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NONNOS
DIONYSIACA
III
NONNOS
DIONYSIACA
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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IN THREE VOLUMES
III
BOOKS XXXVI—XLVIII

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

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

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

W. H. D. Rouse

Histon Manor
Cambridge
June 1940
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'Εν δὲ τριηκοστῆ ἔκτως μετὰ λύματα λύσης Βάκχος Δηριάδη κορύσσεται εἰδος ἀμείβων.

'Ηχί τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ἐβδομον, εἰνεκα νίκης ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόροις ἐπιτύμβιοι εἰσιν ἁγάνεις.

'Ηχί τριηκοστὸν πέλεν ὄγδοον, αἴθοπι δαλῆ δειλαίου Φαέθοντος ἔχεισ μόρον ἡμιοχής.

'Εν δὲ τριηκοστῆ ἐνάτως μετὰ κύματα λεύσσεις Δηριάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει δεδαΐγμενον ὅρχαμον Ἰνδῶν, πῶς δὲ Τύρων Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Кάδμου.

Πρῶτον τεσσαρακοστὸν ἔχει, πόθεν νῦε Μύρρης ἀλλήν Κύπριν ἐτίκτεν 'Αμυμώνην 'Αφροδίτη.

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ὑφηνα τὸ δεύτερον, ἥχι λυγαῖνω Βάκχον τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἴμερον ἐννοσιγαῖον.

Δίξεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐτὶ τρίτον, ὀππόθι μέλπω Ἄρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν 'Εννῶ.
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 Amymone a second Cypris to the son of Myrrha.

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

(43) Look again at the forty-third, in which I sing a war of the waters and a battle of the vine.
Τεσσαρακοστον ὕφημα το τέτρατον, ἧχι γυναικας δέρκεο μανομένας καὶ Πενθέος ὅγκον ἀπειλῆς.
Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστον ἐπόψεαι, ὀππόθε Πενθέος ταύρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραλκέος αντὶ Λυκίου.
"Ἐκτὸν τεσσαρακοστὸν ἰδὲ πλέον, ἧχι νοῆσεις Πενθέος ἀκρα κάρημα καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαύην.
"Ἐρχεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ἐβδομον, ὀππόθε Περσεὺς καὶ μὸρος Ἰκαρίοιο καὶ ἄβροχίτων Ἀριάδνη.
Δίζεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ἐς ὁγδοον αἷμα Γιγάντων, Πάλλημην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπιαλέης τόκων Λύρης.
SUMMARY OF BOOKS

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

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

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

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

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

'Έν δὲ τριηκοστῷ ἐκτῷ μετὰ λύματα λύσης
Βάκχος Δημιάδη κορύσσεται εἶδος ἀμείβων.

'Ως φάμενος θάρσουνι γεγηθότας ἡγεμονίας:
Δημιάδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν έσω ἐκόρυυσσε μαχητάς.
ἀμφοτέρη δὲ φάλαγγι θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὁλύμπου
κεκριμένοι στελλοντο κυβερνητήρες Ἰννοῦς,
οἱ μὲν Δημιάδης ἄρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυσίων.
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ μακάρων ψίζυγος ἰψόθη Κέριτης
"Ἀρεος εἶχε τάλαντα παρακλιδῶν οὐρανόθεν δὲ
ἐμπυρον ὑδατοῖς προκαλίζετο κυανοχαῖτης
'Ηέλιον, γλαυκώπιν "Ἀρης, "Ἡφαιστος Ὑδάστην.
"Ἡρης δ' ἀντικέλευθος ὀρεστίας Ἄρτεμις ἐστὶν.
Λητών δ' ἐπὶ δὴριν εὐρραπε όλυθεν Ἐρμῆς.
Καὶ ξαθέου πολέμου διδυκότυπος ἐβρεμὲν ἤχῳ
ἀμφοτέρους μακάρεσσιν. ἐπεσυμεῖνων δὲ κυδομῷ
"Ἀρης ἐπταπέλεθρος ἐμάρινα τριτογενείᾳ,
καὶ δόρυ θούροι ταλλεν. ἀνοτῆτου δὲ θεαίνης
μέσοιν αὐγίδα τύψειν, ἀθητήτου δὲ καρίνου
 トラック Γοργείης ὀψαύδεα λίμα χαίτης.
Παλλάδος οὐτήσας λάσιον σάκος. ὀξυτεμή δὲ
πεμπομένη βοιζηδῶν ἀκάμπτεος ἐγχεος αἰχή
ποιητῆν πλοκαμίδα νόθης ἐχάραξε Μεδούσης.
κοῦρη δ' ἐγρεκόουμος ἐπαίξασα καὶ αὐτή
2
BOOK XXXVI

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

With this speech he encouraged the glad leaders; and Deriades on his part put his own soldiers under arms. The gods who dwell in Olympos ranged themselves in two parties to direct the warfare on both sides, these supporting Deriades, those Lyaios. Zeus Lord of the Blessed throned high on Cerne held the tilting balance of war. From heaven Seablue chair 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.

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

\* The battle of the gods is imitated rather closely from Il. xx. 32-74; xxi. 328-513.
σύγγονον ἐγχος ἄειρεν ἐπ’ Ἀρεὶ Παλλᾶς ἀμήτωρ, κεῖνο, τὸ περ φορέουσα λεχῶν ήλικι χαλκῷ ἀνθορε πατρόῳ τελεσιγονοι καρίνου.
καὶ δαπέδῳ γόνι κάμψε τυπεῖς περιμήκετος Ἀρης· ἀλλὰ μιν ὀρθώσασα παλινδύνητον Ἀθήνη μυτρῖ φίλη μετὰ δήμων ἀνωτάτοις ὤπασεν Ἡρη.

"Ἡρη δ’ ἀντερίδαιεν ὀρεσσιοῦκον Διονύσου Ἀρτεμις ὡς συνάεθλος ὀρεστιάς, ἱδυτενεὶς δὲ τόξου ἐδι κύκλωσεν· ὀμοζῆλι ὤ κυδοιμῷ Ἡρη Ζηνὸς ἐλοῦσα νέφος πετυκασμένον ἁμιαν ἀρραγεὶς ὡς σάκος εἰς ἡρεῖ καὶ Ἀρτεμις ἀλλον ἐπ’ ἀλλῷ ἡρεῖς πέμπουσα δι’ ἀντυγος ίδιν ἀλήτην εἰς σκοπόν ἀχρῆστον ἐδν εκένωσε φαρέτρην, καὶ νεφέλῃς ἀρρηκτὸν δὴν ἐπικάζειν διόστοις· καὶ γεράνων μυμήλος ἐν τοῦτος ἡροφοῖτης ἰπταμένων στεφανηδοῦν ἄμοβαιόν τινι κύκλῳ· καὶ νέφείς χκίσσεις πεπηγότες ἦσαν διόστοις· ὀπτειλᾶς δ’ ἀχαρακτός ἀναίμονας εἰς ναλύπτηρη. καὶ κραναδὶς κούφισεν ὑπηνέμου νέλος Ἡρη, χειρὶ δὲ δυνεύοντα πεπηγότα νῦτα χαλάζης Ἀρτεμιν ἔστυφελικε χαραδρήσεις βελέμνων· τόξου δ’ ἀγκύλα κύκλα συνεδίασε μάρμαρος αἰχμῆ· οὐ δὲ μάχην ἀνέκοψε Δίος δάμαρ. Ἀρτεμιδος δὲ στῆθες ἄκρον ἔτυψε μεσατόταν· ἡ δὲ τυπείσα ἐγχεὶ παριήνεις χαμαὶ κατέχευεν φαρέτρην. καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγέλωσα Δίος μυθήσατο νῦμφη· "Ἀρτεμι, θηρία βάλλε· τι μείζονις ἀντιφερίζεις; καὶ σκοπέλων ἐπίβηθι· τί σοι μόθος; οὐτίδιανας δὲ ἐνδρομίδας φορέουσα λίπε κηνημίδας Ἀθήνη."
motherless Pallas, rushed forwards in her turn and raised her birthmate spear, the weapon as old as herself, with which at her birth she leapt out of her father's pregnant head born in armour. Huge Ares was hit, and sank to the ground on one knee; but Athena helped him up and sent him back to his dear mother Hera unwounded, when the duel was done.

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

"Go and shoot wild beasts, Artemis! Why do you quarrel with your betters? Climb your crags—what is war to you? Wear your trumpery shoes and let Athena wear the greaves. Stretch your
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καὶ λίνα σεῖο τίνυσσε δολοπλόκα: θηροφόνι γὰρ σοὶ κύνες ἀγρώσσουσι, καὶ οὐ πτερόευτες ὕστοι: οὐ σὺ λεοντοφόνοι μεθέπεις βέλος: ἀδρανέων γὰρ σῶν καμάτων ἱδρυτες ἀνάλκιδες εἰς λαγωῖ: σῶν δ’ ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε καὶ εὐκεράν σεό δίφρου, ἢς σῶν ἐλάφων ἀλέγιζε: τί σοὶ Δίος υλα γεραίρειν πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἡμιοχή λειντων; ἢν δ’ ἐθέλησ, ἔχε τόξον, "Ἑρωσ ὅτι τόξα τιταίνιν παρθενικὴ φυγόδεμνε μογοστόκε, πορθμών Ἐρωτῶν κεστὸν ἔχεω ὦφελλες ἀοοσητήρα λοχείς, σὺν Παφίη, σὺν Ἐρωτεί σὺ γὰρ κρατείς τοκετοῦ. ἀλλα, τελεσσιγόνοι κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης, ἕρχεο παιδοτόκων ἑπὶ παστάδα θηλυτεράων, καὶ λοξίος βελέσσοις ὀμιτεύουσα γυναίκας εἰκελος ἔσσο λεώτε λεχώδους ἐγγύθι νύμφης, ἀντὶ φιλοποτέμου μογοστόκος. ἀλλα καὶ αὐτῆς λῆγε σαοφρονέουσα σαοφρονος εἰνεκα μίτρης, ὅτι τεὼν μελέων μεθέπων τύπων ύψιμεδων Ζεὺς παρθενικὰς ἁγάμους νυμφευται εἰςἐτε κεῖσην εἰκόνα σὴν βοῶσι γαμοκλόπον Ἀρκάδες ἔλαι, Καλλιστοὺς ἁγάμου γαμοστόλου, ὑμετέρην δὲ ἐμφρονα μάρτυρον ἄρκτον ἑτὶ στενάχουσι κολὼν μεμφομένην νόθον ἐδοὺς ἐρωμανὲς ἰοχείρης, θηλυτέρης ὦτε λέκτρων ἐδύσατο θῆλυς ἀκοίτης. ἀλλα τῇν ἀνόνητον ἀπορρύψασα φαρέτρην "Ἡρης κάλιπε δὴριν ἀρείνοις: ἢν δ’ ἐθέλησις, ὡς λοχή πολεμίζει τελεσσιγάμων Κυθερείη." "Ἐννεπε, τειρομενὴν δὲ παρηλθέν "Ἀρτεμιὼν Ἡρη. τῇν δὲ φόβῳ μεθύουσαν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο κομίζων

a Cf. II. xxi. 483. Many other close imitations will be
cunning nets. Dogs, not winged arrows, hunt and kill your beasts. You handle no weapon to kill lions; the sweats of your paltry labours are timid hares. Attend to your stags and your horned team, attend to your stags: why should you exalt the son of Zeus, the driver of panthers and the charioteer of lions? Keep your bow, if you like, for Eros also bends a bow. What you ought to do, you virgin marriage-hater, you midwife, is to carry the cestus, love's ferry, the helper of childbed, in company with Eros and the Paphian: for you have power over birth. Begone then to the bedchambers of women in labour of child, you the guide of creative birth, and shoot women with the arrows of childbirth; be like a lion⁠a 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).
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ήμωτερω πήχυνε κατηφεί Φοίβος ἀγοστῷ, καὶ μν ἄγων ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἐνδοθ λόγυης νοστῆσας δ' ἀκίχητος ὀμίλεε τέσπιδι χάρμη.

Καὶ βυθίου προμάχον πυρόεις πρόμος ἀντίος ἐστῃ. Φοίβος ἐσ ὑμινὴν Ποσιθήνιον ἀμφί δὲ νευρήθη ἰελός καὶ πυρσον ἐκοφίσε Δελφίδι πεύκῃ ἀμφοτέρη παλάμη περιδέξιος ὄφρα κορύσοι ὁλκῷ κυματέντι σέλας καὶ τόξα τραίνη. αἰχμή δ' αἰθαλότασσα καὶ ὑδατόντες οἰστοὶ σύμπεσον ἀλλήλους κορυσσομένου δὲ Φοίβου Ἀρεος ἐσμαράγγησε μέλος πατρώους Αίθηρ, βρονταίον κελάδημα. θυελλήσσα δὲ σάλπιγξ οὕαςι Φοιβείουσιν ἐπέκτυπο τοιαὶς Ἡχώ. Τρίτων δ' εὐρυγένειος ἐβομβεῖ πᾶδα κόχλῳ ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος, ἀπ' ιξύος ἐγχλοος ἰχθύς. Νηρείδεσ δ' ἀλαλάζον ὑπερκύψας δὲ θαλάσσης σειομένου τριόδοντος "Ἀραφ' μυκήσατο Νηρεύς.

Οὐρανίης δὲ φάλαγγος υπερτερων ἦχων ἀκούων Ζεὺς χθόνιος κελάδησε, μη ἐνοσίγαιος ἁράσσων γαῖαν ἰμασσομένην ροθίων ἐνοσίχθου παλμῷ ἄρμονίην κόσμου μετοχλίσσει τριαίνη, μη ποτε κινήσας χθονίων κρηπίδα βερέθρων θητήν τελέσειν ἄθητου χθονὸς έδηρν, μη βυτίων φλέβα πάσαν ἀναρρήξειν ἐναιλων Ταρταρίῳ κευμονί χέων μετανάστιον ύδωρ, νέρτερον εὐρώντα κατακλύζων πυλεώνα.

Τόσοις ἀρα κτύποις ύροτο θεῶν ἔριθι εὐνοίτων, καὶ χθόνιαι σάλπιγγες ἐπέβρεμον ἀμφοτέρους δὲ ράβδου ἐλαφρίζων ἀνεσείρας μείλιχος 'Ερμῆς.

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

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

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

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

Pluto in Hades.
τρισσοῖς δ’ ἀθανάτουι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνήν.
"Γνωτε Δίος καὶ κοὐρε,
οὐ μὲν, κλυτότοξε, θεῖλαις 110
πυρσὸν ἔα καὶ τόξα, σὺ δὲ γλωξίνα τριαίνης,
μὴ μακάρων Τιτῆνες ἐπεγγελάσωσι κυδομῷ,
μὴ Κρονίην μετὰ δὴριν ἀπειλήτειραν Ὀλύμπου
δεύτερον ἀθανάτουιν Ἀρης ἐμφύλιος εἰς,
μὴ μόθον ἄλλον ἴδοιμι μετὰ κλόνου Ἦατετοίῳ,
μὴ δὲ μετὰ Ζαγρῆα καὶ ὀψιγόνου περὶ Βάκχου
φλέξας γαῖαν ἅπασαν ἑῷ πυρὶ χωόμενος Ζεὺς
ἀενάοις κλύσσεις τὸ δεύτερον ἀντυγα κόσμου,
ὐδασίν ὀμβρῆσας χυτὸν αἰθέρα: μήδε νοῆσω
ηερίοις πελάγεσσι διάβροχον ἄρμα Σελήνης.
μὴ ψυχρῆν ἐχέτω Φάεθων πάλιν ἐμπυρον αἰγλῆν.
πρεσβυτέρῳ δ’ ὑπόεικε κυβερνητηρὶ θαλάσσης,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τανύων χάριν, ὅτι γεραίρει
eιναλίθην σέο Δήλου ἀλὸς μεδεῦν ἐνοσιθων.
μὴ σε λίπη φοίνικος ἔρως καὶ μνήστις ἑλαίης.
τίς πάλιν, ἐννοσίγαιε, δικαστόλος ἐνθάδε Κέκροφ,
tίς πάλιν "Ἰναχός ἄλλος ἐήν πόλιν ἰαχεν "Ηρη, 120
οὔτι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι κορύσσεαι, ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,
καὶ μόθον ἄλλον ἐχεὶς προτέρη μετὰ φύλοπιν "Ηρης;
καὶ σύ, πάτερ μεγάλου, κερασφόρε, Δημιαδής,
"Ἡφαῖστον πεφυλάξεο σέλας μετὰ λαμπάδα Βάκχου,
μὴ σε πυριγλώχινι καταφλέξεε κεραννῆ.
"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνέκοψε θεῶν ἐμφυλον 'Εινω.
καὶ τότε λυσσήες παλινάγρετον ἅμφεπε 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. And Earthshaker, what second Cecrops will be judge here? What second Inachos 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, 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

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

\(d\) Hydaspes.
Δημιάδης βαρύμηνις, ἄπήμονας ὡς ἴδε Βάκχας·
καὶ μόθον ἀρτεμεύοντος ὀπιτεύων Διονύσου
eἰς ἑνοπῆν οἰστρῆσε πεφυζότας ἡγεμονῆς·
καὶ ξυνῆν πρυλέσσοι καὶ ἰππῆσσοι ἀπειλῆν
βάρβαρον ἐσμαράγγησε βαρυβόγγων ἀτὸ λαμιῶν·
"Σήμερον ἦ Διόνυσον ἐγὼ πλοκαμίδος ἐρύσσω, ἢ
μὰθος Βακχείος ἀιστώσει γένος Ἰνδῶν.
ὕμεις μὲν Σατύρους ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκην
στήσατε· Δημιάδης δὲ κορυσσεόθω Διονύσῳ.
ἡμερίδων δὲ πέτηλα καὶ ὅργανα ποικίλα Βάκχου
φλέξατε, καὶ κλίσια ἐμπρῆσατε· Μαυναλίδας δὲ
dημωίδας αὐχήνετι κομίσαστε Δημιάδης· καὶ
πυρὶ δῆμα θύρσα μαραίνετε· βουκεράων δὲ
Σειληνῶν Σατύρων τε πολυσπερέων κεφαλῶν
λήνων ἀμῆσαντες ἀλοιπηκῆρ σιδήρῳ
στέφαστε πάντα μέλαθρα βοοκραίρουι καρῆνοι·
μὴ Φαέθων στρέψει πυραυγέας εἰς δύσιν ἰππους,
πρὶν Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἀλυκτοπέδησιν κομίσω
σφυγγόμενον, καὶ στικτὸν ἐμῆ δεδαίγμενον ἀίχῆ
ῥωγαλέον φορέοντα κατὰ στέρνου χιτῶνα,
θύρσον ἀπορρίβαντα· ταυτπλοκάμων δὲ γυναικῶν
χαίτην ἀμπελόσσαι ἐμῷ τεθρώσατε δαλῷ.
θαρσαλεῖ δὲ γένεσθε, καὶ Ἦνδων μετὰ χάρμην
νῖκην κυδιάνειραν ἀείσατε Δημιάδῆς,
ὁφρά τις ἐρρίγησαι καὶ ὑψιγόνων στρατὸς ἀνδρῶν
ἐνδοῖς Γηγενέσσοιν ἀνυκτητοῖσιν ἐρίζειν."
"Εννεπε, καὶ προμάχους μετανεύμενος

῾ άλλου ἐπ᾿ ἄλλῳ

نحناءσιν ὀστρήσει ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
καὶ πρυλέσων πομπῆσα ἔπεστήριξεν ὀμίλῳ
μαρναμένους πυργηδῶν. ὁμοζήλω δὲ κυδομῖν
θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμων στίχα θηρῶν.
saw the Bacchants unharmed, began the battle again; when he saw Bacchos whole on the field he goaded his fugitive captains to rally, and to footmen and horsemen alike he roared his barbaric threats in a loud voice:

"This day either I shall drag Dionysos by the hair, or his assault shall destroy the Indian nation! You, fall on the Satyrs and check them by main force: let Deriades confront Dionysos. Burn the vine plants and all the various gear of Bacchos and set fire to their camp; bring the Mainalids as slaves to triumphant Deriades; consume with fire every thyrsus of the enemy; as for the oxhorned Seilenoi and the crowds of Satyrs, shear off like a crop all their heads with devastating steel, and hang the oxhorned skulls in strings round all our houses. May Phaethon 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!"

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 thyrsus mad drove to the combat
eis ἐνοτὴν βάκχευεν· ὀριτρεφέες δὲ μαχηταὶ
dαιμονὶς βρυχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἰμάσθηλη,
καὶ πολὺς ἐκ στομάτων ἐκορύσσετο μαυνόμενος θηρ.
ὡμοβόρων δὲ ῥάκοντες ἀποπτύνοντες ὀδόντων
τηλεβόλους πόμπευον ἐς ἱέρα πίδακας ἵου
χάσματι συρίζοντι μεμυκότος ἄνθερεών,
λοξὰ παρασκαίροντες· ἐς αὐτιβίοις δὲ θεροῦντες
αὐτόματον σκοπὸν εἶχον ἐχιδήσετες ὁιστοὶ·
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη δέμας Ἰηῶν
εἰλομένων, βροτέους δὲ πόδας σφικώσατο σειρή
eis ὅρμον ἀίσσοντας. Ἀρειμανεῖς δὲ γυναῖκες
δῆριν ἐμμὴσαντο ῥάκοντοβόλον Φιδαλείης,
ἡ ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα γυναικείοιο κυδομοῦ
δυσμενεᾶς νίκησεν ἐχιδήσεσι κορύμβους . . .
καὶ τις ἀπὸ στομάτων δολιχόσκιον ἐγχος ἰάλλων
ἰὸν ἀκοντιστήρα κατέπτυν Δηριαδῆς,
καὶ φονίη ῥαθάμυγι χάλυψ ἐδιαίνετο θώρηξ.
καὶ νέκυς ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο τυπείς ζωόντι βελέμων,
ἀπνοος ἄμφιέστων βέλος ἐμπνοο. ὀρθοπόδων δὲ
eis λοφὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἀναίξας ἐλεφάντων
πόρδαλις ἑώρητο μετάρροιο ἀλματι ταρσῶν·
πυκνὰ δὲ θηρείου κατεστήρικτο καρῆνου,
καὶ ὅρμον ἑώρησε ταυνκήμων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ πολὺς ἑμὸς ἐπιπτε, βαρυσμαράγγοι ἀπὸ λαμμῶν
φρικτῶν ἐνημονόμων ἀϊῶν βρυχήμα λεότων·
καὶ τις ἐνικήθη τρομέων μυκήματα ταύρου,
καὶ βοὸς εἰσοροῦν βλοὺρῆς γλωχίνα κεραῖς
λοξῶν ἀκοντίζουσαν ἐς ἱέρα· φοιταλέος δὲ
eis φόβοιν ἄλλοις ὑποφρίσσων γέννῳ ἄρκτου·
θηρείας δ’ ἰαχῆσαι ὀμόκτυπος ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ
14
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 the snakethrower, who once was stung to show what a woman could do in battle, and conquered her enemies with clusters of snakes.

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

a Wife of Byzas, founder of Byzantium. The Scythians attacked the city in his absence, and she drove them off by throwing snakes at them.
Πανός ἀνικήτου κύων συνυλάκτεε λαμψφ, καὶ μόθον ὑλακόμωρον ἐδείδασαν αἰθοπές Ἰνδολ.
Εὐνή δ' ἀμφοτέρους ὁμόζυγος ἦν 'Ἐννω.
γαία δὲ δυσώσασα φόνον κυμαίνετο λύθρω
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, πολυσπερέων δὲ δαμέντων
πληθὺς τοσσάτη νεκύων ἐστείνετο Λήθ领导下
χειρὶ δ' ἀνοχλίζων Ἀιδής ὀρφαίον ὀχήματα εὐρυτέρους πυλεώνας ἐώς ὦζὲ μελαθρών
κτεινομένων ἐκάτερθε, διεσυμμένων δὲ βεριθρών
Ταρτάρου μῦκημα Χαρωνίδες ἐκτυποῦ ὀξθαί.
Καὶ πολὺς έγρευκύδοιμος ἐτύμος, ἀντιβιῶν δὲ
ὕπειλή κταμένων ἐτερότροπος, ὥς ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν ἐπόθεν ὦλίσθησε τετυμμένος ἀνθρεψά,
ὅς δὲ κατὰ στέρνου περίτροχον ἀντυγα μαζου,
ὅς δὲ μέσον κενεώνα πεπαρμένους ἐκπέσε δίφρου
άλλος ἐγνλάχων παρ’ ὀμφαλὸν ἀκρον ὀστῷ
βλημένος αὐτοκύλιστος ὄμίλεε γαίτοι πότῳ,
ὅς δὲ τυπεὶς μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἀντυγα, ὅς δὲ δὴ ὦμου
καὶ φυγάς ἄλλος ἐπιπτε ράχιν τετορημένος αἰχμή,
πεξὸς άελλήεντα τετυμμένον ἐπον ἐάσας.
ὅς δὲ πεσών ἀνίουλος ὀδύρετο σύντροφον ᾿ήβην
καὶ τις ἀναλθήτως κεχαραγμένος ἦπαρ ὀστῷ
κύμβαχος ἐξ ἐλέφαντος ἐσπεδούσης κονίη,
κράτα παρακλίνας δαπέδω, καὶ χίρας ὄξιν
ἀμαλέην πῆχυνε κατηφεῖ γαίαιν ἀγοστὴ.
Καὶ τις ἀνήρ ῶπῆν ἐναντία δόχιμος ἐπὴ,
καὶ σάκεος κενεώνα χυτῆς ἔπλησε κονίης,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσον ἐπηξε, δεδεμένοις ἀνέρος ὀμήρῃ
χειρὶ δὲ θαρσαλέη πολυθαίδαλον ἀσπίδα τείνων
ἐπειὴν ψαμάθουσιν ὄλην ἔρραινεν ὀπωπῆν
βακχεῦσας δὲ κάρρυνον ἀνω νεόντο προσώπη
ἐποσ ἀνηώρητῳ κονισαλέην τρίχα σειών,
concert with the roars of the wild beasts, and the swarthy Indians feared their loudbarking attack.

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

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

221 A man stood sideways to meet a horseman; he had filled the hollow of his shield with dust, and fixed his foot firmly awaiting the man's onset. Pushing out the handsome shield in his bold hand, he smothered the horse's head with sand. The horse reared wildly and threw up his head shaking the dust
καμπύλα δ' ευλάγγος ἀπέπτυκεν ἄκρα χαλυσοῦ
τρίβων δ' ἀγκυλόδοντα παλυνομένην γέννων ἀφρώ
ὕψιτενής δεδόντο, καὶ ὀρθῶν αὐξένα πάλλων
οὐστρῆις ἀχάλων ἐπεστρῆιζεν γαίῃ
ποσσὶν ὀπισθιάιοις, καὶ αἰδύσωσιν κῶν ὅπλῇ
eis pédou ἥκοντιζεν ἀπόσσωτον ἡμοχῆ.

αὐτὰρ ὁ κεκλιμένως ταχὺς ἐδραμε κάρχαρος ἀνήρ,
γυμνὸν ἔχων θοῦν ἄφο: ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ ταῦτα
κυνέου προμάχῳ διέθριεν ἀνθερεών.

"Ἀλλος ἐρυπτοίητος ἔχαξετο πῶλος ἀλήτης,
γείτονος ἡμιόχου δεδεγμένος ἱχὸν ἰμάσθης,
οὐκτρών ἕων θηόνιον διαστείβων ἐλατήρα,
κείμενον ἀρτιδαίκτων, ἐπισπαίροντα κοινῇ.

Κολλήτης δ' ἀπέλευθος ἔχων περιμήκεα μορφήν,
δύσμαχος, ἐνναόπηχας, ὁμοίως Ἀλκυονῆ,
Βακχείς κατὰ μέσον ἐμαίνετο δημοτήτος.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα μετὰ κλόνων ἦθελεν Ἑκείων
eis εὐνήν ἄναέδνου ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναιῶν,
καὶ κενῆ πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι, τηλίκος ἄνήρ,
oios ἓνθα δρᾶσις Ὡτός ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα βαϊνων,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου ποθέων λέχος ισχειρής,
oios ἓνθα φιλέων καθαρῆς ὑμέναιον Ἀθήνης
 vids ὑψινεφής ἐσ Ὀλυμπον ἀκούτιζων Ἐφιάλτης:
Kollētēs pēle tōs ὑπέρτερος, αἰθέρι γείτων,
Γηγενέως προγόνῳ θηεμάχον αἰμα κομίζων,
Ἰνδοῦ πρωτογόνῳ· καὶ ἄρκιος ἐπλετο μορφῇ
dῆσαν σθὸον Ἄρη μεθ' υίες Ἰφιμεδείης.

άλλα τόσον περ ἔότα γυνὴ κτάνεν οξεὶ πέτρω,

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

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, went raging through the fighting hosts of Bacchos. He wished after the battle to drag a company of Bassetards to his bed, and no brideprice paid for the forced bridals. But that was an empty hope he fought for, that mighty man: like bold Otos, who would tread the forbidden ground of heaven for lust of the holy bed of Archeress the unwedded; like Ephialtes, whose love was for wedlock with pure Athena, when he attacked Olympos in the clouds on high. Such was Colletes, gigantic, heavenhigh, having in him the sacrilegious blood of his giant ancestor the founder of the Indian race. He was great enough to put Ares in prison like the sons of Iphimedeia. But huge as he was, a woman killed Iphimedeia, tried to scale heaven by piling mountains on one another, Hom. Od. xi. 305 ff. (That they did it to win goddesses to wife is a later fancy; in Homer they are children.) They also bound Ares, ll. v. 385 ff.
Βακχιάδος Χαρόπεια κυβερνήτευρα χορεύσις.
Καί τις ἀριστεύονσαν ἵδιν ὑψαύχεια κοῦρην
θαύμα χόλω κεράσας τρομερὴν ἐφθέγγατο φωνὴν.
"Ἀρεσ, Ἀρεσ, λίπε τόξα
καὶ ἀσπίδα καὶ σέο λόγχην.
Ἀρεσ, ἐσυλήθης, λίπε Καύκασου ἀνδροφόνους γὰρ ἀλλοίᾳς Διόνυσος Ἀμαζόνας εἰς μόθον ἐλκεὶ·
ὅπλοφόρους δοιέουσιν ἀνάπιδες· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος ἐὰς ἐκόμισε γυναῖκας.
ξείνων ἰδον καὶ ἀπιστον ἑγὼ τύπων· οὐ σάκος ἤμοις,
οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχουσιν Ἀμαζόνιδες Διονύσου·
οὶ τὸσον εὐθώρῃκες ἀριστεύουσι γυναῖκες
Καύκασίδες· Βάκχαι δὲ φιλοπόρθων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
φυλλάδας αἰχμαλώτουι, καὶ οὐ χατέουσι σιδήρουν.
ὠμοι Δηριάδαο μεμηνότος, ὃτι γυναῖκες
χαλκείους ὑψίσεσι διασχίζουσι χιτώνας." 270
"Εννεπε θαμβήσας κραναὸν βέλος, οἶον ἐλούσα
τηλίκον ύψικάρην ἀπέκτανεν ἀνέρα Βάκχῃ.
Δηριάδης δ’ ἀκίχητος ἐπέδραμε ὑμάσι Βάκχαις.
καὶ Χαρόπην ἔδιωκε λιθοσοόν· ἢ δὲ φυγοῦσι
μάρνατο θαρσήσασα παρισταμένι θυρίσβου,
θύρσων ἄκοντιλλουα φιλάνθεμοι Εὐάδι χάρμη.
Δηριάδης δ’ ὁ Ὀρίθαλλον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ,
Κουρήτων ὁμόφυλον, Ἀβαντίδος ἀστόν ἀρούρης.
καὶ κοτέων ἐτάροιο δεδουτότος ἄρχοι Ἀβάντων
Καρμίνων βασιλὴα κατεπρήνειε Μελισσεύς,
Κύλλαρσαν, ὀξύνετι κατ’ αὐχένιον ἄρι τύπα,
Ἀγγασιδὴν θ’, ὃς μοῦνοι, ἐπεὶ σοφὸς ἐσκε μαχητής,
Δηριάδη μεμέλητο δοριδρασέων πλέον Ἰνδών

* Hindu Kush.

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

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

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

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

273 But Deriades ran untouched against the frenzied Bacchants, and pursued Charope who threw the stone; but she escaped, and took her stand fighting boldly beside Dionysos, stabbing with her flowery thyrsus in the Euian battle. Then Deriades killed Orithallos with his spear, one of the Curetian tribe from the land of the Abantes. Their chief Melisseus in anger for his comrade's fall, struck down Cyllaros king of the Carminians, cutting his throat with his sharp sword, and Logasides, who alone, because he was accomplished in the art of war, was more precious to Deriades than any of the bold Indian spearmen,
καὶ μὴν ἀναξ φιλέειν μετὰ Μορρέα. πολλάκις δὲ αὐτὴ Ὄρσιβόη καὶ ἄνακτι μῆς ἐφαυσε τραπέζης, θυγατέρων βασιλῆς ὁμέστιος. ἀμφότεροις γὰρ ἐγχεὶ καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὑπέρβαλε σύντροφον ἤβην. ἔνθα πολὺς προμάχῳ πρόμοι ἤρισεν. ὑψηφαίνε ὡς Πευκετίων πολέμιζεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλμιηδῆς, καὶ Φλογίως κεκόρυστο Μάρων καὶ Θουρεὶ Ληνεύς. Ὁσμίνης δὲ τάλαντα πατήρ ἐκλίνεν Κρωνίων· καὶ βριαρῷ Διώνυσος ἐμάρματο Δημιαδήμης, μίξας ἐγχεὶ θύρσον ἀκοντόφορῳ δὲ μαχητῇ πη μὲν ἀκοντίζωντι μετάτροπον ἔδος ἀμείβων δύσατο παντοίης πολυνάδαλα φάσματα μορφῆς. πὴ δὲ θυελλήσσα κορύσσετο μαυμαείνη φλόξ, ἀγκύλων αἰθύσουσα σέλας βετάρμιον καπνῷ. ἀλλοτε κυμαίνων ἀπατήλιον ἐρρεεν ὕδρω, ὕγρος οἰστεύων διερὸν βέλος. ἀμφιέσιν δὲ ἱσοφυὲς μίμημα λεοντίοιο προσώπου ὄρθιον ἤερταζε μετάρσοιο ἄνθερεώνα, τρηχαλεόν βρύχημα χέων πυκνότριχο λαμψὶ καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐρισμαράγιο τοκῆς· καὶ σκιερῆς φορέων πολυναδαλον ἔδος ὑπώρης ἀλλοφανῆς μορφοῦτο, καὶ εἰκελος ἐρικεί γαῖς αὐτοτελῆς ἀκίχτης ἀνέδραμεν, αἰθερά τύπτων, ὡς πίτυς, ὡς πλατάνιστος ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρήνοι μυμηλοῖς πετάλοις νόθην δενδρώσατο χαῖτην, γαστέρα θάμνον ἔχων περμήκετον ἀκρεμώνας δὲ χείρας ἐὰς ποίησε, καὶ ἐφλοίωσε χιτώνας, καὶ πόδας ἐρρίζωσεν ἀνακρουσὼν δὲ κεραίας μαρναμένου βασιλῆς ἐπεψιθύριζε προσώπῳ· καὶ στικτοῖς μελέσσσι τύπτον μυμηλον υφαινων πόρδαλις υψιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἀλματι ταρσῶν, καὶ λοφής ἐπέβαινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἑλεφάντων.
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 yearmates. Then many a captain fought against captain: tall agile-footed Halimedes against Peucetios, Maron against Phlogios, Leneus against Thureus.

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

1 φιλέει Tiedke, φιλέοι mss. and Ludwich.
2 So mss.: Ludwich κεραλας.
κοῦφα βιβάς· ἐλέφας δὲ παρήορος ἀρμια τινάσσων
εἰς πέδου ἕκοντιξε θεημάχου ἦμοχῆα,
σεῖων φαϊδρᾶ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀγκύλα κύκλα χαλινῶν.
οὐδὲ πεσών ἄμελησε πέλωρ πρόμος, ἀλλὰ Λυνάψ
μάρνατο μορφώθηντι καὶ οὐτασε πόρδαλιν αἰχμή.

ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετάμειψε θεὸς δέμας· ὑψιφανὴς γὰρ,
ἡέρα θερμαίων, ἐλελιξέτο πυρσὸς ἀλῆτης,
αιθύσων ἀνέμους φλαγόεν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζοὺς
στήθεα λαχνηντα διετρέξε Δηριαδῆς
κυκλόθεν· υψιόρου δὲ δεδεγμένος ἄλματα κατινώ
ἀργενναὶς λαγόνεσσιν Ἀραψ ἐμελαίνετο θάρης,
βαλλόμενοι σπινθήρι· πυριβλήτου δὲ φορῆς
ἡμιδαῖς ζείοντι λόφῳ θερμαίνετο πῆλης . . .
ἐκ βλοσυροῦ δὲ λέοντος ἐφαίνετο κάρπος ἀλῆτης,
εὐρύνων μέγα χάσμα δασύτριχος ἀνθερείων,
καὶ λοφίην πελάσας ἐπὶ γαστέρι Δηριαδῆς
ὁθὸς ὅπισθίδιοι ποδὸς στηρίξετο παλμῷ,
θηγαλέος ὀνύχεσι μέσον κενεῶν χαράσσων.

Δηριάδης δ’ ὑπέροπλος ἐμάρνατο φάσματι κωφῷ,
ἐλπίδι μαψιδῆς πεφορημένος· ἦθελε δ’ αἰεὶ
ἀψιάστου ἀκίχητον ἐλείν εἰδώλων ἀγοστοῖς
ἀντίτυποι δὲ λέοντος ἐδι δόρυ πῆξε μετώπῳ,
μύθον ἀπειλήτηρα χέων πολυειδεί Βάκχῳ:

"Τι πτώσεσις, Διώνυς;

τί σοι δόλος ἀντὶ κυδομοῦ;

Δηριάδην τρομέων πολυδαίδαλον εἰδὸς ἄμείβεις;

πόρδαλις οὐ κλονέει με φυγοπολέμου Διονύσου,
ἀρκτον οἰστεώς, καὶ δεύδρεον ἄορι τέμνω;

ψευδομένου δὲ λέοντος ἐγὼ κενεῶνα χαράξω.

ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμήνης ἀτευχεᾶς εἰς σὲ κορύσσων·

24
the elephant lunging sideways smashed the car and shot the impious driver to the ground, shaking off yokepads and bit and bridle. Even though fallen the gigantic warrior would not leave him alone, but fought with Lyaios transformed and wounded the panther with his spear. But again the god changed his shape: a moving firebrand he rose high, heating the air and shooting a fiery bolt through the wind, running all over the breast and shaggy chest of Deriades. His Arabian 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 ...] 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.

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:

"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 γεγάσαν, θεοκλήτοις δὲ ἐπαοῦδαῖς
πολλάκις ἥροφοιτον, ὁμοίων ἄζυγι ταύρῳ,
οὐρανόθεν κατάγοντες ἐφαρμάξαντο Σελήνην,
pολλάκι δὲ ἅπευοντος ἐπειγομένων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἀσταθέοις Ψαέθοιτος ἀνεστήσαντο πορείῃν."

"Εννέεπε παπταίνων ἔτερότροτα φάσματα Βάκχουν. 350
καὶ νόον ἔχεν ἄπιστον· ἀκηλήτω δὲ μενουὴ
tέχνην φαρμακόσεσαν ἐπιρράφας Διονύσῳ
ἐλπετο νικήσειν Δίως υἱέα μύστιδι τέχνην.

"Ἐνθα θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἀνέδραμεν ὑψόθι δίφρων
καὶ θεὸς ἀφαραίνοντα θημάχον ἄνδρα δοκεῖνων
ἀμπελοῦ ἐβλάστησεν ἄργυρον δημοτήτος.
καὶ τις ἐντοσαφύλου ἑθήλατος οὐνάδος ὀρπής
ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
Δηριάδην ἔσφυξεν ἀπειλητηρί κορύμβῳ,
ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην πεπεδήμενον· ἀρτιθαλὶ δὲ
σύμφυτον αἰθύσωσάν ἐπὶ βότρυ βότρυν ἀλήνην
μαυρομένου βασιλῆς ἐπισκιώντα προσώπωσι
σείτα πυτρώσας ὅλον ἄνερα. Δηριάδην δὲ
ἁπτοφύση ἐμέθυσασεν ἐλίξ εὐώδει καρπῷ.
γυιοπεδὴν δὲ ἀσίδηρον ἐπέπλεκε δίζυγι ταρσῷ,
καὶ πόδας ἐρρίξωσεν ὀμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων . . .
ἀρραγεός κισσοῦ· καὶ οὐ τόσον ὀλκάδα πόντου
θηκτὰ περιπλεκέων ἐχενηίδος ἀκρα γενεῖων
δεσμῷ καρχαρόδοντι διεστήριξε θαλάσσῃ
τοῦτον ἦνο μίμημα. μάτῃ δὲ ἐλεφαντας ἐπείρων
ἥνισχος βαρύδουτον ἤθελειζεν ἰμασθῆν
κέντροις ἡξυτέροισιν ἀπειθέα νῶτα χαράσσων.
καὶ τόσον Ἰνδόν ἀνακτα,

τὸν οὗ κτάνεν ἁσπετος αἰχμῆ,
ἀμπελόεις νύκησεν ἐλίξ πρόμος· ἀμφιέπων δὲ
ἡμερίδων ὀρπηκι κατάσχετον ἀνθερεώνα
26
345
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For they go naked; but their inspired incantations have often enchanted Selene as she passes through the air like an untamed bull, and brought her down from heaven, and often stayed the course of Phaëthon swiftly driving his hurrying car."

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

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

\[a\] This seems the general sense of the Greek.

\[b\] See xxi. 45 and note.
πνίγετο Δημιάδης σκολιῶ τεθλιμμένος ὀλκῷ. καὶ μογέων ἀτίνακτος ἐλίσσετο μαυάδι φωνῇ, λεπτόν ἐχὼν ὀλόλυγμα θεουδέος ἀνθερεώνος, νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοις ἱκετήσα τάκρυν λείβων· καὶ παλάμην ὠρέζεν ἀναυδέα, μάρτυρι σιγῇ μόχθων ὅλον βοῶν: τὸ δὲ δάκρυν ἐπλετο φωνῇ. καὶ σκεδάσας Διόνυσος ἐγν πολύδεσμον ὀπώρην γυιοπέδην εὐβοτρων ἀνέσπασε Δημιάδης, καὶ στέφος ῥμερίδων ἐλικώδεα κισσόν ἐλάσσας δέσμιον ἄχειν λύσεν ὁμοπλεκέων ἐλεφάντων. οὐ δὲ φυγόν ὑφοείτα ταινπόρثοις κορύμβου δεσμὸν ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ αὐτοέλκτων ἄναγκην Δημιάδης ἀπέειπεν ἑθήμονα κόμπων ἀπειλῆς, ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἐσκε θεημάχως· εἶχε δὲ βουλὴν διχθαδίην, ἦ Βάκχον ἔλειν ἦ δμῶα τελέσαι.

Ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἀνέκοψε μάχης ἀμφίδρομος ὀρφνη. καὶ μόθος ἦν μετὰ νύκτα, καὶ ὑπναλέων ἀπὸ λέκτρων ἐγρομένως θωρηξεν ἀμοβαίη πάλιν Ἡώς.

Οὐδὲ μόθων τέλως ἦν ἐπειγομένω Ἰονύσῳ, ἀλλὰ τόσων μετὰ κύκλω κυλινδρομένων ἑπαντῶν ῥυθμοῖν Ἔναλίου μάτην ἐπεβόμβεε σάλπιγξ. ἢδη δ' ἐγρεμόθων ἐτέων πολυκαμπεί νύσσῃ Βακχιάς ὀψίτέλεστος ἐμαίνετο μᾶλλον Ἡنموذج.

Οὐ μὲν ἀφειδήσαντες Ἀρείμανέος Διονύσου κάλλιπον ἀμμηνότοις μεμηλότα μῦθον ἀήταις Δικταίοι Ραδαμάνες ὀμόφρονες· ἀλλὰ Λυκίων νῆσας ἐστεχνήσαντο μαχήμονας· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχιμας ποίησον ἄλλος ἄλλος· ο μὲν τορνώσατο γόμφους, 28
vine-twigs was choked and crushed in the winding trails. For all his labour he could not stir; wherefore he adjured in tones of madness and sent out a stifled cry from a throat now pious, and prayed with voiceless movements shedding tears of supplication; held out a dumb hand, with eloquent silence uttered all his trouble; his tears were a voice.

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

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

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

399 Now the Rhadamanes of Dicte did not neglect the command of warmad Dionysos, nor left it for the forgetful winds to care for; but with one accord they built ships of war for Lyaios. Through the woods they were busy, some here, some there. One was turning pegs, one worked at the middle of the
ὁς δὲ μέσην πεπόνητο περὶ τρόπιν, ἢκρα δ' ἄλλος ὀρθὰ περὶ σταμάνεσσιν ἀμοιβαίησιν υφαίνων ὁλκάδι τοῖχον ἔτευχεν, ἐπηγκενίδας δὲ συνάπτων μηκεδανᾶς κατέπηξε, βαθυνομένη δὲ μεσόδημη μεσοσφανῆ μέσον ἱστόν Ἄραφ ωφθώσατο τέκτων λαίβει πεπταμένῳ πεφυλαγμένον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἀκρῷ δουρατέν ἐπίκυρτον ἐτοριώσαντο κεραίνην ἴδμονες εὐπαλάμοιο καὶ Ἰφαίστου καὶ Ἀθῆνης. "Ως οἱ μὲν μογέοντες ἀμμῖτης τινὶ τέχνῃ Βάκχῳ νήσας ἔτευχον. ἐπασχαλῶν δὲ κυδοιμῷ μαντοσύνης Διόνυσος ἐγῆς ἐμνήσατο 'Ρεῖς, ὅτι τέλος πολέμου φανῆσεται, ὅππότε Βάκχοι εἰναλήθη Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐνυώ. 
Καὶ Λύκος ἀκροτάτου δὲ οἴδιματος ἡγεμονεύων, νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτουσιν ὑποδρήσσων Διονύσου, ἀβροχὸν ἡνύχευεν ὁδοιπόρον ἁρμα θαλάσσης, ἦχι σοφοὶ 'Ραδαμάνες, ἀλπλανέες μετανάσται, νῆσα ἐτεχνήσαντο θαλασσοπόρῳ Διονύσῳ. καὶ τότε τετραπόροι χρόνου στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων, ἵππεύων ἐτος ἐκτον, ἐλίσσετο καμπύλος Λιῶν . . . εἰς ἀγορὴν ἐκάλεσε μελαρρίνων γένος Ἰνδῶν Δηριάδης σκηπτούχος· ἐπειγομένῳ δὲ πεδίῳ λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἐτερόθροος ἢν κήρυξ. 
αὐτίκα δ' ἡγερέθοντο πολυσπερέως στίχες Ἰνδῶν, εξόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ βάθρων· λαοῖς δ' ἀγρομένοισιν ἀναξ ἀγορήσατο Μορρεύς· " 'Ἰστε, φίλοι, τάχα πάντες, ἀ περ κάμον υψόθι πύργων, εἰσόκε γαία Κύλισσα καὶ Ἀσσυρίων γένος ἄνδρῶν αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐκαμῆθην ὑπὸ ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος· ἱστε καὶ, ὅσα τέλεσσα καταχμάζων 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; 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,

* Hom. Od. v. 252-253.
μαρνάμενος Σατύροις καὶ ἀμητήρι σιδήρων
tέμνων ἔχθρα κάρηνα βοοκραίρου γενέθλης,
ὅπποτε Βασσαρίδων πεπεδημένον ἐσμέν  ἵρύσσας
ὡπασα Δηριάδη, πολέμου γέρας,  ὦν ὑπὸ λύθρων
ἀστεος εὐλαγγες ἐφοινίκησαν ἀγναίς
κτενομένων· ἔτεραι δὲ μετάροιοι ἀμφὶ χορείον
ἀγχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
ἀλλαὶ δὲ ὑδατόεντος ἐπειρήθησαν ὀλέθρου,
κρυπτόμεναι κενθυμώνι πεδοσκαφέος κενεών.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν ναετήσαν ἄρείων μήτεν υφαῖνων·
εἰσαὶς 'Ραδαμάννας, ὡτι δρωτόμῳ τι πέχη
νήας ἔτεχνησαντο φυγοπτολέμω Διονύσων·
ἐμποὶ οὐ τρομεὶ δόρυ ναῦμαχον· ἐν πολέμου γὰρ
ἀνδρα φερεσακέων κεκορυσμένου υψόθη νηῶν
οὐτιδανοὶς πεταλοῦσι πότε κτείνουσι γυναῖκες;
ἡ πότε λυσσὼν ὁρεσιδρόμος υψίκερως Πάν
θηγαλεῖος ὑψίχεσι διατείχει νέας Ἔνδῶν;
οὐ δύναται βαρύδουλον ὕδωρ Σειρηνὸς ἀράσσων
ἀπτολέμω νάρθηκι μαχήμονα νήα καλύψαι,
εἰς χορὸν αἰματόεντα θορῶν λυσσώδεις ταρσῶ,
κάμον ἀνακροῦν θανατηφόρον· οὐδὲ ἐνὶ πόνῳ
ταυρείοις κεράσεις πεπαρμένον ἀνδρα δαμάζει
ἀγχιφανὴ μεσάτου δικαζομένου κενεώς,
ἀλλά τυπεὶς προκάρνης ἀτυμβεύτω τινι μοῖρῃ
κείσεται ἐν ῥοδίοις· ὀλισθήσουσι δὲ Βάκχα
ἐγχεσε μηκεδαυοί συμφόνον εἰς βυθὸν ἀλῆς,
tυπτόμεναι· καὶ νήα ἀιστώώ Διονύσουν,
ναῦμαχον εἰκοσιτηκῆς δὲ ὀλκάδος ἐγχος ἐλίσσων·
ἀλλά, φίλοι, μάρνασθε πεποιθότες· ἀντιβιῶν δὲ
μη τις ὑποπτῆσεις ὑπεπεύων στίχα νηῶν
Βακχιάδων· Ἐνδοῖ γὰρ ἐθήμονες εἰς κυδομοὺν
εἰναλίου, καὶ μάλλον ἀριστεύουσι θαλάσση.
fighting Satyrs, and cutting off the hateful heads of that oxhorned generation with shearing steel, when I dragged away and delivered to Deriades that fettered swarm of Bassarids, the prizes of war; and how the paved streets of the city were purpled by their gore as they were massacred, how others had a dance in the air with their necks choked in a throttling noose, how others were swallowed in a deepdug hollow pit and learnt what a watery death is like. But again I weave a better notion still for our people. I hear that the Rhadamanes have built ships for Dionysos the runaway by some woodcutter's art of theirs. However, I fear not the seafighting tree! When was it known in war that women with paltry leaves kill a man in a ship full of shields? When will 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
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η χθονὶ δηριώντες. ἀνικήτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
οὐ πολέας Σατύρους ληίσσομαι, ἄλλα κομάων
ἀντὶ διηκοσίων προμάχων ἕνα μοῦνον ἐρύσσω
θηλυμανὴ Διόνυσον, ὁπάνα Δηριάδης." 470

"Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀθελγέα Δηριάδη
Μορρεὺς αἰολόμητις· ἐπεφθέγξαντο δὲ λαοὶ
μῦθον ἐπαινήσαντες· ὁμογλώσσων δ᾽ ἀπὸ λαμῶν
οἴδμασι κινυμένοισιν ἰσόθροος ἐβρεμεῖν ἥχῳ.
λύσε δ᾽ ἄναξ ἀγορῆν. Βρομίῳ δ᾽ ἐστέλλετο κῆρυξ
πόντιον υσμίνην ἐνέπων πειθήμονι Βάκχῳ. 475

"Ἄμφῳ δ᾽ εἰς ἐν ἱόντες ἐρυκομένου κυδοιμοῦ
ἀμβολίῃ ποίησαν ἑπὶ τρία κύκλα Σελήνης,
εἰσόκε ταρχύσωσι δαϊκταμένων στίχα νεκρῶν·
herence τὸς εἰρήνῃ μινυώριος "Ἀρεῖ γείτων,
φύλοπιν ὑδίνουσαν ἀφαιλόσασα γαλήνῃν. 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.
The transmigration of souls was and is an Indian doctrine; this was one of the few things about India known to the average Greek.

This description imitates the burial of 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.\(^\text{a}\) 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,

\(\text{II. xxiii.}\) 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.
πολλὴ δ' ύψιπέτηλος ἐπέκτυπε κοπτομένη δρῦς, καὶ πολλὴ τετάνυστο πίτυς, καὶ ἑκέκλιτο πεύκη αὐχμηροῖς πετάλοισιν πολυσπερέως δ' ἀπὸ δένδρων τεμνομένων κατὰ βαιον ἐγυμνώθησαν ἑρίτηνα. καὶ τις 'Αμαδράδων μετανάστιος ἐστι χεί Νύμφη, 20 πηγάδι δ' ἀκίχθητος ἅθρεῖ μίγνυτο κοῦρη.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐρχομένουσιν ὀρίδρομοι ἦν ἀνὴρ, οὐρεῖς οἴμοι ἔχοι ἐτερότροπων· ἵνα νοῆσαι ύψηλαν ἀποβλήτα κατηλύδα λοξὸν ὄδύτρινο ποσσὶ πολυπλανέσσαν· ἐυπλέκτου δε σερήσει πυκνὰ περισφίγξαντες ἀρηρότι δουράτα δεσμῷ ὑφρήνων ἐπέθηκαν ὑπὲρ ράχων· ἐσομυμένων δὲ ἡμιώνων στοιχηδὸν ὀρίδρομος ἐκτυπεῖν ὀπλὴ σπερχομένων, καὶ νῦτα πολυψαμάθου κοινῆς συρρομένων κατοπίσθε γυνῶν ἐβαρύνετο φόρτω. 30 καὶ Σάτυροι καὶ Πάνες ἐποίησον, ὅπο ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν ὑλοτόμοις . . . παλάμησων ἀμοιβαίων ἀπὸ δένδρων . . . φιτροὺς ἀκαμάτους ἐλαφρόντες ἀγοστοῖς ποσοῖ φιλοσκάρθμοις ἐπεκροτάλιζον ἐρήπητι. καὶ τὰ μὲν ὑλονόμοι χθοὺ κάθεσαν, ἡχὶ τελέσσαι 35 Εὐνος ἐν δαπέδῳ σημήνατο τῦμβον 'Οφέλτη.

Καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἐν ἐτερόπτολις· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ πενθαλέτιν πλοκαμίδα κατηφεὶ τάμης υδήρῳ· ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στενάχοντες ἐπέρρεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω, νεκρὸν ἀμοιβαίας ὅλων σκιώντες ἑδείραις. καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε Βάκχος ἀπενθήτου προσώπου ὁμμασίν ἀκλαύτους, ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καρῆνον πλοχμὸν ἔνα τμῆξας ἐπεθήκατο δῶρον 'Οφέλτη. 40 Ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἐκατομμεδὸν ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα Ἰδαίοι θεράποντες ὀριτρεφέος Διονύσου· ἐν δὲ πυρῆ μεσάτῃ στόρεσαν νέκυν. ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ 38
many an oak with leaves waving high struck down
with a crash, many a pine lay all along, many a fir
stooped its dry needles; as the trees were felled far
and wide, little by little the rocks were bared. So
many a Hamadryad Nymph sought another home,
and swiftly joined the unfamiliar maids of the
brooks.

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

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

44 The Idaian servants of mountainbred Dionysos
built the pyre a hundred feet this way and that way,
and on the middle of the pyre they laid out the body.
'Αστέριος Δικταίος ἐπήρον ἄρο ἐρύσας
'Ἰνδοὺς κυανέους δυοκαίδεκα δειροτομήσας
θῆκεν ἄγων στεφανηδόν ἐπασσιτέρω τωί κόσμῳ
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆς.
καὶ πολέες σφάζοντο βόες καὶ πώεα ποίμνης
πρόσθε πυρῆς· κταμένων δὲ βοῶν ἐπενήνεε νεκρῷ
σώματα κυκλωθέντα καὶ ἀρτιτόμων στίχας ἵππων,
ἀν ἀπὸ δημοῦ ἀπαντα λαβῶν στοιχῆδον ἐκάστου,
ἀμφὶ νέκυν στορέσας, κυκλώσατο πίονα μίτην.

"Ἐνθα πυρὸς χρέος ἔσκε· φιλοσκοτέλου δε Κύρκης
Φαῦνος ἐρημονόμος, Τυρσηνίδος ἀστός ἀροῦρης,
ὡς πᾶς ἀγροτέρης δεδαμένος ἔργα τεκούσης,
πυρσοτόκους λάγγας, ὀρειάδος ὀργανα τέχνης,
ηγαγεν ἐκ σκοπέλου, καὶ, ὀπόθει σήματα Νίκης
ἥροθεν πίπτοτες ἐπιστώσασα κεραυνοί,
λεύφανα θεσπεσίου πυρὸς ἦγαγεν, ὡς κεν ἀνάψη
πυρκαΐην φθιμένου. Διοβλήτῳ δὲ θεείω
ἀμφοτέρων ἔχρισε λίθων κενεώνας ἀλείψας
πυρσοτόκων· καὶ λεπτὸν Ἐρυθραῖον κορύμβον
κάρφος ἀποξύσας διδυμάου μιγνε πέτρω·
τρίβων δ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα καὶ ἀράσων ἀγκρυφον
ἀυτολόχευτου ἀνείρυς λαίνειν πῦρ,
πυρκαΐη δ' ὑπέθηκεν, ὃπε πέλεν ἀγριάς ὕλη.
Οὐ δὲ πυρῆν φθιμένου
περιδέδρομεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ, ἄλλα θεὸς 
Φαέθοντος ἑναντίων ὁμμα ταυύσας
ἀγχιφανῆς ἐκάλεσσεν Ἐωίνον Εὖρον ἀήτην,
πυρκαΐης ἐπίκουρον ἄγειν ἀντίπνοον αὐρῆν.
καὶ Βρομίου καλέοντος Ἐωσφόρος ἐκλυε γείτων

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* 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.

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

But the fire kindled would not run round the dead man's pyre; so the god came near, and fixing his eye on Phaëthon, called upon Euros the eastern wind to bring him a breeze to blow on his pyre and help. As Bromios called, the Morning Star hard by heard his

Looking straight at the sun, which apparently was just rising or risen.
ικεσίας, καὶ γνωτὸν ἐόν προέηκε Λυαῖῳ, 75
ἀσθματι πυκνοτέρῳ φλογοειδεᾷ πυρσὸν ἀνάπτειν.
Καὶ θάλαμον ῥοδόεντα λιπῶν μητρώιον Ἡθὸς
πυρκαΐνη φλογόεσσαν ἀνερρίπτειν ἁήτης
πάννυχος, αἰθύσσων ἀνεμοτρεφές ἀλλόμενον πῦρ
καὶ σέλας ἣκόντιζον ἐς ἡρὰ θυεῖας αὕραι,
geίτόνες Ἡελίῳο. σὺν ἀχινυμείῳ δὲ Λυαῖῳ
'Αστέριος Δικταῖος, ὁμόγνιον αἷμα κομίζων,
Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἔχων δέπας ἤδεος οἴνου
eὐόδμου, δαπέδου χυτὴν ἐμέθυππες κοινήν,
ψυχὴν ἰημεόφοιτον 'Ἀρεστορίδαο γεραίρων.
'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ δροσεροῖο προάγγελος ἀρματος Ἡθὸς
ὀρθός ἐρευθίων ἀμαρύσσετο νῦκτα χαράσσων,
δὴ τότε πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
πυρκαΐνην ἐτάρου κατέσβεσαν ἴκμάδι Βάκχου,
καὶ βαλλαίς πτερύγεσσιν ἔχαζετο θερμὸς ἁήτης
εἰς δόμον 'Ἥελίου φαεσφόρον. 'Αστέριος δὲ
ἀστέα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακι δημῷ
εἰς χρυσὴν φιάλην κατεθήκατο λείψανα νεκροῦ.
καὶ προχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες, ἐπεὶ λάχον ἔνδιων Ἰδῆς, 94
νεκρὸν ἐταρχύσαντο, μῆς οἰκήτορα πάτρης.
Κρῆτης γνήσιον αἷμα, βαθυνομένων δὲ θεμέθλων
τύμβον ἑτορνώσαντο πεδοσκαφέος διὰ κόλπου
καὶ κόνων ὀθνεῖν πυμάτην ἐπέχεναν Ὀφέλτης,
καὶ τάφον αἰπτυέρουσαν ἀνεστήσαντο δομαίος,
tοῦτον ἑπιγράψαντες ἐπος νεοπενθεὶ τύμβων.
"νεκρός Ἀρεστορίδης μινυώριος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
Κνώσσιος, Ἰνδοφόνος,
Βρομίου συνάεθλος, Ὀφέλτης."
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἐπιτύμβια δῶρα κομίζων

42
appeal, and sent his brother to Lyaios, 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 long, stirring up the windfed leaping fire; the wild breezes, neighbours of the sun, shot the gleams into the air. Along with sorrowing Lyaios, Asterios of Dictē 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.
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αὐτὸθι λαὸν ἐρυκε, καὶ ἵππες οὐρύν ἀγίων, τέρμα δρόμου τελέσας ἵππηλατον εν δασεῖς δὲ ὀργυίης ἴσόμετρος ἐνι λίθος εὐρέι μέτρῳ, ἡμιτόμου κύκλου φέρων τύπον, εἰκόνα μῆνης, ἀντιτύποις λαγόνεσσιν εὐξοος, οἷον ὑφαίνων ἐργοπόνοις παλάμης γέρων τοριώσατο τέκτων, ἐνθεον ἀσκήσαι ποθέων βρέτας. 

κουφίζων παλάμης πέλωρ ἱδρύσατο Κύκλωφ νύσσης λαϊνές ἀντίρροπον, ἱσον ἐκείνῳ ἀντιπορον λίθον ἀλλον ὁμόζυγον εν χθοὶ πήεας. 

ποικίλα δ’ ἢν ἰεβλα, λέβης, τρύπος, ἀσπίδες, ἰπποί, ἄργυρος, Ἰοιδά μέταλλα, βοεῖς, Πακτώλιος ἦλυσ. 

Καὶ θεὸς ἱπτήσουσιν ἀέθλα θήκατο νίκης πρώτω μὲν θέτο τὸξον Ἀμαζονίην τε φαρέτρην καὶ σάκος ἡμιτελεστὸν Ἀρημφήλην τε γυναῖκα, τὴν ποτε Θερμωδώντος ὑπ’ ὀφρύσι πεζὸς ὠδείων λουομένην ζώγρῃς, καὶ θηγαγε εἰς πόλιν Ἰοιδῶν. 

deuτέρω ἱππον ἐθηκε Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὐρη, ξανθοφυὴ, δολιχήτη κατασκοιν αὐχένα χαῖτας, ἡμιτελὲς κυέουσαν ἐτ’ βρέφος, ἦς ἐτ’ φόρτῳ ἱππον ὄγκον ἔχουσα γονὴς οἴδαινετο γαστὴρ. 

καὶ τριτάτῳ θώρηκα, καὶ ἀσπίδα θήκε τεταρτῳ τὸν μὲν ἀριστοπόνος τεχνήσατο Λήμνιον ἀκμῶν ἁσκήσας χρυσέως δαιδάλματι, τῆς δ’ ἐν μέσῳ ὀμφαλὸς ἄργυρως τροχεῖος ποικίλλει φύσιμα πέμπτῳ δοιά τάλαντα, γέρας Πακτώλιδος ὀχθης. 

ὁρθωθείς δ’ ἀγορευεν ἐπιστήρχῳν ἐλατήρας. 

"Ω φίλοι, οὕς ἐδίδαξεν Ἀρης πολίπορθον Ἐνιώ, οἰς δρόμον ἱπποσύνης ὁμήραστο κυνοχάιτης, οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ καμάτων ἀδαίμονας ἄνδρας ἐπείγω, ἄλλα πόνοις βριαροίσιν ἐθήμονος ἥμετεροι γὰρ παντοίαις ἀρετήσι μεμηλότες εἰσὶ μαχηταί."
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.

\(^a\) \textit{i.e.} gold.

\(^b\) Therefore presumably by Hephaistos.
In this passage, Nonnos takes occasion to exploit his knowledge of the mythology of athletic contests. Dionysos’s men include Lydians; but Pelops (137) was son of Talanto 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 Faomborn. If one has the land of Aonia or the blood of Phocis, he knows the Pythian contest honoured by Apollo. If he holds Marathon, rich in olives, the home of artists, he knows those jars teeming with rich juice. If one is a habitant of the fruitful land of Achaia, he has learnt of Pellene, where men wage a shivery contest for the welcome prize of a woollen cloak, a coat to huddle up their cold limbs in winter. If he has grown up to live in sea-girdled Corinth, he knows the Isthmian contest of our Palaimon.”

He spoke, and the leaders came hastening up and ran round each to his chariot. First Erechtheus brought his horse Bayard under the yoke, and if they are from the regions near Delphi (144), they are neighbours of the Pythian Games (that these were not founded till centuries later does not seem to trouble Nonnos). If they are from the Isthmus of Corinth (152-153) they are to remember that the Games there are in honour of Palaimon (cf. ix. 90). Apparently a chronological scruple prevents him naming the Nemean Games, said to have been founded by the Seven champions on their way to Thebes. Of the minor Games, the prizes for which were not wreaths but objects of value, he mentions (146) the (Heracleia at) Marathon, but obviously confuses them with the Panathenaia, for the Marathonian prizes were silver goblets (schol. Pind. Ol. xiii. 110), oil being the prize of the Panathenaia. In 148-149 the allusion is to the Hermaia at Pellene in Achaia, where the prize was a woollen cloak. Probably he had his information from Pindar and his scholiast.
αρσένα, καὶ θήλειαν ἐπεσφήκωσε Ποδάρκην,
οὔς Βορέης ἐσπειρεῖν ὑποπτερύγων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
Σιδονίῃν Ἀρπυιαν ἀελλόπον εἰς γάμον ἕλκων,
καὶ σφεας, Ὡρείθων δὴ ἦρπασεν Ἀτοθίδα νύμφην, 160
ὡπασεν ἔδων ἔρωτος Ἐρεχθεί γαμβρὸς άήτης.
δεύτερος Ἀκταίων Ἰσμηνίδα πάλλεν ίμάσθην
καὶ τρίτος ύγρομέδοντος ἀπόστορος ἐνοσιγαίου
Σκέλμισ ἐν ταχύπωλος, ὡς ἐγραφε πολλάκις ὑδωρ
πάτριον ἴδουν Ποσιδήνιον ἁρμα θαλάσσης.
tέτρατος ἄνθορε Φαύνος, ὡς εἰς μέσον ἠλθεν ἁγώνος
μοῦνος ἔχων τύπων ἵσον ἑκες γενέταιο τεκούσης,
' Ἦλλον μίμημα φέρων τετράζυγας οἰπους.
καὶ Σικέλων ὀχέων ἐπεβήσατο πέμπτος Ἀχάτης,
οἴστρον ἔχων Πισαιον ἑλαιοκόμου ποταμοίο,
ιπποσύνης ἀκόρητος, ἐπεὶ πέδων ἠκεε νύμφης
'Ἀλφειού δυσέρωτος, ὡς εἰς Ἀρέθουσαν ἰκάνει
ἄβροχον ἐδων ἔρωτος ἁγών στεφανηφόρον ὑδωρ.
Καὶ θρασύν Ἀκταίων λαβών ἀπάνευθεν ὀμιλού
παϊδὶ πατὴρ σπεύδοντι φίλους ἐπετέλλετο μύθους.

"Τέκνων Ἀρισταίοιο περισσονόσου τοκῆς,
οἶδα μὲν, ὅτι φέρεις σένεοι ἄρκιοιν, ὅτι κομῖζες
σύμφυτον ἠνορέῃ κεκρασμένον ἀνθέμον ἠβης,
pάτριον αἰμα φέρων Φοιβήμον, ἡμέτεραι δὲ
κρείσσονες αἰσσουσίν ἐπὶ δρόμον Ἀρκάδες οἰποι."

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

b Theban, from the river Ismenus (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.¹

¹ 162 Second, Actaion swung his Isemianian 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.²

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

² 176 “My son, your father Aristaiose 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 ὀστεφανηφόρον 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.
άλλα μάτην τάδε πάντα,
καὶ οὐ σθένος, οὐ δρόμος ἵππων
νικήσαι δεδάσσων, ὅσον φρένες ἴμιοχίδες·
μοὖνης κερδοσύνης ἐπιδεύει· ἴπποσύνη γὰρ
χρηίζει πινυτοῖ δαήμονος ἴμιοχίδες.
άλλα σὺ πατρὸς ἀκουε, καὶ ἵππα κέρδεα τέχνης,
ὅσα χρόνω δεδάθα πολύτροπα, καὶ σὲ διδάξω.
σπεῦδε, τέκος, γενετὴρα τεαῖς ἀρετήσαι γεραιρέως·
καὶ δρόμος ἱπποσύνης μεθέπει κλέος, ὅσον Ἔνως·
σπεῦδε καὶ ἐν σταδίοις

μετὰ πτολέμους με γεραιρέως·

"Ἀρεά νικήσας ἐτέρην ὑποδύσεο νίκην,
ὅφρα μετ’ αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἀθλοφόρον σε καλέσσω,
ὡ τέκος, ἄξια δὲξὶν ὀμογνήτω Διονύσῳ,
ἄξια καὶ Φοῖβοι καὶ εὐπαλαμοῦ Κυρήνης,
καὶ καμάτους νίκησον 'Ἀρισταῖοι τοκῆς·
ἱπποσύνην δ’ ἀνάφαιε, φέρων τεχηющимαν νίκην,
κερδαλέην σέο μῆτιν, ἐπεὶ κατὰ μέσσον ἀγώνος
ἀλλος ἀνήρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπόσουτον ἁρμα παρέλκων
πλάζεται ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα,

καὶ ἀντιπόρων δρόμος ἱππων
ἀστατος οὐ μάστιγι βιάζεται, οὐδὲ χαλινῷ
πείθεται, ἴμιόχοις δὲ μετάτροπος ἐκτοθί νύσσους
ἐλκεται, ἧχι κέροσοι ἀπείδεες ἄρπαγες ἱππου.
ὅσ δὲ κε τεχνήηντι δόλω μεμελήμενοι εἰπη
ἴμιοχος πολύμητις, ἔχων καὶ ἐλάσσονας ἱππους,
ἰθύνει, προκέλευθον ὄτιπεύων ἐλατῆρα,
ἐγγὺς ἀεὶ περὶ νύσσουν ἄγων δρόμουν,

ἁρμα δὲ κάμπτει

ἱππεύουν περὶ τέρμα καὶ οὐ ποτε τέρμα χαράσσουν.
σκέπτεο μοι καὶ σφίγγε κυβερνητήρι χαλινῷ
δοχιμώσαν ὅλον ἱππον ἀριστερὸν 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.

"Then listen to your father, and I will teach you too all the tricks of the horsey art which time has taught me, and they are many and various. Do your best, my boy, to honour your father by your successes. Horseracing brings as great a repute as war; do your best to honour me on the racecourse as well as the battlefield. You have won a victory in war, now win another, that I may call you prizewinner as well as spearman. My dear boy, do something worthy of Dionysos your kinsman, worthy both of Phoibos and of skilful Cyrene, and outdo the labours of your father Aristaioi. Show your horsemastery, win your event like an artist, by your own sharp wits; for 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, 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

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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.
λοξός ἐπὶ πλευρῆσι παρακλιθόν ἀρμα βαρύνων, ἄγχυφαινής ἅψαυστος ἀναγκαῖος τινὶ μέτρῳ 210 σον δρόμον ιδύνων, πεφυλαγμένος, ἄχρι φανείη πλήμνη ἔλυσσομένου σέθεν ἀρματος ολὰ περ ἄκρου τέρματος ἀποτομένη τροχειδεῖ γείτον κύκλων ἀλλὰ λίθον πεφύλαξο, μὴ ἁξονι νύσσαν ἀράξας εἰν ἐνὶ δηλήσαιο καὶ ἀρματα καὶ σέθεν ἅπποσ. 215 καὶ τεῦ σὲνθα καὶ ἐνθα κατὰ δρόμον ἀρμα νομεύων ἔσσο κυβερνήτη πανομοίως· ἀμφότερον δέ, κέντρω ἐπιστέρχων, προχέων πληξίππον ἀπειλήν, δεξιόν ἅππον ἕλαυνε, θούτερον εἰς δρόμον ἅλκων ἄθλιβέος μεθέποντα παρεμείνα κύκλα χαλινω- ἔσσο κυβερνήτη πανομοίοις ἀρμα νομεύων εἰς δρόμον ἰθυκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ τεχνήμοι βουλή πηδάλιον δίφροιο πέλει νόσος ἡμιχότος." 220 "Ὄς εὕπων παλίνωρος ἐχάζετο, παίδα διδάξας ἡμάδος ἅπποσύνης ἑτερότροπα κέρδεα τέχης. 225 Καὶ κυνέης ἐντοσθεν ἐθήμονος ἄλλος ἐπὶ ἄλλῳ τυφλὴν χεῖρα τίταινε φυλασσομένῳ προσώπῳ, κλήρου ἐχείν ἐθέλων ἑτερότροπον, οἷα τις ἀνήρ εἰς κύβον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐκηβόλα δάκτυλα πάλλων. καὶ λάχων ἡμιχότης ἀμοιβαδίς· ἅππομανής δὲ 230 Φαῦνος ἀειδομένης Φαεθοντιδὸς αἷμα γενέθλης κλήρῳ πρώτος ἐν, καὶ δεύτερος ἂν Ἀχάτης, τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Δαμναμενῆς ἅδελφεσ, ἀμφὶ δ' ἃρ' αὐτῷ ἕλλαχεν Ἁκταῖων· ὥ δ' φέρτατος εἰς δρόμον ἐστὶ ὑστάτιον κλήρου τυχῶν πληξίππος Ερεχθεὺς. 235 Καὶ βοεάς μάστιγας ἐκουφίσαν ἡμιχότης, ἵσταμενοι στοιχηδῶν ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ δίφρων. καὶ σκοπός Αἰακὸς ἢ ἐτήτυμος, ὥθα νόησας καμπτομένους περὶ τέρμα φιλοστεφάνους ἑλατήρας 52
sideways to make the car tilt, guide your course by needful measure, watch until as your car turns the hub of the wheel seems almost to touch the surface of the mark with the near-circling wheel. Come very near without touching; but take care of the stone, or you may strike the post with the axle against the turning-post and wreck both horses and car together. As you guide your team this way and that way on the course, act like a steersman; ply the prick, scold and threaten the whip without sparing, press the off horse, lift him to a spurt, slacken the hold of the bit and don't let it irk him. Manage your car like a good steersman; guide your car on a straight course, for the driver's mind is like a car's rudder if he drives with his head."

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

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

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

a They drew lots to see which should drive nearest the inside of the track.  
b Scelmis.
μάρτυς ἀληθείας ἐπερόθραν νείκεα λύση, ὁμμασιν ἀπλανέσσει διακρίνων δρόμον ἱππων. 
Τούτο μέν ἐκ βαλβίδος ἔγη δρόμος· ἑσσυμένων δὲ ὡς μὲν ἔγη προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ ἐποδήωντα κιήσας ἤθελεν, ὃς δ’ ἐδίωκε μεσαίτατον, ὃς δ’ χαράζαι ἀγχιφανής μενέανεν ὀπίστερον ἦνοχή.
καὶ τις ἐνι σταδίους ἐλατήρ ἐλατήρα κιήσας ἀρματι δίφρον ἐμίζε, καὶ ἦνια χερσὶ τυνασσών ἱπποὺς ἀγκυλόδοντι διεπτοίησε χαλινῷ· ἄλλος ἐπαίσσοντι συνέμπορος ἦνοχή· 
εἰς ἐριν ἀμφήριστον ἱσόρροπον ἐλεπορεῖν, δόχιμος ὁκλάζων, τεταυσυμένος, ὁρθὸς ἀνάγκη, ἰεῦ ἐπιτομένη, καὶ ἐκοῦσιν ἱππὸν ἑλαύνων, 
φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνῆμοι βαϊον ἱμάσσων, ἐντροπαλιζομένης δοχμώσατο κύκλον ὁπωπής· 
δίφρον ὀπισθοπόρου πεφυλαγμένος ἦνοχῆς· 
καὶ νῦ κεν ἀίσσοντι ποδῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ 
εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὅνυξ ὀλίσθανεν ἱππῶν, 
εἰ μὴ ἔτι σπεῦδουσαν ἐγὴ ἀνέκοψεν ἐρώτῆ ἦνοχος, κατοπισθεὶς ἐπηλῦσα δίφρον ἐρύκων. 
καὶ τις ἐχών προκέλευθος ὀπίστερον ἦνοχη ἀντίτυπον δρόμον ἐλεπορεῖν ὁμοζήλων ἐπὶ δίφρων, ἀστατὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλεῖσαν ἐλατήρα ἀγχιφανῆ· 
καὶ Σκέλμις, ἀπόσπωρος ἐννοογιαῖον, 
εἰναλίνη μάστιγα Ποσειδάνως ἐλίσσων 
πάτριον ἦνοχευε βαλασσονόμων γένος ἱππῶν· 
οὐδὲ τόσον πεπότητο ταυτόπετος ἑρα κύκλων 
Πῆγασος ψηφιώτητος, ὅσον βυθίων πόδες ἱππῶν 
χερσαῖην ἀκόχητον ἐποίησαντο πορείην.

Δαοὶ δ’ εἰς ἐν ἱόντες, ἐν ψυλόφῳ τινὶ χώρῳ 
ἐξόμενοι στοιχηδὸν ὀπιευτήρες ἀγῶνος, 
τηλὸθεν ἐσκοπίαζον ἐπειγομένων δρόμον ἱππῶν· 54
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
NONNOS

Ων ὁ μὲν εἰστήκει πεφοβημένος, ὦς δὲ τιμάσσων
dáktylon ἄκρον ἐσεῖεν ἐπισπέρχων ἐλατήρα,
άλλος ἀμμλητήρι πόθω δεδομημένος ἐπὶ
ιππομανή νόσον ἐλχεν ὀμόδρομον ἡμοχήμος·
καὶ τις εὖ προκέλευθον ὅδον δρόμον ἡμοχήμος
χερσίν ἐπεπλατάγησε καὶ ἰαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ
θαρσύνων, γελών, τρομέων, ἐλατήρι κελεύων.

"Ἀρματα δ’ εὐποίητα θωτερα θυεάως ἄρκτον
ἀλλοτε μὲν πεπότητο μετάρσια, πὴ δ’ ἐπὶ γαῖῃ
ἀκροφανὴ πεφόρητο μόγις ψαύντα κοινής·
καὶ ταχινῷ ψαμμαθώδες ἐδος τραχειδεῖ κύκλῳ
ἀρματος ἀθυπόρου κατέγραφεν ὀλκός ἀλήτης·
συμφερτῇ δ’ ἔρις ἤνεν· εὐερομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
στήθεσιν ἱππείοισιν ἀνηώρητο κοινή,
χαίται δ’ ἥρείσαν ἐπερρώσον θυέλλαις·
ὄτηροι δ’ ἐλατήρες ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ἀυτερήν μάστυγος ἀπερροίβησαν ἰώῃ.

'Αλλ’ ὅτε δ’ πῦματον τέλεον δρόμον,

δ’ εὐποίητα κατέσπασεν ἀρταγι παλμῷ.
a distance the course of the galloping horses. One stood anxious, another shook a finger and beckoned to a driver to hurry. Another possessed with the fever of horses' rivalry, felt a mad heart galloping along with his favourite driver; another who saw a man running ahead of his favourite, clapped his hands and shouted in melancholy tones, cheering on, laughing, trembling, warning the driver.

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

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

*a Moving faster than Ursa Maior, otherwise the Waggon (αμαξα), travels around the pole.
αγχιφανῇ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐπισφίγγων γένναν ἰππῶν· καὶ πάλιν ἐγγὺς ἔλασσε φυγών ἀχάλινων ἀνάγκην. καὶ μιν ἐοῖς ὄχέσσου ἐπαίσσοντα δοκεῖσσων ὁμήροις ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωή.

“Αὔγε ταλασσαίοις μάτην ἰπποισὶ οἰδίπων ἄλλον ἐμοῦ γενέταιο Πέλοψ ποτὲ δίφρον ἔλαυνον οὐνομάοι νίκησεν ἀνικήτων δρόμον ἰππῶν. ἰπποσύνης μὲν ἐγγὺς κυβερνητῆρα καλέσσω ἰππιον υγρομεδόντα· σὺ δὲ, πλήξιππε, τιταίνις νίκης ἐλπίδα πάσαν εἰς ἱστοτέλειαν Ἀθήνην. οὐ δὲ τεῖς ὀλίγης μορίης χρέος, ἄλλα κομίζω ἀμπελόειν στέφος ἄλλο καὶ οὐκ ἐλάχειαν ἔλαυν.”

“Ως φαμένου
tαχύβουλος ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ἑρεχθεύς,
καὶ δόλον ἡπεροπῆ ἐν ἔμφρονα μῆτων ὕψαίνων χερῶι μὲν ἡμόχενεν ἐοιν ὑδρόμοιν, ἐν κραδίν δὲ ἰπποσύνης πολιοῦχον ἀνὴρ ἐπίκουρον Ἀθήνην κικλήσκων ταχύμυθον ἀνήργυχαν Ἀτλίδα φωνήν.

“Κοιρανένεις, ἰπποσώες Παλλᾶς ἀμήτωρ,
ὡς σύ Ποσειδάωνα τεῦ νίκησας ἁγώνι, ὠὔτω σος ναέτης Μαραθώνιον ἰππον ἔλαυνον ὑέα νικήσειε Ποσειδάωνος Ἑρεχθεύς.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν ἐπεμάστιεν ἱσχία πόλων, ἄρμα τε ἄρμα πέλασσεν ἱσόζυγοις· ἀντιβίοι δὲ λαίη μὲν βαρύδεσμοι ἐπισφίγγων γένναν ἰππῶν, σύνδρομοι αὐ ἐρύων βεβημένον ἀρμα χαλωπό, δεξιτερῇ μάστιζεν εὖς υψαῖκενας ἰπποὺς

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* Pelops got from Poseidon the team with which he carried off Hippodameia, Pind. Ol. i. 87.
* μορία, a sacred olive, especially watched over by Zeus and Athena, Soph. O.C. 703-706.
* For possession of Attica, cf. xxxvi. 126.
stout reins, wrenching the horses' jaws slowly towards himself. Then again he drove close, having escaped the disaster of a horse without bit and bridle. And Scelmis when he saw him making for his car shouted in threatening tones—

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

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

^1^ Apparently a good deal of fouling was tolerated in ancient racing.


 NONNOS 

 έσσυμένους προτέρωσε· μεταστήσας δὲ κελεύθου 
θῆκε παλινδίνητον ὅπιστερον ἡμιοχή.
καὶ τροχαλοίς στομάτεσσι χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἡχὼ 
νία Ποσειδάνιως ἀμοιβάδι νείκεε φωνῇ,
ἐντροπαλιζομένην μεθέπων γελώσαν ὀπωπήν·
"Σκέλμις, ἑνικήθης·

σεό φέρτερός ἐστιν 'Ερεχθεύς,
οτι τεον Βαλίον, Ζεφυρηδός αἴμα γενόθες,
ἀρανα καὶ νέον ἵππον ὀδούπορον ἀβροχον ἀλιμχ
γηραλέῃ νίκησεν ἐμὴ θῆλεα Ποδάρκη.

εἰ μὲν ἀγνηροεις Πελοπηδός εἰνεκα τέχνης
ὑμετέρου γενετήρος ἀλθρομον ἀρμα γεραϊρων,
Μυρτίδος αἰολόμητης ἑτίκλοπον ἤνησε νίκην,
μμηλῳ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῷ.

εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονεῖς γενεῆς χάριν ἐννοιγαίου,
ἵπποιν δὲν καλεῖς, βυθίων ἐπιβιτότα δίφρων,
πόντιοι αὐτὸν ἀνακτα, κυβερνητήρα τριαίνης,
ἀρανα σὸν νίκησεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυς 'Αθήνη·

"Ὡς φάμενος Τελχίνα παρέδραμεν ἀστὸς 'Αθήνης.
τῷ δ' ἑπὶ Φαῦνος ἐλαυνεν ὁχον τέθριππον ἦμᾶσσων·
'Ακταίων δὲ τέταρτος ἑτίκλοπος ἐσπετο Φαῦνῳ,
pατρὸς 'Ἀρισταίου μεμνημένοι εἰσέτε μύθων
κερδαλέων· καὶ λοίσθος ἐνυ 'Τυρσηνος 'Αχάτης.

Καὶ θρασὺς 'Ακταίων δολὴν ἐφράσσατο βουλὴν·
Φαῦνον ἐοῖς ὀχέεσσιν ἑτι προθέοντα κιχήςας
ὀξυτέρῃ μάστιγι μεταστρέψας δρόμοιν ἵππων
σύνδρομος ἡμιόχευε, παρακλέπτων ἐλατήρα,
βαιὸν ὑποθάμενος· καὶ ἐπ' ἄντυγι γούνατα πῆξας

dίφρον ἀμιλιητήρα κατέγραφεν ἄρματι λοξῶ,
ἐπείους τροχόεντι διαξύων πόδας ὀλκῶ.
καὶ ἅπεδῳ πέσεν ἀρμα· τυασσομένου δὲ δίφρον

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

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

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

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

* Oinomaos's charioteer.
τρεῖς μὲν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου πέλον πεπτηότες ἅππου, ὡς μὲν ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ὡς δὲ γαστέρος, ὡς δ' ἐπὶ δειρήν, εἰς δὲ τίς ορθὸς ἐμιμυνε παρακλίδουν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαϊ ἄκρα ποδὼν ρίζωσε, καὶ ἄστατον αὐχένα σείων σύζυγος ἐστήριξεν ὅλον πόδα γείτονος ἅππου, κουφίζων ζυγόδεσμα, καὶ ὑψόσε δίφρου ἀνέλκων. οἱ μὲν ἔσαν προχυθέντες ἐπὶ χθονός.

αὐσταλέος δὲ

ηνίοχος κεκύλιστο παρὰ τροχόν, ἄρματι γείτων· θρύμπτετο δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα, μιαυμένου δὲ γενείου ὀξυτενής κεκώνιστο πέδω κεχαραγμένος ἄγκων. ηνίοχος δ' ἀνέπαλτο θούτερος· ἐσσυμένως δὲ εἰς χθόνα πεπτηῶτι παρῖστατο γείτων δίφρω, αἰδομένη παλάμη τετανυμένον ἅππου ἀνέλκων· καὶ βαλίη μάστυγι κατηφέα πώλον ιμάσσων. καὶ θρασὺς Ἀκταίων πεποιημένον ἐγγύθι δίφρου Φαῦνον ὀπιπεύων φιλοπαιγμονα ρίζατο φωιήν.

"Λήγε μάτην ἄεκοινας ἐπισπέρχων σέθεν ἅππους, λήγε μάτην· φθάμενοι γὰρ ἀπαγγέλλω Δυνύσσῳ, Φαῦνος οτι προθέοντας ὅλους ἐλατήρας ἔσσασ νόστιμοσ ὀφίκελευθός ἔλευσεται ἄρματα σύρων· φείδεο σῆς μάστυγος, ἐπεὶ ταμεισχροὶ κέιτρῳ σῶν ὀρῶν ὑκτειρα δέμας κεχαραγμένον ἅππων." 380

"Ἐννεπεν ἀστήρικτον ὅχον προκέλευθον ἑλανών ὑκυτέρη μάστυγι· καὶ ἄχυτο τὸ Φαῦνος ἀκοῦσσιν. καὶ μόγις ἐν δαπέδῳ λασίης δεδραγμένος οὐρῆς κεκλιμένων ὑρθωσε δέμας κεκοιμένον ἅππων, καὶ τινὰ λυομένου παραξεντα λεπάδουν πώλον ἄγων παλίνορον ἐπεσφήκωσε χαλινῶ· στήσας δ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα παρεσφιμένων πόδας ἅππων ἄρματος ὑψι βέβηκε, καὶ ἰχνον ἄρματι πῆς ἐρικαλέγ μάστιξε τὸ δεύτερον ἅππου ἴμασθή· 385
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:

"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!"

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 ἡλασε Φαῦνος ἐπισπέρχων δρόμον ἱππῶν. 300

ωκύτερον δὲ ἐδώκε παροίτερον ἴμνοχῆα.
καὶ φθαμένους ἐκίχθεν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἐμβάλει ἵπποις
ἵππιος ἐννοούγαιος ἐδὼν θραυῆν ὑπα γεραῖρων
στειωτηρὶ δὲ κέλευθον ᾿Ιδών παρὰ κολάδι πέτρῃ
ἐμφρονα μῆτριν ὑφανε δολοπλῶκον, ὁφρα κιχῆσας
ἀρματε ὑπηκάντειν παραίτειν ᾿Αχάτην.

ῥωγμὸς ἐγὼ βαθύκολος, ὃν ἐξέρρηξε κελεύθον
χειμνήρη μάστυγι Δίὸς μετανάστιον ὄνωρ
ηρόθεν προχέοντος. ἐργομένῳ δὲ μεθρῷ
ὀμβρον γεωτόμου ράχις κολαίνετο γαίης,
ἡχ. μολὼν αέκων ἀνεσείρασε δύφρον ᾿Αχάτης,
φεῦγων ἀγχικέλευθον ἐπηλυσίην ἠλατήρος.
καὶ οἱ ἐπεσομένως τρομερῆ ἀνενέκατο φωιή.

