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EPITRICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
H. J. ROSE, M.A.
AND
NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

III



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
MUMBAI

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1962
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NONNOS Panopolitanus
DIONYSIACA

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

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
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CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

III

BOOKS XXXVI—XLVIII



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NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. H. D. ROUSE, I. F. S. D.

ETHNOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

H. J. ROSE, M.A.

THE HONORABLE SOCIETY OF ANTI-QUARIES

AND NOTES BY

First printed 1940
Reprinted 1942, 1955, 1963

A. R. LEED, I. F. S. D.

CAMBRIDGE, 1940

IN THREE VOLUMES

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BOOKS XXVI—XXVIII



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LONDON

WILLIAMSON LTD. *Printed in Great Britain*

1963

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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

ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ
ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ
ΤΩΝ ΥΠΟΛΕΙΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἕκτῳ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης
Βάκχος Δηριάδῃ κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.

Ἐπι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἑβδομον, εἵνεκα νίκης
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.

Ἐπι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλῶ
δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἡμιοχῆος.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσσει
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαῖγμένον ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν νιεί Μύρρης
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτη.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφῃνα τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι λιγαίνῳ
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἡμερον ἐννοσιγαίου.

Δίξιο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὀππόθι μέλπῳ
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐννώ.

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 Phaëthon 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 Amy-mone 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

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνε τὸ τέτρατον, ἦχι γυναῖκας
δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόψαι, ὀππόθι Πεν-
θεὺς
ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκέος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.

Ἑκτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἴδε πλέον, ἦχι νοήσεις
Πενθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαύην.

Ἑρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἑβδομον, ὀππόθι Περ-
σεὺς
καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἀβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὄγδοον αἶμα Γιγάντων,
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλέης τόκον Αὔρης.

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 Lyaïos.
- (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 Icarïos, 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.

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἕκτῳ μετὰ λύματα λύσσης
Βάκχος Δηριαδῆι κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.

Ὡς φάμενος θάρσυνε γεγηθότας ἡγεμονῆας·
 Δηριάδης δ' ἑτέρωθεν εὐὸς ἐκόρουσε μαχητάς.
 ἀμφοτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
 κεκριμένοι στέλλοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐννουῦς,
 οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου. 5
 Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ μακάρων ὑψίζυγος ὑψόθι Κέρνης
 Ἄρεος εἶχε τάλαντα παρακλιδόν· οὐρανόθεν δὲ
 ἔμπυρον ὑδατόεις προκαλίζετο κυανοχαίτης
 Ἥλιον, γλαυκῶπιν Ἄρης, Ἥφαιστος Ὑδάσπην·
 Ἥρης δ' ἀντικέλευθος ὄρεστιάς Ἄρτεμις ἔστη. 10
 Λητώην δ' ἐπὶ δῆριν εὐρραπίς ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς.
 Καὶ ζαθέου πολέμου διδυμόκτυπος ἔβρεμεν ἠχῶ
 ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν. ἐπεσσυμένων δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 Ἄρης ἐπταπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο Τριτογενεΐη,
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἱαλλεν· ἀνουτήτου δὲ θεαίνης 15
 μέσσην αἰγίδα τύψεν, ἀθηήτου δὲ καρῆνου
 ἤλασε Γοργεΐης ὀφιδέα λήια χαίτης,
 Παλλάδος οὐτήσας λάσιον σάκος· ὄξυτενῆς δὲ
 πεμπομένη ροιζηδὸν ἀκαμπέος ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ
 ποιητὴν πλοκαμίδα νόθης ἐχάραξε Μεδούσης. 20
 κούρη δ' ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπαΐξασα καὶ αὐτὴ

BOOK XXXVI^a

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 Lyaivos. 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 Tritogeneia 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 *Il.* xx. 32-74 ; xxi. 328-513.

σύγγονον ἔγχος ἄειρεν ἐπ' Ἄρει Παιλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
 κείνο, τό περ φορέουσα λεχώιον ἤλικι χαλκῶ
 ἄνθορε πατρώιο τελεσσιγόνιο καρήνου.
 καὶ δαπέδω γόνυ κάμφε τυπεῖς περιμήκετος Ἄρης· 25
 ἀλλὰ μιν ὀρθώσασα παλινδίνητον Ἀθήνη
 μητρὶ φίλῃ μετὰ δῆριν ἀνούτατον ὤπασεν Ἥρη.

Ἥρη δ' ἀντερίδαινεν ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου
 Ἀρτεμις ὡς συνάεθλος ὀρεστιάς, ἰθυτενὲς δὲ
 τόξον ἐὼν κύκλωσεν· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ 30

Ἥρη Ζηνὸς ἐλουῦσα νέφος πεπυκασμένον ὤμοις
 ἀρραγὲς ὡς σάκος εἶχε· καὶ Ἄρτεμις ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 ἡερίης πέμπουσα δι' ἀντυγος ἰὼν ἀλήτην
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον ἐὼν ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην,
 καὶ νεφέλην ἄρρηκτον ὄλην ἐπύκαζεν ὀιστοῖς· 35

καὶ γεράνων μιμηλὸς ἔην τύπος ἡεροφοίτης
 ἵπταμένων στεφανηδὸν ἀμοιβαίῳ τινὶ κύκλῳ·
 καὶ νέφεϊ σκιοῦντι πεπηγότες ἦσαν ὀιστοί·
 ὠτειλὰς δ' ἀχάρακτος ἀναίμονας εἶχε καλύπτρην.
 καὶ κραναὸν κούφισσεν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος Ἥρη, 40
 χειρὶ δὲ δινεύουσα πεπηγότα νῶτα χαλάζης

Ἀρτεμιν ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ·
 τόξου δ' ἀγκύλα κύκλα συνέθλασε μάρμαρος αἰχμῆ·
 οὐ δὲ μάχην ἀνέκοψε Διὸς δάμαρ· Ἀρτέμιδος δὲ
 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε μεσαίτατον· ἢ δὲ τυπεῖσα 45
 ἔγχει παχνήεντι χαμαὶ κατέχευε φαρέτρην.
 καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελόωσα Διὸς μυθήσατο νύμφη·

“ Ἄρτεμι, θηρία βάλλε· τί μείζοσιν ἀντιφερίζεις;
 καὶ σκοπέλων ἐπίβηθι· τί σοὶ μόθος; οὐτιδανὰς δὲ
 ἐνδρομίδας φορέουσα λίπε κνημίδας Ἀθήνη· 50

^a Appropriately; by a popular ancient theory, Hera (Ἥρα) 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.

²⁸ 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^a 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:

⁴⁸ "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

NONNOS

καὶ λῖνα σείο τίνυσσε δολοπλόκα· θηροφόνοι γὰρ
 σοὶ κύνες ἀγρώσσοισι, καὶ οὐ πτερόεντες ὀιστοί·
 οὐ σὺ λεοντοφόνον μεθέπεις βέλος· ἀδρανέων γὰρ
 σῶν καμάτων ἰδρῶτες ἀνάλκιδές εἰσι λαγωοί·
 σῶν δ' ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε καὶ εὐκεράου σέο δίφρου, 55
 σῶν ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε· τί σοὶ Διὸς νῖα γεραίρειν
 πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἠνιοχῆα λεόντων;
 ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἔχε τόξον, Ἔρωσ ὅτι τόξα τιταίνει·
 παρθενικὴ φυγόδεμνε μογοστόκε, πορθμὸν Ἐρώτων
 κεστὸν ἔχειν ὠφελлес ἀοσητήρα λοχείης, 60
 σὺν Παφίῃ, σὺν Ἐρωτι· σὺ γὰρ κρατέεις τοκετοῖο.
 ἀλλά, τελεσσιγόνοιο κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
 ἔρχεο παιδοτόκων ἐπὶ παστάδα θηλυτεράων,
 καὶ λοχίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύουσα γυναῖκας
 εἴκελος ἔσσο λέοντι λεχῳίδος ἐγγύθι νύμφης, 65
 ἀντὶ φιλοπτολέμοιο μογοστόκος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
 λῆγε σαοφρονέουσα σαόφρονος εἶνεκα μί.ρης,
 ὅττι τεῶν μελέων μεθέπων τύπον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 παρθενικὰς ἀγάμους νυμφεύεται· εἰσέτι κείνην
 εἰκόνα σὴν βοόωσι γαμοκλόπον Ἀρκάδες ὕλαι, 70
 Καλλιστοῦς ἀγάμοιο γαμοστόλον, ὑμετέρην δὲ
 ἔμφρονα μάρτυρον ἄρκτον ἔτι στενάχουσι κολῶναι
 μεμφομένην νόθον εἶδος ἐρωμανὲς ἰοχαίρης,
 θηλυτέρης ὅτε λέκτρον ἐδύσατο θῆλυς ἀκοίτης.
 ἀλλὰ τετὴν ἀνόνητον ἀπορρίψασα φαρέτρην 75
 Ἥρης κάλλιπε δῆριν ἀρείονος· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
 ὡς λοχίη πολέμιζε τελεσσιγάμω Κυθερείῃ.”
 Ἐννεπε, τειρομένην δὲ παρήλυθεν Ἄρτεμιν Ἥρη.
 τὴν δὲ φόβω μεθύουσαν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο κομίζων

^a Cf. Π. 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 child-birth; 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."

⁷⁸ 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.

^b He disguised himself as Artemis to approach Callisto; she was afterwards changed into a bear (authors differ as to the reasons).

NONNOS

ἀμφοτέρω πήχυνε κατηφέι Φοῖβος ἀγοστῶ, 80
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἔστησεν ἔρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης·
νοστήσας δ' ἀκίχητος ὀμίλεε θέσπιδι χάρμη.

Καὶ βυθίου προμάχου πυρόεις πρόμος ἀντίος ἔστη,
Φοῖβος ἐς ὑσμίνην Ποσιδήιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ 85
θῆκε βέλος καὶ πυρσὸν ἐκούφισε Δελφίδι πεύκη
ἀμφοτέρῃ παλάμη περιδέξις, ὄφρα κορύσση
ὀλκῶ κυματόεντι σέλας καὶ τόξα τριαίνη.

αἰχμὴ δ' αἰθαλόεσσα καὶ ὕδατόεντες οἴστοι
σύμπεσον ἀλλήλοισι· κορυσσομένοιο δὲ Φοίβου

Ἄρεος ἐσμαράγησε μέλος πατρώιος Αἰθήρ, 90
βρονταῖον κελάδημα· θυελλήεσσα δὲ σάλπιγξ
οὔασι Φοιβείοισιν ἐπέκτυπε ποντίας Ἥχῳ·

Τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐβόμβεεν ἠθάδι κόχλω
ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος, ἀπ' ἰξύος ἔγχλοος ἰχθύς·
Νηρεῖδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης 95
σειομένου τριόδοντος Ἄραψ μυχῆσατο Νηρεύς.

Οὐρανίης δὲ φάλαγγος ὑπέρτερον ἦχον ἀκούων
Ζεὺς χθόνιος κελάδησε, μὴ ἐννοσίγαιος ἀράσσω
γαῖαν ἱμασσομένην ῥοθίων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ
ἁρμονίην κόσμοιο μετοχλίσσειε τριαίνη, 100
μὴ ποτε κινήσας χθονίων κρηπίδα βερέθρων
θητηὴν τελέσειεν ἀθηήτου χθονὸς ἔδρην,
μὴ βυθίων φλέβα πᾶσαν ἀναρρήξειεν ἐναύλων
Ταρταρίῳ κευθμῶνι χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
νέρτερον εὐρώεντα κατακλύζων πυλεῶνα. 105

Τόσσοσ ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων,
καὶ χθόνιαι σάλπιγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
ράβδον ἐλαφρίζων ἀνεσεύρασε μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς·

^a 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.

⁸³ And now a fiery chief stood up to the champion of the deep, Phoibos,^a to fight with Poseidon. He set shaft on string, and also lifted a brand of Delphic fir in each hand ^b 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 Nereïds shouted the battlecry—Arabian Nereus pushed up out of the sea and bellowed, shaking his trident.

⁹⁷ Then Zeus of the underworld ^c 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 abyss 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.

¹⁰⁶ 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

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

^c Pluto in Hades.

τρισοῖς δ' ἀθανάτοισι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν·

“ Γνωτέ Διὸς καὶ κοῦρε,

σὺ μὲν, κλυτότοξε, θυέλλαις 110

πυρσὸν ἕα καὶ τόξα, σὺ δὲ γλωχίνα τριαίνης,

μὴ μακάρων Τιτῆνες ἐπεγγελάσωσι κυδοιμῶ,

μὴ Κρονίην μετὰ δῆριν ἀπειλήτειραν Ὀλύμπου

δεύτερον ἀθανάτοισιν Ἄρης ἐμφύλιος εἶη,

μὴ μόθον ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετὰ κλόνον Ἰαπετοῖο, 115

μηδὲ μετὰ Ζαγρῆα καὶ ὀψιγόνου περὶ Βάκχου

φλέξας γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἐῷ πυρὶ χωόμενος Ζεὺς

ἀενάου κλύσσειε τὸ δεύτερον ἄντυγα κόσμου,

ὔδασιν ὀμβρήσας χυτὸν αἰθέρα· μηδὲ νοήσω

ἠερίοις πελάγεσσι διάβροχον ἄρμα Σελήνης· 120

μὴ ψυχρὴν ἐχέτω Φαέθων πάλιν ἔμπυρον αἴγλην.

πρεσβυτέρω δ' ὑπόεικε κυβερνητῆρι θαλάσσης,

πατροκασιγνήτῳ τανύων χάριν, ὅττι γεραίρει

εἰναλίην σέο Δῆλον ἀλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων·

μὴ σε λίπη φοῖνικος ἔρως καὶ μνηστὶς ἐλαίης. 125

τίς πάλιν, ἐννοσίγαιε, δικασπόλος ἐνθάδε Κέκροψ,

τίς πάλιν Ἰναχος ἄλλος ἐὼν πόλιν ἴαχεν Ἥρη,

ὅττι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι κορύσσειαι, ὡς περ Ἀθήνη,

καὶ μόθον ἄλλον ἔχεις προτέρην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἥρης;

καὶ σύ, πάτερ μέγαλοιο, κερασφόρε, Δηριαδῆος, 130

Ἐφαιστοῦ πεφύλαξο σέλας μετὰ λαμπάδα Βάκχου,

μὴ σε πυριγλώχινι καταφλέξειε κεραυνῶ.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνέκοψε θεῶν ἔμφυλον Ἐννώ.

καὶ τότε λυσσῆεις παλινάγρετον ἄμφεπε χάρμην

^a Sacred trees in Delos.

^b As he was between Poseidon and Athena.

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.

NONNOS

Δηριάδης βαρύμηνης, ἀπήμονας ὡς ἴδε Βάκχας· 135
 καὶ μόθον ἀρτεμέοντος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
 εἰς ἐνοπήν οἴσθησε πεφυζότας ἠγεμονῆας·
 καὶ ξυνήν πρυλέεσσι καὶ ἱππήεσσι ἀπειλήν
 βάρβαρον ἐσμαράγησε βαρυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·

“ Σήμερον ἢ Διόνυσον ἐγὼ πλοκαμίδος ἐρύσσω, 140
 ἢ ἐ μόθος Βακχεῖος αἰστώσει γένος Ἰνδῶν.
 ὑμεῖς μὲν Σατύροισιν ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκην
 στήσατε· Δηριάδης δὲ κορυσσέσθω Διονύσω.
 ἡμερίδων δὲ πέτηλα καὶ ὄργανα ποικίλα Βάκχου
 φλέξατε, καὶ κλισίας ἐμπρήσατε· Μαιναλίδας δὲ 145
 δμωίδας αὐχήμεντι κομίσσατε Δηριαδῆι·

καὶ πυρὶ δῆμα θύρσα μαραίνετε· βουκεράων δὲ
 Σειληνῶν Σατύρων τε πολυσπερέων κεφαλάων
 λῆιον ἀμήσαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ
 στέψατε πάντα μέλαθρα βοοκραίροισι καρῆνοισι. 150

μὴ Φαέθων στρέψειε πυραυγέας εἰς δύσιν ἵππους,
 πρὶν Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἀλυκτοπέδησι κομίσσω
 σφιγγόμενον, καὶ στικτὸν ἐμῆ δεδαῖγμένον αἰχμῆ
 ῥωγαλέον φορέοντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
 θύρσον ἀπορρίψαντα· τανυπλοκάμων δὲ γυναικῶν 155
 χαίτην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐμῶ τεφρώσατε δαλῶ.

θαρσαλέοι δὲ γένεσθε, καὶ Ἰνδῶν μετὰ χάρμην
 νίκην κυδιάνειραν αἰείσατε Δηριαδῆος,
 ὄφρα τις ἐρρίγησι καὶ ὀψιγόνων στρατὸς ἀνδρῶν
 Ἰνδοῖς Γηγενέεσσι ἀνικῆτοισιν ἐρίζειν.” 160

Ἔννεπε, καὶ προμάχους μετανεύμενος
 ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ

ἠνιόχους οἴσθησεν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
 καὶ πρυλέων πομπῆας ἐπεστήριξεν ὀμίλῳ
 μαρναμένους πυργηδόν· ὀμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμων στίχα θηρῶν 165

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 Minalids 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

NONNOS

εἰς ἐνοπήν βάκχευεν· ὀριτρεφές δὲ μαχηταὶ
 δαιμονίῃ βρυχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἰμάσθλη,
 καὶ πολὺς ἐκ στομάτων ἐκορύσσετο μαινόμενος θήρ·
 ὤμοβόρων δὲ δράκοντες ἀποπτύοντες ὀδόντων
 τηλεβόλους πόμπευον ἐς ἡέρα πίδακας ἰοῦ 170
 χάσματι συρίζοντι μεμυκόςτος ἀνθρεῶνος,
 λοξὰ παρασκαίροντες· ἐς ἀντιβίους δὲ θορόντες
 αὐτόματον σκοπὸν εἶχον ἐχιδνήεντες οἰστοί·
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι ἐμιτρώθη δέμας Ἰνδῶν
 εἰλομένων, βροτέους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο σειρῇ 175
 εἰς δρόμον αἰσσοντας. Ἀρειμανέες δὲ γυναῖκες
 δῆριν ἐμιμήσαντο δρακοντοβόλου Φιδαλείης,
 ἧ ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα γυναικείοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσι κορύμβοις . . .
 καὶ τις ἀπὸ στομάτων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος ἰάλλων 180
 ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κατέπτυε Δηριαδῆος,
 καὶ φονίῃ ραθάμιγγι χάλυψ ἐδιαίνετο θώρηξ.
 καὶ νέκυς ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο τυπεὶς ζῶοντι βελέμνω,
 ἄπνοος ἀμφιέπων βέλος ἔμπνοον. ὀρθοπόδων δὲ
 εἰς λοφιῆν ἐπίκυρτον ἀναίξας ἐλεφάντων 185
 πόρδαλις ἠώρητο μετάρσιος ἄλματι ταρσῶν·
 πυκνὰ δὲ θηρείοιο κατεστήρικτο καρῆνου,
 καὶ δρόμον ἠώρησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων.
 καὶ πολὺς ἐσμός ἐπιπτε, βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 φρικτὸν ἐρημονόμων αἰὼν βρύχημα λεόντων· 190
 καὶ τις ἐνικήθη τρομέων μυκῆματα ταύρου,
 καὶ βοὸς εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς γλωχίνα κεραίης
 λοξὸν ἀκοντίζουσαν ἐς ἡέρα· φοιταλέος δὲ
 εἰς φόβον ἄλλος ὄρουσεν ὑποφρίσσων γένυν ἄρκτου·
 θηρείαις δ' ἰαχῆσιν ὁμόκτυπος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω 195

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.

¹⁸⁰ 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.

NONNOS

Πανὸς ἀνικήτοιο κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῶ,
καὶ μόθον ὑλακόμωρον ἐδεΐδισαν αἴθοπεσ Ἴνδοί.

Ξυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγος ἦεν Ἐννώ·
γαῖα δὲ διψώουσα φόνου κυμαίνεται λύθρῳ
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, πολυσπερέων δὲ δαμέντων 200
πληθύνει τοσσατὴν νεκύων ἐστεινέτο Λήθη·
χειρὶ δ' ἀνοχλίζων Ἀΐδης ὀρφναῖον ὄχηα
εὐρυτέρους πυλεῶνας ἔων ᾤξε μελάθρων
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, διεσσυμένων δὲ βερέθρου
Ταρτάριον μύκημα Χαρωνίδες ἔκτυπον ὄχθαι. 205

Καὶ πολὺς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔην κτύπος, ἀντιβίων δὲ
ὤτειλή κταμένων ἑτερότροπος, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἰππόθεν ὠλίσθησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
ὃς δὲ κατὰ στέρνοιο περίτροχον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ὃς δὲ μέσον κενεῶνα πεπαρμένος ἔκπεσε δίφρου· 210
ἄλλος ἐυγλώχινι παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον οἰστῶ
βλήμενος αὐτοκύλιστος ὀμίλεε γείτοσι πότμῳ,
ὃς δὲ τυπεῖς μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὃς δὲ δι' ὤμου
καὶ φυγὰς ἄλλος ἔπιπτε ράχιν τετορημένος αἰχμῇ,
πεζὸς ἀελλήεντα τετυμμένον ἵππον εἶσας· 215

ὃς δὲ πεσῶν ἀνίουλος ὀδύρετο σύντροφον ἦβην
καὶ τις ἀναλθήτῳ κεχαραγμένος ἦπαρ οἰστῶ
κύμβαχος ἐξ ἐλέφαντος ἐπεγδούπησε κονίη,
κράτα παρακλίνας δαπέδῳ, καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας
αἰμαλέην πήχυνε κατηφεί γαῖαν ἀγοστῶ. 220

Καὶ τις ἀνήρ ἰππῆος ἐναντία δόχημιος ἔστη,
καὶ σάκεος κενεῶνα χυτῆς ἔπλησε κονίης,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, δεδεγμένος ἀνέρος ὀρμήν·
χειρὶ δὲ θαρσαλέῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα τείνων
ἰππεῖν ψαμάθοισιν ὄλην ἔρραινεν ὀπωπῆν· 225
βακχεύσας δὲ κάρηνον ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
ἵππος ἀνηώρητο κονισαλέην τρίχα σείων,

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

NONNOS

καμπύλα δ' εὐλαίγγος ἀπέπτυνεν ἄκρα χαλινοῦ·
 τρίβων δ' ἀγκυλόδοντα παλυνομένην γένυν ἀφρῶ
 ὑψιτενῆς δεδόνητο, καὶ ὄρθιον αὐχένα πάλλων 230
 οἰστρήεις ἀχάλινος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ
 ποσσὶν ὀπισθιδίοισι, καὶ αἰθύσσων κόνιν ὀπλῆ
 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἠνιοχῆα.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ κεκλιμένω ταχύς ἔδραμε κάρχαρος ἀνὴρ,
 γυμνὸν ἔχων θοὸν ἄορ· ὑπὲρ δαπέδον δὲ ταθέντος 235
 κυανέου προμάχοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα.

"Ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἐχάζετο πῶλος ἀλήτης,
 γείτονος ἠνιόχοιο δεδεγμένος ἦχον ἰμάσθλης,
 οἰκτρὸν ἐὼν θνήσκοντα διαστείβων ἐλατῆρα,
 κείμενον ἀρτιδάικτον, ἐπισπαίροντα κονίῃ. 240

Κολλήτης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἔχων περιμήκεα μορφήν,
 δύσμαχος, ἐννεάπηχυς, ὁμοῖος Ἄλκυονῆι,
 Βακχείης κατὰ μέσσον ἐμαίνεται δημοτῆτος·
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα μετὰ κλόνον ἤθελεν ἔλκειν
 εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναίων, 245
 καὶ κενεῇ πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι, τηλίκος ἀνὴρ,
 οἷος ἔην θρασὺς Ὄτος ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα βαίνων,
 ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου ποθέων λέχος ἰοχεαίρης,
 οἷος ἔην φιλέων καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης
 ὑψινεφῆς ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀκοντίζων Ἐφιάλτης· 250
 Κολλήτης πέλε τοῖος ὑπέρτερος, αἰθέρι γείτων,
 Γηγενέος προγόνοιο θεημάχον αἶμα κομίζων,
 Ἴνδοῦ πρωτογόνοιο· καὶ ἄρκιος ἔπλετο μορφή
 δῆσαι θοῦρον Ἄρηα μεθ' υἱέας Ἴφιμεδείης·
 ἀλλὰ τόσον περ ἔόντα γυνὴ κτάνεν ὄξεί πέτρῳ, 255

^a A giant.

^b Otos and Ephialtes, the gigantic sons of Aloeus 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.

²³⁷ 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.

²⁴¹ Colletes with his huge body, immense, formidable, nine cubits high, equal to Alcyoneus,^a went raging through the fighting hosts of Bacchos. 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,^b 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, *Il. v. 385 ff.*

NONNOS

Βακχιάδος Χαρόπεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης.

Καί τις ἀριστεύουσαν ἰδὼν ὑψαύχενα κούρη
θαῦμα χόλω κεράσας τρομερὴν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“ Ἄρες, Ἄρες, λίπε τόξα

καὶ ἀσπίδα καὶ σέο λόγχην,

Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης, λίπε Καύκασον· ἀνδροφόνους γὰρ 260

ἀλλοίας Διόνυσος Ἀμαζόνας εἰς μόθον ἔλκει·

ὄπλοφόρους δονέουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ὑμετέρου γὰρ

οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος εἰς ἐκόμισσε γυναῖκας.

ξείνον ἴδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ τύπον· οὐ σάκος ὦμοις,

οὐ δόρυ θούρον ἔχουσιν Ἀμαζονίδες Διονύσου· 265

οὐ τόσον εὐθώρηκες ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες

Καυκασίδες· Βάκχαι δὲ φιλοπτόρθων ἀπὸ χειρῶν

φυλλάδας αἰχμάζουσι, καὶ οὐ χατέουσι σιδήρου.

ὦμοι Δηριάδαο μεμνηνός, ὅτι γυναῖκες

χαλκείους ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσι χιτῶνας.” 270

Ἐννεπε θαμβήσας κραναὸν βέλος, οἷον ἐλοῦσα

τηλίκον ὑψικάρηνον ἀπέκτανεν ἀνέρα Βάκχη.

Δηριάδης δ’ ἀκίχητος ἐπέδραμε θυιάσι Βάκχαις,

καὶ Χαρόπην ἐδίωκε λιθοσσόον· ἢ δὲ φυγοῦσα

μάρνατο θαρσήεσσα παρισταμένη Διονύσω, 275

θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσα φιλάνθεμον Εὐάδι χάρμη.

Δηριάδης δ’ Ὀρίθαλλον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ,

Κουρήτων ὁμόφυλον, Ἀβαντίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης.

καὶ κοτέων ἐτάριοιο δεδουπότος ἀρχὸς Ἀβάντων

Καρμίνων βασιλῆα κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς, 280

Κύλλарον, ὄξυόεντι κατ’ αὐχένος ἄορι τύφας,

Λωγασίδην θ’, ὃς μούνος, ἐπεὶ σοφὸς ἔσκε μαχητής,

Δηριάδη μεμέλητο δοριθρασέων πλέον Ἰνδῶν

^a 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,^a for Dionysos is bringing another sort of Amazons into the field, to kill men. Shieldless they rout men-at-arms. Not from your Thermodon^b 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,

καί μιν ἄναξ φιλέει¹ μετὰ Μορρέα· πολλάκι δ' αὐτῇ
 Ὀρσιβόη καὶ ἄνακτι μιῆς ἔβασσε τραπέζης, 285
 θυγατέρων βασιλῆος ὀμέστιος· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ
 ἔγχει καὶ πραπίδεςσιν ὑπέρβαλε σύντροφον ἤβην.
 ἔνθα πολὺς προμάχῳ πρόμος ἤρισεν· ὑψιφανῆς δὲ
 Πευκετίῳ πολέμιζεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμήδης,
 καὶ Φλογίῳ κεκόρυστο Μάρων καὶ Θουρέι Ληνεύς. 290
 Ὑσμίνης δὲ τάλαντα πατῆρ ἔκλινε Κρονίων·
 καὶ βριαρῶ Διόνυσος ἐμάρνατο Δηριαδῆι,
 μίξας ἔγχει θύρσον· ἀκοντοφόρῳ δὲ μαχητῇ
 πῆ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντι μετάρτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβων
 δύσατο παντοίης πολυδαίδαλα φάσματα μορφῆς· 295
 πῆ δὲ θυελλήεσσα κορύσσετο μαινομένη φλόξ,
 ἀγκύλον αἰθύσσουσα σέλας βητάρμονι καπνῶ.
 ἄλλοτε κυμαίνων ἀπατήλιον ἔρρεεν ὕδωρ,
 ὑγρὸς οἰστεύων διερὸν βέλος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ
 ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα λεοντείοιο προσώπου 300
 ὄρθιον ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον ἀνθερεῶνα,
 τρηχαλέον βρύχημα χέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῶ
 καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐρισμαράγοιο τοκῆος·
 καὶ σκιερῆς φορέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπώρης
 ἄλλοφανῆς μορφοῦτο, καὶ εἵκελος ἔρνεϊ γαίης 305
 αὐτοτελῆς ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν, αἰθέρα τύπτων,
 ὡς πίτυς, ὡς πλατάνιστος· ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρῆνου
 μιμηλοῖς πετάλοισι νόθην δενδρώσατο χαίτην,
 γαστέρα θάμνον ἔχων περιμήκετον· ἀκρεμόνας δὲ
 χεῖρας ἕως ποίησε, καὶ ἐφλοίωσε χιτῶνας, 310
 καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν· ἀνακρούων δὲ κεραίαις²
 μαρναμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεψιθύριζε προσώπῳ·
 καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
 πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἄλματι ταρσῶν,
 καὶ λοφιῆς ἐπέβαινε ἀερσιλόφων ἐλεφάντων 315

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.

²⁹¹ 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 loudcrashing 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 φιλέει Tiedke, φιλέοι mss. and Ludwich.

² So mss.: Ludwich κεραίας.

NONNOS

κοῦφα βιβάς· ἑλέφας δὲ παρήγορος ἄρμα τινάσσων
 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζε θεημάχον ἠνιοχῆα,
 σείων φαιδρὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀγκύλα κύκλα χαλινῶν.
 οὐδὲ πεσῶν ἀμέλησε πέλωρ πρόμος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ 320
 μάρνατο μορφωθέντι καὶ οὔτασε πόρδαλιν αἰχμῆ.
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετὰμειψε θεὸς δέμας· ὑψιφανῆς γάρ,
 ἡέρα θερμαίνων, ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
 αἰθύσσων ἀνέμοις φλογόεν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζοὺς
 στήθεα λαχνήεντα διέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος
 κυκλόθεν· ὑψιπόρου δὲ δεδεγμένος ἄλματα καπνοῦ 325
 ἀργενναῖς λαγόνεσσιν Ἄραψ ἐμελαίνεται θώρηξ,
 βαλλόμενος σπινθῆρι· πυριβλήτου δὲ φορῆος
 ἡμιδαῆς ζείοντι λόφῳ θερμαίνεται πῆληξ . . .
 ἐκ βλοσυροῦ δὲ λέοντος ἐφαίνεται κάπρος ἀλήτης,
 εὐρύνων μέγα χάσμα δασύτριχος ἀνθρεῶνος, 330
 καὶ λοφιὴν πελάσας ἐπὶ γαστέρι Δηριαδῆος
 ὀρθὸς ὀπισθιδίῳ ποδὸς στηρίζετο παλμῶ,
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων.

Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐμάρνατο φάσματι κωφῶ,
 ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἤθελε δ' αἰεὶ 335
 ἀψαύστοις ἀκίχητον ἐλεῖν εἶδωλον ἀγοστοῖς·
 ἀντιτύπου δὲ λέοντος ἐὼν δόρυ πῆξε μετώπῳ,
 μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυειδέϊ Βάκχῳ·

“ Τί πτώσσεις, Διόνυσε;

τί σοι δόλος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
 Δηριάδην τρομέων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβεις; 340
 πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου,
 ἄρκτον οἰστεύω, καὶ δένδρεον ἄορι τέμνω·
 ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἐγὼ κενεῶνα χαράξω.
 ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἀτευχέας εἰς σὲ κορύσσω·

the elephant lunging sideways smashed the car and shot the impious driver to the ground, shaking off yokepads and bit and bridle.^a Even though fallen the gigantic warrior would not leave him alone, but fought with Lyaïos 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 mailcoat 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 . . .^b] 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.

γυμνοὶ γὰρ γεγάασι, θεοκλήτοις δ' ἐπαοιδαῖς 345
 πολλάκις ἠερόφοιτον, ὁμοίον ἄζυγι ταύρω,
 οὐρανόθεν κατάγοντες ἐφαρμάξαντο Σελήνην,
 πολλάκι δ' ἰππεύοντος ἐπειγομένων ἐπὶ δίφρων
 ἀσταθέος Φαέθοντος ἀνεστήσαντο πορείην."

"Ἐννεπε παπταίνων ἑτερότροπα φάσματα Βάκχου· 350
 καὶ νόον εἶχεν ἄπιστον· ἀκηλήτῳ δὲ μενοιῶνῃ
 τέχνην φαρμακόεσσαν ἐπιρράϊσας Διονύσω
 ἔλπετο νικήσειν Διὸς υἱέα μύστιδι τέχνη.

"Ἐνθα θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν ὑψόθι δίφρων·
 καὶ θεὸς ἀφραίνοντα θεημάχον ἄνδρα δοκεύων 355
 ἄμπελον ἐβλάστησεν ἀρηγόνα δημοτῆτος.
 καὶ τις ἐνσταφύλοιο θεήλατος οἰνάδος ὄρηξ
 ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
 Δηριάδην ἔσφιγξεν ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ,
 ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην πεπεδημένον· ἀρτιθαλῆ δὲ 360
 σύμφυτον αἰθύσσων ἐπὶ βότρυϊ βότρυν ἀλήτην
 μαινομένου βασιλῆος ἐπισκιάωντα προσώπῳ
 σείετο μιτρώσας ὄλον ἀνέρα· Δηριάδην δὲ
 αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσσεν ἔλιξ εὐώδει καρπῷ·
 γυιοπέδην δ' ἀσίδηρον ἐπέπλεκε δίζυγι ταρσῷ, 365
 καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων . . .
 ἀρραγέος κισσοῖο· καὶ οὐτόσον ὀλκάδα πόντου
 θηκτὰ περιπλεκέων ἐχενηίδος ἄκρα γενείων
 δεσμῷ καρχαρόδοντι διεστήριξε θαλάσση·
 τοῖον ἔην μίμημα. μάτην δ' ἐλέφαντας ἐπείγων 370
 ἠνίοχος βαρύδουπον ἔην ἐλέλιζεν ἰμάσθλην,
 κέντροις ὀξυτέροισιν ἀπειθέα νῶτα χαράσσων.
 καὶ τόσον Ἴνδὸν ἄνακτα,

τὸν οὐ κτάνεν ἄσπετος αἰχμῆ,
 ἀμπελόεις νίκησεν ἔλιξ πρόμος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ
 ἡμερίδων ὄρηκι κατάσχετον ἀνθερεῶνα 375

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."

³⁵⁰ 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.

³⁵⁴ 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^a : not so firmly is the seagoing barge held fast on the main by the toothed bond of a holdtheship,^b 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

^a This seems the general sense of the Greek.

^b See xxi. 45 and note.

NONNOS

πνίγετο Δηριάδης σκολιῶ τεθλιμμένος ὀλκῶ.
 καὶ μογέων ἀτίνακτος ἐλίσσεται μαινάδι φωνῇ,
 λεπτὸν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα θεουδέος ἀνθερεῶνος,
 νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων·
 καὶ παλάμην ὤρεξεν ἀναυδέα, μάρτυρι σιγῇ 380
 μόχθον ὄλον βοόων· τὸ δὲ δάκρυον ἔπλετο φωνή.
 καὶ σκεδάσας Διόνυσος ἐὼν πολύδεσμον ὀπώρην
 γυιοπέδην εὐβοτρυν ἀνέσπασε Δηριαδῆος,
 καὶ στέφος ἡμερίδων ἐλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐλάσσας 385
 δέσμιον αὐχένα λῦσεν ὀμοπλεκέων ἐλεφάντων.
 οὐ δὲ φυγῶν δρυόεντα τανυπτόρθιο κορύμβου
 δεσμὸν ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἀνάγκην
 Δηριάδης ἀπέειπεν ἐθήμονα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς,
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος· εἶχε δὲ βουλήν
 διχθαδίην, ἧ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἢ δμῶα τελέσσαι. 390

Ἄμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε μάχης ἀμφίδρομος ὄρφνῃ.
 καὶ μόθος ἦν μετὰ νύκτα, καὶ ὑπναλέων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
 ἐγρομένους θώρηξεν ἀμοιβαίῃ πάλιν Ἥως.

Οὐδὲ μόθων τέλος ἦεν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ἀλλὰ τόσων μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένων ἐνιαυτῶν 395
 ῥυθμὸν Ἐνναλίῳ μάτην ἐπεβόμβεε σάλπιγξ.
 ἦδη δ' ἐγρεμόθων ἐτέων πολυκαμπεί νύσση
 Βακχιάς ὀψιτέλεστος ἐμαίνεται μᾶλλον Ἐννώ.

Οὐ μὲν ἀφειδήσαντες Ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου
 κάλλιπον ἀμνήστοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀήταις 400
 Δικταῖοι Ῥαδαμᾶνες ὀμόφρονες· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
 νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο μαχήμονας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
 ποίπνου ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος· ὁ μὲν τερνώσατο 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 Lyaïos. Through the woods they were busy, some here, some there. One was turning pegs, one worked at the middle of the

NONNOS

ὄς δὲ μέσσην πεπόνητο περὶ τρίπιν, ἴκρια δ' ἄλλος
 ὀρθὰ περὶ σταμίνεσσιν ἀμοιβαίησιν ὑφαίνων 405
 ὀλκάδι τοῖχον ἔτευχεν, ἐπηγκενίδας δὲ συνάπτων
 μηκεδανὰς κατέπηξε, βαθυνομένη δὲ μεσόδμη
 μεσσοφανῆ μέσον ἰστόν Ἄραψ ὠρθώσατο τέκτων
 λαίφει πεπταμένω πεφυλαγμένον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄκρω
 δουρατέην ἐπίκλυτον ἔτορνώσαντο κεραίην 410
 ἴδμονες εὐπαλάμοιο καὶ Ἡφαίστου καὶ Ἀθήνης.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν μογέοντες ἀμιμήτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
 Βάκχῳ νῆας ἔτευχον. ἐπασχαλῶν δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 μαντοσύνης Διόνυσος ἐῆς ἐμνήσατο Ῥεῖης,
 ὅττι τέλος πολέμοιο φανήσεται, ὅπποτε Βάκχοι 415
 εἰναλίην Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐννώ.

Καὶ Λύκος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' οἴδματος ἠγεμονεύων,
 νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν ὑποδρήσσων Διονύσου,
 ἄβροχον ἠνιόχευεν ὄδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
 ἦχι σοφοὶ Ῥαδαμᾶνες, ἀλιπλανέες μετανάσται, 420
 νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο θαλασσοπόρῳ Διονύσῳ.
 καὶ τότε τετραπόροιο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
 ἰππεύων ἔτος ἕκτον, ἐλίσσετο καμπύλος Αἰών . . .
 εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐκάλεσσε μελαρρίνων γένος Ἰνδῶν
 Δηριάδης σκηπτούχος· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ 425
 λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἑτερόθροος ἦε κῆρυξ.

αὐτίκα δ' ἠγερέθοντο πολυσπερέων στίχες Ἰνδῶν,
 ἐζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ βάθρων·
 λαοῖς δ' ἀγρομένοισιν ἀναξ ἀγορήσατο Μορρεύς·

“ Ἴστε, φίλοι, τάχα πάντες,

ἃ περ κάμον ὑψόθι πύργων, 430
 εἰσόκε γαῖα Κίλισσα καὶ Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
 αὐχένα δούλον ἔκαμψεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ Δηριάδης·
 ἴστε καί, ὅσσα τέλεσσα καταιχμάζων Διονύσου,

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^a; 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.

⁴¹² 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.

⁴¹⁷ 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:

⁴³⁰ " 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,

^a Hom. *Od.* v. 252-253.

NONNOS

μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι καὶ ἀμητῆρι σιδήρω
 τέμνων ἔχθρὰ κάρηνα βοοκραίριοιο γενέθλης, 435
 ὅπποτε Βασσαρίδων πεπεδημένον ἔσμον ἑρύσσας
 ὦπασα Δηριάδη, πολέμου γέρας, ὦν ὑπὸ λύθρω
 ἄστεος εὐλαίγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγυαὶ
 κτεινομένων· ἕτεραι δὲ μετάρσιον ἀμφὶ χορείην
 ἀγχονίω θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῶ· 440
 ἄλλαι δ' ὕδατόεντος ἐπειρήθησαν ὀλέθρου,
 κρυπτόμεναι κευθμῶνι πεδοσκαφέος κενεῶνος.
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν ναέτησιν ἀρείονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνω·
 εἰσαῖώ 'Ραδαμᾶνας, ὅτι δρυτόμῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
 νῆας ἐτεχνήσαντο φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσω· 445
 ἔμπης οὐ τρομέω δόρυ ναύμαχον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 ἄνδρα φερεσσακέων κεκορυθμένον ὑψόθι νηῶν
 οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι πότε κτείνουσι γυναῖκες;
 ἢ πότε λυσσῶων ὄρεσίδρομος ὑψίκερως Πᾶν
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διατμήξει νέας Ἴνδῶν; 450
 οὐ δύναται βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ Σειληνὸς ἀράσσω
 ἀπτολέμῳ νάρθηκι μαχήμονα νῆα καλύψαι,
 εἰς χορὸν αἱματόεντα θορῶν λυσσῶδεϊ ταρσῶ,
 κῶμον ἀνακρούων θανατηφόρον· οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 ταυρείοις κεράεσσι πεπαρμένον ἄνδρα δαμάζει 455
 ἀγχιφανῆ μεσάτοιο διχαζομένου κενεῶνος,
 ἀλλὰ τυπεῖς προκάρηνος ἀτυμβεύτῳ τινὶ μοίρῃ
 κείσεται ἐν ῥοθίοισιν· ὀλισθήσουσι δὲ Βάκχαι
 ἔγχεσι μηκεδανοῖσι μαιφόνον εἰς βυθὸν ἄλμης,
 τυπτόμεναι· καὶ νῆας αἰστώσω Διονύσου, 460
 ναύμαχον εἰκοσίπηχυν δι' ὀλκάδος ἔγχος ἐλίσσω.
 ἀλλὰ, φίλοι, μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· ἀντιβίων δὲ
 μή τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ὀπιπεύων στίχα νηῶν
 Βακχιάδων· Ἴνδοὶ γὰρ ἐθήμονές εἰσι κυδοιμοῦ
 εἰναλίου, καὶ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι θαλάσση 465

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 wood-cutter'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 highhorn 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

ἢ χθονὶ δηριόωντες. ἀνικήτω δὲ σιδήρω
οὐ πολέας Σατύρους ληίσσομαι, ἀλλὰ κομάων
ἀντὶ διηκοσίων προμάχων ἓνα μῦνον ἐρύσσω
θηλυμανῆ Διόνυσον, ὁπάονα Δηριαδῆος.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀθελγέα Δηριαδῆα 470
Μορρεὺς αἰολόμητις· ἐπεφθέγγαντο δὲ λαοὶ
μῦθον ἐπαινῆσαντες· ὁμογλώσσω δ’ ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
οἴδμασι κινυμένοισιν ἰσόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἡχώ.
λῦσε δ’ ἄναξ ἀγορὴν. Βρομίῳ δ’ ἐστέλλετο κῆρυξ
πόντιον ὑσμίνην ἐνέπων πειθήμονι Βάκχῳ. 475

“Ἀμφῶ δ’ εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ἐρυκομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίην ποίησαν ἐπὶ τρία κύκλα Σελήνης,
εἰσόκε ταρχύσωσι δαϊκταμένων στίχα νεκρῶν·
ἦν δέ τις εἰρήνη μιννώριος “Ἀρεῖ γείτων,
φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσαν 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 ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ
ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἔβδομον, εἶνεκα νίκης
ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν φιλότητι μεμηλότες ἔμφρονες Ἴνδοί,
Βακχείην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες Ἐννώ,
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐταρχύσαντο θανόντας,
οἷα βίου βροτέου γαίηια δεσμὰ φυγόντας
ψυχῆς πεμπομένης, ὅθεν ἤλυθε, κυκλάδι σειρῆ 5
νύσσαν ἐς ἀρχαίην· στρατιῇ δ' ἀμπαύετο Βάκχου.

Καὶ φιλίην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν πολέμοιο γαλήνην
πρώιος ἡμιόνους καὶ ὀμήλυδας ἄνδρας ἐπείγων
ἀζαλέην ἐκέλευσεν ἄγειν ὄρεσίτροφον ὕλην,
ὄφρα πυρὶ φλέξειεν ὀλωλότα νεκρὸν Ὀφέλτην. 10

Τῶν μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης
Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμῳ μεμελημένος ἠθάδι λόχημῃ,
μητρὸς ὄρεστιάδος δεδαημένος ἔνδια Κίρκης.
καὶ δρυτόμῳ στοιχηδὸν ἐτέμνετο δένδρα σιδήρω·
πολλὴ μὲν πτελέη τανυήκει τάμνετο χαλκῶ, 15

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

^b This description imitates the burial of Patroclus 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.^a So the army of Bacchos had rest.

⁷ 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.^b

¹¹ 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 ^c 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.

^c 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' ὑψιπέτηλος ἐπέκτυπε κοπτομένη δρυς,
καὶ πολλή τετάνυστο πίτυς, καὶ ἐκέκλιτο πεύκη
αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισι· πολυσπερέων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
τεμνομένων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι·
καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυάδων μετανάστιος ἔστιχε Νύμφη, 20
πηγαίη δ' ἀκίχητος ἀήθει μίγνυτο κούρη.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐρχομένοισιν ὀρίδρομος ἦεν ἀνὴρ,
οὔρεος οἶμον ἔχων ἑτερότροπον· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
ὑψιφανῆ προβλήτα κατήλυδα λοξὸν ὀδίτην
ποσσὶ πολυπλανέεσσιν· ἐνπλέκτοιο δὲ σειρῆς 25
πυκνὰ περισφίγξαντες ἀρηρότι δούρατα δεσμῶ
οὐρήων ἐπέθηκαν ὑπὲρ ράχιν· ἐσσυμένων δὲ
ἡμιόνων στοιχηδὸν ὀρίδρομος ἔκτυπεν ὀπλή
σπερχομένων, καὶ νῶτα πολυψαμάθοιο κονίης
συρομένων κατόπισθε φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο φόρτω. 30
καὶ Σάτυροι καὶ Πᾶνες ἐποίπνυον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὑλοτόμοις . . . παλάμησιν

ἀμοιβαίων ἀπὸ δένδρων . . .
φιτροὺς ἀκαμάτοισιν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀγοστοῖς
ποσσὶ φιλοσκάρθοισιν ἐπεκροτάλιζον ἐρίπνη·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑλονόμοι χθονὶ κάτθεσαν, ἦχι τελέσσαι 35
Εὖιος ἐν δαπέδῳ σημήνατο τύμβον Ὀφέλτη.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἦν ἑτερόπτολις· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶ
πενθαλέην πλοκαμίδα κατηφεί τάμνε σιδήρῳ·
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στενάχοντες ἐπέρρεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
νεκρὸν ἀμοιβαίησιν ὄλον σκιόωντες ἐθείραις. 40
καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε Βάκχος ἀπενθήτοιο προσώπου
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν, ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καρῆνου
πλοχμὸν ἕνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο δῶρον Ὀφέλτη.

Ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμπεδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
Ἰδαῖοι θεράποντες ὀριτρεφέος Διονύσου· 45
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ μεσάτη στόρεσαν νέκυν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶ

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.

NONNOS

Ἄστέριος Δικταῖος ἐπήγορον ἄορ ἐρύσσας
 Ἴνδους κυανέους δυοκαίδεκα χειροτομήσας
 θῆκεν ἄγων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσυτέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ·
 ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας. 50
 καὶ πολέες σφάζοντο βόες καὶ πῶεα ποιμνῆς
 πρόσθε πυρῆς· κταμένων δὲ βοῶν ἐπενήνεε νεκρῶ
 σώματα κυκλωθέντα καὶ ἀρτιτόμων στίχας ἵππων,
 ὧν ἄπο δημὸν ἅπαντα λαβὼν στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστου,
 ἀμφὶ νέκυν στορέσας, κυκλώσατο πίοια μίτρην. 55

Ἐνθα πυρὸς χρέος ἔσκε· φιλοσκοπέλοιο δὲ Κίρκης
 Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμος, Τυρσηνίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
 ὡς πάις ἀγροτέρης δεδαημένος ἔργα τεκούσης,
 πυρσοτόκους λάιγγας, ὀρειάδος ὄργανα τέχνης,
 ἤγαγεν ἐκ σκοπέλοιο, καί, ὀππόθι σήματα Νίκης 60
 ἠερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐπιστώσαντο κεραυνοί,
 λείψανα θεσπεσίου πυρὸς ἤγαγεν, ὥς κεν ἀνάφη
 πυρκαϊὴν φθιμένοιο· Διοβλήτῳ δὲ θεεῖω
 ἀμφοτέρων ἔχρισε λίθων κενεῶνας ἀλείψας
 πυρσοτόκων· καὶ λεπτὸν Ἐρυθραίοιο κορύμβου 65
 κάρφος ἀποξύσας διδυμάοι μίγνυε πέτρῳ·
 τρίβων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἄρσενι θῆλυν ἀράσων
 ἔγκρυφον αὐτολόχευτον ἀνείρουε λαΐνεον πῦρ,
 πυρκαϊῆ δ' ὑπέθηκεν, ὅπη πέλεν ἀγριας ὕλη.

Οὐ δὲ πυρὴν φθιμένοιο

περιδέδρομεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ, 70
 ἀλλὰ θεὸς Φαέθοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τανύσας
 ἀγχιφανῆς ἐκάλεσεν Ἐώιον Εὐρον ἀήτην,
 πυρκαϊῆς ἐπίκουρον ἄγειν ἀντίπνοον αὐρην.
 καὶ Βρομίου καλέοντος Ἐωσφόρος ἔκλυε γείτων

^a Nonnos 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").

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.

⁵⁶ 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 firebreeding 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,^a and applied it to the pyre where the wood from the forest lay.

⁷⁰ But the fire kindled would not run round the dead man's pyre; so the god came near, and fixing his eye on Phaëthon,^b 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

^b Looking straight at the sun, which apparently was just rising or risen.

NONNOS

ἰκεσίης, καὶ γνωτὸν εὖν προέηκε Λυαίῳ, 75
 ἄσθηματι πυκνοτέρῳ φλογοειδέα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτειν.

Καὶ θάλαμον ῥοδόεντα λιπὼν μητρῷον Ἴου
 πυρκαϊῆν φλογόεσσαν ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
 πάννηχος, αἰθύσσων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ·
 καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζον ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδες αὔραι, 80
 γείτονες Ἴηλίοιο. σὺν ἀχνυμένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 Ἄστέριος Δικταῖος, ὁμόγνιον αἶμα κομίζων,
 Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἔχων δέπας ἠδέος οἴνου
 εὐόδμου, δαπέδοιο χυτὴν ἐμέθυσε κονίην,
 ψυχὴν ἠνεμόφοιτον Ἄρεστορίδαο γεραίρων. 85

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ δροσεροῖο προάγγελος ἄρματος Ἴου
 ὄρθρος ἐρευθίων ἀμαρύσσετο νύκτα χαράσσων,
 δὴ τότε πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
 πυρκαϊῆν ἐτάροιο κατέσβεσαν ἰκμάδι Βάκχου.
 καὶ βαλίας πτερύγεσσι ἐχάζετο θερμὸς ἀήτης 90
 εἰς δόμον Ἴηλίοιο φαεσφόρον. Ἄστέριος δὲ
 ὄστέα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακι δημῷ
 εἰς χρυσὴν φιάλην κατεθήκατο λείψανα νεκροῦ.
 καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες, ἐπεὶ λάχον ἔνδιον Ἴδης, 94
 νεκρὸν ἐταρχύσαντο, μῆς οἰκήτορα πατρὸς,
 Κρήτης γνήσιον αἶμα, βαθυνομένων δὲ θεμέθλων 95 97
 τύμβον ἐτορνώσαντο πεδοσκαφέος διὰ κόλπου·
 καὶ κόνιν ὀθνεῖην πυμάτην ἐπέχευαν Ὀφέλτη, 98
 καὶ τάφον αἰπυτέροισιν ἀνεστήσαντο δομαίοις,
 τοῖον ἐπιγράψαντες ἔπος νεοπενθεί τύμβῳ· 100
 “νεκρὸς Ἄρεστορίδης μιννώριος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
 Κνώσσιος, Ἰνδοφόνος,

Βρομίου συνάεθλος, Ὀφέλτης.”

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἐπιτύμβια δῶρα κομίζων

appeal, and sent his brother ^a to Lyaïos, to make the pyre burn up by his brisker breath.

⁷⁷ The Wind left the rosy chamber of Dawn his mother, and fanned the blazing pyre all night ^b long, stirring up the windfed leaping fire ; the wild breezes, neighbours of the sun, shot the gleams into the air. Along with sorrowing Lyaïos, 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.

⁸⁶ 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."

¹⁰³ 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.

NONNOS

αὐτόθι λαὸν ἔρυκε, καὶ ἴζανεν εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα,
 τέρμα δρόμου τελέσας ἱππήλατον· ἐν δαπέδῳ δὲ 105
 ὀργυῖης ἰσόμετρος ἔην λίθος εὐρεί μετρω,
 ἡμιτόμου κύκλοιο φέρων τύπον, εἰκόνα μήνης,
 ἀντιτύποις λαγόνεσσιν εὐξοος, οἷον ὑφαίνων
 ἐργοπόνοις παλάμησι γέρων τορνῶσατο τέκτων,
 ἔνθεον ἀσκῆσαι ποθέων βρέτας· ὄν τότε γαίῃ 110
 κουφίζων παλάμησι πέλωρ ἰδρύσατο Κύκλωψ
 νύσσης λαϊνέης ἀντίρροπον, ἴσον ἐκείνῳ
 ἀντίπορον λίθον ἄλλον ὁμόζυγον ἐν χθονὶ πῆξας.
 ποικίλα δ' ἦεν ἄεθλα, λέβης, τρίπος, ἀσπίδες, ἵπποι,
 ἄργυρος, Ἴνδὰ μέταλλα, βόες, Πακτώλιος ἰλὺς. 115

Καὶ θεὸς ἱππήεσσιν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης·
 πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο τόξον Ἀμαζονίην τε φαρέτρην
 καὶ σάκος ἡμιτέλεστον Ἀρηιφίλην τε γυναῖκα,
 τήν ποτε Θερμῶδοντος ὑπ' ὀφρύσι πεζὸς ὀδεύων
 λουομένην ζώγρησε, καὶ ἦγαγεν εἰς πόλιν Ἴνδῶν· 120
 δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκε Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὖρη,
 ξανθοφυῆ, δολιχῆσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,
 ἡμιτελὲς κνέουσιν ἔτι βρέφος, ἧς ἔτι φόρτῳ
 ἵππιον ὄγκον ἔχουσα γονῆς οἰδαίνεταιο γαστήρ·
 καὶ τριτάτῳ θώρηκα, καὶ ἀσπίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ· 125
 τὸν μὲν ἀριστοπόνοσ τεχνήσατο Λήμνιος ἄκμων
 ἀσκῆσας χρυσέῳ δαιδάλματι, τῆς δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω
 ὀμφαλὸς ἀργυρέῳ τροχόεις ποικίλλετο κόσμῳ·
 πέμπτῳ δοιὰ τάλαντα, γέρας Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης.
 ὀρθωθεῖς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατῆρας· 130

“ ὦ φίλοι, οὓς ἐδίδαξεν Ἄρης πολίπορθον Ἐννώ,
 οἷς δρόμον ἵπποσύνης δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης,
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ καμάτων ἀδαήμονας ἄνδρας ἐπείγω,
 ἀλλὰ πόνοις βριαροῖσιν ἐθήμονας· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
 παντοίαις ἀρετῆσι μεμηλότες εἰσὶ μαχηταί· 135

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.^a

¹¹⁶ The god offered prizes of victory for the chariot-eers. 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.

^a *i.e.* gold.

^b Therefore presumably by Hephaistos.

εἰ γὰρ ἀπὸ Τμῶλοιο γένος λάχε Λύδιος ἀνὴρ,
 ἵππειῆς τελέσει Πελοπηίδος ἄξια νίκης·
 εἰ δὲ πέδον Πισαῖον ἔχει μαιήιον ἵππων
 Ἥλιδος εὐδίφροιο καὶ Οἰνομάοιο πολίτης,
 οἶδεν Ὀλυμπιάδος κοτινηφόρον ὄζον ἐλαίης· 140
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Οἰνομάοιο πέλει δρόμος, οὐκ ἐλατῆρες
 ἐνθάδε κέντρον ἔχουσι κακοξείνων ὑμεναίων,
 ἀλλ' ἀρετῆς δρόμος οὗτος, ἐλεύθερος ἀφρογενείης·
 εἰ πέδον¹ Ἀουίης ἢ Φωκίδος αἶμα κομίζει,
 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι τετιμένον οἶδεν ἀγῶνα· 145
 εἰ μεθέπει σοφὸν οὔδας ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,
 ἔγνω πιαλῆς ἐγκύμονα κάλπιν ἔεργης·
 εἰ πέλεν εὐώδινος Ἀχαιίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
 Πελλήνην δεδάηκεν, ὅπη ρίγηλὸν ἀγῶνα
 ἄνδρες ἀεθλεύουσι φιλοχλαίνου περὶ νίκης, 150
 χειμερίῳ σφίγγοντες ἀθαλπέα γυῖα χιτῶνι·
 εἰ ναέτης βλάστησεν ἀλιζώνιο Κορίνθου,
 Ἴσθμιον ἡμετέροιο Παλαίμονος οἶδεν ἀγῶνα.”
 Ὡς φαμένου σπεύδοντες ἐπέτρεχον ἡγεμονῆες,
 δίφρα περιτροχόωντες ἀμοιβαδῖς· ὠκυπόδην δὲ 155
 Ἐάνθον ἀγων πρῶτιστος ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δῆσεν Ἐρεχθεὺς

¹ So MSS.: σχεδὸν Ludwich.

^a 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.* xix. 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.”^a

¹⁵⁴ 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.

ἄρσενα, καὶ θήλειαν ἐπεσφήκωσε Ποδάρκην,
 οὓς Βορέης ἔσπειρεν ἐπτερύγων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 Σιθονίην Ἄρπυιαν ἀελλόπον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,
 καὶ σφεας, Ὀρείθυιαν ὄθ' ἤρπασεν Ἀθτίδα νύμφην, 160
 ὠπάσεν ἔδνον ἔρωτος Ἐρεχθεί γαμβρὸς ἀήτης.
 δεύτερος Ἀκταίων Ἰσμηνίδα πάλλεν ἱμάσθλην·
 καὶ τρίτος ὕγρομέδοντος ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου
 Σκέλμις ἔην ταχύπωλος, ὃς ἔγραφε πολλάκις ὕδωρ
 πάτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης. 165

τέτρατος ἄνθορε Φαῦνος, ὃς εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος
 μῦνος ἔχων τύπον ἴσον ἐῆς γενέταο τεκούσης,
 Ἡελίου μίμημα φέρων τετράζυγας ἵππους·
 καὶ Σικελῶν ὀχέων ἐπεβήσατο πέμπτος Ἀχάτης,
 οἴστρον ἔχων Πισαῖον ἐλαιοκόμου ποταμοῖο, 170
 ἵπποσύνης ἀκόρητος, ἐπεὶ πέδον ὦκεε νύμφης
 Ἀλφειοῦ δυσέρωτος, ὃς εἰς Ἀρέθουσαν ἰκάνει
 ἄβροχον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγων στεφανηφόρον ὕδωρ.

Καὶ θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα λαβὼν ἀπάνευθεν ὀμίλου
 παιδὶ πατὴρ σπεύδοντι φίλους ἐπετέλλετο μύθους· 175

“ Τέκνον Ἀρισταίοιο περισσονόιο τοκῆος,
 οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι φέρεις σθένος ἄρκιον, ὅττι κομίζεις
 σύμφυτον ἠγορέη κεκερασμένον ἄνθεμον ἠβης,
 πάτριον αἶμα φέρων Φοιβήιον, ἡμέτεραι δὲ
 κρεῖσσονες αἰσσοῦσιν ἐπὶ δρόμον Ἀρκάδες ἵπποι· 180

^a Cf. ii. 688; Oreithyia was daughter of Erechtheus (or Pandion) king of Athens.

^b Theban, from the river Ismenos (properly Hismenos), near Thebes.

^c The genealogy is Helios-Circe-Faunus, cf. xxxvii. 13.

^d 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.^a

¹⁶² Second, Actaion swung his Ismenian ^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,^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.^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 Aristaios 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, *e.g.*, in Strabo vi. 2. 4. The epithet *στεφανηφόρον* 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.

ἀλλὰ μάτην τάδε πάντα,
καὶ οὐ σθένος, οὐ δρόμος ἵππων
νικῆσαι δεδάασιν, ὅσον φρένες ἥνιοχῆος·
μούνης κερδοσύνης ἐπιδεύει· ἵπποσύνη γὰρ
χρηίζει πινυτοῖο δαήμονος ἥνιοχῆος.
ἀλλὰ σὺ πατρὸς ἄκουε, καὶ ἵππια κέρδεα τέχνης, 185
ὅσσα χρόνῳ δεδάηκα πολύτροπα, καὶ σὲ διδάξω.
σπεῦδε, τέκος, γενετῆρα τεαῖς ἀρετῆσι γεραίρειν·
καὶ δρόμος ἵπποσύνης μεθέπει κλέος, ὅσον Ἐννώ·
σπεῦδε καὶ ἐν σταδίοισι

μετὰ πτολέμους με γεραίρειν·

Ἄρεα νικήσας ἑτέρην ὑποδύσειο νίκην,
ὄφρα μετ' αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἀθλοφόρον σε καλέσω. 190
ὦ τέκος, ἄξια ῥέξον ὁμογενῆτι Διονύσῳ,
ἄξια καὶ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,
καὶ καμάτους νίκησον Ἄρισταίοιο τοκῆος·
ἵπποσύνην δ' ἀνάφαινε, φέρων τεχνήμονα νίκην, 195
κερδαλέην σέο μῆτιν, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μέσσον ἀγῶνος
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπόσσυτον ἄρμα παρέλκων
πλάζεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,

καὶ ἀντιπόρων δρόμος ἵππων
ἄστατος οὐ μᾶστιγι βιάζεται, οὐδὲ χαλινῶ
πείθεται, ἥνιοχος δὲ μετάτροπος ἔκτοθι νύσσης 200
ἔλκεται, ἦχι φέρουσιν ἀπειθέες ἄρπαγες ἵπποι·
ὅς δέ κε τεχνήεντι δόλῳ μεμελημένος εἶη
ἥνιοχος πολύμητις, ἔχων καὶ ἐλάσσονας ἵππους,
ἰθύνει, προκέλευθον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα,
ἐγγὺς αἰεὶ περὶ νύσσαν ἄγων δρόμον,

ἄρμα δὲ κάμπτει 205

ἵππεύων περὶ τέρμα καὶ οὐ ποτε τέρμα χαράσσων.
σκέπτεό μοι καὶ σφίγγε κυβερνητῆρι χαλινῶ
δοχμώσας ὄλον ἵππον ἀριστερόν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,

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.

¹⁸⁵ " 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 Aristaios. Show your horsemastery, win your event like an artist, by your own sharp wits; for without 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,^a 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.

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λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῆσι παρακλιδὸν ἄρμα βαρύνων,
 ἀγχιφανῆς ἄψαυστος ἀναγκαίῳ τινὶ μέτρῳ 210
 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνων, πεφυλαγμένος, ἄχρι φανείῃ
 πλήμνῃ ἐλισσομένου σέθεν ἄρματος οἰά περ ἄκρου
 τέρματος ἀπτομένη τροχειδέι γείτονι κύκλῳ·
 ἀλλὰ λίθον πεφύλαξο, μὴ ἄξονι νύσσαν ἀράξας
 εἰν ἐνὶ δηλήσαιο καὶ ἄρματα καὶ σέθεν ἵππους. 215
 καὶ τεὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ δρόμον ἄρμα νομεύων
 ἔσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίους· ἀμφότερον δέ,
 κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλήν,
 δεξιὸν ἵππον ἔλαυνε, θωώτερον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκων
 ἀθλιβέος μεθέποντα παρειμένα κύκλα χαλινοῦ· 220
 ἔσσο κυβερνήτῃ πανομοίους ἄρμα νομεύων
 εἰς δρόμον ἰθυκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ τεχνήμονι βουλή
 πηδάλιον δίφροιο πέλει νόος ἠνιοχῆος.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐχάζετο, παῖδα διδάξας
 ἠθάδος ἵπποσύνης ἑτερότροπα κέρδεα τέχνης. 225

Καὶ κυνέης ἔντοσθεν ἐθήμονος ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ
 τυφλὴν χεῖρα τίταινε φυλασσομένοιο προσώπου,
 κλήρον ἔχειν ἐθέλων ἑτερότροπον, οἰά τις ἀνὴρ
 εἰς κύβον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐκηβόλα δάκτυλα πάλλων.
 καὶ λάχον ἠνιοχῆης ἀμοιβαδῖς· ἵππομανῆς δέ 230
 Φαῦνος ἀειδομένης Φαεθοντίδος αἶμα γενέθλης
 κλήρῳ πρῶτος ἦεν, καὶ δεύτερος ἦεν Ἀχάτης,
 τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Δαμναμενῆος ἀδελφεός,

ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ αὐτῷ
 ἔλλαχεν Ἀκταίων· ὁ δὲ φέρτατος εἰς δρόμον ἔστη
 ὑστατίου κλήροιο τυχὼν πλήξιππος Ἐρεχθεύς. 235

Καὶ βοέας μάλιστα ἐκούφισαν ἠνιοχῆες,
 ἰστάμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ δίφρων.
 καὶ σκοπὸς Αἰακὸς ἦεν ἐτήτυμος, ὄφρα νοήσας
 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,^a 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. Horseman Phaunos, offspring of the famous blood of Phaëthon, was first by lot, and Achates was second, next came the brother of Damnamenes,^b 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 ἀληθείης ἑτερόθροα νείκεα λύση, 240
 ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσι διακρίνων δρόμον ἵππων.

Τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος· ἐσσυμένων δὲ
 ὃς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὃ δὲ προθέοντα κιχήσαι
 ἤθελεν, ὃς δ' ἐδίωκε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δὲ χαράξαι
 ἀγχιφανῆς μενέαιεν ὀπίστερον ἠνιοχῆα. 245

καί τις ἐνὶ σταδίοις ἐλατῆρ ἐλατῆρα κιχήσας
 ἄρματι δίφρον ἔμιξε, καὶ ἠνία χερσὶ τινάσσω
 ἵππους ἀγκυλόδοντι διεπτοίησε χαλινῶ·

ἄλλος ἐπαῖσσοντι συνέμπορος ἠνιοχῆι
 εἰς ἔριν ἀμφήριστον ἰσόρροπον εἶχε πορείην, 250

δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, τετανυσμένος, ὀρθὸς ἀνάγκη,
 ἰξυὶ καμπτομένη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων,
 φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἰμάσσω,
 ἐντροπαλιζομένης δοχμῶσατο κύκλον ὀπωπῆς·
 δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρου πεφυλαγμένος ἠνιοχῆος· 255

καὶ νύ κεν αἰσσοῦντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
 εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὄνυξ ὠλίσθανεν ἵππων,
 εἰ μὴ ἔτι σπεύδουσαν ἔην ἀνέκοψεν ἔρωῆν
 ἠνίοχος, κατόπισθεν ἐπήλυδα δίφρον ἐρύκων.

καὶ τις ἔχων προκέλευθος ὀπίστερον ἠνιοχῆα 260
 ἀντίτυπον δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
 ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείων ἐλατῆρα
 ἀγχιφανῆ. καὶ Σκέλμις, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,
 εἰναλίην μᾶστιγα Ποσειδάωνος ἐλίσσω

πάτριον ἠνιόχευε θαλασσονόμων γένος ἵππων· 265
 οὐδὲ τόσον πεπότῃτο τανύπτερος ἠέρα τέμνων
 Πήγασος ὑψιπότητος, ὅσον βυθίων πόδες ἵππων
 χερσαίην ἀκίχητον ἐποιήσαντο πορείην.

Λαοὶ δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες, ἐν ὑψιλόφῳ τινὶ χώρῳ
 ἐζόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγῶνος, 270
 τηλόθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἐπειγομένων δρόμον ἵππων·

eyes how the horses ran. He was the witness of truth, to settle quarrels and differences.

²⁴² 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.

²⁶⁹ The people collected together sat in rows on a high hill, to see the race, and watched from

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ὦν ὁ μὲν εἰστήκει πεφοβημένος, ὃς δὲ τινάσσω
 δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔσειεν ἐπισπέρχων ἔλατῆρα,
 ἄλλος ἀμιλλητῆρι πόθῳ δεδονημένος ἵππων
 ἵππομανῆ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόδρομον ἠνιοχῆος· 275
 καὶ τις ἐοῦ προκέλευθον ἰδὼν δρόμον ἠνιοχῆος
 χερσὶν ἐπεπλατάγησε καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ
 θαρσύνων, γελῶν, τρομέων, ἔλατῆρι κελεύων.
 Ἄρματα δ' εὐποίητα θούτερα θυιάδος ἄρκτου
 ἄλλοτε μὲν πεπότῃτο μετάρσια, πῆ δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ 280
 ἀκροφανῆ πεφόρητο μόγις ψαύοντα κονίης·
 καὶ ταχινῶ ψαμαθῶδες ἔδος τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ
 ἄρματος ἰθυπόροιο κατέγραφεν ὄλκός ἀλήτης·
 συμφερτῇ δ' ἔρις ἦεν· ἐχειρομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
 στήθεσιν ἵππειοῖσιν ἀνηώρητο κονίη, 285
 χαίται δ' ἠερίησιν ἐπερρώοντο θυέλλαις·
 ὄτρηροὶ δ' ἔλατῆρες ὁμογλώσσω ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 ὀξυτέρην μάστιγος ἀπερροΐβδησαν ἰωήν.
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον,
 ὀξὺς ὀρούσας
 Σκέλμις ἦν πρῶτιστος ἀλίδρομον ἄρμα τιταίνων· 290
 καὶ οἱ ὀμαρτήσας ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππον Ἐρεχθεὺς
 ἀγχιφανῆς, καὶ δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρον τάχα φαίης
 εἰναλίου Τελχίνος ἰδεῖν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων·
 καὶ γὰρ ἀερσιπότῃτος Ἐρεχθέος ἵππος ἀγῆνωρ
 διχθαδίῳ μυκτῆρι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων 295
 ἄλλοτρίου θέρμαινε μετάφρενον ἠνιοχῆος,
 καὶ νῦ κεν αὐχενίων ἐδράξατο χερσὶ κομάων,
 ἐντροπαλιζομένοις βλεφάροις ἔλατῆρα δοκεύων,
 καὶ νῦ κε σειομένων τροχαλῇ στροφάλιγγι γενείων 299
 ἀφριῶν στατὸς ἵππος ἀπέπτυνεν ἄκρα χαλινού, 303
 ἀλλὰ παρατρέψας ἀνεσείρασε δίφρον Ἐρεχθεὺς, 300
 ἠγία δ' εὐποίητα κατέσπασεν ἄρπαγι παλμῶ, 301

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, clapt his hands and shouted in melancholy tones, cheering on, laughing, trembling, warning the driver.

²⁷⁹ The fine chariots, faster than the furious Bear,^a 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 crackling 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

^a Moving faster than Ursa Maior, otherwise the Waggon (*ἄμαξα*), travels around the pole.

ἀγχιφανῆ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐπισφίγγων γέννυ ἵππων· 302
καὶ πάλιν ἐγγὺς ἔλασσε φυγῶν ἀχάλινον ἀνάγκην. 304
καὶ μιν εὐῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἐπαῖσσοντα δοκεύων 305

Σκέλμις ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰωήν·

“ Λῆγε θαλασσαίοισι μάτην ἵπποισιν ἐρίζων·
ἄλλον ἐμοῦ γενέταο Πέλοψ ποτὲ δίφρον ἐλαύνων
Οἰνομάου νίκησεν ἀνικῆτων δρόμον ἵππων.
ἵπποσύνης μὲν ἔγωγε κυβερνητήρα καλέσσω 310
ἵππιον ὑδρομέδοντα· σὺ δέ, πλήξιππε, τιταίνεις
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐς ἰστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην.
οὐ δὲ τεῆς ὀλίγης μορίης χρέος, ἀλλὰ κομίζω
ἀμπελόεν στέφος ἄλλο καὶ οὐκ ἐλάχειαν ἐλαίην.”

“Ὡς φαμένου

ταχύβουλος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ἐρεχθεύς, 315
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὑφαίνων
χερσὶ μὲν ἠνιόχευεν ἐὸν δρόμον, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ἵπποσύνης πολιοῦχον εἶν ἐπίκουρον Ἀθήνην
κικλήσκων ταχύμυθον ἀνήρυγεν Ἀτθίδα φωνήν·

“ Κοίρανε Κεκροπίης, ἵπποσσόε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ, 320
ὥς σὺ Ποσειδάωνα τεῶν νίκησας ἀγῶνι,
οὕτω σὸς ναέτης Μαραθῶνιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων
υἷέα νικήσειε Ποσειδάωνος Ἐρεχθεύς.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βοῶων ἐπεμάστιεν ἰσχία πώλων,
ἄρματι δ' ἄρμα πέλασεν ἰσόζυγον· ἀντιβίου δὲ 325
λαίῃ μὲν βαρύδεσμον ἐπισφίγγων γέννυ ἵππων,
σύνδρομον αὐτῶν ἐρύων βεβημένον ἄρμα χαλινῶ,
δεξιτερῇ μᾶστιζεν εὐὸς ὑψαύχενας ἵππους

^a Pelops got from Poseidon the team with which he carried off Hippodameia, Pind. *Ol.* i. 87.

^b μορία, a sacred olive, especially watched over by Zeus and Athena, Soph. *O.C.* 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^a 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^b; I'll carry off a different garland, a vine wreath and not your trumpery 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,^c 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^d; with his right hand he lashed his own

^a Apparently a good deal of fouling was tolerated in ancient racing.

ἔσσυμένους προτέρωσε· μεταστήσας δὲ κελεύθου
θῆκε παλινδίνητον ὀπίστερον ἠνιοχῆα. 330

καὶ τροχαλοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἤχῳ
υἱὰ Ποσειδάωνος ἀμοιβάδι νεΐκεε φωνῆ,
ἐντροπαλιζομένην μεθέπων γελώωσαν ὀπωπῆν·
“ Σκέλμις, ἐνικήθης·

σέο φέρτερός ἐστιν Ἐρεχθεύς,
ὅττι τεὸν Βαλίον, Ζεφυρηίδος αἷμα γενέθλης,
ἄρσενα καὶ νέον ἵππον ὄδοιπόρον ἄβροχον ἄλμης
γηραλέη νίκησεν ἐμὴ θήλεια Ποδάρκη. 335

εἰ μὲν ἀγνηορέεις Πελοπηίδος εἵνεκα τέχνης
ὑμετέρου γενετῆρος ἀλίδρομον ἄρμα γεραίρων,
Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπικλοπον ἤνυσε νίκην,
μιμηλῶ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῶ· 340

εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις γενεῆς χάριν ἐννοσιγαίου,
ἵππιον ὄν καλέεις, βυθίων ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων,
πόντιον αὐτὸν ἄνακτα, κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης,
ἄρσενα σὸν νίκησεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη.” 345

“Ὡς φάμενος Τελχίνα παρέδραμεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἔλαυνεν ὄχον τέθριππον ἰμάσσων·
Ἀκταίων δὲ τέταρτος ἐπικλοπος ἔσπετο Φαύνῳ,
πατρὸς Ἀρισταίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι μύθων
κερδαλέων· καὶ λοῖσθος ἔην Τυρσηνὸς Ἀχάτης. 350

Καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων δολίην ἐφράσσατο βουλήν·
Φαῦνον εὐοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἔτι προθέοντα κιχῆσας
ὀξυτέρῃ μᾶστιγι μεταστρέψας δρόμον ἵππων
σύνδρομος ἠνιόχευε, παρακλέπτων ἐλατῆρα,
βαῖον ὑποφθάμενος· καὶ ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πήξας 355
δίφρον ἀμιλλητῆρα κατέγραφεν ἄρματι λοξῶ,
ἵππεύου τροχόνετι διαξύων πόδας ὀλκῶ.
καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσεν ἄρμα· τινασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου

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^a 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

^a Oinomaos’s charioteer.

