα, πόθος δ' ἔτι Παιός αἰθεὶ
καὶ θυγάτηρ Λάδωνος, αἰειδομένου ποταμοῖο,
ἐργα γάμων στυγέουσα δέμας δειδρώσατο Νύμφη,
ἐμπνεα συρίζουσα, καὶ ὀρφήνει κορύμβῳ
Φοῖβου λέκτρα φυγοῦσα κόμην ἐστέψατο Φοίβου.

καὶ σὺ χόλον δασπλήτα φυλάσσει, μή σε χαλέφη
θερμὸς Ἐρως βαρύμην· αφειδήσασα δὲ μίτρης

1 So mss.: Ludwich ὁχιστη.
better than Olympos. I love your country more than the sky; I desire not the sceptre of my Father Zeus as much as Beroë for my wife. Your beauty is above ambrosia; indeed, heavenly nectar breathes fragrant from your dress! Maiden, when I hear that your mother is Cypris, my only wonder is that her cestus has left you uncharmed. How is it you alone have Love for a brother, and yet know not the sting of love? But you will say Brighteyes had nothing to do with marriage; Athena was born without wedlock and knows nothing of wedlock. Yes, but your mother was neither Brighteyes nor Artemis. Well, girl, you have the blood of Cypris—then why do you flee from the secrets of Cypris? Do not shame your mother’s race. If you really have in you the blood of Assyrian Adonis the charming, learn the tender rules of your sire whose blessing is upon marriage, obey the cestus girdle born with the Paphian, save yourself from the dangerous wrath of the bridal Loves! Harsh are the Loves when there’s need, when they exact from women the penalty for love unfulfilled.

383 “For you know how Syrinx^a disregarded fiery Cythera, and what price she paid for her too-great pride and love for virginity; how she turned into a plant with reedy growth substituted for her own, when she had fled from Pan’s love, and how she still sings Pan’s desire! And how the daughter of Ladon,^b that celebrated river, hated the works of marriage and the nymph became a tree with inspired whispers, she escaped the bed of Phoibos but she crowned his hair with prophetic clusters. You too should beware of a god’s horrid anger, lest hot Love should afflict you in heavy wrath. Spare not your

^a Cf. ii. 118.  
^b Daphne, cf. ii. 108.
διπλόν ἂμφεπε Βάκχον ὑπάνω καὶ παρακοίτην·
καὶ λίνα συνὸ τοκῆς 'Αδώνιδος αὐτὸς ἄειρων
λέκτρον ἐγὼ στορέσσωμε κασιγνήτης Ἀφροδίτης.

ποία σοι ἐνοσιάσοις ἐπάξει δόρα κομίσσει;
ἡ ρά σοι ἐδένα γάμου λελέξτει ἀλμυρὸν ὤδωρ,
καὶ στορέσει πνεύματα δυσώδεα πόντιον ὀδηγή
δέρματα φωκάων, Ποσιδήμα πέπλα ταλάσσης;
δέρματα φωκάων μὴ δέχενοι: σείο δε παστῷ
Βάκχας ἀμφιπόλους, Σατύρως θεράποντας ὀπάσσων·
δέξο μοι ἐδένα γάμου καὶ ἀμπελόκοσσαν ὀπώρην·
ei δ' ἐθέλεις δόρυ τούραν 'Αδώνιδος οἷα τε κοῦρη,
θύρασιν ήχεις ἐμὸν ἠγχος: ἐν γλωχίνα τραύης.

φεύγε, φίλη, κακὸν ἵχον ἀυγήτιοι ταλάσσης,

φεύγε δυσαντήτων Ποσιδήμον οἴστρον Ἐρώτων.

ἀλλ' Ἀμμιωὴν παρελέξατο κυκνοχαῖτις,
ἀλλ' γυνῆ μετὰ λέκτρον ὁμώνυμος ἐπλετο πηγῆ
καὶ Σκύλλης παρίανε καὶ εἴναλην θέτο πέτρην
'Αστερίην δ' ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἐπλετο νῆσος ἐρήμη

παρθενικὴν δ' Ἐυβοιαν ἐνερρίζωσε ταλάσση.

οὕτως Ἀμμιωὴν μιμητεύεται, ὕφα καὶ αὐτῆ

λαίνεν τελέση μετὰ δέμιον οὕτως ὀπάσσει
ἐδοὺ ἐὼν θαλάμων ὀλιγον ρώον ἢ βριόν ἅλμης

ἡ βουθήν τινα κόχλων, ἐγὼ δέ σοι εἰνέκα μορφῆς

ίσταμαι ἄσχαλῶν, τίνα σοι, τίνα δῶρα κομίσσων

οὐ χατέει χρυσοί τέκος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.

ἀλλὰ σοι ἐξ 'Αλυβής κειμήλια πολλά κομίσσων
ἀγγυρον ἀγνυρόπηχυς ἀναῖνεται, εἰς σὲ κομίσσων

δῶρα διαιστίβοις φεραυγέος Ἡριδανοῖο.

'Ἡλιάδων δ' ὅλον ὀλβον ἐπανεχύνει σέο μορφῆ

* See xii. 11.

8 A rationalization: usually she is a devouring monster, but this was often explained away as a dangerous rock.

256
girdle, but attend Bacchos both as comrade and bedfellow. I myself will carry the nets of your father Adonis, I will lay the bed of my sister Aphrodite.

396 "What worthy gifts will Earthshaker bring? Will he choose his salt water for a bridegift, and lay sealskins breathing the filthy stink of the deep, as Poseidon's coverlets from the sea? Do not accept his sealskins. I will provide you with Bacchants to wait upon your bridechamber, and Satyrs for your chamberlains. Accept from me as bridegift my grape-vintage too. If you want a wild spear also as daughter of Adonis, you have my thyrsus for a lance—away with the trident's tooth! Flee, my dear, from the ugly noise of the never-silent sea, flee the madness of Poseidon's dangerous love! Seabluehair lay beside another Amymone, but after the bed the wife became a spring of that name. He slept with Scylla, and made her a cliff in the water. He pursued Asterie, and she became a desert island; Euboia the maiden he rooted in the sea. This creature woos Amymone just to turn her too into stone after the bed; this creature offers as gift for his wedding a drop of water, or seaweed from the brine, or a deepsea conch. And I, distressed for your beauty as I stand here, what have I for you, what gifts shall I offer? The daughter of golden Aphrodite needs no gold. Shall I bring you heaps of treasure from Alybe? Silverarm cares not for silver! Shall I bring you glistening gifts from brilliant Eridanos? Your beauty, your blushing whiteness,

c See ii. 125.
d The nymph after whom the island was mythically named, being named originally Macris (Long Island). Only Nonnos mentions her as Poseidon's love, and the identification of her with the actual rock of the island is apparently his own.
λευκῶν ἔρευνθόωσα, βολαῖς δ' ἀντίρροπος Ἡοῦς
eἰκελοὺς ἤλεκτρῳ Βερόῃς ἀμφαίνεσθαι αὐχήν . . .
kai λίθον ἀστράπτοντα: τεῦχος οἶδος ἐλέγχει
μάρμαρα τιμήτα: μή ἐκελοὺς αἴθοπι λέχνῳ
λυχνίδα σοι κομάσομι, σέλας πέμπουσιν ὅπωσπαί:
mή καλύκων ῥοδόνεας ἀναίσσοντα κορύμβου
σοι ρόδα δώρα φέρομι, ροδώπιδες εἰσὶ παρειαί." 425
Τοῖον ἑπός κατέλεξε: καὶ οὕτως ἐνδοθι κοῦρη
χεῖρας ὑρεισαμένη διδύμας ἐφραίζειν ἀκούάς,
mή πάλιν ἄλλον Έρωτι μεμικτά μίθου ἀκοῦσῃ,
ἔργα γὰρ ὑπελέγεσιν: ποθοβλητῷ δὲ Λυναῖῳ
μόχθῳ μόχθον ἐμηκ. τι κέντρον ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων,
η οτε θυμόβοροι πόθου λυσσώδει κέντρῳ
ἀνέρας ἰμείροιτας ἀλυσακάζουσι γυναῖκες
καὶ πλέον οἴστρον ἀγοῦσι σαύσφορες;
ἐνδόμικχος δὲ
dιπλόος ἐστὶν ἑρως, ὅτε παρθένος ἀνέρα δεῦγει.
'Ως ο μὲν οἴστρήμεντι πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῷ
παρθενικῆς δ' ἀπέμιμην ἀμυρχίτωι δὲ κοῦρη
σύνδρομον ἀγροφόρεσα τὸν πορμεῖν ἀλήτην,
kέντρον ἐχὼν γλυκύπικρον.
ἀνασύμικες δὲ θαλάσσης,
ίκμα δυμαλέου δι' οὐρεος ἱχνα πάλλων,
παρθενικὴν μάστεψε Πουικάδαω μετανάστης,
ἀβραχον ὕδατοι περιπραίνων χθόνα ταρσψ.
kai oi eti σπεύδοντι παρά κλέτας εὐβοτον ὀλης 445
οὐρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ποδών ἐλλείζετο πάλμῳ . . .
eis Βερόῃς σκοπίαζε, και ἐκ ποδών ἄχρα καρήνου
κούρης ἱσταμένης διεμέτρεεν ἐνθεον ὅβην.
ἄξυ ὑπε σεπτάλεου δι' εἴματος οἰα κατοπτρώ
ἀμμας ἀπανέσσει τύπον τεκμαίρετο κούρης,
ολά τε γυμνωθέντα παρακλιδὸν ἄκρα δοκείων
258
puts to shame all the wealth of the Heliades; the neck of Beroë is like the gleams of Dawn, it shines like amber, [outshines] a sparkling jewel; your fair shape makes precious marble cheap. I would not bring you the lampstone blazing like a lamp, for light comes from your eyes. I would not give you roses, shooting up from the flower cups of a rosy cluster, for roses are in your cheeks."

So he was flogged by the maddening cestus of desire; and he kept away from the girl, but full of bittersweet pangs, he sent his mind to wander a-hunting with the girl with ungirt tunic. Then out from the sea came Poseidon, moving his wet footsteps in search of the girl over the thirsty hills, a foreign land to him, and sprinkling the unwatered earth with watery foot; and as he hasted along the fertile slope of the woodland, the topmost peaks of the mountains shook under the movement. . . . He espied Beroë, and from head to foot he scanned her divine young freshness while she stood. Clear through the filmy robe he noted the shape of the girl with steady eyes, as if in a mirror; glancing from side to side he saw the shining skin of her breasts as if naked, and cursed
στήθεα μαρμαρότα, πολυπλεκέσσαι δὲ δεσμοίς μαξών κρυπτομένων φθονερόν ἐπεμέφετο μίτρην, δινεύων ἐλικτηδὸν ἐραμάτες ὡμμα πρωσάτου, παππαίνων ἀκόρητος ὅλον δέμας οἰστρομάνης δὲ εἰναλήθη Κυθέραν ἄλος μεδέων ἐνοικίδων μοχθίζων ἱκίτευσι, καὶ ἄγρακέλη παρὰ ποίμην παρθένου ἱσταμένην φιλόμελιζατο μέθω.

"Ἐλλάδα καλλιγυναίκα γαίη μία πάσαν ἐλέγχειν ὦ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος ἀείδεται, οὐκέτι Κύπρος ὄνομα καλλιτέκτου φαίνεται οὐκέτι μέλφω Νάξον ἀειδομένῃ εἰσπάρθεκων ἄλλα καὶ αὐτή εἰς τόκων, εἰς ὁδίνας ἐαυτὴν Ἀσκείδαίμων ὦ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος. Ἀρμανίης δὲ τιθήνη ἀντολὴ σύλθησιν ὅλον κλέος Ὄρχομενοι, μουὴν ἀμβιέσουσα μίαν Χάριν ἀπολοῖρη γάρ τρισαάχων Χαρίτων Βερόη βλαστησον τετάρτην, παρθένα, κάλλιστα γαῖαι, ὁ περὶ χέριας οὐ σεο μήτηρ ἐκ χθονὸς ἐβλάστησαν, ἄλος ἄγωντι Ἀφροδίτης ποίτου ἑχεις ἐμοὶ ἐδων ἀτέρμοις, μείζονα γαῖης. σπεῦσον ἐρυμάκλεον ἀλόχω Δίως, όφρα τις εἶση, ὅτι δάμαρ Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐνέτει εὐνοσιγάτον πάντοθε κοιρανέωσιν, ἐπεὶ νιφόντος Οὐλύμπου "Πρη σκήπτρου ἑχει, Βερόη κραίτος ἑσχε θαλάσσης.

οὐ σοι Βασσαρίδας μανιάτεις ἐγχαλίζω, οὐ Σάτυρον σκαίροιτα καὶ οὐ Σευληνίων ὀπάσων: ἅλλα τελεσιγάμῳ τεῖς θαλαμητόλον εἰς Ἱς Πρωτεά σοι καὶ Γλαύκων ὑπὸδηρηστῆρα τελέων δέχυσο καὶ Νηρή καὶ, ἢν ἕθελης, Μελικέρτης καὶ πλατὺν ἀειμένον μιτρούμενον ἀντυγι κόσμου Ὁκεανον κελάδοντα τεὸν θεράποιτα καλέσσων.
the jealous bodice wrapt about in many folds which hid the bosom, he ran his lovemaddened eye round and round over her face, he gazed never satisfied on her whole body. Then mad with passion Earthshaker lord of the brine appealed in his trouble to Cythereia of the brine, and tried with flattering words to make friends with the maiden standing beside the country flock:

   "One woman outshines all the lovely women of Hellas! Paphos is celebrated no longer, nor Lesbos, Cyprus no longer has a name as mother of beauty; no longer will I sing Naxos which the singers call isle of fair maids; yes, even Lacedaimon is worsted for children and childbirth! No more Paphos, no more Lesbos—the land of the rising sun, Amymone's nurse, has plundered all the glory of Orchomenos, for one single Grace of her own! For Beroë has appeared a fourth grace, younger than the three!

   "Maiden, leave the land. That is just, for your mother grew not from the land, she is Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Here is my infinite sea for your bridegift, larger than earth. Hasten to challenge the consort of Zeus, that men may say that the lady of Cronides and the wife of Earthshaker hold universal rule, since Hera has the sceptre of snowy Olympos, Beroë has gotten the empire of the sea. I will not provide you with mad-eyed Bassarids, I will give you no dancing Satyr and no Seilenos, but I will make Proteus chamberlain of your marriage-consummating bed, and Glaucos shall be your underling—take Nereus too, and Melicertes if you like; and I will call murmuring Oceanos your servant, broad Oceanos girdling the rim of the eternal
"Ενεπε: χωρομένη δὲ λιπών δυσπείδεα κούρην ἥρει μύθου ἔστι χένων ἁνεμώδεα φωνή.

"Μύρρης δῆλε κοίρε, λαχών αὐπαίδα γενέθλην τιμήν μούνος ἔχεις διδυμάσσα: μούνος ἀκούεις καὶ γενέτης Βερός καὶ νηφίδος ἀφρογενεῖς."

Τοίᾳ μὲν ἐνοσίγαιοι ἑμαύσατο κήπορι κεστῷ πολλὰ δὲ δῶρα τίταιεν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθρείῃ, κούρης ἔδιον ἔρωτος. ὁμοφλέκτω δὲ χιλιμνῷ ὀλβον ἄγων Διόνυσος, ὅσον παρα γείτον Γάγγη κρυσοφαεῖς ὁδίνες ἐμαιώσατο μετάλλων, πολλὰ μάθην ἰκέτευε θαλασσαίην Ἁφροδίτην.

Καὶ Παφίη δεδώντο, πολυμήστοιο δὲ κούρης ἀμφοτέρους μηστήρας ἔδειδεν ἀμφοτέρων δὲ ἱσοτύπων ὀρόσα θάνον καὶ ζῆλον Ἐρώτων Ἄρεϊ νυμφικῆς Βερός κηρύξεν ἁγῶνα καὶ γάμον αἴχμητηρα καὶ ἠμοίωθαν Ἐνυώ. καὶ μιν ὅλην πυκάσασα γυναικείῳ τῷ κόσμῳ Κύπρις ἐπ’ ἀκροπόλισις ἐγὼ ἱδρύεστο πάτρης παρθένων ἀμφήρστων ἀέθλιον ἄβρον Ἐρώτων ἀμφοτέροις δὲ θεοῖσι μιᾶν ἐνυώσατο φωνή.

"Ἡθελον, εἰ δυὸ παίδας ἐγὼ λάχον, ὅφρα συνάψω τὴν μὲν ὀφειλομένην ἐνοσίχθοι, τὴν δὲ Ἀναίω: ἀλλ’ ἐπει οὐ γενόμην διδυμήτοκος, οὐδὲ κελεύει θεσάμα γάμων ἄχραντα μιᾶν ἕντονα κούρην.
world. I give you as a bridal gift all the rivers together for your attendants. If you are pleased to have waitingmaids also, I will bring you the daughters of Nereus; and let Ino the nurse of Dionysos be your chambermaid, whether she likes it or not!"

486 Thus he pleaded, but the maiden was angry and would not listen; so he left her, pouring out his last words into the air—

488 "Happy son of Myrrha, you have got a fine daughter, and now a double honour is yours alone; you alone are named father of Beroë and bridegroom of the Foamborn."

491 Thus Earthshaker was flogged by the blows of the cestus; but he offered many gifts to Adonis and Cythereia, bridegifts for the love of their daughter. Dionysos burning with the same shaft brought his treasures, all the shining gold that the mines near the Ganges had brought forth in their throes of labour; earnestly but in vain he made his petition to Aphrodite of the sea.

497 Now Paphia was anxious, for she feared both wooers of her muchwooed girl. When she saw equal desire and ardour of love in both, she announced that the rivals must fight for the bride, a war for a wedding, a battle for love. Cypris arrayed her daughter in all a woman’s finery, and placed her upon the fortress of her country, a maiden to be fought for as the dainty prize of contest. Then she addressed both gods in the same words:

506 "I could wish had I two daughters, to wed one as is justly due to Earthshaker, and one to Lyaios; but since my child was not twins, and the undefiled laws of marriage do not allow us to join one girl to a
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

ζεύξαι διχθαδίουσιν ἀμοιβαῖοις παρακοίταις, ἀμφὶ μὴς ἀλόχοιο μόθος νυμποστόλος ἐστὼν, ὁ γὰρ ἀτέρ καμάτων Βερόθης λέχος. ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφῃς ἀμφῶν ἀειθέλεσσαι γάμου προκέλευσθον ἀγάνα. δς δὲ κε νικήσαι, Βερόθην ἀνάδεικν άγέσθω . . . ἀμφοτέρως φίλος ὀρκος: ἐπεὶ περιδείδαι κούρης γείτονος ἀμφὶ πόλης, ὅπῃ πολυσύχος ἀκοῦσιν, πατρίδα μὴ Βερόθης Βερόθης διά κάλλως ἀλεσον συνθεῖας πρὸ γάμῳ τελέσσατε, μὴ μετὰ χάρμην πόντιοι εἰτοσιγαίοις ἀτεμβόμενοι περὶ νίκης γαῖαν άιστόσειν ἐς ἀλοχία τραύμης, μὴ κοτέων Διώνυσος Ἀρμυάμην περὶ λέκτων ἀστεος ἀμπελόσεσαν ἀμαλδύνεις ἀλωνίν.
εὐμενεῖς δὲ γένεσθε μετὰ κλώνων ἀμφοτέρως δὲ φίλτρου ζῆλου ἐχοῖτες ὁμοφροσύνης ἐκ θεσμῷ κάλλει φαιδροτέρῳ κοιμήσατε πατρίδα νύμφης." 525

"Ὡς φαμένης μιμητήρες ἐπίτροποι ἀμφοτέρους δὲ ἔμπεδος ὀρκος ἐκ Κρονίδης καὶ Γαίας καὶ Λιθήρ καὶ Στύγιας ραθάμιτες: ἑπιστάσαντο δὲ Μοῖραι συνθεῖας: καὶ Δήρες αἶξέτο πομπὸς Ἔρωτων καὶ Κλένος:

ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμοστόλου ἀπλίσε πειθεῖ. 530

ουρανοθεν δὲ μολότες ὀπίσουσήν ἀγῶνος ςὺν Διὸ πάντες ἐμμιλον, διοι κατήρες Ὅλυμπον, μάρτυρες υμίνης Λιβατίνος ὑλὸθε πέτρης.

"Ενθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα ποδοβλῆτος Διονύσων" κόρες δελλήνες χυλάσας πτερών ἐγκυνον αὐρής 535

βοσκομεῖν εἰδώκει πελειάδα: τὸν δὲ τις ἄφων ἐκ χθονος ἄρπαξας ἀλιστέτος εἰς βιθόν ἐπτη, φειδομένοις οὐν χεισσοι μετάρρωτον ὅρνων ἀείρων.

264
pair of husbands together change and change about, let battle be chamberlain for one single bride, for without hard labour there is no marriage with Beroë. Then if you would wed the maid, first fight it out together; let the winner lead away Beroë without brideprice. Both must agree to an oath, since I fear for the girl’s neighbouring city where I am known as Cityholder, that because of Beroë’s beauty I may lose Beroë’s home. Make treaty before the marriage, that seagod Earthshaker if he lose the victory shall not in his grief lay waste the land with his trident’s tooth; and that Dionysos shall not be angry about Amymone’s wedding and destroy the vineyards of the city. And you must be friends after the battle: both be rivals in singlehearted affection, and in one contract of goodwill adorn the city of the bride with still more brilliant beauty.”

The wooers agreed to this proposal. Both took a binding oath, by Cronides and Earth, by Sky and the floods of Styx; and the Fates formally witnessed the bargain. Then Strife grew greater to escort the Loves, and Turmoil also; Persuasion the handmaid of marriage, armed them both. From heaven came all the dwellers on Olympos, with Zeus, and stayed to watch the combat upon the rocks of Lebanon.

Then appeared a great portent for lovestricken Dionysos. A stormswift falcon was in chase of a feeding pigeon; he drooped his breeze-impregnated wings, when suddenly an osprey caught up the pigeon from the ground and flew to the deep, holding

---

*a* How there came to be any so early as that Nonnos does not explain. *Nonnos is talking about the future i.e. not 265*  
*b* *i.e. he was just dropping on the pigeon, when the eagle came under with a swoop sideways and caught it.*
καὶ μὲν Ἰδών Αἰαίνησος ἀπέπτυνεν ἐλπίδα νίκης·
ἐμπὶ δὲ εἰς μόθον ἱλθεν.

ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ κυδομῳδό 

ὁμματὶ μειδιώσων πατὴρ κεχάρητο Κρονίων,

δὴ ρω ἀδελφειοὶ καὶ νιέος ἑς δοκείων.
the bird high in gentle talons. When Dionysos beheld this, he cast away hope of victory; nevertheless he entered the fray. Father Cronion was pleased with the contest of these two, as he watched from on high the match between his brother and his son with smiling eye.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΩΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΩΝ

Δίξεο τεσσαρακωστῶν ἐτὶ τριτῶν, ὀππόθι μέλπω Ἄρης κυματόεις καὶ ἀμπελώσοσαν Ἑνώ.

"Ὡς ο μὲν ἔφρεκόδομος Ἀρης, ὀχυτήρος Ἑρώτων, νυμφαίης ἀλάλαζε μάρτυς Ἀλαμπησάνον ἤχῳ, καὶ γαμίου πολέμου θερμίδα πήξαεν Ἑνώ, καὶ κλόνον αἰθέσσαν ὁποίητου καὶ Διονύσῳ ϑοῦρος ἐφ' Ἐμύμοις, ὡς ἑσμίην ἃς χορεύων χάλκεου ἐγχος ἄνθρεν Ἀμαλκίνης Ἀφροδίτης, Ἀρεος ἀρμονίης. Φρυγίω μεκάρμοιος αἰλῳ, καὶ Σατυρῶν βασιλῆς καὶ ἡμοτῆς θαλάσσης παρθένος ἢν ἀετλων ἀναιμοτην δε σιωπῆ ἑναλιὸν μενεστήρος ἤῥει μεταπάστιον εὐθὺν ἄγρον ὑποβρυχίων ἐπεδέω παστῶν Ἑρώτων, καὶ πλέον ἴππεις Βάικχον ἡκτο ὁ Δημαίρη, ἦ ποτε νυμφαίοιο περικρημούσις ἀγάνως ἴπθελεν Ἡρακλῆ, καὶ ἀσταθῆς τοσμοίο ἰστατο δειμαίνουσα βοοκραίρους ἐμναίους. Καὶ δρόμοιν αὐτοκλάωστον ἐχον ὀλικώδει ῥομβῷ ἀνέφελος σάλπιζε μέλος πολεμίων αἰθήριος καὶ βλασφήμον μέγημα χείνω λυσσάδει λαμψὶς Ἀσυρίως τριψόδοιτο κορύσσατο κυνοχάιτης, σείων πόντων ἐγχος. ἀπειλήσας δὲ θαλάσσῃ 268
Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.

So battlestirring Ares, who leads the channel for Love, shouted the warery to prepare for the bridal combat. Enyo laid the foundations of the war for a wedding: and lusty Hymenaios was he that kindled the quarrel for Earthshaker and Dionysos—he danced into the battle, holding the bronze pike of Amyclaiain Aphrodite, while he drooned a tune of war on a Phrygian hoboy. For King of Satyrs and Ruler of the Sea, a maiden was the prize. She stood silent, but reluctant to have a foreign wedding with a wooer from the sea; she feared the watery bower of love in the deep waves, and preferred Bacchos: she was like Deianeira, who once in that noisy strife for a bride preferred Heracles, and stood there fearing the wedding with a fickle bullhorn River.  

Heaven unclouded by its own spinning whirl trumpeted a call to war; and Seabluehair armed himself with his Assyrian trident, shaking his maritime pike and pouring a hideous din from a mad throat. Dionysos threatening the sea danced into

\footnote{The Armed Aphrodite; \textit{"Amyclaiain"} loosely for Spartan.}

\footnote{An allusion to Sophocles, \textit{Trach.} 9-27, \textit{cf. ibid.} 503-530.}
eis ἐνοπὴν Διόνυσος ἐκώμασεν ὦνοπὶ θύρας,
μητρὸς ὁρεσσινόμου καθῆμενος ἀρματι Ρεῖς.
καὶ τις ἀξεσομεῖη ἐνεκέρα Μυρόνος ἀνίχνα δῖφρου
ἀμπελοὺς αὐτοτέλεστος ὅλων δέμας ἐσκέπε Βάξχου,
βόστρυχα μιτρώσιμα κατάσκοι σίζυγι κισσῶ.
καὶ τις ἀπὸ ξυγόδεια περίπλοκοι αὐχένα σείων
θηγαλέω χθονὸς ἀκρα λέων ἐχαράζατο ταρωφ.
τρηχαλὼν μέκεμα σεπρώτι χελεί πέμπων.
καὶ βραδὺς έρπον ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι πηγῆ,
όρθιον ἀγνάμμυτον ποδόν στῆριγμα κολάφας,
ὁμβριον ἁζάλεοισιν ἀντάρησι οἰκίσαν ὦδωρ.
καὶ προχοᾶς ξήραινεν κοινομένοι εἰς ῥοάων
πηγαινεὶν ἀχίτωνα μετήραγε διαφάδα Νύμφην.
Καὶ θεὸς ἔγρομένων ἐκορύσσετο. Ἡνείδων δὲ
ἡν κλόνος: ἱκμαλίοι δὲ θαλασσαῖων ἀπὸ νώτων
δαίμονες ἐστρατώστοι σαυτυπότροις δὲ κορύμβοις
δώμα Ποσειδάνιος ἦμασσετο, πότιον ὦδωρ.
καὶ χθοιον λοφῶντος ἀρασσομένον κενεῖνος
ἡμερίδες Λιβάνοιο μετοχλίζοντο τρωίνη.
καὶ τινα βοσκομείην μελανόχροον ἔγκεζεν πότον
eis θεόν ἄγελην Ποσιδηνίου ἀλματι λάβρω
θυιάδες ἐρρώσιτο: ταυτελήρῳ δὲ ταύρου
ἡ μὲν ἐφαπτομεῖη ράχιν έσχισεν, ἡ δὲ μετώπου
διαχαδίσης ἀτάνακτα διέθλασεν ἀκρα κεραῖς.
καὶ τις ἀλοιπήρῃ διέτριμε γαστέρα θύρωφ.
ἄλλη πλευρῶν ἑτερινῶν θείων βοῶς ἡμιθάνης
ἄπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπόκλεισεν ταῦρος ἄρογη.
καὶ βοῶς ἀρτιτόμῳ κυλιδομένῳ κοινή
ἡ μὲν ὁπισθῖδος πόδας ἔσπασεν, ἡ δὲ λαβώσα
προσθίδοις ἐρύσσεσε, πολυστροφάλυγα δὲ ριπῇ
ὁρθιον ἐσφαιρώσας ἐς ἥρα δίζυγα χελῆν.
Καὶ στρατης Διόνυσος ἐκόμισεν ἥγεμονίας.
the fray with vineleaves and thyrsus, seated in the chariot of his mother mountainranging Rheia; and round the rim of the Mygdonian car was a vine self-grown, which covered the whole body of Bacchos, and girdled its overshadowing clusters under entwined ivy. A lion shaking his neck entwined under the yokestrap scratched the earth's surface with sharp claw, as he let out a harsh roar from snarling lips. An elephant slowly advanced to a spring hard by, striking straight into the ground his firm unbending leg, lapped the rainwater with parched lips and dried up the stream; and as the waters became bare earth, he drove elsewhere the Nymph of the spring thirsty and uncovered.

34 Meanwhile, the lord of the waters prepared for conflict. There was confusion among the Nereïds; the deities of the waters came from the stretches of the sea to form array. Poseidon's house, the water of the sea, was flogged with long bunches of leaves; the caverns of the mountains were shaken by the trident, and the vines of Lebanon were rooted up. With wild leaps the Thyiades threw themselves upon a herd of black cattle of Poseidon's, feeding near the sea. One with a touch cut through the back of a glaring bull, another sheared off from its forehead the two stiff projecting horns, one pierced the belly with destroying thyrsus, another slit the whole side of the creature: halfdead the bull sank down and rolled helpless on his back on the ground—as he rolled in the dust with these fresh wounds, one pulled off his hind legs, one tugged at the forefeet, and threw up the two hooves tumbling over and over straight up in the air.

52 Then Dionysos mustered his captains, and made
NONNOS

στήσας πέντε φάλαγγας ἐς ὑδατόησαν Ἑρμώ.
τῆς πρώτης στειχὸς ἤρχε Κολῖς αὐτοπελός Οὐράς
νῶς Ἑρεμθαλίων, ὡς ἦραν ἐγγαθ' Ταύρου
Φυλλίδος ἀγραυλοσεῖ ὀμιλίας ἀμοινιών:
τῆς δ' ἐτέρης ἤρεῖτο μελαγχάιτης Ἐλικάων
ξανθοφόρης ροδήμα παρήσιον, ἀμφότεροι ἐπὶ
πλοχμός ἐνπροφαίλετοι ὑπὲρ ὑπεσύρετο χάιτης:
Οἰνοπιόν προτάτης, ΢τάδυλος προμαχίζει τετάρτης,
Οἰνομάον διὸ τεκνα, ψαλκρήτου τοκίος:
πέμπτης δ' ἤρεῖτο Μελάνθιως, ὀρχαμος Ἰνδών,
ὅν τέκνα Οἰνώπη Κασσηνὶς, ἀμφώ καὶ κοῦρω
φυταλῆς πλέξασα θυωθὸν ἀκρα πετόλων
σπάργανα βοτρύνεται περιξ ἐλίξατο μῆτηρ,
νίέα χυτλώσας μέθης ἐγκύμων λήρω.
τοῖς κισσόφρουσι νοστεώσας βελίμων
σύνδρομος ἀμπλέκεται φαλαγξ ἐκορύσσετο Βάκχῳ.
καὶ στρατήματ' ἥορηξε θέαν λαοσοῦν ηχώ.

'Βασσαρίδας, μάρτυρες κορυφασμένου δὲ Λυκίου τὸ
αυλὸς ἐρὸς κεράς πολεμήτων ἥχων ἀράσσων
ἀντίτυπον ὀθένεστοι μέλος μικρότερο κόχλω,
καὶ διδύμως πατάγουσι μῷον χαλκόθροον ἡχό
τίμπανα ὀυνπήροισιν Ἡνικάων δὲ χορεύσι
Γλαῦκον νοστεώσας Μάρων ῥήγητοι θύρωσö
καὶ πλοκάμως Προτίθος ἀθές ὀδοώς κισσώ,
καὶ Φαρίον πόντου λεπὸν Λιγύπτων ὕδωρ,
νεβρίδα ποικλόνωτον ἥχων μετὰ δέρματα φώκης,
αὐχένα κυρτόσεις ἔροι θρασύναι δύναται δέ,
Σεληνῇ μεθύοντε κορυφασθῶν Μελικάρτης:
καὶ ναέτην Τιμόλων μετὰ θρούεται ἑναὐλὸνς
γηραλέως Φόρκων διδύσατε θύρον ἀείρειν,
ἀμπελδόεις δὲ γένοιτο γέρων χρισιών ἀλοιφῆς,
καὶ Σάτυρος μενέχαρως ἐν νίφθηκα τυάσσων
272
five divisions for the watery conflict. The first line was led by him of the vine, Cilician Oineus, son of Ereuthalion, whom he begat near the Tauros of Phyllis, in the open air. The second was led by blackhair Helicaon, a blond man with rosy cheeks, and long curls of hair hanging down over his neck. Oinopion led the third, Staphylos stood before the fourth, two sons of a tippling sire, Oinomaos; Melantheus was captain of the fifth, an Indian chief and the son of Oinone the Ivy-nymph: his mother had wrapt her boy in leafy tips of the sweet-smelling vine for swaddlings, and bathed her son in the wine-press teeming with strong drink. Such was the host armed with missiles of ivy which followed Bacchos the vinegod; and when he had armed them, Bacchos called to the host in stirring tones:

70 "Fight, Bassarids! When Lyaios is under arms, let my pipes of horn strike up a warlike tune, answering the booming sound of the conch, let the cymbals of bronze beat a loud noise with double clashings. Let Maron dancing in battle shoot Glaucos with manbreaking thyrsus. Go, tie up the hair of Proteus with ivy, something new for him! Let him leave the Egyptian water of the Pharian Sea, and change his sealskins for a speckled fawnskin, and bow his bold neck to me. Let Melicertes fight against drunken Seilenos, if he can. Teach old Phorcys to leave the seaweedy deeps and dwell in Tmolos holding a thyrsus, and let the old man become a vinegrower on land. Let the Satyr stand fast and brandish his fennel, and with
δυσάλεον Ἡρῆα μεταστήσεις 

καὶ ἁγραύλους παλάμηθιν καὶ ἀρτιφύτων ἀπὸ κῆπων

βόστρυχα μετρώσατε Παλαμόνος οἴνοπτι δεσμῷ,

καὶ μὲν ὑποδρήσαστα μετ᾽ Ἀσθμάδος βυθὸν ἄλμης

πῶντων ῥήματα κομίσατε μετέρα Ῥείθη,

εἰναλή μέσης κυθερητὴρα λεόντων

οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν κατὰ πόντων ἀνεφίον εἰς ἐκάσων.1

ἀθρῆσο δὲ θάλαγγα ὁρικτήτῳ θαλάσσης

νεβρίδι κοσμηθείσαιν ἀπερίτροποι δὲ Νύμφαις

κύμβαλα Νηθεϊδοσ εὐπώοσε μίσατε Βάκχας

Ὑδράδας. Θέτιδος δὲ, καὶ οἱ γενός ἐστὶ θαλάσσης, 95

μοῦνης χειμοδόκοιο φυλάξατε δῶμα θεάής.

Δευκόθες δ’ ἀπεδίλα συνάψαι ταρα κοθόρνους

χερσαίη δὲ φανέρα συνέμπορος Ἐυάδι Βάκχη

Δωρίς ἀερτάζειν ἐμὴν θανατοῖα πεῦκῃν

καὶ βυθὸν Πανόπεα παθξαμίτη βρῶν ἄλμης

βόστρυχα μετρώσασιν ἕξιδηνετί κορύμβῳ.

Εἰδοθές δ’ ἀέκουσα περίκροτα ρόπτρα δεχόντων

καὶ πόθον ίσων ἔχουσιν ἐφορμαντοί καὶ αὐτῷ

tis τέμενες Γαλάτειμοι ὑποδρήσασιν Διονύσῳ,

ἐδινόν Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμητόλον ὀφρα τελέσσῃ

ἰστοπόιον παλάμη Ἀιδηνία πέπλον ἀνάσσῃ;

ἀλλὰ γενός Ηρῆος ἐίσατε ποιτοπόρους γαρ

dμωίδας ὁυκ ἐπιλο, Βερός μὴ θήλων ἐγείρω.

καὶ κομὼν γλυκὶν σαυτόπτροβοι μετώπου

Πᾶν ἔμοι οὐρεσίφωτος ἄτευχε χειρὶ πείζων

θηγαλέη πλήξεις Πουειδάωτα κραίη,

στερνον μεσσατίον τυχὸν εὐκαμπτίων αἰχμαῖς

ἡ σκοπέλω λοφόετι, διαρρήξεις δ’ χηλαῖς

dισσοφυὴ Τρίτωνος ὀμοξύγα κύκλον ἀκάθης.

Γλαύκος ἀλιβρέκτου διάκτορος ἐνοσιγώιον

Βάκχω ὑποδρήσεις, περίκροτα χερσίν ἀείρων

274
his countryman's hands transport thirsty Nereus out of the sea; enwreath Palaimon's hair with bonds of vine from newly planted gardens, and bring that charioteer of the sea from the depths of the Isthmian brine to be a servant for Mother Rheia and to guide her lions with his whip, for I will no longer leave my cousin in the deep: I will behold the host of the spearconquered sea decked out in the fawnskin. Give cymbals to the inexperienced Nereid Nymphs, mingle Hydriads with Bacchants—spare only the hospitable house of goddess Thetis, although she is one of the seabrood. Fit the unshod feet of Leucothea in buskins; let Doris appear on dry land and lift my mystic torch along with the revelling Bacchants; let Panopeia shake off the seaweed of the deep and wreath her locks in clustering vipers; let Eidothea unwilling receive the rattling tambourine. What harm is there that Galateia should be servant to Dionysos, when she has a passion like his own mad love, that her hands may make a woven robe as a gift for the wedding pomp of Amymone the queen of Lebanon?—No, leave alone the family of Nereus; for I want no handmaids from the sea, or Beroē might be jealous.

109 "Let Pan my old mountainranger, proud with the longbranching points on his forehead, press Poseidon with unarmed hand and butt him with sharp horn, strike him full in the chest with those curving prongs, or with a rocky stone, let him break with his hooves the ring of Triton's backbone where his two natures join. Let Glaucos the attendant of brinesoaken Earthshaker be servant to Bacchos, and lift in his hands the rattling cymbals of Rheia

1 So mss.: Ludwicb eισετι νάσων.
αὐχενίων τελαμώνι παρήγορε τύμπανα Ἱείης. οὐ μούνης Βερόης περιμάρναμε, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς νομίσχης ἠμετέρης περὶ πατρίδος οὐ μὴν ἀράμες ἰσταμένην ἀτίνακτον ἄλος μεδίων ἐνοσίχθων. εἰναλήπν περ ἑώραν, ἀμαλδήνεις τριαίης, ὧτι κορυφοσμένω γαρ, εἰ λάχε γείτονα πότον, ἐχει δυτά μυρία Βάκχου, νῖκης ἠμετέρης σημάδην αἰχμάλον γαρ.... ἀλλὰ παλαιοτέρην μετά Παλλάδα μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ. Κέκροπι ἄλος ἱκοῦτο δικασπάκον, ὧφρα καὶ αὐτῇ ἀμφελοῦς ἴδοιτο φερέττολος, ὁς περ ἑλάτην. καὶ πόλιος τελέσας έτερον τύπον οὐ μὴν ἄσω ἑγγύς ἄλος, κραναῖς δε ταμών πέρδηκε κολάνας γείτονα Βηροῦτον γεφυρῶσσι βιθὺν ψίμης. χερσώσας σκοπελοῦσιν ἄλος περιφέρον υδώρ τρηχαλῆς δε κέλευς ισίζεται ὀξεὶ θύρωφ. ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρυσθε, Μηαλλόνες, ἠθάδι πίνης θαρσαλέων κταμένων δε πινοῦτον αἴμα Γίγαντων νεβρίς ἐμὴ μεθέποουσι μελαίνεται εἰσίτε δ' αὐτήν ἀντολή τρομείς με, καὶ ἅμι πίθων αὐχένα κάμπτει Ἰνδός Ἄρης, Βρομίῳ δε λιτήσαι δάκρυα λείβων δάκρυα κυματόειτα γέρων έφριξεν Ἰάσπης. καὶ διερῆν μετὰ δήμων ἓχων Λιβανιτίδα νύμφην ἐν γέρας ἱμείροντι χαρίζωμαι ἐνοσίγαιων ἂν ἑθέλη, μελότες εμίων ἱμέναιον Ἐρωτῶν, μοῦν έμή Βερόη μη δόχιμον ἂμα ταυτόσην." Τοῦτον ἐπος κατελεξεν ἀπειλητήρια δε μᾶθη κερτομέων Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο κυνοχαιτῆς. "Αἰδώμενος, Διόνυσε, καρπόσομαι, ὧτι τριαίης 145

* i.e. as King Cecrops decided in favour of Athena when
which hang by a strap beside his neck. Not for Beroë alone I fight, but for the native city of my bride. Earthshaker must not strike it, but it must stand unshaken, although it lies in the sea and he is lord of the sea—he must not destroy it with his trident because I will face him in arms: it is as much one as the other—if the sea is its neighbour, it has ten thousand plants of mine, a sign of my victory; for close to the shore [are my vineyards]. But as for Pallas of old, so for the appeal of Bacchos, may a new Cecrops come as umpire, that the vine may be celebrated as citysustainer, like the olive. Then I will make the city of another shape: I will not leave it near the sea, but I will cut off rugged hills with my fennel and dam up the deep brine beside Berytos, making the water dry land and stony with rocks, and the rough road is smoothed by the sharp thyrsus.

133 "Come, fight again, Mimallones, confident in your constant victory—my fawnskin is red with the newly-shed blood of slain Giants, the very east still trembles before me, Indian Ares bows his neck to the ground, old Hydaspes shivers, and sheds tears of supplication, tears like his own flood! When I have won my bride of Lebanon after the battle in the sea, I grant one boon to Earthshaker the lover. If he will, he may sing a song at my wedding, only let him not look askance at my Beroë."

143 So spoke Dionysos; and Seabluehair replied in threatening tones and mocked at him:

145 "I am ashamed to confront you, Dionysos,

she and Poseidon strove for Attica, so let someone in authority decide that Berytos belongs to Dionysos and not Poseidon.

b Some confusion on Nonnos's part; the victory over the Giants is not till book xlviii.
νόμος αἱχμητῆρι φυγάδων βουληγα Λυκούργου, δεύρο, Θέτις, ακοπίζει τεὸς Διόνυσος ἄλωσις καὶ φιλοξείνω ζωάρρια δῶκε θαλάσσῃ οὐκ ἀγαμαί ποτε τούτο, συλασφόρη.

μητροφόνου γὰρ ἐκ πυρὸς ἐβλάστησας, οὗν πυρὸς ἄξια ῥέεις. ἀλλὰ, φίλοι Τριτωνε, ἀρτέτε, δήσατε Βάκχας ποιτείων τελέσατες ὀρεσσαύλον δὲ φορῆς τῷ παῖ Σειληνῶς κατακλείσω θαλάσσῃ, κύματι συρομένῳ, καὶ οἰδαίοι μεθρων ηθομένῳ Σατύρῳ φιλείνοις αἴλος ἀλάσθω εἰς πλὴν αὐτοκλήτων ἐν εὐφρᾳ δὲ μελάθρῳ Βασσαρίδες στορέσαιν ἔμων λέχος ἀντὶ Λυαίου. οὐ χατέω Σατύρῳ, οὐ Μανάδας εἰς βυθὸν ἔλευθηθην ἡ οἰρείδες γεγόσῃν ἠρέινες. ἀλλὰ θαλάσσῃ διφαλέω κρίσττοι Μηκαλλόνες, οἰνοχῦτων δὲ ἀντὶ μέθης πιέτωσαι ἔρμης ἀλός ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ· καὶ τις ἐλαυνομένη διερῆ Πρωτήρος ἀκωκή

Βασσαρίς αὐτοκλήτως ὀλυθήσεις θαλάσσῃ, ὀρχηθημιν θανάτω κυριστήρας Λυαίῳ.

Ἄλθοπων δὲ φάλαγγας ἔρισατε καὶ στίχας Ἰνδον, ἀλὴδα Νηρείδεσσα, κακογλώσσοιο δὲ νύμφης Δωρίδι δούλα τέκνα κομίσατε Κασσιεπίς, ποιήν ὁμίτελοντος ἀμαμικέτως δὲ μεθρων Ὀκεανὸς πυροεὐα λευομένου ἀστέρα Μαίρης, λημνῆς προκέλευθον ἀκοιμήτου χορευῆς.

Σείριον ἀμπελόεντα μεταστήμεν Ὀλυμποῦ. ἄλλα ςῦ, Λυδία Βάκχε, χερείνα δύσον ἔλασις δίζεο σοι βέλος ἄλλο, καὶ αἴωλα δόρματα νεβρῶν κάθεο, σῶν μελέων ὀλίγων σκέπασιν οὐρανίου δὲ εἰ σε Διὸς γαμίη μανόσατο νυμφίδης φλώς, ἀρτὶ πυρὶ πτολέμειζε, πυριτρεφεῖς, ἀρτὶ κεραυνῷ.

278
because you want to fight the swinger of the trident, when you fled from Lycurgos's poleaxe! Look here, Thetis! Here is a fine return for life and safety that your fugitive Dionysos gives to the hospitable sea! I am not surprised, Torchbearer: fire killed your mother when you were born, so you act like the fire.

149 "Up, my dear Tritons, help—tie up the Bacchants and make them seafarers! May the cymbals that mountainharbourmed Seilenos holds be swallowed up in the sea, may the wave drag him along, may the Satyr float on the swelling flood and his Euian pipe toss on the rolling water; may Bassarids lay the bed for me instead of Lyaios in my watery hall.—Nay, I want no Satyrs, I drag no Mainads to the deep: Nereids are better. But let the Mimalloncs quench their thirst in the sea and drown there; instead of flowing draughts of wine let them drink my salt water. Let many a Bassarid driven by the wet pike of Proteus drift and toss aimlessly on the sea, tripping the dance of death for Lyaios. Drag down companies of Ethiopians and ranks of Indians as spoil for the Nereids; bring the daughters of nymph Cassiepeia, a that tongue of evil, as slaves for Doris in tardy expiation. Let Oceanos banish viny Seirios from Olympos, the leader of that unresting dance in the winepress, and bathe in his resistless flood the fiery star of Maira.

172 "And you, Lydian Bacchos, leave your miserable thyrsus and seek you another weapon; put off your speckled fawnskins, the scanty covering of your limbs. If in that marriage the wooing flame of Zeus was your midwife, now fight with fire, O fireborn! now

---

a See xxv. 135.
πατρόω προμάχες κυβερνητήρι τριαίνης,
καὶ στεροπῆν κούφιζε καὶ αἴγιδα πάλλε τοκής
οὐ γὰρ Δηραίδης σε μένει πρόμος, οὐ Λυκοφρογον
οῦτος ἄγων, Ἀράβων ἄλγος μόδος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης τοσσατίης.
τρομέων δὲ καὶ εἰστὶ πόντιον αἰχμὴν
οὖρανὸς ἑμετέρην βυθῖνον δεδακεὶν 'Εννίω·
καὶ πρόμος ὑψικέλευθος ἐμῆς τριόδοντος ἀκωκῆς
πειρήθη Φαέθων, ὃτε δύσμαχος ἀμφὶ κορώθουν
eἰς μῶθον ἀστερόεις κορυσσετο πόντιος Ἀρης.
ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα κατ' αἰθέρος, Ὦκεανῶ ἐδ
λουέτο διψὰς Ἀμαξα, καὶ ἱδαὶ γείτονος ἄλμης
βάφας θέρμη γένεια Κέων ἐφύχετο Μαίρης,
cαὶ βυθίων κενεῶν ἀμφιώθησαν ἐναύλων
κύματα πυργώσαντες, ἐμφυσαμείαν δὲ πόντου
οὐρανίων Δελφίνθα θαλάσσιος ἐπιτεῦ δελφίς·
"Ὡς εἰπὼν τριόδοντι μιχοῖς εἶπαξαθαλάσσης,
cαὶ ῥοθίω κελάδοντι καὶ οἰδαίνοιτι κεῖθρῳ
ἡμᾶς μαστίζοντες ἐβόμβιον ὑδάτος ἄλκοι,
cαὶ διερὸς σακέεσσι ἐθωρήχθη στρατὸς ἄλμης
καὶ βυθίων Κρονίων ἀλβέρκτου παρὰ φάτη
ἐγχείην ἐλέξεν ὑποβρυχίην Μελικέρτης,
ζεύξας Ἰσθμιον ἄρμα, καὶ ὑγροπόρου βασιλῆς
ἐγκος ἀλκινήμοδι παρηκράσει ἀγηθ.,
πριξθαδικ γλωχίνη θαλάσσια τῶα χαράσσων,
ζεύξας Ἰσθμιον ἄρμα: καὶ ἐπιεῖο χρεμετειμώ
'Ινδούων κελάδημα συνεπλατάγησε λεοντών.
cαὶ δρόμων ὕψων ἑλαυνέν τιτανομένου δὲ διφρώ
ἀκρον ὑδῶρ ἀδίαιτος ἐπέγραφεν ἀβροχος ὀπλή.
Τρίτων δ’ εὐρυγενεῖος ἐπεκτυπθεν θυάδι χάρμη.

* The constellation Canis, which contains Seirios (the Dogstar). For its story, see xlvii. 246 ff.
battle with the thunderbolt of your father against
the helmsman of the trident, hurl the lightning and
wield your father's aegis. No champion Deriades
faces you now: this is no contest with Lycurgos, no
little Arabian fight, but your adversary is the sea so
mighty. Heaven still trembles at my spear of the
deep, Heaven knows what a battle with the sea is
like. Champion Phaëthon too in his celestial course
felt the point of my trident, when the deep waged
formidable war in that starry battle for Corinth.
The sea rose to the sky, the thirsty wain bathed
in the Ocean, Maira's dog a found salt water at
hand to bathe in and cooled his hot chin; the deep
bottom of the waters was uplifted in towering
waves, the dolphin of the sea met the dolphin of
the sky b amid the lashing surges!"

192 As he spoke, he shook with his trident the
secret places of the sea, roaring surf and swelling
flood flogged the sky with booming torrents of
water. The army of the brine took up their wet
shields. Under the water beside the brinesoaked
manger of Cronion, Melicertes shook the spear of
the deep, and yoked the Isthmian team; he slung
to the side of the seaborne car the spear of the
seafaring king, and scored the back of the water
with its triple prong—he yoked the Isthmian team,
and the roar of Indian lions resounded along with
the neighing of the horses.

203 He drove his watery course; as the car sped,
the hoof unwetted, unmoistened, scored only the sur-
face. The broadbearded Triton sounded his note for

b The constellation of that name. Poseidon, besides his
contest with Athena for Athens, had a more successful one
against Helios for the Isthmus of Corinth.
δε διδύμως μελέσασιν ἐχθροτοιδέα μορφήν ἀλλοφυῆ, χλωόουσαν, ἀπ' ἵλιον ἄχρι καρύνου ἠμετέλης. διερής δὲ παρῆρος ἵλιος ὅλος, διπτυχος ἵθυδειτι τίτων περικάμπτεται οὐρή. καὶ διερῆ μάστυγα, ἑθανατεῖ παρὰ φάτη. 

ζεύξας ὀἰκυπόρω πεφορημένον ἀρμα θυλλή. Γλαύκος ἀναπτούσδων λοφην ἔπεμαστένει ἐπιπών καὶ Σατύρους ἐδώκει. ἄλφροις δὲ κυδομῷ 

Παν κερώις, ἀβάτοις ἐν ᾂδαι κοῦσφος ὁδίτης, ἀβροχος αἰγείρας ἀνηκροῦων ἀλα χθλαις. 

ἀστατός ἐσκεφτης, καλαίρεις πότων ἀράσσων, πηκτίδα συρίζων πολέμοις μέλος ἐν ῥοθίωσ δὲ μητηλήν αἶων ἀνεμαλίων εἰκόνα φωνῆς 

ποσαιν ὀρεσσινόμοις διήτροχο πότων ὕδωρ, 

μαστείων κτύπων ἁλλον ἐπηρέμοις δὲ καὶ αὐτῆ 

τικτομένη σύρμηγα δυοκετο ποιτας ἥχω. 

ἀλλος ἐνκρύτιδα λόχων ἐπαθαίνων ἐλίδεα 

ῥήσεν ἐν Ἰδρυώδεσαν, ἀποπλαγγθείσα δὲ πέτρη 

Νηρείδων ἐτύσιε Παλαιμονος ἐμβρυον αὐλῆν. 

Πρωτεύς δ' Ιαθμον οἶδρα λιτῶν 

Παλληνίδος ἀλήθης 

cинαλιω θώρηκη κορώσσετο, δύρματι φώκης: 

ἀμφί δὲ μιν σταθασθον ἐπορκον άθοποε Ἰνδοί 

Βάκχου κέκλομένων, καὶ οἴκικώμοις στίχες ἀνδρῶν 

φωκάων πολύμορφων ἐτόητιστῳ νομῇ. 

σφεγγομένων δὲ γέρωτος ἐν ἐπορχως εἰκών 

Πρωτεύς γὰρ μελέσασιν τίσων μιμηλών υφαίσεϊς 

πόρδαλις άιόλογωτος ἐν ἐπιτίζατο μορφήν. 

καὶ φυτὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπὶ χθανός ὅρθιον ἐστῆ 

δενδρώσας ἐν γυνὶ, τυνασιμένων δὲ πετήλων 

ψευδαλέων ψυθιόμηθα Βορειίδη σύρισεν αὐρῆ. 

καὶ γραπταῖς φολίδεσσι κεκασμένα νότα χαράζας 282
the mad battle—he has limbs of two kinds, a human shape and a different body, green, from loins to head, half of him, but hanging from his trailing wet loins a curving fishtail, forked. So Glaucos yoked beside their manger in the sea the team that travels in the swift gale, and as they galloped along dryfoot he touched up the necks of the horses with dripping whip, and chased the Satyrs. In the loud sea-tumult horned Pan, lightly treading upon the untrodden waters and splashing up the brine with his goats-hooves himself unwetted, skipt about quickly beating the sea with his crook and whistling the tune of war on his pipes; then hearing on the waves the shadow of a counterfeit sound carried by the wind, he ran all over the sea with his hillranging feet seeking the other sounds—and so the sea-echo produced by his pipes in the wind was hunted itself. Some one else tore up a firmbased island cliff and threw it at the Hydriads—the rock missed the Nereids and shook the hall of Palaimon among the seaweed.

225 Proteus left the flood of the Isthmian sea of Pallene, and armed him in a cuirass of the brine, the sealskin. Round him in a ring rushed the swarthy Indians at the summons of Bacchos, and crowds of the woollyheaded men embraced the shepherd of the seals in his various forms. For in their grasp the Old Man Proteus took on changing shapes, weaving his limbs into many mimic images. He spotted his body into a dappleback panther. He made his limbs a tree, and stood straight up on the earth a selfgrown spire, shaking his leaves and whistling a counterfeit whisper to the North Wind. He scored his back well with painted scales and crawled as a serpent;
εἴρπε δράκων, μεσάτου δὲ πιεζομένου κενεώνος
σπείραν ἀνηφόρησεν, ὑπ' ὀρχηστήρι δὲ παλμῷ
άκρα τιτανομέτρης ἐλελίζετο κυκλάδος σύρης,
καὶ κεφαλῇ ὤρθωσεν, ἀποτείχων δὲ γενεῖν
ιόν ἀκοντιστήρα κεχριτό σύρισε λαιμῶν.
καὶ δέμας ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐχὼν σκιωδοὶ μορφῆς
φρίξε λέων, σύτο κάρπος, ὑδωρ ρέει:
καὶ χορὸς Ἄιδάν

υγρῶν ἀπειλητήρί τοῦ ὀφθαλμῶς ὀημήν
χεραῖν ὀλισθηρήσαν ἐχών ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ.
κερδαλέος δὲ γέρων πολυκάβαλον εἶδος ἀμβίων
εἶχε Περικλημένου πολύτροπα δαίδαλα μορφῆς,
ὅν κτάμεν Ὀρακλῆς, ὅτε ὀάκτυλα δυσᾶ συνάψας
ψευδαλέον μέμμα νόθης ἐμφανισε μελίσσης.
χερσαίνην δὲ γέροντος ἐκκυκλώσαντο πορεῖν
πάνε κητώσεντα, φιλοβαριθμὸν δὲ φῶκης
οἰγομένω βαρύδοτον ὕδωρ ἐπιπάθλασε λαιμῶν.

Θυγατέρων δὲ φάλαγγι φιλοίνων εἰς μόθον ἔλκων
ἐγχεῖ κυματόκειτο γέρων ὑπέλιζετο Νηρείς,
ποιτοπόροι τριόδοτι καταβρακων ἐλεφάντων.
δεινὸς ὁδὲν πολλαὶ δὲ παρ᾽ ἄλλα γείτονες ὑχῶν
eιναλίη Νηρείδος ἐδοξιμόθεσιν ἄκωκη.

Νηρείδων δὲ γέεθθα συνεκρούσαι τοική
ὑπερήν ἀλαλαγμα: καὶ εἰς μόθον ὑφὸδε πόντον
ἡμιφανῆς ἀπέδιλος ἐβακχεῖτο χορὸς ἄλμης.
καὶ Σατύρων ἀσίθηρως ἐπαισασσοῦσα κυδοµῷ
ἀρχμέν ἐπὶ λύσσαν ἀνέδραμεν ἀστατος Ἰνώ,
λευκὸν ἑρευγομείτη μανικόδος ἄφρον ὑπήνης.
καὶ βλοσυρῇ Παισίεσι διασασσοῦσα γαλήνης
γλαυκὰ θαλασσαίης ἐπεμάστε νώτα λεαίνης.
καὶ ῥόπαλον δυσέρωτος ἀειρομείτῃ Πολυφῆμου
eιναλίη Γαλατεία κορύσσετο λυσσάδι Βάκχης.
he rose in coils squeezing his belly, and with a dancing throb of his curling tail's tip he twirled about, lifted his head and spat hissing from gaping throat and grinning jaws a shooting shower of poison. So from one shadowy shape to another in changeling form he bristled as a lion, charged as a boar, flowed as water—the Indian company clutched the wet flood in threatening grasp, but found the pretended water slipping through their hands. So the crafty Old Man changed into many and varied shapes, as many as the varied shapes of Periclymenos, whom Heracles slew when between two fingers he crushed the counterfeit shape of a bastard bee. Flocks of sea-monsters ringed round the Old Man on his expedition to dry land, water splashed with a heavy roar from the open mouths of the sand-loving seals.

Ancient Nereus armed himself with a watery spear, and led his regiment of daughters into the Euian struggle. With sea-traversing trident he leapt at the elephants, terrible to behold: many a neighbouring cliff along the shore toppled sideways under the seapike of Nereus. The tribes of Nereïds sounded for their sire the cry of battle-triumph: unshod, half hidden in the brine, the company rushed raging to combat over the sea. Restless Ino speeding unarmed into strife with the Satyrs, fell again into her old madness spitting white foam from her maddened lips. Terrible Panopeia also shot through the quiet water flogging the greeny back of a sealioness. Galateia too the sea-nymph lifting the club of her lovesick Polyphemos attacked a wild

—a son of Neleus and brother of Nestor, to whom Poseidon gave power to take all manner of shapes. For Heracles' war with Neleus's sons, see Il. xi. 690.

Cf. xl. 555.
κουφίζων δ’ ἀτάνακτον ἀληθείαν ἐπὶ κώτων πομπίλους ἡρταζόμεν δέ, ἔδαπτον ἄξροχον Χαίδω.

ός δέ τες ἵππεων ἀλαιρ ὑπὸ κυκλίδα τέχνη.

dοχμώσας ὅλην ἱππον ἀματορὸν ἐγχάθη πύθης.

dεύτερον κάµφει, παρακείμενον χαλινῶν
cέντρων ἐπόπτεριν, προχόν πλήξπυπον ἀπελήν,

ὁκλάζων ἐπίκυρον, ἐπ’ ἀντίγαρα κύκλα τῆς

ἰεὺς καταπομῆνη, καὶ ἐκοινὸν ἱππον ἱλαῖων

φεδομεῖῃ παλιρρ τεχνίτου βαλῶν ἰμάρσα, ομμά βαλῶν κατάποσθε, ἐπικακομένου δὲ προσώπου
dιφρόν ὑποθαλάσσου εὐθαῦσαν ἤμοχίας:

ὡς τότε Ἕτηδες διἀμή περί πόθων ἄγωνος

ἐχθέως ὀκυπορωσὺν ἐφικοτὸς ἠλέων ἱππος.

ἐλλη δ’ ἀντίκελεμον ἀλέρομον ἀλε τορεῖν

ἥνιοχον σαλβίων ὑπερφόβως λαλίσσας,

μόνω δ’ ἐχθρόντες καταπομένους γαλήνης

ὑγροματὶ ὀρόμοι εἰς μανίας δΈ τις ὑγρὸς ὀδύτης

μεσσοφαῖρ̂ς δελφῶν ὑμεῖς ἐφικοτὶ δελφῆς.

Καὶ ποταμοὶ κελώθησαν ἐκ ἑράμην Διονίσου

θαρσώντες ἄνακτα, καὶ ἄνων ἀπὸ λαμών

ὑδατῶν μέκαλμά κεχίτοσα "Ωκεανοῖο

ἀγχελον ἱμαῖς Ποσειδόνω, ἐβελμι παλινγς.

καὶ πελάγη κυρτῶτα συναγωγῶντα τριάκων

’Ἡκαρίω Μυρτῆς ἐτριμή, ἀγχιβανὶς δὲ

’Εσπερίω Σαρώφω, Ἑρμ ἐποξάπτο Κελτῶ

οἶδαιν πελάγεσσι, καὶ ἔραν δίεις ποτῶς

Βόσπορος αἰτήςετο ἀματάν καρπίλον ὕδωρ,

Ἀγαίον δὲ ἰρεῖρα συνανωθοστὶς ἀείλη

’Ιονίης κενεῶν ὑμαστικοῦτο θαλάσσης

συζυγεῖς, Σικελίς δὲ παρά σύρι ὥμαδος ἰμῆς

κύματι πυργωθεῖσα συνέκτετον Ἀδραίας ἰμῆς

ἀγχιβανής· καὶ κόχλου ἱλῶν ὑπὸ Σύρτιος ὕδωρ

286
Bacchant. Eido rode unshaken, unwetted, over the water mounted on the back of a seabred pilot fish.

As a driver in the circus rounding the post with skill, turns about the near horse to hug the post and lets the off horse follow along on a slackened rein, goading him on and yelling horse-lashing threats—he stoops and crouches, resting his knees on the rail, and leans to the side: as he drives a willing horse with the sparing hand of a master, and a little touch of the whip, as he turns his face casting an eye behind while he watches the car of the driver behind—so then the Nereids drove their fishes like swift-moving horses about the watery goal of their contest. Another opposite handling her reins on a dolphin's back peeped out over the water, and moved on her seaborne course as she rode down the quiet sea on the fish in a wild race over the waters; then the mad dolphin travelling in the sea half-visible cut through his fellow-dolphins.

The Rivers came roaring into the battle with Dionysos, encouraging their lord, and Oceanos gaped a watery bellow from his everflowing throat while Poseidon's trumpet sounded to tell of the coming strife; the deeps rounded into a swell rallying to the Trident. Myrtoan hurried up to Icarian, Sardinian came near Hesperian, Iberian with swelling waves rolled along to Celtic; Bosporos never still mingled his curving stream with both his familiar seas; the deeps of the Ionian Sea rolling with the stormwind beat together upon the streams of Aegean, and the wild Adriatic brine rose high as the clouds and in towering waves beat on the feet of the raging Sicilian. Libyan Nereus caught up his conch under the water by Syrtis,
εἴναλή σάλπιγγι Λίβυς μυκήσατο Νηρεύς·
καὶ τις ἀναίξας ῥοθίων χερσαίος οὐδέτερος
eἰς σκοπίην πόδα λαίων ἐρείσατο, δεξιερῷ δὲ
οὖρεος ἀκρα κάρμνα ταρμών ἐνσίχθων ταρσῷ
Μαυνάδος ἀφαίστου κατηκότης καρῆνον·
καὶ βυθὼν τριόδοντι κατακτημάξων Διονύσου
ἀλμασι μητρόφωσιν ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες

ἐπιστρέφωντο κυδομῷ,
όν ἡ μὲν δοκέουσα μετηλικῶς βότρυν ἐθείρης
eἰς μόθων ὑδατώσετα κορίνσετο φοιτάδι λύσην,
ἄστατος οἰστριθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμων παλμῷ·
ἡ δὲ Σάμου Θρῆσσαν ὑπὸ σπὴλιγγὰ Καβείρων
νασσημενὴ Λυθάνῳ παρακείτησιν ἔρισθη.
βάρβαρον αἰλισδουσα μέλος Κορυβαίτιδος ἦχους·
αλλὰ ἀπὸ Τρώων λεχώδος ἢπὶ λεαίνης
ἀρσενα μετρώσασα κόμην ὁμωδὶ δεσμῷ,
Μαιωνίς ἀκράδεμοι ὑπεβρυχάτο Μιμαλλῶν,
καὶ ποδῶς ἤχοις ἐπικέ μετήμορφον ὑφόδεν ὁχθῆς,
μμηλαῖς γενέσασα ὑπαρφροώσα θαλάσση.
Σειληνοὶ δὲ Κήλωσαν ἀναβλυζούσας εἴρων
Μυγδονίων ἐλατίρες ἐθωρήσασιν λεόντων,
καὶ βυθὼν καταχθόν ἐπισκεπτώτες ὀμὴλῳ
ἀμπελῶν παλάμησιν ἀνέσχεθον ἔρνος 'Εννοίως,
καὶ παλάμας ταυτόν πεπεταῦν ἐπὶ δεῖρην
δραζάμενοι πλοκαμίδος, ἀμαμακέτους δὲ φορίς
θαρσαλεί Λασίουν ἀνεκρούσασιν χαλινοῖς.
ἀρπάξας δὲ τένοιτα χαραδρήσατο ἐναύλου
Σειληνῶς πολέμιζε Παλαίμων, φοιτάλην δὲ
ἐγχεῖ κισσήται δἐ ὑδατὸς ἠλασεν 'Ινώ.
ἀλλω δ' ἄλλος ἐρίζε· καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο Βάκχη
θύρων ἀκοινιστῆρι κατασκούσα τριάνθης,
and boomed on his sea-trumpet. Then one rising from the surge and stepping on land rested his left foot on a rock, and with right broke off the top of the cliff with earthshaking tread and hurled it at a Mainad's inviolate head; and Melicertes lunging at Dionysos with his trident of the sea went madly along in leaps like his mother's.