"Εἰσέτι, νήπιε Φαῦνε, τεοὶ ῥυπῶσοι χιτῶνες,
eἰσέτι σῶν ὀχέων ψαμμάθωδεες εἰσι κορῶναι,
οὔ πω σῶν ἐτύναξας ἀκοσμήτων κόνων ἱππῶν;
λύματα σείο κάθαιρε. τί σοι τόσον ἱππον ἔλαυνες;
μή σε πάλιν πίπτοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα νοήσω.
τὸν θραυῆν Ἀκταϊῶνα φυλάσσεο, μή σε κιχησας
ταυρείη σέο νῶτον ὑποστίξειν ἴμασθηλ,
μή σε πάλιν προκάρηνον ἀκοντίζει κονή.
εἰσέτι σής μεθέπεις κεχαραγμένα κύκλα παρείης.
Φαῦνε, τί μαργαίνεις, ξυνήσαν μῶμον ἀνάπτων
πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι καὶ ᾿Ηλέω σέο πάππως;
ἀξεό μοι Σατύρων φιλοκέρτομον ἀνθερεῶνα.
Σειληνοῦς πεφύλαξο καὶ ἀμφιτόλους Διονύσους,
μή σοι ἐπεγγελάσωσι καὶ αὐσταλέω σέο δίφρῳ.
πή θρόνα; πῇ βοτάναι;

πῇ φάρμακα ποικιλα Κίρκης;
πάντα σε, πάντα λέλοιπεν,
οτ' εἰς δρόμον ἠλθες ἀγώνος.
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.
NONNOS

tίς κεν ἀπαγγείλειν ἁγήνορι σείο τεκούση  420
καὶ σέο κύμβαχον ἁρμα καὶ αὐχμίωνουσαν ἰμάσθλην;"'

Τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἁγήνορα μῦθον Ἀχάτης,
κερτομεῶν. Νέμεσις δὲ τόσην ἐγράφατο φωνη.
καὶ σχεδόν ἦλυθε Φαύνος ὀμῆλυδα δίφρον ἀλαὐνων
ἀρματι δ' ἁρμα πέλασσε, καὶ ἄξοιν γόμφον ἀράσσων 425
μεσοπαγῆ συνέαξε βαλῶν τροχοειδεί κύκλω.
καὶ τροχὸς αὐτοκύλιστος ἐλιξ ἐπεκέκλιτο γαϊῆ,
ἀρμασιν Οἰνομάιον πανείκελος, ὀππότε κηροῦ
θαλπομένου Φαέθοντι λυθεὶς ἀπατήλιος ἄξων
ἰπποσύνην ἀνέκοπτε μεμηνότος ἦμιχῆς.  430

οτεινωπην δὲ κέλευθον ἐχὼν ἀνέμιμεν Ἀχάτης,
εἰσόκε τετραπόρων ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἡμενος ἰππων
ὡκυτέρῃ μάστυγα παρῆλυθε Φαύνος Ἀχάτην,
οί περ οὐκ ἁών· καὶ ἐκούψει μᾶλλον ἰμάσκην,
μαστίζων ἀκίχητος ἐπειγομένων λόφον ἰππων.  435
καὶ πέλεν Ἀκταίωνος ὀπίστερος, ὀσσα θορόντος
δίσκου πεμπομένου πέλει δολιχόσκιον ὀρμή,
ὅν βριαρῆ παλάμη δονέων αἰζην ἰάλλει.

Λαοῖς δ' ἐμπεσε λύσσα·  440
καὶ ἠρισαν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
συνθεσίας τεύχοντες ἀτεκμάρτου περὶ νίκης
ἐσσομένης: τὰ δὲ δώρα θυελλοπόδων χάριν ἰππῶν
ἡ τρίπος ἢ λέβης ἢ φάσγανον ἢ βοείη·
καὶ ναέτης ναετηρι, φίλος δ' ἐρίδαινεν ἐταίρῳ,
γηραλέος δὲ γέροντι, νεῶ νέος, ἀνέρι δ' ἀνήρ.
ἵν δ' ἐρις ἀμφοτέρων ἐτερόθροος, ὦς μὲν Ἀχάτην
κυδαίνων, ἐτερος δὲ χερείων Φαύνον ἐλέγχων
ἐν χθονι πεπτήσας κυλισομένων ἀπὸ διίρῳ,
ἄλλος ἐρυδμαίνων, ὦτι δεύτερος ἢ Ἕρεχθεὺς
ἐναλίου Τελχίνος ὀπίστερος ἦμιχῆς·
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἐρεῖζων, ὦτι φθαμένων δρόμον ἰππῶν 450

66
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
άγχιφανής νίκησε πολύτροπος ἀστός Ἀδήτης. 
Σκέλμων ἑτὶ προθέσθη τοῦ παραῖτε ἐλατὴρα.
Ὄν πω νεῖκος ἐληγε,
καὶ ἐφθασεν ἐγγὺς Ἐρεχθεύς. ἰπψος ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα κατωμαδὸν αἰεν ἰμάσσων·
καὶ πολὺς ἰππείου δι' αὐχένοις ἔρρεεν ἱδρῶς
καὶ λασίου στέρνοι, καθ’ ἡμόχοιο δὲ πυκνὰ
αὐχυμηραί βαθάμμυγγες ἐπέρρωσοντο κοινῆς· ἀρματα δ’ ἀγχιπόρουσιν ἐπέτρεχεν ἰχνευσὶν ἰππῶν ἀλλομένη στροφάλιγγι· καὶ οὐ τροχόετι σιδήρῳ
λεπτάλεθς ἀτύνακτα τινάσσετο νάτα κοινῆς.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πωτήνετα μετὰ δρόμων ὑψόθι δίφροιν
 eius μέσον ἦλθεν αγώνος· ἐὰν δ’ ἐσμηίξε χιτῶν
 μυδαλέων ἱδρῶτα διαστάλοντα μετώπων·
 καὶ ταχὺς ἐκ δάφνου κατῆμε. μηκεδανὴν δὲ
eius γυγον εὐποίητον ἕην ἐκλεῑνεν ἰμάσθλην.
ἰππός δ’ Ἀμφιδάμας θεράπων λύκην ὕκυτερος δὲ
tερπομένη παλάμη πρωτάγρια κούφισε νίκης,
ἰδόκην καὶ τόξα καὶ εὐπήληκα γυναίκα,
pάλλων ήμιτόμοιο μεσόμφαλα νάτα θοείας.
Τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθε θαλασσαίων ἑπὶ δίφροιν. 
Σκέλμως, ἐπισπερχῶν Ποισιδῆν άρμα θαλάσσης,
kύκλος ὅσον τροχόεις ἀπολείπεται ἱκέως ἰπποῦ,
tou μὲν ἐπαύσσοντος ὕποςαντρών μόχις άκραι
ἐκτάδης ψαύουσιν ἐλισσομένης τρίχες οὐρῆς·
δεύτερα δ’ εἶλεν ἀεθλα, καὶ ὤρεγε Δαμναμενή
ἐγκνοι ἵππον ἔχειν, ζηλήμοιν χειρὶ τιταῖνων.
Καὶ τρίτος Ἀκταιῶν ἀνεκούσφην σύμβολα νίκης
χρυσοφαῒ θώρηκα, παναίολον ἔργον Ὁλύμπου.
Τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Φαῦνος ἰκανε· καὶ αὐτόθι δίφρον ἐρύσσας
ομφαλοῦ ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀνηέρταξε βοείας,
close by, that his team was in front and he had won after passing Scelmis the leading driver.

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

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

αὔχμηρής μεθέπων ἔτι λεύφανα κείνα κοινής.

Καὶ Σικελὸς θεράπων βραδυδων ἐγγύθι δίφρον
χρυσοῦ δισόα τάλαντα κατηφεὶ δεῖξεν Ἀχάτη,
οἰκτροῦ ἀγηνορεόντι φιλοστόργῳ Διονύσῳ.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίας χαλεπῆς ἐστήσεν ἄγωνα.

πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο ταῦρον ἀπ’ Ἰνδῷ ὑψι βοαῖλοὺ
δῶρον ἄγειν, ἐτέρῳ δὲ μελαρρύων κτέρας Ἰνδῶν
βάρβαρον αἰολόνωτον ἐλὼν κατέθηκε βοεῖν.

"Πυγμῆς οὗτος ἀεθλὸς ἀτειρέος. ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι δασύτριχα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι πολύπτυχον ἀσπίδα δώσω."

"Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίου

σακέσπαλος ὡρτο Μελισσεύς,

ἡθάδι πυγμαχίη μεμελημένος: εὐκεράσου δὲ

ἀψάμενος ταῦροι τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν.

"Ἐλθέτω, ὅσ ποθεύ σάκος αἰόλον ὅ γὰρ ἑάσω

ἀλλῳ πίονα ταῦρον, ἔως ἔτι χειρὰς ἀείρω."

"Ὡς φαμένου εὐμπάντας ἐπεσφρήγμησσε σιωπή.

Εὐρυμέδων δὲ οἱ οίος ἀνίστατο, τῷ πόρεν Ἐρμῆς

ὁργανα πυγμαχίης γυιαλκέος, ὦς πάρος αἰεὶ

πατρώῳ μεμέλητο παρῆμενος ἐσχαρεῖν,

'Ἡφαιστημάδης, σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.

τὸν μὲν ἐριπτοίητος ἄδελφος ἀμφέπεν Ἁλκων,

ξώμα δὲ οἱ παρέθηκε, καὶ ἤρμοσσεν ἵππο μίτην,

καὶ δολιχαῖς παλάμησι κασιγνήττοιο 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 and fitted the girdle to his loins, coiled the

There is no need to alter the text to περιθηκε, as L. suggests: the word imitates Homer, II. xxiii. 683, παρακάββαλεν.
άζαλέων ἐσφιγξε περὶ πλοκον ὅλκον ἴμαντων.
καὶ πρόμος εἰς μέσον ἤλθεν,
ἐστὶ προβλήτα προσώπου
λαίνην χεῖρα φέρων, σάκος ἐμφυτον· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγχης
ποιητῆς παλάμης ταμεσίχροες ἦσαν ἴμαντες.
αἰεὶ δ᾿ ἀντιπάλοιο φυλάσσετο δύσμαχον ὅρμην,
μή ποτε μιν πλήξει κατ᾿ ὀφρύος ἡ μετώπου,
ἡ μὲν αἰμάξει, τετυμμένον ἄρθρον ἄμβαζας,
ἡ διατμῆξει, κατὰ κροτάφου τυχήσας,
εἰς μέσον ἐγκεφάλοιο νόημον ἄκρον ἀράξας,
ἡ παλάμην τρηχείαν ἔπὶ κροτάφουι τιταίνων
ὀμματα γυμνώσει λιπογλήνου προσώπου,
ἡ δαφοινήεντος ἀρασσομένου γενεόν
ὀξυτέρων ἐλάσσει πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων.

"Ευθα μὲν Εὐρυμέδωντος ἐπεσυμένοιο Μελίσσειν ἑμεῖς στήθεος ἄκρον ἔλασσεν· ὁ δὲ σχιδὸν ἀντά προσώπου
χεῖρα μάτην ἐτίταιε, καὶ ἥμβροτεν ἥρα τύπτων·
καὶ μιν ἅει τρομέων περιδέρομε, κόλπων ἀμείβων,
δεξιερὴν γυμνὸν κάτω μαζοίο τιταίνων.
بدءο δ᾿ εἰς ἐν ἱκανον ἐπὶ ὑγιές, ἄλλος ἐπ᾿ ἄλλῳ
ἐγυνεῖ φειδομένους ποδός πόδα τυθόν ἀμείβων
χεροὶ δὲ χειρὰς ἐμβαζαν· ἐπασυνέρχος δὲ ῥίπαις
φρικτὸς ὁμοπλεκέων ἐπεβόμβηκε δοῦμος ἴμαντων
ἀκροτάτην περὶ χείρα· χαρασσομένης δὲ παρείης
ἀμαλαίας λυβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθησαν ἴμαντες·
καὶ γενύων πέλε δοῦπος· ἐπὶ δρωσμῶ δὲ προσώπου
ἐυρυτέρον γεγοίωτο ἐκμαῖνοντο παρειαι,
ὀφθαλμοὶ δὲ ἐκάτερθεν ἐκουλαίνοντο προσώπου.

Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἐκαμίνε Μελίσσεός ἱμοι τέχνη,
ἀσχετον ἱελίοιο μένοιν ἀντώπιον αἰγήλην,
ὀμμα καταυγάζοντος· ἐπαίζας δὲ Μελίσσευς.
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.
NONNOS

δευτέρη στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἰχνός ἀείρων ἀφνω γναθμῶν ἔτυψεν υπ’ οὐατός· αὐτάρ ὁ κάμνων ὕπτιος αὐτοκῦλιστος ἐρέισατο νῦτα κοινή, θυμολιπῆς μεθύοντι πανείκελος· εἰγε δὲ κόρην κεκλιμένην ἐτέρωσε, καὶ αἰματός ἐπτυκεν ἄχνην λεπτά παχυμομένου· λαβὼς δὲ μιν ἐκτὸς ἀγώνος στυγνὸς ύπὲρ νῦτοι μετῆγαγε σύγγων· Ἀλκων πληγῇ ἀμεροινῶ βεβαρημένον. ἔσομενος δὲ Ὀνδύην περίμετρον ἀνερτάζε βοεῖν.

Καὶ διδύμως Διόνυσος ἀεθλητήρας ἐπείγων ἀνδράσιν ἀθλοφόρουσι πάλης κήρυξεν ἀγώνα· καὶ τρίτος εἰκοσίμετρος ἀέθλων ἱστατο νῖκης πρώτῳ ἀεθλητήρι· τίθει δ’ εἰς μέσουν ἀείρας ἀνθεμόεντα λέβητα χερεῖοι φωτὶ φυλάσσων. ὀρθωθεὶς δ’ ἱάχησε πάλιν σημάντορι φωνῇ.

"Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ τούτον ἐγείρατε καλὸν ἀγώνα."

"Εὐνεπε· κεκλομένου δὲ φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου πρώτος Ἀριστάιος, μετέπειτα δὲ δεύτερος Ἰστή Αἰακὸς εὐπαλάμου πάλης δεδαμένος ἐργα. ζώματι δὲ σκεπόωσιν ἀθητήτου φύσιν αἰδώς γυμνοὶ ἀθλεύοντες ἐφέστασαν· ἀμφότεροι δὲ πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφοτέρας παλάμας ἐπὶ δίζυγη καρπῷ σύμπλεκον ἑνθὰ καὶ ἑνθὰ, χυτῆς ἐπὶ νῦτα κοινῆς ἀλλήλους ἐρύνετε ἀμοιβαῖς, ἀμματὶ χειμῶν ἀκροτάτω σφίγξαστε· ἑνὶ δ’ ἀμφιδρομοὶ ἀνήρ, ἄνδρα παλινδύνην ἀγων ἐπερόζυγι παλμῷ, ἐλκὼν ἐλκόμενος τε· συνοχμάζοντο γὰρ ἀμφω χερσίν ἀμοιβαίησιν, ἐκουρτόςαντο δὲ δευρῆν, μεσσατίω δὲ κάρην ἐπηρειδοῦτο μετώπῳ ἀκλινέες, νεῦντες ἐπὶ χθονὸς· ἐκ δὲ μετώπων θλυβομένων καμάτου προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρῶς· ἀμφοτέρων δ’ ἀρα νῦτα κεκυφότα πῆχεος ὅλκῳ.
twists and turns, and popped in a sudden one on the jaw beneath the ear; and Eurymedon being distressed fell on his back and rolled in the dust helpless, fainting, like a drunken man. He inclined his head to one side and spat out a foam of thickish blood. His brother Alcon slung him over his back and gloomily carried him out of the ring, stunned by the blow and unconscious, then quickly lifted the great Indian shield.

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,

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

He spoke, and at the summons of crownloving Dionysos, Aristaios first rose, then second Aiacos, one well schooled in the lore of strongarmed wrestling. The athletes came forward naked but for the body-belts that hid their unseen loins. They both began by grasping each the other's wrists, and wreathed this way and that way, and pulled each other in turn over the surface of the widespread dust, holding the arms in a close grip of the fingers. Between the two men it was like ebb and flow, man drawing man with evenly balanced pulls, dragging and dragged; for they hugged each other with both arms and bent the neck, and pressed head to head on the middle of the forehead, pushing steadily downwards. Sweat ran from their rubbed foreheads to show the hard struggle; the backs of both were bent by the pull
NONNOS

δίζυγι συμπλεκέος παλάμης ἐτρίβετο δεσμῷ·
σμύδις δ' αὐτότελεστος ἀνέδραμεν άιματι θερμῷ,
αἴόλα πορφύρουσα· δέμας δ' ἐστίζετο φωτῶν.

Οὶ δὲ παλαιομοσύνης ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τέχνης
ἀλλήλους ἀνέφαυν ἀμοιβαδίς· ἀντίβιον δὲ
πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος παλάμης πηχύνατο καρπῷ,
ἐκ χθονὸς ὀχλίζων· δολίς δ' οὐ λήθετο τέχνης
Ἄιακὸς αἰολόμητις, ὕποκλέπτοντι δὲ ταρσῷ
λαίον Ἀρισταίου ποδὸς κῶληπα πατάξας
ὕπτιον αὐτοκύλιστον ὅλον περικάββαλε γαῖη,
ἡλιβάτῳ πρημών πανείκηλον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
τηλίκον αὐχήνετα βοώμενον ὕεα Φοίβου
ὁμμασί βαμβαλέοισσν ἐθησαντο πεσόντα.

δεύτερος ἁέρταξε μετάρσιον ὑψόθι γαῖης
κουφίζων ἀμογητί πελώριον ὑπα Κυρήνης
Ἄιακός, ἐσσομένην ἅρετην τεκέεσσοι φυλάσσων,
ἀκαμάτῳ Πηλῇ καὶ εὐρυβίῃ Ἀελμῷ,
ἀγκασ ἔξων, οὐ νώτων ἡ ὄρθιον αὐχένα κάμπτων,
πήχεσιν ἀμφοτέρους μεσαίτατον ἄνδρα κομίζων,
Ἰσον ἀμειβότεσσον ἔξων τύπον, οὖς κάμε τέκτων
πρηύνων ἀνέμιοι θυελλήσσαν ἀνάγκην.

καὶ πελάσας ὅλον ἄνδρα περιστρωθέντα κονίῆ
Ἄιακὸς ἀντιπάλου μέσων ἐπεβήκατο νύτων
καὶ πόδα πεπταμένης διὰ γαστέρος ἐκταδὰ πέμπτων,
καμπύλον ἀκροτάτῳ περὶ γούνατι δέσμα συνάπτων,
ταρσῷ ταρσῶν ἐρείδε παρὰ σφυρὸν ἀκρον ἐλίζας·
καὶ ταχὺς ἀντιβίοι τετανυμένοι ὑψόθι νύτων,

* The genealogy is:

Endeis = Aiakos = Psamathe

| Peleus Telamon | Phocos. |
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

\(^a\) The picture in *Iliad* xxiii. 712, which Nonnos copies, is more exact: the two wrestlers stand on the ground, leaning against each other, like two rafters in a roof.
χείρας εάς στεφανηδόν ἐπ' ἄλληλησιν ἐλίξας,
αὐχένι δεσμόν ἐβάλλε βραχίονι, δάκτυλα κάμψας;
μυδαλέω δ' ἱδρωτὶ χυτὴν ἔφανε κονήν,
αὐχμηρῇ ψαμάθῳ διερήν παθάμγγα καθαίρων,
μὴ διολισθήσεις περίπλοκοι ἁμματὶ χειρῶν
θερμὴν τριβομένοιο κατ' αὐχένοιο ἰκμάδα πέμπσων.
Τοῦ δὲ πιεζομένου συνέρρεον ὁξέι παλμῷ
κεκριμένου κήρυκες, ὀπιπευτῆρες ἄγωνος,
μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειες ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῶ.
οὐ γὰρ ἔην τὸτε ὑσμὸς ὁμοίως, ὅπ πάρος αὐτοὶ
ὁφίγοις φράσσαντο, τιτανομένων ὁτε δεσμῶν
αὐχενίων πυκτηρὶ πόνῳ βεβαρμενόν ἀνήρ
νίκην ἀντιπάλου μηπεύεται ἐμφρον σιγῇ,
ἀνέρα νικήσαντα κατηφεὶ χειρὶ πατάξας.  603
Καὶ τρίπον εἰκοσίμετρον ἐπηχύναιτο λαβόντες
Μυρμιδόνες, θεράποντες ἀεθλοφόρου βασιλῆς.
Ἄκταίων δὲ λέβητα ταχίσσων κούφεσε μιπῇ,
δευτέρα πατρὸς ἀεθλα κατηφεὶ χειρὶ κομίζων.
Καὶ τότε Βάκχος ἔθηκε ποδῶν ταχυτήτος ἄγωνα·
πρῶτω ἀθλητηρὶ τιθεὶς κειμήλια νίκης
ἀργύρεον κρητὴρα δορικτήτην τε γυναῖκα,
δευτέρω αἰολόδειρον ἐθήκατο Θεσσαλὸν ἰππον,
καὶ πυμάτως ξίφος ὡξὺ σὺν εὐπήτῳ τελαμών.
ὁρθωθεὶς δ' ἁγόρευε, ποδώκεας ἀνδρας ἐπείγων·
"'Ανδράσιν ὤκυπόροισιν ἀεθλια ταῦτα γενέσθω."  615
"Ως φαμένου
Δικταῖος ἔθημονα γούνατα πάλλων . . .

1 So mss.: καθάφας Ludwich.

*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.

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.

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.

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:

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

At these words, came Dictaian Ocythoös,

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

The name inferred from what follows. A line has dropt out.
NONNOS

tω δ' ἐπὶ ποικιλόμετρις ἀνεδραμεν ὡκὺς Ἐρεχθεύς, Παλλάδι Νικαίη μεμελημένος, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ Πρίασος ὡκυπόδης, Κυβεληδος ἀστὸς ἀροῦρης. τοῖς μὲν ἐκ ἀλβιδος ἐν ὁ ὅρῳμος ὦκύθοος δὲ πρῶτος ἀελλήνητι ποδῶν κοφήζετο παλμῷ, ιθυτενὶ προκέλευθον ἕχον ὁ ὅρῳμοι ἐσσύμενος δὲ δεύτερος ἀγκυκέλευθος ὀπίστερος ἦν Ἐρεχθεύς, γείτονος ὦκυθοοιο ἀσάφρενον ἁδήματι βαλλων, καί κεφαλῆς θέρμαινη φιληλακάτοιο δὲ κούρηι οία κανων στέρνου πέλει μέσος, ὅν τις μέτρων παρθένοις ἱστοπόνοις τεχνήμιοι χειρί ταυτόση, ὦκυθοον πέλε τόσσον ὀπίστερος ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ ἰχνα τύπτε πῶδεσοι, πάροι κόνων ἀμφηρίνας, καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφήριστος ἐν ὁ ὅρῳμος ἀλλὰ πορείν μμηλῆν ἱσόμετρον ἰδὼν ἐτιαίνετο ταρσῳ κουφοτέρῳ, καὶ φωτα παρέδραμε μέλιτη μέτρῳ, ὀππόσον ἁνέρος ἰχνος οἶερ τομέων περὶ ἀκής τοῖν ἐπος βοῶν Βορέθν ἱκέτευη Ἐρεχθεύς.

"Γαμβρέ, τεῷ θραίσμησον Ἐρεχθεύ καὶ σέο νύμφῃ,

εἰ μεθέπεις γλυκῶν οίστρων ἐμῆς ἐτι παιδὸς Ἐρώτων,

δός μοι σῶν πτερύγων βάλων ὅρῳμος εἰς μιαν ὠρῃν, ὦκύθοον ταχύγουον ἵνα προθέοιτα παράλθων."

"Ως φαμέουν Βορέθν ἱκετήσου ἐκλειφε φωιήν, καὶ μῖν ἐνερχόλαν χαίνοι αἰλής, τρεῖς μὲν ἑπερρώνοτο ποδῶν ἀνεμωδεῖ παλμῷ, ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἰσα τάλαντα καὶ ὀππόσον ἥκετας ταρσῳ ὦκύθοον προθέοιτο ὀπίστερος ἦν Ἐρεχθεύς, τόσσον ἀελλήγεντο Ἐρεχθέος ἐπλετο γείτων Πρίασος αὐχήεις, Φρύγιον γένους. ἐσσυμένων δὲ ὀππότε λοίζοιο ἦν ἐτι ὅρῳμος ἀλματι ταρσῶν, 80
wagging his experienced knees. Next ran up fleet Erechtheus, a man full of craft, and dear to Victorious Pallas; after him fleetfoot Priasos, one from the arable land of Cybele. Off they went from scratch. 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
NONNOS

'Ωκύθοος ταχύγονους ἐπωλίσθησε κοίη,

τὴν βοῶν πέλεν οὖνθος ἀθέσφατος, οὐς παρὰ τύμβῳ

Μυγδόνη Διόνυσος ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ

ἀλλὰ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς ταχυδυϊνει παλμῷ

'Ωκύθοος πεφόρητο μετάλμενος ἐσομένως δὲ

ἀντιπάλου προθέοντος ἐπήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,

εἰ τὸτε βαϊὸς ἔην ἔτι ποῦ δρόμως, ἢ τάχα βαϊῶν

ἡ πέλεν ἀμφήριστος ἡ ἐφθασεν ἀστὸν 'Ἀθήνης.

Καὶ κτέρας αἰολόνωτον

ἐκούφισεν ὦκὺς 'Ἐρεχθεὺς,

Σιδόνιον κρητῆρα τετυγμένον. 'Οκύθοος δὲ

ἐῴρυσε Θεσσαλὸν ἱππον· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἡρέμα βαϊῶν

Πρίασος ἄρο ἐδεκτο σὺν ἀργυρῷ τελαμῷ.

καὶ Σατύρων ἐγέλασσε χορὸς φιλοπαιγμον θυμῷ,

παπταῖνον Κορύβαντα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κοίη,

ὅνθων ἀποπτύνοντα κατάρρυντον αὐθερεῖνος.

Καὶ σόλον αὐτοχώων ἄγων ἐπέθηκεν ἄγῳν

dυσκοβόλους Διόνυσος ἀκοντιστήρας ἐπείγων.

πρῶτῳ μὲν δύο δούρᾳ σὺν ἱπποκόμῳ τριφαλείᾳ

θήκεν ἄγων, ἐτέρῳ δὲ διανυγόν κυκλάδα μίτην,

καὶ τριτάτῳ ψιλαῖ, καὶ νεβρίδα θῆκε τετάρτῳ,

ἡν χρυσῆς κληῖδι Δίως περονήσατο χαλκεὺς.

ορθώθεις δ’ ἀνὰ μέσουν ἐγερσινῶν φάτο φωτῇ.

"Οὕτος ἄγων ἐπὶ δίσκον ἀεθλητήρας ἐπείγει." "

"Ὤς φαμένον Βρομίοιο

σακέσπαλος ὧρτο Μελισσεύς,

tῶ δ’ ἐπὶ δεύτερος ἦλθεν ἀερσιπόδης Ἀλμῇδης,

καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων καὶ τέταρτος ἦλθεν Ἀκμων,

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

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

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

"This contest calls for competitors with the weight!"

At these words of Bromios up rose shakeshield Melisseus; second after him came footlifting Hali-medes, and third, Eurymedon, and fourth, Acmon. The four stood in a row side by side. Melisseus took
καὶ σόλον εὐθύνητον ἔλων ἔρριψε Μελισσεύς. Ἡμεῖς 
δέ, οὐ γελάσασιν ὀλίζονα φωτὸς ἐρρήν. 
δεύτερος Εὐρυμέδων παλάμην ἑπερείσατο δίσκῳ ... 
καὶ σόλον εὐθύνητον ἔλων νώμητορι καρπῷ 
βρυθῇ βέλος προσέχει περίτροχον εὐλοφὸς Ἀκμῷ 
καὶ βέλος ᾁρόφοτον ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομον αὐραί 
καὶ σκοτὸν Εὐρυμέδοντος ὑπέρβαλε μείζον μέτρῳ 
ἀξείη στροφάλυγγι· καὶ ὑψιπόδης Ἀλμηδῆς 
eἰς σκοτὸν ἥκοντίζεν ἐν ἥρι δίσκον ἀλήτην· 
καὶ σόλος ἱερῆσιν ἑπερροίζησεν ἀέλλαις 
ἐκ βριαρῆς παλάμης πεφορημένοις, ὡς ἀπὸ τὸξον 
ἵππαται ἀσταθέσσι βέλος δεδομημένον αὐραῖς 
ἀρθίων· ἱερόθεν δὲ πεσῶν ἐκυλίδευτο γαίη 
ἀλματι τηλεπόρῳ, πεφορημένοις εἰσέτι παλμῷ 
χειρὸς ἑυστρέπτου, φέρον αὐτόσοντον ὀρμῷ, 
eἰσόκε σήματα πάντα παρέδραμεν ἀγρόμενοι δὲ 
πάντες ἑπεσμαράγγεσαν ὀπιπευτῆρις ἄγων, 
ἀλλομένου δίσκου τεθηπότες ἀστατὸν ὀρμήν. 

Καὶ δονέων δύο δοῦρα σὺν υψιλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ 
διπλόα δώρα κομίζεται ἀγηνορέων Ἀλμηδῆς: 
"Ακμῷ δὲ εἰλιπόδης χρυσαυγέᾳ κούφισε μέτρην· 
καὶ τρίτος Εὐρυμέδων φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἀείρας 
ἀμφίθετον κτέρας εἰλε· κατηφιώνω δὲ προσώπῳ 
νεβρίδα ποικιλόνων ἄνηρταξὲ Μελισσεύς. 

Καὶ προμάχους Διόνυσος ἀέθλια θήκατο τόξον, 
εὐστοχίας ἀνάθημα· καὶ ἐπάτειρον ἐρύσασ 
ἡμῶν ταλαργοῦν ἑνεστήριξεν ἄγων, 
καὶ δέπας εὐποιήτου ἀεθλίου ἱστατο νῖκης 
ἀνδρὶ χερειστέρῳ πεφυλαγμένον. Εὐρύαλος δὲ 
νῆιν ὀρθώσας περιμήκετον ἱστὸν ἀροῦρη 
στῆσεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου ψαμαθώδεος, υψιφανῆ δὲ.
the lump, swung it well and threw: the Seilenoi laughed loudly at the fellow’s miserable throw! Second, Eurymedon rested his hand on the weight [and threw it farther]. Then highcrested Acmon took the lump, swung it well with experienced wrist, and cast the heavy missile hurtling through the air; the missile travelled through the air like the wind, and passed Eurymedon’s mark by a longer measure, whirling swiftly. Then Halimedes, towering high on his feet, sent the weight travelling through the air to the mark: the mass whistled amid the stormwinds in the sky when hurled by that strong hand—for it flew like an arrow straight from a bow, twirled by unstable breezes; down from the sky to the earth it fell after its long leap, and rolled along the ground still under the impulse of the accomplished hand, moving of itself, until it had passed all the marks. The spectators of the contest crowded and cheered all together, amazed at the unchecked movement of the weight bounding along.

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

703 Now Dionysos put prizes ready for champions of the bow, the offering for good archery. He led out for the contest a hardy sevenyear mule, and made it stand before the company; and laid down a well-finished goblet as prize of victory to be kept for the less competent man. Then Euryalos planted a ship’s tall mast in the ground, upright above the
δέσμων ἡῷρησε πελειάδα σύμπλοκον ἰστῶ, λεπταλέον δισσοίς μίτον περὶ ποσσίν ἐλίξας. καὶ θεὸς ἀγρομένοις ἐναγώνιον ἱαχε φωνήν, εἰς σκοπὸν ἱερὸφοιτὸν ὀἰστευτῆρας ἐπείγων.

"Οσ μὲν διστεύεσε εἰς πελειάδος ἀκρα τορήσας, ἡμῖνον φερέτω πολυαλφέα, μάρτυρα νίκης, ὡς δὲ παραπλάξοιτο πελειάδος εἰς σκοπὸν ἐλκων, ὀρνων εὐγλώχιν λιπῶν ἀχάρακτον ὀἰστῶ, ἀκρα δε μηρίθδιοι βαλῶν πτερόειτι βελέμνω, ἡσσονα τοξεύεσται καὶ ἡσσονα δώρα δεχέσθων, ἀπὶ γὰρ ἡμῖνον δέπας οἰστεῖ, ὄφρα κε Φοίβῳ τοξοφόρῳ σπείσεστε καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ." Τοῖον ἔπος βοῶντος ἐθεκτεάνου λυκίου εὐχαίτης Ἠμέναιος ἐκτῆβολος εἰς μέσον ἔστη... εἰς σκοπὸν ἦθυκέλευθον ἄγων ἀντώπιοι ἵστοι, Κνώσσια τάξα χερών τετανυσμένη κυκλάδι νευρή, Ἀστέριος προεήκε βέλους κλύροιο τυχήσας, καὶ τύχε μηρίθδιον: δαῖζομένης δὲ βελέμνῳ ἥρητο πεφόρητο μετάρρυχος ὀρνὶς ἀλήμων... καὶ μίτος εἰς χθόνα πίπτε. 

dι' ύψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου ὁμμα χερῶν ἐλικηδόν, ὑπὲρ νεφεών δὲ δοκεύων τοξευτῆρ Ἠμέναιος ἐτομμοτάτης ἀπὸ νευρῆς εἰς σκοπὸν ἱερόφοιτον ὑπηνύμων βέλους ἐλκων ὀξύερον προεήκε, πελειάδος ἀυτὰ τιταῖνων... καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δε' ἡρόσ σοι ἀλήτης ἀκροφανῆς, μέσα νῦτα παραζύων νεφελῶν, συρίζων ἀνέμους: βέλους δ' ἢθυνεν Ἀπόλλων πιστὰ χερῶν δυσέρωτι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ: ἐπταμένης δ' ἐτύχησε πελειάδος, ἐσσυμένης δὲ στήθεος ἄκρον ἐτυφε: βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου ὀρνὶς ἀελλήσσα δε' ἡρόσ ἐμπεσε γαίῃ:

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sandy soil, and fastened a wild pigeon by a string to the top of the mast, winding a light cord about the two feet. The god called to all those assembled for the games, inviting any to shoot at the flying mark:

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

722 Such was the proclamation of wealthy Lyaios. Then Hymenaios the 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
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

ήμιθανής δε πέλεια περὶ πτερὰ πάλλε κοινής, ποσοὶ περισκαιροῦσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου.

Καὶ θεὸς ἡβητήρος ἀναθρώσκων ἐπὶ νίκη χειρᾶς ἐπεπλατάγγησεν ἐπικλάγγας ‘Ὑμεαίῳ·

ἐνεκοὶ δ’ εἰν ἐνι πάντες, ὅσοι παρέμμιμον ἀγωνι, ἀγχινεφῆ θάμβησαν ἐκηβολὴν ‘Ὑμεαίου.

καὶ γελόων Διόνυσος ἑαὶς παλάμησιν ἐρύσας ἡμίονον πόρε δύρων ὁφειλομένην ‘Ὑμεαίῳ·

καὶ γέρας ‘Αστερίου δέπας κούφιζον ἑταίρων.

Καὶ φιλίην ἐπὶ δήρων ἀκοντιστήρας ἐπείγων Ἰνδικὰ Βάκχος ἀεθλα μέρων παρέθηκεν ἀγωνι,

διεπαθήνη κημίδα καὶ Ἰνδικὴς λίθον ἂλμης. ὁρθωθεὶς δ’ ἀγόρευε, δύω δ’ ἐκέλευσε μαχηταῖς,

ἀφ’ ἀρόμην παῖζοντι καὶ οὔ κτείνοντι σιδήρῳ μιμηλὴν τελέσσωσιν ἀναίμονος εἰκόνα χάρμης.

“Ὅτες ἀγῶν δύο φώτας ἀκοντιστήρας ἐγείρων μείλιχον οίδεν ‘Αρηα καὶ εὐδιώσαν Ἑυνώ.”

"Ως φαμένου Βρομίου σιδήρα τεύχεα πάλλων Ἀστερίους κεκόρυστο, καὶ Λιακὸς εἰς μέσον ἔστῃ χάλκεον ἐγχόσ ἔχων, πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων, οἵ ἄγον ἄγραυλος ἐπαύσωσιν τινὶ ταύρῳ ἥ συν λαχνήμεντι σιδηρείῳ δὲ χιτῶν εἰς μέσον ἐρρωντο καλυψάμενοι δέμας ἄμφω Ἀρεοὶ αἰχμητῆρες· ὁ μὲν δόρυ θοῦρν ιάλλων Ἀστερίους, Μύνως ἔχων πατρώον ἀλκήν,

οὗτος δὲ κατ’ ἀσφαράγγοι σιδήρεον ἐγχόσ ἄείρων Ἀιακός, ὑψιμέδοντος ἐοῦ Δίως ἄξια πέζων, νῦξαι μὲν μενεάινε μεσαίτατον ἀνθερεώνα· ἀλλὰ ἐ Βάκχος ἐρυκε καὶ ἱππασε φοίνων αἰχμήν."
the pigeon beat about with its wings in the dust, fluttering about the feet of Dionysos weaver of dances.

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.

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:

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

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
αὐχένα μὴ πλήξειεν ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ ἀμφοτέροις δ’ ἀνέκοψε καὶ ἵαχε θυάδι φωνῇ:

"Ὑψατε τεύχεα ταῦτα φίλην οτήσαντε 'Ἐνυώ· ἄρθμος οὗτος "Ἀρης, καὶ ἀνουτατοί εἰσιν ἁγώνες."

Ἐνεπεν· ἐγρεμόθου δὲ λαβῶν πρεσβήμα νίκης ἲπ Αἰακὸς αὐχήεις χρυσέας κυνημίδας ἀείρων δῶκεν ἐὼ θεράποντι· καὶ ὑστερα δῶρα κομίζων Ἀστέριος κούφιζε δορικτήτην λίθον Ἰνδῶν.
the neck with the cast spear. Then he made them both stop, and called out with wild voice—

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

775 So he spoke. 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 ΟΡΔΟΟΝ

'Hχι τριηκοστόν πέλεν όγδοον, αἰθοπι δαλῆ...

Αὕτο δ' ἀγῶν· λαοὶ δὲ μετήμιον ἐνίδια λόχιμης, καὶ σφετέραις κλισίησιν ὀμίλεον· ἄγρονόμοι δὲ Πάνες ἐναυλίζοντο χαραδραίουσι μελάθροις, αὐτοπαγῇ ναΐοτες ἐρημάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης ἐσπέριοι. Σάτυροι δὲ δεδυκότες εἰς σπέος ἁρκτικὸ ϑηγαλέοις ὀνύχισσι καὶ οὐ τριήμης σιδήρῳ πετραίνῃ ἐλάχειαν ἐκοιλαίωντο χαμείνην, εἰσόκεν ὄρθρος ἑλαμψε σελασφόρος, ἀρτιφαίες δὲ ἀμφοτέρους ἀνέτελλε γαληναίης φάος 'Ηνοῖς, Ἰνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν· ἐπεὶ τότε κυκλάδι νύσσῃ

Μυγδονίου πολέμου καὶ Ἰνδῶνον κυδομοῦ ἀμβολήν ἐτάνυσσεν ἐλιξ χρόνος· οὐδὲ τις αὐτοῖς οὐ φόνος, οὐ τότε δήρις· ἐκείτο δὲ τηλόθι χάρμης Βακχίας ἐξαέτηρος ἀραχνιῶσα βοείη.

'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ἔτος ἔβδομον ἡγαγόν Ὀπραί, οὐράνιον τότε σήμα προάγγελον οἰνοπι Βάκχῳ φαινετο, θάμβος ἀπιστον· ἐπεὶ ζόφος ἤματι μέσσῳ ἀπροϊής τετάνυστο, κελαμιώντι 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.¹

¹ 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,

¹ From Bacchylides, frag. 3 (Jebb), 6-7. Nonnos means there was perfect peace.
κρυπτόμενον Φαέθοντα μεσημβριάς εἶχεν ὀμίχλη, κλεπτομένης δ' ἄκτινος ἐπεσκίωντο κολώναι· 20
καὶ πολὺς ἑνδα καὶ ἑνδα κατήρπης πυρός ἄλήτης,
ἄρματος οὐρανίου κατάρρυτος· ἀκρα δὲ γαίης
μυρίος ἐκλυσεν ὄμβρος, ἐκμαίνοντο δὲ πέτραι
ἡερίας λιβάδεσσιν, ἐως μόγις ύψωθι δίφρον
ψυφανής ἀνέτελλε πάλιν πυρόεις Ἀπερίων.
Βάκχω δ' ἀσχαλόντι δι' ἡερός αἰσιος ἐπτη
αιετὸς ψικέλευθος, ὅφι δερέντα κομίζων
θηγαλέος ὀνύχεσσιν· ὁ δὲ θραυσίν αἰχένα κάμπτων
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλύσθησεν Ἰδασπῆ.
καὶ τρομερῇ νήμθυμον ὅλον στράτον εἶχη σωπῇ· 30
'Ἰδμων δ' αἰολόμητος, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ὅργια Μοῦσης
Οὐρανίης εὐκυκλον ἐπισταμένης ἵτων ἄστρων,
ἄτρομος ἱστατο μοῦνος, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ἰδμον τέχνη
συμπλεκέος Φαέθοντι κατάσκια κύκλα Σελήνης,
καὶ φλόγα πορφύρουσαν ὑπὸ ξοφοειδεί κώνω
κλεπτομένον Φαέθοντος ἀθηήτου πορείτις,
καὶ πάταγον βρονταίον ἀρασσόμενων νεφελάων,
αιθέριον μῦκημα, καὶ ἄστραπτοντα κομίτην,
καὶ δοκίδων ἄκτινα, καὶ ἐμπυρων ἀλμα κεραυνοῦ.
τοῖα παρ' Οὐρανίης δεδαμενος ἔργα θεαίης
ἰστατο θαρσήσασαν ἡμῶν φρένα· γυαὶ δ' ἐκάστου
λύστο· μαντισόλος δὲ γέρων γελώντι προσώπου
'Ἰδμων ἐμπεδόμυθον ἡμῶν ἐπὶ χείλεσι πειθῶ
λαὸν ὅλον θάρσουν, ὦτι χρονίῳ κυδομοῦ
ἐσσομένην μετὰ βαιὸν ἐπίστατο γείτων νίκην. 45
Καὶ Φρύγιον πολύϊδρων ἀνείλετο μάντιν 'Ερεχθειος.

* 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.

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.”

\(^26\) Erechtheus also inquired of the accomplisht Phry-

\(^b\) Idmon means learned.

\(^c\) δόκις, a small beam of wood, was used for a long narrow meteor.
σύμβολα παπταίνων ὑπάτου Διός, εἰ πέλε χάρμης
αἷσα δυσμενέσσων ἡ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
on τόσον ύσμίνης ποθέων τέλος, ὅσον ἀκούσαι
μυστιπόλοις ὀάροις μεμηλότα μῦθον 'Ολύμπου,
καὶ στίχας ἀστραίων ἐλίκων καὶ κυκλάδα μῆνην,
cαὶ δύσιν ἡματίνη Φαεθοντίδος ἀμμορον ἀγίλης
κλεπτομένης. αἰεὶ δὲ θεορρήτων περὶ μύθων
'Ατθίδος ἀρχαίς φιλοπεπεῖες εἰοὶ πολίται.
Οὐδὲ γέρων ἀμέλησε θεοπρόπος, ἀλλὰ Λυαίου
σειών Ἐυνια θύρας καὶ οὐ Παιοπηίδα δάφνην
tοῖον ἔπος μαντών ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερείνοις.
"Εἰπαίειν εἴδειες φρενοθελγεά μῦθον, Ἂφρεθεύ, δὲ
μοῦνοι δεδάσαι θεοὶ ναετῆρες 'Ολύμπου;
λέξω δ’, ὡς με διδαξέν ἐμὸς δαφναῖος 'Απώλλων. μὴ
μὴ στεροπὴν τρομείωσ, μὴ δειδθεὶ πυρσὸν ἀλήτην,
μὴ δρῶμον 'Ηελίου θοφοειδέα, μηδὲ Λυαίου
νίκης ἔσσομενης πρωτάγγελον ὅρυν 'Ολύμπου; ὡς
ὁ γε θηγαλέων ὀνύχων κεχαραγμένοις αἰχμαῖς,
ἀρπαγος οἰωνοῖο πεπαρμένοις οξέι ταρσῷ,
eἰς προχοάς ποταμοῦ δράκων ὠλισθε κεράστης,
cαὶ νέκων ἔρπηστήρα γέρων ἐκρυφεὶν 'Ιδάσπῃς,
οὔτω Δηηράδην πατρώιον οἶδα καλύψει
eἰκελον εἴδος ἔχοντα βοοκραίρῳ γένετηρι."
Τοῖα γέρων ἀγόρευε θεηγόρος τοῦ δὲ μῦθῳ
μαντιπόλω γήθησεν ὅλος στρατός ἔξοχα δ’ ἄλλων
θαύματι χάρμα κέρασσεν ἀμήτορος ἁστὸς 'Αθηνῆς,
tοῖος ἐὼν γλυκερῆσαι ἐπ’ ἐλπίσιν, ὡς εἰνι μέσῳ
κωμάζων Μαραθῶν μετ' Ἀρεα Δηηράδης.
Καὶ τότε μουνουθείτι φιλοσκοπέλω Διονύσῳ

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

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

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

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

75 And now to Dionysos, alone among the rocks
Areopagus, Acts xvii. 22 ἀνδρεὺς Ἀθηναῖοι, κατὰ πᾶντα ὃς
dεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεώρο; ?
6 Delphian: Panopeus was near Delphi.
σύγγονος οὐρανόθεν Δίως ἀγγελος ἤλθεν Ἠρμῆς,
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παρηγορέων ἐπὶ νίκην.
"Μὴ τρομέοις τὸδε σῆμα,
καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἡματία νῦξ·
tοῦτο σοι, ἄτρομε Βάκχε, πατὴρ ἀνέφην Κρονίων
νίκης Ἡνδοφόνοιο προάγγελον ἤλθω γὰρ
dεύτερον ἀστράπτοντι φεραυγέα Βάκχων εἰσκώ,
καὶ θρασύν ὀρφναῖή μελανόχροον Ἡνδόν ὄμιχλη·
αἰθέρι γὰρ τύπος οὔτοσ ὀμοίωσε εὐφαῖος δι᾽
ὡς ζόφος ἡμᾶλθυν καλυπτομένης φάος ἱοῦς,
καὶ πάλιν ἀντέλλων πυριφεγγεός ὑψόθι δίφρων.
"Ἡλίος ζοφόεσσαν ἀπηκονύτζεν ὀμίχλην,
οὐτω σῶν βλεφάρων μάλα τηλοθί καὶ σὺ τυάζας
Ταρταρίης ξοφοεσσαν Ἠρμύνος ἀσκοπον ἄχλων
ἀστράψεις κατ᾽ Ἀρη τὸ δεύτερον ὑσ  Ἰπερίων.
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε βαῦμα γέρων τροφὸς ἦγαγεν Λιών,
ἐξ ὁτε δαμονίου πυρὸς βεβολημένος ἀτμῷ
κύμβαχος Ἡελίου φεραυγέος ἐκπεσε δίφρων
ἡμιδαής Φαέθων, ποταμῷ δ᾽ ἐκρύπτετο Κελτῶ.
καὶ θρασὺν ἱβητήρα παρ᾽ ὀφρύων Ἡριδανῶδο
"Ἡλιάδες κυνροῖσιν ἐτὶ στενάχουσι πετήλουσ."  Ὁς
φαμένοι Διόνυσος ἐγίθεθεν ἐλπίδι νίκης·
"Ερμείαν δ᾽ ἔρεειν, καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἄκούσαι
Κελτοῖς Ἐστερίουσι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ὄλυμπου,
pῶς Φαέθων κεκύλιστο δι᾽ αἰθέρος, ἤ πόθεν αὐταί
"Ἡλιάδες παρὰ χεύμα γοήμονος Ἡριδανῶδο
eis futōn ἡμείβοντο, καὶ εὐπετάλων ἀπὸ δενδρῶν
δάκρων μαρμαίροντα κατασταλάοντι ῥεέθροις.
Καὶ οἱ ἀνειρομένων
πετάσασα στόμα μελίχος Ἠρμῆς
θέσκελον ἐρροίβδησεν ἐπος φιλοπευθεῖ Βάκχων·
1 So mss.: χρόνος Ludwig.
which he loved, came Hermes his brother from heaven as messenger of Zeus, and spoke assuring him of victory:

"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 fireshining 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."

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.

In answer, friendly Hermes opened his mouth and noised out his inspired tale to Bacchos eagerly listening:
For the literary history of Phaethon from Alexandrian times on, see G. Knaack, Quaestiones Phaithonteaes, Berlin 1886. 

The Zodiac (because all the planets move within it). The Greeks called the seven heavenly bodies planets: these
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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 lichtgang, 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,c
καὶ γάμον Ἡελίου φαεσφόρον· ἀμφί δὲ Νύμφαι
Νηέδες ὠρχήσαντο· παρ’ ὑδατόντι δὲ παστῷ
εὕλοχος ἀστράπτοιτι γάμῳ νυμφεύετο κούρην,
καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέσσων ἐδέξατο θερμὸν ἀκοίτην.
ἀστραίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐγὼ θαλαμηπόλος αἰγῇ,
καὶ μέλος εἰς Ὀμέναιον ἀνέπλεκε Κύπριδος ἀστὴρ,
συζυγίας προκέλευθος Ἐσοφόρος· ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης
νυμφιδίην ἀκτίνα γαμοστόλον εἶχε Σελήνη.
’Εσπερίδες δ’ ἀλάλαζον· ἓ γ’ ἀμα Τηθύι νύμφῃ
’Ωκεανὸς κελάδησε μέλος πολυπίδακι λαμψ.
καὶ Κλυμένης γονόεντι γάμῳ κυμαίνετο γαστήρ.
καὶ βρέφος ὀδύνοσα πεπαυμομένον τοκετοίο
γείνατο θέσκελον νὰ φαεσφόρον. ἀμφί δὲ κούρῳ
τικτομένῳ κελάδησε μέλος πατρώος αἰθήρ.
’Ωκεανὸς δὲ θύγατρες ἀποδρώσκοντα λοχείς
υἱόν παππώοισιν ἐφαιδύνατο λοετροίς·
σπάργανα δ’ ἀμφεβάλοιτο.
καὶ ἀστέρες αἴθοπι παλμῷ
eἰς ὅνων αἴσσοντες ἐθήμοις Ὀκεανοῦ
κοῦρον ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ Ἑιλείθωνε Σελήνη
μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα σελασφόρον. Ὁ Ἡλίος δὲ
ὑεῖ δῶκεν ἔχειν ὁδὸν οὐνομά μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ἀρμενοῦ· ἥ'θεον γὰρ ἐπ’ ἀστράπτοιτι προσώπῳ
’Ἡλίου γενετῆρος ἐπέπρεπε σύγγονος αἰγῇ.
Πολλάκι παιδοκόμοισιν ἐν ἱθεσιν ἅβρον ἅθυρων
’Ωκεανὸς Φαέθοντα παλιδίνητον ἀείρων
γαστρὶ μέση κούφιζε, δ’ ὑμπόρον δὲ κελεύθουν
ἀστατον αὐτοκλεικτὸν ἅλημον σύνδρομοι αὐρῇ
ηερόθεν παλίνορρον ἐδέξατο κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ,
καὶ πάλιν ἥκοντίζεν· δ’ ἀδ τροχοειδεῖ παλμῷ
χειρὸς ἐνυστρέπτου παράτροπος Ὀκεανοῦ
διωστῇ στροφάλιγγι κατήριπεν εἰς μέλαν ὅδωρ.
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.

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

"Often in the course of the boy's training Oceanos would have a pretty game, lifting Phaëthon on his midbelly and letting him drop down; he would throw the boy high in the air, rolling over and over moving in a high path as quick as the wandering wind, and catch him again on his arm; then he would shoot him up again, and the boy would avoid the ready hand of Oceanos, and turn a somersault round and round till he splashed into the dark
μάντις ἐὗ θανάτοις γέρων δ’ ᾣμωξε νοῆσας, θέσφατα γυνώσκων, πινυτῇ δ’ ἐκρυφει σωπή, μὴ Κλυμένης φιλόπαιδος ἀπενθέα θυμὸν ἀμφῶς πικρά προδεσπίζων Φαεθοντιάδος λίνα Μοίρης.

Καὶ πάσις ἀρτικόμιστος ἔχων ἀνίουλον ὑπῆρνη πὴ μὲν ἐῆς Κλυμένης δόμον ἀμφέπε, πὴ δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς

Θριακῆς λεμώνα μετήκεν, ἡδὶ θαμίζων
Λαμπτῆχι παρέμμενε, βόας καὶ μῆλα νομεύων . . . 170
πατρὸς ἐου ξαθέου φέρων πόθον ἤμοχῆς, ἥτον τεχνήνει συνήρμοσε δούρας ἐδημῶ, κυκλώσας τροχόεντα τύπον ψευδήμοι δίφρων ἀσκήςας δὲ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀνθοκόμων ἀπὸ κῆπων πλέξας λεπταλεοίς λύγοις τρελίκτον ἱμάσθλην ἀρνεοῖς πισυροῖς νέους ἐπέθηκε χαλινοὺς: καὶ νόθον εὐποίητον Ἔωσφόρον ἀστέρα τεύχων ἀνθεσιν ἀργεννοίς, ἵσον τροχοεῖδε κύκλω, θήκεν ἐῆς προκελευθον ἐυκνήμωδος ἀπήσης, ἀστέρος Ἡφιοῦ φέρων τύπον ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖταις ὀρθιον ἕνθα καὶ ἐνθα ψευραγέα δαλὸν ἐρείσας ψυευδομέναις ἀκτιῶν ὑν ἀμείτο τοκῆα, ἰππεύων στεφανηδὸν ἀλίκτυπον ἀντυγα νήσου.

'Αλλ' ὁτ' ἀνήξητο φέρων εὐάνθεμον ἤβην, πολλάκι πατρώς φλογός ἤψατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαΐτι
κούφισε θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστεροέσσαν ἱμάσθλην, καὶ τροχὸν ἀμφιτόλευς, καὶ ἀμφαφῶν δέμας ἰππῶν χιονείας παλάμησιν ἐτέρπετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων· δεξιερῆ δ' ἔσαυε πυριβλήτου χαλινοῦ.

μαίνετο δ' ἱπποσύνης μεθέπων πόθον ἐξόμενος δὲ 190 γούνασι πατρώιοις ἱκετήσια δάκρυνα λείβων

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

"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, where he would often visit and stay with Lampetie, tending cattle and sheep... There he would long for his father the charioteer divine; made a wooden axle with skilful joinery, fitted on a sort of round wheel for his imitation car, fashioned yoke- straps, took three light withies from the flowering garden and plaited them into a lash, put unheard-of bridles on four young rams. Then he made a clever imitation of the morning star round like a wheel, out of a bunch of white flowers, and fixed it in front of his spokewheeled waggon to show the shape of the star Lucifer. He set burning torches standing about his hair on every side, and mimicked his father with fictitious rays as he drove round and round the coast of the seagirt isle.

"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 fire- 105

shotten bridle, mad with longing to manage the horses. Seated on his father's knees, he shed imploring tears, and begged for a run with of the Sun were, see Od. xii. 127; Lampetie was in charge of them.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

'Ω τέκος Ἡλέιοιο, φίλον γένος Ἡμεανόιο,
ἀλλ' ἐν ψυχῇ μάστενε· τί σοι ποτε δίφρος Ὀλύμπου;
ἀκήκοητον ἐα δρόμον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
ἔμοι ἀρμα, τὸ περ μόγις ἤμοχεὺς.
οὐ ποτε θοῦρος Ἀρης φλογερῷ κεκόρυστο κεραυνῷ,
καὶ ἠλά μέλος σάλπιγγι, καὶ ὁ βρονταῖον ἀράσσει·
οὐ νεφέλας Ἡφαίστος εὖς γενετήρος ἀγεύρει,
οὐ νεφεληγερέτης κυκλησκεται οία Κρονιών,
καὶ παρ' ἐσχαρεῶν σιδήρεων ἀκμονὰ τύπτει,
ἀσθμασὶ ποιητοῖς χέων ποιητῶν ἀήτην·
κύκνον ἐχει πτερόεντα,
καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἰππον Ἀπόλλων·
οὐ στεροπῆν πυρόεσαν ἀερτάζει γενετήρος
Ἐρμῆς ῥάβδου ἔχων, οὐκ αἰγίδα πατρός ἀείρει.
ἀλλ' ἐρείες· "Ζαγρῆ πόρεν σπυρήρα κεραυνοῦ"·
Ζαγρεὺς σκηπτον ἀείρε, καὶ ὠμίλησεν ὀλέθρῳ.
ἀζοι καὶ σὺ, τέκος, πανομοία πήματα πάσχειν. 200
Εἰπε, καὶ οὐ παρέπεψε·

πάις δὲ γεννητόρα νῦσσων
δάκρυσι θερμοτέροισιν έους ἐδύνη χιτώνια·
χεραὶ δὲ πατρός φλογερῆς ἐφαυσὲν ωύτης,
ὁκλαδὸν ἐν δαπέδῳ κυκλοῦμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων, 215
λισσόμενος· καὶ παῖδα πατήρ ἐλέαιρε δοκεών.
καὶ κυνρή Κλυμένη πλέον ἦτεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
ἐμπεδα γυνόσκων ἀμετάτροπα νήματα Μοῖρῃς
ἀσχαλῶν ἐπένευσεν, ἀποσμήζεσι δὲ χιτῶν
μυρομένον Φαέθοντος ἀμειδέος ὀμβρῶν ὀπωτῆς 220
χείλεα παιδὸς ἐκυσσε, τόσην δὲ ἐφθέγξατο 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 έσαί πυρόδεοι αἷθέρος ὄλκοι, Ζωδιακοῦ γλαφυροῦ πεπηγότες ἀντυγι κύκλου, κεκρυμένοι στοιχήδον ἐπήτριμοι, οἷς ἐν μούνοις λοξῇ πουλυείκτος ἀταρπιτός ἐστὶ πλανήτων ἀσταθέων. καὶ ἐκαστὸν ἕλιξ Κρόνος οἶκον ἀμείβει ἐρπύζων βαρύγουνος, ἐως μόγις ὥφε τελέσθη εἰκοσι καὶ δέκα κύκλα παλινόστοιο Σελήνης, ξώνης ἐβδομάτης ὑπὲρ ἀντυγος. ὑψόθι δ' ἐκτης ὠκύτερων γενετήρως ἔχει δρόμον ἀντίπορος Ζεύς, καὶ δρόμον ἐς λυκάβαντα διέρχεται:

ἐν τριτάτη δὲ ...

ημασιν ἐξήκοντα παρέρχεται ἐμπυρος Ὄρης, γείτων σείο τοκῆς ἐπαντέλλων δὲ τετάρτη αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στεφανηδὸν ὦλον πόλον ἄρμασι τέμνω ὀγρανίων 'Ελίκων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα διώκων, μέτρα χρόνου πισύρησα φέρων κυκλούμενος Ὄραις, τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νῦσαν, ἐως ὦλον οἴκον ὀδεύσω, πλήσας ἦθάδα μῆνα τελεσφόρον ὦνδὲ πορείν καλλείψας ἀτέλεστον ὀπίστερον ὦλον ἀμείβω, οὐδὲ πάλιν προκέλευθον, ἐπεὶ πολυκαμπέες ἀλλοι ἀστέρες ἀντὶθέουσαι ἐτείχουσιν ἀλητὰ, ἄμφ' ἀνασειράζοντες ἀμα πρόσω καὶ ὀπίσω ἣμιτελή μεθέσουσι παλίλληνα μέτρα κελεύθου, δέγμενοι ἀμφοτέρῳς ἐμὴν ἐτερόσσουτον αἰγλῆν. οἴς ἐνι λευκάινουσα πόλον κερόεσσα Σελήνη κύκλον ὀλον πλήζασα σοφῷ πυρὶ μῆνα λοχεῦει, μεσοφανῆς, ἔπίκυρτος, ὀλω πλήζουσα προσώπων.

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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. On the sixth, quicker than his father, Zeus has his course opposite, and goes his round in a lichtgang. By the third, fiery Ares passes [one sign that is, of the Zodiac] in sixty days, near your father. I myself rise in the fourth, and traverse the whole sky garland-wise in my car, following the winding circles of the heavenly orbits. I carry the measures of time, surrounded by the four Seasons, about the same centre, until I have passed through a whole house and fulfilled one complete month as usual; I never leave my journey unfinished and change to a backward course, nor do I go forward again; since the other stars, the planets, in their various courses always run contrary ways: they check backwards, and go both to and fro; when the measures of their way are half done they run back again, thus receiving on both sides my one-sided light. One of these planets is the horned moon whitening the sky; when she has completed all her circuit, she brings forth with her wise fire the month, being at first half seen, then curved, then full moon with her whole face.

trogresses, as the other planets appear to do (ἀνασειράζοντες). As half the other planets (including the moon) are above and half below him (on the geocentric theory), each of them gets his light from one side only.

The curving outline between first quarter and full moon (Stegemann).
Mήνη δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἦγ' σφαιρηδον ἐλίσσων
μαρμαρυγήν θρέπτειραν ἀμαλλοτόκοι τοκετοῖο
Ζωδιακήν περὶ νύσαν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὀδεύων,
tίκτων μέτρα χρόνοιο, καὶ οἰκοθεν οἰκον ἀμείβων
καὶ τελέσας ἕνα κύκλον ὀλον λυκάβαντα κομίζω.
Αἴρα δὲ συνδέσμῳ φυλάδεο, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔρπων,
ἄρμασιν ὑμετέροις ζοφοειδέα κῶνον ἐλίξας,
φέγγος ὀλον κλέψειν' ἐπισκιῶν σὲ δίφρω.
μηδὲ παριππεύσειας ἐθήμονος ἀντυγα κύκλου:
μηδὲ ταυνπλέκτων ἐλίκων πολυκαμπεῖ δεσμῷ,
pέντε παραλήλων δεδοκημένος ἀντυγα κύκλων,
οίστρον ἤχοι, καὶ νύσαν ὀμήθεα πατρός ἔασης,
μὴ σε παραπλάγξιαν ἐν αἰθέρι φοιτάδες ἵπποι:
μηδὲ διώπτεύων δυοκαίδεα κύκλα πορείς
ἐκ δόμου εἰς δόμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεος καὶ σὲ δίφρω
Κριόν ἐφιππεύων μὴ δίζεος Ταῦρον ἔλαυνειν
γείτονα μὴ μάστευκε προάγγελον ἱστοβοῦνος
Σκορπίων ἀστερόφοιτον ὑπὸ Ζυγὸν ἵπποχεύων,
εἰ μὴ ἀναπλήσειας ἑείκοσι καὶ δέκα μοίρας.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν κλὺς μῦθον ἐγὼ δὲ σε πάντα διδάξω.
κέντρον ὀλον κόσμου,
μεσόμφαλον ἀστρον 'Ολύμπου,
Κριόν ἐγὼ μεθέπων ὑψούμενοι ελαρ ἀέξω,
καὶ τροπικὴν Ζεφύροιο προάγγελον ἁντυγα βαῖνων,
νῦκτα ταλαντεύουσαν ἱσόρροπον ἱριγενείη,

1 κλέψειας Stegemann: κλέψειν Ludwig, mss.

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a 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. Nonnus is hopelessly confused.
b 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.
νῦν δροσόεντα χελιδονίης δρόμον Ὄμης·

Κριοῦ δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἐνέρτερον οικῶν ἀμείβων,
χθαῖς ἐν διδύμησιν ἴσημερα φέγγεα πέμπτων,
ἐντύνω παλίνορος ἵσοζύγουν ἤμαρ ὀμίχλη,
καὶ δρόμον εἰνοσίφυλλον ἄγω φθινοσώριδος Ὄμης,
φέγγει μειοτέρω χθαμαλήν ἐπὶ νύσσαν ὕλαινων
φυλλακών ἐνι μηνὶ· καὶ ἀνδράσι χείμα κομίζω
ὅμβριον ἰχθυόντος ὑπὲρ ὄρχιν Λιγοκερής,
ἀγρονόμου τινα γαία φερέσβια δώρα λοχεύσῃ,
νυμφίον ὅμβρον ἔχουσα καὶ εἰλείθυιαν ἐφασθῆ
καὶ θέρος ἐντύνω σταχυκόμον ἄγγελον ὁμπῆς,
θερμοτέραις ἀκτίσι πυρώδεα γαίαν ιμάσσων,
ὑμιτενής παρὰ νύσσαν ὅτι εἰς δρόμον ἕνιοχεύω
Καρκίνον, ἀντικέλευθον ἀθάλπεος Λιγοκερής,
ἀμφοτέρους καὶ Νείλον ὅμοῦ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξων.
ἀρχόμενος δὲ δρόμοι μετέρχεο γείτονα Κέρνην,
Φωσφόρον ἀπλανέος μεθέτων πομπήα κελεύθου
ἰπποσύνης προκέλευθον· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ πορείῃ
σὸν δρόμον νῦνουσι δυσώδεα κυκλάδες Ὄμαι·

Ως εἰπὼν Φαεθόντος ἑπεστήριξε καρῆν χρυσείην
τρυφάλειαν, ἐὼ δὲ μν ἑστεφὲ πυρσῷ,
ἐπτατόνως ἀκτίνας ἐπὶ πλοκάμουσίς ἐλίξας,
kυκλώσας στεφανηδόν ἐπὶ ἵευ λευκάδα μιτρὴν·
καὶ μν ἀνεχλαιῶσεν ἐὼ πυρόεντι χιτῶνι,
καὶ πόδα φοινίσσοντι διεσφήκωσε πεδίωι.
παιδὶ δὲ δίφρον ἐδωκε· καὶ ἡγῆς ἀπὸ φατνῆς
ἰπποὺς Ἡελίου πυρώδεας ἦγαγων Ὄμαι·
καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ζυγόν ἦλθεν Ἐωσφόρος,
ἀμφὶ δὲ φανδρῶ

ἰππον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεκλήσσε λεπάδωι.
Καὶ Φαέθων ἐπέβαινε· δίδου δὲ οἱ ἦνια πάλλειν.

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

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

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

301 "Then Phaëthon mounted, Helios his father gave
ήνα μαρμαίροντα καὶ αἰγλήσαντα ἵμασθην
'Ἡλίους γενέτης τρωμερῇ δ' ἐλελίζηστο σιγῇ.
νιέα γυνώσκων μινυρίων· ἐγγυθὰ δ’ ὀχθῆς
ήμιφανῆς Κλυμένης φλογερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων
derkομένης φιλότεκνος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι μήτηρ.

"Ἡδη δὲ δροσόεις ἀμαρόσσετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ,
καὶ Φαέθων ἀνέτελλεν Ἅρών ἀντυγα βαῖνων,
ύδαι παππώοις λελομένοι Ὄκεανίοι.
καὶ θραύς εὐφαέων ἐλατήρ ὑψηδρόμος ἢππων
οὐρανὸν ἐσκοπίᾳ ξερῷ κεχαραγμένον ἀστρων,
ἐπτὰ περὶ ζώνας κυκλούμενον· εἶδεν ἀλήτας
ἀντιπόρους, καὶ γαίαν ὤμοιον ἐδρακε κέντρῳ
μεσσοπαγῆ, δολιχῆσιν ἀνυψωθείσαν ἐρίπναις,
pάντοθι πυργωθείσαν ὑπωρφίοισιν ἀήταις.
καὶ ποταμοὺς σκοπίαζε, καὶ ὀφρὺς Ὄκεανίο
ἀψ ἀνασειράζοντος εὖν ρόον εἰς ἐὼν ὑδωρ.

"Οφρα μὲν ὄμμα τίταινεν
ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ χόουν ἀστρῶν
καὶ χθονὸς αἰόλα φῦλα καὶ ἀστάτα νῦτα θαλάσσης,
pαπταῖνων ἐλικηδοῦν ἀτέρμονος ἐδρανα κόσμου.
τόφρα δὲ δινηθέντες ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αἰθοπες ἢππου
Ζωδιακοῦ παράμειβον ἡθήμονοι ἀντυγα κύκλου.
καὶ Φαέθων ἀδίδακτος, ἐξων πυροεσάν ἵμασθην,
φαύνετο 1 μαστίζων λόφον ἢππων· οἶ δὲ μακέντες,
kέντρου ὑποπτῆσοντες ἀφειδεός ἡμιχῆς,
ἀρχαῖς ἀέκοντες ύπὲρ βαλβίδα κελεύδου
ἀξιοίνην παρὰ νύσσαν ἀλῆμον ἐτρεχον ἢπποι,
deχωμενοι κτύπον ἄλλον ἐθήμονος ἡμιχῆς.
καὶ Νότιον παρὰ τέρμα καὶ ἄρκτα νῦτα Βορῆς
ἡν κλόνος. οὐρανῶν δὲ παριστάμεναι πυλεών
ἀλλοφανὲς νόθον ἦμαρ ἐθάμβεον εὔποδες 'Ὀραί.

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

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

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

* i.e. she was up to her waist in water.
ήριγενεία· καὶ ἵαχε Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ·
'Πη φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε;
τι μαίνει ίππον ἔλαυνων:

φείδεω σῆς μάστιγος ἀγήνορας· ἀμφότερων ἰθέων γερόν ἀστρών, μὴ θραύσει Ὄρων σε κατακτεῖνει μαχαίρην,

μὴ ῥοπάλω πυρόειτι γέρων πλήξειε Βοώτης,
πλαγκτής δ’ ἰπποσύνης ἐτι φείδεο, μηδὲ σε μακρῇ γαστέρι τυμβεύσεις εν αἰθέρι Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου·

μηδὲ σε δαίτρευσειε Λέων, ἦ Ταύρος Ὀλύμπου

αὐχένα κυρτώσας φλογερῆ πλήξειε κεραίν·

ἀξεο Τοξευτῆρα, τιταίνομένης ἀπὸ νευρῆς

μὴ σε πυργιλώχνιν κατακτεῖνειν ὀιστώ.

μὴ χάσο ἄλλο γένουτο, καὶ αἰθέρος ἀστρα πανείη

ήματος ἱσταμένου, μεσημβρίζοντι δὲ δίφρων

ἀστατος ἠριγένεια συναιτήσειε Σελήνη.

"Ως φαμένου Φάεθων πλέον ἠλασεν,

ἀρμα παρέλκων

εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην,

Ζεφύρου σχεδόν, ἐγγύθεν Εὐροῦ.

καὶ κλόνος αἰθέρος ἦν, ἀκινήτου δὲ κόσμου

ἀρμονίην ἔτιναζεν· ἐδοξιμωθή δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς

αἰθέρι δινήνειτι μέσος τετορημένος ἀξον.

καὶ μόγις αὐτοελίκτον ἐλαφρίζων πόλον ἀστρῶν

ὁκλαδόν ἐστήρηκτο Λίβυς κυρτουμένος Ἀτλας,

μείζονα φόρτον ἐχών· καὶ ἱσέμερον ἐκτοθεν Ἄρκτου

κύκλον ἐπιζών ἐλικώδει γαστέρος ὀλκῇ

σύνδρομος ἀστερόειτι Δράκων ἐπεσύρισε Ταύρῳ,

καὶ Κυνὶ σειριάντι Λέων βρυχήσατο λαμψά,

αἰθέρα θερμαίνων μαλερῶ πυρί, καὶ θραύσει ἔστη

Καρκίνον ὁκταπόδην κλονέων λασιότριχη παλμῆ·

οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ὀπισθιδίω παρὰ ταρσῷ

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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 ἀγχικέλευθον ἐμάστιε δίφος ὄυρή·
Κοῦρη δὲ πτερόεσσα παραίξασα Βοώτην
ἀξονός ἐγγὺς ἰκανε καὶ ὑμιλησεν 'Ἀμάξη·
καὶ δυτικὴν παρὰ νῦσαν ἀλήμωνα φέγγα πέμπων
"Εσπερον ἀντικέλευθον 'Εσωφόρος ὥθεεν ἀστήρ·
πλάξετο δ' ἠριγένεια καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ Λαγωνοῦ
Σεῖριος αἰθαλόεις ἐδράξατο δυφάδος "Ἀρκτοῦ·
διεθὰ δὲ καλλεύφαντες, ὦ μὲν Νότον, ὦς δὲ Βορῆα,
'Ἰχθύες ἀστερόεντες ἐπεοικίστησαν 'Ολύμπως,
γείτονες 'Ὑδροχόοιοι κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
σύνδρομος Ἀιγοκερής ἔλιξ ὀρχήσατο Δελφίς·
καὶ Νοτίης ἐλικηθὸν ἄποπλαγχάντα κελεύθου
Σκορπίον ἀγχικέλευθον, ἕης φαύνοντα μαγαίρης,
ἐτρεμεν Ἡρίων καὶ ἐν ἀστρασι, μὴ βραδὺς ἔρπων
ἀκρα ποδῶν ἕξυσει τὸ δεύτερον ὄζει κέντρῳ·
καὶ σέλας ἡμῖτελεστον ἀποπτύνουσα προσώπου
ἀκροκελανίώσα μεσημβριὰς ἄνθορε Μήης·
οὐ γὰρ ὑποκλέπτουσα νόθον σέλας ἀρσεν πυρσῷ
ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἀμέλεγετο σύγγονον αἰγλῆν·
Πληιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἔλιξ ἐπτάστερος ἕχω
οὐρανον ἐπτάξων ἐπέβρεμε κυκλάδι φωνῇ·
καὶ κτύπον αἰθύσοντες ἱσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ἀστέρες ἀντιβέντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀλήται·
Ζήνα μὲν ὤθεε Κύπρις, "Ἀρης Κρόνου, εἰαρνής δὲ
Πλειάδος ἐγγὺς ἰκανεν ἐμὸς μετανάστιος ἀστήρ,
ἀστρασι δ' ἐπταπόροις κεράσας ἐμφύλιον αἰγλῆν
ἡμιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε ἔμπ' παρὰ μητέρι Μαῖη,
Ἀρματος ὕφανιοι παράτροπος, ὦ πέλεν αἰεὶ

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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.

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

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

Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn.

The planet Mercury.
σύνδρομος ἡ προκέλευθος ἐώς, ἐσπέριος δὲ Ἡλέου δύνοντος ὀπίστερα φέγγεα πέμπει· καὶ μιν, ὅτε δρόμον ἤσον ἔχων ἰσόμοιρος ὀδεύει, Ἡλέου κραδίην ἐπεφήμισαν ὅμοιοις ἀστρων· καὶ δροσεράς νυφάδεσι διάβροχον αὐχένα τείνων νυμφίος Εὐρώπης μυκήσατο Γαύρος Ὀλύμπου, εἰς δρόμον ὀρθώσας πόδα καμπύλων ὑπενεῖς δὲ δοχμώσας Φαέθοντι κέρας λοξὸι τετώπου ὑφρανίην φλογερήσιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἀντυγα χηλαῖς· καὶ θραύς ἐκ κολεοῖο παρηροῦν αἴθοπι μηρῆ. "Ὡρίων ξίφος εἰλκε· καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης· καὶ ποδός ἀστραίῳ μετάρσια γούνατα πάλλων Πηγάσου ἐχρεμέτιζε, καὶ αἴθυσσων πόλων ὀπλῆ ἠμφανὴς Λίβυς ἵππος ἐπέτρεχε γείτονι Κύκνῳ, καὶ κοτέων πτερὰ πάλλεν, ὅπως πάλιν ἰμοχῆ ἄλλον ἀκοντίσσειεν ἀπ' αἰθέρος, οἷα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀντυγός ὑφρανίης ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην. οὐκέτι δ' ψυμπόροι Βορειάδος ἐγγυθι νύσσης ἀλλήλων ἐχόρευν ἐπ' ἦσιν κυκλάδες "Ἀρκτοι, ἀλλὰ Νότω μίσγοντο, καὶ 'Εσπερίη παρὰ λίμην ἀβροχον ἴχνος ἑλουσαν ἀήθεος 'Ὀκεανίο. Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεπρήνησε κεραυνῷ ψόθεν αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὲρ ῥόου 'Ἡριδαοίο 'δήσας δ' ἀρμονίην παλινάγρετον ἥλικι δεσμῷ ἵππους 'Ἡλίω πάλιν ὑπασεν, αἴθεριον δὲ ἀντολή πόρεν ἄρμα, καὶ ἄρχαι παρὰ νύσσῃ ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος ἐπέτρεχον εὐποδὴς 'Ὤραι. γαῖα δὲ πάσα γέλασσε τὸ δεύτερον ἣροδέν δὲ ξωτόκου Δίος ὀμβρος ὅλας ἐκάθηρεν ἀρωράς, καὶ διερῆ ραθάμιγγυ 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; Pegasos neighed rearing and shaking the knees of his starry legs—halfseen\(^a\) the Libyan courser trod the firmament with his foot and galloped towards the Swan his neighbour, angrily flapping his wings, that again he might send another rider hurtling down from the sky as he had once thrown Bellerophon himself out of the heavenly vault.\(^b\) No longer the circling Bears danced back to back beside the northern turningpost on high; but they passed to the south, and bathed their unwashen feet in the unfamiliar Ocean beside the western main.

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

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

\(^b\) When he tried to ride to heaven on Pegasos's back.
ὁσσον ἐπὶ χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐριφλεγέων ἀπὸ λαμών οὐρανόθεν χρεμέθουτες ἀπέπτυνον αἴθοπες ἱπποι. 420

'Ηέλιος δ' ἀνέτελλε παλύνδρομον ἀρμα νομεύων καὶ σπόρος ἥξητο, πάλιν δ' ἐγέλασαν ἄλωαὶ, δεχόμεναι προτέρην βιοτήσιον αἰθέρος αἴγλην.

Zeus δὲ πατὴρ Φαέθοντα κατεστήριξεν 'Ολύμπων εἶκελον 'Ἡνόχῳ καὶ ἐπώνυμον οὐράνιον δὲ πῆχεὶ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Ἀρμα τιταϊνων εἰς δρόμον αἴσσοντος ἔχει τύπον 'Ἡνοχῆος.

οῖα πάλιν ποθέων καὶ ἐν ἀστρασίν ἀρμα τοκῆος. καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἀντίθυτεν εἰς πόλου ἀστραν Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐν ἀστερόειντι δὲ κύκλῳ 430

'Ηριδανοῦ πυρόειντος ἐλίσσεται ἀγκύλου ὕδωρ.

Γνωταί δ' ὠκυμόροι δεδουπότος ἥνοχῆος εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἁμευσαν, ὀδυρομένων δ' ἀπὸ δέιδρων ἀφνεύην πετάλουσι κατασταλάουσιν ἑρότην.'
the glowing horses had spat whinnying from their flaming throats out of the sky over all the earth. Helios rose driving his car on his road again; the crops grew, the orchards laughed again, receiving as of yore the life-giving warmth from the sky.

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

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

a The Milky Way. b Amber.
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΑΤΩΝ

'Εν δὲ τριηκοστῶ ἐνάτῳ μετὰ κύματα λεύσεις Δημιάδην φεύγοντα πυριφλεγέων στόλου Ἰνδῶν.

"Ως εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλθεν Ἔρμῆς, χάρμα λιπῶν καὶ θάρμα κασιγήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

"Οφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ἀκοσμήτων χύσιν ἀστρῶν θάμβεε καὶ Φαέθοντα δεδουπότα, πῶς παρὰ Κελτοὺς Ἐσπερίῳ πυρίκαυτος ἐπωλίσθησε πρεθρῷ, τόφρα δὲ νῆς ἵκανον ἐπήλυδες, ἃς ἐνὶ πόντῳ στοιχάδας ἱθύνοντες ἐς Ἀρέα ναύμαχον Ἰνδῶν ἀκλύστῳ Ῥαδαμάννες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσσῃ, πόντον ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἐπιρρήσουσετε ἑρωίσιν ὑμινής ἠλατήρες· ἔπειγομένῳ δὲ Λυκίῳ ὀλκάσων ἀντιτύποις ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης. καὶ Λύκος ἠγεμόνευεν ἐς ὤδαι δίφρον ἐλαῦνων, ἰππείαις ἀχάρακτον ἐπιζύμων ρόου ὀπλαῖς.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ὑπέρτερος ύψωθ' πῦργων ἐςυμένων νεφεληδὸν ἐδέρκετο λαῖφεα νηων ὀφθαλμῷ κατέντι, καὶ ὡς υπέροπλος ἄκοιων, ἐγρεμόθουσ ὦτι νῆς Ἀραψ τορνώσατο τέκτων, ὠμοσεν υλοτόμοιον ἄγειν Ὀράβεσσιν Ἐνυῶ, καὶ πόλιν ἤπειλησεν ἀιστώσαι Λυκοόργον,
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 Lyaios, a following wind whistled against the ships. And Lycos led them driving his car over the waters, and skimmed over the flood, where the horses' hooves left no mark.

14 But gigantic Deriades high on his battlements saw with angry eye the sails of the ships like a cloud; and in his overweening pride, as he heard that an Arabian shipwright had built battle-rousing ships, he swore to make war on the woodcutting Arabs, and threatened to mow down the Rhadamanes with de-
άμήσας Ἄραδαμάνας ἀλοιπητῆρι σιδήρω. καὶ στόλων ἀθρήσατες ἀταρβέες ἔτρεμον Ἦνδοι, Ἄρεα παπταίνοντες ἀλίκτυπον, ἀχρί καὶ αὐτοῦ γούνατα τολμήντος ἐλύετο Δημιανός. ποιητῷ δὲ γέλωτι γαληναῖοι προσώπου Ἦνδος ἁνάξ ἐκέλευσε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νῆσων ἢς ἑλεφαντοβότοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δύσβατα γαῖς λαὸν ἄγειν· καὶ κρασίνος ἐς ἀτραπὸν ἦς κῆρυξ, ποσι πολυγνάμπτουσιν ἀπὸ χθόνος εἰς χθόνα βαϊνον καὶ στόλος ὀξὺς ἰκανε πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ νῆσων κεκλομένου βασιλῆς· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς αὐχένα τεῖνων, ὅλκάδας εὐπήληχας ἐς Ἄρεα πόντιον ἐλκὼν, λαὸν ὅλων θάρσουν, καὶ ὑψινὸ φάτο φωνῇ,

"Ἀνέρες, οὐς ἀτίταλλεν ἐμὸς μενέχαρμος Ἦδασπης, ἀρτὶ πάλιν μάρινα ἀποδότες· αἰθόμενον δὲ ἀξατε πῦρ ἐς Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄσπετον ἄβατε πεύκην, νῆς ἵνα φλέξοι μενέλιδας αἴθοπι δαλὼ, καὶ στρατὸν ὑγροκέλευθον ἐνκρύψοιμι θαλάσση σὺν δορί, σὺν θάρση, σὺν ὀλκάσι, σὺν Διονύσῳ. εἰ θεὸς ἐπλετὼ Βάκχος, ἐμῷ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀλίσσω· οὐκ ἄλις, ὡς προχοῆσι πολύτροπα φάρμακα πάσῳν ἀνθεσί Θεοσαλικοῖς ἐμὸν φοίνεξεν Ἦδασπην, καὶ μιν ἔδων σύγγα, καὶ ἄνων εἰσὶνε δεύσεων ἐτήνῃ ἵνα θρα μενομένου ποταμίον; εἰ γὰρ ἐν ῥόος οὕτως ἀπ' ἀλλοτρίου ποταμίον, μηδὲ πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἤὲν Ἀρῆος Ἦνδος Ἦδασπης, καὶ κεν ἐγὼ τὸ δέ χεῦμα χυτῆς ἐπλῆσα κοινῆς ὀδήμην βοτρυόεσσαν ἀμάλδυνων Διονύσου, καὶ προχοῆν μεθύουσαν ἐμὸν γενετήρος ωδεύων ποσί κοινομένοις διέτρεχον ἄβροχον υδωρ, ὀλα παρ' Ἀργείοισι φατίζεται, ὡς ἐνοσίχθων.
stroying steel and to devastate the city of Lycurgos.⁶ The fearless Indians trembled at sight of the fleet, when they surveyed the seabeaten armada, until even the knees of daring Deriades gave way. With a forced laugh on a calm face, the Indian king ordered men to be marshalled from three hundred islands along the unapproachable slopes of his elephantfeeding land. In haste a herald went on his way, travelling from land to land with many a twist and turn, and a fleet came with speed from the many scattered isles at the summons of their king: boldly he stretched his neck, and drew the helmeted ships into the maritime war, with words of encouragement to all his men which he uttered in high-hearted tones:

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

⁶ The Lycurgos of books xx.-xxi.
'Ετούν ὑδὼρ ποίησε, καὶ αὐσταλέον ποταμοῦ Ἰναχύτην ἱππείος οὐν χάραξε κοινήν.

οὐ θεός, οὐ θεός οὖτος· εἶν δ' ἐφεύσατο φύλην·

ποίην γὰρ Κρονίωνος 'Ολύμπιον αἰγίδα πάλλει;

ποίην ἐξει σπινθῆρα Διοβλήτου κεραυνοῦ;

νεβρίδι δαίδαλε θάνατος μέλος βρονταίων ἐίσκων,
οὔδε Δίος σκηπτοίσιν ὁμώια θύρας καλέσω,

οὐ χθονίως θάρτηκε Δίος νέφος ἱσών ἐνύφων·

νεβρίδι δαίδαλε πότε ποικίλον ἄστρον ἐίσκων;

καὶ ἐρέεις, ὅτι βότρυν ἐδέξατο καὶ χύσων οὖν ὀδορά παρὰ Κρονίωνος ἀειφυτίου τοκῆς.

Τρώοιον ἀλμα φέροντε καὶ ἀγρονόμῳ τινι βούτη Ἴως πόρεν οὐνόχω Ἑλυμήδει νέκταρ Ὁλύμπιον, 65

νέκταρι δ' οὐ πέλεν οἶνος ὁμώιος· εἴσατε, τύμποι. 66

Βάκχος ὁμοί Σατύρωισιν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἐλαπνάζει·

δαίνυται οὐρανίοις σὺν ἀθανάτοις Γανυμήδης. 70

εἴ δὲ πέλε βροτοίς οὕτος ἐπουρανίον τοκῆς,

οὖν Διο καὶ μακάρεσσι μνής ἐφαυσε τραπέζης. 75

ἐκλυνον, ὅς ποτε θώκον ἐν καὶ σκηπτρον Ὁλύμπιον

dώκε γέρας Ζαγρή Παλαιότερω Διονύσω,

ἀστεροτην Ζαγρή καὶ ἀμπελον οἴνοπι Βάκχοι." 80

'Επε καὶ εἰς μόθον ὦρτο· συνερρώντο δὲ λαοὶ

σὺν δορί, σὺν σακέσσι, καὶ ὀφιμον ἐλπίδα νίκης 85

χερσαίου πολέμιο μετεστήσαντο ναλάσση.

καὶ προμάχοις Διόνυσος ἐκέκλει ὁμίαί φωνή·

"Ἀρεοὶ ἄλκιμα τέκνα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθηνῆς,

οίς βίος ἔργα μόθου καὶ ἐλπίδες εἰσίν ἄγωνες,

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

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

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

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

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

στείσατε καὶ κατὰ πόντον ἀιστώσαι γένος Ἱνδῶν, εἰναλίην τελέσαντες ἐπιχθονίην μετὰ νίκην.

ἀλλὰ θαλασσαῖοι διάκτωρα δηιτήτος,

ἐγχεα διπλώσαντες ὀμόπλοκα δίζυγα δεσμῶν ναῦμαχα κολλήεντα, περὶ στόμα εἰμίνα χαλκῷ,

μῦξατε δυσμενεέεσσιν ἀλιπτοῖτον Ἐνκῷ,

προφθάμενοι, μὴ χειρὶ πυρανγέα δαλὸν ἀείρων Δημιάδης φλέξειεν Ἀρήμα δούρατα νηών.

νόσφι φόβου μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνεις ὑγρομόθων γὰρ ἐπὶ ἀντιβίων κενεαυχέες· εἰ δὲ μογήσας

φύλοπιν οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄρχαμος Ἱνδῶν, ἡλιβάτων λοφιῆιν ἐφεδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων,

ἀγχινεφῆς, ἀκίχητος, ἀνούτατος, ἥρι γείτων, οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ προμάχων ποτὲ δεῦμαι, οὐδὲ καλέσσω

ἀλλον ἀσοστηήρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα τοκῆα,

ἡμίοχον πόντοιο καὶ αἰδέρος· ἢν δ᾿ ἐθελήσω,

γνωτὸν ἐμοὶ Κρονίδαο Ποσειδάωπα κορύσσω

Ἱνδῷην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀμαλδύνοιτα τριαίνῃ,

καὶ πρόμον εὐρυγέενιοι, ἀπόσποροὶ ἐνοσιγαιόι,

Γλαύκον ἔχω συνάεθλον, ἐμῆς ἀτε γείτονα Θήβης,

πόντιον Ἀσιάς Ἀνθήδονος ἄστον ἀρούρης.