τρεις μὲν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πέλον πεπτηότες ἵπποι,
 ὃς μὲν ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ὃ δὲ γαστέρος, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ δειρήν, 360
 εἷς δὲ τις ὀρθὸς ἔμιμνε παρακλιδόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 ἄκρα ποδῶν ρίζωσε, καὶ ἄστατον αὐχένα σείων
 σύζυγος ἐστήριξεν ὄλον πόδα γείτονος ἵππου,
 κουφίζων ζυγόδεσμα, καὶ ὑψόσε δίφρον ἀνέλκων.
 οἱ μὲν ἔσαν προχυθέντες ἐπὶ χθονός·

αὐσταλέος δὲ 365
 ἡνίοχος κεκύλιστο παρὰ τροχόν, ἄρματι γείτων·
 θρύπτετο δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα, μαινομένου δὲ γενείου
 ὄξυτενῆς κεκόνιστο πέδω κεχαραγμένος ἀγκών.
 ἡνίοχος δ' ἀνέπαλτο θωώτερος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
 εἷς χθόνα πεπτηῶτι παρίστατο γείτοني δίφρω, 370
 αἰδομένη παλάμη τετανυσμένον ἵππον ἀνέλκων·
 καὶ βαλίη μάστιγι κατηφέα πῶλον ἰμάσσων.
 καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων πεπονημένον ἐγγύθι δίφρου
 Φαῦνον ὀπιπεύων φιλοπαίγμονα ρήξατο φωνήν·

“ Λῆγε μάτην ἀέκοντας ἐπισπέρχων σέθεν ἵππους, 375
 λῆγε μάτην· φθάμενος γὰρ ἀπαγγέλλω Διονύσω,
 Φαῦνος ὅτι προθέοντας ὄλους ἐλατῆρας ἐάσας
 νόστιμος ὀψικέλευθος ἐλεύσεται ἄρματα σύρων·
 φεῖδμο σῆς μάστιγος, ἐπεὶ ταμεισίχροϊ κέντρῳ
 σῶν ὀρόων ὤκτειρα δέμας κεχαραγμένον ἵππων.” 380

Ἐννεπεν ἀστήρικτον ὄχον προκέλευθον ἐλαύνων
 ὠκυτέρῃ μάστιγι· καὶ ἄχνητο Φαῦνος ἀκούων.
 καὶ μόγις ἐν δαπέδῳ λασίης δεδραγμένος οὐρῆς
 κεκλιμένων ὠρθωσε δέμας κεκονιμένον ἵππων,
 καὶ τινα λυομένοιο παραῖξαντα λεπάδνου 385
 πῶλον ἄγων παλίνορσον ἐπεσφήκωσε χαλινῶ·
 στήσας δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρεσσυμένων πόδας ἵππων
 ἄρματος ὑψὶ βέβηκε, καὶ ἵχνιον ἄρματι πήξας
 φρικαλέῃ μάστιξε τὸ δεύτερον ἵππον ἰμάσθλη·

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 ἤλασε Φαῦνος ἐπισπέρχων δρόμον ἵππων, 390
 ὠκύτερον δ' ἐδίωκε παροίτερον ἠνιοχῆα·
 καὶ φθαμένους ἐκίχησεν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔμβαλεν ἵπποις
 ἵππιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐὼν θρασὺν νῆα γεραίρων·
 στενωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἰδὼν παρὰ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
 ἔμφρονα μῆτιν ὕφαινε δολοπλόκον, ὄφρα κιχήσας 395
 ἄρματι τεχνήεντι παραΐξειεν Ἀχάτην.
 ῥωγμὸς ἔην βαθύκολπος, ὃν ἐξέρρηξε κελεύθου
 χειμερὶν μάστιγι Διὸς μετανάστιον ὕδωρ
 ἠερόθεν προχέοντος· ἐεργομένω δὲ ρεέθρω
 ὄμβρου γειοτόμοιο ῥάχισ κοιλαίνεται γαίης, 400
 ἦχι μολῶν ἀέκων ἀνεσεύρασε δίφρον Ἀχάτης,
 φεύγων ἀγκικέλευθον ἐπηλυσίην ἐλατῆρος·
 καὶ οἱ ἐπεσσυμένω τρομερὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
 “ Εἰσέτι, νῆπιε Φαῦνε, τεοὶ ῥυπόωσι χιτῶνες,
 εἰσέτι σῶν ὀχέων ψαμαθῶδεές εἰσι κορῶναι, 405
 οὐ πω σῶν ἐτίναξας ἀκοσμήτων κόνιν ἵππων·
 λύματα σεῖο κάθαιρε· τί σοι τόσον ἵππον ἐλαύνειν;
 μὴ σε πάλιν πίπτοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα νοήσω.
 τὸν¹ θρασὺν Ἀκταίωνα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε κιχήσας
 ταυρεῖη σέο νῶτον ὑποστίξειεν ἰμάσθλη, 410
 μὴ σε πάλιν προκάρηνον ἀκοντίζειε κονίη.
 εἰσέτι σῆς μεθέπεις κεχαραγμένα κύκλα παρειῆς·
 Φαῦνε, τί μαργαίνεις, ξυνήονα μῶμον ἀνάπτων
 πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι καὶ Ἡελίῳ σέο πάππῳ;
 ἄζεό μοι Σατύρων φιλοκέρτομον ἀνθереῶνα. 415
 Σειληνοὺς πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀμφιπόλους Διονύσου,
 μὴ σοι ἐπεγγελάσωσι καὶ αὖσταλέω σέο δίφρῳ.
 πῆ θρόνα; πῆ βοτάναι;
 πῆ φάρμακα ποικίλα Κίρκης;
 πάντα σε, πάντα λέλοιπεν,
 ὅτ' εἰς δρόμον ἦλθες ἀγῶνος.

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

¹ τὸν H. J. Rose, σὸν mss. and edd.

τίς κεν ἀπαγγείλειεν ἀγήγορι σείο τεκούση 420
καὶ σέο κύμβαχον ἄρμα καὶ αὐχμύουσαν ἱμάσθλην;”

Τοῖον ἀπερροΐβδησεν ἀγήγορα μῦθον Ἀχάτης,
κερτομένων· Νέμεσις δὲ τόσην ἐγράψατο φωνήν.
καὶ σχεδὸν ἤλυθε Φαῦνος ὀμήλυδα δίφρον ἐλαύνων·
ἄρματι δ' ἄρμα πέλασσε, καὶ ἄξονι γόμφον ἀράσσω 425
μεσσοπαγῇ συνέαξε βαλὼν τροχοειδέϊ κύκλω·
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ,
ἄρμασιν Οἰνομάοιο πανεΐκελος, ὀππότε κηροῦ
θαλπομένου Φαέθοντι λυθεὶς ἀπατήλιος ἄξων
ἵπποσύνην ἀνέκοπτε μεμνηνόςτος ἠνιοχῆος. 430

στενωπὴν δὲ κέλευθον ἔχων ἀνέμιμνεν Ἀχάτης,
εἰσόκε τετραπόρων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἡμενος ἵππων
ὠκυτέρῃ μᾶστιγι παρήλυθε Φαῦνος Ἀχάτην,
οἶά περ οὐκ αἰών· καὶ ἐκούφισε μᾶλλον ἱμάσθλην,
μαστίζων ἀκίχητος ἐπειγομένων λόφον ἵππων· 435
καὶ πέλεν Ἀκταίωνος ὀπίστερος, ὄσσα θορόντος
δίσκου πεμπομένοιο πέλει δολιχόσκιος ὄρμη,
ὄν βριαρῇ παλάμη δονέων αἰζήσος ἰάλλει.

Λαοῖς δ' ἔμπεσε λύσσα·

καὶ ἤρισαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω,
συνθεσίας τεύχοντες ἀτεκμάρτου περὶ νίκης 440
ἔσσομένης· τὰ δὲ δῶρα θυελλοπόδων χάριν ἵππων
ἢ τρίπος ἢ ἐλέβης ἢ φάσγανον ἢ ἐβοεΐη·
καὶ ναέτης ναετήρι, φίλος δ' ἐρίδαιεν ἐταίρω,
γηραλέος δὲ γέροντι, νέω νέος, ἀνέρι δ' ἀνῆρ.
ἦν δ' ἔρις ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερόθροος, ὃς μὲν Ἀχάτην 445
κυδαίνων, ἕτερος δὲ χερεΐονα Φαῦνον ἐλέγχων
ἐν χθονὶ πεπτηῶτα κυλινδομένων ἀπὸ δίφρων,
ἄλλος ἐριδμαίνων, ὅτι δεύτερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεὺς
εἰναλίου Τελχίνος ὀπίστερος ἠνιοχῆος·

ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριζον, ὅτι φθαμένων δρόμον ἵππων 450

will tell your proud mother the tale of a tumbling chariot and a filthy whip ? ”

⁴²² 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.

⁴³⁹ 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

NONNOS

ἀγχιφανῆς νίκησε πολύτροπος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
Σκέλμιν ἔτι προθέοντα παραΐξας ἐλατῆρα.

Οὐ πω νεῖκος ἔληγε,

καὶ ἔφθασεν ἐγγὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
ἵππους ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατωμαδὸν αἰὲν ἰμάσσων·
καὶ πολὺς ἰππείοιο δι' αὐχένος ἔρρεεν ἰδρῶς 455
καὶ λασίου στέρνοιο, καθ' ἠνιόχοιο δὲ πυκναὶ
αὐχμηραὶ ραθάμιγγες ἐπερρώοντο κονίης·

ἄρματα δ' ἀγχιπόροισιν ἐπέτρεχεν ἵχνεσιν ἵππων
ἀλλομένη στροφάλιγγι· καὶ οὐ τροχόεντι σιδήρω
λεπταλέης ἀτίνακτα τινάσσετο νῶτα κονίης. 460

αὐτὰρ ὁ πωτήεντα μετὰ δρόμον ὑψόθι δίφρον
εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν ἀγῶνος· ἐῶ δ' ἔσμηξε χιτῶνι
μυδαλέων ἰδρῶτα διαστάζοντα μετώπων·
καὶ ταχὺς ἐκ δίφροιο κατήιε· μηκεδανὴν δὲ 465
εἰς ζυγὸν εὐποίητον ἔην ἔκκλινεν ἰμάσθλην·

ἵππους δ' Ἀμφιδάμας θεράπων λύεν· ὠκύτερος δὲ
τερπομένη παλάμη πρωτάγρια κούφισε νίκης,
ιοδόκην καὶ τόξα καὶ εὐπήληκα γυναῖκα,
πάλλων ἠμιτόμοιο μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοείης.

Τῶ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθε θαλασσαιῶν ἐπὶ δίφρων 470
Σκέλμιν, ἐπισπέρχων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
κύκλος ὅσον τροχόεις ἀπολείπεται ὠκέος ἵππου,
τοῦ μὲν ἐπαῖσσοντος ἐπισσώτρων μόγις ἄκραι
ἐκταδίης ψαύουσιν ἐλισσομένης τρίχες οὐρῆς·
δεύτερα δ' εἶλεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ὠρεγε Δαμναμενηῖ 475
ἔγκυον ἵππον ἔχειν, ζηλήμονι χειρὶ τιταίνων.

Καὶ τρίτος Ἀκταίων ἀνεκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
χρυσοφαῆ θώρηκα, παναίολον ἔργον Ὀλύμπου.

Τῶ δ' ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἴκανε·

καὶ αὐτόθι δίφρον ἐρύσσας
ὀμφαλὸν ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀνηέρταζε βοείης, 480

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 splatterings 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 Damnamenes, offering her with jealous hand.

⁴⁷⁷ Third Actaion 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

αὐχμηρῆς μεθέπων ἔτι λείψανα κείνα κονίης.

Καὶ Σικελὸς θεράπων βραδυδινέος ἐγγύθι δίφρου
χρυσοῦ δισσὰ τάλαντα κατηφέι δεῖξεν Ἀχάτη,
οἰκτρὸν ἀγνηορέοντι φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης χαλεπῆς ἔστησεν ἀγῶνα· 485

πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο ταῦρον ἀπ' Ἰνδῶοιο βοαύλου
δῶρον ἄγειν, ἐτέρῳ δὲ μελαρρίνων κτέρας Ἰνδῶν
βάρβαρον αἰολόνωτον ἔλων κατέθηκε βοεῖην.

ὀρθωθεῖς δ' ἀγόρευεν ἀθλητῆρας ἐπείγων,
εὐπαλάμου δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνειν περὶ νίκης· 490

“ Πυγμῆς οὗτος ἄεθλος ἀτειρέος· ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι δασύτριχα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι πολύπτυχον ἀσπίδα δώσω.”

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο

σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς,

ἠθάδι πυγμαχίῃ μεμελημένος· εὐκεράου δὲ 495
ἀψάμενος ταύροιο τόσην ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“ Ἐλθέτω, ὃς ποθέει σάκος αἰόλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔάσω
ἄλλῳ πίονα ταῦρον, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρας ἀείρω.”

Ὡς φαμένου ζύμπαντας ἐπεσφρήγισσε σιωπῇ·
Εὐρυμέδων δέ οἱ οἶος ἀνίστατο, τῷ πόρεν Ἑρμῆς 500

ὄργανα πυγμαχίης γυιαλκέος, ὃς πάρος αἰεὶ
πατρώῳ μεμέλητο παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι,
Ἐφαισθηιάδης, σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.

τὸν μὲν ἐριπτοίητος¹ ἀδελφεὸς ἄμφεπεν Ἄλκων,
ζῶμα δὲ οἱ παρέθηκε, καὶ ἤρμοσεν ἰξυί μίτρην, 505
καὶ δολιχαῖς παλάμησι κασιγνήτοιο συνάπτων

¹ So mss. : ἐριπτοίητον Ludwich.

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 ^a and fitted the girdle to his loins, coiled the

^a There is no need to alter the text to *περίθηκε*, as L. suggests: the word imitates Homer, *Il.* xxiii. 683, *παρακάββαλεν*.

NONNOS

ἀζαλέων ἔσφιγξε περίπλοκον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων.
καὶ πρόμος εἰς μέσον ἦλθεν,

ἑοῦ προβλήτα προσώπου
λαιὴν χεῖρα φέρων, σάκος ἔμφυτον· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
ποιητῆς παλάμης ταμεσίχροες ἦσαν ἱμάντες. 510
αἰεὶ δ' ἀντιπάλιο φυλάσσετο δύσμαχον ὄρμῆν,
μή ποτέ μιν πλήξειε κατ' ὄφρυός ἢ μετώπου,
ἢ μιν αἰμάξειε, τετυμμένον ἄρθρον ἀμύξας,
ἢ διατμήξειε, κατὰ κροτάφοιο τυχήσας,
εἰς μέσον ἐγκεφάλιοιο νοήμονος ἄκρον ἀράξας, 515
ἢ παλάμην τρηχεῖαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι τιταίνων
ὄμματα γυμνώσειε λιπογλήνοιο προσώπου,
ἢ δαφοινῆεντος ἀρασσομένοιο γενείου
ὄξυτέρων ἐλάσειε πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων.

Ἐνθα μὲν Εὐρυμέδοντος ἐπεσσυμένοιο Μελισσεὺς 520
στήθεος ἄκρον ἔλασεν· ὁ δὲ σχεδὸν ἄντα προσώπου
χεῖρα μάτην ἐτίταινε, καὶ ἡμβροτεν ἡέρα τύπτων·
καὶ μιν αἰεὶ τρομέων περιδέδρομε, κόλπον ἀμείβων,
δεξιτερὴν γυμνοῖο κάτω μαζοῖο τιταίνων.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς ἓν ἵκανον ἐπήλυδες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω 525
ἵχνεσι φειδομένοισι ποδὸς πόδα τυτθὸν ἀμείβων·
χερσὶ δὲ χεῖρας ἔμιξαν· ἐπασσυτέρησι δὲ ρίπαῖς
φρικτὸς ὁμοπλεκέων ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἱμάντων
ἀκροτάτην περὶ χεῖρα· χαρασσομένης δὲ παρειῆς
αἰμαλέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθησαν ἱμάντες· 530
καὶ γενύων πέλε δοῦπος· ἐπὶ θρωσμῶ δὲ προσώπου
εὐρυτέρου γεγαῶτος ἐκυμαίνοντο παρειαί,
ὄφθαλμοὶ δ' ἐκάτερθεν ἐκοιλαινόντο προσώπου.

Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔκαμνε Μελισσέος ἴδμονι τέχνην,
ἄσχετον ἡελίοιο μένων ἀντώπιον αἴγλην, 535
ὄμμα καταναγάζοντος· ἐπαῖξας δὲ Μελισσεὺς

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.^a

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.

ὄξυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἵχνος αἰείρων
 ἄφνω γναθμὸν ἔτυψεν ὑπ' οὔατος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμωνων
 ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐρείσατο νῶτα κονίη,
 θυμολιπῆς μεθύοντι πανεῖκελος· εἶχε δὲ κόρσην 540
 κεκλιμένην ἐτέρωσε, καὶ αἵματος ἔπτυνεν ἄχνην
 λεπτὰ παχνομένοιο· λαβὼν δὲ μιν ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος
 στυγνὸς ὑπὲρ νώτοιο μετήγαγε σύγγονος Ἄλκων
 πληγῇ ἀμερσινώω βεβαρημένον· ἐσσύμενος δὲ
 Ἰνδῶν περιμέτρον ἀνηέρταζε βοεῖην. 545

Καὶ διδύμους Διόνυσος ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
 ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροισι πάλης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα·
 καὶ τρίπος εἰκοσίμετρος ἀέθλιον ἵστατο νίκης
 πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῆρι· τίθει δ' εἰς μέσσον αἰείρας
 ἀνθεμόεντα λέβητα χερεῖονι φωτὶ φυλάσσων. 550
 ὀρθωθεῖς δ' ἰάχησε πάλιν σημάντορι φωνῇ·

“ Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ τοῦτον ἐγείρατε καλὸν ἀγῶνα.”

Ἐννεπε· κεκλομένου δὲ φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου
 πρώτος Ἀρισταῖος, μετέπειτα δὲ δεύτερος ἔστη
 Αἰακὸς εὐπαλάμοιο πάλης δεδαημένος ἔργα. 555
 ζώματι δὲ σκεπώοντες ἀθηήτου φύσιν αἰδοῦς
 γυμνοὶ ἀεθλεύοντες ἐφέστασαν· ἀμφοτέροι δὲ
 πρώτα μὲν ἀμφοτέρας παλάμας ἐπὶ δίζυγι καρπῷ
 σύμπλεκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, χυτῆς ἐπὶ νῶτα κονίης
 ἀλλήλους ἐρύοντες ἀμοιβαδῖς, ἄμματι χειρῶν 560
 ἀκροτάτῳ σφίγξαντες· ἔην δ' ἀμφίδρομος ἀνὴρ,
 ἄνδρα παλινδίνητον ἄγων ἐτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
 ἔλκων ἐλκόμενός τε· συνοχμάζοντο γὰρ ἄμφω
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίησιν, ἐκυρτώσαντο δὲ δειρῆν,
 μεσσατίῳ δὲ κάρηνον ἐπηρείδοντο μετώπῳ 565
 ἀκλινέες, νεύοντες ἐπὶ χθονός· ἐκ δὲ μετώπων
 θλιβομένων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρώς·
 ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἄρα νῶτα κεκυφότα πήχεος ὀλκῷ 567

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 crown-loving 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 δεσμῶ· 572
 σμῶδιξ δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνέδραμεν αἵματι θερμῶ,
 αἰόλα πορφύρουσα· δέμας δ' ἐστίζετο φωτῶν. 575

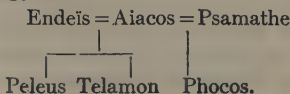
Οἱ δὲ παλαισμοσύνης ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τέχνης
 ἀλλήλοις ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαδῖς· ἀντίβιον δὲ
 πρῶτος Ἄρισταῖος παλάμης πηχύνατο καρπῶ,
 ἐκ χθονὸς ὀχλίζων· δολίης δ' οὐ λήθετο τέχνης
 Αἰακὸς αἰολόμητις, ὑποκλέπτοντι δὲ ταρσῶ 580

λαιὸν Ἄρισταῖοιο ποδὸς κώληπα πατάξας
 ὑπτιον αὐτοκύλιστον ὄλον περικάββαλε γαίῃ,
 ἠλιβάτω πρηῶνι πανείκελον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
 τηλίκον αὐχήμεντα βοώμενον νιέα Φοίβου
 ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐθηήσαντο πεσόντα. 585

δεύτερος ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον ὑψόθι γαίης
 κουφίζων ἀμογητὶ πελώριον νία Κυρήνης
 Αἰακός, ἐσσομένην ἀρετὴν τεκέεσσι φυλάσσων,
 ἀκαμάτῳ Πηλῆι καὶ εὐρυβίῃ Τελαμῶνι,
 ἀγκὰς ἔχων, οὐ νῶτον ἢ ὄρθιον αὐχένα κάμπτων, 590
 πήχεσιν ἀμφοτέροισι μεσαίτατον ἄνδρα κομίζων,
 ἴσον ἀμειβόντεσσι ἔχων τύπον, οὓς κάμε τέκτων
 πρηῦνων ἀνέμοιο θυελλήεσσαν ἀνάγκην.

καὶ πελάσας ὄλον ἄνδρα περιστρωθέντα κονίῃ
 Αἰακὸς ἀντιπάλιο μέσων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων 595
 καὶ πόδα πεπταμένης διὰ γαστέρος ἐκταδὰ πέμπων,
 καμπύλον ἀκροτάτῳ περὶ γούνατι δέσμα συνάπτων,
 ταρσῶ ταρσὸν ἔρειδε παρὰ σφυρὸν ἄκρον ἐλίξας·
 καὶ ταχὺς ἀντιβίου τετανυσμένος ὑψόθι νώτων,

^a The genealogy is :



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.

⁵⁷⁶ So they showed each against the other all the various tricks of the wrestler's art. Then first Aristaios got his arms round his adversary and heaved him bodily from the ground. But Aiacos the crafty did not forget his cunning skill; with insinuating leg he gave a kick behind the left knee of Aristaios, 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 Aiacos 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^a: 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.^b Aiacos 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.

NONNOS

χείρας ἔας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἀλλήλησιν ἐλίξας, 600
 αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε βραχίονι, δάκτυλα κάμψας· 601
 μυδαλέω δ' ἰδρῶτι χυτὴν ἔρραине κονίην, 568
 αὐχμηρῇ ψαμάθω διερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα καθαίρων, 569
 μὴ διολισθήσειε περίπλοκος ἄμματι χειρῶν 570
 θερμὴν τριβομένοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἰκμάδα πέμπων. 571

Τοῦ δὲ πιεζομένοιο συνέρρεον ὀξεί παλμῶ 602
 κεκριμένοι κήρυκες, ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος,
 μή μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῶ.
 οὐ γὰρ ἔην τότε θεσμὸς ὁμοίος, ὃν πάρος αὐτοὶ 605
 ὀψίγονοι φράσσαντο, τιταινομένων ὅτε δεσμῶν
 αὐχενίων πνικτῆρι πόνω βεβαρημένος ἀνὴρ
 νίκην ἀντιπάλου μνηστεύεται ἔμφρονι σιγῇ,
 ἀνέρα νικήσαντα κατηφεί χειρὶ πατάξας.¹

Καὶ τρίπον εἰκοσίμετρον ἐπηχύναντο λαβόντες 610
 Μυρμιδόνας, θεράποντες ἀεθλοφόρου βασιλῆος·
 Ἀκταίων δὲ λέβητα ταχίονι κούφισε ῥιπῇ,
 δεύτερα πατρὸς ἄεθλα κατηφεί χειρὶ κομίζων.

Καὶ τότε Βάκχος ἔθηκε ποδῶν ταχυτήτος ἀγῶνα·
 πρώτῳ ἀεθλητῆρι τιθεὶς κειμήλια νίκης 615
 ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα δορικτήτην τε γυναικα,
 δευτέρῳ αἰολόδειρον ἐθήκατο Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον,
 καὶ πυμάτῳ ξίφος ὄξυ σὺν εὐτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.
 ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀγόρευε, ποδώκεας ἄνδρας ἐπείγων·

“Ἀνδράσιν ὠκυπόροισιν ἀέθλια ταῦτα γενέσθω.” 620

Ὡς φασμένον

Δικταῖος ἐθήμονα γούνατα πάλλων . . .

¹ So MSS. : καθάψας Ludwich.

^a From a wrestling bout this has suddenly become a pancration, “all-in” wrestling. In true πάλη only clear

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.^a

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 Dictaion Ocythoös,^b

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.

τῷ δ' ἐπὶ ποικιλόμετις ἀνέδραμεν ὠκὺς Ἐρεχθεύς,
 Παλλάδι Νικαίῃ μεμελημένος, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
 Πρίασος ὠκυπόδης, Κυβεληίδος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης.
 τοῖσι μὲν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος· Ὠκυθοῦς δὲ 625
 πρῶτος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῷ,
 ἰθυτενῇ προκέλευθον ἔχων δρόμον· ἐσσύμενος δὲ
 δεύτερος ἀγκικέλευθος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
 γείτονος Ὠκυθόιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι βάλλων,
 καὶ κεφαλὴν θέρμαινε· φιληλακάτοιο δὲ κούρης 630
 οἶα κανῶν στέρνοιο πέλει μέσος, ὃν τιμι μέτρῳ
 παρθένος ἰστοπόνοιο τεχνήμονι χειρὶ τανύσση,
 Ὠκυθόου πέλε τόσσον ὀπίστερος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 ἴχνια τῦπτε πόδεσσι, πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφήριστος ἔην δρόμος· ἀλλὰ πορείην 635
 μιμηλὴν ἰσόμετρον ἰδὼν ἐπιταίνεται ταρσῷ
 κουφοτέρῳ, καὶ φῶτα παρέδραμε μείζονι μέτρῳ,
 ὀππόσον ἀνέρος ἴχνος· ὅθεν τρομέων περὶ νίκης
 τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν Βορέην ἰκέτευεν Ἐρεχθεύς·

“ Γαμβρέ, τεῷ χραίσμησον Ἐρεχθεί

καὶ σέο νύμφη, 640

εἰ μεθέπεις γλυκὺν οἶστρον

ἐμῆς ἔτι παιδὸς Ἐρώτων·

δός μοι σῶν πτερύγων βάλιον δρόμον εἰς μίαν ὥρην,
 Ὠκυθοῦν ταχύγουνον ἵνα προθέοντα παρέλθω.”

Ὡς φαμένου Βορέης ἰκετήσιον ἔκλυε φωνήν,
 καὶ μιν ἐυτροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης. 645

τρεῖς μὲν ἐπερρώοντο ποδῶν ἀνεμώδεϊ παλμῷ,
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἴσα τάλαντα· καὶ ὀππόσον ὠκέϊ ταρσῷ
 Ὠκυθόου προθέοντος ὀπίστερος ἦεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
 τόσσον ἀελλήεντος Ἐρεχθέος ἔπλετο γείτων
 Πρίασος ἀνχῆεις, Φρύγιον γένος· ἐσσυμένων δὲ 650
 ὀππότε λοίσθιος ἦεν ἔτι δρόμος ἄλματι ταρσῶν,

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. Ocythoös 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 Ocythoös 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 Ocythoös, 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 Ocythoös 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:

⁶⁴⁰ " 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 Ocythoös now in front!"

⁶⁴⁴ 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 Ocythoös 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

- ᾽Ωκύθοος ταχύγουνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη,
 ἦχι βοῶν πέλεν ὄνθος ἀθέσφατος, οὓς παρὰ τύμβῳ
 Μυγδονίῃ Διόνυσος ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ·
 ἀλλὰ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς ταχυδινεὶ παλμῶ 655
- ᾽Ωκύθοος πεφόρητο μετάλμενος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ 658
 ἀντιπάλου προθέοντος ἐπήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων, 659
 εἰ τότε βαιὸς ἔην ἔτι που δρόμος, ἧ τάχα βαίνων 656
 ἢ πέλεν ἀμφήριστος ἢ ἔφθασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης. 657
- Καὶ κτέρας αἰολόνωτον
 ἐκούφισεν ὠκὺς Ἐρεχθεύς, 660
- Σιδόνιον κρητῆρα τετυγμένον· ᾽Ωκύθοος δὲ
 εἶρυσσε Θεσσαλὸν ἵππον· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἡρέμα βαίνων
 Πρίασος ἄορ ἔδεκτο σὺν ἀργυρέῳ τελαμῶνι.
 καὶ Σατύρων ἐγέλασσε χορὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῶ,
 παπταίνων Κορύβαντα χυτῆ ῥυπόωντα κονίη, 665
 ὄνθον ἀποπτύοντα κατάρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος.
- Καὶ σόλον αὐτοχόωνον ἄγων ἐπέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
 δυσκοβόλους Διόνυσος ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐπείγων·
 πρώτῳ μὲν δύο δοῦρα σὺν ἵπποκόμῳ τρυφαλείῃ
 θῆκεν ἄγων, ἐτέρῳ δὲ διαυγέα κυκλάδα μίτρην, 670
 καὶ τριτάτῳ φιάλην, καὶ νεβρίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ,
 ἦν χρυσῆ κληῖδι Διὸς περονήσατο χαλκεύς.
 ὀρθωθεὶς δ' ἀνὰ μέσσον ἐγερσινόῳ φάτο φωνῆ·
 “ Οὗτος ἀγὼν ἐπὶ δίσκον ἀεθλητῆρας ἐπείγει.”
 Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίιο
 σακέσπαλος ὦρτο Μελισσεύς, 675
- τῷ δ' ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλιμῆδης,
 καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων καὶ τέτρατος ἦλυθεν Ἀκμων·
 καὶ πίσυρες στοιχηδὸν ἐφέστασαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ.

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.

⁶⁶⁰ 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.

⁶⁶⁷ 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:

⁶⁷⁴ “ This contest calls for competitors with the weight ! ”

⁶⁷⁵ At these words of Bromios up rose shakeshield Melisseus; second after him came footlifting Hali-medes, and third, Eurymedon, and fourth, Acmon. The four stood in a row side by side. Melisseus took

καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἔλων ἔρριψε Μελισσεύς·
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἐγέλασαν ὀλίζονα φωτὸς ἐρωήν. 680
 δεύτερος Εὐρυμέδων παλάμην ἐπερείσατο δίσκῳ . . .
 καὶ σόλον εὐδίνητον ἔλων νωμήτορι καρπῷ
 βριθὺ βέλος προέηκε περίτροχον εὐλοφος Ἄκμων·
 καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομον αὔραις,
 καὶ σκοπὸν Εὐρυμέδοντος ὑπέρβαλε μείζονι μέτρῳ 685
 ὄξειη στροφάλιγγι· καὶ ὑψιπόδης Ἀλιμήδης
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζεν ἐν ἠέρι δίσκον ἀλήτην·
 καὶ σόλος ἠερίησιν ἐπερροίζησεν ἀέλλαις
 ἐκ βριαρῆς παλάμης πεφορημένος, ὡς ἀπὸ τόξου
 ἵπταται ἀσταθέεσσι βέλος δεδονημένον αὔραις 690
 ὄρθιον· ἠερόθεν δὲ πεσὼν ἐκυλίνδετο γαίῃ
 ἄλματι τηλεπόρῳ, πεφορημένος εἰσέτι παλμῷ
 χειρὸς εὐστρέπτοιο, φέρων αὐτόσσυτον ὄρμῆν,
 εἰσόκε σήματα πάντα παρέδραμεν· ἀγρόμενοι δὲ
 πάντες ἐπεσμαράγησαν ὀπιπευτῆρες ἀγῶνος, 695
 ἀλλομένου δίσκοιο τεθηπότες ἄστατον ὄρμῆν.

Καὶ δονέων δύο δοῦρα σὺν ὑψιλόφῳ τρυφαλεῖῃ
 διπλόα δῶρα κόμιζεν ἀγνηορέων Ἀλιμήδης·
 Ἄκμων δ' εἰλιπόδης χρυσαυγέα κούφισε μίτρην·
 καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων φιάλην ἀπύρωτον αἰείρας 700
 ἀμφίθετον κτέρας εἶλε· κατηφιῶν δὲ προσώπῳ
 νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωντον ἀνηέρταζε Μελισσεύς.

Καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἀέθλια θήκατο τόξου,
 εὐστοχίης ἀνάθημα· καὶ ἑπταέτηρον ἐρύσσας
 ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἐνεστήριξεν ἀγῶνι, 705
 καὶ δέπας εὐποίητον ἀέθλιον ἴστατο νίκης
 ἀνδρὶ χερειοτέρῳ πεφυλαγμένον. Εὐρύαλος δὲ
 νῆιον ὀρθώσας περιμήκετον ἴστον ἀρούρη
 στήσεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου ψαμαθώδεος, ὑψιφανῆ 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

δέσμιον ἤώρησε πελειάδα σύμπλοκον ἰστῶ, 710
 λεπταλέον δισσοῖσι μίτον περὶ ποσσὶν ἐλίξας.
 καὶ θεὸς ἀγρομένοις ἐναγώνιον ἴαχε φωνήν,
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠερόφοιτον οἰστευτῆρας ἐπείγων·

“Ὅς μὲν οἰστεύσειε πελειάδος ἄκρα τορήσας,
 ἡμίονον φερέτω πολυαλφέα, μάρτυρα νίκης· 715
 ὃς δὲ παραπλάζοιτο πελειάδος εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων,
 ὄρνιν ἐυγλώχινι λιπῶν ἀχάρακτον οἰστῶ,
 ἄκρα δὲ μηρίνθιο βαλῶν πτερόεντι βελέμνω,
 ἥσσονα τοξεύσειε καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω·
 ἀντὶ γὰρ ἡμίονου δέπας οἴσεται, ὄφρα κε Φοῖβω 720
 τοξοφόρῳ σπείσειε καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντος ἐχεκτεάνοιο Λυαίου
 εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος εἰς μέσον ἔστη . . .
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ἄγων ἀντώπιον ἰστοῦ,
 Κνώσσια τόξα φέρων τετανυσμένα κυκλάδι νευρῆ, 725
 Ἀστέριος προέηκε βέλος κλήροιο τυχῆσας,
 καὶ τύχε μηρίνθιο· δαιῖζομένης δὲ βελέμνω
 ἠερίη πεφόρητο μετάρσιος ὄρνις ἀλήμων·
 καὶ μίτος εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε.

δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
 ὄμμα φέρων ἐλικηδόν, ὑπὲρ νεφέων δὲ δοκεύων 730
 τοξευτῆρ Ὑμέναιος ἐτοιμοτάτης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠερόφοιτον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
 ὀξύτερον προέηκε, πελειάδος ἄντα τιταίνων·
 καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι' ἠέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
 ἀκροφανῆς, μέσα νῶτα παραξύων νεφελάων, 735
 συρίζων ἀνέμοισι· βέλος δ' ἴθυνεν Ἀπόλλων
 πιστὰ φέρων δυσέρωτι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
 ἵπταμένης δ' ἐτύχησε πελειάδος, ἐσσυμένης δὲ
 στήθεος ἄκρον ἔτυψε· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρῆνου
 ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα δι' ἠέρος ἔμπεσε γαίῃ· 740

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 Lyaïos. Then Hymenaios the longshot, 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

ἡμιθανῆς δὲ πέλεια περὶ πτερὰ πάλλε κονίη,
ποσὶ περισκαίρουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.

Καὶ θεὸς ἠβητῆρος ἀναθρώσκων ἐπὶ νίκη
χεῖρας ἐπεπλατάγησεν ἐπικλάγξας Ὑμεναίω·
ξυνοὶ δ' εἰν ἐνὶ πάντες, ὅσοι παρέμιμνον ἀγῶνι, 745
ἀγχινεφῆ θάμβησαν ἐκηβολίην Ὑμεναίου.

καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος εἰς παλάμησιν ἐρύσσας
ἡμίονον πόρε δῶρον ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίω·
καὶ γέρας Ἀστερίοιο δέπας κούφιζον ἑταῖροι.

Καὶ φιλίην ἐπὶ δῆριν ἀκοντιστήρας ἐπείγων 750
Ἰνδικὰ Βάκχος ἄεθλα φέρων παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι,
διχθαδίην κνημίδα καὶ Ἰνδῶης λίθον ἄλμης.

ὀρθωθεῖς δ' ἀγόρευε, δύω δ' ἐκέλευσε μαχηταῖς,
ὄφρα μόθῳ παίζοντι καὶ οὐ κτείνοντι σιδήρῳ
μιμηλὴν τελέσωσιν ἀναίμονος εἰκόνα χάρμης· 755

“ Οὗτος ἀγὼν δύο φῶτας ἀκοντιστήρας ἐγείρων
μείλιχον οἶδεν Ἄρηα καὶ εὐδιόωσαν Ἐννώ.”

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων
Ἀστέριος κεκόρυστο, καὶ Αἰακὸς εἰς μέσον ἔστη
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων, 760
οἶα λέων ἄγραυλος ἐπαΐστων τινὶ ταύρῳ

ἢ συὶ λαχνήεντι· σιδηρεῖω δὲ χιτῶνι
εἰς μέσον ἐρρώνοντο καλυψάμενοι δέμας ἄμφω
Ἄρεος αἰχμητῆρες· ὁ μὲν δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλων
Ἀστέριος, Μίνως ἔχων πατρώιον ἀλκῆν, 765

οὔτασε δεξιτεροῖο βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀμύξας·
ὃς δὲ κατ' ἀσφαραγίῳ σιδήρεον ἔγχος ἀείρων
Αἰακός, ὑψιμέδοντος ἐοῦ Διὸς ἄξια ρέζων,
νύξαι μὲν μενέαινε μεσαίτατον ἀνθερεῶνα·
ἀλλὰ ἔ Βάκχος ἔρυκε καὶ ἤρπασε φοῖνιον αἰχμῆν, 770

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 Aiacos 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. Aiacos, 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

NONNOS

αὐχένα μὴ πλήξειεν ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρω·
 ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἀνέκοψε καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ·

“ Ῥύψατε τεύχεα ταῦτα φίλην στήσαντες Ἐννώ·
 ἄρθμιος οὗτος Ἄρης, καὶ ἀνούτατοί εἰσιν ἀγῶνες.”

Ἐννεπεν· ἐγρεμόθου δὲ λαβὼν πρεσβῆια νίκης 775

Αἰακὸς αὐχῆεις χρυσέας κνημίδας αἰείρων
 δῶκεν ἕω θεράποντι· καὶ ὕστερα δῶρα κομίζων

Ἄστέριος κούφιζε δορικτήτην λίθον Ἴνδῶν.

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. Aiacos 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

Ἦχι τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλῶ
 δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεις μόρον ἠνιοχῆος.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών· λαοὶ δὲ μετήιον ἔνδια λόχμης,
 καὶ σφετέραις κλισίησιν ὀμίλεον· ἀγρονόμοι δὲ
 Πᾶνες ἐναυλίζοντο χαραδραίοισι μελάθροις,
 αὐτοπαγῆ ναίοντες ἐρημάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης
 ἔσπέριοι· Σάτυροι δὲ δεδυκότες εἰς σπέος ἄρκτου ■
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι καὶ οὐ τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
 πετραίην ἐλάχειαν ἐκοιλαίνοντο χαμεύνην,
 εἰσόκεν ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε σελασφόρος, ἀρτιφανὲς δὲ
 ἀμφοτέροις ἀνέτελλε γαληναίης φάος Ἴου̅ς,
 Ἴνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν· ἐπεὶ τότε κυκλάδι νύσση 10
 Μυγδονίου πολέμοιο καὶ Ἴνδῶοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 ἀμβολίην ἐτάνυσσεν ἔλιξ χρόνος· οὐδέ τις αὐτοῖς
 οὐ φόνος, οὐ τότε δῆρις· ἔκειτο δὲ τηλόθι χάρμης
 Βακχιάς ἐξάετηρος ἀραχνιώσα βοείη.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ἔτος ἔβδομον ἤγαγον Ὠραι, 15
 οὐράνιον τότε σῆμα προάγγελον οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
 φαίνετο, θάμβος ἄπιστον· ἐπεὶ ζόφος ἤματι μέσσω
 ἀπροϊδῆς τετάνυστο, κελαινιόωντι δὲ πέπλω

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.^a

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,

^a From Bacchylides, frag. 3 (Jebb), 6-7. Nonnos means there was perfect peace.

NONNOS

κρυπτόμενον Φαέθοντα μεσημβρίας εἶχεν ὀμίχλη,
 κλεπτομένης δ' ἀκτίνος ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι. 20
 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατήριπε πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
 ἄρματος οὐρανίῳ κατάρρυτος· ἄκρα δὲ γαίης
 μυρίος ἔκλυσεν ὄμβρος, ἐκυμαίνοντο δὲ πέτραι
 ἠερίαις λιβάδεσσιν, ἕως μόγις ὑψόθι δίφρου
 ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε πάλιν πυρόεις Ὑπερίων. 25

Βάκχῳ δ' ἀσχαλῶντι δι' ἠέρος αἴσιος ἔπτη
 αἰετὸς ὑψικέλευθος, ὄφιν κερόοντα κομίζων
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν· ὁ δὲ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτων
 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν Ὑδάσπη.
 καὶ τρομερὴ νῆριθμον ὄλον στρατὸν εἶχε σιωπή. 30
 Ἴδμων δ' αἰολόμητις, ἐπεὶ μάθην ὄργια Μούσης
 Οὐρανίης εὐκυκλον ἐπισταμένης ἴτυν ἄστρον,
 ἄτρομος ἴστατο μῦνος, ἐπεὶ μάθην ἴδμονι τέχνη
 συμπλεκέος Φαέθοντι κατάσκια κύκλα Σελήνης,
 καὶ φλόγα πορφύρουσαν ὑπὸ ζοφοειδέι κώνῳ 35
 κλεπτομένου Φαέθοντος ἀθηήτοιο πορείης,
 καὶ πάταγον βρονταῖον ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων,
 αἰθέριον μύκημα, καὶ ἀστράπτοντα κομήτην,
 καὶ δοκίδων ἀκτῖνα, καὶ ἔμπυρον ἄλμα κερανοῦ.
 τοῖα παρ' Οὐρανίης δεδαημένος ἔργα θεαίνης 40
 ἴστατο θαρσῆεσσιν ἔχων φρένα· γυῖα δ' ἐκάστου
 λύετο· μαντιπόλος δὲ γέρων γελῶντι προσώπῳ
 Ἴδμων ἐμπεδόμυθον ἔχων ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι πειθῶ
 λαὸν ὄλον θάρσυνεν, ὅτι χρονίῳ κυδοιμοῦ
 ἐσσομένην μετὰ βαιὸν ἐπίστατο γείτονα νίκην. 45

Καὶ Φρύγιον πολυίδριν ἀνεῖρετο μάντιν Ἐρεχθεύς,

^a 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 ^a; 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.

²⁶ 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 ^b 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, ^c 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."

⁴⁶ Erechtheus also inquired of the accomplit Phry-

^b Idmon means learned.

^c *δοκίς*, a small beam of wood, was used for a long narrow meteor.

NONNOS

σύμβολα παπταίνων ὑπάτου Διός, εἰ πέλε χάρμης
 αἴσια δυσμενέεσσιν ἢ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
 οὐτόσον ὑσμίνης ποθέων τέλος, ὅσσον ἀκοῦσαι
 μυστιπόλοις ὄαροισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου, 50
 καὶ στίχας ἀστραίων ἐλίκων καὶ κυκλάδα μήνην,
 καὶ δύσιν ἡματίην Φαεθοντίδος ἄμμορον αἴγλης
 κλεπτομένης. αἰεὶ δὲ θεωρρήτων περὶ μύθων
 Ἄτθίδος ἀρχαίης φιλοπευθέες εἰσὶ πολῖται.

Οὐδὲ γέρων ἀμέλησε θεοπρόπος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίου 55
 σείων Εὐΐα θύρσα καὶ οὐ Πανοπηίδα δάφνην
 τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·

“ Εἰσαΐειν ἐθέλεις φρενοθελγέα μῦθον, Ἐρεχθεῦ,
 ὃν μοῦνοι δεδάασι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου;
 λέξω δ’, ὡς με δίδαξεν ἐμὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων. 60
 μὴ στεροπὴν τρομέοις, μὴ δείδιθι πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,
 μὴ δρόμον Ἡελίου ζοφοειδέα, μηδὲ Λυαίου
 νίκης ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελον ὄρνιν Ὀλύμπου·
 ὡς ὁ γε θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένος αἰχμαῖς,
 ἄρπαγος οἰωνοῖο πεπαρμένος ὀξεί ταρσῶ, 65
 εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο δράκων ὤλισθε κεράσσης,
 καὶ νέκυν ἐρπηστήηρα γέρων ἔκρυψεν Ἰδάσσης,
 οὕτω Δηριάδην πατρώιον οἶδμα καλύψει
 εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα βοοκραίρω γενετῆρι.”

Τοῖα γέρων ἀγόρευε θεηγόρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ 70
 μαντιπόλῳ γήθησεν ὅλος στρατός· ἔξοχι δ’ ἄλλων
 θαύματι χάρμα κέρασσε ἀμήτορος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
 τοῖος ἐὼν γλυκερῆσιν ἐπ’ ἐλπίσιν, ὡς ἐνὶ μέσσω
 κωμάζων Μαραθῶνι μετ’ Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος.

Καὶ τότε μουνωθέντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ 75

^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 Lyaïos'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 *ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ?*

^b Delphian: Panopeus was near Delphi.

σύγγονος οὐρανόθεν Διὸς ἄγγελος ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παρηγορέων ἐπὶ νίκη·

“Μὴ τρομέοις τόδε σῆμα,

καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἡματιή νύξ·

τοῦτό σοι, ἄτρομε Βάκχε, πατὴρ ἀνέφηνε Κρονίων
νίκης Ἰνδοφόνοιο προάγγελον· ἡελίῳ γὰρ 80

δεύτερον ἀστράπτουσι φεραυγέα Βάκχον εἴσκω,
καὶ θρασὺν ὀρφναίῃ μελανόχροον Ἰνδὸν ὀμίχλη·
αἰθέρι γὰρ τύπος οὗτος ὁμοίος· εὐφαέος δὲ
ὡς ζόφος ἡμάλδυνε καλυπτομένης φάος ἡοῦς,
καὶ πάλιν ἀντέλλων πυριφεγγέος ὑψόθι δίφρου 85

Ἡέλιος ζοφέεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζεν ὀμίχλην,
οὔτω σῶν βλεφάρων μάλα τηλόθι καὶ σὺ τινάξας
Ταρταρίης ζοφέεσσαν Ἑρινύος ἄσκοπον ἀχλὺν
ἀστράψεις κατ’ Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον ὡς Ὑπερίων.
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θαῦμα γέρων τροφὸς¹ ἤγαγεν Αἰών, 90

ἐξ ὅτε δαιμονίῳ πυρὸς βεβολημένος ἀτμῶ
κύμβαχος Ἡελίοιο φεραυγέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου
ἡμιδαῆς Φαέθων, ποταμῶ δ’ ἐκρύπτετο Κελτῶ·
καὶ θρασὺν ἠβητῆρα παρ’ ὀφρύσιν Ἡριδανοῖο
Ἡλιάδες κινυροῖσιν ἔτι στενάχουσι πετήλοισι.” 95

Ὡς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐγήθεεν ἐλπίδι νίκης·
Ἑρμείαν δ’ ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἀκούσαι
Κελτοῖς Ἑσπερίοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὀλύμπου,
πῶς Φαέθων κεκύλιστο δι’ αἰθέρος, ἢ πόθεν αὐταὶ
Ἡλιάδες παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἡριδανοῖο 100
εἰς φυτὸν ἡμίβοντο, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
δάκρυα μαρμαίροντα κατασταλάουσι ρεέθροις.

Καὶ οἱ ἀνειρομένῳ

πετάσας στόμα μείλιχος Ἑρμῆς
θέσκελον ἐρροῖβδησεν ἔπος φιλοπευθεί Βάκχῳ·

¹ So mss.: χρόνος Ludwich.

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 freshening chariot and dispersed 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 lightbearing 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 :

“ Ἄνδρομέου, Διόνυσε, βίου τερψίμβροτε ποιμήν, 105
 εἶ σε παλαιγενέων ἐπέων γλυκὺς οἶστρος ἐπείγει,
 μῦθον ὄλον Φαέθοντος ἐγὼ στοιχηδὸν ἐνίψω.
 Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων, μιτρούμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
 ἰκμαλέην περι νύσσαν ἄγων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
 Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοισιν ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις 110
 νυμφίος ὕδατόεις Κλυμένην τέκεν, ἦν ποτε Τηθύς
 κρείσσονα Νηιάδων διερώ μαιώσατο μαζῶ,
 παρθένον ὀπλοτέρην εὐώλενον, ἧς ἐπὶ μορφῇ
 Ἥλιος λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων,
 αἰθέρος ἐπτάζωνον ἴτυν στεφανηδὸν ὀδεύων, 115
 κάμνε πυρὸς ταμίης ἐτέρω πυρί· καὶ φλόγα δίφρων
 καὶ σέλας ἀκτίνων ἐβιήσατο πυρσὸς Ἐρώτων,
 ὀππότε φοινίσσοντος ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο,
 ἔμπυρον Ἠώοισιν ἐὼν δέμας ὕδασι λούων,
 παρθένον ἀγκικέλευθον ἐσέδρακεν, ὀππότε γυμνῇ 120
 νήχετο πατρώοισιν ἐπισκαίρουσα ῥεέθροις,
 λουομένη δ’ ἦστραπτεν· ἦν δέ τις, ὡς ὅτε δισσηῆς
 μαρμαρυγὴν τροχόεσσαν ἀναπλήσασα κεραίης
 ἐσπερίῃ σελάγιζε δι’ ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μῆνη.
 ἡμιφανῆς δ’ ἀπέδιλος ἐν ὕδασι ἴστατο κούρη, 125
 Ἥλιον ῥοδέησιν οἶστεύουσα παρειαῖς·
 καὶ προχοαῖς κεχάρακτο τύπος χροός· οὐ τότε μίτρη
 κούρης στέρνα κάλυπτε, καταυγάζουσα δὲ λίμνην
 ἀργυφέων εὐκυκλος ἴτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν.
 Αἰθερίῳ δ’ ἐλατῆρι πατῆρ ἐξεύξατο κούρη· 130
 καὶ Κλυμένης ὑμέναιον ἀνέκλαγον εὐποδες Ὠραι

^a For the literary history of Phaëthon from Alexandrian times on, see G. Knaack, *Quaestiones Phaëthontaeae*, Berlin 1886.

^b The Zodiac (because all the planets move within it). The Greeks called the seven heavenly bodies planets; these

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 Phaëthon from beginning to end.^a

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 ^b garland-wise—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 sevenzoned. Note that they did not regard the Earth as a planet, and did not know the planets Uranus and Neptune.

καὶ γάμον Ἡελίοιο φαεσφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Νύμφαι
 Νηίδες ὤρχήσαντο· παρ' ὕδατόεντι δὲ παστῶ
 εὐλοχος ἀστράπτουσι γάμῳ νυμφεύετο κούρη,
 καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσιν ἐδέξατο θερμὸν ἀκοίτην. 135
 ἀστραίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην θαλαμηπόλος αἴγλη,
 καὶ μέλος εἰς Ὑμέναιον ἀνέπλεκε Κύπριδος ἀστήρ,
 συζυγίης προκέλευθος Ἐωσφόρος· ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
 νυμφιδίην ἀκτίνα γαμοστόλον εἶχε Σελήνη·
 Ἐσπερίδες δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἔῃ δ' ἄμα Τηθύϊ νύμφη 140
 Ὠκεανὸς κελάδησε μέλος πολυπίδακι λαιμῶ.

Καὶ Κλυμένης γονόεντι γάμῳ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ·
 καὶ βρέφος ὠδίνουσα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
 γείνατο θέσκελον νῖα φαεσφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ
 τικτομένῳ κελάδησε μέλος πατρῷος αἰθήρ· 145
 Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θύγατρεις ἀποθρῶσκοντα λοχείης
 υἷέα παππῶοισιν ἐφαιδρύναντο λοετροῖς·
 σπάργανα δ' ἀμφεβάλλοντο·

καὶ ἀστέρες αἴθοπι παλμῶ
 εἰς ῥόον αἰσσοῦντες ἐθήμονος Ὠκεανοῖο
 κοῦρον ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ Εἰλείθια Σελήνη 150
 μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα σελασφόρον· Ἡέλιος δὲ
 υἷεί δῶκεν ἔχειν ἐὸν οὔνομα μάρτυρι μορφῇ
 ἄρμενον· ἡθέου γὰρ ἐπ' ἀστράπτουσι προσώπῳ
 Ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἐπέπρεπε σύγγονος αἴγλη.

Πολλάκι παιδοκόμοισιν ἐν ἡθεσιν ἄβρὸν ἀθύρων 155
 Ὠκεανὸς Φαέθοντα παλινδίνητον ἀείρων
 γαστρί μέσῃ κούφιζε, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
 ἄστατον αὐτοέλικτον ἀλήμονι σύνδρομον αὔρη
 ἡερόθεν παλίνορσον ἐδέξατο κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,
 καὶ πάλιν ἡκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ τροχοειδέϊ παλμῶ 160
 χειρὸς ἐυστρέπτοιο παράτροπος Ὠκεανοῖο
 δινωτῇ στροφάλιγγι κατήριπεν εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ,
 102

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 grand-sire'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

NONNOS

μάντις ἐοῦ θανάτοιο· γέρων δ' ὤμωξε νοήσας,
 θέσφατα γινώσκων, πινυτῆ δ' ἔκρυψε σιωπῆν,
 μὴ Κλυμένης φιλόπαιδος ἀπενθέα θυμὸν ἀμύξῃ 165
 πικρὰ προθεσπίζων Φαεθοντιάδος λίνα Μοίρης.

Καὶ πάις ἀρτικόμιστος ἔχων ἀνίουλον ὑπήνην
 πῆ μὲν ἐῆς Κλυμένης δόμον ἀμφεπε,

πῆ δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς

Θρινακίης λειμῶνα μετήιεν, ἦχι θαμίζων
 Λαμπετίη παρέμιμνε, βόας καὶ μῆλα νομεύων . . . 170

πατρὸς ἐοῦ ζαθέοιο φέρων πόθον ἠνιοχῆος,
 ἄξονα τεχνήεντι συνήρμωσε δούρασι δεσμῶ,
 κυκλώσας τροχόεντα τύπον ψευδήμονι δίφρω·
 ἀσκήσας δὲ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀνθοκόμων ἀπὸ κήπων
 πλέξας λεπταλέοισι λύγοις τριέλικτον ἰμάσθλην 175

ἀρνειοῖς πισύροισι νέους ἐπέθηκε χαλινούς·
 καὶ νόθον εὐποίητον Ἐωσφόρον ἀστέρα τεύχων
 ἄνθεσιν ἀργεννοῖσιν, ἴσον τροχοειδέι κύκλω,
 θῆκεν ἐῆς προκέλευθον ἔυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης,
 ἀστέρος Ἡώοιο φέρων τύπον· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις 180
 ὄρθιον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἐρείσας
 ψευδομέναις ἀκτίσιν ἐὼν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
 ἵππεύων στεφανηδὸν ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσου.

Ἄλλ' ὅτ' ἀνηέξητο φέρων εὐάνθεμον ἦβην,
 πολλάκι πατρώης φλογὸς ἦψατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῆ 185
 κούφισε θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἰμάσθλην,
 καὶ τροχὸν ἀμφιπόλευε, καὶ ἀμφαφῶν δέμας ἵππων
 χιονέαις παλάμησιν ἐτέρπετο κούρος ἀθύρων·
 δεξιτερῆ δ' ἔψαυε πυριβλήτοιο χαλινού.

μαίνεται δ' ἵπποσύνης μεθέπων πόθον· ἐζόμενος δὲ 190
 γούνασι πατρώοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυα λείβων

^a 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 Lampetië, 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 firehotten 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; Lampetië was in charge of them.

ἤτεεν ἔμπυρον ἄρμα καὶ αἰθερίων δρόμον ἵππων.
καὶ γενέτης ἀνένευεν· ὁ δὲ πλέον ἠδέει μύθῳ
αἰτίζων λιτάνευε· παρηγορέων δ' ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
ὑψιπόρῳ νέον νῖα φιλοστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ·

195

‘ὦ τέκος Ἥελίοιο, φίλον γένος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ἄλλο γέρας μάστευε· τί σοί ποτε δίφρος Ὀλύμπου;
ἵπποσύνης ἀκίχητον ἔα δρόμον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
ἰθύνειν ἐμὸν ἄρμα, τό περ μόγις ἠνιοχεύω.

οὐ ποτε θοῦρος Ἄρης φλογερῷ κεκόρυστο κεραυνῷ,
ἀλλὰ μέλος σάλπιγγι καὶ οὐ βρονταῖον ἀράσσει·

200

οὐ νεφέλας Ἥφαιστος ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ἀγείρει,
οὐ νεφεληγερέτης κικλήσκειται οἷα Κρονίων,
ἀλλὰ παρ' ἐσχαρεῶνι σιδήρεον ἄκμονα τύπτει,
ἄσθμασι ποιητοῖσι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην·

205

κύκνον ἔχει πτερόεντα,

καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον Ἀπόλλων·

οὐ στεροπὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀερτάζει γενετῆρος

Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔχων, οὐκ αἰγίδα πατρὸς ἀείρει.

ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· “Ζαγρῆι πόρεν σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ”·

Ζαγρεὺς σκηπτὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν ὀλέθρῳ.

210

ἄζεο καὶ σύ, τέκος, πανομοῖα πῆματα πάσχειν·

εἶπε, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισε·

παῖς δὲ γενήτορα νύσσων

δάκρυσι θερμοτέροισιν ἐοὺς ἐδίηνε χιτῶνας·

χερσὶ δὲ πατρώης φλογερῆς ἔψαυσεν ὑπήνης,

ὀκλαδὸν ἐν δαπέδῳ κυκλούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων,

215

λισσόμενος· καὶ παῖδα πατῆρ ἐλέαιρε δοκεύων.

καὶ κινυρῇ Κλυμένη πλέον ἤτεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ

ἔμπεδα γινώσκων ἀμετάτροπα νήματα Μοίρης

ἀσχαλόων ἐπένευσεν, ἀποσμήξας δὲ χιτῶνι

μυρομένου Φαέθοντος ἀμειδέος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς

220

χείλεα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε, τόσῃν δ' ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

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 unsmiling face of sad Phaëthon, and kissed the boy’s lips while he said :

' Δώδεκα πάντες ἔασι πυρώδεις αἰθέρος οἶκοι,
 Ζωδιακοῦ γλαφυροῖο πεπηγότες ἄντυγι κύκλου,
 κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐπήτριμοι, οἷς ἔνι μούνοις
 λοξῇ πουλυέλικτος ἀταρπιτός ἐστι πλανήτων 225
 ἀσταθῶν. καὶ ἕκαστον ἔλιξ Κρόνος οἶκον ἀμείβει
 ἐρπύζων βαρύγουνος, ἕως μόγις ὀψὲ τελέσση
 εἴκοσι καὶ δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης,
 ζώνης ἑβδομάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος· ὑψόθι δ' ἕκτης
 ὠκύτερον γενετῆρος ἔχει δρόμον ἀντίπορος Ζεὺς, 230
 καὶ δρόμον εἰς λυκάβαντα διέρχεται·

ἐν τριτάτῃ δὲ . . .

ἡμασιν ἐξήκοντα παρέρχεται ἔμπυρος Ἄρης,
 γείτων σείο τοκῆος· ἐπαντέλλων δὲ τετάρτη
 αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στεφανηδὸν ὄλον πόλον ἄρμασι τέμνω
 οὐρανίων Ἐλίκων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα διώκων, 235
 μέτρα χρόνου πισύρησι φέρων κυκλούμενος Ὠραῖς,
 τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσσαν, ἕως ὄλον οἶκον ὀδεύσω,
 πλήσας ἡθάδα μῆνα τελεσφόρον· οὐδὲ πορείην
 καλλιέψας ἀτέλεστον ὀπίστερον οἶμον ἀμείβω,
 οὐδὲ πάλιν προκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ πολυκαμπέες ἄλλοι 240
 ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες αἰεὶ στείχουσιν ἀλήται,
 ἅψ δ' ἀνασειράζοντες ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω
 ἡμιτελῆ μεθέπουσι παλίλλυτα μέτρα κελεύθου,
 δέγμενοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐμὴν ἑτερόσσυτον αἶγλην·
 οἷς ἔνι λευκαίνουσα πόλον κερόεσσα Σελήνη 245
 κύκλον ὄλον πλήσασα σοφῶ πυρὶ μῆνα λοχεύει,
 μεσσοφανῆς, ἐπικυρτος, ὄλω πλήθουσα προσώπῳ·

^a *i.e.* Saturn takes two and a half years to traverse one sign (30°), and therefore thirty years for the whole Zodiac.

^b 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.

^c The sun (regarded by the Greeks as a planet) never re-

222 “ “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.^a 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^b] 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.^c 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,^d 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.

^a The curving outline between first quarter and full moon (Stegemann).

Μήνη δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἐγὼ σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίσσω
 μαρμαρυγὴν θρέπτειραν ἀμαλλοτόκου τοκετοῖο 250
 Ζωδιακὴν περὶ νύσσαν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὀδεύω,
 τίκτων μέτρα χρόνιοι, καὶ οἴκοθεν οἶκον ἀμείβων
 καὶ τελέσας ἓνα κύκλον ὄλον λυκάβαντα κομίζω.
 ἄκρα δὲ συνδέσμοιο φυλάσσειο, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔρπων,
 ἄρμασιν ὑμετέροις ζοφοειδέα κῶνον ἐλίξας, 255
 φέγγος ὄλον κλέψειεν¹ ἐπισκιάων σέο δίφρω·
 μηδὲ παριππεύσειας ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου·
 μηδὲ τανυπλέκτων ἐλίκων πολυκαμπεί δεσμῶ,
 πέντε παραλλήλων δεδοκημένος ἄντυγα κύκλων,
 οἴστρον ἔχοις, καὶ νύσσαν ὀμήθεα πατρὸς ἐάσης, 260
 μὴ σε παραπλάγξειαν ἐν αἰθέρι φοιτάδες ἵπποι·
 μηδὲ διοπτεύων δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα πορείης
 ἐκ δόμου εἰς δόμον ἄλλον ἐπείγιο· καὶ σέο δίφρω
 Κριὸν ἐφιππεύων μὴ δίξιο Ταῦρον ἐλαύνειν·
 γείτονα μὴ μάστευε προάγγελον ἰστοβοῆος 265
 Σκορπίον ἀστερόφοιτον ὑπὸ Ζυγὸν ἠνιοχεύων,
 εἰ μὴ ἀναπλήσειας ἐείκοσι καὶ δέκα μοίρας.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον· ἐγὼ δὲ σε πάντα διδάξω.
 κέντρον ὄλου κόσμοιο,
 μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,
 Κριὸν ἐγὼ μεθέπων ὑψούμενος εἶαρ ἀέξω,
 καὶ τροπικὴν Ζεφύροιο προάγγελον ἄντυγα βαίνων, 270
 νύκτα ταλαντεύουσιν ἰσόρροπον ἠριγενεῖη,

¹ κλέψειας Stegemann: κλέψειεν Ludwich, mss.

■ Where the moon cuts the ecliptic. The cone is the conical shadow of the earth, but this of course is on the side away from the sun. Nonnos is hopelessly confused.

♣ The arctic, the two tropic, the equatorial and the antarctic circles. He must keep between the tropics, imaginary parallel circles drawn through the two solstitial points in Cancer and Capricorn, as these bound the Zodiac.

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

²⁶⁷ " " 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

^c An absurd inaccuracy for the 12 signs.

^d The beginning of autumn ploughing.

^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.

^f More absurdity; Aries is the starting-point on the circle of the Zodiac, not the centre of anything.

ἰθύνω δροσόεντα χελιδονίης δρόμον ὦρης·
 Κριοῦ δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἐνέρτερον οἶκον ἀμείβων,
 χηλαῖς ἐν διδύμησιν ἰσήμερα φέγγεα πέμπων,
 ἐντύνω παλίνορσος ἰσόζυγον ἡμαρ ὀμίχλη, 275
 καὶ δρόμον εἰνοσίφυλλον ἄγω φθινοπωρίδος ὦρης,
 φέγγει μειοτέρω χθαμαλήν ἐπὶ νύσσαν ἐλαύνων
 φυλλοχόω ἐνὶ μηνί· καὶ ἀνδράσι χεῖμα κομίζω
 ὄμβριον ἰχθυόεντος ὑπὲρ ράχιν Αἰγοκερῆος,
 ἀγρονόμοις ἵνα γαῖα φερέσβια δῶρα λοχεύσῃ, 280
 νυμφίον ὄμβρον ἔχουσα καὶ εἰλείθυιαν ἔερση·
 καὶ θέρος ἐντύνω σταχυηκόμον ἄγγελον ὄμπνης,
 θερμότεραις ἀκτίσι πυρώδεα γαῖαν ἰμάσσων,
 ὑψιτενῆς παρὰ νύσσαν ὄτ' εἰς δρόμον ἡνιοχεύω
 Καρκίνον, ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγοκερῆος, 285
 ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Νεῖλον ὁμοῦ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξων.
 ἀρχόμενος δὲ δρόμοιο μετέρχεο γείτονα Κέρνην,
 Φωσφόρον ἀπλανέος μεθέπων πομπῆα κελεύθου,
 ἵπποσύνης προκέλευθον· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ πορείῃ
 σὸν δρόμον ἰθύνουσι δωδέκα κυκλάδες ὦραι· 290
 ὧς εἰπὼν Φαέθοντος ἐπεστήριξε καρῆνῳ
 χρυσεῖν τρυφάλειαν, ἐῷ δὲ μιν ἔστεφε πυρσῷ,
 ἑπτατόνους ἀκτίνας ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίξας,
 κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξυί λευκάδα μίτρη·
 καὶ μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἐῷ πυρόεντι χιτῶνι, 295
 καὶ πόδα φοινίσσοντι διεσφήκωσε πεδίλῳ.
 παιδὶ δὲ δίφρον ἔδωκε· καὶ ἠώης ἀπὸ φάτνης
 ἵππους Ἡελίοιο πυρώδεας ἤγαγον ὦραι·
 καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ζυγὸν ἦλθεν Ἐωσφόρος,
 ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῷ
 ἵππιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεκλήμισσε λεπάδνῳ. 300
 Καὶ Φαέθων ἐπέβαινε· δίδου δὲ οἱ ἠνία πάλ्लειν,

^a The summer solstice.

^b 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 ^a 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, ^b and take Lucifer as guide to lead the way for your car, and you will not go astray; twelve circling Hours ^c 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.

NONNOS

ἤνία μαρμαίροντα καὶ αἰγλήεσαν ἰμάσθλην
 Ἡέλιος γενέτης· τρομερῇ δ' ἐλελίζετο σιγῇ,
 υἷέα γνώσκων μιννώριον· ἐγγύθι δ' ὄχθης
 ἡμιφανῆς Κλυμένη φλογερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων 305
 δερκομένη φιλότεκνος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι μήτηρ.

"Ἦδη δὲ δροσόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ,
 καὶ Φαέθων ἀνέτελλεν Ἐώιον ἄντυγα βαίνων,
 ὕδασι παππῶοισι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο.
 καὶ θρασὺς εὐφάεων ἐλατήρ ὑψίδρομος ἵππων 310
 οὐρανὸν ἐσκοπίαζε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον,
 ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώναις κυκλούμενον· εἶδεν ἀλήτας
 ἀντιπόρους, καὶ γαῖαν ὁμοῖον ἔδρακε κέντρῳ
 μεσσοπαγῇ, δολιχῆσιν ἀνυψωθείσαν ἐρίπναις,
 πάντοθι πυργωθείσαν ὑπυροφίοισιν ἀήταις· 315
 καὶ ποταμοὺς σκοπίαζε, καὶ ὀφρύας Ὠκεανοῖο
 ἀψ ἀνασειράζοντος ἐὼν ῥόον εἰς ἐὼν ὕδωρ.

"Ὀφρα μὲν ὄμμα τίταινεν
 ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ χύσιν ἄστρον
 καὶ χθονὸς αἰόλα φύλα καὶ ἄστατα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
 παπταίνων ἐλικηδὸν ἀτέρμονος ἔδρανα κόσμου· 320
 τόφρα δὲ δινηθέντες ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αἴθοπες ἵπποι
 Ζωδιακοῦ παράμειβον ἐθήμονος ἄντυγα κύκλου.
 καὶ Φαέθων ἀδίδακτος, ἔχων πυρόεσσαν ἰμάσθλην,
 φαίνετο¹ μαστίζων λόφον ἵππιον· οἱ δὲ μανέντες,
 κέντρον ὑποπτήσσοντες ἀφειδέος ἡνιοχῆος, 325
 ἀρχαίης ἀέκοντες ὑπὲρ βαλβίδα κελεύθου
 ἀξονίην παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονες ἔτρεχον ἵπποι,
 δεχνύμενοι κτύπον ἄλλον ἐθήμονος ἡνιοχῆος.
 καὶ Νότιον παρὰ τέρμα καὶ ἄρκτια νῶτα Βορῆος
 ἦν κλόνος. οὐρανίῳ δὲ παριστάμεναι πυλεῶνι 330
 ἄλλοφανὲς νόθον ἡμᾶρ ἐθάμβεον εὐποδες Ὠραι·

¹ So mss.: Ludwich 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,^a 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

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

ἔτρεμε δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἴαχε Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ·
 Πῆ φέρεαι, φίλε κούρε;

τί μαίνεαι ἵππον ἐλαύνων;
 φεῖδεις σῆς μάλιστα ἀγῆνορος· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
 πλαζομένων πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀπλανέων χορὸν ἄστρον, 335
 μὴ θρασὺς Ὠρίων σε κατακτείνειε μαχαίρῃ,
 μὴ ῥοπάλω πυρόεντι γέρων πλήξειε Βοώτης,
 πλαγκτῆς δ' ἵπποσύνης ἔτι φεῖδεις, μηδέ σε μακρῶ
 γαστέρι τυμβεύσειεν ἐν αἰθέρι Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου·
 μηδέ σε δαιτρεύσειε Λέων, ἢ Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου 340
 αὐχένα κυρτώσας φλογερῇ πλήξειε κεραίῃ·
 ἄζεις Τοξευτῆρα, τιταινομένης ἀπὸ νευρῆς
 μὴ σε πυριγλώχινι κατακτείνειεν οἰστώ.
 μὴ χάος ἄλλο γένοιτο, καὶ αἰθέρος ἄστρα φανείη
 ἡματος ἰσταμένοιο, μεσημβρίζοντι δὲ δίφρῳ 345
 ἄστατος ἠριγένεια συναντήσειε Σελήνῃ·

Ὡς φαμένον Φαέθων πλέον ἤλασεν,

ἄρμα παρέλκων

εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην,

Ζεφύρου σχεδόν, ἐγγύθεν Εὐρου.
 καὶ κλόνος αἰθέρος ἦεν, ἀκινήτοιο δὲ κόσμου
 ἁρμονίην ἐτίναξεν· ἔδοχμώθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς 350
 αἰθέρι δινήεντι μέσος τετορημένος ἄξων.
 καὶ μόγις αὐτοέλικτον ἐλαφρίζων πόλον ἄστρον
 ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήρικτο Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
 μείζονα φόρτον ἔχων· καὶ ἰσημέρον ἔκτοθεν Ἄρκτου
 κύκλον ἐπιξύων ἐλικώδεϊ γαστέρος ὀλκῶ 355
 σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντι Δράκων ἐπεσύρισε Ταύρω,
 καὶ Κυνὶ σειριάοντι Λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῶ,
 αἰθέρα θερμαίνων μαλερῶ πυρί, καὶ θρασὺς ἔστη
 Καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην κλονέων λασιότριχι παλμῶ·
 οὐρανόιο δὲ Λέοντος ὀπισθιδίῳ παρὰ ταρσῶ 360

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

Παρθένον ἀγκικέλευθον ἐμάστιε δίψιος οὐρή·
 Κούρη δὲ πετερόεσσα παραΐξασα Βοώτην
 ἄξονος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀμάξῃ·
 καὶ δυτικὴν παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλήμονα φέγγεα πέμπων
 Ἔσπερον ἀντικέλευθον Ἐωσφόρος ὄθειεν ἀστήρ· 365
 πλάζετο δ' ἠριγένεια· καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ Λαγωῦ
 Σείριος αἰθαλόεις ἐδράξατο διψάδος Ἄρκτου·
 διχθὰ δὲ καλλεύσαντες, ὁ μὲν Νότον, ὃς δὲ Βορῆα,
 Ἰχθύες ἀστερόεντες ἐπεσκίρτησαν Ὀλύμπω,
 γείτονες Ὑδροχόοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ 370
 σύνδρομος Αἰ, οκερῆος ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Δελφίς·
 καὶ Νοτίης ἐλικηδὸν ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου
 Σκορπίον ἀγκικέλευθον, ἐῆς ψαύοντα μαχαίρης,
 ἔτρεμεν Ὠρίων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασι, μὴ βραδὺς ἔρπων
 ἄκρα ποδῶν ξύσειε τὸ δεύτερον ὀξεί κέντρω· 375
 καὶ σέλας ἠμιτέλεστον ἀποπτύουσα προσώπου
 ἀκροκελαινώουσα μεσημβριάς ἄνθορε Μῆνη·
 οὐ γὰρ ὑποκλέπτουσα νόθον σέλας ἄρσενι πυρσῶ
 ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἀμέλγετο σύγγονον αἴγλην·
 Πλειάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἔλιξ ἐπτάστερος ἠχῶ 380
 οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἐπέβρεμε κυκλάδι φωνῆ·
 καὶ κτύπον αἰθύσσοντες ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 ἀστέρες ἀντιθέοντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀλήται·
 Ζῆνα μὲν ὄθειε Κύπρις, Ἄρης Κρόνον, εἰαρινῆς δὲ
 Πλειάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε ἐμὸς μετανάστιος ἀστήρ, 385
 ἄστρασι δ' ἐπταπόροις κεράσας ἐμφύλιον αἴγλην
 ἠμιφανῆς ἀνέτελλεν ἐμῇ παρὰ μητέρι Μαίῃ,
 Ἄρματος οὐρανίοιο παράτροπος, ᾧ πέλεν αἰεὶ

^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.

his hind leg,^a 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^b 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.^c 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^d throats raised an outcry and rushed wildly against them. Cypris pushed Zeus, Ares Cronos^e; my own wandering star^f 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

^a When he was on earth, Orion was killed by the sting of a huge scorpion, and the two constellations commemorate this.

^d Presumably six; one planet, the Sun, was otherwise engaged. There are six Pleiades, omitting the one (*Electra*) which is too dim to see clearly.

^e Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn.

^f The planet Mercury.

NONNOS

σύνδρομος ἢ προκέλευθος εἰώσις, ἐσπέριος δὲ
 Ἑλίου δύνοντος ὀπίστερα φέγγεα πέμπει· 390
 καὶ μιν, ὅτε δρόμον ἴσον ἔχων ἰσόμοιρος ὀδεύει,
 Ἑλίου κραδίην ἐπεφήμισαν ἴδμονες ἄστρον·
 καὶ δροσεραῖς νιφάδεσσι διάβροχον αὐχένα τείνων
 νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
 εἰς δρόμον ὀρθώσας πόδα καμπύλον· ὀξυτενὲς δὲ 395
 δοχμώσας Φαέθοντι κέρας λοξοῖο μετώπου
 οὐρανίην φλογερῆσιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἄντυγα χηλαῖς·
 καὶ θρασὺς ἐκ κολεοῖο παρήγορον αἴθοπι μηρῶ
 Ὠρίων ξίφος εἶλκε· καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης·
 καὶ ποδὸς ἀστραίοιο μετάρσια γούνατα πάλλων 400
 Πήγασος ἐχρεμέτιζε, καὶ αἰθύσσων πόλον ὀπλῆ
 ἡμιφανῆς Λίβυς ἵππος ἐπέτρεχε γείτοιν Κύκνω,
 καὶ κοτέων πτερὰ πάλλεν, ὅπως πάλιν ἠνιοχῆα
 ἄλλον ἀκοντίσσειεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸν
 ἄντυγος οὐρανίης ἀπεσεῖσατο Βελλεροφόντην. 405
 οὐκέτι δ' ὑψιπόροιο Βορειάδος ἐγγύθι νύσσης
 ἀλλήλων ἐχόρευον ἐπ' ἰξυῖ κυκλάδες Ἄρκτοι,
 ἀλλὰ Νότῳ μίσγοντο, καὶ Ἑσπερίῃ παρὰ λίμνῃ
 ἄβροχον ἵχνος ἔλουσαν ἀήθεος Ὠκεανοῖο.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Φαέθοντα κατεπρήνιξε κεραυνῶ 410
 ὑψόθεν αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὲρ ῥόον Ἡριδανοῖο·
 δήσας δ' ἄρμονίην παλινάγρετον ἠλικὶ δεσμῶ
 ἵππους Ἑλίῳ πάλιν ὤπασεν, αἰθέριον δὲ
 ἀντολίῃ πόρεν ἄρμα, καὶ ἀρχαίῃ παρὰ νύσση
 ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος ἐπέτρεχον εὐποδες Ὠραι. 415
 γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε τὸ δεύτερον· ἠερόθεν δὲ
 ζωοτόκου Διὸς ὄμβρος ὄλας ἐκάθηρεν ἀρούρας,
 καὶ διερῆ ῥαθάμιγγι κατέσβεσε πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,

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 bridegroom 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; Pegasus 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 Bellerophontes 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 unwashed 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 Pegasus.

^b When he tried to ride to heaven on Pegasus's back.

NONNOS

ὄσσον ἐπὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐριφλεγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 οὐρανόθεν χρεμέθοντες ἀπέπτυνον αἴθοπες ἵπποι. 420
 Ἡέλιος δ' ἀνέτελλε παλίνδρομον ἄρμα νομεύων·
 καὶ σπόρος ἠέξητο, πάλιν δ' ἐγέλασαν ἄλwai,
 δεχνύμεναι προτέρην βιοτήσιον αἰθέρος αἴγλην.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Φαέθοντα κατεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ
 εἵκελον Ἡνιόχῳ καὶ ἐπώνυμον· οὐράνιον δὲ 425
 πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Ἄρμα τιταίνων
 εἰς δρόμον αἰσσοντος ἔχει τύπον Ἡνιοχῆος,
 οἷα πάλιν ποθέων καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν ἄρμα τοκῆος.
 καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἀνήλυθεν εἰς πόλον ἄστρων
 Ζηγὸς ἐπαινῆσαντος, ἐν ἀστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ 430
 Ἡριδανοῦ πυρόεντος ἐλίσσεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ.

Γνωταὶ δ' ὠκυμόροιο δεδουπότος ἠνιοχῆος
 εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψαν, ὄδυρομένων δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων
 ἀφνειήν πετάλοισι κατασταλάουσιν ἐέρσην."

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 Phaëthon 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.^a

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 ^b out of their leaves."

^a The Milky Way.

^b Amber.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΑΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσσεις
 Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
 χάρμα λιπὼν καὶ θαῦμα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Ὅφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος

ἀκοσμήτων χύσιν ἄστρον
 θάμβεε καὶ Φαέθοντα δεδουπότα, πῶς παρὰ Κελτοῦς
 Ἐσπερίῳ πυρίκαυτος ἐπωλίσθησε ρεέθρῳ,

τόφρα δὲ νῆες ἴκανον ἐπήλυδες, ἃς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 στοιχάδας ἰθύνοντες ἐς Ἄρεα ναύμαχον Ἰνδῶν
 ἀκλύστῳ Ῥαδαμᾶνες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση,

πόντον ἀμοιβαίησιν ἐπιρρήσσοντες ἐρωαῖς

ὑσμίνης ἐλατῆρες· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ

ὀλκάσιν ἀντιτύποις ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης.

καὶ Λύκος ἡγεμόνευεν ἐν ὕδασι δίφρον ἐλαύνων,
 ἰππείαις ἀχάρακτον ἐπιξύων ῥόον ὀπλαῖς.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ὑπέρτερος ὑψόθι πύργων
 ἐσσυμένων νεφεληδὸν ἐδέρκετο λαίφεα νηῶν

ὀφθαλμῷ κοτέοντι, καὶ ὡς ὑπέροπλος ἀκούων,
 ἐγρεμόθους ὅτι νῆας Ἄραψ τορνώσατο τέκτων,
 ὤμοσεν ὑλοτόμοισιν ἄγειν Ἀράβεσσιν Ἐνυῶ,
 καὶ πόλιν ἠπειλήσεν αἰστώσαι 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 slipt 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 Lyaïos, 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 Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ. 20
 καὶ στόλον ἀθρήσαντες ἀταρβέες ἔτρεμον Ἴνδοί,
 Ἄρεα παπταίνοντες ἀλίκτυπον, ἄχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ
 γούνατα τολμήεντος ἐλύετο Δηριαδῆος·
 ποιητῶ δὲ γέλῳτι γαληναίοιο προσώπου
 Ἴνδὸς ἀναξ ἐκέλευσε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων 25
 ἧς ἐλεφαντοβότοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δύσβατα γαίης
 λαὸν ἄγειν· καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦε κῆρυξ,
 ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
 καὶ στόλος ὄξυς ἵκανε πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ νήσων
 κεκλομένου βασιλῆος· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς αὐχένα τείνων, 30
 ὀλκάδας εὐπήληκας ἐς Ἄρεα πόντιον ἔλκων,
 λαὸν ὄλον θάρσυνε, καὶ ὑψινόῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
 “ Ἀνέρες, οὓς ἀτίταλλεν

ἐμὸς μενέχαρμος Ὑδάσπης,
 ἄρτι πάλιν μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· αἰθόμενον δὲ
 ἄξατε πῦρ ἐς Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄσπετον ἄψατε πεύκην, 35
 νῆας ἵνα φλέξοιμι νεήλυδας αἴθοπι δαλῶ,
 καὶ στρατὸν ὑγροκέλευθον ἐνικρύψοιμι θαλάσση
 σὺν δορί, σὺν θώρηκι, σὺν ὀλκάσι, σὺν Διονύσῳ.
 εἰ θεὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχος, ἐμῶ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀλέσσω·
 οὐχ ἄλις, ὡς προχοῆσι πολύτροπα φάρμακα πάσι 40
 ἄνθεσι Θεσσαλικοῖσιν ἐμὸν φοίνιξεν Ὑδάσπην,
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν σίγησα, καὶ ἦσυχος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν
 ἔτλην ξανθὰ ρέεθρα μαινομένου ποταμοῖο;
 εἰ γὰρ ἔην ρόος οὗτος ἀπ’ ἀλλοτρίου ποταμοῖο,
 μηδὲ πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἦεν Ἀρήιος Ἴνδὸς Ὑδάσπης, 45
 καὶ κεν ἐγὼ τόδε χεῦμα χυτῆς ἔπλησα κονίης
 ὀδμὴν βοτρυόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνων Διονύσου,
 καὶ προχοὴν μεθύουσαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὀδεύων
 ποσσὶ κοιιομένοισι διέτρεχον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,
 οἷα παρ’ Ἀργείοισι φατίζεται, ὡς ἐνοσίχθων 50

stroying steel and to devastate the city of Lycurgos.^a 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 un wetting water with dusty feet, as once it is said among the Argives that Earthshaker made

* The Lycurgos of books xx.-xxi.