307 Companies of Bassarids marched to battle. One shaking the untidy clusters of her tresses to and fro, armed herself with raging madness for battle with the waters, driven wildly along with restless dancing feet. One whose home was in the Samothracian cavern of the Cabeiroi, skipt about the peaks of Lebanon crooning the barbarous notes of Corybantian tune. Another from Tmolos on a lioness newly whelped, having wreathed snakes in her own manly hair, a Maionian Mimallon unveiled, bellowed and set her foot on the lofty slope, with foam on her lips like the seafoam. Seilenoi spluttering drops of Cilician wine-dew equipt themselves as riders of Mygdonian lions, and danced with a din against the crowd from the sea, brandishing in their hands their viny warpole, as they stretched their hands over the lions' necks and plucked at the mane and boldly checked their furious mounts by this bristly bridle. A Seilenos tore off a roof from a rocky hole and attacked Palaimon, and drove Ino wandering through the water with his ivy spear. One fought with another: a Bacchant did not shrink but cast a thyrsus hurtling against the trident,
Βάκχη θῆλυς ἑυδαία προπαζίζων δὲ θαλάσσης
Πατί φιλοσκοπέων μετανάστως ἤρως Νηρείς
πήχει παφλαίζοιτι σαφεοφρετί δὲ κισσῷ
δαίμονα Παλληρίου ὀρεστίας ἐλέει Βάκχη,
οὐ δὲ μὲν ἑστιφαλίζων ἐπερχόμενον δὲ Λυκῶν
Γλαύκου ἀκούστηρι Μάρων ἀπεσίατο θύρασιν.
ιερείῳ τε ἐλέφας μελέων ἀνασχθον παλμῷ
διακινύον στατόν ἐκεῖος ἀκαμά τι γούνατος ὄγχῳ
χάλεσι μηκεδαιοῖα χαμισώδει μάριτατο φάκχη,
καὶ Σάτυροι μόσοντο κυριατῆρι κυδοίμῳ
ταυροφυνίς κεράσσας τετομίτες, ἐσομάκων δὲ
ἀλλοφανίς κεχάλαστο δὲ ἐξίος ὀρθοὶς ὕφη.
Σαλημών δὲ εὔλαγχος ἐπερροευν, ἵνα ο μὲν αὐτῶν
ποιεῖ διχαζομένοις ἐποχημένοις ἐξί ταῦρου
συμπλεκέων ἐθλώθη μέλος διδυμῶθροοι αὐλῶν.
καὶ πλοκώμους βαλίσει συναπτέσσομεν θύελλας
Μυγδονίς ἐκροταλίζης ὁμόζηγα κύμβαλα Βάκχη,
καὶ λοσθὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐμάστη λυσσάδος ἀρκτοῦ
θηρός ἐποβρυχής αὐτὼποιν ἀγροτήρις δὲ
πόρδαλοις οὐρεσίδοιτος ἐλαύνετο κέντορι θύρασιν
καὶ τις ὁμορθωτοῦ κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης
ἐχρεία ἄρρεκτοιαν ἐπεκίρτῃςει γαλάσσης.
οἰα Ποσειδάνιως ἐπισκαΐρωνα καρήνω
λαξ ὅπελτ κύματα πέταν, ἐπιπελήσε πάντω
συγαλέω, καὶ κοψον Ἑδωρ ἐπεσάρτις θύρασιν
Βασσαρίς ἐγκαθάρτως: ἀπὸ πλοκάμου δὲ κόμφης
ἀφλεγότος σαλάγζει κατ’ αὐχενος αὐτόματον πῦρ,
θάμβος ἰδείν, κυνῆρ δὲ παρ’ ὑπ’ αὐτούς πάντω
φύλωσι εἰσορόσσα θαλασσομῦθαν Διονύσου
αἰνοπαθῆς Παλατίνης πολυταρβδεῖα μήκετο φωτή.
Εἰ Θεοίδος χάριν οὐλαθα καὶ εἰπαλάμου Βιορήσω.
she, a Bacchant and a woman; Nereus defending the sea came on land to fight with foaming arms against a rock-loving Pan; a mountain Bacchant chased the god of Pallene \(^a\) with blood-dripping ivy, but did not shake him! Glaukos assailed Dionysos, but Maron shot his thyrsus at him and shook him off. A cloud-high elephant with earthshaking motions of his limbs stamped about his stiff legs with massive unbending knee, and attacked an earth-bedding seal with his long snout. Satyrs also bustled about in dancing tumult, trusting to the horns on their bull-heads, while the straight tail draggled from their loins for a change as they hurried. Hosts of Seilenoi rushed along, and one of them with his two legs straddling across the back of a bull, squeezed out a tune on his two pipes tied together. A Mygdonian Bacchant rattled her pair of cymbals, with hair fluttering in the brisk winds; she flogged the bowed neck of a wild bear against a monster of the deep, and the wild panther of the mountains was driven by a thyrsus-goad. One Bassarid possessed with mindrobbing throes of madness skipt over the sea with unwetted feet, as if she were dancing upon Poseidon's head—she stamped on the waves, threatened the silent sea, flogged the deaf water with her thyrsus, that Bassarid who never sank; from her hair blazed fire selfkindled over her neck and burnt it not, a wonder to behold. Psamathe sorrowful on the beach beside the sea, watching the turmoil of seabattling Dionysos, uttered the dire trouble of her heart in terrified words:

\(^{361}\) "O Lord Zeus! if thou hast gratitude for Thetis and the ready hands of Briareus, if thou hast

\(^a\) Poseidon, cf. Thuc. iv. 129. 3.
ΝΩΝΝΟΣ

εἰ μάθες Αἰγαίωνα τῶν χρωσμητόρα θεσμῶν, Ζεῦς ἄνα, Βάκχον ὑρικε μερητότα: μηδὲ νοήμων δουλοσίνην Νηρῆς ἐτὶ Γλαύκου τελευτῆ· μη Θέτης αἰσθάδακρει ὑποδημάται Ἀναίρω, δρωίδα μη μιν ἴδομι παρ' Ἰρυμίων, χθόνα Λυδῶν ὁφομείνη μετὰ ποιτῶν, Ἀχιλλῆα, Πηλέα, Πύρρον, νύσον, πόσα, νῦ πει στειάχουσαν ἀνήρ· 

Λευκοτέθην δ' ἐλάίῳ γατάσμα, τῆς παρακοίτης νῦ λαβὼν ἐδαίξας, τῶν αἵστρόγγυλο τοιχῆς παιδοφόνου γλωγήν ἔδωρε τοιχήματο μακαρίης·'

'Ως φαμέτης ἤκουσε δ' αἰθέρος ἱφιμέδων Ζεὺς, καὶ Βερόης ὑρίμαιον ἔπετρε τοῖς ἱππογαϊμοίᾳ, καὶ μόθοι ἐπρήμιε γαμοστόλοι σβηραγοῦν γὰρ νυμφιδίαν ἀτέλεστοι ἀπαστέλλοντες Ἄεινα·

Βάκχον ἀπαιλήτρες ἐκνεκλαστώσα τερανοί, καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελώνα γαμίῳ δεδομένου ἱοῦ κούρην μὲν μετέκειαν πατήρ δὲ μιν ἱφιμέδων Ζεὺς βροταίης ἀνέκοπτε μέλος σάλπιγγος ἄρασισσων, καὶ πόθον ὑμᾶτης ἀνεπάρασε πάτριος ἤχω.

ὀκταλεώς δὲ πόδεσσαν ἐχαῖτο νεμθρός ὀδίτης, στυγνὸς ὀσπαθόδολο διδοκημένος ὀμματι κούρην·

οὐασὶ δ' αἰδομένως αἰδομένων ἐνί πόντω ξῆλον ἤκον ἤκουσε 'Αμμυρίδας ὑμηταιών,

καὶ γάμον ἡμελεστών ἀλίζβρομος ἦπε σύριγξ, καὶ δοὺς ἡμερίως ἀσβεστῶν εἰ ἔδαι νυμφίδιων πῦρ

πατῶν 'Αμμυρίδας θαλαμείπολος ἦπε Νηρῶς, καὶ μέλος ἐπλεκε Φόρκυς· ὠμοζύλω δὲ πορείᾳ

Γλαύκοις ἀνεκκρίτησα, ἐβακχαίνη Μελικέρτης· καὶ τυγχαὶ Γαλάτεια διακρόισα ξορείην

ἀστάτος ὀρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἔλειξετο παλμῶ, καὶ γάμον μέλος εἴπει, ἐπὶ μάθε καὶ λιγαίνην τιμιμενὴ σύριγγα διδασκομενή Πολυβήμου.
not forgot Aigaion the protector of thy laws, a save us from Bacchos in his madness! Let me never see Glaucos dead and Nereus a slave! Let not Thetis in floods of tears be servant to Lyaios, let me not see her a slave to Bromios, leaving the deep, to look on the Lydian land, lamenting in one agony Achilles, Peleus, Pyrrhos, grandson, husband, and son! Pity the groans of Leucothea, whose husband took their son and slew him—the heartless father butchered his son with the blade of his murderous knife!"

372 She spoke her prayer, and Zeus on high heard her in heaven. He granted the hand of Beroë to Earthshaker, and pacified the rivals' quarrel. For from heaven to check the bridebattle yet undecided came threatening thunderbolts round about Dionysos. The vinegod wounded by the arrow of love still craved the maiden; but Zeus the Father on high stayed him by playing a tune on his trumpet of thunder, and the sound from his father held back the desire for strife. With lingering feet he departed, with heavy pace, turning back for a last gloomy look at the girl; jealous, with shamed ears, he heard the bridal songs of Amymone in the sea. The syrinx sounding from the brine proclaimed that the rites were already half done. Nereus as Amymone's chamberlain showed the bridal bed, shaking the wedding torches, the fire which no water can quench. Phorcys sang a song; with equal spirit Glaucos danced and Melicertes romped about. And Galateia twangled a marriage dance and restlessly twirled in capering step, and she sang the marriage verses, for she had learnt well how to sing, being taught by Polyphemos with a shepherd's syrinx.

a Cf. Il. i. 396 ff.
Καὶ Βερόης διερόθων ὁμιλήσας ἐμεναῖος νυμφίος εὐοσίγαιος ὀφλιατό πατριδά νύμφης· καὶ Βερόης ναῦτησεν ὦς καμίλλοι οὖν ὕψης Ἀρεος εἰναλλιόν θαλασσαίην πόρε νύπην.
καὶ γάμος ὀλίβιος ἦν, ἐπὶ βιβήρ παρὰ παστῷ ἄξιον ἔδων Ἄρωτος Ἀραφ ἐκομίσασατο Νηρεὺς,
Ἱφαῖστον σοφὸν ἔργον, Ὀλυμπία δαίδαλα, νύμφη, 400 ὀρμῶν ἄγων καλύκαις τε φύων ἐλικάς τε τιταῖνων, ὀππόσα Νηρείδεσσαν ἀμμώτοις κάμε τέχνην
Λήμνοις ἐργοπόνοι παρὰ κύμας· καὶ μέσον ἀλίμης ἐμπυρον ἀκρων πάλλει ὕποθρυχυς τε πυράγρην, φυσαλέου χοϊνοι περίδρομον ἀσθαρ τιταῖνων 408 ποιητοῖς ἀνέμουσαν, ἵππομάτης δὲ καμῖνον εὐ βοθίῳς ἁσβεστοι ἐφέμπθεν ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ.
Νηρεὺς μὲν τάδε δώρα πολύτροπα, δώκε δὲ κουρή Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης πολυδίδαλον εἶδος ἀράχης· χρυσὸν Ἱβηρ πόρε Ἱπροπ οὔχεταίνων δὲ μετὰ λῶν 410 ἦλυθεν εἰκελα δώρα γέρων Πακτωλὸς ἀείρων χερσί φυλλασσομένην, ότι πρῶτον ἔτρεμε Λυδῶν Βάκχων ἐὼν βασιλέα, καὶ ἔτρεμε γείτονα Ῥείην Μυγδονίνης πολιούχον ὑς χθονός Ὑπαδανὸς δὲ Ἡλιάδων ἠλεκτρα ρυθμαίνων ἀπὸ δείδρων 415 δώρα πόρε στίλβοτα· καὶ ἁγιαρῆς ἀπὸ πέτρης Στρυμονὸς ὄσσα μέταλλα καὶ ὀππόσα Γεώδεις ἀείραι, ἔδων Ἄριμπον ὅριζοσατο κυανοχαίτης·
"Ως ὁ μὲν ἀρτιχόριτος ὑποβρυχίῳ παρὰ παστῷ γῆθεν εὐποσίγαιος ἀμειδήτω δὲ Λυαίων γνωτός Ἁρως ὕθωνοιτι παρήκορον ἰαχε φωνῆν·

1 A gap in M and other mss.; Ἁ reads τίμαις, Graece, followed by Ludwig, restores κύραδι.
After celebrating Beroë’s wedding in the sea, her bridegroom Earthshaker was a friend to her native place. He gave her countrymen victory in war on the sea as a precious treasure in return for his bride. It was a wealthy wedding. Arabian Nereus brought to the bridechamber in the deep a worthy gift of love, a clever work of Hephaistos, Olympian ornaments, for the bride; necklace and earrings and armlets he brought and offered, all that the Lemnian craftsman had made for the Nereids with inimitable workmanship in the waves—a—there in the midst of the brine he shook his fiery anvil and tongs under water, blowing the enclosed breath of the bellows with mimic winds, and when the furnace was kindled the fire roared in the deep unquenched. Nereus then brought these gifts in great variety. But Persian Euphrates gave the girl the webspinner’s embroidered wares; Iberian Rhine brought gold; old Pactolos came bringing the like offerings from his opulent mines, with cautious hands, for he feared the Lydian master, Bacchos his king, and he feared Rheia his neighbour, the cityholder of his country Mygdonia. Eridanos brought shining gifts, amber from the Heliad trees that trickle riches; and from the silver rock, all the metals of Strymon and all that Geudis has were brought as a marriage-gift to Amymone by Seabluehair.

And so the dances were over, and Earthshaker was happy in the bridechamber beneath the waters; but Lyaios never smiled, and his brother Eros came to console him in his jealous mood:

a This was when he was thrown out of heaven, and rescued by Thetis and Eurynome. Hom. II. xviii. 398-405.

b Literally, windy pipe: but Nonnos seems to have confused bellows with melting pot.
"Νυμφοκόμω, Διόνυσε, τι μέμφεις εἰςετί κεστῷ; οὐκ Ἕρως ἔρθης γάμος ἐπρεπεν, ολλὰ θαλάσσης ἀμενος ἡν γάμος οὕτως. ὅτι βρυχίς Ἀφροδίτης παίδα λαβὼν ἐζεύξα θαλασσοπόρῳ παρακοίτη ἀβροτέρην δ᾽ ἐφύλαξα τεος θάλαμοις Ἀρμαδην, ἐκ γενεῆς Μύκωνος ὁμίρριον οὐτιδανὴν δὲ ποίητιον αἴμα φέρωσαν Ἀμμακάνθη λάπε πόντῳ. ἀλλὰ λιτῶν Λιθάντου λόφου καὶ Ἀδωνίδος ὑδῶρ ἤπειρο οἱ Φρύγης εἰπάρθησον, ἳππῃ σε μῦμνει ἀβροχών Ἡλίοιο λέχος Τιγηνίδος Λύρης καὶ στέφος ἀσκήσασα μάχθε καὶ παστάδα κούρης θρήκη νυμφοκόμος σε δεδέξεται, ἥξι καὶ αὐτὴ Παλλήνη καλέει σε ὀρυσσάς, ἤς παρὰ παστῷ ἀθλοφόρον γαμίους περιστέφω σε κορύμβους ἤμερτην τελέσατα παλαισμοσύνην Ἀφροδίτης." Τοῖα γυναιμανότιν κασιγνήτω φάτο Βάκχως θοῦρος Ἐρως: παρεῖργῳν δὲ πυρόδεια βόμβον ἰάλλῳν ἰερή νόθας ὅρις αἰτήρητο πορεία, καὶ Δίος εἰς δόμοις ἡλικε. ἀπ᾽ Ἀσσυρίῳ δὲ κόλπου ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος αἰτήμει εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ πέζαι, ὅτι χρυσαυγίνη πηλῷ ἀφνείῃς τιτάνιοι μελαι φοινίσσεται ὕδωρ: Μαυνίς δ᾽ ἑπέβαλε, καὶ ἵστατο μητέρη Ἑρείη Ἱνδώνης ὀρέγῳς βασιλῆα δύρα θαλάσσης. καλλείφας δὲ ἰερῆθρα βαθυπλωτίου ποταμοῖο καὶ Φρύγιον κενεών καὶ ἀβροβίων γένος ἀνδρῶν Ἀρκτῶν παρὰ πέζαι ἐν ἐφύτευσεν ὀπώρην, Εὐρώπης πτολεθρα μετ᾽ Ἀσίδος ἀστεα βαίνων.
DIONYSIACA, XLIII. 422-449

422 "Dionysos, why do you still bear a grudge against the cestus that makes marriages? Beroë was no proper bride for Bacchos, but this marriage of the sea was quite fitting, because I joined the daughter of Aphrodite of the sea to a husband whose path is in the sea. I have kept a daintier one for your bridechamber, Ariadne, of the family of Minos and your kin. Leave Amymone to the sea, a nobody, one of the family of the sea herself. You must leave the mountains of Lebanon and the waters of Adonis and go to Phrygia, the land of lovely girls; there awaits you a bride without salt water, Aura of Titan stock. Thrace the friend of brides will receive you, with a wreath of victory ready and a bride's bower; thither Pallene also the shakesppear summons you, beside whose chamber I will crown you with a wedding wreath for your prowess, when you have won Aphrodite's delectable wrestling-match."

437 So wild Eros spoke to his lovemad brother Bacchos: then he flapt his whizzing fiery wings, and up the sham bird flew in the skies travelling until he came to the house of Zeus. And from the Assyrian gulf Dionysos went daintily clad into the Lydian land along the plain of Pactolos, where the dark water is reddened by the goldgleaming mud of wealthy lime; he entered Maionia, and stood before Rheia his mother, offering royal gifts from the Indian sea. Then leaving the stream of this river of deep riches, and the Phrygian plain, and the nation of softliving men, he planted his vine on the northerly plain, and passed from the towns of Asia to the cities of Europe.

" Hyperion, father of Helios, was a Titan, so the reading may pass."
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ
ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστόν ἠφήμα τὸ τέταρτον, ἢ γνωάκας
dέρκει μανομένας καὶ Πειθέος όγκον ἀπειλῆς.

"Ἡδη δ' Ἰλυρίης Ταυλάντιον ἐθνός ἀρούρης καὶ πέδων Αἰμομίης καὶ Πηλικον ἄχρον ἑάσας Ἔλλαδος ἐγχύς ἱκανι, καὶ Ἀτοην παρὰ πέλῃ στῆσε χοροῦς. ἅνων δὲ μέλος μεσήτορος αὐλοῦ Παντὶ Ταυγαραῖαν βιάζουσι ἑστῆσατο πομήν καὶ κρήνη κελάδησεν, ὅτη χθονὸς ἄρον ἀράξας ἰγρὸς ὅνυξ ἔπειος ἐπώνυμῃ ἐγλεξὶν ἱδωρ. Ἀσωπὸς δ' ἐχόνει πιείτων νεώπατα σύρων καὶ προχώάς ἔλειξεν σὺν Ἱαμηῷ δὲ τοκῆ κυκλάδας ἀδιάντουσα, ὅνες ὅρχησατο Δήρκη, καὶ ποτέ τις ἄροντος ἀνεφέσαν κορυμβοῦ ἡμιφαιής ἐλίγαμεν Ἀμαρναῖς ἰφόδι δένδρου, οὖνομα κυδαίνουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου· πηγαίν δ' ὀμόθωνος ἀσάμβαλος ἱατε Νύμφη. Καὶ κτύπος οἰρεσίφων οὐδεμίστοις ὀδεύθης Πειθέος ἀσποίδοις ἐπεσμαρίγησαν ἀκοναῖς οἰνοφόρῳ δ' ἀθέμιστος ἰνίξ ἐπεχώσατο Βάκχω, καὶ στρατηγὴ ἐκόρυσσε μελημονα, κέκλετο δ' ἄστοις

* There are Taulantians in Strabo and Livy, and Lucan vi. 16.

298
BOOK XLIV

The forty-fourth web I have woven, where you may see maddened women and the heavy threat of Pentheus.

Already he had passed the Daulantian tribe of Illyrian soil, and the plain of Haimonia and the Pelion peak, and was nearing Hellas; there he established dances on the Aonian plain. The shepherd hearing the tune of the drooning pipes formed congregations for Pan at Tanagra. A fountain bubbled on the spot where the horse's wet hoof scratched the surface of the ground and made a hollow for the water which took its name from him. Asopos danced breathing fiery streams, as he swept his floods along and twirled his waters. Dirce danced, spurting her whirling waters along with her father Ismenos. At times a Hamadryad shot out of her clustering foliage and half showed herself high in a tree, and praised the name of Dionysos cluster-laden; and the unshod nymph of the spring sang in tune with her.

15 The noise of the raw cowhide resounded over the mountains, and reached the ears of irreconcilable Pentheus. The impious king was angry with winegod Bacchos, and he armed a hostile host, calling to the

b Hippocrene.
Βίον τότε τις πυλαώρος ἰδών ἀνεσίφασε Βάκχην· Σειλήνους δὲ γέρωτας ἀπευγάζας αὐσπιδίωται ἔτρεμον αἰχμάτηρες ὀμογλωσσά δ' ἀλαττώ κεκλομένου βασιλέως ἀφείδησαις ἄπειλης πολλάκις ὑρχήσατο, σαίνες τετέκτοις δὲ βοηθαὶς κυκλάδος ἐπτήσατο σακεστάλων ἁλμα χορείς, αὐτίτυπον μήμημα φιλοσοφῶν Κορυφάστων. φρουκαλέας δ' ἱνήχθαν ὦ οὐραίς λυσσάδες ἀρκτοὺς καὶ γένεις αἰθύσουσα καὶ ἄφαπτῶν ἔρωτιν πόρδαλης μῆρήτο· λέων δὲ τις ἀβρον ἀθύρων μελίχων βρύχημα συμβόλη πέρπτι λεαίνῃ. Ἡδὴ δ' αὐτοκλίκτως ἐσκέτο Πενθέως αὐλῆς ἀκλινεὼν σφαιρηροῖς ἀναισύσασα θεμέλιων καὶ πυλεών δεδοιμέντο θορών ἄποστιχων παλμώ, πήματος ἐσσομένου προάγγελος· αὐτόματος δὲ λαίνος Ὁγκάκης ἐλελίζετο βοηθῶς Ἀθήνης, ὦν ποτε Κάδμως ἑδειμεν, ὦτε βραδυπηθεῖται ῥηθή μόσχου πυργοδόμῳ θερέττολις ὄκλασις χηλή ἀμφὶ δὲ θείων ἀγάλμας πολισσωκίου θεαίνης αὐτόματη ραθάμμηθανθόσων ἤλθεν ἠδρῶς δείμα φέρον ναέτησι καὶ ἐκ ποδῶν ἀρχι καρπήν ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων βρέτως Ἀρεός ἐρρει λύθρῳ. Καὶ ναέται δεδοιμέντον φόρῷ δ' ἐλελίζετο μήτηρ Πενθέως αὐχείνετο, ἀπαχείνθη δὲ μενουὴ, μπησαμένη προτέρου δαφηδέμενος ὅνειρον πικρὰ προθεσπίζοντος, ἐπὶ πάρος ὑψόθε λέκτρων ἐξ ὧν κοιρανῆς πατρών ἄρσας Πενθέως.
people to bar the portals of the sevenway city. One by one they were shut, but the locks of the gates suddenly opened of themselves: in vain the servants resisted the winds of heaven and set the long bars at each gate. Then no gatewarden could check a Bacchant if he saw her; but shielded spearmen trembled before old Seilenoi unarmed—disregarding often the threats of their clamouring king, they danced with singlethroated acclaim; with their well-made oxhides they danced the round in shieldshaking leaps, the very picture of the noisy Corybants. Terrible bears growled madly in the hills, the panther gnashed her teeth and leapt high in the air, the lion in playful sport gave a gentle roar to his comrade lioness.

35 Already the palace of Pentheus began of itself to tremble and quake, and started from its immovable foundations all about; the gatehouse quivered and sprang up with earthshaking throbs, foretelling the trouble to come. The stone altar of Oncaian Athena tottered of itself, that which Cadmos had built, when with slow-convincing movement the heifer's hoof sank, to bid him build a wall and found a city; over the divine image of the cityholding goddess, godsent sweat beaded in drops of itself, bringing fear to the people—from head to foot the statue of Ares ran with gore, telling of things to come.

46 The inhabitants also were shaken. The mother of boastful Pentheus quivered with fear, mad with anxiety, remembering that bloody dream of old with its prophecy of bitterness; how once, after Pentheus had seized his father's sovereignty, Agauë slumber-
πάντων ὑπανήλεως ὁδόις εἴδουσαν Ἀγαύην
φάσματα μιμηλοῦ διεπποίησεν ὅνειρον,
ἀπλανέος θρώσκοιτα δι’ εἰκεράου πυλείνος.
ἐλπητο γὰρ Πεινθήηα χοροίτυπον ἄβρον ὄδητην
ἀρσενα κοσμήσαται γανακτίῳ χρόν πέτλω
ῥίμαι πορφυρόνωτον ἐπὶ χθόνα φάρος ἀνάκτων,
θύρσων ἑλαφρίζοντα καὶ οὐ σκήπτρου φορήα:
καὶ μην ἑδείν ἑδόκησε πάλιν Κάδμης Ἀγαύη
ἐξόμενον σκιεροῦ μετάρατον ἤφοιδε δένδρον,
καὶ φυτὸν ὕψικάρην, ὅπῃ θρασὺς ἐλετο Πεινθεύς,
θῆρες ἐκυκλώσαιτο, καὶ ἀγριον ἐχυν ἔρωτην
δένδρον ἀπεληπτήρε βεκτὶξέντες ὄδοιτι,
τρηχάλεας γενέσθαι τυπασσόμενου δὲ δένδρου
κύμβαχος αἰτοκυλιστὸς ἐλις δικύκτυο Πεινθεύς,
καὶ μην ἑδηλίςσαι δεδουσότα λυσσάδες ἀρκτοι
ἀγροτέρῃ δὲ λέανα καταίσσοσα προσώπου
πριν νόθεν ἐσπασε χείρα,
καὶ ἀσχετα μαυρομένη θήρ
ημιτόμου Πεινθήηος ἐρεισμαίνῃ πόδα λαμφ
θηγαλέους ὅνυχας διεδρίσει αἰθρείων,
ἀμαλεον δε κάρηνον ἐκοίψασεν ἄρσαγα ταρσῳ
οἴκτρα δαίξομένου, καὶ ἐδείκινα 
μάρτυρι Κάδμῳ
παλλομένη, βροτεῖν δ’ ἀληθίμονα ρήξατο φωνήν:
“Εἰμί τε 
θυγάτηρ θηροκτόνος, εἰμὶ δὲ μήτηρ
Πεινθέως ὀλβίστοιο, τεῇ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη.
τηλίκον ὀλέσα θήρα. λεοντοφόνῳ δὲ νύκης
dέχυσα τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς πρωτάγριον ἄλκης.
tηλίκον οὐ ποτε θήρα κατέκταν σύγγονος Ἰνώ,
οὐ κτάνεν Ἀὐτονόην σὺ δὲ σύμβολα παιδὸς Ἀλκη
πῆξον ἀριστοπόνῳ τεῦ ἐρυπάροσα μελάθρου.”
Τοιοῦ ὀναρ βλοσυρωτόν υπόχλοος εἴδεν Ἀγαύη.
ἐνθὲν ἐριπτοίητος ἀπωσαμένη πτερον Ὡπνοῦ,
ing on her bed had been terrified all night in her sleep, when the unreal phantom of a dream had leapt through the Gate of Horn which never deceives, and whispered in her sleepy ear. For she thought she saw Pentheus a dainty dancer on the road, his manly form dressed up in a woman's robe, throwing to the ground the purple robe of kings, bearing the sceptre no longer but holding a thyrsus. Again, Cadmeian Agauë thought she saw him perched high up in a shady tree; round the lofty trunk where sat bold Pentheus was a circle of wild beasts, furiously pushing to root up the tree with the dangerous teeth of their hard jaws. The tree shook, and Pentheus came tumbling over and over of himself, and when he dumped down, mad she-bears tore him; a wild lioness leapt in his face and tore out an arm from the joint—then the mad raging monster set one paw on the throat of Pentheus cut in two, and tore through his gullet with her sharp claws, and lifted the bloody head in her ferocious paw piteously lacerated, and showed it to Cadmos, who saw it all, swinging it about as she spoke in human voice these wicked words:

73 "I am your daughter, the slayer of wild beasts! I am the mother of Pentheus, happiest of men, your Agauë, the loving mother! See what a beast I have killed! Accept this head, the firstfruits of my valour, after victorious slaughter of the lion. Such a beast Ino my sister never slew, Autonoë never slew. Hang up before your hall this keepsake from Agauë your doughty daughter."

80 Such was the horrible vision that pale Agauë saw. Then after she had shaken off sleep's wing,

ορθρὴν καλέσασα θεγγόρον νία Χαρικλοῦς, μάντιας ἐσομείων φονίους ἐδίδαξεν ὅντιρον. Τειρεσίας δ' ἐκέλευς θεοπρόπος ἀρσεν ρέει ταύρον, ἀοσήτηρα δαφνησίων ὅντιρον. Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκου θεοκλήτων παρὰ βωμῷ, μηκεδανής ἐλάτης παρὰ δείδρου, ἥχι Κιθαράιν πέπτασαν ὕσκαραν. 'Ἀμαθνίδεσσι δὲ Νυμφαῖς θήλυν ὄν σήμαινε θητολέον παρὰ λόχη. ἐγκώ δ' ἐμφύρα θῆρα καὶ ἀγρόωσουσαν Ἀγαύην γαστρός ἔρη ὁδίνα καὶ ὀλιστέκτοις ἀγώνα καὶ κεφαλῆς Πενθέος ᾧ ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σινωή κρύφην ὑπερήφανοι ἀπατήλοι εἰκόνια νυκῆς, Πενθέα μὴ βαρύμενην ὅν βασιλῆς χαλέψῃ. πειθομένη δὲ γέροντι σοφὸς φιλοτέκνος Ἀγαύην εἰς ὅρος ὑσκαραμών ὁμόστολος ἕκα Κάδμῳ Πενθέος ἐσπομένοι καὶ εὐκεράῳ παρὰ βωμῷ θήλυν ὄν κεροῦσιν συνεμποροὶ ἀρσεν ταύρῳ, ἥχι Διὸς πέλεν ἀλόσος ὀραιάδος ἐμπλευν υλῆς, Ζηνῆ καὶ Ἀδραίδεσσι μίαν ἔτιναθε θυηλῆν Κάδμος Ἀγιορίδης, ὑστερπία βωμὸν ἀνάφασ, ἐρέων ἀμφοτερῶσιν ἀναπομένω τι πυρσοῦ κύνη μὲν περίπος ὅλης συνειρθέτε καπνῷ εὐόρμῳ στροφάλγω, δαιμόμενο δ' ἀρα ταύρον ὅρθος αἰμαλέγης αὐτόσωπους αἰλὸς ἑρτῆς χεῖρας ἐρευνοῦσα φόνως πορφυρῶν Ἀγάυης . . . αὐχεῖνον δὲ τένοντα πέριξ στεφανηδὸν ἐλίξας οἰδαλέην ἐπίκυκτον ἔρη δοχιμώσατο δειρῆν μείλιχος εἰλικρόετε δράκων μιτρούμενος ὥλκῳ, στέρματι δ' ὡλκαῖων κεφαλῆς κυκλώσατο Κάδμου πρῆσος ὁφίς, καὶ γλῶσσας πέριξ λείχμαζεν ὑπῆρν μείλιχων φιλοὺ ἑν ἀποπτέουσα γενείων οἰγμένων, καὶ θῆλυς ὁφίς μιτρώσατο κόρην.
trembling with terror, in the morning she called in the seer, Charicio's son, and revealed to him her dream, the bloody prophecy of things to come. Teireisias the diviner bade her sacrifice a male bull to help against the bloody dream, at the altar where men call upon Zeus the Protector, beside the trunk of a tall pinetree where Cithairon spreads his lofty head; he told her to offer a female sheep to the Hamadryad Nymphs in the thicket. He knew the beast as human, he knew Agauë hunting the fruit of her own womb, the struggle that killed her son, the head of Pentheus; but he concealed in wordless silence the deceptive vision of victory in the dream, that he might not provoke the heavy wrath of Pentheus his king. Agauë the tender mother obeyed the wise old man, and went to the lofty hill together with Cadmos while Pentheus followed. At the horns of the altar Cadmos Agenorides made one common sacrifice to Zeus and the Hadryads, female and male together, sheep and horned bull, where stood the grove of Zeus full of mountain trees; he lit the fire on the altar to do pleasure to the gods, and did sacrifice to both. When the flame was kindled, the rich savour was spread abroad with the smoke in fragrant rings. When the bull was slaughtered, a jet of bloody dew spouted straight up of itself and stained the hands of Agauë with red blood. . . . A serpent crept with its coils, surrounding the throat of Cadmos like a garland, twining and trailing a crooked swollen collar about it in a lacing circle but doing no harm—the gentle creature crept round his head like a trailing chaplet, and his tongue licked his chin all over dribbling the friendly poison from open mouth, quite harmless; a female snake girdled the temples of Harmonia like a wreath of
Ἀρμονίτῃς εὐανθίαν περιπλευτέραν κορώμβως,
καὶ διδύμων ὁφίων πετρώσατο γυνὴ Κρονίων,
οὕτι παρ’ Ἑλευρσίῳ ὑμακοπολίστου στόμα πόντου
Ἀρμονίτη καὶ Καλλος ἀμφιβολίτου προσώπου
λαίτης ἠμέλλον ὅχειν ἰδιοτάδε μορφήν,
καὶ φόβοι ἄλλοι ἐλαύνα μετὰ προτέρου φόβου ὑπὸν
γάπτημος εἰς ὄρμων ἠπέδρα σειν υἱῷ καὶ γενετήρι.
Τοιοῦ ἔδω τοις φάσμα, καὶ ὀμφήμοντος οὐτόρου
μεταρρέσαν ἰδιόποτο φόβῳ φθεῖτενος Ἀγαθῇ.
Ἡ γὰρ ἐπταπόρειοι διὰ ἀπότεις ἐπτάτο Φήμῃ
ὀργὰ κηρύσσουσα χαροπλέκος Διονύσου,
οὖν ἐς τὸν ἀχώμενον οἷς πτολυν ἄγρονομον δὲ
εἰαρμοι πεταλωμα ἐμπράκτεσσαν ἄγναίρα,
καὶ θαλαμον Σεμέλης χλωρῖο πτέρωσα κορύμπω
νυμφιδίων σπαθῆς ἐς πτωιστα κεραυνοῦ
αὐτοφων ἐμπτέσσετο ὢλη εὐώδης καρπῷ.
φρικτὰ δὲ παραταῖων πολυειδὰν θαύματα Βάκχου,
ζηλον ἔχων ὑπέρπληκον, ἀνδρὶ κηραιντὶ Πειθεὺς
καὶ κενεῖς προχέων ὑπερμέρα κόμπον ἀειλῆς
toı̂on ἐςος ἀμβύσσου ἀπάθαλος ἰαχε Πειθεὺς.
"Ἀλὸν ἐμὸν θεράποτα κορίσσατε,
θύλην ἀλήτην,
δαυνυμένου Πειθῆς ὑποδρηστῆρα ἀπελήθης,
oὐνοδόκῳ ποτὸν ἄλλο διαπάζοντα κυπέλλῳ,
ἡ γλάγος ἡ γλυκὰ χεῖμαν κασινητῆρὶ δὲ τεκουσθῆς
Αὐτονῆς πληγῆσαι ἀμοιβάσεσσιν ἰμάσσω,
καὶ πλοκάμων τμῆσωσιν ἀκρασικόμου Διονύσου
cύμβαλα δ’ ἧχηθα διαρρήψατες ἀγίας
καὶ πάταγοι Βερέκτα καὶ Εὔια τύμπανα 'Ρεῖς
ἐλκετε Βασσαρίων μακιόδους, ἐλκ계τέ Βάκχας,
ἀμφισόλους Βρομίοιο συνήλιδας, ἀσ ὡς Θήβη
1 Ludwicch marks a lacuna here.
clusters in her yellow hair. Then Cronion turned the bodies of both snakes into stone,\(^a\) because Harmonia and Cadmos were destined to change their appearance and to assume the form of stone snakes, at the mouth of the snakebreeding Illyrian gulf. Then Agauë returned home with her son and her father, having a new fear besides the fear of the dream.

\(^{119}\) Such was the vision which Agauë had seen, and remembering this ominous dream the fond mother was shaken with fear.

\(^{123}\) Already Rumour was flying about the seven-gated city proclaiming the rites of danceweaving Dionysos. No one there was throughout the city who would not dance. The streets were garlanded with spring leafage by the country people. The chamber of Semele, still breathing sparks of the marriage thunders, was shaded by selfgrowing bunches of green leaves which intoxicated the place with sweet odours. King Pentheus swelled with arrogance and jealousy to see the terrible wonders of Bacchos in so many shapes. Then Pentheus uttered proud boasts and empty threats to his servants in these insulting words:

\(^{134}\) “Bring here my Lydian slave, that womanish vagabond, to serve the table of Pentheus at his dinner; let him fill his winebeaker with some other drink, milk or some sweet liquor; I will flog my mother’s sister Autonoë with retributive strokes of my hands, and we will crop the uncropt locks of Dionysos. Throw to the winds his tinkling cymbals, and the Berecyntian din and Euian tambourines of Rheia. Drag hither the mad Bassarids, drag the Bacchants hither, the handmaids who attend on

\(^a\) Imitated from \textit{Il.} ii. 319, but given a new meaning.
Νόννος

'Ησιμηνοῦ διερόισιν ἀκούσιοις ἐναύλοις Ἡνίδας 'Απόλλωνης ποταμικήν μίξατε Νήμφαις ἡλικας, 'Αδρινάδας δὲ γέρων δέξατο Κιθαιρών ἄλλα τις 'Αδριάδας ομόξυρας ἀντὶ Δυαίου. ἀξάτε πῦρ, θεράποντες, ἐπεὶ ποιητοὶ θεσσήμυ᾽, ἐκ πυρὸς εἰ πέλε Βάκχως, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω. Ζεὺς Σεμέλην ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ὀλέσσω. εἰ δὲ κε πειρήσατο καὶ ημετέρου κεραυνοῦ, γνώσταις, οίνῳ ἄγων σέλας οὐρανίου γὰρ θερμοτέρους σπανθήμας ἐμῶν λάχειν ἀντίτυπον πῦρ· σήμερον αἰθαλότα τὸν ἀμπελώνα τελέσω. εἰ δὲ μόθων στῆσαι μαχήμονα θύροιν ἀείρων, γνώσταις, οίνῳ ἄγων δόρῳ καὶ μιν ὀλέσσω, οὐ ποδός, οὐ λαγότων, οὐ στῆθεος, οὐ κενέων ὀστείλῃ μεθέποντες· καὶ οὐ βουλήσῃ δαίξω κυρτὰ βοοκραύρου κεράτα δισάμα μετώπου, οὐδὲ διαμυρίως μέσον αἰχένος· ἀλλὰ ἐ τῖψω ἐγχεὶ χαλκείῳ πετορημένοις τῆς πτύχα μηροῦ, ὅτι Δίῳς μεγάλου γονέων ἐθεσάτω μηροῦ καὶ πόλον ἂς ἐν ὅλοιν ἐγὼ δὲ μιν ἀντὶ μελάθρου ἀντὶ Διός πυλεώνος ἄερτερον Ἀλίσι πύμφων, ἦ μιν αὐτοκύλιστον ἀλυσκάζοντα καλιμψάκαν Ἡσιμηνοῦς Ἡνίδας, καὶ οὐ χρόος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης. οὐ δέχομαι βροτῶν ἀνδρανόθηνθεόν· εἰ θέμις εἰπίειν, ψεύσομαι, ὡς Διόνυσος, ἐμῶν γένος· οὐκ ἀπὸ Κάδμου αἵμα φέρω χθονίου, πάτηρ δ' ἐμῶς, ὀρχαμος ἀστρῶν, Ἡέλιος με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐκ ἐσπείρειν Ἐχθιν. τίκτε Σελήναι με, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσεν Ἀγαύη· εἰμὶ γένος Κροῦνιδας, καὶ αἰθήριος εἰμὶ πολίτης· οὐρανὸς ἀυτερόφοιτος εἰμὶ πόλις Ὑλατε, Θήβαι· Παλλᾶς εἰς παράκοιτος, εἰμὶ δάμαρ ἀμβρον Ηῆθη· Πενθεί μαζὸν ὀρεξε μετ' Ἀρες δεσπότης Ἡρῆν. 808
Bromios—hurl them into the watery beds of Isonemos here in Thebes, mingle the Naiads with the Aonian rivernymphs their mates, let old Cithairon receive Hadryads to join his own Hadryads instead of Lyaios. Bring fire, men, for by the law of vengeance I will throw Bacchos into the fire, if he came out of the fire: Zeus tamed Semele, I will destroy Dionysos! If he would like to try my thunder also, he shall learn what fire I have from earth! For my fire has hotter sparks to match the heavenly fire. To-day I will make the viny one a scorched one! If he lift his thyrsus and give battle, he shall learn what kind of a spear I have from earth. I will destroy him without a wound in foot or flank, breast or belly! I will not cut off the two crooked horns from his bullhorned head with a poleaxe, I will not cut through his neck: I will pierce the fork of his thigh with a blow from a spear of bronze, because of his lies about the thigh of great Zeus, and heaven as his home. Instead of the palace of Zeus, instead of his gatehouse, I will send him down to Hades, or make him roll himself helpless into the waves of Isonemos to hide—we can do without the sea!

167 "I will not receive a mortal man as a bastard god. If I dare say it, I will deny my own breeding, like Dionysos. I have not in me the blood of mortal Cadmos, but my father is the chief of stars—Helios begat me, not Echion; Selene brought me forth, not Agaue; I am the offspring of Cronides and a citizen of heaven, the sky with its wandering stars is my home—so forgive me, Thebes! Pallas is my concubine, immortal Hebe my consort. Queen Hera gave me the

\[a\] He is "from earth" as being descended from the earth, born Spartoi.
καὶ ζαθή μετὰ Φοίβου ἔγινατο Πενθέα Λητώ. Ἀρτεμις ἵππειν τιμαθεύουσαν αὐτὴ με φευγα, ὡς ποτὲ Φοίβος ἔθαγεν ὡς μετρήταρα κορείς, μέμον ἀλυσάλλοις κατιχθητάν ὑμειαίων. εἰ δὲ τεῖχος Σεμέλης ὕπε ἑφλαύνει οὐρανή φλόγα, παιδὸς ἐς ὅποι μέρον ὁν δόρον ἑφλαύει Κάδμος, ἀστεροτήν ὅ ἐκάλλεσε χαμαιγενές ἀπτόμενον πῦρ, καὶ δαίδων ὤνομεν σέλας σπαθήρα κεραυνοῦ."  

"Ὡς φαμένον βασιλέως ἐπεστράτωτο μαχητά ὁπλοφόροι κενειόντες ἔρμαμαίνοντες ἀίταις καὶ στρατὸς ἀσπιτῶς ἕν ἑω πτωκῶδος οὐρα, ἔχον μαστεύοντες ἀθηρήτου λικαίον. Ὠθρὰ μὲν εἰπαίτηραν ἂνα ἐπεστελετό Πενθείς, τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ἀφηγεία πετα δοκεύων τοῖον ἔπος πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀνάχει κυκλάδα Μήηη. "Ω τέκος Ήλίου, πολίντροφε, παυτρόφε Μήηη, ἀρματος ἀργυρείο κυβηριθείρα Σελήνη, εἰ σὺ πέλεις Ἐκάτη τολκώμος, εἰπυχή δὲ πυρσοφόρῳ παλήρῃ δοκεῖς θαυμώδεις πεύκης, ἔρχεο, νυκτιπόλος, σκυλακοτρόφος, ὄτι σε τέρπει 195 κυνζηθμεν γούστοι κυνασάδος ἐντυχος ἦχοι. Ἀρτεμις εἰ σὺ πέλεις ἐλαφηβόλος, εἶ δὲ καλῶνας νεβροφόνῳ σπείδουσα συναγρώσσεις Διονύσῳ, ἐσο τό καταγήτοι θεοθίδος ἀρχούας γὰρ αἱμα λαχῶν Κάδμου διώκομαι ἐκτοθε Θηβῆς, 200 μιτρὸς ἐμῆΣ Σεμέλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος ὑκύμορος γὰρ θιητὸς ἀνήρ κλονεῖς με θεμάχος ὡς νυχί δὲ"
breast after Ares, divine Leto brought me forth after Phoibos. I will woo Artemis, who wants me—she does not run from me as she did from Phoibos, the wooer of her maidenhood, because she feared blame for wedding with a brother.\(^a\) And if the heavenly flame did not burn your Semele, Cadmos did burn his house for his daughter's shame, and gave the name of lightning to the earthly fire he kindled, called the flame of torches the spark of the thunderbolt."

184 When the king had spoken, his men of war mustered in arms to fight the empty winds; there was an infinite host in the pinewood, seeking the tracks of Lyaios ever unseen.

188 But while Pentheus was giving his commands to the people, Dionysos waited for darksome night, and appealed in these words to the circling Moon in heaven:

191 "O daughter of Helios,\(^b\) Moon of many turnings, nurse of all! O Selene, driver of the silver car! If thou art Hecate of many names, if in the night thou dost shake thy mystic torch in brandcarrying hand, come nightwanderer, nurse of puppies because the nightly sound of the hurrying dogs is thy delight with their mournful whimpering. If thou art staghunter Artemis, if on the hills thou dost eagerly hunt with fawnkilling Dionysos, be thy brother's helper now! For I have in me the blood of ancient Cadmos, and I am being chased out of Thebes, out of my mother Semele's home. A mortal man, a creature quickly perishing, an enemy of god, persecutes me. As a

\(^a\) So first in Eurip. Phoen. 175, of surviving works, but the scholiast there says it comes in "Aeschylus and others of the more scientific (Φυσικωτέροι) writers." It is indeed more astronomical than mythological, since the moon's light is from the sun. Usually she is the sun's sister.
νυκτελίων χραίσμησον ἐλανωμένων Διονύσων·
εἰ δὲ σὺ Περσεφόνεια νεκρασοῦσα, ὑμέτεραι δὲ
ψυχαὶ Ταρταρίους ὑποδρήσασον θυώκοις,
νεκρὸν ἵδων Πειθήνας, καὶ ἀχτυμένων Διονύσου
δάκρυν κάμηλε τοὺς ψυχοστόλοις Ἔρμης·
σεῖο δὲ Τισίφοντος μανιάδος ὡς Μεγαίρης
Ταρταρίη μάστιγα λαβίφροια παῦσον ἀπειλὴν
Γηγενέος Πειθήνος, ἐπὶ δισμήχανος Ἡρη
δύσιγον Τιτήρα νέω τιθέρθης Λυαῖρ.

αἷλα αὐ τῷ δάκρυσι αὐθέσιμον, ὅφρα γεραιρῆς
ἀρχεγόνου Ζαγρήθος ἔπαιρμήν Διονύσου.

Ζεὐ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκειν μεμηνότοις ἀνδρῶς ἀπειλὴν·
κλίθε, πάτερ καὶ μῆτερ· ἔλεγχομένου δὲ Λυαῖου

οὗ στεροπῆ γαμὴν Σεμίλῆς τιμήρος ἔστω·

"Ως φαμένου ταυρώπις ἀνάχαιν ἰσθήθη Μήη.

"Νυκτιφαῖς Διόνυσοι,

κυνηκόμε, σύνδρομοι Μήης,

σῆς σταφυλῆς ἀλέγεις· μέλει δὲ μοι ὄργια Βάκχου,

ὑμετέρων ὅτι γαῖα φυτῶν ὑδέα πεπάινει

μαρμαριτῆς δροσάσσαν ἀκομῆτοι Σελήνης
dεχιμεῖται· σὺ δὲ, Βάκχε, χροιτήθη, θύρα συταῖνων

σῆς γενετῆς ἀλέγεις, καὶ οὐ τρομεῖς γένος ἀνδρῶν

ἀδρανέων, οἷς κοιχὸς ἅπε τοῖς, ὑν καὶ ἀνάγκη

Εὐμενίδων μάστυγες ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀπειλάς.

σὺν σοὶ δυσμενέσσαι πορνόσομαι· ἵσα δὲ Βάκχῳ

cοιρανεῖ ἀνὴρ ἐπερόφορος· εἰμὶ δὲ Μήη

Βακχιᾶς, σοὶ ὅτι μοι τὸν εἰρήμην μήνας ἐλίσσω,

ἀλλ' ὅτι καὶ μανῆς μεδέω καὶ λίσσαν ἐγείρω.
being of the night, help Dionysos of the night, when they pursue me! If thou art Persephoneia, whipper-in of the dead, and yours are the ghosts which are subservient to the throne of Tartaros, let me see Pentheus a dead man, and let Hermes thy musterer of ghosts lull to sleep the tears of Dionysos in his grief. With the Tartarean whip of thy Tisiphone, or furious Megaira, stop the foolish threats of Pentheus, this son of earth, a since implacable Hera has armed a lateborn Titan against Lyaios. I pray thee, master this impious creature, to honour the Dionysos who revived the name of primeval Zagreus. b Lord Zeus, do thou also look upon the threat of this madman. Hear me, father and mother! Lyaios is contemned: let thy marriage lightning be the avenger of Semele!"

To this appeal bullface c Mene answered on high:

"Night-illuminating Dionysos, friend of plants, comrade of Mene, look to your grapes; my concern is the mystic rites of Bacchos, for the earth ripens the offspring of your plants when it receives the dewy sparkles of unreasting Selene. Then do you, dancing Bacchos, stretch out your thyrsus and look to your offspring; and you need not fear a race of puny men, whose mind is light, whose threats the whips of the furies repress perforce. With you I will attack your enemies. Equally with Bacchos, I rule distracted madness. I am the Bacchic Mene, not alone because in heaven I turn the months, but because I command madness and excite lunacy. I will not leave un-

b With this string of the moon’s identifications with various goddesses, cf. the similar list of the sun’s names, xl. 369 ff.

c So called because her exaltation (βυσσωμα) is in Taurus; this is astrology, not myth.
οὐ χθονίην σέθεν ὑβριν ἐγὼ ὑποτιον εἰσώ·
ηδὴ γὰρ Λυκόργος ἀπελήσας Διονύσων,
ὁ πρὶν ἔως ταχύρινους, ὁ Μανιάδας ὡς διώξας,
τυφλὸς ἀλητεύει καὶ δεῖται ἱγμονήρος.
ηδὴ δ' ἀμφὶ τένοιται Ἐρυθραίων δονακήμον
κέκλιται ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα, τεῖς αὐτάγγελος ἀλκή.
Ἰνδῶν νεκρὸς ὁμολός, ἀναιμομένω ὑ ῥέθρῳ
άφρονα Δημιοῦτα πατήρ ἔκριψεν Ἰδάσπης
ἐγχεῖ κισσάμεντα τετημένον: αὐτὰρ ὁ κέυγων
πατρίων βαριώντι κατεβεῖ πίπτε ῥέθρῳ.
Τυραννοὶ διδάσας τοῖς θεῖοι, ὅπποτε νηῶν
ὁρθὸς ἴστος ἀμειατο καὶ ἀμπελάω δελεν ὅρθη
αὐτοτελής, τὸ δ' λαῖδος ὑπὸ σκιροίσι πετῆλος
ημερίδων εὐκοτίας αὐτήξητο καλύττηρ,
καὶ πρὸτειον σύριζον ἐχαπήςτι κορύμβω
ιοβόλοι, βροτείν ὑ ὕμη καὶ ἐκέφρον θουλὴν
δυσμενέες ρύθμισες ἀμαθωμεῖν προσώπου
ἀφραδεῖς δελφίνες ἐπηλάκουσιν θαλάσση,
εἰσέτι κυμάξοις καὶ ἐν ῥωθίσι Διονύσῳ,
οἱ κυμιστερῆς ὑποκαυροὺς γαλήνη,
καὶ νέκυς ὑμετέρῳ βεβολημένος ὡς ἄμφος
χεύμασιν Ἀσαφρίωσι καλύπτεται Ἰνδὸς Ἑρώτης,
εἰσέτι δεμαίνων καὶ ἐν Ἰδάσαν οὐνόμα Βάκχου.

Τοῖον ἔτος Βρομίῳ χρυσόμον ἱαχε δαύμων,
ὁφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὁμίλει κυκλάδε Μήνη,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Ἰαγρῆ χαρείμων Διονύσῳ
Περσέφονῃ θόρηξεν Ἐρμής, ἀχυμενή δὲ
ὄμψον χραίσμησε κασιγήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Αἱ δὲ Δίως χθονίῳ δυσάιτε νεύματί κόρεσι
Εὐμενίδῃς Πενθής ἐπεστρατώσω το μελάθρῳ,
ἂν ἡ μὲν ξοθεροῦ διαθρόσκουσα βερέθρου
Ταρταρῆν ἐδέλειξεν ἐχιδνήσασαν ἰμάσθλην.
punished earthly violence against you. For already Lycurgos who threatened Dionysos, so quick of knee once, who sharply harried the Mainads, is a blind vagabond who needs a guide. Already over the stretches of Erythraian reedbeds a crowd of Indians lie dead here and there, dumb witnesses to your valour, and foolish Deriades has been swallowed up in the unwilling stream of his father Hydaspes, pierced with an ivy spear—yes, he fled and fell into the sad stream of his despondent father. The Tyrsenians learnt your strength, when the standing mast of their ship was changed, and turned into a vinestock of itself, the sail spread into a shady canopy of leaves of garden-vine and rich bunches of grapes, the forestays whistled with clumps of serpents hissing poison, your enemies threw off their human shape and intelligent mind and changed their looks to senseless dolphins wallowing in the sea—still they make revel for Dionysos even in the surge, skipping like tumblers in the calm water. Indian Orontes also is dead, struck by your sharp thyrsus, and drowned in the Assyrian floods, still fearing the name of Bacchos even under the waters."

253 Such was the answer of the goldenrein deity to Bromios. But while Bacchos yet conversed with circling Mene, even then Persephone was arming her Furies for the pleasure of Dionysos Zagreus, and in wrath helping Dionysos his later born brother.

258 Then at the grim nod of Underworld Zeus, the Furies assailed the palace of Pentheus. One leapt out of the gloomy pit swinging her Tartarean whip of vipers; she drew a stream from Cocytos and

---

1 'Ρεῖης ms.: κούρης Koch, κόρης Graefe, Ludwich.
Since all this was in Thrace, it is hard to see how the knife got to Attica, even though the two sisters were Athenians.
DIONYSIACA, XLIV. 262–290

water from Styx, and drenched Agauë’s rooms with the infernal drops as if with a prophecy of tears and groanings for Thebes; and the deity brought that Attic knife from Attica, which long before murdered Itylos, when his mother Procne with heart like a lioness, helped by murderous Philomele, cut with steel the throat of the beloved child of her womb, and served up his own son for cannibal Tereus to eat. This knife, the channel of bloodshed, the Fury held, and scratching up the dust with her pernicious fingernails she buried the Attic blade among the hillgrown roots of a tall fir, among the Mainads, where Pentheus was to die headless. She brought the blood of Gorgon Medusa, scraped off into a shell fresh when she was newly slain, and smeared the tree with the crimson Libyan drops. This is what the mad Fury did in the mountains.

278 Now with darkling steps night-illuminating Dionysos entered the palace of Cadmos, wearing the head of a bull, cracking Pan’s Cronian whip of madness, and put madness into the unbridled wife of Aristaios. He called Autonoë and cried in wild tones—

283 "Autonoë, happier far than Semele—for by your son’s late marriage you can rival Olympos itself! You have seized the honours of the skies, now Artemis has got Actaion for her dainty leman, and Selene Endymion! Actaion never died, he never took the shape of a wild creature, he had no antlered horn of a dappled deer, no bastard shape, no false body, he saw no hounds hunting and killing

b Because Pan is descended by one way or another from Cronos.
άλλα κακογλώσσων στομάτων κενεόφρον μῆδεν νιέος ύμετέρου μόρον φείδαντες βοτήτες, νυμφίων ἔχθαρφοι εἰς αἰματίων θεαίνης. οίδα, πόθεν δόλος εἶτος: ἐπὶ ἀλλατρίως ἑμεναίως εἰς γάμου, ἢς Παθύνη ζηλημονεῖς εἰς γυναῖκες. 298 ἄλλα θυελλήμετα διαθρόφωσασα πεδίων σπεῦδε μολεῖν ἀκίχτητος ἐς οὐρα: κείθε μουλοῦσα ὀφειλ᾽ Ἀκτάϊωνα συμφρασάσοντα Λυκίων, Ἀρτέμιν ἑγγὺς ἤχοιτα, καὶ αἰώλα δίκτυα θήρης εὔφροικας φορέοντα, καὶ ἀμφιφώνασα φαρέτρην. 300 ὀλβίη, Αἰτωνόλη. Συμβέλης πλέον, ὅτι θεαίνης εἰς γάμου ἐρχομένης ἐκείρη πόλεις ἱσχαίρης. Ἰνοῦς καλλιτάκου μακαρτήρ, ὅτι θεαίνης σὸς πᾶς ἔλλαχε λέκτρα, τὰ μὴ λάχει Ομοὺς ἀγήνωρ. οὐ θρασύς Ὀριὼν πόλει νυμβίωσ ἱσχαίρης. 305 χάρματι δ′ ἠθάνατο σάθητ νιέος εἰκέκα νύμφης κομμάζει σεό Κάδμιος ὁρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ παστῷ, σείων ἥρους αὐτίμοις χιονώδεα χαίτην. ἔγρει, καὶ σὺ γένοι βραχιστόλος, αἰλοχει μήτηρ: ἄρμενος σώτος Ἥρως, ὅτι νυμβίον Ἀρτέμισ ἀγή 310 ὕπα κασιγρήτω, καὶ οὐ ξύνον εἰχέν ἀκοίτην. ἀλλὰ θεά φυγώδεμος ἐπὶ ποτὲ παίδα λοχεύσῃ, νυέα κουφόεισα σασφρονος ἱσχαίρης πηχεῖ παιδοκόρῳ ἐξηλήμοι δείξει Ἀγαίη. τίς νέμεσις ποτὲ τούτο, κυνοσόντος εἰ παρὰ παστῷ 315 ἔβελε θηρητήρα λαγωβόλον ὑπα λοχεύσαι, εἰκελον Ἀκταῖοι φιλοσκοπῶν τε Κυρῆνη, μητρῶν ἐλάφων ἐποχιμένων ὁκεί δίφρω.
him. No, these were all herdsmen's lies, empty-minded fables of malicious tongues about your son's fate, because they hated the bridegroom of an unwedded goddess. I know where this invention came from: women are jealous about marriage and love in others. Come, leap up with stormy shoe! Make haste, speed into the mountains! There you shall see Actaion beside Lyaios on the hunt, with Artemis not far off, woven nets in his hands and hunting-boots on his feet, fingerling his quiver. Happier far than Semele, Autonoë! for a goddess came to you for marriage, a goddess became your gooddaughter, the Archeress herself! More blessed than that mother Ino proud of her son, for your son got the bed of a goddess, which proud Otos never got. Bold Orion was never bridegroom of the Archeress. Your Cadmos is young again with joy for your son's bride, and holds revel beside their bridal bed in the mountains, with his snowy hair fluttering in the airy breeze. Wake up, and make one in the marriage company, happy mother! This is a proper love, for holy Artemis has a brother's son for bridegroom, not a stranger husband. And when the goddess who hated marriage brings forth a child, you shall dandle the son of the chaste Archeress in your cherishing arms and make Agauë jealous at the sight! Why should not the huntress be pleased to bear a son in her bridal chamber, a hunter himself and a marksman, like Actaion, or Cyrene who loved the mountains, and let him ride behind his mother's team of swift deer?"
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΩΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἑπόφειαν,
ὅπποθι Πειθῆς
tαῦρον ἐπισφήνει κεραλκέος ἀντί Λυκίου.

"Ὡς φαμένου βρομίου δόμων ἔξεδραμε νύμφη
χάρματι λυσάμεντι κατάσχετος, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
μυθίον Ἀκταίων παρήμενον ἱδραίῃ.
καὶ οἱ ἐπειγομένῃ σφαλερῷ ποδὶ σύνθρομος ἀώραις
εἰς ὅρος ἀκρίβειμος ὀρμᾶτε μανᾶς Λαγηῆ.
καὶ Κρονῆς μάστιγος ἅμασσομένη φρένα κέντρῳ
ἀσκοπὸν ἔρροίσθη μεμηνότι χείλει φωνῇ.
" Οὐδιδαχεῖ Πειθῆς κορίσσωμαι, ὄφρα δαιη,
θαρσαλένῃ ὅτι Κάδμος Ἀμαζώνα τίκτειν Λαγηῆ.
ἐμπλεοῦ ἰδόρες καὶ ἐγὼ πέλον ἡν ἐθελήσω,
καὶ γυμνὰς παλάμην ὅλον Πειθῆς δαμάσσω,
καὶ στρατήν εὐπλοῦ ἄτενχα χείρι δαίξω.
θύρσου ἐχώ μελίς οὐ δειόμαι, οὐ δόρυ πάλλων.
ἐγχεί δ' ἀμπελλεῖτο δορυσσόν αὑτὰ βάλλων
οὐ φορέω θώρηκα, καὶ εἰδώρηκα δαμάσσω.
κύμβαλα δ' αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ἀμφιπλήγα βοεῖν
κυδαῖνον Δίως νία, καὶ οὐ Πειθῆς γεραιρω.
Λυδιὰ μοι δότε ῥόπτρα τι μελλεῖε, θυμάδες ὄραι;
ἴξομαι εἰς σκοπέλους, ὅτι Μαυράδες, ἥχι γυναῖκες
320
BOOK XLV

See also the forty-fifth, where Pentheus binds the bull instead of stronghorn Lyaios.

When Bromios had spoken, the nymph rushed from the house possessed by joyous madness, that she might see Actaion as bridegroom seated beside the Archeress; along with her as she hastened swift as the wind sped Agauë to the mountain, with staggering steps, unveiled, frenzied, the sting of the Cronian\(^a\) whip flogging her wits, while she poured out these heedless words from her maddened lips:

8 "I rebel against that ridiculous Pentheus, to teach him what a bold Amazon is Agauë the daughter of Cadmos! I too am chockfull of valour. If I like, I will tame all Pentheus even with my bare hands, and I will destroy his well-armed host with no weapon in my hand! I have a thyrsus; ashplant I want not, no spear I shake—with viny lance I strike the spear-shaking man! I wear no corselet, but I will tame the man who wears the best. Shaking my cymbals and my tambour which I beat on both sides I magnify the son of Zeus, I honour not Pentheus. Give me the Lydian drums—why do ye delay, ye hours of festival? I will come to the hills, where Mainads, where women

\(^a\) Hardly more definite than "divine," all the Olympians being related in one way or another to Cronos.
νῆλες ἀγρώσσοιτί συναγρώσσουσί Δανίω.

ζηλον ἔνω, Δάνης, λειτουργών Κυρίνης.
φείδεο μοι Βρομίω, θείμαχε, φείδεο, Πενθεῖ.

εἰς σκοπέλους ἀκήχητος ἕλεόνεμαι, ὥφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
Εὐιον ἀείδουσα χοροῦττου ἓχος ἑλίξω.

οὐκέτι βοτρύοις ἀνάμνημαι ὀργῇ Βάκχου,
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδων στιγώ χορὸν ἀλλά καὶ αὐτὴ
δειμαῖν Ἰώνυσον, ὅν ἤροσεν ἠφθιτος εὐθή,
ὅν Βίων ἠφθιτον ἐχαλάσαντο κεραυνοί.

ἐσομαι ὑκετεῖλος, ὑμμῖλος ὑοχεῖρθρος
dίκτυα κοιφίζουσα, καὶ ὦ κλωστήρας 'Αθηνῆς.'

"Ὡς φαμένη πεπόθτο τῆς σκαίρουσα Μιμαλλών,

ημαῖς μεθέπουσα φιλεύιν ἅλμα χορεύεις.

Βάκχου ἀνενάξουσα καὶ ἀείδουσα θυϊσθήν,

καὶ Σερέλην ἐπάτοι Δίως κίλησκε γυναίκα,

καὶ σέλας εὐφαίων γαμών ἐλίγανε κεραυνῶν.

Καὶ χορὸς ἐν σκοπέλουσι ἐκντ' ἄλπος:

ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραι

ιαχον έπταπύλου δὲ πέδαν περίδεδρομε Θήβης

ἡχὴ ποικιλόμορφος ἀμοσίλασσω δ’ ἀλαλητῇ

μελπομενῶν βαριδοῦσι ἐπιτιμαράγγεις Κιθαιρῶν,

καὶ δροσόις κελάθουν ἅλοι κτύποις: ὦν δὲ νοῆσαι 40
dένδρα κουμάζοιτα καὶ αἰδήμασαι ἔριπτην.