Γλαύκον ἔχω καὶ Φόρκυν· ἰμασσομένην δὲ θαλάσσῃ

ὀλκάδα Δημιάδαο κατακρύψει Μελικέρτης,

κυδαίων Διόνυσον ὀμόγνιον, οὐ ποτὲ μὴτηρ

νῆπιον ἔτρεφε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ πόρε ποντιάς Ἰνὼ

ἐν γλάγος ἀμφωτέρουσι, Παλαίμοι καὶ Διονύσων,

μαντιτόλοι δὲ γέροντος, δς ἡμετέρην ποτὲ νίκην

ἐσσομένην κατὰ πόντον ὑποβρυχίη φάτο φωνῇ,

ἐμὶ φίλος Πρωτής· ἢς ύσμίνην δὲ κορύσσει

θυγατέρας Νηρῆος ἐμῇ Θέτις, ἐν δὲ κυδομοῖς

Βασσαρίδων συνάεθλος ἐμῆ θωρήσεσται Ἰνὼ·

θωρήξω δ᾿ ἐσ "Ἀρηα καὶ Αἰόλουν, ὀφρα νοῆσω

130
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. 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.*
Εὖρον ἀκοντίζοντα καὶ αἰχμάζοντα Βορῆα, γαμβρὸν ἐμοῦ προμάχου,
Μαραδωνίδος ἁρπαγα νύμφης,
καὶ Νότον Ἀθηνηὴ προαυτιστῆρα Λυαῖον·
καὶ Ζέφυρος πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀειληνεῖτι κυδομῷ
ὁλκάδας ἀντιβῶν δηλήσεται. ἡμετέρου γὰρ
εὐνέτιν Ἡρὶν ἔχει Δίος ἁγγελον. ἀλλὰ σιωπῇ
ἐκτοθεν εὐθύρσοι καὶ Ἰνδῳοι κυδομοῦ
μιμνέτω ἠρεμέων θρασὺς Λιόλος, ἥθαδι δεσμῷ
ἀσκὸν ἐπισφίγγας ἀνεμώδεα, μηδὲ εἰπ πόντῳ
ἀσθμασὶν Ἰνδοφύνοισιν ἀριστεύσωσιν ἀηταί·
ἀλλὰ μόδον τελέσω νησόθορα θύρα στιαίνων."

"Ὡς εἰτῶν ἐκόρυσσε πεποιθῶτας ἡγεμονίας.
ἡδὴ δὲ πτολέμοιο προάγγελος ἱστατο σάλπιγξ,
καὶ μέλος ἐγρεκύδουμι ἀνέκλαγον Ἀρεὸς αἰλοὶ
λαὸν ἀσπαθίζοντε, ἀρασσομένῃ δὲ βοείᾳ
ἐκαλίου κελάδησε μόθου χαλκόκροτον ἡχῷ,
καὶ κανακὴν ὀμόδουτον ἀγέστρατος ἱαχε σύρμιξ·
ἀντὶ δὲ πετραῖσι πολεμιὰ λείψανα φωνῆς
Πανιᾶς υπερόφωνοι ἀμείβετο ποντιᾶς Ἡχώ.

Τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἐγὶ κλόνος, ὦρτο δ' ἰωή
κεκλομένων· καὶ λαὸς ἐθήμοι μάρνατο τεχνὴ
kυκλώσας στεφανηδόν ὅλον στρατὸν, ἐν δ' ἀρὰ μέσῳ
νησὶν ὀμοζυγέσσας ἐμιτρώθη στόλος Ἰνδῶν
eut λίνον ἐργομένων νεπόδων τύποιν· Αἰακίδαις δὲ
Αἰακὸς ὑγρὸν "Ἀρηα προθεσπίζων Σαλαμίνος
ἀρχόμενος πολέμοιοθεουδέα ρήξατο φωνήν·
"Εἰ πάρος ἡμετέρην αἰών ἱκετήσουν ἡχῷ
ἀσπορον εὐρυάλων ἀπήλασας αὐχμὸν ἀροῦρης,
may behold East Wind shooting arrows and North Wind hurling javelins—North Wind goodson of my champion and the spoiler of the Marathonian bride, South Wind the Ethiopian defender of Lyaios. West Wind also much more shall destroy the ships of my adversaries with stormy tumult, for he has to wife Iris the messenger of my father Zeus. No, better let bold Aiolos keep away from the battle of Indian and thyrsus and remain in peace and quiet; let him tie up tight his windy bag by its usual cord, that the winds may not be heroes on the deep and slay the Indians with their blasts. I will finish the battle shaking a ship-destroying thyrsus.”

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

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

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

a Erechtheus.
δυσαλέτην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ,
δὸς πάλιν ὄμιτελεστὸν ἴσην χάριν, ὑέτε Ζεῦ,
ὑδατί κυδαίνων με καὶ ἐνθάδε· καὶ τις ἐνυφή
νίκην ἠμετέρην δεδοκημένον· 'ώς ἐν γαῖῃ
Ζεὺς ἐδών ὑπα γέραιρε, καὶ ἐν πελάγεσσι γεραίρει·
ἀλλος ἀνήρ λέξειν Ἀχαικός· 'εἰν ἐν θεσμῷ
Ἀιακὸς Ἰνδοφόνος φυσίζως· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
κεῖρων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα καὶ αὐλακί καρπὸν ὀπάσσας
χάρμα πόρεν Δήμητρι καὶ ὑφροσύνην Διονύσων·
ρύεο δ' ἠμετέρησι πλοῦν ὀλκάδος· αὐσταλέος δὲ
ὡς χθονίως κενεών φερέσβιον ἤγαγον ὕδωρ,
καὶ βυθίων λαγόνων θανατηφόρον οἶδα κορύσσων
μαρνάμενον στρατιζεί καὶ ὀλκασὶ Δημιαδήσι·
ἀλλά, πάτερ, σκηπτούχε βίου, σκηπτούχε κυδομοῦ,
pέμπε μοι αἰετὸν ὅριν ἐμῆς κήρυκα γενέθλησι
δεξιτερὸν προμάχουσι καὶ ἠμετέρῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἀλλος δ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀριστερὸς ὅρις ἰκέσθως·
σύμβολα δ' ἀμφοτεροῖς ἐτερότροπα ταῦτα γενέσθω·
tὸν μὲν ἐσανθήνας πεφορημένον ἀρπαγες ἀρσῶ
θηγαλέων ὄνυχων κεχαραγμένον ὦξεὶ κέντρῳ
νεκρῶν ὀφιν περίμετρον ἀερτάζουσα κεφάσθην,
δυσμενέος κερούντος ἀπαγέλλουντα τελευτήν·
λαῷ δ' ἀντιβίων ἐτερός μελανόξρος ἔλθη
κυνάεις πτερύγεσσι προσβεσίζων φόνου Ἰνδῶν,
ἀυτομάτου θανάτου μέλαν τύπον· ἤν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν μαντεύεο νίκην,
καὶ στεροπῆν Βρομίου λεχώα φέγγεα πέμπων
νιέα σεῖο γέραιρε πάλιν πυρί, δυσμενέων δὲ
ὸλκάδας εὐπήληκας ὀἰστεύσωσι κεραυνοί.

* Because of Aiacos's piety, Zeus readily granted his
from the broad threshing floors of our country, and brought life-giving 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, 'Aiagos 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 life-giving 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, Αἰγύπτης μμημήσκεο, μή σέο νύμφης
νυμφίον αἰσχύνειας ὁμόπτερον ὅριν 'Ερώτων.

"Ὡς εἰπὼν πολέμιζεν. ἐς ἡρίας δὲ κελεύθους
ομμα παλινόστοιο βαλὼν ἀντώπιον 'Αρκτοῦ
γαμβρὸν ἐνι λιτάνευε καὶ ἰαχε μύθου 'Ερεχθεύς.

"Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς Βορέης, θωρῆσθε,
καὶ σέο νύμφης

μαρναμένω γενετήρι βοηθόδου ἀσθμα τιταινων
ἔδω τεον θαλάμωο θαλασσαίην πόρε νύκην
δικάσι μὲν Βρομίοιο φέρων νησοσσόν αὐρήν
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέρουσιν, 'Ερεχθεύ καὶ Διονύσῳ

νησί δὲ Δηριάδαο μεμνότα πόντον ἰμάσσων
ἀσθματι κυματόεντει τεας θώρηξον ἄλλας—
ἐσσι γὰρ ύσμίνης ἐμπείραμος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς
Θρήκην ναιετάεις, ἐμπείραμος, οἱ̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣̣paragraph missing
of the foe. Yes, Father, remember Aigina, and do not shame the bridegroom 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 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 ἕων Νότον Αἰθιοπία, εὐχρόν ὑπὲρ πόντῳ πιῶν ἀνατηφόρον ἕως· οὔκ Ἀλέγω Ζεφύρῳ, κορυσσομένου Βορῆς. δείξον ὁμοφροσύνην ἐκυρῶ σέθεν· οὐρανόθεν δὲ σύν σοι Βακχιάδεσσον ἐμαῖς στρατηγὸν ἀρχὲι μαρνάμενος τριόδοντι Ποσειδᾶων καὶ Ἁθήνη, ἡ μὲν ἔος ναέτησιν, ὁ δὲ γνωτόιο γενέθλιν· καὶ πυρὸς Ὁφαίστος Ἐρεχθέως ἁμα γεραίρων ξέται εὐάντητος ἐς ὑδατότας ὑπὸ Ἑννώ, ὀλκάσι Δηριάδαο μαχῆμον πυρὸν ἐλίσσων· δὸς δὲ με νικῆσαι καὶ ἐν ὑδαί, καὶ μετὰ νίκην Κεκροπίη κομίσειν ἀπῆμονα λαὸν Ἐρεχθεύς, καὶ Βορῆν μέλψωσι καὶ Ὁμείθυαιν Ἁθήναι." Τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν ἀλιδίνεος ἢπατο χάρμης ἔγχει τεχνήντε, καὶ ὡς ναέτης Μαραθῶνος ναύμαχον εἶχεν ἔρωτα· φιληρήτῳ δὲ κυδομῷ εὐστολῷ ἦν Ἄρης τότε ναυτίλος, ἐν παλάμῃ δὲ πηδάλιον Φόβος εἶχε, κυβερνήτῃς δὲ κυδομοῦ Δείμος ἀκοντοφόρων ἀνελύσατο πείσματα ηὐῶν. Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσσῃ ὀλκάδας ἀγχιάλουσιν ὀιστεύοντες ἐρίπναις· Εὐρύαλος δὲ ἀλάλαξεν, ἀλιρροῖς δὲ κυδομῷ ἀγχινεφής οὐστρησεν ἐς ὕσμύην Ἀλμήδης. καὶ διδύμαις στρατηγὸν ἐπέκτυπε πόντιος Ἀρῆς χερσαίν μετὰ δήριν, ἀλιρροῖς δὲ ἀλαλητῷ ὀλκάσι Βακχείσιον ἔπέρρεον ὀλκάδες Ἰνδῶν· καὶ φόνος ἦν ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἐξεε κύματα λύθρῳ, καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέρων στρατὸς ἡμιπεν· ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ ἁματι κυνανῆς 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 Oreithyia."

212 Thus he cried loudly, and fell to the fight on the eddies of the brine with well-skilled spear—as a man of Marathon 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.
Πολλοί δ’ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῶ πίπτοντες ὀλέθρων ὀιδαλέοι πλωτῆρες ἐναυτῆλλοντο θαλάσσην· καὶ ροθίους ἐλικηδόν ἔχων πορθήμας ἅγτας σύρετο νεκρός ὀμίλος ἀφείδει σύνδρομος αὐρῆ·· πολλοί δ’ αὐτοκύλιστον ὑπὸ στροφαλίγγα κυδομοῦ εἰς ρόον ὑλίσθησαν, ἀναγκαίη δὲ πιντες πικρῶν ὑδώρ ἐνόησαν ὑποβρυχίας λίνα Μοίρης, βριθομενοὶ δῆωρηκι· καὶ οἰδαλέων μέλαν ὑδωρ κυανέων ἐκαλυπτεν ὀμόχροα σώματα νεκρῶν βένθει φυκιόετι, σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ φορῆ· χάλκεος ἠλυόετι χιτῶν ἐκαλυπτετο πτηλώ. καὶ τάφος ἐπλετο πῶντος. ἐτυμβεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ κητείοις γενύσσων, ἐν ἰχθυόετι δὲ λαμὼ ἀπνοον αἰθύσσουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο φῶκη, ξανθον ἐρευγομένη ρόον αἴματος. ὀλυμμένων δὲ τεύχεα πῶντος ἐδεκτο, νεοσφαγέος δὲ φορῆς αὐτομάτη λοφόσσα δ’ ὑδατος ἐπλεε πήλης δεσμοῦ λυμένου, θυελλήετι δὲ πολλῆς χεύματι φοιταλέης ἐπενήχετο κύκλα βοείης σὺν διερῷ τελαμών.· πολὺς δ’ ὑπὸ κύμασιν άκροις ἄφρος ἐρευνίῶν πολίης ἀνεκήκιεν ἁλῆς αἰμαλέω πάνλευκον ὑποστίξας χύσιν όλκῳ.

Καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσων ἐφοινίχθη Μελικέρτης· Λευκοθέη δ’ ὀλόλυζε, τιθηνητειρα Λυαίου, αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχουσαι, καὶ Ἰνδοφώνου περὶ νίκης ἀνθεὶ τυκίόσετι κόμην ἐστέψατο Νύμφη· καὶ Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης χείρας ἐρεισαμένη καὶ Δωρίδη καὶ Πανοπείη ἄσμενον ὦμμα τίταινεν ἐν’ εὐθύρῳς Διονύσῳ.

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

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

Galatea too came from the depths and moved half visible through the bosom of the deep sea,
καὶ φονίου Κύκλωπος ἄλληπτοιτον Ἐννωδερκομένη δεδόντο, φόβω δ᾽ ἡμείς παρείας. ἐξεπτε γὰρ Πολυφήμοι οἴδειν κατὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν ἀντία Δηριάδαο συναναμάζοντα Λυαίων ταρβαλέστ᾽ ὅτε ἰκέτευε βαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην υἱὰ Ποσειδάνιοις ἄριστεύοντα σαώσαι, καὶ γενέτην φιλότεκνον ἐφ᾽ υἱὲ κυανοχαῖτιν μαρναμένου λιτάνευς προσαπίζειν Πολυφήμου. καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἐκυκλώσασίν φορήθη βυγατέρες Νηρῆος ἐρειδόμενος δὲ τραίνη πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἐδέρκετο γείτονα χάρμην, καὶ στρατὸν εὐθώρηκος ὀπισεύων Διονύσου, ξηλήμων ὄροις ἔτερου Κύκλωπος Ἐννώδεστο ἔγραμμεν γυμνόθω Βρομίων πολυμεμφέα ἥξατο φωνῆ· "Εἰς ἠνοπήν, φίλε Βάκχε, τόσους Κύκλωπας ἄγείρων, καλλεύοις δ᾽ ἕνα μοῦνον ἀπόπροθη δηισθήτως, εἰς χρόνον ἐπταήτηρον ἐχεις πολύκυκλον ἄγώνα, βόσκων ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀτέρμονον ἐλπίδα χάρμης, ὅτι τεούς μεγάλου προσαπιστήρες ἄγώνος πάντες ἐνὸς χατέουσιν ἀνικήτου Πολυφήμου· εἰ δὲ τεην ἐπὶ δήρων ἐμὸς πᾶς ἱκετο Κύκλωφ, πατρῶτην δ᾽ ἐλείλιζεν ἔμης γλωχίνα τριαίνης, καὶ κεν ὑπὲρ πεδίου συναγμάζων Διονύσων στήθεσα βουκεράοι διέθλασε Δηριάδῆος, καὶ πολῦν αἰνὸν ὀμιλὸν ἐμῷ τριόδοντι δαίζων εἰς μίαν ἠργενίεαν ὅλον γένος ἐκτανεν Ἰνδῶν. υὸς ἐμὸς πάλαι ἄλλος ἐχὼν ἐκατοντάδα χειρῶν Τιτήνων ὀλετήρι τεῳ χαίρεισε τοκῆ, Αἰγαίων πολύπηχος, ὅτε Κρόνον εἰς φοβον ἔλκων

1 So Marcellus: πάλυ μss. and edd.

a Nonnus follows the story according to which Galateia

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wringling the calm surface, and looking upon the
sea-affrighting battle of murderous Cyclops she was
shaken, and her cheeks changed colour from fear, for
she thought she saw Polyphemos fighting for Lyaios
against Deriades in this Indian War; and in dismay
she besought Aphrodite of the sea to protect the
heroic son of Poseidon, and she prayed the loving
father Seabluehair to defend his son Polyphemos in
the battle. 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:

''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 Theocritus xi.) and bore
him a son.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

ηλιβάτων ἐτίταινε πολυσπερές θνος ἀγοστῶν,
ἡλίοιν σκιώσαν ἔχων ύψαίχεα χαῖτην,
καὶ βλοσυροί Τιτῆνες εὐνοσφιόθησαν ἸΟλύμπου
ἐνπαλάμου Βριαρῆσ ύποτήσουσας Ἕννω."  
Τοῖον ἔπος φθονέων νεμεσήμον πέφραδε φωνῇ.
αἰδομένη δὲ Θόωσα κατηφέας ἐλξε παρεῖας,
"Ἀρεὶ μὴ παρεόντος ἐρωμανέος Πολυφήμου."  
Ως δὲ πόνου τέλος ἰὲν ἐρυφλοῳβῳ κυδομοῦ,
ἡβάδα πόντων ὀπωπε κατάρρυτον αἰματι Νηραῖς.
ξανθῆς δ’ ἐννοσύγαιος ἐθάμβεε νῦτα θαλάσσης,
ἰχθύας ἀνδροφάγους ὅρων καὶ πληθὺν νεκρῶν
γεῖτονος ἀβροχα νῦτα γεφυρωθέντα θαλάσσης ...  
Βακχιάδες τε φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεεν αἰθοπι λαῷ.  
Κεῖτο δὲ δυσμενέων στρατὸς ἀσπετος,

ὡν ἐνι χάρμῃ

βαλλομένων ξιφέσσοι καὶ ὄξυτόροισ όὐστοῖς.
τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βέλος ἐμπεσε,

tοῦ δὲ τυπέντος

ἔγχει χαλκεὶς μεσάτης ὑπὲρ ἀντυγα κόρος.

ωτειλῆ βεβάθυστο χαρασσομένοιο καρῆνου.

πολλοῖ δ’ ἐνθα καὶ ἐθα πολυσπερέων ἐλατήρων
πόντων ἀμοβαίοισιν ανασχίζοντες ἑρετμοῖς
κυανεῖν λεύκαινον ἐπασούτερην χύσων ἀφρώ,
καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀνόντης ἐπειγομένων ἐλατήρων,

συμφερτοὺς δὲ κάλως ἀοσσητήμι σιδήρῳ

Ἱθυντὴρ ἀπέκοψε καὶ ἔσχισεν ἀορὶ 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 Thoosa 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.)

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.
Αμφοτέρης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐν ἥρι ροίζον ἀλλων ἑρέεν ἀπλανέων δολιχόσκιος ὁμβρος οἰστῶν. ὥν ὁ μὲν ιστὸν ἐβαλλε μεσάιτατον, ὡς δὲ περίσας ιστίων εὐδίνητον ἑβόμβεε σύνδρομος αὐραίς, ἀλλος ἐγὼ προτόνουσι πεπαρμένοι, ὡς δὲ μεσόδημη κεῖτο πεσών, ἔτερος δὲ δι᾽ ἥρος ἰῶς ἀλήτης ἀκροτάτης ἐτύχησεν ἀερολόφῳ κεραίῃς, σέλμασι δ᾽ ἀλλος ἐγὼ τεταυσμένος ἀγγεφανῇ δὲ ἀλλα κυβερνητήρος ἀποπλαγχθέντα κελεύουν ἀστατα πηδαλίου διέξεσεν ἀκρα κορύμβου· καὶ Φλόγιος κλυτότοξος ύπηνέμων βέλος ἐλκών ἦκρια νῆς ἐβαλλε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίοιν. ἢν δ᾽ εὐσεδεῖν κατὰ πόντον ἑυπτερον ἐγὼ ἀλήτης πουλύποδος σκολιοῖο περιπληχθέντα κορύμβους· ἀλλον δ᾽ ἥμβροτεν ἀλλος· Ἕρυθραῖῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ πομπύλων ἀλλος ἔτυψε καταχμάζων Διονύσου· ἐγχεῖ δ᾽ ἥκοιτιζε Κορύμβασος, ὥφρα τυχής ὀλκαῖς Σατύρου, παραιξασα δὲ λόγχη ἰχθύος ύγροπόροιο κατέγραφε δίζυγων οὐρὴν θηγαλεῖ γλωχίνι· τιτυσκόμενος δὲ σιδήρῳ εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήμοστον ἀνουτητοῦ Διονύσου Δηηράδης δόρυ πέμπεν, ἀποπλαγχθείσα δὲ Βάκχου εἰς ραχίνω δελφίνος ἐποίησε λοιγίως αἰχμῇ, κυρτός ὅπη λοφῇσι συνάπτεται ἱχθύος αὐχήν, δελφῖς δ᾽ αὐτοέλκτος ἐθήμονι κυκλάδι νύσσῃ ἡμιθαινὴς σκίρτησε χορίτιδος ἀλματὶ Μοίρης· πολλοὶ δ᾽ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα κυβιστήρης ὀλέθρου ἰχθύες ὑρχήσαντο χαρασομένων ἀπὸ νυτῶν. 

Καὶ Στερότης προμάχεων· ἀεραπόδης δ᾽ Ἀλμιήδης 340 χειρὶ λαβὼν πρηώνα θαλασσοτόκου κολέων ῥύσει ἐπ᾽ ἀντιβίοισιν ἐδυνε δὲ φοιταλῇ νῆς 146
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 Lyaios. You could see a winged arrow fly and skim over the sea, then embraced in the feelers of a curling squid. Many missed, but one with Erythraian steel aimed at Dionysos hit a pilot-fish. Corymbasos cast a lance at a Satyr's tail, but the lance missed him and scored the forked tail of a waterfaring fish with its sharp point. Deriades aimed his steel at a target impossible to hit, as he cast at unwounded Dionysos; the deadly point missed Bacchos and got to work on the backbone of a dolphin, where the curving neck of the fish joins the bristling back—the fish leapt in its usual curving course, and already half-dead skipt with the leap of a dancing Fate. On all sides many a fish with pierced back tumbled about in his dance of death.

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

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"Naucrates ductor."
τρηχαλέον βληθείσα λίθον τροχοειδεί κύκλω.
καὶ τις ἀκοινοθείσα δι᾽ ὁλκάδος ὀλκάδι γεῖτων ἀμφοτέρας ἐξευζεν ἀλίδρομος ἔγχεος αἰχμή,
νήσις ἐπισφίγξασα δυσ ἔυσηρον δεσμῷ στεινομένων νεφεληδόν· ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἐτερόκτυπος ἦχω.

Καὶ στόλος ἀμφοτέρων τετράζυγον εἶχεν Ἂ Empresa, ὥν ὁ μὲν ἀντιπόροιο περὶ ράχιν ἀιθοπὸς Ἐὔροι, ὁς δὲ Λήβος δροσεροὶ παρὰ πτερόν, ὁς δὲ Βορῆος, καὶ Νοτίην παρὰ πέζαι. ἀμοιβαῖοι δὲ ὑπαίτις Μορρεύς μὲν ταχύγουνος ἀφ᾽ ὁλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων Βασσαρίδων ἐφόβησεν ἀλιπτοῖτον Ἀἰνώ, ἰσος ἀριστεύων καὶ ἐν ὑδασίν· ἀλλὰ ἐ θύρῳ Ἐὐνοος οὐτήσας διερῆς ἀνεσίφασε χάρμης,
καὶ μογέων ὄδυνησιν ἐπὶ πτόλῳ ὀχετο Μορρεύς.

"Ὁφρα μὲν ἐνθεον ἐλκος, ὁ μων λάχε, δαιμονὴ χείρ λυσιτόνον Βραχμήνος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνη,
θεσπεσίῃ λάλον ὑμνον ὑποτρύζοντος ἀοιδὴ,
τόφρα δὲ δισμενέεσοιν ἐπέχρασ Λύδιος Ἀρῆς.

Τοῖσι μὲν ἐγρεκύδωμος ἐνὶ πλώος, εἶχε δ᾽ Ἀἴνῳ ναυτιλίης προκέλευθων, ἀλυσμαράγγου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ ἢν κλόνος ἀμφοτέρων ἐτερότροπος· ἀντιβίων γὰρ ὅσοι μὲν κραναοῖσιν οἰστεύωντο βελέμνους
ἡ φονίως πετάλοισιν ἡ ἔγχεος ἡ μαχαίρας,
κείρας ἐρετμώσασιν ἀήθεας εἰς μέλαιν ὕδωρ ὑμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύσιν θαλάσσης·
εἰ δὲ τις εἰς ἀλα πίπτε τυπεῖς Βρομίου μαχητής, αἰθύσοσιν παλάμας ἐπενήχετο κύματα τέμνων
χερσὶ θαλασσομόθοισιν, ἀλυρρόιζω δὲ κυδομῶ
μαρνάμενος ῥοθίουσι μετ᾽ ἀνέρας ἐσχίσεν ὕδωρ.

Εἰναλίης δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἐκλινε 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 knee-swift 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 brine-plashing 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 brine-blustering noise and cleft water instead of men.

372 Now Cronion inclined the balance of the sea-
νίκην ύδατόςεοσαν ἐπεντύνων Διονύσων
καὶ βυθῶν τρώδοντι κορώσετο κυανοχαίτης
μαρνάµενος δήσισι, καὶ ἄβροχον ἡπιχεύσων
ἀρμα Ποσειδώνος ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
καὶ πισύρας κατὰ πόντον ἐφιππεύοντες ἄλλας
κύματα πυργώσαντες ἐθωρήθησαν ἀπταὶ,
δυσµενέων ἑθέλοντες αἰστώσαι στίχα νηῶν,
οἱ μὲν Δηριαδῆς ἀρηγόνες, οἱ δὲ Λυναῖος
καὶ Ζέφυρος κεκόρυστο,

Νότος δ' ἐπεσύρισεν Εὐρὺς,
καὶ Βορέης Θρήσσαν ἄγων ἀντίπτοον αὔρην
ἄγρια μανυμενής ἐπεµάστει νῦτα θαλάσσης.
καὶ στόλον ἵδυνουσα μαχήµονα Δηριαδῆς
ύσµίνης Ἐρις ἠρχε. Διωνύσιοι δὲ νηῶν
'Ἰνδόφονῳ παλάµη κολπώσατο λαίφεα Νίκη.
χεῖλεσι δ' ἰκµαλέουσι µαχήµονα κόχλον ἐρέισας
eιναλὴ σάλπιγγι µέλος µυκήσατο Νηρεύς·
καὶ Θεότις ἐσµαράγγεσεν ἐνναληή µέλος Ἡχοῦς
κύµασι πατρώοισι προασπίζουσα Λυναῖο.

Εὐρυµέδων δὲ Κάβειρος ἐθήµονα δαλὸν ἀείρων
ύσµίνης δόλον εὐφε δωρεν ἀρηγόνα· µηκεδανής γὰρ
νηῶν ἵδην ἐφλέξειν ἐκουσίων ἀψάµένων πῦρ·
nηων δ' ἐπ' ἀντιβίουσων ἐπέτρεχε φοιταλή νηῶς
νεύµασι Βακχεύσιν περισκαίρουσα θαλάσση,
καὶ λοξαῖς ἐλίκεσαν ἀφ' ὀλκάδος ὀλκάδα βαίνων
cύκλον ἐς αὐτοείλικτον ἐνήχετο πυροῦς ἄλθης,
καὶν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πολυσπερέων στίχα νηῶν.
καὶ σέλας ἀθρήσασα πυρεβιλῆτοι θαλάσσης
Νηρεῖς ἀκρήδεμνος ἑδύσατο βένθεα πόντου,
αἰθοµένου φεύγουσα δι' ὁδατος ἰκµαλέων πῦρ.

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

391 Eurymedon the Cabeiros lifting his familiar torch invented a useful stratagem of war. He set fire to his own long vessel on purpose; then the vessel was sent adrift bounding over the sea against the enemy at the command of Bacchos. The errant bonfire floated round of itself by wayward turns from ship to ship, and setting alight here and there the long line of far-scattered vessels. The Nereid 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 Ἡφαίστου τὸ πάλιν φύγε ναύμαχος Ἄρης. 
Δημιάδης δ’ ἀκίχητος ἰδὼν φλόγα σύνδρομον αὖραις εἰς πεδίον πεπότητο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων, 
φεύγων ύγρόν Ἄρη θαλάσσομόθου Διονύσου.

*When Hephaistos caught him with Aphrodite in a net*
Hephaistos, as once before he fled from his chains. And Deriades when he saw the flame, fast as the wind fled to the land, wagging his knees too quick to catch, as he tried to escape the watery assault of seafighting Dionysos.

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

Τεσσαρακοστόν ἔχει δεδαἰγμένον ὅρχαμον Ἰνδῶν, πῶς δὲ Τύρον Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο, πατρίδα Κάδμου.

Οὐ δὲ Δίκην ἀλέεινε πανόψιον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς ἀρραγεός κλωστήρος ἀκαμπέα νήματα Μοῖρης· ἀλλὰ μὲν ἀθρήσασα πεφυζότα Παλλᾶς Ἀθήνη— ἐξετο γὰρ κατὰ πόντον ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἔριπης, ναῦμαχον εἰσορόωσα κορυσσομένων μόθων Ἰνδῶν— ἐκ σκοπιῆς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ἁρσενα δύσατο μορφήν κλεψυνώσις δ᾽ ὀάρουι παρήπαφεν ὅρχαμον Ἰνδῶν, Μορρέος εἴδος ἑχοῦσα, χαριζομένη δὲ Λυνίῳ Δηριάδῃ ἀνέκοιψε, καὶ ὡς ἀλέγουσα κυδομίῳ φρικτὸν ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἐπος πολυμεμφεί φωνῇ. "Φεῦγεις, Δηριάδη; τίνι κάλλιτες Αρεα νηῶν; πῶς δύνασαι ναέτηςι φαινῆμενι; ἡ πόθεν ἄντιν ὦψεαι Ὁρσιβόην μενεδήμιον, αἱ κεν ἀκούση Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ οὐ μίμωνα γυναίκας; αἶδεο Χειροβίην ῥηζήνορα, μή σε νοῆσῃ υσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ὑποπτῆσοντα Λυνίου, ἥ δόρυ θοῦρον ἑχουσα καὶ ὅχλίζουσα βοεῖν μάρνατο Βασσαρίδεσσι, συνεσπομένη παρακοίτη. χάζεο μοι Μορρήι λπῶν μόθων ἦν δ᾽ ἐθελήσῃ, αὐτὸσ ἀριστεύσω καὶ ἀνάλκιδα Βάκχον ὀλέσσω.
BOOK XL

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

Yet he escaped not allseeing Justice, nor the inflexible threads of Fate herself the inexorable Spinner. No—Pallas Athena beheld him in flight, for she sat on a headland high over the sea, and watched the Indians contending in their battle on the sea. Down from the height she leapt, and put on the shape of a man, the form of 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:

"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 Lyaios 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 κοῦρης ἔστω Χειροβίης ἔτερος πόσις: αἰδόμενος γὰρ καλλεύσω τεὸν ἄστυ, καὶ ἱξομαι εἰς χόνα Μῆδων, ἱξομαι εἰς Σκυθίην, ἵνα μὴ σέο γαμβρὸς ἀκούσω. ἂλλ' ἐρεῖς: 'εὐπλοῦς ἐμὴ δάμαρ οἴδεν Ἐννῶ.' εἰσὺν 'Αμαζονίδες περὶ Καῦκασον, ὄπποθ' πολλαὶ Χειροβίης πολὺ μάλλον ἀριστεύσοι γυναῖκες· κεῖθι δορικήτης βραχὴν ἀνάεδον ἀκοίτης εἰς γάμον, ἦν ἑθέλω, μίαν ἵξομαι· ἐν θαλάμως γὰρ οὐ δέχομαι σέο παῖδα φυγοπολέμιοι τοκήσως. Ὅς φαμέντι παρέπεισεν ἀγήνορα Δηριδᾶ, καὶ οἱ θάρσος ἐδωκε τὸ δεύτερον, ὡφρα δαμείη μαρναμένου Βρομάριο τυπεῖς φθισῆνορι θύρων. καὶ θρασὺς ἀγνώσσων δολίην παρεούσων Λῃθὴν ψευδομένου Μορρῆος ἐλεγχέα μῦθον ἀκούσων χείλεσιν αἰδομένουι παρῆγορον ἰαχε φωνῇ. 'Φείδεο σῶν ἐπέων·

tί με μέμφεαί, ἄτρομε Μορρᾶ; οὐ πρόμος, οὐ πρόμος οὐτὸς,

έον δέμας αἰεν ἀρείβων.

καὶ γὰρ ἁμηχανέω, τίν μάρναμαι ἥ τίνα βάλλω·

σπεύδων μὲν πτερόεντι βαλεῖν Διόνυσον ὅστι, ἡ ξίφει πλήξας μέσον αὐχένος, ἡ δόρυ πέμπων

οὐτῆσαι ποθέων διὰ γαστέρος, ἀντὶ Λυκοῦ

πόρδαλων αἰολόνωτον ἐπαίσσοντα κιχάνω ... μαρναμένου ἰδε λέοντος ἐπείγομαι αὐχένα τέμνεων,

καὶ θρασὺν ἀντὶ λέοντος ὥραν δασπλήτα δοκεύων·

spathῶν ἰ ἀντὶ δράκοντος ὀπίπευξ ῥάχιν ἀρκτου·

εἰς λοφὴν ἰ ἐπίκυρτον ἐμὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἰάλλῳ,

ἀλλὰ μάτην ταυτώ δολιχον βέλος· ἀντὶ γὰρ ἀρκτου

* The sense of the lost words may have been "I attack the panther and it turns into a lion."
destroy that weakling Bacchos. I call you good-father no more, you, a runaway—let your girl Cheirobiē find another husband: for I am ashamed—I will leave your city and migrate to the Median country, I will go to Scythia, that I may not be called your goodson.

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

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

37 "Spare your words. Why do you reproach me, fearless Morrheus? No soldier is this, no soldier, who is always changing shape. Indeed I am at a loss who it is I am fighting and whom I strike. Eager to shoot Dionysos with a feathered arrow, or to cut through his neck with a sword, or desiring to cast a spear and pierce his belly—instead of Lyaios I find a speckled panther charging upon me. . . . a 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 ἀνώτατος ἵππαμένη φλόξ. 50
cάπρον ἰδὼν ἑπιόντα βοός μικηθημὸν ἄκοινω,
ἀντὶ συός τινα ταύρον ὑπέρ λοξοῦ μετώπου
παπταῖνω χαροπῆσιν ἀκοντίζοντα κεραιάς
ἡμετέρους ἐλέφαντας· ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν ἄρο ὅλοσω
θηροί πολυστέρεσσι, καὶ οὐχ ἕνα θήρα δαμάζω.
καὶ φυτὸν ἀθρήσας ταῦτο βάλος, ἀλλὰ φυγόντος
νύσσαν ἐς τερήθη ὅρῳν κυρτούμενον ὕδωρ.
ἐνθεν ἐγὼ τρομεών πολυφάρμακα θαύματα τέχνης
φύλοπιν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀλυσκάζω Διονύσου:
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Βρομίῳ θωρήζομαι, ἀχρὶ ἐλέγχω
μάγγανα τεχνήντα δολορραφέος Διονύσου.' 55
"Ὡς εἶπὼν κεκόρυστο τὸ δεύτερον ἥθαδι λύσθη,
καὶ πάλιν ἐν πεδίῳ μόδος ἐβρεμε, μαρναμένης δὲ
eιναλίην μετὰ δῆριν ἐδωρήθη Διονύσω.
καὶ προτέρης Βρομίῳ λελασμένος ἐπλετό νίκης,
ὅπποτε δενδρήεντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ
ἰκεσίην πολύευκτον ἀνέσχεθε μάρτυρι Βάκχω:
ἀλλὰ πάλιν πρόμος ἐσκε θεμάχους· εἰχὲ δὲ βουλήν
dιειθαδήν, ἥ Βάκχων ἐλεῖν ἥ δμῶα τελέσσαι.
τρὶς μὲν ἐδὸν δόρυ πέμπε,
καὶ ἴμμμβροτεν ἥερα βάλλων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέδραμεν οἰνοπί Βάκχων 70
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήστον ἐπίθορον ἐγχος ἀλλὰ
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐοὺ συνάεθλον ἀγώνος
γαμβρὸν ἐδὸν καλέσσει, καὶ οὐκέτι φαίνετο Μορρεύς·
ἀλλὰ μεταστρέψασα δολοπλόκον εἴδου 'Αθηνῆ
δαιμον βοτρυόεντι παρόστατο· δερκομένου δὲ
δείματι θεσπεσίων λύτο γούνατα Δηριάδῆς·
ἐγὼ δ' ἀνδρομήκης ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα μορφῆς
Μορρέος ἀντιτύπου φέρειν μίμημα προσώπου·
kαὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα σοφῆς εὐνόησεν 'Αθηνῆς.
158
the long shaft, for instead of a bear appears a flame flickering up into the air uninjured! I see a boar rushing and I hear a bull’s bellow, instead of the boar I see a bull lowering his head sideways and stabbing our elephants with flashing horns. I swing my sword against all sorts of beasts, and cannot overcome that one beast. I behold a tree and take aim, but it is off and I see a spout of water curving into the path of the sky. Therefore I tremble at the bewitched miracles of his art, and shrink from the changeable warfare of Dionysos. But I will confront Bromios again, until I lay bare the cunning enchantments of Dionysos the butcher 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 ἐγήθεε, ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
μεσοδεμένην γίνωσκε συναίχμαζουσαν Ἀθήνην.
Καὶ τὸτε βοτρυῶες κοτέων βαρυεύνος δαίμων
ὑπιενής περίμετρος, ἵσος Παρνησσίδα πέτρη.
Δηριάδην δὲ ἐδίωκε ταχύδρομον· αὐτάρ ὁ φεύγων
κούφος ἐπειγομέναις ἐτίπανετο σύνδρομος αὕρας.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε χῶρον ἰκανον, ὑπερ Πολεμητόκοιν ἰδωρ
κύματι λυσσώντι γέρων κελάρυζεν 'Ἰδάσπης,
ὁτοὶ ὁ μὲν ποταμοῖο παρ’ ἡμνας ἀπλετος ἔστη,
ὡς γενέτην συνάεθλον ἐχων κελάδοιτα μαχητήν
ὕγρον ἀκοντιστήρα κορυσσομένου Διονύσου,
δαίμων δ’ ἀμπελόεις ταμεσίχροα θύρσον ἰάλλων
ἀκρότατον χρόα μούνον ἐπέγραφε Δηριαδῆς.
αὐτάρ ὁ κισσήετι τυπεις φθυσίνορι θαλλῷ
πατρώῳ προκάρμονα επωλίσθησε ἰεθρῷ,
μηκεδανοὶς μελέεσσι γεφυρώσας ὅλον ἰδωρ
αὐτόματος. χρονίην δὲ θεοὶ μετὰ φύλοπτων Ἰοδῶν
σών Διὶ παμμεδεύοντι πάλιν νόστησαν 'Ὀλύμπῳ.
Βάκχοι δ’ ἀμφαλάλαζον ἀδηρίτου Διονύσου
δήμω ἀνενάζοιτες, ἀολλίζοιτο δὲ πολλοὶ
ἐγχεσι transc.gr.
οὐτάζοιτες ὅλον χρόα Δηριαδῆς.
Ὀρσιβόθ δ’ ὕμοιζε πολυθρήνων ἐπὶ πύργων,
κείμενον ἀρτιδάικτόν ὀδυρομένη παρακοίτην
πενθαλέως δ’ ὄνυχεσσι κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου,
καὶ σκολιῆς ὄλομην ἀκτιδέα βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ κόνν αἰθαλόςσαν ἐοῖ κατέχεεν καρπῆν.
Χειροβίθ δ’ ὀλόλυζε καταφθιμένου τοκῆς,
κυνέους δ’ ἦρασσε βραχίωνας, ἀργυφέον δὲ
στέρνου ὅλον γύμνωσε διαξομένου χιτῶνος.
Πρωτονή δ’ ἀπέδιλος ἐὰς ἐύνουσα παρειάς,
160
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 Morrhue to this line, the death of Hector in Iliad xxii. is closely imitated.

b Daughter of Deriades, wife of Orontes (xxvi. 17).
κύκλα κονισσαλέοιο κατασκύνουσα προσώπου, κλαίειν ἑπ' ἀμφωτέρους καὶ ἀνέρι καὶ γενετήρι, διπλόν ἄλγος ἑχοῦσα, καὶ ἰαχε πενθαδί φωνήν· ἀνεφ, ἀπ' αἰώνας νέον ἰώσκα. καὶ δ' ἐμὶ χήρῃν ἔλλυσε ἐν μεγάροις ἀπειρήτην τοκετοῖο· ἐπὶ τοὺς οὐ παραίσιν· οὐ μετὰ νύκτην νόστιμον ἄνδρα νόησα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀλλὰ σιδηρῳ αὐτὸς ἐὼ δέδημητο, καὶ οὐνόμα δῶκε ἰεῖθροι, καὶ θάνεν ἐν ξείνωσιν, ὅπως ἐμὸν ἄνδρα καλόσων ἀσπορον αὐτοδάκτον ἀνόστιμον ὑγρὸν Ὁρόντην. μύρομαι ἀμφωτέρους καὶ Δηριάδην καὶ Ὁρόντην, ἰσον ἀποφθήμενος διερὸν μόρον· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ Δηριάδην κρύφε κύμα, ρόσος δ' ἐκάλυψεν Ὁρόντην. μητέρι δ' οὐ γενόμην πανομοίος· Ὁροβόη γὰρ θυγατέρων ἦεσε καταφθαμένους ὑμεναίους· Πρωτονόης γάμον εἶδεν, ἐδέξατο γαμβρὸν Ὁρόντην, Χειροβίην δ' ἐξευξεν ἀνικήτω παρακοίητι, δόν τρομεέι καὶ Βάκχος ὁ τηλίκος· ἀμφίπει μὲν Xειροβίη ὑώντα φιλὸν πόσιν, οὐ δὲ ἐθύρσος, οὐ ρόσος ἐπρήμιζεν· ἐγὼ δ' ἀρα διπλόα πασχὺ, ἀνέρος οἰχομένου καὶ ὀλλυμένου γενετήρος. λῆγε, μάστην σὲ ἁγαίδα παρηγορέουσα, τιθήνη, δός μοι ἔχειν ἐμὸν ἄνδρα, καὶ οὐ γενετήρα γοητῶ· δεῖξιν ἐμοὶ τίνα παίδα, παρηγοροῖν ἄνδρος ἀνίης. τίς με λαβῶν κομίσειν ἐς εὐρυφέθρον 'Ιδάσπην, ὁφρα κύσων φιλὸν οἶδμα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο; τίς με λαβῶν κομίσειν ἐς ιερὰ τέμπεα Δάφνης, ὁφρα περιπτύξαιμι καὶ ἐν προχόησιν Ὁρόντην; εἰπή ἤμεροίς καὶ ἐγὼ ρόος· αἰθεὶ καὶ αὐτῇ δάκρυσον ὀμβρηθείσα φανήσομαι αὐτὸθι πηγή, ἥξι θανών εὐνὸδος ἐμὸς πόσις οἴδμα κυλύδει, 162
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
eυνέτις ὕδατόεσσα· καὶ ἔσσομαι ὁλα Κομμιδώ, ἢ πάρος ἰμερόεντος ἐρασσαμεθη ποταμοῦ τέρπεται ἅγκας ἑχοῦσα καὶ εἰσετί Κῦδνον ἀκοίτην, δαέρος ἁμετέρου παρὰ Μορρέος οἴον ἐκεῖνος ἀνδράσι παρ Κηλίκεσσι μεμηλότα μὲθον ἀκοίων· οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποθέουσα παρέρχομαι ἥδιν Ὄροντην, ὀλα φυγάς Περίβοια, καὶ οὐ ποτε καμπύλων ὄνωρ ἂψ ἀνασειράξουσα φυλάξομαι ὕγρον ἀκοίτην.

εἰ δὲ μοι οὐ πέπρωτο θανεῖν παρὰ γείτονι Δάφνη, κύμασι πατροπάτωρ με κατακρύψειεν Τιάστης,

μὴ Σατύρου κερόεντος ἐν ἅγκοιησιν ιαύσω,

μὴ Φρύγα κώμον ἢ, μὴ κύμβαλα χεροί τινάξω,

μὴ τελετὴν τελέσω φιλοπαύγμονα, μηδὲ νοῆσον

Μαιονίθην, μὴ Τμῶλον ἢ, μὴ δώμα Λυαῖον

ἡ ξυγά δουλοσύνης βαρναχθέα, μὴ τὶς ἐνύψη·

κούρη Δηριάδαο δοριθρασέος βασιλῆς

ληδίη μετὰ δημὴν ὑποδρήσσει Διονύσιω."'

"Ως φαμένης ἐλεεινὰ συνεστενάχωτο γυναῖκες, ὃν πάις, ὃν τέθνηκεν ἀδελφεὸς, ὃν γενετῆρες

ἡ πόσις ἀρτιγένειος ἀώριος. ἐκ δὲ καρήνου

Χειροβίη τίλλουσα κόμην ἡμυξὲ παρειάς·

dιχθαδίας δ’ ὀδύνησιν ἴμᾶσσετο, καὶ γενετῆρα

οὐ τὸσον ἐστενάχιζεν, ὅσον νεμέσιζεν ἀκοίτη·

ἐκλυε γὰρ Μορρῆος ἐρωμανέουσαν ἀνάγκην

καὶ δόλον ἥπεροπὰ σασόφρων Χαλκομεδείς.

καὶ τινα μυθον ἔειπεν ἐδώ ρήξασα χιτῶνα·

* 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.

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

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

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.).

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

Cf. bks. xxxiii.-xxxv.
"Φειδόμενος μελίς
γενέτην ἐμὸν ἐκτανε Μορρεύς·
οὐδὲ πέλε φθιμένου τιμήρος· ἐχθρομένην δὲ
Χαλκομέδην ποθέων οὐκ ἡλασε θῆλυν ἔννοι,
ἀλλ’ ἐτὶ Βασσαρίδεσσι χαρίζεται. εἰπάτε, Μοῖραι 170
τίς φθόνος 'Ἰνδῶν πόλιν ἐπραθεί·
tίς φθόνος ἄφιω
ἔχραεν ἀμφοτέρης θυγατράσι Δημιαδής;
θνήσκων μὲν κατὰ δὴριν ἐγν παρακοίτων Ὀρῶνος
Πρωτονόῆς ἀκόμηστον ἐθῆκατο πενήδα κηρὴν,
Χειροβίην δ’ ἀπεευπεν ἐτὶ ζώουσαν ἁκοῖτης.
γνωτὶς δ’ ἡμετέρης ὀλοστερα πῆματα πᾶσχω.
Πρωτονόῆς πόσιν ἐσχεν ἀοσετήρα τιθῆνης,
Χειροβίης πόσιν ἐσχεν ἐγς δηλήμοια πατρῆς,
αἰχμητὴν ἀνόνητον, ὀπάσανα Κυπρογενείς
ἀλκυρίου, ἀλλοπρόσαλλου, ὀμοφρονέοντα Λυαίω.
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθη καὶ ἐμὸς γάμος· ἡμετέρου γὰρ
Μορρεός ἱμείροντος ἑυσλήθη πόλις 'Ἰνδῶν·
pατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην χάριν ἀνέρος· ἢ πρὶν ἀγήνερῳ
καὶ θυγατρὴ βασιλῆς, ἐγὼ ποτὲ δεσπότης 'Ἰνδῶν,
ἐσσομαι ἀμφίπολων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· καὶ τάχα δευλὴ
δμωίδα Χαλκομέδειαν ἐμῆν δεσποινὰν ἐνύψω.
σήμερον 'Ἰνδῶν ἐδέθλον ἑχεις, ἀπατῆλιε Μορρεῦ·
αὐριον αὐτοκέλευστος ἐλεύσεαι εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν,
Χαλκομέδης διὰ κάλλος ὑποδρῆσων Διονύσω.
ἀμφαδὰ Χαλκομέδῆς ἔχε δέμια, νυμφὶε Μορρεῦ·
οὐκέτι γὰρ τρομέεις βλοσυρόν στόμα Δημιαδῆς.
χάζεο, κικλήσκει σε δράκων πάλιν, ὅσ σε διώκει
φρουρὸν ἀσυλήτου γάμον συρεγμὸν ἄλλων."

Τοῖα μὲν ἀχυμυείη βαρυδάκρυος ἐνεπε νύμφη:
Πρωτονόῆς δ’ ὀλολύξε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφοτέραις δὲ 190
χεῖρας ἐπικλίνασα κατηφέας ἰαχε μήτηρ·
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"By sparing his spear Morrheus killed my father, and no one avenged his death. For desire of that hateful Chalcomede he did not rout the women on the field—nay, he still shows favour to the Bassarids. Tell me, Fates; what jealousy destroyed the Indian city? What jealousy came down suddenly upon both daughters of Deriades? Dying on the battlefield, Orontes made his wife Protonoe 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. Protonoe had a husband who defended her that nursed him; Cheirobië had a husband who destroyed his country, a useless warrior, the lackey of Cyprogeneia, a strong man unstable, a partisan of Lyaios. Even my marriage was my enemy, for the Indian city was sacked because my Morrheus fell in love. I was robbed of my father for my husband's sake; I so proud once, and daughter of a king, I once the mistress of the Indians, I too shall be one of the servants; perhaps I shall be so unhappy as to give the title of mistress to Chalcomedeia the serf! Traitor Morrheus, to-day India is your home; to-morrow unbidden you will go to the Lydian land, a menial of Dionysos because of Chalcomede's beauty. Husband Morrheus, make no secret of your union with Chalcomede; for you fear no longer the threatening tongue of Deriades. Begone! the serpent calls you back, the one that chased you away with hisses from the wedding which you failed to force!"

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

*a Jealousy of the gods.  
*b His country."
"Πατρίδος ἰμετέρης πέσον ἐλπίδες:
οὐκέτι λαύσω
ἀνέρα Δηριαδή καὶ οὐκέτι γαμμήρον Ἢρωτην.
Δηριάδης τέθηκεν ἐσυλήθη πόλις Ἰνδῶν,
ἀρραγεῖς ἤρπε τεῖχος ἔμης χθονός· αἰθὲ καὶ αὐτὴν 200
Βάκχος ἐλῶν ὀλέση με σῦν ὀλυμμένω παρακοίτη,
καὶ με λαβὼν ρίψειεν ἐς ὑκυρεέθρον Ἰδάσσην,
γαῖαν ἀνανεόμενην· ἐχέτω δὲ με πενθερόν ὕδωρ,
Δηριάδην δ᾽ ἐσίδω καὶ ἐν ὑδασί· μηδὲ νοῆσω
Πρωτονήν ἄκουσαν ἐφεσπομένην Διονύσων,
μή ποτε Χειροβίης ἔτερον γόον οἰκτρόν ἄκουσον ἐλκομένης ἐς ἔρωτα ὁρικτήτων ὑμεναίων·
mή πόσιν ἅλλον ἱδομι μετ᾽ ἀνέρα Δηριαδη. 205
εἰνὶ Νηκίδεσσιν ὀμέστοισ, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴν
Λευκοθέην ξώουσαν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης,
καὶ μία Νηρείδων κικλήσκεται, ἀντὶ δὲ λευκῆς
ἄλλη κυανοπέζα φανήσομαι ὕδριας Ἰνώ." 210
Τοῦα μὲν ἐλκεχίτων ἐπωδύρουτο γυναίκες
ιστάμεναι στοιχηδὸν ἐρυμαράγγον ἐπὶ πύργων.
Βάκχοι δ᾽ ἐκροτάλιζον ἀπορρύπαντες Ἐννω, 215
tούν ἔπος βοῶντες ὀμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαμών·
"Ἡράμεθα μέγα κύδος:
ἐπέφυσεν ὀρχαμον Ἰνδῶν."
Καὶ γελῶν Διόνυσος ἐπάλλετο χάρματι νύκης,
ἀμπυνεύσας δὲ πόνοι καὶ αἰματόεντος ἀγώνος
πρώτα μὲν ἐκτερείξεν ἀτυμβεύτων στίχα νεκρῶν, 220
δωμήσας ἑνα τύμβον ἀπείριτον εὐφρέ κόλπῳ
ἀκρίτου ἀμφὶ πυρῆν ἐκατόμπεδον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶις
Μυγδοῦις αἰολόμολπος ἐπέκτυπεν αἴλων σώριξ,
καὶ Φρύγες αὐλητήρες ἀνέπλεκον ἀρσενα μολῆν

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

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

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

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

Quoted from *Iliad* xxii. 393, with ὅρχαμον Ἰνδῶν for Ἐκτόρα δῶν.
πενθαλεόντας στομάτεσσιν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
ἀβραμεῖς ἔλεγον τὸ ἴσατο Λέοντος Λεύκαδος φωνῇ·
καὶ Κλεόχοι Βερέκυντες ὑπὸ στόμα δίζυγες αὐλοῖς
φρεκτῶν ἐμμυκήσαντο Λίβων γόγον, ὃν πάρος ἀμφῶς
Σθενώ τ’ Εὐρυάλη τε μὴν πολυδειράδι φωνῇ
ἀρτιτόμων ροιζηδὸν ἐπεκλαύσαντο Μεδοῦσθη
φθεγγομένων κεφαλῆι δηκοσίμηι δρακόντοις,
ὡς ἀπο μυρομένων σκολιῶν σύργμα κομὰς
θρήνοι πολυκάρηνον ἐφημίζαντο Μεδοῦσθης.

Παυσάμενος δὲ πόνοιο, καὶ ὑδαί γυναί καθήρας,
ἐπεσα λυσιμόθοις θεοῦδε κοίραν ο Ἰνδοῖς,
κρινάμενοι Μωδαιῶν· ἐπὶ ἔννυδ καὶ κυπέλλω
Βάκχοις δαιμονιάσατο μήτε ἒζαντο τραπέζης
ξανθὸν ὑδώρ πίνοντες ἀπ’ οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ χορὸς ἀσπετος ἐσκεν· ἐπεσκίρησε δὲ πολλή
Βασσαρίς οὐστρήνητι πέδου κρούουσα πεδίω,
καὶ Σάτυρος βαρύδουπον ἐπίρρησαν χθόνα ταρσῷ
λοξά κυβιστήτηρι ποδῶν βακχεύτου παλμῷ,
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων μανιώδεος αὐχένι Βάκχης·
καὶ πρυλέες Βρομίου συνωρχήσαντο βοείας,
καὶ τροχαλῆς κλονέοντες ἐνόπλια κύκλα χορεύτης
ῥυθμὸν ἐμμυκήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβαίων,
καὶ στρατός ἵππην κορυβαίλον εἰς χορὸν ἐστὴ
νίκην πανδαμάτεραν ἀνενάξων Διονύσου·
οὔτε τις ἁφοφος ἔσιν ὀμογλώσσω δ’ ἀλαλητῷ
εἰς πόλον ἐπτάξιων ἀνέδραμεν εὔιος ἡχὼ.

'Ἀλλ’ ὅτε λυσιπόνοιο ταρῆλυθε κῶμος ἐορτῆς,
νίκης ληίδα πάσαν ἐλὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν

* Pindar, Pyth. xii. 23 gives this origin of the tune called πολυκέφαλος—πολλὰν κεφαλὰν τόμον, 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 drooned a gruesome Libyan lament, one which long ago both Sthenno and Euryale with one manythroated voice sounded hissing and weeping over Medusa newly gashed, while their snakes gave out voice from two hundred heads, and from the lamentations of their curling and hissing hairs they uttered the "manyheaded dirge of Medusa."a

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.

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.
άρχαιας Διόνυσος ἐγς ἐμνήσατο πάτρης, λύσας ἐπταέτηρα θεμεῖλια δημοτήτος. καὶ δήμων ὅλων ὀλβοῦ ἐληίζοντο μαχηταί, ὥν ὁ μὲν Ἦνδον ἱασπῖν, ὁ δὲ γραπτῆς ὑπείλθον Φοιβάδος εἰχε μετάλλα καὶ ἐγχλοα νώτα μαράγδουν· ἀλλος εὐκρήπιδος ὑπὸ σκοπιῆσιν Ἰμαῖον ὀρθιόν ἱχνος ἐπειγε δορικτήτων ἐλεφάντων, οὐς δὲ παρ’ Ἰμυδοῖο δαθυσπῆλυγγι κολώνῃ ἦλασεν Ἦνδων μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεότων κυδίων, ἐτέρος δὲ κατ’ αὐχένος ἄμμα πεδήσας Μυγδονίην ἐσπευδεν ἐς ἥονα πόρδαλιν ἔλκειν· καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο, φαλακρῆτι δὲ πετήφῳ στικτὸν ἱχνον προκέλευθον ἐκώμασε τίγρων ἰμάσσων· ἀλλος ἁγων νόστησεν ἐς Ἐκβεληδιν νύμφῃ φυταλῆν εὐδομον ἀλτρεφέων δονακῆν, καὶ λίθων ἀστράπτουσαν Ἐρυθραῖν γέρας ἀλμης· πολλὴ δ’ ἐκ ἥθαλάμου σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρκοίτῃ ληδίη πλοκάμων μελανόχροος ἐλκετο νύμφῃ, δέσμιον αὐχένα δούλου ὑποζεῦξασα λεπάδων. χειρὶ δὲ κουφίζουσα ρυθφενέος χῦνων ὀλβου εἰς σκοπιᾶς Τιμώλοιο θεόσσοντος ἢς Βάκχη, κῶμον ἀνευάζουσα παλινόστω Διονύσῳ.

Καὶ στρατιῇ Διόνυσος ἐδάσσατο ληδὰ χάρμης λαὸν ὅλων συνάεθλον ὑπότροπον ὀἰκάδε πέμπτων Ἦνδων μετὰ δὴριν· ἀπεσειόντο δὲ λαοὶ μάρμαρα κουφίζοντες Ἐώια δῶρα θαλάσσης, ὀρνεά τ’ αἰολόμορφα· παλινόστω δὲ πορείῃ κῶμον ἀνευάζοντες ἀνικήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

* Hyacinthos again! The stone has no connexion with the god, but the fact that it has the same name as the flower is enough to awaken Nonnos’s obsession.

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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 and the smooth green emerald; another hurried under the lofty peaks of broad-based Imaios the straight-legged elephants which he had captured by his spear. Here was one by the deepcaverne d mountain of Hemodos driving to exile a team of Indian lions, in triumph; there was another pulling a panther to the Mygdonian shore with a chain fast about its neck. A Satyr rushed along with a striped tiger before him, which he flogged in his wild way with a handful of tippling-leaves. Another returned with a gift for his Cybeleid bride, the fragrant plants of seagrown reeds and the shining stone 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 Euo 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.
πάντες ἐβακχεύοντο, πολυκυμήτως λιπόντες
μνήστων ὅλου πολέμου, Βορειάδι σύνδρομον αὐρη
σκιδναμένην· καὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἀναθήματα νίκης
ὀψιμον εἰς δόμον ἥθε παλύδρομος. ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
'_ASTΕΡΙΟΣ τότε μοῦνος ἀνπεπόδων χειδῶν 'ΑΡΚΤΩΝ 288
Φάσιδος ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἀθαλπεῖ νάσσατο γαῖῃ
Μασσαγέτην παρὰ κόλπον, ἐοῦ γενέται τοκῆς
ναύων ἀστερόεντος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ δύσηφα Ταύρου,
φεύγων Κνώσσιον ἀστυ καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην,
Πασιφάην στυγέων καὶ ἔον Μίκνα τοκῆα,
καὶ Σκυθίην προβέβουλεν ἐης χθονὸς:

άυτάρ ὁ μοῦνος
Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύρους καὶ 'Ινδοφόνοις ἁμα Βάκχας
Καυκασίην μετὰ δήρων 'Αμαζώνιου ποταμοῦ
'Αρραβίης ἐπέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον, ἧς θαμίζων
λαὸν ἀβακχεύτων 'Αράβων ἔδιδαξεν ἀείρεν
μυστιπόλους νάρθηκας· ἀεξιφύτοιο δὲ λόχης
Νύσια βοτρυόειτι κατέστεφεν οὐρεα θαλλῳ.

'Αρραβίης δὲ τένοντα βαθύσκιον ἄλοσσ ἐάσας
ἀτραπὸν 'Ασσυρίην διεμέτρεε πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
καὶ Τυρίων μενεάινεν ἰδεῖν χθόνα πατρίδα Κάδμου· 300
κείθι γάρ ἱγνος ἐκαμψε, καὶ ἀσπεταν πέπλα δοκεύων
θάμβεεν 'Ασσυρίης ἐτερόχροα δαίδαλα τεχίνς,
ἀργυφον εἰσορόων Βαβυλωνίδους ἔργου 'Αράχνης·
καὶ Τυρίη σκοπίαζε δεδεμένα φάρεα κόχλω,
πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀκοντιζοῦνα θαλάσσης,
ἡς κύων ἀλιεργός ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖς ἐρέπτων
ἐνδόμυκχον χαροπῆσι γενειάσι θέσκελον ἰχθύν
χιονέας πόρφυρε παρηίδας αἴματι κόχλου,

* Because the great Bear never dips into the ocean.
* 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.

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

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.
μήλα, δόναξ, δρεπάνη, σκαφίδες,
λίνα, λαίφεα, θώρης.
καὶ τάδε παπταίνων πολυθαμβέα ρήβατο φωνήν:
"Νήσου ἐν ἡπείρῳ πόθεν ἔδρακον; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
τηλίκον οὗ ποτε κάλλος ἐσεδρακόν; ἐψητενὴ γὰρ
dένδρεα συρίζει παρὰ κύματα. Νηρείδος δὲ
φθεγγομένης κατὰ πόντον Ἀμαδρυὰς ἐγγὺς ἀκούει,
καὶ Τυρίοις πελάγεσσι καὶ ἀγχιάλοισιν ἀρούραις
πνεύων ἐκ Λιβάνου μεσημβριώς ἄβρος ἀήτης
ἀσθματι καρποτόκῳ προχείριτο πνεύσον αὐρην,
ψύχων ἀγρονόμων καὶ ναυτίλων εἰς πλόον ἐλκων,
καὶ χθονίῃ δρεπάνῃ βυθίᾳ πελάσασα τριαίῃ
φθέγγεται ύγρομεδούντι θαλυσίᾳ ἐνθάδε Δην,
κωφῆς ἄβροχον ἀρμα καθιππεύοντι γαλήνης,
ἰδύνειν δρόμον ἵππων ὀμοζήλων ἐπὶ διήφων,
ὅμπηνα μαστίζουσα μετάρρια νάτα δρακόντων.
ω πόλι πασιμέλουσα, τύπος χθονός, αἰθέρος εἰκών,
συμφυέος τρίπλευρον ἕχεις τελαμώνα θαλάσσης."
"Ως εἰπὼν παράμειβε διὰ ἀστεος ὅμμα τιταίνων;
καὶ οἱ ὀπιπευόντι λυθυγλώχυνες ἀγναίι
μαρμαρυγῆν ἀνέφαινον ἀμοβαίοιο μετάλλου.
καὶ προγόνον δόμου εἶδεν Ἑγήνορος, ἔδρακεν αὐλᾶς
καὶ θαλαμον Κάδμωοι, καὶ ἀρπαμίνης ποτε νύμφης
Εὐρώπης ἀφύλακτον ἐδύσατο παρθένῳ,
μνήστων ἔχων κερόεντος ἐν Ὁδὸς· ἀρχεγόνους δὲ
πηγὰς θάμβεε μάλλον, ὅπῃ χθονίου διὰ κάλπου
νάματος ἐκχυμένου παλινάγρετον εἰς μίαν ἠρην
χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοις πολυτρεφῆς ἐβλυνευ ὑδῷρ·
eἰδεν Ἀβαρβαρῆς γόνιμον ρόου, ἔδρακε πηγῆν
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sheep, reeds, and sickle, boats, lines, sails, and corselet. As he surveyed all this, he thus expressed his wonder:

"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!"

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, he saw the

\[a\] Not the same as in xv. 378. For the stories of these otherwise unknown fountains, see below, 538 ff.
Καλλιρόην ἔρόεσαν ἐπώνυμον, εἶδε καὶ αὐτῆς ἄβρον ἐρευγομένης Δροσερῆς νυμφήν οὕων. 365
'Αλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησαν ἦφι σφητερᾶς θυμῷ, εἰς δόμον Ἀστροχίτων ἐκώμασε, 368 καὶ πρόμον ἀστρων τοῖον ἐπος βοῶν ἐκαλέοσατο μύστιδι φωνή· 370 "Ἀστροχίτων Ἡρακλε, ἀναξ πυρός, ὅρχαμε κόσμον,
'Ἡλιε, βροτέοι βίου δολιχόσκιε πομήν, 373 ἵππευσιν ἐλικηδόν ὅλον πόλον αἴθοπι δίσκω, 376 νὰ χρόνου λυκάβαντα δυνῳξάκημην ὅλοσων, 379 κύκλων ἄγεις μετὰ κύκλων· ἄφ' ὑμετέρων δὲ δίφρου γῆρᾳ καὶ νεώτητι ρέει μορφούμενοι αἰών· 382 μαία σοφῆς ὡδίνοις ἀμήτορος εἰκόνα Μήτης 385 ὡδίνεις τριέλικτον, ὅτε δροσόεσσα Σελήνη 388 σῆς λοχίας ἀκτίνος ἀμέλγεται ἀντίτυπον πῦρ, 391 ταυρείν ἐπίκυρτον ἀολλίξουσα κεραίν· 394 παμφαεῖς αἰθέρος ὁμμα, φέρεις τετράξυγη δίφρω 397 χεῖμα μετὰ φθινόπωρον, ἄγεις θέρος εἰλαρ ἀμείβων. 399 νὺς μὲν ἀκοντιστῆρι διωκομένη σοὸ πυροῦ 402 χάζεται ἀστήρικτος, ὅτε ἰγνὸν ἄργυφον ὄλκιων 404 ἀκροφαίης ἵππευσιος ἰμάσσεται ὅρθιος αὐχήν, 407 σεῖο δὲ λαμπρομένου φαάντερον ὑκέτι λάμπων 410 ποικίλος εὐφαέεσσι χαράσσεται ἀστρασὶ λεμών, 413 χεύμασι δ' ἀντολκοῖο λελυμένοι 'Οκεανοῖο 416 σεισάμενος γονόεσσαν ἀθαλπέος ἵκραδα χαίτης 419 ὀμβρον ἄγεις φερέκαρπον, ἐπ' εὐώδιν δὲ Γαίη 422 ἥρις ἡμῶν ἐρεύγει ἀρδμῶν ἔρος, 425 καὶ σταχύων ὡδίνας ἀναλδαίνεις σεὸ δίσκω
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lovely fountain named after Callirhoë, he saw the bridal water of Drosera herself spouting daintily out.

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

"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 lifespaces for youth and age! Nurse of wise birth, thou bringest forth the threefold image of the motherless Moon, while dewy Selene milks her imitative light from thy fruitful beam, while she fills in her curving bull’s-horn. All-shining Eye of the heavens, thou bringest in thy four-horse chariot winter following autumn, and changest spring to summer. Night pursued by thy shooting torch moves and gives place, when the first morning glimpse comes of thy straightnecked steeds drawing the silver yoke under thy lashes; when thy light shines, the varied heavenly meadow no longer shines brighter dotted with patterns of bright stars. From thy bath in the waters of the eastern Ocean thou shakest off the creative moisture from thy cool hair, bringing the fruitful rain, and discharging the early wet of the heavenly dew upon the prolific earth. With thy disk thou givest increase to the growth of

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\(a\) 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.
ναίνων ξωστοκοῦ δι' αὐλακος ὃμπινον ἀκτῆν.
Βῆλος ἐπ' Εὐφρήταο, Λίβυς κεκλημένος 'Ἀμμων,
'Απις ἐφυς Νειλώνως,
'Αραφ Κρόνος, Ασσύριος Ζέυς·
καὶ ξύλα κηρέντα φέρων γαμβώνυχι ταραφῷ
χιλιέτης σοφός ὅρις ἐπ' εὐνόμω σὲο βωμῷ
φοίνιξ, τέρμα βίοιο φέρων αὐτόσπορον ἀρχήν,
τίκτεται ἱδρυτίποιο χρόνου παλινάγρετος εἰκών,
λύσας δ' ἐν πυρὶ γῆρας ἀμιῆβεται ἐκ πυρὸς ἱβην·
𝑒𝑡𝑒 Σάραπις ἐφυς, Αἰγύπτιος αἰνέφελος Ζέας,
ἐἰ Κρόνος, ἐἰ Φαεθῶν πολυώνυμος, ἐτή σὺ Μίθρης.
Ἡλίος Βαβυλώνος, ἐν Ἑλλάδι Δελφῶς 'Ἀπόλλων
ἐἰ Γάμος, ὅν σκιεροίσιν Ἐρως ἐσπείρεν ὀνείροις
μυθλῆς τελέων ἀπαθήλιον ἱμερὸν εὐνής,
ἐκ Διὸς ὑπνώοντος ὅτε γλωσίαν μαχαίρης
ἀυτογάμῳ σῷρον ὑγρὸν ἐπιζύσατος ἀροῦρης
οὐρανίας λιβάδεσσων ἐμαυώθησαν ἐρίτται,
ἐτῆ σὺ Παιήνων ὀδυνήφατος, ἐπὶ τέλες Λιθήρ
ποικίλος, 'Αστροχίτων δὲ φατίζει—ἐννύχιοι γὰρ
οὐρανὸν ἀστεροῖες ἐπαυγάζουσι χιτῶνες—
oὐάσιν εὐμενέεσσων ἐμῆν ἀσπάζεσο φωνήν·

Τοῖον ἐπος Διόνυσος ἀνήργευν. ἐξαιτῆς δὲ
ἐνθεον εἰδος ἔχων θεοδέγμονος ἐσοδοὶ τηροῦ
'Αστροχίτων ἡστραφεὶ πυρικλήνῃ δὲ προσώποι
μαρμαργην ῥοδόςεσσαν ἀπρόκτιζουν ὀποπαι'καὶ
θεός αἰγήλεις παλάμην ὀρέξει Λυαῖω,
ποικίλον εἶμα φέρων, τύπον αἰθέρος,

εἰκόνα κόσμου,
στίλβων ξανθὰ γένεια καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ὑπήρην·
καὶ μν ἐνυφαίνων φιλὴ μελίζει τραπέζῃ.

αὐτάρ ὁ θυμὸν ἔτερπεν ἀδαιτρεύτω παρὰ δεῖπνη
φαύων ἀμβροσίης καὶ νεκταρος· οὐ νέμεσις δὲ,
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 sweet-smelling 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 Paion, or patterned Heaven; be thou called the Starclad, since by night starry mantles illuminate the sky—O hear my voice graciously with friendly ears!"

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

a Marriage.
εἰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐπινε μετὰ γλάγος ἀμβροτον Ἡρης·
κατετ ρετο δ' Ἀστροχίτωνα χείννες φιλοπενθέα φωνήν.·
Ἀστροχίτων με διδασκε,
τίπω χθονός, εἰκόνι νήσου,
tis theos ἀστυ πόλισσε, tis ἐγραφὲν ὤπρανθε χείρ;
tis σκοπέλους ἀνάειρε καὶ ἐρρίζωσε θαλάσση;
tis κάμε δαίδαλα ταύτα; πόθεν λάχον οὐνομά σηγαί;
tis χθονι νήσου ἐμίζεν ὀμόζυγα μητρὶ θαλάσση;"
Εἴπε· καὶ Ἡρακλῆς φιλίως μειλίζατο μέθῳ·
"Βάκχε, σον μὲν κλύε μιθὸν·
ἐγώ δὲ σε πάντα διδάξω.
ἐνθάδε φώτες ἐναιον, ὀμόστορος οὐς ποτὲ μοῦνος ἁναίον κόσμοιο συνήλικας ἔδρακεν Λιών,
ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτου γείνοις χθονός, ὡν τότε μορφὴν
αὐτομάτην ὁδινεὶν ἀνήρτος ἁστορος ἰδίς:
oi πόλιν ἵστοτυπῶν δαπέδων αὐτόχθον τέχνη
πετραίος ἀτύνακτον ἐπύργωσαντο θεμέθλοις.
καὶ ποτὲ πηγαίηγο παρ' εὐόδροιο χαμενναίς
HELLIO πυρόεντος ἱμασσομένης χθονός ἀτμβ
τερπινόου Ληθαίον ἀμεργόμενοι πτερον Ἰπυνον
εὔδον ὄμοιο, κραδίη δὲ ἕφιλόπτολον ὀστρον ἀεξων
Γηγενέων στατὸν ἵχνος ἐπημώρησα καρηνηψ,
καὶ βροτέοιι σκοοεῖδες ἐχων ἱνδάλμα προσώπου
θέσφατον ὀμφήειτος ἀνήργουν ἀνθερεώνος·
ὑπνὸν ἀποσκεδάσαντες ἀεργέα, παίδεσ ἀρούρης,
tευξατέ μοι ἕνον ἅρμα βατῆς ἁλός· ὅντομοι δὲ
κόψατε μοι πελέκεσσι ράχιν πιτυώδεος ὕλης·
tευξατέ μοι σοφὸν ἔργον· ὑπὸ σταμίνεσσι δὲ πυκνοῖς
ικρία γομφώσαντες ἐπασσυτέρῳ τινῷ κόσμῳ

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

"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?"

He spoke, and Heracles satisfied him with friendly words:

"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:

"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.

185
συμφερτὴν ἀτύνακτον ἀρηρότι δῆσατε δεσμὺς, δέφρον ἄλος, σχεδίην πρωτοπλοον, ἢ διὰ πόντου ὑμέας ὀχλίζειε· καὶ ἀγκύλον ἀκρον ἀπ’ ἀκρον πρωτοπαγές δόρυ μακρὸν ὄλον στήρυμα δεχόσθω· ἵκρια δὲ σταμάνεσσιν ἀρηρότα δῆσατε κύκλῳ, τοῖχον δουρατέου πυκνοῖν τύπον· ὕψιτενες δὲ σφιγγόμενον δεσμοῖς μέσον ξύλον ὀρθὸν ἔστω· καὶ λίνεον πλατὺ φάρος ἐφάψατε δούρατα μέσσῳ, συμπλεκέας δὲ κάλως ἀμοιβαδίς, ὃν ἀπὸ δεσμῶν ἐκταδὸν ἦρείῳ κολπώσατε φάρος ἀήτη· ἐγκυνο ἐξ ἀνέμου νησσῶν· ἀρτιπαγή δὲ φράζατε λεπταλέουσι σεσηρότα δούρατα χόρμοις, πυκνὰ περιστρώσαντες ὁμοζυγέων ἐπὶ τοίχων ρίπεσιν οἰσυνίοις, μὴ φωρίων οἴδιμα χυθεῖῃ ἐνδόμυχον γλαφυροῖο κεχηνότι δούρατος ὀλκῷ. καὶ σχεδίης οἰηκα κυβερνητήρα πορείς ύγρῆς ἀτραπίτοιο πολύστροφον ἴμνοχῆα πάντοθι δινεύοντες, ὅπη νόος ύμέας ἐλκει, δουρατέως κενεών χαράξατε νῶτα θαλάσσης, εἰσόκε χώρον ἱκουσθε μεμορμένον, ὅππόθι διοσσάι ἀσταθέες πλώοσιν ἀλήμονες εἰν ἀλὶ πέτραι, ὁς Φύσις Ἀμβροσίας ἐπεφήμισεν, αἰς ἐν θάλλει ἡλικός αὐτόρριξον ὀμόζυγον ἔρνος ἑλαίης, πέτρης ύγροπόρου μεσόμφαλον ἀκροτάτοις δὲ αἰετὸν ἄθρηστη παρεδρήσοντα κορύμβοις καὶ φιάλην εὐτυκτοίν· ἀπὸ φλογεροῖ δὲ δένδρου θαμβαλέους σπευθήρας ἐρεύγεται αὐτόματον πῦρ, καὶ σέλας ἀφλεγεός περιβόσκεται ἔρνος ἑλαίης· καὶ φυτὸν υψιπέτηλον ἐλιξ ὀφίς ἄμφιχορεύει, ἄμφιτερον βλεφάροις καὶ οὐασὶ θάμβος ἀέξων· 186

NONNOS
join them firmly together with a wellfitting bond—
the chariot of the sea, the first craft that ever sailed,
which can heave you over the deep! But first let it
have a long curved beam running from end to end
to support the whole, and fasten the planks to the
ribs fitted about it like a close wall of wood. Let
there be a tall spar upright in the middle held fast
with stays. Fasten a wide linen cloth to the middle
of the pole with twisted ropes on each side. Keep
the sail extended by these ropes, and let it belly
out to the wind of heaven, pregnant by the breeze
which carries the ship along. Where the newfitted
timbers gape, plug them with thin pegs. Cover the
sides with hurdles of wickerwork to keep them
together, lest the water leak through unnoticed by
a hole in the hollow vessel. Have a tiller as guide
for your craft, to steer a course and drive you on
the watery path with many a turn—twist it about
everywhere as your mind draws you, and cleave the
back of the sea in your wooden hull, until you come
to the fated place, where driven wandering over
the brine are two floating rocks, which Nature has
named the Ambrosial Rocks.

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

a Where, if anywhere, Nonnos found this extraordinary
tale of the founding of Tyre is unknown.
οὐ γὰρ ἀερσιπότητον ἐσ αἰετὸν ἄφωφος ἔρπων λοξὸς ἀπειλητὴρι δράκων περιβάλλεται ὀλυφ. οὐδὲ διαπτύων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ὀδόντων ὀρνιν ἑαίς γενύεσθι κατεσθίει, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸς αἰετὸς ἐρπηστήρια πολυπείρητον ἀκάνθας ἀρπάξας ὀνύχεσθι μετάρασιος ἡέρα τέμνει, οὐδὲ μιν ὄξυδοντι καταγράψειε γενέωσ. 

οὐδὲ τανυπρέμνων φυτοῦ πεφορημένος ὀξοὶς πυρὸς ἀδηλήτου περιβόσκεται ἐρνος ἑλαῖς, 

οὐδὲ δρακοντείων φολίδων σπείρημα μαραίνει σύννομον ἀγχικέλευθον, ὀμοπλεκέων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν οὐ πτερύγων ὀρνιθῶς ἐφάπτετα ἀλλόμενον πῦρ, ἀλλὰ φυτοῦ κατὰ μέσαια φιλον σέλας ἀτμὸν ἰάλλει. 

οὐδὲ κύλις ἀτύνακτος ἐπήροσ υψόθι πίπτει 

σειομένων ἀνέμουισι ὀλισθήσασα κορύμβων. 

καὶ σοφὸν ἀγρεύσαντες ὀμόχρονον ὀρνιν ἑλαῖς αἰετὸν ψυπέτην ἱερεύσατε κυνοχαίτη. 

λύθρον ἐπισπεύδωντες ἀλιπλανέασσι κολώναις καὶ Δῖ καὶ μακάρεσσι καὶ ἀστατος οὐκέτι πέτρη πλάζεται ὑγροφόρητος, ἀκινῆτοις δὲ θεμέθλοις αὐτομάτη ζωσθείσα συνάπτεται ἄζυγι πέτρη. 

πῆξατε δ’ ἀμφοτέραις ἐπικείμενον ἄστυ κολώναις ἀμφοτέρης ἐκάτερβην ἐπὶ κρηπὶδι θαλάσσης. 

τοῖον ἔπος μαυτόν ἀνήργων ἐγρόμενοι δὲ Γηγενεῖς δεδόνητο, καὶ οὐαίσιν αϊὲν ἐκαστοῦ θέσκελος ἀπλανέων ἐπεβόμβεε μῦθος ὀνείρων. 

toίσι δ’ ἐγὼ τέρας ἄλλο μετὰ πτερόειτας ὀνείροις ἀχυμενοίς ἀνέφηνα, φιλοκτιτὸν ἑδος ἀέξων ἐσομένος πολιοῦχος ὑπερκύμας δὲ θαλάσσης ἀντίτυπον μύημα φέρων ἱσόζυγη μορφῇ εἰς πλόον αὐτοδίδακτον ἐνήχετο ναυτίλος ἱχθὺς. 

tὸν τότε παπταίνοντες ἐουκότα νηθ θαλάσσης 188
does not creep silently to the eagle flying on high, and throw itself at him from one side with a threatening sweep to envelop him, nor spits deadly poison from his teeth and swallows the bird in his jaws; the eagle himself does not seize in his talons that crawler with many curling coils and carry him off high through the air, nor will he wound him with sharptoothed beak; the flame does not spread over the branches of the tall trunk and devour the olive tree, which cannot be destroyed, nor withers the scales of the twining snake, so close a neighbour, nor does the leaping flame catch even the bird's interlaced feathers. No—the fire keeps to the middle of the tree and sends out a friendly glow: the bowl remains aloft, immovable though the clusters are shaken in the wind, and does not slip and fall.

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

501 "Such was my prophetic message. The Earthborn awakening 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 City-holder: 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 πλοῦν εὐποίητον ἀτερ καμάτωι μαθόντες, καὶ σχεδίην πήξαντες ὁμοίων ἡχούσι ποτοῦ ναυτίλης τύπου ἐσον ἐμμησαντο θαλάσσῃ. καὶ πλοὸς ἦν πισύρων δὲ λίθων ἱσοελκεί φόρτῳ ναυτιλῆς ἱσόμετρον ἐπιστῶσαντο θαλάσσῃ, καὶ γεράνων ἀτίνακτον ἐμμησαντο πορείᾳ, αἱ στομάτων ἐντοσθεν ἀσσητήρα κελεύθου λαίνω ἐλαφρίζουσι καταξθέα, μή ποτε κεῖσιν ἢπταμένων πτερὰ κούφα παραπλαξεῖσεν ἁήτης, εἰσόκε χώρον ἐκεῖνον ἐσέδρακον, ἥξι θυλλαίας εἰς πλοὸν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐναυτίλλοντο κολώπαι. καὶ σχεδίην ἐστησαν ἀλιστεφάνῳ παρὰ νῆσῳ, καὶ σπλάδων ἐπέβαινον, ὅπε φυτὸν ἦν Ἀθήνης. τοῖς δὲ μαιομένουσιν ἐφέστιον ὅρῳ ἐλαίῃς αἰετὸς ἡρόφοιτος ἐκούσιοι εἰς μόρον ἐστή. Γηγενέες δὲ λαβόντες ἐὐπτεροῦ ἐνθεον ἀγγην, ἂφ ἀνασείραξουτε ὀπισθοτόνοιο καρχίνον γυμνὸν ἑφαπλώσαντες ἐλεύθερον ἄνθερείναν, αἰετὸν αὐτοκέλευθον ἐδαίτερύσαντο μαχαίρῃ Ζηνὶ καὶ ύγρομέδοντι: δαίζομένου δὲ σύνηρῳ ἐμφρόνος οἰνωνοὶ νεοσφαγεῖν ἀπὸ λαἰμῶν θέσκελον ἔρρεεν αἶμα, θαλασσοπόρους δὲ κολώνας δαιμονίας λυβάμεθαν ἐπερρίζωσε θαλάσση ἁγχὶ Τῦρος παρὰ πόντον. ἐπὶ ἄρραγέεσσι δὲ πέτρας Γηγενέες βαθύκολπον ἐδώμησαντο τιθήνην. σοὶ μὲν, ἀναξ Διόνυσε, πεδοτρέφες αἶμα Γιγάντων ἐννεπον αὐτολόχευτον Ὁλύμπιον, ὀφρα δαείης ὑμετέρων προγόνων Τυρίην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην· ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγάων μυθήσομαι· ἀρχέγονοι γὰρ παρθενικαὶ πάροι ἥσαν ἔχεφρονες, ὃν ἐπὶ μίτρη 190
ture so like a ship of the sea, they learnt without trouble how to make a voyage, they built a craft like to a fish of the deep and imitated its navigation of the sea. Then came a voyage: with four stones of an equal weight they trusted their balanced navigation to the sea, imitating the steady flight of the crane; for she carries a ballast-stone in her mouth to help her course, lest the wind should beat her light wings aside as she flies. They went on until they saw that place, where the rocks were driven by the gales to navigate by themselves.

521 "There they stayed their craft beside the 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 on the sea; and upon those unassailable rocks the Earthborn built up their deepbreasted nurse.

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

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

b i.e. Old Tyre, the mainland part of the city.
καὶ ἤμερόν βέλος Ἑλκων 560
tοῖον ἀλεξιγάμουσιν ἔπος εὐνώσατο Νῦμφαις.
'Νηῆς Ἀβαρβαρή φιλοπάρθενε, δέξο καὶ αὐτῇ
tούτο βέλος, τὸ περ ἐσχεν ὅλῃ φύσις· ἐνθάδε πῆξεν
παστάδα Καλλιρόησ, Δροσερῆς δ' ὕμνανον ἀείων.
ἀλλ' ἔρεις· "μεθέπω διερόν γένος, ἐκ δὲ ροάων
545
αὐτοτελῆς γενόμην, καὶ ἐμὶ τροφὸς ἐπλετο πηγῆ." Ἡ
Νηῆς ἦν Κλυμένη καὶ ἀπόσπορος Ωκεανόι·
ἀλλὰ γάμοις ὑπόειξεν, ἐνυμφεύθη δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ,
ὡς ίδε λάτριν Ἔρωτος ἄρείων κυανόχαίτην
οὐστρῷ Κυπριδίῳ δεδοιμένον· ἀρχέγονος δὲ
550
'Ωκεανὸς ποταμοίσι καὶ ὑδαί πάσι κελεύων
Τηθύον οἴδεν ἐρωτα καὶ εὐνύροις ὑμεναῖοις.
tέπλαθ καὶ οὐ φέρειν ἵσα Τηθύη. τοσσατής δὲ
ἐξ ἀλὸς αἴμα φέρουσα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγης ἀπὸ πηγῆς
ἰμείρει Γαλάτεια μελιζομένου Πολυφήμου,
καὶ βυθὶ βεροϊν ἐχει πόσιν, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
πηκτίδι δελεγμένη μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα βαϊνα.
καὶ πηγαί δεδάσσεις ἢμὸν βέλος· οὐ σε διδάξω
ἰμερον ὑδατόεντα· ποθοβλήτῳ δὲ πηγῆς
ἐκλυει υγρὸν ἐρωτα Συρηκοῦσης Ἀρεθοῦσης.
565
'Αλφείων δεδάθκας, ὥς ικμαλέω παρὰ παστῷ
ὕδρηλαίς παλάμαις περιβάλλει τῇδάδα Νῦμφην.
πηγῆς αἰμα φέρουσα τί τέρπειν ἱοχεϊρῆ;
"Ἀρτεμίς οὐ βλάστησεν ἀφ' ὑδατος, ως 'Αφροδίτη.
564
ἔννεπε Καλλιρόη. Δροσερη ὑ μή κρύπτε καὶ αὐτή.
566
Κύπριδι μᾶλλον ὄφελες ἀγειν χαρίν, ὅτε καὶ αὐτή
565
αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτα,
567
καὶ εἰ τροφὸς ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.
δέχυσε κέντρα πόθοι, καὶ υγρονόμον σε καλέσσω
εἰς γενεὴν, ἐς ἔρωτα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτης.
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξεν ὀπισθοτόνοι δέ τόξου
570
192
their maiden girdles, and drawing a shaft of love he spoke thus to the marriage-hating nymphs: 'Naiad Abarbariē, 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 Seabluethair the mighty a lackey of Eros, and shaken with the passion of Cypris. Primeval Oceanos, who commands all rivers and waters, knows love for Tethys and a watery wedding. Make the best of it, and endure as Tethys did. Another sprung from the sea so great and not from a little fountain, Galateia, has desire for melodious Polyphemos; the deepsea maiden has a husband from the land, she migrates from sea to land, enchanted by the lute. Fountains also have known my shafts. I need not teach you of love in the waters; you have heard of the watery passion of Syracusan Arethusa, that lovestricken fountain; you have heard of Alpheios, who in a watery bower embraces the indwelling nymph with watery hands.

You—the offspring of a fountain—why are you pleased with the Archeress? Artemis did not come from the water like Aphrodite. Tell that to 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

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*a* Cf. on xxxix. 257.  
*b* Cf. on xxxvii. 173.
ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK XL

369 ff. This curious prayer, or hymn, might almost be called a compendium of solar syncretism. Omnis pars deae ad solem referunt, says Macrobius, Sat. l. 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 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'āl 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, Macroba. 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 (λαμπρότατον) 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 υἱῷ Μύρρης ἄλλην Κύπριν ἐτίκτευ τ’ Ἀμμωνίην τ’ Ἀφροδίτη.

"Ἀρτι μὲν ὀφρύόεντος ὑπὲρ Λιβάνου καρήνων πῆξας ἀγλαόκαρπον ἐπὶ χοῦν βότρυν ὅπωρτης οἰνοτόκους ἐμέθυσεν ὄλης κεναίας ἁροῦρης. καὶ Παφίης δόμων ἐδὲ γαμήλιων ἡμερίδων δὲ ἔρνησιν ἀρτιφύτουι βαθύσκιον ἄλοσος ἑρέφας ἀμπελόεν πὸρε δώρων Ἀδώνι καὶ Κυθηρίη. καὶ Χαρίτων χορὸς ἦν: ἀεξιφύτου δὲ λόχης ἡμερίδων ζωστήρι θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ κυσσός ἀεραπότητος ἐμτρώθη κυπαρίσσῳ.

"Αλλά θεμιστοπόλου Βερότης παρὰ γείτονι πέζῃ ὤμον Ἀρμηνίης, Λιβανηθῆδες εἰπάτε Μοῦσαι, καὶ βυθίου Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐμυκοῦ Λυαίου Ἀρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἑννώ.

