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NONNOS  
DIONYSIACA

I









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NONNOS <sup>111</sup> Panopolitanae  
DIONYSIACA <sup>11</sup>

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY  
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MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY  
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CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

I

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Leaf from the manuscript of NONNOS (Laur. Plut. 32. 16.), Book IV, 1 ff., reproduced by courteous permission of the Director, R. Biblioteca Medicea Laurenziana, Florence.

## GENERAL INTRODUCTION

NONNOS is a name common in Asia Minor, and not unknown in Egypt, apart from the poet ; but little is known of him. He was born at Panopolis (the Greek name of Chemmis in the Thebaïd) some time in the fifth century, and composed his poem probably before 500. ✓

The poem professes to be the history of Dionysos, but Nonnos manages to include all the stories of Greek mythology he could find in earlier collections. This is his chief claim to attention ; but he interests us also by his treatment of the hexameter, since he managed to find a way of reconciling to some extent the ancient quantitative verse with the later accentual verse, the musical accent having already given way to stress, long and short vowels having become confused in speech, and their sounds being confused also. For this topic I refer to Wifstrand, *Von Kallimachos zu Nonnos* (Gleerup, 1933), and a summary in Pauly's *Real-Encyclopädie* under "Nonnos," 912.

Nonnos also paraphrased St. John's Gospel in the same metre and style. Some have inferred, therefore, that he was converted to Christianity in later life, but we know nothing at all about the matter.

My interest in Nonnos began about fifty years ago, when W. Robertson Smith was planning a series of "Sources" of mythology, and asked me to collate

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the Florentine manuscript, which I did; but his untimely death put an end to this project.

This is the first English translation of Nonnos, and there are no others in any language except the Latin and French, and quite lately, one in German hexameters. The Latin pretends to be a word-for-word construe, and sometimes it is useful, but it contains many blunders, some ridiculous ones. The French is more an elegant paraphrase, suited for a Parisian salon, and never forgetting the proprieties; it is graceful and pleasing to read, but not very close to the Greek. The German is extraordinarily close, by its bold use of compound words. It is a translation for the eye rather than the ear, for it is not possible to speak it metrically without gabbling, but it is a great feat.

Readers who are interested in the text must go to Ludwich's edition. We use his text, by consent of Messrs. Teubner, and note only the few variations, including one or two conjectures (as *γύναιο* for *λύαιο*, which I hope will commend itself, xlvi. 231). Dr. L. R. Lind's Appendix gives a list of later emendations.

Laurentianus XXXII 16 in Florence, paper, written A.D. 1280, is the chief and most ancient ms. Others are :

M—in Munich.

N—in Naples, II F. 19, paper.

O—Ottobonianus 51, Vatican, paper.

P—Palatinus, paper, 16th century.

S—Reginensis 81, Vatican, paper, written in 1551.

f—Codex Falkenburgii, whence the editio princeps was taken.

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I have to thank Professor H. J. Rose, who adds the mythological notes, and Dr. Lind, for kindly scrutinizing and improving the translation. I thank the Reader also for his extreme care and patience.

W. H. D. ROUSE

*October 2nd, 1939*

## MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION

THE mythology of the *Dionysiaca* is interesting as being the longest and most elaborate example we have of Greek myths in their final stage of degeneracy. As early as the beginning of the Alexandrian age the traditional stories of the doings of gods and heroes had ceased, save perhaps as allegories, to command belief among educated people, the only class for whom the Alexandrian authors wrote. There remained therefore simply their literary value as picturesque tales. As the tendency of the age, both in literature and art, was on the whole towards realism, the myths were so handled as to make the actors in them thoroughly, often undignifiedly human. Thus, in the *Argonautica* of Apollonios of Rhodes,<sup>a</sup> when Hera and Athena call on Aphrodite to help them, we have no conference of goddesses but a humorous sketch of great ladies, constrained to recognize the existence of and even be deferential to a woman neither socially nor morally their equal, who for her part is delighted and a little malicious at the thought of getting a footing in such respectable society. Besides this, another tendency had long been at work. The old and familiar stories, however re-handled, were too well known, and the poets, ever on the lookout for anything which savoured of origin-

<sup>a</sup> Apoll. Rhod. iii. 36 ff.



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ality, caught eagerly at fresh material, while their great learning put such material at their disposal, in the form of numerous obscure and local legends never before treated in any well-known work of literature. This is why so many stories are known to us only from Alexandrians, or from late compilers who obviously drew on Alexandrian poetry for information. A third factor was the prevalence of the romantic and amatory interest. Psychology had been in the air, so to speak, ever since Euripides and Menander, and one of the most obvious ways to show the human character at its most interesting is to draw a man or woman in love. Therefore stories of the love, not so much, as in the preceding centuries, of a man for a younger member of his own sex, but rather of a young man for a maid, were extremely popular, and nearly all the famous love-stories of the world either have an Alexandrian origin or are modelled on some tale first given literary form by one of these writers.<sup>a</sup> Finally, rhetoric was a master interest with everyone who sought literary elegance, and the most characteristic rhetorical exercise was to compose a speech expressing the feelings of a given person in given circumstances. Mythology abounded in situations calculated to stir the strongest passions, and so no poet was even an apprentice in his art until he had put into the mouth of a Medeia, an Agamemnon, or a Scylla, an artistic and clever expression of the feelings of an outraged wife, a father torn between ambition and parental affection, or a

<sup>a</sup> This is set forth, with exaggeration but not without a basis of fact, by E. F. M. Benecke, *Antimachus of Colophon and the Position of Women in Greek Poetry*, London, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1896; see especially pp. 103-114.

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daughter who must choose between overwhelming love and her duty towards her family and her country. The greatest surviving master of this sort of literature is no Greek, but the Latin Ovid, whom there is some reason to say Nonnos knew; at all events, he was a late representative of the same school.

Thus for something like seven hundred years to the time when Nonnos wrote, mythology had been the raw material of realistic sketches, new and startling narratives, amatory and rhetorical descriptions. It had also had plenty of time to become stale and exhausted, as even the richest material must if handled too long, always in the same way, by men who are clever but not inspired. Now arose a writer who undertook to compose an epic on wholly mythological themes, the labours and ultimate triumph of Dionysos. It is little to be wondered at that he gives us neither living figures nor even a gallery of pleasing portraits or statues, but rather a faded and overcrowded tapestry, moving a little now and then as the breath of his sickly and unwholesome fancy stirs it.

His Dionysos is an utterly detestable character, or would be if it were possible to believe in him for one moment. The original god, Phrygian or Thracophrygian, whose position was fully established among the official Greek cults by about the seventh century B.C., was an impressive deity, the product of naïve reaction to great and vaguely-felt forces. He was a god of fertility, especially the fertility of food-plants, on which the very life of simple communities in the Mediterranean and surrounding areas depends, since, in days of little wealth and poor communications, a failure of the harvests in any neighbourhood must

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mean, not suffering and hardship only, but death. He was a god also of animal fertility, lord of beasts as well as men, or even rather than men, and, as such, was powerful in the wild places where wild things live. For these reasons, while beneficent and desirable, he could be very terrible, especially as his realm included the fruit of the vine with its mysterious effects. He could kill as well as make alive, send madness as well as prosperity and mirth. His ritual consisted largely, before Greeks tamed and civilized it, of wild orgiastic dancing on the hills and in places outside the little cultivated areas, *tabu* places we may say, where the unsophisticated felt themselves in uncanny as well as unfamiliar surroundings, as indeed the most blasé member of our present-day urban communities may feel for a moment, at least in youth, if he will "let himself go" by vigorous movement in a solitary place in strong fresh air. Besides all this, there is some evidence that the sacrifices made to this god were of the nature of a mystic communion, in which the worshippers did not merely kill a beast and make a banquet at which the deity was a guest, but slay and devour the god himself in bestial form, thus absorbing into themselves his godhead. It is no wonder, then, that there gathered around Dionysos many stories of his terrible wrath against the impious and presumptuous, of his fantastic sufferings, his marvellous gifts and graces, and of his activities as a giver of fertility to plants, animals, and on occasion human beings.

Many centuries had passed since the existence of these beliefs and practices had impressed the sophisticated mind of Euripides and inspired him to write his wonderful *Bacchae*. By Nonnos's time, a Dionysiac

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✓ orgy was a thing one might read about in old books ; new cults had long ago wrested from his religion its old place in popular favour, and the stories about him had been contaminated on the one hand with the too human romantic interest already touched upon, on the other with a curious political development. Dionysos, who as early as Euripides' day was thought of as a great conqueror (he came from the East, he had established himself in face of opposition in Hellas ; therefore it was natural to assume that he had conquered the Eastern peoples) was assimilated to a human conqueror, Alexander, and the romantic tales of that great statesman and warrior took from quite early days something of a Dionysiac flavour, which grew more pronounced as time went on. Hence also the conquering Dionysos tended to become an Alexander. The result of this, to one for whom Alexander was a dim and legendary figure of the long distant past, was that Dionysos developed into the sort of world-conqueror likely to be imagined by a mind wholly alien to the least notion of political motives, a person who for no particular reason goes about subduing nation after nation in huge and bloody battles, in which his personal prowess (this was a remnant of the genuine epic tradition, the fruit of days in which tactics were in their infancy, armies small, and the strength and valour of one well-armed man often of real importance) is a decisive factor. The other tales had degenerated into accounts of how the god made people mad, drunk or both, and seduced women,—poor survivals of the Dionysos of older, less sophisticated and at the same time more understanding days. The Dionysos of Euripides one can at least fear ; nothing but unbelieving contempt can be

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aroused by the dastardly assailant of Aura and the monotonously successful wizard who kills large numbers of incredible but mostly inoffensive Indians. Never has it been more patent that an imaginative writer, if he is to impress his audience, must have at least an imaginative belief in his own story. But the ancient tales of how the great god had shown his power in wrath, mercy or the blessing of increase had become matter for paradoxes, and the old merriments (for the cult certainly had its jovial side) brought a snigger now instead of a laugh. To the student of religion or mythology, as opposed to the degenerescence of literature, Nonnos has here nothing to offer except the telling after his fashion of a few stories not to be found elsewhere, as the fight between Dionysos and Perseus (bk. xlvii. 475 ff.), of which traces can be seen in earlier art but not many in literature.<sup>a</sup> It is of rather more importance that he has some knowledge, of course purely literary, of Orphism, a system which originated in or about the sixth century B.C., had a most curious mythology and theology of its own, and had by Nonnos's time died out, though not without leaving traces on Christian art.<sup>b</sup> The figure of Zagreus is old, probably of the original stratum of Orphism, for he is well known to Pindar in his Orphic

<sup>a</sup> See Roscher's *Lexikon*, iii. 2016 ff. (E. Kuhnert). It was a local Argive tradition, vouched for among other things by black-figured vases, and the proper ending of it was that Perseus killed Dionysos and he was buried in the Argolid together with his slain Bacchantes. Gods of fertility are of course often killed.

<sup>b</sup> The best work on Orphism is W. K. C. Guthrie, *Orpheus and Greek Religion*, London, Methuen, 1935. The artistic and other inheritance from Orphism is much exaggerated in R. Eisler, *Orphisch-dionysische Mysteriengedanken in der christlichen Antike (Vorträge der Bibliothek Warburg)*, ii.

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context.<sup>a</sup> How and when he became identified with Dionysos to the extent to which he is in Nonnos we do not know; the strangeness of the tale (the younger god is begotten by Zeus after having swallowed the heart of the older Zagreus) suggests something quite alien to ordinary Greek thought, and so akin to the abnormal ideas of Orphism itself.

If Nonnos had been a more consistent thinker and more of a poet, he had hold of an idea which would at least have given his work a grandiose pattern and a real, contemporary interest. He seems to have tried to fit the events of the story into an astrological background, ill though he was fitted to do so, when his knowledge of both astronomy and astrology was evidently feeble.<sup>b</sup> Astrology had long been popular and widely accepted, and it continued to be so, whatever the Church might say or do, till modern astronomy made its schemes cease to appeal to the average man's imaginative picture of the universe. Stegemann has shown<sup>c</sup> that he had some acquaintance

1922-1923), Leipzig-Berlin, Teubner, 1925, but the work is so crammed with relevant facts as to be valuable, though critical care should be exercised in reading it.

<sup>a</sup> This has been denied, but see Rose in *Greek Poetry and Life* (Oxford, Clar. Press, 1936), pp. 79-96.

<sup>b</sup> The most glaring instance of this is in bk. vi. 82, where he puts Venus in quadratile aspect with the Sun, *i.e.* 90 deg. away, her maximum distance from him being, as every beginner in astronomy knows, 46 deg. No astronomer and no astrologer of any repute would have made such a blunder.

<sup>c</sup> See in general V. Stegemann, *Astrologie und Universalgeschichte*, Teubner, 1930, especially pp. 122 ff. Several references to his excellent explanations of particular passages will be found in the notes to the text; but in general it may be said that he credits Nonnos with a more consistent and thorough application of his astrological and mystic ideas than he deserves to have attributed to him.

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with astrological writings, and that his general scheme of the universe is in accord with their teachings. He divides time into world-months constituting a world-year, and after the cosmic month which brings the Flood (bk. i.) and that of Typhon's attempt (bk. ii.), the cosmic winter is over (bk. iii. 1), summer is come to the universe and the blessing of the new god, a god of the fruitfulness of autumn, is due. This comes in the later books of the poem, with the birth, growth and triumph of Dionysos. But unfortunately, having got his new saviour-god born, he has no idea what to do with him, and the poem trails off into a series of conventional adventures, military and amorous, each more tiring than the last, till finally a few concluding lines huddle Dionysos away to heaven. He has lost sight of his own framework, recurring to it only now and again, and so the work which might have been a curious monument of astrological religion, instinct with some genuine feeling, is but a heap of episodes, loosely connected.

Nonnos had, however, another enthusiasm, which gave rise to a piece of apparently original and not wholly unpicturesque creation. He had, even at that late date, unbounded faith in the civilizing mission of the Roman Empire (much less dead, of course, in the East than in the West) and especially in the benefits of Roman law. Therefore he provides one of the greatest of the law-schools, that at Berytus, with a foundation-myth of its own, the story of the nymph Beroë, child of Aphrodite (see bks. xli.-xlii. and notes there).<sup>a</sup> If all his constructive ideas were as interest-

<sup>a</sup> For this episode, see Stegemann, *op. cit.*, p. 174. It is part of an almost apocalyptic vision of world-peace which he believes, with some justification, to have risen before Nonnos's mind.



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ing as this, or as his astrology, the *Dionysiaca* would be more readable and fuller of interest to the historian of ancient culture.

There is yet another point of view from which Nonnos's mythology may be examined. As Bentley says of him,<sup>a</sup> " he had great variety of Learning, and may pass for an able Grammarian, though a very ordinary Poet." Hence the episodes with which the poem abounds, and the continual digressions and allusions which interrupt the narrative, teem with stories, mostly in late literary forms, often probably also of late origin, even invented or given their present shape by Nonnos himself, which either cannot be found elsewhere or are not told in full save in the *Dionysiaca*. Instances of this will be found in abundance in the notes; besides the story of the fight with Perseus, already mentioned, we may remind the reader here that Nonnos is our authority (bk. i. 155, 511) for the very curious legend that Typhoeus contrived to steal not only the thunderbolts of Zeus but his sinews, which at once betrays itself as being in its origins at all events popular, probably old and hardly Greek. Nonnos it is who tells us the whole series of tales (bks. x. ff.) of the various loves of Dionysos who were metamorphosed into various plants connected with viticulture. Nonnos gives us incomparably the longest account of the expedition of the god against the Indians, and though he probably invented a good deal himself, still there are no doubt elements derived from earlier fancies than his, and in the dearth of documents for this interesting development of quasi-

<sup>a</sup> *Diss. on Phalaris*, p. 90 Wagner (Bohn ed.), p. 24 of the ed. of 1699. For "Grammarian" we should nowadays say "scholar" or "philologist."



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political mythology, he has his value. Nonnos again is full of local legends, such as the naming of the promontory Pallene, though that is also to be found in a minor geographer or two ; and, in general, as has already been said, he furnishes material for the study of Alexandrian mythology in its degenerate forms. Incidentally, he is so full of imitations of earlier and better poets than himself that here again he fills gaps in our knowledge, in a manner not to be despised considering how huge a proportion of Alexandrian literature is lost to us. His astrological episodes, in which various gods such as Aion (himself a late personification) turns nativity-caster and Harmonia keeps a sort of celestial Old Moore on her wall, we may ascribe to him and to no predecessor, so far as our knowledge goes.

While therefore anyone who uses Nonnos as a handbook to any sort of normal and genuinely classical mythology will be grievously misled, the searcher into sundry odd corners will be rewarded for his pains, and even those who are studying the subject more generally cannot afford to neglect this belated product of the learned fancy of Hellenized Egypt.

H. J. ROSE.

## RECENT TEXT-CRITICISM OF THE *DIONYSIACA*

THE interest which classicists of the English-speaking world have taken during the last century and a half in the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnos of Panopolis has shown an inverse ratio to the astonishing bulk of the poem.<sup>a</sup> A work which, since the appearance of its *editio princeps* (1569), has in some degree attracted the attention of such men as Daniel Heinsius, G. Hermann, A. Koechly, K. Lehrs, W. Meyer, R. Porson, J. J. Scaliger, J. H. Voss, and von Wilamowitz, continues, however, to appeal to a dozen or so European scholars, at least half of whom have contributed in recent years particularly to the better establishment of its text.

The manuscript-tradition was first studied in scientific fashion by A. Ludwich,<sup>b</sup> who also produced the edition now in use. He gave a full account of the lesser manuscripts and provided the basis for a revised edition by proving that the Laurentian codex (Mediceo-Laurentianus xxxii. 16, written in A.D. 1280), not used by any previous editor, was the one from which all other extant mss. were descended.

<sup>a</sup> All references to the *Dionysiaca* are made to the latest and best edition, a truly remarkable piece of work, by A. Ludwich (Leipzig, Teubner, vol. i. 1909; vol. ii. 1911).

<sup>b</sup> "Über die handschriftliche Überlieferung der Dionysiaka des Nonnos"; *Hermes*, xii. (1877), 273-299.

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Although his collation of (L) was never published, he presented a selection of readings from it which amply revealed its primacy.<sup>a</sup> In his edition (i. 13) he maintained the view that (P) Palatino-Heidelbergensis 85, of the sixteenth century, the best copy of (L), was itself the model for another very faulty ms. (x), now lost, from which all the *codices deteriores* ( $\Omega$  = FMNORSVW), none earlier than the sixteenth century, were copied.<sup>b</sup>

Another tradition is represented by II (Papyrus Berolinensis 10567), a badly mutilated fragment containing parts of books xiv., xv. and xvi., dating from about the seventh century A.D.<sup>c</sup> (L) nevertheless constitutes for all practical purposes the basis for our text, although it is barely possible that manuscript material thus far left wholly unexamined may be brought to bear upon its textual problems.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Op. cit.* 287-299. A description of the contents of (L) is given by A. Chiari, "De codice laurentiano xxxii. 16" in *Raccolta di Scritti in Onore di Felice Ramorino* (Milan, Società Editrice Vita e Pensiero, 1927), 568-574.

<sup>b</sup> See Ludwich's edition, i. 10-13 for an account of these manuscripts and the stemma given by V. Stegemann, *Astrologie und Universalgeschichte: Studien und Interpretationen zu den Dionysiaka des Nonnos von Panopolis* (Leipzig, Teubner, 1930), 128.

<sup>c</sup> Edited by W. Schubart and U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, in *Berliner Klassikertexte, herausgegeben von der Generalverwaltung der kgl. Museen zu Berlin, Heft v. 1. Hälfte: Griechische Dichterfragmente, 1. Hälfte, epische und elegische Fragmente* (Berlin, 1907), 94-106.

<sup>d</sup> I refer to three mss. now in the Escorial library, which no editor save the Comte de Marcellus (*Nonnos. Les Dionysiakes*, etc., Paris, Didot, 1856), Introduction xvi. and xxxix., has even mentioned. These are most fully and recently described by P. A. Revilla, *Catálogo de los Códices Griegos de la Biblioteca de El Escorial*, Tomo i. (Madrid, Imprenta Helénica, 1936), 218-220, 437-438, 502-503; a

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(L) itself is hard to read; many compendia in it were wrongly transcribed by the copyists of the *deteriores*. Its corrections by two hands were put in carelessly, so that at times it is difficult to make out the true form. Yet these corrections are most important, although they were usually written over the wrong reading which remained otherwise unchanged in the mss.; this may have been the condition in which the exemplar of (L) was handed down.

The problems presented by the text are, therefore, generally the result of errors which crept into it as it was propagated from the fifth century, when Nonnos flourished,<sup>a</sup> to the thirteenth.<sup>b</sup> That so many mss. (exclusive of the papyrus, 14 in all, not counting the fragment listed by Miller and the 4 owned by Utenhovius and 1 by Oporinus, now lost; see Ludwich, *Praefatio*, i. 13) of a poem which contains

comparison of the cataloguer's remarks with the information concerning the other mss. of Nonnos given by Ludwich shows that the *Escorialenses* form part of the tradition of LPx $\omega$ . Their numbers in Revilla's catalogue are: 63 ( $\Sigma$ . i. 3), 135 (T. i. 15), (T. ii. 19). He makes no mention of a fourth fragmentary ms. containing the first two books of the *Dionysiaca* only, listed by E. Miller, *Catalogue des mss. grecs de la bibliothèque de l'Escorial* (Paris, 1848), No. 249, pages 189-190, with the entry Y. i. 13. The three he describes are all complete. Possibly an examination, impracticable at present, of these Spanish mss. might yield some useful evidence upon certain readings of the text, especially since Ludwich considered the *deteriores* known to him worthy of examination at many points and often lists their readings with those of LP in his very full and ingeniously prepared *apparatus criticus*.

<sup>a</sup> See L. R. Lind, "The Date of Nonnos of Panopolis"; *Classical Philology*, xxix. (1934), 69-73.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. P. Collart, "Pages controversés des Dionysiaques de Nonnos"; *Revue de Philologie*, xli. (1917), 124.

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rather monotonous hexameters, 21,287 in number, should have survived, is, of course, one of the many ironies attendant upon the transmission of ancient texts.

Chief recourse in clarifying a text upon which much still remains to be done<sup>a</sup> must, then, be had to conjectural emendation, but a type of emendation which must also maintain a wholesome respect for LP. The materials for such correction are, fortunately, not as desperately exiguous as one might suppose; first, the *usus Nonni scribendi* is peculiarly rich in repetitions of words, phrases, lines, and entire passages; second, the prosody of Nonnos is so rigid and relatively so free from exceptions that the laws governing it form a very useful aid; and, third, Nonnos imitated in many places a large number of authors whose testimony can be brought to bear upon his text.<sup>b</sup> These

<sup>a</sup> Cf. H. Tiedke, *Berliner philologische Wochenschrift*, xxx. (1910), 1116; P. Maas, *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, No. xxxi. (1910), 2588; A. Ludwig, "Ad novissimam Nonni Dionysiacorum editionem epimetrum"; *Universitätsprogr. Königsberg* (1911), 8; R. Keydell, *Bursians Jahresbericht*, ccxxx. (1931), 101-102.

<sup>b</sup> Conversely, the *Dionysiaca* has provided some evidence for the emendation of better authors than Nonnos. J. E. Sandys has made good use of it in establishing the text of Euripides' *Bacchae* (3rd ed., Cambridge Univ. Press, 1892), 190, 205. He has made reference to passages in Nonnos no less than 25 times, and in two instances with especial advantage. A. Rzach (*Hesiodi carmina*, ed.<sup>3</sup> Leipzig, Teubner, 1913), 17, has restored Σθενω from *Dion.* 40. 229; see also Addenda, 269, Ehoearum Fragmenta 9, where Vitelli has collated *Dion.* 15. 223. L. R. Farnell (*The Works of Pindar*, London, Macmillan, ii., 1932, 9 and 234) makes use of *Dion.* 37. 135 in establishing Pindar, *Ol.* i. 89 as well as of 24. 37 and 40. 233 in establishing *Pyth.* 12. W. Headlam on Herodas, *Mime* 7. 110 restored the right reading from *Dion.* 4. 139 (W. Headlam-A. D. Knox, *Herodas: the Mimes and Frag-*

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include Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Euripides, Euphorion, Callimachos, Theocritus, Plutarch, Nicander, Oppian, Apollonios Rhodios, Dorotheos of Sidon, Aratos, the *Orphica*, and apparently certain Latin poets, Ovid, Claudian, and perhaps Virgil.<sup>a</sup>

About 500 changes have been made in the text since 1911, including the defence of readings in  $\Lambda\Omega$

*ments*, Cambridge Univ. Press, 1922), Introd. i. xxix, 362, 392. R. C. Jebb on Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus* 957 keeps *σημάντωρ*, adducing the parallel from *Dion.* 37, 551; A. E. Housman (*Journal of Philology*, xvi. 1888, 249) cites *Dion.* 2. 160, 48. 428 for his emendation of Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 57 *τῶν αἰνοτόκων* accepted by the latest editor, A. Y. Campbell. P. N. Papageorgius, *Scholia in Sophoclis Tragoedias Vetera* (Leipzig, Teubner, 1888), 17, 59, 271, collates *Dion.* 17. 11, 185, 43. 385, and 9. 114 on the scholia to *Ajax* 172, 695, and *Antigone* 1147.

<sup>a</sup> There is a large literature on the imitations of earlier Greek writers by Nonnos. His acquaintance with Latin poets, long a moot point as in the case of other late Greek authors, now seems in the light of recent investigation more than probable. The parallels between Latin poetry and the works of certain late Greek writers have heretofore been explained on the theory of common Hellenistic sources; but Julius Braune, *Nonnos und Ovid* (Greifswald, Dallmeyer, 1935, 41 pages), attempts to prove direct use of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by Nonnos. Although his method of argument leaves something to be desired, his general results are accepted by R. Keydell, *Gnomon*, xi. (1935), 598, who also discusses the debt of Nonnos to Claudian, his fellow countryman (604-605). Whether Nonnos read Virgil is more doubtful, although not impossible, since the passages in which he might be supposed to have used the *Aeneid*, for example, have their prototypes likewise in Homer and Apollonios Rhodios. This is the conservative view of L. Castiglioni, "Epica Nonniana"; *Rendiconti del R. Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere*, serie ii., vol. lxxv. (1932), 325-326. Q. Cataudella, "Sulla fortuna di Virgilio nel Mondo greco-egiziano," *Chronique d'Égypte*, vii. (1932), 332-333, hints, without giving proof, at a direct relationship between

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or of emendations earlier than 1911, rejection of emendations, transpositions, and lacunae, and the establishment of new lacunae. It is significant that somewhat more than one-fifth of these changes represent restorations of readings in L $\Omega$  which had been displaced by emendations received into Ludwich's text. Collart has used palaeographical arguments in the main, and several critics have employed metrical evidence; but the greatest weight of proof has been drawn from the *usus scribendi*. Recent works upon the composition of the text have contributed valuable information as to both readings and transpositions of lines.<sup>a</sup> In spite of Ludwich's full presentation of the traditional readings it is quite possible that a fresh collation of (L) would produce favourable results.<sup>b</sup>

Since further criticism of the text must proceed on

Nonnos and Virgil. No commentator has remarked upon the marginal notes by the third hand in (L) at *Dion.* 37. 652 : *σημ[είωσαι] τάδε καὶ παρὰ βεργιλίῳ* and 729 : *βεργιλίου ταῦτα*, which, although they serve to show some knowledge of Virgil on the part of the scribe, may have no particular significance since Homer might have served as the model in these passages describing funeral games. For a brief account of imitations in general, see R. Keydell, *Pauly-Wissowa*, "Nonnos" (1936), 906-911, 914-915.

<sup>a</sup> R. Keydell, "Zur Komposition der Bücher 13-40 der Dionysiaca des Nonnos"; *Hermes*, lxii. (1927), 393-434; "Eine Nonnos-Analyse"; *L'Antiquité Classique*, i. (1932), 173-202; Paul Collart, *Nonnos de Panopolis : Études sur la Composition et le Texte des Dionysiaques* (Le Caire, Imprimerie de l'Institut français d'Archéologie orientale, 1930).

<sup>b</sup> Ludwich's emendations in his text amount to almost 200, a very small number in comparison to the size of the poem; a few of these he later retracted. The lack of any published *index verborum* to the *Dionysiaca* renders more difficult the task of collecting collateral passages; one by F. A. Rigler,

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the basis of the material for the purpose which has gathered since 1911, it has been deemed advisable to collect in the following pages a practically complete conspectus of these changes to date, following as closely as possible the form used by Ludwich in his *apparatus criticus*. His method of abbreviation by numbering above the line and immediately following the critic's name the articles or books in which the emendation or change first appeared will facilitate reference and save space. It is hoped that this additional *apparatus* will prove of service to students.

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covering, however, only the first 24 books, lies in manuscript in the Staatsbibliothek at Berlin. In the collection of emendations which follows all references have been checked and the line-numbers of collateral passages corrected wherever wrongly cited. Certain obvious abbreviations have been employed: coll.=collatus, etc.; corr.=correxit; defend.=defendit; dubit.=dubitavit; explev.=explevit; improb.=improbavit, -erunt; Met.=Metabole or Paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John; recep.=recepit, -erunt; restaur.=restauravit.



## ADDENDA CRITICA

I. 13 ψαύοντι Koechly (coll. Anth. Pal. ix. 198), recep. Keydell<sup>2</sup> 380.—69 δεδονημένος LΩ, defend. Lind<sup>2</sup> 78.—98 signum interrogationis post 98 Wifstrand 146, n. 1.—137 ραχίεσσι Collart<sup>3</sup> 66.—209 φάτνη (-η) LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>3</sup> 19.—242 βοῆς LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>3</sup> 19 (coll. 13. 414).—426 ἀνδρόμεον γελόων Maas<sup>1</sup> 2588 (coll. Met. Z 68).—501 παρὰ Keydell<sup>2</sup> 381 (coll. 2. 332 ; Met. B 59).

II. 120 ἡμιφανῆ LPΩ ; ὑψιφανῆ Koechly (ἀγχινεφῆ dubitanter), recep. Ludwich ; qua ratione dixit Koechly “ ἡμιφανῆ, quod aperte falsum,” nescio ; ἡμιφανῆ quod traditum recipiendum censeo ; vide sis Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 96 (coll. ad 48. 114 : 1. 76, 4. 439 ; 5. 311 ; 366 ; 12. 372 ; 14. 65 ; 373 ; 15. 4 ; 250 ; 22. 15 ; 23. 22 ; 31 ; 107 ; 34. 235 ; 38. 125 ; 305 ; 387 ; 402 ; 39. 258 ; 43. 260 ; 44. 12 ; 48. 347 ; 641).—143-146 lectiones LΩ defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 215 (coll. 40. 138 ff.).—143 πατρώων κεράσασα νεόρρυτα χεύμασι μύθων Collart<sup>2</sup> 113-115 (coll. 23. 283).—145 κύδνον LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102, 105.—226 ὁ βραδύς Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 450.—247 παλιμπόρου Graefe, quam emendationem recipio, quoniam cum πέζα ρίζοπαγῆς non possum construere illud παλίμπορος traditionis.—321 νυμφιδίην LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 315 (coll. 11. 278 ; 29. 380 ; 38. 139 ; 43. 175 ; 48. 193 ; Met. B 62).—425 ὄμβρω Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 91.

III. 60 ἐτανύσσατο Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 448-449.—130 διαύσσουσα Keydell<sup>4</sup> 39 (coll. 10. 51 ; 31. 75 ; 45. 235).—147 εἰαρινοῖς <δ> Maas<sup>1</sup> 2588.—149 ὄρθιον Chamberlayne, Studies in Philology, xiii. (1916), 65 ; coll. 11. 499 Lind.—226 καμούση Ludwich ; dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—267 ἄγραυλος LΩ, recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 75.—279 παρὰ LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 41.—311 ἀναίμονι . . . σιδήρω Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 315.—340 γεγηθότι LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 315 (coll. 13. 176 ; 36. 79 f. ; 48. 927) et Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 315.—398 πεπταμένω (-ω) LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 315 (coll. 33. 144).—400

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*κεχηνότι* LΩ, defend. Maas<sup>4</sup> 442-443 (coll. Ioh. Gaz. 2. 14 Friedländer; Aristoph. Lysist. 90 cum scholiis; 5. 613).

IV. 31 *βιοσσός* LPM, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—104 *νέον* Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 314.—178 *εἰς πόθον . . . δόλω* Keydell<sup>1</sup> 14 (coll. 20. 96); *πόθον*, primus Cunaeus.—198 *βιαζομένη* Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 320.—241 post 241 lacunam statuit Keydell<sup>5</sup> 1 (coll. 7. 233 sqq.).—456 *καρήνω* LPM, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 223 (coll. 5. 132; 11. 177; 14. 173; 40. 440).

V. 77 *ἠλέκτροις* LPM, recep. Stegemann 231-232.—136 cf. Eustathios 1788, 46 Wifstrand 13.—178-188 collocationem versuum mutavit Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 374; mutationem eius improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104, Collart<sup>3</sup> 80.—188 *ὄρμὸν* Ludwich, improb. Maas<sup>1</sup> 2587.—189 *εὐλάγγι* Cunaeus, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—225 *ὄγμος* Ludwich, improb. Maas<sup>1</sup> 2587; ad *ὄγμος* coll. 4. 426; 5. 329; 25. 38; 315; 463; 483; 37. 519 Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 91; *ἐσμός* Koechly, recep. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 311-312 (coll. 14. 408; 15. 16; 107; 26. 183; 36. 189; 436; 37. 37; Met. B 76).—303 *ὑπόθι φυτοῦ* Collart<sup>3</sup> 86, n. 3 (coll. 493; 507; 543).—366 *ἡμιφανῆς* LΩ, dubitanter recep. Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 96 (coll. 2. 120; 48. 114).—387 *συμφερτῆ βαρύδουπος ὄλος δόμος ἔβρεμεν ἠχῆ* Keydell<sup>2</sup> 381.—431-430 collocationem versuum Marcelli et Koechlii non recep. Keydell<sup>7</sup> 178.

VI. 75 coll. 2. 335 et Plato, Phaedrus 247 c Stegemann 43.—85 *φασφόρος* [?] Stegemann 94.—93 *κούρης* Koechly [?] Stegemann 95.—128 *κνάνης* Keydell<sup>5</sup> 2-3.—161 *πεφοβημένος* Graefe, recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 90-91 sine lacuna.—186 *οὐρῆ* LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 320.—238-239 “*μεταστήσασα*, das weder intransitiv stehen noch etwa *δόμον* als Objekt zu sich nehmen kann.” *πορείην* (pro *κεραίης*) Keydell<sup>2</sup> 381 (coll. 35. 101; 36. 349).—247 *λαχνήεντι* LΩ, recep. Stegemann 63, 68, n. 1; 89.—247-248 *φαιδρῆς Παρθενικῆς* LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>2</sup> 382, atque recep. Stegemann 89.—276 *ἐλάσσας* Ludwich, dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—292 *ἄβροχον* LΩ, restaur. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 374 (coll. 13. 326; 37. 173; 39. 49; add. 25. 397 Lind).—343 *ύγρης* Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 316-317.—354 *καλέοντι* Keydell<sup>2</sup> 382 (coll. Met. E 109).—386 *ἐγυρώθησαν* Keydell<sup>2</sup> 383 (coll. 13. 566-568; 15. 248).

VII. 95 *ἀνεύζουσιν* LΩ, defend. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 311.—102 *σῆμά τε τῆς θεότητος* Collart<sup>1</sup> 263-265 et idem<sup>3</sup> 91; *σῆμα τεῆς θεότητος* L, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 106.—176 “*Vielleicht ist ποταμοῖο für Διονύσου einzusetzen. Durch dieselbe Änderung* xxviii

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hat Tiedke, Hermes, lviii. 318 den Vers 19, 327 hergestellt." Keydell<sup>7</sup> 179, n. 8.—234 *καί τινι* Graefe, recep. Keydell<sup>5</sup> 2 (coll. 47. 293).

VIII. 137 *σιδηρορόφοιο* Keydell<sup>4</sup> 39 (coll. 47. 543).

IX. 42 *ρίπης* Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 375 (coll. 26. 323; 45. 278).—81 *φατίζεται* LP, defend. Wifstrand 185 (coll. 42. 461).—120 *ἀποδρέψασα* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 250.—128 *δεδισκομένη* Koechly, defend. V. Macchioro, Att. Acc. Torino, liv. (1918-1919), 133-134; recep. O. Jahn, Hermes, iii. (1869), 320; improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 107.—150 *punctum post 150* Wifstrand 186.—169 *ἔχων θηροκτόνον ἄγρην* et 171 *μεθέπων κεμαδοσσόν ἀλκὴν* transposuit Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 318 (coll. 10. 224; 25. 226; 44. 76; 46. 147).—270 *φρίξασα* L<sup>2</sup> PΩ, recep. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 305 (coll. 1. 283; 2. 532; 14. 384; 43. 38; sed *φεύγουσα* propius usui Nonni scribendi: 5. 602; 15. 310; 32. 196; 257; 34. 305; 39. 401); dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 105.

X. 93 *οἰκτεῖρειε τὸν* tentavit Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 311.—221 *εἶχε* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 250-251 (coll. 10. 225; 229; 232; 236-237; 39. 293).—285 *δ' delevit* Tiedke<sup>5</sup> 110 (coll. 45. 13; Met. I 108; 109; Tiedke, Quaestiuncula Nonniana, ii., Hermes, xv. (1880), 48).—303 *ἀερτάζειεν* Maas<sup>6</sup> 265 (coll. 2. 315; 20. 288; 38. 207; 40. 450; 47. 688).—304 post 306 transposuit ut Marcellus, Koch; recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—304 *οὐρανὸς οὐ πέλε δῶμα* Koch, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102; *Τμῶλον ἐμοὶ πόρε* (vel *λίπε*) *δῶμα φιλοσκάρθμω Διονύσω* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 251-252 (coll. 307; 33. 255 sqq.; 40. 153).—392 *έτοιμοτάτην* LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 106.

XI. 184 *φονῆα* LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 19.—205 *δαμάσσαις* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 252 (coll. 2. 275; 11. 14).—227 *ἦνυ<σ>εν* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 252; recep. Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 92 (corr. 18. 321; coll. 4. 249; 12. 45; 20. 160=37. 340; 25. 65; 196; 48. 871).—231 *ἄμφεπε* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 253 (coll. 11. 362; 40. 127) et defend. idem<sup>2</sup> 316 (coll. 37. 504) contra Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—333 *ἐπὶ δειπνον* vel *δόρπον* Collart<sup>3</sup> 104, n. 2.—372 *εἶδει λεπταλέω ταναὸς πόδας, ὄξυς ἐθείρας* sic interpunxit Keydell<sup>3</sup> 20 (coll. 480).—412 *κάκ . . . ἦεν* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 253 (coll. 37. 242; 625); improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104; retract. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 316.—443-445 post 442 collocavit Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 253-255 (coll. 16. 360 ff.; 17. 313 ff.); improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—485-12. 117 denuo recognovit Stegemann 128-158.—492 *ὄμβροτόκω (-ω)* LΩ, recep. Stegemann 130.—493 *δνόφερων* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 255

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et defend. idem<sup>2</sup> 316 contra Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—499 ὄρθιον LΩ, recep. Stegemann 132.

XII. 2 ἐναυλίζοντο LΩ, recep. Stegemann 138 et Keydell<sup>7</sup> 182 (coll. 20. 2).—15 θυγατέρες LΩ, recep. Stegemann 139.—16 ἰπτάμεναι LΩ, recep. Stegemann 139.—19 ὠγύγιον Stegemann 140.—22 ὦρην LΩ, recep. Stegemann 140-141; φθινοπωρίς ὀπώρην Collart<sup>2</sup> 116 (coll. 11. 513; 12. 95; 180; 196; 200; 240; 263; 291; 313; 314); improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 106.—57 δενδραΐν LPM, recep. Stegemann 149.—87 λύσσαν LΩ, defend. Stegemann 154.—88 ἔτι LΩ, defend. Stegemann 154.—98 ἔσσειται LPff, recep. Stegemann 156.—117 ἵπποσύνης LΩ, recep. Stegemann 158.—143 εὔρε τελέσσαι LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 222.—152 ἦ ναέτης FMΩ, recep. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 311; ἐνναέτης Cunaeus, recep. Lind<sup>1</sup> 208-209 (coll. 4. 266; 9. 169; Hesiod, Op. et D. 436; Ap. Rhod. 1. 1076; 2. 1273).—176 πέλεν ἡδυμον Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 255-256 (sed cf. 48. 580).—250 αὐτὸς dubitanter Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 327.—323 πέριξ (pro δράκων) Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 306 (coll. 11. 176; 19. 131; 28. 95; 43. 65; 44. 107 sqq., 45. 233; 48. 688).—341 εὐτύκτιο LΩ, defend. Collart<sup>3</sup> 109, n. 3 (coll. 335-336).—357 οἶνον acc. Rigler, citavit Keydell<sup>1</sup> 17.—369 ἄσπετον Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 314 (coll. 47. 73).

XIII. 45 γέροντος Koechly; γεραίου Ludwich; "correctiones inutiles" Collart<sup>3</sup> 116, n. 1.—58 ἄρην καὶ ἐρυθρὰς LΩ, recep. Maas<sup>5</sup> 130.—141 παρακάθετο Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 5 (coll. 24. 46; 47. 215; 48. 649; 953; 958).—236 οἱ χθόνα ναιετάουσι (pro καὶ . . . Νωδαίοιο) sine lacuna (235) Collart<sup>3</sup> 117, et n. 2.—276 χόλον, Ἀρκάδα πέτρην Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 307 (coll. 298; 6. 124; 331; 8. 114; 13. 122; 132; 31. 187; 32. 9; 40. 83; 42. 533; Met. Z 84).—345 χαμαιγενέεσσι LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>5</sup> 3.—436 κύκλω Keydell<sup>3</sup> 20 (coll. 32. 78; Met. Σ 84; 101).—451 πάτρην Keydell<sup>4</sup> 39 (coll. 448).

XIV. 26 αὐτοτέλεστον . . . γενέθλην LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 39 (coll. Ap. Rhod. i. 1129 ff.; Georg Boesch, De Apollonii Rhodii elocutione. Diss. Berlin, 1908, p. 44).—128 καὶ κόσμησε φάλαγγα Collart<sup>2</sup> 118-119; improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 106.—153 παπταίνοντα Keydell<sup>1</sup> 14 (coll. 9. 102 ff.).—165 κατορθῶν sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 117, cf. n. 3.—200 Ἐρώτων LPFΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 312-313 (coll. 5. 612 sq.; 13. 178 sq.; 25. 121; 47. 518; Joh. Gaz. ii. 125).—209 ἐρίπνας Keydell<sup>4</sup> 39.—237 ἐνεθήκατο Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 256 (coll. 11. 234).—249 εὔια

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Keydell<sup>4</sup> 40 (coll. 10. 140).—256-257 delere vel transponere vult Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—279 ἐσαθρήσαιτε Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 256-257, sed retract. idem<sup>2</sup> 312.—350 εὐπαλάμοιο Keydell<sup>2</sup> 383 (coll. 17. 146).—364 κεχηρότι γείτονα μηρῶ Graefe, recep. Maas<sup>4</sup> 442.—404 cf. αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης 47. 22.

XV. 3 ἀγχιβαθῆς Graefe, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102 (coll. 10. 166).—10 ἀνήφυσεν Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 450 (coll. 43. 31; 48. 600).—112 ἐλαίης? Koechly, recep. Maas<sup>9</sup> § 40 (coll. 47. 4; 372) et G. Pasquali, Gnomon, v. 422; sed improb. Stegemann 238 (coll. 12. 112).—211 “ἀργεννῶν möglich wäre.” Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 314.—228 “Il faut sans doute ponctuer après μηρῶν.” Collart<sup>3</sup> 123-124.—294 ex apparatu “κοῦφα LΩ ausgefallen” Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 93, n. 1.

XVI. 116 μυρόεντας Ludwich, improb. Maas<sup>1</sup> 2587; χαρίεντας Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 375 (coll. 11. 246; 46. 281).—119 πισύροισιν LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 40 (coll. 38. 176; 236; 41. 280).—141 post 141 lacunam statuit Keydell<sup>2</sup> 383; νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψω tentavit ibidem, τε LΩ probavit.—183 φαμένη λίπε Βάκχον Graefe, improb. Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—224 παρθενικῆ? Koechly, recep. Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 5.—344 Ὑμνω lapsus typographi; Ὑπνω restaur. Maas<sup>1</sup> 2588.

XVII. 6 τε μόνην (pro δολίην) Collart<sup>3</sup> 124.—45 post 51 collocavit Keydell<sup>3</sup> 20.—72 “Il semble qu'on puisse supprimer le vers intrus sans indiquer de lacune.” Collart<sup>3</sup> 126, n. 2.—144 ἐρίπναις Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 257 (coll. 9. 203; 248; 16. 245; 22. 36).—201 in apparatu Ω delevit Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 6.—222 αἰδομένη Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 257 (coll. 9. 117; 17. 340; 28. 216).—272 Κηθαίην dubitanter Wifstrand 178, n. 1 (coll. 32. 51; 33. 308; 35. 240).—335 αἰνόμοροι Keydell<sup>2</sup> 384 (coll. 17. 174; 26. 130).—390 ἐρύκων Ludwich, improb. Maas<sup>1</sup> 2587 et Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 446; retract. et Ἐρυθραίων ἐκὰς Graefe probavit Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 6 (coll. 27. 248; Met. Δ 63; N 145).

XVIII. 8 ἀνεμώδεος LΩ, recep. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 307 (coll. 10. 78; 385; 12. 54; 92; 28. 283; 33. 210).—16 τιταίνει Struve, recep. sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 128.—17 αἰμυλίω Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 258 (coll. 11. 380 sqq.; 12. 197; Hesiod, Theog. 890; Ap. Rhod. 1. 792; 3. 51; 1141); improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104; retract. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 316.—35 τραπέζη F<sup>2</sup> vel μιῆς ἔψανσε τραπέζης et Μακελλώ ultimum vocabulum versus mutilati Collart<sup>3</sup> 130 (coll. 10. 235; 18. 23).—36 ἀνερρίζωσε LΩ, dubit. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 223 (coll. 40. 532).—139 ἀμείβων Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 258-259 (coll.

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19. 199 et idem<sup>2</sup> 316; 10. 241; 11. 3; 25. 31; 28. 58; 46. 143); improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—175 ἄλλον LΩ, dubitanter recep. Wifstrand 12 (coll. 182 Lind).—255 ἀρχέει κούρης Keydell<sup>1</sup> 14 (coll. 10. 205).—275 ὑπήνης Maas<sup>5</sup> 131.—280 κόσμου Maas<sup>5</sup> 131 (coll. 36. 118; 41. 302; 387; “278-281 noch unentwirrt”).—281=29. 177; coll. 1. 263 sqq.; 2. 30 sqq.; 41. 58 sqq. Maas<sup>5</sup> 131.—321 ἤνυσσε Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 92 (coll. 11. 227 emendatus Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 252).—324 πολυπλάγκτοιου Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 259 (coll. 14. 373; 21. 189; 39. 28).—344 λείβεις Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 308 (coll. 6. 224; 13. 530; 14. 282; 15. 396; 22. 23; 28. 143; 30. 113; 36. 379; 38. 191; 43. 137; 47. 228).

XIX. 4 σαίνουσα Keydell<sup>1</sup> 15 (coll. 3. 228; 20. 8; 42. 362).—129 “ἀργυρέαις ἀκτίσι μέλας λευκαίνεται ἀγκών wahr-scheinlich” Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 451 (coll. 5. 486; 11. 23; 18. 114; 40. 355; Met. Φ 19; Paul. Sil. Soph. ii. 331 ff.).—141 πεφορημένος Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 259 (coll. 22. 369).—177 νέος Keydell<sup>4</sup> 40 (coll. 159; 14. 99).—226 φωνήεντα Keydell<sup>3</sup> 21 (coll. 206).—283 ἐλίσσω LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 40 (coll. 13. 568; 18. 258).—327 “vielleicht ποταμοῖο zu lesen ist” Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 318; cf. 7. 176.

XX. 69 cum φιλοσκοπέλω coll. 16. 186; 38. 75; 48. 944 Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 5.—93 ἀψ αὔουσι Ludwich, dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—192 ψευδαλέω Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 260 (coll. 211; 252; 5. 185); improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104 (coll. 6. 170).—197 Ἐννώ (pro ἀπειλήν) Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 261 (coll. 20. 343; 21. 152).—236 εῶια (pro ἐνηέα) Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 309 (coll. 25. 334 ff.; 40. 278); sed cf. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 105.—242 πέτρω LPM, restaur. Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 6 (coll. 2. 629; 3. 169; 4. 411; 446; 456; 5. 259; 17. 201; 21. 8; 28. 211; 36. 255).—319 μετὰ Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 261; improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—329 ἀπηκόντιζεν Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 320 (coll. 38. 86; 48. 697).—341 ὡς ὃ γε extrusit ἀλλ’ ὃ γε: “ainsi 341 faisait sans doute suite primitivement à 332” Collart<sup>3</sup> 143.—357 ante 357 signum atheteseos posuit Maas<sup>5</sup> 131.

XXI. 2 λάβεν Scaliger, recep. sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 143, n. 1.—74-75 transpositionem non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 143, n. 2.—77 κλειδίη LΩ, recep. Maas<sup>5</sup> 131-132.—80 ὄξυτέρησι Graefe, recep. Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 454 (coll. 5. 335; 11. 173; 14. 368; 22. 25; 35. 5; 36. 372; 37. 288; 353; 519; 537; 39. 302; Met. Π 73; T 22).—222-226 post 247 collocationem non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 148-149.—222-224 post 221 collocavit Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 261-263; improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—224 “ἦν <δ> ἐβελήση for-  
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tasse" Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 263; sed vid. 5. 471; 6. 314; 316; 23. 226.—256 ὄγμον Koechley; ἀρότρων Cunaeus; recep. utrumque Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 312.—344 ἰαύει Struve, recep. sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 149, n. 3.

XXII. 2 κόλπῳ pro πόλπῳ corr. Paschal, Classical Philology, vii. (1912), 131.—9 ἐμιτρώσαντο Ludwich; "objektlose" Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—42-43 "Il y a en réalité plus d'une lacune, car il ne semble pas y avoir plus de lien entre 42 et 43 qu'entre 41 et 42 et καὶ τότε est un lien bien artificiel." Collart<sup>3</sup> 150, n. 2.—103 τέος (pro μέγας) Keydell<sup>1</sup> 15 (coll. 23. 226; 24. 61).—113 ἀπαγγέλλειεν LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 43.—171 ἦχῶ (pro ἀλκῆν) Wifstrand 187 (coll. 2. 550; 24. 64; 26. 349); sed loci αὐρην probant.—282 μετὰ LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 41.—288 ἀμύξαι Graefe, recep. Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 92-93 (coll. 15. 358; 16. 362).—299 μετὰ νῶτα βαλῶν improb. Maas<sup>1</sup> 2587 (tmesin non admittit Nonnos).

XXIII. 103 σύ (pro με) Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 263.—108 ἐφαλλόμεναι Ludwich; "sinnlose" Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—120 Ἄντολῆς Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 263 (coll. 6. 166; 20. 146; 24. 323; 25. 375; 29. 349; 31. 262).—132 λέμβῳ et ordinem pristinum servavit 133-134 Collart<sup>3</sup> 160.—161 lacunam ante 162 non recep. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 406, n. 1.—163 Γάγγη vel Ἰνδῶ (pro γνωτῶ) sine lacuna post 161 Collart<sup>3</sup> 161.—180-181 delere vult Collart<sup>3</sup> 161.—219 ραίνων Keydell<sup>2</sup> 384 (coll. 32. 155; 2. 65; 19. 85; Met. Δ 175).—236 ἀστερίδος εἰς σέο LP, defend. Maas<sup>5</sup> 132 (cf. Tiedke, Quaest. Nonn. spec.; 1873, p. 3).—276 <τ'> Ἀκεσίην Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 319.

XXIV. 122 post 122 transposuit 22, 42, 39, 40, 41 (hoc ordine) Collart<sup>3</sup> 151.—123 τ' LΩ, defend. Collart<sup>3</sup> 151.—202 μετέρχομαι Keydell<sup>4</sup> 41 (coll. 2. 120).—206 ὄπη Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 376 (coll. 10. 98; 11. 462; 13. 291; 15. 324; 22. 2).—250 πάννυχος ἐγγύθεν Maas<sup>8</sup> 23, idem<sup>5</sup> 132, n. 1; retract. idem<sup>7</sup> 18, n. 1.—294 ἀπειροπόνου Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 264 (coll. 24. 276).—346 μελαρρίνων Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 309 (coll. 14. 395; 24. 137; 27. 204; 28. 209; 29. 122; 36. 424; 37. 487).

XXV. 223 ὅτι καλέσω LΩ, recep. Maas<sup>5</sup> 132 (coll. 2. 145; 25. 262).—307-308 "Sie sind unverständlich, passen auch keineswegs an die andern Stellen, an die man sie versetzt hat." Keydell<sup>6</sup> 410, n. 1.—308 μετρήσας ἀμόθοιο τριηκοσίης Collart<sup>3</sup> 165, n. 1.—355 πάλλων LΩ, recep. Stegemann 87.—397 ῥυθμόν LΩ, recep. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 376 et Stegemann

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65-66.—407 ὑπερσπειρηδὸν LΩ, defend. Stegemann 66.—409 interpunxit post Ἄρκτων, non post μιτρούμενος Maas<sup>6</sup> 266.—425 πέτρῃ LΩ, recep. Maas<sup>6</sup> 266 (coll. Ap. Rhod. 1. 741; 767).—436 ὀρμῆς Keydell<sup>3</sup> 21 (coll. 11. 417).—440 ἠβητῆρ Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 93 (coll. 10. 366; 32. 211 etc.).—475 πνοιῆσιν LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—502 τιμῆ Ludwich; dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—554 ἀχάρακτον LΩ, defend. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 377 (coll. 553; 5. 599; 29. 170; 36. 39).

XXVI. 22-27 transpositiones non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 168, n. 1.—35 ἡ ξίφος Keydell<sup>2</sup> 384.—50 ἔδος (pro πέδον) Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 264 (coll. 13. 124; 163), sed dubit. idem<sup>2</sup> 316.—55-59 transpositiones non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 169, n. 1.—132 δ' οὐ μύοντα (L)PΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—162 λάθριον ἀγγέλλοντα Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 321.—235 εἰώσις LΩ, Ἰνδὸς ἀκούων dubitanter, recep. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 226 (coll. 40. 392; 46. 334); “ἀκούων scheint sicher” Keydell<sup>8</sup> 105; ὀδίτης (Scaliger ad 33. 269) vel ἀλήτης (coll. 13. 323-324; 26. 225-226; 3. 54) Collart<sup>2</sup> 119-121.—246 μένος· interpunxit Lind.—245-246 εἶνεκα . . . γένος LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 224-228 (coll. 12. 292; 18. 218; 29. 304; 32. 219; 41. 353).—280 ἐσσομένων LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 313.—293 Εὐκολλαν ἀχείμονος Keydell<sup>3</sup> 21 (coll. 1. 142; 3. 35).—323 ἐνὶ Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 321 (coll. 35. 270; 39. 232; 48. 921).—356 παρὰ L, defend. Keydell<sup>2</sup> 381; idem<sup>8</sup> 102.

XXVII. 31 ὀρεσσιπόλου (propter 28) dubitanter Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 264.—43 ἄγριον LΩ, recep. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 314-315.—70-72 post 125 collocavit Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 265; improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104.—94 ἀστεροπῆ . . . ἐλίξω Keydell<sup>2</sup> 385 (coll. 3. 292; 28. 187).—139 πέλας Graefe, improb. Maas<sup>5</sup> 132, n. 1.—228-230 collocationem post 236 improb. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 413.—255 αὐτὸς dubitanter Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 266.—296 σκήπτροισιν ἐρίζων LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 447-448.—306 οὐδὲ μάτην Keydell<sup>1</sup> 15 (coll. 34. 237).

XXVIII. 50 Δηριάδῃ πέλας ἐχθρόν tentavit Ludwich; improb. Wifstrand 12.—81 ἀδευκέος LΩ, restaur. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 377; ἔσκε τὸ δεύτερον dubitanter Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 310 (coll. 30. 294; 35. 262; 36. 389; 40. 32; 67).—92 ἐγρεμόθου Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 311 (coll. 30. 136).—157 φυλασσομένη γενετῆρα tentavit Ludwich; dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—183 punctum post 183 Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42.—184 πρήνιξε Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42.—185 μία μούνη LΩ, defend. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 317 (coll. 34. 39).—188 ἀντίρροπον



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Keydell<sup>2</sup> 385 (coll. 3. 292 Lind).—231 *ἐπαντέλλουσα προσώπου* dubitanter Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 320.—259 *φυλασσομένου* LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 313 (coll. 37. 227 ; 42. 133).—276, 251-256, 277-305, 309-318, 306-308, 319 seq. sic collocavit sine lacuna post 277 Collart<sup>3</sup> 178 ; cf. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 415.—319-321 post 318 restaur. Collart<sup>3</sup> 178.—321 *λίθω f''*, recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 178.

XXIX. 78 *ἀπ' ἠέρος* LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—157-161 ordinem codicorum servavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 179.—157 *ὀπῶ* Collart<sup>3</sup> 179.—206 *κούφιζον* Cunaeus, recep. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 416.—207 *ἠώρητο* Cunaeus, recep. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 416.—236 et 242 *Στησιχόρη* Keydell<sup>6</sup> 417 (coll. 14. 225).—263 lacunam non recep. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 417.—263-264 *τῆσι* de Bassaridis intellexit sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 182.—321 *ἐξ ὅτε* Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 377 (coll. 23. 25 ; 25. 222 ; 38. 91 ; 44. 50).

XXX. 103 *πεσόντα* LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 224.—112 *χαράσων* Marcellus, recep. Lind<sup>3</sup> 21.—162 *πηγὴν* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 267.—165 *ἀνηκούστῳ* Maas<sup>6</sup> 266 (contra usum scribendi).—227 *κρανείης* Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 383.—264 *ἔσχες* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 251.—281 *ἰδεῖν* Keydell<sup>3</sup> 22 (loquitur Athena!).—299 *νύσων* Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 322.

XXXI. 38 *ἀμαλλοφόροιο* Keydell<sup>4</sup> 43 (coll. 17. 153).—195 post 195 excidit versus? Collart<sup>3</sup> 187, n. 2.—232 *γάρ* (pro δέ) Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 267.—236-237 post 235 collocavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 188.—249 *ὄσοι* Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 322 (coll. 42. 532).—272 *θέληη* F, recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 189.—273 post 272 Collart<sup>3</sup> 189.

XXXII. 14-15 post 13 collocavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 189.—58 *παῖδες* LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42 (coll. 48. 796).—65 *οὐ ποτε* sine lacuna post 64 Collart<sup>3</sup> 190.—86, 87, 90, 88, 89 sic collocavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 191.—106 lacunam non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 192.—110-118 post 124 collocavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 192.—114 *μητρυιὴν* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 267, idem<sup>2</sup> 316 (coll. 30. 249).—165 *Μωδαίου* (cf. 40. 236) recte LΩ, probaverunt H. I. Bell, *Classical Review*, xxiii. (1909), 223 ; H. J. Milne, *Archiv für Papyrusforschung*, vii. 3-10 ; Keydell<sup>6</sup> 421, idem, *Philologische Wochenschrift* (1929), 1101 ; Collart<sup>3</sup> 192, n. 1.

XXXIII. 28-29 uncis inclusit Collart<sup>3</sup> 193, n. 2.—98 *χρῦσεος* LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42.—128 lacunam non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 194.—175 *αἴγλη* Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 94 (coll. 4. 283 ; 27. 18 ; 38. 154 ; 379 ; 41. 93).—178 *οἶνον* L, probavit Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42.—190 *παρὰ* Keydell<sup>3</sup> 22.—195 *βεβολημένος* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 268 ;

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improb. Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 94 (coll. 7. 199 ; 43. 377).—276 κεφαλῆ δὲ κυχῶν Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 378 ; κεφαλῆ δὲ λύων LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>3</sup> 861-862, idem<sup>2</sup> 445-446 ; βαλῶν Keydell<sup>3</sup> 22 (coll. 9. 196 ; 35. 70).—278 λόχμη Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 453 (coll. 13. 331 ; 16. 85 ; 309 ; 20. 256 ; 22. 294 ; 24. 149 ; 44. 89, etc.) ; coll. γείτονι τοίχῳ Met. Z 34 Keydell<sup>8</sup> 105.

XXXIV. 21 ὑπόθεν ὄχθης Graefe, improb. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 322.—47 obelum ante ἧέ posuit et ἧ ἐγρεκῦδοιμον Ἀθήνην maluit Maas<sup>5</sup> 132-133 (coll. 36. 21).—48 φαιμένου LΩ, recep. Maas<sup>5</sup> 132-133.—126 ἐπὶ δίφρων Maas<sup>5</sup> 133.—154 καὶ (pro οὐ) Collart<sup>3</sup> 200.—157 ὀμήλυδος genitivus Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 94 (coll. 17. 38 ; 26. 74 ; 32. 286 ; 33. 270) ; nominativus Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—173 ἀπέριτον LΩ, recep. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 379 (coll. 22. 135 ; 30. 220 ; 40. 221).—195 “ Le vers 195 fait exactement suite à 167 ” Collart<sup>3</sup> 200, n. 4.—203 “ ληίσσοο unmöglich ” Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103 ; cf. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 379.

XXXV. 31 μαραινομένης (corruptio ex 5. 338) Maas<sup>4</sup> 443 (coll. 30. 214-215).—48 de lacuna dubit. Collart<sup>3</sup> 202, n. 3.—68-67 “ La transposition . . . semble accidentelle.” Collart<sup>3</sup> 203, n. 1.—101 μετατρέψασα LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>2</sup> 381 (coll. 22. 318).—146 οἶλος Ludwich ; “ nicht nonnianisch ” Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—164-165 Μορρεῦς. οὐ φορέει Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 322.—241 ἠλιάδων LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>3</sup> 23 (coll. 16. 405 ; 36. 127).—246 τέρπεται, ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπ’ ἐλπωρήσιν ἀείρων sic interpunxit Maas<sup>6</sup> 266.—258 ἔδρακε LΩ, defend. etiam de lacuna cogitans Collart<sup>3</sup> 39 et n. 2.—270 δὲ LΩ, defend. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 375.—295-296 uncis inclusit Collart<sup>3</sup> 204, n. 2.—303 ἀφύσση Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 450 (coll. 15. 6 ; 10 ; 31. 254 ; 43. 31 ; 48. 600 ; Met. I 39).

XXXVI. 174 “ βλοσυροῦς wahrscheinlich ” Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 379 (coll. 2. 286 ; 4. 423 ; 14. 379 ; 18. 191 ; 40. 191 ; 48. 124 ; 272) ; “ unpassend ” Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104 (coll. 6. 113 ; 14. 235).—204 στενωμένων Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 323 (coll. 201 ; 39. 347).—284 φίλεσεν Graefe vel φιλέει Tiedke, maluit sine lacuna (283) Collart<sup>3</sup> 208.—296-303, 329-333, 304-328 sic collocavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 210-211, n. 2.—309 θάμνον corr. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381.—349 ἀνεκρούσαντο Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 323 (coll. 1. 216 ; 22. 310 ; 32. 242 ; 43. 325 ; 48. 329).—352 ἐπιγράψας Διονύσου LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 402, n. 1.—417 ἡγεμονεύων Graefe, dubit. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 428.

XXXVII. 22 ἐρχομένοις[w] ὀρεσίδρομος Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 268 ;  
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improb. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 379.—32 lacunam post ὑλοτόμοις non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 215-216.—68 ἀνείρυσσε Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 380 (coll. 2. 501; 15. 10; 61; 136; 365; 19. 117; 22. 194; 334; 29. 103).—69 ἐπέθηκεν LΩ, defend. L. Sternbach, Anthologiae Planudeae Appendix Barberino-Vaticana (Leipzig, Teubner, 1890), 82.—76 λαβροτέρω Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 268.—94-98 ordinem versuum codicorum servavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 216 (coll. Homer Ψ 255-257).—195 νίκης Keydell<sup>5</sup> 3-4 (coll. 37. 222; 42. 347; Met. I 6).—288 ἐπερροίησαν LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 219.—460 χαράσσειτο Keydell<sup>2</sup> 385 (coll. 10. 404).—485 χαροπῆς IΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 221.—487 ἔχειν Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 269.—488 ἄγων LΩ, recep. Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 269 (coll. 37. 670).—523 κλονέων (pro ἀμείβων) Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 269.—544 sine lacuna W. Schönewulf, Nonniana. Diss. Marburg (1909), 18-19 (coll. Homer Ψ 694 ff.).—563 συνωχμάζοντο Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 5 (coll. 42. 384).—596-597 πέμπων | καμπύλον, sic interpunxit Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 380.—609 πατάξας LΩ, defend. H. W. Greene, Classical Review, xxv. (1911), 129-132.—681 sine lacuna W. Schönewulf (cf. 544).—728 ἀλήτης Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 316 (coll. 7. 149; 25. 248).

XXXVIII. 170 lacunam non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 221-222.—193-194 ὁ δὲ πλέον . . . λιτάνευε delevit Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—197 πέρας LΩ, defend. Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—202 αἰερίει LΩ, defend. Maas<sup>4</sup> 444 (coll. Hesiod. Theog. 286); sed retract. idem<sup>6</sup> 265.—203 delevit Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—205 φουσητοῖσι Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 321 (coll. 23. 148); sed φουσητός contra usum scribendi; cf. 43. 405; μιμηλὸν Koechly vel μιμηλοῖσι maluit Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—210 σκῆπτρον LΩ, defend. Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—212 "metrisch fehlerhaft" Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 448; εἶπε καὶ οὐ παρέπεισε τέκος· γενετήρα δὲ λεύσσω Collart<sup>3</sup> 121-122; πᾶσις δ' ἔθεν (vel ἔον) ἦτορ ἀμύσσω Maas<sup>4</sup> 444 (coll. 45. 216).—214 ἀπήνης Lubinus, maluit dubitanter Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—215 κυρτούμενον Maas<sup>4</sup> 444.—223 πεπηγότος LΩ, recep. Stegemann 29.—224 κεκλιμένοι LΩ, recep. Stegemann 29.—231 sine lacuna Stegemann 34.—236 πισύροισι Keydell<sup>4</sup> 40.—249 ἀμαλλοφόρον Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42 (coll. 26. 244; 31. 38).—255 κλέψειας Stegemann 41 (coll. 256; 259).—265 ἔτι ζ. LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>2</sup> 386, idem<sup>6</sup> 430, n. 1.—284 ὑψιτενῆ LP, defend. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—338 μακρῆ Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42.—397 χηλαῖς Stegemann 62, n. 1.—430 "ἐπανήσαντος suspectum" Koechly; "weshalb?" Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 453 (coll. 29. 76; 48. 177).

XXXIX. 40 τεύχων LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 217-219 (coll. 23.

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123; 33. 7 sqq.; 47. 563; Met. A 189; Γ 12; Η 42; Ι 82).—69 ἀπ' οὐρανόιο Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 323 (coll. 20. 206).—124 ἵπτατο Φήμη (coll. 5. 370; 18. 1; 24. 179; 26. 275; 44. 123; 47. 1).—164 αὐτόματον LΩ . . . φέρων (pro μέλαν) Keydell<sup>2</sup> 386 (coll. 26. 77).—182 δυσχείμερον dubitanter Keydell<sup>1</sup> 16, idem<sup>2</sup> 380 (coll. Ap. Rhod. i. 213).—279-285 "Le remède semble pire que le mal: mieux vaut une asyndète qu'une telle transposition avec addition de δέ" Collart<sup>3</sup> 225.—282 Ἴνδόν LΩ, defend. Collart<sup>3</sup> 225, n. 2.—300 ἐπέχραον LΩ, defend. Keydell<sup>6</sup> 431, n. 2, et Collart<sup>3</sup> 225-226.—302 ὀξυτέρουσι FΩ, defend. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381.—312-339 (340-343 uncis inclusis), 344-347, (306-311 post Marcellum) sic collocavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 227.—323 ἴκρια corr. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381.—367 ἴχνεσι LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>3</sup> 103.

XL. 43 sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 288.—83 ὑψινεφῆς Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 270 (coll. 26. 311; 43. 337; 48. 73; 78); improb. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381 (coll. 2. 561; 34. 227; 36. 230).—98-99 emendationes Lehrsii improb. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 310.—105-109 ordinem versuum codicorum servavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 230.—146 ποθέοντα Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 324.—236 cf. 32. 165.—268 κτέρας Keydell<sup>6</sup> 427, n. 1 (coll. 35. 368).—282 ὄλην Keydell<sup>2</sup> 386 (coll. 47. 33; 454).—320 ἦ (pro καὶ) Maas<sup>5</sup> 133 (coll. 7. 184 ff.; 41. 112 ff.).—333 ποιμένες ὑγρονόμοισι sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 232.—436 χαμείναις corr. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381.—447 ἴκρια corr. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381.—452 ἴκρια corr. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381.—558 post 558 <Θίαβης - - - καὶ πυράμον - - -> et lacunam ante ἴμερον statuit Maas<sup>5</sup> 133 (coll. 6. 345 sqq.; 12. 84).—568 ὑγρογόνου Keydell<sup>1</sup> 16.

XLI. 15 οὐ LΩ, recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 233-234, n. 3.—21 sine lacuna et 50 uncis inclusit Collart<sup>3</sup> 234.—101 ὀππότε Keydell<sup>2</sup> 387 (coll. 27. 273 sqq.; 48. 20 sqq.).—102 τόκος Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 321.—125 καὶ αἴσιον sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 235.—150 ὁμόχρονος Rigler, Lexicon s. v. ὁμόδρομος citavit Keydell<sup>2</sup> 387 (coll. 2. 95).—172 ἦλθεν Keydell<sup>2</sup> 387 (coll. 48. 851).—224 φορβάδες Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 314 (coll. Euripides, Med. 824-826).—280 πιούρουσι Keydell<sup>4</sup> 40 (coll. Callim. frag. Pfeiffer p. 16).—382 διδάσκειται LΩ, defend. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 311.

XLII. 55 sine lacuna Keydell<sup>7</sup> 191, n. 22 et 23.—104 ὑγροπόρον Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 270.—132 βεβημένον LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 219-220.—197 μύθων Keydell<sup>1</sup> 16.—265 ἦνοπι Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 313.—288 ἀρούρας dubit. Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 95 (coll. 5. 612; 13. 178; 14. 199).—290 λουομένην F, defend. Keydell<sup>6</sup>

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4 (coll. 292; 8. 274; 40. 386 sqq.).—304 *κόμιζε* Maas<sup>5</sup> 134; “*κόμισσε* unmöglich” Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—337 *ένόησε* Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 382 (coll. 5. 268; 33. 15).—359 *φυτόν* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 270.—383 *φαρέτρην* (pro *Κυθήρην*) Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 216 (coll. 7. 116; 33. 113; 131; 182; 34. 35; 42. 5).—384 lectiones LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>1</sup> 217 (coll. 45. 103 sqq.).—397 *παρέξεται*? Kocchly; recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—514 “La lacune n’est pas rigoureusement indispensable: *ἀγέσθω* suggère de sous-entendre *ἔστω* avec *ὄρκος*.” Collart<sup>3</sup> 242.

XLIII. 28-27 “La transposition . . . n’est pas indispensable.” Collart<sup>3</sup> 242, n. 1.—39 *μετωχλίζοντο* Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 5 (coll. 3. 20; 24. 273).—41 “Die Konjektur Ludwichts . . . empfiehlt sich nicht: *λάβρος* steht sonst nie am Versende.” Wifstrand 98, n. 1.—42 *τανυρρίνοιο* dubitanter Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 382 (coll. 5. 10).—82-86 transpositionem non recep. Collart<sup>3</sup> 242.—91 *είσέτι νάσσω* Ludwich; dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.—124 lacunam non recep. et 124 post 127 posuit, *αἰγιαλοῦ* legens Collart<sup>3</sup> 242, 244.—137 *Βρόμιον δέ*, Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 271 (coll. 6. 224; 17. 105; cf. Hartmann, *Mnemosyne*, ii. (1904), 257-258); improb. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 104 (coll. 9. 269).—138 *κυματοέοντα*, interpunxit Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 271.—156 *μόθον* LΩ, recep. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 317 (coll. 13. 299; 22. 249; 24. 157; 169; 26. 96; 29. 6; 36. 261; 43. 253).—198-202 “Manifestement les vers 198-199 et 200-202 sont des doublets; il faut mettre un des deux groupes entre crochets, de préférence 198-199.” Collart<sup>3</sup> 244.—269 *Ειδώ* improb. Collart<sup>3</sup> 246.—270-283 uncis inclusit Collart<sup>3</sup> 246.—322 *ἔγγος* Graefe, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103 (coll. 29. 225).—387 *έντνε* Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 452 (coll. 20. 32; 48. 304).—405 *πυρίβρομον* Keydell<sup>2</sup> 387 (coll. 22. 338).—423 *θαλάσση* Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 324.—429 *ρίον* Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 382 (coll. 4. 308; 6. 328; 20. 145; 25. 375; 33. 64; Homer © 25; T 114); cf. Keydell<sup>4</sup> 42.—443 de emendatione Ludwichii dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 103.

XLIV. 138 *υἷα νόθον* (pro *Αυτονόην*) sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 251, n. 1.—147 post 146 posuit et uncis inclusit Collart<sup>3</sup> 249.—258 *νύμφης* Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 318 (coll. 9. 37; 32. 80; 36. 47; 38. 140; 48. 905: ultimo vocabulo corrupti: 9. 71; 17. 224; 19. 327; 23. 223; 26. 235; add. 45. 177 Keydell<sup>8</sup> 105).

XLV. 14 *τύψω* Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 271 (coll. 44. 160).—57 *καταστήσωσι* Marcellus, recep. Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 320.—92-94 uncis inclusit Collart<sup>3</sup> 253-254.—114 *είλεν ὑπέρ πόντοιο λαβών*,

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sic interpunxit Maas<sup>6</sup> 13.—147 διὰ κόλπου Keydell<sup>8</sup> 105 (coll. 3. 49 ; 40. 360 ; 48. 447 ; Met. Δ 22).—189 lacunam post 189 statuit Keydell<sup>5</sup> 5.—259 ἀπ- vel ἐπαγγέλοντα Keydell<sup>4</sup> 43 (coll. 22. 113).—281 καταναγάζουσα Keydell<sup>5</sup> 5 (coll. 3. 58 ; 8. 321 ; 37. 536 ; 38. 128 ; 42. 73).—291 ἄρρηκτα dubit. Wifstrand 189.—325 sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 255.—338-339 πέπλους πορφυρέους Keydell<sup>3</sup> 23 (coll. 19. 75).

XLVI. 83 ἀλήτης (pro Ἀγαθή) Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 312 (coll. 44. 134).—132 ὄγμον Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 92 ; οὔρον Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 319.—159 πέπλους LPM, recep. Keydell<sup>2</sup> 387.—216 τολμήεντι LΩ, defend. Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 314-315 (coll. 5. 249 ; 22. 309 ; 27. 66 ; 45. 208).—231 de emendatione Ludwichii dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—232 σπέρχεσθε Rigler, probavit Keydell<sup>1</sup> 17.

XLVII. 20 ὄχθαι Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 272.—30 λησαμένη Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 273 (coll. 48. 969 ; add. idem<sup>2</sup> 316 : 11. 358).—52 Ἴκαρος LΩ, recep. Keydell<sup>7</sup> 196, n. 28 (coll. 11. 321 ; 47. 52).—87 ἠὲ μελίσσης Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 382 (coll. 83 ; 2. 579 ; 5. 251 ; 255 ; 10. 95 ; 15. 243 ; 258 ; 22. 23) ; ποτόν οὐ μιν εἶσκω Keydell<sup>2</sup> 388 (coll. 25. 255).—160 φωνῆ Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 272 (κούρη ex 156).—180 ἰκάνους Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 273.—181 ἀγραύλου Ludwich, dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102 ; ἀγραύλω τινὶ βούτῃ tentavit Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 324 (coll. 4. 73 ; 15. 297 ; 39. 64).—183 φέροις Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 324.—224 ἦλατο dubitanter Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 273 ; ἔλλετο Keydell<sup>3</sup> 23 (coll. 35. 360 ; 36. 175).—292 cf. 7. 234 et Keydell<sup>5</sup> 2.—321 de emendatione Ludwichii dubit. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 102.—332 πόσων (pro πόθων) Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 274 (coll. 226 : 297).—356 εἰ θέμις Maas<sup>3</sup> 343 (coll. 34. 79 ; 42. 206 ; 46. 87) ; Ἀφροδίτην (pro Ἀριάδην) idem<sup>5</sup> 130.—391 Μαραθωνίς Graefe, vel Μαραθῶνι Hermann, recep. sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 259.—466 ἐρεύθων Maas<sup>5</sup> 134.—469 Ναξιάδας LΩ, recep. Maas<sup>5</sup> 134.—513 ἄγων Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 324 (coll. 34. 197).—514 οὐ πόσις Ἀνδρομέδης Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 8 ; οὔποτε μαινομένην Keydell<sup>2</sup> 388 (coll. 47. 295 sqq. ; 300).—567 ἵπτατο dubitanter Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 454.—619 ὀλίζονος corr. Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 381.—649 lectiones traditas recep. Collart<sup>2</sup> 123-124 ; θήσω Graefe, recep. Keydell<sup>8</sup> 106.

XLVIII. 87-89 "pourraient être mis entre crochets." Collart<sup>3</sup> 261.—114 ἡμιφανής LΩ, dubitanter recep. Ludwich<sup>2</sup> 95-96 ; cf. 2. 120.—180 κούρης Keydell<sup>2</sup> 389.—267 καὶ περὶ vel παρὰ (pro παιδὶ δέ) sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 263.—291 post 290 collocavit Collart<sup>3</sup> 264.—334 καὶ λίνον sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 265.—347 ἀνέπαλτο μέσῳ (pro ἀτέλεστος ἔσω) sine xl

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lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 265-266.—358 lacunam ante *λεῖψον* statuit, 'Αθήνημ legens Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 319.—372 ἀπηκόντιζον Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 320 (coll. 20. 329; 40. 414; 45. 327).—472 ἡδυβόλω Keydell<sup>5</sup> 5.—483 μεθέπων Maas<sup>6</sup> 266.—485 <δ'> Maas<sup>6</sup> 266.—500 θέλξεται Castiglioni<sup>1</sup> 274, sed retract. idem<sup>2</sup> 311.—584 εὐὸς χρὸς Wifstrand 190 (coll. 1. 61; 35. 58; 48. 686; Met. B 102; Rigler, Melet. Nonn. iv. 6 sq.).—592 μή τινα διαβώουσα Ludwich<sup>1</sup> 8 (coll. 14. 196; 20. 316=48. 26; 22. 187; 31. 60; 48. 694).—631 Ἀφροδίτην LΩ, defend. Maas<sup>5</sup> 134 (coll. 4. 326); ad Ἀφροδίτην Graefe, coll. 34. 243 Keydell<sup>8</sup> 106.—659 κάτ' ἡθάδος ἴχνια μαζοῦ Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 319-321, LΩ restaurans.—660 ζωστηῆρι μάτην <δ'> sic interpunxit et interpolavit Tiedke<sup>4</sup> 319-321; νύμφη (pro δεσμῶ) dubitanter Keydell<sup>8</sup> 106.—728 ἧς σπόρος sine lacuna Collart<sup>3</sup> 269.—778 δᾶκεν ἐῆς Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 324 (coll. 8. 339; 43. 396).—800 ἐγκύμονας, ὄφρα νοήσω interpunxit et lacunam post 800 statuit Keydell<sup>3</sup> 24; ἄντα νοήσω Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 325.—822 ἦρμοσε, καὶ πόσις Castiglioni<sup>2</sup> 325.—858 μαῖα γονῆς μανίης Ludwich<sup>3</sup> 383 (coll. 16. 121; 32. 70; 35. 336; 40. 243; 41. 315; 44. 226; 48. 965); γύναι γαμῖη Tiedke<sup>2</sup> 446-447 (coll. 43. 175; 44. 216).—976 προτέρου Tiedke<sup>5</sup> 111 (coll. 2. 158; 30. 175).

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## EDITIONS

### TEXT

First printed by G. Falkenburg, Antwerp, 1569 (Plantin).  
With Latin translation, in a Corpus of Heroic Poetry :

*Οἱ τῆς ἡρωικῆς ποιήσεως παλαιοὶ ποιηταὶ πάντες:*

Poetae Graeci Veteres carminis heroici scriptores, qui extant, omnes . . .

Apposita est e regione Latina Interpretatio, notae item et variae lectiones margini adscriptae, cura et recensione IAC. LECTII V.C.L.

Accessit et Index Rerum et Verborum locupletissimus.

Aureliae Allobrogum. Excudebat Petrus de la Rouiere. anno MDCVI. (folio.)

Comte de Marcellus : Nonnos, in Didot's Series, No. 45.

Arminius Koechly : Index nominum. 2 vols. Teubner, 1857-1858.

Ludwich, A. : Nonni Panopolitani Dionysiaca. 2 vols. Teubner, Leipzig, 1909-1911.

The book by Collart and the two articles by Keydell listed below (*Hermes*, lxii. (1927) and *L'Antiquité Classique*, i. (1932), 173-202) constitute almost all the work done in recent times on the composition of the text.

### TRANSLATIONS

The Latin translation : see TEXT.

French : Nonnos de Panopolis : Les Dionysiaques, ou Bacchus . . . rétabli, traduit, et commenté par le

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Comte de Marcellus, ancien ministre plénipotentiaire. Cette édition, petit format, contient seulement l'introduction, la traduction française, et les notes. . . . L'édition grand in 8°, qui paraît en même temps, et qui fait partie de la Bibliothèque des auteurs grecs, publiée par MM. Firmin Didot, renferme, en outre, le texte grec corrigé, et le tableau motivé des corrections. Paris : au comptoir des Imprimeurs Unis, Lacroix Comon, Éditeur, Quai Malaquais, 15, 1856. Six volumes. M. de Marcellus has published two other works, which describe his travels and meditations in the districts which Nonnos deals with : *Souvenirs de l'Orient*, Paris, Debécourt, 1839, 2 vols. ; *Épisodes Littéraires en Orient*, Paris, Lecoffre, 1851, 2 vols.

German : Die Dionysiaka des Nonnos : Deutsch von Thassilo von Scheffer, München, F. Bruckmann. Translated into German hexameters, with notes, 2 vols. 1929-1933.

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A work of prime importance from the bibliographer's point of view is Rudolf Keydell, "Die griechische Poesie der Kaiserzeit (bis 1929)"; *Bursians Jahresbericht*, vol. ccxxx. (1931), 41-161. Part II, "Nonnos und die Nonnianer," pp. 99-144, gives a concise list of the literature on Nonnos from 1911, the date of Ludwich's text, to 1929, with a careful criticism of each item in the list.

Keydell's other works on Nonnos include :

1. Article on Nonnos, *Pauly-Wissowa, Real-Enkyklopädie*, (1936) cols. 904-920.
2. "Zur Komposition der Bücher 13-40 der Dionysiaka des Nonnos"; *Hermes*, lxii. (1927), 393-434.
3. "Eine Nonnos-Analyse"; *L'Antiquité Classique*, i. (1932), 175-202.
4. Emendations of the text: *Byzantinisch-neugriechisches Jahrbuch*, iv. (1923), 14-17; v. (1926-1927), 380-389; vi. (1928), 19-24; ix. (1931), 39-44; xii. (1936), 1-11.
5. Review of Julius Braune, "Nonnos und Ovid"; in *Gnomon*, ix. (1935), 597-605.

The following books and articles may also be consulted :

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polis"; *Philologus*, lxxxix. (1934), 320-333.
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Beiträge*, H. Dallmeyer, Greifswald, 41 pages, 1935);  
an attempt to prove that Nonnos made direct use of  
Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; Keydell accepts Braune's  
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  2. " The Date of Nonnos of Panopolis " ; *Classical Philology*, xxix. 69-73.
  3. " A Note on Nonnos, Dionysiaca i. 69-71 " ; *Classical Philology*, xxx. 78.
  4. " Un-Hellenic Elements in the Subject Matter of the Dionysiaca of Nonnos " ; *Classical Weekly*, xxix. 17-20.
  5. " The Mime in Nonnus's Dionysiaca " ; *Classical Weekly*, xxix. 21.
  6. " Un-hellenic Elements in the 'Dionysiaca' " ; *L'Antiquité Classique*, vii. (1938), 57-65.
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ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ  
ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ  
ΤΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ΙΒ' ΤΜΗΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ

Πρῶτον ἔχει Κρονίωνα, φαεσφόρον ἄρπαγα  
νύμφης,  
καὶ παλάμαις Τυφῶνος ἀρασσόμενον πόλον ἄστρων.

Δεύτερον ἀστερόφοιτον ἔχει Τυφῶνος Ἐννῶ  
καὶ στεροπὴν καὶ ἄεθλα Διὸς καὶ κῶμον Ὀλύμπου.

Ἐν τριτάτῳ μάλιστα πολὺπλανον ὀλκάδα Κάδμου  
Ἡλέκτρης τε μέλαθρα φιλοξενίην τε τραπέζης.

Ἰχνεύων δὲ τέταρτον ὑπὲρ πόντοιο νοήσεις  
Ἀρμονίην πλώουσαν ὁμόστολον ἤλικι Κάδμῳ.

Πέμπτον ἔτι σκοπίαζε καὶ Ἀκταίωνα νοήσεις,  
τὸν κεμὰς οὐκ ᾔδινε, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην.

Δίξεο θέσκελον ἕκτον, ὅπη Ζαγρῆα γεραίρων  
γαίης ἔδρανα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς

Ἑβδομον ἰκεσίην πολιὴν Αἰῶνος αἰεῖδει  
καὶ Σεμέλην καὶ ἔρωτα Διὸς καὶ φώριον εὐνήν.

## SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

### HEADINGS OF THE FIRST FIFTEEN BOOKS OF THE *DIONYSIACA*

- (1) The first contains Cronion, light-bearing ravisher of the nymph, and the starry heaven battered by Typhon's hands.
- (2) The second has Typhon's battle ranging through the stars, and lightning, and the struggles of Zeus, and the triumph of Olympos.
- (3) In the third, look for the much-wandering ship of Cadmos, the palace of Electra and the hospitality of her table.
- (4) Tracking the fourth over the deep, you will see Harmonia sailing together with her agemate Cadmos.
- (5) Look into the fifth next, and you will see Actaion also, whom no pricket brought forth, torn by dogs as a fleeing fawn.
- (6) Look for marvels in the sixth, where in honouring Zagreus, all the settlements on the earth were drowned by Rainy Zeus.
- (7) The seventh sings of the hoary supplication of Time, and Semele, and the love of Zeus, and the furtive bed.

## SUMMARY OF BOOKS

\*Ογδοον αιολόμυθον ἔχει φθόνον ἄγριον Ἥρης  
καὶ Σεμέλης πυρόεντα γάμον καὶ Ζῆνα φονῆα.

Εἰς ἕνατον σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄψεται νύεα Μαίης  
θυγατέρας τε Λάμου καὶ Μύστιδα καὶ δρόμον  
Ἴνουσ.

Καὶ δεκάτῳ μανίην Ἀθαμαντίδα καὶ δρόμον  
Ἴνουσ,  
πῶς φύγεν εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα σὺν ἀρτιτόκῳ Μελικέρτῃ.

Ἐνδέκατον δὲ δόκευε καὶ ἡμερόεντα νοήσεις  
Ἄμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ.

Δωδεκάτῳ φρένα τέρψον, ὄπη νέον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων  
Ἄμπελος εἶδος ἀνῆκεν ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην.

Ἐν τρισκαιδεκάτῳ στρατιὴν νῆριθμον ἐνάψῳ  
καὶ προμάχους ἥρωας ἀγειρομένους Διονύσῳ.

Εἰς δέκατον δὲ τέταρτον ἔχε φρένα· κεῖθι κο-  
ρύσσει

δαιμονίην στίχα πᾶσαν ἐς Ἰνδικὸν Ἄρεα Ῥεῖη.

Πέμπτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ βριαρὴν Νίκαιαν ἀείδῳ,  
θηροφόνον ῥοδόπηχυν ἀπειλήτειραν Ἐρώτων.



## SUMMARY OF BOOKS

- (8) The eighth has a changeful tale, the fierce jealousy of Hera, and Semele's fiery nuptials, and Zeus the slayer.
- (9) Look into the ninth, and you will see the son of Maia, and the daughters of Lamos, and Mystis, and the flight of Ino.
- (10) In the tenth also, you will see the madness of Athamas and Ino's flight, how she fled into the swell of the sea with newborn Melicertes.
- (11) See the eleventh, and you will find lovely Ampelos carried off by the manslaying robber bull.
- (12) With the twelfth, delight your heart, where Ampelos has shot up his own shape, a new flower of love, into the fruit of the vine.
- (13) In the thirteenth, I will tell of a host innumerable, and champion heroes gathering for Dionysos.
- (14) Turn your mind to the fourteenth : there Rheia arms all the ranks of heaven for the Indian War.
- (15) In the fifteenth, I sing the sturdy Nicaia, the rosy-armed beastslayer defying Love.



NONNOS  
DIONYSIACA

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Πρῶτον ἔχει Κρονίωνα, φαεσφόρον ἄρπαγα νύμφης,  
καὶ παλάμαις Τυφῶνος ἀρασσόμενον πόλον ἄστρον.

Εἰπέ, θεά, Κρονίδαο διάκτορον αἴθοπος ἀυγῆς,  
νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι μογοστόκον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ,  
καὶ στεροπὴν Σεμέλης θαλαμηπόλον· εἰπέ δὲ φύτλην  
Βάκχου δισσοτόκοιο, τὸν ἐκ πυρὸς ὑγρὸν αἰείρας  
Ζεὺς βρέφος ἡμιτέλεστον ἀμαιεύτοιο τεκούσης, 5  
φειδομέναις παλάμησι τομὴν μηροῖο χαράξας,  
ἄρσενι γαστρὶ λόχευσε, πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,  
εὖ εἰδὼς τόκον ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ γονόεντι καρῆνῳ,  
ἄσπορον ὄγκον ἄπιστον ἔχων ἐγκύμονι κόρσῃ,  
τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτουσιν ἀνηκόντιζεν Ἀθήνην. 10

Ἄξατέ μοι νάρθηκα, τινάξατε κύμβαλα, Μοῦσαι,  
καὶ παλάμη δότε θύρσον ἀειδομένου Διονύσου·  
ἀλλὰ χοροῦ ψαύοντα, Φάρῳ παρὰ γείτοσι νήσω,  
στήσατέ μοι Πρωτῆα πολύτροπον, ὄφρα φανείη  
ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχων, ὅτι ποικίλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω· 15  
εἰ γὰρ ἐφερπύσσειε δράκων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ,  
μέλιψῳ θεῖον ἄεθλον, ὅπως κισσῶδεϊ θύρσῳ

<sup>a</sup> The island (now part of Egypt) on which Menelaos caught Proteus, *Od.* iv. 351 ff. Nonnos came from Panopolis in neighbouring Egypt.

## NONNOS I

The first contains Cronion, light-bearing ravisher of the nymph, and the starry heaven battered by Typhon's hands.

TELL the tale, Goddess, of Cronides' courier with fiery flame, the gasping travail which the thunder-bolt brought with sparks for wedding-torches, the lightning in waiting upon Semele's nuptials; tell the naissance of Bacchos twice-born, whom Zeus lifted still moist from the fire, a baby half-complete born without midwife; how with shrinking hands he cut the incision in his thigh and carried him in his man's-womb, father and gracious mother at once—and well he remembered another birth, when his own head conceived, when his temple was big with child, and he carried that incredible unbegotten lump, until he shot out Athena scintillating in her armour.

<sup>11</sup> Bring me the fennel, rattle the cymbals, ye Muses! put in my hand the wand of Dionysos whom I sing: but bring me a partner for your dance in the neighbouring island of Pharos,<sup>a</sup> Proteus of many turns, that he may appear in all his diversity of shapes, since I twang my harp to a diversity of songs. For if, as a serpent, he should glide along his winding trail, I will sing my god's achievement, how with

## NONNOS

φρικτὰ δρακοντοκόμων ἔδαϊζετο φύλα Γιγάντων·  
 εἰ δὲ λέων φρίξειεν ἔπαυχενίην τρίχα σείων,  
 Βάκχον ἀνευάξω βλοσυρῆς ἐπὶ πήχεϊ Ῥείης 20  
 μαζὸν ὑποκλέπτοντα λεοντοβότοιο θεαίνης·  
 εἰ δὲ θυελλήεντι μετάρσιος ἄλματι ταρσῶν  
 πόρδαλις αἴξῃ πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείβων,  
 ὑμνήσω Διὸς υἱά, πόθεν γένος ἔκτανεν Ἰνδῶν 25  
 πορδαλίων ὀχέεσσι καθιππεύσας ἑλεφάντων·  
 εἰ δέμας ἰσάζοιτο τύπῳ συός, υἱά Θυώνης  
 αἰίσω ποθέοντα συοκτόνον εὐγάμον Αὔρην,  
 ὀψιγόνου τριτάτοιο Κυβηλίδα μητέρα Βάκχου·  
 εἰ δὲ πέλοι μιμηλὸν ὕδωρ, Διόνυσον αἰίσω 30  
 κόλπον ἀλὸς δύνοντα κορυσσομένοιο Λυκούργου·  
 εἰ φυτὸν αἰθύσσοιτο νόθον ψιθύρισμα τιταίνων,  
 μνήσομαι Ἰκαρίοιο, πόθεν παρὰ θυιάδι ληνῶ  
 βότρυς ἀμιλλητῆρι ποδῶν ἐθλίβετο ταρσῶ.

Ἄξατέ μοι νάρθηκα, Μιμαλλόνες, ὠμαδίην δὲ  
 νεβρίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ χιτῶνος 35  
 σφίγξατέ μοι στέρνοισι, Μαρωνίδος ἔμπλεον ὀδμῆς  
 νεκταρέης, βυθίῃ δὲ παρ' Εἰδοθέῃ καὶ Ὀμήρῳ  
 φωκάων βαρὺ δέρμα φυλασσέσθω Μενελάῳ.  
 εὔιά μοι δότε ρόπτρα καὶ αἰγίδας, ἠδυμελῆ δὲ  
 ἄλλῳ δίθροον αὐλὸν ὀπάσσατε, μὴ καὶ ὀρίνω 40  
 Φοῖβον ἐμόν· δονάκων γὰρ ἀναίνεται ἔμπνοον ἠχώ,

<sup>a</sup> Thyone is one of the names of Semele. Aura, for whom see *inf.*, xlvi. 238 ff., was one of the nymphs of Artemis, hence a huntress. There are many traditions about the birth and birthplace of Dionysos, and hence it came to be thought that there were several deities confused. Diodorus (iii. 63) gives five, Cicero three (*Nat. Deor.* iii. 23). The third here is Iacchos.

ivy-wreathed wand he destroyed the horrid hosts of Giants serpent-haired. If as a lion he shake his bristling mane, I will cry "Euoi!" to Bacchos on the arm of buxom Rheia, stealthily draining the breast of the lionbreeding goddess. If as a leopard he shoot up into the air with a stormy leap from his pads, changing shape like a master-craftsman, I will hymn the son of Zeus, how he slew the Indian nation, with his team of pards riding down the elephants. If he make his figure like the shape of a boar, I will sing Thyone's son, love-sick for Aura the desirable, boarslayer, daughter of Cybele, mother of the third Bacchos late-born.<sup>a</sup> If he be mimic water, I will sing Dionysos diving into the bosom of the brine, when Lycurgos<sup>b</sup> armed himself. If he become a quivering tree and tune a counterfeit whispering, I will tell of Icaros,<sup>c</sup> how in the jubilant winepress his feet crushed the grape in rivalry.

<sup>34</sup> Bring me the fennel, Mimallons!<sup>d</sup> On my shoulders in place of the wonted kirtle, bind, I pray, tight over my breast a dapple-back fawnskin, full of the perfume of Maronian nectar<sup>e</sup>; and let Homer and deep-sea Eidothea keep the rank skin of the seals for Menelaos. Give me the jocund tambours and the goatskins! but leave for another the double-sounding pipe with its melodious sweetness, or I may offend my own Apollo; for he rejects the sound of

<sup>b</sup> A Thracian king who persecuted Dionysos; see *inf.*, xx. 182 ff.

<sup>c</sup> An Athenian to whom Dionysos taught the cultivation of the vine; see *inf.*, xlvii. 34 ff.

<sup>d</sup> Macedonian name of the bacchants.

<sup>e</sup> Maron was a fine wine, from Maroneia in Thrace: *cf.* Hom. *Od.* ix. 197. Menelaos and the seals, Hom. *Od.* iv. 406.

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ἔξ ὅτε Μαρσύαο θεημάχον αὐλὸν ἐλέγξας  
 δέρμα παρηώρησε φυτῶ κολπούμενον αὔραις,  
 γυμνώσας ὅλα γυῖα λιπορρίνιοι νομῆος.

Ἄλλά, θεά, μαστήρος ἀλήμονος ἄρχεο Κάδμου. 45

Σιδονίης ποτὲ ταῦρος ἐπ' ἠόνος ὑψίκερως Ζεὺς  
 ἱμερόεν μύκημα νόθῳ μιμήσατο λαιμῶ  
 καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχε μύωπα· μετοχμάζων δὲ γυναῖκα,  
 κυκλώσας παλάμας περὶ γαστέρα δίζυγι δεσμῶ,  
 βαιὸς Ἔρωσ κούφιζε, καὶ ἐγγύθεν ὑγροπόρος βοῦς 50  
 κυρτὸν ὑποστορέσας λοφίην ἐπιβήτορι κούρη,  
 δόχμιος ὀκλάζων, κεχαλασμένα νῶτα τιταίνων,  
 Εὐρώπην ἀνάειρε· διεσσυμένοιοι δὲ ταύρου  
 πλωτὸς ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε βατῆς ἀλὸς ἄψοφον ὕδωρ  
 ἔχνεσι φειδομένοισιν· ὑπὲρ πόντοιο δὲ κούρη 55  
 δείματι παλλομένη βοέῳ ναυτίλλετο νώτῳ  
 ἀστεμφῆς ἀδιάντος· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης  
 ἢ Θέτιν ἢ Γαλάτειαν ἢ εὐνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου  
 ἢ λοφίην Τρίτωνος ἐφεζομένην Ἀφροδίτην·  
 καὶ πλόον εἰλιπόδην ἐπεθάμβεε κυανοχαίτης, 60  
 Τρίτων δ' ἠπεροπῆα Διὸς μυκηθμὸν ἀκούων  
 ἀντίτυπον Κρονίῳνι μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ  
 αἰείδων ὑμέναιον· ἀειρομένην δὲ γυναῖκα  
 θαῦμα φόβῳ κεράσας ἐπεδείκνυε Δωρίδι Νηρεῦς,  
 ξεῖνον ἰδὼν πλωτῆρα κερασφόρον· ἀκροβαφῆ δὲ 65  
 ὀλκάδα ταῦρον ἔχουσα βοοστόλος ἔπλεε νύμφη,

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\* Athena invented the pipes, but threw the instrument away. Marsyas picked it up, and was so pleased with it that he challenged Apollo to a musical contest. Apollo won, and flayed Marsyas alive.



breathing reeds, ever since he put to shame Marsyas <sup>a</sup> and his god-defiant pipes, and bared every limb of the skin-stript shepherd, and hung his skin on a tree to belly in the breezes.

<sup>45</sup> Then come now, Goddess, begin with the long search and travels of Cadmos.

<sup>46</sup> Once on the Sidonian beach Zeus as a high-horned bull imitated an amorous bellow with his changeling throat, and felt a charming thrill; little Eros heaved up a woman, with his two arms encircling her middle. And while he lifted her, at his side the sea-faring bull curved his neck downwards, spread under the girl to mount, sinking sideways on his knees, and stretching his back submissive, he raised up Europa; then the bull pressed on, and his floating hoof furrowed the water of the trodden brine noiselessly with forbearing footsteps. High above the sea, the girl throbbing with fear navigated on bullback, unmoving, unwetted. If you saw her you would think it was Thetis perhaps, or Galateia, or Earth-shaker's bedfellow, <sup>b</sup> or Aphrodite seated on a Triton's neck. Aye, Seabluehair <sup>c</sup> marvelled at the waddle-foot voyage <sup>d</sup>; Triton heard the delusive lowing of Zeus, and bellowed an echoing note to Cronos' son with his conch by way of wedding song; Nereus pointed out to Doris <sup>e</sup> the woman carried along, mingling wonder with fear as he saw the strange voyager and his horns.

<sup>65</sup> But the maiden, a light freight for her bull-barge, sailed along oxriding, with a horn for steering-

<sup>b</sup> Amphitrite.

<sup>c</sup> Poseidon.

<sup>d</sup> *εἰλίπους*, Homer's word for the waddling gait of cattle, "skew-the-dew" as the English call it.

<sup>e</sup> Respectively the father of the Nereids and one of his daughters.

## NONNOS

καὶ διερῆς τρομέουσα μετάρσιον ἄλμα πορείης  
 πιθάλιον κέρας ἔσχε, καὶ Ἴμερος ἔπλετο ναύτης.  
 καὶ δολόεις Βορέης γαμῆν δεδονημένον αὔρη  
 φᾶρος ὄλον κόλπωσε δυσίμερος, ἀμφοτέρω δὲ 70  
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ἐπεσύρισε ὄμφακι μαζῶ.  
 ὡς δ' ὅτε Νηρεΐδων τις, ὑπερκύψασα θαλάσσης,  
 ἔξομένη δελφῖνι χυτὴν ἀνέκοπτε γαλήνην,  
 καὶ οἱ ἀειρομένης ἐλελίζετο μυδαλέη χεὶρ  
 νηχομένης μίμημα, φέρων δέ μιν ἄβροχον ἄλμης 75  
 ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης,  
 κυρτώσας ἑὰ νῶτα, διερπύζουσα δὲ πόντου  
 δίπτυχος ἄκρα κέλευθα κατέγραφεν ἰχθύος οὐρή·  
 ὡς ὁ γε νῶτον ἄειρε· τιτανομένοιο δὲ ταύρου  
 βουκόλος αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἔρωσ ἐπεμάστιε κεστῶ, 80  
 καὶ νομῖν ἄτε ράβδον ἐπωμίδι τόξον ἀείρων  
 Κυπριδίη ποίμαινε καλαῦροπι νυμφίον Ἥρης  
 εἰς νομὸν ὑγρὸν ἄγων Ποσιδήιον· αἰδομένη δὲ  
 παρθενίην πόρφυρε παρηίδα Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ  
 ἠνίοχον Κρονίωνος ὀπιπεύουσα γυναῖκα. 85  
 καὶ Διὸς ὕδατόεντι διεσσυμένου πόρον ὀλκῶ  
 οὐ πόθον ἔσβεσε πόντος, ὅτι βρυχίην Ἀφροδίτην  
 οὐρανίης ὠδινεν ἀπ' αὐλακος ἔγκυον ὕδωρ·  
 καὶ βοὸς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα πορείης  
 κούρη φόρτος ἔην καὶ ναυτίλος. εἰσορόων δὲ 90  
 μιμηλὴν ταχύγουνον ἐχέφρονα νῆα θαλάσσης  
 τοῖον ἔπος περίφοιτος Ἀχαικὸς ἴαχε ναύτης·

“Ὁφθαλμοί, τί τὸ θαῦμα;

πόθεν ποσὶ κύματα τέμνων

νήχεται ἀτρυγέτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἀγρονόμος βοῦς;  
 μὴ πλωτὴν Κρονίδης τελέει χθόνα; μὴ διὰ πόντου 95  
 ὑγρὸς ἀλιβρέκτοιο χαράσσεται ὀλκὸς ἀμάξης;  
 παπταίνω κατὰ κῦμα νόθον πλόον· ἦ ρὰ Σελήνη

oar, and trembled at the high heaving of her watery course, while Desire was the seaman. And artful Boreas bellied out all her shaking robe with amorous breath, love-sick himself, and in secret jealousy, whistled on the pair of unripe breasts. As when one of the Nereïds has peeped out of the sea, and seated upon a dolphin cuts the flooding calm, balanced there while she paddles with a wet hand and pretends to swim, while the watery wayfarer half-seen rounds his back and carries her dry through the brine, while the cleft tail of the fish passing through the sea scratches the surface in its course,—so the bull lifted his back : and while the bull stretched, his drover Eros flogged the servile neck with his charmed girdle, and lifting bow on shoulder like a pastoral staff, shepherded Hera's bridegroom with Cypris' crook, driving him to Poseidon's watery pasture. Shame purpled the maiden cheek of Pallas unmothered,<sup>a</sup> when she spied Cronion ridden by a woman. So Zeus clove the course with watery furrow, but the deep sea did not quench his passion—for did not the water conceive Aphrodite by a heavenly husbandry, and bring her forth from the deeps ? Thus a girl steered the bull's unboisterous passage, herself at once both pilot and cargo.

<sup>90</sup> One saw this mimic ship of the sea, alive and nimble-kneed,—an Achaian seaman passing by, and he cried out in this fashion : “ O my eyes, what's this miracle ? how comes it that he cuts the waves with his legs, and swims over the barren sea, this land-pasturing bull ? Navigable earth—is that the new creation of Cronides ? Shall the farmer's wain trace a watery rut through the brine-sprent deep ? That's a bastard voyage I descry upon the waves ! Surely

<sup>a</sup> So called because she was born from the head of Zeus.

## NONNOS

ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἔχουσα μετ' αἰθέρα πόντον ὄδεύει,  
 ἀλλὰ Θέτις βυθίῃ διερὸν δρόμον ἠνιοχεύει;  
 οὐ βοῖ χερσαίῳ τύπον εἴκελον εἰνάλιος βοῦς 100  
 ἔλλαχεν—ἰχθυόεν γὰρ ἔχει δέμας—, ἀντὶ δὲ γυμνῆς  
 ἄλλοφανῆς ἀχάλινον ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὀδίτην  
 Νηρεῖς ἐλκεσίπεπλος ἀήθεα ταῦρον ἐλαύνει.  
 εἰ πέλε Δημήτηρ σταχυηκόμος, ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ  
 γλαυκὰ διασχίζει βοέῳ ποδὶ νῶτα θαλάσσης, 105  
 καὶ σὺ βυθοῦ μετὰ κῦμα, Ποσειδάων, μετανάστης  
 γαίης δύψια νῶτα μετέρχεο πεζὸς ἀροτρεύς,  
 νηὶ θαλασσαίῃ Δημήτερος αὐλακα τέμνων,  
 χερσαίοις ἀνέμοισι βατὸν πλόον ἐν χθονὶ τεύχων.  
 ταῦρε, παρεπλάγχθης μετανάστιος· οὐ πέλε Νηρεὺς 110  
 βουκόλος, οὐ Πρωτεὺς ἀρότης, οὐ Γλαῦκος ἀλωεύς,  
 οὐχ ἔλος, οὐ λειμῶνες ἐν οἴδμασιν, ἀλλὰ θαλάσση  
 ἀτρυγέτῳ πλώοντες ἀνήροτα ναύλοχον ὕδωρ  
 πηδαλίῳ τέμνουσι καὶ οὐ σχίζουσι σιδήρῳ·  
 αὐλακας οὐ σπείρουσιν ὀπάονες ἐννοσιγαίου, 115  
 ἀλλὰ φυτὸν πόντοιο πέλει βρύα καὶ σπόρος ὕδωρ,  
 ναυτίλος ἀγρονόμος, πλόος αὐλακες, ὀλκὰς ἐχέτλη.  
 ἀλλὰ πόθεν μεθέπεις τινὰ παρθένον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 ταῦροι ἐρωμανέοντες ἀφαρπάζουσι γυναῖκας;  
 ἦ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἀπατήλιος ἤρπασε κούρην 120  
 ταυρεῖην κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηΐδα μορφήν;  
 μὴ δόλον ἄλλον ὕφηνε πάλιν μετὰ δέμνια Τυροῦς,  
 10

'Selene <sup>a</sup> has gotten an unruly bull, and leaves the sky to traipse over the high seas! Or no—deepwater Thetis drives a coach on a floating racecourse! This sea-bull is a creature very different from the land-bull, has a fishlike shape; must be a Nereïd with other looks, not naked now, but in long flowing robes, driving this bull unbridled to march afoot on the waters, a new fashion that! If it is Demeter wheatenhaired, cleaving the gray back of the sea with waterfaring oxhoof, then thou, Poseidon, must have turned landlubber and migrated to the thirsty back of earth, afoot behind the plow, and cut Demeter's furrow with thy sea-vessel, blown by landwinds, tramping a voyage on the soil! Bull, you are astray out of your country; Nereus is no bulldrover, Proteus no plowman, Glaucos <sup>b</sup> no gardener; no marshground, no meadows in the billows; on the barren sea there's no tillage, but sailors cut the ship-harboursing water with a steering-oar, and do not split with iron; Earthshaker's hinds do not sow in the furrows, but the sea's plant is seaweed, sea's sowing is water, the sailor is the farmer, the only furrow is the ship's grain and wake, <sup>c</sup> the hooker is the plow.

<sup>118</sup> "But how came you to have dealings with a maid? Do bulls also go mad with love, and ravish women? Has Poseidon played a trick, and ravished a girl, under the shape of a horned bull like a river-god? Has he woven another plot to follow the

<sup>a</sup> Very occasionally the Moon-goddess drives or rides a bull, because the astrological exaltation (*ὑψωμα*) of the Moon is in Taurus.

<sup>b</sup> Of Potniai in Boeotia, a fisher who was changed by a magic herb into a merman.

<sup>c</sup> If a line be drawn along the ship's course, the part ahead is called the grain, the part astern is the wake.

ὡς καὶ χθιζὰ τέλεσσεν, ὅθ' ὕδατόεις παρακοίτης  
χεύμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθος κελάρυζεν Ἐνιπεύς;”

Τοῖον ἔπος περόων Ἑλλήνιος ἔννεπε ναύτης  
θαμβαλέος. βοέους δὲ γάμους μαντεύσατο κούρη, 125  
καὶ πλοκάμους τίλλουσα γοήμονα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν·

“Κωφὸν ὕδωρ, ῥηγμῖνες ἀναυδέες, εἶπατε ταύρω,  
εἰ βόες εἰσαΐουσιν· ἀμείλιχε, φεῖδεο κούρης·  
εἶπατέ μοι, ῥηγμῖνες, ἐμῶ φιλόπαιδι τοκῆι 130  
Εὐρώπην λιπόπατριν ἐφεζομένην τινὶ ταύρω  
ἄρπαγι καὶ πλωτῆρι καί, ὡς δοκέω, παρακοίτη.  
μητέρι βόστρυχα ταῦτα κομίσσατε, κυκλάδες αὖραι.  
ναί, λίτομαι, Βορέης, ὡς ἦρπασας Ἀθθίδα νύμφην,  
δέξό με σαῖς πτερύγεσσι μετάρσιον· ἴσχεο, φωνή, 135  
μὴ Βορέην μετὰ ταῦρον ἐρωμανέοντα νοήσω.”

Ὡς φαμένη ραχίησι βοῶς πορθμεύετο κούρη·  
Κάδμος ὅθεν περίφοιτος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων  
ἄστατα νυμφοκόμοιο μετήιεν ἴχνια ταύρου.  
ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Ἀρίμων φόνιον σπέος, εὔτε κολῶναι 140  
φοιτάδες ἀρρήκτοιο πύλας ἦρασσον Ὀλύμπου,  
εὔτε θεοὶ πτερόεντες ἀχείμονος ὑψόθι Νείλου  
ὀρνίθων ἀκίχητον ἐμιμήσαντο πορείην  
ἠερίῳ ξένον ἴχνος ἐρετμώσαντες ἀήτη,  
καὶ πόλος ἐπτάζωνος ἰμάσσετο· καὶ γὰρ ἐς εὐνὴν 145  
Πλουτοῦς Ζεὺς Κρονίδης πεφορημένος,  
ὄφρα φυτεύσῃ

<sup>a</sup> Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, loved the river-god Enipeus; Poseidon took his shape (hence “horned,” for all river-gods have bulls’ horns), and so got access to her. Compare Hom. *Od.* xi. 238.

<sup>b</sup> Oreithyia, daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens.

<sup>c</sup> A mountain range in Asia Minor under which the monster Typhoeus was said to be laid, according to one story. Compare Hom. *Il.* ii. 783.

bedding of Tyro, just as he did the other day, when the watery paramour came trickling up with counterfeit ripples like a bastard Enipeus ? ”<sup>a</sup>

<sup>125</sup> So the Hellenic sailor spoke his amazement as he passed by. Then the girl presaged her union with the bull ; and tearing her hair, she broke out in lamentable tones :

<sup>128</sup> “ Deaf Water, voiceless Coasts ! Say to the Bull, if cattle can hear and hearken, ‘ Merciless, spare a girl ! ’ Ye Coasts, pray tell my loving father that Europa has left her native land, seated upon a bull, my ravisher, my sailor, and as I think, my bed-fellow. Take these ringlets to my mother, ye circling Breezes. Aye Boreas, I conjure thee, receive me on thy pinions in the air, as thou didst ravish thine Athenian bride !<sup>b</sup> But stay, my voice ! or I may see Boreas in love, like the Bull ! ”

<sup>136</sup> So the girl spoke, as the bull ferried her on his back.

<sup>137</sup> Then Cadmos, passing in his travels from land to land, followed the never-staying tracks of the bull turned bridesman. He came to the bloodstained cave of Arima,<sup>c</sup> when the mountains had moved from their seats and were beating at the gate of inexpugnable Olympos, when the gods took wing above the rainless Nile, like a flight of birds far out of reach, oaring their strange track in the winds of heaven, and the seven zones of the sky<sup>d</sup> were sore assailed.

<sup>145</sup> This was the reason. Zeus Cronides had hurried to Pluto’s bed,<sup>e</sup> to beget Tantalos, that mad robber of

<sup>a</sup> The courses of the seven planets about the pole.

<sup>e</sup> Pluto (not Pluton), daughter of Cronos and mother of Tantalos.

NONNOS

Τάνταλον οὐρανίων ἀεσίφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,  
 αἰθέρος ἔντεα θῆκε μυχῶ κεκαλυμμένα πέτρης  
 καὶ στεροπὴν ἔκρυσεν· ὑπωροφίων δὲ κεραυνῶν  
 καπνὸν ἐρευγομένων ἐμελαίνεται λευκὰς ἐρίπνη, 150  
 καὶ κρυφίῳ σπινθῆρι πυριγλώχινος οἰστοῦ  
 πηγαὶ ἐθερμαίνοντο, χαραδραίων δὲ ῥεέθρων  
 Μυγδονὶς ἀφριόωσα φάραγξ ἐπεβόμβεεν ἀτμῶ.  
 καὶ παλάμας τανύσας ὑπὸ νεύματι μητρὸς Ἀρούρης  
 ὄπλα Διὸς νιφόμεντα<sup>1</sup> Κίλιξ ἔκλεψε Τυφωεύς, 155  
 ὄπλα πυρός· πετάσας δὲ βαρυσμαράγων στίχα λαιμῶν  
 παντοίην ἀλάλαζεν ὁμοφθόγγων ὅπα θηρῶν·  
 συμφυέες δὲ δράκοντες ἐπερρώοντο προσώπων  
 πορδαλίων, βλοσυρὰς δὲ κόμας λιχμῶντο λεόντων,  
 καὶ βοέας σπειρηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο κεραίας 160  
 οὐραίαις ἐλίκεσσι, τανυγλώσσω δὲ γενείων  
 ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα συῶν ἐπεμίγνουον ἀφρῶ.

Ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίδαο τιθεὶς ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέτρην  
 ἡλιβάτων ἐτίταιεν ἐς αἰθέρα λῆια χειρῶν·  
 εὐπαλάμῳ δὲ φάλαγγι περὶ σφυρὸν ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου 165  
 τῇ μὲν ἐπισφίγγων Κυνοσουρίδα, τῇ δὲ πιέζων  
 ἄξονι κεκλιμένης λοφίην ἀνεσεύρασεν Ἄρκτου  
 Παρρασίης, ἐτέρῃ δὲ λαβῶν ἀνέκοψε Βοώτην,  
 ἄλλῃ Φωσφόρον εἶλκε, μάτην δ' ὑπὸ κυκλάδι νύσση  
 πρῶιος αἰθερίης ἐπεσύρισεν ἦχος ἰμάσθλης· 170  
 εἴρυσεν ἡριγένειαν, ἐρυκομένοιο δὲ Ταύρου  
 ἄχρονος ἡμιτέλεστος ἐλώφεεν ἰππότις Ὠρη.

<sup>1</sup> So L and all mss., emended to φλογόμεντα by Graefe.

<sup>a</sup> Tantalos stole the divine (food and) drink and gave it to men.

<sup>b</sup> Odd, but intelligible; lightning is a sign of coming snow, *Il.* x. 7. But in Nonnos, νιφετός is often a storm, or showers of rain.



the heavenly cups <sup>a</sup> ; and he laid his celestial weapons well hidden with his lightning in a deep cavern. From underground the thunderbolts belched out smoke, the white cliff was blackened ; hidden sparks from a fire-barbed arrow heated the watersprings ; torrents boiling with foam and steam poured down the Mygdonian gorge, until it boomed again.

<sup>154</sup> Then at a nod from his mother, the Earth, Cilician Typhoeus stretched out his hands, and stole the snowy tools of Zeus,<sup>b</sup> the tools of fire ; then spreading his row of rumble-rattling throats, he yelled as his warcry the cries of all wild beasts together : the snakes that grew from him waved over his leopards' heads, licked the grim lions' manes, girdled with their curly tails spiral-wise round the bulls' horns, mingled the shooting poison of their long thin tongues with the foam-spittle of the boars.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>163</sup> Now he laid the gear of Cronides in a cubby-hole of the rock, and spread the harvest of his clambering hands <sup>d</sup> into the upper air. And that battalion of hands ! One throttled Cynosuris<sup>e</sup> beside the ankle-tip of Olympos ; one gripped the Parrhasian Bear's mane as she rested on heaven's axis, and dragged her off<sup>f</sup> ; another caught the Oxdrover and knocked him out ; another dragged Phosphoros, and in vain under the circling turning-post sounded the whistling of the heavenly lash in the morning ; he carried off the Dawn, and held in the Bull, so that timeless, half-complete, horsewoman Season rested her team.

<sup>c</sup> The hundred heads of the monster had the shapes of all kinds of animals : hence *συμφυέες*. He had two hundred hands. Compare Hesiod, *Theogony* 825 ff.

<sup>d</sup> *i.e.* his hands which were as numerous as cornstalks in a field.

<sup>e</sup> A variant of Cynosura.

<sup>f</sup> Callisto.

NONNOS

καὶ σκιεροῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐχιδνοκόμων κεφαλῶν  
 ἀχλύϊ φέγγος ἦν κεκερασμένον, ἡματιή δὲ  
 Ἥελίῳ σελάγιζε συναντέλλουσα Σελήνη. 175

Οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀπέληγε· παλιννόστῳ δὲ πορείῃ  
 εἰς Νότον ἐκ Βορέας, λιπὼν πόλον εἰς πόλον ἔστη·  
 καὶ δολιχῇ παλάμῃ δεδραγμένος Ἠνιοχῆος  
 νῶτα χαλαζήεντος ἐμάστιεν Αἰγοκερῆος,  
 καὶ διδύμους ἐπὶ πόντον ἀπ' αἰθέρος Ἰχθύας ἔλκων 180  
 Κριὸν ἀνεστυφέλιξε, μεσόμφαλον ἄστρον Ὀλύμπου,  
 γείτονος εἰαρινοῖο πυραυγέος ὑψόθι κύκλου  
 ἀμφιταλαντεύοντος ἰσόζυγον ἡμαρ ὁμίχλη.  
 ὀλκαίοις δὲ πόδεσσι ἀνηώρητο Τυφωεύς  
 ἀγχινεφής· πετάσας δὲ πολυσπερές ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν 185  
 αἰθέρος ἀνεφέλοιο κατέσκεπεν ἄργυρον αἴγλην  
 αἰθύσσων ὀφίων σκολιὸν στρατόν· ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
 ὄρθιος ἄξονίῳ διέτρεχεν ἄντυγα κύκλου,  
 οὐρανίου δὲ Δράκοντος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ἀκάνθη  
 Ἄρεα συρίζων· ὁ δὲ Κηφέος ἐγγύθι κούρης 190  
 ἀστραίαις παλάμησιν ἰσόζυγα κύκλον ἐλίξας  
 δέσμιον Ἀνδρομέδην ἐτέρῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ  
 λοξὸς ὑπὸ σπείρησιν· ὁ δὲ γλωχῖνι κεραιῆς  
 ἰσοτύπου ταύροιο δράκων κυκλοῦτο κεράστης,  
 οἰστρήσας ἐλικηδὸν ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου 195  
 ἀντιτύπους Ἰάδας, κεραῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης,  
 οἰγομέναις γενύεσσι· ὁμοπλεκέων δὲ δρακόντων  
 ἰοβόλοι τελαμῶνες ἐμιτρώσαντο Βοώτην·  
 καὶ θρασύς ἄλλος ὄρουσεν,

ἰδὼν Ὀφιν ἄλλον Ὀλύμπου,  
 πῆχυν ἐχιδνήεντα περισκαίρων Ὀφιούχου, 200  
 καὶ στεφάνῳ στέφος ἄλλο περιπλέξας Ἀριάδνης,  
 αὐχένα κυρτώσας, ἐλελίζετο γαστέρος ὀλκῶ.

And in the shadowy curls of his serpent-hair heads the light was mingled with gloom; the Moon shone rising in broad day with the Sun.

<sup>176</sup> Still there was no rest. The Giant turned back, and passed from north to south; he left one pole and stood by the other. With a long arm he grasped the Charioteer, and flogged the back of hailstorming Aigoceros; he dragged the two Fishes out of the sky and cast them into the sea; he buffeted the Ram, that mid-nipple star of Olympos, who balances with equal pin-day and darkness over the fiery orb of his spring-time neighbour.<sup>a</sup> With trailing feet Typhoeus mounted close to the clouds: spreading abroad the far-scattered host of his arms, he shadowed the bright radiance of the unclouded sky by darting forth his tangled army of snakes. One of them ran up right through the rim of the polar circuit and skipt upon the backbone of the heavenly Serpent, hissing his mortal challenge. One made for Cepheus's daughter,<sup>b</sup> and with starry fingers twisting a ring as close as the other, enchained Andromeda, bound already, with a second bond aslant under her bands. Another, a horned serpent, entwined about the forked horns of the Bull's horned head of shape like his own, and dangled coiling over the Bull's brow, tormenting with open jaws the Hyades opposite ranged like a crescent moon. Poison-spitting tangles of serpents in a bunch girdled the Ox-drover. Another made a bold leap, when he saw another Snake in Olympos, and jumped around the Ophiuchos's arm that held the viper; then curving his neck and coiling his crawling belly, he braided a second chaplet about Ariadne's crown.

<sup>a</sup> For the Ram and spring-time, see xxxviii. 269.

<sup>b</sup> Andromeda.

NONNOS

καὶ Ζεφύρου ζωστήρα καὶ ἀντιπόρου πτερὸν Εὐρου  
αἰθύσσων πολύπηχυς ἐπεστρωφάτο Τυφωεὺς  
νύσσαν ἐς ἀμφοτέρην,

μετὰ Φωσφόρον Ἑσπερον ἔλκων 205  
καὶ λόφον Ἀτλάντειον. ἐνὶ βρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ

πολλάκι συμμάρψας Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης  
εἰς χθόνα βυσσόθεν εἶλκεν· ἀλιβρέκτων δὲ κομάων  
αὐτὸν ἐρύσας στατὸν ἵππον ὑποβρυχίης παρὰ φάτνης  
οὐρανίην ἔρριψεν ἐς ἄντυγα πῶλον ἀλήτην 210

αἰχμάζων ἐς Ὀλυμπον· ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ δίφρου  
Ἑλίου χρεμέτιζον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ κυκλάδες ἵπποι·  
πολλάκι δ' ἀγραύλοιο πεπαυμένον ἰστοβοήης  
ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρι μεμυκότα πήχεϊ σείων  
ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα κατηκόντιζε Σελήνης, 215

καὶ δρόμον ἐστήριξεν· ἀνακρούσας δὲ χαλινῶ  
ταύρων λευκὰ λέπαδνα κατερροίζησε θεαίνης,  
λοιγίον ἰοβόλοιο χέων συριγμὸν ἐχίδνης.

Οὐδὲ κορυσσομένῳ Τιτηνιάς εἶκαθε Μῆνη·  
μαρναμένη δὲ Γίγαντος ὀμοκραίροισι καρήνοισι 220

ταυρείης ἐχάραξε φαεσφόρα κύκλα κεραίης·  
καὶ βόες αἰγλήεντες ἐμυκήσαντο Σελήνης  
χάσμα Τυφαονίου τεθηπότες ἀνθερεῶνος.

ἄστραίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀταρβέες ὤπλισαν ὦραι,  
καὶ στίχες οὐρανίων Ἑλίκων νωμήτορι κύκλῳ 225

εἰς ἐνοπὴν σελάγιζον· ἐπερροίζησε δὲ πυρσῶ  
αἰθέρα βακχεύων στρατὸς αἰόλος, οἳ τε Βορῆα,

καὶ Λιβὸς ἔσπερα νῶτα, καὶ οἳ λάχον ἄντυγας Εὐρου,  
καὶ Νοτίους ἀγκῶνας· ὀμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ

ἀπλανέων ἀτίνακτος ἀπεπλάγχθη χορὸς ἄστρον, 230  
ἀντιπόρους δ' ἐκίχησαν ἀλήμονας· ἔβρεμε δ' ἠχῆ

<sup>a</sup> The Moon.

Then Typhoeus manyarmed turned to both ends, shaking with his host of arms the girdle of Zephyros and the wing of Euros opposite, dragging first Phosphoros, then Hesperos and the crest of Atlas. Many a time in the weedy gulf he seized Poseidon's chariot, and dragged it from the depths of the sea to land; again he pulled out a stallion by his brine-soaked mane from the undersea manger, and threw the vagabond nag to the vault of heaven, shooting his shot at Olympos—hit the Sun's chariot, and the horses on their round whinnied under the yoke. Many a time he took a bull at rest from his rustic plowtree and shook him with a threatening hand, bellow as he would, then shot him against the Moon like another moon, and stayed her course, then rushed hissing against the goddess, checking with the bridle her bulls' white yoke-straps, while he poured out the mortal whistle of a poison-spitting viper.

<sup>219</sup> But Titan Mene <sup>a</sup> would not yield to the attack. Battling against the Giant's heads, like-horned to hers, she carved many a scar on the shining orb of her bull's horn <sup>b</sup>; and Selene's radiant cattle bellowed amazed at the gaping chasm of Typhaon's throat. The Seasons undaunted armed the starry battalions, and the lines of heavenly Constellations in a disciplined circle came shining to the fray. A varied host maddened the upper air with clamour and with flame: some whose portion was Boreas, others the back of Lips in the west, or the eastern zones or the recesses of the south. The unshaken congregation of the fixt stars with unanimous acclamation left their places and caught up their travelling fellows. The axis passing

<sup>b</sup> Nonnos pictures the moon as Isis-Hathor, with horns and a disk between them.

## NONNOS

οὐρανίῳ κενεῶνι πεπαρμένος ὄρθιος ἄξων  
 μεσσοπαγῆς· ὀρόων δὲ κυνοσσόος ἔθνεα θηρῶν  
 Ὠρίων ξίφος εἶλκε, κορυσσομένου δὲ φορηῆς  
 φαιδρὰ Ταναγραίης ἀμαρύσσετο νῶτα μαχαίρης· 235  
 καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσω πυριθαλπέος ἀνθερεῶνος  
 δίψιος ἀστερόεντι κύων ἐπεπάφλασε λαιμῶ  
 πέμπων θερμὸν ὕλαγμα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ λαγωοῦ  
 θηρσὶ Τυφαιονίησιν ἀνήρυγεν ἀτμὸν ὀδόντων.  
 καὶ πόλος ἐσμαράγησεν· ἀμειβομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ 240  
 οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἰσηρίθμων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 Πληιάδων ἀλάλαξε βοῆν ἐπτάστομος ἠχώ,  
 καὶ καναχὴν ἰσόμετρον ἐπεγδούπησαν ἀλήται.

Σμερδαλέην δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν ὄφιδεα μορφὴν  
 αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος ἀλεξικάκων ἀπὸ χειρῶν 245  
 γλαυκὰ πυριτρεφῆων ἀπεσεΐσατο νῶτα δρακόντων,  
 στικτὸν ἀκοντίζων σκολιὸν βέλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πυρσῶ  
 λαίλαπες ἐρροΐζησαν, ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ λοξοὶ  
 ἠέρα βακχεύοντες ἐχιδνήεντες οἰστοί·  
 καὶ θρασὺς ἰχθυόεντος ὁμόδρομος Αἰγοκερῆος 250  
 Τοξευτῆρ βέλος ἦκεν· ἀμαξαίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κύκλῳ  
 μεσσοφανῆς διδύμησι

Δράκων μεμερισμένος Ἄρκετοισ  
 αἰθερίης ἐλέλιξε σελασφόρον ὄλκον ἀκάνθης·  
 γείτων δ' Ἡριγόνης ἐλατῆρ ὁμόφοιτος Ἀμάξης  
 πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι καλαύροπα πάλλε Βοώτης· 255  
 γούνατι δ' Εἰδώλοιο καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ Κύκνω  
 Φόρμιγξ ἀστερόεσσα Διὸς μαντεύσατο νίκην.

Κωρυκίου δὲ κάρηνα λαβὼν ἐτίναξε Τυφωεύς,

\* The heads of Typhoeus. Before becoming a constella-

through the heaven's hollow and fixt upright in the midst, groaned at the sound. Orion the hunter, seeing these tribes of wild beasts,<sup>a</sup> drew his sword; the blade of the Tanagraian brand sparkled bright as its master made ready for attack; his thirsty<sup>b</sup> Dog, shooting light from his fiery chin, bubbled up in his starry throat and let out a hot bark, and blew out the steam from his teeth against Typhaon's beasts instead of the usual hare. The sky was full of din, and, answering the seven-zoned heaven, the seven-throated cry of the Pleiads raised the war-shout from as many throats; and the planets as many again banged out an equal noise.

<sup>244</sup> Radiant Ophiuchos, seeing the Giant's direful snaky shape, from his hands so potent against evil shook off the gray coils of the fire-bred serpents, and shot the dappled coiling missile, while tempests roared round his flames—the viper-arrows flew slanting and maddened the air. Then the Archer<sup>c</sup> let fly a shaft,—that bold comrade of fish-like Aigoceros<sup>d</sup>; the Dragon, divided between the two Bears, and visible within the circle of the Wain, brandished the fiery trail of the heavenly spine; the Oxherd, Erigone's neighbour, attendant driver of the Wain, hurled his crook with flashing arm; beside the knee of the Image<sup>e</sup> and his neighbour the Swan, the starry Lyre presaged the victory of Zeus.