καὶ τις ἐν τού θαλάμῳ κηροῦττο πέθορε κούρη,

ἀυλὸς οτὲ τρητοὶ πόροις ἰάχησε κεράστης:

καὶ κτύπος ἀμφίβοτος ἀδεφητοι βοεῖς

παρθενικὰς βάκχευσε, ἀπ’ εὐτύκτων δὲ μελάθρων 43

eis ὦρος ψυκάρην ἑρμᾶδος ἔλαιον Βάκχας.

καὶ τις ἀνοιστρηθείσα θυελλήστει πεδίλω

κούρη λυσιθειρὰ διέσυντο παρθενεῖν,

κερκίδα καλλεύβασα καὶ ἱστοτελεῖν Αθήνην:

καὶ πλοκάμων ἀκόμιστον ἀπορρίψασα καλύπττην 50

322
of like years, join the hunt of hunting Lyaios. O Dionysos, I am jealous of Cyrene lionslayer! Spare me Bromios, O thou rebel against heaven—spare him, O Pentheus! I will come at speed into the hills, that I too may sing Euios and twirl a dancing foot. No longer I refuse the rites of grapegod Bacchos, no longer I hate the Bassarids' dance; but I too stand in awe of Dionysos, offspring of the bed incorruptible, bathed by thunderbolts from Zeus on high. Swift will my shoes go, as I carry nets beside the Archers, no longer the skeins of Athena."

31 So crying she flew away, a new skipping Mimal-lon, practising the Euian leap of the winepress, calling Euoi to Bacchos and lauding Thyone—aye, and she called to Semele, wife of Zeus the highest, and loudly sang the brightness of those bridal lightnings.

36 Then there was great dancing on the hills. The rocks resounded all about, a thousand new noises rolled round the land of sevengate Thebes; the one concordant chorus of the singers filled Cithairon with heavy-echoing din; the dewy salt sea roared; one could see trees making merry, and hear voices from the rocks. Many a maiden ran out of her room to foot it in the dance, when the pipe of horn tootled through its drilled holes, and the double blows on the raw hide made the girls go mad, and drove them from their well-built halls to be Bacchants in the wilderness of the lofty mountains. Many a maiden driven crazy shook her hair loose and rushed with stormy shoe from her chamber, leaving loomcomb and Athena with her craft, cast away the veil unheeded from her hair,
μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσι καὶ Ἀονίς ἐπλετο Βάσκη.

Τειρεσίας δ’ ἑρευναν ἀλεξικάκων Διονύσου
βωμὸν ἀναστήσας, ὑπὸ Πειθέος ὑθρῖν ἑρήν
καὶ χόλον ἀπρῆματον ἀποσκεδάσει Λυαίους
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἱκέτευσαν, ἐπεὶ λύκον ἤλθε Μοίρης.
καὶ Σεμέλης γενέτριν ἐκαλέσασατο μάτις ἐχέφρων,
όφρα μεταφησαν χορωτασίαν Διονύσου.

βραθμένους δὲ ποδεσι γέρων ἀρχήσατο Κάδμος
στέφας Ἀονίων χιουνίδα βάστρυχα κισσῷ.

Τειρεσίας δ’ ὁμόφωτος ἐόν πώδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων,
Μυγδονίων Φρίγα κάραν ἀνακροίων Διονύσῳ,
εἰς χορὸν ἀύσσωτι συνίμποροι ἕμι Κάδμῳ
γηραλέου νάρθηκε θεουδεὶ πέχαν ἑρείσας.

αὐθήσας δὲ γέρωντας ὁμήλιδας ὁμαιτι λοξῷ
Τειρεσίαν καὶ Κάδμου ἀπάσθαλος ἰαχε Πειθέος.

63

"Κάδμε, τί μαρτράττες;

ταῖ δαιμον κάρφον ἕγειρας;

Κάδμε, μανιωμένης ἀποκάθευ κισσόν ἑδείρης,
κάθεο καὶ νάρθηκα ποπλαυνίος Διονύσου.

'Ογκαίης δ’ ἀνάσφερο σαῦρῳ χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης.

70

τηπει Τειρεσία, στεφανηφόρῃ, ρίψων ἀήταις
σῶν πλοκάμων τάδε φίλλα, νόθον στέφος,

αἰτὶ δὲ θύρσου

Φοίβου μᾶλλον ἀείρε την Ἰσμηνίδα δάφνην.

αἰδέομαι σεο γῆρας, ἀμετρῳβίων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
μάρτυρα σῶν ἔτεων πολην πλοκαμίδα γεραιρώπ
εἰ μὴ γὰρ τόδε γῆρας ἑρήτω καὶ σεο χαίτη,

75

καὶ κεν ἀλυκτοπέδησιν ἐγὼ σεο χείρας ἐλίξας
dέσμιον ἀχλυόετι κατεσφηγισα μελάθρω.

* Theban.
mingled with Bassarids—and lo! Aonian turned Bacchant!

52 Teiresias built an altar to Protecting Dionysos and sacrificed there, that he might prevent the defiance of Pentheus and avert the wrath of Lyaios yet unappeased; but his prayers were in vain, since the thread of Fate was there. The wise seer called Semele's father also, that they might share the dance of Dionysos. With heavy feet ancient Cadmos danced, crowning his snowy hair with Aonian ivy, and Teiresias his old comrade wheeled a sluggish foot, beating a Phrygian revelstep for Mygdonian Dionysos; so he joined the eager efforts of Cadmos hastening to the dance, and supported his old arm on a pious fennel stalk. Pentheus the hothead saw old Teiresias and Cadmos there together, and looking askance at them cried out—

66 "Why this madness, Cadmos? What god do you honour with this revel? Tear the ivy from your hair, Cadmos, it defiles it! And drop that fennel of Dionysos, the deluder of men's wits! Take up the bronze b of Athena Oncaia, which makes men sane. Foolish Teiresias to wear that garland! Throw these leaves to the winds, that false chaplet on your hair. Take up rather the Ismenian laurel of your own Phoibos, instead of a thyrsus. I respect your old age, I honour the hoary locks that witness to the years of your life, as old as theirs. But if this old age and this your hair did not save you, I had twisted galling bonds about your hands and sealed you up in a gloomy cell.

b Possibly a spear, but it may be an instrument of some sort used in her cult; we know little or nothing of the ritual of Onca.
σὸς νόσος οὗ με λέληβε: οὐ γὰρ Πειθής μεγαίρων μακτοσύναις δολίσατι νόθον θεόν ἄνερα τεύχεις, δώρα λαβὼν Αὐθίνη παρ’ ἄνερος ἡπεροτήρος, δώρα πολυχρύσῳ φατιζομένου ποταμοῦ. ἀλλ’ ἐρείς, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐποίηεν εὑρέν ὁπόρην οίνος ἀεὶ μεθύοντας ὀφέλεται εἰς ‘Αφροδίτην, εἰς φόνον ἀσταθέος τῶν ἄνερος οἰνος ἐγείρει. ἀλλὰ Δίὸς γενετήρος ἔχει δέμας ἥ’ χιτώνας: χρύσαα πέπλα φέρων, οὐ νεβρίδας, ἰψημέδων Ζεὺς ἀστράπτει μακάρεσαι καὶ ἀνδράσι μάρναται Ἀρης χάλκεων ἐγχος ἔχων, οὐκ οὖσα αὕρον ἄειρων οὐ βοῶς κεράσαι χειροσφόρος ἐστίν Ἀπόλλων. μὴ ποταμῶς Σεμελῆν ὑμηθεύσατο, καὶ τέκε νύμφῃ θὸν νόθον κερώντα βοοκραίρῳ παρακοίητ; ἀλλ’ ἐρείς: ‘γλυκάκισις εἰς ἀροτείν δήμων ἰκάνει σύγγονον ἐγχος ἐχουσα καὶ ἀστίδα

Παλλὰς Ἀθηνῆ... .

αἰγίδα καὶ οὗ τίταις τευ Κροκίδαο τοιχῆς.”

‘Ωσ φαμένον Πειθής ἀμείβετο μάτις ἐχέφραν’ ἢς

Τί κλονεῖς Δίονυσον, ὃν ἔρροσεν ἰψημέδων Ζεὺς, ὃν Κροκίδης ὀδώνε πατήρ ἐγκύμοι μηρῷ, παιδοκόμῳ ὥς γάλακτι θετόκος ἐτρεφε Ὄις, ὃν πάρος ἡμιτέλεστον ὃτι πνεώντα τεκούσης ἀφλεγεῖς σπουτήρες ἐχυλάσαστο κεφαλινοῦ; οὔτος ἀμαλλότοκῳ Δημήτριῳ μοῖνος ἐρίζει ἀντίτυπον σταχνίσαν ἐχοι εἰδοτριν ὁπόρην.

ἀλλὰ χόλον Βρομίου φυλάσσον δυσσεβῆς δε σοί, τέκος, ἵνα ἔθελης, Σικελῶν τια μῆθον ἐνύφων. Τυρσηνῶν ποτε παῖδες ἐκατύλλοιτο θαλάσση, 105

* i.e. the κέρας he carries is his bow (made partly of horn)
78 "I understand what is in your mind. You have a grudge against Pentheus, and you make a man into a bastard god by lying oracles—that Lydian impostor has bribed you by promising plenty of gold from the famous golden river. But you will say, Bacchos has invented the wine-fruit.—Yes, and what wine always does is to drag drunken men into lust; what wine does is to excite an unstable man's mind to murder. But he wears the shape and garments of Zeus his father!—Golden robes are what Lord Zeus wears, not fawnskins, when he thunders in the heights among the Blessed; when Ares fights with men, he carries a spear of bronze, not a thyrsus of vineleaves in his hand; Apollo is not horned with bull's horns. Was it a River that wedded Semele? did the bride bear a horned bastard to her bullhorned husband? But you will say, Brighteyes Pallas Athena marches to battle with men, holding the spear and shield that were born with her. . . . Then you should hold the aegis of your father Cronides."

95 When Pentheus ended, the wise seer replied:

96 "Why do you persecute Dionysos, begotten by Zeus the Lord on high, whom Cronides brought forth from a pregnant thigh, whom Rheia mother of the gods nursed with her cherishing milk, who half-complete, with a whiff of his mother still about him, was bathed by lightnings which burnt him not? This is the only rival to Demeter mother of harvest, with his fruit of grapes against the corn! Nay, beware of the wrath of Bromios. About impiety, I will tell you, if you wish, my son, a Sicilian story.

105 "Sons of the Tyrsenians once were sailing on or possibly his hair (one way of dressing the hair was called "the horn").
ξεινοφόνοι, πλωτήρες ἀλήμονες, ἀρπαγεῖς ὀδηβοῦ, πάντωθεν ἀρπάζοντες ἐπάκτια πόλεις μήλων· καὶ πολὺς ἐσθα καὶ ἐσθα δορικῆς ἀπὸ νηῶν ἐσ ὡρον ἱδατόειτα γέρων ἐκκυλοῦντο ναύτης ἤμβατης, ἐτεροὶ δὲ προσπίζον ἐν ποίμης ἀμφιλαφής πολὺμε φόνω φαύλωσετο ποιμὴν. ἐμποροὶ εἰ τοῦτο πῶς ἐπέπλεαν, εἰ ποτὲ Φοίνιξ ὁμα Σιδώνις ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης εἶχεν, ὑπὲρ πῶς ναβίων Τυρσηνὸς ἄλητης ἀπροίδης πεφόρητο χιτῳνεῦν ἐπὶ νηῶν· καὶ τῆς ἀνύρ ἱπποινοῦ ἀπείρων φόρτων ὀλέσσας εἰς Σικελίν. Ἀρέθουςαν ἀνύρ πορθευέτο Φοίνιξ δέσμιος, ἀρπαμεῖνοι λιπόπτολοι ἀμμορος ὀδηβοῦ. ἀλλὰ δόλῳ Διότης ἐπέκλοσεν εἶδος ἀμείψας Τυρσηνὸς ἀπάφησε· τόθεν δ’ ὑπεδύσατο μορφῇ, ἰμερέες ἀτε κοὰροι ἐχων ἀχάρακτων ὑπήρη, αὐχέει κόσμῳ ἐχων χρυσήλατον ἁμφὶ δὲ κόρην στέμματος ἀστράπτοντος ἐν αὐτόσωτος αἰγλη λυχνίδος ἀσβεστοῦ, καὶ ἐγκλαμα νῦτα μαράγδου, καὶ λίθος Ἰνδόφυ χαρωπῆς ἀμάρυγμα θαλάσσης· καὶ χρω δύσατο πέπλα φαίνεται κυκλάδος Ἡνὼς ἀρτὶ χαρασσομένης, Τυρὶ πεπαλαμένα κόχλω. ἤποτο δ’ αἰγιαλῶν παρ’ ὀφρίσιν, οὐ καὶ αὐτὸς ὀλκάδος ἵμερων ἐπιβίμηναι. οἱ δὲ δορίτης φαϊδρον ἐληίσαυτο δολοπλόκον ὡς Θυώτης καὶ κτείνων γῆμωσαν ὑποτροχῶσα δὲ σειρῇ χερσίν ὑπισθοτόνωιν ἐμπρόθη Διονύσου. καὶ νέος ἐξαπάτης μέγας ἐπέλεω θέσπιδι μορφῇ ἀνδροφυῆς κεράεις ψοῦμενος ἄχρις Ὄλυμπον, νύσσων ἥρους ρεφέων σκέψαι· εὐκελάδῳ δὲ
the sea—wandering mariners, murderers of the stranger, pirates of the rich, stealing from every side the flocks of sheep near the coast. Many an old sailor man from the ships which they captured here and there was rolled half dead to his fate in the waters; many a stout shepherd fighting for his herd dyed his grey hairs in his red blood. If any merchant then sailed the seas, if any Phoenician with sea-purple stuffs from Sidonian parts for sale, the Tyrsenian pirate caught him suddenly out at sea, and set upon his vessels laden with riches; and so many a man lost infinite cargo without a penny paid, and the Phoenician was carried to Sicilian Arethusa in chains, far from home, his fortune stolen and gone. But Dionysos disguised himself in a deceptive shape, and outwitted the Tyrsenians.

"He put on a false appearance, like a lovely boy with smooth chin, wearing a gold necklace upon his neck; about his temples was a chaplet shining with selfsped gleams of a light unquenchable, broad green emeralds and the Indian stone, a scintillation of the bright sea. His body was clad in robes streaked with dye from the Tyrian shell more brilliant than the circling Dawn, when she has just been marked with lines. He stood on the brow of the shore, as if he wished to embark in their ship. They leapt ashore and captured the radiant son of Thyone in his guile; they stript him of his possessions, and tied Dionysos's hands fast with ropes running behind his back. Suddenly the lad grew tall with wonderful beauty, as a man with horned head rising up to Olympos, touching the canopy of aerial clouds, and

\[a\] Pearl.

\[b\] The meaning of this curious phrase is doubtful.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἐώς μυκήσατο λαμψ. λμικεδανοὶ δὲ κάλλους ἐχίδναίοι πέλον ὀλκοί, ἔμπνοα μορφωθέντες ὡς ἄγκυλα νάτα δρακόντων καὶ πρότονοι σύρειον ὑπηνέμος δὲ κεράστης ὀλκαίας ἐλίκεσαν ἀνεδραμεν εἰς κέρας ἱστοὺ. καὶ χλοεροίς πετάλωσι κατάσκιος ἥρι γείτων ἱστὸς ἐγι κυπάρισσος ὑπέρτατος ἐν δὲ μεσόδημη κυσσοῦς ἀερισόπτητος ἀνήμεν αἰθέρι γείτων, σειρὴν αὐτοδίκατον ἐπιπλέξας κυπαρίσσως
ἀμφὶ δὲ πηδαλίουσιν ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης

Βακχιάς ἀμπελόντες κάμαξ ἐβαρύντες καρπῷ πρόμην ἄρη ὑποτόμοι βαρυτομένης Διονύσου οἴνων ἀαβλύζουσα μέθης βακχεῖντο πηγῆ.
ἀμφὶ δὲ σέλματα πάντα διὰ πρόρης ἀνώτες θῆρες ἀεβῆθησαν ἐμυκήσαιτο δὲ ταῦροι.
καὶ βλοσυρὸν κελάδημα λέων βρυχῆσατο λαμψ.
Τυρσηνὸι δ’ ἰάχησαν, ἐβακχεῖντο δὲ λύση εἰς φόβον ὁιστρῆθεντες. ἀεβηφύτου δὲ πόντου ἀνθεὰ κυματόντες ἀπέπτυν ἵδατος ὀλκοῦ καὶ ῥόδου ἐβλάστησεν, καὶ ἰῷθεν, ὡς ἐν κήπῳ, ἀφροτόκου κενεώτες ἐφοινισσόμεθα θαλάσσης, καὶ κρίνου ἐν ροδίων ἀμαρύσσετο.

dερκόμενων δὲ

ψευδομένους λυμώνας ἐβακχεῖδησαν ὁπωπαί, καὶ σφιν ὄρος βαθύδειδροι ἐφαίνετο καὶ νομὸς ύλης καὶ χορός ἀγρονόμων καὶ πώς μελοβοτῆρων, καὶ κτόπον ὁίσαντο λυκεφθόγγων νομίς πομμενή σύριγγα μελετομένοι νοῆσα, καὶ λυγυρῶν ἀνίσες ἑστρῆτοι μέλος αὐλῶν μεσσατίου πλώστες ἀτέρμονος ἰψοθι πόντου γαίαν ἴδεῖν ἐδόκησαν ἀμερσιόφω δ’ ὑπὸ λύσης εἰς βυθὸν ἀίσσοντες ἐπωρχήσαντο γαλήνης.
with booming throat roared as loud as an army of nine thousand men.\textsuperscript{a} The long hawsers became trailing snakes, changed into live serpents twisting their bodies about, the stayropes hissed, up into the air a horned viper ran along the mast to the yard in trailing coils: near the sky, the mast was a tall cypress with a shade of green leaves; ivy sprang up from the mastbox and ran into the sky wrapping its tendrils about the cypress of itself, the Bacchic stem popped out of the sea round the steering-oars all heavy with bunches of grapes; over the laden poop poured a fountain of wine bubbling the sweet drink of Dionysos. All along the decks wild beasts were springing up over the prow: bulls were bellowing, a lion's throat let out a fearsome roar.

\textsuperscript{152} "The Tyrsenians shrieked and rushed wildly about goaded with fear. Plants were sprouting in the sea: the rolling waves of the waters put out flowers; the rose grew there, and reddened the rounded foaming swell upon it as if it were a garden, lilies gleamed in the surge. As they beheld these counterfeit meadows their eyes were bewitched. The place seemed to be a hill thick with trees, and a woodland pasturage, companies of countrymen and shepherds with their sheep; they thought they saw a tuneful herdsman playing a tune on his shepherd's pipes; they thought they heard the melody from the loud pipes' holes, and saw land while still sailing upon the boundless sea; then deluded by their madness they leapt into the deep and danced in the quiet

\textsuperscript{a} Compare Hom. \textit{Il.} v. 859-861.
ποντοπόρων δελφίνων: ἀμφιμίτονος δέ προς ὅπως εἰς φύσιν ἰχθύοσας ἔμφυτην γίνος ἀνδρών. καὶ σὺ, τέκος, δολούντα χόλον πεφιλάξο Λυκίων. ἀλλ' ἐρέεις: μεθέπω δέμας ἄλκιμον, ἀμφιέπω δέ 170 φρικτόν ὀδοιποφότων αὐτόσπορον ἀλμα Γιγάντων: δαιμονίης φίγε χείρα Γιγάντοφόνον Διονύσου, ὡς ποτε Τυραννοῦ παρὰ κρηπίδα Πελώρου. Ἀλπον ἀπῆλούσε, θετείχοιν νῦν Ἀρούρης, μαρανήσαν ὁκοπελοῦντα καὶ αἰχμαζόντα κολώναις. 175 μαυριμένον δε Γιγάντως ὑποπτίσασον στίχα λαμψήν οὐ τότε κεῖνο κάρηθαν ὁδοιπόροι ἐστίχε πέτρης: εἰ δέ τις ἀγνώσασιν ἀραίων πεφόρτῳ κελεύθω μαστίζων θρείαν ἔππον, ὑπερ ὁκοπελοῦ νυόσας χερσὶ πολυσπέρεσαν περὶ πλοιοκόποι νῦὸς Ἀρούρης 180 ἱμίχοικο καὶ πάλον ἐφ τυμβεύσασα λαμψή. πολλάκι ο' εὐδόνομον δὲ σύρος εἰς νυόν ἑλκῶν μῆλα μετημπριζόντα γέρων δαιτρεύτῳ ποιμήν. οὐ τότε δ' αἰσθαίνοις παρῆμεν η παρὰ μάνδρας συμφεροῖς δοκάκει σαλίζετο μουσοπόλος Πάν. 185 οὐ κτύπον ὑστερόθανον ἀμβίβετο πηκτίδος Ἡχώ· ἅλλα, λάλον περ ἐνίσθανε, θείμοιν σύνθροον αὐλῷ Πανὸς ἀνιγνότου κατεσφηγίσσατο σιγή, ὅτι Γίγας τότε πάλα ἐπέχρων: οὐ τότε βουϊθα, οὐ χορὸς ὑλότομος τις ὀμφαλικὰς ἡκαθε Νήμφας 190 τέμνων τῆς δοῦρα, καὶ οὐ σαφῶς ὀλκάδα τέκτων δουροπαγές γόμφωσεν ὀδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης, εἰσόκε κεῖνα κάρηνα παρέστηκε Βάκχος ὀδείων, σείων Εὐνα θύρασα: παρερχομένω δὲ Λυκίων ὑψυνθῆς περίμετρος ἐπέχαρεν νῦὸς Ἀρούρης, ἀσπίδα πετρὴσσαν ἐβίοις ἀμοίωσιν ἄειρων.

* No one else mentions Alpes, whose name, despite the fact that he is placed in Sicily, would seem to be connected with
water, now dolphins of the sea—for the shape of the men was changed into the shape of fish.

169 "So you also, my son, should beware of the resourceful anger of Lyaios. But you will say—I have mighty strength, I have in my nature the blood of the terrible giants that sprang of themselves from the sown Teeth. Then avoid the divine hand of Dionysos Giantslayer, who once beside the base of Tyrsenian Peloros smashed Alpos, the son of Earth who fought against gods, battering with rocks and throwing hills. No wayfarer then climbed the height of that rock, for fear of the raging Giant and his row of mouths; and if one in ignorance travelled on that forbidden road whipping a bold horse, the son of Earth spied him, pulled him over the rock with a tangle of many hands, entombed man and colt in his gullet! Often some old shepherd leading his sheep to pasture along the wooded hillside at midday was gobbled up. In those days melodious Pan never sat beside herds of goats or sheepcotes playing his tune on the assembled reeds, no imitating Echo returned the sounds of his pipes; but Prattler as she was, silence sealed those lips which were wont to sound with the pipe of Pan never silent, because the Giant then oppressed all. No cowherd then came, no band of woodmen cutting timbers for a ship troubled the Nymphs of the trees, their agemates, no clever shipwright clamped together a barge, the woodriveted car that travels the roads of the sea, until Bacchos on his travels passed by that peak, shaking his Euian thyrsus. As Lyaios passed, the huge son of Earth high as the clouds attacked him. A rock was the shield

the Alps in some way; the syllable allp- is found in other place-names.
καὶ σκόπελον βέλος εἶχεν, ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
γείτονα δεινόρθεςαν ἐχὼν ὑψιδρομον αἰχμῆν,
ἡ πίτων ἡ πλατάνιστον ἀκούτιζων Διονύσῳ.
ὡς ῥόπαλον πίτων εἶχε, καὶ ἃς θὸν ἀντρό ἔλισσων 200
πρυμνόθειν αὐτόρρειζον ἠκούσα γάμνον ἐλαίης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε τηλεβόλους ὀρέαν ἐκέινωσε κολάνας,
καὶ σκιερῆς βαθύδειννος ἐγχυμώθη ράχης ὕλης,
θυρομαῖτες τότε Βάκχος ἕνων βέλος ἠθάδι ροῖς
εἰς σκοπὸν ἡκότιζε, καὶ ἠμβάτον τυχεν Ἀλποῦ 205
εἰς πλατών ἀνθερεών, κατ᾽ ἀσφαράγγοιο δὲ μέσσου
δινενής χλοάσσα διέσοντο Βακχάς αἰχμῆ.
ἐνθα Γέας ὁλίγω τετορημένοις δέι γύρως
ἡμιμαίης κεκύλιστο καὶ ἐμπεσε γείτων πόντῳ,
πλησάμενος βαθύκολπον ὅλον κενεώνα χαλάσσῃς. 210
ὑψώσας δὲ ρέεθρα Τυφαονὶς διὰ πέτρις
θερμὰ κασιγήτου κατέκλυσε νῦτα χαμενής,
ἐμπυρον ὑδατοείτη καταψῆχων δέμας ὄλκω.
ἀλλὰ, τέκος, πεφυλαξο, μη ἐἰκελα καὶ σὺ νοής,
Τυρσηνῶν ἄτε παῖδες,
ἀτε θρασὺς νῦός 'Αρούρης." 215
Εἴπε καὶ ὁ παρέπειναν ἀταρβήτω δὲ σιδήρω
εἰς ὀρὸς ύψικάρπην ὁμοσχην ἡς Κάδμῳ,
ὁφρα χοροῦ ἤμεθεν. οἰδηροφόροις δὲ μαχηταῖς
ἀσπίδα κουφίζων κουρθαίολος ιαχε Πενθεῖς.
"Δρῶς ἐμοί,
οτεύχοντες ἐν ἀστεὶ καὶ μέσον ὕλης 220
ἀξατὲ μοι βαρυδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἀλήτην,
ὁφρα τυπεῖς Πενθῆς ἀμοβαίησαν ἑμάσθλαις
μηκέτι φαρμακόειν ποτῷ θέλειε γυναῖκας,
ἀλλὰ γὸν κλινείν ἀπὸ σκοπῶν δὲ καὶ αὕτην
μητέρα βακχευθεῖσαν ἕμην φιλοτεκνον 'Αγαύνην 225
ϕοιτάδος ἀγρύπνιοιο μεταστήσασθε χορεῦς.
334
upon his shoulders, a hilltop was his missile; he
leapt on Bacchos, with a tall tree which he found
near for a pike, some pine or planetree to cast at
Dionysos. A pine was his club, and he pulled up an
olive spire from the roots to whirl for a quick sword.
But when he had stript the whole mountain for his
long shots, and the ridge was bare of all the thick
shady trees, then Bacchos thyrsus-wild sped his own
shot whizzing as usual to the mark, and hit this tower-
ing Alpos full in the wide throat—right through the
gullet went the sharp point of the greeny spear. Then
the Giant pierced with the sharp little thyrsus rolled
over half dead and fell in the neighbouring sea,
filling the whole deephollowed abyss of the bay.
He lifted the waters and deluged Typhaon's rock,a
flooding the hot surface of his brother's bed and
cooling his scorched body with a torrent of water.
Nay, my son, be careful, that you too may not see
what the sons of Tyrsenia saw, what the bold son of
Earth saw."

216 He spoke, but could not convince; and so with
undaunted shoe he hurried to the high mountains
with Cadmos, that he might share the dance. But
Pentheus in flashing helm, shield on arm, cried to
his armed warriors—

220 "My servants, make haste through the city and
the depth of the woods—bring me here in heavy chains
that weakling vagabond, that flogged by the repeated
lashes of Pentheus he may cease to bewitch women
with his drugged potion, and bend the knee instead.
Bring back also out of the hills my fond mother Agauë
now gone mad, separate her from the sleepless

a The island under which he lies buried, Inarime in Virgil,
_Aen._ ix. 716.
λυσαλέτης ἐρύσαντες ἀνάμμυκα βότρυν ἐθείρης."

"Ὡς φαμένον Πενθέος ὁπώνες ὡκεὶ ταρσῶ
ἐδραμον υψικόμοιο δυσημβατον εἰς ράχιν ὕλης
ἴχνια μαστεύοιτες ὀριπλαγός Διονίσου.
καὶ μόγις ἀθρήσακτες ἐρημάδοις ἀγχοθε πέτρης
θυρσομαίνῃ Διόνυσον ἐπερράσαιτο μαχηταί
καὶ παλάμαις Βρομίου πέρη ἐσφυγαν ὑμάντας,
δεσμὰ βαλεῖν ἐθέλοιτε ἀνικήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
αὐτ' ὁ μὲν ἦν ἄφαντος, ἑφ περεόντεi πεδῶν
ἀιξας ἀκίχτητοι, ἐν ἀξοθητοῖς ἤ σωσθῇ
δαιμονίην θεράπωντες ὀδολώθησαν ἄναγκῃ,
μήν ἄλυσάσιτες ἀθητεῖον Λυναιον
ταρβαλέοι. καὶ Βάκχων ὁμοίος ἀσπιδιώτη
ἀξιγα ταύρον ἔχων ἐδραξατο χειρὶ κεραίης,
ὡς θεράπων Πενθέος ἀπελειών Διονύσῳ
ψευδομένῳ κεράντε, καὶ ὡς κοτέοντες προσώπῳ
Πενθέος ἔγχος ἰκανε μεμηρότος, ἐζομένου δὲ
λυσαλέον βασιλῆς ἀγήρορα κόμπων ἄθρων
φρικαλέην ἀγίλαστος ἐπικλόσον ἰαχὲ φωνήν.

"Οὔτος ἀνήρ, σκηντοίκη.

τεύχοις ὀιστρηγοῖς 'Αγανη
οὔτος ἀνήρ ἔθελε βασιληθή Πενθέος ἡδην.

αλλὰ λαβὼν κερώντα δολοφονὰ ταύρον ἄληθην
δήσαν ἀλυκτοπέδησα τεῦν μυστηρα θύσιων,
καὶ κεφαλὴν πεφύλαξα βουκραίρου Διονύσου,
μή σε λαβῶν πλησίει ταυγιλάχῳ κεραίῃ."
wandering dance—drag her by the hair now snoodless in her frenzy!"

228 At this command, Pentheus’s men with swift foot ran to the rugged ridge of leafy woodland seeking the tracks of hillranging Dionysos. With difficulty the soldiers found the thyrsus-maddened god near a lonely rock; they rushed upon him and wound straps about Bromios’s hands, binding him fast—that is how they meant to imprison invincible Dionysos! But he disappeared—gone in a flash, untraceable, on his winged shoes. The men stood silent—speechless, cowed by divine compulsion, shrinking before the wrath of Lyaios unseen, terrified. And Bacchos in the likeness of a soldier with shield in hand, seized a wild bull by the horn, making as if he were one of the servants of Pentheus, crying out upon this false horned Dionysos. He put on a look of rage and came near to mad Pentheus where he sat, and mocked at the proud boasts of the frenzied king as he spoke unsmiling these deceitful threatening words:

246 "This is the man, your Majesty, who has sent your Agauë mad! This is the man who covets the royal throne of Pentheus! Take this horned vagabond Bacchos full of tricks—bind in galling fetters the pretender to your throne—and beware of the bull’s horns of Dionysos’s head, or he may catch you and pierce you with the long point of his horn!"

252 When Bromios had finished, god-defiant Pentheus uttered reckless words, his mind being possessed by the delirium of Bromios:

254 "Bind him, bind him, the robber of my throne! This is the enemy of my sceptre, this is he that comes coveting the royal seat of Semele and her father! A fine thing for me to share my honour with Dionysos,
άνδροφυὴ τινα ταύρον ἔχειν ἐμπόρα τιμῆς,
βουκεράθι νόθον ἑδοὺς ἐπαγάζοστα μετώπῳ,
ὅν μετὰ Ἡπαυγῆν Σεμέλη τᾶχα γίνατο ταύρῳ,
βοσκομένῳ κεράτῳ συμπτωμένη παρακοίτη.

Ἦπε καὶ ἀγραίλου σῶδας ταύρῳ πιζῶν
σφίγγειν ἀλυκτοπόδην λαβὼν δὲ μιὰν ἀντὶ Λυκίου
ηγαγεν ἵππεῖς πεπεδήμον ἐγνάθος φάτνης,
ὡς Σεμέλης θρασὺν νὰ καὶ οὐ τινα ταύρον έέργων
Βασσαρίδων δε φύλαγγα περίπλοκον ἀμματὶ χειρῶν
δέσμων εὑρ用水 κατεσφηγῆσοσ μελάθρῳ,
εἰς γλαφυρὸν τινα κοιλιν ατερπίου ὅλκον ἀνάγκης.
Κυμερίων μίμημα δυσέκβατον, ἀμμορὸν Ἡοίς,
ἀμφιπόλοις Βρομίων πιθανῶδες, ὅν ὑπὸ δεσμῷ
θλιβομένης παλάμησιν ἐμπρώθησαν ἱμάντες,
χαλκείς δὲ πόδεσιν ἐπεσφηγηζετο σειρή.

Ἀλλα ταχυστροφάλιγγος

ότε δρόμος ἦλθε χορείς
Μαυάδες ὠρχήσατο; θυλλήκοσα δὲ Βάκχη
ἀστατα δυνηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμον παλμῷ
ἀρραγέων ἀνέκοπτε παλίμποτον ὅλκον ἱμάντων.
καὶ παλάμαις κροτάλιζεν οἰδεθέρων Εὐξον ἥχῳ
ἐυρύθρῳς πατάγωσιν ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δε ταρσῶν
χαλκοβάρης σφιγώσα ποδῶν ἐσχίζετο σειρή.
καὶ δόμον ἀχλωσέντα θεόσυστος ἔστεφεν αἰγῆ
Βασσαρίδων ζοφεροῖο καταστάζουσα μελάθρους
καὶ σκοτίον πυλεώνες ἀνεττύσσετο βερέθρου
αὐτόματον τρομερῷ δὲ τεθηπότες ἀλματὶ ταρσῶν
Βασσαρίδων βρύχημα καὶ ἄγραν ἀφρον ὀδόντων
εἰς φόβον ἥπειγοντο φυλάκτορες. αἰ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
νόστιμων ἱσος ἐκαμμαθεὶς ἔρημάδος εἰς ράχιν ἔλης,
ὡν ἡ μέν βοέθην ἄγελθη δαυτρεύσατο θύρῳ
ῥινοτόρῳ, καὶ χείρας ἐάς ἐμήνατο λύθρῳ.
the son of an illicit bed, a bull in human form, with a shape of borrowed glory upon his oxhorned face, whom Semele perhaps mothered for a bull, like another Pasiphaë, mated with a grazing horned bedfellow!"

262 He spoke, and bound fast the legs of the wild bull in galling shackles. Taking him for Lyaios he led him shackled near the horses' manger, thinking his captive Semele's bold son and no bull. He tied together with ropes the hands of all the ranks of Bassarids, sealed them up in a mouldy dungeon, a vaulted cavern, a house of joyless constraint, whence none could escape, dark as the Cimmerians, far from the light of day, these followers of Bromios in the revels; their arms were bound in a clasp of galling straps, chains of bronze were sealed on their legs.

273 But when the time came for the quickturning dance, then danced the Mainads. The Bacchants like a storm shook loose the wrappings of their straps unbroken and circled quickly in tripping step, rattling a free Euian noise with rhythmic claps, while the turning of their feet broke the thick heavy fetters of bronze round their legs. A heavensent radiance filled the dark dungeon of the Bassarids, diffused over the gloomy roof; the doors of the darksome den opened of themselves; the jailers were stupefied at the cries and the ferocious foaming teeth of the Bassarids, and their leaping feet, and fled in terror.

285 So they escaped and turned their way back to the forest in the lonely hills. One slew a herd of bulls with skinpiercing thyrsus, and soiled her hands in the

1 θύρα Cunaeus, Warmington independently, for ταύρον written perhaps echoing βοην ὄγειν, cf. ταυρεῖν in l. 289.
ταυρείν ὄντωςεσι διασχίζουσα καλύπτρην τρηχαλέν, ἐτέρη δε δαφωτεύεται κορύμβοι εὐροτέκτων ἄρρηκτα διέτυμα τις μυλῶν, ἀλλή δ' αλγάς ἐπεφένεν ἐφοινισσοντο δὲ λύθρου αἰμαλέως λιβάδεως δαιζομένης από ποίμης. ἀλλή δε τριέτην ἀφαρπάξασα τοκῆς ἀτρομον ἀστυφελίκτων ἀδέσμιων ὕψοθεν ὠμων ᾨστατο κοψίζουσα μεμηλότα παίδα θυσίλλαις, ἐξόμενον γελῶσι δαὶ οὐ πίπτοντα κονίλ· καὶ γλάγος ἦτε κούρος, ἐν ἀτε μητέρα, Βάκχην, στήθεα δ' ἀμφαφάδαςκεν ἀντιμεύτου δὲ κούρης αὐτομάτην γλαγύσσαν ἀεβλιων ἰκμάδα μαζι· παίδι δὲ πειναλέω λασίους πετάσασα χιτώνας χεῖλες υπηιάξουσα νόφρυτων ὑτηγε θηλήν, παρθενίη τ' ἐκόψασεν λήθε δ' κούρον ἐφοι· πολλαὶ δ' ἀρτιτόκους μετοχισθέντα τεκούσης τέκνα δασυστηρίων τιθηργαστε λεινής. ἀλλή δυσίων οὐδες ἐπέκτυπεν ὡς διέρων άκρων ὅροις πλῆξασα ψυχιές· αὐτοτελὴ δὲ οἶνων ἐρευγομένη κρανή πορφύρετο πέτρη, λειβομένου δὲ γάλακτος ἁρασσομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης πίδακες αὐτοχώρους ἐλευκαίνυτο πέτρως. ἀλλή ρίψε δράκοντα κατὰ ὄρνος ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ σπείραν ὡς κόκλωσι, καὶ ἐπλετυ κοισὸς ἀλήτης πρωμῶν ἐλυσσομένως σκολίῳ μιτρούμενος ὀλκῷ, ἀμφελειξομένων μιμούμενος ἀμμα δρακόντων. καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο σειροτά θῆρα κομίζων τίγριν ἀπελητήρα καθῆμενοι ἱξοθί νότου, ἀγρῖον ἠθὸς ἱχχοτα καὶ οὐ ψαυκοτα φορήτος· καὶ συὸς ἄκρα γένεα γέρων Σεληνὸς ἐρύσσας κάρχαρον ἡκότιζεν ἐς ἡερα κάπρων ἄθωρων· ἄλλος ἀειλῆτεν ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ 340
gore, tearing the rough bull's hide with her fingernails. Another cut to pieces a flock of sheep with bloody twigs, not tearing their soft wool; another killed goats, and all were dyed with bloody streams of gore from the slaughtered herd. Another snatched from the father a threeyear child, and set it upon her shoulder untrembling, unshaken, unbound, balancing the boy in the winds' charge—there he sat laughing, never falling in the dust. The boy asked the Bacchant for milk, thinking it was his mother, and pawed her breast—and milky drops ran of themselves to the breasts of the unwedded maiden, she opened her hairy wrap for the hungry boy, and offered a newly flowing teat to his childish lips; so a virgin stilled the boy with an unfamiliar drink. Many forced away newborn cubs from a shaggychested lioness and nursed them. Another struck the thirsty soil with the point of a thyrsus; the top of the hill split at once, and the hard rock poured out purple wine of itself, or with a tap on the rock fountains of milk ran out of themselves in white streams. Another threw a snake at an oak; the snake coiled round the tree, and turned into moving ivy running round girdling the trunk, just as snakes run their coils round and round. A Satyr rushed along carrying a snarling beast, a dangerous tiger which sat on his back, which for all its wild nature did not touch the bearer. One old Seilenos dragged a boar by the snout and threw the tusked swine up in the air for fun. Another with stormy leaps of his feet in a moment
eis λοφίν ἀκίχτητος ἐπιμόρητο καμήλου,
καὶ τις ὑπέρ νότοιο θωράν ἐποχήσατο ταῦρῳ.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλαιοι μυροδημῆτρα ἐν Θήβῃ
θαῦματα ποικίλα Βάκχος ἐδείκνυε πάσι πολίταις·
καὶ σφαλεροὶ σώδεσοι ἐβακχεύνοντο γυναῖκες . . .
χειλεσίων ἀφροκόμουσιν ἀλη ὃ ἐκλίζετο Θήβῃ,
καὶ φλογεροὺς σπαυθήρας ἀπηκόπτων ἀγναί
σείτο πάντα θέμεθα, καὶ ἦν βοῦων ἀπὸ λαμών
ἀκλωτές πυλεώνες ἐμυκήσατο μελάθρων·
καὶ δόμος ἀστυφελίκτος ἀναβρομέσσει κυδομῷ
λαίνετ' σάλπιγγι χητών αὐτόσωπον ἡχῷ.
Οὐδὲ χόλον Διονύσος ἐπαύσατο· δαμονίην δὲ
φθογγόν ἀροφοῖς εἰς ἐπταπόρων ἰτῖν ἀστρῶν,
λυσθεὶς ἄτε ταῦρος, ἢ μυκήσατο λαμῷ·
καὶ κλονέων Πειθής μεμηνότα μάρτυρ πυρῶν
μαρμαρυγῆς ἐπλήσαν όλου δόμου ἀμφὶ δὲ τοῖχος
ἀστιπόρους σελάγιζε πολυβιχῖδες ἀλλόμενον πῦρ
δαιμονίῳ σπαυθῆρι κατάσωτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοις
πορφυρέως καὶ στέρνον ἀλυσαῖν βασιλῆς
πυρῶν ἐλιξ πεφόρητο, καὶ οὐκ ἐφλεξὶς χειών.
κεκριμέναις δ' ἀκίσιον ἀποσπάδες ἄλματε θερμῷ
ἐκ ποδὸς εἰς μέσα νῶτα, δὲ ἵππως εἰς ῥάχιν ἄκρην
Πειθέος ἀμφὶ τένοιτα μετέλθες ἐτέχουσι αὐγαί·
pολλάκι δ' αὐτοπόρῳ πυρὸς βητάρμον παλμῷ
Γγενέους βασιλῆς ἐνετράτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἀφλεγέας σπαυθῆρας ἀπέπτυνε θέκελος αἰγή.
καὶ σέλας αὐτοεὐκλετον ἓνων ῥουχήσατο Πειθέως,
κέκλετο δὲ δημόσιον ἀγεὶν ἀλκτήριον ὕδωρ,
ὅφρα κατασβέσσωσιν ἀναπτομένη φλόγα πυρσοῦ
δῶμα περισχοίνοτες ἀλεξίκακους ἑκέθρους·
καὶ γλαφυρῶν γυάλων ἐφύτη γυμνοῦμεν ὕδωρ,
καὶ, μεγάλῃ περ ἑοῦσα, ρόους τερσαίνετο πηγῇ.
mounted upon a camel's neck; and one jumped on a bull and rode on his back.

323 So much for the mountains; but in music-built Thebes, Bacchos manifested many wonders to all the people. The women danced wildly with staggering feet . . . with foaming lips. All Thebes was shaken, and sparks of fire shot up from the streets; all the foundations quaked, the immovable gates of the mansions bellowed as if they had throats like a bull; even the unshaken building rumbled in confusion, as if giving voice with a stone trumpet of its own.

332 Yet Dionysos did not abate his wrath. He sent his divine voice into the sky as far as the seven orbits of the stars, bellowing with his own throat like a mad bull. He pursued frenzied Pentheus with his witnesses, the fires, and filled the whole house with the blaze. Tongues of fire danced gleaming over the walls right and left with showers of burning sparks; over the king's brilliant robes and the seapurple stuff about his chest ran spirals of fire which did not burn his garments. Separate streaks of fire went in hot leaps from foot to middleback, across his loins to the top of his backbone and round his neck ran the travelling flashes: often the divine light spat sparks that did not burn on the splendid bed of the earthborn king, the fire dancing about at random. Pentheus seeing this fire moving about of itself roared aloud and called his slaves to help, to bring saving water to drench the place with protective torrents and quench the burning flames. And the rounded cisterns were emptied, bared of water, the fountain of the river

a Because the stones of its walls came of themselves at the sound of Amphion's lyre.
ἀγγεί, νηρίδμοιςιν ἄφυσομένου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ πόνος ἀχρήστος ἐκεῖ καὶ ἐπίσιον ὑδώρ,
καὶ διεραίς λιβάδεσσιν ἀέρετο βαλλόμενον πῦρ
καὶ πειράματος ἀκτίσιν καὶ ὡς πολέων ἀπὸ ταῦρων
μυκηθμοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπωροφίῃ πέλεν ἕχω,
βρονταῖς δ' ἐνδομύχοισιν ἐπέκτυπε Πενθέος αὐλῆ.

344
great as it was, dried up when those thousands of vessels were dipt in the water. Their trouble was useless, the water did no good, wet floods poured on the fire only made its flames grow hotter still; there was a sound as of the echoing bellow of many bulls under that roof, and the palace of Pentheus resounded with internal thunders.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΩΝ
ΕΚΤΩΝ

'Εκτόν τεσσαρακοστοί ὑδαὶ πλέον, ἦχοι νοήσεως Ἡεθεός ἄκρα κάρημα καὶ ὀλέσιτεκτον 'Αγαίης.

'Αλλ' ὦ τι δή γάλωσκεν ἀναξ θρασύς, ὅτι λυθέτος ἀυτομάτου δεσμοῦ σιδηροφόρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν Μαυνάδες ἐσαύρησα μετῆλες εἰς ρήχων υλῆς, καὶ δόλων ἀλλοπροσαλλων ᾑρήτου Διογύσου, ἀντατος ῥηματήριο χάλω κυριακότεο Πειθεός, καὶ μν ῥοδὶ παροῦτ αὐληνδρομον ἕθαδι κισσῷ βόστρυχα μετρωθῆτα, καὶ ἀπλοκον ἱψότεν ὠμῶν μηκεδαιής ὄρφον κεχαλασμένον ὄλκον ἐθείρης, τοῖον ἀπερροθήκησεν ἐνον λυσσαώστε λαμβάν.

"'Ηδος ο Τειρεσίας ἀπατήλιον εἰς ἐμε' πέμπων 10 οὐ διώκαται σεο μάντις ἐμόν νόον ἡπεροπεύειν ἄλλος ἐπιστε ταῦτα. θελ' πόθεν νιή 'Ρεῖης οὐ Δι μαζὸν ὅρεξε, καὶ ἀντεφεῖ πιά θυατήν; εἰρέο Δικταίης κορυθαιόλον ἄπτρον ἐράπης, 14 εἰρέο καὶ Κορύθαιτας, ὀτν ποτὲ κόρος ἄδυρων μαζὸν 'Αμαλθείης κορυστρόκολον αγίος ἀμέλγων 17 Ζεύς μενός ἠφάσε, καὶ οὐ γλάγος ἔσπασε 'Ρεῖης, 15 ήθεα σεο δολίης ἀπεμάζακα καὶ σε τεκνούσης. 18 ψευδομένην Σεμέλην Κρονίδης ἔβλεπε κεραυνῷ ἀξεο, μη Κρονίδης μετα μητέρα καὶ σε δαμάσση. 20
BOOK XLVI

See also the forty-sixth, where you will find the head of Pentheus and Agauë murdering her son.

As soon as Pentheus, that audacious king, understood that the fetters of iron had dropt of themselves from the prisoners' hands, and the Mainads were rushing abroad to the mountain forest, as soon as he knew the crafty plan of unseen Dionysos, restless at once he swelled with violent wrath. Then he saw him returned there, with wreaths of the usual ivy about his head, and the long locks of hair flowing in unkempt trails over his shoulders, and blustered out these wild words from his frenzied throat—

"I like you for sending that swindler Teiresias to me! Your seer cannot deceive my mind. Tell all that to someone else. How could goddess Rheia refuse her breast to Zeus her own son, and yet nurse the son of Thyone? Ask the cave in the rock of Dicte with its flashing helmets, ask the Corybants too, where little Zeus used to play, when he sucked the nourishing pap of goat Amaltheia and grew strong in spirit, but never drank Rheia's milk. You also have a touch of your deceitful mother. Semele was a liar, and Cronides burnt her with his thunders: take care that Cronides does not crush you like your mother. I
βάρβαρον οὐ μεθέπω καὶ ἔγινος ἄρχέγονος δέ Ἰαμνός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐ τέκεν ὕγρος 'Ἰδάσσης. Δημιάδην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ Δικόφρος ἄκοι. ἀλλὰ σὺν ἑμετέρῳ Σετίρῳ καὶ θυάσι Βάκχαις Δέρκης λείπει μέτρα, καὶ ἵν ἔθελη, σέο θύρας 25 κτείνε παρ' Ἀσπρίωσι πεῖτερον ἄλλον Ὀρόντην. οὐ οὐ γένος Κρονίων Ὀλύμπιοι ἀλλήλες γὰρ ἀστεροποι ἤθισσαν ὡνείδα σειο τεκουσῆς, καὶ κρυφίων λεχέων ἐπιμάρτυρές εἰσὶ κεραυνοί. οὐ Δανάης μετὰ λέκτρα κατέβλεγεν ὑέτοιο Ζεύς, 30 καὶ γνωτήν ἁδόντων ἐμοῦ Κάδμου κομίζων Εὐρώπην ἐφίλαξε, καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε θαλάσσῃ. οἶδα μὲν, ὡς ἀλόχιστον ἐτὶ βρέφος αἰθερίης φλὸς ὠλεσεν αἰθωμενὴς μετὰ μητέρος, ἠμιτελὴ δὲ λῦσε νόθην ἅθα μαραμομένου τοκετοῦ. 35 εἰ δὲ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσαν, ὅτι χθονίων ὑμεναίων κρυπταδής φιλότητος ἀναίτιος ἐσσὶ τεκουσῆς, πεῖθομαι, ὡς ἐνέπεις, ἄκεφων δὲ σε παίδα καλέσσω Ζηνός ἐπουρανίῳ, καὶ οὐ φλεξθέντα κεραυνῷ. καὶ οὐ με τοῦτο δίδαξον ἄλλῃ μάρτυρι μῦθω: 40 Ζεὺς γενέτης πότε Φοῖβον ἢ Ἀρχα γεύσαστο μηρῷ; εἰ Διὸς ἐλλαχεῖς αἴμα, μετέρχεο κύκλον Ὀλύμπιον αἰθέρα ναιετῶν, λίπε Πειθώ πατρίδα Θήβην. ὠφέλες ἀρµενὸς ἄλλον ἀμερκῆ μῦθον ἐνύψαι ψευδεῖ κερδαλέω κεράσας θελξίφρονα Πειθώ, 45 ὅτι σε παιδοτόκῳ Κρονίδης τέκεν θάδα κόρην· οὐ τάχα τόσσον ἀπιστὼν ἔτεν ἔπος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸν Βάκχου ἀνυμφεύτῳ μετὰ Παλλάδα τίκτε καρπην. ἥθελον, εἰ γένος ἐσχες Ὀλύμπιοι, αἴδε Κρονίων υψιμέδων σε φύτευσεν, ὅπως Διὸς αἴμα διώκων 50 348
too have no share of barbaric race in me. I am sprung from primeval Ismenos, not from watery Hydaspes; I know nothing of Deriades, my name is not Lycurgos. Now leave the streams of Dirce and take your Satyrs and mad Bacchants with you; use your thyrsus, if you like, to kill another and a younger Orontes among the Assyrians. You are no Olympian offspring of Cronion: for the lightnings cry aloud the shame of your perishing mother, the thunders are witnesses of her illicit bed. Zeus of the Rains burnt not Danaë after the bed; he carried Europa, the sister of my Cadmos, and kept her unshaken—he did not drown her in the sea. I know that fire from heaven consumed the babe unborn along with the burning mother, and released the bastard fruit of this scorching delivery half-formed: if it did not destroy the babe, because you are innocent of your mother's furtive love of an earthly bedfellow, I believe it as you declare, and unwillingly I will call you son of heavenly Zeus and one not burnt up by the thunder. Now tell me in your turn, and bear true witness: when did their father Zeus ever produce Ares or Apollo from his thigh? If you have in you the blood of Zeus, migrate to the vault of Olympos and live in heaven, leave to Pentheus his native Thebes. You should find another tale to fit the case, something plausible, and mix with your cunning imposture persuasion to enchant the mind—that Cronides brought you forth from his prolific brow as usual. Perhaps it would not be quite so incredible a story that he produced Bacchos too like Pallas from that unwedded brow. I would wish if you had been of the Olympian breed, yes if only Cronion Lord on High had got you, that I might hunt the offspring
νικήσω Διόνυσον, Ἐχίσσος νῦς ἀκούων·

"Ὡς φαμένον νεμέανε ὦρός καὶ ἀμείβετο μῆδω, κρύπτων δαιμονίης ἐποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀπειλής·

"Βάρβαρα θεωρᾶ φέροντα

ἐπολαίων χθόνα Κελτῶν,

ἦν νέον ἠρπαγόν καθαρῆν ωάδίαν δυσάζων

Ῥήμος ἀσημάττων θεομοσσόλος τοκτοκό

ἀιματος ἀργότατου νῦθον γένος οἶδον ἐλέγχαι.

οὐ μὲν ἔρω Ῥήμων δατασιμοῦντο σπαραμοῖο

χειμασιν οὐτιδανοις δικαζομαι, ἀλλὰ ρεῖθρων

πιστότεροι κήρυκες ἐμοί γεγένασι κραννοι·

κραύσουν μαρτυρίῳ στεροπῆς μὴ δίξεον, Πειθεῖν·

ἐδατι μὲν Γαλάτης, οὗ δὲ πείθεο μάρτυρι πυραφ.

οὐ χατέω Πειθῆς ἐπιχθονίῳν μελάθρουν

δόμια Διονυσίῳ τίλλη πατριώνος αἰθήρ·

καὶ χθόνος εἰ κρίσις ἢν ἡ ἀστερόειτος Ὀλύμπου,

εἰτε μοι εἰρομένω, τίνα ψέρτερον αὐτός ἐνίψης,

οὐρανον ἐπταίωσιν ἡ ἐπταίτου ἐπαθολούν χθόνα Θήβης·

οὐ χατέω Πειθῆς ἐπιχθονίῳν μελάθρουν.

μοῦτον ἐμὴς κόηρινοι μελισσαγές ἀνθῶς ὀπώρης·

μὴ ποτὸν ἀμπελότατος ἀγαίνης Διονύσου.

Ἰνδυφόρῳ Βρομῷ μὴ μάρινῳ, θηρυτηρῇ δὲ,

εἰ δύνασαι, πολεμίζει μὴ μησείῃ Βάκχῃ.

σοὶ τάχα καλὸν έθνετο προμάκτιες οὐνομα Μοῖραι

ύμετέρου θανάτου προάγγελον αἰνοπαθῆ δὲ

οὐ νέμεσις Πειθῆ πεδοτρέκθος γενέτηρος

Γηγενές αἴμα φέροντα φέρειν μύημα Γιγάντων,

οὐ νέμεσις καὶ Βάκχοι Ὀλύμπιοιν αἴμα γενέθλης

Ζηνὸς ἔχειν μύημα Γιγαντοφόνου τοκτός.

350
of Zeus and conquer Dionysos, I, called the son of Echion!"

52 At these words the god was indignant, and replied, concealing the weight of a fatal threat deep in his heart:

54 "I admire the Celtic land with its barbarous law, where the Rhine tests the pure birth of a young baby: he is judge of a doubtful birth, and knows how to detect the bastard offspring of unknown blood." But my appeal is not to the insignificant stream of that river called Rhine, but I have heralds more trustworthy than rivers, in the thunderbolts. Seek no better testimony than the lightning, Pentheus. The Gaul believes the water, do you believe the testifying fire. I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus; the home of Dionysos is his father's heaven. If there were a choice between earth and starry Olympos, tell me I ask, which could you call better yourself, sevenzone heaven or the land of sevengate Thebes? I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus!

69 "Only respect the honeydripping bloom of my fruit, do not despise the drink of Dionysos and his vine. War not against Bromios the slayer of Indians, but only one woman, fight if you can only with one manbreaking Bacchant! Perhaps the prophetic Fates named you well, to foreshow your death. No wonder that Pentheus having the earthborn breed of his ancestor sprung from the soil, should suffer the direful fate of the Giants. No wonder that Bacchos too, having the Olympian breed of his race, should play the part of Zeus his giantslaying father. Ask

---


*b* ἴπθευς—πένθος (mourning).
εἶρεο Τειρεσίαν, τίν χώσας εἶρεο Πυθώ, 
tίς Σεμέλη παράνε, τίς ἰροει ραῖδα Θυώνης. e1 
εῇ δὲ μαθεῖν ἑθελεῖς χρωτερπείς ὀργνα Βάκχου, 
φύρεα καλλεύθας βασιλῆα τέπλαθί, Πεινθέι, 
θύλεα πέπλα φέρειν, καὶ γίνεο θύλας 'Αγαύης. 
μὴ δὲ σε θηρεύνοιτα παραίξωσι γυναίκες. 
"ν δὲ τῇ παλάμῃ θηροκτόνα τὸξα ταυτόσης, 
Κάδμως ἐπαινήσει σε συγκράσσοντα τεκοῦση. 
Βάκχοι μούνος ἔρηθε, καὶ, ἐν θέρμαις ἱοκεαρία, 
όφρα λεοτοφόνον σε μετ’ 'Ακτιώνα καλάσσων. 
κάθεο τεύχεα ταῦτα: ἀδηροφόρους δὲ μαχητὰς 
χερου ἀθωρήκτοις ἐμαύτας κτείνουσι γυναίκες. e1 
εῇ δὲ σε γηνήσοιν ἀτευγεί θύλει χάρμη 
ἐντεισι κοσμηθήσατα, τις αἰνήσισι ποιέτης 
αἴδρα γυναίκειν κεκαφητότα δημιττί; 
Βασαπρις οὐ τρομεῖν πτερόν βελός, οὐ δόρυ φεύγει 
ἀλλὰ δόλῳ κρυφός πυκάσας ἀγνωστον ὀπωπή 
όβεραι ὀργα πάρτα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου." 
"Ὡς εἰπὼν παρείποιν, ἐπεὶ νὸν ἁίδρος ὑμάσσων 
φοιταλέγα ἐδούτης κατάσχετον ἁλματι λύσσης . . . 
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλοι ἐπέχρας Πεινθέι Μήτη 
δαμηνή μάστης συνεργοφένης δὲ Καλαίῳ 
λυσότεις θραίνοις οἰστρος ἁμαρσινόοι Σελήνης 
φάσματα ποικίλομορφα μεμητός Πεινθέι δεῖξας 
φρικτὸν Ἐχοιόνος προτέρῃς μετέθηκε μενούσης, 
καὶ σφαλερὴ Πεινθέος ἔπειμαράγγεσαν ἀκού, 
δαμηνύς σαλπιγγος ἀλάστορα δοῦνον ἀρᾶσσων 
ἀνέρα δ’ ἐπτοίχεος. καὶ εἰς δόμων ἡλυθε Πεινθέος 
οἰστρομαννη, ποθεῖν διασώδεος ὀργα Βάκχου 
φωριαμοῦ δ’ ὁμὲ θερώδεας, ἦς γυναίκων 

* i.e. he became literally lunatic, moon-struck.
Teiresias who it is you are defying; ask Pytho who it is that slept with Semele, who it is begat Thyone's child.

81 "And if you are willing to learn the mysteries of dancedelighting Bacchos, put off your royal robes, Pentheus, condescend to wear the garments of a woman and become the woman Agauë, and let not the women escape you when you hunt them. Or if your hand draws the bow to slay wild beasts, Cadmos will praise you when you join your mother in the hunt. Alone, rival Bacchos, and if it be lawful, the Archeress, that I may call you a new Actaion lionslayer. Put off these arms. My women slay steel-armed warriors with their bare hands; if they conquer with unarmed female onset you clad in armour, which of your people would praise a man outworn in a battle with women? The Bassarid fears no feathered shaft, she flees no spear. No—be crafty and secret, disguise your aspect that none may know, and you shall see all the mysteries of danceweaving Dionysos."

97 Thus he persuaded Pentheus, since he lashed the man's mind, and shook him, in the clutches of throbbing madness and distraction. . . . Mene also helped Bromios, attacking Pentheus with her divine scourge; the frenzied reckless fury of distracting Selene joining in displayed many a phantom shape to maddened Pentheus, and made the dread son of Echion forget his earlier intent, while she deafened his confused ears with the bray of her divine avenging trumpet, and she terrified the man.

106 Pentheus entered the house goaded to madness with a desire to see the secrets of Bacchos's congregation. He opened the scented coffers, where lay
κέκλιτο Σιδονίης ἀλεπώρφυρα πέπλα βαλάσσες· καὶ χρῶν πουκελώτων ἑώεστο πέπλον 'Ἄγαυς. αὐτοτής δ' ἐσφυρήθει ἐπὶ πλοκάμων καλύπτην, στῆθεα μιτράσας βασιλία κυκλάδι τέχνη· καὶ πόδας ἐσφύρωσε γεφυρώσωσὶ πεδίλων· χειρὶ δ' θύρας ἀτερνὶ μεταρχομένῳ δὲ Βάκχας πουκέλος ἰχνευτήρι κυτῶν ἐπενέρετο ταρσόφ.

Μυθρὼς δὲ πάθεσαν ἐκείς ῥηγήσατο Πενθέας ἠδροματίς· λοξῷ δὲ πέδων κροταλίζει πεδίλῳ ἐκ ποδῶς αὐθάσασθαι ἑτέρων πέδα χειρὰ δὲ δισοῦν θῆλινον ἔλεγεν ἀμοιβήδα δύσην παλμῷ, ἢ γνῆ παιζοσά ἡρωίτυσον ἢ δὲ ῥοπτρῳ δίκτυσαν ἄριστον κροτάζῳ ἐπεροίζῃ καλκῷ ἕφεσις μεθέκεν ἄλμοιν βοστρυχῷ αὐραῖς, λυξὸν ἀνακροτῶν μελὸς Κίνων, ἡ τάγη φαίνε 

καὶ διδέμους Φαύθοτας ἑδήκετο καὶ δύο Θῆβας· ἐλπεπτὸ δ' ἀκαμάτων ἐπικείμενων ψάθεν ὦμων Θῆβης ἐπταπόρου μετογλίζων πυλεών.

'Αρφι δ' ἐνδιεθανθός ἐκκυκλώσαντο πολίται, ὡς μὲν ἔχον προχότατα λύχθου χθόνος, ὡς δ' ἐπὶ πέτρῳ ψφανθής, οὗ δὲ πήχειν ἐπὶ αἰνέρος ὦμον ἐρείποια 130

ἔχοις ἀντιγράφει ἐπὶ χθωνὶ δάκτυλα πήλας· καὶ τις εὐγλούσκων μετῆμιν ὄργιον ἄρούρης, ἄλλος ἐπὶ προβλήτως ἐπαίξας, ὡς δὲ δοκεοῖν δόχουμ ὀμοῖο τίταινε ἀερολάβων ἀπὸ πῦργῳν ὡς δὲ μέσας στεφασμῶν ἐπὶ ἀντιγη χεῖρας ἐλίξας

ἐχνεσιν ἀκρόποροισιν ἀτόμε κίονα βαϊνων. Πενθέα παπταίσιν δεδομένων ἀλματι λύσιν, θύροιν ἀερτάζοιτα καὶ αἰθύσσοιτα καλύπτην. Ἡδὴ δ' ἐπταπόρου παρέδραμε τείχεα Θῆβης.
the women's garments dyed in purple of the Sidonian sea. He donned the embroidered robe of Agauë, bound Autonoë's veil over his locks, laced his royal breast in a rounded handwork, passed his feet into women's shoes; he took a thyrsus in hand, and as he walked after the Bacchants a broidered smock trailed behind his hunting heel.

116 With mimicking feet Pentheus twirled in the dance, full of sweet madness; he rattled the ground with sidelong boot, darting one foot away from another. Unmanning his two hands he shook them in alternate beats, like a dancing woman at play; as drumming a double tune on the two plates of the cymbals, he loosed his long hair to float on the breezes of heaven and struck up a Euian melody of Lydia. You might fairly say you saw a wild Bacchant woman madly rollicking. Yes, and he saw two suns and two cities of Thebes; he thought he could hold a gatehouse of sevengate Thebes, hoisting it upon his untiring shoulders.

128 Round him the people assembled in a ring, climbing one on a round tump of earth, one conspicuous high on a rock, while a third rested an arm over the shoulder of a neighbour and raised his foot on tip-toe above the ground: here one made for some lump sticking out of the earth, another was on a projecting bastion, another watched with slanting eye from the towering ramparts; another hugging a round pillar swarmed up with the flat of his feet, and watched Pentheus waving his thyrsus and fluttering his veil and leaping in the throes of madness.

139 Already he had gone round the walls of Thebes

---

*a* Eur. *Bacch.* 912 ff.; these books are full of reminiscences of the play.  
*b* L.'s conjecture, he now prefers ὑγιον.
αὐτομάτοις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνοιγομένων πυλεόνων: ἦδη δὲ πρὸ πόλης ἐς ἱέρα βοστρυχα στιών ἀβρα δρακοντοβάτου παρέστικε νάματα Δίρκης· καὶ ποὺ δι' ἐνοικίητο χειροί τυπον ἰχνος ἐλύσων

daɪμονος ἀμπελόειτος ὁπίστερον еἰς πορείην.
'Αλλ' ὅτε χαρόν ἔκαιτεν, ὅτε δρυίς, ἦχι χορεῖα, καὶ τελεταὶ Βρομίου θασώδεις, ἦχι και αὐτή Βασσαρίδων ἀπέδιλος ἤν κεμαδοσσός ἄγρη, ἀμπελόεις τὸτε Βάκχος ὀρειάδος ἐνδοθι λόχιης ἀρχαίην ἐλατήν ἑσόμηκε γειτών πέτρῃ δάνδρον ἵδων περίμετρον ἐγθευεν, ἢ ὑπὸ θάμνῳ ἀγχινέοις πετάλοις ἐπεσκόψατο κολώναι ἀκρότατον δὲ κόρυμβον ἀφειδεί χειρι πυλών ἐς πέδων, ἐς πέδων ἐλκε κατὰ χρόνος ἐκτάδα Πενθεύς...

καὶ τὸτε Βασσαρίδων χορίτιδες ἠλθον 'Ὡραι ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκέλευον, ἀνεκώπητο δὲ πέπλοις, νεβρίδα δ' ἀμφιβάλουτο καὶ οὐρεσίφοιτος. 'Αγαῦ 100 ἀφροκόμοις στομάτασσεν ἀπερροίβησεν ἰωήν.