"Εστί πόλις Βερότη, βιότου τρόπις, ὀρμὸς Ἑρωτων, ποντοπαγῆς, εὐνησος, εὐχλοος, οὐ ράχις ισθμοῦ στεινὴ μῆκος ἔχοντος, ὅπῃ διδύμης μέσος ἁλμῆς κύμασιν ἀμφοτέρουσιν ἰμαίσεται ὀρθίος αὐχήν: ἄλλα τὰ μὲν βαθύδενδρον ύπὸ ράχιν αἰθοπος Εὐροῦ.
BOOK XLI

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

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

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

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

\[a\] Poseidon.  \[b\] Berytos, Beyrout.
'Ασσυρίω Λιβάνω παραπέπταται, ἧχι πολίταις ὀρθαὶ συμβουλαὶ βιοσαύτους ἔρχεται αὐρή, εὐδόμοις ἀνέμοις τιμισουμένων κυπαρίσσων . . . σύννομοι ἰχθυβολη γέρων ἐμελίζετο πομήν, καὶ δόμος ἀγρονόμων, ὅθι πολλάκις ἔγγυθε λόχιμης Πανὶ μελιζομένῳ δρεπανίφόρος ἤντετο Δημᾶ, καὶ τις ἐφ' ἱστοβοή γεωμόροις αὐχένα κάμψας, ῥαίνων ἀρτιχάρακτων ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῷ, γείτονι μηλοβοτηρὶ παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης, σφίγξας σύζυγα ταύρον, ὀμίλεε κυρτὸς ἀροτρεῖς. ἄλλα δὲ πάρ πελάγεσσιν ἔχει πόλις, ἧχι τιταῦνι στέρνα Ποσειδάωνὶ, καὶ ἐμπρον αὐχένα κοῦρης πίχει μυδαλέω περιβάλλεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης, πέμπτων ὑδατόεντα φιλήματα χεῖλε συμφῆς καὶ βυθῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὀμενυτίς ἡθαὶ κόλπῳ ἔδεν Ποσειδάωνὸς ἀλτροφὰ πώκα λίμνης δέχυται, ἱχθυόεντα πολύχροα δεῖπνα τραπέζης, εἰναλῆ Νηρῆς ἐπίσκαίροντα τραπέζης, ἀρκτῶν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ βαθυκύμονος ἀκτῆς μηκεδανῷ κενεών Βορήνος ἐλκεται αὐλῶν. ἀμφί δὲ τερψινὸς μεσημβρῦνος αὐχένα γαίῆς εἰς ραχίην Νωτίην ψαμμαθῶδεῖς εἰς ἀταρποί εἰς χθόνα Σιδονίην, ὅθι ποικίλα δεῖδρεα κῆπων καὶ σταφυλαὶ κομώσαι, ταυντόρθους δὲ πετηλοὺς δάσκιος ἀπλανέσσι τιταίνεται οἷμος ὀδῖταις. δοχμώσας δὲ ῥεέθρον ἐπ' ἧν τὸντας ἄρασσε τιμαῖος ἀμφί δύσιν κυανωπόν, ὅπῃ λυγυρχεὶ ταρσῷ Ἐσπερίων Ζεφύρου καθιππεύνοντος ἐναῦλων συριγμῷ δροσόεντι Λίβυς ῥιπίζεται ἀγκῶν, ἀνθἐμοεῖς ὅθι χῶρος, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ

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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-acustomed bosom accepts Poseidon's familiar bride-gifts from his hand out of the deep, the seabred flocks of the waters, the fishes of many colours for her banqueting-table, which dance on the table of Nereus in the brine, in the region of the Bear, where the northerly coast receives the deep waves into its long channel. About the southern neck of this delightful country sandy roads lead to the southern hills and the Sidonian land, where are all manner of trees and vines thick with foliage in the gardens, and a highway stretches that no traveller can miss, overshadowed with long leafy branches. The sea bending its course beats on the shore about the darkfaced west, while the bight of Libya is fanned by the dewy whistle of Zephyros as he rides with shrill-sounding heel over the western channels, where is a flowery land, where nurseries
The four elements.
First king of Athens, a kind of Attic Adam; he had snakes for legs.
He means Erichthonios, cf. xiii. 171 ff.
bloom hard by the sea, and the fragrant forest pervaded by humming winds sings from its leafy trees.

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

201 The Golden Age.
Zeus tote kouros eur, eti pou bréfous: ou poste pukvý thermon anasxhiovs naéfous bhtamoin palmyósterep πsélagize, kai ou Titniódi xármy Zitnou aóssetpieres iostevónto keraunoi:
oúde sunerkoupéwv neféwn mikhtorí bómbw brountaí barúdous vos boúbíew òmbrios vxw.
Alla polis Bérou protérí pèlev, ëi ama giaí prwtófanie évonásen omélikia súmfwtoz Liów
ou tote Tarsos eur terphímbrotos, ou tote Óubh, ou tote Sárdoiés hían, óst Polkoulídes óxhís khrusón éreugymenís amarúseei olbíos vàs, Sárdoiés, 'Héliou souhtikes ou géno anódrwv, ou tote tis pólis hían 'Acanás, oude kai auth 'Arkadí proólhmis anevblástei de mouá
présebtérí Phaébontos, òthein fáos ́sche Selínti, kai páthménh xhóna pásan, éw pámmxtorí kalpi 'Héliou neofeggéi amelgyomén πela sais aignis kai fáos ósietlestoan ákoihtoi Selínti, prótí kuanéis ápseisato kúwn omixhís, kai xáeos zofóeasav ápseitufélixe kalúptrnh:
kat phaméni Kýprio kai Íshmion astn Korínthou prótí Kýprin edekto philoxeínw pulewv
ex álws artilócheuton, òthe brukíhen 'Aphrodítin Oýraníis ódinei ap' aúlakos ekgvnon ñdwr, óppothi nósofi gámovn ápóso arseni lýthrw autotelís morfóito thugatroyónw gónoi aflw, kai Ýuvsis epíleto máia: synantellwv de theáutí stíktos ímás, stefanídon ép' íxuv kúklon elízas, autómátw zovthíri démas mítrwsew anásses.
Kai theós íxneúovsa di' údatos afífon aktin ou Páfou, óuk épi Búblou ánedrámen.
ou póda xérsw
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Zeus was then a child, still a baby methinks; not yet the lightning flashed and cleft the hot clouds with many a dancing leap, not yet bolts of Zeus were shot to help in the Titans' war, not yet the rainy sound of thunderclaps roared heavily with bang and boom through colliding clouds: but before that, the city of Beroë was there, which Time with her first appearing saw when born together with her agemate Earth. Tarsos the delight of mankind was not then, Thebes was not then, nor then was Sardis where the bank of Pactolos sparkles with opulent ooze disgorged, Sardis agemate of Helios. The race of men was not then, nor any Achaian city, nor yet Arcadia itself which came before the moon. Beroë alone grew up, older than Phaëthon, from whom Selene got her light, even before all the earth, milking out from Helios the shine of his newmade brightness upon her all-mothering breast and the later perfected light of unresting Selene Beroë first shook away the cone of darkling mist, and threw off the gloomy veil of chaos. Before Cyprus and the Isthmian city of Corinth, she first received Cypris within her welcoming portal, newly born from the brine; when the water impregnated from the furrow of Uranos was delivered of deepsea Aphrodite; when without marriage, the seed plowed the flood with male fertility, and of itself shaped the foam into a daughter, and Nature was the midwife—coming up with the goddess there was that embroidered strap which ran round her loins like a belt, set about the queen's body in a girdle of itself. Then the goddess, moving through the water along the quiet shore, ran out, not to Paphos, not to Byblos, set no
Κωλιάδος ῥημάτας ἐφήμοσεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῶν ὅκυτέρης ὁ προφάλλων παρέτρεχεν ἀστυ Κυθηρών· καὶ χρόνος φυκόειτι περιπρύμασα κορύμβων πορφυρῆς πέλε μάλλον· ἀκυμάντοιο δὲ πόντου χεῖρας ἐρεμύμωσασα θετόκον ἐσχίσεν ὁδὸν ὑθρυπησόμενη, καὶ στέρνου ἐπιστορέσασα θαλάσσης σιγαλέθη ἀνέκοπτε χαρασσομένην ἀλα ταραχῆ, καὶ δέμας ἡγὼρησε, διαχαζομένης δὲ γαλήνης ποσοῖν ἀμοιβαίωσιν ὁπίστερον ὀδέεν ὁδὸν· καὶ Βερόης ἐπέβανε· ποδῶν δὲ ἐπίβαθρα θεαίνης εἰς ἀλὸς ἐρχομένης ναέτης ἐφεύσατο Κύπρου, πρῶτη Κύπριν ἐδεκτο· καὶ ὑψόθε γείτονος ὁρμοῦ αὐτοφυέως λειμώνες ἐρευγόμενοι βρύα ποίησις ἡμθεον ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα, πολυφαμάθω δὲ ἐνι κόλπῳ ἥμονες ροδέοις ἐφοινίσσοντο κορύμβοις, πέτρη δὲ ἀφριώσαθα θυώδεος ἕγκυος οἴνου πορφυρέην ὠδίνα χαραδραίωσ πέκε μαζὶ, ληναίας λυβάδεσσι κατάσκοιν ομβρον ἔρησις . . ἀργενής κελάρυζε γαλαζαίῳ χύσις ὀλκά· αὐτοχύτου δὲ μύρου μετάρρυχον ἁμοῦν ἐλίσσων ἕριοις ἐμέθυσσε πόροις εὐδόμος ἄητεσ. καὶ τότε θοῦρον Ἑρωτα, γονῆς πρωτόσπορον ἄρχεν, ἀρμονίης κόσμου φερέσβιον ἐνιχήνα, ἀρτιφανῆς ὠδίνεν ἐπὶ ὀφρύσι γείτονος ὁρμοῦ· καὶ πάις ὑκυπόδης, κόπον ἄρσενα ποσοὶ τινάξας, γαστρός ἀμαιεύτου μογοστόκων ἐφθασεν ὠρης, μητρὸς ἀνυμφεύτου μεμφότα κόλπον ἄραξας, θερμὸς ἐπὶ πρὸ τόκου· κυβιστηρῆς δὲ παλμῷ

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

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foot on land by the dry beach of Colias, 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.

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, 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.
δινεύον πτερὰ κούφα πύλας ὥς ε λοχείης.
καὶ ταχὺς αἰγλήνετι θορῶν ἐπὶ μητρός ἀγοστῷ ἀστατος ἀκλινέσσων Ἦρως ἀνεπάλλετο μαζισ, ὅτιθεὶ παιδοκόμῳ τεταυσυμένοις ἐλεος ὃ φοβήης ἵμερον ἀυτωδιδακτοῖ̂ ἀνημέλκτοι̂̂̂ δή θηλής ἀκρα δακῶν γονίμων λιβάδων τεθλιμμένον ὅγκῳ οἰδαλέων ἀκόρητος ὅλον γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζων.

Ῥίζα βίου, Βερόη, πολίων τροφός, ἕχος ἀνάκτων, πρωτοφαίρης, Αἰώνος ὁμόσπορε, σύγχρονε κόσμοι, ἐδρανον Ἑρμείαο, Δίκης πέδων, ἀστυ θεμίτων, ἔνδιον Εὐφροσύνης, Παφίης δόμοις, οἶκος Ἐρώτων, Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἐδεθλον, ἑναύλιον ὁσχεαίρης, Νηρείδων ἀνάθημα, Δίως δόμοις  Ἄρεος αὐλή, Ὀρχομενὸς Χαρίτων, Λιβανηίδος ἀστρον ἀρούρης, Τηθύος ἰσούτηρος, ὁμόδρομος Ὀμειαῖοι, ὅσ Βερόην ἐφύτευσεν ἔσ πολυπίδακι παστῷ Τηθύος ἰκμαλέοισιν ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις, ἦν περ Ἀμμωμήν ἐπεφημίσαν, εὑτέ ἐ μῆτηρ ύδρηλῆς φιλότητος ὑποβρυχίη τέκεν αὐνη.

Ἄλλα τις ὀπλοτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὅτι μιν αὐτῇ ἀνδρομέης Κυθήρεια κυβερνήτειρα γενέθλης Ἀσσυρίω πάνελευκον Ἀδανῶτι γείνατο μήτηρ· καὶ δρόμον ἐκεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσασα Σελήνης φόρτον ἐλαφρίζει· φθάμενος δὲ μιν ὡκεὶ ταρσόι, ἐσομένων κήρυκα, Λατινίδα δέλτον, ἀείρων, εἰς Βερόης ὑδία μογοστόκος ἤλθεν Ἐρμῆς, καὶ Θέμις Εἰλεύθεια, καὶ οἰδαλέου διὰ κόλπου

*i.e. as much beloved by them as Orchomenos, the ancient seat of their cult, cf. xvi. 131.

Whether either legend is older than Nonnos or his own 206
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).

da Goddess of Justice.
στεινομένης ὤδίνος ἀναπτύξασα καλύπτρην ὁξύ βέλος κούφιζε πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο, θεσμᾶ Σόλωνος ἤξουσα· πιεζομένη δὲ λοχείη λυσιτόκω βαρὺ νάτον ἐπικλάνασα θεαίνην.

Κύπρις ἀνωδύνεσκε, καὶ Ἀτθίδος ἔφοβι βιβλίον παῖδα σοφὴν ἐλόχευσε, Ὁλακωνίδες οὐα γυναῖκες νύεας ὄδινουσιν ἐπ' εὐκύκλῳ δοξ💋ιerness.'

καὶ τόκον ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀπέτυχε θηλεῖ κόλπον, ἀρσενα μαίαν ἤξουσα δυκασπόλον νύεα Μαίης· καὶ βρέφος εἰς φάος ἤγεν. ἑχυτλώσαντο δὲ κούρην τέσσαρες ἀστεα πάντα διαπεύοντες ἀἵται, ἐκ Βερόθα ἢν γαῖαν ὅλην πλήσωσι θεμίστων.

τῇ δὲ λοχευμένη πρωτάγγελος εἰσέτι θεσμῶν Ὁμενόν πόρε χεῦμα λεχώνων ἵξου κόσμου ἀενών τελαμώντι χέων μετρούμενον ὕδωρ· χεραὶ δὲ γηραλέσσου ἐς ἀρτιτόκου χρόνο κούρης σπάργανα πέπλα Δίκης ἀνεκουφιος σύντροφος Λιών, μάντις ἐπεσομένων, ὡς γῆρας ἀχθος ἀμεῖβων, ως ὅφις ἀδρανέως φολίδων σπείρημα τινάξας, ἐμπαλών ἢβησεὶ λελουμένος οἰδμασὶ θεσμῶν·

θεσπεσίην δὲ θύγατρα λοχευμένης Ἀφροδίτης σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος τετραζυγες Ὁμαι.

Καὶ Παφίης ὤδίνα τελεσιγόνου μαθόντες θήρες ἐβακχεῦντο· λέων δὲ τὸς ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων χείλει μελιχῶς ραχίην ἱσπάζετο ταῦρον, ἀκροτέρους στομάτεσσι φίλον μυκηθμόν ἴαλλων, καὶ προχαλῆ βαρύδουπον ἐπιρρήσων πέδων ὀπλῆ ἵππου ἀνεκροτάλιζε γενεθλίων ἰχων ἀράσσων, καὶ ποδὸς ὑψιπόριοι θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐπεσκίρησε λαγώ, ὠργῆς δ' ὀλόλυγμα χέων φιλοπαίγμοι λαμφ.
the narrow opening of the swollen womb for the child, and unfolded the wrapping, and lightened the sharp pang of the ripening birth, with Solon's laws in hand. Cypris under the oppression of her travail leaned back heavily against the ministering goddess, and in her throes brought forth the wise child upon the Attic book, as the Laconian women bring forth their sons upon the round leather shield. She brought forth her newborn child from her motherly womb with Hermes the Judge to help as man-midwife. So she brought the baby into the light. The girl was bathed by the four Winds, which ride through all cities to fill the whole earth with the precepts of Beroë. Oceanos, first messenger of the laws for the newborn child, sent his flood for the childbed round the loins of the world, pouring his girdle of water in an everflowing belt. Time, his coeval, with his aged hands swaddled about the newborn girl's body the robes of Justice, prophet of things to come; because he would put off the burden of age, like a snake throwing off the rope-like slough of his feeble old scales, and grow young again bathed in the waves of Law. The four Seasons struck up a tune together, when Aphrodite brought forth her wonderful daughter.

185 The beasts were wild with joy when they learnt of the Paphian's child safely born. The lion in playful sport pressed his mouth gently on the bull's neck, and uttered a friendly growl with pouting lips. The horse rattled off, scraping the ground with thuds of galloping feet, as he beat out a birthday tune. The spotted panther leaping on high with bounding feet capered towards the hare. The wolf let out a triumphal howl from a merry throat and kissed the
άδρυπτοις γενύεσθι λύκος προσπεπτύξατο ποίμνη, καὶ τις εἰς ἐνι ἔλξωιοι λιπῶν κεμαδοσθόν γρήγη, ἀλλον ἔχων γλυκῶν οἰστρον, ἀμύλλητηρ χορείη ὀρχηστήρ ἐρίδαινε κύων βητάρμων κάπρῳ, καὶ πόδας ὀρθώσασα, περιπλεχθείσα δὲ δειρῇ, ἄρκτος ἀδηλήτω δαμάλην ἡγκάσσατο δεσμῷ, πυκνὰ δὲ κυρτώσασα φαλέψων ἀντίγνα κόροτης πόρτις ἀνεσκίρτησε, δέμας λυχνώσα λαίνης, ἡμιτελεῖς μύκημα νέως πέμπουσα γεινίων, καὶ φιλίων ἐλέφαντι δράκων ἕφαυνεν ὀδόντων· καὶ ὄρνες ἐφθέγξαντο· γαληναῖω δὲ προσώπῳ ἡθάδα πέμπτε γέλωτα φιλομμειθῆ Ἀφροδίτη, τερπομένων ὀρόσωσα λεχώνα παίγνια θηρῶν. πάσι μὲν ἀμφελέλιζε γεγηθότα κύκλον ὁπωτῆς, πάσιν ὄμοι· μούὴν δὲ συνὸν ὁύκ ἤθελε λεύσσειν τερπωλήν, ἀτε μάντις, ἐπεὶ συὸς εἰκὸν μορφῆς Ἀρης καρχαρόδων θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἰάλλων ξηλοματῆς ἦμελλεν Ἀδώνιδι πότμον ὑφαίνειν.

Καὶ Βερόνη γελώσαν ἔτι βρέφος ἀμιατε λειρῶν δεξαμενὴ παρὰ μητρὸς ὅλου κόσμου τιθήνη παρθένος Ἀστραίη, χρυσῆς θρέπτειρα γενέθλης, ἐνομα παππάζουσαν ἀνέτρεφεν ἔμφροι μαζῶν παρθενίων δὲ γάλακτι ροᾶς βλύζουσα θεμίστων χείλεα παῖδος ἑδευε, καὶ ἐβλυνεν εἰς στόμα κοῦρης Ἀτθίδος ἡδυτόκου περιβλύσασα μέλισσης δαιδαλέθην ὦδινα πολυτρήτου λοχείης, κηρία φωνήντα σοφῷ κεράσασα κυπέλλῳ.
sheep with jaws that tore not. The hound left his chase of the deer in the thickets, now that he felt a passion strange and sweet, and danced in tripping rivalry with the sportive boar. The bear lifted her forefeet and threw them round the heifer’s neck, embracing her with a bond that did no hurt. The calf bending again and again in sport her rounded head, skipt up and licked the lioness’s body, while her young lips made a half-completed moo. The serpent touched the friendly tusks of the elephant, and the trees 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.

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

Peirene in Corinth, or Hippocrene in Helicon.

Mother of Andromeda, cf. xxv. 133: Thetis fears that she
thirsting asked for a drink, she gave the speaking Pythian water kept for Apollo, or the stream of Ilissos, which is inspired by the Attic Muse when the Pierian breezes of Phoibos beat on the bank. She took the golden Cornstalk\(^a\) from the stars, and entwined it in a cluster to put round the girl's neck like a necklace. The dancing maidens of Orchomenos, handmaids of the Paphian, drew from the horsehoof\(^b\) fountain of imagination, dear to the nine Muses, delicate water to wash her.

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

\(^{a}\) To Nonnos's free and easy geography Assyria and Sidon are much the same, and Berytus is more or less equivalent to both.
γνωτὶ τῷ λείπειν ἀκοιτεῖν, ἐπιχθονίης περὶ νύμφης ὕσμίην γαμής πεφυλαγμένος ἐννοσιγαίαν. 

Τοίχη ἐν Βερότη, Χαρίτων θάλως· εἰ ποτε κούρη λαροτέρην σύμβλοοι μελίρρυτον ἦπει φωνήν, ἡνεπής ἀκόρητος ἐφίστατο ἁελεσί Πειθώ καὶ πινυτὰς οὐστρησεν ἀκηλήτων φρέας ἀνδρῶν· Ἀσσυρίτης δ’ ἐκφυτοῦ ὁμήγυριν ἥλικος ἡβης ὁφθαλμοὶ γελώντες, ἀκοιτιστῆρες Ἕρωτῶν, φαιδροτέραις χαρίτεσσίν, ὅσον πλέον ἁστρα καλύπτει ἀνυφέλους ἀκτίνας οἰστεύουσα Σελήνη πλησιαφάης· λευκοὶ δὲ παρὰ σφυρὰ κείματα κούρης πορφυρέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφονισσουτο χετίνας. οὐ νέμεσισ ποτε τοῦτο, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἥλικος ἡβης τηλίκον ἐλλαχεν εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νῦ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ κάλλεα διχθαδίων ἀμαρύσσετο φαιδρὰ τοκῆν. 

Τὴν τότε Κύπρις ἱδοῦσα, νοῆμονον ἔγκυος ὀμφής, ὕκυτέρην ἐλέλιξε περιστρωφῶσα μενοῦτην, καὶ νόσην ἰππεύσασα περὶ χόνα πᾶσαν ἀλήτην φαιδρὰ παλαιγενέων διεμέτρεε βάθρα πολῆων, ὅτι φερωνυμὴν ἐλικώπιδος εἴχε Μυκήτης οστέματι τειχίσσετε περὶζωσθείσα Μυκήτῃ Κυκλώπων κανόνεσσι, καὶ ως νοτίω παρὰ Νελω Θήβῃς ἄρχηγόνου φερώνυμος ἐπλευτο Ἰθήβῃ· καὶ Βερός μενεάνειν ἐπώνυμον ἀστυ χαράζαι, ἀντιτύπων μεθέπουσα φιλόπτολιν οἰστρον Ἕρωτων. φραζομένη δὲ Σόλωνος ἀλεξικάκων στίχα θεσμῶν δόχυμον ὁμμα τίταινεν ἐς εὐρύγυμαν ἈΘήνην, γνωτὴς ζῆλον ἐχοῦσα δικαστόλον· ἐσσυμείνῳ δὲ ἥρημὴν ἄψηδα διερροίζησε πεδίλωρ εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης παμμήτορος, ὀπτόθι νύμφη.
bedfellow, for he wished not to quarrel with Earth-shaker about a mortal wife.

Such was Beroë, flower of the Graces. If ever the girl uttered her voice trickling sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, winning Persuasion sat ever upon her lips and enchanted the clever wits of men whom nothing else could charm. Her laughing eyes outshone all the company of her young Assyrian agemates as they shot their shafts of love, with brighter graces, like the moon at the full, when showering her cloudless rays and hiding the stars. Her white robes falling down to the girl's feet showed the blush of her rosy limbs. There is no wonder in that, even if she had such fairness beyond her young yearsmates, since bright over her countenance sparkled the beauties of both her parents.

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

εἰκελον οἶκον ἐναε τύπῳ τετράζυγι κόσμου
αὐτοπαγῇ· πίσυρες δὲ θύραι οτιβαροῖο μελάθρου
ἀρραγέες πισύρεσσι ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀήτασι·
καὶ δόμον ἐρρύοντο περίτροχον εἰκόνα κόσμου
διμώίδες ἐνθα καὶ ἑνθα· μεριζομένων δὲ θυρετρών
'Αντολίη θεράπανα πῦλιν περιδέρωμεν Εὐροῦ,
καὶ Ζεφύρου πυλεών Δύσις, θρέπτειρα Σαλήτης,
καὶ Νότιον πυρόντα Μεσημβρίας εἶχεν ὀχή, καὶ
πυκν βν νεφέεσσι, παλυνομένην δὲ χαλάζη
'Αρκτος ὑποδρήστειρα πῦλην ἐπέτασσε Βορῆος.

Κεῖθι Χάρις προθροῦσα, συνέμπορος ἀφρογενεῖ, Εὐροῦ κόψε θύρετρον 'Εών οιδόμυχος δὲ
'Αντολίης κροκόεντος ἀρασσομένου πυλεών
ἀιδραμεν Ἀστυνόμεα διάκτορος, ἰσταμένην δὲ
Κύπρῳ ἑσαθήσασα παρὰ προπίλασα μελάθρου
ποσσὶ παλυνόστοισι προάγγελος ἤλθεν ἀνάσσῃ,
ἡ μὲν ἐποιχομένη πολυδαιδαλὸν ἓστον 'Αθηήνης
κερκίδι πέπλον υφαινει· υφαινομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
πρώτην γαίαν ἐπασσε μεσομφαλὸν, ἀμφι δὲ γαῖη
οὐρανὸν ἔσφαρωσε τύπῳ κεχαραγμένον ἀστρῶν,
συμφερτὴν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐφήμροσε σύζυγη γαῖη·
cαὶ ποταμῶν ποίκιλλεν, ἐπ' ἀιδρομέω δὲ μετώπῳ
ταυροφυὴς μορφοῦτο κερασφόρος ἐγχλοσ εἰκῶν·
cαὶ πυμάτην παρὰ πέζαν ἐυκλώστου χιτῶνος
ἀκεανὸν κύκλωσε περιδέρωμον ἀντυγι κόσμου.
ἀμφίπολος δὲ οἱ ἥλθε καὶ ἐγχύθη ἥλεος ἓστοι
ἰσταμένην ἥγγειλε παρὰ προθύρους 'Αφροδίτην.
καὶ θεὸς, ὡς ἥκουσε, μιτοὺς ρῆψασα χιτῶνος
θέσκελον ἓστοπόνων ἀπεσείσατο κερκίδα χειρῶν·
cαὶ ταχυὴ πυκάσασα δέμας χιονώδει πέπλων
216
in a house, self-built, shaped like the great universe with its four quarters joined in one. Four portals were about that stronghold standing proof against the four winds. Handmaids protected this dwelling on all sides, a round image of the universe: the doors were allotted—Antolia was the maid who attended the East Wind's gate; at the West Wind's was Dysis the nurse of Selene; Mesembrias held the bolt of the fiery South; Aretos the Bear was the servant who opened the gate of the North, thick with clouds and sprinkled with hail.

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 χρυσέθς υπερίζανεν ἥθαδος ἐδρης, δεχνυμένη Κυθέρειαν, ἀναίξασα δὲ θιώκου τηλεφανή κύδηνεν ἐπερχομένην 'Αφροδίτην. καὶ Παφίην ἰδρυσεν ἐπὶ βρόκων ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης Εὐρυνόμη ταυτόπεπλος· ἀτυχομένου δὲ προσώπου Κύπριν ὀπιτεύουσα κατηφί μάρτυρι μορφῇ παιτρόφος Ἀρμονίη φιλίῳ μειλικάτο μύθῳ.

"'Ρίζα βίου, Κυθέρεια φυτοσπόρε, μαία γενόλογης. ἐλπίς ὀλου κόσμου, τεῖς ὑπὸ κυτίματι βουλῆς ἀπλανεῖς κλώθουσι πολύτροπα νήματα Μοῖραι...

"... εἰρομένη θέσπιζε, καὶ ὡς βιότοιο τιθήμη, ὡς τροφὸς ἀθανάτων, ὡς σύγχρονος ἠλικί κόσμῳ, εἰπέ· τίνι πτολίων βασιληδὸς ὄργανα φωνῆς λυσιπόνων ἀτίνακτα φυλάσσεται ἡμία θεσμῶν; ὅτι πολυχρονίοι πόθου δεδομενέοι οἰστρω Ἡρῆς κέντρον ἐχοντα κασιγνήτων ἱμεναίων εἰς χρόνον ἱμείροντα τριηκοσίων ἕνας ἦν ζήνα γάμοις ἐξενέται. χάριν δὲ μοι ἄξιον ἔργων μισθὸν ἐσι θαλάμῳ νόημοι νέας καρτήν, ὅτι μη γινόμεν, ὧν ἐλλαχι, ἐγκυκλίζει θεσμὰ Δίκης. ποθέω δὲ δαἵμεναι, εἰ χονι Κύπρου ἤ Πάφω τάδε δώρα φυλάσσεται ἤ Κορίνθῳ ἤ Σπάρτῃ, Λυκόργος ὅθεν πέλεν, ἥ καὶ αὐτὴς κούρης ἢμετέρης Βερόης εὐήνοι φάρη. ἀλλὰ δίκης ἀλέγιζε καὶ ἀρμονίην πόρο χώσῳ Ἀρμονίη γεγαυαί βιοσόος· εἰς σὲ γὰρ αὐτήν πέμψεν ἐπειγομένην με

θεμιστοπόλων τροφὸς ἄνδρῶν,

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

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

318 [She replied]: “... Reveal to your questioner, and tell me, as nourisher of life, nurse of immortals, as coeval with the universe your agemate; which of the cities has the organ of sovereign voice? which has reserved for it the unshaken reins of troublesolving Law? I joined Zeus in wedlock with Hera his sister, after he had felt the pangs of longlasting desire and desired her for three hundred years: in gratitude he bowed his wise head, and promised as a worthy reward for the marriage that he would commit the precepts of Justice to one of the cities allotted to me. I wish to learn whether the gift is reserved for land of Cyprus or Paphos or Corinth, or Sparta whence Lycurgos came, or the noblemen’s country of my own daughter Beroë. Have a care then for Justice, and grant harmony to the world, you who are Harmonia the saviour of life! For I was sent here in haste by the Virgin of the Stars herself, the nurse of law-abiding men; χυτώποιν, like the housewife in Theocritos xv. 31; she dresses more formally to receive her visitor.
Παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα: τὸ δὲ πλέον ἐννομος Ἔρμης 335
tοῦτο γέρας μεθέηκε, βιαζομένους ἵνα μοιη
ἀνέρας, οὗς ἐσπειρα, γάμου θεσμόησι σαῶσω." 340
"Ὡς φαμένην θάρανυε θεὰ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ.
"Γίνεοι θαρσαλέη, μη δειδίθε, μήτερ Ἐρώτων
ἐπτά γὰρ ἐν πινάκεσσω ἐχω μαινήμα κόσμω,
καὶ πίνακες γεγάσαν ἐπωνυμοὶ ἔπτα πλανήτων.
πρώτος ἐντροχάλου ἕφισμος ἑστι Σελήνης·
καὶ αὐτής Ἐρμείαο πίναξ χρύσεως ἀκοῦει
στιλβῶν, ὡ ἐν πάντα τετεύχαται ὄργα θεσμῶν
οὖνομα σὸν μεθέπει ροδόεις τρίτος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ 345
ἀστέρος Ἡώου θέρει τύπουν· ἐπαπόρων δὲ
tέτρατος Ἡλίου μεσόμφαλος ἑστὶ πλανήτων·
πέμπτος ἐρευνῶν πυρείς κυκλησκεῖται Ἀρης·
cαὶ Φαεθών Κρονίδαιο φατίζεται ἑκτὸς ἀλήθης·
ἐβδομος υψιπόροι Κρόνου πέλεν οὖνομα φαίνων. 350
τοῖς ἐν ποικίλα πάντα μεμορμένα θέσφατα κόσμου
γράμματι φοινικοέντι γέρων ἐχάραξεν Ὀφίων,
ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ ἠπνώνω με διείρει εἶνεκα θεσμῶν,
presβυτέρῃ πολίων πρεβήθα ταῦτα φυλάσσων·
eἳ ὁν Αρκαδίη προτέρῃ πέλεν ἡ πόλις Ἡρῆς, 355
Σάρδιες εἴ γεγάσας παλαίτερα, εἴ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ταρσός αἰειδόμενη πρωτόπτολημ, εἴ δὲ τις ἀλήθη,
οὐκ ἔδαχν. Κρόνος δὲ πίναξ τάδε πάντα διδάσκει,
tίς προτέρη βλάστησε,
tίς ἐπλετο σύγχρονος Ἡρως." 360
Εἴπε· καὶ ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς ἀγλαά θέσφατα τοίχου,
eἰςοκεν ἐπρακε χῶρον, ὄπη Βερόης περὶ πάτρης
θέσφατον ὀψιτέλεστον Ὀφιονῆ γράφε τέχνη
ev πίνακι Κρονίω κεχαραγμένον οὐνοπι μύλτω
πρωτοφανῆς Βερόη πέλε σύγχρονος ἣλικι κόσμω.
and what is more, law-loving Hermes has passed on this honour to me, that I alone by enforcing the laws of marriage may preserve the men whom I have sown."

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

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

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

\( \sigma \tau \iota \lambda \beta \omega \nu \), an older name for the planet Mercury.

\( \theta \) The planet Jupiter.

\( \text{Cf. ii. 573.} \)

\( \text{d Argos.} \)
νύμφης ὀμιγώνιοι φερόμοιος, ἂν μετανάσται νιέες Αὐσονίων, ὑπατήμα φέγγεα Ῥώμης, Βηρυτὸν καλέσουσι, ἐπεὶ Λιβαῖῳ πέσε γείτων... τοιον ἔπος δεδήκη θεοπρόπον. ἀλλ` ὃτε δαιμων θέσκελον ἐβδομάτου πίνακός παρεμέτρεεν ἁρχήν, δεύτερον ἐσκοπίαζεν, ὅπη παρὰ γείτον τοῖχῳ πουκίλα παντοίς ἐχαράσσετο δαίδαλα τέχνης μαντιπόλοις ἐπέεσσαν, ὅτι πρώτιστα νοήσει Πὰν νόμισοσ σύριγγα, λύρην Ἑλικώνος Ἑρμῆς, δίθροον ἀβρός Ταγνὸς ἐυριτήτου μέλος αὐλοῦ, Ὄρφεὺς μυστιπόλοιο θεγγόρα χεύματα μολῆς, καὶ Λίνος ἐυεπίην Φοιβής, Ἀρκάς ἀλήτης μέτρα δυσδεκάμηνα καὶ Ἡλίου πορείην, μητέρα τικτομένων ἐτέων τετράζυγι δίφρω, καὶ σοφὸς Ἐνδυμίων ἐτερότροπα δάκτυλα κάμφας γνώσεται ἀστατὰ κύκλα παλινώστοιο Σελήνης τριπλόα, καὶ στοιχείον ὀμόζυγον ἁζυγὶ μίξας Κάδμος ἐγνιλώσσεοι διδάξεται ὅργια φωνῆς.

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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 Aenaeas, 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 περαίζεων, 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. . . .”

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 shepherd Pan will invent the syrinx, Heli-conian Hermes the harp, tender Hyagnis the music of the double pipes with their clever holes, Orpheus the streams of mystic song with divine voice, Apollo’s Linos eloquent speech; how Arcas the traveller will find out the measures of the twelve months, and the sun’s circuit which is the mother of the years brought forth by his fourhorse team; how wise Endymion with changing bends of his fingers will calculate the three varying phases of Selene; how Cadmos will combine consonant with vowel and teach the secrets of his 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.
θεσμὰ Σόλων ἀχραίτα, καὶ ἐπισήμον Ἀτθιδί πείκη
συζυγίας ἀλύτου συνωρία δίζυγα Κέκροφ.
καὶ Παφία μετὰ πάντα πολυτροπα δαιδαλα Μοῦσης
πυκνά πολυσπερίων παρεμέτρεαν ἔργα πολήνων·
καὶ πίνακος γραπτοῦ μέσην ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ κόσμου
τοῖον ἑπος σοφὸν εὑρε πολύστιχον Ἑλλάδι Μοῦσῃ·
"Σκῆπτρον ὅλης Αὐγουστος ὦτε
χθονὸς ἡμοχαίσει,
Ῥώμη μὲν ζαθέη δωρήσεται Αἰνοῖνος Ζεὺς
κοιρανίη, Βερόη δὲ χαρίζεται ἤμα θεσμῶν,
ὀππότε θωρηχθεῖσα φερεσσάκιων ἐπὶ νηών
φύλοπων ὑγρομόθου κατευναίσει Κλεωπάτρης·
πρὶν γὰρ ἀτασθαλίᾳ πολυπόρθιος οὐ ποτὲ λήξει
εἰρήνην κλονέουσα σαόπτολι, ἀχρί δικάζει
Βηρυτὸς βίοτοι γαληναῖοι τιθηρη
gαίαν ὁμὸν καὶ πόντον, ἀκαμπτεί πείχει θεσμῶν
ἀστεα πυργώσασα, μία πτῶλις ἀστεα κόσμου·"
Καὶ θεὸς, ὀππότε πᾶσαν 'Ὀφιονῖν μᾶθεν ὁμφήν,
eἰς ἐνο ὁλκον ἐβαϊνε παλίνδρομος. ἐξομένου δὲ
νίεσ ἐγγὺς ἐθηκεν ἐκ χρυσῆλατον ἔδρην,
καὶ μέσον ἀγκάς ἑλοῦσα γαληνώνιντο προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πῇχυνε γειηθότι κοῦρον ἄγοστῳ,
γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἀμφότερον δὲ
καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἐκύσσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελεινόου δὲ

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* The Phoenician alphabet, which the Greeks borrowed (traditionally through Cadmus), had signs for consonants only; the brilliant Greek innovation was to use some of these signs, which represented consonants which did not exist in Greek, for vowels. They thus invented the first complete alphabet of human history.

b The list rationalizes: Endymion, beloved of the Moon, becomes a skilful astronomer, and the two-formed Cecrops 224
of correct speech; how Solon will invent inviolable laws, and Cecrops the union of two yoked together under the sacred yoke of marriage made lawful with the Attic torch.

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:

When Augustus shall hold the sceptre of the world, Ausonian Zeus will give to divine Rome the lordship, and to Beroë he will grant the reins of law, when armed in her fleet of shielded ships she shall pacify the strife of battle-stirring Cleopatra. For before that, city-sacking violence will never cease to shake city-saving peace, until Berytus 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."

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.

Berytus was destroyed by Tryphon in 140 B.C. in his rivalry with Antiochus 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.
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άπτομένη τόξουι καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα φαρέτρην,
οὶα περ ἀσχαλώσα, δολόφρονα ῥίζατο φωνήν.

"Ἐλπὶς ὀλον βιότοιο, παραϊφασίς ἄφρογκείης,

νηλεῖης ἐμὰ τέκνα βιήσατο μούνα Κρονίων·

ἐννέα γὰρ πλήσασα μογοστόκα κύκλα Σελήνης
dρίμιν βέλος μεθέπουσα δυναθίεος τοκετοῖο

'Αρμονίην ἐλόχευσα, καὶ ἄλγεα ποικλὰ πάσχει

ἀχυμένη· κούρην δὲ μογοστόκον Ἑλλαχὲ Λητώ,

'Αρτέμιν Εἰλείθυιαν, ἀργγώνα θηλυτέράων,
tέκνον 'Αμμυάνης ὁμογάτριον, ὦ σε διδάξω.

ὡς λάχον ἤς ἀλὸς αἷμα καὶ αἰθέρος· ἄλλα τελίσσαι

ήθελον ἄξιον ἔργον, ὅπως παρὰ μητρὶ θαλάσσῃ

οὐρανόθεν γεγανία καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐν χθονὶ πῆξοι·

ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτης ἐπὶ κάλλει σειο ἐπὶ ταῖάινον

θέλγε θεοὺς, καὶ μᾶλλον ἵσον βέλος εἰν ἐν θεσμῷ

πέμπτε Ποσειδάων καὶ ἀμπελόειτι Λωνίῳ,

ἄμφοτέροις μακάρεσσιν· ἐγὼ δὲ σοι ἅξια μόχθων

δῶρον ἐκήβολης ἐπεοικότα μισθὸν ὀπάσσων·

δῶσω σοι χρυσῆν γαμήν χέλιν, ἡν παρὰ παστῷ

'Αρμονίη πόρε Φοίβος, ἐγὼ δὲ σοι ἐγγυαλίξω

ἀστεος ἐσσομένου μνημήν, ὄφρα κεν ἔτις

καὶ μετά τοξευτήρα λυροκτύπος,

ὡς περ 'Απόλλων."
DIONYSIACA, XLI. 406–427

bewitching bow and fingered the quiver, and spoke in feigned anger these cunning words:

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

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

Τεσσαρακοστὸν ύφηνα τὸ δεύτερον, ἵνα λιγαίων
Βάκχου τερπνὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἵμερον ἐνυσιγάιον.

"Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε μεταχοροῦν ἔτα πεδίῳ
θερμὸν Ἐρως ἀκίχθητος ὑπηνεύσαν πόδα πάλλων
ὕψωθες πτερόεις κατέγραφεν ἥρα ταρσῷ,
τόξα φέρων φλογόεντα. κατωμαδίῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ
μειλιχίου πλήθουσα πυρὸς κεκάλαστο φαρέτρῃ.

ὡς δ' ὅποτ' ἀνεφέλου δι' αἰθέρος ὀξὺς ὀδίτης
ἐκταδίῳ ὑπειθηρί τιταίνεται ὀρθοὶς ἀστήρ,
ὁ στρατηγὸς πολέμου πέραν τέρας ἢ τιν ναύτη,
αἰθέρος ἔγραφε νῦν ὁπισθιδίῳ πυρὸς ὅλκῳ.

ὡς τότε θοῦρος Ἐρως πεφορημένος ὀξὺ ῥοῖζῳ,
παλλομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα βόμβων ἰάλλων,
ῥερόθεν ῥοῖζησε καὶ Ἀσσυρία παρὰ πέτρῃ
ἐμπυρα δισσά βέλεμνα μιᾷ ξυνώσατο νευρῇ,
παρθενίκης ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁμοίων εἰς πόθον ἔλκῳν
διχαδίους μνηστήρας ὀμοζήλων ὑμεναίων,
δαίμονα βοτρυόεντα καὶ ἵμνοχῆ θαλάσσης.

Τήμος ὁ μὲν βαθὺ κῦμα λιπὺν ἀλγείτονος ὄρμου,
ὅς δὲ Τύρου μετὰ πέζαν, ἐσὼ Λιβάνου καρῆς
ηντεσαν εἰς ἑνα χῶρον. ἀπὸ βλοσυροῦ δὲ δίφρου
πόρδαλν ἱδρώντα Μάρων ἀνέλυε λεπάδινων,
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 ἐξετάσει καὶ ἐκλυσεν ὡδαὶ πηγῆς
θερμὸν ἀναψύχων κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα θηρῶν.
ἐνθα μολὼν ἄκιχτος Ἐρως ἕπι γείτονι κοῦρη
dαίμονας ἀμφοτέρους διδυμάνη βάλλειν ὀιστῷ,
βακχεύσας Διώνυσον ἀγείν κειμήλια νύμφη,
eὐφροσύνην βιότοιο καὶ οὐσία βότρυν ὀπῶρης,
οἰστρήσας δὲ ἐς ἔρωτα κυβερνητῆρα τραίνης
dιπλόν ἐδνον ἔρωτος ἀγείν ἀλυγέιτον κοῦρη,
ναύμαχον ύγρόν Ἀρης καὶ αἰόλα δείπνα τραπέζης.
καὶ πλέον ἐφλεγε Βάκχον, ἐπεὶ νόσον οὕνει ἐγείρει
εἰς πόθον, ὀπλοτέρων δὲ πολύ πλέον ἄφρον κέντρῳ
θελομενήν ἄχαλινον ἐχων παιδήν ἠθήν.
Βάκχον Ἐρως τόξευεν, ὅλον βέλος εἰς φρώνα πήξας,
ἐφλεγε δ', ὀσσόν ἐθελην ἐπιστάξας μελι πεθεὶς.
ἀμφοτέρους δ' οἰστρήσε· δὴ αἰθερίς δὲ κελεύθου
κυκλώσας βάλλισιν ὀμόδρομον ἱχνος ἄγταις
νηχωμένω νόθος ὀργὶς ἀμηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
tοῖον ἔπος βοώνι φιλοκέρτομον ' ἄνέρας οἶνῳ
εὶ κλονέει Διώνυσος, ἐγὼ πυρί Βάκχον ὀρίῳς.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις ἀντώπιον ὀμμα τιταῖνων
ἀβρόν ἐνυποκάμῳ δέμας διεμέτρεε νύμφης,
θάμβος ἐχων ὄχετηγον ἐς ἤμερον ἀρχομένων δὲ
ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγινετο πορθμὸς Ἐρώτων.
πλάζετο μὲν Διώνυσος ἐςω τερψιφρονος υλης,
λάθριος εἰς Βερόην πεφυλαγμένον ὀμμα τιταῖνων,
καὶ κατὰ βαιόν ὀπισθεν ἐς ἄτραπον ἧμε κοῦρης·
οὐδὲ οἱ εἰσορώντι κόρως πέλεν· ἱσταμένην γὰρ
παρθένον ὀσσόν ὀπωπε, τόσον πλέον ἤθελε λεύσειν.
καὶ Κλυμενῆς φιλότητος ἀναμνήσας πρόμον ἀστρων
' Ηλιον λιτάνευεν, ὀπισθοτόνων ἐπὶ δίφρων
αἰθερίω στατῶν ὑππὸν ἀνασφίγγοντα χαλινῷ
μηκύνειν γλυκὸν φέγγος, ἰᾶν βραδὺς εἰς δύσιν Ἐθη
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and swilled the beasts with water of the fountain, cooling their hot scarred necks. Then Eros came quickly up to the maiden hard by, and struck both divinities with two arrows. He maddened Dionysos to offer his treasures to the bride, life’s merry heart and the ruddy vintage of the grape; he goaded to love the lord of the trident, that he might bring the sea-neighbouring maid a double lovegift, seafaring battle on the water and varied dishes for the table. He set Bacchos more in a flame, since wine excites the mind for desire, and wine finds unbridled youth much more obedient to the rein when it is charmed with the prick of unreason; so he shot Bacchos and drove the whole shaft into his heart, and Bacchos burnt, as much as he was charmed by the trickling honey of persuasion. Thus he maddened them both; and in the counterfeit shape of a bird circling his tracks in the airy road as swift as the rapid winds, he rose with paddling feet, and cried these taunting words: "If Dionysos confounds men with wine, I excite Bacchos with fire!"

The vinegod turned his eye to look, and scanned the tender body of the longhaired maiden, full of admiration the conduit of desire; his eye led the way and ferried the newborn love. Dionysos wandered in that heartrejoicing wood, secretly fixing his careful gaze on Beroë, and followed the girl’s path a little behind. He could not have enough of his gazing; for the more he beheld the maid standing there, the more he wanted to watch. He called to Helios, reminding the chief of stars of his love for Clymene, and prayed him to hold back his car and check the stalled horses with the heavenly bit, that he might prolong the sweet light, that he might go
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φειδομένη μάστιγι παλιμφυείς ἡμαρ ἄξων. καὶ Βερόης μετρηδόν ἐπ’ ἱχνείσιν ἱχνός ὀρείδων, οἱ πέρ ἀγνώσσων, περιδέρομεν ἐκ Λιβάνου δὲ ὀκναλέου ποδὸς ἱχνός ύποκλέπτων ἐνοσίχων ἐντροπαλιζομένω βραδυπειθέi χάζετο ταρσῷ, καὶ νόον ἀστήρικτον ὀμοίων εἶχε θαλάσση, κύμασι παφλαξοντα πολυφλοιόβουο μερίμνης.

Καὶ γιλικερης ἀκόρητος ἐσώ Λιβανηθείδος ὅλης οἰώθη Διονυσος ἐρημαίη παρὰ νύμφη, οἰώθη Διόνυσος. Ὄρειάδες εἴπατε Νύμφαι, τῇ πλεόν ἤθελεν ἄλλο φιλαίτερον, ἡ χρόα κοῦρης μοῦνος ἱδεῖν δυσέρωτος ἐλεύθερος ἐννοιγαῖον; 1 καὶ κύσε νηρίθμοισι φιλήμασι λάθριος ἔρπων χῶρον, ὅπῃ πόδα θήκε, καὶ ἢ ἐπάτησε κοίνην παρθενική ροδόεντι καταυγάζουσα πεδήφ; καὶ γιλυκῶν αὐχένα Βάκχος ἐδέρκετο, καὶ σφυρα κοῦρης νισσομένης καὶ κάλλος, ὁ πέρ φύσις ὀπάσε νύμφη, κάλλος, ὁ πέρ φύσις εὗρε· καὶ οὐ ἕανθόχροι κόσμῳ χρισαμένη Βερόη ῥοδοείδεα κύκλα προσώπου ψευδομένας ἐρύθηνε νόδω σπινθηρὶ παρείς, οὐ χροὸς ἀντιτύπῳ διανυγεί μάρτυρι χαλκῷ μυμηλῆς ἐγέλασεν ἐς ἀπνοον ἔδος ὀπωπῆς κάλλος εὖν κρίνοςα, καὶ οὐ τεχνὴν θεσμῷ πολλάκις ἱσάξουσα παρ’ ὀφρύων ἀκρα κομὰν πλαζομένης ἐστησε μετηλύδα βότρυν ἠθεῖρης. ἀλλα γυναιμανέοντα πολὺ πλέον ὀξέι κέντρῳ ἀγλαίαι κλονέουσιν ἀκηδέστου προσώπου, καὶ πλόκαμοι ὑπόσωντες ἀκοσμήτου καρήνου ἀβρότεροι γεγάσιν, ὅτ’ ἀπλεκεῖς καὶ ἀλήται χιονέω στιχώσοι παρήροι ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ.

Καὶ ποτε δυσῆσασα μετέστιχε γείτονα πηγήν, 232
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.

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 Earth-
shaker? 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.

Sometimes athirst when beaten by the heat of

1 See below, p. 246, for lines 65-70.
νορανίου πυρόεντος ἵμασσομένη Κυνὸς ἄτμῳ,
χείλεσι καρχαλέουσι· καθελκομένῳ δὲ καρήνῃ
κάμπτετο κυρτωθείσα, καὶ εἰς στόµα πολλάκι κούρη
χερὶ βαθυνομένησιν ἀρύτω πάτριον ἕδωρ,
ἀλη κορεσσαμένη λίπε νάματα· χαζομένης δὲ
ἵμερτῇ Διόνυσος ὑποκλίνας γόνυ πηγῇ
κοιλαίων παλάμας ἐρατὴν μιμήσατο κούρην,
νέκταρος αὐτοχύτου πιῶν γλυκεράτερον ἕδωρ.
καὶ μν ἐσαθησασα πόλον δεδομένου οἴστρω
πηγαίθ βαθύκολος ἀσάμβαλος ἱαχὲ Νύμφῃ·

"Ψυχρὸν ἕδωρ, Διόνυσε, μάτην πίεσ·

οὐ δύναται γὰρ

σβέσαι δύψαν ἔρωτος ὀλος ῥός Ὁκλεινοῖο.
εἰρεο σὸν γενέτην, ὅτι τηλίκον οἶδα περίσσας
νυμφίος Εὐρώπης ὡσκ ἐσβέσειν ἰμερῶν πῦρ,
ἀλλ' ἐτί μᾶλλον ἐκαμεν ἐν ἕδασιν ὕγροπόρου δὲ
μάρτυρα λάτριν Ἐρωτος ἑχεις Ἀλφειῶν ἀλήθην,
ὅτι τόσοις ῥοθίουι δε' ἕδατος ἕδατα σύρων
οὐ φύγῃ θερμόν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ὕγρος ὀδίτης."

"Ως φαμενὴ πηγαίθν ἐδύσατο σύγχροον ἕδωρ
Νηώς ἀκρίδεμον ἐπεγγελώσα Λυσίῳ.
καὶ θεὸς ὑγρομέδοιτι Ποσειδάωνι μεγάρων
εἰχε φόβον καὶ ζηλοῦν, ἐπεὶ πίε παρθένον ἕδωρ
ἀντὶ μέθησ, καὶ κωφὸν ἐς ἥρα ῥήσατο φωνήν,
ολὰ περ εἰσαίουσαν ἐχὼν πειθήμονα κούρην·

"Παρθένε, δέχυνυσο νέκταρ·

ἐα φιλοπάρθενον ἕδωρ·

φεῦγε ποτὸν κρηναῖον, ὅπως μὴ σεῖο κορείν

ὕδατόεις κλέψειεν ἐν ἕδαι κυανοχύτης,
ὅτι γυναιμανέων δολοεῖς πέλε· Θεσσαλίδος δὲ

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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.
Τυροῦς οἶδας ἐρωτα καὶ υγροπόρους ὑμεναίους· καὶ σὺ ρόον δολόειτα φυλάσσει, μὴ σέο μέτρην ψευδαλέος λύσει, γαμοκλόπος ὡς σερ Ἐμπεύοις. 120 ἦθελον εἰ γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ ρόος, ὡς ἐνοσίχθων, καὶ κελάδων πῆχυνα ποθοβλήτως παρὰ πηγῇ δυσαλέην ἀφύλακτον ἐμὴν Λιβανηῆδα Τυρώ."  

Εἰπε θεὸς· μελέων δὲ μετάτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβας, ὀππόθι παρθένος ἦν, ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὑλην 125 Εὐσος ἀγρευτήρι πανείκελος· ἄβροκόμῳ δὲ ἀλλοφυῆς ἀγνωστὸς ὀμίλεεν ἄξυνι κούρην εἰκελὸς ἥβητηρι, καὶ ἀκλίνες ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ ψευδαλέου μίμημα σαόφρονος ἐπλασεν αἰδοῦς· καὶ πῇ μὲν σκοπιάζειν ἐρημάδος ἂκρον ἱρίτην, 130 πῇ δὲ ταυντόρθῳ βαθύσκιον εἰς ράχιν ὑλῆς, εἰς πῖτων ὁμια φέρων λελιμένου, ἀλλοτε πεῖκην ἡ πτελένε ἐδόκευε· φυλασσομένου δὲ προσώπου ὀμμασὶ λαθριδίοισιν ἐδέρκετο γεῖτονα κούρην, μῆ μιν ἀλυσκάζειε μετάτροπος· ἰθεὶς γὰρ κάλλος ὀπιπεύοντι καὶ ᾧλικὸς ὀμματα κούρης 135 Κυπριδῶν ἐλάχεια παραίφασις ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.  

Καὶ Βερόνης σχεδὸν ἤλθε καὶ ήθελε μῦθον ἐνίψαι, ἀλλὰ φόβῳ πεπέθητο· φιλεύει, πῇ σεό θύροιο ἀνδροφόνοι; πῇ φρικτὰ κεράτα; πῇ σεό χαίτη 140 γλαυκὰ πεδοτρεφέων ὀμιώδεα δεσμά δρακόντων; πῇ στομάτων μύκημα βαρύβρομον; ἄ μέγα θαῦμα, παρθένον ἐτρεμε Βάκχος, ὅν ἐτρεμε φύλα Γιγάντων· Γηγενέων ολετήρα φόβος νίκησεν Ἐρώτων.  

τοσσατίων δ’ ἡμῆς ἀρεμανέων γένος Ἰνδῶν, 145 καὶ μίαν ἰμερόεςσαν ἀνάλκιδα δείδε κούρην, δείδε θηλυτέρην ἀπαλόχρουν· ἐν δὲ κολώναις 236
the love of Thessalian Tyro 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 love-stricken spring!

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.

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 earth-fed 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.
θηρονόμω νάρθηκι κατεπρήνυε λεόντων
φρικαλέων μύκημα, καὶ έτρεμε θήλυν ἀπειλήν·
καὶ οἱ ἐρυπτοῖτον ὑπὸ στόμα μύθος ἀλήτης
γλῶσσαν ἐς ἀκροτάτην ἐτιταίνετο χελεῖ γείτων,
ἐκ φρενός ἀίσων καὶ ἐπὶ φρένα νόστιμος ἔρπων·
άλλα φόβον γλυκύπικρον ἐχων αἰδήμοι σιγῇ
εἰς φάος ἐσομένην παλινάγρετον ἑσπάσε φωνήν.
καὶ μόγις υστερόμυθον ὑπὸ στόμα δεσμον ἀράξας
ἀιδοὺς ἀμβολεργον ἀπεσφήκωσε σώσθην,
καὶ Βερόην ἐρέειν χείων ψευδήμονα φωνήν·
"Ἀρτεμι, πῇ σέο τόξα;
τίς ἑρπασε σείο φαρέτρην;
πῇ λίπες, ὃν φορέεις ἐπιγουνίδος ἁχρι χιτώνα;
πῇ σέο κείνα πέδιλα, θουτερα κυκλάδος αὐρής;
πῇ χορός ἀμφιπόλων; πῇ δίκτυα; πῇ κύπες ἄργαι;
οὗ δρόμον ἐντύνεις κεμαδοσσόν; οὐκ ἔθλης γὰρ
ἀγρώσσειν, οἴκη Κύπρις 'Αδώνιδος ἐγγὺς ιαυκί.
"Εντεπε θάμβος ἐχων ἀπατήλιον· ὑν κραδῇ δὲ
παρθενικὴ μείδησεν· ἀπειροκάκω δὲ μενουῇ
αὐχένα γαύρων ἀειρεν ἀγαλλομένη χάρῳ ήής,
ότι, γυνὴ περ ἐούσα, φὴν ἥκτῳ θεαύγῃ
οὐδὲ δόλον γύωσκε νοοπλανεός Διονύσου.
καὶ πλέον ἄχνυτο Βάκχος, ἐπεὶ πόθον οὐ μάθε κούρη
νήπιον ἠθὸς ἐχουσα, καὶ ἦθελεν, ὄφρα δαείη
ὁστρον ἐδν βαρμοχθον, ἐπισταμένης ὅτι κούρης
ὄψιμος ἠθέων περιλείπεται ἐλπὶς Ἐρώτων
ἐσομένης φιλότητος, ἐπ' ἀπρήκτω δὲ μενουῇ
ἀνέρες ἰμείρουσιν, ὅτ' ἀγνώσσουσι γυναίκεσ.
Καὶ θεός ἦμαρ ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἐσω πιτυώδεος ὑλῆς
δείσελος, εἰς μέσον ἦμαρ, Ἐώις, Ἔσπερος ἔρπων,
παρθενικὴ παρέμμυνε, καὶ ἦθελεν εἰσέτι μύμνεων·
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mountains he quieted the terrifying roar of lions with his beast-ruling fennel, and he trembled before a woman's threat. A word strayed into his trembling mouth to the tip of his tongue close behind the lips—it came from his heart and crept back to his heart again, but the bittersweet fear held it in shamefast silence, and drew back the voice, as it tried to issue into the light. Too late he spoke, and hardly then, when he burst the chain of shame from his lips and undid the procrastinating silence, and asked Beroë in a voice of pretence,

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

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

175 Thus day after day, midday and afternoon, morning and evening, the god lingered in the pine-wood, waiting for the girl and ever willing to wait;
πάντων γὰρ κόρος ἐστὶ παρ’ ἀνδράσιν, ἡδέος ὑποῦν μολπῆς τ’ εὐκελάδοιο καὶ ὄππότε κάμπτεται ἀνήρ εἰς δρόμον ὀρχηστῆρα· γυναιμανέωντι δὲ μούνῃς οὐ κόρος ἐστὶ πόθων· ἐφεύσατο βίβλος Ὁμήρου.

Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ὑπεβρυχάτο σιωπῇ, δαιμονίη μάστιγι τετυμμένος, ἐνδοθείς πέσσουν κρυπτών ἀκομίτων ὑποκάρδιον ἐλκος Ἑρώτων. ὡς δ’ ὅτε βοῦς ἀκίχτητος ἦσος πλαταμώνος ὀδεύων ἐσμὸν ὀρεσσινόμων παρεμέτρειν ἡθάδα ταῦρων οἰστρηθεὶς ἀγέλθηρεν, ὅν εὐπτάλῳ παρὰ λόχῃ βουτύπος ἐξυόντει μῦψι ἔχαρασσετο κέντρῳ ἀπροϊδής, οἶλγιν δὲ δέμας βεβολημένος οἰστρῳ τηλίκος ἐστυφέλικτο, καὶ ὀρθίον ὑφόθι νῦτου ἄψ ἀνασειράζου παλινάγρετον ἐσπάσεν οὐρήν κυρτός ἐπιτρίβων σκοπέλων ράχιν, ἀντίτυπον δὲ ὀξὺ κέρας δόχιμον ἀνοῦτατον ἥρα τύπτων οὔτω καὶ Διόνυσον, ὅν ἐστεφε πολλάκι νύκῃ, βαῖος Ἑρως οἰστρηθεὶς βαλὼν πανθελγεί κέντρῳ.

‘Οψὲ δὲ μαστεῦν γλυκὺ φάρμακον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην
Πανὶ δασυστέρῳ Παφίης ἐγκύμων μῦθῳ
Κυπριδήν ἄγρυπνον ἐπὶ ἀνέφαυνεν ἀνάγκην,
καὶ βουλήν ἐρέεινεν, ἀλεξήτειραν Ἑρώτων,
καὶ καμάτους Βάκχου πυρπυκίοτας ἀκούων
Πάν κερόεις ἐγέλασσε, κατεκλάζῃ δὲ μενοῖ
οἰκτείρων δυσέρωτα δυσίμερος· εἰπὲ δὲ βουλήν
Κυπριδὴν ὀλίγην δὲ παραίβασον ἐλέυθ’ Ἑρώτων
ἀλλ’ ἱδὼν φλεχθέντα μῆς σπινθῆρι φαρέτρης.

" Ἔννα παθών, φίλε Βάκχε,

καὶ σὲ πόθεν νίκησεν Ἑρως ὑρασύς; εἰ δέμος εἰσεῖν,

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

182 Dionysos suffered and moaned in silence, struck with the divine whip, stewing the hidden wound of love in his restless heart. As an ox goes scampering over the flats past the well-known swarm of hillranging bulls, driven from the herd when a gadfly has pierced his hide with sharp sting under the leafy trees 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 bushybrested 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!"
eis ἐμὲ καὶ Δίονυσον Ἔρως ἐκένωσε φαρέτρην. ἀλλὰ πόθου δολίως πολύτροπον ἥδος ἐνίφω. πᾶσα γυνὴ ποθεῖ πλέον ἄνερος, αἰδομένη δὲ κεύθει κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἐρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτὴ, καὶ μογεῖ πολὺ μᾶλλον, ἐπεί σπειθήρες Ἐρώτων θερμότεροι γεγάμωσιν, ὅτε κρύπτουσι γυναῖκες εὐδόμιχον πραπίδεσσι πεπαρμένον οἷον Ἐρώτων. καὶ γὰρ ὅτι ἀλλήλησι πόθων ἐνέπουσιν ἀνάγκην, λυσιτόνων δάρμων ὑποκλέπτουσι μερίμνας. Κυπριδίας. οὐ δὲ, Βάκχε, τεϊὸν ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρώτων μυμήλης ἐρυθήμα φέρων ἀπατήλων αἰδοὺς, οὐα σασφρανέουσαν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωτῆν, ὡς ἀέκων Βερός σχεδὸν ἵστασο: καὶ λίνα πάλλων θαύματι μὲν δολίῳ ῥοδοειδέα δέρκει κούρην, κάλλος ἐπαινήσας, ὅτι τηλίκων οὐ λάχειν Ἡρῆ, καὶ Χάριτας κύκλησε χερείσας, ἀμφοτέρων δὲ μορφῆ μῶμον ἀναπτε, καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης, καὶ Βερόνη ἀγόρευε φαινοτέρην Ἀφροδίτησ· κούρη δ' εἰσαίουσα τεῖν ψευδήμονα μομφῆν αἰῶν τερπομένη πλέον ἱστατε: οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ ὅλθον ὅλον χρύσειον, ὅσον ῥοδῆς περὶ μορφῆς εἰσαίευ, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἥλικος Ἰῆμης. παρθενικὴν δ' ἐς ἐρωτα νοῆμον θέλγε σιωπή, κινυμένων βλεφάρων ἀντώπια νεύματα πέμπτων· πεπταμένη δὲ μέτωπον ἀδειδει χειρὶ πατάξας ψευδαλέον σέο ὅμθος ἐχέφρον δείκνυε σιγῆ. ἀλλὰ φόβος μεθεῖε σε σασφρόνοις ἐγχέθι κούρης· εἰπὲ, τί σοι ῥέξει μία παρθενος; οὐ δόρυ πάλλει, οὐ ῥοδῆ παλάμη ταῦτε βέλος· ἐγχεα κούρης ὀφθαλμοί γεγάμασιν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων, παρθενικῆς δὲ βέλεμνα ῥοδώπιδες εἰσὶ παρειαί. 242
so, Eros has emptied his quiver on me and Dionysos! But I will tell you the multifarious ways of deception in love.

"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; the girl's weapons are those eyes which shoot love, her batteries are

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

εδνα δὲ σοιο πόθοιο, τεῆς κεμήλια νύμφης, 
μη λίθον Ἰνδώην, μή μάργαρα χειρί τυάξης, 
οὰ γναμανεόντι πέλει θέμις· εἰς Παφίην γάρ 
ἀμφιέπεις τεὸν εἶδος ἐπάρκιον, εὐαφίος δὲ 
κάλλεος ἰμείρουσι καὶ οὐ χρυσοὶο γυναῖκες. 

μαρτυρίης ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι· ἀβροκόμου γάρ 
ποία παρ’ Ἐνυμώνος ἱδέατο δώρα Σελήνη; 
Κύπριδι ποίον Ἀδώνις ἱδείκνυεν ὄδον Ἐρώτων; 
ἀγυρυν Ὡμίων οὐκ ἀπασέν ἡμιγενείᾳ 
οῦ Κέφαλος πόρεν ὄλβον ἐπήρατον. 

ἄλλ’ ἀρα μοῦνος 
χωλὸς εὼν Ἡφαιστος ἀθελεύος εἰνεκα μορφῆς 
ὥπασε ποικίλα δώρα, καὶ οὐ παρέπεισεν Ἀθήνην· 
οὐ πέλεκυς χραισμῆς λεξάμος· ἄλλα θεαίνης 
ἰμείρων ἀφάμαρτε. σὲ δὲ ξυγίων ὑμεναίων 
φέρτερον, ἡν ἐθέλης, θελκτήριον άλλο διδάξω· 
βάρβιτα χειρί λίγαινε, τεῆς ἀναθηματα Ἐρήσις, 
Κύπριδος ἀβρόν ἀγαλμα παροίινον· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ 
πλήκτροι καὶ στομάτεσσι χέων ἑτέροθροον ἥχῳ, 
Δάφνην πρῶτον ἄειδε καὶ ἀστάθεος ἄρομον Ἡχοὺς 
καὶ κτύπον ὑστερόφωον ἀσιγήτοιο θεαίνης, 
ὅτι θεοὺς ποθέοιτας ἀπέστυγον· ἄλλα καὶ αὐτὴν 
μέλπε Πῖτνυ φυγόδημον, 

ὁρειάσι σύνδρομον αὑραίς, 
Πανός ἀλυσκάζουσαν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναῖους· 
μέλπε μόρον φθιμένης αὐτόχθονα· μέμφεο γαῖη. 
καὶ τάχα δακρύσει γοήμονος ἀλγεα νύμφης 
καὶ μόρον οὐκτείρουσα· οὐ δὲ φρένα τέρπεο σιγῇ 

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

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

\(^a\) One of the numerous lovers of Eos; same as Orion the hunter.
\(^b\) An Attic hero, husband of Procris, loved by Eos.
\(^c\) Cf. ii. 108. \(^d\) Cf. ii. 119. \(^e\) Cf. ii. 108.
μυρομένης ὁρῶν μελημέον ἔδικτον κούρης·
οὐδὲ γέλως πέλε τοίοι, ἐπεὶ πλέον οἰνοῦπὶ μορφῇ
ἰμερταὶ γεγάσιν, ὅτε στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.
μέλυφον ἐρωμανεύουσαν ἐπὶ 'Εὐδυμίων Σελήνην,
μέλπε γάμον χαρίεις Ἀδαμίδος, εἰπε καὶ αὐτῆν
αὐχμηρὴν ἀπέδιλον ἀλωμένην Ἀφροδίτην,
νυμφίον ἰχνεύουσαν ὀρίδρομον· οὐδὲ σε φεύγει
πατρὼις ἁίωσα μελίφρονα θεσμὸν Ἐρώτων.
σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τάδε πάστα,

δυσίμερε Βάκχε, πιθαίνωσιν
ἀλλὰ μὲ καὶ σὺ δίδαξον ἐμῆς θελκτήριον 'Ἠχοῦς."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπε γεγηθότα παίδα Θυώπης.
καὶ δολίην Διόνυσος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὄπωσήν
παρθενικὴν ἐρέειν Ἀδαμίδος ἄμφὶ τοκῆς,
ὡς φίλος, ὡς ὀμόθηρος ὀρίδρομος. ἵσταμένης δὲ
στήθει χείρα πέλασσε δυσίμερον, ἀκρα δὲ μύτης
ὡς ἀέκων ἑθλυμεν· ἐπιφανεύον οὐ μαζῶν
δεξιτετρη γάρκησε γυναιμανεύος Διονύσου.
καὶ ποτε νηπιάξουσιν ἐν θέσιν εἰρετο κούρη
υλα Διὸς παρεόιτα, τίς ἐπλετο καὶ τίνος εἰη.
καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εἱρε παρὰ προθύροις Ἀφροδίτης
ὄρχατον ἀμπελόειτα καὶ ὀμπυνα λήμα γαῖς
καὶ δροσερὸν λευμώνα καὶ αἰόλα δεύδρα δοκεύων
ἡθει κερδαλέουσι· καὶ, οἴα τε γηπόνος ἄνηρ,
ἀμφὶ γάμου τινὰ μῦθον ἀσημάντω φάτο φωνή.

"Εἰμὶ τεοῦ Λιβάνοιο γεωμόρος· ἦν ἐθελήσης,
ἀρδεύω σεο γαίαν, ἐγὼ σεο καρπὸν ἄέξω.
ὤρανο πισύρων νοῶν δρόμουν· ἵσταμένης δὲ
νῦσαν ὑπεπεύων φυλοπωρίδα τοῦτο βοήσω.
Σκορπίος ἀντέλλει βιοτήσιος, ἔστε δὲ κήρυξ
αὐλακος εὐκάρποιο· βόας ἐνύξωμεν 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
Πλημαδείς δύνουσι' πότε' σπείρωμεν ἀρούρας;
αὐλάκες ὑδίνουσιν, ὅτε δρόσος εἰς χθόνα πίπτει
αὐομένην Φαέθοντι.' καὶ Ἀρκάδος ἄγγεις Αμάξης 290
χείματος ὀμβρήσαντος ἓδων Ἀρκτοῦρον ἀνύψω·
' δυσαλέη ποτὲ γαία Διὸς νυμφεύεται ὀμβρώς·
eἰαρὸς ἀντέλλοντος ἑώρος εἰς ἥ βοῆσαι·
' ἀνθεα σεῖο τέθηλε· πότε κράνα καὶ ρόδα τύλλω;
ἦνδε, πῶς ὑάκινθος ἐπέτρεχε γείτων μέρτων,
pῶς γελάᾳ νάρκισσος ἐπιθρύσκων ἀνεμώνη·
καὶ σταφυλὴν ὀρόων θέρεος παρόντος ἀνύψω·
' ἄμπελος ἥβῳουσα πεπαίνεται ἅμορος ἄρπης·
παρθένε, σύγγονος ἥλθε·
πότε τρυγώμεν ὀπώρησι

σῶς στάχυς ἥξητο καὶ ἄμητοιο χατίζει·
λῆιον ἄμησα σταχυηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ Δηνός
μητρὶ τεῇ ἑξαίμη θαλύσια Κυπρογενείης·

δέξο δὲ γειοπόνον με τεῆς ὑποεργόν ἀλώης·

ὑμετέρησι με κόμισε φυτηκόμον ἄφρογενείης,

ὅφρα φυτὸν πήξαιμι φερέσβιον, ἤμεριδαν δὲ

ὀμφακα γινώσκω νεοθηλέα χεροῦ ἄφάσσων.

οἴδα, πόθεν πότε μήλα πεπαίνεται· οἴδα φυτεύσαι
καὶ πτελέην τανύφυλλον ἐρείδομένην κυπαρίσσων·

ἄρσενα καὶ φοίνικα γεγηθότα θῆλει μύσων,

καὶ κρόκον, ἦν ἐθέλης, παρὰ μίλακε καλὸν ἀέξω. 310

μή μοι χρυσὸν ἄγοις κομιδῆς χάριν·

οὐ χρέοις ἀλβοῦ·

1 δύνουσι πότε Rose, δύνουσι' πότε edd.
to the plow. The Pleiads are setting: when shall we sow the fields? The furrows are teeming, when the dew falls on land parched by Phaëthon.\(^a\) 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 widespread elm too, leaning against the cypress. I can join the male palm happily with the female, and make pretty saffron, if you like, grow beside bindweed. Don't offer me gold for my keep; I have no need of wealth—my

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

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

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

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

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

322 So he tried to bewilder the wits of the girl who would not be so charmed. Once it happened that he lay sound asleep on a bed of anemone leaves; and he saw the girl in a dream decked out in bridal array. For what a man does in the day, the image of that he sees in the night; the herdsman sleeping takes his horned cattle to pasture; the huntsman sees nets in the vision of a dream; men who work on the land plow the fields in sleep and sow the furrow with corn; a man parched at midday and possessed with fiery thirst is driven by deceiving sleep to a river, to a channel of water. So Dionysos also beheld the likeness of his troubles, and let his mind go flying in mimic dreams

“planter of the Foamborn” a successful lover (304), and the trees and grapes have an obvious sexual allusion. Finally, the proposed wages (311-312) contain another pun; μηλα is properly apples, but can mean a woman’s breasts, and a bunch of grapes is what one gathers at vintage, but to “gather the vintage” of a woman is to enjoy her favours, cf. Ar. Peace 1338-1339.

b The meaning of the epithet is unknown; but Nonnos connects it with ραπτευν “to stitch” in ix. 23, which suggested the conjecture επερραφευ here for επεφραδευ from vii. 152.
καὶ σκιεροῖσι γάμοισιν ὀμίλεσεν. ἐγράμμενος δὲ παρθένον οὐκ ἐκίχθησε, καὶ ἤθελεν αὐτὶς ἱαύειν· καὶ κενεῖν ἐκόμισε μυστικάδης χάρων εὐθῆς, εὐδών ἐν πετάλοισι ταχυφθομένης ἀνεμώνης. μὲμφετο δ’ ἀφθόγγων πετάλων χύσων.

ἀχνύμενος δὲ Ὕπνοι ὀμοῦ καὶ Ἐρωτα καὶ ἐσπερίην Αφροδίτην τὴν αὐτὴν ἱκέτευεν ἰδεὶν πάλιν ὅφιν ὁμίροιν, φάσμα γάμου ποθέων ἀπατήλιου. ἄγχι δὲ μύρτου πολλάκι Βάκχος ίαυε, καὶ οὐ γαμίου τύχεν ὑπιόν. ἀλλὰ πόνον γλυκῶν ἤχε, ποδοβλήτω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς λυσμελῆς Διόνυσος ἐλύτετο γυῖα μερίμνῃ. 345

Καὶ Βερόης γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, νιὰὶ Μύρρης, θηροσύμην ἀνέφηνεν· ἀκοντιστὴρ δὲ θύρωρο στικτὰ νεοσφαγέων ὑπεδύσατο δέρματα ἱεβρῶν, λάθριος εἰς Βερόην δεδοκιμένος· ἵσταμένου δὲ παρθένος ἀστατὸν ὁμα φυλασσομένη Διονύσου φάρεῖ μαρμαίρουσαν ἕν ἔκρυψε παρεῖν. καὶ πλέον ἐφλεγε Βάκχον, ὅτι δρηστῆρες Ἐρώτων αἰδομένας ἐτὶ μάλλον ὁπισεῦσοι γυναίκας, καὶ πλέον ἴμειροσαὶ καλυπτομένου προςώπου.

Καὶ ποτὲ μούνωθείσαι Ἀδώνιδος ἄζωγα κούρην ἀθρῆσας σχεδὸν ἠλθε, καὶ αἰδρομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς εἶδος ἐὸν μετάμειψε, καὶ ὡς θεὸς ἰστατὸ κούρη· καὶ οἱ ἐὸν γένος εἴπε καὶ οὐιομα.

καὶ φόνον Ἰνδῶν, καὶ χορὸν ἀμπελόεντα, καὶ ἤδυπότοιν χύσων οἴουν, ὅτι μιν ἀνδράσιν εὑρε· φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοῦτὶ ἃθρος ἀναιδείης κεράσας ἄλλοτριον αἴδοὺς τοῖν ποικιλόμυθον ὑποσσαίων φάτο φωνήν· "Παρθένε, σὸν δ’ ἔρωτα καὶ οὐρανὸν οὐκέτι ναίω· σῶν πατέρων ὀπῆλυγγες ἀρείονες εἰσῶν Ὄλυμπον.
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, 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 and never dreamt of marriage. But sweet pain he did feel; and limb-relaxing Dionysos found his own limbs relaxed by lovestricken cares.

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

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

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

\[a\] Venus, the evening star.
\[b\] As being Aphrodite's plant.
πατρίδα σήν φιλέω πλέον αἰθέρος· οὐ μενεαίνω σκῆπτρα Διός γενετῆρος, ὀσον Βερόης ὑμεναιόν· ἀμβροσίης σέο κάλλος ὑπέρτερον· αἰθερίου δὲ νέκταρος εὐόδμου τεοί πνείουσι χιτώνες. παρθένε, θάμβος ἐχω σέο μητέρα Κύπριων ἀκοῦν, ὄττι σε κεστός ἐλειπεν ἀθελγεά· πῶς δὲ σο μοίη σύγγονον εἶχες Ἐρωτα καὶ οὐ μάθες οἰστρον Ἐρώτων; ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γλαυκῶπιν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων νόσφι γάμου βλάστησε καὶ οὐ γάμου οἶδεν Ἀθηνή· οὐ σε τέκε γλαυκῶπις Ἡ Ἀρτεμίς. ἀλλὰ σὺ, κούρη, Κύπριδος αἴμα φέρουσα τί Κύπριδος ὁργα φεύγεις; μὴ γένος αἰσχύνης μητρώων Ἀσαυρίου δὲ εἰ ἐσεόν χαρίειτος Ἀδώνιδος αἴμα κομίζεις, ἀβρὰ τελεσιγάμων διδάσκει θεσμά τοκῆς, καὶ Παφίης ζωστήρι συνήλικε πείθεο κεστῷ, καὶ γαμίων πεφύλαξο δυσάντεα μήν Ἐρώτων νηλέες εἰσὶν Ἐρωτε, ὅτε χρέος, ὅπποτε ποιήν ἀπρήκτου φιλότητος ἀπαιτίζουν γυναίκας· οἶσθά γάρ, ὡς πυρόεσσαν ἀτμήσασα Κυθήρην μισθὸν ἀγνορίης φιλοπάρθενοι ἄπασεν Σύριγξ, ὅτι φιτὸν γεγανία νόθη δονακώδει μορφή ἐκφυγε Πανὸς Ἐρωτα, πόθους δ' ἐτι Πανὸς αἰειδεί· καὶ θυγάτηρ Λάδωνος, αἰειδομένου ποταμοίο, ἐργά γάμων στυγέουσα· δέμας δειδρώσατο Νύμφη, ἐμπνοα συρίζουσα, καὶ ὀμφήνειτι κορύμβων Φοίβου λέκτρα φυγοῦσα κόμην ἑστέψατο Φοίβου. καὶ σο χόλον δασπλήτα φυλάσσεο, μὴ σε χαλέψῃ θερμὸς Ἐρως βαρύμηνς· ἀφειδήσασα δὲ μίτρης

1 So mss.: Ludwiccw χύσε.
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.
διπλῶν ἂμφεπε Βάκχων ὀπάσονα καὶ παρακοίτην καὶ λίνα σωτὸ τοκῆς 'Αδώνιδος αὐτὸς ἀείρων λέκτρων ἐγὼ στορέσομι κασιγνήτης 'Αφροδίτης. τοῖς σοι ἐννοσίγαιος ἐπάξια δώρα κομίσσει; ἥ ρα σοι ἐδαν γάμων λελέξται ἀλμυρὸν ὑδωρ, καὶ στορέσει πνεύμονα δυσώδεα ποίτιον ὄμην δέρματα φωκάων, Ποσιδήμα πέπλα θαλάσσης; δέρματα φωκάων μὴ δέχυμαι: σείο δὲ παστῶ Βάκχας ἂμφιστόλους, Σατύρους θεράσκοντας ὀπάσονι δεξό μοι ἐδαν γάμων καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην· εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις δόρυ θοῦρον 'Αδώνιδος οἶαι τε κούρη, θυρὸν ἔχεις ἐμῶν ἐγχος· ἕα γλωχώνα τριάνης. φεῦγε, φίλη, κακὸν ἱχνον άσιγιττοθαλάσσης, φεῦγε δυσαντίτων Ποσιδήμοιον ὀλότρον 'Ερώτων. ἀλλή Ἀμμώνη παρελέξατο κυνοχαίτης, ἀλλὰ γυνὴ μετὰ λέκτρων ὀμώνυμον ἐπλεκτο πηγῇ καὶ Σκύλλη παρίανε καὶ εἰναλίην θέτο πέτρῃ· Ἀστερίην δ' ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἐπλεκτο νῆσος ἄρημῃ· 410 παρθενίτην δ' Εὐβοιαν ἐνερρίζωσε θαλάσση. οὗτοι Ἀμμώνης μισοτεύεται, ὕφρα καὶ αὐτὴν λαύνεν τελέσῃ μετὰ δέμνοι. οὗτος ὀπάσσει ἐδὼν ἐῶν θαλάμων ὀλίγον. ρόον ἤ βρυῶν ἄλμης ἢ βυθίην τινὰ κόχλων. ἐγὼ δὲ σοι εἰνεκα μορφής ισταμαι ἄσχαλῶν, τίνα σοι, τίνα δῦρα κομίσσων· οὗ χατεῖε χρυσοὶ τέκος χρυσῆς 'Αφροδίτης. ἀλλὰ σοι ἐξ 'Αλύβης κειμήλια πολλὰ κομίσσων· ἀργυρὸν ἀργυρότητης ἀναίνεται. εἰς σὲ κομίσσω δῦρα διαστίλβοντα φεραυγεος 'Ηριδανοῦ. Ἡλιάδων δ' ὅλον ὅλβον ἑπασχύνει σέο μορφή

*a* See xli. 11.

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

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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 never-silent sea, flee the madness of Poseidon's dangerous love! Seabluehair lay beside another Amymone, but after the bed the wife became a spring of that name. He slept with Scylla, and made her a cliff in the water. He pursued Asteriē, and she became a desert island; Euboia the maiden he rooted in the sea. This creature woos Amymone just to turn her too into stone after the bed; this creature offers as gift for his wedding a drop of water, or seaweed from the brine, or a deepsea conch. And I, distressed for your beauty as I stand here, what have I for you, what gifts shall I offer? The daughter of golden Aphrodite needs no gold. Shall I bring you heaps of treasure from Alybe? Silverarm cares not for silver! Shall I bring you gleaming gifts from brilliant Eridanos? Your beauty, your blushing whiteness,

See ii. 125.

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 ἑρευθιώσα, βολαῖς δὲ ἀντίρροπος Ἰηώς ἐίκελος ἥλεκτρῳ Βερώς ἀμαρύσσεται αὐχὴν . . . καὶ λίθον ἀστράπτοντα· τεσσ' χροὸς εἶδος ἑλέγχει μάρμαρα τιμημένα· μὴ ἐίκελον αἴθοπι λύχνω ὀρυκτιδος σοι κομίσωμι, σέλας πέμπουσι ὀπωψαί· μὴ καλύκων ῥοδόνετο ἀναίσσοντα κορύμβου σοι ρόδα δώρα φέρομι, ῥοδώπιδες εἰς παρειά." Τοῖον ἑπόσ κατέλεξε· καὶ οὐατος ἐνδοθι κούρη χεῖρας ἑρευσαμένη διδύμας ἐφραζεν ἀκοώς, μὴ πάλιν ἄλλον Ἑρωτε μεμηλότα μῆθον ἀκούσῃ, ἐργα γάμου στυγέουσα· ποθοβλητής δὲ Ἀναίρῳ μόχθῳ μόχθων ἐμιξε· τί κύντερον ἔστιν Ἑρώτων, ἦ ὅτε θυμοβόρου πόθου λυσσώδει κέντρῳ ἀνέρας ἴμεροντας ἀλυσκάζουσι γυναῖκες καὶ πλέον οἰστρον ἄγουσι σαφρονεῖς; ὅμοιοις δὲ διπλόοι ἔστιν ἔρως, ὅτε παρθένοις ἀνέρα θεύγει.

"Ὡς ο μὲν οἰστρὴντι πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῇ· παρθενικὴς δ' ἀπέμιμαι ἀμιτροχίτως δὲ κούρῃ σύνδρομον ἀγρώσσοντα νόσον πόμπευκν ἀλῆτην, κέντρον ἐχὼν γλυκύπτικρον.

ἀνεσσάμενος δὲ θαλασσας, ἱκμα δυσαλέου δ' οὐρεος ἵχνα πάλλων, παρθενικὴν μάστευε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης, ἀβροχον υδατόντει περιρραίων χθόνα ταρσῷ καὶ οί ἐτί σπεύδοντι παρὰ κλέτας ἐβοτον ὑλὴς οὐρεος ἀκρα κάρνην ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ . . . εἰς Βερώνη σκοπίαζε, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρα καρήνου κούρης ἱσταμένης διεμέτρεεν ἐνθεον ἰβην· ὀξὺ δὲ λεπταλέου δ' εἰματος ὁλα κατόπτρῳ ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέσσι τύπον τεκμαίρετο κούρης, οἷά τε γυμνωθέντα παρακλίδον ἀκρα δοκείων 258
puts to shame all the wealth of the Heliades; the neck of Beroë is like the gleams of Dawn, it shines like amber, [outshines] a sparkling jewel; your fair shape makes precious marble cheap. I would not bring you the lampstone blazing like a lamp, for light comes from your eyes. I would not give you roses, shooting up from the flowercups of a rosy cluster, for roses are in your cheeks."

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 Lyaios. 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.

So he was flogged by the maddening cestus of desire; and he kept away from the girl, but full of bittersweet pangs, he sent his mind to wander a-hunting with the girl with ungirt tunic. Then out from the sea came Poseidon, moving his wet footsteps in search of the girl over the thirsty hills, a foreign land to him, and sprinkling the unwatered earth with watery foot; and as he hasted along the fertile slope of the woodland, the topmost peaks of the mountains shook under the movement. . . . He espied Beroë, and from head to foot he scanned her divine young freshness while she stood. Clear through the filmy robe he noted the shape of the girl with steady eyes, as if in a mirror; glancing from side to side he saw the shining skin of her breasts as if naked, and cursed
στήθεα μαρμαροῦτα, πολυπλεκέσσα δὲ δεσμοὶς μαξῶν κρυπτομένων φθονερὴν ἐπεμέμφετο μίτρῃν, δινεύων ἐλικυθὸν ἐρωμαῖες ὅμμα προσώπου, παπταίνων ἄκορητος ὅλων δέμας. Οἰστρομανῆς δὲ εἰναλίην Κυθήρειαν ἀλὸς μεδέων ἐνοσίχθων μοχθίζων ἱκέτευε, καὶ ἀγραύλῳ παρὰ ποίμην παρθένον ἱσταμένην φιλῶς μειλίζατο μέθην.

"Ἐλλάδα καλλιγύναικα γνυὴ μία πᾶσαι ὄλγχα; οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος ἀειδεται, οὐκέτι Κύπρον οὕνομα καλλιτόκοιο φατίζεται. οὐκέτι μελψε, Νάξον ἀειδομένην εὑπάρθεινον ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ εἰς τόκον, εἰς ὦδυνας ἐνικῆθη Λακεδαίμων; οὐ Πάφος, οὐκέτι Λέσβος, Ἀμυμῶνης δὲ τιθήν ἀντολῇ σύλησεν ὅλων κλέος Ὁρχομενοῦ, μοῦνην ἀμφιέπουσα μιᾶν Χάρυν· ὀπλοτερὴ γὰρ τρισσάων Χαρίτων Βερόη βλάστησε τετάρτη. παρθένε, κάλλιπε γαῖαν, ὃ περ θέμες· οὐ σεό μήτηρ ἐκ χθονὸς ἐβλάστησεν, ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη· πόντον ἔχεις ἐμὸν ἐδούν ἀτέρμονα, μεῖζονα γαῖης. ἁπευσὸν ἐρυθμάινες ἀλόχω Δίος, ὦφρα τις ἐπη, ὅτι δάμαρ Κρονίδαο καὶ εὐνέτις ἐνοσιγαίου πάντοθε κοιρανέουσι, ἐπει νῦσῶντος Ὁλύμπου Ἡρῆ σκῆπτρον ἔχει, Βερόη κράτος ἐσχὲ θαλάσσης. οὐ σοι Βασσαρίδας μανωπέας ἐγκυαλίξω,

οὐ Σάτυρον σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ Σεληνοῦν ὀπάσω. ἀλλὰ τελεσσιγάμοιο τεῆς θαλαμητόλον εὐνῆς Πρωτέα σοι καὶ Γλαύκων ὑπὸδρηστῆρα τελέσω. δέχνυο καὶ Νηρῆα καὶ, ἵν ἐθέλης, Μελικέρτης καὶ πλατὺν ἄεναον μιτρούμενον ἄτυγνη κόσμου Ἡκεανοῦ κελάδοντα τεὸν θεράποντα καλέσσω.