ξηρὸν ὕδωρ ποίησε, καὶ αὐσταλέου ποταμοῖο
 Ἴναχίην ἵππειος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε κονίην.
 οὐ θεός, οὐ θεὸς οὗτος· ἔην δ' ἐφεύσατο φύτλην·
 ποίην γὰρ Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἰγίδα πάλλει;
 ποῖον ἔχει σπινθήρα Διοβλήτοιο κερανοῦ; 55
 ποίην δ' οὐρανίην στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀείρει;
 οὐ Κρονίδης κατ' Ἄρηα κορύσσεται οἴνοπι κισσῶ·
 οὐ τυπάνων πατάγοισι μέλος βρονταῖον εἴσκω,
 οὐδὲ Διὸς σκηπτοῖσιν ὁμοία θύρσα καλέσσω,
 οὐ χθονίῳ θώρηκι Διὸς νέφος ἴσον ἐνύψω· 60
 νεβρίδι δαιδαλήῃ πότε ποικίλον ἄστρον εἴσκω;
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι βότρυν ἐδέξατο καὶ χύσιν οἴνου
 δῶρα παρὰ Κρονίωνος ἀξιφύτοιο τοκῆος·
 Τρώιον αἶμα φέροντι καὶ ἀγρονόμῳ τινὶ βούτῃ
 Ζεὺς πόρεν οἴνοχόῳ Γανυμήδεϊ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου, 65
 νέκταρι δ' οὐ πέλεν οἶνος ὁμοίος· εἶξατε, θύρσοι.
 Βάκχος ὁμοῦ Σατύροισιν ἐπὶ χθονὸς εἰλαπινάζει·
 δαίνυται οὐρανίοισι σὺν ἀθανάτοισι Γανυμήδης.
 εἰ δὲ πέλε βροτὸς οὗτος ἐπουρανίοιο τοκῆος, 70
 σὺν Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης.
 ἔκλυον, ὥς ποτε θῶκον ἐὼν καὶ σκῆπτρον Ὀλύμπου
 δῶκε γέρας Ζαγρῆι παλαιότερῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ἄστεροπὴν Ζαγρῆι καὶ ἄμπελον οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ.”
 Εἶπε καὶ εἰς μόθον ὤρτο· συνερρώνοντο δὲ λαοὶ 75
 σὺν δορί, σὺν σακέεσσι, καὶ ὄψιμον ἐλπίδα νίκης
 χερσαίου πολέμοιο μετεστήσαντο θαλάσση.
 καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἐκέκλετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·
 “Ἄρεος ἄλκιμα τέκνα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
 οἷς βίος ἔργα μόθοιο καὶ ἐλπίδες εἰσὶν ἀγῶνες,

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

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

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 πόντον αἰστώσαι γένος Ἴνδῶν, 80
 εἰναλίην τελέσαντες ἐπιχθονίην μετὰ νίκην.
 ἀλλὰ θαλασσαίοιο διάκτορα δημοτῆτος,
 ἔγχεα διπλώσαντες ὁμόπλοκα δίζυγι δεσμῶ
 ναύμαχα κολλήεντα, περὶ στόμα εἰμένα χαλκῶ, 85
 μίξατε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐννώ,
 προφθάμενοι, μὴ χειρὶ πυραυγέα δαλὸν αἰείρων
 Δηριάδης φλέξειεν Ἀρήια δούρατα νηῶν.
 νόσφι φόβου μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες· ὑγρομόθων γὰρ
 ἐλπίδες ἀντιβίων κενεαυχέες· εἰ δὲ μογήσας
 φύλοπιν οὐκ ἐτέλεσσε ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρχαμος Ἴνδῶν, 90
 ἠλιβάτων λοφιῆσιν ἐφεδρήσων ἐλεφάντων,
 ἀγχινεφής, ἀκίχητος, ἀνούτατος, ἤερι γείτων,
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ προμάχων ποτὲ δεύομαι, οὐδὲ καλέσσω
 ἄλλον ἀοσητῆρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα τοκῆα,
 ἠνίοχον πόντοιο καὶ αἰθέρος· ἦν δ' ἐβελήσω, 95
 γνωτὸν ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο Ποσειδάωνα κορύσσω
 Ἴνδῶν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνοντα τριαίνη·
 καὶ πρόμον εὐρυγένειον, ἀπόσπορον ἐννοσιγαίου,
 Γλαῦκον ἔχω συνάεθλον, ἐμῆς ἄτε γείτονα Θήβης,
 πόντιον Ἀονίης Ἀνθηδόνας ἀστὸν ἀρούρης· 100
 Γλαῦκον ἔχω καὶ Φόρκυν· ἱμασσομένην δὲ θαλάσση
 ὀλκάδα Δηριάδαο κατακρύψει Μελικέρτης,
 κυδαίνων Διόνυσον ὁμόγνιον, οὐ ποτε μήτηρ
 νήπιον ἔτρεφε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ πόρε ποντιᾶς Ἴνῶ
 ἐν γλάγος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ· 105
 μαντιπόλου δὲ γέροντος, ὃς ἡμετέρην ποτὲ νίκην
 ἔσσομένην κατὰ πόντον ὑποβρυχίῃ φάτο φωνῇ,
 εἰμὶ φίλος Πρωτῆος· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσει
 θυγατέρας Νηρηῆος ἐμῇ Θέτις, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 Βασσαρίδων συνάεθλος ἐμῇ θωρήσεται Ἴνῶ· 11)
 θωρήξω δ' ἐς Ἀρηα καὶ Αἰόλον, ὄφρα νοήσω

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, Mimallones! 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.^b 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 Cf. xiii. 73.

^b Cf. xxi. 289.

NONNOS

Εὖρον ἀκοντίζοντα καὶ αἰχμάζοντα Βορῆα,
γαμβρὸν ἐμοῦ προμάχου,

Μαραθωνίδος ἄρπαγα νύμφης,
καὶ Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα προασπιστῆρα Λυαίου·
καὶ Ζέφυρος πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ 115
ὀλκάδας ἀντιβίων δηλήσεται· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
εὐνέτιν Ἴριν ἔχει Διὸς ἄγγελον. ἀλλὰ σιωπῇ
ἔκτοθεν εὐθύρσοιο καὶ Ἰνδῶοιο κυδοιμοῦ
μιμνέτω ἡρεμέων θρασὺς Αἰόλος, ἡθάδι δεσμῷ
ἄσκὸν ἐπισφίγξας ἀνεμώδεα, μηδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ 120
ἄσθμασιν Ἰνδοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύσωσιν ἀῆται·
ἀλλὰ μόθον τελέσω νηοφθόρα θύρσα τιταίνων.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσε πεποιθότας ἡγεμονῆας.
ἤδη δὲ πτολέμοιο προάγγελος ἴστατο σάλπιγξ,
καὶ μέλος ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀνέκλαγον Ἄρεος αὐλοὶ 125
λαὸν ἀολλίζοντες, ἀρασσομένη δὲ βοεῖη
εἰναλίου κελάδησε μόθου χαλκόκροτον ἡχώ,
καὶ καναχὴν ὀμόδουπον ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ·
ἀντὶ δὲ πετραίης πολεμῆια λείψανα φωνῆς
Πανιάς ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο ποντιας Ἠχώ. 130

Τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἔην κλόνος, ὦρτο δ' ἰωὴ
κεκλομένων· καὶ λαὸς ἐθήμονι μάρνατο τέχνη
κυκλώσας στεφανηδὸν ὄλον στρατόν, ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσω
νηυσὶν ὀμοζυγέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη στόλος Ἰνδῶν
εἰς λίνον ἐργομένων νεπόδων τύπον· Αἰακίδαῖς δὲ 135
Αἰακὸς ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα προθεσπίζων Σαλαμῖνος
ἀρχόμενος πολέμοιο θεουδέα ρήξατο φωνήν·

“Εἰ πάρος ἡμετέρην αἰὼν ἰκετήσιον ἡχώ
ἄσπορον εὐρυάλως ἀπήλασας αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης,

may behold East Wind shooting arrows and North Wind hurling javelins—North Wind goodson of my champion^a and the spoiler of the Marathonian bride, South Wind the Ethiopian defender of Lyaïos. 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.”

¹²³ 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.

¹³¹ 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:

¹³⁸ “ If ever, O Zeus of the rains, thou hast heard our voice of prayer, and driven away seedless drought

^a Erechtheus.

δυσπαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ, 140
 δὸς πάλιν ὀψιτέλεστον ἴσῃν χάριν, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ,
 ὕδατι κυδαίνων με καὶ ἐνθάδε· καὶ τις ἐνύφη
 νίκην ἡμετέρην δεδοκημένος· ὥς ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 Ζεὺς ἐὼν νῖα γέραιρε, καὶ ἐν πελάγεσσι γεραίρει·
 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ λέξειεν Ἀχαιικός· ἔιν ἐνὶ θεσμῶ 145
 Αἰακὸς Ἴνδοφόνος φυσίζοος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
 κείρων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα καὶ αὐλακι καρπὸν ὀπάσσας
 χάρμα πόρεν Δήμητρι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσω·
 ῥύεο δ' ἡμετέρης πλοὸν ὀλκάδος· αὐσταλέω δὲ
 ὡς χθονίω κενεῶνι φερέσβιον ἤγαγον ὕδωρ, 150
 καὶ βυθίων λαγόνων θανατηφόρον οἶδμα κορύσσω
 μαρνάμενον στρατιῆσι καὶ ὀλκάσι Δηριαδῆος.
 ἀλλά, πάτερ, σκηπτοῦχε βίου, σκηπτοῦχε κυδοιμοῦ,
 πέμπέ μοι αἰετὸν ὄρνιν ἐμῆς κήρυκα γενέθλης
 δεξιτερὸν προμάχοισι καὶ ὑμετέρῳ Διονύσω· 155
 ἄλλος δ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀριστερὸς ὄρνις ἰκέσθω·
 σύμβολα δ' ἀμφοτέροις ἑτερότροπα ταῦτα γενέσθω·
 τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσω πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ
 θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχααραγμένον ὀξεί κέντρῳ
 νεκρὸν ὄφιν περίμετρον ἀερτάζοντα κεράστην, 160
 δυσμενέος κερόεντος ἀπαγγέλλοντα τελευτήν·
 λαῶ δ' ἀντιβίων ἕτερος μελανόχροος ἔλθη
 κυανέαις πτερύγεσσι προθεσπίζων φόνον Ἴνδῶν,
 αὐτομάτου θανάτοιο μέλαν τύπον· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν μαντεύεο νίκην, 165
 καὶ στεροπὴν Βρομίῳιο λεχώια φέγγεα πέμπων
 νιέα σείῳ γέραιρε πάλιν πυρί, δυσμενέων δὲ
 ὀλκάδας εὐπήληκας ὀιστεύσωσι κεραυνοί.

^a Because of Aiacos's piety, Zeus readily granted his

from the broad threshingfloors of our country,^a 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, 'Aiacos 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, Αἰγίνης μιμνήσκειο, μὴ σέο νύμφης
 νυμφίον αἰσχύνειας ὁμόπτερον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων.” 170

Ὡς εἰπὼν πολέμιζεν. ἐς ἡερίας δὲ κελεύθους
 ὄμμα παλιινόστοιο βαλὼν ἀντόπιον Ἄρκτου
 γαμβρὸν ἐὼν λιτάνευε καὶ ἴαχε μῦθον Ἐρεχθεύς·

“ Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς Βορέης, θωρήσσεο,

καὶ σέο νύμφης

μαρναμένῳ γενετῆρι βοηθῶον ἄσθμα τιταίνων 175

ἔδνα τεοῦ θαλάμοιο θαλασσαῖην πόρε νίκην·

ὀλκάσι μὲν Βρομίῳ φέρων νηοσσόον αὔρην

δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἐρεχθεί καὶ Διονύσῳ·

νησι δὲ Δηριάδαο μεμνηνότεα πόντον ἱμάσσων

ἄσθματι κυματόεντι τεὰς θώρηξον ἀέλλας— 180

ἔσσι γὰρ ὑσμίνης ἐμπείραμος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς

Θρήκην ναιετάεις, ἐμπείραμος, οἶά περ Ἄρης—,

ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγι δυσήνεμον ἄσθμα κομίζων

ἔγχεϊ παχνήεντι κορύσσεο Δηριαδῆι·

στήσας δ' ἀντιβίοισι θυελλήεσσαν Ἐννῶ 185

δυσμενέας τόξευε χαλαζήεντι βελέμνω,

καὶ Διὶ πιστὰ φέρων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.

μνώεο Κεκροπίης εὐπαρθένου, ἦχι γυναῖκες

κερκίδι ποικίλλουσι τεῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων·

Ἰλισσὸν δὲ γέραιρε γαμοστόλον, ὀππόθι κούρην 190

Ἀθθίδα σὴν παράκοιτιν ἀνήρπασαν ἄρπαγες αὔραι

ἔζομένην ἀτίνακτον ἀκινήτῳ σέθεν ὤμῳ.

οἶδα μὲν, ὡς συνάεθλος ἐλεύσεται ἄλλος ἀήτης

γείτων ἀντιβίοισιν Ἐώιος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ

οὐ τρομέω θρασὺν Εὐδρον, ὅτι πτερόεντες ἀῆται 195

πάντες, ὅσοι πνεύουσιν, ὀπάονές εἰσι Βορῆος·

καὶ πρόμος Αἰθιοπῶν Νοτίνην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀρούρης

μηκέτι νοστήσειε Κορύμβασος, ἀλλὰ δαμείη

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.

θερμὸν ἔχων συνάεθλον ἐὼν Νότον Αἰθιοπῆα,
 ψυχρὸν ὑπὲρ πόντιο πινὼν θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ· 200
 οὐκ ἀλέγω Ζεφύροιο, κορυσσομένοιο Βορῆος.
 δεῖξον ὁμοφροσύνην ἐκυρῶ σέθεν· οὐρανόθεν δὲ
 σὺν σοὶ Βακχιάδεσσι ἐμαῖς στρατιῆσιν ἀρήξει
 μαρνάμενος τριόδοντι Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνη,
 ἧ μὲν ἐοῖς ναέτησιν, ὁ δὲ γνωτοῖο γενέθλη· 205
 καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος Ἐρεχθεὸς αἷμα γεραίρων
 ἴξεται εὐάντητος ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐννώ,
 ὀλκάσι Δηριάδαο μαχήμονα πυρσὸν ἐλίσσων.
 δὸς δέ με νικῆσαι καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην
 Κεκροπίη κομίσειεν ἀπήμονα λαὸν Ἐρεχθεύς, 210
 καὶ Βορέην μέλιψωσι καὶ Ὠρείθυιαν Ἀθηναί.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἀλιδίνεος ἤψατο χάρμης
 ἔγχεϊ τεχνήεντι, καὶ ὡς ναέτης Μαραθῶνος
 ναύμαχον εἶχεν ἔρωτα· φιληρέτμω δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 εὖστολος ἦεν Ἄρης τότε ναυτίλος, ἐν παλάμῃ δὲ 215
 πηδάλιον Φόβος εἶχε, κυβερνήτης δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 Δεῖμος ἀκοντοφόρων ἀνελύσατο πείσματα νηῶν.

Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση
 ὀλκάδας ἀγχιάλοισιν οἰστεύοντες ἐρίπναις·
 Εὐρύαλος δ' ἀλάλαζεν, ἀλιρροίζω δὲ κυδοιμῶ 220
 ἀγχινεφῆς οἴστρησεν ἐς ὕσμίνην Ἀλιμῆδης.
 καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῆσιν ἐπέκτυπε πόντιος Ἄρης
 χερσαίην μετὰ δῆριν, ἀλιρροίζω δ' ἀλαλητῶ
 ὀλκάσι Βακχεῖησιν ἐπέρρεον ὀλκάδες Ἰνδῶν·
 καὶ φόνος ἦν ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἔζεε κύματα λύθρω, 225
 καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέρων στρατὸς ἤριπεν· ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ
 αἵματι κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα 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 Oreithya."

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 ^a he was in love with seafighting. In that tumult of many oars Ares was then an excellent mariner, Rout held rudder in hand, Terror ^b 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' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῶ πίπτοντες ὀλέθρῳ
 οἰδαλέοι πλωτῆρες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση·
 καὶ ῥοθίοις ἐλικηδὸν ἔχων πορθμῆας ἀήτας 230
 σύρετο νεκρὸς ὄμιλος ἀφειδέει σύνδρομος αὔρη·
 πολλοὶ δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
 εἰς ῥόον ὠλίσθησαν, ἀναγκαίη δὲ πιόντες
 πικρὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησαν ὑποβρυχίης λίνα Μοίρης,
 βριθόμενοι θώρηκι· καὶ οἰδαλέων μέλαν ὕδωρ 235
 κυανέων ἐκάλυπτεν ὁμόχροα σώματα νεκρῶν
 βένθει φυκίοεντι, σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ φορῆι
 χάλκεος ἰλυόεντι χιτῶν ἐκαλύπτετο πηλῶ·
 καὶ τάφος ἔπλετο πόντος. ἔτυμβεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 κητείοις γενύεσσιν, ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ λαιμῶ 240
 ἄπνοον αἰθύσσουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο φώκη,
 ξανθὸν ἐρευγομένη ῥόον αἵματος. ὄλλυμένων δὲ
 τεύχεα πόντος ἔδεκτο, νεοσφαγέος δὲ φορῆος
 αὐτομάτη λοφόεσσα δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε πῆληξ
 δεσμοῦ λυόμενοι, θυελλήεντι δὲ πολλῆς 245
 χεύματι φοιταλέης ἐπενήχετο κύκλα βοείης
 σὺν διερῶ τελαμῶνι. πολὺς δ' ὑπὸ κύμασιν ἄκροις
 ἀφρὸς ἐρευθίων πολιῆς ἀνεκήκειν ἄλμης
 αἵμαλέῳ πάνλευκον ὑποστίξας χύσιν ὀλκῶ.
 Καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη Μελικέρτης· 250
 Λευκοθέη δ' ὀλόλυξε, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχουσα, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου περὶ νίκης
 ἄνθει φυκίοεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο Νύμφη·
 καὶ Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης
 χεῖρας ἐρεισαμένη καὶ Δωρίδι καὶ Πανοπέῃ 255
 ἄσμενον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐπ' εὐθύρῳ Διονύσῳ.
 Καὶ βυθίη Γαλάτεια θαλασσαίου διὰ κόλπου
 ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο διαξύουσα γαλήνην,

²²⁸ 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.

²⁵⁰ Melicertes also was stained by the drops of gore ; Leucothea cried out for joy, she the nurse of Lyaïos, 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.

²⁵⁷ Galatea too came from the depths and moved half visible through the bosom of the deep sea,

NONNOS

καὶ φονίου Κύκλωπος ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐννώ
 δερκομένη δεδόνητο, φόβω δ' ἤμειψε παρειάς· 260
 ἔλπετο γὰρ Πολύφημον ἰδεῖν κατὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 ἀντία Δηριάδαο συναιχμάζοντα Λυαίω·
 ταρβαλέη δ' ἰκέτευε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην
 υἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἀριστεύοντα σαῶσαι,
 καὶ γενέτην φιλότεκνον ἐφ' υἱεὶ κυανοχαίτην 265
 μαρναμένου λιτάνευε προασπίζειν Πολυφήμου.
 καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα
 θυγατέρες Νηρήος· ἐρειδόμενος δὲ τριαίνῃ
 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐδέρκετο γείτονα χάρμην,
 καὶ στρατὸν εὐθώρηκος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου, 270
 ζηλήμων ὀρόων ἐτέρου Κύκλωπος Ἐννώ,
 ὕδρομόθῳ Βρομίῳ πολυμεμφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
 “ Εἰς ἐνοπήν, φίλε Βάκχε,
 τόσους Κύκλωπας ἀγείρων,
 καλλείψας δ' ἕνα μῦνον ἀπόπροθι δημοτήτος,
 εἰς χρόνον ἐπταέτηρον ἔχεις πολύκυκλον ἀγῶνα, 275
 βόσκων ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀτέρμονος ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
 ὅττι τεοῦ μέγαλοιο προασπιστῆρες ἀγῶνος
 πάντες ἐνὸς χατέουσιν ἀνικῆτου Πολυφήμου·
 εἰ δὲ τεγὴν ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐμὸς πάϊς ἴκετο Κύκλωψ, 279
 πατρώην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἐμῆς γλωχίνα τριαίνης, 281
 καὶ κεν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ 280
 στήθεα βουκεράοιο διέθλασε Δηριαδῆος, 284
 καὶ πολὺν αἶνον ὄμιλον ἐμῷ τριόδοντι δαΐζων 282
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ὄλον γένος ἔκτανεν Ἰνδῶν. 283
 υἱὸς ἐμὸς πάλαι¹ ἄλλος ἔχων ἑκατοντάδα χειρῶν 285
 Τιτήνων ὀλετῆρι τεῷ χραίσμησε τοκῆι,
 Αἰγαίων πολύπηχυς, ὅτε Κρόνον εἰς φόβον ἔλκων

¹ So Marcellus: πάλιν mss. and edd.

wrinkling 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 Lyaïos 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 Seabluehair to defend his son Polyphemos in the battle.^a The daughters of Nereus gathered round the bearer of the deepsea trident; Earth-shaker 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 :

²⁷³ “ 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.

ἠλιβάτων ἐτίταινε πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστών,
 ἠέλιον σκιοῶσαν ἔχων ὑψαύχενά χαίτην,
 καὶ βλοσυροὶ Τιτῆνες ἐνοσφίσθησαν Ὀλύμπου 290
 εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος ὑποπτήσσοντες Ἐννώ.”

Τοῖον ἔπος φθονέων νεμεσήμονι πέφραδε φωνῆ.
 αἰδομένη δὲ Θόωσα κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς,
 Ἄρει μὴ παρεόντος ἔρωμανέος Πολυφήμου.

Ὡς δὲ πόνου τέλος ἦεν ἐριφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ, 295
 ἠθάδα πόντον ὄπωπε κατάρρυτον αἵματι Νηρέυς·
 ξανθῆς δ' ἐννοσίγαιος ἐθάμβεε νῶτα θαλάσσης,
 ἰχθύας ἀνδροφάγους ὀρόων καὶ πληθύι νεκρῶν
 γείτονος ἄβροχα νῶτα γεφυρωθέντα θαλάσσης . . .
 Βακχιάδες τε φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον αἶθοπι λαῶ. 300

Κεῖτο δὲ δυσμενέων στρατὸς ἄσπετος,
 ὦν ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
 βαλλομένων ξιφέεσσι καὶ ὀξύτόροισιν ὀιστοῖς.
 τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βέλος ἔμπεσε,
 τοῦ δὲ τυπέντος

ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης
 ὠτειλῆ βεβάθυστο χαρασσομένοιο καρῆνου. 305
 πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων ἐλατήρων
 πόντον ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνασχίζοντες ἔρετμοῖς
 κυανέην λεύκαινον ἐπασσυτέρην χύσιν ἀφρῶ,
 καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀνόνητος ἐπειγομένων ἐλατήρων,
 συμφερτοὺς δὲ κάλωας ἀοσητηῆρι σιδήρῳ 310
 ἰθυντῆρ ἀπέκοψε καὶ ἔσχισεν ἄορι σειρήν.

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.

Ἄμφοτέρης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐν ἡέρι ροίζον ἰάλλων
 ἔρρεεν ἀπλανέων δολιχόσκιος ὄμβρος οἰστῶν·
 ὦν ὁ μὲν ἰστὸν ἔβαλλε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δὲ περήσας
 ἰστιὸν εὐδίνητον ἐβόμβεε σύνδρομος αὖραις, 315
 ἄλλος ἔην προτόνοισι πεπαρμένος, ὃς δὲ μεσόδμη
 κεῖτο πεσῶν, ἕτερος δὲ δι' ἡέρος ἰὸς ἀλήτης
 ἀκροτάτης ἐτύχησεν ἀερσιλόφοιο κεραίης,
 σέλμασι δ' ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος· ἀγχιφανῆ δὲ
 ἄλλα κυβερνητῆρος ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύθου 320
 ἄστατα πηδαλίω διέξεσεν ἄκρα κορύμβου·
 καὶ Φλόγιος κλυτότοξος ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων
 ἴκρια νηὸς ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
 ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν κατὰ πόντον εὐπτερον ἰὸν ἀλήτη
 πουλύποδος σκολιοῖο περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβοις· 325
 ἄλλου δ' ἡμβροτεν ἄλλος· Ἐρυθραίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
 πομπίλον ἄλλος ἔτυψε καταιχμάζων Διονύσου·
 ἔγχεϊ δ' ἠκόντιζε Κορύμβασος, ὄφρα τυχήσῃ
 ὀλκαίης Σατύροιο, παραῖξασα δὲ λόγχη 330
 ἰχθύος ὑδροπόροιο κατέγραφε δίζυγον οὐρῆν
 θηγαλέη γλαγχῖνι· τιτυσκόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
 Δηριάδης δόρυ πέμπεν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχου
 εἰς ραχίην δελφίνος ἐποίπνυε λοίγιος αἰχμή, 335
 κυρτὸς ὄπη λοφιῆσι συνάπτεται ἰχθύος αὐχῆν,
 δελφίς δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐθήμονι κυκλάδι νύσση
 ἡμιθανῆς σκίρτησε χορίτιδος ἄλματι Μοίρης·
 πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κυβιστητῆρες ὀλέθρου
 ἰχθύες ὠρχήσαντο χαρασσομένων ἀπὸ νώτων.

Καὶ Στερόπης προμάχιζεν·

ἀερσιπόδης δ' Ἀλιμῆδης 340
 χειρὶ λαβῶν πρηῶνα θαλασσοτόκοιο κολώνης
 ῥῦψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἔδυνε δὲ φοιταλέη νηῦς

³¹² From each army flew straight a shower of long-shafted arrows whizzing unerring 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 Lyaïos. 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.^a 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.

³⁴⁰ Steropes also fought in the forefront; Halimedes high uplifted upon his feet grasped the crag of a seaborn cliff and threw it at the foe—a stray

^a Naucrates ductor.

τρηχαλέου βληθεῖσα λίθου τροχοειδέι κύκλω.
καί τις ἀκοντισθεῖσα δι' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδι γείτων
ἀμφοτέρας ἔζευξεν ἀλίδρομος ἔγχεος αἰχμῆ, 345
νῆας ἐπισφίγξασα δύω ξυνήνι δεσμῶ
στεινομένων νεφεληδόν· ἦν δ' ἑτερόκτυπος ἠχώ.

Καὶ στόλος ἀμφοτέρων τετράζυγον εἶχεν Ἐννώ,
ὧν ὁ μὲν ἀντιπόροιο περὶ ράχιν αἴθοπος Εὐρου,
ὄς δὲ Λιβὸς δροσεροῖο παρὰ πτερόν, ὄς δὲ Βορῆος, 350
καὶ Νοτίν παρὰ πέζαν. ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ριπαῖς
Μορρεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων
Βασσαρίδων ἐφόβησεν ἀλιπτοίητον Ἐννώ,
ἴσος ἀριστεύων καὶ ἐν ὕδασι· ἀλλὰ ἐθύρσω
Εὐῖος οὐτήσας διερῆς ἀνεσείρασε χάρμης, 355
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνησιν ἐπὶ πτόλιν ὦχετο Μορρεὺς.

Ἄφρα μὲν ἔνθεον ἔλκος, ὃ μιν λάχε, δαιμονίη χεῖρ
λυσιπόνου Βραχμῆνος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ,
θεσπεσίη λάλον ὕμνον ὑποτρύζοντος ἀοιδῆ,
τόφρα δὲ δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραε Λύδιος Ἄρης. 360

Τοῖσι μὲν ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἦν πλόος, εἶχε δ' Ἐννώ
ναυτιλῆς προκέλευθον, ἀλισμαράγου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
ἦν κλόνος ἀμφοτέρων ἑτερότροπος· ἀντιβίων γὰρ
ὄσσοι μὲν κραναοῖσιν οἰστεύοντο βελέμοις
ἢ φονίοις πετάλοισιν ἢ ἔγχεσιν ἢ μαχαίραις, 365
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήθεας εἰς μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἴθμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοντο θαλάσσης·
εἰ δέ τις εἰς ἄλα πίπτε τυπεῖς Βρομίοιο μαχητῆς,
αἰθύσσων παλάμας ἐπενήχετο κύματα τέμνων
χερσὶ θαλασσομόθοισιν, ἀλιρροίζω δὲ κυδοιμῶ 370
μαρνάμενος ροθίοισι μετ' ἀνέρας ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ.

Εἰναλῆς δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε 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-

NONNOS

νίκην ὕδατόεσσαν ἐπεντύνων Διονύσω·
 καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης
 μαρνάμενος δηίοισι, καὶ ἄβροχον ἥνιοχεύων 375
 ἄρμα Ποσειδάωνος ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
 καὶ πισύραις κατὰ πόντον ἐφιππεύοντες ἀέλλαις
 κύματα πυργώσαντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀήται,
 δυσμενέων ἐθέλοντες αἰστώσαι στίχα νηῶν, 379
 οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆος ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυαίου· 381
 καὶ Ζέφυρος κεκόρυστο, 380
 Νότος δ' ἐπεσύρισεν Εὐρῷ, 382
 καὶ Βορέης Θρήισαν ἄγων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
 ἄγρια μαινομένης ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα θαλάσσης.
 καὶ στόλον ἰθύνουσα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆος
 ὑσμίνης Ἔρις ἦρχε· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νηῶν 385
 Ἰνδοφόνῳ παλάμῃ κολπώσατο λαίφεα Νίκη.
 χεῖλεσι δ' ἰκμαλέοισι μαχήμονα κόχλον ἐρείσας
 εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι μέλος μυκήσατο Νηρεΐς·
 καὶ Θέτις ἐσμαράγησεν ἐνναλῆς μέλος Ἥχους
 κύμασι πατρώοισι προασπίζουσα Λυαίου. 390
 Εὐρυμέδων δὲ Κάβειρος ἐθήμονα δαλὸν αἰείρων
 ὑσμίνης δόλον εὗρεν ἀρηγόνα· μηκεδανὴν γὰρ
 νηῦν ἰδίην ἔφλεξεν ἐκούσιον ἀψάμενος πῦρ·
 νηυσὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐπέτρεχε φοιταλέη νηῦς
 νεύμασι Βακχείοισι περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση, 395
 καὶ λοξαῖς ἐλίκεσσι ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων
 κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἐνήχετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης,
 καίων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων στίχα νηῶν.
 καὶ σέλας ἀθρήσασα πυριβλήτοιο θαλάσσης
 Νηρεῖς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐδύσατο βένθεα πόντου, 400
 αἰθομένου φεύγουσα δι' ὕδατος ἰκμαλέον πῦρ.
 Χάζετο δ' Ἰνδὸς ὄμιλος ἐπὶ χθόνα, πόντον ἑάσας·
 καὶ Φαέθων ἐγέλασεν, ὅτι προτέρους μετὰ δεσμῶν

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 Lyaïos: 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 Lyaïos 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

ἐκ πυρὸς Ἑφαιστοιο πάλιν φύγε ναύμαχος Ἄρης.
 Δηριάδης δ' ἀκίχητος ἰδὼν φλόγα σύνδρομον αὔραις 405
 εἰς πεδίον πεπότητο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων,
 φεύγων ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου.

^a When Hephaistos caught him with Aphrodite in a net

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Hephaistos, as once before he fled from his chains.^a
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 ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστόν ἔχει δεδαϊγμένον ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Οὐ δὲ Δίκην ἀλέεινε πανόψιον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἄρραγέος κλωστῆρος ἀκαμπέα νήματα Μοίρης·
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀθρήσασα πεφυζότα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη—
ἔζετο γὰρ κατὰ πόντον ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐρίπνης,
ναύμαχον εἰσορόωσα κορυσσομένων μόθον Ἰνδῶν— 5
ἐκ σκοπιῆς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ἄρσενα δύσατο μορφῆν·
κλειψινόοις δ' ὀάροισι παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
Μορρέος εἶδος ἔχουσα, χαριζομένη δὲ Λυαίῳ
Δηριάδην ἀνέκοιψε, καὶ ὡς ἀλέγουσα κυδοιμοῦ
φρικτὸν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος πολυμεμφεῖ φωνῇ· 10

“ Φεύγεις, Δηριάδη; τίνι κάλλιπες Ἄρεα νηῶν;
πῶς δύνασαι ναέτησι φανήμεναι; ἢ πόθεν ἄντην
ὄψεαι Ὀρσιβόην μενεδήιον, αἴ κεν ἀκούσῃ
Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ οὐ μίμνοντα γυναῖκας;
αἶδεο Χειροβίην ῥηξήνορα, μή σε νοήσῃ 15
ὑσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ὑποπτήσσοντα Λυαίου,
ἢ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσα καὶ ὀχλίζουσα βοεῖην
μάρνατο Βασσαρίδεσσι, συνεσπομένη παρακοίτη.
χάζεό μοι Μορρῆι λιπῶν μόθον· ἦν δ' ἐβελήσῃς,
αὐτὸς ἀριστεύσω καὶ ἀνάλκιδα Βάκχον ὀλέσσω. 20

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 Morrheus; 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 :

11 “ 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 Orsiboë, 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 Lyaïos unarmed—why, she held a furious spear, she heaved up an oxhide and fought the Bassarids following her husband ! Give place, please, to Morrheus—you have left the field, and if you please, I will be champion myself and

πενθερὸν οὐ καλέσω σε πεφυζότα, σείο δὲ κούρης
 ἔστω Χειροβίης ἕτερος πόσις· αἰδόμενος γὰρ
 καλλείψω τεδὸν ἄστῃ, καὶ ἴξομαι εἰς χθόνα Μήδων,
 ἴξομαι εἰς Σκυθίην, ἵνα μὴ σέο γαμβρὸς ἀκούσω.
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· 'εὖσπλος ἐμῆ δάμαρ οἶδεν Ἐννώ.' 25
 εἰσὶν Ἀμαζονίδες περὶ Καύκασον, ὀππόθι πολλαὶ
 Χειροβίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες·
 κείθι δορικτήτην βριαρὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀκοίτης
 εἰς γάμον, ἦν ἐθέλω, μίαν ἄξομαι· ἐν θαλάμοις γὰρ
 οὐ δέχομαι σέο παῖδα φυγοπτολέμοιο τοκῆος." 30

Ὡς φαμένῃ παρέπεισεν ἀγήνορα Δηριαδῆα,
 καὶ οἱ θάρσος ἔδωκε τὸ δεύτερον, ὄφρα δαμείη
 μαρναμένου Βρομίοιο τυπεῖς φθισήνορι θύρσω.
 καὶ θρασὺς ἀγνώσσων δολίην παρεούσαν Ἀθήνην
 ψευδομένου Μορρηῆος ἐλεγχέα μῦθον ἀκούων 35
 χεῖλεσιν αἰδομένοισι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·

“ Φεῖδεο σῶν ἐπέων·

τί με μέμφεαι, ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
 οὐ πρόμος, οὐ πρόμος οὗτος,

ἐὸν δέμας αἰὲν ἀμείβων.

καὶ γὰρ ἀμηχανέω, τίνι μάρναμαι ἢ τίνα βάλλω·
 σπεύδων μὲν πτερόεντι βαλεῖν Διόνυσον οἰστῶ, 40
 ἢ ξίφεϊ πλήξας μέσον αὐχένος, ἢ δόρυ πέμπων
 οὐτῆσαι ποθέων διὰ γαστέρος, ἀντὶ Λυαίου
 πόρδαλιν αἰολόνωτον ἐπαῖσσοντα κιχάνω . . .
 μαρναμένου δὲ λέοντος ἐπείγομαι αὐχένα τέμνειν,
 καὶ θρασὺν ἀντὶ λέοντος ὄφιν δασπλήτα δοκεύω· 45
 σπεύδων δ' ἀντὶ δράκοντος ὀπιπεύω ράχιν ἄρκτου·
 εἰς λοφιὴν δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἐμὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλω,
 ἀλλὰ μάτην τανύω δολιχὸν βέλος· ἀντὶ γὰρ ἄρκτου

^a 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 Cheirobië 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 Cheirobië. 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 Lyaïos I find a speckled panther charging upon me. . . .^a 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 ἡερόφοιτος ἀνούτατος ἵπταμένη φλόξ.
 κάπρον ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα βοὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούω, 50
 ἀντὶ σὺς τινα ταῦρον ὑπὲρ λοξοῖο μετώπου
 παπταίνω χαροπῆσιν ἀκοντίζοντα κεραταῖς
 ἡμετέρους ἐλέφαντας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν ἄορ ἐλίσσω
 θηρσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι, καὶ οὐχ ἓνα θῆρα δαμάζω.
 καὶ φυτὸν ἀθρήσας τανύω βέλος, ἀλλὰ φυγόντος 55
 νύσσαν ἐς ἡερίην ὀρόω κυρτούμενον ὕδωρ.
 ἔνθεν ἐγὼ τρομέων πολυφάρμακα θαύματα τέχνης
 φύλοπιν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀλυσκάζω Διονύσου·
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν Βρομίῳ θωρήξομαι, ἄχρῖς ἐλέγξω
 μάγγανα τεχνήεντα δολορραφέος Διονύσου." 60

Ὡς εἰπὼν κεκόρυστο τὸ δεῦτερον ἡθάδι λύσση,
 καὶ πάλιν ἐν πεδίῳ μόθος ἔβρεμε, μαρναμένῳ δὲ
 εἰναλίην μετὰ δῆριν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω·
 καὶ προτέρης Βρομίῳ λελασμένος ἔπλετο νίκης,
 ὁππότε δενδρήεντι περίπλοκος αὐχένα δεσμῶ 65
 ἱκεσίην πολύευκτον ἀνέσχεθε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἔσκε θεημάχος· εἶχε δὲ βουλήν
 διχθαδίην, ἣ Βάκχον ἐλεῖν ἢ δμῶα τελέσαι.
 τρὶς μὲν ἐὼν δόρυ πέμπε,

καὶ ἡμβροτεν ἡέρα βάλλων·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέδραμεν οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ 70
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον ἐπήορον ἔγχος ἰάλλων
 Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος
 γαμβρὸν ἐὼν καλέεσκε, καὶ οὐκέτι φαίνεται Μορρεῦς·
 ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα δολοπλόκον εἶδος Ἀθήνη
 δαίμονι βοτρυόεντι παρίστατο· δερκομένου δὲ 75
 δείματι θεσπεσίῳ λύτο γούνατα Δηριαδῆος·
 ἔγνω δ' ἀνδρομέης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
 Μορρέος ἀντιτύποιο φέρειν μίμημα προσώπου·
 καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆα σοφῆς ἐνόησεν Ἀθήνης.

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 ἐγήθεεν, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ 80
 ψευδομένην γίνωσκε συναιχμάζουσαν Ἀθήνην.
 Καὶ τότε βοτρύεις κοτέων βακχεύετο δαίμων
 ὑψιτενῆς περίμετρος, ἴσος Παρνησιίδι πέτρῃ·
 Δηριάδην δ' ἐδίωκε ταχύδρομον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
 κοῦφος ἐπειγομέναις ἐπιταίνεται σύνδρομος αὔραις· 85
 ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἴκανον, ὅπη πολεμητόκον ὕδωρ
 κύματι λυσσώντι γέρων κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπης,
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν ποταμοῖο παρ' ἠόνας ἄπλετος ἔσθη,
 ὡς γενέτην συνάεθλον ἔχων κελάδοντα μαχητὴν
 ὑγρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κορυσσομένου Διονύσου, 90
 δαίμων δ' ἀμπελόεις ταμεσίχροα θύρσον ἰάλλων
 ἀκρότατον χροά μῦνον ἐπέγραφε Δηριαδῆος.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ κισσήεντι τυπεῖς φθισήνορι θαλλῶ
 πατρώῳ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε ρέέθρῳ,
 μηκεδανοῖς μελέεσσι γεφυρώσας ὄλον ὕδωρ 95
 αὐτόματος· χρονίην δὲ θεοὶ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 σὺν Διὶ παμμεδέοντι πάλιν νόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 Βάκχοι δ' ἀμφαλάλαζον ἀδηρίτου Διονύσου
 δῆριν ἀνευάζοντες, ἀολλίζοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 ἔγχεσιν οὐτάζοντες ὄλον χροά Δηριαδῆος. 100
 Ὅρσιβόη δ' ὤμωξε πολυθρήνων ἐπὶ πύργων,
 κείμενον ἀρτιδαίικτον ὄδυρομένη παρακοίτην·
 πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου,
 καὶ σκολιῆς ὤλοψεν ἀκηδέα βότρυν ἐθειρήσ,
 καὶ κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν ἐοῦ κατέχευε καρῆνου· 105
 Χειροβίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καταφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
 κυανέους δ' ἤρασε βραχίονας, ἀργυφέου δὲ
 στέρνον ὄλον γύμνωσε διχαζομένοιο χιτῶνος· 107
 Πρωτονόη δ' ἀπέδιλος εἰς ξύουσα παρειάς, 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 Euoi 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. Cheirobië 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 καταισχύνουσα προσώπου, 110
 κλαίεν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἀνέρι καὶ γενετῆρι,
 διπλόον ἄλγος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ·

“ Ἄνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος ὤλεο· καὶ δ' ἐμὲ χήρην
 ἔλλιπες ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀπειρήτην τοκετοῖο·

νήπιον οὐ τέκον νῦα παραίφασιν· οὐ μετὰ νίκην 115
 νόστιμον ἄνδρα νόησα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀλλὰ σιδήρω
 αὐτὸς ἐῷ δέδμητο, καὶ οὖνομα δῶκε ῥέεθροις,
 καὶ θάνεν ἐν ξείνοισιν, ὅπως ἐμὸν ἄνδρα καλέσσω
 ἄσπορον αὐτοδάικτον ἀνόστιμον ὑγρὸν Ὀρόντην.

μύρομαι ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Δηριάδην καὶ Ὀρόντην, 120
 ἴσον ἀποφθιμένους διερὸν μόρον· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
 Δηριάδην κρύφε κῦμα, ῥόος δ' ἐκάλυψεν Ὀρόντην.
 μητέρι δ' οὐ γενόμεν πανομοίος· Ὀρσιβόη γὰρ
 θυγατέρων ἦεισε καταφθαμένους ὑμεναίους·

Πρωτονόης γάμον εἶδεν,
 ἐδέξατο γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην, 125

Χειροβίην δ' ἔζευξεν ἀνικῆτῶ παρακοίτη,
 ὃν τρομέει καὶ Βάκχος ὁ τηλίκος· ἀμφιέπει μὲν
 Χειροβίη ζῶοντα φίλον πόσιν, οὐ δέ ἐ θύρσος,
 οὐ ῥόος ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐγὼ δ' ἄρα διπλόα πάσχω,
 ἀνέρος οἰχομένοιο καὶ ὄλλυμένου γενετῆρος. 130

λῆγε, μάτην σέο παῖδα παρηγορέουσα, τιθήνη,
 δὸς μοι ἔχειν ἐμὸν ἄνδρα, καὶ οὐ γενετῆρα γοήσω·
 δεῖξον ἐμοί τινα παῖδα, παρήγορον ἀνδρὸς ἀνίης. 133

τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην, 135
 ὄφρα κύσω φίλον οἶδμα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο;

τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν ἐς ἱερὰ τέμπεα Δάφνης, 134
 ὄφρα περιπτύξαιμι καὶ ἐν προχοῆσιν Ὀρόντην;

εἶην ἡμερόεις καὶ ἐγὼ ῥόος· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ
 δάκρυσιν ὀμβρηθεῖσα φανήσομαι αὐτόθι πηγῇ,
 ἦχι θανῶν εὐνδρος ἐμὸς πόσις οἶδμα κυλίνδει, 140

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 I 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 ὕδατοέσσα· καὶ ἔσσομαι οἶα Κομαιθῶ,
 ἧ πάρος ἱμερόεντος ἔρασσαμένη ποταμοῖο
 τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι Κύδνον ἀκοίτην,
 δαέρος ἡμετέρου παρὰ Μορρέος οἶον ἐκείνοις
 ἀνδράσι παρ Κιλίκεσσι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούω· 145
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποθέουσα παρέρχομαι ἠδὺν Ὀρόντην,
 οἶα φυγὰς Περιβοῖα, καὶ οὐ ποτε καμπύλον ὕδωρ
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζουσα φυλάξομαι ὑγρὸν ἀκοίτην.
 εἰ δέ μοι οὐ πέπρωτο θανεῖν παρὰ γείτοιν Δάφνη,
 κύμασι πατροπάτωρ με κατακρύψειεν Ὑδάσπης, 150
 μὴ Σατύρου κερόεντος ἐν ἀγκοίνησιν ἰαύσω, 154
 μὴ Φρύγα κῶμον ἴδω, μὴ κύμβαλα χερσὶ τινάξω, 151
 μὴ τελετὴν τελέσω φιλοπαίγμονα, μηδὲ νοήσω 152
 Μαιονίην, μὴ Τμῶλον ἴδω, μὴ δῶμα Λυαίου 153
 ἧ ζυγὰ δουλοσύνης βαρναχθέα, μὴ τις ἐνύφη· 155
 ‘κούρη Δηριάδαο δοριθρασέος βασιλῆος
 ληιδίη μετὰ δῆριν ὑποδρήσσει Διονύσω.’ ”

Ὡς φαμένης ἔλεεινὰ συνεστενάχοντο γυναῖκες,
 ὧν πάις, ὧν τέθνηκεν ἀδελφεός, ὧν γενετῆρες
 ἧ πόσις ἀρτιγένειος ἀώριος. ἐκ δὲ καρῆνου 160
 Χειροβίη τίλλουσα κόμην ἤμυξε παρειάς·
 διχθαδίαις δ' ὀδύνησιν ἰμάσσετο, καὶ γενετῆρα
 οὐ τόσον ἐστενάχιζεν, ὅσον νεμέσιζεν ἀκοίτη·
 ἔκλυε γὰρ Μορρῆος ἔρωμανέουσαν ἀνάγκην
 καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα σαόφρονα Χαλκομεδείης. 165
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐὼν ῥήξασα χιτῶνα·

^a 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,^a 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^b; 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 Lyaïos 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,^c 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 Chalcomedea.^d 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.

“ Φειδόμενος μελῆς

γενέτην ἐμὸν ἔκτανε Μορρεῦς·
οὐδὲ πέλε φθιμένου τιμήρορος· ἐχθομένην δὲ
Χαλκομέδην ποθέων οὐκ ἤλασε θῆλυν Ἐννώ,
ἀλλ’ ἔτι Βασσαρίδεσσι χαρίζεται. εἶπατε, Μοῖραι· 170
τίς φθόνος Ἰνδῶν πόλιν ἔπραθε;

τίς φθόνος ἄφνω
ἔχραεν ἀμφοτέρησι θυγατράσι Δηριαδῆος;
θνήσκων μὲν κατὰ δῆριν εἶν παράκοιτιν Ὀρόντης
Πρωτονόην ἀκόμιστον ἐθήκατο πενθάδα χήρην,
Χειροβίην δ’ ἀπέειπεν ἔτι ζώουσαν ἀκοίτης. 175

γνωτῆς δ’ ἡμετέρης ὀλοώτερα πῆματα πάσχω·
Πρωτονόη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἀοσητηῆρα τιθήνης,
Χειροβίη πόσιν ἔσχεν ἐῆς δηλήμονα πατρὸς,
αἰχμητὴν ἀνόνητον, ὀπάονα Κυπρογενεῖης
ἄλκιμον, ἀλλοπρόσαλλον, ὁμοφρονέοντα Λυαίω. 180

εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθη καὶ ἐμὸς γάμος· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
Μορρέος ἰμείροντος ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν·
πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην χάριν ἀνέρος· ἢ πρὶν ἀγῆνωρ
καὶ θυγάτηρ βασιλῆος, ἐγὼ ποτε δεσπότης Ἰνδῶν,
ἔσσομαι ἀμφιπόλων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· καὶ τάχα δειλὴ 185
δμωίδα Χαλκομέδειαν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν ἐνύψω.

σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔδεθλον ἔχεις, ἀπατήλιε Μορρεῦ·
αὔριον αὐτοκέλευστος ἐλεύσειαι εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν,
Χαλκομέδης διὰ κάλλος ὑποδρήσσων Διονύσω.
ἀμφαδὰ Χαλκομέδης ἔχε δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ· 190
οὐκέτι γὰρ τρομέεις βλοσυρὸν στόμα Δηριαδῆος.
χάζεο, κικλήσκει σε δράκων πάλιν, ὅς σε διώκει
φρουρὸν ἀσυλήτοιο γάμου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων.”

Τοῖα μὲν ἀχθυμένη βαρυδάκρυος ἔννεπε νύμφη·
Πρωτονόη δ’ ὀλόλυξε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφοτέραις δὲ 195
χεῖρας ἐπικλίναςα κατηφέας ἴαχε μήτηρ·

167 " 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^a 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^b; Cheirobië had a husband who destroyed his country, a useless warrior, the lackey of Cyprogeneia, a strong man unstable, a partisan of Lyaïos. 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!"

194 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 Δηριαδῆα καὶ οὐκέτι γαμβρὸν Ὀρόντην.
 Δηριάδης τέθνηκεν· ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν,
 ἀρραγὲς ἤριπε τείχος ἐμῆς χθονός· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴν 200
 Βάκχος ἐλὼν ὀλέσῃ με σὺν ὀλλυμένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
 καὶ με λαβὼν ρίψειεν ἐς ὠκυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
 γαῖαν ἀναινομένην· ἐχέτω δέ με πενθερὸν ὕδωρ,
 Δηριάδην δ' ἐσίδω καὶ ἐν ὕδασι· μηδὲ νοήσω
 Πρωτονόην ἀέκουσαν ἐφespoμένην Διονύσω, 205
 μὴ ποτε Χειροβίης ἕτερον γόνον οἰκτρὸν ἀκούσω
 ἐλκομένης ἐς ἔρωτα δορικτήτων ὕμεναίων·
 μὴ πόσιν ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετ' ἀνέρα Δηριαδῆα.
 εἶην Νηιάδεσσιν ὀμέστιος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
 Λευκοθέην ζώουσαν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης, 210
 καὶ μία Νηρεΐδων κικλήσκειται, ἀντὶ δὲ λευκῆς
 ἄλλη κυανόπεζα φανήσομαι ὕδριας Ἰνώ.”

Τοῖα μὲν ἐλκεχίτωνες ἐπωδύροντο γυναῖκες
 ἰστάμεναι στοιχηδὸν ἐρισμαράγων ἐπὶ πύργων.

Βάκχοι δ' ἐκροτάλιζον ἀπορρίψαντες Ἐννώ, 215
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωντες ὀμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·

“ Ἡράμεθα μέγα κῦδος·

ἐπέφνομεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν.”

Καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι νίκης,
 ἀμπνεύσας δὲ πόνοιο καὶ αἱματόεντος ἀγῶνος
 πρῶτα μὲν ἐκτερέριξεν ἀτυμβεύτων στίχα νεκρῶν, 220
 δωμήσας ἓνα τύμβον ἀπείριτον εὐρέι κόλπῳ
 ἄκριτον ἀμφὶ πυρῆν ἑκατόμπεδον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῖς
 Μυγδονὶς αἰολόμολπος ἐπέκτυπεν αἶλινα σύριγγξ,
 καὶ Φρύγες αὐλητῆρες ἀνέπλεκον ἄρσενα μολπῆν

* Ino is also called Leucothea, “white goddess,” and “silver-footed” is a stock epithet of Thetis.

197 " 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." ^a

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

215 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 ! " ^b

218 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

^b Quoted from *Iliad* xxii. 393, with ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν for Ἐκτορα δῖον.

πενθαλέοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι 225
 ἄβρὰ μελιζομένοιο Γανύκτορος Εὐάδι φωνῆ·
 καὶ Κλεόχου Βερέκυντες ὑπὸ στόμα δίζυγες αὐλοὶ
 φρικτὸν ἐμυκήσαντο Λίβυν γόον, ὃν πάρος ἄμφω
 Σθεννώ τ' Εὐρυάλη τε μιῇ πολυδειράδι φωνῆ
 ἄρτιτόμω ροιζηδὸν ἐπεκλαύσαντο Μεδούση 230
 φθεγγομένων κεφαλῆσι διηκοσίησι δρακόντων,
 ὧν ἄπο μυρομένων σκολιὸν σύριγμα κομάων
 θρήνον πουλυκάρηνον ἐφημίξαντο Μεδούσης.

Παυσάμενος δὲ πόνοιο, καὶ ὕδατι γυῖα καθήρας,
 ὦπασε λυσιμόθοισι θεουδέα κοίρανον Ἴνδοῖς, 235
 κρινάμενος Μωδαῖον· ἐπὶ ξυνῶ δὲ κυπέλλω
 Βάκχοις δαινυμένοισι μιῆς ἤψαντο τραπέζης
 ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντες ἀπ' οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο.
 καὶ χορὸς ἄσπετος ἔσκεν· ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ πολλῇ
 Βασσαρὶς οἰστρήεντι πέδον κρούουσα πεδίλω, 240
 καὶ Σάτυρος βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων χθόνα ταρσῶ
 λοξὰ κυβιστητῆρι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῶ,
 πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων μανιώδεος αὐχένι Βάκχης·
 καὶ πρυλέες Βρομίοιο συνωρχήσαντο βοείαις,
 καὶ τροχαλῆς κλονέοντες ἐνόπλια κύκλα χορείης 245
 ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἱππῆων κορυθαιόλον εἰς χορὸν ἔστη
 νίκην πανδαμάτειραν ἀνεύζων Διονύσου·
 οὐδέ τις ἄσφοφος ἦεν· ὁμογλώσσω δ' ἀλαλητῶ
 εἰς πόλον ἐπτάζωνον ἀνέδραμεν εὖιος ἤχώ. 250

Ἄλλ' ὅτε λυσιπόνοιο παρήλυθε κῶμος ἑορτῆς,
 νίκης ληΐδα πᾶσαν ἔλων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἴνδῶν

^a Pindar, *Pyth.* xii. 23 gives this origin of the tune called πολυκέφαλος—πολλῶν κεφαλῶν νόμον, 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,

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 droned 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.

NONNOS

ἀρχαίης Διόνυσος ἔης ἐμνήσατο πάτρης,
 λύσας ἑπταέτηρα θεμείλια δημοτήτος. 255
 καὶ δηίων ὄλον ὄλβον ἐληίζοντο μαχηταί,
 ὦν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδὸν ἴασπιν, ὁ δὲ γραπτῆς ὑακίνθου
 Φοιβάδος εἶχε μέταλλα καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου·
 ἄλλος ἐνκρήπιδος ὑπὸ σκοπιῆσιν Ἴμαίου
 ὄρθιον ἴχνος ἔπειγε δορικτήτων ἐλεφάντων, 260
 ὃς δὲ παρ' Ἡμωδοῖο βαθυσπήλυγγι κολώνῃ
 ἤλασεν Ἴνδῶν μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων
 κυδιόων, ἕτερος δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμα πεδήσας
 Μυγδονίην ἔσπευδεν ἐς ἧόνα πόρδαλιν ἔλκειν·
 καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλω
 στικτὸν ἔχων προκέλευθον ἐκώμασε τίγριν ἰμάσσων· 265
 ἄλλος ἄγων νόστησεν ἐῆ Κυβεληίδι νύμφῃ
 φυταλὴν εὐδομον ἀλιτρεφέων δονακήων,
 καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτουσαν Ἐρυθραίης γέρας ἄλμης·
 πολλή δ' ἐκ θαλάμοιο σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ
 ληιδίῃ πλοκάμων μελανόχροος ἔλκετο νύμφῃ, 270
 δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ὑποζεύξασα λεπάδνῳ.
 χειρὶ δὲ κουφίζουσα ῥνηφενέος χύσιν ὄλβου
 εἰς σκοπιάς Τμῶλοιο θεόσσυτος ἦε Βάκχῃ,
 κῶμον ἀνευάζουσα παλιννόστῳ Διονύσῳ.

Καὶ στρατιῇ Διόνυσος ἐδάσσατο ληίδα χάρμης 275
 λαὸν ὄλον συνάεθλον ὑπότροπον οἴκαδε πέμπων
 Ἴνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν· ἀπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοὶ
 μάρμαρα κουφίζοντες Ἐώια δῶρα θαλάσσης,
 ὄρνεά τ' αἰολόμορφα· παλιννόστῳ δὲ πορείῃ
 κῶμον ἀνευάζοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ 280

^a 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 tipping-leaves. Another returned with a gift for his Cybeleïd^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.

²⁷⁵ 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.

NONNOS

πάντες ἐβακχεύοντο, πολυκμήτιο λιπόντες
 μνήστιν ὄλου πολέμοιο, Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὔρη
 σκιδναμένην· καὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἀναθήματα νίκης
 ὄψιμον εἰς δόμον ἤλθε παλίνδρομος. ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
 Ἄστέριος τότε μῶνος ἀνιπτοπόδων σχεδὸν Ἄρκτων 285
 Φάσιδος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἀθαλπεί νάσσατο γαίῃ
 Μασσαγέτην παρὰ κόλπον, εὐὸ γενέταο τοκῆος
 ναίων ἀστερόεντος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ δύσσιφα Ταύρου,
 φεύγων Κνώσσιον ἄστν καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην,
 Πασιφάην στυγέων καὶ ἐὼν Μίνωα τοκῆα, 290
 καὶ Σκυθὴν προβέβουλεν ἐῆς χθονός·

αὐτὰρ ὁ μούνοις

Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοις ἅμα Βάκχαις
 Καυκασίην μετὰ δῆριν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
 Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον, ἦχι θαμίζων
 λαὸν ἀβακχεύτων Ἀράβων ἐδίδαξεν αἰερίην 295
 μυστιπόλους νάρθηκας· ἀξιφύτιο δὲ λόχμης
 Νύσια βοτρυόεντι κατέστεφεν οὔρεα θαλλῶ.

Ἀρραβίης δὲ τένοντα βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἕασας
 ἀτραπὸν Ἀσσυρίην διεμέτρεε πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
 καὶ Τυρίων μενέαιεν ἰδεῖν χθόνα πατρίδα Κάδμου· 300
 κείθι γὰρ ἶχνος ἔκαμψε, καὶ ἄσπετα πέπλα δοκεύων
 θάμβεεν Ἀσσυρίας ἑτερόχροα δαίδαλα τέχνης,
 ἄργυφον εἰσορόων Βαβυλωνίδος ἔργον Ἀράχνης·
 καὶ Τυρίῃ σκοπίαζε δεδευμένα φάρεα κόχλω,
 πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης, 305
 ἦχι κύων ἀλιεργὸς ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἐρέπτων
 ἐνδόμυχον χαροπῆσι γενειάσι θέσκελον ἰχθὺν
 χιονέας πόρφυρε παρηίδας αἵματι κόχλου,

^a Because the great Bear never dips into the ocean.

^b Now the Rion.

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-unwashed Bears,^a about the river Phasis^b in a cold land by the Massagetic Gulf,^c where he dwelt under the snowburdened feet of his father's father, Tauros the Bull,^d 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 Bacchant 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.

²⁹⁸ 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 Arachne^e; 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 Arachne, 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.

NONNOS

χείλεα φοινίξας διερῶ πυρί, τῷ ποτε μούνω
φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων ἐρυθθαίνεται φᾶρος ἀνάκτων. 310

Καὶ πόλιν ἀθρήσας ἐπεγήθειεν, ἦν ἐνοσίχθων
οὐ διερῶ μίτρωσεν ὄλω ζωστήρι θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ τύπον λάχε τοῖον Ὀλύμπιον, οἶον ὑφαίνει
ἀγχιτελῆς λείπουσα μῆ γλωχῖνι σελήνη.

καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι μέσην χθόνα σύζυγον ἄλμη 315
διπλόον ἔλλαχε θάμβος, ἐπεὶ Τύρος εἰν ἀλί κείται
εἰς χθόνα μοιρηθεῖσα, συναπτομένη δὲ θαλάσση
τριχθαδίαῖς λαγόνεσσι μίαν ξυνώσατο μίτρην·

νηχομένη δ' ἀτίνακτος ὁμοίος ἔπλετο κούρη,
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα καὶ αὐχένα δῶκε θαλάσση, 320

χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα μέση διδυμάονι πόντῳ,
γείτοني λευκαίνουσα θαλασσαίῳ δέμας ἀφρῶ,
καὶ πόδας ἀμφοτέρους ἐπερείσατο μητέρι γαίῃ.
καὶ πόλιν ἐνοσίγαιος ἔχων ἀστεμφεῖ δεσμῶ
νυμφίος ὑδατόεις περινήχεται, οἷα συνάπτων 325
πήχεϊ παφλάζοντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα νύμφης.

Καὶ Τύρον εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἐθάμβεε, τῇ ἔνι μούνη
βουκόλος ἀγχικέλευθος ὁμίλεε γείτοني ναύτη
συρίζων παρὰ θῖνα, καὶ αἰπόλος ἰχθυβολῆι
δίκτυον αὖ ἐρύοντι, καὶ ἀντιτύποισιν ἐρετμοῖς 330
σχιζομένων ὑδάτων ἐχαράσσετο βῶλος ἀρότρῳ·

εἰναλῆς δ' ὀάριζον ὁμήλυδες ἐγγύθι λόχμης
ποιμένες . . . ὑλοτόμοισι, καὶ ἔβρεμεν εἰν ἐνὶ χώρῳ
φλοῖσβος ἀλός, μύκημα βοῶν, ψιθύρισμα πετήλων,
πεῖσμα, φυτόν, πλόος, ἄλσος,

ὔδωρ, νέες, ὀλκάς, ἐχέτλη, 335

* This story, which seems to have passed from one list of
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of the shell, and reddened his lips with running fire, which once alone made scarlet the sea-dyed robes of kings.^a

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," *εὑρέται*, 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.

μῆλα, δόναξ, δρεπάνη, σκαφίδες,

λίνα, λαίφεα, θώρηξ.

καὶ τάδε παπταίνων πολυθαμβέα ρήξατο φωνήν·

“Νῆσον ἐν ἠπείρῳ πόθεν ἔδρακον; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
 τηλίκον οὐ ποτε κάλλος ἐσέδρακον· ὑψιτενῆ γὰρ
 δένδρεα συρίζει παρὰ κύματα, Νηρεΐδος δὲ 340
 φθεγγομένης κατὰ πόντον Ἀμαδρυὰς ἐγγὺς ἀκούει,
 καὶ Τυρίοις πελάγεσσι καὶ ἀγχιάλοισιν ἀρούραις
 πνείων ἐκ Λιβάνοιο μεσημβρινὸς ἀβρὸς ἀήτης
 ἄσθματι καρποτόκῳ προχέει νηοσσόον αὔρην,
 ψύχων ἀγρονόμον καὶ ναυτίλον εἰς πλόον ἔλκων, 345
 καὶ χθονίην δρεπάνην βυθίῃ πελάσασα τριαίνῃ
 φθέγγεται ὑδρομέδοντι θαλυσιὰς ἐνθάδε Δηῶ,
 κωφῆς ἄβροχον ἄρμα καθιππεύοντι γαλήνης,
 ἰθύνειν δρόμον ἴσον ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
 ὄμπνια μαστίζουσα μετάρσια νῶτα δρακόντων. 350
 ᾧ πόλι πασιμέλουσα, τύπος χθονός, αἰθέρος εἰκῶν,
 συμφυέος τρίπλευρον ἔχεις τελαμῶνα θαλάσσης.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παράμειβε δι’ ἄστεος ὄμμα τιταίνων·
 καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι λιθογλώχινες ἀγυιαί
 μαρμαρυγὴν ἀνέφαινον ἀμοιβαίοιο μετάλλου· 355
 καὶ προγόνου δόμον εἶδεν Ἀγήνορος, ἔδρακεν αὐλὰς
 καὶ θάλαμον Κάδμοιο, καὶ ἀρπαμένης ποτὲ νύμφης
 Εὐρώπης ἀφύλακτον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα,
 μνηστὴν ἔχων κερόεντος ἐοῦ Διός· ἀρχεγόνους δὲ
 πηγὰς θάμβεε μᾶλλον, ὅπῃ χθονίου διὰ κόλπου 360
 νάματος ἐκχυμένου παλινάγρετον εἰς μίαν ὄρην
 χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοισι πολυτρεφὲς ἔβλυεν ὕδωρ·
 εἶδεν Ἀβαρβαρέης γόνιμον ρόον, ἔδρακε πηγὴν

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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 Nereïd 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.

NONNOS

Καλλιρόην ἐρόεσσαν ἐπώνυμον, εἶδε καὶ αὐτῆς
 ἄβρον ἐρευγομένης Δροσερῆς νυμφήιον ὕδωρ. 365

Ἄλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἐὼ φιλοτερπεί θυμῷ,
 εἰς δόμον Ἀστροχίτωνος ἐκώμασε,

καὶ πρόμον ἄστρον

τοῖον ἔπος βοόων ἐκαλέσσατο μύστιδι φωνῇ·

“ Ἀστροχίτων Ἡρακλες,

ἄναξ πυρός, ὄρχαμε κόσμον,

Ἡέλιε, βροτέοιο βίου δολιχόσκιε ποιμήν, 370

ἵππεύων ἐλικηδὸν ὄλον πόλον αἴθοπι δίσκω,

υἱα χρόνου λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνον ἐλίσσων,

κύκλον ἄγεις μετὰ κύκλον· ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο δὲ δίφρου

γῆραϊ καὶ νεότητι ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών·

μαῖα σοφῆς ὠδίνος ἀμήτορος εἰκόνα Μήνης 375

ὠδίνεις τριέλικτον, ὅτε δροσόεσσα Σελήνη

σῆς λοχίης ἀκτίνος ἀμέλγεται ἀντίτυπον πῦρ,

ταυρεῖην ἐπίκυρτον ἀολλίζουσα κεραεῖν·

παμφαῆς αἰθέρος ὄμμα, φέρεις τετράζυγι δίφρω

χεῖμα μετὰ φθινόπωρον, ἄγεις θέρος εἶαρ ἀμείβων. 380

νύξ μὲν ἀκοντιστῆρι διωκομένη σέο πυρσῷ

χάζεται ἀστήρικτος, ὅτε ζυγὸν ἄργυφον ἔλκων

ἀκροφανῆς ἵππειος ἰμάσσεται ὄρθιος αὐχὴν,

σεῖο δὲ λαμπομένοιο φαάντερον οὐκέτι λάμπων

ποικίλος εὐφαέεσσι χαράσσεται ἄστρασι λειμών, 385

χεύμασι δ' ἀντολικοῖο λελουμένος Ὀκεανοῖο

σεισάμενος γονόεσσαν ἀθαλπέος ἱκμάδα χαίτης

ὄμβρον ἄγεις φερέκαρπον, ἐπ' εὐώδιτι δὲ Γαίῃ

ἠερίης ἠῶν ἐρεύγεται ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης,

καὶ σταχύων ὠδῖνας ἀναλδαίνεις σέο δίσκω 390

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 ^a 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,^b 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

^a 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.

ραίνων ζωοτόκοιο δι' αὔλακος ὄμπνιον ἀκτῆν.
 Βῆλος ἐπ' Εὐφρήταο, Λίβυς κεκλημένος Ἄμμων,
 Ἄπις ἔφυς Νειλῶος,

Ἄραψ Κρόνος, Ἀσσύριος Ζεὺς·

καὶ ξύλα κηῶεντα φέρων γαμφώνυχι ταρσῶ
 χιλιέτης σοφὸς ὄρνις ἐπ' εὐόδμῳ σέο βωμῶ 395
 φοίνιξ, τέρμα βίοιο φέρων αὐτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
 τίκτεται ἰσοτύποιο χρόνου παλινάγρετος εἰκῶν,
 λύσας δ' ἐν πυρὶ γῆρας ἀμείβεται ἐκ πυρὸς ἤβην·
 εἴτε Σάραπις ἔφυς, Αἰγύπτιος ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς,
 εἰ Κρόνος, εἰ Φαέθων πολυώνυμος, εἴτε σὺ Μίθρης, 400
 Ἡέλιος Βαβυλῶνος, ἐν Ἑλλάδι Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων
 εἰ Γάμος, ὃν σκιεροῖσιν Ἔρωσ ἔσπειρεν ὀνειροῖς
 μιμηλῆς τελέων ἀπατήλιον ἕμερον εὐνῆς,
 ἐκ Διὸς ὑπνώοντος ὅτε γλωχίνι μαχαίρης
 αὐτογάμῳ σπόρον ὑγρὸν ἐπιξύσαντος ἀρούρης 405
 οὐρανίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐμαιώθησαν ἐρίπναι,
 εἴτε σὺ Παιήων ὀδυνήφατος, εἰ πέλες Αἰθῆρ
 ποικίλος, Ἀστροχίτων δὲ φατίζεαι—ἐννύχιοι γὰρ
 οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντες ἐπαυγάζουσι χιτῶνες—
 οὐασιν εὐμενέεσσιν ἐμὴν ἀσπάζεο φωνήν." 410

Τοῖον ἔπος Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγεν. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
 ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
 Ἀστροχίτων ἤστραψε· πυριγλήνου δὲ προσώπου
 μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ἀπηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·
 καὶ θεὸς αἰγλήεις παλάμην ὤρεξε Λυαίῳ, 415
 ποικίλον εἶμα φέρων, τύπον αἰθέρος,

εἰκόνα κόσμου,

στίλβων ξανθὰ γένεια καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ὑπήνην·
 καὶ μιν εὐφραίνων φιλήει μείλιξε τραπέζην.
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔτερπεν ἀδαιτρεύτῳ παρὰ δείπνῳ
 ψαύων ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος· οὐ νέμεσις δέ, 420

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 Phaëthon 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 Paieon, 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 Lyaïos, 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,

^a Marriage.

NONNOS

εἰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἔπινε μετὰ γλάγος ἄμβροτον Ἕρης·
εἶρετο δ' Ἀστροχίτωνα χέων φιλοπευθέα φωνήν·

“ Ἀστροχίτων με δίδασκε,

τύπῳ χθονός, εἰκόνι νήσου,
τίς θεὸς ἄστῳ πόλισσε, τίς ἔγραφεν οὐρανίῃ χεῖρ;
τίς σκοπέλους ἀνάειρε καὶ ἐρρίζωσε θαλάσση; 425
τίς κάμε δαίδαλα ταῦτα; πόθεν λάχον οὐνομα πηγαί;
τίς χθονὶ νῆσον ἔμιξεν ὁμόζυγα μητρὶ θαλάσση;”

Εἶπε· καὶ Ἑρακλῆς φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μῦθῳ·

“ Βάκχε, σὺ μὲν κλύε μῦθον·

ἐγὼ δέ σε πάντα διδάξω.

ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον, ὁμόσπορος οὓς ποτε μούρους 430
ἀενάου κόσμοιο συνήλικας ἔδρακεν Αἰῶν,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο γένος χθονός, ὦν τότε μορφήν
αὐτομάτην ὠδινεν ἀνήροτος ἄσπορος ἰλὺς·

οἱ πόλιν ἰσοτύπων δαπέδων αὐτόχθονι τέχνῃ
πετραίοις ἀτίνακτον ἐπυργώσαντο θεμέθλοις. 435

καὶ ποτε πηγαίῃσι παρ' εὐύδροισι χαμειναῖς
ἠελίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένης χθονὸς ἀτμῷ
τερψινόου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργόμενοι πτερὸν Ἰπνου
εὐδον ὁμοῦ, κραδίῃ δὲ φιλόπτολιν οἶστρον ἀέξων

Γηγενέων στατὸν ἶχνος ἐπηώρησα καρήνῳ, 440
καὶ βροτέου σκιοειδὲς ἔχων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου
θέσφατον ὁμφήεντος ἀνήρυγον ἀνθρεωῶνος·

ἕπνον ἀποσκεδάσαντες ἀεργέα, παῖδες ἀρούρης,
τεύξατέ μοι ξένον ἄρμα βατῆς ἀλός· ὀξυτόμοις δὲ 445
κόψατέ μοι πελέκεσσι ράχιν πιτυώδεος ὕλης·

τεύξατέ μοι σοφὸν ἔργον· ὑπὸ σταμίνεσσι δὲ πυκνοῖς
ἰκρία γομφώσαντες ἐπασσυτέρῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ

^a Heracles, here identified with Helios, sucked Hera's

after the immortal milk of Hera? ^a 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.

συμφορτὴν ἀτίνακτον ἀρηρότι δήσατε δεσμῶ,
 δίφρον ἀλός, σχεδίην πρωτόπλοον, ἧ διὰ πόντου
 ὑμέας ὀχλίζετε· καὶ ἀγκύλον ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρον 450
 πρωτοπαγῆς δόρυ μακρὸν ὄλον στήριγμα δεχέσθω·
 ἰκρία δὲ σταμίνεσσιν ἀρηρότα δήσατε κύκλω,
 τοίχου δουρατέου πυκινὸν τύπον· ὑψιτενὲς δὲ
 σφιγγόμενον δεσμοῖσι μέσον ξύλον ὄρθιον ἔστω·
 καὶ λίνεον πλατὺ φᾶρος ἐφάψατε δούρατι μέσσω, 455
 συμπλεκέας δὲ κάλωας ἀμοιβαδῖς, ὧν ἀπὸ δεσμῶν
 ἑκταδὸν ἠερίῳ κολπώσατε φᾶρος ἀήτη
 ἔγκυον ἐξ ἀνέμου νηοσσόον· ἀρτιπαγῆ δὲ
 φράξατε λεπταλέοισι σεσηρότα δούρατα γόμφοις,
 πυκνὰ περιστρώσαντες ὁμοζυγῶν ἐπὶ τοίχων 460
 ρίπεσιν οἰσυνίοις, μὴ φώριον οἶδμα χυθείη
 ἐνδόμυχον γλαφυροῖο κεχηνότι δούρατος ὀλκῶ.
 καὶ σχεδίης οἶηκα κυβερνητῆρα πορείης
 ὑγρῆς ἀτραπιτοῖο πολύστροφον ἠνιοχῆα
 πάντοθι δινεύοντες, ὅπη νόος ὑμέας ἔλκει, 465
 δουρατέῳ κενεῶνι χαράξατε νῶτα θαλάσσης,
 εἰσόκε χῶρον ἱκοισθε μεμορμένον, ὀππόθι δισσαὶ
 ἀσταθέες πλώουσιν ἀλήμονες εἰν ἀλὶ πέτραι,
 ἃς Φύσις Ἀμβροσίας ἐπεφήμισεν, αἷς ἐνὶ θάλλει
 ἠλικος αὐτόρριζον ὁμόζυγον ἔρνος ἐλαίης, 470
 πέτρης ὑγροπόροιο μεσόμφαλον· ἀκροτάτοις δὲ
 αἰετὸν ἀθρήσητε παρεδρήσσοντα κορύμβοις
 καὶ φιάλην εὐτυκτον· ἀπὸ φλογεροῖο δὲ δένδρου
 θαμβαλέους σπινθῆρας ἐρεύγεται αὐτόματον πῦρ,
 καὶ σέλας ἀφλεγέος περιβόσκειται ἔρνος ἐλαίης· 475
 καὶ φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἔλιξ ὄφιν ἀμφιχορεύει,
 ἀμφότερον βλεφάροισι καὶ οὔασι θάμβος ἀέξων·

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.^a

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

^a Where, if anywhere, Nonnos found this extraordinary tale of the founding of Tyre is unknown.

NONNOS

οὐ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητον ἐς αἰετὸν ἄψοφος ἔρπων
 λοξὸς ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων περιβάλλεται ὀλκῶ,
 οὐδὲ διαπτύων θανατηφόρον Ἴον ὀδόντων 480
 ὄρνιν ἐαῖς γενέεσσι κατεσθίει, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
 αἰετὸς ἐρπηστῆρα πολυσπείρητον ἀκάνθαις
 ἀρπάξας ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιος ἠέρα τέμνει,
 οὐδέ μιν ὄξυόδοντι καταγράψει γενεῖω·
 οὐδέ τανυπρέμνοιο φυτοῦ πεφορημένος ὄζοις 485
 πυρσὸς ἀδηλήτου περιβόσκειται ἔρνος ἐλαίης,
 οὐδὲ δρακοντείων φολίδων σπείρημα μαραίνει
 σύννομον ἀγκικέλευθον, ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
 οὐ πτερύγων ὄρνιθος ἐφάπτεται ἀλλόμενον πῦρ, 489
 ἀλλὰ φυτοῦ κατὰ μέσσα φίλον σέλας ἀτμὸν ἰάλλει· 492
 οὐδὲ κύλιξ ἀτίνακτος ἐπήγορος ὑψόθι πίπτει
 σειομένων ἀνέμοισιν ὀλισθήσασα κορύμβων. 490
 καὶ σοφὸν ἀγρεύσαντες ὁμόχρονον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης 493
 αἰετὸν ὑψιπέτην ἱερεύσατε κυανοχαίτη,
 λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀλιπλανέεσσι κολώναις 495
 καὶ Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι· καὶ ἄστατος οὐκέτι πέτρη
 πλάζεται ὑδροφόρητος, ἀκινήτοις δὲ θεμέθλοις
 αὐτομάτη ζωσθεῖσα συνάπτεται ἄζυγι πέτρη.
 πήξατε δ' ἀμφοτέραις ἐπικείμενον ἄστυ κολώναις
 ἀμφοτέρης ἐκάτερθεν ἐπὶ κρηπίδι θαλάσσης· 500
 τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ἀνήρυγον· ἐγρόμενοι δὲ
 Γηγενέες δεδόνηντο, καὶ οὔασιν αἰὲν ἐκάστου
 θέσκελος ἀπλανέων ἐπεβόμβεε μῦθος ὀνείρων.
 τοῖσι δ' ἐγὼ τέρας ἄλλο μετὰ πτερόεντας ὀνείρους 505
 ἀχθυμένοις ἀνέφνηνα, φιλόκτιτον ἠῆθος ἀέξων
 ἐσσόμενος πολιοῦχος· ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φέρων ἰσόζυγι μορφῇ
 εἰς πλόον αὐτοδίδακτον ἐνήχετο ναυτίλος ἰχθύς·
 τὸν τότε παπταίνοντες εἰοκότα νηὶ θαλάσσης

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.