<sup>258</sup> Now Typhoeus shifted to the rocks, leaving the air, to flog the seas. He grasped and shook the peak  
tion Orion was a Boeotian (hence loosely Tanagraian) hunter.

<sup>b</sup> Because it rises in the dog-days. <sup>c</sup> Sagittarius.

<sup>d</sup> Capricorn, represented as a fish-tailed goat.

<sup>e</sup> A kneeling man, called now Hercules, but by the Greeks *εἰδωλον ἄιστον*, or *Ἐγγόνασι*, Latinized as Engonasin.

NONNOS

καὶ Κίλικος ποταμοῖο ῥόον ναετῆρα πιέζων  
 Ταρσὸν ὁμοῦ καὶ Κύδνον ἐνὶ ξύνωσεν ἀγοστῶ· 260  
 καὶ κραναοῖς βελέεσσιν οἰστεύων στίχας ἄλμης  
 εἰς σκοπέλους μετένασσε,  
 μετ' αἰθέρα πόντον ἰμάσσω·  
 νισσομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἀλιβρέκτου ποδὸς ὄλκῳ  
 φαίνεται γυμνωθεῖσα δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος ὀσφύς,  
 καὶ μεσάτῳ βαρύδουπον ὕδωρ ἐπεβόμβεε μηρῶ· 265  
 νηχόμενοι δὲ δράκοντες, ἀλιγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 Ἄρεα συρίζοντες, ἐπεστρατόωντο θαλάσση  
 ἰὸν ἀποπτύοντες· ἐν ἰχθυόεντι δὲ πόντῳ  
 ἵσταμένου Τυφῶνος ἔσω βρυόεντος ἐναύλου  
 βένθει ταρσὰ πέπηκτο, καὶ ἠέρι μίγνυτο γαστήρ 270  
 θλιβομένη νεφέεσσι· Γιγαντείου δὲ καρῆνου  
 φρικτὸν ἀερσιλόφων αἴων βρύχημα λεόντων  
 πόντιος ἰλυόεντι λέων ἐκαλύπτετο κόλπῳ·  
 πᾶσα δὲ κητώεσσα φάλαγξ ἐστείνεται πόντῳ,  
 Γηγενέος πλήσαντος ὄλην ἅλα μείζονα γαίης 275  
 ἀκλύστοις λαγόνεσσιν· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ φῶκαι,  
 καὶ βυθίῃ δελφῖνες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση·  
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ὄλκον ὑφαίνων  
 πούλυπος αἰολόμητις ἐθήμονι πῆγνυτο πέτρη,  
 καὶ μελέων ἴνδαμα χαραδραίῃ πέλε μορφή· 280  
 οὐδέ τις ἄτρομος ἔσκε· μετερχομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 οἰστρομανῆς μύραινα δρακοντεῖης πόθον εὐνήης  
 ποντοπόρων ἔφριξε θεημάχον ἄσθμα δρακόντων.  
 πυργῶθη δὲ θάλασσα καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ὀλύμπῳ  
 ἠλιβάτοις πελάγεσσιν· ἀερσιπόρῳ δὲ ρεέθρῳ 285  
 ἠέρος ἄβροχος ὄρνις ἐλούσατο γείτονι πόντῳ.  
 καὶ βυθίου τριόδοντος ἔχων μίμημα Τυφωεύς



of Corycios,<sup>a</sup> and crushing the flood of the river that belongs to Cilicia, joined Tarsos and Cydnos together in one hand; then hurled a volley of cliffs upon the mustered waves of the brine. As the Giant advanced with feet trailing in the briny flood, his bare loins were seen dry through the water, which broke heavy against his mid-thigh crashing and booming; his serpents afloat sounded the charge with hissings from brine-beaten throats, and spitting poison led the attack upon the sea. There stood Typhon in the fish-giving sea, his feet firm in the depths of the weedy bottom, his belly in the air and crushed in clouds: hearing the terrible roar from the mane-bristling lions of his giant's head, the sea-lion lurked in the oozy gulf. There was no room in the deep for all its phalanx of leviathans, since the Earthborn monster covered a whole sea, larger than the land, with flanks that no sea could cover. The seals bleated, the dolphins hid in the deep water; the manyfooted squid, a master of craft, weaving his trailing web of crisscross knots, stuck fast on his familiar rock, making his limbs look like a pattern on the stone. All the world was a-tremble: the love-maddened murry herself,<sup>b</sup> drawn by her passion for the serpent's bed, shivered under the god-desecrating breath of these seafaring serpents. The waters piled up and touched Olympos with precipitous seas; as the streams mounted on high, the bird never touched by rain found the sea his neighbour, and washed himself. Typhoeus, holding a counterfeit of the deep-sea

<sup>a</sup> A rock on the coast of Asia Minor, near Erythrai. The Cydnos runs through the city of Tarsos.

<sup>b</sup> The loves of the murry, or lamprey, and viper are told by Aelian (*Hist. An.* i. 50).

NONNOS

χειρὸς ἀμετρήτοιο ταμῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ  
 νῆσον ἀλικρήπιδος ἀποσπάδα πέζαν ἀρούρης  
 ῥύψε παλινδίνητον ὄλην σφαιρηδὸν ἐλίξας· 290  
 μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐν ἡέρι γείτονες ἄστρον  
 ἠέλιον σκιάωντες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπω  
 ἠλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀγοστοί.

Καὶ βύθιον μετὰ τέρμα,

μετὰ χθονὸς εὖλοχον ἔδρην  
 Ζεὺς νόθος ὤπλισε χεῖρα πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῶ· 295  
 ἔντεα δὲ Κρονίωνος ἀμαιμακέτησιν αἰείρων  
 χερσὶ διηκουσίησι πέλωρ ἐμόγησε Τυφωεὺς  
 βριθοσύνη· παλάμη δὲ μιῇ κούφιζε Κρονίων.  
 ἀνεφέλου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ ξηροῖσιν ἀγοστοῖς  
 βροντῆ κωφὸν ἐπεμπεν ἀδουπήτου μέλος ἠχοῦς 300  
 ἠρέμα βομβήσασα, μόγις δέ οἱ ἠέρος αὐχμῶ  
 ἀσταγέος νιφετοῖο κατεΐβετο διψὰς ἐέρση·  
 ἀστεροπῆ δ' ἠήλυσε, καὶ εἶκελον αἶθοπι καπνῶ  
 μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζε κατηφεί λεπταλέον πῦρ·  
 καὶ παλάμας νοέοντες ἀπειρήτοιο φορῆος, 305  
 ἄρσενα πυρσὸν ἔχοντες, ἐθηλύνοντο κεραυνοί,  
 πυκνὸν ὀλισθήσαντες ἀμετρήτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 ἄλμασιν αὐτοπόροισιν· ἀπεπλάζοντο δὲ πυρσοὶ  
 οὐρανίου ποθέοντες ἐθήμονα χεῖρα φορῆος.  
 ὡς δ' ὅτε τις πλήξιππος ἀποπτυστῆρα χαλινού 310  
 ξεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἀδίδακτος ἀπειθέα πῶλον ἱμάσσων  
 πυκνὰ μάτην μογέεσκεν, ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἔμφροني θυμῶ  
 χεῖρα νόθην γίνωσκεν ἀήθεος ἠνιοχῆος,  
 οἰστρηθεῖς δ' ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ ὄρθιος ὑψόσε βαίνων,  
 στηρίξας ἀτίνακτον ὀπισθιδίου ποδὸς ὀπλήν, 315  
 προσθιδίους προβλήτας ἐκούφισε γούνατα πάλλων,  
 καὶ λόφον ἠώρησεν, ἐπ' ἄμφοτέρων δέ οἱ ὤμων  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς δεδόνητο παρήγορος αὐχένι χαίτη·

trident, with one earthshaking flip from his enormous hand broke off an island at the edge of the continent which is the kerb of the brine, circled it round and round, and hurled the whole thing like a ball. And while the Giant waged his war, his hurtling arms drew near to the stars, and obscured the sun, as they attacked Olympos, and cast the precipitous crag.

<sup>294</sup> Now after the frontier of the deep, after the well-laid foundation of the earth, this bastard Zeus armed his hand with fire-barbed thunderbolt : raising the gear of Zeus was hard work for the monster Typhoeus with two hundred furious hands, so great was the weight ; but Cronion would lightly lift it with one hand. No clouds were about the Giant : against his dry arms, the thunder let out a dull-sounding note booming gently without a clap, and in the drought of the air scarcely did a thirsty dew trickle in snowflakes without a drop in them ; the lightning was dim, and only a softish flame shone sparkling shamefacedly, like smoke shot with flame. The thunderbolts felt the hands of a novice, and all their manly blaze was unmanned. Often they slipped out of those many many hands, and went leaping of themselves ; the brands went astray, missing the familiar hand of their heavenly master. As a man beats a horse that loathes the bit,—some stranger, a novice untaught, flogging a restive nag, as he tries again and again in vain, and the defiant beast knows by instinct the changeling hand of an unfamiliar driver, leaping madly, rearing straight into the air with hind-hooves planted immovable, lifting the forelegs and pawing out to the front, raising the neck till the mane is shaken abroad over both shoulders at once : so the

ὡς ὃ γε χερσὶν ἔκαμνεν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἀείρων  
μαρμαρυγὴν φύξηλιν ἀλωομένοιο κεραυνοῦ. 320

Ἄφρα μὲν εἰν Ἄριμοις ἐπεφοίτεε Κάδμος ἀλήτης,  
τόφρα δὲ Δικταίης ὑπὲρ ἡόνος ὑγροπόρος βοῦς  
ἐκ λοφιῆς ἀδιάντον ἐῆς ἀπεθήκατο κούρην.  
καὶ Κρονίδην ὀρώσα πόθῳ δεδονημένον Ἡρῆ  
ζηλομανῆς γελῶντι χόλῳ ξυνώσατο φωνήν. 325

“Φοῖβε, τεῶ γενετῆρι παρίστασο, μή τις ἀροτρεὺς  
Ζῆνα λαβῶν ἐρύσειεν ἐς ἐννοσίγαιον ἐχέτλην.  
αἶθε λαβῶν ἐρύσειεν, ὅπως Διὶ τοῦτο βοήσω·  
τέτλαθι διπλόα κέντρα καὶ ἀγρονόμων καὶ Ἐρώτων.  
ὡς Νόμιος, κλυτότοξε, τεὸν ποίμαινε τοκῆα, 330  
μὴ Κρονίδην ζευξείε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη,  
μὴ λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος ἰδεῖν σπεύδουσα νομῆος  
Ζηνὸς ὑποστίξειεν ἀφειδέι νῶτον ἱμάσθλη.  
Ζεῦ ἄνα, πόρτις εὐῶσα κερασφόρος ἡμβροτεν Ἰώ,  
ὅττι σε μὴ ποτε τοῖον ἴδεν πόσιν, ὄφρα λοχεύσῃ 335  
ἰσοφυῆ τινα ταῦρον ὁμοκραίρῳ παρακοίτη.  
Ἐρμείαν πεφύλαξο βοοκλόπον ἡθάδι τέχνη,  
μὴ σε λαβῶν ἄτε ταῦρον ἐὸν κλέψειε τοκῆα,  
καὶ κιθάρην ὀπάσειε τεῶ πάλιν υἱεῖ Φοῖβῳ  
ἄρπαγος ἀρπαμένου κειμήλιον. ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω; 340  
ὠφελεν ἀγρῦπνοισιν ὄλον δέμας ὄμμασι λάμπων

<sup>a</sup> A mountain in Crete.

<sup>b</sup> Hera's speech is a mass of allusions. Apollo has the title Nomios, He of the Pastures (330), having been in all probability a god of herdsmen originally. For Selene's ox-team (331), cf. note on 97; she loved Endymion of Latmos and visited him while he slept; the myth forms the basis of Keats's poem of that title.

monster laboured with this hand or that to lift the fugitive flashing of the roving thunderbolt.

<sup>321</sup> Well, at the very time when Cadmos paid his visit to Arima in his wanderings, the seafaring bull set down the girl from his withers, quite dry, upon the shore by Dicte <sup>a</sup>; but Hera saw Cronides shaken with passion, and mad with jealousy she called out with an angry laugh:

<sup>326 b</sup> " Phoibos, go and stand by your father, or some plowman may catch Zeus and put him to some earth-shaking plowtree. I wish one *would* catch him and put him to the plow! Then I could shout to my lord — 'Learn to bear two goads now, Cupid's and the farmer's! You must be verily Lord of Pastures, my fine Archer, and shepherd your parent, or cattle-driver Selene may put Cronides under the yoke, she may score Zeus's back with her merciless lash when she is off to herdsman Endymion's bed in a hurry! Zeus your Majesty! it is a pity Io <sup>c</sup> did not see you coming like that to court her, when she was a heifer with horns on her forehead! she might have bred you a little bull as horny as his father! Look out for Hermes! The professional cattle-lifter may think he is catching a bull and steal his own father! He may give his harp once again to your son Phoibos, as price for the ravisher ravished.<sup>d</sup> But what can I do? If only Argos were still alive, shining all over with sleepless

<sup>c</sup> Io, daughter of the Argive River Inachos, was loved by Zeus, who turned her into a heifer to hide her from Hera; the latter set Argos to watch her with his unsleeping eyes, which he did till Hermes killed him. Hermes, the day he was born, stole Apollo's cattle, and made his peace with the elder god by giving him the lyre which he had just invented.

<sup>d</sup> See the Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*.

## NONNOS

Αργος ἔτι ζῶειν, ἵνα δύσβατον εἰς νομὸν ἔλκων  
πλευρὰ Διὸς πλήξειε καλαύροπι βουκόλος "Ἡρης."

Ἡ μὲν ἔφη· Κρονίδης δὲ λιπὼν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν  
εἵκελος ἠθέω περιδέδρομεν ἄζυγα κούρη· 345  
καὶ μελέων ἔψαυσεν, ἀπὸ στέρνοιο δὲ νύμφης  
μίτρην πρῶτον ἔλυσε περίτροχον, ὡς ἀέκων δὲ  
οἶδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἀκαμπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,  
καὶ κύσε χεῖλεος ἄκρον, ἀναπτύξας δὲ σιωπῆ  
ἄγνων ἀνυμφεύτου πεφυλαγμένον ἄμμα κορείης 350  
ὄμφακα Κυπριδίων ἐδρέψατο καρπὸν Ἑρώτων.

Καὶ διδύμη σφριγώωσα γονῆ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ·  
καὶ ζαθέης ὠδίνος ἐὴν ἐγκύμονα νύμφην  
κάλλιπεν Ἀστερίωνι, βαθυπλούτῳ παρακοίτῃ,  
Ζεὺς πόσις· ἀντέλλων δὲ παρὰ σφυρὸν Ἠνιοχῆος 355  
νυμφίος ἀστερόεις ἀμαρύσσετο Ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,  
εἰαρινῶ Φαέθοντι φιλόδροσα νῶτα φυλάσσω,  
ὄκλαδὸν ἀντέλλων ἐπικάρσιος· ἡμιβαφῆς δὲ  
δεξιὸν Ὠρίωνι πόδα προβλήτα τιταίνων  
φαίνεται, ἔσπερίην δὲ θωώτερος ἄντυγα βαίνων 360  
σύνδρομον ἀντέλλοντα παρέρχεται Ἠνιοχῆα.  
ὥς ὁ μὲν ἐστήρικτο κατ' οὐρανόν.

οὐ δὲ Τυφωεὺς  
μέλλεν ἔτι κρατέειν Διὸς ἔντεα· τοξοφόρῳ γὰρ  
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης σὺν Ἑρωτι πόλον δινωτὸν εἶασας  
φοιταλέω μαστήρι δι' οὔρεος ἦντετο Κάδμῳ 365  
πλαζομένῳ, ξυνήν δὲ πολύτροπον ἤρτυε βουλὴν  
ραϊψάμενος Τυφῶνι δυσηλακάτου λῖνα Μοίρης.  
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι συνέμπορος αἰγίβοτος Πᾶν  
δῶκε βόας καὶ μῆλα καὶ εὐκεράων στίχας αἰγῶν·  
πλέξας δ' ἐκ καλάμων καλύβην ἐλικώδει δεσμῶ 370  
πῆξεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο, καὶ ἀγνώστῳ τινὶ μορφῇ

<sup>a</sup> King of Crete.

eyes, that he might be Hera's drover, and drag Zeus to some inaccessible pasture, and prod his flanks with a crook ! ' "

<sup>344</sup> So much for Hera. But Cronides put off his bull-faced form, and in the shape of a young man ran round the innocent girl. He touched her limbs, loosed first the bodice about the maid's bosom, pressed as if by chance the swelling circle of the firm breast, kissed the tip of her lip, then silently undid the holy girdle of unwedded virginity, so well guarded, and plucked the fruit of love hardly ripe.

<sup>352</sup> Soon her womb swelled, quick with twin progeny ; and Zeus the husband passed over his bride with the divine offspring in her womb, to Asterion,<sup>a</sup> a consort of rich fortune. Then rising beside the Charioteer's ankle the bridegroom Bull of Olympos sparkled with stars, he who keeps his dewloving back for the Sun in the springtime, crouching upon his hams across the path as he rises : half submerged in the sea, he shows himself holding out his right foot towards Orion, and at evening quickens his pace into the circle and passes the Charioteer who rises with him to run his course.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>362</sup> So he was established in the heavens.

But Typhoeus was no longer to hold the gear of Zeus. For now Zeus Cronides along with Archer Eros left the circling pole, and met roving Cadmos amid the mountains on his wandering search ; then he devised with him an ingenious plan, and entwined the deadly threads of Moira's spindle for Typhon. And Goat-herd Pan who went with him gave Zeus Almighty cattle and sheep and rows of horned goats. Then he built a hut with mats of wattled reeds and fixed it on

<sup>b</sup> Imitated closely from Aratos 174-178.

## NONNOS

ποιμενίην ἐσθήτα καθαψάμενος χροῖ Κάδμου  
 εἵμασι μιμηλοῖσι νόθον χλαίνωσε νομήα·  
 καὶ δολίην σύριγγα φέρων εἰδήμονι Κάδμῳ  
 δῶκε Τυφαιόιο κυβερνήτειραν ὀλέθρου. 375  
 ψευδαλέον δὲ βοτῆρα καὶ ἠνιοχῆα γενέθλης  
 Ζεὺς καλέσας πετέοντα μίαν ξυνώσατο βουλήν·  
 “ Κάδμε πέπον, σύριζε, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐδῖος ἔσται·  
 δηθύνεις, καὶ Ὀλυμπος ἰμάσσεται· ἡμετέροις γὰρ  
 τεύχεσιν οὐρανίοις κεκορυθμένος ἐστὶ Τυφωεύς. 380  
 αἰγὶς ἐμοὶ μούνη περιλείπεται· ἀλλὰ τί ρέξει  
 αἰγὶς ἐμῇ Τυφῶνος ἐριδμαίνουσα κεραυνῶ;  
 δεῖδια, μὴ γελάσειε γέρων Κρόνος, ἀντιβίου δὲ  
 ἄζομαι αὐχένα γαῦρον ἀγήγορος Ἴαπετοῖο·  
 δεῖδια μυθοτόκον πλέον Ἑλλάδα, μὴ τις Ἀχαιῶν 385  
 ὑέτιον Τυφῶνα καὶ ὑψιμέδοντα καλέσση  
 ἢ ὕπατον, χραίνων ἐμὸν οὖνομα. γίνεο βούτης  
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ἀμερσινόω δὲ λιγαίνων  
 ῥύεο ποιμενίη σέο πηκτίδι ποιμένα κόσμου,  
 μὴ νεφεληγερέταο Τυφωέος ἦχον ἀκούσω, 390  
 μὴ βροντὴν ἐτέροιο νόθου Διός, ἀλλὰ ἐπαύσω  
 μαρνάμενον στεροπῆσι καὶ αἰχμάζοντα κεραυνῶ.  
 εἰ δὲ Διὸς λάχες αἶμα καὶ Ἰναχίης γένος Ἴου̅ς,  
 κερδαλέης σύριγγος ἀλεξικάκῳ σέο μολπῇ  
 θέλγε νόον Τυφῶνος. ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄξια μόχθων 395

<sup>a</sup> Eros.

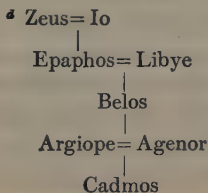
<sup>b</sup> The first two epithets are well-known titles of Zeus.

<sup>c</sup> The other one presumably was Salmoneus, see Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 585 ff.



the ground : he put on Cadmos a shepherd's dress, so that no one could know him in disguise, when he had clad his sham herdsman in this make-believe costume ; he gave clever Cadmos the deceiving panspipes, part of the plot to pilot Typhaon to his death.

<sup>377</sup> Now Zeus called the counterfeit herdsman and the winged controller of generation,<sup>a</sup> and disclosed this one common plan : " Look alive, Cadmos, pipe away and there shall be fine weather in heaven ! Delay, and Olympos is scourged ! for Typhoeus is armed with my heavenly weapons. Only the aegis-cape is left me ; but what will my aegis do fighting with Typhon's thunderbolt ? I fear old Cronos may laugh aloud, I am shy of the proud neck of my lordly adversary Iapetos ! I fear Hellas even more, that mother of romances—what if one of that nation call Typhon Lord of Rain, or Highest, and Ruling in the Heights,<sup>b</sup> defiling my name ! Become a herdsman for one day-dawn ; make a tune on your mindbefooling shepherd's pipes, and save the Shepherd of the Universe, that I may not hear the noise of Cloud-gatherer Typhoeus, the thunders of a new <sup>■</sup> impostor Zeus, that I may stop his battling with lightnings and volleying with thunderbolts ! If the blood of Zeus is in you, and the breed of Inachian Io,<sup>d</sup> bewitch Typhon's wits by the sovereign remedy of your guileful pipes and



δώσω διπλόα δῶρα· σὲ γὰρ ῥυτῆρα τελέσσω  
 ἀρμονίης κόσμοιο καὶ Ἀρμονίης παρακοίτην.  
 καὶ σύ, τελεσσιγόνοιο γάμου πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,  
 τεῖνον, Ἔρως, σέο τόξα, καὶ οὐκέτι κόσμος ἀλήτης.  
 εἰ πέλεν ἐκ σέο πάντα, βίου φιλοτήσιε ποιμήν, 400  
 ἐν βέλος ἄλλο τάνυσσον, ἵνα ξύμπαντα σαώσης·  
 ὡς πυρόεις, Τυφῶνι κορύσσειο, πυρσοφόροι δὲ  
 ἐκ σέο νοστήσωσιν ἐμὴν ἐπὶ χεῖρα κεραυνοί.  
 πανδαμάτωρ, ἕνα βάλλε τεῶ πυρί, θελγόμενον δὲ  
 σὸν βέλος ἀγρεύσειε, τὸν οὐ νίκησε Κρονίων· 405  
 Καδμείης δ' ἐχέτω φρενοθελγέος οἴστρον ἀοιδῆς,  
 ὅσσον ἐγὼ πόθον ἔσχον ἐς Εὐρώπης ὑμεναίους."

Ὡς εἰπὼν κερόεντι πανεῖκελος ἔσσυτο ταύρω,  
 ἔνθεν ὄρος πέλε Ταῦρος ἐπώνυμον. ὀξὺ δὲ τείνων  
 Κάδμος ὁμοφθόγγων δονάκων ἀπατήλιον ἠχώ, 410  
 κλίνας γείτοιν νῶτον ὑπὸ δρυὶ φορβάδος ὕλης·  
 καὶ φορέων ἄγραυλον ἀληθείος εἶμα νομῆος,  
 πέμπε Τυφαονίησι δολοπλόκον ὕμνον ἀκουαῖς  
 οἰδαλέῃ φύσημα παρηίδι λεπτόν ἰάλλων.  
 ἔνθα Γίγας φιλάοιδος ἐχιδναίῳ ποδὸς ὀλκῶ 415  
 ἄνθορεν εἰσαῖων δόλιον μέλος· ἔνδοθι δ' ἄντρου  
 ὄπλα Διὸς φλογόεντα λιπὼν παρὰ μητέρι Γαίῃ  
 τερψινόου σύριγγος ἐδίξετο γείτονα μολπὴν  
 ἐσπόμενος μελέεσσιν· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἐγγύθι λόχμης  
 Κάδμος, ἄτε τρομέων, ὑπὸ ῥωγάδι κεύθετο πέτρῃ. 420  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ὑψικάρητος ἀλυσκάζοντα νοήσας  
 νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοισι πέλωρ ἐκάλεσσε Τυφωεύς,  
 καὶ δόλον οὐ γίνωσκε λιγύθροον· ἀντιτύπῳ δὲ  
 ποιμένι δεξιτερὴν μίαν ὤρεγεν, ἄρκυν ὀλέθρου

their tune ! I will give you ample recompense for your service, two gifts : I will make you saviour of the world's harmony, and the husband of the lady Harmonia. You also, Love, primeval founder of fecund marriage, bend your bow, and the universe is no longer adrift. If all things come from you, friendly shepherd of life, draw one shot more and save all things. As fiery god, arm yourself against Typhon, and by your help let the fiery thunderbolts return to my hand. All-vanquisher, strike one with your fire, and may your charmed shot catch one whom Cronion did not defeat ; and may he have madness from the mind-bewitching tune of Cadmos, as much as I had passion for Europa's embrace ! ”

<sup>408</sup> With these words Zeus passed away in the shape of the horned Bull, from which the Tauros Mountain takes its name.

<sup>409</sup> But Cadmos tuned up the deceitful notes of his harmonious reeds, as he reclined under a neighbouring tree in the pasturing woodland ; wearing the country garb of a real herdsman, he sent the deluding tune to Typhaon's ears, puffing his cheeks to blow the soft breath. The Giant loved music, and when he heard this delusive melody, he leapt up and dragged along his viperish feet ; he left in a cave the flaming weapons of Zeus with Mother Earth to keep them, and followed the notes to seek the neighbouring tune of the pipes which delighted his soul. There he was seen by Cadmos near the bushes, who was sore afraid and hid in a cleft of the rock. But the monster Typhoeus with head high in air saw him trying to hide himself, and beckoned with voiceless signs, nor did he understand the trick in this beautiful music ; then face to face with the shepherd, he held out one

NONNOS

ἀγνώσσω· μεσάτω δὲ दाφουήεντι προσώπω 425  
 ἀνδρομέω γελῶν κενεαυχέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Αἰπόλε, τί τρομέεις με;

τί φάεα χειρὶ καλύπτεις;  
 καλὸν ἐμοὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα μετὰ Κρονίωνα διώκειν,  
 καλὸν ἐμοὶ σύριγγα σὺν ἀστεροπῆσιν αἰείρειν·  
 τί ξυνὸν καλάμοισι καὶ αἰθαλόεντι κεραυνῶ; 430  
 πηκτίδα σὴν ἔχε μῦνος, ἐπεὶ λάχεν ἄλλο Τυφωεύς  
 ὄργανον αὐτοβόητον Ὀλύμπιον· ἐζόμενος δὲ  
 χερσὶν ἀδουπήτοισιν ἐθήμονος ἄμμορος ἠχοῦς  
 πηκτίδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς·  
 σῶν δ' ὀλίγων δονάκων ἐχέτω κτύπον·

οὔτιδανούς γὰρ 435

οὐ πλεκτοὺς καλάμους καλάμοις στοιχηδὸν ἐλίσσω,  
 ἀλλὰ κυλινδομένας νεφέλας νεφέλησι συνάπτων  
 οὐρανίοις πατάγοισιν ὁμόζυγα δοῦπον ἰάλλω.  
 στήσω δ', ἦν ἐθέλης, φιλίην ἔριν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέλπων  
 πέμπε μέλος δονακῶδες, ἐγὼ βρονταῖον ἀράσσω· 440  
 πνεύματι μὲν σφριγόωσαν ἔχων προβλήτα παρειήν  
 φυσιᾶς στομάτεσσιν, ἱμασσόμενοι δὲ Βορῆος  
 ἄσθματι φυσητῆρος ἐμοὶ βρομέουσι κεραυνοί.  
 βουκόλε, μισθὸν ἔχοις σέο πηκτίδος· οὐράνιον γὰρ  
 ἀντὶ Διὸς σκηπτούχος ὅτε θρόνον ἠνιοχεύσω, 445  
 ἐσπόμενον μετὰ γαῖαν ἐς αἰθέρα καὶ σέ κομίσσω  
 αὐτῇ ὁμοῦ σύριγγι καί, ἦν ἐθέλης, ἅμα ποιίμνη·  
 οὐδὲ τεῆς ἀγέλης νοσφίσσεαι· ἰσοτύπου γὰρ  
 στηρίξω σέθεν αἴγας ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν Αἰγοκερῆος  
 ἢ σχεδὸν Ἠνιοχῆος, ὃς Ὀλυνίην ἐν Ὀλύμπω 450  
 πήχεϊ μαρμαίροντι σελασφόρον Αἶγα τιταίνει·

right hand, not seeing the net of destruction, and with his middle face, blood-red and human in shape, he laughed aloud and burst into empty boasts :

<sup>427</sup> " Why do you fear me, goatherd ? Why do you cover your eyes with your hand ? A fine feat I should think it to pursue a mortal man, after Cronion ! A fine feat to carry off panspipes along with the lightning ! What have reeds to do with flaming thunderbolts ? Keep your pipes alone, since Typhoeus possesses another kind of organ, the Olympian, which plays by itself ! There sits Zeus, without his clouds, hands unrumbling, none of his usual noise—he could do with your pipes. Let him have your handful of reeds to play. I don't join worthless reeds to other reeds in a row and wave them about, but I roll up clouds upon clouds into a lump, and discharge a bang all at once with rumblings all over the sky !

<sup>439</sup> " Let's have a friendly match, if you like. Come on, you make music and sound your reedy tune, I will crash my thundery tune. You puff out your cheek all swollen with wind, and blow with your lips, but Boreas is my blower, and my thunderbolts boom when his breath flogs them. Drover, I will pay you for your pipes : for when I shall hold the sceptre instead of Zeus, and drive the heavenly throne, you shall come with me ; leave the earth and I will bring you to heaven pipes and all, with your flock too if you like, you shall not be parted from your herd. I'll settle your goats over the backbone of Aigoceros, one of the same breed ; or near the Charioteer, who pushes the shining Olenian She-goat <sup>a</sup> in Olympos with his

<sup>a</sup> Amaltheia, who gave milk to the infant Zeus and was placed among the stars. She came from Olenos in the Peloponnese.

## NONNOS

στήσω δ' ὄμβροτόκοιο παρὰ πλατὺν ἀνχένα Ταύρου  
 σούς βόας ἀστερόεντας ἐπαντέλλοντας Ὀλύμπω,  
 ἢ δροσερὴν παρὰ νύσσαν, ὄπη ζωθαλπέι λαιμῶ  
 ἠνεμόεν μύκημα βόες πέμπουσι Σελήνης. 455  
 οὐδὲ τεῆς καλύβης ὀλίγης χρέος· ἀντὶ δὲ λόχμης  
 αἰθερίαις Ἐρίφοισι συναστράπτοι σέο ποιμνῆ.  
 καὶ φάτνης ἐτέρης τελέσω τύπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ  
 ἰσοφυῆς λάμψειεν Ὀνων παρὰ γείτονι Φάτνῃ.  
 ἔσσο καὶ ἀστερόεις μετὰ βουκόλον, ἦχι Βωώτης 460  
 φαίνεται, ἀστραίην δὲ καλαύροπα καὶ σὺ τιταίνων  
 ἔσσο Λυκαονίης ἐλατῆρ Ἀρκτῶος Ἀμάξης.  
 οὐρανίου Τυφῶνος ὀμέστιος, ὄλβιε ποιμῆν,  
 σήμερον ἐν χιωνὶ μέλπε, καὶ αὔριον ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου.  
 μολπῆς δ' ἄξια δῶρα παρ' ἀστεροφεγγεὶ κύκλω 465  
 στηρίξω σέθεν ὄψιν Ὀλύμπιον, ἠδυμελῆ δὲ  
 οὐρανίῃ Φόρμιγγι τετὴν σύριγγα συνάψω.  
 σοὶ γάμον, ἣν ἐθέλης, δωρήσομαι ἀγνὸν Ἀθήνης·  
 εἰ δέ σοι οὐ γλαυκῶπις ἐπεύαδε, δέχνησο Λητῶ  
 ἢ Χάριν ἢ Κυθέρειαν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν ἢ γίμον Ἥβης· 470  
 μούνης ἠμετέρης μὴ δίξω δέμνιον Ἥρης.  
 εἰ δ' ἔλαχες πλῆξιππον ἀδελφεὸν ἴδμονα δίφρου,  
 ἔμπυρον Ἥελίου τετράζυγον ἄρμα δεχέσθω·  
 εἰ δὲ Διὸς ποθέεις, ὡς αἰπόλος, αἰγίδα πάλλειν,  
 δώσω σοι τόδε δῶρον. ἐγὼ δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ὀδεύσω 475  
 οὐκ ἀλέγων Κρονίωνος ἀτευχέος· οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ  
 ἔντεσι θῆλυς ἐοῦσα τί μοι ῥέξειεν Ἀθήνη;  
 ἀλλὰ Τυφαιονίην ἀναβάλλω, βουκόλε, νίκην,  
 γνήσιον ὑμνείων με νέον σκηπτουῶχον Ὀλύμπου  
 σκῆπτρα Διὸς φορέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοιτα χιτῶνα." 480

• The allusions are to the constellations Capricorn, Auriga, Capella, Haedi, the two Asses and the faint little group of stars between them known as the Manger, the arctic con-

sparkling arm.<sup>a</sup> I'll put your cattle beside the rainy Bull's broad shoulder and make them stars rising in Olympos, or near the dewy turning-point<sup>b</sup> where Selene's cattle send out a windy moo from their life-warming throats. You will not want your little hut. Instead of your bushes, let your flock go flashing with the etherial Kids: I will make them another crib, to shine beside the Asses' Crib and as good as theirs. Be a star yourself instead of a drover, where the Ox-driver is seen; wield a starry goad yourself, and drive the Bear's Lycaonian wain. Happy shepherd, be heavenly Typhon's guest at table: tune up on earth to-day, to-morrow in heaven! You shall have ample recompense for your song: I will establish your face in the starlit circle of heaven, and join your tuneful pipes to the heavenly Harp. If you like, I will give you Athena for your holy bride: if you do not care for Grayeyes,<sup>c</sup> take Leto, or Charis, or Cythereia, or Artemis, or Hebe to wife. Only don't ask me for my Hera's bed. If you have a horse-master brother who can manage a team, let him take Helios's fiery four-in-hand. If you want to wield the goatskin cape of Zeus, being a goatherd, I will make you a present of that too. I mean to march into Olympos caring nothing for Zeus unarmed; and what could Athena do to me with her armour?—a female! Strike up 'See the Conquering Typhon comes,' you herdsman! Sing the new lawful sovereign of Olympos in me, bearing the sceptre of Zeus and his robe of lightning!"

stellations already mentioned above, 165, and finally (467) to Lyra.

<sup>b</sup> "The spring equinox," see vi. 237. The puzzling word *ῥύσσα* is discussed by Stegemann, *Astrologie*, p. 30.

<sup>c</sup> The standing epithet of Athena.

## NONNOS

Εἶπε, καὶ Ἀδρήστεια τόσῃν ἐγράφατο φωνήν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ γίνωσκειν ἐκούσιον εἰς λίνον ἄγρης  
 νήματι Μοιριδίῳ πεφορημένον υἷὸν ἀρούρης  
 τερψινόων δονάκων βεβολημένον ἠδέει κέντρῳ,  
 κερδαλέην ἀγέλαστος ἀνήρυγε Κάδμος ἰωήν·

485

“Βαιὸν ἐμῆς σύριγγος ἐθάμβεες ἤχον ἀκούσας·  
 εἶπέ, τί κεν ῥέξειας, ὅταν σέο θῶκον ἀείσω  
 ἑπτατόνου κιθάρης ἐπινίκιον ὕμνον ἀράσσω;  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐπουρανίοισιν ἐγὼ πλήκτροισιν ἐρίζων  
 Φοῖβον ἐμῇ φόρμιγγι παρέδραμον, ἡμετέρας δὲ  
 χορδὰς εὐκελάδους Κρονίδης ἀμάθυνε κεραυνῶ  
 υἱεὶ νικηθέντι φέρων χάριν· εἰ δὲ ποθ' εὖρω  
 νεῦρα πάλιν σφριγύωντα,

490

μέλος πλήκτροισι τιταίνων

θέλξω δένδρεα πάντα καὶ οὔρεα καὶ φρένα θηρῶν·  
 καὶ στέφος αὐτοέλικτον, ὁμόζυγον ἤλικι γαίῃ,  
 Ὠκεανὸν σπεύδοντα παλινδίνητον ἐρύξω  
 τὴν αὐτὴν περὶ νύσσαν ἄγειν κυκλούμενον ὕδωρ,  
 ἀπλανέων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ ἀντιθέοντας ἀλήτας  
 στήσω, καὶ Φαέθοντα καὶ ἰστοβοῆα Σελήνης.  
 ἀλλὰ θεοὺς καὶ Ζῆνα βαλὼν πυρόεντι βελέμνω

495

μοῦνον ἕα κλυτότοξον, ὅπως περὶ δεῖπνα τραπέζης  
 δαιτυμένου Τυφῶνος ἐγὼ καὶ Φοῖβος ἐρίζω,  
 τίς τίνα νικήσειε μέγαν Τυφῶνα λιγαίνων.  
 Πιερίδας μὴ κτεῖνε χορίτιδας, ὄφρα καὶ αὐταὶ  
 Φοῖβου κῶμον ἄγοντος ἢ ὑμετέροιο νομῆος  
 θῆλυ μέλος πλέξωσιν ὁμόθροον ἄρσενι μολπῇ.”

500

505

“Ἐννεπε· καὶ χαροπῆσιν ἐπ' ὄφρῦσι  
 νεῦσε Τυφωεύς,  
 καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδόνησεν· ἐρευγομένων δὲ κομάων

<sup>a</sup> Nemesis.

<sup>b</sup> See 512; this is just mentioned by the way.



<sup>481</sup> He spoke, and Adrasteia <sup>a</sup> took note of his words thus far. But when Cadmos understood that the son of Earth had been carried by Fate's thread into his hunting-net, a willing captive, struck by the delightful sting of those soul-delighting reeds, unsmiling he uttered this artful speech :

<sup>486</sup> " You liked the little tune of my pipes, when you heard it ; tell me, what would you do when I strike out a hymn of victory on the harp of seven strings, to honour your throne ? Indeed, I matched myself against Phoibos with his heavenly quill, and beat him with my own harp, but Cronides burnt to dust my fine ringing strings with a thunderbolt, to please his beaten son ! But if ever I find again the swelling sinews, <sup>b</sup> I will strike up a tune with my quills to bewitch all the trees and the mountains and the temper of wild beasts. I will drag back Oceanos, that coronet self-wreathed about the earth and old as earth herself, <sup>c</sup> I will make him hasten and bring his stream rolling back upon himself round the same road. I will stay the army of fixed stars, and the racing planets, and Phaëthon, <sup>d</sup> and Selene's carriage-pole. But when you strike Zeus and the gods with your thunderbolt, do leave only the Archer, that while Typhon feasts at his table, I and Phoibos may have a match, and see which will beat which in celebrating mighty Typhon ! And do not kill the dancing Pierides, that they may weave the women's lay harmonious with our manly song when Phoibos or your shepherd leads the merry dance ! "

<sup>507</sup> He finished ; and Typhoeus bowed his flashing eyebrows and shook his locks : every hair belched

<sup>c</sup> Oceanos is conceived as a river running round the earth at its limit.

<sup>d</sup> Here, as often, the sun.

## NONNOS

Ἴὸν ἐχιδνήεντα περιρραίνοντο κολῶναι.  
 καὶ ταχὺς εἰς ἔὸν ἄντρον ἐπείγετο· κεῖθεν ἀείρας 510  
 νεῦρα Διὸς δολόεντι πόρεν ξεινήια Κάδμω,  
 νεῦρα, τά περ χθονὶ πίπτε Τυφαιονίῃ ποτὲ χάρμη.  
 Καὶ δόσιν ἀμβροσίην ἀπατήλιος ἦνεσε ποιμῆν·  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμφαφάασκε καὶ ἄρμενον οἶά τε χορδὴν  
 ἔσσομένην φόρμιγγι κατέκρυφε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ, 515  
 Ζηνὶ Γιγαντοφόνῳ πεφυλαγμένα· φειδομένῳ δὲ  
 λεπταλέον φύσημα μεμυκότι χεῖλεϊ πέμπων,  
 θλιβομένοις δονάκεσσιν ὑποκλέπτων τόνον ἠχοῦς,  
 λαρότερον μέλος εἶπε· καὶ οὔατα πολλὰ τιταίνων  
 ἀρμονίης ἤκουε, καὶ οὐ γίνωσκε Τυφωεύς. 520  
 θελγομένῳ δὲ Γίγαντι νόθος παρεσύρισε ποιμῆν  
 ἀθανάτων ἄτε φύζαν ἐῆ σύριγγι λιγαίνων,  
 καὶ Διὸς ἔσσομένην ἐμελίζετο γείτονα νίκην  
 ἔζομένῳ Τυφῶνι μόρον Τυφῶνος ἀείδων·  
 καὶ πλέον οἴστρον ἔγειρε. καὶ ὡς νέος ἠδέει κέντρῳ 525  
 ἀβρὸς ἐρωμανέων ἐπιθέλγεται ἠλικὴ κούρη,  
 καὶ πῆ μὲν χαρίεντος ἐς ἄργυφα κύκλα προσώπου,  
 πῆ δὲ βαθυσμήριγγος ἀλήμονα βότρυν ἐθείρης  
 δέρκεται, ἄλλοτε χεῖρα ῥοδόχροον, ἄλλοτε μίτρη  
 σφιγγομένην ῥοδόεντος ἴτυν μαζοῖο δοκεύει 530  
 αὐχένα παπταίνων γυμνούμενον, ἀμφὶ δὲ μορφῇ  
 θέλγεται ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἄγων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπῆν,  
 οὐ δὲ λιπεῖν ἐθέλει ποτὲ παρθένον· ὡς ὃ γε Κάδμω  
 θελγομένην μελέεσσιν ὄλην φρένα δῶκε Τυφωεύς.

<sup>a</sup> A memory of Hom. *Il.* i. 528 ἢ καὶ κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσιν  
 νεῦσε Κρονίων, ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος  
 κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλυμπον.

<sup>b</sup> The story is obscurely told, and probably Nonnos did  
 not understand it; it is obviously old. By some device  
 or by a well-aimed blow, Typhon had evidently cut the

viper-poison and drenched the hills.<sup>a</sup> Quick he returned to his cave, took up and brought out the sinews of Zeus,<sup>b</sup> and gave them to crafty Cadmos as the guest's gift; they had fallen on the ground in the battle with Typhaon.

<sup>513</sup> The deceitful shepherd thanked him for the immortal gift; he handled the sinews carefully, as if they were to be strung on the harp, and hid them in a hole in the rock, kept safe for Zeus Giant-slayer. Then with pursed-up lips he let out a soft and gentle breath, pressing the reeds and stealing the notes, and sounded a tune more dainty than ever. Typhoeus pricked up all his many ears and listened to the melody, and knew nothing. The Giant was bewitched, while the false shepherd whistled by his side, as if sounding the rout of the immortals with his pipes; but he was celebrating the soon-coming victory of Zeus, and singing the fate of Typhon to Typhon sitting by his side. So he excited him to frenzy even more; and as a lusty youth enamoured is bewitched by delicious thrills by the side of a maiden his agemate, and gazes now at the silvery round of her charming face, now at a straying curl of her thick hair, now again at a rosy hand, or notes the circle of her blushing breast pressed by the bodice, and watches the bare neck, as he delights to let his eye run over and over her body never satisfied, and never will leave his girl—so Typhoeus yielded his whole soul to Cadmos for the melody to charm.

sinews out of Zeus's arms, thus disabling him; Cadmos now gets them back by pretending that he wants them for harp-strings. So fantastic a tale may well be genuinely Oriental, as fits the locality, not Greek at all; there are in various parts of the world tales, mostly savage, of a similar loss and recovery of important parts of the body.

## ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK I

165 ff. Nonnos is fond of displaying his very inaccurate astronomical learning. Here Cynosuris is Cynosura, in the constellation Ursa Minor; but as Typhon reaches for it with one hand while the other grasps the Great Bear and Nonnos describes it as being "by the ankle of the sky," which, if it means anything, signifies the lower, *i.e.* southern part, near the equator, he seems to confuse it with Canis Minor, which is some 70 deg. from the Pole. The Parrhasian Bear is Callisto, daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia, in which Mt. Parrhasion lies; she was turned by Zeus into the constellation Ursa Maior. Boötes, the Ox-driver, otherwise Arctophylax, the Bearward, is immediately behind her. Phosphoros was the morning star, the planet now called Venus, which rising on the horizon before the sun is said to be under the "circling turning-post" of the sky, *i.e.* drives around the edges of it; the *ῥύσσα*, Latin *meta*, was the post around which the chariots turned in a race. The heavenly bodies are quite commonly spoken of as riding or driving. The Bull being one of the signs of the Zodiac, if Typhon was interfering with it the sun could not pass through, and so the season (late spring) could not be completed. By grasping at once Auriga and Capricorn,—the latter is "hailstorm" because it is the sign of the winter solstice,—the Giant reaches clean across the sky from east to west, 178-179. The Ram is the "mid-navel" of the heavens, not because it is anywhere near the Pole, but because it is the sign from which the astronomical year conventionally starts; its fiery neighbour is the Sun, which is theoretically in Aries in spring. The "heavenly serpent" (189) is the constellation Draco, near the Pole; Cepheus's daughter is here the constellation Andromeda. The serpent which is attacking the Bull, *i.e.* the constellation Taurus (194), since it is hanging from his horns, has its head somewhere near

## ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK I

the Hyades, the little crescent-shaped group of stars near his nose. The "other snake" of 199 is not Draco, but the serpent which Ophiuchus holds. Ariadne's, or the Northern, crown is the wedding-wreath of Ariadne, daughter of Minos, made a constellation by Dionysos to celebrate her union with him. In 206 the crest of Atlas (the mountain) is dragged along with the evening star to the morning star (Nonnos did not know, or had forgotten, that the two are one and the same), because it represents the extreme west for most Greek geographers and, being the metamorphosed head of the Titan who supported the sky, could be brought in along with the stars themselves. For an explanation of 215, see note on 97.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Δεύτερον ἀστερόφοιτον ἔχει Τυφῶνος Ἐννῶ  
καὶ στεροπήν καὶ ἄεθλα Διὸς καὶ κῶμον Ὀλύμπου.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνε

παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης

ἀκροπόρῳ σύριγγι μετάτροπα χεῖλεα σύρων,  
Κάδμος Ἀγηνορίδης νόθος αἰπόλος· ἀπροϊδῆς δὲ  
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ σπέος ἄψοφος ἔρπων  
χεῖρας εἰς ἐκόρυσσε τὸ δεύτερον ἠθάδι πυρσῶ. 5  
καὶ νέφος ἔσκεπε Κάδμον ἀθηήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ,  
μὴ δόλον ἠπεροπήῃα μαθῶν καὶ φῶρα κεραυνοῦ  
λάθριον ὑστερόμητις ἀποκτείνειε Τυφωεὺς  
βουκόλον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον· ὁ δὲ πλέον ἠδέει κέντρῳ  
ἠθέλεν εἰσαΐειν φρενοθελγέα ῥυθμὸν ἀοιδῆς. 10  
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις Σειρήνος ἐπὶ κλοπῶν ὕμνον ἀκούων  
εἰς μόρον αὐτοκέλευστον ἀώριος εἴλκετο ναύτης,  
θελγόμενος μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκέτι κῦμα χαράσσων  
γλαυκὸν ἀκυμάντοισιν ὕδωρ λεύκαιεν ἔρετμοῖς,  
ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγιοιο πεσῶν ἐπὶ δίκτυα Μοίρης 15  
τέρπετο πηδαλίιο λελασμένος, ἄστρον εἰσάσας  
Πλειάδος ἐπταπόροιο καὶ ἄντυγα κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου·  
ὡς ὁ γε κερδαλέης δεδονημένος ἄσθημασι μολπῆς  
πηκτίδος ἠδὺ βέλεμνον ἐδέξατο πομπὸν ὀλέθρου.

## BOOK II

The second has Typhon's battle ranging through the stars, and lightning, and the struggles of Zeus, and the triumph of Olympos.

AND so Cadmos Agenorides remained there by the ankle of the pasturing woodland, drawing his lips to and fro along the tops of the pipes, as a pretended goatherd ; but Zeus Cronides, unespied, uncaught, crept noiseless into the cave, and armed himself with his familiar fires a second time. And a cloud covered Cadmos beside his unseen rock, lest Typhoeus might learn this crafty plan, and the secret thief of the thunderbolts, and wise too late might kill the turncoat herdsman. But all the Giant wanted was, to hear more and more of the mind-bewitching melody with its delicious thrill. When a sailor hears the Siren's perfidious song, and bewitched by the melody, he is dragged to a self-chosen fate too soon ; no longer he cleaves the waves, no longer he whitens the blue water with his oars unwetted now, but falling into the net of melodious Fate, he forgets to steer, quite happy, caring not for the seven starry Pleiades and the Bear's circling course : so the monster, shaken by the breath of that deceitful tune, welcomed with delight the wound of the pipes which was his escort to death.

## NONNOS

Ἄλλὰ καλυπτομένου νεφέων σκιοειδέι μήτρη 20  
 ἔμπνοος εὐκελάδοιο δόναξ σίγησε νομῆος,  
 ἀρμονίην δ' ἀνέκοψεν. ἀερσιπότης δὲ Τυφωεύς  
 οἴστρον ἔλων πολέμοιο  
 κατέδραμεν εἰς μυχὸν ἄντρου,  
 βροντὴν δ' ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐδίξετο φοιτάδι λύσση 25  
 καὶ στεροπὴν ἀκίχητον, ἐρευνητῆρι δὲ ταρσῶ  
 ζαφλεγὲς ἀρπαμένοιο σέλας μάστευε κεραυνοῦ,  
 καὶ κενεὸν σπέος εὔρε. δολοφραδέας δὲ μενοινὰς  
 ὄψε μαθὼν Κρονίδαο καὶ αἰόλα δῆνεα Κάδμου  
 αἰχμάζων σκοπέλοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησεν Ὀλύμπῳ.  
 καὶ ποδὸς ἀγκύλον ἴχνος ἄγων ὄφιδώδεϊ ταρσῶ 30  
 ἰὸν ἀκοντιστῆρος ἀπέπτυνεν ἀνθερεῶνος·  
 ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐχιδναίησιν ἐθείραις  
 πίδακας ὀμβρήσαντος ἐκυμαίνοντο χαράδραι·  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπαῖσσοντι βαθυνομένην χθονὸς ἔδρην  
 ἀκλινέος δαπέδοιο Κίλιξ ἐλελίξετο πυθμὴν 35  
 ποσσὶ δρακοντείοισι, πολυσφαράγῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ  
 Ταυρείου λοφόμενος ἀρασσομένου κενεῶνος  
 γείτονες ὠρχήσαντο φόβῳ Παμφυλίδες ὄχθαι,  
 καὶ χθόνιαι σήραγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔτρεμον ἄκραι 40  
 ἠιόνες, σείοντο μυχοί, καὶ ὀλίσθανον ἀκταὶ  
 λυομένης ψαμάθοιο ποδῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ.  
 οὐ νομός, οὐ τότε θῆρες ἀπήμονες· ὠμοβόροι γὰρ  
 ἄρκτοι ἐδαιτρεύοντο Τυφαιόιο προσώπου  
 ἀρκτώαις γενύεσσι, λεοντείων δὲ καρῆνων  
 γλαυκὰ δασυστέρνων ἐλαφύσσετο γυῖα λεόντων 45  
 χάσμασιν ἰσοτύποισιν, ἐχιδνήεντι δὲ λαιμῶ  
 ψυχρὰ πεδοτρεφέων ἐδαίξετο νῶτα δρακόντων,  
 ἠερίους δ' ὄρνιθας ἐδαίνυτο γείτονι λαιμῶ  
 ἵπταμένους ἀβάτοιο δι' αἰθέρος, ἀγχιφανῆ δὲ  
 αἰετὸν ἦσθιε μᾶλλον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ὄρνις ἀκούει· 50



## DIONYSIACA, II. 20-50

<sup>20</sup> But now the shepherd's reed breathing melody fell silent, and a mantling shadow of cloud hid the piper as he cut off his tune. Typhoeus rushed head-in-air with the fury of battle into the cave's recesses, and searched with hurried madness for the wind-coursing thunderbolt and the lightning unapproachable; with inquiring foot he chased the fire-shotten gleam of the stolen thunderbolt, and found an empty cave! Too late he learnt the craft-devising schemes of Cronides and the subtle machinations of Cadmos: flinging the rocks about he leapt upon Olympos. While he dragged his crooked track with snaky foot, he spat out showers of poison from his throat; the mountain torrents were swollen, as the monster showered fountains from the viperish bristles of his high head; as he marched, the solid earth did sink, and the steady ground of Cilicia shook to its foundations under those dragon-feet; the flanks of craggy Tauros crashed with a rumbling din, until the neighbouring Pamphylian hills danced with fear; the underground caverns boomed, the rocky headlands trembled, the hidden places shook, the shore slipt away as a thrust of his earthshaking foot loosened the sands.

<sup>42</sup> Neither pasture nor wild beasts were spared. Rawravering bears made a meal for the jaws of Typhaon's bear-heads; tawny bodies of chest-bristling lions were swallowed by the gaping jaws of his own lion-heads; his snaky throats devoured the cold shapes of earthfed serpents; birds of the air, flying through untrodden space, there met neighbours to gulp them down their throats—he found the eagle in his home, and that was the food he relished most, because it is called the Bird of Zeus. He ate up the plowing

## NONNOS

ἦσθιε βοῦν ἀροτῆρα, καὶ οὐκ ᾤκτειρε δοκεύων  
 αἰμοβαφῆ ζυγίῳ κεχαραγμένον αὐχένα δεσμῶ.  
 καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκόνισσε πίων ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,  
 Νηιάδων δὲ φάλαγγας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐναύλων· 55  
 καὶ βυθίῃ στείχουσα βατὸν ῥόον ἄλματι πεζῶ  
 ἀβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ἀσάμβalos ἴστατο Νύμφη  
 Νηιάς ὑγροκέλευθος, ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ ταρσῶ  
 κούρης παλλομένης παρὰ διψάδα πέζαν ἐναύλων  
 σφίγγετο πηλώνεντι πεπηγότα γούνατα δεσμῶ.  
 μαινομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἰδὼν πολύμορφον ὄπωπῆν 60  
 ταρβαλέος σύριγγα γέρων ἀπεσεΐσατο ποιμῆν  
 νόσφι φυγῶν· ὀρόων δὲ πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν  
 αἰπόλος ἀστήρικτον ἐπέτρεπεν αὐλὸν ἀέλλαις·  
 οὐ σπόρον ἀμφεκάλυψε πέδῳ ταλαεργὸς ἀροτρεὺς  
 ραίνων ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπισθοβόλῳ χθόνα καρπῶ, 65  
 οὐδὲ Τυφαιονίης παλάμης νωμήτορι παλμῶ  
 αὐλακα τεμνομένην ἐνοσίχθονι τάμνε σιδήρῳ,  
 ἀλλὰ βόας μεθέηκε, Γιγαντείῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ  
 σχιζομένης κενεῶνες ἐγυμνώθησαν ἀρούρης.  
 καὶ διερῆν φλέβα λύσεν, ἀνοιγομένου δὲ βερέθρου 70  
 χεύμασι πηγαίοισιν ἀνέβλυε νέρτερος αὐλῶν,  
 ἀσκεπέος δαπέδοιο χέων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ·  
 καὶ σκόπελοι ρίπτοντο· χαραδραίοις δὲ ρέεθροις  
 ἠερόθεν πίπτοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση,  
 ὕδατα χερσῶσαντες· ἀπὸ χθονίων δὲ βελέμνων 75  
 αὐτοπαγῆ ριζοῦτο νεηγενέων σφυρὰ νήσων.  
 δένδρεα δ' αὐτόπρεμνα μετωχλίσθησαν ἀρούρης,  
 καὶ δαπέδῳ πέσε καρπὸς ἁώριος, ἀρτιθαλῆς δὲ  
 κῆπος αἰστώθη, ῥοδόεις δ' ἀμαθύνετο λειμών·

ox,<sup>a</sup> and had no pity when he saw the galled neck bloody from the yoke-straps.

<sup>53</sup> He made the rivers dust, as he drank the water after his meal, beating off the troops of Naiads from the river-beds: the Naiad of the deeps made her way tripping afoot as if the river were a roadway, until she stood, unshod, with dry limbs, she a nymph, the creature of watery ways, and as the girl struggled, thrusting one foot after another along the thirsty bed of the stream, she found her knees held fast to the bottom in a muddy prison.

<sup>60</sup> The old shepherd, terrified to descry the manifold visage of this maddened monster, dropt his pipes and ran away; the goatherd, seeing the wide-scattered host of his arms, threw his reed flying to the winds; the hard-working plowman sprinkled not the new-scored ground with corn thrown behind him, nor covered it with earth, nor cut with earth-shaking iron the land furrowed already by Typhon's guiding hand, but let his oxen go loose. The earth's hollows were bared, as the monster's missile cleft it. He freed the liquid vein, and as the chasm opened, the lower channel bubbled up with flooding springs, pouring out the water from under the uncovered bosom of the ground, and rocks were thrown up, and falling from the air in torrential showers were hidden in the sea, making the waters dry land: and the hurtling masses of earth rooted themselves firmly as the footings of new-made islands. Trees were levered up from the earth by the roots, and the fruit fell on the ground untimely; the fresh-flowering garden was laid waste, the rosy meadows withered;

<sup>a</sup> An act of impiety: the plow-ox was exempted from sacrifice by Attic law, Aelian, *V.H.* v. 14.

καὶ Ζέφυρος δεδόνητο κυλινδομένων κυπαρίσσων 80  
 ἀύχμηροῖς πετάλοισι· φιλοθρήνοισι δὲ μολπαῖς  
 αἶλινα Φοῖβος ἄειδε δαΐζομένων ὑακίνθων,  
 πλέξας πένθιμον ὕμνον, Ἀμυκλαίων δὲ κορύμβων  
 κοπτομένη πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπέστενε γείτοσι δάφνη·  
 κεκλιμένην δ' ὄρθωσεν ἔην πίτυν ἀχνύμενος Πάν· 85  
 καί, Μορίης μνησθεῖσα, φερέπτολιν Ἀτθίδα νύμφην  
 τεμνομένην Γλαυκῶπις ἐπεστονάχιζεν ἐλαίη·  
 καὶ Παφίη δάκρυσε κονιομένης ἀνεμώνης,  
 πυκνὰ δὲ μυρομένη καλύκων εὐώδεα χαίτην  
 βόστρυχον ἀβρὸν ἔτιλλε κονιομένου ῥοδεῶνος· 90  
 καὶ στάχυν ἤμιτέλεστο ὀλωλότα μύρετο Δηῶ,  
 μηκέτι κῶμον ἄγουσα θαλύσιον· Ἀδρυάδες δὲ  
 ἤλικες ὠδύροντο λιπόσκια δένδρεα Νύμφαι.

Καί τις ἐυπτόρθοιο διχαζομένοιο κορύμβου  
 σύγχρονος ἀκρήδμενος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἄνθορε δάφνης, 95  
 ἐκ πίτυος δὲ φυγοῦσα βατῶ ποδι παρθένος ἄλλη  
 ἀγχιφανῆς ἀγόρευε μετήλυδι γείτοσι Νύμφη·

“ Δαφναίη φυγόδεμνος Ἀμαδρυὰς,

εἰς δρόμος ἔστω

ἀμφοτέραις, μὴ Φοῖβον ἴδης, μὴ Πάνα νοήσω.  
 ὑλοτόμοι, τάδε δένδρα παρέλθετε, μὴ φυτὰ Δάφνης 100  
 τέμνετε δειλαίης τετιημένα· φεῖδεο, τέκτων,  
 ὀλκάδα μὴ τελέσης πιτυώδεα δούρατα τέμνων,  
 μὴ ῥοθίων ψαύσειε θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης.  
 ναί, δρυτόμος, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν,

ἀντὶ κορύμβων

κόπτέ με σοῖς πελέκεσσι, καὶ ἡμετέρου διὰ μαζοῦ 105

<sup>a</sup> Hyacinthos, the beloved of Apollo, was buried in Amyclai. The plant is really a flag or iris.

<sup>b</sup> See note on 108.

<sup>c</sup> This refers to the contest between Athena and Poseidon for the city. Each was to offer a gift; Poseidon gave the

the West Wind was beaten by the dry leaves of whirling cypresses. Phoibos sang a dirge in lamentable tones for his devastated iris, twining a sorrowful song, and lamented far more bitterly than for his <sup>a</sup> clusters of Amyclean flowers, when the laurel by his side was struck. Pan in anguish uplifted his fallen pine <sup>b</sup>; Grayeyes, remembering Moria, <sup>c</sup> groaned over her broken olive-tree, the Attic nymph who brought her a city. <sup>d</sup> The Paphian also wept when her anemone <sup>e</sup> was laid in the dust, and mourned long over the fragrant tresses of flowercups from her rosebed laid in the dust, while she tore her soft hair. Deo mourned over the half-grown corn destroyed and no longer celebrated the harvest home. The Hadryad nymphs lamented the lost shade of their yearsmate trees.

<sup>94</sup> One Hamadryad <sup>f</sup> leapt unveiled from the cloven shaft of a bushy laurel, which had grown with her growth, and another maiden stepping out of her pine-tree appeared beside her neighbour the exiled nymph, and said :

<sup>98</sup> " Laurel Hamadryad, so shy of the marriage bed, let us both take one road, lest you see Phoibos, lest I espy Pan ! Woodmen, pass by these trees ! Do not fell the afflicted bush of unhappy Daphne ! Shipwright, spare me ! cut no timbers from my pine-tree, to make some lugger that may feel the billows of Aphrodite, Lady of the Sea ! Yes, woodcutter, grant me this last grace : strike me with your axe instead

horse, Athena the olive. A moria is a sacred olive tree, Zeus Morios was the guardian of them.

<sup>a</sup> Unknown ; not the one of xxv. 481.

<sup>e</sup> Adonis was turned into one.

<sup>f</sup> The word favoured by Nonnos, Hadryas, means the same as Hamadryas (*ἄ* copulative), the nymph who grows up along with the tree (*σύνχρονος, ἡλίξ*).

## NONNOS

πῆξον ἀνυμφεύτοιο σαόφρονα χαλκὸν Ἀθήνης,  
ὄφρα θάνω πρὸ γάμοιο καὶ Ἄιδι παρθένος ἔλθω,  
εἰσέτι νῆις Ἐρωτος, ἃ περ Πίτυς, οἰά τε Δάφνη.”

Ὡς φαμένη πετάλοισι νόθην ποιήσατο μίτρην,  
καὶ χλοερῶ ζωστήρι κατέσκεπεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ 110  
αἰδομένη, καὶ μηρὸν ἐπεσφηκώσατο μηρῶ.

ἢ δέ μιν εἰσορόωσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν.

“ Παρθενίης ἔμφυλον ἔχω φόβον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴ  
ἐκ Δάφνης γεγαυῖα διώκομαι, οἰά τε Δάφνη.  
πῆ δὲ φύγω; σκοπέλους ὑποδύσομαι;

ἀλλὰ κολώνας 115

ρίπτομένας ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἔτεφρώσαντο κεραυνοί,  
καὶ τρομέω σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον, ὅς με χαλέψει,  
ὡς Πίτυν, ὡς Σύριγγα· διωκομένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ  
ἄλλη δευτερόφωνος ὀρίδρομος ἔσσομαι Ἥχώ.

οὐκέτι ταῦτα κόρυμβα μετέρχομαι, ἡμιφανῆ<sup>1</sup> δὲ 120  
οὔρεα ναιετάω μετὰ δένδρεον, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ

Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσει φιλοπάρθενος· ἀλλὰ Κρονίων  
Καλλιστοῦς λάχε λέκτρον

ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείψας.

ἴξομαι εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα·

τί μοι γάμος; ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ πόντῳ

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: Ludwich ὑμφιφανῆ.

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“ Our ” Athena, because, like the nymphs, she is virgin; the bronze is hers either because she is a warlike goddess or from her Spartan title Chalcoioicos, She of the Bronze House. Since edge-tools and weapons were really of bronze in Homer’s day, the word remains in poetical use in that sense even some 1400 years later; the best part of a millennium before Nonnos, Pindar, *Pyth.* xi. 20, had spoken of “grey bronze,” really meaning a steel or iron weapon, as the epithet shows.

<sup>b</sup> Pitys, beloved by Pan, fled from him and was changed

of my clusters, and drive our<sup>a</sup> unmarried Athena's chaste bronze through my breast, that I may die before I wed, and go to Hades a virgin, still a stranger to Eros, like Pitys and like Daphne!<sup>b</sup>”

<sup>109</sup> With these words, she contrived a makeshift kirtle with the leaves, and modestly covered the circle of her breast with this green girdle, pressing thigh upon thigh. The other seeing her so down-cast, answered thus :

<sup>113</sup> “ I feel the fear inborn in a maiden, because I was born of a laurel, and I am pursued like Daphne. But where shall I flee ? Shall I hide under a rock ? No, thunderbolts have burnt to ashes the mountains hurled at Olympos ; and I tremble at your lustful Pan, who will persecute me like Pitys,<sup>c</sup> like Syrinx—I shall be chased myself until I become another Echo,<sup>d</sup> to scour the hills and second another's speech. I will haunt these clusters no longer ; I will leave my tree and live in the mountains which are still half to be seen,<sup>e</sup> where Artemis also hunts, and she loves a maiden.—Yet Cronion won the bed of Callisto by taking the form of Artemis !<sup>f</sup> I will plunge into the briny deep—what is marriage to me ?—Yet in the into a pine-tree : Propertius i. 18. 20. Daphne suffered a like fate in fleeing from Apollo : Ovid, *Met.* i. 452.

<sup>c</sup> For Pitys, see preceding note. Syrinx (Panpipe) was also pursued by Pan in an amorous mood, and turned into a bed of reeds, from which he made his pipe.

<sup>d</sup> Echo was once a nymph, who for keeping Hera talking and so delaying her from spying on Zeus's amours was deprived by her of the power to do more than repeat the words of another.

<sup>e</sup> Reading ἡμιφανῆ with all mss. : Ludwich conjectures ὑμιφανῆ. But the meaning is that the flood had not quite covered them.

<sup>f</sup> This is Ovid's story, *Met.* ii. 401 ff., but there are other versions.

## NONNOS

Ἄσπερίην ἐδίωκε γυναιμανέων Ἐνοσίχθων. 125  
 αἶθε λάχον πτερὰ κούφα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου  
 ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισι συνέμπορον οἶμον ὀδεύσω·  
 ἀλλὰ τάχα πτερύγων κενεὸς δρόμος, ὅττι Τυφωεὺς  
 ἠλιβάτοις παλάμησιν ἐπιψαύει νεφελάων.  
 εἰ δὲ γάμοις ἀδίκοις με βιήσεται, εἶδος ἀμείψω, 130  
 μίξομαι ὄρνιθεσσι, καὶ ἵπταμένη φιλομήλη  
 καὶ ῥόδον ἀγγέλλουσα καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἔέρση  
 ἔσσομαι εἰαρινοῖο φίλη Ζεφύροιο χελιδῶν,  
 φθεγγομένη λάλος ὄρνις ὑπωροφίης μέλος ἠχοῦς, 135  
 ὄρχηθμῶ πτερόεντι περισκαίρουσα καλιήν.  
 Πρόκνη, πικρὰ παθοῦσα, σὺ μὲν σέο πενθάδι μολπῆ  
 υἷα δακρύσειας, ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰ λέκτρα γοήσω.  
 Ζεῦ ἄνα, μὴ τελέσης με χελιδόνα, μὴ με διώξῃ  
 καὶ Τηρεὺς πτερόεις κεχολωμένος, οἶα Τυφωεὺς.  
 ἄήρ, οὔρεα, πόντος ἀνέμβατος· ἔνδοθι γαίης 140  
 κρύπτομαι· ἀλλὰ Γίγαντος ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν  
 ἰοβόλοι δύνουσι ὑπὸ χθόνα φωλάδες ὕδραι.  
 εἶην ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ ἐπιδήμιον, οἶα Κομαιθῶ

<sup>a</sup> Asterië is the nymph of Delos, and leaped into the sea to avoid the attentions of Zeus. That she was then pursued by Poseidon seems to be an invention of Nonnos; at all events, no other surviving author has heard of it.

<sup>b</sup> Reading *φιλομήλη* with the mss. Philomela, here as elsewhere in Greek, is the swallow. She and Procne were sisters, Athenian princesses; Tereus, king of Thrace, married Procne, by whom he had a son Itys, or Itylos; Tereus afterwards, on some pretext, fetched Philomela from Athens, violated her and cut out her tongue. Managing to communicate with her sister by means of a piece of embroidery which she sent her, on which she had portrayed her story, she was helped to escape from the prison where Tereus had put her; by way of revenge, Procne served to Tereus at a banquet the flesh of their child, and when he pursued the



sea, Earthshaker chased Asterië<sup>a</sup> in the madness of his passion. O that I had wings to fly! I will traverse the heights, and take the road which the winds of the air do travel! But perhaps racing wings are also useless: Typhoeus reaches the clouds with highclambering hands!

<sup>130</sup> " But if he will force me by violence, I will change my shape, I will mingle with the birds; fitting as Philomela,<sup>b</sup> I will be the swallow dear to Zephyros in spring-time, harbinger of roses and flowery dew, prattling bird that sings a sweet song under the tiles, dashing about her nest with dancing wings. And, you, Procne, after your bitter sufferings,—you may weep for your son with mourning notes, and I will groan for my bridal.—Lord Zeus! make me no swallow, or angry Tereus on the wing may chase me, like Typhoeus! Air, mountain, sea, I may tread none of them: I will hide me deep in the earth. No! the water-snakes of the monster's viperish feet crawl into the caverns underground, spitting poison! May I be a fountain of water in the country, like Comaitho,<sup>c</sup> mingling her newly

women, all three were turned into birds, Procne becoming a nightingale, Philomela a swallow, Tereus a hoopoe, and, in some late and uncertain accounts, Itys also a bird of some sort. This is why the nightingale's song is mournful (she is lamenting for Itys) and the swallow chatters and does not sing (she has no tongue). A familiar variant of the story makes Philomela the nightingale, and Procne the swallow. The swallow is as regularly and proverbially the messenger of spring in Greek as in English (*μία χελιδών ου ποιεί έαρ*, one swallow does not make a spring).

<sup>c</sup> Daughter of King Pterelaos. She was in love with Amphitryon, and gave him the golden hair from his father's head wherein his life lay. Amphitryon put her to death, and she was turned into a fountain. The story of Nisos and Scylla was similar.

πατρώω κεράσασα νεόρρυτα χεύματα Κύδνω·  
 οὐκ ἐθέλω παρὰ μῦθον, ὅτι προχοῆσι συνάψω 145  
 παρθενικῆς δυσέρωτος ἐμὸν φιλοπάρθενον ὕδωρ.  
 πῆ δὲ φύγω; Τυφῶνι μιγήσομαι; ἀλλὰ λοχεύσω  
 ἀλλοφυῆ πολύμορφον ὁμοίον υἷα τοκῆι.  
 εἶην δένδρεον ἄλλο, καὶ ἐκ δρυὸς εἰς δρύας ἔλθω  
 οὔνομα παιδὸς ἔχουσα σαόφρονος· ἀντὶ δὲ Δάφνης 150  
 μὴ Μύρρης ἀθέμιστον ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἀκούσω.  
 ναί, λίτομαι, παρὰ χεῦμα γοήμονος Ἐριδανοῖο  
 εἶην Ἑλιάδων καὶ ἐγὼ μία· πυκνὰ δὲ πέμψω  
 ἐκ βλεφάρων ἤλεκτρα, φιλοθρήνοις δὲ κορύμβοις  
 γείτονος αἰγείροιο περίπλοκα φύλλα πετάσσω 155  
 δάκρυσιν ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμὴν στενάχουσα κορείην·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ Φαέθοντα κινύρομαι. ἴλαθι, δάφνη,  
 αἰδέομαι φυτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ προτέρης φυτὸν ὕλης.  
 ἔσσομαι, ὡς Νιόβη, καὶ ἐγὼ λίθος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν  
 λαϊνέην στενάχουσαν ἐποικτείρωσιν ὀδίται· 160  
 ἀλλὰ κακογλώσσοιο τί μοι τύπος; ἴλαθι, Λητώ·  
 ἔρρέτω αἰνοτόκοιο θεημάχον οὔνομα Νύμφης.”  
 Ἡ μὲν ἔφη· Φαέθων δὲ πόλον δινωτὸν ἔασας  
 εἰς δύσιν ἔτραπε δίφρον· ἀναθρώσκουσα δὲ γαίης  
 ὑψιτενῆς ἄτε κῶνος ἐς ἡέρα σιγαλήη Νυξ 165  
 οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι,  
 αἰθέρα δαιδάλλουσα· καὶ ἀννεφέλω παρὰ Νείλω  
 ἀθάνατοι πλάζοντο, παρ’ ὄφρυόεντι δὲ Ταύρω  
 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἀνέμιμνεν ἐγερσιμόθου φάος Ἡοῦς.

<sup>a</sup> Daughter of Cinyras and mother of Adonis. She had an incestuous love for her own father and managed by a trick to satisfy it. When he found it out, she was saved from him by becoming the tree which bears her name (this is why it weeps), and Adonis was born from the tree.

<sup>b</sup> Sisters of Phaëthon, who mourned their brother beside that stream until they grew into poplars.

flowing water with her father Cydnos—no, not to suit the story, because I shall then have to join my virgin water with the out-gushings of a lovesick maid. But where shall I flee? Shall I mingle with Typhon? Then shall I bear a son like the father—an alien, multiform! Let me be another tree, and pass from tree to tree keeping the name of a virtuous maid; may I never, instead of laurel, be called that unhallowed plant which gave its name to Myrrha.<sup>a</sup> Yes, I beseech thee! let me be one of the Heliades<sup>b</sup> beside the stream of mourning Eridanos: often will I drop amber from my eyelids; I will spread my leaves to entwine with the dirge-loving clusters of my neighbouring poplar, bewailing my maidenhood with abundant tears—for Phaëthon will not be my lament. Forgive me, my laurel; I shrink from being another tree after the tree of my former wood. I also will be a stone, like Niobe,<sup>c</sup> that wayfarers may pity me too, a groaning stone.—But why be the shape of one with that ill-omened tongue? Be gracious, Leto! Perish the god-defiant name of a nymph unhappy to be a mother!”

<sup>163</sup> While she spoke, Phaëthon had left the rounded sky, and turned his car towards setting: silent Night leapt up from earth into the air like a high-stretching cone, and wrapped heaven about in a starry robe spangling the welkin. The immortals moved about the cloudless Nile, but Zeus Cronides on the brows of Tauros awaited the light of toil-awakening Dawn.

<sup>a</sup> Because Niobe, wife of Tantalos and mother of six sons and six daughters, boasted herself superior to Leto with only two children, Apollo and Artemis, these killed all her family, and she mourned until she turned into a stone from grief.

Νύξ μὲν ἔην·

φρουραὶ δὲ περὶ στίχες ἦσαν Ὀλύμπου 170  
 ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώνησι, καὶ οἶά περ ὑψόθι πύργων  
 ἔννυχον ἦν ἀλάλαγμα, βοή δ' ἑτερόθροος ἄστρον  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς πεφόρητο, καὶ ἀξονίης κτύπον ἠχοῦς  
 ἐκ Κρονίης βαλβίδος ἐδέχοντο νύσσα Σελήνης·  
 καὶ νεφέων στεφανηδὸν ἐπασσυτέρησι καλύπτραις 175  
 οὐρανὸν ἐφράξαντο φυλάκτορες αἰθέρος ὦραι  
 ἀμφίπολοι Φαέθοντος· ἀσυλήτων δὲ πυλάων  
 ἀστέρες Ἀτλάντειον ἐπεκλήρισαν ὄχηα,  
 μὴ λόχος εἰσέλθῃσι πόλον μακάρων ἀπεόντων·  
 ἀντὶ δὲ συρίγγων ἐνοπῆς καὶ ἐθήμονος αὐλοῦ 180  
 ἐννυχίαις πτερύγεσσι μέλος σύριζον ἀῆται.  
 αἰθερίῳ δὲ Δράκοντι συνέμπορος Ἀρκάδος Ἄρκτου  
 ἐννυχίην Τυφῶνος ἐπήλυσιν ὑψόθι λεύσσω  
 ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι γέρων ἐφύλασσε Βοώτης,  
 ἀντολίην ἐδόκευεν Ἐωσφόρος, Ἐσπερος ἀστήρ 185  
 ἔσπερίην, Νοτίας δὲ λιπὼν ἰθύντορι τόξων  
 ὄμβρηρὰς Βορέας πύλας περιδέδρομε Κηφεύς.  
 καὶ πυρὰ πάντοθεν ἦεν, ἐπεὶ φλόγες αἴθοπες ἄστρον  
 καὶ νύχιοι λαμπτήρες ἀκοιμήτοιο Σελήνης  
 ὡς δαΐδες σελάγιζον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ ῥόμβῳ 190  
 πυκνὰ διαθρώσκοντες ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου  
 ἀστέρες ἀικτῆρες ἐπέγραφον ἡέρα πυρσῶ  
 δεξιτεροὶ Κρονίωνι, κυβιστητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ  
 πυκνὰ διαἴσσουσα χαρασσομένων νεφελάων

<sup>a</sup> The celestial watch-word is passed along from the outermost of the seven (ancient) planets, which include sun and moon, to the one nearest the earth.

<sup>b</sup> Cf. note on i. 165.

<sup>c</sup> An allusion to *Il.* x. 13, where Agamemnon hears "noise of flutes and pipes and hum of men" from the Trojan camp at night.

<sup>170</sup> It was night. Sentinels stood in line around Olympos and the seven zones, and as it were from the summit of towers came their nightly alarms; the calls of the stars in many tongues were carried all abroad, and the moon's turning-mark received the creaking echo from Saturn's starting-point.<sup>a</sup> Now the Seasons, guardians of the upper air, handmaids of Phaëthon, had fortified the sky with a long string of covering clouds like a coronal.<sup>b</sup> The stars had closed the Atlantean bar of the inviolable gates, lest some stealthy troop should enter the heavens while the Blessed ones were away: instead of the noise of pipes and the familiar flute,<sup>c</sup> the breezes whistled a tune with their wings through the night.<sup>d</sup> Old Oxherd was on guard with unsleeping eyes, in company with the heavenly Serpent of the Arcadian Bear, looking out from on high for some nightly assault of Typhon: the Morning Star watched the east, the Evening Star the west, and Cepheus, leaving the southern gates to the Archer, himself patrolled the rainy gates of the north.

<sup>188</sup> Watchfires were all around: for the blazing flames of the stars, and the nightly lamp of unresting Selene, sparkled like torches. Often the shooting stars, leaping through the heights of Olympos with windswept whirl from the ether, scored the air with flame on Cronion's <sup>e</sup> right hand; often the lightning danced, twisting about like a tumbler, and tearing

<sup>a</sup> For the astronomy, including the blunder about morning and evening star, *cf.* note on i. 165 ff.

<sup>e</sup> Apparently Cronion here is the planet Jupiter, since Zeus is sitting waiting on Mt. Tauros, see 168; it is not the only passage in which *astral* and mythological gods give Nonnos some trouble.

NONNOS

ἄστεροπὴ σκίρτησεν, ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς 195  
 κρύπτετο καὶ σελάγιζε παλίνδρομος ἄστατος αἶγλη,  
 καὶ πλοκάμους πλεκτοῖο πυρὸς βοτρυδὸν ἐλίξας  
 φέγγει λαχνήεντι σέλας τρήχυνε κομήτης,  
 καὶ δοκίδες μάρμαιρον ἐπήλυδες, οἶα δὲ μακροὶ  
 ἠερόθεν τανύοντο δοκοὶ δολιχῆρεϊ πυρσῶ 200  
 Ζηνὶ συναιχμαζόντες, ὑπ' ἀκτίνεσσι δὲ λάμπων  
 ἀντιπόρου Φαέθοντος ἐκάμπτετο σύνδρομος ὄμβρω  
 Ἴριδος ἀγκύλα κύκλα πολύχρους ὄλκος ὑφαίνων,  
 χλωρὰ μελαιομένω, ῥοδοειδέϊ λευκὰ κεράσσας.  
 Καὶ Διὶ μουνωθέντι παρήγορος ἵκετο Νίκη 205  
 ἠέρος ἄκρα κέλευθα διαγράψασα πεδίλω,  
 Λητοῦς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ὀπλίζουσα τοκῆα  
 ἀντιτύποις στομάτεσσι πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν·  
 “ Ζεῦ ἄνα, σῶν τεκέων πρόμος ἴστασο,  
 μηδὲ νοήσω  
 μιγνυμένην Τυφῶνι γάμων ἀδίδακτον Ἀθήνην· 210  
 μητέρα μὴ τελέσειας ἀμήτορα, μαρνάμενος δὲ  
 ἄστεροπὴν κούφιζε σελασφόρον ἔγχος Ὀλύμπου,  
 καὶ νεφέλας συνάγειρε τὸ δεύτερον, ὕετιε Ζεῦ·  
 ἦδη γὰρ σταθεροῖο τινάσσεται ἔδρανα κόσμου  
 χερσὶ Τυφαιονίησιν, ὁμοζυγέων δὲ λυθέντων 215  
 στοιχείων πισύρων ἠρνήσατο λήια Δηώ·  
 Ἥβη λείπε κύπελλον, Ἄρης δ' ἀπεσεῖσατο λόγχην,  
 Ἑρμῆς ῥάβδον ἔθηκε, λύρην δ' ἔρριψεν Ἀπόλλων,  
 καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο λιπῶν πτερόεντας οἰστούς,  
 εἶδος ἔχων κύκνοιο, τελεσσιγάμου δὲ θεαίνης 220

\* He probably means by the dark, violet and indigo; and pale, yellow and orange. Naturally there is and can be no black in a rainbow; perhaps Nonnos thinks of it as showing against a dark cloud.

the clouds as it shot through, the uncertain brilliance which runs to and fro, now hidden, now shining, in alternating swing; and the comet twined in clusters the long strands of his woven flame, and made a ragged light with his hairy fire. Stray meteors were also shining, like long rafters stretching across the sky, shooting their long fires as allies of Zeus; and the rain's comrade, the bow of Iris, wove his many colours into a rounded track, and shone bent under the light-shafts of Phaëthon opposite, mingling pale with dark, and light with rosy.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>205</sup> Zeus was alone, when Victory came to comfort him, scoring the high paths of the air with her shoe. She had the form of Leto; and while she armed her father, she made him a speech full of reproaches, with guileful lips:

<sup>208</sup> "Lord Zeus! stand up as champion of your own children! Let me never see Athena mingled with Typhon, she who knows not the way of a man with a maid! Make not a mother of the unmothered!<sup>b</sup> Fight, brandish your lightning, the fiery spear of Olympus! Gather once more your clouds, lord of the rain! For the foundations of the steadfast universe are already shaking under Typhon's hands: the four blended elements are melted! Deo has renounced her harvests. Hebe has left her cup, Ares has thrown down his spear, Hermes has dropped his staff, Apollo has cast away his harp, and taken a swan's form, and flown off on the wing, leaving his winged arrows behind! Aphrodite, the goddess who

<sup>b</sup> Having no mother, but only a father, Athena, whose emissary is here speaking (Victory is her constant attendant), is "wholly of the Father" and approves of men in every way except as husbands, cf. Aeschylus, *Eumenides* 737 ff.

NONNOS

ἄσπορος ἔπλετο κόσμος ἄλωμένης Ἀφροδίτης,  
 ἄρμονίης δ' ἄλύτου λύτο πείσματα· νυμφοκόμος γὰρ  
 πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστος

Ἔρως θρασὺς εἰς φόβον ἔπη  
 τόξα λιπῶν γονόεντα· καὶ ἠθάδα Λῆμνον ἑάσας  
 σὸς πυρόεις Ἡφαιστος ἀπειθέα γούνατα σύρων 225  
 ἃ βραδὺς ἀστήρικτον ἔχει δρόμον. ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,  
 καὶ μάλα μοι κοτέουσιν ἐπιοικτεῖρω σέθεν Ἡρην.  
 ἦ ῥα τεὸς γενέτης πάλιν ἴζεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρον;  
 μὴ ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο· καὶ εἰ Τιτηνὶς ἀκούω,  
 οὐκ ἐθέλω Τιτῆνας ἰδεῖν κρατέοντας Ὀλύμπου, 230  
 ἀλλὰ σὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα. σὺ δὲ κρατέοντι κεραυνῶ  
 Ἀρτέμιδος προμάχιζε σαόφρονος· ἦ ῥα φυλάσσω  
 παρθενικὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκοίῳ παρακοίτῃ;  
 ἦ ῥα τόκου ταμὴν τόκον ὄψεται; ἦ ῥα τανύσσει  
 χεῖρας ἐμοί; ποίην δὲ καλὶ ἴσομαι ἰοχεαίρῃ 235  
 ἴλαον Εἰλείθυιαν, ὅτ' Εἰλείθυια λοχεύσῃ;

Ὡς φαμένης σκιοειδὲς ἐὼν πτερόν Ὑπνος ἐλίξας  
 εὔνασεν ἀμπνεύουσιν ὄλην φύσιν· ἀλλὰ Κρονίων  
 ἦν τότε μῶνος ἄυπνος· ἐφαπλώσας δὲ Τυφωεὺς  
 νωθρὰ βαρυνομέναις ἐπερείσατο νῶτα χαμεύναις 240  
 πλήσας μητέρα γαῖαν· ἀνοιγομένοιο δὲ κόλπου  
 χάσματι κοιλαίνοντο σεσηρότι φωλάδες εὔναι  
 εἰς χθόνα δυομένοισιν ἐχιδναίοισι καρήνοισι.

Ἡελίου δὲ φανέντος ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 εἰς ἐνοπήν πολύπηχυς ἐπεβρυχάτο Τυφωεὺς 245  
 Ζῆνα μέγαν καλέων· βλοσυρὴ δέ οἱ ἴκετο φωνή,  
 ριζοπαγῆς ὅθι πέζα παλιμπόρου<sup>1</sup> Ὠκεανοῦ

<sup>1</sup> So Graefe, for παλιμπορος.

• Leto is meant, being daughter of Coios and Phoibe.



brings wedlock to pass, has gone a-wandering, and the universe is without seed. The bonds indissoluble of harmony are dissolved: for bold Eros has flown in panic, leaving behind his generative arrows, he the adorer of brides, he the all-mastering, the unmastered! And your fiery Hephaistos has left his favourite Lemnos, and dragging unruly knees, look how slow he keeps his unsteady course! See a great miracle—I pity your Hera, though she hates me sure enough! What—is your begetter to come back into the assembly of the stars? May that never be, I pray! Even if I am called a Titaness,<sup>a</sup> I wish to see no Titans lords of Olympos, but you and your children. Take your lordly thunderbolt and champion chaste Artemis. What—do I keep my maiden for a bridegroom who offers no gifts but only violence? What—is the dispenser of childbirth to see childbirth of her own? Will she stretch out her hands to me, and then what gracious Eileithyia<sup>b</sup> shall I call for the Archeress, when Eileithyia herself is in childbed? ”

<sup>237</sup> So she spoke: and Sleep beating his shady wing sent all breathing nature to rest; but Cronion alone remained sleepless. Typhoeus stretched out his sluggish back and lay heavy upon his bed, covering his Mother Earth; she opened wide her bosom, and lurking lairs were hollowed out in a grinning chasm for the snaky heads which sank into the ground.

<sup>244</sup> The sun appeared, and many-armed Typhoeus roared for the fray with all the tongues of all his throats, challenging mighty Zeus. That sonorous voice reached where the root-fixt bed of refluent

<sup>b</sup> Eileithyia is often identified with, or her name used as a title of, Artemis in her capacity of goddess of childbirth.

τέτραχα τεμνομένην περιβάλλεται ἄντυγα κόσμου,  
 ζωσαμένη στεφανηδὸν ὄλην χθόνα κυκλάδι μήτρη·  
 φθεγγομένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἀμειβομένη στίχα φωνῆς 250  
 παντοίῃ σμαράγησε καὶ οὐ μία σύνθροος ἤχώ·  
 τοῦ δὲ κορυσσομένοιο φυῆς πολυειδέϊ μορφῇ  
 ὠρυγὴ κελάδησε λύκων, βρύχημα λεόντων,  
 ἄσθμα συῶν, μύκημα βοῶν, σύριγμα δρακόντων,  
 πορδαλίων θρασὺ χάσμα,

κορυσσομένων γένυς ἄρκτων, 255

λύσσα κυνῶν· μεσάτῃ δὲ Γίγας βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ  
 Ζηνὸς ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·

“ Χεῖρες ἐμαί, Διὸς οἶκον ἀράξατε,

πυθμένα κόσμου

σεῖσατε σὺν μακάρεσσι, καὶ αὐτοέλικτον Ὀλύμπου  
 κόψατε θεῖον ὄχῃα, καὶ αἰθερίης ἐπὶ γαίῃ 260

κίονος ἐλκομένης φυγέτω δεδονημένος Ἄτλας,  
 ἄντυγα δ' ἀστερόφοιτον ἀπορρίψειεν Ὀλύμπου,  
 μηκέτι δειμαίνων ἔλικα δρόμον—οὐ γὰρ εἶσω  
 ὦμοις θλιβομένοις κυρτούμενον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης  
 αἰθέρος ὀχλίζοντα παλινδίνητον ἀνάγκην—, 265

ἀλλὰ θεοῖς ἑτέροισιν ἀτέρμονα φόρτον εἶσας  
 μαρνάσθω μακάρεσσι, ἀναρρήξειε δὲ πέτρας  
 τρηχαλέοις βελέεσσι διστεύων πόλον ἄστρον,  
 ὃν πάρος ἠέρταζεν, ἱμασσόμεναι δὲ κολώναις  
 ταρβαλαίαι φυγέτωσαν ἀνάλκιδες οὐρανὸν Ὠραι, 270

δμωίδες Ἡελίοιο περιπλέγδην δὲ λαβοῦσαι  
 ἠέρι μίξατε γαῖαν, ὕδωρ πυρὶ, πόντον Ὀλύμπω.  
 καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τελέσω δούλειον ἀνάγκην,  
 μαστίζω Βορέην, κλονέω Νότον, Εὐρον ἱμάσσω,  
 καὶ Ζέφυρον πλήξαιμι, καὶ ἤματι νύκτα κεράσσω 275  
 χειρὶ μιῇ<sup>1</sup>· καὶ γνωτὸς ἐμὸς πολυπίδακι λαιμῶ

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: Ludwich χειμερίην.

Oceanos surrounds the circle of the world and its four divided parts, girdling the whole earth coronet-wise with encircling band; as the monster spoke, that which answered the army of his voices, was not one concordant echo, but a babel of screaming sounds: when the monster arrayed him with all his manifold shapes, out rang the yowling of wolves, the roaring of lions, the grunting of boars, the lowing of cattle, the hissing of serpents, the bold yap of leopards, the jaws of rearing bears, the fury of dogs. Then with his midmost man-shaped head the Giant yelled out threats against Zeus:

<sup>258</sup> "Smash the house of Zeus, O my hands! Shake the foundation of the universe, and the blessed ones with it! Break the bar of Olympos, self-turning, divine! Drag down to earth the heavenly pillar, let Atlas<sup>a</sup> be shaken and flee away, let him throw down the starry vault of Olympos and fear no more its circling course—for I will not permit a son of Earth to be bowed down with chafed shoulders, while he underprops the revolving compulsion of the sky! No, let him leave his endless burden to the other gods, and battle against the Blessed Ones! Let him break off rocks, and volley with those hard shots the starry vault which he once carried! Let the timid Seasons, the Sun's handmaids, flee the heavens under the shower of mountains! Mix earth with sky, water with fire, sea with Olympos, in a litter of confusion!

<sup>273</sup> "I will compel the four winds also to labour as my slaves; I lash the North Wind, I buffet the South, I flog the East; I will thrash the West, with one hand<sup>b</sup> I will mix night with day; Oceanos my brother

<sup>a</sup> Cf. on i. 165 ff.

<sup>b</sup> Reading *χειρὶ μῆτι* with L and all mss.

## NONNOS

Ὠκεανὸς πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἄγων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ,  
 πέντε παραλλήλων πεφορημένος ὑψόθι κύκλων,  
 ἄστρα κατακλύσσειε, καὶ ὕδατι διψὰς ἀλάσθω  
 Ἄρκτος Ἀμαξαίοιο δεδυκότος ἱστοβοῆος. 280  
 ταῦροι ἐμοί, δονέοντες ἰσημέρον ἄντυγα κύκλων  
 αἰθέρι μνησασθε, χαρασσομέναις δὲ κεραταῖς  
 ἰσοτύπου φλογεροῖο κεράατα ῥήξατε Ταύρου·  
 καὶ βόες ὑγρά κέλευθα μεταλλάσσωσι Σελήνης  
 δειδιότες βαρύδουπον ἐμῶν μύκημα καρήνων. 285  
 καὶ βλοσυρῶν μέγα χάσμα διαπτύξασα γενείων  
 ἄρκτος ἀνοιστρήσειε Τυφαιὸν Ἄρκτον Ὀλύμπου·  
 αἰθερίῳ δὲ Λέοντι λέων ἐμὸς ἀντιφερίζων  
 Ζωδιακῆς ἀέκοντα μεταστήσειε κελεύθου·  
 ἡμετέρους δὲ δράκοντας Ὀφίς φρίξειεν Ἀμάξης . . . 290  
 ἀστεροπαῖς ὀλίγαις κεκορυθμένος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης  
 κύματα λυσσήεντα, λόφοι χθονός, ἄγχεα νήσων  
 φάσγανά μοι γεγάασι, καὶ ἀσπίδες εἰσὶ κολῶναι,  
 καὶ σκόπελοι θώρηκες ἀγέες, ἔγχεα πέτραι,  
 καὶ ποταμοὶ σβεστήηρες ἀκιδνοτάτοιο κεραυνοῦ. 295  
 δεσμοὺς δ' Ἰαπετοῖο Ποσειδάωνι φυλάσσω,  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ Καύκασον ἄκρον ἑύπτερος ἄλλος ἀρείων  
 αἰετὸς αἰμάξειε παλιμφνὲς ἦπαρ ἀμύσσω

<sup>a</sup> The Bear is "thirsty" because it never sets (a commonplace with every poet from Homer on).

<sup>b</sup> Koechly marks a lacuna; as the next line manifestly refers to Zeus, I have introduced his name.

<sup>c</sup> Typhon wants to reverse all the old judicial decisions of the gods. Iapetos, father of Prometheus, is chained with the other rebellious Titans; Prometheus was chained to a rock in the Caucasus by order of Zeus, for stealing fire and giving it to man, Hephaistos performing the work of fastening him; an eagle tore continually at his liver, which grew as continually. Iphimedeia's two giant sons,

shall bring his water to Olympus aloft with many-fountained throat, and rising above the five parallel circles he shall inundate the stars; then let the thirsty <sup>a</sup> Bear go wandering in the water with the Waggon's pole submerged!

<sup>281</sup> " Bellow, my bulls, shake the circle of the equator in the sky, break with your notched horns the horns of the fiery Bull, your own likeness! Let Selene's cattle change their watery road, fearing the heavybooming bellow of my heads! Let Typhaon's bear open wide his grim gaping jaws, and worry the Bear of Olympus! Let my lion face the heavenly Lion, and drive him reluctant from the path of the Zodiac! Let the Waggon's snake shiver at my serpents! <Little do I care for Zeus,><sup>b</sup> with only a few lightnings to arm him! Ah, but my swords are the maddened waves of the sea, the tors of the land, the island glens; my shields are the hills, the cliffs are my breastplates unbreakable, my halberts are the rocks, and the rivers which will quench the contemptible thunderbolt. I will keep the chains of Iapetos <sup>c</sup> for Poseidon; and soaring round Caucasos, another and better eagle shall tear the bleeding liver,

Otos and Ephialtes, imprisoned Ares, till Hermes, after thirteen months, effected his release, see *Il.* v. 385, *Od.* xi. 305 (Maia was Hermes' mother). Orion (306) was killed by Artemis for trying to violate her (or for saying he was a better hunter than she); Tityos (307) is punished in Tartaros for a like attempt on Leto. Ares, Typhon sarcastically says, is to be tamed till he loses his own title of Slayer and deserves one of his father's epithets, Meilichios, "easy to be entreated" (with an allusion to the cult of Zeus Meilichios at Athens and elsewhere). Ephialtes, in one version of his legend, wanted to marry Hera; Nonnos would seem to know of another in which he aspired after Athena, if 311 ff. is to have any point.

NONNOS

Ἡφαίστου πυρόεντος, ἐπεὶ πυρὸς εἵνεκα κάμνει  
 ἥπατος αὐτοφύτιο χαρασσομένοιο Προμηθεύς· 300  
 υἷασι δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων τύπον Ἴφιμεδείης  
 κρύψω ἀλυκτοπέδησι περίπλοκον υἷα Μαίης  
 χαλκῶ ἐν κεράμῳ πεφυλαγμένον, ὄφρα τις εἶπη·  
 ἄλυσας δεσμὸν Ἄρης ἐκέυθετο δέσμιος Ἑρμῆς.  
 λυσαμένη δ' ἄφανστον ἐῆς σφρηγίδα κορείης 305  
 Ἄρτεμις Ὠρίωνος ἀναγκαίῃ δάμαρ ἔστω,  
 καὶ Τιτυῶ πετάσειε παλαιότερα φάρεα Λητώ,  
 εἰς γάμον ἐλκομένη βεβημένον· ἀνδροφόνον δὲ  
 ῥωγαλέων σακέων γυμνούμενον Ἄρεα δῆσας  
 κοίρανον ὑσμίνης ληίσσομαι ἀντὶ φονῆς 310  
 μείλιχον, ὄψιγάμῳ δὲ συναπτομένην Ἐφιάλτη  
 Παλλάδα ληιδίην νυμφεύσομαι, ὄφρα νοήσω  
 Ἄρεα θητεύοντα καὶ ὠδίνουσιν Ἀθήνην.  
 καὶ μογεροῖς ὤμοισι παλινδίνητον αἰείρων 315  
 οὐρανὸν Ἀτλάντειον ἐλαφρίσσειε Κρονίων  
 ὄρθιος, ἡμετέρων δὲ γάμων ὑμέναιον ἀκούσῃ  
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων, ὅτε νυμφίος ἔσσομαι Ἑρῆς.  
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ δαΐδων ἐπιδεύομαι· αὐτόματος δὲ  
 δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας,  
 ἀντὶ δὲ πεύκης  
 αὐτὸς ἐμοὶ Φαέθων ἰδίης φλογὸς ἀψάμενος πῦρ 320  
 νυμφιδίῳ τανύσειε Τυφωεὶ δούλιον αἴγλην,  
 καὶ γαμίους σπινθῆρας ἐπαιθύσσοντες Ὀλύμπῳ  
 ἀστέρες ἀστράψειαν ἐμῶν λαμπτήρες Ἑρώτων,  
 ἀστέρες ἔσπερα λύχνα· σὺν εὐθαλάμῳ δ' Ἀφροδίτῃ  
 εὐνέτις Ἐνδυμίωνος ἐμῇ θεράπαινα Σελήνῃ 325  
 δέμνιά μοι στορέσειε· καὶ εἰ χρέος ἐστὶ λοετρῶν,  
 λούσομαι ἀστερόεντος ἐν ὕδασιν Ἡριδανοῖο·

<sup>a</sup> Otos and Ephialtes, who shut up Ares in a brazen jar: Hom. *Od.* xi. 305, *ll.* v. 385.

growing for ever anew, of Hephaistos the fiery : since fire was that for which Prometheus has been suffering the ravages of his self-growing liver. I will take a shape the counterpart of the sons of Iphimedeia,<sup>a</sup> and I will shut up the intriguing son of Maia<sup>b</sup> in a brazen jar, prisoned with galling bonds, that people may say, 'Hermes freed Ares from prison, and he was put in prison himself!' Let Artemis break the untouched seal of her maidenhood, and become the enforced consort of Orion; Leto shall spread her old bedding for Tityos, dragged to wedlock by force. I will strip murderous Ares of his ragged bucklers, I will bind the lord of battle, and carry him off, and make the Killer the Gentle; I will carry off Pallas and join her to Ephialtes, married at last; that I may see Ares a slave, and Athena a mother.

<sup>314</sup> "Cronion also shall lift the spinning heavens of Atlas, and bear the load on weary shoulders—there shall he stand, and hear the song at my wedding, and hide his jealousy when I shall be Hera's bridegroom. Torches shall not lack at my wedding. Bright lightning shall come of itself to be selfmade torch of the bride-chamber; Phaëthon himself instead of pine-brands, kindled at the light of his own flames, shall put his radiance at the service of Typhoeus the Bridegroom; the stars shall sprinkle their bridal sparks over Olympos as lamps to my loves, the stars, lights of evening! My servant Selene, Endymion's bed-fellow, along with Aphrodite the friend of marriage, shall lay my bed; and if I want a bath, I will bathe in the waters of starry Eridanos.<sup>c</sup> Come

<sup>b</sup> Hermes.

<sup>c</sup> A bath is part of the regular ritual of marriage; Eridanos, a mysterious western river, is here the constellation of that name.

## NONNOS

ἀλλὰ Διὸς μετὰ λέκτρα Τυφωεί, κυκλάδες Ὠραι,  
πήξατε παστὸν Ἔρωτος·

ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῦ δὲ καὶ αὐταί,  
Λητώ, Ἀθηναίη, Παφίη, Χάρις, Ἄρτεμις, Ἥβη,<sup>1</sup> 330  
νυμφοκόμῳ Τυφῶνι κομίσσατε σύγγονον ὕδωρ·  
καὶ γαμίοις πλήκτροισιν ἐμῆς παρὰ δαίτα τραπέζης  
ἀντὶ Διὸς μέλψειε Τυφωέα λάτρης Ἀπόλλων.  
οὐ ξείνου δαπέδοιο φέρω πόθον· ἡμέτερον γὰρ  
Οὐρανὸν ἀστερόνωτον ἀδελφεὸν ἡμιοχεύσω, 335  
οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχων μητρώιον, νιέα γαίης.  
καὶ Κρόνον ὠμηστήρα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς φάος ἔλκων  
γνωτὸν ἐμὸν συνάεθλον ἀπὸ χθονίοιο βερέθρου  
λύσω δεσμὰ βίαια, παλιινόστους δὲ τελέσσω 340  
αἰθερίου Τιτῆνας, ὄμωροφίους δὲ κομίσσω  
Γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ἐς οὐρανόν, ἄλλα δὲ τεύξω  
ὄπλα πυρός· πολέων γὰρ ἐμοὶ χρέος ἐστὶ κεραυνῶν,  
ὅττι διηκοσίησι, καὶ οὐ διδύμαις πολεμίζω  
χερσὶν ἐγὼ Κρονίδη πανομοίος· ἀντιτύπους δὲ 345  
κρείσσονας ὀψιγόνους πολυφεγγεῖ μείζονι πυρσῶ  
ἀστεροπὰς ἐτέρας χαλκεύσομαι, εὐρύτερον δὲ  
ὄγδοον οὐρανὸν ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ὑψόθι τεύξω  
ἄστρασι φαιδροτέροισι κεκασμένον· οὐ δύναται γὰρ  
ἀγχιφανῆς πόλος οὗτος ὄλον Τυφῶνα καλύψαι.  
καὶ μετὰ θήλεα τέκνα καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα γενέθλην 350  
πουλυτόκου Κρονίδαο πολυσπερὲς ἄλλο φυτεύσω  
αἶμα νέων μακάρων πολυαύχενον· οὐ χορὸν ἄστρωι  
λείψω νόσφι γάμων ἀχρήιον, ἀλλὰ συνάψω  
ἄρσενι θηλυτέρην, ἵνα δούλια τέκνα λοχεύσῃ  
παρθενικῇ πτερόεσσα παρεννηθείσα Βωώτῃ." 355

<sup>1</sup> Ἡρη mss., Ἥβη Graefe, followed by de Marcellus, Koechly, Ludwig.



now, ye circling Seasons ! You prepared the bed of Zeus, build now the bower of love for Typhoeus ; you also, Leto, Athenaia, Paphian, Charis, Artemis, Hebe, bring up from Oceanos his kindred<sup>a</sup> water for Typhon the Bridegroom ! And at the banquet of my table, with bridal quill Apollo my menial shall celebrate Typhoeus instead of Zeus.

<sup>334</sup> " I long for no stranger's demesne ; for Uranos is my brother, a son of Earth like myself ; the star-dappled heaven which I shall rule, the heaven which I shall live in, comes to me through my mother. And cannibal<sup>b</sup> Cronos I will drag up once more to the light, another brother, to help me in my task, out of the underground abyss ; I will break those constraining chains, and bring back the Titans to heaven, and settle under the same roof in the sky the Cyclopes, sons of Earth. I will make more weapons of fire ; for I need many thunderbolts, because I have two hundred hands to fight with, not only a pair like Cronides. I will forge a newer and better brand of lightning, with more fire and flashes. I will build another heaven up aloft, the eighth, broader and higher than the rest, and furnish it with brighter stars ; for the vault which we see close beside us is not enough to cover the whole of Typhon. And after those girl children and the male progeny of prolific Zeus, I will beget another multiparous generation of new Blessed Ones with multitudinous necks. I will not leave the company of the stars useless and unwedded, but I will join male to female, that the winged Virgin may sleep with the Oxherd and breed me slave-children."

<sup>a</sup> Oceanos, like Typhon, is a son of Earth : Hesiod, *Theogony* 126-136.

<sup>b</sup> Because he swallowed his children.

NONNOS

Εἶπεν ὀμοκλήσας· Κρονίδης δ' ἐγέλασεν ἀκούων.  
καὶ μόθος ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπέβρεμεν· ἦν δὲ κυδοιμοῦ  
πομπὸς Ἔρις Τυφῶνι, Διὸς δ' ἠγήσατο Νίκη  
εἰς μόθον. οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης χάριν, οὐ περὶ ποιίμνης  
ἦεν ἀγών, οὐ νεῖκος ἔην ἐπὶ κάλλει νύμφης, 360  
οὐ κλόνος ἀμφὶ πόλῃος ὀλίζονος· ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ  
αἰθέρος ἴστατο δῆρις, ἔην δ' ἐνὶ γούνασι Νίκης  
σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ θῶκος ἀέθλια δημοτῆτος.

Ζεὺς μὲν ἱμασσομένων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἀράσσω  
αἰθέριον μύκημα μέλος σάλπιζεν Ἐννοῦς, 365  
καὶ νεφέλας ἐλικηδὸν ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καθάψας  
εἶχε Γιγαντείων βελέων σκέπας· οὐδὲ Τυφωεὺς  
ἄψοφος ἦν· κεφαλαὶ δὲ βοῶν μυκηθμὸν ἰεῖσαι  
αὐτόματοι σάλπιγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
συμμιγέες δὲ δράκοντες ἐσύρισαν, Ἄρεος αὐλοί. 370  
καὶ στίχας ἠλιβάτων μελέων θώρηξε Τυφωεὺς  
φραξάμενος σκοπέλω σκόπελον μέγαν,

εἰσόκε πυκναὶ  
ἀρραγέες στοιχηδὸν ἐπυργώθησαν ἐρίπναι,  
καὶ πέτρην προθέλυμνον ἐπασσυτέρῃ θέτο πέτρη·  
ἦν δὲ κορυσσομένης στρατιῆς τύπος· ἀγχιφανῆς γὰρ 375  
ῥωγάδα ῥωγάς ἔρειδε, λόφος λόφον,

αὐχένα δ' αὐχὴν,  
ὑψινεφῆς δ' ἀγκῶνα πολύπτυχον ὄθειεν ἀγκῶν·  
καὶ κρανααὶ πήληκες ἔσαν Τυφῶνι κολῶναι  
αἰπυλόφῳ πρηῶνι καλυπτομένων κεφαλάων.  
μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἔην πολυδειράδι μορφῇ 380  
ἐν δέμας, ἀλλὰ φάλαγγες ἀπίρονες,

αἱ μὲν ἀγοστῶν,  
αἱ δὲ λεοντείων γενύων εὐθηγέες αἰχμαί,  
ἄλλαι ἐχιδναίων πλοκάμων ἐπιβήτορες ἄστρον.  
δένδρεα δ' ἐπτύσσοντο Τυφαιονίων ἀπὸ χειρῶν

<sup>356</sup> So he shouted ; Cronides heard, and laughed aloud. Then the din of battle resounded on both sides. Strife was Typhon's escort in the mellay, Victory led Zeus into battle. No herds of cattle were the cause of that struggle, no flocks of sheep, this was no quarrel for a beautiful woman, no fray for a petty town : heaven itself was the stake in the fight, the sceptre and throne of Zeus lay on the knees of Victory as the prize of combat.

<sup>364</sup> Zeus flogging the clouds beat a thundering roar in the sky and trumpeted Enyo's call, then fitted clouds upon his chest in a bunch as a protection against the Giant's missiles. Nor was Typhoeus silent : his bull-heads were self-sounding trumpets for him, sending forth a bellow which made Olympus rattle again ; his serpents intermingled whistled for Ares' pipes. He fortified the ranks of his high-clambering limbs, shielding mighty rock with rock until the cliffs made an unbroken wall of battlements, as he set crag by crag uprooted in a long line. It looked like an army preparing for battle ; for side by side bluff pressed hard on bluff, tor upon tor, ledge upon ledge, and high in the clouds one tortuous ridge pushed another<sup>a</sup> ; rugged hills were Typhon's helmets, and his heads were hidden in their beetling steps. In that battle, the Giant had indeed one body, but many necks, but legions of arms innumerable, lions' jaws with well-sharpened fangs, hairbush of vipers mounting over the stars. Trees were doubled up by Typhaon's hands and

<sup>a</sup> This passage is an imitation of Hom. *Il.* xvi. 215 ἀσπίς ἀρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνήρ.

## NONNOS

σειόμενα Κρονίδαο καταντίον, ἄλλα δὲ γαίης 385  
 ἔρνεα καλλιπέτηλα, τά περ βεβριθότι παλμῶ  
 Ζεὺς ἀέκων ἀμάθυνεν ἐνὶ σπινθῆρι κεραυνοῦ·  
 πολλή μὲν πτελέη σὺν ὀμήλικι ρίπτετο πεύκη  
 καὶ πλάτανος περίμετρος, ἀκοντίζοντο δὲ λεῦκαι  
 ἄντα Διός· πολλή δὲ λαγῶν ἐρρήγνυτο γαίης. 390

Πᾶσα δὲ τετράπλευρος ἵτυς στυφελίζετο κόσμου,  
 καὶ πίσυρες Κρονίωνι συναιχμάζοντες ἀῆται  
 ἠερίην σκοτόεσσαν ἐπυργώσαντο κονίην  
 κύματα κυρτώσαντες· ἱμασσομένης δὲ θαλάσσης  
 Σικελίη δεδόνητο, Πελωρίδες ἔβρεμον ὄχθαι 395  
 Αἰτναῖοί τε τένοντες, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι  
 μάντιες ἐσσομένων Λιλυβηίδες, ἔκτυπε δ' ἀκτῆ  
 ἐσπέριον παρὰ χεῦμα Παχυνιάς· ἐγγύθι δ' ἄρκτου  
 ἀμφὶ νάπην Θρήισσαν Ἀθωιάς ἔκλαγε Νύμφη,  
 Πιερικῶ δὲ τένοντι Μακηδονὶς ἴαχεν ὕλη· 400  
 ἀντολῆς δὲ θέμεθλα τινάσσετο, δενδροκόμοι δὲ  
 Ἀσσυρίου Λιβάνοιο θυώδεες ἔκτυπον αὐλαί.

Καὶ Διὸς ἀκαμάτοιο καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ  
 ρίπτετο πολλὰ βέλεμνα Τυφαιονίων ἀπὸ χειρῶν·  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν αἰσσοῦντα Σεληναίῳ παρὰ δίφρῳ 405  
 ἀσταθέων ἀχάρακτα κατέγραφον ἴχνια ταύρων,  
 ἄλλα δὲ δινηθέντα δι' ἠέρος ὀξεί ροίζῳ  
 ἀσθμασιν ἀντιπόροισι μετερρίπιζον ἀῆται·  
 καὶ Διὸς ἀψαύστοιο παραπλαγχθέντα κεραυνοῦ  
 πολλὰ Ποσειδάωνος ἐδέξατο τερπομένη χεῖρ, 410  
 γειοτόμου γλωχίνος ἀφειδήσασα τριαίνης·  
 ὑγροβαφῆ δὲ βέλεμνα παρὰ Κρονίης πόρον ἄλμης  
 Ζηνὶ φέρων ἀνάθημα γέρων ἰδρύσατο Νηρεῦς.

\* The north.

thrown against Cronides, and other fine leafy growths of earth, but all these Zeus unwilling burnt to dust with one spark of thunderbolt cast in a heavy throw. Many an elm was hurled against Zeus with firs coeval, and enormous plane-trees and volleys of white poplar; many a pit was broken in earth's flank.

<sup>391</sup> The whole circuit of the universe with its four sides was buffeted. The four winds, allied with Cronion, raised in the air columns of sombre dust; they swelled the arching waves, they flogged the sea until Sicily quaked; the Pelorid shores resounded and the ridges of Aitna, the Lilybaian rocks bellowed prophetic of things to come, the Pachynian promontory crashed under the western wave. Near the Bear,<sup>a</sup> the nymph of Athos wailed about her Thracian glen, the forest of Macedon roared on the Pierian ridge; the foundations of the east were shaken, there was crashing in the fragrant valleys of Assyrian Libanos.

<sup>403</sup> Aye, and from Typhaon's hands were showered volleys against the unwearied thunderbolts of Zeus. Some shots went past Selene's car, and scored through the invisible footprints of her moving bulls; others whirling through the air with sharp whizz, the winds blew away by counterblasts. Many a stray shot from the invulnerable thunderbolts of Zeus fell into the welcoming hand of Poseidon, unsparing of his earthpiercing trident's point; old Nereus brought the brine-soaked bolts to the ford of the Cronian Sea,<sup>b</sup> and dedicated them as an offering to Zeus.

<sup>b</sup> The North Sea with the Baltic and perhaps even the Arctic Ocean; Pliny, *N.H.* iv. 94, 104, *cf.* Plut. *De def. orac.* 420 A.

## NONNOS

Καὶ βλοσυροὺς δύο παῖδας Ἐνναλίιο κορύσσας  
 εἶχε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα πατροπάτωρ Ζεὺς 415  
 αἰθέρος ἀσπιστήρας ὀμήλυδας, ἀστεροπῆ δὲ  
 στήσῃ Φόβον, καὶ Δεῖμον ἐπεστήριξε κεραυνῶ  
 δεῖμα φέρων Τυφῶνι· καὶ ἀσπίδα κούφισε Νίκη  
 πρόσθε Διὸς τανύουσα, καὶ ἀντιάχησεν Ἐννώ,  
 Ἄρης δ' ἐσμαράγησεν. ἐπαιγίζων δὲ θυέλλαις 420  
 ἡρόθεν πεφόρητο μετάρσιος αἰγίοχος Ζεὺς,  
 ἐζόμενος πτερόεντι Χρόνου τετράζυγι δίφρῳ·  
 ἵπποι δὲ Κρονίωνος ὀμόζυγες ἦσαν ἀῆται.  
 καὶ πῆ μὲν στεροπῆσι κορύσσετο, πῆ δὲ κεραυνῶ,  
 ἄλλοτε δὲ βροντῆσι ἐπέχραεν, ἄλλοτε δ' ὄμβρων 425  
 πηγνυμένης προχέων πετρούμενα νῶτα χαλάζης  
 ὄμβρηροῖς βελέεσσι· Γιγαντείοισι δὲ πυκνοὶ  
 κίονες ὕδατόεντες ἐπερρήγγυντο καρῆνοισι  
 ὄξυβελεῖς, παλάμαι δὲ Τυφώος, οἷα μαχαίρη,  
 ἡερίῳ τέμνοντο χαλαζήεντι βελέμνῳ· 430  
 καὶ παλάμη κεκόμιστο, καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε κολώνης,  
 ἀλλὰ νιφοβλήτοιο τομῆ πληγεῖσα χαλάζης  
 μάρνατο καὶ πίπτουσα, διαῖσσουσα δὲ γαίης  
 ἄλμασιν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χεῖρ,  
 οἷα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα καὶ εἰσέτι κύκλον Ὀλύμπου. 435  
 καὶ πρόμος οὐρανίων πυρόεν βέλος ὑψόθι σείων  
 δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας πολέμοιο νομεύων  
 ὑψιφανῆς πολέμιζεν· ἐς ὑδροπόρους δὲ χαράδρας  
 ὦρτο Γίγας πολύπηχυς, ἐπασσυτέρῳ δὲ συνάψας  
 αὐτομάτῳ σφήκωσεν ὀμόπλοκα δάκτυλα δεσμῶ 440  
 κοιλαίνων παλάμας πολυχανδέας, ἧσιν αἰείρων  
 μεσσόθι χειμερίων ποταμῶν ὀρεσιδρομον ὕδωρ,  
 χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις μεμερισμένα χεύματα πέμπων,  
 ἀστεροπῆ προέηκε· χαραδραίῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ

<sup>414</sup> Now Zeus armed the two grim sons of Enyalios, his own grandsons, Rout and Terror his servant,<sup>a</sup> the inseparable guardsmen of the sky : Rout he set up with the lightning, Terror he made strong with the thunderbolt, terrifying Typhon. Victory lifted her shield and held it before Zeus : Enyo countered with a shout, and Ares made a din. Zeus breasting the tempests with his aegis-breastplate swooped down from the air on high, seated in Time's chariot with four winged steeds, for the horses that drew Cronion were the team of the winds. Now he battled with lightnings, now with levin ; now he attacked with thunders, now poured out petrified masses of frozen hail in volleying showers. Waterspouts burst thick upon the Giant's heads with sharp blows, and hands were cut off from the monster by the frozen volleys of the air as by a knife. One hand rolled in the dust, struck off by the icy cut of the hail ; it did not drop the crag which it held, but fought on even while it fell, and shot rolling over the ground in self-propelled leaps, a hand gone mad ! as if it still wished to strike the vault of Olympos.

<sup>436</sup> Then the sovereign of the heavens brandished aloft his fiery bolt, and passing from the left wing of the battle to the right, fought manifest on high. The many-armed monster hastened to the watery torrents ; he intertwined his row of fingers into a living mat, and hollowing his capacious palms, he lifted from the midst of the wintry rivers their water as it came pouring down from the mountains, and threw these detached parcels of the streams against the lightning. But the ethereal flame blazed with

<sup>a</sup> The construction of *ὄπαινα* is very like Euripides, *I.T.* 3-4 Ἀτρέως δὲ παῖς Μενέλαος Ἀγαμέμνων τε.

βαλλομένη σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος αἰθερίη φλόξ 445  
 λαβροτέρω σπινθήρι, καὶ ἔζεσε δίψιον ὕδωρ  
 αἰθαλόεν, διερῆ δὲ φύσις τερσαίνεται μύδρω·  
 σβέσσαι γὰρ μενέαινε Γίγας θρασὺς αἰθέριον πῦρ,  
 νήπιος· οὐδ' ἐνόησε, πυραυγέες ὅττι κεραυνοὶ  
 καὶ στεροπαὶ γεγάασιν ἀπ' ὀμβροτόκων νεφελᾶων. 450

Καὶ πάλιν ἰθυτμητὰς ἐλὼν σπήλυγγας ἐναύλων  
 στέρνα Διὸς μενέαινε βαλεῖν ἄτρωτα σιδήρω,  
 καὶ σκοπιῆ Διὸς ἅντα τιταίνεται· χεῖλεϊ δ' ἄκρω  
 Ζεὺς ὀλίγον φύσησε, καὶ ὑψίκρημνον ἐοῦσαν  
 λεπταλέον φύσημα παρέτραπε κυκλάδα πέτρην. 455  
 χειρὶ δὲ δινήεντα λόφον νησαῖον ἀράξας  
 εἰς ἐνοπήν πολὺδινος ἀνηώρητο Τυφωεύς,  
 καὶ Διὸς ἀρρήκτοιο κατηκόντιζε προσώπου·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἀντικέλευθον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμῆν  
 κρᾶτα παρακλίνας, στεροπῆς δ' ἐτύχησε Τυφωεύς 460  
 θερμὸν ἀμειβομένης ἔλικα δρόμον, αἴψα δὲ πέτρη  
 ἀκροφαληριώσα μελαίνεται μάρτυρι καπνῶ.  
 καὶ τριτάτην προῖαλλεν· ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ Κρονίων  
 πεπταμένης παλάμης μεσάτω νωμήτορι<sup>1</sup> καρπῶ,  
 σφαῖραν ἄτε θρώσκουσαν, ἀτέρμονι χειρὶ πατάξας 465  
 πέμπε πάλιν Τυφῶνι· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ πολλῇ  
 ἡερίη στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο πορείης  
 αὐτομάτῃ τόξευεν ὀιστευτῆρα κολώνῃ.  
 τέτρατον ἠκόντιζεν ὑπέρτερον· ἀψαμένη δὲ  
 αἰγίδος ἀκροτάτων θυσάνων ἐδιχάζετο πέτρη. 470  
 ἄλλην δὲ προέηκεν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πέτρη  
 ἡμιδαῆς σελάγιζεν ὀιστευθεῖσα κεραυνῶ.

<sup>1</sup> κωμήτορι most mss., νωμήτορι Ludwich.



livelier sparks through the water of the torrents which struck it; the thirsty water boiled and steamed, and its liquid essence dried up in the red hot mass. Yes—to quench the ethereal fire was the bold Giant's plan, poor fool! he knew not that the fire-flaming thunderbolts and lightnings are the offspring of the clouds from whence the rain-showers come! ■

<sup>451</sup> Again, he cut straight off sections of the torrent-beds, and designed to crush the breast of Zeus which no iron can wound; the mass of rock came hurtling at Zeus, but Zeus blew a light puff from the edge of his lips, and that gentle breath turned the whirling rock aside with all its towering crags. The monster with his hand broke off a rounded promontory from an island, and rising for the attack circled it round his head again and again, and cast it at the invincible face of Zeus; then Zeus moved his head aside, and dodged the jagged rock which came at him; but Typhon hit the lightning as it passed on its hot zigzag path, and at once the rock was white-patched at the tip and blackened with smoke—there was no mistake about it. A third rock he cast; but Cronion caught it in full career with the flat of his infinite open hand, and by a playful turn of the wrist sent it back like a bouncing ball, to Typhon. The crag returned with many an airy twist along its homeward path, and of itself shot the shooter. A fourth shot he sent, higher than before: the rock touched the tassel-tips of the aegis-cape, and split asunder. Another he let fly: storm-swift the rock flew, but a thunderbolt struck it, and half-consumed, it blazed.

• A common theory of ancient physicists.

## NONNOS

οὐ σκοπιαὶ νέφος ὑγρὸν ἀνέσχισαν, ἀλλὰ τυπεῖσαι  
 ὑδρηλαῖς νεφέλησι διερρήγνυντο κολῶναι.

Ξυνή δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἰσόρροπος ἦεν Ἐννῶ 475  
 καὶ Διὶ καὶ Τυφῶνι· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ  
 αἰθέρος ὄρχηστήρες ἐβακχεύοντο κεραυνοί.  
 μάρνατο δὲ Κρονίδης κεκορυθμένος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
 βροντὴν μὲν σάκος εἶχε, νέφος δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο θώρηξ,  
 καὶ στεροπὴν δόρυ πάλλε, Διυπετέες δὲ κεραυνοὶ 480  
 ἠερόθεν πέμποντο πυριγλώχινες οἰστοί·  
 ἦδη γὰρ περίφοιτος ἀπὸ χθονίου κενεῶνος  
 ξηρὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἀνέδραμεν ἀτμὸς ἀρούρης,  
 καὶ νεφέλης ἔντοσθεν ἐελμένος αἶθοπι λαιμῷ  
 πνίγεται θερμαίνων νέφος ἔγκυον· ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνῷ 485  
 τριβομένων καναχηδὰ πυριτρεφένων νεφελάων  
 θλιβομένη πεφόρητο δυσέκβατος ἐνδόμυχος φλόξ  
 διζομένη μέσον οἶμον, ἐπεὶ σέλας ὑψόθι βαίνειν  
 οὐ θέμις· ἀστεροπὴν γὰρ ἀναθρώσκουσιν ἐρύκει  
 ὄμβρηρῇ ραθάμιγγι λελουμένος ἴκμιος ἀήρ, 490  
 πυκνώσας νέφος ὑγρὸν ὑπέρτερον· ἀζαλέου δὲ  
 νειόθεν οἰγομένοιο διέδραμεν ἀλλόμενον πῦρ.  
 ὡς λίθος ἀμφὶ λίθῳ φλογερὴν ὠδῖνα λοχεύων  
 λάινον ἠκόντιζε πολυθλιβὲς αὐτόγονον πῦρ,  
 πυρσογενῆς ὅτε θῆλυς ἀράσσεται ἄρσενι πέτρῳ· 495  
 οὕτω θλιβομένησιν ἀνάπτεται οὐρανίη φλόξ  
 λιγνύει καὶ νεφέλησιν· ἀπὸ χθονίοιο δὲ καπνοῦ  
 λεπταλέου γεγαῶτος ἐμαιώθησαν ἀῆται.  
 ἄλλην δ' ἐξ ὑδάτων μετανάστιον ἀτμίδα γαίης

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<sup>a</sup> The word is an invention of Hesiod's (*Works and Days* 775) as though "high-flying," a misunderstanding of Homer's ἀερίπους, "foot-lifting."

## DIONYSIACA, II. 473-499

The crags could not pierce the raincloud ; but the stricken hills were broken to pieces by the rainclouds.

<sup>475</sup> Thus impartial Enyo held equal balance between the two sides, between Zeus and Typhon, while the thunderbolts with booming shots held revel like dancers of the sky. Cronides fought fully armed : in the fray, the thunder was his shield, the cloud his breastplate, he cast the lightning for a spear ; Zeus let fly his thunderbolts from the air, his arrows barbed with fire. For already from the underground abyss a dry vapour diffused around rose from the earth on high,<sup>a</sup> and compressed within the cloud was stifled in the fiery gullet, heating the pregnant cloud. For the lurking flame crushed within rushed about struggling to find a passage through ; over the smoke the fire-breeding clouds rumble in their agony seeking the middle path ; the fire dares not go upwards ; for the lightning leaping up is kept back by the moist air bathed in rainy drops, which condenses the seething cloud above, but the lower part is parched and gapes and the fire runs through with a bound. As the female stone is struck by the male stone,<sup>b</sup> one stone on another brings flame to birth, while crushed and beaten it produces from itself a shower of sparks : so the heavenly fire is kindled in clouds and murk crushed and beaten, but from earthy smoke, which is naturally thin, the winds are brought forth. There is another floating

<sup>b</sup> It is somewhat unusual to distinguish two stones as male and female in this manner ; nothing is commoner, however, than to make such a distinction with fire-sticks, the harder one which bores or rubs being the male, or husband, and the softer stick or plank against which it is pressed the female or wife ; see Frazer, *Golden Bough*<sup>3</sup>, index under " Fire-sticks."

## NONNOS

ἠέλιος φλογερῆσι βολαῖς ἀντωπὸν ἀμέλγων 500  
 τινθαλέω νοτέουσαν ἀνείρυσεν αἰθέρος ὀλκῶ·  
 ἧ δὲ παχυνομένη νεφέων ὤδινε καλύπτρην,  
 σεισαμένη δὲ πάχιστον ἀραιότερῳ δέμας ἀτμῶ,  
 ἄψ ἀναλυσασμένη μαλακὸν νέφος εἰς χύσιν ὄμβρου,  
 ὑδρηλὴν προτέρην μετεκίαθεν ἔμφυτον ὕλην. 505  
 τοῖος ἔφθυ φλογόεις νεφέων τύπος, οἷσι καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 ἰσότυποι στεροπῆσι συνωδίνοντο κεραυνοί.  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ πολέμιζε·

κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ πέμπων

ἠθάδα πυρσὸν ἱάλλεν, ἀκοντιστήρα λεόντων,  
 βάλλων ποικιλόφωνον ἀμετρήτων στίχα λαιμῶν 510  
 οὐρανίῳ πρηστήρι· Διοβλήτου δὲ βελέμνου  
 ἐν σέλας ἔφλεγε χεῖρας ἀπείρονας, ἐν σέλας ὤμους  
 νηρίθμους ἀμάθυνε καὶ αἰόλα φύλα δρακόντων,  
 καὶ κεφαλὰς ἐδάϊξαν ἀτέρμονας αἰθέρος αἰχμαί,  
 καὶ πλοκάμους Τυφῶνος ἔλιξ ἀμάθυνε κομήτης 515  
 ἀντιπόρῳ σπινθῆρι δασύτριχα πυρσὸν ἱάλλων,  
 καὶ κεφαλαὶ σελάγιζον, ἀναπτομένων δὲ κομάων  
 βόστρυχα συρίζοντα κατεσφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ  
 οὐρανίῳ σπινθῆρι, μαραιομένων δὲ δρακόντων  
 ἰοβόλοι ραθάμιγγες ἕτερσαίνοντο γενείων· 520  
 μαρναμένου δὲ Γίγαντος ἕτεφρώθησαν ὀπωπαὶ  
 καπνῶ λιγνυόεντι, νιφοβλήτων δὲ προσώπων  
 χιονέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο παρειαί.  
 καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγον εἶχεν ἀνάγκην·  
 εἰ γὰρ ἐς ἀντολίην σφαλερὰς ἐλέλιξεν ὀπωπάς, 525  
 ὑσμίνην φλογόεσσαν ἐδέχνυτο γείτονος Εὐρου·  
 εἰ κλίσιν ἐσκοπίαζε δυσήνεμον Ἄρκάδος Ἄρκτου,  
 χειμερίου πρηστήρος ἀθαλπεί βάλλετο πάχνη·  
 φεύγων ψυχρὸν ἄημα νιφοβλήτοιο Βορῆος

vapour, drawn from the waters, which the sun shining full on them with fiery rays milks out and draws up dewy through the boiling track of air. This thickens and produces the cloudy veil; then shaking the thick mass by means of the thinner vapour, it dissolves the fine cloud again into a fall of rain, and returns to its natural condition of water. Such is the character of the fiery clouds, with their twin birth of lightnings and thunders together.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>508</sup> Zeus the father fought on: raised and hurled his familiar fire against his adversary, piercing his lions, and sending a fiery whirlwind from heaven to strike the battalion of his innumerable necks with their babel of tongues. Zeus cast his bolt, and one blaze burnt the monster's endless hands, one blaze consumed his numberless shoulders and the speckled tribes of his serpents; heaven's blades cut off those countless heads; a writhing comet met him front to front discharging a thick bush of sparks, and consumed the monster's hair. Typhon's heads were ablaze, the hair caught fire; with heaven's sparks silence sealed the hissing tresses, the serpents shrivelled up, and in their throats the poison-spitting drops were dried. The Giant fought on: his eyes were burnt to ashes in the murky smoke, his cheeks were whitened with hoar-frost, his faces beaten with showers of snow. He suffered the fourfold compulsion of the four winds. For if he turned flickering eyes to the sunrise, he received the fiery battle of neighbouring Euros. If he gazed towards the stormy clime of the Arcadian Bear, he was beaten by the chilly frost of wintry whirlwinds. If he shunned the cold blast of snow-beaten Boreas, he was shaken by

\* A page from the poet's handbook of natural science.