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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 Earth-
shaker 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 chal-
lenge 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 Glaukos shall be your under-
ing—take Nereus too, and Melicertes if you like;
and I will call murmuring Oceanos your servant,
broad Oceanos girdling the rim of the eternal

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Τοία μὲν ἐννοοῖς ἰμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῷ
πολλὰ δὲ δώρα τίταινεν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθηρείᾳ,
κούρης ἔδων ἔρωτος. ὁμοφλέκτω δὲ βελόμυς
ὁλίβον ἄγων Δίονυσος, ὅσον παρὰ γείτονι Γάγγη
χρυσοφαίης ὑδίνες ἐμιαώσαντο μετάλλων,
pολλὰ μάτην ἰκέτευε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην.

Καὶ Παφίη δεδόνητο, πολυμυνῆτοιο δὲ κούρης
ἀμφοτέρους μηστήρας ἐδείδιε πόλον καὶ ζῆλον Ἠρώτων
Ἀρεῖ νυμφιδίοις Βερώθος κήρυζεν ἀγώνα
καὶ γάμον αἰχμητῆρα καὶ ἱμερόεσσαν Ἔννω.
καὶ μῖν ὅλην πυκάσασα γυναικεῖῳ τῶι κόσμῳ
Κύπρις ἐπ' ἀκροπόλησος ἐῆς ἱδρύσατο πάτρης
παρθένων ἀμφήριστον ἀέθλιον ἅβρον Ἠρώτων·
ἀμφοτέροις δὲ θεοίσι μίαν ἐξωωσατο φωνήν·

"Ἡθελον, ἐὰν δύο παῖδας ἐγὼ λάχον, ὀφρα συνάψω
τὴν μὲν ὀφειλομένην ἐννοικθοῦν, τὴν δὲ Λυναίω·
ἀλλ' ἔπει οὐ γενόμην διδυμητόκος, οὐδὲ κελεύει
θεσμὰ γάμων ἀχραντα μίαν ἐννήνα κούρην

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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!"

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

"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."

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.

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

"I could wish had I two daughters, to wed one as is justly due to Earthshaker, and one to Lyaios; but since my child was not twins, and the undefiled laws of marriage do not allow us to join one girl to a
ζεῦξαι διχθάδιοισιν ἀμοιβαίοις παρακοίταις, ἀμφὶ μῆς ἀλόχοιο μόθος νυμφοστόλος ἔστω·
οὐ γὰρ ἀτερ καμάτον Βερόης λέχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης
ἀμφὶ ἀεθλεῦσοιτε γάμου προκέλευθον ἀγώνα·
ὅς δὲ κε νικήσει, Βερόην ἀνάεδων ἀγέοσω . . .
ἀμφοτέροις φίλοις ὁρκοῖ· ἐπεὶ περιδείδια κοῦρης
γείτονος ἀμφὶ πόλησι, ὅπη πολιούχος ἁκοῦω,
pατρίδα μῆ Βερόης Βερόης διὰ κάλλος ἀλέσσω·
συνθείας πρὸ γάμμου τελέσσατε, μῆ μετὰ χάρμην
πόντιοι ἐνοσάγαιοι ατεμβόμενοι περὶ νίκης
γαῖαν ἀιστώσειεν ἔτι γλωχίν τραίνης,
μῆ κοτέων Διόνυσος Ἀμυμάντης περὶ λέκτρων
ἀστεος ἀμπέλοσσαν ἀμαλδύνειεν ἀλώνη.
ἐὑμενεῖς δὲ γένεσθε μετὰ κλόνου· ἀμφοτέροι δὲ
φίλτρον ἥλιον ἔχοντες ὀμοφροσύνης ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
κάλλει φαιδροτέρῳ κοσμήσατε πατρίδα νύμφης.“

"Ὡς φαμένης μυηστηρὲς ἐπήκουν· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
ἐμπεδοὶ ὁρκοὶ ἐτὶ Κρούιδης καὶ Παία καὶ Λίθρο
καὶ Στύγιαι ῥαθάμυγγες· ἐπιστώσαντο δὲ Μοῖραι
συνθείας· καὶ Δήμιος ἀέπετο πομπὸς Ἓλώτων
καὶ Κλόνος·

ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμοστόλος ὄπλισε Παιάθω.

οὐρανόθεν δὲ μολότες ὀπισευτηρὲς ἀγώνοι
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἔμμινον, ὅσοι ναετήρες Ὀλύμπου,
μάρτυρες ψυμίτης Λιβανηδὸς ύφόθι πέτρης.

"Ενθα φάνη μέγα σήμα ποθοβλήτω διονύσω·
κήρκος ἀελλήες χαλάσας πτερὸν ἐγκνον αὕρης
βοσκομένην ἐδίωκε πελειάδα· τὴν δὲ τὶς ἀφίω
ἐκ χθόνος ἀρπάξας ἀλαίετος εἰς βυθὸν ἐπτη,
φειδομένοις ὄνυξησοι μετάρσοιν ὅριν ἄείρων.

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

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

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

\[\text{\textit{a}}\] How there came to be any so early as that Nonnos does not explain. \textit{Nonnos is talking about the future i does not see.}

\[\text{\textit{b}}\] \textit{i.e.} he was just dropping on the pigeon, when the eagle came under with a swoop sideways and caught it.
καὶ μὲν Ἰδών Διόνυσος ἀπέπτυεν ἐλπίδα νίκης· ἐμπῆς δὲ εἰς μόθον ἤλθεν.

ἐπὶ ἀμφοτέρων δὲ κυδομῷ ὁματὶ μειδιώντι πατὴρ κεχάρητο Κρονίων,

δὴριν ἀδελφείοιο καὶ νιέος ὑπὶ δοκεύων.
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 ΤΡΙΤΩΝ

Δίζεο τεσσαρακοστῶν ἐτὶ τρίτων, ὁππόθι μᾶλπω Ἀρεα κυματόεντα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἔνωω.

"Ὡς ο μὲν ἐγρεκίδομος Ἀρης, ὁχετηγὸς Ἑρώτων, νυμφιδίης ἀλάλαζε μίχης ἑθαμητόλον ἡχῶ, καὶ γαμίου πολέμιοι θεμελία πήξεν Ἔνωω· καὶ κλόνων αἰθύσσων ἐνοσίχθων καὶ Διονύσῳ θούρος ἔην Ἰμενιαῖος, ἐς ισιπτνια δὲ χορεύον χάλκεον ἔγχος ἄερεν Ἀμυκλάεις Ἀφροδίτης, Ἀρεος ἀρμονίην Φρυγίῳ μυκώμενος αἰλῶ. καὶ Σατύρων βασιλῆς καὶ ἤμοχῆς θαλάσσης παρθένος ἐνα ἀεθλον ἀναινομένης δὲ σιωπῆς εὐναίλιον μιστήρος ἐχεις μετανάστην εὕνην ύγρὸν ὑποβρυχίων ἐπεδείδε παστῶν Ἑρώτων, καὶ πλέον ἥθελε Βάκχος· εἰκοτ δὲ Δημανείρη. ἦ ποτε νυμφίδιοι περιβρομέοντος ἀγώνος ἦθελεν Ἡρακλῆα, καὶ ἄσταθεος ποταμοῖο ἱστατο δειμαίνουσα βοοκραίρους ὑμεναίους.

Καὶ δρόμων αὐτοκέλευστον ἔχων ἀλκώδει ρόμβων ἀνέφελος σάλπιζε μέλος πολεμήσων αἴθηρ· καὶ βλοσυρῶν μύκηνα φέων λυσσόδει λαμψό Λασυρίῳ τριόδοιτο κορύσσετο κυνοχαίτης, σείοις πόντιοι ἔγχος. ἀπειλήσας δὲ θαλάσσῃ 2068
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 Amyclaian Aphrodite, while he drooned a tune of war on a Phrygian hoboy. For King of Satyrs and Ruler of the Sea, a maiden was the prize. She stood silent, but reluctant to have a foreign wedding with a wooer from the sea; she feared the watery bower of love in the deep waves, and preferred Bacchos: she was like Deianeira, who once in that noisy strife for a bride preferred Heracles, and stood there fearing the wedding with a fickle bullhorn River.

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; “Amyclaian” loosely for Spartan.

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

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eis ἐνοπῇ Διόνυσος ἐκώμασεν οἰνοπι θύρασιν, μητρὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο καθήμενος ἄρματι Πειγής. καὶ τίς ἀέξομενή παρά Μυγδόνος ἄντυγα δίφρου ἀμπελοὺς αὐτοτέλεστος ὅλον δέμας ἐσκεπε Βάκχου, βόστρυχα μιτρώσασα κατάσκια σύζυγοι κισσῶι. καὶ τις ὑπὸ ξυγόδεσμα περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων θηγαλέω χθονὸς ἀκρα λέων ἔχαραζατο ταρσῷ, τρηχαλέων μῦκημα σεσηρότε χειλεὶ πέμπων. καὶ βραδὺς ἐρπυζων ἔλεφας παρὰ γειτονι πηγῇ. ὀρθιον ἀγνάμππτοι ποδὸς στῆριγμα κολάφας, ὀμβριον ἄζαλεωσιν ἄνήφυοι χείλεσων ὕδωρ, καὶ προχοας ξήραινε κοινομίνων δὲ ροάων πηγαίνη ἀχίτωνα μετήγαγε διφάδα Νύμφην. Καὶ θεὸς ὑγρομύθων ἐκορύσσετο. Νηρείδων δὲ ἢν κλόνος. ἰκμαλέοι δὲ θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ νάτων δαίμονες ἐστρατώντο. ταυπτόρθοις δὲ κορύμβοις δῶμα Ποσειδάωνος ῥίασσετο, πόντιον ὕδωρ. καὶ χθονίου λοφόντος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶν ημερίδες. Λιβάνου μετοχλίζοντο τριαίνη. καὶ τινα ἀκακομενήν μελανόχρουν ἐγκυθί πόντου εἰς βοέην ἀγέλην Ποσιδόνιον ἅλματι λάβρῳ θυιάδες ἐρρώντο. ταυγιλήνοι δὲ ταῦρον ἡ μὲν ἐφαπτομένη πάχιν ἔσχισεν, ἡ δὲ μετώπου διχαδίης ἀτίνακτα διέθλασεν ἀκρα κεραῖς. καὶ τίς ἀλοιπηρί διέτμαγε γαστέρα θύρος. ἥλλη πλευρὸν ἐτεμνεν ὅλου βοοίς. ἡμυθανῆς δὲ ὑπτίοι αὐτοκύλιστοι ὑπώκλασε ταῦρος ἀροῦρη. καὶ βοὸς ἀρτιτόμοιο κυλινδομένου κονίῃ ἡ μὲν ὀπισθίδιος πῶδας ἐσπασε, ἡ δὲ λαβοῦσα προσθίδιον ἐρύρεσκε, πολυστροφάλνγι γε ῥητῇ ὀρθιον ἐσφαίρωσεν ἐς ἑρα δίζυγα ηλῆν. Καὶ στρατῆς Διόνυσος ἐκόψμεν ἡγεμονῆσι.
the fray with vineleaves and thyrsus, seated in the chariot of his mother mountainranging Rheia; and round the rim of the Mygdonian car was a vine self-grown, which covered the whole body of Bacchos, and girdled its overshadowing clusters under entwined ivy. A lion shaking his neck entwined under the yokestrap scratched the earth’s surface with sharp claw, as he let out a harsh roar from snarling lips. An elephant slowly advanced to a spring hard by, striking straight into the ground his firm unbending leg, lapped the rainwater with parched lips and dried up the stream; and as the waters became bare earth, he drove elsewhere the Nymph of the spring thirsty and uncovered.

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.

Then Dionysos mustered his captains, and made
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οτήσας πέντε φάλαγγας ἐς ύδατόεσσαν Ὅηνω.
tῆς πρώτης στιχος ἰρχε Κύλις εὐάμπελος Οἰνέως
υῖος Ἑρευθαλώνος, ὃν ἤροσεν ἐγχέθη Ταύρου
Φυλλίδος ἀγραιλουσία ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίους.
tῆς δ' ἐτέρης ἰγκεῖτο μελαχαίτης Ἑλικάων
ξανθοφυής ῥοδέμου παρήσιν, ἀμφί δὲ δειρή
πλοχίμος ἑυστροφάλλυγος ἐλιᾶ ὑπεσύρετο χαίτης.
Οἰνοπίων τριτάτης, Στάφυλος προμάχιζε τετάρτης, ὃν
Οἰνομάον δυὸ τέκνα, φιλακρίτου τοκής,
πέμπτης δ' ἰγκεόμενε Μελάνθιος, ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
ὡν τέκεν Οἰνώνη Κισσηνίας, ἀμφί δὲ κούρφ
φυταλής πλέξασα θυώδεις ἀκρα πετώλων
σπάργανα βοτρύνεστα πέρις εἰλίζατο μῆτηρ,
νιέα χυτλώσασα μέθης ἐγκύμοιν ληψῆς.
τοῖς κισσοφόροις οἰστεύουσα βελέμνοις
σύνδρομοι ἀμπελόει τί φάλαγξ ἐκορύσσετο Βάκχῳ.
καὶ στρατην θάρησε ἥνω λασσόσον ἦχῳ.
"Βασσαρίδες, μάρνας δε κορυσσομένου δὲ Λαμίαν τοί
αὐλὸς ἐμὸς κερόει πολεμητοῖο ἴχνον ἀράσσων
ἀντίτυπον φθέγγαιτο μέλος μυκτόρι κόχλων,
καὶ διδύμως πατάγωσι μόθων χαλκόθρουν ἴχω
τύμπανα δουπήσειν. Ἐνπαλίῳ δὲ χορεύν
Γλαύκον οἰστεύει Μάρων ῥηχὴνρή τύραγω
καὶ πλοκάμους Πρωτῆς ἀγαῖ δήσατε κισσῆς,
καὶ Φαρίος πόντου λιπών Λιγύπτιον ὑδωρ,
νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἵχων μετὰ δέρματα φώκης,
αὐχένα κυρτωσεῖν ἐμοὶ θρασὺν εἰ δύναται δὲ,
Σειληνῆς μεθύσοιτε κορυσσοσέσσω Μελικέρτης
καὶ ναέτην Τιμώλοιο μετὰ βρυσάντας ἐναύλους
γηραλεόν Φόρκυμα διδάξατε τύραννα ἀείρειν,
ἀμπελόεις δὲ γένοιτο γέρων χερσαίος ἀλακεύς.
καὶ Σάτυροι μενέχαρμοι ἐδώ νάρθηκα τωάσσων
272
five divisions for the watery conflict. The first line was led by him of the vine, Cilician Oineus, son of Ereuthalion, whom he begat near the Tauros of Phyllis, in the open air. The second was led by blackhair Helicaon, a blond man with rosy cheeks, and long curls of hair hanging down over his neck. Oinopion led the third, Staphylos stood before the fourth, two sons of a tippling sire, Oinomaos; Melantheus was captain of the fifth, an Indian chief and the son of Oinone the Ivy-nymph: his mother had wrapt her boy in leafy tips of the sweet-smelling vine for swaddlings, and bathed her son in the wine-press teeming with strong drink. Such was the host armed with missiles of ivy which followed Bacchos the vinegod; and when he had armed them, Bacchos called to the host in stirring tones:

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

άγραύλους παλάμησι καὶ ἀρτιφύτων ἀπὸ κῆπων

βόστρυχα μιτρώσασθε Παλαιμονὸς οὐνοὶ δεσμῶν, καὶ μὴν υποδρήσαστα μετ' Ἰσθμίαδος Βυθὸν ἀλῆς πόντιον ἴνοχθα κομίσσατε μητέρι 'Ῥείη, εἰναλίη μᾶςτιγὶ κυβερνητῆρα λεοντῶν·

οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν κατὰ πόντον ἀνεφίον εἰσετ' ἐάσσων· ἀρήσω δὲ φάλαγγα δυρκήττου θαλάσσης νεβρίδι κοσμηθείσαν ἀπειρῆτην δὲ Νύμφαις κύμβαλα Νηρείδεσσω ὁπάσσατε· μίζατε Βάκχας 'Ὑδράδας. Ὁετίδος δὲ, καὶ εὶ γένος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης, μοῦνης ξεινοδόκου φυλάξατε ὅῳμα θεαίνης·

Λευκοθές δ' ἀπέδιλα συνάψατε ταρσὰ κοθόρνων·

χερσαίῃ δὲ φανείσα συνέμπορος Εὐάδι Βάκχῳ

Δωρὶς ἀερτάζειεν ἐμὴν θιασώδεα πεύκην·

καὶ βυθίη Πανόπεια τυωξαμάτῃ βρύου ἀλῆς

βόστρυχα μιτρώσειν ἐχιδνῆτε κορύμβῃ. Εἰδοθέη δ' ἀέκουσα περίκροτα ῥόπτρα δεχόσθῳ·

καὶ πόθον Ἰσον ἑχοῦσαν ἐρωμανέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ
tis νέμεσις Γαλάτειν ὑποδρήσειν Διονύσων

ἐδὼν Ἀμμαώης θαλαμηπόλον ὄφρα τελέσῃ ἱστοπόνῳ παλάμη Λιβανηθείς πέπλον ἁνάσσῃ.

ἀλλὰ γένος Νηρήος ἐάσατε· ποινοπόρους γὰρ
dmobidas ovκ θῆλω, Βερόη μη ζῆλον ἑγείρω. καὶ κομών γλωχὴν ταυσπόρθοιο μετώπου

Πάν ἐμὸς ὑρεσίφωτος ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ πιέζων

θηγαλέη πλήξειε Ποσειδάνω κεραίη, στέρνου μεσσατίοι τυχῶν εὐκαμπτῶν αἴχμαις

ἡ σκοπέλῳ λοφόεντι, διαρρήσειε δὲ χηλαῖς
dissosofη Τρίτωνος ὁμόζυγα κύκλον ἀκάνθης.

Γλαύκος ἀλιβρέκτου διάκτορος ἑνοσιγαίου

Βάκχῳ ὑποδρήσειε, περίκροτα χερσίν 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 Nereid Nymphs, mingle Hydriads with Bacchants—spare only the hospitable house of goddess Thetis, although she is one of the seabrood. Fit the unshod feet of Leucothea in buskins; let Doris appear on dry land and lift my mystic torch along with the revelling Bacchants; let Panopeia shake off the seaweed of the deep and wreathe her locks in clustering vipers; let Eidothea unwilling receive the rattling tambourine. What harm is there that Galateia should be servant to Dionysos, when she has a passion like his own mad love, that her hands may make a woven robe as a gift for the wedding pomp of Amymone the queen of Lebanon?—No, leave alone the family of Nereus; for I want no handmaids from the sea, or 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

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1 So mss.: Ludwich *εἰσεῖ τι νάσων.*
NONNOS

αὐχενίῳ τελαμώνι παρῆσε τύμπανα Ἄρεις.
οὐ μούνης Βερόης περιμάρναμαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς
νύμφης ἣμετέρης περὶ πατρίδος· οὐ μιν ἀράξας
ἰσταμένην ἀτύνακτον ἄλος μεδέων ἐννοίχθων,
evinlήν περ ἐούσαν, ἀμαλδύνει τριαύτης,
οττί κορυσσομένῳ θωρήζομαι· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
ei λάχε γείτονα πόιτον, ἔχει φυτὰ μυρία Βάκχου,
νίκης ἥμετέρης σημῆνον· ἀγχιάλου γάρ . . .
ἀλλὰ παλαιστέρην μετὰ Παλλάδα μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
Κέκροψ ἄλλος ἱκοῖτο δικασπόλος, ὀφρα καὶ αὐτῇ
ἀμπελὸς ἀείδοιτο φερέπτολει, ως περ ἐλαῖη.
καὶ πόλιος τελέσας ἔτερον τύπον οὐ μιν ἐάσω
ἐγγὺς ἄλος, κραναᾶς ἐκ ταμών νάρθηκι κολώνας
gείτονα Βηρυτοῦ γεφυρῶσσος βυθὸν ἅλμης,
χερσώσας σκοπέλουσιν ἄλος πετρούμενον ὕδωρ·
τρηχαλέη δὲ κέλευθος ἰσάζεται ὅξι τύρφωσι.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, Μιμαλλόνες, ἡθάδα νίκη
θαρσαλέα· κταμένων δὲ νεόρρυτον ἁλμα Γιγάντων
νεβρῖς ἐμὴ μεθέπουσα μελαίνεται· εἰσίτε δ᾿ αὐτῇ
ἀντολιῇ τρομείει με, καὶ εἰς πέδον αὐχένα κάμπτει
Ἰνδός "Ἀρης, Βρομίῳ δὲ λιτήσαι δάκρυνα λείβων
dάκρυα κυματόειτα γέρων ἐφρίξεν Ἡδάσσης.
καὶ διερήν μετὰ δήριν ἐχὼν Λιβανηδᾶ νύμφην
eν γέρας ἰμείροντι χαρίζομαι ἐννοισιγαίως·
ἡν ἑθέλη, μέλψειν ἐμίων ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων,
μούνον ἐμὴ Βερόη μὴ δόχιμον ὁμα τανύση.
"Τοῦτον ἐπος κατελέξεν· ἀπελητήρι δὲ μύθῳ
κερτομέων Διόνυσον ἁμειβετο κυκανοχαίτης·
"Αἰδόμενος, Διόνυσε, κορύσσομαι, ὡτὶ τριαύτης

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

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

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

145 "I am ashamed to confront you, Dionysos, she and Poseidon strove for Attica, so let someone in authority decide that Berytos belongs to Dionysos and not Poseidon.

b Some confusion on Nonnos's part; the victory over the Giants is not till book xlviii.
ηρίσας αἰχμητὴρι φυγὼν βουπλήγα Λυκούργου·
δεῦρο, Θέτις, σκοπιάζει· τεὸς Δίονυσος ἀλύφας
καλὰ φιλοξεῖν άωάγρια δῶκε θαλάσση·
οὐκ ἀγαμαί ποτε τοῦτο, σελασφόρε·

ητροφόνου γὰρ
ἐκ πυρὸς ἐβλάστησας, ὅθεν πυρὸς ἀξία ῥέεις.
ἀλλά, φίλοι Τριτώνες, ἀρῆβατε, δήσατε Βάγκαχας
ποντοπόρους τελέσατες· ὀρεσσαίου δὲ φορίος
τύμπανα Σειληνοῦ κατακλύζοιτο θαλάσση,
κύματι συρομένοι, καὶ οἶδαίνοιτι ᾠείθρῳ
νηχομένου Σατύρου φιλιῶν αὐλὸς ἀλάθω
eis πλόον αὐτοεικτόν· ἐν εὐώρῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
Βασσαρίδες στορέσειαν ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντὶ Λυνάου.
οὐ χατέω Σατύρων, οὐ Μαιβάδας ἕως βυθὸν ἔλων·
Νηρείδες γεγάσασιν ἀρείονες· ἀλλὰ θαλάσση
dιψαλέα κρύπτουσα Μιμαλλόνες, οἴνοχοτον δὲ
ἀντὶ μέθης πιέτωσαν ἐμῆς ἀλὸς ἀλμυρὸν ὑδωρ·
καὶ τις ἐλαυνομένη διερῆ Πρωτῆς ἀκωκῆ
Βασσαρίς αὐτοκύλιστος ὁλισθήσεις θαλάσση,
ὀρχηθμὸν θανάτου κυβιστήσασα Λυνάβω.
Αἰθιόπων δὲ φάλαγγας ἔρυσατε καὶ στίχας 'Ἰνδῶν,
ληίδα Νηρείδεσσι, κακογλώσσου δὲ νύμφης
Δωρίδι δούλια τέκνα κομίσασε Κασσισείης,
ποιήν ὀμιτέλεστον· ἀμαμακέτω δὲ ἰεῖθρῳ
'Οκεανὸς πυρὸντα λελουμένων ἀστέρα Μαῖρῆς,
ηναιῆς προκέλευθον ἀκοιμήτοιο χορεῖς,
Σείριον ἀμπελάσετα μεταστήσεις Ὁλυμποῦ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ, Λύδιε Βάκχε, χερείων θύρον ἐὰς
δίζεό σοι βέλος ἄλλο, καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν
κάθεο, σῶν μελέων ὀλίγον σκέπασι· οὐρανίον δὲ
ἐὰ σὲ Δίος γαμίῃ μαίωσατο νυμφίδη φλόξ,
ἀρτι πυρὶ πτολέμιζε, πυριτρέφες, ἀρτι κεραυνῷ
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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 mountainharbourded Seilenos holds be swallowed up in the sea, may the wave drag him along, may the Satyr float on the swelling flood and his Euian pipe toss on the rolling water; may Bassarids lay the bed for me instead of Lyaios in my watery hall.—Nay, I want no Satyrs, I drag no Mainads to the deep: Nereids are better. But let the Miamllones quench their thirst in the sea and drown there; instead of flowing draughts of wine let them drink my salt water. Let many a Bassarid driven by the wet pike of Proteus drift and toss aimlessly on the sea, tripping the dance of death for Lyaios. Drag down companies of Ethiopians and ranks of Indians as spoil for the Nereids; bring the daughters of nymph Cassiepeia,\(^a\) that tongue of evil, as slaves for Doris in tardy expiation. Let Oceanos banish viny Seirios from Olympos, the leader of that unresting dance in the winepress, and bathe in his resistless flood the fiery star of Maira.

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

\(^a\) See xxv. 135.
πατρώω προμάχις κυβερνητήρι τριάντης, καὶ στεροπὴν κούφις καὶ αἰγίδα πάλλε τοκῆς· οὐ γὰρ Δημιάδης σε μένει πρόμος, οὐ Λυκοδρυγον οὖτος ἄγων, Ἀράβων ὁλίγος μόδος, ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης τοσσατηῆς. τρομέων δὲ καὶ εἰσεῖ πόντιον αἷμην υφρανὸς ὑμετέρην βυθίων δεδήκεν Ἑννώς· καὶ πρόμος ὑψικέλευθος ἔμης τριόδοντος ἀκωκῆς πειρήθη Ψεύθων, ὦτε δύσμαχοι ἀμφὶ Κορώθου εἰς μόθον ἀστερόειντα κορύσσετο πόντιον Ἀρῆς· ὑψώθη δὲ θαλάσσα καὶ' αἴθερος, Ὁκεανῷ δὲ λούετο διψᾶς Ἀμάξα, καὶ ὑδαςι γείτονος ἀλμής βάψας θερμὰ γένεια Κύων ἔφυγετο Μαίρης, καὶ βυθίων κενεώνς αἰνψάρθησαν ἐναὐλῶν κύματα πυργώσαντες, ἱμασσομένῳ δὲ πόντου υφρανώι Δελφῶν θαλάσσιος ἤτετο δελφῖς."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν τριόδοντ' μυχοὺς ἐτύναξε θαλάσσης, καὶ ροδίων κελάδοντι καὶ οἴδασσον ρίζθρῳ ἑρὰ μαστίζοντες ἐβόμβεον ὕδατος ὀλκόλ. καὶ διερός σακέσσιν ἐθωρῆθη στρατὸς ἀλμής· ἐκ τοῦ Κρονίωνος ἀλβρέκτως παρὰ πάτη 

εὐκείνην ἐλέλειξεν ὑποβρυχίην Μελικέρτης, 

ζεῦξας Ἰσθμιὸν ἁρμα, καὶ ὑγροπόρου βασιλῆς 

ἔγχος ἀλκικήματι παραμφώρησαν ἄπηγη, 

τριχθαδίνη γλυκῖνθα θαλάσσα νῦτα χαράσσων, 

ζεῦξας Ἰσθμιὸν ἁρμα· καὶ ἵππεις χρηματισμῷ 

Ἰνδώων κελάδημα συνεπλατάγησε λεόντων. 

καὶ δρόμον ὕγρον ἔλαυνε· τιτανιομένου δὲ δίʃρου 

ἀκρον ὑδωρ ἀδιάντος ἔπεγραφεν ἄβροχος ὀπλη. 

Τρίτων δ᾽ εὐρυγένειοι ἐπέκτυπε θυάδι χάρμη.
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 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 amid the lashing surges!

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.

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.
ος διδύμως μελέεσσιν ἐχει δροτοειδεά μορφήν ἀλλοφυν, χλαόουσαν, ἀπ' ἵζους ἀρχή καράνου ἡμετελής. διερής δὲ παρῆρος ἵζους ὅλκω ὅππυχος ἱκθύδεντι τύπω περικάμπτεται οὐρή. καὶ διερή μάστυς, θαλασσαίη παρὰ φάτη
ζεύξας ὑκυπόρω πεφορμήενον ἁρμα θυλλή. Γλαύκος ἀνπτοπόδων λοφίην ἐπεμάστειν ἵππων καὶ Σατύρους ἐδίωκεν. ἀμφοίζω δὲ κυδομώ
Πᾶν κερείς, ἀβάτοισιν ἐν ὤδασι κοῖφος ὀδίτης, ἀβροχὸς αἰγεῖσαι ἀνακροῦν ἀλα χηλαῖς, ἄστατος ἐσκίρτησε, καλαύροι πόντον ἄρασων, πηκτίδι συρίζων πολέμου μέλος· ἐν ρόθως δὲ μιμηλὴν αἰῶν ἀνεμώλιον εἰκόνα φωνῆς
ποσοῖν ὀρεσσινόμοια διέτρεχε πόντιον ὤδωρ, μαστεύων κτύπων ἄλλον· ὑπηρίμως δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
tικτομένη σύριγγὶ διώκετο ποντίας ἥκω.
ἄλλος ἐνεκρήπιδα λόφον ἤησαίον ἐλίξας ἡμείς ἔφε Ὅδριάδεσσιν, ἀποπλαγχθείσα δὲ πέτρη
Νηρείδων ἐτίναξε Παλαίμονος ἐμβρυν αὐλῆν.
Πρωτεύς δ' Ἰσθμοῦ ὄδημα λιτῶν
Παληνιδος ἄλμης
eιναλίω θώρηκι κορύσαστο, δέρματι φώκης.
ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν στεφανηδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἴθωπες Ἰνδόι
Βάκχου κεκλομένοιο, καὶ οὐλοκόμων στίχες ἀνδρῶν
φωκάων πολύμορφον ἐπηχύνωτο νομῆα.
σφεγγομένοι δὲ γέροιτος ἐν ἐτερόχροος εἰκῶν.
Πρωτεύς γὰρ μελέεσσι τύπον μιμηλὸν υφαῖνων
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἐν ἐστίζατο μορφήν.
καὶ φυτὸν αὐτοτέλεστον ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὀρθῶν ἐστη
dενδρώσας ἐὰν γύια, τυναασμένων δὲ πετῆλων
ψευδαλέον ψιθύρισμα Βορειάδι σύρισεν αὐρη.
καὶ γραπταῖς φολίδεσσι κεκασμένα νῦτα 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 Nereids and shook the hall of Palaimon among the seaweed.

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;
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εἰρπε δράκων, μεσάτου δὲ πιεζομένου κενείων 
σπείραν ἀνημώρησεν, ὑπ' ὀρχηστὴρι δὲ 
ἀκρα τιτανομένης ἐλελίζετο κυκλάδος οὐρῆς, 
καὶ κεφαλήν ὄρθωσεν, ἀποπτῶν δὲ γενείων
ιὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεχηρότι σύρισε λαμώ. 240
καὶ δέμας ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἐξὼν σκιοειδή μορφῇ 
φρίξε λέων, σύτο κάρπος, ὕδωρ ῥέε.
καὶ χορὸς 'Ἰδών

ὐγρὸν ἀπειλητῆρι ρόον σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
χεραίν ὀλισθηρῶν ἐχὼν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ· 245
κερδαλέος δὲ γέρων πολυδαιδαλον εἶδος ἄμειβον 
eἰχὲ Περικλυμένου πολύτροπα δαίδαλα μορφῆς,
ὅν κτάμεν 'Ἡρακλῆς, ὅτε δάκτυλα διωσὰ συγάφας
ψευδαλέον μύμημα νόθης ἔθρασε μελίσσης.
χερσαίν ἐς γέρωντος εὐκυκλώσαντο πορείην 
pώεα κητώστα, φιλοφαμάθου δὲ φῶς
οἰγομένως βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεπάφλασε λαμώ.

Οὐγατέρων δὲ φάλαγγα φιλεύτου εἰς μόθον ἔλκων
ἐγχεῖ κυματόεντι γέρων ωπλίζετο Νηρεύς,
ποντοπόρῳ τριόδοντι καταθρώσκων ὀλεθρίων,
δεινὸς ἰδεῖν· πολλαὶ δὲ παρ' ἥνα γεύτοις ὀχθαὶ
eιναλίη Νηρής ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκωκῇ. 255
Νηρείδων δὲ γένεθλα συνεκρούσαντο τοκῆ
ὑσμύνης ἀλάλαμμα· καὶ εἰς μόθον ὑφόθι πόντου ἡμιφανῆς, ἀπέδιλον ἐβακχεύθη χορὸς ἄλημης.
καὶ Σατύρων ἀσίδηρος ἐπαισσοῦσα κυδομῷ
ἀρχαίην ἐπὶ λύσαν ἀνεδραμεν ἀστατός 'Ἰνώ,
λευκὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ἀφρὸν ὑπῆρης. 260
καὶ βλοσυρῇ Παιόπεια διαίσσουσα γαλήνης
γλαυκὰ θαλασσαίης ἐπεμάστει νῦτα λεαιής;
καὶ βόσκαλον δυσέρωτος ἀειρομένη Πολυφήμου
εἰναλίη Γαλάτεια κορύσσετο λυσσάδι Βάκχῳ· 265

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he rose in coils squeezing his belly, and with a dancing throb of his curling tail's tip he twirled about, lifted his head and spat hissing from gaping throat and grinning jaws a shooting shower of poison. So from one shadowy shape to another in changeling form he bristled as a lion, charged as a boar, flowed as water—the Indian company clutched the wet flood in threatening grasp, but found the pretended water slipping through their hands. So the crafty Old Man changed into many and varied shapes, as many as the varied shapes of Periclymenos, whom Heracles slew when between two fingers he crushed the counterfeit shape of a bastard bee. Flocks of sea-monsters ringed round the Old Man on his expedition to dry land, water splashed with a heavy roar from the open mouths of the sand-loving seals.

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

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\( ^a \) 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 II. xi. 690.

\( ^b \) Cf. xl. 555.
κοφίζων δ’ ἀτινακτον ἀλιτρεφέων ἐπὶ κυώνν
πομπίλος ἥρταζε δι’ ὑδατος ἄβροχον Κηδῶν.
ὡς δὲ τις ἕπεεύων ἐλατηρ ὑπὸ κυκλάδι τέχνη.
δοχιμώςας ὅλον ἰππον ἀμιστερὸν ἐγγίδι νύσσης,
δεξίτερον κάμψει, παριμένοιο χαλινοῦ
κέιτρω ἐπιπέρχων, προχέων πλίξιππον ἁπελήν,
ὁκλάζων ἐπίκυρτος, ἐπ’ ἀντυγχαύνατα πήξας
ιξὺν καμπτομέίη, καὶ ἐκούσιον ἰππον ἰλαύνων
φειδομένη παλάμη τεχνήμον βαιῶν ἰμάσσει,
ὁμικα βαλῶν κατόπισθε, πιερικομένου δὲ προσώπου
δύφρον ὀπισθοπόρον φλυίσσεται ἡμιχήτος:
ὡς τότε Νηρείδες διερή περὶ νύσσαι ἀγώνος
ἰχθύας ὤκυπόροισι ἐνικότας ἥλασαν ἰπποὺς.
ἃλλη δ’ ἀντικέλευθον ἀλιδρομον ἐχὶ πορεῖν
ἥμισχος δελφίνοι ύπερκύβασα βαλάσσης,
νῶτω δ’ ἱχθυόειν καθιππεύσουσα γαλήνης
ὑγρομάχη δρόμον ἐχῃ μακύν̂ας δὲ τὶς υγρὸς ὀδίτης
μεσσοφαυῆς δελφίνες ὀμόξυγας ἐσχισε δελφίς.

Καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδησαν ἐς οὐμίνην Διονύσου
θαρσύνοιτε ἀνακτα, καὶ ἀεινάων ἀπὸ λαμῶν
(HttpContext κεχιρίτους Ἀκανθοί
ἀγγελος υσμίνης Ποσίδῆσος ἐβρεμα σάλπιγξ.
καὶ πελάγη κυρτοῦτο συναχμάζοντα τριαίνη.
Ἰκαρίων Μυρτώως ἐπέτρεξον ἀγχισαίης 
Ἐσπερίων Σαρδώως, ἦμη ἐπισύρετο Κελτώ
οιδαίων πελάγεσσι, καὶ ἡδαί δύιγτα πόντω
Βόσπορος ἀντήρκτος ἐμίτυνε καμπύλον ὕδωρ.
Αἰγαίον δὲ ἰέθρα συναχθώσοιτε ἄλλη
Ἰονίης κενεων ἐμαστίζοντο βαλάσσης
συζυγεῖ, Σικελίης δὲ παρὰ σφυρα θυνάδως ἀλμής
cύμασι πυργωθεῖσα συνέκτυπον 'Αδριὰς ἀλμη
ἀγχισαίης· καὶ κόχλου ἐλῶν ὑπὸ Σύρτου ὕδωρ
286
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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 Nereids drove their fishes like swift-moving horses about the watery goal of their contest. Another opposite handling her reins on a dolphin’s back peeped out over the water, and moved on her seaborne course as she rode down the quiet sea on the fish in a wild race over the waters; then the mad dolphin travelling in the sea half-visible cut through his fellow-dolphins.

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,
εἰναλίῃ σάλπιγγι Λίβυς μυκήσατο Νηρεύς·
καί τις ἀνάξιας ροθίων χερσαῖος ὀδίτης
εἰς σκοπην πόδα λαϊν ἐρείσατο, δεξιερῷ δὲ
οὔρες ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμών ἐνοσίχθην ταρσῷ
Μαινάδος ἀφαιστοίο κατηκότιζε καρῆνον·
καὶ βυθίων τριόδοιτι κατακχαίζων Διονύσου
ἀλμασι μητρώουσιν ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες
ἐπεστρατώντο κυδομῷ,
ὡν ἡ μὲν δοκέουσα μετῆλιδα βότρυν θείρης
εἰς μόθον ὑδατόεινα κορώσετο φοιτάδι λύσθη,
ἀστατος οἰστρηθείσα ποδῶν βητάρμου παλμῷ·
ἡ δὲ Σάμου Θρήσσαν ὑπὸ σπῆλυγγα Καβείρων
νασσαμένη Λιβαῖοι παρεσκίρτησεν ἐρίθη,
βάρβαρον αἰθύσουσα μέλος Κορυβανίδος ἧχοις·
ἀλλὴ ἀπὸ Τιμώλοιο λεχώιδος ὑψα λεαίνης
ἀρσενα μιτρώσασα κόμην ὁμιώδει δεσμῷ,
Μαιοῖς ἀκριβεμένος ὑπεβρυχάτο Μιμαλλῶν,
καὶ ποδὸς ἰχνος ἐπηξε μετήρον ὑψὸθεν ὤχῆς,
μμηλαῖς γενύσσον ὑπαφριώσα ταλάσση.
Σειληνοὶ δὲ Κήλισσαν ἀναβλύζοντες ἐρῶν
Μυγδονίων ἐλατῆρες ἐθωρήσσατο λέοντων,
καὶ βυθίω καναχηδόν ἐπισκιρτώτενες ὁμιλω
ἀμπελόεν παλάμησαν ἀνέσχεθον ἐρνος Ἐνωνίς,
καὶ παλάμας ταυύσαστο λεοντεῖν ἐπὶ δειρήν
δραξάμενοι πλοκαμίδος, ἀμαμάκετοι δὲ φορῆς
θαρσαλέου λασίοισιν ἀνεκρούσαντο χαλυνίς.
ἀρπάξας δὲ τένοιτα χαραδρήσεντο οἰαύλου
Σειληνὸς πολέμιζε Παλαίμων, φοιταλὴν δὲ
ἐγχεὶ κισσὴτεν δὲ ὑδατὸς ἡλασεν Ἰνω.
ἀλλω δ' ἄλλος ἐρίζε· καὶ οὐκ ἱδέοςσατο Βάκχη
θύρσῳ ἀκοντιστήρι καταίσσουσα τριάνης,
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 Meliceretes lunging at Dionysos with his trident of the sea went madly along in leaps like his mother's.

307 Companies of Bassarids marched to battle. One shaking the untidy clusters of her tresses to and fro, armed herself with raging madness for battle with the waters, driven wildly along with restless dancing feet. One whose home was in the Samothracian cavern of the Cabeiroi, skipt about the peaks of Lebanon crooning the barbarous notes of Corybantian tune. Another from Tmolos on a lioness newly whelped, having wreathed snakes in her own manly hair, a Maionian Mimallon unveiled, bellowed and set her foot on the lofty slope, with foam on her lips like the seafoam. Seilenoi spluttering drops of Cilician wine-dew equipt themselves as riders of Mygdonian lions, and danced with a din against the crowd from the sea, brandishing in their hands their viny warpole, as they stretched their hands over the lions' necks and plucked at the mane and boldly checked their furious mounts by this bristly bridle. A Seilenos tore off a roof from a rocky hole and attacked Palaimon, and drove Ino wandering through the water with his ivy spear. One fought with another: a Bacchant did not shrink but cast a thyrsus hurtling against the trident,
Βάκχη θῆλυς εοῦσα· προασπίζων δὲ θαλάσσης
Πανὶ φιλοσκοπελώς μετανάστιος ἠρίσε Νηρεὺς
πήχει παφλάζοντι· δαφνουήστε δὲ κισσῷ
dαιμόνα Παλληνιαίον ὁρετιας ἠλαθε Βάκχη,
οὐ δὲ μιν ἐστυφέλξεν· ἐπερχόμενον δὲ Λυναίῳ
Γλαύκον ἀκοιτοτήρι Μάρων ἀπεσσάτο θύρωσ.
ὑψιτῇς δὲ ἐλέφας μελέων ἔνοσίχθων παλμῷ
dυνεύων στατόν ἰχνὸς ἀκαμπᾶ γοῦνατος ὦγκὐ
χείλεσι ηηκεδανοῖσι χαμεναδὶ μάριατο φῶκη·
καὶ Σάτυροι ρώσοι κυβιστητῆρι κυδομῷ
ταυροφυεῖς κεράσσοι πεπολυτεῖς, ἔσυμεν ὆ς ἐν
ἀλλοφαιῆς κεκάλαστο δὲ ἱεύος ὄρθιος οὐρῇ.
Σεληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, ὥς ὁ μῖν αὐτῶν
ποσαί διαζομένους ἐποχημένους ἱεῦ ταύρου
συμπλεκέων ἔθλιψε μέλος διδυμόθροον αἰλῶν.
καὶ πλοκάμους βαλίσασι συναιθύσουσα θυέλλαις
Μυγδονίς ἐκροτάλιζεν ὀμόζυγα κύμβαλα Βάκχη,
καὶ λοφήν ἐπίκυρτον ἐμάστει λυσάδος ἁρκτον
θηρὸς ὑποβρυχίης ἀντώπιον· ἀγροτέρῃ δὲ
πόρδαλις οὕρεσίφοιτος ἑλαύνετο κέντορι θύρσῳ.
καὶ τις ἀμερσίνουσι κατασχετος ἄλματι λύσις
ἰχνεσι ἀβρέκτουσιν ἐπεσκίρτησε θαλάσσῃ,
οὐ Ποσειδάωνος ἐπισκαίρουσα καρκίνω·
λαξ ποδὶ κύματα τίφεν, ἐπηπελίσας δὲ πόντῳ
συγαλέω, καὶ κωφὸν ὕδωρ ἐπεμάστει θύρσῳ
Βασσαρίς ὑγροφόρητος· ἀπὸ πλοκάμου δὲ νύφης
ἀφλεγέσι σελάγιζε κατ’ αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ,
θάμβος ἰδεῖν. κινυρὶ δὲ παρ’ ἥσιν γείτονι πόντῳ
φύλοπιν εἰσορόωσα θαλασσομόθθου Διονύσου
αἰνοπαθῆς Ψαμάθη πολυταρβέα ρήζατο φωνῇ·
"Εἰ Θέτιδος χάριν οἰδοθα
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 with blood-dripping ivy, but did not shake him! Glaukos 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.
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εἰ μάθες Αιγαίωνα τεών χραιμήτορα θεσμῶν, Ζεύς ἀνα, Βάκχον ἐρυκε μεριμνότα: μηδὲ νοήμων δουλοσύνης Νηρής ἐτί Γλαύκοιον τελευτή· μὴ Θέτις αἰολόδακριν ὑποδρήσθεις Λυξέ, ὁμιδά μὴ μιν ἴδομι παρὰ Βρομώ, χθόνα Λυδῶν ὑφομένην μετὰ πόντων, Ἀχιλλέα, Πηλέα, Πόρρων, νύσσων, πόσιν, υλα μὴ στενάχουσαν ἄνιψ.

Λευκοθέην δ' ἐλέαρε γοῆμονα, τῆς παρακοίτης υλα λαβὼν ἐδαίζε, τὸν ἀστόργου τοκίον παιδόφονοι γλυχύνες ἐδαισμύσαντο μαχαίρης." "Ὡς φαμείης ἦκουσε δ' αἰδέρος ὕψημέδων Ζεὺς, καὶ Βερός ὑμέναιον ἐπέτρεπεν ἐννοοιαίω, καὶ μόθον ἐπρῆνε γαμοστόλον οὐρανόθεν γάρ νυμφιδίην ἀτέλεστον ἀναστέλλοντες Ἔννω

Βάκχον ἀπειλητήρες ἐκυκλώσαντο κεραυνοί. καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις γαμίω δεδομηνός ἤις κούρην μὲν μενέαιν: πατήρ δὲ μιν ἵψημεδων Ζεὺς βρονταιῆς ἀνέκοπτε μέλος σάλπιγγος ἀράσσων, καὶ πόθον ὑμίνης ἀνεσείρασε πάτριος ἦχώ.

ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔχάζετο νυθρὸς σφήνης, στυγνός ὀπισθοβόλῳ δεδοκημένος ὡματί κούρην: οὖσαί δ' αἰδομένιοισ ἀειδομένων ἐνὶ πόντῳ ζῆλον ἐχων ἦκουσε Ἄμμωνης ὕμεναιν.

καὶ γάμον ἡμιτελεστὸν ἀλλίβρομος ἦπεν σύριγγες, καὶ δονέων ἀσβεστον ἐν ὕδαις νυμφιδίῳν πῦρ παστῶν Ἀμμωνής θαλαμηπόλος ἦπεν Νηρεὺς, καὶ μέλος ἐπλεκε Φόρκυς: ὁμοζήλω δὲ πορείᾳ Γλαύκος ἀνεσκιρτήσεν, ἐβακχεύθη Μελικέρτης· καὶ ζυγίθην Γαλάτεια διακρόουσα χορεῖν ἀστατὸς ορχηστήρι ποδῶν ἔλελίζετο παλμῷ, καὶ γάμιον μέλος εἶπεν, ἐπεὶ μάθε καλά λιγαίνειν ποιμενή σύριγγι διδασκομένη Πολυφήμου.

292
not forgot Aigaion the protector of thy laws, a save
us from Bacchos in his madness! Let me never see
Glaucos dead and Nereus a slave! Let not Thetis
in floods of tears be servant to Lyaios, let me not see
her a slave to Bromios, leaving the deep, to look on
the Lydian land, lamenting in one agony Achilles,
Peleus, Pyrrhos, grandson, husband, and son! Pity
the groans of Leucothea, whose husband took their
son and slew him—the heartless father butchered his
son with the blade of his murderous knife!"

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

a Cf. II. i. 396 ff.
Καὶ Βερόης διεροίσων ὀμιλήσας ὑμενάιοις νυμφίος ἐνυσίγαιος ἐφιλατο πατρίδα νύμφης. καὶ Βερόης ναέτησιν ἑς κεμήλιον εὐνής Ἀρεώς εὐαλλίου θαλασσαίην πόρε νίκην. καὶ γάμος ὀβλιος ἦν, ἐπεὶ βυθῶς παρὰ παστῷ ἄξιον ἔδων Ἄρωτος Ἀραφ ἐκομίσατο Νηρεὺς, Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον, Ὀλυμπία δαιδάλα, νύμφη. ὁρμόν ἄγων κάλυκας τε φέρων ἰλικάς τε τιταῖνων, ὀππόσα Νηρεῖδεσσιν ἀμμήτω κἀμε τέχνην Ἀήμινος ἐργοπόνος παρὰ κύμαι. καὶ μέσον ἀλισ ἐμπυρον ἄκμονα πάλλεν ὑποβρυχιν τε πυράγρην, φυσαλέου χανίων περιδρομόν ἀσθμα τιταῖνων 405 ποιητοῖς ἀνέμοιοι, ἀναπτομένης δὲ καμινών ἐν ροθίοις ἀσβεστον ἐβόμβευεν ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ. Νηρεὺς μὲν τάδε δῶρα πολύτροπα, δῶκε δὲ κοῦρῃ Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης πολυδαιδάλον εἰδος ἄραχνης: χρυσὸν Ἰβνη πόρε Ῥήνος: ἐχεκτεάνων δὲ μετάλλων ἤλυθεν εἰκέλα δῶρα γέρων Πακτωλὸς ἢείρων χερσὶ φυλασσομείην, ὁτι πρόμον ἔτρεμε Λυδῶν Βάκχον ἐδὸν βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔτρεμε γείτωνα Ἐρέην Μυγδονίης πολυϊχον ἐδὶ χθονός. Ἡρωδοῖν δὲ Ἡλιάδων ἥλεκτρα ρυηθενέων ἀπὸ δέιδρων δῶρα πόρε στίλβοντα: καὶ ἀργυρές ἀπὸ πέτρης Στρυμῶν ὀσσα μετάλλα καὶ ὀππόσα Γεῦδος ἀείρει, ἔδων Ἀμμυώνη δωρήσατο κυνοχαίτης. Ὑς ὁ μὲν ἀρτιχόρευτος ὑποβρυχίᾳ παρὰ παστῷ γῆθεεν ἐνυσιγαιος: ἀμειδήτω δὲ Λυαιῷ γνωτός Ἔρως φθονόειτι παρῆγορον ἰαχε φωνῆν. 415 1 A gap in M and other ms.: F2 reads κύμαι, Graece, followed by Ludwich., restores Κύριῳ. 294
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 with mimic winds, and when the furnace was kindled the fire roared in the deep unquenched. Nereus then brought these gifts in great variety. But Persian Euphrates gave the girl the webspinner's embroidered wares; Iberian Rhine brought gold; old Pactolos came bringing the like offerings from his opulent mines, with cautious hands, for he feared the Lydian master, Bacchos his king, and he feared Rheia his neighbour, the cityholder of his country Mygdonia. Eridanos brought shining gifts, amber from the Heliad trees that trickle riches; and from the silver rock, all the metals of Strymon and all that Geudis has were brought as a marriage-gift to Amymone by Seabluehair.

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

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

Literally, windy pipe: but Nonnos seems to have confused bellows with melting pot.
"Νυμφοκόμῳ, Διόνυσε, τί μέμφεις εἰσεῖ κεστῷ; οὐ Βρομίω Βεροίς γάμος ἐπρεπεν, ἄλλα θαλάσσης ἀρμενος ἦν γάμος οὕτως, ὅτι βρυχίης Ἀφροδίτης παῖδα λαβὼν ἔζευξα θαλασσοπόρῳ παρακοίτη· ἀβροτέρην δ' ἐφύλαξα τεοῖς θαλάμως Ἀρμάνην, ἐκ γενεῆς Μύκωνος ὀμόγνων' οὐτιδανήν ἐπὶ πόντιοι αἷμα φέρουσαν Ἀμμαίωνην λίπε πόντω. ἄλλα λιτῶν Λιβαίιοι λόφοι καὶ Ἀδωνίδος ὑδωρ ἔσει εἰς Φρυγίην εὕπαρθενον, ἥξι σε μίμει 430 ἀβροχον Ἡλίου λέχος Τιτνίδος Λύρης· καὶ στέφος ἀσκήσασα μάχης καὶ παστάδα κούρης Ὀρήκη νυμφοκόμοι σε δεδέξεται, ἥξι καὶ αὐτή Παλλήνη καλέει σε δορυσσόσ, ἢς παρὰ παστὴ ἀθλοφόρον γαμίσσι περιστέφω σε κορύμβους ἰμερτὴν τελέσαντα παλαισμοιήν Ἀφροδίτης."

Τοῖα γυναιμανένοιτι κασιγνητῇ φάτο Βάκχῳ θόῦρος "Ερως· πτερύγων δὲ πυρώδεα βόμβου ἰάλλων ἡερίη νόθος ὀρνις αἰτήρητο πορείη, καὶ Διὸς εἰς δόμον ἠθενεν. ἅπ᾽ Ἀσσυρίοιο δὲ κόλπουν 440 ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος αὐτήν εἰς χόνα Λυδῶν Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ πέζαν, ὅτη χρυσαυγίη πηλῷ ἀφενεῖς τιτάνου μέλαν φοινίσσεται ὑδωρ· Μαιονίης δ᾽ ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἱστατο μητέρι Ἄρειῃ 'Ινδώης ὀρέγων βασιλήμα δώρα θαλάσσης. 445 καλλεῖψας δὲ ἰέθερα βαθυπλούτου ποταμοῦ καὶ Φρύγιον κενεῶνα καὶ ἀβροβίων γένος ἀνδρῶν Ἀρκτῶν παρὰ πέζαν ἐν ἐφύτευσεν ὁπώρην, Εὐρώπης πτολεθρα μετ᾽ Ἀσίδος ἀστεα βαίνων.
"Dionysos, why do you still bear a grudge against the cestus that makes marriages? Beroë was no proper bride for Bacchos, but this marriage of the sea was quite fitting, because I joined the daughter of Aphrodite of the sea to a husband whose path is in the sea. I have kept a daintier one for your bridechamber, Ariadne, of the family of Minos and your kin. Leave Amymone to the sea, a nobody, one of the family of the sea herself. You must leave the mountains of Lebanon and the waters of Adonis and go to Phrygia, the land of lovely girls; there awaits you a bride without salt water, Aura of Titan stock. Thrace the friend of brides will receive you, with a wreath of victory ready and a bride's bower; thither Pallene also the 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."

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

Hyperion, father of Helios, was a Titan, so the reading may pass.
"Hiðe δ' Ἰλλυρίς Δαυλάντιον ἔθνος ἀρούρης καὶ πεδὸν Αἰμονίης καὶ Πῆλιον ἀκρον ἐδόσας Ἑλλάδος ἐγγύς ἰκανε, καὶ Ἀονίη παρὰ πέλη στῆσε χοροῦς. ἀιὼν δὲ μέλος μυκητορὸς αὐλῶν Πανὶ Ταναγραίῳς θιάςους ἐστήσατο ποιμήν· καὶ κρῆνη κελάδησεν, ὅτη χθονὸς ἀκρον ἀράξας ἕγρας ὀνυξ ἱππεος ἐπώνυμον ἐγλυφεν ἠδῶρ. Ἀσωπὸς δ' ἐχόρευε πυρίτινα χεύματα σύρων καὶ προχοὰς ἐλέλιξε· σὺν Ἰσμηνὶ δὲ τοκῆ, κυκλάδας αἰθύσουσα ῥοὰς ὑρχήσατο Δίρκη. καὶ ποτὲ τις δρυόντως ἀιαίξασα κορυμβοῦ ἡμφανῆς ἐλίγανεν Ἀμαδρύας ὑφὸδι δείδρου, οὐνομα κυδαίνουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου· πηγαίη δ' ὀμόφωνος ἀσάμβαλος ίαχε Νύμφη.

Καὶ κτῦπος οὖρεσίφοιτος ἀδεψήτω τοίς βοεῖς Πεινθέος ἀσπόνδους ἐπεσμαράγγεν ἀκουαῖς· οὐνοφόρῳ δ' ἀθέμιστος ἀναξ ἐπεχώσατο Βάκχῳ, καὶ στρατηγὸν ἐκόρυσσε μαχήμονα, κέκλετο δ' ἀστοῖς

* 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 tribe of Illyrian soil, and the plain of Haimonia and the Pelion peak, and was nearing Hellas; there he established dances on the Aonian plain. The shepherd hearing the tune of the drooning pipes formed congregations for Pan at Tanagra. A fountain bubbled on the spot where the horse’s wet hoof scratched the surface of the ground and made a hollow for the water which took its name from him. Asopos danced breathing fiery streams, as he swept his floods along and twirled his waters. Dirce danced, 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.
ἀστεος ἐπταπόροιο περιφράξει πυλεώνας·
oi μὲν ἐπεκλήσαν ἀμοιβαίοις, ἐξαπίης δὲ
αὐτόματοι κληίδες ἀνωγόνυτο πυλάων,
καὶ δολιχοὺς πυλεῶν μάτην ἐπέβαλλον ὀχήσας
ἡρώιος θέραπτες ἐρήμανωντες ἀῆταις.
οὐ τότε τις πυλαώρος ἱδὼν ἀνεσείρασε Βάκχην.
Σειληνοῦς δὲ γέροντας ἀτευχέας ἀσπιδίωται
ἐτρεμον αἵχμητῆρες· ὁμογ λώσωσ δ' ἀλαλτῷ
κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ὡφιδήςαντες ἀπειλής
πολλάκις ὁρχήσαντο, σὺν εὐτύκτοις δὲ βοειάσις
κυκλάδος ἐστήσαντο σακεσπάλον ἁλμα χορείης,
ἀντίτυπον μήμηια πελοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων.
φρυκαλέαί δ' ιάχναν ἐν οὐρει λυσάδες ἀρκτοῖ,
καὶ γένει αἰθύσουσα καὶ ὑψίτητον ἐρυθῆν
πόρδαλις ἑώρητο· λέων δὲ τις ἀβρόν ἀθύρων
μελείχοις βρύχημα συνήλικε πέμπε λεαίη.
'Ἡδη δ' αὐτοεικὸς ἐσεῖετο Πενθέας αὐλῇ
ἀκλινέων σφαιρῆδον ἀναίσσουσα θεμέθλων·
kαὶ πυλεῶν δεδοῦστο θορῶν ἑνοσίχθοι παλμῶν,
πήματος ἐσσομένῳ προαγγελος· αὐτόματος δὲ
λάνως Ὦγκαίης ἐελείζετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης,
ὅν ποτε Κάδμος ἔδειμεν, ὅτε βραδυπεσθεὶς ῥιπῇ
μόσχου πυργοδόμου φερέττολις ἥκλασε χηλή·
ἀμφὶ δὲ θείων ἅγαλμα πολισσοῦχοι θεαίης
αὐτομάτη ῥαθάμμηγι θεόσυντος ἐβλυεν ὤδρως
deίμα φέρων ναέτης· καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνου
ἀγγελός ἐσσομένων βρέτας Ἀρεος ἐρρεε λύθρω.
Καὶ ναέται δεδοıntı το φόβῳ δ' ἐελείζετο μῆτηρ
Πενθέας αὐχήετος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ μενοῦρη,
μηησαμένη προτέρου δαφουνέετος ὅνείρου
πικρὰ προθεσπίζετος, ἐπεὶ πάρος ὑφόδι λέκτρων
ἐξ ὦτε κοιρανήν πατρῶιον ἠρτασε Πενθέας,
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 oxties 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-
πάννυχον ὑπναλέοις ὀάροις εἴδουσαν Ἦγαυὴν 
φάσματα μμηλοῖο διεπτοίησεν ὁνείρον, 
ἀπλανέος θρόσκοιτα δι' εὐκεράου πυλεύνος· 
ἐλπέτο γὰρ Πενθῆς ἱχορίτυπον ἁβρόν ὀδήγην 
ἀρσενα κοσμήσαντα γυναικεῖα χρύα πέπλῳ 
ῥύβαι πορφυρόκωτον ἐπὶ χθόνα φάρος ἀνάκτων, 
θύρον ἐλαφρίζοντα καὶ οὐ σκηντροῦ φορῆα· 
καὶ μιν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησε πάλιν Κάδμης Ἦγαυὴ 
ἐξόμενον σκιεροῦ μετάρρυντον ὕφοθι δένδρου· 
καὶ φυτὸν ύψικάρτην, ὅπηθες ἔτεο Πενθέος, 
θῆρες ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἁγριῶν ἐλξον ἐρωθὴν 
δένδρον ἀπειλητήρι μετοχλίζοντες ὀδοῦτι, 
τρηχαλέας γενύσσι· τινασσομένου δὲ δένδρου 
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐλιξ διεύκτοο Πενθέος, 
καὶ μιν ἐδηλίσαιιν δεδουπότα λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι· 
ἀγροτέρη δὲ λέανα καταίσσουσα προσώπου 
πρυμνόθεν ἐσπασε χείρα, 
καὶ ἀσχετα μανιρμάνη θήρ 
ἡμιτόμου Πενθῆος ἐρεισαμένη πόδα λαμψ 
θηγαλέοις όνύχεσσι διεδρίσαν ἄνθερεων, 
αἰμαλέον δὲ κάρηνον ἐκούφισαν ἀρπαγι ταρσῷ 
οὐκτρα δαίζομένου, καὶ ἰδεῖκνε μάρτυρι Κάδμῳ 
παλλομένην, βροτήν δ' ἀλιτίμοια ῥήβατο φωνὴν· 
"Εἰμι τῇ θυγάτηρ θηροκτόνος· εἰμὶ δὲ μήτηρ 
Πενθέος ὀλβίστου, τῇ φιλότεκνος Ἦγαυῆ. 
τηλίκων ὥλεσα θήρα· λεοντοφόρου δὲ νύκης 
δέχυσο τοῦτο κάρηνον ὦμῆς πρωτάγριον ἀλκῆς· 
τηλίκον οὐ ποτε θήρα κατέκτανε σύγγονος Ἰνώ, 
οὐ κτάνεν Αὐτονότ· οὐ δὲ σύμβολα παιδὸς Ἦγαυῆς 
πήξου ἀριστοπόνοι τεοῦ προπάροιδε μελάδρου." 
Τοῖον ὄναρ βλοσυρωτόν ὑπόχλου εἰδεν Ἦγαυῆ. 
ἐνθεν ἐρπητοῖτος ἀπωσαμένη πτερόν Υπνο, 
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ing on her bed had been terrified all night in her sleep, when the unreal phantom of a dream had leapt through the Gate of Horn which never deceives, and whispered in her sleepy ear. For she thought she saw Pentheus a dainty dancer on the road, his manly form dressed up in a woman’s robe, throwing to the ground the purple robe of kings, bearing the sceptre no longer but holding a thyrsus. Again, Cadmeian Agauë thought she saw him perched high up in a shady tree; round the lofty trunk where sat bold Pentheus was a circle of wild beasts, furiously pushing to root up the tree with the dangerous teeth of their hard jaws. The tree shook, and Pentheus came tumbling over and over of himself, and when he dumped down, mad she-bears tore him; a wild lioness leapt in his face and tore out an arm from the joint—then the mad raging monster set one paw on the throat of Pentheus cut in two, and tore through his gullet with her sharp claws, and lifted the bloody head in her ferocious paw piteously lacerated, and showed it to Cadmos, who saw it all, swinging it about as she spoke in human voice these wicked words:

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

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

νόμιμη καλέσασα θεγόροον ὑπάνεν τὰ τρόπους, μαντίας ἑσσομένων φωνίων ἐδίδαξεν ὑψίρους.  
Τειρεσίας δ' ἐκέλευσε θεοπρόπος ἁρσειν ῥέξαι ταύρου, ἄοσσητηρα δαφοινήκειτο ὑψίρουν.  
Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοι θεοκλήτω παρ' ὑψίρου, μηκεδάνης ἐλάτης παρ' δενδρέον, ἢ: Κῖθαρὶν πέπταται ὑψικάρηνος. Ὀμηδράδεσσοι δὲ Νυμφαίος ὥριν ὅν οὕμαινε θυηπολείων παρὰ λόχη.  
ἦγνω δ' ἐμφρονα θῆρα καὶ ἀγρόσσουσαν Ἀγαύην γαστρός ἐν ὡδίνα καὶ ἀλεστεκνὸν ἄγωνα καὶ κεφαλὴν Πενθῆος. ἐν ἀφθογγῷ δὲ σιωπῇ κρύψεν ὑπερεῖς ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα νύχης.  
Πενθέα μὴ βαρύμην ἐν βασιλῆα χαλεπῆ.  
πενθομένη δὲ γέροντι σοφῷ φιλοτεκνὸς Ἀγαύη  
eἰς ὁρὸς ὑψικάρηνον ὀμόστολος ἦς Κάδμῳ  
Πενθεός ἐσπομένωι· καὶ εὐκεράφ παρὰ βωμῷ  
θῆλυν ὅν κερὼεν συνεμποροὶ ἁρσεὶ ταύρῳ, ἢ: Διὸς πέλεν ἄλθος ὀρειάδος ἐμπλευν ὕλης,  
Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἀδραδέσαι μίαν ἐξίσεος θυηλῆ  
Κάδμος Ἀγηνορίδης, θεοτερπεῖ βωμὸν ἀνάφας,  
ρέξων ἀμφοτέρους· ἀναπτομένωι δὲ πυροῦ  
kυσιν μὲν περίβοιτος ἐλίξ συνενήχετο καπνῷ  
eὐόδῳ στροφάλγῳ, δαίζομένου δ' ἁρα ταύρου  
ὁρθίοις αἵμαλέης αὐτόσουτοι αὐλὸς ἔροις  
χεῖρας ἐρευθίοντι φὸνῳ πόρφυρεν Ἀγαύης . . .  
ἀγχενον δὲ τένοντα πέριξ στεφανηδὸν ἐλίξας  
οἴδαλήν ἐπίκυρτον ἐδὶ δοχμώσατο δειρήν  
μεϊλχος εὐλικὸν δράκων μιτρούμενος ὀλκῷ,  
στέμματι δ' ὀλκαίῳ κεφαλῆν κυκλώσατο Κάδμου  
πηνῆς ὀφίς, καὶ γλῶσσα πέριξ λεχμαζὲν ὑπήρην  
μεϊλχών φίλοι ὦν ἀποπτύουσα γενεῖν  
oἰγομένων· καὶ θῆλυς ὀφίς μιτρῶσατο κόρην.
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
'Αρμονίης ξανθοίς περιπληκτείσα κορύμβους, καὶ διδύμων ὀφίων πετρώσατο γιὰτα Κρονίων, ὅττι παρ’ Ἰλυρικοῦ δρακοντοβότου στόμα πότου Ἀρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ἀμειβομένου προσώπου λαϊνέμην ἠμέλλων ἔχειν ὀφώδεα μορφὴν. καὶ φόβοι ὦλλον ἔχουσα μετὰ προτέρου φόβου ὅποιον νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἥθε σὺν νυὲ καὶ γενετήρι. Τοῖον ίδεν ποτὲ φάσμα, καὶ ὦμφήντος ὑπέροι μυθσαμένη δεδοήτο φόβῳ φιλότεκνος 'Αγάθη. Προς δ’ ἐπιταῦροι δι’ ἀστοῖς ἰσπᾶτο Φήμη ὅργια κηρύσσουσα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσσου, οὐδὲ τις ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὸ πτόλων ἀγρονόμων δὲ εἰαρινοῖς πετάλουσιν ἐμπρωθησαν ἀγναί. καὶ θάλαμον Σεμέλης χλωρῆ σκιῶσα κορύμβῳ νυµφαίῳ σπαθῆρος ἐτὶ πνεύντα κεραυνοῦ αὐτοφής ἐμεθύνασεν ἐλίξ εὐώδεὶ καρπῷ. φρικτὰ δὲ παπταῖνων πολυειδέα θαύματα Βάκχου, ζήλων ἔχων ὑπέροπλον, ἀνὰς κυμαίνετο Πενθεύς— καὶ κενῆς προχέων ὑπέρήμορα κόμπον ἀπειλῆς τοῖον ἐπούς δημέσσων ἀτάσθαλος ἰαχε Πενθεύς. “Ἀδοῦν ἐμὸν θεράποντα κομίσσατε, θῆλων ἀλήτην, δαυνυμένου Πενθῆσος ὑποδρητήρα τραπέζης, οὐνοδόκῳ ποτὸν ἀλλὸ διαστάζοντα κυπέλλῳ, ἡ γλάγος ἡ γλυκὺ χεῖμα: κασιγκήνην δὲ τεκούσης Ἀὐτονόην πληγήσαν ἀμοβαίᾳν εἰμάσων, καὶ πλοκάμιοι πιήξωμεν ἀκερσικόμου Διονύσου κύμβαλα δ’ ἥχησεν διαρρήσαντες ἀήταις καὶ πάταγον Βερέκυντα καὶ Εὐία τύμπανα Ῥεῖς ἐλκετε Βασσαρίδας μαμώδεας, ἐλκετε Βάκχας, ἀμφισόλους Βρομίου συνήλυδας, ὡς εἰ Θήβη

1 Ludwig marks a lacuna here.
clusters in her yellow hair. Then Cronion turned the bodies of both snakes into stone, 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.

Such was the vision which Agauë had seen, and remembering this ominous dream the fond mother was shaken with fear.

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 foliage 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:

"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 Autonoe with retributive strokes of my hands, and we will crop the uncropped locks of Dionysos. Throw to the winds his tinkling cymbals, and the Berecyntian din and Euian tambourines of Rheia. Drag hither the mad Bassarids, drag the Bacchants hither, the handmaids who attend on

\[a\] Imitated from II. ii. 319, but given a new meaning.
'Ισμηνοῦ διερόησιν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐναύλοις Ἡγίας 'Αονίας ποταμηματία μίξατε Νύμφαις ἡλικας, 'Αδρανάς δὲ γέρων δέξατο Κιθαίρων ἀλλαῖς 'Αδρανάσσου ὀμόζυγας ἀντὶ Δυναίον. ἢξατε πῦρ, θεράποντες, ἐπεὶ ποινήτορι θεσμῷ, ἐκ πυρὸς εἰ πέλε Βάκχοι, ἐγὼ πυρὶ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω. Ζεύς Σεμέλην ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ Διὸνυσον ἀλέσσω. εἰ δὲ κε πειρήσαιτο καὶ ἡμετέρου οἰκείον, γνώσεται, οἶον ἐχὼ χθόνιον σέλας. οὐρανίῳ γὰρ θερμοτέρους σπυνθήρας ἐμὸν λάχεν αὐτίτυπον πῦρ· σήμερον αἰθαλόντα τὸν ἀμπελόντα τέλεσσω. εἰ δὲ μόθον στῆσαι μαχήμονα θύρουν αἰείρων, γνώσεται, οἶον ἐχὼ χθόνιον δόρῳ καὶ μὲν ἀλέσσω, οὐ ποδός, οὐ λαγώνων, οὐ στήθεως, οὐ κενεώνων ὑπελῆν μεθέποντα· καὶ οὐ βουηλήγη δαίξω κυρτὰ βουκραίρου κεράσα δισσά μετώπου, οὖδε διατμήξω μέσον αὐχένοις· ἀλλά ἐ τῷ ἔξω ἐγχεῖ χαλκεῖσσες τετορημένον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ, ὡτι Δίος μεγάλου γοηίνη ἐφεύσατο μηροῦ καὶ πόλον ὡς ἔνω οἰκον· ἐγὼ δὲ μὲν ἀντὶ μελάθρου ἀντὶ Διὸς πυλέων ἐνέρτερον. Λιδί πέρμος, ἥ μὲν αὐτοκύλιστον ἀλυσκάζουσα καλυφὼ κύμασιν Ἰσμηνοῖο, καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ θαλάσσης. οὐ δέχομαι βροτὸν ἄνδρα νόθον θεὸν· εἴ θέμες εἰπέν, ψεύσομαι, ὡς Διὸνυσος, ἐμὸν γένος· οὐκ ἀπὸ Κάδμου αἴμα φέρω χθονίου, πατήρ δ' ἔμος, ὄρχαμος ἀστρων, Ἔλεος με φύτευσε, καὶ οὐκ ἐςπειρεῖν Ἐχίων· τίκτε Σεληναίη με, καὶ οὐκ ἐλοχεύσεις Ἀγαύη· εἰμὶ γένος Κρονίδαο, καὶ αἰθέρος εἰμὶ πολίτης· οὐρανὸς ἀστερόφοιτος ἐμὴ πόλις. Λατε, Θῆβαι· Παλλᾶς ἐμὴ παράκοιτις, ἐμὴ δάμαρ ἀμβροτος Ἡβη· Πενθέι μαζὸν ὄρεξε μετ' Ἀρεᾶ δεσπότης Ἡρη.
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 Lyaios. Bring fire, men, for by the law of vengeance I will throw Bacchos into the fire, if he came out of the fire: Zeus tamed Semele, I will destroy Dionysos! If he would like to try my thunder also, he shall learn what fire I have from earth! For my fire has hotter sparks to match the heavenly fire. To-day I will make the viny one a 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.
καὶ ζαθέθ μετὰ Φοίβου ἐγείνατο Πενθέα Λητώ·
"Αρτέμιν ἱερέτην νυμφεύσομαι· οὐδὲ με φεύγει,
ὡς ποτε Φοίβον ἐφευγέν ἐς μυστήρα κορείς,
μῶμον ἀλυσκάλουσα κασιγνήτων ἅμεσαίνων.
εἰ δὲ τείχν Σεμέλην οὐκ ἐφελεγεν οὐρανή φλόξ,
παιδὸς ἢς διὰ μῶμον ἐὼν δόμον ἐφέλεγε Κάδμος,
ἀστεροπην δ' ἐκάλεσα χαμαιγενεῖς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
καὶ δαίδων ὀνόμην σέλας σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ."

"Ὡς φαμένου βασιλῆς ἐπεστράτωντο μαχηταὶ
ὀπλοφόροι κενεοίσιν ἐρίδμαιντες ἀήτασι·
καὶ στρατὸς ἁσπετος ἥν ἢσον πεινώδειος ὶλης,
ἐχνια μαστεύσιτες ἀθητοῖο Λυαίον.

"Οφρα μὲν ἐνναέτησιν ἀνάξ ὑπετέλετο Πενθείς,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ἄφγεγαν νύκτα δοκεύων
τοῖον ἑποθ ἀπρὸς "Ολυμπὸν ἀνίαχε κυκλάδι Μήην·

"Ὡ τέκος Ἡλίου, πολύστροφε, παιστρόφε Μήην,
ἄρματος ἀργυρέοι κυβερνήτειρα Σελήνη,
εἰ σὺ πέλεις Ἐκάθ τολμόωνσις, ἐνυχὶ ἐς
πυρσοφόρῳ παλάμῃ δονείς θιασώδεια πεύκῃν,
ἐρχο, νυκτιπόλοις, σκυλακοτρόφοις, ὅτι σε τέρπει
κυνηγημω γοοῳτι κυνοςσός ἐνυχὸς ἢχῶ.

Αρτέμις εἴ σὺ πέλεις ἐλαφηβόλος, ἐν δὲ κολάναις
νεβροφόνῳ σπεύδουσα συναγρώσσεις Διονύως,
ἐςσο κασιγνήτῳ δοτῆσεις ἀρχιγόνον γὰρ
ἀίμα λαχῶν Κάδμοι διώκομαι ἐκτοθι Θήβης,

μητρὸς ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος· ὥκυμορος γὰρ
θυητὸς ἀνὴρ κλονεῖς μεθεμάχος· ὡς νυχὶ δὲ

* Evidently a folktale explaining why Sun (Apollo-Helios) and Moon (Artemis-Selene) are never together; for more such stories, see A. H. Krappe. La Genése 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. 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 pine wood, seeking the tracks of Lyaios ever unseen.

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

191 "O daughter of Helios, 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.
νυκτελίων χραίσιμησον ἐλαυνομένων Διονύσων·
εἰ δὲ σὺ Περσεφόνεια νεκυισῶσα, ύμέτερα δὲ
ψυχαὶ Ταρταρίων ὑποδρήσουσα θοῶκοις,
nεκρῶν ὅδε Πενθῆ, καὶ ἀχνυμένου Διονύσου
dάκρυνον εὐνήσει τεὸς ψυχοστόλος Ἕρμης·
σεῖο δὲ Τισιφόνης μανιώδεος ἦ Μεγαίρης
Ταρταρῆς μάστιγα λαθίφρων παῦσον ἀπειλήν
Γηγενέως Πενθῆς, ἔπει δυσμήχων Ἡρη
ὄψιγον Τιτήνα νέω θώρηξε Λυαίω.

ἀλλὰ σὺ φώτα δάμασσον ἄθεσμον, ὅφρα γεραίρης
ἀρχεγόνου Ζαγρής ἐπωνυμίην Διονύσου.
Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκεες μεμηνότος ἀνδρὸς ἀπειλήν·
κλῦθι, πάτερ καὶ μῆτερ· ἔλεγχομένου δὲ Λυαίου
οὐ στεροπὴ γαμὴ Σεμέλης τιμήρος ἰστὼ·
(OS φαμένου ταυρώπις ἁνίαχεν ἦφόθι Μῆνη·

"Νυκτιφαῖς Διόνυσε,

φυτηκόμε, σύνδρομε Μῆνης,
σῆς σταφυλῆς ἀλέγιζε· μέλει δὲ μοι ὅργα Βάκχου,
ὑμετέρων ὤτα γαῖα φυτῶν ὕδινα πεπαίνει

μαρμαρυγῆν δροσόσεσαν ἀκομήττοιο Σελήνης
dεχυμενήν· σὺ δὲ, Βάκχε χοροῖτυπε, θύρσα τιταῖνων
σῆς γενετῆς ἀλέγιζε, καὶ σὺ τρομεῖς γένος ἀνδρῶν
ἀδρανέων, ὅσ κούφος ἄει νόσος, ἐν καὶ ἁνάγκῃ
Εὐμενίδων μάστιγες ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀπειλᾶς.

σὺν σοὶ δυσμενέσσι κορύσσομαι· ἵσα δὲ Βάκχῳ
κοιρανέω μανίς ἔτεροφρονὸς· εἰμὶ δὲ Μῆνη
Βακχῆς, σὺ ὁτι μοῦνον ἐν αἰθήρι μήνας ἐλίσσω,
ἀλλ' ὅτι καὶ μανίς 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 Lyaios. I pray thee, master this impious creature, to honour the Dionysos who revived the name of primeval Zagreus.\(^b\) Lord Zeus, do thou also look upon the threat of this madman. Hear me, father and mother! Lyaios is contemned: let thy marriage lightning be the avenger of Semele!"

\(^{217}\) To this appeal bullface \(^c\) Mene answered on high:

\(^{218}\) "Night-illuminating Dionysos, friend of plants, comrade of Mene, look to your grapes; my concern is the mystic rites of Bacchos, for the earth ripens the offspring of your plants when it receives the dewy sparkles of 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 Mene, not alone because in heaven I turn the months, but because I command madness and excite lunacy. I will not leave un-

\(^b\) With this string of the moon's identifications with various goddesses, cf. the similar list of the sun’s names, xl. 369 ff.

\(^c\) So called because her exaltation (\(\sigmaφωμα\)) is in Taurus; this is astrology, not myth.
οὗ χθονίην σέθεν ὑβριν ἔγω νήποιον έάσω.
ηδη γαρ Λυκόρρογος ἀπειλήσας Διονύσω,
ὁ πρὶν εἰών ταχύγουνος, ὁ Μαινάδας ὅξυ διώξας,
τυφλός ἀλητεύει καὶ δεύτερα ἤγεμονήσος.
ηδη δ' ἀμβίτε τένοιτα τ' ἕρυθραῖν δοναχήνων
κέκλιται ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα, τεῖθα αὐτάγγελος ἄλιθη,
'Ινδών νεκρός ὀμλος, ἀναινομένη δὲ ἡμέρῳ
ἀφρονα Δημιαδήμα πατὴρ ἐκρύψεν 'Γαλασση
ἔγχει κισσήμετε τετυμμένον· ἀυτάρ ὦ φεύγων
πατρώι βαρύθυντι κατηφεὶ πίπτε ἡμέρῳ.
Τυρατηοὶ δεδάσαι τεὸν σθένος, ὁππότε ἡμῶν
ὁρθος ἰστός ἀμεῖπτο καὶ ἀμπελώς πέλευ ὄρη
αὐτοτελῆς, τὸ δὲ λαῖφος ὑπὸ σκυροίς πετῆς
ἡμερίδων εὔβοτρος αὐτήζητο καλύπτηρ.
καὶ πρόπονι σύριξον ἐχιδνηήτε κορύμβω
ιοβόλοι, βροτέην δὲ φυῖν καὶ ἐχέφρονα βουλὴν
dυσμενέες ῥύθαστε ἀμεβομένοι προσώπου
ἀφράδες δελφίνες ἐνπλώουσι θαλάσση
εἰσέτι κωμάζουσι καὶ εἰ ῥοθίας Διονύσω,
οὰ κυβιστητήρες ἐπισκαιροῦσι γαλήνη.
καὶ νέκυς ὑμετέρῳ βεβολημένος ὑεῖ ὑφροσ
χεύμασιν Ἀσυριοῦς καλύπτεται 'Ινδὸς Ὀρόντης,
εἰσέτι δειμαινών καὶ εἰ ὑδασιν οὐνόμα Βάκχοι.
Τοὺν ἔπος Βρομίῳ χρυσίμος ἰαχε δαίμων.
ὁφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀμλεε κυκλάδι Μήνη,
tόφρα δὲ καὶ Ζαγρὴς χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ
Περσεφόνη θώρηξεν 'Ερμύς, αχνυμένη δὲ
ὅμιγόνω χραίσης κασιγήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
Αὶ δὲ Διὸς χθονίῳ δυσάιτὶ νεῦματι κόρος,
Εὐμενίδες Πενθής ἐπεστράτωντο μελάθρῳ,
ὡν ἡ μὲν ξοφεροὶ διαθρόσκουσα βερέθρου
Ταρταρίην ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήσαν 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 Bacchus 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 Ἐπιῆς ms.: κοῦρης Koch, κόροης Graefe, Ludwich.
Κωκυτών δὲ ῥέεθρον ἀρύτεο καὶ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ, καὶ χθονὶ βαθάμιγγι δόμους ἐρραινὲν Ἀγαίης . . . ολα προδεσπίζοντα γόον καὶ δάκρυσα Θήβης.

'Ακταίην δὲ μάχαιραν ἀπ' 'Ασθίδου ἤγαγε δαίμων, 285 ἀρχαίην Ἰτύλου μιαφονόν, ἡ ποτε μήτηρ Πρόκυη θυμολέανα σὺν ἀνδροφόνῳ Φιλομήλῃ τηλυγέτην ὤδινα διαμηξάσα σιδήρῳ παιδοβόρῳ Ἰῃρί φίλην δαιτρεύσατο φορβήν. κεύην χειρί φέρουσα φόνων ὀχετηγὸν 'Ἐρυνὸς ἀρχεκάκους ὀνύχεσι διαγλύφασα κοινήν. 'Αττικῶν ἐκρυφεν ἄρο ὀμεσοφύτῳ παρὰ ρίζῃ μηκεδαίης ἐλάτης, ἢ Μαυνάδες, ὁπόθε Πενθέως μέλλεθανεῖν ἀκάρηνος ἐπαμήνασα δὲ κόχλῳ Γοργόνος ἀρτιφόνοιο νεόρρυτον αἷμα Μεδοῦσης 275 πορφυρέας ἐχρισε Λιβυστίοι δένδρον ἐρύσας. καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοις τεχνῆσατο μαυνάς 'Ἐρυνὸς. 'Ορφναίοις δὲ πόδεσι δόμων ἐπεβήσατο Κάδμου νυκτιφαῖς Διόνυσος ἐχών ταυρώπιδα μορφήν, αἰθύσουν Κρονίην μαυνώδεα Πανὸς ἕμασθην. 280 βακχεύσας δ' ἀχάλινον Ἀρισταίου γυναῖκα Αὐτονόν ἐκάλεσσε, καὶ ἵαξε θυνάδι φωτὶ.

""'Ολβίη, Αὐτονόη, Σεμέλης πλέον ἀρτιγάμου γὰρ υἱέος εἰς ὑμέναιον ἔριδμαίνει καὶ 'Ολύμπῳ αἰθέρος ἦρπασας εὐχος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἀβρώς ἀκοίτην 285 Ἀρτεμίς 'Ακταίων καὶ 'Ειδυμίων Σελήνῃ, οὗ βάνεν 'Ακταίων, οὐκ ἠλλαξε θηρὸς ὀπωτίν, οὗ στικτῆς ἐλάφωοι ταυγλώχια κεραίῃ, οὐ νόθον εἴδος ἐδεκτο, καὶ οὐκ ἐφεύσατο μορφήν, οὐ κύνας ἀγρευτήρας εὖς ἐνόησε φοινᾶς.

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

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water from Styx, and drenched Agauë's rooms with the infernal drops as if with a prophecy of tears and groanings for Thebes; and the deity brought that Attic knife from Attica, which long before murdered Itylos, when his mother Procne with heart like a lioness, helped by murderous Philomele, cut with steel the throat of the beloved child of her womb, and served up his own son for cannibal Tereus to eat. This knife, the channel of bloodshed, the Fury held, and scratching up the dust with her pernicious fingernails she buried the Attic blade among the hillgrown roots of a tall fir, among the Mainads, where Pentheus was to die headless. She brought the blood of Gorgon Medusa, scraped off into a shell fresh when she was newly slain, and smeared the tree with the crimson Libyan drops. This is what the mad Fury did in the mountains.

278 Now with darkling steps night-illuminating Dionysos entered the palace of Cadmos, wearing the head of a bull, cracking Pan's Cronian whip of madness, and put madness into the unbridled wife of Aristaios. He called Autonoë and cried in wild tones—

283 "Autonoë, happier far than Semele—for by your son's late marriage you can rival Olympos itself! You have seized the honours of the skies, now Artemis has got Actaion for her dainty leman, and Selene Endymion! Actaion never died, he never took the shape of a wild creature, he had no antlered horn of a dappled deer, no bastard shape, no false body, he saw no hounds hunting and killing

b Because Pan is descended by one way or another from Cronos.
NONNOS

"Αλλά κακογλώσσον στομάτων κενεόφρον μύθω
νίεος ύμετέροιο μόρον ψεύσαντο βοτήρες,
νυμφίον ἐχθαίροντες ἀνυμφεύτῳ θεαινῆς.
οἶδα, πόθεν δόλος οὕτως· ἐπ’ ἀλλοτρίως ύμεναίοις
εἰς γάμον, εἰς Παφίτην ζηλήμονες εἰσι γυναῖκες. 205
άλλα θυελλήντι διαβρώσκουσα πεδίῳ
σπεύδε μολείν ἀκίχτος ἐς οὐραί· κείθι μολοῦσα
ὀφεια Ἀκταιώνα συναγρώσοντα Λυναιφ,
'Αρτεμίν έγγυός ἐχούτα, καὶ αἰόλα δίκτυα θήρης
ἔνδρομίδας φορέοντα, καὶ ἀμφαφώντα φαρέτρην. 300
όλβης, Αὐτονός, Σεμέλης πλέον, ὅτι θεαινῆς
εἰς γάμον ἐρχομένης ἐκυρή πέλες ἱοχεαίρης.
Ἰονᾶς καλλιτόκοιο μακαρτέρην, ὅτι θεαινῆς
σὸς πάις ἐλλαχε λέκτρα, τὰ μὴ λάχειν Ὑμοὶ ἁγήνωρ.
οὐ θρασὺς Ὄμων πέλε νυμφίος ἱοχεαίρης. 305
χάρματι δ’ ἡβήςας σέθεν νιέος εἰνεκα νύμφης
κωμάζει σέο Κάδμος ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ παστῷ,
σεῖων ήρείους ἀνέμοις χιονώδεα χαίτην.
ἐγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο γαμοστόλος, εἴλοχε μήτηρ
ἀρμενος οὕτως Ἕρως, ὅτι νυμφίον Ἀρτεμίς ἁγὴν 310
ὑπα κασιγήτῳ, καὶ οὐ ξένων εἰχεν ἄκοιτην.
ἄλλα θεά φυγόδεμιος ἐπὶν ποτε παϊδα λοχεύσῃ,
νιέα κουφίζουσα σαφρόνος ἱοχεαίρης
πῆχει παιδοκόμῳ ζηλήμον δείξον Ἀγαίη.
τις νέμεσίς ποτε τούτῳ, κυνοσοῦς εἰ παρὰ παστῷ 315
ἠθελε θηρήτηρα λαγωβόλων ὑπα λοχεύσαι,
εἰκελοὺ Ἀκταιώνι φιλοσκοπέλῳ τε Κυρήνη,
μητρώων ἐλάφων ἐποχημένων ὡκεὶ δίφρω;"
him. No, these were all herdsmen's lies, empty-minded fables of malicious tongues about your son's fate, because they hated the bridegroom of an unwedded goddess. I know where this invention came from: women are jealous about marriage and love in others. Come, leap up with stormy shoe! Make haste, speed into the mountains! There you shall see Actaion beside Lyaios on the hunt, with Artemis not far off, woven nets in his hands and hunting-boots on his feet, fingerling his quiver. Happier far than Semele, Autonoë! for a goddess came to you for marriage, a goddess became your gooddaughter, the Archeress herself! More blessed than that mother Ino proud of her son, for your son got the bed of a goddess, which proud Otos never got. Bold Orion was never bridegroom of the Archeress. Your Cadmos is young again with joy for your son's bride, and holds revel beside their bridal bed in the mountains, with his snowy hair fluttering in the airy breeze. Wake up, and make one in the marriage company, happy mother! This is a proper love, for holy Artemis has a brother's son for bridegroom, not a stranger husband. And when the goddess who hated marriage brings forth a child, you shall dandle the son of the chaste Archeress in your cherishing arms and make Agauë jealous at the sight! Why should not the huntress be pleased to bear a son in her bridal chamber, a hunter himself and a marksman, like Actaion, or Cyrene who loved the mountains, and let him ride behind his mother's team of swift deer?"
ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Πέμπτον τεσσαρακοστόν ἐπόφεια, ὀππόθε Πειθέως ταύρον ἐπισφίγγει κεραλκίεσ ἀντὶ Λυαίου.