⁴⁹³ “ ‘ 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 ἄτερ καμάτιοι μαθόντες, 510
 καὶ σχεδὴν πῆξαντες ὁμοίον ἰχθύι πόντου
 ναυτιλῆς τύπον ἴσον ἐμιμήσαντο θαλάσσης.
 καὶ πλόος ἦν· πισύρων δὲ λίθων ἰσοελκεί φόρτω
 ναυτιλῆν ἰσόμετρον ἐπιστώσαντο θαλάσση,
 καὶ γεράνων ἀτίνακτον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην, 515
 αἱ στομάτων ἔντοσθεν ἀοσητηῆρα κελεύθου
 λᾶαν ἐλαφρίζουσι καταχθέα, μὴ ποτε κείνων
 ἵπταμένων πτερὰ κοῦφα παραπλάγξειεν ἀήτης,
 εἰσόκε χῶρον ἐκείνον ἐσέδρακον, ἦχι θυέλλαις
 εἰς πλόον αὐτοκέλευθον ἐναυτίλλοντο κολῶναι. 520
 καὶ σχεδὴν ἔστησαν ἀλιστεφάνω παρὰ νήσω,
 καὶ σπιλάδων ἐπέβαινον, ὅπη φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.
 τοῖσι δὲ μαιομένοισιν ἐφέστιον ὄρνιν ἐλαίης
 αἰετὸς ἠερόφοιτος ἐκούσιον εἰς μόρον ἔστη·
 Γηγενέες δὲ λαβρόντες εὐπτερον ἔνθεον ἄγρην, 525
 ἅψ ἀνασειράζοντες ὀπισθοτόνοιο καρῆνου
 γυμνὸν ἐφαπλώσαντες ἐλεύθερον ἀνθερεῶνα,
 αἰετὸν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρῃ
 Ζηνὶ καὶ ὑδρομέδοντι· δαιζομένου δὲ σιδήρῳ
 ἔμφρονος οἰωνοῖο νεοσφαγέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν 530
 θέσκελον ἔρρεεν αἶμα, θαλασσοπόρους δὲ κολῶνας
 δαιμονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπερρίζωσε θαλάσση
 ἄγχι Τύρου παρὰ πόντον· ἐπ' ἀρραγέεσσι δὲ πέτραις
 Γηγενέες βαθύκολπον ἐδωμήσαντο τιθήνην.
 σοὶ μὲν, ἀναξ Διόνυσε, πεδοτρεφὲς αἶμα Γιγάντων 535
 ἔννεπον αὐτολόχευτον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα δαεῖς
 ὑμετέρων προγόνων Τυρίην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην·
 ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγᾶων μυθήσομαι· ἀρχέγονοι γὰρ
 παρθενικαὶ πάρος ἦσαν ἐχέφρονες, ὧν ἐπὶ μίτρῃ

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.^a 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 seagirt 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 ^b 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*², p. 72.

^b *i.e.* Old Tyre, the mainland part of the city.

θερμὸς Ἔρωσ κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἡμερόεν βέλος ἔλκων 540
 τοῖον ἀλεξιγάμοισιν ἔπος ξυνώσατο Νύμφαις·
 ‘ Νηὶς Ἀβαρβαρὲ φιλοπάρθενε, δέξο καὶ αὐτὴ
 τοῦτο βέλος, τό περ ἔσχεν ὅλη φύσις· ἐνθάδε πῆξω
 παστάδα Καλλιρόης, Δροσερῆς δ’ ὑμέναιον ἀείσω.
 ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις· “ μεθέπω διερὸν γένος, ἐκ δὲ ῥοάων 545
 αὐτοτελῆς γενόμεν, καὶ ἐμὴ τροφὸς ἔπλετο πηγῇ.”
 Νηιάς ἦν Κλυμένη καὶ ἀπόσπορος Ὠκεανοῖο·
 ἀλλὰ γάμοις ὑπόειξεν, ἐνυμφεύθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ,
 ὡς ἶδε λάτριν Ἔρωτος ἀρείονα κυανοχαίτην
 οἴστρω Κυπριδίῳ δεδονημένον· ἀρχέγονος δὲ 550
 Ὠκεανὸς ποταμοῖσι καὶ ὕδασι πᾶσι κελεύων
 Τηθύος οἶδεν ἔρωτα καὶ εὐύδρους ὑμεναίους.
 τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ φέρειν ἴσα Τηθύι. τοσσατίης δὲ
 ἐξ ἀλὸς αἷμα φέρουσα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
 ἰμείρει Γαλάτεια μελιζομένου Πολυφήμου, 555
 καὶ βυθίῃ χερσαῖον ἔχει πόσιν, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
 πηκτίδι θελγομένη μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα βαίνει.
 καὶ πηγαὶ δεδάασιν ἐμὸν βέλος· οὐ σε διδάξω
 ἡμερον ὕδατόεντα· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
 ἔκλυες ὑγρὸν ἔρωτα Συρηκοσίης Ἀρεθούσης· 560
 Ἀλφειὸν δεδάηκας, ὃς ἰκμαλέω παρὰ παστῶ
 ὕδρηλαῖς παλάμαις περιβάλλεται ἡθάδα Νύμφην.
 πηγῆς αἷμα φέρουσα τί τέρπειαι ἰοχεαίρη;
 Ἄρτεμις οὐ βλάστησεν ἀφ’ ὕδατος, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη. 564
 ἔννεπε Καλλιρόη· Δροσερῆ μὴ κρύπτε καὶ αὐτῇ. 566
 Κύπριδι μᾶλλον ὄφελles ἄγειν χάριν, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ 565
 αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτι, 567
 καὶ εἰ τροφὸς ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.
 δέχνησο κέντρα πόθοιο, καὶ ὑγρονόμον σε καλέσσω
 εἰς γενεήν, ἐς ἔρωτα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτης·
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν· ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου 570

their maiden girdles, and drawing a shaft of love he spoke thus to the marriage-hating nymphs : ' Naiad Abarbarië, so fond of your maidenhood, you too receive this shaft, which all nature has felt. Here I will build Callirhoë'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 wedlock, she also was a bride, when she saw Seabluehair 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, Galatea, has desire for melodious Polyphemos ^a ; 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 embraces the indwelling nymph with watery hands.^b 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 Callirhoë, 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.

^b Cf. on xxxvii. 173.

τριπλόα πέμπτε βέλεμνα, καὶ εὐύδρω παρὰ παστῶ
 Νηιάδων φιλότητι συνήρμοσεν νῆας ἀρούρης,
 καὶ Τυρίης ἔσπειρε θεηγενὲς αἶμα γενέθλης.”

Τοῖα μὲν Ἑρακλῆς πρόμος αἰθέρος ἔννεπε Βάκχω
 τερψινόοις ὄαροισιν· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μύθῳ, 575
 καὶ πόρεν Ἑρακλῆι, τὸν οὐρανὴ κάμε τέχνη,
 χρυσοφαῆ κρητῆρα σελασφόρον· Ἑρακλῆς δὲ
 ἀστραίῳ Διόνυσσον ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι.

Καὶ θεὸν ἀστροχίτωνα Τύρου πολιούχον ἔασας
 Ἀσσυρίης ἐτέρης ἐπεβήσατο Βάκχος ἀρούρης. 580

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK XL

369 ff. This curious prayer, or hymn, might almost be called a compendium of solar syncretism. *Omnis paene 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. 390 in L.C.L.). Down to 391, Dionysos simply celebrates the physical powers of the sun; then begin the identifications. He is "Belos 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'al* 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*, Macrobius *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, Macrob. *ibid.* xx. 17, and so he must be Zeus also; Phaëthon 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 (*λαμπρότατε*) 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 ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ
ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν υἱεί Μύρρης
ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτεν Ἀμυμώνην Ἀφροδίτη.

Ἄρτι μὲν ὄφρυέντος ὑπὲρ Λιβάνιοι καρῆνων
πήξας ἀγλαόκαρπον ἐπὶ χθονὶ βότρυν ὀπώρης
οἰνοτόκους ἐμέθυσσεν ὄλης κενεῶνας ἀρούρης·
καὶ Παφίης δόμον εἶδε γαμήλιον· ἡμερίδων δὲ
ἔρνεσιν ἀρτιφύτοισι βαθύσκιον ἄλσος ἐρέψας 5
ἀμπελόεν πόρε δῶρον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ.
καὶ Χαρίτων χορὸς ἦεν· ἀξιφύτιοι δὲ λόχμης
ἡμερίδων ζωστῆρι θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἐμιτρώθη κυπαρίσσω.

Ἄλλὰ θεμιστοπόλου Βερόης παρὰ γείτονι πέζη 10
ὕμνον Ἀμυμώνης, Λιβανηίδες εἶπατε Μοῦσαι,
καὶ βυθίου Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐύμνοιο Λυαίου
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐννώ.

Ἔστι πόλις Βερόη, βιότου τρόπις,
ὄρμος Ἐρώτων,
ποντοπαγῆς, εὐνησος, εὐχλοος, οὐ ράχισ ἰσθμοῦ 15
στεινὴ μῆκος ἔχοντος, ὅπη διδύμης μέσος ἄλμης
κύμασιν ἀμφοτέροισιν ἰμάσσεται ὄρθιος ἀυχῆν·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν βαθύδενδρον ὑπὸ ράχιν αἶθοπος Εὐρου

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^a and well-besung Lyaïos, the war of waters and the strife of the vine.

¹³ There is a city Beroë,^b 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

• Poseidon.

• Berytos, Beyrout.

Ἄσσυρίῳ Λιβάνῳ παραπέπταται, ἦχι πολίταις
 ὄρθια συρίζουσα βιοσσόος ἔρχεται αὔρη, 20
 εὐόδοις ἀνέμοισι τινασσομένων κυπαρίσσω . . . 21
 σύννομος ἰχθυβολῆι γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν, 50
 καὶ δόμος ἀγρονόμων, ὅθι πολλάκις ἐγγύθι λόχμης 22
 Πανὶ μελιζομένῳ δρεπανηφόρος ἦντετο Δηῶ,
 καὶ τις ἐφ' ἰστοβοῆι γεωμόρος αὐχένα κάμψας,
 ραίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῶ, 25
 γείτονι μηλοβοτῆρι παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης,
 σφίγξας σύζυγα ταῦρον, ὁμίλεε κυρτὸς ἀροτρεύς.
 ἄλλα δὲ παρ πελάγεσσιν ἔχει πόλις, ἦχι τιταίνει
 στέρνα Ποσειδάωνι, καὶ ἔμβρυον αὐχένα κούρης
 πῆχεϊ μυδαλέῳ περιβάλλεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης, 30
 πέμπων ὕδατόεντα φιλήματα χεῖλεσι νύμφης·
 καὶ βυθίης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὁμεννέτις ἠθάδι κόλπῳ
 ἔδνα Ποσειδάωνος ἀλίτροφα πῶεα λίμνης
 δέχυνται, ἰχθυόεντα πολύχροα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
 εἰναλίη Νηρηῆος ἐπισκαίροντα τραπέζῃ, 35
 ἀρκτώην παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπη βαθυκύμονος ἀκτῆς
 μηκεδανῶ κενεῶνι Βορήιος ἔλκεται αὐλών.
 ἀμφὶ δὲ τερψινόοιο μεσημβρινὸν αὐχένα γαίης
 εἰς ραχίην Νοτίην ψαμαθώδεές εἰσιν ἀταρποὶ
 εἰς χθόνα Σιδονίην, ὅθι ποικίλα δένδρεα κήπων 40
 καὶ σταφυλαὶ κομόωσι, τανυπτόρθοις δὲ πετήλοις
 δάσκιος ἀπλανέεσσι τιταίνεται οἶμος ὀδίταις.
 δοχμῶσας δὲ ρέεθρον ἐπ' ἠόνι πόντος ἀράσσει
 ἀμφὶ δύσιν κνανωπόν, ὅπη λιγυηχέι ταρσῶ
 Ἐσπερίων Ζεφύροιο καθιππεύοντος ἐναύλων 45
 συριγμῶ δροσόεντι Λίβυς ριπίζεται ἀγκών,
 ἀνθεμόεις ὅθι χῶρος, ὅπη παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ

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

φυταλιαὶ θαλέουσι, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δένδρων
 ἄσθματι βομβήεντι μελίζεται ἔμπνοος ὕλη. 49

Ἐνθάδε φῶτες ἔναιον ὀμήλικες ἠριγενείης, 51
 οὓς Φύσις αὐτογένεθλος ἀνυμφεύτῳ τινὶ θεσμῶ
 ἤρροσε νόσφι γάμων, ἀπάτῳ, ἀλόχευτος, ἀμήτῳ,
 ὅπποτε συμμιγέων ἀτόμων τετράζυγι δεσμῶ
 ὕδατι καὶ πυρόεντι πεφυρμένον ἠέρος ἀτμῶ 55
 σύζυγα μορφώσασα σοφὸν τόκον ἄσπορος ἰλὺς
 ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε γονὴν ἐγκύμονι πηλῶ,
 οἷς Φύσις εἶδος ὅπασσε τελεσφόρον· ἀρχηγόνου γὰρ
 Κέκροπος οὐ τύπον εἶχον, ὃς ἰοβόλῳ ποδὸς ὀλκῶ
 γαῖαν ἐπιξύων ὀφιδέϊ σύρετο ταρσῶ, 60
 νέρθε δράκων, καὶ ὑπερθεν ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
 ἀλλοφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ἐφαίνετο δίχροος ἀνήρ·
 οὐ τύπον ἄγριον εἶχον Ἐρεχθέος, ὃν τέκε Γαίης
 αὐλακι νυμφεύσας γαμίην Ἥφαιστος ἔερσῃ·
 ἀλλὰ θεῶν ἴνδαλμα γονῆς αὐτόχθονι ρίζῃ 65
 πρωτοφανῆς χρύσειος ἐμαιώθη στάχυς ἀνδρῶν.
 καὶ Βερόης νάσσαντο πόλιν πρωτόσπορον ἔδρην,
 ἣν Κρόνος αὐτὸς ἔδειμε, σοφῆς ὅτε νεύματι Ῥεῖης
 ὀκρυόεν θέτο δόρπον ἐῶ πολυχανδέϊ λαιμῶ,
 καὶ λίθον Εἰλείθυιαν ἔχων βεβριθότι φόρτῳ, 70
 θλιβομένης πολὺπαιδος ἀκοντιστῆρα γενέθλης,
 χανδὸν ὄλου ποταμοῖο ῥόον νεφελῆδὸν ἀφύσσω
 στήθεϊ παφλάζοντι μογοστόκον ἔσπασεν ὕδωρ,
 λύσας γαστέρος ὄγκον· ἐπασσυτέρους δὲ διώκων
 δισσοτόκους υἱῆας ἀνήρυγεν ἔγκυος αὐχῆν, 75
 πορθμὸν ἔχων τοκετοῖο λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνα·

^a The four elements.

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

^c He means Erichthonios, cf. xiii. 171 ff.

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,^a 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,^b 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,^c 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,^d 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.

^a The Golden Age.

Ζεὺς τότε κοῦρος ἔην, ἔτι που βρέφος· οὐ ποτε πυκνῶ
 θερμὸν ἀνασχίζουσα νέφος βητάρμονι παλμῶ
 ἀστεροπὴ σελάγιζε, καὶ οὐ Τιτηνίδι χάρμη
 Ζηγὸς ἀοσητῆρες οἰστεύοντο κεραυνοί· 80
 οὐδὲ συνερχομένων νεφέων μυκήτορι ρόμβῳ
 βρονταίῃ βαρύδουπος ἐβόμβεεν ὄμβριος ἠχώ.
 ἀλλὰ πόλις Βερόη προτέρη πέλεν, ἣν ἅμα γαίῃ
 πρωτοφανῆς ἐνόησεν ὀμήλικα σύμφυτος Αἰῶν·
 οὐ τότε Ταρσὸς ἔην τερψίμβροτος, οὐ τότε Θήβη, 85
 οὐ τότε Σάρδιες ἦσαν, ὅπη Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
 χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβιος ἰλὺς,
 Σάρδιες, Ἡελίοιο συνήλικες· οὐ γένος ἀνδρῶν,
 οὐ τότε τις πόλις ἦεν Ἀχαιάς, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
 Ἀρκαδίη προσέληνος· ἀνεβλάστησε δὲ μούνη 90
 πρεσβυτέρη Φαέθοντος, ὅθεν φάος ἔσχε Σελήνη,
 καὶ φθαμένη χθόνα πᾶσαν, ἐῷ παμμήτορι κόλπῳ
 Ἡελίου νεοφεγγῆς ἀμελγομένη σέλας αἰγλης
 καὶ φάος ὀψιτέλεστον ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης,
 πρώτη κυανέης ἀπεσείσατο κῶνον ὀμίχλης, 95
 καὶ χάεος ζοφέεσαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε καλύπτρην·
 καὶ φθαμένη Κύπριοι καὶ Ἴσθμιον ἄστρῳ Κορίνθου
 πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι
 ἐξ ἁλὸς ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὅτε βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην
 Οὐρανίης ὤδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυον ὕδωρ, 100
 ὀππόθι νόσφι γάμων ἀρόσας ρόον ἄρσενι λύθρῳ
 αὐτοτελῆς μορφοῦτο θυγατρογόνῳ γόνος ἀφρῶ,
 καὶ Φύσις ἔπλετο μαῖα· συναντέλλων δὲ θεαίνῃ
 στικτὸς ἰμάς, στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξυί κύκλον ἐλίξας,
 αὐτομάτῳ ζωστήρι δέμας μίτρωσεν ἀνάσσης. 105
 καὶ θεὸς ἰχνεύουσα δι' ὕδατος ἄψοφον ἀκτὴν
 οὐ Πάφον, οὐκ ἐπὶ Βύβλον ἀνέδραμεν,
 οὐ πόδα χέρσῳ

77 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

NONNOS

Κωλιάδος ῥηγμῖνος ἐφήρμοσεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῶν
 ὠκυτέρῃ στροφάλιγγι παρέτρεχεν ἄστυ Κυθήρων·
 καὶ χροὰ φυκίοεντι περιτρίψασα κορύμβω 110
 πορφυρέῃ πέλε μᾶλλον· ἀκυμάντοιο δὲ πόντου
 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα θεητόκον ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ
 νηχομένη, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα θαλάσση
 σιγαλέην ἀνέκοπτε χαρασσομένην ἄλα ταρσῶ,
 καὶ δέμας ἠώρησε, διχαζομένης δὲ γαλήνης 115
 ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὄθειεν ὕδωρ·
 καὶ Βερόης ἐπέβαινε· ποδῶν δ' ἐπίβαθρα θεαίνης
 ἐξ ἀλὸς ἐρχομένης ναέτης ἐψεύσατο Κύπρου.
 πρώτη Κύπριν ἔδεκτο· καὶ ὑψόθι γείτονος ὄρμου
 αὐτοφυεῖς λειμῶνες ἐρευγόμενοι βρῦα ποίης 120
 ἦνθεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυψαμάθῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ
 ἠιόνες ῥοδέοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο κορύμβοις,
 πέτρῃ δ' ἀφριώωσα θυώδεος ἔγκυος οἴνου
 πορφυρέην ὠδίνα χαραδραίῳ τέκε μαζῶ,
 ληναίαις λιβάδεσσι κατὰσκιον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης . . . 125
 ἀργεννὴ κελάρυζε γαλαξαίῳ χύσις ὀλκῶ·
 αὐτοχύτου δὲ μύριοι μετάρσιον ἀτμὸν ἐλίσσων
 ἠερίους ἐμέθυσσε πόρους εὐοδμος ἀήτης.
 καὶ τότε θοῦρον Ἔρωτα, γονῆς πρωτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
 ἀρμονίης κόσμοιο φερέσβιον ἠνιοχῆα, 130
 ἀρτιφανῆς ὠδινεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος ὄρμου·
 καὶ πάις ὠκυπόδης, κόπον ἄρσενα ποσσι τινάξας,
 γαστρὸς ἀμαιεύτοιο μογοστόκον ἔφθασεν ὤρην,
 μητρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοιο μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀράξας,
 θερμὸς ἔτι πρὸ τόκοιο· κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ 135

^a In Attica. All these places are famous centres of the worship of Aphrodite.

foot on land by the dry beach of Colias,^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.^b

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,^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

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

^c The loss of one or more lines makes this obscure.

δινεύων πτερὰ κούφα πύλας ὤϊξε λοχείης.
 καὶ ταχὺς αἰγλήεντι θορῶν ἐπὶ μητρὸς ἀγοστῶ
 ἄστατος ἀκλινέεσσιν Ἔρωσ ἀνεπάλλετο μαζοῖς,
 στήθει παιδοκόμῳ τετανυσμένος· εἶχε δὲ φορβῆς
 ἕμερον αὐτοδίδακτον· ἀνημέλκτοιο δὲ θηλῆς 140
 ἄκρα δακῶν γονίμων λιβάδων τεθλιμμένον ὄγκῳ
 οἰδαλέων ἀκόρητος ὄλον γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν.

Ῥίζα βίου, Βερόη, πολίων τροφός, εὖχος ἀνάκτων,
 πρωτοφανής, Αἰῶνος ὁμόσπορε, σύγχρονε κόσμου,
 ἔδρανον Ἑρμείας, Δίκης πέδον, ἄστῳ θεμίστων, 145
 ἔνδιον Εὐφροσύνης, Παφίης δόμος, οἶκος Ἐρώτων,
 Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔδεθλον, ἐναύλιον ἰοχεαίρης,
 Νηρείδων ἀνάθημα, Διὸς δόμος, Ἄρεος αὐλή,
 Ὀρχομενὸς Χαρίτων, Λιβανηίδος ἄστρον ἀρούρης,
 Τηθύος ἰσοέτηρος, ὁμόδρομος Ὠκεανοῖο, 150
 ὃς Βερόην ἐφύτευσεν ἐῷ πολυπίδακι παστῶ
 Τηθύος ἰκμαλέοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
 ἦν περ Ἀμυμώνην ἐπεφήμισαν, εὐτέ ἐ μήτηρ
 ὑδρηλῆς φιλότητος ὑποβρυχίῃ τέκεν εὐνή.

Ἄλλά τις ὀπλοτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὅττι μιν αὐτὴ 155
 ἀνδρομέης Κυθέρεια κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης
 Ἀσσυρίῳ πάνλευκον Ἀδώνιδι γείνατο μήτηρ·
 καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσασα Σελήνης
 φόρτον ἐλαφρίζει· φθάμενος δὲ μιν ὠκέει ταρσῶ,
 ἔσσομένων κήρυκα, Λατινίδα δέλτον, αἰέρων, 160
 εἰς Βερόης ὠδίνα μογοστόκος ἤλυθεν Ἑρμῆς,
 καὶ Θέμις Εἰλείθυια, καὶ οἰδαλέου 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 Archeress, jewel of the Nereïds, 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.

στεινομένης ὠδίνος ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρην
 ὀξὺ βέλος κούφιζε πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
 θεσμὰ Σόλωνος ἔχουσα· πιεζομένη δὲ λοχείη 165
 λυσιτόκῳ βαρὺ νῶτον ἐπικλίναςα θεαίνῃ
 Κύπρις ἀνωδίνεσκε, καὶ Ἀτθίδος ὑψόθι βίβλου
 παῖδα σοφὴν ἐλόχευσε, Λακωνίδες οἷα γυναῖκες
 υἱέας ὠδίνουσιν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο βοείης·
 καὶ τόκον ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀπέπτυε θήλει κόλπῳ, 170
 ἄρσενα μαῖαν ἔχουσα δικασπόλον υἱέα Μαίης·
 καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦγεν. ἐχυτλώσαντο δὲ κούρην
 τέσσαρες ἄστεα πάντα διππεύοντες ἀῆται,
 ἐκ Βερόης ἵνα γαῖαν ὄλην πλήσωσι θεμίστων·
 τῇ δὲ λοχευομένη πρωτάγγελος εἰσέτι θεσμῶν 175
 Ὠκεανὸς πόρε χεῦμα λεχώιον ἰξυῖ κόσμου
 ἀενάῳ τελαμῶνι χέων μιτρούμενον ὕδωρ·
 χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέησιν ἐς ἀρτιτόκου χροῖα κούρης
 σπάργανα πέπλα Δίκης ἀνεκούφισε σύντροφος Αἰῶν,
 μάντις ἐπεσομένων, ὅτι γήραος ἄχθος ἀμείβων, 180
 ὡς ὄφιν ἀδρανέων φολίδων σπείρημα τινάξας,
 ἔμπαλιν ἠβήσειε λελουμένος οἴδμασι θεσμῶν·
 θεσπεσίην δὲ θύγατρα λοχευομένης Ἀφροδίτης
 σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος τετράζυγες Ὠραι.
 Καὶ Παφίης ὠδίνα τελεσιγόνοιο μαθόντες 185
 θῆρες ἐβακχεύοντο· λέων δέ τις ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων
 χεῖλει μελιχίῳ ραχίην ἠσπάζετο ταύρου,
 ἀκροτέροις στομάτεσσι φίλον μυκηθμὸν ἰάλλων,
 καὶ τροχαλῇ βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων πέδον ὀπλῇ
 ἵππος ἀνεκροτάλιζε γενέθλιον ἦχον ἀράσων, 190
 καὶ ποδὸς ὑψιπόροιο θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
 πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγωῶ,
 ὠρυγῆς δ' ὀλόλυγμα χέων φιλοπαίγμονι λαιμῶ

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

ἄδρῦπτοις γενύεσσι λύκος προσπτύξατο ποιμήνην,
 καὶ τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοισι λιπὼν κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην, 195
 ἄλλον ἔχων γλυκὺν οἶστρον, ἀμιλλητῆρι χορείῃ
 ὄρχηστήρ ἑρίδαινε κύων βητάρμονι κάπρω,
 καὶ πόδας ὀρθώσασα, περιπλεχθεῖσα δὲ δειρῆ,
 ἄρκτος ἀδηλήτω δαμάλην ἠγκάσσατο δεσμῶ,
 πυκνὰ δὲ κυρτώσασα φιλέσιον ἄντυγα κόρσης 200
 πόρτις ἀνεσκίρτησε, δέμας λιχμῶσα λεαίνης,
 ἡμιτελὲς μύκημα νέων πέμπουσα γενείων,
 καὶ φιλίων ἐλέφαντι δράκων ἔψαυεν ὀδόντων·
 καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγξαντο· γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
 ἠθάδα πέμπε γέλωτα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ, 205
 τερπομένων ὀρόωσα λεχώια παίγνια θηρῶν.
 πᾶσι μὲν ἀμφελέλιζε γεγηθότα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
 πᾶσιν ὁμοῦ· μούνην δὲ συῶν οὐκ ἠθέλε λεύσσειν
 τερπωλήν, ἄτε μάντις, ἐπεὶ συὸς εἰκόνι μορφῆς
 Ἄρης καρχαρόδων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἰάλλων 210
 ζηλομανῆς ἠμελλεν Ἀδώνιδι πότμον ὑφαίνειν.
 Καὶ Βερόην γελώωσαν ἔτι βρέφος ἄμματι χειρῶν
 δεξαμένη παρὰ μητρὸς ὄλου κόσμοιο τιθήνη
 παρθένος Ἀστραίῃ, χρυσέης θρέπτειρα γενέθλης,
 ἔννομα παππάζουσαν ἀνέτρεφεν ἔμφροني μαζῶ· 215
 παρθενίῳ δὲ γάλακτι ροὰς βλύζουσα θεμίστων
 χεῖλεα παιδὸς ἔδευσε,
 καὶ ἔβλυεν εἰς στόμα κούρης
 Ἄτθίδος ἠδυτόκοιο περιθλίψασα μελίσσης
 δαιδαλέην ὠδίνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχείης,
 κηρία φωνήεντα σοφῶ κεράσασα κυπέλλῳ· 220

^a καὶ δρῦες. As this makes no sense, perhaps we should read οὔρυγες, supposing the loss of a line between 203 and 204 or between ἐφθέγξαντο and γαληναίῳ, to this effect "And the gazelles uttered [a friendly call in answer to the

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.

^c A sign of a wonder-child, see Ed. Norden, *Die Geburt des Kindes* (Teubner 1924), p. 65.

NONNOS

εἶ ποτε διψαλή ποτὸν ἤτεεν, ὄρεγε κούρη
 Πύθιον Ἀπόλλωνι λάλον πεφυλαγμένον ὕδωρ
 ἢ ρόον Ἰλισσοῖο, τὸν ἔμπνοον Ἀτθίδι Μούσῃ
 Πιερικαὶ δονέουσιν ἐπ' ἧόνι Φοιβάδες αὔραι· 224
 καὶ στάχυν ἀστερόεντα περιγνάμψασα κορύμβω 228
 χρύσειον, οἰά περ ὄρμόν, ἐπ' αὐχένι θήκατο κούρης· 229
 κοῦραι δ' ἄβρα λοετρὰ χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο 225
 ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης μεμελημένον ἔννεα Μούσαις 226
 ἐκ κρήνης ἀρύνοντο νοήμονος ἵππιον ὕδωρ. 227
 Καὶ Βερόη βλάστησεν ὁμόδρομος ἰοχεαίρη, 230
 δίκτυα θηρητῆρος ἀερτάζουσα τοκῆος·
 καὶ Παφίης ὄλον εἶδος ὁμόγνιον εἶχε τεκούσης
 καὶ πόδας αἰγλήεντας· ὑπερκύψασα δὲ πόντου
 χιονέω σκαίρουσα Θέτις βητάρμονι ταρσῶ
 ἄλλην ἀργυρόπεζαν ἴδεν Θέτιν· αἰδομένη δὲ 235
 κρύπτετο δειμαίνουσα πάλιν στόμα Κασσιεπείης.
 Ἀσσυρίην δ' ἑτέρην δεδοκημένος ἄζυγα κούρη
 Ζεὺς πάλιν ἐπτοίητο, καὶ ἤθελεν εἶδος ἀμεῖψαι·
 καὶ νύ κε φόρτον Ἔρωτος ἔχων ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ
 ἀκροβαφῆς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ἴχνος ἐρέσσω, 240
 κουφίζων ἀδιάντον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναῖκα,
 εἰ μὴ μνηστis ἔρυκε βοοκράϊρων ὑμεναίων
 Σιδονίς, ἀστερόεν δὲ μέλος ζηλήμονι λαιμῶ
 νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο, Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,
 μὴ βοὸς ἰσοτύποιο δι' αἰθέρος εἰκόνα τεύχων 245
 ποντοπόρων στήσειε νεώτερον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων·
 καὶ Βερόην διεροῖσιν ὀφειλομένην ὑμεναίοις

^a 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 Cassiopeia ^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.

^a To Nonnos's free and easy geography Assyria and Sidon are much the same, and Berytus is more or less equivalent to both.

γνωτῶ λείπεν ἄκοιτιν, ἐπιχθονίης περὶ νύμφης
 ὑσμίνην γαμίης πεφυλαγμένους ἐννοσιγαίου.

Τοίη ἔην Βερόη, Χαρίτων θάλος· εἴ ποτε κούρη 250
 λαροτέρην σίμβλοιο μελίρρυτον ἤπυε φωνήν,
 ἠδυεπῆς ἀκόρητος ἐφίστατο χεῖλεσι Πειθῶ
 καὶ πινυτὰς οἴσθησεν ἀκηλήτων φρένας ἀνδρῶν·

Ἄσσυρίης δ' ἔκρυπτον ὀμήγυριν ἠλικος ἤβης
 ὀφθαλμοὶ γελώοντες, ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων, 255
 φαιδροτέραις χαρίτεσσι, ὅσον πλέον ἄστρα καλύπτει
 ἀννεφέλους ἀκτίνας οἰστεύουσα Σελήνη
 πλησιφαῆς· λευκοὶ δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ νεῖατα κούρης
 πορφυρέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες.

οὐ νέμεσίς ποτε τοῦτο, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἠλικος ἤβης 260
 τηλίκον ἔλλαχεν εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νύ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπων
 κάλλεα διχθαδίων ἀμαρύσσετο φαιδρὰ τοκῆων.

Τὴν τότε Κύπρις ἰδοῦσα, νοήμονος ἔγκυος ὀμφῆς,
 ὠκυτέρην ἐλέλιζε περιστρωφῶσα μενοινήν,
 καὶ νόον ἱππεύσασα περὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἀλήτην 265
 φαιδρὰ παλαιγενέων διεμέτρεε βάρθρα πολλῶν,
 ὅττι φερωνυμίην ἐλικώπιδος εἶχε Μυκῆνης
 στέμματι τειχιόεντι περιζωσθείσα Μυκῆνη
 Κυκλώπων κανόνεσσι, καὶ ὡς νοτίῳ παρὰ Νείλῳ
 Θήβης ἀρχεγόνοιο φερώνυμος ἔπλετο Θήβη· 270

καὶ Βερόης μενέαιεν ἐπώνυμον ἄστρῳ χαράξαι,
 ἀντιτύπων μεθέπουσα φιλόπτολιν οἴστρον Ἐρώτων.
 φραζομένη δὲ Σόλωνος ἀλεξικάκων στίχα θεσμῶν
 δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταιεν ἐς εὐρυάγνιαν Ἀθήνην,
 γνωτῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα δικασπόλον· ἐσσυμένῳ δὲ 275
 ἠερίην ἀψίδα διερροΐζησε πεδίλῳ
 εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης παμμήτορος, ὀππόθι νύμφη

bedfellow, for he wished not to quarrel with Earth-shaker about a mortal wife.

²⁵⁰ 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.

²⁶³ 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 Cyclopians 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

εἵκελον οἶκον ἔναιε τύπῳ τετράζυγι κόσμου
 αὐτοπαγῆ· πίσυρες δὲ θύραι στιβαροῖο μελάθρου
 ἀρραγέες πισύρεσσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀήταις· 280
 καὶ δόμον ἐρρύνοντο περίτροχον εἰκόνα κόσμου
 δμῳίδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· μεριζομένων δὲ θυρέτρων
 Ἐντολίη θεράπαινα πύλην περιδέδρομεν Εὐρου,
 καὶ Ζεφύρου πυλεῶνα Δύσις, θρέπτειρα Σελήνης,
 καὶ Νότιον πυρόεντα Μεσημβρίας εἶχεν ὄχῆα, 285
 καὶ πυκινὴν νεφέεσσι, παλυνομένην δὲ χαλάζῃ
 Ἄρκτος ὑποδρήστειρα πύλην ἐπέτασσε Βορῆος.

Κεῖθι Χάρις προθοροῦσα, συνέμπορος ἀφρογενεΐη,
 Εὐρου κόψε θύρετρον Ἐώιον· ἐνδόμυχος δὲ
 Ἐντολῆς κροκόεντος ἀρασσομένου πυλεῶνος 290
 ἀνδραμεν Ἀστυνόμεια διάκτορος, ἰσταμένην δὲ
 Κύπριν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
 ποσσὶ παλυνόστοισι προάγγελος ἦλθεν ἀνάσση.
 ἢ μὲν ἐποιχομένη πολυδαίδαλον ἰστὸν Ἀθήνης 295
 κερκίδι πέπλον ὑφαίνεν· ὑφαινομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
 πρώτην γαῖαν ἔπασσε μεσόμφαλον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε τύπῳ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον,
 συμφερτὴν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐφήρμοσε σύζυγι γαίῃ·
 καὶ ποταμοὺς ποίκιλλεν, ἐπ' ἀνδρομέῳ δὲ μετώπῳ
 ταυροφυῆς μορφοῦτο κερασφόρος ἔγχλοος εἰκῶν· 300
 καὶ πυμάτην παρὰ πέζαν ἐυκλώστοιο χιτῶνος
 ὠκεανὸν κύκλωσε περιδρομον ἄντυγι κόσμου.
 ἀμφίπολος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε καὶ ἐγγύθι θήλεος ἰστοῦ
 ἰσταμένην ἠγγεῖλε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτην.
 καὶ θεός, ὡς ἤκουσε, μίτους ρίψασα χιτῶνος 305
 θέσκελον ἰστοπόνων ἀπεσεΐσατο κερκίδα χειρῶν·
 καὶ ταχινὴν πυκάσασα δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ

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^a 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; Arctos 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

^a The names mean Rising, Setting, She of Midday.

φαιδροτέρη χρυσέης ὑπερίζανεν ἠθάδος ἔδρης,
 δεχνημένη Κυθήρειαν, ἀναίξασα δὲ θώκου
 τηλεφανῆ κύδηνεν ἐπερχομένην Ἀφροδίτην. 310
 καὶ Παφίην ἴδρυσεν ἐπὶ θρόνον ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης
 Εὐρυνόμη τανύπεπλος· ἀτυζομένου δὲ προσώπου
 Κύπριν ὀπιπεύουσα κατηφέι μάρτυρι μορφῇ
 παντρόφος Ἀρμονίη φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

“ Ῥίζα βίου, Κυθήρεια φυτοσπόμε, μαῖα γενέθλης, 315
 ἐλπίς ὄλου κόσμοιο, τεῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι βουλῆς
 ἀπλανέες κλώθουσι πολύτροπα νήματα Μοῖραι . . .”

“ . . . εἰρομένη θέσπιζε, καὶ ὡς βιότοιο τιθήνη,
 ὡς τροφὸς ἀθανάτων, ὡς σύγχρονος ἡλικι κόσμῳ,
 εἰπέ· τίνι πτολίων βασιληίδος ὄργανα φωνῆς 320

λυσιπόνων ἀτίνακτα φυλάσσεται ἡνία θεσμῶν;
 ὅττι πολυχρονίῳ πόθου δεδονημένον οἴστρω
 Ἦρης κέντρον ἔχοντα κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
 εἰς χρόνον ἰμείροντα τριηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν

Ζῆνα γάμοις ἔξευξα· χάριν δέ μοι ἄξιον ἔργων 325
 μισθὸν ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο νοήμονι νεῦσε καρῆνῳ,
 ὅττι μιῇ πολίων, ὧν ἔλλαχον, ἐγγυαλίξει

θεσμὰ Δίκης. ποθέω δὲ δαήμεναι, εἰ χθονὶ Κύπρου
 ἢ Πάφῳ τάδε δῶρα φυλάσσεται ἢ Κορίνθῳ
 ἢ Σπάρτῃ, Λυκόοργος ὅθεν πέλεν, ἢ καὶ αὐτῆς 330
 κούρης ἡμετέρης Βερόης εὐήνορι πάτρῃ.

ἀλλὰ δίκης ἀλέγιζε καὶ ἁρμονίην πόρε κόσμῳ
 Ἀρμονίη γεγαυῖα βιοσσόος· εἰς σὲ γὰρ αὐτῇ
 πέμφεν ἐπειγομένην με

θεμιστοπόλων τροφὸς ἀνδρῶν,

^a While weaving she no doubt had nothing on but a smock,
 218

robe about her body,^a 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. Eury-nome 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 noble-men'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;

χρῶνιον. like the housewife in Theocritus xv. 31; she dresses more formally to receive her visitor.

Παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα· τὸ δὲ πλεόν ἔννομος Ἑρμῆς 335
 τοῦτο γέρας μεθέηκε, βιαζομένους ἵνα μούνη
 ἀνέρας, οὓς ἔσπειρα, γάμου θεσμοῖσι σαώσω.”

“Ὡς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·

“Γίνεο θαρσαλέη, μὴ δεΐδιθι, μῆτερ Ἑρώτων·
 ἑπτὰ γὰρ ἐν πινάκεσσιν ἔχω μαντήια κόσμου, 340
 καὶ πίνακες γεγάασιν ἐπώνυμοι ἑπτὰ πλανήτων.
 πρῶτος ἐντροχάλιο φερώνυμος ἐστὶ Σελήνης·
 δεύτερος Ἑρμείαιο πίναξ χρύσειος ἀκούει
 στίλβων, ᾧ ἐνὶ πάντα τετεύχεται ὄργια θεσμῶν·
 οὔνομα σὸν μεθέπει ροδόεις τρίτος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ 345
 ἀστέρος Ἡώιο φέρει τύπον· ἑπταπόρων δὲ
 τέτρατος Ἡελίοιο μεσόμφαλός ἐστι πλανήτων·
 πέμπτος ἐρευθιῶων πυρόεις κικλήσκειται Ἄρης·
 καὶ Φαέθων Κρονίδαο φατίζεται ἕκτος ἀλήτης·
 ἕβδομος ὑψιπόροιο Κρόνου πέλεν οὔνομα φαίνων. 350
 τοῖς ἐνὶ ποικίλα πάντα μεμορμένα θέσφατα κόσμου
 γράμματι φοινικίοντι γέρων ἐχάραξεν Ὀφίων.
 ἀλλ’, ἐπεὶ ἰθυνόων με διείρειαι εἵνεκα θεσμῶν,
 πρεσβυτέρη πολίων πρεσβῆια ταῦτα φυλάσσω·
 εἴτ’ οὖν Ἀρκαδίη προτέρη πέλεν ἢ πόλις Ἡρης, 355
 Σάρδιες εἰ γεγάασι παλαιότεραι, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
 Ταρσὸς ἀειδομένη πρωτόπολις, εἰ δὲ τις ἄλλη,
 οὐκ ἐδάην· Κρόνιος δὲ πίναξ τάδε πάντα διδάσκει,
 τίς προτέρη βλάστησε,

τίς ἔπλετο σύγχρονος Ἡοῦς.”

Εἶπε· καὶ ἠγεμόνευεν ἐς ἀγλαὰ θέσφατα τοίχου, 360
 εἰσόκεν ἔδρακε χῶρον, ὅπῃ Βερόης περὶ πάτρης
 θέσφατον ὀψιτέλεστον Ὀφιονίη γράφε τέχνη
 ἐν πίνακι Κρονίῳ κεχαραγμένον οἴνοπι μίλτῳ·
 “πρωτοφανῆς Βερόη πέλε σύγχρονος ἠλικὶ 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 ^a 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, ^b the planet of Cronides ; the seventh shows the name of highmoving Cronos. Upon these, ancient Ophion ^c 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, ^d 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 *σίλβων*, an older name for the planet Mercury.

^b The planet Jupiter.

^c Cf. ii. 573.

^d Argos.

νύμφης ὀψιγόνοιο φερώνυμος, ἦν μετανάσται 365
 υἱέες Ἀysonίων, ὑπατήια φέγγεα Ῥώμης,
 Βηρυτὸν καλέσουσιν, ἐπεὶ Λιβάνω πέσε γείτων. . . .”
 τοῖον ἔπος δεδάηκε θεοπρόπον. ἀλλ’ ὅτε δαίμων
 θέσκελον ἐβδομάτου πίνακος παρεμέτρεεν ἀρχήν,
 δεύτερον ἐσκοπίαζεν, ὅπη παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ 370
 ποικίλα παντοίης ἐχαράσσετο δαίδαλα τέχνης
 μαντιπόλοισ ἐπέεσσιν, ὅτι πρώτιστα νοήσει
 Πὰν νόμιος σύριγγα, λύρην Ἐλικώνιος Ἐρμῆς,
 δίθροον ἀβρὸς Ὑαγνις ἐυτρήτου μέλος αὐλοῦ,
 Ὅρφεὺς μυστιπόλοιο θεηγόρα χεύματα μολπῆς, 375
 καὶ Λίνος εὐεπίην Φοιβήιος, Ἀρκὰς ἀλήτης
 μέτρα δυωδεκάμηνα καὶ Ἡελίοιο πορείην,
 μητέρα τικτομένων ἐτέων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ,
 καὶ σοφὸς Ἐνδυμίων ἐτερότροπα δάκτυλα κάμψας
 γνώσεται ἄστατα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης 380
 τριπλόα, καὶ στοιχείον ὁμόζυγον ἄζυγι μίξας
 Κάδμος ἐυγλώσσοιο διδάξεται ὄργια φωνῆς,

^a Something has fallen out explaining the name by some local legend.

^b Another list of “inventors,” see note on xl. 310.

^c Alluding to the (late) theory that the twelve rounds of the chariot race refer to the twelve months. Here Arcas, not Erichthonios, invents chariots.

^d This does not mean that Endymion (rationalized here into an astronomer who calculated the times of the moon’s phases) was so bad an arithmetician that he had to count on his fingers, as our children do. The ancients of course knew of this primitive method of reckoning, cf. ps.-Arist. *Prob.* xv. 3, p. 910 b 23 ff., and the verb *πεμπάζειν*, but, owing to 222

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 ^b shepherd Pan will invent the syrinx, Heliconian 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 ^c; how wise Endymion with changing bends of his fingers ^d 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, 100-10,000, 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.

NONNOS

θεσμὰ Σόλων ἄχραντα, καὶ ἔννομον Ἀτθίδι πεύκη
 συζυγίης ἀλύτσιο συνωρίδα δίζυγα Κέκροψ.
 καὶ Παφίη μετὰ πάντα πολύτροπα δαίδαλα Μούσης 385
 πυκνὰ πολυσπερέων παρεμέτρεεν ἔργα πολλῶν.
 καὶ πίνακος γραπτοῖο μέσσην ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόσμου
 τοῖον ἔπος σοφὸν εὔρε πολύστιχον Ἑλλάδι Μούση.

“ Σκῆπτρον ὄλης Αὐγουστος ὅτε

χθονὸς ἠμιοχεύσει,

Ῥώμη μὲν ζαθέη δωρήσεται Αὐσόνιος Ζεὺς 390
 κοιρανίην, Βερόη δὲ χαρίζεται ἠγία θεσμῶν,
 ὅπποτε θωρηχθεῖσα φερεσσακέων ἐπὶ νηῶν
 φύλοπιν ὑδρομόθοιο κατευνήσει Κλεοπάτρης.
 πρὶν γὰρ ἀτασθαλίη πολιπόρθιος οὐ ποτε λήξει
 εἰρήνην κλονέουσα σαόπτολιν, ἄχρι δικάζει 395
 Βηρυτὸς βιότιο γαληναίιο τιθήνη
 γαῖαν ὁμοῦ καὶ πόντον, ἀκαμπεί τείχεϊ θεσμῶν
 ἄστεα πυργώσασα, μία πτόλις ἄστεα κόσμου.”

Καὶ θεός, ὅπποτε πᾶσαν Ὀφιονίην μάθεν ὁμφήν,
 εἰς ἔον οἶκον ἔβαινε παλίνδρομος· ἐξομένου δὲ 400
 υἱέος ἐγγυὺς ἔθηκεν ἐὶν χρυσήλατον ἔδρην,
 καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἐλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπῳ
 πεπταμένῳ πήχυνε γεγηθότι κούρον ἀγοστῶ,
 γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἀμφότερον δὲ
 καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελξινόου δὲ 405

^a The Phoenician alphabet, which the Greeks borrowed (traditionally through Cadmos), 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.

^b The list rationalizes: Endymion, beloved of the Moon, becomes a skilful astronomer, and the twy-formed Cecrops

of correct speech ^a ; 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.^b

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 battlestirring Cleopatra. For before that, citysacking violence will never cease to shake citysaving 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." ^c

³⁹⁹ Then the goddess, having learnt all the oracles of Ophion, returned to her own house. She placed her own goldwrought 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.

^c 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.

ἀπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα φαρέτρην,
 οἶά περ ἀσχαλόωσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
 “ Ἐλπὶς ὄλου βιότοιο, παραίφασις ἀφρογενείης,
 νηλειῆς ἐμὰ τέκνα βιήσατο μούνα Κρονίων·
 ἐννέα γὰρ πλήσασα μογοστόκα κύκλα Σελήνης 410
 δριμὺ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
 Ἄρμονίην ἐλόχευσα, καὶ ἄλγεα ποικίλα πάσχει
 ἀχθυμένη· κούρην δὲ μογοστόκον ἔλλαχε Λητώ,
 Ἄρτεμιν Εἰλείθυιαν, ἀρηγόνα θηλυτεράων.
 τέκνον Ἄμυμώνης ὁμογάστριον, οὗ σε διδάξω, 415
 ὡς λάχον ἐξ ἀλὸς αἶμα καὶ αἰθέρος· ἀλλὰ τελέσσαι
 ἤθελον ἄξιον ἔργον, ὅπως παρὰ μητρὶ θαλάσση
 οὐρανόθεν γεγαυῖα καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐν χθονὶ πῆξω·
 ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτης ἐπὶ κάλλει σείο . . . τιταίνων
 θέλγε θεούς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἴσον βέλος εἶν ἐνὶ θεσμῶ 120
 πέμπε Ποσειδάωνι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ,
 ἀμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄξια μόχθων
 δῶρον ἐκηβολίης ἐπεικίότα μισθὸν ὀπάσσω·
 δώσω σοι χρυσέην γαμίνην χέλυν, ἣν παρὰ παστῶ
 Ἄρμονίη πόρε Φοῖβος, ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἐγγυαλίξω 425
 ἄστεος ἐσσομένου μνημήιον, ὄφρα κεν εἴης
 καὶ μετὰ τοξευτῆρα λυροκτύπος,
 ὡς περ Ἄπόλλων.”

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 Eileithya, 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 Lyaïos, 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 ὕφηνα τὸ δεύτερον, ἤχι. λιγαίνω
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἕμερον ἔννοσιγαίου.

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε· μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
θερμὸς Ἔρως ἀκίχητος ὑπηνέμιον πόδα πάλλων
ὑψινεφῆς πτερόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ,
τόξα φέρων φλογόεντα. κατωμαδίῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
μειλιχίου πλήθουσα πυρὸς κεχάλαστο φαρέτρῃ. 5
ὡς δ' ὀπότ' ἀνεφέλοιο δι' αἰθέρος ὄξυς ὀδίτης
ἐκταδίῳ σπινθῆρι τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ἀστήρ,
ἢ στρατιῇ πολέμοιο φέρων τέρας ἢ τινι ναύτῃ,
αἰθέρος ἔγραφε νῶτον ὀπισθιδίῳ πυρὸς ὀλκῶ·
ὡς τότε θοῦρος Ἔρως πεφορημένος ὄξεί ροίζῳ, 10
παλλομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων,
ἠερόθεν ροίζησε· καὶ Ἀσσυρίῃ παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἔμπυρα δισσὰ βέλεμνα μιῇ ξυνώσατο νευρῇ,
παρθενικῆς ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁμοίον εἰς πόθον ἔλκων
διχθαδίους μνηστῆρας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων, 15
δαίμονα βοτρυόεντα καὶ ἠνιοχῆα θαλάσσης.

Τῆμος ὁ μὲν βαθὺ κῦμα λιπῶν ἀλιγείτονος ὄρμου,
ὃς δὲ Τύρου μετὰ πέζαν, ἔσω Λιβάνοιο καρῆνων
ἦντεον εἰς ἓνα χῶρον. ἀπὸ βλοσυροῖο δὲ δίφρου
πόρδαλιν ἰδρώοντα Μάρων ἀνέλυσε λεπάδων, 20

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 κόνιν ἐξετίναξε καὶ ἔκλυσεν ὕδατι πηγῆς
 θερμὸν ἀναψύχων κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα θηρῶν.
 ἔνθα μολῶν ἀκίχητος Ἔρωσ ἐπὶ γείτοσι κούρη
 δαίμονας ἀμφοτέρους διδυμάονι βάλλεν οἰστῶ,
 βακχεύσας Διόνυσον ἄγειν κειμήλια νύμφη, 25
 εὐφροσύνην βιότοιο καὶ οἴνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης,
 οἰστρήσας δ' ἐς ἔρωτα κυβερνητῆρα τριαίνης
 διπλόον ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἄγειν ἀλιγείτοσι κούρη,
 ναύμαχον ὑγρὸν Ἄρηα καὶ αἰόλα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.
 καὶ πλέον ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ νόον οἶνος ἐγείρει 30
 εἰς πόθον, ὀπλοτέρων δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἄφροσι κέντρῳ
 θελγομένην ἀχάλινον ἔχων πειθῆνιον ἦβην.
 Βάκχον Ἔρωσ τόξευεν, ὄλον βέλος εἰς φρένα πῆξας·
 ἔφλεγε δ', ὅσσον ἔθελγεν ἐπιστάξας μέλι πειθοῦς.
 ἀμφοτέρους δ' οἰστρησε· δι' αἰθερίης δὲ κελεύθου 35
 κυκλώσας βαλίοισι ὁμόδρομον ἵχνος ἀήταις
 νηχομένῳ νόθος ὄρνις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν φιλοκέρτομον· “ ἀνέρας οἴνω
 εἰ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀρίνω.”
 Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων 40
 ἀβρὸν εὐπλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε νύμφης,
 θάμβος ἔχων ὀχετηγὸν ἐς ἡμερον· ἀρχομένων δὲ
 ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγίνετο πορθμὸς Ἐρώτων.
 πλάζετο μὲν Διόνυσος ἔσω τερψίφρονος ὕλης,
 λάθριος εἰς Βερόην πεφυλαγμένον ὄμμα τιταίνων, 45
 καὶ κατὰ βαιὸν ὀπισθεν ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦιε κούρης·
 οὐδέ οἱ εἰσορόωντι κόρος πέλεν· ἰσταμένην γὰρ
 παρθένον ὅσσον ὄπωπε, τόσον πλέον ἦθελε λεύσσειν.
 καὶ Κλυμένης φιλότητος ἀναμνήσας πρόμον ἄστρων
 Ἥελιον λιτάνευεν, ὀπισθοτόνων ἐπὶ δίφρων 50
 αἰθερίῳ στατὸν ἵππον ἀνασφίγγοντα χαλιῶ
 μηκύνειν γλυκὴν φέγγος, ἵνα βραδὺς εἰς δύσιν ἔλθῃ

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!"

⁴⁰ 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

φειδομένη μάστιγι παλιμφυές ἡμαρ ἀέξων.
 καὶ Βερόης μετρηδὸν ἐπ' ἴχνεσιν ἴχνος ἐρείδων,
 οἰά περ ἀγνώσσων, περιδέδρομεν· ἐκ Λιβάνου δὲ 55
 ὀκναλέου ποδὸς ἴχνος ὑποκλέπτων ἐνοσίχθων
 ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ βραδυπειθεί χάζετο ταρσῶ,
 καὶ νόον ἀστήρικτον ὁμοίον εἶχε θαλάσση,
 κύμασι παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνης.

Καὶ γλυκερῆς ἀκόρητος ἔσω Λιβανηίδος ὕλης 60
 οἰώθη Διόνυσος ἐρημαίῃ παρὰ νύμφη,
 οἰώθη Διόνυσος. Ὅρειάδες εἶπατε Νύμφαι,
 τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον, ἢ χροῶ κούρης
 μῦνος ἰδεῖν δυσέρωτος ἐλεύθερος ἐννοσιγαίου; 64
¹καὶ κύσε νηρίθμοισι φιλήμασι λάθριος ἔρπων 71
 χῶρον, ὅπη πόδα θῆκε, καὶ ἦν ἐπάτησε κονίην
 παρθενικὴ ῥοδοέντι καταυγάζουσα πεδίλῳ·
 καὶ γλυκὺν αὐχένα Βάκχος ἐδέρκετο,

καὶ σφυρὰ κούρης
 νισσομένης καὶ κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις ὤπασε νύμφη, 75
 κάλλος, ὃ περ φύσις εὔρε· καὶ οὐ ξανθόχροϊ κόσμῳ
 χρिसαμένη Βερόη ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου
 ψευδομένας ἐρύθηνε νόθῳ σπινθῆρι παρειάς,
 οὐ χροὸς ἀντιτύποιο διαυγεί μάρτυρι χαλκῶ
 μιμηλῆς ἐγέλασεν ἐς ἄπνοον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς 80
 κάλλος ἐὼν κρίνουσα, καὶ οὐ τεχνήμονι θεσμῶ
 πολλάκις ἰσάζουσα παρ' ὀφρύσιν ἄκρα κομᾶν
 πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης.
 ἀλλὰ γυναιμανέοντα πολὺ πλέον ὀξεί κέντρῳ
 ἀγλαῖται κλονέουσιν ἀκηδέστοιο προσώπου, 85
 καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπώνντες ἀκοσμῆτοιο καρῆνου
 ἀβρότεροι γεγάασιν, ὅτ' ἀπλεκέες καὶ ἀλῆται
 χιονέω στιχώωσι παρήγοροι ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ.

Καὶ ποτε διψήσασα μετέστιχε γείτονα πηγῆν,

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.

οὐρανίου πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένη Κυνὸς ἀτμῶ, 90
 χεῖλεσι καρχαλέοισι· καθελκομένῳ δὲ καρῆνῳ
 κάμπτετο κυρτωθεῖσα, καὶ εἰς στόμα πολλάκι κούρη
 χερσὶ βαθυνομένησιν ἀρύετο πάτριον ὕδωρ,
 ἄχρι κορεσσαμένη λίπε νάματα· χαζομένης δὲ
 ἱμερτῆ Διόνυσος ὑποκλίνας γόνυ πηγῆ 95
 κοιλαίνων παλάμας ἐρατὴν μιμήσατο κούρην,
 νέκταρος αὐτοχύτοιο πίων γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ.
 καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσασα πόθου δεδονημένον οἴστρω
 πηγαίῃ βαθύκολπος ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη·

“Ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσε, μάτην πίες·

οὐ δύναται γὰρ 100

σβέσσαι δίψαν ἔρωτος ὅλος ῥόος Ὀκεανοῖο.
 εἶρεο σὸν γενέτην, ὅτι τηλικὸν οἶδμα περήσας
 νυμφίος Εὐρώπης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἱμερόεν πῦρ,
 ἀλλ’ ἔτι μᾶλλον ἔκαμνεν ἐν ὕδασιν· ὑγροπόρου δὲ
 μάρτυρα λάτριν Ἐρωτος ἔχεις Ἀλφειὸν ἀλήτην, 105
 ὅτι τόσοις ῥοθίοισι δι’ ὕδατος ὕδατα σύρων
 οὐ φύγε θερμὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης.”

“Ὡς φαμένη πηγαῖον ἐδύσατο σύγχροον ὕδωρ
 Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεγγελόωσα Λυαίῳ.

καὶ θεὸς ὑγρομέδοντι Ποσειδάωνι μεγαίρων 110
 εἶχε φόβον καὶ ζῆλον, ἐπεὶ πῖε παρθένος ὕδωρ
 ἀντὶ μέθης, καὶ κωφὸν ἐς ἡέρα ῥήξατο φωνήν,
 οἷά περ εἰσαΐουσαν ἔχων πειθήμονα κούρην·

“Παρθένε, δέχνησο νέκταρ·

ἔα φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ·

φεῦγε ποτὸν κρηναῖον, ὅπως μὴ σεῖο κορείην 115
 ὕδατόεις κλέψειεν ἐν ὕδασι κυανοχαίτης,
 ὅτι γυναιμανέων δολόεις πέλε· Θεσσαλίδος δὲ

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 :

¹⁰⁰ “ Cold water to drink, Dionysos, is of no use to you ; for all the stream of Oceanos 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,^a 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 ! ”

¹⁰⁸ So said the unveiled Naiad, and laughed at Lyaios, diving into her spring, which had one colour with her body.^b 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 :

¹¹⁴ “ 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

^a See on xxxvii. 173.

^b This, if anything, is what the curious Greek phrase seems to mean.

Τυρούς οίδας ἔρωτα καὶ ὑγροπόρους ὑμεναίους·
καὶ σὺ ρόον δολόεντα φυλάσσειο, μὴ σέο μίτρη
ψευδαλέος λύσειε, γαμοκλόπος ὡς περ Ἐνιπεύς. 120
ἤθελον εἰ γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ ρόος, ὡς ἐνοσίχθων,
καὶ κελάδων πήχυνα ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
διψαλέην ἀφύλακτον ἐμὴν Λιβανηίδα Τυρώ·"

Εἶπε θεός· μελέων δὲ μετὰτροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας,
ὀππόθι παρθένος ἦεν, ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην 125
Εὐῖος ἀγρευτῆρι πανεῖκελος· ἀβροκόμῳ δὲ
ἀλλοφυῆς ἄγνωστος ὀμίλειεν ἄζυγι κούρη
εἵκελος ἠβητῆρι, καὶ ἀκλινὲς ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ψευδαλέον μίμημα σαόφρονος ἔπλασεν αἰδοῦς·
καὶ πῆ μὲν σκοπίαζεν ἐρημάδος ἄκρον ἐρίπνης, 130
πῆ δὲ τανυπτόρθοιο βαθύσκιον εἰς ράχιν ὕλης,
εἰς πίτυν ὄμμα φέρων λελιημένον, ἄλλοτε πεύκην
ἢ πτελέην ἐδόκευε· φυλασσομένου δὲ προσώπου
ὄμμασι λαθριδίοισιν ἐδέρκετο γείτονα κούρην,
μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάζειε μετὰτροπος· ἠιθέω γὰρ 135
κάλλος ὀπιπεύοντι καὶ ἠλικος ὄμματα κούρης
Κυπριδίων ἐλάχεια παραίφασίς ἐστίν Ἐρώτων.

Καὶ Βερόης σχεδὸν ἤλθε καὶ ἤθελε μῦθον ἐνίψαι,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ πεπέδητο· φιλεύειε, πῆ σέο θύρσοι
ἀνδροφόνοι; πῆ φρικτὰ κεράατα; πῆ σέο χαίτη 140
γλαυκὰ πεδοτρεφέων ὀφιῶδεα δεσμὰ δρακόντων;
πῆ στομάτων μύκημα βαρύβρομον; ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,
παρθένον ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὃν ἔτρεμε φῦλα Γιγάντων·
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα φόβος νίκησεν Ἐρώτων·
τοσσατίων δ' ἤμησεν ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἰνδῶν, 145
καὶ μίαν ἡμερόεσσαν ἀνάλκιδα δεΐδιε κούρην,
δεΐδιε θηλυτέραν ἀπαλόχροον· ἐν δὲ κολώναις

the love of Thessalian Tyro ^a, and her wedding in the waters; then you too take care of the crafty flood, lest the deceiver loose 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 lovestricken 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 fir-tree, 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

^a She loved the river Enipeus; Poseidon enjoyed her by taking the river god's shape. See *Od.* xi. 235 ff.

θηρονόμῳ νάρθηκι κατεπρήνυε λεόντων
 φρικαλέον μύκημα, καὶ ἔτρεμε θῆλυν ἀπειλήν·
 καὶ οἱ ἐριπτοίητον ὑπὸ στόμα μῦθος ἀλήτης 150
 γλῶσσαν ἐς ἀκροτάτην ἐπιταίνεται χεῖλεϊ γείτων,
 ἐκ φρενὸς αἰσῶν καὶ ἐπὶ φρένα νόστιμος ἔρπων·
 ἀλλὰ φόβον γλυκύπικρον ἔχων αἰδήμονι σιγῇ
 εἰς φάος ἐσσυμένην παλινάγρετον ἔσπασε φωνήν.
 καὶ μόγις ὑστερόμυθον ὑπὸ στόμα δεσμὸν ἀράξας 155
 αἰδοῦς ἀμβολιεργὸν ἀπεσφήκωσε σιωπῆν,
 καὶ Βερόην ἐρέεινε χέων ψευδήμονα φωνήν·

“ Ἄρτεμι, πῆ σέο τόξα;

τίς ἤρπασε σείο φαρέτρην;
 πῆ λίπες, ὃν φορέεις ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι χιτῶνα;
 πῆ σέο κείνα πέδιλα, θωώτερα κυκλάδος αὔρης; 160
 πῆ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων; πῆ δίκτυα; πῆ κύνες ἀργαί;
 οὐ δρόμον ἐντύνεις κεμαδοσσόον· οὐκ ἐθέλεις γὰρ
 ἀγρώσσειν, ὅθι Κύπρις Ἀδώνιδος ἐγγὺς ἰαύει.”

Ἐννεπε θάμβος ἔχων ἀπατήλιον· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
 παρθερικῇ μεῖδῃσεν· ἀπειροκάκῳ δὲ μενοινῇ 165
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρεν ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἠβης,
 ὅττι, γυνή περ ἐοῦσα, φνὴν ἠικτο θεαίνῃ·
 οὐδὲ δόλον γίνωσκε νοοπλανέος Διονύσου.

καὶ πλέον ἄχνητο Βάκχος, ἐπεὶ πόθον οὐ μάθε κούρη 169

νήπιον ἠθος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἠθελεν, ὄφρα δαεῖη 171

οἷστρον ἐὼν βαρύμοχθον, ἐπισταμένης ὅτι κούρης 170

ὄψιμος ἠθιέω περιλείπεται ἐλπίς Ἐρώτων 172

ἐσσομένης φιλότητος, ἐπ’ ἀπρήκτω δὲ μενοινῇ
 ἀνέρες ἰμείρουσιν, ὅτ’ ἀγνώσσουσι γυναῖκες.

Καὶ θεὸς ἡμαρ ἐπ’ ἡμαρ ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης 175

δείελος, εἰς μέσον ἡμαρ, Ἐώιος, Ἐσπερος ἔρπων,
 παρθερικῇ παρέμιμνε, καὶ ἠθελεν εἰσέτι μίμνειν·

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 unsuspecting 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;

NONNOS

πάντων γὰρ κόρος ἐστὶ παρ' ἀνδράσιν, ἡδέος ὕπνου
 μολπῆς τ' εὐκελάδοιο καὶ ὀππότε κάμπτεται ἀνήρ
 εἰς δρόμον ὀρχηστήρα· γυναιμανέοντι δὲ μούνῳ 180
 οὐ κόρος ἐστὶ πόθων· ἐψεύσατο βίβλος Ὀμήρου.

Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ὑπεβρυχάτο σιωπῆν,
 δαιμονίῃ μάλιστα τετυμμένος, ἔνδοθι πέσσων
 κρυπτὸν ἀκοιμήτων ὑποκάρδιον ἔλκος Ἐρώτων.

ὡς δ' ὅτε βοῦς ἀκίχητος ἔσω πλαταμῶνος ὀδεύων 185

ἔσμον ὀρεσσινόμων παρεμέτρεεν ἠθάδα ταύρων 186

οἰστρηθεὶς ἀγέληθεν, ὃν εὐπετάλω παρὰ λόχμῃ 187

βουτύπος ὀξύοντι μύωψ ἐχαράσσετο κέντρῳ 189

ἀπροϊδῆς, ὀλίγῳ δὲ δέμας βεβολημένος οἰστρῳ 188

τηλίκος ἐστυφέλικτο, καὶ ὄρθιον ὑψόθι νώτου 190

ἄψ ἀνασειράζων παλινάγρετον ἔσπασεν οὐρῆν

κυρτὸς ἐπιτρίβων σκοπέλων ράχιν, ἀντίτυπον δὲ

ὀξὺ κέρας δόχμωσεν ἀνούτατον ἠέρα τύπτων·

οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἔστεφε πολλάκι νίκη,

βαιὸς Ἐρως οἰστρησε βαλὼν πανθελγεί κέντρῳ. 195

Ὅψὲ δὲ μαστεύων γλυκὺ φάρμακον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην

Πανὶ δασυστέρνω Παφίης ἐγκύμονι μύθῳ

Κυπριδίην ἄγρυπνον ἔην ἀνέφαινεν ἀνάγκην,

καὶ βουλήν ἐρέεινε, ἀλεξήτειραν Ἐρώτων.

καὶ καμάτους Βάκχοιο πυριπνεύοντας ἀκούων 200

Πὰν κερόεις ἐγέλασσε, κατεκλάσθη δὲ μενοιῆν

οἰκτεῖρων δυσέρωτα δυσίμερος· εἶπε δὲ βουλήν

Κυπριδίην· ὀλίγην δὲ παραίφασιν εἶχεν Ἐρώτων

ἄλλον ἰδὼν φλεχθέντα μιῆς σπινθῆρι φαρέτρης·

“Ἐυνὰ παθῶν, φίλε Βάκχε,
 τεὰς ὤκτειρα μερίμνας· 205

καὶ σὲ πόθεν νίκησεν Ἐρως θρασύς; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,

^a Hom. *Il.* xiii. 636: “Sleep and love are very sweet,
 240

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 hill-ranging bulls, driven from the herd when a gadfly has pierced his hide with sharp sting under the leafy trees unnoticed: 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 tripling feet, yet a time comes when they pall, you can have enough of all—but these Trojans never can have enough of war!"

NONNOS

εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ Διόνυσον Ἔρως ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην.
 ἀλλὰ πόθου δολίοιο πολύτροπον ἦθος ἐνύψω.
 πᾶσα γυνὴ ποθέει πλέον ἀνέρος, αἰδομένη δὲ
 κεύθει κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἐρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτῆ, 210
 καὶ μογέει πολὺ μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων
 θερμότεροι γεγάασιν, ὅτε κρύπτουσι γυναῖκες
 ἐνδόμυχον πραπίδεςσι πεπαρμένον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων.
 καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' ἀλλήλησι πόθων ἐπέπουσιν ἀνάγκην,
 λυσιπόνοις ὄαροισιν ὑποκλέπτουσι μερίμνας 215
 Κυπριδίας. σὺ δέ, Βάκχε, τεῶν ὀχετηγόν Ἐρώτων
 μιμηλῆς ἐρύθημα φέρων ἀπατήλιον αἰδοῦς,
 οἶα σαοφρονέουσαν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπῆν,
 ὡς ἀέκων Βερόης σχεδὸν ἴστασο· καὶ λίνα πάλλων
 θαύματι μὲν δολίῳ ῥοδοειδέα δέρκεο κούρην, 220
 κάλλος ἐπαινῆσας, ὅτι τηλίκον οὐ λάχεν Ἥρη, 221
 καὶ Χάριτας κίκλησκε χερείονας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ 224
 μορφῇ μῶμον ἀναπτε, καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης, 225
 καὶ Βερόην ἀγόρευε φαεινότερην Ἀφροδίτης·
 κούρη δ' εἰσαΐουσα τετὴν ψευδήμονα μομφὴν
 αἴνω τερπομένη πλέον ἴσταται· οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ
 ὄλβον ὅλον χρύσειον, ὅσον ῥοδέης περὶ μορφῆς
 εἰσαΐειν, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἥλικος ἦβης. 230
 παρθενικὴν δ' ἐς ἔρωτα νοήμονι θέλγε σιωπῇ, 231
 κινυμένων βλεφάρων ἀντώπια νεύματα πέμπων· 232
 πεπταμένη δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέει χειρὶ πατάξας 222
 ψευδαλέον σέο θάμβος ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ. 223
 ἀλλὰ φόβος μεθέπει σε σαόφρονος ἐγγύθι κούρης· 233
 εἶπέ, τί σοὶ ῥέξει μία παρθένος; οὐ δόρυ πάλλει, 234
 οὐ ῥοδέη παλάμη τανύει βέλος· ἔγχεα κούρης 235
 ὀφθαλμοὶ γεγάασιν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων,
 παρθενικῆς δὲ βέλεμνα ῥοδώπιδές εἰσι παρειαί.

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 unsmiling countenance
as if through modesty, and stand beside Beroë 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 Beroë 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 Beroë was a huntress.

ἔδνα δὲ σοῖο πόθοιο, τεῆς κειμήλια νύμφης,
 μὴ λίθον Ἰνδῶν, μὴ μάργαλα χειρὶ τινάξης,
 οἷα γυναιμανέοντι πέλει θέμις· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ 244
 ἀμφιέπεις τεὸν εἶδος ἐπάρκιον, εὐαφέος δὲ
 κάλλεος ἰμείρουσι καὶ οὐ χρυσοῖο γυναιῖκες.
 μαρτυρίης ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι· ἀβροκόμου γὰρ
 ποῖα παρ' Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐδέξατο δῶρα Σελήνης;
 Κύπριδι ποῖον Ἄδωνις ἐδείκνυεν ἔδνον Ἐρώτων; 245
 ἄργυρον Ὠρίων οὐκ ὤπασεν ἠριγενεΐη·
 οὐ Κέφαλος πόρεν ὄλβον ἐπήρατον·

ἀλλ' ἄρα μῦθος
 χαλὸς ἐὼν Ἡφαιστος ἀθελγέος εἵνεκα μορφῆς
 ὤπασε ποικίλα δῶρα, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν Ἀθήνην·
 οὐ πέλεκυς χραίσμησε λεχώιος· ἀλλὰ θεαίνης 250
 ἰμείρων ἀφάμαρτε. σὲ δὲ ζυγίων ὑμεναίων
 φέρτερον, ἣν ἐθέλης, θελκτῆριον ἄλλο διδάξω·
 βάρβιτα χειρὶ λίγαινε, τεῆς ἀναθήματα Ῥείης,
 Κύπριδος ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα παροίνιον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
 πλήκτροις καὶ στομάτεσσι χέων ἐτερόθροον ἠχώ, 255
 Δάφνην πρῶτον ἄειδε καὶ ἀσταθέος δρόμον Ἥχους
 καὶ κτύπον ὑστερόφωνον ἀσιγήτοιο θεαίνης,
 ὅττι θεοὺς ποθέοντας ἀπέστυγον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
 μέλπε Πίτυν φυγόδεμνον,

ὀρειάσι σύνδρομον αὔραις,
 Πανὸς ἀλυσκάζουσαν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους· 260
 μέλπε μόρον φθιμένης αὐτόχθονα· μέμφεο γαίη.
 καὶ τάχα δακρύσειε γοήμονος ἄλγεα νύμφης
 καὶ μόρον οἰκτείρουσα· σὺ δὲ φρένα τέρπεο σιγῇ

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 love-gift 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.

NONNOS

μυρομένης ὀρώων μελιηδέα δάκρυα κούρης·
 οὐδὲ γέλως πέλε τοίους, ἐπεὶ πλέον οἴνοπι μορφῇ 265
 ἱμερταὶ γεγάασιν, ὄτε στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.
 μέλψον ἐρωμανέουσας ἐπ' Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνην,
 μέλπε γάμον χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος, εἶπέ καὶ αὐτὴν
 αὐχμηρὴν ἀπέδιλον ἄλωομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
 νυμφίον ἰχνεύουσας ὀρίδρομον· οὐδέ σε φεύγει 270
 πατρώων αἴουσα μελίφρονα θεσμόν Ἐρώτων.
 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τάδε πάντα,

δυσίμερε Βάκχε, πιφαύσκω·
 ἀλλά με καὶ σὺ δίδαξον ἐμῆς θελκτῆριον Ἥχους."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπε γεγηθότα παῖδα Θυώνης. 274
 καὶ δολίην Διόνυσος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν 65
 παρθενικὴν ἐρέεινεν Ἀδώνιδος ἀμφὶ τοκῆος,
 ὡς φίλος, ὡς ὁμόθηρος ὀρίδρομος· ἰσταμένης δὲ
 στήθει χεῖρα πέλασσε δυσίμερον, ἄκρα δὲ μίτρης
 ὡς ἀέκων ἔθλιψεν· ἐπιψάουσα δὲ μαζῶν
 δεξιτερὴ νάρκησε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου. 70
 καὶ ποτε νηπιάχοισιν ἐν ἧθεσιν εἶρετο κούρη 275
 υἱά Διὸς παρεόντα, τίς ἔπλετο καὶ τίνος εἶη·
 καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὔρε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτης
 ὄρχατον ἀμπελόεντα καὶ ὄμπνια λήια γαίης
 καὶ δροσερὸν λειμῶνα καὶ αἰόλα δένδρα δοκεύων
 ἦθεσι κερδαλέοισι· καί, οἷά τε γηπόνος ἀνήρ, 280
 ἀμφὶ γάμου τινὰ μῦθον ἀσημάντω φάτο φωνῇ·
 "Εἰμὶ τεοῦ Λιβάνοιο γεωμόρος· ἦν ἐθελήσης,
 ἀρδεύω σέο γαῖαν, ἐγὼ σέο καρπὸν ἀέξω.
 Ὡράων πισύρων νοέω δρόμον· ἰσταμένην δὲ
 νύσσασι ὀπιπεύων φθινοπωρίδα τοῦτο βοήσω· 285
 Ἐσκορπίος ἀντέλλει βιοτήσιος, ἔστι δὲ κῆρυξ
 αὐλακος εὐκάρποιο· βόας ζεύξωμεν ἀρότρῳ.

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

NONNOS

Πληιάδες δύνουσι· πότε¹ σπείρωμεν ἀρούρας;
 αὔλακες ὠδίνουσιν, ὅτε δρόσος εἰς χθόνα πίπτει
 αὐομένην Φαέθοντι.' καὶ Ἀρκάδος ἐγγὺς Ἀμάξης 290
 χείματος ὀμβρήσαντος ἰδὼν Ἀρκτοῦρον ἐνύψω·
 'διψαλέη ποτὲ γαῖα Διὸς νυμφεύεται ὄμβρω.'
 εἶαρος ἀντέλλοντος ἐώιος εἰς σὲ βοήσω·
 'ἄνθεα σεῖο τέθλη· πότε κρίνα καὶ ρόδα τίλλω; 294
 ἦνίδε, πῶς ὑάκινθος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι μύρτω, 301
 πῶς γελᾶα νάρκισσος ἐπιθρώσκων ἀνεμώνη.' 302
 καὶ σταφυλὴν ὀρόων θέρεος παρεόντος ἐνύψω· 295
 'ἄμπελος ἠβώουσα πεπαίνεται ἄμμορος ἄρπης·
 παρθένε, σύγγονος ἦλθε·

πότε τρυγῶμεν ὀπώρην;
 σὸς στάχυς ἠέξητο καὶ ἀμητοῖο χατίζει·
 λήιον ἀμήσω σταχυηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ Δηοῦς
 μητρὶ τεῆ ῥέξαιμι θαλύσια Κυπρογενεΐη.' 300
 δέξο δὲ γειοπόνον με τεῆς ὑποεργὸν ἀλωῆς· 303
 ὑμετέρης με κόμισσε φυτηκόμον ἀφρογενεΐης, 304
 ὄφρα φυτὸν πῆξαιμι φερέσβιον, ἡμερίδων δὲ 305
 ὄμφακα γινώσκω νεοθηλέα χερσὶν ἀφάσσω.
 οἶδα, πόθεν ποτὲ μῆλα πεπαίνεται· οἶδα φυτεῦσαι
 καὶ πτελέην τανύφυλλον ἐρειδομένην κυπαρίσσω·
 ἄρσενα καὶ φοῖνικα γεγηθότα θήλει μίσγω,
 καὶ κρόκον, ἣν ἐθέλης, παρὰ μίλακι καλὸν ἀέξω. 310
 μή μοι χρυσὸν ἄγοις κομιδῆς χάριν·

οὐ χρέος ὄλβου·

¹ δύνουσί ποτε 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.'^a And in the showers of winter when I see Arcturos^b 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^c 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 widespreading 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).

μισθὸν ἔχω δύο μῆλα, μιῆς ἓνα βότρυν ὀπώρης.”

Τοῖα μάτην ἀγόρευε, καὶ οὐκ ἠμείβετο κούρη
Βάκχου μὴ νοέουσα γυναιμανέος στίχα μύθων.

Ἄλλὰ δόλω δόλον ἄλλον ἐπέφραδεν¹ Εἰραφιώτης· 316
καὶ Βερόης ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐδέχνυτο δίκτυα θήρης
οἰά τε θαμβήσας τεχνήμονα, πυκνὰ δὲ σείων
εἰς χρόνον ἀμφελέλιζε, καὶ εἶρετο πολλάκι κούρην·

“ Τίς θεὸς ἔντεα ταῦτα, τίς οὐρανὴ κάμε τέχνη;
τίς κάμε; καὶ γὰρ ἄπιστον ἔχω νόον, ὅττι τελέσσει 320
ζηλομανῆς Ἡφαιστος Ἀδώνιδι τεύχεα θήρης.”