"Αὐτονόη, σπεύδωμεν, ὅτι χορός ἐστὶ Λυκίων καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούεται ἱθάδος αὐλοῦ, ὅφα μέλος πλέξαμι φιλεύον, ὅφα δαεῖων,

tις φθαρμένη στῆσει χειροστασίην Διονύσῳ,

τις τίναι νικήσεις θυηπολέουσα Λυκίων.

dηθύνεις, ἀχορεύετε, καὶ ἤμεας ἐφθασεν 'Ἰνώ

οὐκέτι πάντων ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτή

* The dragon which Cadmos killed, cf. iv. 356 ff.
while the portals of the seven gates opened on self-moving pivots, already he had passed the soft waters of dragonfeeding \(^a\) Dirce before the city, with his hair blowing on the wind; and beating mad feet in the circling dance he followed his course behind the vinegod.

\(^{145}\) But when he came to the place where the trees were, and the dances and rites of the congregation of Bromios, where also was the hunting of their prickets by the unshod Bassarids, then vinegod Bacchos was glad, and espied in the mountain forest an ancient fir-tree tall as the neighbouring rock, which cast a shade with its bushy leaves over the cloud-high hills. With unflinching hand he seized the top of the tree and dragged it down, down to the ground. Pentheus lay along the ground [and Bacchos let go] the soaring spire, Pentheus clung to the tree that carried him on high, grasped the branches with his hands as they were borne aloft, and whirling his legs about this way and that way restlessly, moved lightly like a dancer.\(^b\)

\(^{158}\) Then came the dancing-hours for the Bassarids. They called to one another and tucked up their robes and threw on the fawnskins. Hillranging Agauë shouted aloud with foam on her lips—

\(^{162}\) "Autonoë, let us make haste to the dance of Lyaios, where the hillranging voice of the familiar pipe is heard, that I may recite the song that Euios loves, that I may learn who first will lead the dance for Dionysos, who will beat whom in doing worship to Lyaios! You’re late, you slack dancer, Ino has got there before us! She is no longer an exile in the sea,

\(^b\) This passage, for the sense of which cf. Eur. Bacch. 1064 ff., is extremely disordered and corrupt.
εἰς ἄλος ἠλθε θέουσα σὺν ἵγροπόρῳ Μελκέρτη, ἠλθε προασπίζουσα διωκομένον Διονύσου, μή Πενθεύς ἀδέμιος ἐπιβρίσεικς Αναίω. Μόσταδες, εἰς σκοπέλους, Ἰσμυρίδες ἔλθετε Βάκχαι, καὶ τελεσα στῆσας, ὀμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείᾳ Λυδαῖς Βασαρίδεσσαν εἰρίζομεν, ὀφρά τις εἰπή: 'Μυγδονίη τίκησε Μυμαλλόνα Μαυάς, Ἀγάν'." 175 Ὡς φαρνεί οἰκοπιάζε καθάρον ὕψωθε δένδρου, ἄγριον οἰα Λέοντα, θεμάχοι νύε αὕτη, καὶ μην ἀγαρομένης επιδείκνυ θνασί Βάκχαις: νύεα ἐν θέρα κάλεσσατο λυσσάδει φωνῇ, ἀμφίδ' δὲ μη μη θεσανθῶν ἐκκλώσαντο γυναῖκες ἐξόμενον πετάλωσιν καὶ εἰπαλάμω τινι δεσμῷ δένδρον ἐπηχύνατο, καὶ ἦταλον εἰς χθόνα πίπτειν ἐρνος ὤμοι Πενθὴν περισφύγεσα δὲ θάμνῳ ὅλκον ὀμοζήλοις παλάμης ἐνοσίσθοι πολμῷ προμονθεὶ αὐτόρρητον ἀνέππασε δένδρον Ἀγάν. 180 καὶ φυτὸν εἰς χθόνα πίπτειν ἐγμυνάθη δὲ Κιθαρίων καὶ θραίσις αὐτοπλήκτος ἀνα πτᾶμμω πολμῷ κύρβαχος ἑρόθεν κεκυκλωμένος ἦρπε Πενθεύς καὶ τότε μην λιπε λέοσα νουσφαλέως Διονύσου, καὶ προτέρας φρένας ἐσχε τὸ δεύτερον ἀμφίδ' ἐν γαίῃ 190 γείτονα πότιμον ἕχων κωπηρίν ἐθέλγεσατο φωνῇ. "Νύμφαι Άμαδρινίδες με καλύβατε, μή με δαμάσσῃ παιδοφόνοις παλάμησην ἡμή φιλότεκνος Ἀγάν. μήτερ ἐμή, δύσμητερ, ἀπρόνοις ίσχεο λύσσῃς, θήρα πόθεν καλέεις με τὸν νύε; ποῖα κομίζω στήθεα λαχνήσει; τὰ βρυχήθρων ἰάλλω; οὐκέτι γιανώσκεις με, τὸν ἔτρεβες, οὐκέτι λεύσεις; σὴν φρένα καὶ τοὔν ὀμμα τὶς ἤπασε; χαῖρε, Κιθαρίων."
but here she too comes running from the brine with Melicertes the seafarer, she has come to defend hunted Dionysos, lest impious Pentheus overwhelm Lyaios. Mystics, to the mountains! Ismenian Bacchants, here! Let us celebrate our rites, and match the Lydian Bassarids with rival dances, that some one may say — Mainad Agauē has beaten Mygdonian Mimallon!"

As the words were spoken, she saw sitting high in a tree, like a savage lion—the mother saw her impious son. She pointed him out to the frenzied Bacchants gathering there, and in the voice of a maniac called her own human son a wild beast. The women thronged round him girdlewise as he sat amid the leaves; they embraced the trunk with a ring of skilful hands and tried to throw down the tree with Pentheus in it—but Agauē threw her two arms about the trunk, and with earthshaking heave pulled the tree up from its base, roots and all. The tree fell to the ground, and Cithairon was bare. Pentheus the audacious king shot through the air of himself with a dancing leap, rolling and tumbling like a diver. At that moment the madness left him which Dionysos had sent to confuse his mind, and he recovered his senses again. He saw fate near him on the earth, and cried in lamentable tones:

"Cover me, Hamadryad Nymphs! Let not Agauē my loving mother destroy her son with her own hands! O my mother, cruel mother, cease from this heartless frenzy! How can you call me your son a wild beast? Where is my shaggy chest? Where is my roaring voice? Do you not know me any longer whom you nursed, do not you see any longer? Who has robbed you of sense and sight? Farewell,
χαίρετε, δένδρεα ταῦτα καὶ οὐρεῖς σῶζει, Θηβή
σῶζει καὶ σὺ, φίλη παιδοκτόνει μὴτερ Ἀγαίη.
δέρκεσου ταῦτα γένεια νότριχα, δέρκεσο μορφῆν
ἀνδρομένην οὐκ εἰς εἰμὶ λέον οὐ θηρὰ δοκείναι.
φείδεσθαι σῆς ὀδίνου, ἀμάλγηθε, φείδεσθαι μαζῶν.
Πειθέα παππαίεις με, τον ἀτρέφεις. Ἰσχεος, φωνή,
mύθους σεό φιλαξον ἀνήκοος ἄστιν Ἀγαίη.
καὶ δὲ κατακτήσωμεν χαριδομένη Διονύσω,
μονὴν παίδα δήμωσας, ἀγάστων, μηδὲ δαμήσαι
Βασσαρίδων τοῖς νί τὸν τοὺς παλάμηροιν ἄσσης.
"Ως φάμειοι λιτάνευε, καὶ οὐκ ἡκούσεν Ἀγαίη.
ἀμφὶ δὲ μνὶς δασπλῆτες ἑπερρόωντο γυναῖκες
χερσὶν ὀμοζήλαις κυλινδομένου δὲ κοφή
ἡ μὲν ὀπισθιότερος πόδας εἴρυσεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα
δεξιοτέραν προθέλημαν ἀνέπασεν, ἑυτοῖον δὲ
λαμὴν ἀντερέσκει: παρεπλαγιθείσα δὲ μήτηρ
στήθει παιδὸς ἐπηξεν ἐν τῷ ποδί, κεκλιμένον δὲ
αὐχένα τολμήσαι διαθρούσιν ἀχίς θύρως;
καὶ φονῖς παχύγονοις αὐθάραμε χάρματι λύσσης,
αἴματον δὲ κάρπον ἀτερπεῖ διέκινε Κάδμῳ.
φευδομένου δὲ λεοντός ἀκμαλλομένη χάραν ἁγής
τοῦ πολλοῦ ἀπερροῦβδησεν ἐπος λυσσωδεὶ λαμφῇ.
"Κάδμε μάκαρ, καλέω σι μακάρτερον
ἐν ὀκοπέλοις γὰρ
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτουσιν ἀριστεύονσαν Ἀγαίην
"Ἀρτεμίς ἐσκοπίσει, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότις ἁγής,
ζηλῶν ὑποκλέπτουσα λεωντοβόλου σεό κούρης;
καὶ Δρανάδες θάμβησαν ἐμὸν ποιον ἡμετέρης δὲ
"Ἀμυνής γενέτης κεκορυφιμένός ἥθαδι λόγχῃ
παιδὰ τεὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐθάμβηε χάλκεος Ἀρῆς
θύροιν ἀκοντίζουσαν ἀλοιπήρημι λεώτων,
κυδιῶν: οὖ δὲ, Κάδμε, τεῦν ἐπιβητητρα βῶκων
360
Cithairon, farewell these mountains and trees! Be happy, Thebes, be happy you too, Agauë my dear mother and my murderer! See this chin with its young beard, see the shape of a man—I am no lion; no wild beast is what you see. Spare the fruit of your womb, pitiless one, spare your breasts. Pentheus is before you, your nursling. Silence, my voice, keep your tale to yourself, Agauë will not hear! But if you kill me to please Dionysos, let no other destroy your son, unhappy one, let not your son be destroyed by the alien hands of Bassarids.”

Such was his prayer, and Agauë heard him not; but the terrible women attacked him with one accord; as he rolled in the dust, one pulled on his legs, one seized his right arm and wrenched it out at the joint, Autonoë dragged opposite at the left; his deluded mother set her foot on his chest, and cut through that daring neck as he lay with sharp thyrsus—then ran nimbleknee with frenzied joy in his murder, and displayed the bloody head to unwelcoming Cadmos. Triumphant in the capture of a lion, as she thought, she cried out these words of madness:

“Blessed Cadmos, more blessed now I call you! For in the mountains Artemis has seen Agauë triumphant with no weapon in her hands; and even if she is queen of the hunt, she must hide her jealousy of your lionslaying daughter. The Dryads also wondered at my work. And the father of our Harmonia, armed with his familiar lance, brazen Ares, wondered full of pride at your child without a spear, casting a thyrsus and destroying lions. Pray call the king on your
Πειθέα δεύρο κάλεσσον, ὡς φθονερῆσιν ὀπωπώς 230
θηροφόρονος ὑδρῶτας ὀπωπώς γυναῖκον.1
ομὼς ἐμοὶ, στείχεσθε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
πῆξατε τούτῳ κάρηνον ἐμῆς ἀναθήματα νίκης.
τηλίκον οὐ ποτὲ θῆρα κατέκατε σίγχονος Ἰνὼ.
Αὐτονόη, σκουπίζει καὶ αἰχμὰ κάμψον Ἀγαΐη 235
οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ λαχεῖς τίχος ὀμοίων, ἤμετέρου δὲ
μητρὸς Ἀρισταιῶν φατιζομένην ἐτὶ νίκην
σῆς ἐκυρῆς ἡμώτιτι λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης."  

"Ειτετε κοινήσοιν χύλον βάρος: εἰσαίων δὲ
Κάδμος ἀγαλλομένης ἐτρόφφοντα παιδὸς ἀπελήν, 240
μίξας δάκρυσι μίθον ἀμείβετο πειθάδι φωνῇ:
"Οιον θῆρα δάμασσας ἀχέφφονα, τέκνων Ἀγαΐη;
οἰον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὀν ἤμετέρῃ τέκε γαστήρ;
οἰον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὀν ἐσπέρμην Ἐχιών;
δέρκεο σείο λέοιτα, τὸν εἰσέτε τυθὸν ἁείρων
παιδοκόμῳ κούφεζε γεγοκτοί Κάδμος ἀγοστώ.
δέρκεο σείο λέοιτα, τὸν Ἀρμονίη σέο μῆτηρ
πολλάκις ἱέρταξε καὶ ὀφεγα μαζὸν ἀμέλγειν.
μαστεύεισ οὔποι παιδά τενῶν θήτορα μόχθουν
πῶς καλέσω Πειθή, τὸν ἐν παλάμηροι ἀείρεις;
ὅν κτάνες ἀγνώσσουσα, πόθεν σέο παιδα καλέσου;
θῆρα τενῶ σκοπίασε, καὶ νίεα σείο νοῆσεις.
καλὰ φέρεις, Διόνυσε, τεῖος θρεπτήρια Κάδμω.
καλὰ μοι Ἀρμονίης ἑμφεοίματα δόκει Κρονίων;
"Αρεος ἀξία ταῦτα καὶ Θερανίης Ἀφροδίτης;
Ἰνῶ ποίτων ἔχει, Σεμέλην ἐφελεῖ Κρονίων,
μύρεται Αὐτονόη κεράν τέκος, ὁ μέγα δειλὴ

1 Αύτοιον mss.: γυναῖον scripsi. Ludwig -ουν οἰνίτης.

* Cf. v. 292: Pindar, Pyth. ix. 26 ff.
throne, Cadmos, call Pentheus here, that with envious
eyes he may see the beastslaying sweat of a weak
woman!

232 "This way, my men, hang up this head as a votive
offering of my victory on the gatehouse of Cadmos.
Sister Ino never killed a beast like this! Look here
Autonoë, and bow your neck to Agauë! For you
have never won glory like mine—the still famous
victory of lionslaying Cyrene, a mother of your
Aristaïos and your own goodmother, has been put
to shame by mine!"

239 While she spoke, she lifted her dear burden;
but Cadmos hearing the distracted boasts of his
exulting daughter, answered in mourning voice and
mingled his tears with his words:

242 "Ah, what a beast you have brought down,
Agauë my child, one with human reason! What a
beast you have brought down, one which your own
womb brought forth! What a beast you have
brought down, one that Echion begat! Look upon
your lion, one that Cadmos lifted upon his nursing
arm when he was still a little tot, held in his joyful
arms. Look upon your lion, one that your mother
Harmonia often caught up and held to your suckling
breast. You search for your son to see your work:
how can I call Pentheus, when you hold him in your
hands? How can I call your son, whom you have
killed in ignorance? Look at your beast, and you
will recognize your son.

253 "O Dionysos! A fine return you bring to
Cadmos who reared you! Fine bridal gifts Cronion
gave me with Harmonia! They are worthy of Ares
and heavenly Aphrodite. Ino is in the sea, Semele
was burnt by Cronion, Autonoë mourns her horned
'Οσ ψήφος τοῦ Κάδμου γούνα προστάτευεν ἀλλυριῶν 265
dάκρων πηγαίναμε γέρωι ἐκλανθοί Κιθαιρῶν;
καὶ δρέας ὠδέροιτο, καὶ ἐκλάγας ἀλλυ Νύμφαι
Νηώτα. πολύν δὲ κόμην ἧδεσατο Κάδμου
καὶ στοιχήμα σίδησσος: ἀπειθήτου δὲ προσώπου
μίας δάκρυ γελατῆ των μετέτηκεν Ἀγαύης,
καὶ παλιν ἐμφύσε θέκες, ὅπως Πειθήα γοηήσῃ.
Ἡ δὲ μεταστρέφασα τινος καὶ ἀπιστον ὅπωτην
αὐτοπαίγῃς ἀθάνατος ἐκ χρόνων ἵστατο μήτηρ:
καὶ κεφαλή Πειθής ἀπετίνωσα θανάτος
ήριευν αὐτοκήλωτος, ἐπὶ δαπάνου δὲ δειλὴ
βόστρυχον αἰσχίνονα χυτῆ κακήλωτο κοινῆ:
καὶ λασίων ἔρριξεν ἀπὸ στέρνου χιτώνας
καὶ Βρομίου φιάλας θιασώσας, αἰματος ὅλῳ
στῆθα φοινίξασα καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μαλῶν
καὶ κύσει σιδῶν ὀμμα καὶ ἐχθλον κύκλα προσώπου
καὶ πλοκάμους χαμένας ἀφαθομένου καρήνων
ὁξὶ δὲ κωκύνουσα τόσην ἐπιθέσατο φωνὴν:
"Νηώτας Διόνυσος, της ἀκόρητε γενέθλιος,
δὸς προτέρην ἐπὶ λύσσαι ἐμοὶ παλιν ἀρτι γὰρ ἄλλην
χείραν λύσσαι ἐchrono πανωτόρρην: δὸς μοι ἐκείνην
ἀφροσύνην, ἵνα θῆρα τὸ δαίτερον νιὰ καλέσω.
θῆρα βαλεῖν ἐδόκησα: νεοτιτίτοιο δὲ κόρης

2 Actaion in his stag shape.
son,\(^a\) and Agauë—what misery for Agauë! She has killed her only son, her own son untimely; and my Polydoros \(^b\) wanders in sorrow, a banished man. Alone I am left, in a living death. Who will be my refuge, now Pentheus is dead and Polydoros gone? What foreign city will receive me? Curse you, Cithairon! You have slain those two who should cherish Cadmos in old age: Pentheus is with you, dead, Actaion is buried in your soil."

265 When Cadmos had ended, ancient Cithairon groaned from his springs and poured forth tears in fountains; the trees lamented, the Naiad Nymphs chanted dirges. Dionysos was abashed before the hoary head of Cadmos and his lamentations; mingling a tear with a smile on that untroubled countenance, he gave reason back to Agauë and made her sane once more, that she might mourn for Pentheus.

271 The mother, herself again with eyes that she could trust, stood awhile rigid and voiceless. Then seeing the head of Pentheus dead she threw herself down, and rolled in helpless misery on the ground smearing the dust on her hair. She tore the shaggy skins from her breast and threw down the goblets of Bromios's company, scoring her chest and the cleft between her bare breasts with red scratches. She kissed her son's eyes and his pallid cheeks, and the charming locks of his bloodstained hair; then with bitter lamentation she spoke:

283 "Cruel Dionysos, insatiable persecutor of your family! Give me back my former madness—for a worse madness possesses me now in my sanity. Give me back that delirium, that I may call my son a wild beast once more. I thought I had struck a beast—

\(^b\) Cf. v. 206 ff.
ἀντί λεοντεὺς κεφαλὴν Πενθῆς άείρω. 300
ολβή Αὐτοῦνό καὶ παραδόκρονος, ὅτι ἃνωτα ἑστειν Ἀκταίωνα, καὶ οὐ κτάνει νῦν μῆτηρ. 200
μοῦνὴ ἐγὼ γενόμην παιδικτόνος· οὐ Μελικέρτην ἐκτανεῖ ἧ τέλειον ὑμῖ· μετανάστιος Ἰνω, ἀλλὰ πατήρ ἐδάμασε, τὸν ἤρωσον. ἄ μέγα δειλή, Ζεὺς Σεμέλη παρίανεν, οὕτως Πενθῆς γοῆσιν. 205
Ζεὺς γενέτερς Δίόνυσον ὡς τεκνώς ἁρμῶν, Ἐδομεῖν ἵνα πάσαν ἀμαλάσεις γενέθλην.
όλῃς Δίονυσος· ὅλος γένος ἀλέος Κάδμου. ἀλλὰ θεοκλήτου γαρίμη μετὰ δαίτα τραπέζης, Ἀρμονίης μετὰ λέκτρων.
ἐμοῦ μετά παστάδα Κάδμου ἀρχαίην κυθάρην δοκεών πάλιν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων· 300
θρήνον ἐνα πλήξει καὶ Αὐτοῦν καὶ Ἀγαίη, ωκύμορον Πενθῆς καὶ Ἀκταίωνα λυγαίων.
ἡμετέρης, φίλε κοιρε, τι φίλμακον ἔστιν ἀνίτης; οὐ ποι ἰδίος ταλάμωσιν ἐκούφσα νυμφοκόμον πύρινον ἔκοψαν 'Ἐρώτωνν· 305
ποιον ἰδον σεο παίδα παρηχορον; αἰθεὶ σε Βάκχην ἀλλή ἀπηλεύκε, καὶ οὐ πολύμοχος Ἀγαίη.
μυτέρα μαυρομείη μὴ μέρισθε, δύνας Πενθῆν. 310
Βάκχω μέρισθε μᾶλλον ἀναιτίος ἢστιν Ἀγαίη.
χείρες ἐμαί, φίλε κοιρε, τεῖν στάξουσιν ἔροιν αὐχένος ἁμηθείτος· ἀπ' αἰτοχύτου δὲ καρπηνοὺν ἁμα τεῖν μητρίων ὅλον φοίνιξ χιτώνα.
ναι, λίπομαι, Βρομίων δότε μοι δέπασιν.
ἀντὶ γὰρ οἴνου
λύθρον ἐμοῦ Πενθῆς ἐπισπείδων Διονύσων. 315
σοι μὲν ἐγὼ φιλόδακρος, ἀώρις, τύμβον ἐχεῖρων χερσίν ἐμαῖς ἁκάρησσον ἐνικρήσασα κονία
σον δέμας· ἡμετέρω δ' ἐπὶ σήματι τούτο χαράξων.
I hold a head newly cut from the neck, but no lion's head, it is Pentheus! Autonoë is happy for all her heavy tears, for she mourned Actaion dead, and the mother slew not her son. I alone have become a childmurderer. Ino slew not Melicertes or Learchos, Ino my banished sister, but the father destroyed the son he had begotten. How unhappy I am! Zeus slept with Semele only that I might mourn Pentheus; Zeus the fatherchilded Dionysos from his own thigh, only to destroy the whole family of Cadmos. May Dionysos forgive me, he has destroyed the whole race of Cadmos. Now may even Apollo strike his harp again as before, as at the marriage feast where the gods were guests, as by Harmonia's bed, as in the bridechamber of my father Cadmos, let him twangle one dirge for Autonoë and Agauë both, and chant loudly of Actaion and Pentheus so quickly to perish. What medicine is there for my sorrow, O my dearest boy? I have never lifted the marriage torch at your wedding; I have never heard the bridal hymn for your wedded love. What son of yours can I see to comfort me? Would that some other, some Bacchant, had destroyed you, not allwretched Agauë! Blame not your frenzied mother, illfated Pentheus, blame Bacchos rather—Agauë is innocent! My hands, dear lad, are dripping with the dew from your shorn neck, the blood from your head has incarnadined all the robe of the mother who shed it. Yes, I beseech you, give me the cup of Bromios; for instead of wine I will pour the blood of my Pentheus as a libation to Dionysos. For you, untimely dead, I will build amid my tears a tomb with my own hands. I will lay in the earth your headless body; and on your monument I will carve
'εἰμὶ νέκυς Πενθής, ὀδοιπόρε, ἥτοις Ἀγαύης παιδοκόμος με λόγεις,
καὶ ἔκτην παιδοφόνοις χεῖρ.' "
"Ενεπε Λυσσώνουσα σοφῇ φρενὶ μυρομένης δὲ
Αὐτονόη γαώσα παρῆγγελον ἀλχε φωνῆν.
" Ζηλὸν ἔξω καὶ ἔρωτα τῆς κακότητος, Ἀγαύη,
ὅτι περεπτύσσεις γλυκερὴν Πενθής ὅπωτην
καὶ στόμα καὶ φίλον ὅμμα καὶ νύσος ἀκρα κομάων.
γνωτῇ, ἐπολβίζω σε, καὶ εἰ κτάνει νῦε μῆτηρ,
ἀντὶ γὰρ Άκταίωνος ἀμεβομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
νεβρῶν ἐγὼ δάκρυσα, καὶ νύες ἀντὶ καρήνου
μήκεδαντι ἐλάφῳ νόθῃ κτερίζα κεραίην.
σής δ᾿ ὀδύνης ἐλάχεια παραίδασις, ὅτι θανόντος
οὐκ ἴδος ἀλλιὸν τῶπον νύες, ὦ τρίχα νεβροῦ,
οὐ χηλήν ἀνόντοτο ἐκούσας ἢ κεραίην;
μονή δ᾿ ἐδρακόν τιν ὅθον νέκυν, ἀλλοφυή δὲ
καὶ στικτήν καὶ ἀμαίνον ἐκάκυν οἰκόνα μορφῆς,
καὶ μῆτηρ ἐλάφων καὶ σφετέροι παιδὸς ἀκουόω.
καὶ λαλῶ σε κυδαϊνουσα, Διός φιλοπάρβενε κούρη,
ἀνδρὸς ἐμοῦ σε Ἐρίθον Άρσιαῖο τοκήν
εἰς ἐλάφων μετάμεθαν ὑμῆς βροτοείδεα μορφῆν;
δός χάριν Ἀπόλλωνι μετ᾽ Ἀκταίωνα δὲ δειλὴν
tοῖς αὐτοῖς οὐκ αὐλάκεσσι καὶ Αὐτονόην πόρε φορβῆν
ἡ κυσίν ὑμετέρωσιν ἐσαθρική δέ Κιθαιρῶν
μητέρα καὶ μέτα παιδα κυνοσάδα: μηδὲ με δειλὴν
σῶν ἐλάφων μεθέπουσαν ἵππην κεραλκέα μορφὴν
ἀγρια μαστίζουσα τῇ θεώδειας ἀπήνη.
χαίρε φυτὸν Πενθής, ἀμελείχε χαίρε Κιθαιρῶν
χαίρετε καὶ νάρθηκας ἀμεραινόους Διονύσουν.
σώζεο μοι, Φαέθων τερψίμβροτε: λάμπε κολώναις
λάμπε καὶ ἀμφοτέρως, Αἰγαίδε καὶ Διονύσου:
eἰ δὲ τεαῖς ἀκτίσι καὶ ἀνέρας οὕσθα δαμασσάι,
these words: 'Wayfarer, I am the body of Pentheus; the cherishing womb of Agaue brought me forth, and the murdering hand of Agaue slew her son.'"

320 So spoke the maddened creature in words of sanity—and while she lamented, Autonoë spoke with a sorrowful voice of consolation:

322 "I envy and desire your unhappiness, Agaue; for you kiss the sweet face of Pentheus, his lips and his dear eyes and the hair of your son. Sister, I think you happy, even if you the mother slew your own son. But I had no Actaion to mourn; his body was changed, and I wept over a fawn—instead of my son's head I buried the long antlers of a changeling stag. It is a small consolation to you in your pain, that you have seen your dead son in no alien shape, no fawn's fell, no unprofitable hoof, no horn you took up. I alone saw my son as a changeling corpse, I lamented an image of alien shape dappled and voiceless; I am called mother of a stag and not a son. But I pray to thee, prudish daughter of Zeus, glorify thy Phoibos the begetter of Aristaios my husband, and change my mortal shape to a deer—do grace to Apollo! Give unhappy Autonoë also as a prey to the same dogs as Actaion, or to your own hounds; let Cithairon see the mother torn by dogs even after the son, but when I am changed to the same horned shape as thy deer, yoke me not, unhappy, to thy car nor flog me fiercely with thy whip.

344 "Farewell, tree of Pentheus, farewell pitiless Cithairon; farewell also ye fennels of mind-deluding Dionysos! Happy be thou, Phaëthon men's delight! Shine on the hills; show thy light both for Leto's daughter and Dionysos! And if thou knowest how
ση καθαρῶ πυρὶ βάλλε καὶ Αὐτονόμη καὶ 'Αγαθῆν·

'Επε γάρ καὶ ὠλεθρέκιος ὁδύρητο μᾶλλον Ἰανότην.

'Eπε, καὶ ὠλεθρέκιος ὁδύρητο μᾶλλον Ἰανότην.

'Ως αἱ μὲν στενάχοιτο κατηφέες: εἰσορῶν δὲ

Βάκχος ἀναξ ἐλέαρι, φιλοθρήνους δὲ γυναίκας

μυρομένας ἀνέκοφεν, ἕπει στοιχεῖον ἐκάστη

κυράσας μελιθέει φαρμακον οἷνω

dῶκε ποτὸν ληθαίων ἀδιρρομένοι δὲ Κάδμου

πάνθημον ἐπρήμεν γονὶ παιήςοι μῆθων

ἀμφοτέρας δ' εὐητα καὶ Αὐτονόμη καὶ 'Αγαθῆν,

ἐλπίδος ἐσομένης πρωτάγγελα θέσφατα φαίνων.

'Ιλλυρήν δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐς Ἐσσηρίων χρόνα πόντου

'Ἀρμονίην λιποπατρὶν ὁμόστολον ἥλκε Κάδμῳ

ἀμφοτέρους χρέων ἀλῆμονας, οἷς χρόνος ἐρπον

ὡπασε πετρῆσασι ἵσα ὀψιόδεα μορφήν.

Καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Πάνας ἤχων

καὶ λύγκας ἰμάσσων

ἀβρὸς ἀσιγητοῖσιν ἐκώμασε Βάκχος Ἀθήναις.

---

*a* He identifies Apollo with the Sun, and his arrows with its rays.

*b* Since Pasiphae's trouble arose from hideously mis-
to destroy men also with thy rays,\(^a\) strike with thy pure fire Autonoë and Agauë. Be Pasiphaë's avenger,\(^b\) to plague with a laugh Harmonia's mother Aphrodite.”

\(^{352}\) She spoke; and Agauë childmuderer sorrowed yet more. The loving mother entombed the dead son whom she had slain, pouring a fountain of tears over her face, and the people built a goodly sepulchre.

\(^{356}\) So they mourned in dejection; Lord Bacchos saw and pitied, and checked the dirge of the lamenting women, when he had mingled a medicine with honeysweet wine and passed it to each in turn as a drink to lull their troubles. He gave them the drink of forgetfulness, and when Cadmos lamented he soothed his sorrowful moans with healing words. He sent Autonoë and Agauë to their beds, and showed them oracles of god to tell of coming hope. Over the Illyrian country to the land of the Western sea he sped, and banished Harmonia with Cadmos her agemate, both wanderers, for whom creeping Time had in store a change into the shape of snaky stone.\(^c\)

\(^{368}\) Then Bacchos with his Pans and Satyrs whipt up his lynxes, and went in gorgeous pomp to farfamed Athens.

directed love, let her father the Sun take vengeance on the love goddess's children.

\(^c\) At the end of their lives, Zeus transformed Cadmos and Harmonia into stone serpents, and placed them in Elysium.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΩΝ
ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἐρχεο τεσσαρακοστῶν ἐς ἐβδομον, ὀππόθε Περσείς καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίῳ καὶ ἄβροχῖς τον Ἀριάδνη.

Ἡδή δ' ἐίθα καὶ ἐίθα δ' ἄστεος ἱππατο Φήμη ἀγγελος αὐτοβάλτων ἐρυσταφύλου Διονύσου Ἀτηθίᾳ δοικήσατος ἀκομήτων ἐν Διονείσιν εἰς χορὸν εὐθύνες ἐβακχεῖθησαν Ἀθηναι, καὶ πολὺς ἐβρεμε κώμος ὀμήρειας δὲ πολῖται 5 εἰματε διαδαλώσαν ἀπεκλαίτωσαν ἀγνίας χερσὶ πολυσπερέωσαν ἀδιφύτῳ διὰ Βάκχου ἡμερίδων πετάλουσιν ἑμπρώθησαν Ἀθηναι αὐτόματοι φύλας δὲ σιδηροφόρων διὰ μαζῶν στήθεις μυστιπόλουσιν ἀνεξώπωτο γυναικεῖς, παρθενικαὶ δ' ἔχορευοι, ἐπιστέφαντο δὲ κόροισ.

* Perhaps the most corrupt passage in Nonnos. Any attempt to translate it continuously results in nonsense, for what could it mean to say that the women girt anything around their "mail clad breasts" or that drinking-cups were hung like a girdle around anything? Attic women did not go about in corselets, and Nonnos knew they did not: the words must refer to Athena in person or to her statue. Drinking-cups are of course part of the Dionysiac apparatus, 372
BOOK XLVII

Come to the forty-seventh, in which is Perseus, and the death of Icarios, and Ariadne in her rich robes.

Already Rumour was flitting up and down the city, announcing of herself that Dionysos of the grapes had come to visit Attica; and prolific Athens broke out into wild dancing for unresting Lyaios. Loud was the sound of revelling; crowds of citizens with forests of fluttering hands decked out the streets in hangings of many colours, and vineleaves which Bacchos made to grow wraithed themselves all over Athens. [The women hung mystic plates of iron over their breasts and bound them round their bodies\(^a\):] the maidens danced and crowned their brows with flowers but no one and nothing had a string of them slung about him or it. The only possible explanation seems to be that something, probably two or three lines, has dropped out and the remainder been patched together by a copyist into the present verse 9. Perhaps the archetype of our mss. was damaged and illegible here. The general sense may have been: "Drinking-cups the men now held instead of weapons (or tools); even through the mail-clad breasts of Athena there shot a shaft of Bacchic extasy; and the women girt their bosoms, used to (Demeter's?) mysteries with (some Dionysiac emblem, such as vine-leaves)." Marcellus conjectures φάλλος here and ix. 125, xlvi. 278, where it makes sense although there is no evidence in support.

373
άιθεί κυνηγείτι περίπλοκοι 'Ασύδα χαίτην. 15
'Ηλιοσός δ' ε'λείζα περί πτολή ἐμπεύον ἰδωρ κυδαίνων Διόνυσοις ὁμογένεις δέ χορείη.
Εὖν ἐκροώντο μέλος Κηδεσίδες οὔχαί.

φυταλή δ' ἀνέττελεν, ἀπὸ χρυσόν δὲ κόλπον
αὐτοφύγης γλυκεροῖς πεπαινόμενοι τοκετοῖο
βότρυς ελαίιετος ἐφοιτήθη Μαραθώνως,
καὶ ὀρέσσαν ἀπαθηρίζον, ἀναγομένων δὲ πετήλων
dίχροον ἠρεσίοντο ρόδων λαμπωνίδες 'Ωραι,
καὶ κράτον αὐτοτελέστον ἐμπαύσαντο κολώναι.
καὶ Φρηνίζοις αἰδήλους ἐπέκτυπνες αἰδὸς 'Αθήνης,
καὶ δίδυμον κελάδημα δόνας ἐλγαίας 'Αχαρνέως
θλιβόμενος παλάμημα ὀργαλώσων δ' ἀπὸ λαμών
Μυτηναίᾳ βαρίδουσος ὀμφόρος ἁγιη κούρη

δίθροις ἀρρηνήται ἐπιομήκος ἵαξ αἵαθή
πίθυν ἐπικλάωνα τέχνη Πακτωλίδα νημφή.
καὶ φλόγα πυκτιχώρετον αἰτύσχεθε δίζυγι πεύκη
ἀρχεγόνῳ Ζαγρίῳ καὶ ὀφιγόνῳ Διούσῳ
μηνασαμένῃ δ' Ἰτύλου καὶ ἱστοπόλου Φιλομήλης

σύνθρους αἰολόδειρος ἀνέκλαγεν 'Αθηναῖς ἄρθρών.
καὶ Ζεβύρου λόφος ὅρνης ὑποροφίτην χέε μολπῆν,
μνήστων ὅλης Ἰλυρίδος ἀπορρῴβασα θυελλαίς.

Οὕδε τις ημιαχήρεις ἄνα πτόλειν, αὐτὰρ ὁ χαῖρων
Βάκχος ἐς 'Ικαρίων δόμον ὠλοθρέων, ὡς πελεύ ἄλλων

φέρτερος ἀγρονμῶν ἐπιρότητα δέλδα φυτεύειν,
ἀγραύλους δὲ πόδεσιν γέρων ἠχόρευεν ἀλωνίς
ἀνθήσασι Διόπποις ἐπιμήδα, καλλιφύτοις δὲ
κοίραιν ἠμερίδων ὀλίγη ξείνησε τραπέζη.

'Ἡργοτικὴ δ' ἐκεραυνεῖς αἰβωσαμένη γλάγος αἰγῶν.
of ivy braided in Attic hair. Ilissos rolled round the city living water to glorify Dionysos; the banks of Cephisos echoed the Euian tune to the universal dance. The plant shot up from the bosom of the earth, grapes selfgrown with sweet fruit ripening reddened the olive-groves of Marathon. Trees whispered, meadows put forth in season roses of two colours with opening petals, the hills gave birth to the lily selfgrown. Athena's pipes answered the Phrygian pipes, the Acharnian reed pressed by the fingers played its double ditty. The native Bacchant leaned her arm on the young Pactolian bride, and sounded a double harmony with deep note answering the Mygdonian girl, or held up the dancing nightly flame of double torches, for Zagreus born long ago and Dionysos lately born. The melodious-throated nightingale of Attica sang her varied notes in the chorus, remembering Itylos and Philomela busy at the loom; and the chattering bird of Zephyros twittered under the eaves, casting to the winds all memory of Tereus.

34 No one in the city did not dance. Then Bacchos glad went to the house of Icarios, who excelled the other countrymen in planting new sorts of trees. The old gardener danced on his clownish feet when he saw Dionysos as his visitor, and entertained the lord of noble gardenvines at his frugal board. Erigone went to draw and mingle milk of the goats, but the god's name was Zagreus and not Zagraios. Two modern editors gravely inform the public that there is no such verse and that Bentley quoted from memory (which he probably did, and knew his Greek authors better than either his contemporary or his later critics). See the Bohn edition of the Dissertation (London, 1883), p. 91.

b Imitated from Leonidas in the Greek Anthology x. 1.

Icarios's daughter.
The king of Eleusis whom Demeter visited; Metaneira was his queen, Triptolemos either his son or one of his nobles.
Bacchos checked her, and handed to the kindly old man skins full of cure trouble liquor. He took in his right hand and offered Icarios a cup of sweet fragrant wine, as he greeted him in friendly words:

45 “Accept this gift, Sir, which Athens knows not. Sir, I deem you happy, for your fellow-citizens will celebrate you, proclaiming aloud that Icarios has found fame to obscure Celeos, and Erigone to outdo Metaneira. I rival Demeter of the olden days, because Deo too brought a gift, the harvest-corn, to another husbandman. Triptolemos discovered corn, you the wine cheeked grape of my vintage. You alone rival Ganymedes in heaven, you more blessed than Triptolemos was before; for corn does not dissolve the sorrows that eat the heart, but the wine-bearing grape is the healer of human pain.”

56 Such were the words he spoke, as he offered a handsome cup full of mindawakening wine to the hospitable old man. The old hardworking gardener drank, and drank again, with desire insatiable for the dewy trickling drops. His girl poured no more milk, but reached him cup after cup of wine until her father was drunken; and when at last he had taken enough of that table spread with cups, the gardener skipt about with changing step, staggering and rolling sideways, and struck up the Euian chant of Zagreus for Dionysos. Then the plantloving god presented to the old countryman Euian shoots of vine in return for his hospitable table, and the Lord taught

---

The word ἔλαος is very doubtful. It means “gracious,” “benign,” and is correctly used of the feeling of a kindly deity or other superior being towards his inferiors, but seems very much out of place of good old Icarios. It seems likely that some such epithet as γαῖος should be read, “you on earth rival Ganymede in heaven.”
καὶ μὲν ἀναξ ἐδιδαξέν ἄειφύτω τινὶ τέχνη
κλάσσαι βοθρίασαι τε βαλεῖν π’ ἐνι κλήματα γύροις.

"Ἀλλος δ’ ἀγρονόμοις γέρων φυτοεργός ἀλωνέας τὸ
δώρα φέρων Ἱρωνίῳ καὶ ἀμπελώσαν ὁπώρην
οἰνοφύτους ἐδιδαξεῖ φυτηρομίας Διονύσουν.
καὶ νομίων κρητῆρα βαλῶν ῥόου ἀσπετον οἴνου
δαυνυμέουσιν ἡφαῖνεν ἐπαςυτέρους κυπάλλοις,
οἰνοδόκων θυόνταν ἀναπτύξας χύσων ἁσκῶν.
καὶ τις ἐγερονόμου ποῖον ῥόου ἰδέος οἴνου
Ἡραγόνης γενετῆρα φίλῳ μελιζατο μύθων:

"Εἰπέ, γέρον, πόθεν εἴρεσι

ἐπὶ χθονὶ τέκταρ Ὁλύμπου;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Κηφισοῖο φέρεις ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
οὐκ ἀπὸ Νημίδων μελιτέα δῶρα κομίζεις:
οὐ γὰρ ἀναβλύζουσι μελίρρυτα χεῦματα πηγαί,
οὐ ρόος Ἰλισσοῦ χυτῷ φουνίσεται ὀλυκῷ;
οὐ ποτὸν ἐπλετὸ τοῦτο φιλοπτόρθῳ μελίσσης,
ὀξύτατον μερόπεσιν φέρον κόροιν ἀλλοφυῖς δὲ
καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῦ φέρεις γλυκεράτερον ὕδωρ
πάτριον οὐ πόμα τοῦτο λοχεύεται Ἀτθίς ὅλαις
λαρότερον δὲ γάλακτος ἐχεῖς ποτὸν ἐμμενὲς αἵπε
συμφερταῖς λυβίδεσας μελικρήτου κυκέωνος.
εἰ δέ ποτὸν μερόπεσοιν ἄειφύτων ἀπὸ κῆρων
ἐκ καλύκων δεδάσσω ἄγεων ῥοδοπηχεῖς Ὄφραι,
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ καλέσκοιν Ἀδώνιδος ἡ Κυθερείς
εἰαρινὸν πόμα τοῦτο, ῥόδων ἐκώδιον ἑρσῆν.
λυσίτουν καὶ ξεῖνοι ἀγεῖς ποτὸν ἥροις γὰρ
πλαζομένας ἀνέμοιοι ἐμᾶς ἑκύδασσε μερίμνας.
μή σοι δώρον ἐδωκεν ἀπ’ αἰδέρος ἄμβροτος Ἡβη; 90
μή σοι τοῦτο κόμισε τῇ πολιούχου Ἀθήνη;
οὐρανόθεν κρητῆρα τίς ἦρπασεν, ἐνθεν ἀφύσει

378
him the art of making them grow, by breaking and ditching and curving the shoots round into the soil.a

70 So the industrious old gardener passed on to other countrymen the gifts of Bromios with their vintage of grapes, and taught them how to plant and care for the vine growth of Dionysos; he poured into his rustic mixer streams of wine inexhaustible, and cheered the hearts of banqueters with cup after cup, releasing the fragrant liquid from his wineskins. Many a one would compliment Erigone’s father with grateful words as he drank the sweet liquor of mind-awakening wine:

78 “Tell us, gaffer, how you found on earth the nectar of Olympos? This golden water never came from Cephisos, this honeysweet treasure was not brought from the Naiads! For our fountains do not bubble up honey-streams like this, the river Ilissos does not run in such a purple flood. This is no drink from the plantloving bee, which quickest of all brings satiety to mortal man. This is another kind of water, sweeter than sweet honey; this is no national draught born from the Athenian olive. You have a drink richer than milk which ever keeps its taste, mingled with drops of honey-posset. If the rosyarm Seasons have learnt to distil a drink for mortals from all the flower cups that grow in our gardens, I would call this a spring-time beverage of Adonis or Cythereia, the sweetsmelling dew of roses! A strange drink yours, which dissolves trouble! for it has scattered my cares wandering in the winds of heaven.

95 “Can it be that immortal Hebe has given you this gift from heaven? Can it be that Athena your cityholder has provided this? Who has stolen the

a Compare note on xvii. 83.
Ζητή καὶ ἀθανάτουσι δέπας κεράσας Γαμμήθης; ἡμιοδόκοι Κελεῶι μακάρτερε, μὴ σὺ καὶ αὐτῶς ἔλαν ὑπανόθεν ναῖτην ζεύκονος Ὀλύμπου; 100
πείθομαι, ὡς θεός ἄλλος ἐκώμαι σείο μελάθρων, καὶ φιλής πόμα τούτο τείς διὰ δείπνα τραπέζης Ἀτθίδι δῶρων ἐδωκέν, ἀτε στάχνω ὑπάσε Δηρώ.

'Εντεπε θαμβίςας γλυκερὸν ποτὸν

ἐκ στομάτων δὲ

ήδυμανής ἀλάλαζε κέων ἁγραυλον ἀοιδήν.

'Αγρονόμοι δ' ἄρτουτες ἐπασσυντέρουσι κυπέλλοις πάντες ἐβακχεῖθησαν ἁμεροιῶν χρήνας οὐχ ὄμματα δ' ἐπιλάξουτο, φαλακρῆτος δὲ κυπέλλοις ἀργυφα πορφύρωτο παρημα, γιοποῖνων δὲ στήθεα θερμαινοῦτο, ποτῷ δ' ἐβαρέυκτο κόρση, καὶ φλέβες οἰδαίνοις ἐκμισθαίνοντο καρνιοῦντοι δὲ δερκομένοις ἐσιέτο κόλπος ἀρούρης καὶ δρύες ἄρχονται καὶ ἐσκίρησαν ἐρίναι καὶ σφαλερίς λιβάδεσσιν ἀίθρεος ἐμπλεος οἶνον ὑπτίος αὐτοκύλλιστος ἐπὶ χθονία κάπεσσεν ἀνήρ.

Καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων φονίω δεδομημένοις οἰστρῳ τλήμονος Ἱκαρίου κατέτρεχε θυμάδε λύσση, οὐά τε φαρμακεύεται κερασσαῖμον δόλον οἴνου, δὲ μὲν ἔχων βουλήγη σιδήρειν, δὲ θερήθει ἡθέραις ἐδέχος, ὡς ἡ σταχυτόμον ἄρπην κουφίζων, ἔτερος δὲ λίθων περιμέτρον ἀείρων, ἀλλος ἀνεπτοίητο καλαίροποι χερὶ τιταῖκον, γηραλέων πλῆσοντες· ἔλων δὲ τες ἐγγὺς ιμάσθην Ἱκαρίου τέρτην δέμας ταμεσίχροι κέντρω.

Καὶ μογέων χθονὶ πίπτε γέρων φυτεργός ἀλασε 125
tυπτόμενος ῥοπάλυσιν, ἑπίσκαιρων δὲ τραπέζῃ
380
mixing-bowl from the sky, from which Ganymedes mixes the liquor and ladles out a cup for Zeus and the immortals? O more blessed than hospitable Celeos, can it be you also have yourself entertained some gracious Olympian who dwells in the heavens? I believe some other god came in mirth to visit your roof, and gave this drink to our country in friendship for your hospitable table, as Deo gave us corn!"

104 Thus he spoke, admiring the delicious drink; and from his lips rang out a stream of rustic song in sweet madness.

106 So the countrymen quaffed cup after cup, and made a wild revel over the wine which dazed their wits. Their eyes rolled, their pale cheeks grew red—for they drank their liquor neat, their peasant-breasts grew hot, their heads grew heavy with the drink, the veins were swollen upon their foreheads. The bosom of the earth shook before their eyes, the trees danced and the mountains skipt. Men fell on their backs rolling helplessly over the ground, full of the unfamiliar wine with its slippery drops.

116 Then the company of countrymen driven by murderous infatuation charged upon poor Icarios in maniac fury, as if the wine were mixt with a deceiving drug—one holding an iron poleaxe, one with a shovel for a weapon in his hands, one holding the cornreaping sickle, another raising an immense block of stone, while another, beside himself, brandished a cudgel in his hand—all striking the old man: one came near with a goad and pierced his body with its fleshcutting spike.

125 The unhappy old industrious gardener thus beaten with blows fell to the ground, then leaping

* The constellation Crater.
τύπε μέθης κρητήρα, καὶ αίθοπος εἰς χύσιν οίνου ἡμιθανής κεκυλίστο: βαρυνομένου δὲ καρτίου ἄγρανόμου πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίοις τυπέντος αἰμαληθεῖς φοίνικες ὁμόχροοι οίνον ἔρποι. 130
καὶ μόγκς ἐκ στομάτων ἐπος ἤλεγχε 'Αλιδε γείτων.

"Οἵνος ἐμοῦ Βρομίου, βροτείς ἀμπαυμα μερίμνης, ὁ γλυκὸς εἰς ἐμεῖ κοῦρον ἀμελίχως εὐφροσύνη γὰρ ἀνδράσι πᾶσιν ὁπροσε, καὶ Ἰκαρίῳ πόρε πότμον ὁ γλυκὸς 'Ἡρωίτη πολεμίτος ἠμετέρην γὰρ ἦπενθής Διόνυσος ἔθηκατο πενθάδα κούρην." 135

Οὗ πὼ μέθος ἐληγεὶ μόρος δὲ οἱ ἐφάσαε φωνήν, καὶ νέκυς αὐτόθι κεῖτο, σαύρονος ἐκτοθεί κούρης, ὀμμασὶ πεπταμῶσιν, ἐν ἀστρώτῳ δὲ χαμενή
ιήδυμον ὦνον ἡμῶν ὑπὲρ δαπέδουο φονῆς ὀνοβαρεῖς, νεκάσσων ἐοικότες: ἐγρόμενοι δὲ, ὅς κτανον ἀγνώσσοτες, ἀνέστενον ὕφοθι δ' ὁμών νεκρῶν ἐλαφρίζουτες αὐτήγαγον εἰς ράξιν ὅλης ἐμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοτες, ἐν εὐδρῳ δὲ ἐρεῦρη
ωτείλας ἐκάθηραν ὀρεσσιχύτων παρὰ πηγῆ
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάκτων, ὅς ἐκτανον ἀφρών λύσσῃ, ἀνδρόφονοι παλάμησιν ἐτυμβεβαίωσαν φονῆς.

Ψυχὴ δ' Ἰκαρίου πανεκκλεος ἔσσωτο καπνῷ
εἰς δόμον 'Ἡρωίτης: βροτείς δ' ἴσαζετο μορφή
κοῦφον οὐερεῖς σκιρῆς εἰδωλον ὀπωτῆς, ἀνδρὶ νεοτήτω παιομοῖος, ἐλξῃ δὲ δειλὴ
στικτον ἀρτιμαίτου φότον κήρυκα χιτῶνα, αἴματι φοινίσσοτα καὶ αὐχμώσιτα κονίή, ἴμμαλεον πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίοι σιδήρου.
καὶ παλάμας ὤρεξε νεοφαγέων δὲ δοκεύειν
ωτείλας μελέων ἐπεδείκνυε γείτοις κούρῃ. 165
382
upon the table upset the mixing-bowl and rolled half-dead in the flood of ruddy wine: his head sank under the shower of blows from the countrymen, and drops of his red blood mingled with the red wine. Now next-door to death he stammered out these words:

132 "The wine of my Bromios, the comfort of human care, that sweet one is pitiless against me alone! It has given a merry heart to all men, and it has brought fate to Icarios. The sweet one is no friend to Erigone, for Dionysos who mourns not has made my girl to mourn."

137 Before he could finish his words, fate came first and stayed his voice: there he lay dead with eyes wide open, far from his modest daughter. His murderers heavy with wine slumbered careless on the bare ground like dead men. When they awoke, they mourned aloud for him they had unwittingly slain, and in their right mind now they carried his body on their shoulders up to a woody ridge, and washed his wounds in the abundant waters of a mountain brook. So they who had slain buried him they had slain in their senseless fury, the same murderous hands buried the body which they had lately torn.

148 The soul of Icarios floated like smoke to the room of Erigone. It was a light phantom in mortal shape, the shadowy vision of a dream, like a man newly slain; the wretched ghost wore a tunic with marks that betrayed the unexplained murder, red with blood and dirty with dust, torn to rags by blows on blows of beating steel. The phantom stretched out its hands and came close to the girl, and pointed out the wounds on the newly mangled
παρθενική δ' ὀλόλυσε φιλοθρήνως ἐν ὀνείροις, ὡς ἰδεν ἔλεκεα τόσσα καρήτατος, ὡς ἰδε δειλὴ λύθρον ἐρευθομένου νεόρρυτον ἀνθρεπών. καὶ σκιόεις γενέτης ἐπος ἐνεπε πειθάδι κοῦρη.

"Ἐγρεο, δειλαίη, καὶ δίσεο σείο τοκή: ἐγρεο, καὶ μεθύοτας ἐμους μάστευε φοιής: εἰμὶ τεός γενέτης βαρυῶδος, ὅν χάριν οὐν αγρονομοὶ δασπλήτες ἑθησαντο σιδῆρω. ὃ τέκος, ὀλβίζω σε: σὺ γὰρ κταμένου τοκῆς οὐ καναχὴν ἥκουσας ἀρασσομένου καρίνου, οὐ πολυῖν ἐνόης ἐρευθομένη ὑπὸ λύθρῳ, οὐ νέκων ἀρτιδαίκτων ἐπισπαίροτα κονῆ, πατροφόνους κορύνας οὐκ ὥρακεσ: ἀλλὰ σε δαίμων ἐκτοθ πατρὸς ἐρυκε, τεύν δ' ἐφύλαξεν ὁπωτήν, μὴ μόρον ἀθρήσει δαιζομένου γενετήρος. αἵματι πορφύροντας ἐμοὺς σκοπίαζε χιτῶνας: χθιᾶ γὰρ οἰνωθεῖτες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοισ ἀγρονόμοι βλύζοντες ἄθθεος ἱκώματα σακχαρόν ἀμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο: δαιζομένοις δὲ σιδῆρῳ μηλονομένους ἐκάλεσα, καὶ οὐκ ἥκουσαν ἱωνί. μούνῃ δ' ὑστερόφωνος ἐμον κτύπον ἐκλυνεν. Ηἰὼ θρήνοις αἰτιτύποιοι τεὸν στεναχοῦσα τοκήν. οὐκέτι κουφίζουσα καλαύροπα μεσσόθεν ὄλης εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόειτα καὶ εἰς λεμβώνας ἰκάνεις, σὴν ἄγέλην βόσκουσα σὺν ἀγραίλῳ, παρακοίτῃ. οὐκέτι δενδροκόμῳ τεὸς φαυνοῦσα μακέλλης κήπον ἐς εὐώδια φέρεις ἀμαρήνων ὦδωρ. ἀλλὰ μελιρραθάμμυγγος ἐμῆς ἀκόρητος ὀπτωρής κλαῖε τεὸν γενέτηρι με δεδούποτα: καὶ σε νοίς ὀρφανικὴν ζώουσαν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναῖων."

1 So mss.: Ludwig ἀγραίλου.
limbs for her to see. The maiden shrieked in this melancholy dream, when she saw so many wounds on that head, when the poor thing saw the blood which had lately poured from that red throat. And the shade of her father spoke these words to his sorrowing child:

161 "Wake, poor creature, go and seek your father! Wake, and search for my drunken murderers! I am your much-afflicted father, whom the savage country folk have destroyed because of wine with cold steel. I call you happy, my child; your father was killed, but you heard not the smashing of my beaten head, you saw not the hoary hair stained with gore, the body new-mangled panting on the ground, you saw not the clubs that killed your father. No: Providence kept you far away from your father, and guarded your eyes that they might not see the death of a murdered sire. Look at my clothes, red with blood! For yesterday country people drunken with cup after cup of wine and dribbling the unfamiliar juice of Bacchos, thronged about me. As the steel tore me, I called on the shepherds, and they heard not my voice: only Echo heard the noise of me and followed with answering tones, and mourned your father with a copy of my lamentable words. Never now will you lift your crook in the midst of the woodlands and go to the meadows and flowery pasture along with a rustic husband, feeding your flock; never will you handle your hoe to work about the trees and bring water along the channels to make the garden grow. Yet be not too greedy with my honeydripping fruit, but weep for me your father low fallen in death. I shall see you living as an orphan and knowing nothing of marriage."
"Ως φαμένη πτερόεσσα παρέδραμεν ὅφις ὀνείρου. κούρη ἡ ἐγγυμένη ῥόδες ἦμυζε παρειάς, πενθαλέοις ἡ ἀνίχνευσιν ἀκαμπτεάς ἔξεσε μαζώς, καὶ δολιχής προθελήμαν ἀνέπασε βότρυν ἑθεῖρης. καὶ βοᾶς ἀθρήσασα παρισταμένοις ἔτι πέτρη παρθένοις αὐχυμένη κινηρή βρυχήσατο φωνῇ. "Πῇ νέκυς Ἰκαρίῳ, φίλαι φθέγξασθε κολώναι πότιμον ἐμοῦ γενετήρος ἑθημονες ἐπίτατε ταῦρον πατρὸς ἐμοῦ κταμένου τίνες γεγάσασι φωνῆς; πῇ μοι ἐμὸς γενετής γλυκὺς σίχεται; η ὅ ρα διδάσκων γείτονα καλλιφότου νέους ὀρπηκάς ὀπώρης πλάξεται ἀγρονόμους παρήμενος, ἡ τιν θίνατη δενδροκόρῳ παρέμμενε συνείστιοι εὐλαπνάζων; εἰπάτε μυρομένη, καὶ τλήσσομαι, εἰσοκέν ἔλθῃ. εἰ μὲν ἔτι ωκει γενέτης ἐμὸς, ἐρνεὰ κήπου ἀρδεύσω παλύτορος ἅμα ζώοντας τοκή: εἰ δὲ πατὴρ τέθηκε καὶ οὐκέτι δένδρα φυτεύει, ἀθρήσω μόρον ἵην ἐπὶ φθιμένῳ γενετήρι." "Ὡς φαμένη ταχύγονος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς ράχιν ύλης, ἰχνα μαστεύουσα νεοσφαγέος γενετήρος. οὗ δὲ οἱ εὑρομένη θρασύς αἰτόλος, οὐ παρὰ λόχμαις παρθένον οἰκτείρων ἀγεληκόμος ἐννέπε βοῦτὶς ἰχνίον ἀσπνικτὸν ἀκηρύκτου τοκῆς, οὐ νέκυν Ἰκαρίῳ γέρων ἐπεδεύκυνε πομήν. ἀλλὰ μάτην ἀλάλητο· μόγις δὲ μιν εὗρεν ἀλωεὺς καὶ κινυροῖς στοιμάτσασι δυσάγγελων ἱαχε φωνῆν, καὶ τάφον ἐγγύς ἐδείξε νεοδμήκτου τοκῆς. Παρθενικῇ δ’ αἴουσα σαώρφου μαίνετο λύσση· καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα φίλῳ παρακάθετο τύμβων παρθένος ἀκρίδεμιν ἀσάμβαλος, αὐτοχύτους δὲ
So spoke the vision of the dream, and then flew away. But the girl awaking tore her rose-red cheeks, and mourning scored her firm breasts with her finger-nails, and tore long locks of hair from the roots; then seeing the cattle still standing by her on the rock, the sorrowful maiden cried in a voice of lamentation:

"Where is the body of Icarios? Tell me, beloved hills! Tell me my father's fate, ye bulls that knew him well! Who were the murderers of my father slain? Where has my darling father gone? Is he wandering over the countryside, staying with the countrymen and teaching a neighbour to plant the young shoots of his fair vintage, or is he the guest of some pastoral gardener and sharing his feast? Tell his mourning daughter, and I will endure till he come. If my father is still alive, I will live with my parent again and water the plants of his garden: but if my father is dead and plants trees no more, I will face death like his over his dead body."

So she spoke, and ran with swift knee up into the mountain forest, seeking the tracks of her father newly slain. But to her questions no goatherd was bold to reply, no herdsman of cattle in the woodlands pitied the maiden or pointed to a faint trace of her father still unheard-of, no ancient shepherd showed her the body of Icarios, but she wandered in vain. At last a gardener found her and told the sad news in a sorrowful voice, and showed the tomb to her father lately slain.

When the maiden heard it, she was distracted but with sober madness: she plucked the hair from her head and laid it upon the beloved tomb, a maiden unveiled, unshod, drenching her clothes with selfshed
δάκρυσιν ἀενάοις λελουμένον εἴχε χιτῶνα.
χείλεσι δ' ἀφθόγρωσιν ἐπεζηρηγίσατο σιγήν
 eius χρόνων. Πριγόνη δὲ κύων ὀμόφωτος ἐχέρων
κυνηθῆμυ πούντωσιν συνεστὶς πενθάδι κούρη, 
καὶ οἱ ὀδυρομείτης συνοδέρετο. μαυρομένη δὲ
eis φυτὸν ὑπεκάρησιν ἀνέδραμεν ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
ἀγχοδίῳ σφίγγεσα περίπλοκον αὐχέα δεσμῷ
αὐτοφόνῳ στροφάλυγγα μετάρριος ὑλετὸ κούρη, 
ἀμφοτέρους δονέοισα πόδας βητάρμοιν παλμῷ,
καὶ θάνε, καὶ μόρον εἴχεν ἐκούσιον.

ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρην
πυκνὰ κύων δεδότητο, καὶ ίαχε πένθιμον ἥχῳ
ὄμμασι θηρείοις νοήμανα δάκρυα λείβων.
Οὐδὲ κύων ἀφιλακτὸν ἐρημίδα κάλλιτε κούρην,
ἀλλὰ φυτὸν παρέμμενεν ἑπίλυσα θῆρα διώκων,
pόρδαλον ἄκ λέωτα: παρερχομένουι δ’ ὀδίταις
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἐπεδείκνυεν ἠλῖγγα κούρην
dεσμοῖς ἀγχονίοις περίπλοκον ἴψοθι δένδρον.
oi δὲ μιν οὐκετέροιτες ἀνήριοι εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
ἀγνεσίαν ἀκροτάοισιν, ἀπ’ εὐπετάλων δὲ κορύμβων
παρθεινὴν ἀδρήτα κατηγαγοῖς ἀγχισαίῃ δὲ
γαῖαιν ἐκουλαίνοιτο πεδοσκαφέσσι μακέλλαις.
toῖς ἄμα καὶ πεπόνητο κύων πυντόφρονι θυμῷ,
pενθαλέως δ’ ἐβαθυνε πέδον τεχήμον ταρσῷ,
θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσι κυτῆς χθόνος ἀκρα χαράσσων.
kαι νέειν ἄρτιδαικτον ἐπεκτερέξαν ὀδίται.
καὶ ἑυτῆς μεθέσεων ὑποκάρδιον ὅγκον ἀνῆς
eis εἴπ ἔργων ἐκαστῶς ἀνέδραμεν ὀξεῖ ταρσῷ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνος ἔμιμεν κύων παρά γείτον γύμβῳ
'Ηρίγοθης ὑπ’ ἔρωτι, θελήμον δ’ ἱλολε πότῳ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἐλέαιρεν εν ἀστερόεστι δὲ κύκλῳ
'Ηρίγοθην στήριξε Λεοντείῳ παρά νώτῳ.
388
showers of ever-flowing tears. Speechless for a time, Erigone kept her lips sealed with silence; the dog the companion of Erigone shared her feelings, he whimpered and howled by the side of his mourning mistress, sorrowing with her sorrow. Wildly she ran up to a tall tree: she tied upon it a rope with a noose fast about her neck and hung herself high in the air, twisting in self-sought agonies with her two twitching feet. So she died, and had a willing fate; her dog ran round and round the girl with sorrowful howls, a dumb animal dropping tears of sympathy from his eyes.

The dog would not leave his mistress alone, unguarded, but there he stayed by the tree, and chased off the preying beasts, panther or lion. Then wayfarers passed, and he showed with mute gestures the unwedded maid hanging in the tree with a noose about her neck. Full of pity they came up to the tree on tiptoe, and took down the chaste maiden from the leafy branches; then hollowed a grave close by with earthdigging shovels. The sorrowing dog knew what they did, and helped them, scratching and scattering the surface of the soil with sharp claws and grubbing with clever feet. So the wayfarers buried the body but lately dead, and they went away on their business quickfoot with a weight of sorrow under their hearts one and all. But the dog remained near the tomb alone, for love of Erigone, and there he died of his own free will.

Father Zeus had pity, and he placed Erigone in the company of the stars near the Lion's back.
παρθενική δ' ἄγραυλος ἔχει στάχνην· οὐ γὰρ ἀθώειν
ὑθέλειν οἴοποι βότριν· ἐν γενέατι φοιή.

'Ικάριον δὲ γέροντα συνήλια γείτονι κούρη
εἰς πόλου ἀστερόφοιτον ἄγων ὕψόμενι Βοώθην
φαιδρόν, 'Αμαξίης ἐπαφέωμεν 'Αρκάδος 'Αρκτοῦ·
καὶ Κύνα μαρμαίροντα καταίσσοντα Λαγώο
ἐμπυρων ἀστρον ἐθηκεν, ὅπη περὶ κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
ποντίας ἀστερόειν τύπω ναυτίλλειται 'Αργώ.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐπλασε μέθος 'Αχαικὸς ἡθάδα πειθώ
ψευδεί συγκεράσας· τὸ δ' ἐτήτυμον, ὕψιμδων Ζεὺς
ψυχήν 'Πρώγον ταχυώδεσις ἀστέρι Κοῦρης
οὐφραίης ἐπένειμεν ὀρόζυγον, αἰθέριον δὲ
ἀγχὸς Κυνίος κύνα θῆκεν ὀμοίων εἶδει μορφῆς.
Σείριον, ὃν καλέουσιν ὀπωρονῖν, 'Ικαρίοι δὲ
ψυχήν ἡρόφοιτον ἐπεξύνωσε Βοώθην.
καὶ τὰ μὲν οἰνοφότῳ Κρονίδης πόρεν Ἀταθί δαίη,
ἐν γέρας ἐπιτύων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Τιμοῦσιν.

'Ιλισσοῦ δὲ ζέθιον μεληρρυτα Βάκχος ἐάσας
ἀβρός ἐς ἀμπελόσσαν ἐκφώμασεν ἀντιγα Νάξου
ἀμφι δὲ μιν πτερά πάλλει 'Ερως θρασύς,
ἐρχομένου δὲ

μελλογάμου Κυθέρεια προηγεμόνευε Λιούον.
ἀρτι γὰρ ὑπινόουσαν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖς ἐάσας
παρθενικήν λυπόπατρυν ἀμελίχος ἐπλεε Θησεῦς,
συνθεσίας δ' ἀνέμοιοιν ἐπέτρεπεν. ὑπιναλέν δὲ
ἀδρήσας Διόνυσος ἐρημαίην 'Αριάδνην

* He turned into Canis Minor, not Sirius.
** That the souls of the dead can turn into stars is a doctrine
as old at least as Aristophanes (Peace 832), and Nonnus uses
it to reconcile two divergent sets of star-myths.
*** Theseus, son of Aigeus king of Athens, had gone to
The rustic maid holds an ear of corn; for she did not wish to carry the red grapes which had been her father’s death. And Zeus brought old Icarios into the starspangled sky to move beside his daughter, and called him Boötes, the Plowman, shining bright, and touching the Wain of the Arcadian Bear. The Dog he made also a fiery constellation a chasing the Hare, in that part where the starry image of sea-faring Argo voyages round the circle of Olympos.