"Ως φαμένου Βρομίου δόμων ἐξέδραμε νύμφη χάρματι λυσόμεντι κατάσχετον, ὁφρα νοήμη νυμφίων Ἀκταίωνα παρήμενον ἱοχείρῃ καὶ οἱ ἐπειγομένη σφαλερῷ ποδὶ σύνδρομος αὐραίς εἰς ὅρος ἀκρῄδεμον ὁμάρτεε μαίνας Ἀγαίη, καὶ Κρονίης μάστιγος ἱμασσομένη φρένα καῦτρω ἄσκοπον ἔρροιβησε μεμηνότι χείλει φωνῆ.

"Οὐτιδανῷ Πειθή χορύσσομαι, ὁφρα δαείῃ, θαρσαλέην ὁτι Κάδμος Ἄμαζώνα τίκτετ Ἀγαύην. ἐμπλεος ἥνορές καὶ ἐγὼ πέλον ἡν ἠθελήσω, καὶ γυμναῖς παλάμησιν ὅλον Πειθή δαμάσσω, καὶ στρατην εὐπλον ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαίξω. θύρσον ἐχω· μελίς οὐ δεύομαι, οὐ δόρυ πάλλω ἐγχεῖ δ' ἀμπελλεῖτι δορυσοῦν ἀνέρα βάλλω· οὐ φορέω θώρηκα, καὶ εὐδώρηκα δαμάσσω. κύμβαλα δ' αἴθυσονσα καὶ ἀμφιπλήγα βοηΐν κυδαίνω Διὸς νία, καὶ οὐ Πειθή γεραιώ. Λύδια μοι δότε πόπτρα· τί μέλλετε, θυνάδες ώραί; ἰξομαι εἰς σκοπέλους, ὃτι Μαινάδες, ήχι γυναίκες.
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 whip flogging her wits, while she poured out these heedless words from her maddened lips:

"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.

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ηλικες ἀγρώσοντι συγκαγώσουσι Λυαιώ.

ζηλον ἓχω, Διόνυσε, λεουτοφόνου Κυρήθης:

φείδεο μοι Βρομίω, θεμάχη, φείδεο, Πενθεί:

εἰς σκοπέλους ἀκίχτητος ἐλεύσομαι, ὅφρα καὶ αὐτῇ

Ἐυιον ἁεδουσα χοροῖτιπυον ἵχνος ἀλέξων

οὐκέτι βοτρυόειτος ἀναιόμαι ὅργια Βάκχου,

οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδων στυγίω χορόν: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ

dειμαίνω Διόνυσον, ὅν ἵροσεν ἄφθιτος εὐή,

ὅτι Διὸς ὑψιμέδωντος ἐχυτλώσατο κεραυνῷ.

ἐσομαι ὅκωκεδίλος, ὁμῆλωδος ἰοχείρης

δικτυα κοφίζουσα, καὶ ὅλη κλωστῆρας Ἀθήνης.”

"Ὡς φαμένη πεπόττοτο νέη σκαίρουσα Μιμαλλών,

ληναιῆς μεθέπουσα φιλεύνον ἀλμα χορεῖς,

Βάκχου ἀνενάζουσα καὶ ἁεδουσα Θυώνην

καὶ Σεμέλην ὑπάτοιο Διὸς χίλησκε γυναίκα,

καὶ σέλας εὐφαέων γαμίων ἐλύσαυς κεραυνῷ.

Καὶ χορὸς ἐν σκοπέλουσι ἐν τοιοῦ·

ἀμβί δὲ πέτραι

ἰαχοῦς ἐπταπύλου δὲ πεδῶν περιδέδρομε Θήβης

ἡχὴ ποικιλόμορφος· ὦμγυλόσσω δ’ ἄλαλητῶ

μελημένων βαρίδουπος ἐπεισαράγησε Κιδαιρῶν

καὶ ὁροσίεσι κελάθησεν ἀλὸς κτύπος· ἢν δὲ νόησαι 40

dένδρεα κωμάζοντα καὶ αὐδημωσαν ἐρίπην.

καὶ τις ἐνθ θαλάμου χοροῖτερο ἐκθορη κουρή,

αὐλὸς ὅτε τρητοῦσι πόροις ἰάχνης κεράστης·

καὶ κτύπος ἀμφιβότης ἀδεφητοῖο βοεῖς

παρθενίκας βάκχευσεν, ἀπ’ εὐτύκτων δὲ μελάθρων 48

eis ὅροσ ὑψικάρην ἐρημᾶδας ἠλαε Βάκχας.

καὶ τις ἀνουιστρηθεῖσα θυελλησε θεδῆς ἔμπορη

κουρὴ λυσίθειρα διέσυντο παρθενείων,

κερκίδα καλλεύφασα καὶ ἱστοτελεῖαν Ἀθήνην.

καὶ πλοκάμων ἀκόμιστον ἀπορρύφασα καλύπτερν 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 Mimal-lon, practising the Euian leap of the winepress, calling Euoï to Bacchos and lauding Thyone—aye, and she called to Semele, wife of Zeus the highest, and loudly sang the brightness of those bridal lightnings.

36 Then there was great dancing on the hills. The rocks resounded all about, a thousand new noises rolled round the land of sevengate Thebes; the one concordant chorus of the singers filled Cithairon with heavy-echoing din; the dewy salt sea roared; one could see trees making merry, and hear voices from the rocks. Many a maiden ran out of her room to foot it in the dance, when the pipe of horn tootled through its drilled holes, and the double blows on the raw hide made the girls go mad, and drove them from their well-built halls to be Bacchants in the wilderness of the lofty mountains. Many a maiden driven crazy shook her hair loose and rushed with stormy shoe from her chamber, leaving loomcomb and Athena with her craft, cast away the veil unheeded from her hair,
μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσι καὶ Ἀονὶς ἐπλετο Βάκχη. 
Τειρεσίας δ' ἱέρευσεν ἀλεξίκακῳ Διονύσῳ
βωμὸν ἀναστήσας, ὡς Πειθέος ὑβριν ἐρέγῃ
καὶ χόλον ἀπρήμυτου ἀποσκεδάσει Λυαίου;
ἀλλὰ μάτην ἱκέτευσεν, ἐπεὶ λίου ἤλυθε Μοῖρης. 55
καὶ Σεμέλης γενέτην ἐκαλέσασα μᾶτις ἔχεφρων,
ὅφρα μετασχῆσωσι χυροστασίην Διονύσου.
βριθομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ὑρχήσατο Κάδμος
στέψας 'Ἀονίῳ χιονώδεα βόστρυχα κισσῷ:
Τειρεσίας δ' ὄμοφοιτος ὣν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων, 60
Μυγδονίῳ Φρύγα κώμων ἀνακροίνων Διονύσῳ,
εἰς χορὸν ἀίσσοντι συνέμπορος ἢι Κάδμῳ
γηραλέου νάρθηκι θεούδι πῆχυν ἐρείσας.
ἀθρήσας δὲ γέροντας ὀμήλυδας ὁμματι λοξῷ
Τειρεσίαν καὶ Κάδμον ἀτάσθαλος ἰαχε Πειθέος. 65
"Κάδμε, τι μαργαίνεις:
τίνι δαίμονι κώμων ἐγείρεις;
Κάδμε, μμαινομένης ἀποκάθεο κυσσοῦν ἐθείρης,
κάθεο καὶ νάρθηκα νοσπλανέος Διονύσου.
'Ογκαίης δ' ἀνάειρε σαύρονα χαλκὸν 'Ἀθήνης.
νῆπιε Τειρεσία, στεφαντφόρε, ρύμον ἀήταις
swire ploukámov tāde ἰύλλα, νόθου στέφος·
ἀιτὶ δὲ θύρουν
Φοίβου μᾶλλον ἄειρε τεθν Ἰσμηνίδα δάφην.
αιδέομαι σέο γηρας, ἀμετροβίων δὲ καὶ αὐτῶν
μάρτυρα σών ἐτέων πολιήν πλοκαμίδα γεραίρων:
εἴ μὴ γαρ τόδε γῆρας ἐρήτει καὶ σέο χαίτη,
καὶ κεν ἀλυκτοπέδησον ἐγώ σέο χείρας ἐλίξας
δέσμων ἀχλυόεντι κατεσφρήγισσα μελάθρῳ.

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* Theban.
mingled with Bassarids—and lo! Aonian\(^a\) 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.
οσοι νοσοι ου με λεληθει. ου γαρ Πενθής μεγαίρων
μαντοσύναις δολίσει νόθον θεόν ανέρα τεύχεις,
δώρα λαβὼν Λυδοῖο παρ’ ανέρος ἡπεροπής,
δώρα πολυχρύσιον φατιζομένου ποταμίον.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐποίησεν εὔρην ὅπωρην,
οίνος ἄει μεθύοντας ἐφέλκεται εἰς ‘Αφροδίτην,
εἰς φόνον ἀσταθέος νόθον ἀνέρος οἷος ἐγείρει.
ἀλλ’ Δίος γενετήρος ἔχει δέμας ἡ χιτώνας.
χρύσα πέπλα φέρων, οὐ νεβρίδας, ὑψιμέθων Ζεὺς
ἀστράπτει μακάρεσι καὶ ἀνδράσι μάρται "Ἀργη
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, οὐκ οὐσην θύρον ἄειρων.
οὐ βοέοις κεράσοι κερασφόρος ἄτιν Ἄπολλων.
μή ποταμὸς Σεμέλην νυμφεύσατο, καὶ τέκε νύμφη ἐν
νά νόθον κερόντα βοοκραίρῳ παρακοίητ.
ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις: ἡ γλαυκώπις ἐς ἄροενα δήμων ἰκάνει
σύγγονον ἔγχος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀσπίδα

Παλλᾶς Ἀθήνη . . .

αἰγίδα καὶ οὐ τίταινε τεού Κρονίδαο τοκῆσ.

"Ὡς φαμένου Πενθής ἀμείβετο μάντις ἐχέρων:"

"Τι κλονείς Διόνυσον, οὐ ἠροεν ὑψιμέθων Ζεὺς,
δὲ Κρονίδης ὁδίνε πατὴρ ἐγκύμον μερήπ,
παιδοκόμῳ δὲ γάλακτι θετόκος ἔτρεψε Ἐρίτη,
ὅπου πάρος ἡμιτέλεστον ἐτὶ πνεώντα τεκούσης
ἀφλεγεῖς σπωνήρες ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοῦ;
οὗτος ἀμαλλοτόκῳ Δημήτρι μοῦνος ἐρίζει
ἀντίτυπον σταχυόσων ἔχων εὐβοτρυν ὅπωρην.
ἀλλὰ χόλον Βρομίων φυλάσσεις δυσσεβίς δὲ
σοί, τέκος, ἦν ἐθέλης, Σικελίων τυν μῦθον ἐνύφω.
Τυρσηνῶν ποτε παίδες ἐναυτύλλοντο θαλάσση,

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* i.e. the κέρας he carries is his bow (made partly of horn)
"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, Bacchus has invented the wine-fruit.—Yes, and what wine always does is to drag drunken men into lust; what wine does is to excite an unstable man's mind to murder. But he wears the shape and garments of Zeus his father!—Golden robes are what Lord Zeus wears, not fawnskins, when he thunders in the heights among the Blessed; when Ares fights with men, he carries a spear of bronze, not a thyrsus of vineleaves in his hand; Apollo is not horned with bull's horns. Was it a River that wedded Semele? did the bride bear a horned bastard to her bullhorned husband? But you will say, Brighteyes Pallas Athena marches to battle with men, holding the spear and shield that were born with her. . . . Then you should hold the aegis of your father Cronides."

When Pentheus ended, the wise seer replied: "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. "Sons of the Tyrsenians once were sailing on or possibly his hair (one way of dressing the hair was called "the horn").
NONNOS

ξεινοφόνοι, πλωτήρες ἀλήμονες, ἀρπαγεῖς ὀλβοῦ,
pάντοθεν ἀρπάζοντες ἐπάκτια πώκεα μῆλων·
καὶ πολὺς ἐνα καὶ ἐνθα δορικτήτων ἀπὸ νηῶν
εἰς μόρον ὑδατόεντα γέρων ἐκυλίνδετο ναῦτης
ήμιθανής, ἐτερος δὲ προαστίζων ἐπ’ ἑοίμην
ἀμφιλαφής πολιήμι φόνῳ φοινίσσετο ποιμήν.
ἐμπορος εἰ τότε πόντον ἐπέπλεεν, εἰ ποτὲ Φοῖνιξ
ὁμα Σιδωνίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα δαλάσσης
eλχεν, ὑπὲρ πόντοιο λαβᾶν Τυρσηνὸς ἁλήτης
ἀπροιδῆς πεφόρητο ῥυθευνεῖν ἐπὶ νηῶν·
καὶ τις ἄνηρ νῆμουν ἀπείρων φόρτων ὄλεσσας
εἰς Σικελῆν Ἀρέθουσαν ἄνηρ πορθμεὺєτο Φοῖνιξ
δέσμους, ἀρπαμένου λιπόπτολος ἀμμορος ὀλβοῦ.
ἀλλὰ δόλῳ Διόνυσος ἐπίκλοπον εἶδος ἀμέβως
Τυρσηνοὶς ἀπάφησο: νόθην δ’ ὑπεδύσατο μορφήν,
ἰμεροίς ἀτε κούρος ἐχὼν ἀχάρακτον ὑπῆρην,
αὐχένι κόσμον ἐχὼν χρυσηλατον ἀμφί δὲ κόρσῃ
στέμματος ἀστράπτοντος ἐγν αὐτόσωτος αἴγλη
λυχνίδος ἀσβέστοιο, καὶ ἐγγίζα τάτα μαραγϑεν,
καὶ λίθος Ἰνδώη χαροτης ἀμάρυγμα δαλάσσης·
καὶ χροὶ δύσατο πέπλα φαινερα κυκλάδος Ἡνοβ
ἀρτα χαρασσομείνης, Τυρίη ψεπαλαγμένα κόχλων.
ιστατο δ’ αἰγιαλοῖο παρ’ ὀφρύσιν, οίκα καὶ αὐτός
ἔλκαδος Ἰμεῖρων ἐπιβήμεναι. οἱ δὲ δορὸντες
φαίδρον ἐληίσαντο δολοπλόκον υλ’ θυσίως
καὶ κτεάνων γύρισσαν. ὑποτροχόωσα δὲ σειρὴ
χεροῦ ὀπισθοτόνοισιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
καὶ νέος ἐξαπίνης μέγας ἐπλετο θέσπιδι μορφή
ἀνδροφυῆς κεροεις ὑψούμενος ἄχρις Ὁλύμπου,
νύσσων ἥριων νεφέων σκέπας: εὐκελάδις δὲ
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the sea—wandering mariners, murderers of the stranger, pirates of the rich, stealing from every side the flocks of sheep near the coast. Many an old sailor man from the ships which they captured here and there was rolled half dead to his fate in the waters; many a stout shepherd fighting for his herd dyed his grey hairs in his red blood. If any merchant then sailed the seas, if any Phoenician with sea-purple stuffs from Sidonian parts for sale, the Tyrsenian pirate caught him suddenly out at sea, and set upon his vessels laden with riches; and so many a man lost infinite cargo without a penny paid, and the Phoenician was carried to Sicilian Arethusa in chains, far from home, his fortune stolen and gone. But Dionysos disguised himself in a deceptive shape, and outwitted the Tyrsenians.

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.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

ώς στρατός ἐνεάχυλος εἰς μυκήσατο λαμψ.  
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ κάλως ἐχιδναῖοι πέλον ὀλκοὶ,  
ἐμπνεα μορφωθέντες ἐς ἀγκύλα νάτα δρακόντων·  
καὶ πρότονοι σύριζον· ὑπηνέμοις δὲ κεράσης  
ὁλκαίας ἐλίκεσαν ἀνέδραμεν εἰς κέρας ἱστοῦ·  
καὶ χλεχροῖς πετάλοις κατάσκιοι ἥρι γείτων  
ἴστος ἔγνυ κυπάρισσος ὑπέρτατος· ἐν δὲ μεσόδημη  
κυσσός ἀεροπότητος ἀνήμεν αἰθέρι γείτων,  
σειρήν αὐτοελίκην ἑπιπλέσας κυπαρίσσως·  
ἀμφὶ δὲ πηδαλίους ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης

Βακχίας ἀμπελόντες κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ·  
πρύμνης δ' ἣδυπότοι βαρυτομένης Διονύσου  
οἶνον ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης βακχεύετο πηγῆ.  
ἀμφὶ δὲ σέλματα πάντα διὰ πρώρης ἀνίόντες  
θῆρες ἀεξύθησαν· ἐμυκήσατο δὲ ταῦροι,  
καὶ βλεσυρῶν κελάδημα λέων βρυχήσατο λαμψ.

Τυρσηνοὶ δ' ἵαχθησαν, ἐβακχεύετο δὲ λύσῃ  
eἰς φόβον οἰστρηθέντες. ἀεξύφυτοι δὲ πόντου  
ἀνθεα κυματόνεντες ἀπέπτυν ὰθατος ὀλκοὶ·  
καὶ ρόδων ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἤφόθεν, ὡς ἐνί κῆψι·  
ἀφροτόκοι κενεώνες ἐφοινίσσουτο θαλάσσης,  
καὶ κρίνον εἰς ροθίους ἀμαρύσσετο.

δερκομένων δὲ  
ψευδομένης λεμίωνας ἐβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαὶ,  
καὶ σφιν ὄρος βαθύδειδρον ἐφαίνετο καὶ νομὸς ὑλῆς  
καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων καὶ πώεα μηλοβοτήρων,  
καὶ κτύπον ωίσαντο λιγυφόγγου νομῆς  
pομμενίς σύριγγυ μελιζομένοι νοῆσαι,  
καὶ λιγυρῶν ἀὐντῶς ἐυτρήτης μέλος αὐλῶν  
μεσσατίου πλώντες ἀτέρμονος ὑψόθι πόντου  
γαῖαν ἰδεῖν ἐδόκησαν· ἀμερσινῶν δ' ὑπὸ λύσῃ  
eἰς βυθὸν ἀἰσσοντες ἑπωρχήσαντο γαλήνη.
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. \(\textit{Il.}\) v. 859-861.
ποντοπόροι δελφῖνες: ἀμειβομένου δὲ προσώπου εἰς φύσιν ἱχθυόσεσαν ἐμορφώθη γένος ἀνδρών.
καὶ σὺ, τέκος, δολόντα χόλον πεφύλαξο Λυκίου.
ἀλλ’ ἑρέεις: ’μεθέπω δέμας ἄλκημον, ἀμφιέπτω δὲ
φρικτὸν ὁδοντοφύτων αὐτόσπορον αἷμα Γιγάντων.
δαιμονίην φύγε χείρα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου,
δὲ ποτε Τυρσηνοῖο παρὰ κρηπίδα Πελώρου
’Ἀλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεμάχον υἱὸν ’Ἀροῦρης,
μαρνάμενον ἀκοπέλουσι καὶ αἰχμαζοντα κολώναις.
μαυρομένου δὲ Γιγαντος ὑποπτήσοσιν στίχα λαμῶν
οὐ τότε κεῖνο κάρηνον ὄδοιπόρος ἑστιχε πέτρης.
εἰ δὲ τις ἀγνώσσων ἀβάτῳ πεφόρητο κελεύθω
μαστίζων θρασύν ἱππον, ὑπὲρ ἀκοπέλου νοήσας
χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι περίπλοκον υἱὸς ’Ἀροῦρης
ηνίοχον καὶ πώλουν ἐὼ τυμβεύσατο λαμῶ.
πολλάκι ı’ ειδενδροι δ’ οὕροις εἰς ομόν ἄκων
μήλα μεσημβρίζοντα γέρων δαιμεῦετο ποιήμ.
οὐ τότε δ’ αἰτολίοις παρήμενος ἡ παρὰ μάνθρας
συμφεροῖς δονάκεσσι μελίζετο μοσσοπόλος Πάν,
οὐ κτύπον ὑστερόφωνος ἀμείβετο πηκτίδος Ἡχώ
ἀλλά, λάλον περ εὐθίαις, ἐθήμοιν σύνθροοι αὐλῶ.
Πανὸς ἀσιγήτων κατεσφηγήσατο σιγῇ.
ὅτι Γίγας τότε πάσιν ἑπέχραν· οὐ τότε βούτης,
οὐ χορός ὑλοτόμων τις ἀμηλικας ἡκαχε Νήμφας
τέμνων νῆμα δώρα, καὶ οὐ σοφὸς ἀλκάδα τέκτων
dουροπαγεῖ γόμφωσεν ὀδοιπόρον ἄρμα θαλάσσης,
εἰσόκε κεῖνα κάρηνα παρέστιχε Βάκχος ὀδείκων,
σείων Εὐη θύρσα· παρερχομένω δὲ Λυαίω
ὑψυνεφής περίμετρος ἑπέχραιν υἱὸς ’Ἀροῦρης,
ἀσπίδα πετρήσσαν ἐοὶς ὑμοιον ἄεῖρων.

* 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 Lyaios. But you will say—I have mighty strength, I have in my nature the blood of the terrible giants that sprang of themselves from the sown Teeth. Then avoid the divine hand of Dionysos Giantslayer, who once beside the base of Tyrsenian Peloros smashed Alpos, 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 Lyaios passed, the huge son of Earth high as the clouds attacked him. A rock was the shield the Alps in some way; the syllable alp- is found in other place-names.
καὶ σκόπελον βέλος εἶχεν, ἐπεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχῳ
γείτονα δενδρήσσαν ἐχων ύψιδρομον αἰχμῆν, 
η πίτυν ἣ πλατάνιστον ἀκοντίζων Διονύσῳ.
ὡς ῥόπαλον πίτυν εἶχε, καὶ ὡς θοὸν ἀφ οῖλου 200
πρυμνόθεν αὐτόρριζον ἐκούφησε βάμυνον ἐλαῖς.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε τηλεβόλους ὁρέων ἐκένωσε κολώνας,
καὶ σκιερῆς βαθύνειδρος ἐγυμνώθης ράχις  ὑλῆς,
θυρσομανής τότε Βάκχος ἐὼν βέλος ἢθάδι ῥοῖζῳ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἴκοντιζε, καὶ ἰμβάτου τύχεν Ἀλποῦ 205
εἰς πλατὺν ἀνθερεών, κατ’ ἀσφαράγιον δὲ μέσουν
ὠυτενῆς χλοάουσα διέσυστο Βακχαῖς αἰχμῆ.
ἐνθα Γίγας ὁλίγῳ τετορμημένος δεὶ σύρῳ
ἡμεθαίνης κεκυλῖστο καὶ ἐμπεσε γείτον πόντῳ,
πλησάμενοι βαθύκολπον ὀλον κενιῶνα θαλάσσης. 210
ὑψώσας δὲ ῥέθρα Τυφαονής διὰ πέτρης
θερμα κασιγνήτου κατέκλυσε ὑώτα χαμενή.
ἐμπυρον ὑδατόεντι καταψύχων δέμας ὁλκω.
ἀλλα, τέκος, πεφύλαξο, μὴ εἰκέλα καὶ σύ νοήσης,
Τυρσηνῶν ἄτε παϊδες,
ἄτε θρασὺς νῦς 'Αρούρης.’ 215
Εἰπε καὶ οὐ παρέπειεσεν άταρβήτων δὲ πεδίῳ
εἰς ὁρος ύπικάρημα όμόσσυτος ήμε Κάδμῳ,
ὄφρα χοροῦ ψαύσεει. σιδηρόφορος δὲ μαχηταίς
ἀσπίδα κοιφίζων κορυθαίολος ἰαχε Πενθεύς.
''Δμῶς ἐμοί,
οστείχοντες ἐν ἀστεί καὶ μέσον ὕλης
ἀξατε θα βαρύδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἀλῆτην,
ὄφρα τυπείς Πενθής ἀμοβαῖς ιμάοθλαις
μηκέτι φαρμακόεντι ποτῶ θέλξει γυναίκας,
ἀλλα γόνυ κλίνειεν ἀπὸ σκοπέλων δὲ καὶ αὐτῆν
μητέρα βακχευθείσαν ἐμὴν φιλότεκνον ᾿Αγαῦν
φοιτάδος ἀγρύπνου μεταστήσασθε χορεῖς.
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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.
λυσαλέης ἔρυσαντες ἀνάμμυκα βότρυν θείρης.

"Ὡς φαμένου Πενθήσος ὅπανες ὑκεὶ ταράων ἐδραμον υψικόμου δυσέμβατον εἰς ράχην ὑλῆς ἰχνια μαστεύοντες ὀριπλανεῖς Διόνυσον.
καὶ μόγις ἀθρήσαντες ἐρημάδος ἀγχόθη πέτρης θυρσομαίνῃ Διόνυσον ἐπερρόσαντο μαχηταὶ
καὶ παλάμαις Βρομίοιο πέριξ ἐσφυγξαν ἰμάντας, δεσμὰ βαλεῖν ἑθέλοντες ἀνικήτῳ Διόνυσῳ.

ἀλλ’ οἱ μὲν ἦν ἀφαιτος, ἔφ πτερόεντι πεδ�력 ἄιξας ἀκίχτους, ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ ἐκ σιωπής δαιμονίη θεράποντες ἐσούλαθησαν ἀνάγκη,
μὴν ἀλυσκάλιστοι ἀθητήτω Λυαίου ταρβαδέω. καὶ Βάκχος ὁμνίοις ἀσπιδωτῇ ἀζηγα ταῦτον ἔχων ἐδράζατο χειρὶ κεραῖς,

ὡς θεράπων Πενθήσος ἀπελείων Διόνυσῳ φευδομένω κερόεντι, καὶ ὡς κοτέοντι προσώπῳ Πενθέος ἐγγὺς ἰκανὲ μεμηνὸς,

ζωμάνου δὲ λυσαλέου βασιλῆς ἀγήρορα κόμπον ἀθύρων φρικαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἐπίκλοσον ιαχε φωνήν.

"Οὔτος ἀνήρ, σκηπτοῦχε,

τεῖν οἰστρησεν Ἀγανῆν

οὔτος ἀνήρ ἐθέλει βασιληίδα Πενθέος ἐδρην.

ἀλλὰ λαβὼν κερόεντα δολόφρονα Βάκχον ἀλὴτην δησον ἀλυκτοπέδησι τεῖν μυστήρα θυκῶν, καὶ κεφαλῆ πεφύλαξε βοοκραίρου Διόνυσου,

μὴ σε λαβὼν πλῆξειε ταυγλλώχιν κεραῖν."
wandering dance—drag her by the hair now snoodless in her frenzy!"

228 At this command, Pentheus's men with swift foot ran to the rugged ridge of leafy woodland seeking the tracks of hillranging Dionysos. With difficulty the soldiers found the thyrsus-maddened god near a lonely rock; they rushed upon him and wound straps about Bromios's hands, binding him fast—that is how they meant to imprison invincible Dionysos! But he disappeared—gone in a flash, untraceable, on his winged shoes. The men stood silent—speechless, cowed by divine compulsion, shrinking before the wrath of Lyaios unseen, terrified. And Bacchos in the likeness of a soldier with shield in hand, seized a wild bull by the horn, making as if he were one of the servants of Pentheus, crying out upon this false horned Dionysos. He put on a look of rage and came near to mad Pentheus where he sat, and mocked at the proud boasts of the frenzied king as he spoke unsmiling these deceitful threatening words:

246 "This is the man, your Majesty, who has sent your Agauë mad! This is the man who covets the royal throne of Pentheus! Take this horned vagabond Bacchos full of tricks—bind in galling fetters the pretender to your throne—and beware of the bull's horns of Dionysos's head, or he may catch you and pierce you with the long point of his horn!"

252 When Bromios had finished, god-defiant Pentheus uttered reckless words, his mind being possessed by the delirium of Bromios:

254 "Bind him, bind him, the robber of my throne! This is the enemy of my sceptre, this is he that comes coveting the royal seat of Semele and her father! A fine thing for me to share my honour with Dionysos,
άνδροφυὴ τινα ταύρον ἐχειν ἐπιηθονα τιμής,
βουκεράω νόθον εἰδος ἐπαυγάζοιτα metώπων,
δει μετὰ Πασιφάην Σεμέλη τάχα γενατο ταῦρῳ,
βοσκομένω κερόεντι συναπτομένη παρακοιτη.

Εἴπε καὶ ἀγραύλοιο πόδας ταύρου πιξων
σφιγξεν ἀλυκτοπέδησι λαβὼν ὑπειτ ἄντι Λυκίου
ήγαγεν ἅπειής πεπεδημένον ἐγγυθι φάτης,
ὡς Σεμέλης θρασὺν υλα καὶ οὐ τινα ταύρον ἐγρων
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα περίπλοκον ἄμματι χείρῳν
dέαμον εὐφώεντι κατεσφήγοσε μελάθρῳ,
εἰς γλαφυρόν τινα κοίλον ατερπεός οὐκον ἀνάγκης,
Κιμμερίων μύημα δυσέκβατον, ἄμμορον Ἁυώς,
ἀμφιπόλους Βρομίου θισαῦδες, ὥν ὑπὸ δεσμῷ
θλιβομέναις παλάμησιν ἐμπρώθησαν ἰμάντες,
χαλκεῖη δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐπεσφηγηίζετο σειρή.

Ἀλλὰ ταχυστροφάλιγγος

οὖτε δρόμος ἠλθε χορείησ.
Μαυνάδες ωρχήσαντο· θυελλήσσα ὄε Βάκχη
ἀστατα δυνθείσα ποδῶν βητάρμων παλμῷ
ἀρραγέων ἀνέκοπτε παλύλπτον ὦλκόν ἰμαντὼν,
καὶ παλάμαις κροτάλζεν εὐθείρων Εύιον ἤχῳ
eὐρύθμιος πατάγοισιν· ὑπὸ ὀστροφαλίγγι δὲ ταρσῶν
χαλκοβαρῆς σφριγώσσα ποδῶν ὕσχιζετο σειρῆ.
καὶ δόμων ἀχλυόεντα θεόσυνος ἑστεφέν αἴγλη
Βασσαρίδων ζοφεροί καταστάζουσα μελάθρουν,
καὶ σκοτίου πυλέων ἀνεπτύσσοντο βερίδρου
αὐτόματον· τρομερῷ δὲ τεθητότες ἀλματι ταρσῶν
Βασσαρίδων βρύχημα καὶ ἄγριοι ἀφρὸν ὀδοντῶν
εἰς φόβον ἢπείγοντο φυλάκτορες. αἰ δὲ φυγούσαι

νόστιμον ήχος ἐκαμψαν ἔρημαδος εἰς ράχιν ὠλης,
ὡν ἡ μὲν βοέην ἀγέλην δαίτρεύσατο θύρων
μιντόρῳ, καὶ χείρας ἐὰς ἐμμηνατο λύθρω

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the son of an illicit bed, a bull in human form, with a shape of borrowed glory upon his oxhorned face, whom Semele perhaps mothered for a bull, like another Pasiphaë, mated with a grazing horned bedfellow!"

262 He spoke, and bound fast the legs of the wild bull in galling shackles. Taking him for Lyaios he led him shackled near the horses' manger, thinking his captive Semele's bold son and no bull. He tied together with ropes the hands of all the ranks of Bassarids, sealed them up in a mouldy dungeon, a vaulted cavern, a house of joyless constraint, whence none could escape, dark as the Cimmerians, far from the light of day, these followers of Bromios in the revels; their arms were bound in a clasp of galling straps, chains of bronze were sealed on their legs.

273 But when the time came for the quickturning dance, then danced the Mainads. The Bacchants like a storm shook loose the wrappings of their straps unbroken and circled quickly in tripping step, rattling a free Euian noise with rhythmic claps, while the turning of their feet broke the thick heavy fetters of bronze round their legs. A heavensent radiance filled the dark dungeon of the Bassarids, diffused over the gloomy roof; the doors of the darksome den opened of themselves; the jailers were stupefied at the cries and the ferocious foaming teeth of the Bassarids, and their leaping feet, and fled in terror.

285 So they escaped and turned their way back to the forest in the lonely hills. One slew a herd of bulls with skinpiercing thyrsus, and soiled her hands in the

1 θύρως Cunaeus, Warmington independently, for ταῦρων written perhaps echoing βοέῃν ἀγέλην, cf. ταυρεῖν in l. 289.
ταυρείν ὀνύχεσσι διασχίζουσα καλύπτρην τρηχαλέν, ἐτέρη δὲ δαφνούντεν κορύμβῳ εἰρπόποκων ἀρρηκτα διέτιμαγε πώεα μῆλων, ἀλλή δ' ἀλγας ἐπεφνεν ἐφοινίσσουτο δὲ λύθρου αἰμαλέας λιβάδεσσι δαίζομένης ἀπὸ ποίμνης. ἀλλή δὲ τριέτηρον ἀφαρπάξασα τοκῆς ἀτρομον ἀστυφέλικτον ἀδέσμον ὑψόθεν ὕμων ἵστατο κοῦφιζουσα μεμηλότα παῖδα θυλλαίς, ἐξόμενον γελώντα καὶ οὐ πίπτοντα κονίῃ· καὶ γλάγος ἦτε κούρος, ἡν ἄτε μητέρα, Βάκχην, στίθεα δ' ἀμαφαφάσκεν· ἀνυμφεύτωι δὲ κοῦρης αὐτομάτην γλαγόςσσαν ἀνέβλυνον ἰκμάδα μαζοί· παιδὶ δὲ πειναλέως λασίοις πετάβασα χιτώνας χειλείσι νηπίαχοις νεόρρυτοι ὑρεγε θηλὴν, παρθενικὴ δ' ἐκόρρεσσεν ἄθετει κούρον ἑρόη· πολλαὶ δ' ἀρτιτόκου μετοχισθέντα τεκούσης τέκνα δαυσυτέρου τιθηγισάντω λεαίνης. ἀλλή δύσιος οὔδας ἐπέκτυπεν ὀξεί θύρῳ ἀκρον ὅρος πλήξασα νεοσχιδές· αὐτοτέλη δὲ οἴνον ἐρυγγομένη κρανῇ πορφύρετο πέτρη, λειβομένου δὲ γάλακτος ἀρασσομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης πίδακες αὐτοχύτουσιν ἑλευκιάνοντο ρεῖθροις. ἀλλὴ ρίψε δράκοντα κατὰ δρυός· ἀμφὶ δὲ δέδροι ἄσπεραν ὀφίς κύκλωσε, καὶ ἐπέλετο κιοσὸς ἀλήτης πρέμνον ἐλισσομένῳ σκολῷ µιτρούµενον ὀλκῷ, ἀµφελελιζοµένων µιµουµένος ἀµµα δρακόντων. καὶ Σάτυρος πεφόρητο σεσηρότα θῆρα κοµίων τίγρων ἀπευλητήρα καθήµενον ὑψόθε νάτον, ἁγριον ἦθος ἔχοιτα καὶ οὐ ψαίοντα φορῆς· καὶ συὸς ἅκρα γένεια γέρων Σεληνός ἐρύσσας κάρχαρον ἐκόντιξεν ἐς ἥρα κάτρον άθύρων· ἀλλὸς ἀελλήνει τοῦδων ἐπιβήτορι παλµῷ 340
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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
εἰς λοφίην ἀκίχτης ἐπηρήτῳ καμίλλου·
καὶ τις ύπέρ νότου θερῶν ἐποχήσατο ταῦρω.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισιν λυροδιήτῳ δὲ ἔν Θήβῃ
θαύματα ποικίλα Βάκχος ἐδείκνυε πάσιν πολίταις·
καὶ σφαλεροὶς πόδεσιν ἐβακχεύνοντο γυναῖκες . . .

χείλεσιν ἀφροκόμισιν· ἀλή δὲ ἐκλείζετο Θήβη.
καὶ φλογεροὶς σπινθῆρας ἀπηκόπτευσαν ἀγωνιζόμενοι πάντα πάντα θέμεθα, καὶ ὡς βοῶν ἀπὸ λαμών ἀκλυνεῖς πυλεώνες ἐμυκήσατο μελάθρων·
καὶ δόμος ἀστυφέλικτος ἀναβρομαίες κυδομίφω
λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι χέων αὐτόσυντων ἤχω.

Οὐδὲ χόλον Διόνυσος ἐπαύσατο· δαιμονεῖν δὲ
φθογγὴν ἤροφοιτὸν εἰς ἐπταπόρους ἱη κρόνων,
λυσόμενος ἀτε ταῦρος, ἐφὶ μυκήσατο λαμίφω·
καὶ κλονέων Πενθῆς μεμινότα μάρτυρι πυροῦ
μαρμαρυγῆς ἐπλησεν ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ τοῖχους
ἀντιπόρους σελάγιζε πολυσχίδες ἀλλόμενον πῦρ
δαυμένω σπινθῆρι κατάσσων, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοις
πορφυρόις καὶ στέρνων ἄλχλαινον βασιλῆς
πυροῦ ἐλείς πεφόρητο, καὶ οὐκ ἐφλεξὲ χιτῶνας·
κεκριμέναις δὲ ἀκτίσων ἀποπαῖδες ἁλματειρμῷ
ἐκ ποδὸς εἰς μέσα νάτα, δὲ ἱζόνος εἰς ὅραν ἄκρην
Πενθέος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μετήλουδες ἐτρεχον αἴγαι.
πολλάκι δὲ αὐτοπόρου πυρὸς βητάρμων παλὰμῳ
Γηγενέως βασιλῆς ἑυστρῶτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἀφλεγέας σπινθῆρας ἀπέπτυθε θέσκελος αἰγλῆ.
καὶ σέλας αὐτοεὔλικτον ἱδών βρυχήσατο Πενθεύς,
κέκλετο δὲ δημώσσου ἀγείν ἀλκτήριου ὕδωρ,
ὁφρα καταβεβέσσων ἀναπτομένην φλόγα πυροῦ
δῶμα περιπράνοντες ἀλεξίκακοι ρέεθροι·
καὶ γλαφυρῶν γυάλων ἐφάνη γυμνούμενον ὕδωρ,
καὶ, μεγάλῃ περ ἐοῦσα, ρόον τερσαίνετο πηγῇ.
mounted upon a camel’s neck; and one jumped on a bull and rode on his back.

323 So much for the mountains; but in music-built ♩ Thebes, Bacchos manifested many wonders to all the people. The women danced wildly with staggering feet . . . with foaming lips. All Thebes was shaken, and sparks of fire shot up from the streets; all the foundations quaked, the immovable gates of the mansions bellowed as if they had throats like a bull; even the unshaken building rumbled in confusion, as if giving voice with a stone trumpet of its own.

332 Yet Dionysos did not abate his wrath. He sent his divine voice into the sky as far as the seven orbits of the stars, bellowing with his own throat like a mad bull. He pursued frenzied Pentheus with his witnesses, the fires, and filled the whole house with the blaze. Tongues of fire danced gleaming over the walls right and left with showers of burning sparks; over the king’s brilliant robes and the seapurple stuff about his chest ran spirals of fire which did not burn his garments. Separate streaks of fire went in hot leaps from foot to middleback, across his loins to the top of his backbone and round his neck ran the travelling flashes: often the divine light spat sparks that did not burn on the splendid bed of the earthborn king, the fire dancing about at random. Pentheus seeing this fire moving about of itself roared aloud and called his slaves to help, to bring saving water to drench the place with protective torrents and quench the burning flames. And the rounded cisterns were emptied, bared of water, the fountain of the river

♘ Because the stones of its walls came of themselves at the sound of Amphion’s lyre.
άγγει, νηρίδμοιςιν ἀφυσομένου ποταμοῖο, καὶ πόνος ἀχρήστος ἔτι καὶ ἐτώσιον υδώρ, καὶ διεραίς λιβάδεσσιν ἀέξετο βαλλόμενον πῦρ θερμοτέραις ἀκτῖσι· καὶ ως πολέων ἀπὸ ταύρων μυκηθμοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπωροφίη πελαν ἕχω, βρονταῖς δ' ἐνδομύχοισιν ἐπέκτυπε Πειθέος αὐλή.
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.
ΕΚΤΟΝ

Εκτον τεσσαρακοστόν ἢ με πλέον, ἧχι νοήσεις Πενθέος ἀκρα κάρηνα καὶ ἀλεσίτεκνον 'Αγαίην.

'Αλλ' ὡς δὴ γύισωσκεν ἀναξ θρασύς, ὡς λυθότος αὐτομάτου δεσμοίο σιδηροφόρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν Μαυνάδεσ ἐσσεύοντο μετήλυδες εἰς ράχιν ὕλης, καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἄθητον Διονύσου, ἀστατός ὑβριστήρι χόλῳ κυμαίνετο Πενθέος.

καὶ μν ἵδων παρεόντα παλινδρομον ἥθαδι κισσῷ βόστρυχα μιτρωλέντα, καὶ ἀπλοκον ὑφόδεν ὠμῶν μηκεδανής ὄρων κεχαλασμένον ὁλκῶν ἄθεηρής, τοῖον ἀπερροήθησεν ἐπος λυσσώδει λαμψ.

"'Ήδυς ο Τειρέσιαν ἀπατήλιον εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπων

οὐ δύναται σὲ καὶ τις ἡμῶν ἐμὸν ἢπεροπευκὼν

ἀλλοις ἐννεπε ταῦτα. θέα πόθεν νῦε 'Ρεῖη

οὗ Διὸ μαζὸν ὅρεξε, καὶ ἔτρεφεν νῦα Θυώνης;

ἐἰρεο Δικταίης κορυθαίολον ἀντρον ἐρύπηις,

ἐἰρεο καὶ Κορύβαντας, ὅπη ποτὲ κοῦρος ἀθύρων

μαζὸν Ἀμαλθείης κουροτρόφον αἰγὸς ἀμέλγων

Ζεὺς μένος ἰέξησε, καὶ οὐ γλάγος ἔσπασε 'Ρεῖης.

ἡθεα σή δολίθα ἀπεμάξασαι καὶ σὲ τεκούσης·

ψευδομένην Σεμέλην Κρονίδης ἐφλεξε κεραυνῷ·

ἀξεο, μὴ Κρονίδης μετὰ μητέρα καὶ σὲ δαμάσσῃ.
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
βάρβαρον οὐ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ γένος· ἀρχέγονος δὲ Ἰσμηνός με φύτευσεν, καὶ οὐ τέκεν ὕγρος Ὑδάσπης· Δημιᾶδην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ Λυκόρργος ἀκοῦω.

ἀλλὰ σὺν ὑμετέροις Σατύροις καὶ θυάτη Βάκχας Δήρκης λείπε ῥέθρα, καὶ, ἣν ἔθλης, σὺν θύρως κτείνε παρ’ Ἀσσυρίους νεώτερον ἄλλον Ὀρόπτην.

οὐ σὺ γένος Κρονίων, Ὀλυμπίου· ἀλλημένης γὰρ ἀστεροπαί βοῶσιν ὀνείδεα σείο τεκούσης, καὶ κρυφίων λεχέων ἐπιμάρτυρές εἰσι κεραυνοὶ.

οὐ Δανάην μετὰ λέκτρα κατέφλεγεν λέτειος Ζεὺς, καὶ γνωτὴν ἀδόνιττον ἐμοῦ Κάδμου κομίζων Ἕρωπην ἐφύλαξε, καὶ οὐκ ἐκρύψεθε θαλάσση.

οἶδα μὲν, ὡς ἀλόχευτον ἐτὶ βρέφος αἰθερίη φλὸξ ὥλεσεν αἰθομένης μετὰ μητέρος, ἡμιτελῆ δὲ λύσε νόθην ὑδία μαραιομένου τοκετοῦ·

εἰ δὲ μιν οὖκ ἔδαμασσεν, ὅτι χθονίων ὑμεναίων κρυπταδίς φιλότητος ἀναιτίος ἐσσι τεκούσης, πείθομαι, ὡς ἐνέπεις, ἀέκων δὲ σε παίδα καλέσσων Ζηνὸς ἐπουρανίου, καὶ οὐ φλεχθέντα κεραυνῷ.

καὶ οὐ με τοῦτο δίδαξον ἅληθεί μάρτυρι μύθω·

Ζεὺς γενέτης πότε Φοῖβον ἢ Ἄρεα γεώτατο μηρῷ·

eἰ Δίός ἔλλαχες αἴμα, μετέρχεο κύκλον 'Ὀλυμπίου αἰθέρα ναιετάων, λίπε Πειθέι πατρίδα Θήβην.

ὡφελεί ἄρμενον ἄλλον ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἐνύφαι

ψεύδει κερδαλέω κεράσας θελξίφρονα Πειθώ,

ὁττὶ σε παιδοτόκῳ Κρονίδης τέκεν ἥθαδε κόρος·

οὐ τάχα τόσσον ἀπιστον ἐγν ἔπος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸν Βάκχον ἀνυμφεύτω μετὰ Παλλάδα τίκτε καρῆναι.

ἡθελον, εἰ γένος ἐσχες 'Ὀλυμπίου, αἴδε Κρονίων ὑψιμέδων σε φύτευσεν, ὅπως Δίος αἴμα διώκων.
too have no share of barbaric race in me. I am sprung from primeval Ismenos, not from watery Hydaspes; I know nothing of Deriades, my name is not Lycurgos. Now leave the streams of Dirce and take your Satyrs and mad Bacchants with you; use your thyrsus, if you like, to kill another and a younger Orontes among the Assyrians. You are no Olympian offspring of Cronion: for the lightnings cry aloud the shame of your perishing mother, the thunders are witnesses of her illicit bed. Zeus of the Rains burnt not Danaë after the bed; he carried Europa, the sister of my Cadmos, and kept her unshaken—he did not drown her in the sea. I know that fire from heaven consumed the babe unborn along with the burning mother, and released the bastard fruit of this scorching delivery half-formed: if it did not destroy the babe, because you are innocent of your mother's furtive love of an earthly bedfellow, I believe it as you declare, and unwillingly I will call you son of heavenly Zeus and one not burnt up by the thunder. Now tell me in your turn, and bear true witness: when did their father Zeus ever produce Ares or Apollo from his thigh? If you have in you the blood of Zeus, migrate to the vault of Olympos and live in heaven, leave to Pentheus his native Thebes. You should find another tale to fit the case, something plausible, and mix with your cunning imposture persuasion to enchant the mind—that Cronides brought you forth from his prolific brow as usual. Perhaps it would not be quite so incredible a story that he produced Bacchos too like Pallas from that unwedded brow. I would wish if you had been of the Olympian breed, yes if only Cronion Lord on High had got you, that I might hunt the offspring
νικήσω Διόνυσον, Ἠχίονος νύς ἄκούων.

"Ως φαμένου νεμέαζε θεός καὶ ἀμωβετο μέθω, κρύπτων δαιμονίης ὑποκάρδιον ὅγκον ἀπειλής·

"Βάρβαρα θεσμά φέρονσαν

ἐπολβίζω χθόνα Κελτών,

τῇ νέων βρεφέων καθαρῆν ὠδίνα δικάζων

Ῥήνος ἀσημάντοιο θεμιστοπόλος τοκετοῖο

αἴματος ἀγνώστου νόθον γένος οἴδει ὀλύξαι.

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Ῥήνοιο φατιξμένου ποταμοῖο

χεῦμαισιν οὐτιδαιοίσι δικάζομαι, ἀλλὰ ἰδίωρων

πιστότεροι κῆρυκες ἐμοὶ γεγάσαι κεραυνοὶ,

κρείσσονα μαρτυρίην στεροπής μὴ δίξεο, Πεινδεῦ?

উδατι μὲν Γαλάτης, οὐ δὲ πείθει μάρτυρι πυρσφ.

οὐ χατέω Πεινθήσος ἐπιχθονίου μελάθρου,

δῶμα Διωνύσου πίλει πατρώνοις αἰθήρ,

καὶ χθόνος εἰ κρίσις ἦν ἡ ἀστερόεντος Ὀλύμπου,

εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένω, τίνα φέρτερον αὐτὸς ἰνήψε,

οὐρανον ἐπταξίων ἡ ἐπταξίου χθόνα Θῆβης;

οὐ χατέω Πεινθήσος ἐπιχθονίου μελάθρου.

μοῦνον ἐμὴς κυδαίες μελισταγές ἀνθῶς ὀπώρης

μὴ ποτὸν ἀμπελόεντος ἀτμαγής Διονύσου.

Ἰδοφόνῳ Βρομίῳ μὴ μάρνα, θηλυτέρη δὲ,

εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιε μὴ ῥεξήμοι φάκχη.

σοὶ τάχα καλὸν ἐθεντο προμάντιες οὐνομα Μοῖραι

ὔμετέρου θανάτου προάγγελον αἰνοπαθῆ δὲ

οὐ νέμεσις Πεινθήα πεδοτρεφεός γενετήρος

Γηγενεῖς αἷμα φέροιτα φέρειν μίμημα Γιγαντων,

οὐ νέμεσις καὶ Βάκχου Ὀλύμπιου αἷμα γενέθλης

Ζηνὸς ἐχειν μίμημα Γιγαντοφόνου τοκῆς.

350
of Zeus and conquer Dionysos, I, called the son of Echion!"

52 At these words the god was indignant, and replied, concealing the weight of a fatal threat deep in his heart:

54 "I admire the Celtic land with its barbarous law, where the Rhine tests the pure birth of a young baby: he is judge of a doubtful birth, and knows how to detect the bastard offspring of unknown blood. But my appeal is not to the insignificant stream of that river called Rhine, but I have heralds more trustworthy than rivers, in the thunderbolts. Seek no better testimony than the lightning, Pentheus. The Gaul believes the water, do you believe the testifying fire. I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus; the home of Dionysos is his father's heaven. If there were a choice between earth and starry Olympos, tell me I ask, which could you call better yourself, sevenzone heaven or the land of sevengate Thebes? I need not the earthly palace of Pentheus!

69 "Only respect the honeydripping bloom of my fruit, do not despise the drink of Dionysos and his vine. War not against Bromios the slayer of Indians, but only one woman, fight if you can only with one manbreaking Bacchant! Perhaps the prophetic Fates named you well, to foreshow your death. No wonder that Pentheus having the earthborn breed of his ancestor sprung from the soil, should suffer the direful fate of the Giants. No wonder that Bacchos too, having the Olympian breed of his race, should play the part of Zeus his giantslaying father. Ask

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** Πενθεύς—πένθος (mourning).
eiřeο Τειρεσίαν, τίνι χώσαι. eiřeο Πυθώ, 
τίς Σεμέλη παρίανε, τίς ἔροσε παιδα Θυώνης. εἰ δὲ μαθεῖν εἴθελει χοροτερπεός ὄργια Βάκχου, 
φάρεα καλλεύφασ βασιλή τέπλαθε, Πενθέω, 
θήλεα πέπλα φέρειν, καὶ γίνεο θήλυς 'Αγαῦη. 
μὴ δὲ σε θηρεύοντα παραίσωσι γυναῖκες, 
ην δὲ τετή παλάμης θηροκτόνα τοβα ταυτόσης, 
Κάδμος ἐπαινήσει σε συναγρώσοντα τεκούσης. 
Βάκχῳ μούνος ἐρίζε, καὶ, εἰ θέμυς, ἱσχειρή, 
ὁφρα λεοντοφόνον σε μετ: 'Ακταίωνα καλέσων. 
κάθεο τεύχεα ταῦτα. σιδηροφόρουσ δὲ μαχητᾶς 
χερσίν ἀθωρήκτοιο ἐμαί κτεύονους γυναῖκες. 
εἰ δὲ σε νικήσωσιν ἀτευχεῖ θήλεί χάρμη 
ἐντεσι κοσμήθαι, τίς αὐτήσει πολέτη 
ἀνδρα γυναικείη κεκαφητά δημοτῆς; 
Βασσαρίς οὐ τρομεῖι παρέοιν βέλος, οὐ δόρυ φεύγειν 
ἀλλὰ δόλω κρυφίω πυκάσας ἀγνωστὸν ὀπωπην 
ὁμεῖ ὄργια παίτα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου." 

"Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν, ἐπεὶ νόου ἀνδρὸς ἰμάσων 
φοιταλείς ἐδόνησε κατάσχετον ἀλματι λύσης ... 
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθος ἐπέχραε Πενθεὶ Μήτη 
δαίμονι λάστιγν: συνερχόμενης δὲ Λυαίῳ 
λυποῖς θραυσόις οἰστρος ἁμεροιώνοι Σελήνης 
φάσματα ποικίλομορφα μεγήστει Πενθεὶ δεῖξαι 
φρικτὸν Ἐχιονίδην προτέρης μετέθηκε μενούνης, 
καὶ σφαλερῇ Πενθής ἐπεσμαράγγοησί αὐκοή, 
δαίμονης σάλπιγγος ἀλάστορα δοῦτον ἀράσσων 
ἀνέρα ἀ' ἐπτόησε. καὶ εἰς δόμον ἤλυθε Πενθεὺς 
οἰστρομανής, ποθέων θρασύδεος ὄργια Βάκχου 
φωριαμοὺς ἀ' ὡπεὶ θυώδεας, ἥχι 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, 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 Bacchus's congregation. He opened the scented coffers, where lay
κέκλιτο Σιδονίης ἀλιπόρφυρα πέπλα θαλάσσης·
καὶ χρόνο ποικιλόνωτον ἀόσατο πέπλον Ἀγάνυς.
Αὐτονότης δ' ἐσφιγξεν ἐπὶ πλοκάμωσι καλύπτερν,
στήθεα μιτρώσας βασιλῆα κυκλάδι τέχνη
καὶ πόδας ἐσφήκωσε γυναικείους πεδίους.
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε, μετερχομένου δὲ Βάκχας
ποικίλος ἰχνευτήρα χιτῶν ἐπεσύρετο ταρσῳ.

Μημηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσιν ἔλιξ ωργήσατο Πενθεύς
ἡδυμανῆς· λοξῷ δὲ πέδων κροτάλιζε πεδίῳ
ἐκ ποδός αἰθύσουν ἐτερων πόδα· χειρὰ δὲ δισοή
θηλύνων ἐλέλιζεν ἁμοιβάδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
οῖα γυνὴ παίζουσα χοροῖτυπος· οἷα δὲ ῥόπτρῳ
δίκτυυπον ἁμοιώνην κροτέων ἐτερόζυγη χαλκῷ
ηερίας μεθετέκεν ἀλήμωνα βόστρυχον αὐραί,
Λυδὸν ἀνακρούων μέλος Εὐποῦν. ἡ τάχα φαίης
ἄγρια κωμάζουσαν ἰδεῖν λυσσώδεα βάκχην.
καὶ διδύμους Φαέθοντας ἐδέρκετο καὶ δύο Θηβαῖ.

'Αμφί δὲ μιν στεφαίηδον ἐκυκλώσαντο πολίται,
ὅς μὲν ἐχὼν τρυχοῦσα λόφων χθοῖς,
ὅς δ' ἐπὶ πέτρῳ
ὑψιφανῆς, ὁ δὲ πήχυν ἐπὶ ἀνέρος ὑμῶν ἐρείσας
ἐχὼν ἀνηφήργεν ἐπὶ χθοῖ νι δάκτυλα πήξας·
καὶ τις ἐγκλώχια μετήμεν ὄγκον ἀροῦρης,
ἄλλος ἐπὶ προβλήτος ἐπάλξος, ὃς δὲ δοκεῖν
δόχμων ὁμία τίταινεν ἀερσιλόφων ἀπὸ πύργων·
ὅς δὲ μέσας στεφαίηδον ἐπὶ ἄντυγα χείρας ἐλίξας
ἐχεσσον ἀκροπόρους αἰνεῖ κίονα βαινῶν,
Πενθέα παπταίνων δεδονημένον ἀλματι λύσης,
θύρσον ἀερτᾶζοντα καὶ αἰθύσουσα καλύπτερν.

'Ἡδη δ' ἐπταπόρου παρέδραμε τείχεα Θήβης.
the women's garments dyed in purple of the Sidonian sea. He donned the embroidered robe of Agaue, bound Autonoë's veil over his locks, laced his royal breast in a rounded handwork, passed his feet into women's shoes; he took a thyrsus in hand, and as he walked after the Bacchants a broidered smock trailed behind his hunting heel.

116 With mimicking feet Pentheus twirled in the dance, full of sweet madness; he rattled the ground with sidelong boot, darting one foot away from another. Unmanning his two hands he shook them in alternate beats, like a dancing woman at play; as drumming a double tune on the two plates of the cymbals, he loosed his long hair to float on the breezes of heaven and struck up a Euian melody of Lydia. You might fairly say you saw a wild Bacchant woman madly rollicking. Yes, and he saw two suns and two cities of Thebes; he thought he could hold a gate-house of sevengate 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

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a Eur. Bacch. 912 ff.; these books are full of reminiscences of the play. b L.'s conjecture, he now prefers ὀγιον.
αὐτομάτοις ἐλίκεσσιν ἀνοιγομένων πυλεῶν·

ηῶθ δὲ πρὸ πόλης ἐς ἥερα βόστρυχα σείων
ἀβρά δρακοντοβοτοιο παρέστιχε νάματα Δίρκης·
καὶ ποδὶ λυσσήνετι χοροίτυπον ἵχνους ἐλίσσων
δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ὀπίστερον εἶχε πορείν.

' Ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἴκανεν, ἥθὶ δρύες, ἥξι χορείαι,
καὶ τελεταὶ Βρομίου θιασώδεες, ἥξι καὶ αὐτῇ
Βασσαρίδων ἀπέδιλος ἐςν κεμαδοσσός ἁγη, ἀμπελόεις τότε Βάκχος ὀρειάδος ἐνδοθι λόχμις
ἀρχαίην ἐλάτην ἱσομήκεα γείτων πέτρῃ
δένδρον ἵδων περίμετρον ἐγίθδεεν, ἥς ὑπὸ θάμνῳ
ἀγχυνεθεὶς πετάλωσιν ἐπεσκόωντο κολάναι·
ἀκρότατον δὲ κόρυμβον ἀφειδεί χειρὶ πυλῶν
eἰς πέδον, εἰς πέδον ἐλκε

κατὰ χθονὸς ἐκταδὰ Πενθεύς ...

θαλλὸν ἀεροιπόττον, ἐπισαιγών δὲ φορῆα
ὕψι τιτανομένων ἰδράξατο χειρὶ κορύμβων,
καὶ πόδας ἐνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδύντος ἐλίσσων
ἀστατὸς ὀρχηστήρι τύπω κουφίζετο Πενθεύς.

Καὶ τότε Βασσαρίδεσσι χορίτιδες ἤλυθον 'Ὀραί·
ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκέλευν, ἀνεζώνυμο τὸ πέπλως,
νεβρίδα δ' ἀμφεβάλουτο καὶ οὐρεσίφοιτο 'Ἀγαύη
ἀφροκόμους στομάτεσσιν ἀπερροιβιδήσεν ἴων.'

"Ἀὐτονόη, σπεύσσωμεν, ὅπη χορὸς ἐςτι Λυαίου
καὶ κτύπους οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούεται ἥθάδος αὐλοῦ,
ὀφρα μέλος πλέξαμι φιλεύοιν, ὀφρα δαείως,
tὶς φθαμένη στήσει χοροστασίν Διονύσως,
tὶς τίνα νικήσει ϑυηπολέουσα Λυαίω.

δηθύνεις, ἀχόρευτε, καὶ ἡμαῖς ἐγθασσὶν 'Ἰνώ'
οὐκέτι ποίτων 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 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.

158 Then came the dancing-hours for the Bassarids. They called to one another and tucked up their robes and threw on the fawnskins. Hillranging Agauë shouted aloud with foam on her lips—

162 "Autonoë, let us make haste to the dance of Lyaios, where the hillranging voice of the familiar pipe is heard, that I may recite the song that Euios loves, that I may learn who first will lead the dance for Dionysos, who will beat whom in doing worship to Lyaios! You're late, you slack dancer, Ino has got there before us! She is no longer an exile in the sea,
εξ ἀλὸς ἦλθε θέουσα σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ Μελικέρτῃ, ἦλθε προασπίζουσα διωκομένοι Διονύσου, μὴ Πενθεὺς ἀθέμιστος ἐπιβράειει Λυαίῳ. Μύστιδες, εἰς σκοπέλους, Ἰσμηνίδες ἔθετε Βάκχαι, καὶ τελετὰς στήσωμεν, ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορεύῃ Λυδαῖς Βασσαρίδεσσων ἔριζομεν, ὅφρα τις εἴη: Ἐναντίοτητα νύκτησε Μιμαλλόνα Μαυρᾶς Ἀγαθή. Ἡ Ἡμέρας φαμένη σκοπίαζε καθήμενον ὑφόθι δένδρον, ἄγριον οὐα λέοντα, θεημάχου νιέα μήτηρ· καὶ μὴ ἀγειρομένως ἐπεδείκνυε θυιάσι Βάκχαι· νιέα δ’ ἐμφρονα θῆρα καλέσσατο λυσᾶδε φωνῇ. ᾧ ὅπι δὲ μὴ στεφανηδόν ἐκυκλώσαντο γυναῖκες ἐξόμενον πετάλοισι· καὶ εὐπαλάμω τινὶ δεσμῷ δένδρον ἐπηχύνατο, καὶ ἤθελον εἰς χθόνα ρίπτειν ἐρνος ὁμοῦ Πενθῆς· περισφίγχασα δὲ θάμνῳ ὅλκον ὀμοιογένες παλάμης ἐνσιχθὸν παλμῷ πρυμνόθεν αὐτὸρριζον ἀνέσπασε δένδρον Ἀγαθή. καὶ φυτὸν εἰς χθόνα πίπτειν ἑγυμνῶθη δὲ Κιθαιρῶν· καὶ θρασὺς αὐτοελλικτὸς ἀνὰξ βητάρμων παλμῷ κύμβαχος ἑρόθεν κεκυλυμένος ἠρπε Πενθεὺς. καὶ τὸτε μὴ λίπε λύσα νοσσαλέας Διονύσου, καὶ προτέρας φρενάς ἐσχε τὸ δεῦτερον· ᾧ ὅπι δὲ γαῖῃ γείτονα πότιον ἔχων κινυρήν ἐφθέγξατο φωνῇ· "Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες με καλύψατε, μὴ με δαμάσσῃ παιδοφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐμὴ φιλότεκνος Ἀγαθή. μὴ τερ ἐμῇ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέοις ἱσχεο λύσεις· θῆρα πόθεν καλέεις με τὸν νιέα; ποῖα κομίζω στήθεα λαχνήετα; τίνα βρυχηθήμων ίάλλω; οὐκέτι γυνώσκεις με, τὸν ἐτρεφεῖς, οὐκέτι λεύσσεις· σήν φρένα καὶ τεὸν ὀμμα τίς ἠρπασε; χαίρε, 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 Lyaios. Mystics, to the mountains! Ismenian Bacchants, here! Let us celebrate our rites, and match the Lydian Bassarids with rival dances, that some one may say —Mainad Agauë has beaten Mygdonian Mimallon!"

As the words were spoken, she saw sitting high in a tree, like a savage lion—the mother saw her impious son. She pointed him out to the frenzied Bacchants gathering there, and in the voice of a maniac called her own human son a wild beast. The women thronged round him girdlewise as he sat amid the leaves; they embraced the trunk with a ring of skilful hands and tried to throw down the tree with Pentheus in it—but 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:

"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, δεύτερα ταύτα καὶ οὐρέα· σώζει, Θήβη
σώζει καὶ σὺ, φίλη παιδοκτόνε μὴτερ Ἀγαύη.
δέρκεο ταύτα γένεια νέστριχα, δέρκεο μορφήν
ἀνδρομένην· οὐκ εἰμὶ λέων· οὐ θῆρα δοκείεις.
φείδεο σῆς ωδίνος, ἀμείλυχε, φείδεο μαζῶν·
Πεινέα παπταίνεις με, τὸν ἐτρεφεῖς. ὥσχεο, φωνῇ,
μύθους σειο φύλαξον· ἀνήκος ἑστιν Ἀγαύη.
εἰ δὲ κατακτεῖνες με χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
μοῦνή παίδα δάμασσον, ἀγάστον, μηδὲ δαμήναι
Βασσαρίδων τεον ὑπά τοθαὶς παλάμησιν ἐάσης·
"Ως φάμειος λιτάνευς, καὶ οὐκ ἤκουσεν Ἀγαύη.
ἀμφὶ δὲ μν δασπλήτες ἐπερρώντο γυναῖκες
χερσίν ὁμοζήλοισι· κυλιδομένοι δὲ κοίη
ἡ μὲν ὀπισθίδιοις πόδας εἴρουσιν, ἡ δὲ λαβοῦσα
dεξιτερήν προβέλυμον ἀνέστασεν, Λυτοῦνθ δὲ
λαίην ἀντερύσσει· παραπλαγιθεῖσα δὲ μήτηρ
στήθει παιδός ἐπηζεν ἔν τον πόδα, κεκλιμένων δὲ
αὐχένα τολμήνετα διεθρύσεν οξεί κύροφ·
καὶ φοινὶς ταχύγυνοις ἀνέδραμε χάρματι λύσσης,
ἀιματόεν δὲ κάρηνον ἀτερψεὶ δείκνυε Κάδμων·
ψευδομένοι δὲ λέοιτος ἀγαλλομείνη χάριν ἄργης
tοιον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἐπος λυσσώδει λαμψὶ·
"Κάδμε μάκαρ, καλέω σε μακάρτερον·
ἐν σκοπελοῖς γὰρ
χερσίν ἀθωρήκτουσιν ἀριστεύουσαν Ἀγαύην.
"Ἀρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότις ἄργης,
ζηλον ὑποκλέπτουσα λεοντοφόνον σειο κούρης·
καὶ Δρανάδες θάμβησαν ἐμόν πόνον· ἡμετέρης δὲ
"Ἀρμονίης γενέτης κεκορυθμένος θὰδαι λόγχη
παίδα τεὴν ἁσίδηρον ἐέάμβηκε χάλκεος Ἀρης
θύροςον ἀκοντίζουσαν ἀλοιητῆρα λεόντων,
κυδίων· σὺ δὲ, Κάδμε, τεὼν ἐπιβήττορα θάκων
360
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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, Autonoë dragged opposite at the left; his deluded mother set her foot on his chest, and cut through that daring neck as he lay with sharp thyrsus—then ran nimbleknee with frenzied joy in his murder, and displayed the bloody head to unwelcoming Cadmos. Triumphant in the capture of a lion, as she thought, she cried out these words of madness:

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
Πενθέα δεύρο κάλεσσον, ὅπως θὸνερήσων ὀπωπαῖς 230 θηροφόνους ἱδρώτας ὀπιπεύσεις γυναίοι.

διώκει ἐμοὶ, στείχεσθε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου πῆξατε τοῦτο κάρηνον ἐμῆς ἀναθήματα νύκης.

ηλίκοιν οὐ ποτε θῆρα κατέκτανε σήγγονος Ἰνῴ.

Αὐτονόη, σκοπίαζε καὶ αὐχένα κάμμον Ἀγαύη.

οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ λάχες εὐχος ὀμοίων, ὑμετέρου δὲ μητρὸς Ἀρισταῖοι φατιξομένην ὑπὶ νῖκην

σῆ ἐκυρῆς ὑσχυν χειτοφόνου Κυρήνης.”

"Ενεπε κουφίζουσα φίλοι βάρος· εἰσαίων δὲ Κάδμος ἀγαλλομένης ἐτερόφρονα παιδός ἀπελήν, 240 μίξας δάκρυσι μύθον ἀμειβετο πενδάδι φωνή.

" Οἶνον θῆρα δάμασσας ἐχέφρονα, τέκνον Ἀγαύη; 245 οἶνον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ὑμετέρη τέκε γαστήρ; 246 οἶνον θῆρα δάμασσας, ὃν ἐσπέρμην 'Εχίων;

δέρκεο σείο λέοιτα, τὸν εἰσέτι τυθὸν ἀείρων

παιδοκόμῳ κούφιζε γεγηθότι Κάδμος ἀγοστώ.

δέρκεο σείο λέοιτα, τὸν Ἀρμονίη σέο μήτηρ

πολλάκις ἥρταζε καὶ ὄργει μαζών ἀμέλγειν.

μαστεύεις σέο παίδα τεῶν θητῆρα μόχθων

πῶς καλέσω Πενθήα, τὸν ἐν παλάμησιν ἀείρεις;

ὅν κτάνες ἀγνώσσουσα, πόθεν σέο παίδα καλέσσω;

θῆρα τεῦν σκοπίαζε, καὶ νίεα σέο νοῆσεις.

καλὰ φέρεις, Διόνυσε, τεῦ ἀρέτηρία Κάδμῳ

καλὰ μοι Ἀρμονίης νυμφεύματα δώκε Κρονίων: 250

"Αρεος ἀξία ταῦτα καὶ Οὐρανίης Ἀφροδίτης.

Ἰνὼ πόντον ἔχει, Σεμέλην ἐφλεξε Κρονίων,

μύρεται Αὐτονόῃ κερόεν τέκος, ἀ μέγα δειλή

1 Αυαίου mss.: γυναίον scrips. Ludwig -σεος οὖνης.

* 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
NONNOS

ektanev, òv têke móûnov, âôrion vîdv 'Agauû, 
kaî moyeî Ïolûdôros èmos lipòpatrîs állhtos. 
móûnov èygw lipômhn vêkvs èmpynos: èis tîna feûgwo, 260 
Pênthos olûmênoio kai oîchomênou Polûdôroû; 
tîs pólis òbhneî me dedêxetai; èrre, Kîthairwèn 
gyrokômov Kàdmioio katektaov, ámphotérous de 
vêkrov ècheis Pênthia, kai 'Aktaiôna kalûtpeis.'

"Ôs faimênov Kàdmioio gôon krounèdon ìallwv 
dàkrusoi pîgaiôwsi gêrôn èklauve Kîthairwèn. 
kaî drûves òdîprouto, kai èklagov aítôma Nûmphi 
Nêiâdes. polêtîn de kômhn èdêsasato Kàdmov 
kaî stonaxhîn Diônusos: àpenteîhtou de proswôpou 
mîgas dákrîv gêlwti nôov metêdèkhen 'Agauûs, 
kaî pálîv èmôfrova òhkevn, òpôs Pênthia gôhîh.

'H de metastrêfasa nôov kai àpîstov òpôwtn 
autopaghs áfthogygos èpî xhronov ìstato môttîr. 
kaî kefaleîn Pênthos òpîpieûousa thâontos 
hrîpevn autokûloitos, ùpér dapeîdhoi de deîlh 
bóstróvchon aîschûvousa xutî kekûlîsto konîh. 
kaî lasîous èrrwíven ápò stîrnoio xitwvàs 
kaî Brômîov fîalas thiaswvchas, âìmatos olkô 
stîbêa fônizasa kai âsketêwv ptûxa mazôn. 
kaî kûsenv nîos ômîa kai êgchôa kûkla proswôpou 
kai plôkâmovous xarîêitas èreudomênoiov karhînou. 
ôxî de kawkûvousa tôsthn èpîrhgêvato òfônh.

"Nêleîhès Diônusos, teîs àkôrîte gênilhès, 
dôs proterhîn ëti lûssan èmôi pálîv: ârto gar ìllhvn 
xeîrîna lûssan èxw pînntôfrova: dôs moi èkeînîn 
àfrosûyn, ìna òhra to deûterov và kalêsow. 
òhra baleîn èdôkêsa: neotûmêtoî de kôrheøs

* Actaion in his stag-shape.
DIONYSIACA, XLVI. 258–287

son, and Agauë—what misery for Agauë! She has killed her only son, her own son untimely; and my Polydoros 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.
άντι λεοντείης κεφαλήν Πενθήσει άείρω. 
όλβη Αυτονόη βαρυδάκρυος, οττι δανώτα 
έστενεν Ἄκταιώνα, καὶ οὐ κτάνεν νείδα μήτηρ. 
μούνη ἐγώ γενόμην παιδοκότονος. οὐ Μελικέρτην 
ἐκτανεν ἄι Λέαρχου ἐμὴ μετανάστιοσ Ἰνώ, 
ἀλλὰ πατὴρ ἐδάμασσε, τὸν ἦροσεν. ἂ μέγα δειλή. 
Ζεὺς Σεμέλη παρίανεν, ὅπως Πενθήσα γοήσω. 
Ζεὺς γενέτης Διόνυσον ἐὼ τεκνώσατο μηρή. 
Καδμείην ἵνα πάσαν ἀντόωσει γενέθλην. 
ὑλήκοι Διόνυσος· ὅλον γένος ἄλεσε Κάδμου. 
ἀλλὰ θεοκλήτου γαμίην μετὰ δαίτα τραπεζῆς, 
'Αρμονίης μετὰ λέκτρον, 
ἐμοὺ μετὰ παστάδα Κάδμου 
ἀρχαίην κυβάρην δονέων πάλιν αὐτὸς 'Απόλλων 300 
θρήνον ἐνα πλῆξειε καὶ Αυτονόη καὶ 'Αγαύη, 
ὡκύμορον Πενθήσα καὶ 'Ακταίωνα λιγαίων. 
ἡμετέρης, φίλε κοῦρε, τί φάρμακον ἔστων ἀνίτης; 
οὐ πω σοῖς θαλάμοισιν έκουφοσα νυμφοκόμοιν πυρ· 
οὐ ξυγίων ἠκουσά τεών ὑμέναιον 'Ερώτων. 
ποῖον ἴδω σεό παῖδα παρῆχορον; αἰθέ σε Βάκχη 
ἀλλή ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ οὐ πολύμυχος 'Αγαύη. 
μητέρι μανωμείη μὴ μέμφεο, δύσμορε Πενθεύ. 
Βάκχῳ μέμφεο μᾶλλον ἀναίτιοσ ἔστιν 'Αγαύη. 
χείρες ἐμαί, φίλε κοῦρε, τεῦν στάξουσιν ἐξρήθην 
αὐχένος ἀμηθέντος· ἀπ' αὐτοχύτου δὲ καρῆνο
ἀίμα τεῦν μητρώον ὅλον φοίνιξ χιτώνα. 
ναὶ, λίτομαι, Βρομίον δότε μοι δέπας. 
ἀντὶ γὰρ οἰνοῦ 
λύθρον ἐμοὺ Πενθήσα ἐπισπέειδὼ Διόνυσο. 
σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ φιλόδακρος, ἀώριε, τύμβον ἑγείρω 315 
χερσίν ἐμαίς ἀκάρηνον ἐνικρύφασα κονή 
ὁν δέμας· ἡμετέρῳ δ' ἐπὶ σήματι τούτο 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
'εἰμὶ νέκυς Πενθής, ὁδιπότε· νηδὺς Ἀγαύης παιδοκόμος με λόγχευσε
καὶ ἔκτανε παιδοφόνος χείρ.' "

'Εινεπε λυσσαύνουσα σοφὴ φρενί· μυρομένης δὲ
Αὐτονόη γοώσα παρήγορον ἵαχε φωνὴν.

'Ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ ἑρωτα τεῖς κακότητος, Ἀγαύη, ὁττι περιπτύσσεις γλυκερὴν Πενθής ὁπωπήν καὶ στόμα καὶ φίλον ὅμμα καὶ νιέοσ ἁκρα κομάων. γνωτῇ, ἐπολβίζω σε, καὶ εἰ κτάνες νίεα μήτηρ· ἀντί γὰρ Ἀκταϊώνος ἀμειβομένης ἀπὸ μορφῆς νεβρόν ἐγὼ δάκρυσα, καὶ νιέοσ ἀντὶ καρήνου μηκεδαιὴν ἐλάφου νόθην κτερέιξα κεραίνη. σής δ' ὀδύνης ἐλάχεια παραίφασις, ὁττι θανόντος οὐκ ἕδες ἀλλὸτι τύπον νιέοσ, οὐ τρίχα νεβροῦ, οὐ χελῆν ἀνόνητον ἐκουφίσας ἥ κεραίνην· μοῦνὴ δ' ἔδρακον νὶα νόθου νέκυν, ἀλλοφυὴ δὲ καὶ στικὴν καὶ ἀγαυδὸν ἐκώκυνον εἰκόνα μορφῆς, καὶ μήτηρ ἐλάφου καὶ οὐκετὶ παιδὸς ἀκούων. ἀλλὰ σὺ κυδαίνουσα, Διὸς φιλοπάρθενε κούρη, ἀνδρὸς ἔμοι σέο Φοῖβον Ἀρισταίοιο τοκῆα εἰς ἐλαφον μετάμεωσον ἐμὴν βροτεωδά μορφῆν· δὸς χάρων Ἀπόλλωνι· μετ' Ἀκταϊῶνα δὲ δειλῆν τοῖς αὐτοῖς σκυλάκεσσι καὶ Αὐτονόην πόρε φορβῆν ἡ κυσὶν ὑμετέρουσιν· ἐσάβρησθι δὲ Κιθαιρῶν μητέρα καὶ μετὰ παίδα κυνοσπάδα· μηδὲ με δειλὴν σῶν ἐλάφων μεθέπουσαν ἵσθιν κεραλκέα μορφῆν ἀγρια μαστίζουσα τεῇ ξεύξειας ἀπῆς.

χαίρε φυτὸν Πενθής, ἀμείλυχε χαίρε Κιθαιρῶν· χαίρετε καὶ νάρβηκες ἀμερσινὸν Διονύσου·

σῶζεό μοι, Φαέθων τερψίμμμβροτε· λάμπε κολώναις· λάμπε καὶ ἄμφοτέρους, Λητωίδη καὶ Διονύσῳ· εἰ δὲ τεαίς ἀκτίσι καὶ ἀνέρας οἴσθα 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, Autonoë 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 Autonoë also as a prey to the same dogs as Actaion, or to your own hounds; let Cithairon see the mother torn by dogs even after the son, but when I am changed to the same horned shape as thy deer, yoke me not, unhappy, to thy car nor flog me fiercely with thy whip.

344 "Farewell, tree of Pentheus, farewell pitiless Cithairon; farewell also ye fennels of mind-deluding Dionysos! Happy be thou, Phaëthon men's delight! Shine on the hills; show thy light both for Leto's daughter and Dionysos! And if thou knowest how
σὺ καθαρῷ πυρὶ βάλλε καὶ Αὐτονόμη καὶ 'Αγαύην· ἔσοσ δὲ Πασιφάης τιμήρος, ὀφρα γελάσοις 'Αρμονίης γενέτειραν ἀναίζων 'Αφροδίτην.

Εἶπε, καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνος ὀδύρετο μᾶλλον 'Αγαύη. καὶ νέκυν, δὲν κατέπεφυς, φύλη τυμβάσατο μήτηρ πίθακα δακρυόεσσαν ἀναβλύζουσα προσώπου· καὶ τάφον εὐποίητον ἑτεκτήματο πολίται.

'Ως αἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατηφέες· εἰσορόην δὲ Βάκχος ἀναξ ἐλεαίρει, φιλοθρήνους δὲ γυναῖκας μυρομένας ἀνέκοφεν, ἐπεὶ στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστη λυσίπονον κεράσας μελιθεῦνος φάρμακον οὐκ ὄγκε ποτὸν ληθαίου· ὀδυρομένου δὲ Κάδμου πένθιμον ἐπρήμνε γόνι παιήνιο μύθω· ἀμφοτέρας δ' εὐνησε καὶ Αὐτονόμη καὶ 'Αγαύην, ἐπιδίδος ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελα θέσφατα φαίνων.

᾽Ιλλυρίην δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐς Ἐσπερίαν χρόνα πόντου Ἀρμονίην λυτόσατρον ὀμόσολον ἀλκι Κάδμῳ ἀμφοτέρους πόμπευεν ἀλῆμονας, οἰς χρόνος ἔρπων ὥπασε πετρήσσαν ἐχειν ὀφιώδεια μορφῆν.

Καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Πάνας ἔχων καὶ λύγκας ἰμάσσων ἀβρός ἀσιγήτοις ἐκώμασε Βάκχος 'Αθήναις.
to destroy men also with thy rays,\(^a\) strike with thy pure fire Autonoë and Agauë. Be Pasiphaë's avenger,\(^b\) to plague with a laugh Harmonia's mother Aphrodite."

\(^{352}\) She spoke; and Agauë childmuderer sorrowed yet more. The loving mother entombed the dead son whom she had slain, pouring a fountain of tears over her face, and the people built a goodly sepulchre.

\(^{356}\) So they mourned in dejection; Lord Bacchos saw and pitied, and checked the dirge of the lamenting women, when he had mingled a medicine with honeysweet wine and passed it to each in turn as a drink to lull their troubles. He gave them the drink of forgetfulness, and when Cadmos lamented he soothed his sorrowful moans with healing words. He sent Autonoë and Agauë to their beds, and showed them oracles of god to tell of coming hope. Over the Illyrian country to the land of the Western sea he sped, and banished Harmonia with Cadmos her agemate, both wanderers, for whom creeping Time had in store a change into the shape of snaky stone.\(^c\)

\(^{368}\) Then Bacchus 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.
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 girl 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 Lyaios. Loud was the sound of revelling; crowds of citizens with forests of fluttering hands decked out the streets in hangings of many colours, and vineleaves which Bacchos made to grow wreathed themselves all over Athens. [The women hung mystic plates of iron over their breasts and bound them round their bodies: 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 ms. was damaged and illegible here. The general sense may have been: “Drinking-cups the men now held instead of weapons (or tools); even through the mail-clad breasts of Athena there shot a shaft of Bacchic extasy; and the women girt their bosoms, used to (Demeter’s ?) mysteries with (some Dionysiac emblem, such as vine-leaves).” Marcellus conjectures φάλλος here and ix. 125, xlvi. 278, where it makes sense although there is no evidence in support. 373
άνθεί κισσήμεντι περὶ περὶ πτόλων ἐμπνων ὑδωρ κυδαίνων Διόνυσον· ὀμοζήλῳ δὲ χορεῖν Ἔνιον ἐκρουόντο μέλος Κηφισίδες ὤχθαι.  

φυταλίῃ δ’ ἀνέτελλεν, ἀπὸ χθονίῳ δὲ κόλπου αὐτοφυῆς γλυκεροῦ πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο βότρυς ἐλαιήμενος ἐφοινίχθη Μαραθῶνος, καὶ ὀρύες ἐφιπύριζον, ἀνοιγομένων δὲ πετήλων δίχροον ἑρεύγοντο ῥόδου λειμωνίδες Ἡραι, καὶ κρίνων αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμαιώσαντο κολώναι. καὶ Φρυγίως αὐλοῖσιν ἐπέκτυπεν αὐλὸς Ἀθηνῆς, καὶ δίδυμον κελάδημα δόναξ ἐλγαεν  Ἀχαρνεύς θλιβόμενος παλάμης· ὀμογλῶσσων δ’ ἀπὸ λαμών Μυγδονίη βαρύδουπος ὁμόθροος ἄνυγι κούρη δύθρου ἀρμονίνα ἐπιδήμιοι ίακε Βάκχη πήχων ἐπικλίνουσα νέῃ Πακτωλίδι νύμφῃ, καὶ φλόγα ἵνεκτόχρευτον ἀνέσχεθε δίζυγι πεύκη ἀρχεγόνων Ζαγρῆς. καὶ ὀμφόγων Διονύσων· 

μηθαμενή δ’ Ἰτύλου καὶ ἱστοπόντου Φιλομήλης 

σύνθροος αἰολόδειρος ἀνέκλαγεν Ἀτῆς ἀγώνων, καὶ Ζεφύρου λάλος ὄρνη ὑπωρφήτιν χέε μολπήν, 

μνήστιν ὠλὴν Ἡρῆς ἀπορρίβασά θυελλαίς. 

Οὕδε τις ἥν ἀχόρευτος ἀνὰ πτόλων. αὐτὰρ ὁ χαῖρων Βάκχος ἐξ Ἰκαρίου δόμον ἤλθεν, ὅς πέλεν ἄλλων 

φέρτερος ἄγρονομων ἐτερότροπα δέιδρα φυτέυειν. 

ἀγραύλως δὲ πόδεσιν γέρων ἐχόρευεν ἀλκεύς ἀθρήσας Διόνυσον ἐπηλυδα, καλλιφύτων δὲ κοίρανον ἡμερίδων ὀλίγη ἐξίνισε τραπέζῃ. 

'Ἡρηγόνη δ’ ἐκέρασεν ἀφυσαμενή γλάγος αἰγῶν.  

* 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 374
of ivy braided in Attic hair. Ilissos rolled round the city living water to glorify Dionysos; the banks of Cephisos echoed the Eolian tune to the universal dance. The plant shot up from the bosom of the earth, grapes selfgrown with sweet fruit ripening reddened the olive-groves of Marathon. Trees whispered, meadows put forth in season roses of two colours with opening petals, the hills gave birth to the lily selfgrown. Athena's pipes answered the Phrygian pipes, the Acharnian reed pressed by the fingers played its double ditty. The native Bacchant leaned her arm on the young Pactolian bride, and sounded a double harmony with deep note answering the Mygdonian girl, or held up the dancing nightly flame of double torches, for Zagreus born long ago and Dionysos lately born. The melodious-throated nightingale of Attica sang her varied notes in the chorus, remembering Itylos and Philomela busy at the loom; and the chattering bird of Zephyros twittered under the eaves, casting to the winds all memory of Tereus.

34 No one in the city did not dance. Then Bacchos glad went to the house of Icarios, who excelled the other countrymen in planting new sorts of trees. The old gardener danced on his clownish feet when he saw Dionysos as his visitor, and entertained the lord of noble gardenvines at his frugal board. Erigone went to draw and mingle milk of the goats, but the god's name was Zagreus and not Zagraios. Two modern editors gravely inform the public that there is no such verse and that Bentley quoted from memory (which he probably did, and knew his Greek authors better than either his contemporary or his later critics). See the Bohn edition of the Dissertation (London, 1883), p. 91.

b Imitated from Leonidas in the Greek Anthology x. 1.

Icarios's daughter.
άλλα ἐ Βάκχος ἔρυκε, φιλοστόργη δὲ γεραιῶ ὡπασε λυσσόνου μέθης ἐγκύμονας ἀσκοῦσ, δεξιέρη δ' εὐόδιον ἔχων δέπας ἠδός οὐν ὄρεγεν Ἰκαρίως· φιλῶ δ' ἡσπάζετο μῦθω.

"Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δώρον,

ὁ μή δεδάσσων Ἀθήναι. 45

ὁ γέρον, ὀλβίζω σε σε γὰρ μελψουσι πολῖται
toῖν ἐπος βοῶσι, ὅτι κλέος εἶρεν ἐλέγξα
Ἰκάριος Κελεῖο καὶ Ἡριγόνη Μετανείρης.

ξῆλον ἔχω προτέρης Δημήτερος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτῇ ἀλλὰ γειοπόνῳ στάχυν ὄμπινον ὡπασε Δηώ.

Τριπτόλεμος στάχυν εὑρε,

ού δ' οἴμοπα βότρυν ὀπώρης.

Ἰλαιος οὐρανῶ Γανυμήδει μοῦνος ἐρίζεις,

Τριπτολέμου προτέρου μακάρτερε. θυμοβόρος γὰρ

ού στάχυν , λύνου μεληδόνας, οἰνοτόκου δὲ βότρυνες ἀνδρομέχης παιήνεις εἰσιν ἀνής."

Τοῖον ἐποσ κατέλεξε, φιλοξείνῃ δὲ γεραιῶ

ἀβρόν ἐγερσινόσιο δέπας πόρεν ἐμπλεον οἴνου,

καὶ πιέν ἀλλο μετ' ἀλλο γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἄλως,

οἴστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἐφραθᾶμμιγγος ἐξέπθης.

κούρη δ' ἀϊτι γάλακτος ἀφυσαμηνι χύσιν οἴνου

ώρεγε χειρὶ κύπελλον, ἔως ἐμέθυσε τοκῆα.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρον εὑρε κυπελλόδόκου τραπέζης,

δόχμιοι ἀμφιελικτος ἐρεσφάλεις ἵχνος ἀλίσσων

ποσαὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ἀνεσκίρησθιν ἀλωσις,

Ζαγρέος Εὐιόν ὑμνὸν ἀνακρούνων Διονύσω.

ἀγρονόμῳ δὲ γέροντι φυτηκόμος ὡπασε δαίμων

κλήματα βοτρυόεντα, φιλεύια δώρα τραπέζης·

* 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, 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 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

5 The word ἀλασ 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 γάιος should be read, "you on earth rival Ganymede in heaven."

377
καὶ μὲν ἀναξ ἐδίδαξεν ἀειφύτω τῳ τέχνῃ 
κλάσσαι βοθριάσαι τε βαλεῖν τ᾽ ἐνι κλήματα γύροις. 

“Ἀλλοις δ᾽ ἀγρονόμουσι γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλῳεὺς 70 
δῶρα φέρων Βρομίωο καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρῃν ὀινοφύτους ἐδίδαξε φυτηκομίας Διονύσου. 
καὶ νομίω κρήτηρι βαλὼν ῥόον ἄσπετον οἶνον 
δαιμόνιον ηὐφραινεὶ ἐπασσύτεροι κυπέλλοις, 
οἰνοδόκων θυόεσσαν ἀναπτύξας χύσιν ἀσκῶν. 

καὶ τὶς ἐγερούσωι πιὰν ῥόον ἠδοῖο οἴνου 
‘Ἡρωῶνς γενετῆρα φίλῳ μελιζατο μύθῳ. 