Εἶπεν ἀκηλήτοιο παραπλάζων φρένα κούρης.
καὶ ποτε πεπταμένων ἀνεμωνίδος ὑψόθι φύλλων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυεν· ὄναρ δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο κούρη
εἴματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένη. ἀντίτυπον γὰρ 325
ἔργον, ὃ περ τελέει τις ἐν ἡματι, νυκτὶ δοκεύει·
βουκόλος ὑπνώων κεραοὺς βόας εἰς νομὸν ἔλκει·
δίκτυα θηρητῆρι φαίνεται ὄψις ὀνειρίου·
γειοπόνοι δ' εὐδόντες ἀροτρεύουσιν ἀρούρας,
αὐλακα δὲ σπείρουσι φερέσταχυν· ἀζαλέη δὲ 330
ἄνδρα μεσημβρίζοντα κατάσχετον αἴθοπι δίψῃ
εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀμάρην ἀπατήλιος ὕπνος ἐλαύνει.
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἰνδάλματα μόχθων,
μιμηλῶ πτερόεντα νόον πόμπευεν ὀνειρίῳ,

¹ So mss.: Ludwich ἐπέφραδεν.

■ 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
250

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 *ράπτειν* "to stitch" in ix. 23, which suggested the conjecture *ἐπέρραφεν* here for *ἐπέφραδεν* from vii. 152.

καὶ σκιεροῖσι γάμοισιν ὀμίλεεν. ἐγρόμενος δὲ 335
 παρθένον οὐκ ἐκίχησε, καὶ ἤθελεν αὐτίς ἰαύειν·
 καὶ κενεὴν ἐκόμισσε μινυθαδίδης χάριν εὐνῆς,
 εὐδων ἐν πετάλοισι ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης.
 μέμφετο δ' ἀφθόγγων πετάλων χύσιν·

ἄχνύμενος δὲ
 Ὕπνον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἔσπερίην Ἀφροδίτην 340
 τὴν αὐτὴν ἰκέτευεν ἰδεῖν πάλιν ὄψιν ὀνείρου,
 φάσμα γάμου ποθέων ἀπατήλιον. ἄγχι δὲ μύρτου
 πολλάκι Βάκχος ἴαυε, καὶ οὐ γαμίου τύχεν ὕπνου.
 ἀλλὰ πόνον γλυκὺν εἶχε, ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
 λυσιμελῆς Διόνυσος ἐλύετο γυῖα μερίμνη. 345

Καὶ Βερόης γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, υἱεὶ Μύρρης,
 θηροσύνην ἀνέφηνεν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσω
 στικτὰ νεοσφαγέων ὑπεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,
 λάθριος εἰς Βερόην δεδοκημένος· ἴσταμένου δὲ
 παρθένος ἄστατον ὄμμα φυλασσομένη Διονύσου 350
 φάρεϊ μαρμαίρουσαν ἐὴν ἔκρυσσε παρειήν.
 καὶ πλέον ἔφλεγε Βάκχον, ὅτι δρηστῆρες Ἐρώτων
 αἰδομένας ἔτι μᾶλλον ὀπιπεύουσι γυναῖκας,
 καὶ πλέον ἰμείρουσι καλυπτομένοιο προσώπου.

Καὶ ποτε μουνωθεῖσαν Ἀδώνιδος ἄζυγα κούρην 355
 ἀθρήσας σχεδὸν ἤλθε, καὶ ἀνδρομέης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
 εἶδος ἐὼν μετάμειψε, καὶ ὡς θεὸς ἴστατο κούρη·
 καὶ οἱ ἐὼν γένος εἶπε καὶ οὖνομα,

καὶ φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
 καὶ χορὸν ἀμπελόεντα, καὶ ἠδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου,
 ὅττι μιν ἀνδράσιν εὔρε· φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιῶν 360
 θάρσος ἀναιδείῃ κεράσας ἀλλότριον αἰδοῦς
 τοίην ποικιλόμυθον ὑποσσαίνων φάτο φωνῆν·

“ Παρθένε, σὸν δι' ἔρωτα καὶ οὐρανὸν οὐκέτι ναίω·
 σῶν πατέρων σπήλυγγες ἀρείονές εἰσιν Ὀλύμπου.

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 σὴν φιλέω πλέον αἰθέρος· οὐ μενεαίνω 365
 σκῆπτρα Διὸς γενετῆρος, ὅσον Βερόης ὑμεναίους·
 ἄμβροσίης σέο κάλλος ὑπέρτερον· αἰθερίου δὲ
 νέκταρος εὐόδοιο τεοὶ πνεύουσι χιτῶνες.
 παρθένε, θάμβος ἔχω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἀκούων,
 ὅττι σε κεστός ἔλειπεν ἀθελγέα· πῶς δὲ σὺ μούνη 370
 σύγγονον εἶχες Ἔρωτα
 καὶ οὐ μάθες οἴστρον Ἐρώτων; 371
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γλαυκῶπιν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων· 374
 νόσφι γάμου βλάστησε καὶ οὐ γάμον οἶδεν Ἀθήνη· 375
 οὐ σε τέκε γλαυκῶπις ἢ Ἄρτεμις. ἀλλὰ σύ, κούρη, 372
 Κύπριδος αἶμα φέρουσα τί Κύπριδος ὄργια φεύγεις; 373
 μὴ γένος αἰσχύνῃς μητρώιον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ 376
 εἰ ἔτεδὸν χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος αἶμα κομίζεις,
 ἀβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο διδάσκειο θεσμὰ τοκῆος,
 καὶ Παφίης ζωστήρι συνήλικι πείθειο κεστῶ,
 καὶ γαμίων πεφύλαξο δυσάντα μῆνιν Ἐρώτων· 380
 νηλέες εἰσὶν Ἐρωτες, ὅτε χρέος, ὅπποτε ποινήν
 ἀπρήκτου φιλότητος ἀπαιτίζουσι γυναῖκας·
 οἶσθα γάρ, ὡς πυρόεσσαν ἀτιμήσασα Κυθήρην
 μισθὸν ἀγνηορίης φιλοπάρθενος ὤπασε¹ Σύριγξ, 385
 ὅττι φυτὸν γεγαυῖα νόθη δονακῶδεϊ μορφῇ
 ἔκφυγε Πανὸς ἔρωτα, πόθους δ' ἔτι Πανὸς αἰεῖει·
 καὶ θυγάτηρ Λάδωνος, αἰδομένου ποταμοῖο,
 ἔργα γάμων στυγέουσα δέμας δενδρώσατο Νύμφη,
 ἔμπνοα συρίζουσα, καὶ ὀμφήεντι κορύμβω
 Φοίβου λέκτρα φυγοῦσα κόμην ἐστέψατο Φοίβου. 390
 καὶ σὺ χόλον δασπλήτα φυλάσσειο, μὴ σε χαλέψῃ
 θερμὸς Ἔρωσ βαρύμηνις· ἀφειδήσασα δὲ μήτρης

¹ So mss.: Ludwich ὤχμασε.

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.

NONNOS

διπλόον ἄμφεπε Βάκχον ὀπάονα καὶ παρακοίτην·
 καὶ λῖνα σοῖο τοκῆος Ἀδώνιδος αὐτὸς ἀείρων
 λέκτρον ἐγὼ στορέσοιμι κασιγνήτης Ἀφροδίτης. 395
 ποῖά σοι ἐννοσίγαιος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίσει;
 ἦ ρά σοι ἔδνα γάμοιο λελέξεται ἄλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
 καὶ στορέσει πνεύοντα δυσώδεα πόντιον ὀδμῆν
 δέρματα φωκάων, Ποσιδήια πέπλα θαλάσσης;
 δέρματα φωκάων μὴ δέχνησο· σείο δὲ παστῶ 400
 Βάκχας ἀμφιπόλους, Σατύρους θεράποντας ὀπάσσω·
 δέξό μοι ἔδνα γάμοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην·
 εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀδώνιδος οἶά τε κούρη,
 θύρσον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔγχος· ἕα γλωχίνα τριαίνης.
 φεῦγε, φίλη, κακὸν ἦχον ἀσιγήτοιο θαλάσσης, 405
 φεῦγε δυσαντήτων Ποσιδήιον οἶστρον Ἐρώτων.
 ἄλλη Ἀμυμώνη παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτης,
 ἀλλὰ γυνὴ μετὰ λέκτρον ὀμώνυμος ἔπλετο πηγῆ·
 καὶ Σκύλλη παρίαυε καὶ εἰναλίην θέτο πέτρην·
 Ἀστερίην δ' ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἔπλετο νῆσος ἐρήμη· 410
 παρθενικὴν δ' Εὐβοίαν ἐνερρίζωσε θαλάσση.
 οὗτος Ἀμυμώνην μνηστεύεται, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
 λαϊνέην τελέση μετὰ δέμνιον· οὗτος ὀπάσσει
 ἔδνον ἑὼν θαλάμων ὀλίγον ῥόον ἢ βρύον ἄλμης
 ἢ βυθίην τινὰ κόχλον. ἐγὼ δὲ σοι εἵνεκα μορφῆς 415
 ἴσταμαι ἀσχαλόων, τίνα σοι, τίνα δῶρα κομίσσω·
 οὐ χατέει χρυσοῖο τέκος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.
 ἀλλὰ σοι ἐξ Ἀλύβης κειμήλια πολλὰ κομίσσω·
 ἄργυρον ἀργυρόπηχυς ἀναίνεται. εἰς σέ κομίσσω
 δῶρα διαστίλβοντα φεραυγέος Ἡριδανοῖο· 420
 Ἑλιάδων δ' ὄλον ὄλβον ἐπαισχύνει σέο μορφῆ

^a See xli. 11.

^b A rationalization; usually she is a devouring monster, but this was often explained away as a dangerous rock.

girdle, but attend Bacchos both as comrade and bed-fellow. 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 neversilent sea, flee the madness of Poseidon's dangerous love! Seabluehair lay beside another Amynone,^a but after the bed the wife became a spring of that name. He slept with Scylla, and made her a cliff in the water.^b He pursued Asterië,^c and she became a desert island; Euboia^d the maiden he rooted in the sea. This creature woos Amynone 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 gleaming 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.

λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωσα, βολαῖς δ' ἀντίρροπος Ἡοῦς
 εἴκελος ἠλέκτρῳ Βερόης ἀμαρύσσεται αὐχὴν . . .
 καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτοντα· τεοῦ χροὸς εἶδος ἐλέγχει
 μάρμαρα τιμήεντα· μὴ εἴκελον αἶθοπι λύχνα
 λυχνίδα σοι κομίσοιμι, σέλας πέμπουσιν ὀπωπαί·
 μὴ καλύκων ῥοδόεντος ἀναῖσσοντα κορύμβου
 σοὶ ῥόδα δῶρα φέροιμι, ῥοδώπιδές εἰσι παρειαί.”

425

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε· καὶ οὔατος ἔνδοθι κούρη
 χεῖρας ἐρειαμένη διδύμας ἔφραξεν ἀκουάς,
 μὴ πάλιν ἄλλον Ἐρωτι μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀκούσῃ,
 ἔργα γάμου στυγέουσα· ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 μόχθῳ μόχθον ἔμιξε. τί κύντερόν ἐστιν Ἐρώτων,
 ἢ ὅτε θυμοβόροιο πόθου λυσσώδεϊ κέντρῳ
 ἀνέρας ἰμείροντας ἀλυσκάζουσι γυναῖκες
 καὶ πλέον οἴστρον ἄγουσι σαόφρονες;

430

435

ἐνδόμυχος δὲ
 διπλῆος ἐστὶν ἔρωσ, ὅτε παρθένος ἀνέρα φεύγει.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν οἰστρήεντι πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῶ·
 παρθενικῆς δ' ἀπέμιμνεν· ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρη
 σύνδρομον ἀγρώσσοντα νόον πόμπευεν ἀλήτην,
 κέντρον ἔχων γλυκύπικρον.

440

ἀνεσσύμενος δὲ θαλάσσης,
 ἴκμια διψαλέοιο δι' οὔρεος ἵχνια πάλλων,
 παρθενικὴν μάστευε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης,
 ἄβροχον ὑδατόεντι περιρραίνων χθόνα ταρσῶ·
 καὶ οἱ ἔτι σπεύδοντι παρὰ κλέτας εὐβοτον ὕλης
 οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ . . .
 εἰς Βερόην σκοπίαζε, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνου
 κούρης ἰσταμένης διεμέτρεεν ἔνθεον ἦβην·

445

ὄξν δὲ λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος οἶα κατόπτρῳ
 ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσι τύπον τεκμαίρετο κούρης,
 οἶά τε γυμνωθέντα παρακλιδὸν ἄκρα δοκεύων

450

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 flowercups of a rosy cluster, for roses are in your cheeks."

⁴²⁹ Such was his address ; and the girl pressed the fingers of her two hands into her ears to keep the words away from her hearing, lest she might hear again another speech concerned with love, and she hated the works of marriage. So she made trouble upon trouble for lovestricken Lyaïos. What is more shameless than love, or when women avoid men who yearn with the heart-eating maddening urge of desire, and only make them more passionate by their modesty ? The love within them is doubled when a maiden flees from a man.

⁴³⁸ 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 hastened 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 μαρμαίροντα, πολυπλεκέεσσι δὲ δεσμοῖς
μαζῶν κρυπτομένων φθονερὴν ἐπεμέμφετο μήτρην,
δινεύων ἑλικηδὸν ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα προσώπου,
παπταίνων ἀκόρητος ὄλον δέμας· οἰστρομανῆς δὲ 455
εἰναλίην Κυθέρειαν ἀλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων
μοχθίζων ἰκέτευε, καὶ ἀγραύλῳ παρὰ ποίμνη
παρθένον ἰσταμένην φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

“ Ἐλλάδα καλλιγύναικα γυνὴ μία πᾶσαν ἐλέγχει·
οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος αἰίδεται, οὐκέτι Κύπρου 460
οὔνομα καλλιτόκοιο φατίζεται· οὐκέτι μέλψω
Νάξον αἰδομένην εὐπάρθενον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
εἰς τόκον, εἰς ὠδίνας ἐνικήθη Λακεδαίμων·
οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος, Ἀμυμώνης δὲ τιθήνη
ἀντολή σύλησεν ὄλον κλέος Ὀρχομενοῖο, 465
μόνην ἀμφιέπουσα μίαν Χάριν· ὀπλοτέρη γὰρ
τρισάων Χαρίτων Βερόη βλάστησε τετάρτη.
παρθένε, κάλλιπε γαῖαν, ὃ περ θέμις· οὐ σέο μήτηρ
ἐκ χθονὸς ἐβλάστησεν, ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
πόντον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἔδνον ἀτέρμονα, μείζονα γαίης· 470
σπεῦσον ἐριδμαίνειν ἀλόχῳ Διός, ὃφρά τις εἶπη,
ὅττι δάμαρ Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐνέτις ἐννοσιγαίου
πάντοθι κοιρανέουσιν, ἐπεὶ νιφόμεντος Ὀλύμπου
Ἦρη σκῆπτρον ἔχει, Βερόη κράτος ἔσχε θαλάσσης.
οὐ σοι Βασσαρίδας μανιώπεις ἐγγυαλίξω, 475
οὐ Σάτυρον σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ Σειληνὸν ὀπάσσω·
ἀλλὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλον εὐνῆς
Πρωτέα σοι καὶ Γλαῦκον ὑποδρηστήρα τελέσσω·
δέχνησο καὶ Νηρῆα καί, ἣν ἐθέλης, Μελικέρτην·
καὶ πλατὺν ἀενάου μιτρούμενον ἄντυγι κόσμου 480
Ὠκεανὸν κελάδοντα τεὸν θεράποντα καλέσσω·

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 :

⁴⁵⁹ " 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 !

⁴⁶⁸ " 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

σοὶ ποταμοὺς ξύμπαντας ὀπάονας ἔδνον ὀπάσσω.
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιπόλοις ἐπιτέρπει, εἰς σὲ κομίσσω
θυγατέρας Νηρῆος· ἀναινομένη δὲ γενέσθω
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο τετὴ θαλαμηπόλος Ἰνώ.”

485

Ἐννεπε· χωομένην δὲ λιπῶν δυσπειθέα κούρην
ἠέρι μῦθον ἔειπε χέων ἀνεμώδεα φωνήν·

“ Μύρρης ὄλβιε κοῦρε, λαχὼν εὐπαιδα γενέθλην
τιμὴν μούνος ἔχεις διδυμάονα· μούνος ἀκούεις
καὶ γενέτης Βερόης καὶ νυμφίος ἀφρογενείης.”

490

Τοῖα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος ἰμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῶ·
πολλὰ δὲ δῶρα τίταινεν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
κούρης ἔδνον ἔρωτος· ὁμοφλέκτω δὲ βελέμνω
ὄλβον ἄγων Διόνυσος, ὅσον παρὰ γείτοιν Γάγγῃ
χρυσοφαεῖς ὠδῖνες ἐμαιώσαντο μετάλλων,
πολλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην.

495

Καὶ Παφίῃ δεδόνητο, πολυμνήστοιο δὲ κούρης
ἀμφοτέρους μνηστῆρας ἔδειδιεν· ἀμφοτέρων δὲ
ἰσοτύπων ὀρώσα πόθον καὶ ζῆλον Ἐρώτων
Ἄρει νυμφιδίῳ Βερόης κήρυξεν ἀγῶνα
καὶ γάμον αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἡμερόεσσαν Ἐνώ.
καί μιν ὄλην πυκάσασα γυναικείῳ τινὶ κόσμῳ
Κύπρις ἐπ’ ἀκροπόλης ἐῆς ἰδρύσατο πάτρης
παρθένον ἀμφήριστον ἀέθλιον ἀβρὸν Ἐρώτων·
ἀμφοτέροις δὲ θεοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν·

500

505

“ Ἦθελον, εἰ δύο παῖδας ἐγὼ λάχον, ὄφρα συνάψω
τὴν μὲν ὀφειλομένην ἐνοσίχθονι, τὴν δὲ Λυαίῳ·
ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ οὐ γενόμην διδυμητόκος, οὐδὲ κελεύει
θεσμὰ γάμων ἄχραντα μίαν ξυνήονα 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 muchwooded 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 Lyaïos; but since my child was not twins, and the undefiled laws of marriage do not allow us to join one girl to a

ζεῦξαι διχθαδίοισιν ἀμοιβαίοις παρακοίταις, 510
 ἀμφὶ μιῆς ἀλόχοιο μόθος νυμφοστόλος ἔστω·
 οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ καμάτου Βερόης λέχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης
 ἄμφω ἀεθλεύσοιτε γάμου προκέλευθον ἀγῶνα·
 ὃς δέ κε νικήσει, Βερόην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω . . .
 ἀμφοτέροις φίλος ὄρκος· ἐπεὶ περιδεΐδια κούρης 515
 γείτονος ἀμφὶ πόλης, ὄπη πολιοῦχος ἀκούω,
 πατρίδα μὴ Βερόης Βερόης διὰ κάλλος ὀλέσσω·
 συνθεσίας πρὸ γάμοιο τελέσσατε, μὴ μετὰ χάρμην
 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἀτεμβόμενος περὶ νίκης
 γαῖαν ἀιστώσειεν ἔης γλωχίνι τριαίνης, 520
 μὴ κοτέων Διόνυσος Ἀμυμώνης περὶ λέκτρων
 ἄστεος ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀμαλδύνειεν ἀλωήν.
 εὐμενέες δὲ γένεσθε μετὰ κλόνον· ἀμφοτέροι δὲ
 φίλτρον ζῆλον ἔχοντες ὁμοφροσύνης ἐνὶ θεσμῶ
 κάλλει φαιδροτέρω κοσμήσατε πατρίδα νύμφης.” 525
 Ὡς φαμένης μνηστῆρες ἐπήνεον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
 ἔμπεδος ὄρκος ἔην Κρονίδης καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Αἰθήρ
 καὶ Στύγαι ραθάμιγγες· ἐπιστώσαντο δὲ Μοῖραι
 συνθεσίας· καὶ Δῆρις ἀέξετο πομπὸς Ἑρώτων
 καὶ Κλόνος·
 ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμοστόλος ὤπλισε Πειθῶ. 530
 οὐρανόθεν δὲ μολόντες ὀπιευτῆρες ἀγῶνος
 σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἔμιμνον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
 μάρτυρες ὑσμίνης Λιβανηίδος ὑψόθι πέτρης.
 Ἐνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα ποθοβλήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
 κίρκος ἀελλῆεις χαλάσας πετρὸν ἔγκυον αὔρης 535
 βοσκομένην ἐδίωκε πελειάδα· τὴν δὲ τις ἄφνω
 ἐκ χθονὸς ἀρπάξας ἀλιαίετος εἰς βυθὸν ἔπη,
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον ὄρνιν ἀείρων.

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 ^a 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."

⁵²⁶ 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.

⁵³⁴ Then appeared a great portent for lovestricken Dionysos. A stormswift falcon was in chase of a feeding pigeon; he drooped his breeze-impregnated wings,^b 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.

^b *i.e.* he was just dropping on the pigeon, when the eagle came under with a swoop sideways and caught it.

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καί μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀπέπτυνεν ἐλπίδα νίκης·
ἔμπης δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν.

ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δὲ κυδοιμῶ 540
ὄμματι μειδιῶντι πατήρ κεχάρητο Κρονίων,
δῆριν ἀδελφειοῖο καὶ υἱέος ὕψι δοκεύων.

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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 ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Δίξω τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔτι τρίτον, ὀππόθι μέλλω
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐννώ.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐγρεκύδοιμος Ἄρης, ὀχετηγὸς Ἐρώτων,
 νυμφιδίης ἀλάλαξε μάχης θαλαμηπόλον ἠχώ,
 καὶ γαμίου πολέμοιο θεμείλια πῆξεν Ἐννώ·
 καὶ κλόνον αἰθύσσω ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Διονύσῳ
 θοῦρος ἔην Ὑμέναιος, ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ χορεύων 5
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἄειρεν Ἀμυκλαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
 Ἄρεος ἀρμονίην Φρυγίῳ μυκώμενος αὐλῶ.
 καὶ Σατύρων βασιλῆι καὶ ἠνιοχῆι θαλάσσης
 παρθένος ἦεν ἄεθλον· ἀναινομένη δὲ σιωπῇ
 εἰναλίου μνηστῆρος ἔχειν μετανάστιον εὐνήν 10
 ὑγρὸν ὑποβρυχίων ἐπεδείδιδε παστὸν Ἐρώτων,
 καὶ πλεόν ἤθελε Βάκχον· ἔικτο δὲ Δηιανείρη,
 ἣ ποτε νυμφιδίῳ περιβρομέοντος ἀγῶνος
 ἤθελεν Ἡρακλῆα, καὶ ἀσταθέος ποταμοῖο
 ἴστατο δειμαίνουσα βοοκράιρους ὑμεναίους. 15

Καὶ δρόμον αὐτοκέλευστον ἔχων ἐλικώδει ῥόμβῳ
 ἀννέφελος σάλπιζε μέλος πολεμήμιον αἰθήρ·
 καὶ βλοσυρὸν μύκημα χέων λυσσώδει λαιμῶ
 Ἀσσυρίῳ τριόδοντι κορύσσετο κυανοχαίτης,
 σείων πόντιον ἔγχος. ἀπειλήσας δὲ θαλάσση 20

BOOK XLIII

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 warcry 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 Amyclaiian Aphrodite,^a 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.^b

¹⁶ 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

^a The Armed Aphrodite ; “ Amyclaiian ” loosely for Spartan.

^b An allusion to Sophocles, *Trach.* 9-27, cf. *ibid.* 503-530.

εἰς ἐνοπὴν Διόνυσος ἐκώμασεν οἴνοπι θύρῳ,
 μητρὸς ὄρεσσινόμοιο καθήμενος ἄρματι Ῥεΐης·
 καί τις ἀεξομένη παρὰ Μυγδόνοιο ἀντυγα δίφρου
 ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ὄλον δέμας ἔσκεπε Βάκχου,
 βόστρυχα μιτρώσασα κατάσκια σύζυγι κισσῶ· 25
 καί τις ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμα περίπλοκον ἀνχένα σείων 26
 θηγαλέῳ χθονὸς ἄκρα λέων ἐχαράξατο ταρσῶ, 28
 τρηχαλέον μύκημα σεσηρότι χεῖλεϊ πέμπων· 27
 καὶ βραδὺς ἐρπύζων ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτοσι πηγῆ, 29
 ὄρθιον ἀγνάμπτοιο ποδὸς στήριγμα κολάψας, 30
 ὄμβριον ἀζαλείοισιν ἀνήφυσε χεῖλεσιν ὕδωρ,
 καὶ προχοὰς ξήραινε· κονιομένων δὲ ῥοάων
 πηγαίην ἀχίτωνα μετήγαγε διψάδα Νύμφην.
 Καὶ θεὸς ὑδρομέδων ἐκορύσσετο· Νηρεΐδων δὲ
 ἦν κλόνος· ἰκμαλέοι δὲ θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ νώτων 35
 δαίμονες ἐστρατόωντο· τανυπτόρθοις δὲ κορύμβοις
 δῶμα Ποσειδάωνος ἰμάσσετο, πόντιον ὕδωρ·
 καὶ χθονίου λοφόεντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος
 ἡμερίδες Λιβάνοιο μετοχλίζοντο τριαίνῃ.
 καὶ τινα βοσκομένην μελανόχροον ἐγγύθι πόντου 40
 εἰς βοέην ἀγέλην Ποσιδήιον ἄλματι λάβρω
 θυιάδες ἐρρώντο· τανυγλήνοιο δὲ ταύρου
 ἢ μὲν ἐφαπτομένη ῥάχιν ἔσχισεν, ἢ δὲ μετώπου
 διχθαδῆς ἀτίνακτα διέθλασεν ἄκρα κεραίης·
 καὶ τις ἀλοιητῆρι διέτμαγε γαστέρα θύρῳ· 45
 ἄλλη πλευρὸν ἔτεμνεν ὄλον βοός· ἡμιθανῆς δὲ
 ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπώκλασε ταῦρος ἀρούρη·
 καὶ βοὸς ἀρτιτόμοιο κυλινδομένοιο κονίῃ
 ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας ἔσπασεν, ἢ δὲ λαβούσα
 προσθιδίους ἐρύεσκε, πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῆ 50
 ὄρθιον ἐσφαίρωσεν ἐς ἡέρα δίζυγα χηλῆν.

Καὶ στρατιῆς Διόνυσος ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,

the fray with vineleaves and thyrsus, seated in the chariot of his mother mountainranging Rhea; 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 Nereids; 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

στήσας πέντε φάλαγγας ἐς ὕδατόεσσαν Ἐνωῶ.
 τῆς πρώτης στιχὸς ἤρχε Κίλιξ εὐάμπελος Οἰνεὺς
 υἱὸς Ἐρευθαλίωνος, ὃν ἤροσεν ἐγγύθι Ταύρου 55
 Φυλλίδος ἀγραύλοισιν ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις·
 τῆς δ' ἑτέρης ἠγείτο μελαγχαίτης Ἐλικάων
 ξανθοφυῆς ῥοδέησι παρησίην, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῆ
 πλοχμὸς εὐστροφάλιγγος ἔλιξ ὑπεσύρετο χαίτης·
 Οἰνοπίων τριτάτης, Στάφυλος προμάχιζε τετάρτης, 60
 Οἰνομάου δύο τέκνα, φιλακρήτοιο τοκῆος·
 πέμπτης δ' ἠγεμόνευε Μελάνθιος, ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
 ὃν τέκεν Οἰνώνη Κισσηιάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρω
 φυταλιῆς πλέξασα θυώδεος ἄκρα πετήλων
 σπάργανα βοτρυόεντα πέριξ εἰλίξατο μήτηρ, 65
 υἷέα χυτλώσασα μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῶ.
 τοίη κισσοφόροισιν ὀιστεύουσα βελέμοις
 σύνδρομος ἀμπελόεντι φάλαγξ ἐκορύσσετο Βάκχῳ.
 καὶ στρατιῆν θώρηξε χέων λαοσσόον ἠχώ·
 “Βασσαρίδες, μάρνασθε· κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου 70
 αὐλὸς ἐμὸς κερόεις πολεμήμιον ἦχον ἀράσσω
 ἀντίτυπον φθέγγεται μέλος μυκήτορι κόχλω,
 καὶ διδύμοις πατάγοισι μόθου χαλκόθροον ἠχώ
 τύμπανα δουπήσειεν· Ἐνναλίῳ δὲ χορεύων
 Γλαῦκον ὀιστεύσειε Μάρων ῥήξηνορι θύρσω· 75
 καὶ πλοκάμους Πρωτῆος ἀθήει δήσατε κισσῶ,
 καὶ Φαρίου πόντοιο λιπῶν Αἰγύπτιον ὕδωρ,
 νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἔχων μετὰ δέρματα φώκης,
 αὐχένα κυρτώσειεν ἐμοὶ θρασύν· εἰ δύναται δέ,
 Σειληνῶ μεθύοντι κορυσσέσθω Μελικέρτης· 80
 καὶ ναέτην Τμῶλοιο μετὰ βρυόεντας ἐναύλους 81
 γηραλέον Φόρκυνα διδάξατε θύρσον ἀείρειν, 82
 ἀμπελόεις δὲ γένοιτο γέρων χερσαῖος ἀλωεύς· 85
 καὶ Σάτυρος μενέχαρμος ἐὼν νάρθηκα τινάσσω 83

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 Lyaïos 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 clashing. 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 Seïlenos, 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

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διψαλέον Νηρῆα μεταστήσειε θαλάσσης 84
 ἀγραύλοισ παλάμησι· καὶ ἀρτιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων 86
 βόστρυχα μιτρώσασθε Παλαίμονος οἴνοπι δεσμῶ,
 καὶ μιν ὑποδρήσοντα μετ' Ἴσθμιάδος βυθὸν ἄλμης
 πόντιον ἠνιοχῆα κομίσσατε μητέρι Ῥεΐη,
 εἰναλίη μάστιγι κυβερνητῆρα λεόντων· 90
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν κατὰ πόντον ἀνεψιὸν εἰσέτ' ἑάσω.¹
 ἀθρήσω δὲ φάλαγγα δορικτήτοιο θαλάσσης
 νεβρίδι κοσμηθεῖσαν· ἀπειρήτησι δὲ Νύμφαις
 κύμβαλα Νηρεΐδεσσιν ὀπάσσατε· μίξατε Βάκχαις
 Ὑδριάδας· Θέτιδος δέ, καὶ εἰ γένος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης, 95
 μούνης ξεινοδόκοιο φυλάξατε δῶμα θεαίνης·
 Λευκοθέης δ' ἀπέδιλα συνάψατε ταρσὰ κοθόροισ·
 χερσαίη δὲ φανείσα συνέμπορος Εὐάδι Βάκχη
 Δωρὶς ἀερτάζειεν ἐμὴν θιασώδεα πεύκην·
 καὶ βυθίη Πανόπεια τιναξαμένη βρύον ἄλμης 100
 βόστρυχα μιτρώσειεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβω·
 Εἰδοθέη δ' ἀέκουσα περίκροτα ρόπτρα δεχέσθω·
 καὶ πόθον ἴσον ἔχουσαν ἐρωμανέοντι καὶ αὐτῶ
 τίς νέμεσις Γαλάτειαν ὑποδρήσειν Διονύσω,
 ἔδνον Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλον ὄφρα τελέσση 105
 ἰστοπόνω παλάμη Λιβανηίδι πέπλον ἀνάσση;
 ἀλλὰ γένος Νηρῆος ἑάσατε· ποντοπόρους γὰρ
 δμωίδας οὐκ ἐθέλω, Βερόη μὴ ζῆλον ἐγείρω.
 καὶ κομόων γλωχῖνι ταυπτόρθοιο μετώπου
 Πὰν ἐμὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀτευχέι χειρὶ πιέζων 110
 θηγαλέη πλήξειε Ποσειδάωνα κεραίη,
 στέρνου μεσσατίοιο τυχῶν εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
 ἢ σκοπέλω λοφόμεντι, διαρρήξειε δὲ χηλαῖς
 δισσοφυῆ Τρίτωνος ὁμόζυγα κύκλον ἀκάνθης.
 Γλαῦκος ἀλιβρέκτοιο διάκτορος ἐννοσιγαίου 115
 Βάκχω ὑποδρήσειε, περίκροτα χερσὶν ἀείρων

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 Nereïd Nymphs, mingle Hydriads with Bacchantes—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 Bacchantes; 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 Galatea 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 Amydone the queen of Lebanon?—No, leave alone the family of Nereus; for I want no handmaids from the sea, or Beroë 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.: Ludwich εἰσέτι βάσσα.

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αὐχενίῳ τελαμῶνι παρήγορα τύμπανα Ῥείης.
 οὐ μούνης Βερόης περιμάρναμαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
 νύμφης ἡμετέρης περὶ πατρίδος· οὐ μιν ἀράξας
 ἰσταμένην ἀτίνακτον ἀλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων, 120
 εἰναλίην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἀμαλδύνειε τριαίνῃ,
 ὅττι κορυσσομένῳ θωρήξομαι· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
 εἰ λάχε γείτονα πόντον, ἔχει φυτὰ μυρία Βάκχου,
 νίκης ἡμετέρης σημήιον· ἀγχιάλου γάρ . . .
 ἀλλὰ παλαιότερην μετὰ Παλλάδα μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ 125
 Κέκροψ ἄλλος ἴκοιτο δικασπόλος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ
 ἄμπελος αἰεῖδοιτο φερέπτολις, ὥς περ ἐλαίῃ.
 καὶ πόλιος τελέσας ἕτερον τύπον οὐ μιν ἐάσω
 ἐγγὺς ἀλὸς, κραναὰς δὲ ταμῶν νάρθηκι κολῶνας
 γείτονα Βηρυτοῖο γεφυρώσω βυθὸν ἄλμης, 130
 χερσώσας σκοπέλοισιν ἀλὸς πετρούμενον ὕδωρ·
 τρηχαλέῃ δὲ κέλευθος ἰσάζεται ὀξεί θύρσω.
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες, ἠθάδι νίκη
 θαρσαλέαι· κταμένων δὲ νεόρρυτον αἶμα Γιγάντων
 νεβρὶς ἐμῇ μεθέπουσα μελαίνεται· εἰσέτι δ' αὐτῇ 135
 ἀντολίῃ τρομέει με, καὶ εἰς πέδον αὐχένα κάμπτει
 Ἰνδὸς Ἄρης, Βρομίῳ δὲ λιτήσια δάκρυα λείβων
 δάκρυα κυματόεντα γέρων ἔφριξεν Ὑδάσπης.
 καὶ διερῆν μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων Λιβανηίδα νύμφην
 ἐν γέρας ἰμείροντι χαρίζομαι ἐνοσιγαίῳ· 140
 ἣν ἐθέλη, μέλψειεν ἐμῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων,
 μῦθον ἐμῇ Βερόῃ μὴ δόχμιον ὄμμα τανύσση·”
 Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν· ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ μῦθῳ
 κερτομέων Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο κυανοχαίτης·
 “ Αἰδόμενος, Διόνυσε, κορύσσομαι, ὅττι τριαίνης 145

* i.e. as King Cecrops decided in favour of Athena when
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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.^a 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,^b 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 xlviiii.

NONNOS

ἤρισας αἰχμητῆρι φυγῶν βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου·	146
δεῦρο, Θέτις, σκοπίαζε· τεὸς Διόνυσος ἀλύξας	163
καλὰ φιλοξείνῳ ζῳάγρια δῶκε θαλάσση·	164
οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτο, σελασφόρε·	
	μητροφόνου γὰρ 147
ἐκ πυρὸς ἐβλάστησας, ὅθεν πυρὸς ἄξια ῥέζεις.	
ἀλλὰ, φίλοι Τρίτωνες, ἀρήξατε, δήσατε Βάκχας	
ποντοπόρους τελέσαντες· ὄρεσσαύλου δὲ φορῆς	150
τύμπανα Σειληνοῖο κατακλύζοιτο θαλάσση,	
κύματι συρομένοιο, καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥεέθρῳ	
νηχομένου Σατύροιο φιλεύιος αὐλὸς ἀλάσθῳ	
εἰς πλόον αὐτοέλικτον· ἐν εὐδρῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ	
Βασσαρίδες στορέσειαν ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.	155
οὐ χατέω Σατύρων, οὐ Μαινάδας εἰς βυθὸν ἔλκω·	
Νηρεῖδες γεγάασιν ἀρείονες· ἀλλὰ θαλάσση	
διψαλέαι κρύπτοιτο Μιμαλλόνες, οἶνοχύτου δὲ	
ἀντὶ μέθης πιέτωσαν ἐμῆς ἀλὸς ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ·	
καί τις ἐλαυνομένη διερῆ Πρωτῆος ἀκωκῆ	160
Βασσαρὶς αὐτοκύλιστος ὀλισθήσειε θαλίσση,	
ὄρχηθμὸν θανάτοιο κυβιστήσασα Λυαίῳ.	162
Αἰθιοπῶν δὲ φάλαγγας ἐρύσσατε καὶ στίχας Ἰνδῶν,	165
ληίδα Νηρεΐδεσσι, κακογλώσσοιο δὲ νύμφης	
Δωρίδι δούλια τέκνα κομίσατε Κασσιεπείης,	
ποινὴν ὀσιτέλεστον· ἀμαιμακέτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ	
᾽Ωκεανὸς πυρόεντα λελουμένον ἀστέρα Μαίρης,	
ληναίης προκέλευθον ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης,	170
Σείριον ἀμπελόεντα μεταστήσειεν ᾽Ολύμπου.	
ἀλλὰ σύ, Λύδιε Βάκχε, χερεῖονα θύρσον ἐάσας	
δίξέό σοι βέλος ἄλλο, καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν	
κάτθεο, σῶν μελέων ὀλίγον σκέπας· οὐρανίου δὲ	
εἶ σε Διὸς γαμὴ μαιώσατο νυμφιδίῃ φλόξ,	175
ἄρτι πυρὶ πτολέμιζε, πυριτρεφές, ἄρτι κεραυνῶ	

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 mountainharboured 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 Lyaïos in my watery hall.—Nay, I want no Satyrs, I drag no Mainads to the deep: Nereïds are better. But let the Mimallones 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 Lyaïos. Drag down companies of Ethiopians and ranks of Indians as spoil for the Nereïds; 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.

NONNOS

πατρώω προμάχιζε κυβερνητῆρι τριαίνης,
 καὶ στεροπὴν κούφιζε καὶ αἰγίδα πάλλε τοκῆος·
 οὐ γὰρ Δηριάδης σε μένει πρόμος, οὐ Λυκοόργου
 οὔτος ἀγών, Ἀράβων ὀλίγος μόθος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης 180
 τοσσατίης. τρομέων δὲ καὶ εἰσέτι πόντιον αἰχμὴν
 οὐρανὸς ἡμετέρην βυθίην δεδάηκεν Ἐννώ·
 καὶ πρόμος ὑψικέλευθος ἐμῆς τριόδοντος ἀκωκῆς
 πειρήθη Φαέθων, ὅτε δύσμαχος ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
 εἰς μόθον ἀστερόεντα κορύσσετο πόντιος Ἄρης· 185
 ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα κατ' αἰθέρος, Ὠκεανῶ δὲ
 λούετο διψὰς Ἄμαξα, καὶ ὕδασι γείτονος ἄλμης
 βάψας θερμὰ γένεια Κύων ἐψύχετο Μαίρης,
 καὶ βυθίων κενεῶνες ἀνυψώθησαν ἐναύλων
 κύματα πυργώσαντες, ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ πόντου 190
 οὐρανίῳ Δελφῖνι θαλάσσιος ἦντετο δελφίς."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν τριόδοντι μυχοὺς ἐτίναξε θαλάσσης,
 καὶ ῥοθίῳ κελάδοντι καὶ οἰδαίνοντι ῥεέθρῳ
 ἡέρα μαστίζοντες ἐβόμβεον ὕδατος ὀλκοί.
 καὶ διεροῖς σακέεσσιν ἐθωρήχθη στρατὸς ἄλμης· 195
 καὶ βυθίου Κρονίωνος ἀλιβρέκτῳ παρὰ φάτνη
 ἐγχείην ἐλέλιζεν ὑποβρυχίην Μελικέρτης,
 ζεύξας Ἴσθμιον ἄρμα, καὶ ὑγροπόρου βασιλῆος
 ἔγχος ἀλικνήμιδι παρηώρησεν ἀπήνη,
 τριχθαδίῃ γλωχίνι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσω, 200
 ζεύξας Ἴσθμιον ἄρμα· καὶ ἵππειῷ χρεμετισμῷ
 Ἰνδῶων κελάδημα συνεπλατάγησε λεόντων.
 καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔλαυνε· τιταινομένοιο δὲ δίφρου
 ἄκρον ὕδωρ ἀδιάντος ἐπέγραφεν ἄβροχος ὄπλῃ.
 Τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐπέκτυπε θυιάδι χάρμη, 205

* 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 surface. 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.

NONNOS

ὄς διδύμοις μελέεσσιν ἔχει βροτοειδέα μορφήν
 ἄλλοφυῆ, χλοάουσαν, ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρῆνου
 ἡμιτελής· διερῆς δὲ παρήγορος ἰξύος ὄλκῳ
 δίπτυχος ἰχθυόεντι τύπῳ περικάμπτεται οὐρή.
 καὶ διερῆ μάστιγι, θαλασσαίῃ παρὰ φάτνη 210
 ζεύξας ὠκυπόρῳ πεφορημένον ἄρμα θυέλλῃ,
 Γλαῦκος ἀνιπτοπόδων λοφιῆν ἐπεμάστιεν ἵππων
 καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκεν. ἀλιρροίζῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 Πὰν κερόεις, ἀβάτοισιν ἐν ὕδασι κοῦφος ὀδίτης,
 ἄβροχος αἰγείησιν ἀνακρούων ἄλα χηλαῖς, 215
 ἄστατος ἐσκίρτησε, καλαύροπι πόντον ἀράσων,
 πηκτίδι συρίζων πολέμου μέλος· ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ
 μιμηλὴν αἶων ἀνεμῳλιον εἰκόνα φωνῆς
 ποσσὶν ὄρεσσινόμοισι διέτρεχε πόντιον ὕδωρ,
 μαστεύων κτύπον ἄλλον· ὑπηνέμιος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆ 220
 τικτομένη σύριγγι διώκετο ποντιαῖς ἠχώ.
 ἄλλος ἐκρήπιδα λόφον νησαῖον ἐλίξας
 ῥῖψεν ἐφ' Ὑδριάδεσσιν, ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ πέτρῃ
 Νηρεΐδων ἐτίναξε Παλαίμονος ἔμβρυον αὐλήν.
 Πρωτεὺς δ' Ἰσθμιον οἶδμα λιπῶν
 Παλληνίδος ἄλμης 225
 εἰναλίῳ θώρηκι κορύσσετο, δέρματι φώκης·
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἰθοπεσ Ἴνδοι
 Βάκχου κεκλομένοιο, καὶ οὐλοκόμων στίχες ἀνδρῶν
 φωκάων πολύμορφον ἐπηχύναντο νομῆα.
 σφιγγομένου δὲ γέροντος ἔην ἐτερόχροος εἰκῶν· 230
 Πρωτεὺς γὰρ μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν ὑφαίνων
 πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἔην ἐστίξατο μορφήν·
 καὶ φυτὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρθιον ἔστη
 δενδρώσας ἐὰ γυῖα, τινασσομένων δὲ πετῆλων
 ψευδαλέον ψιθύρισμα Βορειάδι σύρισην αὔρη· 235
 καὶ γραπταῖς φολίδεσσι κεκασμένα νῶτα χαράξας

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 Nereïds 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;

NONNOS

εἶρπε δράκων, μεσάτου δὲ πιεζομένου κενεῶνος
 σπεῖραν ἀνηώρησεν, ὑπ' ὄρχηστήρι δὲ παλμῶ
 ἄκρα τιταινομένης ἐλελίζετο κυκλάδος οὐρήs,
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ὄρθωσεν, ἀποπτύων δὲ γενεῖων
 ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεχηνότι σύρισε λαιμῶ· 240
 καὶ δέμαs ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἔχων σκιοειδέι μορφῆῃ
 φρῖξε λέων, σύτο κάπρος, ὕδωρ ῥέε·

καὶ χορὸs Ἰνδῶν
 ὑγρὸν ἀπειλητῆρι ῥόον σφηκῶσατο δεσμῶ
 χερσὶν ὀλισθηρήsιν ἔχων ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ· 245
 κερδαλέοs δὲ γέρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων
 εἶχε Περικλυμένοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα μορφῆs,
 ὃν κτάμεν Ἡρακλέηs, ὅτε δάκτυλα δισσὰ συνάψασ
 ψευδαλέον μίμημα νόθηs ἔθραυσε μελίσσης.
 χερσαίην δὲ γέροντοs ἐκυκλώσαντο πορείην 250
 πῶεα κητώεντα, φιλοψαμάθοιο δὲ φώκηs
 οἰγομένω βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῶ.

Θυγατέρων δὲ φάλαγγα φιλεύιον εἰs μόθον ἔλκων
 ἔγχεϊ κυματόεντι γέρων ὠπλίζετο Νηρεῦs,
 ποντοπόρω τριόδοντι καταθρώσκων ἐλεφάντων, 255
 δεινὸs ἰδεῖν· πολλαὶ δὲ παρ' ἧῶνα γείτονεs ὄχθαι
 εἰναλίῃ Νηρῆοs ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκωκῆ.

Νηρεῖδων δὲ γένεθλα συνεκρούσαντο τοκῆι
 ὑσμίνης ἀλάλαγμα· καὶ εἰs μόθον ὑψόθι πόντου
 ἡμιφανῆs ἀπέδιλοs ἐβακχεύθη χορὸs ἄλμηs. 260
 καὶ Σατύρων ἀσίδηροs ἐπαῖσσουσα κυδοιμῶ
 ἀρχαίην ἐπὶ λύσσαν ἀνέδραμεν ἄστατοs Ἰνώ,
 λευκὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεοs ἀφρὸν ὑπήνηs.
 καὶ βλοσυρῆ Πανόπεια διαῖσσουσα γαλήνηs
 γλαυκὰ θαλασσαίηs ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεαίνηs· 265
 καὶ ῥόπαλον δυσέρωτοs ἀειρομένη Πολυφήμου
 εἰναλίῃ Γαλάτεια κορύσσετο λυσσαδί Βάκχη·

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,^a 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.

²⁵³ 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^b attacked a wild

^a 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.

^b *Cf.* xl. 555.

NONNOS

κουφίζων δ' ἀτίνακτον ἀλιτρεφέων ἐπὶ νώτων
 πομπίλος ἤέρταζε δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχον Εἰδῶ. 270
 ὡς δέ τις ἱππεύων ἐλατήρ ὑπὸ κυκλάδι τέχνη,
 δοχμῶσας ὄλον ἵππον ἀριστερὸν ἐγγύθι νύσσης,
 δεξιτερὸν κάμφειε, παριεμένοιο χαλινουῦ
 κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, προχέων πλήξιππον ἀπειλήν,
 ὀκλάζων ἐπίκυρτος, ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πήξας
 ἰξυῖ καμπτομένη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἵππον ἐλαύνων 275
 φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνήμονι βαιὸν ἱμάσσει,
 ὄμμα βαλὼν κατόπισθε, παρελκομένου δὲ προσώπου
 δίφρον ὀπισθοπόροιο φυλάσσεται ἠνιοχῆς·
 ὡς τότε Νηρεΐδες διερὴν περὶ νύσσαν ἀγῶνος
 ἰχθύας ὠκυπόροισιν εὐικότας ἤλασαν ἵπποις. 280
 ἄλλη δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἀλίδρομον εἶχε πορείην 281
 ἠνίοχος δελφίνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης, 283
 νώτῳ δ' ἰχθυόεντι καθιππεύουσα γαλήνης 282
 ὑγρομανῆ δρόμον εἶχε· μανεῖς δέ τις ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης 284
 μεσσοφανῆς δελφίνας ὁμόζυγας ἔσχισε δελφίς. 285

Καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδησαν ἐς ὑσμίνην Διονύσου
 θαρσύνοντες ἄνακτα, καὶ ἀενάων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 ὕδατόεν μύκημα κεχηνότος Ὠκεανοῖο
 ἄγγελος ὑσμίνης Ποσιδήιος ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ·
 καὶ πελάγη κυρτοῦτο συναιχμαζόντα τριαίνη· 290
 Ἰκαρίῳ Μυρτώως ἐπέτρεχεν, ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
 Ἐσπερίῳ Σαρδῶως, Ἰβηρ ἐπεσύρετο Κελτῶ
 οἰδαίνων πελάγεσσι, καὶ ἠθάδι δίζυγι πόντῳ
 Βόσπορος ἀστήρικτος ἐμίγνυε καμπύλον ὕδωρ,
 Αἰγαίου δὲ ρέεθρα συναιθύσσοντες ἀέλλη
 Ἴονίης κενεῶνες ἐμαστίζοντο θαλάσσης
 συζυγέες, Σικελῆς δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ θυιάδος ἄλμης
 κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα συνέκτυπεν Ἀδριαὸς ἄλμη
 ἀγχινεφής· καὶ κόχλον ἐλὼν ὑπὸ Σύρτιος ὕδωρ

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

²⁷⁰ 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 Nereïds 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.

²⁸⁶ 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,

NONNOS

εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι Λίβυς μυκήσατο Νηρέυς· 300
 καὶ τις ἀναΐξας ῥοθίων χερσαῖος ὀδίτης
 εἰς σκοπιῆν πόδα λαιὸν ἐρείσατο, δεξιτερῶ δὲ
 οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμῶν ἐνοσίχθονι ταρσῶ
 Μαινάδος ἀψαύστοιο κατηκόντιζε καρῆνου·
 καὶ βυθίῳ τριόδοντι καταιχμάζων Διονύσου 305
 ἄλμασι μητρώοισιν ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες
 ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῶ,
 ὧν ἡ μὲν δονέουσα μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης
 εἰς μόθον ὑδατόεντα κορύσσετο φοιτάδι λύσση,
 ἄστατος οἰστρηθεῖσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῶ· 310
 ἡ δὲ Σάμου Θρήισαν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγα Καβείρων
 νασσαμένη Λιβάνοιο παρεσκίρτησεν ἐρίπνη,
 βάρβαρον αἰθύσσουσα μέλος Κορυβαντίδος ἠχοῦς·
 ἄλλη ἀπὸ Τμῶλοιο λεχωίδος ὑψι λεαίνης
 ἄρσενα μιτρώσασα κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῶ, 315
 Μαιονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπεβρυχάτο Μιμαλλῶν,
 καὶ ποδὸς ἵχνος ἔπηξε μετήγορον ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,
 μιμηλαῖς γενύεσσιν ὑπαφριόωσα θαλάσση.
 Σειληνοὶ δὲ Κίλισσαν ἀναβλύζοντες ἔερσην
 Μυγδονίων ἐλατῆρες ἐθωρήσσοντο λεόντων, 320
 καὶ βυθίῳ καναχηδὸν ἐπισκιρτῶντες ὀμίλῳ
 ἀμπελόεν παλάμησιν ἀνέσχεθον ἔρνος Ἐννοῦς,
 καὶ παλάμας τανύσαντο λεοντεῖην ἐπὶ δειρῆν
 δραξάμενοι πλοκαμῖδος, ἀμαιμακέτους δὲ φορῆας
 θαρσαλέοι λασίοισιν ἀνεκρούσαντο χαλινοῖς. 325
 ἀρπάξας δὲ τένοντα χαραδρήεντος ἐναύλου
 Σειληνὸς πολέμιζε Παλαίμονι, φοιταλέην δὲ
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι δι' ὕδατος ἤλασεν Ἰνώ.
 ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε· καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο Βάκχη
 θύρσῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι καταΐσσουσα τριαίνης, 330

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,

NONNOS

Βάκχη θῆλυς ἑοῦσα· προασπίζων δὲ θαλάσσης
 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλω μετανάστιος ἤρισε Νηρεὺς
 πῆχעי παφλάζοντι· δαφωινῆεντι δὲ κισσῶ
 δαίμονα Παλληναῖον ὄρεστιὰς ἤλασε Βάκχη,
 οὐ δέ μιν ἐστυφέλιξεν· ἐπερχόμενον δὲ Λυαίω 335
 Γλαῦκον ἀκοντιστῆρι Μάρων ἀπεσεῖσατο θύρσω.
 ὑψινεφῆς δ' ἐλέφας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ
 δινεύων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀκαμπεί γούνατος ὄγκῶ
 χεῖλεσι μηκεδανοῖσι χαμευνάδι μάρνατο φώκη·
 καὶ Σάτυροι ῥώοντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῶ 340
 ταυροφνεῖς κεράεσσι πεποιθότες, ἐσσυμένων δὲ
 ἀλλοφανῆς κεχάλαστο δι' ἰξύος ὄρθιος οὐρή.
 Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ποσὶ διχαζομένοις ἐποχημένος ἰξυῖ ταύρου
 συμπλεκέων ἔθλιψε μέλος διδυμόθροον αὐλῶν. 345
 καὶ πλοκάμους βαλίησι συναιθύσσουσα θυέλλαις
 Μυγδονὶς ἐκροτάλιζεν ὁμόζυγα κύμβαλα Βάκχη,
 καὶ λοφιῆν ἐπίκυρτον ἐμάστιε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου
 θηρὸς ὑποβρυχίης ἀντώπιον· ἀγροτέρη δὲ
 πόρδαλις οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐλαύνετο κέντορι θύρσω. 350
 καὶ τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης
 ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησε θαλάσση,
 οἷα Ποσειδάωνος ἐπισκαίρουσα καρῆνω·
 λὰξ ποδὶ κύματα τύψεν, ἐπηπείλησε δὲ πόντῳ
 σιγαλέω, καὶ κωφὸν ὕδωρ ἐπεμάστιε θύρσω 355
 Βασσαρὶς ὑγροφόρητος· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ νύμφης
 ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ,
 θάμβος ἰδεῖν· κινυρῆ δὲ παρ' ἠόνι γείτοني πόντῳ
 φύλοπιν εἰσορόωσα θαλασσομόθου Διονύσου
 αἰνοπαθῆς Ψαμάθη πολυταρβέα ῥήξατο φωνῆν· 360
 “Εἰ Θέτιδος χάριν οἶσθα

καὶ εὐπαλάμου Βριαρῆος,

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 ! Glaucos assailed Dionysos, but Maron shot his thyrsus at him and shook him off. A cloudhigh 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.

εἰ μάθες Αἰγαίωνα τεῶν χραισμήτορα θεσμῶν,
 Ζεῦ ἄνα, Βάκχον ἔρυκε μεμνηνότα· μηδὲ νοήσω
 δουλοσύνην Νηρηῆος ἐπὶ Γλαύκοιο τελευτῇ·
 μὴ Θέτις αἰολόδακρυς ὑποδρήσσειε Λυαίω, 365
 δμωίδα μὴ μιν ἴδοιμι παρὰ Βρομίω, χθόνα Λυδῶν
 ὀψομένην μετὰ πόντον, Ἀχιλλέα, Πηλέα, Πύρρον,
 υἱωνόν, πόσιν, υἷα μιῇ στενάχουσαν ἀνίη·
 Λευκοθέην δ' ἐλέαιρε γοήμονα, τῆς παρακοίτης
 υἷα λαβῶν ἐδάϊξε, τὸν ἀστόργοιο τοκῆς 370
 παιδοφόνοι γλωχίνες ἐδαιτρεύσαντο μαχαίρης·”
 “Ὡς φαμένης ἤκουσέ δι' αἰθέρος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
 καὶ Βερόης ὑμέναιον ἐπέτρεπεν ἐννοσιγαίω,
 καὶ μόθον ἐπρήνυε γαμοστόλον· οὐρανόθεν γὰρ
 νυμφιδίην ἀτέλεστον ἀναστέλλοντες Ἐννὼ 375
 Βάκχον ἀπειλητῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο κεραυνοί.
 καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις γαμίω δεδονημένος ἰῶ
 κούρην μὲν μενέαινε· πατὴρ δέ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 βρονταίης ἀνεκοπτε μέλος σάλπιγγος ἀράσσων,
 καὶ πόθον ὑσμίνης ἀνεσεύρασε πάτριος ἠχώ. 380
 ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὀδίτης,
 στυγνὸς ὀπισθοβόλω δεδοκημένος ὄμματι κούρην·
 οὔασι δ' αἰδομένοισιν αἰδομένων ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 ζῆλον ἔχων ἤκουεν Ἀμυμώνης ὑμεναίων.
 καὶ γάμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀλίβρομος ἤπυε σύριγξ, 385
 καὶ δονέων ἄσβεστον ἐν ὕδασι νυμφίδιον πῦρ
 παστὸν Ἀμυμώνης θαλαμηπόλος ἤπυε Νηρεὺς,
 καὶ μέλος ἔπλεκε Φόρκυς· ὁμοζήλω δὲ πορείῃ
 Γλαῦκος ἀνεσκίρτησεν, ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης·
 καὶ ζυγίην Γαλάτεια διακρούουσα χορείην 390
 ἄστατος ὄρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,
 καὶ γάμιον μέλος εἶπεν, ἐπεὶ μάθε καλὰ λιγαίνειν
 ποιμενίη σύριγγι διδασκομένη Πολυφήμου.

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 Lyaïos, 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.

NONNOS

Καὶ Βερόης διεροῖσιν ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις
 νυμφίος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐφίλατο πατρίδα νύμφης· 395
 καὶ Βερόης ναέτησιν ἐῆς κειμήλιον εὐνήσ
 "Αρεος εἰναλίωιο θαλασσαίην πόρε νίκην.
 καὶ γάμος ὄλβιος ἦεν, ἐπεὶ βυθίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
 ἄξιον ἔδνον "Ερωτος "Αραψ ἐκομίσσατο Νηρεύς,
 'Ηφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον, 'Ολύμπια δαίδαλα, νύμφη, 400
 ὀρμὸν ἄγων κάλυκάς τε φέρων ἔλικάς τε τιταίνων,
 ὀππόσα Νηρεΐδεσσιν ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνη
 Λήμνιος ἐργοπόνος παρὰ κύμασι¹. καὶ μέσον ἄλμης
 ἔμπυρον ἄκμονα πάλλεν ὑποβρυχίην τε πυράγρην,
 φυσαλέου χοάνοιο περιδρομον ἄσθμα τιταίνων 405
 ποιητοῖς ἀνέμοισιν, ἀναπτομένης δὲ καμίνου
 ἐν ῥοθίοις ἄσβεστον ἐβόμβεεν ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ.
 Νηρεὺς μὲν τάδε δῶρα πολύτροπα, δῶκε δὲ κούρη
 Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀράχνης·
 χρυσὸν "Ιβηρ πόρε 'Ρῆνος· ἐχεκτεάνων δὲ μετάλλων 410
 ἤλυθεν εἴκελα δῶρα γέρων Πακτωλὸς αἰείρων
 χερσὶ φυλασσομένησιν, ὅτι πρόμον ἔτρεμε Λυδῶν
 Βάκχον ἐὼν βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔτρεμε γείτονα 'Ρεῖην
 Μυγδονίης πολιοῦχον ἐῆς χθονός· 'Ηριδανὸς δὲ
 'Ηλιάδων ἤλεκτρα ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων 415
 δῶρα πόρε στίλβοντα· καὶ ἀργυρέης ἀπὸ πέτρης
 Στρυμῶν ὅσσα μέταλλα καὶ ὀππόσα Γεῦδις αἰερεῖ,
 ἔδνον 'Αμυμώνη δωρήσατο κυανοχαίτης.
 "Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀρτιχόρευτος ὑποβρυχίῳ παρὰ παστῶ
 γήθεεν ἐννοσίγαιος· ἀμειδίητῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ 420
 γνωτὸς "Ερωσ φθονέοντι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·

¹ A gap in M and other mss.: F² reads κύμασι, Graefe, followed by Ludwich, restores Κύπριδι.

³⁹⁴ 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 Nereïds 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 ^b 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.

⁴¹⁹ 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. *Il.* xviii. 398-405.

^b Literally, windy pipe: but Nonnos seems to have confused bellows with melting pot.

“ Νυμφοκόμω, Διόνυσε, τί μέμφει εἰσέτι κεστώ;
 οὐ Βρομίω Βερόης γάμος ἔπρεπεν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
 ἄρμενος ἦν γάμος οὗτος, ὅτι βρυχίης Ἀφροδίτης
 παῖδα λαβὼν ἔξενξα θαλασσοπόρῳ παρακοίτη· 425
 ἀβροτέρην δ' ἐφύλαξα τεοῖς θαλάμοις Ἀριάδνην,
 ἐκ γενεῆς Μίνωος ὁμόγνιον· οὐτιδανὴν δὲ
 πόντιον αἶμα φέρουσαν Ἀμυμώνην λίπε πόντῳ.
 ἀλλὰ λιπὼν Λιβάνοιο λόφον καὶ Ἀδώνιδος ὕδωρ
 ἴξαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐπάρθενον, ἧχί σε μίμνει 430
 ἄβροχον Ἡελίοιο λέχος Τιτηνίδος Αὐρῆς·
 καὶ στέφος ἀσκήσασα μάχης καὶ παστάδα κούρης
 Θρήκη νυμφοκόμος σε δεδέξεται, ἧχι καὶ αὐτὴ
 Παλλήνη καλέει σε δορυσσόος, ἧς παρὰ παστῶ
 ἀθλοφόρον γαμίοισι περιστέψω σε κορύμβοις 435
 ἱμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαιμοσύνην Ἀφροδίτης.”

Τοῖα γυναιμανέοντι κασιγνήτῳ φάτο Βάκχῳ
 θοῦρος Ἔρως· πτερύγων δὲ πυρώδεα βόμβον ἰάλλων
 ἠερίῃ νόθος ὄρνις ἀνηώρητο πορείῃ,
 καὶ Διὸς εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν. ἀπ' Ἀσσυρίοιο δὲ κόλπου 440
 ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀνήιεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
 Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπη χρυσαυγεί πηλῶ
 ἀφνειῆς τιτάνοιο μέλαν φοινίσσεται ὕδωρ·
 Μαιονίης δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἴστατο μητέρι Ῥεῖῃ
 Ἰνδῶης ὀρέγων βασιλῆα δῶρα θαλάσσης. 445
 καλλιέψας δὲ ῥέεθρα βαθυπλούτου ποταμοῖο
 καὶ Φρύγιον κενεῶνα καὶ ἀβροβίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
 Ἀρκτώην παρὰ πέζαν ἐὼν ἐφύτευσεν ὀπώρην,
 Εὐρώπης πτολίεθρα μετ' Ἀσίδος ἄστεα βαίνων.

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.^a Thrace the friend of brides will receive you, with a wreath of victory ready and a bride's bower; thither Pallene also the shakespear 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 lovmad 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 Rheaia 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.

^a Hyperion, father of Helios, was a Titan, so the reading may pass.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ
ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὕφηνα τὸ τέτρατον, ἦχι γυναῖκας
δέρκεο μαινομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.

Ἦδη δ' Ἰλλυρίας Δαυλάντιον ἔθνος ἀρούρης
καὶ πέδον Αἰμονίης καὶ Πήλιον ἄκρον ἑάσας
Ἑλλάδος ἐγγὺς ἵκανε, καὶ Ἀονίη παρὰ πέζῃ
στῆσε χορούς. αἶων δὲ μέλος μυκῆτορος αὐλοῦ
Πανὶ Ταναγραίῳ θιάσους ἐστήσατο ποιμήν· 5
καὶ κρήνη κελάδησεν, ὅπη χθονὸς ἄκρον ἀράξας
ὕγρὸς ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἐπώνυμον ἔγλυφεν ὕδωρ·
Ἄσωπὸς δ' ἐχόρευε πυρίπνοα χεύματα σύρων
καὶ προχοὰς ἐλέλιξε· σὺν Ἰσμηνῶ δὲ τοκῆι
κυκλάδας αἰθύσσουσα ῥοὰς ὠρχήσατο Δίρκη. 10
καὶ ποτέ τις δρυόνεντος ἀναΐξασα κορύμβου
ἡμιφανῆς ἐλίγαιεν Ἀμαδρυνὰς ὑψόθι δένδρου,
οὔνομα κυδαίνουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου·
πηγαίη δ' ὁμόφωνος ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη.
Καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀδεψήτοιο βοείης 15
Πενθέος ἀσπόνδοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουαῖς·
οἰνοφόρῳ δ' ἀθέμιστος ἀναξ ἐπεχώσατο Βάκχῳ,
καὶ στρατιῆν ἐκόρυσσε μαχήμονα, κέκλετο δ' ἀστοῖς

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

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 ^a 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.^b Asopos danced breathing fiery streams, as he swept his floods along and twirled his waters. Dirce danced, spouting 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.

NONNOS

ἄστεος ἑπταπόροιο περιφράξαι πυλεῶνας·
 οἱ μὲν ἐπεκλήμισαν ἀμοιβαδῖς, ἔξαπίνης δὲ 20
 αὐτόματοι κληῖδες ἀνωίγνυντο πυλάων,
 καὶ δολιχοὺς πυλεῶνι μάτην ἐπέβαλλον ὀχῆας
 ἠερίοις θεράποντες ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήταις.
 οὐ τότε τις πυλαωρὸς ἰδὼν ἀνεσεύρασε Βάκχην·
 Σειληνοὺς δὲ γέροντας ἀτευχέας ἀσπιδιῶται 25
 ἔτρεμον αἰχμητῆρες· ὁμογλώσσω δ' ἀλαλητῶ
 κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἀφειδήσαντες ἀπειλῆς
 πολλάκις ὠρχήσαντο, σὺν εὐτύκτοις δὲ βοεῖαις
 κυκλάδος ἐστήσαντο σακεσπάλον ἄλμα χορείης, 29
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων.
 φρικαλέαι δ' ἰάχησαν ἐν οὔρεσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι· 30
 καὶ γέννυ αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὑψιπότητον ἐρωῆν 31
 πόρδαλις ἠώρητο· λέων δέ τις ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων 32
 μελίχιον βρύχημα συνήλικι πέμπε λεαίνῃ. 34
 "Ἦδη δ' αὐτοέλικτος ἐσειέτο Πενθέος αὐλή 35
 ἀκλινέων σφαιρηδὸν ἀναῖσσουσα θεμέθλων·
 καὶ πυλεῶν δεδόνητο θορῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ,
 πήματος ἐσσομένοιο προάγγελος· αὐτόματος δὲ
 λαῖνος Ὀγκαίης ἐλελίζετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,
 ὃν ποτε Κάδμος ἔδειμεν, ὅτε βραδυπειθεί ριπῇ 40
 μόσχου πυργοδόμοιο φερέπτολις ὠκλασε χηλῇ·
 ἀμφὶ δὲ θεῖον ἄγαλμα πολισσούχοιο θεαίνης
 αὐτομάτῃ ραθάμιγγι θεόσσυτος ἔβλυεν ἰδρῶς
 δεῖμα φέρων ναέτησι· καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνου
 ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων βρέτας Ἄρεος ἔρρεε λύθρω. 45
 Καὶ ναέται δεδόνητο· φόβω δ' ἐλελίζετο μήτηρ
 Πενθέος αὐχήμεντος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ μενοιῆ,
 μνησαμένη προτέροιο δαφοινήμεντος ὀνείρου
 πικρὰ προθεσπίζοντος, ἐπεὶ πάρος ὑψόθι λέκτρων
 ἐξ ὅτε κοιρανίην πατρώιον ἤρπασε Πενθεύς, 50

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-

πάννουχον ὑπναλέοις ὄαροις εὔδουσαν Ἀγαύην
 φάσματα μιμηλοῖο διεπτοίησεν ὄνειρου,
 ἀπλανέος θρώσκοντα δι' εὐκεράου πυλεῶνος·
 ἔλπετο γὰρ Πενθῆα χοροίτυπον ἀβρόν ὀδίτην
 ἄρσενα κοσμήσαντα γυναικείῳ χροῖα πέπλω 55
 ῥῦμαι πορφυρόνωτον ἐπὶ χθόνα φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
 θύρσον ἐλαφρίζοντα καὶ οὐ σκήπτροιο φορῆα·
 καὶ μιν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησε πάλιν Καδμηῖς Ἀγαύη
 ἐζόμενον σκιεροῖο μετάρσιον ὑψόθι δένδρου·
 καὶ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον, ὅπη θρασὺς ἔζετο Πενθεύς, 60
 θῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἄγριον εἶχον ἐρωὴν
 δένδρον ἀπειλητῆρι μετοχλίζοντες ὀδόντι,
 τρηχαλείαις γενύεσσι· τινασσομένοιο δὲ δένδρου
 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἔλιξ δινεύετο Πενθεύς,
 καὶ μιν ἐδηλήσαντο δεδουπότα λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι· 65
 ἀγροτέρη δὲ λέαινα καταΐσσουσα προσώπου
 πρυμνόθεν ἔσπασε χεῖρα,

καὶ ἄσχετα μαινομένη θῆρ
 ἡμιτόμου Πενθῆος ἐρεισαμένη πόδα λαιμῶ
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
 αἵμαλέον δὲ κάρηνον ἐκούφισεν ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ 70
 οἰκτρὰ δαιζομένου, καὶ ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κάδμω
 παλλομένη, βροτέην δ' ἀλιτήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
 “ Εἰμὶ τεῆ θυγάτηρ θηροκτόνος· εἰμὶ δὲ μήτηρ
 Πενθέος ὀλβίστοιο, τεῆ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαύη.
 τηλίκον ὤλεσα θῆρα· λεοντοφόνοιο δὲ νίκης 75
 δέχνησο τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς πρωτάγριον ἀλκῆς·
 τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἰνώ,
 οὐ κτάνεν Αὐτονόη· σὺ δὲ σύμβολα παιδὸς Ἀγαύης
 πῆξον ἀριστοπόνοιο τεοῦ προπάροιθε μελάθρου.”

Τοῖον ὄναρ βλοσυρωπὸν ὑπόχλοος εἶδεν Ἀγαύη. 80
 ἔνθεν ἐριπτοίητος ἀπωσαμένη πτερὸν Ὑπνου,

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,^a 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, Autonoe 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,

^a Cf. Hom. *Od.* xix. 562 ff.

NONNOS

ὀρθρινὴ καλέσασα θεηγόρον υἷα Χαρικλοῦς,
 μάντιας ἔσσομένων φονίους ἐδίδαξεν ὄνειρους·
 Τειρεσίας δ' ἐκέλευσε θεοπρόπος ἄρσενα ῥέξαι
 ταῦρον, ἀοσητῆρα δαφωινήεντος ὄνειρου, 85
 Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο θεοκλήτω παρὰ βωμῶ,
 μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης παρὰ δένδρεον, ἦχι Κιθαιρῶν
 πέπταται ὑψικάρηνος· Ἀμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
 θῆλυν ὄιν σήμαινε θυηπολέειν παρὰ λόχμη.
 ἔγνω δ' ἔμφρονα θῆρα καὶ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀγαυήν 90
 γαστρὸς ἐῆς ὠδίνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον ἀγῶνα
 καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος· ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
 κρύψεν ὄνειρείης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα νίκης,
 Πενθέα μὴ βαρύμηνιν εὐὸν βασιλῆα χαλέψη.
 πειθομένη δὲ γέροντι σοφῶ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή 95
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόστολος ἦιε Κάδμῳ
 Πενθέος ἔσπομένοιο· καὶ εὐκεράῳ παρὰ βωμῶ
 θῆλυν ὄιν κερόεντι συνέμπορον ἄρσειν ταύρω,
 ἦχι Διὸς πέλεν ἄλσος ὀρειάδος ἔμπλεον ὕλης,
 Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἀδρυάδεσσι μίαν ξύνωσε θυηλὴν 100
 Κάδμος Ἀγηνορίδης, θεοτερπέα βωμὸν ἀνάψας,
 ῥέξων ἀμφοτέροισιν· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
 κνίση μὲν περίφοιτος ἔλιξ συνενήχето καπνῶ
 εὐόδμῳ στροφάλιγγι, δαιῖζομένου δ' ἄρα ταύρου
 ὄρθιος αἵμαλέης αὐτόσσυτος αὐλὸς ἐέρσης 105
 χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι φόνῳ πόρφυρεν Ἀγαυῆς . . .
 αὐχένιον δὲ τένοντα πέριξ στεφανηδὸν ἐλίξας
 οἰδαλέην ἐπίκυρτον ἐὴν δοχμῶσατο δειρὴν
 μείλιχος εἰλικόεντι δράκων μιτρούμενος ὀλκῶ,
 στέμματι δ' ὀλκαίῳ κεφαλὴν κυκλώσατο Κάδμου 110
 πρηῦς ὄφισ, καὶ γλῶσσα πέριξ λίχμαζεν ὑπήνην
 μειλίχιων φίλον ἰὸν ἀποπτύουσα γενείων
 οἰγομένων· καὶ θῆλυς ὄφισ μιτρώσατο κόρσῃν

trembling with terror, in the morning she called in the seer, Chariclo'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

NONNOS

- Ἄρμονίης ξανθοῖσι περιπλεχθεῖσα κορύμβοις.
 καὶ διδύμων ὀφίων πετρώσατο γυῖα Κρονίων, 115
 ὅττι παρ' Ἰλλυρικοῖο δρακοντοβότου στόμα πόντου
 Ἄρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
 λαϊνέην ἡμελλον ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν. 118
 καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ἔχουσα μετὰ προτέρου φόβον ὕπνου 121
 νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθε σὺν υἱεὶ καὶ γενετῆρι. 122
 Τοῖον ἶδεν ποτὲ φάσμα, καὶ ὀμφήεντος ὀνείρου 119
 μνησαμένη δεδονητο φόβῳ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή. 120
 Ἦδη δ' ἑπταπόροιο δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φήμη 123
 ὄργια κηρύσσουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου·
 οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πτόλιν· ἀγρονόμων δὲ 125
 εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀγνυαί·
 καὶ θάλαμον Σεμέλης χλοερῶ σκιοῶσα κορύμβῳ
 νυμφιδίου σπινθῆρος ἔτι πνεύοντα κερανοῦ
 αὐτοφυῆς ἐμέθυσσεν ἕλιξ εὐώδει καρπῶ.
 φρικτὰ δὲ παπταίνων πολυειδέα θαύματα Βάκχου, 130
 ζῆλον ἔχων ὑπέροπλον, ἀναξ κυμαίνεται Πενθεύς·
 καὶ κενεῆς προχέων ὑπερήνορα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς
 τοῖον ἔπος δμῶεσσιν ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·
 “Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα κομίσατε,
 θῆλυν ἀλήτην,
 δαινυμένου Πενθῆος ὑποδρηστήρα τραπέζης, 135
 οἰνοδόκῳ ποτὸν ἄλλο διαστάζοντα κυπέλλῳ,
 ἢ γλάγος ἢ γλυκὺ χεῦμα¹· κασιγνήτην δὲ τεκούσης 138
 Αὐτονόην πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἰμάσσω, 147
 καὶ πλοκάμους τμήξωμεν ἀκερσικόμου Διονύσου· 139
 κύμβαλα δ' ἠχῆεντα διαρρίψαντες ἀήταις 140
 καὶ πάταγον Βερέκυντα καὶ Εὐῖα τύμπανα Ῥεῖης
 ἔλκετε Βασσαρίδας μανιώδεας, ἔλκετε Βάκχας,
 ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίοιο συνήλυδας, ἃς ἐνὶ Θήβῃ

¹ Ludwich 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

* Imitated from *Il.* ii. 319, but given a new meaning.

NONNOS

Ἴσμηνοῦ διεροῖσιν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐναύλοισ
 Νηίδας Ἀονίαις ποταμηῖσι μίξατε Νύμφαις 145
 ἤλικας, Ἀδρυάδας δὲ γέρων δέξαιτο Κιθαιρῶν 146
 ἄλλαις Ἀδρυάδεσσιν ὁμόζυγας ἀντὶ Δυαίου. 148
 ἄξατε πῦρ, θεράποντες, ἐπεὶ ποινήτορι θεσμῶ,
 ἐκ πυρὸς εἰ πέλε Βάκχος, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω.
 Ζεὺς Σεμέλην ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ὀλέσσω. 150
 εἰ δέ κε πειρήσαιο καὶ ἡμετέροιο κεραυνοῦ,
 γνῶσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον σέλας· οὐρανόιο γὰρ
 θερμότερους σπινθήρας ἐμὸν λάχεν ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
 σήμερον αἰθαλόεντα τὸν ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω. 155
 εἰ δὲ μόθον στήσειε μαχήμονα θύρσον αἰείρων,
 γνῶσεται, οἷον ἔχω χθόνιον δόρυ· καὶ μιν ὀλέσσω,
 οὐ ποδός, οὐ λαγόνων, οὐ στήθεος, οὐ κενεώνων
 ὠτειλὴν μεθέποντα· καὶ οὐ βουπλήγι δαΐξω
 κυρτὰ βοοκράϊριο κεράατα δισσὰ μετώπου,
 οὐδὲ διατμήξω μέσον αὐχένος· ἀλλὰ ἐ τύψω 160
 ἔγχρῃ χαλκείῳ τετορημένον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
 ὅττι Διὸς μεγάλοιο γονὴν ἐψεύσατο μηροῦ
 καὶ πόλον ὡς ἔδον οἶκον· ἐγὼ δὲ μιν ἀντὶ μελάθρου
 ἀντὶ Διὸς πυλεῶνος ἐνέρτερον Ἄϊδι πέμψω,
 ἢ ἐ μιν αὐτοκύλιστον ἀλυσκάζοντα καλύψω 165
 κύμασιν Ἴσμηνοῖο, καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης.
 οὐ δέχομαι βροτὸν ἄνδρα νόθον θεόν· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
 ψεύσομαι, ὡς Διόνυσος, ἐμὸν γένος· οὐκ ἀπὸ Κάδμου
 αἶμα φέρω χθονίοιο, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός, ὄρχαμος ἄστρων,
 Ἡελίός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐκ ἔσπειρεν Ἐχίων· 170
 τίκτε Σεληναίη με, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσε Ἀγαυή·
 εἰμὶ γένος Κρονίδαο, καὶ αἰθέρος εἰμὶ πολίτης·
 οὐρανόιο ἀστερόφοιτος ἐμὴ πόλις· ἴλατε, Θῆβαι·
 Παλλὰς ἐμὴ παράκοιτις, ἐμὴ δάμαρ ἀμβροτος Ἥβη·
 Πενθεί μαζὸν ὄρεξε μετ' Ἄρεα δεσπότις Ἥρη, 175

Bromios—hurl them into the watery beds of Ismenos here in Thebes, mingle the Naiads with the Aonian rivernymphs their mates, let old Cithairon receive Hadryads to join his own Hadryads instead of Lyaïos. 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 !^a For my fire has hotter sparks to match the heavenly fire. To-day I will make the viny one a scorchy 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 Ismenos 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 Agauë ; 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.

NONNOS

καὶ ζαθέη μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐγείνατο Πενθέα Λητώ·
 "Ἄρτεμιν ἰεμένην νυμφεύσομαι· οὐδὲ με φεύγει,
 ὡς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγεν ἔης μνηστῆρα κορείης,
 μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα κασιγνήτων ὕμεναίων.
 εἰ δὲ τεὴν Σεμέλην οὐκ ἔφλεγεν οὐρανίη φλόξ, 180
 παιδὸς ἔης διὰ μῶμον ἐὼν δόμον ἔφλεγε Κάδμος,
 ἄστεροπὴν δ' ἐκάλεσσε χαμαιγενὲς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
 καὶ δαΐδων ὀνόμηνε σέλας σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ."

"Ὡς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταὶ
 ὄπλοφόροι κενεοῖσιν ἐριδμαίνοντες ἀήταις· 185
 καὶ στρατὸς ἄσπετος ἦεν ἔσω πιτυώδεος ὕλης,
 ἴχνια μαστεύοντες ἀθηήτοιο Λυαίου.