## NONNOS

καὶ διερῶ δεδόνητο καὶ αἰθαλόεντι βελέμνω· 530  
καὶ δύσιν εἰσορόων βλοσυρῆς ἀντώπιον Ἴουῦς  
ἔσπερίην ἔφριξε θυελλήεσσαν Ἐννώ,  
εἰαρινῆς αἴων Ζεφυρηίδος ἦχον ἰμάσθλης·  
καὶ Νότος ἀμφὶ τένοντα μεσημβρινὸν Αἰγοκερῆος  
ἄντυγας ἠερίας ἐπεμάστιε, θερμὸς ἀήτης, 535  
φλογμὸν ἄγων Τυφῶνι πυραυγεί καύματος ἀτμῶ.  
εἰ πάλιν ὄμβρον ἔχευε κατάρρυτον ὑέτιος Ζεῦς,  
λυσιπόνοις λιβάδεσσι ὄλον χροῶ λούσε Τυφωεὺς  
θερμὰ καταψύχων κεκαφηότα γυῖα κεραυνῶ.

Καὶ κραναοῖς βελέεσσι χαλαζαίου νιφετοῖο 540  
παιδὸς ἰμασσομένου τραφερῆ μαστίζετο μήτηρ·  
δερκομένη δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπὶ χροῖ μάρτυρα Μοίρης  
λάινα πηκτὰ βέλεμνα καὶ ὕδατόεσσαν ἀκωκῆν  
Ἴἠλιον Τιτῆνα κατηφέι λίσσετο φωνῆ,  
ἐν φάος αἰτίζουσα θερεΐτατον, ὄφρα κε πυρσῶ 545  
θερμοτέρῳ λύσειε Διὸς πετρούμενον ὕδωρ  
νιφομένῳ Τυφῶνι χέων ἐμφύλιον αἴγλην·  
καὶ οἱ ἰμασσομένῳ συνετήκετο· καιομένων δὲ  
ἠλιβάτων ὀρόωσα πυριστεφὲς ἔθνος ἀγοστῶν  
χειμερίην ἰκέτευε μολεῖν δυσπέμφελον αὔρην 550  
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ἵνα ψυχροῖσιν ἀήταις  
διψαλέην Τυφῶνος ἀποσβέσσειεν ἀνάγκην.

Ἴσοτύπου δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἔκλινε Κρονίων.  
χειρὶ δὲ δενδρήεσσαν ἀπορρίψασα καλύπτρην  
μήτηρ ἄχνητο Γαῖα, Τυφαιονίων κεφαλάων 555  
καπνὸν ὀπιπεύουσα· μαραινομένων δὲ προσώπων  
Γηγενέος λύτο γοῦνα· προθεσπίζουσα δὲ νίκην  
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ·

<sup>a</sup> κεκαφηότα θυμόν “ panting forth one’s life ” is the epic

the volleys of wet and hot together. If he looked to the sunset, opposite to the dawn of the grim east, he shivered before Enyo and her western tempests when he heard the noise of Zephyros cracking his spring-time lash; and Notos, that hot wind, round about the southern foot of Capricorn flogged the aerial vaults, leading against Typhon a glowing blaze with steamy heat. If again Rainy Zeus poured down a watery torrent, Typhoeus bathed all his body in the trouble-soothing showers, and refreshed his benumbed limbs after the stifling thunderbolts.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>540</sup> Now as the son was scourged with frozen volleys of jagged hailstones, his mother the dry Earth was beaten too; and seeing the stone bullets and icy points embedded in the Giant's flesh, the witness of his fate, she prayed to Titan Helios with submissive voice: she begged of him one red hot ray, that with its heating fire she might melt the petrified water of Zeus, by pouring his kindred<sup>b</sup> radiance over frozen Typhon. She herself melted along with his bruised body; and when she saw his legion of highclambering hands burnt all round, she besought one of the tempestuous winter's blasts to come for one morning, that he might quench Typhon's overpowering thirst by his cool breezes.

<sup>553</sup> Then Cronion inclined the equally balanced beam of the fight. But Earth his Mother had thrown off her veil of forests with her hand, and just then was grieving to behold Typhaon's smoking heads. While his faces were shrivelling, the Giant's knees gave way beneath him; the trumpet of Zeus

phrase. Nonnos seems to hear this meaning, and also an echo of *κάμνω*. Hesychius glosses *τέθνηκε*.

<sup>b</sup> Because both came of the same stock.

ἤριπε δ' οὐρανίῳ μεθύων φλογόεντι βελέμνω,  
 ὤτειλῆν ἀσίδηρον ἔχων πολέμοιο, Τυφωεύς 560  
 ὑψιτενής, καὶ νῶτα βαλὼν ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ  
 κείτο, περιστορέσας ὀφιδέα γυῖα κοινή,  
 πυρσὸν ἀναβλύζων. Κρονίδης δ' ἐρέθιζε γελάσσας,  
 τοῖον ἔπος προχέων φιλοπαίγμονος ἀνθερεῶνος·

“ Καλὸν ἀοσσητῆρα γέρων Κρόνος εὖρε, Τυφωεῦ· 565  
 Χθὼν μόγις νῖα λόχευσε, μέγαν γόνον Ἰαπετοῖο·  
 ἠδὺς ὁ Τιτήνων τιμήορος· ὡς ὀρώω δέ,  
 ἀδρανέες γεγάασι τάχα Κρονίδαο κεραυνοί.  
 δηθύνεις τέο μέχρῃς ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναίειν,  
 ψευδόμενε σκηπτοῦχε;

μένει δέ σε θῶκος Ὀλύμπου· 570  
 σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα θεημάχε δέξο Τυφωεῦ,  
 Ἄστραϊον δὲ κόμισσον ἐς οὐρανόν· ἦν δ' ἐτελήσης,  
 αἰθέρι ἰοστήσειε καὶ Εὐρυνόμη καὶ Ὀφίων  
 καὶ Κρόνος ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόστολος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ  
 σὺν σοὶ ποικιλόνωτον ἐς ὑψιπόρων ἴτυν ἄστρον 575  
 δεσμὰ φυγῶν δολόμητις ὁμαρτήσειε Προμηθεύς,  
 ἦπατος ἠβώνοντος ἀφειδέα δαιτυμονῆα  
 οὐρανίης θρασὺν ὄρνιν ἔχων πομπῆα κελεύθου.  
 τί πλέον ἠθέλες ἄλλο μετὰ κλόνον ἢ ἐνοῆσαι  
 Ζῆνα καὶ ἐννοσίγαιον ὀπάονα σείω θοώκων; 580  
 Ζῆνα μὲν ἀδρανέοντα καὶ οὐ σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου,  
 βροντῆς καὶ νεφέων γυμνούμενον, ἀστεροπῆς δὲ  
 ἀντὶ πυρὸς ζαθέοιο καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ κεραυνοῦ  
 δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα Τυφαιονίῳ παρὰ παστῶ,  
 ληιδίης ἀλόχοιο τεῆς θαλαμηπόλου Ἥρης 585  
 ὀφθαλμῶ κοτέοντι τεῶν ζηλλήμονα λέκτρων·

\* A Titan, husband of Eos. In the Orphic cosmogony,



brayed, foretelling victory with a roll of thunder; down fell Typhoeus's high-uplifted frame, drunk with the fiery bolt from heaven, stricken with a war-wound of something more than steel, and lay with his back upon Earth his mother, stretching his snaky limbs in the dust and belching flame. Cronides laughed aloud, and taunted him like this in a flood of words from his mocking throat:

<sup>565</sup> "A fine ally has old Cronos found in you, Typhoeus! Earth could scarcely bring forth that great son for Iapetos! A jolly champion of Titans! The thunderbolts of Zeus soon lost their power against you, as I see! How long are you going to wait before taking up your quarters in the inaccessible heavens, you sceptred impostor? The throne of Olympos awaits you: accept the robes and sceptre of Zeus, God-defying Typhoeus! Bring back Astraios<sup>a</sup> to heaven; if you wish, let Eurynome and Ophion return to the sky, and Cronos in the train of that pair! When you enter the dappleback vault of the highranging stars, let crafty Prometheus leave his chains, and come with you; the bold bird who makes hearty meals off that rejuvenescent liver shall show him the way to heaven. What did you want to gain by your riot, but to see Zeus and Earthshaker footmen behind your throne? Well, here you have Zeus helpless, no longer sceptre-bearer of Olympos, Zeus stript of his thunders and his clouds, holding up no longer the lightning's fire divine or the familiar thunderbolt, but a torch for Typhaon's bower, groom of the chamber to Hera the bride of your spear, whom he eyes with wrath, jealous of your bed:

Eurynome and Ophion had ruled in Olympos before Cronos and Rhea, but Cronos turned them out.

σύζυγα δ' ἔννοσίγαιον ἀποζευχθέντα θαλάσσης  
 ὑμετέρη μετὰ πόντον ὑποδρήσοντα τραπέζην,  
 διψάδι χειρὶ φέροντα τεὸν δέπας ἀντὶ τριαίνης.  
 "Ἄρεα λάτριν ἔχεις, θεράπων τεὸς ἔστιν Ἀπόλλων· 590  
 πέμπε δὲ Τιτήνεσσι διάκτορον νιέα Μαίης  
 σὸν κράτος ἀγγέλλοντα καὶ οὐρανίην σέθεν αἴγλην·  
 ἐργατίνην δ' Ἡφαιστον ἐθήμονι κάλλιπε Λήμνω,  
 ὄφρα κεν ἀσκήσειε νεοζεύκτῳ σέο νύμφη  
 ποικίλον αὐχένος ὄρμον ἑύχροον ἥνοπι κόσμῳ, 595  
 ἢ ἐπεδοστιβέων ἀμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ πεδίλων,  
 οἷσι τεῖ παράκοιτις ἀγάλλεται, ἢ ἐτελέσση  
 χρυσοφαῆ θρόνον ἄλλον Ὀλύμπιον, ὄφρα γελάσση  
 κρείσσονα θῶκον ἔχουσα τεῖ χρυσόθρονος Ἡρη·  
 καὶ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ἔχων ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου 600  
 τεύξον ἀρειοτέροιο νέον σπινθήρα κεραυνοῦ.  
 ἀλλὰ δόλω θέλξαντα τεὸν νόον ἐλπίδι νίκης  
 χρυσῷ δῆσον Ἐρωτα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης·  
 χαλκῷ σφίγξον Ἄρηα κυβερνητῆρα σιδήρου.  
 ἀστεροπαὶ φεύγουσι καὶ οὐ μίμνουσιν Ἐννῷ· 605  
 πῶς στεροπῆς ὀλίγης οὐκ ἔκφυγες ἀπτόλεμον πῦρ;  
 ἢ πόθεν οὔασι σοῖσιν ἀμετρήτοισιν ἀκούων  
 βρονταίην ἐλάχειαν ἐδειδίεις ὄμβριον ἠχώ;  
 τίς σε τόσον ποίησεν ἀνάλκιδα; πῆ σέθεν αἰχμαί;  
 πῆ κεφαλαὶ σκυλάκων;  
 πῆ χάσματα κείνα λεόντων 610  
 καὶ χθόνιον μύκημα βαρυφθόγγων σέο λαιμῶν;  
 πῆ δε δρακοντεῖς δολιχόσκιος ἰὸς ἐθείρης;  
 οὐκέτι συρίζεις ὄφιδεῖ κυκλάδι χαίτη;  
 πῆ βοέων στομάτων μυκῆματα; πῆ σέο χειρῶν

here you have Earthshaker with him, torn from the sea for a new place instead of the deep as waiter at your table, no trident in his hand but a cup for you if you are thirsty! Here you have Ares for a menial, Apollo is your lackey! Send round Maia's son, King's Messenger, to announce to the Titans your triumph and your glory in the skies. But leave your smith Hephaistos to his regular work in Lemnos, and he can make a necklace to adorn your newly wedded bride, a real work of art, in dazzling colours, or a fine pair of brilliant shoes for your wife's feet to delight her, or he can build another Olympian throne of shining gold, that your golden-throned Hera may laugh because she has a better throne than yours! And when you have the underground Cyclopes domiciled in Olympos, make a new spark for an improved thunderbolt. As for Eros, who bewitched your mind by delusive hopes of victory, chain him with golden Aphrodite in chains of gold, and clamp with chains of bronze Ares the governor of iron!

<sup>605</sup> "The lightnings try to escape, and will not abide Enyo! How was it you could not escape a harmless little flash of lightning? How was it with all those innumerable ears you were afraid to hear a little rainy thud of thunder? Who made you so big a coward? Where are your weapons? Where are your puppyheads? Where are those gaping lions, where is the heavy bellowing of your throats like a rumbling earthquake? Where is the far-flung poison of your snaky mane? Do not you hiss any more with that coronet of serpentine bristles? Where are the bellowings of your bull-mouths? Where are your hands and their volleys of precipi-

ἠλιβάτου πρηῶνος ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀγοστοί; 615  
 οὐκέτι μαστίξεις ἐλικώδεας ἄντυγας ἄστρον;  
 οὐκέτι λευκαίνουσι συῶν προβλήτες ἀκωκαὶ  
 ἀφροκόμῳ ραθάμιγγι διάβροχον ἀνθερεῶνα;  
 πῆ μοι φρικτὰ γένεια σεσηρότα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου;  
 εἶξον ἐπουρανίοισι, πεδοτρεφές· ὑμετέρων γὰρ 620  
 χειρὶ μὴ νίκησα διηκοσίων στίχα χειρῶν.  
 ἀλλὰ βαθυκρήμνοισι περισφίγγουσα κολώναις  
 Σικελίῃ τρικάρηνος ὄλον Τυφῶνα δεχέσθω  
 οἰκτρὰ κονιομένοις ἑκατὸν κομόωντα καρήνοισ.  
 ἔμπης, εἰ νόον ἔσχες ὑπέρβιον, εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτῷ 625  
 ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπεσκίρτησας Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 τεύξω σοι, πανάποτμε, κενήριον, ὑστάτιον δὲ  
 σὸν κενεὸν παρὰ τύμβον, ἀτάσθαλε, τοῦτο χαράξω·  
 ‘Γηγενέος τόδε σῆμα Τυφωέος, ὃν ποτε πέτροις  
 αἰθέρα μαστίζοντα κατέφλεγεν αἰθέριον πῦρ.’ ” 630  
 Ἔννεπε κερτομένων· ἔκυν ἔμπνοον, υἱὸν Ἀρούρης.  
 καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι χέων ἐπινίκιον ἠχῶ  
 λαϊνέῃ σάλπιγγι Κίλιξ μυκήσατο Ταῦρος,  
 ὑδρηλοῖς δὲ πόδεσσι εἶλιξ ὠρχήσατο Κύνδος  
 Ζηνὸς ἀνευάζων διερωῶ βρυχήματι νίκην, 635  
 μεσσοφανῆς προχέων ναέτην ῥόον ἠλικὶ Ταρσῶ.  
 Γαῖα δὲ πετρήεντα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα  
 ἄχλυτο κεκλιμένη, καὶ πενθάδος ἀντὶ μαχαίρης  
 κοπτομένην ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαίτην,  
 βόστρυχον ὑλήεντος ἀποτμήξασα καρήνου 640  
 φυλλοχόῳ ἄτε μηνί, χαραδραίας δὲ παρειᾶς  
 δρύψατο, καὶ κελαδεῖνὰ δι’ εὐύδρων κενεῶνων  
 ἔρρεε μυρομένης ποταμῆια δάκρυα Γαίης.  
 ἐκ δὲ Τυφαιονίων μελέων στροφάλιγγες ἀέλλης

tous crags ? Do you flog no longer the mazy circles of the stars ? Do the jutting tusks of your boars no longer whiten their chins, wet with a frill of foamy drippings ? Come now, where are the bristling grinning jaws of the mad bear ?

<sup>620</sup> " Son of Earth, give place to the sons of heaven ! For I with one hand have vanquished your hands, two hundred strong. Let three-headed Sicily receive Typhon whole and entire, let her crush him all about under her steep and lofty hills, with the hair of his hundred heads miserably bedabbled in dust. Nevertheless, if you did have an over-violent mind, if you did assault Olympos itself in your impracticable ambitions, I will build you a cenotaph, presumptuous wretch, and I will engrave on your empty tomb, this last message : ' This is the barrow of Typhoeus son of Earth, who once lashed the sky with stones, and the fire of heaven burnt him up.' "

<sup>631</sup> Thus he mocked the half-living corpse of the son of Earth. Then Cilician Tauros brayed a victorious noise on his stony trumpet for Zeus Almighty, while Cydnos danced zigzag on his watery feet, crying Euoi ! in rolling roar for the victory of Zeus, Cydnos visible in the midst, as he poured the flood upon Tarsos which had been there ever since he had been there himself. But Earth tore her rocky tunic and lay there grieving ; instead of the shears of mourning,<sup>a</sup> she let the winds beat her breast and shear off a coppice for a curl ; so she cut the tresses from her forest-covered head as in the month of leaf-shedding, she tore gullies in her cheeks ; Earth wailed, as her river-tears rolled echoing through the swollen torrents of the hills. The gales eddying

\* Shears for cutting off the hair in mourning.

κύματα μαστίζουσι, ἐπεσσύμεναι δὲ καλύψαι 645  
 ὀλκάδας ἀκλύστοιο καθιππεύουσι γαλήνης,  
 οὐ μούνοις ῥοθίοισιν ἐπήλυδες· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ γαίῃ  
 πολλάκις αἰθύσσοιθα θυελλήεσσα κονίη  
 ὄρθιον ἠβώνοντα κατέκλυσε καρπὸν ἄλωϊς.

Καὶ ταμίη κόσμοιο, παλιγγενέος Φύσις ὕλης, 650  
 ῥηγνυμένης κενεῶνα κεχηνότα πῆξεν ἀρούρης,  
 νησαίουσ δὲ τένοντας ἀποτμηγένας ἐναύλων  
 ἀρμονίης ἀλύτοιο πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῶ.  
 οὐκέτι δὲ κλόνος ἦεν ἐν ἄστρασιν· Ἥλιος γὰρ  
 χαιτήεντα Λέοντα παρὰ σταχυῶδεϊ Κούρη 655  
 Ζωδιακῆς ἔστησε παραῖξαντα κελεύθου·

οὐρανίου δὲ Λέοντος ἐπισκαίροντα προσώπῳ  
 Καρκίνου ἀντικέλευθον ἀθαλπέος Αἰγοκερῆος  
 ἀψ' ἀνασειράζουσα διεστήριξε Σελήνη.

Οὐ μὲν αἰδοπόλοιο λελασμένος ἔπλετο Κάδμου 660  
 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης, καλέσας δὲ τόσῃν ἐφθέγγατο φωνῇν  
 ἠερίης σκιοειδὲς ἀποσκεδάσας νέφος ὄρφνης·

“Κάδμε, τεῆ σύριγγι πύλας ἔστυψας Ὀλύμπου·  
 σὸν γάμον οὐρανίη καὶ ἐγὼ Φόρμιγγι γεραίρω·  
 γαμβρὸν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Κυθερείῃ, 665  
 καὶ χθονίου δείπνοιο θεοὺς ἔχε δαιτυμονῆας.  
 ἴξομαι εἰς σέο δῶμα· τί φίλτερον ἄλλο νοήσεις  
 ἢ μακάρων βασιλῆα τεῆς ψαύοντα τραπέζης;  
 εἰ δὲ τύχης ἐθέλεις ἐτερότροπα κύματα φεύγειν  
 πορθμεύων βιότοιο γαληναίοιο πορείην, 670  
 Ἄρεα μὲν Διρκαῖον ἀεὶ πεφύλαξο χαλέψαι,

<sup>a</sup> Lectius translates: Continuatae vero Calypsae naves tranquillae contra equitant serenitatis: a riddle indeed.

<sup>b</sup> Virgo, in the Zodiac: the brightest star was Σταχὺς, the Ear of Corn.

<sup>c</sup> The constellation Lyra.

from Typhaon's limbs lash the waves, hurrying to engulf<sup>a</sup> the ships and riding down the sheltered calm. Not only the surges they invade; but often over the land sweeps a storm of dust, and overwhelms the crops growing firm and upright upon the fields.

<sup>650</sup> Then Nature, who governs the universe and recreates its substance, closed up the gaping rents in earth's broken surface, and sealed once more with the bond of indivisible joinery those island cliffs which had been rent from their beds. No longer was there turmoil among the stars. For Helios replaced the maned Lion, who had moved out of the path of the Zodiac, beside the Maiden who holds the corn-ear<sup>b</sup>; Selene took the Crab, now crawling over the forehead of the heavenly Lion, and drew him back opposite cold Capricorn, and fixt him there.

<sup>660</sup> But Zeus Cronides did not forget Cadmos the mastersinger. He dispersed the cloud of darkness which overshadowed him, and calling him, spoke in this fashion:

<sup>663</sup> "Cadmos, you have crowned the gates of Olympus with your pipes! Then I will myself celebrate your bridal with heaven's own Harp.<sup>c</sup> I will make you goodson to Ares and Cythereia; gods shall be guests at your wedding-feast on the earth! I will visit your house: what more could you want, than to see the King of the Blessed touching your table? And if you wish to cross life's ferry on a calm sea, escaping the uncertain currents of Chance, be careful always not to offend Ares Dircaian,<sup>d</sup> Ares angry

<sup>a</sup> That is, Theban, from the fountain of Dirce in Thebes. It is rather too soon to give him that epithet, for there was no Thebes as yet and no Dirce.

## NONNOS

Ἄρεα νόσφι λόχου κεχολωμένον· ἐννύχιος δὲ  
 οὐρανίῳ Δράκοντος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τιτήνας  
 ῥέξον ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο λαβὼν εὐδομον ὄφίτην,  
 κικλήσκων Ὀφιοῦχον Ὀλύμπιον, ἐν πυρὶ καίων 675  
 Ἰλλυρικῆς ἐλάφοιο πολυγλώχινᾳ κεραίην,  
 ὄφρα φύγῃς, ὅσα πικρὰ τεῶ πεπρωμένα πότμῳ  
 Μοιριδίδης ἔκλωσεν ἔλιξ ἄτρακτος ἀνάγκης,  
 εἰ λῖνα Μοιράων ἐπιπείθεται. ἀλλὰ τοκῆος  
 μνηστὴν ἕα κοτέοντος Ἀγήνορος, ἀσταθέων δὲ 680  
 ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτων μὴ δεΐδιθι· κεκριμένοι γὰρ  
 πάντες ἔτι ζώουσιν, ἐπεὶ Νοτίην χθόνα Κηφεὺς  
 νάσσατο Κηφήνων ἐπιήρανος Αἰθιοπῆων,  
 καὶ Θάσος εἰς Θάσον ἦλθεν, ἀερσιλόφοιο δὲ Ταύρου  
 δύσνιφον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Κίλιξ Κιλίκεσσιν ἀνάσσει, 685  
 Θρηκίην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀπόσσυτος ἴκετο Φινεύς·  
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις  
 γαμβρὸν ἐς Ὠρεΐθιαν ἄγω καὶ Θρηῖκα Βορῆα,  
 νυμφίον ὁμφήεντα φιλοστεφάνου Κλεοπάτρης.  
 καὶ σὺ κασιγνήτων ἰσοελκέει νήματι Μοίρης 690  
 Καδμείων βασίλευε καὶ οὐνομα λείπε πολίταις·  
 πλαγκτοσύνης δ' ἀπόειπε

παλίμπορα κύκλα κελεύθου,  
καὶ βοὸς ἄστατον ἴχνος ἀναίνεο· Κυπριδίῳ γὰρ

\* See next note. λόχος is "birth" in Aesch. *Ag.* 136, and here apparently "offspring." All Cadmos's troubles in later life came from killing the dragon, son of Ares, which guarded the spring near the site of Thebes, Zeus advises him to make friends with the celestial Dragon, also with



when deprived of his brood.<sup>a</sup> At dead of night fix your gaze on the heavenly Serpent, and do sacrifice on the altar holding in your hand a piece of fragrant serpentine; and calling upon the Olympian Serpent-holder, burn in the fire a horn of the Illyrian deer with many tines: that so you may escape all the bitter things which the wreathed spindle of apportioned Necessity has spun for your fate,—if the threads of the Portioners ever obey!

<sup>679</sup> “ Let pass the memory of your angry father Agenor, fear not for your wandering brothers <sup>b</sup>; for they all live, though far apart. Cepheus journeyed to the regions of the south, and he has found favour with the Cephenees of Ethiopia <sup>c</sup>; Thasos went to Thasos, and Cilix is king over the Cilicians round about the snowy mount of high-peaked Tauros; Phineus came with all speed to the Thracian land. As for him, I will make him proud with his deep mines of riches, and lead him as goodson to Oreithyia and Thracian Boreas, as prophetic bridegroom of garlanded Cleopatra. For you, the Portioner’s thread weighs equal with your brothers; be king of the Cadmeians, and leave your name to your people. Give up the back-wending circuits of your wandering way, and relinquish the bull’s restless track; for

Ophiuchos, as being presumably an expert in dealing with reptiles, and to accompany his prayers with fumigations of two of the most approved specifics against earthly serpents, serpentine, which if pulverized will cure their bite, Orph. *Lithica* 338 ff., and hart’s horn; for the stag is so deadly an enemy to all snakes that even to burn a piece of his antler will effectually drive them away, Pliny, *N.H.* viii. 118.

<sup>b</sup> They were all sent in search of Europa.

<sup>c</sup> Cepheus was son of Belos and therefore cousin of Cadmos, according to Apollodorus. He became king of Ethiopia, and the people took his name.

σύγγονον ὑμετέρην ζυγίῳ νυμφεύσατο θεσμῶ  
 Ἄστερίων Δικταῖος ἄναξ Κορυβαντίδος Ἰδης. 695  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν αὐτὸς ἐγὼ μαντεύσομαι, ἄλλα δὲ Φοίβῳ  
 καλλείψω· σὺ δέ, Κάδμε, μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα βαίνων  
 Δελφίδος αὐδήεντα μετέρχεο τέμπεα Πυθοῦς.”  
 Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμπεν Ἀγηνορίδην μετανάστην  
 Ζεὺς Κρονίδης·

καὶ κραιπνὸς ἐς αἰθερίων ἴτυν ἄστρον 700  
 χρύσειον ἔτραπε δίφρον, ἐπεμβεβαυῖα δὲ Νίκη  
 ἤλασεν οὐρανίῃ πατρώϊον ἵππον ἱμάσθλη.  
 καὶ θεὸς εἰς πόλον ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ  
 οὐρανίας πετάσαντο πύλας ὑψαύχενες Ὠραι,  
 αἰθέρα δ' ἐστέφαντο· παλιινόστῳ δ' ἐνὶ μορφῇ 705  
 σὺν Διὶ νικήσαντι θεοὶ νόστησαν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
 καὶ πτερόεν μίμημα μετηλλάξαντο προσώπου.  
 ἄβροχίτων δ' ἀσίδηρος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη  
 Ἄρεα Κῶμον ἔχουσα, Μέλος δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο Νίκη·  
 καὶ Θέμις ὄπλα Γίγαντος ὀλωλότος ἄφρονι Γαίῃ 710  
 εἰς φόβον ἐσσομένων ἐπεδείκνυε, μητρὶ Γιγάντων,  
 ὑψιπαγῇ κρεμάσασα παρὰ προθύροισιν Ὀλύμπου.

<sup>a</sup> Dicte, a mountain in Crete ; Ida, the chief mountain of Crete. The Cretan Dactyloi or Curetes, who waited upon the infant Zeus, are often called Corybantēs, although that name belongs to the Phrygian priests of Rhea.

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your sister has been wedded by the law of love to Asterion of Dicte, king of Corybantian Ida.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>696</sup> "So much I will myself foretell for you, the rest I will leave to Phoibos. And now, Cadmos, do you make your way to the midnipple of the earth, and visit the speaking vales of Pytho."<sup>b</sup>

<sup>699</sup> With these words, Zeus Cronides dismissed Agenor's son, and swiftly turned his golden chariot toward the round of the ethereal stars, while Victory by his side drove her father's team with the heavenly whip. So the god came once more to the sky; and to receive him the stately Seasons threw open the heavenly gates, and crowned the heavens. With Zeus victorious, the other gods came home to Olympos, in their own form come again, for they put off the winged shapes which they had taken on. Athena came into heaven unarmed, in dainty robes with Ares turned Comus, and Victory for Song<sup>c</sup>; and Themis displayed to dumbfounded Earth, mother of the giants, the spoils of the giant destroyed, an awful warning for the future, and hung them up high in the vestibule of Olympos.

<sup>b</sup> Delphi, where the priestess spoke oracles.

<sup>c</sup> The deities are embodiments of the revels, by a sort of mystical fusion. Comus, so familiar to us through Milton, is not really a mythological figure at all, but a late personification; see Philostratos, *Imagines* 2.

## ADDITIONAL NOTE TO BOOK II

80 ff. The plants mentioned seem all to have stories attached. The cypress was once a beautiful boy, Cyparissos, beloved by Zephyros; the *hyacinthus* (not hyacinth, perhaps iris, fritillary or gladiolus) is connected in mythology with the pre-hellenic god Hyacinthos of Amyclai in Laconia, worshipped along with Apollo there. He is said to have been a boy favourite of the god, who, being accidentally killed by him, was turned into the flower which bears his name; hence it is blood-red and the markings on its petals spell *aĩ aĩ* (alas, alas). The laurel was once a chaste nymph, Daphne, who, loved and pursued by Apollo, prayed to the Earth to help her and was turned into a laurel (*δάφνη*), which thus became the god's sacred tree. Pan had a like experience with Pitys, who to avoid his attentions was turned into the pine-tree, *πίτυς*. Moria (clearly the nymph of the sacred olives of Attica, that being the meaning of her name) is unknown save for this passage; she has nothing to do with the Moria of xxv. 481 ff. The olive "brought a city" to Athena, because by making it spring from the ground she won her contest with Poseidon for the city of Athens. The Paphian, *i.e.* Aphrodite, goddess of Paphos, is particularly concerned for the anemone because that is the flower which sprung from the dead body of her beloved Adonis, or from the tears she shed for him; another story makes the rose, which in any case is sacred to her, spring from his body. Deo is Demeter, and being corn-goddess (her name means "spelt-mother") she naturally is interested in the fate of the corn-stalks.



## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Ἐν τριτάτῳ μάλιστα πολὺπλανον ὀλκάδα Κάδμου  
Ἡλέκτρης τε μέλαθρα φιλοξενίην τε τραπέζης.

Λύτο δ' ἄγών, ὅτε χεῖμα παρήλυθεν·

ἄκρα δὲ φαίνων

ἀνεφέλω τελαμῶνι φαεσφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης  
ᾠρίων ἀνέτελλε, καὶ οὐκέτι κυκλάδι λίμνη  
λούετο παχνήεντα δεδυκότος ἴχνια Ταύρου·  
οὐκέτι δ' ὄμβροτόκοιο παρὰ κλίμα διψάδος Ἄρκτου 5  
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὀδεύετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ·  
οὐκέτι Μασσαγέτης μετανάστιον οἶκον ἰμάσσων,  
δουρατέῳ τροχόεντι διαστείβων ῥόον ὀλκῶ,  
ὑδρηλὰς ἐχάρασσε πεπηγότος αὐλακας Ἰστρου·  
ἤδη γὰρ Ζεφύροιο προάγγελος ἔγκυος ᾠρη 10  
σχιζομένων καλύκων δροσεροὺς ἐμέθυσσεν ἀήτας,  
καὶ λιγυρὴ μερόπεσσι συνέστιος εἶαρι κῆρυξ  
ὄρθριον ὕπνον ἄμερσε λάλος τρύζουσα χελιδῶν  
ἀρτιφανής, καὶ γυμνὸν ἀπ' εὐόδοιο καλύπτρης  
εἰαριναῖς ἐγέλασσε λελουμένον ἄνθος ἐέρσαι 15  
ζωογόνοισ. Κιλικῶν δὲ παρὰ κροκόεντας ἐναύλους  
ὑφιλόφου Ταύροιο λιπῶν πρηῶνα κεράστην  
πρώιος ἦιε Κάδμος, ὅτε ζόφον ἔσχισεν Ἡώς.

<sup>a</sup> Because Ursa Maior never sets (Hom. *Il.* xviii. 489).

<sup>b</sup> Nomads who lived in tented carts.

### BOOK III

In the third, look for the much-wandering ship of  
Cadmos, the palace of Electra and the  
hospitality of her table.

THE struggle was finished by the end of winter. Orion rose, displaying with his cloudless baldric the glittering surface of his sword. No longer were the frozen footsteps of the setting Bull washed under the circling mere. No longer in the region of the thirsty <sup>a</sup> Bear, mother of rains, was the petrified water traversed by unwetted feet. No longer the Massagetan scored watery furrows on the frozen Istros, whipping up his migratory house, and traveling across the river with his track of wooden wheels.<sup>b</sup> For already the teeming Season, fore-courier of Zephyros, had inebriated the dewy breezes from the bursting flowercups; the full-voiced herald, spring's welcome fellow-guest, the chattering twittering swallow, had just shown herself to rob mankind of their morning sleep; the flower, clear of its fragrant sheath, laughed, bathed in the life-giving dew of springtime.

<sup>16</sup> Early in the morning, when Dawn had cleft the gloom, Cadmos came down from the horned peaks of lofty Tauros along the saffron glens of Cilicia.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>c</sup> Saffron of Corycus, in Cilicia, was the best: Horace, *Sat.* ii. 4. 68.

NONNOS

καὶ πλόος ὤριος ἦεν· ἐπειγομένοιο δὲ Κάδμου  
 ἐκ χθονὸς ὠχλίζοντο χαλινωτήρια νηῶν· 20  
 ἰστός δ' ὑψικάρηνος ὑπέρτερον ἤερα τύπτων  
 ὄρθιος ἐστήρικτο, καὶ ἠρέμα πόντον ἰμάσσω  
 ἄσθμασιν ἠώοις ἐπεβόμβεε κοῦφος ἀήτης,  
 πομπὸν ἔχων κελάδημα, καὶ ἄλλοπρόσαλλα θυέλλαις 25  
 οἴδματα κυρτώσας διερῆς ἀνέκοψε χορείης  
 σιγαλῆς δελφίνα κυβιστητῆρα γαλήνης.  
 συμπλεκέες δὲ κάλως ἐσύρισαν ὄξει ροίζῳ,  
 σπερχομένῳ δ' ἀνέμῳ πρότονοι μύκον, ἰθυπόρου δὲ  
 λαῖφος ἐκολπώθη βεβημένον ἔγκυον αὔρης·  
 σχίζετο δ' ἄστατον οἶδμα παλιμπετές,  
 ἄφρεε δ' ὕδωρ 30  
 οἰδαλέον, καὶ νηὸς ἐπειγομένης διὰ πόντου  
 κύματι βομβήεντι περὶ τρόπῳ ἤπυεν ἠχώ·  
 πηδαλίου δὲ κόρυμβα διχαζομένης ἀλὸς ὀκῶ  
 κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα κατέγραφε νῶτα θαλάσσης.  
 Καὶ δεκάτης μετὰ νύσσαν ἀχείμονα  
 κυκλάδος Ἡοῦς 35  
 Κάδμος ἀκυμάντοισι Διὸς πεφορημένος αὔραις,  
 Τρώιον ὑγρονόμοιο διασχίζων πόρον Ἑλλης,  
 ἄρπαγος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο μεμυκότι σύρετο πορθμῶ  
 εἰς Σάμον ἀντικέλευθον ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου,  
 γείτονα Σιθονίης, ὅθι παρθένος εἰσέτι Κάδμῳ 40  
 Ἄρμονίη πεφύλακτο· καὶ ὀκκάδα θέσπιδι Ῥεΐῃ  
 Θρηκικίην πόμπευον ἐς ἠόνα μάντιες αὔραι.  
 καὶ Σαμίης ὀρόωντες ἀκοιμήτου φλόγα πεύκης  
 ἀγχίγνοι στείλαντο γεγηθότες ἰστία ναῦται·  
 νῆα δὲ πορθμεύσαντες ἀκυμάντου σχεδὸν ὄρμου 45  
 νήνεμον ἀκροτάτοισιν ὕδωρ ἐχάρασσον ἔρετμοῖς,

<sup>a</sup> The halcyon days.

<sup>b</sup> The Hellespont, or more loosely (as here) the sea near it,



Sailing was now in season, Cadmos was in haste ; they hauled up the ship's bridling-hawsers off the land. The mast lifting its head on high struck the upper air standing firmly. A light breeze gently rippling the sea with the breath of the morning hummed "All aboard!" Soon it curved the fickle waves with its gusts, and stopt the watery dance of the dolphin, that tumbler of the quiet calm. The intertwined ropes whistled with a shrill hiss, the forestays hummed in the freshening wind, the sail grew big-bellied, enforced by the forthright gale. The restless flood was cleft, then fell back to its place ; the water swelled and foamed, the ship sped over the deep, while the keel struck the boisterous waves with a resounding splash, and the end of the steering-oar scored the white-crested billows where the ship's wake divided the curving back of the sea.

<sup>35</sup> On the tenth circling Dawn after the peaceful turning-point of spring,<sup>a</sup> Cadmos had been carried by winds from Zeus over a waveless sea ; but as he cleft the Trojan channel of water-ranging Helle,<sup>b</sup> a violent wind drove him over a roaring passage to Samos,<sup>c</sup> over against battle-stirring Scamandros, not far from Sithonia,<sup>d</sup> where Harmonia still a virgin awaited him safely. There the prophetic breezes escorted his vessel to the Thracian coast, by divine Rheia's ordinance. The sailors rejoiced to see the sleepless flame of the Samian torch,<sup>e</sup> and furled their sails as they came near the land ; then rowing the ship towards the waveless anchorage they scored the smooth water off the Troad. Helle fell off the golden ram's back there, hence the name.

<sup>c</sup> Samothrace.

<sup>d</sup> Central prong of the Chalcidic peninsula.

<sup>e</sup> Presumably used in the mysteries.

NONNOS

καὶ λιμένοις προσέκελσαν ὑπὸ σκέπας· ἀκλινέων δὲ  
 τρητὸς ὄνυξ πετραῖος ἐδέξατο πείσματα νηῶν,  
 καὶ διερῆς ψαμάθοιο βαθυνομένου διὰ κόλπου  
 ὀλκάδος ἀγκυλόδοντες ἐπεσφήκωντο χαλινοὶ 50  
 δυομένου Φαέθοντος· ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ ναῦται  
 ἀστορέας ψαμάθοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνας  
 ἔσπερίην μετὰ δαῖτα· βαρυνομένοισι δὲ φωτῶν  
 ὄμμασιν ἄψοφον ἵχνος ἐπήγαγεν Ὑπνος ἀλήτης.  
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε πορφυρέοιο

παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὐρου 55  
 ἄκρα χαρασσομένην ὑπὸ ῥωγάδα Τευκρίδος Ἰδης  
 ὄρθρον ἀποπτύουσα φάνη λιμενοσκόπος Ἡώς,  
 ἀντιπόρου μέλαν οἶδμα καταυγάζουσα θαλάσσης,  
 Ἄρμονίην τότε Κύπρις ἵνα ζεύξειεν ἀκοίτη, 60  
 ἄπλοα σιγαλέης ἐτανύσσετο νῶτα γαλήνης.  
 ἤδη δ' ἔκλαγεν ὄρνις ἐώιος ἡέρα τέμνων,  
 καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐρημονόμων Κορυβάντων  
 Κνώσσιον ἐκρούσαντο σακεσπάλον ἄλμα χορείης  
 ἵχνεσι μετρητοῖσιν· ἐρισμαράγου δὲ βοείης 65  
 τυπτομένης ἐλικηδὸν ἀμιλλητῆρι σιδήρῳ  
 δίκτυπος αὐλὸς ἔμελπε, καὶ ὄρχηστῆρας ἐπείγων  
 σύνθροον ἐσμαράγησε μέλος βητάρμονι παλμῶ.  
 καὶ δρύες ἐψιθύριζον, ἐμκῆσαντο δὲ πέτραι,  
 καὶ νοερῶ σείοντο τινάγματι θυιάδες ὕλαι,  
 καὶ Δρυάδες κελάδησαν· ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πυκναὶ 70  
 εἰς χορὸν ἀντιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι κυκλάδες ἄρκτοι,  
 βρυχηθμῶ δὲ λέοντες ὁμοζήλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν  
 μυστιπόλων ἀλαλαγμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο Καβεΐρων  
 ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντα· φιλοσκύλακος δὲ θεαίνης

<sup>a</sup> E.S.E.

<sup>b</sup> These properly belong to Crete, but we hear of them

with the tips of their oars and ran her up under shelter of the harbour. A hole drilled through a rocky claw received the hawsers of the ships, and held them immovable, and the curving teeth of the ship's bridles were wedged tight into the wet sand deep under the water, by the time that the sun went down. On shore, after the evening meal, the men spread their pallets on the sand without bedding; the poor fellows' eyes were heavy, and wandering sleep came on them with silent step.

<sup>55</sup> But when along the wing of red fiery Euros,<sup>a</sup> Dawn scraping the peaks of rugged Teucrican Ida from below spilled away the morning twilight, and showed herself to survey the harbour, illuminating the black swell of the opposite sea, then Cypris spread out a back of silent calm where no ship could sail, for she meant to unite Harmonia to her mate. Already the bird of morning was cutting the air with loud cries; already the helmeted bands of desert-haunting Corybants<sup>b</sup> were beating on their shields in the Cnossian dance, and leaping with rhythmic steps, and the oxhides thudded under the blows of the iron as they whirled them about in rivalry, while the double pipe made music, and quickened the dancers with its rollicking tune in time to the bounding steps. Aye, and the trees whispered, the rocks boomed, the forests held jubilee with their intelligent movings and shakings, and the Dryads did sing. Packs of bears joined the dance, skipping and wheeling face to face; lions with a roar from emulous throats mimicked the triumphant cry of the priests of the Cabeiroi, sane in their madness; the revelling pipes also in Samothrace, and the two names Corybants and Cabeiroi were confused later.

NONNOS

μελπομένης Ἐκάτης θιασώδεες ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ 75  
 ἄζυγες, οὓς Κρονίη κεραοξόος εὖρατο τέχνη.

Καὶ πατάγῳ κελάδοντι

φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων  
 πρώιος ἔγρετο Κάδμος, ὀμοπλεκέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 ὀρθρινῆς αἰόντες ἀσιγήτοιο βοείης

Σιδόνιοι πλωτῆρες ἐγκροκάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων 80  
 ἀκταίης μεθέηκαν ἀλίκυπα νῶτα χαμεύνης.

καὶ πόλιν ἰχνεύων ἐπλάζετο Κάδμος ὀδίτης  
 νῆα λιπὼν ἐτάροισιν ἀπόσσυτος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ  
 εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης θαλαμηπόλος ἦντετο Πειθῶ  
 θνητῆς εἶδος ἔχουσα, καὶ ἀχθοφόρου διὰ κόλπου, 85

οἷα γυνὴ ταλαεργός, ἀφυσσαμένη πόμα πηγῆς  
 ἀργυρέην εὐκυκλον ἐκούφισε κάλπιν ἀγοστῶ,  
 ἄγγελος ἐσσομένων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἠθάδι θεσμῶ  
 ζωογόνοις πρὸ γάμοιο καθικμαίνουσι λοετροῖς.

καὶ σχεδὸν ἄστεος ἦεν, ὅθι γλαφυροῖς ἐνὶ βόθροις 90  
 συμπλεκέων ῥυπόωσαν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα πέπλων

ποσσί πολυσκάρθμοισιν ἐπιστεῖβουσι γυναῖκες,  
 ποσσὶν ὀμοζήλοισι. καὶ ἀκροτάτων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν

κυανέη νεφέλη κεκαλυμμένον ἄχρι καρῆνου  
 Κάδμον ἀσημάντοιο δι' ἄστεος ἤγαγε Πειθῶ 95

ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἐρευνητῆρα μελάθρου,  
 πομπὸς ὁδοῦ Παφίης ὑπὸ νεύμασιν· ἐνθά τις ὄρνις,

ἐξομένη γλαυκωπὸν ὑπὸ σκέπας ἀβρὸν ἐλαίης,  
 ὀμφαίῃ στόμα λάβρον ἀναπτύξασα κορώνη

ἠθέῳ νεμέσιζεν, ἐς Ἀρμονίην ὅτι νύμφην 100  
 ἦε φειδομένῳ γαμίῳ ποδὶ νωθρὸς ὀδίτης,

καὶ πτερὰ σεισαμένη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·  
 “ Νήπιος ἔπλετο Κάδμος,

ἢ ἔπλετο νῆις Ἐρώτων·

### DIONYSIACA, III. 75-103

rang out a tune in honour of Hecate, divine friend of dogs, those single pipes, which the horn-polisher's art invented in Cronos's days.

<sup>77</sup> The noisy Corybants with their ringing din awoke Cadmos early in the morning; the Sidonian seamen also with one accord, hearing the never-silent oxhide at dawn, rose from their rattling pebbly pallets and left the brine-beaten back of the shore, their bed. Cadmos left the ship to his companions, and set out on foot for a quick walk to find the city. As he was going towards Harmonia's house, he was met by Peitho,<sup>a</sup> Lady of the bride-chamber. She had the form of a mortal woman, and like a household drudge, she carried a weight pressed against her bosom by her arm, a rounded silver jug which she had filled with drink from the spring: a presage of things to come, since they drench the bridegroom by time-honoured custom with life-giving water in the bath before the marriage. He was now close by the city, where in hollow pits bundles on bundles of soiled clothing are trodden by the women's bounding feet, trodden in emulation. Peitho covered Cadmos with a dark mist from heels to head, and led him through the unseeing city in search of the king's hospitable hall, guiding his way by the Paphian's command. There some bird,<sup>b</sup> perched under the delicate shadow of a gray olive-tree,—it was a crow, she opened her loud beak inspired, and reproached the young man for a laggard, that the bridegroom walked to his bride Harmonia with dawdling foot. She flapt her wings and rallied him soundly:

<sup>103</sup> "So Cadmos is a baby, or only a novice in love!

\* An attendant of Aphrodite, "Persuasion."

<sup>b</sup> Cf. Apoll. Rhod. iii. 927 ff.

## NONNOS

νυμφίον οὐ βραδὺν οἶδεν Ἔρως ταχύς·  
 ἴλαθι, Πειθῶ,  
 δηθύνει σέο Κάδμος ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης. 105  
 θερμὸς Ἔρως καλέει σε·  
 τί, νυμφίε, νωθρὸς ὀδεύεις;  
 ἦδύς, ὃς ἱμερόεντος Ἀδώνιδος ἔπλεο γείτων,  
 ἦδύς ὁ Βυβλιάδεσσιν ὀμώλακα πατρίδα ναίων.  
 ἦλιτον, οὐ ρόον εἶδες Ἀδώνιδος, οὐ χθόνα Βύβλου  
 ἔδρακες, ἦχι πέλει Χαρίτων δόμος, ἦχι χορεύει 110  
 Ἀσσυρίῃ Κυθήρεια καὶ οὐ φυγόδემνος Ἀθήνη.  
 τερπομένην δὲ γάμοισι τιθηνήτειραν Ἐρώτων  
 Πειθῶ πομπὸν ἔχεις, οὐκ Ἄρτεμιν· ἴσχειο μόχθων,  
 Ἀρμονίης ἀπόναιο καὶ Εὐρώπην λίπε ταύρω·  
 σπεῦδε, καὶ Ἥλέκτρῃ σε δεδέξεται, ἧς ἀπὸ χειρῶν 115  
 ναὶ δῆ καὶ γαμίων ἐμβάλλεο φόρτον Ἐρώτων  
 ἐμπορίην φιλότητος ἐπιτρέψας Ἀφροδίτῃ,  
 Κυπριδίην δὲ θύγατρα φυλασσομένην σέο παστῶ  
 ἄλλην δέχνησο Κύπριν· ἐπαινήσεις δὲ κορώνην,  
 καὶ γαμίνην καλέσεις με θεοπρόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων. 120  
 ἦλιτον· ἀλλὰ με Κύπρις ἐπέπνεεν· ἐκ Παφίης γὰρ  
 θεσπίζω σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ πέλον ὄρνις Ἀθήνης.”  
 Ὡς φαμένη σφρήγισσε λάλον στόμα μάρτυρι σιγῇ.  
 ἀλλ’ ὅτε οἱ στείχοντι λεωφόρα κύκλα κελεύθου 125  
 τηλεφανῆς βασιλῆος ἐφαίνετο πανδόκος αὐλή  
 κίοισιν ὑψωθεῖσα, τανυσσαμένη τότε Κάδμῳ  
 δάκτυλον ἀντιτύποιο νοήμονα μάρτυρα φωνῆς

<sup>a</sup> In Byblos were held the famous rites of Adonis.

<sup>b</sup> Possibly Athena Genetyllis; in any case, no doubt an identification of Athena with some Asianic mother-goddess.

<sup>c</sup> Harmonia was the daughter of Ares and Aphrodite, according to one story, or of Zeus and Electra, by another. Electra was the daughter of Atlas, in Samothrace.

Eros is a quick one, and knows nothing of slow bridegrooms! Forgive me, Peitho—your Cadmos dallies, Aphrodite is in haste! Hot Eros calls you, bridegroom—you plod along like a laggard, and why? You are a nice neighbour for charming Adonis! You are a nice fellow-countryman for the girls of Byblos!<sup>a</sup> No, I am wrong: you never saw the river of Adonis; you never set eyes on the soil of Byblos, where the Graces have their home, where Assyrian Cythereia dances, and an Athena who is not coy!<sup>b</sup> Peitho is your guide, not Artemis, Peitho the friend of marriage, the nurse of the baby Loves. Cease your toiling and moiling, enjoy Harmonia and leave Europa to her bull! Make haste, and Electra<sup>c</sup> will welcome you; from her hands sure enough you will be laden with a cargo of wedded love, if you leave the business part of the delights to Aphrodite. She is the Cyprian's daughter, guarded for your bride-chamber, another Cypris for you to receive. You will thank the crow, and you will call me the bird of marriage, the prophet of the Loves! No, I am wrong, Cypris inspired me; the Paphian made me foretell your nuptials, although I am Athena's bird!"<sup>d</sup>

<sup>123</sup> With these words, she sealed up her talkative beak, a silent witness now.

<sup>124</sup> Cadmos walked along the winding highroad; and when the king's allhospitable court came into view, far-seen upon its lofty pillars, Peitho pointed a finger to indicate the corresponding words in her mind, and

<sup>d</sup> Her statue at Corone held a crow in its hand, Pausanias iv. 34. 6; but she forbade it to enter the Acropolis at Athens for bringing her bad news; see Callimachus, *Hecale*, frag. 1. 3 (p. 250 L.C.L.), Antigonus Carystius, *Hist. mirab.* 12.

## NONNOS

σιγαλέω κήρυκι δόμον σημήνατο Πειθῶ  
 ποικίλον ἀστράπτοντα· καὶ αἰθέρα δύσατο δαίμων  
 ἀλλοφανῆς πτερόεντι διαιθύσσουσα πεδίλω. 130  
 Καὶ δόμον ἐσκοπίαζεν ἀλήμονι Κάδμος ὀπωπῆ,  
 Ἑφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὃν Ἥλέκτρῃ ποτὲ νύμφῃ  
 ἐργοπόνος Λήμνιοι Μυριναίῃ κάμε τέχνη,  
 δαίδαλα πολλὰ φέροντα. νεοσταθέος δὲ μελάθρου 135  
 χάλκεος οὐδὸς ἦν εὐήλατος· ἀμφίθυροι δὲ  
 σταθμοὶ ἐμηκύνοντο πολυγλυφῶν πυλεώνων,  
 καὶ λόφος ὀμφαλόεντι διεσφαίρωτο καρήνων  
 μεσσοφανῆς ὀρόφοιο· λιθοστρώτοιο δὲ τοίχου  
 νῶτα κατεστήρικτο πεπηγότα λευκάδι γύψῳ  
 εἰς μυχὸν ἐξ οὐδοῖο. πέλας δὲ τις ὄρχατος αὐλῆς 140  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς δροσόεντι φυτῶν ἐβαρύνετο καρπῶ  
 τετράγνος πρὸ δόμοιο· καὶ ἄρσενά φύλλα πετάσσας  
 θηλυτέρῳ φοίνικι πόθον πιστώσατο φοῖνιξ·  
 ὄγχνη τ' ἀγλαόκαρπος ὀμήλικι σύμφυτος ὄγχνη  
 ὄρθριον ἐψιθύριζεν, ἐλισσομένη δὲ κορύμβοις 145  
 γείτονα πιαλέης ἐπεμάστιε θάμνον ἐλαίης·  
 εἰαρινοῖς ἀνέμοισιν ἀναινομένη παρα δάφνῃ  
 σείετο μύρσινα φύλλα, καὶ εὐπετάλου κυπαρίσσου  
 ὄρθριον ἐρρίπιζε κόμην εὐοδμος ἀήτης·  
 συκῆς θ' ἠδυτόκοιο καὶ ἰκμαλέης ἀπὸ ροιῆς 150  
 καρπὸς ἐρευθιῶν ἐπεθήλεεν οἴνοπι καρπῶ  
 ἀγχιφύτῳ, καὶ μῆλον ἐπήνθεε γείτονα μῆλῳ·  
 πολλὰ δὲ Φοιβείοισι σοφοῖς ποικίλλετο φύλλοις  
 γράμματα δενδρήεντα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων·  
 καὶ Ζεφύρου πνείνοντος ἀεξιφύτου διὰ κήπου 155  
 ἄστατον ὄμμα τίταινε πόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀπόλλων,

<sup>a</sup> Myrina : one of the cities of Lemnos.

<sup>b</sup> The episode of Nausicaa in the *Odyssey* is obviously the source of this scene : Hom. *Od.* vii. 81 ff.



by this voiceless herald showed the house of shining artistry : then the divinity in another shape rose into the sky, shooting through it with winged shoe.

<sup>131</sup> Then Cadmos surveyed the house with roving gaze : that masterly work of Hephaistos, which the industrious god once built for Electra as a bride, and embellished it with many ornaments in the fine Myrinaian art of Lemnos.<sup>a</sup> The whole palace was new.<sup>b</sup> A brazen threshold well-wrought was before it. Double doors with lofty pillars opened into a vestibule richly carven, and a dome spanned the roof with a rounded head seen in the middle. The walls were faced with tessellated stones set in white cement from threshold to inner end. Before the house near the courtyard was an enclosure, widespread, four acres of trees heavy with fresh fruit. Male palm stretched his leaves over female palm, pledging his love. Pear growing by pear, all of one age with glorious fruit, whispered in the morning breeze—and with its dangling clusters beat on the pollard growth of a luscious olive hard by. In the breezes of spring, the myrtle waved his leaves by the reluctant<sup>c</sup> laurel, while the fragrant wind of morning fanned the foliage of the leafy cypress. On the fig-tree, mother of sweets, and the juicy pomegranate, red fruit grew rich over purple fruit beside it, and apple flourished near apple. On the learned<sup>d</sup> leaves of Apollo's mournful iris was embroidered many a plant-grown word ; and when Zephyros breathed through the flowery garden, Apollo turned a quick eye upon his young darling,

<sup>e</sup> Because the chaste Daphne (Laurel), who was turned into a tree to avoid Apollo, does not like Aphrodite's myrtle too near her.

<sup>d</sup> The iris knew his A ■ C, since his pattern was read as *ai ai*.

## NONNOS

καί, φυτὸν ἠβητῆρος ἰδὼν δεδονημένον αὔραις,  
 δίσκου μνήστιν ἔχων ἐλελίζετο, μὴ ποτε κούρω  
 ζηλήμων φθονέσειε καὶ ἐν πετάλοισιν ἀήτης,  
 εἰ ἕτεόν ποτε κεῖνον ἐπισπαίροντα κονίη 160  
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἰδὼν δάκρυσεν Ἀπόλλων,  
 καὶ τύπος ἀνθεμόεις μορφώσατο δάκρυα Φοίβου  
 αἴλινον αὐτοκέλευστον ἐπιγράψας ὑακίνθῳ.  
 ὄρχατος ἔπλετο τοῖος εὐσκίος· ἄγχι δὲ πηγῇ  
 δίστομος, ἔνθεν ἔην ναέταις ποτόν, ἔνθεν ἄλωεὺς 165  
 ἐξ ἀμάρης ὀχέτευε πολυσχιδὲς ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ  
 εἰς φυτὸν ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο·

ρόος δέ τις ὡς ἀπὸ Φοίβου

ἄβρὰ μελιζομένης ἐπεβόμβεε πυθμένι δάφνης.  
 καὶ πολὺς εὐποίητος ἐρεισάμενος πόδα πέτρῳ  
 χρύσεος ἴστατο κοῦρος, ἐναντία δαιτυμονήων 170  
 λαμπάδος ἔσπερίης τανύων ἐπιδόρπιον αἴγλην·  
 πολλαὶ δ' ἰσοτύπων μελέων τεχνήμονι σιγῇ  
 χάσμασι ποιητοῖσι σεσηρότος ἀνθρεῶνος  
 ψευδαλέων σκυλάκων στίχες ἔμφρονες ἄγχι θυράων  
 ἔστασαν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ἀργυρέῳ κυνὶ γείτων 175  
 χρύσεος οἰδαίνοντι κύων συνυλάκτεε λαιμῷ  
 σαίνων ἠθάδα φῶτα· παραστείχοντι δὲ Κάδμῳ  
 μιμηλῆς ἀπέπεμπε βοῆς ξεινοσσόον Ἥχῳ,  
 ποιητῆς δ' ἐλέλιζε φιλοστόργου τύπον οὐρῆς.

Ἄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Κάδμος εὐστρέπτοιο προσώπου 180  
 ὄμματα δινεύων διεμέτρεε κῆπον ἀνάκτων  
 καὶ γλυφίδας καὶ κάλλος ὄλον γραπτοῖο μελάθρου,  
 λαϊνέων ὀρώων ἀμαρύγματα φαιδρὰ μετάλλων,  
 τόφρα δὲ καλλεΐψας ἀγορῆν καὶ νεΐκεα λαῶν,

<sup>a</sup> The boy Hyacinthos was beloved by Apollo; once while they were playing with quoits, the wind turned a quoit so that it struck and killed the boy. Later this

his yearning never satisfied ; if he saw the plant beaten by the breezes, he remembered the quoit, and trembled for fear the wind, so jealous once about the boy, might hate him even in a leaf<sup>a</sup> : if it is true that Apollo once wept with those eyes that never wept, to see that boy writhing in the dust, and the pattern there on the flower traced its own " alas ! " on the iris, and so figured the tears of Phoibos.

<sup>164</sup> Such was the shady garden. Hard by, a brook divided in two runnels ; from this the people drew their drinking, from that the gardener cut up the water into many curving channels and carried it from plant to plant : one stream chuckled at the root of a laurel, as if Phoibos were singing a delicate tune to his Daphne.

<sup>169</sup> Within, well-wrought boys of gold stood on many pillars of stone, holding out torches before the banqueters to give them light for their dessert in the evening. Before the gates rows of dogs<sup>b</sup> stood on this side and that, not real yet intelligent, all modelled alike, silent works of art, snarling with gaping throats ; then if a man came by whom they knew, golden dog by silver dog would bark with swelling throat and fawn upon him. So as Cadmos passed, Echo sent forth a sound like a welcome for a guest, and wagged the friendly shape of an artificial tail.

<sup>180</sup> While Cadmos had been moving his face about and turning his eyes to survey the royal garden, and saw the sculptures, and all the beauty of the hall with its paintings and bright sparkling precious stones, Emathion had left the market-place and the disputes of his people, and sat splendid upon the back of a

story grew into one where Zephyros and Apollo were rivals.

<sup>b</sup> See Hom. *Od.* vii. 91.

## NONNOS

- φαιδρὸς ἀερσιλόφοιο περὶ ράχιν ἤμενος ἵππου, 185  
 Ἡμαθίων Θρήμισαν ἔχων Σάμον, Ἄρεος ἔδρην,  
 μητέρος Ἡλέκτρης βασιλήιον εἰς δόμον ἔστη,  
 ὃς τότε μῦνος ἀνασσε κασιγνήτοιο νομεύων  
 ἠνία κοιρανίης, ὅτι πάτριον οὐδας ἐάσας  
 Δάρδανος ἀντικέλευθον ἐνάσσατο πέζαν ἀρούρης, 190  
 Δαρδανίην εὐπυργον ἐπώνυμον ἄστου χαράξας,  
 Ἰδαίην ἀροτῆρι διαγράψας κόνιν ὀλκῶ·  
 καὶ ῥόον Ἐπταπόροιο πίων καὶ χεύματα Ῥήσου  
 γνωτῶ κλῆρον ἔλειπεν ἔχειν καὶ σκῆπτρα Καβείρων.  
 Δάρδανος, Ἡμαθίωνος ἀδελφεός, ὃν Διὸς εὐναὶ 195  
 ἤροσαν, ὃν κομέεσκε Δίκη τροφός, εὖτε λαβοῦσαι  
 σκῆπτρα Διὸς καὶ πέπλα Χρόνου  
 καὶ ράβδον Ὀλύμπου  
 εἰς δόμον Ἡλέκτρης βασιληίδος ἔδραμον ὦραι  
 κοιρανίης ἀλύτοιο προμάντιες Ἀysonιῶν·  
 καὶ βρέφος ἐθρέψαντο, καὶ ἀτρέπτω Διὸς ὀμφῇ 200  
 κοῦρος ἀνασταχύων παλιναυξέος ἀνθεμον ἠβῆς  
 Ἡλέκτρης λίπεν οἶκον, ὅτε τριτάτου χύσις ὄμβρου  
 κύμασι πυργωθεῖσα κατέκλυσεν ἔδρανα κόσμου.  
 πρώτου γὰρ κελάδοντος ἐπειρήθη νιφετοῖο  
 Ὠγγυγος ἠλιβάτοιο δι' ὕδατος αἰθέρα τέμνων, 205  
 χθῶν ὅτε κεύθετο πᾶσα κατάρρυτος, ἄκρα δὲ πέτρης  
 Θεσσαλίδος κεκάλυπτο, καὶ ὑψόθι Πυθιάς ἄκρη  
 ἀγχινεφῆς νιφόεντι ῥόῳ κυμαίνεται πέτρη.  
 δεύτερος ὄμβρος ἔην, ὅτε κυκλάδος ἀντυγα γαίης  
 χεύματι λυσσῆεντι κατέκρυφε δύσνιφον ὕδωρ, 210

<sup>a</sup> The Romans.

<sup>b</sup> Ogygos was ruler of the Theban territory when Lake Copais rose and flooded the land. Here the name is applied to the mountain height.

courser with arching neck. He was lord of Samothrace, the seat of Ares, having inherited the royal house of Electra his mother. At that time he was sole king, holding the reins of sovereignty which belonged to his brother Dardanos, who had left his native soil, and migrated to the soil of the continent opposite. There he had scored the dust of Ida with a plow-furrow, and marked the limits of Dardania, the fortified city which bore his name. So he drank the water of Sevenstreams and the flood of Rhesos, leaving the inheritance and the sceptre of the Cabeiroi to his brother.

<sup>195</sup> This Dardanos, Emathion's brother, was one whom the bed of Zeus had begotten, whom Justice nursed and cared for at the time when the Seasons ran to the mansion of Queen Electra, bearing the sceptre of Zeus, and the robe of Time, and the staff of Olympos, to prophesy the indissoluble dominion of the Ausonian race.<sup>a</sup> The Seasons brought up the baby; and by an irrevocable oracle of Zeus, the lad just sprouting the flower of recrescent youth left Electra's house, when for the third time a deluge of rain had flooded the world's foundations with towering billows.

<sup>205</sup> Ogygos<sup>b</sup> made proof of the first roaring deluge, as he cut the air through the highclimbing waters, when all the earth was hidden under the flood, when the tops of the Thessalian rocks were covered, when the summit of the Pythian rock near the clouds on high was bathed in the snow-cooled<sup>c</sup> flood. There was a second deluge, when tempestuous waters covered the circuit of the round earth in a furious flood, when

<sup>a</sup> Because it rose so high that it swept away the snow from the mountain-tops.

## NONNOS

Δευκαλίων ὅτε μῦνος ὁμόστολος ἤλικι Πύρρη  
 ὀλλυμένων μερόπων ἐνὶ λάρνακι κοιλάδι τέμνων  
 χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἀτεκμάρτου νιφετοῖο  
 ἠέρος ὑδατόεντος ἔλιξ πορθμεύετο ναύτης.  
 καὶ τρίτατος Διὸς ὄμβρος ὅτε χθονὸς ἔκλυσεν ἔδρην 215  
 καὶ σκοπέλους ἔκρυσεν, Ἀθωιάδος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς  
 ἄβροχα Σιθονίης ἐκαλύπτετο νῶτα κολώνης,  
 ὑψιπόρου τότε χεῦμα διασχίζων νιφετοῖο  
 Δάρδανος ἀρχαίης ἐπεβήσατο γείτονος Ἴδης. 220  
 τοῦ τότε Σιθονίης χιονώδεος ἀρχὸς ἀρούρης  
 σύγγονος Ἡμαθίων ἀγορῆν βαρύδουπον εἶσας  
 θάμβεεν ἀνέρος εἶδος, ἐπεὶ νύ οἱ ἔμφυτος ἦβη  
 ἠνορέην καὶ κάλλος ἐμίγνυε σύζυγι μορφῇ,  
 θάμβεε τηλικόν εἶδος· ἀριφραδέων γὰρ ἀνάκτων  
 αὐτόματοι κήρυκες ἀναυδέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί. 225  
 καὶ μιν ἐλὼν ξεῖνισσε, σὺν Ἡλέκτρῃ δὲ καμουσῆ<sup>1</sup>  
 αἰόλα πιαλέης ἐπεκόσμεε δεῖπνα τραπέζης,  
 ξεῖνον ὑποσσαίνων φιλίῳ καὶ ἀμεμφεῖ μύθῳ,  
 πολλὰ τιθεῖς. ὁ δὲ κυφὸν ἐπ' οὔδεος ἀνχένα κάμψας  
 ἀμφιπόλων ἀπάνευθεν ἀθελγέας εἶλκεν ὀπωπάς, 230  
 καὶ μόλις εἰλαπίναζε· φιλοξεῖνοιο δὲ νύμφης  
 ἐζομένης ἀντωπὸς ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ  
 αἰδομένην ἐτίταине σαόφρονα χεῖρα τραπέζῃ.  
 Τοῖσι δὲ δαινουμένοισιν ἐπήτριμος ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ  
 ἔμπνοος ἐσμαράγησε δόναξ Κορυβαντίδος Ἴδης· 235  
 ἐκ δὲ πολυτρήτοιο πόρου σκιρτήματι χειρῶν  
 σύνθροον ἐκρούσαντο μέλος μυκῆτορος αὐλοῦ  
 δάκτυλοι ὄρχηστῆρες ἐπιθλίβοντες αἰοιδῆν·

<sup>1</sup> LM θανούση, Ludwich καμουσῆ comparing iv. 225. There are many conjectures.

<sup>a</sup> Sithonia is the promontory west of Athos.

all mortal men perished, and Deucalion alone with his mate Pyrrha in a hollow ark cutting the swirling flood of infinite deluge went on his eddying voyage through the air turned water.

<sup>215</sup> When the third time rain from Zeus flooded the solid earth and covered the hills, and even the unwetted slopes of Sithonia with Mount Athos itself,<sup>a</sup> then Dardanos, cutting through the stream of the uplifted flood, landed on the ancient mountain of Ida his neighbour.

<sup>220</sup> It was his brother Emathion, ruler of the snowy Sithonian land, who left the noisy market-place, and stood amazed at the hero's looks; for the youthful grace inborn in him mingled manliness and beauty with a form to match. The prince was amazed at such noble looks; for the eyes of prudent kings are instinctive heralds, although the ear cannot hear them. He received the guest with a welcome; then while Electra toiled to help him, he provided a rich table of fine fare, flattering his guest with friendly address that left nothing to be desired: for it was a bounteous feast. But Cadmos bent his neck towards the ground, and hid looks of disquiet from the attendants, and hardly touched the banquet. He sat opposite the hospitable lady, but scarce stealing a glance at her served himself with a modest and timid hand.

<sup>234</sup> As they feasted, the breathing reeds of Corybantic Ida resounded one after another in succession; the players' hands skipt along the riddled run of the tootling pipe, and the fingers beat out their tune in cadence, dancing and pressing the sound<sup>b</sup>; the

<sup>b</sup> The words might equally mean: "the dancing Dactyloi with leaping hands pressed out the tune": the Dactyloi being the Corybants of Ida.

NONNOS

καὶ τροχαλοῖς κροτέοντα τινάγμασι σύνθροον ἤχῳ  
 κύμβαλα βομβήεντα συνέκτυπε δίζυγι χαλκῷ 240  
 συμφερτοῖς δονάκεσσιν· ὑπὸ πλήκτρῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ  
 ὄρθιος ἐπτατόνοιο λύρης ἐλελίζετο χορδή.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα

κορέσσατο Βίστονος αὐλοῦ,  
 εἰρομένη πελάσας φιλοπευθεί θῶκον ἀνάσση  
 Κάδμος ἀλιπλάγκτοιο μεληδόνοιο οἴστρον ἑάσας, 245  
 φαιδρὸν ἔον γένος εἶπε, καὶ ἀενάων στίχα μύθων  
 οἰγομένου κρουνηδὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·

“ Νύμφα φίλη, τί με τόσσον ἀνεῖραι

αἶμα γενέθλης;

ὠκυμόρων μερόπων γενεὴν φύλλοισιν εἴσκω·  
 φύλλα τὰ μὲν κατέχευαν ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυιάδες αὖραι 250  
 ὦρης ἰσταμένης φθινοπωρίδος, ἄλλα δὲ καιρῷ  
 εἰαρινῷ κομέουσι τεθηλότα δενδράδες ὕλαι·  
 ὡς βροτῆ γενεὴ μιννώριος ἢ μὲν ὀλέθρῳ  
 δάμναται ἰππεύσασα βίου δρόμον, ἢ δ' ἔτι θάλλει,  
 ἄλλη ὅπως εἴξειεν· ἐπεὶ παλινάγρετος ἔρπων 255  
 εἰς νέον ἐκ πολιοῖο ῥέει μορφούμενος αἰών.

Ἄλλ' ἐρέω περίπυστον ἐμὴν εὐπαιδα γενέθλην·  
 ἔστι πόλις, κλυτὸν Ἄργος, ἐδέθλιον ἵππιον Ἡρης,  
 νήσου Τανταλίδαο μεσόμφαλος· ἔνθα δὲ κούρην 260  
 θηλυτόκοις ἔσπειρε γοναῖς εὐπάρθενον ἀνὴρ  
 Ἰναχος, Ἰναχίης ὀνομάκλυτος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,  
 νηοπόλος, καὶ φρικτὰ πολισοῦχοιο θεαίνης  
 ὄργια βυσσοδόμειυε θεηγόρα μύστιδι τέχνη  
 πρεσβυγενῆς· καὶ Ζῆνα, θεῶν πρόμον,  
 ὄρχαμον ἀστρων,

γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε,

σέβας πεφυλαγμένος Ἡρης, . . . 265

\* An imitation of Hom. *Il.* vi. 145.



clanging cymbals in brazen pairs struck ringing blows running in cadence with the sets of reeds ; the harp itself with its seven strings twangled aloud under the quill.

<sup>243</sup> But after the banquet, when Cadmos had had enough of the Bistonian pipe, he drew his seat nearer to the queen, who questioned him with great curiosity. He left aside the fever of his sorrowful sea-wanderings, and spoke of his illustrious lineage : the words poured in ceaseless flow like a fountain from his open lips.

<sup>248</sup> " Beloved lady, why do you ask me thus of my blood and breeding ? I liken the swift-passing generations of mortal man to the leaves. Some leaves the wild winds scatter over the earth when autumn season comes ; others the woodland trees grow on their bushy heads in spring-time. Such are the generations of men, short-lived : one rides life's course, until death brings it low ; one still flourishes, only to give place to another : for time moves ever back upon itself, changing form as it flows from hoary age to youth.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>257</sup> " But I will tell you my lineage with its noble sons. There is a city Argos, famous for horses, and Hera's habitation, the midnipple of the island of Tantalides.<sup>b</sup> There a man begat a daughter, and a beautiful daughter,—Inachos, famed burgher of the land Inachian. A templeman he was, and brooded over the awful rites that spoke the voice of the divine cityholder, he chief and eldest in practice of her mysteries : aye, he refused to wed his daughter to Zeus lord of the gods, leader of the stars, all for reverence of Hera . . . at the time when Io changed

<sup>b</sup> Peloponnese ; Pelops was son of Tantalos.

## NONNOS

ταυροφυῆς ὄτε πόρτις ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου  
 εἰς ἀγέλην ἄγραυλον ἐλαύνετο σύννομος Ἴώ,  
 καὶ δαμάλης ἄγρυπνον ἐθήκατο βουκόλον Ἕρη  
 ποικίλον, ἀπλανέεσσι κεκασμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς, 270  
 Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων,  
 Ζηνὸς ἀθηήτιο, καὶ εἰς νομὸν ἦιε κούρη  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς τρομέουσα πολυγλήνοιο νομῆος·  
 γυιοβόρω δὲ μύωπι χαρασσομένη δέμας Ἴώ  
 Ἴονίης ἀλὸς οἶδμα κατέγραφε φοιτάδι χηλῆ·  
 ἦλθε καὶ εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ἐμὸν ῥόον,—ὄν πολιῆται 275  
 Νεῖλον ἐφημίξαντο φερώνυμον, οὐνεκα γαίῃ  
 εἰς ἔτος ἐξ ἔτεος πεφορημένος ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης  
 χεύματι πηλώνεντι νέην περιβάλλεται ἰλύν,—  
 ἦλυθεν εἰς Αἴγυπτον, ὅπη βοέην μετὰ μορφῆν  
 δαιμονίης ἴνδαλμα μεταλλάξασα κεραίης 280  
 ἔσκε θεὰ φερέκαρπος· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ καρποῦ  
 Αἴγυπτίης Δήμητρος, ἐμῆς κεραελκέος Ἰοῦς,  
 εὐόδμοις ὁμόφοιτος ἐλίσσεται ἀτμὸς ἀήταις.  
 ἔνθ' Ἐπαφὸν Διὶ τίκτεν, ἀκηρασίων ὅτι κόλπων  
 Ἰναχίης δαμάλης ἐπαφήσατο θεῖος ἀκοίτης 285  
 χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι· θεηγενέος δὲ τοκῆος  
 ἐξ Ἐπάφου Λιβύης· Λιβύης δ' ἐπὶ παστὸν ὀδεύων  
 Μέμφιδος ἄχρισ ἵκανε Ποσειδάων μετανάστης,  
 παρθένον ἰχνεύων Ἐπαφηίδα, καὶ τότε κούρη  
 δεξαμένη ναετῆρα βυθοῦ χερσαῖον ὀδίτην 290  
 Ζῆνα Λίβυν τέκε Βῆλον, ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης.  
 καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο νέην ἀντίρροπον ὀμφῆν  
 Χαονίη βοώσσι πελειάδι διψάδες ἄμμοι  
 μαντιπόλοι· πέμπτω δὲ πατῆρ ἰσόμετρον ἀριθμῶ

her face and became a cattleshaped heifer ; when she was driven to pasture along with the herd of kine ; when Hera made sleepless Argos herdsman to that calf—spotted Argos, covered with unwavering eyes. He was to watch the horned bride of Zeus, Zeus whom eye may not see. To pasture went the girl Io, trembling at the eyes of her busy-peeping drover : then pierced by the limb-gnawing gadfly, she scored the gulf of the Ionian sea with travelling hoof. She came as far as Aigyptos, my own river, which my people have called Neilos by name, because year by year that watery consort covers Earth with new slime by its muddy flood<sup>a</sup>—she came as far as Aigyptos, where after her cow's form, after putting off the horned image ordained by heaven, she became a goddess of fruitful crops ; when the fruit starts up, the fruit of Egyptian Demeter my stronghorned Io, scented vapour is carried around by the fragrant breezes. There she brought forth Epaphos the Toucher to Zeus, so called because the divine bed-fellow with love-mad hands touched the inviolate breasts of the heifer child of Inachos. Epaphos the god-begotten was father of Libya ; to Libya's bower came Poseidaon on his travels, migrating as far as Memphis in search of Epaphos's maiden daughter. There the girl received the denizen of the deep, now a traveller by land, and brought forth Belos the Libyan Zeus, the husbandman of my family. And now the new voice of Zeus Asbystes which the thirsty sands give forth in soothsaying is equal to the Chaonian dove.<sup>b</sup> Belos was father of a numerous

<sup>a</sup> As if Neilos were *νέα ἰλύς*, Nea Ilys, New Slime.

<sup>b</sup> Asbystis is Libya : Zeus Ammon is meant. The two priestesses of the oracle of Zeus at Dodona were called Doves.

Βῆλος ἐπασσυτέρην γενεὴν σπερμήνατο παίδων, 295  
 Φινέα καὶ Φοίνικα λιπόπτολιν, οἷς ἅμα θάλλων  
 ἄστος ἀμοιβαίων πολίων περίφοιτος Ἀγήνωρ  
 ἀσταθέος βιότοιο, πατὴρ ἐμός, εἶχε πορείην  
 εἰς Θήβην μετὰ Μέμφιν, ἐς Ἀσσυρίην μετὰ Θήβην,  
 καὶ σοφὸς Αἴγυπτίης ναέτης Αἴγυπτος ἀρούρης 300  
 αἰνοτόκος πολύτεκνος, ὃς ἄρσενόπαιδι γενέθλη  
 ἤροσε τοσσατίων μιννώρια πώεα παίδων,  
 καὶ Δαναὸς λιπόπατρις, ὃς ὤπλισεν ἄρσενι φύτλη  
 θῆλυ γένος τανύων γάμιον ξίφος, ὀππότε παστοὶ  
 αἵματι φοινίσσοντο δαΐζομένων ὑμεναίων, 305  
 καὶ κρυφίοις ξιφέεσσι σιδηροφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων  
 ἄρσενα γυμνὸν Ἄρηα κατεύνασε θῆλυς Ἐννώ·  
 οὐ μὲν Ὑπερμνήστρη κακονύμφιον εὐαδεν ἔργον,  
 ἀλλὰ παρωσαμένη δυσπένθερα θεσμὰ τοκῆος  
 ἠερίη πατρῶον ἐπέτρεπε μῦθον ἀέλλη, 310  
 καὶ καθαρὴν ἐφύλαξεν ἀναίμονα χεῖρα σιδήρου·  
 ἔπλετο δ' ἀμφοτέρων ὄσιος γάμος. ἀρτιθαλῆ δὲ  
 γνωτὴν ἡμετέρην θρασὺς ἤρπασε ταῦρος ἀλήτης,  
 εἰ ἔτεὸν πέλε ταῦρος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,  
 εἰ βόες ἰμείρουσι γυναικείων ὑμεναίων. 315  
 καὶ με κασιγνήτοισιν ὀμήλυδα πέμψεν Ἀγήνωρ  
 σύγγονον ἰχνεύοντα καὶ ἄγριον ἄρπαγα νύμφης,  
 ταῦρον ἀκυμάντοιο νόθον πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,  
 οὗ χάριν ἀστήρικτος ἀλώμενος ἐνθάδε βαίνω.”  
 Τοῖα μὲν εὐσύριγγος ἔσω μυθεῖτο μελάθρου 320  
 Κάδμος ἐνγλώσσοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνος,  
 πατρῴης ἐνέπων τεκνοσσόον οἶστρον ἀπειλῆς  
 καὶ Τυρίων ῥοθίων ψευδήμονα ταῦρον ὀδίτην,

<sup>a</sup> Phineus was his brother in ii. 686.

<sup>b</sup> The fifty sons of Aegyptos married the fifty daughters

family of children, as many as five : Phineus,<sup>a</sup> and Phoinix who went abroad ; with them grew up Agenor, who flitted from city to city and belonged to each in turn, a man of unstable life, my father—he travelled to Thebes after Memphis, to Assyria after Thebes. Then there was the wise Aigyptos, who lived on Egyptian soil, ill-fated father of many children, who begat all those flocks of short-lived sons ; and Danaos who went abroad, who armed his daughters against that family of men, and drew a wedding-sword, when the marriage-chambers were reddened with blood of the murdered bridegrooms,<sup>b</sup> and with secret swords on armed beds, Enyo the female bedded Ares the male naked and helpless.

<sup>308</sup> “ Nay, but Hypermnestra was displeased with this bridal crime. She thrust away her father’s commands,—that bad goodfather ! she let the winds carry his words away, and kept her hand clean from blood and steel : those two consummated a proper wedlock. But our sister <sup>c</sup> in her youthful bloom was ravished away by a bold vagabond bull, if bull he really was ; but I do not know how to believe it if bulls desire marriage with a woman. And Agenor sent me along with my brothers to track our sister and the girl’s wild robber, that bull the bastard voyager over a waveless sea. That is why my random journeying brings me here.”

<sup>320</sup> Such was the tale of Cadmos in the cloistered palace ; the words poured from his eloquent lips, as he told the sting of a father’s threat when he would urge on his children, and the counterfeit bull travelling the Tyrian surf, the ravisher of the Sidonian of Danaos, of whom all but one killed her husband on the wedding night.

<sup>c</sup> Europa.

## NONNOS

Σιδονίης ἀκίχητον ἀπευθέος ἄρπαγα νύμφης.

Ἡλέκτρη δ' αἰούσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν.

325

“Ξεῖνε, κασιγνήτην καὶ πατρίδα καὶ γενετήρα  
Ληθαίη στροφάλιγγι καὶ ἀμνήστῳ πόρε σιγῇ·  
οὕτω γὰρ μερόπων φέρεται βίος ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ  
μόχθον ἔχων, ὅτι πάντες,

ὅσους βροτῆ τέκε γαστήρ,

Μοιριδίου κλωστήρησ ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκη.

330

μάρτυς ἐγώ, βασιλεία καὶ εἰ πέλον, εἴ ποτε κείνων

Πληιάδων γενόμεν καὶ ἐγὼ μία, τῶν ποτε μήτηρ

θηλυτέρας ὠδίνας ἔσω μαιώσατο κόλπου,

ἐπτάκις Εἰλείθυιαν ἐῆ καλέσασα λοχείη

κέντρον ἐλαφρίζουσαν ἀμοιβαίου τοκετοῖο,

335

μάρτυς ἐγώ· πατέρων γὰρ ἀπόπροθι δώματα ναίω,

οὐ Στεροπήν, οὐ Μαῖαν ὁμόστολον, οὐδὲ Κελαινῶ

σύγγονον ἐγγὺς ἔχουσα συνέστιον· οὐδ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ

γνωτῆς Τηϋγέτης Λακεδαίμονα δίζυγι παλμῶ

παιδοκόμῳ πήχυνα γεγηθότα κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ·

340

οὐ σχεδὸν Ἀλκυόνης ὀρώ δόμον, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς

φθεγγομένης Μερόπης φρενοτερπέα μῦθον ἀκούω.

πρὸς δ' ἔτι καὶ τότε μᾶλλον ὀδύρομαι·

ἀρτιθαλῆς γὰρ

υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις, ὅτε χνόον ἔσχεν ἰούλων,

Δάρδανος Ἰδαίης μετανάσσατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,

345

καὶ Φρυγίῳ Σιμόεντι θαλύσια δῶκε κομάων

Θυμβραίου ποταμοῖο πίων ἀλλότριον ὕδωρ·

καὶ Λιβύης παρὰ τέρμα πατῆρ ἐμὸς εἰσέτι κάμνει

ᾧμοις θλιβομένοισι, γέρων κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,

αἰθέρος ἐπτάζωνον ἀερτάζων κενεῶνα.

350

bride, no catching the ravisher, no news of the bride. When Electra heard, she answered in words of consolation :

<sup>326</sup> " My guest, let sister and country and father pass into the whirlpool of Forgetfulness and unremembering silence ! For this is the way men's life runs on, bringing trouble upon trouble ; since all that are born of mortal womb are slaves by necessity to Fate the Spinner. I am witness, queen though I am, if I was ever born myself one of those Pleiads, seven girls whom our mother once carried under her heart in labour, seven times having called Eileithyia at her lying-in to lighten the pangs of birth after birth—I am witness ! for my house is far from my father's ; no Sterope <sup>a</sup> is near me, no Maia <sup>a</sup> my companion, nor sister Celaino <sup>a</sup> beside me at my hearth ; I have not dandled up and down sister Taygete's Lacedaimon <sup>b</sup> at my breast nor held the merry boy on my cherishing arm ; I do not see Alcyone's <sup>a</sup> house hard by, or hear Merope <sup>a</sup> herself speak some heart-warming word ! Here is something besides which I lament even more—in the bloom of his youth my own son has left his home, just when the down was on his cheek, my Dardanos has gone abroad to the bosom of the Idaian land ; he has given the firstling crop of his hair to Phrygian Simoeis, and drunk the alien water of river Thymbrios. <sup>c</sup> And away by the boundary of Libya my father still suffers hardship, old Atlas with chafing shoulders bowed, upholding the seven-zoned vault of the sky.

<sup>a</sup> Names of the other Pleiads.

<sup>b</sup> Taygete the Pleiad is the nymph of Mount Taygetos near Sparta, and her son the eponym of Lacedaimon, the district in which Sparta lies.

<sup>c</sup> A stream then flowing into the Scamandros.

## NONNOS

ἔμψης τόσσα παθοῦσα παρήγορον ἐλπίδα βόσκω  
 Ζηνὸς ὑποσχεσίησιν, ὅτι γνωτῆσι σὺν ἄλλαις  
 ἐκ χθονὸς Ἀτλάντειον ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρον  
 οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσα, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἔβδομος ἀστήρ.  
 καὶ σὺ τεὰς πρήνυε μεληδόνας· ἀπροϊδῆς δὲ 355  
 εἰς σὲ βιοπλάγκτοιο τύχης στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων  
 φρικτὸς ἀκινήτοιο μίτος σφρηγίσσατο Μοίρης·  
 τλῆθι φέρειν λιπόπατρις ἀκαμπέα δεσμὸν ἀνάγκης,  
 ἔσσομένων προκέλευθον ὑπέρτερον ἐλπίδα βόσκων,  
 εἰ γένος ἐρρίζωσε τεὸν πρωτόσπορος Ἴω, 360  
 εἰ λάχες ἐκ Λιβύης Ποσιδήιον αἶμα γενέθλης·  
 μίμνε παρ' ὀθνείοις, ἄτε Δάρδανος, οἰκία ναίων,  
 ναιετάων ξένον ἄστρῳ, πατὴρ τεὸς ὡς περ' Ἀγήνωρ,  
 ὡς Δαναὸς γενετῆρος ἀδελφεός· ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ φερέοικος ἔχων γένος ἔνθεον Ἴουῖς, 365  
 αἰθέριον βλάστημα Διυπετές, οὖνομα Βύζας,  
 αὐτογόνου Νεῖλοιο πῶν ἐπτάστομον ὕδωρ  
 γείτονα γαῖαν ἔνειμεν, ὅπη παρὰ Βόσπορον ἀκτὴν  
 Ἰναχίη δαμάλη πεπερημένον ἔλκεται ὕδωρ,  
 πᾶσι περικτιόνεσσι τιθεῖς φάος, ὅππότε κείνου 370  
 ἀκλινέος δόχμωσε μεμνηνόςτος ἀνχένα ταύρου."  
 Εἶπεν Ἀγηνορίδαο κατευνάζουσα μερίμνας.  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ προέηκε τανύπτερον υἱέα Μαίης  
 εἰς δόμον Ἥλέκτρης ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὄφρα κε Κάδμῳ  
 Ἀρμονίην ὀπάσειεν ἐς ἁρμονίην ὑμεναίων, 375  
 παρθένον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον, ἣν Ἀφροδίτης  
 λαθριδίη φιλότητι γαμοκλόπος ἤροσεν Ἄρης·

<sup>a</sup> Carryhouse was the peasant's name for a snail, Hesiod, *Works and Days* 569; Herodotus uses the word for the Scythian nomads, iv. 46.

<sup>b</sup> Byzas, son of Poseidon and Ceroessa, daughter of Zeus and Io. He was founder of Byzantium. Nothing is known of the story of the mad bull.



<sup>361</sup> " Still and all with these great sufferings I feed a comfortable hope, by the promises of Zeus, that with my other sisters I shall pass from the earth to the stars' Atlantean vault, and dwell in heaven myself a star with my sisters six. Then do you too calm your own sorrows. Unforeseen, for you also the terrible thread of Fate immovable is rolling the eddy of your wandering lot of life, and the seal is set. Have a heart to endure in exile the unbending shackle of necessity, and feed the prevailing hope which foreruns things to come, if Io with the first seed has rooted your race, if you have got from Libya Poseidon's blood in your family. Abide among foreigners like Dardanos, there make your home; dwell in a city of strangers like your own father Agenor, like Danaos your father's brother. For another man also who carried his home on his back,<sup>a</sup> one of the divine stock of Io, a heavenly sprout dropt from Zeus, named Byzas,<sup>b</sup> who had drunk the seven-mouth water of self-begotten Nile, inhabited the neighbouring land, where along the Bosphoros shore flows the water once traversed by the Inachian heifer.<sup>c</sup> To all those who dwelt about he showed a light, when he had turned aside the neck of that mad bull unbending."

<sup>372</sup> So she spoke, lulling to sleep the anxieties of Cadmos.

<sup>373</sup> But Father Zeus sent his quick messenger Maia's son <sup>d</sup> on outspread wings to Electra's house, that he might offer Harmonia to Cadmos for the harmony of wedlock—that maiden immigrant from heaven, whom Ares the wife-thief begat in secret love with Aphro-

<sup>a</sup> Io, see above, 264 ff.

<sup>d</sup> Hermes.

καὶ βρέφος αἰδομένη κρυφίης αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς  
 μήτηρ οὐκ ἀτίταλλεν, ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δέ κόλπου  
 πήχει κεκλιμένην ἐπιμάζιον ἤγαγε κούρην 380  
 εἰς δόμον Ἥλέκτρης μαιήιον, ἧς τόκον Ὀρραι  
 ὑγρὸν ἐμαιώσαντο λεχωίδες, ἧς ἔτι πυκνοὶ  
 ἀργεννὴν σφριγώντες ἀνέβλυνον ἱκμάδα μαζοί·  
 δεξαμένη δὲ θύγατρα νόθην ἰσόζυγι θεσμῶ  
 σύγχρονον Ἡμαθίωνος ἐνὶ ξυνώσατο μαζῶ 385  
 κούρην ἀρτιλόχευτον, ὁμοστόργω δὲ μενοινῆ  
 διχθαδίην θρεπτῆρι γονὴν κούφιζεν ἀγοστῶ.  
 ὡς δὲ τις ἀγροτέρη διδυμητόκος ἔνδοθι λόχμης  
 λαχνήεσσα λέαινα γαλαξαίησιν ἔέρσαις  
 σκύμοις ἀμφοτέροις διδυμάονας ἤρμοσε μαζοὺς 390  
 καὶ διδύμοις τεκέεσσι μεριζομένην πόρε θηλήν,  
 καὶ χροῶ λιχμάζουσα καὶ ἄτριχον εἰσέτι δειρὴν  
 ἰσοτύποις κομιδῆσιν ἀνέτρεφεν ἤλικα φύτλην·  
 ὡς τότε παιδοκόμῳ φιλήη μαιώσατο θηλῆ  
 ἀρτιγόνων μεθέπουσα συνωρίδα δίζυγα τέκνων· 395  
 πολλάκι νήπιον νῆα συνέμπορον ἤλικι κούρῃ  
 πίοнос ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάτροπον ἱκμάδι μαζοῦ  
 πεπταμένης πήχυνε φιλήτορι χειρὸς ἀγοστῶ·  
 γούνασι δ' ἄρσενα παῖδα συνίδρυε θήλει κούρῃ, 400  
 μηρὸν ἐφαπλώσασα κεχηνότα γείτοني μηρῶ,  
 κόλπον ἀνευρύνουσα βαθυνομένοιο χιτῶνος·  
 καὶ τεκέων κλάζουσα μέλος θελκτῆριον ὕπνου  
 ἀμφοτέρους εὐδοντας ἐκοίμισε μαιάδι τέχνη,  
 πήχυν ὑποστορέσασα συνήορον ἀνχένι παίδων,  
 καὶ σφισι λέκτρον ἔθηκεν ἐὸν γόνυ, διχθαδίῳ δὲ 405  
 φάρεος ἄκρον ἔλισσε διαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ,  
 τέκνα καταψύχουσα, καὶ ἔσβεσε καύματος ὄρμην  
 ἀντίτυπον φύσημα χέων ποιητὸς ἀήτης.

dite.<sup>a</sup> The mother did not nurse it—she was ashamed of the baby which told its own tale of the furtive bed; but away from the bosom of the sky she carried the suckling, lying in her arm, to the fostering house of Electra, when the childbed Seasons had just delivered her baby still wet, when her breasts were tight and swollen with the gushing white sap. Electra received the bastard daughter with equal rights, and joined the newborn girl on one breast with her newborn Emathion, held with equal love and care her two different nurslings in her arm. As a shaggy lioness of the wilds, mother of twin young sucking-cubs in the jungle, with her milky dew fits twin teats to the pair of cubs, and gives her twin young each a share of her teats, and licks their skin and the neck as yet hairless, nursing the young birthmates with equal care: so Electra then with loving breast foster-mothered her brace of newborn babes, the boy and girl, and cherished them with equal care. Often she pressed to her with open hand and loving arm her baby son and his age-mate girl, on this side and that taking turns of the sap from her rich breast; and she set on her knees the manly boy with the womanly girl, letting out the fold of her lowered gown so as to join thigh parted wide from neighbour thigh; or singing songs for a sleep-charm, lulled both her babies to slumber with foster-mother's art, while she stretched her arm enclosing the children's necks, made her own knee their bed, fluttered the flap of her garment fanning the two faces, to keep the little ones cool, and quenched the waves of heat as the hand-made wind poured out its breath against it.

<sup>a</sup> See Hom. *Od.* viii. 266 ff.

Ἦοφρα μὲν ἕζετο Κάδμος

ἔχέφρονος ἐγγυὺς ἀνάσσης,  
 τόφρα λαθῶν πυλαωρὸν ἐῷ ληίστορι ταρσῷ 410  
 ἀπροϊδῆς ἀκίχητος ἐς οἰκίον ἦεν Ἑρμῆς  
 εἴκελος ἠιθέω· ῥοδέω δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ  
 ἄσκεπέος κεχάλαστο παρήγορος ὄλκος ἐθείρης  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς, στέψας δὲ νεότριχος ἄκρα παρειῆς  
 λεπτὸς ἀεξομένων ἐρυθθαίετο κύκλος ἰούλων 415  
 ἀρτιφυῆς ἐκάτερθε περιδρομος· οἶα δὲ κῆρυξ  
 ἠθάδα ῥάβδον ἄειρεν· ἀθηήτω δὲ προσώπῳ  
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς νεφέεσσι κεκασμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους  
 πιαλῆς ἐκίχησε πεπαυμένα δείπνα τραπέζης·  
 οὐδέ μιν Ἥμαθίων σχεδὸν ἔδρακεν, οὐδέ καὶ αὐτῇ 420  
 Ἄρμονι καὶ Κάδμος ὀμέστιος, οὐ χορὸς ἀνδρῶν  
 δούλιος· Ἥλέκτρῃ δὲ θεουδέϊ φαίετο μούνη  
 Ἑρμῆς ποικιλόμυθος· ἐλὼν δὲ μιν εἰς μυχὸν οἴκου  
 ἀπροϊδῆς ὀάριζε καὶ ἀνδρομέῃ φάτο φωνῇ·

“Μητροκασιγνήτη, Διὸς εὐνέτι, χαίρε, γυναικῶν 425  
 πασῶν μετόπισθε μακαρτάτη, ὅττι Κρονίων  
 κοιρανίην κόσμοιο τεοῖς τεκέεσσι φυλάσσει,  
 καὶ χθονὸς ἄστεα πάντα κυβερνήσει σέο φύτλη,  
 ἔδνα τεῆς φιλότητος, ἐμῇ δ’ ἅμα μητέρι Μαίῃ  
 ἄστρασι ἐπταπόροισι συναστράφειας Ὀλύμπῳ 430  
 σύνδρομος Ἥελίοιο, συναντέλλουσα Σελήνῃ.  
 εἰμὶ τεῆς, φιλότεκνε, γονῆς ἐμφύλιος Ἑρμῆς,  
 ἄγγελος ἀθανάτων τανυσίπτερος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ  
 ξείνιος ὑψιμέδων με τεὸς προέηκεν ἀκοίτης  
 ἀμφὶ τεοῦ ξείνοιο θεουδέος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ 435  
 πείθεο σῶ Κρονίωνι, καὶ Ἄρμονιῃν σέο κούρην  
 πέμπε μολεῖν ἀνάεδνον ὁμόστολον ἠλικὶ Κάδμῳ,  
 καὶ Διὶ καὶ μακάρεσσι χαρίζεο· τειρομένους γάρ

<sup>409</sup> While Cadmos sat near the prudent queen, into the house came Hermes in the shape of a young man, unforeseen, uncaught, eluding the doorkeeper with his robber's foot. About his rosy face on both sides locks of hair uncovered hung loose. A light bloom of ruddy down ran about the edge of his round cheeks on either side, fresh young hair newly grown. Like a herald, he held his rod as usual. Wrapt in cloud from head to toe, with face unseen he reached the rich table when the meal was at an end. Emathion saw him not though close at hand, nor did Harmonia herself and Cadmos at her board, nor the company of serving men; only god-fearing Electra perceived Hermes the eloquent. Into a corner of the house he led her in surprise to tell his secrets, and spoke in the language of men:

<sup>425</sup> " Good be with you, my mother's sister, bed-fellow of Zeus! Most blessed of all women that shall be hereafter, because Cronion keeps the lordship of the world for your children, and your stock shall steer all the cities of the earth! <sup>a</sup> This is the dower of your love. And along with Maia my mother you shall shine with the Seven Stars in the sky, running your course with Helios, rising with Selene. Children's friend, I am Hermes, one of your own family, wing-spreading Messenger of the immortals. From heaven I have been sent by your bedfellow, the guests' protector <sup>b</sup> ruling in the heights, on behalf of your own god-fearing guest. Then do you also obey your Cronion, and let your daughter Harmonia go along with her yearsmate Cadmos as his bride, without asking for bridal gifts. Grant this grace to Zeus and the Blessed ones; for when the immortals

\* The Romans.

<sup>b</sup> Zeus Xenios.

ἀθανάτους ὁ ξεῖνος ὄλους ἐσάωσεν αἰείδων·  
 οὗτος ἀνὴρ μογέοντι τεῶν χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτη, 440  
 οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἐπέτασεν ἐλεύθερον ἡμᾶρ Ὀλύμπω.  
 μή σε τετὴ θέλξειε γόω φιλομήτορι κούρη·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν εἰς ὑμέναιον ἀλεξικάκω πόρε Κάδμω  
 πειθομένη Κρονίωνι καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Κυθρείῃ.”

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were in distress, this stranger saved them all by his music.<sup>a</sup> This man has helped your bedfellow in trouble, this man has opened the day of freedom for Olympos! Let not your girl bewitch you with mother-loving groans, but give her in marriage to Cadmos our Saviour, in obedience to Cronion and Ares and Cythereia.”

<sup>a</sup> See bk. i.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Ἰχνεύων δὲ τέταρτον ὑπὲρ πόντοιο νοήσεις  
Ἄρμονίην πλώουσαν ὁμόστολον ἤλικι Κάδμω.

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον εὐρραπὶς ἦεν Ἑρμῆς  
αἰθύσσων πτερὰ κοῦφα, τιταινομένων δὲ πεδίλων  
σύνδρομος ἠερίοισιν ἐρέσσετο ταρσὸς ἀήταις.  
οὐδὲ γυνὴ Θρήισσα, κυβερνήτειρα Καβείρων, . . .<sup>1</sup>  
ἀλλὰ Διὸς σέβας εἶχε, καὶ Ἄρεος ἄζυγι κούρη 5  
ὄρθια δινεύουσα νοήμονι δάκτυλα παλμῶ  
Ἄρμονίην ἐκάλεσσε τύπῳ τεχνήμονι φωνῆς·  
ἢ δὲ τιταινομένη βλεφάρων ἀντώπιον αἴγλην  
Ἥλέκτρης ἀγέλαστον ἐδέρκετο κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,  
καὶ βαθὺν ἀφράστοιο νεόσσυτον ὄγκον ἀνίης  
σιγαλαίαι κήρυκες ἐμαντεύοντο παρειαί.  
παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ὠμάρτησε τεκούσῃ  
εἰς δόμον αἰπύδμητον· ἀναπτύξασα δὲ μήτηρ  
ἑπταμύχου θαλάμοιο πολυσφρήγιστον ὄχηα  
λαῖνον οὐδὸν ἄμειψε· φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιῆ  
ἄστατα ταρβαλέης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα νύμφης·  
καὶ παλάμην ῥοδόπηχυν ἐῆς ἀνεκούφισε κούρης

<sup>1</sup> A line has dropt out, having the sense suggested in the text.

\* Because she was queen of Samothrace, of which the Cabeiroi are the gods.



## BOOK IV

Tracking the fourth over the deep, you will see  
Harmonia sailing together with her age-  
mate Cadmos.

WITH these words, Finerod Hermes departed, fanning his light wings, and the flat of his extended shoes oared him as quick as the winds of heaven in their course. Nor did the Thracian lady, the pilot of the Cabeiroi,<sup>a</sup> <disobey his bidding> ; but she had respect to Zeus, and curving her extended fingers with a significant movement towards Ares' unwedded daughter, she beckoned Harmonia by this clever imitation of speech.<sup>b</sup> The other strained the answering gleam from her eyelids, and saw the round of Electra's face unsmiling, as her cheeks like silent heralds boded the heavy load of a new unspoken distress.

<sup>12</sup> The maiden leapt up and followed her mother into her high-built chamber. Her mother rolled back the bolt of a sevennookshotten chamber sealed with many seals, and crossed the doorstone : her knees trembled restlessly in loving anxiety and fear. She caught and lifted the girl's hand and rosy arm with

<sup>b</sup> The Eastern mode of beckoning ; not with one finger upwards, but the whole hand extended, palm downwards, with a forward and downward movement.

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δραξαμένη παλάμη χιονώδει· καὶ τάχα φαίης  
 Ἦβην χειρὸς ἔχουσαν ἰδεῖν λευκώλενον Ἦρην.  
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε πορφυρέοισι πέδον στείβουσα πεδίλοις 20  
 λοίσθια μαρμαίροντος ἐδύσατο κύκλα μελάθρου,  
 παρθένον ἀχνυμένην Ἀτλαντιάς ἰδρυε νύμφη  
 εἰς θρόνον εὐποίητον· ἀμοιβαίῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ  
 ἐξομένη στοιχηδὸν ἐπ' ἀργυροφεγγεῖ δίφρῳ  
 ἀγγελίην Κρονίωνος ἀπειθεί πέφραδε κούρη, 25  
 καὶ μιν πάντα δίδαξεν, ὅσα βροτοειδέι μορφῇ  
 ἀλλοφανῆς ἄτε κούρος Ὀλύμπιος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ.  
 παρθευικὴ δ' αἰούσα πολυπλάγκτους ὑμεναίους  
 καὶ πόσιν ἀστήρικτον, ὑπωρόφιον μετανάστην,  
 ξεῖνον ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐκ Διὸς ὅσσα τοκῆος 30  
 ξεινοδόκος Κάδμοιο βοοσσόος ἔννεπεν Ἑρμῆς·  
 καὶ πόσιν ἤθελε μᾶλλον ὀμόπολιν, ὥς κεν ἀλύξῃ  
 συζυγίην φερέοικον ἀδωροδόκων ὑμεναίων·  
 καὶ παλάμη κρατεύουσα κατηφεί χεῖρα τιθήνης  
 δάκρυσι μυδαλέῃ πολυμεμφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν· 35  
 “Μῆτερ ἐμή, τί παθοῦσα τεὴν ἠρνήσαο κούρην;  
 οὕτω σεῖο θύγατρα νεήλυδι φωτὶ συνάπτεις;  
 ποῖον ἐμοὶ ποτε δῶρον ὁ ναυτίλος ἐγγυαλίξει;  
 ἦ ρά μοι ἔδνα γάμων πρυμνήσια νηὸς ὀπάσσει;  
 οὐκ ἐδάην, φιλότεκνε, τεὴν ὅτι παῖδα φυλάσσεις, 40  
 παρθευικὴν λιπόπατριν, ἀλήμονας εἰς ὑμεναίους.  
 ἄλλοι ἐμοὶ μνηστῆρες ἀρείονές εἰσι πολῖται·  
 τί χρέος ἦν ἀνάεδνον ἔχειν τινὰ γυμνὸν ἀκοίτην  
 ἀλλοδαπὸν περίφοιτον, ἀλυσκάζοντα τοκῆα;  
 ἀλλ', ἐρέεις, Κρονίῳνι τεῶ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτη· 45  
 πῶς Διὸς οὐ γέρας ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον,  
 εἶ περ Ὀλύμπου,  
 ὡς ἐνέπεις, προμάχιζε, καὶ οὐ Διὸς εὐνέτις Ἦρην

her own snow-white hand—you might almost say that you saw white-armed Hera holding Hebe's hand.

<sup>20</sup> But when treading the floor with her crimson shoes she reached the farthest curve of the resplendent room, Atlas's daughter seated the sorrowful maiden upon a handsome chair; then she in her turn sank upon a silver-shining stool, and declared Cronion's message to the incredulous girl, and explained everything which she had heard from the Olympian herald disguised as a lad in human form. When the maiden heard of this marriage of much wandering and this unstable husband, this homeless man under their roof, she declared she would have no stranger, and refused all that Cadmos's patron proposed on Zeus his father's behalf, that cattle-drover Hermes! She would rather have one of her own city as husband, and away with a carryhouse mate and a wedding without wedding-gifts! Then clasping her foster-mother's hand with her own sorrowing palm, bathed in tears she burst into reproachful speech:

<sup>36</sup> "Mother mine, what has possessed you to cast off your own girl? Do you join your own daughter to some upstart fellow like this? What gift will this sailor man put into my hand? Will he give me the ship's hawser for bride-price? I did not know you were keeping your own child, the poor banished maiden, for marriage with a vagrant—you, my kind nurse! I have others to woo me, and better ones, of our own city: why must I have a bedfellow with empty hands, naked and bare, a foreign vagrant, a runaway from his father? But you will say he helped your husband Cronion. Why did not the man get from Zeus an Olympian gift of honour, if indeed he was defender of Olympos, as you say? Why did not Hera the con-

Ζηνὸς ἀοσητῆρι συνήρμοσε παρθένον Ἥβην;  
 οὐ χατέει Κάδμοιο τεὸς πόσις ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς·  
 ἰλήκοι Κρονίδης· ἐψεύσατο θέσκελος Ἑρμῆς 50  
 ἀμφὶ Διὸς γενετῆρος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι,  
 εἰ λίπε θοῦρον Ἄρηα, κυβερνητῆρα κυδοιμοῦ,  
 καὶ βροτὸν ἄνδρα κάλεσσεν ἐοῦ συνάεθλον ἀγῶνος  
 ὃ κρατέων κόσμοιο καὶ αἰθέρος. ἅ μέγα θαῦμα,  
 τοσσατίους Τιτῆνας ἐνεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ, 55  
 καὶ Κάδμου χατέεσκεν, ὅπως ἓνα μῦνον ὀλέσση.  
 οἶδας ἐμῶν πατέρων διδυμάονα σύγγονον εὐνήν·  
 Ζεὺς προπάτωρ ἐμὸς ἔσχε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης  
 θεσμὸν ἔχων θαλάμων ἐμφύλιον· ἀμφότεροι δὲ  
 Ἄρης καὶ Κυθέρεια, μῆς ἐπιβήτορες εὐνῆς, 60  
 Ἄρμονίης γενετῆρες, ἐνὸς γεγάασι τοκῆος,  
 δέμνιον ἀμφιέποντες ὁμόγνιον. ὦμοι ἀνάγκης·  
 γνωταὶ γνωτὸν ἔχουσιν, ἐγὼ λιπόπατριν ἀκοίτην.”  
 Ὡς φαμένης ἀπένυψε γοήμονος ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς  
 μήτηρ ἀσχαλόωσα· διχοστασίῃ δὲ μενοινῆς 65  
 Ἄρμονίην ὦκτειρε, Διὸς δ' ἀλέεινεν ἀπειλήν.  
 Ἄλλὰ περισφίγξασα δέμας φρενοθελγεί κεστῶ  
 κερδαλέω ζωστήρι δολοφράδμων Ἀφροδίτη,  
 καὶ χροῖ δυσαμένη φιλοτήσια φάρεα Πειθοῦς  
 Ἄρμονίης εὐδομον ἐδύσατο παρθενεῶνα· 70  
 καὶ τύπον οὐρανίοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου  
 Πεισινόῃ δέμας ἴσον εἴσκετο γείτοني κούρη,  
 Κάδμον ἅ περ ποθέουσα, καὶ ὡς κρυφίῃ τινὶ νούσῳ  
 λεπταλέον πέμπουσα σέλας χλοάοντι προσώπῳ  
 ἀμφιπόλους ἔσσευε· παρεδριόωσα δὲ μούνη, 75  
 οἰά περ αἰδομένη, δολίην ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·  
 “ Ὀλβίη, οἶον ἔχεις ἐνὶ δώμασι καλὸν ἀλήτην,  
 οἶον ἔχεις μνηστήρα, μακαρτάτη· οἶον ἀκοίτην

sort of Zeus, betroth virgin Hebe to the champion of Zeus? Your husband Zeus who rules in the heights needs no Cadmos. Cronides forgive me—divine Hermes lied in what he said about Father Zeus. I don't know how I can believe that he neglected furious Ares the pilot of warfare, and called in a mortal man to be partner in the game—he the master of world and sky! Here is a great marvel—he locked up all those Titans in the pit, and then wanted Cadmos, to destroy only one! You know how my fathers wedded—two had their sisters. Zeus my father's father possessed the bed of his sister Hera, by the family rule of marriage; both the parents of Harmonia, Ares and Cythereia, who mounted one bed, were of one father, another pair of blood-kindred. What miserable necessity! Sisters may have a brother for bedfellow, I must have a banished man!"

<sup>64</sup> As she spoke, her mother in distress wiped the raindrops from that mourning face: torn between two, she pitied Harmonia and shrank from the threats of Zeus.

<sup>67</sup> But now tricky-minded Aphrodite girt her body in the heart-bewitching cestus-belt, and clothing herself in the loverobe of Persuasion she entered Harmonia's fragrant chamber. She had doffed her heavenly countenance, and put on a form like Peisinoë, a girl of the neighbourhood. As though in love with Cadmos and suffering from some hidden sickness, with but little brightness in her pale face, she chased away the maids; and when Harmonia was alone she sat by her side and said as in shame with deceitful tongue:

<sup>77</sup> "Happy girl! What a handsome stranger you have in the house! What a man to court you, most

ὄψαι ἱμερόεντα, τὸν οὐ λάχε παρθένος ἄλλη·  
 ἀτρεκὲς Ἀσσυρίας ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἶμα κομίζει, 80  
 ἦχι ρόος χαρίεντος Ἀδώνιδος· ἱμερόεις γὰρ  
 ἐκ Λιβάνου νέος οὔτος, ὅπη Κυθέρεια χορεύει.  
 ἦλιτον· οὐ τάχα Κάδμον ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,  
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς γένος ἔσχευ, ἐὴν δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλην.  
 οἶδα, πόθεν νέος οὔτος Ὀλύμπιος· εἴ ποτε Μαίη 85  
 σύγγονον Ἥλέκτρην Τιθήνιος ἤροσεν Ἄτλας,  
 Ἄρμονίη πόσις ἦλθεν ἀνειψιὸς ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς,  
 οὐδὲ μάτην Καδμίλος αἰεῖδεται· οὐρανίην γὰρ  
 μορφήν μῦνον ἄμειψε καὶ εἰσέτι Κάδμος ἀκούει.  
 εἰ δὲ πέλει θεὸς ἄλλος ἔχων βροτοειδέα μορφήν, 90  
 Ἡμαθίων τάχα Φοῖβον ἐὼ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ.  
 παρθένε πασιμέλουσα, μακαρτέρη ἔσσι τεκούσης  
 εἰς πόθον, εἰς ὑμέναιον Ὀλύμπιον· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,  
 λάθριος Ἥλέκτρην νυμφεύσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς,  
 ἀμφαδὸν Ἄρμονίην μνηστεύεται αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων· 95  
 ὀλβίη, ἣν ἐπόθησεν ἐκηβόλος· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῆς  
 Πεισινόης σπεύσειεν ἔχειν ὑμέναιον Ἀπόλλων·  
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ ποτε Φοῖβον ἀναίνομαι, οἶά τε Δάφνη,  
 οὐ νόον Ἄρμονίης μιμήσομαι· ἀλλὰ λιποῦσα  
 κλῆρον ἐμὸν καὶ δῶμα καὶ οὖς ποθέω γενετῆρας, 100  
 ἴξομαι Ἀπόλλωνι συνέμπορος εἰς ὑμεναίους.  
 μέμνημαί ποτε τοῖον ἐγὼ τύπον· ἡμετέρῳ γὰρ  
 εἰς δόμον ὀμφήεντα συνεσπομένη γενετῆρι  
 Πύθειον εἶδον ἄγαλμα, καὶ ὡς τεὸν εἶδον ἀλήτην,  
 ὠισάμην Φοῖβοιο πάλιν βρέτας ἐνθάδε λεύσσειν. 105  
 ἀλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι Φοῖβος ἔχει χρυσαυγέα μίτρην·

\* Son of Hephaistos and Cabeiro, and father of the Cabeiroi in Samothrace; sometimes identified with Hermes, *e.g.*, Lycophron 162.

blessed of women! What a lovely bedfellow you will see, that no other maiden has won! Surely his blood comes from Assyria! That must be his home, beside the river of that enchanting Adonis, for that lovely young man came from Libanos where Cythereia dances. No, I was wrong! I don't suppose any mortal womb bred Cadmos; no, he is sprung from Zeus and he has concealed his stock! I know where this young Olympian comes from. If Titan Atlas ever begat Electra as Maia's sister, here's cousin Hermes without wings come as husband for Harmonia. Then that's why we sing hymns to Cadmilos!<sup>a</sup> He has only changed his heavenly shape and still he is called Cadmos.<sup>b</sup> Or if he is some other god in human shape, perhaps Apollo is Emathion's guest in this house.

<sup>92</sup> "World-famed maiden, you are more blessed than your mother for Olympian desire and Olympian marriage! Here is a great marvel! Zeus Allwise wedded Electra in secret—Apollo himself woos Harmonia in the light! Happy girl, whom Far-shooter desired! I only wish Apollo would be as eager for marriage with Peisinoë too! I don't say no to Apollo, like Daphne, I can tell you! I will not feel like Harmonia! No, I will leave my inheritance and house and the parents whom I love—I will go on my travels to marriage with Apollo! I remember once a carving like him. For I once went with our father into the house of oracle, and there I saw the Pythian image; and when I saw your vagrant, I thought I saw the statue of Phoibos again in this place.

<sup>106</sup> "But you will say, Phoibos has a goldgleaming

<sup>b</sup> Cadmos = Cadmilos = Hermes, *cf.* Lycophon 219.

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χρύσεος ἔπλετο Κάδμος ὄλον δέμας· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσης,  
 δμῶας ἐμοὺς ἔχε πάντας ἀπείρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου  
 χρυσὸν ἐμὸν ξύμπαντα καὶ ἄργυρον ἐγγυαλίξω,  
 καὶ Τυρίας ὀπάσω βασιλῆια πέπλα θαλάσσης 110  
 καὶ δόμον, ἦν ἐθέλης, πατρώιον· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,  
 δέχνησο καὶ γενέτην καὶ μητέρα, δέχνησο πάσας  
 ἀμφιπόλους, καὶ μῦνον ἐμοὶ πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην.  
 παρθένε, τί τρομέεις; σὺ μὲν εἶαρι ποντοπορήσεις  
 στεινὸν ὕδωρ πλώουσα, σὺν ἡμερόεντι δὲ Κάδμῳ 115  
 Ὀκεανὸν περίμετρον ἐγὼ κατὰ χεῖμα περήσω.  
 μὴ τρομέοις ἀλὸς οἶδμα βαρύβρομον, ὅττι σαώσει  
 εἰν ἀλὶ φόρτον Ἐρωτος ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.  
 παρθένε, Κάδμον ἔχεις, μὴ δίξεο θῶκον Ὀλύμπου.  
 οὐ ποθέω στίλβουσαν Ἐρυθραίην λίθον Ἰνδῶν, 120  
 οὐ φυτὸν Ἐσπερίδων παγχρύσειον, οὐδέ με τέρπει  
 Ἡλιάδων ἠλεκτρον, ὅσον μία νυκτὸς ὀμίχλη,  
 τῇ ἐνὶ Πεισινόην προσπτύζεται οὗτος ἀλήτης.  
 εἰ δὲ γένος μεθέπεις ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης,  
 σοὶ γάμον ἄξιον εὔρε γάμων ταμίη σέο μήτηρ. 125  
 οὐ ποτε τηλικὸν ἄνθος ἐσέδρακον· αὐτόματον γὰρ  
 εἰαρινὸν δώρημα φύσις δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ·  
 εἶδον ἐγὼ παλάμην ῥοδοδάκτυλον, εἶδον ὀπωπὴν  
 ἠδὲ μέλι στάζουσιν· ἐρωτοτόκου δὲ προσώπου  
 ὡς ῥόδα φοινίσσουσι παρηίδες, ἀκροφαῆ δὲ 130  
 δίχροα χιονέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἴχνια ταρσῶν  
 μεσσόθι πορφύροντα, καὶ ὡς κρίνον εἰσὶν ἀγοστοί.  
 καλλεῖψω πλοκαμίδας, ὅπως μὴ Φοῖβον ὀρίνω  
 χροίῃ ὄνειδίζουσα Θεραπναίης ὑακίνθου.

<sup>a</sup> Perhaps the ruby, perhaps pearls from the Persian Gulf or Indian Ocean.



diadem. Cadmos is gold in all his body! If you like, take all my serfs innumerable—for him, I will put in your hands all my gold and silver, I will give royal robes of the Tyrian Sea, and the house of my fathers, if you like; accept, if I dare to say it, my father and mother too, accept all my waiting-women, and give me only this man for my bedfellow!

<sup>114</sup> “Maiden, why do you tremble? You will sail the seas in the spring-time across the narrow water—but with lovely Cadmos I will traverse the infinite Ocean stream in winter! Tremble not at the heavyrumbling briny swell, because love’s cargo will be kept safe on the brine by Aphrodite daughter of the brine. Maiden, you have Cadmos, seek not the throne of Olympos! I desire not the shining Erythraean stone of the Indies,<sup>a</sup> nor the all-golden tree of the Hesperides, I delight not in the amber of the Heliades,<sup>b</sup> so much as one shadowy night in which this vagrant shall hold Peisinoë in his arms. If you fetch your lineage from Ares, from Aphrodite, your provident mother has found you a marriage well worthy of theirs. I have never beheld such a flower; spring itself blooms in Cadmos by nature’s gift. I have seen his rosefinger hand, I have seen his glance distilling sweet honey; the cheeks of his lovebegetting face are red as roses; his feet go twinkling, ruddybrown in the middle, and changing colour at the ends into shining snow<sup>c</sup>; his arms are lilywhite. I will pass the hair, or I may provoke Phoibos by blaming the hue of his Therap-

<sup>b</sup> Sisters of Phaëthon, whose tears were amber.

<sup>c</sup> *i.e.* white where the sandals protect them, brownish-red above the instep. The effeminate prettiness of Cadmos here is in accordance with the degenerate taste of the day.

εἴ ποτε δινεύων φρενοτερπέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς 135  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὄλη σελάγιζε Σελήνη  
 φέγγει μαρμαίροντι, καὶ εἴ ποτε βόστρυχα σείσας  
 αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἔθηκεν, ἐφαίνετο Φωσφόρος ἀστήρ.  
 χεῖλεα σιγήσαιμι· τὸ δὲ στόμα, πορθμὸν Ἐρώτων,  
 Πειθῶ ναιετάουσα χεῖρι μελιηδέα φωνήν, 140  
 καὶ Χάριτες μεθέπουσιν ὄλον δέμας· ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν  
 αἰδέομαι κρίνειν, ἵνα μὴ γάλα λευκὸν ἐλέγξω.  
 δέχνησο δειλαίην με συνέστιον· ἠϊθέου δὲ  
 δεξιτερῆς ψαύουσα καὶ ἀμφοφόωσα χιτῶνα  
 κρυπταδῆς εὐροίμι παρήγορα φάρμακα νούσου· 145  
 αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἴδοιμι καὶ ἐζομένοιο πιέσσω  
 δάκτυλον ὡς ἀέκουσα, καὶ ἡμετέρου διὰ κόλπου  
 τεθναίνην ὄτε μῦνον ἀφειδέα χεῖρα χαλάσας  
 ἀμφοτέρων θλίψειεν ἐλεύθερον ἄντυγα μαζῶν,  
 χεῖλεσιν ἡμετέρουσι μεμυκῶτα χεῖλεα πήξας, 150  
 τέρπων ἀκροτάτοισι φιλήμασιν· ἠϊθεον δὲ  
 εἰσέτι πηχύνουσα καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντα περήσω  
 αὐτομάτη, γλυκερὸν δὲ πολυκλαύτω παρὰ Λήθη  
 λέξω καὶ φθιμένοισιν ἐμὸν μόρον, ὡς κεν ἐγείρω  
 οἶκτον ὁμοῦ καὶ ζῆλον ἀθελγεί Περσεφονείῃ· 155  
 καὶ Χαρίτων πνεύοντα φιλήματα κεῖνα διδάξω  
 θηλυτέρας δυσέρωτας, ὅσας κτάνεν ἡμερόεν πῦρ,  
 καὶ νέκυσας τελέσω ζηλήμονας, εἰ παρὰ Λήθη  
 εἰς Παφίην μετὰ πότμον ἔτι φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.  
 ἔσπομαι, ἦν ἐθέλης, καὶ ὁμόστολος, οὐ τρομέω δὲ 160  
 πλαγκτοσύνην ἀδίδακτον. ἀμείλιχε, γίνεο Κάδμου  
 κουριδίη παράκοιτις· ἐγὼ θαλαμηπόλος εἶην  
 ἀμφοτέροις θεράπαινα, καὶ Ἀρμονίη καὶ ἀκοίτη.  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρομέω σε, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις,

<sup>a</sup> i.e. Cadmos has something better than the traditional (Hom. *Od.* vi. 231 ; xxiii. 158) "hyacinthine" locks.

naian iris.<sup>a</sup> Whenever he moved his full eyes with their heart-gladdening glance, there was the full moon shining with sparkling light ; when he shook his hair and bared his neck, there appeared the morning star ! I would not speak of his lips ; but Persuasion dwells in his mouth, the ferry of the Loves, and pours out honey-sweet speech. Aye, the Graces manage his whole body : hands and fingers I shrink to judge, or I may find fault with the whiteness of milk.

<sup>143</sup> “ Accept me for your companion, unhappy me ! but if I touch the boy’s right hand and stroke his tunic I may find comfortable physic for my secret sickness. I may see his neck bare, or press a finger as if unconsciously while he sits ; I could gladly die, if he would only slip a willing hand into the orb of my bosom and press my two breasts, and hold his closed lips upon my lips to delight me with brushing kisses. But if I could still hold the boy in my arms, I will pass even to Acheron the River of Pain of my own free will, and with rapture even amid the many lamentations of all-forgetting Lethe, I will tell the dead of my fate, to awaken pity and envy alike in merciless Persephoneia ; I will teach those grace-breathing kisses to women unhappy in love who died of that lovely fire, I will make the dead jealous, if women still grudge at the Paphian <sup>b</sup> in Lethe after their doom.

<sup>160</sup> “ I will go with you if you wish, even as your companion, I tremble not before unfamiliar wanderings. Hard-hearted girl, become the lawful wife to Cadmos ; I would be chambermaid to you both, Harmonia and husband.—But again I tremble before

<sup>b</sup> Aphrodite.

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μὴ ποτέ σοι διὰ λέκτρα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐγείρω, 165  
 ὅττι, θεά περ ἐούσα καὶ αἰθέρος ὄρχαμος, Ἥρη  
 Ζηνὸς ἐπιχθονήσι νόθαις ἀλόχοισι μεγαίρει·  
 Εὐρώπη κεχόλωτο καὶ ἠκαχεν ἄστατον Ἴω·  
 οὐδὲ θεὰς μεθέηκε· χολωμένης δὲ τεκούσης  
 ἤλασεν ὠδίνουσαν Ἄρης ἐγκύμονα Λητώ. 170  
 εἰ μὴ ζῆλος ἔχει σε, πόθων ἵνα φάρμακον εὖρω,  
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐμοὶ πόρε τοῦτον ἀκοίτην,  
 ναί, λίτομαι, καὶ νυκτὸς ἕνα δρόμον· εἰ δὲ μεγαίρεις,  
 χειρὶ τεῆ με δάϊξον, ὅπως ἄμπαυμα νοήσω  
 τηλίκον ἀπρήντον αἰὲ κατὰ νύκτα καὶ ἡῶ 175  
 ἐνδόμυχον μεθέπουσα περὶ φρένα βοσκόμενον πῦρ.”  
 Εἶπε, καὶ Ἄρμονιήν φυγοδέμνιον ἤλασε κεστῶ  
 εἰς πλόον οἰστρήσασα πόθῳ πειθήμονα κούρην.  
 ἢ δὲ μεταστρέψασα νόον διδυμάονι βουλή  
 ξεῖνον ἔχειν μενείαιε καὶ ἠθελε πατρίδα ναίειν, 18  
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἱμασσομένη νόον οἴστρω·  
 “ὦμοι, τίς μετάμειψεν ἐμὴν φρένα;  
 σῶζεο, πάτρη,  
 χαίροις, Ἥμαθίων καὶ πᾶς δόμος· ἄντρα Καβεῖρων,  
 χαίρετε, καὶ σκοπιαὶ Κορυβαντίδες· οὐκέτι λεύσσω  
 μητρώης Ἐκάτης νυχίν θιασώδεα πεύκην. 185  
 σῶζεο, παρθενή, νυμφεύομαι ἠδέει Κάδμῳ·  
 Ἄρτεμι, μὴ νεμέσα, χαροπῆς ἀλὸς οἶδμα περήσω.  
 ἀλλ’ ἐρέεις, ὅτι πόντος ἀμείλιχος· οὐκ ἀλεγίζω  
 μαινομένου ῥοθίῳ, συνολλυμένους δὲ δεχέσθω  
 Ἄρμονιήν καὶ Κάδμον ἐμὸν μητρώιον ὕδωρ. 190  
 ἔσπομαι ἠβητῆρι γάμους βοόωσα θεάων·  
 εἰ μὲν ἐς ἀντολίην με φέρει πλώουσαν ἀκοίτης,  
 ἡμερον Ὠρίωνος ἐς Ἥριγένειαν ἐνύψω,

<sup>a</sup> Aphrodite came out of the sea.

you, lest some time I awaken anger and jealousy for your bed tho' you fain would hide it, since even Hera, goddess though she is and queen of the heavens, grudges Zeus his bastard wives on earth. She was angry with Europa and tormented the wandering Io; she spared not even goddesses; because his mother was angry, Ares persecuted Leto with child in her birthpangs. If you are not jealous to find me a physic for my desire, give me this bedfellow for one dawn, yes I beseech you, for the course of one night too; if you grudge it, kill me with your own hand, that I may know rest from carrying this always night and day, fed on the secret places of my heart, this mighty implacable fire!"

<sup>177</sup> She said her say, and with her girdle drove bedshy Harmonia to her voyage, stung as with a gadfly and now obedient to desire. She changed her mind, and with divided purpose wished both to have the stranger and to live in her own land. So smitten to the heart with the sting, she spoke:

<sup>182</sup> "Ah me, who has changed my heart? Save you, my country! Farewell, Emathion and all my house! Farewell grottoes of the Cabeiroi and Corybantian cliffs; never again shall I see the revelling companies of my mother's Hecate with their torches in the night. Farewell, maidenhood, I wed my sweet Cadmos! Artemis, be not shocked, I am to cross the swell of the blue brine. But you will say, the deep is pitiless; I care nothing for the maddened surges—let Harmonia and Cadmos drown together, and my mother's sea <sup>a</sup> may receive us both. I follow my boy, calling upon the goddesses who have wedded theirs! If my bedfellow carries me to the sunrise this voyage, I will proclaim how Orion loved Dawn, and I will

καὶ Κεφάλου θαλάμων μιμνήσκομαι· εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔλθω  
εἰς δύσιν ἀχλυόεσσαν, ἐπ' Ἐνδυμίῳνι καὶ αὐτῇ 195  
Λατμιάς ἴσα παθοῦσα παρηγορεῖ με Σελήνη·"

Τοῖα νοοπλανέεσσι μεληδόσιν ἤπυε κούρη  
ἄσχετος ἡμερόεντι δαΐζομένη νόον οἴστρω·  
καὶ κινυρῇ ραθάμιγγι διαινομένοιο προσώπου  
Ἥλέκτρης κύσε χεῖρα καὶ ὄμματα καὶ πόδας ἄκρους 200  
καὶ κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα, καὶ Ἡμαθίωνος ὀπωπὴν  
χείλεσιν αἰδομένοισι, κασιγνήτου περ ἑόντος,  
πάσας δ' ἀμφιπόλους ἠγκάζετο· μυρομένη δὲ  
τυκτὰ πολυγλυφῶν ἠσπάσσατο κύκλα θυράων  
ἄπνοα καὶ κλιντῆρα καὶ ἔρκεα παρθενεῶνος· 205  
πατρῶν δὲ λαβοῦσα κόνιν προσπτύξατο κούρη.