“Εἰπὲ, γέρον, πόθεν εὑρεῖς 

ἔπι χθονι νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου; 
οὐκ ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦο φέρεις ξανθόχροον ῤῶρ, 
οὐκ ἀπὸ Νημαδῶν μελινόελ ὁφρα κομίζεις: 

οὐ γὰρ ἀναβλύζουσι μελίρρυτα χεῦματα πηγαί, 
οὐ ρόος Ἰλισσοῦ χυτῷ φοινίσσεται ὀλκῷ. 
οὐ ποτὸν ἐπλετό τοῦτο φιλοπτόρθοι μελίσσης, 
ὁξύτατον μερόπεσσι φέρον κόρον. ἀλλοφυὶς δὲ 
καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο φέρεις γλυκερωτέρον ῤῶρ. 

πάτριον οὐ πόμα τοῦτο λοχεύεται 'Ἀτῆς ἱλαίῃ: 

λαρότερον δὲ γάλακτος ἰχεῖς ποτὸν ἐμμενὲσ αἰώ 
συμφερταῖς λιβάδεσσι μελικρήτου κυκεῶνοι. 

εἰ δὲ ποτὸν μερόπεσσιν ἀειφύτων ἀπὸ κῆπων ἐκ 
καλύκων δεδάσσαν ἀγεῖν ῥοδωπήγεις Ἡραί, 
καὶ κεν ἐγὼ καλέσκον 'Ἀδώνιδος ἡ Κυθρεῖς 
εἰαρινὸν πόμα τοῦτο, ῥόδων εὐόδμον ἐέρσθην. 

λυσίπουν καὶ ἕξινον ἀγεῖς ποτὸν ἥριοις γὰρ 
πλαζομένας ἀνέμοισιν ἐμὰς ἐκέδασσε μερήμασ. 

μὴ σου δῶρον ἐδώκειν ἀπ᾽ ἀιθέροις ἀμβρότος Ἡβη; 

μὴ σοι τοῦτο κόμισσε τῇ πολιοῦχος Ἀθήνη; 

οὐρανὸθεν κρητῆρα τὸν ἦρπασεν, ἐνθεν ἀφύσει
him the art of making them grow, by breaking and ditching and curving the shoots round into the soil."

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 flower cups that grow in our gardens, I would call this a spring-time beverage of Adonis or Cythereia, the sweetsmelling dew of roses! A strange drink yours, which dissolves trouble! for it has scattered my cares wandering in the winds of heaven.

95 “Can it be that immortal Hebe has given you this gift from heaven? Can it be that Athena your cityholder has provided this? Who has stolen the

a Compare note on xvii. 83.
Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀθανάτους δέπας κεράσας Γαυμηήθης; ξενοδόκου Κελεοίο μακάρτερε, μὴ σὺ καὶ αὐτὸς ἴλανοι οὐρανόθεν ναέτην ξείνοσας 'Ολύμπου; πείθομαι, ὡς θεὸς ἄλλος ἐκώμασε σεῖο μελάθρῳ, καὶ φιλής πόμα τοῦτο τεῆς διὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης 'Ατθίδι δῶρων ἐδωκεῖν, ἀτε στάχων ὡπάσε θην."

"Εννεπε θαμβήσας γλυκερὸν ποτὸν ἐκ στομάτων δὲ ἥδυμανής ἀλάλαζε χέων ἀγραυλὸν ἀοιδήν.

'Αγρονόμοι δ' ἀρύνοτες ἐπασσουτέρους κυπέλλους πάντες ἐβακχεύθησαν ἀμερουνόω φράνας οὐνῷ ὀμματα δ' ἐπλάζοιτο, φιλακρήτως δὲ κυπέλλους ἀργυφα πορφύρουτο παρῆμα, γειοπόινων δὲ στήθεα θερμαίνοντο, ποτῷ δ' ἐβαρυνετο κόροι, καὶ φλέβες οἰδαίνοντο ἐκμαίνοντο καρήνου τοίσε δὲ δερκομένουσιν ἐσείτο κάλπος ἁροῦρης καὶ δρύες ύρχήσαντο καὶ ἐσκίρτησαν ἑρίται καὶ σφαλεράς λιβάδεσσιν ἀήθεος ἐμπλοες οἴου υπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπὶ χθόνα κάππεσεν ἀνήρ.

Καὶ χορὸς ἀγρονόμων φοινὶς δεδονημένους οἰστρῷ τλήμονος 'Ικαρίου κατέτρεχε θυαδί λύσσῃ, οἴᾳ τε φαρμακόεντα κερασσαμένου δόλων οἴου, ὡς μὲν ἑχὼν βουπλήγα σιδήρεον, ὡς δὲ μακελῆ θωρῆς εἰς χείρας, ὁ δὲ σταχυτόμον ἁρπῆν κοφίζων, ἐτερος δὲ λίθων περίμετρον αἰείων, ἄλλος ἀνεποίητο καλαύροπα χειρὶ τιταίων, γηραλέων πλήσοντες· ἐλῶν δὲ τις ἐγγὺς ἴμασθην 'Ικαρίου τέτρην δέμας ταμεισίροι κέντρῳ.

Καὶ μογέων χθονὶ πίπτε γέρων φυτοεργὸς ἀλωεὺς τυπτόμενος ῥοπάλουσιν, 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 Icarios in maniac fury, as if the wine were mixt with a deceiving drug—one holding an iron poleaxe, one with a shovel for a weapon in his hands, one holding the cornreaping sickle, another raising an immense block of stone, while another, beside himself, brandished a cudgel in his hand—all striking the old man: one came near with a goad and pierced his body with its fleshcutting spike.

125 The unhappy old industrious gardener thus beaten with blows fell to the ground, then leaping

\(^a\) The constellation Crater.
τύφε μέθης κρητήρα, καὶ αἰθόπος εἰς χύσιν οίνου ἡμιθανής κεκύλιστο. βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου ἀγρονόμων πληγῆς ἀμοιβαίας τυπέντος αἰμαλέτη φοίνιξεν ὀμόχροον οίνων ἐέφση. καὶ μόγις ἐκ στομάτων ἐπος Ἰαχεὶν Ἅιδι γείτων.

"Οἶνος ἐμοῦ Βρομίου, βροτέης ἀμπαυμα μερίμνης, ὁ γλυκὸς εἰς ἐμὲ μοῦνον ἀμελίχος· εὐφροσύνην γὰρ ἀνδράσι πᾶσιν ὀπάσσε, καὶ Ἰκαρίω πόρε πότμον· ὁ γλυκὸς Ἡριγόνη πολεμίως· ἡμετέρην γὰρ νηπενθῆς Δίονυσος ἔθηκατο πενθάδα κοῦρην."

Οὐ πω μῦθος ἐληγε· μόρος δὲ οἱ ἐφθασε φωνήν. καὶ νέκυς αὐτόθι κείτο, σαόφρονος ἐκτοθὶ κοῦρης, ὃμμασι πεπταμένουσιν. ἐν ἀστρῶτῳ δὲ χαμενή νήδυμον ὑπὸν ιαυνὸν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου φονῆς οἰνοβαρεῖς, νεκύεσσιν ἐουκότες· ἐγρόμενοι δὲ, ὃν κτάνων ἀγνώσσοντες, ἀνέστονον ὑφόθι δ' ἄμων νεκρόν ἐλαφρίζοντες ἀνήγαγον εἰς ράχων ὑλῆς ἐμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ἐν εὐδρῳ δὲ ἰερδρῷ ὄτειλᾶς ἐκάθηραν ὀρεσσιχύτω παρὰ τηγή· καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάκτον, ὃν ἐκτανων ἀφροι λύσση, ἀνδροφόνοις παλάμησιν ἐτυμβεύσαντο φονῆς.

Ὑμηθ γ' Ἰκαρίοιο πανεἰκέλος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ εἰς δόμον Ἡριγόνης· βροτέη δ' ἱσάζετο μορφῇ κοῦφον ὀνειρείτις σκιερῆς εἰδωλον ὀπωτῆς, ἀνδρὶ νεοτήτω πανομοίως, εἰς δὲ δειλῇ στικτὸν ἀσθμάντῳ φόνου κήρυκα χιτῶνα, αἴματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμώσοντα κονίῆς, ῥωγάλεον πληγήσων ἀμοιβαίου μισήρου. καὶ παλάμας ᾑρείζε· νεοσφαγέων δὲ δοκεών ὄτειλᾶς μελέων ἐπεδείκνυε γείτονι κοῦρη.
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

παρθενικῇ δ’ ὁλόλυε Φιλωθήνους ἐν ὀνείροις, ὃς ἰδεν ἐλκεα τόσσα καρῆτας, ὃς ἰδε δειλή λύθρον ἐρευθομένου νεόρρυτον ἀνθερεύνος· καὶ σκλόεις γενέτης ἐπος ἐνεπε πενθάδι κούρη.

"Εγερεο, δειλαίη, καὶ δίζεο σεῖο τοκῆ.

ἐγερεο, καὶ μεθύοντας ἐμοὺς μάστενε φονήα· εἰμὶ τέος γενέτης βαρυώδους, ὃν χάριν οἶνον ἀγρονόμοι δασπλήτες ἐδηλήσαντο σιδήρω.

οὐ τέκος, ὀλβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ κταμένου τοκῆς οὖ καναχήν ἡκουσας ἀρασσομένου καρῆν, οὐ πολιήν ἐνόησας ἐρεύθομένην ὑπὸ λύθρων, οὐ νέκυν ἀρτιδάκτην ἐπισπαίροντα κονή.

πατροφόνοις κορύνας οὐκ ἔδρακεν· ἀλλὰ σε δαίμον τεκτοθείς ἵππος ἐρυκε, τεὴν δ’ ἐφύλαξεν ὀπωπῆν,

μὴ μόρον ἀθρήσεις δαίζομένου γενέτηρος.

ἀματὶ πορφύροιτας ἐμοὺς σκοπίαζε χιτῶνας· χθίζα, γὰρ οὐνωθέντες ἀμοιβαίοις κυπέλλοις ἀγρονόμοι βλύζοντες ἀῆθεος ἰκμάδα Βάκχου ἀμφ’ ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο· δαίζομενος δὲ σιδήρω

μῆλονόμοις ἐκάλεσα, καὶ οὐκ ἡκουσαν ἰωῆν·

μοῦνη δ’ ὑστερόφωνος ἐμὸν κτύπων ἐκλυεν Ἡχῶ

θρήνους ἀντιτύπουσι τεὸν στενάχουσα τοκῆ.

οὐκέτει κουφίζουσα καλαύρυτα μεσοῦθεν ὅλης

ἐἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόειτα καὶ εἰς λεμάνας ἰκάνεις,

σὴν ἄγελθην βόσκουσα σὺν ἀγραύλῳ παρακοίτη·

οὐκέτει δενδροκόμοι τεῆς ψαύσουσα μακέλης

κῆτον ἐς εὐώδινα χέρεις ἀμαρήνοι ὅδωρ

ἀλλὰ μελιρράθμυγγος ἐμῆς ἀκόρητος ὀπτώρης

κλαῖε τεὸν γενέτηρ ἐς δεδουπότα· καὶ σε νοῆσω

ὁρφανικήν ξύσουσαν 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."
"Ως φαμένη πτερόεσσα παρέδραμεν ὅψις ὀνείρου. κούρη δ' ἐγρομένη ῥοδέας ἦμυξε παρειάς, πενθαλέοις δ' ὄνυχεσσον ἀκαμπέας ἐξεσε μαζώς, καὶ δολιχῆς προθέλυμον ἀνέπασε βότρυν ὀδείρης. καὶ βόας ἀθρήσασα παρισταμένους ἐτε πέτρῃ παρθένος ἄχυμενη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ. "Πὴ νέκυς Ἰκαρίοιο, φίλαι φθέγξασθε κολώναι: πότμον ἐμοί γενετῆρος ἐδήμονες εἰπάτε ταῦροι: πατρὸς ἐμοὶ κταμένου τίνες γεγάσοι φοιῆς; πὴ μοι ἐμὸς γενέτης γλυκὺς οἴχεται; ἡ ρὰ διδάσκων γείτονα καλλιφύτου νέους ὀρπηκας ὀπώρης πλάζεται ἀγρονόμοισι παρήμενος, ἡ τιν θοῦτι δενδροκόμῳ παρέμμενε συνέστιοι εἰλαπινάζων; εἰπάτε μυρομένη, καὶ τλήσομαι, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ. εἴ μὲν ἔτι ζωεί γενέτης ἐμός, ἔρνεα κῆπου ἀρδεύσω παλύρορος ἀμα ζώουσα τοκῆ. εἴ δὲ πατὴρ τέθνηκε καὶ οὐκέτι δένδρα φυτεύει, ἀθρήσῳ μόρον ἰσον ἐπὶ φθιμένῳ γενετήρῃ." "Ως φαμένη ταχύγουνος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς ράχιν υλῆς, ἰχνία μαστεύουσα νεοσφαγεός γενετῆρος. οὐ δὲ οὐ νερομένη θρασὺς αἰπόλος, οὐ παρὰ λόχμαις παρθένον οἰκτείρων ἀγεληκόμος ἐννεπε βοῦτὶς ἰχνίων ἀστήρικτον ἀκρύκτου τοκῆς, οὐ νέκυν Ἰκαρίοιο γέρων ἐπεδείκνυε ποιμῆν. ἀλλὰ μάτην ἄλαλητο· μόγις δὲ μιν ἐδρεν ἀλωεὺς καὶ κινυροὶς στομάτεσσι δυσάγγελον ἰαχε φωνῆ, καὶ τάφων ἐγγὺς ἐδείξε νεοδμίτου τοκῆς. Παρθενίκη δ' ἀίονσα σαόφρων μαινετο λύση· καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα φιλω παρακάτετο τύμβοι 215 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμος ἀσάμβαλος, αὐτοχύτους δὲ.
So spoke the vision of the dream, and then flew away. But the girl awaking tore her rose-red cheeks, and mourning scored her firm breasts with her finger-nails, and tore long locks of hair from the roots; then seeing the cattle still standing by her on the rock, the sorrowful maiden cried in a voice of lamentation:

"Where is the body of Icarios? Tell me, beloved hills! Tell me my father's fate, ye bulls that knew him well! Who were the murderers of my father slain? Where has my darling father gone? Is he wandering over the countryside, staying with the countrymen and teaching a neighbour to plant the young shoots of his fair vintage, or is he the guest of some pastoral gardener and sharing his feast? Tell his mourning daughter, and I will endure till he come. If my father is still alive, I will live with my parent again and water the plants of his garden: but if my father is dead and plants trees no more, I will face death like his over his dead body."

So she spoke, and ran with swift knee up into the mountain forest, seeking the tracks of her father newly slain. But to her questions no goatherd was bold to reply, no herdsman of cattle in the woodlands pitied the maiden or pointed to a faint trace of her father still unheard-of, no ancient shepherd showed her the body of Icarios, but she wandered in vain. At last a gardener found her and told the sad news in a sorrowful voice, and showed the tomb to her father lately slain.

When the maiden heard it, she was distracted but with sober madness: she plucked the hair from her head and laid it upon the beloved tomb, a maiden unveiled, unshod, drenching her clothes with selfshed
δάκρυσιν ἀενάουσι λελουμένον εἰχε χιτῶνα.
χείλεσι δ’ ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐπεσφηγήσατο σιγὴν
εἰς χρόνον. Ἡριγόνη δὲ κύων ὁμόφοιτος ἐξέφρων
κυνηγήματι γοώντι συνέστιχε πενθάδι κούρην,
καὶ οἱ ὁδυρομένηι συνοδύρετο. μαυρομένη δὲ
εἰς φυτὸν ὕμικάρην ἀνέδραμεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ
ἀγχοίῳ φυγίξασα περιπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῇ
ἀυτοφόνῳ στροφάλλυγγι μετάρρυχο ὥλετο κούρην,
ἀμφοτέρους δονέουσα πόδας βητάρμων παλμῷ·
καὶ θάνε, καὶ μόρον ἐλκεν ἐκούσιον.

ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρην

πυκνὰ κύων δεδόνητο, καὶ ἕαξε πένθιμον ἦχῳ
ὁμμασὶ θηρείοις νοῆμονα δάκρυα λείβων.
Οὐδὲ κύων ἀφύλακτον ἐρημάδα κάλλιπε κούρην,
ἀλλὰ φυτῷ παρέμμενεν ἐπὶ λῦνα θήρα διώκων,
πόρδαλιν ἐξ ἑώστια· παρερχομένουι δὲ ὁδίταις
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοισ ἐπεδείκνυεν ἀξιγα κούρην
dεσμοῖς ἀγχοίσι περιπλοκον ὑψόθι δένδρου.
οἱ δὲ μιν οἰκτείροντες ἀνήιον εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης
ἰχνεσίν ἀκροτάτουςιν, ἀπ’ εὐπετάλων δὲ κορύμβων
παρθεινὼν ἄμμητα κατήγαγον· ἀγχιφαὶ δὲ
γαίᾳ ἐκούλαίζοντο πεδοσκαφείσσοι μακάλλαις.
τοῖς ἁμα καὶ πεπόνητο κύων πινυτόφροι θυμῷ,
pενθαλέω δὲ ἐβάθυθε πέδου τεχνήμοις ταρσῷ,
θηγαλέοις ὄνυχεσι̷· χυτής χθονὸς ἀκρα χαράσσων,
καὶ νέκνων ἀρτιδάκτοι ἐπεκτερείζεν ὁδίται.
καὶ ἐξουσὶς μεθέτων ὑποκάρδιον ὅγκον ἄνης
eἰς ἔδω ἔργον ἐκαστος ἀνέδραμεν ὁξεῖ ταρσῷ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἐμιμνεν κύων παρὰ γείτονι τύμβῳ
'Ἡριγόνης ὑπ’ ἐρωτί, θελήμοι δ’ ὅπολε ποτίῳ.

'Ἡριγόνην οἰκίζει Δεοντείῳ παρὰ νότω.

Zeus δὲ πατήρ ἑλέαρεν· ἐν ἀστερόειν δὲ κύκλῳ

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showers of ever-flowing tears. Speechless for a time, Erigone kept her lips sealed with silence; the dog the companion of Erigone shared her feelings, he whimpered and howled by the side of his mourning mistress, sorrowing with her sorrow. Wildly she ran up to a tall tree: she tied upon it a rope with a noose fast about her neck and hung herself high in the air, twisting in self-sought agonies with her two twitching feet. So she died, and had a willing fate; her dog ran round and round the girl with sorrowful howls, a dumb animal dropping tears of sympathy from his eyes.

The dog would not leave his mistress alone, unguarded, but there he stayed by the tree, and chased off the preying beasts, panther or lion. Then wayfarers passed, and he showed with mute gestures the unwedded maid hanging in the tree with a noose about her neck. Full of pity they came up to the tree on tiptoe, and took down the chaste maiden from the leafy branches; then hollowed a grave close by with earthdigging shovels. The sorrowing dog knew what they did, and helped them, scratching and scattering the surface of the soil with sharp claws and grubbing with clever feet. So the wayfarers buried the body but lately dead, and they went away on their business quickfoot with a weight of sorrow under their hearts one and all. But the dog remained near the tomb alone, for love of Erigone, and there he died of his own free will.

Father Zeus had pity, and he placed Erigone in the company of the stars near the Lion's back.
He turned into Canis Minor, not Sirius.

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

Theseus, son of Aigeus king of Athens, had gone to

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The rustic maid holds an ear of corn; for she did not wish to carry the red grapes which had been her father's death. And Zeus brought old Icarios into the starspangled sky to move beside his daughter, and called him Boötes, the Plowman, shining bright, and touching the Wain of the Arcadian Bear. The Dog he made also a fiery constellation chasing the Hare, in that part where the starry image of seafaring Argo voyages round the circle of Olympos. Such is the fiction of the Achaian story, mingling as usual persuasion with falsehood: but the truth is: Zeus our Lord on high joined the soul of Erigone with the star of the heavenly Virgin holding an ear of corn, and near the heavenly Dog he placed a dog like him in shape, Seirios of the autumn as they call him, and the soul of Icarios he combined with Boötes in the heavens. These are the gifts of Cronides to the vinelands of Attica, offering one honour to Pallas and Dionysos together.

Now Bacchos left the honeyflowing streams of Ilissos, and went in dainty revel to the vineclad district of Naxos. About him bold Eros beat his wings, and Cythereia led, before the coming of Lyaios the bridegroom. For Theseus had just sailed away, and left without pity the banished maiden asleep on the shore, scattering his promises to the winds. 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· χοροπλεκέσσα δὲ Βάκχασ γλώσσῃ θαμβαλέγ̊η πεφυλαγμένου ἐννεπε μύθον· "Βασσαιρίδες, μὴ ῥόπτρα τινάξατε, μὴ κτύπος ἐστώ 275
ἡ ποδός ἡ σύρμγγος· ἐάσατε Κύπριων ἰαύεν· ἀλλ' οὐ κεστὸν ἔχει σημάντορα Κυπρογενείης. πείθομαι, ὦς δολόει τό Χάρις νυμφεύεται 'Ὑπνω· ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ὄρθρος ἐλαμψε καὶ ἐγγύθη φαίνεται Ἡώς, Πασιβέην εὐδοσαν ἐγείρατε· τῖς παρὰ Νάξῳ, τῖς Χάριν ἐχλαίνωσεν ἀνείμονα; μὴ πέλεν Ὅβες; ἀλλὰ δέπας μακάρων τίν κάλλιπε· μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ κέκλιται αἰγλήσεσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη; καὶ πόθεν 'Εὐδυμίωνος ἐθήμονος ἐκτός ἰαύει; μὴ Θέτων ἁργυρόπεζαν ἕπ' αἰγιαλοίσι δοκεύω; ἀλλ' οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχει ῥοδόεν δέμας· εἰ θέμας εἰπεῖν, Ναξίας ioχέαιρα πόνων ἀμπαίεται ἄγρης, θηροφόνους ἰδρώτας ἀποσμήξασα θαλάσσῃ· τίκτει γὰρ γλυκῶν ὕπνον ἀεὶ πώνος· ἀλλ' ἐνι λόχμῃ 'Ἀρτεμίν ἐλκεχίτωνα τῖς ἐδρακε; μὴ μενετε, Βάκχαι 280 στῇθα, Μάρως· μὴ δεύρο χορεύσατε· λήγει λυγαίων, Πᾶν φίλε, μὴ σκεδάσεις ἐών ὑπνὸν 'Αθήνης· καὶ τίνι Παλλᾶς ἐλείπεν ἐοῦ δόρυ; καὶ τῖς ἀείρει χαλκείνη τρυφάλειαν ἡ αἰγίδα Τριτογενείης; "
Τοῖα μὲν ἐννεπε Βάκχος· ἀπὸ ψαμάθου δὲ δειλὴ 290 ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσασα δυσίμερος ἐγρετο κοῦρη, καὶ στόλον οὐκ ἐνόησε καὶ οὐ πόσῳ ἦπεροπῆα· ἀλλὰ σὺν ἀλκυόνεσσι Κυδωνίας ἔστενε νύμφη ἡμῶνα μεθέπους, βαρύβρομον ἔδων 'Ἑρώτων· ἥθεον δ' ὦνόμην· ἐμαύνετο δ' ἐγγύθι πόντου ὀλκάδα διζομένη· φθονερῷ δ' ἐπεμήνειν ὕπνῳ, 392
with wonder, and spoke out his admiration cautiously to the danceweaving Bacchants:

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! But since dawn is bright and morning seems near, awaken sleeping Pasithea. But who has given a dress to the naked Grace in Naxos, who? Is it Hebe? But to whom has she left the goblet of the Blessed? Can this be Selene, that bright driver of cattle, lying on the seashore? Then how can she be sleeping apart from her inseparable Endymion? Is it silverfoot Thetis I see on the strand? No, it is not naked, that rosy form. If I may dare to say so, it is the Archeress resting here in Naxos from her labours of the hunt, now she has wiped off in the sea the sweat of hunting and slaying. For hard work always brings sweet sleep. But who has seen Artemis in the woods in long robes? Stay, Bacchants—stand still, Maron—dance not this way, stop singing, dear Pan, that you may not disturb the morning sleep of Athena. No—with whom did Pallas leave her spear? and who bears the bronze helmet or aegis of Tritogeneia?"

285 So cried Bacchos—Sleep flew away, the poor lovelorn girl scattered sleep, awoke and rose from the sand, and she saw no fleet, no husband—the deceiver! But the CyDONian maiden lamented with the kingfishers, and paced the heavy murmuring shore which was all that the Loves had given her. She called on the young man's name, madly she sought his vessel along the seaside, scolded the

\[a\] See Hom. \textit{II.} xiv. 270-276.  \[b\] Cretan.
καὶ Παφίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐμέμφετο μητρὶ θαλάσση.
καὶ Βορέθην ἑκέτευς, καὶ ὀρκιον ἐπεν ἁήτην,
ὅρκιον Ὄρείθυναν, ὅπως πάλιν εἰς χόνα Νάξου
κοῦρον ἀγοί.

γλυκερὴν δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ἀλκάδα λεύσην.
Αἰόλον ἦτε μᾶλλον ἀθελγεῖ: λισσομένη δὲ
πείθετο καὶ κατένευς, καὶ ἀντικελεύθον ἁήτην
πέμψεν, ἵνα πνεύσεις: ποδοβλήτου δὲ κοῦρης
οὐ Βορέθης ἀλέγιζε δυσίμερος: ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὰ
παρθενικὴ κοτέουτο τάχα ξηλήμονες αὖραι,
αἱ τότε ἡμα κόμισαν ἐς Ἄτθιδα. παρθενικὴν δὲ
αὐτὸς Ἔρως θάμβησεν, ἀπενθῆτω δὲ ἐν Νάξῳ
εἰσιδέειν ἐδόκησεν ὀδυρομένη 'Αφροδίτην.
ἡν δὲ φαινοτέρῃ καὶ ἐν ἄλγεσι, καὶ μην ἄνὴ
ἀχυμεμένην κόμισής: κυνυρομένη δ' Ἀριάδνη
ἐίκαθεν εἰς κρῆσιν ἢκα φιλομμειδὴς 'Αφροδίτη
ἡμερόν γελῶσα, καὶ εἰκαθεν ὀμματα Πειθώς
καὶ Χαρίτων καὶ Ἐρωτος ἐπήρατα δάκρυσι κοῦρης.
ὅτε δὲ δακρυόεσσα τόσην εὐθέγξατο φωνήν.

"Τὸνος ἔμοι γλυκὺς θάλεν,
ἐώς γλυκὺς ὕχετο Θησεὺς.
αὖθε με τερπομένην ἐτι κάλλιπεν: ὑπαλέγη δὲ
Κεκροπίην ἐνόησα, καὶ ἐνδοθ Θησεός αὐλῆς
ἀβρός ἐνι ὑμέναιος ἀειδομένης 'Αριάδνης
καὶ χορός, ἡμετέρῃ δ’ ἐπεκόσμει τερπομένη χείρ
ἐἰαρινοίς πετάλουσι τεθηλότα βωμών Ἐρώτων:
καὶ γάμιον στέφος εἶχον· ἐνι δὲ μοι εὐγόθι Θησεὺς
ἐμάσι νυμφιδίοις θυπολέων 'Αφροδίτη.
ἄμοι, ποίον ὄνειρον ἰδον γλυκώς: ἀλλὰ μὲ φεύγων
ὕχετο καλλεύβας ἐτὶ παρθένοιν: θάλι, Πειθώς
ταῦτα μοι ἀχλυοέσσα γαμοστόλος ὑπασεν ὅρφῃ,

1 So mss.: Ludwih metepxoménh.
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.¹ Forgive me, Peitho! All this bridal pomp the misty

¹ A bit of orthodoxy on Nonnos’s part; a god’s bride must be virgin. The local legend was that Ariadne died in childbed, Plutarch, Thes. 20.
NONNOS

καὶ φθονερὴ τάδε πάντα φαεσφόρος ἤρπασεν 'Ηώς·
ἐγρομένη δὲ οὐχ εὐρον ἐμὸν πόθον ἡ ῥα καὶ αὐτὰ
εἰκόνες ἀντιτύπου θηλήμονες εἰσών 'Ερώτων,
ὅτι τελεσιγάμων ἀπατήλιον ὅμιν ὑνείρων
ἰμερτὴν εὐνόσα, καὶ ἤμερόεις φύγε θησεύς;
 eius ἐμὲ καὶ φίλος Ὑπνος ἀνάρκος· εἰπάτε, πέτραι,
eἶπατέ μοι δυσέρωτι· τίς ἤρπασεν αὐτὸν 'Αθήνης;
εἰ Βορέης πνεύσεις, ἐς Ὀμείθυιαν ἕκανω·
ἀλλὰ μοι Ὀμείθυια χολαίσαι, ὅτι καὶ αὐτή
ἀλαι φέρει Μαραθὼν, οἶδεν φίλος ἑπλετο Θησεύς. 340
εἰ Ζέφυρος κλονεῖς, Ζεφυρηῖδε δείξατε νύμφη
"Ἱρδι μητρὶ Πόθου βιαζομένην Ἀριάδνην·
εἰ Νότος, εἰ θραυς Εὐρος, εἰ ἤργενειαν ἕκανω
μεμφομένη ροθίων ἀνέμων δυσέρωτι τεκούση.
δος κενεὶν πάλιν, "Ὑπερθην καριν, ἰσον ἔκεινς 345
πέμπτων ἄλλων ὑνείρων ἐπήρατον, ὁφρα νοῆσω
Κύπριδος ὑπαλέθης γλυκερήν ἀπατήλιον εὐνήν·
μοῦνον ἐμοῖς δῆθινον ἐπ' ὁμμασίω, ὁφρα νοῆσω
ἀπινον οἰστρον Ἐρωτος ὑνερείων ὑμειαίων.
εἰ μὲν ἐς 'Ανθίδα γαῖαν, ἐπικλοπε νυμφίε Θησεύ,
σον πλόον ἐκ Νάξου μετήγαγον ἄρπαγες αὐραί,
eἰπε μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ἐς Λιόλον αὐτίκα βαίνω
μεμφομένη φθονεροίσι καὶ οὐχ ὁσίουσι ἀήταις·
εἰ δὲ με τὴν λυπόπατριν ἐρημάδι πάρθενο Νάξων,
καὶ σέθεν ἀγνώσοντος ἀμελλοχος ἐπλευ ναύτης,
illance εἰς θησα καὶ εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Ἀριάδνην·
μηκέτι ναυτίδος οὕτως ὤδι ποτὲ πομπὸν ἄητην,
μηδὲ μν ἀσταθεσοι συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις
ίλαος ἀθρήσεις γαληναίος Μελικέρτης.

* The allusion is to the altars of Eros and Anteros, for
darkness marshalled for me, all this the envious dawn of day has torn from me—and awaking I found not my heart’s desire! Are the very images of Love and Love Returned jealous of me? for I saw a delightful vision of marriage accomplished in a deceitful dream, and lovely Theseus was gone.

336 "To me, even kind Sleep is cruel. Tell me, ye rocks, tell the unhappy lover—who stole the man of Athens? If it should be Boreas blowing, I appeal to Oreithyia: but Oreithyia hates me, because she also has the blood of Marathon, whence beloved Theseus came. If Zephyros torments me, tell Iris the bride of Zephyros and mother of Desire, to behold Ariadne maltreated. If it is Notos, if bold Euros, I appeal to Eos and reproach the mother of the blustering winds, 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. 

άλλα Νότος πνεύσειν, ὅτε χρέωσ εστὶ Βορής.
Εὐρὸν ἵδοι Ζεφύρου κεχρημένος· εἰαρμοὶ δὲ ποιτοπόροις ὅτε πᾶσιν ἐπιπνείουσιν ἅτται, χειμερήτ τότε μοῦνος ὁμιλήσειε δαλάσση.
ηλιτε ναυτίλος οὐτος ἀθέσμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ ἀσάμην ποθέουσα σαόφρονος ἄστον Ἀθήνας.
αἰθὲ μὴν οὐκ ἐπόθησα δυσίμερος· εἰς Παφίν γὰρ ὀππόσον ἰμερόεις, τόσον ἀγρίος ἐπλετο Θησεύς·
οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξεν ἐμὸν μίτον εἰσεῖ τάλλων·
οὐ τάδε μοι κατέλεξε παρ' ἡμετέρῳ λαβυρίνῳ.
αἰθὲ μὴν ἔκτανε ταύρος ἁμελίχος· ἱγχεο, φωνῇ,
ἀφροσύνης, μὴ κτείνε νέον γυλικῦν· ὠμοὶ Ἐρώτων·
Θησεύς ἐπλεε μοῦνος ἐς εὐώδινας Ἀθήνας.
οἴδα, πόθεν με λέοπτε· μῆς τάχα παρθενικῶν
σύμπλουν ἐσχεν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐν Μαραθῶν ἤρευνε
εἰς ἔτερης γάμον ἄλλον, ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι Νάξον ὁδεύω.
παστὸς ἐμὸς πέλε Νάξος, ἐπίκλοπε νυμφίε Θησεύ·
ώλεσα καὶ γενέτην καὶ νυμφίον· ὠμοὶ Ἐρώτων·
οὐχ ὀρὸν Μίνωα, καὶ οὐ Θησῆα δοκεὺν.
Κινωσον ἐμὴν προλέοιτα,

τεάς δ' οὐκ ἐδον Ἀθήνας·
πατρὸς ἐνοσφίσθην καὶ πατρίδος· ἀ μέγα δειλῇ,
ἐδον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ὅδωρ ἄλος· εἰς τίνα φεύγω;
τίς θεὸς ἄρπάζει με καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα κομίσειε
Κύπριδι καὶ Θησῇ δικαζομένην Ἀριάδνην;
τίς με λαβῶν κομίσειε δι' οἴδματος; αἰθε καὶ αὐτὴ
ἡμετέρῃς μίτον ἄλλον ἰδω πομπή κελεύθουν·
tοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ μίτον, ὡς κεν ἄλυξ
Αἰγαίης ἄλος οἴδμα καὶ εἰς Μαραθῶνα περίσσω,
ὁφρα περιπτύξω σε, καὶ εἰ στυγεές Ἀριάδνην,
ὁφρα περιπτύξω σε τὸν ὀρκαπάτην παρακοίτην.
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.
 NONNOS  

dέξο με σῶν λεχέων θαλαμητόλον, ἥν εὐελήσης· 
καὶ στορέσω σέο λέκτρα . . . 

μετὰ Κρήτην Ἀριάδνη, 

οlá τε λησθείσα· καὶ ὀλβίστη σέο νύμφη 

τλήσομαι, ὡς θεράπαινα, πολύκροτον ἱστον ὑφαίνεν 

καὶ φθονεροῖς ὕμωσιν ἀῆθα κάλπιν ἀέρειν, 

καὶ γλυκερῶ Θησῆι φέρειν ἐπιδόρπιον υδρ. 

μοῦνον ἰδω Θησῆα· καὶ ἠμετέρη ποτὲ μήτηρ 

ἀγρονόμοις θήτευε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε νομῆ, 

βοσκομένω δ’ ὀἄριζεν ἀφωνήτω τινα ταύρῳ, 

καὶ βοι ταῦρον ἐτικτε· μελζομένου δὲ βοτήρος 

πηκτίδος οὐ πόθον ἐσχεν, ὅσον μυκηθμὸν ἄκούειν. 

οὐ μὲν ἐγώ ψαύσαμι καλαύροπος, οὐ παρὰ φάτη 

στήσομαι· ἠμετέρης δὲ παρέσσομαι ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης 

φθεγγομένω Θησῆι, καὶ οὐ μυκηθμὸν ἄκούσω· 

καὶ τεὸν ἠμερόεντα γάμων ὑμέναιον ἄείσω 

ζῆλον ὑποκλεύτουσα νεοζυγέος σέο νύμφης. 

στήσον Ναξιάδεσσι παρ’ ἡδοί ποντοπορεύων, 

στήσον ἐμοὶ σέο νηα· τί, ναυτίλε, καὶ σο χαλέπτεις; 

ὡς ᾳρα καὶ σο πέλεισ Μαραθώνιος· 

εἰ μὲν ἰκάνεις 

εἰς ἐρατὴν σέο γαίαν, ὅτι δόμος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων, 

δέξο με δελαίην, ἵνα Κέκροπος ἀστυ νοῆσιν· 

εἰ δὲ με καλλεύσει καὶ, ἀμείλιχε, ποντοπορεύσει, 

εἰτε τεὶ Θησῆι κινυρομένην Ἀριάδνην, 

μεμφομένην ἀτέλεστον ἐπίκλοπον ὀρκον Ἐρώτων. 

οἶδα, πόθεν Ἰσησος υπόσχεσιν ἡπεροπῆς 

θηκεν Ἐρῳς βαρύμηνς ἀνήνυτον· ἀντὶ γὰρ Ἡρης, 416 

ἡν Ζυγίην καλέουσι, ἀπειρογάμου θεινής 

ἀμοσεν ἀχράντου γαμήλιον ὀρκον Ἀθήνης· 

Παλλάδος ὀρκον ὀμοσσε· 

τΙ Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθέρεις;’” 

Τοία κινυρομένης ἐπετέρπετο Βάκχος ἄκούων. 

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your chambermaid, if you like, and I will lay your bed, and be your Ariadne (in Marathon) instead of Crete, like some captive girl. I will endure to serve your most happy bride; I will ply the rattling loom, and lift a pitcher on envious shoulders, an unfamiliar task, and bring handwash after supper for sweet Theseus—only let me see Theseus! My mother too once was the menial of a farmer, and bowed her neck for a herdsman, and prattled of love to a dumb bull in the pasture, and brought the bull a calf. She cared not to hear the herdsman make music on his pipe so much as to hear the bellowing bull. I will not touch the crook, I will not stand in the stall; but I will be ready beside my queen to hear the voice of Theseus, not the bellowing of a bull. I will sing a lovely song for your wedding, and hide my jealousy of your newly wedded bride.

"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?"

^1^ Bacchos was enraptured to hear this lament.

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* When she was disguised as a cow.
Κεκροπίτην δ’ ἐνόησε καὶ οὖνομα Θησέως ἔγνω καὶ στόλον ἐκ Κρήτης ἀπατήλιον· ἀγχὶ δὲ κούρης ἐνθεον εἰδος ἔχων ἀμαρύσσετο· παρθενικὴν δὲ φέρτερον εἰς πόθον ἄλλον ἐμάστιε κέντορι κεστῷ θούρος "Ερως περίφοιτος, ὡπως Μυσώδα κούρην πειθομένην ξεύξειε κασιγνήτω θυσίαν. 

καὶ κυνρήν δυσέρωτα παρηγορέων Ἀρμάδην 

tοῖον ἔπος φάτο Βάκχος ἐκ φρενοθελγεῖν 

"Παρθένε, τι στενάχεις ἀπατήλιον ἀστὸν Ἀθηνής; μνήστιν ζα Θησεός· ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἀκοίτην, 

αντὶ μινυδαίον πόσιν ἀφθιτὸν· εἰ δὲ σε τέρπει 

ηλικός ἱθέων βρότεον δέμας, ὁ ποτε Θησεύς 

eis ἀρετὴν καὶ κάλλος ἐρίδμαίνει Διόνυσω. 

ἀλλ' ἔρεεις: ' ναετὴρα πεδοσκαφέως λαβυριθθὸν 

dισοσφη φοινίξεν ὁμόζυγον ἀνέρα ταύρῳ· 

οἴδας ἀοσσητηρά τεν μιτον· οὐ γὰρ ἀγώνα 

εὑρεν ἀεθλεύειν κορυνηφόρος ἀστὸς Ἀθηνής, 

εἰ μὴ θῆλυς ἁμίνη ῥόδοχροος· οὐ σε διδάξω 

καὶ Παθὴν καὶ Ἐρωτα καὶ ἡλακάτην Ἀρμᾶδῆς. 

ἀιθέρος οὐκ ἔρεεις ότι μείζονες εἰσιν Ἀθηναίοι 

οὐ Δία παμμεδέουιτι πανείκελος ἐπλετοὶ Μινώς, 

σος γενέτης· οὐ Κυνωσὸς ὁμοίος ἔστιν Ὀλύμπως. 

οὔδὲ μάτην στόλον οὕτως ἔμης ἀπεβήςατο Νάξον, 

ἀλλὰ Πάθος σε φύλαξεν ἀρειστέρου ψυμναίοις· 

ἡβίη, ὅτι λεποῦσα χερείων Θησέως εὐνὴν 

dεμιου ἰμερόντος ἐσαθρῆσεις Διόνυσου. 

tι πλέον ήθελες εὐχὸς ὑπέρτερον; ἀμφότερον γὰρ 

οὐρανὸν οἰκον ἔχεις, ἐκύρος δὲ σοὶ ἐστὶ Κρονίων. 

οὐ σοι Κασσιέπεια δυνητεσαι ἵσοφαριζειν 

παιδὸς ἔτη διὰ κόσμον Ὀλυμπίου· αἰθερίοις 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 Ἄνθρωπὲς Καὶ ἐν ἀστρασίων υπάσε Περσεύς. 430

ἀλλὰ σοι ἀστερόειν τελέσω στέφος, ἂς κεν ἀκοῦσῃς εὐνέτις αἰγλήσσα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.” 431

Ἐπεὶ παρηγορέων καὶ ἐπάλλετο χάρματι κούρῃ μνήστων ὅλην Θησέως ἀπορρήμασα θαλάσσῃ, οὐρανίου μνηστήρος ὑποσχεσὶν ὑμεναῖν 432
dεξαμένη. καὶ παστὸν Ἐρως ἐπεκόσμει Βάκχῳ καὶ χορὸς ἐσμαράγγησε γαμήλιος ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῷ ἀνθεὰ πάντα τέθηλε καὶ εἰαρμοῖδε πετῆλος Νάξον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορίτιδες ὀρχομενοί καὶ θαλάμους ἐλύγανεν Ἀμαδραίᾳ, ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγαῖς 433

Νηγᾶς ἀκρίδεμον ἀσάμβαλος ἤνεσε Νύμφη δαίμον βοτρύσει τυναπτομένῃ Ἀριάδνῃ Ὠρτυγίδι δ' ὀλόλυζε, πολυσσοῦχοι δὲ Φοῖβος γνωτὶ νυμφὶον ὑμνὸν ἀνακρούσασα Λυκέω εἰς χορον ἐσκίρτησε καὶ ἀστυφελίκτος ἱόσα. 434

πορφυρεῖσι δὲ ρόδοις περίπτροχον ἀνθὸς ἐρέπτων μάντις Ἐρως πυροῖς στέφος ἐπλεκε, σύγχροον ἀστρών, οὐρανίου Στεφάνου προάγγελον ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφης Νάξαδος σκίρτησε γαμοστόλος ἑσμός Ἐρώτων. 435

Καὶ ξυγίοις θαλάμοισιν ὀμλήσας ύμεναίοις Χρυσοπάτωρ πολύπαιδα γυνὴ ἔσπειρεν ἀκοίτης καὶ δολιχὴν πολιοῖο χρόνου στροφάλλγγα κυλίνδων μητέρος εὐώδινος ἐῆς ἐμνῆσάτο Ρεῖς καὶ Χαρίτων πλήθουσαν ἀμεμφέα Νάξον εάςας Ἐλλάδος ἀστεὰ πάντα μετῆμεν ἰπποβοτοῦ δὲ Ἀργεος ἑγγὺς ἰκανε, καὶ εἰ λάχεν Ἰναχὼν Ἡρη. 436

οὶ δὲ μιν οὐκ ἐδέχοντο, χοροπλεκέας δὲ γυναίκας καὶ Σατύρους ἑδίκωκον ἀπηρῆσαντο δὲ θύρσους, μή ποτὲ δηλήσαιτο Πελασγικὸν ἐδρανὸν Ἡρη 437

404
Perseus has left her heavenly chains to Andromeda even in the stars, but for you I will make a starry crown,\(^a\) that you may be called the shining bedfellow of crownloving Dionysos.”

\(^{453}\) So he comforted her; the girl throbbed with joy, and cast into the sea all her memories of Theseus when she received the promise of wedlock from her heavenly wooer. Then Eros decked out a bridal chamber for Bacchos, the wedding dance resounded, about the bridal bed all flowers grew; the dancers of Orchomenos \(^b\) surrounded Naxos with foliage of spring, the Hamadryad sang of the wedding, the Naiad nymph by the fountains unveiled unshod praised the union of Ariadne with the vine-god: Ortygia \(^c\) cried aloud in triumph, and chanting a bridal hymn for Lyaios the brother of Phoibos cityholder she skipt in the dance, that unshakable rock. Fiery Eros made a round flowergarland with red roses and plaited a wreath coloured like the stars, as prophet and herald of the heavenly Crown; and round about the Naxian bride danced a swarm of the Loves which attend on marriage.

\(^{470}\) The Golden Father entering the chamber of wedded love sowed the seed of many children. Then rolling the long circle of hoary time, he remembered Rheia his prolific mother; and leaving faultless Naxos still full of Graces he visited all the towns of Hellas. He came near horsebreeding Argos, even though Hera ruled the Inachos. But the people would not receive him; they chased away the danceweaving women and Satyrs; they repudiated the thyrsus, lest Hera should be jealous and destroy her Pelasgian seat, if

\(^a\) The constellation Corona.
\(^b\) The Graces.
\(^c\) Delos, or its nymph.
ξηλήμων, βαρύμηνις ἐπιβριθοῦσα Λυαίων. 490
Σελήνοις δὲ γέροντας ἐρήττουν. ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Ἰναχίδας Δίόνυσος ολὰς οἰστρήσε γυναῖκας·
μυκηθημέν ὦ ἀλάλαζον Ἀχαίδες· ἀντομένοις δὲ
ἐχρασόν ἐν τρίοδοις· ἐπὶ σφετέρουσι δὲ δειλαι
ἀρτιτόκοις βρεφέσσου ἐπωξύνοντο μαχαίρας,
ὦν ἡ μὲν ξίφος εἶλκε καὶ ἔκτανε νῖέα μῆτηρ,
ἀλλὰ δὲ τριέτηρον ἀπηλοίησε γενόθην, καὶ
tις ἀνθοκύτταρες ἔστι ἡπέρα κοῦρον ἀλήθην
eἰςετει μαστεύοντα φίλον γλάγος· ὀλυμμένων δὲ
Ἰναχος ἀρτιτόκων βρεφών ἐπεμαίνετο πότμων·
μῆτηρ δὲ ἔκτανε νῦ, καὶ οὐ πόθος ἐπελετο μαζῶν
παιδοκόμων, οὐ μνήστις ἄναγκαιον τοκετοῦ·
Ἀστερίων δ’, ὃθι πολλὰ θαλύσια μείζουν ἡβης
ἡδέων κείροντο λυπότριχος ἄνθεα κόρος,
αὐτοὺς παιδας ἑδέκτω καὶ οὐκετί βόστρυχα χαίτης. 495
Καὶ τις ἱδών τινα λάτρην ἐπερχομένου Λυαίου
tοίον ἐποὺς κατέλεξε Πελασγίδας ἀστὸς ἀροῦρης·
"Οὗτος ὁ βότρυν ἔχων, διφνεῖς γένος· ἄξιον Ἡρής
Ἀργὸς ἔχει Περσηὰ καὶ οὐ χατεῖ Διονύσου·
ἀλλον ἔχω Διὸς νὰ καὶ οὐ Βάκχου νατίζω. 500
ποσὶ πολυσκάρθομοι πατεῖ Δίονύσος ὀπώρην·
ἐχνεσών ψυπόροισιν ἐμὸς γόνος ἡρὰ τέμνειν.
μὴ κυσσῷ δρεπάνην ἱσάζετε· καὶ γὰρ ἀρείων
Βάκχου θυρσοφόρου δρεπανηφόρος ἐπελετο Περσεύς·
eί στρατόν Ἰπδόν ἐπεφευ, ἀέθλων ἱσον ἐνύφω
Γοργοφόνῳ Περσηῆ καὶ Ἰπδόφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
eὶ δὲ πολυκλύστου παρ’ Ἐσπέριον κλίμα πόντου
ολκάδα λαϊνέη τυρσηνίδα πῆξε θαλάσσῃ.

* A river of the Argolid. Young people, on reaching
her heavy wrath should press hard on Lyaios; they checked the old Seilenoi. Then Dionysos, angry, sent madness upon all the Inachian women. The women of Achaia loudly bellowed; they attacked those they met at the three ways; the poor creatures sharpened knives for their own newborn babies— one mother drew sword and slew her son, another destroyed her threeyJearold child, one again hurled into the air her baby boy still searching for the welcome milk. Inachos was stained with the death of perishing newborn babes; a mother killed a son, never missed him at her nursing breast, never thought of the pangs of travail. Asterion, where the young men so often cut the flower of their bared brows as firstfruits of growing age, now received the children themselves and no longer locks of hair.

496 As Lyaios came up, a man of the Pelasgian country thus called out to one of the servants of the god:

498 "You there with the grapes, you hybrid! Argos has her Perseus, one worthy of Hera, and needs not Dionysos. I have another son of Zeus and I want no Bacchos. Dionysos treads the vintage with dancing feet; my countryman cuts the air with high-travelling steps. Do not think ivy as good as the sickle, for Perseus with his sickle is better than Bacchos with his ivy; if Bacchos destroyed the Indian host, I will announce an equal prize for Perseus Gorgonslayer and Dionysos Indianslayer. If Bacchos once in the western region of the rolling sea turned into stone a Tyrrhenian ship and fixt it puberty, commonly cut their hair and offered it to a local deity, often a river.

b For the story of Perseus, see Rose, Handbook of Greek Mythology, pp. 272 ff.
κήτος οὖν περίμετρον ἐμὸς πετρώσατο Περσεύς.

καὶ δὲ τεὸς Διόνυσος ἐρημονόμω παρὰ πόντῳ ὑπναλέῃ ἐσάωσεν ἐπ᾿ ἡμῶν Ἄρμάδην,

δεσμοὺς Ἀνδρομέδης πτερόεις ἀνελύσατο Περσεύς,

ἀξίων ἐδυν ἐχὼν πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης·

οὐ πως Ἀνδρομέδην Παφίης χάριν,

οὐ ποτὲ Περσεύς

Θησέος ἁμείρουσαν ἐν ἐργύσατο νύμφην·

ἀλλὰ σαοφρονεῖτα γάμον λάχεν. ὡς Ξεμέλην δὲ,

οὐ Δανάην πυρόειτε ἐτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοῖ·

ἀλλὰ πατὴρ Περσῆος Ὁλύμπιος ὀμβρός Ἑρώτων

χρύσεος εἰς γάμον ἠλθε,

καὶ οὗ φλογόεις παρακοίτης.

οὐκ ἄγαμαι ποτὲ τοῦτον ἐγὼ πρόμον· ἐν παλάμῃ γὰρ ἄρα 520

ποίον ἔχει ὅρυν θούρον Ἀρήνον· ἴσχεο, Περσεῦ.

Γοργοφόνῳ δρεπάνη μὴ μάρνασι θῆλει κισσῷ·

μὴ σὲ ξείρα μίανε γυναικεῖοι κοθόρνοις·

μὴ κυνεῖν Ἀίδαο τεοῖς κροτάφοιοι τινάξῃς

στείματος αἰμπελόειντος ἔναντίον· ἂν δ᾿ ἐθελήσης,

Ἀνδρομέδῃν θώρηξον ἀθωρήκτω Διονύσῳ·

χάζεσί μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἵππιον Ἀργος ἕασας

Θῆβης ἐπταπύλοιο πάλιν βάκχειε γυναῖκας·

κτείνε νέον Πενθῆα· τί Περσῆ καὶ Διονύσῳ;

"Ἰναχὸν ὑκυρεύθρον ἀναίνεω· καὶ σε δεσφὼθ

Θῆβης Ὁλυτῆς ποταμὸς βραδύς· οὐ σε διδάξω

Ἤσωπον βαρύγονον ἐτὶ ζείοντα κεραυνῷ."

Τοιὸν ἔπος κατέλεξεν ἐπεγγελῶν Διονύσῳ.

'Ἀργεῖν ἰδὲ φάλαγγα Πελασγίας ὁπλίσεν Ἡρῆ

μαντιπόλω ὀ ἄχτο Μελάμπωδι. κυνομένη δὲ

Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῆ μαχήμονα ρήξατο φωνήν·

"Οὐρανίης βλάστημα γονῆς, κορυθαίολε Περσεῦ,

οἡ δρεπάνην ἀνάειρε, μὴ ἀπτολέμω τωὶ θύρως.
in the sea, my Perseus turned into stone a whole huge monster of the deep. If your Dionysos saved Ariadne, sleeping on the sands beside an empty sea, Perseus on the wing loosed the chains of Andromeda and offered the stone seamonster as a worthy bridal gift. Not for the Paphian’s sake, not while she longed for Theseus did Perseus save Andromeda to be his bride; a chaste wedding was his. No fiery lightnings burnt Danaë to ashes, like Semele; but the father of Perseus came to his wedding as a golden shower of love from heaven, not as a flaming 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 sevengate Thebes. Find another Pentheus to kill—what has Perseus to do with Dionysos? Let be the swift stream of Inachos, and let the slow river of Aonian Thebes receive you. I need not remind you of heavyknee Asopos boiling still with the thunderbolt.” 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.
άδρανές τεν ὁ "Αργός αἰστῶσωσι γυναίκες
μή τρομέοις ἕνα μούνον ὅφιν ξυστῆρα κομάων,
οττί δαφονήσασα τεύθθ θηροκότον ἄρτη
λήμα τοσσατίων ὅφιων ἡμησε Μεδούςης.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγι κορύσσεον: χαλκορόφου δὲ
μνώσε παρθενενών, ὅτι Δανάης δώ κόλπου
χρύσεον ὀμβρον ἔχενε γαμοκλότον ύετίος Ζεῦς,
μὴ Δανάη μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ χρυσέος ἔμεναιος
οὐτιδιανῶ γόνυ δούλον ὑπογνάμψει Λυαίω.
δειξον, ὅτι Κρονίωνς ἐτήτυμον αἷμα κομίζεις,
δειξον, ὅτι χρύσεον ἔχεις γένος, ὕφρανίον δὲ
λέκτρα τεύῳ κήρυξον ἔχεκεναιν ὕφετοιο.
καὶ Σατύροις πολέμιζε γορυσσομένῳ δὲ Λυαίω
φοίνικάν ὀμμα τίταινε δρακοντοκόμῳ Μεδούςης,
καὶ μετὰ πικρόν ἀνάκτα πολυκλύστοι Σερίφου
λαίνειον νέον ἀλλόν ἐσαθρήσω Πολυδέκτην.
σὺν σοι πανδαμάτειρα κορύσσεται ᾿Αργόλις ᾿Ηρη
μιτρυκῆ Βρομίοιο: προασπίζων δὲ Μυκήνης
σὴν δρεπάνην κούφιζε σαόπτολιν, ὅφρα νόησω
ἔσπομένην Περσηθ δορικτήθην ᾿Αριάδνην.
κτείνες θροκράνων Σατύρων στίχα: Βασσαρίδων δὲ
ὀμματι ᾿Αργόειορ βροτῆν μετάμεμψοιν ὅπωιν
εἰς βρέτασ αὐτοτελεστὸν ὅμμοιον: ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ
κάλλε οἴτηνε τεὰς κόσμησον ἀγνάς,
᾿Ἰναχίας ἀγορῆσον ἀγάλματα ποικίλα τεύχων.
τί τρομείεις Δίονυσος, ὁν ὅν Δίος ἠροσαν εὐναί;
εἰπέ, τί σοι ῥέσειε; μετάρροι ἀεροφοίτην
πεζὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο πότε πτερόεντα κιχῆσει)
᾿Ενεπες παρσύνουσα: καὶ
eis μόθον ἐπτατο περσεὺς.
καὶ ναέτας καλέουσα Πελασγίας ἐβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
δων ὁ μὲν αἰχμητήρος 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 Lyaios the deadly eye of snakehair Medusa, and let me see a new Polydectes made stone after the hateful king of wavewashed Seriphos. By your side is Argive Hera in arms, allvanquishing, the stepmother of Bromios. Defend Mycene lift your sickle to save our city, that I may behold Ariadne captive of your spear following Perseus. Kill the array of bull-horned Satyrs, change with the Gorgon’s eye the human countenances of the Bassarids into like images selfmade; with the beauty of the stone copies adorn your streets, and make statues like an artist for the Inachian market-places. Why do you tremble before Dionysos, no offspring of the bed of Zeus? Tell me, what could he do to you? When shall a footfarer on the ground catch a winged traveller of the air?"

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
ος δε παλαιοτέρων Φωρωνεος, ος δε Πελαγου, 570
άλλος ἀνηρταξεν 'Αβαντίδα χειρι βοείν
και μελην Προίτου, και 'Ακρισίων φαρέτρην
άλλος ἀνήρ κούφιζεν, ὃ δε θραυσε εἰς μόθον ἐστη
ἀυρ ἐχων Δαναοῖο, το πέρ ποτε γυμνῶν ἀειρών
θυγατέρας θώρηζεν ἐς ἀνδροφόνους ὑμεναίους,
άλλος ἐν κρατέων πέλεκν μέγαν, ὅν παρὰ βωμῷ
'Ἰανχος ἀστυνόχου θυηπόλος ἐνθεος Ἡρῆς
ιστατο κούφιζων βοεῖν τιμητρα μετώπων.
καὶ στρατός ἐγρεκίδομος ἀερογόνων ὑπὲρ ἰππῶν
ἐδραμε μαρναμένου μετά Περσέως. 580
τρηχαλέοις στομάτεσσι μάχης ἀλαλαγμον ἴάλλων,
πεζὸς ἀνήρ, καὶ τόξα συνήμοσα κυκλάδε νευρῆ,
καὶ γλαφυρῆν ἤειρεν ὑπὲρ νύτου φαρέτρην.
καὶ πρόμος 'Ἀργείων
δρεπανηφόρος ἐπλετο Περσέως,
καὶ πόδας ἥριοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε πεδίλοις,
καὶ κεφαλῆν κούφιζεν ἀθητητοι Μεδούσης.
᾿Αυσικόμους δ’ 'Ἰόβακχος εᾶς ἐκόρυσο γυναίκας
καὶ Σατύρους κερόεσας. ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδομῷ
ἡρίην πετρόεστος ἠδών προμάχοι πορείτην
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσου ἂειρεν, ἐσο προβλήτα προσώπου
κούφιζων ἀδάμαντα, Διός πετρούμενον ὁμβρῷ
λάμα, ἀλεξητῆρα λιθουλήνοι Μεδούσης,
ὅφρα φύγη σέλας ἐχθρὸν ἀθητητοι προσώπου.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἠδών
καὶ θύσθα Λυαῖον,
φρικαλέου γελών κορυθαίολος ἐνεπε Περσέως· 595

* 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,
DIONYSIACA, XLVII. 570-595

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 Proitios, another bore the quiver of Acrisios; this bold man stood up to fight holding the sword of Danaos, which once he raised naked when he armed his daughters for those husband-murdering bridals; another again grasped the great axe which Inachos held to strike the bulls' foreheads, when he stood as the inspired priest of Hera Cityholder. The battlestirring host behind their prancing teams ran with Perseus to the field; and he stood before them shouting the warcry with harsh voice, on foot himself, and shook back the rounded quiver over his shoulder, and fitted arrows to curving bow. Perseus of the sickle was champion of the Argives; he fitted his feet into the flying shoes, and he lifted up the head of Medusa which no eyes may see.

But Iobacchos marshalled his women with flowing locks, and Satyrs with horns. Wild for battle he was when he saw the winged champion coursing through the air. The thyrsus was held up in his hand, and to defend his face he carried a diamond, the gem made stone in the showers of Zeus which protects against the stony glare of Medusa, that the baleful light of that destroying face may do him no harm.

And Flashhelm Perseus when he saw the ranks of the Bassarids and the gear of Lyaios, laughed terribly and cried—

see Rose, Handbook of Greek Mythology, p. 272. For a like list, see Statius, Theb. iv. 589 ff.

Probably Dionysos protects himself with a diamond because this stone venena vincit atque inrata facit et lympagationes abigit metusque vanos expellit a mente, Pliny N.H. xxxvii. 61.

413
"'Ηδυς ο θύρσου ἔχων, χλωρὸν βέλος,
eis ἐμὲ βαῖνων
οὔτιδανοίς πετάλοις κορύσσεαι, 'Ἀρεά παῖζεν·
eῖ Δίως ἐλλαχεῖς αἴμα, τεῦν ἀνάφαινε γενέθλην·
eῖ ποταμοῦ χρύσειον ἔχεις Πακτάλιον ὅδωρ,
χρυσὸν ἔχω γενετῆρα, πατὴρ δ' ἐμὸς υέτιος Ζεὺς. 600
ἡνὶδε φοινίσσοντα θεμελία παρθενεῖνος,
λείψανα κεῖνα φέροντα ρυθηνέον νυφεῖνοι.
ἀλλὰ φῦγε κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐπεὶ μενεδήμοις Ἡρη
ἐλλαχεῖν ἐδρανα ταῦτα τεῦς ὅλετειρα τεκοῦσης,
μὴ σε τὸν οἰστρήσαντα καὶ οἰστρηθέντα τελόσῃ, 605
μὴ σε πάλιν μανὶ τεθωμένον ὅψὲ νοήσω.""
"Ως εἰπὼν προμάχυζεν ἀνεπτοῖσε δὲ Βάκχας
'Ἀρεα θωρῆξασα καὶ ἀμητῆρα Μεδοῦσης
"Ἡρη παιδαμάτειρα· καταθύσσουσα δὲ Βάκχου
ὀστεροπῆς μύημα, θεόσσυντον ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
ρίψε κατὰ Βρομίοιο σελασφόρον αἴθοπα λόγχην.
καὶ γελῶν Διὸνυσος ἀμείβετο θυνάδι φωνῇ. 610
"Οὐ τὸσον ἀστράπτουσαν ἔχεις ἀσίδηρον ἀκψκήν·
oὐ δύνασαι κλονεῖν με, καὶ εἰ λάχες ἐμπυρον αἰχμῆν·
oὐδὲ με πημαίνει στεροπῆ Δίως· ἡμιτελὴ γὰρ
νῆπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχου ἐχυτλῶσαντο κεραυνοὶ
ἀφλεγές ἄσθμα χέοντες ἀδηλήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ σὺ μέγα φρονεῖν δρεπανηϑόρε παύεο Περσεῦ·
Γοργόνος οὐ μόδος οὕτως ὀλίζονος, οὐ μία νυμφὴ
'Ἀνδρομέδη βαρύδεσμος ἀέθλων· ἀλλὰ Λυκόω
δὴριν ἄγεις, ὡς Ζηνὸς ἔχει γένος, ὦ ποτε μοῦνῳ
'Ρεῖη μαξῶν ὀρέξει φερέσθαιν, ὡν ποτε πυρσῷ
ἀστεροπῆς γαμίης μαίώσατο μειλχῷθο φλόξ,
ὦν δύσις, ὃν θάμβησεν Ἐσωφόρος, ὡ στίχες Ἱνδῶν
εὐκαθοῦ, ὃν τρομεῖν καὶ Δηριάδης καὶ Ὥροντης 620
625
"It's nice to see you there with that thyrsus, that greenleaf shaft, marching against me armed with your wretched foliage, playing at war! If you have in you the blood of Zeus, show your breeding! If you have the water of golden Pactolos River, I have a golden Father—my father is Zeus of the Rains. See the crimson foundations of my mother's chamber, still keeping relics of that snowstorm of wealth! Go, flee now from famous Argos, since these buildings belong to steadfast Hera, your mother's destroyer, lest she make you the maddener mad, lest I see you once more driven with frenzy at last."

He spoke, and advanced to the fight. All-vanquishing Hera marshalled the battle, and scattered the Bacchants with Medusa's reaper; she dashed upon Bacchos like the lightning, a godsent leaping fire, and cast at Bromios her gleaming flashing lance. But Dionysos laughing replied in a wild voice—

"Not so much of a flash you make in that blade of yours, with no iron; you cannot scare me, though your point is on fire! Even the lightning of Zeus does not hurt me; for when I was half-made and still a baby the thunders bathed me, pouring breath which burnt not upon inviolate Dionysos. You too, Perseus of the sickle, proud as you are, make an end! This is no battle for a feeble Gorgon, the prize is not a lone girl in heavy chains, Andromeda. Lyaios is your enemy, the offspring of Zeus, to whom alone long ago Rheia offered the life-giving breast; for whom long ago the flame of marriage-lightning was a gentle midwife; the admiration of East and of West, before whom the armies of India gave way; at whom Deriades trembled, and
νηλιβάτων ἀπέλεθρον ἔχων ὕδαλμα Γιγάντων
ἡμιπεν, ὥς θρασὺς Ἀλποὺς ὑπώκλασεν, νιὸς Ἀρούρης,
ἀγχυνεφες περὶμετρον ἐχων δέμας, ὥ γόνυ κάμπτει
λάδος Ἀραψ, Σικελὸς δὲ μελίζεται εἰσέτι υαύτης
Τυρσηνίων νόθον εἶδος ἀλίῳρομον, ἃν ποτὲ μορφὴν ἐν ἀνδρομένῃ ἦμειφα μετάτροπον, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν ἰχθύες ὀρχηστήρες ἐπισκάροιον χαλάση.
Θήβης δ’ ἐπταπύλων γόνων ἐκλυεἳ· ὅς ἐπὶ διδάξων
ἀινομανῆ Πενθῆ καὶ ὠλεσίτεκνον Ἀγαύην·
φήμης δ’ οὐ χατεῖς ἢ μάρτυρος, ὅτι Λυαῖον
πειρήθη τεὸν Ἀργος, Ἀχαϊάδες δὲ καὶ αὐτῶι
σφωτέρας ὑδίας ἐτι στενάχουσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλά, φίλοις, πολέμιζε, καὶ ἀἰχμάζοντα κορύμβοις
ἀινίσεις τάχα Βάκχων, ὅτι πτερὰ σεῖο πεδῶν
ὁφεια ἀργαγέσσιν ἐμοῖς ἑκοντα κοθόρνους·
oi ποτε Βασσαριδῶν σκεδάσεις μέθον, οὐ ποτε λήξω
πέμπνων οὐνοπα θύρσον, ἔως τεὸν Ἀργεὶ δεῖξω
ἐγχεῖ κισσήντι πεπιρρεμένον ἀνθρεφών
καὶ δρέπανον πετάλους νικώμενον· οὐ σε σαώσει
Ζεὺς ἐμός, οὐ γλαυκώπις ὀμόγνιος, οὐ σδεν ὜ρη, ὅσ
καὶ μάλα περ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμων Διονύσων·
ἀλλά κατακτεῖν ς, καὶ αὐχήσσα Μυκήτη
ὁφεια ἀμηθέντα τὸν ἀμηθήρα Μεδοῦσης·
ἡ σε περισφίγχας ἐνι λάρνακι μείζονι δεσμῷ
πλωτὸν ἀκούτις σε τὸ δεύτερον ἡθάδι πόντῷ·
ἡν δ’ ἔθελης, ἐπίβηθι τεῆς πάλιν ὑφὲ Σερίφου.
ἡν δὲ τῆς χρυσῆς μεγαλί̄ζει ἀμφὶ γενέθλη,
οὐτίδαινσυνάβλον ἔχε χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην.”

"Ὡς εἶπὼν προμάχιζε̄ν ἐπεστρατώντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον. ὑπὲρ Βρομίον δὲ καρῖνον
αἰθίοις πετρὰ κοῦφα μετάρροισ ἐπτατο Περσεὺς:
ὐψώσας δ’ Ἰδβακχος εἶν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων
416
Orontes with his towering giant-stature fell; to whom bold Alpos bent his knee, that son of Earth with huge body rising near the clouds; to whom the Arabian nation kneels down, and the Sicilian mariner still sings the changeling shape of sea-scouring Tyrrhenian pirates, when once I transformed their human bodies and now instead of men they are fishes dancing and leaping in the sea.

633 "You have heard the groaning of sevengate Thebes; I need not remind you of Pentheus in dire madness and Agauë who slew her child; you need no tale or witness how your Argos has felt Lyaios, and the wives of Achaia themselves are still mourning for their children. Very well, fight, my friend, and soon you shall praise Bacchos with his weapons of leafage, when you see the wings of your shoes yielding to my unconquerable buskins. Never shall you scatter my battling Bassarids, never will I cease casting my vine-wand, until I show Argos your throat pierced by my spear of ivy and your sickle beaten by my leaves. Zeus my father will not save you, nor Brighteyes my sister, nor your own Hera, however she hates the steadfast Dionysos: but I will kill you, and boastful Mycene shall see beheaded the man who beheaded Medusa. Or I will bind you in a chest with greater bonds, and throw you to float again on the sea you know so well; you may land again at Seriphos by and by, if you like. If you are so proud of your golden birth, you may take the golden Aphrodite, that good-for-nothing, to help you."

634 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
ἀπτερος υψικέλευθος αείρετο μείζον ταρσῷ ἵππαμένου Περσηνὸς ὑπέρτερος, ἐπαπόρω δὲ αἰθέρι χείρα πέλασσε, καὶ ὑμίλησεν 'Ολύμπῳ, καὶ νεφέλας ἐθλυφε. φόβῳ δ' εὐλείζετο Περσεὺς δεξιτερῆν ἀκίχτην ὀπιστεύων Διόνυσον ἥλιον ψαύσασιν, ἐφαπτομένῃ δὲ σελήνης.

'Αλλὰ λιπῶν Διόνυσον ἐμάρνατο θυνασί Βάκχαις καὶ παλάμη δονέων θανατηφόρον ὁμμα Μεδούσης λαϊνένη ποίησε κορυσομένη 'Αριάδνην, καὶ πλέον ἔβρεμε Βάκχος ἵδων πετρωδεα νύμφην καὶ νῦ κεν Ἀργος ἐπερσε καὶ ἐπρηνίζε Μυκήνας καὶ Δαναῶν ἡμησεν ὅλην στίχα, καὶ νῦ κεν αὐτῆ ταμναμενῆ ἀγνωστὸν αὐούτατο οὔτασεν Ὡρην μάντιος ἀντίτυποι νόθη βροτοειδέ μορφῇ, καὶ νῦ κεν ὦκυπέδιοσ ὑπὲρ μόρον ἔφθιτο Περσεὺς. εἰ μὴ μον κατόπισθε φανείς πτερόντε πεδίῳ χρυσείης πλοκαμίδος ἐλῶν ἀνεσειράσεν Ἑρμῆς, καὶ μὴν ἀλεξικάκω φιλίῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ.

"Ζηνὸς γνήσιοιν αἶμα, νόδοις θηλήμονον Ὡρης, οἶσθα μὲν, ὥς σε σάωσα διμπέτεων ἀπὸ πυρσῶν, καὶ σε Λάμου ποταμοῦ δυνατὰς ὑπασά Νῦμφαις εἰςτε κουριζοντα, πάλιν δὲ σε χερσὶν αείρων εἰς δόμον υμετέρης κουροτρόφον ἤγαγον Ἰνώς καὶ σὺ τεῶ ρυτὴρι φέρων χάριν νεὶ Μαίης, γνωτε, μάχην εὐνήσου ὁμογνον ἀμφότεροι γαρ Περσεὺς καὶ Διόνυσος εῖνὸς βλάστημα τοκῆς μὴ στρατὸν Ἀργείων, μὴ μέμφεο Περσεός ἁρπην' οὐ γὰρ ἐκὼν ἐς Ἀρτη κορύσσεται ἀλλὰ μὸ "Ἡρη ὑπλίσε, μαντιπόλου δὲ Μελάμποδος εἰδεί μορφῆς μάρναται ἀμφαδίην· σὺ δὲ χάζεο δὴριν ἐάσας.
rose wingless on high near to the heavens with larger limbs over flying Perseus, and brought his hand near the sevenring sky, and touched Olympos, and crushed the clouds: Perseus quivered with fear as he saw the right hand of Dionysos out of reach and touching the sun, catching hold of the moon.

664 So he left Dionysos and fought with the mad Bacchants. He shook in his hand the deadly face of Medusa, and turned armed Ariadne into stone. Bacchos was even more furious when he saw his bride all stone. He would have sacked Argos and razed Mycene to the ground and mowed down the whole host of Danaëns, yes even wounded invulnerable Hera herself, who was fighting unrecognized in the false borrowed shape of a mortal, a seer, and Swiftshoe Perseus would have perished, fate or no fate,—but Hermes appeared behind him with winged shoes and pulled him back by his golden hair, and calmed him with friendly words to avert the ruin:

676 "Trueborn offspring of Zeus, if bastard for jealous Hera! You know how I saved you from the fires that fell from heaven, and entrusted you to those Nymphs, the daughters of river Lamos, 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.
μή σοι ἐπιβρίσεις πάλιν δυσμηχάνος Ἡρη. ἀλλ' ἐρείεις ἀλόχοιο τεῖς μόρον· εὐκλεὶ πότῳ· μαραμενή τεθήκε, οὐ δὲ φθιμένην Ἀριάδνην ὥφελες ὀλβίζειν, ὅτι τηλίκον εὔρε φονίᾳ οὐρανίς γεγαώτα καὶ οὐ βροτῆς ἀπὸ φύτης, κτήτεος ἀμητήρα καὶ ἵπποτοκοῦ Μεδούσης· οὐ λίνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται· οὐρανίῳ γὰρ κάθανεν Ἡλέκτρη Διὸς εὐνέτις, ὥστε δ' αὐτῇ τῷ Δίῳ νυμφευθείσα κασιγνήτη σεο Κάδμου Εὐρώπη μετὰ λέκτρον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑμετέρη δὲ εἰσέτη γαστρὶ φέρουσα τεύν τόκων ὁλετο μήτηρ· οὐ Σεμέλῃ πρὸ μόροιο πῦλας ἐπέρρησεν Ὀλύμπιον, ἀλλ' ὅτε πότμων ἐδεκτο· καὶ ὀλυμπεhydration γε τώ νύμφῃ ἦσται ἀστέροψωτι ὡς οὐρανῶν, ὑμετέρης δὲ Πλειάδος ἐπταπόροιο φανήσεται ἐγγύθι Μαίης. τὸ πλέον ἠθελεν ἄλλο φιλαιτερον ἦ χθονι λάμπεω αἰθέρα ναετάουσα μετα Κρητὴν Ἀριάδνη; ἀλλὰ σὺ κάθθεο θύρσον, ἔα δ' ἀνεμοιοσ 'Εννώ, καὶ βρέτας αὐτοτελεστὸν ἐπιχθονίς Ἀριάδνης, οὐρανίς στήριξον ὅπη βρέτας ἱσταται Ἡρης. μὴ πόλιν ἐκπέρσειας, ὅπη σέθεν αἴμα τοκῆν, ὑμετέρης δὲ γέραιρε βοοκραιρὸ πέδων Ἰοὺς εὐνήσας σεο θύρσον· Ἀχαιάδας δὲ γυναικας αἰνήσεις μετόπισθεν, ἐπεὶ ταυρώπιδος Ἡρης βωμὸν ἀναστήσουσι καὶ εὐθαλάμου σεο νύμφῃς· τοῦτον ἑποὶ κατέλεξε, καὶ ἰππιον Ἀργος εὰςας εἰς πόλιν αὐτὶς ἰκανεν, ἐπ' ἀμφοτεροῦν κεράσας θεσμὸν ὁμοφροσύνης καὶ Περσεὶ καὶ Διονύσῳ. οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμηεν ἐπὶ χρόνον Ἀργολίς Ἡρης· ἀλλά μεταστρέψασα νόθην βροτοειδέα μορφῆν

* Because Pegasos sprang from her headless trunk.
concilable may overwhelm you again in her might. But you will urge the fate of your bride. She has died in battle, a glorious fate, and you ought to think Ariadne happy in her death, because she found one so great to slay her, one sprung from heaven and of no mortal stock, one who killed the seamonster and beheaded horsebreeding 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.”

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 βοώτις, which, though Nonnos cannot have known that, probably did originally mean “cow-faced.”
θέσκελον είδος ἑχοῦσα πάλιν νόστησεν Ὄλυμπωι.
'Ιναχίη δὲ φάλαγγι γέρων ἀγόρευε Μελάμπους
Lambdaέος ἀρχεγόνωι θεούδεος αἷμα Πελασγοῦ.

"Μαυτιπόλωι πείθεσθε καὶ οἴνοπι σείσατε Βάκχῳ
σείσατε χάλκεα ρόπτρα καὶ Εὐια τύμπανα 'Ῥείης,
'Ιναχίην μὴ πᾶσαν αἰστώσεις γενεᾶθνην,
μὴ μετὰ νῆπια τέκνα καὶ ἤβητηρας ὀλέσσῃ,
μὴ τεκέων μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνεις γυναῖκας.

ἀλλὰ θυηπολίην θεοτερπέα ρέξατε Βάκχῳ
καὶ Δί, καὶ Περσήν χορεύσατε καὶ Διονύσῳ."

"Ως εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν· ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
Βάκχῳ νυκτιχόρευτον ἀνακρούοντες ἀοἰδήν,
καὶ τελετᾶς στήσαντο· θεοκλήτῳ δὲ χορεύῃ

ρόπτρα μὲν ἐπλατάγησεν, ἑπεκροτέουντο δὲ ταρσοί,
καὶ δαίδες σελάγιζον· ὀμηγερίες δὲ πολίται

μυστιπόλῳ χρίοντο παρῆμα λευκάδι γύψῳ.

τύμπανα δ’ ἐπλατάγησεν, ἀρασσομένου δὲ χαλκοῦ

δίκτυσιν ἔβρεμε δούπος· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ βωμοὶ

σφαξόμενων στοιχηδὸν ἑπασοτέρων ἀπὸ ταύρων,

κτείνετο δ’ ἀσπέτα μῆλα· καὶ ἀνέρες αἴθοπι βωμῷ

Βάκχοις ἐμείλιξαντο καὶ ἦλάσκοντο γυναῖκες·
καὶ μέλος ἥροφοιτον ἐπέκτυπε θῆλυς ἰωῇ

κώμον ἀμειβομένῃ ζωὰγριον, Ἰναχίδες δὲ

Μανάδες ἐρρύφαντο λαθιφρονα λύσαν ἀήτας.

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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. 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

Δίζεο τεσσαρακοστὸν ὡς ὄγδοον αἴμα Γιγάντων, Παλλήνην δὲ δόκευε καὶ ὑπαλέχης τόκον Λύρης.

Αὐτάρ ὁ πορδαλίων ἐποχημένος ἀντυγι δίφρου Θρηκίης περίφοιτος ἐκώμασε Βάκχος ἀροῦργη, ἔπιον ἀρχεγόνων Φορωνεός οὕδας εἶσας. οὕδε χόλον πρήμην παλέγκοτον Ἰναχίς Ὑρη "Ἀργεος οἰστρηθείτος, Ἀχαμάδων δὲ γυναικῶν 5 λύσης μνήστων ἕχουσα πάλιν θωρήσετο Βάκχῳ. καὶ δολίας ἀνέφαινε λιτᾶς παμμήτορι Γαῖῃ, ἔργα Δίως βοῶσα καὶ ἱπορέτην Διονύσου Γηγενέων ὀλέσαντος ἀμετρήτων νέφος Ἰνδῶν· καὶ Σεμέλης ὅτε παίδα φερέσβιος ἐκλυε μῆτηρ Ἰνδώθην ταχύποτομον ἀιστώσαντα γενέθλην, μυησαμένη τεκέων πλέον ἐστενω ἁμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ αὐτογόνων θώρηξεν ὀρίδρομα φύλα Γιγάντων, ύψιλόφους ἐξο παίδας ἀνοιστρήσασα κυδομῶ.

"Παῖδες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε κορυμμοβορός Διονύσῳ 15 ἠλβάτοις σκοπέλοισιν, ἐμῆς δ' ὀλετήρα γενέθλης Ἰνδοφόνον Δίως ὑπα κιχήσας. μηδὲ νοῆσω σὺν Διὶ κοιρανέσαντα νόθουν σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου.
BOOK XLVIII

In the forty-eighth, seek the blood of the giants, and look out for Pallene and the son of sleeping Aura.

Now Bacchos quitted the horsebreeding soil of ancient Phoroneus, and mounted in his round car behind the team of panthers passed in revelry over the Thracian land. But Inachian Hera had not softened her rancorous rage for Argos maddened; she 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 εἶθ, ὁππότε Πορφυρίων χαρίζομαι εἰς γάμον Ἡβην καὶ Χθονίων Κυθέρειαν, ὅτε γλαυκώταυν ἀείων εὐνέτω Ἔγκελάδου καὶ Ἀρτεμίν Ἀλκυονῆς· ἂξατε μοι Διόνυσον, ἵνα Κρονίωνα χαλέφων δουλούντων ὀρόωντα δορικητήροι Λυαίου· ἢ μὲν οὐτάζοντες ἀλοιπηθρὶ σιδήρῳ κτεινατε μοι Ζαγρῆ πανεικελον, ὃφρα τὶς εἰπη ἡ θεὸς ἡ μερόπων τις, ἵνα Κρονίδαιο γενέθη Γάια χολωμείη διδύμως θῶρηξε φοινᾶς, πρεσβυτέρως Τιτήνας ἐπὶ προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ, ὀπλοτέρους δὲ Γιγαντῶς ἐπὶ ὀφυγόνῳ Διονύσῳ ὡς φαμέτη στίχα πάσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Γιγαντῶν. Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεστρατώσετο κυδομῷ. ὡς μὲν ἔχων Νυσαῖον ἐδέθλιον, ὡς δὲ σιδήρῳ υψινεφή κενεῶνα χαραδρήνετα κολάφας, αἰχμάζων σκοπέλουσιν ἐθωρήξη Διονύσῳ· ὡς δὲ λόφον πετραῖον ἀλκρηπίδος ἀροῦρης, ἀλλος ἀλιζώνου διαρρήξας ράχιν ἱσθμοῦ εἰς ἐνοπην ἐσπευδεν. ἀμετρήτους δ’ ἀγωστοῖς Πήλιον υψικάρην οὐκεκοῦλξε Πελώρευς γυμνώσας Φιλύρης γλαφυρόν δόμων· ἀρπαμένου δὲ ἀσκεπέος σκοπέλου γέρων ἐλελίζετο Χείρων, ἀνδροφυῆς ἀτέλεστος ὀμήλικε σύμπλοκος ἵππῳ. ἡμερίδων δὲ κόρυμβον ἔχων ὀλετήρα Γιγαντῶν Βάκχος ἀερσλόφου κατέτρεξεν Ἀλκυονής, οὐ δόρω βούρων ἔχων, οὐ φοίνων ἀορ ἀείρων, ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέας παλάμας ἐδαίξε Γιγαντῶν, αἰχμάζων ἐλίκεσσι· φιλακρῆτω δὲ πετῆλῳ φρικτὰ πεδοτρεφέων ἐδαίζετο φῦλα 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 Porphyrrion as a wife, and give Cythereia to Chthonios, when I sing Bright-eyes the bedfellow of Encelados, and Artemis of Alcyoneus. Bring Dionysos to me, that I may enrage Cronion when he sees Lyaios a slave and the captive of my spear. Or wound him with cutting steel and kill him for me like Zagreus, that one may say, god or mortal, that Earth in her anger has twice armed her slayers against the breed of Cronides—the older Titans against the former Dionysos, the younger Giants against Dionysos later born."

With these words she excited all the host of the Giants, and the battalions of the Earthborn set forth to war, one bearing a bulwark of Nysa, one who had sliced off with steel the flank of a cloudhigh precipice, each with these rocks for missiles armed him against Dionysos; one hastened to the conflict bearing the rocky hill of some land with its base in the brine, another with a reef torn from a brinegirt isthmus. Peloreus took up Pelion with hightowering peak as a missile in his innumerable arms, and left the cave of Philyra bare: as the rocky roof of his cave was pulled off, old Cheiron quivered and shook, that figure of half a man growing into a comrade horse. But Bacchos held a bunch of giantsbane vine, and ran at 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 Γιγάντως ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλάων αὐχένες ἀμηθέντες ἐπωρχήσαντο κοινή.
κτείνετο δ' ἀσπετα φύλα: δαιζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων αἴματος ἀενάων ποταμοὶ ρέον, ἀρτιχύτους δὲ πορφυρέως ῥόθιουσιν ἐφονίσσουσι χαράδραι.
Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐβακχεύοντο δρακόντων βόστρυχα δειμαύοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου.

Καὶ πυρὶ μάριστο Βάκχος, ἐς ἥρα δαλὸν ἰάλλων ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα: δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου Βακχιᾶς αὐτοελκοὶ ἐπέτρεχεν ἀλλομενὴ φλόξ, γυνοβόρω σπουθηρὶ καταίσσουσα Γιγάντων' καὶ τις ἀπειλητὴρι φέρων σέλας ἄνθερεϋν ἡμιδαής σύριζε δράκων πυριθαλπεὶ λαμψκε, καπνὸν ἀποπτών, οὐ λοίγον ἰὸν ἰάλλων.

Καὶ κλόνος ἀσπετας ἦν: ἐν ἀντιβίων δὲ καρῆνων Βάκχος ἀνημόρητο μαχήμονα δαλὸν ἀείτρων, καὶ χθονίως πρηστήρι δέμας θέρμαινε Γιγάντων 65 ἀντίτυπον μύριμα Διοβλήτου κεραυνοῦ· καὶ δαίδες σελάγιζου· ἐπ' Ἕγκελάδου δὲ καρῆν χέρα θερμαίων ἐλελίζετο πυρος ἀλήτης· ἀλλὰ μιν οὐκ ἐδάμασσε, καὶ οὐ χθονίου πυρὸς ἀτμῶ 'Εγκέλαδος γύοιν κάμψεν, ἐπεὶ πεφύλακτο κεραυνῷ. 70 'Αλκυονεῦς δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐπεσκίτησε Λυαίων Ὑρηκίοις σκοπέλοις κεκορυθμένοι· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ ὑψιεφη κοὐφίζε ῥάχιν δυσχείμονοι Λίμου εἰς σκοπον ἀχρήστον, ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου· καὶ σκοπῆιν ἐφρυψεν· ἐφαπτόμεναι δὲ Λυαίου 75 νεβρίδος ἀρρήκτου διεσχίζοντο κολῶναι· Ὑμαθῆς δὲ κάρηνα νέοι γύμνωσε Τυφωνίς ὑψιφανὴς, προτέρῳ πανομοίως, ὡς ποτε πολλοὺς ῥωγαλέους κενεώνας ἐκούφισε μητρὸς ἀρούρης,
those tippling leaves, the Giants' heads with those viper tresses were cut off and the severed necks danced in the dust. Tribes innumerable were destroyed; from the slain Giants ran overflowing rivers of blood, crimson torrents newly poured coloured the ravines red. The swarms of earthbred snakes ran wild with fear before the tresses of Dionysos viper-enwreathed.

56 Fire was also a weapon of Bacchos. He cast a torch in the air to destroy his adversaries: through the high paths ran the Bacchic flame leaping and curling over itself and shooting down corrosive sparks on the Giants' limbs; and there was a serpent with a blaze in his threatening mouth, half-burnt and whistling with a firescorched throat, spitting out smoke instead of a spurt of deadly poison.

63 There was infinite tumult. Bacchos raised himself and lifted his fighting torch over the heads of his adversaries, and roasted the Giants' bodies with a great conflagration, an image on earth of the thunderbolt cast by Zeus. The torches blazed: fire was rolling all over the head of Encelados and making the air hot, but it did not vanquish him—Encelados bent not his knee in the steam of the earthly fire, since he was reserved for a thunderbolt. Vast Alcyoneus leapt upon Lyaios armed with his Thracian crags; he lifted over Bacchos a cloudhigh peak of wintry Haimos—useless against that mark, Dionysos the invulnerable. He threw the cliff, but when the rocks touched the fawnskin of Lyaios, they could not tear it, and burst into splinters themselves. Typhoeus towering high had stript the mountains of Emathia (a younger Typhoeus in all parts like the older, who once had lifted many a rugged strip
πετραίος βελέεσσι καταιχμάζων Διονύσου.
καὶ τινος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπὶ χονότς ἄρ πρόσασας
Βάκχος ἀνάχ τε κεκύρῳτο Γιαντείουσι καρήνως,
ἰοβόλων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεα λήμα κεῖρων
καὶ στρατὸς αὐτοτέλεστον ἀτευχεὶ χειρὶ δαίζων
μάρνατο λυσῆις, χλοερῶν ἐπιβήτορα δεῦρων
κισσῶν ἔχων τανύφυλλον, ἀκοπτιστήρα Γιαντέων.
Καὶ νῦ κε πάντας ἐπεφνεν ἐὰν ρηήνορι θύρων,
ἀλλὰ παλινδύνητος ἐκὼν ἀνεχάζετο χάμμης,
δυσμενέας ζώοντας ἐὰν γενετήρι πυλάσσων.
Καὶ νῦ κεν εἰς Φρυγίην ταχὺς ἐδραμεν ὡκεί ταρσῷ,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἄλλος ἀεθλὸς ἐρήτυεν, ὥρα θανόντων
tοσσατίων ἕνα φώτα κατακτείνει φονῆ 
Παλλήνης γενέτη τανατηφόρον, ὃς ποτε κοὐρὴς
οἰστρον ἕχων αὐτόμιστον ἀμαρτιγάμων ὑμεναίων
συζυγίαν ἀνέκοπτεν, ἀμετρήτους δὲ δαίζων
μελλογάμους μυστήρας ἀπεθρυσεν, ὃν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
κτεινομένων καναχήδων ἐφοινίσσουτο παλαιστραι,
eἰσόκε Βάκχος ἱκανε Δίκης πρόμος· ἀγχιγάμου δὲ
Παλλήνης δυσερωτὶ παριστάμενος γενετήρι
ριγεδανῆς ὑμεναίον ἀτάσθαλον ὑτε κοὐρῆς,
ποικίλα δ’ ὄρεγε δῶρα· καὶ αἰτίζοιτε Λυαῖω
φρικτὸς ἄνηρ κήρυξε παλαισμοσύνην ὑμενάων·
καὶ μιν ἄγων ἐπέβησε κακοζεῖνοι παλαιόστρης,
ὀππόθι τολμήσσας δορυσσόσ ἱστατο κοὐρη
νυμφιδίην ὑμοιοὶ ἐλαφρίζουσα βοεῖν.
Καὶ τότε Κύπρις ἐν ἐναγώνοις· ἢν δ’ ἐν μέσῳ
γυμνὸς Ἔρως καὶ στέμμα γαμήλιον ὄρεγε Βάκχῳ,
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.