"Ὀφρα μὲν ἐνναέτησιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο Πενθεύς,
 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ἀφεγγέα νύκτα δοκεύων
 τοῖον ἔπος πρὸς "Ὀλυμπον ἀνίαχε κυκλάδι Μῆνη· 190

"ᾧ τέκος Ἡελίοιο, πολύστροφε, παντρόφε Μῆνη,
 ἄρματος ἀργυρέοιο κυβερνήτειρα Σελήνη,
 εἰ σὺ πέλεις Ἐκάτη πολυώνυμος, ἐννουχίη δὲ
 πυρσοφόρῳ παλάμῃ δονέεις θιασώδεα πεύκην,
 ἔρχεο, νυκτιπόλος, σκυλακοτρόφος, ὅττι σε τέρπει 195
 κνυζηθμῶ γοόωντι κυνοσσόος ἐννουχος ἠχώ·

Ἄρτεμις εἰ σὺ πέλεις ἐλαφηβόλος, ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 νεβροφόνῳ σπεύδουσα συναγρώσσεις Διονύσω,
 ἔσσο κασιγνήτοιο βοηθός· ἀρχηγόνου γὰρ
 αἶμα λαχῶν Κάδμοιο διώκομαι ἔκτοθι Θήβης, 200
 μητρὸς ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος· ὠκύμορος γὰρ
 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ κλονεῖ με θεημάχος· ὡς νυχίη δὲ

^a Evidently a folktale explaining why Sun (Apollo-Helios) and Moon (Artemis-Selene) are never together; for more such stories, see A. H. Krappe, *La Genèse des mythes* (Paris, Payot, 1938), pp. 129 ff.

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 Lyaïos 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

^b So first in Eurip. *Phoen.* 175, of surviving works, but the scholiast there says it comes in "Aeschylus and others of the more scientific (*φυσικώτεροι*) writers." It is indeed more astronomical than mythological, since the moon's light is from the sun. Usually she is the sun's sister.

NONNOS

νυκτελίῳ χραίσμησον ἔλαυνομένῳ Διονύσῳ·
 εἰ δὲ σὺ Περσεφόνηια νεκυσσός, ὑμέτεραι δὲ
 ψυχαὶ Ταρταρίοισιν ὑποδρήσσουσι θούκοις, 205
 νεκρὸν ἴδω Πενθῆα, καὶ ἀχθυμένου Διονύσου
 δάκρυν εὐνήσειε τεὸς ψυχοστόλος Ἑρμῆς·
 σεῖο δὲ Τισιφόνης μανιώδεος ἢ Μεγαίρης
 Ταρταρὶή μάστιγι λαθίφρονα παῦσον ἀπειλήν
 Γηγενέος Πενθῆος, ἐπεὶ δυσμήχανος Ἦρη 210
 ὀψίγονον Τιτῆνα νέω θώρηξε Λυαίῳ.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ φῶτα δάμασσον ἀθέσμιον, ὄφρα γεραίρης
 ἀρχεγόνου Ζαγρῆος ἐπωνυμίην Διονύσου.
 Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε μεμνηνόςτος ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλήν·
 κλῦθι, πάτερ καὶ μήτηρ· ἐλεγχομένου δὲ Λυαίου 215
 σὴ στεροπὴ γαμὶή Σεμέλης τιμήορος ἔστω.”
 “Ὡς φαμένου ταυρῶπις ἀνίαχεν ὑψόθι Μῆνη·
 “ Νυκτιφαῆς Διόνυσε,
 φυτηκόμε, σύνδρομε Μῆνης,
 σῆς σταφυλῆς ἀλέγιζε· μέλει δέ μοι ὄργια Βάκχου,
 ὑμετέρων ὅτι γαῖα φυτῶν ὠδίνα πεπαίνει 220
 μαρμαρυγὴν δροσόεσσαν ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης
 δεχθυμένη· σὺ δέ, Βάκχε χοροίτυπε, θύρσα τιταίνων
 σῆς γενετῆς ἀλέγιζε, καὶ οὐ τρομέεις γένος ἀνδρῶν
 ἀδρανέων, οἷς κοῦφος αἰεὶ νόος, ὧν καὶ ἀνάγκη
 Εὐμενίδων μάστιγες ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀπειλάς. 225
 σὺν σοὶ δυσμενέεσσι κορύσσομαι· Ἴσα δὲ Βάκχῳ
 κοιρανέω μανίης ἑτερόφρονος· εἰμὶ δὲ Μῆνη
 Βακχιάς, οὐχ ὅτι μῦνον ἐν αἰθέρι μῆνας ἐλίσσω,
 ἀλλ’ ὅτι καὶ μανίης μεδέω καὶ λύσσαν ἐγείρω.

* Cf. on 152.

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 Lyaïos. 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 ! Lyaïos is contemned : let thy marriage lightning be the avenger of Semele ! ”

²¹⁷ To this appeal bullface ^c Menē answered on high :

²¹⁸ “ Night-illuminating Dionysos, friend of plants, comrade of Menē, 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 unresting 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 Menē, 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 (*ὑψωμα*) is in Taurus ; this is astrology, not myth.

οὐ χθονίην σέθεν ὕβριν ἐγὼ νήποινον εἶσω· 230
 ἤδη γὰρ Λυκόοργος ἀπειλήσας Διονύσω,
 ὁ πρὶν ἐὼν ταχύγουνος, ὁ Μαινάδας ὄξυ διώξας,
 τυφλὸς ἀλητεύει καὶ δεύεται ἠγεμονήης.
 ἤδη δ' ἀμφὶ τένοντας Ἐρυθραίων δονακῆων
 κέκλιται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, τεῆς αὐτάγγελος ἀλκῆς, 235
 Ἴνδῶν νεκρὸς ὄμιλος, ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ρεέθρῳ
 ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα πατὴρ ἔκρυσεν Ὑδάσπης
 ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι τετυμμένον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
 πατρώῳ βαρύθοντι κατηφεί πιπτε ρεέθρῳ·
 Τυρσηνοὶ δεδάασι τεὸν σθένος, ὁππότε νηῶν 240
 ὄρθιος ἰστὸς ἄμειπτο καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὄρηξ
 αὐτοτελής, τὸ δὲ λαῖφος ὑπὸ σκιεροῖσι πετήλοις
 ἡμερίδων εὐβοτρὺς ἀνηέξητο καλύπτρη,
 καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ
 ἰοβόλοι, βροτέην δὲ φυὴν καὶ ἐχέφρονα βουλῆν 245
 δυσμενέες ρίψαντες ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου
 ἀφραδέες δελφῖνες ἐνιπλώουσι θαλάσση·
 εἰσέτι κωμάζουσι καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοις Διονύσω,
 οἶα κυβιστητῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι γαλήνη.
 καὶ νέκυσ ὑμετέρῳ βεβολημένος ὄξεί θύρῳ 250
 χεύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισι καλύπτεται Ἴνδὸς Ὀρόντης,
 εἰσέτι δειμαίνων καὶ ἐν ὕδασι νοῦμα Βάκχου.”
 Τοῖον ἔπος Βρομίῳ χρυσήνιος ἴαχε δαίμων.
 ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀμίλεε κυκλάδι Μῆνη,
 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Ζαγρῆι χαριζομένη Διονύσω 255
 Περσεφόνη θώρηξεν Ἐρινύας, ἀχθυμένη δὲ
 ὀψιγόνῳ χραίσμησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσω.
 Αἰ δὲ Διὸς χθονίοιο δυσάντεϊ νεύματι κόρσης¹
 Εὐμενίδες Πενθήης ἐπεστρατόωντο μελάθρῳ,
 ὧν ἡ μὲν ζοφεροῖο διαθρώσκουσα βερέθρου 260
 Ταρταρίην ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν 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 'Ρείης MS.: κούρης Koch, κόρησ Graefe, Ludwich.

NONNOS

Κωκυτοῦ δὲ ρέεθρον ἀρύετο καὶ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
 καὶ χθονίῃ ραθάμιγγι δόμους ἔρραιεν Ἀγαύης . . .
 οἷα προθεσπίζοντα γόον καὶ δάκρυα Θήβης·
 Ἀκταίην δὲ μάχαιραν ἀπ' Ἀτθίδος ἤγαγε δαίμων, 265
 ἀρχαίην Ἰτύλοιο μαιφόνον, ἧ ποτε μήτηρ
 Πρόκνη θυμολέαινα σὺν ἀνδροφόνῳ Φιλομήλῃ
 τηλυγέτην ὠδίνα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
 παιδοβόρῳ Τηρῆι φίλῃν δαιτρεύσατο φορβήν·
 κείνην χειρὶ φέρουσα φόνων ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρινύς 270
 ἀρχεκάκοις ὀνύχεσσι διαγλύψασα κονίην
 Ἀττικὸν ἔκρυφεν ἄορ ὀρεσσιφύτῳ παρὰ ρίζῃ
 μηκεδανῆς ἐλάτης, ἧ Μαινάδες, ὀππόθι Πενθεὺς
 μέλλε θανεῖν ἀκάρηνος· ἐπαμήσασα δὲ κόχλῳ
 Γοργόνος ἀρτιφόνιοι νεόρρυτον αἶμα Μεδούσης 275
 πορφυρέαις ἔχρισε Λιβυστίσι δένδρον ἑέρσαις.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοις τεχνήσατο μαινὰς Ἐρινύς.
 Ὀρφναίοις δὲ πόδεσσι δόμων ἐπεβήσατο Κάδμου
 νυκτιφαῆς Διόνυσος ἔχων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
 αἰθύσσων Κρονίην μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἰμάσθλην· 280
 βακχεύσας δ' ἀχάλινον Ἀρισταίιο γυναικα
 Αὐτονόην ἐκάλεσσε, καὶ ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ·
 “Ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον· ἀρτιγάμου γὰρ
 υἱέος εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐριδμαίνεις καὶ Ὀλύμπῳ·
 αἰθέρος ἤρπασας εὖχος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἀβρὸν ἀκοίτην 285
 Ἄρτεμις Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνη.
 οὐ θάνεν Ἀκταίων, οὐκ ἔλλαχε θηρὸς ὀπωπῆν,
 οὐ σικτῆς ἐλάφοιο τανυγλώχινῃ κεραίην,
 οὐ νόθον εἶδος ἔδεκτο, καὶ οὐκ ἐψεύσατο μορφήν,
 οὐ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας εὐὸς ἐνόησε φονῆας· 290

* Since all this was in Thrace, it is hard to see how the knife got to Attica, even though the two sisters were Athenians.

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.^a 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^b 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 Olympus 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.

NONNOS

ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσων στομάτων κενεόφρονι μύθῳ
 υἱέος ὑμετέροιο μόρον ψεύσαντο βοτῆρες,
 νυμφίον ἐχθαίροντες ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης.
 οἶδα, πόθεν δόλος οὗτος· ἐπ' ἄλλοτρίοις ὑμεναίοις 295
 εἰς γάμον, εἰς Παφίην ζηλήμονές εἰσι γυναικες.
 ἀλλὰ θυελλήεντι διαθρώσκουσα πεδίλῳ
 σπεῦδε μολεῖν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὔρεα· κείθι μολοῦσα
 ὄψεται Ἀκταίωνα συναγρώσσοντα Λυαίῳ,
 Ἄρτεμιν ἐγγὺς ἔχοντα, καὶ αἰόλα δίκτυα θήρης
 ἐνδρομίδας φορέοντα, καὶ ἀμφαφύωντα φαρέτρην. 300
 ὀλβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον, ὅτι θεαίνης
 εἰς γάμον ἐρχομένης ἐκυρὴ πέλες ἰοχεαίρης·
 Ἴνους καλλιτόκοιο μακαρτέρη, ὅτι θεαίνης
 σὸς πάις ἔλλαχε λέκτρα, τὰ μὴ λάχεν Ὀτος ἀγῆνωρ.
 οὐ θρασὺς Ὠρίων πέλε νυμφίος ἰοχεαίρης. 305
 χάρματι δ' ἠβήσας σέθεν υἱέος εἵνεκα νύμφης
 κωμάζει σέο Κάδμος ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ παστῶ,
 σείων ἠερίοις ἀνέμοις χιονώδεα χαίτην.
 ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο γαμοστόλος, εὖλοχε μήτηρ·
 ἄρμενος οὗτος Ἔρωσ, ὅτι νυμφίον Ἄρτεμις ἀγνή 310
 υἱὰ κασιγνήτοιο, καὶ οὐ ξένον εἶχεν ἀκοίτην.
 ἀλλὰ θεὰ φυγόμενος ἐπὴν ποτε παῖδα λοχεύσῃ,
 υἱέα κουφίζουσα σαόφρονος ἰοχεαίρης
 πήχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ ζηλήμονι δείξον Ἀγαυή.
 τίς νέμεσις ποτε τοῦτο, κυνοσσόος εἰ παρὰ παστῶ 315
 ἤθελε θηρητῆρα λαγωβόλον υἱὰ λοχεῦσαι,
 εἶκελον Ἀκταίωνι φιλοσκοπέλῳ τε Κυρήνῃ,
 μητρώων ἐλάφων ἐποχημένον ὠκέϊ δίφρῳ;”

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 Lyaïos on the hunt, with Artemis not far off, woven nets in his hands and hunting-boots on his feet, fingering 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
ΠΕΜΠΤΩΝ

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐπόψαι,
ὄπποθι Πενθεὺς
ταῦρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραελκέος ἀντὶ Λυαίου.

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίωιο δόμων ἐξέδραμε νύμφη
 χάρματι λυσσήεντι κατάσχετος, ὄφρα νοήση
 νυμφίον Ἀκταίωνα παρήμενον ἰοχαίρη·
 καὶ οἱ ἐπειγομένη σφαλερῶ ποδὶ σύνδρομος αὔραις
 εἰς ὄρος ἀκρήδεμνος ὁμάρτεε μαινὰς Ἀγαυή, 5
 καὶ Κρονίης μάλιστα ἰμασσομένη φρένα κέντρῳ
 ἄσκοπον ἐρροίβδησε μεμηνοῦ χεῖλεϊ φωνήν·

“ Οὐτιδανῶ Πενθῆι κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα δαεῖη,
 θαρσαλέην ὅτι Κάδμος Ἀμαζόνα τίκτεν Ἀγαυήν. 10
 ἔμπλεος ἠγορέης καὶ ἐγὼ πέλον· ἦν ἐβελήσω,
 καὶ γυμναῖς παλάμησιν ὄλον Πενθῆα δαμάσσω,
 καὶ στρατιήν εὖοπλον ἀτευχεῖ χειρὶ δαίξω.
 θύρσον ἔχω· μελήης οὐ δεύομαι, οὐ δόρυ πάλλω·
 ἔγχεϊ δ’ ἀμπελόεντι δορυσσόον ἀνέρα βάλλω·
 οὐ φορέω θώρηκα, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δαμάσσω. 15
 κύμβαλα δ’ αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ἀμφιπλήγα βοεῖην
 κυδαίνω Διὸς υἱά, καὶ οὐ Πενθῆα γεραίρω.
 Λυδιά μοι δότε ῥόπτρα· τί μέλλετε, θυιάδες ὦραι;
 ἴξομαι εἰς σκοπέλους, ὅθι Μαινάδες, ἦχι γυναῖκες

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.

ἤλικες ἀγρώσσουσι συναγρώσσουσι Λυαίω. 20
 ζῆλον ἔχω, Διόνυσε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
 φείδεό μοι Βρομίιο, θεημάχε, φείδεο, Πενθεῦ·
 εἰς σκοπέλους ἀκίχητος ἐλεύσομαι, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ
 Εὐιον αἰίδουσα χοροίτυπον ἵχνος ἐλίξω·

οὐκέτι βοτρυνόεντος ἀναίνομαι ὄργια Βάκχου, 25
 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδων στυγέω χορόν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ
 δειμαίνω Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ἀφθιτος εὐνή,
 ὃν Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἐχτυλώσαντο κεραυνοί.

ἔσσομαι ὠκνυπέδιλος, ὀμήλυδος ἰοχεαίρης
 δίκτυα κουφίζουσα, καὶ οὐ κλωστήρας Ἀθήνης.” 30

“Ὡς φαμένη πεπότῃτο νέη σκαίρουσα Μιμαλλῶν,
 ληναίης μεθέπουσα φιλεύιον ἄλμα χορείης,
 Βάκχον ἀνευάζουσα καὶ αἰίδουσα Θυώνη·
 καὶ Σεμέλην ὑπάτοιο Διὸς κίκλησκε γυναικα,
 καὶ σέλας εὐφαέων γαμίων ἐλίγαινε κεραυνῶν. 35

Καὶ χορὸς ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἔην πολὺς·

ἄμφι δὲ πέτραι
 ἴαχον· ἐπταπύλου δὲ πέδον περιδέδρομε Θήβης
 ἤχη ποικιλόμορφος· ὁμογλώσσω δ' ἀλαλητῶ
 μελομένων βαρύδουπος ἐπεσμαράγησε Κιθαιρῶν·
 καὶ δροσόεις κελάδησεν ἀλὸς κτύπος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι 40
 δένδρεα κωμάζοντα καὶ αὐδήεσσαν ἐρίπην.

καὶ τις ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο χοροίτυπος ἔκθορε κούρη,
 αὐλὸς ὅτε τρητοῖσι πόροις ἰάχησε κεράστης·
 καὶ κτύπος ἀμφιβόητος ἀδειψήτοιο βοείης
 παρθενικὰς βάκχευσεν, ἀπ' εὐτύκτων δὲ μελάθρων 45
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἐρημάδας ἤλασε Βάκχας.

καὶ τις ἀνοιστρηθεῖσα θυελλήεντι πεδίλω
 κούρη λυσιέθειρα διέσσυτο παρθενεῶνος,
 κερκίδα καλλιψάσα καὶ ἰστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην·
 καὶ πλοκάμων ἀκόμιστον ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην 50

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 Archeress, no longer the skeins of Athena."

³¹ So crying she flew away, a new skipping Mimalon, 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 sevendate 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 Bacchantes 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 Ἄουις ἔπλετο Βάκχη.

Τειρεσίας δ' ἰέρευσεν ἀλεξικάκῳ Διονύσῳ
βωμὸν ἀναστήσας, ἵνα Πενθέος ὕβριν ἐρύξῃ
καὶ χόλον ἀπρήνυτον ἀποσκεδάσειε Λυαίου·
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευσεν, ἐπεὶ λίνον ἤλυθε Μοίρης. 55

καὶ Σεμέλης γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο μάντις ἐχέφρων,
ὄφρα μετασχίσωσι χοροστασίην Διονύσου.
βριθομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ὠρχήσατο Κάδμος
στέψας Ἄονίῳ χιονώδεα βόστρυχα κισσῶ·

Τειρεσίας δ' ὁμόφοιτος ἐὼν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων, 60
Μυγδονίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούων Διονύσῳ,
εἰς χορὸν αἰσσοῦντι συνέμπορος ἦε Κάδμῳ
γηραλέον νάρθηκι θεουδέι πῆχυν ἐρείσας.

ἀθρήσας δὲ γέροντας ὁμήλυδας ὄμματι λοξῶ
Τειρεσίαν καὶ Κάδμον ἀτάσθαλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς· 65

“ Κάδμε, τί μαργαίνεις;

τίνι δαίμονι κῶμον ἐγείρεις;

Κάδμε, μαινομένης ἀποκάτθεο κισσὸν ἐθείρης,
κάτθεο καὶ νάρθηκα νοοπλανέος Διονύσου·

Ὀγκαίης δ' ἀνάειρε σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης.
νήπιε Τειρεσία, στεφανηφόρε, ῥῖψον ἀήταις 70
σῶν πλοκάμων τάδε φύλλα, νόθον στέφος·

ἀντὶ δὲ θύρσου

Φοίβου μᾶλλον ἄειρε τετὴν Ἴσμηνίδα δάφνην.
αἰδέομαι σέο γῆρας, ἀμετροβίων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
μάρτυρα σῶν ἐτέων πολιὴν πλοκαμίδα γεραίρω·

εἰ μὴ γὰρ τόδε γῆρας ἐρήτυε καὶ σέο χαίτη, 75
καὶ κεν ἀλυκτοπέδησιν ἐγὼ σέο χεῖρας ἐλίξας
δέσμιον ἀχλυόεντι κατεσφρήγισσα μελάθρῳ.

* Theban.

mingled with Bassarids—and lo! Aionian^a 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 νόος οὐ με λέληθε· σὺ γὰρ Πενθῆι μεγαίρων
μαντοσύναις δολίησι νόθον θεὸν ἀνέρα τεύχεις,
δῶρα λαβῶν Λυδοῖο παρ' ἀνέρος ἠπεροπῆος, 80
δῶρα πολυχρύσοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο.

ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐποίνιον εὗρεν ὀπώρην·
οἶνος αἰεὶ μεθύοντας ἐφέλκεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην,
εἰς φόνον ἀσταθέος νόον ἀνέρος οἶνος ἐγείρει.
ἀλλὰ Διὸς γενετῆρος ἔχει δέμας ἢ ἐχιτώνας· 85

χρύσεια πέπλα φέρων, οὐ νεβρίδας, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ἀστράπτει μακάρεσσι· καὶ ἀνδράσι μάρναται Ἄρης
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, οὐκ οἶνοπα θύρσον αἰείρων·
οὐ βοέοις κεράεσσι κερασφόρος ἐστὶν Ἀπόλλων.

μὴ ποταμὸς Σεμέλην νυμφεύσατο, καὶ τέκε νύμφη 90
υἷα νόθον κερόεντα βοοκραίρω παρακοίτη;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ἄγλαυκῶπις ἐς ἄρσενα δῆριν ἰκάνει
σύγγονον ἔγχος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀσπίδα

Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη· . . .

αἰγίδα καὶ σὺ τίταινε τεοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.”

Ὡς φαμένου Πενθῆος ἀμείβετο μάντις ἐχέφρων· 95

“ Τί κλονέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν ἤροσεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς,
ὃν Κρονίδης ὠδινε πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῶ,
παιδοκόμῳ δὲ γάλακτι θεητόκος ἔτρεφε Ῥεΐη,
ὃν πάρος ἠμιτέλεστον ἔτι πνεύοντα τεκούσης

ἀφλεγέες σπινθῆρες ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοῦ; 100

οὗτος ἀμαλλοτόκῳ Δημήτερι μῦθος ἐρίζει
ἀντίτυπον σταχύεσσι ἔχων εὐβοτρυν ὀπώρην.
ἀλλὰ χόλον Βρομίοιο φυλάσσει· δυσσεβίης δὲ
σοί, τέκος, ἣν ἐθέλης, Σικελόν τινα μῦθον ἐνίψω.

Τυρσηνῶν ποτε παῖδες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση, 105

^a 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.^a 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 ").

NONNOS

ξεινοφόνοι, πλωτῆρες ἀλήμονες, ἄρπαγες ὄλβου,
 πάντοθεν ἀρπάζοντες ἐπάκτια πώεα μήλων·
 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα δορικτήτων ἀπὸ νηῶν
 εἰς μόρον ὑδατόεντα γέρων ἐκυλίνδεται ναύτης
 ἡμιθανῆς, ἕτερος δὲ προασπίζων ἕο ποιίμνης 110
 ἀμφιλαφῆς πολιῆσι φόνῳ φοινίσσεται ποιμήν.
 ἔμπορος εἰ τότε πόντον ἐπέπλεεν, εἴ ποτε Φοῖνιξ
 ὦνια Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης
 εἶχεν, ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λαβὼν Τυρσηνὸς ἀλήτης
 ἀπροϊδῆς πεφόρητο ῥυηφενέων ἐπὶ νηῶν· 115
 καὶ τις ἀνὴρ νήποιον ἀπείρονα φόρτον ὀλέσσας
 εἰς Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν ἀνὴρ πορθμεύεται Φοῖνιξ
 δέσμιος, ἀρπαμένειο λιπόπτολις ἄμμορος ὄλβου.
 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ Διόνυσος ἐπὶ κλοπον εἶδος ἀμείψας
 Τυρσηνοὺς ἀπάφησε· νόθην δ' ὑπεδύσατο μορφήν, 120
 ἡμερόεις ἄτε κοῦρος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ὑπήνην,
 αὐχένι κόσμον ἔχων χρυσήλατον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσην
 στέμματος ἀστράπτοντος ἔην αὐτόσσυτος αἶγλη
 λυχνίδος ἀσβέστοιο, καὶ ἔγχλοα νῶτα μαράγδου,
 καὶ λίθος Ἰνδῶν χαροπῆς ἀμάρυγμα θαλάσσης· 125
 καὶ χροῖ δύσατο πέπλα φαάντερα κυκλάδος Ἡοῦς
 ἄρτι χαρασσομένης, Τυρίη πεπαλαγμένα κόχλω.
 ἴστατο δ' αἰγιαλοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσιν, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸς
 ὀλκάδος ἡμείρων ἐπιβήμεναι. οἱ δὲ θερόντες
 φαιδρὸν ἐλήϊσαντο δολοπλόκον υἷα Θυώνης 130
 καὶ κτεάνων γύμνωσαν· ὑποτροχώωσα δὲ σειρῇ
 χερσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
 καὶ νέος ἔξαπίνης μέγας ἔπλετο θέσπιδι μορφῇ
 ἀνδροφυῆς κερόεις ὑψούμενος ἄχρισ Ὀλύμπου,
 νύσσων ἡερίων νεφέων σκέπας· εὐκελάδῳ δὲ 135

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 Phoinician 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 Phoinician 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.

¹²⁰ “ 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 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.^b 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.

NONNOS

ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἕω μυκήσατο λαιμῶ.
 μηκεδανοὶ δὲ κάλως ἐχιδναῖοι πέλον ὄλκοί,
 ἔμπνοα μορφωθέντες ἐς ἀγκύλα νῶτα δρακόντων·
 καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον· ὑπηνέμιος δὲ κεράστης 140
 ὄλκαίαις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνέδραμεν εἰς κέρας ἰστοῦ·
 καὶ χλοεροῖς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἤέρι γείτων
 ἰστὸς ἔην κυπάρισσος ὑπέρτατος· ἐν δὲ μεσόδμη
 κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνήιεν αἰθέρι γείτων,
 σειρὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξας κυπαρίσσω·
 ἀμφὶ δὲ πηδαλίοισιν ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης 145
 Βακχιάς ἀμπελόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῶ·
 πρύμνης δ' ἠδυπότοιο βαρυνομένης Διονύσου
 οἶνον ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης βακχεύετο πηγῇ.
 ἀμφὶ δὲ σέλματα πάντα διὰ πύργης ἀνιόντες
 θῆρες ἀεξήθησαν· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ ταῦροι, 150
 καὶ βλοσυρὸν κελάδημα λέων βρυχήσατο λαιμῶ.
 Τυρσηνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν, ἐβακχεύοντο δὲ λύσση
 εἰς φόβον οἰστρηθέντες· ἀξιφύτοιο δὲ πόντου
 ἄνθεα κυματόεντες ἀπέπτυνον ὕδατος ὄλκοί·
 καὶ ῥόδον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ὑψόθεν, ὡς ἐνὶ κήπῳ, 155
 ἀφροτόκοι κενεῶνες ἐφοινίσσοντο θαλάσσης,
 καὶ κρίνον ἐν ῥοθίοις ἀμαρύσσετο.

δερκομένων δὲ
 ψευδομένους λειμῶνας ἐβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαί,
 καὶ σφιν ὄρος βαθύδενδρον ἐφαίνετο καὶ νομὸς ὕλης
 καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων καὶ πῶεα μηλοβοτήρων, 160
 καὶ κτύπον ὠίσαντο λιγυφθόγγιο νομῆος
 ποιμενίῃ σύριγγι μελιζομένοιο νοῆσαι,
 καὶ λιγυρῶν αἰόντες ἐυτρήτων μέλος αὐλῶν
 μεσσατίου πλώοντες ἀτέρμονος ὑψόθι πόντου
 γαῖαν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησαν· ἀμερσινῶ δ' ὑπὸ λύσση 165
 εἰς βυθὸν αἰσσοντες ἐπωρχήσαντο γαλήνῃ,

with booming throat roared as loud as an army of nine thousand men.^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.

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

^a Compare Hom. *Il.* v. 859-861.

NONNOS

ποντοπόροι δελφῖνες· ἀμειβομένου δὲ προσώπου
 εἰς φύσιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἐμορφώθη γένος ἀνδρῶν.
 καὶ σύ, τέκος, δολόεντα χόλον πεφύλαξο Λυαίου.
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ' μεθέπω δέμας ἄλκιμον, ἀμφιέπω δὲ 170
 φρικτὸν ὄδοντοφύτων αὐτόσπορον αἶμα Γιγάντων.'
 δαιμονίην φύγε χεῖρα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου,
 ὃς ποτε Τυρσηνοῖο παρὰ κρηπίδα Πελώρου
 "Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
 μαρνάμενον σκοπέλοισι καὶ αἰχμαζόντα κολώναις· 175
 μαινομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ὑποπτήσσω στίχα λαιμῶν
 οὐ τότε κείνο κάρηνον ὄδοιπόρος ἔστιχε πέτρης·
 εἰ δέ τις ἀγνώσσω ἀβάτω πεφόρητο κελεύθῳ
 μαστίζων θρασὺν ἵππον, ὑπὲρ σκοπέλοιο νοήσας
 χερσὶ πολυπερέεσσι περίπλοκον υἱὸς Ἀρούρης 180
 ἠνίοχον καὶ πῶλον ἐῷ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῶ.
 πολλάκι δ' εὐδένδροιο δι' οὖρεος εἰς νομὸν ἔλκων
 μῆλα μεσημβρίζοντα γέρων δαιτρεύετο ποιμήν.
 οὐ τότε δ' αἰπολίοισι παρήμενος ἢ παρὰ μάνδραις
 συμφερτοῖς δονάκεσσι μελίζετο μουσοπόλος Πάν, 185
 οὐ κτύπον ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο πηκτίδος Ἥχῳ.
 ἀλλά, λάλον περ εἰούσαν, ἐθήμονι σύνθροον αὐλῶ
 Πανὸς ἀσιγήτοιο κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγή,
 ὅττι Γίγας τότε πᾶσιν ἐπέχραεν· οὐ τότε βούτης,
 οὐ χορὸς ὑλοτόμων τις ὀμήλικας ἤκαχε Νύμφας 190
 τέμνων νῆια δοῦρα, καὶ οὐ σοφὸς ὀλκάδα τέκτων
 δουροπαγὲς γόμφωσεν ὄδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
 εἰσόκε κείνα κάρηνα παρέστιχε Βάκχος ὀδεύων,
 σείων Εὐΐα θύρσα· παρερχομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 ὑψινεφῆς περίμετρος ἐπέχραεν υἱὸς Ἀρούρης, 195
 ἀσπίδα πετρήεσσαν ἐοῖς ὤμοισιν ἀείρων·

^a No one else mentions Alpos, 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 Lyaïos. 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,^a 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 Lyaïos passed, the huge son of Earth high as the clouds attacked him. A rock was the shield the Alps in some way ; the syllable *alp-* is found in other place-names.

καὶ σκόπελον βέλος εἶχεν, ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
 γείτονα δενδρήεσσαν ἔχων ὑψίδρομον αἰχμὴν,
 ἢ πίτυν ἢ πλατάνιστον ἀκοντίζων Διονύσῳ.
 ὡς ρόπαλον πίτυν εἶχε, καὶ ὡς θοὸν ἄορ ἐλίσσων 200
 πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἐκούφισε θάμνον ἐλαίης.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τηλεβόλους ὀρέων ἐκένωσε κολώνας,
 καὶ σκιερῆς βαθύδενδρος ἐγυμνώθη ράχισ ὕλης,
 θυρσομανῆς τότε Βάκχος ἐὼν βέλος ἠθάδι ροίζῳ
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζε, καὶ ἠλιβάτου τύχεν Ἄλπου 205
 εἰς πλατὺν ἀνθερεῶνα, κατ' ἀσφαράγοιο δὲ μέσσου
 ὄξυτενῆς χλοάουσα διέσσυτο Βακχίᾳς αἰχμῆ·
 ἔνθα Γίγας ὀλίγῳ τετορημένος ὄξεί θύρῳ
 ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο καὶ ἔμπεσε γείτοινι πόντῳ,
 πλησάμενος βαθύκολπον ὄλον κενεῶνα θαλάσσης· 210
 ὑψώσας δὲ ρέεθρα Τυφαονίης διὰ πέτρης
 θερμὰ κασιγνήτοιο κατέκλυσε νῶτα χαμεινῆς,
 ἔμπυρον ὕδατόεντι καταψύχων δέμας ὀλκῶ.
 ἀλλά, τέκος, πεφύλαξο, μὴ εἴκελα καὶ σὺ νοήσης,
 Τυρσηνῶν ἄτε παῖδες,

ἄτε θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀρούρης." 215

Εἶπε καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν· ἀταρβήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ὁμόσσυτος ἦε Κάδμῳ,
 ὄφρα χοροῦ ψαύσειε. σιδηροφόροις δὲ μαχηταῖς
 ἀσπίδα κουφίζων κορυθαιόλος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·

“ Δμῶες ἐμοί,

στείχοντες ἐν ἄστεϊ καὶ μέσον ὕλης 220
 ἄξατέ μοι βαρύδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἀλήτην,
 ὄφρα τυπεῖς Πενθῆος ἀμοιβαίησιν ἰμάσθλαις
 μηκέτι φαρμακόεντι ποτῶ θέλξειε γυναῖκας,
 ἀλλὰ γόνυ κλίνειεν· ἀπὸ σκοπέλων δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν
 μητέρα βακχευθεῖσαν ἐμὴν φιλότεκνον Ἀγαυὴν 225
 φοιτάδος ἀγρύπνοιο μεταστήσασθε χορείης,

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 towering 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.

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λυσσαλέης ἐρύσαντες ἀνάμπυκα βότρυν ἐθείρης.”

“Ὡς φαμένου Πενθήος ὀπάονες ὠκέι ταρσῶ
ἔδραμον ὑψικόμοιο δυσέμβατον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἴχνια μαστεύοντες ὀριπλανέος Διονύσου. 230

καὶ μόγις ἀθρήσαντες ἐρημάδος ἀγχόθι πέτρης
θυρσομανῆ Διόνυσσον ἐπερρώσαντο μαχηταί·
καὶ παλάμαις Βρομίιο περίξ ἔσφυξαν ἱμάντας,
δεσμὰ βαλεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἦεν ἄφαντος, ἐῷ πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ 235

αἶξας ἀκίχητος, ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
δαιμονίῃ θεράποντες ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκη,
μῆνιν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἀθηῆτοιο Λυαίου
ταρβαλέοι. καὶ Βάκχος ὁμοίος ἀσπιδιώτῃ
ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κεραίης, 240

ὡς θεράπων Πενθήος ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ
ψευδομένῳ κερόεντι, καὶ ὡς κοτέοντι προσώπῳ
Πενθέος ἐγγὺς ἴκανε μεμηνότος, ἐξομένου δὲ
λυσσαλέου βασιλῆος ἀγῆνορα κόμπων ἀθύρων
φρικαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἐπὶ κλοπον ἴαχε φωνήν· 245

“ Οὗτος ἀνὴρ, σκηπτουῦχε,

τετὴν οἴσטרησεν Ἀγαύην·

οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει βασιληίδα Πενθέος ἔδρην·
ἀλλὰ λαβῶν κερόεντα δολόφρονα Βάκχον ἀλήτην
δῆσον ἀλυκτοπέδησι τεῶν μνηστῆρα θώκων,
καὶ κεφαλὴν πεφύλαξο βοοκράϊρου Διονύσου, 250
μή σε λαβῶν πλήξειε τανυγλώχινι κεραίῃ.”

“Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίιο κατάσχετος ἔμφροني λύσση
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα θεημάχος ἴαχε Πενθεύς·

“ Δῆσατε, δῆσατε τοῦτον, ἐμῶν συλήτορα θώκων·
οὗτος ἐμοῖς σκῆπτροισι κορύσσεται, οὗτος ἰκάνει 255
Καδμείην ἐθέλων Σεμέλης πατρώιον ἔδρην.
καλὸν ἐμοὶ Διόνυσσον, ὃν ἤροσε λάθριος εὐνή,

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 Lyaïos 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,

ἀνδροφυῆ τινα ταῦρον ἔχειν ξυνήονα τιμῆς,
 βουκεράω νόθον εἶδος ἐπαυγάζοντα μετώπῳ,
 ὃν μετὰ Πασιφάην Σεμέλη τάχα γείνατο ταύρω, 260
 βοσκομένῳ κερόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτη.”

Εἶπε καὶ ἀγραύλοιο πόδας ταύροιο πιέζων
 σφίγξεν ἀλυκτοπέδησι· λαβὼν δέ μιν ἀντὶ Λυαίου
 ἤγαγεν ἰππείης πεπεδημένον ἐγγύθι φάτνης,
 ὡς Σεμέλης θρασὺν υἷα καὶ οὐ τινα ταῦρον ἑέργων 265
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα περίπλοκον ἄμματι χειρῶν
 δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεσφρήγισσε μελάθρῳ,
 εἰς γλαφυρόν τινα κοῖλον ἀτερπέος οἶκον ἀνάγκης,
 Κιμμερίων μίμημα δυσέκβατον, ἄμμορον Ἴου, 270
 ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίου θιασώδεας, ὧν ὑπὸ δεσμῶ
 θλιβομέναις παλάμησιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες,
 χαλκείῃ δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐπεσφρηγίζετο σειρή.

Ἄλλὰ ταχυστροφάλιγγος

ὄτε δρόμος ἦλθε χορείης,

Μαινάδες ὠρχήσαντο· θυελλήεσσα δὲ Βάκχη
 ἄστατα δινηθείσα ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῶ 275
 ἀρραγέων ἀνέκοπτε παλίλλυτον ὄλκον ἱμάντων,
 καὶ παλάμαις κροτάλιζεν ἐλεύθερον Εὐιον ἠχῶ
 εὐρύθμοις πατάγοισιν· ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ταρσῶν
 χαλκοβαρῆς σφριγώουσα ποδῶν ἐσχίζετο σειρή.
 καὶ δόμον ἀχλυόεντα θεόσσυτος ἔστεφεν αἴγλη 280
 Βασσαρίδων ζοφεροῖο καταστάζουσα μελάθρου·
 καὶ σκοτίου πυλεῶνες ἀνεπτύσσοντο βερέθρου
 αὐτόματοι· τρομερῶ δὲ τεθηπότες ἄμματι ταρσῶν
 Βασσαρίδων βρύχημα καὶ ἄγριον ἀφρόν ὀδόντων
 εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο φυλάκτορες. αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι 285
 νόστιμον ἴχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 ὧν ἡ μὲν βοέην ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο θύρσῳ¹
 ῥινοτόρῳ, καὶ χεῖρας εἰς ἐμίγητο 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 Lyaïos 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 Bacchantes 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 *θύρσω* Cunaeus, Warmington independently, for *ταύραν* written perhaps echoing *βοέην ἀγέλην*, cf. *ταυρείην* in l. 289.

ταυρείην ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσα καλύπτρην
 τρηχάλειν, ἑτέρη δὲ δαφουιήεντι κορύμβω 290
 εἰροπόκων ἄρρηκτα διέτμαγε πώεα μῆλων,
 ἄλλη δ' αἶγας ἔπεφνεν· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ λύθρου
 αἵμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι δαιῖζομένης ἀπὸ ποίμνης.
 ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀφαρπάξασα τοκῆος
 ἄτρομον ἀστυφέλικτον ἀδέσμιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων 295
 ἴστατο κουφίζουσα μεμηλότα παῖδα θυέλλαις,
 ἐζόμενον γελώοντα καὶ οὐ πίπτοντα κονίη·
 καὶ γλάγος ἦτεε κοῦρος, ἔην ἄτε μητέρα, Βάκχην,
 στήθεα δ' ἀμφαφάασκεν· ἀνυμφεύτιο δὲ κούρης
 αὐτομάτην γλαγόεσσαν ἀνέβλυνον ἰκμάδα μαζοί· 300
 παιδί δὲ πειναλέω λασίους πετάσασα χιτῶνας
 χεῖλεσι νηπιάχοισι νεόρρυτον ὤρεγε θηλήν,
 παρθευική δ' ἐκόρεσεν ἀήθει κοῦρον ἐέρση·
 πολλαὶ δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο μετοχλισθέντα τεκούσης
 τέκνα δασυστέρνοιο τιθηνήσαντο λεαίνης. 305
 ἄλλη δῦμιον οὔδας ἐπέκτυπεν ὄξει θύρσω
 ἄκρον ὄρος πλήξασα νεοσχιδές· αὐτοτελή δὲ
 οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναὴ πορφύρετο πέτρη,
 λειβομένου δὲ γάλακτος ἀρασσομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης
 πίδακες αὐτοχύτοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο ρεέθροις. 310
 ἄλλη ῥῖψε δράκοντα κατὰ δρυός· ἀμφί δὲ δένδρω
 σπεῖραν ὄφεις κύκλωσε, καὶ ἔπλετο κισσὸς ἀλήτης
 πρέμνον ἐλισσομένω σκολιῶ μιτρούμενος ὄλκῳ,
 ἀμφελελιζομένων μιμούμενος ἄμμα δρακόντων.
 καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο σεσηρότα θῆρα κομίζων 315
 τίγριν ἀπειλητῆρα καθήμενον ὑψόθι νώτου,
 ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα φορῆος·
 καὶ σὺς ἄκρα γένεια γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρύσσας
 κάρχαρον ἠκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κάπρον ἀθύρων·
 ἄλλος ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ 320

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

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εἰς λοφιὴν ἀκίχητος ἐπηώρητο καμήλου·

καὶ τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ἐποχήσατο ταύρω.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισι· λυροδμήτω δ' ἐνὶ Θήβῃ
θαύματα ποικίλα Βάκχος ἐδείκνυε πᾶσι πολίταις·
καὶ σφαλεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες . . . 325

χειλέσιν ἀφροκόμοισιν· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο Θήβῃ,
καὶ φλογερούς σπινθήρας ἀπηκόντιζον ἀγνυαί·
σεῖετο πάντα θέμεθλα, καὶ ὡς βοέων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ἀκλινέες πυλεῶνες ἐμυκήσαντο μελάθρων·

καὶ δόμος ἀστυφέλικτος ἀναβρομέεσκε κυδοιμῶ 330
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι χέων αὐτόσσυτον ἤχῳ.

Οὐδὲ χόλου Διόνυσος ἐπαύσατο· δαιμονίην δὲ
φθογγὴν ἠερόφοιτον ἐς ἑπταπόρων ἴτυν ἄστρων,
λυσσῆεις ἄτε ταῦρος, ἐῷ μυκήσατο λαιμῶ·

καὶ κλονέων Πενθήα μεμνηνῶτα μάρτυρι πυρσῶ 335
μαρμαρυγῆς ἔπλησεν ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοίχους

ἀντιπόρους σελάγιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ
δαιομένῳ σπινθήρι κατάσσυτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοις
πορφυρέοις καὶ στέρνον ἀλιχλαίνου βασιλῆος
πυρσὸς ἔλιξ πεφόρητο, καὶ οὐκ ἔφλεξε χιτῶνας· 340

κεκριμέναις δ' ἀκτίσιν ἀποσπάδες ἄλματι θερμῶ
ἐκ ποδὸς εἰς μέσα νῶτα, δι' ἰξύος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄκρην
Πενθέος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μετήλυδες ἔτρεχον αὐγαί·
πολλάκι δ' αὐτοπόροιο πυρὸς βητάρμονι παλμῶ

Γηγενέος βασιλῆος ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων 345
ἀφλεγέας σπινθήρας ἀπέπτυε θέσκελος αἶγλη.

καὶ σέλας αὐτοέλικτον ἰδὼν βρυχήσατο Πενθεύς,
κέκλετο δὲ δμῶεσσιν ἄγειν ἀλκτῆριον ὕδωρ,
ὄφρα κατασβέσσωσιν ἀναπτομένην φλόγα πυρσοῦ
δῶμα περιρραίνοντες ἀλεξικάκοισι ρέεθροις· 350

καὶ γλαφυρῶν γυάλων ἐφάνη γυμνούμενον ὕδωρ,
καί, μεγάλη περ ἐοῦσα, ῥόον τερσαίνεταιο 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 ^a 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.

³²² 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 traveling 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.

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ἄγγεσι νηρίθμοισιν ἀφυσσομένου ποταμοῖο.
 καὶ πόνος ἀχρήστος ἔην καὶ ἐτώσιον ὕδωρ,
 καὶ διεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀέξετο βαλλόμενον πῦρ 355
 θερμοτέραις ἀκτίσι· καὶ ὡς πολέων ἀπὸ ταύρων
 μυκηθμοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπωροφίη πέλεν ἠχώ,
 βρονταῖς δ' ἐνδομήχοισιν ἐπέκτυπε Πενθέος αὐλή.

DIONYSIACA, XLV. 353-358

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 ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ
ΕΚΤΟΝ

Ἐκτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἴδε πλέον, ἦχι νοήσεις
Πενθέος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαυήν.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκεν ἄναξ θρασύς, ὅττι λυθέντος
αὐτομάτου δεσμοῖο σιδηροφόρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
Μαινάδες ἐσσεύοντο μετήλυδες εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ δόλον ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
ἄστατος ὑβριστῆρι χόλω κυμαίνεται Πενθεύς· 5
καὶ μιν ἰδὼν παρεόντα παλίνδρομον ἠθάδι κισσῶ
βόστρυχα μιτρωθέντα, καὶ ἄπλοκον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
μηκεδανῆς ὀρόων κεχαλασμένον ὄλκον ἐθείρης,
τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος λυσσώδει λαιμῶ·

“ Ἡδὺς ὁ Τειρεσίαν ἀπατήλιον εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπων· 10
οὐ δύναται σέο μάντις ἐμὸν νόον ἠπεροπεύειν·
ἄλλοις ἔννεπε ταῦτα. θεὰ πόθεν νιεί Ῥεῖη
οὐ Διὶ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἔτρεφεν υἷα Θυώνης;
εἶρεο Δικταίης κορυθαιόλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης, 14
εἶρεο καὶ Κορύβαντας, ὅπη ποτὲ κοῦρος ἀθύρων 16
μαζὸν Ἀμαλθείης κουροτρόφον αἰγὸς ἀμέλγων 17
Ζεὺς μένος ἠέξῃσε, καὶ οὐ γλάγος ἔσπασε Ῥεῖης. 15
ἦθεα σῆς δολίης ἀπεμάξασο καὶ σὺ τεκούσης· 18
ψευδομένην Σεμέλην Κρονίδης ἔφλεξε κεραυνῶ·
ἄζεο, μὴ Κρονίδης μετὰ μητέρα καὶ σὲ 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—

¹⁰ " 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

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βάρβαρον οὐ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ γένος· ἀρχέγονος δὲ
 Ἴσμηνός με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐ τέκεν ὑγρὸς Ὑδάσπης·
 Δηριάδην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ Λυκόοργος ἀκούω.
 ἀλλὰ σὺν ὑμετέροις Σατύροις καὶ θυιάσι Βάκχαις
 Δίρκης λείπε ρέεθρα, καί, ἦν ἐθέλης, σέο θύρσω 25
 κτεῖνε παρ' Ἀσσυρίοισι νεώτερον ἄλλον Ὀρόντην.
 οὐ σὺ γένος Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον· ὀλλυμένης γὰρ
 ἀστεροπαὶ βοώσιν ὄνειδεα σεῖο τεκούσης,
 καὶ κρυφίων λεχέων ἐπιμάρτυρές εἰσι κεραυνοί.
 οὐ Δανάην μετὰ λέκτρα κατέφλεγεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς, 30
 καὶ γνωτὴν ἀδόνητον ἐμοῦ Κάδμοιο κομίζων
 Εὐρώπην ἐφύλαξε, καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε θαλάσση.
 οἶδα μὲν, ὡς ἀλόχευτον ἔτι βρέφος αἰθερὴ φλόξ
 ὤλεσεν αἰθομένης μετὰ μητέρος, ἡμιτελῆ δὲ
 λῦσε νόθην ὠδῖνα μαραινομένου τοκετοῖο· 35
 εἰ δέ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσαν, ὅτι χθονίων ὑμεναίων
 κρυπταδῆς φιλότητος ἀναίτιός ἐσσι τεκούσης,
 πείθομαι, ὡς ἐνέπεις, ἀέκων δέ σε παῖδα καλέσσω
 Ζηνὸς ἐπουρανίοιο, καὶ οὐ φλεχθέντα κεραυνῶ.
 καὶ σύ με τοῦτο δίδαξον ἀληθεί μάρτυρι μύθῳ· 40
 Ζεὺς γενέτης πότε Φοῖβον ἢ Ἄρεα γείνατο μηρῶ;
 εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἷμα, μετέρχεο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου
 αἰθέρα ναιετάων, λίπε Πενθεί πατρίδα Θήβην.
 ὠφελος ἄρμενον ἄλλον ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἐνίψαι
 ψεύδει κερδαλέω κεράσας θελξίφρονα Πειθῶ, 45
 ὅττι σε παιδοτόκῳ Κρονίδης τέκεν ἠθάδι κόρση·
 οὐ τάχα τόσσον ἄπιστον ἔην ἔπος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸν
 Βάκχον ἀνυμφεύτῳ μετὰ Παλλάδα τίκτε καρῆνῳ.
 ἤθελον, εἰ γένος ἔσχες Ὀλύμπιον, αἶθε Κρονίων
 ὑψιμέδων σε φύτευσεν, ὅπως Διὸς αἷμα διώκων 50

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

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νικήσω Διόνυσον, Ἐχίονος υἱὸς ἀκούων.”

“Ὡς φαμένου νεμέσιζε θεὸς καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ,
κρύπτων δαιμονίης ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀπειλήσ·

“ Βάρβαρα θεσμὰ φέρουσαν

ἐπολβίζω χθόνα Κελτῶν,

ἦχι νέων βρεφῶν καθαρὴν ὠδῖνα δικάζων 55

Ῥήνος ἀσημάντοιο θεμιστοπόλος τοκετοῖο
αἵματος ἀγνώστοιο νόθον γένος οἶδεν ἐλέγξαι.

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Ῥήνοιο φατιζομένου ποταμοῖο
χεύμασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι δικάζομαι, ἀλλὰ ρέεθρων

πιστότεροι κήρυκες ἐμοὶ γεγάασι κεραυνοί· 60

κρείσσονα μαρτυρίην στεροπῆς μὴ δίζεο, Πενθεῦ·

ὔδατι μὲν Γαλάτης, σὺ δὲ πείθεο μάρτυρι πυρσῶ.

οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάθρου·

δῶμα Διωνύσοιο πέλει πατρώιος αἰθήρ·

καὶ χθονὸς εἰ κρίσις ἦεν ἢ ἀστερόεντος Ὀλύμπου, 65

εἶπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, τίνα φέρτερον αὐτὸς ἐνύψης,

οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἢ ἐπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης;

οὐ χατέω Πενθῆος ἐπιχθονίοιο μελάθρου.

μῦνον ἐμῆς κύδαινε μελισταγῆς ἄνθος ὀπώρης·

μὴ ποτὸν ἀμπελόεντος ἀτιμήσης Διονύσου. 70

Ἰνδοφόνῳ Βρομίῳ μὴ μάρναο, θηλυτέρῃ δέ,

εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε μῆ ῥήξήνορι Βάκχῃ.

σοὶ τάχα καλὸν ἔθεντο προμάντιες οὐνομα Μοῖραι

ὑμετέρου θανάτοιο προάγγελον· αἰνοπαθῆ δὲ

οὐ νέμεσις Πενθῆα πεδοτρεφέος γενετῆρος 75

Γηγενῆς αἶμα φέροντα φέρειν μίμημα Γιγάντων,

οὐ νέμεσις καὶ Βάκχον Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα γενέθλης

Ζηνὸς ἔχειν μίμημα Γιγαντοφόνοιο τοκῆος.

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.^a 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 sevendate 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,^b 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

^a See A. H. Krappe, *La Genèse des mythes* (Paris, Payot, 1938), p. 201, for modern discussions of this custom.

^b Πενθείς—πένθος (mourning).

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εἶρεο Τειρεσίαν, τίνι χῶεαι· εἶρεο Πυθῶ, 80
 τίς Σεμέλη παρίαυε, τίς ἤροσε παῖδα Θυῶνης.
 εἰ δὲ μαθεῖν ἐθέλεις χοροτερπέος ὄργια Βάκχου,
 φάρεα καλλείψας βασιλῆια τέτλαθι, Πενθεῦ,
 θήλεα πέπλα φέρειν, καὶ γίνεο θήλυς Ἀγαυή·
 μὴ δέ σε θηρεύοντα παραῖξωσι γυναῖκες.
 ἦν δὲ τεῇ παλάμῃ θηροκτόνα τόξα τανύσσης, 85
 Κάδμος ἐπαινῆσει σε συναγρώσσοντα τεκούση.
 Βάκχῳ μῦθος ἔριξε, καί, εἰ θέμις, ἰοχαίρῃ,
 ὄφρα λεοντοφόνον σε μετ' Ἀκταίωνα καλέσω.
 κάτθεο τεύχεα ταῦτα· σιδηροφόρους δὲ μαχητὰς
 χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἐμαὶ κτείνουσι γυναῖκες· 90
 εἰ δέ σε νικήσωσιν ἀτευχεὶ θήλει χάρμῃ
 ἔντεσι κοσμηθέντα, τίς αἰνήσειε πολίτης
 ἄνδρα γυναικείῃ κεκαφηότα δημοτῆτι;
 Βασσαρὶς οὐ τρομέει πτερόεν βέλος, οὐ δόρυ φεύγει·
 ἀλλὰ δόλῳ κρυφίῳ πυκάσας ἄγνωστον ὄπωπῆν 95
 ὄψεται ὄργια πάντα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.”
 Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν, ἐπεὶ νόον ἀνδρὸς ἰμάσσων
 φοιταλέης ἐδόνησε κατάσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης . . .
 καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ἐπέχραε Πενθεί Μῆνη 100
 δαιμονίῃ μᾶστιγι· συνερχομένης δὲ Λυαίῳ
 λυσσῆεις θρασὺς οἰστρος ἀμερσινόοιο Σελήνης
 φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα μεμνηότι Πενθεί δείξας
 φρικτὸν Ἐχιονίδην προτέρης μετέθηκε μενοινῆς,
 καὶ σφαλερῇ Πενθήος ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀκουῆ,
 δαιμονίης σάλπιγγος ἀλάστορα δοῦπον ἀράσσων· 105
 ἀνέρα δ' ἐπτοίησε. καὶ εἰς δόμον ἦλυθε Πενθεὺς
 οἰστρομανῆς, ποθέων θιασώδεος ὄργια Βάκχου·
 φωριαμοὺς δ' ὤϊξε θυώδεας, ἦχι γυναικῶν

• *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,^a 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 coffer, where lay

κέκλιτο Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης·
καὶ χροῖ ποικιλόνωτον ἐδύσατο πέπλον Ἀγαύης· 110
Αὐτονόης δ' ἔσφιγξεν ἐπὶ πλοκάμοισι καλύπτρην,
στήθεα μιτρώσας βασιλήια κυκλάδι τέχνη·
καὶ πόδας ἐσφήκωσε γυναικείοισι πεδίλοις·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε· μετερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχας
ποικίλος ἰχνευτῆρι χιτῶν ἐπεσύρετο ταρσῶ. 115

Μιμηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Πενθεὺς
ἠδυμανής· λοξῶ δὲ πέδον κροτάλιζε πεδίλω
ἐκ ποδὸς αἰθύσσων ἕτερον πόδα· χεῖρα δὲ δισσὴν
θηλύνων ἐλέλιζεν ἀμοιβάδα δίζυγι παλμῶ,
οἶα γυνὴ παίζουσα χοροίτυπος· οἶα δὲ ρόπτρω 120
δίκτυπον ἀρμονίην κροτέων ἑτερόζυγι χαλκῶ
ἠερίαις μεθέηκεν ἀλήμονα βόστρυχον αὔραις,
Λυδὸν ἀνακρούων μέλος Εὐϊον· ἦ τάχα φαίης
ἄγρια κωμάζουσιν ἰδεῖν λυσσώδεα βάκχην.
καὶ διδύμους Φαέθοντας ἐδέρκετο καὶ δύο Θήβας· 125
ἔλπετο δ' ἀκαμάτων ἐπικείμενον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
Θήβης ἑπταπόροιο μετοχλίζειν πυλεῶνα.

Ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο πολῖται,
ὅς μὲν ἔχων τροχόεντα λόφον χθονός,

ὅς δ' ἐπὶ πέτρῳ
ὑψιφανής, ὁ δὲ πῆχυν ἐπ' ἀνέρος ὤμον ἐρείσας 130
ἶχνος ἀνηώρησεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ δάκτυλα πήξας·
καὶ τις ἐνγλώχινα μετήιεν ὄγκον ἀρούρης,
ἄλλος ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐπάλξιός, ὅς δὲ δοκεύων
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἀπὸ πύργων·
ὅς δὲ μέσας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἄντυγι χεῖρας ἐλίξας 135
ἰχνεσιν ἀκροπόροισιν ἀνήιε κίονα βαίνων,
Πενθέα παπταίνων δεδονημένον ἄλματι λύσσης,
θύρσον ἀερτάζοντα καὶ αἰθύσσοντα καλύπτρην.

Ἦδη δ' ἑπταπόροιο παρέδραμε τείχεα Θήβης,

the women's garments dyed in purple of the Sidonian sea. He donned the embroidered robe of Agauë, bound Autoñoë'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 brodered 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 sevendate Thebes, hoisting it upon his untiring shoulders.^a

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^b 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 *ὄγκον*.

αὐτομάτοις ἐλίκεσσι ἀνοιγομένων πυλεώνων· 140
 ἤδη δὲ πρὸ πόλης ἐς ἡέρα βόστρυχα σείων
 ἄβρὰ δρακοντοβότοιο παρέστιχε νάματα Δίρκης·
 καὶ ποδὶ λυσσῆντι χοροίτυπον ἴχνος ἐλίσσων
 δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ὀπίστερον εἶχε πορείην.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανεν, ὅθι δρύες, ἦχι χορεΐαι, 145
 καὶ τελεταὶ Βρομίου θιασώδεες, ἦχι καὶ αὐτῇ
 Βασσαρίδων ἀπέδιλος ἔην κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη,
 ἀμπελόεις τότε Βάκχος ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
 ἀρχαίην ἐλάτην ἰσομήκεα γείτονι πέτρῃ
 δένδρον ἰδὼν περίμετρον ἐγήθεεν, ἧς ὑπὸ θάμνῳ 150
 ἀγγινεφεῖς πετάλοισιν ἐπεσκιόωντο κολῶναι·
 ἀκρότατον δὲ κόρυμβον ἀφειδέει χειρὶ πιέζων
 εἰς πέδον, εἰς πέδον εἶλκε

κατὰ χθονὸς ἕκταδὰ Πενθεύς . . .
 θαλλὸν ἀερσιπότητον, ἐπισφίγγων δὲ φορῆα
 ὕψι τιταινομένων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ κορύμβων, 155
 καὶ πόδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητος ἐλίσσων
 ἄστατος ὀρχηστήρι τύπῳ κουφίζετο Πενθεύς.

Καὶ τότε Βασσαρίδεσσι χορίτιδες ἤλυθον ὦραι·
 ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκέλευον, ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλοις,
 νεβρίδα δ' ἀμφεβάλλοντο· καὶ οὐρεσίφοιτος Ἀγαυῆ 160
 ἀφροκόμοις στομάτεσσιν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·

“ Αὐτονόη, σπεύσωμεν, ὅπη χορός ἐστι Λυαίου
 καὶ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούεται ἠθάδος αὐλοῦ,
 ὄφρα μέλος πλέξαιμι φιλεύιον, ὄφρα δαιείω,
 τίς φθαμένη στήσειε χοροστασίην Διονύσω, 165
 τίς τίνα νικήσειε θυηπολέουσα Λυαίω.
 δηθύνεις, ἀχόρευτε, καὶ ἡμέας ἔφθασεν Ἰνώ·
 οὐκέτι πόντον ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ

* 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 cloudhigh 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 Lyaïos, where the hillranging voice of the familiar pipe is heard, that I may recite the song that Euïos loves, that I may learn who first will lead the dance for Dionysos, who will beat whom in doing worship to Lyaïos! 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.

NONNOS

ἔξ ἀλὸς ἦλθε θεούσα σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
ἦλθε προασπίζουσα διωκομένου Διονύσου, 170
μὴ Πενθεὺς ἀθέμιστος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.

Μύστιδες, εἰς σκοπέλους, Ἴσμηνίδες ἔλθετε Βάκχαι,
καὶ τελετὰς στήσωμεν, ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
Λυδαῖς Βασσαρίδεσσιν ἐρίζομεν, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ·
"Μυγδονίην νίκησε Μιμαλλόνα Μαινὰς Ἀγαυή." 175

Ὡς φαμένη σκοπίαζε καθήμενον ὑψόθι δένδρου,
ἄγριον οἶα λέοντα, θεημάχον υἷα μήτηρ·

καὶ μιν ἀγειρομέναις ἐπεδείκνυε θυιάσι Βάκχαις·
υἷα δ' ἔμφρονα θῆρα καλέσσατο λυσσάδι φωνῇ.
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐκυκλώσαντο γυναῖκες 180
ἐζόμενον πετάλοισι· καὶ εὐπαλάμῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ

δένδρον ἐπηχύναντο, καὶ ἤθελον εἰς χθόνα ρίπτειν
ἔρνος ὁμοῦ Πενθῆι· περισφίγξασα δὲ θάμνῳ

ὄλκον ὁμοζυγέος παλάμης ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ
πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἀνέσπασε δένδρον Ἀγαυή. 185
καὶ φυτὸν εἰς χθόνα πίπτειν· ἐγυμνώθη δὲ Κιθαιρῶν·

καὶ θρασὺς αὐτοέλικτος ἀναξ βητάρμοι παλμῷ
κύμβαχος ἠερόθεν κεκυλισμένος ἤριπε Πενθεύς·

καὶ τότε μιν λίπε λύσσα νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου,
καὶ προτέρας φρένας ἔσχε τὸ δεύτερον· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ 190
γείτονα πότμον ἔχων κινυρὴν ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·

"Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες με καλύψατε,

μὴ με δαμάσση
παιδοφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐμῇ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαυή.

μῆτερ ἐμῇ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέος ἴσχεο λύσσης·
θῆρα πόθεν καλέεις με τὸν υἷα; ποῖα κομίζω 195
στήθεα λαχνήεντα; τίνα βρυχηθμὸν ἰάλλω;

οὐκέτι γινώσκεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες, οὐκέτι λεύσσεις·
σὴν φρένα καὶ τεὸν ὄμμα τίς ἤρπασε;

χαῖρε, Κιθαιρῶν·

but here she too comes running from the brine with Melicertes the seafarer, she has come to defend hunted Dionysos, lest impious Pentheus overwhelm Lyaïos. 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 Agauë has beaten Mygdonian Mimallon!”

¹⁷⁶ 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 Agauë 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:

¹⁹² “Cover me, Hamadryad Nymphs! Let not Agauë 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 οὔρεα· σῶζέο, Θήβη
 σῶζέο καὶ σύ, φίλη παιδοκτόνε μήτηρ Ἀγαυή. 200
 δέρκεο ταῦτα γένεια νεότριχα, δέρκεο μορφήν
 ἀνδρομέην· οὐκ εἰμὶ λέων· οὐ θῆρα δοκεύεις.
 φεῖδεο σῆς ὠδίνος, ἀμείλιχε, φεῖδεο μαζῶν·

Πενθέα παπταίνεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες. ἴσχεο, φωνή,
 μύθους σεῖο φύλαξον· ἀνήκοός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή. 205
 εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με χαριζομένη Διονύσω,
 μούνη παῖδα δάμασσον, ἀγάστονε, μηδὲ δαμῆναι
 Βασσαρίδων τεὸν νῖα νόθαις παλάμησιν ἐάσης.”

“Ὡς φάμενος λιτάνευε, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσεν Ἀγαυή.
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν δασπλήτες ἐπερρώοντο γυναῖκες 210
 χερσὶν ὁμοζήλοισι· κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
 ἢ μὲν ὀπισθιδίους πόδας εἴρυσεν, ἢ δὲ λαβοῦσα
 δεξιτερὴν προθέλυμον ἀνέσπασεν, Αὐτονόῃ δὲ
 λαιὴν ἀντερύεσκε· παραπλαγχθεῖσα δὲ μήτηρ
 στήθει παιδὸς ἔπηξεν ἐὸν πόδα, κεκλιμένου δὲ 215
 αὐχένα τολμήεντα διέθρισεν ὀξεί θύρσω·
 καὶ φονίῳ ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμε χάρματι λύσσης,
 αἱματόεν δὲ κάρηνον ἀτερπεί δείκνυε Κάδμω·
 ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἀγαλλομένη χάριν ἄγρης
 τοῖον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἔπος λυσσῶδεϊ λαιμῶ· 220

“Κάδμε μάκαρ, καλέω σε μακάρτερον·

ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
 χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἀριστεύουσαν Ἀγαυήν
 Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότης ἄγρης,
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα λεοντοφόνου σέο κούρης·
 καὶ Δρυάδες θάμβησαν ἐμὸν πόνον· ἡμετέρης δὲ 225
 Ἄρμονίης γενέτης κεκορυθμένος ἠθάδι λόγχῃ
 παῖδα τετὴν ἀσιδήρον ἐθάμβεε χάλκεος Ἄρης
 θύρσον ἀκοντίζουσαν ἀλοιητῆρα λεόντων,
 κυδιῶων· σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, τεῶν ἐπιβήτορα θώκων

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.”

²⁰⁹ 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, Autoñoë 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:

²²¹ “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

NONNOS

Πενθέα δεῦρο κάλεσον, ὅπως φθονερῆσιν ὀπωπαῖς 230
 θηροφόνους ἰδρώτας ὀπιπεύσειε γυναίου.¹
 δμῶες ἐμοί, στείχεσθε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου
 πήξατε τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς ἀναθήματα νίκης.
 τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἴνώ·
 Αὐτονόη, σκοπίαζε καὶ αὐχένα κάμψον Ἀγαυή· 235
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ λάχες εὐχος ὁμοίον, ὑμετέρου δὲ
 μητρὸς Ἀρισταίοιο φατιζομένην ἔτι νίκην
 σῆς ἐκυρῆς ἤσχυνα λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης.”
 Ἔννεπε κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· εἰσαῖων δὲ
 Κάδμος ἀγαλλομένης ἑτερόφρονα παιδὸς ἀπειλήν, 240
 μίξας δάκρυσι μῦθον ἀμείβετο πενθάδι φωνῇ·
 “ Οἶον θῆρα δάμασσας ἐχέφρονα, τέκνον Ἀγαυῆ;
 οἶον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ὑμετέρη τέκε γαστήρ;
 οἶον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ἐσπέρμηγεν Ἐχίων;
 δέρκεο σείο λέοντα, τὸν εἰσέτι τυτθὸν αἰείρων 245
 παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζε γεγηθότι Κάδμος ἀγοστῶ· 247
 δέρκεο σείο λέοντα, τὸν Ἀρμονίη σέο μήτηρ 246
 πολλάκις ἠέρταζε καὶ ὄρεγε μαζὸν ἀμέλγειν. 248
 μαστεύεις σέο παῖδα τεῶν θηήτορα μόχθων·
 πῶς καλέσω Πενθῆα, τὸν ἐν παλάμησιν αἰεῖρεις; 250
 ὃν κτάνες ἀγνώσσοις, πόθεν σέο παῖδα καλέσσω; 252
 θῆρα τεὸν σκοπίαζε, καὶ νιέα σείο νοήσεις. 251
 καλὰ φέρεις, Διόνυσε, τεῶν θρεπτήρια Κάδμου· 253
 καλὰ μοι Ἀρμονίης νυμφεύματα δῶκε Κρονίων·
 Ἄρεος ἄξια ταῦτα καὶ Οὐρανίης Ἀφροδίτης· 255
 Ἴνῶ πόντον ἔχει, Σεμέλην ἔφλεξε Κρονίων,
 μύρεται Αὐτονόη κερόεν τέκος, ἃ μέγα δειλῆ

¹ Λυαίου mss. : γυναίου scripsi. Ludwich -σειεν ὑαίνης.

^a 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 Aristaios 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

ἔκτανεν, ὃν τέκε μῶνον, ἁώριον υἷον Ἀγαθή, καὶ μογέει Πολύδωρος ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλήτης. μῶνος ἐγὼ λιπόμην νέκυσ ἔμπνοος· εἰς τίνα φεύγω, 260 Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Πολυδώρου; τίς πόλις ὀθνεῖή με δεδέξεται; ἔρρε, Κιθαιρῶν· γηροκόμους Κάδμοιο κατέκτανες, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ νεκρὸν ἔχεις Πενθῆα, καὶ Ἀκταίωνα καλύπτεις.”

“Ὡς φαμένου Κάδμοιο γόον κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων 265 δάκρυσι πηγαίοισι γέρων ἔκλαυσε Κιθαιρῶν· καὶ δρύες ὠδύροντο, καὶ ἔκλαγον αἴλινα Νύμφαι Νηιάδες. πολὴν δὲ κόμην ἠδέσσατο Κάδμου καὶ στοναχὴν Διόνυσος· ἀπενθήτου δὲ προσώπου μίξας δάκρυ γέλωτι νόον μετέθηκεν Ἀγαθῆς, 270 καὶ πάλιν ἔμφρονα θῆκεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσῃ.

Ἡ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον καὶ ἄπιστον ὀπωπὴν αὐτοπαγῆς ἄφθογγος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἴστατο μήτηρ· καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντος ἤριπεν αὐτοκύλιστος, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλῆ 275 βόστρυχον αἰσχύνουσα χυτῆ κεκύλιστο κονίη· καὶ λασίους ἔρριψεν ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνας καὶ Βρομίου φιάλας θιασώδεας, αἵματος ὀλκῶ στήθεα φοινίξασα καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μαζῶν· καὶ κύσεν υἱέος ὄμμα καὶ ἔγχλοα κύκλα προσώπου 280 καὶ πλοκάμους χαρίεντας ἐρευθομένοιο καρῆνου· ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσῃν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“Νηλειῆς Διόνυσε, τεῆς ἀκόρητε γενέθλης, δὸς προτέρην ἐτι λύσσαν ἐμοὶ πάλιν· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄλλην χεῖρονα λύσσαν ἔχω πινυτόφρονα· δὸς μοι ἐκείνην 285 ἀφροσύνην, ἵνα θῆρα τὸ δεύτερον υἱὰ καλέσω. θῆρα βαλεῖν ἐδόκησα· νεοτμήτιο δὲ κόρης

^a 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.

ἀντὶ λεοντείης κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος αἰείρω.
 ὀλβίη Ἀυτονόη βαρυδάκρυος, ὅττι θανόντα
 ἔστεινεν Ἀκταίωνα, καὶ οὐ κτάνεν υἷέα μήτηρ· 290
 μούνη ἐγὼ γενόμην παιδοκτόνος· οὐ Μελικέρτην
 ἔκτανεν ἢ Λέαρχον ἐμὴ μετανάστιος Ἴνώ,
 ἀλλὰ πατὴρ ἐδάμασσε, τὸν ἤροσεν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
 Ζεὺς Σεμέλη παρίαυεν, ὅπως Πενθῆα γοήσω·
 Ζεὺς γενέτης Διόνυσσον ἐὼ τεκνώσατο μηρῶ, 295
 Καδμείην ἵνα πᾶσαν αἰστώσειε γενέθλην.
 ἰλήκοι Διόνυσσος· ὄλον γένος ὤλεσε Κάδμου.
 ἀλλὰ θεοκλήτου γαμῖν μετὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης,
 Ἄρμονίης μετὰ λέκτρον,
 ἐμοῦ μετὰ παστάδα Κάδμου
 ἀρχαίην κιθάρην δονέων πάλιν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων 300
 θρήνον ἔνα πλήξειε καὶ Ἀυτονόη καὶ Ἀγαυή,
 ὠκύμορον Πενθῆα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα λιγαίνων.
 ἡμετέρης, φίλε κοῦρε, τί φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἀνίης;
 οὐ πω σοῖς θαλάμοισιν ἐκούφισα νυμφοκόμον πῦρ·
 οὐ ζυγίων ἤκουσα τεῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων· 305
 ποῖον ἴδω σέο παῖδα παρήγορον; αἶθέ σε Βάκχη
 ἄλλη ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ οὐ πολύμοχθος Ἀγαυή.
 μητέρι μαινομένη μὴ μέμφω, δύσμορε Πενθεῦ·
 Βάκχω μέμφω μᾶλλον· ἀναίτιός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή.
 χεῖρες ἐμαί, φίλε κοῦρε, τεὴν στάζουσιν ἔέρσην 310
 αὐχένος ἀμηθέντος· ἀπ' αὐτοχύτου δὲ καρῆνου
 αἷμα τεὸν μητρῶον ὄλον φοίνιξε χιτῶνα.
 ναί, λίτομαι, Βρομίου δότε μοι δέπας·
 ἀντὶ γὰρ οἴνου
 λύθρον ἐμοῦ Πενθῆος ἐπισπένδω Διονύσω.
 σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ φιλόδακρυς, ἄωριε, τύμβον ἐγείρω 315
 χερσὶν ἐμαῖς ἀκάρηνον ἐνικρύψασα κονίη
 σὸν δέμας· ὑμετέρω δ' ἐπὶ σήματι τοῦτο χαράξω·

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 father childed 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 all-wretched 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

NONNOS

‘ εἰμὶ νέκυς Πενθῆος, ὄδοιπóρε· νηδύς Ἀγαύης
 παιδοκόμος με λόχευσε

καὶ ἔκτανε παιδοφόνος χεῖρ.’ ”

Ἐννεπε λυσσώουσα σοφῇ φρενί· μυρομένης δὲ 320
 Ἄυτονόη γοόωσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·

“ Ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ ἔρωτα τεῆς κακότητος, Ἀγαύη,
 ὅττι περιπτύσσεις γλυκερὴν Πενθῆος ὀπωπὴν
 καὶ στόμα καὶ φίλον ὄμμα καὶ υἱέος ἄκρα κομάων.
 γνωτῆ, ἐπολβίζω σε, καὶ εἰ κτάνες υἱέα μήτηρ· 325
 ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἀκταίωνος ἀμειβομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς
 νεβρὸν ἐγὼ δάκρυσα, καὶ υἱέος ἀντὶ καρῆνου
 μηκεδανὴν ἐλάφοιο νόθην κτερέιξα κεραίην.

σῆς δ’ ὀδύνης ἐλάχεια παραίφασις, ὅττι θανόντος
 οὐκ ἴδες ἄλλοῖον τύπον υἱέος, οὐ τρίχα νεβροῦ, 330
 οὐ χηλὴν ἀνόνητον ἐκούφισας ἢ κεραίην·

μούνῃ δ’ ἔδρακον υἱά νόθον νέκυν, ἄλλοφυῆ δὲ
 καὶ στικτὴν καὶ ἄναυδον ἐκώκυν εἰκόνα μορφῆς,
 καὶ μήτηρ ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούω.

ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα, Διὸς φιλοπάρθενε κούρη, 335
 ἀνδρὸς ἐμοῦ σέο Φοῖβον Ἀρισταίωιο τοκῆα
 εἰς ἔλαφον μετάμειψον ἐμὴν βροτοειδέα μορφήν·

δὸς χάριν Ἀπόλλωνι· μετ’ Ἀκταίωνα δὲ δειλὴν
 τοῖς αὐτοῖς σκυλάκεσσι καὶ Ἄυτονόην πόρε φορβὴν
 ἢ κυσὶν ὑμετέροισιν· ἐσαθρήσῃ δὲ Κιθαιρῶν 340

μητέρα καὶ μετὰ παῖδα κυνοσπάδα· μηδέ με δειλὴν
 σῶν ἐλάφων μεθέπουσαν ἴσην κεραελκέα μορφήν
 ἄγρια μαστίζουσα τεῇ ζεύξιαι ἀπήνη.

χαῖρε φυτὸν Πενθῆος, ἀμείλιχε χαῖρε Κιθαιρῶν·
 χαίρετε καὶ νάρθηκες ἀμερσινούου Διονύσου· 345

σώζέό μοι, Φαέθων τερψίμβροτε· λάμπε κολώναις·
 λάμπε καὶ ἀμφοτέροις, Λητωίδι καὶ Διονύσω·
 εἰ δὲ τεαῖς ἀκτίσι καὶ ἀνέρας οἶσθα δαμάσσαι,

these words : ' Wayfarer, I am the body of Pentheus ; the cherishing womb of Agauë brought me forth, and the murdering hand of Agauë slew her son.' "

³²⁰ So spoke the maddened creature in words of sanity—and while she lamented, Autoñoë spoke with a sorrowful voice of consolation :

³²² " I envy and desire your unhappiness, Agauë ; 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 Autoñoë 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

NONNOS

σῶ καθαρῶ πυρὶ βάλλε καὶ Ἀυτονόην καὶ Ἀγαύην·
 ἔσσο δὲ Πάσιφάης τιμήροσ, ὄφρα γελάσσης 350
 Ἀρμονίης γενέτειραν ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην.”

Εἶπε, καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνος ὀδύρετο μᾶλλον Ἀγαύη.
 καὶ νέκυν, ὃν κατέπεφνε, φίλη τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ
 πίδακα δακρυόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσα προσώπου·
 καὶ τάφον εὐποίητον ἔτεκτῆναντο πολῖται. 355

“Ὡς αἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατηφέες· εἰσορόων δὲ
 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, φιλοθρήνους δὲ γυναῖκας
 μυρομένασ ἀνέκοψεν, ἐπεὶ στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστη
 λυσίπονον κεράσασ μελιηδέϊ φάρμακον οἴνω
 δῶκε ποτὸν ληθαῖον· ὀδυρομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου 360
 πένθιμον ἐπρήνυε γόον παιήوني μύθῳ·

ἀμφοτέρας δ' εὐνησε καὶ Ἀυτονόην καὶ Ἀγαύην,
 ἐλπίδος ἔσσομένησ πρωτάγγελα θέσφατα φαίνων.
 Ἰλλυρίην δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐς Ἑσπερίου χθόνα πόντου
 Ἀρμονίην λιπόπατρην ὁμόστολον ἤλικι Κάδμῳ 365
 ἀμφοτέρους πόμπευεν ἀλήμονας, οἷσ χρόνος ἔρπων
 ὤπασε πετρήεσσαν ἔχειν ὀφιδέα μορφήν.

Καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνας ἔχων
 καὶ λύγκασ ἱμάσσων
 ἀβρὸς ἀσιγήτοισιν ἐκώμασε Βάκχος Ἀθήναισ.

^a He identifies Apollo with the Sun, and his arrows with its rays.

^b Since Pasiphaë's trouble arose from hideously mis-

to destroy men also with thy rays,^a strike with thy pure fire Autoñoë and Agauë. Be Pasiphaë's avenger,^b to plague with a laugh Harmonia's mother Aphrodite."

³⁵² She spoke ; and Agauë childmurderer 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 Autoñoë 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

Ἔρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἑβδομον,
ὀππόθι Περσεὺς
καὶ μόρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἄβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.