Καὶ τότε χειρὸς ἔχουσα θεῶν ὑπὸ μάρτυρι πομπῇ  
Ἄρμονίην ἀνάεδνον ὀφειλομένην φέρε Κάδμω  
Ἥλέκτρῃ, χυτὸν ὄμβρον ἀποσμήξασα προσώπου.  
Κυπριδίην δὲ θύγατρα λαβὼν ἠῶος ὀδίτης 210  
γρηθὶ σὺν ἀμφιπόλῳ λίπε δῶματα, δῶρον ἀνάσσης  
λάτρην ἔχων πομπῆα δι' ἄστεος ἄχρι θαλάσσης.

Παρθενικὴν δ' ὀρόωσα παρ' ἠόνας ὑψόθι πόντου  
ξείνῳ ἐφεσπομένην, φλογερῇ ζείουσαν ἀνάγκῃ,  
Κύπριδι μεμφομένη φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μῆνη· 215

“Κύπρι, καὶ εἰς σέο τέκνα κορύσσειαι,  
οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς  
ὑμετέρης ὠδίνος ἐφείσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων;  
ἦν τέκες, οὐκ ἐλέαιρες, ἀμείλιχε; καὶ τίνα κούρην

<sup>a</sup> Eos, the Dawn-goddess, loved Orion the giant hunter (see below, 338) and carried him off; they had a son Phaëthon, who became an attendant on Aphrodite. She had a similar affair with the Attic hero Cephalos.

<sup>b</sup> Endymion of Latmos was a handsome shepherd whom

recall the match of Cephalos <sup>a</sup>; if I go to the misty sunset, my comfort is Selene herself who felt the same for Endymion upon Latmos." <sup>b</sup>

<sup>197</sup> Such words the girl uttered in mindwandering plaints, and could not be restrained, her mind ravaged with the sting of desire. With drops of grief her face was wet as she kissed Electra's hand and eyes, her feet and head and breast, and Emathion's eyes, with shamefast lips although he was her brother. She embraced all her handmaids, and caressed lamenting the rows of the lifeless carven doors all round, her bed and the walls of her maiden chamber. <sup>c</sup> Last the girl took up and kissed the dust of her country's soil.

<sup>207</sup> And then Electra took Harmonia by the hand, under the witnessing escort of the gods, and took her undowered to Cadmos as his due, wiping the streaming shower from her face. Early in the morning the traveller received the Cyprian's daughter with an old waiting-woman, and left the house, having as the queen's gift a servant to guide him through the city to the sea.

<sup>213</sup> When the Moon saw the girl following a stranger along the shore above the sea, and boiling under fiery constraint, she reproached Cypris in mocking words:

<sup>216</sup> "So you make war even upon your children, Cypris! Not even the fruit of your womb is spared by the goad of love! Don't you pity the girl you bore, hardheart? What other girl can you pity then,

the Moon-goddess loved. For some reason (accounts vary) he was cast into a perpetual sleep. (See below, 222.)

<sup>c</sup> See Medeia's farewells, Apoll. Rhod. iv. 26; the ultimate source is perhaps Euripides, *Alc.* 175 ff.

NONNOS

οἰκτεῖρεις ἑτέρην, ὅτε σὸν γένος εἰς πόθον ἔλκεις;  
πλάζο καὶ σὺ, φίλη· Παφίης τέκος, εἰπέ τεκούσῃ· 220  
‘κερτομέει Φαέθων σε, καὶ αἰσχύνει με Σελήνη.’

‘Ἀρμονίη, λιπόπατρι δυσίμερε, κάλλιπε Μήνη  
νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα, καὶ ἄμφεπε Κάδμον ἀλήτην,  
τλήθι φέρειν πόνον ἴσον, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ μερίμνη  
μνώο καὶ σὺ καμοῦσα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης.’ 225

Ὡς φαμένης ἐτάρους ὑπὲρ ἡόνα Κάδμος ἐπέιγων  
ὀλκάδος ἰθυπόροιο παλίμπορα πείσματα λύσας  
εἰαρινῶ κόλπωσεν ἀχείμονι λαῖφος ἀήτη·

διχθαδίους δὲ κάλως ἐφαψάμενός τινι γόμφῳ  
δουροπαγὲς πόμπευε δι’ οἴδατος ἄρμα θαλάσσης, 230  
ἰσάζων ἐκάτερθε νεὼς πόδας, οἶα δὲ Φοῖνιξ,

ναυτιλῆς νοέων πατρῷιον ἡθάδα τέχνην,  
πηδαλίῳ παρέμιμνεν· ἐπὶ πρύμνη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴν  
‘Ἀρμονίην ἀφανστον ὁμόπλοον ἴδρυε κούρην

νηὸς ἰδὼν ξείνους ἐπιβήτορας, οὓς τότε ναῦται 235  
μισθοφόρους ἐδέχοντο. καὶ ἡρέμα σύμπλοος ἀνὴρ  
ἀμφοτέρους ὀρόων ἐκεράσσατο θαύματι φωνήν·

“Αὐτὸς Ἔρως πέλεν οὗτος ὁ ναυτίλος·

οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ

νῆα τεκεῖν πλωτῆρα θαλασσαῖν Ἀφροδίτην·  
ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔχει καὶ πυρσὸν αἰερεῖ 240  
βαιοὺς Ἔρως πετερυγέσσι κεκασμένος· εἰσορόω δὲ

ὀλκάδα Σιδονίην. δολόεις τάχα φώριος Ἄρης  
ἔζεται ἐν πρύμνησιν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο κομίζων

ἔσπερίην πλώουσαν ἀπὸ Θρήκης Ἀφροδίτην.  
ἴλαθι, μῆτερ Ἔρωτος, ἀκυμάντῳ δὲ γαλήνῃ 245  
πέμπέ μοι ἴκμενον οὖρον ἀχείμονι μητρὶ θαλάσῃ.”

α Here the Sun. It was Helios who saw the loves of Ares and Aphrodite and told Hephaistos: Hom. Od. viii. 270.



when you drag your own child into passion?—Then you must go wandering too, my darling. Say to your mother, Paphian's child, 'Phaëthon<sup>a</sup> mocks you, and Selene puts me to shame.' Harmonia, love-tormented exile, leave to Mene her bridegroom Endymion, and care for your vagrant Cadmos. Be ready to endure as much trouble as I have, and when you are weary with lovebegetting anxiety, remember lovewounded Selene."

<sup>226</sup> While she was speaking, Cadmos hastened his companions over the shore. He released the back-running hawsers of the forthfaring ship, and shook out the sail to the mild spring breeze, and guided the timbered sea-car across the sea-swell, making the two ropes fast to a pin bracing the sheets equally ship-shape and Phoinician fashion: for he knew from his fathers the traditional art of seamanship. He remained by the steering-oar, but he kept the girl Harmonia untouched sitting on the poop, his companion, when he saw strangers coming aboard as passengers whom the sailors were then taking in with the fare. One of the passengers seeing these two, mingled his voice with admiration as he said gently:

<sup>238</sup> "That sailor looks like Love himself! and no wonder that Aphrodite of the sea has a mariner son. But Eros carries bow and arrow and lifts a firebrand, he's a little one with wings on him; and this I see is a Sidonian ketch. Perhaps that is the cunning old thief Ares sitting on the poop, and carrying Aphrodite into Libanos, from Thrace, whence he sailed last night. Be gracious, mother of Love! Send me a following wind in a waveless calm over your mother sea stormless!"

NONNOS

Τοῖον ἔπος λαθραῖον ὁμόπλοος ἔννεπεν ἀνήρ  
λοξὸς ἐς Ἀρμονίην ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων.

Καὶ πλόον ἦνυσε Κάδμος ἐς Ἑλλάδα,

Φοιβάδος ὀμφῆς

οἶστρον ἔχων πραπίδεσσι, Διὸς δέ οἱ αἰὲν ἐπείγων 250  
ἔνθεος ἀπλανέεσσι ἐπέτρεχε μῦθος ἀκουαῖς.

ἔνθα Πανελλήνεσσι νεώτερα δῶρα τιταίνων  
ἀρχεκάκου Δαναοῖο φερέσβιον ἔκρυφε τέχνην,  
ὑδροφόρου Δαναοῖο· τί γὰρ πλέον εὔδρεν Ἀχαιοῖς,  
εἴ ποτε χαλκείησι πεδοσκαφέεσσι μακέλλαις 255

χάσματος οὐδαίιο χυτὸν κενεῶνα κολάψας  
δίψιον Ἄργος ἔπαυσε, κονιομένοις δὲ πολίταις  
ὑγρὰ ποδῶν ἐπίβαθρα πόρεν, ξεινήιον ὕδωρ,  
ἐκ βυθίων λαγόνων ὀλίγον ῥόον; αὐτὰρ ὁ πάσῃ

Ἑλλάδι φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμφρονα δῶρα κομίζων 260  
γλώσσης ὄργανα τεῦξεν ὁμόθροα, συμφυέος δὲ  
ἀρμονίης στοιχηδὸν ἐς ἄζυγα σύζυγα μίξας  
γραπτὸν ἀσιγήτοιο τύπον торνώσατο σιγῆς,

πάτρια θεσπεσίης δεδαημένος ὄργια τέχνης,  
Αἴγυπτίης σοφίης μετανάστιος, ἦμος Ἀγήνωρ 265  
Μέμφιδος ἐνναέτης ἑκατόμυυλον ᾤκισε Θήβην·  
καί, ζαθέων ἀρρητον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα βίβλων,

χειρὸς ὀπισθοπόροιο χαράγματα λοξὰ χαράσσω  
ἔγραφεν ἀγκύλα κύκλα· καὶ Αἴγυπτίου Διονύσου  
Εὐία φοιτητῆρος Ὀσίριδος ὄργια φαίνων 270  
μύστιδος ἐννυχίας τελετὰς ἐδιδάσκετο τέχνης,

<sup>a</sup> For some obscure reason Danaos and his daughters are commonly connected with water. One of them, Amymone, seems to be originally the nymph of a fountain in the Argolid.

<sup>b</sup> Ἄζυγα and σύζυγα seem to be a paraphrase of vowel and consonant, those which exist unjoined and those which must be joined.

<sup>c</sup> Egyptian Thebes.

<sup>247</sup> Such was the sort of things the traveller said to himself, looking keenly at Harmonia out of the corner of his eye.

<sup>249</sup> So Cadmos finished his voyage to Hellas, with the inspired voice in his mind stinging like a gadfly; and the inspired word of Zeus ever ran unerring in his ears and drove him on. There he was to present newer gifts to All Hellenes, and to make them forget the lifebringing art of Danaos <sup>a</sup> the master-mischiefmaker, Danaos the waterbringer: for what good did he do for the Achaians, if once he had dug the ground with his brazen pickaxes, and pecking at the flooded hollow of the gaping earth quenched the thirst of Argos? if he made wet the steppings of their feet for his dusty people, and brought up a streamlet from the deep caves—the stranger's gift of water? But Cadmos brought gifts of voice and thought for all Hellas; he fashioned tools to echo the sounds of the tongue, he mingled sonant and consonant <sup>b</sup> in one order of connected harmony. So he rounded off a graven model of speaking silence; for he had learnt the secrets of his country's sublime art, an outside intruder into the wisdom of Egypt, while Agenor dwelt nine years in Memphis and founded hundred-gated Thebes. <sup>c</sup> There he pressed out the milk of the holy books ineffable, scratched their scratches across with backfaring hand <sup>d</sup> and traced their rounded circles. And he showed forth the Euian secrets of Osiris the wanderer, the Egyptian Dionysos. <sup>e</sup> He learned the nightly celebration of

<sup>d</sup> The earliest Greek writing, like the Phoenician, went from right to left.

<sup>e</sup> Osiris is very commonly identified with Dionysos, especially in Hellenistic times.

## NONNOS

καὶ κρυφίῃ μάγον ὕμνον ἀνέκλαγε θυιάδι φωνῇ  
 λεπτόν ἔχων ὀλόλυγμα· λιθοξοάοιο δὲ νηοῦ  
 γλυπτὰ βαθυνομένῳ κεχαραγμένα δαίδαλα τοίχῳ  
 κουρίζων δεδάηκε· πολυφράστῳ δὲ μενοινῇ 275  
 μετρήσας φλογόεσσαν ἀνηρίθμων ἴτυν ἄστρον  
 καὶ δρόμον Ἡελίοιο μαθὼν καὶ μέτρον ἀρούρης,  
 χειρὸς ἐυστροφάλιγγος ὁμόπλοκα δάκτυλα κάμψας,  
 ἄστατα κύκλα νόησε παλιινόστοιο Σελήνης,  
 πῶς τρισσαῖς ἐλίκεσσι μετάτροπον εἶδος ἀμείβει, 280  
 ἀρτιφαῆς, διχόμηνης, ὄλω στίλβουσα προσώπῳ,  
 πῶς δὲ συναπτομένη καὶ ἀπόρρυτος ἄρσενι πυρσῶ  
 Ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἀμήτορι τίκτεται αἶγλη,  
 πατρὸς ὑποκλέπτουσα παλιμφυῆς αὐτόγονον πῦρ.

Τοῖος ἔην· καὶ κραιπνὸς Ἀχαιίδος ἄστεα βαίνων 285  
 ναυτιλίην μεθέηκε· σὺν Ἀρμονίῃ δὲ κομίζων  
 ἔσμον ἄλιπλανέων ἐτάρων χερσαῖον ὀδίτην  
 ἄρμασιν ἱππέιοισι καὶ ἀχθοφόροισιν ἀμάξαις  
 μαντώοις ἀδύτοισιν ἐπέστιχεν· ἔνθα κιχήσας  
 Δελφὸν ἀσιγήτοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄξονα Πυθούσ 290  
 μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, καὶ ἔμφρονα Πύθιος ἄξων  
 κυκλόθεν αὐτοβόητος ἐθέσπισε κοιλάδι φωνῇ·

“Κάδμε, μάτην, περίφοιτε,

πολυπλανὲς ἴχνος ἐλίσσεις·

μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βοέη τέκε γαστήρ,  
 μαστεύεις τινὰ ταῦρον, ὃν οὐ βροτὸς οἶδε κιχήσαι· 295  
 Ἀσσυρίην ἀπόειπε, τεῆς δ' ἡγήτορα πομπῆς  
 ἄμφεπε βουὴν χθονίην, μὴ δίζεο ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου·

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<sup>a</sup> He made the numbers with his fingers as he reckoned them; the ancients had an elaborate system of finger-signs, something like our deaf-and-dumb alphabets, but used for numerals only.

their mystic art, and declaimed the magic hymn in the wild secret language, intoning a shrill alleluia. While a boy in the temple full of stone images, he had come to know the inscriptions carved by artists deep into the wall. With much-pondering thought he had measured the flaming arch of the innumerable stars, and learnt the sun's course and the measure of the earth, turning the intertwined fingers of his flexible hand.<sup>a</sup> He understood the changing circuits of the moon as she comes back and back again—how she changes her returning shape in three circles, new-shining, half-moon, and gleaming with full face; how her splendour now touching, now shrinking back, at the male furnace of father Helios is brought to birth without a mother, as she filches the father's selfbegotten fire ever lighted again.

<sup>285</sup> Such was Cadmos. Quickly he set out for the Achaian cities, and left his seafaring. With Harmonia, he conveyed a swarm of seawandering companions turned travellers by land, in horsecarriages and laden wagons, on the way to the oracular sanctuaries. Then he reached Delphi, and asked an oracle from the midnipple axle<sup>b</sup> of never-silent Pytho; and the Pythian axle speaking of himself uttered oracles of sense,<sup>c</sup> resounding about in hollow tone:

<sup>293</sup> “ Cadmos, in vain you travel round and round with wandering steps. You seek a bull which no cow ever calved; you seek a bull which no mortal knows how to find. Renounce Assyria, and take an earthly cow to guide your mission; search not for a bull of

<sup>b</sup> Supposed to be the central point of the earth.

<sup>c</sup> Usually the priestess spoke unintelligible sounds, which the priest interpreted.

νυμφίον Εὐρώπης οὐ βουκόλος οἶδεν ἐλαύνειν·  
 οὐ νομόν, οὐ λειμῶνα μετέρχεται, οὐ τι κέντρῳ  
 πείθεται, οὐ μάστιγι κελεύεται· οἶδεν ἀείρειν 300  
 Κύπριδος ἀβρὰ λέπαδνα

καὶ οὐ ζυγόδεσμον ἀρότρων,  
 αὐχένα μῶνον Ἐρωτι καὶ οὐ Δήμητρι τιταίνει.  
 ἀλλὰ πόθον Τυρίοιο τεοῦ γενετῆρος ἕασας  
 μίμνε παρ' ἀλλοδαποῖσι, καὶ Αἰγυπτίης σέο Θήβης  
 πατρίδος ἄστῳ πόλισσον ἐπώνυμον, ἦχι πεσοῦσα 305  
 εὐνήσει βαρύγουνον ἐὼν πόδα δαιμονίη βοῦς."

Ὡς φάμενος τριπόδων ἐπεκοίμισε θυιάδα φωνήν,  
 καὶ ρία Παρνησσοῖο τινάσσετο Φοιβάδος ἠχοῦς  
 γείτονος εἰσαῖοντα, καὶ ὀμφήεντι ρεέθρῳ  
 Κασταλίης πάφλαζε νοήμονος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ. 310

εἶπε θεός· καὶ Κάδμος ἐχάζετο καὶ παρὰ νηῶ  
 βοῦν ἴδε, νισσομένη δὲ συνέστιχεν· ἐσπόμενοι δὲ  
 ἀνέρες ἀπλάγκτοιο βοῶς βραδυπειθεί χηλῆ  
 φειδομένην ἰσόμετρον ἐποιήσαντο πορείην  
 ὄτρηροὶ θεράποντες· ὅθεν τότε Κάδμος ὀδεύων 315  
 ἱερὸν ἔδρακε χῶρον ἐπόψιον, ἦχι νοήσας

Πύθιος ἐννεάκυκλον ὀρειάδος ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης  
 εὔνασε Κιρραίης θανατηφόρον ἰὸν ἐχίδνης.

Παρνησσοῦ δὲ κάρηνα λιπῶν μετανάστιος ἀνῆρ  
 Δαυλίδος ἔστιχεν οὔδας ὀμούριον, ἔνθεν ἀκούω 320  
 σιγαλέης λάλον εἶμα δυσηλακάτου Φιλομήλης,

Τηρεὺς ἦν ἐμίαιεν, ὅτε ζυγίη φύγεν Ἥρη  
 συζυγίην ἀχόρευτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὕμεναίων,

κούρη δ' ἀστορέεσσιν ἐπεστενάχιζε χαμεύναις  
 εἰνοδίου θαλάμοιο, λιπογλώσσοιο δὲ κούρης 325  
 μυρομένης Θρήμισαν ἀναγκαίην Ἀφροδίτην

δάκρυσι μιμηλοῖσι λιπόθροος ἔστενεν Ἥχῳ,

Olympos. Europa's bridegroom no drover knows how to drive ; he frequents no pasture, no meadow, obeys no goad, is ordered by no whip. He knows how to bear the dainty harness of Cypris, not the plow's yokeband ; he strains his neck for Love alone, and not for Demeter. No, let pass your regret for your Tyrian father, and abide among foreigners ; found a city with the name of Egyptian Thebes your home, in the place where the cow of fortune shall sink and rest her heavyknee foot."

<sup>307</sup> So speaking he lulled the tripods' wild voice : the ridges of Parnassos quaked, when they heard the noise of their neighbour Phoibos ; Castalia marked it, and her inspired water bubbled in oracular rills.

<sup>311</sup> The god spoke : and Cadmos gave place. Near the temple he saw a cow, and went beside her as she walked. His men followed, and made sparing pace, equal to the slow-obeying hoof of the unerring cow, sedulous servants. On the way, Cadmos espied from the road a sacred place conspicuous ; the place where the Pythian had noticed on a hill the ninecircling coil of the dragon's back, and put to sleep the deadly poison of the Cirrhaian <sup>a</sup> serpent. Then the wanderer left the heads of Parnassos and trod the neighbouring soil of Daulis, whence comes the tale I hear of the dumb woespinner Philomela and her talking dress, whom Tereus defiled, when Hera, queen of wedlock, turned her back on the wedding among the mountains with no wedding dances ; how the girl mourned over the undecked pallet of a bridebed on the common road ; how the girl tongue-shorn bewailed this Thracian rape ; and how voiceless Echo

<sup>a</sup> Loosely for " Delphic," Cirrha being the harbour-town below Delphi.

παρθενικὴν φυγόμενον ὄδυρομένη Φιλομήλην,  
 ὁππότε φοιήεντι μεμιγμένον αἵματος ὀλκῶ  
 γλώσσης ἀρτιτόμοιο συνέβλυνεν αἶμα κορείης· 330  
 καὶ Τιτυοῦ πόλιν εἶδεν, ὅπη θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἀρούρης  
 ἄλσεα καλλιπέτηλα διαστείχων Πανοπήος  
 ἀγνὰ βιαζομένης ἀνεσεύρασε φάρεα Λητοῦς·  
 καὶ ποδὸς ἴχνος ἔθηκε Ταναγραίῳ κενεῶνι,  
 ἐκ δὲ Κορωνείης Ἀλιάρτιον οὐδας ἀμείβων 335  
 Θεσπιέων τε πόλῃα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιᾶς  
 Ἄονίης σχεδὸν ἦλθε πέδον Βοιωτὸν ὀδεύων,  
 ἦχί ποτ' Ὠρίωνα, δυσίμερον νιέα γαίης,  
 Σκορπίος, ἀστόργοιο βοηθόος ἰοχαίρης,  
 τηλίκον ἐπρήνιξεν, ἀνυμφεύτοιο θεαίνης 340  
 ἀκροτάτην ἔτι πέζαν ἀναστείλαντα χιτῶνος,  
 ὃ βραδὺς ἐρπύζων, χθόνιον τέρας, ἀντιβίου δὲ  
 ταρσὰ χαλαζήεντι τυχῶν ἐχαράξατο κέντρῳ.  
 καὶ γαίης ἐπέβη Χαιρωνίδος, ἔνθα κονίην  
 ἀργυφέην τέμνουσα βοὸς λευκαίνετο χηλή, 345  
 καὶ κραναῆς μεθέπων πολυκαμπέα κύκλα πορείης  
 λευκὰ κονιομένων ἀπεσεύρατο λύματα ταρσῶν.  
 καὶ βοὸς ὀμφήεσσα χαμευνάδος ὤκλασε χηλή

<sup>a</sup> Pandion, king of Athens, had two daughters, Procne and Philomela. Tereus, king of the Thracians, who then occupied Daulis, married Procne, and after a while sent a message to Athens to say she was dead and to invite Philomela to come to him. On her arrival he raped her, and then cut out her tongue and imprisoned her, to prevent her complaining to her sister. But she managed to send Procne a woven cloth with the whole story embroidered on it. Procne fetched her; the two sisters killed Tereus's and Procne's son Itys, and served him up to his father at dinner. On discovering this, Tereus pursued both women to kill them; the gods intervened and



copied her tears and groaned too, bewailing the bedshy maiden Philomela, as the blood of her maidenhood ran mingling with the red stream from her new-severed tongue.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>331</sup> He saw too the city of Tityos, where that bold son of Earth marching through the fair-leafy woods of Panopeus lifted the sacred robe of Leto and attempted violence.<sup>b</sup> He set a footstep on Tanagra bottom; and passing from Coroneia to the soil of Haliartos, he came near to the city of Thespiæ, and Plataiæ in its deep ravines, and Aonia on the Boiotian ground. This is the place where Orion <sup>the lovesick</sup> son of Earth was brought low, great as he was, by the Scorpion, who came to help the hard-hearted Archeress: he was in the act of lifting the lowest edge of the tunic of the unmated goddess, when crawling slow came that earthy horror, hit his adversary's heel and pierced it with freezing sting.

<sup>344</sup> He traversed the land of Chaironeia, where the cow's hoof was whitened in cutting the silvery dust, and following the many winding circuits of the rocky path it shook off the white dirt from its dusty feet.

<sup>348</sup> Then the oracular hoof of the cow gave way, he was changed into a hoopoe, Procne into a nightingale, Philomela into a swallow (Latin authors generally reverse these two metamorphoses), and Itys, in some late accounts, into a bird of some kind, perhaps a wood-pigeon.

<sup>b</sup> Tityos attacked Leto soon after the birth of Apollo and Artemis. Apollo came to her rescue and killed him with his arrows.

<sup>c</sup> Orion is connected with Boeotia in sundry stories. He offended Artemis either in the way here described or by boasting of his prowess in hunting; Earth sent a huge scorpion which killed him with its sting. Finally he became the constellation which bears his name.

NONNOS

ἄσπεος ἔσσομένοιο προάγγελος. ἄλλ' ὅτε Κάδμω  
 Πύθειον οὐδαίης ἔτελείετο θέσφατον ἠχοῦς, 350  
 βουὴν ἱερὴν θυόεντι διαστήσας παρὰ βωμῶ  
 δίζετο πηγαίων ὑδάτων χύσιν, ὄφρα καθήρη  
 μαντιπόλους ἕο χεῖρας, ἐπισπείσῃ δὲ θυηλαῖς  
 ἀγνὸν ὕδωρ· οὐ πω γὰρ ἐν οἰνοφύτοισιν ἄλωαῖς  
 ἀβρὸς ἀεξομένης ἀνεφαίνετο καρπὸς ὀπώρης. 355  
 Καὶ πόδας ἐστήριξε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ·  
 στῆ δὲ ταφῶν, ὅθι λοξὰ φανεῖς ὀφιδέϊ δεσμῶ  
 Ἄρεος αἰολόνωτος ὄφιν μιτρώσατο πηγῆν,  
 καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησεν, ὅσος πολὺς ἔσπετο Κάδμω·  
 τὸν μὲν ὑπὸ στέρνοισι δακῶν χαροποῖσι γενείοις, 360  
 τὸν δὲ दाφοινῆεντι τυχῶν ἐχάραξεν ὀδόντι,  
 ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο βιοσσόον ἦπαρ ἀμύξας  
 θῆκε νέκυν· ψαφαρὴ δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη  
 αὐτομάτη, πλαδαροῖο διειλυσθεῖσα καρῆνου· 364  
 ἄλλον ἀνεπτοίησε θορῶν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα κόρσης 377  
 ἀνδρομέης, ἑτέρου δὲ διέτρεχεν ἀνθερεῶνος  
 ἄσχετος, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ βαλὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἑέρση  
 μαρμαρέην ἠχλυσε μεμυκὸτος ὄμματος αἴγλην· 380  
 ἄλλου ταρσὸν ἔμαρψε, χαρασσόμενον δὲ γενεῖω  
 εἶχε δακῶν, καὶ χλωρὸν ἀνήρυγεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων  
 εἰς δέμας ἠθέιοιο, πελιδναίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ  
 ἰσοφνῆς χλοάοντι διεψύχθη δέμας ἰῶ·  
 ἄλλου φυσιόωντος ὑπὸ πληγῆσι γενείων 385  
 ἀσταθέες μῆνιγγες ἐκυμαίνοντο καρῆνου  
 δῆγματι φαρμακόεντι, δι' ἐγκεφάλου δὲ χυθέντος  
 μυδαλέω μυκτῆρι κατάσσυτος ἔρρεεν ἰχώρ. 388  
 καὶ ταχὺς ἀμφιέλικτος ἐπὶ κνήμησιν ἀνέρπων 365  
 Κάδμον ἀπειλητῆρι δράκων ἐζώσατο δεσμῶ,

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and she sank to the ground foretelling the city to be. Now that the divine utterance out of the Pythian cave was fulfilled, Cadmos brought the sacred cow beside an altar smoking with incense, and sought for a rill of spring water, that he might cleanse his ministering hands and pour the pure water over the sacrifice; for as yet there were no wineplanted gardens to show the delicate fruit of their ripening crop.

<sup>356</sup> He stayed his feet beside dragonbreeding Dirce <sup>a</sup>: and stood amazed when he saw the speckle-back serpent, Ares' child, appear from one side and girdle the spring with snaky coil. The serpent scared away the great company who followed Cadmos, biting one under the chest with his flashing jaws, rending another with a stroke of bloody tooth, tearing another's lifesaving liver when he showed fight and laying him dead: a rough mane slipping out of the dank head ran down disorderly over his neck. Another he scared leaping above the man's temples, ran up another's chin irresistible to strike his eye with poison-shooting dew, and darkened the sparkling gleam of the closing orb. One he caught by the foot and held it in his jaws, tearing it with his bite—spat out green foam from his teeth upon the lad's body, and the greenish poison froze the body livid like steel. Another panted under the strokes of the jaws, and the membranes of the brain billowed throbbing out of the head at the poisonous bite, while a stream of matter ran down through the drenched nostrils out of the melting brain.

<sup>365</sup> Then quickly the dragon curled round Cadmos, creeping up his legs, and bound him in dangerous

• A stream near Thebes.

NONNOS

καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας μελέων ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ  
 ταυρείης περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄλτο βοείης·  
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι πόδας μιτρούμενος ἀνήρ  
 ὄλκαίη βαρύδεσμος ἐχιδναίη κάμε σειρῆ, 370  
 φόρτον ἔχων δασπλήτα, βαρυνόμενον δὲ φορῆα  
 ὄρθιον ἐστηῶτα κατέσπασεν εἰς πέδον ἔλκων,  
 καὶ στόμα πικρὸν ἔλυσε, δυσηλεγέος δὲ χανόντος  
 φοίνιος ὤμοβόρου πυλεὼν εὐρύνετο λαιμοῦ,  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν δόχμωσε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρήνου 375  
 ὑψιτενῆς ἐλέλικτο μέσος κυρτούμενος αὐχὴν. 376

Ἄλλ' ὅτε Κάδμος ἔκαμνε,

τότε σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀθήνη 389

ἔσσομένης δονέουσα προάγγελον αἰγίδα νίκης 390  
 Γοργεῖω κομώουσα ἐχιδνήεντι καρήνω,  
 καὶ οἱ ἀτυζομένῳ λαοσσόος ἴαχε δαίμων·

“Κάδμε, Γιγαντοφόνοιο Διὸς συνάεθλε κυδοιμοῦ,  
 δειμαίνεις ἓνα μῦνον ἰδὼν ὄφιν; ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς  
 σοὶ πίσυνοσ Τυφῶνα κατεπρήνιξε Κρονίων 395  
 τοσσατίοισ κομῶοντα δρακοντείοισι καρήνοισ.

παύεο θηρείων τρομέων συριγμὸν ὀδόντων·  
 Παλλὰσ ἐποτρύνει σε, καὶ οὐ φονίη παρὰ Δίρκη  
 ρύσεται ἐρπησθήρα φυλάκτορα χάλκεοσ Ἄρης.  
 ἀλλά, καταφθιμένοιο λαβῶν δασπλήτασ ὀδόντασ 400  
 θηρόσ, ἐχιδνήεντι περισπείρασ χθόνα καρπῶ  
 κείρε Γιγαντεῖησ ὀφιώδεα λήια χάρμησ,  
 Γηγενέων δὲ φάλαγγασ ἐνὶ ξύνωσον ὀλέθρῳ  
 πέντε λιπῶν ζῶοντασ· ἐπεσσομένησι δὲ Θήβαισ  
 σπαρτῶν ἀγλαόκαρποσ ἀνασταχύοιτο γενέθλη.” 405

Ὡσ φαμένη θάρσυνε τεθηπότα Κάδμον Ἀθήνη,  
 καὶ βαθὺν ἠνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ,

<sup>a</sup> The Theban aristocracy were called Spartoi from this legend.

bonds ; then raising his body high above him with a mounting lurch of his limbs, darted at the round midnipple of the oxhide shield. The man with his legs enclosed by those slanting rings was exhausted by the heavy weight of the long trailing snake—a horrible burden ! but the wearied bearer still stood upright, until the serpent dragged him to the ground and opened his cruel mouth—the monster gaped, and the bloody portal of his raw-ravering throat yawned wide : he turned his head sideways, and with shaking hood curved his neck backwards stretched high over the middle of his coils.

<sup>389</sup> But when Cadmos was nearly exhausted, Athena came near, shaking the *aegis*-cape with the Gorgon's head and snaky hair, the forecast of coming victory ; and the nation-mustering deity cried aloud to the dumbfounded man—

<sup>393</sup> “ Cadmos, helpmate and ally of Zeus Giant-slayer in the battle ! Are you afraid when you see only one snake ? In those battles Cronion trusted in you, and brought low Typhon with all that shock of heads, and every one a snake ! Tremble no more at the hiss from the creature's teeth. Pallas bids you on ! Brazen Ares shall not save his reptile guardian beside murderous Dirce. But when he is killed, take the creature's horrible teeth, sow the ground all about with the snaky corn, reap the viperous harvest of warrior giants, join the battalions of the Earthborn in one common destruction, and leave only five living : let the crop of the Sown<sup>a</sup> sprout up to glorious fruitage for Thebes that shall be.”

<sup>406</sup> With these words Athena encouraged the discomfited Cadmos, and then she cleft the aery deeps with windswift foot, until she entered the house of

δυσამένη Διὸς οἶκον. ὁ δὲ τραφερῆ παρὰ βώλῳ  
 μάρμαρον εὐρύαλως εὐτροχον οὖρον ἀρούρης  
 ἴστατο κουφίζων κραναὸν βέλος, ἰθυπόρῳ δὲ 410  
 ἄκρα δρακοντείοιο καρήατος ἔθλασε πέτρῳ·  
 θηγαλέην δὲ μάχαιραν ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ  
 αὐχένα θηρὸς ἔτεμνε· ἀπαμηθεῖσα δὲ κόρη  
 σώματος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνε, κυλινδομένη δὲ κονίη  
 ἠθάδα κύκλον ἔλισσε παλίλλυτον ἄστατος οὐρή, 415  
 καὶ δαπέδῳ τετάνυστο δράκων νέκυς.

ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῷ

θοῦρος Ἄρης βαρύμητις ἀνέκραγε· χωομένου δὲ  
 Κάδμος ἀμειβομένων μελέων ἐλικώδει μορφῆ  
 ἀλλοφυῆς ἤμελλε παρ' Ἰλλυρίδος σφυρὰ γαίης  
 ξεῖνον ἔχειν ἴνδαλμα δρακοντείοιο προσώπου. 420  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πέπρωτο μετὰ χρόνον. αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσση  
 χαλκείῃ κυνέῃ συνελέξατο καρπὸν ὀλέθρου,  
 θηρείων γενύων βλοσυρὸν θέρος· ἔνδαπιῆς δὲ  
 Παλλάδος ὑβὸν ἄροτρον ἀπ' ὀργάδος

εἰς χθόνα σύρων

καὶ χαροπῆς ἀρόσας πολεμητόκον αὐλακα γαίης 425  
 ἰοβόλων ἔσπειρε πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων.  
 καὶ στάχυσ αὐτολόχευτος ἀνηέξητο Γιγάντων,  
 ὧν ὁ μὲν ὑψικάρητος ἀνέδραμεν ἄκρα τιταίνων  
 στήθεος εὐθώρηκος, ὁ δὲ προθορόντι καρήνῳ  
 φρικτὸν ἀνοιγομένης ὑπερέσχεθεν ὦμον ἀρούρης· 430  
 ἄλλος ἄνω προύκυψεν ἐς ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
 ἠμιτελῆς ἀνέτελλε πεδοτρεφές ὄπλον αἰείρων·  
 ἄλλος ὑπερκύπτοντα λόφον προβλήτα τιταίνων  
 οὐ πω στέρνον ἔφαινε, καὶ εἰσέτι μητρὸς ἀνέρπων  
 ἐκ λαγόνων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀταρβεί μάρνατο Κάδμῳ 435  
 τεύχεσιν αὐτοφύτοις κεκορυθμένος· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,

Zeus. But Cadmos where he stood on the dry earth lifted a well-rounded boundary-stone of the broad farm-land, a rocky missile ! and with a straight cast of the stone smashed the top of the dragon's head ; then drawing a whetted knife from his thigh he cut through the monster's neck. The hood severed from the body lay apart, but the tail still moved, rolling in the dust until it had uncoiled again its familiar rings. There lay the dragon stretched on the ground, dead, and over the corpse furious Ares shouted in heavy anger. By his wrath Cadmos was destined to change his limbs for a curling shape, and to have a strange aspect of dragon's countenance at the ends of the Illyrian country.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>421</sup> But that was ordained for long after. Now he gathered the fruit of death inside a helmet of bronze, the grim harvest of the creature's jaws. Then he drew upon the land the humped plow of Pallas from her holy place in those parts, and plowed a battle-breeding furrow in the bright earth, and sowed long lines of the poison-casting teeth. There grew out the self-delivered crop of giants : one shot up with head high, shaking the top of a mailcoated breast ; one with jutting head stretched a horrid shoulder over the opening earth ; another bent forward above ground as far as the midnipple, one again rose on the ground half-finished and lifted a soil-grown shield ; another shook a nodding plume before him and showed not yet his chest ; while still creeping up slowly from his mother's flanks he showed fight against fearless Cadmos, clad in the armour he was

<sup>a</sup> After a long life he and Harmonia went to Illyria and were changed to serpents (*i.e.*, live for ever as powers of the underworld)

NONNOS

ὤπλισεν Εἰλείθνια, τὸν οὐ μαιώσατο μήτηρ·  
καί τις ἀνηκόντιζεν ὁμόγνιον ἔγχος ἀφάσσω  
ἡμιφανής, ὁ δὲ κοῦφος ὄλον δέμας εἰς φάος ἔλκων  
ἄκρα ποδῶν ἀτέλεστα πεπηγότα λείπεν ἀρούρη. 440

Οὐ μὲν ἐφημοσύνης ἐπελήσατο Κάδμος Ἀθήνης,  
ἀλλὰ παλιμφυέων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων·  
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο βαλὼν ἀνεμῶδεϊ λόγῃ,  
τὸν δὲ κατὰ κληῖδα παρὰ πλατὺν αὐχένα τύψας  
ὄστέα λαχνήεντος ἀνέσχισεν ἀνθερεῶνος. 445

ἄλλον ἀκοντιστῆρι βαλὼν ἐχαράξατο πέτρῳ  
γαστέρος ἄχρι φανέντα· καὶ αἵματος αἰνογιγάντων  
ἐκχυμένου ποταμηδὸν Ἄρης ὠλίσθανε λύθρῳ  
φοινίξας ἐὰ γυῖα, παρισταμένης δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
πορφυρέῃ ραθάμιγγι χιτῶν ἐρυθαίνεται Νίκης. 450

ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο παρ' ἰσχίον ἄορι τύψας  
συμφυέος διέκερσε σὺν ἰξυῖ νῶτα βοείης.  
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· δαιζομένων δὲ Γιγάντων  
λοίγιος αἱμαλής ἀνεκῆκίεν αὐλὸς ἐέρσης  
ἄορι θεινομένων. ὁ δὲ Παλλάδος ἔμφρονι βουλῇ 455

Γηγενέων τινὰ πέτρον ἐπηώρησε καρήνων·  
οἱ δὲ δαφωινήεντι πόθῳ μεθύοντες Ἐννοῦς  
Ἄρεϊ βακχεύθησαν, ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ  
ἀλλήλων ὀλετῆρες ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ.

ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζεν· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λύθρῳ 460  
στικτὰ διαινομένης ἐμελαίνεται νῶτα βοείης  
Γηγενέος κταμένοιο· κατουδαίης δὲ μαχαίρης  
γνωτοφόνῳ γλωχῖνι δαΐζετο καρπὸς ἀρούρης.

<sup>a</sup> Because he and the spear were born together.

<sup>b</sup> Like cognate shield and brother spear.



born in. O what a great miracle! Eileithyia armed him whom the mother had not yet spawned! And there was one who cast his brother-spear,<sup>a</sup> fumbling and half visible; one who lightly drew the whole body into the light, but left his toes unfinished sticking in the ground.

<sup>441</sup> Cadmos for all that did not neglect Athena's injunction. He reaped the stubble of giants springing up ever anew. One he struck with windswift spear over the breast, hit one on the broad neck by the collarbone shearing the bones of the hairy throat: another he tore with hurtling stone while he showed as far as the belly. The blood of the dreadful giants flowed in rivers; Ares slipt in the gore staining his limbs with crimson, and Victory's robe was reddened with purple drops while she stood beside the battle. Another showed fight, and Cadmos ran his sword through his cognate shield of oxhide, into the hip-joint and out at the small of his back. The slaughter stayed not: as the giants were cut and smitten with the sword, a deadly spout of bloody dew bubbled up.

<sup>455</sup> Then by the wise counsel of Pallas he lifted a stone high above the giants' heads; and they drunken with gory lust for Enyo, went wild with warlike fury and destroyed each other with the steel their cousin,<sup>b</sup> and found burial in the dust. One fought with another: with ruddy gore the surface of the shield was drenched and spotted and darkened, as a giant died; the crop of that field was shorn by the brother-murdering blade of an earthgrown knife.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> For the model of this passage, see Apoll. Rhod. iii. 1354 ff.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Πέμπτον ἔτι σκοπίαζε καὶ Ἀκταίωνα νοήσεις,  
τὸν κεμὰς οὐκ ᾧδινε, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολέμων ὀφιώδεα λήια κείρων  
Κάδμος ὀδοντοφύτων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων,  
σπένδων λύθρον Ἄρηι θαλύσια δημοτῆτος,  
φαιδρύνας ἐὰ γυῖα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ  
Δελφίδα βοῦν ἰέρευσε θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ βωμῶν, ■  
Παλλάδι καλὸν ἄγαλμα. καταρχομένῳ δὲ θυηλὰς  
δίζυγες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιρραίνοντο κεραῖαι  
οὐλοχύταις· ὁ δὲ γυμνὸν ἐλὼν παρὰ γείτοσι μηρῶ  
φάσγανον Ἀσσυρίοιο παρήγορον ἐκ τελαμῶνος 10  
ἄκροτάτην τρίχα τάμνε ταυρρῖνοιο<sup>1</sup> καρῆνου  
ἄορι κωπήεντι· Θεοκλύμενος δὲ κεραίης  
δραξάμενος μόσχοιο παλίντονον εἴρυσσε δειρήν,  
αὐχενίους δὲ τένοντας ἀπηλοίησε Θυέστης  
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλήγι, καὶ αἵμαλέῳ βοὸς ὀλκῶ  
λάινος Ὀγκαίης ἐρυθθαίνετο βωμὸς Ἀθήνης, 15  
καὶ βοέου κερόεντος ἀρασσομένοιο μετώπου  
πρηνῆς μόσχος ἔπιπτε· δαῖζομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ  
πλευρὰ διατμήξαντες ἐμιστύλαντο μαχαίρῃ,  
καὶ βοέην τρηχεῖαν ἐγυμνώσαντο καλύπτρῃ

<sup>1</sup> The mss. read ταυρρῖνοιο, edd. variously ταυρρῖνοιο, ταλαυρίνοιο, ταυνκράϊροιο. The stem ταυ- suggests that the poet meant horns.

## BOOK V

Look into the fifth next, and you will see Actaion  
also, whom no pricket brought forth, torn  
by dogs as a fleeing fawn.

As soon as Cadmos had reaped the snaky crop of toothplanted battles, and shorn the stubble of the giants, pouring the bloodlibation to Ares as the firstling feast of harvestslaughter, he cleansed his body in dragonbreeding Dirce, and sacrificed the Delphian cow on the godbuilt altar as a fair offering for Pallas. As the first rite in the sacrifice, he sprinkled the two horns on both sides with barley-grains; he drew out and bared the falchion knife which hung at his thigh alongside by an Assyrian strap, and cut the top hairs of the longhorned head with the hilted blade. Theoclymenos grasped the heifer's horn and drew back the throat, Thyestes cut through the sinews of the neck with a double-edged axe; the stone altar of Athena Onca<sup>a</sup> was reddened with the smear of the creature's blood. Then the cow's horned front was struck, and prone the creature fell. They brittled her with the steel, they cut through the sides and carved her up with the knife, they stript the hard covering of hide and stretched it out.

<sup>a</sup> A local title of Athena (meaning unknown), given later to one of the Gates of Thebes. Nonnos explains it below.

ἑκταδίην· ὁ δὲ φαιδρὸν ἐπὶ χθονὶ φᾶρος ἐλίξας 20  
 αὐτὸς ἄναξ πεπόνητο, καὶ εὐφυνέων κρέα μηρῶν  
 ὦμὰ διατμήξας ἐκαλύψατο δίζυγι δημῶ  
 μιστύλλων κατὰ βαιόν, ἐπ' ἀνθρακιῇ δὲ τανύσσας  
 σπλάγχνα σιδηρείοισι πεπαρμένα μακρὰ κορύμβοις 25  
 εἴρυσεν, ὀπτήσας ἀπαλῶ πυρί· μεσσοπαγῇ δὲ  
 ἀκροπόρῳ στοιχηδὸν ἄγων τετορημένα χαλκῶ  
 ἀνθοκόμου κατέθηκε χαμαιζήλοιο τραπέζης  
 δαιτρός, ἐπασσυτέρους ὀβελούς ζείοντας αἰείρας.  
 καὶ θυόεις ἐλέικτο δι' ἠέρος ἀτμός ἀλήτης  
 Ἄσσυρίης λιβάνοιο. τελειομένης δὲ θυηλῆς 30  
 δεῖπνον ἔην, καὶ Κάδμος ἐλὼν ἐπένειμεν ἐκάστῳ  
 κεκριμένης ὀρέγων ἰσοελκέα μοῖραν ἔδωδῆς.  
 δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπ' εὐκύκλιοιο τραπέζης  
 εἰλαπίνης ἀπέθεντο πόθον κεκορηότι θυμῶ.

Οὐδὲ δρακοντοφόνῳ καμάτων

τέλος ἔπλετο Κάδμῳ, 35  
 ἀλλὰ μεθ' ἐρπηστήρα, μετ' ἄγρια φύλα Γιγάντων,  
 Ἐκτήνων προμάχοισι καὶ Ἄοι μάρνατο λαῶ  
 βάρβαρον ἀμῶων στάχυν Ἄρεος, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ  
 ἔχραε Τεμμίκεσσι· καλεσσαμένῳ δὲ μαχητὰς 40  
 ποικίλος ἔσμός ἴκανε περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων.  
 καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῆσιν Ἐρις ξύνωσεν Ἐνυῶ  
 φύλοπιν ὠδίνουσα· συνερχομένων δὲ κυδοιμῶ  
 τόξον ἐκυκλώθη, δόρυ πάλλετο, σείετο πήληξ,  
 καὶ βέλος ἐρροίζησεν, ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι δὲ κύκλῳ  
 βαλλομένη μυλόεντι λίθῳ σμαράγησε βοεῖη. 45  
 καὶ κταμένων ῥέεν αἷμα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ φορβάδι γαίῃ  
 ἠμιθανῆς προκάρηνος ἀνὴρ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ.  
 καὶ στρατὸς ἀντιβίων ἰκέτης ἐκλίνετο Κάδμῳ·

<sup>20</sup> The prince himself was busy, after folding his bright mantle and laying it on the ground. He cut out raw slices of the sturdy thighs, chopt them small and set them between two layers of fat; he pierced the long tripes with iron spits and stretched them over the embers, grilling them with gentle heat; then he brought them, pierced on the pointed bronze, and lifting the glowing spits one by one, laid them in a row on the grass amid the flowers—steward of a lowly table! The fragrant smoke of Assyrian incense scattered curling through the air. The sacrifice ended, there was a feast: and Cadmos took and held out and served to each an equal portion of choice food. The rows of banqueters at the round table soon had enough and wanted no more.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>35</sup> The dragon's death was not the end of the labours of Cadmos; but after the Serpent, and after the savage tribes of giants, he fought the champions of the Ectenes and the Aonian people, reaping a barbarian harvest of Ares, and fell on the neighbouring Temmicans<sup>b</sup>: when he called for soldiers, a motley swarm of neighbours came to his help. To both armies alike Strife joined Enyo and brought forth Tumult: when they met in battle bows were bent, spears hurtled, helmets shook, shots whizzed, oxhides rattled struck on the bossy round with chunks like millstones. The blood of the fallen ran in streams; many a man fell headlong half-dead on the fruitful earth, and rolled in the dust. Then the army of his adversaries bowed suppliant before Cadmos, and

<sup>a</sup> All this is a paraphrase of the sacrificial banquets in Homer, *e.g.*, *Il.* i. 458 ff.

<sup>b</sup> Earlier inhabitants of Boeotia; see Lycophron 644, Pausanias ix. 5. 1.

NONNOS

λύτο δ' ἄγών.

φονίην δὲ μετὰ στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ  
Κάδμος ἀπυργώτοιο θεμείλια πήγνυε Θῆβης. 50

Πολλαὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μεριζομένων κενεώνων  
αὔλακες ἐτμήγοντο, πολυσχιδέων δὲ κελεύθων  
ἔδρανα καρχαρόδοντι βοῶν κεχάρακτο σιδήρῳ·  
πολλαὶ δ' ἀντιπόρων ἀνέμων τετράζυγι κόσμῳ  
ἔμμοροι ἐν χόρτοισιν ἐμετρήθησαν ἀγυαί. 55

καὶ πόλις Ἄονίη Τυρίης ποικίλλετο τέχνης  
κάλλει λαϊνέῳ· καὶ ἐποίπνυεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ  
γειοτόμῳ γλωχίνοι ταμῶν ἑτερόχροα πέτρην  
ἐργατίνης Βοιωτὸν ὑπὸ κλέτας, ἦν παρὰ λόχμῃ  
Τευμησοῦ δρυόεντος ἐμαιώσαντο κολῶναι, 60

ἦν Ἑλικῶν βλάστησε καὶ ἦν ὠδινε Κιθαιρῶν.  
καὶ νηοὺς ἐτέλεσσε θεῶν καὶ δώματα φωτῶν  
τορνώσας κανόνεσσιν· ἐπ' ἀρρήκτοις δὲ δομαίοις  
ἐπταπόρῳ πυλεῶνι περιδρομον ἄστῳ χαράξας  
οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἐῆ μιμήσατο τέχνη, 65

ἔσσομενον ναέταις Ἀμφίονι τεῖχος ἑάσας  
πυργοδόμῳ κιθάρῃ πεφυλαγμένον. οὐρανίοις δὲ  
ἐπτὰ πύλας ἀνέθηκεν ἰσηρίθμοισιν ἀλήταις  
ἰσοτύπους· πρῶτον μὲν ἐς ἐσπέριον κλίμα πήξας  
Ἄογκαίην ἐπένειμε πύλην γλαυκώπιδι Μῆνῃ 70

ἐκ βοῶς ὀγκηθμοῖο φερώνυμον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ  
ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη  
τριπλόον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Τριτωνίς Ἀθήνη·  
δεύτερον Ἐρμάωνι διαυγεί γείτοني Μῆνης  
δῶκε γέρας πυλεῶνα· διαγράψας δὲ τετάρτην 75

Ἡλέκτρην Φαέθοντος ἐπώνυμον, ὅττι φανέντος

<sup>a</sup> A mountain in Boeotia.

<sup>b</sup> Used loosely for the spheres of the planets.

<sup>c</sup> A rare explanation of Tritonis, found also in Tzetzes'

the conflict ceased. After the bloody whirl of battle Cadmos laid the foundation of Thebes yet unfortified.

<sup>51</sup> He divided the spaces, and many furrows were cut this way and that, the beds of many branching roads were cut by the sharp-toothed iron of the ox-plow; many streets were measured at right angles to the four opposing winds to take their share of the grasslands. Then the Aonian city was embellished with the stony beauty of Tyrian art: all were busy, one workman with another, cutting under the Boiotian slopes with earthcleaving pick the variegated rock, which the hills near the thick forest of tree-clad Teumessos <sup>a</sup> brought forth, which Helicon grew and Cithairon brought to birth. He completed temples for the gods and houses for the people, planning with his builder's rules. He scored the shape of a city surrounded by walls upon impregnable foundation-stones, with seven entries, imitating in his art heaven with its seven zones,<sup>b</sup> but he left the walls for Amphion to build for the future inhabitants, and to protect, with towerbuilding harp.

<sup>67</sup> He dedicated the seven gates, equal in number to the seven planets. First towards the western clime he allotted the Oncaian Gate to Mene Bright-eyes, taking the name from the honk of cattle, because the Moon herself, bullshaped, horned, driver of cattle, being triform is Tritonis Athene.<sup>c</sup> The second gate he gave in honour to Hermaon,<sup>d</sup> the shining neighbour of Mene. The fourth he traced out and named for Electra Phaëthon's<sup>e</sup> daughter, because

commentary on Lycophron 519. It is purely fanciful. Τρι-  
τωνίς as if from Τριῆρος.

<sup>a</sup> The planet Mercury.

<sup>c</sup> The sun.

σύγχροος Ἡλέκτρης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄρθριος αἴγλη,  
 Ἡελίῳ πυρόεντι πύλην ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς  
 μεσσατίνην ἀνέθηκεν, ἐπεὶ μέσος ἐστὶ πλανήτων·  
 πέμπτην δ' Ἄρει δῶκε, πόρε τριτάτην Ἀφροδίτῃ, 80  
 ἀμφοτέρων ἐκάτερθεν ὅπως Φαέθων μέσος εἶη,  
 γείτονα θοῦρον Ἄρηα διατμήγων Ἀφροδίτης·  
 ἕκτην Ζηνὸς ἄγαλμα φαεινοτέρῳ κάμε κόσμῳ  
 ὑψιφανῆ· πυμάτην δὲ Κρόνου λάχεν ἕβδομος ἀστήρ.  
 τοῖον ἔδος ποίησε· καὶ ἱερὸν ἄστυ πολίσσας 85  
 Αἰγυπτίης ἐκάλεσεν ὁμώνυμον ἄστει Θήβης,  
 ποικίλον ἀσκήσας χθόνιον τύπον, ἴσον Ὀλύμπῳ.

Ἄουίων δὲ θύγατρεις ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείαις  
 Ἀρμονίης ὑμέναιον· ἐπ' εὐθαλάμῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ  
 Θρηκίης φθέγγαντο χορίτιδες οὔνομα νύμφης. 90  
 καὶ Παφίη νεότευκτον ἐκόσμεε παστάδα Κάδμῳ  
 παιδὸς ἑῆς μέλπουσα θεοκλήτους ὑμεναίους  
 μήτηρ ἡμερόεσσα· πατήρ δ' ὑπὸ χάρματι κούρης  
 γυμνὸς ἄτερ σακέων ὠρχήσατο μείλιχος Ἄρης  
 δεξιτερὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐπικλίνων Ἀφροδίτῃ, 95  
 καὶ γαμίῃ σάλπιγγι μελίζετο θυμὸν<sup>1</sup> Ἐρώτων  
 ἀντίτυπον σύριγγι, σιδηροφόρου δὲ καρήνου  
 ἠθάδας εὐπολέμοιο λόφους ἀπεσεύσατο χαίτης,  
 μιτρώσας πλοκαμίδας ἀναιμάκτοισι κορύμβοις,  
 πλέξας κῶμον Ἐρωτι· σὺν ἀθανάτοις δὲ χορεύων 100  
 εἰς γάμον Ἀρμονίης Ἰσμήνιος ἦλθεν Ἀπόλλων  
 ἑπτατόνῳ κιθάρῃ φιλοτήσιον ὕμνον ὀράσσω·

<sup>1</sup> So MSS.: edd. θεσμὸν, ῥυθμὸν, μῦθον.

<sup>a</sup> i.e., fourth, "mid-most" in the enumeration.



when he appears, Electra's morning gleam sparkles with like colour; and the midmost gate<sup>a</sup> opposite the Dawn he dedicated to fiery Helios, since he is in the middle of the planets. The fifth he gave to Ares, the third to Aphrodite, in order that Phaëthon might be between them both on either side, and cut off his neighbour the furious Ares from Aphrodite. The sixth he made an image of Zeus, shining high with more glorious craftsmanship. The last fell to the lot of Cronos<sup>b</sup> the seventh planet.

<sup>85</sup> Such he made this seat; and having founded the sacred city, he called it by the name of Thebes in Egypt, decking out an earthly image like to Olympos with all its adornments.

<sup>88</sup> The daughters of the Aonians struck up Harmonia's marriage-hymn with dances: the dancing girls sang the name of the Thracian bride, in that palace and its fine bridal chamber. The Paphian also, her lovely mother, decorated her daughter's newbuilt bower for Cadmos, while she sang of the god-ordained marriage; her father danced with joy for his girl, bare and stript of his armour, a tame Ares! and laid his right arm unweaponed about Aphrodite, while he sounded the spirit of the Loves on his wedding-trumpet answering the panspipes: he had shaken off from his helmet head the plumes of horsehair so familiar in the battlefield, and wreathed bloodless garlands about his hair, weaving a merry song for Love. Dancing with the immortals came Ismenian<sup>c</sup> Apollo to Harmonia's wedding, while he twangled a

<sup>b</sup> The planet Saturn. There seems to have been no authoritative list of the gates of Thebes; hardly any two authors agree, though most name the gates of Onca and Electra.

<sup>c</sup> Properly Hismenian, a local title, from one of the two rivers of Thebes.

καὶ μέλος ἐκρούσαντο βιοσσόον ἐννέα Μοῦσαι,  
καὶ παλάμας ἐλέλιξε Πολύμνια, μαῖα χορείης,  
μιμηλὴν δ' ἐχάραξεν ἀναυδέος εἰκόνα φωνῆς, 105  
φθειγγομένη παλάμησι σοφὸν τύπον ἔμφροσι σιγῇ,  
ὄμματα δινεύουσα· πολυστρέπτω δὲ πεδίλω,  
Ζηνὶ χαριζομένη, θαλαμηπόλος ἴστατο Νίκη,  
Κάδμον ἀνευάζουσα, Διὸς πρόμον, ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῶ  
παρθεनीοις στομάτεσσι γαμήλιον ἔπλεκε μολπὴν, 110  
καὶ ποδὸς ἴχνος ἔλισσεν, ἐπ' εὐκύκλω δὲ χορείῃ  
αἰδομένη πτερὰ πάλλε παρὰ πτερύγεσσι Ἐρώτων.  
ἐκ δὲ πολυσπερέων δαΐδων ὁμοφειγγέος αἰγλης  
ἐσπερίης ἀνέτελλε φάος ψευδήμονος Ἡοῦς.  
καὶ λιγυροῖς στομάτεσσι φιλοσκάρθμῳ παρὰ παστῶ 115  
πάννυχος ἔπλετο κῶμος ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης  
μελπομένων·

σπεύδων γὰρ ἐς ἀγρύπνους ὑμεναίους . . .<sup>1</sup>  
ἠθάδα ῥάβδον ἔλειπεν, ἐπεὶ ταμίη πέλεν ὕπνου.  
καὶ Θήβη χορὸς ἦεν Ὀλύμπιος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι  
Κάδμον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα μιῆς ψαύοντα τραπέζης. 120

Καὶ γαμίοις θαλάμοισι φέρων νυμφοστόλον ὤρη  
Ἄρκτώης ἀνέτελλε Δράκων ὁμόφοιτος Ἀμάξης,  
ἄγγελος ἔσσομένων, ὅτι σύννομος ἦλικι νύμφῃ  
ἐκ βροτέης ἤμελλεν ἔχειν ὀφιώδεα μορφήν  
νυμφίος Ἀρμονίης.

μακάρων δέ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω 125  
εἰς θαλάμους σπεύδοντι γέρας δωρήσατο Κάδμῳ·  
Ζεὺς μὲν πάντα τέλεια· κασιγνήτην δὲ γεραίρων  
Ἥρην πασιμέλουσαν, ἐπεὶ πέλεν Ἄρει μήτηρ,  
ἵππιος ὤπασε δῶρα θαλάσσια κvanoχαίτης·

<sup>1</sup> A line seems to have been omitted.

hymn of love on his sevenstring harp. The nine Muses too struck up a lifestirring melody : Polymnia nursingmother of the dance waved her arms, and sketched in the air an image of a soundless voice, speaking with hands and moving eyes in a graphic picture of silence full of meaning. Victory turned a tripping foot for the pleasure of Zeus, and stood by as bridesmaid crying triumph for Cadmos the god's champion ; about the bridebed she wove the wedding song with her virgin voice, and moved her gliding steps in the pretty circles of the dance, while she fluttered her wings, shamefast beside the wings of the Loves.

<sup>113</sup> A light arose, like a misnamed dawn in the evening, from the splendour no less brilliant of those gleaming torches scattered everywhere. All night long, the merry rout of untiring dancers were singing with clear voices beside the bridal chamber in happy romps ; since (Hermes) anxious for a sleepless wedding night had left his familiar wand behind, because that was the rationer of sleep. So Thebes was the Olympian dancing-place ; and one might see Cadmos and Zeus touching the same table !

<sup>121</sup> And now rose the Serpent,<sup>a</sup> companion of the northern Waggon, bringing the bride-adorning season to the marriage halls, a messenger with news of things to come : for Harmonia's bridegroom along with his agemate bride was destined to change his human shape for a serpent's. The Blessed, one after another, brought their gifts of honour to Cadmos as he hastened to his chamber. Zeus gave success in all things. Horsemaster Seabluehair proffered the gifts of the sea, in honour to his sister Hera the renowned,

<sup>a</sup> The constellation Draco.

Ἐρμῆς σκῆπτρον ἔδωκεν,  
 Ἄρης δόρυ, τόξον Ἀπόλλων, 130  
 καὶ στέφανον κομόωντα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ  
 Ἀρμονίης Ἡφαιστος ἐπηώρησε καρῆνῳ,  
 χρυσεῖην κροτάφοισιν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀναδέσμην·  
 καὶ θρόνον εὐλαίγγα πόρε χρυσόθρονος Ἡρη·  
 Ἄρεα κυδαίνουσα πολυφράδμων Ἀφροδίτη 135  
 χρύσειον ὄρμον ἔχοντα λίθων πολυδαίδαλον αἴγλην  
 λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι συνήρμοσεν αὐχένι κούρης,  
 Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον, ὃ περ κάμε Κυπρογενεΐη,  
 τοξευτήρος Ἐρωτος ὅπως ὀπτήριον εἴη·  
 ἔλπετο γὰρ Κυθέρειαν αἰεὶ βαρύγουνος ἀκοίτης 140  
 νῆα τεκεῖν σκάζοντα, ποδῶν μίμημα τοκῆος·  
 ἀλλὰ μάτην ἐδόκησε, καὶ ἀρτίπον νῆα νοήσας  
 λαμπόμενον πτερύγεσσι ὁμοῖον νηΐι Μαίης  
 ποικίλον ὄρμον ἔτευξεν, ὃς ἀστεροφεγγεῖ νώτῳ  
 ὡς ὄφιν ἦν ἐλικῶδες ἔχων δέμας· οἶα γὰρ αὐτῇ 145  
 δίστομος ἀμφίσβαινα μέσῳ μηρύεται ὀλκῶ  
 ἰὸν ἀποπτύουσα δι' ἀμφοτέροιο καρῆνου,  
 ἀμφελελιζομένη μελέων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῶ,  
 εἰς κεφαλὴν δὲ κάρηνον ἐφερπύζουσα συνάπτει,  
 λοξῇ καμπύλα νῶτα περισκαίρουσα πορείη· 150  
 ὡς ὃ γε ποικίλος ὄρμος ἑαγότα νῶτα τιταίνων  
 κάμπτετο, κυρτωθεῖσαν ἔχων διδυμάονα δειρήν,  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς φολίδεσσι εἰς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρῖς ἰκάνων  
 πλεκτὸς ὄφιν δικάρηνος· ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ τέχνης

<sup>a</sup> The word is used of a bridegroom's gift for the first sight of the bride without the veil : Pollux ii. 59, iii. 36.

<sup>b</sup> The necklace is an elaborately wrought twoheaded snake, and the eagle is a clasp-guard which lies across the heads, ἐκάτερθεν, extending beyond them both ; its wings are spread to cover the fastenings which do the real clasping

for she was Ares' mother. Hermes gave a sceptre, Ares a spear, Apollo a bow. Hephaistos lifted upon Harmonia's head a crown plumed with precious stones of many colours, a golden circlet hung over her temples. Goldenthroned Hera provided a jewel-set throne. Aphrodite wishing to delight Ares in the deep shrewdness of her mind, clasped a golden necklace showing pale about the girl's blushing neck, a clever work of Hephaistos set with sparkling gems in masterly refinement. This he had made for his Cyprian bride, a gift for his first glimpse of Archer Eros.<sup>a</sup> For the heavyknee bridegroom always expected that Cythereia would bear him a hobbling son, having the image of his father in his feet. But his thought was mistaken; and when he beheld a whole-footed son brilliant with wings like Maia's son Hermes, he made this magnificent necklace.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>144</sup> It was like a serpent with starspangled back and coiling shape. For as the twoheaded amphisbaina<sup>c</sup> in very sooth winds the coils between and spits her poison from either mouth, rolling along and along with double-gliding motion, and head crawling joins with head while she jumps about with twirling waves of her back sideways: so that magnificent necklace twisted shaking its crooked back, with its pair of curving necks, which came to meet at the midnipple, a flexible twoheaded serpent thick with scales; and by the curving joints of the work the

and form part of the heads, 171 ff. Its wings are outspread, also its legs, thus making four limbs, loosely called *πτέρυγες*, 161, attached to the necklace with little hollow nozzles or bars, *κημοί*, presumably of gold. To hide these, the jaws of the snakes' heads are wide open and seem to be biting at the eagle.

<sup>c</sup> A serpent reputed to have a head at each end.

χρύσεος ὀλκαίης ἐλελίζετο κύκλος ἀκάνθης, 155  
 καὶ οἱ ἐλισσομένη κεφαλῇ πολυδίνει παλμῶ  
 ψευδαλέον σύριγμα διήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος.  
 καὶ στομάτων ἐκάτερθεν ὅπη τέλος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀρχή,  
 αἰετὸς ἦν χρύσειος, ἅτε πλατὺν ἠέρα τέμνων, 160  
 ὀρθὸς ἐχιδναίων διδύμων μεσσηγὺ καρήνων,  
 ὑψιφανῆς πτερύγων πισύρων τετράζυγι κημῶ·  
 τῇ μὲν ξανθὸς ἰασπις ἐπέτρεχε, τῇ δὲ Σελήνης  
 εἶχε λίθον πάνλευκον, ὃς εὐκεραίοιο θεαίνης  
 λειπομένης μινύθει καὶ ἀέξεται, ὅπποτε Μῆνη 165  
 ἀρτιφαῆς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης  
 Ἡελίου γενετῆρος ἀμέλγεται αὐτόγονον πῦρ·  
 ἄλλη μάργαρον<sup>1</sup> εἶχε φαεσφόρον, οὗ χάριν αἴγλης  
 γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ἀμαρύσσεται οἶδμα θαλάσσης  
 λαμπομένης· ἐτέρης δὲ μεσόμφαλος αἶθοπι κόσμῳ  
 λεπτοφαῆς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀπέπτυνεν Ἰνδὸς ἀχάτης. 170  
 ἀλλήλαις δ' ἐκάτερθε συναπτομένων κεφαλάων  
 χάσματα δισὰ δράκοντος ἀνευρύνοντο καρήνων,  
 αἰετὸν ἀμφοτέροισι περικλείοντα γενείοις  
 σύμπλοκον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· δι' εὐφαέος δὲ προσώπου 175  
 λυχνίδες ἠκόντιζον ἐν ὄμμασι σύμφυτον αἴγλην  
 ὄξυ σέλας πέμπουσαν, ὁμοίον αἶθοπι λύχνῳ  
 ἀπτομένῳ· κομῶν δὲ λίθων πολυειδέι μορφῇ  
 πόντος ἔην, γλαυκῆς δὲ λίθος χλοάουσα μαράγδου  
 δεξαμένη κρύσταλλον ὁμόζυγον εἴκελον ἀφρῶ 180  
 εἶχε φαληριόωντα μελαινομένης τύπον ἄλμης·  
 τῷ ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πάντα τετεύχματο, τῷ ἐνὶ πάντα  
 χρυσοφαῇ μάρμαιρεν ἀλίτροφα πῶεα λίμνης,

<sup>1</sup> Marcellus would read μάρμαρον, understanding the topaz : not a wise reading, because the topaz, really chrysolite, was dug out of Zeboiget Island, not from the sea itself (*Enc. Brit. s.v. Peridot*).

golden circle of the moving spine bent round, until the head slid about with undulating movement and belched a mimic hissing through the jaws.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>158</sup> With the two mouths on each side, where is the beginning and the end, was a golden eagle that seemed to be cutting the open air, upright between the serpent's heads, high-shining with fourfold nozzle of the four wings.<sup>b</sup> One wing was covered with yellow jasper, one had the allwhite stone of Selene,<sup>c</sup> which fades as the horned goddess wanes, and waxes when Mene newkindled distils her horn's liquid light and milks out the self-gotten fire of Father Helios. A third had the gleaming pearl, which by its gleam makes the gray swell of the Erythraian Sea sparkle shining. Right in the middle of the other, the Indian agate spat out its liquid light, gently shining in bright beauty.

<sup>171</sup> Where the two heads of the serpent came together from both sides, the mouths gaped wide and enclosed the eagle with both their jaws, enfolding it from this side and that. Over the shining front, rubies in the eyes shot their native brilliancy, which sent forth a sharp gleam, like a fiery lamp being kindled. Proud with the manifold shapes of stones was a sea, and an emerald stone grass-green welcomed the crystal adjoining like the foam, and showed the image of the white-crested brine becoming dark; here all clever work was fashioned, here all the brinebred herds of the deep sparkled in

<sup>a</sup> *i.e.*, was shown open-mouthed, as if the snake were hissing.

<sup>b</sup> The wings and legs outspread join with four nozzles.

<sup>c</sup> Moonstone (selenite, foliated calcium sulphate), fancied to wax and wane with the moon.

## NONNOS

οἷα περισκαίροντα· πολὺς δέ τις ὑγρὸς οἰδίτης  
 μεσσοφανῆς ἐχόρευεν ἐπιξύων ἄλα δελφίς— 185  
 ψευδαλέην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἐὴν αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν—  
 καὶ χορὸς ὀρνίθων ἑτερόχρους, ὧν τάχα φαίης  
 ἵπταμένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα δοῦπον ἀκούειν,  
 ὄρμον ἐπεὶ Κυθέρεια γέρας δωρήσατο κούρη  
 χρύσειον, εὐλαίγγα, παρήγορον αὐχέτι νύμφης.

Καὶ γαμίων ζευχθεῖσα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῶ 190  
 Ἄρμονίη πολὺπαιδα γονὴν μαιώσατο κόλπῳ  
 τικτομένην κατὰ βαιόν· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ  
 ἔγκυον ὄγκον ἔλυσε θυγατρογόνου τοκετοῖο,  
 τετράκις ἐννέα κύκλα διαπλήσασα Σελήνης.

πρώτῃ δ' Αὐτονόῃ γονίμων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπῳ 195

μητέρος ἐννεάμηνον ἀναπτύξασα λοχείῃν  
 πρωτοτόκοις ὠδίσι· ὁμογνήτῳ δὲ γενέθλη  
 καλλιφυῆς Ἀθάμαντος ἀέξετο σύγγαμος Ἰνώ,  
 μήτηρ δισσοτόκος· τριτάτῃ δ' ἀνέτελλεν Ἀγαυή,  
 ἧ ποτε νυμφευθεῖσα Γιγαντείοις ὑμεναίοις 200

εἶκελον υἷα λόχευσεν ὀδοντοφύτῳ παρακοίτῃ·  
 καὶ Χαρίτων ἴνδαλμα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου  
 Ζηνὶ φυλασσομένη Σεμέλη βλάστησε τετάρτῃ  
 θυγατέρων, μούνη δὲ καὶ ὀπλοτέρῃ περ' εὐούση  
 δῶκεν ἀνικῆτοιο φύσις πρεσβῆια μορφῆς. 205

ἄρσενα δ' ὀψιτέλεστον ὁμόζυγα θήλει φυτόν  
 Ἄρμονίη νέον υἷα γεγηθότι γείνατο Κάδμῳ,  
 Ἄονίης Πολύδωρον ἑωσφόρον ἀστέρα πατρὸς,  
 ὀπλοτέρου Σεμέλης ῥοδοειδέος, ὃν παρὰ Θήβαις  
 σκῆπτρα λαβὼν ἀθέμιστος ἀναξ

ἀπενόσφισε Πενθεύς. 210

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς ἤμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὀψὲ τελέσσαι.



shining gold as though leaping about, and many a supple traveller danced halfseen, the dolphin skimming the brine which waggled its mimic tail self-moved; flocks of many-coloured birds—you might almost think you heard the windy beat of their flapping wings, when Cythereia gave the glorious necklace to her girl, golden, bejewelled, to hang by the bride's neck.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>190</sup> Soon Harmonia yoked by the cestus-girdle that guides wedded desire, carried in her womb the seed of many children whom she brought forth soon one by one: turn by turn she was delivered of her teeming burden by the birth of daughters, after four times nine circuits of the Moon had been fulfilled. First Autoñoë leapt from her mother's fruitful womb, her first birthpangs after nine months' course with child. Then came Ino to be her sister, the beautiful consort of Athamas who bore him two children. Third appeared Agauë, who afterwards married with the giant stock and bore a son like to her fangborn husband.<sup>b</sup> Then Semele fourth of the daughters grew up, the image of the Graces in her lovestriking looks, preserved for Zeus; although youngest of the sisters, she alone was given by nature the prerogative of unconquerable beauty. Last of all Harmonia added a little son to the brood of sisters, and made Cadmos happy—Polydoros, the morning star of the Aonian nation, younger than rosycheek Semele; but Pentheus a lawless prince pushed him aside and took the sceptre in Thebes. All this old Time was to bring to pass by and by.

<sup>a</sup> This is the famous "necklace of Harmonia," which, passing from her, brought ruin to one possessor after another.

<sup>b</sup> Echion, one of the five surviving Spartoi, "born of the teeth."

## NONNOS

Κεκριμένας δὲ θύγατρας ἐπεκλήμισεν ἀκοίταις  
 Κάδμος ἀμοιβαίῳ γάμου τετράζυγι παστῶ,  
 καὶ λέχος ἄλλο μετ' ἄλλο συνήρμοσε· δωροφόρος γὰρ  
 πρῶτος Ἄρισταῖος, Νόμιος καὶ ἐπώνυμος Ἄγρεύς, 215  
 αἷμα σοφοῦ Φοίβοιο καὶ εὐπαλάμοιο Κυρήνης,  
 Αὐτονόην ζυγίων ἀρότων νυμφεύσατο θεσμῶ·  
 οὐ μὲν Ἄγνηορίδης πολυφερβέος ἴδμονα τέχνης  
 γαμβρὸν ἔχειν ἀπέειπε, βιοσσόον υἷα Φοίβου,  
 ἀλλὰ Διυπετέων ἀνέμων ζωαρκέσιν αὔραις 220  
 λοίγιον εὐνήσαντι πυρώπιδος ἀστέρα Μαίρης  
 παῖδα συνεκλήμισε περισσονόῳ παρακοίτη.  
 καὶ γάμος ἦν πολύολβος, ἐπεὶ γέρας ἄζυγι κούρη  
 δῶκε βόας, πόρεν αἶγας, ὀρίτροφον ὥπασε ποίμνην·  
 καὶ πολὺς ἀχθοφόρῳ βεβαρημένος ὄγμος ἀνάγκη 225  
 φόρτον ἐλαιήεντος ἐκούφισεν ἀμφιφορῆος,  
 ἔδνα γάμων, πολλὴν δὲ σοφῆς ἐκόμισσε μελίσσης  
 δαιδαλέην ὠδίνα πολυτρήτοιο λοχεΐης.

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ πρῶτιστος ὀρίδρομος ἄλματι ταρσῶν  
 εὔρε φιλοσκοπέλοιο πόνον κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρης, 230  
 πῶς νοερῶ μυκτῆρι παρὰ σφυρὰ φορβάδος ὕλης  
 θηρὸς ἀσημάντοιο κύων μαντεύεται ὀδμήν,  
 ὄρθια λοξοκέλευθον ἐπὶ δρόμον οὐατα τείνων,  
 καὶ δολίης δεδάηκε πολύπλοκα δίκτυα τέχνης  
 καὶ σταλίκων τύπον ὀρθόν,

ὑπὲρ ψαμάθοιο δὲ θηρῶν 235  
 πρῶιον ἀτρίπτῳ κεχαραγμένον ἔχνος ἀρούρη . . .<sup>1</sup>  
 καὶ ποσὶν ἐνδρομίδασ θηρήτορα φῶτα διδάξας

<sup>1</sup> A verse or more seems to have fallen out.

<sup>212</sup> Cadmos now chose husbands for his daughters, and gave them over in four successive bridals, settling their weddings one by one. First Aristaios laden with gifts, he of the herds and he of the wilds, as he was named, the blood of allwise Apollo and Cyrene so ready with her hands,<sup>a</sup> wedded Autoñoë according to the rules of lawful marriage. Agenorides did not refuse his daughter to a goodson well acquainted with the art of feeding many; nay, he gave her to a very clever husband, a lifesaving son of Apollo, after he had calmed the pestilential star of fiery Maira<sup>b</sup> by the lifepreserving breezes of heaven-sent winds. The wedding-feast also was very rich, since he gave the unyoked maid oxen for her treasure, he gave goats, he gave mountain-bred flocks; many a line of burden-bearers was forced to lift the load of great jars full of olive-oil, his marriage gifts, much travail of the clever honeybee he brought, in the riddled comb her masterpiece.

<sup>229</sup> That man ranging the mountains on his springing feet, first found out the business of hunting the prickets among the rocks they love: how the dog divines the scent of the unseen prey with intelligent nostril on the ankles of the hills, pricking up his ears on the crookpath course; he learnt the many-twining meshes of his cunning art, and the shape of the standing stakenet, and the morning track of animals over the sand and the spoor impressed in the untrodden earth. He taught also the huntsman

<sup>a</sup> From her deeds as a huntress without weapons, see Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 28.

<sup>b</sup> The dogstar. Aristaios, besides being a minor deity or culture-hero of country life, was reputed to know potent formulae for ending excessive heat.

NONNOS

ἄσχετον αἰσσοντα κυνοσσόον εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης  
 πέπλα φαεινομένης ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι φορῆσαι, 240  
 μή ποτε θηρητῆρος ἐπειγομένου ποδὸς ὄρμη  
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζοιτο καθιεμένοιο χιτῶνος.  
 κείνος ἀνὴρ ἐνόησε πολυτρήτων στίχα σίμβλων,  
 πλαζομένης δ' ἔστησεν ἐρημάδος ἔργα μελίσης,  
 ἣ τις ἔσω λειμῶνος ἀπ' ἄνθεος ἄνθος ἀμείβει 245  
 εἰς φυτὸν ἀγλαόκαρπον, ἐφιπταμένη δὲ κορύμβοις  
 χεῖλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἀμέλγεται ἄκρον ἐέρσης·  
 καὶ λινέαις ἀψίσι πολυπλέκτοιο χιτῶνος  
 γυῖα περισφίγξας ὀνύχων ἄπο μέχρι κομάων 248  
 φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης ἐφυλάσσετο κέντρα μελίσης, 255  
 καὶ δολίῳ πνιγόμεντι πυρὸς τεχνήμονι καπνῶ  
 σινομένην πρήνεν, ὑπηνέμιον δὲ τινάσσων 250  
 πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα φιλοσμήνοιο μελίσης  
 δίζυγα χαλκὸν ἄειρεν, ὑπωροφίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ  
 βομβηδὸν κλονέοντος ἀσιγήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ  
 χειρὶ πολυκροτάλῳ διδυμάονα δοῦπον ἀράσσων 254  
 καὶ προταμῶν κηροῖο πολυγλώχινῃ καλύπτρην 256  
 ἔβλισεν αἰόλα δῶρα μελισταγέος τοκετοῖο.  
 πρῶτος ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀλείφατος εὔρεν ἐέρσην,  
 καρπὸν ὅτε βρίθοντι ταμῶν μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ  
 πίονας ὑγροτόκοιο γονὰς ἔθλιψεν ἐλαίης. 260  
 καὶ σκιερῆς πολύδενδρον ὑπὸ κλέτας εὐβοτον ὕλης  
 εἰς ἔλος, εἰς λειμῶνα φέρων ἐδίδαξε βοτῆρας  
 ἡελίου φαίνοντος ἐς ἔσπερον ἄχρι νομεύειν.  
 πλαζομένων δ' ἀκίχητον ἀπειθέα φοιτάδι χηλῇ  
 ἐσπομένων βραδὺν οἶμον ὀπισθοπόρων στίχα μήλων 265  
 εἰς νομὸν ἀνθεμόεντα μιῇ ξύνωσε κελεύθῳ  
 αἶγα λαβὼν προκέλευθον ὁμοζήλοιο πορείης.  
 καὶ νομίην ἐνόησεν ὀρειάδα Πανὸς αἰοιδῆν.

those high boots for his feet, when he speeds on, steadily pressing the hounds in chase of their prey, and made him wear a short shirt with the thigh showing, lest the tunic hanging low should hinder the speed of the hunter's hurrying foot.

<sup>242</sup> That man invented the riddled hive with its rows of cells, and made a settled place for the labours of the wandering bees, which flit from flower to flower over the meadows and flutter on clusters of fine-fruited plants, sucking dew from the top with the tips of their lips. He covered every limb from toenails to hair with a closewoven wrap of linen, to defend him from the formidable stings of the battling bees, and with the cunning trick of smothering smoke he tamed their malice. He shook in the air a torch to threaten the hive-loving bee, and lifting a pair of metal plates, he clapt the two together with rattling hands over the brood in the skep, while they buzzed and humbledumbled in ceaseless din; then cutting off the covering of wax with its manypointed cells, he emptied from the comb its gleaming treasure of honeydripping increase.

<sup>258</sup> He first found out the dew of slicktrickling oil, when he cut into the fruit of the juicy olive with the press's heavy stone and scrouged out the rich feason. From the wellwooded pasture of the shady forest-slopes he brought the herdsmen to meadows and ealings, and taught them to feed their flocks from sunrise to eventide. When the sheep strayed in strings with wandering hoof, lagging behind on ways they could not find or trust, to the flowery pasture, he joined them on one path sending a goat ahead to lead the concerted march. He invented Pan's pastoral tune on the mountains. He lulled asleep

## NONNOS

καὶ πυρὶ σειριάοντα κατεύνασεν ἀστέρα Μαίρης,  
καὶ Διὸς Ἴκμαίοιο θυώδεα βωμὸν ἀνάψας 270  
αἵματι ταυρείῳ γλυκερὴν ἐπεχεύατο λοιβὴν  
ποικίλα φοιταλέης ἐπιβώμια δῶρα μελίσσης,  
πλήσας ἀβρὰ κύπελλα μελικρήτου κυκεῶνος·  
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἤκουσε καὶ υἱέος υἷα γεραίρων  
πέμψεν ἀλεξικάκων ἀνέμων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην, 275  
Σείριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων πυρετοῖο.  
εἰσέτι νῦν κήρυκες Ἄρισταίοιο θυηλῆς  
γαῖαν ἀναψύχουσιν Ἐτήσιαι ἐκ Διὸς αὔραι,  
ὅππότε ποικιλόβοτρος ἀέξεται οἴνας ὀπώρη.

Τὸν μὲν Ἔρωσ πόμπευεν ἐς Ἀονίους ὑμεναίους, 280  
Φοίβου Κήιον υἷα· βοοστίκτου δὲ θυηλῆς  
πᾶσα πόλις στεφθεῖσα, καὶ ἰθυτμήτες ἀγνυαὶ  
ὄρχηθμῶ μεμέληντο, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ παστοῦ  
εἰλιπόδην ὑμέναιον ἐπερρώσαντο πολῖται,  
καὶ μέλος ἡμερόφωνον ἀνεκρούσαντο γυναῖκες, 285  
καὶ γαμῆ σύριγγι συνέκλαγον Ἄονες αὐλοί.

Ἐνθεν Ἄρισταίοιο καὶ Αὐτονόης ἀπὸ λέκτρων  
Ἀκταίων ἀνέτελλε· φιλοσκοπέλω δὲ μενοιῆ  
Ἀγρέος αἶμα φέρων ἀπεμάξατο πάτριον ἄγρην,  
Ἀρτέμιδος θεράπων ὄρεσίδρομος—οὐ νέμεσις δὲ 290  
δύσμορον Ἀκταίωνα μαθεῖν μελεδήματα θήρης  
υἱωνὸν γεγαῶτα λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης—  
οὔ ποτέ μιν φύγεν ἄρκτος ὄρεστιάς, οὐδέ μιν αὐτῆς  
λοΐγιον ἐπτοίγησε λεχωίδος ὄμμα λεαίνης·  
πολλάκι δ' ὑψιπότητον ἐπιθρώσκοντα δοκεύων 295

the scorching dogstar of Maira.<sup>a</sup> He kindled the fragrant altar of Zeus Icmaios ; he poured the bull's blood over the sweet libation, and the curious gifts of the gadabout bee which lay on the altar, filling his dainty cups with a posset mixt with honey. Father Zeus heard him ; and honouring his son's son, he sent a counterblast of pestaverting winds to restrain Seirios with his fiery fevers. Still to this day the etesian winds from Zeus herald the sacrifice of Aristaios, and cool the land when the ripening vine grows in mottled clusters.

<sup>280</sup> This was he, the Ceian<sup>b</sup> son of Phoibos, whom Eros escorted to the Aonian wedding. All the city wreathed in garlands was busy about the cattle-sacrifice, and the straightcut streets were all busy dancing. Before the gates of the bridal chamber the people twirled their reeling legs for the wedding ; the women struck up a lovelysounding noise of melody, the Aonian hoboyes tootled with the bridal pipes.

<sup>287</sup> Afterwards from the bed of Aristaios and Autoñoë, arose Actaion. His passion was for the rocks ; and having in him the blood of the Hunter,<sup>c</sup> he took the mould of his huntsman father, and became a mountainranging servant of Artemis—no wonder that illfated Actaion learnt the practice of the chase, when he was born grandson to lionslaying Cyrene ! Never a bear escaped him on the hills ; not even the baneful eye of the lioness with young could make his heart flutter. Many a time he lay in wait for the

<sup>a</sup> See 220. Zeus Icmaios is Zeus in his capacity of sender of dew.

<sup>b</sup> An important seat of the cult of Aristaios, see Virgil, *Georg.* i. 14, with Servius's note.

<sup>c</sup> A title of Apollo.

## NONNOS

πόρδαλιν ἐπρήνιξεν· αἰὲ δὲ μιν ὑψόθι λόχμης  
 ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐδέρκετο μηλονόμος Πᾶν  
 ὠκείης ἐλάφοιο παραῖσσοντα πορείην.  
 ἀλλὰ οἱ οὐ χραίσμησε ποδῶν δρόμος, οὐδὲ φαρέτρη  
 ἤρκεσεν, οὐ βελέων σκοπὸς ὄρθιος, οὐ δόλος ἄγρης· 300  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ὤλεσε Μοῖρα, κυνοσπάδα νεβρὸν ἀλήτην,  
 Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν ἔτι πνείοντα κυδοιμοῦ,  
 εὖτε τανυπρέμνοιο καθήμενος ὑψόθι φηγοῦ  
 λουομένης ἐνόησεν ὄλον δέμας ἰοχεαίρης,  
 θηητῆρ δ' ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτοιο θεαίνης 305  
 ἀγνὸν ἀνυμφεύτοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης  
 ἀγχιφανῆς· καὶ τὸν μὲν ἀνείμονος εἶδος ἀνάσσης  
 ὄμματι λαθριδίῳ δεδοκημένον ὄμματι λοξῶ  
 Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀπόπροθεν ἔδρακε Νύμφη,  
 ταρβαλέη δ' ὀλόλυξεν, ἐῆ δ' ἤγγειλεν ἀνάσση 310  
 ἀνδρὸς ἐρωμανέος θράσος ἄγριον· ἡμιφανῆς δὲ  
 Ἄρτεμις ἀρπάξασα σὺν εἵματι κυκλάδα μίτρην  
 παρθενίῳ ζωστήρι σαόφρονας ἔσκεπε μαζούς,  
 καὶ διεροῖς μελέεσσιν ἔσω δύνουσα ρεέθρων  
 αἰδομένη κατὰ βαιὸν ὄλον δέμας ἔκρυφε κούρη. 315  
 Ἄκταίων βαρύποτμε, σὲ μὲν λίπεν αὐτίκα μορφή  
 ἀνδρομέη, πισύρων δὲ ποδῶν ἐδιχάζετο χηλή,  
 καὶ τανααὶ γναθμοῖσιν ἐμηκύνοντο παρειαί,  
 κνημαὶ ἐλεπτύνοντο, καὶ ἀγκύλα δοιὰ μετώπῳ  
 φύετο μακρὰ κόρυμβα τανυπτόρθοιο κεραίης, 320  
 καὶ στικτοῖς μελέεσσι νόθη ποικίλλετο μορφή,  
 καὶ λάσιον δέμας εἶχεν· ἀελλήεντι δὲ νεβρῶ  
 εἰσέτι μῶνος ἔην νόος ἔμπεδος· ὠκυπόρῳ δὲ  
 ἔτρεχεν ἀξείνοιο δι' οὖρεος ἄλματι χηλῆς,  
 θηρητῆρ τρομέων θηρητόρας· ἄλλοφυῆ δὲ 325  
 οὐκέτι τὸν πρὶν ἀνακτα κύνες μάθον· ἀχθυμένης γὰρ  
 νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισι βαρύφρονος ἰοχεαίρης



panther, and laid her low as she leapt on him high in air. Shepherd Pan would ever gaze at him over the bushes with wondering eyes, while he outstripped the running of the swift stag. But his running feet availed him nothing, his quiver helped him not, nor the straight shot, the cunning of the chase; but the Portioner destroyed him, a scampering fawn worried by dogs, while still breathing battle after the Indian war. For as he sat up in a tall oak tree amid the spreading boughs, he had seen the whole body of the Archeress bathing; and gazing greedily on the goddess that none may see, he surveyed inch by inch the holy body of the unwedded virgin close at hand. A Naiad nymph unveiled espied him from afar with a sidelong look, as he stared with stolen glances on the unclothed shape of her queen, and shrieked in horror, telling her queen the wild daring of a lovesick man. Artemis half revealed caught up her dress and encircling shawl, and covered her modest breasts with the maiden zone in shame, and sank with gliding limbs into the water, until by little and little all her form was hidden.

<sup>316</sup> Actaion heavy-fated! At once your manly shape was gone—four feet had cloven hooves—long cheeks drew out on your jawbones—your legs became thinner—two long bunches of widebranching antlers curved over your forehead—a borrowed shape, its body all covered with hair, dappled every limb with motley spots—a windswift fawn had nothing of you left but the mind! With quickfaring leap of the hoof he ran through the unfriendly forest, a hunter in terror of hunters. But in this new shape his dogs no longer knew their former master. The angry Archeress in resentment maddened them with a nod—there was

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φοιτάδος οιστρήεντι μεμνηότες ἄσθματι λύσσης  
 νεβροφόνων ἐχάραξαν ὁμόζυγον ὄγμον ὀδόντων, 330  
 ψευδομένη δ' ἐλάφοιο παραπλαγχθέντες ὀπωπῆ  
 στικτὸν ἐθωινήσαντο νόθον δέμας ἄφροσι λύσση.  
 καὶ θεὸς ἄλλο νόησε, κύνας βραδέεσσι γενείοις  
 ἔμπνοον Ἀκταίωνα κεκασμένον ἔμφροσι θυμῷ  
 δαρδάπτειν κατὰ βαιόν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ 335  
 ὀξυτέροις ὀδύνησιν· ὑπὸ βροτῆ δὲ μενοινή  
 πότμον ἐὼν στενάχων κινυρῆ βρυχήσατο φωνῆ·  
 “Ὀλβιε Τειρεσία, σὺ γὰρ ἔδρακες ἐκτὸς ὀλέθρου  
 γυμνὸν ἀναινομένης οἰκτίρμονος εἶδος Ἀθήνης·  
 οὐ θάνες, οὐκ ἐλάφοιο δέμας λάχες, οὐδὲ μετώπῳ 340  
 ὑμετέρῳ προβλήτες ἐπηώρηντο κεραῖαι·  
 ζώεις σῶν βλεφάρων ὀλέσας φάος· ὑμετέρων δὲ  
 ὀφθαλμῶν ἀμάρυγμα νόῳ μετέθηκεν Ἀθήνη·  
 χῶεται ἰοχέαιρα κακώτερα Τριτογενείης.  
 αἴθέ μοι ἄλγος ὅπασσεν ὁμοίον, αἴθε καὶ αὐτῆ 345  
 ὄμμασιν ἡμετέροισιν ἐπέχραεν ὥς περ Ἀθήνη,  
 αἴθε νόον μετάμειψεν, ἃ περ δέμας· ἄλλοφυῆς γὰρ  
 μορφῆ θηρὸς ἔχει με, καὶ ἀνέρος ἦθος ἀέξω.  
 σφωιτέρῳ πότε θῆρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν ὀλέθρῳ;  
 ἀφραδέες ζῶουσι καὶ οὐ νοέουσι τελευτήν.  
 μῶνος ἐγὼ μεθέπω πινυτὸν νόον· ὀλλύμενος δὲ 350  
 ὀφρύσι θηρείησιν ἐχέφρονα δάκρυα λείβω.  
 ἄγριοι ἄρτι γένεσθε κύνες πλέον· οὐ ποτε τόσσον  
 ἄλματι λυσσῆεντι κατεσσεύεσθε λεόντων.  
 αἴλινον Ἀκταίῳ, φίλαι, φθέγξασθε, κολῶναι,  
 ναί, λίτομαι, καὶ θῆρες ὁμοίον· εἶπέ, Κιθαιρών, 355  
 Αὐτονόη, τά περ εἶδες, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ τοκῆ

no escape; panting infuriated with wild frenzy, they sharpened the double row of their fawnkilling teeth, and deceived by the false appearance of a stag they devoured the dappled changeling body in senseless fury. But that was not all the goddess meant: the dogs were to tear Actaion slowly to pieces with their jaws little by little, while breathing still and in his right mind, that she might torment his mind even more with sharper pains. So he with a man's feeling groaned for his own fate, while he cried aloud in a lamentable voice:

<sup>337</sup> "Happy Teiresias!"<sup>a</sup> You saw without destruction the naked body of Athena, reluctant but pitiful. You did not die! you did not get the shape of a stag, no poking horns raised themselves on your brow. You lost the light of your eyes, but you live! and the brilliancy of the eyes Athena transplanted to your mind. Archeress is more deadly in anger than Tritogeneia. O that she had given me a pain like that! O that she also had attacked the eyes, as Athena did! O that she had transformed my mind with my form—for I have the alien shape of a beast, yet a man's feeling is in me! Do beasts ever lament their own death? They live without thought, and know not their end. I alone keep a sensible mind perishing: I drop intelligent tears, under the brows of a beast! Now for the first time, my hounds, you are really wild; when before have you hunted a lion with frenzied leap like this!

<sup>354</sup> "Sing a dirge for Actaion, my beloved hills! Yes I beseech you, and the beasts do the like! Cithairon, tell Autoñoë what you know; with stony

<sup>a</sup> He was blinded for seeing Athena as she bathed; cf. Callimachos, *Hymns* v. 57 ff.

## NONNOS

δάκρυσι πετραίοισιν ἐμὴν ἀγόρευε τελευταίην  
καὶ κύνας οἰστροθέντας ἀφειδέας. ὤμοι ἀνάγκης,  
αὐτὸς ἐμαῖς παλάμησιν ἐμοὺς ἔθρεψα φωνῆας.  
αἶθε λέων με δάμασσεν ὀρίδρομος, αἶθέ με σύρων 360  
πόρδαλις αἰολόνωτος ἀνέσχισεν, αἶθέ με πικροῖς  
ἀμφιπαγεῖς ὀνύχεσσι ἀφειδέσι λυσσάδες ἄρκτοι  
νεβροφανῆ χαροποῖσιν ἐδαιτρεύσαντο γενείοις,  
μηδὲ κύνες με δάμασσαν ὀμήθεες· οὐκέτι μορφῆν,  
οὐκέτι γινώσκουσιν ἐμὴν ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ.” 365

Ἐμθανῆς τὰδ’ ἔλεξε, καὶ οὐκ αἶοντα λιτῶν  
θηρείῃ κύνα μάργον ἐλίσσετο πενθάδι φωνῆ·  
μύθους μὲν προέηκεν ἐχέφρονας, ἀντὶ δὲ φωνῆς  
ἀνδρομέης κελάδησεν ἀσημάντου θρόος ἠχοῦς.

Ἦδη δ’ αὐτοτέλεστος ὀρεστιάς ἵπτατο Φῆμη 370  
Αὐτονόῃ βοόωσα κυνοσπάδα παιδὸς ἀνάγκην,  
οὐ μὲν ὅπως ἐλάφοιο δασύτριχα δύσατο μορφῆν,  
ἀλλ’ ὅτι μόνον ὄλωλε. φιλοστόργω δὲ μενοιῶνῃ  
νήλιπος ἀκρήδεμνος ἰμάσσετο πένθει μήτηρ·

καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδάϊξεν, ὄλον δ’ ἔρρηξε χιτῶνα, 375  
πενθαλείοις δ’ ὀνύχεσσι εἰς ἐχάραξε παρειᾶς  
αἵματι φοινίξασα, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ  
παιδοκόμων ἐρύθηνε φερέσβιον ἄντυγα μαζῶν  
μνησαμένη τοκετοῖο· φιλοθρήνου δὲ προσώπου  
δάκρυσιν ἀενάοισιν ἐλούσατο φάρεα νύμφη. 380

καὶ κύνες Ἀκταίωτος ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο μολόντες  
μῦθον ἐπιστώσαντο δυσάγγελον· ἠιθέου γὰρ  
δάκρυσι σιγαλείοισιν ἐμαντεύοντο τελευταίην.  
μυρομένους δ’ ὀρώωσα πολὺ πλεον ἔστενε μήτηρ·  
καὶ πολιὴν πλοκαμίδα γέρων ἀπεκείρατο Κάδμος, 385  
Ἄρμονίῃ δ’ ἰάχησε· φιλοκλαύτων δὲ γυναικῶν  
συμφερτῆ βαρῦδουπος ὄλον δόμον ἔβρεμεν ἠχώ.

tears describe to Aristaios my father, my end and the maddened hounds unmerciful. O dreadful fate ! With my own hands I fed my murderers ! If only a hillranging lion had brought me low, if only a dapple-back panther had dragged me and torn me, if only furious bears had pierced me about with sharp merciless claws, and feasted on the seeming fawn with flashing jaws, not my own familiar hounds had brought me down : no longer they know my shape, no longer the voice with a sound so strange ! ”

<sup>366</sup> Half dead he spoke, and as he prayed, the cruel hound did not understand the prayers poured out in sorrow with the voice of a beast ; the stories he told had meaning, but instead of a human voice, only a noise of unmeaning sound rang out.

<sup>370</sup> Already Rumour self born had flown from the hills to Autonoë, proclaiming her son's fate torn to pieces by his dogs : not indeed that he had donned the thickhaired shape of a stag, only that he was dead. His mother in her passionate love, unshod, unveiled, was scourged by grief. She tore her hair, she rent all her smock, she scored her cheeks with her nails in sorrow till they were red with blood ; baring her bosom, she reddened the lifegiving round of the breasts which had nursed her children, in memory of her son ; over her sorrowing face the tears ran in a ceaseless flood and drenched her robes. Actaion's hounds returning from the mountain confirmed the tidings of woe, for they revealed the young man's end by their silent tears. When the mother saw their mourning she wailed louder still. Old Cadmos shore off his hoary hair, Harmonia cried aloud ; the whole house resounded heavybooming with the noise of women wailing in concert.

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Αὐτονόη δ' ὁμόφοιτος Ἀρισταίῳ παρακοίτη  
 ἦε μαστεύουσα πολύπλανα λείψανα νεκροῦ·  
 εἶδε καὶ οὐ γίνωσκεν ἔδν γόνον, ἔδρακε μορφήν 390  
 δαιδαλέης ἐλάφοιο καὶ οὐκ ἴδεν ἀνδρὸς ὄπωπῆν,  
 πολλάκι δ' ἀγνώστοιο παρέστιχεν ὄστέα νεβροῦ  
 ἐν χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο καὶ οὐ μάθεν· ὄλλυμένου γὰρ  
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ δοκέεσκεν ἰδεῖν βροτοειδέα μορφήν.  
 δύσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι· ἄλλοφυῆ γὰρ 395  
 λείψανα παιδὸς ὄπωπεν, ἀτεκμάρτου δὲ προσώπου  
 γαμφηλὰς ἐνόησε καὶ οὐκ ἴδε κύκλον ὄπωπῆς,  
 καὶ κεράων ἔψαυσε καὶ υἱέος οὐ μάθε κόρσῃν·  
 λεπταλέους πόδας εὔρε καὶ οὐκ ἐφράσσατο ταρσοῦς,  
 λεπταλέους πόδας εἶδε καὶ οὐκ ἴδε κύκλα πεδίλων. 400  
 δύσμορον Αὐτονόην οὐ μέμφομαι· οἰχομένου γὰρ  
 ὀφθαλμοῦς βροτέους οὐκ ἔδρακεν, οὐκ ἴδε μορφῆς  
 ἀνδρομέης ἴνδαλμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐνόησεν ἰούλων  
 ἀνθεῖ πορφυρέῳ κεχαραγμένον ἀνθερεῶνα.  
 φοιταλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι διερχομένη ράχιν ὕλης 405  
 τρηχαλέης ἐπάτησε δυσέμβατα νῶτα κολώνης·  
 λυσιχίτων ἀπέδιλος· ὀριπλανέων δ' ἀπὸ μόχθων  
 νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἦλθεν· ἐπ' ἀπρήκτῳ δὲ μενοινῆ  
 ἀχνημένη μόγις εὔδε σὺν αἰνοτόκῳ παρακοίτη.  
 ἄμφω δὲ σκιεροῖσιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείροις, 410  
 ὄμμασιν ἀρπάξαντες ἀηδονίου πτερὸν Ὑπνου.

Ψυχὴ δ' ἠιθέοιο κατηφέει πατρὶ παρέστη  
 στικτὸν ἔχων ἐλάφου σκιοῖεν δέμας, ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ  
 ἔμφρονα δάκρυα χεῦε, καὶ ἀνδρομέη φάτο φωνῆ·  
 “ὦ πάτερ, ὑπνώεις, καὶ ἐμὴν οὐκ οἶδας ἀνάγκην· 415  
 ἔγρεο καὶ γίνωσκε νόθην ἀγνωστον ὄπωπῆν,  
 ἔγρεο καὶ πήχυνε φίλης ἐλάφοιο κεραίην,

<sup>388</sup> Autonoë along with Aristaios her husband went in search of the scattered remains of the dead. She saw her son, but knew him not; she beheld the shape of a dappled deer and saw no aspect of a man. Often she passed the bones of a fawn unrecognized, lying on the ground, and did not understand; for her boy was dead, and she looked to find a human shape. I blame not unhappy Autonoë. The relics of her son which met her eyes were of alien shape; she noticed the jaws of a face unrecognized and did not see the circle of his countenance, touched horns and did not know a son's temples, found slim legs and did not trace his feet, saw slim legs and saw not the rounded boots. I blame not unhappy Autonoë; she saw not the human eyes of him that was gone, she saw no image of a manly shape, she saw not the well-known chin marked with the dark flower of bloom. Passing over the forest ridges with wandering feet, she trod the rough back of the rugged hill, unshod, with loosened robe, and returned home from the mountainranging task; grieving for her unsuccessful cares she fell asleep at last beside her husband, unhappy father! Both were haunted by shadowy dreams, their eyes glimpsing the wing of a nightingale sleep.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>412</sup> The young man's ghost stood by his disconsolate father, wearing the shadowy form of a dappled stag; but from his eyelids he poured tears of understanding and spoke with a human voice:

<sup>415</sup> "You sleep, my father, and you know not my fate. Wake, and recognize my unknown changeling looks; wake, and embrace the horn of a stag you

<sup>a</sup> The wakeful sleep of the nightingale mourning for her son is proverbial.

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καὶ κύσον ἔμφρονα θῆρα, τὸν Αὐτονόης τέκε γαστήρ.  
 αὐτὸν ὀπιπεύεις με, τὸν ἔτρεφες· ἀμφότερον γὰρ  
 δέρκεαι Ἀκταίωνα καὶ Ἀκταίωνος ἀκούεις. 420  
 εἰ παλάμην ποθέεις καὶ δάκτυλα παιδὸς ἀφάσσειν,  
 προσθιδίους σκοπίαζε πόδας, καὶ χεῖρα νοήσεις·  
 εἰ κεφαλὴν ποθέεις, κεφαλὴν ἐλάφοιο δοκεύοις·  
 εἰ βροτέους κροτάφους, δολιχὰς σκοπίαζε κεραίας·  
 εἰ πόδας Ἀκταίωνος, ὀπισθιδίην ἶδε χηλὴν. 425  
 εἰ μελέων τρίχας εἶδες, ἐμοὶ γεγάασι χιτῶνες.  
 υἴα, πάτερ, γίνωσκε, τὸν οὐκ ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων·  
 υἴα, πάτερ, στενάχιζε, τὸν οὐκ ἐφύλαξε Κιθαιρῶν.  
 ἄλλοφυῆ σέο παῖδα κατηφέι κεῦθε κονίη. 429  
 μὴ σε παραπλάγξειε νόθη καὶ ἄπιστος ὀπωπή· 431  
 μὴ τεὸν ἀκτερείστον ὀλωλότα νεβρὸν ἐάσης. 430  
 αἴθε, πάτερ, με φύλαξας ἀήθεα θηροσυνάων· 432  
 οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ πόθον εἶχον ἐρημάδος ἰοχαίρης,  
 οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ δέμας εἶδον Ὀλύμπιον. αἴθε δὲ κούρης  
 θνητῆς εἶχον ἔρωτα· χαμαιγενέας δὲ γυναῖκας 435  
 καλλεΐψας ἑτέροισι καὶ ὠκυμόρους ὑμεναίους  
 ἀθανάτην ἐπόθησα· χολωμένης δὲ θεαίνης  
 δεῖπνον ἐμῶν σκυλάκων γενόμεν, πάτερ·  
εἰσὶ κολῶναι
 μάρτυρες· εἰ σκοπέλοις οὐ πείθειαι, εἴρεο Νύμφας  
 Νηιάδας· δεδάασι δ' ἐμαὶ δρῦες· ἰσοτύπους δὲ 440  
 θῆρας ἐμοὺς ἐρέεινε, καὶ οὖς ἐκάλεσσα νομῆας.  
 ἀλλά, πάτερ, πυμάτην πόρε μοι χάριν, ἀφραδέας δὲ  
 πένθος ἔχων φιλότεκνον ἐμοὺς μὴ κτεῖνε φονῆας,  
 παιδοφόνους οἴκτειρον ἀμεμφέας· ἡμετέραις γὰρ  
 θηρείαις ἀέκοντες ἀπεπλάγχθησαν ὀπωπαῖς. 445  
 τίς δὲ κύων ἐλάφου ποτὲ φεΐδεται; ἢ τίς ἀνὴρ  
 νεβροφόνους σκυλάκεσσι χολώεται; ἂ πόσα δειλοὶ  
 κυκλάδας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περιτροχόωσι κολῶνας,



love, kiss a wild beast with understanding, one born of Autoon's womb! I whom you behold am that very one you brought up; you both see Actaion and hear Actaion's voice. If you desire to clasp your boy's hand and fingers, look at my forefeet and you shall know my hands. If you want my head, behold the head of a stag; if human temples, look at the long horns; if Actaion's feet, see the hindhoof. If you have seen my hairy coat, it was my clothing. Know your son, my father, whom Apollo did not save! Mourn your son, my father, whom Cithairon did not protect! Cover in the sad dust your boy in disguise, and be not misled by this changeling incredible aspect, that you may not leave your dead fawn unburied and unhonoured.

<sup>432</sup> "Father, if you had only kept me unversed in hunting! I should never have desired the Archeress of the wilds, I should never have seen the Olympian shape. If only I had loved a mortal girl! But I left earthborn women and quickfated wedlock to others, and I desired an immortal: the goddess was angry, and I became a dinner for my dogs, father—the hills are my witnesses, or if you do not believe rocks, ask the Naiad nymphs—my trees know all, ask my wild beasts (with forms like mine) and the shepherds whom I summoned.

<sup>442</sup> "I do beg, my father, for one last grace: they knew not what they did, so do not kill my slayers, in your love and sorrow for your child; pity those who slew your son, for they are not to blame—they did not mean it, they were misled by my beastlike looks to take me for a beast. What hound ever spares a stag? What man is angry with dogs for killing a fawn? How the poor creatures scamper

καὶ νέκυν ἰχνεύουσι, τὸν ἕκτανον· ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ  
 δάκρυα μὲν προχέουσιν ἐχέφρονα, καὶ ποσὶν ἄκροις 450  
 δίκτυα πηχύνουσι φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ δεσμῶ<sup>1</sup>  
 ἀνδράσιν ἀχνυμένοισιν εὐκότες, ἡμετέρῃ δὲ  
 πενθαλαίαις ὑλακῆσιν ἐπικλαίουσι χαμεύνη.  
 ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κτεῖνε γοήμονας· ἡμετέρου γὰρ  
 δέρματα λαχνήεντος ἐθηήσαντο προσώπου, 455  
 οὐδὲ λιταῖς πείθοντο, καὶ οὐκ ἀνέκοψαν ὀδόντας  
 ἀλλοίης αἰόντες ἐμῆς μυκῆματα φωνῆς,  
 καὶ κινυροῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐμὴν ἐρέεινον ἐρίπνην·  
 ‘ σήμερον Ἀκταίωνα τίς ἤρπασεν, εἶπατε, πέτραι,  
 πῆ δρόμον ἀμφιέπει κεμαδοσσόον, εἶπατε, Νύμφαι.’ 460  
 τοῖα κύνες φθέγγαντο· καὶ ἀντιάχησε κολώνη·  
 ‘ τίς κεμὰς οὐρεσίφοιτος ἔχει κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην;  
 οὐκ ἔλαφον πυθόμην ἐλαφηβόλον· ἀλλοφυῆς δὲ  
 Ἀκταίων μετὰμειπτο καὶ ἔπλετο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων,  
 ὅς ποτε θήρας ἔπεφνεν· ὑπ’ ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς 465  
 Ἀγρέος αἶμα φέρων ἀγρεύεται ἰοχεαίρη.’  
 τοῖα μὲν ἀχνυμένων σκυλάκων ἐβόησαν ἐρίπναι.  
 πολλάκι δ’ Ἄρτεμις εἶπεν ἐμῶ μαστῆρι φονῆι·  
 ‘ λῆγε, κύων βαρύμοχθε, πολυπλανὲς ἴχνος ἐλίσσων·  
 δίζεαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς αἰερείς, 470  
 δίζεαι Ἀκταίωνα, τὸν ἕκτανες· ἦν ἐθελήσης,  
 ὄψεαι ὀστέα μούνα τεῆς ἔτι λείψανα φορβῆς.’  
 ἀλλά, πάτερ, κατὰ κόσμον ἐμὸν μόρον εἰς σὲ βοήσω.  
 θάμνος ἔην τανύφυλλος, ὁ μὲν φυλῆς, ὁ δ’ ἐλαίης·  
 δειλὸς ἐγώ· Φυλῆς γὰρ ἐπώνυμον ἔρνος ἐάσας 475  
 πρέμνον ἐς ἀγχικέλευθον ἀνέδραμον ἀγνὸν ἐλαίης  
 Ἀρτέμιδος χροῖα γυμνὸν ἀθηήτοιο δοκεύων.  
 ἀασάμην· διδύμην γὰρ ἀτάσθαλον ὕβριν ἀέξων

<sup>1</sup> So mss.: some conjecture θεσμῶ.

\* The last six words are from Hom. *Od.* v. 477.

about the hills all round, this way and that way, searching for the thing they have killed! They drop understanding tears from their eyes, and throw their forepaws round the nets with what might be an affectionate embrace, like sorrowing men, and weep over the place where I lie with mournful bellings. Yes, I pray you, do not kill the mourners! It was my face, but they saw only a hairy skin; they did not obey my prayers, they did not stay their teeth, because they heard only the bellow of my changeling voice, and in whimpering tones questioned my cliff—‘To-day someone has stolen Actaion: tell us, Rocks, whither he plies his prickethasing course? Tell us, Nymphs!’ So the dogs; and the hill made answer, ‘What hillranging pricket hunts the pricket himself? I never heard of a stag turned stagshooter! but Actaion has changed into another shape and become a fawn with a mind, he who once killed the wild beasts—he who has the blood of the Hunter in him is hunted by a manslayer himself, by Archeress!’ So shouted the cliffs to the sorrowful hounds. Often Artemis said to my hunting murderer, ‘Down, heavylabouring hound! trace no more the wandering slot. Do you seek Actaion whom you carry in your belly? Do you seek Actaion whom you have killed? If you like, you shall see the orts of your meal, nothing but bones.’

<sup>473</sup> “But I will tell you my fate, father, in due order. There was a longleafy thicket, part of wild-olive, part of orchard olive.<sup>a</sup> Like a fool I left Phylia’s namesfellow growth<sup>b</sup> and scrambled up a handy branch of the pure olive, to spy out the naked skin of Artemis—forbidden sight! I was mad—

<sup>b</sup> Presumably a nymph.

## NONNOS

Παλλάδος εἰς φυτὸν ἦλθον, ἰδεῖν δέμας ἰοχαίρης  
 τολμηροῖς βλεφάροισιν, ὅθεν βαρύμηνης ἀπειλή 480  
 ἔχραεν Ἀκταίῳ καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος καὶ Ἀθήνης.  
 ἄρτι γὰρ ἰδρώουσα πυραυγέι καύματος ἀτμῶ  
 Ἄρτεμις εὐκαμάτοιο μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης  
 λούετο μὲν καθαροῖσιν ἐν ὕδασι, λουομένης δέ 485  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀμάρυσσεν ἐμοὺς ἀντώπιος αἴγλη  
 χιονέας ἀκτίνας ἀκοντίζουσα ρεέθροις·  
 φαίης δ', ὡς παρὰ χεῦμα παλίμπορον Ὀκεανοῖο  
 ἔσπερή σελάγιζε δι' ὕδατος ὄμπνια Μήνη.  
 Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν ὀμήλυδες· ἴαχε Λοξῶ 490  
 σύνθροον Οὐπιν ἔχουσα, γαληναίῳ δέ ρεέθρῳ  
 νηχομένην ἀνέκοψε κασιγνήτην Ἐκαέργην.  
 καὶ ζόφος ἠερόφοιτος ἐμὰς ἐκάλυψεν ὀπωπὰς·  
 ἐκ δὲ φυτοῦ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησα κονίη,  
 καὶ λάχον ἐξαπίνης δέμας αἰόλον, ἀντὶ δὲ μορφῆς 495  
 ἀνδρομέης ἄγνωστον ἐμὸν δέμας ἔσκεπε λάχνη,  
 καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ὁμῶς ἐχάραξαν ὀδόντας.  
 σιγήσω τάδε πάντα· τί δεύτερον ἄλγος ἐνύψω;  
 μή σε καὶ ὑπνώοντα πάλιν στοναχῆσι πελάσσω.  
 πολλάκι δένδρον ἐκεῖνο παρέστιχες, ὀππόθι κεῖται 500  
 λείψανον Ἀκταίῳ, ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ λυθέντα  
 πολλάκι δαιδαλέοιο παρήλυθες ὀστέα νεβροῦ  
 οἰκτρὰ πολυβρώτων μελέων, μεμερισμένα γαίῃ,  
 ἀλλήλων ἀπάνευθεν. ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἄλλο βοήσω  
 πιστὸν ἐμοῦ θανάτου σημήιον· ἀρχεκάκου γὰρ 505  
 ὄψεαι ἰοδόκην καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ἐγγύθι δένδρου,  
 εἰ μὴ καὶ πτερόεντες ἐμορφώθησαν ὀιστοί,  
 εἰ μὴ χωομένη πάλιν Ἄρτεμις εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης  
 τόξον ἐμὸν μετάμειψεν, ἐμὴν δ' ἠλλαξε φαρέτρην.  
 ὄλβιος Ὀττος ἔην, ὅτι μὴ πέλε νεβρὸς ἀλήτης·

I committed two outrageous sins, when I climbed Pallas's tree to look on the Archeress's body with bold eyes ; from which the danger of heavy resentment attacked Actaion, both from Artemis and from Athena. For Artemis newly sweating in the vapour of the oppressive fiery heat, after coursing her familiar game, was bathing in the pure water ; and as she bathed, her brilliance shooting snowy gleams on the waters against my eyes dazzled me. You might have said the full moon of evening was flashing through the water near the refluent stream of Oceanos. The Naiads all shrieked together ; Loxo cried aloud with Upis in concert, and checked her sister Hecaerge who was swimming in the calm stream. Darkness pervaded the air and covered my eyes ; I slipt down from the tree headlong into the dust, and suddenly got me a dappled shape. Instead of a human form I had a shape unknown, covered all over with hair, and the hunting-dogs all at once drove their fangs into me.

<sup>497</sup> " But I will not speak of all that—why should I inflict a second pain ? or I may cause you to groan again even in sleep. Often you passed that tree where lies what is left of Actaion ; often you went by those pitiable bones of a dappled fawn, disjoined, scattered on the ground far apart, torn from the flesh by many eaters. But I will tell you another sign of my death which you will believe. You will see my quiver and bow near the tree where the trouble began, unless the winged arrows have been transformed also, unless Artemis in her anger has changed my bow back to its native wood and transformed the quiver. Otos<sup>a</sup> was happy, that

<sup>a</sup> Brother of Ephialtes and killed with him (usually by Artemis, but the story varies) for trying to rape her.

NONNOS

- οὐ κύνες Ὠρίωνα κυνοσσόον . . . αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸν 510  
 σκορπίος Ἀκταίωνα κατέκτανεν ὀξεί κέντρῳ.  
 δειλὸς ἐγώ· κενεὴ γὰρ ἐμὸν νόον ἤπαφε φήμη·  
 εἰσαῖων δ', ὅτι Φοῖβος, ἀδελφεὸς Ἰοχεαίρης,  
 Κυρήνη παρίαυεν, ἐμὸν δ' ἔσπειρε τοκῆα,  
 Ἀρτεμιν ὠισάμην ἐμφύλιον εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν. 515  
 καὶ πάλιν εἰσαῖων, ὅτι νυμφίον ἀργέτις Ἥως  
 ἤρπασεν Ὠρίωνα καὶ Ἐνδυμίωνα Σελήνη,  
 καὶ βροτὸν Ἰασίωνα πόσιν προσπτύξατο Δηῶ,  
 ὠισάμην, ὅτι τοῖος ἔην νόος Ἰοχεαίρης.  
 ἀλλά, πάτερ, κτερείζε νόθην κεραελκέα μορφήν, 520  
 μηδὲ λίπης ἐτέροισι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι.  
 ἦν δὲ κατακρύψης ἐμὰ λείψανα κοιλάδι γαίῃ,  
 δῶρον ἐμοὶ καὶ τοῦτο χαρίζεο, τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς  
 πῆξον ἐμὸν παρὰ τύμβρον,  
 ὃ περ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.  
 ἀλλὰ βέλος καὶ τόξον ἔα, πάτερ, ὅττι βελέμνοις 525  
 τέρπεται ἰοχεαῖρα καὶ ἀγκύλα τόξα τιταίνει.  
 ζῳότυπον δ' ἰκέτευε πολύτροπον, ὄφρα χαράξῃ  
 στικτὸν ἐμὸν νόθον εἶδος  
 ἀπ' αὐχένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους·  
 μῦνον ἐμοῦ βροτέοιο τύπον τεύξειε προσώπου,  
 πάντες ἵνα γνώσιν ἐμὴν ψευδήμονα μορφήν. 530  
 μὴ δέ, πάτερ, γράψειας ἐμὸν μόρον· οὐ δύναται γὰρ  
 δακρυχέειν ἐμὸν εἶδος ὁμοῦ καὶ πότμον ὀδίτης."'  
 Εἶπεν ὄνειρέϊη νοερὴ κεμάς, ἀπροϊδῆς δὲ  
 ὦχετο πωτήεσσα· καὶ Αὐτονόης παρακοίτης  
 ἀνθορεν ὀμφήεντος ἀπορρίψας πτερόν Ὑπνου. 535  
 ἐκ λεχέων δὲ δάμαρτα πολυπτοίητον ἐγειρας  
 πέφραδε θηρείην κεραελκέα παιδὸς ὀπωπῆν,  
 καὶ μύθους ἀγόρευεν, ὅσους φάτο νεβρὸς ἐχέφρων.

he became no wandering fawn. The dogs did not rend Orion<sup>a</sup> the dogmaster. Would that a scorpion had killed Actaion also with a sharp sting! I was a fool—empty rumour deceived my mind. I heard that Phoibos, the Archeress's brother, slept with Cyrene and begat my father, and I thought to draw Artemis to marriage in the family. I heard again that shining Dawn carried off Orion for a bridegroom, and Selene Endymion, and Deo embraced a mortal husband Iasion,<sup>b</sup> and I thought the Archeress's mind the same.

<sup>520</sup> "I beg you, father, give burial to the changeling stronghorned shape, let it not be a toy for other dogs! And if you cover what is left of me in the hollowed earth, grant me this boon also: fix my bow and arrows beside my tomb, which is the honour due to the dead. But no, father, never mind bow and arrows, because Archeress delights in shafts and bends a curving bow. And ask a skilful artist to carve my changeling dappled shape from neck to feet, but let him make only my face of human form, that all may recognize my shape as false. But do not inscribe my fate, father; for the wayfarer cannot shed a tear for fate and shape together."

<sup>533</sup> So spoke in the dream the intelligent pricket, and without warning it was flown and gone. Autoño's husband leapt up, and threw off the wing of this revealing sleep. He aroused his wife much disturbed, and described her boy's stronghorned animal form, and recounted the story which the intelligent

<sup>a</sup> See note on iv. 338.

<sup>b</sup> Orion was among the many lovers of Eos, Hom. *Od.* v. 121; for Selene and Endymion, see iv. 223; Demeter lay with Iasion in a ploughed field (no doubt a reflection of some old rite of fertility), Hom. *Od.* v. 125.

## NONNOS

καὶ γόος ἔπλετο μᾶλλον· Ἄρισταίῳ δὲ νύμφη  
 ἦε μαστεύουσα τὸ δεύτερον, ἄχνημένη δὲ 540  
 πυκνὰ τανυπρέμνοιο διέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης·  
 καὶ κραναῶν στείβουσα δυσέμβατα κύκλα κελεύθων  
 κεῖνο μόγισ φυτὸν εὔρε μαιφόνον, εὔρε καὶ αὐτὴν  
 ἰοδόκην καὶ τόξον ἔρημαίῳ παρὰ δένδρῳ.  
 ὄστέα δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυτῆ<sup>1</sup> μεμερισμένα γαίῃ, 545  
 λείψανα πεπτηῶτα, μόγισ συνελέξατο μήτηρ,  
 καὶ φιλή παλάμη γλυκερὴν πήχυνε κεραίην,  
 καὶ κύσεν αἰνομόροιο δασύτριχα χεῖλα νεβροῦ.  
 ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα νέκυν τυμβεύσατο μήτηρ,  
 πάντα δέ οἱ παρὰ τύμβον ἐπέγραφεν, ὅσσα τοκῆι 550  
 ἔννουχος Ἄκταίωνος ὄνειρεῖ φάτο φωνή.

Ἄφρα μὲν ἔβρεμε πένθος Ἄρισταίῳ μελάθρῳ,  
 τόφρα δὲ καλλίστερος Ἐχίονι τίκτεν Ἀγαυή  
 Γηγενέος θρασὺν νῖα θεημάχον· ἀρτιφάτου δὲ  
 πένθεος ἰσταμένοιο φερώνυμος ἔπλετο Πενθεύς. 555

Καὶ Νεφέλης μετὰ λέκτρα,  
 μετὰ προτέρους ὕμεναίους  
 εἰς θαλάμους Ἀθάμαντος ἐκώμασε παρθένος Ἰνώ·  
 αἰνοπαθῆ δὲ Λέαρχον ἐγείνατο καὶ Μελικέρτην  
 ποντιάς ἔσσομένη μετανάστιος, οἷα τιθήνη  
 παιδοκόμος Βρομίῳ φερέσβιος· ἀμφοτέροις γὰρ 560  
 μαζὸν ἓνα ξύνωσε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ.  
 καὶ Σεμέλη πεφύλακτο φαεινότεροις ὕμεναίσι·

<sup>1</sup> χυτῆ has no clear meaning here. H. J. Rose suggests to transpose χυτῆ . . . πεπτηῶτα and place them between κωκύουσα and νέκυν in 549.

<sup>a</sup> See bks. xliv.-xlvi.



fawn had told. Then there was more lamentation. The bride of Aristaios went on the search again, and passed often through the heart of the longbranching bush; sadly treading the difficult circuits of the rocky ways, she found with pains that fatal growth, she found even the quiver and bow beside a lonely trunk. With much trouble the mother gathered the fallen relics, bones scattered here and there over the strewn earth. She clasped the sweet horn with loving hand, and kissed the hairy lips of the bloodstained fawn. Wailing loudly the mother entombed the dead, and carved along the tomb all that the voice in a dream of the night had told Actaion's father.

<sup>552</sup> At the time when mourning resounded in the hall of Aristaios, fairbosomed Agauë brought forth to Echion the Earthborn a bold god-assaulting son<sup>a</sup>: he was named Pentheus, the man of sorrows, from the sorrow arising for the newly slain.

<sup>556</sup> After the bridals of Nephele of the earlier marriages,<sup>b</sup> maiden Ino went with revels to the bridal chamber of Athamas. She bore Learchos destined to woe, and Melicertes. She was afterwards to find a home in the sea, as cherishing nurse for the childhood of Bromios: to both she gave one common breast, Palaimon and Dionysos. Semele was kept

<sup>b</sup> Nonnos here follows that variant of the complicated tradition of Athamas's marriages which gives him two wives: (1) Nephele, who left him for some reason, after bearing Phrixos and Helle; (2) Ino. Because she nursed Dionysos, Hera was angry with her and drove Athamas (and in some forms of the story Ino herself) mad. Athamas then killed his son Learchos; Ino ran away with Melicertes in her arms and jumped off a cliff into the sea. There she was changed into a sea-goddess and henceforth called Leucothea, while her child, also becoming immortal, was known as Palaimon.

## NONNOS

ἤδη γὰρ μενέαινε νέον Διόνυσον ἀέξειν,  
 ταυροφνὲς μίμημα παλαιγενέος Διονύσου,  
 αἰνομόρου Ζαγρῆος ἔχων πόθον ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς, 565  
 ὄν τέκε Περσεφόνεια δρακοντείη Διὸς εὐνή  
 σύγγαμος οὐδαίιο μελαγχλαίνου βασιλῆος,  
 Ζεὺς ὅτε πουλυέλικτος, ἔχων ψευδήμονα μορφήν,  
 μείλιχος ἱμερόεντι δράκων κυκλούμενος ὄλκῳ  
 Περσεφόνης σύλησεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην 570  
 κευθομένης, ὅτε πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,  
 παιδὶ μιῇ θέλγοντο καὶ ἀγχιγάμου περὶ κούρης  
 Κυπριδίην ἔριν εἶχον ἀσυλήτων ὑμεναίων  
 δωροφόροι· μὴ πω δὲ μολῶν ἐπὶ δέμνια Πειθοῦς  
 ῥάβδον ἔην ἐτίταινε γέρας θαλαμηπόλον Ἑρμῆς, 575  
 ὦρεγε δ' ἔδνα γάμοιο λύρην εὐνυμον Ἀπόλλων,  
 καὶ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα γαμήλιον ὥπασεν Ἄρης  
 ἀσπίδα δῶρον ἄγων νυμφῆιον, εὐκελάδου δὲ  
 Λήμνιος ἀρτιτέλεστον ἔτι πνεύοντα καμίνου  
 ποικίλον ὄρμον ἔτεινε πολύχροον ἀμφιγυήεις· 580  
 ἤδη γὰρ προτέρην ἀέκων ἠρνήσατο νύμφην  
 Ἄρει βακχευθεῖσαν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην·  
 δείκνυε καὶ μακάρεσσι  
 γαμοκλόπον ἄρπαγα λέκτρων,  
 ἀγγελίη Φαέθοντος ἀραχναίῳ τινὶ δεσμῷ  
 γυμνῇ γυμνὸν Ἄρηα περισφίγξας Ἀφροδίτη. 585

\* Zagreus, a deity of unknown origin (the name pretty certainly is not Greek, possibly Phrygian), appears first in connexion with Orphism, a cult which arose probably in the sixth century B.C. The son of Zeus and Persephone, he was murdered as described by Nonnos in bk. vi. No early

for a more brilliant union, for already Zeus ruling on high intended to make a new Dionysos grow up, a bullshaped copy of the older Dionysos; since he thought with regret of the illfated Zagreus.<sup>a</sup> This was a son born to Zeus in dragonbed by Persephoneia, the consort of the blackrobed king of the underworld; when Zeus put on a deceiving shape of many coils, as a gentle dragon twining around her in lovely curves, and ravished the maidenhood of unwedded Persephoneia; though she was hidden when all that dwelt in Olympos were bewitched by this one girl, rivals in love for the marriageable maid, and offered their dowers for an unsmirched bridal. Hermes had not yet gone to the bed of Peitho,<sup>b</sup> and he offered his rod as a gift to adorn her chamber. Apollo produced his melodious harp as a marriage-gift. Ares brought spear and cuirass for the wedding, and shield as a bride-gift. Lemnian Hephaistos held out a curious necklace of many colours, newmade and breathing still of the furnace, poor hobbler! for he had already, though unwilling, rejected his former bride Aphrodite, when he spied her rioting with Ares; he displayed her to the Blessed and the womanthief who had robbed his bed, when by information from Phaëthon he had entangled them in a spider's net, naked Ares with naked Aphrodite.<sup>c</sup>

account of this survives, but Pindar manifestly alludes to it, see Rose in *Greek Poetry and Life*, pp. 79-96. At this early period he had probably had nothing whatever to do with Dionysos, but later the idea grew up that the two were somehow identical, and Nonnos makes this identification the basis of his poem.

<sup>b</sup> Hermes has no consort; to say that he married the goddess of Persuasion is mere allegory (he is the celestial patron of oratory).

<sup>c</sup> Hom. *Od.* viii. 266.