Such is the fiction of the Achaian story, mingling as usual persuasion with falsehood: but the truth is: Zeus our Lord on high joined the soul of Erigone with the star of the heavenly Virgin holding an ear of corn, and near the heavenly Dog he placed a dog like him in shape, Seirios of the autumn as they call him, and the soul of Icarios he combined with Boötes in the heavens. b These are the gifts of Cronides to the vineyards of Attica, offering one honour to Pallas and Dionysos together.

Now Bacchos left the honeyflowing streams of Ilissos, and went in dainty revel to the vineclad district of Naxos. About him bold Eros beat his wings, and Cythereia led, before the coming of Lyaios the bridegroom. For Theseus had just sailed away, and left without pity the banished maiden asleep on the shore, scattering his promises to the winds. c When Dionysos beheld deserted Ariadne sleeping, he mingled love

Crete as one of the human victims for the Minotaur. With the help of Ariadne, daughter of Minos king of Cnossos, he overcame it and then sailed away, taking Ariadne with him. Here the story in all surviving accounts is defective, but parallel stories from elsewhere in Europe make it clear that he did something magically wrong and so fell into a supernatural forgetfulness of her (cf. Theocritos ii. 37-41). Therefore he left her asleep on Naxos.
θαύματι μίξεν ἐρωτα· χοροπλεκόεσσι δὲ Βάκχας γλώσση θαμβαλέῃ πεφυλαγμένον ἐνεπε μῦθον·
"Βασσαρίδες, μὴ ῥόπτρα τινάξατε,
μὴ κτύπος ἔστω 275
ἡ ποδὸς ἡ σύριγγος· ἐάσατε Κύτρων ιαύειν·
ἀλλ' ὦ κεστόν ἔχει σημάντορα Κυπρογενείης.
πείθομαι, ὥς δολοείτι Χάρις νυμφεύεται 'Ὑπηρ·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ὀρθρὸς ἐλαμψε καὶ ἐγγύθη φαίνεται 'Ηώς.
Πασιθέν ἐνδοῦσαν ἐγείρατε· τίς παρὰ Νάξῳ,
tίς Χάριν ἐχλαίωσεν ἀνέίμονα; μὴ πέλεν Ἡβη; 280
ἀλλ' δέπας μακάρων τίν κάλλιπε· μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
cέκλειται αἰγλήσσα βοῶν ἑλάτειρα Σελήνη; καὶ
πόθεν 'Ειδυμίωνος ἐθύμονος ἐκτὸς ιαύει;
μὴ Θέτιν ἀγγυρόπεζαν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοΐσοι δοκεύων;
ἀλλ' οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχει ροδόεν δέμας. εἰ θέμος εἰπεῖν,
Ναξίας ἱοχέαιρα πόνων ἀμπαίεται ἄγρης,
θηροφόνους ἱδρώτας ἀποσμήξασα θαλάσσης·
tίκτει γὰρ γλυκῶν ὑπνὸν ἄει πόνος· ἀλλ' ἐν ὀξύμη
"Ἀρτεμιν ἐλκεχίτσα τις ἐδράκε; μὴ μυθε, Βάκχαι 290
στῆθι, Μάρων· μὴ δέυρο χορεύσατε· λήγει λυγάινων,
Παῖ διλέ, μὴ σκεδάσεις εῶς ὑπνον 'Αθηνης·
καὶ τίνι Παλλᾶς ἔλειπεν ἑν δόρῳ; καὶ τίς ἀείρει
χαλκέην τρυφάλειαν ἢ αἰγίδα Τριτογενείης;"
Τοῖα μὲν ἐνεπε Βάκχος· ἀπὸ ψαμάθοιο δὲ δειλῇ
ὑπνον ἀποσκεδάσασα δυσίμερος ἑγρετο κούρη,
καὶ στολῶν οὐκ ἐνοῇς καὶ οὐ πόσων ἱπποτῆς·
ἀλλὰ σὺν ἀλκυόνεσσι Κυδωνίας ἔστενε νύμφη
ἡμώνας μεθέπουσα, βαρύβρομον ἔδων 'Ερώτων·
νίθεον δ' ὁ νόμιμεν ἐμαίνετο δ' ἐγγύθη πόντου
ὀλκάδα διζομείη· φθονερῷ δ' ἐπεμήνεν ὑπνῷν, 392
with wonder, and spoke out his admiration cautiously to the danceweaving Bacchants:

"Bassarids, shake not your tambours, let there be no sound of pipes or feet. Let Cypris rest!—But she has not the cestus which marks the Cyprian. I believe it is the Grace that wedded Hypnos, cunning creature!" But since dawn is bright and morning seems near, awaken sleeping Pasithea. But who has given a dress to the naked Grace in Naxos, who? Is it Hebe? But to whom has she left the goblet of the Blessed? Can this be Selene, that bright driver of cattle, lying on the seashore? Then how can she be sleeping apart from her inseparable Endymion? Is it silverfoot Thetis I see on the strand? No, it is not naked, that rosy form. If I may dare to say so, it is the Archeress resting here in Naxos from her labours of the hunt, now she has wiped off in the sea the sweat of hunting and slaying. For hard work always brings sweet sleep. But who has seen Artemis in the woods in long robes? Stay, Bacchants—stand still, Maron—dance not this way, stop singing, dear Pan, that you may not disturb the morning sleep of Athena. No—with whom did Pallas leave her spear? and who bears the bronze helmet or aegis of Tritogeneia?"

So cried Bacchos—Sleep flew away, the poor lovelorn girl scattered sleep, awoke and rose from the sand, and she saw no fleet, no husband—the deceiver! But the Cydonian maiden lamented with the kingfishers, and paced the heavy murmuring shore which was all that the Loves had given her. She called on the young man’s name, madly she sought his vessel along the seaside, scolded the

---


b Cretan.
καὶ Παφίης πολὺ μάλλον ἐμέμφετο μητρὶ θαλάσση.
καὶ Βορέην ἐκέτει, καὶ ὀρκιον ἐπεν ἀγήν,
ὄρκιον Ὀρείθυιαν, ὅπως πάλιν εἰς χόνα Νάξου
κοῦρον ἀγοι,
γλυκερῆν δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὀλκάδα λεύσην.
Ἄιδον ὕτε μᾶλλον ἄθελγέα λισσομένη δὲ
πεῖθεο καὶ κατέκευε, καὶ ἀντικελεύθων ἀγήν
πέμην, ὅτα πετεύει ποθοβλήτου δε κούρης
οὐ Βορέης ἀλέξαξε δυσάμερος ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὰ
παρθενικὴ κοσμοτο τάχα ἐγκαταιτο
αι ὅτε νη κόμισαν ἐς Ἀτρίδα. παρθενικὴν δὲ
αὐτὸς Ὕρως τόμβησεν ἀπεινήθην δ' εἰν Νάξῳ
εἰσιένει ἐσοκησεν ὄσονομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
ἡν δὲ φακεντήρη καὶ ἐν ἀλγειᾳ, καὶ μν ἀνή
ἀμασμενήν κομήτης κινομένη δ' Ἀριάδνη
ἐκαθεν εἰς κρύσων ἡκα φαλομείδης Ἀφροδίτη
ἡμέροιεν γέλοςα, καὶ εἰκαθεν ὁμματα Πειθοῦς
καὶ Χαρίτων καὶ Ὕρως ἐπίρημα δάκρυς κοῦρης.
οψε δὲ δακρυόεσσα τόσῃ ἀπεθέγατο φωνῆν·
"Τινος ἐροι γλυκύς ἠλθεν,
ἐὼς γλυκύς ἤχετο Θησεύς·
αἴθε με τερπομεῖτ' ἔτι καλλίπεν ὑπαλέη 
Κεκροπίην νῦσα, καὶ εἰδοθε Θησεός αὐλῆς
ἀβρός ἔρω ῥευνιος αἰειδομένης Ἀριάδνης
καὶ χορός, ἡμετέρη  δ' ἐπεκόσμε με τερπομεῖτ' χείρ
εἰαρινοις πετάλουσ τεθηλότα θαραμον Ἐρώτων·
καὶ γάμιον στέφος εἶχον  ἐρω δε μοι ἐγγώθ Θησεύς
ἐίμασι νυμφιδίοις θυμοδουλων Ἀφροδίτη.
ὡμοι, ποιον ὀνειρον ἵδον γλυκὺς· ἀλλα με φείγων
ἥχετο καλλείμας ἔτι παρθένοις θαλιθι, Πειθώ·
tαύτα μοι ἀχλυόεσσα γαμοπολος ὤπασεν ὀρφιή,
1 So mss.: Ludwig μετερχομένη.
envious sleep, reproached even more the Paphian's mother, the sea; she prayed to Boreas and adjured the wind, adjured Oreithyia to bring back the boy to the land of Naxos and to let her see that sweet ship again. She besought hardhearted Aiolos yet more; he heard her prayer and obeyed, sending a contrary wind to blow, but Boreas lovelorn himself cared nothing for the maid stricken with desire—yes, even the breezes themselves must have had a spite against the maiden when they carried the ship to the Athenian land. Eros himself admired the maiden, and thought he saw Aphrodite lamenting in Naxos where all is joy. She was even more resplendent in her grief, and pain was a grace to the sorrower. Compare the two, and Aphrodite gently smiling and laughing with love must give place to Ariadne in sorrow, the delectable eyes of Peitho or the Graces or Love himself must yield to the maiden's tears. At last in her tears she found voice to speak thus:

320 "Sweet sleep came to me, when sweet Theseus left me. Would that I had been still happy when he left me! But in my sleep I saw the land of Cecrops; in the palace of Theseus was a splendid wedding and dance with songs for Ariadne, and my happy hand was adorning the Loves' blooming altar with luxuriant spring flowers. And I wore a bridal wreath; Theseus was beside me in wedding garments, sacrificing to Aphrodite. Alas, what a sweet dream I saw! But now it is gone, and I am left here yet virgin. a Forgive me, Peitho! All this bridal pomp the misty

a A bit of orthodoxy on Nonnos's part; a god's bride must be virgin. The local legend was that Ariadne died in childbed, Plutarch, Thes. 20.
καὶ φθονερὴ τάδε πάντα φασιφόρος ἤρπασεν 'Ἡώς·
ἐγρομένη δ' οὖχ εἰρην ἐμὸν πόθον· ἥ ῥα καὶ αὐτάι
eἰκόνες ἀντιτύπων ξηλήμονες εἰσὶν 'Ερῶτων,
ὅτι τελεσσιγάμων ἀπατηλίων ὅμων ὅνειρων
μερτῆν εἰνόπα, καὶ ἁμεροῖς φύγε Θησεύς;
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ φίλος 'Ὑπνος ἀνάρωσε· εἰπατε, πέτραι,
εἰπατε μοι δυσέρωτε· τίς ἤρπασεν ἀστόν Ἀθήνης;
εἰ Βορέης πνεύμαυ, εἰς 'Ομείθυιαν ἰκάνων.
αὐλά μοι 'Ομείθυια χολόεσται, ὅτι καὶ αὐτῇ
αἷμα φέρει Μαραθώνος, ὅθεν φίλος ἐπλετο Θησεύς. 340
εἰ Ζέφυρος κλονεῖ, Ζεφυρίδη δεῖξαι νύμφῃ
"Ιρδι μὴτρὶ Πόθου βιαζομένην Ἀριάδνην·
eἰ Νότος, εἰ θραυσὶ Εὔρους, εἰ ἦργανεν ἰκάνω
μεμφομένῳ ροθίων ἀνέμων δυσέρωτι τεκούσῃ.
ὁδος κενήρ πάλιν, "Γ' πεῖ, φίλην χάριν, ἵσον ἑκείνῳ
πέμπων ἄλλον ὅνερον ἐπίρατον, ὥφρα νοήσω
Κύπριος ὑπαλέθης γλυκερὴν ἀπατηλίων εἰνήν
μοῦναν ἐμοῖς δήθινον ἐπ' ὀμμασίων, ὥφρα νοήσω
ἀπνοον οὐστρον 'Ερῶτος ὕνερείων ὑμεναίων.
εἰ μὲν ἐς 'Απόλλωνα καίν, ἐπίκλοπε νυμφίε Θησευ,
σόν πλοῦν ἐκ Νάξου μετηγαγον ἄρπαγες αὐραί,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ἐς Αίόλου αὐτίκα βαῖνω
μεμφομένη φθονερώσυ καὶ οὐχ ὁσίουσιν ἀήταις;
eἰ δὲ μὴ τὴν λαπόπατρῳ ἐρημάδῳ πάρθενο Νάξω,
kαὶ σέθεν ἀγλώσωσετο ἀμελθός ἐπλεε ναύτης,
ἡλιτεν εἰς Θησῆα καὶ εἰς Ἐμών, εἰς 'Αριάδνην
μηκέτι ναυτίλος οὕτως ἰδοι ποτὲ πομπῶν ἀήτην,
μηδὲ μν ἀσταθέσσοι συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις
μίασ ἀθρήσειε γαληναίος Μελκέρτης.

* The allusion is to the altars of Eros and Anteros, for
darkness marshalled for me, all this the envious
dawn of day has torn from me—and awaking I found
not my heart’s desire! Are the very images of
Love and Love Returned jealous of me? for I saw
a delightful vision of marriage accomplished in a
deceitful dream, and lovely Theseus was gone.

336 "To me, even kind Sleep is cruel. Tell me, ye
rocks, tell the unhappy lover—who stole the man of
Athens? If it should be Boreas blowing, I appeal to
Oreithyia: but Oreithyia hates me, because she also
has the blood of Marathon, whence beloved Theseus
came. If Zephyros torments me, tell Iris the bride of
Zephyros and mother of Desire, to behold Ariadne
maltreated. If it is Notos, if bold Euros, I appeal to
Eos and reproach the mother of the blustering winds,²
lovelorn herself.

345 "Give me again, Sleep, your empty boon, so
pleasant; send me another delectable dream like
that, so that I may know the sweet bed of love in a
deceitful dream! Only linger upon my eyes, that I
may know the unreal passion of married love in a
dream! O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom, if
the marauding winds have carried your course from
Naxos to the Athenian land, tell me now I ask, and I
will resort to Aiolos at once reproaching the jealous
and wicked winds. But if some cruel seaman without
your knowledge left me outlawed in desert Naxos,
and sailed away, he sinned against Theseus and
against Themis, against Ariadne. May that sailor
never see a favourable wind; if he rides the raging
storm, may Melicertes never look on him graciously

which see Rose, Handbook of Mythology, p. 123. That these
altars are both of comparatively late origin does not trouble
Nonnos. ² Cf. Hesiod, Theog. 378.
άλλα Νότος πνεύσειν, ότε χρέος ἐστὶ Βορής.  
Εὗρον ίδιον Ζεφύρου κεχρημένον· εἰσίν τοις ποιτοπόρωσ ὁτε πᾶσιν ἑπιτείουσιν ἀήται, 
χειμερίη τοῦτο μοῦνον ὁμιλήσει θαλάσσῃ.  
ἥλιος ναυτίλους οὗτος ἀθέσμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ 
ἀσάμην ποθένσα ἱαόφρονος ἀστὸν Ὁδήνας.  
αἰθὲ μὲν οὐκ ἐπόθησα δυσίμερος· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ 
ὀππόσον ἤμερός, τοσον ἄγριος ἐπέλετο Θησεύς· 
οὐ τάδε μοι κατελεξεν ἔμοι μίτον εἰσέτε πάλλων: 
οὐ τάδε μοι κατελεξε παρ' ἠμετέρω λαβυρίνθῳ. 
αἰθὲ μὲν ἐκτανε ταῖρος ἀμελίχος· ἵμηρη, φωνή, 
ἀφροτήτης, μὴ κτείτε νέον γλυκὸν· ὁμοὶ Ἐρώτων. 
Θησεύς ἐπλεε μοῦνος ἐς εὐάδινας Ὁδήνας.  
οἶδα, πόθει μὲ λέοντε· μης τάχα παρθενικάν 
σύμπλον ἐσχεν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐν Μαραθώνι χορεύει 
εἰς ἑτέρης γάμον ἄλλων, ἐγὼ δ' ἐτὶ Νάξων ὦδεύω. 
παστός ἔσος πέλε Νάξος, ἐπίκλοπε νυμφίε Ὁθησεύ· 
ἀλεσα καὶ γειτέτη καὶ νυμφίον· ὁμοὶ Ἐρώτων. 
οὐχ ὀρῶν Μίνωα, καὶ οὐ Θησῆ δοκεῖν·  
Κυσσοῦν ἐμὴν προέλοιπα, 
τεἳς δ' οὐκ εἶδον Ὁδήνας: 
πατρὸς ἐνοφίστην καὶ πατρίδος· ἀ μέγα δειλῆ, 
ἐδινον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ὕδωρ ἄλος· εἰς τίνα φεύγω; 
τίς θεός ἀρπάξει με καὶ εἰς Μαραθώνα κομίσσει 
Κυπρίδι καὶ Θησῆ δικαζομένην Ἀριάδνην; 
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσσει δ' οὐδιματος; αἰθὲ καὶ αὐτή 
ἡμετέρης μίτον ἄλλων ἰδω ποριπῆ κελεύθουν· 
τοιον ἑχειν ἑθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ μίτον, ὡς κεν ἀλύξω 
Ἀγαϊής ἄλος οἶδα καὶ εἰς Μαραθώνα περήσω, 
öffent περιπτύξε τε, καὶ εἰ στυγεείς Ἀριάδνην, 
öffent περιπτύξε σε τὸν ὄρκαπάτην παρακοίτην.
DIONYSIACA, XLVII. 360–389

or bring him a calm sea; but may Notos blow when he wants Boreas, may he see Euros when he needs Zephyros; when the winds of springtime blow upon all mariners, may he alone meet with a wintry sea.

364 "That lawless sailor sinned: but I myself was blinded when I desired the countryman of chaste Athena. Would that I had not desired him, love-lorn! For Theseus is as savage as he is charming in love. This is not what he said to me while yet he handled my thread, this is not what he said at our labyrinth!a O that the cruel bull had killed him! Hush, my voice, no more folly, do not kill the delightful boy. Alas, my love! Theseus has sailed alone to Athens his happy mother. I know why he left me—in love no doubt with one of the maidens who sailed with him, and now he holds wedding dance for the other at Marathon while I still walk in Naxos. My bridal bower was Naxos, O Theseus my treacherous bridegroom! I have lost both father and bridegroom: alas my love! I see not Minos, I behold not Theseus; I have left my own Cnossos, but I have not seen your Athens; both father and fatherland are lost. O unhappy me! Your gift for my love is the water of the brine. Who can be my refuge? What god will catch me up and convey to Marathon Ariadne, that she may claim her rights before Cypris and Theseus? Who will take me and carry me over the flood? If only I could myself see another thread, to guide my way too! Such a thread I want for myself, to escape from the Aigaian flood and cross to Marathon, that I may embrace you even if you hate Ariadne, that I may embrace you my perjured husband. Take me for

a The clue of thread she gave him to find his way out of the maze where the Minotaur lived.
δέξο με σών λεχέων θαλαμηπόλον, ἥν ἑθελήσῃς. καὶ στορέσω σέο λέκτρα . . .
μετά Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη,
ολά τε λησθείσα· καὶ ὀλβισθ ἑο νύμφῃ
tλήσωμαι, ὡς θεράπαινα, πολὺκροτον ἱστόν υψαίνων καὶ φθονεροῖς ὁμοιοῖς ἀίθεα κάλπων αέρεων,
καὶ γλυκερῶ Θησῆ φέρειν ἐπιδορπίον ὕδωρ·
μοῦνον ἰδω Θησῆ· καὶ ἡμέτερῃ ποτε μήτηρ
ἀγροῦμοις θῆτευε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε νομῆ,
βοσκομένω δ' ὀσρίζειν ἀφωνήτῳ των ταῦρων,
καὶ βοῦ ταῦρον ἐτίκτε· μελζομένοι δὲ βοτήρος
πηκτίδος οὔ πόθον ἥσχεν, ὄσον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούειν.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ φαινείημε καλαύροπος, οὔ παρὰ φάτη
ατήσωμαι· ἡμέτερῃς δὲ παρέσοι μεγε ἀνάσης
φθεγγομένων Θησῆ, καὶ οὐ μυκηθμὸν ἀκούσω·
καὶ τεὸν ἵμερόντα γάμον ὑμενικον αἷσω
ζῆλον ὑποκλείπτουσα νεοζυγεός σεο νύμφῆς.
ατῆσων Ναξιάδεσσαι παρ' ἱόσι ποντοπορεύων,
ατῆσων ἐμοί σεο νήα· τι, ναυτίλε, καὶ σο χαλέπτεις;
ὡς ἀρα καὶ σο πέλεισ Μαραθώνιος· εἰ μὲν ἰκάνεις
εἰς ἐρατήν σεο γαϊν, ὅτι δόμος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων,
δεξό με δελαίνῃ, ἵνα Κέρκοπος ἀστυ νοῆσον.
eἰ δὲ με καλλεύους καὶ, ἀμελίχε, ποντοπορεύς,
eἰπε τεώ Θησῆ κυνυρωμένη Ἀριάδνην,
μεμφομένην ἀτέλεστον ἐπίκλοπον ὀρκον Ἐρώτων.
οῖδα, πόθεν Θησῆς υπόσχεσιν ἡπεροπῆς
θῆκεν Ἐρως βαρύμηνις ἀνήνυτον· ἀντι γὰρ Ἰρῆς,
ἡν Ζυγίνα καλέουσιν, ἀπειρογάμου θεαίνης
ἀμοσεν ἀχράτοιο γαμήλιον ὀρκον Ἀθήνης.
Παλλάδος ὀρκὸν ὀμοσσε·
τι Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθέρειῃ;"}

"Τοία κυνυρωμένης ἐπετέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων·"
your chambermaid, if you like, and I will lay your bed, and be your Ariadne (in Marathon) instead of Crete, like some captive girl. I will endure to serve your most happy bride; I will ply the rattling loom, and lift a pitcher on envious shoulders, an unfamiliar task, and bring handwash after supper for sweet Theseus—only let me see Theseus! My mother too once was the menial of a farmer, and bowed her neck for a herdsman, and prattled of love to a dumb bull in the pasture, and brought the bull a calf. She cared not to hear the herdsman make music on his pipe so much as to hear the bellowing bull. I will not touch the crook, I will not stand in the stall; but I will be ready beside my queen to hear the voice of Theseus, not the bellowing of a bull. I will sing a lovely song for your wedding, and hide my jealousy of your newly wedded bride.

406 "Stay your voyage by the sands of Naxos, sailor, stay your ship for me! What—are you angry too? So you too come from Marathon? If you are bound for your lovely land, where is the home of love, take this unhappy girl on board that I may behold the city of Cecrops. If you must leave me, pitiless, and go on your voyage, tell your Theseus of mourning Ariadne, how she reproaches the treacherous oath of love unfulfilled. I know why angry Eros has left unfulfilled Theseus the deceiver's promise. He swore his marriage-oath not by Hera, whom they call the Nuptial goddess, but by the immaculate Athena, the goddess who knows nothing of marriage. He swore by Pallas—and what has Pallas to do with Cythereia?"

419 Bacchos was enraptured to hear this lament.

---

a When she was disguised as a cow.
Κεκροπίην δ' είνόησε καὶ οὖν Θησέως ἔγνω καὶ στόλον ἐκ Κρήτης ἀπατήλιοιν ἀγχὶ δὲ κούρης ἐνθεον ἐδος ἔχων ἀμαρώσειτο· παρθενικὴν δὲ φέρτερον εἰς πόθον ἀλλων ἐμάστιε κέντορι κεστῷ θοῦρος Ἑρων περίφοιτος, ὡπως Μινώδα κούρην πειθομείτην ζεῦξει κασιγνῆς Διονύσου.
καὶ καυρὴν δυσφέρτα παρηγορῶν Ἀριάδνην τοῖσ φάτο Βάκχος ἐγ' θεονοθελγεῖ φωνῇ:
"Παρθένε, τί στενάχεις ἀπατήλιοιν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης; μυθεῖτε εἰς Θησέως: ἧχεις Διονύσου ἀκοίτην, αἰτὶ μυστικαίοις πόσιν ἄφθιτον εἰ δὲ σε τέρπει ἕλικος ἡθεῶν βρότον δέμας, οὐ ποτε Θησέως εἰς ἀρετὴν καὶ κάλλος ἐριδμαίνει Διονύσῳ.
ἀλλ' ἔρεις: 'ιαστήρα πεδοσκαφέως λαβυρύθου δισσοφιή φοινίχιν ὁμόζηγον ἄνερα ταύρῳ,
οἴδας ἀσυνηθέρα τεον μιτὸν οὐ γὰρ ἅγιαν εὑρεῖν ἀερολεύκει κορυφήφορος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης, εἰ μὴ θῆλυς ἀμείνε ῥόδόχροος· οὐ σε διδάξω καὶ Παφήν καὶ Ἑρωτα καὶ ἡλακάτην Ἀριάδνης.
αἰθέρος οὐκ ἔρεις ὅτι μείζονες εἰσὶν Ἀθήναι· οὐ Διὶ παμμεδέοιτι πανείκελος ἐπλεῖτο Μῖνως,
σος γενέτης· οὐ Κυώσσος ὁμοίως ἐστιν Ὥλυμπος.
οὐδὲ μάτην στόλος οὕτος ἐμὴς ἀπεβήσατο Νάξου, ἀλλὰ Πάρθος σε φίλαξεν ἄρειστεροι ύμεναιοις· ὀδή, ὃπι λιποῦσα χερείων Θησέως εὕτῃ δέμιον ἰμέρεστος ἐπαθήςεις Διονύσου.
τι πλέον ὥθελες εὐχὸς ὑπέρτερον; ἀμφότερον γὰρ ὑπεράντο ὄικον ἡχεῖς, ἐκυρὸς δὲ σοὶ ἐστι Κρονίων.
οὐ σοι Κασσίεπεια δυνητεσται ἰσοφαρίζειν παιδὸς ἐγς διὰ κόσμου Ὄλυμπον· αἰθερίους γὰρ
He noticed Cecropia, and knew the name of Theseus and the deceitful voyage from Crete. Before the girl he appeared in his radiant godhead; Eros moved swiftly about, and with stinging cestus he whipt the maiden into a nobler love, that he might lead Minos’s daughter to join willingly with his brother Dionysos. Then Bacchos comforted Ariadne, lovelorn and lamenting, with these words in his mindcharming voice:

"Maiden, why do you sorrow for the deceitful man of Athens? Let pass the memory of Theseus; you have Dionysos for your lover, a husband incorruptible for the husband of a day! If you are pleased with the mortal body of a youthful yearsmate, Theseus can never challenge Dionysos in manhood or comeliness. But you will say, 'He shed the blood of the halfbull man whose den was the earthdug labyrinth!' But you know your thread was his saviour: for the man of Athens with his club a would never have found victory in that contest without a rosy-red girl to help him. I need not tell you of Eros and the Paphian and Ariadne’s distaff. You will not say that Athens is greater than heaven. Minos your father was not the equal of Zeus Almighty, Cnossos is not like Olympos. Not for nothing did that fleet sail from my Naxos, but Desire preserved you for a nobler bridal. Happy girl, that you leave the poor bed of Theseus to look on the couch of Dionysos the desirable! What could you pray for higher than that? You have both heaven for your home and Cronion for your goodfather. Cassiepeia will not be equal to you because of her daughter’s Olympian glory; for

a In this as in many other details Theseus is an echo of Heracles.
δεσμοὺς Ἀιδρομέδη καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν

ώπασε Περσεύς.

ἀλλά σοι ἄστερόν τελέος στέφος, ὡς κεν ἀκούσῃς εὐνέτις αἰγλήσσου φιλοστεφάινοι Διονύσου." 450

Εἴπε παρηγορέων καὶ ἐπάλλετο χάρματι κούρη μνήστιν ὁλην ᾠνήης ἀπορρύψασα θαλάσση, οὕραιόν μητετήρος ὑποφέρεν ὑπεναῖων

dεξαμένη, καὶ παστῶν Ὑρως ἐπεκόσμεε Βάκχω

καὶ χορός ἐγραφήγησε γαμήλιος· ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῷ ἀνθεα πάντα τεθήλε· καὶ εἰαμυνεὶ πετῆλοις Νάξου ἐκκλαίωσαι χορετίδες Ὀρχομενοῖο

καὶ θαλάμους ἐλάγαυεν Ἀραδνᾶς, ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγαῖς 460

Νημᾶς ἀκρίδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἦνε Νύμψη δαίμον θετρύονες συναπτομένην Ἀραδνην. Ὁρτηγή δ’ ὀδύλυζε, πολυσούχῳ δὲ Φοίτουν γνωτὶ νυφίον ἦνον ἀνακρουοῦσα Λυαίῳ
cis χορὸν ἐσκάιρησε καὶ ἄστυβελίκτος εὕσα.

πορφυρεῖς δὲ ῥῶδοις περίτροχον ἄνθος ἑρέττων μάς Ἑρως πυρός στέφως ἐπλέκε,

σύγχροον ἄστρων,

οὐραιόν Στεφάνιον προάγγελον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νυμφῆς Ναξίαδος σκίρτησε γαμοστόλος ἐσμός ᾿Ερώτων.

Καὶ ἀγιός θαλάμωσιν ὀμηλήσας ὑμεναῖος 470

Χρυσοπάτωρ πολυπαίδα γονήν ἐσπειρεῖν ἀκοίτησ.

καὶ δολιχῆ πολυϊο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων μητέρος εὐώδιοι εἰς ἐμπήχατο Ῥεύς; καὶ Χαρέτων πλήθουσας ἀμεμφέα Νάξου ἐάσας 'Ελλάδος ἀστεα πάντα μετήμεν ἐπιποβότον δὲ ᾿Αργεος ἐγχύν ἱκανε, καὶ εἰ λάχεν Ἰναχον Ἰη. οἱ δὲ μὲν οὐκ ἐδέχοντο, χοροπλεκεῖας δὲ γυναῖκας καὶ Σατύρους ἐδώκον, ἀπηρήσαιτο δὲ θύρσους, μὴ ποτὲ δηλήσαιτο Πελασγικον ἔδρανον Ἰη 475

404
Perseus has left her heavenly chains to Andromeda even in the stars, but for you I will make a starry crown,\(^a\) that you may be called the shining bedfellow of crownloving Dionysos."

\(^453\) So he comforted her; the girl throbbed with joy, and cast into the sea all her memories of Theseus when she received the promise of wedlock from her heavenly wooer. Then Eros decked out a bridal chamber for Bacchos, the wedding dance resounded, about the bridal bed all flowers grew; the dancers of Orchomenos \(^b\) surrounded Naxos with foliage of spring, the Hamadryad sang of the wedding, the Naiad nymph by the fountains unveiled unshod praised the union of Ariadne with the vine-god: Ortygia \(^c\) cried aloud in triumph, and chanting a bridal hymn for Lyaios the brother of Phoibos cityholder she skipt in the dance, that unshakable rock. Fiery Eros made a round flowergarland with red roses and plaited a wreath coloured like the stars, as prophet and herald of the heavenly Crown; and round about the Naxian bride danced a swarm of the Loves which attend on marriage.

\(^470\) The Golden Father entering the chamber of wedded love sowed the seed of many children. Then rolling the long circle of hoary time, he remembered Rheia his prolific mother; and leaving faultless Naxos still full of Graces he visited all the towns of Hellas. He came near horsebreeding Argos, even though Hera ruled the Inachos. But the people would not receive him; they chased away the danceweaving women and Satyrs; they repudiated the thyrsus, lest Hera should be jealous and destroy her Pelasgian seat, if

\(\text{\textsuperscript{a}}\) The constellation Corona.
\(\text{\textsuperscript{b}}\) The Graces.
\(\text{\textsuperscript{c}}\) Delos, or its nymph.
ξηλίμων, βαρύσηνες ἐπιβράδυνσα Αυαίων. 480
Σεληνόν δὲ γέρωτας ἐρήμων, αὐχνύμενος δὲ
'Ἰαξίδας Δίονυσος ὅλας οὐστρησε γυναῖκας;
μυκηθρῷ δὲ ἀλάλαζον Ἀχαιδὴς· αὐτομένους δὲ
ἐξραυν ἐν τριόδοισιν ἐπὶ σφατέροισι δὲ δειλαί
ἀρτιτόκως βρεφέσσιν ἐπωξῆνοιτο μαχαίρας,
ὅν ἡ μὲν ἐξὺς εἶλκε καὶ ἐκτανεν νυεά μῆτηρ,
ἀλλὰ δὲ τριέτηνεν ἀπηλοίησε γενέθλην,
καὶ τις ἀντικοίτιζεν ἐς ἥρα κοῦρων ἀλήτην
ἐισέτε μαστεύοντα φίλον γλάγος· ὀλυμένων δὲ
'Ιαξίδας ἀρτιτόκων βρεφέων ἐπεμαίνετο πότμων·
μῆτηρ δὲ ἐκτανεν νυε, καὶ οὐ πόδος ἐπλετό μαξῶν
παιδοκόμων, οὐ μνήστις ἀναγκαίον τοκετοίον·
'Αστερίων δ', ὅθε πολλὰ θαλύσια μείζονος ἡβῆς
ἡθέων κείρουτο λιπότριχος ἀνθεά κόρης,
αὐτοὺς παῖδας ἐδεκτο καὶ οὐκέτι βόστρυχα χαίτης. 490
Καὶ τις ἰδίων τινα λάτριν ἐπερχομένου Λαιαίου
τοῖν ἐπος κατέλεξε Πελασγίδας ἀστός ἀρουρής·
"Οὔτος ο μόρταν ἐχων, διηλίπο γένος· ἀξιον Ἡρῆς
Ἀργος ἐχει Περσηβα καὶ ο ι χατεὲ ξί Διονύςον·
ἀλλον ἐχω Διὸς νυε καὶ ου Βάκχω ο ξατίζων. 500
ποσι πολυσκάρημοι πατεὶ Διόνυσος ὁπώρην·
ἐχνειν ψυπόροισιν ἐν ὅ γονος ἥρα τέμνει.
μὴ κυσρή δρεπάνη ἱσάζετε· καὶ γὰρ ἄρειων
Βάκχου θυρασφόρον δρεπαιηθόρος ἐπλετο Περσεύς·
ei στρατὸν Ἰδιόν ἐπέφενεν, άέθλιον ἰσον ἐνύω
Γοργοφόνω Περσηβα καὶ Ἰδιόφόνω Διονύςον·
ei δὲ πολυκλυστοι παρ' Ἐσπέριον κλίμα πόντου
ὁλκάδα λαϊνέν Τυρασγίδα πῆξε θαλάσσῃ.

* A river of the Argolid. Young people, on reaching
her heavy wrath should press hard on Lyaios; they checked the old Seilenoi. Then Dionysos, angry, sent madness upon all the Inachian women. The women of Achaia loudly bellowed; they attacked those they met at the threeways; the poor creatures sharpened knives for their own newborn babies—one mother drew sword and slew her son, another destroyed her threeyearold child, one again hurled into the air her baby boy still searching for the welcome milk. Inachos was stained with the death of perishing newborn babes; a mother killed a son, never missed him at her nursing breast, never thought of the pangs of travail. Asterion, where the young men so often cut the flower of their bared brows as firstfruits of growing age, now received the children themselves and no longer locks of hair.

496 As Lyaios came up, a man of the Pelasgian country thus called out to one of the servants of the god:

498 "You there with the grapes, you hybrid! Argos has her Perseus, one worthy of Hera, and needs not Dionysos. I have another son of Zeus and I want no Bacchos. Dionysos treads the vintage with dancing feet; my countryman cuts the air with high-travelling steps. Do not think ivy as good as the sickle, for Perseus with his sickle is better than Bacchos with his ivy; if Bacchos destroyed the Indian host, I will announce an equal prize for Perseus Gorgonslayer and Dionysos Indianslayer. If Bacchos once in the western region of the rolling sea turned into stone a Tyrrhenian ship and fixt it puberty, commonly cut their hair and offered it to a local deity, often a river.

b For the story of Perseus, see Rose, Handbook of Greek Mythology, pp. 272 ff.
κήτος ὁλον περίμετρον ἐμὸς πετρώσατο Περσεύς. εἰ δὲ τεὸς Διόνυσος ἐρημοῦμοι παρὰ πόντῳ ὑπναλέψει ἐσάωσεν ἐπ' ἡμῶν Ἀρμάδην, δεσμοὺς 'Ανδρομήδης πτεροείς ἀνελύσατο Περσεύς, ἂξιον ἐδουν ἔχων πετρώδεια θῆρα θαλάσσης· οὐ πως 'Ανδρομήδην Παφίης χάριν,

οὐ ποτὲ Περσεύς

Θησεός ἠμείρουσαν ἐν ἔρρυσατο νύμφην· ἀλλὰ σαφοφρονείοις γάμον λάχεν. ὡς Σεμέλην δὲ, οὐ Δανάην πυρόειτες εὐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί· ἀλλὰ πατὴρ Περσηφός 'Ολύμπιος ὑμβρός 'Ερώτων χρύσεος εἰς γάμον ἠλθε, καὶ οὐ φλογόεις παρακοίτης.

οὐκ ἀγαμαί ποτε τοὺς ἐγὼ πρόμοιν ἐν παλάμῃ γὰρ ποῖον ἔχει δὸρυ θοὺρον 'Αρηίον; ἴσχεο, Περσεύ· Γοργοφόρῳ δρεπάνη μη μάρναο θῆλεί κισσώ· μὴ σέο χείρα μίανε γυναικείοις κοθόρνοις· μὴ κυνήν 'Αδίαν τεοὶς κροτάφοις τινὰςς στέμματος ἀμπελώνως ἐκαντίον· ἡν δ' ἑθελήσης, 'Ανδρομήδην θώρηξον ἀθωρήκτω Νικόπως· χάζεο μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος 'έσας Ἐθῆς ἐπταθύλου πάλιν βάκχεω γυναίκας· κτείνε νέον Πενθή· τι Περσηφ καὶ Διονύσῳ; Ἰαχων ὀκυρεέθρον ἀνάινε· καὶ σε δησάθω

Θῆβης 'Ανθής ποταμὸς βραδύς· οὐ σε διδάξω 'Ασωπον βαρύγουν ἐτι λειτοὶ κεραυν." Τοῖον ἑποις κατέλεξεν ἐπεγγελῶν Διονύσῳ.

'Αργείνη δὲ φάλαγγα Πελαγίας ὠπλισεν 'Ηρη· μαντιπόλοι δ' ᾧκτο Μελὰμποδι· γυμνήν δὲ Γοργοφόρῳ Περσηφί μαχήμωνα ῥήξατο φωνήν· "Οὐρανίης βλάστημα γοιής, κορυθαίολε Περσεύ, σὴν δρεπάνην ἀνάειρε, μὴ ἀπτολέμω τινὶ θύρως.
in the sea, my Perseus turned into stone a whole huge monster of the deep. If your Dionysos saved Ariadne, sleeping on the sands beside an empty sea, Perseus on the wing loosed the chains of Andromeda and offered the stone seamonster as a worthy bridal gift. Not for the Paphian's sake, not while she longed for Theseus did Perseus save Andromeda to be his bride; a chaste wedding was his. No fiery lightnings burnt Danaë to ashes, like Semele; but the father of Perseus came to his wedding as a golden shower of love from heaven, not as a flaming bedfellow.

"I do not admire this hero at all. For what lusty spear of war does he hold? Stay, Perseus, do not fight the woman's ivy with your Gorgonslayer sickle, do not defile your hand with a woman's buskins, do not shake the cap of Hades upon your brow against a wreath of vineleaves—but if you wish, arm Andromeda against unarmed Dionysos. Begone, Dionysos, I tell you; leave Argos and its horses and madden once more the women of sevengate Thebes. Find another Pentheus to kill—what has Perseus to do with Dionysos? Let be the swift stream of Inachos, and let the slow river of Aonian Thebes receive you. I need not remind you of heavyknee Asopos boiling still with the thunderbolt."

So the man spoke, deriding Dionysos. Meanwhile Pelasgian Hera equipped her Argive army; she took the shape of the seer Melampus, and angrily called to Perseus Gorgonslayer in martial words:

"Perseus Flashhelm, offspring of heavenly race! Lift your sickle, and let not weak women

---

\(^a\) The Cap of Darkness (\textit{Tarnkappe}) by which he was made invisible in his adventures.  
\(^b\) Cf. xxiii. 232.
ἀδρανεῖς τεν ὁ Ἀργος ἀιστώσωσι γυναίκες
μὴ τρομεῖς ἓνα μούνον ὁδίν ζωστὴρα κομάων,
ἀκολουθήσατε τὴν θροκτονός ἀρπή
λήμα τοσσατίων ὁδίων ἡμεῖς Μεδούσης.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φίλαγγι κορύσσεο: χαλκορόφου δὲ
μινώεο παρθενεών, ὅτι Δανάη διὰ κόλπου
χρύσεον ὀμβροὺ ἔχειν γαμοκλόπον νέτιος Ζεῦς,
μὴ Δανάη μετὰ λέκτα, μετὰ χρυσέος ὑμεναίους
οὐτίδαν ὑών δοῦλον ὑπογράμψει Λυαίως:
δεξιῶν, ὅτι Κρονίων ἐτίτυμων αἶμα κομίζεις,
δεξιῶν, ὅτι χρύσεον ἔχεις γένος, οὐρανίῳ δὲ
λέκτα τευχήρυξον ἕχεκτεινον ἅφετοιον:
καὶ Σατύρων πολέμιζε: κορυσσομένῳ δὲ Λυαίω
φοίνο ὃμμα τίτανε δρακοντοκόμῳ Μεδούσης,
καὶ μετὰ πικρόν ἀνακτα πολυκλύστοιο Σερίφου
λαῖνεν νέον ἅλλον ἐσαρθρήσω Πολυδέκτην.
οὐν σοὶ παιδαμάτειρα κορύσσεται ὁ Ἀργολίς Ἡρη
μητρικὴ Βρομίω: προασπίζων δὲ Μυκήνης
σὴν δρεπάνην κοῦφιζε σαόπτολι, ὥφρα νοῆσον
ἐσπομένην Περσῆ ὑφικτήτην Ἀριάδνην:
κτείνε βοοκραίρων Σατύρων στίχα: Βασσαρίδων δὲ
ὁμματι Γοργήων βροτήρε μετάμειψεν ὀπωπῆν
εἰς βρέταις αὐτοτελεστοι ὁμοίων ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
κάλλει πετρίζει τεας κόσμησον ἀγνώς,
Ἰαναχίας ἀγορῆσον ἀγάλματα ποικίλα τεῦχων.
τι τρομεῖς Διώνυσον, ὅν οὐ Δίος ἱροσαν εἰναι;
εἰπέ, τι σοι πέξεις; μετάρσιον ἱεροβοίτην
πεζὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδου πότε πτερόεντα κιχήσει;
"Ενεπεθαρσύνουσα: καὶ
εἰς μοῖδον ἐπτατο Περσεύς.
καὶ ναέτας καλέουσα Πελασγιας ἐβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
ὅν ὁ μὲν αἰχμητήρος ἐκούφισε Λυγκέος αἰχμήν,
lay waste your Argos with an unwarlike thyrsus. Tremble not before only one snake wreathed in the hair, when your monsterslaying sickle reaped such a harvest as the vipers of Medusa! Attack the army of Bassarids; remember the brazen vault which was Danaë’s chamber, where Rainy Zeus poured in her bosom a shower of bridestealing gold—let not Danaë after that bed, after the wedding of gold, bend a slavish knee to that nobody Dionysos. Show that you have in you the true blood of Cronion, show that you have the golden breed, proclaim the bed that received that snowstorm of heavenly riches. Make war on the Satyrs too: turn towards battling Lyaios the deadly eye of snakehair Medusa, and let me see a new Polydectes made stone after the hateful king of wavewashed Seriphos. By your side is Argive Hera in arms, allvanquishing, the stepmother of Bromios. Defend Mycene lift your sickle to save our city, that I may behold Ariadne captive of your spear following Perseus. Kill the array of bull-horned Satyrs, change with the Gorgon’s eye the human countenances of the Bassarids into like images selfmade; with the beauty of the stone copies adorn your streets, and make statues like an artist for the Inachian market-places. Why do you tremble before Dionysos, no offspring of the bed of Zeus? Tell me, what could he do to you? When shall a footfarer on the ground catch a winged traveller of the air?"

567 So she encouraged him, and Perseus flew into the fray. The Pelasgian trumpet blared calling the people. They came, one lifting the spear of spearman
The only reason why they are armed with these old weapons is to let Nonnos show his knowledge of the legendary kings of Argos. Danaos apparently signalled with his sword to his daughters to set upon their husbands. For the story, 412
Lynceus, one the spear of Phoroneus more ancient still, one that of Pelasgos, one carried on his arm the oxhide of Abas, and the ashplant of Proitos, another bore the quiver of Acrisios; this bold man stood up to fight holding the sword of Danaos, which once he raised naked when he armed his daughters for those husband-murdering bridals; another again grasped the great axe which Inachos held to strike the bulls' foreheads, when he stood as the inspired priest of Hera Cityholder. The battlestirring host behind their prancing teams ran with Perseus to the field; and he stood before them shouting the warcry with harsh voice, on foot himself, and shook back the rounded quiver over his shoulder, and fitted arrows to curving bow. Perseus of the sickle was champion of the Argives; he fitted his feet into the flying shoes, and he lifted up the head of Medusa which no eyes may see.

But Iobacchos marshalled his women with flowing locks, and Satyrs with horns. Wild for battle he was when he saw the winged champion coursing through the air. The thyrsus was held up in his hand, and to defend his face he carried a diamond, the gem made stone in the showers of Zeus which protects against the stony glare of Medusa, that the baleful light of that destroying face may do him no harm.

And Flashhelm Perseus when he saw the ranks of the Bassarids and the gear of Lyaios, laughed terribly and cried—


Probably Dionysos protects himself with a diamond because this stone *venena vincit atque invita facit et lympha- tiones abigit metusque vanos expellit a mente*, Pliny *N.H.* xxxvii. 61.
"'Ηδος ὁ θύρσων ἑχων, χλοερὸν βέλος,
eis ἐμὲ βαίνων
οἴτιδανοῖς πετάλοις κορύσσει Αρεά παῖζων:
i Δίως ἐλλαχὲς αίμα, τεύχαν ἀνάφαινε γενέθλην
ἐπὶ ποταμοῦ χρύσοιον ἑχεις Πακτώλιον ἔδωρ.
χρυσὸν ἑχω γενετήρα, πατήρ δ᾿ ἐμὸς ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.

ηνίδιοι φοινίσσοντα θεμελία παρθενών,
λείψασα κείνα φέροντα ρυθμεῖον νυφεῖον.

ἀλλὰ φίγε κλυτὸν Ἀργος, ἐπεὶ μενεδήμος Ἡρη
ἐλλαχὲν ἐδραία ταύτα τεύχα οἰκεία δεκοῦσης,
μη σε τὸν οἰστρήσαντα καὶ οἰστρήσαντα τελέσσῃ,

μὴ σε πάλιν μανὶ τεθωμένον ὅφε νοῆσω.

"Ως εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν ἀνεπτοίησε δὲ Βάκχας
Αρεά θυρήξασα καὶ ἀμητήρα Μεδουσῆς

Ἡρη παιδαμάτειρα: καταθυσσοῦσα δὲ Βάκχου
ἀστερόπης μέμημαι, θεόσσυτον ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
ῥήδῃ κατὰ Βρομίων χελασφόρον αἶθοπα λόγχην,
καὶ γελόνων Διονύσου ἀμείβετο θυαία γυνὴ.

"Οὐ τόσον ἀστράπτουσαν ἑχεις ἀσίδηρον ἀκωκὴν
οὐ δύνασαι κλονέεσθι, καὶ καὶ λάχεις ἐμπυρὸν αἰχμὴν
οὔτε μὲ πημαίνει στεροπὴ Διός: ἡμιτελὴ γάρ

ηὐποιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοῖ,

ἀφλεγὲς ἄσθμα χειτὶς ἀδηλήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
καὶ σὺ μέγα φρονέων δρεπανίφορε παύειο Περσεῖ:

Γοργοῖς οὐ μόδος οὕτως ὀλίζωνος, οὐ μία νύμφη

Ἀνδρομέδη δαρείδεσμος ἀέθλων ἄλλα Λυνώι

δῆραι ἁγείς, ὅς Ζηνὸς ἑχει γένος, ὃ ποτε μοῦνω

Ρεῖη μαξὸν ὀρεξεὶ φερεσθὼν, ὃν ποτε πυρῶ

ἀστεροπῆς γαμῆς μανὶσατο μελιχῆς φλόξ,

ὅν δύσις, ὃν ὅθμβησεν Ἑωσφόρος, ὃ στῖχες Ἰνδῶν

εὐκαθον, ὃν τρομέων καὶ Δημιάδης καὶ Ὀρόντης.
"It's nice to see you there with that thyrsus, that greenleaf shaft, marching against me armed with your wretched foliage, playing at war! If you have in you the blood of Zeus, show your breeding! If you have the water of golden Pactolos River, I have a golden Father—my father is Zeus of the Rains. See the crimson foundations of my mother's chamber, still keeping relics of that snowstorm of wealth! Go, flee now from famous Argos, since these buildings belong to steadfast Hera, your mother's destroyer, lest she make you the maddener mad, lest I see you once more driven with frenzy at last."

He spoke, and advanced to the fight. All-vanquishing Hera marshalled the battle, and scattered the Bacchants with Medusa's reaper; she dashed upon Bacchos like the lightning, a godsent leaping fire, and cast at Bromios her gleaming flashing lance. But Dionysos laughing replied in a wild voice—

"Not so much of a flash you make in that blade of yours, with no iron; you cannot scare me, though your point is on fire! Even the lightning of Zeus does not hurt me; for when I was half-made and still a baby the thunders bathed me, pouring breath which burnt not upon inviolate Dionysos. You too, Perseus of the sickle, proud as you are, make an end! This is no battle for a feeble Gorgon, the prize is not a lone girl in heavy chains, Andromeda. Lyaios is your enemy, the offspring of Zeus, to whom alone long ago Rheia offered the life-giving breast; for whom long ago the flame of marriage-lightning was a gentle midwife; the admiration of East and of West, before whom the armies of India gave way; at whom Deriades trembled, and
Ναννός

ηλιβάτων ἀπελευθροῦ ἔχων ὑδαλμα Γιγάντων ἡμίπεν, ὥς ἵρπαι Ἀλποὺ ὑπόκλασεν, νιὸς Ἀρούρης, ἀγγειεῖς περίμετρον ἔχων δέμας, ὥ γόνυ κάμπτει λαὸς Ἀραφ, Σικελός δὲ μελιζέται εἰσήτι ναύτης Τυρσηνῶν νόθον εἴδος ἀλίдрομον, ἕν ποτε μορφῆν ἀνδρομενή ἡμείσα μετάτροπον, αἱτὶ δὲ φωτῶν ἱχθύες ὀργητηρίς ἐπισκαιροῦν θαλάσση.

Θήβης δὲ ἐπιταπίλον γόνυ ἐκλυεῖ· οὐ σε διδάξω αἰνοματὴ Πειθήα καὶ ἄλεστεκίνῳ Ἀγαύην. φήμης δὲ οὐ χατεῖς ἡ μάρτυρος, ὅτι Λυκιόν περίπτηθεν τῶν Ἀργοὺς, Ἀχαιῶδες δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ σφοιτεράς ὁδίνας ἐτὶ στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.

ἀλλὰ, φίλος, πολέμιζε, καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κορύμβοις αὐτήσεις τάχα Βάκχου, ὅτι πτερὰ σείω πεδίων ὀφεία ἀρραγέεσσω ἐμοῖς ἐκοντα κοθόρνως·

οὐ ποτε Βασσαρίδων σκεδάσεις μόθον, οὐ ποτε λήξω πέμπων οἴνωπα θύρσον, ἔως τεν Ἀργεῖ δείξω ἐγχεῖ κισσήεντι πεπαρμένον ἀνθρεώνα καὶ δρέπανον πετάλους νικώμενον· οὐ σε σαώσει Ζεὺς ἐμός, οὐ γλαυκῶπης όμόγνος, οὐ σέθεν Ἡρη, καὶ μάλα περ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμω Διονύσῳ.

ἀλλὰ κατακτεῖν σε, καὶ αὐχήσεσσα Μυκήτη ὀφείται ἀμηθέετα τὸν ἀμητήρα Μεδουσῆς·

ἡ σε περιφήγας ἐνι λάρνακι μείζον δεσμῶν πλωτῶν ἀκοιτίζω σε τὸ δεύτερον ἥθαδι πόντῳ· ἦν δ’ ἐθέλη, ἐπίθιες τεῆς πάλιν ὦφε Σερίφου. ἦν δὲ τῇ χρυσῇ μεγαλίζεαι ἀμφί γενέθλη, οὔτιδανὴν συνάεθλων ἔχε χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην.”

"Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἐπεστρατώντο δὲ Βάκχαι, καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον. ὕπερ Βρομίου δὲ καρήνου αἰθῶσαν πτερὰ κούφα μετάρρυσος ἰπτατο Περσεὺς· υψώσας δ’ Ἰόβακχος ἑών δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων 416"
Orontes with his towering giant-stature fell; to whom bold Alpos bent his knee, that son of Earth with huge body rising near the clouds; to whom the Arabian nation kneels down, and the Sicilian mariner still sings the changeling shape of sea-scouring Tyrrhenian pirates, when once I transformed their human bodies and now instead of men they are fishes dancing and leaping in the sea.

633 "You have heard the groaning of sevengate Thebes; I need not remind you of Pentheus in dire madness and Agauē who slew her child; you need no tale or witness how your Argos has felt Lyaios, and the wives of Achaia themselves are still mourning for their children. Very well, fight, my friend, and soon you shall praise Bacchos with his weapons of leafage, when you see the wings of your shoes yielding to my unconquerable buskins. Never shall you scatter my battling Bassarids, never will I cease casting my vine-wand, until I show Argos your throat pierced by my spear of ivy and your sickle beaten by my leaves. Zeus my father will not save you, nor Brighteyes my sister, nor your own Hera, however she hates the steadfast Dionysos: but I will kill you, and boastful Mycene shall see beheaded the man who beheaded Medusa. Or I will bind you in a chest with greater bonds, and throw you to float again on the sea you know so well; you may land again at Seriphos by and by, if you like. If you are so proud of your golden birth, you may take the golden Aphrodite, that good-for-nothing, to help you."

654 When he had ended, he went on fighting: the Bacchants fell to, the Satyrs joined the battle. Over the head of Bromios Perseus flew in the air, flapping his light wings; but Iobacchos lifted his body and
άπτερος υψικέλευθος αείρετο μείζον παραφ
ιπταμένου Περσένος ύπέρτερος, ἐπταπόρῳ δὲ
αἰθέρι χείρα πέλασσε, καὶ ύμίλησεν 'Ολύμπῳ,
καὶ νεφέλας ἐκλύσε φόβῳ δ' ἐκεῖ Περσένος
dεξιτερήν ἀκίχτην ὀπισθών Διώνου
ηλίου ὑμνώνας, ἐφαπτομένην δὲ σελήνης.
' Ἀλλ' λειψών Διώνουσον ἐμάρινα τυνάσι Βάκχαις,
καὶ παλάμη δονέων θανατηφόρον ὀμμα Μεδούσῃς
λαῖνεν ποίησε κορυσομένην 'Αριάδνην,
καὶ πλέον ἐβρεμε Βάκχοι ίδίων πετρώδεα νύμφην;
καὶ νῦ κεν Ἀργος ἑπέρσε καὶ ἐπρήνεξε Μυκήνας καὶ
Δαναῶν ἠμισθὶν ὅλην στίχα, καὶ νῦ κεν αὐτὴν
μαριαμένην ἀγνωστὸν αὐτοῦτον οὕτος Ἡρην
μαίτιος αὐτιτύπου νότη βροτοειδείς μορφή,
καὶ νῦ κεν ὀκυπέδιλος ὑπὲρ μορὸν ἐθνίτο Περσένος.
εἰ μὴ μιν κατοπίσθη φανεῖς πετρόεντι πεδίῳ
χρυσείης πλοκαμίδος ἐλῶν ἀνεσείρασεν Ἐρμής,
καὶ μὴ ἀλεξιάκῳ φιλίῳ μελίζατο μῦθω.
"Ζηνός γηγίσαιν αἰμα, νόθος ζηλήμονος Ἡρης,
οδάθα μὲν, ὡς σε σάωσα διπετέων ἀπὸ πυρῶν,
καὶ σε Λάμπον ποταμοῖο θυγατράσων
ὡπασα Νύμφαις
eἰσέτι κουρίζουτα, πάλιν δὲ σε χερσὶ ψερίων
εὶς δόμιν ύμετέρης κουροτρόφον ἤγαγον Ἰνώις.
καὶ σὺ τεῦ ρυτίρι φερὼν χάριν νεεί Μαῖης,
γνωτέ, μάχην εὔνησον ὁμόγνοιν ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
Περσένος καὶ Διώνουσο εἶνος βλάστημα τοκῆς.
μὴ στρατὸν 'Αργείων, μὴ μέμφει Περσέος ἄρτην
οὐ γὰρ ἐκὼν ἐς 'Αρης κορύσσεται· ἀλλὰ μιν Ἡρη
ἀπλισε, μαντιπόλοι δὲ Μελάμπῳδος εἰδεὶ μορφῆς
μάρναται ἀμφαδίην· σὺ δὲ χάζεο δηρὶν ἐάσας,
rose wingless on high near to the heavens with larger limbs over flying Perseus, and brought his hand near the sevenring sky, and touched Olympos, and crushed the clouds: Perseus quivered with fear as he saw the right hand of Dionysos out of reach and touching the sun, catching hold of the moon.

664 So he left Dionysos and fought with the mad Bacchants. He shook in his hand the deadly face of Medusa, and turned armed Ariadne into stone. Bacchos was even more furious when he saw his bride all stone. He would have sacked Argos and razed Mycene to the ground and mowed down the whole host of Danaëns, yes even wounded invulnerable Hera herself, who was fighting unrecognized in the false borrowed shape of a mortal, a seer, and Swiftshoe Perseus would have perished, fate or no fate,—but Hermes appeared behind him with winged shoes and pulled him back by his golden hair, and calmed him with friendly words to avert the ruin:

676 "Trueborn offspring of Zeus, if bastard for jealous Hera! You know how I saved you from the fires that fell from heaven, and entrusted you to those Nymphs, the daughters of river Lamos, when still a little child; how again I carried you in my arms to the house of Ino your fostering nurse. Then show gratitude, my brother, to your saviour the son of Maia, and still this feud of brothers—for both Perseus and Dionysos are offspring of one sire. Do not reproach the people of Argos, nor the sickle of Perseus, for he arms not willingly for this war. But Hera has armed him, and she is fighting openly in the shape of the seer Melampus. Retire and leave the strife, or Hera irre-

a Cf. ix. 28. Only Nonnos mentions this obscure river-god (of Helicon, cf. Paus. ix. 31. 7) as father of Dionysos's nurses.
μή σοι ἐπιβρισεῖς πάλιν δυσμήχανος Ἡρη.
αλλ’ ἐρέεις ἀλόχου τῆς μόρου εὐκλεί πότμω
μαραμείη τεληκε, σὺ δὲ φιλμένῃ Ἀριάδνην
ωφέλες οἴδιζες, σὺ τηλίκοι εἴρε φονὴ
οὐρανίς γεγαώτα καὶ οὐ βροτῆς ἀπὸ φύτης,
κήπεος ἀμητήρα καὶ ἱπποτόκου Μεδούσης.
οὐ λέα Μιναρίων ἐπιπείθεται οὐρανίῳ γὰρ
κάθανεν Ἡλέκτηρ Δίος εὐνέτις, ψευτὸ δ’ αὐτῇ
tῶ Δι πημεθείσα κασιγνήτη σεό Κάδμου
Εὐρώπη μετὰ λείκτρων Ὀλύμπιον, ὑμετέρῃ δὲ
eἰσεί γαστρὶ φέρονα τεὶ τόκον ἀλετο μήτηρ·
on Σεμέλῃ πρὸ μόροιο πῦλας ἐπέρχον 'Ὀλύμπιον,
αλλ’ ὅσον πότμον ἐδεκτό. καὶ ὄλυμμην σεό νύμφη
ἰέται ἀστεροφοιτον ἐς οὐρανόν, ὑμετέρης δὲ
Πλειάδος ἐππαρόσου φανητεῖν ἑγχύθε Μαῖης.
tὶ πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φαλαιτρον ἡ χθονι λάμπειν
αἰθέρα ναυτάνουσα μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνης;
ἀλλὰ αὐ κάθηθε θύρσου, ἀδ’ ἀνέμοιον Ἑννώ,
καὶ βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης,
οὐρανίς στήριξον ὅπῃ βρέτας ἱσταται Ἡρῆς.
μὴ πῶλιν ἐκπέρσεις, ὅπῃ σέβεθεν αἷμα τοκῆων,
ὑμετέρης δὲ γέραιρε βουκραίρου πέδων Ἰοὺς
eὐνήσασα σεό θύρσου. Ἀχαιάδας δὲ γυναίκας
αἰνήσεις μετοπίσθεν, ἔπει ταυρώπιδος Ἡρῆς
βωμόν ἀνατήσουσαι καὶ εὐθαλάμου σεό νύμφης.’
Τοῖον ἔπος κατελέξει, καὶ ἤππιον Ἀργος ἀσάς
eἰς πόλων αὐτὶς ἵκανεν, ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέρους κεράσας
θεσμον ὁμοφροσύνης καὶ Περσεῖ καὶ Διονύσω.
οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτὸθι μίμην ἐπὶ χρόνων Ἀργολίς Ἡρῆς
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα νόθην βροτοεἰδέα μορφῆν

* Because Pegasos sprang from her headless trunk.
concilable may overwhelm you again in her might. But you will urge the fate of your bride. She has died in battle, a glorious fate, and you ought to think Ariadne happy in her death, because she found one so great to slay her, one sprung from heaven and of no mortal stock, one who killed the seamonster and beheaded horsebreeding Medusa. The Fates' threads obey not persuasion. For Electra died, the bedfellow of heavenly Zeus; Europa herself disappeared after the Olympian bed, the sister of your Cadmos, she who was wedded to Zeus; your mother perished too, while she still carried you in her womb; Semele entered not the gates of Olympos before death, but after she had received her fate. And your bride even in death shall enter the starspangled sky, and she will be seen near Maia my mother among the seven travelling Pleiads. What could Ariadne wish more welcome than to live in the heavens and give light to the earth, after Crete? Come now, lay down your thyrsus, let the winds blow battle away, and fix the selfmade image of mortal Ariadne where the image of heavenly Hera stands. Do not sack the city where the stock of your parents remains, but still your thyrsus, and respect the country of cowhorn Io. You will praise the women of Achaia by and by, when they shall build an altar to bullface Hera and your charming bride.”

So he spoke, and leaving Argos the land of horses returned to the sky, after he had mingled a league of friendship between Perseus and Dionysos. Nor did Argive Hera remain long in that place; but putting off her pretended mortal body she took her

b The Homeric Ἐσφαλλής, which, though Nonnos cannot have known that, probably did originally mean “cow-faced.”
θέσκελον εἶδος ἔχουσα πάλιν νόστησεν Ὄλυμπῷ.
'Ἰναχίς δὲ φάλαγγι γέρων ἀγόρευε Μελάμπους.
Λυγκέος ἀρχεγόνοιο θεουδέος αἵμα Πελασγοῦ.

"Μαντιπόλω πείδεσθε καὶ οἶνοπι σείσατε Βάκχῳ
σείσατε χάλκεα ρόπτρα καὶ Εὐνα τύμπανα 'Ῥεῖτος,
'Ἰναχίς μὴ πάσαν αἰστώσεις γενέθλην,
μὴ μετὰ νήπια τέκνα καὶ ἥβητήρας ὀλέσσῃ,
μὴ τεκέων μετὰ πότιον ἀποκτείνει γυναίκας·
ἀλλὰ θυσιολήθη θεοτερπέα ἑξάτε Βάκχῳ
καὶ Δί, καὶ Περσῆ χορεύσατε καὶ Διονύσῳ."

"Ὤς εἴπών παρέπεισεν ἀρρίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
Βάκχῳ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνακρούντες ἀοιδήν,
καὶ τελείας στῆσαντο θεοκλῆῳ δὲ χορεύῃ
ῥόπτρα μὲν ἐπλατάγησαν, ἐπεκροτέοντο δὲ ταρσοῖ,
καὶ δαίδες σελάγιζον ὀμηγερεῖς δὲ πολίται
μαστιγόλω χριόντο παρῆμα λευκάδι γύψῳ·
tύμπανα δ' ἐπλατάγησαν, ἀρασσομένου δὲ χαλκοῦ
δίκτυπος ἐβρέμε δούπος· ἐφονίσσοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
σφαζομένων στοιχήδων ἐπασσυτερῶν ἀπὸ ταύρων,
κτείνετο δ' ἀσπέτα μῆλα· καὶ ἀνέρες αἴθοπι βωμῷ
Βάκχου ἐμειλίζαντο καὶ ἑάσκοντο γυναίκες·
cαὶ μέλος ἥροφοιτον ἐπέκτυπε θῆλα ἰωὴ
cῶμον ἀμειβομένη ζωάγριον, 'Ἰναχίδης δὲ
Μανάδες ἐρρύθαντο λαθίφρονα λύσαν ἀῆταις.
divine form and returned to Olympos. Then old Melampus addressed the Icarian host, he the offspring of divine Pelasgian Lynceus founder of the race:—

721 "Obey your seer, and shake your tambours in honour of wineface Bacchos, shake your bronze tambours and the Euian cymbals of Rheia, that he may not wipe out the whole Inachian race, that he may not destroy the young men after the little children, that he may not kill the wives after their offspring. Come, do sacrifice to Bacchos and Zeus, and please the god's heart, and dance before Perseus and Dionysos."