Ἦδη δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο Φήμη
ἄγγελος αὐτοβόητος ἐρισταφύλου Διονύσου
Ἀθίδι φοιτήσαντος· ἀκοιμήτου δὲ Λυαίου
εἰς χορὸν εὐώδινες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι.
καὶ πολὺς ἔβρεμε κῶμος· ὀμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται 5
εἵμασι δαιδαλέοισιν ἀνεχλαίνωσαν ἀγνιάς
χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσιν· ἀεξιφύτιο δὲ Βάκχου
ἡμερίδων πετάλοισιν ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀθῆναι
αὐτόματοι· φιάλας δὲ σιδηροφόρων διὰ μαζῶν
στήθεσι μυστιπόλοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο γυναῖκες, 10
παρθενικαὶ δ' ἐχόρευον, ἐπεστέψαντο δὲ κόρησ

^a 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,

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 Lyaïos. 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 wreathed 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*?) *mysterics* with (some Dionysiac emblem, such as vine-leaves)." Marcellus conjectures *φάλλους* here and ix. 125, xlvi. 278, where it makes sense although there is no evidence in support.

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ἄνθει κισσῆεντι περίπλοκον Ἀθίδα χαίτην.
 Ἴλισσός δ' ἐλέλιζε περὶ πτόλιν ἔμπνοον ὕδωρ
 κυδαίνων Διόνυσον· ὁμοζήλω δὲ χορείη
 Εὐιον ἐκρούοντο μέλος Κηφισίδες ὄχθαι. 15
 φυταλιῇ δ' ἀνέτελλεν, ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ κόλπου
 αὐτοφυῆς γλυκεροῖο πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο
 βότρυς ἐλαιήεντος ἐφοινίχθη Μαραθῶνος,
 καὶ δρύες ἐψιθύριζον, ἀνοιγομένων δὲ πετήλων
 δίχροον ἠρεύγοντο ῥόδον λειμωνίδες ὦραι, 20
 καὶ κρίνον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι.
 καὶ Φρυγίοις αὐλοῖσιν ἐπέκτυπεν αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης,
 καὶ δίδυμον κελάδημα δόναξ ἐλίγαιεν Ἀχαρνεὺς
 θλιβόμενος παλάμησιν· ὁμογλώσσω δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 Μυγδονίῃ βαρυδουπος ὁμόθροος ἄζυγι κούρη 25
 δίθροον ἀρμονίην ἐπιδήμιος ἴαχε Βάκχη
 πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα νέη Πακτωλίδι νύμφη,
 καὶ φλόγα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνέσχεθε δίζυγι πεύκη
 ἀρχηγόνω Ζαγρῆι καὶ ὀψιγόνω Διονύσῳ·
 μνησαμένη δ' Ἰτύλοιο καὶ ἰστοπόνου Φιλομήλης 30
 σύνθροος αἰολόδειρος ἀνέκλαγεν Ἀθίς ἀηδῶν,
 καὶ Ζεφύρου λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωροφίην χέε μολπῆν,
 μνήστιν ὄλην Τηρήος ἀπορρίψασα θυέλλαις.
 Οὐδέ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πτόλιν. αὐτὰρ ὁ χαίρων
 Βάκχος ἐς Ἰκαρίου δόμον ἤλυθεν, ὃς πέλεν ἄλλων 35
 φέρτερος ἀγρονόμων ἑτερότροπα δένδρα φυτεύειν.
 ἀγραύλοισι δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευεν ἄλωεὺς
 ἀθρήσας Διόνυσον ἐπήλυδα, καλλιφύτων δὲ
 κοίρανον ἡμερίδων ὀλίγη ξείνισσε τραπέζῃ·
 Ἡριγόνῃ δ' ἐκέρασεν ἀφυσσαμένη γλάγος αἰγῶν' 40

* This line has attached to it an amusing bit of literary history. Bentley quoted it in his *Dissertation on Phalaris*, p. 25 of the edition of 1699, to show that the correct form of
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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^a 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^b 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^c 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.

^c Icarios's daughter.

NONNOS

ἀλλά ἔ Βάκχος ἔρυκε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ γεραιῶ
 ὤπασε λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἐγκύμονας ἀσκούς,
 δεξιτερῇ δ' εὐοδμον ἔχων δέπας ἠδέος οἴνου
 ὤρεγεν Ἰκαρίῳ· φιλίῳ δ' ἠσπάζετο μύθῳ·

“ Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον,

ὃ μὴ δεδάασιν Ἀθῆναι. 45

ὦ γέρον, ὀλβίζω σε· σὲ γὰρ μέλψουσι πολῖται
 τοῖον ἔπος βοῶντες, ὅτι κλέος εὗρεν ἐλέγξαι
 Ἰκάριος Κελεοῖο καὶ Ἡριγόνῃ Μετανείρης.
 ζῆλον ἔχω προτέρης Δημήτερος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ
 ἄλλῳ γειοπόνῳ στάχυν ὄμπνιον ὤπασε Δηῶ. 50

Τριπτόλεμος στάχυν εὗρε,

σὺ δ' οἴνοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης·

ἴλαος οὐρανίῳ Γανυμήδει μῦθος ἐρίζεις,
 Τριπτολέμου προτέριοι μακάρτερε· θυμοβόρους γὰρ
 οὐ στάχυνες λύουσι μεληδόνας, οἰνοτόκοι δὲ
 βότρυνες ἀνδρομέης παιήονές εἰσιν ἀνίης.” 55

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ γεραιῶ
 ἀβρὸν ἐγερσινόοιο δέπας πόρεν ἔμπλεον οἴνου·
 καὶ πῖεν ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλωεύς,
 οἴστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἐυραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης·
 κούρη δ' ἀντὶ γάλακτος ἀφυσσαμένη χύσιν οἴνου 60
 ὤρεγε χειρὶ κύπελλον, ἕως ἐμέθυσε τοκῆα.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρον εὗρε κυπελλοδόκοιο τραπέζης,
 δόχμιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἐρισφαλὲς ἴχνος ἐλίσσω
 ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνεσκίρτησεν ἀλωεύς,
 Ζαγρέος Εὐῖον ὕμνον ἀνακρούων Διονύσω. 65

ἀγρονόμῳ δὲ γέροντι φυτηκόμος ὤπασε δαίμων
 κλήματα βοτρυόεντα, φιλεύια δῶρα τραπέζης·

^a 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 curetrouble 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,^a 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 winecheeked grape of my vintage. You alone ^b 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

^b 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 *γαίος* should be read, "you on earth rival Ganymede in heaven."

καί μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξεν ἀξιφύτῳ τινὶ τέχνῃ
κλάσσαι βοθριάσαι τε βαλεῖν τ' ἐνὶ κλήματα γύροις.

Ἄλλοις δ' ἀγρονόμοισι γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἄλωεὺς 70
δῶρα φέρων Βρομίοιο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην
οἰνοφύτους ἐδίδαξε φυτηκομίας Διονύσου·
καὶ νομίῳ κρητῆρι βαλὼν ῥόον ἄσπετον οἴνου
δαινυμένους ἠϋφραίνεν ἐπασσυτέροισι κυπέλλοις,
οἰνοδόκων θυόεσσαν ἀναπτύξας χύσιν ἀσκῶν. 75
καὶ τις ἐγερσινόοιο πίων ῥόον ἠδέος οἴνου
Ἡριγόνῃς γενετῆρα φίλῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

“ Εἰπέ, γέρον, πόθεν εὔρεσ

ἐπὶ χθονὶ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου;

οὐκ ἀπὸ Κηφισοῖο φέρεις ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
οὐκ ἀπὸ Νηιάδων μελιηδέα δῶρα κομίζεις· 80
οὐ γὰρ ἀναβλύζουσι μελίρρυτα χεύματα πηγαί,
οὐ ῥόος Ἰλισσοῖο χυτῶ φοινίσσεται ὀλκῶ·
οὐ ποτὸν ἔπλετο τοῦτο φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης,
ὀξύτατον μερόπεσσι φέρον κόρον· ἄλλοφυές δέ
καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο φέρεις γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ· 85
πάτριον οὐ πόμα τοῦτο λοχεύεται Ἀτθίς ἐλαίῃ·
λαρότερον δὲ γάλακτος ἔχεις ποτὸν ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
συμφερταῖς λιβάδεσσι μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος.
εἰ δὲ ποτὸν μερόπεσσιν ἀξιφύτων ἀπὸ κήπων
ἐκ καλύκων δεδάασιν ἄγειν ῥοδοπήχες Ὠραι, 90
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ καλέεσκον Ἀδώνιδος ἢ Κυθερείης
εἰαρινὸν πόμα τοῦτο, ῥόδων εὐοδμον ἔερσην.
λυσίπονον καὶ ξεῖνον ἄγεις ποτόν· ἠερίοις γὰρ
πλαζομένας ἀνέμοισιν ἐμὰς ἐκέδασσε μερίμνας.
μή σοι δῶρον ἔδωκεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄμβροτος Ἡβῆ; 95
μή σοι τοῦτο κόμισσε τετὴ πολιοῦχος Ἀθήνη;
οὐρανόθεν κρητῆρα τίς ἤρπασεν, ἔνθεν ἀφύσσει

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 viny 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 flowercups 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.

NONNOS

Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀθανάτοισι δέπας κεράσας Γανυμήδης;
 ξεινοδόκου Κελεοῖο μακάρτερε, μὴ σὺ καὶ αὐτὸς
 ἴλαον οὐρανόθεν ναέτην ξείνισσας Ὀλύμπου; 100
 πείθομαι, ὡς θεὸς ἄλλος ἐκώμασε σείο μελάθρω,
 καὶ φιλίης πόμα τοῦτο τεῆς διὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
 Ἄτθίδι δῶρον ἔδωκεν, ἅτε στάχυν ὠπάσε Δηῶ."

Ἔννεπε θαμβήσας γλυκερὸν ποτόν·

ἐκ στομάτων δὲ

ἠδυμανῆς ἀλάλαζε χέων ἄγραυλον ἀοιδήν. 105

Ἄγρονόμοι δ' ἀρύοντες ἐπασσυτέροισι κυπέλλοις
 πάντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀμερσινόω φρένας οἴνω·
 ὄμματα δ' ἐπλάζοντο, φιλακρήτοις δὲ κυπέλλοις
 ἄργυφα πορφύροντο παρήια, γειοπόνων δὲ
 στήθεα θερμαίνοντο, ποτῶ δ' ἐβαρύνετο κόρση, 110
 καὶ φλέβες οἰδαίνοντος ἐκυμαίνοντο καρήνου·
 τοῖσι δὲ δερκομένοισιν ἐσειέτο κόλπος ἀρούρης
 καὶ δρύες ὠρχήσαντο καὶ ἐσκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι·
 καὶ σφαλεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἀήθεος ἔμπλεος οἴνου
 ὕπιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπὶ χθόνα κάππεσεν ἀνήρ. 115

Καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων φονίω δεδονημένος οἴστρω
 τλήμονος Ἰκαρίοιο κατέτρεχε θυιάδι λύσση,
 οἰά τε φαρμακόεντα κερασσαμένου δόλον οἴνου,
 ὃς μὲν ἔχων βουπλήγα σιδήρεον, ὃς δὲ μακέλλη
 θωρήξας ἔο χειράς, ὃ δὲ σταχυητόμον ἄρπην 120
 κουφίζων, ἕτερος δὲ λίθον περίμετρον αἰείρων,
 ἄλλος ἀνεπτοίητο καλαύροπα χειρὶ τιταίνων,
 γηραλέον πλήσσοντες· ἐλὼν δέ τις ἐγγὺς ἰμάσθλην
 Ἰκαρίου τέτρηνε δέμας ταμεσίχροϊ κέντρῳ.

Καὶ μογέων χθονὶ πίπτε γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλωεὺς 125
 τυπτόμενος ῥοπάλοισιν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ τραπέζῃ

mixing-bowl from the sky,^a 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 Icaros 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

^a The constellation Crater.

NONNOS

τύψε μέθης κρητήρα, καὶ αἴθοπος εἰς χύσιν οἴνου
 ἡμίθανῆς κεκύλιστο· βαρνομένου δὲ καρήνου
 ἀγρονόμων πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίησι τυπέντος
 αἵμαλέη φοίνιξεν ὁμόχροον οἶνον ἔέρση. 130
 καὶ μόγισ ἐκ στομάτων ἔπος ἴαχεν "Αἰδι γείτων·

" Οἶνος ἐμοῦ Βρομίου, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης,
 ὁ γλυκὺς εἰς ἐμὲ μῦνον ἀμείλιχος· εὐφροσύνην γὰρ
 ἀνδράσι πᾶσιν ὄπασσε, καὶ Ἰκαρίῳ πόρε πότμον·
 ὁ γλυκὺς Ἡριγόνῃ πολεμήσιος· ἡμετέρην γὰρ 135
 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος ἐθήκατο πενθάδα κούρην."

Οὗ πω μῦθος ἔληγε· μόρος δὲ οἱ ἔφθασε φωνήν.
 καὶ νέκυσ αὐτόθι κείμε, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι κούρης,
 ὄμμασι πεπταμένοισιν. ἐν ἀστρώτῳ δὲ χαμεινῇ
 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυον ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο φονῆς 140
 οἶνοβαρεῖς, νεκύεσσιν εὐικότες· ἐγρόμενοι δέ,
 ὄν κτάνον ἀγνώσσοντες, ἀνέστενον· ὑψόθι δ' ὤμων
 νεκρὸν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀνήγαγον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
 ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
 ὠτειλὰς ἐκάθηραν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῆ· 145
 καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον, ὄν ἔκτανον ἄφρονι λύσση,
 ἀνδροφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐτυμβεύσαντο φονῆς.

Ψυχὴ δ' Ἰκαρίοιο πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῶ
 εἰς δόμον Ἡριγόνῃς· βροτέῃ δ' ἰσάζετο μορφῇ
 κοῦφον ὄνειρείης σκιερῆς εἶδωλον ὀπωπῆς, 150
 ἀνδρὶ νεουτήτῳ πανομοίος, εἶχε δὲ δειλὴ
 στικτὸν ἀσημάντοιο φόνου κήρυκα χιτῶνα,
 αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμώνοντα κονίη,
 ῥωγαλέον πληγῆσιν ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου.
 καὶ παλάμας ὠρεξε· νεοσφαγέων δὲ δοκεῦειν 155
 ὠτειλὰς μελέων ἐπεδείκνυε γείτονι κούρῃ.

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

NONNOS

παρθενική δ' ὀλόλυξε φιλοθρήνοις ἐν ὀνείροις,
 ὡς ἴδεν ἔλκεα τόσσα καρήατος, ὡς ἴδε δειλὴ
 λύθρον ἐρευθομένοιο νεόρρυτον ἀνθερεῶνος·
 καὶ σκιοίεις γενέτης ἔπος ἔννεπε πενθάδι κούρη· 160
 “ Ἐγρεο, δειλαίη, καὶ δίζεο σείο τοκῆα·
 ἔγρεο, καὶ μεθύοντας ἐμοὺς μάστευε φονῆας·
 εἰμὶ τεὸς γενέτης βαρυώδυνος, ὃν χάριν οἴνου
 ἀγρονόμοι δασπλήτες ἐδηλήσαντο σιδήρω·
 ᾧ τέκος, ὀλβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ κταμένοιο τοκῆος 165
 οὐ καναχὴν ἤκουσας ἀρασσομένοιο καρῆνου,
 οὐ πολιὴν ἐνόησας ἐρευθομένην ὑπὸ λύθρω,
 οὐ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίη,
 πατροφόνους κορύνας οὐκ ἔδρακες· ἀλλὰ σε δαίμων
 ἔκτοθι πατρὸς ἔρυκε, τεὴν δ' ἐφύλαξεν ὀπωπήν, 170
 μὴ μόρον ἀθρήσειε δαίζομένου γενετῆρος.
 αἵματι πορφύροντας ἐμοὺς σκοπίαζε χιτῶνας·
 χθιζὰ γὰρ οἴνωθέντες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις
 ἀγρονόμοι βλύζοντες ἀήθεος ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
 ἀμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο· δαίζομενος δὲ σιδήρω 175
 μηλονόμους ἐκάλεσσα, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἰωήν·
 μούνη δ' ὑστερόφωνος ἐμὸν κτύπον ἔκλυεν Ἴχθω
 θρήνοις ἀντιτύποισι τεὸν στενάχουσα τοκῆα.
 οὐκέτι κουφίζουσα καλαύροπα μεσσόθεν ὕλης
 εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα καὶ εἰς λειμῶνας ἰκάνεις, 180
 σὴν ἀγέλην βόσκουσα σὺν ἀγραύλω¹ παρακοίτη·
 οὐκέτι δενδροκόμοιο τεῆς ψαύουσα μακέλλης
 κῆπον ἐς εὐώδινα φέρεις ἀμαρῆιον ὕδωρ·
 ἀλλὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐμῆς ἀκόρητος ὀπώρης
 κλαῖε τεὸν γενέτην με δεδουπότα· καὶ σε νοήσω 185
 ὀρφανικὴν ζώουσαν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων.”

¹ So MSS. : Ludwich ἀγραύλου.

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.”

NONNOS

Ὡς φαμένη πτερόεσσα παρέδραμεν ὄψις ὄνειρου.
 κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη ῥοδέας ἤμυξε παρειάς,
 πενθαλέοις δ' ὀνύχεσσιν ἀκαμπέας ἔξεσε μαζούς,
 καὶ δολιχῆς προθέλυμνον ἀνέσπασε βότρυν ἐθείρης· 190
 καὶ βόας ἀθρήσασα παρισταμένους ἔτι πέτρη
 παρθένος ἀχνυμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·

“ Πῆ νέκυσ Ἰκαρίοιο, φίλαι φθέγγασθε κολῶναι·
 πότμον ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ἐθήμονες εἶπατε ταῦροι·
 πατρὸς ἐμοῦ κταμένοιο τίνες γεγάασι φονῆες; 195
 πῆ μοι ἐμὸς γενέτης γλυκὺς οἴχεται;

ἦ ῥα διδάσκων

γείτονα καλλιφύτοιο νέους ὄρηκας ὀπώρης
 πλάζεται ἀγρονόμοισι παρήμενος, ἢ τιτι βούτῃ
 δενδροκόμῳ παρέμιμνε συνέστιος εἰλαπινάζων;
 εἶπατε μυρομένη, καὶ τλήσομαι, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ. 200
 εἰ μὲν ἔτι ζῶει γενέτης ἐμός, ἔρνεα κήπου
 ἀρδεύσω παλινόρσος ἅμα ζώουσα τοκῆι·
 εἰ δὲ πατὴρ τέθνηκε καὶ οὐκέτι δένδρα φυτεύει,
 ἀθρήσω μόρον ἴσον ἐπὶ φθιμένῳ γενετῆρι.”

Ὡς φαμένη

205

ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 ἴχνια μαστεύουσα νεοσφαγέος γενετῆρος.
 οὐ δέ οἱ εἰρομένη θρασὺς αἰπόλος, οὐ παρὰ λόχμαις
 παρθένον οἰκτεῖρων ἀγεληκόμος ἔννεπε βούτῃς
 ἴχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀκηρύκτοιο τοκῆος,
 οὐ νέκυν Ἰκαρίοιο γέρων ἐπεδείκνυε ποιμῆν· 210
 ἀλλὰ μάτην ἀλάλητο· μόγις δέ μιν εὔρεν ἄλωεὺς
 καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσι δυσάγγελον ἴαχε φωνῆν,
 καὶ τάφον ἐγγὺς ἔδειξε νεοδμήτοιο τοκῆος.

Παρθενικῆ δ' αἰούσα σαόφρονι μαίνεται λύσση·
 καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα φίλῳ παρακάτθετο τύμβῳ 215
 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος, αὐτοχῦτοις δὲ

¹⁸⁷ 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:

¹⁹³ "Where is the body of Icaros? 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."

²⁰⁵ 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 Icaros, 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.

²¹⁴ 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

NONNOS

δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισι λελουμένον εἶχε χιτῶνα.
 χεῖλεσι δ' ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σιγὴν
 εἰς χρόνον· Ἡριγόνῃ δὲ κύων ὁμόφοιτος ἐχέφρων
 κνυζηθμῶ γοόωντι συνέστιχε πενθάδι κούρη, 220
 καὶ οἱ ὄδυρομένη συνοδύρετο· μαινομένη δὲ
 εἰς φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ἀνέδραμεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρω
 ἀγχνονίῳ σφίγξασα περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῶ
 αὐτοφόνῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιος ὤλετο κούρη, 224
 ἀμφοτέρους δονέουσα πόδας βητάρμονι παλμῶ· 226
 καὶ θάνε, καὶ μόρον εἶχεν ἐκούσιον·

ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρη 225

πυκνὰ κύων δεδόνητο, καὶ ἴαχε πένθιμον ἤχῳ 227
 ὄμμασι θηρείοισι νοήμονα δάκρυα λείβων.

Οὐδὲ κύων ἀφύλακτον ἐρημάδα κάλλιπε κούρη,
 ἀλλὰ φυτῶ παρέμιμνε ἐπήλυδα θῆρα διώκων, 230
 πόρδαλιν ἢ λέοντα· παρερχομένοισι δ' ὀδίταις
 νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἐπεδείκνυεν ἄζυγα κούρη
 δεσμοῖς ἀγχνονίοισι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι δένδρου.
 οἱ δὲ μιν οἰκτείροντες ἀνήιον εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
 ἴχνεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν, ἀπ' εὐπετάλων δὲ κορύμβων 235
 παρθενικὴν ἀδμήτα κατήγαγον· ἀγχιφανῆ δὲ
 γαῖαν ἐκοιλαίνοντο πεδοσκαφέεσσι μακέλλαις.
 τοῖς ἅμα καὶ πεπόνητο κύων πιτυτόφρονι θυμῶ,
 πενθαλέῳ δ' ἐβάθυνε πέδον τεχνήμονι ταρσῶ,
 θηγαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χυτῆς χθονὸς ἄκρα χαράσσω. 240
 καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐπεκτερείξαν ὀδίται·
 καὶ ξυνηῆς μεθέπων ὑποκάρδιον ὄγκον ἀνίης
 εἰς ἓν ἔργον ἕκαστος ἀνέδραμεν ὀξεί ταρσῶ·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μῦθος ἔμιμνε κύων παρὰ γείτονι τύμβῳ
 Ἡριγόνῃς ὑπ' ἔρωτι, θελήμονι δ' ὄλολε πότμῳ. 245

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἐλέαιρεν· ἐν ἀστερόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ
 Ἡριγόνῃν στήριξε Λεοντείῳ παρὰ νώτῳ·

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.

²²⁹ 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.

²⁴⁶ Father Zeus had pity, and he placed Erigone in the company of the stars near the Lion's back.

NONNOS

παρθενική δ' ἄγραυλος ἔχει στάχυν· οὐ γὰρ αἰείρειν
ἤθελεν οἴνοπα βότρυν ἐοῦ γενέταο φονῆα.

Ἰκάριον δὲ γέροντα συνήλυδα γείτοσι κούρη 250
εἰς πόλον ἀστερόφοιτον ἄγων ὀνόμηγε Βοώτην

φαιδρόν, Ἀμαξαίης ἐπαφώμενον Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου·
καὶ Κύνα μαρμαίροντα καταΐσσοντα Λαγωῦ
ἔμπυρον ἄστρον ἔθηκεν, ὅπη περὶ κυκλον Ὀλύμπου 255
ποντιάς ἀστερόεντι τύπῳ ναυτίλλεται Ἀργῷ.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἔπλασε μῦθος Ἀχαικὸς ἠθάδα πειθῶ
ψεύδει συγκεράσας· τὸ δ' ἐτήτυμον, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
ψυχὴν Ἡριγόνης σταχυώδεις ἀστέρι Κούρης

οὐρανίης ἐπένειμεν ὀμόζυγον, αἰθερίου δὲ 260
ἄγχι Κυνὸς κύνα θῆκεν ὁμοίον εἶδει μορφῆς,
Σείριον, ὃν καλέουσιν ὀπωρινόν, Ἰκαρίου δὲ
ψυχὴν ἠερόφοιτον ἐπεξύνωσε Βοώτη.

καὶ τὰ μὲν οἰνοφύτῳ Κρονίδης πόρεν Ἀτθίδι γαίῃ,
ἐν γέρας ἐντύνων καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Διόνυσῳ.

Ἴλισσοῦ δὲ ρέεθρα μελίρρυτα Βάκχος ἑάσας 265
ἄβρὸς ἐς ἀμπελόεσσας ἐκώμασεν ἄντυγα Νάξου·
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν περὰ πάλλεν Ἔρως θρασύς,

ἐρχομένου δὲ

μελλογάμου Κυθήρεια προηγεμόνευε Λυαίου.

ἄρτι γὰρ ὑπνώουσας ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖσιν ἑάσας 270
παρθενικὴν λιπόπατριν ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε Θησεύς,
συνθεσίας δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν. ὑπναλέην δὲ
ἀθρήσας Διόνυσος ἐρημαίην Ἀριάδην

^a He turned into Canis Minor, not Sirius.

^b That the souls of the dead can turn into stars is a doctrine as old at least as Aristophanes (*Peace* 832), and Nonnos uses it to reconcile two divergent sets of star-myths.

^c 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 Icaros 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.

²⁵⁶ 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 Icaros he combined with Boötes in the heavens.^b These are the gifts of Cronides to the vinelands of Attica, offering one honour to Pallas and Dionysos together.

²⁶⁵ 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 Lyaïos 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 ἔρωτα· χοροπλεκέεσσι δὲ Βάκχαις
γλώσση θαμβαλή πεφυλαγμένον ἔννεπε μῦθον·

“ Βασσαρίδες, μὴ ρόπτρα τινάξατε,
μὴ κτύπος ἔστω 275

ἢ ποδὸς ἢ σύριγγος· εἶσατε Κύπριν ἰαυεῖν·
ἀλλ’ οὐ κεστὸν ἔχει σημάντορα Κυπρογενείης.
πείθομαι, ὡς δολόεντι Χάρις νυμφεύεται Ὑπνω·
ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ ὄρθρος ἔλαμψε καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἡώς,
Πασιθέην εὐδουσαν ἐγείρατε· τίς παρὰ Νάξω, 280
τίς Χάριν ἐχλαίνωσεν ἀνείμονα; μὴ πέλεν Ἡβη;
ἀλλὰ δέπας μακάρων τίνι κάλλιπε; μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
κέκλιται αἰγλήεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη;
καὶ πόθεν Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐθήμονος ἐκτὸς ἰαυεῖ;
μὴ Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῖσι δοκεύω; 285
ἀλλ’ οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχει ροδόεν δέμας· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
Ναξιάς ἰοχέαιρα πόνων ἀμπαύεται ἄγρης,
θηροφόνους ἰδρώτας ἀποσμήξασα θαλάσση·
τίκτει γὰρ γλυκὺν ὕπνον αἰεὶ πόνος· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
Ἄρτεμιν ἐλκεχίτωνα τίς ἔδρακε; μίμνετε, Βάκχαι· 290
στήθι, Μάρων· μὴ δεῦρο χορεύσατε· λῆγε λιγαίνων,
Πάν φίλε, μὴ σκεδάσειας ἐώιον ὕπνον Ἀθήνης·
καὶ τίνι Παλλὰς ἔλειπεν ἐὸν δόρυ; καὶ τίς ἀείρει
χαλκείην τρυφάλειαν ἢ αἰγίδα Τριτογενείης; ”

Τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Βάκχος· ἀπὸ ψαμάθοιο δὲ δειλῆ 295
ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσασα δυσίμερος ἔγρετο κούρη,
καὶ στόλον οὐκ ἐνόησε καὶ οὐ πόσιν ἠπεροπῆα·
ἀλλὰ σὺν ἀλκυόνεσσι Κυδωνιάς ἔστετε νύμφη
ἠίονας μεθέπουσα, βαρύβρομον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων·
ἠίθεον δ’ ὀνόμηεν· ἐμαίνετο δ’ ἐγγύθι πόντου 300
ὀλκάδα διζομένη· φθονερῶ δ’ ἐπεμήνιεν ὕπνω,

with wonder, and spoke out his admiration cautiously to the danceweaving Bacchantes :

²⁷⁵ “ 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 !^a 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, Bacchantes—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 ? ”

²⁹⁵ 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^b 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

^a See Hom. *Il.* xiv. 270-276.

^b Cretan.

NONNOS

καὶ Παφίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐμέμφετο μητρὶ θαλάσση·
καὶ Βορέην ἰκέτευε, καὶ ὄρκιον εἶπεν ἀήτην,
ὄρκιον Ὠρείθυιαν, ὅπως πάλιν εἰς χθόνα Νάξου
κουῖρον ἄγοι,

γλυκερὴν δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὀλκάδα λεύσση· 305
Αἰόλον ἦτεε μᾶλλον ἀθελγέα· λισσομένη δὲ
πέιθετο καὶ κατένευσε, καὶ ἀντικέλευθον ἀήτην
πέμφεν, ἵνα πνεύσειε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ κούρης
οὐ Βορέης ἀλέγιζε δυσίμερος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθενικῇ κοτέοντο τάχα ζηλήμονες αὔραι, 310
αἱ τότε νῆα κόμισσαν εἰς Ἀτθίδα· παρθενικὴν δὲ
αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ θάμβησεν, ἀπενθήτω δ' ἐνὶ Νάξῳ
εἰσιδέειν ἐδόκησεν ὀδυρομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἦν δὲ φαεινότερῃ καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσι, καὶ μιν ἀνίη
ἀχθυμένην κόσμησε· κινυρομένη δ' Ἀριάδνη 315
εἵκαθεν εἰς κρίσιν ἦκα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη
ἱμερόεν γελώωσα, καὶ εἵκαθεν ὄμματα Πειθούσ
καὶ Χαρίτων καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐπήρατα δάκρυσι κούρης.
ὄψέ δὲ δακρυόεσσα τόσσην ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·

“ Ὑπνος ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ἦλθεν,

ἕως γλυκὺς ὤχετο Θησεύς· 320
αἶθε με τερπομένην¹ ἔτι κάλλιπεν· ὑπναλή δὲ
Κεκροπίην ἐνόησα, καὶ ἔνδοθι Θησεός αὐλῆς
ἄβρὸς ἔην ὑμέναιος ἀειδομένης Ἀριάδνης
καὶ χορός, ἡμετέρῃ δ' ἐπεκόσμεε τερπομένη χεῖρ
εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισι τεθηλότα βωμὸν Ἐρώτων· 325
καὶ γάμιον στέφος εἶχον· ἔην δέ μοι ἐγγύθι Θησεὺς
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισι θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτη.
ὦμοι, ποῖον ὄνειρον ἴδον γλυκύν· ἀλλὰ με φεύγων
ὤχετο καλλεΐφας ἔτι παρθένον· ἴλαθι, Πειθῶ·
ταῦτά μοι ἀχλυόεσσα γαμοστόλος ὤπασεν ὀρφνῇ, 330

¹ So MSS.: Ludwich μετερχομένην.

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 child-bed, Plutarch, *Thes.* 20.

NONNOS

καὶ φθονερὴ τάδε πάντα φαεσφόρος ἤρπασεν Ἥως·
 ἐγρομένη δ' οὐχ εὖρον ἐμὸν πόθον· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐταὶ
 εἰκόνες ἀντιτύπων ζηλήμονές εἰσιν Ἐρώτων,
 ὅττι τελεσσιγάμων ἀπατήλιον ὄψιν ὄνειρων
 ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησα, καὶ ἱμερόεις φύγε Θεσεύς; 335
 εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ φίλος Ὑπνος ἀνάρσιος· εἶπατε, πέτραι,
 εἶπατέ μοι δυσέρωτι· τίς ἤρπασεν ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;
 εἰ Βορέης πνεύσειεν, ἐς Ὀρείθυιαν ἰκάνω·
 ἀλλὰ μοι Ὀρείθυια χολώεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
 αἶμα φέρει Μαραθῶνος, ὅθεν φίλος ἔπλετο Θεσεύς. 340
 εἰ Ζέφυρος κλονέει, Ζεφυρηίδι δείξατε νύμφη
 Ἴριδι μητρὶ Πόθοιο βιαζομένην Ἀριάδην·
 εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασύς Εὐρος, ἐς ἠριγένειαν ἰκάνω
 μεμφομένη ῥοθίων ἀνέμων δυσέρωτι τεκούσῃ·
 δὸς κενεὴν πάλιν, Ὑπνε, φίλην χάριν, ἴσον ἐκείνῳ 345
 πέμπων ἄλλον ὄνειρον ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα νοήσω
 Κύπριδος ὑπναλέης γλυκερὴν ἀπατήλιον εὐνήν·
 μῦνον ἐμοῖς δῆθνον ἐπ' ὄμμασιν, ὄφρα νοήσω
 ἄπνοον οἴστρον Ἐρωτος ὄνειρεῖων ὑμεναίων.
 εἰ μὲν ἐς Ἀθίδα γαῖαν, ἐπὶ κλοπε νυμφίε Θεσεῦ, 350
 σὸν πλόον ἐκ Νάξιο μετήγαγον ἄρπαγες αὔραι,
 εἶπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ἐς Αἰόλον αὐτίκα βαίνω
 μεμφομένη φθονεροῖσι καὶ οὐχ ὀσίοισιν ἀήταις·
 εἰ δέ με τὴν λιπόπατριν ἐρημάδι πάρθετο Νάξω,
 καὶ σέθεν ἀγνώσσοντος ἀμείλιχος ἔπλεε ναύτης, 355
 ἤλιτεν εἰς Θεσηὰ καὶ εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Ἀριάδην·
 μηκέτι ναυτίλος οὗτος ἴδοι ποτὲ πομπὸν ἀήτην,
 μηδέ μιν ἀσταθέεσσι συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις
 ἴλαος ἀθρήσειε γαληναῖος Μελικέρτης·

^a The allusion is to the altars of Eros and Anteros, for
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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? ^a 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,^b 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 deceptive 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.

^b Cf. Hesiod, *Theog.* 378.

ἀλλὰ Νότος πνεύσειεν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶ Βορῆος· 360
 Εὐρον ἴδοι Ζεφύρου κεκρημένος· εἰαρινοὶ δὲ
 ποντοπόροις ὅτε πᾶσιν ἐπιπνεύουσιν ἀῆται,
 χειμερὶν τότε μῶνος ὀμιλήσειε θαλάσση.
 ἦλιτε ναυτίλος οὗτος ἀθέσμιος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ 365
 ἀασάμην ποθέουσα σαόφρονος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης.
 αἰθέ μιν οὐκ ἐπόθησα δυσίμερος· εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
 ὀππόσον ἡμερόεις, τόσον ἄγριος ἔπλετο Θησεύς·
 οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξεν ἐμὸν μίτον εἰσέτι πάλλων·
 οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξε παρ' ἡμετέρῳ λαβυρίνθῳ.
 αἰθέ μιν ἔκτανε ταῦρος ἀμείλιχος· ἴσχεο, φωνή, 370
 ἀφροσύνης, μὴ κτεῖνε νέον γλυκύν· ὦμοι Ἐρώτων·
 Θησεὺς ἔπλεε μῶνος ἐς εὐώδινας Ἀθήνας.
 οἶδα, πόθεν με λέλοιπε· μῆς τάχα παρθενικάων
 σύμπλοον ἔσχεν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐν Μαραθῶνι χορεύει 375
 εἰς ἐτέρης γάμον ἄλλον, ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι Νάξον ὀδεύω.
 παστὸς ἐμὸς πέλε Νάξος, ἐπὶ κλοπε νυμφίε Θησεῦ·
 ὦλεσα καὶ γενέτην καὶ νυμφίον· ὦμοι Ἐρώτων·
 οὐχ ὀρώω Μίνωα, καὶ οὐ Θησῆα δοκεύω·
 Κνωσσὸν ἐμὴν προλέλοιπα,
 τεὰς δ' οὐκ εἶδον Ἀθήνας·
 πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην καὶ πατρίδος· ἃ μέγα δειλή, 380
 ἔδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ὕδωρ ἀλός· εἰς τίνα φεύγω;
 τίς θεὸς ἀρπάξει με καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα κομίσει
 Κύπριδι καὶ Θησῆι δικαζομένην Ἀριάδην;
 τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειε δι' οἴδατος; αἶθε καὶ αὐτὴ 385
 ἡμετέρης μίτον ἄλλον ἴδω πομπῆα κελεύθου·
 τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ μίτον, ὥς κεν ἀλύξω
 Αἰγαίης ἀλὸς οἶδμα καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα περήσω,
 ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἀριάδην,
 ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε τὸν ὄρκαπάτην παρακοίτην.

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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.

δέξό με σῶν λεχέων θαλαμηπόλον, ἦν ἐθειλήσης· 390
καὶ στορέσω σέο λέκτρα . . .

μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδην,
οἶά τε ληισθεῖσα· καὶ ὀλβίστη σέο νύμφη
τλήσομαι, ὡς θεράπαινα, πολύκροτον ἰστόν ὑφαίνειν
καὶ φθονεροῖς ὤμοισιν ἀήθεα κάλπιν αἰεῖρειν,
καὶ γλυκερῶ Θησῆι φέρειν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ· 395
μοῦνον ἴδω Θησῆα· καὶ ἡμετέρη ποτὲ μήτηρ
ἀγρονόμοις θήτευε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε νομῆι,
βοσκομένω δ' ὀάριζεν ἀφωνήτω τινὶ ταύρω,
καὶ βοῖ ταῦρον ἔτικτε· μελιζομένου δὲ βοτῆρος
πηκτίδος οὐ πόθον ἔσχεν, ὅσον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούειν. 400
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ψαύσαιμι καλαύροπος, οὐ παρὰ φάτνη
στήσομαι· ἡμετέρης δὲ παρέσσομαι ἐγγυὸς ἀνάσσης
φθειγγομένω Θησῆι, καὶ οὐ μυκηθμὸν ἀκούσω·
καὶ τεὸν ἡμερόεντα γάμων ὑμέναιον αἰείσω
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτουσα νεοζυγέος σέο νύμφης. 405
στήσον Ναξιάδεσσι παρ' ἧόσι ποντοπορεύων,
στήσον ἐμοὶ σέο νῆα· τί, ναυτίλε, καὶ σὺ χαλέπτεις;
ὡς ἄρα καὶ σὺ πέλεις Μαραθώνιος· εἰ μὲν ἰκάνεις
εἰς ἐρατὴν σέο γαῖαν, ὅπη δόμος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων,
δέξό με δειλαίην, ἵνα Κέκροπος ἄστου νοήσω· 410
εἰ δέ με καλλεΐψεις καί, ἀμείλιχε, ποντοπορεύεις,
εἰπέ τεῶ Θησῆι κινυρομένην Ἀριάδην,
μεμφομένην ἀτέλεστον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ὄρκον Ἐρώτων.
οἶδα, πόθεν Θησῆος ὑπόσχεσιν ἡπεροπῆος
θῆκεν Ἔρωσ βαρύμητις ἀνήνυτον· ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἥρης, 415
ἦν Ζυγίην καλέουσιν, ἀπειρογάμοιο θεαίνης
ὤμοσεν ἀχράντοιο γαμήλιον ὄρκον Ἀθήνης·
Παλλάδος ὄρκον ὄμοσσε·

τί Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ;''

Τοῖα κινυρομένης 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,^a 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' ἐνόησε καὶ οὔνομα Θησέος ἔγνω 420
καὶ στόλον ἐκ Κρήτης ἀπατήλιον· ἄγχι δὲ κούρης
ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἀμαρύσσετο· παρθενικὴν δὲ
φέρτερον εἰς πόθον ἄλλον ἐμάστιε κέντορι κεστῶ
θοῦρος Ἔρωσ περίφοιτος, ὅπως Μινωίδα κούρην
πειθομένην ζεύξειε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ. 425

καὶ κινυρὴν δυσέρωτα παρηγορέων Ἀριάδην
τοῖον ἔπος φάτο Βάκχος ἐῆ φρενοθελγεί φωνῇ·

“ Παρθένε, τί στενάχεις

ἀπατήλιον ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης;
μνήστιν ἕα Θησῆος· ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἀκοίτην,
ἀντὶ μινυθαδίου πόσιν ἄφθιτον· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει 430
ἡλικος ἠθέου βρότεον δέμας, οὐ ποτε Θησεὺς
εἰς ἀρετὴν καὶ κάλλος ἐριδμαίνει Διονύσῳ.

ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· ἄναετῆρα πεδοσκαφέος λαβυρίνθου
δισσοφυῆ φοίνιξεν ὁμόζυγον ἀνέρα ταύρῳ·
οἶδας ἀοσσητῆρα τεὸν μίτον· οὐ γὰρ ἀγῶνα 435
εὗρεν ἀεθλεύειν κορυνηφόρος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
εἰ μὴ θῆλυς ἄμυνε ροδόχρους· οὐ σε διδάξω

καὶ Παφίην καὶ Ἔρωτα καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀριάδνης.
αἰθέρος οὐκ ἐρέεις ὅτι μείζονές εἰσιν Ἀθηναί·
οὐ Δὺ παμμεδέοντι πανεῖκελος ἔπλετο Μίνως, 440
σὸς γενέτης· οὐ Κνωσσὸς ὁμοίός ἐστιν Ὀλύμπῳ.
οὐδὲ μάτην στόλος οὗτος ἐμῆς ἀπεβήσατο Νάξου,
ἀλλὰ Πόθος σε φύλαξεν ἀρειοτέροις ὑμεναίοις·
ὀλβίη, ὅττι λιπούσα χερεῖονα Θησέος εὐνήν
δέμνιον ἱμερόεντος ἐσαθρήσεις Διονύσου. 445

τί πλέον ἤθελες εὐχος ὑπέρτερον; ἀμφότερον γὰρ
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχεις, ἐκυρὸς δέ σοί ἐστι Κρονίων.
οὐ σοι Κασσιέπεια δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν
παιδὸς ἐῆς διὰ κόσμον Ὀλύμπιον· 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 :

⁴²⁸ " 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 Ἀνδρομέδῃ καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν
 ὤπασε Περσεύς· 450

ἀλλὰ σοὶ ἀστερόεν τελέσω στέφος, ὡς κεν ἀκούσῃς
 εὐνέτις αἰγλήεσσα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.”

Εἶπε παρηγορέων· καὶ ἐπάλλετο χάρματι κούρη
 μνήστιν ὄλην Θησῆος ἀπορρίψασα θαλάσση,
 οὐρανίου μνηστήρος ὑποσχεσίην ὑμεναίων 455

δεξαμένη· καὶ παστὸν Ἔρως ἐπεκόσμεε Βάκχῳ·
 καὶ χορὸς ἐσμαράγησε γαμήλιος· ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῶ
 ἄνθεα πάντα τέθηλε· καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι πετήλοις

Νάξον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο·
 καὶ θαλάμους ἐλίγαιεν Ἀμαδρυσάς, ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγαῖς 460

Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἦνεσε Νύμφη
 δαίμονι βοτρυνόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀριάδην·

Ὀρτυγίῃ δ' ὀλόλυξε, πολισσούχοιο δὲ Φοίβου
 γνωτῶ νυμφίον ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ
 εἰς χορὸν ἐσκίρτησε καὶ ἀστυφέλικτος εἶουσα. 465

πορφυρέοις δὲ ρόδοισι περίτροχον ἄνθος ἐρέπτων
 μάντις Ἔρως πυρόεις στέφος ἔπλεκε,

σύγχροον ἄστρων,
 οὐρανίου Στεφάνοιο προάγγελον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης
 Ναξιάδος σκίρτησε γαμοστόλος ἐσμός Ἐρώτων.

Καὶ ζυγίοις θαλάμοισιν ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις 470
 Χρυσοπάτωρ πολύπαιδα γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀκοίτης.

καὶ δολιχὴν πολιοῖο χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων
 μητέρος εὐώδινος ἐῆς ἐμνήσατο Ῥεῖης·

καὶ Χαρίτων πλήθουσας ἀμεμφέα Νάξον εἶσας
 Ἑλλάδος ἄστεα πάντα μετήιεν· ἵπποβότου δὲ 475

Ἄργεος ἐγγὺς ἴκανε, καὶ εἰ λάχεν Ἴναχον Ἥρη.
 οἱ δὲ μιν οὐκ ἐδέχοντο, χοροπλεκέας δὲ γυναῖκας
 καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκον, ἀπηρνήσαντο δὲ θύρσους,
 μή ποτε δηλήσαιοτο Πελασγικὸν ἔδρανον Ἥρη

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 vinegod: Ortygia^c cried aloud in triumph, and chanting a bridal hymn for Lyaïos 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

^a The constellation Corona.

^b The Graces.

^c Delos, or its nymph.

ζηλήμων, βαρύμηις ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίω· 480
 Σειληνοῦς δὲ γέροντας ἐρήτυον. ἀχνύμενος δὲ
 Ἴναχίδας Διόνυσος ὄλας οἴσטרησε γυναικας·
 μυκηθμῶ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀχαιίδες· ἀντομένοις δὲ
 ἔχραον ἐν τριόδοισιν· ἐπὶ σφετέροισι δὲ δειλαὶ
 ἀρτιτόκοις βρεφέεσσιν ἐπωξύνοντο μαχαίρας, 485
 ὧν ἡ μὲν ξίφος εἶλκε καὶ ἔκτανεν υἷα μῆτηρ,
 ἄλλη δὲ τριέτηρον ἀπηλοίησε γενέθλην,
 καὶ τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
 εἰσέτι μαστεύοντα φίλον γλάγος· ὄλλυμένων δὲ
 Ἴναχος ἀρτιτόκων βρεφέων ἐπεμαίνεται πότμω· 490
 μῆτηρ δ' ἔκτανεν υἷα, καὶ οὐ πόθος ἔπλετο μαζῶν
 παιδοκόμων, οὐ μνήστις ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο·
 Ἀστερίων δ', ὅθι πολλὰ θαλύσια μείζονος ἡβης
 ἠιθέων κείροντο λιπότριχος ἄνθεα κόρσης,
 αὐτοὺς παῖδας ἔδεκτο καὶ οὐκέτι βόστρυχα χαίτης. 495
 Καὶ τις ἰδὼν τινα λάτρην ἐπερχομένοιο Λυαίου
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε Πελασγίδας ἀστὸς ἀρούρης·
 “ Οὗτος ὁ βότρυν ἔχων, διφυὲς γένος· ἄξιον Ἥρης
 Ἄργος ἔχει Περσῆα καὶ οὐ χατέει Διονύσου·
 ἄλλον ἔχω Διὸς υἷα καὶ οὐ Βάκχοιο χατίζω. 500
 ποσσὶ πολυσκάρθμοισι πατεῖ Διόνυσος ὀπώρην·
 ἴχνεσιν ὑψιπόροισιν ἐμὸς γόνος ἡέρα τέμνει.
 μὴ κισσῶ δρεπάνην ἰσάζετε· καὶ γὰρ ἀρείων
 Βάκχου θυρσοφόρου δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς·
 εἰ στρατὸν Ἴνδὸν ἔπεφνεν, ἀέθλιον ἴσον ἐνίψω 505
 Γοργοφόνω Περσῆι καὶ Ἴνδοφόνω Διονύσῳ·
 εἰ δὲ πολυκλύστοιο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα πόντου
 ὀλκάδα λαϊνέην Τυρσηνίδα πῆξε θαλάσση,

* A river of the Argolid. Young people, on reaching
 406

her heavy wrath should press hard on Lyaïos ; they checked the old Seilenoi. Then Dionysos, angry, sent madness upon all the Inachian women. The women of Achaïa 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,^a 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 Lyaïos 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.^b 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.

κῆτος ὄλον περίμετρον ἐμὸς πετρώσατο Περσεύς.
 εἰ δὲ τεὸς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πόντῳ 510
 ὑπναλέην ἐσάωσεν ἐπ' ἠϊόνων Ἀριάδνην,
 δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδης πτερόεις ἀνελύσατο Περσεύς,
 ἄξιον ἔδνον ἔχων πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης·
 οὐ πως Ἀνδρομέδην Παφίης χάριν,
 οὐ ποτε Περσεὺς

Θησέος ἰμείρουσαν ἐὴν ἐρρύσατο νύμφην· 515
 ἀλλὰ σαοφρονέοντα γάμον λάχεν. ὡς Σεμέλην δέ,
 οὐ Δανάην πυρόεντες ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί·
 ἀλλὰ πατὴρ Περσῆος Ὀλύμπιος ὄμβρος Ἐρώτων
 χρύσεος εἰς γάμον ἦλθε,

καὶ οὐ φλογόεις παρακοίτης.
 οὐκ ἄγαμαί ποτε τοῦτον ἐγὼ πρόμον· ἐν παλάμῃ γὰρ 520
 ποῖον ἔχει δόρυ θοῦρον Ἀρήιον; ἴσχεο, Περσεῦ·
 Γοργοφόνῳ δρεπάνῃ μὴ μάρναο θήλει κισσῷ·
 μὴ σέο χεῖρα μίαινε γυναικείοισι κοθόρνοισι·
 μὴ κυνέην Ἀίδαο τεοῖς κροτάφοισι τινάξης
 στέμματος ἀμπελόεντος ἐναντίον· ἦν δ' ἐβελήσης, 525
 Ἀνδρομέδην θώρηξον ἀθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ·
 χάξέό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἑάσας
 Θήβης ἐπταπύλοιο πάλιν βάκχευε γυναικας·
 κτεῖνε νέον Πενθῆα· τί Περσεῖ καὶ Διονύσῳ;
 Ἴναχον ὠκυρέεθρον ἀναίνεο· καί σε δεχέσθῳ 530
 Θήβης Ἀονίης ποταμὸς βραδύς· οὐ σε διδάξω
 Ἀσωπὸν βαρύγουνον ἔτι ζείοντα κεραυνῶ·”

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν ἐπεγγελώων Διονύσῳ.
 Ἀργεῖν δὲ φάλαγγα Πελασγιάς ὤπλισεν Ἥρη·
 μαντιπόλῳ δ' ἠικτο Μελάμποδι· χωομένη δὲ 535
 Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῆι μαχήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Οὐρανίης βλάστημα γονῆς, κορυθαιόλε Περσεῦ,
 σὴν δρεπάνην ἀνάειρε, μὴ ἀπτολέμῳ τινὶ θύρσῳ

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 bed-fellow.

⁵²⁰ "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 ^a 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 sevingate 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." ^b

⁵³³ 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:

⁵³⁷ "Perseus Flashhelm, offspring of heavenly race! Lift your sickle, and let not weak women

^a The Cap of Darkness (*Tarnkappe*) by which he was made invisible in his adventures.

^b Cf. xxiii. 232.

NONNOS

ἀδρανέες τεὸν Ἄργος αἰστώσῃσι γυναῖκες
 μὴ τρομέοις ἓνα μῦνον ὄφιν ζωστήρα κομάων, 540
 ὅττι δαφεινήεσσα τεῆ θηροκτόνος ἄρπη
 λῆια τοσσατίων ὀφίων ἤμησε Μεδούσης·
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγι κορύσσειο· χαλκορόφου δὲ
 μνώεο παρθενεῶνος, ὅπη Δανάης διὰ κόλπου
 χρύσειον ὄμβρον ἔχευε γαμοκλόπον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς, 545
 μὴ Δανάη μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ χρυσέους ὑμεναίους
 οὐτιδανῶ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑπογνάμψειε Λυαίῳ·
 δείξον, ὅτι Κρονίωνος ἐτήτυμον αἶμα κομίζεις,
 δείξον, ὅτι χρύσειον ἔχεις γένος, οὐρανίου δὲ
 λέκτρα τεοῦ κήρυξον ἐχεκτεάνου υἱετοῖο· 550
 καὶ Σατύροις πολέμιζε· κορυσσομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 φοίνιον ὄμμα τίταινε δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,
 καὶ μετὰ πικρὸν ἄνακτα πολυκλύστοιο Σεριφου
 λαῖνεον νέον ἄλλον ἐσαθρήσω Πολυδέκτην.
 σὺν σοὶ πανδαμάτειρα κορύσσεται Ἄργολις Ἥρη 555
 μητρυιῇ Βρομίῳ· προασπίζων δὲ Μυκλήνης
 σὴν δρεπάνην κούφιζε σαόπτολιν, ὄφρα νοήσω
 ἐσπομένην Περσῆι δορικτήτην Ἀριάδνην·
 κτεῖνε βοοκραίρων Σατύρων στίχα· Βασσαρίδων δὲ
 ὄμματι Γοργεῖῳ βροτέην μετάμειψον ὀπωπὴν 560
 εἰς βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ὁμοῖον· ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
 κάλλιϊ πετρήεντι τεὰς κόσμησον ἀγνιάς,
 Ἰναχίαις ἀγορήσιν ἀγάλματα ποικίλα τεύχων.
 τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον, ὃν οὐ Διὸς ἤροσαν εὐναί;
 εἶπέ, τί σοι ῥέξειε; μετάρσιον ἠεροφοίτην 565
 πεζὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πότε πτερόεντα κιχήσει;”

Ἔννεπε θαρσύνουσα· καὶ

εἰς μόθον ἔπατο Περσεύς.

καὶ ναέτας καλέουσα Πελασγιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
 ὧν ὁ μὲν αἰχμητῆρος ἐκούφισε Λυγκέος αἰχμῆν,

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 Lyaïos 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 foot-farer 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

NONNOS

ὄς δὲ παλαιότεροιο Φορωνέος, ὄς δὲ Πελασοῦ, 570
 ἄλλος ἀνηέρταζεν Ἀβαντίδα χειρὶ βοεΐην
 καὶ μελίην Προΐτοιο, καὶ Ἀκρισίοιο φαρέτρην
 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κούφιζεν, ὃ δὲ θρασύς εἰς μόθον ἔστη
 ἄορ ἔχων Δαναοῖο, τὸ πέρ ποτε γυμνὸν αἰείρων
 θυγατέρας θώρηξεν ἐς ἀνδροφόνους ὑμεναίους, 575
 ἄλλος ἔην κρατέων πέλεκυν μέγαν, ὃν παρὰ βωμῶ
 Ἴναχος ἀστυόχοιο θυηπόλος ἔνθεος Ἥρης
 ἴστατο κουφίζων βοέων τμητῆρα μετώπων.
 καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεκῦδοιμος ἀερσιπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων
 ἔδραμε μαρναμένου μετὰ Περσέος· ὄς δὲ παρέστη 580
 τρηχαλέοις στομάτεσσι μάχης ἀλαλαγμὸν ἰάλλων,
 πεζὸς ἀνὴρ, καὶ τόξα συνήρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῆ,
 καὶ γλαφυρὴν ἤειρεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο φαρέτρην·
 καὶ πρόμος Ἀργείων

δρεπανηφόρος ἔπλετο Περσεύς,
 καὶ πόδας ἠερίοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε πεδίλοις, 585
 καὶ κεφαλὴν κούφιζεν ἀθηήτοιο Μεδούσης.

Λυσικόμους δ' Ἰόβακχος εἰς ἐκόρυσσε γυναῖκας
 καὶ Σατύρους κερόεντας· ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 ἠερίην πτερόεντος ἰδὼν προμάχοιο πορείην·
 χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον αἰερεν, εἰὼ προβλήτα προσώπου 590
 κουφίζων ἀδάμαντα, Διὸς πετρούμενον ὄμβρω
 λᾶαν, ἀλεξητῆρα λιθογλήνοιο Μεδούσης,
 ὄφρα φύγη σέλας ἐχθρὸν ἀθηήτοιο προσώπου.

Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἰδὼν
 καὶ θύσθλα Λυαίου,
 φρικαλέον γελῶν κορυθαιόλος ἔννεπε Περσεύς· 595

^a 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,

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.^a 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.

⁵⁸⁷ 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.^b

⁵⁹⁴ And Flashhelm Perseus when he saw the ranks of the Bassarids and the gear of Lyaios, laughed terribly and cried—

see Rose, *Handbook of Greek Mythology*, p. 272. For a like list, see Statius, *Theb.* iv. 589 ff.

^b Probably Dionysos protects himself with a diamond because this stone *venena vincit atque inrita facit et lymphationes abigit metusque vanos expellit a mente*, Pliny *N.H.* xxxvii. 61.

NONNOS

“ Ἡδὺς ὁ θύρσον ἔχων, χλοερὸν βέλος,
 εἰς ἐμὲ βαίνων
 οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι κορύσσειαι, Ἄρεα παίζων·
 εἰ Διὸς ἔλλαχες αἶμα, τεῖν ἀνάφαινε γενέθλην·
 εἰ ποταμοῦ χρύσειον ἔχεις Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ,
 χρυσὸν ἔχω γενετῆρα, πατὴρ δ’ ἐμὸς ὑέτιος Ζεὺς· 600
 ἦνίδε φοινίσσοντα θεμείλια παρθενεῶνος,
 λείψανα κείνα φέροντα ῥνηφενέος νιφετοῖο.
 ἀλλὰ φύγε κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐπεὶ μενεδήιος Ἥρη
 ἔλλαχεν ἔδρανα ταῦτα τεῆς ὀλέτειρα τεκούσης,
 μὴ σε τὸν οἰστρήσαντα καὶ οἰστρηθέντα τελέσση, 605
 μὴ σε πάλιν μανίη τεθωμένον ὀψὲ νοήσω.”
 Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἀνεπτοίησε δὲ Βάκχας
 Ἄρεα θωρήξασα καὶ ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης
 Ἥρη πανδαμάτειρα· καταιθύσσουσα δὲ Βάκχου
 ἀστεροπῆς μίμημα, θεόσσυτον ἀλλόμενον πῦρ, 610
 ῥῖψε κατὰ Βρομίιο σελασφόρον αἶθοπα λόγχην.
 καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἀμείβετο θυιάδι φωνῇ·
 “ Οὐ τόσον ἀστράπτουσαν ἔχεις ἀσίδηρον ἀκωκῆν·
 οὐ δύνασαι κλονέειν με, καὶ εἰ λάχες ἔμπυρον αἰχμήν·
 οὐδέ με πημαίνει στεροπὴ Διός· ἤμιτελῆ γὰρ 615
 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐχτυλώσαντο κεραυνοὶ
 ἀφλεγὲς ἄσθμα χέοντες ἀδηλήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
 καὶ σὺ μέγα φρονέων δρεπανηφόρε παύεο Περσεῦ·
 Γοργόνος οὐ μόθος οὔτος ὀλίζονος, οὐ μία νύμφη
 Ἄνδρομέδη βαρύδεσμος ἀέθλιον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ 620
 δῆριν ἄγει, ὃς Ζηνὸς ἔχει γένος, ᾧ ποτε μούνῳ
 Ῥεΐη μαζὸν ὄρεξε φερέσβιον, ὃν ποτε πυρσῶ
 ἀστεροπῆς γαμίης μαιώσατο μελιχίη φλόξ,
 ὃν δύσις, ὃν θάμβησεν Ἐωσφόρος, ᾧ στίχες Ἰνδῶν
 εἵκαθον, ὃν τρομέων καὶ Δηριάδης καὶ Ὀρόντης 625

⁵⁹⁶ "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."

⁶⁰⁷ 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—

⁶¹³ "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. Lyaïos is your enemy, the offspring of Zeus, to whom alone long ago Rhea 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

NONNOS

ἤλιβάτων ἀπέλεθρον ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων
 ἤριπεν, ᾧ θρασὺς Ἄλπος ὑπώκλασεν, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης,
 ἀγχινεφές περίμετρον ἔχων δέμας, ᾧ γόνυ κάμπτει
 λαὸς Ἀραιψ, Σικελὸς δὲ μελίζεται εἰσέτι ναύτης
 Τυρσηνῶν νόθον εἶδος ἀλίδρομον, ᾧν ποτε μορφήν 630
 ἀνδρομέην ἤμειψα μετάρτροπον, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν
 ἰχθύες ὄρχηστῆρες ἐπισκαίρουσι θαλάσση.
 Θήβης δ' ἐπταπύλου γόον ἔκλυες· οὐ σε διδάξω
 αἰνομανῆ Πενθήα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαυήν·
 φήμης δ' οὐ χατέεις ἢ μάρτυρος, ὅττι Λυαίου 635
 πειρήθη τεὸν Ἄργος, Ἀχαιάδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
 σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔτι στενάχουσι γυναικες.
 ἀλλά, φίλος, πολέμιζε, καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κορύμβοις
 αἰνήσεις τάχα Βάκχον, ὅτι πτερὰ σείο πεδίλων
 ὄψεται ἀρραγέεσσιν ἐμοῖς εἴκοντα κοθόροισ· 640
 οὐ ποτε Βασσαρίδων σκεδάσεις μόθον, οὐ ποτε λήξω
 πέμπων οἶνοπα θύρσον, ἕως τεὸν Ἀργεῖ δειξῶ
 ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι πεπαρμένον ἀνθρεῶνα
 καὶ δρέπανον πετάλοις νικώμενον· οὐ σε σαώσει
 Ζεὺς ἐμός, οὐ γλαυκῶπις ὁμόγνιος, οὐ σέθεν Ἥρη, 645
 καὶ μάλα περ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
 ἀλλὰ κατακτείνω σε, καὶ αὐχήμεσσα Μυκῆνη
 ὄψεται ἀμηθέντα τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης·
 ἢ σε περισφίγξας ἐνὶ λάρνακι μείζονι δεσμῶ
 πλωτὸν ἀκοντίζω σε τὸ δεύτερον ἠθάδι πόντῳ· 650
 ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἐπίβηθι τεῆς πάλιν ὄψε Σεριφου.
 ἦν δὲ τεῆ χρυσέῃ μεγαλίζεαι ἀμφὶ γενέθλη,
 οὐτιδανῆν συνάεθλον ἔχε χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην·”

Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχιζεν· ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον. ὑπὲρ Βρομίον δὲ καρῆνου 655
 αἰθύσσων πτερὰ κοῦφα μετάρσιος ἵπτατο Περσεύς·
 ὑψώσας δ' Ἰόβακχος εὖν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων

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 Agauë who slew her child ; you need no tale or witness how your Argos has felt Lyaïos, 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

ἄπτερος ὑψικέλευθος ἀείρετο μείζονι ταρσῶ
 ἵπταμένου Περσῆος ὑπέρτερος, ἑπταπόρῳ δὲ
 αἰθέρι χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ, 660
 καὶ νεφέλας ἔθλιψε· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Περσεὺς
 δεξιτερὴν ἀκίχητον ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
 ἡελίου ψαύουσαν, ἐφαπτομένην δὲ σελήνης.

Ἄλλὰ λιπὼν Διόνυσον ἐμάρνατο θυιάσι Βάκχαις·
 καὶ παλάμη δονέων θανατηφόρον ὄμμα Μεδούσης 665
 λαϊνέην ποίησε κορυσσομένην Ἀριάδην.

καὶ πλέον ἔβρεμε Βάκχος ἰδὼν πετρώδεα νύμφην·
 καὶ νύ κεν Ἄργος ἔπερσε καὶ ἐπρήνιξε Μυκήνας
 καὶ Δαναῶν ἤμησεν ὄλην στίχα, καὶ νύ κεν αὐτὴν
 μαρναμένην ἄγνωστον ἀνούτατον οὔτασεν Ἥρην 670
 μάντιος ἀντιτύποιο νόθη βροτοειδέι μορφῇ,

καὶ νύ κεν ὠκυπέδιλος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἔφθιτο Περσεὺς,
 εἰ μὴ μιν κατόπισθε φανεῖς πτερόεντι πεδίλῳ
 χρυσεῖης πλοκαμίδος ἐλὼν ἀνεσεύρασεν Ἑρμῆς,
 καὶ μιν ἀλεξικάκῳ φιλίῳ μειλίζετο μύθῳ· 675

“ Ζηνὸς γνήσιον αἶμα, νόθος ζηλήμονος Ἥρης,
 οἶσθα μὲν, ὧς σε σάωσα διπετεῶν ἀπὸ πυρσῶν,
 καὶ σε Λάμου ποταμοῖο θυγατράσιν

ὧπασα Νύμφαις
 εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, πάλιν δέ σε χερσὶν ἀείρων
 εἰς δόμον ὑμετέρης κουροτρόφον ἤγαγον Ἴνους· 680
 καὶ σὺ τεῶ ῥυτῆρι φέρων χάριν υἱέι Μαίης,
 γνωτέ, μάχην εὐνησον ὁμόγνιον· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
 Περσεὺς καὶ Διόνυσος ἐνὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος·
 μὴ στρατὸν Ἀργείων, μὴ μέμφεο Περσεός ἄρπην·
 οὐ γὰρ ἐκὼν ἐς Ἄρην κορύσσεται· ἀλλὰ μιν Ἥρη 685
 ὧπλισε, μαντιπόλου δὲ Μελάμποδος εἶδεῖ μορφῆς
 μάρναται ἀμφαδίην· σὺ δὲ χάζεο δῆριν 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 Bacchantes. 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 Danaäns, yea 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,^a 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.

NONNOS

μή σοι ἐπιβρίσειε πάλιν δυσμήχανος Ἕρῃ.
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις ἀλόχοιο τῆς μόρον· εὐκλεί πότμω
 μαρναμένη τέθνηκε, σὺ δὲ φθιμένην Ἀριάδην 690
 ὄφελος ὀλβίζειν, ὅτι τηλίκον εὖρε φονῆα
 οὐρανίης γεγαῶτα καὶ οὐ βροτῆς ἀπὸ φύτλης,
 κήτεος ἀμητῆρα καὶ ἵπποτόκοιο Μεδούσης·
 οὐ λίνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται· οὐρανίου γὰρ
 κάθθανεν Ἡλέκτρῃ Διὸς εὐνέτις, ὥχετο δ' αὐτῇ 695
 τῷ Διὶ νυμφευθεῖσα κασιγνήτῃ σέο Κάδμου
 Εὐρώπῃ μετὰ λέκτρον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑμετέρῃ δὲ
 εἰσέτι γαστρὶ φέρουσα τεὸν τόκον ὤλετο μήτηρ·
 οὐ Σεμέλῃ πρὸ μόροιο πύλας ἐπέρησεν Ὀλύμπου,
 ἀλλ' ὅτε πότμον ἔδεκτο. καὶ ὀλλυμένη σέο νύμφῃ 700
 ἴξεται ἀστερόφοιτον ἐς οὐρανόν, ἡμετέρης δὲ
 Πλειάδος ἑπταπόροιο φανήσεται ἐγγύθι Μαίης.
 τί πλέον ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον ἢ χθονὶ λάμπειν
 αἰθέρα ναιετάουσα μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδην;
 ἀλλὰ σὺ κάθθεο θύρσον, ἕα δ' ἀνέμοισιν Ἐννώ, 705
 καὶ βρέτας αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης,
 οὐρανίης στήριξον ὅπῃ βρέτας ἴσταται Ἕρῃς.
 μὴ πόλιν ἐκπέρσειας, ὅπῃ σέθεν αἶμα τοκήων,
 ὑμετέρης δὲ γέραιρε βοοκράϊρου πέδον Ἰοῦς
 εὐνήσας σέο θύρσον· Ἀχαιιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας 710
 αἰνήσεις μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ταυρώπιδος Ἕρῃς
 βωμὸν ἀναστήσουσι καὶ εὐθαλάμου σέο νύμφης."
 Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἄργος ἔασας
 εἰς πόλον αὐτίς ἴκανεν, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι κεράσσας
 θεσμὸν ὁμοφροσύνης καὶ Περσεί καὶ Διονύσω. 715
 οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον Ἀργολίς Ἕρῃ·
 ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα νόθην βροτοειδέα μορφήν

^a Because Pegasus 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^a 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^b Hera and your charming bride."

⁷¹³ 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 *βοῶπις*, which, though Nonnos cannot have known that, probably did originally mean "cow-faced."

NONNOS

θέσκελον εἶδος ἔχουσα πάλιν νόστησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 Ἰναχίη δὲ φάλαγγι γέρων ἀγόρευε Μελάμπους
 Λυγκέος ἀρχεγόνοιο θεουδέος αἶμα Πελασγοῦ. 720

“ Μαντιπόλῳ πείθεσθε καὶ οἴνοπι σείσατε Βάκχῳ
 σείσατε χάλκεα ῥόπτρα καὶ Εὐία τύμπανα Ῥείης,
 Ἰναχίην μὴ πᾶσαν αἰστώσειε γενέθλην,
 μὴ μετὰ νήπια τέκνα καὶ ἠβητῆρας ὀλέσση,
 μὴ τεκέων μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε γυναῖκας· 725
 ἀλλὰ θηηπολίην θεοτερπέα ῥέξατε Βάκχῳ
 καὶ Δίῃ, καὶ Περσῆι χορεύσατε καὶ Διονύσῳ.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν· ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
 Βάκχῳ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνακρούοντες αἰοιδῆν,
 καὶ τελετὰς στήσαντο· θεοκλήτῳ δὲ χορείῃ 730
 ῥόπτρα μὲν ἐπλατάγησεν, ἐπεκροτέοντο δὲ ταρσοί,
 καὶ δαῖδες σελάγιζον· ὀμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται
 μυστιπόλῳ χρίοντο παρήια λευκάδι γύψῳ·
 τύμπανα δ' ἐπλατάγησεν, ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ
 δίκτυπος ἔβρεμε δοῦπος· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ βωμοὶ 735
 σφαζομένων στοιχηδὸν ἐπασσυτέρων ἀπὸ ταύρων,
 κτείνεται δ' ἄσπετα μῆλα· καὶ ἀνέρες αἴθοπι βωμῶ
 Βάκχον ἐμειλίξαντο καὶ ἰλάσκοντο γυναῖκες·
 καὶ μέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐπέκτυπε θῆλυς ἰωὴ
 κῶμον ἀμειβομένη ζῳάγριον, Ἰναχίδες δὲ 740
 Μαινάδες ἐρρύψαντο λαθίφρονα λύσαν ἀήταις.

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
ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Δίξω τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὄγδοον αἷμα Γιγάντων,
Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπναλῆς τόκον Αὔρης.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ πορδαλίῳ ἐποχημένος ἄντυγι δίφρου
Θρηκίῃ περίφοιτος ἐκώμασε Βάκχος ἀρούρη,
ἵππιον ἀρχηγόνιο Φορωνέος οὔδας ἐάσας.
οὐδὲ χόλον πρήνυε παλίγκοτον Ἴναχίς Ἥρη
Ἄργεος οἰστρηθέντος, Ἀχαιιάδων δὲ γυναικῶν 5
λύσσης μνήστιν ἔχουσα πάλιν θωρήσσετο Βάκχῳ.
καὶ δολίᾳς ἀνέφαινε λιτὰς παμμήτορι Γαίῃ,
ἔργα Διὸς βοόωσα καὶ ἠνορέην Διονύσου
Γηγενέων ὀλέσαντος ἀμετρήτων νέφος Ἴνδῶν.
καὶ Σεμέλης ὅτε παῖδα φερέσβιος ἔκλυε μήτηρ 10
Ἴνδῶν ταχύποτμον αἰστώσαντα γενέθλην,
μνησαμένη τεκέων πλέον ἔστενε ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
αὐτογόνων θώρηξεν ὀρίδρομα φύλα Γιγάντων,
ὑφιλόφους ἔο παῖδας ἀνοιστρήσασα κυδοιμῶ.

“ Παιῖδες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσῳ 15
ἠλιβάτοις σκοπέλοισιν, ἐμῆς δ’ ὀλετήρα γενέθλης
Ἴνδοφόνον Διὸς νῖα κιχήσατε· μηδὲ νοήσω
σὺν Διὶ κοιραλέοντα 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,^a 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 remembered 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 Βάκχον, ὅπως θαλαμηπόλος εἶη,
 ὅπποτε Πορφυρίωνι χαρίζομαι εἰς γάμον Ἕβην 20
 καὶ Χθονίῳ Κυθέρειαν, ὅτε γλαυκῶπιν αἰείσω
 εὐνέτιν Ἐγκελάδοιο καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἀλκνονῆος·
 ἄξατέ μοι Διόνυσον, ἵνα Κρονίωνα χαλέψω
 δουλοσύνην ὀρόωντα δορικτήτοιο Λυαίου·
 ἢέ μιν οὐτάζοντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ 25
 κτείνατέ μοι Ζαγρῆι πανεῖκελον, ὄφρα τις εἴπη
 ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι Κρονίδαο γενέθλη
 Γαῖα χολωομένη διδύμους θώρηξε φονῆας,
 πρεσβυτέρους Τιτῆνας ἐπὶ προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ὀπλοτέρους δὲ Γίγαντας ἐπ' ὀψιγόνῳ Διονύσῳ." 30
 Ὡς φαμένη στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Γιγάντων.
 Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῶ.
 ὅς μὲν ἔχων Νυσαῖον ἐδέθλιον, ὅς δὲ σιδήρῳ
 ὑψινεφῆ κενεῶνα χαραδρήεντα κολάψας,
 αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ· 35
 ὅς δὲ λόφον πετραῖον ἀλικρήπιδος ἀρούρης,
 ἄλλος ἀλιζώνιοιο διαρρήξας ράχιν ἰσθμοῦ
 εἰς ἐνοπήν ἔσπευδεν. ἀμετρήτοισι δ' ἀγοστοῖς
 Πήλιον ὑψικάρηνον ἀνηκόντιζε Πελωρεὺς
 γυμνώσας Φιλύρης γλαφυρὸν δόμον· ἀρπαμένου δὲ 40
 ἀσκεπέος σκοπέλοιο γέρων ἐλελίζετο Χείρων,
 ἀνδροφνῆς ἀτέλεστος ὀμήλικι σύμπλοκος ἵππῳ.
 ἡμερίδων δὲ κόρυμβον ἔχων ὀλετῆρα Γιγάντων
 Βάκχος ἀερσιλόφοιο κατέτρεχεν Ἀλκνονῆος,
 οὐ δόρυ θούρον ἔχων, οὐ φοῖνιον ἄορ αἰείρων, 45
 ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέας παλάμας ἐδαίξε Γιγάντων,
 αἰχμάζων ἐλίκεσσι· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
 φρικτὰ πεδοτρεφέων ἐδαΐζετο φύλα δρακόντων·

• The masculine names belong to Giants.

bastard monarch of Olympos! Bind him, bind Bacchos fast, that he may attend in the chamber when I bestow Hebe on Porphyriion as a wife, and give Cythereia to Chthonios, when I sing Bright-eyes the bedfellow of Encelados, and Artemis of Alcyoneus.^a Bring Dionysos to me, that I may enrage Cronion when he sees Lyaïos 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^b 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 Alcyoneus 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.

τυπτομένων δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλῶν
 αὐχένες ἀμηθέντες ἐπωρχήσαντο κονίη. 50
 κτείνεται δ' ἄσπετα φύλα· δαΐζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων
 αἵματος ἀενάου ποταμοὶ ῥέον, ἀρτιχύτοις δὲ
 πορφυρέοις ῥοθίοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χαράδραι.
 Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐβακχεύοντο δρακόντων
 βόστρυχα δειμαίνοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου. 55
 Καὶ πυρὶ μάρνατο Βάκχος, ἐς ἡέρα δαλὸν ἰάλλων
 ἀντιβίων ὀλετήρα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
 Βακχιάς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπέτρεχεν ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
 γυιοβόρω σπινθήρι καταΐσσουσα Γιγάντων·
 καὶ τις ἀπειλητήρι φέρων σέλας ἀνθερεῶνι 60
 ἡμιδαῆς σύριζε δράκων πυριθαλπέι λαιμῶ,
 καπνὸν ἀποπτύων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἰάλλων.
 Καὶ κλόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρῆνων
 Βάκχος ἀνηώρητο μαχήμονα δαλὸν ἀείρων,
 καὶ χθονίῳ πρηστῆρι δέμας θέρμαινε Γιγάντων 65
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Διοβλήτοιο κεραυνοῦ·
 καὶ δαΐδες σελάγιζον· ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδου δὲ καρῆνω
 ἡέρα θερμαίνων ἐλελίζετο πυρσὸς ἀλήτης·
 ἀλλὰ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσε, καὶ οὐ χθονίου πυρὸς ἀτμῶ
 Ἐγκελάδος γόνυ κάμψεν, ἐπεὶ πεφύλακτο κεραυνῶ. 70
 Ἄλκωνεὺς δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ
 Θρηκίοις σκοπέλοις κεκορυθμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ
 ὑψινεφῆ κούφιζε ῥάχιν δυσχείμονος Αἴμου
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον, ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
 καὶ σκοπιῆν ἔρριψεν· ἐφαπτόμεναι δὲ Λυαίῳ 75
 νεβρίδος ἀρρήκτοιο διεσχίζοντο κολῶναι·
 Ἡμαθίης δὲ κάρηνα νέος γύμνωσε Τυφωεὺς
 ὑψιφανῆς, προτέρῳ πανομοίος, ὅς ποτε πολλοὺς
 ῥωγαλέους κενεῶνας ἐκούφισε μητρὸς ἀρούρης,

those tipping 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 everflowing 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 Alcioneus leapt upon Lyaïos 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 Lyaïos, 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

πετραίοις βελέεσσι καταιχμάζων Διονύσου. 80
 καί τινος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἄορ ἐρύσσας
 Βάκχος ἄναξ κεκόρυστο Γιγαντείοισι καρήνοισι,
 ἰοβόλων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεα λήια κείρων·
 καὶ στρατὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαΐζων 85
 μάρνατο λυσσήεις, χλοερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δένδρων
 κισσὸν ἔχων τανύφυλλον, ἀκοντιστήρα Γιγάντων.

Καὶ νύ κε πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἐὼ ρηξήνορι θύρσῳ,
 ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἐκὼν ἀνεχάζετο χάρμης,
 δυσμενέας ζῶντας ἐὼ γενετῆρι φυλάσσω.

Καὶ νύ κεν εἰς Φρυγίην ταχὺς ἔδραμεν ὠκέει ταρσῶ, 90
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλλος ἄεθλος ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα θανόντων
 τοσσατίων ἓνα φῶτα κατακτείνειει φονῆα

Παλλήνης γενέτην θανατηφόρον, ὅς ποτε κούρης
 οἶστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἀμαρτιγάμων ὑμεναίων
 συζυγίην ἀνέκοπτεν, ἀμετρήτους δὲ δαΐζων 95
 μελλογάμους μνηστήρας ἀπέθρισεν, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
 κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐφοινίσσοντο παλαίστραι,
 εἰσόκε Βάκχος ἴκανε Δίκης πρόμος· ἀγχιγάμου δὲ
 Παλλήνης δυσέρωτι παριστάμενος γενετῆρι 100
 ριγεδανῆς ὑμέναιον ἀτάσθαλον ἦτεε κούρης,
 ποικίλα δ' ὤρεγε δῶρα· καὶ αἰτίζοντι Λυαίῳ
 φρικτὸς ἀνὴρ κήρυξε παλαισοσύνην ὑμεναίων·
 καὶ μιν ἄγων ἐπέβησε κακοξείνοιο παλαίστρης,
 ὀππόθι τολμήεσσα δορυσσόος ἴστατο κούρη 105
 νυμφιδίην ὤμοισιν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοεῖην.

Καὶ τότε Κύπρις ἦν ἐναγώνιος· ἦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω
 γυμνὸς Ἔρως καὶ στέμμα γαμήλιον ὤρεγε Βάκχῳ,

* Sithon king of the Odomantes 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

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.^a 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 Lyaïos, 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 bridal shield on her shoulders.^b

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

ἦν δὲ παλαιμοσύνη νυμφοστόλος· ἀργυφέω δὲ
 ἄβρον ἀνεχλαίνωσεν ἐὼν δέμας εἴματι Πειθῶ
 νίκην μελλογάμοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου. 110
 καὶ βριαρῶν μελέων ἀπεδύσατο φάρεα κούρη,
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔθηκε γαμήλιον, ἄβροτέρη δὲ
 Σιθονὶς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀσάμβαλος ἴστατο κούρη,
 θηλυφανής, ἀσίδηρος, ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ δεσμῶ
 ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἴτυν μιτρώσατο μαζῶν. 115
 καὶ δέμας ἀσκεπὲς ἦεν, ἀμετρήτων δὲ κομάων
 ἀπλεκέες πλοκαμίδες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι κούρης,
 καὶ κνήμας ἀνέφαινε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν
 γυμνῆς φαινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μηροῖς
 ἤρμοσε λευκὸν ὕφασμα, γυναικείης σκέπας αἰδοῦς. 120
 καὶ χροὰ πιαλέω πεπαλαγμένον εἶχεν ἐλαίω
 καὶ παλάμας πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅπως ἀλύτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 ὑγρὸν ὀλισθήσειε πιεζομένη χροὰ κούρη.