NONNOS

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐθέλεγτο Περσεφονείῃ·  
 καὶ Διὶ παπταίνοντι φυῆς εὐπάρθενον ἦβην  
 ὀφθαλμὸς προκέλευθος ἐγίνετο πομπὸς Ἑρώτων,  
 Περσεφόνης ἀκόρητος· ὑπὸ κραδίην δέ οἱ αἰεὶ  
 λαίλαπες ἐρροΐζησαν ἀκοιμήτοιο μερίμνης· 590  
 καὶ Παφίης κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνήπτετο μείζονι πυρσῶ  
 ἐξ ὀλίγου σπιωθῆρος· ἐπ' εὐκόλπῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ  
 Ζηνὸς ἐρωμανέοντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί.  
 καὶ ποτε χαλκὸν ἔχουσα διαυγέα τέρπετο κούρη  
 κάλλεος ἀντιτύποιο δικασπόλον, αὐτομάτῳ δὲ 595  
 σιγαλέῳ κήρυκι τύπον πιστώσατο μορφῆς  
 ψευδαλέον σκιοέντι δέμας κρίνουσα κατόπτρῳ,  
 μιμηλὴν δ' ἐγέλασεν ἐς εἰκόνα· Περσεφόνῃ δὲ  
 αὐτοχάρακτον ἄγαλμα διοπτεύουσα προσώπου  
 ψευδομένης νόθον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονείης· 600  
 καὶ ποτε διψαλέοιο πυραυγεί καύματος ἀτμῶ  
 καρφαλέης φεύγουσα μεσημβρινὸν ἴχνιον Ὠρης  
 κερκίδος ἰστοπόνων καμάτων ἀμπαύετο κούρη,  
 καὶ διεροὺς ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξασα προσώπου,  
 σφιγγομένην στέρνοισι σαόφρονα λύσατο μίτρην, 605  
 καὶ χροῖα λυσιπόνοισι καθικμαίνουσα λοετροῖς  
 πηγαίῳ πεφόρητο καταψύχοντι ρέέθρῳ,  
 νήματα καλλεΐψασα πεπαρμένα Παλλάδος ἰστῶ.  
 οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθεν ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἀσκεπέος δὲ  
 λουομένης ὄλον εἶδος ἐδέρκετο Περσεφονείης· 610  
 οὐτόσον ἰμείρων ἐπεμήνατο Κυπρογενείῃ,  
 ἣν ποθέων ἀκίχητα γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρη  
 θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἀφρὸν Ἑρώτων,  
 ἔνθεν ἀεξιτόκοιο κερασιδὸς ἔνδοθι Κύπρου  
 Φηρῶν εὐκεράων διδυμόχροος ἦνθεε φύτλη. 615

<sup>586</sup> And Father Zeus was much more bewitched by Persephoneia. When Zeus spied the virgin beauty of her shape, his eye ran ahead of him to guide all the Loves, and could not have enough of Persephone; in his heart storms of unsleeping passion raged without ceasing, and gradually a greater furnace of the Paphian was kindled from a small spark; the gaze of lovemaddened Zeus was enslaved by the lovely breast of the goddess. Once she was amusing herself with a resplendent bronze plate, which reflected her face like a judge of beauty; and she confirmed the image of her shape by this free voiceless herald, testing the unreal form in the shadow of the mirror, and smiling at the mimic likeness. Thus Persephone gazed in the selfgraved portrait of her face, and beheld the selfimpressed aspect of a false Persephoneia. Once in the scorching steam of thirsty heat, the girl would cease the loomtoiling labours of her shuttle at midday to shun the tread of the parching season, and wipe the running sweat from her face; she loosed the modest bodice which held her breast so tight, and moistened her skin with a refreshing bath, floating in the cool running stream, and left behind her threads fixt on the loom of Pallas.<sup>a</sup> But she could not escape the allseeing eye of Zeus. He gazed at the whole body of Persephoneia, uncovered in her bath. Not so wild his desire had been for the Cyprian, when craving but not attaining he scattered his seed on the ground, and shot out the hot foam of love self-sown, where in the fruitful land of horned Cyprus flourished the two-coloured generation of wild

\* Pallas Athena was patron of the arts of women.

## NONNOS

καὶ μεδέων κόσμοιο καὶ οὐρανὸν ἠνιοχεύων  
 εἰς πόθον ἀνχένα κάμψεν ὁ τηλίκος· οὐδὲ κεραυνοί,  
 οὐ στεροπὴ χραίσμησε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης·  
 Ἥρης δ' οἶκον ἔλειπε, λέχος δ' ἀπέειπε Διώνης,  
 Δηοῦς ῥῦψεν ἔρωτα, Θέμιν φύγε, κάλλιπε Λητώ, 620  
 μούνης δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐθέλγετο Περσεφονείης.

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<sup>a</sup> Only Nonnos has preserved this legend of the Centaurs (Pheres; the name is as old as Homer and said to mean simply "wild beasts" in Aiolic), but he mentions it several times (*cf.* xiv. 193; xxxii. 71). The Centaurs are not the children of Ixion and the cloud, but of Zeus and the

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creatures with horns.<sup>a</sup> He—so mighty! the ruler of the universe, the charioteer of heaven, bowed his neck to desire—for all his greatness no thunderbolts, no lightnings helped him against Aphrodite in arms: he left the house of Hera, he refused the bed of Dione, he threw away the love of Deo, he fled from Themis, he deserted Leto—no charm was left for him but only in union with Persephoneia.

earth, fertilized by his seed; and they are horned, not a blend of horse and man. That some real Cypriote legend is involved seems indicated by the discovery in Cyprus of archaic figures more or less Centaur-like but having horns. Why the island itself is called "horned" is not clear.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Δίξωο θέσκελον ἔκτον, ὄπη Ζαγρῆα γεραίρων  
γαίης ἔδρανα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεύς.

Οὐδὲ πατὴρ τότε μῦνος ἔχεν πόθον·

ἄλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ

ἐν βέλος ἴσον ἔχοντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,  
Δηῶης ὑμέναιον ἐεδνώσαντο θεαίνης.

ἔνθα σέλας ῥοδέοιο διαλλάξασα προσώπου  
ἄλγεσι κυμαίνοντα νόον μαστίζετο Δηῶ·

5

καὶ κεφαλῆς γονόεσσαν ἀπεσφήκωσε καλύπτρην,  
αὐχενίης λύσασα καθειμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,

παιδὶ περιφρίσσουσα· βαρνομένης δὲ θεαίνης  
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοισι καθικμαίνοντο παρειαί,

ὅττι τόσους μνηστῆρας ἐνὶ φλογόεντι βελέμνω  
εἰς ἔριν οἰστρηθέντας ὁμοζήλων ὑμεναίων

10

ξυνὸς Ἔρωσ βάκχευεν, ἀμιλλητῆρας Ἐρώτων·  
πάντας μὲν τρομέεσκε, τὸ δὲ πλεόν ὄμπνια μήτηρ

παιδὸς ἔχειν Ἐφαιστον ἐδείδιε χωλὸν ἀκοίτην.

καὶ δόμον Ἀστραίοιο μετέστιχεν εὐποδι ταρσῶ,  
δαίμονος ὀμφήεντος· ὀπισθοπόρων δὲ κομάων

15

ἄπλοκον ἀσταθέεσσω ἐσειέτο βόστρυχον αὔραις.  
τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν ἠγγειλεν Ἐωσφόρος· εἰσαῖων δὲ

ᾠρτο γέρων Ἀστραῖος· ὁ μὲν γραμμῆσι χαράσσω



## BOOK VI

Look for marvels in the sixth, where in honouring  
Zagreus, all the settlements on the earth  
were drowned by Rainy Zeus.

Not the Father alone felt desire ; but all that dwelt in Olympos had the same, struck by one bolt, and wooed for a union with Deo's divine daughter. Then Deo lost the brightness of her rosy face, her swelling heart was lashed by sorrows. She untied the fruitful frontlet <sup>a</sup> from her head, and shook loose the long locks of hair over her neck, trembling for her girl ; the cheeks of the goddess were moistened with self-running tears, in her sorrow that so many wooers had been stung with one fiery shot for a struggle of rival wooing, by maddening Eros, all contending together for their loves. From all the bounteous mother shrank, but specially she feared Hephaistos to be her daughter's lame bedfellow.

<sup>15</sup> She hastened with quick foot to the house of Astraios the god of prophecy ; her hair flowed behind her unbraided and the clusters were shaking in the fitful winds. Eosphoros <sup>b</sup> saw her and brought the news. Old Astraios heard it and arose ; he had

<sup>a</sup> A wreath of corn-ears.

<sup>b</sup> Lucifer, the Morning Star, the same as the Evening Star, the planet Venus.

NONNOS

κυανέην ἐνέπασσε κόνιν περὶ νῶτα τραπέζης, 20  
 καὶ τυπόων ἐλικηδὸν ὑπ' ἀγκυλόδοτον σιδήρω  
 πυθμένα τετράπλευρον ἐπέγραφεν αἴθοπι τέφρῃ,  
 καὶ τύπον ἄλλον ἔτευξεν ἰσογλώχινι τριγώνῳ.  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μεθέηκε καὶ ἤλυθεν ἄγχι θυράων  
 ἀντιόων Δήμητρι· διεσσυμένων δὲ μελάθρου 25  
 Ἔσπερος ἡγεμόνευε, καὶ εἰς θρόνον ἴδρυε Δηῶ  
 πατρὸς ἐοῦ παρὰ θῶκον· ὁμοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιῆ  
 νεκταρέου κεράσαντες ἀπὸ κρητῆρος Ἀῆται  
 δαίμονα λυσιπόνοισιν ἐδεικανόωντο κυπέλλοις  
 υἱέες Ἀστραίοιο· πιεῖν δ' ἠρνήσατο Δηῶ 30  
 Περσεφόνης μεθύουσα μεληδόνι· μουντοτόκοι γὰρ  
 τηλυγέτους διὰ παῖδας αἰεὶ τρομέουσι τοκῆες·  
 ἀλλὰ μόγις παρέπεισεν ἀναινομένην ἔτι Δηῶ  
 ἠδυεπῆς Ἀστραῖος ἔχων θελξίφρονα Πειθῶ.  
 ἔνθα γέρων μέγα δεῖπνον ἐπήρτυεν, ὄφρα μερίμνας 35  
 θυμοδακεῖς Δήμητρος ἀποσκεδάσειε τραπέζῃ.  
 καὶ πίσυρες λαγόνεσσι καθαψάμενοι τελαμῶνας  
 πατρὸς ὑποδρηστήηρες ἐμιτρώθησαν Ἀῆται·  
 νεκταρέῳ δὲ κύπελλα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων  
 Εὐρος ἐωνοχόει, προχόῳ δ' ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ 40  
 εἶχε Νότος, Βορέης δὲ φέρων ἐπέθηκε τραπέζῃ  
 ἀμβροσίην, Ζέφυρος δὲ περιθλίβων θρόον αὐλοῦ  
 εἰαρινοῖς δονάκεσσι μελίζετο θῆλυς Ἀήτης·  
 καὶ στεφάνους ἔπλεξεν Ἐωσφόρος ἄνθεα δῆσας  
 ὀρθρινοῖς κομόωντα δροσιζομένοισι κορύμβοις· 45  
 καὶ νυχίου λαμπτήρος ἐθήμονα πυρσὸν αἰείρας  
 Ἔσπερος ὀρχηστήρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο ταρσῶ  
 πάλλων καμπύλον ἴχνος, ἐπεὶ πέλε πομπὸς Ἐρώτων,  
 καὶ σκαρθμῶ μεμέλητο χοροπλεκέων ὑμεναίων.

\* The ancient mathematician's equivalent of a blackboard.

covered the surface of a table with dark dust,<sup>a</sup> where he was describing in traced lines a circle with the tooth of his rounding tool, within which he inscribed a square in the dark ashes, and another figure with three equal sides and angles. He left all this, and rose and came towards the door to meet Demeter. As they hastened through the hall, Hesperos led Deo to a chair beside his father's seat<sup>b</sup>; with equal affection the Winds, the sons of Astraios, welcomed the goddess with refreshing cups of nectar which was ready mixt in the bowl. But Deo refused to drink, being tipsy with Persephone's trouble: parents of an only child ever tremble for their beloved children.

<sup>33</sup> But Astraios was one of sweet words, who possessed mind-bewitching Persuasion, and with great pains he persuaded Deo to consent while still denying. Then the ancient prepared a great spread, that he might dispel Demeter's heart-piercing cares by his tables. The four Winds fitted aprons round their waists as their father's waiters. Euros held out the cups by the mixing-bowl and poured in the nectar, Notos had the water ready in his jug for the meal,<sup>c</sup> Boreas brought the ambrosia and set it on the table, Zephyros fingering the notes of the hoboy made a tune on his reeds of spring-time—a womanish Wind this! Eosphoros plaited garlands of flowers in posies yet proud with the morning dew; Hesperos held aloft the torch which is wont to give light in the night, and spun about with dancing leg while he tossed high his curving foot—for he is the escort of the Loves, well practised in the skipping tracery of the bridal dance.

<sup>b</sup> He was the son of Astraios.

<sup>c</sup> To wash the hands.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ μετὰ δαῖτα θεὰ κεκόρητο χορείης 50  
 σεισαμένη βαρὺ κέντρον ἀμερσινόοιο μερίμνης,  
 μαντοσύνην ἐρέεινε, φιλοστόργου δὲ γεραιοῦ  
 λαιῆ μὲν παλάμη γονάτων θίγε, λισσομένη δὲ  
 δεξιτερῇ ψαύεσκε βαθυσμήριγγος ὑπήνης·  
 καὶ πολέας μνηστῆρας ἔης μυθήσατο κούρης 55  
 θέσφατα μαστεύουσα παρήγορα· μαντοσύναι γὰρ  
 ἐλπίσιν ἐσσομένησιν ὑποκλέπτουσιν ἀνίας.

Οὐδὲ γέρων Ἄστραῖος ἀναίνετο· μουννοτόκου δὲ  
 κούρης ἀρτιλόχευτα γενέθλια μέτρα νοήσας  
 καὶ χρόνον οὐ πταίοντα καὶ ἀπλανέος δρόμον Ὀρῆς 60  
 ἀρχεγόνου, κάμψας δὲ μετὰτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν  
 ἀμφὶ παλιννόστοιο μετήλυδα κύκλον ἀριθμοῦ  
 ἐκ παλάμης παλάμη διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῶ·  
 καὶ οἱ κεκλομένῳ θεράπων εὐκυκλον αἰείρας  
 σφαῖραν ἐλισσομένην, τύπον αἰθέρος, εἰκόνα κόσμου, 65  
 Ἄστερίων παρέθηκε λαβὼν ἐπὶ πώματι χηλοῦ.  
 ἔνθα γέρων πεπόνητο, καὶ ἄξονος ἄκρον ἐλίσσων  
 Ζωδιακὸν περὶ κύκλον ἔην ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὴν  
 λεύσσων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καὶ ἀπλανέας καὶ ἀλήτας·  
 καὶ πόλον ἀμφελέλιζε· πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ρίπῃ 70  
 εἰς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονι κάμπτετο νύσση  
 ἄστρασι ποιητοῖσι νόθος κυκλούμενος αἰθήρ,  
 ἄξονι μεσσατίῳ τετορημένος· εὖρε δὲ δαίμων  
 σφαῖραν ἰδὼν στεφανηδόν, ὅτι πλήθοντι προσώπων  
 ἀγκύλα συνδέσμοιο διέτρεχε νῶτα Σελήνη, 75  
 καὶ Φαέθων ἰσόμοιρος ἔην ἀντώπιδι Μήνη  
 κέντρῳ ὑποχθονίῳ πεφορημένος, ἀχλυόεις δὲ  
 κῶνος ἀερσιπότητος ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὄξυς ἀνέρπων  
 ἀντίτυπον Φαέθοντος ὄλην ἐκάλυψε Σελήνην·

<sup>50</sup> After the banquet, as soon as the goddess had had enough of the dance, she threw off the heavy goad of mindmaddening care and inquired of the seer's art. She laid her left hand on the knees of the kindly ancient, and with her right touched his deepflowing beard in supplication. She recounted all her daughter's wooers and craved a comfortable oracle ; for divinations can steal away anxieties by means of hopes to come.

<sup>58</sup> Nor did old Astraios refuse. He learnt the details of the day when her only child was new born, and the exact time and veritable course of the season which gave her birth ; then he bent the turning fingers of his hands and measured the moving circle of the ever-recurring number counting from hand to hand in double exchange.<sup>a</sup> He called to a servant, and Asterion lifted a round revolving sphere, the shape of the sky, the image of the universe, and laid it upon the lid of a chest. Here the ancient got to work. He turned it upon its pivot, and directed his gaze round the circle of the Zodiac, scanning in this place and that planets and fixt stars. He rolled the pole about with a push, and the counterfeit sky went rapidly round and round in mobile course with a perpetual movement, carrying the artificial stars about the axle set through the middle. Observing the sphere with a glance all round, the deity found that the Moon at the full was crossing the curved line of her conjunction, and the Sun was half through his course opposite the Moon moving at his central point under the earth ; a pointed cone of darkness creeping from the earth into the air opposite to the Sun hid

<sup>a</sup> He reckoned the number of days in the years of her life on his fingers.

καὶ γαμίης φιλότητος ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀκούων 80  
 Ἄρεα δίζετο μᾶλλον, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῦ δὲ μελάθρου  
 φῶρα γάμων ἐνόησε σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενείης  
 ἔσπερίῳ· καὶ κλῆρον ἐπώνυμον εὔρε τοκῆων  
 παρθενικῆς ἀστραῖον ὑπὸ στάχυν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
 ὀμβροτόκου Κρονίδαο Φαεσφόρος ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρ. 85

Ἄλλ' ὅτε πάντα νόησεν ἀριθμῆσας ἴτυν ἄστρον,  
 σφαῖραν ἀειδίμητον ἀνέκρυφε κοιλάδι κίστη,  
 σφαῖραν ποικιλόνωτον· ἀνειρομένη δὲ θεαῖνη  
 τριπλόον ὀμφαίης ἀνερεύετο θέσφατον ἠχοῦς·

“ Δημήτερ φιλότεκνος, ὑπὸ σκιοειδέι κώνω 90  
 κλεπτομένης ἀκτῖνος ἀφωτίστοιο Σελήνης  
 νυμφίον ἀρπακτῆρα φυλάσσειο Περσεφονείης,  
 κρυπτὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς ληίστορα κούρης,  
 εἰ λίνα Μοιράων ἐπιπέιθεται· ἀπροῖδῃ δὲ

ἄθρησεις πρὸ γάμοιο νόθον λαθραῖον ἀκοίτην 95  
 θηρομιγῇ δολόμετιν, ἐπεὶ δυτικῶ παρὰ κέντρῳ  
 σὺν Παφίῃ στείχοντα γαμοκλόπον Ἄρεα λεύσσω,  
 ἀμφοτέροις δὲ Δράκοντα παραντέλλοντα δοκεύω.  
 ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε· σὺ γὰρ τετράζυγι κόσμῳ  
 ἔσσειαι ἀγλαόκαρπος, ὅτι χθονὶ καρπὸν ὀπάσσεις 100  
 ἀτρυγέτῳ· κούρης γὰρ ὑπὲρ κλήροιο τοκῆων  
 παρθένος Ἀστραίῃ σταχυώδεα χεῖρα τιταίνει.”

Ὡς φάμενος μαντῶν ὑπὸ στόμα κοίμισεν ὀμφήν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε Δημήτηρ δρεπανηφόρος ἐλπίδα καρπῶν 105  
 ἔσσομένων ἤκουσε καὶ αὐτοκέλευστον ἀκοίτην  
 τηλυγέτης ἀδμήτος ἀνέγγυον ἄρπαγα κούρης,  
 ἔστενε μειδιώσα· δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου

<sup>a</sup> The planets Mars and Venus.

<sup>b</sup> The brightest star in the constellation Virgo is Spica, the ear of corn. The κλήρος τοκέων is that part of the heavens which concerns the subject's parents. Its position varies with the starting-point of the scheme.

the whole Moon. Then when he heard the rivals for wedded love, he looked especially for Ares, and espied the wife-robber over the sunset house along with the evening star of the Cyprian.<sup>a</sup> He found the portion called the Portion of the Parents under the Virgin's starry corn-ear<sup>b</sup>; and round the Ear ran the light-bearing star of Cronides, father of rain.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>86</sup> When he had noticed everything and reckoned the circuit of the stars, he put away the ever-revolving sphere in its roomy box, the sphere with its curious surface; and in answer to the goddess he mouthed out a triple oracle of prophetic sound:

<sup>90</sup> "Fond mother Demeter, when the rays of the Moon are stolen under a shady cone and her light is gone, guard against a robber-bridegroom for Persephoneia, a secret ravisher of your unsmirched girl, if the threads of the Fates can be persuaded. You will see before marriage a false and secret bedfellow come unforeseen, a half-monster cunning-minded: since I perceive by the western point Ares the wife-stealer walking with the Paphian, and I notice the Dragon rising beside them both. But I proclaim you most happy: for you will be known for glorious fruits in the four quarters of the universe, because you shall bestow fruit on the barren soil; since the Virgin Astraia holds out her hand full of corn for the destined lot of your girl's parents."

<sup>103</sup> This said, he let the oracular voice sleep in his mouth. But when Demeter Sickbearer heard the hope of coming fruits, and how one uninvited and unbetrothed was to ravish her beloved maiden girl, she groaned and smiled at once, and hastening by the

<sup>c</sup> The planet Jupiter.

## NONNOS

οἶκον εὐὸν σπεύδουσα κατηφέει δύσατο γαρσῶ.  
 καὶ ζυγὸν εὐδίνητον ἐχιδναίῃ παρὰ φάτην  
 ἀμφιταλαντεύσασα λόφῳ διδυμάονι θηρῶν 110  
 ἄζυγας ἐρπηστήρας ἐπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνῳ.  
 καὶ γέννυ ἀγκυλόδοιτι περισφίγγουσα χαλινῶ  
 ξανθοφυῆς βλοσυροῖο δι' ἄρματος ἤγαγε Δηῶ  
 παῖδα καλυπτομένην νεφέλης κυανάμπυκι μίτρη,  
 καὶ κτύπον ἀντικέλευθον ἐπιβρομέοντος ἀπήνη 115  
 θηρονόμῳ μάστιγι κατερροίζησε Βορηῆος,  
 ἠερίης ἱππηδὸν ἐπεσσυμένων δρόμον αὐρῆς  
 ἀσταθέων πτερὰ κοῦφα περιστέλλουσα δρακόντων  
 ἀμφὶ κέρας Λιβυκοῖο παλίσσυτον Ὠκεανοῖο.  
 Δικταίης δ' αἰούσα μέλος κορυθαιόλον ἠχοῦς 120  
 Κρήτα χορὸν παράμειβε βαρυσμαράγοιο βοείης  
 νῶτα περισκαίροντα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ.  
 καὶ τινα λάινον οἶκον ἐποπτεύουσα θεαίνῃ  
 Σικελίης τριλόφοιο Πελωρίδα δύσατο πέτρην  
 Ἀδριάδας παρὰ θίνας, ὅπη χύσις ἄστατος ἄλμης 125  
 εἰς δύσιν ἐλκομένη περικάμπτεται εἴκελος ἄρπη,  
 εἰς Λίβα πομπεύουσα Βορειόθεν ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ.  
 καί, Κυανῆν ὅθι πυκνὰ ῥόος χυτλώσατο κούρην  
 κρηναίῳ στροφάλιγγι χέων ὀπτήριον ὕδωρ,  
 γείτονα κόλπον ὄπωπεν ἰσοσταθέοντα μελάθρῳ, 130  
 λαϊνέης ὀρόφοιο περιστεφθέντα καλύπτρη,  
 ὃν φύσις ἐθρίγκωσε χαραδραίῳ πυλεῶνι  
 λάινον ἰστὸν ἔχοντα μεμηλότα γείτοσι Νύμφαις.  
 καὶ θεὸς ὀρφναίοιο διερπύζουσα μελάθρου  
 παῖδα πολυσφρήγιστον ἐνέκρυφε φωλάδι πέτρη· 135

<sup>a</sup> Mountain and cave in Crete, where Zeus was hidden as a baby: the Curetes drowned his cries by clashing their spears on their shields.

<sup>b</sup> Along the coast by Drepana or Drepane, the sickle-town.



paths of high heaven she entered her own house with despondent step. Then beside the dragon-manger she balanced the curved yoke over the two necks of the monsters, and fastened the untamed crawlers with the yokestrap, pressing their jaws about the crooktooth bit. So goldenbrown Deo in that grim car conveyed her girl hidden in a black veil of cloud. Boreas roared like thunder against the passage of the wagon, but she whistled him down with her monster-driving whip, guiding the light wings of the quick dragons as they sped horselike along the course of the wind, through the sky and round the back-reaching cape of the Libyan Ocean. She heard the music of the helmeted Cretan troop resounding in Dicte,<sup>a</sup> as they danced about with the tumbling steel thundering heavy upon their oxhide shields. The goddess passed them by, looking for a stony harbourage; and she alighted among the Pelorian cliffs of Threepeak Sicily near the Adriatic shores, where the restless briny flood is driven towards the west and bends round like a sickle, bringing the current in a curve to southwest from the north.<sup>b</sup> And in the place where that River had often bathed the maiden Cyane, pouring his water in fountain-showers as a bride-gift,<sup>c</sup> she saw a neighbouring grotto like a lofty hall crowned and concealed by a roof of stone, which nature had completed with a rocky gateway and a loom of stone tended by the neighbouring Nymphs.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>134</sup> The goddess passed through the dark hall, and concealed her daughter well-secured in this hollow

<sup>a</sup> The river is the Anapos. Cyane is the nymph of the spring of that name at Syracuse, regarded as his wife because the water of the spring flows into the river.

<sup>d</sup> The stalactites of such caves are often compared to the beams of a standing-loom.

NONNOS

λυσαμένη δὲ δράκοντας ἔυπετέρυγων ἀπὸ δίφρων  
 τὸν μὲν δεξιτεροῖο παρὰ πρηῶνα θυρέτρου,  
 τὸν δὲ λιθογλώχια πύλης παρὰ λαιὸν ὄχηα  
 στήσεν ἀθηῆτοιο φυλάκτορα Περσεφονείης·  
 κείθι δὲ Καλλιγένειαν, ἔην εὐπαιδα τιθήνην, 140  
 κάλλιπε σὺν ταλάροισι, καὶ ὀππόσα θήλει φύτλη  
 Παλλάδος εὐπαλάμοιο νέμει ταλασῆιος ἰδρῶς·  
 καὶ ποσὶν ἡέρα τέμνειν, ἐρημονόμοις δὲ φυλάξαι  
 καμπύλα πετραίησιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἄρματα Νύμφαις.

Ἄμφι δὲ καρχαρόδοντα γένυν πεπόνητο σιδήρου 145  
 εἰροκόμῳ ξαίνουσα περὶ κτενὶ λήνεα κούρη,  
 ἤλακάτῃ δ' ἐνέλισσε· πολυστροφάδεσσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς  
 εἰλυφόων ἄτρακτος ἔλιξ βητάρμονι παλμῶ  
 νηθομένων ἐχόρευε μίτων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ·  
 καὶ ποσὶ φοιταλέοισι παλίνδρομος ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου 150  
 πρωτοπαγῇ ποίησε διάσματα, φάρεος ἀρχήν,  
 ἰστῶ δ' ἀμφὶς ἔλισσεν· ὕφαινε δὲ κερκίδι κούρη  
 πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρέκ μίτον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλω  
 γυντὴν ἰσοτοτέλειαν ἔην ἐλίγαιεν Ἀθήνην.

Παρθένε Περσεφόνεια,

σὺ δ' οὐ γάμον εὖρες ἀλύξαι, 155  
 ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοισιν ἐνυμφεύθης ὑμεναίοις,  
 Ζεὺς ὅτε πουλυέλικτος ἀμειβομένοιο προσώπου  
 νυμφίος ἡμερόεντι δράκων κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ  
 εἰς μυχὸν ὀρφναίοιο διέστιχε παρθενεῶνος,  
 σείων δαυλὰ γένεια· παρισταμένων δὲ θυρέτρω 160  
 εὔνασεν ἰσοτύπων πεφορημένος

ὄμμα δρακόντων . . .

καὶ γαμίασι γενύεσσι δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρης 162  
 μείλιχος· αἰθερίων δὲ δρακοντείων ὑμεναίων. 164  
 Περσεφόνης γονόεντι τόκῳ κυμαίνεται γαστήρ, 163  
 Ζαγρέα γειναμένη, κερόεν βρέφος, ὃς Διὸς ἔδρης 165

rock. Then she loosed the dragons from the winged car; one she placed by the jutting rock on the right of the door, one on the left beside the stone-pointed barrier of the entry, to protect Persephoneia unseen. There also she left Calligeneia, her own fond nurse, with her baskets, and all that cleverhand Pallas gives to make womankind sweat over their wool-spinning. Then she left her rounded chariot for the Nymphs to watch, in their lonely home among the rocks, and cut the air with her feet.

<sup>145</sup> The girl busied herself in carding fleeces of wool under the sharp teeth of the iron comb. She packed the wool on the distaff, and the twirling spindle with many a twist and jerk ran round and round in dancing step, as the threads were spun and drawn through the fingers. She fixed the first threads of the warp which begins the cloth, and gave them a turn round the beam, moving from end to end to and fro with unresting feet. She wove away, plying the rod and pulling the bobbin along through the threads, while she sang over the cloth to her cousin Athena the clever webster.

<sup>155</sup> Ah, maiden Persephoneia! You could not find how to escape your mating! No, a dragon was your mate, when Zeus changed his face and came, rolling in many a loving coil through the dark to the corner of the maiden's chamber, and shaking his hairy chaps: he lulled to sleep as he crept the eyes of those creatures of his own shape who guarded the door. He licked the girl's form gently with wooing lips. By this marriage with the heavenly dragon, the womb of Persephone swelled with living fruit, and she bore Zagreus the horned baby, who by himself climbed

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μοῦνος ἐπουρανίης ἐπεβήσατο, χειρὶ δὲ βαιῆ  
 ἀστεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε νεηγενέος δὲ φορῆος  
 νηπιάχοις παλάμησιν ἐλαφρίζοντο κεραυνοί.

Οὐδὲ Διὸς θρόνον εἶχεν ἐπὶ χρόνον· ἀλλὰ ἐ γύψω  
 κερδαλέῃ χρισθέντες ἐπὶ κλοπα κύκλα προσώπου 170  
 δαίμονος ἀστόργοιο χόλω βαρυμήνιος Ἡρης  
 Ταρταρίῃ Τιτῆνες ἐδηλήσαντο μαχαίρῃ  
 ἀντιτύπῳ νόθον εἶδος ὀπιπεύοντα κατόπτρῳ.  
 ἔνθα διχαζομένων μελέων Τιτῆνι σιδήρῳ  
 τέρμα βίου Διόνυσος ἔχων παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν 175  
 ἀλλοφυῆς μορφοῦτο πολυσπερὲς εἶδος ἀμείβων,  
 πῆ μὲν ἄτε Κρονίδης δόλιος νέος αἰγίδα σείων,  
 πῆ δὲ γέρων βαρύγουνος ἄτε Κρόνος ὄμβρον ἰάλλων·  
 ἄλλοτε ποικιλόμορφον ἔην βρέφος, ἄλλοτε κούρῳ  
 εἶκελος οἰστρηθέντι, νέον δὲ οἱ ἄνθος ἰούλων 180  
 ἀκροκελαινιόωντα κατέγραφε κύκλα προσώπου·  
 πῆ δὲ χόλω δασπλήτι λέων μιμηλὸς ἰάλλων  
 φρικαλέον βρύχημα σεσηρότι μαίνεταιο λαιμῶ,  
 ὀρθώσας πυκινῆσι κατάσκιον αὐχένα χαίταις,  
 ἀμφελελιζομένης λασιότριχος ὑψόθι νώτου 185  
 αὐτομάτῃ μᾶστιγι περιστίζων δέμας οὐρῆς·  
 ἔνθα λεοντείοιο λιπὼν ἴνδαλμα προσώπου  
 ὑψιλόφῳ χρεμετισμὸν ὁμοίον ἔβρεμεν ἵππῳ  
 ἄζυγι, γαῦρον ὀδόντα μετοχμάζοντι χαλινοῦ,  
 καὶ πολιῶ λεύκαιε περιτρίβων γένυν ἀφρῶ· 190  
 ἄλλοτε ροιζήεντα χέων συριγμὸν ὑπήνης  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἐλέλικτο κεράστης,  
 γλῶσσαν ἔχων προβλήτα κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,  
 καὶ βλοσυρῶ Τιτῆνος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρῆνῳ

\* Zagreus is horned because Dionysos often is. Zeus meant him to be king of the universe.

upon the heavenly throne of Zeus and brandished lightning in his little hand, and newly born, lifted and carried thunderbolts in his tender fingers.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>169</sup> But he did not hold the throne of Zeus for long. By the fierce resentment of implacable Hera, the Titans cunningly smeared their round faces with disguising chalk, and while he contemplated his changeling countenance reflected in a mirror they destroyed him with an infernal knife.<sup>b</sup> There where his limbs had been cut piecemeal by the Titan steel, the end of his life was the beginning of a new life as Dionysos. He appeared in another shape, and changed into many forms: now young like crafty Cronides shaking the aegis-cape, now as ancient Cronos heavy-kneed, pouring rain. Sometimes he was a curiously formed baby, sometimes like a mad youth with the flower of the first down marking his rounded chin with black. Again, a mimic lion he uttered a horrible roar in furious rage from a wild snarling throat, as he lifted a neck shadowed by a thick mane, marking his body on both sides with the self-striking whip of a tail which flickered about over his hairy back. Next, he left the shape of a lion's looks and let out a ringing neigh, now like an unbroken horse that lifts his neck on high to shake out the imperious tooth of the bit, and rubbing, whitened his cheek with hoary foam. Sometimes he poured out a whistling hiss from his mouth, a curling horned serpent covered with scales, darting out his tongue from his gaping throat, and leaping upon the grim head of some

<sup>b</sup> Harpocration *s.v.* ἀπαμάττων, p. 28, 10 Bekker: οἱ Τιτᾶνες τὸν Διόνυσον ἐλυμήναντο γύψῳ καταπλασάμενοι ἐπὶ τῷ μὴ γνώριμοι γενέσθαι. Compare Herodotus viii. 27 for a similar stratagem of the Phocians, and Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, p. 655.

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- ὄρμον ἐχιδνήεντα περίπλοκον αὐχένι δήσας· 195  
 καὶ δέμας ἐρπηστῆρος ἀειδίνητον ἑάσας  
 τίγρις ἔην, στίξας δέμας αἰόλον· ἄλλοτε ταύρω  
 ἰσοφυῆς, στομάτων δὲ νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἰάλλων  
 θηγαλέῃ Τιτῆνας ἀνεστυφέλιξε κεραίῃ.  
 καὶ ψυχῆς προμάχιζεν, ἕως ζηλήμονι λαιμῶ 200  
 τρηχαλέον μύκημα δι' ἠέρος ἔβρεμεν Ἥρη,  
 μητρυιῇ βαρύμηις, ἰσοφθόγγω δὲ θεαίνῃ  
 αἰθέριον κελάδημα πύλαι κανάχιζον Ὀλύμπου,  
 καὶ θρασὺς ὤκλασε ταῦρος· ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ φονῆς  
 ταυροφυῇ Διόνυσον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ. 205  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, προτέροιο δαιῖζομένου Διονύσου  
 γινώσκων σκιδόντα τύπον δολίοιο κατόπτρου,  
 μητέρα Τιτῆνων ἑλάσας ποινήτορι πυρσῶ  
 Ζαγρέος εὐκεράοιο κατεκλήμισσε φονῆας  
 Ταρταρίῳ πυλεῶνι· καὶ αἰθομένων ἀπὸ δένδρων 210  
 θερμὰ βαρυνομένης ἐμαραίνεταιο βόστρυχα γαίης.  
 ἀντολίην δ' ἔφλεξε, καὶ αἰθαλόεντι βελέμνω  
 αἶθετο Βάκτριον οὐδας ἑώιον, ἀγχιπόροις δὲ  
 κύμασιν Ἀσσυρίοισιν ἑδαίετο Κάσπιον ὕδωρ,  
 Ἰνδῶοί τε τένοντες· Ἐρυθραίοιο δὲ κόλπου 215  
 ἔμπυρα κυμαίνοντος Ἄραψ θερμαίνεταιο Νηρεὺς.  
 καὶ δύσιν ἀντικέλευθον ἐῶ πρήνιξε κεραυνῶ  
 Ζεὺς πυρόεις φιλότεκνος· ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο δὲ ταρσῶ  
 ἡμιδαῆς σέλας ὑγρὸν ἀπέπτυνεν ἔσπερις ἄλμη,  
 Ἀρκτῶοί τε τένοντες· ὁμοφλεγέος δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς 220  
 πηγνυμένης πάφλαζε Βορῆια νῶτα θαλάσσης·  
 καὶ Νοτίου νιφόεσσαν ὑπὸ κλίσιν Αἰγοκερῆος  
 θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι μεσημβρινὸς ἔξεεν ἀγκῶν.  
 Καὶ διεροῖς βλεφάροις ποταμῆια δάκρυα λείβων  
 Ὠκεανὸς λιτάνευε χέων ἱκετήσιον ὕδωρ· 225

Titan encircled his neck in snaky spiral coils. Then he left the shape of the restless crawler and became a tiger with gay stripes on his body; or again like a bull emitting a counterfeit roar from his mouth he butted the Titans with sharp horn.<sup>a</sup> So he fought for his life, until Hera with jealous throat bellowed harshly through the air—that heavy-resentful step-mother! and the gates of Olympos rattled in echo to her jealous throat from high heaven. Then the bold bull collapsed: the murderers each eager for his turn with the knife chopt piecemeal the bull-shaped Dionysos.

<sup>206</sup> After the first Dionysos had been slaughtered, Father Zeus learnt the trick of the mirror with its reflected image. He attacked the mother of the Titans<sup>b</sup> with avenging brand, and shut up the murderers of horned Dionysos within the gate of Tartaros: the trees blazed, the hair of suffering Earth was scorched with heat. He kindled the East: the dawnlands of Bactria blazed under blazing bolts, the Assyrian waves set afire the neighbouring Caspian Sea and the Indian mountains, the Red Sea rolled billows of flame and warmed Arabian Nereus. The opposite West also fiery Zeus blasted with his thunderbolt in love for his child; and under the foot of Zephyros the western brine half-burnt spat out a shining stream; the Northern ridges—even the surface of the frozen Northern Sea bubbled and burned: under the clime of snowy Aigoceros<sup>c</sup> the Southern corner boiled with hotter sparks.

<sup>224</sup> Now Oceanos poured rivers of tears from his watery eyes, a libation of suppliant prayer. Then

<sup>a</sup> Like Dionysos he can take all manner of shapes.

<sup>b</sup> Earth.

<sup>c</sup> Capricorn.

Ζεὺς δὲ χόλον πρήνυε, μαραιομένην δὲ κεραυνῶ  
γαίαν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρε, καὶ ἤθελεν ὕδατι νύφαι  
λύματα τέφρήεντα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἔλκος ἀρούρης.

Καὶ τότε γαίαν ἅπασαν ἐπέκλυσε νύτιος Ζεὺς  
πυκνώσας νεφέεσσιν ὄλον πόλον, οὐρανίη δὲ 230  
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ,  
ἀστέρες ὀππότε πάντες ἐνὶ σφετέροισι μελάθροις  
κεκριμένοι δρόμον εἶχον, ἐπεὶ τετράζυγι δίφρω  
Ἡέλιος σελάγιζε λεοντείων ἐπὶ νώτων  
ἱππεύων ἐὼν οἶκον· ἐπιτροχόωσα δὲ δίφρω 235  
Καρκίνον ὀκταπόδην τριφυῆς κυκλοῦτο Σελήνη,  
καὶ δροσερὴν ὑπὸ πέζαν ἰσημερίῳ παρὰ κύκλω  
Κύπρις ἀπὸ Κριοῖο μεταστήσασα κεραίης  
εἰαρινὸν δόμον εἶχεν, ἀχείμονα Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου,  
γείτων δ' Ἡελίοιο προάγγελον Ἴστοβοῆος 240  
Σκορπίον εἶχεν Ἄρης, μιτρούμενον αἴθοπι Ταύρω,  
δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ὀπιτεύων Ἀφροδίτην,  
καὶ τελέων λυκάβαντα δυωδεκάμηνος ὀδίτης  
Ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐπέτρεχεν ἀκρόνυχος Ζεὺς,  
δεξιτερὴν τρίπλευρον ἔχων ἐλικώδεα Μήνην, 245  
καὶ Κρόνος ὄμβρια ἰῶτα διέστιχεν Αἰγοκερῆος  
φέγγει παχνήεντι διάβροχος, ἀμφὶ δὲ φαιδρῇ  
Παρθениκῇ πτερύγεσσιν ἔην ὑψούμενος Ἑρμῆς,  
ὅττι Δίκην δόμον εἶχε δικασπόλος. ἐπταπόρου δὲ  
αἰθέρος ὕδατόεντες ἀνώχθησαν ὀχῆες 250  
Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος· ἐριφλοίσβοιο δὲ κόλπου  
κρουνοῖς πλειοτέροισιν ἐμυκήσαντο χαράδραι,  
ὑδρηλαὶ δὲ θύγατρεις ἀποσπάδες Ὀκεανοῖο  
λίμναι ἐκουφίζοντο, καὶ ἠέρι νέρτερον ὕδωρ  
κρουνοὶ ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀνέβλυον Ὀκεανοῖο, 255  
καὶ σκοπιαὶ ραθάμιζον, ὀρεσσιχύτῳ δὲ ρέέθρω



Zeus calmed his wrath at the sight of the scorched earth; he pitied her, and wished to wash with water the ashes of ruin and the fiery wounds of the land.

<sup>229</sup> Then Rainy Zeus covered the whole sky with clouds and flooded all the earth. Zeus's heavenly trumpet bellowed with its thunderclaps, while all the stars moved in their appointed houses: when the Sun in his four-horse chariot drove shining over the Lion's back, his own house; the Moon of threefold form rolled in her onrunning car over the eightfoot Crab; Cypris <sup>a</sup> in her equinoctial course under the dewy region had left the Ram's horn behind, and held her spring-time house in the heavenly Bull which knows no winter; the Sun's neighbour Ares <sup>b</sup> possessed the Scorpion, harbinger of the Plow, encircled by the blazing Bull, and ogled Aphrodite opposite with a sidelong glance; Zeus <sup>c</sup> of nightfall, the twelvemonth traveller who completes the lichtgang,<sup>d</sup> was treading on the starry Fishes, having on his right the round-faced Moon in trine; Cronos <sup>e</sup> passed through the showery back of Aigoceros <sup>f</sup> drenched in the frosty light; round the bright Maiden,<sup>g</sup> Hermes was poised on his pinions, because as a dispenser of justice he had Justice for his house.

<sup>249</sup> Now the barriers of the sevenzoned watery sky were opened, when Zeus poured down his showers. The mountain-torrents roared with fuller fountains of the loudsplashing gulf. The lakes, liquid daughters cut off from Oceanos, raised their surface. The fountains shot spouts of the lower waters of Oceanos into the air. The cliffs were besprinkled, the dry thirsty hills were drenched as with rivers streaming

<sup>a</sup> The planet Venus.

<sup>b</sup> Mars.

<sup>c</sup> Jupiter.

<sup>d</sup> See note on xi. 486.    <sup>e</sup> Saturn.    <sup>f</sup> Capricorn.    <sup>g</sup> Virgo.

## NONNOS

διψαλέαι ποταμηδὸν ἔμορμύροντο κολῶναι·  
 ὑψώθη δὲ θάλασσα, καὶ εἰς ὄρος ὑψόθι λόχμης  
 Νηρεΐδες γεγάασιν Ὀρειάδες. ἅ μέγα δειλή,  
 χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισιν ἐνήχето παρθένος Ἴχθῶ 260  
 ἀρχαίης φόβον ἄλλον ἀμειβομένη περὶ μίτρης,  
 μή ποτε Πᾶνα φυγοῦσα Ποσειδάωνι μιγείη.  
 ποντοπόροι δὲ λέοντες ἀήθεος ἔνδοθι πέτρης  
 χερσαίων ἐχόρευον ἐνὶ σπήλυγγι λεόντων  
 μυδαλέοις μελέεσσι· χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ 265  
 εἰναλίῳ δελφίνι συνήντετο κάπρος ἀλήτης·  
 καὶ ξυνοῖς ῥοθίοισιν ὄρεσσιχύτου νιφετοῖο  
 θῆρες ἐναυτίλλοντο σὺν ἰχθύσιν· εἰλικόεις δὲ  
 πούλυπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησε λαγωῶ.  
 καὶ διεροὶ Τρίτωνες ὑπὸ σφυρὰ φωλάδος ὕλης 270  
 ἔγχλοον αἰθύσσοντες ἐπ' ἰξυί δίπτυχον οὐρῆν  
 Πανὸς ὄρεσσαύλοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελάθροις,  
 σύμπλοον ἠερίοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀήταις  
 στικτὴν ἠθάδα κόχλον· ἐν εὐύδρῳ δὲ κολώνῃ  
 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ μετανάστιος ἦντετο Νηρεὺς, 275  
 καὶ ναέτης πετραῖος ὄρος μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβων  
 μυδαλέην σύριγγα διαπλώουσαν ἑάσσας<sup>1</sup>. 276

ἰκμαλέον σπέος εἶχεν ὑπωροφίης δόμον Ἴχθῶς.  
 καὶ διερῶ τότε φῶτες ἀνοιδαίνοντες ὀλέθρῳ  
 ὕδασι τυμβεύοντο, πολὺς δέ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ 280  
 πλώετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὀλκῶ·  
 καὶ νιφετῶ κελάδοντι κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος  
 χανδὸν ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο πίων ὄρεσίδρομον ὕδωρ  
 πίπτε λέων, πέσε κάπρος. ὁμοζεύκτῳ δὲ ρέεθρῳ  
 λίμναι ὁμοῦ ποταμοῖσι, Διὸς ῥόος, ὕδατα πόντου 285  
 ἀλλήλοισ κεκέραστο, καὶ εἰν ἐνὶ τέσσαρες αὔραι  
 συμμιγέων ἀνέμων ἐπεμάστιον ἄκριτον ὕδωρ.

over the heights : the sea rose until Nereïds became Oreads on the hills over the woodland. O poor thing! Maid Echo had to swim with unpractised hands, and felt a new fear for that old maiden zone—Pan she had escaped, but she might be caught by Poseidon! Sea-lions now leaped with dripping limbs in the land-lions' cave among rocks they knew not, and in the depths of a mountain-torrent a stray boar met with a dolphin of the sea. Wild beasts and fishes navigated in common stormy floods that poured from the mountains. The many-footed squid dragged his many coils into the hills, and pounced on the hare. The dripping Tritons at the edge of a secret wood wagged their green forked tails against their flanks, and hid in the mountain vaults where Pan had his habitation, leaving their familiar speckled conchs to sail about with the winds. Nereus on his travels met rock-loving Pan on a submerged hill, the rock-dweller left his sea and changed it for the hill, leaving the waterlogged pan's-pipes that floated; while he took to the watery cave where Echo once had sheltered.

<sup>279</sup> Then the bodies of poor fellows swollen in their watery death were buried in the waters. Heaps of corpses were floating one upon another carried along by the rolling currents; there fell the lion, there fell the boar into the roaring torrent, with open throat gulping draughts of the cascades that poured from rocks and mountains. With mingling streams, lakes and rivers, torrents of rain, waters of the sea were all combined together, and the four winds united their blasts in one, to flog the universal inundation.

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<sup>1</sup> 276 placed after 277 by Marcellus. *έάσσας* mss. and edd., *έλάσσας* Ludwich.

## NONNOS

καὶ διερὴν χθόνα πᾶσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ μείζονι παλμῶ  
 μῦνον ἀπειλητῆρι τινασσομένην Διὸς ὄμβρω  
 πόντιος ἐννοσίγαιος ἔην ἔρριψεν ἀκωκὴν 290  
 ἀσχαλῶν, τίνα γαῖαν ἀνοχλίσειε τριαίνῃ.

Νηρεΐδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέπλεον ἄβροχον<sup>1</sup> ὕδωρ·  
 καὶ χλοερῆς Θέτιν εἶχεν ἐπ' ἰξύος ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης,  
 Τρίτων εὐρυγένειος, ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντι δὲ νώτῳ  
 πομπίλον ἠνιόχευεν ἐν ἡέρι φοιτὰς Ἀγαυή, 295  
 καὶ λόφον ὕδατόεντι φέρων κυκλούμενον ὄλκῳ,  
 Δωρίδα κουφίζων, μετανάστιος ἔτρεχε δελφίς.  
 καὶ βυθίη φάλλαινα περισκαίρουσα κολώναις  
 πλάζετο, μαστεύουσα χαμευνάδος ἄντρα λεαίνης.

Καὶ τότε κυματόεσσαν ἰδὼν ὑπὸ γείτονα πέτρην 300  
 νηχομένην Γαλάτειαν ἀνίαχε μυδαλέος Πάν·

“ Πῆ φέρεαι, Γαλάτεια, δι' οὔρεος ἀντὶ θαλάσσης;  
 μὴ τάχα μαστεύεις ἐρατὴν Κύκλωπος ἀοιδὴν;  
 πρὸς Παφίης λίτομαί σε καὶ ὑμετέρου Πολυφήμου,  
 μὴ κρύψῃς δεδαυῖα βαρὺν πόθον, εἰ παρὰ πέτραις 305  
 νηχομένην ἐνόησας ἐμὴν ὀρεσίδρομον Ἥχώ.

ἦ ῥά σοι ἴσον ἔχει διερὸν δρόμον; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ  
 ἔζομένη δελφῖνι θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,  
 ὡς Θέτις ἀκρήδεμνος, ἐμὴ ναυτίλλεται Ἥχώ;  
 δεΐδια, μὴ μιν ὄρινε δυσάντεα κύματα πόντου· 310

δεΐδια, μὴ μιν ἔκευθε μέγας ῥόος· ὡς ἄρα δειλὴ  
 ἄστατος ἐν πελάγεσσι μετ' οὔρεα κύματα βαίνει·  
 ἦ ποτε πετρήεσσα φανήσεται ὕδριας Ἥχώ.  
 ἀλλὰ τεὸν Πολύφημον ἔα βραδύν· ἦν ἐβελήσης,  
 αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὤμοισιν ἀερτάζων σε σαώσω· 315

<sup>1</sup> Ludwich later restored ἄβροχον from LΩ.

<sup>a</sup> A Nereid.

<sup>b</sup> The Cyclops Polyphemos loved Galateia the sea-nymph

<sup>288</sup> Earthshaker saw from the deep the earth all flooded, while Zeus alone with stronger push made it quake under his threatening torrents: he threw away his prongs, wondering in his anger what earth now he could heave with a trident! Nereïds in battalions swam over the flooding waves; Thetis travelled over the water riding on the green hip of a Triton with broad beard; Agauë<sup>a</sup> on a fish's back drove her pilotfish in the open air, and an exile dolphin with the water swirling round his neck lifted Doris<sup>a</sup> and carried her along. A whale of the deep sea leaped about the hills and sought the cave of the earthbedded lioness.

<sup>300</sup> Then Pan well soaked saw Galateia swimming under a neighbouring wavebeaten rock, and sang out:

<sup>302</sup> "Where are you going, Galateia? Have you given up sea for hills? Perhaps you are looking for the love-song of Cyclops?<sup>b</sup> I pray you by the Paphian, and by your Polyphemos—you know the weight of desire, do not hide from me if you have noticed my mountainranging Echo swimming by the rocks! Does she course through the wet like you? Does she also sit on a dolphin of Aphrodite the sea-goddess, my own Echo navigating like Thetis unveiled? I fear the dangerous waves of the deep may have startled her! I fear the great flood may have covered her! How cruel for her, poor thing! She has left the hills and moves restless over the waves. Echo once the maid of the rocks will show herself as the maid of the waters. Come, leave your Polyphemos, the laggard! If you like, I will lift you upon my own back and save you. The roaring

and wooed her with such love-songs as he could contrive; see Theocritus, *Id.* xi.

οὐ με κατακλύζει κελάδων ῥόος· ἦν ἐθελήσω,  
ἴχνεσιν αἰγείοισιν ἐλεύσομαι εἰς πόλον ἄστρον.”

“Ὡς φαμένω Γαλάτεια τόσσην ἀντίαχε φωνήν·

“ Πάν φίλε, σὴν ἀνάειρε δι’ οἴδατος

ἄπλοον Ἡχώ·

μή με μάτην ἐρέεινε, τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνω· 320

ἄλλον ἐμοὶ πλόον εὖρεν ὑπέρτερον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.

καὶ γλυκερὴν περ εὐῦσαν ἕα Κύκλωπος αἰοιδῆν.

οὐκέτι μαστεύω Σικελὴν ἄλα· τοσσατίου γὰρ  
τάρβος ἔχω νιφετοῖο καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγω Πολυφήμου.”

Εἶπε, καὶ ὑγροπόροιο παρήλυθε Πανὸς ἐναύλους. 325

πυκνὰ δὲ κυμαίνοντος ἀμαιμακέτου νιφετοῖο

πᾶσα πόλις, πᾶς δῆμος ἔην ῥόος· οὐδέ τις ἀγκῶν

ἄβροχος ἦν, οὐ γυμνὸς ἔην λόφος, οὐ ρίον Ὀσσης,

οὐ τότε Πήλιον ἄκρον· ὑπὸ τριλόφω δὲ κολώνῃ

Τυρσηνὸς κελάδησεν· ἱμασσομένοιο δὲ πόντου 330

Ἄδριαδες Σικελοῖσιν ἐρόχθειον ὕδασι πέτραι

ὄμβρηροῖς ῥοθίοισιν. ἐν ἠερίῃ δὲ κελεύθω

μαρμαρυγαὶ Φαέθοντος ἐθελύνοντο ῥεέθροις·

ζώνῃ δ’ ἐβδομάτῃ χθαμαλῆς ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα πέζης

κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι σέλας ψύξασα Σελήνη 335

μυδαλέων ἀνέκοψε λελουμένον αὐχένα ταύρων·

ἀστραίῃ δὲ φάλαγγι μεμιγμένον ὄμβριον ὕδωρ

λευκοτέρην ποίησε Γαλαξαίην ἴτυν ἀφρῶ.

Καὶ ῥοθίῳ γονόεντι χέων ἐπτάστομον ὕδωρ

Ἄλφειῶ δυσέρωτι συνήντετο Νεῖλος ἀλήτης, 340

ὧν ὁ μὲν εὐκάρποιο δι’ αὐλακος ἠθέλεν ἔρπειν

τέρπων ἰκμαλέοισι φιλήμασι διψάδα νύμφην,

ὃς δὲ παραῖξας προτέρην ὁδὸν ἠθάδος ἄγρης

\* The three peaks are those of Sicily. The waters of the Tyrrhenian, Sicilian, and Adriatic seas were commingled.

ᵇ Hers is the lowest sphere and therefore the seventh.

flood does not overwhelm me ; if I like I can mount to the starry sky on my goatish feet ! ”

<sup>318</sup> He spoke, and Galateia said in reply :

“ My dear Pan, carry your own Echo through the waves—she knows nothing of the sea. Don’t waste your time in asking me why I am going here this day. I have another and higher voyage which Rainy Zeus has found me. Let be the song of Cyclops, though it is sweet. I seek no more the Sicilian sea ; I am terrified at this tremendous flood, and I care nothing for Polyphemos.”

<sup>325</sup> With these words, she passed away from the lair of waterfaring Pan.

<sup>326</sup> As the irresistible torrent swelled on and on, every city, every nation was a flood ; not one corner was undrenched, not one hill was then bare—not the peak of Ossa, not the top of Pelion. Under the three peaks roared the Tyrrhenian Sea ; the Adriatic rocks rebounded with Sicilian waters in showers of foam from the flogging sea.<sup>a</sup> The sparkling rays of Phaëthon in his airy course became soft and womanish in the torrents. Selene in her seventh zone<sup>b</sup> over the low rim of the earth cooled her light in the mounting waves, and checked her cattle with drenched and soaking necks. The rainwater mixed with the starry battalions, and made the Milky Way whiter with foam.

<sup>329</sup> The Nile, pouring his lifegiving stream through his seven mouths, went astray and met love-sick Alpheios. His wish was to creep through the fruitful soil, and delight his thirsty bride with watery kisses ; but the other had lost the familiar road of his old-counting from above downwards. The waters had risen to the limit of the earth’s atmosphere.

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ἀχνύμενος πεφόρητο· συνερπύζοντα δὲ λεύσσω  
 Πύραμον ἱμερόεντα τόσσην ἀνευείκατο φωνήν· 345

“ Νεῖλε, τί κεν ρέξαιμι

καλυπτομένης Ἀρεθούσης;

Πύραμε, τί σπεύδεις; τίνι κάλλιπες ἠθάδα Θίσβην;  
 ὄλβιος Εὐφρήτης, ὅτι μὴ λάχε κέντρον Ἐρώτων.

ζῆλον ἔχω καὶ δεῖμα μεμιγμένον· ὕδατόεις γὰρ  
 ἱμερτῆ παρίαυε τάχα Κρονίδης Ἀρεθούση· 350

δεΐδια, μὴ προχοῆσι τετὴν νυμφεύσατο Θίσβην.

Πύραμος, Ἀλφειοῖο παραίφασις, ἡμέας ἄμφω  
 οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρος ὄρινεν, ὅσον βέλος ἀφρογενείης.

ἔσπεό μοι φιλέοντι,<sup>1</sup> Συρηκοσίης δ' Ἀρεθούσης  
 ἴχνια μαστεύσω, σὺ δέ, Πύραμε, δίξεο Θίσβην. 355

ἄλλ' ἐρέεις, ὅτι γαῖα τινάσσεται, ὅττι χαλέπτει  
 οὐρανός, ὅττι θάλασσα βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἄπλοος ἀφριόωντι ῥόω κυμαίνεται αἰθήρ·

οὐκ ἀλέγω νιφετοῖο μεμνηότος. ἃ μέγα θαῦμα·  
 αἰθομένην Διὸς ὄμβρος

ὄλην χθόνα καὶ φλόγα πόντου 360

καὶ ποταμοὺς ἐκάθηρεν, ἀπ' Ἀλφειοῖο δὲ μούνου  
 οὐτιδανὸν Παφίης οὐκ ἔσβεσεν ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.

ἔμπης, εἰ κλονέει με τόσος ῥόος, εἰ πυρὶ κάμνω,  
 βαιὸν ἐμῆς ὀδύνης πέλε φάρμακον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς  
 πλάζεται ἀβρὸς Ἄδωνις ἀνιάζων Ἀφροδίτην.” 365

Οὐ πω μῦθος ἔλγηε, φόβος δ' ἐβίησατο φωνήν.  
 καὶ τότε Δευκαλίων περώων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ

<sup>1</sup> Φαέθοντι mss., χατέοντι Ludwich, others φιλεοντι, φλεγέ-  
 θοντι, etc.

<sup>a</sup> Poseidon.

<sup>b</sup> Aphrodite.

<sup>c</sup> The Nile's bride is apparently Egypt. Alpheios loved the fountain-nymph Arethusa, and followed her underground from the Peloponnesos to Sicily. Pyramos and Thisbe,



time hunt, and rolled along in sorrow, until seeing Pyramos the lover moving by his side he cried out and said—

<sup>346</sup> “ Nile, what am I to do? Arethusa is hidden! Pyramos, why this haste? You have left your companion Thisbe—to whom? Happy Euphrates! He has not felt the sting of love. Jealousy and fear possess me together. Perhaps Cronos’s watery son<sup>a</sup> has slept with lovely Arethusa! I fear he may have wooed your Thisbe in his flowings! Pyramos is a consolation for Alpheios. The rain of Zeus has not stirred us so much as the arrow of the Foamborn.<sup>b</sup> Follow me the lover, I will seek the tracks of Syracusan Arethusa, and do you, Pyramos, hunt for Thisbe.<sup>c</sup> ”

<sup>356</sup> “ But you will say—the earth quakes, the sky attacks us, the sea compels us, the unnavigable upper air itself swells in a foaming flood! I care not for the wild deluge. See what a great miracle! The blazing earth, the flaming sea, the rivers—all have been swept clean by the downpour of Zeus, only one trifle it has not quenched, the Paphian fire of Alpheios! However, if the great flood confounds me, if I suffer from fire, there is one small medicine for my pain, that tender Adonis is wandering too and vexing Aphrodite.”

<sup>366</sup> His tale was not yet ended, when fear conquered his voice. Then also Deucalion<sup>d</sup> passed over the

although both names of rivers, are much more familiar in Ovid’s version of their story, in which they are a young man and woman.

<sup>d</sup> The cosmic flood is now forced into the framework of conventional mythology by introducing Deucalion, and the Thessalian story that the gorge of the Peneios was made by Poseidon to drain their country (Herod. vii. 129. 4).

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ναυτίλος ἦν ἀκίχητος, ἔχων πλόον ἠεροφοίτην,  
 καὶ στόλος αὐτοκέλευθος ἄτερ ποδός,  
ἄμμορος ὄρμου,  
 λάρνακος αὐτοπόροιο κατέγραφε δύσσιφον ὕδωρ. 370  
 Καὶ νύ κε κόσμος ἄκοσμος ἐγίνετο,  
καὶ νύ κεν ἀνδρῶν  
 ἄσπορον ἀρμονίην ἀνελύσατο πάντροφος Αἰών·  
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς ζαθείοις ὑπὸ νεύμασι κυανοχαίτης  
 Θεσσαλικοῦ σκοπέλοιο μεσόμφαλον ἄκρον ὀρύξας  
 γειοτόμῳ τριόδοντι διέσχισε, καὶ διὰ μέσσου 375  
 ῥηγνυμένου πρηῶνος ἐχάζετο μάρμαρον ὕδωρ·  
 καὶ χύσιν ὑψικέλευθον ἀπωσαμένη νιφετοῖο  
 γαῖα φάνη παλίνορσος· ἐλαυνομένων δὲ ρεέθρων  
 εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.  
 καὶ χθονὸς ὕγρὰ μέτωπα χέων πολυδίψιον αἶγλην 380  
 Ἡέλιος ξήραινε· παχυνομένων δὲ ῥοάων  
 θερμότεραις ἀκτίσιν ἐχερσώθη πάλιν ἰλὺς  
 οἶα πάρος. βροτέῃ δὲ τετυγμένα μείζονι τέχνῃ  
 ἄστυα λαϊνέοισιν ἐνεστήρικτο θεμέθλοισι,  
 δωμήθη δὲ μέλαθρα, νεοκτίστων δὲ πολλῶν 385  
 ἀρτιγόνοις μερόπεσσι ἐρυμνώθησαν ἀγυιαί.  
 καὶ φύσις ἄψ ἐγέλασσε· συνιπταμένων δὲ θυέλλαις  
 ὀρνίθων πτερύγεσσι ἐρετμώθη πάλιν ἀήρ.

### ADDITIONAL NOTES TO BOOK VI

15. The name and relationships of Astraios are from Hesiod, *Theog.* 375-382, where he is son of Krios and Eurybiē the Titans, and father of the winds and stars (ἄστυα). Nonnos makes him into a divine astrologer, and to understand his activities it is necessary to have some smattering of his pseudo-science; Nonnos himself had little more.

Like ancient astronomy, astrology depended upon the

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## DIONYSIACA, VI. 368-388

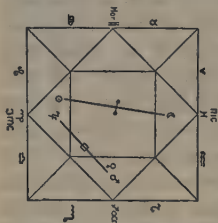
mounting flood, to navigate far out of reach on a sky-traversing voyage; and the course of his ark self-guided self-moving, without sheet and without harbour, scored the stormy waters.

<sup>371</sup> Then the whole frame of the universe would have been unframed, then all-breeding Time would have dissolved the whole structure of the unsown generations of mankind: but by the divine ordination of Zeus, Poseidon Seabluehair with earthsplitting trident split the midmost peak of the Thessalian mountain, and dug a cleft through it by which the water ran sparkling down. Earth shook off the stormy flood which travelled so high, and showed herself risen again; the streams were driven into the deep hollows and the cliffs were laid bare. The sun poured his thirsty rays on the wet face of earth, and dried it; the water grew thick under the hotter beams, and the mud was dried again as before. Cities were fashioned by men with better skill and established upon stone foundations, palaces were built, and the streets of the new-founded cities were made strong for later generations of men. Nature laughed once more; the air once more was paddled by the wings of birds that flew in the winds.

theory that the earth is the centre of the solar system. It further postulated that the "planets" (Sun, Moon, and the five real planets visible to the naked eye, viz., Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury), the twelve signs of the Zodiac and to a less extent those other constellations which rise at the same time as the various signs (*παρανατέλλοντα*) influence the earth and its inhabitants in various ways, according partly to their own supposed nature, partly to their relative position to each other in the heavens. When Demeter enters, Astraios is making a diagram consisting of a circle (representing the Zodiac) with a square and an equilateral triangle inscribed in

## NONNOS

it; this indicates that he is studying the position of certain stars which are in trine with each other (*i.e.* 120 deg. apart, and so on the points of the triangle) or quadratile aspect (90 deg. apart and so on the four angles of a square). These are two of the most important aspects, or relative positions, of the stars. When she consults him, he sends for his orrery or planetoscope, a model, presumably in metal, and with movable parts, of the solar system as envisaged by the science of the time. On adjusting this, he finds (74) that the Moon is right opposite the Sun with the Earth in a straight line



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between them, *i.e.*, that she is totally eclipsed at the zenith, the Sun being at the nadir. Further (81-83), Mars is in conjunction with Venus (*i.e.*, both in the same sign of the Zodiac) in the seventh house (the West), which governs marriage, Jupiter with the Sun in the nadir, which is the house of parents. The signs of the Zodiac at these positions are respectively Sagittarius and Virgo.

The former has for its *παρανατέλλον* the constellation Draco (98). The astrological significance of all this is as follows. The eclipsed Moon (the mother's planet) indicates grave trouble for Demeter herself. The conjunction of Mars and Venus in

the house of marriage indicates adultery, while Draco hints at the snake-form assumed by Zeus to accomplish his desires. On the other hand, Jupiter is shedding good influence from the house of parents; he is also in quadratile aspect with Mars, thus again indicating honour and glory; that Venus is in the same aspect with the Moon (Demeter) is also good. So on the whole the scheme, so far as Nonnos gives it, is favourable, though it bodes irregularities and trouble before the glorious end is reached.

232. Here Nonnos sets out to give us the astrological scheme of the Deluge. If he were an orthodox astrologer of Stoic sympathies, he would have either a deluge only or a conflagration only, since it was their theory that at long intervals one or another of these disasters (*κατακλυσμός*,

## ADDITIONAL NOTES TO BOOK VI

ἐκπύρωσις) destroyed the universe, which then began again, repeating exactly everything that had happened since the last destruction (ἀποκατάστασις). But Nonnos is an indifferent astrologer and a learned mythologist; he is also, despite the wretched times in which he lived, an incurable optimist. His universe undergoes no ἀποκατάστασις but a change for the better (383), at least so far as men are concerned, and his flood comes to heal the ravages of the fire (227), instead of being separated from it by a whole cosmic period. He therefore must construct a scheme which will show the stars in a position appropriate to a deluge, while at the same time hinting at a conflagration and at a renewed and better world.

According to Dorotheos the astrologer-poet, every planet has a favourite house, or sign of the Zodiac; all but the Sun and Moon have two, but each mostly prefers that one which is of its own sex (the signs are alternately male and female). The ideal arrangement is: Saturn in Aquarius (male in male); Jupiter in Sagittarius (male in male); Mars in Scorpius (male in male); Venus in Taurus (female in female; Taurus is the forepart only of a bull, and hence is accounted sexless and so female); Mercury in Virgo. The Sun's house is Leo, the Moon's Cancer. The result is the nativity of the Universe, according to this system; there are others. Nonnos, however, departs somewhat from this plan, and puts the Sun in Leo, the Moon in Cancer, Venus in Taurus, Mars in Scorpius, Jupiter in Pisces, Saturn in Capricorn and Mercury in Virgo. He thus gets traces of a conflagration-scheme, for the Sun in Leo brings heat, and is supported by Mars in Scorpius, and therefore in quadratile aspect with him. Mars is also regent of the triangle Cancer-Scorpius-Pisces. But the opposite triangle, Taurus-Virgo-Capricorn, is of a cold and earthy nature, and is the stronger because Venus and Saturn are respectively moist and cold, while Saturn is further strengthened by being in diametrical opposition to the Moon, which is moist. Thus the deluge is provided for. Virgo, where Mercury stands, is identified with Justice, which is to rule in the new period; and the arrangement of the planets in alternate signs (sextile aspect) is favourable. See Stegemann, pp. 88-94.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἐβδομον ἱκεσίην πολιὴν Αἰῶνος ἀεΐδει  
καὶ Σεμέλην καὶ ἔρωτα Διὸς καὶ φώριον εὐνήν.

Ἦδη δ' ἀενάοιο βίου παλιναυξεί καρπῷ  
ἄρσενα θηλυτέρη γόνιμον σπόρον αὐλακι μίξας  
ἄσπορον ἤροσε κόσμον Ἔρωσ, φιλότητος ἀροτρεύς·  
καὶ φύσις ἐρρίζωτο, τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης,  
καὶ χθονὶ πῦρ κεράσασα καὶ ἠέρι σύμπλοκον ὕδωρ 5  
ἀνδρομέην μόρφωσε γονὴν τετράζυγι δεσμῷ.

Ἄλλὰ βίον μερόπων ἑτερότροπος εἶχεν ἀνίη  
ἀρχόμενον καμάτοιο καὶ οὐ λήγοντα μερίμνης.  
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι δυηπαθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν 10  
ἄμμορον εὐφροσύνης ἐπεδείκνυε σύντροφος Αἰών·  
οὐ πω γὰρ τοκετοῖο λεχώια νήματα λύσας  
Βάκχον ἀνηκόντιζε πατήρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,  
ἀνδρομέης ἄμπαυμα μεληδόνοσ· οὐ τότε λοιβὴ  
ἠερίους ἐμέθυσε πόρους εὐώδεϊ καπνῷ  
οἰνοβαφής, στεφάνους δὲ θεῶν λειμωνίδι ποίη 15  
θυγατέρες λυκάβαντος ἀτερπέες ἔπλεκον Ὠραι·  
οἴνου γὰρ χρέος ἦεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ χορείης  
ἠμιτελής ἀνόνητος ἔην χάρις· ἀγρομένων γὰρ

<sup>a</sup> The four elements.

<sup>b</sup> The threads which sewed up the infant in his father's thigh.

<sup>c</sup> See note on xi. 486, cf. ix. 284.

## BOOK VII

The seventh sings of the hoary supplication of Time,  
and Semele, and the love of Zeus, and the  
furtive bed.

ALREADY Eros, love's plowman, had plowed the seedless world, and mixt the man's seed of generation in the woman's furrow, with the fruit of everflowing life again renewed. Nature the nurse of the offspring took root again; earth mingling with fire and water interwoven with air shaped the human race with its fourfold bonds.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>7</sup> But sorrow in many forms possessed the life of men, which begins with labour and never sees the end of care: and Time his everlasting companion showed to Zeus Almighty mankind, afflicted with suffering and having no portion in happiness of heart. For the Father had not yet cut the threads of child-birth<sup>b</sup> and shot forth Bacchos from his pregnant thigh, to give mankind rest from their tribulations; not yet did the libation of wine soak the pathways of the air and make them drunken with sweetsmelling exhalations. The Seasons, those daughters of the lichtgang,<sup>c</sup> still joyless, plaited garlands for the gods only of meadow-grass. For Wine was lacking. Without Bacchos to inspire the dance, its grace was only half complete and quite without profit; it

## NONNOS

ὄμματα μῦνον ἔθελγεν, ὅτε στροφάδεσσιν ἔρωαῖς  
 ὀρχηστήρ πολύκυκλος ἐλίσσεται λαίλαπι ταρσῶν, 20  
 νεύματα μῦθον ἔχων, παλάμην στόμα,

δάκτυλα φωνήν.

Ἄλλὰ Διὸς πετάσας ἐπὶ γούνασι λευκάδα χαίτην  
 Αἰὼν ποικιλόμορφος, ἔχων κληῖδα γενέθλης,  
 ἱκεσίης ὀρέγων κεχαλασμένον ὄλκον ὑπήνης,  
 εἶχε λιτάς· δαπέδῳ δὲ καθελκομένοιο καρήνου 25  
 ἐκταδίην ἔθλιψε ράχιν κυρτούμενος αὐχὴν·  
 καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἀτέρμονα χεῖρα τιταίνων  
 ἀενάου βιότοιο γέρων ἐφθέγγετο ποιμήν·

“ Ζεῦ ἄνα, καὶ σὺ δόκευε κατηφέος ἄλγεα κόσμου.  
 οὐχ ὀράας, ὅτι γαίαν ὄλην οἴστησεν Ἐννῶ 30  
 ὄριον ἀμώουσα ταχυφθιμένης στάχυν ἤβης;  
 οὐ πω λείψανα κείνα παρήλυθεν, ἐξ ὅτε φωτῶν  
 ἔκλυσας ἔθνεα πάντα, καὶ ἠερίου ρόος ὄμβρου  
 ἠέρα κυμαίνων ἐπεπάφλασε γείτοιν Μῆνη.  
 χαιρέτω ὠκυμόρων μερόπων βίος, ὧν ἐπὶ πότμῳ 35  
 οὐρανίους οἴηκας ἀναίνομαι, οὐκέτι κόσμου  
 πείσμα κυβερνήσω· μακάρων δέ τις ἄλλος ἀρείων  
 πηδάλιον βιότοιο παλιννόστοιο δεχέσθω·  
 ἄλλος ἐμῶν ἐτέων ἐχέτω δρόμον· αἰνοπαθὲς γὰρ  
 οἰκτείρων ἐμόγησα πολυτλήτων γένος ἀνδρῶν. 40  
 ἄρκιον οὐ πέλε γῆρας, ὃ περ νεότητα μαραίνει  
 καὶ βραδὺν ἄνδρα τίθησι κάτω νεύοντι καρῆνῳ,  
 κυφὸς ὅτε τρομερῆσι περισσοπόδεσσι πορείαις  
 γηροκόμῳ βαρύγουνος ἐρείδεται ἠθάδι βάκτρῳ·  
 ἄρκιος οὐ πέλε πότμος, ὃς ἔκρυφε πολλάκι Λήθη 45



charmed only the eyes of the company, when the circling dancer moved in twists and turns with a tumult of footsteps, having only nods for words, hand for mouth, fingers for voice.

<sup>22</sup> But Time the maniform, holding the key of generation, spread his white shock of hair over the knees of Zeus, let fall the flowing mass of his beard in supplication, and made his prayer, bowing his head to the ground, bending his neck, straining the whole length of his back; and as he knelt, the ancient of days, the shepherd of life ever-flowing, reached out his infinite hand and spoke :

<sup>29</sup> " Lord Zeus ! behold yourself the sorrows of a despairing world ! Do you not see that Enyo <sup>a</sup> has made the whole earth mad, mowing season by season her harvest of quick-perishing youth ? We can yet see traces of that deluge which you brought upon all nations, when the streams of airy floods billowed in the air and boiled against the neighbouring Moon. Farewell to the life of men, since they perish so soon ! I renounce the divine helm at their fate, I will no longer handle the world's cable. Let some other of the Blessed, one better than I am, receive the rudder of life ever renewed ; let another have the course of my years—for I am weary of pitying the luckless race of suffering mankind. Is not old age enough, which blights youth, and makes a man go slow with bowed head, when bent and trembling he goes on his way with a foot too many,<sup>b</sup> heavy of knee and leaning upon a staff, the faithful servant of age ! Is not fate enough, who often hides in Lethe the

<sup>a</sup> The goddess of War.

<sup>b</sup> The staff is the third foot. It was proverbial : see Hesiod, *Works and Days* 531.

## NONNOS

νυμφίον ἀρτιχόρευτον ὁμόστολον ἤλικι νύμφη,  
 συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο φερέσβια πείσματα λύσας.  
 οἶδα μὲν, ὡς ἐρόεις πέλεται γάμος, ἦχι λιγαίνει  
 Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροος αὐλὸς Ἀθήνης·  
 ἔμπης, ποῖον ὄνειρα, ὅτε ζυγίῳ παρὰ παστῶ 50  
 ἑπτατόνου φόρμιγγος ἀράσσεται ὄρθιος ἠχώ;  
 πηκτίδες οὐ λούσι μεληδόνας· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς  
 νυμφιδίην ἀχόρευτος Ἔρως ἀπεσεύσατο πεύκη  
 τερπωλῆς χατέοντας ὀπιπεύων ὑμεναίους.  
 ἀλλὰ πολυκμήτων μερόπων ἐπίληθον ἀνίης 55  
 φάρμακον ἐρρίζωτο βιοσσόον· οὐράνιον γὰρ  
 οὐκ ὄφελέν ποτε κεῖνο πίθου κρήδεμνον ἀνοῖξαι  
 ἀνδράσι Πανδώρη γλυκερὸν κακόν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἀνδρομέης κακότητος ἐπαίτιός ἐστι Προμηθεύς,  
 ὃς μογερῶν μερόπων ἐπικήδεται· ἀρχεκάκου γὰρ 60  
 ἀντὶ πυρὸς γλυκὺ νέκταρ,

ὃ περ μακάρων φρένα τέρπει,  
 κλέψαι μᾶλλον ὄφελλε καὶ ἀνδράσι δῶρον ὀπάσσαι,  
 ὄφρα τεῶ σκεδάσειε ποτῶ μελεδήματα κόσμου.  
 ἀλλὰ λιπῶν βιότοιο πολυφλοίσβοιο μερίμνας  
 σὰς τελετὰς σκοπίαζε κατηφέας· ἦ ῥά σε θέλγει 65  
 ἀσπόνδων θυνῶν ἀνεμῶλιος ἀτμὸς ἀλήτης; ”

Ὡς φαμένοιο γέροντος ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔμφροσι σιγῇ  
 μῆτιν ἐὴν ἐλέλιζεν ἀτέρμονα μητίετα Ζεὺς·  
 καὶ φρενὸς ἠνία λῦσεν· ἐπασσυτέρησι δὲ βουλαῖς  
 ἐγκεφάλου γονόεντος ἐδινεύοντο μενοιναί. 70

young bridegroom, companion of an agemate bride lately wed, and breaks the life-bringing cables of a union that cannot be broken! I know how delightful a marriage is when Athena's hoboy sounds along with the panspipes: nevertheless, what boots it, when the loud sound of the sevenchord harp is heard twanging near the bridal chamber? Lutes cannot comfort a heavy heart: but Eros himself stops the dance and throws away the bridal torch, if he sees a wedding without joy.

<sup>55</sup> " But (some may say) a medicine <sup>a</sup> has been planted to make long-suffering mortals forget their troubles, to save their lives. Would that Pandora had never opened the heavenly cover of that jar—she the sweet bane of mankind! Nay, Prometheus himself is the cause of man's misery—Prometheus who cares for poor mortals! Instead of fire <sup>b</sup> which is the beginning of all evil he ought rather to have stolen sweet nectar, which rejoices the heart of the gods, and given that to men, that he might have scattered the sorrows of the world with your own drink. But never mind the cares of tempest-tossed life, just consider your own ceremonials brought to sadness. Are you pleased at the empty vapour of the burnt-offering that strays without libation? "

<sup>67</sup> When the ancient had ended, Zeus Allwise for a time turned over his infinite wisdom in thoughtful silence, and gave rein to his mind; one after another the meditations of that creative brain revolved before

<sup>a</sup> Hope. Pandora, the first woman, brought with her a jar containing all manner of evils; when it was opened these flew out to afflict mankind, but hope remained in the jar. See Hesiod, *Works and Days* 90 ff.

<sup>b</sup> For his theft of fire see Hesiod, *Theog.* 561, *Works and Days* 50 ff.

## NONNOS

καὶ Κρονίδης Αἰῶνι θεηγόρον ἴαχε φωνὴν  
 ἄξονος ὀμφήεντος ὑπέρτερα θέσφατα φαίνων·  
 “ ὦ πάτερ, ἀενάων ἐτέων αὐτόσπορε ποιμὴν,  
 μὴ νεμέσα· βροτῆ γὰρ ἀώριος οὐ ποτε λήγει  
 πληθομένη μινύθουσα φύσις, μίμημα σελήνης. 75  
 νέκταρ ἕα μακάρεσσι, καὶ ἀνδράσιν ἄλκαρ ἀνίης  
 αὐτοχύτῳ γλυκὺν οἶνον εἰκότα νέκταρι δώσω·  
 ἄλλο ποτὸν μερόπεσσι ἐφάρμενον· ἀρχέγονος δὲ  
 ἄχνηται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἕνα παῖδα λοχεύσω.  
 τίκτω ἐγὼ γενέτης, καὶ τλήσομαι ἄρσει μῆρῳ 80  
 θηλυτέρας ὠδῖνας, ὅπως ὠδῖνα σαώσω.  
 χθιζὰ μὲν εὐρυάλως ἐμῆς ὑπὸ νεύματι Διοῦς  
 γαῖα χαρασσομένη σταχύων μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ  
 ξηρὸν ἀμαλλοτόκοιο λοχεύσατο καρπὸν ἀρούρης.  
 ἤδη δ’ ἀγλαόδωρος ἐμὸς πάις ἐν χθονὶ πήξει 85  
 ὑγρὸν ἀκεσσιπόνοιο θυώδεα καρπὸν ὀπώρης,  
 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἀπενθέα βότρυν ἀέξων,  
 ἀντίπαλος Δήμητρι· καὶ αἰνήσεις με δοκεῦν  
 ἄμπελον οἰνοτόκοισιν ἐρευθιώσαν ἔέρσαις  
 εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα, καὶ ἀγρονόμους παρὰ ληνῶ 90  
 ποσσὶ βαρυνομένοισιν ἐπιθλίβοντας ὀπώρην,  
 Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγα φιλεύιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων  
 ἄπλοκον αἰθύσσουσιν ἐς ἡέρα λυσσάδα χαίτην·  
 καὶ φρένα βακχεύσαντες ἀμοιβαίοισι κυπέλλοις  
 πάντες ἀνευάξουσιν ἐπ’ εὐκελάδοιο τραπέζης 95  
 ἀνδρομέης Διόνυσον ἀλεξητῆρα γενέθλης·  
 τοῦτον ἀεθλεύσαντα μετὰ χθόνα σύνδρομον ἄστρον,  
 Γηγενέων μετὰ δῆριν, ὁμοῦ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν  
 Ζηνὶ συναστράπτοντα δεδέξεται αἰόλος αἰθήρ.

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<sup>a</sup> This alludes to the Delphic oracle, at the centre, or, as Nonnos here calls it, the axle of the earth. Being Apollo's  
 250

## DIONYSIACA, VII. 71-99

him ; and at last Cronides addressed his divine voice to Time, and revealed oracles higher than the prophetic centre <sup>a</sup> :

<sup>73</sup> “ O Father self-begotten, shepherd of the ever-flowing years ! be not angry ; the human race waxes and wanes like the moon, and never fails or forgets its season. Leave nectar to the Blessed ; and I will give mankind to heal their sorrows delicious wine, another drink like nectar self-distilled, and one suited to mortals. The primeval world will sorrow still, until I be delivered of one child. I am father and mother both ; I shall suffer the woman’s pangs in my man’s thigh, that I may save the fruit of my pangs. Yesterday at the nod of my Deo, lady of wide threshingfloors, the earth dug by the iron wooer of corn <sup>b</sup> was delivered of the dry fruit of the sheaf-bearing soil. Now also my son, bringer of a glorious gift, shall plant in the earth the moist fragrant fruit of vintage the Allheal—my son Dionysos Alljoy will cherish the no-sorrow grape, and rival Demeter. Then you will commend me when you watch the vine reddening with wineteeming dew, herald of the merry heart ; and the countrymen at the winepress treading the fruit with heavy feet ; and the revelling company of Bassarids shaking their mad hair unkempt into the wind over their shoulders. Then all in wild jubilation will cry Euoi over the echoing table with mutual toasts, in honour of Dionysos the protector of the human race. This my son after struggles on earth, after the battle with the giants, after the Indian War, will be received by the bright upper air to shine beside Zeus and to share the courses of the

oracle it gave Zeus’s wisdom at second hand ; this prophecy is from Zeus direct.

<sup>b</sup> The plow-share.

καὶ θεὸς ἡμερίδων ἐπικείμενον οἴνοπι κισσῶ 100  
 ὡς στέφος ἐρπηστῆρα περὶ πλοκάμοισιν ἐλίξας . . .  
 σῆμα νέης θεότητος ἔχων ὀφιδέα μίτρην·  
 καὶ μακάρων ὁμότιμος ἐπώνυμος ἀνδράσιν ἔσται  
 ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσος, ἄτε χρυσόρραπις Ἑρμῆς,  
 χάλκεος ὡς περ Ἄρης,

ἐκατηβόλος ὡς περ Ἀπόλλων.” 105

Εἶπε πατήρ· Μοῖραι δὲ συνήνεον· ἀμφὶ δὲ μύθῳ  
 ἐσσομένων κήρυκες ἐπέπτарον εὐποδες ὦραι.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς εἰπόντε διέτμαγεν, ὃς μὲν ἰκάνων  
 οἶκον ἐς Ἀρμονίης, ὃ δὲ ποικίλον εἰς δόμον Ἑρῆς.

Καὶ σοφὸς αὐτοδίδακτος Ἑρως αἰῶνα νομεύων 110  
 πρωτογόνου Χάεος ζοφεροῦς πυλεῶνας ἀράξας  
 ἰοδόκην ἐκόμισσε θεήλατον, ἧ ἔνι μούνη  
 εἰς πόθον ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἐπιχθονίων ὑμεναίων  
 Ζηνὶ πυριτρεφέες πεφυλαγμένοι ἦσαν οἰστοὶ  
 δώδεκα, καὶ χρύσειον ἔπος μετρηδὸν ἐκάστω 115  
 ἔγραφεν εἰς μέσα νῶτα ποθοβλήτοιο φαρέτρης·

“ πρῶτος ἄγει Κρονίωνα βοώπιδος εἰς λέχος Ἰοῦς ”·

“ δεύτερος Εὐρώπην μνηστεύεται ἄρπαγι ταύρω ”·

“ Πλουτοῦς εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγει τρίτος

ἄρχὸν Ὀλύμπου ”·

“ τέτρατος εἰς Δανάην καλέει χρύσειον ἀκοίτην ”· 120

“ πέμπτος ἐπεντύνει Σεμέλη φλογεροῦς ὑμεναίους ”·

“ αἰετὸν Αἰγίνη πρόμον αἰθέρος ἔκτος ὀπάξει ”·

“ ἕβδομος Ἀντιόπην Σατύρω δολόεντι συνάπτει ”·

“ ὄγδοος ἔμφρονα κύκνον ἄγει γυμνόχροϊ Λήδη ”·

<sup>a</sup> A good omen, signifying that the words just spoken should come true. See Hom. *Od.* xvii. 541.

stars. So the god shall wind a tendril of garden vines laid upon the bright ivy round his locks for his garland . . . having a serpent-coronet as a sign of new godhead. He shall have equal honour with the gods, and among men he shall be named Dionysos of the Vine, as Hermes is called Goldenrod, Ares Brazen, Apollo Farshooter."

<sup>106</sup> The Father spoke, the Portioners applauded; at his words the lightfoot Seasons sneezed,<sup>a</sup> as a presage of things to come. Their parley done they separated, Time to Harmonia's house, the other to the fine-wrought chamber of Hera.

<sup>110</sup> Now Eros the wise, the self-taught, the manager of the ages, knocked at the gloomy gates of primeval Chaos. He took out the divine quiver, in which were kept apart twelve firefed arrows for Zeus, when his desire turned towards one or another of mortal women for a bride. Right on the back of his quiver of lovebolts he had engraved with letters of gold a sentence in verse for each :

"The first takes Cronion to the bed of heifer-fronted Io."

"The second shall Europa woo for the bold bull abducting."

"The third to Pluto's bridal brings the lord of high Olympos."

"The fourth shall call to Danaë a golden bed-companion."

"The fifth shall offer Semele a burning fiery wedding."

"The sixth shall bring the King of heaven an eagle to Aigina."

"The seventh joins Antiope to a pretended Satyr."

"The eighth, a swan endowed with mind shall bring to naked Leda."

NONNOS

“ εἵνατος ἵππια λέκτρα φέρει Περραιβίδι Δίῃ ”. 125

“ θέλγεται Ἀλκμήνης δεκάτῳ τρισέληνος ἀκοίτης ”.

“ ἐνδέκατος μεθέπει νυμφεύματα Λαοδαμείης ”.

“ δωδέκατος τρισέλικτον Ὀλυμπιάδος πόσιν ἔλκει. ”

ἀλλ’ ὅτε πάντας ὅπωπεν Ἔρως στοιχηδὸν ἀφάσσω, 130  
 ἄλλους μὲν μεθέηκε πυριγλώχινας οἰστούς,

χειρὶ δὲ πέμπτον ἄειρε καὶ ἤρμοσεν αἴθοπι νευρῇ

κισσὸν ἐπὶ γλωχίνι βαλὼν πτερόεντος οἰστοῦ,

δαίμονος ἀμπελόεντος ἵνα στέφος ἄρμενον εἶη,

νεκταρέου κρητῆρος ὄλον βέλος ἰκμάδι βάψας,

νεκταρέην ἵνα Βάκχος ἀεξήσειεν ὀπώρην. 135

Ἄφρα μὲν εἰς Διὸς οἶκον Ἔρως κουφίζετο παλμῶ,

τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σεμέλη ῥοδοειδέι σύνδρομος ὄρθρω

ἀργυρέης ἐτίταινε δι’ ἄστεος ἤχον ἰμάσθλης

ἡμιόνους ἐλάουσα, καὶ ὄρθιος ἄκρα κονίης

λεπτὸς εὐκνήμιδος ἐπέγραφεν ὄλκὸς ἀπήνης. 140

ὄμμασι γὰρ Ληθαῖον ἀμεργομένη πτερὸν Ὑπνου

ἀντιτύπῳ πόμπευεν ἀλήμονα θυμὸν ὀνειρῶ

θέσφατα ποικίλλοντι, καὶ ἀρτιγόνοισι κορύμβοις

ἔλπετο καλλιπέτηλον ἰδεῖν φυτὸν ἐνδοθι κήπου

ἔγχλοον, οἰδαλέῳ βεβαρημένον ὄμφακι καρπῶ, 145

νιφόμενον Κρονίωνος ἀεξιφύτοισιν ἐέρσαις.

Ἐξαπίνης δὲ πεσοῦσα δι’ αἰθέρος οὐρανίῃ φλόξ

<sup>a</sup> *Io*, daughter of the Argive river Inachos and mother by Zeus of Epaphos ; she was turned into a heifer in an attempt to hide her from Hera. *Europa*, see bk. i. 45 ff. ; *Pluto*, a nymph, mother by Zeus of Tantalos ; *Danaë*, daughter of Acrisios of Argos, mother of Perseus ; Zeus visited her in the form of a shower of gold ; *Semele*, see *inf.*, 137 ff. ; *Aigina*, daughter of the river Asopos, mother by Zeus of Aiacos ; *Antiope*, daughter of Nycteus of Boeotia, mother of Amphion and Zethos ; that Zeus approached her as a satyr is a detail rarely found ; *Leda*, daughter of Tyndaros



“ The ninth a noble stallion gives unto Perrhaibid  
Dia.”

“ The tenth three fullmoon nights of bliss gives to  
Alcmena’s bedmate.”

“ The eleventh goes to carry out Laodameia’s bridal.”

“ The twelfth draws to Olympias her thrice-encircling  
husband.”<sup>a</sup>

<sup>129</sup> When Eros had seen and handled each in turn, he put back the other fire-barbed shafts, and taking the fifth he fitted it to the shining bowstring; but first he put a sprig of ivy on the barb of the winged arrow, to be a fitting chaplet for the god of the vine, and dipt the whole shaft in a bowl of nectar, that Bacchos might grow a nectareal vintage.

<sup>136</sup> While Eros was fluttering along to the house of Zeus, Semele also was out with the rosy morning, shaking the cracks of her silver whip while she drove her mules through the city; and the light straight track of her cartwheels only scratched the very top of the dust. She had brushed away from her eyes the oblivious wing of sleep,<sup>b</sup> and sent her mind wandering after the image of a dream with riddling oracles. She thought she saw in a garden a tree with fair green leaves, laden with newgrown clusters of swelling fruit yet unripe, and drenched in the fostering dews of Zeus. Suddenly a flame fell through the

of Sparta, visited by Zeus in the form of a swan; mother of Castor and Polydeuces, Helen and Clytemestra; *Dia*, daughter of Deioneus, mother of Peirithoös; the allusion in *ἵππια λέκτρα* is unexplained. *Alcmene*, mother of Heracles, the night of whose begetting by Zeus was of thrice normal length. *Laodameia*, daughter of Bellerophon, mother by Zeus of Sarpedon, *Il.* vi. 197-199. *Olympias*, mother of Alexander the Great. The legend was that she dreamt she lay with a serpent.

<sup>b</sup> Compare v. 411.

NONNOS

- δένδρον ὅλον πρήνιξεν, ἐοῦ δ' οὐχ ἤπτετο καρποῦ·  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἀρπάξας τανυσίπτερος ὄρνις ἀλήτης  
 ἤμιτελῆ χατέοντα τελεσσιγόνοιο λοχείης 150  
 ὤρεγε μὲν Κρονίωνι· πατὴρ δέ μιν ἠδέει κόλπῳ  
 δέκτο λαβῶν, μηρῶ δὲ συνέρραφεν· ἀντὶ δὲ καρποῦ  
 ταυροφυῆς κερόοντι τύπῳ μορφούμενος ἀνὴρ  
 αὐτοτελῆς βλάστησεν ὑπὲρ βουβῶνα τοκῆος·  
 καὶ Σεμέλη φυτὸν ἦεν· ὑπερφρίσσουσα δὲ κούρη 155  
 ἐκ λεχέων ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ἐπτοίησε τοκῆα  
 εὐπετάλων ἐνέπουσα σελασφόρον ἀτμὸν ὀνειρῶν.  
 καὶ Σεμέλης δεδόνητο φυτὸν πυρίκαυτον ἀκούων  
 Κάδμος ἀναξ· καλέσας δὲ θεηγόρον υἱὰ Χαρικλοῦς  
 πρῶιος αἰθαλόεντας ἐπέφραδε παιδὸς ὀνειρούς. 160  
 καὶ τότε Τειρεσίαο δεδεγμένος ἔνθεον ὀμφὴν  
 παῖδα πατὴρ προέηκεν ἐς ἠθάδα νηὸν Ἀθήνης  
 Ζηνὶ θυηπολέουσαν ἀκοντιστῆρι κεραυνοῦ  
 ταῦρον ὀμοκραίριοιο φυῆς ἴνδαλμα Λυαίου,  
 καὶ τράγον ἐσσομένης  
 σταφυλητόμον ἐχθρὸν ὀπώρης. 165  
 Ἐνθεν ἔβη πρὸ πόλης, ὅπως Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνάψῃ,  
 ἄστεροπῆς μεδέοντι· παρισταμένη δὲ θυηλαῖς  
 αἵματι κόλπον ἔδευσε, φόνῳ δ' ἐρραίνετο κούρη·  
 καὶ πλοκάμους ἐδίηναν ἀφειδέες αἵματος ὀλκοί,  
 καὶ βοέαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐπορφύροντο χιτῶνες· 170  
 καὶ δρόμον ἰθύνουσα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποίῃ  
 γείτονος Ἀσωποῖο μετέστιχε πάτριον ὕδωρ  
 παρθένος αἰολόπεπλος, ἵνα σμήξιε ρεέθροις  
 στικτὰ πολυρραθίμιγγι δεδευμένα φάρεα λύθρῳ. 174  
 Καὶ Σεμέλην ὀρώωσα παρ' Ἀσωποῖο ρεέθροις 180  
 λουομένην ἐγέλασεν ἐν ἠέρι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς

air from heaven, and laid the whole tree flat, but did not touch its fruit; then a bird flying with outspread wings caught up the fruit half-grown, and carried it yet lacking full maturity to Cronion. The Father received it in his kindly bosom, and sewed it up in his thigh; then instead of the fruit, a bull-shaped horned figure of a man came forth complete over his loins. Semele was the tree!

<sup>155</sup> The girl leapt from her couch trembling, and told her father the terrifying tale of leafy dreams and fiery blast. King Cadmos was shaken when he heard of Semele's fireburnt tree, and that same morning he summoned the divine seer Teiresias son of Chariclo, and told him his daughter's fiery dreams. As soon as he heard the seer's inspired interpretation, the father sent his daughter to their familiar temple of Athena, and bade her sacrifice to thunderhurling Zeus a bull, the image of likehorned Lyaïos, and a boar, vine-ravaging enemy of the vintage to come.

<sup>166</sup> Now the maiden went forth from the city to kindle the altar of Zeus Lord of Lightning. She stood by the victims and sprinkled her bosom with the blood; her body was drenched with blood, plentiful streams of blood soaked her hair, her clothes were crimsoned with drops from the bull. Then with robes discoloured she made her way along the meadow deep in rushes, beside Asopos the river of her birthplace, and plunged in his waters to wash clean the garments which had been drenched and marked by the showers of blood.

<sup>180</sup> Erinys the Avenger flying by in the air saw Semele bathing in the waters of Asopos, and laughed

## NONNOS

μνησαμένη Κρονίωνος, ὅτι ξυνήονι πότμω  
 ἀμφοτέρους ἤμελλε βαλεῖν φλογόεντι κεραυνῶ.  
 κείθι δέμας φαίδρυνε, σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι δὲ γυμνή  
 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα δι' ὕδατος ἔτρεχε κούρη· 185  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἀδιάντον ἐκούφισεν ἴδμονι τέχνη  
 ὕψι τιταινομένην ὑπὲρ οἴδματος, ἄχρι κομάων  
 ὑγροβαφής, καὶ στέρνον ἐπιστορέσασα ρεέθρω  
 ποσσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπίστερον ὤθειεν ὕδωρ. 189  
 καὶ φόρον<sup>1</sup> ἄλλον ἔδεκτο, καὶ ὑψόθι γείτονος ὄχθης 175  
 ἠῶν παρὰ πέζαν ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου  
 εἰς ῥόον, εἰς ἀνέμους ἀπεσεῖσατο τάρβος ὀνείρων.  
 οὐκ ἄθει δὲ ρέεθρα μετήμην, ἀλλὰ ἐ κείνου  
 εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο προμάντιες ἤγαγον ὦραι.<sup>2</sup> 179  
 Οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθην ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρη 190  
 ὑψιφανῆς ἐλέλιζεν ἀτέρμονα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς.  
 καὶ βιοτῆς ἐπίκουρον ἐν ἠέρι τόξον ἀνέλκων  
 πατρὸς ὀπιπεντῆρος Ἔρωσ ἀντώπιος ἔστη,  
 τοξευτῆρ ἀκίχητος· ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ βελέμνῳ  
 νευρῇ μὲν σελάγιζεν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου 195  
 ἐλκομένου ροίζησε σοφὸν βέλος Εὐϊον ἠχώ.  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ σκοπὸς ἦεν ὁ τηλίκος· οὐτιδανῶ δὲ  
 αὐχένα κάμψεν Ἔρωτι· καὶ εἴκελος ἀστέρος ὀλκῶ  
 συριγμῶ γαμῖῳ δεδονημένος ἰὸς Ἐρώτων  
 εἰς κραδίην Διὸς ἦλθε παράτροπος ἔμφροني παλμῶ, 200  
 ἀκροτάταις γλυφίδεσσιν ἐπιγράψας πτύχα μηροῦ,  
 ἔσσομένου τοκετοῖο προάγγελος. ἔνθα Κρονίων

<sup>1</sup> φόβον MSS., φόρον Marcellus in the sense of φόρημα.

<sup>2</sup> 175-179 are placed after 189, with Marcellus.

\* Aigina was a daughter of Asopos, and he suffered that fate. Graefe suggests that a line has fallen out which mentioned Semele and her son; but the son was not destroyed.

as she thought how Zeus was to strike both with his fiery thunderbolt in one common fate.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>184</sup> There the maiden cleansed her body, and naked with her attendants moved through the water with paddling hands; she kept her head stretched well above the stream unwetted, by the art she knew so well, under water to the hair and no farther, breasting the current and treading the water back with alternate feet.

<sup>175</sup> There she received a new dress, and mounting upon the neighbouring river-bank, by the eastern strand which belonged to Dionysos the Guardian Spirit,<sup>b</sup> she shook off into the winds and waters all the terror of her dreams. Not without God she plunged into the water, but she was led to that river's flow by the prophetic Seasons.

<sup>190</sup> Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see her: from the heights he turned the infinite circle of his vision upon the girl. At this moment Eros stood before the father, who watched her, and the inexorable archer drew in the air that bow which fosters life. The bowstring sparkled over the flower-decked shaft, and as the bow was drawn stretched back the poet-missile sounded the Bacchic strain. Zeus was the butt—for all his greatness he bowed his neck to Eros the nobody! And like a shooting star the shaft of love flew spinning into the heart of Zeus, with a bridal whistle, but swerving with a calculated twist it had just scratched his rounded thigh with its grooves<sup>c</sup>—a foretaste of the birth to come. Then

<sup>b</sup> No one has explained this line, and it is thought to be out of place here.

<sup>c</sup> The grooves in which the feathers were set, not the notch at the end of the shaft for the bowstring. The babe is to be sewn into his thigh under the skin.

NONNOS

ἄστατον ὄμμα φέρων γαμίης ὀχετηγὸν ἀνάγκης  
 παρθενικῆς ἐς ἔρωτα πόθου μαστίζετο κεστῶ·  
 καὶ Σεμέλην ὀρόων ἀνεπάλλετο, μὴ σχεδὸν ὄχθης 205

Εὐρώπην ἐνόησε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ  
 κάμνε πάλιν Φοίνικα φέρων πόθον· ἀγλαΐης γὰρ  
 τῆς αὐτῆς τύπον εἶχεν, αἰεὶ δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ  
 πατροκασιγνήτης ἀμαρύσσετο σύγγονος αἴγλη.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεσσαν ἐὼν ἠλλάξατο μορφήν, 210  
 καὶ Σεμέλης δι' ἔρωτα προῶριος αἰετὸς ἔπτῃ  
 ὑψόθεν Ἀσωποῖο, θυγατρογόνου ποταμοῖο,  
 Αἰγίνης ἄτε μάντις ἐυπερύγων ὑμεναίων  
 ὄξυφαῆς μίμημα φέρων ὄρνιθος ὀπωπῆς·

αἰθέρα δὲ προλέλοιπε καὶ ἀγχιπόρου σχεδὸν ὄχθης 215  
 γυμνὸν ἐυπλοκάμοιο δέμας διεμέτρεε κούρης·

οὐ γὰρ ἰδεῖν μενέαινε ἀπόπροθεν, ἀλλὰ δοκεύειν  
 ἀγχιφανῆς πάνλευκον ὄλον δέμας ἤθελε νύμφης,  
 ὅτι τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀτέρμονα πάντοθι πέμπων  
 ὀφθαλμὸν περίμετρον, ὄλου θηήτορα κόσμου, 220  
 ἄρκιον οὐ δοκέεσκεν ἰδεῖν μίαν ἄζυγα κούρην.

Καὶ ῥοδέοις μελέεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ ῥόος ἡμερόεις ποταμῆιος ἔπλετο λειμῶν  
 ἀστράπτων Χαρίτεσσιν· ὀπιπεύουσα διὰ νύμφην  
 Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀνήρυγε θαύματι φωνήν· 225

“ Μὴ προτέρην μετὰ Κύπριν

ἀμερσιγάμῳ Κρόνος ἄρπη

μήδεα πατρὸς ἔτεμνε, ἕως πάλιν ἀφρὸς ἐχέφρων

<sup>a</sup> The cestus is described as a magical strap or bit of leather full of charms, which Aphrodite carried under her bosom : ἐνὶ μὲν φιλότῃς, ἐν δ' ἡμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστύς, Hom. Il. xiv. 216 : τῶ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ, she says. Here it is a magical charm.

<sup>b</sup> Hera. Some of Hera's precious ointment had been given to Europa : but in Semele the white skin is natural.

Cronion quickly turned the eye which was the channel of desire, and the love-charm flogged him into passion for the girl.<sup>a</sup> At the sight of Semele, he leapt up, in wonder if it were Europa whom he saw on that bank a second time, his heart was troubled as if he felt again his Phoinician passion; for she had the same radiant shape, and on her face gleamed as born in her the brightness of her father's sister.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>210</sup> Father Zeus now deceitfully changed his form, and in his love, before the due season, he flew above River Asopos, the father of a daughter, as an eagle with eye sharp-shining like the bird, as he were now presaging the winged bridal of Aigina.<sup>c</sup> He left the sky, and approaching the bank of the near-flowing river he scanned the naked body of the girl with her lovely hair. For he was not content to see from afar; he wished to come near and examine all the pure white body of the maiden, though he could send that eye so great—such an eye! ranging to infinity all round about, surveying all the universe, yet he thought it not enough to look at one unwedded girl.

<sup>222</sup> Her rosy limbs made the dark water glow red; the stream became a lovely meadow gleaming with such graces. An unveiled naiad espying the nymph in wonder, cried out these words:

<sup>226</sup> "Can it be that Cronos, after the first Cypris,<sup>d</sup> again cut his father's loins with unmanning sickle, until the foam got a mind and made the water shape

<sup>c</sup> He approached her (*cf.* note on 117 ff.) in the form of an eagle.

<sup>d</sup> Aphrodite, called Cypris because of her important shrine at Cyprus, was born of the sea, fertilized by Cronos flinging into it the cut-off genitals of his father Uranos; see Hesiod, *Theog.* 188 ff.

## NONNOS

εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἄγων μορφοῦμενον ὕδωρ  
 ὀπλοτέρην ὤδινε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην; 230  
 μὴ ποταμὸς μετὰ πόντον ὁμοζήλοισι λοχείαις  
 κύματος αὐτογόνοιο λεχώιον ὄλκον ἐλίσσω  
 ἄλλην Κύπριν ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε θαλάσση;  
 μὴ μία Μουσαίων τις ἐμὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ  
 γείτονος ἐξ Ἑλικῶνος ἐδύσατο, καὶ τινη πηγῆς  
 Πηγασίδος προλέλοιπε μελισταγῆς ἵππιον ὕδωρ 235  
 ἢ ῥόον Ὀλμειοῖο; τιταινομένην δὲ ῥεέθροις  
 παρθένον ἀργυρόπεζαν ἔσω ποταμοῖο δοκεύω·  
 πείθομαι, ὡς ἐθέλουσα μολεῖν ἐπὶ Λάτμιον εὐνήν  
 εἰς λέχος Ἐνδυμίωνος, ἀκοιμήτοιο νομῆος,  
 λούεται Ἀονίησιν ἐνὶ προχοῆσι Σελήνη· 240  
 εἰ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε χάριν γλυκεροῖο νομῆος,  
 τί χρέος Ἀσωποῖο μετὰ ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο;  
 εἰ δὲ καὶ αἰθερίην μεθέπει χιονώδεα μορφήν,  
 Μήνης ποῖον ἔχει σημήιον; ἀστομίων γὰρ 245  
 οὐρήων ζυγόδεσμα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλος ἀπήνη  
 αἰγιαλῶ παρέασιν, ὑποζευῆσαι δὲ λεπάδνω  
 ἡμίονους οὐκ οἶδε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη.  
 εἰ δὲ τις οὐρανὴ θεὸς ἦλυθε—παρθενικῆς γὰρ  
 γλαυκὰ γαληναίων βλεφάρων  
 ἀμαρύγματα λεύσσω—,  
 καὶ τάχα Τειρεσίαο παλαιότερην μετὰ νείκην 250  
 λούσατο δέρμα βαλοῦσα πάλιν γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.  
 κούρη μὲν ῥοδόπηχυς ἔχει θεοειδέα μορφήν·  
 εἰ δὲ μιν ἀγλαόφορτος ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,  
 αἰθερίων Κρονίωνος ἐπάξιος ἔπλετο λέκτρων.”  
 Τοῖα μὲν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ὑποβρυχίῃ φάτο φωνή. 255  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πυριγλώχινι πόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρω

<sup>a</sup> This runs from Helicon into Lake Copaïs. The fountain Hippocrene was struck out by the hoof of Pegasus.



itself into a self-perfected birth, delivered of a younger Aphrodite from the sea? Can it be that the river has rivalled the deep with a childbirth, and rolled a torrent of self-pregnant waves to bring forth another Cypris, not to be outdone by the sea? Can it be that one of the Muses has dived from neighbouring Helicon into my native water, and left another to take the honeydripping water of Pegasos the horse, or the stream of Olmeios!<sup>a</sup> I spy a silverfooted maiden stretched under the streams of my river! I believe Selene bathes in the Aonian waves on her way to Endymion's bed on Latmos, the bed of a sleepless<sup>b</sup> shepherd; but if she has prinked herself out for her sweet shepherd, what's the use of Asopos after the Ocean stream? And if she has a body white as the snows of heaven, what mark of the Moon has she? A team of mules unbridled and a mule-cart with silver wheels are there on the beach, but Selene knows not how to put mules to her yokestrap—she drives a team of bulls! Or if it is a goddess come down from heaven—I see a maiden's bright eyes sparkling under the quiet eyelids, and it must be Athena Brighteyes bathing, when she threw the skin back at him after the old victory over Teiresias.<sup>c</sup> This girl looks like a divine being with her rosy arms; but if she was the glorious burden of a mortal womb, she is worthy of the heavenly bed of Cronion.”

<sup>255</sup> So spoke the voice from under the swirling waters. But Zeus shaken by the firebarbed sting of

<sup>b</sup> An odd variant: usually Endymion never wakes, see note on iv. 196.

<sup>c</sup> Teiresias saw Athena bathing, and she blinded him by sprinkling water in his face. The “skin” would be the aegis-cape.

νηχομένης πάπταινε ροδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης·  
 ἀσταθέος δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,  
 πῆ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ροδέου σπινθῆρα προσώπου,  
 πῆ δὲ βοογλήνων βλεφάρων σέλας, ἄλλοτε χαίτην 260  
 πλαζομένην ἀνέμοισι, παρελκομένων δὲ κομάων  
 ἀσκεπέος σκοπίαζεν ἐλεύθερον αὐχένα κούρης·  
 στέρνα δὲ μᾶλλον ὄπωπε, κατὰ Κρονίδαο δὲ γυμνοὶ  
 μαζοὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀκοντιστῆρες Ἐρώτων·  
 καὶ χροὰ πάντα δόκευεν· ἀθηήτιο δὲ μούνου 265  
 ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισι παρήλυθεν ὄργια κόλπου.  
 καὶ Διὸς αἰθερίοιο νόος μετανάστιος ἔρπων  
 νηχομένη Σεμέλη συνενήχето· θελγομένῳ δὲ  
 ἠδυμανῆ σπινθῆρα δεδεγμένος ἠθάδι θυμῷ  
 παιδὶ πατῆρ ὑπόειξεν· ἀκιδνοτάτῳ δὲ βελέμῳ 270  
 βαιὸς Ἔρωσ ἐφλεξεν ὀιστευτῆρα κεραυνοῦ·  
 οὐδὲ χύσις νιφετοῖο, καὶ οὐ φλογόντι φορῆι  
 ἀστεροπῆ χραίσμησεν, ἐνικήθη δὲ καὶ αὐτῆ  
 ἀπτολέμου Παφίης ὀλίγῳ πυρὶ τοσσατῆ φλόξ  
 οὐρανίῃ· καὶ βαιὸς Ἔρωσ λασιότριχι ρίνῳ, 275  
 αἰγίδι κεστός ἔριζεν, ἐρωτοτόκῳ δὲ φαρέρτῳ  
 βρονταίης βαρυδουπος ἐδουλώθη κτύπος ἠχοῦς.  
 καὶ Σεμέλης δεδόνητο πόθου φρενοθελγεί κέντρῳ  
 θάμβος ἔχων· φιλίῳ γὰρ ἔρωσ πέλε θαύματι γείτων.

Καὶ μόγις εἰς πόλον ἦλθε

δολοπλόκος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς 280

ἔνθεον ἀμφιέπων παλινάγρετον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς.  
 καὶ νυχίης ἐθέλων Σεμέλης ἐπιβήμεναι εὐνῆς  
 εἰς δύσιν ὄμμα τίταινε, πότε γλυκὺς Ἔσπερος ἔλθη·  
 καὶ δολιχὴν Φαέθοντος ἐμέμφετο δείελον ὄρην,  
 καὶ φιλίοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερον ἴαχε φωνήν· 285

“Ἐννεπε, Νυξ χρονίη,

φθονερὴ πότε δύεται Ἥως;

desire watched the rosy fingers of the swimming girl. Unrestingly he moved his wandering glance, now gazing at the sparkling rosy face, now bright eyes as full as a cow's under the eyelids, now the hair floating on the breeze, and as the hair blew away he scanned the free neck of the unclad maid; but the bosom most of all and the naked breasts seemed to be armed against Cronides, volleying shafts of love. All her flesh he surveyed, only passed by the secrets of her lap unseen by his modest eyes. The mind of Zeus left the skies and crept down to swim beside swimming Semele. Enchanted he received the sweet maddening spark in a heart which knew it well. Allfather was worsted by a child: little Eros with his feeble shot set afire this Archer of Thunderbolts. Not the deluge of the flood, not the fiery lightning could help its possessor: that huge heavenly flame itself was vanquished by the small fire of unwarlike Paphia; little Eros faced the shaggy skin, his magical girdle faced the aegis; the heavy-booming din of the thunderclap was the slave of his lovebreeding quiver. The god was shaken by the heartbewitching sting of desire for Semele, in amazement: for love is near neighbour to admiration.

<sup>280</sup> Zeus could hardly get back to his imperial heaven, thinking over his plans, having now resumed his divine shape once more. He resolved to mount Semele's nightly couch, and turned his eye to the west, to see when sweet Hesperos would come. He blamed Phaëthon that he should make the afternoon season so long, and uttered an impatient appeal with passionate lips:

<sup>286</sup> "Tell me, laggard Night, when is envious Eos

## NONNOS

ἀλλὰ σὺ δαλὸν ἄειρε Διὸς προκέλευθον Ἐρώτων,  
 λαμπάδα νυκτιπόλοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου.  
 ζηλήμων Φαέθων με βιάζεται· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἰμείρει Σεμέλης καὶ ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι μεγαίρει; 290  
 Ἥελιε, κλονέεις με, καὶ εἰ μάθες οἴστρον Ἐρώτων·  
 φειδομένη μᾶστιγι πόθεν βραδὺν ἵππον ἰμάσσεις;  
 οἶδα καὶ ὄξυτάτην ἐτέρην δύσιν· ἦν ἐθελήσω,  
 καὶ σέ καὶ ἠριγένειαν ἐμοῖς νεφέεσσι καλύψω,  
 καὶ σέο κευθομένοιο φανήσεται ἡματιῆ Νύξ 295  
 Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο γαμοστόλος, ὄφρα φαεῖνη  
 ἄστρα μεσημβρίζοντα, καὶ ἡθάδα πομπὸν Ἐρώτων  
 Ἐσπερον ἀντέλλοντα καὶ οὐ δύνοντα τελέσω.  
 ἀλλὰ τεὸν προκέλευθον Ἐωσφόρον εἰς δύσιν ἔλκων  
 σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι χαρίζεο, παννύχιος δέ 300  
 σῆς Κλυμένης ἀπόναιο, καὶ εἰς Σεμέλην ταχὺς ἔλθω.  
 ζευξὼν ἐμοὶ τεὸν ἄρμα, φαεσφόρε καὶ σὺ Σελήνη,  
 μαρμαρυγὴν πέμπουσα φυτηκόμον, ὅττι γενέθλην  
 θεσπίζει γάμος οὗτος ἀξιφύτου Διονύσου,  
 καὶ Σεμέλης ἐρατοῖσιν ἐπαντέλλουσα μελάθροισι 305  
 λάμψον ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι σὺν ἀστέρι Κυπρογενείης,  
 καὶ γλυκερὴν μήκυνε Διὸς θαλαμηπόλον ὄρφνην.”  
 Τοῖα πατὴρ ἀγόρευε, τὰ περ πόθος οἶδε κελεῦσαι.  
 ἀλλ’ ὅτε οἱ σπεύδοντι χαμαιγενὲς ἄλμα τιταίνων  
 ἀκροτενῆς περίμετρος ἀνέδραμε κῶνος ὀμίχλης, 310  
 δυομένης ζόφον ὑγρὸν ἄγων ἀντίσκιον Ἡοῦς,

<sup>a</sup> “Deliverer,” a title of Dionysos.

<sup>b</sup> The Homeric epithet of Eos, Dawn.

<sup>c</sup> Whatever planet was there, morning star would be

to set? It is time now for you to lift your torch and lead Zeus to his love—come now, foreshow the illumination of night-ranging Lyaïos!<sup>a</sup> Phaëthon is jealous, he constrains me! Is he in love with Semele himself and grudges my desire? Helios, you plague me, though you know the madness of love. Why do you spare the whip when you touch up your slow team? I know another nightfall that came very quickly! If I like, I will hide you and the daughter of the mists<sup>b</sup> together in my clouds, and when you are covered Night will appear in the daytime, to speed the marriage of Zeus in haste; the stars will shine at midday, and I will make rising Hesperos, instead of setting Hesperos, the regular usher of the loves. Come now, draw your own forerunner Phosphoros to his setting,<sup>c</sup> and do grace to your desire and mine; enjoy your Clymene<sup>d</sup> all night long, and let me go quick to Semele. Yoke your own car, I pray, bright Moon, send forth your rays which make the trees and plants to grow,<sup>e</sup> because this marriage foretells the birth of plant-cherishing Dionysos; rise over the lovely roof of Semele, give light to my desire with the star of the Cyprian, make long the sweet darkness for the wooing of Zeus!”

<sup>308</sup> Such was the speech of Zeus, even such commands as desire knows. But when in answer to his eagerness, a huge cone of darkness sprang up from the earth and ran stretching into the heights, bringing a shadow of darkness opposite to setting evening be in the west, a little behind the sun, and would therefore set, as evening star, shortly after him.

<sup>a</sup> Loved by the Sun-god, to whom she bore Phaëthon.

<sup>c</sup> The idea that growing things on earth are affected by the waxing and waning of the moon is ancient and widespread.

NONNOS

ἄστερόεν τότε δῶμα παρέστιχεν ἠέριος Ζεὺς  
 εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον, ἀτεκμάρτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ  
 ἄλμα θορῶν πρώτιστον ὄλην παρεμέτρεε ταρσῶ  
 ἀτραπὸν ἠερίην· τὸ δὲ δεύτερον ἵκετο Θήβην 315  
 ὡς πτερόν ἢ ἐ νόημα· διεσσυμένῳ δὲ μελάθρου  
 αὐτόματοι πυλεῶνος ἀνωίχθησαν ὀχῆες.

Καὶ Σεμέλην φιλίῳ παλάμης ἠγκάσσατο δεσμῶ,  
 πῆ μὲν ὑπὲρ λεχέων βοήην μυκῶμενος ἦχῳ,  
 ἀνδρομέοις μελέεσσιν ἔχων κερόεσσαν ὀπωπὴν, 320  
 ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα βοοκράϊρου Διονύσου,  
 πῆ δὲ λεοντεῖην πυκινότριχα δύσατο μορφήν,  
 ἄλλοτε πόρδαλις ἦεν, ἄτε θρασὺν υἷα φυτεύων,  
 πορδαλίῳν ἐλατῆρα καὶ ἠνιοχῆα λεόντων·  
 ἄλλοτε μιτρωθεῖσαν ὑπὸ σπεύρησι δρακόντων 325  
 νυμφίος ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐσφίγγετο δεσμῶ,  
 οἶνοπα δινεύων ἐλικώδεα κισσὸν ἐθείρης,  
 Βάκχου πλεκτὸν ἄγαλμα·

δράκων δέ τις ἀγκύλος ἔρπων  
 ταρβαλέης λιχμᾶτο ροδόχροον αὐχένα νύμφης  
 χεῖλεσι μειλιχίοισι, κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ βαίνων 330  
 ἀκλινέων τροχόεσσαν ἴτυν μιτρώσατο μαζῶν,  
 συρίζων ὑμέναιον, εὐσμήνοιο μελίσσης  
 ἠδὺ μέλι προχέων, οὐ λοίγιον ἰὸν ἐχίδνης.  
 Ζεὺς δὲ γάμῳ δήθυνε, καὶ ὡς παρὰ γείτοني ληνῶ  
 Εὐιον ἐσμαράγησε, φιλεύιον υἷα φυτεύων· 335  
 καὶ στόματι στόμα πῆξεν ἔρωμανές, ἡμερόεν δὲ  
 νέκταρ ἀναβλύζων Σεμέλην ἐμέθυσσε ἀκοίτης,  
 νεκταρέης ἵνα παῖδα τέκη σκηπτουῦχον ὀπώρης,  
 ἄγγελον ἐσσομένων λαθικηδέα βότρυν αἰείρων,  
 πυρσοφόρῳ νάρθηκι καταχθέα πῆχυν ἐρείσας· 340

Eos,<sup>a</sup> Zeus passed along the starry dome of the sky to Semele's bridal. Without leaving a trace of his footsteps, he traversed at his first bound the whole path of the air. With a second, like a wing or a thought,<sup>b</sup> he reached Thebes; the bars of the palace door opened of themselves to let him through, and Semele was held fast in the loving bond of his arms.

<sup>319</sup> Now he leaned over the bed, with a horned head on human limbs, lowing with the voice of a bull, the very likeness of bullhorned Dionysos. Again, he put on a shaggy lion's form; or he was a panther, as one who begets a bold son, driver of panthers and charioteer of lions. Again, as a young bridegroom he bound his hair with coiling snakes and vine-leaves intertwined, and twisted purple ivy about his locks, the plaited ornament of Bacchos. A writhing serpent crawled over the trembling bride and licked her rosy neck with gentle lips, then slipping into her bosom girdled the circuit of her firm breasts, hissing a wedding tune, and sprinkled her with sweet honey of the swarming bees instead of the viper's deadly poison. Zeus made long wooing, and shouted "Euoi!" as if the winepress were near, as he begat his son who would love the cry. He pressed love-mad mouth to mouth, and beaded up delicious nectar, an intoxicating bedfellow for Semele, that she might bring forth a son to hold the sceptre of nectareal vintage. As a presage of things to come, he lifted the careforgetting grapes resting his laden arm on

<sup>a</sup> *i.e.*, when the conoid shadow of earth darkened the skies and dawn rose (set, from the point of view of the Northern hemisphere) in what we call the West (East to those living beyond our western horizon).

<sup>b</sup> From Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

ἄλλοτε θύρσον ἄειρε πολύπλοκον οἴνοπι κισσῶ,  
 δέρμα φέρων ἐλάφοιο· γυναιμανέος δὲ φορήος  
 λαιῶ ποικιλόνωτος ἐσειέτο νεβρίς ἀγοστῶ.  
 γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσε, καὶ αὐτοφύτοισι πετήλοις  
 ὄρχατος ἀμπελόεις Σεμέλης περιδέδρομεν εὐνήν, 345  
 καὶ δροσεροῦ λειμῶνος ἀνέβρυν ἀνθεα τοῖχοι  
 ἀμφὶ γονῆ Βρομίιο, καὶ ἀννεφέλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων  
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπέκτυπεν ἐνδόμυχος Ζεὺς  
 τύμπανα νυκτελίοιο προθεσπίζων Διονύσου.  
 καὶ Σεμέλην μετὰ λέκτρα φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ 350  
 ἐλπίσιν ἐσσομένησι παρηγορέων ἔο νύμφην·

“ Εἰμί, γύναι, Κρονίδης σέο νυμφίος· αἰθερίῳ μὲν  
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε συναπτομένη παρακοίτη,  
 μείζονα δὲ βροτέης μὴ δίξω μέτρα γενέθλης.  
 οὐ σοι ἐριδμαίνει Δανάης γάμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῆς 355  
 πατροκασιγνήτης βοέων ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων  
 ἔκρυφες· Εὐρώπη γὰρ ἀγαλλομένη Διὸς εὐνή  
 ἤλυθεν εἰς Κρήτην, Σεμέλη δ’ ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἰκάνει.  
 τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο μετ’ αἰθέρα καὶ πόλον ἄστρων;  
 καὶ ποτέ τις λέξειεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόρε τιμὴν 360  
 νερτερίῳ Μίνωι καὶ οὐρανίῳ Διονύσῳ.  
 ἀλλὰ μετ’ Αὐτονόης βροτὸν νιέα καὶ τόκον Ἴνους,  
 τὸν μὲν ἐοῖς σκυλάκεσσι δεδουπότα, τὸν δὲ τοκῆος  
 παιδοφόνου μέλλοντα θανεῖν πτερόεντι βελέμνῳ,  
 καὶ μετὰ λυσσαλέης μινυώριον υἱὸν Ἀγαύης 365  
 ἄφθιτον νιὰ λόχευε, καὶ ἀθανάτην σε καλέσω·  
 ὀλβίη, ὅτι θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνδράσι χάρμα λοχεύσεις  
 νιέα κυσαμένη βροτέης ἐπίληθον ἀνίης.”

\* The fennel, in which Prometheus brought fire for men,



## DIONYSIACA, VII. 341-368

the firebringing fennel<sup>a</sup>; or again, he lifted a thyrsus twined about with purple ivy, wearing a deerskin on his back—the lovesick wearer shook the dappled fawnskin with his left arm.

<sup>344</sup> All the earth laughed: a viny growth with self-sprouting leaves ran round Semele's bed; the walls budded with flowers like a dewy meadow, at the begetting of Bromios; Zeus lurking inside rattled his thunderclaps over the unclouded bed, foretelling the drums of Dionysos in the night. And after the bed, he saluted Semele with loving words, consoling his bride with hopes of things to come:

<sup>352</sup> "My wife, I your bridegroom am Cronides. Lift up your neck in pride at this union with a heavenly bedfellow; and look not among mankind for any child higher than yours. Danaë's wedding does not rival you. You have thrown into the shade even the union of your father's sister with her Bull; for Europa glorified by Zeus's bed went to Crete, Semele goes to Olympos. What more do you want after heaven and the starry sky? People will say in the future, Zeus gave honour to Minos in the underworld, and to Dionysos in the heavens! Then after Autonoë's mortal son and Ino's child—one downed by his dogs, one to be killed by a sonslaying father's winged arrow<sup>b</sup>—after the shortlived son of mad Agauë, you bring forth a son who shall not die, and you I will call immortal. Happy woman! you have conceived a son who will make mortals forget their troubles, you shall bring forth joy for gods and men."

and which also was used in the rites of Dionysos as the shaft of the thyrsus.

<sup>b</sup> Actaion (see v. 301 ff.) and Learchos (see x. 52 ff.).

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Ἔοδος αἰολόμυθον ἔχει φθόνον ἄγριον Ἡρῆς  
καὶ Σεμέλης πυρόεντα γάμον καὶ Ζῆνα φονῆα.

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἔβη θεός· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ  
ὑψορόφῳ νόον εἶχεν ἀλώμενον ἐγγύθι νύμφης,  
Θήβης οἴστρον ἔχων πλεόν αἰθέρος· ἡμερόεις γὰρ  
οὐρανὸς ἦν Κρονίδῃ Σεμέλης δόμος, ἀμφὶ δὲ παστῶ  
ἀμφίπολοι Κάδμοιο Διὸς πέλον εὐποδες Ὠραι. 5

Καὶ γαμῆν ῥαθάμιγγι Διυπετέων ὑμεναίῳ  
ὄγκῳ θλιβομένη Σεμέλης κυμαίνεται γαστήρ·  
μαρτυρίῃ δὲ τόκοιο φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου  
στέμματι θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρήνῳ 10  
θυιάδος αὐτοέλικτον ἀνέπλεκε κισσὸν ἐθειρῆς  
Βασσαρίδων ἄτε μάντις, ἐπεσσομένησι δὲ νύμφαις  
ὄψιμον ἀγχιτόκοισιν ἐπωνυμίην πόρε κισσοῦ.  
καὶ βαρὺν ὄγκον ἔχουσα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο,  
εἴ ποτέ τις σύριγγι γέρων ἐμελίζετο ποιμήν, 15  
γείτονος εἰσαΐουσα φιλαγραύλου μέλος Ἥχους,  
οἰοχίτων θαλάμοιο διέστιχε θυιάδι ῥιπῆ·  
εἰ κτύπος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἀκούετο δίζυγος αὐλοῦ,  
ὑψορόφων ἀπέδιλος ἀναθρώσκουσα μελάθρων  
εἰς ῥάχιν αὐτοκέλευστος ἐρημάδος ἔστιχεν ὕλης·  
κύμβαλον εἰ πλατάγησε, ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ, 20

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• Dionysos was called Cisseus.

## BOOK VIII

The eighth has a changeful tale, the fierce jealousy  
of Hera, and Semele's fiery nuptials,  
and Zeus the slayer.

WITH these words Zeus returned to Olympos; but in the highroofed hall his mind still wandered near his bride, impassioned for Thebes more than for heaven. For to Cronides Semele's house was lovely heaven, and the quickfoot Seasons of Zeus became the attendants in the palace of Cadmos.

<sup>6</sup> By the espousal drop of the divine union Semele's body swelled laden with a heavy burden. In witness of the birth of garlandloving Dionysos she took delight in wreaths. She plaited into her flower-decked hair the natural tendrils of the maddening ivy like a prophetess of the Bassarids, and provided for the nymphs who were soon to be born, the later title of the ivy.<sup>a</sup> As she carried the heavy burden of the divinely conceived child, if some old shepherd made melody with his panspipes, and she heard the tune repeated by countryloving Echo near, clad in tunic alone she went rushing wildly out of the house. If the mountainranging tones of the double pipe was to be heard, she leapt up, and out of the lofty halls went shoeless, uncalled, to the lonely woods on the hills. If there was clashing of cymbals,

λοξῶ καμπύλον ἴχνος ὑποσκαίρουσα πεδίλῳ·  
 εἰ δὲ τανυκράριοιο μεμυκόςτος ἔκλυε ταύρου,  
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα βοὸς μυκήσατο λαιμῶ·  
 πολλάκι ποιμενίν ὑπὸ δειράδα θυιάδι φωνῇ  
 Πανὶ μέλος συνάειδε καὶ ἔπλετο σύνθροος Ἥχῳ, 25  
 καὶ νόμιον κερόεντος ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐλοῦ  
 εἰς χορὸν ἴχνος ἔκαμψε· πάϊς δ' ἀλόχευτος ἐχέφρων  
 ἄλμασιν ἔνδομύχοισι συνεσκίρτησε τεκούση  
 αὐλομανὲς μίμημα, καὶ αὐτοδίδακτον ἀοιδῆν  
 ἡμιτελῆς κελάδησε χέων ὑποκόλπιον ἡχώ. 30  
 ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀρσενόπαιδος ἀέξετο γαστέρος ὄγκῳ  
 ἄγγελος εὐφροσύνης, νοερὸν βρέφος· ἀμφὶ δὲ κούρῳ  
 ἀμφίπολοι Κρονίωνος ἐπέστεφον οὐρανὸν Ὠραι.