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.

Then he would quickly have gone to Phrygia with speeding foot, but another task held him back; that after so many had died he might kill one murderous creature, Pallene's deathdealing father. He once had an unlawful passion for his daughter; he used to thwart her marriage and hinder every match. Wooers innumerable who would have wed her he killed, a great harvest of them; the places of wrestling were noisy with their murders and red with their blood, until Bacchos came as the champion of Justice. There was Pallene, ever so near to wedlock, and her father full of unholy passion: Bacchos came near, and proposed to make the wicked match with his horrible daughter, offering all manner of gifts. To this request of Lyaios, the dreadful man declared how wrestling must win the bride. He led him into the place of contest, so ill-omened for strangers, where the audacious girl stood ready spear in hand bearing her bridal shield on her shoulders.

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.

This seems a remnant of some other version, in which the contest was a duel, not a wrestling-match.
Νοννος

δὲ παλαίσμοσύνη νυμφοστόλος· ἀργυφῶν δὲ ἀβρον ἀνεχλαινωσεν ἐόν δέμας εἰματι Πειθῶ νίκην μελλογάμου προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου.

καὶ βριαρῶν μελέων ἀπεδίσατο φάρεα κούρη, καὶ δόρυ θούρον ἔθηκε γαμήλιων, ἀβροτέρη δὲ Σιδώνις ἀκρίδεμνος ἄσαμβαλος ἰστατο κούρη, θηλυφαντή, ἀσίδηρος, ἐρευνίωτι δὲ δεσμῷ ἀκλινέων τροχόσεσαν ἵπτων μιτρώσατο μαξών. καὶ δέμας ἀσκετές ἦν, ἀμετρήτων δὲ κομάων ἀπλεκές πλοκαμίδες ἐπέρρεσσον αὐχένι κούρης, καὶ κνήμας ἀνέφαινε καὶ ἀσκετέων πτύχα μηρῶν γυμνῆς φαινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μηρώις ἠρμοσε λευκὸν ὤφασμα, γυναικείης σκέπας αἴδουσ.

καὶ χρόα πιαλέω πεπαλαγμένων εἰχέν ἔλαιω καὶ παλάμας πολὺ μάλλον, ὅπως ἄλυτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν ὑγρῶν ὀλισθήσειε πιεζομένη χρόα κούρη.

Καὶ βλουροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀπελήσασα Λυαίῳ νυμφοκούμῳ μηστήρι παρίστατο, διεθάδιον δὲ αὐχένι δεσμόν ἔβαλλεν ὁμόζυγη πῆχεσ ὅλκῳ· ἀλλὰ παλαδύητον ἐγὼ ἀνελύσατο δειρὴν Βάκχος ἀπορρύμασ ἀπαλόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης, δεσμοῖς θηλυτέροισι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σείων· καὶ διδύμας στεφανιῶν ἐπ᾽ ἰξὺ χείρας ἐλίξας Παλλήνην ἐτίναξε ποδῶν ἐτεραλκαὶ παλμῷ· καὶ ρόδες παλάμης ἐδράξατο, Κυπρίδην δὲ εἶχε παραιφασίην χιονώδεα χεῖρα πιέζων· οὔδὲ τόσον μενεάινεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ παιδα κυλίνδειν, ὅσον ἐπιψαύειν ἀπαλοῦ χροός, ἦδει μόχθῳ τερπόμενος· καὶ ἔκαμε νολοπλόκον ἀσθμα τιταίνων ὤς βροτός, ἀμβολίη δὲ θελήμου κάλλυς νίκην. Παλλήνη δ᾽ ἐρόεσσα πάλης τεχνήμον παλμῷ θηλυτέρας παλάμησι δέμας κούφιζε Λυαίου·
bridal wreath. Wrestling was to win the bride: Peitho clad her delicate body in a silvery robe, foretelling victory for Lyaios's wooing. The girl stript the clothes off her muscular limbs; she laid down the fierce wedding-spear. There stood the daughter of Sithon, daintier now, unshod, unveiled, unarmed, revealed a woman, but a red band girt the rounded curve of her firm breasts. Her body was uncovered, but for the long tresses of the abundant hair which flowed loose over the girl's neck. Her legs were visible, and the curve of her thighs uncovered with the part above the knee bare, but a white wrap fitted close over the thighs to cover her nakedness. Her skin had been well rubbed with fat oil, and her arms more than all, that she might slip out easily if her body were pressed in a grasp too strong to loosen.

124 She came up to Lyaios her eager wooer with rough threatening words, and threw her two arms with a swing linking them round his neck; Bacchos just threw back his neck with the woman's fetters about it, and shook it loose again, throwing off the girl's tender fingers. Then he put his two arms round her waist like a girdle, and shook her from side to side by movements of his feet. He grasped a rosy palm, and felt comfort for his love as he squeezed the snowwhite hand. He did not wish so much to give the maid a throw as to touch the soft flesh, entranced with his delightful task; he used all his guile, panting with labouring breath, as if he were a mortal, delaying victory on purpose. Lovely Pallene tried a trick of the ring to lift the body of Lyaios, but her woman's
οὐδὲ μὴν ἥρταζε, τόσον βάρος, ἀλλὰ καμοῦσα ἀρσενα γνία λέοιτεν ἀκινήτου Διονύσου.
καὶ θεὸς ἀντιτύπῳ περιδέσμιον ἄμματι χειρῶν παρθενικὴν ἑρόεσσαν ἔλων, ἀτε θύρσον αἰερων, δόχμιον ἀμφελικτον ἐκούσας ύψοθεν ὁμοι-
χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένῃ βραχήν ἀπεσεῖσατο κούρην,
Παλλήνην δ' ἀτύνακτον ὅλην ἐτανύσατο γαϊῆ·
καὶ δολίως βλεφάροισιν ἐτήν ἑλέυζεν ὀπωτήν,
κούρης ἀβροκόμην κεκομιμένα γνία δοκεύων
καὶ πλοκάμους ῥυπώντας ἀκηδόστοιο καρήνου.
ἀλλὰ παλωδίητος ἀναίσασα κοίνης
ὀρθίως ἐστήρετε τὸ δεύτερον ἰχνα κούρη·
καὶ τροχαλῇ Διόνυσος ἀφειδεῖ γούνατος ὁρμῆ
gαστέρα Παλλήνης κρατέων ἐτεραλκεί παλμῷ
παρθενικήν μενεάνειν ὑπὲρ δαπέδου κυλίδεων,
καὶ παλάμας μετέθηκεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖσιν ἐλίξας
αὐχένα κυρτώσας ἐπικάραοιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῃ
μεσσατίῳ κύκλωσεν ὀπίστερα δάκτυλα κάμψας,
ἡ σφυρὶν ἡ κημῆν κεδοκημένος ἡ γόνῃ μάρφειν.
καὶ θεὸς αὐτοκυλιστὸς ἐκούσιοι ἥριπες γαῖῃ
οὐτιδανή παλάμη νικώμενος· ἰμερῶν δὲ
φάρμακον ἐσχεν ἐρωτος, ἐν γλυκερῇ δὲ κοινῇ
κοὐφίζων ἐρεῖες ἐπὶ νηδύι φορτὸν 'Ερωτῶν
ὑπτιος αὐτὸς ἐμμένε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσεῖσατο κούρην,
ἀλλὰ μὴν ἐσφίκωσε πόδῳ φρενοθελυγεί δεσμῷ.
ἡ δὲ ταχυστροφάλαγγι ποδῶν νυμήτορι παλμῷ
ἰχνιον ἦφυρησεν, ἑρωμανέος δὲ Αὐαίον
ἀρσενά λυσατο χεῖρα· θεὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀλῖζον ῥητή
γνία μεταστρέψας ῥοδέθν ἐτανύσατο κούρην
ἐν δαπέδῳ στορέσασ· καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ κέκλιτο κούρη
χεῖρας ἐφαπλώσασα· τίταυνομένης δ' ἐπὶ πέζῃ
ἐυπαλάμῳ σφήκωσεν ὀμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ.
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NONNOS

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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.

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 lovetrad 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.
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.

It is a not unhappy comparison which brings together Pallene, Atalante and (212) Oinomaos. Atalante, daughter of Schoineus of Bolotia (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 it up and thus lost despite her great speed of foot. Oinomaos gave any suitor permission to take his daughter Hippodameia and drive off with her in a chariot, reserving
Then with swift feet her father leapt between them. The girl wanted to try again, but he held her back, and put an end to this wedding-contest for a bride by yielding love’s victory to Dionysos, for fear he might kill her in that immovable grip. So after the victory in this contest, with the consent of Zeus, Eros crowned his brother with the cluster that heralds a wedding; for he had accomplished a delectable wedding-bout. It was indeed a contest like that when Hippomenes once conquered flying Atalanta, by rolling golden marriage-gifts in front of her feet.

But when Bacchos had ended the wrestling-match for his bride, still dripping with the sweat of his wedding contest he struck down Sithon with a stab of his sharp thyrsus, Sithon the murderer of wooers; and as the father rolled in the dust he gave his daughter the thyrsus that slew him, as a love-gift. That was however the right to pursue in his own chariot and spear the suitor if he could catch him. In one version of the story of Pallene (Parthenios vi. 3-4), chariots are introduced also, though it is said that the competitors for her hand (cf. note on 93) were to fight from them, not race in them, a very odd archaism, since fighting in (as opposed to from) chariots was already obsolete in the days of Homer. This suggests that here again a pursuit (not a race in the ordinary sense) may have been the original contest. Atalante also, in a version preserved by Hyginus (Fab. 185. 2, see Rose ad loc.), did not race with her suitors, but ran after them, killing them if she caught them before they got to the goal. Now if we compare the curious ritual of Orchomenos (Plutarch, Quaest. Graec. 38), in which the priest of Dionysos pursued with a sword certain women, and might kill any one of them he caught, it seems in no way impossible that all these stories, or some of them at least, represent a ritual flight and pursuit (a common enough ceremony in itself) with a real or pretended killing involved. That such a performance should be confused with a ritual combat, also a fairly common proceeding, is natural enough.
καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύμνος· ἀσιγήτωρ δ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
Σεληνοὶ κελάδησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
kai Σάτυροι μεθύοντες ἀνέπλεκον ὕμων Ἐρώτων
συζυγίην μέλποντες αἰθλοφόρων ὑμεναίων.

Νηρείδων δὲ φαλαγγεῖς ὑπὸ σφυρὰ γείτονος ἰσθμοῦ
νυμφίδιῇ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορεῖτη,
kai μέλος ἐφθέγξατο, παρὰ Θηρικὶ δὲ πόντῳ
ξενοδόκος Βρομίοιο γέρων ὑρχήσατο Νηρείς,
kai γαμὴ Γαλάτεια περισκαίρουσα θαλάσσῃ
Παλλήνην ἑλγαίων συναπτομένην Διονύσῳ,
kai Θέτις ἐσκίρτησε, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆς Ἐρώτων,
kai γαμὴν ἐστεφεν ἀλιζώμον ὅχῳ ἰσθμοῦ
Παλλήνης ὑμέναιον ἀνενάζων Μελικέρτης.

καὶ τὶς Ἀμαδρυάδων φλογερῇ παρὰ γείτον Λήμνῳ
νυμφίδιῃ Θρήνσαι 'Αθωνᾶς ἡματο πεύκην,
kai φιλίοις ὀάροισι παρηγορῶν ἐο νύμφην
μυρομένην γενετήρα φιλεύοις εἰπεν ἀκοίτης.

"Παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸν δυσέρωτα τοκῆ.

παρθένε, μὴ στενάχιζε τεὸς μηστήρα κορείς:

ης γενέτης ἔσπειρε καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε κουρην;

οὖν κενεὼν λίπε πένθος, ὅτι κταμένοι τοκῆς,

Σιβόνος ύμετέρως, Δίκη γελώσα χορεῦει,

χεροὶ δὲ παρθενίης γαμήλιον ἀφαμείνη πῦρ,

ἡ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα, τεὸν γάμον εἰσετὶ μέλπει,

Ὀινόμαον πάλιν ἄλλον ὀπισεύουσα θανόντα.

Ὀινόμαος μὲν ὀλωλε, καταφθιμένου δὲ τοκῆς

τέρπεται Ἰπποδάμεια σὺν ἀρτιγάμῳ παρακοίτη.

καὶ σὺ τεοῦ γενέταιν πόδους ρύψασα θυέλλαις

τέρπει βοτρυόετι συναπτομένη παρακοίτη.

* The Isthmus of Pallene, westernmost of the three promontories of Chaleidice.
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 Nereids 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 πῦρ) lingered into classical times.

d There is a real resemblance between the legends, see note on 182.
μῷμον ἀλευμένη πατρώων οὐ σε διδάξω
Σιθόνος ἐχθρὸν έρωτα καὶ ἀμβολίην ύμεναίων,
ὅς φονίν παλάμη γαμβροκτόνον ἔχχος ἀείρων
γηραλέν σε τέλεσσεν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης,
συζυγίην δ' ἐκέδασσεν ἀνυμφεύτων σείο λέκτρων.
μηστῆρων σκοπίαζε σεστάτα λέψανα νεκρῶν,
οὐς Παφίη κόσμησε καὶ ἐκτανθεὶς Ἐρμύς
ηνίδε κείνα κάρηνα θαλύσια σείο μελάθρων,
λύθρον ἐτί στάζοντα κακοζείνων ύμεναίων.

Σιθόνος οὖ μεθέπεις χθόνιον γένος· οὐράνιος δὲ
πείθομαι ὡς σε λόχευσε τεὸς Θρήκιος Ἀρης,
πείθομαι, ὡς Κυθέρεια τεῦν ὡδίνε γενέθλην,
καὶ συ τεῦν διδύμων ἀπεμάζασθε σεμά τοκῆν,
"Ἀρεος ἔθος ἔχουσα καὶ ἀγλαίην Ἀφροδίτης·
πείθομαι, ὡς σε φύτευσεν ἀναξ ἐναγώνος Ἐρμῆς
άβρα τελεσσίγαμου μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνα Πειθοῦς,
καὶ σε παλαισμοσύνην ἐδιδάξατο ποιμῶν Ἐρώτων."

Εἰπε παρηγορέων ἀχέων παιήνοι μῦθω,
μυρομένης δ' εὐνησεν ἐπήρατα δάκρυα κούρης.
καὶ γαμίης δήθωνεν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἐγγύθι νύμφης
tερπόμενος φιλότητι νεοζυγέων ύμεναίων.

Παλλήνης δὲ μέλαθρα λυπῶν καὶ Θρήκα Βορῆ
Ῥεῖς εἰς δόμον ἤλθεν, ὅπῃ Φρυγίᾳ παρὰ πέζῳ
daίμονος εὐώδινος ἐσαν Κυβεληθίδες αὐλαῖ.
ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσα παρὰ σφυρὰ Δίνυμα πέτρης
Ῥυνδακίς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἄξετο παρθένος Λύρη,
εἰσετί νῆς Ἐρωτος, ὀμόδρομος ἱοχεάρης,
ἀπολέμων φεύγουσα νοήματα παρθενικάων,
"Ἀρτέμις ὀπλοτέρη Αὐλαντιάς, ἦν ποτε Τιτῆν
νυμφεύσας Περίβοιαν ἀπόσπορον Ὁμεανοῦν

440
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 stillled 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
πρεσβυγενής Λήλατος ἀελλότον ἤροσε κούρην, κούρην ἀντιανειραν, ἀπειρήτην Ἀφροδίτης. ή μὲν ἀνεβλάστησεν ύπέρτερος ἁλκος ἥβης, ἵμερη ῥόδόπηχυς, ἀεὶ χαίρουσα κολώναις: 250
πολλάκι ἐ' ἀγρώσουσα κατέτρεχε λυσσάδος ἀρκτοῦ, καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἐπεμπε καταιχμάζουσα λεαίνης, οὐ κειμάδας κτεῖνουσα καὶ οὐ βάλλουσα λαγωύς. ἀλλὰ δαφνιήσεσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην ὑμοβόρων τόξευν ὀρίδρομα φέλα λεόντων 255
θηροφόνοις βελέσσων· ἐπωνυμίῃ δὲ καὶ ἐργῇ ἰξύτατον ὁρόμοι εἰχεν ὀρείασι σύνδρομος αὐραῖς.
Καὶ ποτε δυσάλεοι πυραγεῖ καύματος ὕρῃ παρθένοις ὑπνώουσα πόνων ἀμπαίνετο θήρης· καὶ δέμας ἀπλώσασα Κυβηλίδος ὑφόθι ποίης 260
κράτα παρακλίνασα σαῦφρονοις ἑρνεὶ δάφης εὔδε μεσημβρίζουσα, καὶ ἐσσομένων ὑμεναίων ἵμερην ἐνόπλε προμάντιος ὡφι ὀνείρον, ὅτι θεὸς πυρόεις ταυτίσας βέλος αἴδοπι νευρῇ θοῦρος ἶΕρως τόξευε λαγῳβόλος ἐνδοθι λόχυμις, 265
οὐτιδανοῖς βελέσσων οἰστεύων στίχα θηρῶν· παιδὶ δὲ θηρεύομεν συνεμπορος υἱὲ Μύρρης Κύπρης ἐν γελώσα· καὶ ἱστατο παρθένοις Ὀυρῆ. ἵἈρτέμιδος μετὰ τόξον ἄθεος ὑφόθεν ὠμον ἀγρευτῆρος ἰΕρωτος ἐλαφρίζουσα φαρέτρην· 270
ἀυτὰρ ὁ θήρας ἐπεφνεν, ἐως ἐκορέσσατο νευρῆς βάλλουν πορδαλίων βλοσυρον στόμα
καὶ γέννον ἀρκτοῦ, ζωγρήσας δὲ λέαιναν ἐ̣ω πανθελγεὶ κεστῷ θήρα πιεζομένην φιλοπαίγμον δεῖξε τεκούσῃ· παρθενική δ' ἐδόκησε κατὰ κνέφας, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴν 275
442
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 yearmates, 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 laurel, she slept at midday, and saw a vision in her dreams which foretold a delectable marriage to come—how the fiery god, wild Eros, fitted shaft to burning string and shot the hares in the forest, shot the wild beasts in a row with his tiny shafts; how Cypris came, laughing, wandering with the young son of Myrrha as he hunted, and Aura the maiden was there, carrying the quiver of huntsman Eros on the shoulder which was ere now used to the bow of Artemis. But Eros went on killing the beasts, until he was weary of the bowstring and hitting the grim face of a panther or the snout of a bear; then he caught a lioness alive with the allbewitching cestus, and dragging the beast away showed her fettered to his merry mother. The maiden saw in the darkness

\[\text{a Because the laurel is Daphne, who would have none of Apollo's advances.}\]
\[\text{b The son of Myrrha is Adonis.}\]
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνοιμαν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείᾳ μάργος Ἐρως ἐρέθιζεν, ὑπογνάμπτων Ἀφροδίτη ἠλίδις γόνυ δούλων ὑπερφιάλοις λεαίνης,
toῖον ἐποὶ βοῶν. "στεφανηφόρῳ μὴτερ Ἐρώτων, ἀυχένα σοι κλίνοιμαν ἁγὼ φιλοπάρθενον Αὐρην" ἀλλά, ποθοβλήτῳ χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖ, στέφατε κεστόν ἰμάντα γαμοστόλον, ὅτι μενοῦνην τοσσατήν νύκηςεν ἀνικήτου λεαίνης."
toῖον ἐποὶ μακτῶν ὅρεστιάς ἔδρακεν Αὐρην· οὐδὲ μάτην πρὸς Ἐρωτας ἐην ὄναρ, ὅτι καὶ αὐτοῖ 285 εἰς λίνον ἀνδρα φέρουσι καὶ ἀγρώσουσι γυναίκα.

Κουρὴ δ' ἐγρομένη πινυτόφρονι μαίνετο δάφνη, καὶ Παφέᾳ καὶ Ἐρωτι μαχέσσατο, καὶ πλέον Ἐπικρ χώσατο τολμήντι, καὶ ἤπειλησεν Ὀνείρῳ, καὶ πετάλοις νεμέαιζε καὶ ἀφθόγγῳ φάτο φωνή·

"Δάφνη, τί κλονέεις με;

τί Κύπριδι καὶ σέο δένδρῳ; 292 ἀσαμὴν εὐδουσά τεοὺς ὑπὸ γεῖτονας οξούς σὸν φυτὸν ἐλπομένη φιλοπάρθενον, ὑμετέρης δὲ φήμης οὐκ ἐτύχησα καὶ ἐλπίδος· ὡς ἀρα, Δάφνη, 295 σὸν δέμας ἄλλαξασα τεοὺς νὸνε εὑρεῖς αμείψαι; μὴ γαμίη μετὰ πότιον ὑποδηϊσαις Ἁφροδίτη; οὐ πινυτῆς τὸδε δένδρῳ, αὐτ' ἀρτιγάμῳ δὲ νύμφης; 298 οὐ νέμεσίς παρὰ μῦρτον ὀνείρατα ταῦτα νοῆσαι, 291 μαχλάδος οὐτὸς ὀνείρος ἐπάξιος· ἢ ρά σε Πειθώ, 300 ἢ ρά σε χειρὶ φύτευσε τεοὺς ἀδανίος Ἀπόλλων;" 300

Εἶπεν ὁμοῦ κοτέουσά πυτῆ καὶ Ἐρωτὶ καὶ Ἐπίκρ, καὶ ποτε θηρεύουσα κατ' οὔρεα δεσπότες ἀγρής

* In her dream Aura is at once the familiar companion of the powers of love and a wild creature just caught and given to them.
* The Charites, as attendants of Aphrodite.
how mischievous Eros teased herself also as she leaned her arm on Cythereia and Adonis, while he made his prey the proud lioness, bend a slavish knee before Aphrodite, as he cried loudly, "Garlanded mother of the loves! I lead to you Aura, the maiden too fond of maidenhood, and she bows her neck." Now you dancers of lovestricken Orchomenos, crown this cestus, the strap that waits on marriage, because it has conquered the stubborn will of this invincible lioness!" Such was the prophetic oracle which Aura the mountain maiden saw. Nor was it vain for the loves, since they themselves bring a man into the net and hunt a woman.

287 The maiden awoke, raved against the prudent laurel, upbraided Eros and the Paphian—but bold Sleep she reproached more than all and threatened the Dream: she was angry with the leaves and thought, though she spoke not,

292 "Daphne, why do you persecute me? What has your tree to do with Cypris? I was deluded when I slept under your neighbouring branches, because I thought yours was a plant of chastity; but I found nothing of your reputation or my hope. And so, Daphne, when you changed your shape you found how to change your mind? Surely you are not the servant of conjugal Aphrodite after your death? This is not the tree of a decent girl but of a bride newly wed. One might expect to see such dreams near a myrtle: this dream is worthy of a harlot. Did Peitho plant you, did your laurel-Apollo plant you with his own hand?"

301 She spoke thus, angry at the plant and Eros and Sleep all together.

302 And once it happened that Artemis queen of
The constellation Leo, which the sun enters July 27.
the hunt was hunting over the hills, and her skin was beaten by the glow of the scorching heat, in the middle of glowing summer, at midday, when Helios blazed as he whipt the Lion’s 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 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: 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

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 Nonnus Artemis is the moon, the simile is natural.

τόξα μὲν Οὔπις ἑδεκτο, καὶ ιοδόκην Ἰκαθρηγ, Ὀκεανοῦ δὲ θύγατρες εὐπλοκα δίκτυα θήρης· καὶ κύνας . . .  
ἐνδρομίδας δὲ ποδῶν ἀνελύσατο Λοξῶ.
ἡ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδώς ἐν προχοαῖς ἐφύλαξε, διερπύζουσα ροάων ἰχνείς φειδομένοις, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς ἄχρι καρῆνον ἀκροβαφῆ κατὰ βαίόν ἀνάστελλασα χιτώνα, ἀμφιπερισφύγγουσα πόδας διδυμάον μηρῇ κρυπτόμενον μετρηδὸν ὅλον δέμας ἐκλυσε κούρη.  
λοξὰ δὲ παπταίνουσα δὲ ὑδατος εὐσκοπος Αὐρη τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἀναιδήτου προσώπου ἀγνὸν ἀθητοῦ δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης, ἰάσκελον εἰσορώσωσα σαόφρονος ἐλθὸς ἀνάσσθη· καὶ πόδας ἀπλώσασα τιταινομένων παλαμάων δαίμονι νηχομένη συνενήχετο παρθένοις Αὐρη. ἡμιφανῆς δ’ ἀτέλεστος ἐσω ποταμηθίδος ὀχθῆς ἴκμαλέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀποσμήξασα κομάων . . . Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη· σχεδόθεν δὲ οἱ ἀγρότις Αὐρη μαζὼν ἀμφαφώσα θεημάχον ἰαχε φωνῆν. ὄ. Ἄρτεμι, μοῦνον ἕχεις
φιλοπάρθενον οὐνομα κούρης,  
ὅτι διὰ στέρνων κεχαλασμένων ἄντυγα θηλῆς θῆλυν ἕχεις Παφίας, οὐκ ἄρσενα μαζὸν Ἀθήνης, καὶ ρόδειν πυνθῆρας οἰστεύονσα παρειαί· ἀλλὰ δέμας μεθέτουσα ποθοβλήτου θεαίνης καὶ σὺ γάμων βασίλευς σὺν ἀβροκόμῳ Κυθερᾶς, δεξαμένη θαλάμοις τινὰ νυμφίον· ἦν δ’ ἑθελήσας, Ἐρμείη παρίαν καὶ Ἄρει, λείψων Ἀθήνην· 448
took the bow from her shoulders, and Hecaërgē 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.

\(^b\) \textit{i.e.} you, being feminine and desirable, are really virgin; Athena is merely sexless.
The attributes of Nemesis here show what a long way she had travelled from the local goddess of Rhamnus in Attica, who had nothing abstract about her to begin with but was a minor deity loved on occasion by Zeus, and even from the Hellenistic Nemesis, whose closer association with the idea of divine vengeance overtaking the too prosperous and over-confident is shown by the characteristic attitude of her statues, which are represented as spitting into the breast-fold of her garment (cf. Theoec. 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 wheel turned itself round before the queen’s feet, signifying that she rolls all the proud from on high to the ground with the avenging wheel of justice, she the allvanquishing deity who turns the path of life. Round her throne flew power which lays the froward low and redresses the balance of life. To express this, the ingenuity of Imperial times heaped upon her a multitude of emblems, of no significance in cult but purely allegorical. Her wheel is borrowed from Tyche; it may be that a line or two has fallen out before which said she carried a whip; certainly she scourges men like a whip in 387, and this attribute belongs in the last instance to the Erinyes. The griffin is shown at her feet in some late representations of her in art. It would seem that there existed written directions how to paint or carve her: cf. 451
the curious description in Ammianus Marcellinus xiv. 11. 26, where the attributes are wings, the wheel and a steering-oar.
a bird of vengeance, a griffin flying with wings, or balancing himself on four feet, to go unbidden before the flying goddess and show that she herself traverses the four separate quarters of the world: highcrested men she bridles with her bit which none can shake off, such is the meaning of the image, and she rolls a haughty fellow about as it were with the whip of misery, like a self-rolling wheel. When the goddess beheld Artemis with pallid face, she knew that she was offended and full of deadly threatenings, and questioned her in friendly words:

"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 lovelomed eye, and touched the robe of your untouchable mother? Where is your bow, Artemis, where are Apollo's arrows? What Orion is using force against you once more? The wretch that touched your dress still lies in his mother's flanks, a lifeless corpse; if any man has clutched your garments with lustful hands, grow another scorpion to avenge your girdle. If bold Otos again, or boastful Ephialtes, has desired to win your love so far beyond his reach, then slay the pretender to your unwedded virginity. If some prolific wife provokes your mother Leto, let her weep for her children, another Niobe of stone. Why should not I make another stone on Sipylos? Is but no griffin. For more details, see the elaborate article "Nemesis" by O. Rossbach in Roscher's Lexikon, especially cols. 136-137, 159-160.

a The text is very obscure, perhaps defective (see note on 378), and the translation uncertain.
Here once more Nonnos gives us a mythological catalogue, this time of the various impious persons who had tried to violate Artemis or her mother. Titios assaulted Leto shortly after the birth of her twins, and Apollo and Artemis killed him with their arrows; for Orion's birth from the
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your father pester ing 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."

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.

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μώμον ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἀφείδεος ἀνθερεώνος. 

ολλά σὺ κυδαίνουσα τεθ Ἱτηνίδα φύλην 

δός μετὰ μητρώην ἐτέρην χάριν, ὁφρα νοήσω 

λαϊνές ἀτύπακτον ἁμεβομένης δέμας Λύρης. 

µηδὲ τεθ ἐμφυλὸν ὀδυρομένην λίπε κούρην, 

µὴ µοι ἐπεγγελώσων ἰδο πάλιν ἄτροπον Λύρην, 

ἡ ἡ μιν οἰστρήσει τεθ χαλκήλατος ἁρπῆ." 

"Ος φαµένης θάρσων θεά καὶ ἀµείβετο µῦθων. 

"Ἀρτέµις ἐξοµενὴ κεµάδων τετράζυγη δίφρω, 

καὶ Φρυγίης ἐπέβαινεν. ὠµοζήλῳ δὲ πορείᾳ 

παρθένος Ἀδρήστεια µετήθε δύσµαχον Λύρην, 

γρύπας ἀµιλλητῆρας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῆ, 

καὶ ταχύν πεφόρῳ δὴ ἥρος ὀξέι δίφρῳ, 

καὶ δρόµον ἐστηριξεν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου καρήνων 

Ταυταλίδος προπάροδε λιθογλήνου προσώπου, 

πτηνῶν τετραπόδων σκολιῶς σφίγγουσα χαλινοῦσ. 

Λύρης δὲ ἐγγὺς ἴκανεν ἀγήνορος· ὑψίνον δὲ 

ἀυχένα δειλαῖς ὀφιώδει τύφεν ἰμάσθηλ, 

καὶ µιν ἀνεστυφέλιξ δίκης τροχοεδεῖ κύκλῳ, 

καὶ νόον ἄφρονα κάµψεν ἀκαµπτέος· ἀµφὶ δὲ µίτρῃ 

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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!"

She spoke, and the goddess replied with encouraging words:

"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."

So she consoled her; and Artemis the maiden entered her car with its team of four prickets, left the mountain and drove back to Phrygia. With equal speed the maiden Adrasteia a pursued her obstinate enemy Aura. She had harnessed racing griffins under her bridle; quick through the air she coursed in the swift car, until she tightened the curving bits of her four-footed birds, and drew up on the peak of Sipylos in front of the face of Tantalos's daughter b with eyeballs of stone. Then she approached the haughty Aura. She flicked the proud neck of the hapless girl with her snaky whip, and struck her with the round wheel of justice, and bent the foolish

a Nemesis.  

b Niobe.
parthenikēs ἐλέλιζεν ἐχιδνήσσαν ἰμάσθην
'Αργολίς 'Αδρήστεια· χαριζομένη δὲ θεαῖνη,
καὶ μάλα περ κοτέοντι καταγγήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὕπλισεν ἄλλον ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆς 'Ερώτων. 468
Παλλήνης μετὰ λέκτρα, μετὰ φθιμέτην 'Αριάδνην,
τὴν μὲν λειπομένην εἰνὶ πατρίδι, τὴν δὲ εἰνὶ γαῖᾷ
ἀλλοτρίῃ πετραῖον, Ἀχαιόδος ὡς βρέτας Ἡρῆς,
καὶ Βερόςς πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀνηνύστων περὶ λέκτρων.

Καὶ Νέμεσις πεπόθητο νιφοβλήτῳ παρὰ Τάυρῳ, 470
εἰς ὅκε Κῦδινον ἰκανε τὸ δεύτερον. ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρη
ἡδοβόλῳ Διόνυσον 'Ερως οἴστρησεν οἰστῶ,
καὶ πτερὰ κυκλώσας ἐπεβήσατο κοῦφος Ὀλύμπου.

Καὶ θεός οὐρεσίφωτος ἰμάσσετο μείζον πυραῖ,
οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἔλαχεια παραίσας· οὐ τὸτε κοῦρης 475
ἐλπίδα Κυπριδῆν, οὐ φάρμακον εἰχεν 'Ερώτων·
ἀλλὰ μὲν ἐφλεγε μᾶλλον Ἑρως θελξίφρον πυραῖ
θυιάδος ὀφιτέλεστον ἀπειθέος εἰς γάμον Λύρῆς.
καὶ μογέων ἐκρυπτεν ἐνὸν πόθον, οὐδὲ εἰνὶ λόχμαι
Κυπρίδοις ὀάροισιν ὀμίλειεν ἐγγύθεν Λύρῆς,
μὴ μὲν ἀλυσκάζειε. τὶ κύττερον, ἢ ὅτε μοῦνοι
ἀνέρες ἰμείρουσι, καὶ οὐ ποθέουσι γυναῖκες;
καὶ μέθευσε πραπίδεσσι πεπηγμένον ἰὸν 'Ερώτων,
παρθένοις εἰ δρόμον εἰχε κυνοσσόν ἐνδοθὶ λόχμης·
Κυπρίδοις δὲ ἀνέμοισιν ἀειρομένοι ξιτῶν
μηρὸν ὀπιπεύων θηλύνετο Βάκχος ἀλήτης. 480
ὁδὲ δὲ παφλάζοντι πόθῳ δεδονημένοις Λύρῆς
Βάκχοις ἀμηχανέων ἔνοι ταχε λυσαδί φωνῇ.

1 So Keydell: Ludwig ἡδιμόλωφ, after L; M ἡδινόλω.

* Nemesis is called Adrasteia, if we may believe Anti-
machos of Colophon, Frag. 53 Wyss, because she was
honoured by Adrastos king of Argos. The real connexion
between the two names is of course that they both mean

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unbending will. Argive Adrasteia let the whip with its vipers curl round the maiden’s girdle, doing pleasure to Artemis and to Dionysos while he was still indignant; and although she was herself unacquainted with love, she prepared another love, after the bed of Pallene, after the loss of Ariadne—one was left in her own country, one was a stone in a foreign land like the statue of Achaian Hera—and more than all for the ill success with Beroë’s bed.

Nemesis now flew back to snowbeaten Tauros until she reached Cydnos again. And Eros drove Dionysos mad for the girl with the delicious wound of his arrow, then curving his wings flew lightly to Olympos.

And the god roamed over the hills scourged with a greater fire. For there was not the smallest comfort for him. He had then no hope of the girl’s love, no physic for his passion; but Eros burnt him more and more with the mindbewitching fire to win mad obstinate Aura at last. With hard struggles he kept his desire hidden; he used no lover’s prattle beside Aura in the woods, for fear she might avoid him. What is more shameless, than when only men crave, and women do not desire? Wandering Bacchos felt the arrow of love fixt in his heart if the maiden was hunting with her pack of dogs in the woods; if he caught a glimpse of a thigh when the loving winds lifted her tunic, he became soft as a woman. At last buffeted by his tumultuous desire for Aura, desperate he cried out in mad tones—

“unavoidable,” the one being the sure vengeance which overtakes the wrongdoer, the other a great king and warrior whose power none could escape. Nonnos is showing off his knowledge, whether first-hand or not, of Antimachos’s learned poem, the Thébaïs.
"Πανδρέων διούσαρωτος ἐχώ τύπον, ὅτι με φεύγει παρθένος ἡμερόφοιτος, ἐρημονόμω δὲ πεδίῳ πλάζεται ἀστήρικτος ἀθήντος πλεόν Ἡχοῦς. ὁλβίε, Πάν, Βρομιόιο πολὺ πλέον, ὅτι ματεύων φάρμακον εὑρεῖ ἔρωτος ἐνι φρενοθελγεί φωνήν κτύπων ὑστερόφωνοι ἀμείβεται ἀστάτος Ἡχῷ φθεγγομένη λάλον ἧχον ὁμοίων· αἰθὲ καὶ αὐτῇ ἐκ στομάτων ἕνα μῦθον ἀνήργυνε παρθένος Ἁύρη. οὕτος ἔρως οὐ πάσιν ὁμοίως· οὔδε γὰρ αὐτῇ παρθενικαῖς ἐτέρησιν ὁμότροποι ἦδοις ἀέξει. ποῖον ἐμὶς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον; ἥ βά ε ἡθέω νεύματι Κυπριδώ; πότε που, πότε θέλγεται Ἁύρη κινημένοις βλεφάροισιν; ἑρωμανὲς ὅμμα τιταίων τὸς γαμίων ὀάρουι παραπλάζει φρένας ἀρκτοῦ εἰς Παφίνην, ἐς Ἑρωτα; τὶς ὁμίλησε λειαίνη; τὶς δρυὶ μῦθον ἔλεξε; τὶς ἀνανοῦ ἤπαφε πεὐκην; τὶς κρανέην παρέπεισε, καὶ εἰς γάμον ἤγαγε πέτρην; ποῖος ἀνήρ θέλξειεν ἀκηλήτου νῶν Ἁύρης; ποῖος ἀνήρ θέλξειεν; ἀμυροχίτων δὲ κούρη τὸς γάμον ἡ φιλότητος ἀρηγόνα κεστόν ἐνήπη; τὸς γλυκὺ κέντρον Ἑρωτοῦ ἡ οὖνομα Κυπρογενεῖς; μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίη ταχα πείσεσαι· οὔδὲ με φεύγει Ἀρτέμις ἀποτύγχας, ὅσον φιλοπάρθενος Ἁύρη. αἰθὲ φίλοις στομάτεσσιν ἐπος τὸδε μουνὸν ἐνήπη. 'Βάκχε, μάτην ποθεῖες, μὴ δίξειο παρθένον Ἁύρην.'" "Ενεπεπ ἀνθεμόεντος ἐκεῖνοι πάρα μῦρτῳ ἠλαρνοῖς ἀνέμουσι, καὶ εὐδημῷ παρὰ μῦρτῳ ἢδὺ μεσημβρίζων πόδας εὐνασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρῳ κέκλιτο συριζοῦσαν ἐχῶν Ζεφυρῆν οὐρῆν καὶ καμάτω καὶ ἐρωτὶ κατάσχετος· ξομένω δὲ
"I am like lovelorn Pan, when the girl flees me swift as the wind, and wanders, treading the wilderness with boot more agile than Echo never seen! You are happy, Pan, much more than Bromios, for during your search you have found a physic for love in a mindbewitching voice. Echo follows your tones and returns them, moving from place to place, and utters a sound of speaking like your voice. If only maid Aura had done the same, and let one word sound from her lips! This love is different from all others, for the girl herself has a nature not like the ways of other maidens. What physic is there for my pain? Shall I charm her with lovers' nod and beck? Ah when, ah when is Aura charmed with moving eyelids? Who by lovetead 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.'"

So he spoke to the breezes of spring, while walking in a flowery meadow. Beside a fragrant myrtle he stayed his feet for a soothing rest at midday. He leaned against a tree and listened to the west breeze whispering, overcome by fatigue and
NONNOS

illos αὐτομέλαθρος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
παρθένος ἀκρήδεμον Ἀμαδραία ἐνεπε Νύμφῃ.
Κύπριδι πιστὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἱμερόεντι Λανίῳ.

"Ο ò δύναται ποτε Βάκχος
άγειν ἐπὶ δέμην Λύρην,
eἰ μή μιν βαρώδεισον ἀλικτοπέδησι πεδήσῃ,
δεσμοῖς Κύπριδίουσι πόδας καὶ χείρας ἡλίξας,
ἡ μὲν ὑπνώουσαν ὑποζεύξας ὑμεναίοις
παρθενικῇς ἀνάεδυν ὑποκλέφειε κορείν."

"Ως φαμένη παλίνορος ὦμῆλκι κεύθετο θάμνῳ
dυσαμένῃ δρυόεντα πάλιν δόμον· αὐτάρ ὁ κάμινων
Βάκχος ἐρωττόκοις νόν πόμπευεν ὀνείροις.
ψυχὴ δ' ἤγεμόφοιτος ἀποφθημένης Ἀριάδνης,
νήδυμον ὑπνώστι παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ,
ζηλήμων μετὰ πότμον ὀνειρείως φάτο μύθῳ.

"Ἀμφήμων Διόνυσε τεῶν προτέρων ὑμεναίων,
Λύρης ἡλίδος ἔχει σε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Ἀριάδνης·
ώμοι ἔμοι Θησοῦς, ἄν ἡρπασε πικρὸς ἄγγις.
ώμοι ἔμοι Θησοῦς, ἄν ἐλαχέν ἀνέρα Φαίδρη.
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωστο φυγεῖν σφευροκόν ἀκοίτην,
eὶ γλυκὺ ὑπαλέψῃ με λίπεν νέος, ἀντὶ δὲ κείων
νυμφεύθην δυσέρωτι καὶ ἤπεροπῆ Λυνίῳ.
ώμοι, ὥστε βροτόν ἐσχον ἐγὼ ταχύποτον ἀκοίτην,
καὶ κεν ἐρωμανέντι κορυσσομένη Διονύσῳ
Λημνιάδων γενόμην καὶ ἐγὼ μία θηλυτεράων.

"Αριάδνη, ἐμὴ θυσία λατρευτε, ἐτέραν ἀλλὰ
πολυπερέων γαμίων ἐπιβήτορα λέκτρων,
νυμφίων ὀρκαπάτην, μετὰ Θησεά καὶ σε καλέσων
εἶ δὲ σε δώρων Ἰρωτός ἀπαίτει σεο νύμφῃ.

Ariadne’s sister, see Euripides, Hippolytos 330.
love; and as he sat there, a Hamadryad Nymph at home in the clusters of her native tree, a maiden unveiled, peeped out and said, true both to Cypris and to loving Lyaios:

522 "Bacchos can never lead Aura to his bed, unless he binds her first in heavy galling fetters, and winds the bonds of Cypris round hands and feet; or else puts her under the yoke of marriage in sleep, and steals the girl's maidenhood without brideprice."

527 Having spoken she hid again in the tree her agemate, and entered again her woody home; but Bacchos distressed with lovebreeding dreams made his mind a parade: the soul of dead Ariadne borne on the wind came, and beside Dionysos sleeping sound, stood jealous after death, and spoke in the words of a dream:

534 "Dionysos, you have forgotten your former bride: you long for Aura, and you care not for Ariadne. O my own Theseus, whom the bitter wind stole! O my own Theseus, whom Phaidra a got for husband! I suppose it was fated that a perjured husband must always run from me, if the sweet boy left me while I slept, and I was married instead to Lyaios, an inconstant lover and a deceiver. Alas, that I had not a mortal husband, one soon to die; then I might have armed myself against lovelad 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.
δώρα τείς ἀλόχον Μινωίδος, οφρά τις εἴπη:
"δώκε μίτον Θησεί καὶ ἥλακάτην Διονύσω." καὶ σὺ κατὰ Κρονίωνα λέχος μετὰ λέκτρων ἀμείβον 550 ἔργα γυναιμανέος μιμῆσαι σείο τοκῆς, οὕστρον ἔχων ἀκόρητον ἀμοιβαίης Ἀφροδίτης.
Σιθονίης ἀλόχοιο νεοζυγέων ὑμεναίων, Παλλήνης, γὰμον οἶδα, καὶ Ἀλθαίης ὑμεναίους
σιγήσῳ φίλότητα Κρονίωνος, ἂς ἀπὸ λέκτρων τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάσασιν ὀμόζυγες. ἀλλὰ, Μυκηναῖ, πότιμον ἐμὸν φθέγγασθε καὶ ἄγριον ὀμὴ Μεδουσῆς,
καὶ φθονερῆς ἐς ἐρωτα βιαζομένης Ἀριάδνης,
ἡώνες Νάξου, βοήσατε: ἵνα μὴ Ἰθεσιν
Μινώθι καλέει σε χολωμένη Διονύσω,
ἀλλὰ τί Κεκροπίης μμυνήσκομαι; εἰς Παφέν γὰρ
μέμφομαι ἀμφιτέροις, καὶ Ἐθεσι καὶ Διονύσῳ."
"Ὡς φαμένη σκιόντι πανείκελος ἐσσύτῳ καπνῷ,
καὶ θραύσῃ έγρετο Βάκχος
ἀποσκεδάσας πτερόν Τινου,
μυρομένην δ’ ὕκτειρεν ὄνειρείην Ἀριάδνην.
καὶ δόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον εἰδ’ζετο πομπὸν Ἐρώτων;
νύμφης δ’ Ἀστακίδος προτέρων ἐμνήσατο λέκτρων,
πῶς ἐρατήν δολόει δοτῷ νυμφεύσατο κοῦρην
ὑπνόν ἔχων πομπῆ αμεθυσκέων ὑμεναίων.
"Οφρα μὲν ὶθελε Βάκχος ἐπεντύνειν δόλου εὐνής, 570
tόφρα δὲ φοιταλή Αἰλαντιᾶς έδραμε κοῦρη
πιδακα μαστεύονσα, κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δύη.
οὐδὲ λάθεν Διόνυσον ὀρίδρομος ἄστατος Λύρη

*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.*

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Minoian wife gave you; then people can say—'She gave the thread to Theseus, and the distaff to Dionysos.'

"You are just like Cronion changing from bed to bed, and you have imitated the doings of your womanmad father, having an insatiable passion for changing your loves. I know how you lately married your Sithonian wife Pallene, and your wedding with Althaia: I will say nothing of the love of Coronis, from whose bed were born the three Graces ever inseparable. But O Mycenai, proclaim my fate and the savage glare of Medusa! Shores of Naxos, cry aloud of Ariadne's lot, constrained to a hateful love, and say, 'O bridegroom Theseus, Minos's daughter calls you in anger against Dionysos!' But why do I think of Cecropia? To her of Paphos, I carry my plaint against them both, Theseus and Dionysos!"

She spoke, and her shade flew away like shadowy smoke. Bold Bacchos awoke and shook off the wing of Sleep. He lamented the sorrow of Ariadne in his dream, and sought for some clever device which could meet all needs and lead him to love. First he remembered the bed of the Astacid nymph long before, how he had wooed the lovely nymph with a cunning potion and made sleep his guide to intoxicated bridals.

While Bacchos would be preparing a cunning device for her bed, Lelantos's daughter wandered about seeking a fountain, for she was possessed with parching thirst. Dionysos failed not to see how thirsting Aura ran rapidly over the hills. Quickly

\[^b\] Attica, from its mythical king Ceerops.

\[^c\] The story of Nicaia, in books xv. and xvi.
δυμαλή· ταχυός δὲ θορῶν ἐπὶ πυθμένα πέτρης
θύρσω γαίαν ἀρασε· διχαζομένη δὲ κολώνη
αὐτομάτην ὁδινε μέθην εὐώδει μαζῆ
χεύματι πορφύροντι· χαριζόμεναι δὲ Λυαίω
δμωίδες 'Ἡλίοιο κατέγραφον ἀνθεσώ 'Ωραι
πίδακος ἄκρα μέτωπα, καὶ εὐόδμουσιν ἀήταις
ἀρτιφύτου λειμώνωι ἰμάσσετο νήδυμος ἀήρ·
elçe δὲ Ναρκίσσοιο φερόνυμα φύλλα κορύμβων
ηθέου χαρίειτο, δὲν εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ Λάτμῳ
νυμφίος 'Ευνυμίων κεραίς ἐπείρε Σελήνης,
ὁς πάρος ἱπερπηγὸς ὦχρος εἰδεί κωφῶ
eis τύπον αὐτοτέλεστον ἰδῶν μορφούμενον ὕδωρ
κάθανε, παπταίνων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς·
καὶ φυτὸν ἐμπνον εἰχέν Ἀμυκλαίης ὑακίνθου·
ἰπτάμενα δὲς ἀγεληθὸν ἐπ' ἀνθεμόειτι κορύμβῳ
εἰαρμῶν ἐλέγαυνοι ἀηδόνες ὑφόθι φύλλων.

Κεῖθι δὲ διψώονσα μεσημβριάς ἐτρεχεν Αὔρη,
ei ποθὲ διψώουσα Διὸς χρόιν ἡ τινα πηγῆν
ἡ ρόον ἀθρήσειεν ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοίō
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ βλεφάροις Ἐρως κατέχενεν ὑμίχλην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε Βακχείην ἀπατήλιον ἔδρακε πηγῆν,
δὴ τότε οἱ βλεφάρων σκιόνεν νέφος ἡλασε Πειθῶ
τοῖον ἐπος βοῶσα γάμου πρωτάγγελον Αὔρη·

"Παρθενικὴ, μόλε δεύρῳ, τελεσιγάμου ἰδὲ πηγῆς
eis στόμα δεξὺ πεέθρα, καὶ εἰς σῶν κόλπων ἀκοίτην."

Κοὐρὴ δ' ἁσμενὸς εἰδε· παραπροχυθεῖσα ἰδὲ πηγῆς
χείλεσιν οἰγομένουσιν ἀνήφψειν ἵκμάδα Βάκχου.
parθενικὴ δὲ πιοῦσα τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνῆν·

"Νηιάδες, τί τὸ θαῦμα;
pόθεν πελε νήδυμον ὕδωρ;
tίς ποτὸν ἐβλυσε τούτο; τίς οὐρανὴ τέκε γαστήρ;"
he leapt up and dug the earth with his wand at the foundation of a rock: the hill parted, and poured out of itself a purple stream of wine from its sweet-scented bosom. The Seasons, handmaids of Helios, to do grace to Lyaios, painted with flowers the fountain’s margin, and fragrant whiffs from the new-growing meadow beat on the balmy air. There were the clustering blooms which have the name of Narcissos the fair youth, whom horned Selene’s 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 Amyclaian iris; there sang the nightingales over the spring blossoms, flying in troops above the clustering flowers.

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—

“Maiden, come this way! Take into your lips the stream of this nuptial fountain, and into your bosom a lover.”

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:

“Naiads, what marvel is this? Whence comes this balmy water? Who made this bubbling drink,

*Hyacinthos once more!*
Επεί καὶ ἀστήρικτον έσ’ ποδὸς ε’λχε πορείη·
ημε ν’ ένθα καὶ ένθα πολυπλανέσσεις ἔρωις
πυκνὰ περὶ κροτάφουσι τιμασσομένῳ καρῆν·
καὶ κεφάλην ἐκλυεὶς ἐρειδομένην σχεδὸν ὑμιῶ·
eῦδε δ’ ὑπέρ δαπέδου τανυπτόρθω παρὰ δένδρῳ
παρθενίην ἀφύλακτον ἐπιτρέψασα χαμεύη.
Καὶ πυρόεις βαρύγουνον Ἕρως
δεδοκημένος Λύρης
οὐρανόθεν κατέπαλτο, γαληναίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
μειδιών ἀγόρευεν, ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ.
’Ἀγρώσσεις, Διόνυσε·
mὲνει δὲ σε παρθένος Λύρη.’’

"Ως εἰπὼν ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἐπέγεγα,
καὶ πτερὰ πάλλων
eἰαρμοῖς πετάλοισιν ἐχάζετο τοῦτο χαράξας·

"νυμφίε, λέκτρα τέλεσσον, έως έτι παρθένος εὔδει·
σιγὴ ἐφ’ ἡμεῖς, μὴ παρθένον ὑπνὸς εάσῃ.’’

Καὶ μὴν ἰδὼν Ἰοβακχὸς ἐπ’ ἀστρώτου χαμεύνης
νυμφιδίου Ληθαίον ἀμεργομένην πτερὸν Ἰπνοῦ,
ἀφοφός ἀκροτάτοιον ἀσάμβαλος ἰχνεύσιν ἐρπῶν
κωφὸν ἀφωνήτου μετήε δέμυνον Λύρης·
χειρὶ δὲ φειδομένη γλαφυρὴν ἀπέθηκε φαρέτρῃ
παρθενίκης, καὶ τόξα κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ.
μὴ μὴν οἰστεύσεις τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ἰπνοῦ·
καὶ δεσμοὶς ἀλύτοις πόδας σφηκώσατο κούρης,
καὶ παλάμαις ἐλικηδόν ἐπεσφρηγύσσατο σεἰρῆν,
μὴ μὴν ἀλυσκάζειεν· ἐπιστορέσας δὲ κονίῃ
παρθενικὴν βαρύσπυνον ἐτοιμοτάτην Ἀφροδίτη
Λύρης ὑπναλέης γαμίνην ἐκλεψεν ὀπῶρην.
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what heavenly womb gave him birth? Certainly after drinking this I can run no more. No, my feet are heavy, sweet sleep bewitches me, nothing comes from my lips but a soft stammering sound."

607 She spoke, and went stumbling on her way. She moved this way and that way with erring motions, her brow shook with throbbing temples, her head leaned and lay on her shoulder, she fell asleep on the ground beside a tallbranching tree and entrusted to the bare earth her maidenhood unguarded.

613 When fiery Eros beheld Aura stumbling heavy-knee, he leapt down from heaven, and smiling with peaceful countenance spoke to Dionysos with full sympathy:

616 "Are you for a hunt, Dionysos? Virgin Aura awaits you!"

617 With these words, he made haste away to Olympos flapping his wings, but first he had inscribed on the spring petals—"Bridegroom, complete your marriage while the maiden is still asleep; and let us be silent that sleep may not leave the maiden."

621 Then Iobacchos seeing her on the bare earth, plucking the Lethaean feather of bridal Sleep, he crept up noiseless, unshod, on tiptoe, and approached Aura where she lay without voice or hearing. With gentle hand he put away the girl's neat quiver and hid the bow in a hole in the rock, that she might not shake off Sleep's wing and shoot him. Then he tied the girl's feet together with indissoluble bonds, and passed a cord round and round her hands that she might not escape him: he laid the maiden down in the dust, a victim heavy with sleep ready for Aphrodite, and stole the bridal fruit from Aura asleep.
καὶ πόσις ἦν ἀνάεδνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδου τι δειλή 635
οἴνοβαρής ἀτινακτος ἐνυμφεύθη Διονύσως
καὶ σκιερᾶς πτερύγεσσι περισφύγων δήμας Λύρης.
Τίνος ἦν τὸν Βάκχοιο γαμοστόλος, ὡστὶ καὶ αὐτὸς
πειρήθη Παφίης, καὶ ὁμόζυγός ἦστι Σελήνης,
καὶ νυκτίς φιλότητος ὀμόστολος ἦστιν 'Ερώτων.
καὶ γάμος ὅπως ὄναρ ἔσκε. πολυσκάρβωμ 640
δὲ χορείῃ εἰς χρόνον αὐτοδικτὸν ἀνεσκίρτησε κολάζη,
ἡμιβατὴς δὲ ἐδόθην Ἀιμαδρυᾶς ἡλικια πεύκην
μούητ δὲ ἦν ἀχόρευτος ἐν οὐρεσὶ παρθένος Ἡχώ,
αιδομένη δὲ ἀκίχτης ἐκεύθετο πυθμέν πέτρης,
μὴ γάμον ἀθηρῆσει γυναικανέας Διονύσου.
Καὶ τελέσας ὑμεναίοιν ἀδουηήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
νυμφίος ἀμπελόεις, πεφυλαγμένοι ἰχνος ἀείρας,
νύμφης μὲν κύσε χείλος ἐπήρατον, ἀκλείπτας δὲ
λύσε πόδας καὶ χείρας, ἀπὸ σκοπέλου δὲ φαρέτρην
χειρὶ λαβὼν καὶ τόξα πάλιν παρακάτθετο νύμφῃ.
καὶ Σατύρων σχέδον ἤλθεν ἐτί πνείων ὑμεναίων,
ὑπαλέλης ἀνέμοιοιν ἐπιτρήφας λέχος Λύρης,
νύμφη δὲ ἐκ φιλότητος ἀνέδραμε· λυσιμελή δὲ
ὑπὸν ἀκτηρύκτων ἀπεσείσατο μάρτυν Ἐρώτων.
θάμβεῖ δὲ εἰσορώσα σαόφρων ἐκτοθὶ μῖτρης
στήθεα γυμνωθέντα καὶ ἀσκεπέος πτύχα μηροῦ
καὶ γαμή βαθάμγα περιστιχθέντα χιτῶνα,
ἀρπαμένην ἀνάεδνου ἀπαγγέλλοντα κορείῃ,
μαῖνετο παπταίνουσα· καὶ ἱρμοσε κυκλάδα μίτρην
στέρνα πάλιν σκιώσα, καὶ ἡθάδος ἄντυγα1 μαζοῦ
παρθενίων χωστηρὶ μάτην ἐσφώγατο δεσμῶ.
ἀχνυμένη δὲ ὀλόλυε, κατάσχετος ἀλματί λύσης·
ἀγρονόμους δὲ ἐδίωξε, καὶ εὐπετάλου σχεδον ὁχθης
τιμυμένη δολέεντα πόσιν ποιήτορι θεσμῶ
1 mss. ἱχνα: Marcellus ἄντυγα, Ludwig ἰχνᾶ δα.
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.

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.

After these caresses, the bride started up; she shook off limblooosing sleep, the witness of the unpublished nuptials, saw with surprise her breasts bare of the modest bodice, the cleft of her thighs uncovered, her dress marked with the drops of wedlock that told of a maidenhood ravished without bridegift. She was maddened by what she saw. She fitted the bodice again about her chest, and bound the maiden girdle again over her rounded breast—too late! She shrieked in distress, held in the throes of madness; she chased the countrymen, slew shepherds beside the leafy slopes, to punish her
Perhaps the most unseasonable mythological excursus even in Nonnos. Tithonos may be presumed known to any English reader from Tennyson’s poem; for Selene as driver of oxen, cf. note on xliiv. 217; Endymion the
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 Lyaios who squeeze out the intoxicating juice of his liquor, heavy with wine, dangerous lovers. For she had not yet learnt the cunning heart of Dionysos, and the seductive potion of heady love, but she made empty the huts of the mountainranging herdsmen and drenched the hills with red blood.

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.
ἀβρὸν ἀνικήτου δέμας μάστιξε θεαίνης καὶ βρέτας ἀρτάξασα τελεσιγάμου Κυθηρεῖς. Σαγγαρίου σχεδόν ἤλθε, κυλινδομένην δὲ ἰδέθρους γυμναῖς Νημάδεσσι πόρεν γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην. καὶ μετὰ θείου ἁγαλμα καὶ αὐτοελευκτὸν ἰμασθῆν ἰδέκελον ἄβρον Ἔρωτος ἀπηκόντιζε κονιή. καὶ κενεὶν λίπε δώμα Κυβηλίδος ἀφρογενείς. φοιταλέγη δ’ ἀκίκτης ἐθήμονα δύσατο λόχην, καὶ σταλίκων ἐφαυσε, παλιν δ’ ἐμήσατο θήρης καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροισιν ἐγν στενάχιζε κορείην, ὦν δὲ κωκύουσα τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν. “Τὸς θεὸς ἡμετέρης ἀνελύσατο δεσμὰ κορείης; εἰ μὲν ἔμε κνώσσουσαν ἐρημιόμοις ἐπὶ λέκτρων εἰδος ὑποκλέπτων ἐβηγήσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς, οὐδὲ καὶ ἡμετέρην ἱδέσσατο γείτονα Ἐρείης, ἀγροτέρους μετὰ θήρας οἰστεύσω πόλον ἄστρων· εἰ δὲ μοι ὑπναλέγη παρελέξατο Φοῖβος Ἀπάλλων, πέρσω πασιμέλουσαν ὅλην πετρώδεα Πυθώ· εἰ δὲ λέχος σύλησεν ἐμὸν Κυλλήνιος Ἐρμῆς, Ἀρκαδίην προβέλυμιν ἐμὸς βελέσσων ὀλέσσω, καὶ τελέσω θεράπαιναν ἐμὴν χρυσάμπυκα Πειθώ· εἰ δὲ δόλοις γαμίουσιν οἰνειριῶν οὐκεναίν ἀπροίθης Διόνυσος ἐμὴν σύλησε κορείην, ἵκομαι, ἥλι πέλει Κυβῆλης δόμος, ὕμιλόφοι δὲ οἰστρομανή Δίονυσον ἀπὸ Τμώλου διώξω· καὶ φονίην ὁμοίων ἐπικρεμάσασα φαρέτρην εἰς Πάφον, εἰς Φρυγίην θωρήζομαι αμφοτέρους γὰρ τόξον ἐμὸν τανῦσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ. σοὶ πλέον, ἱοχείρα, χολώμοι, ὦττι με, κούρη, οὐ κτάνες ὑπναλέην ἐτὶ παρθένον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ σοῖς καθαροῖς βελέσσουν ἱδωρήθης 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 goldchaplet 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.
Εννέα, καὶ τρομεύοντας ἐν ἀνεσείρασε φωνὴν
dάκρυσι νικηθείσα. τελεσσιγάμου δὲ Λυκαίου
παιδότοκον πλησθείσα γονῆς δυσπάρθενος Ἀυρῆ
δυπλόν ὅγκον ἣειρε γυνὴ δ' ἐπεμψάσα φόρτῳ
ἀσχετα βαγκεθείσα γονῆς, δυσπάρθενος Ἀυρῆ . . .
η ὁπόρος αὐτολόχευτος ἢ ἀνέρος ἐξ ὑμεναίων
ηὲ θεοῦ δολίου. Διὸς δ' ἐμνήσατο νύμφης.
Πλουτοῦς αὐτοτόκου Βερεκυντίδος, ἦς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
Τάνταλος ἐβλάστησε. καὶ ἤθελε γαστέρα τέμνειν,
ὄφρα δαίζομένης ἀπὸ νηδύου ἄφροιν λύσῃ
ἀτροφον ἡμιτέλεστον ἁιστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ ξίφος ἡρταζε, διὰ στέρνου δὲ γυμνοῦ
δεξιερῆς μενέαυν ἀφεδεὶ φάσγανον ἐλκευν. 735
πολλάκι δ' ἀρτιτόκου μετήμεν ἄντρα λεαίνης,
ὡς κεν ὀλυθήσειε βελήμονος εἰς λίνα Μοίρης·
ἀλλὰ μιν οὐρεσίφοιτος ὑπέκφυγε ταρβαλέῃ θῆρ,
μῆ μιν ἀποκτεῖνει, μυχῷ δ' ἐκρύπτατο πέτρης
σκύμνου ἔρημαίσθιν ἐπιτρέψασα χαμέναις.
πολλάκι δ' οἰδαλέων γυναικείου διὰ κόλπου
αὐτοφόνος μενέαυν ἐκούσιον ἄρ ἀλάσσαι,
ὄφρα κεν αὐτοδακτος ὅνειδα γαστρός ἄλυζῃ
καὶ στόμα τερπομένης φιλοκέρτομον ἵοχειρῆς·
καὶ νοείν μενέαυν ἐνὸν πόσιν, ὀφρα καὶ αὐτὴ
νιέα δαιτρεύεσθαι ἀναινομένω παρακοίτη,
αὐτὴ παιδοφόνος καὶ ὁμευνέτης, ὀφρά τις εἴπῃ:
"Πρόκει ταῖ παιδολέτειρα νέη πέλε δύσγαμος Ἀυρῆ·" 745
Καὶ μιν ὁπίσεύουσα νέων ἐγκύμωνα παίδων
"Ἀρτέμις ἐγγύς ἰκανεν ἐφ' γελῶσιντι προσώπῳ,
δειλαίην δ' ἐρέβιζε, καὶ ἀστόργῳ φάτο φωνή·
"Τπνον ἰδον, Παφίης θαλαμηπόλον,
εἶδον Ἐρώτων
ξανθῆς νυμφιδίης ἀπατήλια χεῦματα πηγῆς.
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723 She spoke, and then checked her trembling voice overcome by tears. And Aura, hapless maiden, having within her the fruitful seed of Bacchos the begetter, carried a double weight: the wife maddened uncontrollably cursed the burden of the seed, hapless maiden Aura [lamented the loss of her maidenhood; she knew not] whether she had conceived of herself, or by some man, or a scheming god; she remembered the bride of Zeus, Berecyntian Pluto, so unhappy in the son Tantalos whom she bore. She wished to tear herself open, to cut open her womb in her senseless frenzy, that the child half made might be destroyed and never be reared. She even lifted a sword, and thought to drive the blade through her bare chest with pitiless hand. Often she went to the cave of a lioness with newborn cubs, that she might slip into the net of a willing fate; but the dread beast ran out into the mountains, in fear of death, and hid herself in some cleft of the rocks, leaving the cub alone in the lair. Often she thought to drive a sword willingly through the swelling womb and slay herself with her own hand, that self-slain she might escape the shame of her womb and the mocking taunts of glad Artemis. She longed to know her husband, that she might dish up her own son to her loathing husband, childslayer and paramour alike, that men might say—"Aura, unhappy bride, has killed her child like another Procne."  

749 Then Artemis saw her big with new children, and came near with a laugh on her face and teased the poor creature, saying with pitiless voice:

752 "I saw Sleep, the Paphian's chamberlain! I saw the deceiving stream of the yellow fountain at

* Cf. i. 146.  

b Cf. ii. 136.
ΝΟΝΝΟΣ

1738 ἧχι ποτῷ δολόεντι νεήνιδες ἡλικα μίτρην ἀρπαγὶς παρθενίης γαμίῳ λύουσιν ὀνείρῳ· εἴδον ἐγὼ κλέτας, εἴδον, ὅπη ἵνα γενά ἡ πέτρη ἀπροῖδὴς δολόεντι γυνῇ νυμφεύται ὑπνῷ· Κύπριδος εἴδον ὅρος φιλοτήσιον, ἧχι γυναικῶν παρθενίην κλέπτοντες ἀλυσκάζουσιν ἂκοίται. εἰπὲ, γύναι φυγόδεμεν, τί σήμερον ἄρείμα βαίνεις; ἡ πρὶν ἀελλήσσα, πόθεν βαρύγονος οὐδείς; νυμφεύθης ἄκοουσα, καὶ οὐ τεόν ὀδας ἂκοίτην· οὐ δύνασαι κρύπτειν κρύφιον γάμον· οἴδαλοι γὰρ σὸν πόσιν ἀγγέλλουσι νεαγλαγίες σέο μαζι· εἰπὲ δὲ μοι, βαρύπνε, συνεκτόνε, παρθένε, νύμφη. πῶς μεθέπεις χλοάουσαν ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν; τίς σέο λέκτρα μήπις; τίς Ἰρπασε σείο κορείς; ξανθάι Νηιάδες, μὴ κρύφατε νυμφίον Λύρης· οἴδα, γύναι βαρύφορτε, τεόν λαβραῖον ἂκοίτην· σός γάμος οὐ μὲ λέλθηε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις, σός πόσις οὐ μὲ λέλθηε· βαρυνομενὴ δέμας ὑπνῷ εὐνέτις ἀστυφέλικτος ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ. ἀλλὰ τεόν λίπε τόξου· ἀναινομενὴ δὲ φαρέτρην ὀργια μυστιπόλευε γυναιμανεὸς σέο Βάκχου, τύμπανα χεῖρι φέρουσα καὶ εὐκεράων θρόνον αὐλῶν. πρὸς δὲ τεῆς λίτομαι σε τελεσσογάμου χαμεύνης, ποιά σοι ὑπάσεν ἐδια τεὸς Διόνυσος ἂκοίτης; μὴ σοι νεβρίδα δῶκε, τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς; μὴ σοι χάλκεα ῥοπτρα τεῶν πόρε παίγνια παιδών; πεῖθομαι, ὦ πόρε θύρσον, ἂκοντιστήρα 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, τά περ δονέουσι τιθήματι
φάρμακα ηπιάχουσι φιλοθρήνων ὄδυνάων." 785

"Επεςει κερτομέουσα· καὶ ἐμπαλιν ὕχετο δαίμων,
θήρας οἰστεύουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἀχυμενή δὲ
ηερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἐὰς μεθέηκε μερίμνας.

Κοὐρῆ δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀμάρτυρος ὑψώθι πέτρης
ἀξὶ βέλους μεθέπουσα δυηπαθέος τοκετοῖο
φρικαλέων βρύχημα λεχώδος εἶχε λεαίνης·
pέτραι δ' ἀντιάχησαν· ἐρημαράγου δὲ κοῦρης
φθόγγον ἀμειβομένη μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἡχώ. 790
καὶ παλάμας, ἀτε πῶμα, περισφίγξασα λοχείη
κλείε θοὴν ὕδινα πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο,
καὶ τόκου ἀρτετέλεστον ἐρήτνεν· ἱχθομένη γὰρ
"Ἀρτεμιν οὖ μενέαινεν ἐπ' ὕδινεσσι καλέσσαι·
Ἡραίας δὲ θύγατρας ἀναίνετο, μὴ ποτε Βάκχου
μητριής ἀτε πάϊδες ἐπιβρίσωσι λοχείη.
κοὐρῆ δ' ἀσχαλόωσα κατηφέα ῥήξεν ἰωήν,
νυσσομένη κέντρουσιν ἀπειρώδινος ἀνάγκης·
"Οὔτως ἱοχέαραν ἱδὼ καὶ θῷρων Ἡθήνην,
οὔτως ἀμφοτέρας ἐγκύμονας ὑφρα νοῆσο·
"Ἀρτεμιν ὕδινουσαν ἐλέγξατε, μαιάδες Ὡραὶ,
μαρτυρία τοκετοῖο, καὶ εἰπατε Τριτογενείῃ·
' παρθενικὴ γλαυκώπι, νεήτοκε μῆτερ ἀμήτωρ.'
οὔτω ἐξωνά παθοῦσαν ἱδὼ φιλοπάρθενον Ἡχὼ
Πανὶ παρεγνηθείσαν ἥ ἀρχεκάκῳ Διονύσῳ. 805
"Ἀρτεμι, καὶ σὺ τεκοῦσα παραύνας ἐσσεαι Ἁθής,
θῆλυ γάλα στάζουσα λεχώνον ἁρσεὶ καλῇ." 810
Εἶπεν ὀδυρομένη θαρυώδινα κέντρα λοχείης.

* The Eileithyiai, goddesses of childbirth.
a thyrsus to shoot lions; perhaps he gave cymbals, which nurses shake to console the howling pains of the little children."

783 So spoke the goddess in mockery, and went away to shoot her wild beasts again, in anger leaving her cares to the winds of heaven.

786 But the girl went among the high rocks of the mountains. There unseen, when she felt the cruel throes of childbirth pangs, her voice roared terrible as a lioness in labour, and the rocks resounded, for dolorous Echo gave back an answering roar to the loud-shrieking girl. She held her hands over her lap like a lid compressing the birth, to close the speedy delivery of her ripening child, and delayed the babe now perfect. For she hated Artemis and would not call upon her in her pains; she would not have the daughters of Hera, a lest they as being children of Bacchos's stepmother should oppress her delivery with more pain. At last in her affliction the girl cried out these despairing words, stabbed with the pangs of one who was new to the hard necessity of childbirth:

799 "So may I see Archeress and wild Athena, so may I see them both great with child! Reproach Artemis in labour, O midwife Seasons, be witness of her delivery, and say to Tritogeneia—'O virgin Brighteyes, O new mother who mother had none!' So may I see Echo who loves maidenhood so much, suffering as I do, after she has lain with Pan, or Dionysos the cause of my troubles! Artemis, if you could bring forth, it would be some consolation to Aura, that you should trickle woman's milk from your man's breast."

808 So she cried, lamenting the heavy pangs of her
καὶ τόκον ἰοχέαρα κατέσχεθε, παιδοτόκως δὲ ύμφη ὁμχόν ὀπάσσεν ἐρυκομένου τοκετοῖο. 810
Καὶ τελετής Νίκαια κυβερνήτειρα Λυπαίων μόχθον ὀπιπεύουσα καὶ αἴσχεα λυσσάδος Ἀὔρης τοῖην κρυπταδίτην οὐκτίρμοιρα ῥήξατο φωνῆ.
"Ἀὔρη ἤυνα παθοῦσα, κινύρεω καὶ σὺ κορείν· γαστρὶ δὲ φόρτων ἤχουσα δυναθέος τοκετοῖο τετλαθὲι μοι μετὰ λέκτρων ἤχειν καὶ κέντρα λοχείης, τετλαθὲι καὶ βρεφέσσευν ἀῇθεα μαζὸν ὀρέξαι. καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἐμῆς συλήτορα μίτρης; καὶ σὺ πόθεν πίες οἶνον, ἔως πέλες ἐγκνοσ, Ἀὔρη; καὶ σὺ πάθες, φυγόδεμεν, τὰ περ πάθον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐθὴ 815
μέμφεο νυμφοκόμων ἀπατήλιον ὑπὸν Ἐρώτων. εἰς δόλος ἀμφοτέραις γάμον ἤμισσεν,
εἰς πόσις Ἀὔρης παρθενικῇ Νίκαιαν ἰθίκατο μητέρα παϊδών· οὐκέτι τόξον ἔχω θηροκτόνον, οὐκέτι νευρῆν, ὃς πάρος, αὐ ἐρῶ καὶ ἐγὼ βέλος· εἰμὶ δὲ δειλὴ ἰστοπόνος θῆλεια, καὶ οὐκέτι θούρις Ἀμαζῶν." 820
"Εινεπεν οἰκτείρουσα τελεσιγονοῦ πόνον Ἀὔρης, οὐτὰ τε πειρηθείσα τόκου μογεροί καὶ αὐτή. Λητώθη δ’ ἀιώσα λαρυφόγγου κτύπων Ἀὔρης ἦλυθεν αὐχήσεσα τὸ δεῖτερον ἐγγύθη νύμφης· τειρομένην δ’ ἐρέθιζε καὶ ιαχε κέντορι μύθῳ. 825
"Παρθένε, τίς σε τέλεσσε

λεχώιδα μητέρα παιδῶν;
ἡ γάμον ἀγνώσσουσα πόθεν γλάγος ἐλλαχε μαζόν; οὐκ ἴδου, οὐ πυθόμην, ὅτι παρθένος νιὰ λοχεύει. ἡ ῥα φύσιν μετάμεως πατήρ ἐμός; ἡ ῥα γυναῖκες νόσφι γάμου τίκτουσι; οὐ γάρ, φιλοπάρθενε κούρη,
delivery. Then Artemis delayed the birth, and gave the labouring bride the pain of retarded delivery.

811 But Nicaia, the leader of the rites of Lyaios, seeing the pain and disgrace of distracted Aura, spoke to her thus in secret pity:

814 "Aura, I have suffered as you have, and you too lament you your maidenhood. But since you carry in your womb the burden of painful childbirth, endure after the bed to have the pangs of delivery, endure to give your untaught breast to babes. Why did you also drink wine, which robbed me of my girdle? Why did you also drink wine, Aura, until you were with child? You also suffered what I suffered, you enemy of marriage; then you also have to blame a deceitful sleep sent by the Loves, who are friends of marriage. One fraud fitted marriage on us both, one husband was Aura's and made virgin Nicaia the mother of children. No more have I a beastslaying bow, no longer as once, I draw my bowstring and my arrows; I am a poor woman working at the loom, and no longer a wild Amazon."

827 She spoke, pitying Aura's labour to accomplish the birth, as one who herself had felt the pangs of labour. But Leto's daughter, hearing the resounding cries of Aura, came near the bride again in triumph, taunted her in her suffering and spoke in stinging words:

832 "Virgin, who made you a mother in 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

ώδινες νέα τέκνα, καὶ εἰ στυγέες Ἀφροδίτην.
η ἐν κυβερνήτευραν ἀναγκαίον τοκετοῖο
'Ἀρτέμις ὦ καλέουσι λεχώδεις, ὡτὶ σὺ μουὴ
eἰς τόκον ἁγροτέρης οὐ δεύεα ἱοχεάρης;
οὐδὲ τεὸν Διόνυσον ἁμαινύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
ἐδρακεν Εἰλείθυια, τεῆς ἐλάτειρα γενέθλησ.
ἀλλὰ μιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐμαινύσαντο κεραυνοὶ.
μὴ κοτέτς, ὅτι παίδας ἐνὶ σκοπέλουις λοχεύεις.
ἡ σκοπέλων βασίλεια τόκον περήσατο Ἀἴεις.
tίς νέμεσις ποτε τούτο; κατ' οὐρεὰ τέκνα λοχεύεις,
ὡς δάμαρ οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου.

'Ενεσπε' καὶ κοτέουσα λεχώιας ἄχνυτο νῦμφη
'Ἀρτέμις αἰδομένη καὶ ἐν ἀλγεσίν. ἣ μέγα δειλή,
ἐγγὺς ἐν τοκετοίο καὶ ἦθελε παρθένος εἶναι.
καὶ βρέφος εἰς φῶς ἔλεξε θεοτέρουν. Ἀρτέμιδος γὰρ
φθεγγομένης ἐτι μύθον ἀκοντιστήρα λοχείς
dιπλῶς αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμαιώθη τόκος ἄβρης
λυμεΐνης ὦδινος, ὅθεν διδύμων ἀπὸ παῖδων
Δίνυμον ψυκάρην ὁρος κικλήσκετο Ἀἴεις.
καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσασα νέην ἐυπαιδα γενέθλην
tοῖον ἔτος παλίνωρος ἀμοιβαίη φάτῳ φωνή.

"Μαία, γυνὴ μονή, διδυμητόκε δύσγαμε νῦμφη,
νιάσι μαζὸν ὅρεξον αὖθεα, παρθένε μῆτηρ:
pαππάζει σέο κοῦρος ἀπαιτίζων σε τοκῆ.
εἰπὲ δὲ σοὶς τεκέσσι τεὸν λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην.
"Ἀρτέμις οὐ γάμον οἴδε, καὶ οὐ τρέφεν νιέα μαζῷ
σὸν λέχος οὐρεὰ ταῦτα, καὶ ἤθαδος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος
σπάργανα σῶν βρεφέων

πολυδαιδάλα δέρματα νεβρῶν."

Εἰπε, καὶ ὁκυπέδουλος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ἔλην.

* Alluding to the birth of Zeus on the Arcadian (or Cretan) hills.
484
young children, even if you hate Aphrodite. Then do women in childbirth 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
καὶ καλέσας Νίκαιαν ἐν Ὀὐρανία τῇ νύμφῃ, μεμφομένην ἐτὶ λέκτρα λειωθάδα δείκνυεν Αὐρην μειδιών Διόνυσος· ἐρημονόμου δὲ κούρης ἀρτγάμοις ἁγόρευεν ἐπαυχήσας ὑμεναῖος.

"Ἀρτι μόνις, Νίκαια, παράφασιν εὗρες Ἐρώτων· ἀρτι πάλιν Διόνυσος ἐπικλότων ἥνους εὐνῆν, παρθενικῆς δὲ ἐτέρης γάμων ἠρπασεν·

ἐν δὲ κολώναις ἡ πρὶν ἀλυσάκζουσα καὶ οὐνομα μοῦνον Ἐρώτων σοις θαλάμωις τύπον ἱσον ὀρεστίας ἔδρακεν Αὐρη.

οὐ μοῦνη γλυκών ὑπνον ἔδεξα αἰμποῦν Ἐρώτων, ὥσ μοῦνη πίεσ οἶνον ἐπικλότων ἁρπαγά μίτρης·

ἀλλὰ νέης ἀγνωστὸς ἀνοιγμένης ἀπὸ πηγῆς νυμφόκόμος πάλιν οἶνος ἀνέβλυκ, καὶ πιεν Αὐρη.

ἀλλὰ βέλος δεδανίαν ἀναγκαίον τοκετοῖο, πρὸς Τελετής λίτομαι σε, χοροπλεκέος σέο κούρης, επεύνοι ἄρταξεν ἐμὸν νίέα, μὴ μν ὀλέσῃ τολμηρᾶς παλάμησιν ἐμὴ δυσμήθανος Αὐρῆ.

οἶδα γάρ, ὡς διδύμων βρεφέων ἐνα παῖδα δαμάσσει ἁσχετα λυσσόουσα· σὺ δὲ χραίσμησον Ἰακχῶ· ἔσσο φύλαξ ὑδίνος ἀρείονος, ὀφρα κεν εἵη σῇ Τελετῆ θεράπαωα καὶ νίέι καὶ γενετήρι."

"Ὡς εἰπών παλύωροσ σχάζετο Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ, κυδίων Φρυγίωσιν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρους ὑμεναίοις πρεβυτέρης ἄλοχοι καὶ ὀπλοτέρης περὶ νύμφης.

καὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἔχουσα τελεσσιτόκφ παρὰ πέτρη, παίδας ἐλαφρίζουσα, λεχωνᾶς ἱαχε μὴτηρ·

"Ἡρόθεν γάμος οὖτος· ἐμὸν γόνον ἥρι ρήψω· νυμφεύδων ἀνέμουι καὶ οὐ βροτὲν ἱδον εὐνῆν, Αὐρης δ' εἰς ὑμεναῖον ἐπώνυμοι ἥλυθον αὐραί· καὶ λοχίας ἐκέτωσαν ἐμὰς ωδίνας ἀήται. ἔρρετε μοι, νέα τέκνα δολορραφεός γενετήρος,
shady wood. Then Dionysos called Nicaia, his own Cybeleid nymph, and smiling pointed to Aura still upbraiding her childbed; proud of his late union with the lonely girl, he said:

"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."

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—

"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
υμέας οὖκ ἐλόχευσα· τί μοι κακὰ θηλυτεράων; ἀμφαδόν ἀρτι, λέοντες, ἐλεύθεροι εἰς νομὸν ἠλής ἔλθετε θαρσήντες, ὅτι οὐκέτι μάρναται Λύρη· καὶ σκυλάκων ἐλίκωπες ἁρείονες ἐστε λαγῳθίως, ἵνα εὐμνητείς ἐπάγωντι ἐπισκαίροντα νοῆσαι· ἐξετε σύννομον ἀρκτὸν ἀταρβέλα· παιδοτόκου γὰρ Λύρης χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθηλυνθησαν ἀιστοῖ. αἰδέομαι μεθεπευ μετὰ παρθένοιν οὐνομα νύμφης, μὴ βριαρὸν τεκέσσιν εἰμὸν ποτε μαζὸν ὀπάσων· μὴ παλάμη θλίψομι νόθον γάλα, μὴ δ' εἰν λόχιμας θηροφόνος γεγανία γυνὴ φιλοτέκνος ἀκούσσω." θήκεν ὑπὸ σπὶλυγγὴ λεχώνα δείπνα λεαίνης· ἀλλὰ Διωνύσου ῥέν εὐπαίδα γενέθλημ, πόρδαλις ωμοβόροις δέμας λυχμόως γενείως, ἐμφρωνα θυμὸν ἔχονσα σοφῶς μαίωσας μαζῶν θαμβαλέοι δὲ δράκοντες ἐκκλώσαντο λοχείην ἱοβόλοις στομάτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ νέα τέκνα φιλάσσων μειλιχίους καὶ θήρας ἐθήκατο νυμφίος Λύρης. Καὶ ποδὶ φοιταλέως Ληλαιτίας ἄνθορε κούρη ἄγριον ἁθὸς ἔχουσα δασυστέρνου λεαίνης, ἥερίας δ' ἀκίχητος ἀνηκόστιζεν ἄλλας θηρείων ἐνα παίδα διαρπάξασα γενείων· καὶ πάις ἀρτιλόχευτος ἐνι στορφάλυγγη κούσις ἡερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπολύζησεν ἄρουρῃ· καὶ μιν ἀφαρπάξασα φίλῳ τυμβεύσατο λαιμῷ, δαυνυμένη φίλα δείπνα. καὶ ἀστόργοιο τεκούσης ταρβαλέν τέκος ἄλλο λεχωίδος ἥρπασεν Λύρης παρθένος ιοχέαρα, διαστείχουσα δὲ λόχιμν παιδοκόμω κούφιζεν ἀθικεὶ κούρων ἀγωστῷ.
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 λοχείας μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα γαμήλιον ἀγρότις Λύρης, ἀρχαῖς μεθέπουσα σέβας φιλοπάρθενον αἰδοῦς. Σαγγαρίου σχεδὸν ἦλθεν ὀπισθότον ἀμα τόξῳ εἰς προχοὰς ακόμιστον ἐθνὲ ἐρριφε φαρέτρην, καὶ βυθῶν προκάρηνος ἐπεσκίρτησε μείζον ὀμματιν αἰδομένοισιν ἀναυωμένη φαὸς Ἡνοῦ, καὶ ῥοθίοσ ποταμοῖο καλύπτετο. τήν δὲ Κρονίων εἰς κρήνην μετάμειψεν ὀρεσσικύτου δὲ τηῆς μαζῶσ κρουνὸς ἐθν. προχοὴ δέμας, ἀνδέα χάῖται, καὶ κέρας ἐπλετο τόξον ἐνκραίρου ποταμοῖο ταυροφυές, καὶ σχοῦν ἀμειβομένη πλε νευρὴ, καὶ δόνακες γεγαώτες ἐπερροίζησαν ὀιστός, καὶ βυθὸν ἔνυσετη διεσυμμένη ποταμοῖο εἰς γλαφυρὸν κενθμῶνα χυτὴ κελάρυζε φαρέτρη.

Καὶ χόλων ιοχείαρα κατεύνασεν ἄμφι δὲ λόχην ἱχνα μαστεύουσα φιλοσκοπεύου Λαύιου ἄνθεν, ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀειρομένη βρέφος Λύρης, πηρεῖ κουφίζουσα νόθων βάρος. αἰδομένη δὲ ὅπασεν ἄρσενα παῖδα κασιγνήτων Διονύσου. Νικαὶ δ’ ἐν νὰ πατήρ πὸρε, μαϊάδη νύμφη η δὲ μν ἡρταζέ, καὶ ἀκροτάτης ἀπὸ θηῆς παϊδοκόμων ὅλιβουσα φερέσβυν ἰκμάδα μαζῶν κούρων ἀνηέξε. λαβῶν δὲ μν υψώθι δίφρου νῆπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἑπώνυμον νὰ τοκῆς Ἀτθιδι μυστιπόλυ παρακάδετο Βάκχος Ἁθήνη. Εὖ γα παππάζοντα: θεὰ δὲ μν ἐνδοθη νηοῦ Παλλᾶς ἀνυμφεύτω θεοδέγμον δέξατο κόλπω. παιδὶ δὲ μαζῶν ὀρέξε, τὸν ἑσπάσε μοῦὼς Ἐρεχθεὺς, αὐτοχύτων στάζοντα νόθων γλάγος ὃμφακι μαζῶ.
After the bed of Bromios, after the delirium of childbirth, huntress Aura would escape the reproach of her wedding, for she still held in reverence the modesty of her maiden state. So she went to the banks of Sangarios, threw into the water her backbending bow and her neglected quiver, and leapt headlong into the deep stream, refusing in shame to let her eyes look on the light of day. The waves of the river covered her up, and Cronion turned her into a fountain: her breasts became the spouts of falling water, the stream was her body, the flowers her hair, her bow the horn of the horned River in bull-shape, the bowstring changed into a rush and the whistling arrows into vocal reeds, the quiver passed through to the muddy bed of the river and, changed to a hollow channel, poured its sounding waters.

Then the Archeress stilled her anger. She went about the forest seeking for traces of Lyaios in his beloved mountains, while she held Aura's newborn babe, carrying in her arms another's burden, until shamefast she delivered his boy to Dionysos her brother.

The father gave charge of his son to Nicaia the nymph as a nurse. She took him, and fed the boy, pressing out the lifegiving juice of her childnursing breasts from her teat, until he grew up. While the boy was yet young, Bacchos took into his car this Bacchos his father's namesake, and presented him to Attic Athena amid her mysteries, babbling "Euoi." Goddess Pallas in her temple received him into her maiden bosom, which had welcome for a god; she gave the boy that pap which only Erechtheus had sucked, and let the alien milk trickle of itself from
καὶ μὲν Ἕλενον ἱησίςθε δὲ παρακάτθετο Βάκχαις·
ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον Ἰακχον ἐκυκλώσαντο χορεῖ
νύμφαι κισσοφόροι Μαραθωνίδες, ἀρτιτόκως δὲ
δαίμονι νυκτικόρευτον ἐκούφισαν 'Αθηνᾶ πεύκην
καὶ θεὸν ἰάσκοντο μὲθ' νίεα Περσεφονείης,
καὶ Σεμέλης μετὰ παίδα, θυηπολίας δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὄψιγόνω στήσαντο καὶ ἄρχεγόνῳ Διονύσῳ,
καὶ τριτάτῳ νέον ὕμνον ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἰάκχῳ.
καὶ τελεταῖς τρισσήχοις ἐβακχεύδησαν 'Αθηνᾶ;
καὶ χορὸν ὀψιτέλεστον ἀνεκρούσαντο πολίται
Ζαγρέα κυδαίνοιτες ἀμα Βρομίῳ καὶ Ἰάκχῳ.

Οὐδὲ Κυδωναίων ἐπελήσατο Βάκχος Ἔρώτων,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὀλλυμένης προτέρης ἐμνῆσατο νύμφης.
καὶ Στέφαναν περίκυκλον ἀποιχομένης Ἀριάδνης
μάρτην ἐκς φιλότητος ἀνεστήριξεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
ἀγγελον οὐ λήγοιτα φιλοστεφάνων ὑμεναίων.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόσις πατρῶν αἰθέρα βαίνων
πατρὶ σὺν εὐώδιν μηᾶς ἐφαυσε τραπέζης,
καὶ βροτείῳ μετὰ δαίτα, μετὰ προτέρην χύσιν οἴνου
οὐράνιον πίε νέκταρ ἀρειστέροισι κυπέλλοις,
σύνθροις Ἀπόλλων, συνέστιος νίει Μαιῆς.
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. 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.

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.

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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