727 They did as he bade them. The people gathered together, and struck up a song with nightly dances for Bacchos and performed the holy rites: in the pious dance the tambours rattled, the feet beat the ground, the torches blazed. All the people in company smeared their cheeks with white mystic chalk. a Kettledrums rattled, the double tap sounded as the bronze was beaten. Altars were red with bulls slaughtered in rows one after another, a multitude of sheep were killed. At the burning altar men made their peace with Bacchos, women won his grace. Women's voices resounded in the air echoing in turn the song of salvation; Inachian women and Mainad women cast their deluding fury to the winds.

a Heard of now and again in such connexions, see e.g. Aristophanes, Clouds 261, and the scholiast there. It was a means of purification, presumably because of its colour.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΙΔΟΟΝ

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ὡς ὄργον αἰμα Γιγάντων, Παλλήτην δὲ δόκεω καὶ ὑπναλέῃς τὸκον Ἀὔρης.

Ἀντὶρ οἱ πορδαλίων ἐποχημένος ἀντυγι δίφρου Θρηκίης περίφοιτος ἐκώμασε Βάκχος ἄροφηρ, ἱππιόν ἀρχεγόνου Φορωνέος οὐδὲς εἶρας. οὐδὲ χόλου πρήμεν παλίγκοτον Ἰναχίς Ἡρη Ἀργεος οἰστρηθέντος, Ἀχαιάδων δὲ γυναικῶν λύσσης μυῆστιν ἐχουσα πάλιν θωρήσετο Βάκχῳ καὶ δολίας ἀνέφαινε λιτὰς παμμήτορι Γαίῃ, ἔργα Δίος βοῶσα καὶ ἱμορέτην Διονύσου Γηγενέων ὀλέαστος ἀμετρήτων νέφῳ Ἰνδῶν καὶ Σεμέλης ὅτε παίδα φερέσβιος ἐκλυε μῆτηρ Ἱνδῶν ταχύποτοιν ἀιστώσαντα γενέθλην, μνησαμένῃ τεκέων πλέον ἐστενε ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ αὐτογόνων θωρηξεν ὀρίδρομα φύλα Γιγάντων, ύψιλόφους ἐνο παίδας ἀνοιστρήσασα κυδοιμῷ.

"Ἡ Παῖδες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ ἡλιβάτοις σκοπέλοισιν, ἐμῆς δ᾿ ὀλετήρα γενέθλην Ἰνδοφόνον Διὸς νὰ κηχῆσατε. μηδὲ νοήσῃς σὺν Δίῳ κοιρανέοντα νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου."
BOOK XLVIII

In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and
look out for Pallene and the son of
sleeping Aura.

Now Bacchos quitted the horsebreeding soil of ancient
Phoroneus, and mounted in his round car behind
the team of panthers passed in revelry over the
Thracian land. But Inachian Hera had not softened
her rancorous rage for Argos maddened; she remem-
bered the frenzy of the Achaian women and prepared
again to attack Bacchos. She addressed her deceitful
prayers to Allmother Earth, crying out upon the
doings of Zeus and the valour of Dionysos, who had
destroyed that cloud of numberless earthborn
Indians; and when the lifebringing mother heard
that the son of Semele had wiped out the Indian
nation with speedy fate, she groaned still more
thinking of her children. Then she armed all round
Bacchos the mountainranging tribes of giants, earth’s
own brood, and goaded her huge sons to battle:

15 "My sons, make your attack with hightowering
rocks against clustergarlanded Dionysos—catch this
Indianslayer, this destroyer of my family, this son
of Zeus, and let me not see him ruling with Zeus a

a Argos, of which Phoroneus, son of Inachos, was the
(mythical) first king.
δήσατε, δήσατε Βάκχοιν, ὅπως θαλαμηπόλος εἰς, ὀππάτε Πορφυρίων χαρίζομαι εἰς γάμον Ἡβην καὶ Χθονίων Κυθήρειαν, ὅτε γλαυκώπων ἀείων εἰνετώ Ἔγκελαίων καὶ Ἀρτεμίν Ἀλκυονήσιν εἴς μν Ἰώνιον, ἵνα Κρονίωνα χαλέφω δουλούσιν ὀρόσιτα δωρικτήτω Λυαίων, ἵνα μν οὐτάζοντες ἀλοιπηρί πιθήρων κτείνατε μν Ὁμηρή πανείκελον, ὅφρα τις εἰπή ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι Κρονίων γενέθλη Ωαία χολωμένη διδύμους θωρήξε φοινάς, πρεσβύτερων Τιτήνως ἐντ προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ, ὀπλοτέρους δὲ Γίγαντας ἐπ' ὅψθριον Διονύσῳ." 30 Οἱ φαινή στίχα πᾶσαι ἄνεπτοιρεῖς Γιγάντων. Γιγανέαν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδομῷ, ὅσ μὲν ἔχων Νυμαίων ἐδέθλιον, ὅσ δὲ σιδηρῷ ύψινεφη κεναίνα χαραδρήντα κολάφας, αἰχμαίων σκοπέλουων ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ; ὅσ δὲ λύθον πετραίον ἀλκρήπιδος ἀρούρης, ἄλος ἀλιζώνου διαρρήξας ράχιν ἱάθμον εἰς ἐνοπήν ἐσπευδόν. ἀμεστήτως δ' ἀγοστοῖς Πήλιοιν ὕψικάρρυναν ἀντρόπτειες Πελωρέως γυμνώσας Φιλίρης γλαφυροῖς δόμοιν ἀρπαμένου δὲ 40 ἀσκεπέοι σκοπέλου γέρων ἔλειζετο Χείρων, ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ὀμῆλικε σύμπλοκος ἑπιπώ. ἤμερίδων δὲ κόρυμβοι ἠχῶν οὔλητρα Γιγάντων Βάκχος ἀερσιλόφου κατέτρεχεν Ἀλκυονής, οὐ δόρυ θούρον ἠχῶν, οὐ φοίνικών ἀσρ ἀείρων, ἄλλα πολυπερέες παλάμας ἐδαίζε Γιγάντων, αἰχμάζων ἐλίκεσαν φιλακρήτω δὲ πεπίλω φρικτά πεδωπεθέον ἐδαίζετο φύλα δρακόντων. 45

* The masculine names belong to Giants.
DIONYSIACA, XLVIII. 19-48

bastard monarch of Olympos! Bind him, bind Bacchos fast, that he may attend in the chamber when I bestow Hebe on Porphyrrion as a wife, and give Cythereia to Chthonios, when I sing Bright-eyes the bedfellow of Encelados, and Artemis of Aleyoneus. Bring Dionysos to me, that I may enrage Cronion when he sees Lyaios a slave and the captive of my spear. Or wound him with cutting steel and kill him for me like Zagreus, that one may say, god or mortal, that Earth in her anger has twice armed her slayers against the breed of Cronides—the older Titans against the former Dionysos, the younger Giants against Dionysos later born.

31 With these words she excited all the host of the Giants, and the battalions of the Earthborn set forth to war, one bearing a bulwark of Nysa, one who had sliced off with steel the flank of a cloudhigh precipice, each with these rocks for missiles armed him against Dionysos; one hastened to the conflict bearing the rocky hill of some land with its base in the brine, another with a reef torn from a brinegirt isthmus. Peloreus took up Pelion with hightowering peak as a missile in his innumerable arms, and left the cave of Philyra bare: as the rocky roof of his cave was pulled off, old Cheiron quivered and shook, that figure of half a man growing into a comrade horse. But Bacchos held a bunch of giantsbane vine, and ran at Aleyoneus with the mountain upraised in his hands: he wielded no furious lance, no deadly sword, but he struck with his bunch of tendrils and shore off the multitudinous hands of the Giants; the terrible swarms of groundbred serpents were shorn off by

b Wife of Cheiron the wise centaur.
τυπτομενων δε Γιγαντως εχιδνοκομων κεφαλας
αιχenes αριθμεντες επωρχηματο κοινη.
κτειντο δ' άσπετα φυλα: δαιζομενων δε Γιγαντων
αιματος αεναιο ποταμοι ρεον, αρτιχυτοις δε
πορφυρως ροθιων εφωνισσωτο χαραδραι.
Γιγανενων δε φαλαγγεις εβακχευοντο δρακοντων
βοστρυχα δεμαίνοντες εχιδνοκομου Διονυσον.

Και πυρι μαριατο Βακχος, ες ηερα δαλον ιαλλων
αιτιμων ολετηρα: δε υψοφων δε κελευθου
Βακχιας αυτοσλικτος επετρεχεν άλλομενη φλοξ,
γυνοβορω σπουθηρ καταςουσα Γιγαντων,
και τις απελητηρι φερων σελας άνθερεων
ημιδαις σφηνε δρακων πυρθαλπει λαιμω,
καπνω αποπτων, ου λοιγον ιον ιαλλων.

Και κλονος άσπετος ήεν: επ' αιτιμων δε καρνην
Βακχος ανημωρητο μακημων δαλον αειρων,
και χθονιω προτηρι δεμας θερμαινε Γιγαντων
αιτιτυπον μημημ Διοβλητου κεραινον,
και δαδες σελαγιου: επ' Εγκελαδου δε καρνη
ηερα θερμαινων ελελιζετο πυρσος άλητης
αλλα μιν ουκ εδαμασσε, και ου χθονιον πυρος άτμω
Εγκελαδος γονι καμψεν, επει πεψυλακτο κεραινω.

Αλκουνεις δ' απελεθρος επεσκητησε Λυαιω
Θρηκιοις σκοπέλοις κεκορυθμενοι: άμφι δε Βακχω
υψινεφη κοιμησε ραχιν δυσχειμωνος Αίμου
εις σκοπον άχρηστον, ανουθητου Διονυσου,
και σκοπην ερριμεν εφαπτομεναι δε Λυαιου
νεφριδος άρρηκτου διεσχηζοντο κολωναι.

Ημαθης δε κάρηνα νεοι γημιωσε Τυφωεις
υψιφανης, προτερω πανομοιον, ος ποτε πολλων
ρωγαλεους κενεων εκουψε μητρος αρούρης,
those tippling leaves, the Giants' heads with those viper tresses were cut off and the severed necks danced in the dust. Tribes innumerable were destroyed; from the slain Giants ran overflowing rivers of blood, crimson torrents newly poured coloured the ravines red. The swarms of earthbred snakes ran wild with fear before the tresses of Dionysos viper-enwreathed.

56 Fire was also a weapon of Bacchos. He cast a torch in the air to destroy his adversaries: through the high paths ran the Bacchic flame leaping and curling over itself and shooting down corrosive sparks on the Giants' limbs; and there was a serpent with a blaze in his threatening mouth, half-burnt and whistling with a firescorched throat, spitting out smoke instead of a spurt of deadly poison.

63 There was infinite tumult. Bacchos raised himself and lifted his fighting torch over the heads of his adversaries, and roasted the Giants' bodies with a great conflagration, an image on earth of the thunderbolt cast by Zeus. The torches blazed: fire was rolling all over the head of Encelados and making the air hot, but it did not vanquish him—Encelados bent not his knee in the steam of the earthly fire, since he was reserved for a thunderbolt. Vast Alcyoneus leapt upon Lyaios armed with his Thracian crags; he lifted over Bacchos a cloudhigh peak of wintry Haimos—useless against that mark, Dionysos the invulnerable. He threw the cliff, but when the rocks touched the fawnskin of Lyaios, they could not tear it, and burst into splinters themselves. Typhoeus towering high had stript the mountains of Emathia (a younger Typhoeus in all parts like the older, who once had lifted many a rugged strip
πετραῖος βελέσσα καταξιμάζων Διονύσου, καὶ τινὸς ἀσπαροῖτο ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀντὶ ἐρώσας Ἰάκχος ἁναξ κεκόρυστο Γιαντείωσι καρήνως, ἰοβόλων πλοκάμων ὄφιωδεα λῆμα κείρων· καὶ στρατεύματι τοῦτο οὐστελεστὸν ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαίζων μάρινατο λυσίτης, χλοερῶν ἐπιβίτορα δείσρων κισσὸν ἔχων ταῦτα ὑπερωθοὶ, ἀκοιτιστὴρα Γιάντων.

Καὶ νῦ κε πάντας ἐπέφευν ἐὼ ῥηξήνορι θύρα, ἀλλὰ παλιδώιττος ἐκὼν ἀνεχάζετο χάρμης, δυσμενεάς διόντας ἐὼ γενετήρι φυλάσσων.

Καὶ νῦ κει ἐὼς Φρυγίην ταχὺς ἐδραμεν ὠκεὶ διαρφ. ἀλλὰ μὲν ἄλλος ἀειθλὸς ἐρήτευν, ὄφρα βανότων τοςσασίων ἐνα φώτα κατακτεύει χοῦτα Πάλληςς γενέτηρ θανατηφόρον, ὡς ποτε κούρης οἰστρον ἐχων ἀθέμιστον ἀμαρτιγάμων ὑμειαίων συξυγίην ἀνέκοπτεν, ἀμετρήτως δὲ δαίζων μελλογάμως μηνιστήρας ἀπέθρυπεν, ὑν ὑπὸ λύθρως κτεινομένων καταχθῶν ἐφοινίσσοντο παλαίστραι, εἰσόκε Βάκχος ἱκανε Δίκης πρόμος· ἀγχιγάμου δὲ Πάλληςς δυσέρωτε παριστάμενος γενετήρι βιγεδανῆς ὑμειαίων ἀτάσθαλον ᾠτε κούρης, ποικίλα δ' ὠρεγε δώρα· καὶ αἰτίζοντι Λυκώιοι φρικτὸς ἀἵματη κύριε παλαισμοσύνην ὑμειαίων· καὶ μὲν ἄγων ἐπέβησε κακοζεῖνοι παλαίστρης, ὀπότι τομήμεσα δορυσσόσιοι ἱστατο κούρη νυμβιδήν ὑμοίοις ἐλαφρίζουσα βοεῖν.

Καὶ τότε Κύπρις ἐνν ἐνεκώνιος· ἦν δ' ἐν μέσῳ νυμνὸς Ἐρως καὶ στέμμα γαμήλιον ὠρεγε Βάκχωι,

* Sithon king of the Odomantæs in Thrace. There are two forms of the story, (a) that all wooers must fight Sithon, till at last one pair were set to fight each other, and one of them, Cleitos, whom Pallene loved, was secretly helped by her, won **430**
of his mother earth), and cast the rocky missiles at Dionysos. Lord Bacchos pulled away the sword of one that was gasping on the ground and attacked the Giants' heads, cutting the snaky crop of poison-spitting hair; even without weapon he destroyed the selfmarshalled host, fighting furiously, and using the treeclimbing longleaf ivy to strike the Giants.

87 Indeed he would have slain all with his man-breaking thyrsus, if he had not retired of his own will out of the fray and left enemies alive for his Father.

90 Then he would quickly have gone to Phrygia with speeding foot, but another task held him back; that after so many had died he might kill one murderous creature, Pallene's deathdealing father. He once had an unlawful passion for his daughter; he used to thwart her marriage and hinder every match. Wooers innumerable who would have wed her he killed, a great harvest of them; the places of wrestling were noisy with their murders and red with their blood, until Bacchos came as the champion of Justice. There was Pallene, ever so near to wedlock, and her father full of unholy passion: Bacchos came near, and proposed to make the wicked match with his horrible daughter, offering all manner of gifts. To this request of Lyaios, the dreadful man declared how wrestling must win the bride. He led him into the place of contest, so ill-omened for strangers, where the audacious girl stood ready spear in hand bearing her bridial shield on her shoulders.

106 Then Cypris presided over the ring. In the midst was Eros naked, holding out to Bacchos the and finally married her, (b) the version given here. Both stories seem to be rather late.

b This seems a remnant of some other version, in which the contest was a duel, not a wrestling-match.
NONNOS

ην δὲ παλαισμοσύνη νυμφοστόλος αργυρέως δὲ
αβρόν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν εἰς δέμας εἰρατὶ Πειθώ

νίκην μελλογάμων προθεσπίζουσα Λυαιών.
καὶ βραρῶν μελέων ἀπαίδύσατο φάρεα κούρη,
καὶ δόρυ θούρων θησε γαμήλιων, ἀβροτέρη δὲ
Σιδωνίς ἀκρήδεμως ἀσάμβαλος ἰστάτο κούρη,
θηρυφαίης, ἀσίδηρος, ἑρουθώσει δὲ δεσμώ

ἀκλίνων τροχόσσαν ἵναν μιτρόσσατο μαζῶν
cαὶ δέμας ἀσκητῆς ἤνε, ἀμετρήτων δὲ κομάων
ἀπλεκέες πλοκαμίδας ἐπέρρουν αὐχείν κούρης,
cαὶ κημέας ἀνέβαινε καὶ ἀσκητῶν πτύχα μηρῶν

γυμνῆς φαινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μηροῖς

ηρμοσε λευκοὶ υφασμα, γυναικεῖς σκέπας αἰδοὺς.
καὶ χρόα πιαλέω πεπαλαγμένον εἰγεν ἐλαῖω
cαὶ παλάμας πολὺ μάλλον, ὅπως ἀλώτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν

ὐγρὸν ὀλυθήσεις πιεζομένη χράω κούρη.
καὶ βλοσυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀπειλήσασα Λυαιὼ

νυμφοκόρῳ μηστηρὶ παρίστατο, διχθάδιον δὲ

αὐχείς δεσμῶν ἐβαλλεν ὀμόζην πῆχεος ὅλκῳ
cαὶ παλαιδύητον ἐν ἀνελύσατο δειρῆν

Βάκχος ἀπορρίψας ἀπαλόχρωα δάκτυλα κούρης,

δεσμοῖς θηρυφάεις περίπλοκον αὐχεία σείων καὶ
dιδύμας στεφανιτῶν ἐπὶ ιζέν χειρὰς ἐλίξας

Παλλήσθην εἴναξε ποδῶν ἐτεραλκὲς παλμῷ
cαὶ ῥοδέας παλάμης ἐδράζατο, Κυπρίδην δὲεἰς

παραγαφασίν χιονώθεα χεῖρα πιέζων

οὐδὲ τόσον μεγείαν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παίδα κυλινδεῖν,
δοσῶν ἐπιφαίνειν ἀπαλοῦ χροὸς, ἢδει μόχθω

τερπόμενος· καὶ ἐκακεῖ δολοπλόκου ἀσθμὰ τίταινον

ως βροτός, ἀμβολίὴ δὲ θελήμονι κάλλυτε νίκην.
Παλλήσθη δ’ ἐρόεσσα πάλης τεχνήμον παλμῷ

θηρυφάεις παλάμησι δέμας κούφιζε Λυαιῶν·
bridal wreath. Wrestling was to win the bride: Peitho clad her delicate body in a silvery robe, foretelling victory for Lyaios's wooing. The girl stript the clothes off her muscular limbs; she laid down the fierce wedding-spear. There stood the daughter of Sithon, daintier now, unshod, unveiled, unarmed, revealed a woman, but a red band girt the rounded curve of her firm breasts. Her body was uncovered, but for the long tresses of the abundant hair which flowed loose over the girl's neck. Her legs were visible, and the curve of her thighs uncovered with the part above the knee bare, but a white wrap fitted close over the thighs to cover her nakedness. Her skin had been well rubbed with fat oil, and her arms more than all, that she might slip out easily if her body were pressed in a grasp too strong to loosen.

She came up to Lyaios her eager wooer with rough threatening words, and threw her two arms with a swing linking them round his neck; Bacchos just threw back his neck with the woman's fetters about it, and shook it loose again, throwing off the girl's tender fingers. Then he put his two arms round her waist like a girdle, and shook her from side to side by movements of his feet. He grasped a rosy palm, and felt comfort for his love as he squeezed the snowwhite hand. He did not wish so much to give the maid a throw as to touch the soft flesh, entranced with his delightful task; he used all his guile, panting with labouring breath, as if he were a mortal, delaying victory on purpose. Lovely Pallene tried a trick of the ring to lift the body of Lyaios, but her woman's...
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

οὐδὲ μὴν ἥρταζε, τόσον βάρος. ἀλλὰ καμοῦσα ἄρα σενα γυνα λειτοῦκεν αἰκιτήτου Διονύσου. 140
καὶ θεὸς αὐτίτιπῷ περιδέσμων ἀμματὶ χειρῶν παρθενικὴν ἐρόεσσαν ἐλῶν. ἀτε θύρσον αἰερων, δόμμιον ἀμφιέλλων ἐκουφίον ύψθεν ὁμοῦ χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένῃ βραγῆν ἀπεσέατο κοῦρην. 145
Παλλήνην ἡ ἀτίμακτον ὅλην ἑτανύσατο γαῖῃ· καὶ δολίως βλεφάρουσιν ἐν ἑλέυξεν ὀπωτὴν, κούρης ἄβροκόμου κεκοιμένα γυνα δοκεῖν καὶ πλοκάμους ῥυπώσατα ἀκηδόστοιο καρῆνου, ἀλλὰ παιδώδης ἀναίεσα κονίς ὀρθὸς ἐστήριξε τὸ δεύτερον ἰχνα κοὐρή· καὶ προχαλή Διόνυσος ἀφείδει γούνατος ὀρμή γαστέρα Παλλήνης κρατέων ἐτεραλκεῖ παλμῳ παρθενικήν μετέαυεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου κυλίδειν, καὶ παλάμαις μετέθηκεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖσιν ἐλίζας αὐχένα κυρτώσας ἐπικάρωσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ νάτῳ μεσσατῶν κύκλωσαν ὀπίστερα δάκτυλα κάμψας, ἡ σφυρὸν ἡ κυῆμην δεδοκτημένος ἡ γόνα μάρφεων. 155
καὶ θεὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἐκούσιος ἤρπε γαῖῃ οὐτιδαίῃ παλάμη νικώμενος· ἵμερον δὲ ψάρμακον ἐπον ἐρωτος, ἐν γλυκερῇ δὲ κονίῃ κουφίζων ἐροείς ἐπὶ νηδὺ φόρτον 'Ἐρώτων ὑπτίος αὐτοῦ ἐμμε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσείσατο κοῦρην, ἀλλὰ μὴν ἐσφήκμεα πόθου φρενοθελγεί δεσμῷ. ἡ δὲ ταχυστροφάλγυρο ποδῶν νωμῆτορι παλμῳ ἰχνον ἱλόρησε, ἐραμμαῖος δὲ Λυαίων ἄρσενα λῦστα χείρα· θεὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζον ῥιπῆ γυνα μεταστρέψας ῥόδεν ετανύσασα κοῦρην ἐν δαπέδῳ στορέσας· καὶ ἐπὶ χθονι κέκλιτο κοῦρη χείρας ἐφαπλώσασα· τιταινομένης δ' ἐπὶ πέζῃ εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσεν ὀμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ. 165

170
arms were not equal to raise that great weight; she tired, and let go the masculine limbs of Dionysos immoveable. Then the god took a like hold of the lovely girl, and joining his two arms about his adversary lifted her as if she were his own wand, and threw her aslant round and over his shoulder; then with gentle hand swung off the sturdy girl and laid her at full length quiet on the ground. He let his eyes furtively wander, scanning the limbs of the girl covered with her glorious hair in the dust, the luxurious tresses of the untidy head dabbled in dirt.

But the girl jumped up again from the dust and stood up steady on her feet once more. Then Dionysos with an agile movement mercilessly set his knee against Pallene's belly, and holding her tried to roll her over on the ground with a sideways heave, changed his arms to a grasp round her waist, bent his head to one side and shifted his fingers behind to the middle of her back, and tried to hook ankle or shin, or to catch the knee. At last the god fell back of himself rolling on the ground and let a feeble hand conquer him: a charming physic it was for his love, when he lay beautiful in that happy dust on his back, bearing upon his own belly that lovely burden—he lay still, and did not throw off the girl, but held her fast with soulconsoling bonds of desire. She pulled herself from the manly hands of lovemad Dionysos, and lifted herself to her feet with a twist of her legs in a quick supple movement; but the god with a slight effort simply rolled over and laid the rosy girl flat on the ground. So there lay the girl on the ground stretching her arms abroad, and as she lay along the ground he joined his arms neatly in a clasp about her neck.
'Ωκυτέροις δὲ πόδεσι πατήρ κατά μέσσον ὀρούσας ἀθλεύειν θέλουσαν ἐν ἀνεσίφρασε κούρην, καὶ γαμίην ἀνέκοψεν ἀθλοσιθήν ὑμεαῖν νίκην ἱμερόσασαν ἐπιτρέφας Διονύσῳ,
μὴ μὲν ἄποκτείνειν ἔχων ἀστεμφὴ δεσμῖ.
καὶ Δίως αἰτήσαντος ἀθλοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
γνωτόν Ερώτο ἐπετείχε γάμων πομπῆς κορύμβῳ
ἐμετὴν τελέοςα ταλαισμοσύνην ὑμεαῖν.
καὶ πέλε τοῖς ἀθλοῖς ὁμοίως, ὡς ὅτε κούρην
χρυσοφαίρ προπάροιθη γαμήλια δώρα κυλίνδων
'Ιππομείνης νίκην ἐπειγομένην 'Ατάλαντην.
'Αλλ' ὅτε νυμφοκόμῳ πάλης ἐτελέσασεν ἄγωνα
Βάκχος, ἔτι στάζον γαμίως ἰδρώτας ἀέθλων
Σιθόνα μὲν πρήμιζε τετυμμένων ὀξέι θύραυ,
μητηρίων ὑλετήρα, κυλιδομένου ἐκ κούρη
κούρη θύραυ τῶν ἐδωκε μαιφόνοι ἑδον Ἐρώτων.

*a Presumably it was to be the best two out of three bouts. So far Dionysos had scored one fall, the second bout was undecided and did not count, since both had come down (by Greek rules only clean throws counted), and so Pallene might be equal yet.*

*b It is a not unhappy comparison which brings together Pallene, Atalante and (212) Oinomaos. Atalante, daughter of Schonemus of Boiotia (or Arcadia) was loved by Hippomenes (in the commonest version of the story), but she would marry no one who could not beat her in a foot-race, and those who lost the race were killed. Hippomenes, by the favour of Aphrochite, had three of the golden apples of the Hesperides, and every time he got ahead of Atalante in the race, he threw one down before her, so that she delayed to pick it up and thus lost despite her great speed of foot. Oinomaos gave any suitor permission to take his daughter Hippodameia and drive off with her in a chariot, reserving*
Then with swift feet her father leapt between them. The girl wanted to try again, but he held her back, and put an end to this wedding-contest for a bride by yielding love’s victory to Dionysos, for fear he might kill her in that immovable grip. So after the victory in this contest, with the consent of Zeus, Eros crowned his brother with the cluster that heralds a wedding; for he had accomplished a delectable wedding-bout. It was indeed a contest like that when Hippomenes once conquered flying Atalanta, by rolling golden marriage-gifts in front of her feet.

But when Bacchos had ended the wrestling-match for his bride, still dripping with the sweat of his wedding contest he struck down Sithon with a stab of his sharp thyrsus, Sithon the murderer of wooers; and as the father rolled in the dust he gave his daughter the thyrsus that slew him, as a love-gift. That was however the right to pursue in his own chariot and spear the suitor if he could catch him. In one version of the story of Pallene (Parthenios vi. 3-4), chariots are introduced also, though it is said that the competitors for her hand (cf. note on 93) were to fight from them, not race in them, a very odd archaism, since fighting in (as opposed to from) chariots was already obsolete in the days of Homer. This suggests that here again a pursuit (not a race in the ordinary sense) may have been the original contest. Atalante also, in a version preserved by Hyginus (Fab. 185. 2, see Rose ad loc.), did not race with her suitors, but ran after them, killing them if she caught them before they got to the goal. Now if we compare the curious ritual of Orchomenos (Plutarch, Quaest. Graec. 38), in which the priest of Dionysos pursued with a sword certain women, and might kill any one of them he caught, it seems in no way impossible that all these stories, or some of them at least, represent a ritual flight and pursuit (a common enough ceremony in itself) with a real or pretended killing involved. That such a performance should be confused with a ritual combat, also a fairly common proceeding, is natural enough.
καὶ γάμος ἡν πολύμνος· ἀσιήτης δ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
Σειληνοὶ κελάδησαν, ἐπορχήσατο δὲ Βάκχαι,
καὶ Σάτυροι μεθύνοντες ἀνέπλεκον ὕμνον Ἐρώτων
οὐξυγένει μέλποντες ἀεθλοφόρων ὑμενών.

Νηρείδων δὲ φαλαγγεῖς ὑπὸ σφυρὰ γείτονος ἴσθμοῦ
νυμφίδῃ Δίονυσον ἐμπρόσατο χορείᾳ,
καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγξατο, παρὰ Θηρίκι δὲ πῶντω
δεινοδόκος Βρομίου γέρων ἔρχετο Νηρεὺς,
καὶ γαμή Γαλάτεια περισκαίρουσα θαλάσσῃ
Παλλήνην ἐλίγανε συναπτομένην Διονύσῳ,
καὶ Θέτις ἐσκίρτησε, καὶ εἲ πέλε νῆς Ἐρώτων,
καὶ γαμήν ἐστεφεν ἀλίζωνον ράχιν ἴσθμοῦ
Παλλήνης ὑμενίων ἀνενάζων Μελικέρτης·
καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυίδων φλογερῆ παρὰ γείτονα Λήμνω
νυμφίδην Θρήσσαν Ἀθωνᾶς ἤφατο πεύκην.
καὶ φίλων ἀναροις παρηγορέων ἐν νύμφῃ
μυρομένην γενετῆρα φιλεῖσος εἰπεν ἀκοίτης·

Παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸν δυσέρωτα τοκῆ·

παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸς μηνιστήρα κορείς·
tis γενέτης ἐσπειρε καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε κοῦρην;
σὸν κενοῦ λίπε πένθος, ὅτι κταμένου τοκῆς,
Σιθόνου ἡμετέρῳ, Δίκη γελώσα χορεύει,
χεροί δὲ παρθενεῖσι γαμήλιον ἀφαμένη πῦρ,
ἡ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα, τεὸν γάμον εἰσέτε μέλπει,
Οἰνόμαυν πάλιν ἄλλον ὀπισθώσα σαβώτα·
Οἰνόμαυν μὲν ὄλωλε, καταφθιμένου δὲ τοκῆς
tέρπεται Ἱπποδάμεια σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτη.
καὶ σὺ τεοῦ γενέται τόδους ῥύθεσα θεόλαις
tέρπεο βοτρυόεις συναπτομένῃ παρακοίτη.

* The Isthmus of Pallene, westernmost of the three promontories of Chalepice.  
438
a wedding of many songs: the bridechamber was never silent, Seilenoi chanted, Bacchants danced, drunken Satyrs wove a hymn of love and sang the alliance which came of this victorious match. Companies of Nereïds under the foothills of the neighbouring isthmus a encircled Dionysos with wedding dances and warbled their lay; beside the Thracian sea danced old Nereus, who once had Bromios for a guest; Galateia tript over the wedding-sea and carolled Pallene joined with Dionysos; Thetis capered although she knew nothing of love b; Melicertes crowned the seagirt wedding-reef of the isthmus chanting Euoi for Pallene’s bridal; many a Hamadryad of Athos kindled a Thracian torch for the bridal in fiery Lemnos c close by. And while the bride mourned her father, the Euian bridegroom comforted her with lover's tender talk:—

205 "Maiden, lament not for your father so wicked in his love! Maiden, lament not for one that wooed your maidenhood! What father ever begat and then married his own daughter? Leave your empty mourning, because now that Sithon your father is slain Justice dances and laughs, and kindles a wedding-torch with her virgin hands; she who knows not marriage still is singing your marriage, as she beholds a new Oinomaos dead. Oinomaos died indeed, but although her father had perished, Hippodameia took her joy with her husband newly-wedded. d Then you too must throw to the winds your regret for your father, and take your joy united with your vinegod

b Because it was not till later that she married Peleus.

c A tradition of volcanic activities in Lemnos (Λήμυνον πύρ) lingered into classical times.

d There is a real resemblance between the legends, see note on 182.
μόρον ἀλευρομένη πατρώον· οὗ ἐν διδάξεω
Σιθόνος ἔχθρον ἔρωτα καὶ ἀμβολίην ὑμεναίων,
ὅς φονία παλάμη γαμμακτόνον ἐγχος ἄεραν
γηραλέτην σε τέλεσεν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης,
ὑπερήπτην δ' ἐκδοασεν ἀνυμφεύτων σεο λέκτρων.
μετατηρών σκοπίαξε σεισηότα λύπανα νεκρῶν,
οἷς Παφίς κόσμησε καὶ ἐκτανε θούρις Ἐρμῆς·
ἣδε κεῖνα κάρημα θαλύσια σεο μελάθρων,
λύθρον ἐτὶ στάξουτα κακοφείνων ὑμεναίων.
Σιθόνος οὐ μεθέπεις χθόνοι γένος· οὐράνοις δὲ
πείθομαι ὅς σε λάχευσε τεὸς Θρηκίους Ἀρης,
πείθομαι, ὅς Κυθέρεια τεὴν ὥδεν γενέθλην·
καὶ σὺ τῶν διδύμων ἀπεράξασθα θεσμᾶ τοκῆν,
Ἀρεός θῆς ἤχουσα καὶ ἀγλαίην Ἀφροδίτης·
πείθομαι, ὅς σε μίσευσε αναξ ἐναγώνους Ἐρμῆς
ἀβρα τελεσιγάμιο μολῶν ἐτὶ δέμνα Πειθοῦς,
καὶ σε παλαιμοσύνην ἐδιδάζατο πομπὸν Ἐρωτῶν.

Εἰπὲ παρηγορέων ἀχέως παιήνοι μῦθῳ,
µυρομένης δ' εὐτῆσεν ἐπήρατα δάκρυα κοῦρης.
καὶ γαμής δήθουσεν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐγυνῆθη νύμφης
τερπόμενης φιλότητι νεοζυγεών ὑμεναίων.
Παλλήνης δὲ μέλαθρα λιπῶν καὶ Θρῆκα Βορῆκα
Πείης εἰς δόμον ἠλθεν, ὅπη Φρυγίη παρὰ πέζῃ
δαίμονοι εὐώδινοι ἐσαν Κυβεληίδες αὐλαι.
ἐνθάδε θηρεύσαν παρὰ σφυρὰ Διόυμια πέτρης
Ῥυνδακίς οὐρεσίφοιτος αἴζετο παρθένος Λύρη,
εἰσέτι νῆς Ἐρωτος, ὁμόδρομοι ιοχειρίς,
ἀπτολέμων φεύγουσα νοήματα παρθενικάων,
Ἀρτέµις ὀπλοτέρη Ἀλαυτιάς, ἦν ποτὲ Τιθήν
 νυμφεύσας Περίβολιαν ἀπόσπορον Ὀκεανοῖο.
lover, now that you have escaped a father’s disgrace. I need not tell you of Sithon’s hateful love and your marriage delayed; how he took in hand a murderous blade to kill your wooers, and let you grow old without a taste of Aphrodite, scattered your hopes of a husband and left your bed solitary. Look at the rotting relics of your pretenders’ bodies, whom the Paphian adorned and the furious Avenger slew! See those heads hung before your doors like first-fruits of harvest, still dripping with the gore of those inhospitable bridal feasts! You are no mortal daughter of Sithon. I believe a heavenly being begat you, your own Thracian Ares. I believe Cythereia brought you to birth; and you have marks of both parents imprinted, the temper of Ares and the radiance of Aphrodite. Or I believe your father was Lord Hermes of the ring, when he entered the delicate bed of Peitho who brings marriage to pass, and he taught you the wrestling which leads the way to love."

234 So he consoled her with words that healed her sorrow, and stilled the lovely tears of the mourning maiden. And he lingered for some time beside his wedded bride, taking his joy in the love of this new marriage.

238 Then he left the halls of Pallene and Thracian Boreas, and went on to Rheia’s house, where the divine court of the prolific Cybele stood on Phrygian soil. There grew Aura the mountain maiden of RhynDACOS, and hunted over the foothills of rocky DINDYMON. She was yet unacquainted with love, a comrade of the Archeress. She kept aloof from the notions of unwarlike maids, like a younger Artemis, this daughter of Lelantos; for the father of this
πρεσβυγενῆς Ἀήλαιτος ἢλλότον ἤροες κοὐρήν,
κούρην ἀντίανειραν, ἀπειρήτην Ἁφροδίτης.
ἡ μὲν ἀνεβλάστησεν ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἰβής,
ipmapη ῥοδόπηχις, ἀεὶ χαίρουσα κολώναις.
πολλάκι δ’ ἀγρώσουσα κατέτρεχε λυσσάδος ἀρκτοῦ,
καὶ δόρυ θαυρόν ἐπεμπε καταχμαίζουσα λεαίνης,
οὐ κεμάδας κεταῦουσα καὶ οὐ βάλλουσα λαγωύς.
ἀλλὰ δαφνώσεσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην
αἰμοβόρων τὸξευν ὁρίδρομα φίλα λεότην
θηροφόνοις βελέσεσιν ἐπωνυμίῃ δὲ καὶ ἐργὶς
ἄτύτατον δρόμων εἰχὲν ὀρειάσι σύνδρομος αὖρας.

Καὶ ποτε διψαλέοι πυραγεὶ καύματος ὑγὲς
παρθένοις ὑπνώουσα πόνων ἀμπαῦστο θήρῃς.
καὶ δέμας ἀπλώσασα Κυβηλίδος ὑψόθι ποῖης
κράτα παρακλίνασα σαόφρονος ἐρνὲί δάφνης
εὑδε μεσημβριζουσα, καὶ ἐσσομένων ὑμεναίων
ipmapη ἐνὸς προμάντιος ὅφιν ὀνείρου,
ὅτι θέος πυρόεις ταῖς σικα βέλος ἀἴδοπι νευρὴ
θοῦρος Ἠρως τὸξευε λαγῳβόλος ἐνδοθὶ λόχυς
οὐτιδανου βελέσεσιν ὀιστεύων στίχα θηρῶν
παιδὶ δὲ θηρεύουσι συνέμποροι νεὶ Μυρρῆς
Κύπριε ἔνε γελώσασι καὶ ἑστάτῳ παρθένοις Αὐρη,
Ἀρτέμιδος μετὰ τὸξον ἄτρθεος ὑψόθεν ὠμον
ἀγρευτῆρος Ἠρωτος ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην.
ἀὐτὰρ ὁ θήρας ἐπεφευν, ἔως ἐκορέσσατο νευρὴς
βάλλων πορδαλίων βλοσυρὺν στόμα
καὶ γέιτων ἀρκτοῦ,

ξυνρήσας δὲ λέαμων εὖ πανθελγεὶ κεστῷ
θήρα πιεζομένη φιλοπαϊγμον δεῖξε τεκοῦσῃ
παρθενικὴ δ’ ἐδόκησε κατὰ κνέφας, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴν.
stormfoot girl was ancient Lelantos the Titan, who wedded Periboia, a daughter of Oceanos; a manlike maid she was, who knew nothing of Aphrodite. She grew up taller than her yearsmates, a lovely rosy-armed thing, ever a friend of the hills. Often in hunting she ran down the wild bear, and sent her swift lance shooting against the lioness, but she slew no prickets and shot no hares. No, she carried her tawny quiver to shoot down hillranging tribes of ravening lions, with her shafts that were death to wild beasts. Her name was like her doings: Aura the Windmaid could run most swiftly, keeping pace with the highland winds.

One day in the scorching season of thirsty heat the maiden was asleep, resting from her labours of hunting. Stretching her body on Cybele’s grass, and leaning her head on a bush of chaste laurel, she slept at midday, and saw a vision in her dreams which foretold a delectable marriage to come—how the fiery god, wild Eros, fitted shaft to burning string and shot the hares in the forest, shot the wild beasts in a row with his tiny shafts; how Cypris came, laughing, wandering with the young son of Myrrha as he hunted, and Aura the maiden was there, carrying the quiver of huntsman Eros on the shoulder which was ere now used to the bow of Artemis. But Eros went on killing the beasts, until he was weary of the bowstring and hitting the grim face of a panther or the snout of a bear; then he caught a lioness alive with the allbewitching cestus, and dragging the beast away showed her fettered to his merry mother. The maiden saw in the darkness

\[^a\] Because the laurel is Daphne, who would have none of Apollo’s advances.  
\[^b\] The son of Myrrha is Adonis.
In her dream Aura is at once the familiar companion of the powers of love and a wild creature just caught and given to them.

The Charites, as attendants of Aphrodite.
how mischievous Eros teased herself also as she leaned her arm on Cythereia and Adonis, while he made his prey the proud lioness, bend a slavish knee before Aphrodite, as he cried loudly, "Garlanded mother of the loves! I lead to you Aura, the maiden too fond of maidenhood, and she bows her neck.\(^a\) Now you dancers of lovestricken Orchomenos,\(^b\) crown this cestus, the strap that waits on marriage, because it has conquered the stubborn will of this invincible lioness!" Such was the prophetic oracle which Aura the mountain maiden saw. Nor was it vain for the loves, since they themselves bring a man into the net and hunt a woman.

\(^287\) The maiden awoke, raved against the prudent laurel, upbraided Eros and the Paphian—but bold Sleep she reproached more than all and threatened the Dream: she was angry with the leaves and thought, though she spoke not,

\(^292\) "Daphne, why do you persecute me? What has your tree to do with Cypris? I was deluded when I slept under your neighbouring branches, because I thought yours was a plant of chastity; but I found nothing of your reputation or my hope. And so, Daphne, when you changed your shape you found how to change your mind? Surely you are not the servant of conjugal Aphrodite after your death? This is not the tree of a decent girl but of a bride newly wed. One might expect to see such dreams near a myrtle: this dream is worthy of a harlot. Did Peitho plant you, did your laurel-Apollo plant you with his own hand?"

\(^301\) She spoke thus, angry at the plant and Eros and Sleep all together.

\(^302\) And once it happened that Artemis queen of
The constellation Leo, which the sun enters July 27.
the hunt was hunting over the hills, and her skin was beaten by the glow of the scorching heat, in the middle of glowing summer, at midday, when Helios blazed as he whipt the Lion's\(^a\) back with the fire of his rough whistling whip; so she got ready her car to cool her hot frame along with the Naiad Nymphs in a bath in some hill burn. Then Artemis hillranger fastened her prickets under the yokestraps. Maiden Aura mounted the car, took reins and whip and drove the horned\(^b\) team like a tempest. The unveiled daughters of everflowing Oceanos her servants made haste to accompany the Archeress: one moved her swift knees as her queen's forerunner, another tucked up her tunic and ran level not far off, a third laid a hand on the basket of the swiftmoving car and ran alongside. Archeress diffusing radiance from her face stood shining above her attendants, as when Selene in her heavenly chariot sends forth the flame of her ever-wakeful fires in a shower of cloudless beams, and rises in full refulgence among the firefed stars, obscuring the whole heavenly host with her countenance\(^c\): radiant like her, Archeress traversed the forest, until she reached the place where the heavenfallen waters of Sangarios river are drawn in a murmuring stream.

\(^{328}\) Then Aura checked her swinging whip, and holding up the prickets with the golden bridles, brought the radiant car of her mistress to a standstill beside the stream. The goddess leapt out of the car\(^d\) Upis\(^d\)

\(^{a}\) They were of the same mythical breed as the one caught by Heracles in his fourth labour, cf. Callimachos, *Hymn* iii. 105 ff. Hence the horns, though they were female.

\(^{c}\) Since to Nonnus Artemis is the moon, the simile is natural.

τόξα μὲν Ὀλυμπὸς ἔδεκτο, καὶ ἱοδόκην Ἑκάδρηγη, Ὡκεανοὶ δὲ θυγατρεῖς ἐύπλοκα δίκτυα θήρης· καὶ κύνας...

ένδρομίδας δὲ ποδῶν ἀνελύσατο Λοξώ.

ἡ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἴδους ἐν προχοισ ἐφύλλες, διερπόμενια ροάων ἰχνείς φειδομένου, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρθήνον ἀκροβαφή κατὰ βαιών ἀναστείλασα χιτώνα, ἀμφιπερισφίγγουσα πόδας διδυμάοι μηρῷ κρυπτόμενον μετρηδῶν ὀλον δέμας ἐκλύσε κούρη.

λοξά δὲ παπταινοῦσα δὲ ἱδατος εἰσκοπος Ἄφρη τολμηροὶς βλεψάρουσιν ἀναιδήτου προσώπου ἀγνῶν ἀθήνητου δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης.

θέσκελον εἰσορώσα σαῦφρων εἶδος ἀνάσης· καὶ πόδας ἀπλώσασα τιτανομένων παλαμάων δαίμων ιχθυμένη συνενήχετο παρθένος Ἄφρη. ἡμιφανῆς δὲ ἀτέλεστος ἐσω ποταμηδὸς ὅχθης ἱκμαλεὰς ῥαθάμυγγας ἀποσμήξασα κοραὶν . . .

"Ἀρτεμίς ἄγροτηρ: ἱσχεδόθη δὲ οἱ ἀγρότες Ἄφρη μαζοῖς ἀμφαφώσα σιθιμάχον ἰαχε φωνήν."

"Ἀρτεμί, μοῦνον ἐχεῖς

φιλοπάρθενον οὐνομα κούρης,

ὅτι διὰ στερῶν κεχαλασμένον ἀγνυα θηλῆς

θῆλυν ἐχεῖς Παφίης, οὐκ ἄρσενα μαζῶν Ἄθηνης,

καὶ ρόδεος σπυτήρας οὐστεύοσι παρειαί.

ἀλλὰ δέμας μεθέπουσα ποθοβλήτου θεάινης

καὶ σὺ γάμων βασιλεὺς σὺν ἀβροκόμῳ Κυθερεί,

δεξαμενή θαλάμοις τινα ἱμφὼν· ἤν δ’ ἔθελήσῃς, Ἦρμηθη παρίανε καὶ Ἄρει, λείψον Ἀθήνην."
took the bow from her shoulders, and Hecaërge the quiver; the daughters of Oceanos took off the well-strung hunting-nets, and [another took charge of] the dogs; Loxo loosed the boots from her feet. She in the midday heat still guarded her maiden modesty in the river, moving through the water with cautious step, and lifting her tunic little by little from foot to head with the edge touching the surface, keeping the two feet and thighs close together and hiding her body as she bathed the whole by degrees.\(^a\) Aura looked sideways through the water with the daring gaze of her sharp eyes unashamed, and scanned the holy frame of the virgin who may not be seen, examining the divine beauty of her chaste mistress; virgin Aura stretched out her arms and feet at full length and swam by the side of the swimming divinity. Now Artemis lady of the hunt [stood] half visible on the river bank, and wrung out the dripping water from her hair; Aura the maid of the hunt stood by her side, and stroked her breasts and uttered these impious words:

\(^{351}\) "Artemis, you only have the name of a virgin maid, because your rounded breasts are full and soft, a woman's breasts like the Paphian, not a man's like Athena, and your cheeks shed a rosy radiance!\(^b\) Well, since you have a body like that desirous goddess, why not be queen of marriage as well as Cythereia with her wealth of fine hair, and receive a bridegroom into your chamber? If it please you, leave Athena and sleep with Hermes and Ares. If it

\(^a\) Much as if she had been a woman of the fellahin fording a river. This prudery is of course quite alien to the classical Artemis.

\(^b\) *i.e.* you, being feminine and desirable, are really virgin; Athena is merely sexless.
The attributes of Nemesis here show what a long way she had travelled from the local goddess of Rhamnus in Attica, who had nothing abstract about her to begin with but was a minor deity loved on occasion by Zeus, and even from the Hellenistic Nemesis, whose closer association with the idea of divine vengeance overtaking the too prosperous and over-confident is shown by the characteristic attitude of her statues, which are represented as spitting into the breast-fold of her garment (cf. Theoc. vi. 39), to avert envy. Long before the days of Nonnos, she had become a personification of the
please you, take up the bow and arrows of the loves, if your passion is so strong for a quiver full of arrows. I ask pardon of your beauty, but I am much better than you. See what a vigorous body I have! Look at Aura’s body like a boy’s, and her step swifter than Zephyros! See the muscles upon my arms, look at my breasts, round and unripe, not like a woman. You might almost say that yours are swelling with drops of milk! Why are your arms so tender, why are your breasts not round like Aura’s, to tell the world themselves of unviolated maidenhood?

So she spoke in raillery; the goddess listened downcast in boding silence. Waves of anger swelled in her breast, her flashing eyes had death in their look. She leapt up from the stream and put on her tunic again, and once more fitted the girdle upon her pure loins, offended. She betook herself to Nemesis, and found her on the heights of Tauros in the clouds, where beside neighbour Cydnos she had ended the proudnecked boasting of Typhon’s threats. A wheel turned itself round before the queen’s feet, signifying that she rolls all the proud from on high to the ground with the avenging wheel of justice, she the allvanquishing deity who turns the path of life. Round her throne flew power which lays the froward low and redresses the balance of life. To express this, the ingenuity of Imperial times heaped upon her a multitude of emblems, of no significance in cult but purely allegorical. Her wheel is borrowed from Tyche; it may be that a line or two has fallen out before which said she carried a whip; certainly she scourges men like a whip in 387, and this attribute belongs in the last instance to the Erinyes. The griffin is shown at her feet in some late representations of her in art. It would seem that there existed written directions how to paint or carve her: cf.
NONNOS

άμφι δὲ οἱ πεπόντο παρὰ θρόνον ὅρνις ἀλάστωρ,
γρύψ πτερόεις, ποισύρων δὲ ποδῶν κοινῆτο παλμῷ
δύιμων ὁπταμένης αὐτάγγελος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴ
tετραχὰ μοιρηθέντα διέρχεται ὕδαια κόσμου:

ἀνέρας ὑψιλόφους ἀλύτῳ σφιγγοῦσα χαλυφή,
αιτήτου μιμῆσα, καὶ ὡς κακότητος ἰμάσθη,
ὡς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον, ἀγήνορα φῶτα κυλίνδει.

ἐγεῖν δ' ὡς ἐνόησε θεὰ χλοάοντι προσώπῳ

'Ἀρτεμίν ἀχτυμενή φονίς πλῆθουσαν ἀπειλῆς,
καὶ μην ἀνεφοριένθη φιλῶ μειλέατο μιθών.

' Σὺν χόλον, ιοχείρα, τει βοώσων ὑπωπαῖ.

'Ἀρτεμί, τίς κλονεῖ σε θεημάχος υός 'Αρούρης;
tίς πάλιν ἐβλάστησεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου Ἰφισς;

μή Τιτνός παλινορος ἐρωμαῖς ὀμμα τιταίων

εἴματος ἀφαίρετοι τεὶς ἐφαυσε τεκοῦσθι;

'Ἀρτεμί, πῇ σέο τοξα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ὁιστοί;
tίς πάλιν ᾽Ορίων σε βιάζεται; εἰσέτη κεῖται

κεῖνος, ὦ ὁμετέροιο τάλας ἐφαυσε χιτώνος,
μντρὸς ἐςω λαγόνων νέκυς ἀπνοοῖς· εἰ δὲ τις ἄνὴρ

χερσὶ ποθοβλητοῦσι τεῶν ἐδράξασι πέπλων,

σκορπίοι ἄλλοι ἄεξε τεῆς ποιήτορα μίτρης·
εἰ δὲ πάλιν θρασὺς Ὄμεος ἡ αὐχήεις ᾽Εφιάλτης

συνυγίη μενεάειν τεῶν ἀκίνητον ᾽Ερωτῶν,

κτείνοι ἀνυμφεύτου τεῆς μυςτήρα κορείς·
εἰ δὲ γυνὴ πολύτεκνος ἀνάζει σεο Λητῶ,

ἄλλη λαϊνέτη Νιόβη κλαύσειε γενέθλην

τίς φθόνος, εἰ λίθον ἄλλον ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου τελέσων;

the curious description in Ammianus Marcellinus xiv. 11. 26,
where the attributes are wings, the wheel and a steering-oar,
a bird of vengeance, a griffin flying with wings, or balancing himself on four feet, to go unbidden before the flying goddess and show that she herself traverses the four separate quarters of the world: highcrested men she bridles with her bit which none can shake off, such is the meaning of the image, and she rolls a haughty fellow about as it were with the whip of misery, like a self-rolling wheel. When the goddess beheld Artemis with pallid face, she knew that she was offended and full of deadly threatenings, and questioned her in friendly words:

392 "Your looks, Archeress, proclaim your anger. Artemis, what impious son of Earth persecutes you? What second Typhoeus has sprung up from the ground? Has Tityos risen again rolling a lovetmad eye, and touched the robe of your untouchable mother? Where is your bow, Artemis, where are Apollo's arrows? What Orion is using force against you once more? The wretch that touched your dress still lies in his mother's flanks, a lifeless corpse; if any man has clutched your garments with lustful hands, grow another scorpion to avenge your girdle. If bold Otos again, or boastful Ephialtes, has desired to win your love so far beyond his reach, then slay the pretender to your unwedded virginity. If some prolific wife provokes your mother Leto, let her weep for her children, another Niobe of stone. Why should not I make another stone on Sipylos? Is

but no griffin. For more details, see the elaborate article "Nemesis" by O. Rossbach in Roscher's Lexikon, especially cols. 136-137, 159-160.

a The text is very obscure, perhaps defective (see note on 378), and the translation uncertain.
Here once more Nonnos gives us a mythological catalogue, this time of the various impious persons who had tried to violate Artemis or her mother. Titn0s assaulted Leto shortly after the birth of her twins, and Apollo and Artemis killed him with their arrows: for Orion's birth from the

454
DIONYSIACA, XLVIII. 409-431

your father pesterling you to marry as he did with Athena? Surely Cronion has not promised you to Hermes for a wife, as he promised pure Athena to Hephaistos in wedlock? But if some woman is persecuting you as one did to your mother Leto, I will be the avenger of the offended Archeress."\(^a\)

414 She had not finished, when the puppybreeding maiden broke in and said to the goddess who saves from evil:

416 "Virgin allvanquishing, guide of creation, Zeus pesters me not, nor Niobe, nor bold Otos; no Tityos has dragged at the long robes of my Leto; no new son of Earth like Orion forces me: no, it is that sour virgin Aura, the daughter of Lelantos, who mocks me and offends me with rude sharp words. But how can I tell you all she said? I am ashamed to describe her calumny of my body and her abuse of my breasts. I have suffered just as my mother did: we are both alike—in Phrygia Niobe offended Leto the mother of twins, in Phrygia again impious Aura offended me. But Niobe paid for it by passing into a changeling form, that daughter of Tantalos whose children were her sorrow, and she still weeps with stony eyes; I alone am insulted and bear my disgrace without vengeance, but Aura the champion of chastity has washed no stone with tears, she has seen no fountain ground, see xiii. 99 ff.; the allusion here is to his trying to violate Artemis, and being killed (not, as often, by her arrows, but) by the scorpion which sprang up from the earth; a conflation of two versions, for the scorpion is properly the divine answer to his premature boast that he could kill all beasts. Otos and Ephialtes wanted to marry Artemis, and by a trick of hers or Apollo's they killed each other, cf. Hyginus, Fab. 28. 3; they were the gigantic sons of Poseidon and Iphimedeia. The story of Niobe needs no re-telling (406 ff.); for the attempt to make Athena marry Hephaistos, see on xiii. 172.

455
μώμον ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἀφείδεος ἀνθρεψισ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα τῇν Τιτηνίδα φύλην
dὸς μετὰ μητρώθην ἐτέρην χάριν, ὁφρα νοήσω
λαϊνές ατάνακτον ἀμειβομένης δέμας Λύρης.
mήδε τείν ἐμφυλον ὀδυρομένην λίπε κούρην,
mή μοι ἐπεγγελώσαν ἰδον πάλιν ἄτροπον Λύρην,
ἡ μὲν οἰστηρίσεις τῇς χαλκήλατος ἁρπή.

"Ως φαμεν καθά τάρτην θεά καὶ ἀμείβετο μύδων.

"Αθηνὴ φυγόδεμεν, κυνοσσόε, σύγγονε Φοίβου, 
ου μὲν ἐμῆ δρεπάνῳ Τιτηνίδα παῖδα δαμάσσων,
ουδὲ μιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ τελέσω πτερώδεια νύμφην,
Τιτήνων γεγονία παλαιστάτον αἴμα καὶ αὐτῇ,
μὴ ποτέ μοι μέμφαιτο πατήρ Λήλατος ἄκούων
ἐν δὲ σοι, ἱοχεαίρα, χαρίζομαι ἀγρότις Λύρη
παρθενικῆς ἥλεγχε, καὶ οὐκέτι παρθένος ἔσται καὶ 
καὶ μιν ἑσαπρόσεα ὑρεσιχύτου διὰ κόλπου 
διάκρυσι θηγαίοισιν ὀδυρομένην ἐτί μίτρην.

Εἶπε παρηγορεύσα: καὶ οὐρεά κάλλιπες κούρη
"Ἀρτεμίς ἐξομενή κεμάδων τετράζυγι δίφρω,
καὶ Φρυγίς ἐπέβαινεν. ὀμοζήλῳ δὲ πορείη 
παρθένος 'Ἀδρήστεια μετήμε δύσμαχον Λύρην,
γρύπας ἀμιλλητήρας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῶ.
καὶ παχύν πεθόρητο δὲ ἥρος ὦξεὶ δίφρω,
καὶ δρόμων ἐστηρίζεις ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου καρτήνων 
Ταυταλίδος προπάροιθε λιθογλήκον προσώπου,
πτητῶν τετραπόδων σκολιοὺς σφίγγουσα χαλινοῦσ.
Αύρης δὲ ἔγγυς ἰκανεν ἀγῆρος· υφίνου δὲ 
αὐχένα δειλαίης ὀφιώδεὶ τίφεθεν ἰμάσθη,
καὶ μιν ἀνεστυφέλεις δίκης τροχοεδεὶ κύκλω,
καὶ νόον ἀφρονά κάμψεν ἀκαμψέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ 

435
440
445
450
455
460
456
DIONYSIACA, XLVIII. 432–461

declaring the faults of her uncontrolled tongue. I pray you, uphold the dignity of your Titan birth. Grant me a boon like my mother, that I may see Aura’s body transformed into stone immovable; leave not a maiden of your own race in sorrow, that I may not see Aura mocking me again and not to be turned—or let your sickle of beaten bronze drive her to madness!"

439 She spoke, and the goddess replied with encouraging words:

440 “Chaste daughter of Leto, huntress, sister of Phoibos, I will not use my sickle to chastise a Titan girl, I will not make the maiden a stone in Phrygia, for I am myself born of the ancient race of Titans, and her father Lelantos might blame me when he heard: but one boon I will grant you, Archeress. Aura the maid of the hunt has reproached your virginity, and she shall be a virgin no longer. You shall see her in the bed of a mountain stream weeping fountains of tears for her maiden girdle.”

449 So she consoled her; and Artemis the maiden entered her car with its team of four prickets, left the mountain and drove back to Phrygia. With equal speed the maiden Adrasteia a pursued her obstinate enemy Aura. She had harnessed racing griffins under her bridle; quick through the air she coursed in the swift car, until she tightened the curving bits of her four-footed birds, and drew up on the peak of Sipylos in front of the face of Tantalos’s daughter b with eyeballs of stone. Then she approached the haughty Aura. She flicked the proud neck of the hapless girl with her snaky whip, and struck her with the round wheel of justice, and bent the foolish

a Nemesis.  
b Niobe.
parthenikhs eleleden exidhiesan imasblhνν 'Aργολίς 'Αδρήστεια: xarizomenv de theainh, kai μαλα per koteouti kaisignhtw Dionysow, opliseven alloan erwta, kai ei tile nhes 'Erwton, 465 Palleihs meta lektra, meta phumetin 'Arimiδhνν, tin meν leipomḥνn eni patridi, tin de eni gaih allotria petraion, 'Axaioνs ws βρετας 'Hrēs, kai Bερo}s polu malloon anthistwn peri lektwνn.

Kai Nēmesiς pepotitpo ufobleίτpou para Taυρψ, 470 eisóke Kūdion ikane to deúteron. ἀμφι δὲ κουρη ἰδυβολω' Διόνυσον 'Ερως οἰστρησεν οἰστῶν, kai ptera kyklōsas ἐπεβήσατo κούφος 'Ολύμπου.

Kai θεος οὐρεισφοιτος ιμάσσετο μείζoνι πυρ<p>...<p> 475 οὐ γάρ ἐν τοις εἴδωλοις kυπριδίνην, οὗ φάρμακον εἶχεν 'Ερωτόν. ἀλλά μιν ἐφλεγε μάλλον 'Ερως βελξ'φρον πυρσοθ θυνάδος ὥσιτελεστον ἀπειθεῖος εἰς γάμον Λύρης, kai μογενω ἐκρυπτεν εόν πόθον, οὔδ' ἐνι λόχμας Kυπριδίοισιν ὀάρωσιν ὀμίλεεν ἑγγύθεν Λύρης, μη μιν ἀλυσάζειε. τί κύτερον, ἢ ὅτε μοῦνο ἀνέρες ἴμειροσι, kai ou pothetou gynaike; kai μέθεπε πραπιδεσι πεπηγμένων iον Ἐρωτων, παρθένος εἰ δρόμων εἶχε κυνοσοον ἐνδοθ λόχμης, Kυπριδίοισι δ' ἀνέμοιων αἰειρομένοι χιτῶνοι μηρων ὀπισεπών θηλύνετο Bάκχος ἀλήτης. οὔθ' ἐν παφλαζοντι πόθω δεδοθήνενοι Λύρης Bάκχος ἀμηχανέως ἐπον ἵππη λυσάδι φωνή.

1 So Keydell: Ludwig ἥδημολφ, after L; Μ ήδενωλ.

* Nemesis is called Adrasteia, if we may believe Anti-
  machos of Colophon, Frag. 53 Wyss, because she was
  honoured by Adrastos king of Argos. The real connexion
  between the two names is of course that they both mean
unbending will. Argive a Adrasteia let the whip with its vipers curl round the maiden's girdle, doing pleasure to Artemis and to Dionysos while he was still indignant; and although she was herself unacquainted with love, she prepared another love, after the bed of Pallene, after the loss of Ariadne—one was left in her own country, one was a stone in a foreign land like the statue of Achaian Hera—and more than all for the ill success with Beroë's bed.

Nemesis now flew back to snowbeaten Tauros until she reached Cydnos again. And Eros drove Dionysos mad for the girl with the delicious wound of his arrow, then curving his wings flew lightly to Olympos.

And the god roamed over the hills scourged with a greater fire. For there was not the smallest comfort for him. He had then no hope of the girl's love, no physic for his passion; but Eros burnt him more and more with the mindbewitching fire to win mad obstinate Aura at last. With hard struggles he kept his desire hidden; he used no lover's prattle beside Aura in the woods, for fear she might avoid him. What is more shameless, than when only men crave, and women do not desire? Wandering Bacchos felt the arrow of love fixt in his heart if the maiden was hunting with her pack of dogs in the woods; if he caught a glimpse of a thigh when the loving winds lifted her tunic, he became soft as a woman. At last buffeted by his tumultuous desire for Aura, desperate he cried out in mad tones—

"unavoidable," the one being the sure vengeance which overtakes the wrongdoer, the other a great king and warrior whose power none could escape. Nonnus is showing off his knowledge, whether first-hand or not, of Antimachos's learned poem, the Thébais.
"Παῦς ἐγὼ δυσέρωτος ἐχὼ τύπων, ὅτι μὲ φεύγει παρθένος ἰμεύμοντος, ἐρημονόμω δὲ πεκλὼ 490
πλάζεται αὐτήρικτος ἀθητὸν πλέον Ὦχοῦς.
ὁλβίε, Παῦ, Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλέον, ὅτι ματεύων
φάρμακον εὑρές ἔρωτος ἐνὶ φρενοθελείᾳ φωνῆ-
σον κτῖτον ὑπερφῶνος ἀμείβεται ἀστατὸς Ὦχο
φθεγγομένῃ λίλου ἥχον ὀμοίων αἰτθὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
ἐκ στομάτων ἐνα μύθῳ ἀνήργη παρθένος Αὔρῃ.
οὖτος ἔρως ὅποι πάσιν ὀμοίως· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῇ
παρθενικαῖς ἐτέρησαν ὀμότροπον ἱθὸς ἀέξει.
ποίον ἐμὴ ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον; ἥ ρά ἐ θέλεω
νεῦματι Κυπριδέω; πότε που, πότε θέλγεται Αὔρῃ 500
κυμνέοις βλεψάρουσιν; ἐρωματεῖς ὅμα τυταῖνῳ
τις γαμίως ὁμοίως παραπλάζει φρένας ἀρκτοῦ
εἰς Παβίην, ἐς Ἐρωτα· τις ὁμήθησε ἱερά;
tις δριθ ὑμῖν ἔλεξε; τις ἀνθοῦ θαφε πεύκην;
tις κρατέρα παρέπεισε, καὶ εἰς γάμον ἡγαγε πέτρην; 505
ποῖος αὐτήθελες ἢκηλῆτο ὦν Αὔρης;
pοῖος αὐτήθελες; ἀμιτροχιτῶν ἡ κοῦρη
τις γαμίς ἦ φιλότητος ἀρηγόνα κεστόν ἐνύψη;
tις γλυκὸ κέντρον Ἐρωτος ἦ οὐνομα Κυπρογενείς;
μᾶλλον Ἀθηναῖή τάχα πείσεται οὐδὲ μὲ φεύγει 510
"Ἀρτέμις ἁπτοιχτος, ὅσον φιλοπάρθενος Αὔρῃ.
αἰθεῖς φίλος στομάτεσσιν ἔπεος τοῦ ηµοῦν ἐνύψη.
Βάκχε, μάτην ποθεῖς,
ἡ δίξεο παρθένον Αὔρῃ."" 515

"Ενέτευκτος ἀνθερόμεντος ἐσώλ λειμώνος ὀδεύων
εἰαρνοῦσι ἀμόιοις, καὶ εὐδόμω παρὰ μύρτῳ
ἡδὺ μεσημβρίζων πόδας εὐνάσεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δενδρῷ
κέκλιτο συρίζουσαν ἔχων Ζεφυρῆν Αὔρην
καὶ καμάτω καὶ ἐρωτὶ κατάσχετος· ἐξομένῳ δὲ
"I am like lovelorn Pan, when the girl flees me swift as the wind, and wanders, treading the wilderness with boot more agile than Echo never seen! You are happy, Pan, much more than Bromios, for during your search you have found a physic for love in a mindbewitching voice. Echo follows your tones and returns them, moving from place to place, and utters a sound of speaking like your voice. If only maid Aura had done the same, and let one word sound from her lips! This love is different from all others, for the girl herself has a nature not like the ways of other maidens. What physic is there for my pain? Shall I charm her with lovers' nod and beck? Ah when, ah when is Aura charmed with moving eyelids? Who by lo vemad looks or wooing whispers could seduce the heart of a shebear to the Paphian, to Eros? Who discourses to a lioness? Who talks to an oak? Who has beguiled a lifeless fir-tree? Who ever persuaded a cornel-tree, and took a rock in marriage? And what man could charm the mind of Aura proof against all charms? What man could charm her—who will mention marriage, or the cestus which helps love, to this girl with no girdle to her tunic? Who will mention the sweet sting of love or the name of Cyprogeneia? I think Athena will listen sooner; and not intrepid Artemis avoids me so much as prudish Aura. If she would only say as much as this with her dear lips—'Bacchos, your desire is vain; seek not for maiden Aura.'"