Καὶ Φθόνος ὑψιμέδοντος ὀπιπεύων Διὸς εὐνήν  
 καὶ Σεμέλης ὠδῖνα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο 35  
 Βάκχου ζῆλον ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς ἑόντος,  
 αὐτοπαθῆς ἄστοργος ἕῳ βεβολημένος ἰῶ.  
 καὶ φρενὶ κερδαλέῃ σκολιὴν ἐφράσσατο βουλήν  
 Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο φέρων ψευδήμονα μορφῆν  
 ἔντεσι μιμηλοῖσι, καὶ οἰά περ αἵματος ὀλκῶ 40  
 ἄνθει φαρμακόεντι κατέγραφε νῶτα βοείης  
 ποιητῆ ῥαθάμιγγι, καὶ ὡς κταμένων ἀπὸ φωτῶν  
 βάψας ἰσοτύπῳ δεδολωμένα δάκτυλα μίλτῳ  
 χεῖρας ἐρευθιόωντι νόθῳ φοινίσσεται λύθρῳ·  
 καὶ κτύπον ἔννεάχιλον ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος 45  
 σμερδαλέοις στομάτεσσι χέων ῥηξήνορα φωνήν·  
 κλεψινόοις δ' ὀάροισιν ἀνεπτοίησεν Ἀθήνην,  
 καὶ φθονερὴν οἴστρησεν ἔτι πλέον εἰς χόλον Ἥρην·  
 ἀμφοτέρας δ' ἐρέθιζε· τόσῳ δ' ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·  
 “ Δίξέό σοι νέον ἄλλον ἐν αἰθέρι νυμφίον, Ἥρῃ, 50

• Hom. II. xiv. 148.

she tripped with dancing foot and shuffled a side-long shoe in winding paces. If she heard the bellow of a broadhorned bull, her throat bellowed mimicry of the creature in reply. Oft on some hillside pasture she sang with Pan in maddened voice, and played harmonious Echo to him ; she answered the tones of the herdsman's pipe of horn by bending her steps to the dance, and the fruit of her womb (sensible, though yet unborn !) joined in his mother's dance as if he also were maddened by the pipes, and although only half-made sounded a self-taught echo of tune from within her. So in the burden of the manchilding womb grew the messenger of merry-hearted cheer, that understanding baby ; and round about the boy, Cronion's attendants the Seasons went their rounds about the sky.

<sup>34</sup> Now Envy, surveying the bed of lofty Zeus and Semele's labour in the divine birth, was jealous of Bacchos while yet in the womb, Envy self-tormenting, loveless, stung with his own poison. In that crafty heart he conceived a crooked plan. He put on the false image of a counterfeit Ares, with armour like his ; he scored the front of the shield with a liquid of his own made from a poisonous flower, to imitate smears of blood. He dipt his deceitful fingers in vermilion dye, staining his hands with red stuff which pretended to be gore (which it resembled) from his slain enemies. He belched out from his throat through his horrible mouth a nine-thousand power roar,<sup>a</sup> a man-breaking voice indeed ! He provoked Athena with seductive whispers, and goaded jealous Hera yet more to wrath, and irritated them both ; and these are the words he said :

<sup>50</sup> " Find another bridegroom in the sky, Hera,

ἄλλον, ἐπεὶ Σεμέλη τεὸν ἤρπασεν, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς  
 Θήβης ἐπταπύλοιο γαμήλιον οὐδας ἀμείβων  
 οὐρανὸν ἐπτάζωνον ἀναίνεται· ἀντὶ σέθεν δὲ  
 τέρπεται ἀγκὰς ἔχων χθονίην ἐγκύμονα νύμφην.  
 πῆ μοι ζῆλος ἔβη μητρώιος; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτῆς 55  
 εἰς Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον ἐθελύνθη χόλος Ἥρης;  
 πῆ σέο κέντρα μύωπος ἀφειδέος; οὐκέτι πόντω  
 πόρτις ἀλιπτοίητος ἐλαύνεται; οὐκέτι βούτης  
 Ἄργος ἀκοιμήτοισι πολυσπερέεσσιν ὀπωπαῖς  
 κλεισιγάμου Κρονίδαο νεώτερα λέκτρα φυλάσσει; 60  
 ἀλλὰ τί μοι δόμος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος;

εἰς χθόνα βαίνων

αἰθέρα καλλεΐψω πατρώιον, ἡμετέρην δὲ  
 Θρήκην ναιετάων οὐ μητέρος ἄλγεα λεύσσω  
 ἀχθυμένης, οὐ Ζῆνα γαμοκλόπον· εἰ δέ ποτ' ἔλθη  
 γαῖαν ἐς ἡμετέρην ποθέων Βιστωνίδα κούρην, 65  
 γνώσεται, οἷος Ἄρης, ὅτε χύεται· ἡμετέρην γὰρ  
 Τιτήνων ὀλέτειραν ἔχων θανατηφόρον αἰχμὴν  
 ἐκ Θρήκης Κρονίωνα γυναιμανέοντα διώξω·  
 καὶ πρόφασιν μεθέπων,

ὅτι παρθένον εἰς λέχος ἔλκει,

ἔσσομαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐμῆς τιμήορος εὐνῆς, 70  
 ὅττι χαμαιγενέεσσιν ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις  
 αἰθέρα ποικιλόνωτον ἐὼν ἔπλησεν ἐρώτων.  
 οὐρανὸς ἰλήκοι, μερόπων δόμος· ἄξονα βαίνω;  
 Καλλιστῶ κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἐλίσσεται, ἦχι φαείνει  
 κύκλος ἀερσιλόφοιο φερώνυμος Ἀρκάδος Ἀρκτου. 75  
 Πλειάδος ἐπταπόρου στυγέω δρόμον·

ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπω

Ἥλέκτρη κλονεῖ με συναστράπτουσα Σελήνη.

<sup>a</sup> Hera sent a gadfly to torment Io in her heifer-shape (see

yes another ! for Semele has stolen yours ! For her sake he renounces the sevenzoned sky and treads the bridal floor of sevensgated Thebes ! In your place he holds in his arms an earthly bride with child, and is happy ! What has become of my mother's jealousy ? Has even Hera's wrath become unmanned for this marriage with Semele ? Where are the stings of your merciless gadfly ? No heifer is now driven in seapanic over the deep—no herdsman Argos with a thick crop of eyes watches the latest bed of lecher Cronides ? <sup>a</sup>

<sup>61</sup> “ But what is this palace of Olympos to me ? I will go down to earth, I will leave my father's heaven and live in my own Thrace, <sup>b</sup> I will no longer look on at my unhappy mother's wrongs and Zeus the wife-spoiler ! If he ever comes to my country because he wants a Bistonian girl, he shall know what Ares is like when he is angry. I will take my Titan-destroying deathdealing spear and chase womanmad Cronion out of Thrace ! I will use the excuse that he drags this maiden to his bed, I will be avenger selfappointed of the bed where I was born, because he has frequented earthborn brides and filled the bespangled heavens with his loves !

<sup>73</sup> “ Goodbye Heaven—where mortals are at home ! Shall I climb the pole ? But Callisto <sup>c</sup> circles about Olympos, and there shines the ring named after the highcrested Arcadian Bear. I hate the seven Pleiads in their courses—for in Olympos it irks me that Electra shows her light with Selene. Now why are note on vii. 117 ff.), and set Argos, who had eyes all over him, to watch her.

<sup>b</sup> Ares was regarded, perhaps rightly, as a Thracian god.

<sup>c</sup> The Great Bear. She was one of Zeus's loves, Electra the Pleiad another. Arcas was Callisto's son.

νῦν πόθεν ἡρεμέεις; ὑποκόλπιον υἷα Λητοῦς  
 ἦκαχες Ἀπόλλωνα, καὶ οὐ Διόνυσον ὀρίνεις;  
 τικτομένης, Ἥφαιστε, μογοστόκε Τριτογενείης, 80  
 υἷα νόθης ἀλόχοιο λοχεύεται αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς  
 ὠδίνων τόκον ἄλλον ὑπέρτερον ἄρσει μῆρῶ,  
 οὐδὲ τεοῦ βουπλήγος ἔτι χρέος. εἶξον, Ἀθήνη,  
 λῆγε Διὸς βοόωσα λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόρσης,  
 ὅττι σοφὴν ὠδίνα τελεσσιγόνοιο καρήνου 85  
 αἰσχύνει Διόνυσος, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης  
 ἔσσειται αὐτολόχευτος Ὀλύμπιος, ὡς περ Ἀθήνη,  
 κρύπτων Παλλάδος εὖχος ἀμήτορος.

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς  
 αἰδέομαι πολὺ μᾶλλον, ὅταν μερόπων τις ἐνύφη·  
 'Ζεὺς πόρε δῆριν Ἄρηι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσω.' 90  
 ἀλλὰ πόλον Κρονίδαο νόθοις τεκέεσσιν ἔασας  
 ἴξομαι οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιος· ὑγροπαγῆς δὲ  
 Ἰστρος ἐὼν σκηπτουῆχον ἀλητεύοντα δεχέσθω,  
 πρὶν Διὸς οἰνοχόον Γανυμήδεα δεῦρο νοήσω,  
 βουκόλον εὐχαίτην,

μετὰ Πέργαμον ἀστὸν Ὀλύμπου, 95  
 οὐρανίης ἄψαυστον ἀμειβόμενον δέπας Ἥβης,  
 πρὶν Σεμέλην καὶ Βάκχον ἴδω ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου,  
 καὶ στέφος ἀστερόφοιτον ἐπιχθονίης Ἀριάδνης  
 σύνδρομον Ἥελίοιο, συνέμπορον ἠριγενείης.  
 κεῖθι μένω, μὴ Κῆτος ἴδω, μὴ Περσέος ἄρπην, 100  
 μὴ τύπον Ἀνδρομέδης,

μὴ Γοργόνος ὄμμα Μεδούσης  
 οὐς Κρονίδης μετόπισθεν ἐνιστήσειεν Ὀλύμπω."

Εἶπε, καὶ αὐτογόνοιο νόον συνέχευεν Ἀθήνης,

<sup>a</sup> See Callim. *Hymns* iv. 55 ff.

<sup>b</sup> Hephaistos cleft the head of Zeus and Athena issued from the place.



you quiet? You persecuted Apollo in the womb of his mother Leto,<sup>a</sup> and you leave Dionysos in peace? Hephaistos, you helped in the painful birth of Tritogeneia,<sup>b</sup> and Zeus shall be his own midwife for the bastard son of a drab, more mighty still than Athena, and he shall produce him from his manly thigh—no need now for the pole-axe! Give place, Athena! Cease to cry up that rounded forehead as your birthbed! Dionysos puts into the shade the clever delivery of that teeming head! Sprung from a mortal stock, he shall be an Olympian like Athena, but self-delivered, and eclipsing the boast of Pallas the motherless.

<sup>88</sup> "But I am ashamed myself far more, when some mortal man shall say: 'Zeus granted battles to Ares, and merry-hearted cheer to Dionysos.' Well, I will leave the sky to the bastard brats of Cronides, and quit the heavens a banished god. Let Istros with his frozen flood receive its homeless monarch, before I see Ganymedes come here to pour the wine, that long-haired cowdrover, first in Pergamos then domiciled in Olympos, usurping the untouched cup of heavenly Hebe; before I can see Semele and Bacchos denizens of Olympos, and Ariadne's crown translated to the stars to run its course with Helios, to travel with misty Dawn. There I will stay, that I may never behold the sea-monster, the sickle of Perseus, the figure of Andromeda, the glare of Gorgon Medusa,<sup>c</sup> whom Cronides will establish in Olympos by and by."

<sup>103</sup> He spoke, and disquieted the mind of selfborn

<sup>c</sup> Constellations. The Northern Crown was the wedding garland of Ariadne when Dionysos married her, see *xlvi.* 971. Pegasus (with the Gorgon's head in his hand), Andromeda and Cetus together commemorate his rescue of her.

## NONNOS

καὶ πλέον ἤέξησε βαρυζήλου χόλον Ἕρης.  
καὶ Φθόνος ὄξυς ὄρουσε,

καὶ ἀγκύλα γούνατα πάλλων 105  
ἦε λοξὰ κέλευθα δι' ἠέρος· ἀνδρομέοις δὲ  
ὄμμασι καὶ πραπίδεσσιν ὁμοίος ἔσσυτο καπνῶ,  
εἰς δόλον, εἰς κακότητα νόον τελχίνα κορύσσων.

Οὐδὲ Διὸς βαρύμηις ἐλώφεεν εὐνέτις Ἕρη·  
ἀλλὰ θυελλήεντι παραΐξασα πεδίλω 110

ποικίλον εὐφαέεσσι κεκασμένον οὐρανὸν ἄστροις  
ἄσπετα φοιτητῆρι διέδραμεν ἄστεα ταρσῶ,  
κερδαλέην Ἀπάτην διζήμενη, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.

ἀλλ' ὅτε Δικταίης Κορυβαντίδος ὑψόθι πέτρης  
γείτονος Ἀμνισοῖο λεχώιον ἔδρακεν ὕδωρ, 115

ἐνθά οἱ ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ὄρεστίας ἦντετο δαίμων·  
καὶ γὰρ αἰὲ παρέμινε Διὸς ψευδήμονι τύμβω  
τερπομένη Κρήτεσσιν, ἐπεὶ πέλον ἠπεροπῆες.

ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ λαγόνεσσι Κυδωνίας ἔρρεε μήτρη,  
τῇ ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πάντα βροτῶν θελκτήρια κεῖται· 120

ἐν μὲν ἐπικλοπῇ πολυμήχανος, ἐν δ' ὄαριστὺς  
πάρφασις, ἐν δὲ δόλοι πολυειδέες, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς  
σύνδρομος ἠερίοις ἀπατήλιος ὄρκος ἀήταις.

Καὶ δολίην Ἀπάτην δολίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ  
Ἕρη ποικιλόμητις, ἀμυνομένη παρακοίτην· 125

“Χαῖρε, θεὰ δολόμητι δολοπλανές·

οὐ σε καὶ αὐτὸς  
κλειψινόοις ὄαροισι παρέρχεται αἰμύλος Ἑρμῆς·

<sup>a</sup> The Telchines, a sort of gnomes or dwarfs, were credited with skill in metal-working and envious, spiteful dispositions.

<sup>b</sup> Deceit is a goddess in Hesiod, *Theog.* 224.

<sup>c</sup> A mountain in Crete. For the Corybantes see note on ii. 695.

<sup>d</sup> Eileithyia, the goddess of childbirth, was said to have

Athena, and the more increased the wrath of jealous Hera. Swift leapt up Envy, and wagging his crooked knees passed on his sidelong roads through the lower air: he moved like smoke to human eyes and thoughts, arming his boggart's <sup>a</sup> mind for deceit and mischief.

<sup>109</sup> Nor did the consort of Zeus abate her heavy anger. She stormed with flying shoe through the heaven bespangled with its pattern of shining stars, she coursed through innumerable cities with travelling foot, seeking if anywhere she could find Deceit the crafty one.<sup>b</sup> But when high above Corybantian Dictæ <sup>c</sup> she beheld the childbed water of neighbouring Amnisos,<sup>d</sup> the fickle deity met her there on the hills; for she was fond of the Cretans because they are always liars, and she used to stay by the false tomb of Zeus.<sup>e</sup> About her hips was a Cydonian <sup>f</sup> cincture, which contains all the cunning bewitchments of mankind: trickery with its many shifts, cajoling seduction, all the shapes of guile, perjury itself which flies on the winds of heaven.<sup>g</sup>

<sup>124</sup> Then subtle-minded Hera began to coax wily Deceit with wily words, hoping to have revenge on her husband:

<sup>126</sup> " Good greeting, lady of wily mind and wily snares! Not Hermes Hoaxthewits himself can outdo

been born in this place, and she had a sacred cave there: *Od.* xix. 188.

<sup>e</sup> Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψεύδοται, quoted by Callim. *Hymn to Zeus* 8, and St. Paul, *Titus* i. 12. It was attributed to Epimenides. The tomb of Zeus was shown in Crete.

<sup>f</sup> Cretan, from the city Cydonia.

<sup>g</sup> Closely imitated from the description of Aphrodite's κεστός in Hom. *Il.* xiv. 214 ff., and the whole scene is founded on that one.

## NONNOS

δὸς καὶ ἐμοὶ ζωστήρα παναίολον, ὃν ποτε Ῥεῖη  
 δῆσεν ἑαῖς λαγόνεσσιν, ἕως ἀπάφησεν ἀκοίτην. 130  
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ Κρονίῳ φέρω πετρώδεα μορφήν,  
 οὐδὲ λίθῳ δολόεντι παρακλέπτω παρακοίτην,  
 ἀλλὰ γυνὴ χθονίη με βιάζεται, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς  
 θούρος Ἄρης βαρύμηις ἀναίνεται αἰθέρα ναίειν.  
 τί πλέον, εἰ γενόμην θεὸς ἄμβροτος; οὐτιδανὴ γὰρ  
 θνητὴ ἐμὸν πόσιν ἔσχε, τὸν οὐ θεὸς ἤρπασε Λητώ· 135  
 οὐ Δανάη παρίαυε τὸ δεύτερον ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,  
 ἀλλὰ σιδηροφόροιο μετὰ σφρηγιῖδα μελάθρου  
 μεμφομένη χρυσεοῖσι γάμοις ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,  
 καὶ λάχεν ἔδνον Ἐρωτος ὕδωρ ἀλός· ἐν δὲ θαλάσση  
 σύμπλοος ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐνήχετο χηλὸς ἀήταις. 140  
 οὐδὲ μετὰ Κρήτην πάλιν ἔπλεε ταῦρος Ὀλύμπου,  
 οὐκ ἴδεν Εὐρώπην μετὰ δέμνιον· ὑγροβαφῆς δὲ  
 οἰστρηθεῖσα μύωπι κερασφόρος ἔπλεεν Ἰώ.  
 οὐδὲ θεὰ γάμον εἶχεν ἐλεύθερον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 γαστέρι φόρτον ἔχουσα πολύστροφος ἔτρεχε Λητώ, 145  
 ἄστατα παπταίνουσα πολυπλανέων σφυρὰ νήσων  
 καὶ ρόον οὐ μίμνοντα κακοξείνοιο θαλάσσης,  
 καὶ λοχίης μόγις εἶδεν ἐλεύθερον ἔρνος ἐλαίης.  
 Λητώ τόσσα μόγησε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης·  
 θνητῆς δ' ὠκυμόροιο μιῆς διὰ δέμνια νύμφης 150  
 οὐρανίης ἀπέειπε κασιγνήτης λέχος Ἥρης.  
 δεῖδια, μὴ Κρονίδης με πόσις καὶ γνωτὸς ἀκούων  
 αἰθέρος ἐξελάσειε γυναικείης χάριν εὐνῆς,  
 μὴ Σεμέλην τελέσειεν ἐοῦ βασιλείαν Ὀλύμπου.

\* When she gave Cronos the stone wrapt in swaddling-bands instead of the baby Zeus. The business of the girdle seems to be Nonnos's own invention.

you with his plausible prittle-prattle ! Lend me also that girdle of many colours, which Rheia once bound about her flanks when she deceived her husband !<sup>a</sup> I bring no petrified shape for my Cronion, I do not trick my husband with a wily stone. No ! a woman of the earth compels me—whose bed makes furious Ares declare that he will house in heaven no more ! What do I profit by being a goddess immortal ? A worthless mortal woman has taken my husband, whom Leto a goddess could not steal. Zeus and his rain did not sleep a second time with Danaë ; after the seals of the ironbound prison the bride went a-sailing and had to blame her golden wedding for her lovegift of the brine—her hutch sailing with her on the sea floated where the shifting winds did blow !<sup>b</sup> After Crete the Olympian bull did not swim again, he did not see Europa after the bed ; but Io was soaked in the wet, and swam with horns on her head plagued by the gadfly !

<sup>144</sup> “ Even the goddess did not have a smooth course for her wedding ; she also, Leto herself, carried the unborn babe by many a turn and twist, while she gazed at the shifting slopes of many a floating island, and the flood of the inhospitable sea that never stood still. Hardly at last she espied the wild olive-tree which harboured her childbed. All that Leto suffered, and her mate could not help her ; but for the bed of one shortlived mortal woman he has renounced the couch of Hera his heavenly sister.

<sup>152</sup> “ I am afraid Cronides, who is called my husband and brother, will banish me from heaven for a woman’s bed, afraid he may make Semele queen

<sup>b</sup> Danaë’s father set her and the baby Perseus adrift in a chest.

εἰ δὲ Διὶ Κρονίῳνι χαρίζεαι, ἤε περ Ἥρη, 155  
 μηδὲ τεῖν ὀπάσειας ἐμοὶ πανθελγέα μίτρην,  
 ὄφρα μόλη πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἐμὸς πάλιν υἱὸς ἀλήτης,  
 ὑστατῆν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐλεύσομαι Ὀκεανοῖο  
 αἰθέρα καλλείψασα χάριν βροτέων ὑμεναίων  
 Τηθύος ἀρχεγόνοιο συνέστιος· ἔνθεν ἰκάνω 160  
 εἰς δόμον Ἀρμονίης, καὶ Ὀφίονος ἐγγύθι μίμνω.  
 ἀλλὰ σύ, κυδαίνουσα Διὸς παμμήτορα νύμφην,  
 δός μοι ἔχειν ζωστήρα βοηθόον, ὄφρα φυγόντα  
 θέλξω θοῦρον Ἄρηα τὸ δεύτερον αἰθέρα ναίειν.<sup>α</sup>  
 Ὡς φαμένης ἀπάμειπτο θεὰ πειθήμονι μύθῳ· 165  
 “ Μῆτερ Ἐνναλίῳ, Διὸς πρωτόθρονε νύμφη,  
 δώσω ἐμὸν ζωστήρα, καὶ εἰ πλέον ἄλλο κελεύεις  
 πείθομαι, ὅτι θεοῖσι μετὰ Κρονίῳνος ἀνάσσεις.  
 δέχνησο τοῦτον ἱμάντα· περισφίγξασα δὲ κόλπῳ  
 Ἄρεα μὲν κομίσειας ἐς οὐρανόν· ἦν δ' ἐθειλήσης, 170  
 θέλγε νόον Κρονίδαο καί, εἰ χρέος, Ὀκεανοῖο  
 χωμόενου· χθονίων δὲ λιπῶν ὑμέναιον Ἐρώτων  
 ἴξεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς  
 ἡμετέρῳ δολόεντι περιγνάμψας φρένα κεστῶ·  
 οὗτος ἐμῆς Παφίης φρενοθελγέα κεστὸν ἐλέγχει.” 175  
 Ὡς φαμένη δολόμητις ὑπηνέμιος φύγε δαίμων  
 ἡέρα πωτήεντι διαστείχουσα πεδίλῳ.  
 Δικταίης δὲ λιποῦσα σακέσπαλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης  
 καὶ λοχίην σπήλυγγα τελεσσιγόνοιο θεαίνης  
 εἰς θάλαμον Σεμέλης ἀπατήλιος ἦλυθεν Ἥρη, 180  
 ζήλῳ φυσιώωσα· μελιγλώσσω δὲ γεραιῇ  
 ἰσοφανῆς φιλόπαιδι δέμας μορφοῦτο τιθήνη

<sup>a</sup> Cf. Hom. *Il.* xiv. 201.

<sup>b</sup> Almost certainly a mistake for Eurynome, wife of Ophion, cf. ii. 573.

of his Olympos ! If you favour Zeus Cronion more than Hera, if you will not give me your all-bewitching girdle to bring back again to Olympos my wandering son, I will leave heaven because of their earthly marriage, I will go to the uttermost bounds of Oceanos and share the hearth of primeval Tethys <sup>a</sup> ; thence I will pass to the house of Harmonia <sup>b</sup> and abide with Ophion. Come then, honour the mother of all, <sup>c</sup> the bride of Zeus, and lend me the help of your girdle, that I may charm my runaway son furious Ares, to make heaven once more his home."

<sup>165</sup> When she had finished, the goddess replied with obedient words :

<sup>166</sup> " Mother of Enyalios, bride first enthroned of Zeus ! I will give my girdle and anything else you ask me ; I obey, since you reign over the gods with Cronion. Receive this sash ; bind it about your bosom, and you may bring back Ares to heaven. If you like, charm the mind of Zeus, and if it is necessary, charm Oceanos also from his anger. Zeus sovereign in the heights will leave his earthly loves and return selfbidden to heaven—he will change his mind by my guileful girdle. This one puts to shame the heartbewitching girdle of my Paphian ! "

<sup>176</sup> This said, the wily-minded deity was off under the wind, cleaving the air with flying shoe.

<sup>178</sup> Now Hera left the shieldbeswingled cave of the Dictæan rock <sup>d</sup> and the cavern where the goddess of childbirth was born, and came full of guile to Semele's chamber, puffing with jealousy. She made herself like a honeyvoiced old dame, like the loving nurse

<sup>a</sup> Hera was the patron of marriage, *Zυγία*, *Τελεία*, and so forth, and the mother of the Eileithyiai.

<sup>d</sup> Where the Corybants danced with swinging shields and lances.

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παιδοκόμῳ, τὴν αὐτὸς ἀνηέξῃσεν Ἀγῆνωρ,  
 καὶ οἱ κλῆρον ἔδωκε, καὶ ὤπασεν ἀνδρὶ γυναῖκα 185  
 οἷα πατῆρ· κομιδῆς δὲ χάριν τίνουσα καὶ αὐτὴ  
 νῆπιον εἰσέτι Κάδμον ἐᾷ μαιώσατο μαζῶ  
 καὶ βρέφος Εὐρώπην φιλίῳ πήχυνεν ἀγοστῶ.  
 τῇ δέμας ἴσον ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς δόμον Ἥρη  
 χωομένη Σεμέλῃ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ  
 μὴ πω φέγγος ἰδόντι, καὶ ἀρτιγάμῳ παρὰ παστῶ 190  
 τοῖχον ἐς ἀντικέλευθον ἔην ἔκλινεν ὀπωπῆν  
 ὄμμα παρατρέψασα, Διὸς μὴ λέκτρα νοήσῃ.  
 τὴν μὲν Πεισιάνασσα καθίζανεν ὑπόθι δίφρου  
 ἀμφίπολος Σεμέλης, Τυρίας βλάστημα γενέθλης,  
 Θελξινόῃ δὲ τάπητας ἐνήρμοσεν ἥνοπι δίφρῳ. 195  
 ἔνθα θεὰ σχεδὸν ἦστο δολοπλόκος· εὖρε δὲ κούρην  
 βριθομένην ὠδίνι πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο·  
 καὶ τόκον, οὐ ψαύοντα τελεσσιγόνοιο Σελήνης,  
 γαστρὸς ἀσημάντου χλοερῆ κήρυξε παρειῇ  
 καὶ χλόος οἰνώπων μελέων πάρος· ἔζομένης δὲ 200  
 Ἥρης ψευδομένης δολόεν δέμας ἔτρεμε παλμῶ  
 ἀντιτύπῳ, καὶ νέρθεν ἐπὶ χθόνα κάμπτετο νεύων  
 ὤμοις θλιβομένοισι γέρων κυρτούμενος ἀνχῆν.  
 καὶ πρόφασιν μόγις εὖρεν· ἐπεστενάχιζε δὲ μύθῳ  
 δάκρυνον εὐποίητον ἀποψήσασα προσώπου, 205  
 καὶ δολόεν κατέλεξεν ἔπος φρενοθελγεί φωνῇ·  
 “ Εἰπέ, πόθεν, βασιλεία, τεαὶ χλοάουσι παρειαί;  
 πῆ σέο κάλλος ἐκείνο; τίς εἶδεῖ σεῖο μεγαίρων  
 πορφυρέους σπινθῆρας ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου;  
 καὶ ῥόδα τίς μετάμειψεν ἐς ὠκυμόρους ἀνεμώνας; 210  
 καὶ σὺ κατηφιόωσα τί τήκεαι; ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ  
 ἔκλυες αἴσχρα κείνα, τὰ περ βοόωσι πολῖται;  
 ἔρρέτω ἀρχεκάκων ὄλοὸν στόμα θηλυτεράων.  
 εἰπέ δέ μοι, μὴ κρύπτε τεῆς συλήτορα μήτρης·



whom Agenor<sup>a</sup> himself had chosen to care for his children, and made much of her—gave her a holding, found her a husband as if she had been his daughter; and she paid him back for his care, nursed Cadmos at her own breast and dandled baby Europa in her loving arms. This was what Hera looked like when she passed into the house, hating Semele and Cypris, and Dionysos who had not yet seen the light; and as she came to the chamber of the recent bridal, she turned face and eyes away to the opposite wall, that she might not see the bed of Zeus. She was led and seated on a chair by Semele's attendant Peisianassa, a maid of Tyrian race, and Thelxinoë spread the rugs over the gleaming seat. There sat the goddess close beside her, weaving her plot. She noticed how the girl carried a burden of ripening fruit; a birth which touched not yet the moon of delivery, but a pale cheek and the pallor of limbs once rosy told of a womb no longer sealed. As treacherous Hera sat, a simulated palsy passed over her false body, and the old neck bowed downwards, nodding over the bent shoulders. Scarce finding an excuse, she groaned aloud and wiped the well-feigned tear from her face, as she spoke her false words in heart-enchanting tone:

<sup>207</sup> "Tell me, my queen, why are your cheeks so pale? where is your beauty? Who has grudged that loveliness and dimmed the red sparkling colours of your face, changed the roses to quickfading anemones? Why are you downcast and languishing? Have you heard yourself those insults which the people are shouting? Curse the tongue of women, from which all troubles come! Tell me who laid rough hands

<sup>a</sup> Father of Cadmos, and so grandfather of Semele.

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τίς σε θεῶν ἐμίγη; τίς ἤρπασε σεῖο κορείην; 215  
 εἰ μὲν Ἄρης λαθραῖος ἐμὴν νυμφεύσατο κούρην  
 καὶ Σεμέλη παρίαυεν ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,  
 ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα γαμήλιον ἔγχος ἀφάσσων·  
 γινώσκει μενέχαρμον ἐὼν γενέτην σέο μήτηρ.  
 εἰ δέ σοι ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκώμασε νυμφίος Ἑρμῆς 220  
 καὶ Σεμέλης διὰ κάλλος ἐὴν ἠρνήσατο Πειθῶ,  
 ῥάβδον ἐὴν ὀπάσειε τεῆς αὐτάγγελον εὐνῆς,  
 ἤέ σε κοσμήσειεν ἐοῖς χρυσέοισι πεδίλοις  
 δῶρον ἄγων λεχέων σέθεν ἄξιον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῇ  
 εἷης χρυσοπέδιλος, ἃ περ Διὸς εὐνέτις Ἥρη. 225  
 εἰ δέ σοι οὐρανόθεν πόσις ἤλυθε καλὸς Ἀπόλλων  
 καὶ Σεμέλης ὑπ' ἔρωτι λελασμένος ἔπλετο Δάφνης,  
 νόσφι δόλου κρυφίῳ δι' ἠέρος εἰς σέ χορεύσῃ  
 ἄβρὸς ἀσιγῆτων ἐποχημένος ἄρματι κύκνων, 230  
 ἔδνα τεῆς φιλότητος ἐὴν φόρμιγγα κομίζων,  
 πιστὸν ἐῶν θαλάμων σημήιον· εἰσορόων γὰρ  
 Κάδμος ἐπουρανίην κιθάρην Φοῖβοιο νοήσει,  
 ἦν ἴδεν αἰολόφωνον ἐῆς παρὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης  
 Ἄρμονίης μέλπουσαν ἐπιχθονίους ὑμεναίους.  
 εἰ δὲ γυναιμανέων σε βιήσατο κυανοχαίτης, 235  
 καὶ σε σοφῆς προβέβουλεν ἀειδομένης Μελανίππης,  
 ἀμφαδὰ κωμάσσειε, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Κάδμου  
 νυμφιδίης πῆξιεν ἐῆς γλωχίνα τριαίνης,  
 ξυνώσας γέρας ἴσον ἐχιδνοκόμῳ παρὰ Δίρκῃ,

<sup>a</sup> Cf. v. 574. It is to be remembered that ages pass between bks. v. and viii., giving plenty of time for Hermes to marry.

<sup>b</sup> A stock poetical epithet of Hera.

<sup>c</sup> Poseidon.

on your girdle—hide it not ! Which of the gods has besmirched you, which has ravished your maidenhood ?

<sup>216</sup> “ If Ares has wedded my girl in secret, if he has slept with Semele and neglected Aphrodite, let him come to your bed grasping his spear as a marriage-gift—your mother knows her begetter, the terrible warrior ! If quickshoe Hermes has made merry bridal with you, if he has forgotten his own Peitho <sup>a</sup> for Semele’s beauty, let him bring you his rod to herald your wedding, or let him fit you with his own golden shoes as a gift worthy of your bed, that you too may be goldshod <sup>b</sup> like Hera the bedfellow of Zeus ! If handsome Apollo has come from heaven to be your husband, if he has forgotten Daphne because of his love for Semele, let him away with furtive guile, and come to you through the air drawn in his car by singing swans, and dancing delicately let him offer his harp as a gift for your favours, to show a trusty proof of the wedding ! Cadmos will know that heavenly harp at sight, for he saw it, and heard the melodious tones, when it made music at his festal board for the wedding of Harmonia with a mortal.

<sup>235</sup> “ If Seabluehair <sup>c</sup> went womanmad and forced you, preferring you to Melanippe the sage, sung by the poet,<sup>d</sup> let him make merry in full view, and plant the prongs of his trident as a bridal gift before the gates of Cadmos ; so let him bestow the same honour beside snakecherishing Dirce, as he gave to

<sup>a</sup> A purely literary allusion. Of Euripides’ two plays on Melanippe (loved by Poseidon, to whom she bore Aiolos and Boiotos) one was called *Μελανίππη ἡ σοφή*, because of a long philosophical argument put into the heroine’s mouth. The title is of course anachronistic here.

οἶα παρ' Ἀργείοισι λεοντοβότῳ παρὰ Λέρνη, 240  
 σῆμα γάμων ἔστησεν Ἀμυμώνης, ὅθι νύμφης  
 Λερναίης ἔτι χῶρος ἐπώνυμός ἐστι τριαίνης.  
 ἀλλὰ τί κικλήσκω σε παρευνέτιν ἐννοσιγαίου;  
 ποῖα Ποσειδάωνος ἔχεις σημήια λέκτρων;  
 ὑδρηλαῖς παλάμησι χυθεῖς ἠγκάσσατο Τυρῶ 245  
 παφλάζων δολόεντι ῥόῳ μιμηλὸς Ἐνιπεύς.  
 εἰ δὲ καί, ὡς ἐνέπεις, σέο νυμφίος ἐστὶ Κρονίων,  
 ἐλθέτω εἰς σέο λέκτρα σὺν ἱμερόεντι κεραυνῶ,  
 ἄστεροπῆ γαμῆη κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρα τις εἶπη·  
 "Ἡρης καὶ Σεμέλης νυμφοστόλοι εἰσὶ κεραυνοί." 250  
 ζηλήμων περ εὐοῦσα Διὸς δάμαρ οὐ σε χαλέψει·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐπιτρέψειε τεὸς μητρώϊος Ἄρης.  
 ὀλβίη Εὐρώπη Σεμέλης πλέον, ἦν ὑπὲρ ὧμων  
 Ζεὺς κερόεις ἀνάειρε· ποθοβλήτοιο δὲ ταύρου  
 ἄβροχος ἀκροτάτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἔτρεχε χηλή, 255  
 καὶ σκάφος ἦεν Ἐρωτος ὁ τηλίκος. ἄ μέγα θαῦμα,  
 παρθένος ἠνιόχευε τὸν αἰθέρος ἠνιοχῆα.  
 ὀλβίζω Δανάην Σεμέλης πλέον, ἧς διὰ κόλπου  
 χρύσεος ἐξ ὀρόφοιο κατέρρεεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς  
 ἀφνειῆ ῥαθάμιγγι γυναιμανέος νιφετοῖο· 260  
 οὐ μὲν χρύσεια δῶρα μακαρτάτη ἦτεε νύμφη·  
 εἶχε γὰρ ἔδνον Ἐρωτος ὄλον πόσιν. ἀλλὰ τις εἶη  
 σιγὴ ἐφ' ἡμείων, γενέτης μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούση."  
 Ὡς φαμένη λίπε δῶμα καὶ ἀχνυμένην ἔτι νύμφην,  
 Ἡρης ζῆλον ἔχουσαν ἀμιμήτων ὑμεναίων, 265  
 μεμφομένην Κρονίωνι· παλιννόστῳ δὲ κελεύθῳ  
 αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἵκανε, καὶ οὐρανίῳ παρὰ θώκῳ

\* Amymone was one of the daughters of Danaos. Poseidon, who had rescued her from a satyr, took her himself. His trident, which he threw at the satyr, struck a rock from which sprung a fountain named after Amymone. The place

lionbreeding Lerna in the Argive country as a mark of his marriage with Amynone, where the place of the Lernaian nymph still bears the trident's name.<sup>a</sup> But why do I call you the bedfellow of Earthshaker? What tokens have you of Poseidon's bed? Tyro was embraced in a flood by watery hands, when counterfeit Enipeus came with his deceitful bubbling stream.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>247</sup> " Or if as you say, Cronion is your bridegroom, let him come to your bed with amorous thunders, armed with bridal lightning, that people may say— 'Hera and Semele both have thunders in waiting for the bedchamber!' The consort of Zeus may be jealous, but she will not hurt you, for Ares your mother's father will not allow it. Europa is more happy than Semele, for a horned Zeus carried her on his back; the hoof of the lovestricken bull ran unwetted on the top of the water, and one so mighty was Love's boat. O what a great miracle! A maiden held the reins of him who holds the reins of heaven! I call Danaë happier than Semele, for into her bosom Zeus poured a shower of gold from the roof, torrents of mad love in abundant showers! But that most blessed bride asked no gifts of gold; her lovegift was her whole husband. But let us be quiet, or your father Cadmos will hear."<sup>c</sup>

<sup>264</sup> With these words Hera left the house, and the girl still in her grief, jealous of the inimitable state of Hera's marriage and unsatisfied with Cronion. Hera returned to heaven and went indoors. There

was Lerna, which Nonnos apparently confuses with Nemea, home of the Nemean lion. See Hyginus, *Fab.* 169, 169a.

<sup>b</sup> See Hom. *Od.* xi. 235.

<sup>c</sup> An echo of Hom. *Il.* xiv. 90.

## NONNOS

κείμενα δερκομένη Διὸς ἔντεα νόσφι φορῆς,  
οἶά περ εἰσαΐοντα, φίλω μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

“ Βροντή, καὶ σὲ λέλοιπεν

ἔμὸς νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς; 270

τίς πάλιν ἀρπάξας σε τεὸν γύμνωσε φορῆα;  
βροντή, ἐσυλήθης—οὐκ αἰτιὸς ἐστὶ Τυφωεύς—

“ Ἡρῆς ξυνὰ παθοῦσα παρήγορε· νυμφοκόμος γὰρ  
ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἀπαναίνεται ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.

οὐ νιφετοῖς ἔτι γαῖα παλύνεται, ὑγροχύτου δὲ 275

ὄμβρου λειπομένου περιβόσκεται αὐχμὸς ἀρούρης  
αὐλακα, καρπὸν ἔχων ἀχρήιον· ἀγρονόμοις δὲ  
ἀντὶ κελαινεφέος κικλήσκεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς.

ἀστεροπαί, Κρονίωνι πυρώδεα ῥήξατε φωνήν,  
Ζηνὶ γυναιμανέοντι, φίλοι, φθέγξασθε, κεραυνοί. 280

ἀλλὰ βαρυζήλων ἀχέων ποιήτορες Ἡρῆς  
εἰς Σεμέλην ἔρχεσθε γαμοστόλοι, ἔδνα δὲ μήτρης  
λισσομένη φλογόεντας εἰς δέξαιτο φονῆας.”

Τοῖα μὲν ἀφθόγγους Διὸς ἔντεσιν ἴαχεν Ἡρῆ  
ἀχθυμένη, φθονερῶ δὲ χόλῳ κυμαίνεται δαίμων. 285

Καὶ Σεμέλη βαρύδεσμος ἐὼ νεοπενθεί θυμῷ  
ἀστεροπήν ποθέουσα, πυραυγέα πομπὸν Ἐρώτων,  
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἐὼν λιτάνευεν ἀκοίτην,  
Ἡραΐης ἐθέλουσα πυριστεφέος τύπον εὐνῆς·

“ Πρὸς Δανάης λίτομαί σε ῥηφενέων ὑμεναίων, 290  
δὸς χάριν, Εὐρώπης κερόεις πόσις· αἰδέομαι γὰρ  
κικλήσκειν Σεμέλης σε, τὸν ὧς ὄναρ εἶδον, ἀκοίτην.

Ἄκρίσιος Κάδμοιο μακάρτερος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ  
ἤθελον, εἰ χρύσειον ἴδον γάμον, ὑέτιε Ζεῦ,  
εἰ μὴ τοῦτο γέρας σέο Περσέος ἦρπασε μήτηρ· 295

<sup>a</sup> As Typhoeus did in bk. i.

<sup>b</sup> Father of Danaë.

beside the heavenly throne she saw the weapons of Zeus lying without their owner ; and as if they could hear, she addressed them in friendly cajoling words :

<sup>270</sup> “ Dear Thunder, has Zeus my cloudgatherer deserted you too then ? Who has stolen you again ” and left your owner naked ? Thunder, you have been plundered ! But Typhoeus has nothing to do with it. The same has happened to Hera, my comforter : Rainy Zeus has a bride to look after and neglects us both. The earth is no more sprinkled with showers : the downfall of rain has ceased, drought feeds on the plowland furrows and makes the crops worthless, the countryman speaks no more of Cloudy Zeus but Zeus Cloudless. My dear Lightnings, utter your fiery appeal to Cronion, call upon womanmad Zeus, my thunderbolts ! Avenge the jealous pain of Hera, attend upon Semele’s wedding ! Let her pray for a wedding-gift and receive her own fiery destroyers ! ”

<sup>284</sup> Such was the appeal of sorrowing Hera to the voiceless weapons, while the goddess was boiling with jealousy and fury.

<sup>286</sup> But Semele heavily fettered with this new distress for her temper, longed for the lightning to be the fiery escort of their loves ; and she complained to Zeus, as she prayed for a show of fires about her bed like Hera :

<sup>290</sup> “ By Danaë’s opulent wooing I pray, grant me this grace, horned husband of Europa ! for I dare not call you Semele’s husband, when I have seen you only like a dream ! Acrisios <sup>b</sup> was more blessed than Cadmos ; but I too should have been glad to see a wedding of gold, Zeus of the Rain, if the mother of Perseus had not first stolen that honour from thee.

NONNOS

ἤθελον, εἴ με κόμισσας ἐν ὕδασι ταῦρος ὀδίτης  
 ὤμοις ὑμετέροισιν, ἵνα πλάζοιτο καὶ αὐτὸς  
 γνωτὸς ἐμὸς Πολύδωρος, ἀλήμονος ἄρπαγα νύμφης  
 μαστεύων, ἄτε Κάδμος, ἐμὸν Κρονίωνα φορῆα. 300  
 ἀλλὰ τί μοι βοέοιο γάμου τύπος ἢ νιφετοῖο;  
 οὐκ ἐθέλω γέρας ἴσον, ὃ περ χθονίη λάχε νύμφη.  
 Εὐρώπη λίπε ταῦρον, ἕα Δανάη χύσιν ὄμβρου·  
 Ἥρης μῦνος ἔχει με γάμων φθόνος.  
 εἴ με γεραίρεις,  
 παστὸν ἐμὸν κόσμησον ἐπουρανίῳ σέο πυρσῶ  
 αἰθύσσων νεφέων ἐρόεν σέλας, ἀστεροπὴν δέ 305  
 ἔδνον ἐμῆς φιλότητος ἀπειθεί δείξον Ἀγαυή·  
 Αὐτονόη φρίξειεν ἐμῶ παρὰ γείτοσι παστῶ  
 νυμφοκόμων αἴουσα μέλος βρονταῖον Ἐρώτων,  
 σύμβολον αὐτοβόητον ἀκηρύκτων σέο λέκτρων.  
 δὸς δέ, περιπτύξαιμι φίλην φλόγα καὶ φρένα τέρψω 310  
 ἀστεροπῆς ψαύουσα καὶ ἀμφαφώωσα κεραυνούς.  
 δὸς μοι σῶν θαλάμων ζυγίην φλόγα· πᾶσα δέ νύμφη  
 πυρσὸν ἔχει πομπῆα τελεσσιγάμων ὑμεναίων.  
 ἦ ῥα τεῶν γαμίων οὐκ ἄξιός εἰμι κεραυνῶν  
 Ἄρεος αἶμα φέρουσα καὶ ὑμετέρης Ἀφροδίτης; 315  
 δειλὴ ἐγώ· Σεμέλης μὲν ἔχει γάμος ὠκύμορον πῦρ  
 καὶ χθονίους λαμπτήρας, ἐφαπτομένη δέ κεραυνοῦ  
 καὶ στεροπῆς ψαύουσα τετὴ νυμφεύεται Ἥρη.  
 νυμφίε τερπικέραυνε, σὺ μὲν πολυφεγγεῖ παστῶ  
 ἔνθεον εἶδος ἔχων ἐπὶ δέμνιον ἔρχεαι Ἥρης 320  
 ἀστεροπαῖς γαμῖησι καταυγάζων σέο νύμφην  
 Ζεὺς πυρόεις, Σεμέλη δέ δράκων ἢ ταῦρος ἰκάνεις·  
 κείνη μὲν βαρύδουπον Ὀλύμπιον ἦχον Ἐρώτων  
 εἰσαῖει, Σεμέλη δέ τύπῳ σκιοειδέϊ μορφῆς  
 ταύρου ψευδαλέοιο νόθον μυκηθμὸν ἀκούει. 325  
 ἄσφοφος εἰς ἐμὰ λέκτρα κατέρχεται ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς,



I should have been glad if you had carried me on your shoulders in the waters as a travelling bull, and my brother Polydoros like Cadmos could have hunted the robber of the wandering bride, Cronion who carried me. But what have I to do with wedlock in shape of a bull or a shower? I want no honour equal to some earthly bride. Leave Europa her bull, leave Danaë her shower of gold: Hera's state is the only one I envy. If you hold me worthy of honour, deck out my chamber with your heavenly fire! Kindle a lovelight in the clouds, show incredulous Agauë the lightning as my lovegift. Let Autoonë in her room close by hear the thunderous tune of our attendant Loves, and tremble at the selfannouncing token of our unpublished marriage.

<sup>310</sup> " Give it—let me embrace the dear flame and rejoice my heart, touching the lightning and handling the thunderbolts! Give me the bridal flame of your own chamber; every bride has torches to escort her in the marriage procession. Am I not worthy of your bridal thunderbolts, when I have the blood of Ares and your Aphrodite? How wretched I am! Semele's wedding has quickfading fire and earthly torches,—your Hera is a bride who grasps the thunderbolt and touches the lightning! Thunder-hurling bridegroom! You go to Hera's bed in divine shape, illuminating your bride with bridal lightnings until the chamber shines with many lights—fiery Zeus! but to Semele you come as dragon or a bull. She hears for her love the heavy Olympian rolling boom—Semele hears the sham bellow of a false bull under a vague shadowy shape. Soundless, cloudless,

NONNOS

καὶ νεφεληγερέτης ὑψαύχενι μίγνυται Ἥρη.  
 κούρης δ' αἰνογάμοιο πατήρ ἐμὸς αἴσχεα φεύγων  
 ἐνδόμυχος σέο Κάδμος ἀλυσκάζει πάτον ἀνδρῶν,  
 αἰδόμενος ναέττησι φανήμεναι, ὅττι πολίται 330  
 πάντες ἐφυβρίζουσι τεοῖς κρυφίοις ὑμεναίοις  
 μεμφόμενοι Σεμέλην, ὅτι φώριον ἔσχεν ἀκοίτην.  
 καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον ὀνειδέα θηλυτεράων·  
 καὶ χορὸς ἀμφιπόλων ἐμὲ μέμφεται, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων  
 δειμαίνω στόμα λάβρον ἀσιγήτοιο τιθήνης. 335  
 μνώεο, τίς Τυφῶνι δολόφρονα πότμον ὑφαίνων  
 σοὶ πόρεν ἀρπαμένοιο πάλιν σπινθήρα κεραυνοῦ·  
 δεῖξον ἐμῶ γενετήρι, τά περ πόρε· γηραλέος γὰρ  
 Κάδμος ἀπαιτίζει με τεῆς σημήιον εὐνῆς.  
 οὐ πῶ ἐγὼ Κρονίωνος ἀληθέος εἶδον ὀπωπῆν, 340  
 οὐ βλεφάρων ἀκτίνα σελασφόρον, οὐδὲ προσώπου  
 μαρμαρυγὰς ἐνόησα καὶ ἀστράπτουσαν ὑπήνην·  
 οὐ πῶ ἴδον τεὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον, ἀλλὰ δοκεύω  
 πόρδαλιν ἢ ἐλέοντα, θεὸν δ' οὐκ εἶδον ἀκοίτην.  
 ὡς βροτὸν εἰσορόω σε θεὸν μέλλουσα λοχεύειν. 345  
 ἄλλον ἐγὼ πυθόμην φλογερόν γάμον· Ἥλιος γὰρ  
 σὺν πυρὶ νυμφιδίῳ Κλυμένην ἠγκάσσατο νύμφην.”  
 Ἔννεπεν αἰτίζουσα φίλον μόρον· ἴσα γὰρ Ἥρη  
 εἰς γάμον ἀθρῆσαι μιννώριος ἔλπετο νύμφη  
 μειλίχιον σπινθήρα γαληναίοιο κεραυνοῦ. 350  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ αἰών

φθονεραῖς ἐπεμέμφετο Μοίραις,  
 καὶ Σεμέλην ἐλείπειν ἄωριον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχῳ  
 κερδαλέον γίνωσκειν ἀμειλίκτου χόλον Ἥρης.  
 Ἑρμείῃ δὲ κέλευεν ἀπὸ φλογεροῦ κεραυνοῦ

<sup>a</sup> A half-quotation of Hom. *Il.* vi. 202, πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων.

Zeus comes to my bed : Cloudgatherer he mingles with Hera. Well may she hold up her head ! My father shrinks from insults for a daughter unhappily married, hides in the corners of the house—your Cadmos ! avoids the place where men tread,<sup>a</sup> ashamed to show himself to his people, because all the people deride this secret union with you, and blame Semele for having a furtive bedmate.

<sup>333</sup> “ A fine wedding-gift you have found me—the sneers of women ! The attendants about me slander me, and far above the rest I fear the rough tongue of this garrulous nurse. Remember who wove the wilywitted fate for Typhon, and brought back to you the stolen spark of your thunder ! Show it to my father, who got it back, for old Cadmos demands of me a proof of your bed. Never yet have I seen the countenance of the true Cronion, never beheld the flashing gleam from his eyelids, or the rays from his face, or the lustrous beard ! Your Olympian shape I have never seen, but I expect a panther or lion—I have seen no god as a husband. I see you something mortal, and I am to bring forth a god ! Yet I have heard of another fiery wedding : did not Helios embrace his bride Clymene with fiery nuptials ? ” <sup>b</sup>

<sup>348</sup> Thus Semele prayed for her own fate : the shortlived bride hoped to be equal to Hera, and to see at her nuptials the spark of the thunderbolt gentle and peaceful.

<sup>351</sup> Father Zeus heard, and blamed the jealous Portioners, and pitied Semele so soon to die ; but he understood the scheming resentment of implacable Hera against Bacchos. Then he ordered Hermes to catch up his newborn son out of the thunderfire when

<sup>b</sup> See note on vii. 301.

ἀρπάξαι νέον υἷα πυριβλήτοιο Θυώνης.  
καί τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε πατήρ ὑψαύχενι κούρη·

355

“ ὦ γύναι,

ἦ σε δόλοισ φθονερὸς νόος ἤπαφεν Ἥρης·  
ἦ ῥα, γύναι, δοκέεις, ὅτι μείλιχοί εἰσι κεραυνοί;  
τλήθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἕως ἔτι φόρτον ἀείρεις,  
τλήθι μένειν χρόνον ἄλλον, ἕως ἐμὸν υἷα λοχεύεις· 360  
μὴ πρὸ τόκου πυρόεντας ἀπαιτίζης με φονῆας·  
οὐ στεροπὴν μεθέπων Δανάης σύλησα κορείην,  
οὐ βροντῆς κελάδημα, καὶ οὐ Τυρίης σέο νύμφης  
Εὐρώπης ὑμέναιον ἐνυμφεύσαντο κεραυνοί,  
οὐκ ἴδεν Ἴναχίη δαμάλη σέλας· ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη 365  
θνητῇ ἀπαιτίζεις με, τὰ μὴ θεὸς ἦτεε Λητώ.”

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε καὶ οὐ μενέαιεν ἐρίζειν  
νήμασι Μοιριδίοισι· δι’ αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου  
ἀστράπτων πεφόρητο καὶ ἰκεσίην ἔο νύμφης  
οὐκ ἐθέλων ἐτέλεσσε πόσις στεροπηγερέτα Ζεὺς, 370  
εἰς Σεμέλην δ’ ἐχόρευε κατηφεί χειρὶ τιταίνων  
νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀμερσιγάμοιο κεραυνοῦ·  
καὶ θάλαμος στεροπῆσιν ἐλάμπετο, καὶ πυρὸς ἀτμῶ  
Ἰσμηνὸς σελάγιζεν, ὅλη δ’ ἀμαρύσσετο Θήβη.

Καὶ Σεμέλη φλογόεντας εἰς ὄρωσα φονῆας 375  
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψινόω φάτο φωνῇ·

“ Πηκτίδος οὐ χατέω λιγνηχέος, οὐ χρέος αὐλοῦ·  
βρονταὶ ἐμοὶ γεγάασι Διὸς σύριγγες Ἐρώτων,  
αὐλὸς ἐμοὶ κτύπος οὗτος Ὀλύμπιος, αἰθερίης δὲ  
δαλὸς ἐμῶν θαλάμων στεροπῆς σέλας· οὐτιδανῶν δὲ 380  
οὐκ ἀλέγω δαΐδων· δαΐδες δέ μοι εἰσι κεραυνοί.  
εἰμὶ δάμαρ Κρονίωνος, Ἐχίονός ἐστιν Ἀγαυή,  
Αὐτονόην καλέσωσιν Ἀρισταίοιο γυναῖκα·

<sup>a</sup> Another name for Semele, hence Dionysos was also called Thyoneus.

it should strike Thyone.<sup>a</sup> He spoke thus in answer to the highheaded girl :

<sup>357</sup> " Wife, the jealous mind of Hera has deceived you by a trick. Do you really think, wife, that my thunders are gentle ? Be patient until another time, for now you carry a child. Be patient until next time, and first bring forth my son. Do not demand from me the murderous fire before that birth. I had no lightning in my hand when I took Danaë's maidenhood ; no booming thunder, no thunderbolts celebrated my union with your Europa, the Tyrian bride ; the Inachian heifer saw no flames : you alone, a mortal, demand from me what a goddess Leto did not ask."

<sup>367</sup> So he spoke, but he had no thought of fighting against the threads of Fate. He passed from the bosom of the sky shooting fire, and Flashlightning Zeus the husband unwillingly fulfilled the prayer of his young wife. He danced into Semele's chamber, shaking in a reluctant hand the bridegift, those fires of thunder which were to destroy his bride. The chamber was lit up with the lightning, the fiery breath made Ismenos <sup>b</sup> to glitter and all Thebes to twinkle.

<sup>375</sup> When Semele saw her fiery murderers, she held up a proud neck and said with lofty arrogance :

<sup>377</sup> " I want no clear-sounding cithern, I need no hoboy ! Thunders are here for my panspipes of Zeus's love, this boom is my Olympian hoboy, the firebrands of my bridal are the flashes of heavenly lightning ! I care not for common torches, my torches are thunderbolts ! I am the consort of Cronion, Agauë is only Echion's. Let them call Auto-noë Aristaios's wife.

<sup>b</sup> One of the two rivers of Thebes.

Ἴνῳ ἔχει Νεφέλην, Σεμέλη λάχε σύγγαμον Ἥρην.  
 οὐ γενόμεν Ἀθάμαντος ἐγὼ δάμαρ, ὠκύμορον δὲ 385  
 οὐ τέκον Ἀκταίωνα κυνοσπάδα, σύννομον ὕλης.  
 οὐ χατέω φόρμιγγος ὀλίζονος· οὐρανὴ γὰρ  
 ἀστραίη Κιθάρη Σεμέλης ὑμέναιον αἰεῖδει."

"Ἐννεπε κυδιόωσα καὶ ἤθελε χερσὶν ἀφάσσειν  
 ἀστεροπὴν ὀλέτειραν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ Μοίρης 390  
 τολμηρῇ παλάμῃ φονίων ἔψαυσε κεραυνῶν·  
 καὶ γάμος ἦν Σεμέλης θανατηφόρος, ἧς ἐνὶ θεσμῶ  
 πυρκαϊὴν καὶ τύμβον ἐθήκατο παστὸν Ἐρινύς·

καὶ λοχίαις ἀκτίσι γαμήλιον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ  
 Ζηνὸς ἀφειδήσαντος ὅλην τεφρώσατο νύμφην· 395  
 καὶ στεροπὴ πέλε μαῖα, καὶ Εἰλειθυια κεραυνοί·

κόλπου δ' αἰθομένοιο διαθρώσκοντα τεκούσης  
 Βάκχον ἐπουρανίη μαιώσατο φειδομένη φλόξ,  
 μητροφόνω σπινθῆρι μαραινομένων ὑμεναίων· 400  
 καὶ βρέφος ἠλιτόμηνον ἀδηλήτου τοκετοῖο

ἄσθμασι φειδομένοισιν ἐχυτλώσαντο κεραυνοί·  
 καὶ Σεμέλη πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσασα τελευτήν  
 ὤλετο τερπομένη λόχιον μόρον· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι  
 Ἴμερον, Εἰλειθυιαν, Ἐρινύας εἰν ἐνὶ παστῶ.  
 καὶ βρέφος ἠμιτέλεστον ἐῷ γενετῆρι λοχεῦσαι 405  
 οὐρανίῳ πυρὶ γυῖα λελουμένον ἤγαγεν Ἑρμῆς.

Ζεὺς δὲ βαρυζήλοιο μετατρέψας νόον Ἥρης  
 ἄγριον ἐπρήνυε παλίλλυτον ὄγκον ἀπειλής,  
 καὶ φλογερὴν Σεμέλην

μετανάστιον εἰς πόλον ἀστρων  
 οὐρανὸν οἶκον ἔχουσαν ἀνήγαγε μητέρα Βάκχου 410  
 αἰθερίοις ναέτησιν ὀμέστιον, ὡς γένος Ἥρης,  
 ὡς τόκον Ἀρμονίης ἐξ Ἄρεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης·  
 καὶ καθαρῶ λούσασα νέον δέμας αἴθοπι πυρσῶ . . .

Ino's rival is only Nephele—Semele's is Hera! I was not the wife of Athamas, I was not the mother of Actaion the forester, so quickly killed and torn by dogs. I want no lesser harp, for Cithara<sup>a</sup> the heavenly harp makes music for Semele's wedding!"

<sup>389</sup> So she spoke in her pride, and would have grasped the deadly lightning in her own hands—she touched the destroying thunderbolts with daring palm, careless of Fate. Then Semele's wedding was her death, and in its celebration the Avenging Spirit made her bower serve for pyre and tomb. Zeus had no mercy; the breath of the bridal thunder with its fires of delivery burnt her all to ashes.

<sup>396</sup> Lightning was the midwife, thunder our Lady of childbed; the heavenly flames had mercy, and delivered Bacchos struggling from the mother's burning lap when the married life was withered by the mothermurdering flash; the thunders tempered their breath to bathe the babe, untimely born but unhurt. Semele saw her fiery end, and perished rejoicing in a childbearing death. In one bridal chamber could be seen Love, Eileithyia, and the Avengers together. So the babe half-grown, and his limbs washed with heavenly fire, was carried by Hermes to his father for the lying-in.

<sup>407</sup> Zeus was able to change the mind of jealous Hera, to calm and undo the savage threatening resentment which burdened her. Semele consumed by the fire he translated into the starry vault; he gave the mother of Bacchos a home in the sky among the heavenly inhabitants, as one of Hera's family, as daughter of Harmonia sprung from both Ares and Aphrodite. So her new body bathed in the purifying

<sup>a</sup> A constellation, properly Lyra.

## NONNOS

καὶ βίον ἄφθιτον ἔσχεν Ὀλύμπιον· ἀντὶ δὲ Κάδμου  
καὶ χθονίου δαπέδοιο καὶ Αὐτονόης καὶ Ἀγαύης 415  
σύνθρονον Ἄρτεμιν εὗρε καὶ ὠμίλησεν Ἀθήνη  
καὶ πόλον ἔδνον ἔδεκτο, μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης  
Ζηνὶ καὶ Ἑρμάωνι καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Κυθερείῃ.



DIONYSIACA, VIII. 414-418

fire . . . she received the immortal life of the Olympians. Instead of Cadmos and the soil of earth, instead of Autonoë and Agauë, she found Artemis by her side, she had converse with Athena, she received the heavens as her wedding-gift, sitting at one table with Zeus and Hermaon and Ares and Cythereia.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΝΑΤΟΝ

Εἰς ἕνατον σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄψεται νιέα Μαίης  
 θυγατέρας τε Λάμου καὶ Μύστιδα  
 καὶ δρόμον Ἴνουσ.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ

Σεμέλης φλογερῶν νωμήτορα κόλπων  
 ἡμιτελῆ λοχίοιο διαθρώσκοντα κεραυνοῦ  
 δεξάμενος Διόνυσον ἐπέρραφεν ἄρσενι μηρῶ,  
 μαρμαρυγῆν δ' ἀνέμιμνε τελεσσιγόνοιο Σελήνης·  
 καὶ παλάμη Κρονίδαο κυβερνήτειρα λοχείης 5  
 αὐτομάτη πέλε μαῖα πολυρραφέος τοκετοῖο,  
 παιδοτόκου λύσσασα μογοστόκα νήματα μηροῦ.  
 καὶ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἔτυς θηλύνετο μηροῦ,  
 καὶ πάϊς ἡλιτόμηνος ἀμήτορι τίκτετο θεσμῶ  
 ἄρσενα θηλυτέρην μετὰ γαστέρα γαστέρα βαίνων. 10  
 τὸν μὲν ὑπερκύψαντα θεηγενέος τοκετοῖο  
 στέμματι κισσήεντι λεχωίδες ἔστεφον ὦραι  
 ἔσσομένων κήρυκες, ἐπ' ἀνθοκόμῳ δὲ καρῆνῳ  
 εὐκεράων σκολιῆσιν ὑπὸ σπείρησι δρακόντων  
 ταυροφυῆ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο κεράστην. 15

Καί μιν ἔσω Δρακάνοιο λεχώιον ἀμφὶ κολώνην  
 πήχεϊ κολπωθέντι λαβῶν Μαιήϊος Ἑρμῆς  
 ἡερόθεν πεπόττητο· λοχευομένῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ  
 πατρῶην ἐπέθηκεν ἐπωνυμίην τοκετοῖο  
 κικλήσκων Διόνυσον, ἐπεὶ ποδὶ φόρτον ἀείρων 20

## BOOK IX

Look into the ninth, and you will see the son of Maia,  
and the daughters of Lamos, and Mystis,  
and the flight of Ino.

ZEUS the Father received Dionysos after he had broken out of his mother's fiery lap and leapt through the delivering thunders half-formed; he sewed him in his manly thigh, while he waited upon the light of the moon which was to bring him to birth. Then the hand of Cronides guiding the birth was his own midwife to the sewn-up child, by cutting the labouring threads in his pregnant thigh. So the rounded thigh in labour became female, and the boy too soon born was brought forth, but not in a mother's way, having passed from a mother's womb to a father's. No sooner had he peeped out by this divine delivery, than the childbed Seasons crowned him with an ivy-garland in presage of things to come; they wreathed the horned head of a bullshaped Dionysos with twining horned snakes under the flowers.

<sup>16</sup> Hermes Maia's son received him near the birth-place hill of Dracanon,<sup>a</sup> and holding him in the crook of his arm flew through the air. He gave the newborn Lyaïos a surname to suit his birth, and called him Dionysos, or Zeus-limp, because Zeus while he

<sup>a</sup> In the island of Icaros.

## NONNOS

ἦε χωλαίνων Κρονίδης βεβριθότι μηρῶ,  
 νῦσος ὅτι γλώσση Συρακοσσίδι χωλὸς ἀκούει·  
 καὶ θεὸν ἀρτιλόχευτον ἐφήμισαν Εἰραφιώτην,  
 ὅττι μιν εὐώδινι πατὴρ ἐρράψατο μηρῶ.

Καὶ μιν ἀχυτλώτοιο διαῖσσοντα λοχείης 25  
 πήχεϊ κοῦρον ἄδακρυν ἐκούφισε σύγγονος Ἑρμῆς,  
 καὶ βρέφος εὐκεράοιο φυῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης  
 ὤπασε θυγατέρεςσι Λάμου ποταμηῖσι Νύμφαις,  
 παῖδα Διὸς κομέειν σταφυληκόμον· αἱ δὲ λαβοῦσαι  
 Βάκχον ἐπηχύναντο, καὶ εἰς στόμα παιδὸς ἐκάστη 30  
 ἀθλιβέων γλαγόεσσαν ἀνέβλυνεν ἰκμάδα μαζῶν.  
 καὶ πάις ἀντικέλευθον ἐς οὐρανὸν ὄμμα τιταίνων  
 ὕπτιος ἦεν ἄυπνος, ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ρίπαῖς  
 ἡέρα λακτίζων διδυμάονι τέρπετο παλμῶ,  
 καὶ πόλον ἐσκοπίαζεν ἀήθεα, θαμβάλεος δὲ 35  
 πατρῶν ἐγέλασσε ἵτυν δεδοκημένος ἄστρων.

Καὶ βρέφος ἀθρήσασα Διὸς μαστίζετο νύμφη·  
 θυγατέρες δὲ Λάμοιο χόλω βαρυμήνιος Ἥρης  
 δαιμονίης κακότητος ἐβακχεύθησαν ἰμάσθλη·  
 ἐν δὲ δόμῳ δμωῆσιν ἐπέχραον, ἐν τριόδοις δὲ 40  
 ξεινοφόνῳ δαίτρευον ὄδοιπόρον ἄνδρα μαχαίρη·  
 φρικαλέαι δ' ἀλάλαζον, ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι δὲ ρίπῃ  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζον ἀκοσμήτοιο προσώπου·  
 πάντῃ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νοοπλανέεσσι μενοιναιῖς  
 ἔτρεχον ἀσταθέων τροχαλῶ σκιρτήματι ταρσῶν· 45  
 καὶ πλοκάμους βάκχευον ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδες αὔραι  
 πλαζομένους· κροκόεις δὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἐκάστης  
 ἀφροκόμῳ ραθάμιγγι χιτῶν λευκαίνετο κούρης.  
 καὶ νύ κε φοιταλέης ἑτερόφροني κύματι λύσσης  
 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρη, 50

\* It need hardly be said that these etymologies are wrong.

carried his burden lifted his foot with a limp from the weight of his thigh, and *nysos* in the Syracusan language means limping. So he dubbed Zeus newly delivered Eiraphiotes, or Father Botcher, because he had sewed up the baby in his breeding thigh.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>25</sup> Thus Hermes carried upon his arm the little brother who had passed through one birth without a bath, and lay now without a tear, a baby with a good pair of horns like the Moon. He gave him in charge of the daughters of Lamos, river nymphs—the son of Zeus, the vineplanter. They received Bacchos into their arms; and each of them dropt the milky juice of her breast without pressing into his mouth. And the boy lay on his back unsleeping, and fixt his eye on the heaven above, or kicked at the air with his two feet one after the other in delight; he stared at the unfamiliar sky, and laughed in wonder to see his father's vault of stars.

<sup>37</sup> The consort of Zeus beheld the babe, and suffered torments. Through the wrath of resentful Hera, the daughters of Lamos were maddened by the lash of that divine mischiefmaker. In the house they attacked the servants, in the threeways they carved up the wayfaring man with alienslaying knife; they howled horribly, with violent convulsions they rolled the eyes in their disfigured faces; they scampered about this way and that way at the mercy of their wandering wits, running and skipping with restless feet, and the mad breezes made their wandering locks dance wildly into the air; the yellow shift round the bosom of each was whitened with drops of foam from the lips of the girls. Indeed they would have chopt up little Bacchos a baby still piecemeal in

## NONNOS

εἰ μὴ ἀσημάντοιο ποδὸς ληίστορι ταρσῶ  
 Βάκχον ὑποκλέψας πτερόεις πάλιν ἤρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,  
 καὶ βρέφος ἀρτικόμιστον ἔχων ζωαρκεί κόλπῳ  
 εἰς δόμον ἀρτιτόκοιο λεχώιον ἤγαγεν Ἴουῦς.

Ἡ μὲν ἀνῆέρταζεν ἐῆς προθορόντα λοχείης 55  
 νήπιον εἰσέτι κούρον, ἐπωλένιον Μελικέρτην,  
 παιδοκόμοις παλάμησιν· ἀνοιδαίνοντο δὲ μαζοὶ  
 θλιβομένοιο γάλακτος ἀναβλύζοντες ἔέρσην.  
 καὶ φιλίοις στομάτεσσι θεὸς μειλίζατο νύμφην  
 θέσκελον ὀμφήεντι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι· 60

“ Δέξο, γύναι, νέον υἷα, τεῶ δ’ ἐνικάτθεο κόλπῳ  
 παῖδα κασιγνήτης Σεμέλης σέθεν, ὃν παρὰ παστῶ  
 οὐ στεροπῆς ἀμάθυνεν ὄλον σέλας, οὐδέ μιν αὐτοῖ  
 μητροφόνοι σπινθήρες ἐδηλήσαντο κερανοῦ.  
 καὶ βρέφος ἀχλυόεντι δόμῳ πεφυλαγμένον ἔστω, 65  
 μηδέ μιν ἀθρήσειεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο μελάθρου  
 ἡμάτιον Φαέθοντος ἢ ἔννουχον ὄμμα Σελήνης,  
 μηδέ εἰ κουρίζοντα, καὶ εἰ ταυρῶπις ἀκούει,  
 ζηλήμων βαρύμητις ἴδη κεκαλυμμένον Ἥρη.  
 δέξο κασιγνήτης σέθεν υἷέα· σοὶ δὲ Κρονίων 70  
 ἄξια σῶν καμάτων ὀπάσει θρεπτήρια κείνου.  
 ὀλβίη ἐν πάσησι θυγατράσιν ἔπλεο Κάδμου·  
 ἤδη γὰρ Σεμέλη φλογερῶ δέδμητο βελέμνω,  
 Αὐτονόην δὲ θανόντι σὺν υἱεὶ γαῖα καλύψει,  
 ἀμφοτέροις δ’ ἓνα τύμβον ἀναστήσειε Κιθαιρών, 75  
 καὶ μόρον οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐσαθρήσειεν Ἀγαυή  
 Πενθέος ὀλλυμένοιο, νόθης ψαύσασα κονίης,  
 παιδοφόνος γεγαυῖα λιπόπτολις· ἀλλὰ σὺ μούνη

<sup>a</sup> See note to v. 556.

the distracted flood of their vagabond madness, had not Hermes come on the wing and stolen Bacchos again with a robber's untracked footsteps: the babe lately brought he caught up, and carried in his life-protecting bosom, until he brought him to the house where Ino had lately brought forth a son.

<sup>55</sup> She was nursing her boy Melicertes,<sup>a</sup> lately born and a baby still, and held him in her arms with caressing hands; her swelling breasts dropt the dew of the bursting milk. The god spoke to her in friendly coaxing tones, and let pass a divine message from his prophetic throat:

<sup>61</sup> "Madam, receive a new son; lay in your bosom the child of Semele your sister. Not the full blaze of the lightning destroyed him in her chamber; even the sparks of the thunderbolt which killed his mother did him no harm. Let the child be kept safe in a gloomy room, and let neither the Sun's eye by day nor the Moon's eye by night see him in your roofed hall. Cover him up, that jealous resentful Hera may never see him playing, though she is said to have eyes to see a bull.<sup>b</sup> Receive your sister's boy, and you shall have from Cronion a reward for his nurture worthy of your pains. Happy are you among all the daughters of Cadmos! for already Semele has been brought low by a fiery bolt; Autonoë shall lie under the earth with her dead son, and Cithairon<sup>c</sup> will set up one tomb for both; Agauë shall see the fate of Pentheus among the hills, and she shall touch his ashes all deceived.<sup>d</sup> A sonslayer she shall be, and

<sup>b</sup> Nonnos seems to play with Hera's epithet *βοῶπις*, "cow-eyed," making it *ταυρώπις* and giving that the sense of "bull-eying," *i.e.* able to see the young bull god Dionysos.

<sup>c</sup> A mountain between Boeotia and Attica.

<sup>d</sup> Sense and reading are alike most uncertain here.

ἔσσεια ἀνχέσσεια, τόσης ναέτειρα θαλάσσης,  
 οἶκον ἀμειβομένη Ποσιδήιον, εἰναλίη δὲ 80  
 ὡς Θέτις, ὡς Γαλάτεια φατίζεαι Ἵδριας Ἰνώ·  
 οὐ χθονίῳ κενεῶνι κατακρύψει σε Κιθαιρών,  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ Νηρεΐδων μία γίνεαι· ἀντὶ δὲ Κάδμου  
 ἐλπίδι λωιτέρη καλέσσης Νηρῆα τοκῆα  
 παιδὶ τεῶ ζώουσα σὺν ἀθανάτῳ Μελικέρτῃ, 85  
 Λευκοθέῃ, κρατέουσα χυτῆς κληῖδα γαλήνης,  
 εὐπλοῖης μεδέουσα μετ' Αἰόλον· εὐδιόων δὲ  
 σοὶ πίσυνος πλεύσειε φιλέμπορος εἶν ἀλὶ ναύτης  
 βωμὸν ἕνα στήσας ἐνοσίχθονι καὶ Μελικέρτῃ, 90  
 ῥέζων ἀμφοτέροισι· θαλασσαίοιο δὲ δίφρου  
 δέξεται ἠνιοχῆα Παλαίμονα κυανοχαίτης.”  
 Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀκίχητος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἑρμῆς  
 ἤερι δινεύων ἀνεμώδεα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.  
 Ἰνὼ δ' οὐκ ἀπίθησε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιῆ  
 παιδοκόμῳ πῆχυνεν ἀμήτορα Βάκχον ἀγοστῶ, 95  
 πῆχεϊ δ' ἀπλώσασα συνωρίδα δίζυγα παίδων  
 δίζυγα μαζὸν ὄρεξε Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ·  
 καὶ βρέφος ἀμφιπόλῳ παρεθήκατο Μύστιδι νύμφῃ,  
 Μύστιδι καλλικόμῳ Σιδωνίδι, τὴν ἔτι κούρην  
 Κάδμος ἀνηέξῃσε πατὴρ θαλαμηπόλον Ἰνοῦς· 100  
 ἢ τότε Βάκχον ἐλουῖσα θεοτρεφῆων ἀπὸ μαζῶν  
 ἀπροϊδῆ ζοφόεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ.  
 καὶ Διὸς αὐτοβόητος ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχείην  
 μαρμαρυγῆ σελάγιζε, καταυγάζουσα προσώπου·  
 τοῖχοι δ' ἀχλυόεντες ἐλευκαίνοντο μελάθρου, 105  
 καὶ ζόφον ἔκρυφε φέγγος ἀθηήτου Διονύσου.  
 καὶ Βρομίῳ παίζοντι παρέζετο πάννυχος Ἰνώ·  
 πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἀναθρώσκων Μελικέρτης  
 χεῖλεσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνέσπασε γείτονα θηλήν



a banished woman, but you alone shall be proud; you shall inhabit the mighty sea and settle in Poseidon's house; in the brine like Thetis, like Galatea, your name shall be Ino of the Waters. Cithairon shall not hide you in the hollow earth, but you shall be one of the Nereïds. Instead of Cadmos, you shall call Nereus father, with happier hopes. You shall ever live with Melicertes your immortal son as Leucothea, holding the key of calm waters, mistress of good voyaging next to Aiolos.<sup>a</sup> The merchant seaman trusting in you shall have a fineweather voyage over the brine; he shall set up one altar for the Earthshaker and Melicertes, and do sacrifice to both together; Seabluehair shall accept Palaimon<sup>b</sup> as guide for his coach of the sea."

<sup>92</sup> With these words Hermes was off into the sky unapproachable, twirling in the air the windswift soles of his shoes. And Ino was not disobedient. With loving care she held the motherless Bacchos in her nursing arm, and laying out the pair, the two children, upon it offered her two breasts to Palaimon and Dionysos. She gave the baby in charge to Mystis her attendant maid, Mystis the finehaired Sidonian, whom Cadmos had brought up from a girl to attend in Ino's chamber. She then took Bacchos away from those godfeeding breasts, and hid him from all eyes in a dark pit. But a brilliant light shone from his face, which declared of itself the off-spring of Zeus: the gloomy walls of the house grew bright, and the light of unseen Dionysos hid the darkness. All night long Ino sat beside Bromios as he played. Often Melicertes jumped up with wavering steps and pressed his lips to pull at the other

<sup>a</sup> God of the winds.

<sup>b</sup> Melicertes.

Εὖια παππάζοντι παρερπύζων Διονύσω. 110

Καὶ θεὸν ἔτρεφε Μύστις ἐῆς μετὰ μαζὸν ἀνάσσης  
 ὄμμασιν ἀγρύπνοισι παρεδρήσσοσα Λυαίω·  
 καὶ πινυτὴ θεράπαινα φερώνυμα Μύστιδι τέχνη  
 ὄργια νυκτελίοιο διδασκομένη Διονύσου  
 καὶ τελετὴν ἀγρυπνον ἐπεντύνοσα Λυαίω 115  
 πρώτη ρόπτρον ἔσεισεν, ἐπεπλατάγησε δὲ Βάκχῳ  
 κύμβαλα δινεύουσα περίκροτα δίζυγι χαλκῶ,  
 πρώτη νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναφαιμένη φλόγα πεύκης  
 Εὖιον ἐσμαράγησεν ἀκοιμήτῳ Διονύσω,  
 πρώτη καμπύλον ἄνθος ἀναδρέψασα κορύμβῳ 120  
 ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ,  
 αὐτὴ δ' ἔπλεκε θύρσον ὁμόζυγον οἴνοπι κισσῶ,  
 ἀκροτάτῳ δὲ σίδηρον ἐπεσφήκωσε κορύμβῳ  
 κευθόμενον πετάλοισιν, ὅπως μὴ Βάκχον ἀμύξῃ·  
 καὶ φιάλας γυμνοῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψαι 125  
 χαλκείας ἐνόησε καὶ ἰξυὶ δέρματα νεβρῶν·  
 καὶ τελετῆς ζαθέης ἐγκύμονα μύστιδα κίστην  
 παίγνια κουρίζοντι διδασκομένη Διονύσω  
 πρώτη ἐχιδνήεντα κατὰ χροὸς ἤψεν ἱμάντα  
 σύμπλοκον, εἰλικόεις δὲ δράκων περιὶ δίπλακα μίτρην 130  
 ἄμματα κυκλώσας ὄφιῶδεϊ κάμπτετο δεσμῶ.

Τὸν δὲ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ σφρηγίδα μελάθρου  
 ὄμμασιν ἀπλανέεσσιν ἴδεν πανεπόψιος Ἥρη  
 Μύστιδος ἀφράστοιο μυχῶ πεφυλαγμένον οἴκου·  
 καὶ Στυγὸς ὑστερόποιον ἐπώμνυε νέρτερον ὕδωρ 135  
 παντοίῃ κακότητι κατακλύζειν δόμον Ἴνουσ.  
 καὶ νύ κεν ἠμάλδυνε Διὸς γόνον· ἀλλὰ μιν Ἑρμῆς  
 ἀρπάξας ἐκόμισσε Κυβηλίδος εἰς ράχιν ὕλης·  
 Ἥρη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος ἐπέδραμεν εὐποδι ταρσῶ  
 ὑψόθεν ἀστήρικτος· ὁ δὲ δρόμον ἐφθασεν Ἥρης,  
 πρωτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ἀτέρμονα δύσατο μορφῆν·

breast, as he crawled close to Bacchos babbling  
 " Euoi ! "

<sup>111</sup> Mystis also nursed the god after her mistress's breast, watching by the side of Lyaïos with sleepless eyes. The clever handmaid taught him the art that bears her name, the mystic rites of Dionysos in the night. She prepared the unsleeping worship for Lyaïos, she first shook the rattle, and clanged the swinging cymbals with the resounding double bronze; she first kindled the nightdancing torch to a flame, and cried Euion to sleepless Dionysos; she first plucked the curving growth of ivy-clusters, and tied her flowing hair with a wreath of vine; she alone entwined the thyrsus with purple ivy, and wedged on the top of the clusters an iron spike, covered with leaves that it might not scratch Bacchos. She thought of fitting plates of bronze over the naked breast, and fawnskins over the hips. She taught Dionysos to play with the mystical casket teeming with sacred things of worship, and to use them as his childish toys. She first fastened about her body a belt of braided vipers, where a serpent coiling round the belt on both sides with encircling bonds was twisted into a snaky knot.

<sup>132</sup> Here behind the many keys and seals of the palace allseeing Hera spied him with her infallible eyes, guarded by Mystis in that hidden corner of the house. Then she swore by the infernal water of afteravenging Styx, that she would drown the house of Ino in a flood of innumerable woes. Indeed she would have destroyed the son of Zeus; but Hermes caught him up, and carried him to the wooded ridge where Cybele dwelt. Moving fast, Hera ran swiftshoe on quick feet from high heaven; but he was before her, and assumed the eternal shape of first-

καὶ θεὸν ἀζομένη πρῶτόσπορον εἶκαθεν Ἥρη  
 ψευδομένας ἀκτίνας ὑποπτήσσουσα προσώπου,  
 οὐδὲ νόθης ἐνόησε δολοπλόκον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·  
 κουφοτέροις δὲ πόδεσσι ὀρειάδα πέζαν ἀμείβων, 145  
 χερσὶ περιπλεκέεσσι κερασφόρον νῖα κομίζων,  
 μητρὶ Διὸς γενέταο λεοντοβότῳ πόρε Ῥεΐη,  
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀριστώδιτι θεαίνῃ·

“ Δέξο, θεά, νέον νῖα τεοῦ Διός, ὃς μόθον Ἰνδῶν  
 ἀθλεύσας μετὰ γαίαν ἐλεύσεται εἰς πόλον ἄστρον, 150  
 Ἥρη χωομένη μεγάλη χάρις· οὐ γὰρ ἔώκει,  
 ὃν Κρονίδης ὠδινεν, ἔχειν κουροτρόφον Ἰνώ·  
 μαῖα Διωνύσοιο Διὸς γενέτειρα γενέσθω,  
 μήτηρ Ζηνὸς εὐῶσα καὶ νίωνοῖο τιθήνη.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ταχύγουνος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἦλυθεν Ἑρμῆς 155  
 κυκλώσας βαλίσκῃσι ὑπηνέμιον πτερόν αὔραις·  
 αὐτογόνου δὲ Φάνητος ὑπέρτερον εἶδος ἀμείψας  
 ἀρχαίην παλίνορσος ἦν ἀνεδύσατο μορφὴν  
 μητέρι παιδοκόμῳ παλιναυξέα Βάκχον ἑάσας.

Τὸν δὲ θεὰ κομέεσκε καὶ εἰσέτι κούρον ἑόντα 160  
 ἄρματος ὠμοβόρων ἐπιβήτορα θῆκε λεόντων·  
 καὶ τροχαλοὶ Κορύβαντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς  
 παιδοκόμῳ Διόνυσον ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείῃ,  
 καὶ ξίφεια κτυπέεσκον, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς  
 ἀσπίδας ἐκρούσαντο κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ 165  
 κουροσύνην κλέπτοντες ἀεζομένου Διονύσου·  
 καὶ πάις εἰσαῖων σακέων μαιήμιον ἠχῶ  
 πατρώαις κομιδῆσι ἀεξήθη Κορυβάντων.  
 καὶ νέος ἐνναέτηρος ἔχων θηροκτόνον ἄγρη

<sup>a</sup> A mystic divinity in the system of the Orphics, often called by this epithet, because he was the first-born of the primeval world-egg.

born Phanes.<sup>a</sup> Hera in respect for the most ancient of the gods, gave him place and bowed before the radiance of the deceiving face, not knowing the borrowed shape for a fraud. So Hermes passed over the mountain tract with quicker step than hers, carrying the horned child folded in his arms, and gave it to Rheia, nurse of lions, mother of Father Zeus, and said these few words to the goddess mother of the greatest :

<sup>149</sup> "Receive, goddess, a new son of your Zeus ! He is to fight with the Indians, and when he has done with earth he will come into the starry sky, to the great joy of resentful Hera ! Indeed it is not proper that Ino should be nurse to one whom Zeus brought forth. Let the mother of Zeus be nanny to Dionysos —mother of Zeus and nurse of her grandson !"

<sup>155</sup> This said, Hermes rose quicknee to the sky, rounding his wings under the rushing breezes. There he put off the higher shape of selfborn Phanes and put on his own form again, leaving Bacchos to grow a second time <sup>b</sup> in the Mother's nurture.

<sup>160</sup> The goddess took care of him ; and while he was yet a boy, she set him to drive a car drawn by ravening lions. Within that godwelcoming courtyard, the tripping Corybants <sup>c</sup> would surround Dionysos with their childcherishing dance, and clash their swords, and strike their shields with rebounding steel in alternate movements, to conceal the growing boyhood of Dionysos ; and as the boy listened to the fostering noise of the shields he grew up under the care of the Corybants like his father.

<sup>169</sup> At nine years old the youngster went a-hunting

<sup>b</sup> Because he was Zagreus reborn.

<sup>c</sup> See note on ii. 695. The boy is hidden as Zeus was.

## NONNOS

ποσσὶ μὲν ὠκυτέροισι παρέστιχεν ἴθμα λαγωῦ, 170  
 χειρὶ δὲ νηπιάχῳ μεθέπων κεμαδοσσόον ἀλκὴν  
 ποικίλον ἠώρησεν ἐπ' αὐχένι νεβρὸν αἰείρων,  
 καὶ θρασὺν αἰολόνωτον ἔχων τετανυσμένον ὦμῳ  
 τίγριν ἄνω κούφιζε μετάρσιον ἔκτοθι δεσμοῦ . . .  
 σκύμνους χερσὶν ἔχων ἐπεδείκνυε μητέρι 'Ρεΐη, 175  
 ἀρπάξας νέα τέκνα πολυγλαγέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν,  
 σμερδαλέους δὲ λέοντας ἔτι ζῶοντας ἐρύσσας  
 μητέρι δῶρα τίταινεν, ἵνα ζεύξειεν ἀπήνη  
 δίζυγας ἀμφοτέρησι πόδας παλάμησι πιέζων.  
 θαμβαλέη δὲ γέλωτι γεγηθότι δέρκετο 'Ρεΐη 180  
 ἠνορέην καὶ ἄεθλα νεηγενέος Διονύσου·  
 καὶ βλοσυρῶν Ἰόβακχον ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεόντων  
 ὄμμασι τερπομένοισι πατῆρ ἐγέλασσε Κρονίων.  
 καὶ χροῖ λαχνήεντας ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνας  
 Εὖσιος ἀρτιτέλεστον ἔχων παιδίον ἠβην, 185  
 δαιδαλέην ἐλάφοιο φέρων ὦμοισι καλύπτρην,  
 αἰθερίων μιμηλὸν ἔχων τύπον αἰόλον ἀστρων·  
 καὶ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐς αὐλία λύγκας ἐλάσσας  
 στικτοῖς πορδαλίεσσιν ἐὴν ἔζευξεν ἀπήνην,  
 οἷά τε πατρώων δαπέδων ἴνδαλμα γεραίρων· 190  
 πολλάκι δ' ἀθανάτης ἐποχημένος ἄρματι 'Ρεΐης,  
 βαιῆ χειρὶ φέρων ἀπαλόχροϊ κύκλα χαλινοῦ,  
 κραιπνὸν ἐπειγομένων ἀνεσεύρασεν ἄρμα λεόντων·  
 καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θάρσος ἀέξων  
 δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινεν ἐπὶ στόμα λυσσάδος ἄρκτου, 195  
 σμερδαλέαις γενύεσσιν ἀταρβέα δάκτυλα βάλλων,  
 δάκτυλα κουρίζοντα· καὶ ἴστατο μειλιχίη θῆρ  
 νηπιάχῳ στόμα δοῦλον ἐπιτρέψασα Λυαίῳ,  
 καὶ κύσε καρχαλέοισι φιλήμασι δάκτυλα Βάκχου.  
 Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἠέξητο φιλοσκοπέλῳ παρὰ 'Ρεΐη 200  
 ἀρτιθαλῆς ἔτι κοῦρος ὀρίτροφος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις

his game to the kill. He passed the coursing hare with feet quicker still; following after the strong pricket's speed, he would lift with childish hand the dappled fawn and carry it over his neck; he would hold lightly aloft stretched on his shoulders a bold fellstriped tiger unshackled, and brought in hand to show Rheia the cubs he had torn newborn from the dam's milky teats. He dragged horrible lions all alive, and clutching a couple of feet in each hand presented them to the Mother that she might yoke them to her car. Rheia looked on laughing with joy, and admired the manliness and doughty feats of young Dionysos; his father Cronion laughed when he saw with delighted eyes Iobacchos driving the grim lions.

<sup>184</sup> The time of boyhood just come, Euios draped furry tunics upon his body, and carried to cover his shoulders the dappled skin of a stag, imitating the sky spotted with stars. He drove lynxes to his stables in the Phrygian plain, and yoked speckled panthers to his cart as if to make it like the place where his father dwelt. Often he stood in the chariot of immortal Rheia, and held the flowing reins in his tenderskin hand, and checked the nimble team of galloping lions. The boldness of Zeus high and mighty grew in his heart, until he stretched his right hand to the snout of a mad she-bear and laid fearless fingers on the terrible jaws, playful fingers: gentle stood the beast, and left her mouth a slave of youthful Lyaïos, and kissed Bacchos's fingers with rough kisses.

<sup>200</sup> Thus he grew up beside cliffloving Rheia, yet a boy in healthy youth, mountainbred. Circles of

Πᾶνες ἐκυκλώσαντο χοροίτυπον νῖα Θυώνης,  
ποσσι δασυκνήμοισι περισκαίροντες ἐρίπναις,  
Βάκχον ἀνευάζοντες· ἐλισσομένων δὲ χορείῃ  
αἰγείῃ κροτάλιζε ποδῶν σκιρτήματι χηλή. 205

Καὶ Σεμέλη κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἔτι πνεύουσα κεραυνοῦ  
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ὑψινόω φάτο φωνῇ·

“ Ὁρη, ἐσυλήθης· Σεμέλης τόκος ἐστὶν ἀρείων·  
Ζεὺς ἐμὸν νῖα λόχευσε καὶ ἀντ' ἐμέθεν πέλε μήτηρ,  
σπεῖρε πατὴρ καὶ ἔτικτε, τὸν ἤροσεν, αὐτοτόκω δὲ 210  
γαστρὶ νόθη τέκε παῖδα, φύσιν δ' ἥλλαξεν ἀνάγκη.

Βάκχος Ἐνναλίου πέλε φέρτερος· ὑμέτερον γὰρ  
ἤροσε μῦνον Ἄρηα καὶ οὐ τεκνώσατο μηρῶ.  
Θήβη δ' Ὀρτυγίης κλέος ἔκρυφεν· οὐρανίη γὰρ  
λάθριον Ἀπόλλωνα διωκομένη τέκε Λητώ. 215

Λητὼ Φοῖβον ἔτικτε, καὶ οὐκ ὤδινε Κρονίων·  
Ἐρμείαν τέκε Μαῖα, καὶ οὐκ ἐλόχευσε ἀκοίτης·  
ἀμφαδίην δ' ἐμὸν νῖα πατὴρ τέκεν. ἄ μέγα θαῦμα,  
δέρκεο σῆς Διόνυσον ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τεκούσης  
πήχεϊ παιδοκόμῳ περικείμενον· ἀενάου δὲ 220

ἢ ταμίη κόσμοιο, θεῶν πρωτόσπορος ἀρχή,  
παμμήτωρ, Βρομίου τροφὸς ἔπλετο· νηπιάχῳ γὰρ  
Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξε, τὸν ἔσπασεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς.  
τίς Κρονίδης ὤδινε, τίς ἔτρεφεν Ἄρεα Ῥεΐη  
παῖδα τεόν; Κυβέλη δὲ φατιζομένη σέο μήτηρ 225  
Ζῆνα τέκεν καὶ Βάκχον ἀνέτρεφεν εἰν ἐνὶ κόλπῳ·  
ἀμφοτέρους ἤειρε καὶ νιέα καὶ γενετήρα.

οὐδὲ τόκῳ Σεμέλης ἀπάτωρ Ἡφαιστος ἐρίζοι  
ἄσπορος ἐκ γενετήρος, ὃν αὐτόγονος τέκεν Ὁρη

<sup>a</sup> The older name of Delos.



Pans among the rocks came about the dancebeating son of Thyone, skipping around the crags on shaggy-knee legs and crying "Euoi!" to Bacchos; and the goatfoot hooves rattled in their capers, as they went round and round in the dance.

<sup>206</sup> And Semele in Olympos, with a breath of the thunderbolts still about her, lifted a proud neck and cried with haughty voice—

<sup>208</sup> "Hera, you are ruined! Semele's son has beaten you! Zeus brought forth my son, he was the mother in my place! The father begot, the father brought forth his begotten. He brought forth a child from a makeshift womb of his own, and forced nature to change. Bacchos was stronger than Enyalios; your Ares he only begot, and never childed with his thigh! Thebes has eclipsed the glory of Ortygia!<sup>a</sup> For Leto the divine was chased about, and brought forth Apollo on the sly; Leto brought forth Phoibos, Cronion had no labour for him; Maia brought forth Hermes, her husband did not deliver him; but my son was brought forth openly by his father. Here's a great miracle! See Dionysos in the arms of your own mother, he lies on that cherishing arm! The Dispenser of the eternal universe, the first sown Beginning of the gods, the Allmother, became a nurse for Bromios; she offered to infant Bacchos the breast which Zeus High and Mighty has sucked! What Cronides was ever in labour, what Rheia was ever nurse for your boy? But this Cybele who is called your mother brought forth Zeus and suckled Bacchos in the same lap! She dandled them both, the son and the father. No fatherless Hephaistos could rival Semele's child, none unbegotten of a father whom Hera brought forth by her own be-

λεπταλέων σκάζοντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκεί ταρσῶ, 230  
 μητρώην ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντα λοχείην.  
 οὐ Σεμέλη πέλε Μαῖα πανείκελος, ἧς πάϊς Ἑρμῆς  
 ἰσοφανῆς δολόεις, κεκορυθμένος οἰά περ Ἄρης,  
 Ἥρην ἠπερόπευσεν, ἕως γλάγος ἔσπασε μαζῶν. 235  
 εἷξατέ μοι· Σεμέλη γὰρ εὐὸν πόσιν ἔλλαχε μούνη  
 τὴν αὐτὴν ἀρόωντα καὶ ὠδίνοντα γενέθλην.  
 ὀλβίστη Σεμέλη χάριν υἱέος· ἡμέτερος γὰρ  
 νόσφι δόλου Διόνυσος ἐλεύσεται εἰς χορὸν ἄστρον  
 αἰθέρα ναιετάων πατρώιον, ὅττι θεαίνης 240  
 τοσσατίης ὑπέδεκτο θεοτρεφέος γάλα θηλῆς·  
 ἴζεται αὐτοκέλευστος ἐς οὐρανόν, οὐδὲ χατίζει  
 Ἑραῖοιο γάλακτος ἀρείονα μαζὸν ἀμέλξας.”  
 Εἶπεν ἀγαλλομένη καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι· χωομένη δὲ  
 Ζηνὸς ἀνεπτοίησε δάμαρ μετανάστιον Ἰνώ,  
 ἀπροΐδης Ἀθάμαντος ἐπιβρίσασα μελάθρω, 245  
 εἰσέτι κουρίζοντι χολωομένη Διονύσω.  
 Ἐκ θαλάμου δὲ φυγοῦσα διέδραμε δύσγαμος Ἰνώ,  
 τρηχαλέας ἀπέδιλος ἐπισκαίρουσα κολῶνας,  
 ἴχνος ἀκηρύκτοιο μετεσσυμένη Διονύσου·  
 φοιταλέη δὲ βέβηκε δι’ οὔρεος οὔρεα νύμφη, 250  
 ἄχρι χαραδρήεσσαν ἐδύσατο Δελφίδα Πυθῶ·  
 καὶ μόγις ἴχνος ἔκαμψε δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμη  
 ἄσχετα παιφάσσουσα· κατὰ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνοῦ  
 πενθαλέον κήρυκα διαρρήξασα χιτῶνα  
 αἰνομανῆς πεφόρητο· νοοπλάγκτοιο δὲ νύμφης 255  
 οἰμωγὴν αἶων ἑτερόθροον ἔτρεμε ποιμήν.  
 πολλάκι θεσπεσίη τριποδηίδι σύμπλοκον ἔδρη  
 αὐχμηραῖς τριέλικτον ὄφιν σπειρηδὸν ἐθείραις  
 ἤρμοσε, λεπταλέω δὲ περισφίγξασα καρῆνω

<sup>a</sup> He thus became her foster-son and disabled her from showing hostility to him.

getting—and now he limps about on an illmatched pair of feeble legs to hide his mother's bungling skill in childbirth! Maia was not quite like Semele; for her son, crafty, armed himself like Ares, and looking like him, deluded Hera until he sucked the milk of her breasts.<sup>a</sup> Give place to me all! for Semele alone had a husband, who got and groaned for the same child. Semele is happiest, because of her son: for my Dionysos will come without scheming into the company of the stars; he will dwell in his father's heaven, because he drew milk from the godnursing teat of that mighty goddess. He will come selfsummoned into the heavens; he needs not Hera's milk, for he has milked a nobler breast."

<sup>243</sup> She spoke exulting even in the sky; but the angry consort of Zeus fell heavily in surprise upon the house of Athamas and scared Ino into flight. She still resented the childhood of Dionysos.

<sup>247</sup> Ino, unhappy wife, escaped from her chamber and fled, rushing unshod over the rough mountains and searching for a trace of Dionysos, but without tidings. The nymph wandered passing from hill to hill, until she entered the ravine of Delphian Pytho. At last after intolerable wanderings she turned her step into the dragonbreeding copse.<sup>b</sup> She tore the shift from her naked breast in token of mourning, and roamed madly about: the shepherd trembled to hear her distracted lamentation in a language he did not know. Often she seized the serpent which coiled thrice around the divine tripod-seat, and wreathed it in spirals on her squalid hair, fastening

<sup>b</sup> Where Python (or Delphyne), the dragon of Delphi, had lived till killed by Apollo.

## NONNOS

μηκεδανὴν μίτρῳσε δρακοντείῳ τρίχα δεσμῶ· 260  
 παρθενικὰς δ' ἐδίωκε θεωρίδας. οὐ τότε λοιβή,  
 οὐδὲ θηηπολίη μεταδήμιος, οὐ παρὰ νηῶ  
 Δελφὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχόρευε· τανυπλέκτοιο δὲ κισσοῦ  
 γυιοβόροις ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμαστίζοντο γυναῖκες.  
 θηρητῆρ δ' ἀλέεινεν ἰδὼν ὀρεσιδρομον Ἴνώ, 265  
 καλλείψας σταλίκων λίνεον δόλον· ὑψιλόφου δὲ  
 αἰπόλος ἤλασεν αἴγας ὑπὸ πτύχα φωλάδα πέτρης  
 καὶ βόας ἰδρῶντας ὑπὸ ζυγόδεσμον ἐλαύνων  
 ἄλμασιν Ἰνώοισι γέρων ἔφριξεν ἀροτρεύς.  
 καὶ χθονίης σφίγξασα βοῆς ἀλλόθροον ἤχῳ 270  
 Πυθιάς ὀμφήεσσα δι' οὔρεος ἔτρεχε κούρη,  
 ἠθάδα σεισαμένη κεφαλῇ Πανοπηίδα δάφνην·  
 δυσαμένη δὲ κάρηνα βαθυκνήμιδος ἐρίπνης  
 Δελφικὸν ἄντρον ἔναιε φόβῳ λυσσωδέος Ἰνοῦς.  
 ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένη πολυκαμπέος ἔνδιον ὕλης 275  
 οὐ λάθην Ἀπόλλωνα πανόψιον· ἄγχι δὲ λόχμης  
 οἰκτείρων ταχὺς ἠλθε, καὶ εἰς βροτὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας  
 ῥύμφης ἐγγὺς ἴκανε, καὶ ἀκρότατον δέμας Ἰνοῦς  
 φειδομέναις παλάμησι σοφῆς ἐπλέξατο Δάφνης,  
 καὶ οἱ νήδυμον ὕπνον ἐπήγαγεν· ἀμβροσίη δὲ 280  
 ὑπναλέης ἔχρισεν ὄλον χροῖα πενθάδος Ἰνοῦς  
 λυσιπόνῳ ραθάμιγγι μεμηνότα γυῖα διαίνων.  
 καὶ χρόνον αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω Παρνησίδος ὕλης  
 τέτρατον εἰς λυκάβαντα, καὶ ὀμφαίη παρὰ πέτρῃ  
 εἰσέτι νηπιάχοιο χοροὺς ἰδρῦσατο Βάκχου 285  
 Φοῖβου μαντοσύνησι· σὺν ἀγρύπνοισι δὲ πεύκαις

<sup>a</sup> Nonnos follows the late theory according to which the prophetess was inspired by a gas rising from a cleft in the ground.

the long tresses about the delicate head with a snaky ribbon. She drove away the maidens of the temple service : no more libations, no more public worship, no man of Delphoi danced near the temple—the women were scourged with limb-scoring tangles of longplaited ivy. The huntsmen who saw Ino running on the hills left the traps of string on their stakes and fled. The goatherd drove his goats under cover of a hole in the towering rocks ; the old plowman as he drove the sweating oxen under the yoke shivered at Ino's leaps. The Pythian prophetess herself choked down the foreign sounds of the underworld voice <sup>a</sup> and ran into the mountains, with her customary Panopeian <sup>b</sup> laurel shaking upon her head : she plunged between the deepkneed peaks of the ravine, and took refuge in the Delphic cavern, in her fear of maddened Ino.

<sup>275</sup> But Apollo Allseeing did not miss the woman, as she went through the twinings and twistings of the open forest where she sojourned. He pitied her, and came quickly near the grove. Taking the shape of a man he approached Ino, and with gentle hands wreathed her head with leaves of clever <sup>c</sup> laurel, and brought sweet sleep upon her. Then he anointed with ambrosia the whole body of mourning Ino in her sleep, bathing her maddened limbs in the grief-assuaging drops. Long she remained there in the Parnassian wood, until the fourth lichtgang. Then she founded dances for Bacchos yet a young boy, hard by the rock of prophecy, by the oracle of Phoibos ; with unsleeping torches the Corycian

<sup>b</sup> *i.e.* Phocian ; Delphi is in Phocis, Panope is another city of the same region.

<sup>c</sup> As being the mark of poets and such.

## NONNOS

Κωρυκίδες θυόεντα μετέστιχον ὄργια Βάκχαι,  
καὶ ζαθείαι παλάμησιν ἀλεξητήρια λύσσης  
φάρμακα συλλέξαντο καὶ ἰήσαντο γυναῖκα.

Κεκλομένου δ' Ἀθάμαντος ὀπάονες ἦσαν ἀλήται 290  
πάντοθι μαστεύοντες· ὀριπλανέες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ  
δμῳίδες ἐστιχώοντο πολυστρέπτοισι πορείαις  
διζόμεναι περίφοιτον ἀπευθέος ἴχνος ἀνάσσης  
πλαζομένης ἀκίχητα· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν  
στυγνὸς ἐρευθιόωσαν ὄνυξ ἤμυσε παρειήν, 295  
καὶ ῥοδέοις ἐκόρυσσαν ἐκούσια δάκτυλα μαζοῖς·  
καὶ πολὺν οἰμωγῆσι δι' ἄστεος ἦχον ἰάλλων  
πενθαλέης ὀλόλυξε βεβυσμένος οἶκος ἀνίης·  
καὶ πλεόν αἰολόμητις ἐδέχνυτο Μύστις ἀνάγκην,  
εἶχε δὲ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀλωομένης ἔτι δειλῆς 300  
Ἰνουῦς τλησιπόνοιο καὶ ἀρπαμένου Διονύσου.

Οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Ἀθάμας κινυρῆν ὠδύρετο νύμφην,  
ἀλλὰ λιπῶν ἄμνηστον ἀκηρύκτου πόθον Ἰνουῦς  
δισσοτόκου Νεφέλης προτέρης μετὰ δέμνια νύμφης 305  
ἀβρὰ βαθυζώνοιο μετέστιχε λέκτρα Θεμιστοῦς,  
καὶ τρίτον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγων Ὑψηίδα κούρην  
Ἰνουῦς ῥῖψεν ἔρωτα· καὶ ὡς τροφὸς ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων,  
ὑψιπόρῳ στροφάλιγγι μετάρσιον ἠέρι πέμπων,  
κούφισε παππάζοντα παρηγορέων Μελικέρτην·  
καὶ οἱ δακρυχέοντι γαλακτοφόρου περὶ θηλῆς 310  
ἄρσενά μαζὸν ὄρεξε, πόθον δ' ἀνέκοιψε τεκούσης.

Ἐκ λεχέων δ' Ἀθάμαντος ἀνηέξησε Θεμιστῶ  
υἱέας εὐθώρηκας, ἀλεξητῆρας Ἐννοῦς,

\* The Corycian cave on Parnassos was associated with the Bacchic dances; it was named after the dancers, who took their title from Corycia in Asia Minor. All this is intended to explain why Dionysos, and not Apollo, was worshipped at Delphi for three months of the year; it is no doubt the

Bacchants<sup>a</sup> followed their fragrant rites, and gathered healing drugs with their divine hands, and healed the woman of her madness.

<sup>290</sup> Meanwhile at the call of Athamas the servants had been scattered, hunting everywhere for Ino. The women wandered over the hills like her, passing by many a winding path in search of any footstep of their missing lady, who moved leaving neither trace nor tidings. The women wept and wailed, cruel nails tore the reddened cheeks, willing fingers attacked the rosy breasts. The house plunged in mourning and sorrow cried aloud, and sent the loud sound of lamentation through the city. Most of all the inventive mind of Mystis felt the hard oppression, for she had a double grief, when unhappy Ino was still lost with all her troubles to bear, and Dionysos was stolen away.

<sup>302</sup> However, Athamas did not mourn his afflicted bride. He forgot his fickle passion for untraced Ino, and after the bed of his first wife Nephele had given him two children,<sup>b</sup> he sought the luxurious couch of deepbosomed Themisto, and took as a third wife the daughter of Hypseus—and thus threw off Ino's love. Once as he played prettily nurse-like to comfort Melicertes calling for papa, lifting and throwing him up and up in the air with high somersaults, when the boy cried for the milky teat, he offered his man's breast and made him forget his mother.

<sup>312</sup> From the bed of Athamas, Themisto bred two warrior sons, a sure defence against battle, Schoineus result of an old (seventh century ?) compromise between the two cults.

<sup>b</sup> Phrixos and Helle. In this account, Nephele was his first wife, then Ino, then Themisto, daughter of Hypseus, but the names and number of the rest vary.

## NONNOS

Σχοινέα καὶ Λεύκωνα, νέην εὐήνορα φύτλην,  
 πρωτοτόκοις ὠδίσιν· ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι δὲ μήτηρ 315  
 ξυνηὲς δισσὰ γένεθλα μιῆς βλάστημα λοχείης  
 γείνατο Πορφυρέωνα καὶ ἔτρεφε πίοιι μαζῶ  
 Πτοίοιον, ἀλεξικάκοιο θάλος παιδήιον ἡβης,  
 ἄμφω τηλυγέτους καὶ ὀμήλικας, οὓς ποτε μήτηρ  
 μητρειῆς ἄτε παῖδας ἀπηλοίησε Θεμιστώ, 320  
 δίπτυχον ἀγλαόπαιδος ὀιομένη γένος Ἴνουῦς.

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<sup>a</sup> The four sons of Themisto became eponymous heroes in Boeotia. Ino, disguised as a nurse, returned to the house and hearing that Themisto meant to kill her children,



DIONYSIACA, IX. 314-321

and Leucon, a fine new manly breed, the fruit of her first births. After these two, the mother bore twin offspring of one common birth, and nursed at her rich breast Porphyrion and Ptoios, boyish blossoms of foe-defying youth, both beloved and of one age: these boys Themisto herself destroyed in later days, like stepmother's children, believing them to be the twin offspring of Ino the glorious mother.<sup>a</sup>

changed them and Themisto's children into each other's clothes. Themisto was thus deceived and killed her own children, and in despair at the deed killed herself. This is apparently Euripides' version of the story: see Hyginus, *Fab.* 4.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Καὶ δεκάτῳ μανίην Ἀθαμαντίδα  
καὶ δρόμον Ἴνουσ,  
πῶς φύγεν εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα σὺν ἀρτιτόκῳ Μελικέρτῃ.

Ὡς ἡ μὲν φονίη παιδοκτόνος ἔπλετο μήτηρ  
μαινομένη· τεκέων δὲ πατήρ ὑπὸ μάρτυρι ποινῇ,  
ὅττι γονῆς ὀλέτειραν ὀμέστιον εἶχε Θεμιστώ,  
οἰστρηθεῖς Ἀθάμας μανιώδει Πανὸς ἰμάσθλη  
ποιίμνης εἰς μέσον ἦλθε,

καὶ ὡς θεράποντας ἰμάσσων 5

εἰροπόκων ἐδίωκεν ἀναίτια πῶεα μῆλων·  
καὶ μίαν ἤερταζεν, ἐὴν ἄτε σύζυγα νύμφην,  
σὺν διδύμοις βρεφέεσσι νεογλαγέων ἐπὶ μαζῶν  
αἶγα λαβῶν· λασίους δὲ πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ  
διχθαδίῳ· λύσας δὲ παρ' ἰξύι κυκλάδα μίτρην 10  
σφιγγομένης μάστιζε δέμας ψευδήμονος Ἴνουσ,  
μὴ νοέων νόθον εἶδος. αἰεὶ δέ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς  
Πανιάδος Κρονίης ἐπεβόμβεε δοῦπος ἰμάσθλης·  
πολλάκι δ' ἀστήρικτος ἐὼν ἀνεπάλλετο θώκων  
οὔασι ταρβαλέοισι δεδεγμένος ἄσθμα δρακόντων. 15  
πυκνὰ δὲ τόξα τίταινε, βέλος δ' ἐπὶ κυκλάδι νευρῇ  
εἰς κενεὸν σκοπὸν εἶλκεν ἀνούτατον ἡέρα βάλλων.  
Ταρταρίης δ' ὀφιῶδες ἰδὼν ἴνδαλμα θεαίνης

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\* As son of Cronos, or of one of his sons; see Rose, 328

## BOOK X

In the tenth also, you will see the madness of Athamas and Ino's flight, how she fled into the swell of the sea with newborn Melicertes.

So the murderous mother killed her sons in madness. Athamas their father, under the punishment which attested that he had beside his hearth Themisto the destroyer of her own offspring, was tormented by the maddening lash of Pan; he rushed among his flocks, and harried the innocent troops of woolly bleaters while he believed himself to be flogging his servants. One he lifted, thinking her to be his wedded wife—it was a nannygoat he found, with a pair of newborn kids at her milky udder. He tied her hairy legs tight with two ropes; and undoing the belt that ran round his loins, he flogged the body of the false Ino there held fast, without noticing the changeling form, for always in his ear sounded the thuds of the lash of Cronian Pan.<sup>a</sup> Often he leapt from his seat restless, hearing with terrified ears the hiss of serpents. Many a time he bent his bow, and setting an arrow to the drawn string, he drew at an imaginary mark and struck the unwounded air. He would see the serpentine image of the goddess of

*Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 168. The episode seems modelled on the madness of Aias, see Soph. *Ai.* 284 ff.

NONNOS

πάλλετο δειμαίνων ἑτερόχροα φάσματα μορφῆς,  
 ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης, 20  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς μεθύοντας ἀπειλητῆρας ἐλίσσων.  
 καὶ οἱ ὀπιπεύοντι πολυπλανέεσσιν ἔρωαῖς  
 ὄμματα φοινίσσοντο· διὰ κροτάφοιο δὲ λεπταὶ  
 ἀσταθέος μήνιγγες ἔδινεύοντο καρῆνου.  
 ὤλετο δὲ ψυχῆς τρίτατον λάχος· ἀπλανέες γὰρ 25  
 ἄφρονος ἐγκεφάλιο μετατρωπῶντο μενοιναί,  
 καὶ σφαλεραῖς ἐλίκεσσιν ἐβακχεύθησαν ὀπωπαὶ  
 ἀνέρος οἰστρηθέντος· ἀπεπλάζοντο δὲ χαῖται  
 σειόμεναι περὶ νῶτον ἀκερσικόμοιο καρῆνου.  
 καὶ στόμα οἱ βάμβαινε, καὶ ἠέρι χεῖλεα λύσας 30  
 πέμπεν ἀσημάντων ἐπέων ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ.  
 καὶ βροτέας βιότοιο μεληδόνας ἤρπασαν αὔραι  
 Εὐμενίδων, καὶ γλῶσσα βαρύνετο θυιάδι φωνῆ·  
 παπταίνων δ' ἐλικηδὸν ὑπὸ στροφάλιγγι προσώπου  
 ἀλλοφυῆς νόθον εἶδος ἀθηῆτοιο Μεγαίρης 35  
 οἰστρομανῆς Ἀθάμας ἑτερόφρονι σείετο παλμῶ·  
 καὶ βλοσυρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἀμερσινόοιο θεαίνης  
 ἀρπάξαι μενέαινε ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἰμάσθλην·  
 γυμνώσας δὲ μάχαιραν Ἐρινύος ἀντία κόρσης  
 ἤθελε Τισιφόνης ὀφιώδεα βόστρυχα τέμνειν. 40  
 καὶ κενεοῖς ὀάροισιν ὀμίλεε γείτοني τοίχῳ  
 παπταίνων σκιοέσσαν ἐπὶ κλοπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς  
 Ἀρτέμιδος, καὶ κοῦφον ἰδὼν εἶδωλον ὀπωπαῖς  
 φάσμασιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἐς ἡμερον ἤλυθεν ἄγρης.  
 Ὅψε δὲ ποικιλόδακρυς ἔτος μέτα τέτρατον Ἴνῶ 45  
 νόστιμος εἰς δόμον ἤλθεν· ὀπιπεύουσα δὲ νύμφη  
 καὶ πόσιν οἰστρηθέντα καὶ ἀρσενόπαιδα Θεμιστῶ  
 διπλόον ἄλγος ἔδεκτο. καὶ οὐ γίνωσκεν ἀκοίτης

<sup>a</sup> i.e., one of the Erinyes.

<sup>b</sup> Platonic ; the reason, which is seated in the brain (Plato,

DIONYSIACA, X. 19-48

Tartaros,<sup>a</sup> and leap up scared at the many-coloured vision of the spectre, spitting snowy foam to witness his frenzy, rolling eyes drunken and full of threats. His eyes grew bloodshot as he stared about under vagrant impulses; inside his wagging head the flimsy brains rolled about behind his brows.

<sup>25</sup> A third part of his soul was lost<sup>b</sup>; steady thoughts were gone from his crazy brain; the glances of the maddened man went wildly round with flickering movements; the hair of his untended head shook disordered over his back. His mouth moved stammering; when he opened his lips he sent out into the air meaningless words of strange outlandish sound. The blasts of the Eumenides had carried away the troubles of mortal life, and his tongue was laden with the cries of madness. When he moved his face about he saw as his forehead turned a false transformed shape of the unseen Megaira.<sup>c</sup> So the madman shook with a distracted spasm, and tried to tear the whip of snakes from the grim hand of the reason-destroying goddess; he bared his sword in the face of the Avenger, and tried to cut the viper-curles of Tisiphone.<sup>c</sup> And he babbled nonsense to the wall before him, for he saw a shadow-shape, a deceitful phantom of the shape of Artemis<sup>d</sup>; this empty form his eyes beheld and the imitated shapes made him want to go hunting.

<sup>45</sup> At last after the fourth year, after many tears, Ino returned to her home; but when the wife saw husband mad, and Themisto mother of men children, she received a double shock. The husband did not

*Tim.* 44 D) is lost, but the θυμός and the desiderative part remain.

<sup>c</sup> An Erinys.

<sup>d</sup> Here = Hecate also.

## NONNOS

εὐνέτιν ἀθρήσας χρονίην παλινάγρετον Ἴνώ·  
 ἀλλὰ πόθον ταχύγουνος ἔχων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρης 50  
 εἰς σκοπιάς ἤϊξε θυελλήεντι πεδίλω,  
 υἱὸν ἰδὼν ἄτε θήρα κερασφόρον· ἰθυτενὲς δὲ  
 τόξον ἔχων ἀκίχητος ἐπεσκίρτησε Λεάρχω,  
 ὑψίκερων ἔλαφον δοκέων ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,  
 θηρείοις μελέεσσιν ὁμοίον· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων 55  
 ταρβήεις πεπότῃτο θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.  
 χερσὶ δὲ λυσσαλέησιν ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων  
 παιδοφόνῳ νέον υἷα πατῆρ ἐπέδησε βελέμνω·  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἄγνωστον ἀπηλοίησε μαχαίρῃ  
 φάσματι νεβρωθεῖσαν· ἀσημάντου δὲ προσώπου 60  
 αἵμαλέης ἐγέλασσε γενειάδος ἄκρον ἀφάσσω,  
 ἀμφαφόνων ἄτε θήρα, καὶ ἔδραμεν ἄλματι λύσσης,  
 παιδὸς ἔτι σπαίροντος ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου,  
 μητέρα μαστεύων, στροφάδας δ' ἐλέλιζεν ὀπωπᾶς.  
 οὐδέ τις ἀμφιπόλων σχεδὸν ἦιε· φοιταλέος δὲ 65  
 ἑπταμύχου θαλάμοιο διέστιχεν ὠκέι ταρσῶ  
 κικλήσκων ἐὼν υἷα, τὸν ἔκτανεν. ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ  
 νήπιον ἀρτικόμιστον ἐσαθρήσας Μελικέρτην,  
 στηρίξας δὲ λέβητα πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνι,  
 εἰς μέσον υἷα θῆκεν· ἀναπτομένοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ, 70  
 φοίνιος ὑδατόεντι λέβης ἐπεπάφλασεν ἀτμῶ.  
 Παππάζων δ' ἰάχησεν ἐὸς πάις, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶ  
 ἀμφιπόλων χραίσμησεν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ μήτηρ  
 ἠμιδαῆ πυρίκαντον ἀφαρπάξασα λεβήτων  
 ἄλμασι φοιταλέοισι ποδῆνεμος ἔτρεχεν Ἴνώ· 75  
 καὶ Λευκοῦ πεδίοιο διατμήγουσα κονίην  
 Λευκοθέῃ πεφάτιστο φερώνυμος· ἐκ δὲ μελάθρου  
 αἰνομανῆς Ἀθάμας ἀνεμώδεα γούνατα πάλλων  
 ὠκυτέρην ἐδίωκε μάτην ὀρεσίδρομον Ἴνώ.

<sup>a</sup> Apparently near Thebes.

know his wife when he saw Ino, recovered after so long a time ; but in his passion for the staghunting chase, he was off to the heights nimbleknee with stormswift boot. He saw his son as if he were an antlered beast ; holding the bow ready bent he leapt unchecked on Learchos, whom he saw in the false form of a stag with lofty antlers, his limbs like a wild beast. The boy fled in fear running with quicker knees ; the father with frenzied hands drew and shot through the air, and stopt his young son with a child-slaying bolt. He cut off the head with his knife and knew it not, turned stag by his fancy ; laughing he felt the hair at the top of the bloodstained cheek of the face unmarked, and pawed over his game, as he thought, then rushed with mad leaps and rolling eyes to find the mother, while his boy Learchos was gasping still, and still unburied. None of the servants came near him ; with quick foot he went wandering through the seven chambers of his house, calling aloud for the son whom he had killed. In the hall he espied little Melicertes who had just been brought in, and setting a cauldron over the hearth, a steaming cauldron, he laid his son in it: the fire blazed up, the murderous cauldron bubbled with boiling water.

<sup>72</sup> His son called out for " papa ! " but none of the servants could help. Ino his mother came in like a stormwind, and snatched him from the cauldron parboiled and half consumed. Then she ran out bounding with wild-roaming feet swift as the wind ; she traversed the dust of the White Plain,<sup>a</sup> and for that reason she was named after it Leucothea, the White Goddess.

<sup>77</sup> Athamas mad was out of the hall, stirring his knees like the wind and pursuing Ino over the hills

ἀλλ' ὅτε οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε πολυπτοίητος ἀκοίτης 80  
 ἄστατον ἶχνος ἔχων σφαλερῶ ποδί, δὴ τότε δειλὴ  
 ἀγχιπόρῳ στήσασα διαινόμενον πόδα πόντῳ  
 παιδὶ φιλοθρήνῳ κινυρὴν βρυχήσατο φωνήν,  
 μεμφομένη Κρονίωνα καὶ ἄγγελον υἱέα Μαίης·  
 " Καλὰ μοι, ἀργικέραυτε,

πόρες θρεπτήρια Βάκχου· 85  
 ἡμιδαῆ σκοπίαζε συνήλικα παῖδα Λυαίῳ·  
 ἦν ἐθέλης, πρήνιζον ἀφειδέι σεῖο κεραυνῶ  
 μητέρα καὶ νέον υἱά, τὸν ἔτρεφον εἰν ἐνὶ κόλπῳ  
 σύντροφον ὑμετέροιο θεηγενέος Διονύσου.  
 τέκνον, Ἄναγκαίη μεγάλη θεός· εἰς τίνα φεύγεις; 90  
 ποῖον ὄρος δέχεται σε πεφυγμένον ἐγγύθι πόντου;  
 τίς σκοτίῳ κενεῶνι κατακρύψει σε Κιθαιρῶν;  
 τίς βροτὸς οἰκτεῖρει σε, τὸν οὐ γενέτης ἐλεαίρει;  
 ἢ ξίφος ἢ σε θάλασσα δεδέξεται· εἴ περ ἀνάγκη,  
 λῶιον ἐν πελάγεσσι δαμήμεναι ἢ μαχαίρῃ. 95  
 οἶδα, πόθεν τόδε πῆμα τεῆ κεκύλιστο τεκούσῃ,  
 οἶδα, πόθεν· Νεφέλη γὰρ Ἐρινύας εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπει,  
 ὄφρα θάνῳ κατὰ πόντον, ὅπῃ πέσε παρθένος Ἑλλή.  
 ἔκλυον ἡερόθεν πεφορημένον εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων  
 ἄρπαγος ἀρνειοῖο μετήορον ἠνιοχῆα 100  
 Φρίξον ἔτι ζῶειν μετανάστιον· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸς  
 χρυσοπόκου κριοῖο μετάρσιον οἶμον ὀδεύοι  
 υἱὸς ἐμὸς λιπόπατρις ἀλυσκάζων Μελικέρτης·  
 αἶθε δὲ καὶ μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐποικτεῖρων σέθεν Ἰνώ  
 ξεινοδόκος Γλαύκοιο Ποσειδάων σε σαώσῃ. 105  
 δεῖδια, μὴ μετὰ πότμον ἀτυμβεύτοιο Λεάρχου

<sup>a</sup> See note on ix. 304. Ino plotted to kill Phrixos and Helle; she roasted the seed-corn, and when famine resulted forged an oracle which bade the Thebans sacrifice them.



in vain,—she was too quick for him. But when the raving husband with restless staggering foot caught her up, at that moment the unhappy woman had halted by the sea which washed her foot, moaning in plaintive tones over her crying child, while she upbraided Cronion and Maia's son his messenger :

<sup>85</sup> “ A fine reward you have given me, Flash-thunderbolt, for the care of Bacchos ! See this boy, Lyaïos' agemate, half burnt to death ! If it please you, strike down with your merciless bolt mother and son together, the little one I nursed in one bosom with your divine Dionysos ! Child, Necessity is a great god !—where will you flee ? What mountain will receive you, now you have fled to the sea ? What Cithairon will hide you in a dark hollow ? What mortal man will pity you, when your father has no mercy ? Either sword or water shall receive you : if needs must, better to perish in the sea than by the sword.

<sup>96</sup> “ I know where this disaster came from, rolling upon your mother : I know ! It is Nephele <sup>a</sup> sends the Erinyes after me, that I may die in this sea where maiden Helle fell. I have heard that Phrixos was carried through the air to the Colchian country, guiding aloft the Ram who took him off, and he still lives in a distant land. O that my son Melicertes too might escape to another country, and travel the high path of the goldfleece ram ! O that Poseidon, the hospitable friend of Glaucos, <sup>b</sup> might save you, pitying your Ino as once he pitied Phoibos ! I fear that after

Their mother sent them a golden-fleeced ram which took them on its back and swam (as Ovid, *Fasti* iii. 868) or flew (as here) away with them to Colchis on the Black Sea. Helle dropped off its back at the Dardanelles, which thence got the name of Helle's sea, Hellespontos.

<sup>b</sup> See on i. 111.

## NONNOS

νεκρὸν ἄθραπτον ἄδακρυν ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ νοήσω  
 αἰμαλέῃ γενετῆρος ἐπισπαίροντα μαχαίρῃ.  
 σπεῦδε φυγεῖν Ἐθάμαντα μεμνηότα, μηδὲ νοήσης  
 παιδοφόνον γενετῆρα τεῆς ὀλετῆρα τεκούσης. 110  
 δέξό με καὶ σύ, θάλασσα, μετὰ χθόνα·

δέχνησο, Νηρεῦ,  
 χειρὶ φιλοξείνῳ μετὰ Περσέα καὶ Μελικέρτην·  
 δέχνησο καὶ Δανάης μετὰ λάρνακα σύμπλοον Ἰνώ.  
 ἄξια δυσσεβίης καὶ ἐγὼ πάθον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴν  
 ἄσπορον ἡμετέρην γενεὴν ποίησε Κρονίων, 115  
 ἄσπορον ὡς ἐτέλεσσα φερέσβιον αὐλακα γαίης·  
 μητρυιὴ τις ἐοῦσα νόθην Ἐθαμαντίδα φύτλην  
 ἀμῆσαι προβέβουλα, καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ χῶεται Ἥρη  
 μητρυιὴ γεγαυῖα νεοτρεφέος Διονύσου.”

“Ὡς φαμένη τρομεροῖσιν ὑπ’ ἵχνεσιν ἤλατο πόντῳ, 120  
 κραιπνὰ κυβιστήσασα σὺν υἱεῖ· Λευκοθέην δὲ  
 πεπταμέναις παλάμησιν ἐδέξατο κυανοχαίτης  
 δαίμοσιν ὑγροπόροισιν ὀμέστιον· ἔνθεν ἀρήγει  
 ναύταις πλαζομένοισι, καὶ ἔπλετο ποντίας Ἰνώ  
 Νηρεῖς ἀφλοίσβοιο κυβερνήτειρα γαλήνης. 125

Τὴν μὲν ἄναξ Κρονίδης ἐπεδείκνυε μητρὶ Λυαίου,  
 ὅτι χάριν Βρομίῳ θεὰ πέλεν· ἡ δὲ χαρεῖσα  
 γνωτῇ ποντοπόρῳ φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·

“ Ἰνώ, πόντον ἔχεις,

Σεμέλη λάχε κύκλον Ὀλύμπου·  
 εἶξον ἐμοί· Κρονίδην γὰρ ἐμῆς ἀροτῆρα γενέθλης 130  
 ἀθάνατον πόσιν ἔσχον, ἐμῆς ὠδῖνα λοχείης  
 ἀντ’ ἐμέθεν τίκτοντα, σὺ δὲ χθονίῳ παρακοίτῃ  
 νυμφεύθης Ἐθάμαντι, τεῆς ὀλετῆρι γενέθλης.  
 σὸς πάϊς ἔλλαχε πόντον, ἐμὸς τόκος αἰθέρα ναίειν

the fate of unburied Learchos I may see you also dead, unburied, unwept, undone, panting under the bloody knife of your father. Make haste ! escape from mad Athamas, and then you will not see the father who murdered his child, murder the mother.

<sup>111</sup> " Receive me you too, O sea ! I have done with earth. Receive Melicertes also with hospitable hand, O Nereus, as you received Perseus !<sup>a</sup> Receive Ino, as once Danaë in her floating hutch ! I have been justly punished for my impiety. As I made seedless the earth's lifegiving furrow, so Cronion has made my family seedless. A kind of stepmother, I planned to mow down the bastard plants of Athamas, and Hera, the real stepmother of newly nurtured Dionysos, is angry with me."

<sup>120</sup> She spoke, and with trembling feet sprang into the sea, swiftly diving with her son. Seabluehair opened his arms to receive Leucothea, and took her into the divine company in the deep waters. She helps ever since the seamen who lose their way, and now she is Ino of the Sea, a Nereïd who has charge of untumultuous calm.

<sup>126</sup> So Cronides pointed her out to the mother of Lyaïos, because she owed it to Bromios that she was a goddess. Semele in her joy addressed her seafaring sister in mockery :

<sup>129</sup> " Ino, you have the sea, Semele has gained the round heavens ! Give me place ! I had an immortal husband in Cronides the plower of my field, who brought forth the fruit of my birth instead of me ; but you were wedded to a mortal mate Athamas, the murderer of your family. Your son's lot is the sea, but my son will come to the house of Zeus to

\* When set adrift in a chest with his mother Danaë.

NONNOS

ἴξεται εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ὑπέρτερον· οὐ γὰρ εἶσκω 135  
οὐράνιον Διόνυσον ὑποβρυχίῳ Μελικέρτῃ.”

Τοῖα μὲν αἰθερίῃ Σεμέλῃ μυκήσατο νύμφῃ  
γνωτῆς κερτομέουσα θαλασσονόμου βίον Ἴνους.