Καὶ βλοσυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀπειλήσασα Λυαίω
 νυμφοκόμω μνηστῆρι παρίστατο, διχθάδιον δὲ 125
 αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔβαλλεν ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῶ·
 ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητον ἐὼν ἀνελύσατο δειρῆν
 Βάκχος ἀπορρίψας ἀπαλόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης,
 δεσμοῖς θηλυτέροισι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων·
 καὶ διδύμας στεφανηδὸν ἐπ' ἰξύι χεῖρας ἐλίξας 130
 Παλλήνην ἐτίναξε ποδῶν ἑτεραλκεί παλμῶ·
 καὶ ροδέης παλάμης ἐδράξατο, Κυπριδίην δὲ
 εἶχε παραιφασίην χιονώδεα χεῖρα πιέζων·
 οὐδὲ τόσον μενέαιεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παῖδα κυλίνδειν,
 ὅσσον ἐπιψαύειν ἀπαλοῦ χροός, ἠδέϊ μόχθω 135
 τερπόμενος· καὶ ἔκαμνε δολοπλόκον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
 ὡς βροτός, ἀμβολίη δὲ θελήμονι κάλλιπε νίκην.
 Παλλήνη δ' ἐρόεσσα πάλης τεχνήμονι παλμῶ
 θηλυτέραις παλάμησι δέμας κούφιζε Λυαίου·

bridal wreath. Wrestling was to win the bride : Peitho clad her delicate body in a silvery robe, foretelling victory for Lyaïos'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.

¹²⁴ She came up to Lyaïos 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 Lyaïos, but her woman's

NONNOS

οὐδέ μιν ἤερταζε, τόσον βάρος, ἀλλὰ καμουῖσα 140
 ἄρσενα γυῖα λέλοιπεν ἀκινήτου Διονύσου.
 καὶ θεὸς ἀντιτύπῳ περιδέσμιον ἄμματι χειρῶν
 παρθενικὴν ἐρόεσσαν ἐλών, ἅτε θύρσον αἰείρων,
 δόχμιον ἀμφιέλικτον ἐκούφισεν ὑψόθεν ὦμον· 145
 χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη βριαρῆν ἀπεσεύσατο κούρην,
 Παλλήνην δ' ἀτίνακτον ὄλην ἐτανύσσατο γαίῃ·
 καὶ δολίοις βλεφάροισιν ἐὼν ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπῆν,
 κούρης ἀβροκόμου κεκοιμένα γυῖα δοκεύων
 καὶ πλοκάμους ρυπόωντας ἀκηδέστοιο καρῆνου.
 ἀλλὰ παλινδίνητος ἀναΐξασα κονίης 150
 ὄρθιος ἐστήριξε τὸ δεύτερον ἴχνια κούρη·
 καὶ τροχαλῇ Διόνυσος ἀφειδέι γούνατος ὄρμῃ
 γαστέρα Παλλήνης κρατέων ἑτεραλκεί παλμῶ
 παρθενικὴν μενέαιεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο κυλίνδειν,
 καὶ παλάμας μετέθηκεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖσιν ἐλίξας 155
 αὐχένα κυρτώσας ἐπικάρσιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῳ
 μεσσατίῳ κύκλωσεν ὀπίστερα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
 ἢ σφυρὸν ἢ κνήμην δεδοκημένος ἢ γόνυ μάρψειν.
 καὶ θεὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἐκούσιος ἤριπε γαίῃ
 οὐτιδανῇ παλάμη νικώμενος· ἱμερόεν δὲ 160
 φάρμακον ἔσχεν ἔρωτος, ἐνὶ γλυκερῇ δὲ κονίῃ
 κουφίζων ἐρόεις ἐπὶ νηδύι φόρτον Ἐρώτων
 ὕπτιος αὐτὸς ἔμιμνε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσεύσατο κούρην,
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐσφήκωσε πόθου φρενοθελγεί δεσμῶ.
 ἢ δὲ ταχυστροφάλιγγι ποδῶν νωμήτορι παλμῶ 165
 ἴχνιον ἠώρησεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
 ἄρσενα λύσατο χεῖρα· θεὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονι ρίπη
 γυῖα μεταστρέψας ῥοδέην ἐτανύσσατο κούρην
 ἐν δαπέδῳ στορέσας· καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ κέκλιτο κούρη
 χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα· τιταινομένης δ' ἐπὶ πέζῃ 170
 εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῶ.

arms were not equal to raise that great weight ; she tired, and let go the masculine limbs of Dionysos immovable. 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.

¹⁵⁰ 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 lovmad 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.

NONNOS

Ὠκυτέροις δὲ πόδεσσι πατὴρ κατὰ μέσσον ὀρούσας
 ἀθλεύειν ἐθέλουσαν ἦν ἀνεσείρασε κούρην,
 καὶ γαμίην ἀνέκοψεν ἀεθλοσύνην ὑμεναίων
 νίκην ἡμερόεσσαν ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσω, 175
 μή μιν ἀποκτείνειεν ἔχων ἀστεμφεῖ δεσμῶ.
 καὶ Διὸς αἰνήσαντος ἀεθλοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
 γνωτὸν Ἔρωσ ἔστεψε γάμων πομπῇ κορύμβω
 ἡμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαισμοσύνην ὑμεναίων.
 καὶ πέλε τοῖος ἀέθλος ὁμοίος, ὥς ὅτε κούρην 180
 χρυσοφαῆ προπάροιθε γαμήλια δῶρα κυλίνδων
 Ἴππομένης νίκησεν ἐπειγομένην Ἀταλάντην.
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε νυμφοκόμοιο πάλης ἐτέλεσσε ἀγῶνα
 Βάκχος, ἔτι στάζων γαμίους ἰδρῶτας ἀέθλων
 Σιθόνα μὲν πρήνιξε τετυμμένον ὀξεί θύρσω, 185
 μνηστήρων ὀλετῆρα, κυλινδομένου δὲ κονίῃ
 κούρη θύρσον ἔδωκε μαιφόνον ἔδνον 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 Schoineus 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 Aphrodite, 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 up it 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

¹⁷² Then with swift feet her father leapt between them. The girl wanted to try again,^a 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.^b

¹⁸³ 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.

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καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύνυμος· ἀσιγήτω δ' ἐνὶ παστῶ
 Σειληνοὶ κελάδησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 καὶ Σάτυροι μεθύοντες ἀνέπλεκον ὕμνον Ἐρώτων 190
 συζυγίην μέλποντες ἀεθλοφόρων ὕμεναίων.
 Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ γείτονος ἰσθμοῦ
 νυμφιδίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείῃ,
 καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγγαντο, παρὰ Θρήικι δὲ πόντῳ
 ξεινοδόκος Βρομίοιο γέρων ὠρχήσατο Νηρεὺς, 195
 καὶ γαμίῃ Γαλάτεια περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση
 Παλλήνην ἐλίγαινε συναπτομένην Διονύσῳ,
 καὶ Θέτις ἐσκίρτησε, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἐρώτων,
 καὶ γαμίην ἔσπεφεν ἀλιζώνου ράχιν ἰσθμοῦ
 Παλλήνης ὕμεναιον ἀνευάζων Μελικέρτης· 200
 καὶ τις Ἀμαδρυάδων φλογερῇ παρὰ γείτοσι Λήμνῳ
 νυμφιδίῃ Θρήισαν Ἀθωιάς ἤψατο πεύκην.
 καὶ φιλίοις ὀάροισι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην
 μυρομένην γενετῆρα φιλεύιος εἶπεν ἀκοίτης·
 “ Παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸν δυσέρωτα τοκῆα· 205
 παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεῆς μνηστῆρα κορείης·
 τίς γενέτης ἔσπειρε καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε κούρην;
 σὸν κενεὸν λίπε πένθος, ὅτι κταμένοιο τοκῆος,
 Σιθόνος ὑμετέροιο, Δίκη γελόωσα χορεύει,
 χερσὶ δὲ παρθενίησι γαμήλιον ἀψαμένη πῦρ, 210
 ἢ γάμον ἀγνώσσοις, τεὸν γάμον εἰσέτι μέλπει,
 Οἰνόμαον πάλιν ἄλλον ὀπιπεύουσα θανόντα·
 Οἰνόμαος μὲν ὄλωλε, καταφθιμένου δὲ τοκῆος
 τέρπεται Ἴπποδάμεια σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτῃ.
 καὶ σὺ τεοῦ γενέταο πόθους ρίψασα θυέλλαις 215
 τέρπεο βοτρύοντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ,

^a The Isthmus of Pallene, westernmost of the three promontories of Chalcidice.

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 (Λήμνιον πῶρ) lingered into classical times.

^d There is a real resemblance between the legends, see note on 182.

μῶμον ἀλευομένη πατρώιον· οὐ σε διδάξω
 Σιθόνος ἐχθρόν ἔρωτα καὶ ἀμβολίην ὑμεναίων,
 ὃς φονίη παλάμη γαμβροκτόνον ἔγχος αἰείρων
 γηραλέην σε τέλεσσεν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης, 220
 συζυγίην δ' ἐκέδασσεν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
 μνηστήρων σκοπίαζε σεσηπότα λείψανα νεκρῶν,
 οὓς Παφίη κόσμησε καὶ ἔκτανε θοῦρις Ἐρινύς·
 ἠνίδε κείνα κάρηνα θαλύσια σείο μελάθρων,
 λύθρον ἔτι στάζοντα κακοξείνων ὑμεναίων. 225
 Σιθόνος οὐ μεθέπεις χθόνιον γένος· οὐράνιος δὲ
 πείθομαι ὡς σε λόχευσε τεὸς Θρηϊκίος Ἄρης,
 πείθομαι, ὡς Κυθήρεια τεῖη ὠδινε γενέθλην·
 καὶ σὺ τεῶν διδύμων ἀπεμάξασθαι θεσμὰ τοκήων,
 Ἄρεος ἠῆθος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀγλαΐην Ἀφροδίτης· 230
 πείθομαι, ὡς σε φύτευσεν ἄναξ ἑναγώνιος Ἑρμῆς
 ἄβρὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς,
 καὶ σε παλαιμοσύνην ἐδιδάξατο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων."

Εἶπε παρηγορέων ἀχέων παιήονι μύθῳ,
 μυρομένης δ' εὐνήσεν ἐπήρατα δάκρυα κούρης. 235
 καὶ γαμῆς δῆθυνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐγγύθι νύμφης
 τερπόμενος φιλότῃτι νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων.

Παλλήνης δὲ μέλαθρα λιπῶν καὶ Θρηῆκα Βορῆα
 Ῥείης εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν, ὅπῃ Φρυγίη παρὰ πέζῃ
 δαίμονος εὐώδινος ἔσαν Κυβελήϊδες αὐλαί. 240
 ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσα παρὰ σφυρὰ Δίνδυμα πέτρης
 Ῥυνδακίς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀέξετο παρθένος Αὔρη,
 εἰσέτι νῆις Ἐρωτος, ὁμόδρομος ἰοχεαίρης,
 ἀπτολέμων φεύγουσα νοήματα παρθενικῶν,
 Ἄρτεμις ὄπλοτῆρη Ληλαντιάς, ἣν ποτε Τιτὴν 245
 νυμφεύσας Περίβοιαν ἀπόσπορον Ὠκεανοῖο

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

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πρεσβυγενῆς Λήλαντος ἀελλόπον ἤροσε κούρην,
 κούρην ἀντιάνειραν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης.
 ἢ μὲν ἀνεβλάστησεν ὑπέρτερος ἤλικος ἤβης,
 ἱμερτὴ ῥοδόπηχυσ, αἰεὶ χαίρουσα κολώναις· 250
 πολλάκι δ' ἀγρώσσουσα κατέτρεχε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου,
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε καταιχμάζουσα λεαίνης,
 οὐ κεμάδας κτείνουσα καὶ οὐ βάλλουσα λαγωούς·
 ἀλλὰ δαφοινήεσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην
 ὤμοβόρων τόξευεν ὀρίδρομα φῦλα λεόντων 255
 θηροφόνοις βελέεσσι· ἐπωνυμίη δὲ καὶ ἔργω
 ὀξύτατον δρόμον εἶχεν ὀρειάσι σύνδρομος αὔραις.
 Καὶ ποτε διψαλέοιο πυραυγεί καύματος ὦρῃ
 παρθένος ὑπνώουσα πόνων ἀμπαύετο θήρης·
 καὶ δέμας ἀπλώσασα Κυβηλίδος ὑψόθι ποίης 260
 κρᾶτα παρακλίναςα σαόφρονος ἔρνεϊ δάφνης
 εὔδε μεσημβρίζουσα, καὶ ἔσσομένων ὑμεναίων
 ἱμερτὴν ἐνόησε προμάντιος ὄψιν ὀνείρου,
 ὅττι θεὸς πυρόεις τανύσας βέλος αἴθοπι νευρῇ
 θοῦρος Ἔρως τόξευε λαγωβόλος ἔνδοθι λόχμης, 265
 οὐτιδανοῖς βελέεσσι· οἰστεύων στίχα θηρῶν·
 παιδὶ δὲ θηρεύοντι συνέμπορος υἱεὶ Μύρρης
 Κύπρις ἔην γελώσα· καὶ ἴστατο παρθένος Αὔρη,
 Ἀρτέμιδος μετὰ τόξον ἀήθεος ὑψόθεν ὤμου
 ἀγρευτῆρος Ἔρωτος ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην· 270
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θήρας ἔπεφνε, ἕως ἐκορέσσατο νευρῆς
 βάλλων πορδαλίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα
 καὶ γέννυ ἄρκτου,
 ζωγρήσας δὲ λείαναν ἐῷ πανθελγεί κεστῷ
 θήρα πιεζομένην φιλοπαίγμονι δεῖξε τεκούσῃ·
 παρθενικὴ δ' ἐδόκησε κατὰ κνέφας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν 275

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.

²⁵⁸ 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^a 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^b 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.

πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσαν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ
 μάργος Ἔρως ἐρέθιζεν, ὑπογνάμπτων Ἀφροδίτῃ
 ληιδίης γόνυ δούλον ὑπερφιάλοιο λεαίνης,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόων· “ στεφανηφόρε μήτηρ Ἐρώτων,
 αὐχένα σοι κλίνουσαν ἄγω φιλοπάρθενον Αὖρην· 280
 ἀλλά, ποθοβλήτοιο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
 στέψατε κεστόν ἱμάντα γαμοστόλον, ὅττι μενοιπνὴν
 τοσσατὴν νίκησεν ἀνικῆτοιο λεαίνης.”

τοῖον ἔπος μαντῶον ὄρεστιὰς ἔδρακεν Αὖρη·
 οὐδὲ μάτην πρὸς Ἐρωτας ἔην ὄναρ, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ 285
 εἰς λίνον ἄνδρα φέρουσι καὶ ἀγρώσσουσι γυναῖκα.

Κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη πινυτόφρονι μαίνεταιο δάφνη,
 καὶ Παφίῃ καὶ Ἐρωτι μαχέσσατο, καὶ πλέον Ὑπνω
 χώσατο τολμήεντι, καὶ ἠπέιλησεν Ὀνειρῶ,
 καὶ πετάλοισ νεμέσιζε καὶ ἀφθόγγῳ φάτο φωνῇ· 290

“ Δάφνη, τί κλονέεις με;

τί Κύπριδι καὶ σέο δένδρῳ; 292

ἁασάμην εὐδουσα τεοὺς ὑπὸ γείτονας ὄζους
 σὸν φυτὸν ἐλπομένη φιλοπάρθενον, ὑμετέρης δὲ
 φήμης οὐκ ἐτύχησα καὶ ἐλπίδος· ὡς ἄρα, Δάφνη, 295
 σὸν δέμας ἀλλάξασα τεὸν νόον εὔρες ἀμεῖψαι;
 μὴ γαμῆ μετὰ πότμον ὑποδρήσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ;
 οὐ πινυτῆς τόδε δένδρον, ἀπ' ἀρτιγάμοιο δὲ νύμφης; 298
 οὐ νέμεσις παρὰ μύρτον ὄνειράτα ταῦτα νοῆσαι, 291
 μαχλάδος οὗτος ὄνειρος ἐπάξιος· ἦ ρά σε Πειθῶ, 299
 ἦ ρά σε χειρὶ φύτευσε τεὸς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων;” 300

Εἶπεν ὁμοῦ κοτέουσα φυτῶ καὶ Ἐρωτι καὶ Ὑπνω.
 καὶ ποτε θηρεύουσα κατ' οὔρεα δεσπότις ἄγρης

^a 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.

^b 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

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καύματος αἰθαλόεντος ἰμασσομένη χροῖα πυρσῶ
 Ἀρτεμις ἔντυε δίφρον, ὅπως ἄμα Νηῖσι Νύμφαις 305
 θερμὸν ὄρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας ψύξειε λοετροῖς,
 ἦνῖκα μέσσον ἔην φλογερὸν θέρος, ἦνῖκα πάλλων
 καρχαλέης πυρόεντα μεσημβρινὸν ἦχον ἰμάσθλης
 Ἡέλιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ νώτων.
 καὶ κεμάδας ζυγίοισι συνεκλήτισσε λεπάδνοισι
 Ἀρτεμις οὐρεσίφοιτος· ἐπεμβαίνουσα δὲ δίφρου 310
 λάζετο καὶ μᾶστιγα καὶ ἦνῖα παρθένος Αὖρη,
 καὶ κεραὴν ἤλαυνε θυελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην.
 ἀενάου δὲ θύγατρει ἀνάμπυκες Ὠκεανοῖο
 δμῶιδες ἐρρώνοντο συνήλυδες ἰοχεαίρη,
 ὧν ἡ μὲν ταχύγουνος ἔην προκέλευθος ἀνάσσης, 315
 ἄλλη δ' ἰσοκέλευθος ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα
 ἐγγὺς ἔην, ἑτέρη δὲ τανυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης
 ἀπτομένη πείρινθος ὁμόδρομον εἶχε πορείην.
 καὶ σέλας ἰοχέαιρα διαυγάζουσα προσώπου
 ἀμφιπόλων ἤστραψεν ὑπέρτερος, ὡς ὅτε δίφρω 320
 αἰθερίῳ πέμπουσα φιλαγρύπνων φλόγα πυρσῶν
 ἀνεφέλους ἀκτῖνας οἰστεύουσα Σελήνη
 πλησιφαῆς ἀνέτειλε¹ πυριτρεφέων μέσον ἄστρων,
 οὐρανίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνουσα προσώπῳ·
 τῇ σέλας ἴσον ἔχουσα διέτρεχεν Ἀρτεμις ὕλην, 325
 εἰσόκε χῶρον ἴκανεν, ὅπη κελάδοντι ρεέθρῳ
 Σαγγαρίου ποταμοῖο Διυπετὲς ἔλκεται ὕδρω.

Αὖρη δ' ἀμφιέλισσαν ἔην ἀνέκοψεν ἰμάσθλην,
 καὶ κεμάδας χρυσείοισιν ἀνακρούουσα χαλινοῖς 330
 ἀμφὶ ροᾶς ἔστησε φεραυγέα δίφρον ἀνάσσης·
 καὶ θεὸς ἐκ δίφροιο κατέδραμεν· ἐκ δέ οἱ ὤμων

¹ ἀνέτελλε MSS.: ἀνέτειλε scripsi.

^a 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 ; Upis ^d

^b 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 Nonnos Artemis is the moon, the simile is natural.

^d Upis, Hecaërge and Loxo the Hyperborean virgins of Delos, *cf.* Call. *Hymn* iv. 292.

NONNOS

τόξα μὲν Οὐπίς ἔδεκτο, καὶ ἰοδόκην Ἑκαέργη,
 Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ θύγατρὲς ἑύπλοκα δίκτυα θήρης·
 καὶ κύνας . . .

ἐνδρομίδας δὲ ποδῶν ἀνελύσατο Λοξῶ.
 ἡ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς 335
 ἐν προχοαῖς ἐφύλαξε, διερπύζουσα ῥοάων
 ἴχνεσι φειδομένοισι, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνου 337
 ἀκροβαφῆ κατὰ βαιὸν ἀναστείλασα χιτῶνα, 339
 ἀμφιπερισφίγγουσα πόδας διδυμάωνι μηρῶ 338
 κρυπτόμενον μετρηδὸν ὄλον δέμας ἔκλυσε κούρη. 340
 λοξὰ δὲ παπταίνουσα δι' ὕδατος εὐσκοπὸς Αὔρη
 τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἀναιδήτοιο προσώπου
 ἄγνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης,
 θέσκελον εἰσορόωσα σαόφρονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης·
 καὶ πόδας ἀπλώσασα τιταινομένων παλαμῶν 345
 δαίμονι νηχομένη συνενήχετο παρθένος Αὔρη.
 ἡμιφανῆς δ' ἀτέλεστος ἔσω ποταμηίδος ὄχθης
 ἰκμαλέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀποσμήξασα κομῶν . . .
 Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη· σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἀγρότις Αὔρη
 μαζοὺς ἀμφαφώωσα θεημάχον ἴαχε φωνήν· 350
 “ Ἄρτεμι, μῶνον ἔχεις
 φιλοπάρθενον οὖνομα κούρης, 351
 ὅττι διὰ στέρνων κεχαλασμένον ἄντυγα θηλῆς 353
 θῆλυν ἔχεις Παφίης, οὐκ ἄρσενα μαζὸν Ἀθήνης, 352
 καὶ ῥοδέους σπινθῆρας οἰστεύουσι παρειαί· 354
 ἀλλὰ δέμας μεθέπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο θεαίνης 355
 καὶ σὺ γάμων βασίλευε σὺν ἀβροκόμῳ Κυθρεΐη,
 δεξαμένη θαλάμοις τινὰ νυμφίον· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,
 Ἑρμείη παρίαυε καὶ Ἄρεϊ, 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.

ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἀνάειρε βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἐρώτων,
 εἰ μεθέπεις θρασὺν οἰστρον οἰστοκόμοιο φαρέτρης. 360
 ἰλήκοι τεὸν εἶδος· ἐγὼ σέο μᾶλλον ἀρείων·
 δέρκεο, πῶς μεθέπω βριαρὸν δέμας· ἦνιδε μορφὴν
 ἄρσενα καὶ Ζεφύροιο θωώτερον ἴχνιον Αὔρης·
 δέρκεο, πῶς σφριγώωσι βραχίονες· ἦνιδε μαζοὺς
 ὄμφακας οἰδαίνοντας ἀθήλεας· ἦ τάχα φαίης, 365
 ὅττι τεοὶ γλαγόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσιν ἔερσην·
 πῶς παλάμην μεθέπεις ἀπαλόχροα; πῶς σέο μαζοὶ
 οὐ τινα κύκλον ἔχουσι περίτροχον, οἶά περ Αὔρης,
 αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀσυλήτοιο κορείης; ”

Ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα· κατηφιόωσα δὲ σιγῇ 370
 σύννομος οἰδαίνοντι χόλω κυμαίνεται δαίμων,
 καὶ φονίους σπιυθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·
 ἐκ προχοῆς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, πάλιν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα,
 καὶ καθαραῖς λαγόνεσσι τὸ δεύτερον ἤρμοσε μίτρην
 ἀχνυμένη. Νέμεσιν δὲ μετήιεν· εὔρε δὲ κούρην 375
 ὑψινεφῇ παρὰ Ταῦρον, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι Κύνῳ
 παῦσε Τυφασονίης ὑψαύχενά κόμπον ἀπειλῆς·
 καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἔην παρὰ ποσσὶν ἀνάσσης
 σημαίνων, ὅτι πάντα ἀγήγορας εἰς πέδον ἔλκει
 ὑψόθεν εἰλυφόωσα δίκης ποινήτορι κύκλω, 380
 δαίμων πανδαμάτειρα, βίου στρωφῶσα πορείην·

^a Cf. ii. 553 ff., where however Nemesis does not appear.

^b 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 overconfident is shown by the characteristic attitude of her statues, which are represented as spitting into the breast-fold of her garment (cf. Theocr. 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?"

³⁷⁰ 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 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.^b 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 385 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.*

ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ πεπόητο παρὰ θρόνον ὄρνις ἀλάστωρ,
 γρῦψ πτερόεις, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῶ
 δαίμονος ἵπταμένης αὐτάγγελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
 τέτραχα μοιρηθέντα διέρχεται ἔδρανα κόσμου· 385
 ἀνέρας ὑψιλόφους ἀλύτῳ σφίγγουσα χαλινῶ,
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα, καὶ ὡς κακότητος ἰμάσθλη,
 ὡς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον, ἀγήνορα φῶτα κυλίνδει.
 ἔγνω δ' ὡς ἐνόησε θεὰ χλοάοντι προσώπῳ
 "Ἄρτεμιν ἀχρυμένην φονίης πλήθουσας ἀπειλής, 390
 καὶ μιν ἀνειρομένη φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ·
 " Σὸν χόλον, ἰοχέαιρα, τεαὶ βοόωσιν ὀπωπαί·
 " Ἄρτεμι, τίς κλονεῖ σε θεημάχος υἱὸς Ἄρουρης;
 τίς πάλιν ἐβλάστησεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Τυφωεύς;
 μὴ Τιτυὸς παλινόρσος ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων 395
 εἵματος ἀψαύστοιο τεῆς ἔψαυσε τεκούσης;
 " Ἄρτεμι, πῆ σέο τόξα καὶ Ἄπόλλωνος ὀιστοί;
 τίς πάλιν Ὠρίων σε βιάζεται; εἰσέτι κεῖται
 κείνος, ὃς ὑμετέροιο τάλας ἔψαυσε χιτῶνος,
 μητρὸς ἔσω λαγόνων νέκυς ἄπνοος· εἰ δέ τις ἀνὴρ 400
 χερσὶ ποθοβλήτοισι τεῶν ἐδράξατο πέπλων,
 σκορπίον ἄλλον ἄεξε τεῆς ποινήτορα μίτρης·
 εἰ δὲ πάλιν θρασὺς Ὠτος ἢ αὐχήμενος Ἐφιάλτης
 συζυγίην μενέαινε τεῶν ἀκίχητον Ἐρώτων,
 κτεῖνον ἀνυμφεύτοιο τεῆς μνηστήρα κορείης· 405
 εἰ δὲ γυνὴ πολύτεκνος ἀνιάζει σέο Λητώ,
 ἄλλη λαϊνὴ Νιόβη κλαύσειε γενέθλην·
 τίς φθόνος, εἰ λίθον ἄλλον ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο τελέσσω;

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.^a 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 lovmad 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 Sipylus? 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.

μή σε πατήρ διὰ λέκτρα μετὰ γλαυκῶπιν ὀρίνει;
 μή τεὸν Ἑρμάωνι γάμον κατένευσε Κρονίων, 410
 οἶα καὶ Ἑφαιίστῳ καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης;
 εἰ δὲ γυνὴ κλονέει σε, τετὴν ἄτε μητέρα Λητώ,
 ἔσσομαι ἀχθυμένης τιμήροσ ἰοχαίρης.”

Οὐ πῶ μῦθος ἔληγεν· ἀλεξικάκῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
 τοῖον ἔπος φθαμένη σκυλακοτρόφος ἴαχε κούρη· 415

“ Παρθένε πανδαμάτειρα, κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης,
 οὐ Ζεὺς, οὐ Νιόβη με, καὶ οὐ θρασὺς Ὠτος ὀρίνει·
 οὐ Τιτυὸς βαθύπεπλον ἐμὴν ἀνεσεύρασε Λητώ·
 οὐ νέος Ὠρίων με βιάζεται, υἱὸς Ἀρούρης·
 ἀλλὰ με κερτομέουσα βαρύστομος ὄξεί μύθῳ 420
 ἤκαχε Ληλάντοιο πάις, δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη·
 ἀλλὰ τί σοι τάδε πάντα διίξομαι; αἰδέομαι γὰρ
 αἴσχος ἐμῶν μελέων ἐνέπειν καὶ ὄνειδεα μαζῶν·
 μητρὶ δ' ἐμῇ πάθον ἄλγος ὁμοίον· ἀμφοτέρων γὰρ
 ἐν Φρυγίῃ Νιόβη διδυμητόκον ἤκαχε Λητώ, 425
 καὶ πάλιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ με θεημάχος ἤκαχεν Αὔρη·
 ἀλλ' ἢ μὲν νόθον εἶδος ἀμειψαμένη πόρε ποιηήν,
 Τανταλὶς αἰνοτόκεια, καὶ εἰσέτι δάκρυα λείβει
 ὄμμασι πετραίοισιν· ἀνηθείσα δὲ μούνη
 αἴσχος ἔχω νήποινον, ἐπεὶ φιλοπάρθενος Αὔρη 430
 δάκρυσιν οὐ λίθον εἶχε λελουμένον, οὐκ ἴδε πηγῆν

^a 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. Tityos assaulted Leto shortly after the birth of her twins, and Apollo and Artemis killed him with their arrows; for Orion's birth from the

your father pestering 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.

NONNOS

μῶμον ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἀφειδέος ἀνθρεωῶνος.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα τεὴν Τιτηνίδα φύτλην
 δός μετὰ μητρῶην ἐτέρην χάριν, ὄφρα νοήσω
 λαϊνῆς ἀτίνακτον ἀμειβομένης δέμας Αὔρης· 435
 μηδὲ τεὴν ἔμφυλον ὄδυρομένην λίπε κούρην,
 μή μοι ἐπεγγελώωσαν ἴδω πάλιν ἄτροπον Αὔρην,
 ἧέ μιν οἰστρήσειε τεῆ χαλκήλατος ἄρπη.”

Ὡς φαμένην θάρσυνε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·

“ Λητώη φυγόδεμνε, κυνοσσόε, σύγγονε Φοίβου, 440
 οὐ μὲν ἐμῶ δρεπάνῳ Τιτηνίδα παῖδα δαμάσσω,
 οὐδέ μιν ἐν Φρυγίῃ τελέσω πετρώδεα νύμφην,
 Τιτήνων γεγαυῖα παλαίτατον αἷμα καὶ αὐτή,
 μή ποτέ μοι μέμψαιτο πατήρ Λήλαντος ἀκούων·
 ἐν δέ σοι, ἰοχέαιρα, χαρίζομαι· ἀγρότις Αὔρη 445
 παρθενικὴν ἤλεγξε, καὶ οὐκέτι παρθένος ἔσται·
 καὶ μιν ἐσαθρήσειας ὄρεσσιχύτου διὰ κόλπου
 δάκρυσι πηγαίοισιν ὄδυρομένην ἔτι μίτρην.”

Εἶπε παρηγορούσα· καὶ οὔρεα κάλλιπε κούρη
 Ἄρτεμις ἐξομένη κεμάδων τετράζυγι δίφρῳ, 450
 καὶ Φρυγίης ἐπέβαινε· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ πορείῃ
 παρθένος Ἄδρήστεια μετήιε δύσμαχον Αὔρην,
 γρῦπας ἀμιλλητῆρας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῶ·
 καὶ ταχινὴ πεφόρητο δι' ἠέρος ὀξείι δίφρῳ,
 καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρήνων 455
 Τανταλίδος προπάροιθε λιθογλήνοιο προσώπου,
 πτηνῶν τετραπόδων σκολιούς σφίγγουσα χαλινούς.
 Αὔρης δ' ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν ἀγήνορος· ὑψίνοον δὲ
 αὐχένα δειλαίης ὄφιώδει τύψεν ἰμάσθλη,
 καὶ μιν ἀνεστυφέλιξε δίκης τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ, 460
 καὶ νόον ἄφρονα κάμψεν ἀκαμπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
 456

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 fourfooted 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.

παρθενικῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἰμάσθλην
 Ἄργολις Ἀδρήστεια· χαριζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ,
 καὶ μάλα περ κοτέοντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ὤπλισεν ἄλλον ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἐρώτων, 465
 Παλλήνης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ φθιμένην Ἀριάδην,
 τὴν μὲν λειπομένην ἐνὶ πατρίδι, τὴν δ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 ἀλλοτρίῃ πετραίον, Ἀχαιίδος ὡς βρέτας Ἥρης,
 καὶ Βερόης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀνηνύστων περὶ λέκτρων.

Καὶ Νέμεσις πεπότῃτο νιφοβλήτῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ, 470
 εἰσόκε Κύδνον ἵκανε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρη
 ἠδυβόλῳ¹ Διόνυσον Ἔρωσ οἴστησεν οἰστῶ,
 καὶ πτερὰ κυκλώσας ἐπεβήσατο κοῦφος Ὀλύμπου.

Καὶ θεὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἰμάσσετο μείζονι πυρσῶ·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔην ἐλάχεια παραίφασις· οὐ τότε κούρης 475
 ἐλπίδα Κυπριδίην, οὐ φάρμακον εἶχεν Ἐρώτων·
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἔφλεγε μᾶλλον Ἔρωσ θελξίφρονι πυρσῶ
 θυιάδος ὀπιτέλεστον ἀπειθέος εἰς γάμον Αὔρης.
 καὶ μογέων ἔκρυπτεν ἐὼν πόθον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃς
 Κυπριδίῳσι δάροισιν ὀμίλεεν ἐγγύθεν Αὔρης, 480
 μή μιν ἀλυσκάζειε. τί κύντερον, ἢ ὅτε μούνοι
 ἀνέρες ἰμείρουσι, καὶ οὐ ποθέουσι γυναῖκες;
 καὶ μέθεπε πραπίδεσσι πεπηγμένον ἰὼν Ἐρώτων,
 παρθένος εἰ δρόμον εἶχε κυνοσσόον ἔνδοθι λόχμης·
 Κυπριδίῳσι δ' ἀνέμοισιν ἀειρομένοιο χιτῶνος 485
 μηρὸν ὀπιπεύων θηλύνετο Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
 ὀψὲ δὲ παφλάζοντι πόθῳ δεδονημένος Αὔρης
 Βάκχος ἀμηχανέων ἔπος ἴαχε λυσσάδι φωνῇ·

¹ So Keydell: Ludwich ἠδυμόλω, after L; M ἠδυνόλω.

* Nemesis is called Adrasteia, if we may believe Antimachos 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.

⁴⁷⁰ 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.

⁴⁷⁴ 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. Nonnos is showing off his knowledge, whether first-hand or not, of Antimachos's learned poem, the *Thebais*.

" Πανὸς ἐγὼ δυσέρωτος ἔχω τύπον, ὅττι με φεύγει
 παρθένος ἠνεμόφοιτος, ἐρημονόμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ 490
 πλάζεται ἀστήρικτος ἀθηήτου πλέον Ἴχουδς.
 ὄλβιε, Πάν, Βρομίῳ πολὺ πλέον, ὅττι ματεύων
 φάρμακον εὖρες ἔρωτος ἐνὶ φρενοθελγεί φωνῇ·
 σὸν κτύπον ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβεται ἀστατος Ἴχῶ
 φθειγγομένη λάλον ἦχον ὁμοίον· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῇ 495
 ἐκ στομάτων ἓνα μῦθον ἀνήρυγε παρθένος Αὔρη.
 οὗτος ἔρωσ οὐ πᾶσιν ὁμοίος· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῇ
 παρθενικαῖς ἐτέρησιν ὁμότροπον ἦθος ἀέξει.
 ποῖον ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον; ἦ ρά ἐ θέλξω
 νεύματι Κυπριδίῳ; πότε που, πότε θέλγεται Αὔρη 500
 κινυμένοις βλεφάροισιν; ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
 τίς γαμίῳις ὀάροισι παραπλάζει φρένας ἄρκτου
 εἰς Παφίην, ἐς Ἴρωτα; τίς ὠμίλησε λεαίνῃ;
 τίς δρυῖ μῦθον ἔλεξε; τίς ἄπνοον ἦπαφε πεύκην;
 τίς κρανέην παρέπεισε, καὶ εἰς γάμον ἦγαγε πέτρην; 505
 ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν ἀκηλήτου νόον Αὔρης;
 ποῖος ἀνὴρ θέλξειεν; ἀμιτροχίτωνι δὲ κούρη
 τίς γάμον ἢ φιλότητος ἀρηγόνα κεστὸν ἐνύφη;
 τίς γλυκὸν κέντρον Ἴρωτος ἢ οὔνομα Κυπρογενείης;
 μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίῃ τάχα πείσεται· οὐδέ με φεύγει 510
 Ἄρτεμις ἀπτοίητος, ὅσον φιλοπάρθενος Αὔρη.
 αἶθε φίλοις στομάτεσσιν ἔπος τόδε μῦθον ἐνύφη·
 ' Βάκχε, μάτην ποθέεις,
 μὴ δίξω παρθένον Αὔρην.' "

" Ἐννεπεν ἀνθεμόοντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων
 εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισι, καὶ εὐόδμῳ παρὰ μύρτῳ 515
 ἠδὺ μεσημβρίζων πόδας εὔνασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
 κέκλιτο συρίζουσαν ἔχων Ζεφυρήϊον αὔρη
 καὶ καμάτῳ καὶ ἔρωτι κατάσχετος· ἐζομένῳ δὲ

⁴⁸⁹ " 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 lovmad 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 firtree ? 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.' "

⁵¹⁴ 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 mid-day. He leaned against a tree and listened to the west breeze whispering, overcome by fatigue and

ἤλικος αὐτομέλαθρος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἔννεπε Νύμφη, 520
 Κύπριδι πιστὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἱμερόεντι Λυαίῳ·

“ Οὐ δύναταί ποτε Βάκχος

ἄγειν ἐπὶ δέμνιον Αὔρην,

εἰ μὴ μιν βαρύδεσμον ἀλυκτοπέδησι πεδήσῃ,
 δεσμοῖς Κυπριδίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίξας,
 ἤέ μιν ὑπνώουσαν ὑποζεύξας ὑμεναίοις 525
 παρθενικῆς ἀνάεδνον ὑποκλέψειε κορείην.”

Ὡς φαμένῃ παλίνορσος ὁμήλικι κεύθετο θάμνω
 δυσαμένῃ δρυόεντα πάλιν δόμον· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
 Βάκχος ἐρωτοτόκοισι νόον πόμπευεν ὄνειροις.
 ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀποφθιμένης Ἀριάδνης, 530
 νήδυμον ὑπνώοντι παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
 ζηλήμων μετὰ πότμον ὄνειρεῖω φάτο μύθῳ·

“ Ἀμνήμων Διόνυσε τεῶν προτέρων ὑμεναίων,
 Αὔρης ζῆλος ἔχει σε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Ἀριάδνης·
 ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἤρπασε πικρὸς ἀήτης, 535
 ὦμοι ἐμοῦ Θησῆος, ὃν ἔλλαχεν ἀνέρα Φαίδρη.
 οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ψεύδορκον ἀκοίτην,
 εἰ γλυκὺς ὑπναλέην με λίπεν νέος, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
 νυμφεύθην δυσέρωτι καὶ ἠπεροπῆι Λυαίῳ.

ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐ βροτὸν ἔσχον ἐγὼ ταχύποτμον ἀκοίτην, 540
 καὶ κεν ἐρωμανέοντι κορυσσομένη Διονύσῳ
 Λημνιαδῶν γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία θηλυτεράων.
 ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων γαμίων ἐπιβήτορα λέκτρων,
 νυμφίον ὄρκαπάτην, μετὰ Θησέα καὶ σὲ καλέσσω·
 εἰ δέ σε δῶρον Ἔρωτος ἀπαιτίζει σέο νύμφη, 545
 δέξό μοι ἠλακάτην, φιλοτήσιον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων,
 ὄφρα πόρης, ἀθέμιστε, φιλοσκοπέλω σέο νύμφη

^a 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 Lyaïos :

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 Lyaïos, 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.

δῶρα τεῆς ἀλόχου Μινωίδος, ὄφρα τις εἴπη·
 ‘ δῶκε μίτον Θησῆι καὶ ἠλακάτην Διονύσῳ.’
 καὶ σὺ κατὰ Κρονίωνα λέχος μετὰ λέκτρον ἀμείβων 550

ἔργα γυναιμανέος μιμήσασο σείο τοκῆς,
 οἴστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἀμοιβαίης Ἀφροδίτης·
 Σιθονίης ἀλόχοιο νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων,

Παλλήνης, γάμον οἶδα, καὶ Ἀλθαίης ὑμεναίου·
 σιγήσω φιλότητα Κορωνίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων 555

τρεις Χάριτες γεγάασιν ὁμόζυγες· ἀλλά, Μυκῆναι,
 πότμον ἐμὸν φθέγξασθε καὶ ἄγριον ὄμμα Μεδούσης,
 καὶ φθονερῆς ἐς ἔρωτα βιαζομένης Ἀριάδνης,

ἠιόνες Νάξιοι, βοήσατε· νυμφίε Θησεῦ,
 Μινώῃ καλέει σε χολωμένη Διονύσῳ.’ 560

ἀλλὰ τί Κεκροπίης μιμνήσκομαι; εἰς Παφίην γὰρ
 μέμφομαι ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Θησεί καὶ Διονύσῳ.”

Ὡς φαμένη σκίοεντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῶ.
 καὶ θρασὺς ἔγρετο Βάκχος

ἀποσκεδάσας πτερόν Ὑπνου,
 μυρομένην δ’ ὤκτειρεν ὄνειρείην Ἀριάδην. 565

καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐδίξετο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων·
 νύμφης δ’ Ἀστακίδος προτέρων ἐμνήσατο λέκτρων,
 πῶς ἐρατὴν δολόεντι ποτῶ νυμφεύσατο κούρη
 ὕπνον ἔχων πομπῆα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.

Ὅφρα μὲν ἠθελε Βάκχος ἐπεντύνειν δόλον εὐνής, 570
 τόφρα δὲ φοιταλέη Ληλαντιάς ἔδραμε κούρη
 πίδακα μαστεύουσα, κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δύψη.
 οὐδὲ λάθην Διόνυσον ὀρίδρομος ἄστατος Αὔρη

^a See xliii. 434. 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 Asclepios by Apollo.

Minoian wife gave you ; then people can say—‘ She gave the thread to Theseus, and the distaff to Dionysos.’

⁵⁵⁰ “ 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 ^a : 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 ? ^b To her of Paphos, I carry my plaint against them both, Theseus and Dionysos ! ”

⁵⁶³ 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, ^c how he had wooed the lovely nymph with a cunning potion and made sleep his guide to intoxicated bridals.

⁵⁷⁰ 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.

διψαλέη· ταχινὸς δὲ θορῶν ἐπὶ πυθμένα πέτρης
 θύρσω γαῖαν ἄρασσε· διχαζομένη δὲ κολώνη 575
 αὐτομάτην ὤδινε μέθην εὐώδει μαζῶ
 χεύματι πορφύροντι· χαριζόμεναι δὲ Λυαίῳ
 δμῳίδες Ἑελίοιο κατέγραφον ἄνθεσιν ὦραι
 πίδακος ἄκρα μέτωπα, καὶ εὐόδομοισιν ἀήταις
 ἀρτιφύτου λειμῶνος ἰμάσσετο νήδυμος ἀήρ· 580
 εἶχε δὲ Ναρκίσσοιο φερώνυμα φύλλα κορύμβων
 ἡμέου χαρίεντος, ὃν εὐπετάλω παρὰ Λάτμω
 νυμφίος Ἐνδυμίων κεραῆς ἔσπειρε Σελήνης,
 ὃς πάρος ἠπεροπῆος εὐχροος εἶδει κωφῶ
 εἰς τύπον αὐτοτέλεστον ἰδὼν μορφούμενον ὕδωρ 585
 κάθθανε, παπταίνων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς·
 καὶ φυτὸν ἔμπνοον εἶχεν Ἀμυκλαίης ὑακίνθου· 587
 ἰπτάμεναι δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἐπ' ἀνθεμόεντι κορύμβω
 εἰαρινῶν ἐλίγαινον ἀηδόνες ὑψόθι φύλλων. 588
 Κεῖθι δὲ διψώουσα μεσημβριάς ἔτρεχεν Αὔρη, 590
 εἴ ποθι διψώουσα Διὸς χύσιν ἢ τινα πηγὴν 592
 ἢ ῥόον ἀθρήσειεν ὄρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο· 593
 ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βλεφάροισιν Ἔρως κατέχευεν ὀμίχλην. 591
 ἀλλ' ὅτε Βακχείην ἀπατήλιον ἔδρακε πηγὴν, 594
 δὴ τότε οἱ βλεφάρων σκίοεν νέφος ἤλασε Πειθῶ 595
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα γάμου πρωτάγγελον Αὔρη·
 “ Παρθενική, μόλε δεῦρο, τελεσσιγάμοιο δὲ πηγῆς
 εἰς στόμα δέξο ῥέεθρα, καὶ εἰς σέο κόλπον ἀκοίτην.”
 Κούρη δ' ἄσμενος εἶδε· παραπροχυθεῖσα δὲ πηγῇ
 χεῖλεσιν οἰγομένοισιν ἀνήφυσεν ἰκμάδα Βάκχου. 600
 παρθενική δὲ πιούσα τόσσην ἐφθέγγατο φωνήν·
 “ Νηιάδες, τί τὸ θαῦμα;
 πόθεν πέλε νήδυμον ὕδωρ;
 τίς ποτὸν ἔβλυσε τοῦτο; τίς οὐρανίη 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 Lyaïos, 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 bridegroom 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 Amyclaiian iris ^a ; there sang the nightingales over the spring blossoms, flying 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 herself 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 !

NONNOS

ἔμπης τοῦτο πιοῦσα ποτὶ δρόμον οὐκέτι βαίνω·
 ἀλλὰ πόδες βαρύθουσι, καὶ ἡδέϊ θέλγομαι ὕπνω, 605
 καὶ σφαλερὸν στομάτων ἀπαλόθροον ἦχον ἰάλλω.”

Εἶπε καὶ ἀστήρικτον ἐοῦ ποδὸς εἶχε πορείην·
 ἦγε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυπλανέεσσιν ἔρωαῖς
 πυκνὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι τινασσομένοιο καρήνου·
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἔκλινεν ἐρειδομένην σχεδὸν ὦμω· 610
 εὔδε δ' ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο τανυπτόρθω παρὰ δένδρω
 παρθενίην ἀφύλακτον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύνη.

Καὶ πυρόεις βαρύγουνον Ἔρωσ

δεδοκημένος Αὔρην

οὐρανόθεν κατέπαλτο, γαληναίω δὲ προσώπω
 μειδιῶν ἀγόρευεν, ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσω· 615

“ Ἀγρώσσεις, Διόνυσε·

μένει δέ σε παρθένος Αὔρη.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἐπέιγετο,

καὶ πτερὰ πάλλων

εἰαρινοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐχάζετο τοῦτο χαράξας·
 “ νυμφίε, λέκτρα τέλεισον, ἕως ἔτι παρθένος εὔδει·
 σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσῃ.” 620

Καί μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἐπ' ἀστρώτοιο χαμεύνης
 νυμφιδίου Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένην πτερὸν Ὑπνου,
 ἄσοφος ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀσάμβalos ἵχνεσιν ἔρπων
 κωφὸν ἀφωνήτοιο μετήιε δέμνιον Αὔρης·
 χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη γλαφυρὴν ἀπέθηκε φαρέτρην 625
 παρθενικῆς, καὶ τόξα κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρη,
 μὴ μιν οἰστεύσειε τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὑπνου·
 καὶ δεσμοῖς ἀλύτοισι πόδας σφηκώσατο κούρης,
 καὶ παλάμαις ἐλικηδὸν ἐπεσφρηγίσσατο σειρὴν,
 μὴ μιν ἀλυσκάζειεν· ἐπιστορέσας δὲ κονίη 630
 παρθενικὴν βαρύυπνον ἐτοιμοτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ
 Αὔρης ὑπναλῆς γαμῖν ἔκλειψεν ὀπώρην.

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 Lethaeian 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 ἦν ἀνάεδνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
οἰνοβαρῆς ἀτίνακτος ἐνυμφεύθη Διονύσω·
καὶ σκιεραῖς περὺγεσσι περισφίγγων δέμας Αὔρης 635
Ὕπνος ἔην Βάκχοιο γαμοστόλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
πειρήθη Παφίης, καὶ ὁμόζυγός ἐστι Σελήνης,
καὶ νυχίης φιλότητος ὁμόστολός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων·
καὶ γάμος ὡς ὄναρ ἔσκε. πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ χορείῃ
εἰς χορὸν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνεσκίρτησε κολώνη, 640
ἡμιφανῆς δ' ἐδόνησεν Ἀμαδρυὰς ἡλικά πεύκη·
μούνη δ' ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἐν οὔρεσι παρθένος Ἠχώ,
αἰδομένη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐκεύθετο πυθμένι πέτρης,
μὴ γάμον ἀθρήσειε γυναιμανέος Διονύσου.

Καὶ τελέσας ὑμέναιον ἀδουπήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων 645
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεις, πεφυλαγμένον ἴχνος αἰείρας,
νύμφης μὲν κύσε χεῖλος ἐπήρατον, ἀκλινέας δὲ
λῦσε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας, ἀπὸ σκοπέλου δὲ φαρέτρην
χειρὶ λαβὼν καὶ τόξα πάλιν παρακάτθετο νύμφη.
καὶ Σατύρων σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ἔτι πνείων ὑμεναίων, 650
ὑπναλέης ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέψας λέχος Αὔρης.
νύμφη δ' ἐκ φιλότητος ἀνέδραμε· λυσιμελῆ δὲ
ὕπνον ἀκηρύκτων ἀπεσεύσατο μάρτυν Ἐρώτων·
θάμβει δ' εἰσορόωσα σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μήτρης
στήθεα γυμνωθέντα καὶ ἀσκεπέος πτύχα μηροῦ 655
καὶ γαμῆν ῥαθάμιγγι περιστιχθέντα χιτῶνα,
ἀρπαμένην ἀνάεδνον ἀπαγγέλλοντα κορείην,
μαίνεταιο παπταίνουσα· καὶ ἤρμοσε κυκλάδα μήτρην
στέρνα πάλιν σκιόωσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἄντυγα¹ μαζοῦ
παρθενίῳ ζωστῆρι μάτην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῶ. 660
ἀχνυμένη δ' ὀλόλυξε, κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης·
ἀγρονόμους δ' ἐδίωξε, καὶ εὐπετάλου σχεδὸν ὄχθης
τινυμένη δολόεντα πόσιν ποινήτορι θεσμῶ

¹ MSS. ἴχνια : Marcellus ἄντυγα, Ludwich ἰκμάδα.

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

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μηλονόμους ἐδάϊξεν· ἀμειλίκτω δὲ σιδήρῳ
 βουκόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ μάθε νυμφίον Ἴουῦς, 665
 Τιθωνὸν χαρίεντα, δυσίμερον ἀνέρα βούτην,
 ὅττι βοῶν ἀγέλαις μεμελημένον ἔσχε καὶ αὐτὴ
 Λάτμιον Ἐνδυμίωνα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
 ἔκλυε καὶ Φρυγίῳ, τὸν ἔκτανε παρθένος ἄλλη,
 Ὕμνου πικρὸν ἔρωτα, ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος· 670
 αἰπόλον ἔκτανε μᾶλλον, ὄλον χορὸν ἔκτανεν αἰγῶν
 αἰνοπαθῆς, ὅτι Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἔδρακε κούρη
 ἰσοφυῆ μεθέποντα δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπῆν·
 ἔλπετο γὰρ μάλα τοῦτο, πόθῳ δεδονημένος Ἴηχοῦς
 ὅττι μιν ὑπναλέην ἐβιήσατο μηλονόμος Πάν· 675
 γειοπόνους δ' ἐδάμασσε πολὺ πλέον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 Κύπριδι θητεύουσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλε γηπόνος ἀνήρ,
 Ἰασίων, Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκου παρακοίτης·
 ἔκτανε δ' ἀγρευτῆρα παλαιότερῳ τινὶ μύθῳ
 πειθομένη· Κέφαλον γάρ, ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης, 680
 ἔκλυε θηρητῆρα ῥοδοστεφέος πόσιν Ἴουῦς·
 Βακχείης δ' ἐδάϊξεν ὑποδρηστῆρας ὀπώρης,
 ὅττι φιλακρήτοιο μέθης βλύζοντες ἔέρσην
 οἰνοβαρεῖς δυσέρωτες ὀπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου·
 οὐ πῶ γὰρ δεδάηκε δολοφροσύνην Διονύσου 685
 καὶ ποτὸν ἠπεροπῆα φιλακρήτου Κυθερείης,
 ἀλλὰ φιλοσκοπέλων καλύβας ἐκένωσε νομῆων
 αἵματι φοινῆεντι περιρραίνουσα κολῶνας.
 Καὶ νόον αἰθύσσουσα, κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης,
 Κύπριδος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἀπειλητῆρα δὲ κεστοῦ 690
 λυσαμένη ζωστήρα νεοκλώστοιο χιτῶνος

^a 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 xlv. 217; Endymion the
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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 asleep: 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 Lyaïos 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 herdsman 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.

ἄβρον ἀνικήτοιο δέμας μάστιζε θεαίνης·
καὶ βρέτας ἀρπάξασα τελεσσιγάμου Κυθереΐης
Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἤλθε, κυλινδομένην δὲ ρεέθροις
γυμναῖς Νηιάδεσσι πόρεν γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην. 695
καὶ μετὰ θεῖον ἄγαλμα καὶ αὐτοέλικτον ἰμάσθλην
δείκελον ἄβρον Ἐρωτος ἀπηκόντιζε κονίη·

καὶ κενεὸν λίπε δῶμα Κυβηλίδος ἀφρογενείης.
φοιταλέη δ' ἀκίχητος ἐθήμονα δύσατο λόχημν,
καὶ σταλίκων ἔψαυσε, πάλιν δ' ἐμνήσατο θήρης· 700
καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἐὴν στενάχιζε κορείην,
ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα τόσπην ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“ Τίς θεὸς ἡμετέρης ἀνελύσατο δεσμὰ κορείης;
εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ κνώσσουσαν ἐρημονόμων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
εἶδος ὑποκλέπτων ἐβήσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς, 705
οὐδὲ καὶ ἡμετέρην ἠδέσσατο γείτονα Ῥεῖην,
ἀγροτέρους μετὰ θήρας οἰστεύσω πόλον ἄστρον·
εἰ δέ μοι ὑπναλέη παρελέξατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
πέρσω πασιμέλουσαν ὄλην πετρώδεα Πυθῶ·

εἰ δὲ λέχος σύλησεν ἐμὸν Κυλλήνιος Ἐρμῆς, 710
Ἀρκαδίην προθέλυμνον ἐμοῖς βελέεσσιν ὀλέσσω,
καὶ τελέσω θεράπαιναν ἐμὴν χρυσάμπυκα Πειθῶ·
εἰ δὲ δόλοισ γαμίοισιν ὄνειρείων ὑμεναίων
ἀπροϊδῆς Διόνυσος ἐμὴν σύλησε κορείην,

ἴξομαι, ἦχι πέλει Κυβέλης δόμος, ὑψιλόφου δὲ 715
οἰστρομανῆ Διόνυσον ἀπὸ Τμῶλοιο διώξω·
καὶ φονίην ὤμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσασα φαρέτρην
εἰς Πάφον, εἰς Φρυγίην θωρήξομαι· ἀμφοτέροισ γὰρ
τόξον ἐμὸν τανύσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσω.

σοὶ πλέον, ἰοχέαιρα, χολώομαι, ὅττι με, κούρη, 720
οὐ κτάνες ὑπναλέην ἔτι παρθένον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῶ
σοῖς καθαροῖς βελέεσσιν 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:

703 "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 goldchapellet Peitho^a 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.

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Ἔνεπε, καὶ τρομέουσιν ἔην ἀνεσεύρασε φωνὴν
 δάκρυσιν νικηθεῖσα. τελεσσιγάμου δὲ Λυαίου 725
 παιδοτόκου πλησθεῖσα γονῆς δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη
 διπλόον ὄγκον ἄειρε· γυνὴ δ' ἐπεμήνατο φόρτω
 ἄσχετα βακχευθεῖσα γονῆς, δυσπάρθενος Αὔρη . . .
 ἢ σπόρος αὐτολόχευτος ἢ ἀνέρος ἐξ ὑμεναίων
 ἦε θεοῦ δολίοιο· Διὸς δ' ἐμνήσατο νύμφης,
 Πλουτοῦς αἰνοτόκου Βερεκυντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων 730
 Τάνταλος ἐβλάστησε. καὶ ἤθελε γαστέρα τέμνειν,
 ὄφρα δαιῖζομένης ἀπὸ νηδύος ἄφρονι λύσση
 ἄτροφον ἡμιτέλεστον αἰστώσειε γενέθλην.
 καὶ ξίφος ἠέρταζε, διὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ
 δεξιτερῇ μενέαιεν ἀφειδέει φάσγανον ἔλκειν. 735
 πολλάκι δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο μετήιεν ἄντρα λεαίνης,
 ὥς κεν ὀλισθήσειε θελήμονος εἰς λίνα Μοίρης·
 ἀλλὰ μιν οὐρεσίφοιτος ὑπέκφυγε ταρβαλή θήρ,
 μή μιν ἀποκτείνειε, μυχῶ δ' ἐκρύπτετο πέτρης
 σκύμνον ἐρημαίησιν ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύναις. 740
 πολλάκι δ' οἰδαλέοιο γυναικείου διὰ κόλπου
 αὐτοφόνος μενέαιεν ἐκούσιον ἄορ ἐλάσσαι,
 ὄφρα κεν αὐτοδαίικτος ὀνειδέα γαστρὸς ἀλύξῃ
 καὶ στόμα τερπομένης φιλοκέρτομον ἰοχαίρης·
 καὶ νοέειν μενέαιεν ἐὼν πόσιν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴ 745
 υἷα δαιτρεύσειεν ἀναινομένῳ παρακοίτῃ,
 αὐτὴ παιδοφόνος καὶ ὀμεινέτις, ὄφρα τις εἶπῃ·
 “ Πρόκνη παιδολέτειρα νέη πέλε δύσγαμος Αὔρη.”
 Καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύουσα νέων ἐγκύμονα παίδων
 Ἄρτεμις ἐγγυὺς ἵκανεν ἐὼ γελώωντι προσώπῳ, 750
 δειλαίην δ' ἐρέθιζε, καὶ ἀστόργῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
 “ Ὑπνον ἴδον, Παφίης θαλαμηπόλον,
 εἶδον Ἐρώτων
 ξανθῆς νυμφιδίης ἀπατήλια χεύματα πηγῆς,

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, Berecynthian Pluto,^a 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."^b

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

^a Cf. i. 146.

^b Cf. ii. 136.

ἦχι ποτῶ δολόεντι νεήνιδες ἤλικα μήτηρην
 ἄρπαγι παρθενίης γαμῖω λύουσιν ὄνειρῶ· 755
 εἶδον ἐγὼ κλέτας, εἶδον, ὄπη ζυγίη παρὰ πέτρην
 ἀπροϊδήs δολόεντι γυνή νυμφεύεται ὕπνω·
 Κύπριδος εἶδον ὄρος φιλοτήσιον, ἦχι γυναικῶν
 παρθενίην κλέπτοντες ἀλυσκάζουσιν ἀκοῖται.
 εἰπέ, γύναι φυγόδεμνε, τί σήμερον ἡρέμα βαίνεις; 760
 ἢ πρὶν ἀελλήεσσα, πόθεν βαρύγουνος ὄδεύεις;
 νυμφεύθης ἀέκουσα, καὶ οὐ τεὸν οἶδας ἀκοίτην·
 οὐ δύνασαι κρύπτειν κρύφιον γάμον· οἶδαλέοι γὰρ
 σὸν πόσιν ἀγγέλλουσι νεογλαγέες σέο μαζοί.
 εἰπέ δέ μοι, βαρύνυπε, συοκτόνε, παρθένε, νύμφη, 765
 πῶς μεθέπεις χλοάουσαν ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
 τίς σέο λέκτρα μίγηε; τίς ἦρπασε σεῖο κορείην;
 ξανθαὶ Νηιάδες, μὴ κρύψατε νυμφίον Αὔρης.
 οἶδα, γύναι βαρύφορτε, τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην·
 σὸς γάμος οὐ με λέληθε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις, 770
 σὸς πόσις οὐ με λέληθε· βαρυνομένη δέμας ὕπνω
 εὐνέτις ἀστυφέλικτος ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσω.
 ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε τόξον· ἀναινομένη δὲ φαρέτρην
 ὄργια μυστιπόλευε γυναιμανέος σέο Βάκχου,
 τύμπανα χειρὶ φέρουσα καὶ εὐκεράων θρόον αὐλῶν. 775
 πρὸς δὲ τεῆs λίτομαί σε τελεσσιγάμοιο χαμεύνης,
 ποῖά σοι ὤπασεν ἔδνα τεὸς Διόνυσος ἀκοίτης;
 μή σοι νεβρίδα δῶκε, τεῆs αὐτάγγελον εὐνήs;
 μή σοι χάλκεα ρόπτρα τεῶν πόρε παίγνια παίδων;
 πείθομαι, ὡς πόρε θύρσον, ἀκοντιστήρα λεόντων· 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, τὰ περ δονέουσι τιθῆναι
φάρμακα νηπιάχοισι φιλοθρήνων ὀδυνάων.”

Ἔννεπε κερτομέουσα· καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὄχετο δαίμων,
θῆρας ὀιστεύουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισιν εἰς μεθέηκε μερίμνας. 785

Κούρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀμάρτυρος ὑψόθι πέτρης
ὄξυ βέλος μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
φρικαλέον βρύχημα λεχωίδος εἶχε λεαίνης·
πέτραι δ' ἀντιάχησαν· ἐρισμαράγοιο δὲ κούρης
φθόγγον ἀμειβομένη μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἴχῳ. 790

καὶ παλάμας, ἅτε πῶμα, περισφίγξασα λοχείῃ
κλεῖε θοὴν ὠδίνα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
καὶ τόκον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἐρήτυεν· ἐχθομένην γὰρ
Ἄρτεμιν οὐ μενείαεν ἐπ' ὠδίνεσσι καλέσσαι·
Ἡραίας δὲ θύγατρας ἀναίνετο, μή ποτε Βάκχου 795
μητρυνῆς ἅτε παῖδες ἐπιβρίσωσι λοχείῃ.
κούρη δ' ἀσχαλόωσα κατηφέα ρῆξεν ἰωὴν,
νυσσομένη κέντροισιν ἀπειρώδινος ἀνάγκης·

“ Οὕτως ἰοχέαιραν ἴδω καὶ θοῦριν Ἀθήνην,
οὕτως ἀμφοτέρας ἐγκύμονας ὄφρα νοήσω· 800

Ἄρτεμιν ὠδίνουσαν ἐλέγξατε, μαιάδες Ὠραι,
μαρτυρίῃ τοκετοῖο, καὶ εἶπατε Τριτογενεῖῃ·
ἄρθηνικὴ γλαυκῶπι, νεητόκε μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ·
οὕτω ξυνὰ παθοῦσαν ἴδω φιλοπάρθενον Ἴχῳ
Πανὶ παρευνηθεῖσαν ἢ ἀρχεκάκῳ Διονύσῳ. 805

Ἄρτεμι, καὶ σὺ τεκοῦσα παραΐφασις ἔσσειαι Αὐρῆς,
θῆλυ γάλα στάζουσα λεχώιον ἄρσενι μαζῶ.”

Εἶπεν ὀδυρομένη βαρυῶδυνα κέντρα λοχείης.

^a 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 ἰοχέαιρα κατέσχεθε, παιδοτόκῳ δὲ
 νύμφη μόχθον ὄπασσεν ἐρυκομένου τοκετοῖο. 810

Καὶ τελετῆς Νίκαια κυβερνήτειρα Λυαίου
 μόχθον ὀπιπεύουσα καὶ αἴσχεια λυσσάδος Αὔρης
 τοίην κρυπταδίην οἰκτίρμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Αὔρη ξυνὰ παθοῦσα, κινύρεο καὶ σὺ κορείην·
 γαστρὶ δὲ φόρτον ἔχουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο 815
 τέτλαθί μοι μετὰ λέκτρον ἔχειν καὶ κέντρα λοχείης,
 τέτλαθι καὶ βρεφέεσσιν ἀήθεα μαζὸν ὀρέξαι.
 καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἐμῆς συλήτορα μίτρης;
 καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἕως πέλες ἔγκυος, Αὔρη;
 καὶ σὺ πάθες, φυγόδεμνε, τά περ πάθον·

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ 820
 μέμφεο νυμφοκόμων ἀπατήλιον ὕπνον Ἐρώτων.
 εἷς δόλος ἀμφοτέραις γάμον ἤρμοσεν,

εἷς πόσις Αὔρης
 παρθενικὴν Νίκαιαν ἐθήκατο μητέρα παιδῶν·
 οὐκέτι τόξον ἔχω θηροκτόνον, οὐκέτι νευρὴν,
 ὡς πάρος, αὐτὴ ἐρύω καὶ ἐγὼ βέλος· εἰμὶ δὲ δειλὴ 825
 ἱστοπόνος θήλεια, καὶ οὐκέτι θοῦρις Ἀμαζών.”

Ἐννεπεν οἰκτείρουσα τελεσσιγόνου πόνον Αὔρης,
 οἰά τε πειρηθεῖσα τόκου μογεροῖο καὶ αὐτῆ·

Λητώη δ' αἰούσα βαρυφθόγγου κτύπον Αὔρης
 ἤλυθεν αὐχήμεσσα τὸ δεύτερον ἐγγύθι νύμφης· 830
 τειρομένην δ' ἐρέθιζε καὶ ἴαχε κέντορι μύθῳ·

“ Παρθένε, τίς σε τέλεσσε
 λεχῶίδα μητέρα παιδῶν;
 ἢ γάμον ἀγνώσσοις πόθεν γλάγος ἔλλαχε μαζοῦ;
 οὐκ ἴδον, οὐ πυθόμην, ὅτι παρθένος υἷα λοχεύει.
 ἢ ῥα φύσιν μετάμειψε πατὴρ ἐμός; ἢ ῥα γυναῖκες 835
 νόσφι γάμου τίκτουσι; σὺ γάρ, φιλοπάρθνε 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 Lyaaios, 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 childbed? 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

NONNOS

ὠδίνεις νέα τέκνα, καὶ εἰ στυγέεις Ἄφροδίτην.
 ἧ ῥα κυβερνήτειραν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο
 Ἄρτεμιν οὐ καλέουσι λεχωίδες, ὅτι σὺ μούνη
 εἰς τόκον ἀγροτέρης οὐ δεύει ἰοχαίρης; 840
 οὐδὲ τεὸν Διόνυσον ἀμαιοῦτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
 ἔδρακεν Εἰλείθια, τεῆς ἐλάτειρα γενέθλης·
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐμαιοῦσαντο κερανοί.
 μὴ κοτέης, ὅτι παῖδας ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισι λοχεύεις·
 ἧ σκοπέλων βασιλεία τόκου πειρήσατο Ῥεΐη· 845
 τίς νέμεσίς ποτε τοῦτο; κατ' οὔρεα τέκνα λοχεύεις,
 ὡς δάμαρ οὐρεσίφοιτος ὄρεσσινόμου Διονύσου.”
 Ἔννεπε· καὶ κοτέουσα λεχωιάς ἄχρυτο νύμφη
 Ἄρτεμιν αἰδομένη καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσιν. ἃ μέγα δειλή,
 ἐγγὺς ἔην τοκετοῖο καὶ ἤθελε παρθένος εἶναι. 850
 καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἦλθε θωώτερον· Ἄρτέμιδος γὰρ
 φθειγγομένης ἔτι μῦθον ἀκοντιστήρα λοχείης
 διπλόος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμαιοῦθη τόκος Αὔρης
 λυομένης ὠδίνος, ὅθεν διδύμων ἀπὸ παίδων
 Δίνδυμον ὑψικάρηνον ὄρος κικλήσκειτο Ῥεΐης. 855
 καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσασα νέην εὐπαιδα γενέθλην
 τοῖον ἔπος παλίνορσος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῆ·
 “ Μαῖα, γυνὴ μονή, διδυμητόκε δύσγαμε νύμφη,
 νιάσι μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἀήθεα, παρθένε μήτηρ·
 παππάζει σέο κοῦρος ἀπαιτίζων σε τοκῆα· 860
 εἰπέ δὲ σοῖς τεκέεσσι τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην.
 Ἄρτεμις οὐ γάμον οἶδε, καὶ οὐ τρέφειν νιέα μαζῶ·
 σὸν λέχος οὔρεα ταῦτα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
 σπάργανα σῶν βρεφῶν
 πολυδαίδαλα δέρματα νεβρῶν.”
 Εἶπε, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην. 865

^a Alluding to the birth of Zeus on the Arcadian (or Cretan) hills.

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 Rheia queen of the crags has borne children.^a What harm is it that you bear children in the mountains, you the mountaineer wife of mountainranging Dionysos!"

⁸⁴⁸ 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 (*δίδυμοι*) the highpeaked mountain of Rheia was called Dindymon. Seeing how fair the children were, the goddess again spoke in a changed voice:

⁸⁵⁸ "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."

⁸⁶⁵ She spoke, and swiftshoe plunged into the

NONNOS

καὶ καλέσας Νίκαιαν ἔην Κυβελήϊδα νύμφην,
 μεμφομένην ἔτι λέκτρα λεχωίδα δείκνυεν Αὔρην
 μειδιῶν Διόνυσος· ἔρημονόμοιο δὲ κούρης
 ἄρτιγάμοις ἀγόρευεν ἐπαυχήσας ὑμεναίοις·

“ Ἄρτι μόγις, Νίκαια, παραίφασιν εὖρες Ἐρώτων· 870
 ἄρτι πάλιν Διόνυσος ἐπὶ κλοπον ἤνυσεν εὐνήν,
 παρθενικῆς δ' ἐτέρης γάμον ἤρπασεν·

ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 ἢ πρὶν ἀλυσκάζουσα καὶ οὔνομα μῦνον Ἐρώτων
 σοῖς θαλάμοις τύπον ἴσον ὄρεστιᾶς ἔδρακεν Αὔρη.
 οὐ μούνη γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐδέξαο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων, 875
 οὐ μούνη πίες οἶνον ἐπὶ κλοπον ἄρπαγα μίτρης·
 ἀλλὰ νέης ἄγνωστος ἀνοιγομένης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
 νυμφοκόμος πάλιν οἶνος ἀνέβλυε, καὶ πῖεν Αὔρη.
 ἀλλὰ βέλος δεδαυῖαν ἀναγκαίου τοκετοῖο,
 πρὸς Τελετῆς λίτομαί σε, χοροπλεκέος σέο κούρης, 880
 σπεύσον ἀερτάζειν ἐμὸν υἱέα, μὴ μιν ὀλέσση
 τολμηραῖς παλάμησιν ἐμῇ δυσμήχανος Αὔρη·
 οἶδα γάρ, ὡς διδύμων βρεφέων ἓνα παῖδα δαμάσσει
 ἄσχετα λυσσώουσα· σὺ δὲ χραίσμησον Ἰάκχῳ·
 ἔσσο φύλαξ ὠδίνος ἀρείονος, ὄφρα κεν εἴη 885
 σὴ Τελετῆ θεράπαινα καὶ υἱεὶ καὶ γενετῆρι.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐχάζετο Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ,
 κυδιῶν Φρυγίοισιν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροις ὑμεναίοις
 πρεσβυτέρης ἀλόχοιο καὶ ὀπλοτέρης περὶ νύμφης.
 καὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἔχουσα τελεσσιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ, 890
 παῖδας ἐλαφρίζουσα, λεχωιδᾶς ἴαχε μήτηρ·

“ Ἡερόθεν γάμος οὔτος· ἐμὸν γόνον ἠέρι ρύψω·
 νυμφεύθην ἀνέμοισι καὶ οὐ βροτέην ἴδον εὐνήν,
 Αὔρης δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐπώνυμοι ἤλυθον αὔραι·
 καὶ λοχίας ἐχέτωσαν ἐμὰς ὠδῖνας ἀῆται. 895
 ἔρρετέ μοι, νέα τέκνα δολορραφέος γενετῆρος,

shady wood. Then Dionysos called Nicaia, his own Cybeleïd 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

ὑμέας οὐκ ἐλόχευσα· τί μοι κακὰ θηλυτεράων;
 ἀμφιδὸν ἄρτι, λέοντες, ἐλεύθεροι εἰς νομὸν ὕλης
 ἔλθετε θαρσήμεντες, ὅτ' οὐκέτι μάρναται Αὖρη· 900
 καὶ σκυλάκων ἐλίκωπες ἀρείονές ἐστε λαγωοί·
 θῶες, ἐμοὶ τέρπεσθε· παρ' ἡμετέρῃ δὲ χαμεύνη
 πόρδαλιν ἀπτοίητον ἐπισκαίροντα νοήσω·
 ἄξατε σύννομον ἄρκτον ἀταρβέα· παιδοτόκου γὰρ
 Αὖρης χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθελύνθησαν οἰστοί.
 αἰδέομαι μεθέπειν μετὰ παρθένον οὖνομα νύμφης, 905
 μὴ βριαρὸν τεκέεσσιν ἐμὸν ποτε μαζὸν ὀπάσσω·
 μὴ παλάμη θλίψοιμι νόθον γάλα, μηδ' ἐνὶ λόχμαις
 θηροφόνος γεγαυῖα γυνὴ φιλότεκνος ἀκούσω." 908
 . . . θῆκεν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγι λεχώια δεῖπνα λεαίνης· 910
 ἀλλὰ Διωνύσοιο νέην εὐπαιδα γενέθλην,
 πόρδαλις ὠμοβόροισι δέμας λιχμῶσα γενεῖοις,
 ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσα σοφῶ μαιώσατο μαζῶ·
 θαμβαλέοι δὲ δράκοντες ἐκυκλώσαντο λοχείην
 ἰοβόλοισι στομάτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ νέα τέκνα φυλάσσων 915
 μειλιχίους καὶ θῆρας ἐθήκατο νυμφίος Αὖρης.
 Καὶ ποδὶ φοιταλέῳ Ληλαντιᾶς ἄνθορε κούρη
 ἄγριον ἦθος ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης,
 ἠερίαις δ' ἀκίχητος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀέλλαις
 θηρείων ἕνα παῖδα διαρπάξασα γενεῖων· 920
 καὶ πάις ἀρτιλόχευτος ἐνὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
 ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρη·
 καὶ μιν ἀφαρπάξασα φίλῳ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῶ,
 δαινουμένη φίλα δεῖπνα. καὶ ἀστόργοιο τεκούσης
 ταρβαλέῃ τέκος ἄλλο λεχωίδος ἤρπασεν Αὖρης 925
 παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, διαστείχουσα δὲ λόχμην
 παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζεν ἀήθει κούρον ἀγοστῶ.

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 newborn children.

⁹¹⁷ Then Lelantos's daughter sprang up with wandering 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.

Καὶ Βρομίου μετὰ λέκτρα,
 μετὰ στροφάλιγγα λοχείης
 μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα γαμήλιον ἀγρότις Αὔρη,
 ἀρχαίης μεθέπουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς, 930
 Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθεν· ὀπισθοτόνω δ' ἅμα τόξω
 εἰς προχοὰς ἀκόμιστον ἔην ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,
 καὶ βυθίῳ προκάρηνος ἐπεσκίρτησε ρεέθρω
 ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν ἀναινομένη φάος Ἴου̅ς,
 καὶ ῥοθίοις ποταμοῖο καλύπτετο· τὴν δὲ Κρονίων 935
 εἰς κρήνην μετάμειψεν· ὄρεσσιχύτοιο δὲ πηγῆς
 μαζοὶ κρουνὸς ἔην, προχοὴ δέμας, ἄνθεα χαῖται,
 καὶ κέρας ἔπλετο τόξον ἐγκραίρου ποταμοῖο
 ταυροφυές, καὶ σχοῖνος ἀμειβομένη πέλε νευρή,
 καὶ δόνακες γεγαῶτες ἐπερροίζησαν ὀιστοί, 940
 καὶ βυθὸν ἰλυόεντα διεσσυμένη ποταμοῖο
 εἰς γλαφυρὸν κευθμῶνα χυτὴ κελάρυζε φαρέτρην.

Καὶ χόλον ἰοχέαιρα κατεύνασεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχη
 ἴχνια μαστεύουσα φιλοσκοπέλοιο Λυαίου
 ἦεν, ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀειρομένη βρέφος Αὔρης, 945
 πήχεϊ κουφίζουσα νόθον βάρος· αἰδομένη δὲ
 ὤπασεν ἄρσενα παῖδα κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Νικαίῃ δ' ἔον νῆα πατὴρ πόρε, μαιάδι νύμφη·
 ἣ δὲ μιν ἠέρταζε, καὶ ἀκροτάτης ἀπὸ θηλῆς
 παιδοκόμων θλίβουσα φερέσβιον ἰκμάδα μαζῶν 950
 κοῦρον ἀνηέξησε. λαβῶν δὲ μιν ὑπόθι δίφρου
 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐπώνυμον νῆα τοκῆος
 Ἀθίδι μυστιπόλῳ παρακάτθετο Βάκχος Ἀθήνη,
 Εὐία παππάζοντα· θεὰ δὲ μιν ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
 Παλλὰς ἀνυμφεύτῳ θεοδέγμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ· 955
 παιδὶ δὲ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασε μῦνος Ἐρεχθεύς,
 αὐτοχύτῳ στάζοντα νόθον γλάγος ὄμφακι μαζῶ.

⁹²⁸ 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.

⁹⁴³ Then the Archeress stilled her anger. She went about the forest seeking for traces of Lyaïos 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.

⁹⁴⁸ 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

καί μιν Ἐλευσινίησι θεὰ παρακάτθετο Βάκχαις·
 ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον Ἰακχον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορείη
 νύμφαι κισσοφόροι Μαραθωνίδες, ἀρτιτόκῳ δὲ 960
 δαίμονι νυκτιχόρευτον ἐκούφισαν Ἀτθίδα πεύκην·
 καὶ θεὸν ἰλάσκοντο μεθ' υἷα Περσεφονείης,
 καὶ Σεμέλης μετὰ παῖδα, θυηπολίας δὲ Λυαίῳ
 ὄψιγόνῳ στήσαντο καὶ ἀρχεγόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
 καὶ τριτάτῳ νέον ὕμνον ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἰάκχῳ. 965
 καὶ τελεταῖς τρισσῆσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθηναί·
 καὶ χορὸν ὄψιτέλεστον ἀνεκρούσαντο πολῖται
 Ζαγρέα κυδαίνοντες ἅμα Βρομίῳ καὶ Ἰάκχῳ.

Οὐδὲ Κυδωναίων ἐπελήσατο Βάκχος Ἐρώτων,
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὄλλυμένης προτέρης ἐμνήσατο νύμφης· 970
 καὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἀποιχομένης Ἀριάδνης
 μάρτυν ἑῆς φιλότητος ἀνεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
 ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα φιλοστεφάνων ὑμεναίων.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις πατρώιον αἰθέρα βαίνων
 πατρὶ σὺν εὐώδινι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης, 975
 καὶ βροτέην μετὰ δαῖτα, μετὰ προτέρην χύσιν οἴνου
 οὐράνιον πίε νέκταρ ἀρειοτέροισι κυπέλλοις,
 σύνθρονος Ἀπόλλωνι, συνέστιος υἱεὶ Μαίης.

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.

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