So he spoke to the breezes of spring, while walking in a flowery meadow. Beside a fragrant myrtle he stayed his feet for a soothing rest at midday. He leaned against a tree and listened to the west breeze whispering, overcome by fatigue and
τῆλικος αυτομέλαθρος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
παρθένος ἀκριβέμενος 'Αμαδωνᾶς ἐνεπε Νύμφῃ.
Κύπριδι πιστά φέρουσα καὶ ἕμεροεντι Λυσιῷ.

"Οὐ δύναται ποτε Βάκχος
ἀγει ἐπὶ δέμπος Αὔρην,
εἰ μὴ μιν βαρύδεσμον ἀλυκτοπέδησι πεδήσῃ,
δεσμοῖς Κύπριδίωσι πόδας καὶ χείρας ἄλκας,
ή μὲν ὑπνώουσαν ὑποζεῦξας ὑμεναῖοι
παρθενικῆς ἀνάεδων ὑποκλέφηε κορεῖν."

"Ὡς φαμείη παλύνορρος ὀμήλικε κεῖθετο θάμην
δυσαμείη δρνόειτα πάλιν δόμον αὐτάρ ὦ κάμων
Βάκχος ἐρωτοτόκοις νύν πόμπευεν ὀνείροις.
ψυχῇ δ' ἅγιομοίοιτος ἀποφθιμένης 'Αριάδνης,
ὑήδυμον ὑπνώωντι παραπαραμείη Διονύσῳ,
ζηλήμων μετὰ πότμον ὀνειρεῖο φάτο μύθῳ.

"Αμιθήμων Διόνυσε τεῶν προτέρων ὑμεναίων,
Αὔρης ζήλος ἔχει σε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις 'Αριάδνης;
ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησαῦο, ὃν ἥρπασε πικρὸς ἄγγης,
ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησαῦο, ὃν ἔλαχεν ἀνέρα Φαίδρη.
οὐ τάχα μοι πέριττο φυγεῖν φευδόρκουν ἀκοίτην,
εἰ γλυκὸς ὑπναλέην με λίπεν νέος, ἀντὶ δὲ κεῖνον
νυμφεύθην δυσέρωτι καὶ ἑπεροπῇ Λυσιῷ.
ὦμοι, ὅτι οὐ βροτὸν ἔσχον ἕγω ταχύποτμον ἀκοίτην,
καὶ κεν ἐρωμανεότι κουρσοσμείη Διονύσῳ
Αἰμηλάων γενόμην καὶ ἕγω μία θηλυτεράων.
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων γαμίων ἐπιβήτορα λέκτρων,
νυμφίων ὅρκαπάτην, μετὰ Θησεᾶ καὶ σὲ καλέσως:
εἴ δὲ σε δῶρον Ἐρωτός ἀπαιτίζει σέο νύμφῃ,
δέξο μοι ἠλακάτην, φιλοτήσιον ἔδον Ἐρωτών,
ὀφρα πόρης, ἀθέμιε, φιλοσκοπέλω σέο νύμφῃ

* Ariadne’s sister, see Euripides, Hippolytos 339.
love; and as he sat there, a Hamadryad Nymph at home in the clusters of her native tree, a maiden unveiled, peeped out and said, true both to Cypris and to loving Lyaios:

522 "Bacchos can never lead Aura to his bed, unless he binds her first in heavy galling fetters, and winds the bonds of Cypris round hands and feet; or else puts her under the yoke of marriage in sleep, and steals the girl’s maidenhood without brideprice."

527 Having spoken she hid again in the tree her agemate, and entered again her woody home; but Bacchos distressed with lovebreeding dreams made his mind a parade: the soul of dead Ariadne borne on the wind came, and beside Dionysos sleeping sound, stood jealous after death, and spoke in the words of a dream:

534 "Dionysos, you have forgotten your former bride: you long for Aura, and you care not for Ariadne. O my own Theseus, whom the bitter wind stole! O my own Theseus, whom Phaidra a got for husband! I suppose it was fated that a perjured husband must always run from me, if the sweet boy left me while I slept, and I was married instead to Lyaios, an inconstant lover and a deceiver. Alas, that I had not a mortal husband, one soon to die; then I might have armed myself against lovemad Dionysos and been one of the Lemnian women b myself. But after Theseus, now I must call you too a perjured bridegroom, the invader of many marriage beds. If your bride asks you for a gift, take this distaff at my hands, a friendly gift of love, that you may give your mountaineering bride what your

b Might have killed him for unfaithfulness, as the women of Lemnos did their men.
δύο τε τῆς ἀλόχου Μινωίδος, ὁφρὰ τις εἶπη·

'dικε μίτον θεσθή καὶ ἡλακάτην Διονύσιον,'

καὶ σὺ κατὰ Κρονίων πέλεχος μετὰ λέκτρου ἀμείβων 550

ἐγὼ γυναιμινέως μιμήσας σείο τοκῆς,

οἱστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἀμοιβαίης 'Ἀφροδίτης·

Σιδωνίης ἀλόχοιο νεογνέων ὑμειάων,

Παλλήνης, γάμον ὃδα, καὶ 'Ἀλθαῖς ὑμειάων·

σηχάμως φίλοττην Κορωνίδος, ἣς ἀπὸ λέκτρων 555

τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάσων ὁμόλυνης ἄλλα, Μυκηναί,

πότριν ἐμών φθέγγασθε καὶ ἀγριὸν ὀμμα Μεδουσῆς,

καὶ φθονηρῆς ηὲ ἑρωτα βιαζομένης 'Ἀριάδνης,

ἡμένες Νάξεοι, βοήσατε 'νυμφίες Θησεῦ.

Μιμήν καλέει σε χολωμένη Διονύσιως.

αλλὰ τὶ Κεκροπίτης μιμησκομαι; εἰς Παφέν γὰρ

μείμβοιμαι ἀμφότερος, καὶ Θησεί καὶ Διονύσῳ.'

"Ἡς φαμένη σκιότην πανίκελος έσσυτο καπνῷ,

καὶ θρασὺς ἑγρετο Bάκχος

ἀποσκεδάζας πτερον Τινου, 560

μυρομένην δ’ φύτευεν οὐκερείην 'Αριάδνην.

καὶ δόλου ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐδίζετο πομπὸν 'Ερωτων—

νύμφης δ’ Ἀστακίδος προτέρων ἐμπήγατο λέκτρων,

πῶς ἑρατὴν δολόειν ποτὶ νυμφεύσατο κοῦρην

ύπνου ἔχων πομπῆς μεθυσαλων ὑμειαών.

"Οφρὰ μὲν ἴδελε Bάκχος ἐπετύνειν δόλου εὐνῆς, 570

τοῦρα δὲ φοιταλὴ Αθλαντιάς ἔδραμε κοῦρῃ

πίδακα μαστεύουσα, κατάσχετος αἴθοπο δύσῃ.

οὐδὲ λάθεν Διονύσου ὀρίδρομος ἀστατος Αὐρη

---

* See *Aliii. 484. Dionysos is in some authors the father of Meleagros, usually the son of Oineus, Althaia's husband; see *Hyginus, Fab. 129. Coronis as mother of the Charites is heard of only here; she seems to have nothing to do with Coronis the mother of Asclepius by Apollo.*

464
Minoian wife gave you; then people can say—‘She gave the thread to Theseus, and the distaff to Dionysos.’

“You are just like Cronion changing from bed to bed, and you have imitated the doings of your womanmad father, having an insatiable passion for changing your loves. I know how you lately married your Sithonian wife Pallene, and your wedding with Althaia: I will say nothing of the love of Coronis, from whose bed were born the three Graces ever inseparable. But O Mycenai, proclaim my fate and the savage glare of Medusa! Shores of Naxos, cry aloud of Ariadne’s lot, constrained to a hateful love, and say, ‘O bridegroom Theseus, Minos’s daughter calls you in anger against Dionysos!’ But why do I think of Cecropia? To her of Paphos, I carry my plaint against them both, Theseus and Dionysos!’"

She spoke, and her shade flew away like shadowy smoke. Bold Bacchos awoke and shook off the wing of Sleep. He lamented the sorrow of Ariadne in his dream, and sought for some clever device which could meet all needs and lead him to love. First he remembered the bed of the Astacid nymph long before, how he had wooed the lovely nymph with a cunning potion and made sleep his guide to intoxicated bridals.

While Bacchos would be preparing a cunning device for her bed, Lelantos’s daughter wandered about seeking a fountain, for she was possessed with parching thirst. Dionysos failed not to see how thirsting Aura ran rapidly over the hills. Quickly

---

b Attica, from its mythical king Cecrops.

c The story of Nicaia, in books xv. and xvi.
δυσλαέθ: ταχύνος δε θορύβον ἐπὶ πυθμένα πέτρης
θύρας γαίαν ἀρασσε: διχαζόμενη δε κολώνη
αὐτομάτην ὁδον μέθην εὐώδει μαζί
χεῖρας πορφύρον: χαριζόμεναι δε Λυκίων,
δημώδες ᾨμίλιοι κατέγραφον ἀνθελον Ὡραί
pίδακος ἀκρα μέτωπα, καὶ εὐόδμουσιν ἅταις
ἀρτιφύτων λεμάδος ἰμασσετο νήδυμος ἀνήρ;
εἰχε δὲ Ναρκίσσου φερώνωμα φύλλα κορύμβων
ἡδέους χαρίνης, ὅν τεστάλω παρὰ Λάτμων
νυμφίος Ἐκδυμίων κεραία ἕσπερα Σελήνης,
ος πάρος ἑπερσπόρος εὔχροος εἰδεί κωφύ
εἰς τίποτα αὐτοὑλεστον ἱδών μορφούμενον ὀδόρ
κάτθαι, παπτάκων σκιοιδέα φάσματα μορφής:
καὶ φυτὸν ἑμπνοον εἴχεν Ἀμυκλαίης ὑακίνθου
ἰπτάειται δὲ ἀγεληδον ἐπ’ αὐθημόνειτο κορύμβω
εἰρικῶν ἐλγαγιον ἄρχόνες ὑφόθι φύλλων.

Κείθα δὲ διψώουσα μεσημβρίας ἐστρέχειν Λύρη,
εἰ ποθὲ διψώουσα Δίος χὺσιν ἡ τιμα πηγῆν
ἡ ρόον ἀδρήσειν ὀρεσιχύτου ποταμῶν:
ἀµφὶ δὲ οἱ βλεφάροις Ἐρώς κατέχευεν ὁμήξην.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε Βακχειήν ἀπατήλιον ἐδρακε πηγῆν,
δὴ τότε οἱ βλεφάρων σκιών νέφος ἠλάσε Πειθῶ
τοῖον ἔπος βοῦσσα γάμον πρωτάγγελον Λύρη:

"Παρθενική, μόλε δεύρο, τελεσιγάμμοι δε πηγῆς
eἰς στόμα δέξου σέθρα, καὶ εἰς σέο κόλπον ἀκοίτην.

Κούρη δ’ ἀσμενὸς εἶδε: παραπροχυθεῖσα δε πηγῆ
χείλεσιν οἰγομένους σύν ἐνεύσει Ικμάδα Βάκχου.
παρθενική δε πιοῦσα τὸσεν ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν:

"Νημάδες, τί τὸ θάμα;

πόθεν πέλε νήδυμον ὀδόρ;
tὶς ποτόν ἔβλυσε τούτο; τὶς ὀυρανὴ τέκε γαστήρ;"
he leapt up and dug the earth with his wand at the
foundation of a rock: the hill parted, and poured out
of itself a purple stream of wine from its sweet-
scented bosom. The Seasons, handmaids of Helios,
to do grace to Lyaios, painted with flowers the
fountain’s margin, and fragrant whiffs from the new-
growing meadow beat on the balmy air. There were
the clustering blooms which have the name of
Narcissos the fair youth, whom horned Selene’s bride-
groom Endymion begat on leafy Latmos, Narcissos
who long ago gazed on his own image formed in the
water, that dumb image of a beautiful deceiver,
and died as he gazed on the shadowy phantom of his
shape; there was the living plant of Amyclaian iris
a; there sang the nightingales over the spring blossoms,
fly in troops above the clustering flowers.

590 And there came running thirsty at midday Aura
herself, seeking if anywhere she could find raindrops
from Zeus, or some fountain, or the stream of a river
pouring from the hills; and Eros cast a mist over her
eyelids: but when she saw the deceitful fountain
of Bacchos, Peitho dispersed the shadowy cloud from
her eyelids, and called out to Aura like a herald of
her marriage—

597 “Maiden, come this way! Take into your lips
the stream of this nuptial fountain, and into your
bosom a lover.”

599 Gladly the maiden saw it, and throwing her-
self down before the fountain drew in the liquid of
Bacchos with open lips. When she had drunk, the
girl exclaimed:

602 “Naiads, what marvel is this? Whence comes
this balmy water? Who made this bubbling drink,

a Hyacinthos once more!
ἐμπεσ τοῦτο πιούσα ποτὶ δρόμον οὐκέτι βαίνω.

καὶ σφαλερὸν στομάτων ἀπαλόθροον ἥχον ἰάλλω." 610

Καὶ πυρὸς εἰς παρθένον Ἐρως

dedokynomos Λύρην

οὐρανόθεν κατέπαλτο, γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ

καὶ κεφαλής ἐκλύετο ὑπερισαμμένη 

παρθενικῆς ἀφύλλακτον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύσα.

Καὶ τερά πάλλων

eἰαρμοῖς πετάλουσιν ἐξάζετο τοῦτο χαράξας:

"ἰαμβίε, λεκτρα τέλεσον, ἐκορίκεσαν ἐπὶ παρθένοις εύδεις, 

σινὴ ἐφ' ἤμειλο, μὴ παρθένον ὑποσ ἐάση." 620

Καὶ μιν ἱδὼν ὦβακχος ἐπ' ἀστράτου χαμεύνης

νυμφιδίου Λυθαίων ἀμεργομένη 

πτερῶν Ἡπνου, 

ἄφος ἀκροτάτων ἀσάμβαλος ἰχνευῖς ἔρπων 

κωφὸν ἀφωνήτου μετήθε δέμον Λύρης·

χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη γλαφυρὴ ἀπεθήκη φαρέτηρ 

παρθενικῆς, καὶ τόξα κατέκρυβε κοιλάδι πέτρη,

μὴ μὲν οἰστεύεις τιναξαμένη πτερῶν Ἡπνοὺ, 

καὶ δεσμοῖς ἀλτοίσας πόδας σφηκάσατο κούρης, 

καὶ παλίμας ἐλικτόν ἐπεσφηγύσατο σειρῆν, 

μὴ μὲν ἄλυκακεῖν ἐπιστορέσας δὲ κοινὴ 

παρθενικῆς βαρύπνου ἐτοιμοτάτην Ἀφροδίτη 

Λύρης ὑπναλέσης γαμῆς ἐκλεφεν ὀπώρην.

468
what heavenly womb gave him birth? Certainly after drinking this I can run no more. No, my feet are heavy, sweet sleep bewitches me, nothing comes from my lips but a soft stammering sound.”

607 She spoke, and went stumbling on her way. She moved this way and that way with erring motions, her brow shook with throbbing temples, her head leaned and lay on her shoulder, she fell asleep on the ground beside a tallbranching tree and entrusted to the bare earth her maidenhood unguarded.

613 When fiery Eros beheld Aura stumbling heavy-knee, he leapt down from heaven, and smiling with peaceful countenance spoke to Dionysos with full sympathy:

616 “Are you for a hunt, Dionysos? Virgin Aura awaits you!”,

617 With these words, he made haste away to Olympos flapping his wings, but first he had inscribed on the spring petals—“Bridegroom, complete your marriage while the maiden is still asleep; and let us be silent that sleep may not leave the maiden.”

621 Then Iobacchos seeing her on the bare earth, plucking the Lethaean feather of bridal Sleep, he crept up noiseless, unshod, on tiptoe, and approached Aura where she lay without voice or hearing. With gentle hand he put away the girl’s neat quiver and hid the bow in a hole in the rock, that she might not shake off Sleep’s wing and shoot him. Then he tied the girl’s feet together with indissoluble bonds, and passed a cord round and round her hands that she might not escape him: he laid the maiden down in the dust, a victim heavy with sleep ready for Aphrodite, and stole the bridal fruit from Aura asleep. The
καὶ πόσις ἡν ἀνάδεικν: ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ δειλὴ ὁμοβαρὴς ἀτινακτὸς ἐνυμφεύθη Διονύσῳ· καὶ σκιέραις πυρίγεσσι περισφίγγων δέμας Ἀὔρης 635 ἦπνος ἐν τῇ Βάκχῳ γαμοστόλος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς περιήθη Παφίς, καὶ ὁμόζυγος ἐστὶ Σελήνης, καὶ νυκῆς φιλότητος ὀμόστολος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων· καὶ γάμος ὢς ὅπαρ ἐσκε. πολυσκάρβηα δὲ χορεῖ ἐν χορόν αὐτοεικόνος ἀνασκήρτησι κολωνί. 640 ἡμιμορμημένης δ’ ἐδόθησαν Ἀμαδράς ἥλικα πεύκη, μοῦνη δ’ ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἐν οὐραὶ παρθένος Ὁχῳ, αἰδομείνη δ’ ἀκίνητος ἐκεῖθεν πιθομένη πέτρης, ἦ γάμον ἀθρήσκει γυναίκαινος Διονύσου.

Καὶ τελέσας ὑμεῖς τῶν ἀδουπήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων 643 νυμφίους ἀμπελῶσιν, πεφυλαγμένοι νύμφων ἁτρις ἀείρας, νήφης μὲν κισὶ χείλος ἐπηρατόν, ἀκλωδίας δὲ λυσὶ πόδας καὶ χιρᾶς, ἀπὸ σκαπελοῦ δὲ φαρετρὶν χειρὶ λαβὼν καὶ τοῖς πάλιν παρακάτθετο νῦμφη. καὶ Σατύρων σχεδὸν ἦθελεν ἐτὶ πνεύμων ὑμειῶν, ὑπαλλής ἀνέροις ἐπιτρέπας λέχος Ἀὔρης. νήφη δ’ ἐκ φιλότητος ἀνέδραμε· λυσμελὴ δὲ ὑπὸν ἀκηρύκτων ἀπεσείσατο μάρτυς Ἐρώτων· δάμβει δ’ εἰσορώσσα σαφοφρόνος ἐκτοθὶ μίτρης στῆθεα γυμνωθέντα καὶ ἀσκεπός πτῦχα μηροῦ καὶ γαμή βαθαίμηγά περιστιχθέντα χιτώνα, ἀρπαμείνη ἀνάεδινον ἀπαγγέλλοντα κορεῖν, μαίνετο παπαίνουσα· καὶ ἡμοσὶς κυκλάδα μίτρην στέρα πάλιν σκεύωσα, καὶ ἥθαδος ἀντύγα μαζὸν παρθενῶν ἐνστήρι μάτην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμών. 655 ἀχυμείνη δ’ ὁλολυξε, κατάσχετος ἀλματι λύσης· ἀγρονόμος δ’ ἐδίωξε, καὶ εὐπετάλον σχεδὸν ὄχθης τυμμείνη δολοειτα πόσιν ποιήτορι θεσμῶν.

1 mss. ἰχνια: Marcellus ἀντύγα, Ludwig ἰκέδα.
husband brought no gift; on the ground that hapless girl heavy with wine, unmoving, was wedded to Dionysos; Sleep embraced the body of Aura with overshadowing wings, and he was marshal of the wedding for Bacchos, for he also had experience of love, he is yokefellow of the moon, he is companion of the Loves in nightly caresses. So the wedding was like a dream; for the capering dances, the hill skipt and leapt of itself, the Hamadryad half-visible shook her agemate fir—only maiden Echo did not join in the mountain dance, but shamefast hid herself unapproachable under the foundations of the rock, that she might not behold the wedding of womanmad Dionysos.

645 When the vinebridegroom had consummated his wedding on that silent bed, he lifted a cautious foot and kissed the bride's lovely lips, loosed the unmoving feet and hands, brought back the quiver and bow from the rock and laid them beside his bride. He left to the winds the bed of Aura still sleeping, and returned to his Satyrs with a breath of the bridal still about him.

652 After these caresses, the bride started up; she shook off limbloosing sleep, the witness of the unpublished nuptials, saw with surprise her breasts bare of the modest bodice, the cleft of her thighs uncovered, her dress marked with the drops of wedlock that told of a maidenhood ravished without bridegift. She was maddened by what she saw. She fitted the bodice again about her chest, and bound the maiden girdle again over her rounded breast—too late! She shrieked in distress, held in the throes of madness; she chased the countrymen, slew shepherds beside the leafy slopes, to punish her
Perhaps the most unseasonable mythological excursus even in Nonnos. Tithonos may be presumed known to any English reader from Tennyson’s poem; for Selene as driver of oxen, cf. note on Alb. 217: Endymion the 472
treacherous husband with avenging justice—still more she killed the oxherds with implacable steel, for she knew about charming Tithonos,\(^a\) bridegroom of Dawn, the lovelorn oxherd, knew that Selene also the driver of bulls had her Latmian Endymion who was busy about the herds of cattle; she had heard of Phrygian Hymnos too, and his love that made him rue, the lovelorn herdsman whom another maiden slew: still more she killed the goatherds, killed their whole flocks of goats, in agony of heart, because she had seen Pan the dangerous lover with a face like some shaggy goat; for she felt quite sure that shepherd Pan tormented with desire for Echo had violated her aspere: much more she laid low the husbandmen, as being also slaves to Cypris, since a man who tilled the soil, Iasion, had been bedfellow of Demeter the mother of sheaves. The huntsmen she killed believing an ancient story; for she had heard that a huntsman Cephalos, from the country of unmothered Athena, was husband of rosecrowned Dawn. Workmen of Bacchos about the vintage she killed, because they are servants of Lyaios who squeeze out the intoxicating juice of his liquor, heavy with wine, dangerous lovers. For she had not yet learnt the cunning heart of Dionysos, and the seductive potion of heady love, but she made empty the huts of the mountainranging herdsmen and drenched the hills with red blood.

\(^{689}\) Still frantic in mind, shaken by throes of madness, she came to the temple of Cypris. She loosed the girdle from her newly spun robe, the enemy Latmian herdsman (though his country and legend alike vary) was her love, and she cast him into an unending sleep. Hymnos, cf. xv. 204 ff.; Iasion, Odyssey v. 125: Cephalos, see iv. 194.
άβρων ἀνικήτως δῆμας μάστιζε θεαῖς.
καὶ βρέταις ἀρπάζασα τελεσοιγάμου Κυθηρείς.
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἠλθε, κυλινδομένην δὲ ρεθροὺς
γυμναῖς Νημάδεσσι πόρεν γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ μετὰ θείον ἁγαλμα καὶ αὐτοελίκτον ἱμάσθην
δείκελον ἀβρων Ἔρωτος ἀπηκόντιζε κοινῆ.
καὶ κενεὸν λίπε δῶμα Κυβηλίδος ἀφρογενείς.
φοιτάλεγ ἡ ἀκίχτης ἐθῆμον δέσιτο λόχην,
καὶ σταλίκων ἔφαισε, παλιν δὲ ἐμᴜῆσατο θήρης·
καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάρουσιν ἐνι στενάχιζε κορείν,
οὐ δὲ κωκίουσα τόσην ἐφέ̣γεςκε φωνήν.

"Τὸς θεὸς ἠμετέρης ἀνελύσατο δεσμὰ κορείς;
εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ κυνόσουσιν ἐρμηνόμοις ἐπὶ λέκτρω
εἴδος ὑπὸκλέπτων ἐβῆσατο μητίτεα Ζεύς,
οὐδὲ καὶ ἠμετέρης ἠδέσατο γείτονα Ἀρείην,
ἀγροτέροις μετὰ θῆρας οἰστεύσω πόλον ἄστρων·
εἰ δὲ μοι ὑπαλέγῃ παρελέξατο Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων,
πέραν πασιμέλουσαν ἄλην πετρώδεα Πυθώ·
εἰ δὲ λέξος σύλησεν ἐμὸν Κυλήνιος Ἐρμῆς,
Ἀρκαδίην προθελυμὸν ἐμοῖς βελέσσουν ὀλέσσω,
καὶ τελέσω θεράπαιν ἐμὴν χρυσάμπυκα Πειθώ·
εἰ δὲ δόλους γαμίουσω ὀνειρεῖσϑων ὑμεναῖν
ἀπροὶδῆς Διονύσου ἐμὴν σύλησε κορείν,
ἴξομαι, ἧχι πέλει Κυβηλῆς δόμος, ὕψιλοφοι δὲ
οἰστρομαῖὴ Διόνυσον ἀπὸ Τμώλου διώξω·
καὶ φονίην ὠμοίωσι ἐπικρεμάσασα φαρέτρην
eἰς Πάφον, εἰς Φοργήν θωρίζομαι ἀμφιτέρων γὰρ
tόξων ἐμῶν ταινίωσ, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
σοὶ πλέον, ἵοχεαῖρα, χολώμοι, ὀττί με, κοῦρη,
οὐ κτάνες υπναλέην ἐτὶ παρθένων, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῶ
σοῖς καθαροῖς βελέσσουν ἐθωρήχθης παρακοίτη."
of the cestus, and flogged the dainty body of the unconquerable goddess; she caught up the statue of marriage-consummating Cythereia, she went to the bank of Sangarios, and sent Aphrodite rolling into the stream, naked among the naked Naiads; and after the divine statue had gone with the scourge twisted round it, she threw into the dust the delicate image of Love, and left the temple of Cybelid Foamborn empty. Then she plunged into the familiar forest, wandering unperceived, handled her net-stakes, remembered the hunt again, lamenting her maidenhood with wet eyelids, and crying loudly in these words:

"What god has loosed the girdle of my maidenhood? If Zeus Allwise took some false aspect, and forced me, upon my lonely bed, if he did not respect our neighbour Rheia, I will leave the wild beasts and shoot the starry sky! If Phoibos Apollo lay by my side in sleep, I will raze the stones of worldfamous Pytho wholly to the ground! If Cyllenian Hermes has ravished my bed, I will utterly destroy Arcadia with my arrows, and make goldchaplet Peitho my servant! If Dionysos came unseen and ravished my maidenhood in the crafty wooing of a dream-bridal, I will go where Cybele's hall stands, and chase that lustmad Dionysos from highcrested Tmolos! I will hang my quiver of death on my shoulders and attack Paphos, I will attack Phrygia—I will draw my bow on both Cypris and Dionysos! You, Archeress, you have enraged me most, because you, a maiden, did not kill me in my sleep still a virgin, yes and did not defend me even against my bedfellow with your pure shafts!"

\[a\] As being Hermes' wife.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

"Ενεπε, καὶ τρομεόουσαν ἐν ἀνεσείρασε φωνῆ
dάκρυσι νικηθείσα. τελεσσιγάμιν δὲ Λυαιόν
παιδοτόκοι πληθείσα γονῆς δυσπάρθενος Αὐρή
dιπλόν ὄγκον άείρε γυνὴ ὃ' ἐπεμφατο φόρτω
ἀσχετα βακχευθείσα γονῆς, δυσπάρθενος Αὐρή . . .
ἡ σπόρος αὐτοπλευτος ἢ ἀνέρος ἀν ὑμεναῖων
ἡ θεου δολίων: Δίν δ' ἐμμύς τον ὕμφις.
Πλουτοῦς αὐτοτόκου Βερεκυνίδος, ἂν ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Τάιταλος ἐβλάστησε. καὶ ἦθελε γαστέρα τέμνειν,
ὄφρα δαιζομένης ἀπὸ νηδίου ἄφρον λύσῃ
ἀτροφον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ ξῖφος ἡρταζε, διὰ στέρνου δὲ γυμνού
δεξιμηθεὶς μενεάινε αἴθειδε φάσγανον ἄκειν.
pολλακαὶ δ' ἀρτιτόκοι μετήμεν ἀντρα λεαινὴς,
ὡς κεν ὀλισθήσειε θελήμονος εἰς λίνα Μοῖρης.
ἀλλα μιν οὐρεισίφοιτος ὑπέκφυγε ταρβαλήθηρ,
μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνει, μυχὼ δ' ἐκρύπτετο πέτρης
ακύμων ἔρημαινον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμενάιας.
pολλακαὶ δ' οἰδαλέων γυναικείου διὰ κόλπου
αὐτοφόνοις μενεάινε ἐκούσιον ἀπὸ ἔλασσαι,
ὄφρα κεν αὐτοδάκτος οὐνείδα γαστρὸς ἀλύξῃ
καὶ στόμα τερπομενῆς φιλοκέρτομον ἰοχειαῖρης·
καὶ νοεῖν μενεάινε ἐνού πόσῳ, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ
νίεα δαιτρεύσειεν ἀναίμολιν παρακοίτη,
αὐτὴ παιδοφόνοις καὶ ὑμενετεῖς, ὄφρα τις εἰπῇ:
"Ἡ προκήν παιδολείτειρα νέη πέλε δύσγαμος Αὐρῆ.
"Καὶ μιν ὀπίσεύσασα νέων ἐγκύμωνα παῖδων
"Ἀρτεμίς ἐγγὺς ἰκανεν ἐω γελώντις προσώπω,
δειλαῖην δ' ἐρέθιζε, καὶ ἀστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ:
"Ὑπνον ἰδον, Λαφίης θαλαμηπόλον,
εἶδον Ἐρώτων
εινθῆς νυμφίδίης ἀπατήλια χεύματα πηγῆς,
476
723 She spoke, and then checked her trembling voice overcome by tears. And Aura, hapless maiden, having within her the fruitful seed of Bacchos the begetter, carried a double weight: the wife maddened uncontrollably cursed the burden of the seed, hapless maiden Aura [lamented the loss of her maidenhood; she knew not] whether she had conceived of herself, or by some man, or a scheming god; she remembered the bride of Zeus, Berecyntian Pluto, so unhappy in the son Tantalos whom she bore. She wished to tear herself open, to cut open her womb in her senseless frenzy, that the child half made might be destroyed and never be reared. She even lifted a sword, and thought to drive the blade through her bare chest with pitiless hand. Often she went to the cave of a lioness with newborn cubs, that she might slip into the net of a willing fate; but the dread beast ran out into the mountains, in fear of death, and hid herself in some cleft of the rocks, leaving the cub alone in the lair. Often she thought to drive a sword willingly through the swelling womb and slay herself with her own hand, that self-slain she might escape the shame of her womb and the mocking taunts of glad Artemis. She longed to know her husband, that she might dish up her own son to her loathing husband, childslayer and paramour alike, that men might say—"Aura, unhappy bride, has killed her child like another Procne."

749 Then Artemis saw her big with new children, and came near with a laugh on her face and teased the poor creature, saying with pitiless voice:

752 "I saw Sleep, the Paphian's chamberlain! I saw the deceiving stream of the yellow fountain at

*Cf. i. 146.*

*b Cf. ii. 136.*

477
NONNOS

hydrate νεήνιδες ἥλικα μίτρην ἀρπαγή παρθενίης γαμίῳ λίουσιν όνείρῳ. 755
eἰδὼν ἐγὼ κλέτας, εἰδὼν, ὅπῃ ζυγίζι παρά πέτρῃ ἀπροίδης δολόετη γυνὴ νυμφεύται ὑπὲρ.
Κύπριδος εἰδὼν ὅρος φιλοτήσιον, ἥξι γυναικῶν παρθενίην κλέπτοντες ἀλυσιάζουσιν ἀκοίται.
eἰπέ, γίναι φυγόδεμε, τί σήμερον ἱέραι μαίνεις; 760
ἡ πρὶν ἀελήσσα, πόθεν βαρύγουνοι ὄδειεις; νυμφεύθης ἄκοουσα, καὶ οὐ τεὸν οἶδας ἀκοίτην,
οὐ δύνασαι κρύπτειν κρύφιον γάμον. οἴδαλέο γάρ σὸν πόσιν ἀγγέλλουσι νεογλαγές σέο μαζὶ.
eἰπὲ δὲ μοι, βαρύπνε, συνοκτόνε, παρθένε, νύμφη. 765
πῶς μεθέπεις χλοάσουσαν ἐρευνάλην σέο μορφὴν;
tίς σέο λέκτρα μήτη; τίς ἤρπασε σέο κορέιν;
ξανθαὶ Νημίαδες, μὴ κρύφατε νυμφίον Λύρης.
οἶδα, γίναι βαρύφορτε, τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην
σὸς γάμος οὐ με λέλθη, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεάινεις, 770
σὸς πόσις οὐ με λέλθης βαρυμομένη δέμας ὑπὲρ
eὐνετίς ἀστυφέλικτος ἐνυμφεύθης Διόνυσος.
ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε τόξον ἀναινομενή δὲ φαρέτρην
ὀργα μυστιπόλευν γυναιμανίοσ σέο Βάκχου,
tύμπανα χειρὶ θέρουσα καὶ εὐκεράων θρόων αὐλῶν. 775
πρὸς δὲ τῆς λίτομαι σε τελεσοιγάμῳ χαμεύνης,
pοιά σοι ὤπασεν ἐδια τεὸς Διόνυσος ἀκοίτης;
μὴ σοι νεβρίδα δῶκε, τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς;
μὴ σοι χάλκεα ρόπτρα τεῶν πόρε παίγνια παιδῶν;
πείθομαι, ὡς πόρε θύρουσα, ἀκοντιστήρα λεόντων. 780

478
DIONYSIACA, XLVIII. 754–780

your loving bridal! The fountain where young girls get a treacherous potion, and loosen the girdle they have worn all their lives, in a dream of marriage which steals their maidenhood. I have seen, I have seen the slope where a woman is made a bride unexpectedly, in treacherous sleep, beside a bridal rock. I have seen the love-mountain of Cypris, where lovers steal the maidenhood of women and run away.

760 "Tell me, you young prude, why do you walk so slowly to-day? Once as quick as the wind, why do you plod so heavily? You were wooed unwilling, and you do not know your bedfellow! You cannot hide your furtive bridal, for your breasts are swelling with new milk and they announce a husband. Tell me heavy sleeper, pigsticker, virgin, bride, how do you come by those pale cheeks, once ruddy? Who disgraced your bed? Who stole your maidenhood? O fair-haired Naiads, do not hide Aura’s bridegroom! I know your furtive husband, you woman with a heavy burden. I saw your wedding, clearly enough, though you long to conceal it. I saw your husband clearly enough; you were in the bed, your body heavy with sleep, you did not move when Dionysos wedded you.

773 "Come then, leave your bow, renounce your quiver; serve in the secret rites of your womanmad Bacchos; carry your tambour and your tootling pipes of horn. I beseech you, in the name of that bed on the ground where the marriage was consummated, what bridegifts did Dionysos your husband bring? Did he give you a fawnskin, enough to be news of your marriage-bed? Did he give you brazen rattles for your children to play with? I think he gave you
καὶ τάχα κύμβαλα δῶκε, τά περ δονέονυ τιθήναι
φάρμακα νηπιάχοισι φιλοθρήνων ὅδυνάων.

'Ενεπε κερτομέονσα· καὶ ἐμπαλιν ὄχετο δαίμων,
θῆρας ὀιστεύουσα τό δεύτερον, ἀχυμένη δὲ
ἡρίως ἀνέμοιον ἐὰς μεθέπε κερίμας.

Κούρη δ’ οἵρεσιφοιτος ἀμάρτυρος ὑφόδοι πέτρης
dex ἑλίδος μεθέπουσα δυσμαθέος τοκετοῖο
φρικαλέον βρύχημα λεχώδως ἠχε λεαίνης
πέτραι δ’ ἀντιάχησαν· ἐρυμαράγγοι δὲ κούρης
φθόγγον ἀμειβομένη μυκῆσατο δύσθροος Ἥχω.
καὶ παλάμασι, ἀτε πώμα, περισφίγξασα λοχείη
κλείε θῆνη ὕδωνα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῦ,
cαὶ τόκου ἀρτιτέλεστον ἑρῆτεν ἐχθομένην γὰρ
'Αρτεμιν οὐ μενέανεν ἐπ’ ὕδινους καλέσαι.

'Ἡραίας δὲ θύγατρα αἰαίνετο, μὴ ποτε Βάκχου
μητρυῖς ἀτε παῖδες ἐπιβρίσσωσι λοχείη.
κούρη δ’ ἀσχαλώσα κατηφέα ῥήξεν ἑων,
νυσσομένη κέντροισιν ἀπειρώδινοι ἀνάγκης:

'Οὗτος ιοχεαίραν ἴδω καὶ θούριν 'Αθηνήν,
οὗτως ἀμφοτέρας ἐγκύμονας ὡφρα νοῆσον:
'Αρτεμιν ὕδινουσαν ἐλέγχατε, μαιάδες Ὄμαι,
μαρτυρέ τοκετοῦ, καὶ εἰπατε Τριτογενεῖ:
' παρθενικὴ γλαυκώπ, νεκτόκε μήτερ ἀμήτωρ.
οὗτω εὐνὰ παθοῦσαν Ῥω ὕδοι φιλοπάρθενον Ἡχῶ
Πανὶ παρενιθεῖσαν ἡ ἀρχεκάκῳ Διονύσῳ.

'Αρτεμι, καὶ σὺ τεκούσα παραφασίς ἐσσεαί Αὔρης,
θῆλυ γάλα στάξουσα λεχών ἀρσεν μαζῶ.

Εἶπεν ὀδυρομείη βαρυώδινα κέντρα λοχείης.

* The Eileithyiai, goddesses of childbirth.
a thyrsus to shoot lions; perhaps he gave cymbals, which nurses shake to console the howling pains of the little children."

783 So spoke the goddess in mockery, and went away to shoot her wild beasts again, in anger leaving her cares to the winds of heaven.

786 But the girl went among the high rocks of the mountains. There unseen, when she felt the cruel throes of childbirth pangs, her voice roared terrible as a lioness in labour, and the rocks resounded, for dolorous Echo gave back an answering roar to the loud-shrieking girl. She held her hands over her lap like a lid compressing the birth, to close the speedy delivery of her ripening child, and delayed the babe now perfect. For she hated Artemis and would not call upon her in her pains; she would not have the daughters of Hera,\(^a\) lest they as being children of Bacchos's stepmother should oppress her delivery with more pain. At last in her affliction the girl cried out these despairing words, stabbed with the pangs of one who was new to the hard necessity of childbirth:

799 "So may I see Archeress and wild Athena, so may I see them both great with child! Reproach Artemis in labour, O midwife Seasons, be witness of her delivery, and say to Tritogeneia—'O virgin Brighteyes, O new mother who mother had none!' So may I see Echo who loves maidenhood so much, suffering as I do, after she has lain with Pan, or Dionysos the cause of my troubles! Artemis, if you could bring forth, it would be some consolation to Aura, that you should trickle woman's milk from your man's breast."

808 So she cried, lamenting the heavy pangs of her
καὶ τόκον ἱοχέαρα κατέσχεθε, παιδοτόκῳ δὲ

νύμφῃ μόχθον ὅπασσεν ἐρυκομένου τοκετοῖο.

Καὶ τελετῆς Νίκαια κυβερνήτηερα Λυσαῖον

μόχθον ὁπιπείουσα καὶ αἰσχεα λυσάδος Αὔρης

τοιῆν κρυπταδίνην οἰκτίρμονα ρήζατο φωνῆν·

"Αὔρη εἶνα παθοῦσα, κινύρεο καὶ σὺ κορεῖν

γαστρὶ δὲ φόρτον ἐχοῦσα δυσπαθεός τοκετοῖο

tέτλαθ' μοι μετά λέκτρον ἐχειν καὶ κέντρα λοιχεῖς,

τέτλαθ' καὶ βρεφέσσαι αὕχεα μαζόν ὀρέξαι,

καὶ σὺ πόθεν πιές οἶνον, ἐμῆς συλήτορα μίτρης;

καὶ σὺ πόθεν πιές οἶνον, ἔως πέλες ἐγκυνος, Αὔρη;

καὶ σὺ πάθες, φυγόδεμε, τὰ περ πάθον·

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ

μὲμφεο νυμφοκόμων ἀπατῆλιον ὑπὸν Ἑρώτωνν.

εἰς δόλος ἀμφοτέραις γάμον ἡρμοσεν,

εἰς πόσις Αὔρης

παρθενικὴν Νίκαιαν ἐθήκατο μητέρα παιδών;

οὐκέτι τόξον ἐχω θηροκτόνον, οὐκέτι νεφρήν,

ὡς πάρος, αὖ ἔρως καὶ ἐγὼ βέλος· εἰμὶ δὲ δειλὴ

ἰστοπόνος θήλεια, καὶ οὐκέτι θοῦρις Ἀμαζών." 825

"Ενεπεν οἰκτείρουσα τελεσιγούον πόλον Αὔρης,

οἷα τε πειρήθεια τόκον μογεροῦ καὶ αὐτῆ.

Ἀττώθι δ' αἰώνα βαρυβόγγου κτύποιν Αὔρης

ἡλυθεν αὐχτῆςα τὸ δεύτερον ἐγγύθι νύμφης·

πειρημένη δ' ἐρέθειζε καὶ ιαχε κέντορι μύθων·

"Παρθένε, τίς σε τέλεσσε

λεξώδα μητέρα παιδών;

ἡ γάμοι ἀγνώσσουσα πόθεν γλάγος ἤλαχε μαζόν;

οὐκ ἵδον, οὐ πυθόμην, ὅτι παρθενὸς νῦν λοχεῦει.

ἡ ρα φύσι μετάμεμφε πατὴρ ἐμός; ἡ ρα γυναίκες

νόσφι γάμοι τίκτουσι; σὺ γὰρ, φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,
delivery. Then Artemis delayed the birth, and gave the labouring bride the pain of retarded delivery.

811 But Nicaia, the leader of the rites of Lyaios, seeing the pain and disgrace of distracted Aura, spoke to her thus in secret pity:

814 "Aura, I have suffered as you have, and you too lament you your maidenhood. But since you carry in your womb the burden of painful childbirth, endure after the bed to have the pangs of delivery, endure to give your untaught breast to babes. Why did you also drink wine, which robbed me of my girdle? Why did you also drink wine, Aura, until you were with child? You also suffered what I suffered, you enemy of marriage; then you also have to blame a deceitful sleep sent by the Loves, who are friends of marriage. One fraud fitted marriage on us both, one husband was Aura's and made virgin Nicaia the mother of children. No more have I a beastslaying bow, no longer as once, I draw my bowstring and my arrows; I am a poor woman working at the loom, and no longer a wild Amazon."

827 She spoke, pitying Aura's labour to accomplish the birth, as one who herself had felt the pangs of labour. But Leto's daughter, hearing the resounding cries of Aura, came near the bride again in triumph, taunted her in her suffering and spoke in stinging words:

832 "Virgin, who made you a mother in childbirth? You that knew nothing of marriage, how came that milk in your breast? I never heard or saw that a virgin bears a child. Has my father changed nature? Do women bear children without marriage? For you, a maiden, the friend of maidenhood, bring forth
οἵδινεις νέα τέκνα, καὶ εἰ στυγεῖς Ἀφροδίτην.

"Ἀρτεμις οὐ καλέουσι λεχωίδες, ὅτι σὺ μοῦν ἔστι τόκον ἀγροτέρης οὐ δεύεις ἰοχεαῖρης;

οὐδὲ τεὸν Δίωνον ἁμαεύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων ἐδρακεν Ἐλείθυια, τεῖς ἐλάτειρα γενέθλησι;

ἀλλὰ μὴν ἡμιτελετὸν ἐμαίωσατο κεραυνοῖ.

μὴ κοτέσι, ὅτι παίδας ἐνι σκοπέλουσι λοχεύεις;

ἡ σκοπέλων βασίλεια τόκου πειρήσατο 'Ῥείης
tίς νέμεσίς ποτε τούτῳ; καὶ οὐρέα τέκνα λοχεύεις,

ὡς δάμαρ οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρεσσινοῦν Διονύσου."

"Εἰπε, καὶ κοτέσσα λεγώιας ἀχνυτο νύμφη

"Ἀρτεμις αἰδομένη καὶ εἰν ἄλγεσιν. ἡ μέγα δειλή,

ἐγγὺς ἐν τοῖς τοκετοῦ καὶ ἤθελε παρθένον εἰλαι,

καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἠλθε θεωτέρων. Ἀρτέμιδος γὰρ

φθεγγομένης ἐτι μύθων ἀκονιστήρα λοχείς

dιπλόος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμαιώθη τόκος Αὔρης

λυμείης ὦδεός, οθὲν διδύμων ἀπὸ παιδῶν

Δίωνου ὑψικάρην ὅρος κικλῆσκετο 'Ῥείης.

καὶ θεὸς ἄθρήσασα νεῖν εὐπαίδα γενέθλην
tοῖων ὑπὸ παλύνορος ἀμοιβαίη φάτο φωνή:

"Μαία, γυνὴ μονή, διδυμήτοκε δῦσαμε νύμφη,

νιάσι μαξῶν ὀρεξῶν αἴθεα, παρθένε μῆτηρ

παπάζει σέο κουροὶ ἀπαιτίζων σε τοκῆ.

εἰπὲ δὲ σοὶς τεκέσσα τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην.

"Ἀρτεμις οὐ γάμον οἴδε, καὶ οὐ τρέφειν νεὰ μαζῆ

σὸν λέχος οὐρεὰ ταύτα, καὶ ἱθάδος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος

σπάργανα σῶν βρεφῶν

πολυδαιδάλα δέρματα νεβρῶν."

Εἶπε, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὑλην.

* Alluding to the birth of Zeus on the Arcadian (or Cretan) hills.

484
young children, even if you hate Aphrodite. Then do women in childbed under the hard necessity of childbirth no longer call on Artemis to guide them, when you alone do not want Archeress the lady of the hunt? Nor did Eileithyia, who conducts your delivery, see your Dionysos born from his mother's womb; but thunderbolts were his midwives, and he only half-made! Do not be angry that you bear children among the crags, where Rhea queen of the crags has borne children. What harm is it that you bear children in the mountains, you the mountaineer wife of mountain-ranging Dionysos!"

She spoke, and the nymph in childbirth was indignant and angry, but she was ashamed before Artemis even in her pains. Ah poor creature! she wished to remain a maiden, and she was near to childbirth. A babe came quickly into the light; for even as Artemis yet spoke the word that shot out the delivery, the womb of Aura was loosened, and twin children came forth of themselves; therefore from these twins (διδυμοι) the highpeaked mountain of Rhea was called Dindymon. Seeing how fair the children were, the goddess again spoke in a changed voice:

"Wetnurse, lonely ranger, twinmother, bride of a forced bridal, give your untaught breast to your sons, virgin mother. Your boy calls daddy, asking for his father; tell your children the name of your secret lover. Artemis knows nothing of marriage, she has not nursed a son at her breast. These mountains were your bed, and the spotted skins of fawns are swaddling-clothes for your babies, instead of the usual robe."

She spoke, and swiftshoe plunged into the
καὶ καλέσας Νίκαιαν ἐνή Κυβεληίδα νύμφην, μεμφομένην ἐτι λέκτρα λεχώδα δεῖκνυς Αὔρην μειδιῶν Διόνυσος, ἐρμηνομοίοι δὲ κούρης ἀρτιγάμοις ἀγόρευν ἐπαυχήσας ὑμεναίοις.

"Ἀρτι μόνη, Νίκαια, παραίθασιν ἑὑρές Ἑρώτων"

άρτι πάλιν Διόνυσος ἐπίκλοπον ἤμυσεν εὐνήν, παρθενικὴς δ' ἐτέρης γάμον ἠρπάσειν.

ἐν δὲ κολώναις ἥ πρὶν ἀλυσάκησαν καὶ οὕνωμα μοῦνον Ἐρώτων σοὶς θαλάμους τίπον ἵσον ὁρεστίας ἐδρακεν Αὔρη.

οὐ μοῦτη γλυκὴν ὑπὸν ἐξέσνει πομπὸν Ἐρώτων, ὧν μοῦνη πῖς οἴκον ἐπίκλοπον ἄρπαγα μίτρης ἀλλὰ νέης ἀγνώστος ἀνοιγόμενης ἀπὸ πηγῆς

μυθοκόμοις πάλιν οἴκος αὐξήθηκε, καὶ πίεν Αὔρη.

ἀλλὰ βέλος δεδανιάν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῦ, πρὸς Τελετῆς λίτομαι σε, χοροπλεκέος σεὸ κούρης, ἀπείσον ἀρτάξειν ἐμὸν νίεα, μὴ μιν ὀλέσῃ τολμηραίς παλάμησιν ἐμὴ δυσμήχανος Αὔρη.

οίδα γάρ, ὡς διδύμων βρέφεων ἐνα παιδα δαμάσσει ἀσχετα λυσσώοσα, σὺ δὲ χραίσμησον Ἰάκχως ἑσσο φύλιε ωδίνος ἀρείονος, ὁφρὰ κεν εἰς

οῇ Τελετῆ θεράπαινα καὶ νίεὶ καὶ γενετῆς;"

"Ὡς εἰπὼν παλίν χορος ἐχάζετο Βάκχος ἄργην, κυδίων Φρυγίουσιν ἐπὶ ἀμφφότεροις ὑμεναίοις πρεσβυτέρης ἀλόχοι καὶ ὀπλοτέρης περὶ νύμφης.

καὶ βαρῦ πένθος ἐχοῦσα τελεσσιτόκω παρὰ πέτρη, παιδάς ἐλαφρίζουσα, λεχωῖς ἰαχε μήτηρ."
shady wood. Then Dionysos called Nicaia, his own Cybeleid nymph, and smiling pointed to Aura still upbraiding her childbed; proud of his late union with the lonely girl, he said:

870 "Now at last, Nicaia, you have found consolation for your love. Now again Dionysos has stolen a marriage bed, and ravished another maiden: woodland Aura in the mountains, who shrank once from the very name of love, has seen a marriage the image of yours. Not you alone had sweet sleep as a guide to love, not you alone drank deceitful wine which stole your maiden girdle; but once more a fountain of nuptial wine has burst from a new opening rock unrecognized, and Aura drank. You who have learnt the throes of childbirth in hard necessity, by Telete your danceweaving daughter I beseech you, hasten to lift up my son, that my desperate Aura may not destroy him with daring hands—for I know she will kill one of the two baby boys in her intolerable frenzy, but do you help Iacchos: guard the better boy, that your Telete may be the servant of son and father both."

887 With this appeal Bacchos departed, triumphant and proud of his two Phrygian marriages, with the elder wife and the younger bride. And in deep distress beside the rock where they had been born, the mother in childbed held up the two boys and cried aloud—

892 "From the sky came this marriage—I will throw my offspring into the sky! I was wooed by the breezes, and I saw no mortal bed. Winds my namesakes came down to the marriage of the Windmaid, then let the breezes take the offspring of my womb. Away with you, children accursed of a treacherous
Νόημας οὐκ ἔλοχευσα· τί μοι κακὰ θηλυτεράων; ἀμφαδὸν ἄρτι, λέγωτε, ἐλεύθεροι εἰς νομὸν ἥλθες ἔλθετε δαρασμεντες, ὅτι οὐκέτι μάριναί Αὔρη καὶ σκυλάκων ἐλικώπες ἀρείοις ἐστε λαγών· θάς, ἐμοὶ τέρπεσθε· παρ' ἡμετῆρι δὲ χαμεύνη πόρδαλιν ἀποιητον ἐπισκαίρονται νοήσων· ἄξας σύντομοι ἄρκτοι ἀταρβέα· παιδοτόκοι γὰρ Αὔρης χαλκοχίτωνες ἔθηλνθησαν οὕστιοι.

αἶδεραι μεθαίτεν μετὰ παρθένων ὑπονύμηνι πρώτης, μή βραχῶν τεκέσσιν ἐμὸν ποτὲ μαλῶν ὀπάσων: μὴ παλάμη θλίψομε νόθον γάλα, μὴ ἐν λόχμαις θηροφόροις γερανία γυνὴ θελότεκνος ἀκόυσω." 908

. . . θήκες ὑπὸ σπήλαιγι λεχώα δείπνα λεαύθης. 910

καὶ ποδὶ φοιταλέως Αἰτίατιάς ἀνθρε κούρη ἄγριον ἱθὸς ἔχουσα δασυστέρνου λεαύθης, ἥριας ὅ ἀκίκητος ἀνηκότιθεν ἀέλλαις ἥρειών ἐνα παῖδα διαρπάζασα γενείων· καὶ πάις ἀρτιλόχετος ἐν οὐσίαλυγγι κοῦντης ἠρόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλήθησεν ἁροῦρῆ· καὶ μὴ ἀφαρπάζασα φίλε τυμβεύσατο λαμία, δαιμονείη φίλα δείπνα. καὶ ἀστόργου τεκούσας ταρβαλέν τέκος ἀλλο λεχωδός ἠπάσεν Αὔρης παρθένος ιοχέαρα, δυστείχουσα δὲ λόχμην παιδοκόμιν κούρειζεν ἀήθει κοῦρον ἀγοςτῳ. 925

488
father, you are none of mine—what have I to do with
the sorrows of women? Show yourselves now, lions,
come freely to forage in the woods; have no fear,
for Aura is your enemy no more. Hares with your
rolling eyes, you are better than hounds. Jackals,
let me be your favourite; I will watch the panther
jumping fearless beside my bed. Bring your friend
the bear without fear; for now that Aura has
children her arrows in bronze armour have become
womanish. I am ashamed to have the name of bride
who once was virgin; lest I sometime offer my strong
breast to babes, lest I press out the bastard milk
with my hand, or be called tender mother in the
woods where I slew wild beasts!"

910 [She took the babes and] laid them in the
den of a lioness for her dinner. But a panther
with understanding mind licked their bodies with
her ravening lips, and nursed the beautiful boys
of Dionysos with intelligent breast; wondering
serpents with poisonspitting mouth surrounded
the birthplace, for Aura's bridegroom had made
even the ravening beasts gentle to guard his new-
born children.

917 Then Lelantos's daughter sprang up with wan-
dering foot in the wild temper of a shaggycrested
lioness, tore one child from the wild beast's jaws and
hurled it like a flash into the stormy air: the newborn
child fell from the air headlong into the whirling dust
upon the ground, and she caught him up and gave
him a tomb in her own maw—a family dinner indeed!
The maiden Archeress was terrified at this heartless
mother, and seized the other child of Aura, then
she hastened away through the wood; holding the
boy, an unfamiliar burden in her nursing arm.
Και Βρομίου μετὰ λέκτρα,
μετά οστρόφαλιγγα λοχείτης
μόνων ἀλυσκάζουσα γαμήλιων ἀγρότης Λύρη,
ἀρχαίς μεθέπουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενων αἰδοὺς.
Σαχαρίου σχεδὸν ἥλιου ὀπισθοτόνω δ' ἀμα τόξῳ
eis προχοᾶς ακόμιστον ἐν ἐρείσι φαρέτρην,
καὶ βυθῶν προκάρπησκε ἐπεσκήρτησε μεθύρω
ὀμμασί σωματικώσιν ἀναμομμὴν φάος Ἡνος,
καὶ ροθίωσ ροτάμοιο καλύπτετο: τὴν δὲ Κρονίων
eis κρῆτην μετάμεβεν ὀρεσσιχτῶν δὲ πηγῆς
μαζώ κρουνὼς ἐν, προχῆ δέμας, ἀνθέα χάεται,
καὶ κέρας ἐπλετο τὸξον ὑκραῖρον ροταμοῖο
tauροφύς, καὶ σχοινὸς ἀμειμομένη πίλε νεύρη,
καὶ δόνακες γεγαώτες ἐπερροίζασαν ὁστοὶ,
καὶ βυθῶν ὑλόειτα δυσσυμμένη ροταμόιο
eis γλαφυρῶν κενθυώνα χυτῆ κελάρυζε φαρέτρη.
Καὶ χόλων ἵοχαίρα κατεύνασεν ἀμφί δὲ λόχη
ἰχνα μαστεώουσα φιλοσκόπουσα Λυαίου
ἠμεν, ἀρτόλοχευτοι αἰρομένη βρέφος Λύρης,
πῆχεὶ κοβίζουσα νόθον βάρος: αἰδομένῃ δὲ
ἀπασαν ἀρσενα παῖδα καισινητῆ ωιοίφη.
Νικαίη δ' ἐὼν νῦν πατὴρ πόρξ, μαιάδε νύμφη
ἡ δὲ μιν ἡρταζε, καὶ ἀκροτάτης ἀπὸ θηλῆς
παιδοκόμων θλίβουσα φερέσβιον ἱκμάδα μαζῶν
κούρον ἀμεξής. Λαβῶν δὲ μιν ωφὸτα δίφρου
νηπίων εἰσέτε Βάκχου ἐπώνυμων νῦν τοκῆς
Ἀτθιδί μυστιπόλῳ παρακάθετο Βάκχος Ἀθηνῆ.
Εὐια παππάζουτα: θεὰ δὲ μιν ἐνδοθ υποῦ
Παλλᾶς ἀνυμφεῖτω θεοδέγμον δέξατο κόλπω
παιδὶ δὲ μαζῶν ὅρεζε, τὸν ἐσπάε μοῦνος Ἑρέχθεις,
ἀυτοχῦτῳ στάζουσα νόθον γλάγος ὀμφακὶ μαζῶ.
After the bed of Bromios, after the delirium of childbirth, huntress Aura would escape the reproach of her wedding, for she still held in reverence the modesty of her maiden state. So she went to the banks of Sangarios, threw into the water her backbending bow and her neglected quiver, and leapt headlong into the deep stream, refusing in shame to let her eyes look on the light of day. The waves of the river covered her up, and Cronion turned her into a fountain: her breasts became the spouts of falling water, the stream was her body, the flowers her hair, her bow the horn of the horned River in bull-shape, the bowstring changed into a rush and the whistling arrows into vocal reeds, the quiver passed through to the muddy bed of the river and, changed to a hollow channel, poured its sounding waters.

Then the Archeress stilled her anger. She went about the forest seeking for traces of Lyaios in his beloved mountains, while she held Aura's newborn babe, carrying in her arms another's burden, until shamefast she delivered his boy to Dionysos her brother.

The father gave charge of his son to Nicaia the nymph as a nurse. She took him, and fed the boy, pressing out the lifegiving juice of her childnursing breasts from her teat, until he grew up. While the boy was yet young, Bacchos took into his car this Bacchos his father's namesake, and presented him to Attic Athena amid her mysteries, babbling "Euoi." Goddess Pallas in her temple received him into her maiden bosom, which had welcome for a god; she gave the boy that pap which only Erechtheus had sucked, and let the alien milk trickle of itself from
καὶ μὲν Ἑλευσινήσι θεὰ παρακάθετο Βάκχαις· αμφι δὲ κοῦρον Ἰακχοῦ ἐκκλαώσαντο χορείᾳ
νῦμφαι κυσσοφόροι Μαραθώνιδες, ἀρτιτόκις δὲ διὰ μονονυκτιτόρευσιν ἐκοίμησαν Ἀθηνᾶς πεῖκνη
cαὶ θεόν ἰασκοῦτο μεθ' ὑπα Ἱεροσφοινίκης,
cαὶ Σεμέλης μετὰ παιδα, θυτείωσίς δὲ Αναϊν
οἰμοιων στήσαντο καὶ ἀρχεγόνων Διονύσων,
cαὶ τριτάτω νεόν ἔμνων ἐπεσμαράγγησαν Ἰάκχω. καὶ τελεταῖς τρισθήλιοι ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθηναῖς
καὶ χορον ὀφιτέλεστον ἀνεκρούσαντο πολίται
Ζαγρέα κυδαίνοιτες ἀμα Βρομίῳ καὶ Ἰάκχῳ.
Οὔδε Κινδώναιῶν ἐπελήσατο Βάκχος Ἀρώτων,
ἀλλα καὶ ὀλυμπιόν προτέρης ἐμμήσατο νύμφης
cαὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἀποιχαμένης Ἀριάδνης
μάρτυν ἔσει φιλότητος ἀνεστηρίξεν Ὀλυμπιῶν,
ἀγγέλων οὐ λήγοντα φιλοστεφάνων ῥειμαίων.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμυλότεις πατρών αἰϑέρα βαίνων
πατρὶ σὺν εὐώδινα μῆς ἔφασε τραπέζῃς,
cαὶ βροτὴν μετὰ δαίτα, μετὰ προτέρης χύσον οἰνοῦ
οὐράνιον πιε νέκταρ ἄρειστεροις κυπέλλοις,
sύνθροιος Ἀπόλλωνι, συνέστιος νεί Ῥαῖτης.
her unripe breast. The goddess gave him in trust to the Bacchants of Eleusis; the wives of Marathon wearing ivy tript around the boy Iacchos, and lifted the Attic torch in the nightly dances of the deity lately born. They honoured him as a god next after the son of Persephoneia, and after Semele’s son; they established sacrifices for Dionysos late born and Dionysos first born, and third they chanted a new hymn for Iacchos.\(^a\) In these three celebrations Athens held high revel; in the dance lately made, the Athenians beat the step in honour of Zagreus and Bromios and Iacchos all together.

\(^969\) But Bacchos had not forgotten his Cydonian darling, no, he remembered still the bride once his, then lost, and he placed in Olympos the rounded crown of Ariadne passed away, a witness of his love, an everlasting proclaimer of garlanded wedding.

\(^974\) Then the vinegod ascended into his father’s heaven, and touched one table with the father who had brought him to birth; after the banquets of mortals, after the wine once poured out, he quaffed heavenly nectar from nobler goblets, on a throne beside Apollo, at the hearth beside Maia’s son.

\(^a\) An Eleusinian deity, associated with Demeter and Core. It is to Nonnos’s credit that he seems uncertain of the popular identification of this god with Bacchos-Dionysos.
INDEX

The numbers are by Book and Verse: n. means note

Abantes 13154, 36279
Abarbarée 15378, 40363 n.
Abaris 11132 n.
Acesines, the Chenab 23276 n.
Achaians 1385 etc.
Acharneus 13194, 4723
Achates 13309, 37232 ff.
Acheloös 17237 n.
Acheron 14152, 11463
Achlys, a witch 14172 n.
Acmon 13143, 37677 ff.
Acornfed Arcadians 13297
Acrete 14224
Acrisio 30270
Acrisios 8293, 47572
Actaion 5291, 1334, 46264
Actor looking and speaking through mask 2260 n.
Admetos 10323 n.
Adonis, his death 32220 n., 41211 n.
Adrasteia 15392 n., 48463 n.
Aegis 2057 n.
Agreus, see Aristaios
Aiácos 13201 n., 37555 etc., his genealogy 37589 n.,
relieves drought 39140 n.
Aias 2375 n., 2862
Aibialos 32186, 35378

Aides, see Hades
Aldoneus 30172
Aige 13164
Aigicoros 1475
Aigina 7122, 182 n., 7213 n.,

2477
Aigle 14221
Aigoceres 1179 etc.
Aigyptos, sons of 3312 n.
Aiolos 23170 n., 39111, 47306
Aion, Time 6372, 723, 36423, 41184
Aisacos 14190
Aither 21255 n.
Aithre, city 2685
Aitne 13318
Aix, constellation 1451, 23314
Alcimache, Alcimacheia
30202, 210
Alcmena 7126, 25243, 31163
Alcon 1422, 29213, 3049, 37504.
See Cabeiro
Alcyoneus 2590, 36242 n., 4822
Alexandrian literature, vol. i.
p. xi
Alphabet 41383 n.
Alpheios and Arethusa 6340 n., 13324 n., 37173 n.
Alphos 45174 n.
Althaia 48554 n.
INDEX

Alybe 1141 n. etc.
Almuthen 1430 n., 27440, 4617
Amazon 13811 etc., shield 20034 n.
Amber 2381 n.
Ambrosia, nymph 2141 etc.
Amethyst 12817 n.
Ammon 1387 n., 4634
Ampeus 1017, 111 ff.
Amphiaraos 1384
Amphidamas 37444
Amphon, 584, 2510 n., 25111.

See Antiope.

Amphibius 14410
Amphitron 31141
Amyclai 11424, 11444 etc.
Amymone 8341 n., 4111, 42811, 4384
Amymone unknown 41111 n.
Anacreon 10110
Anchises and Aphrodite 15118 n.
Androgencia 13814, 114
Andromeda 1141, 881, 23140, 311, 47141
Anthemion 39140
Antheus 26114
Anthius 3218
Antimachus, Thelba 48443 n.
Antiope 7118, 16441 n., 31117 n., 33102
Antitha, nymph 41121, place 23140
Aones 531, 104
Aonia, Bocota 4337, 514, 12144, 1383, 121, 2511 n.
Apeis 88111 n.
Apaturios 27140 n.
Aphrodite, passim: seaborne 110, 7142 n., 18440, lands at Paphos 13144, and Har-

monia 4717, gives the neck-
lace 5110 n., caught with Hephaestos 5440, mother of Harmonia 8711, and the 
loom 24100, armed Amy-
clian 43 n., Urania 6644, 
her image thrown away 4840, seats of worship 
41105 n., patron of women's 
work 70102 n.