Τόφρα δὲ καὶ Διόνυσος ὑπὸ κλίμα Λυδὸν ἀρούρης,  
Εὐία δινεύων Κυβεληίδος ὄργανα Ῥεΐης, 140

ἦνθεε μῆκος ἔχων, ὅσον ἤθελεν· ὑψιπόρου δὲ  
φεύγων Ἡελίοιο μεσημβρίζουσαν ἱμάσθλην  
ἦσυχά παφλάζοντι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετρῶ

Μηονίου ποταμοῖο, χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ  
Πακτωλὸς κελάρυζε, χέων χρυσόσπορον ὕδωρ 145

πορφυρέαις ψαμάθοισι, βαθυπλούτων δὲ μετάλλων  
ἀφνειῶ κεκύλιστο βυθῶ χρυσοῦμενος ἰχθύς.

καὶ Σάτυροι παίζοντες, ἐν ἡέρι ταρσὰ μεθέντες,  
εἰς ποταμὸν προχέοντο κυβιστητῆρι καρῆνῳ,

ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτοφόρητος ἐνήχετο χερσὶν ἐρέσσω, 150  
πρηνῆς δ' ἐν ῥοθίοισι καὶ οἴδμασιν ἴχνος ἐρείσας

ποσσὶν ὀπισθοτόνοισι ῥυηφενὲς ἔσχισεν ὕδωρ·  
καὶ τις ὑποβρυχίων κατεδύσατο βένθος ἐναύλων

νειόθι μαστεύων νεπόδων ἐτερόχροον ἄγρην,  
τυφλὴν νηχομένοισιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι χεῖρα τιταίνων, 155

καὶ βυθὸν αὐτὶς ἔλειπε, καὶ ἰχθύας ὠρεγε Βάκχῳ  
ἰλύι φοινίσσοντας ἐχεκτεάνου ποταμοῖο<sup>1</sup>.

συμπλέγδην δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ συνάπτων  
κυφὸς ἐριδμαίνων Σατύρῳ Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης

κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπεσκίρτησε ῥεέθρῳ 160  
ὑπόθεν εἰς βαθὺ λαῖτμα, καὶ ἰλύος ἦπτετο χαίτη,

καὶ διδύμους στίλβοντι πόδας στηρίξατο πηλῶ  
ἄλβον ἐψήφιδα μεταλλεύων ποταμοῖο·

καὶ τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσι μετάφρενον ἡέρι φαίνων

<sup>1</sup> After this verse Marcellus places 164-168, so that Seilenos comes at the end.

dwell in the sky. I will not compare heavenly Dionysos with Melicertes down in the water ! ”

<sup>137</sup> That is how Semele the heavenly bride yelled out in mockery of her sister Ino's life who dwelt in the sea.

<sup>139</sup> Meanwhile Dionysos, in the latitude of Lydia's fields, grew into youthful bloom as tall as he wished, shaking the Euian gear of Cybeleïd Rheia. To escape the midday lash of Helios moving on high, he cleansed his body in the stream of the Meionian River bubbling gently; Pactolos glad to gratify Lyaïos murmured as he poured the goldsowing water upon the purple sands, and the gilded fish went swimming in wealthy soundings where the rich ore lay deep. Playful Satyrs lifted their heels in air, and tumbled plunging headover into the river; one selfpropelled swam with paddling hands prone on the waves, and imprinted a footprint on the swell, as he pushed with backstretching legs and cut the water rolling in riches<sup>a</sup>; one dived deep down into the underwater caves and hunted for speckled fishy prey down below, stretching a groping hand over the swimming fry—left the deeps again and offered to Bacchos the fish purpled with the slime of the opulent river. Seilenos the old vagabond, challenging a Satyr, entwined hands and feet together, and rolling himself into a ball stooped and dived head first into the stream, from the heights into the deeps, till his hair stuck in the slime; then he trod his two feet firmly into the glittering sand hunting for good nuggets of ore in the river. Another left shoulder unwetted and showed his back

<sup>a</sup> This neatly gives a literal sense to the colloquial phrase *ῥυδὸν ἀφνειοῖο* “rolling in riches,” Hom. *Od.* xv. 426.

ἄβροχον ὦμον ἔλειπε δι' ὕδατος, ἰσχία βάπτων 165  
 ἀγχιβαθῆς ἀτίνακτος· ὁ δ' οὐατα γυμνὰ τιταίνων  
 χεύματι μαρμαρέῳ λασίους ἐδιήνατο μηρούς,  
 καὶ ῥόον αὐτοέλικτος ἐμάστιε σύμφυτος οὐρή.  
 καὶ θεὸς ὀρθώσας κεφαλὴν καὶ στέρνα πετάσσας,  
 χεῖρας ἐρετμώσας, χρυσέην ἐχάραξε γαλήνην· 170  
 καὶ ῥόδον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀκύμονες ἔπτυον ὄχθαι,  
 καὶ κρίνον ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἡόνας ἔστεφον ὦραι  
 Βάκχου λουομένοιο, καὶ ἀστράπτουσι ρεέθρω  
 ἄπλοκα κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο βόστρυχα χαίτης.

Καὶ ποτε θηρεύων ὑπὸ φωλάδα δάσκιον ὕλην 175  
 ἤλικος ἠιθέιοιο ῥοδώπιδι θέλγετο μορφῇ.

ἤδη γὰρ Φρυγίης ὑπὸ δειράδα κοῦρος ἀθύρων  
 Ἄμπελος ἠέξητο, νεοτρεφὲς ἔρνος Ἐρώτων·  
 οὐδέ οἱ ἀβρὸς ἰουλος ἐρευθομένοιο γενείου  
 ἄχνοα χιονέης ἐχαράσσετο κύκλα παρειῆς, 180

ἤβης χρύσειον ἄνθος· ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ χαίτης  
 βότρυνες εἰλικόνεντες ἐπ' ἀργυφέων θεόν ὦμων  
 ἀπλεκέες, λιγυρῶ δὲ συναιθύσσοντες ἀήτη  
 ἄσθματι κουφίζοντο· παρελκομένων δὲ κομάων

ἀκροφανῆς ἀνέτελλε μέσος γυμνούμενος αὐχὴν 185  
 καὶ σέλας ἠκόντιζε λιπόσκιος, οἷά τε λάμπει  
 μεσσοφανῆς νέφος ὑγρὸν ἀνασχίζουσα Σελήνη·  
 καὶ στόματος ῥοδέοιο μελίπνοος ἔρρει φωνή·

ἐκ μελέων δ' ὄλον εἶαρ ἐφαίνετο· νισσομένου δὲ  
 ἐκ ποδὸς ἀργυφέοιο ῥόδων ἐρυθαίνετο λειμών· 190  
 εἰ δὲ βοογλήνων φαέων εὐφεγγεῖ κύκλω  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐλέλιζεν, ὅλη σελάγιζε Σελήνη.

Τὸν μὲν ἔχων Διόνυσος ὀμέψιον, ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων,

out of the water in the air as he stood in the deep stream over the hips, immovable. Another lifted the ears bare and plunged the shaggy thighs in the transparent flood, while the tail flogged the water in circles of its own.

<sup>169</sup> The god lifting his head and spreading his chest, paddled his hands and cut the golden calm. The banks free of waves spirted up self-growing roses, the lily sprouted, the Seasons crowned the shores while Bacchos bathed, and the flowing locks of his dark hair were reddened in the sparkling stream.

<sup>175</sup> Once while hunting in the shady lurking wood he was delighted by the rosy form of a young comrade. For Ampelos <sup>a</sup> was a merry boy who had grown up already on the Phrygian hills, a new sprout of the Loves. No dainty bloom was yet on a reddening chin, no down yet marked the snowy circles of his cheeks, the golden flower of youth: curling clusters of hair ran loose behind over his silvery-glistening shoulders, and floated in the whispering wind that lifted them with its breath. As the hair blew aside the neck showed above rising bare in the middle. Unshadowed light flashed from him, like the shining moon when she pierces a damp cloud and shows within it. From his rosy lips escaped a voice breathing honey. Spring itself shone from his limbs; where his silvery foot stepped the meadow blushed with roses; if he turned his eyes, the gleam of the bright eyeballs as soft as a cow's eye was like the light of the full moon.

<sup>193</sup> Dionysos took him as playmate in his dainty

<sup>a</sup> In the succeeding narrative, Ampelos, Calamos, and Carpos, and in bk. xviii. Staphylos, Botrys, Pithon, Methe, are only personifications of things connected with vines and drinking.

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εἶρετο θαμβαλέην προχέων ἐπὶ κάλλει φωνήν  
ὡς βροτός, ἀθανάτην δὲ δολοπλόκος ἔκρυφε μορφήν· 195

“Τίς σε πατὴρ ἐφύτευσε;

τίς οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ;

τίς Χαρίτων σε λόχευσε;

τίς ἤροσε καλὸς Ἀπόλλων;

εἶπέ, φίλος, μὴ κρύπτει τεὸν γένος· εἰ μὲν ἰκάνεις  
ἄπτερος ἄλλος Ἔρως βελέων δίχα, νόσφι φαρέτρης,  
τίς μακάρων σε φύτευσε παρευνάζων Ἀφροδίτῃ; 200  
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τρομέω σέο μητέρα Κύπριν ἐνύψαι,  
μὴ γενέτην Ἥφαιστον ἢ Ἄρεα σείο καλέσσω.

εἰ δὲ σύ, τὸν καλέουσιν, ἀπ’ αἰθέρος ἤλυθες Ἑρμῆς,  
δείξον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ κοῦφα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταρσὰ πεδίλων.  
πῶς μεθέπεις ἄτμητον ἐπήγορον αὐχένι χαίτην; 205

μὴ σύ μοι αὐτὸς ἴκανες ἄτερ κιθάρης, δίχα τόξου,  
Φοῖβος ἀκερσικόμης κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα σείων;  
εἰ Κρονίδης με φύτευσε, σὺ δὲ χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης  
βουκεράων Σατύρων μιννώριον αἶμα κομίζεις,  
ἴσον ἐμοὶ βασίλευε, θεῶ βροτός· οὐ γὰρ ἐλέγξει 210  
οὐράνιον τεὸν εἶδος Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα Λυαίου.

ἄλλα τί κικλήσκω σε μιννυθαδίης ἀπὸ φύτλης;  
γινώσκω τεὸν αἶμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·

Ἥελίω σε λόχευσε παρευνηθεῖσα Σελήνη  
Ναρκίσσω χαρίεντι πανεῖκελον· αἰθέριον γὰρ 215  
εἶκελον εἶδος ἔχεις, κεραῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης.”

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε· νέος δ’ ἠγάλλετο μύθῳ  
κυδιόων, ὅτι κάλλος ὑπέρβαλεν ἠλικος ἤβης  
εἶδει φαιδροτέρῳ. καὶ ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης  
εἰ μέλος ἔπλεκε κοῦρος, ἐτέρπετο Βάκχος ἀκούων· 220  
εἰ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔμιμνεν, ἀμειδέας ἔσχε παρειάς·  
εἰ Σάτυρος παρὰ δαῖτα φιλοσκάρθμοιο τραπέζης  
τύμπανα χερσὶν ἔτυπτε περίκροτον ἦχον ἀράσσων,



sports. Then in admiration of his beauty he spoke to him as a man, artfully concealing his divine nature, and asked him :

<sup>196</sup> " What father begat you ? What immortal womb brought you forth ? Which of the Graces gave you birth ? What handsome Apollo made you ? Tell me, my friend, do not hide your kin. If you come another Eros, unwinged, without arrows, without quiver, which of the Blessed slept with Aphrodite and bred you ? But indeed I tremble to name Cypris as your mother, for I would not call Hephaistos or Ares your father. Or if you are the one they call Hermes come from the sky, show me your light wings, and the lively soles of your shoes. How is it you wear the hair uncut falling along your neck ? Can you be Phoibos himself come to me without harp, without bow, Phoibos shaking the locks of his unshorn hair unbound ! If Cronides begat me, and you are from a mortal stock, if you have the short-living blood of the horned Satyrs, be king at my side, a mortal with a god ; for your looks will not disgrace the heavenly blood of Lyaïos. But why do I call you one of the creatures of a day ? I recognize your blood even if you wish to hide it ; Selene slept with Helios and brought you to birth wholly like the gracious Narcissos ; for you have a like heavenly beauty, the image of horned Selene."

<sup>217</sup> So he spoke, and the youth was delighted with his words, and proud that he surpassed the beauty of his young agemates by a more brilliant display. And in the mountain coppice if the boy made melody Bacchos listened with pleasure ; no smile was on his face if the boy stayed away. If at his caper-loving board a Satyr beat the drums with his hands and

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καὶ νέος ἐκτὸς ἔην μεθέπων ἐλαφηβόλον ἄγρην,  
 κούρου μὴ παρεόντος ἀναίνετο δίκτυπον ἤχώ· 225  
 εἴ ποτε Πακτωλοῖο παρ' ἀνθεμόεντι ρεέθρῳ  
 δηθύνων ἀνέμιμνεν, ὅπως ἐπιδόρπιον εἶη  
 αὐτὸς ἐῶ βασιλῆι φέρων γλυκερώτερον ὕδωρ,  
 κούρου νόσφι μένοντος ἱμάσσετο Βάκχος ἀνίη·  
 εἰ θρασὺν αὐλὸν ἄειρε, Λιβυστίδος ὄργανον Ἐχούσ, 230  
 οἰδαλέη φύσημα παρηίδι λεπτὸν ἰάλλων,  
 Μυγδόνος αὐλητῆρος οἶετο Βάκχος ἀκούειν,  
 ὃν τέκε θεῖος Ὑαγνίς, ὃς εἰς κακὸν ἤρισε Φοίβῳ  
 τρητὸν ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθροον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης·  
 εἰ δὲ σὺν ἠβητῆρι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης, 235  
 κούρου φθεγγομένου πολυτερπέας εἶχεν ἀκουάς,  
 παυομένου δὲ νέοιο κατηφέας εἶχε παρειάς·  
 εἰ δὲ βαθυσκάρθμοιο πόθου πεφορημένος οἴστρω  
 Ἄμπελος ὄρχηστῆρι ποδῶν ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ,  
 καὶ Σατύρῳ παίζοντι συνέπλεκε χεῖρα χορεύων, 240  
 δόχμιον ἐκ ταρσοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,  
 Βάκχος ὀπιπεύων φθονερῇ δεδόνητο μερίμνῃ.  
 εἴ ποτε Σειληνοῖσιν ὀμίλειεν, εἴ τι κούρῳ  
 ἤλικι θηρητῆρι συνέτρεχεν εἰς δρόμον ἄγρης,  
 ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐρήτυε, μὴ τις οἰστῶ 245  
 βλήμενος ἰσοτύπῳ φρενοθελγεί λάλτρῳ Ἐρώτων  
 παιδὸς ἐλαφρονόοιο παραπλάγξειε μενοινήν,  
 καὶ νέον ἡμερόεντα μεταστήσειε Λυαίου,  
 ἀρτιθαλῆς ἄτε κούρος ὁμόχρονον ἤλικα τέρπων.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε θύρσον ἄειρε καταντία λυσσάδος ἄρκτου 250  
 ἢ βριαρῶ νάρθηκι κατηκόντιζε λεαίνης,  
 εἰς δύσιν ὄμμα τίταιεν ἐς ἡέρα λοξὰ δοκεύων,  
 μὴ Ζεφύρου πνεύσειε πάλιν θανατηφόρος αὖρη,

<sup>a</sup> Marsyas. He picked up the αὐλοί which Athena had thrown away after inventing them, because her face looked

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struck out his rattling tune, while the boy was away on stag-hunting quest, Bacchos refused the doubled sound so long as he was not there. If ever he lingered by the flowery stream of Pactolos, that he might bring himself sweeter water for the supper of his king, Bacchos was lashed with trouble so long as the boy stayed away.

<sup>230</sup> If he took up the bold hoboy, the instrument of Libyan Echo, and blew a light breath with swollen cheek, Bacchos thought he heard the Mygdonian flotist <sup>a</sup> whom divine Hyagnis beget, who to his cost challenged Phoibos as he pressed the fingerholes on Athena's double pipe. If he sat with the young man at one table, when the boy spoke he lent delighted ear, when he ceased, melancholy spread over his cheeks. If Ampelos, carried away by wild passion for high capers, twirled with dancing paces and joined hands with a sporting Satyr in the round, stepping across foot over foot, Bacchos looked on shaken with envious feeling. If he ever conversed with the Satyrs, if he joined with a yearsmate hunter to follow chase, Dionysos jealous held him back, lest another be struck like himself with a heartbewitching shaft, and now enslaved by love should seduce the fickle boy's fancy and estrange the lovely youth from Lyaios, as a freshblossoming boy might well charm a comrade of his own age.

<sup>250</sup> When Bacchos lifted his thyrsus against a maddened bear, or cast his stout fennel javelin-like at a lioness, he looked aside watchfully towards the west; for fear the deathbringing breath of Zephyros

ugly when blowing them. Having become a proficient player, he challenged Apollo to a musical contest. The god out-did him and flayed him alive.

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ὡς πάρος ἤβητῆρα κατέκτανε πικρὸς ἀήτης  
 δίσκον ἀκοντιστῆρα καταστρέψας Ὑακίνθου· 255  
 δείδιε, μὴ Κρονίδης ἐρασίπτερος ὄρνις Ἐρώτων  
 ἀπροϋδῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ Τμῶλοιο φανείη  
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι ἐς ἡέρα παῖδα κομίζων,  
 Τρώιον οἶά τε κούρον ἐὼν δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων·  
 ἔτρεμε καὶ δυσέρωτα κυβερνητῆρα θαλάσσης, 260  
 μὴ μετὰ Τανταλίδην χρυσεῶν ἐπιβήτορα δίφρων  
 εἰς δρόμον ἠερόφοιτον ἄγων πτερόεσσαν ἀπήνην  
 Ἄμπελον ἀρπάξειεν ἐρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων.  
 καὶ γλυκὺν εἶχεν ὄνειρον ὄνειροτόκων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,  
 καὶ φιλίους ὀάριζε νέω ψευδήμονι μύθους 265  
 μιμηλῆς ὀρόων σκιοειδέα φάσματα μορφῆς.  
 εἰ δέ τί οἱ δύσμορφον ἐπήρατος εἶχεν ὀπωπή,  
 ἡμερόεν πέλε τοῦτο ποθοβλήτω Διονύσω,  
 φίλτερον ἤβητῆρος ὄλου χροός· εἰ δέ οἱ ἄκρη  
 συμφερτὴ κεχάλαστο δι' ἰξύος ὄρθιος οὐρή, 270  
 καὶ μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο μελιχροτέρη πέλε Βάκχω·  
 καὶ πλόκαμοι ῥυπόωντες ἀκηδέστοιο καρῆνου  
 αὐτοὶ μᾶλλον ἔτερπον ἐρωμανέοντος ὀπωπήν.  
 ἤματι μὲν κεχάρητο συνέμπορος· ἄχνητο δ' αἰεὶ  
 νυκτὸς ἐπερχομένης, ὅτε μηκέτι παιδὸς ἀκούων 275  
 οὔασι θελγομένοισιν ἐθήμονα δέχνητο φωνήν,  
 ῥεῖης ὄβριμόπαιδος ἐνὶ σπήεσσι ἰαύων.

Καί μιν ἰδὼν Σατύρων τις

ἐθέλγετο θέσπιδι μορφῆ,  
 καὶ κρυφίην ἐρόεσσαν ὑποκλέπτων φάτο φωνήν·

° Of Amyclai, loved by Apollo, and, in some versions, by the West-wind also. When Apollo threw a discus, it struck

might blow again, as it did once before when the bitter blast killed a young man while it turned the hurtling quoit against Hyacinthos.<sup>a</sup> He feared Cronides might suddenly appear over Tmolos as a love-bird on amorous wing unapproachable, carrying off the boy with harmless talons into the air, as once he did the Trojan boy to serve his cups.<sup>b</sup> He feared also the lovestricken ruler of the sea, that as once he took up Tantalides<sup>c</sup> in his golden car, so now he might drive a winged wagon coursing through the air and ravish Ampelos—the Earthshaker mad with love!

<sup>264</sup> He had a sweet dream on his dreambreeding bed, beheld the shadowy phantom of a counterfeit shape and whispered loving words to the mocking vision of the boy. If his passionate gaze saw any blemish,<sup>d</sup> this appeared lovely to lovesick Dionysos, even more dear than the whole young body; if the end of the tail which grew on him hung slack by his loins, this was sweeter than honey to Bacchos. Matted hair on an unkempt head even so gave more pleasure to his impassioned gaze. By day he was charmed to be with him; when night came he was troubled to part from him, when he no longer heard the familiar voice enchanting his ears, as he slept in the grotto of Rheia mother of mighty sons.

<sup>278</sup> A Satyr saw the boy, and enchanted with his divine beauty he whispered, concealing his words—

Hyacinthos on the head (either by accident or because the West-wind blew it awry) and killed him.

<sup>b</sup> Ganymede.

<sup>c</sup> Pelops. Here Nonnos follows Pindar's version of the story, by which Poseidon fell in love with Pelops and carried him off to be cupbearer in Olympos before Ganymede: Pindar, *Ol.* i. 40.

<sup>d</sup> In the real boy.

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“ Ἄνδρομέης κραδῆς ταμῆη, φιλοτήσιε Πειθῶ, 280  
 μοῦνος ἐμοὶ νέος οὔτος ἐπήρατος ἴλαος εἶη·  
 καὶ μιν ἔχων, ἄτε Βάκχος, ὁμέσιον οὐ μενεαίνω  
 αἰθέρα ναιετάειν μετανάστιος, οὐ θεὸς εἶναι  
 ἤθελον, οὐ Φαέθων φαεσίμβροτος, οὐ πόθον ἔλκω  
 νέκταρος, ἀμβροσίης δ’ οὐ δεύομαι· οὐκ ἀλεγίζω, 285  
 Ἄμπελος εἰ φιλεῖ με καὶ ἐχθαίρει με Κρονίων.”

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀμφιέπων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων  
 κρυπτὸν ἀνηύτησεν ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῇ,  
 θαύματι φίλτρον ἔχων κεκερασμένον.

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς

Εὖϊος, ἠθέου βεβολημένος ἠδέϊ κέντρῳ, 290  
 ἴαχε μειδιῶν Κρονίδη, δυσέρωτι τοκῆι·

“ Νεῦσον ἐμοὶ φιλέοντι μίαν χάριν,

ὦ Φρύγιε Ζεῦ·

νηπιάχῳ μὲν ἔειπεν ἐμῇ τροφὸς εἰσέτι Ῥεΐη,  
 ὡς στεροπὴν Ζαγρῆι πόρες, προτέρῳ Διονύσῳ  
 εἰσέτι παππάζοντι, τετὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν, 295  
 καὶ βροντῆς κελάδημα καὶ ἠερίου χύσιν ὄμβρου,  
 καὶ πέλε δεύτερος ἄλλος ἔτι βρέφος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς·  
 σεῖο δ’ ἐγὼ πρηστῆρος ἀναίνομαι αἰθέριον πῦρ,  
 οὐ νέφος, οὐ βροντῆς ἐθέλω κτύπον· ἦν δ’ ἐθελήσης,  
 Ἐφαιστῷ πυρόεντι δίδου σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ, 300  
 Ἄρης σῶν νεφέων ἐχέτω θώρηκα καλύπτρην,  
 δὸς χάριν Ἐρμάωνι Διπετέος χύσιν ὄμβρου,  
 καὶ στεροπὴν γενετῆρος ἀερτάζοι καὶ Ἀπόλλων·  
 μείον ἐμοί, φίλε, λῆμα, φιλοσκάρθμῳ Διονύσῳ·  
 καλὸν ἐμοὶ Σεμέλης στεροπὴν ἐλάχειαν ἀείρειν, 305  
 μητροφόνοι σπινθῆρες ἀτερπέες εἰσὶ κεραυνοῦ.  
 ναίω Μαιονίην· τί γὰρ αἰθέρι καὶ Διονύσῳ;  
 κάλλος ἐμοῦ Σατύροιο φιλαίτερόν ἐστιν Ὀλύμπου.  
 εἶπέ, πάτερ, μὴ κρύπτε· τεὸς νέος ὄρκιος ἔστω·

<sup>280</sup> " Allfriendly Persuasion, manager of the human heart ! Grant only that this lovely boy be gracious to me ! If I can have him to play with me like Bacchos, I wish not to be translated into the sky, I would not be a god—not Phaëthon the light of mankind, I covet not the nectar, I want no ambrosia ! I care nothing, if Ampelos loves me, even if Cronion hates me ! "

<sup>287</sup> So much he said to himself in envious tone, hugging the lovepoison in his heart, drunk with the magic potion of adoration. But Euios himself, pierced by the sting of the young man's sweetness, smiled as he cried out to Cronides his father, another unhappy lover :

<sup>292</sup> " Grant one grace to me the lover, O Phrygian Zeus ! When I was a little one, Rheia who is still my nurse told me that you gave lightning to Zagreus, the first Dionysos, before he could speak plain—gave him your fiery lance and rattling thunder and showers of rain out of the sky, and he was another Rainy Zeus while yet a babbling baby ! But I do not ask the heavenly fire of your lightning, nor the cloud, nor the thunderclap. If it please you, give fiery Hephaistos the spark of your thunderbolt ; let Ares have a corselet of your clouds to cover his chest with ; give the pouring rainshower of Zeus as largess to Hermaon ; let Apollo, if you will, wield his father's lightning. My ambition is not so high, dear father ! I am springheel Dionysos ! A fine thing it would be for me to wield Semele's minikin lightning ! The sparks of thunderbolt that killed my mother are no pleasure to me. Maionia is my dwelling-place ; what is the sky to Dionysos ? My Satyr's beauty is dearer to me than Olympos. Tell me, father, do not hide it, swear by your own young friend—when

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αιετὸς ὀππότε κούρον ὑπὸ σφυρὰ Τευκρίδος Ἰδης 310  
 φειδομένῳ κούφιζες ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ,  
 τηλικὸν ἔλλαχε κάλλος ὁ βουκόλος, ὃν σὺ τραπέζῃ  
 αἰθερίῃ ξύνωσας ἔτι πνεύοντα βοαύλων;

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἰλήκοις, τανυσίπτερε· μή μοι ἐνίψῃς  
 Τρώιον οἶνοχοῆα τεῶν δρηστήηρα κυπέλλων, 315

ὅττι φαινοτέροιο φέρων ἀμάρυγμα προσώπου  
 Ἄμπελος ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδεος εἶδος ἐλέγχει·  
 Τρωῖλιος Ἰδαίου πέλε φέρτερος. εἰσὶ δὲ πολλαὶ  
 ἄλλων ἠιθέων ἐραταὶ στίχες, οὓς ἅμα πάντας,  
 ἦν ἐθέλῃς, ἀγάπαζε λιπὼν ἓνα παῖδα Λυαίῳ.” 320

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε πόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρω·  
 οὐχ οὕτω λασίης Μαγνησιίδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης  
 βουκόλος Ἀδμήτῳ βόας ποιμαίνειν Ἀπόλλων,  
 παιδὸς ἐρωτοτόκου βεβολημένος ἠδέει κέντρῳ,  
 ὅσσον ἐπ’ ἠιθέῳ φρένα τέρπετο Βάκχος ἀθύρων. 325

ἄμφω δ’ ἐψιόωντο συνήλυδες ἔνδοθι λόχμης,  
 πῆ μὲν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐς ἡέρα θύρσον ἀλήτην,  
 πῆ δὲ παρὰ πλαταμῶνα λιπόσκιον, ἄλλοτε πέτραις  
 ἔστιχον ἀγρώσσοντες ὀρίτροφα τέκνα λεόντων·  
 καὶ ποτε μουνωθέντες ἐρημάδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης, 330

ἐν ψαμάθοις παίζοντες ἐυκροκάλου ποταμοῖο,  
 ἀμφὶ παλαισμοσύνης φιλοπαίγμονος εἶχον ἀγῶνα·  
 τοῖσι μὲν οὐ τρίπος ἦεν ἀέθλιον, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ νίκη  
 ἀνθεμόεις παρέκειτο λέβης, οὐ φορβάδες ἵπποι,  
 ἀλλὰ λιγυφθόγγων διδυμόθροος αὐλὸς Ἐρώτων. 335

ἀμφοτέροισ δ’ ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος· ἐν δ’ ἄρα μέσσω  
 ἴστατο μάργος Ἐρως, πτερόεις ἐναγώνιος Ἐρμῆς,  
 στέμμα πόθου νάρκισσον ἐπιπλέξας ὑακίνθῳ.

• Apollo, when banished from heaven for killing the Cyclopes (see Eur. *Alc.* 1 ff.), was received by Admetos, 350



you were an Eagle, when you picked up the boy on the slopes of Teucrian Ida with greedy gentle claw, and brought him to heaven, had the clown such beauty as this, when you made him one of the heavenly table still smelling of the byre? Forgive me, Father Longwing! Don't talk to me of your Trojan winepouurer, the servant of your cups. Lovely Ampelos outshines Ganymedes, he has a brilliancy in his countenance more radiant—the Tmolian beats the Idaian! There are plenty more beautiful lads in troops—court them all if you like, and leave one boy to Lyaïos!”

<sup>321</sup> So he spoke, shaken by the sting of desire. Not Apollo in the thick Magnesian woods, when he was herdsman to Admetos and tended his cattle, was pierced by the sweet sting of love for a winsome boy, as Bacchos rejoiced in heart sporting with the youth.<sup>a</sup> Both played in the woods together, now throwing the thyrsus to travel through the air, now on some unshaded flat, or again they tramped the rocks hunting the hillbred lion's cubs. Sometimes alone on a deserted bank, they played on the sands of a pebbly river and had a wrestling-bout in friendly sport; no tripod was their prize, no flowergraven cauldron lay ready for the victory, no horses from the grass, but a double pipe of love with clear-sounding notes. It was a delightsome strife for both, for mad Love stood between them, a winged Hermes in the Ring,<sup>b</sup> wreathing a lovegarland of daffodil and iris.

king of Pherai in Thessaly (and so near enough to Magnesia to be called loosely Magnesian), and either from gratitude for his kindness or love of his beauty, befriended him thereafter.

<sup>b</sup> Hermes was patron of athletic contests under this title.

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\*Αμφω δ' εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλητῆρες Ἐρώτων, 340  
 καὶ παλάμας στεφανηδὸν ἐλιξάμενοι διὰ νώτου,  
 ἀμφοτέρων σφίγγαντες ἐπ' ἰξυῖ δεσμὸν ἀγοστῶν,  
 πλευρὰ διεσφήκωσαν ὁμόζυγι πῆχθος ὄλκῳ,  
 καὶ δέμας ἀλλήλων ἀνεκούφισαν ὑψόθι γαίης  
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίησι· καὶ ἤπτετο Βάκχος Ὀλύμπου  
 ἀμφὶ παλαιμοσύνης μελιηδέος, εἶχε δὲ δισσὴν 345  
 τερπωλὴν ἐρόεσσαν, ἀειρόμενος καὶ ἀείρων . . .  
 καὶ παλάμην Βρομίου παλάμης περὶ καρπὸν ἐλίξας,  
 χερσὶ συναπτομέναις ἑτερόζυγον ἄμμα πιέζων,  
 διχθαδίῳ συνέεργεν ἀρηρότα δάκτυλα δεσμῶ,  
 δεξιτερὴν ἐθέλοντος ἐπισφίγγων Διονύσου. 350  
 ἔνθα μὲν ἠβητῆρος ἐπ' ἰξυῖ χεῖρας ἐλίσσων,  
 Βάκχος ἐρωμανέεσσι δέμας παλάμησι πιέζων,  
 \*Ἀμπελον ἤέρταζεν, ὃ δὲ Βρομίοιο τυχῆσας  
 κόψε ποδὸς κώληπα· καὶ Εὖιος ἠδὺν γελάσσας,  
 ἠλικὸς ἠιθέοιο τυπεὶς ἀπαλόχροϊ ταρσῶ, 355  
 ὑπτίος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη·  
 καὶ χθονὶ κεκλιμένοιο θελήμονος ὑψόθι Βάκχου  
 γυμνῇ νηδυί κοῦρος ἐφίζανεν· αὐτὰρ ὃ χαίρων  
 ἑκταδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χυθεὶς ἐπεκέκλιτο γαίῃ  
 γαστέρι κουφίζων γλυκερὸν βάρος· ἰθυτενὲς δὲ 360  
 ἄκρον ὑπὲρ ψαμάθοιο πεδοτριβὲς ἴχνος ἐρείσας  
 νῶτον ἀνηώρησε μετὰτροπον, ἠγορέην δὲ  
 φειδομένην ἀνέφηνεν, ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῶ  
 χερὸς ἀναινομένης ἀπεσεείσατο φόρτον Ἐρώτων·  
 πλευρὰ δὲ δοχμώσας, πελάσας δ' ἀγκῶνα κονίη, 365  
 ἠβητῆρ πολυίδρις ἐπ' ἀντιπάλου θόρε νώτου  
 λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῆσιν, ὑπὲρ λαγόνων δὲ καθάψας  
 ἄκρα ποδὸς κώληπι, παρὰ σφυρὸν ἴχνος ἐρείσας,  
 γαστέρα διχθαδίῳ μεσάτην μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ,  
 πλευρὰ περιθλίβων, ὑπὸ γούνατι ταρσὸν ἐλίξας 370

<sup>339</sup> Both stood forward as love's athletes. They joined their palms garlandwise over each other's back, packed at the waist with a knot of the hands, squeezed the ribs tight with the muscles of their two forearms, lifted each other from the ground alternately. Bacchos was in heaven amid this honeysweet wrestling, and love gave him a double joy, lifting and lifted<sup>a</sup> . . . Ampelos enclosed the wrist of Bromios in his palm, then joining hands and tightening that intruding grip interlaced his fingers and brought them together in a double knot, squeezing the right hand of willing Dionysos. Next Bacchos ran his two hands round the young man's waist squeezing his body with a loving grip, and lifted Ampelos high; but the other kicked Bromios neatly behind the knee; and Euios laughing merrily at the blow from his young comrade's tender foot, let himself fall on his back in the dust. Thus while Bacchos lay willingly on the ground the boy sat across his naked belly, and Bacchos in delight lay stretched at full length on the ground sustaining the sweet burden on his paunch. Now raising one of his legs he set the sole of the foot firmly upon the sand and raised his overturned back; but he showed mercy in his strength, as with a rival movement of a reluctant hand he dislodged the beloved burden. The young man, no novice at the game, turned sideways and rested his elbow on the ground, then jumped across on his adversary's back, then over his flanks with a foot behind one knee and another set on the other ankle he encircled the waist with a double bond and squeezed the ribs and pressed flat and

<sup>a</sup> Something is missing here.

ὄρθιον ἀπλωθέντα· κυλινδομένων δὲ κονίη  
 ἀμφοτέρων καμάτοιο προάγγελος ἔρρεεν ἰδρώς.  
 ὄψε δὲ νικηθέντος, ἀνικητοῦ περ ἔοντος,  
 Ζηνὸς ἀεθλητῆρος ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος  
 νικήθη Διόνυσος ἐκούσιος, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς 375  
 Ζεὺς μέγας αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῖο παλαίων  
 ὤκλασεν, Ἑρακλῆι θελήμονα γούνατα κάμψας.

Τοῖος ἀγὼν τετέλεστο φιλέμιος· ἠιθέου δὲ  
 δίθροον αὐλὸν ἀεθλον ἐκούφισε τερπομένη χεῖρ.  
 καὶ νέος ἰδρώων φαιδρύνετο γυῖα ρέεθρῳ 380  
 καὶ κόνιν ἰκμαλέην ἀπενύψατο· λουομένου δὲ  
 ἐκ χροὸς ἰδρώοντος ἐπήρατος ἔρρεεν αἴγλη.

Οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνης τελέσας γυιαλκέα νίκην  
 σύννομος ἤβητῆρος ἐπαύετο Βάκχος ἀθύρων,  
 ἀλλὰ ποδωκείης ἀνεμώδεα θῆκεν ἀγῶνα. 385

καὶ βαλίους ἐς ἔρωτα φέρων μνηστῆρας ἀγῶνος  
 πρώτῳ μὲν θέτο δῶρα Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα Ῥεῖης,  
 κύμβαλα χαλκεόνωτα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν·  
 νίκης δ' ἦεν ἀεθλα τὰ δεύτερα Πανὸς ἐταίρη,  
 σύριγξ ἠδυπέπια καὶ ἠχήεσσα βοεῖη 390

χαλκοβαρῆς· τριτάτῳ δὲ τίθει Διόνυσος ἀθύρων  
 ψάμμον ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐτοιμοτάτου ποταμοῖο.  
 καὶ Βρόμιος σταδίῳ μεμερισμένον οὐδας ὀρίζων  
 δισσὰ τιταινομένης διεμέτρεεν ἄκρα κελεύθου,  
 ὀρθώσας δεκάδωρον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σῆμα πορείης, 395  
 στήσας τέρμα δρόμου ταναὸν ξύλον· ἀντιπόρου δὲ  
 πῆξε τύπον βαλβίδος ἐπ' ἧόνι θύρσον αείρας·  
 καὶ Σατύρους ὠτρυνεν ἀεθλεύειν περὶ νίκης.

Ὅξυ δὲ κεκλομένοιο φιλοσκάρθμοιο Λυαίου  
 Ληνεὺς πρῶτος ὄρουσε ποδήνεμος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ 400  
 Κισσὸς ἀερσιπόδης καὶ ἐπήρατος Ἄμπελος ἔστη·

• The scissors-hold of to-day.

straight out the lifted leg under his knee.<sup>a</sup> Both rolled in the dust, and the sweat poured out to tell that they were tired.

<sup>373</sup> Thus Dionysos was conquered with his own consent, like his father as an athlete, who was conquered at last though invincible: for mighty Zeus himself, wrestling with Heracles beside the Alpheios, bent willing knees and fell of his own accord.

<sup>378</sup> So ended the playful bout: the young man held out a happy hand and lifted his prize, the double pipes. He cleansed the sweat from his limbs in the river and washed off the damp dust; as he bathed, a pleasant brightness shone from the sweating skin.

<sup>383</sup> After the victory in wrestling strongi'thelimb, Bacchos did not cease his games with his young comrade, but proposed a windswift contest of footrunning. To bring in other fleet wooers of the game for love, he offered for the first, Cybelid Rheia's instruments as a prize, bronzeplated cymbals and the speckled skins of fawns. The second prize for victory was Pan's comrade,—panspipes sweet of utterance, and a resounding tomtom in a heavy bronze frame. For the third in his games, Dionysos offered ruddy sand from the river so ready and willing.

<sup>393</sup> Then Bromios measured the ground for the furlong race. He measured the stretch between the two ends of the course, and set up a tall stake in the ground, ten palms high, to make the finish of the race; at the other end he raised and planted a thyrsus on the river-bank to show the turning-point. Then he urged the Satyrs to go in and win.

<sup>399</sup> Springheel Lyaïos cried his summons aloud, and first up leapt windfoot Leneus, then on either side of him highstepping Cissos and charming Ampelos

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καὶ ποδὸς ἰθυπόροιο πεποισθότες ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ  
 κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐφέστασαν· ἐκ δαπέδου δὲ  
 ἄκρα χαρασσομένοιο μετάρσιον ἴχνος αἰείρας  
 Κισσὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν κουφίζετο παλμῶ· 405  
 τοῦ μὲν ἐπειγομένοιο μετάφρενον ἄσθματι θάλπων  
 Ληνεὺς ἠερίησιν ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὔραις,  
 ἀγχιφανῆς προθέοντος, ὀπισθοπόροιο δὲ ταρσοῦ  
 ἴχνεσιν ἴχνια τύψε χυτῆς ψαύοντα κονίης·  
 καὶ τόσος ἀμφοτέρων ἀπελείπετο μέσσον ὀρίζων, 410  
 ὀππόσον ἰστοπόνοιο κανῶν πρὸς στήθει κούρης  
 μεσσοφανῆς λάχε χῶρον ἀκαμπεί γείτονα μαζῶ.  
 καὶ τρίτος Ἄμπελος ἦεν ὀπίστερος· εἰσορόων δὲ  
 ζηλήμων Διόνυσος ἐτήκετο λοξὰ δοκεύων  
 διχθαδίους προθέοντας ἀεθλητῆρας ἀγώνων, 415  
 μή ποτε νικήσωσι καὶ Ἄμπελος ὕστερος ἔλθῃ·  
 ἀλλὰ θεὸς χραίσμησεν, ἐνιπνεύσας δέ οἱ ἀλκῆν  
 κοῦρον ἐυτροχάλοιο ταχίονα θῆκεν ἀέλλης·  
 καὶ διδύμων πρῶτιστος ἀεθλοφόρων ἐν ἀγῶνι  
 σπερχομένων, διερῆ μὲν ἐπ' ἠόνι γούνατα πάλλων, 420  
 Κισσὸς ἐπωλίσθησε πεσῶν ψαμαθῶδεϊ πηλῶ,  
 καὶ σφαλερῆ Ληνηὸς ἐσύρετο γούνατος ὄρμη  
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζουσα ποδῶν δρόμον· ἀθλοφόροι δὲ  
 ἀμφότεροι λείποντο, καὶ Ἄμπελος ἤρπασε νίκην.  
 Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἀνίαχον Εὐϊον ἠχῶ 425  
 νίκην ἠιθέοιο τεθηπότες· ἀβροκόμης δὲ  
 δέκτο νέος τὰ πρῶτα, τὰ δεύτερα δέχυντο Ληνεὺς  
 ζῆλον ἔχων, φθονερὸν δὲ δόλον γίνωσκε Λυαίου  
 καὶ πόθον· αἰδομένη δὲ συνήλικας εἶδεν ὀπωπῆ  
 λοίσθια Κισσὸς ἄεθλα κατηφέι χειρὶ κομίζων. 430

<sup>a</sup> Leneus is a personification invented by Nonnos of  
 ληνός, the winepress. Cissos is the ivy, Ampelos the vine.

stood up.<sup>a</sup> They stood in a row, confident in the quick soles of their straightfaring feet. Cissos flew with stormy movement of his feet just skimming the top of the ground as he touched it. Leneus was running behind him quick as the winds of heaven and warming the back of the sprinter with his breath, close behind the leader, and he touched footstep with footstep on the dust as it dropped, with following feet: the space between them both was no more than the rod leaves open before the bosom of a girl working at the loom, close to the firm breast. Ampelos came third and last. Dionysos saw them out of the corner of his eye, and melted with jealousy that the two competitors should be in front, afraid they might win and Ampelos come in behind them; so the god helped him, breathed strength into him, and made the boy swifter than the spinning gale. Then Cissos, first of the two in the race, striving so hard for the prize, stumbled over a wet place on the shore, slipt and fell in the sandy slush; Leneus had to check the course of his feet, and his knees lost their swing: so both competitors were passed and Ampelos carried off the victory.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>425</sup> The old Seilenoi<sup>c</sup> shouted *Euoi!* amazed at the victory of the youth. He received the first prize with soft hair flowing, Leneus took the second full of envy, for he understood the jealous trick of *Lyaïos* and his passion; Cissos eyed his comrades with look abashed, as he held out his hand for the last prize discontented.

<sup>b</sup> This contest recalls the race at the funeral of *Patroclos*, *Hom. Il. xxiii. 764.*

<sup>c</sup> Here, as often, the older *Satyrs*.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΝΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἐνδέκατον δὲ δόκευε καὶ ἡμερόεντα νοήσεις  
 Ἄμπελον ἀνδροφόνω πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρω.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών· ἐρόεις δὲ νέος φιλοπαίγμονι νίκη  
 κυδιόων σκίρτησεν ὀμέψιος ἥλικι Βάκχῳ  
 εἰλιπόδην περὶ κύκλον ἀλήμονα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,  
 δεξιτερὴν πάνλευκον ἐπικλίνων Διονύσῳ·  
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀγήνορα δίζυγι νίκη 5  
 ποσσὶ περισκαίροντα φίλῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

“ Σπεῦδε πάλιν, φίλε κοῦρε,  
 ποδωκείης μετὰ νίκην  
 καὶ μετὰ πεζὸν ἄεθλον ἔχειν τρίτον ἄλλον ἀγῶνα,  
 νηχομένῳ δ' ἀκίχητος ὀμήλικι νήχεο Βάκχῳ.  
 Ἄμπελε, νικήσας με παρὰ ψαμάθοισι παλαίων, 10  
 ἔσσο καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐλαφρότερος Διονόσου,  
 καὶ Σατύρους παίζοντας ἔτι σκαρθμοῖσιν ἐάσας  
 εἰς τρίτατον πάλιν ἄλλον ἐπείγεις μῦθος ἀγῶνα·  
 ἐν χθονὶ νικήσας καὶ ἐν ὕδασι, καὶ μετὰ νίκην  
 σοὺς ἐρατοὺς πλοκάμους

διδύμοις στέψαιμι κορύμβοις 15  
 διπλόα νικηθέντος ἀνικήτητοιο Λυαίου.  
 ἔπρεπέ σοι ῥόος οὔτος ἐπήρατος, ἔπρεπε μῦθος  
 κάλλει σῶν μελέων, ἵνα διπλός Ἄμπελος εἴη  
 χρυσεῖη παλάμη χρυσαυγέα ῥεύματα τέμνων·



## BOOK XI

ee the eleventh, and you will find lovely Ampelos  
carried off by the manslaying  
robber bull.

THE contest was done. The lovely lad exulting in his sportloving victory, skipt about with Bacchos his yearsmate playfellow, and moved his circling legs in gambolling turns. He threw his white right arm about Dionysos ; and when Iobacchos saw him jumping about so proud of his two victories, he said to him affectionately :

7 “ Hurry now—have another try, dear boy, after winning that race and after your land action ; try a third match, swim against your comrade Bacchos and see if you can beat him ! You had the best of it, Ampelos, in wrestling with me on the sands ; now show yourself more agile than Dionysos in the rivers ! Leave the playful Satyrs to their skippings and come quick again by yourself to a third match. If you win both by land and water, I will crown your lovely hair with a double garland for two victories over Dionysos the unconquerable.

17 “ This lovely stream suits you, suits the beauty of your limbs alone, that there may be a double Ampelos cutting the goldgleaming flood with golden

καὶ γυμνοῖς μελέεσσι τιταινομένου περὶ νίκης 20  
κοσμήσει σέο κάλλος ὄλον Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ.

δὸς ποταμῶ γέρας ἴσον Ὀλύμπιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς  
᾽Ωκεανῶ Φαέθων ροδέας ἀκτῖνας ἰάλλει·

Πακτωλῶ πόρε καὶ σὺ τεὸν σέλας, ὄφρα φανείη  
Ἄμπελος ἀντέλλων ἄτε Φωσφόρος· ἀμφότερον γὰρ 25  
ἀστράπτει ρόος οὗτος ἐρευθιόωντι μετάλλω  
ὡς σὺ τεοῖς μελέεσσι· βαθυπλούτῳ δὲ ρεέθρῳ  
σύγχροον εἶδος ἔχοντα καὶ ἠβητῆρα δεχέσθω  
μίξας κάλλει κάλλος, ὅπως Σατύροισι βοήσω·  
ἄπῳ ρόδον εἰς ρόδον ἦλθε;

πόθεν μία κίρναται αἴγλη 30  
καὶ χροῖ φαινίσσονται καὶ ἀστράπτουσι ρεέθρῳ;  
αἶθε καὶ ἐνθάδε, κοῦρε, πέλεν ρόος Ἡριδανοῖο,  
Ἡλιάδων ὅθι δάκρυ ρυηφενές, ὄφρα κεν ἄμφω  
καὶ χρυσῶ σέο γυῖα καὶ ἠλέκτροισι λοέσσω.

ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ Ἐσπερίου ποταμοῦ μάλα τηλόθι ναίω, 35  
ἴξομαι εἰς Ἀλύβην ἀγχίπτολιν, ὀππόθι γείτων  
Γεῦδις ἐχεκτεάνων ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ὀλκῶ,  
ὄφρα σε Πακτωλοῖο λελουμένον ἐκ ποταμοῖο,  
Ἄμπελε, φαιδρύνοιμι καὶ ἀργυρέοισι ρεέθροις.  
Ἐρμος ἐυρρείτης ἐτέροις Σατύροισι μελέσθω· 40  
οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσοῖο φέρει ρόον· ἀλλὰ σὺ μῶνος  
χρύσεος ἔπλεο κοῦρος, ἔχοις καὶ χρύσειον ὕδωρ."

Ὡς εἰπὼν πεφόρητο δι' ὕδατος· ἐκ δαπέδου δὲ  
Ἄμπελος ἠώρητο καὶ ὠμάρτησε Λυαίῳ·  
καὶ γλυκὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην δρόμος

ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου 45  
νηχομένοις ἐλικηδὸν ἐρικτεάνου ποταμοῖο.  
καὶ θεὸς ὑδατόεντα φέρων ταχυτήτος ἀγῶνα  
ἔτρεχεν ἀστήρικτος ἐν ὕδασι, γυμνὰ ρεέθροις

palm ; while you stretch naked limbs for victory, all the Pactolian water shall adorn your beauty. Phaëthon himself shoots his rosy beams on Oceanos ; grant an equal Olympian glory to this river : you too give your brightness to Pactolos, that Ampelos may be seen rising like Phosphoros. Both are radiant, this river with its red metal, and you with your limbs ; in the deep riches of his flood let him receive this youth also with the same colour on his skin ; let him mix beauty with beauty, that I may cry to the Satyrs—‘ How came rose to rose ? How is ruddy flesh and sparkling water mingled into one radiant light ? ’

<sup>32</sup> “ Would that the river Eridanos <sup>a</sup> were here also, dear boy, where are the richrolling tears of the Heliades : then I would wash your limbs with amber and gold together. But since I live very far from the western river, I will visit the city of Alybe <sup>b</sup> close at hand, where the Geudis has a white stream of precious water, that when you come bathed out of river Pactolos, Ampelos, I may make you shine with silvery water too. Let the other Satyrs see to wide-flowing Hermos, for he has no golden springs. But you are the only golden boy, and you shall have the golden water.”

<sup>43</sup> Thus speaking, he plunged into the water ; Ampelos rose from the ground and joined Lyaïos, and a jolly course the two had, zigzag from point to point of the opulent river. The god winning this watery race swam steadily through the water, push-

<sup>a</sup> When not wholly fabulous, this is the Po. For its legend, see bk. xxxviii. 432-434.

<sup>b</sup> Said to be in Chaldea or Bithynia, or on the Black Sea, and to have been visited by Rheia with the infant Zeus ; famous for silver-mines from Homer (*Il.* ii. 857) on.

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στέρνα βαλών, δονέων δὲ πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐρέσσω  
 ἀφνειῆς ἀτίνακτα κατέγραφε νῶτα γαλήνης, 50  
 πῆ μὲν ἔχων ὁμόφοιτον ἐὼν δρόμον ἤλικι κούρω,  
 πῆ δὲ παραῖσσω πεφυλαγμένος, ὅσσω ἐάσῃ  
 Ἄμπελον ἀγκικέλευθον ὁμήλυδα γείτοσι Βάκχῳ·  
 ἄλλοτε κυκλώσας παλάμας, ἄτε κύματι κάμνων,  
 ὑγροπόρῳ ταχύγουνος ἐκούσιος ὤπασε νίκην. 55

Καὶ ποταμοῦ μετὰ χεῦμα μετήιεν ἔνδια λόχμης  
 Ἄμπελος ἀνχένα γαῦρον ἔχων ποταμηίδι νίκη.  
 καὶ πλοκάμους μίτρωσεν ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ  
 φρικτὸν ἔχων μίμημα δρακοντοκόμοιο Λυαίου·  
 πολλάκι δ' αἰολόνωτον ἰδὼν Βρομίοιο χιτῶνα, 60  
 δαιδιλέην μελέεσσι νόθην ἐσθῆτα καθάψας,  
 πορφυρέῳ πόδα κοῦφον ἐπεσφήκωσε κοθόρνῳ,  
 στικτὸν ἔχων χροῖ πέπλον· ὄρεσσαύλῳ δ' ἐνὶ δίφρῳ  
 πορδαλίῳ Ἰόβακχον ὀπιπεύων ἐλατῆρα  
 γαῦρα φιλοσκοπέλων ἐπεδείκνυε παίγνια θηρῶν· 65  
 πῆ μὲν ὄρεστιάδος λοφιῆς ἐπιβήμενος ἄρκτου  
 θηρὸς ἐπειγομένης βλοσυρὴν ἀνεσεύρασε χαίτην,  
 πῆ δὲ λεοντεῖην λασίην ἐπεμάστιε δειρήν,  
 ἄλλοτε, δαιδαλέων ἐποχημένος ὑψόθι νώτων,  
 ἀστεμφῆς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο τίγριν ἐλαύνων. 70

Καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος, ἔχων πρηεῖαν ἀπειλήν,  
 εἶπε παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μαντώδει μύθῳ,  
 μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσι χέων οἰκτίρμονα φωνήν·

“ Πῆ φέρεαι, φίλε κοῦρε; τί σοι τόσον εὐαδεν ὕλη;  
 μίμνέ μοι ἀγρώσσοντι συναγρώσσω Διονύσω· 75  
 εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ  
 κωμάζων, ὅτε κῶμον ἐγὼ Σατύροισιν ἐγείρω.  
 πόρδαλις οὐ κλονεῖ με καὶ ἀγροτέρης γένυς ἄρκτου,

ing his bare breast against the stream, moving his feet and paddling with his hands, and so scored the undisturbed surface of the smooth treasury of riches. Now his boy-comrade's course ran beside his own, now he shot past him carefully, just so much as to leave Ampelos still a near neighbour to Bacchos in the way ; sometimes he let his hands go round and round as if tired by the water, and willingly yielded quicknee the victory to the other swimmer.

<sup>56</sup> Leaving the river stream, Ampelos repaired to the shelter of the woods, lifting a proud neck for his victory in the river. He bound his head with a cluster of vipers, like Lyaïos's terrible wreath of snakes. Often seeing the dappleback tunic of Bromios, he put over his limbs a spotted dress in imitation, and pushed his light foot into a purple buskin, and threw a speckled robe on his body. When he saw Iobacchos in a car driving panthers about the hills, he showed off exultantly his gambols with rock-loving beasts ; now mounting the shaggy back of a woodland bear, he pulled back the ruff of the grim hurrying beast ; now on the hairy neck of a lion he gave it the whip ; now he drove an unbridled tiger with delight, seated immovable high on the striped back.

<sup>71</sup> When Dionysos saw him, he warned him gently, adding friendly prophetic words to console him as the voice of pity issued from reproving lips :

<sup>74</sup> " Where are you riding, dear boy ? Why so fond of the forest ? Stay by me when I hunt, and hunt with Dionysos ; when Lyaïos touches the feast, join in his feasting, and share my revels when I stir the Satyrs to revel. I am not troubled about the panther or the jaws of the wild bear ; you need not

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μη τρομέοις στόμα λάβρον ὄρεσσινόμοιο λεαίνης·  
 μούνον ἀμειλίκτιο κεράατα δειδίθι ταύρου.” 8

”Ἐννεπεν οἰκτείρων θρασὺν Ἀμπελον· ἠίθεος δὲ  
 οὔασι μῦθον ἄκουε, νόος δὲ οἱ ἔνδοθι παίζεν.<sup>1</sup>

”Ἐνθα φάνη μέγα σῆμα φιλοστόργω Διονύσω  
 Ἀμπελον ἀγγέλλον μινυώριον· ἐκ σκοπέλου γὰρ  
 ἀρτιθαλῆ τινα νεβρόν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο κομίζων 85

ἀμφιλαφῆς φολίδεσσι δράκων ἀνέτελλε κεράστης,  
 καὶ μιν ὑπὲρ βωμοῖο φέρων ἐφύπερθε θεμέθλων  
 σμερδαλέη πρήνιξεν ἀλοιοθέντα κεραίη  
 κύμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον, ὄρεσσινόμοιο δὲ νεβροῦ  
 ὄξυ μέλος κλάγξαντος ἀπέπτατο θυμὸς ἀλήτης· 90

σπονδῆς δ’ ἐσσομένης αὐτάγγελος αἵματος ὀλκῶ  
 λάινος αἱμαλέαις ἐρυθαίνεται βωμὸς ἑέρσαις,  
 οἴνου λειβομένοιο φέρων τύπον. εἰσορόων δὲ  
 Εὖιος ἐρπηστῆρα, κερασφόρον ἄρπαγα νεβροῦ,  
 ἄφρονος ἠιθέοιο μαθὼν ὀλετῆρα κεράστην 95

πένθει μίξε γέλωτα, καὶ ἄστατον εἶχε μενοιπνῆν  
 διχθαδίην, κραδίη δὲ μερίζετο, γείτονα πότμου  
 ἠβητῆν στενάχων, γελόων χάριν ἠδέος οἴνου.

ἔμπης δ’ ἱμερόεντι συνέμπορος ἦιε κούρω  
 εἰς ὄρος, εἰς πλαταμῶνα,

καὶ εἰς δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης. 100

καὶ μιν ἰδὼν ἔτι Βάκχος ἐτέρπετο· καὶ γὰρ ὀπωπαὶ  
 οὔ ποτε δερκομένοισι κόρον τίκτουσιν ἐρώτων.

πολλάκι καὶ Βρομίοιο παρεζομένοιο τραπέζῃ  
 ἠίθεος σύριζεν ἀήθεα Μοῦσαν ἀμείβων,

καὶ δονάκων συνέχευεν ὄλον μέλος· οἶα δὲ κούρου 105

καλὰ μελιζομένοιο, καὶ εἰ τόνον ἔκλασε μολπῆς,  
 Βάκχος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο θορῶν ἀνεμώδει παλμῶ

χερσὶ συνεπλατάγησε πολύκροτος, ἠιθέου δὲ  
 εἰσέτι μελπομένοιο περὶ στόμα χεῖλος ἐρείσας

fear the wild mouth of the mountainranging lioness—fear only the horns of the pitiless bull.”

<sup>81</sup> So he warned bold Ampelos in compassion: the youth heard the words with his ears, but the mind within him was still at play.

<sup>83</sup> Then came a great portent to doting Dionysos, showing that Ampelos had not long to live: for a horned dragon covered with scales rose from the rocks, carrying across his back a tender young fawn; he crept over the steps, and threw it upon the altar tumbling and rolling helpless and gored with his horrible horn. The hillranging fawn screamed a shrill note as its wandering spirit flew away. A stream of blood reddened the stone altar with bloody dew like so much trickling wine, harbinger of the libation that should follow. When Euios saw the crawling horned robber with the fawn, he knew that a horned creature would destroy the thoughtless youth. He mingled a laugh with his mourning; his thought was uncertain and divided in two, his heart cleft in halves, as he groaned for the youth so near to death, and laughed for the delectable wine.

<sup>99</sup> None the less he went with the lovely boy to the mountains, to the flats, to the course of their familiar hunting. Bacchos still delighted to look at him; for loving eyes are never sated with looking. Often as Bromios sat with him at table, the youth would pipe a new strange music, and confused all the notes of his reeds. Even if he broke the tune of his melody, Bacchos made as if the boy were playing well, and sprang from the ground with airy leaps, clapped and clattered with hands together, as the boy yet sang pressed his own lips to his mouth,

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<sup>1</sup> Suggested by E. H. Warmington for *παίζων*.

ἄρμονίης πρόφασιν φιλίῳ προσπτύξατο δεσμῶ· 110  
 ὤμοσε καὶ Κρονίδην, ὅτι τηλίκον ὑμνοπόλος Πᾶν  
 οὐ ποτε ρυθμὸν ἄεισε, καὶ οὐ λιγύφωνος Ἀπόλλων.

Καὶ θρασὺν εἰσορόωσα νέον θανατηφόρος Ἄτη  
 οὔρεσιν ἀγρώσσοντος ἀποπλαγχθέντα Λυαίου,  
 ἠιθέου χαρίεντος ὁμοίος ἤλικι κούρῳ 115

Ἀμπελον ἠπεροπῆι τόσῳ μειλίζατο μύθῳ,  
 μητρυιῇ Φρυγίῳ χαριζομένη Διονύσου·

“ Σὸς φίλος, ἄτρομε κούρε,

μάτην Διόνυσος ἀκούει·

ποῖον ἑταιρείης γέρας ἔλλαχες; οὐ σὺ Λυαίου  
 θέσκελον ἄρμα φέρεις, οὐ πόρδαλιν ἠνιοχεύεις. 120

δίφρα τεοῦ Βρομίῳ Μάρων λάχε, χεῖρα τιταίνων  
 θηρονόμῳ μάστιγι καὶ εὐλαίγγι χαλινῶ·

ποῖον ἔχεις τόδε δῶρον ἀπ’ εὐθύρσοιο Λυαίου;  
 πηκτίδα Πᾶνες ἔχουσι καὶ εὐκελάδων θρόον αὐλῶν,  
 καὶ Σατύροις πόρε κύκλον ἐρισμαράγοιο βοείης 125

σὸς ταμίης Διόνυσος, ὄρεστιάδες δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ  
 Βασσαρίδες ραχίησιν ἐφεδρήσσουσι λεόντων.

ποῖα τεῆς φιλότητος ἐπάξια δῶρα κομίζεις,  
 πορδαλίῳ ἐλατῆρι μάτην πεφιλημένε Βάκχῳ;

πολλάκι Φοιβείῳ καθήμενος ὑψόθι δίφρου  
 ὑψιφανῆς ἤλαυνεν Ἀτύμνιος ἠέρα τέμνων· 130

ἔκλυες αὐτὸν Ἀβαριν, ὃν εἰς δρόμον ἠεροφοίτην  
 ἵπταμένῳ πόμπευεν ἀλήμονι Φοῖβος οἰστῶ.

αἰετὸν ἠνιόχευεν ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ Γανυμήδης

<sup>a</sup> See Hom. *Il.* xix. 91 for “Ate, daughter of Zeus.”

<sup>b</sup> Hera.

<sup>c</sup> A priest of Apollo in Hom. *Od.* ix. 197, who had the famous wine which was too much for any abstainer. His



embraced him lovingly for his beautiful song, as he said, and swore by Zeus that melodious Pan had never sung such another tune nor the clear voice of Apollo.

<sup>113</sup> But Ate,<sup>a</sup> the deathbringing spirit of Delusion, saw the bold youth straying on the mountains away from Lyaïos during the hunt; and taking the charming form of one of his agemate boys, she addressed Ampelos with a coaxing deceitful speech—all to gratify the stepmother of Phrygian Dionysos.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>118</sup> “Your friend, fearless boy, is called Dionysos for nothing! What honour have you got from your friendship? You do not guide the divine car of Lyaïos, you do not drive a panther! Your Bromios’s chariot has fallen to Maron’s lot,<sup>c</sup> his hand manages the beast-ruling whip and the jewelstudded reins. What gift like that have you gotten from Lyaïos of the thyrus? The Pans have their cithern and their melodious tootling pipes; the Satyrs have the round loudrattling tomtom from your patron Dionysos; even the mountainranging Bassarids<sup>d</sup> ride on the backs of lions. What gifts have you received worthy of your love, you, loved for nothing by Bacchos the driver of panthers? Atymnios<sup>e</sup> has often been seen on high in the chariot of Phoibos cutting the air; Abaris<sup>f</sup> also you have heard of, whom Phoibos sped through the air perched on his winged roving arrow. Ganymedes

name became proverbial for fine wine, *e.g.*, below, 518. Various legends connect him in different ways with Dionysos; in Nonnos he is a son of Seilenos, xiv. 99.

<sup>a</sup> See note on vii. 92.

<sup>e</sup> A boy of Gortyn, beloved of Apollo: see xix. 184.

<sup>f</sup> A Hyperborean priest of Apollo, who travelled through Greece, carrying or riding on one of the god’s arrows: Herodotus iv. 36, Ovid, *Met.* v. 86.

Ζῆνα νόθον πτερόεντα, τεοῦ γενετῆρα Λυαίου· 135

\* Ἀμπελον οὐ ποτε Βάκχος ἐκούφισεν,  
ὄρνις Ἐρώτων,

σὸν δέμας ἀδρῦπτοισιν ἐοῖς ὀνύχεσσιν ἀείρων.  
Τρώϊος οἰνοχόος πέλε φέρτερος, ὃς Διὸς αὐλήν  
οἶκον ἔχει.

σὺ δέ, κοῦρε, φέρων πόθον εἰσέτι δίφρου  
εἰς δρόμον ἀστήρικτον ἀναίneo πῶλον ἐλαύνειν, 140  
ὅττι ταχυστροφάλιγγι ποδῶν δεδονημένος ὀλκῶ  
ἵππος ἀελλήεις ἀποσειέται ἡνιοχῆα·

Γλαῦκον ἀπεστυφέλιξαν ἐπὶ χθόνα λυσσαάδες ἵπποι,  
καὶ ξυνῆς μεθέπων Ποσιδήιον αἶμα γενέθλης  
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνον ἀπόσπορον ἐννοσιγαίου 145

Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσεισατο Βελλεροφόντην.  
δεῦρό μοι εἰς ἀγέλην, λιγυηχέες ἦχι νομῆες  
καὶ βόες ἱμερόεντες, ἐφεδρήσσοντα δὲ ταύρω  
ὑψιφανῆ τελέσω σε βοοσσόον ἡνιοχῆα·

σὸς γὰρ ἄναξ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐπαινῆσει σε δοκεύων, 150  
ταυροφυῆς Διόνυσος, ἐφήμενον ἰξυί ταύρου.

νόσφι φόβου δρόμος οὗτος, ἐπεὶ καὶ θῆλυς ἐοῦσα  
παρθένος Εὐρώπη βοέων ἐπεβήσατο νώτων,  
χερσὶ κέρας κρατέουσα καὶ οὐ χατέουσα χαλινού·"

"Ὡς φαμένῃ παρέπεισε, καὶ ἠέρα δύσατο δαίμων. 155  
καὶ τις ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο κατέδραμε ταῦρος ἀλήτης  
ἀπροϊδῆς, καὶ γλῶσσαν, ἐῆς ἐπιμάρτυρα δύψης,  
χείλεσιν οἰγομένοισι προΐσχανεν ἀνθερεῶνος,  
καὶ πῖεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ κοῦρον, ἃ περ παρεόντα νομῆα,

\* Son of Sisyphos, Virg. *Geo.* iii. 267. Not the sea-god above, x. 105, nor Lycian Glaucos of the *Iliad*.

† Pegasus, the winged horse which sprang from Medusa's

also rode an eagle in the sky, a changeling Zeus with wings, the begetter of your Lyaïos. But Bacchos never became a lovebird or carried Ampelos, lifting your body with talons that would not tear. The Trojan winepouurer had the better of you—he is at home in the court of Zeus. Now my boy, look here: but you are still kept waiting for the chariot, so just refuse to drive a nervous colt on the road—a horse goes rattling along like a tempest on a whirlwind of legs, and shakes out the driver. Glaucos's horses went mad and threw him out on the ground.<sup>a</sup> Quickwing Pegasus<sup>b</sup> threw Bellerophontes and sent him headlong down from the sky, although he was of the seed of Earthshaker and the horse himself shared the kindred blood of Poseidon.

<sup>147</sup> “Come this way, do, to the herd, where are the clear-piping drovers and lovely cattle—get on a bull, and I will make you conspicuous on his back as the man who can ride a wild bull! Then your bull-body king Dionysos will applaud you more loudly, if he sees you with a bull between your knees! There is nothing to fear in such a run; Europa was a female, a young girl, and she had a ride on bull-back, held tight to the horn and asked for no reins.”

<sup>155</sup> This appeal persuaded him, and the goddess flew up into the air. And there was a stray bull suddenly running down from the rocks! His lips were open, and the tongue hung out over his jaws to show his thirst. He drank, then stood looking at

headless body, she being then with child by Poseidon. Bellerophon or Bellerophontes, for whom see *Hom. Il. vi. 155 ff.*, is in some accounts, as Hyginus, *Fab. 157. 1*, a son of Poseidon. He tamed Pegasus by Athena's help, but was thrown when he tried to fly up to heaven on his back; this part of the story is post-Homeric.

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ἴστατο γινώσκοντι πανείκελος· οὐδὲ μετώπου 160  
 λοξὸν ἔὸν κέρας εἶχεν· ἀμαιμακέτιοι δὲ ταύρου  
 πυκνὸν ἐρευγομένοιο ποτὸν πολυχανδέϊ λαιμῶ  
 ἤβητῆν ἐδίηνε κατάρρυτος ἱκμὰς ἔέρσης,  
 ἔσσομένων ἄτε μάντις, ὅτι χθονίῳ βόες ὀκῶ  
 ἀμφὶ μῆ μογέοντες ἀτέρμονι κυκλάδι νύσση 165  
 ὕδασιν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπαρδεύουσιν ὀπώρην.  
 καὶ θρασὺς ἴστατο κοῦρος ὑπὲρ βοέοιο μετώπου  
 ἀμφάφῶν ἐπίκυρτον ἀταρβεί χειρὶ κεραίην·  
 καὶ βοὸς ὑλονόμοιο τεθηγμένος ἠδέϊ κέντρῳ  
 ἤθελεν ἄζυγα ταῦρον ὀρίδρομον ἠνιοχεύειν. 170  
 δρεψάμενος δὲ πέτηλα βαθυσχοίνῳ παρὰ ποίη  
 ψευδαλέην χλοεροῖσι λύγοις ἔπλεξεν ἱμάσθλην  
 μόσχοις ὀξυτέροισι, πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ  
 γνάμψας ἀγκύλα κύκλα τύπον ποίησε χαλινοῦ·  
 καὶ δροσεροῖς πετάλοισι δέμας διεκόσμεε ταύρου, 175  
 καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα πέριξ ἐπεδήσατο νώτῳ,  
 καὶ κρίνα καὶ νάρκισσον ἐπήωρησε μετώπῳ,  
 αὐχένι πορφύρουσαν ἐπικρεμάσας ἀνεμώνην·  
 καὶ διδύμην ἐκάτερθε κατεchrύσωσε κεραίην  
 χερσὶ βαθυνομέναις ξανθόχροα πηλὸν ἀφύσσων 180  
 γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο. καὶ αἰόλον ὑψόθι νώτου  
 δέρμα περιστορέσας ραχίης ἐπεβήσατο ταύρου·  
 καὶ βοέαις πλευρῆσι νόθην μάστιγα τιταίνων,  
 εὐχαίτην ἄτε πῶλον, ἐὸν μάστιζε φορῆα.  
 Καὶ θρασὺς ἠύτησεν ἔπος ταυρώπιδι Μῆνη· 185  
 “ Εἶξον ἐμοί, κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·  
 ἀμφῳ γὰρ κερόεις γενόμεν καὶ ταῦρον ἐλαύνω.”  
 Τοῖον ἐπαυχήσας ἔπος ἴαχε κυκλάδι Μῆνη.  
 καὶ φθονερῆς σκοπίαζε δι’ ἠέρος ὄμμα Σελήνης  
 Ἀμπελον ἀνδροφόνῳ πεφορημένον ἄρπαγι ταύρῳ, 190  
 καὶ οἱ πέμπε μύωπα βοοσσόον· αὐτὰρ ὁ πικρῶ

the boy just as if he knew him, as if his own keeper were by. He did not hold his horn sideways, but as the mighty bull again and again belched up the drink into his roomy mouth a shower of drops sprinkled the youth, as prophetic of what was to come : for oxen trudging round and round on the ground in everlasting circumambulation about one capstan, irrigate the vinestock with their water.

<sup>167</sup> The bold boy stood over the bull's brow stroking the curved horns with fearless hand ; and excited by a sweet sting of desire for the woodland creature, he longed to ride the mountainranging bull untamed. He pulled up long leafy shoots by a meadow deepset with rushes, and plaited a sort of whip from the fresh withies with sharper twigs, then bent and twisted some bundles into something like a bridle. He decked out the bull's body with fresh dewy leaves, wreathed red roses about his back, lifted lilies and daffodils over his brow and hung a ring of purple anemone on his neck ; he dipt his hands deep in the neighbouring river and brought up handfuls of yellow mud, to gild the two horns on either side. He laid a dappled skin over his backbone, and mounted the bull. He swung his makebelieve whip on the bull's flanks and flogged his mount as if he were a longmaned colt.

<sup>185</sup> Then he shouted boldly to the bullfaced Moon—

<sup>186</sup> " Give me best, Selene, horned driver of cattle !  
Now I am both—I have horns and I ride a bull ! "

<sup>188</sup> So he called out boasting to the round Moon. Selene looked with a jealous eye through the air, to see how Ampelos rode on the murderous marauding bull. She sent him a cattlechasing gadfly ; and the

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ἄστατα φοιτητῆρι δέμας κεχαραγμένος οἴστρω  
 δύσβατον ἀμφὶ τένοντα κατέτρεχεν εἴκελος ἵππῳ.

Καὶ νέος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἰδὼν λυσσώδει κέντρῳ  
 ἴχνος ἀερσιλόφοισιν ἐπιρρήσσοντα κολώναις, 195  
 ταρβαλέος πρὸ μόροιο γοήμονι λίσσεται φωνῇ·

“ Σήμερον ἴστασο, ταῦρε,

καὶ αὔριον ὠκύς ὀδεύσεις·

μὴ με κατακτείνεις ἐρημάδος ὑψόθι πέτρης,  
 πότμον ἐμὸν νήπυστον ὅπως μὴ Βάκχος ἀκούσῃ.  
 μὴ κοτέης, ὅτι, ταῦρε, τεῖν χρύσωσα κεραίην· 200

μὴ φθονέης, ὅτι Βάκχος ἐμὴν φιλότητα φυλάσσει.  
 εἰ δὲ κατακτείνεις με καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Διονύσου,  
 οὐδέ τις οἶκτος ἔχει σε γοήμονος ἠνιοχῆος,  
 ὅτι νέος γενόμεν, ὅτι καὶ φίλος εἰμὶ Λυαίου,  
 εἰς Σατύρους με κόμιζε

καὶ αὐτόθι, ταῦρε, δαμάσσεις, 205

ὄφρα τύχω μετὰ πότμον ἐρικλαύτοιο κονίης·  
 ναί, λίτομαι, φίλε ταῦρε· παραιφασίην δὲ νοήσω,  
 πότμον ἐμὸν στενάχοντος ἀδακρύτου Διονύσου.

εἰ τεὸν ἠνιοχῆα κερασφόρον ἠπεροπεύεις  
 εἴκελον εἶδος ἔχοντα τεῖν ταυρώπιδι μορφῇ, 210  
 γίνεο φωνῆεις καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον εἰπέ Λυαίῳ·  
 ταῦρε, τεῖς Δήμητρος ἀνάρσιε καὶ Διονύσου,  
 ἀχθυμένου Βρομίῳ συνάχυνται ὄμπνια Δηῶ.”

Τοῖον ἔπος ῥοδόεις νέος ἔννεπεν “Αἰδι γείτων  
 δύσμορος· αἰσσων δὲ ποδῶν διδυμάωνι χηλῇ 215  
 οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα δυσέμβατα λυσσαλέος βοῦς  
 ἠβητῆν προκάρηνον ἐὼν ἀπεσεῖσατο νώτων·  
 ἤριπε δ’ αὐτοκύλιστος· ἐπ’ ἀστραγάλου δὲ πεσόντος  
 λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζων ἐδιχάζετο δόχμιος αὐχὴν·  
 καὶ μιν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παλινδίνητον ἐλίξας 220  
 θηγαλέῃ γλαωχῖνι κατεπρήνιξε κεραίης.

bull, pricked continually all over by the sharp sting, galloped away like a horse through pathless tracts.

<sup>194</sup> The youth when he saw the untamed bull driven by these maddening stings to dash on and on over the highcrested hills, afraid of impending fate, made his prayer in mournful tones :

<sup>197</sup> " Stop for to-day, my bull, you shall have a quick run to-morrow ! Don't kill me high on these deserted rocks, or let me die so that Bacchos never hears of my fate ! Don't be angry that I gilded your horns, dear bull ; do not grudge that Bacchos keeps my love. But if you must kill me and flout Dionysos, if you have no pity for your sorrowful rider because I am young, because I am friend to Lyaaios, take me back to the Satyrs and you shall destroy me there, that when I am dead there I may have many tears on my ashes. Yes I beseech you, dearest Bull ! I shall feel consolation if unweeping Dionysos laments my death. If you are traitor to your horned rider, who has a shape like your bullfaced form, get a voice and tell my death to Lyaaios. O Bull—enemy of your Demeter and Dionysos both—when Bromios is grieved, bounteous Deo is grieved with him ! "

<sup>214</sup> So spoke the rosy boy, so near to Hades, unhappy one ! Up to the pathless tops of the mountain leapt the infuriated bull on his cloven hooves, and threw the youth headlong off his back. He fell on his head rolling in a hunched-up heap, and broke his bent neck with a little crack ; the bull bowled him over and over on the ground, and pinned him to the earth with the sharp point of his horn. He lay there

καὶ νέκυς ἦν ἀκάρηνος· ἀτυμβεύτιο δὲ νεκροῦ  
λευκὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας φοινίσσεται λύθρῳ.

Καὶ τις, ἰδὼν Σατύρων κεκοιμένον ὑψόθι γαίης  
Ἄμπελον ἡμερόεντα, δυσάγγελος ἤλυθε Βάκχῳ. 225  
καὶ θεὸς εἰσαΐων ταχύς ἔδραμεν εἵκελος αὔραις·  
οὐτόσον Ἡρακλῆς δρόμον ἤνυσεν, ὁππότε Νύμφαι  
ἄβρὸν Ὑλαν φθονεροῖσι κατεκρύψαντο ῥεέθροις  
νυμφίον ἱκμαλέη πεφυλαγμένον ἄρπαγι κούρη,  
ὡς τότε Βάκχος ὄρουσεν ὀρίδρομος· ἐν δὲ κονίη 230  
κείμενον ἔστεινε κοῦρον ἄτε ζῶοντα δοκεύων.  
καὶ μιν ἀνεχλαίνωσε τὸν ἄπνοον, ὑψόθεν ὤμου  
νεβρίδα καὶ ψυχροῖσιν ἐπὶ στέρνοισι καθάψας,  
καί, νέκυός περ ἑόντος, ἐδήσατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοισ·  
καὶ ῥόδα καὶ κρίνα πάσσε κατὰ χροός,

ἄμφι δὲ χαίταις, 235

οἷα μινυνθαδίοιο δεδουπότος ὀξεί κέντρῳ,  
ἄνθος ἀνηώρησε ταχυφθιμένης ἀνεμώνης·  
καὶ παλάμη πόρε θύρσον, ἐὼ δὲ μιν ἔσκεπε πέπλω  
πορφυρέῳ· καὶ δῶρον ἀκερσικόμοιο καρήνου  
πλοχμὸν ἓνα τμήξας ἐπεθήκατο μάρτυρι νεκρῶ 240  
λοίσθιον· ἀμβροσίην δὲ λαβὼν παρὰ μητέρι Ῥεΐη  
ὠτειλαῖς ἐπέχευεν, ὅθεν νέος εἶδος ἀμείψας  
ἀμβροσίην εὐδομον ἐῆ μετέθηκεν ὀπώρη.  
καὶ νέκυος χαρίεντος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο ταθέντος  
οὐ χλόος ἀμφεχύθη ῥοδόεν δέμας· ὠκυμόρου δὲ 245  
καὶ πλόκαμοι χαρίεντες ἐρωτοτόκοιο καρήνου  
αὔραις φειδομένησιν ἐπαιθύσσοντο προσώπῳ·  
ἦν δὲ τις ἡμερόεις κεκοιμένος. ἄμφι δὲ νεκρῶ  
Σειληνοὶ στενάχιζον, ἐπωδύροντο δὲ Βάκχοι.

<sup>a</sup> During the voyage of the Argonauts they landed at Cios. Hylas, Heracles' page, went to fetch water from a spring, but was drawn down into the water by the Naiads.



a headless corpse; his white body unburied was stained with ruddy gore.

<sup>224</sup> One of the Satyrs caught sight of lovely Ampelos lying in the dust on the ground, and brought the bad news to Bacchos. The god on hearing it ran there swift as the wind. Heracles made no such running, when the Nymphs had hidden dainty Hylas<sup>a</sup> in their envious waters, a bridegroom kept safely for the greedy watersprite, as Bacchos did then while he bounded over the mountain roads; he groaned when he saw the boy lying in the dust as if alive. He clothed the breathless body, laid a fawnskin over his shoulder and cold chest, put buskins on his feet though he was dead; he sprinkled roses and lilies upon his body, and hung a garland on his hair of the soonperishing anemone flowers, as for one fallen too early by a cruel blow. In his hand he placed a thyrsus, and covered him with his own purple robe; from his own uncut head he took one lock, and laid it on the body as a last gift and token. He brought ambrosia from Mother Rheia and poured it into the wounds,<sup>b</sup> whence Ampelos when he took his new shape<sup>c</sup> passed the fragrant ambrosia into his fruit.

<sup>244</sup> No pallor spread on the rosy skin of the charming body which lay there stretched on the ground. The charming curls of that head so lovely, of one who had died so young, strayed over his face as the gentle breezes blew. He was a ravishing sight even in the dust. Around the body the Seilenoi lamented, the Bacchoi<sup>d</sup> mourned. His beauty left him not although

<sup>b</sup> As Aphrodite did for dead Hector, Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 186.

<sup>c</sup> As a vine.

<sup>d</sup> Followers of Dionysos. As in many cults, worshipper and god tend to be identified.

οὐδέ ἐ κάλλος ἔλειπε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν· ὡς Σάτυρος δὲ 250  
 κεῖτο νέκυσ, γελώντι πανεῖκελος, οἶά περ αἰεὶ  
 χεῖλεσιν ἀφθόγγοισι χέων μελιηδέα φωνήν.

Καὶ νέκυν εἰσορόων κινυρὴν ἀνενεῖκατο φωνήν  
 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν·

“Μοιράων πεσέτω φθονερὸν λίνον·

ἢ ῥα καὶ αὐτοὶ 255

ταῦροι ἐπ’ ἠιθέοις ζηλήμονες ὡς περ ἀῆται;  
 τίς Ζέφυρος μετὰ Φοῖβον ἐπέχραε καὶ Διονύσω;  
 ὄλβιος ἔπλετο Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιος· ἠιθέου γὰρ  
 ἔλλαχεν οὖνομα τοῦτο· Θεραπναίου δὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ  
 φάρμακον ἠβητηῆρος ἐπώνυμον ἄνθος ἀεῖρει, 260  
 αἴλινον ἐν πετάλοισιν ἐπιγράψας ὑακίνθου·  
 ποῖον ἔχω πλοκάμοις καὶ ἐγὼ στέφος,

ἢ τίνα πάλλω

ἄνθεα φωνήεντα, παρήγορα παιδὸς ἀνίης;  
 ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήορος εἰς φόνον ἔλκων  
 ἄξομαι εἰς σέο τύμβον, ἄωριε, ταῦρον ἀλήτην. 265

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ βουπλήγι τεδὸν κτεῖνοίμι φονῆα,  
 ὄφρα λάχῃ μόρον ἴσον ἀρασσομένοιο μετώπου  
 ταύροις σφαζομένοισιν, ἀναρρήξαιμι δὲ πικρὴν  
 ταύρου γαστέρα πᾶσαν ἐμῆς γλωχῖνι κεραίης,  
 ὅττι τανυκραίρω σε κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῆ. 270

ὄλβιος Ἐννοσίγαιος, ἐπεὶ τίνα γείτονα πάτρης  
 παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Φρύγα κοῦρον ἐφίλατο, τὸν δὲ κομίζων  
 χρύσειον εἰς Διὸς οἶκον ἀνήγαγεν ἄστων Ὀλύμπου,  
 καὶ οἱ, ὅτε σπεύδεσκεν ἐς ἵπποσύνην Ἀφροδίτης,  
 ὤπασεν ἄβροχον ἄρμα γαμοστόλον Ἴπποδαμείης. 275

μοῦνος ἐγὼ νέον ἔσχον ἄωριον· ἡμερόεις γὰρ  
 Ἄμπελος οὐ γάμον εἶδε βιοσσόον, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ παστῶ

<sup>a</sup> i.e. “I wish the Moirai would stop spinning, if they can spin nothing better than this.”

he was dead. But like a Satyr the body lay, with a lifelike smile on his face, as if for ever he were pouring his honeysweet voice from those silent lips.

<sup>253</sup> Dionysos also uttered a voice of sorrow when he saw the body, nevermourning Dionysos with no smile now on his face :

<sup>255</sup> " Let the Fates drop their envious thread !<sup>a</sup> Are even bulls jealous of boys as the breezes are ? What Zephyros is this who has attacked Dionysos too after Apollo ?<sup>b</sup> Happy is Phoibos Atymnios !<sup>c</sup> —for he took that name from the boy. He consoles himself by making to rise the flower named after his Therapnaian youth, and scoring upon the iris-leaves the word Alas ! What garland have I on my hair ? What speaking petals do I also wave to comfort me in my sorrow for the boy ? But I will avenge your death, untimely dead, and drag to slaughter over your tomb that runaway bull. I will not fell your murderer with an axe, to let him share the lot of bulls killed with shattered skull ; but I will tear open all the bull's hateful belly with the point of my horn, because he mangled you with that long horny spike of his. Happy is Earthshaker !<sup>d</sup> He loved a Phrygian boy, a neighbour to my own boy's country, and he carried him to the golden house of Zeus and gave him a home in Olympos ; and when the boy was eager for the love-race with chariots, he lent his own unsinking car to honour Hippodameia's wedding.

<sup>276</sup> " I only have had a boy who died untimely. For lovely Ampelos knew no life-refreshing marriage ;

<sup>b</sup> See note on x. 253.

<sup>c</sup> See note on iii. 153.

<sup>d</sup> See x. 261. Cf. Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 247.

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νυμφιδίην νέος οὔτος ἐμὴν ἔζευξεν ἀπήνην,  
 ἀλλὰ θανῶν λίπε πένθος ἀπενθήτω Διονύσω.  
 οὐ πῶ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, τεὸν στόμα κάλλιπε Πειθῶ, 280  
 ἀλλὰ σέθεν φθιμένοιο καὶ ἄπνοα χεῖλεα ναίει·  
 καὶ νέκυός περ ἑόντος ἔτι στίλβουσι παρειαί,  
 ὀφθαλμοὶ γελῶσι καὶ εἰσέτι, διχθαδῆς δὲ  
 εἰσέτι σῆς παλάμης χιονώδεές εἰσιν ἀγοστοί,  
 σοὺς δ' ἔρατοὺς πλοκάμους λιγυροὶ δονέουσιν ἀῆται· 285  
 οὐ ρόσ' ὄσων μελέων θανατηφόρος ἔσβεσεν ὦρη,  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι σοι τάδε πάντα φυλάσσεται.

ὦμοι Ἐρώτων,

τί χρέος ἦν, ἵνα ταῦρον ἀμείλιχον ἠνιοχεύσης;  
 εἴ σε διεπτοίησεν ἀελλοπόδων πόθος ἵππων,  
 τίπτέ μοι οὐκ ἀγόρευες, ὅπως ἀπὸ γείτονος Ἰδῆς 290  
 ἐνθάδε δίφρον ἄγοιμι, καὶ ἀρχαίης ἀπὸ φύτλης  
 Τρώιον εἰς σὲ κόμιζον ἐπουρανίων γένος ἵππων  
 πατρίδα συλήσας Γανυμήδεος, ὃν τρέφεν Ἰδῆ  
 σοὶ δέμας ἴσον ἔχοντα, τὸν ἀνδροφόνων ἀπὸ ταύρων  
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐκούφισεν ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς· 295  
 εἰ ἔτεὸν μενείαινες ἐν οὔρεσι θῆρας ἐναίρειν,  
 τίπτέ μοι οὐ κατέλεξας, ὅτι χρέος ἔπλετο δίφρου;  
 καὶ κεν ἐμῆς ἤλαυνες ἀπήμονα κύκλον ἀπήνης,  
 καὶ κεν ἐμῆς ἄψαυστα δεδεγμένος ἠνία Ῥεῖης  
 μελιχίων ἀδόνητος ἐμάστιες ἄρμα δρακόντων. 300  
 οὐκέτι σὺν Σατύροισιν ἐποίνιον ὕμνον ἀεΐεις,  
 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι φιλοκροτάλοισι κελεύεις,  
 οὐκέτι θηρεύοντι συναγρώσσεις Διονύσω.  
 ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀΐδης πέλεν ἠπιος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νεκρῶ  
 δέχνυται ἀγλαὰ δῶρα βαθυπλούτοιο μετάλλου, 305  
 Ἄμπελον ὄφρα θανόντα πάλιν ζῶντα τελέσω·  
 ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀΐδης ποτὲ πείθεται· ἦν δ' ἐβελήση,

this youth never yoked my car for his ride to the bridal chamber: no, he died, and left grief for Dionysos who cannot grieve. Persuasion has not yet left your tongue, my well-loved boy, but although you are dead she abides on those breathless lips. Although you are dead, those cheeks are still bright with bloom, those eyes are laughing still, your arms and two hands are snowy-white, your lovely curls move in the whistling wind; the hour of death has not blanched the roses of your limbs—all these are preserved untouched.

<sup>287</sup> “Woe’s me for Love! What need was there for you to ride on a cruel bull? If some passion for stormfoot horses excited you, why did you not tell me? I could have brought you here a chariot from neighbouring Ida, and got you horses of the ancient heavenly breed of Tros<sup>a</sup>: I could have robbed the country of Ganymedes, who was bred on Ida and had beauty like yours—but Zeus saved him from man-murdering bulls, and flew into the heights carrying him with gentle claws. If you really wanted to kill wild beasts in the mountains, why did not you tell me that you had need of a car? You might have driven my rolling wagon without hurt; you might have held the untouchable reins of my Rheia, and flogged a team of tame dragons unstaggering!

<sup>301</sup> “You sing no longer your song with Satyrs over the wine; no longer you marshal the love-rattle Bassarids; no longer you go a-hunting with Dionysos on the chase. Alas, that Hades is never kind! and does not for a corpse accept any glorious gifts of rich metals, that I may make dead Ampelos alive once more. Alas, that Hades is inexorable! If he

<sup>a</sup> See Hom. *Il.* v. 266.

ὄλβον ὄλον στίλβοντα χαρίζομαι Ἐριδανοῖο  
 δένδρεα συλήσας ποταμῆμα, μαρμαρέην δὲ  
 ἄξομαι ἀστράπτουσιν Ἐρυθραίην λίθον Ἰνδῶν 310  
 ἀφνειῆς τ' Ἀλύβης ὄλον ἄργυρον, ἀντὶ δὲ νεκροῦ  
 παιδὸς ἐμοῦ χρύσειον ὄλον Πακτωλὸν ὀπάσσω."

Ὡς εἰπὼν στενάχιζε νέκυν γλυκύν· ἐν δὲ κονίῃ  
 κείμενον εἰσορόων πάλιν ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἰ φιλέεις με,

καὶ εἰ πόνον οἶδας ἐρώτων, 315

"Ἀμπελον αὐδῆεντα τίθει πάλιν εἰς μίαν ὄρην,  
 ὑστάτιον καὶ μῦνον ὅπως ἓνα μῦθον ἐνίψη·  
 'τί στενάχεις, Διόνυσε, τὸν οὐ στοναχῆσιν ἐγείρεις;  
 οὐατά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκούω,  
 ὄμματά μοι παρέασι, καὶ οὐ στενάχοντα δοκεύω· 320  
 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος, ἐμοὶ μὴ δάκρυα λείβης,  
 ἀλλὰ τεὸν λίπε πένθος, ἐπεὶ φονίῃ παρὰ πηγῇ  
 Νηιάδες στενάχουσι καὶ οὐ Νάρκισσος ἀκούει,  
 Ἑλιάδων Φαέθων κινυρῆν οὐκ οἶδεν ἀνίην·  
 ὦμοι, ὄτ' οὐ με φύτευσε πατήρ βροτόν,

ὄφρα κεν εἶην 325

σύννομος ἠιθέω καὶ ἐν Ἄιδι, μηδ' ἐνὶ Λήθῃ  
 Ἀμπελον ἡμερόεντα δεδουπότα μῦνον εἶασω.  
 εἰς πόθον ἠιθέοιο μακάρτερός ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων  
 οὐνομα παιδὸς ἔχων πεφιλημένον· αἶθε καὶ αὐτὸς  
 εἶην Ἀμπελόεις, Ἰακίνθιος ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων. 330  
 ὑπνώεις τέο μέχρι, καὶ οὐκέτι, κούρε, χορεύεις;  
 εἰς προχοᾶς ποταμοῖο τί σήμερον οὐκέτι βαίνεις  
 κάλπιν ἔχων εὐδρον; ὄρεσσαύλω δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ  
 ἠθάδος ὄρχηθμοῖο τεῆ πάλιν ἤλυθεν ὄρη.  
 εἰ κοτέεις, φίλε κούρε, ποθοβλήτω Διονύσω, 335

<sup>a</sup> Amber: see above, 33. Here Eridanos suggests the Rhine.

will consent, I rob the trees by river Eridanos and present him with all their gleaming wealth <sup>a</sup>; I will bring him the flashing Erythraian stone of the Indies, <sup>b</sup> and all the silver of rich Alybe <sup>c</sup>—I will give him all golden Pactolos for my dead boy.”

<sup>313</sup> So he lamented his beloved dead; and looking again upon him as he lay in the dust he cried again to Zeus with mournful voice:

<sup>315</sup> “Father Zeus! If you love me, and if you know the trouble of love, give speech again to Ampelos only for one hour, that he may only speak once more to me for the last time and say—‘Why do you sigh for me, Dionysos, when no sighing will wake me? Ears I have, but I hear not the caller; eyes I have, but I see not him that sighs. Dionysos never-mourning, shed no tear over me. Nay, leave your mourning; the Naiads may sigh by that fountain of death, but Narcissos hears not; Phaëthon knows not the sorrowful pains of the Heliads.’

<sup>325</sup> “Alas, that my father begat me not a mortal, that I might be playfellow with my boy even in Hades, that I might not leave Ampelos my darling to fall in Lethe alone! Apollo is more blest in the youth he loved that he bears the boy’s beloved name; O that also I might be Ampeloian, as Apollo is Hyacinthian! <sup>d</sup> How long will you sleep, my dear? Not dancing any longer? Why do not you go to-day to the river stream with a fine pitcher to fill with water? The time has come round again for your familiar dance in the woodland glade. If you are angry with lovestricken Dionysos, darling boy,

<sup>b</sup> Pearls of the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, probably.

<sup>c</sup> Cf. above, 36.

<sup>d</sup> Not, apparently, in cult, but doubtless in poetical use.

## NONNOS

φθέγγεο Σειληνοῖσιν, ὅπως σέο μῦθον ἀκούσω.  
 εἴ σε λέων ἐδάμασσεν, ἐγὼ ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσω,  
 πάντας, ὅσους Τμῶλοιο φέρει λέπας, οὐδὲ λεόντων  
 ῥείης ἡμετέρης ποτὲ φείσομαι, ἀλλὰ δαμάσσω,  
 εἰ βλοσυραῖς γενύεσσι τεοὶ γεγάασι φονῆες. 340

πόρδαλις εἰ πρήνιξε τεὸν δέμας, ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,  
 οὐκέτι πορδαλίων δέμας αἰόλον ἠνιοχεύσω.  
 ἄλλοι θῆρες ἔασιν, ὅλης δ' ἐπιήρανος ἄγρης  
 Ἀρτεμις ἐξ ἐλάφων κεραελκέα δίφρον ἐλαύνει.  
 νεβρίδα πέπλον ἔχων ἐποχήσομαι ἄρματι νεβρῶν. 345

εἴ σε σύες κατέπεφνον ἀναιδέες, εἰν ἐνὶ μάρψας  
 πάντας ἐγὼ κτείνοιμι, καὶ οὐχ ἓνα μῦνον ἐάσω  
 κάπρον ἔτι ζῶοντα λελειμμένον ἰοχεαίρη.  
 εἰ δέ σε ταῦρος ἔπεφνεν ἀτάσθαλος, ὄξει θύρσω  
 ταυρείην προθέλυμνον αἰστώσαιμι γενέθλην." 350

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐστενάχιζεν. Ἐρως δέ οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἔστη  
 Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο φέρων κεραελκέα μορφήν,  
 θύρσον ἔχων, καὶ στικτὸν ἐπὶ χροῖ δέρμα καθάψας  
 γηροκόμῳ νάρθηκι δέμας στηρίζετο βάκτρῳ.  
 καὶ Βρομίῳ γοόωντι παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν. 355

“ Ἄλλῳ λῦσον ἔρωτι τεῶν σπινθῆρας ἐρώτων  
 εἰς νέον ἤβητῆρα μετάρτροπον οἴστρον ἀμείψας,  
 λησάμενος φθιμένοιο· παλαιότεροιο γὰρ αἰεὶ  
 φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἔρωτος ἔρως νέος· οὐ γὰρ ὀλέσσαι  
 ὁ χρόνος οἶδεν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ μάθε πάντα καλύπτειν. 360  
 εἰ δὲ τεῆς ἐθέλεις ὀδυνήφατον ἄλκαρ ἀνίης,  
 φέρτερον ἄμφεπε παῖδα·

πόθος πόθον οἶδε μαραίνειν.  
 καὶ Ζέφυρον κλονέεσκε Λάκων νέος· ἀλλὰ θανόντος  
 ἠβητῆν Κυπάρισσον ἰδὼν ἐρατεινὸς Ἀήτης

\* Hyacinthos, called also indifferently of Amyclai and Therapnai.



speak to the Seilenoi that I may just hear your voice.

<sup>337</sup> " If a lion killed you, I will destroy them all, yes all that the slopes of Tmolos hold; I will not spare the lions of my own Rheia, but I will kill them, if they were your murderers with their grim jaws. If a panther brought you down, you flower of love! I will no longer drive my speckled team of panthers; there are other wild beasts, and Artemis sovran of all creatures drives an antlered car drawn by stags. I will wear a fawnskin and drive a team of fawns. If merciless boars have killed you, I will grasp all together and kill them, and not one boar will I leave alive for the Archeress. If a presumptuous bull killed you, with the point of my thyrsus I will annihilate the whole generation of bulls root and branch."

<sup>351</sup> So he lamented. But Eros came near in the horned shape of a shaggy Seilenos, holding a thyrsus, with a dappled skin draped upon him, as he supported his frame on a fennel stalk, for a staff the old man's friend; and he spoke comfortable words to groaning Bacchos:

<sup>356</sup> " Let loose on another love the sparks of this love of yours; turn the sting upon another youth in exchange, and forget the dead. For new love is ever the physic for older love, since old time knows not how to destroy love even if he has learnt to hide all things. If you need a painhealing medicine for your trouble, court a better boy: fancy can wither fancy. A young Laconian<sup>a</sup> shook Zephyros; but he died, and the amorous Wind found young Cyparissos<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> A boy who turned into and gave his name to the cypress-tree; for the various accounts of his love-affairs, see Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 285 n. 73.

εὔρεν Ἀμυκλαίοιο παραιφασίην Ὑακίνθου. 365  
 ἦν ἐθέλης, ἐρέεινε φυτηκόμον· ἐν δαπέδῳ γὰρ  
 κείμενον ἀθρήσας κεκοιμημένον ἄνθος ἀροτρεὺς  
 φάρμακον ὄλλυμένοιῳ νεώτερον ἄλλο φυτεύει.  
 κλύθι, παλαιγενέων μερόπων ἵνα μῦθον ἐνίψω·  
 ἄβρὸς ἔην ποτὲ κοῦρος, ὑπέρτερος ἤλικος ἤβης, 370  
 Μαιάνδρου παρὰ χεῦμα πολυσχιδέος ποταμοῖο,  
 εἶδει λεπταλέῳ ταναός, πόδας ὄξυς, ἐθείρας  
 ἰθυτενῆς, ἀνίουλος· ἐπ' ἀμφοτέραις δὲ παρειαῖς  
 αὐτοφυῆς Χάρις ἦεν ἐπισκαίρουσα προσώπῳ  
 ὄμμασιν αἰδομένοισιν, ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δὲ οἱ αἰεὶ 375  
 κάλλος οἰστεύοντος ἐκηβόλος ἔρρεεν αἶγλη·  
 καὶ δέμας εἶχε γάλακτι πανεῖκελον, ἀμφὶ δὲ λευκῶ  
 ἀκροφανὲς πόρφυρε ρόδον διδυμόχροϊ πυρσῶ.  
 τὸν Κάλαμον καλέεσκε πατὴρ φίλος, ὃς διὰ γαίης  
 νειόθι κυμαίνων σκολιὸν ρόον εἰς φάος ἔλκων, 380  
 ἐρπύζων δ' αἰδηλος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λοξὸς ὀδίτης,  
 ὄξυς ἀναθρώσκων ὑπερίσχεται αὐχένα γαίης,  
 ἐνδόμυχος Μαίανδρος ἄγων ὑποκόλπιον ὕδωρ.  
 τοῖος ἔην ἐρόεις Κάλαμος ταχύς. ἠΐθεος δὲ  
 ἱμερτῶ ροδόπηχυσ ὀμήλικι τέρπετο Καρπῶ, 385  
 ὃς τόσον ἔλλαχε κάλλος, ὃ μὴ βροτὸς ἔλλαχεν ἀνήρ·  
 εἰ γὰρ ἔην νέος οὗτος ἐπὶ προτέρων ποτὲ φωτῶν,  
 καὶ κεν ἐυσμήριγγος ἐγίνετο νυμφίος Ἑοῦς,  
 φέρτερον εἶδος ἔχων, ροδέῳ χροῖ μῦνος ἐλέγξας  
 ἀγλαῖην Κεφάλαιο καὶ Ὠρίωνος ὀπωπὴν· 390  
 οὐδέ κεν εὐκάρπῳ παλάμῃ πηχύνατο Δηῶ  
 νυμφίον Ἰασίωνα, καὶ Ἐνδυμῖωνα Σελήνη·  
 ἀλλὰ νέος τάχα κείνος ἀρείονος εἶνεκα μορφῆς  
 εἰς πόσις ἀμφοτέρων νυμφεύσατο λέκτρα θεάων,

<sup>a</sup> Probably not old at all. The only other author who has heard of Calamos and Carpos is Servius (on Virg. *Ecl.* v. 48).

a consolation for Amyclaiian Hyacinthos. Ask the gardener, if you like; when a countryman sees a flower on the ground lying in the dust, he plants another new one to comfort him for the dead one.

<sup>369</sup> " Listen while I tell you a story of the men of old.<sup>a</sup> There was a dainty boy, superior to all his yearsmates, who lived beside the stream of Maiandros, that manybranching river. Tall and delicate he was, swift of foot, with long straight hair, no down on his chin; on both cheeks was a natural grace playing over his face with its modest eyes; a farshooting radiance ever flowed from his eyelids and his arrows of beauty. He had skin all like milk, but over the white the rose showed upon the surface, two glowing colours together. His own father called him Calamos: his father Maiandros, lurking in the secret places with his water in the lap of earth—who rolls deep through the earth and drags his crooked stream towards the light, crawling unseen and travelling slantwise underground, until he leaps up quickly and lifts his neck above the ground.

<sup>384</sup> " Such was lovely Calamos, the quick one. The rosy-armed youth was fond of a charming playfellow Carpos, who had such beauty for his lot as mortal man never had. For if this youth had lived in the older generations, he would have been bridegroom of Eos Fairtress; since he shone lovelier than Cephalos, was handsomer of face than Orion,<sup>b</sup> he alone outdid them with his rosy skin. Deo would not have embraced Iasion as bridegroom with her fruitful arm,<sup>c</sup> nor Selene Endymion.<sup>d</sup> No—this youth with his nobler beauty would soon have espoused both

<sup>b</sup> Cf. note on iv. 194.

<sup>c</sup> See Hom. *Od.* v. 125

<sup>d</sup> Cf. note on iv. 222.

NONNOS

Δηοῦς ξανθοκόμου μεθέπων πολυλήιον εὐνήν, 395  
 καὶ ξυνήν ὁμόλεκτρον ἔχων ζηλήμονα Μήνην.  
 τοῖος ἔην ἐρόεις Καλάμῳ φίλος, ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,  
 κάλλος ἔχων· ἄμφω δὲ συνήλικες ὑψόθεν ὄχθης  
 γείτονος ἐψιόωντο πολυγνάμπτου ποταμοῖο.  
 τοῖσι μὲν ἔσκε διάυλος ἔλιξ δρόμος,

ἄμφοτέροις δὲ 400  
 ἦεν ἔρις· Κάλαμος μὲν ἐπέτρεχεν εἵκελος αὔραις,  
 καὶ πτελέην βαλβίδα φέρων καὶ νύσσαν ἐλαίην  
 ἠίονας ποταμοῖο διέδραμεν ἄκρον ἀπ' ἄκρου . . .

καὶ Κάλαμος ταχύγουνος ἐκούσιος ἤριπε γαίῃ,  
 καὶ Καρπῶ χαρίεντι θελήμονα κάλλιπε νίκην. 405  
 παιδὶ δὲ λουομένῳ συνελούετο κοῦρος ἀθύρων,  
 καὶ πάλιν εἵκελον ἄλλον ἐν ὕδασι εἶχον ἀγῶνα,  
 καὶ βραδὺς ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐνήχετο Καρπὸν ἐάσας  
 πρόσθε μολεῖν,

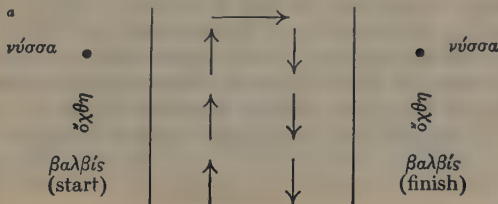
ἵνα χερσὶν ὀπίστερος οἴδματα τέμνων  
 Καρποῦ νηχομένοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ δεύτερος ἔλθη 410  
 ἠιθέου προθέοντος ἐλεύθερα νῶτα δοκεύων.

καὶ διερῆς βαλβίδος ἔην δρόμος· ἤρισαν ἄμφω,  
 τίς τίνα νικήσειεν, ὅπως παλινόστιμος ἔλθη  
 ὄχθης ἀμφοτέρης διδυμάονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων  
 γαῖαν ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρεσσομένων παλαμῶν· 415  
 καὶ προχοὴν ὁδὸν εἶχεν· αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἰκάνων

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goddesses, one husband for two : he would have taken on the couch of Goldilocks Deo rich in harvests, he would have had beside him also the jealous Mene. Such was the charming friend of Calamos, the flower of love, a real beauty : both comrades of one age were playfellows on the bank of that river of many windings hard by.

<sup>400</sup> " They had a double racecourse, winding out and back, and there they held races. Calamos ran like the wind. He set an elm for starting-point and an olive-tree for turning-point, and ran from point to point on the edges of the river—but nimbleknee Calamos fell on purpose, and left the victory to charming Carpos of his own will. When the boy bathed, the lad bathed and played with him. Again they had another race in the water like the first ; Calamos swam slowly in the current and let Carpos go ahead, that he might cut the flood paddling behind and come in second beside the ankles of swimming Carpos, while he watched the free shoulders of the lad in front. The race began from its watery starting-point ; the match was, which could beat which to swim there and back while their hands paddled them, passing round at the turning-points on each bank, first one, then crossing to the other side.<sup>a</sup> The flowing water was their way ; Calamos



κούρος ἐπειγομένης παλάμης πεφιδημένος ὄρμῆς  
 νηχομένων σκοπίαζε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα χειρῶν·  
 καὶ Κάλαμος προκέλευθος εἶν ἀνεσεύρασεν ὄρμῆν,  
 ἠιθέω δ' ὑπόειξε· καὶ ἔδραμε χεῖρας ἐρέσσω 420  
 κούρος ἀελλήεις, ὑπὲρ οἴδματος αὐχένα τείνων·  
 καὶ νύ κεν ἐκ ῥοθίων ἐπεβήσατο Καρπὸς ἀρούρης,  
 καὶ μετὰ χερσαίην ποταμηίδα δύσατο νίκην,  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἀήτης,  
 καὶ γλυκὺν ἔκτανε κούρον ἀμειλιχος· ἠιθέου γὰρ 425  
 οἰγομένω νήριθμον ὕδωρ ἐπεσύρετο λαιμῶ.  
 καὶ Κάλαμος φθονεροῖο φυγῶν ἀνέμοιο θυέλλας  
 ἔκτοθεν ἠβητῆρος ἐδύσατο γείτονας ἀκτάς·  
 καὶ φίλον οὐ παρεόντα καὶ οὐκ αἰόντα νοήσας  
 ἱμερόεν στενάχων κινυρῆ βρυχήσατο φωνῆ· 430  
 Ἐννιαδες, φθέγξασθε, τίς ἤρπασε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης;  
 ναί, λίτομαι, πυμάτην δότε μοι χάριν, ἔλθετε πηγῆν  
 εἰς ἐτέρην, καὶ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ θανατηφόρον ὕδωρ  
 φεύγετε, μηδὲ πῖητε ῥόον Καρποῖο φονῆα.  
 οὐ μὲν ἐμὸς γενέτης νέον ἔκτανεν· ἀλλὰ μεγαίρων 435  
 καὶ Καλάμω μετὰ Φοῖβον ἀπώλεσε Καρπὸν Ἀήτης,  
 καὶ τάχα μιν ποθέων ζηλήμονι τύψεν ἀέλλη,  
 ἠιθέω μετὰ δίσκον ἄγων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην.  
 οὐ πω ἐμὸς προχοῆσι λελουμένος ἄνθορον ἀστήρ,  
 οὐ πω ἐμὸς σελάγιζεν Ἐωσφόρος· ἀλλὰ ῥεέθροις 440  
 Καρποῦ δυομένοιο, τί μοι φάος εἰσέτι λεύσσειν;  
 Νηιάδες, φθέγξασθε, τίς ἔσβεσε φέγγος Ἐρώτων; 442  
 δηθύνεις ἔτι, κούρε; τί σοι τόσον εὐΐαδεν ὕδωρ; 446  
 κρείσσονα μὴ φίλον εὔρες ἐν ὕδασι, τῶ παραμίνων  
 δειλαίου Καλάμοιο πόθους ἔρριψας ἀήταις;  
 εἰ μία Νηιάδων σε δυσίμερος ἤρπασε Νύμφη,

<sup>a</sup> See note on iii. 153.

kept close beside his friend as they swam, watching his rosy fingers and sparing the vigour of his own moving hand. Calamos again in the lead checked his speed and gave way to his young friend; the boy handpaddled storming along, and lifting his neck above the water. And now Carpos would have got out of the waves, and safe on the shore would have won the river-race as he won the land-race, but a wind beat full in his face and drove a great wave into his open mouth, and drowned the dear boy without pity.

<sup>427</sup> “ Calamos avoided the blasts of the jealous wind, and made the nearest shore without his friend. He could neither see him nor get any answer to his cries, so full of love he called out in a lamentable voice :

<sup>431</sup> “ ‘ Speak, Naiads ! What Wind has caught up Carpos ? Yes, I pray, grant me this last grace—go to another fountain, leave my father’s fatal water, drink not of the stream which murdered Carpos ! My father never killed the boy ! That wind had a grudge against Calamos after Phoibos,<sup>a</sup> and he killed Carpos ; no doubt he desired him and struck him with a jealous gale—first the quoit, then for this youth the counterblast ! My star sank in the stream and has not yet risen, my Phosphoros has not yet shone again ! Carpos is drowned in the river, and what care I to see the light any longer ?

<sup>442</sup> “ ‘ Speak, Naiads ! Who has quenched the light of love ? How long you are, my boy ! Why do you like the water so much ? Can you have found a better friend in the water, have you thrown to the winds the love of poor Calamos that you may stay with him ? If one nymph of the Naiads enamoured

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ἔννεπε, καὶ πάσῃσι κορύσσομαι· εἰ δέ σε τέρπει 450  
 γνωτῆς ἡμετέρης γαμίων ὑμέναιος Ἐρώτων,  
 εἶπέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσιν ἐγὼ σέο παστὸν ἀνάψω.  
 Καρπέ, παραπλώεις με λελασμένος ἠθάδος ὄχθης;  
 κάμνον ἐγὼ καλέων σε, καὶ οὐ βοόωντος ἀκούεις.  
 εἰ Νότος, εἰ θρασὺς Εὐρος ἐπέπνεεν, αὐτὸς ἀλάσθω 455  
 νηλειῆς ἀχόρευτος, ἀτάσθαλος ἐχθρὸς Ἐρώτων·  
 εἰ Βορέης σε δάμασσεν, ἐς Ὠρείθυιαν ἰκάνω.  
 εἰ δέ σε κῦμα κάλυψε καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο μορφῆν,  
 καὶ σε πατὴρ ἐμὸς εἶλεν ἀφειδέϊ κύματος ὀλκῶ,  
 ὕδασιν ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἐὼν καὶ παῖδα δεχέσθω, 460  
 καὶ Κάλαμον κρύψειεν ὀλωλότος ἐγγύθι Καρποῦ.  
 ἀλλὰ πεσὼν προκάρηνος, ὄπη θάνε Καρπὸς ἀλήτης,  
 σβέσσω θερμὸν ἔρωτα πίων Ἀχερούσιον ὕδωρ.  
 εἶπεν ἀναβλύζων βλεφάρων ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶ  
 κυανέην πλοκαμίδα κατηφέϊ τάμνε σιδήρῳ, 465  
 ἦν τρέφεν, ἦν κομέεσκε, καὶ ὄρεγε πενθάδα χαιίτην  
 Μαιάνδρω γενετῆρι, καὶ ὑστατίην φάτο φωνήν·  
 ‘δέξο μετὰ πλοκάμους καὶ ἐμὸν δέμας·

οὐ δύναμαι γὰρ  
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἰδεῖν φάος ἔκτοθι Καρποῦ·  
 Καρπῶ καὶ Καλάμῳ βιοτῆ μία, καὶ λάχον ἄμφω 470  
 εἵκελον οἴστρον Ἐρωτος ἐπὶ χθονός· ὕδατόεις δὲ  
 εἰς μόρος ἀμφοτέροισι καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι γενέσθω.  
 τεύξατε, Νηιάδες, ποταμηίδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης  
 ἄκριτον ἀμφοτέροισι κενήριον, ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβῳ  
 γράμμασι πενθαλέοισιν ἔπος κεχαραγμένον ἔστω· 475  
 “Καρποῦ καὶ Καλάμοιο πέλω τάφος,  
 οὓς πάρος ἄμφω  
 ἀλλήλους ποθέοντας ἀμείλιχον ἔκτανεν ὕδωρ.” 477

<sup>a</sup> Cyanea : Ovid, *Met.* ix. 451.



has carried you off, tell me, and I will make war on them all! If wedded love is your pleasure, and you want my sister for a wife,<sup>a</sup> do but say so and I will build you a bridechamber in the stream. Have you passed me, Carpos, forgetting the familiar shore? I have shouted till I am tired, and you do not hear my call. If Notos blew on you, if bold Euros, let him go off wandering without dances by himself, the barbarous enemy of love! If Boreas overwhelmed you, I will go to Oreithyia.<sup>b</sup> If the wave covered you and had no pity for your beauty, if my father carried you off in the merciless rush of his wave, let him receive his son also in those manslaying waters, let him hide Calamos near to dead Carpos. Where Carpos wandered and died, I will fall headlong, I will quench my burning love with a draught of water from Acheron.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>463</sup> "So he spoke, with streams bubbling from his eyes. To honour the dead he cut with sorrowful steel a dark lock of his hair, long cherished and kept, and holding out this mourning tress to Maiandros his father, he said these last words:

<sup>468</sup> "Accept this hair, and then my body; for I cannot see the light for one later dawn without Carpos. Carpos and Calamos had one life, and both felt a like ardour of love on the earth: let there be one watery death for both together in the same stream. Build on the river bank, ye Naiads, one empty barrow for both, and on the tombstone let this verse be engraved in letters of mourning: "I am the grave of Carpos and Calamos, a pair of lovers, whom the pitiless water slew in days of yore." Cut

<sup>b</sup> Wife of Boreas, Apollodorus iii. 199.

<sup>c</sup> The River of Woe in Hades.

- καὶ Καλάμῳ δυσέρωτι, κασιγνήτῳ περ ἔοντι, 443  
 βαιὸν ἓνα θνήσκοντι δαΐξατε βότρυν ἐθείρης,  
 καὶ πλοκάμους ξύμπαντας ὀλωλότι κείρατε Καρπῶ.' 445  
 εἶπε, καὶ αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ρεέθρῳ 478  
 πατρὸς ἀναινομένοιο πίων παιδοκτόνον ὕδωρ.  
 καὶ Κάλαμος καλάμοισιν ἐπώνυμον ὥπασε μορφήν 480  
 ἰσοφυῆ, καὶ Καρπὸς ἀέξετο καρπὸς ἀρούρης."'  
 Τοῖα παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ  
 θούρος Ἔρωσ, γλυκὺ κέντρον ἐλαφρίζων Διονύσω.  
 Καὶ κινυρῆ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἱμάσσετο θυμὸν ἀνίη  
 ἠθέου διὰ πότμον ἁώριον.—ἀσταθείος δὲ 485  
 θυγατέρες Λυκάβαντος, ἀελλοπόδοιο τοκῆος,  
 εἰς δόμον Ἥελιοιο ῥοδώπιδες ἦιον Ὀρραι  
 ὧν ἡ μὲν νιφόμεντι κατάσκιον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ  
 λεπταλέον πέμπουσα κελαινεφέος σέλας αἴγλης 490  
 ψυχρὰ χαλαζήεντι συνήρμωσε ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ,  
 καὶ διερωῶ πλοκαμίδας ἐπισφίγξασα καρήνῳ  
 ὄμβροτόκον κρήδεμνον ἐπεσφήκωσε μετώπῳ,  
 καὶ χλοερὸν στέφος εἶχε καρῆατι, χιονέη δὲ  
 στήθεα παχνήεντα κατέσκεπε λευκάδι μίτρη·  
 ἡ δὲ χελιδονίων ἀνέμων τερψίμβροτον αὔρην 495  
 ἔπτυε φυσιόωσα, φιλοζεφύρου δὲ καρῆνου  
 εἰαρινὴν δροσόεντι κόμην μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ,  
 ἀνθεμόεν γελόωσα, διαιθύσσουσα δὲ πέπλου  
 ὄρθριον οἶγομένοιο ῥόδου δολιχόσκιον ὄδμην  
 διπλόον ἔπλεκε κῶμον Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείη· 500

\* An old word which I have translated literally, lichtgang or leetgang. It occurs in a traditional verse embodied in Hom. *Od.* xiv. 161, xix. 306. It may mean day, month or year; the meaning month suits Homer, but it was taken for year generally in antiquity, although Dion of Prusa interprets it as month, vii. 84, following some Homeric commentators.

off just one small tress of your hair for Calamos too, your own dying brother so unhappy in love, and for Carpos cut all the hair of your heads.'

<sup>478</sup> " With these words, he threw himself into the river and sank, as he swallowed the sonslaying water of an unwilling father. Then Calamos gave his form to the reeds which took his name and like substance ; and Carpos grew up as the fruit of the earth."

<sup>482</sup> So stormy Eros comforted Dionysos with gentle friendly words, and softened the sweet pangs.

<sup>484</sup> But the spirit of Bacchos was scourged yet more with sorrowful care for the lad's untimely death.— And the rosycheek Seasons, daughters of the restless lichtgang <sup>a</sup> their stormfoot father, made haste to the house of Helios. One <sup>b</sup> wore a snowy veil shadowing her face, and sent forth a gleam of subtle light through black clouds ; her feet were fitted with chilly hailstone shoes. She had bound her braids about her watery head, and fastened across her brow a rain-producing veil, with an evergreen garland on her head and a white circlet of snow covering her frost-rimed breast.

<sup>495</sup> Another <sup>c</sup> puffed out from her lips the swallow-wind's breath which gives joy to mortal men, having banded the spring-time tresses of her zephyrloving head with a fresh dewy coronet, while she laughed like a flower, and fanned through her robe far abroad the fragrance of the opening rose <sup>d</sup> at dawn. So she wove the merry dance for Adonis <sup>e</sup> and Cythereia together.

<sup>b</sup> Winter. That there are four seasons is a mark of late date, though the number was established long before Nonnos.

<sup>c</sup> The West Wind, which blows in spring when the swallows return from the south.

<sup>d</sup> The rose may bloom as early as March in Mediterranean countries.

• His festival was in spring.

## NONNOS

ἄλλη ἅμα γνωτῆσι θαλυσιὰς ἔστιχεν ὦρη,  
 καὶ στάχυν ἀκροκόμοισι περιφρίσσοντα κορύμβοις  
 δεξιτερῇ κούφιζε καὶ ὀξυτόμου γένυν ἄρπης  
 ἄγγελον ἀμητοῖο, δέμας δ' ἐσφίγγετο κούρη  
 ἀργενναῖς ὀθόνησιν, ἐλισσομένης δὲ χορείῃ 505  
 φαίνεται λεπταλέοιο δι' εἵματος ὄργια μηρῶν,  
 καὶ νοτεροὺς ἰδρῶτας ἀνιεμένοιο προσώπου  
 θερμότερῳ Φαέθοντι καθικμαίνοντο παρειαί·  
 ἄλλη δ' εὐαρότοιο προηγῆτειρα χορείης  
 θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα λιπότριχι δῆσατο κόρση 510  
 ἑπταπόρου ποταμοῖο διάβροχον ὕδασι Νείλου,  
 καὶ ψεδνήν μεθέπουσα μαραινομένην τρίχα κόρσης  
 καρφαλέον δέμας εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ φθινοπωρὶς εὐῶσα  
 φυλλοχόοις ἀνέμοις ἀπεκείρατο δενδράδα χαίτην·  
 οὐ πῶ γὰρ χρυσέων ἐλίκων πλεκτοῖσι κορύμβοις 515  
 βότρυες ἀμπελόεντες ἐπέρρεον αὐχένι νύμφης,  
 οὐδέ μιν οἰνωθεῖσα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῶ  
 πορφυρέης ἐμέθυσε Μαρωνίδος ἰκμὰς ἑέρσης,  
 οὐδέ παλινδίνητος ἀνέδραμε κισσὸς ἀλήτης·  
 ἀλλὰ τότε χρόνος ἦλθε μεμορμένος, οὗ χάριν αὐταὶ 520  
 εἰς δόμον Ἡελίοιο συνήλυδες ἔδραμον ὦραι.

<sup>a</sup> Summer. The main crops are reaped about June or July.

## DIONYSIACA, XI. 501-521

<sup>501</sup> Another, the harvest-home Season,<sup>a</sup> came with her Sisters. In her right hand she held a head of corn with grains clustering on the top, and a sickle with sharpcutting blade, forecrier of harvest; her maiden form was wrapt in linen shining white, and as she wheeled in the dance the fine texture showed the secrets of her thighs, while in a hotter sun the cheeks of her drooping face were damp with dewy sweat.

<sup>509</sup> Another <sup>■</sup> leading the dance for an easy plowing, had bound about her hairless temple shoots of olive drenched with the waters of sevenstream Nile.<sup>c</sup> Scanty and withering was the hair by her temples, dry was her body; for she is fruitpining Autumn, who shears off the foliage from the trees with scatter-leaf winds. For there were no vinebranches yet, trailing about the nymph's neck with tangled clusters of golden curls; not yet was she drunken with purple Maronian <sup>d</sup> juice beside the neatswilling winepress; not yet had the ivy run up with wild intertwining tendrils. But then the fated time had come, which had brought the Seasons running together to the house of Helios.

<sup>b</sup> Autumn. The plowing for the winter wheat, and other crops, is done then, and is the chief plowing of the year.

<sup>c</sup> By then in flood.

<sup>d</sup> See 121 above. The vintage comes after harvest, in early autumn.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΔΩΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Δωδεκάτω φρένα τέρψον, ὅπη νέον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων  
Ἄμπελος εἶδος ἀνήκεν ἐς ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην.

Ὡς αἱ μὲν δυτικοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσιν Ὠκεανοῖο  
Ἡελίου γονόεντος ἐναυτίλλοντο μελάθροις.  
τῆσι δὲ νισσομένῃσι συνήντεεν Ἑσπερος ἀστήρ  
θρώσκων ἐκ μεγάροιο· διεσσυμένη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ  
ἄρτιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη.  
αἱ δὲ φερεζῶοιο παρ' ὄμμασιν Ἡνιοχῆος  
κάρπιμον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν.

ὁ μὲν δρόμον ἄρτι τελέσσας  
ἠερόθεν νόστησε· πυριγλήνου δ' ἐλατῆρος  
Φωσφόρος αἰγλήεις τετράζυγος ἐγγύθι δίφρου  
θήκατο θερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἀστερόεσσαν ἰμάσθλην, 10  
γείτονος Ὠκεανοῖο παρὰ προχοῆσι καθήρας  
μυδαλέων ἰδρῶτι πυριτρεφέντων δέμας ἵππων·  
πῶλοι δ' αὐχενίας νοτερὰς δονέοντες ἐθείρας  
μαρμαρείοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐπέκτυπον αἶθοπι φάτνη.  
θυγατέρες δὲ Χρόνοιο πέριξ φλογεροῖο θοώκου 15  
ἰπτάμεναι<sup>1</sup> στεφανηδὸν ἀτειρέος Ἡνιοχῆος  
τέσσαρας ἠσπάζοντο δώδεκα κυκλάδες Ὠραι,  
δμωίδες Ἡελίοιο, συνήλυδες αἶθοπι δίφρω,

<sup>1</sup> θυγατέρες . . . ἰπτάμεναι MSS., θυγάτερας . . . ἰπταμέναι  
Ludwich.

## BOOK XII

With the twelfth, delight your heart, where Ampelos has shot up his own shape, a new flower of love, into the fruit of the vine.

So these by the brows of western Oceanos took ship for the mansion of Helios their father. As they approached, Hesperos the Evening Star leapt up and went out of the hall to meet them. Selene herself also darted out newrisen, showing her light as she drove her cattle.

<sup>6</sup> The Sisters at the sight of the lifegiving Charioteer stayed their fruitful step. He had just finished his course and come down from the sky. Bright Phosphoros was ready for the fire-eyed driver, near his chariot and four. He put away the hot yokestraps and starry whip, and washed in the neighbouring Ocean stream the bodies of the firefed horses wet with sweat. The colts shook the dripping manes on their necks, and stamped with sparkling hooves the shining mangertrough. The four were greeted by the twelve circling Hours,<sup>a</sup> daughters of Time, tripping round the fiery throne of the untiring Charioteer in a ring, servants of Helios that attend

<sup>a</sup> Here *ῥῆται* is hours of the day; in the last book and *infra* 21 it means seasons.

## NONNOS

μυστιπόλοι Λυκάβαντος ἀμοιβάδες· ὠγγύϊω γὰρ  
αὐχένα δούλον ἔκαμψαν ὄλου νωμήτορι κόσμου. 20

Καί οἱ ἀνηϋτήσεν ἔπος σταφυληκόμος Ὡρη  
μάρτυρον ἰκεσίης σχομένη φθινοπωρίδος ἄρπην·

“ Ἡέλιε ζεΐδωρε, φυτηκόμε, κοίρανε καρπῶν,  
οἰνοτόκον πότε βότρυν ἀεξήσουσιν ἀλωαί;  
καὶ μακάρων τίνι τοῦτο γέρας μνηστεύεται Αἰών; 25  
ναί, λίτομαι, μὴ κρύπτε, κασιγνήτων ὅτι μούνη  
πασάων ἀγέραστος ἐγὼ πέλον· οὐ γὰρ ὀπώρην,  
οὐ στάχυν, οὐ λειμῶνα, καὶ οὐ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἀέξω.”

Ἐνεπεν· ἐσσομένης δὲ τιθηνήτειραν ὀπώρης  
Ἡέλιος θάρσυνε, καὶ ἀντιπόρω παρὰ τοίχῳ 30  
δάκτυλον ὀρθώσας ἐπεδείκνυε κυκλάδι κούρη  
κύρβιας Ἀρμονίης ἑτερόζυγας, αἷς ἐνὶ κείται  
εἰν ἐνὶ θέσφατα πάντα, τά περ πεπρωμένα κόσμῳ  
πρωτογόνοιο Φάνητος ἐπέγραφε μαντιπόλος χεῖρ,  
καὶ γραφίδων ποίκιλλεν ἐφάρμενον οἶκον ἐκάστη. 35  
καὶ τίνα μῦθον ἔειπε πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων·

“ Κύρβιδι μὲν τριτάτῃ,  
πόθεν ἔσσεται οἰνὰς ὀπώρη,  
γνώσεαι, ἦχι Λέων καὶ Παρθένος· ἐν δὲ τετάρτῃ,  
τίς σταφυλῆς σκηπτουῆχος,

ὅπῃ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσω  
γραπτῇ χειρὶ κύπελλον ἀερτάζει Γανυμήδης.” 40

Τοῖα θεοῦ φαμένοιο, φιλάμπελος ἔτρεχε κούρη  
ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ὀμφαίῳ παρὰ τοίχῳ  
πρώτην κύρβιν ὄπωπεν ἀτέρμονος ἥλικα κόσμου  
εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα φέρουσαν, ὅσα σκηπτουῆχος Ὀφίων

<sup>a</sup> Being part of the year she circles or comes round with it.

<sup>b</sup> See note on p. 426.

<sup>c</sup> See note *a* on page 314.

<sup>d</sup> The astronomical house.



## DIONYSIACA, XII. 19-44

on his shining car, priestesses of the lichtgang each in her turn : for they bend a servile neck to the ancient manager of the universe.

<sup>21</sup> Then up and spoke the grapetending Season, holding out her hook of the fruitpining autumn as witness to her prayer :

<sup>23</sup> " Helios, giver of feason, plantdresser, lord of fruits ! When will the soil make winemother grapes to grow ? Which of the blessed will have this honour betrothed him by Time ? Hide it not, I adjure you, because of all the Sisters I alone have no privilege of honour ! I provide no fruit, no corn, no meadow-hay, no rain from Zeus."

<sup>29</sup> She spoke, and Helios cheered the nurse of the fruitage to come. He raised a finger, and pointed out to his circling <sup>a</sup> daughter close to a wall opposite the separated tablets of Harmonia.<sup>b</sup> In these are recorded in one group all the oracles which the prophetic hand of Phanes first born <sup>c</sup> engraved as ordained for the world, and drew with his pencil the house proper for each.<sup>d</sup> And Hyperion, dispenser of fire, added these words :

<sup>37</sup> " In the third tablet, you shall know whence the fruitage of wine shall come—where is the Lion and the Virgin : in the fourth, who is the Prince of grapes—that is where Ganymedes draws the delicious nectar, and lifts cup in hand in the picture."

<sup>41</sup> When the god had spoken, the wineloving maiden turned her eyes about, and ran to the place. Beside the oracular wall she saw the first tablet, old as the infinite past, containing all things in one : upon it was all that Ophion <sup>e</sup> lord paramount had

<sup>e</sup> He and his wife Eurynome were a pair of primeval gods, before Cronos and Rheia, in the Orphic cosmogony.