Apudicaeus 13912
Api 40110

Apollo, passim: as sun 
3644 n., inscribed Iris 8110 n., at Harmonia's wedding 
5211, hunter 5110 n., with 
Admetos 10144 n., Hydra-
cinthian 11090 n., and 
Delphine 13900 n., shares 
Eumaces with Dionysos 
13810, and Cyrene 15810, 
1681 n., and Hyacinthos 
19814, 2910, and Marsyas 
19814 n., and Otus and 
Ephialtes 20144 n., and 
Besos 37100 n., and swan 
38100, and Helos 30144, 40100 n., and speaking water 
41100

Apollonios of Rhodes, vol. I, 
P. X

Arab 6110

Arabian Cronos 40100
Arabian Nereus 32144, 3610
Arabian shipwrights 36100,
3917
Arachne 18111 n., 40100 n.
Arachthai 26140, 30100
Aratos imitated 1011 n.
Arbias 26117
Arcadia older than the Moon 
4110
INDEX

Arcas traveller and inventor
 of Zeus and Callisto n. 13 n.
In heaven as Boötes 13 n., 43 n., 47 n.
Arctos 21, 280 n.
Arcturos 42 n.
Areizanteia, where trees grow honey 26 n.
Ares 217, et passim
Arestor 35 n.
Arethusa 65 n. See Alpheios
Argasides 32 n.
Argennos 14 n.
Arges 14 n.
Argilipos 13 n., 2817
Argo the ship, 47 n.
Argonautica, vol. i. p. x
Argos, a Pan 1486
Argos, the place 358 etc.
Argos, the watcher 142 etc., his eyes 127 n.
Ariadne 89 n., et saepe. See Perseus
Arienes 2615
Arima cave 140, 321, 34184
Aristaios, son of Apollo and Cyrene, Agreus and Nomios 5215 ff., 5221 n., 13280 n., 16105, 17357, 19241 n.
Arne 1359
Arrabi, saepe. See also Arab
Arsani, 26170
Artemis, passim: and Actaion 5305, her team 11344, pitted against Hera 3610, 28, and Aura 48551 ff., assaulters of Artemis and Leto 48413 n., Zeus takes her form 2122
Ascania 14285, 297

Asera 1375
Asopis, nymph 13202
Asopos 7312, 13220, burnt up 23289, 27275
Aspetos 2686
Aspledon 1384
Asses’ Manger 1459
Assyria, Assyrian, saepe:
Assyrian Cythereia 3111, Adonis 31127 n., Lebanon 329, Art 40302
Astacia 16166, 405
Astacis lake 14327, cf. 1646
Asteri, 2125 n., 23236 n., 33337 n., 42410 n.
Asterios 13223, 35385, 3747, 728, 40285, founds a colony, cf. 13248
Asteropaios 22383
Astraëis 14305 ff., 1798, 26220
Astraia 6102, 41214
Astraios, a satyr 1499, 17196, 29260
Astraios, spirit of prophecy, a Titan 2572 n., 619 ff., his sons 375 n.
Astris, a name invented by Nonnos 17282 n., 26353, 27199, 33151
Astrochiton 40369 ff.
Astinian Sea 14391
Atalanta 129 n., 48182 n.
Ate 11113 n.
Athamas and his marriages 5357 n., 9304 n., 104 ff.
Athena, passim: and Teire-sias 5337 n., 7251 n., invents
INDEX

pipes 24* n., and Cyprus at
boom 247 n., nurses
Prechthon 25** n., 46** n., her
bird 371 n., her tree 12101.
1681, Orca 51 n., 44** n.,
45** n., Libyan, Triton's 51 n.,
1311 n., identified with
some Asiatic mother god-
ness 311 n., assaulted by
Euphanthia 90100, promised
by Zeus to Hephaistos
18111, appeal to her 2710 m.
Athens, Athenai, Athens
1322, 411 etc.
Athletic games, origin 37112 n.,
Athos 2200, 3111, 43111
Atlas 2231, 841 n., 431, father
of Electra 13241, father of
Teygrette 3243
Atrapei 2224
Atropos 1223
Atymnus 11111 n., 19111, title
of Phobos 1122
Auges, son of Helios 1411
Augustus 11200
Aulis 13111
Aura 13121, 4811111 f.
Anchusae 13121
Ansonian race, the Romans
3111, 1112, 1131
Austion 2112

Babylon 40200, 401
Bacales 1391
Bacchae of Euripides, vol. i.
p. xiii
Bacchoi, Bacchae, passim
Bacchos, Dionysos, Lyanes,
passim : Birth 911, sewed
into Zeus's thigh 91.
Hermes carries him to
Lamos's daughters 913, to
too 915, in charge of
Mythos 914, who taught
him rite 91311. Hermes
takes him to Cybele 9130,
grown up 101111, falls in love
with Ampelos 10110, games
10111, he laments 11111.
Ampelos becomes a vine
12111 f., Bacchos tastes
the fruit 121111, makes wine
13110, prepares to invade
India 131, his army 1311,
his immortal allies 1611,
they set out 14111, their
dress and seats 14111, he
pours wine into the waters
14111, results 1511, 161,
falls in love with Sicaia 1611 f.,
a stolen bridal 16111, she
beats Telete 1611, he
marches against Deriades
1711. Brongos entertains
him 171, he gives Brongos
the vine 1711. Orontras
counters with success 17111,
duel with Bacchos 171111.
Orontes leaps into the
river 17111, the battle goes
on 17111, Blemmy submits
17111, Staphyllos and
Botrys entertain Bacchos
18111, herald sent to
Deriades 18111, Bacchos
holds games on the tomb
of Staphyllos 1911, Ly-
curgos drives away the
nurses of Bacchos and he
runs away into the sea
20111, Lycurgos is caught
in the vines 2111, signs and
horrors 2111, Bacchos in
the deep 21111, Deriades
mocks the herald 21216, Bacchos moves to resist him 21303, an ambush 21326, miracles of Bacchos 221, the ambush revealed 2290, the fight 22159, battle in the river 2311, Hydaspes resists 23192, Bacchos burns the water 23255, and relents 2462, Bacchos compares with other heroes 2526, his shield 25384, Deriades summons his troops 2643, the hosts mustered 27144, the immortals 27331, the fight 287, Bacchos and Hymenaios 2915, Bacchos retires 30247, he fights again 30296, he goes mad 32225, panic in his army 32240, Deriades massacres the Bacchants and Bassarids 356, others walk out 35242, Bacchos is healed 35336, attacks Deriades 36392, a truce for burial games 377, omens 3815, seafight 39, Bacchos throws Deriades into the Hydaspes, and the war is won 4086, he returns with the spoil 40275, visits Tyre 40298, his hymn to Starclad Heracles 40369, unsuccessful rivalry with Earthshaker for Beroë 42, their conflict 4334, Zeus pacifies the quarrel 43372, Bacchos and Pentheus at Thebes 44, 45, adventure with pirates 4585, the end of Pentheus 45219, 46, Bacchos and Icarios 4734, finds Adriadne in Naxos 47265, Bacchos and Perseus in Argos 47496, Bacchos and the giants 4531, Bacchos and Pallene 4830, Bacchos and Aura 48238, he ascends into heaven 48294

Bacchylides quoted 3814 n.
Bactrion 621, 21250
Bactros 2330, 25374, 26340
Baidion 2649
Bakarawia 17396 n.
Beckoning, Eastern mode 47 n.
Bee squashed by Heracles 43249 n.
Bellerophontes 11146, 38405, thrown by Pegasos 28167
Belos 3295, 18224, 40392
Bentley’s Phalaris 4729 n.
Berecyntian pipes 13508, 20905, 40227, 44140
Beroë, city of Berytus 4113 n., Law School 41155 n., 41398 n., vol. i. p. xvii
Beroë, daughter of Cythereia 41117, 143, 165 n., 41158, 331, Amymone 41153, her story 42, 43373
Berytos 41367, 396, 43130
Bilithos 32222
Billaios 26217
Bistonia, Bistonian 3233, 865, 13340, 1970, 23170
Black victims 2967 n.
Blemys, Blemyes 17385, 394 n., 26341
Boeotian pig 13126 n., cf. Βοώτιος ἡμεύνευς, Xanthos of the story 27303 n.
INDEX

Bolinger 264, 30110
Bootes 47112, 51113 etc.
Horras as water 6110 etc.
Hesporos 38114, 41113
Botrys 1811 (personified) etc.
Brahmans 2110 n., 30114, 39110
Brauron 13110
Brauroses 39114, 43110
Britomartis XI1112 n., 33114
Bromblos 13111
Bronle 2110
Bronsos, see Bacchos
Bronsos 17116, 26111
Brontes 14110, 27111, 28110
Bronton 13114
Bronze and steel 210 n.
Bryusa 14110
Bucobon 15117
Budia 13111
Bull-eyed and bull-eyeding
Hera 9111 n.
Byblos, Byblians 3110, 20110, 31114, 41116, 13110. See Miletos
Byzas 38118, 36117 n.
Cabeiro 14111, 27111, 42110, 291114, 89111
Cabeiro, Cabeiroi 3112, 41114, 81 n., 41119, 24111, sons of Hephastos 27114, 43117, 30110, 43111, confused with Corybants 831 n.
Caducean 14110 etc.
Cadmilos 4110 n.
Cadmios, pedigree 14110 n. =
Cadmilos 4110 n., and Typhoces 11311ff., and Dryce 43114 n., and Ares 26111 n., 511, and Harmonia 3117 ff., and Pentheus 44110 ff., seats

of Y10 ff., founds cities
18100, changed into serpent, 1610 n., into stone 44110 n. etc. See Harmonia
Calamos 11100 n. etc.
Callichore 11411
Caligienia 6110
Callimachus quoted 20100 n., 20110 n.
Calliope, Calliopeia 13110, 4111
Callithoe 40114, 44111
Callisto 8111 n., and Zeus 6114, 13110 n., 33110, 36111
Calybe 29111
Calyce 1110, 29111, 47
Calydon 35114
Camadrous 3112, 22111, 23110
Camaron 19110
Campe 19112 n., 151111
Cananeus 28110 n.
Canceros 24113, 6112, 38110, 114
Carmen people 13114
Carmelos 40113
Carmina 26111, 39110
Carmean Apollo 16114
Carpos 1110 n. etc.
Carystos 13110
Casperirian, Cashmir 26117 n.
Caspians Sea 61114, 10110 n.
Cassippia 25113, 41110 n. etc.
Castalia 41110, 13114
Catana 13112
Caucasos 22117, 20110, 21111 n. etc.
Caunos 13110, 12114. See Miletos
Cecrops, Cecropia, Cecrippida 13111, 19114, 271110 etc.
Cetian shrines of Aristaios 51111 n.
Cetian son of Phoebos 5110 n.
INDEX

Celaines 13416
Celaineus 14310 etc.
Celaino 3337
Celeos 13195, 4748 n. etc.
Celt 2391, 299, 27201, 3893, 98, 394, 43292, 4662
Celtic river, see Rhine
Centaurs, see Rhine
Cephalos 4194 n., 11390, 273, 42247, 48680
Cepheus 23277, 24, 29
Cephenes 23277
Cerassai city
Cerinthos 15350
Cerne island 1645 n., 33183, 366, 38287
Ceroessa 3270
Cestus 7204 n., 8129 n.
Ceteus 14188
Ceto 26355
Cetos 8100, 25128 ff.
Chaironeia 4344
Chalcis 13166
Chalcomede, Chalcomedea 33169 ff., 3411, 154 ff.
Chalk, mystic 47734 n.
Chaonian dove 3293 n.
Chaos 7111
Chariclo 7159, 4482
Charis, Charites 1470 etc., 3311 n., daughters of Dionysos at Orchomenos 1394 n. See Hephaistos
Charon's winds 197
Charopec, Charopecia 36256, 274
Cheesebaskets 1757 n.
Cheirobie 30286 etc.
Cheiron 1450, 3551, 4841
Chelai, Cancer 35274, 397
Choaspes 23277, 2429
Chremetes, the Senegal 13380 n.
Chronos, Time 2422, 3197, 1215, 96
Chrysopator 47471
Chthonios 4821
Cicada-brooch 13300 n.
Cilician 1155 etc.
Cilclyrioi 13311 n.
Cimmerioi 45269
Cimpsos 13465
Cinyps 13374 n.
Ciniras 13452
Cinyreia 13451
Circe 13360, 2277, mother of Phaunos 3713 n., 3756, 166 n., 37418
Circles, heavenly 38258 n.
Cirrhaian serpent 4318 n.
Cisamos 13237
Cisseus Dionysos 812 n.
Cissos 10401 ff.
Cithairon 581 etc.
Cithara 8388 n.
Cleite 2177
Cleochos 40227
Cleonai 1752
Cleopatra 2689, 41393 n.
Clymene, wife of Helios 7301 n., 8347 n., 17880 n. etc.
Clytios 2666 ff.
Crnomos 13232 etc.
Cocytos 17301
Codone 35376 etc.
Coilon 32235
Colchian 1099, 1388 etc.
Colias 41108 n.
Colletes 36241
Comaitho 2143 n., 40141 n.
Comarcos 32189
Combe 13148 n., a new story.

See Socos

501
INDEX

| Comos 2<sup>n</sup>. See Revels |
| Constellations all upset 23<sup>n</sup> |
| Copai 13<sup>n</sup> |
| Corinth 23<sup>n</sup>, 37<sup>n</sup>, 41<sup>n</sup>, 60<sup>n</sup>, 43<sup>n</sup> |
| Coroneia 4<sup>n</sup> |
| Coronis, mother of the three Graces 15<sup>n</sup> |
| Cornos 13<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Corybantes, priests of Rhea 99<sup>n</sup>, 13<sup>n</sup>, 43<sup>n</sup>, 11<sup>n</sup>, 33<sup>n</sup>, 35<sup>n</sup>, 28<sup>n</sup>, 29<sup>n</sup>, confused with Dactylus 25<sup>n</sup> |
| Corycian cave 9<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Corycios 12<sup>n</sup> n., 18<sup>n</sup> |
| Corymbas 28<sup>n</sup> f., 39<sup>n</sup> |
| Corymbus 13<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Cottabos 33<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Cotylæan fort 15<sup>n</sup> |
| Cranes and ballast 40<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Crapasia 13<sup>n</sup> |
| Cretanos 19<sup>n</sup> |
| Crete, Cretan 6<sup>n</sup>, 13<sup>n</sup> etc., Cretan har 8<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Criassos 32<sup>n</sup> |
| Creta 13<sup>n</sup> |
| Croesus 12<sup>n</sup> n., 15<sup>n</sup> n. See Milax |
| Cronides, Cronion, Cronios, 15<sup>n</sup> |
| Cronos, the Titan 2<sup>n</sup>, 14<sup>n</sup>, 12<sup>n</sup> n., 18<sup>n</sup>, 21<sup>n</sup>, 26<sup>n</sup>, 40<sup>n</sup>, 41<sup>n</sup>, the planet Saturn 6<sup>n</sup>, 8<sup>n</sup> |
| Crown, northern 8<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Curetes 13<sup>n</sup>, 14<sup>n</sup>, 29<sup>n</sup>, 36<sup>n</sup>. See Dactylus |
| Cyane 61<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Cybele 9<sup>n</sup>, 17<sup>n</sup> etc. |
| Cyclops, Cyclopes 28<sup>n</sup> ff., 39<sup>n</sup>, 25<sup>n</sup> etc., names 14<sup>n</sup> |
| Cymnos 10<sup>n</sup>, 38<sup>n</sup> |
| Cynnos 2<sup>n</sup>, 24<sup>n</sup>, 40<sup>n</sup> n. etc. |
| Cydonian 8<sup>n</sup>, 35<sup>n</sup> etc. |
| Cyper 32<sup>n</sup> |
| Cyllacos 26<sup>n</sup>, 26<sup>n</sup> |
| Cyllonian cave 15<sup>n</sup>, Hermes 48<sup>n</sup> |
| Cynegetros 28<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Cynosura 1<sup>n</sup> |
| Cypris, Cyprian, Aphrodite, passion; she tried to weave 24<sup>n</sup> n., 24<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Cypros 5<sup>n</sup> etc., footsteps of Aphrodite 41<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Cyra 26<sup>n</sup> |
| Cyrus 14<sup>n</sup> |
| Cyrene 5<sup>n</sup> etc., 16<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Cytaurus 15<sup>n</sup> |
| Cythera 29<sup>n</sup>, 41<sup>n</sup>, 42<sup>n</sup> |
| Cytherian Aphrodite, passion |
| Dactylus 3<sup>n</sup>, 14<sup>n</sup>, called Corybantes 2<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Damason 25<sup>n</sup>, 25<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Damnianus 14<sup>n</sup>, brother of Scelmis 23<sup>n</sup>, 25<sup>n</sup>, 37<sup>n</sup> |
| Damius 13<sup>n</sup>, 28<sup>n</sup> |
| Danaë 10<sup>n</sup>, 16<sup>n</sup>, 47<sup>n</sup> etc. |
| Danaou 17<sup>n</sup> |
| Danaos 3<sup>n</sup>, 4<sup>n</sup> n. (water-bringer), 47<sup>n</sup> |
| Danyclus 26<sup>n</sup> |
| Daphne 2<sup>n</sup> n. etc. |
| Daphne vale 40<sup>n</sup> |
| Daphnis 13<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Daphnoi 14<sup>n</sup> |
| Dardai 26<sup>n</sup> n. |
| Dardania 3<sup>n</sup>, 28<sup>n</sup> |
| Dasyllios 30<sup>n</sup> |

502
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Daulfantios 44^1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deianeira 35^89 n., 43^12. See Acheloös</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deimos 2^415, 25^156, 39^217 n. etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delos 27^276, 36^124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delphic Pytho etc. 2^698, 5^5, 9^251, 27^4, 13^122, 27^262, 36^85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delphyne 13^28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demeter, Deo 1^104 etc., Egyptian 3^282, she visits Astraios 6^15 ff., Deo and Pelops 18^27, and Celeos 19^83 ff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denthis 3^222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Derbes 26^339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deriades 13^6, 14^279, 17^179, 20, 21, 23-30, 32-36, 38-40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dersaioi 26^149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deucalion 3^211, 6^367 n., 12^62, 15^299 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dia 7^125, 16^240 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diamond, as protection 47^593 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dice, Justice 3^196, 41^145 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dictae 1^322, 13^245, 28^276 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Didnasos 26^79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dindymos 15^379, 48^241, 8^55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diomedes 15^166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dion, law of 13^161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dione 5^619</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dirce 4^356, 3^98, 5^4, 8^239, 13^520, 26^70, 27^273, 4^410, 46^25, 1^42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discoverers, list of 40^316 n., 41^373 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doias 13^516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolphin, heavenly 23^297, 35^371, 43^191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorian tune 23^21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doris 1^64 n., 6^297, 12^149, 14^117, 39^255, 43^99, 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doros 14^115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doryclios 2^263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double meaning 4^2312 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doves of Dodona 3^233 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dracanos 9^16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dragon, heavenly 1^252 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dresia 13^514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drosora 4^0365 ff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dryads 3^70, 46^225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dryas, father of Lycurgos 21^159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dryopes 31^92, 35^91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duel of Xanthos and Melanthios 27^203 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dysia 41^284, sunset 47^624</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dyssaioi 26^90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eares clan 26^166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earsleepers, the 26^91, 99, 30^315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earthquakes, cause of 21^36 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earthshaker’s contest for Argos 39^52 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echelaos 3^2199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echidna 18^274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echion the earthborn 5^201 n., 5^553, 8^382, 4^4170, 46^51, 244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echo 21^19 n. etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ectenes 5^37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eërië 26^138, 30^163, 184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egretios 30^306 ff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egypt, bride of Nile 6^355 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eido 43^259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eidothea 1^37, 43^102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eileithyia 2^236, 8^115 n. etc.,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

503
INDEX

Eleutherai, daughters of Hera 4810 n.
Eleison 129 n.
Eleaphrites 910, 14110, 129, 2131, 42110 n.
Eleates 121, 28100
Eleca 111 n., 411 ff., 4' ff., 5", 8", 13107, 17100
Eleca, wife of Thaumas 26100
Elecon 1314
Elephants without knees-joints 15110 n.
Elepheid land 13110
Eleusis 13100, 27100, 3110, 48100
Eleutho 27100
Ehis 19110, 90110, 37100
Ellopians 13134
Elymots 14101
Elysian meadow 19101
Emathia 4100
Emathion 2110 ff., 410, 129, from Samothrace 13100
Enagonion Hermes 10100 n.
Encelados 2510, 48110 ff.
Endymion 41100 n., 42100 n., 151100 n., etc.
Engonasin 11034 n.
Empeus 1111, 8104, 42100
Enspe 18100
Enophles Aphrodite 81103 n.
Enyalios 2111 etc.
Enyo 2110, 16111 n., et passim
Eos, passim; and lovers 41100 n., 51110 n., 42100 n.
Epaphos 3124 ff., 32170
Ephialtes 2111 etc. See Otos
Ephyreia, Corinth 20100
Erechtheus 37113 ff., 41102 n.
Erembrus 17127 n.
Eridanos 2151, 317 n., 1112 n., 11100 n., 23100 n., 38100 n., etc.
Ergibola the dancer 32100
Ergone 1100, 47100 ff.
Erihyne, Erihyne 7100, 8100 etc.
Eriphe 21100
Eris 21100 etc.
Eriganaria 26100
Eros, passim; son of Cypria 34100 n., son of Eris 31100 n., Eros and Anteros 47100 n.
Erythra 1314
Erythraean gulf and sea 514, 61111 etc., stone 41100 n.
Ethiopians, two divisions 13110 n.
Etruscan trumpets, 17100 n.
Euadne 28100
Euboea 64111 n., a maiden loved by Poseidon and rooted in the sea
Eubotes 32120
Eucolla, 26100
Eulans 2610
Eumenides 10100, 44120, 129
Eunoi, the Bacchic cry; Eulan, passim
Eupetale 14120, invented as nurse for Bacchos 9010 n.
Euphorion quoted 15100 n.
Euphrates 6100, 25101, 40100, 43100
Euphrosyne 41100
Euripides Bacchae imitated 24100 n., 46117 n., vol. i. p. xiii
Europa 7110, 81110 etc., the continent 1311, 43140
Eurotas 12100
Euryale, a Gorgon 1317 n.
Eurybalos 14100

504
INDEX

Eurymedon, see Alcon
Eurynome 2573, 8161 n., 1243 n., 41312
Eurypyle 30222

Fan and sunshade 21273 n.
Fates, three 12141 n.
Faunus 1338 n. See Phaunus
Fennel 7341 n.
Finger-counting 4278 n., 663 n., 41379 n.
Finger-game, mora 3380 n.
Firesticks and firestones 2495 n., 3767 n.
Fountains, list of 40363 n.

Gaia 1417 etc. See Earth, Giants.
Galateia 158, 6301, 318, 981, 1465, 3480, 39257, 40555, 43104
Gamos 40302
Ganges 21244 etc.
Ganymedes 84, 15279 n. etc.
Gas inspiring at Delphi 9270 n.
Gates of Thebes 584 n.
Gazos 2656
Gemon 14108
Geography 26 notes passim
Geraistos 13162
Geryones 25236
Geudis 1137, 1735, 43417
Giants 1275, 4456, 1741, 18221, 2077, 2592, 31173 (Indians), 40440 etc.
Gigarto 2177, 30223, 3315, 52
Ginglon 26146
Glaucos, Lycian 15165 n., 22147
Glaucos, merman 1111 n., 10105, 1375, 39399, 43115 etc.
Glaucos, Pan 1482

Glaucos, son of Aretos 26257
Glaucos, son of Sisyphos 11143 n.
Gleneus 14187
Gorge 3584 n.
Gorgo 8101 etc., Gorgon sisters 2437 etc., the image 13517 n.
Gortys 13234
Goryandis 26294
Graia 1377
Graiai, island of, where men suckle babes 2652 n.

Greek notes:
ἀεραπότητος 2463 n.
ἄμφισαβανα 5146 n.
εἴδωλον 1256 n.
εὐπόδης 1160 n.
ἐχενής 2145 n.
ηργενεία 4172 n., 31149, 38271 n.

ηώς 18159 n.
κατρεύς 26212 n.
κεκαφύως 2539 n.
λυκάβας 11486 n.
μελίκρητον 19242 n.
μορία 37313 n.
μύραινα 1283 n.
νύσα 1464 n.
οὐτήριον 5139 n.
οὐδέν πρὸς τὸν Διόνυσον 19170 n.
πολυκάρηνος 40233 n.
πόμπιλος 39327 n.
πτέραν 41344 n.
φερέωκος 3365 n.
χάλκεος ὑπνός 16297 n.
ὡρίων 26202 n.

Habrathoös 26153
Hades 11304, 12214, his cap 2555 etc.
INDEX

Hadryad, passion: 291 n.
Haimos, Himalaya 4873.
Hair dedicated 47448 n.
Haharos 4181, 1319.
Halmodes 149 n., etc.
Hamadryad, passion: 291.
Harma 139 n., 38448 n. of the
heavily charted
Harmonia, see Cadmos; her
weaving and wedding 394 fl.;
5123, her daughters 516 n.,
her necklace 518 n., her
fate 410 n., 40111 n.
Harmonia Emblem at home
in the heavens 41467 fl., her
tablets 1290 and Note, vol.
1, p. 426.
Harpy 1211 n.
Harpe 1198 n.
Harpy 37119 n.
Helce 1944 n.
Hecate 48111 n.
Hecate 317, 29114, 44110 n.
Hector 25134.
Hellas 119 n.
Helle 317, 91044 n., 1078, 25141.
See Ino.
Hellen 119.
Hemodos, Himalaya 40100 n.
Heosforos 2181 etc.
Hephaistos: builds palace
3122, makes necklace for
bride on seeing his son
Eros 5128, at birth of
Athena 814, his sons 1499,
2499, his wives 16100 n.,
pursues Athena 16100 n.,
make armor 25100 n.,
lover of Maiden and Earth 27123 n.,
and Athena 33123, thrown out of heaven 43148 n., his wedding 48111 etc.
Heptapores 8100.
Hera, angry and jealous
passion: 1844, 219, and
Argos 3184, 4184, 183, 6184, and
Decret 8140 fl., and
baby Bacchus 9184 fl., and
Ino 9184, and Centaurs
14184, scares Bacchus 20184, 
decks herself 37184, takes
the Indian side 36184 etc.,
gives the breast 44184,
takes part with Perseus
4184, still resentful 484.
She thunders 20144 n., Hera
and marriage 6144 n., 31184
n., her ointment 7184 n.,
"Hera = Hā's 36184 n.
Heracles: wrestles with Zeus
10175, runs after Hylas
1197, seeking the lion 17174,
woos Deianeira 17123 n.,
at Lerna 25184, slays
the deer 25184 n., at Styn- 
phalaos 29184 n., Heracles
Sandes 34184 n., husband
of Hebe 35184, Starclad
Heracles 40184, sucked
Hera's breast 40123 n., fights
with Nemeus' sons and
squashes a bee 43148 n.
Hermes, Hermesias 2844, at
Cadmos' visit 34111, gift at
wedding 5120, has no con-
sort 5171, receives Bacchus
INDEX

from Zeus 917 ff., of the
Ring 10337, his sons 1487,
father of Pan 2487, law-
giver 3362, set against Leto
3611, holding the Latin
tablet 41161, law 41335, in-
vents harp 41373, musters
ghosts etc. 44207

Hermes 1140 etc.

Hesiod alluded to 1376 n.,
2094 n.

Hesperos 2185 etc.

Himaleon 32234

Himeros 178, 8404, 3434, 35135

Hippalos 26147

Hipparis 13917

Hippocrene 7235 n.

Hippodameia 11275, 20162,
33284, 48214

Hippolyta's belt 25251

Hippomene 48182

Hippuros 2688

Holcasos 26181

Homer imitated, passim: see
notes on 1509, 2376, 3135, 5475,
7316, 8123, 104152, 1353, 1867,
22115, 183, 2333, 24329, 25338,
2610, 2834, 361, 40100, 158, 217,
43181, 44115, Homer men-
tioned 137, 258, 265, 269,
32184, 42181

Hora 1372 etc. See hours

Horned Cyprus 5614, 616 n.,
13441, 29372

Horned female deer 48312 n.

Hours of the day 1217 n.,
38290 n.

Hunter Apollo 5289 n.

Hyacinthos 3158 n., 10255 n.,
Hyacinthian Apollo 11330

Hyacinthos plant 260 n.

Hyades 1196, 14147, 21285 n.

Hyagnis 10233, 41374

Hyampolis 13126 n.

Hybla 1318

Hydarcan people 26218

Hydaspes 17254 n., 21 ff.

Hydriads 16357 etc.

Hyaleos 17200

Hylas 11228 n.

Hyle 1366

Hymen Hymenaios 16290,
24271

Hymenaios 2488 n., 2924 ff.

Hymettos 13183

Hymn to the Sun 40, Add.

Note vol. iii. p. 194

Hymnos 15206 ff.

Hyperion 1236, 91, 23237,
3825, 89

Hypermnestra 3308

Hypnos 2237 etc.

Hypseus 29185

Hypsiceros 14106

Hypsipyleia 30205

Hyria 13186

Hysporos 26168

Hyssacos 2423

Iacchos, Eleusinian god,
often identified with
Bacchos 27302 n., 3168 n.,
4888, 965 n.

Iaon 32334

Iapetos 1384, 2296, 566, 31234,
35273, 36115

Iasion 5518, 11432, 48678

Iberian 2394, 43392, 410

Icarios 182, 16202 n., 27283,
4735 ff.

Iemaios Zeus 5270 n.

Iconion and the Image 13517 n.

Ida 2695, 356, 219, 235, 10310,
INDEX

1100, 3724, and adjective etc.
Idmon 3811, 40
Iion 2566
Hussos 39120, 41120, 47120 ff.
Hylia 4110, 441, 461224
Image of god thrown away in anger 481220
Imanos, Himalaya 401224 n.
Imachia 1220 etc.
Imachos 3122 etc.
Imarime 43111 n.
Incantations 17111 n.
Indian culture 17111 n. See Brahmins, Water and Earth
Indos invented as a hero 18122 n.
Ino 5110, 924, Leucothea 911 ff., 1041, 41 ff., 1077 n., 13100, 39104, 401213 n.
Inventors, — Discoverers
Ito 1124 n., 31287 ff., 7110 n. etc.
Io, Deo, and Isis 3110 n.
Iobacchos 111 etc.
Iolas 23201, 111
Ione 141211
Ionia 23124, 431226
Iphiclos 281224
Iphigeneia 131207 ff., replaced by a bear 15120 n.
Ismenian, Hismenian 5101 n.
Ismenos 3174 etc.
Isthmian Games 201000 n.
Istros 30, 821
Itylos 44200, 4720
Ityos 21211 n., 42100 n.
IXion 16216, 331224 n., his wife 351224 n.

Jealousy of the gods 401211 n.
Judges and umpires in divine 

quarrels 36120 n., 43120 n., 431211 n.

Keats, Endymion 1110 n.
Kids 11101

Labedalamon 32200, 39220, 422200
Laconian 11120 n., 411220
Ladon 422207
Lamia 14111
Lamos 9110, 141147, 24120, 471220 n.
Lampetie 231220, 381220
Lamprey and viper, loves of 120 n.
Laobö 261220, 1111
Laocoon 15116
Laodamia 7112, 241224 n.
Laotchos 131220, 161, 25117
Lasion 132200
Latin tablet 411220
Latomos 4100, 7120, 131244, 481244, 4401
Learchoz 5120, 101220 ff., 461220
Lelantos 481224 ff.
Lemnos 5170 etc., associated with Hephaistos 29117, bridechamber of Jason and Hypsipyleia 301220, Lemnian Cabeiro 29114, Lemnian women 301220 n., 4911220 n.
Lenedus 101220 ff., 14110, 291220, 3612200
Lenobios 14111
Leonidas imitated 471211 n.
Lerna 81220 n., 291220 n.
Lesbos 241221, 421220
Leto 81221 etc.
Libanos 22202 etc.
Libya 3227 etc.
Lilbybaian rocks 28227
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Limnaios Bacchos 27307</th>
<th>Maurusian people 13344</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Linos 41376</td>
<td>Mede 21248, 2351, 4023</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lips 1228, 6127, 1261, 39850</td>
<td>Medeon 1366</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litros 13332 n.</td>
<td>Medusa 8401, 47742 ff. etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Logasides 36282</td>
<td>Megaira 1035 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love stories, source, vol. i. p. xi</td>
<td>Megara 25155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loxo 5489, 48334 n.</td>
<td>Melian, 30316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyaios, see Bacchos</td>
<td>Meionian 10144, 14204, 250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycabas personified 11486, 1219, 65. See Greek Notes</td>
<td>Melainai 2688</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycastos 13235</td>
<td>Melampus 47333 ff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycon 1408</td>
<td>Melaneus 2951 ff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycos 1439, 112 etc.</td>
<td>Melanippe 8236 n., literary allusion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycostes 13232</td>
<td>Melanthios 4362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycurgos 20149 ff., 21157 n., ff.</td>
<td>Meleagros 1359, 3587 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycurgos the Spartan 41330</td>
<td>Meles 29253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macareus 1444</td>
<td>Melia 14212, 16230 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macedon 2400</td>
<td>Melicertes 9108, 39102 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macello 1835 n.</td>
<td>Melictaine 30225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macris 21194, 42241 n.</td>
<td>Melis, new story of 33324 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnesia 10322</td>
<td>Melisseus 13145 n., 37494 ff. etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maia 3429 etc.</td>
<td>Melkart 40369 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mαιandros 11371 etc.</td>
<td>Memphis 3288, 299, 4266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mainalid 14346 etc.</td>
<td>Mene, Moon 1219 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maionia 10317 etc.</td>
<td>Menelaos 138 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mair 5221 n. etc.</td>
<td>Menoicteus 2372 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man's origin from a tree 1257 n.</td>
<td>Meroë, Bakarawia, 17396</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mantinea 13290</td>
<td>Merope 3412 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manyheaded dirge 40233 n.</td>
<td>Meropus island 13278 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marathon 12152 etc., confused with Salamis 29213 n.</td>
<td>Midea 1360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marmarion 13164</td>
<td>Milax 1286 n., 15354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maron 11121 n., 19 etc.</td>
<td>Miletos, city of Crete 13233 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maronian wine 136 n.</td>
<td>Miletos, son of Asterios 13547, 557 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marsyas 142, 10232 n.</td>
<td>Milky Way 6338, 35310 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massagetes 37, 40287 n.</td>
<td>Milton, a possible imitation 41204 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mimallon 134 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mimas 13143, 28289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Minos 7361, pedigree 13229 n.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX

1922, and Nisos 2324 n., etc.

Mirror-stratagem 612 n.

Mitras 2122, 40242.

Mnemosyne 8144 n., mother of the nine Muses by Zeus.

Mokathos 32244, 40244.

Moina, Moira 122, 222 etc.

Moleneus 32244.

Molochus 122.

Moon and bulls 1 n., as Isis-Hathor 1212 n., motherless 4022 n., makes plants grow 7242 n.

Moonstone 5242 n.

Moria’s story 25242 n.

Morrhus 2622 ff., 3122 ff., 33, 34, 35, 36, 40 etc.

Muse, Muses 115, 152 n etc.

See Mnemosyne.

Musical modes 12222 n.

Mycale 12222.

Mycalessos 1227.

Myccnes 1422.

Mygene 31242 etc., nymph 4122 n.

Mygodonia 13213, 13222 etc.

Myrina, a city of Lemnos 3122 n.

Myrmex 13227.

Myrmidon 13222, 37221.

Myrrha 21242 n. etc.

Myrsos 26224.

Myrtios 20242 n., 33222 n.

Naiad 237 etc.

Names of Bassarids, nymphs, satyrs etc. 142224 n., 14222 n., 2122 n., 202224 n.

Napaus 14227.

Narcissos 10221, 11222, 15222 n., 48241.

Necklace described 5242 n.
Nemea 2322.

Nemesis 15222, 16222, 37222, 48222 n.

Nephele 322, 622, 922, 1022.

Nereid 12222 etc.

Nereus 1224 etc.

Nessa 722.

Nicaia 19222, 1622 ff. etc.

Nicaia city 16222.

Nice 7222 ff. etc.

Nobe 12224 n., 1222 n. etc.

Nobe of Argos, first earthly love of Zeus 3722 n.

Nisa 1327, 15224.

Nodian Zeus 13222 n.

Nodding backwards to refuse 22527 n.

Nomesion 14222.

Nomios Aristaios 5222 etc.

Nomos, authors imitated by, vol. i. p. xxiii.

Nysa, mount 4822, Arabian 21222.

Nysa 8922.

Oanos 13222.

Obrimos 13222.

Ocalea 1322.

Oceanos, passim.

Ocyne 14222.

Ocythoos 13222 etc.

O dysacus 13222.

Ogygos 32222 n., cf. 122, 13222.

Ogyros 13222.

Oiaos 22222 n. etc.

Oinanthe 14222.

Oinoc 4322.

Oinomaos 11222 n., 19222, 202224 n. etc.

Oinone 13222, 20222, 4322.

Oinopion 4322.
INDEX

Oistros 14111 n.
Oita 26295 n.
Old Man of the Sea 43225
Olenian 1450 n.
Olmeios 7236 n.
Olympias 7128 n.
Olympos, Olympian, passim
Ometer 1480
Onca, title of Athena 515 n.,
570, 4439, 4569 n.
Onestos 1358
Onites 28112
Onthyrios 54286
Opheltes 32186, 35380 etc.
Ophion 2573, 8161, 1243 n.,
41352, 399
Ophis 1199, 2290, 25144
Ophiuchos 36225
Pachynos 2398, 13322 n.
Pactolos 10145 etc.
Paion 29144, 3562, 40407
Palaimon 5561, 39105 etc.
See Melicertes
Palicoi 13312 n.
Pallas, passim
Pallene 43334 n., 4893 n., parallel with Atalanta 48182 n.
Palthanor 2666
Pamphylia 238
Pan, passim: and Echo 15306
n., Pans 1487, 2725 ff.,
46368
Panacros 13446
Pandion 4330 n.
Pandora 758 n.
Panellenes 4252
Panopeia 39255, 43100, 264
Panopeian, Phocian 9272 n.
Panopeus 4332, 13128
Paphian cauldrons 336
Paphos 13456 etc.
Parakeets 2249 n.
Parnassos 4308 etc.
Pasiphae 33150 etc.
Pasithea 1591 n., 24263, 31131
ff. etc.
Patalene, the Indus delta
2689 n., 27156
Paul, St. 3854 n.
Pegasos 7235, 11146 n., 2540,
28167, 37267, 38401
Peirithoos 16240 n.
Peisianassa 8193
Peleus 29385, 37589, 43367
Pelasgian 2834, 47479, 497, 534,
47568
Pelasgos 47570, 720
Pelion 6329, 442, 4839

511
INDEX

Pelleie 37443, games and prize
Pelops 18, 252, 37443, 102, 37444, carried off by Poseidon 102 n.
Peleoros 1202
Peneios 602 n., 77
Peneclorea 14 n., 24
Penthesliaka 352 n.
Pentheus 44, 45, 66, name 66 n.
Pergamos St. Peribolea 402 n., 48
Perieemenos 432 n.
Persephone, Persephonica 54 etc.
Perseus 135, 191, 231 n. ff., 4710 ff., 4724 n.
Persian 181, 211, 231, 12
Personification of names connected with wine 1011 n., 1011 n.
Petron 18
Petraos 14100
Pexucellon 36201
Phaethon 15100, 30114, the story 38110. Used for the Sun, passim. Phaethon in literature 38112 n.
Phaidra 48114 n.
Phalenecos 8, 24
Phaleron 13100
Phanes 9114 n., 9117, 113, 124, 14141, 19117
Pharos 14, 4317
Phasis 13141, 40244
Phasylleia 20113, 214
Phaunos, 13115, 281, 37 passim. See Faunus
Pheme, Rumour 5119, 181, 26113, 44123, 475
Pheneos 13201
Phereus, see Centaur; 5119, 14114, 17100, 2711
Phereus, see Conte;
Phereus, 14104
Phereus, 13115 n.
Phidacera 36117 n., wife of Hyares
Philanthus 1411
Philomela 12111 n., 41114 n., 44117, 471
Philory 3110
Philorus 263, 3112
Philagra 14102
Philagon 3924
Philagynias 1911
Philagonias 1911
Philaeo 2112
Philogos 264 etc.
Phobos, a Pan 1411
Phobos, Fear 2010, 20114 n. etc.
Phocian, Phocis 1311, 37114
Phobus, see Apollo
Phoebician 3115, 41111, 7117, 1311, 45113, 111
Phobos 1112
Phoras 14
Phocrates 2510, 3112
Phocys 39111, 43111, 114
Phoroneus 3210, 47110, 483
Phosphoros, Phaeosphoros 4112 etc.
Phrasios 32114
Phringos 2610, 30115, 111
Phrixos 9114 n., 16111. See Ino
Phrygia, Phrygian 9110, 1214 etc.
Phthonos, Envy and Jealousy 814, 110
Phylia, nymph 5113 n.
Phyllis 4114
Pierides 1124, cf. 2110, 1912, 41124
INDEX

Pilot fish 39327 n.
Pimpleia 13123
Pindar 2521
Pipes invented 142 n.
Pis 13324, 19240, 37138, 170
Pithos 18149 ff., 1940, 2013 ff., 30138
Pitys 2168 n., 2118, 16363, 42259
Plants with mythological stories, Add. Note vol. i. p. 98
Plataiai 4338, 1370
Platonic thought 1025 n.
Pleides 1242, 217, 3575, 13144, 38380 n., 42258
Pluto, mother of Tantalos 1146 n., 7119, 48730
Poimenios 14106
Polydecectes 2584, 47554
Polydeuces brings calm 28355 n.
Polydoros 5208, 8298, 46259
Polyanna 5104
Polyphemus, the shepherd and the smith 6303 n., 1452 n. etc., 39266 n.
Polyxo 2170
Porphyreon 9317
Poseidonia 1120, travels in search of Io 3233, and
Amymone 8241 n., rivals
Dionysos for Beroe 40 ff.,
lives of 42405 ff.
Pothis 25134 etc.
Prasioi 2661 n., an Indian people
Priasos 13521 ff., 37624 ff.
Proce 2131 n., 43309 n., 44267, 45748
Procyon 16202 n.
Proitos 47572

Prometheus 2300, 576, 759, 33357
Pronomos 14113
Propanisos, Hindu Kush 2651 n.
Protesilaos 24133
Proteus 114, 111, 21144, 289, 39108, 42178, 4376, 160
Prothoë 14226
Protonoe, Protonoeia 34179, 3580 etc.
Prymneus 13143, 28352
Psamathe 43360
Psyllos, the Psylloi 13381 n.
Ptios 9318
Pygmaioi 14134
Pygmaiion 3212 n.
Pylai 26292
Pylaieus 30138
Pyloites 26216
Pylos 28113
Pyramos and Thisbe 6355 n.
ff., rivers 1234 n.
Pyrrha 3211, 15238
Pyrrhichos 1337 n., 1434, 28293
Pyrrhos 43267, Phrygian P. assaults Rheia 1252 n.
Pytho 2698, 4290, 9251, 27252, 4679, 48709
Python 13127

Ram and springtime 38269
Revels personified 2709 n.
See Comos
Rhademnes 21306, 36401, 420, 36444, 398, 20
Rhadamphantys 19190
Rheia deceives Cronos 8138
n., 28322, 4168, brings up
Bacchos 9149 ff., 10293,
gives him amethyst 12380,
gathers the host 1335, where

VOL. III 2 L 513
INDEX

she bore Zeus 13\textsuperscript{244} n., prophecy 36\textsuperscript{114} n.
Rhages 3\textsuperscript{100} n.
Rhagippe 28\textsuperscript{100} n.
Rhine 63\textsuperscript{100}, a judge of bastards 23\textsuperscript{104} n., 40\textsuperscript{14} n.
Rhipe 13\textsuperscript{266} n.
Rhipheus 14\textsuperscript{100} n.
Rhodes 14\textsuperscript{10} n.
Rhodes 26\textsuperscript{10} n.
Rhodope 32\textsuperscript{100} n.
Rhynochos 19\textsuperscript{104}, 48\textsuperscript{100} n.
Rhyton 13\textsuperscript{233} n.
Roman civilization, Nonnos's faith, vol. 1. p. xxv
Romc 41\textsuperscript{104}, 103
Rufinus imitated 12\textsuperscript{233} n.

Sabindon 26\textsuperscript{10} n.
Sacait 26\textsuperscript{100} n.
St. Paul 3\textsuperscript{114} n.
Samalos 13\textsuperscript{233} n.
Salangai 26\textsuperscript{11}, 90\textsuperscript{11} n.
Salome 28\textsuperscript{100} n.
Samos 3\textsuperscript{20} etc.
Samothracian gods 13\textsuperscript{200} n.
Sandes 34\textsuperscript{100} n.
Sangarios 12\textsuperscript{136} n., 13\textsuperscript{104}, 111, 114\textsuperscript{10}, 27\textsuperscript{10}, 48\textsuperscript{107}, 40\textsuperscript{11} n.
Sappho 13\textsuperscript{287} n.
Sarapis 46\textsuperscript{10} n.
Sardis 13\textsuperscript{107}, 41\textsuperscript{104}, 44, 234, 48\textsuperscript{103} n.
Satyr, Satyroi, passim
Sauromates 23\textsuperscript{100} n.
Scelmis 14\textsuperscript{10} n., 21\textsuperscript{104} n., 37\textsuperscript{114} n.
Schoeneus 9\textsuperscript{114} n.
Schoinos 13\textsuperscript{11} n.
Scirto 14\textsuperscript{111} n.
Sciron 18\textsuperscript{111}

Scolios 18\textsuperscript{10} n., 61\textsuperscript{10}, 28\textsuperscript{10}, 13\textsuperscript{11} n., 59\textsuperscript{11} n.
Scolios 25\textsuperscript{10}, 13\textsuperscript{11} n., 42\textsuperscript{100} n.
Scythia 13\textsuperscript{210}, 40\textsuperscript{11} n., m.
Sea purple 20\textsuperscript{100} n.
Sches 28\textsuperscript{10} n.
Sceles 13\textsuperscript{10} n.
Scolos 10\textsuperscript{114}, later books passim
Seren 21, 13\textsuperscript{10}, 22\textsuperscript{11} n.
Semele 5\textsuperscript{11}, 12\textsuperscript{10}, 13\textsuperscript{11}, 16\textsuperscript{11}, 43\textsuperscript{11}, 47\textsuperscript{11} n.
Semele, moon, passim
Semele and her sisters 5\textsuperscript{11} ft., her dream 7\textsuperscript{11} ft., bridal 7\textsuperscript{11} ft., her princes 8\textsuperscript{11}, birth of Bacchus 8\textsuperscript{11} n.
Scribon 47\textsuperscript{11}, 40\textsuperscript{11} n.
Scindon 26\textsuperscript{10} n.
Sestos 13\textsuperscript{114} n.
Semele 14\textsuperscript{114} n.
Siphnus 13\textsuperscript{114} n.
Sopylos 42\textsuperscript{11} etc.
Sirus 13\textsuperscript{11} n.
Sithon 48\textsuperscript{11} n.
Socoe, an omen 15\textsuperscript{11} n.
Sos and Combe, legend given first by Nonnos 13\textsuperscript{114}, n.
Soe 30\textsuperscript{11} n.
Solon 14\textsuperscript{114} n.
Scolinos 41\textsuperscript{114}, 77\textsuperscript{11} n.
Sophocles alluded to 43\textsuperscript{11} n., imitated 17\textsuperscript{11} n.
Sos, loved by Hermes 14\textsuperscript{11} n.

514
INDEX

Souls turn into stars 47262 n.
Spargus 14187
Sparta 16103, 19187, 31262, 34220, 35175, 41330
Spartoi, the Theban aristocracy 4305 n.
Spheceia 13434
Sphinx 18228
Stabios 13528
Stamnos 13500
Staphyle 29269
Staphylus 185 etc.
Starclad 40269 n.
Stataloi 1358
Sterope 183 n.
etc.
Stesichore 18218
Stratia 13540
Strophios 30108
Strymon 43177
Symphalos 13289, 29240
Syra 13160
Styx, water of 9135, 12217, 1446, 42528, 44262
Styx in Euboia 13163 n.
Sun and Moon, why never together 44179 n.
Sydros, the Sutlej 32288 n.
Syracuse 6354, 922, 40560
Syria 18328
Syrix 2118 n.
Syrtis 43299

Tainarides 30188
Tamasos 13445
Tanagra 1235, 4334, 445
Tanais 2385
Tantalos 1147 n., 10261, 18225, 32
new punishment 35296, 48731 n., son Pelops 20157 n., daughter Niobe 13131, 48456
Tarbelos 26182

Tarsos 1260, 2636, 4185, 357, name 18293 n.
Tartara 3150 etc.
Taurus, Mount 1249, custom of Taurian law 13316 n.
Tectaphos 26101 n., saved by daughter
Teiresias blinded 5337 n., 7161, 250 n., 20400, built an altar 4553, 4610
Telamon 13482, 37589
Telchines 8108 n., 1436 n., 27106, 30226, 37293, 449
Telebros 32187
Telete 16400, 48880
Tembros 13445
Temeneia 13513
Tennites in Boeotia 539 n.
Tereus 2131 n., 4330 n.
Terpsichore 13314, 29238
Tethys 8160 n., 38110, 40552, 41150 etc.
Teucerian Ida 356, 10310
Teucros 13461 n., 2861
Teumerios 13398 n.
Text, suggestions on: 1182, 1449, 16244, 19129, 26367, 37409, 41204, 42288, 45287, 4752
Teýgete 3339, 3255
Thargelos 32234
Thasos 2684
Thaumas 26359
Thebes 5119 etc.
Thebes of a hundred gates 3299, 4386, 304, 526, 41270
Thelxinoë 8135
Themis 2710, 41162 etc.
Themisto 9312, her sons 9321 n., 103
Theoclymenos 511
Theope 2186

515
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Therapnai 41134 n. etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thermopylae 26408, 36189, 37114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theseus 45170 n. ff., 18141 fl., echo of Heracles 47143 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thespian 43100, 13170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thessaly 3207, 6074 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thessalian horse 37111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thetis 100 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thiasos 11400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thubs 6147, 12144. See Pyramos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoön 28111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoosa 39170 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thracian 13147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrace 4144 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrinacia 1114 n. 38109 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thranax 1443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thranos 52128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thymis 26101, 32100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thystes 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thymius 3107 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thyone 100 etc., Thyoneus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dionysos 8304 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thyraneus 26144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tigris 18114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tisiphone 1040, 12131, 44100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titans 6171 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tithonos 15179 n. 48100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tityos 2100, 4301 n. 2017, 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tlepolemos 1400 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tmolos 10123 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Topaz 5107 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Torebios 13164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Torone 21100 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toxeus 3512</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trachios 14160, 28128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transmigration of souls 35 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triptolemos 13100 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tritogeneia 13143 n. 28144 n. etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triton's explained 510 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troy, Trojan 11140, 23118 etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trygvi 14123, 29100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyche 16100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tycho the craftsman 13171 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tylos 23144 ff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyndarion 28111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Typhon, Typhon I passion: 1104 n. etc., the sinews of Zeus, vol. I. p. xvii, and etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyre, Tyrian 400, 40100, founding of 40100 n. etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyro 1100 n. 8104, 42110 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyrosian 6120, pirates 45100 ff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulys 48100 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urania 24144, 37100, 38111, a place 18100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uranos 21001, breeds Aphrodite 13140, 41100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vine planting 1711 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgo, the stars and Justice 18100 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vowel and consonant 4102 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water and Earth said to be gods of India 33162, 34100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weapons, legendary 37117 n.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winds, sons of Astraeos 618</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writing given to Greece 400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zagreus 5101 n. 6144 n. 6100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10104, 2417 n. 2410 n. 27104,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX

3148, 3644, 38209, 3972, 44213, 255, 4729, 65, 4826, 908, and Orphism, vol. i. p. xv
Zerynthos 13400
Zethos 25417
Zeus, passim: and Antiope 31212 n., and his lovers 7128 n., as Artemis 2122, 33291 n., as Satyr, horse, bull 31218 n., 33301 n., Icmaiios 5270 n., Zeus-limp 920 n.
Zeus of the underworld 3697 n.
Zoares clan in India 36166
THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED

LATIN AUTHORS

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS. J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols.


ST. AUGUSTINE, SELECT LETTERS. J. H. Baxter.

AUSONIUS. H. G. Evelyn White. 2 Vols.

BEDE. J. E. King. 2 Vols.


CAESAR: CIVIL WARS. A. G. Peskett. (4th Imp.)

CAESAR: GALLIC WAR. H. J. Edwards. (8th Imp.)

CATO AND VARRO: DE RE RUSTICA. H. B. Ash and W. D. Hooper. (2nd Imp.)

CATULLUS. F. W. Cornish; TIBULLUS. J. B. Postgate; AND PERVIGILIUM VENERIS. J. W. Mackail. (11th Imp.)

CELSUS: DE MEDICINA. W. G. Spencer. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. 2nd Imp. revised.)


CICERO: DE FATU; PARADOXA STOICORUM;
THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

DE PARTITIONE ORATORIA. H. Rackham. (With De Oratore, Vol. II.)

CICERO: DE FINIBUS. H. Rackham. (3rd Imp. revised.)

CICERO: DE NATURA DEORUM AND ACADEMICA. H. Rackham.

CICERO: DE OFFICIS. Walter Miller. (4th Imp.)


CICERO: DE REPUBLICA AND DE LEGIBUS. Clinton W. Keyes.

CICERO: DE SENECTUTE, DE AMICTIA, DE DIVINATIONE. W. A. Falmers. (4th Imp.)

CICERO: IN CATILINAM, PRO MURENA, PRO SUTTIA, PRO FLACCO. Louis P. Lord.


CICERO: LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS. W. Glynne Willam. 3 Vols.

CICERO: PHILIPPICS. W. C. A. Ker. (2nd Imp.)

CICERO: PRO ARCHIA, POST REDITUM, DE DOMO, DE HARUSPICUM RESPONSES, PRO PLANIO. N. H. Watts. (2nd Imp.)

CICERO: PRO CAECINA, PRO LEGE MANILIA, PRO CLUENTIO, PRO RABIRIO. H. Grose Hodge.

CICERO: PRO MILONE, IN PISONEM, PRO SCAVRO, PRO FONTEIO, PRO RABIRIO POSTUMO, PRO MARCELLO, PRO LIGARIO, PRO REGF DEIOTARO. N. H. Watts.

CICERO: PRO QUINCTIO, PRO ROSCIO AMERINO, PRO ROSCIO COMOEDO, CONTRA RULLUM. J. H. Freese.

CICERO: TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS. J. E. King. (2nd Imp.)


CLAUDIAN. M. Platnauer. 2 Vols.


FLORUS. E. S. Forster: and CORNELIUS NEPOS. J. C. Rolfe.

FRONTINUS: STRATAGEMS AND AQUEDUCTS. C. E. Bennett and M. B. McElwain.
FRONTO: CORRESPONDENCE. C. R. Haines. 2 Vols.
GELLIUS. J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols.
HORACE: ODES AND EPODES. C. E. Bennett. (11th Imp. revised.)
HORACE: SATIRES, EPISTLES, ARS POETICA. H. R. Fairclough. (5th Imp. revised.)
JEROME: SELECT LETTERS. F. A. Wright.
JUVENAL AND PERSIUS. G. G. Ramsay. (6th Imp.)
LUCAN. J. D. Duff.
LUcretius. W. H. D. Rouse. (4th Imp. revised.)
MARTIAL. W. C. A. Ker. 2 Vols. (3rd Imp. revised.)
MINOR LATIN POETS: from PUBLILIUS SYRUS to RUTILIUS NAMATIANUS, including GRATTIUS, CALPURNIUS SICULUS, NEMESIANUS, AVIANUS, with "Aetna," "Phoenix" and other poems. J. Wight Duff and Arnold M. Duff. (2nd Imp.)
Ovid: THE ART OF LOVE AND OTHER POEMS. J. H. Mozley. (2nd Imp.)
Ovid: FASTI. Sir James G. Frazer.
Ovid: HEROIDES AND AMORES. Grant Showerman. (3rd Imp.)
Ovid: METAMORPHOSES. F. J. Miller. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 7th Imp., Vol. II. 6th Imp.)
Ovid: TRISTIA AND EX PONTO. A. L. Wheeler. (2nd Imp.)
Petronius. M. Heseltine; Seneca: APOCOLOCYNTOSIS. W. H. D. Rouse. (7th Imp. revised.)
Pliny: LETTERS. Melmoth's Translation revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 5th Imp., Vol. II. 4th Imp.)
Propertius. H. E. Butler. (5th Imp.)
Quintilian. H. E. Butler. 4 Vols. (Vols. I., II. and IV. 2nd Imp.)
THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

SALLUST. J. C. Rolfe. (2nd Imp. revised.)
SCRIPTORES HISTORIAE AUGUSTAR. D. Magic. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. 2nd Imp. revised.)
SENECA: APOCOLOCYNTOSIS. C. F. PETRONIUS.
SENECA: EPISTULAE MORALES. R. M. Gummere.
SENECA: MORAL ESSAYS. J. W. Basore. 3 Vols.* (Vol. II. 2nd Imp. revised.)
SENECA: TRAGEDIES. F. J. Miller. 9 Vols. (Vol. I.
SIDONICS: POEMS AND LETTERS. W. B. Anderson.
SILVIUS ITALICUS. J. D. Duft. 9 Vols. (Vol. II. 2nd Imp.)
STATTUS. J. H. Mosley. 9 Vols. (5th Imp. revised.)
SUETONIUS. J. C. Rolfe. 9 Vols. (5th Imp. revised.)
TACITUS: DIALOGUS. Sir Wm. Peterson and AGRICOLA AND GERMANIA. Maurice Hutton. (5th Imp.)
TERENCE. John Sargeaunt. 9 Vols. (Vol. I. 6th Imp.,
VALERIUS FLACCUS. J. H. Mosley. (2nd / Imp. revised.)
VARRO: DE LINGUA LATINA. R. G. Kent. 9 Vols.
VELLEIUS PATERCULUS AND RES GESTAE DIVI AUGUSTI. P. W. Shipley.
VIRGIL. H. R. Fairclough. 9 Vols. (Vol. I. 16th Imp.,
VITRUVIUS: DE ARCHITECTURA. P. Granger. 9 Vols.

GREEK AUTHORS

ACHILLES TATIUS. S. Gaselee.
AENEAS TACTICUS: ASCLEPIODOTUS AND ONASANDER. The Illinois Greek Club.
AESCHINES. C. D. Adams.
AESCHYLUS. H. Weir Smyth. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 4th Imp., Vol. II. 3rd Imp.)

APOLLODORUS. Sir James G. Frazer. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 2nd Imp.)

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. R. C. Seaton. (4th Imp.)

THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS. Kirsopp Lake. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. 5th Imp., Vol. II. 4th Imp.)

APPIAN’S ROMAN HISTORY. Horace White. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. 3rd Imp., Vols. II., III. and IV. 2nd Imp.)

ARATUS. Cf. CALLIMACHUS.


ARISTOTLE: ART OF RHETORIC. J. H. Freese. (2nd Imp.)

ARISTOTLE: ATHENIAN CONSTITUTION, EUDEMIAN ETHICS, VIRTUES AND VICES. H. Rackham. (2nd Imp.)


ARISTOTLE: METAPHYSICS. H. Tredennick. 2 Vols. (2nd Imp.)


ARISTOTLE: NICOMACHEAN ETHICS. H. Rackham. (3rd Imp. revised.)

ARISTOTLE: OECONOMICA AND MAGNA MORALIA. G. C. Armstrong; with Vol. II. Metaphysics. (2nd Imp.)


ARISTOTLE: ON THE SOUL, PARVA NATURALIA, ON BREATH. W. S. Hett. (2nd Imp. revised.)

ARISTOTLE: PARTS OF ANIMALS. A. L. Peck; MOTION AND PROGRESSION OF ANIMALS. E. S. Forster.

ARISTOTLE: PHYSICS. Rev. P. Wicksteed and F. M. Cornford. 2 Vols. (Vol. II. 2nd Imp.)

ARISTOTLE: POETICS AND LONGINUS. W. Hamilton Fyfe; DEMETRIUS ON STYLE. W. Rhys Roberts. (4th Imp. revised.)

ARISTOTLE: POLITICS. H. Rackham.
THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

ARISTOTLE: PROBLEMS. W. S. Hett. 2 Vols.
ARISTOTLE: RHETORICA AD ALEXANDRUM.
H. Rackham. (With Problems, Vol. II.)
ARRIAN: HISTORY OF ALEXANDER AND INDICA.
Rev. E. Hulse Robinson. 2 Vols.
ATHENAEUS: DEIPNOSOPHISTAE. C. B. Gullick.
7 Vols.
ST. BASIL: LETTERS. R. J. Deferrari. 4 Vols.
CALLIMACHUS AND LYCOPHRON. A. W. Mair.
ARATUS. G. B. Mair.
CLEMEN$ OF ALEXANDRIA. Rev. G. W. Butterworth.
(2nd Imp.)
COLLIUVUS: CY. OPTIAN.
DAPHNIS AND CHLOE. Thornley's Translation revised
by J. M. Edmonds; and PARTHENIUS. S. Gascoyne.
(3rd Imp.)
DEMOSTHENES: DE CORONA AND DE PALSA
LEGATIONE. C. A. Vince and J. H. Vince. (2nd
Imp. revised.)
DEMOSTHENES: MEIDIAS, ANDROTION, ARISTOCRATES,
TIMOCRATES, ARISTOGITON. J. H.
Vince.
DEMOSTHENES: OLYNTHIACS, PHILIPPICS AND
MINOR ORATIONS: I. XVII. and XX. J. H. Vince.
DEMOSTHENES: PRIVATE ORATIONS. A. T. Murray.
3 Vols.
DIO CASSIUS: ROMAN HISTORY. E. Cary.
9 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. 2nd Imp.)
DIO CHRYSOSTOM. 5 Vols. Vols. I. and II. J. W.
DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS: ROMAN ANTI-
QUITIES. Spelman's translation revised by E. Cary.
7 Vols. Vols. I.-III.
DIODORUS SICULUS. C. H. Oldfather. 12 Vols.
Vols. I.-III.
DIOGENES LAERTIUS. R. D. Hicks. 2 Vols. (Vol.
I. 3rd Imp.)
DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS: ROMAN ANTI-
QUITIES. Spelman's translation revised by E. Cary.
7 Vols. Vols. I.-III.
EPICTETUS. W. A. Oldfather. 2 Vols.
EURIPIDES. A. S. Way. 6 Vols. (Vol. II. 6th Imp.,
Vols. I. and IV. 5th Imp., Vol. III. 3rd Imp.) Verse
trans.
EUSEBIUS: ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. Kirsopp
Lake and J. E. L. Oulton. 2 Vols. (Vol. II. 2nd Imp.)
THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

GALEN: ON THE NATURAL FACULTIES. A. J. Brock. (2nd Imp.)
GREEK ELEGY AND IAMBUS WITH THE ANACREONTEA. J. M. Edmonds. 2 Vols.
GREEK MATHEMATICS. Ivor Thomas. 2 Vols.
HERODES. Cf. THEOPHRASTUS: CHARACTERS.
HESIOD AND THE HOMERIC HYMNS. H. G. Evelyn White. (5th Imp. revised and enlarged.)
HOMER: ILIAD. A. T. Murray. 2 Vols. (4th Imp.)
HOMER: ODYSSEY. A. T. Murray. 2 Vols. (5th Imp.)
ISAEUS. E. S. Forster.
ISOCRATES. George Norlin. 3 Vols. Vols. I. and II.
ST. JOHN DAMASCENE: BARLAAM AND IOASAPH. Rev. G. R. Woodward and Harold Mattingly. (2nd Imp. revised.)
JULIAN. Wilmer Cave Wright. 3 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. 2nd Imp.)
LYCOPHRON. Cf. CALLIMACHUS.
LYSIAS. W. R. M. Lamb.
MARCUS AURELIUS. C. R. Haines. (3rd Imp. revised.)
MENANDER. F. G. Allinson. (2nd Imp. revised.)

7
THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY


OPPIAN, COLLUTHUS, TRYPHIODORUS. A. W. Mair.


PARTHENIUS. Cf. DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.


PHILOSTRATUS AND EUNAPIUS: LIVES OF THE SOPHISTS. Wilmot Cave Wright.

PINDAR: Sir J. F. Sandys. (6th Imp. revised.)


PLATO: CRATYLUS, PARMENIDES, GREATER HIPPIAS, LESSER HIPPIAS. H. N. Fowler. (3rd Imp.)

PLATO: EURYPHRHO, APOLOGY, CRITO, PHAEDO, PHAEDRUS. H. N. Fowler. (6th Imp.)

PLATO: LACHES, PROTAGORAS, MENO, EURYDEMUS. W. R. M. Lamb. (2nd Imp. revised.)

PLATO: LAWS, Rev. R. G. Bury. 2 Vols. (2nd Imp.)

PLATO: LYSIS, SYMPOSIUM, GORGIAS. W. R. M. Lamb. (3rd Imp. revised.)

PLATO: REPUBLIC. Paul Shorey. 2 Vols. (2nd Imp.)

PLATO: STATESMAN, PHILEBUS. H. N. Fowler; ION. W. R. M. Lamb. (3rd Imp.)

PLATO: THEAETETUS AND SOPHIST. H. N. Fowler. (3rd Imp.)


THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

PLUTARCH: THE PARALLEL LIVES. B. Perrin. 11 Vols. (Vols. I., II., III. and VII. 2nd Imp.)

POLYBIUS. W. R. Paton. 6 Vols.


PITOEMY: TETRABIBLOS. Cf. MANETHO.


SEXTUS EMPIRICUS. Rev. R. G. Bury. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. 2nd Imp.)


STRABO: GEOGRAPHY. Horace L. Jones. 8 Vols. (Vols. I. and VIII. 2nd Imp.)

THEOPHRASTUS: CHARACTERS. J. M. Edmonds; HERODES, etc. A. D. Knox.

THEOPHRASTUS: ENQUIRY INTO PLANTS. Sir Arthur Hort. 2 Vols.

THUCYDIDES. C. F. Smith. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. 3rd Imp., Vols. II., III. and IV. 2nd Imp. revised.)

TRYPHIODORUS. Cf. OPPIAN.

XENOPHON: CYROPAEDIA. Walter Miller. 2 Vols. (2nd Imp.)

XENOPHON: HELLENICA, ANABASIS, APOLOGY, AND SYMPOSIUM. C. L. Brownson and O. J. Todd. 3 Vols. (2nd Imp.)

XENOPHON: MEMORABILIA AND OECONOMICUS. E. C. Marchant. (2nd Imp.)

XENOPHON: SCRIPTA MINORA. E. C. Marchant.

VOLUMES IN PREPARATION

GREEK AUTHORS

ALCIPHRON. A. R. Benner.

ARISTOTLE: DE MUNDO, etc. W. K. C. Guthrie.


ARISTOTLE: METEOROLOGICA. H. D. P. Lee.

DEMOSTHENES: EPISTLES, etc. N. and H. J. De Witt.
CURTIIUS, Q.: HISTORY OF ALEXANDER. J. C. Rolfe.
PRUDENTIUS. H. J. Thomson.