## NONNOS

ἤνυσεν, ὅσα τέλεσσε γέρων Κρόνος, ὀππότε τέμνων 45  
 ἄρσενά πατρὸς ἄροτρα λεχώιον ἤροσεν ὕδωρ,  
 σπείρων ἄσπορα νῶτα θυγατρογόνοιο θαλάσσης,  
 ὅς ποτε λάινον υἷα κεχηνότι δέξατο λαιμῶ  
 Ζηνὸς ψευδομένοιο νόθον δέμας εἰλαπινάζων·  
 καὶ λίθος ἐνδομύχων τεκέων μαιώσατο φύτλην 50  
 φόρτον ἀκοντίζων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε μαρναμένοιο Διὸς πυριλαμπέα νίκην  
 καὶ Κρονίου νιφετοῖο χαλαζήεσαν Ἐννώ  
 ἀμφίπολος Φαέθοντος ἀελλόπος ἔδρακεν Ὠρη,  
 γείτονα δέρκετο κύρβιν ἀμοιβαδῖς· εἶχε δὲ κείνη, 55  
 πῶς βροτέην ὦδινε γονὴν πίτυς, ἣ πόθεν ἄφνω  
 δενδρεῖν γονόεσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχειῖν  
 ἄσπορον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνήρυγεν υἷέα πεύκη,  
 καὶ πόθεν ἄστεα πάντα κατέκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς  
 ἠλιβάτοις πελάγεσσιν ἄγων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ, 60  
 πῶς Νότος ἐκ Βορέας, καὶ ἐκ Λιβὸς Εὐρος ἰμάσσων  
 λάρνακα Δευκαλίωνος ἀλήμονα, γείτονα Μήνης,  
 εἰς πλόον ἠερόφοιτον ἐκούφισεν ἄμμορον ὄρμου.  
 καὶ τριτάτην ὅτε κύρβιν ἐπέδραμεν εὐποδι ταρσῶ  
 μυστιπόλος Λυκάβαντος, ἔλιξ στηρίζετο κούρη, 65  
 μόρσιμα παπταίνουσα πολύτροπα θέσφατα κόσμου,  
 γράμματα φοινίσσοντα, σοφῆ κεχαραγμένα μίλτω,

\* Cronos mutilated his father Uranos. To prevent his sons doing the like to him, he swallowed them as fast as they were born. When Zeus was born, Rheia deceived him into swallowing a stone, and afterwards he disgorged the whole brood. The severed genitals of Uranos were thrown into the sea, which thus conceived and bore Aphrodite.

done, all that ancient Cronos accomplished: when he cut off his father's male plowshare, and sowed the teeming deep with seed on the unsown back of the daughterbegetting sea; how he opened a gaping throat to receive a stony son, when he made a meal of the counterfeit body of a pretended Zeus; how the stone played midwife to the brood of imprisoned children, and shot out the burden of the parturient gullet.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>52</sup> But when the stormfoot Season, Phaëthon's handmaid, had seen the fiery shining victory of Zeus at war and the hailstorm snowstorm conflict of Cronos,<sup>b</sup> she looked at the next tablet in its turn. There was shown how the pine was in labour of the human race<sup>c</sup>—how the tree suddenly burst its tree-birth and disgorged a son unbegotten self-completed; how Raincloud Zeus brought the waters up in mountainous seas on high and flooded all cities, how Notos and Boreas, Euros and Lips in turn lashed Deucalion's wandering hutch, lifted it castaway on waves in the air and left it harbourless near the moon.

<sup>64</sup> When the priestess of lichtgang passed with nimble foot to the third tablet, the circling maiden stood gazing at the manifold oracles of the world's fate, in letters of glowing colour engraved with the

<sup>b</sup> More astrology. The fight between Zeus and Cronos becomes a struggle between the two planets Jupiter and Saturn, whereof the latter is cold.

<sup>c</sup> One of the commonest tales of the origin of man is that he was born from or made of a tree; see Thompson, *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature*, i. (= *Folklore Fellows Communications*, vol. xxxix.), A 1236, 1251. Greek tradition usually names an oak, as in the Homeric saying οὐκ ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης, *Od.* xix. 163 and elsewhere. The second tablet shows the creation of man and the Deluge.

## NONNOS

ὄπποσα ποικιλόμυθος ἐπέγραφεν ἀρχέγονος φρήν,  
τοῖα προθεσπίζοντα, καὶ ἐν πινάκεσσι ἀνέγνω·

“ Ἡρῆς βουκόλος Ἄργος ἐς ὄρνεον εἶδος ἀμείψει 70  
φαιδρὸν ἔχων <βλοσυρῶν> βλεφάρων τύπον<sup>1</sup>.

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ

Ἄρπαλύκη μετὰ λέκτρον ἀλιτροβίων ὑμεναίων

νιέα δαιτρεύσασα θυγατρογάμῳ γενετῆρι

ἠερίην πτερόεσσαν ἐρετμώσειε πορείην

ὄρνις ἀελλήεσσα· καὶ ἰστοπόνος Φιλομήλης 75

ἔσσεται αἰολόδειρος ὑποτρύζουσα χελιδών,

μαρτυρίην βοόωσα λιπογλώσσοιο σιωπῆς,

δαίδαλα φωνήεντα σοφῶ γράψασα χιτῶνι·

καὶ Νιόβη Σιπύλοιο παρὰ σφυρὰ πέτρος ἐχέφρων

δάκρυσι λαϊνέοισιν ὄδυρομένη στίχα παίδων 80

στήσεται οἰκτρὸν ἄγαλμα·

καὶ ἔσσεται αὐτόθι γείτων

Πύρρος ἐρωμανέων Φρύγιος λίθος, εἰσέτι Ῥεῖης

οἴστρον ἔχων ἀθέμιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων,

Θίσβη δ' ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ καὶ Πύραμος, ἤλικες ἄμφω,

ἀλλήλους ποθέοντες· ἐυστεφάνοιο δὲ κούρης 85

<sup>1</sup> ἔχων βλεφάρων τύπον MSS., τύπον <αἰόλον> Scaliger.  
<βλοσυρῶν> βλεφάρων Rose.

<sup>a</sup> Argos, after his slaying by Hermes (see note on i. 334), was used by Hera to furnish the eyes on the peacock's tail.

<sup>b</sup> The peacock, in whose tail his eyes were set after his death.

<sup>c</sup> Harpalyce, daughter of Clymenos, being raped by her own father, killed the child she had by him and served him up to Clymenos at a meal. She was turned into a night-bird, the *χαλκίς*; he killed himself.

<sup>d</sup> See above, ii. 136 and note; see iv. 321 and note there.

artist's vermilion, all that elaborate story which the primeval mind had inscribed; and this was the prophecy that she read in the tablets:

<sup>70</sup> "Hera's herdsman Argos<sup>a</sup> shall change form to a bird,<sup>b</sup> with the appearance of his grim eyes made bright. Harpalyce<sup>c</sup> after the bed of criminal nuptials shall carve up her son for her incestuous father, and paddle a winged course through the air as a storm-swift bird. Philomela<sup>d</sup> the busy weaver shall be a twittering swallow with tuneful throat, and cry abroad the witness of her tongueless silence which once she skilfully inscribed like talking words upon a robe. Niobe<sup>e</sup> shall remain a monument of sorrow on the slopes of Sipylos, a rock endowed with sense, and mourning the line of her children with stony tears. Near her shall be Pyrrhos,<sup>f</sup> a Phrygian stone enamoured, still feeling the lawless lust for impossible union with Rheia. Thisbe shall be running water along with Pyramos,<sup>g</sup> both of an age, each desiring the other. Crocos, in love with Smilax, that fair-

<sup>e</sup> ii. 159. Niobe, daughter of Tantalos, having a numerous family (the number is variously stated), boasted that she was better than Leto, who had but two children, Apollo and Artemis. Thereupon Leto's children killed Niobe's, and she mourned for them till she turned into stone with grief. A rock on Mt. Sipylos was shown to tourists in later times as being that stone; it was shaped not unlike a woman and water trickled down it.

<sup>f</sup> Pyrrhos apparently tried to assault Rheia and was turned to stone; only Nonnos tells the story even thus briefly, though one or two other authors have probable or possible allusions to it. He has nothing to do with the son of Achilles.

<sup>g</sup> This apparently is not the familiar story told in Ovid, *Met.* iv. 55 ff., for he says nothing about the lovers being or turning into rivers. There are rivers of these names and the story must have something to do with them.

Μίλακος ἰμείρων Κρόκος ἔσσειται ἄνθος Ἐρώτων  
καὶ γαμίην μετὰ νύσσαν ἀελλοπόδων Ὑμεναίων  
καὶ Παφίης μετὰ μῆλα λεοντείην ἐπὶ μορφῆν  
"Ἄρτεμις οἰστρήσειεν ἀμειβομένην Ἀταλάντην."

Καὶ τὰ μὲν εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα παρέστιχεν

ἄστατος ὦρη, 90

εἰσόκε χῶρον ἴκανεν, ὄπη πυρόεις Ὑπερίων  
σύμβολα μαντοσύνης ἀνεμώδει πέφραδε κούρη,  
ἦχι Λέων ἐτέτυκτο σελασφόρος, ἦχι καὶ αὐτὴ  
Παρθένος ἀστερόεσσα νόθη ποικίλλετο μορφῇ  
οἶνοπα βότρυν ἔχουσα, θερειγενὲς ἄνθος ὀπώρης· 95  
κεῖθι Χρόνου θυγάτηρ πόδας εὔνασε,

ταῦτα δ' ἀνέγνω·

"Κισσὸς ἀερσιπότης, ἐρόεις νέος, εἰς φυτὸν ἔρπων  
ἔσται κισσὸς ἔλιξ καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν· ἠιθέου δὲ  
ὄρθιος ἐκ Καλάμοιο δόναξ κυρτούμενος αὔραις  
λεπτὸν ἀξιφύτιο φανήσεται ἔρνος ἀρούρης, 100  
ἡμερίδων στήριγμα· καὶ εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἀμείψας  
"Ἀμπελος ἀμπελόεντι χαρίζεται οὔνομα καρπῶ."

Ἄλλ' ὅτε θέσφατα ταῦτα θαλυσιᾶς ἔδρακε κούρη,  
δίξετο χῶρον ἐκείνον, ὄπη παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ  
ποιητῶ κεχάρακτο τύπῳ Γανυμήδεος εἰκῶν 105  
ἰκμάδα νεκταρέην χρυσέῳ στάζουσα κυπέλλῳ,  
ἦχι χαρασσομένων ἐπέων τετράζυγος ὀμφή·

<sup>a</sup> Crocos (Saffron), being unhappy in his love-affair with Smilax (Bindweed), was turned into the plant bearing his name, and presumably the same thing happened to her. The story is very late and little known.

garlanded girl, shall be the flower of love.<sup>a</sup> And after the goal of the stormy marriage-race, after the Paphian's apples, Artemis shall change Atalanta into a lioness and drive her mad."<sup>b</sup>

<sup>90</sup> The Season passed restless over all these on one tablet, until she came to the place where fiery Hyperion indicated the signs of prophecy to the wind-swept maiden. There was drawn the shining Lion, there the starry Virgin was depicted in mimic shape, holding a bunch of grapes, the summergrown flower of fruitage<sup>c</sup>: there the daughter of Time stayed her feet, and this is what she read:

<sup>97</sup> "Cissos, the lovely youth, shall creep into a plant,<sup>d</sup> and he shall be the highflying ivy that entwines about the branches. From young Calamos will spring a reed rising straight and bending to the breeze, a delicate sprout of the fruitful soil, to support the tame vine. Ampelos shall change form into a plant and give his name to the fruit of the vine."

<sup>103</sup> But when the harvest-home maiden had seen all these prophecies, she sought the place where hard by on the neighbouring wall was engraved the figure of Ganymedes pouring the nectar-juice into a golden cup. There was an oracle engraved in four lines of

<sup>b</sup> Atalanta, daughter of Schoineus, would marry no one who could not beat her at running. Hippomenes at length did so, by help of Aphrodite ("the Paphian"). He forgot to make the goddess any thank-offering, and she incited the pair to profane a shrine (here, apparently, one of Artemis) by lying with each other in it. They were then turned into lions, which were supposed not to copulate; see Hyginus, *Fab.* 185.

<sup>c</sup> A star over the shoulder of Virgo is called the *προτρυγητής*, provindemiator.

<sup>d</sup> A curious expression for "change into a creeping plant" (ivy, *κισσός*).

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κεῖθι θεὰ φιλόβοτρος ἐκώμασεν, εὔρε δὲ νύμφη  
θέσφατα κισσοφόρῳ πεφυλαγμένα ταῦτα Λυαίῳ·

“ Φοίβῳ Ζεὺς ἐπένευσεν ἔχειν μαντώδεα δάφνην, 110  
καὶ ῥόδα φοινίσσοντα ῥοδόχροϊ Κυπρογενεΐῃ,  
γλαυκὸν Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,  
καὶ στάχνας Δήμητρι, καὶ ἡμερίδας Διονύσῳ.”

Τοῖα μὲν ἐν γραφίδεσσι φιλεύιος ἔδρακε κούρη·  
τερπομένη δ’ ἦιξε, κασιγνήτας δὲ λαβοῦσα 115  
εἰς ῥόον ἠώοιο διέστιχεν Ὠκεανοῖο

ἵπποσύνη Φαέθοντος ὁμόδρομος.—οὐ δὲ Λυαίῳ  
φάρμακον ἦν ἐτάριοιο δεδουπότος, οὐδὲ χορείης  
μνήστις ἔην· φιλίῳ δὲ νόον δεδονημένος οἴστρω  
αἴλινα πικρὰ λίγαινε, ἀκηδέστῳ δὲ σιωπῇ 120  
χάλκεα νῶτα λέλοιπεν ἀδουπήτοιο βοεΐης·

οὐδέ ἐπηκτὶς ἔτερπεν. ἀμειδίῳ δὲ προσώπῳ  
οἰκτρὰ κινυρομένοιο φιλοστόργου Διονύσου,  
ἔσχετο μὲν Λυδοῖο ῥόος δονακώδεος Ἑρμου  
κραιπνὰ κυλινδομένου προχοῆς ἀνεμώδει παλμῶ, 125  
οὐδὲ ῥέειν μενέαινε· βαθυκτεάνῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ

Πακτωλὸς κροκόεις ἀνεσεΐρασε πένθιμον ὕδωρ  
ἀνδρὸς ἔχων μίμημα κατηφέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκρῶ  
πηγαίων ἀνέκοψε παλίσσυτον ὄλκον ἐναύλων  
Σαγγάριος προχέων Φρύγιον ῥόον· αἰνοτόκου δὲ 130  
Τανταλίδος στοναχῆσι διάβροχος ἄπνοος εἰκῶν  
διπλόα δάκρυα χεῦεν, ὄδυρομένου Διονύσου·

καὶ πίτυς αἰάζουσα συνέμπορος ἦλικι πεύκη  
λεπταλέον ψιθύριζεν· ἀκερσικόμου δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ  
Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα κόμην ἀπεσεΐσατο δάφνη 135



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verse. There the grape-loving goddess revelled, for she found this prophecy, kept for Lyaïos Ivy-bearer,

Zeus gave to Phoibos the prophetic laurel,  
Red roses to the rosy Aphrodite,  
The grayleaf olive to Athena Greyeyes,  
Corn to Demeter, vine to Dionysos.

<sup>114</sup> That is what the Euian maiden saw on the tablets. She departed joyful, and with her Sisters was away to the stream of the eastern Ocean, moving along with Phaëthon's team.

<sup>117</sup> But Dionysos had no healing physic for his comrade fallen, of dancing he thought no more. Shaken to the heart by his loving passion, he sounded bitter laments; he left to uncaring silence the bronze back of the timbrel unbeaten, and had no joy in the cithern. Before the unsmiling countenance of Dionysos, full of love and piteous pining, the reedy Lydian Hermos <sup>a</sup> held up his course, and his fastrolling waves which poured on with weather-beaten throb—he cared no more to flow; Pactolos <sup>b</sup> yellow as saffron with the wealth deep under his flood, stayed his water in mourning, like the image of a sorrowful man; Sangarios <sup>c</sup> the Phrygian stream, in honour of the dead, checked back the course of his banked fountains; the unbreathing image of Tantalos's daughter, the unhappy mother drowned in sighs, <sup>d</sup> wept double tears for mourning Dionysos. The fir whispered softly, moaning to its young friend the pine; even the tree of unshorn Phoibos himself, the laurel, shook her foliage to the sorrowful winds;

<sup>a</sup> See xi. 40.

<sup>b</sup> See x. 144.

<sup>c</sup> A large river flowing through Phrygia into the Euxine.

<sup>d</sup> Niobe, see on 79.

πενθαλέοις ἀνέμοις· λιπαρὴ δ' ἄτμητος ἐλαίῃ  
 φύλλα χαμαὶ κατέχευε, καὶ εἰ φυτὸν ἦεν Ἀθήνης.

Τοῖα πόθῳ στενάχοντος ἀδακρύτου Διονύσου  
 φρικτὰ μετετρέψαντο παλίλλυτα νήματα Μοίρης·  
 καὶ γόον ἀχνυμένοιο παραιφαιμένη Διονύσου 140

Ἄτροπος ἐμπεδόμυθος ἀνήρυγεν ἔνθεον ὀμφήν·

“ Ζῶει τοι, Διόνυσε, τεὸς νέος, οὐδὲ περήσει  
 πικρὸν ὕδωρ Ἀχέροντος· ἀκαμπέα δ' εὗρεν ὀλέσσαι  
 σὸς γόος ἀτρέπτου παλινάγρετα νήματα Μοίρης·

Ἄμπελος οὐ τέθηκε, καὶ εἰ θάνεν· ἱμερόεν γὰρ 145

εἰς ποτόν, εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐγὼ σέο κοῦρον ἀμείψω·

τὸν μὲν ἐντροχάλου παλάμης βητάρμονι παλμῶ

δόρπιον ἀρμονίην διδυμόθροος αὐλὸς ἀράσσω

ὑμνήσει, Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἔχων ἢ Δωρίδα μολπήν·

ἢέ μιν ἐν θυμέλῃσιν ἀνὴρ εὗρυθμος ἀείσει 150

Ἄονίου καλάμοιο χέων Ἰσμήνιον ἠχῶ

ἢ ναέταις Μαραθῶνος· ἀνευάξουσι δὲ Μοῦσαι

Ἄμπελον ἱμερόεντα σὺν ἀμπελόεντι Λυαίῳ.

καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκάμοιο λιπῶν ὀφιδῶδεα μίτρη

στέμματα βοτρυόεντα περιπλέξεις σέο χαίτη, 155

Φοίβῳ ζῆλον ἄγων, ὅτι πένθιμα χειρὶ τιταίνει

αἴλινα δενδρήεντα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων,

καὶ σὺ ποιὸν μεθέπεις, βροτέης ἄμπαυμα γενέθλης,

νέκταρος οὐρανόιο χθόνιον τύπον, ἀνθεμόεν δὲ

παιδὸς Ἄμυκλαίοιο τεὸς νέος εὐχος ἐλέγξει· 160

εἰ δὲ πόλις κείνοιο μαχήμονα χαλκὸν ἀείρει,

<sup>a</sup> It was the practice not to cut down the olive trees even in war.

<sup>b</sup> The Fates were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the Spinner, the Allotter, the Neverturnback.

the glossy olive never felled <sup>a</sup> shed her leaves on the ground, for all that she was Athena's tree.

<sup>138</sup> Since then Dionysos, who never wept, lamented thus in his love, the awful threads of Fate were unloosened and turned back; and Atropos <sup>b</sup> Never-turnback, whose word stands fast, uttered a voice divine to console Dionysos in sorrow:

<sup>142</sup> "He lives, I declare, Dionysos; your boy lives, and shall not pass the bitter water of Acheron. Your lamentation has found out how to undo the inflexible threads of unturning Fate, it has turned back the irrevocable. Ampelos is not dead, even if he died; for I will change your boy to a lovely drink, a delicious nectar. He shall be worshipt with dancing beat of tripling fingers, when the double-sounding pipe shall strike up harmony over the feast, be it in Phrygian rhythm or Dorian tune <sup>c</sup>; or on the boards a musical man shall sing him, pouring out the voice of Aonian reeds for Ismenians or the burghers of Marathon.<sup>d</sup> The Muses shall cry triumph for Ampelos the lovely with Lyaïos of the Vine. You shall throw off the twisting coronal of snakes from your head, and entwine your hair with tendrils of the vine; you shall make Phoibos jealous, that he holds out his melancholy iris with its leafy dirge.<sup>e</sup> You too dispense a drink, the earthly image of heavenly nectar, the comfort of the human race, and your young friend shall eclipse the flowery glory of the Amyclaiian boy: if his country pro-

<sup>e</sup> Nonnos clearly knew nothing about music, for the Lydian or Hypolydian would be much likelier modes at a feast.

<sup>d</sup> Ismenos was a river of Boeotia; the words mean "for Boeotians and Athenians too."

<sup>c</sup> See note on x. 255.

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καὶ σέθεν ἠιθέιο φεραυγέα πατρὶς ἀέξει  
 ὑγρὸν ἐρευθομένης ποταμηίδος ὄμβρον ἑέρσης,  
 χρυσῶ ὄλη κομόωσα, καὶ οὐ χαίρουσα σιδήρῳ·  
 εἰ ποταμοῦ κελάδοντος ἀγάλλεται ἀμφὶ ρεέθρῳ, 165  
 φέρτερον Εὐρώταο πέλει Πακτώλιον ὕδωρ.

Ἄμπελε, πένθος ὄπασσας ἀπενθήτω Διονύσω,  
 ὄφρα μελιρραθάμιγγος ἀεξομένου σέθεν οἴνου  
 τερπωλὴν ὀπάσειας ὄλω τετράζυγι κόσμῳ  
 καὶ σπονδὴν μακάρεσσι καὶ εὐφροσύνην Διονύσω· 170  
 Βάκχος ἀναξ δάκρυσε, βροτῶν ἵνα δάκρυα λύσῃ.”

Ὡς φαμένη γνωτῆσι συνέμπορος ἔστιχε δαίμων.  
 καὶ κινυρῶ μέγα θάμβος ἐφαίνετο μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·  
 καὶ γὰρ ἀναΐξας ἐρόεις νέκυς ὡς ὄφιν ἔρπων  
 Ἄμπελος αὐτοτέλεστος ἔην ἠλλάξατο μορφήν, 175  
 καὶ πέλε νήδυμον ἄνθος· ἀμειβομένοιο δὲ νεκροῦ  
 γαστήρ θάμνος ἔην περιμήκετος, ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν  
 ἀκρεμόνες βλάστησαν, ἐνερρίζωντο δὲ ταρσοί,  
 βόστρυχα βότρυες ἦσαν, ἐμορφώθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ  
 νεβρίς ἀεξομένης πολυδαίδαλον ἄνθος ὀπώρης, 180  
 ἀμπελόεις δὲ κόρυμβος ἔην δολιχόσκιος αὐχὴν,  
 ἰσοφυῆς δ' ἀγκῶνι τιταίνεται καμπύλος ὄρπηξ  
 οἰδαίνων σταφυλῆσιν, ἀμειβομένου δὲ καρῆνου  
 γναμπτῆς κυρτὰ κόρυμβα τύπον μιμείτο κεραίης.  
 κεῖθι φυτῶν στίχες ἦσαν ἀπίρονες· αὐτοτελής δὲ 185  
 ὄρχατος ἀμπελόεις χλοερούς ὄρπηκας ἐλίσσω  
 οἴνοπι γείτονα δένδρα νέω μιτρώσατο καρπῶ.

Καὶ νέον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ τότε κοῦρος ἀθύρων,  
 εἰς φυτὸν ὑψιπέτηλον ἐὼν πόδα λοξὸν ἐλίσσω,  
 Κισσὸς ἀερσιπότητος ἔην δενδρώσατο μορφήν, 190

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duces the bronze of battle, your boy's country too increases the shining torrent of red juice like a river—she is all proud of her gold, and she likes not steel. If one boasts of a roaring river, Pactolos has better water than Eurotas.<sup>a</sup> Ampelos, you have brought mourning to Dionysos who never mourns—yes, that when your honeydropping wine shall grow, you may bring its delight to all the four quarters of the world, a libation for the Blessed, and for Dionysos a heart of merry cheer. Lord Bacchos has wept tears, that he may wipe away man's tears!”

<sup>172</sup> Having spoken thus, the divinity departed with her sisters.

<sup>173</sup> Then a great miracle was shown to sorrowful Bacchos witnessing. For Ampelos the lovely dead rose of himself and took the form of a creeping snake, and became the healtrouble flower. As the body changed, his belly was a long long stalk, his fingers grew into toptendrils, his feet took root, his curlclusters were grapeclusters, his very fawnskin changed into the manycoloured bloom of the growing fruit, his long neck became a bunch of grapes, his elbow gave place to a bending twig swollen with berries, his head changed until the horns took the shape of twisted clumps of drupes. There grew rows of plants without end; there selfmade was an orchard of vines, twining green twigs round the neighbouring trees with garlands of the unknown wineblushing fruit.

<sup>188</sup> And a new miracle was then seen! since young Cissos in his play, climbing with legs across the branches high in a leafy tree, changed his form and took the air as another plant; he became the

\* The river of Sparta.

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καὶ πέλεν ἀγκύλον ἔρνος ἐπώνυμον, ἀρτιφυῆ δὲ  
 ὄρχατον ἡμερίδων σκολιῶ μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ.

Καὶ φιλίσις πετάλοισι κατάσκιον ἔσκεπε κόρσην,  
 καὶ πλοκάμους ἐμέθυσσε φιλακρήτων ἀπὸ φύλλων  
 κνιδιῶν Διόνυσος· ἀξιφύτσιο δὲ κούρου 195  
 ἄρτι πεπαινομένης ἐδρέψατο καρπὸν ὀπώρης.  
 καὶ θεὸς αὐτοδίδακτος ἄτερ ποδὸς ἔκτοθι ληνοῦ,  
 βότρυν ἐπισφίγγων παλάμης βεβριθότι καρπῶ,  
 χερσὶ περιπλεκέσσι μέθης ὠδῖνα πιέζων  
 πορφυρέης ἀνέφηνε νεόρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρης, 200  
 καὶ γλυκερὸν ποτὸν εὖρε· καὶ οἰνοχύτου Διονύσου  
 λευκὰ διαινομένων ἐρυθθαίνετο δάκτυλα χειρῶν.  
 καὶ δέπας ἀγκύλον εἶχε βοδὸς κέρας· ἡδυπότου δὲ  
 χεῖλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ἐγεύσατο Βάκχος ἐέρσης,  
 γεύσατο καὶ καρποῖο, καὶ ἀμφοτέροις φρένα τέρπων 205  
 μῦθον ἀγνηροέοντος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·

“ Ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐμοῦ Διός,

” Ἀμπελε, τίκτεϊς·

ἔρνεα δισσὰ φέρων πεφιλημένα καρπὸν Ἀπόλλων  
 οὐ φάγε δαφνήεντα καὶ οὐ πῖεν ἐξ ὑακίνθου·  
 οὐ στάχυς ὠδίνει γλυκερὸν ποτόν· ἴλαθι, Δηώ· 210  
 εἶδαρ ἐγὼ μερόπεσσι καὶ οὐ πόμα μόνον ὀπάσσω.  
 Ἀμπελε, καὶ σέο πότμος ἐπήρατος· ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτῆς  
 εἰς σέ καὶ εἰς σέο κάλλος ἐθελύνθη λῖνα Μοίρης,  
 εἰς σέ καὶ οἰκτίρμων Ἀΐδης πέλεν, εἰς σέ καὶ αὐτὴ 215  
 Περσεφόνη τρηχεῖαν ἐὼν ἡμεῖψε μενοιρῆν,  
 καὶ σέ νέκυν ζώγρησε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.  
 οὐ θάνες, ὡς τέθνηκεν Ἀτύμνιος· οὐ Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,  
 οὐ φλόγα Τισιφόνης, οὐκ ἔδρακες ὄμμα Μεγαίρης·  
 ζῶεις δ' εἰσέτι, κοῦρε, καὶ εἰ θάνες· οὐδέ σε Λήθης  
 κρύψειν ὕδωρ, οὐ ξυνὸς ἔχει τάφος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ 220

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twining ivy plant which bears his name, and encircled the newgrown orchard of tame vines with slanting knots.

<sup>193</sup> Then Dionysos triumphant covered his temples with the friendly shady foliage, and made his tresses drunken with the toper's leaves. Now the boy grown plant was quickly ripening, and he plucked a fruit of the vintage. The god untaught, without winepress and without treading, squeezed the grapes firmly with hand against wrist, interlacing his fingers until he pressed out the inebriating issue, and disclosed the newflowing load of the purple fruitage, and discovered the sweet potation: Dionysos Tapster found his white fingers drenched in red! For goblet he held a curved oxhorn. Then Bacchos tasted the sweet sap with sipping lips, tasted also the fruit; and both so delighted his heart, that he broke out into speech with proud throat:

<sup>207</sup> "O Ampelos! this is the nectar and ambrosia of my Zeus which you have made! Apollo wears two favourite plants, but he never ate laurel fruit or drank of the iris! Corn brings forth no sweet potation, by your leave, Deo! I will provide not only drink but food for mortal men! Your fate also is enviable, O Ampelos! Verily even Moira's threads have been turned womanish for you and your beauty; for you Hades himself has become merciful, for you Persephone herself has changed her hard temper, and saved you alive in death for brother Bacchos. You did not die as Atymnios <sup>a</sup> is dead; you saw not the water of Styx, the fire of Tisiphone, the eye of Megaira! <sup>b</sup> You are still alive, my boy, even if you died. The water of Lethe did not cover you, nor the tomb which

<sup>a</sup> Cf. note on xi. 131.

<sup>b</sup> Two Furies.

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μορφὴν ὑμετέρην ἠδέσσατο γαῖα καλύψαι·  
 ἀλλὰ φυτὸν σε τέλεσσε πατήρ ἐμὸς νῖα γεραίρων,  
 σὸν δέμας εἰς γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἄναξ ἤμειψε Κρονίων.  
 οὐ φύσις, ὡς γραπτοῖσι Θεραπναίοισι κορύμβοις,  
 αἴλινον ἀκλαύτοισι τεοῖς ἐχάραξε πετήλοισ· 225  
 χροίην δ' ὑμετέρην καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσι, κοῦρε, φυλάσσεις·  
 σῶν μελέων ἀκτῖνα τεῖ κήρυξε τελευτή·  
 οὐ πῶ σε προλέλοιπεν ἐρευθαλέη σέο μορφή.  
 ἀλλὰ τεοῦ θανάτου τιμήροσ οὐ ποτε λήξω  
 θυομένω τεὸν οἶνον ἐπισπένδων ὀλετήρι 230  
 ἀνδροφόνω.

σὺ δὲ μῶμον Ἀμαδρυάδεσσιν ἀνάπτεις  
 σοῖς ἐρατοῖς πετάλοισιν· ἀπ' εὐόδμων δὲ κορύμβων  
 ἰκμάδες ὑμετέρων με περιπνεύουσιν Ἐρώτων.  
 καρπὸν ἐγὼ μῆλιοι πότε κρητῆρι κεράσσω;  
 νεκταρέω πότε σῦκον ἐπιστάξαιμι κυπέλλω; 235  
 σῦκον ὁμοῦ καὶ μῆλον ἔχει χάριν ἄχρις ὀδόντων.  
 οὐ δύναται φυτὸν ἄλλο τεαῖς σταφυλῆσιν ἐρίζειν·  
 οὐ ρόδον, οὐ νάρκισσος εὐχρῶσ, οὐκ ἀνεμώνη,  
 οὐ κρίνον, οὐχ ὑάκινθος ἰσάζεται ἔρνεϊ Βάκχου,  
 ὅττι πολυτρίπτοιο νέαισ λιβάδεσσιν ὀπώρης 240  
 σὸν ποτὸν ἄνθεα πάντα δεδέξεται· ἐν ποτὸν ἔσται  
 μιγνύμενον πάντεσσι, καὶ εἰς μίαν ἴξεται ὀδμήν  
 ἄνθεσι παντοίοισ κεκερασμένον· εἰαρινὴν γὰρ  
 κοσμήσει τεὸν ἄνθος ὄλην λειμωνίδα ποίην.  
 εἶξον ἐμοί, κλυτότοξε, πολυθρήνων ὅτι φύλλων 245  
 πενθαλέω μίτρωσασ ἀπενθέα βόστρυχα δεσμῶ·  
 αἴλινα σοῖς πετάλοισι χαράσσεται· εἰ δ' ἐνὶ κήπῳ  
 στέμμα φέρει κλυτότοξος,

ἐγὼ γλυκὺν οἶνον ἀφύσσω,  
 καὶ στέφος ἡμερόεν περιβάλλομαι, ἠδυπότην δὲ  
 ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ὄλον Ἀμπελον αὐτὸν ἀείρω. 250



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is common to all, but earth herself shrank from covering your form! No, my father made you a plant in honour of his son; Lord Cronion changed your body into sweet nectar. Nature has not graven Alas upon your tearless leaves, as on the inscribed clusters of Therapne.<sup>a</sup> You keep your colour, my boy, even on your shoots. Your end proclaims the radiance of your limbs; your blushing body has not left you yet. But I will never cease avenging your death; I will pour your wine in libation to your murderous destroyer, the wine of his victim! Your lovely petals put the Hamadryads to shame; the juice of your fragrant bunches brings round me a breath of your love. Can I ever mix the applefruit in the bowl? Can I drop figjuice in the cup of nectar? Fig and apple have their grace as far as the teeth; but no other plant can rival your grapes—not the rose, not the tinted daffodil, not anemone, not lily, not iris is equal to the plant of Bacchos!<sup>b</sup> For with the new-found streams of your crushed fruitage your drink will contain all flowers: that one drink will be a mixture of all, it will combine in one the scent of all the flowers that blow, your flowers will embellish all the spring-time herbs and grass of the meadow!

<sup>245</sup> " Give me best, Lord of Archery, because you wreathed your unmourning hair with your mourning chaplet of dolorous petals! Alas alas is graven on those leaves of yours; and if the Lord of Archery wears his wreath in the garden, I ladle my sweet wine, I put on a lovely wreath, I absorb all Ampelos to be at home in my heart by that delicious draught.

<sup>a</sup> See note on iii. 153.

<sup>b</sup> The list of flowers is imitated from Rufinus (*Anthol.* v. 74).

## NONNOS

εἶξον ἔρισταφύλω, κορυθαιόλος· αἱματόεις γὰρ  
σπένδει λύθρον Ἄρηι, καὶ ἀμπελόεις Διονύσω  
βότρυος οἴνωθέντος ἐρευθιόωσαν ἔερσην.

Δηῶ, ἐσυλήθης μετὰ Παλλάδος· οὐ γὰρ ἐλαῖαι  
εὐφροσύνην τίκτουσι, καὶ οὐ στάχυς ἀνέρα θέλγει, 255

ὄγχνη καρπὸν ἔχει μελιηδέα, μύρτος ἀέξει  
ἄνθεα κηῶντα, καὶ οὐ φρενοθελγεί καρπῶ  
ἀνδρομέας ἀνέμοισιν ἀκοντίζουσι μερίμνας·  
ὑμείων γενόμενῃ πολὺ φέρτερος· ἡμετέρου γὰρ  
οἴνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀτερπέα δαίπνα τραπέζης, 260  
οἴνου μὴ παρεόντος ἀθελγέες εἰσὶ χορεῖαι.

εἰ δύνασαι, γλαυκῶπι, τεῆς πίε καρπὸν ἐλαίης·  
σὸν φυτὸν ἀγλαόδωρος ἐμῇ νίκησεν ὀπώρη,

ὅττι τεᾶ λιπόωντι δέμας χρίουσιν ἐλαίῳ  
ἄνδρες ἀεθλητῆρες ἀτερπέες, αἰνοπαθῆς δὲ 265

εὐνέτιν ἢ ἐ θυγάτρα βαλὼν ξυνήονι πότμῳ,  
ἢ τεκέων φθιμένων ἢ μητέρος ἢ γενετῆρος  
ἀνὴρ πένθος ἔχων, ὅτε γεύσεται ἡδέος οἴνου,  
στυγνὸν ἀεξομένης ἀποσεισεται ὄγκον ἀνίης.

Ἄμπελε, καὶ μετὰ πότμον εὐφραίνεις φρένα Βάκχου· 270

πᾶσιν ἐμοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐγὼ σέο πῶμα κεράσσω.  
ἀμφὶ δὲ δένδρεα πάντα κάτω νεύοντι καρῆνῳ  
εἵκελα λισσομένῳ κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτει,  
ὑψιτενῇ δὲ πέτηλα γέρων ἐκλίνατο φοῖνιξ·

ἀμφὶ δὲ μηλείῃ τανύεις πόδας, ἀμφὶ δὲ συκῇ 275

χειράς ἐφαπλώσας ἐπερείδεται, ὑμετέρην δέ,  
δμῳίδες ὡς δέσποιναν, ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην,  
εὖτε τιταινομένων πετάλων ἐλικῳδεῖ παλμῶ  
ἀμφιπόλων ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἀνέρχεται· ἀγχιφύτων δὲ  
ἄβρᾶ πολυσπερέων ἑτερόχροα φύλλα κορύμβων, 280  
οἷα σέθεν κνώσσοντος, ἐπαιθύσσουσι προσώπων  
αὔραις φειδομένησι καταψύχοντες ἀῆται,

Brighthelm, give place to Finegrapes ! The bloody pours out gore to Ares, the Viny pours to Dionysos the ruddy dew of the winesoaked grape !

<sup>254</sup> “ Deo, you are defeated with Pallas ! For olives do not bring forth merry cheer of heart, corn does not bewitch a man ! The pear has a honey-sweet fruit, the myrtle grows fragrant flowers, but they have no heart-bewitching fruit to shoot man’s cares to the winds ! I am better than you all ; for without my wine there is no pleasure in the table-feast, without my wine the dance has no bewitchment. Brighteyes, drink the fruit of your olive if you can ! My fruitage with its glorious gifts has beaten your tree. With your oily olive athletes rub their bodies, without delight ; but the sadly afflicted who has given a wife or a daughter to the common fate, the man who mourns children dead, a mother or a father, when he shall taste of delicious wine will shake off the hateful burden of ever-increasing pain.

<sup>270</sup> “ O Ampelos, you rejoice the heart of Bacchos even after death ! I will soak your drink through all my limbs. All the trees of the forest bow their heads around, as one in prayer bends low the neck. The ancient palmtree inclines his soaring leaves, you stretch your feet round the apple-tree, you clasp your hands about the figtree and hold fast ; they support your fruitage as slavewomen their mistress, while you climb over the shoulder of your maids with your tendrils pushing and winding and quivering, while the winds blow in your face the delicate many-coloured leaves of so many neighbouring trees with their widespread clusters, as if you slept and they

## NONNOS

λεπταλέην ἄτε λάτρεις ἐθήμονα ριπίδα σείει,  
 ψυχρὸν ἐὼ βασιλῆι φέρων ποιητὸν ἀήτην.  
 εἰ δὲ μεσημβρίζουσαν ἄγεις Φαέθοντος ἀπειλήν, 285  
 σῆς σταφυλῆς προκέλευθος ἐτησιὰς ἔρχεται αὔρη  
 δίψιον εὐνάζουσα πυρώδεος ἀστέρα Μαίρης,  
 ὁππότε θερμαίνει σε θερειγενέος δρόμος Ὠρης  
 θάλπων Σειριόεντι πεπαινομένην δρόσον ἀτμῶ.''  
 Ἔννεπε κυδιῶν, προτέρας δ' ἔρριψε μερίμνας 290  
 φάρμακον ἠβητῆρος ἔχων εὐοδμον ὀπώρην.  
 Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἀμπελόεντος αἰεῖδεται ἀμφὶ κορύμβου,  
 πῶς πέλεν ἠβητῆρος ἐπώνυμος. ὑμνοπόλων δὲ  
 ἄλλη πρεσβυτέρη πέλεται φάτις, ὥς ποτε γαίῃ  
 οὐρανόθεν φερέκαρπος Ὀλύμπιος ἔρρεεν ἰχώρ 295  
 καὶ τέκε Βακχιάδος σταφυλῆς ποτόν, ἐν σκοπέλοις δὲ  
 αὐτοφυῆς ἀκόμιστος ἀέξετο καρπὸς ὀπώρης·  
 οὐ πω δ' ἡμερὶς ἦεν ἐπώνυμος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ λόχμαῖς  
 ἀγριαῖς ἠβώουσα πολυγνάμπτουσι σελίνοις  
 οἰνοτόκων βλάστησε φυτῶν εὐάμπελος ὕλη, 300  
 ὑγρὸν ἀναβλύζουσα βεβυσμένον ὄγκον ἑέρσης·  
 καὶ πολὺς ὄρχατος ἦεν, ὄπη, στοιχηδὸν ἀνέρπων,  
 σείετο φοινίσσων ἐπὶ βότρυϊ βότρυς ἀλήτης·  
 ὧν ὁ μὲν ἡμιτέλεστος εἰς ὠδίνας ἀέξων,  
 αἰόλα πορφύρων, ἑτερόχροϊ φαίνεται καρπῶ, 305  
 ὃς δὲ φαληριῶν ἐπεπαίνεται σύγχροος ἀφρῶ,  
 καὶ πολὺς ὤθεεν ἄλλος ὁμόζυγα γείτονα γείτων  
 ξανθοφυῆς, ἕτερος δὲ φυὴν ἰνδάλλετο πίσση  
 περκάζων ὄλον ἄνθος, ἀπ' οἰνοτόκων δὲ πετήλων  
 σύμφυτον ἀγλαόκαρπον ὄλην ἐμέθυσσεν ἐλαίην· 310  
 ἄλλου δ' ἀρτιχάρακτος ἐπέτρεχεν ὄμφακι καρπῶ  
 βότρυος ἀργυφέοιο μέλας αὐτόσσυτος ἀήρ,

cooled you with gentle breath. So the serving-woman waves a light fan as in duty bound, and makes a cool wind for her king. If you bring with you Phaëthon's midday threats, yet the Etesian wind comes before your grapes, lulling the thirsty star of burning Maira,<sup>a</sup> when the course of the summer season warms your ripening juice with the steam of Seirios."

<sup>290</sup> So he spoke in his pride, and threw off his earlier cares, now he had found the fragrant fruitage as all-heal for the youth.

<sup>292</sup> That is the song they sing about the grape-cluster, how it got its name from the young man. But the poets have another and older legend, how once upon a time fruitful Olympian ichor fell down from heaven and produced the potion of Bacchic wine, when the fruit of its vintage grew among the rocks selfgrown, untended. It was not yet named grapevine; but among the bushes, wild and luxuriant with many-twining parsleyclusters, a plant grew which had in it good winestuff to make wine, being full to bursting with its burden of dewy juice. There was a great orchard of it springing up in rows, where bunch by bunch the grapes swung swaying and reddening in disorder. They ripened together, one letting its halfgrown nursery increase with different shades of purple upon the fruit, one spotted with white, in colour like foam; some of golden hue crowded thick neighbour on neighbour, others with dark bloom all over like pitch—and the wineteeming foliage intoxicated all the olives with their glorious fruit which grew beside them. Others were silvery white, but a dark mist newly made and selfsped seemed to

<sup>a</sup> See note on v. 221.

## NONNOS

ὄγκῳ βοτρυνόεντι φέρων σφριγώσαν ὀπώρη  
καὶ πίτυν ἀντικέλευθον ἔλιξ ἔστεψεν ὀπώρης  
συμφεροῖς σκιδώσα περισκεπὲς ἔρνος ἰάμνοις, 315  
καὶ φρένα Πανὸς ἔτερπε· τινασσομένους δὲ Βορῆι  
ἀκρεμόνας πελάσασα παρ' ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ  
αἰμοβαφῆς ἐλέλιξε κόμην εὐώδεα πεύκη.

ἀμφὶ δέ μιν σκολιῆσι δράκων δινωτὸς ἀκάνθαις  
λαρὸν ἔρραθάμιγγος ἀμέλγεται νέκταρ ὀπώρης, 320  
καὶ βλοσυραῖς γενύεσσι ποτὸν Βακχεῖον ἀμέλγας,  
βότρυνος οἰνωθέντος ἐπιστάζων πόμα λαιμῶ,  
πορφυρέῃ ραθάμιγγι δράκων φοίνιξεν ὑπήνην.

Καὶ θεὸς οὐρεσίφοιτος ὄφιν θάμβησε δοκεύων  
οἰνωπῆ ραθάμιγγι πεφυρμένον ἀνθереῶνα· 325

καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσι μετάτροπον ὄλκον ἐλίξας  
πετραίην βαθύκολπον ἐδύσατο γείτονα χειρῶν,  
Εὐϊὸν ἀθρήσας, ὄφιν αἰόλος· εἰσορόων δὲ  
Βάκχος ἐρευθαλέης ἐγκύμονα βότρυν ἐέρσης 330  
ὄμφαίης ἐνόησε παλαιότερα θέσφατα Ῥεῖης.

καὶ σκοπέλους ἐλάχνηε, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ σιδήρου  
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι μυχὸν κοιλήνατο πέτρης·  
λειήνας δὲ μέτωπα βαθυνομένων κενεώνων  
τάφρον ἐσταφύλοιο τύπον ποιήσατο ληνοῦ,  
βότρυνας ἀμώνων νεοθηλέας ὀξεί θύρσω, 335  
τεύχων ὀψιγόνοιο τύπον γαμφώνυχος ἄρπης.

Καὶ Σατύρων χορὸς ἦεν ὁμόστολος·

ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν

λοξὸς ἔην τρυγῶν, ὁ δὲ βότρυνας ἄγγει κοίλῳ  
δέχνυτο τεμνομένους, ὁ δὲ σύμπλοκα φύλλα δαΐζων  
χλωρὰ φιλακρήτων ἀπεσεῖσατο λύματα καρπῶν· 340  
ἄλλος ἄτερ θύρσοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου  
δεξιτερὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσι τιταίνων

be penetrating the unripe berries, bringing plump fruitage to the laden clusters. The twining growth of the fruit crowned the opposite pine, shading its own sheltered growth by its mass of twigs, and delighted the heart of Pan; the pine swayed by Boreas brought her branches near the bunches of grapes, and shook her fragrant leafage soaked in the blood.<sup>a</sup> A serpent twisted his curving backbone about the tree, and sucked a strong draught of nectar trickling from the fruit; when he had milked the Bacchic potation with his ugly jaws, the draught of the vine turned and trickled out of his throat, reddening the creature's beard with purple drops.

<sup>324</sup> The hillranging god marvelled, as he saw the snake and his chin dabbled with trickling wine; the speckled snake saw Euios, and went coiling away with his spotty scales and plunged into a deep hole in the rock hard by. When Bacchos saw the grapes with a bellyful of red juice, he bethought him of an oracle which prophetic Rheia had spoken long ago. He dug into the rock, he hollowed out a pit in the stone with the sharp prongs of his earth-burrowing pick, he smoothed the sides of the deepening hole and made an excavation like a winepress; then he made his sharp thyrsus into the cunning shape of the later sickle with curved edge, and reaped the newgrown grapes.

<sup>337</sup> A band of Satyrs was with him: one stooped to gather the clusters, one received them into an empty vessel as they were cut, one pulled off the masses of green leaves from the bibulous fruit and threw away the rubbish. Another without thyrsus or sharpened steel crouched bending forwards and

• The ichor-juice.

## NONNOS

βότρνος ειλικόεντος ἀπέκλασεν ἄκρα κορύμβου,  
 ὀκλάζων ἐπίκυρτον, ἐς ἄμπελον ὄμμα τιταίνων· 345  
 καὶ γλαφυρῶ κενεῶνι χυτὴν ἔστρωσεν ὀπώρην  
 ὀγκώσας σταφυλῆσι μεσόμφαλα νῶτα χαράδρης . . .  
 βότρνας ειλικόεντας ἐπασσυτέρους θέτο κόλπῳ  
 ἔκταδὸν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, καὶ ὡς θημῶνας ἀλωῆς  
 πλήσας κόλπον ἅπαντα συνήγαγε κοιλάδι πέτρῃ,  
 καὶ σταφυλὴν ἐπάτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῶ· 350  
 καὶ Σάτυροι σείοντες ἐς ἡέρα θυιάδα χαίτην,  
 ἰσοφνὲς μίμημα διδασκόμενοι Διονύσου,  
 στικτὰ περισφίγγαντες ἐπωμίδι δέρματα νεβρῶν,  
 Βακχεῖης ἀλάλαζον ὁμογλώσσου μέλος ἠχοῦς,  
 ποσὶ πολυσκάρθμοισι περιθλίβοντες ὀπώρην, 355  
 Εὐϊὸν αἰείδοντες· ἐρισταφύλοιο δὲ κόλπου  
 οἴνου ἀναβλύζοντος ἐπορφύροντο χαράδραι·  
 στενωμένη δὲ πόδεσσιν ἀμοιβαίοισιν ὀπώρῃ  
 λευκὸν ἐρευθαλέης ἀνεκῆκίεν ἀφρὸν ἐέρσης.  
 καὶ βοέοις ἀρύοντο κεράσιν ἀντὶ κυπέλλων 360  
 μὴ πω φαινομένων, ὅθεν ὕστερον ἐξέτι κείνου  
 θέσκελον οὔνομα τοῦτο κεραυννυμένῳ πέλεν οἴνω.  
 Καὶ τις ἀναβλύζων φρενοθελγέος ἱκμάδα Βάκχου  
 καμπύλον ἴχνος ἔκαμψε ποδῶν ἐλικώδεϊ παλμῶ,  
 δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων, 365  
 καὶ λασίας ἐδίηνε γενειάδας ἱκμάδι Βάκχου·  
 ἄλλος ἀνεσκίρτησε, μέθης δεδονημένος οἴστρω,  
 φρικτὸν ἀρασσομένης αἰὼν μύκημα βοεῖης·  
 καὶ τις ἀκεσσιπόνοιο πῶν ῥόον ἄσχετον οἴνου  
 κυανέην ῥοδόεντι ποτῶ πόρφυρεν ὑπήνην· 370  
 ἄλλος ἄνω τανύων σφαλερὴν ἐπὶ δένδρον ὀπωπὴν  
 ἡμιφανῆ σκοπίαζεν ἀνάμπυκα γείτονα Νύμφην,

<sup>a</sup> Nonnos derives *κέρας* from *κεράννυμι*, which is tempting



spying for grapes, and put out his right hand towards the branches to pluck the fruit at the ends of the tangled vine, then Bacchos spread the fruitage in the pit he had dug, first heaping the grapes in the middle of the excavation, then arranging them in layers side by side like cornheaps on the threshing-floor, spread out the whole length of the hole. When he had got all into the hollowed place and filled it up to the brim, he trod the grapes with dancing steps. The Satyrs also, shaking their hair madly in the wind, learnt from Dionysos how to do the like. They pulled tight the dappled skins of fawns over the shoulder, they shouted the song of Bacchos sounding tongue with tongue, crushing the fruit with many a skip of the foot, crying "Euoi!" The wine spurted up in the grapefilled hollow, the runlets were empurpled; pressed by the alternating tread the fruit bubbled out red juice with white foam. They scooped it up with oxhorns, instead of cups which had not yet been seen, so that ever after the cup of mixed wine took this divine name of Winehorn.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>363</sup> And one went bubbling the mindcharming drops of Bacchos as he turned his wobbling feet in zigzag jerks, crossing right over left in confusion as he wetted his hairy cheeks with Bacchos's drops. Another skipt up struck with a tippler's madness when he heard the horrid boom of the beaten drumskin. One again who had drunk too deeply of caredispelling wine purpled his dark beard with the rosy liquor. Another, turning his unsteady look towards a tree espied a Nymph half-hidden, unveiled, close at hand; and

no doubt but wrong; although the horn is common everywhere as a drinking vessel.

NONNOS

καί νύ κεν ὑψιπέτηλον ὀρειάδος εἰς φυτὸν ὕλης  
 εἶρπεν ὀλισθηροῖο ποδὸς γαμφώνυχι ταρσῶ,  
 εἰ μή μιν Διόνυσος ἐρήτυεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς  
 ἄλλος ἐγερσινόιο μέθης ἑτερόφρονι παλμῶ  
 ὑδρηλὴν ἐδίωκεν ἀνείμονα Νηίδα κούρην,  
 καί νύ κε νηχομένην λασίῳ πήχυνεν ἀγοστῶ,  
 εἰ μή μιν φθαμένη βυθίῳ κεκάλυπτο ῥεέθρῳ.  
 μούνῳ δ' οἶνοποτῆρι Διωνύσῳ πόρε Ῥεΐη  
 λυσσαλέης ἀμέθυστον ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης.

375

380

Πολλοὶ δ' εὐκεράων Σατύρων

φιλοπαίγμονι ταρσῶ  
 εἰς χορὸν οἰστρηθέντες ἐκώμασαν· ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
 θερμὸν ἔχων νέον οἶστρον ὑπὸ φρένα,

πομπὸν Ἐρώτων,

πήχεϊ λαχνήεντι μέσσην ἠγκάσσατο Βάκχην·

385

ὃς δὲ νοοπλάγκτιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἶστρω  
 παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο σαόφρονος ἤψατο μήτρης,  
 αὐτὸν ἐρύων ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀπειθέος εἶματα νύμφης,  
 χειρὶ δ' ὀπισθοβόλῳ ῥοδέων ἐπαφήσατο μηρῶν·

καί τις ἀναινομένην ἀνεσεύρασε μύστιδα κούρη  
 λαμπάδα νυκτιχόρευτον ἀναπτομένην Διονύσῳ·  
 ὃς δὲ περὶ στέρνοις πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων  
 οἰδαλέην ἔθλιψεν ἀκαμπέος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ.

390

Καὶ γλυκερῆς Διόνυσος ἐῆς μετὰ κῶμον ὀπώρης  
 δύσατο κυδιῶν Κυβελίδος ἄντρα θεαίνης,  
 κλήματα βοτρυόεντα φιλανθεί χειρὶ τιταίνων,  
 Μαιονίην δ' ἐδίδαξεν ἐὴν ἄγρυπνον ἑορτῆν.

395

he would have crawled up the highest tree in the forest, feet slipping, hanging on by his toenails, had not Dionysos held him back. Near the fountains, another driven by the insane impulse of drunken excitement, chased a naked Naiad of the waters ; he would have seized her with hairy hand as she swam, but she gave him the slip and dived into deep water. To Dionysos alone had Rheia given the amethyst, which preserves the winedrinker from the tyranny of madness.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>382</sup> Many of the horned Satyrs joined furiously in the festive dancing with sportive steps. One felt within him a new hot madness, the guide to love, and threw a hairy arm round a Bacchanal girl's waist. One shaken by the madness of mind-crazing drink laid hold of the girdle of a modest unwedded maid, and as she would have no love-making pulled her back by the dress and touched her rosy thighs from behind. Another dragged back a struggling mystic maiden while kindling the torch for the god's nightly dances, laid timid fingers upon her bosom and pressed the swelling circle of her firm breast.

<sup>394</sup> After the revels over his sweet fruit, Dionysos proudly entered the cave of Cybeleïd goddess Rheia, waving bunches of grapes in his flowerloving hand, and taught Maionia the vigil of his feast.

<sup>a</sup> The name amethyst means "not drunken," and the stone was supposed to be a talisman against drunkenness.

## NOTE ON THE TABLETS OF HARMONIA, XII. 30 ff.

For a full account of this very curious passage, see Stegemann, pp. 128 ff. For an understanding of the poem, sufficient to make it intelligible to the non-astrological reader, the following may be of service.

Helios has in his house an astrological calendar which foretells, not the events of a year or some other short period, as a human work of that sort might, but those of a cosmic year, from the beginning of the universe till its new beginning. The year, like the ordinary solar one, is divided into twelve months, each with its own sign of the Zodiac, and these are arranged in groups of two, thus:

1. Aries and Taurus. 2. Gemini and Cancer. 3. Leo and Virgo. 4. Libra and Scorpius. 5. Sagittarius and Capricornus. 6. Aquarius and Pisces.

The end of a period of two cosmic months is approaching, and the influence of Virgo is nearly at an end; Libra is to succeed her. The poem so far has narrated the events foretold in the second table, the flood coming under Cancer. The next period is the autumn of the cosmic year (Libra is the September sign). Dionysos was born under Leo, as he must be, for he is modelled on Alexander the Great, whose birth-sign that was. Now he is mature, and his great gift to mankind nearly ready. This is what the picture of Gany-mede in the third table means; it has nothing to do with any constellation, but is a sort of hieroglyphic; we find him again, xxv. 431, as part of the devices on Dionysos's shield. Under Scorpius, Dionysos got together his army, for the Pleiads were rising then, xiii. 412, and they rise in October, when the sun is in Scorpius. Presumably the fifth table, if Nonnos described it, would foretell the campaigns of Dionysos in Greece and his ascent to heaven, *i.e.*, the remaining events to the end of the poem.



## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΣΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἐν τρισκαιδεκάτῳ στρατιὴν νήριθμον ἐνύψω  
καὶ προμάχους ἤρωας ἀγειρομένους Διονύσω.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ προέηκεν ἐς αὔλια θέσκελα Ῥεῖης  
Ἴριν ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσω,  
ὄφρα δίκης ἀδίδακτον ὑπερφιάλων γένος Ἰνδῶν  
Ἀσίδος ἐξέλασειεν ἐὼ ποινήτορι θύρσω,  
ναύμαχον ἀμήσας ποταμήιον νῆα κεράστην, 5  
Δηριάδην βασιλῆα, καὶ ἔθνεα πάντα διδάξῃ  
ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα καὶ οἴνοπα καρπὸν ὀπώρης.

Ἡ μὲν ἐρεσσομένων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδει ῥιπῇ  
δυσάμενη κελάδοντα λεοντοκόμου μυχὸν ἄντρου  
ἄσοφον ἴχνος ἔπηξεν, ἀφωνήτῳ δὲ σιωπῇ 10  
σφιγξαμένη στόμα δοῦλον ὀρειάδος ἐγγὺς ἀνάσσης  
ἴστατο κυρτωθεῖσα, καθελκομένου δὲ καρήνου  
χείλεσιν ἱκεσίοισι πόδας προσπτύξατο Ῥεῖης.  
καὶ τὴν μὲν Κορύβαντες ἀμειδεί νεύματι Ῥεῖης  
θεσπεσίης ἀρέσαντο παρὰ κρητῆρι τραπέζης· 15  
θαμβαλή δὲ πιούσα νεηγενέος χύσιν οἴνου  
τέρπετο βακχευθεῖσα· κερηβαρέουσα δὲ δαίμων  
παιδὶ Διὸς παρεόντι Διὸς μυκήσατο βουλήν·

“ Ἀλκήεις Διόνυσε, τεὸς γενέτης σε κελεύει  
εὐσεβίης ἀδίδακτον αἰστώσαι γένος Ἰνδῶν· 20  
ἀλλὰ τεαῖς παλάμησι μαχήμονα θύρσον ἀείρων

## BOOK XIII

In the thirteenth, I will tell of a host innumerable,  
and champion heroes gathering for  
Dionysos.

FATHER Zeus sent Iris to the divine halls of Rhea, to inform wakethefray Dionysos, that he must drive out of Asia with his avenging thyrsus the proud race of Indians untaught of justice: he was to sweep from the sea the horned son of a river, Deriades the king,<sup>a</sup> and teach all nations the sacred dances of the vigil and the purple fruit of vintage.

<sup>8</sup> She paddled her way with windswift beat of wings, and entered the echoing den of stabled lions. Noiseless her step she stayed, in silence voiceless pressed her lips, a slave before the forest queen. She stood bowing low, and bent down her head to kiss Rhea's feet with suppliant lips. Rhea unsmiling beckoned, and the Corybants served her beside the bowl of the divine table. Wondering she drank a sop of the newfound wine, delighted and excited; then with heavy head the spirit told the will of Zeus to the son of Zeus:

<sup>19</sup> "O mighty Dionysos! Your father bids you destroy the race of Indians, untaught of piety. Come, lift the thyrsus of battle in your hands, and earn

<sup>a</sup> Son of the river Hydaspes.

NONNOS

αἰθέρος ἄξια ῥέξον, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἄμβροτος αὐλή  
 οὐ σε πόνων ἀπάνευθε δεδέξεται, οὐδέ σοι ὦραι  
 μὴ πω ἀεθλεύσαντι πύλας πετάσωσιν Ὀλύμπου·  
 Ἑρμείας μόγις ἦλθεν ἐς οὐρανόν, ὁππότε ῥάβδῳ 25  
 ὄμμασιν ἀστράπτοντα ποδῶν ἄπο μέχρι κομάων  
 βουκόλον Ἄργον ἔπεφνε, καὶ Ἄρεα λύσατο δεσμῶν·  
 Δελφύνην δ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ αἰθέρα ναίειν Ἀπόλλων·  
 οὐδὲ τεὸς γενέτης, μακάρων πρόμος, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς  
 νόσφι πόνων ἀνέβαινε ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄρχαμος ἄστρον, 30  
 εἰ μὴ πρῶτον ἔδησεν ἀπειλητῆρας Ὀλύμπου  
 Ταρταρίῳ Τιτῆνας ὑποκρύψας κενεῶνι.  
 καὶ σὺ μετ' Ἀπόλλωνα, μεθ' Ἑρμῶνα, μογήσας  
 μισθὸν ἔχεις καμάτων πατρώιον αἰθέρα ναίειν."  
 Ὡς φαμένῃ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἔβη θεός·

αἶψα δὲ Ῥεΐη 35

παμμήτωρ προέηκεν ἀγέστρατον ἀγγελιώτην  
 Πύρριχον, ὄρχηστῆρα φιλοσμαράγιοιο βοείης,  
 φύλοπιν ἀγγέλλοντα κορυσσομένοιο Λυαίου.

Καὶ στρατιῆν πολύμορφον ἀολλίζων Διονύσου  
 Πύρριχος ἀενάοιο διέδραμεν ἔδρανα κόσμου·  
 Εὐρώπης δὲ γένεθλα καὶ Ἀσίδος ἔθνεα γαίης  
 πάντας ἄγων νόστησεν ἐς ἀβροβίων χθόνα Λυδῶν.

Ἄλλὰ πολυσπερέων προμάχων ἠρωίδα φύτλην  
 καὶ λασίων Σατύρων, Κενταυρίδος αἶμα γενέθλης,  
 Σειληνῶν τε φάλαγγα δασυκνήμοιο γεραιοῦ 45  
 καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων Κορυβαντίδες εἶπατε Μοῦσαι·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόσα φύλα δέκα γλώσσησιν ἀείσω

<sup>a</sup> See note on i. 342.

<sup>b</sup> After the Aloiadai had shut him up in a chest, see Hom. Π. v. 385 ff.

<sup>c</sup> Name of the dragon, also called Python, which Apollo killed at Delphi.



heaven by your deeds. For the immortal court of Zeus will not receive you without hard work, and the Seasons will not open the gates of Olympos to you unless you have struggled for the prize. Hermeias hardly could win his way to heaven, and only when he killed with his rod Argos<sup>a</sup> the cowherd, sparkling with eyes from his feet to the hair of his head, and when he had set Ares free from prison.<sup>b</sup> Apollo mastered Delphyne,<sup>c</sup> and then he came to live in the sky. Even your own father, chief of the Blessed, Zeus Lord in the Highest, did not rise to heaven without hard work,<sup>d</sup> he the sovereign of the stars: first he must bind fast those threateners of Olympos, the Titans, and hide them deep in the pit of Tartaros. You also do your work, after Apollo, after Hermaon, and your prize for your labours will be a home in your father's heaven."

<sup>35</sup> With these words the goddess returned to Olympos. At once Rhea Allmother sent out her messenger to gather the host, Pyrrichos,<sup>e</sup> the dancer before her loverattle timbrel, to proclaim the warfare of Lyaïos under arms. Pyrrichos, gathering a varied army for Dionysos, scoured all the settlements of the eternal world; all the races of Europe and the nations of the Asiatic land he brought to rendezvous in the land of the livedainty Lydians.

<sup>43</sup> But the heroic breed of farscattered champions, the hairy Satyrs, the blood of the Centaur tribe, the bushyknee ancient and his phalanx of Seilenoi, the regiment of Bassarids—do you sing me these, O Corybantic Muses! For I could not tell so many peoples with ten tongues, not if I had ten mouths

<sup>a</sup> The thought is proverbial in Greek: see Hesiod, *Op.* 288.

<sup>e</sup> Pyrrichos is the title of the Greek dance in armour.

NONNOS

οὐδὲ δέκα στομάτεσσι χέων χαλκόθροον ἤχώ,  
 ὀππόσα Βάκχος ἄγειρε δορυσσόος, ἀλλὰ λιγαίνων  
 ἠγεμόνας καὶ Ὅμηρον ἀοσητήρα καλέσσω 50  
 εὐεπίης ὄλον ὄρμον, ἐπεὶ πλωτῆρες ἀλήται  
 πλαγκτοσύνης καλέουσιν ἀρηγόνα κυανοχαίτην.

Πρῶτα μὲν, εὐθύρσοιο καλεσσαμένου Διονύσου,  
 Ἀκταίων ταχὺς ἦλθεν ὁμόγνιον αἶμα γεραίρων,  
 πατρίδος Ἀονίης ἐπτάστομον οὐδας ἑάσας 55  
 Βοιωτῶν δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον, οἳ χθόνα Θήβης  
 ᾤκεον εὐπύργοιο καὶ ἔνδιον ἐννοσιγαίου  
 Ὀγχηστόν, Πετεῶνα καὶ Ὠκαλέην καὶ Ἐρύθρας,  
 Ἄρνην βοτρυόεσσαν, ἀγαλλομένην Διονύσω,  
 οἳ τε Μίδειαν ἔναιον, ἀειδομένας τε πολίχνας 60  
 Εἰλέσιον καὶ Σκῶλον ἀλικρήπιδά τε Θίσιβην,  
 ὄρμον ἐυτρήρωνα θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,  
 καὶ δάπεδον Σχοίνοιο καὶ εὐχαίτην Ἐλεῶνα  
 Κώπας τ', ἀγλαὸν οὐδας, ὄπη περίπυστον ἀκούω  
 ἐγγελύων θρέπτειραν ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι λίμνην, 65  
 καὶ λάσιον Μεδεῶνα, καὶ οἳ λάχον εὐβοτον Ὑλην,  
 σκυτοτόμου Τυχίοιο τανυκνήμιδα τιθήνην,  
 καὶ πέδον εὐρυσάλω, χθονίη πεφυλαγμένον ὀμφῆ,  
 ἄρματος ὀψιγόνιοι φερώνυμον Ἀμφιαράου,  
 Θεσπιέων τε πόλῃα βαθυκνήμους τε Πλαταιᾶς 70  
 ὑδρηλὴν θ' Ἀλιάρτον, ὄρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο  
 χεύμασι μεσσατίοισι μεριζομένην Ἐλικῶνος,  
 οἳ τ' εἶχον πυμάτην Ἀνθηδόνα, γείτονα πόντου,  
 βαιὴν ἰχθυβολῆος ἀειζώοιο πολίχνην

\* *i.e.* he will imitate the Catalogue of the Ships, the beginning of which, Hom. *Il.* ii. 484 ff., he has just paraphrased.

pouring a voice of brass, all those which Bacchos gathered for his spearchasing. Yet I will loudly name their leaders, and I will call to my aid Homer, the one great harbour of language undefiled, since mariners lost astray call on Seabluehair to save them from their wandering ways.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>53</sup> First of all, to obey the summons of Dionysos with his fine thyrsus, Actaion <sup>b</sup> quickly came, in respect for their kindred blood, and left the seven-mouth <sup>c</sup> soil of his native Aonia. Boiotia's battalions came in a flood: those who dwelt in wellwalled Thebes and Onchestos, Earthshaker's place of sojourn, Peteon and Ocalea and Erythrai, vineclad Arne so proud of Dionysos; and those who inhabited Mideia and the celebrated towns of Eilesion and Scolon and Thisbe based upon the brine, dovehaunted harbour of Aphrodite our Lady of the Sea, and the levels of Schoinos, and leafy Eleon; and the glorious soil of Copai, where I hear still remains the famous lake of that name, the nurse of eels; and shaggy Medeon, and those that held the fine pastures of Hyle, longstretching fostermother of Tychios the leathercraftsman <sup>d</sup>; and the land of broad threshing-floors kept for the underworld oracle, to bear the name of Amphiaraos and his chariot in later days <sup>e</sup>; and the city of Thespieae and deepsloping Plataiai and moist Haliartos, separated from Helicon by the stream of a mountain river between; and they who possessed Anthedon, the last place down by the sea, the little town of Glaucos the immortal fisherman who lives

<sup>b</sup> See v. 302.

<sup>c</sup> The "mouths" are the seven gates of Thebes.

<sup>d</sup> A famous maker of shields, Hom. *Il.* vii. 219 ff.

<sup>e</sup> Harma in Boeotia, where Amphiaraos and his car were swallowed up in the earth.

## NONNOS

ὑγροβίου Γλαύκοιο, καὶ οἱ δυσπέμφελοι Ἄσκηρην, 75  
 πατρίδα δαφνήεσσαν ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος,  
 Γραίης θ' ἱερὸν ἄστν καὶ εὐρυχόρου Μυκαλησσοῦ,  
 Εὐρυάλης μίμημα φερώνυμον ἀνθερεῶνος,  
 καὶ χθόνα Νισαίην καὶ ἐπώνυμον ἄστν Κορώνου·  
 τοῖσι μὲν ἐρχομένοισιν Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης 80  
 Ἄκταίων πρόμος ἦεν, ἐπ' ἠθέοιο δὲ νίκη  
 πατροπάτωρ δαφναῖος ἐπέπταρε μάντις Ἀπόλλων.  
 Βοιωτῶν δ' ἐτέροιο προηγεμόνευεν ὀμίλου  
 εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος ἔχων ἀχάρακτον ὑπήνην,  
 ἀρτιθαλής, Βρομίῳ πεφιλημένος· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ 85  
 κούρῳ παιδοκόμος πολὺς πρόμος οὖνομα Φοῖνιξ,  
 εἶπετο, Λαοκώωντι πανεῖκελος, ὃς πάρος Ἀργοῦς,  
 νηὸς Ἰησονίης, ἐπιβήμενος εἰς χθόνα Κόλχων  
 σύμπλοος ὠμάρτησε κορυσσομένῳ Μελεάγρῳ.  
 τοῖος ἐὼν ἔτι κούρος, ἔχων παιδήμιον ἦβην, 90  
 ἀβροκόμης Ὑμέναιος ἐδύσατο φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,  
 δινεύων ἐκάτερθε παρηίδος ἦλικα χαίτην·  
 καὶ οἱ ἐφωμάρτησαν ὀμήλυδες ἀσπιδιῶται,  
 οἳ τ' Ἀσπληδόνοσ ἄστν, καὶ ὄν Χάρις οὐ ποτε λείπει  
 Ὀρχομενὸν Μινύαιο, χοροίτυπον ἄλσος Ἐρώτων, 95  
 οἳ θ' Ὑρίην ἐνέμοντο, θεηδόχον οὐδας ἀρούρης,  
 ξεινοδόκου μεθέπουσαν ἐπωνυμίην Ὑριῆος,  
 ἦχι Γίγας ἀπέλεθρος ἀπειρογάμων ἀπὸ λέκτρων

<sup>a</sup> See on i. 111.

<sup>b</sup> Hesiod, poet of the *Works and Days*, a countryman's handbook. He is the only poet who ever called his birth-place "a detestable village, bad in winter, disagreeable in summer, never nice": *Works* 640.

<sup>c</sup> Euryale, a Gorgon; Nonnos derives the town's name from the monster's roar, *μυκηθμός, μυκάομαι*.

<sup>d</sup> Coronea.

in the waters <sup>a</sup>; and those of inclement Ascra, the laureate home of the farmer whose name is on every tongue <sup>b</sup>; and the sacred citadel of Graia, and Myclessos with broad dancing-lawns, named to remind us of Euryale's throat <sup>c</sup>; and the land of Nisa, and the city named after Coronos <sup>d</sup>—all these were led by Actaion to the eastern clime, and laurelled Apollo the Seer, his father's father, sneezed victory for the young man.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>83</sup> A second host of Boiotians was led by finehair Hymenaios with unmarked chin, young and fresh, beloved by Bromios. As Guardian for the boy came a hoary chieftain named Phoinix <sup>f</sup>; like Laocoön, who long ago embarked in the Argo, Iason's ship, and sailed with Meleagros to the Colchian land, his comrade in the battlefield. Such another boy was this in the prime of youth, Hymenaios, with his luxuriant hair curving round either cheek, never cut since he was born, on the way to the Indian War. Shieldmen bare him company, who dwelt in the stronghold of Aspledon, and the dancebeaten precinct of the loves, Orchomenos city of Minyas, which the Graces never leave <sup>g</sup>; those who dwelt in Hyria, that hospitable land which entertained the gods, named after hospitable Hyrieus <sup>h</sup>; where that huge giant born of no marriage-bed, threefather Orion,

<sup>e</sup> The sneeze was a good omen: Hom. *Od.* xvii. 545.

<sup>f</sup> The name alludes to the "Phoenician" origin of Thebes. For Laocoön see Apoll. Rhod. i. 194.

<sup>g</sup> The cult of the Charites, ancient deities who made the tilth *χαρίεις*, lovely to behold (because covered with good crops), is native to Orchomenos. By Nonnos's time the Charites had for many centuries been thought of as love-deities; Venus in Italy went through exactly the same development.

<sup>h</sup> See Ovid, *Festi* v. 500.

## NONNOS

Ὠρίων τριπάτωρ ἀπὸ μητέρος ἄνθορε Γαίης,  
 εὔτε θεῶν τριγόνοισιν ἀεξηθείσα γενέθλαις 100  
 εἰς τόκον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη χύσις οὔρων,  
 αὔλακα νυμφεύσασα τελεσσιγόνοιο βοείης,  
 καὶ χθονὸς ἄσπορον νῖα λαγῶν μαιώσατο Γαίης,  
 οἳ τ' ἔχον ἀγρομένων ξεινηδόκον οὔδας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 Αὐλίδα πετρήεσαν, ἐδέθλιον ἰοχαίρης, 105  
 ἦχι θεὰ βαρύμηνις ὄρεσσαύλω παρὰ βωμῶ  
 δέκτο θηηπολίην ψευδήμονος Ἴφιγενείης,  
 καὶ κεμὰς οὔρεσίφοιτος ἀμεμφεί καίετο πυρσῶ  
 ἀρπαμένης νόθον εἶδος ἀληθέος Ἴφιγενείης,  
 ἦν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐκόμισσε δολοπλόκος ὡς Ἀχιλῆος 110  
 ἐσσομένην πρὸ μόθοιο παρευνέτιν, ἔνθεν ἀκούει  
 Αὐλῆς ἀνυμφεύτοιο γαμοστόλος Ἴφιγενείης,  
 ὀλκάσι δ' Ἀργείων ἐπεσύρισε πομπὸς ἀήτης  
 ἄφοφα μαστίζων ἐχηνίδος ἄκρα γαλήνης,  
 νεβροφόνω βασιλῆι φέρων παλινάγρετον αὔρην, 115  
 κούρη δ' ὀψὲ μολοῦσα μετάρσιος εἰς χθόνα Ταύρων  
 φρικτὰ κακοξείνων ἐδιδάσκετο θεσμὰ λεβήτων,  
 ἀνέρα δαιτρεύουσα, καὶ ἀνδροφόνω παρὰ βωμῶ  
 γνωτὸν ἀλιπτοίητον ἀνεζώγηρσεν Ὀρέστην.  
 Βοιωτῶν τόσος ἦλθεν ἀμετρήτων στόλος ἀνδρῶν 120  
 Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ δῆριν ὀμαρτήσας Ὑμεναίω.

Τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο σοφῆ παρὰ Δελφίδι πέτρῃ  
 ἀγχίποροι Φωκῆες ὀμήλυδες, οἳ Κυπαρίσσου  
 εἶχον ἔδος καὶ γαῖαν Ὑάμπολιν, ἦν περ ἀκούει  
 Ἀονίης υἱὸς οὔδας ἐπώνυμον, ἣ περὶ μορφῆς 125  
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ ἤρισε Τριτογενείῃ.

sprang up from his mother earth, after a shower of piss from three gods grew in generative fruitfulness to the selfmade shape of a child, having impregnated a wrinkle of a fruitful oxhide. Then a hollow of the earth was midwife to earth's unbegotten son. Those also came who possessed the place where the assembling Achaians found refuge,<sup>a</sup> rocky Aulis, pavement of the Archeress: where the goddess in heavy resentment received at her altar in the mountains the offering of a pretended Iphigeneia, and a wild pricket of the hills was burnt in a blameless fire, changeling shape of the true Iphigeneia who had been carried away. She it was that cunning Odysseus brought to be Achilles' bride before the trouble, and hence Aulis has the name of matchmaker for Iphigeneia who never married at all; for a guiding wind whistled over the Argive ships, flogging the quiet top of the calm which had kept back the ships, and brought a rescuing breeze for the fawnslayer king. But the girl passed at last on high to the Taurian land, and there she was taught the inhospitable law of their horrible kettles, in cutting up men for meat; but beside the murderous altar she saved the life of her seabeaten brother Orestes.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>120</sup> Such was the infinite host of Boiotian men who went with Hymenaios to the Indian War.

<sup>122</sup> These were joined by comrades marching from Phocis near the wise Delphian rock: those who held the settlement of Cyparissos and the land of Hyampolis, taking its name as I hear from the Aonian Sow, which lifted a proud neck and challenged Tritogeneia

<sup>a</sup> Before the Trojan War.

<sup>b</sup> These lines summarize Euripides' two plays *Iphigeneia in Aulide* and *Iphigeneia in Tauris*.

οἱ τ' ἔλαχον Πυθῶνα καὶ ἀμφίκρημον ἀλωήν,  
 Κρίσαν ἀειδομένην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπήα,  
 γείτονα Βάκχον ἔχοντες, ἐπεὶ δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων  
 κλῆρον ἔδον ξύνωσε κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ, 130  
 Παρησσὸν δικάρηνον· ἀγειρομένοισι δὲ λαοῖς  
 Πυθιάς ὀμφήεσσα θεηγόρος ἔκλαγε πέτρη  
 καὶ τρίπος αὐτοβόητος, ἀσιγήτοιο δὲ πηγῆς  
 Κασταλῆς λάλον οἶδμα σοφῶ πάφλαζε ρέεθρῳ.

Εὐβοέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἀσπιδιῶται 135  
 παιδοκόμοι Κορύβαντες ἀεξομένου Διονύσου,  
 οἱ Φρύγα κόλπον ἔχοντες ὀρεσσιπόλῳ παρὰ Ῥεΐη  
 νήπιον εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἐκυκλώσαντο βοεΐαις,  
 τὸν ποτε πορφυρέῳ κεκαλυμμένον οἴνοπι πέπλῳ  
 εὖρον ἐνὶ σκοπέλοις, κερόεν βρέφος, ἔνθά μιν Ἰνῶ 140  
 Μύστιδι παιδοκόμῳ παρακάτθετο μητρὶ Κορύμβου·  
 οἱ τότε πάντες ἴκανον ἀειδομένης ἀπὸ νήσου,  
 Πρυμνεὺς εἰλιπόδης τε Μίμας

καὶ ὀρίδρομος Ἄκμων  
 Δαμνεὺς τ' Ὠκύθοός τε σακεσπάλος,

οἷς ἅμα βαίνων  
 σύνδρομος Ἰδαίῳ κορυθαιόλος ἦλθε Μελισσεὺς, 145  
 οὓς ποτε δυσσεβείης κεκορυθμένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ  
 Σῶκος ἀλιζώνιο πατῆρ νοσφίσσατο πάτρης  
 Κόμβης ἐπτατόκου μετὰ μητέρος· οἱ δὲ φυγόντες  
 Κνώσσιον οὐδας ἴκοντο, καὶ ἔμπαλιν ἦσαν ἀλήται  
 εἰς Φρυγίην Κρήτηθεν, ἀπὸ Φρυγίης εἰς Ἀθήνας, 150  
 ἀλλοδαποὶ ναετῆρες ὀμέστιοι, εἰσόκε Κέκρεψ  
 Σῶκον ἀπηλοίησε Δίκης ποινήτορι χαλκῶ,  
 καὶ χθόνα καλλεύσαντες ἀλικλύστου Μαραθῶνος

<sup>a</sup> There was a proverb, ἀ ὕς τὰν Ἀθάναν, *sus Minervam*. Nonnos seems to be making a legend to explain it and the name Hyampolis, Pigborough.



to a beautymatch.<sup>a</sup> There were also those who had Python and the gardens among the precipices, famous Crisa, and Daulis, and Panopeus, neighbour of Bacchos, for laurelled Apollo had made common with his brother Dionysos twopeak Parnassos his domain; as the peoples gathered, the Pythian rock uttered the inspired voice of God, and the tripod spoke of itself, and the babbling rill of Castalia that never silent spring, bubbled with wisdom in its waters.

<sup>135</sup> The Euboian battalions were ruled by shield-bearing Corybants, guardians of Dionysos in his growing days: who in the Phrygian gulf beside mountainranging Rheia surrounded Bacchos still a child with their drumskins. They found him once, a horned baby, covered with a cloak the colour of purple wine, lying among the rocks where Ino had left him in charge of Mystis the mother of Corymbos.<sup>b</sup> All these came then from the famous island: Prymneus, and Mimas Waddlefoot, and Acmon the forester, Damneus and Ocythoös the shieldman; and with them came flash-helm Melisseus as comrade to Idaios, whom their father Socos under the insane goad of impiety had once cast out of their brinegirt country along with Combe the mother of seven.<sup>c</sup> They escaped and passed to Cnossian soil, and again went on their travels from Crete to Phrygia, and from Phrygia to Athens; where they remained as foreign settlers and hearthguests until Cecrops destroyed Socos with avenging blade of justice; then leaving the land of brineflooded Marathon turned

<sup>a</sup> See ix. 120; a personification like Calamos and Carpos. The correction *Κορύμβου* is a clever guess of Marcellus.

<sup>c</sup> No one before Nonnos seems to know this story; Socos and Combe were the parents of the Corybantēs.

νόστιμον ἶχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐς ἱερὸν οὐδας Ἀβάντων,  
Κουρήτων προτέρων χθόνιον γένος,

οἷς μέλος αὐλῶν, 155

οἷς βίος εὐκελάδων ξιφέων κτύπος, οἷς τινι ῥυθμῶ  
κύκλα ποδῶν μεμέλητο καὶ ἀσπιδόεσσα χορείη.  
τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο μαχήμονες υἱες Ἀβάντων,  
οἱ λάχον ὄφρυόεσσαν Ἐρέτριαν, οἱ λάχον ἄμφω,  
καὶ Στύρα καὶ Κήρινθον, ἀειδομένης τε Καρύστου 160  
ἔδρανα καὶ Δίου κραναὸν πέδον, οἱ τ' ἔχον ἀκτὴν,  
ἀκτὴν κυματόεσσαν ἀσιγήτοιο Γεραιστοῦ,  
καὶ Στύγα καὶ Κοτυλαῖον ἔδος καὶ Σιρίδος ἔδρην  
Μαρμαρίου τε τένοντα καὶ Ὠγυγίης πέδον Αἰγῆς·  
τοῖς ἅμα λαὸς ἵκανεν ὁμόστολος, οἷς πέλε πάτρη 165  
Χαλκίς, ὀπισθοκόμων μητρόπολις Ἐλλοπιήων.  
ἔπτα μὲν ἠγεμόνες στρατὸν ὤπλισαν,

ἀλλ' ἓνα πάντες

θυμὸν ἔχον κατ' Ἄρηα· καὶ ἀστέρας αἴθοπι βωμῶ  
Ζωδιακῆς ναετῆρας ἐμειλίξαντο κελεύθου,  
δῆριν ἰσηρίθμοισιν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀλήταις. 170

Κεκροπίδας δ' ἐκόρυσσε

μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἐρεχθεύς—

χρῦσεον ἀγλαόπαιδος Ἐρεχθέος αἶμα κομίζων,  
τόν ποτε πυρσοφόροιο κατὰ πτύχα παρθενεῶνος  
παρθένος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῶ  
παιδοκόμος γλαυκῶπις ἀνήροτος, αἰδομένη δέ 175  
παρθενίῳ πήχυνεν ἀήθει κούρον ἀγοστῶ  
Ἐφαιστηιάδην, ὅτε δύσγαμος ἀμφιγυήεις  
ἀλλοίῃ φιλότῃτι γονὴν ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρη,  
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων αὐτόσσυτον ἀφρὸν Ἐρώτων·  
τοῖος Ἀθηναίων στρατιῆς πρόμος ἦλθεν Ἐρεχθεύς, 180

\* Not the infernal river, but a place in Euboea.

their steps homewards to the sacred soil of the Abantes, the earthborn stock of the ancient Curetes, whose life is the tune of pipes, whose life is the goodly noise of beaten swords, whose heart is set upon rhythmic circling of the feet and the shield-wise dancing. To the army came also warrior sons of the Abantes, whose lot was in the beetling brows of Eretria, whose lot was both Styra and Cerinthos, and the settlements of farfamed Carystos, and the barren land of Dion, those who held the shore, that boisterous shore of Geraistos never silent, and Styx<sup>a</sup> and the Cotylaian fort and the habitation of Siris, the stretches of Marmarion and the domain of ancient Aige. With these ranged themselves those whose country was Chalcis, mother city of the Ellopians with backflowing hair. Seven captains armed this host, but all of one temper for war: with blazing altar they propitiated the tenants of the Zodiac path, committing their campaign to the planets of equal number.

<sup>171</sup> The Cecropides were mustered by Erechtheus, the glutton of battle. —He had in him the golden blood of Erechtheus<sup>b</sup> father of glorious sons, whom once the Virgin selfborn nursed at her manly breast in the recess of her torchlit maiden chamber, Bright-eyes unwedded turned nursemaid, and shamefast clasped with her inexperienced maiden arm that son of Hephaistos, when Crookshank unhappy in his wife spilt his seed in unnatural love, and the hot foam of love fell of itself on the earth.—This was the Erechtheus who came as captain of the Athenians,

<sup>b</sup> Nonnos confuses Erechtheus with Erichthonios; it was the latter whom Hephaistos begat on earth when he tried to marry Athena.

## NONNOS

Σίφνον ἔχων συνάεθλον, ὀμόπτολιν ἡγεμονῆα—,  
οἳ λάχον Οἰνώης γόνιμον πέδον, οἳ τε καρῆνων  
γείτονος Ὑμήττιο μελισσῆεντας ἐναύλους  
καὶ τέμενος βαθύδενδρον ἐλαιοκόμου Μαραθῶνος,  
οἳ τε πόλιν Κελεοῖο, καὶ οἳ λάχον ὄρμον Ἀθήνης, 185  
ἀγχίαλον Βραυρῶνα, κενήριον Ἴφιγενείης,  
καὶ δάπεδον Θορίκοιο καὶ εὐώδινος Ἀφίδνης,  
οἳ τ' ἔχον ἀγλαόπαιδος Ἐλευσινίην χθόνα Δηοῦς,  
μυστιπόλοιο ταλάροιο καὶ εὐκάρποιο θεαίνης,  
Τριπτολέμου γεγαῶτες ἀφ' αἵματος, ὅς ποτε Δηοῦς 190  
δίφρον ἐχιδνήεντα δι' ἠέρος ἠνιοχεύων  
στικτὰ φερεσταχύων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα δρακόντων·  
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σιδήρεα τεύχεα πάλλων  
παισὶ κορυσσομένοισι γέρων ὤρεξεν Ἀχαρνεύς·  
καὶ στίχες Ἀτθίδος ἦλθον ἐπήλυδες, ἐγρεμόθων δὲ 195  
σὺν δορί, σὺν ξιφέεσσιν ἐπειγομένων ναετήρων  
εἰς μόθον εὐπήληκες ἐβακχεύθησαν Ἀθῆναι,  
ἔσσυμένων δ' ἐς Ἄρῃα λιμὴν ἤχησε Φαληρεύς·  
καὶ πολὺς ἀγγέλλων προτέρην αὐτόχθονα φύτλην  
χρῦσεος εὐπλέκτοισι κόμαις ἐσφίγγετο τέττιξ. 200

Πατρίδα γαῖαν ἔλειπε καὶ Αἰακός, ὃν νόθος ὄρνις  
ἀρπαμένη σπέρμηνε μιγείς Ἀσωπίδι νύμφῃ,  
αἰετὸς Αἰγίνης πτερόεις πόσις ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς·  
ἐκ δὲ γάμου πεφάτιστο καὶ Αἰακός· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων

<sup>a</sup> Eleusis.

<sup>b</sup> The Rarian plain.

<sup>c</sup> To fasten the hair with a golden brooch shaped like a cicada was a very old Athenian custom; it was taken to mean that they were as native to Attica as the insect was.

<sup>d</sup> Aiacos was the son of Zeus and Aigina daughter of the Boeotian river-god Asopos (202). Zeus took the form of an eagle to carry Aigina off, and when her father pursued him, he smote him with the thunderbolt (217 ff.; 220 is imitated from Callim. *Hymns* iv. 78, which also refers to this

with Siphnos to share his task, chief of that same city : those whose lot was in the fertile land of Oinoë, and the bee-frequented vales on the heights of neighbouring Hymettos, and the deep woody borders of oliveplanted Marathon, and the city of Celeos <sup>a</sup> ; and those from the harbour of Athens, Brauron near the sea, the empty barrow of Iphigeneia, and the ground of Thoricos, and teeming Aphidna ; and those who held the Eleusinian land <sup>b</sup> of daughterproud Deo, initiates of the Basket and the goodfruit goddess, those born of the blood of Triptolemos : who once on a time drove Deo's chariot and serpents through the air, with their load of cornears, and lashed the serpents' backs. Many an old man of Acharnai came, flourishing his armour of steel about and holding it out to his sons equipping themselves. The ranks of Attica came to join ; with spears and with sword the burghers hastened to make the fray, on to the fray fine helmet on head came Athens raging along, the harbour of Phaleron resounded with men hurrying to war ; many a golden cicada was made fast in the plaited hair to proclaim their ancient indigenous race. <sup>c</sup>

<sup>201</sup> Aiacos <sup>d</sup> also left his native land, whom the sham bird begot, mingling with the daughter of Asopos whom he carried off, the eagle, highsoaring Zeus the feathered husband of Aigina. He was named Aiacos from this marriage ; and most of all he was

story). The singularly bad etymology of Aiacos's name from *aierós* (204) seems not to occur elsewhere. Because Aiacos found Aigina (the island) uninhabited, or all the people died of a pestilence, he prayed to Zeus to help him, and the god turned a swarm of ants (*μύρμηκες*) into human beings, who were consequently (207) called Myrmidones. The etymology is of course as fanciful as the story.

χραιομησαι μενείαινε κασιγνήτω Διονύσω· 205  
 Μυρμιδόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεεν ἴδμοι τέχνη,  
 οἱ πρὶν ἔσαν μύρμηκες ἐφερπύζοντες ἀρούρη,  
 ποσσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μεμηλότες, εἰσόκεν αὐτῶν  
 ἐκ χροὸς οὐτιδανοῖο χαμαιγενὲς εἶδος ἀμείψας  
 φέρτερον εἰς δέμας ἄλλο

μετέπλασεν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς, 210  
 καὶ στρατὸς ἐβλάστησεν ἐνόπλιος· ἔξαπίνης γὰρ  
 ἄλλοφυής, ἄφθογγος, ἀπόσπορος ἔσμος ἀρούρης  
 εἰς βροτὸν αὐδήεντα δέμας μορφώσατο μύρμηξ·  
 τῶν πρόμος Αἰακὸς ἦρχεν, ἐν εὐτύκτῳ δὲ βοεῖῃ  
 Ζῆνα νόθον σοφὸν ὄρνιν ἐπέγραφε, σῆμα γενέθλης, 215  
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι ἐλαφρίζοντα γυναῖκα,  
 καὶ ποταμὸς πυρίκαυτος ἦν σχεδόν, ἄγχι δὲ κούρη  
 οἰκτρὰ κατηφιόωσα, καὶ εἰ πέλεν ἄπνοος εἰκῶν,  
 δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταιινε, ἄτε στενάχουσα τοκῆα  
 Ἄσωπὸν βαρύγουνον, ἔοικε δὲ τοῦτο βοῆσαι· 220  
 “καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον ἐμὸν γενετῆρα δαμάσσας.”

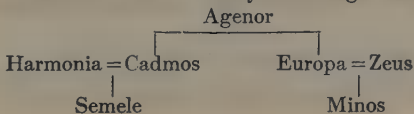
Κρήτης δ' ἠγεμόνευε πολυγλώσσων ναετήρων  
 Ἄστέριος φαιδρωπὸν ἔχων δέμας, ἀμφότερον δὲ  
 ὄσσον ἦν ἐρόεις, τόσον ἄλκιμος, ὃν ποτε νύμφη  
 λυσαμένη Μίνωι σαόφρονος ἄμμα κορείης 225  
 Φαιστιᾶς Ἀνδρογένεια Κυδωναίη τέκεν εὐνή·  
 ὃς τότε λαὸν ἄγων ἑκατόμπολιν οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ  
 ἴκετο κυδαίνων ἐμφύλιον αἶμα γενέθλης  
 πατρὸς ἐοῦ· Σεμέλης γὰρ ἀνεψιὸς ἔπλετο Μίνως,  
 Κάδμου ξυνὰ γένεθλα· πολυσπερέες δὲ μαχηταὶ 230  
 πάντες ἐνὶ σπεύδοντι συνέρρεον ἠγεμονῆι,  
 οἱ μὲν ἀπὸ Κνωσσοῖο μαχήμονες, οἱ δ' ἀπὸ Λύκτου

<sup>a</sup> Phaistos, in South Crete ; Cydonia, on the North Coast westaway.

eager to help his brother Dionysos. He mustered his companies of Myrmidons with competent skill. These once were ants crawling over the earth with their many busy feet, until Zeus in the Highest changed them from their insignificant clayborn shape to a better body, and up grew an armed host : for in a moment a speechless swarm of ants bred in the clay changed their shape and nature into mortals with speech. These were the host that Aiacos led as captain, and he graved on his wellwrought shield, as a token of their origin, Zeus the sham bird with a mind, carrying a woman in gentle talons. Near it was a river god on fire, and a girl beside him sad and downcast, even if she was a lifeless image ; she turned her eye aside as if mourning for her father stiffknee Asopos, and she seemed to be crying—" A fine bride-gift you have brought me, in destroying my father ! "

<sup>222</sup> Crete with its peoples of many tongues was commanded by Asterios, one of brilliant beauty, one as lovely as he was strong, both together ; his mother was Phaistian<sup>a</sup> Androgeneia, who loosed the girdle of maiden modesty for Minos, and bore her son in a Cydonian bed. He came bringing the people of the hundred cities for wineface Bacchos to honour the blood of his own father's family ; for Minos was cousin of Semele and of Cadmos's kin.<sup>b</sup> All the far-scattered warriors gathered to one stirring leader ; men of war from Cnossos, others from Lyctos joined

<sup>b</sup> He was thus akin to Dionysos through Zeus :



NONNOS

Μιλήτου στρατιῆσι συνήλυδες· οἷς ἅμα πολλοὶ  
 ὑψιλόφου Γόρτυνος ἐθωρήσσοντο πολῖται  
 καὶ ναέται Ῥυτίοιο καὶ εὐκάρπιοιο Λυκάστου . . . 235  
 καὶ χθόνα Νωδαίοιο Διὸς καὶ ἐδέθλια Βοίβης  
 καὶ δάπεδον Κισάμοιο, καὶ ἄστυα καλὰ Κυταίου.  
 τοῖος ἀπὸ Κρήτης πρόμος ἦλυθεν· ἐρχομένῳ δὲ  
 θερμότεραις ἀκτῖσι χέων μανθήιον αἶγλην  
 Ἄσπερίῳ σελάγιζεν ὁμώνυμος Ἄρεος ἀστήρ, 240  
 νίκης ἐσσομένης πρωτάγγελος· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμη  
 νικήσας νόθον οἶστρον ἀήθεος ἔσχεν ἀρούρης  
 νηλής· οὐ γὰρ ἔμελλεν ἰδεῖν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν  
 πάτριον Ἰδαίης κορυθαιόλον ἄντρον ἐρίπνης,  
 ἀλλὰ βίον προβέβουλε λιπόπτολιν, ἀντὶ δὲ Δίκτης 245  
 Κνώσσιος ἐν Σκυθίῃ μετανάστιος ἔσκε πολίτης,  
 καὶ πολὺν Μίνωα καὶ Ἀνδρογένειαν ἐάσας  
 ξεινοφόνων σοφὸς ἦλθεν ἐς ἔθνεα βάρβαρα Κόλχων,  
 Ἄσπερίου δ' ἐκάλεσσε καὶ ὤπασεν οὖνομα Κόλχοις  
 Κρητικόν, οἷς ξένα θεσμὰ φύσις πόρε,  
 παιδοκόμου δὲ 250  
 πάτριον Ἀμνισοῖο ῥόον Κρηταῖον ἐάσας  
 αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι νόθον πίε Φάσιδος ὕδωρ.  
 Μοῦνος Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἦε λοίσθιος ἄλλων,  
 ὅσσοι γαῖαν ἔναιον ὁμούριον Ἑλλάδι γαίῃ,  
 ὃς μέλιτος γλυκεροῖο πολυτρήτων ἀπὸ σίμβλων 255  
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε, καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ  
 ἤρισεν ἀπρήκτῳ μελιηδέος ἐλπίδι νίκης·  
 ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἐδίκαζον, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου·

<sup>a</sup> The Cretan city, metropolis of Miletos in Caria.

<sup>b</sup> Who "Nodaian" Zeus may be no one has yet discovered, and it is likely the epithet is corrupt, especially as we



with troops from Miletos.<sup>a</sup> With them was a large body of armed burghers from hilly Gortyn, and others from Rhytion and fertile Lycastos, and the country of Nodaian Zeus<sup>b</sup> and the habitations of Boibe and the lands of Cisamos and the fair cities of Cytaios. Such was the captain from Crete; and as he came the star of Ares shone upon his starry namesake Asterios, first harbinger of victory to come, pouring forth a prophetic radiance with hotter beams. But after victory in battle he conceived a bastard passion for the strange country, being hard of heart. For after the Indian War he was not to see his native land and the cave of the Idaian mount shimmering with helmets<sup>c</sup>; he preferred a life of exile, and instead of Dicte he became a Crossian settler in Scythia. He left grey-headed Minos and Androgeneia; the civilized man joined the barbaric tribes of guest-murdering Colchians, called them Asterians and gave a Cretan name to Colchians whose nature provided them with outlandish customs. He left his own country and the Cretan river of Amnisos which nourished his childhood, and with shamefast lips drank the foreign water of Phasis.

<sup>253</sup> Aristaios came slow by himself, last of all those who dwelt in the regions round about the Hellenic land. He lifted high his neck, proud of the sweet honey from his riddled hives. He had challenged Dionysos with his wine, and vainly hoped for the victory of his sweet honey. All the denizens of

have no mention of Mt. Ida. The end of this line may be lost and the next have begun . . . (Ἰδαίοιο Διός); in any case something has gone wrong with the text, for the sentence here has no construction.

<sup>a</sup> This may be an ornamental epithet, but it literally suits the cave on Mount Ida full of votive offerings.

## NONNOS

- ἀλλὰ πάϊς Φοῖβοιο νεόρρυτα χεύματα σίμβλων  
 ἀθανάτοις ὀρέγων μελιηδέος ἤμβροτε νίκης, 260  
 ὅττι θεοὶ παχὺ χεῦμα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης  
 δεξάμενοι κόρον ὄξυν ἀτερπέος εἶχον ἐέρησης·  
 καὶ κόρος ἦν μακάρων τρίτατον δέπας,  
 οὐ δὲ τετάρτου  
 κίρναμένου γεύσαντο παλιινόστοιο κυπέλλου,  
 καὶ μάλα διψῶντες· ἀρυομένοιο δὲ Βάκχου 265  
 ὄμβρω ἔρραθαμίγγι νόον τέρποντες ἐέρησης  
 εἰς ὄλον ἡμᾶρ ἔπινον ἀλωφήτου χύσειν οἴνου·  
 καὶ μεθύων γλυκὺν οἶνον ἐθάμβεεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω  
 ἐξ ἑτέρου ποθέων ἕτερον δέπας ἠδέει θυμῷ,  
 εὐφροσύνην ἀκόρητον ἔχων θελξίφρονος οἴνου· 270  
 Ζεὺς δὲ μελιρραθαμίγγος ἐθάμβεεν ἔργα μελίσσης,  
 δαιδαλέην δ' ὠδίνα φιλοσμήνου τοκετοῖο,  
 δῶρον Ἀρισταίοιο, καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ  
 ὤπασε λυσιπόνοιο φέρειν πρωτάγρια νίκης.  
 ἔνθεν Ἀρισταῖος βραδὺς ἦιεν εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν, 275  
 ὄψιμος εὐνήσας πρότερον χόλον ἀρπαγος ἠβης,  
 ἔνδιον Ἑρμείας λιπῶν Κυλλήνιον ἔδρην·  
 οὐ πῶ γὰρ προτέρη Μεροπηίδι νάσσατο νήσω,  
 οὐ πῶ δ' ἀτμὸν ἔπαυσε πυρώδεα διψάδος ὤρης  
 Ζηνὸς ἀλεξικάκοιο φέρων φυσίζοον αὔρην, 280  
 οὐδὲ σιδηροχίτων δεδοκημένος ἀστέρος αἴγλην  
 Σείριον αἰθαλόεντος ἀναστέλλων πυρετοῖο  
 ἐννύχιον πρήννε, τὸν εἰσέτι διψαλέον πῦρ  
 θερμὸν ἀκοντίζοντα δι' αἰθέρος αἴθοπι λαιμῷ  
 ἄσθμασι λεπταλέοισι καταψύχουσιν ἀῆται· 285  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι Παρρασίης πέδον ᾗκεεν. ἐρχομένῳ δὲ

\* See v. 221. Here Cos (Meropis) is confused with Ceos, where Aristaios had a cult. Nonnos took the title from *Hymn to Apollo* 42.

Olympos judged between them. Phoibos's son offered the new-flowing juice from his hives to the immortals; but he failed to win the victory, because when the gods took the thick juice from the plant-loving bee, they soon had enough and tired of the liquid. A third rummer was more than enough for the Blessed; when the cup came round with the fourth brew they would not taste it, thirsty though they were. But when Bacchos ladled out his glorious dewy drops, they were delighted, and drank his flowing wine all day long unceasing. Even drunken they admired the sweet wine, and called for cup after cup one after another with jolly glee, full of hearty good cheer for the bewitching stuff. Zeus admired Aristaïos's gift, the product of the honeydropping bee and the curious artwork of the hiveloving brood, but he gave the first prize for troublesoothing victory to Dionysos and his wine. That is why Aristaïos came slow to the Indian War. After so long he had only just quieted the old grudge of his greedy youth, and left Hermeias's cave in Cyllene; for he had not yet migrated to the island formerly called Meropis<sup>a</sup>: he had not yet brought there the lifebreathing wind of Zeus the Defender, and checked the fiery vapour of the parched season; he had not stood steelclad<sup>b</sup> to receive the glare of Seirios, and all night long repelled and calmed the star's fiery heat—and even now the winds cool him with light puffs, as he lances his hot parching fire through the air from glowing throat. But he still dwelt in the land of Parrhasia. He was followed by

<sup>b</sup> The scholiast on Apoll. Rhod. ii. 498 says of Aristaïos ἐνομοθέτησε κατ' ἐνιαυτὸν τοῖς Κείοις μεθ' ὄπλων ἐπιτηρεῖν τὴν ἐπιτολήν τοῦ Κυνός, that is by making a din with spears beaten on shields. Nonnos misunderstood it to mean in armour (von Scheffer's note).

NONNOS

λαὸς ἔθωρήχθη βαλανηφάγος Ἄρκας ἀλήτης,  
οἳ τ' εἶχον Λασιῶνα καὶ ἄλσεια καλὰ Λυκαίου  
καὶ κραναὴν Στύμφηλον, ἀειδομένην τε πολίχνην  
Ῥίπην καὶ Στρατίνην καὶ Μαντινέην καὶ Ἐνίσπην 290  
Παρρασίην τ' εὐδενδρον, ὅπη πέδον ἐστὶ θεαίνης  
ἄστιβές ἀρχεγόνοιο λεχώιον εἰσέτι Ῥεῖης,  
καὶ δάπεδον Φενεοῖο καὶ ὄρχηθμοῖο τοκῆα,  
Ὅρχομενὸν πολύμηλον, ἐδέθλιον Ἀπιδανήων,  
οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀρκαδίην πόλιν Ἀρκάδος, ὃν ποτε μήτηρ 295  
Καλλιστῶ Διὶ τίκτε, πατὴρ δέ μιν εἰς πόλον ἄστρον  
στηρίξας ἐκάλεσσε χαλαζήεντα Βοώτην·  
τόσσον Ἀρισταῖος στρατὸν ὤπλισεν Ἀρκαδίι λόγχῃ  
ἀνδράσι μαρναμένοις νομάδας κύνας

εἰς μόθον ἔλκων,  
τόν ποτε Κυρήνη, κεμαδοσσόος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη, 300  
Φοιβείῃ φιλότῃτι λεοντοφόνος τέκε νύμφη,  
ὅπποτε μιν Λιβύῃ ψαμαθώδει καλὸς Ἀπόλλων  
ἤγαγε νυμφοκόμῳ μετανάστιον ἄρπαγι δίφρω.  
καὶ μιν ἐπισπεύδοντα λιπῶν μαντώδεα δάφνην  
αὐτὸς εἰς παλάμησι πατὴρ θώρηξεν Ἀπόλλων· 305  
παιδὶ δὲ τόξον ἔδωκε, καὶ ἤρμοσε χειρὶ βοεῖην  
δαιδαλέην, γλαφυρὴν δὲ καθιεμένην διὰ νώτου  
ὠμαδίῳ τελαμῶνι κατεκλήμισσε φαρέτρην.

Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Σικελίῃθεν ἐκηβόλος ἦλθεν Ἀχάτης,  
καὶ οἱ ἐφωμάρτησαν ὀμήλυδες ἀσπιδιῶται, 310

<sup>a</sup> Rheia, according to one story (followed by Callim. *Hymns* i. 10 ff., which Nonnos alludes to here), bore Zeus in that place.

<sup>b</sup> Nonnos evidently is etymologizing again, and interprets

the vagabond acornfed Arcadians under arms, those that held Lasion, and the fine glades of Lycaios, and rocky Stymphalos, and Rhipe famous town; Stratia and Mantinea and Enispe, and woodland Parrhasia, where is still to be found the place untrodden in which primeval goddess Rheia was brought to bed<sup>a</sup>; the region of Pheneos, and Orchomenos rich in sheep, only begetter of the dance,<sup>b</sup> seat of the Apidaneans. There were there also those of Arcadia, city of Arcas son of Callisto<sup>c</sup> and Zeus, whose father fixed him in the starry firmament and called him Boötes Hailbringer. Such was the host which Aristaios had armed with the Arcadian lance, and led sheepdogs to battle with warring men. He was the son of Cyrene, that deer-chasing second Artemis, the girl lionkiller, who bore him to the love of Phoibos; when handsome Apollo carried her abroad<sup>d</sup> to sandy Libya in a robber's car for a bridal equipage. And as he came in haste, Apollo his father left the prophetic laurel and armed him with his own hands, gave his son a bow, and fitted his arm with a curiously wrought shield, and fastened the hollow quiver by a strap over the shoulder to hang down his back.

<sup>309</sup> To him came from Sicily longshot Achates, and shieldbearing comrades with him, a great host of the name Orchomenos as meaning "place of dancing" (*ὄρχηθμός*).

<sup>c</sup> Callisto was beloved of Zeus, and for some reason (the story varies greatly in details) was turned into a she-bear. Her son Arcas, who was a great hunter, did not recognize her in this form and was about to kill her, when Zeus turned them both into constellations, Ursa Major and Arctophylax, the great Bear and Bearward; Arctophylax is also called Boötes, the Cattleman.

<sup>d</sup> From Mount Pelion: see Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. or the story (*e.g.* 30, 65).

## NONNOS

Κιλλυρίων τ' Ἐλύμων τε πολὺς στρατός,  
οἱ τε Παλίκων  
 ἔδρανον ἀμφενέμοντο, καὶ οἱ Κατάνην πάρα λίμνην  
 γείτονα Σειρήνων πόλιν ᾤκεον, ἄς Ἀχελῶω  
 Τερψιχόρῃ ῥοδόεσσα βοοκραίρων ἀπὸ λέκτρων  
 τίκτεν ἀελλήεντι συναπτομένη παρακοίτῃ. 315  
 οἱ τ' εἶχον Καμάριναν, ὅπη κελάδοντι ῥεέθρῳ  
 Ἴππαρις ἀστήρικτος ἐρεύγεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,  
 Ὑβλησ θ' ἱερὸν ἄστῃ, καὶ οἱ σχεδὸν ᾤκεον Αἴτνης,  
 ἦχι πυρὸς κρητῆρες ἀναπτομένης ἀπὸ πέτρης  
 θερμὸν ἀναβλύζουσι Τυφαιονίης σέλας εὐνῆς, 320  
 οἱ τε δόμους ἐδάσαντο παρ' ὄφρυνόεντι Πελώρῳ,  
 καὶ δάπεδον νησαῖον ἀλιρροῖζιο Παχύνου,  
 καὶ Σικελὴν Ἀρέθουσαν, ὅπη μετανάστιος ἔρπει  
 στέμματι Πισαίῳ κομόων Ἀλφειὸς ἀλήτης,  
 πορθμεύων βατὸν οἶδμα, καὶ ἀκροτάτου διὰ πόντου 325  
 ἔλκει δούλον Ἔρωτος ὑπέρτερον ἄβροχον ὕδωρ,  
 θερμὸν ἔχων ψυχροῖο δι' ὕδατος ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.  
 τοῖς ἐπι Φαῦνος ἵκανε πυρισφρήγιστον ἑάσας  
 Σικελίης τριλόφοιο Πελωρίδα πέζαν ἐρίπνης,  
 τὸν βυθίῳ Κρονίῳ συναπτομένη τέκε Κίρκη, 330  
 σύγγονος Αἰήταο πολύθρονος, ἧ παρὰ λόχμῃ  
 ᾤκεε πετραίῳ βαθύσκια κύκλα μελάθρου.  
 Καὶ Λίβυες στρατόωντο  
παρ' Ἐσπέριον κλίμα γαίης

<sup>a</sup> From Eryx and Segesta.

<sup>b</sup> Native Sicilian deities, worshipped at the body of water now known as Lago dei Palici, or locally as Lago Naftia or Fetia, near the town of Palagonia.

<sup>c</sup> A river rising in Mount Pindos and falling into the Ionian sea. Rivers were represented as with heads or horns of bulls.

<sup>d</sup> The monster Typhon was said to lie beneath Etna.

Cillyrioi and Elymoi,<sup>a</sup> and those who lived round the seat of the Palicoi<sup>b</sup>; those who had a city by the lake Catana near the Sirens, whom rosy Terpsichore brought forth by the stormy embraces of her bull-horned husband Acheloös<sup>c</sup>; those who possessed Camarina, where the wild Hipparis disgorges his winding water in a roaring flood; those from the sacred citadel of Hybla, and those dwelling near Aitna, where the rock is alight and kettles of fire boil up the hot flare of Typhaon's bed<sup>d</sup>; those who scattered their houses along the beetling brow of Peloros and the island ground of sea-resounding Pachynos<sup>e</sup>; and Sicilian Arethusa, where after his wandering travels Alpheios creeps proud of his Pisan chaplet—he crosses the deep like a highway, and draws his water, the slave of love, unwetted,<sup>f</sup> over the surface of the sea, for he carries a burning fire warm through the cold water. After these Phaunos<sup>g</sup> came, leaving the firesealed Pelorian plain of three-peak Sicily the rocky, whom Circe bore embraced by Cronion of the Deep,<sup>h</sup> Circe the witch of many poisons, Aietas's sister, who dwelt in the deep-shadowed cells of a rocky palace.

<sup>333</sup> Libyans also joined the host, whose home was

<sup>e</sup> There is no island, and the brow describes Pachynos better than Peloros.

<sup>f</sup> See vi. 340. His water did not mix with the sea, hence "unwetted." The usual story is that he passed underneath. Nonnos sees him in human shape walking with a garland on his head; hence the confused description.

<sup>g</sup> It would seem that Nonnos had some smattering of Latin mythology, for this is none other than Faunus the Roman wood-god or fairy. However, it is as likely as not that he had met with him euhemerized into a prince or king of early days.

<sup>h</sup> Poseidon.

NONNOS

ἀγχινεφῆ ναίοντες ἀλήμονος ἄστεα Κάδμου·  
 κείθι γὰρ ἀντιπόρων ἀνέμων πεφορημένος αὔραις 335  
 εἰς χρόνον ὤκεε Κάδμος, ἔχων Σιθωνίδα νύμφην  
 σύμπλοον, Ἄρμονίην ἔτι παρθένον, ἧς διὰ μορφὴν  
 γείτονας ἀντιβίους πολεμητόκος ὤπλισε φήμη,  
 ἦν Χάριν ἀντονόμηκε Λίβυς στρατός—ἀβροτέρη γὰρ  
 Βιστονὶς ἐβλάστησεν ἐπιχθονίη Χάρις ἄλλη, 340  
 τῆς ἄπο καὶ Λιβύης Χαρίτων λόφος—,  
 ἧς ἐπὶ μορφῇ  
 ἄρπαγος ὑσμίνης δεδονημένος ἄφρονι κέντρῳ  
 φρικτὸς ἐρωμανέων ἐκορύσσετο βάρβαρος Ἄρης,  
 λαὸς ἐρημονόμος Μαυρούσιος· ἀλλὰ τινάσσω  
 χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσι Λιβυστίδος ἔγχος Ἀθήνης 345  
 Ἄρμονίης πολέμιζε προασπίζων παρακοίτης,  
 Ἐσπερίων δ' ἐφόβησεν ὄλον γένος Αἰθιοπῶν  
 σὺν Διὶ θωρηχθέντι, σὺν Ἄρει καὶ Κυθερείῃ·  
 κείθι καί, ὡς ἐνέπουσι, παρὰ Τριτωνίδι λίμνῃ  
 Ἄρμονίη παρέλεκτο ρόδῳπιδι Κάδμος ἀλήτης, 350  
 Νύμφαι δ' Ἐσπερίδες μέλος ἔπλεκον, ὧν ἀπὸ κήπου  
 Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἐρωτες ἐκόσμεον εὐγάμον εὐνήν,  
 χρυσεῖν θαλάμοισιν ἐπικρεμάσαντες ὀπώρην,  
 νύμφης ἔδνον ἔρωτος ἐπάξιον, ἧς ἀπὸ φύλλων  
 Ἄρμονίη καὶ Κάδμος ἐχεκτεάνῳ παρὰ παστῶ 355  
 βόστρυχον ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο κορύμβοις  
 ἀντὶ ρόδου γαμίοιο· καὶ ἀβροτέρη πέλε νύμφη  
 χρύσεια δῶρα φέρουσα, γέρας χρυστῆς Ἀφροδίτης·  
 καὶ μέλος ἀστραίης κιθάρης ἐπίκωμον ἐγείρας  
 μητροπάτωρ σφαιρηδὸν ἐῶ βητάρμονι ταρσῶ 360

<sup>a</sup> Athena's birthplace was said to be by the river Triton in Libya, or this lake Tritonis; hence she is called Tritogeneia.

<sup>b</sup> There are two divisions of the Ethiopians, eastern and western, according to Hom. *Od.* i. 23. They seem to



in the western clime, the cities of wandering Cadmos near the clouds. For there on a time dwelt Cadmos carried by contrary winds, on the voyage with his Sithonian bride Harmonia still a maiden. The rumour of her beauty bred war and armed hostile neighbours. The Libyan army named her Charis, for the Bistonian girl bloomed like another Charis of this world and even more dainty, and the Graces' Hill of Libya had its name from her. So the Maurusian people of the desert because of her beauty were stung with mad lust of robber warfare, and took arms, a horrible barbarian Ares wild with passion. But Harmonia's mate held his shield before her, grasping in hand the spear of Libyan Athena<sup>a</sup> to defend his beloved wife, and put to flight the whole nation of western<sup>b</sup> Ethiopians, with armed Zeus as ally, with Ares and Cythereia. And there as they say, by the Tritonian lake, Cadmos the wanderer lay with rosycheek Harmonia, and the Nymphs Hesperides made a song for them, and Cypris together with the Loves decked out a fine bed for the wedding, hanging in the bridal chamber golden fruit from the Nymphs' garden,<sup>c</sup> a worthy lovegift for the bride; rich clusters of their leaves Harmonia and Cadmos twined through their hair, amid the abundance of their bridechamber, in place of the wedding-roses. Still more dainty the bride appeared wearing these golden gifts, the boon of golden Aphrodite. Her mother's father<sup>d</sup> the stooping Libyan Atlas awoke a tune of the heavenly

correspond to a very vague early knowledge of the dark-skinned peoples of East and West Africa respectively.

<sup>c</sup> The golden apples (for oranges were not yet known in the west).

<sup>d</sup> Electra was daughter of Atlas.

## NONNOS

οὐρανὸν ἀμφελέλιζε Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,  
 καὶ μέλος ἀρμονίης ἐμελίζετο γείτοιν φωνῇ·  
 καὶ ζυγίης φιλότητος ἤης μνημῆια νύμφης  
 δῶκε ποδῶν ἐπίβαθρα Λιβυστίδι Κάδμος ἀρούρη,  
 δωμήσας πολίων ἑκατοντάδα, δῶκε δ' ἐκάστη 365  
 δύσβατα λαϊνέοις ὑψούμενα τείχεα πύργοις.  
 κείνου μνήστιν ἔχοντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταὶ  
 μαρναμένου Βρομίοιο προασπιστῆρες Ἐννουῦς,  
 τικτομένης ναίοντες ἐδέθλια γείτονα Μήνης  
 καὶ Διὸς Ἀσβύσταο μεσημβρίζοντας ἐναύλους, 370  
 μαντιπόλου κερόεντος, ὅπη ποτὲ πολλάκις Ἄμμων  
 ἀρνειοῦ τριέλικτον ἔχων ἴνδαλμα κεραίης  
 ὀμφαίοις στομάτεσσιν ἐθέσπισεν Ἐσπέριος Ζεὺς·  
 οἳ τε ῥόον Χρεμέταο καὶ οἳ παρὰ Κίνυφος ὕδωρ  
 ᾤκεον ἀζαλέης ψαμαθῶδεα πέζαν ἀρούρης, 375  
 Ἀύσχῆσαι Βάκαλές τε συνήλυδες, οὓς πλέον ἄλλων  
 Ἄρεϊ τερπομένους Ζεφυρήμιος ἔτρεφεν ἀγκῶν.  
 τόσσοι λαὸς ἔην ἑκατόμπολις· ἐρχομένης δὲ  
 πληθύος ἠγεμόνευε Κραταιγόνος, ὃν ποτε κούρη  
 Ἄγχιρόη Χρεμέταο παρὰ πλαταμῶνα τοκῆος 380  
 Ψύλλου κουφονόοιο μιννθαδίῃ τέκεν εὐνήν  
 νυμφίον ἀγκὰς ἔχουσα θεημάχον, οὐ ποτε καρποῦς  
 ἄσθματι διφαλέω Νότος ἔφλεγε θερμὸς ἀήτης·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ θωρήσσων κορυθαιόλον Ἄρεα νηῶν  
 ναύμαχον ἐσμὸν ἄγειρεν, ὅπως ποινήτορι θεσμῶ 385  
 ἠερίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐννώ,

<sup>a</sup> See v. 73. The Moon is here equivalent to Athena Tritogeneia.

<sup>b</sup> Zeus Asbystes is simply Zeus of the Asbystai, a people of N. Africa. As he is called a prophet, it is evident that the name here means Zeus Ammon, the Egyptian ram-headed god who was identified by the Greeks with Zeus and had a famous oracle at the Oasis of Ammon.

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harp to join the revels, and with tripping foot he twirled the heavens round like a ball, while he sang a stave of harmony himself not far away. Cadmos too, in memory of the love of his wedded bride, paid his footing in the Libyan land by building a hundred cities, and he gave to each lofty walls inaccessible, with towers of stone. With his memory in mind, came warriors to the host, forefighters of Enyo when Bromios went to war : those who dwell in settlements near the Moon's birthplace,<sup>a</sup> and the southern shelters of Zeus Asbystes the horned prophet,<sup>b</sup> where Ammon the Western Zeus has often uttered oracles in the shape of a ram with three spiral horns ; those whose home was on the sandy plain of parched land beside the stream of Chremetes <sup>c</sup> and the water of Cinyps <sup>d</sup> ; Auschisai and Bacales together, bred in a corner of the West, and more than others devoted to Ares.

<sup>378</sup> So great was the people of the hundred cities ; and their masses came led by Crataigonos,<sup>e</sup> whom Anchiroë daughter of Chremetes brought forth on her father's riverbank in that shortlasting union with Psylos <sup>f</sup> the harebrained ; the bridegroom she held in her arms was the gods' enemy. Notos, that hot wind, once burnt his crops with parching breath ; whereupon he fitted out a fleet and gathered a naval swarm of helmeted warriors, to stir up strife against the winds of the south with avenging doom, eager to

<sup>c</sup> A river of Libya, flowing into the "outer sea," the Atlantic Ocean, probably the Senegal.

<sup>d</sup> A river between the Syrtes.

<sup>e</sup> Unknown.

<sup>f</sup> Nonnos would seem to be recounting, or inventing, the legend of the origin of the Psylloi, an African people of whom it was said that snakes would not harm them.

## NONNOS

ἴεμενος κτεῖναι φλογερὸν Νότον· ἄγχι δὲ νήσου  
 Αἰολίης στόλος ἦλθε σακέσπαλος, ἀλλὰ μανέντος  
 ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀελλήεντι κυδοιμῷ  
 ὀλκάδα μαστίζοντες ἐθωρήχθησαν ἀῆται, 390  
 συμφερτὴν δονέοντες ἀρηγόνα σύμπνοον αὔρην,  
 καὶ στρατιὴν καὶ Ψύλλον ἐτυμβεύσαντο θαλάσση.

Θρηκίης δὲ Σάμοιο συνέρρεον ἀσπιδιῶται,  
 κοίρανος οὓς προῖαλλε βαθυσμήριγγος ὑπήνης,  
 Ἕμαθίων βαρύγουνος, ἔχων χιονώδεα χαίτην, 395  
 Τιτήνων μελέεσσιν εἰκίότας, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,  
 ἀγχίαλον Μύρμηκα καὶ ἀνθεμόεντα Σαώκην,  
 καὶ χθόνα Τευμερίοιο καὶ εὐλείμωνος ἀρούρης  
 ἄλσεα Φησιάδαο κατάσκια δενδράδι λόχμη,  
 καὶ ζαθέην Ζήρυνθον ἀκοιμήτων Κορυβάντων 400  
 κτίσμα φατιζομένης Περσηίδος, ὀππόθι κούρης  
 μυστιπόλων δαΐδων θιασώδεές εἰσιν ἐρίπναι,  
 οἳ τε πολυγλώχινος ὑπὸ κρηπίδος ἀρούρης  
 Βρόντιον ἀμφενέμοντο, καὶ ἄς ἐπὶ γείτονι πόντῳ  
 Ἀτραπιτοὺς βυθίοιο Ποσειδάωνος ἀκούω. 405  
 τόσσαί μὲν στίχες ἦλθον ὀμήλυδες, ἀρχηγόνου δὲ  
 Ἥλέκτρης ὀμόφυλον ἐπιστώσαντο γενέθλην·  
 κεῖθι γὰρ Ἀρμονίην γένος αἰθέρος, αἶμα θαλάσσης,  
 Ἄρης, Ζεὺς, Κυθέρεια θεῶν χραισμῆτορι Κάδμῳ  
 κουριδίην ἀνάεδνον ἐδωρήσαντο γυναῖκα. 410  
 τοῖσι κορυσσομένοισι σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ

\* Guardian of the winds: Hom. *Od.* x. 1 ff. Its position is conveniently vague.

<sup>b</sup> A mountain.

<sup>c</sup> Unknown in Samothrace.

<sup>d</sup> If the name is correctly written Phesiades, we know nothing about him; but as η and υ were pronounced exactly alike by Nonnos's time (both like Ital. *i*, as in Modern Greek), the variant Physiades is as likely as not to be right. In this

kill fiery Notos. To the island of Aiolos <sup>a</sup> sailed the shieldbearing fleet; but the Winds armed themselves and flogged the madman's vessel, volleying with tempestuous tumult in a whirlwind throng of concerted confederate blasts, and sank Psyllos and armament in a watery grave.

<sup>393</sup> From Samothrace came a stream of shieldmen, sent by their prince Emathion of the long flowing beard, himself heavy of knee, with snow-white hair, men limbed like Titans. They possessed both Myrmex on the sea and flowery Saoce, <sup>b</sup> aye and the land of Teumerios, <sup>c</sup> and the glades and meadows of Phesiades' land <sup>d</sup> shaded with woodland copses, and divine Zerynthos of the unresting Corybants, the foundation of renowned Perseis, <sup>e</sup> where the rocks are thronged with torchbearing mystics of the Maid. There were others who lived under the manycraggy wall of the land about Brontion, and in Atrapitoi which I hear of on the neighbouring shore of deepsea Poseidon. All these companies came together, who were loyal to their sib, the ancient family of Electra; for there <sup>f</sup> Ares, Zeus and Cythereia gave to Cadmos, the god's ally, Harmonia heaven's kin and sea's blood, to be his lawful wife without brideprice.

<sup>411</sup> As the armed host gathered to Dionysos with case he might have something to do with the island Physia, near Cyzicos.

<sup>e</sup> Hecate, daughter of Perses and Asteria, would seem to be associated here with the mysteries of the Samothracian Gods, of whom we know very little, but enough to say that they were not properly identical or even connected with the Corybantes, nor the Corybantes with Hecate. But she is the witches' goddess (the interpolated scenes in *Macbeth* classicize in this respect), and so felt to be appropriate for any secret and bizarre ritual.

<sup>f</sup> Cf. bk. iii.

## NONNOS

Ἡλέκτρης ἀνέτελλε δι' αἰθέρος ἕβδομος ἀστὴρ  
 δεξιὸν ὑσμίνης σημήιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νίκη  
 Πληιάδων κελάδησε βοῆς ἀντίθροος ἤχῳ  
 γνωτῆς αἶμα φέροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσω, 415  
 καὶ στρατιῇ πόρε θάρσος ὁμοίον· ἐρχομένων δὲ  
 Ὠγυρος ἠγεμόνευεν ἐς Ἄρεα δεύτερος Ἄρης,  
 Ὠγυρος ὑψικάρηνος, ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων·  
 τοῦ μὲν ἔην ἄγναμπτον ὄλον δέμας, ἐκ δὲ καρῆνου  
 αὐχενίου τε τένοντος ὀπισθοκόμων ἐπὶ νώτων 420  
 ἰσοφανεῖς πλοκαμίδες ἀκανθοφόροισιν ἐχίνοις  
 ἔρρεον ἰξύος ἄχρι κατήλυδες· εἶχε δὲ δειρῆν  
 μηκεδανῆν, περίμετρον, ὁμοίον αὐχένι πέτρης,  
 βάρβαρον ἦθος ἔχων πατρώιον· οὐδέ τις αὐτοῦ  
 φέρτερος ἄλλος ἵκανε· Ἐώιον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν 425  
 νόσφι Διωνύσοιο· καὶ ὄρκιον ὤμοσε Νίκην  
 Ἰνδῶν χθόνα πᾶσαν ἐῷ δορὶ μῶνος ὀλέσσαι.  
 Καὶ θρασὺς υἱὸς Ἄρης ἔην Πίμπλειαν εἶσας  
 Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἐκώμασεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,  
 Ὀρφέα καλλεΐφας ἐπὶ γούνασι Καλλιοπέης 430  
 νήπιον ἀρτιχύτω μεμελημένον εἰσέτι μαζῶ.  
 Κυπριάδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεε Λίτρος ἀγῆνωρ<sup>1</sup>  
 εὐχαίτης τε Λάπηθος· ἐθωρήσσοντο δὲ πολλοί,  
 οἳ τ' ἔλαχον Σφήκειαν, ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσου.  
 Κύπρον ἐπτερύγων θεοδέγμονα νῆσον Ἐρώτων, 435  
 Κύπριδος αὐτογόνοιο φερώνυμον, ἧς ποτε Κύπρου  
 ἄκρα περιγράψας βυθίῃ γλωχίνι τριαίνης  
 ἰσοφυῆ δελφῖνι τύπον τορνῶσατο Νηρεὺς—  
 ὁππότε γὰρ γονόεσσα κατάρρυτος ἄρσενι λύθρῳ  
 Οὐρανίῃ μόρφωσε λεχώιον ἀφρὸν ἔέρση 440

<sup>1</sup> So MSS.: ἐκοσμήτην Ἀγαπήνωρ Μ.

<sup>a</sup> Seventh of the Pleiades.

his thyrsus, Electra's<sup>a</sup> star rose with her six sisters in the sky in happy augury of the conflict; and the echoing voice of the Pleiads resounded for victory, doing grace to Dionysos who shared their sister's blood, giving equal confidence to the host. Ogyros led their march to war, Ogyros himself a second war-god, his head towering high like one of the giants. Nothing could bend that great body. From his head and muscular neck, waves of hair fell to his loins, covering his back and shoulders, bristling like the spines of a hedgehog. He had a throat of immense length and thickness, like a neck of rock. Barbarian and son of a barbarian was he; no other came to the Indian War in the east stronger than he was, except Dionysos. He had sworn an oath to Victory, that he would destroy the whole land of India with his own spear alone.

<sup>428</sup> The bold son of Ares, Oiagros, quitted his city of Pimpleia on the Bistonian plain, and joined the rout. He left Orpheus on Calliopeia's knees, a little one interested in his mother's milk, still a new thing.

<sup>432</sup> The Cyprian companies were under command of proud Litros<sup>b</sup> and finehair Lapethos. Many took up arms: those whose lot was in Spheceia, the round brinebeaten isle; others from Cypros, godwelcoming island of the finefeathered Loves, which bears the name of Cypris the selfborn. Nereus had traced the boundaries of this Cypros with the deepsea prong, and shaped it like a dolphin. For when the fertile drops from Uranos, spilt with a mess of male gore, had given infant shape to the fertile foam and

<sup>b</sup> Unknown. Marcellus would substitute the name of Agapenor, who founded Paphos.

NONNOS

καὶ Παφίην ᾧδινε, Κεραστίδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου  
 ἔμφρονα θυμὸν ἔχων ὑπὲρ οἴδματος ἔτρεχε δελφίς,  
 ἔζομένην λοφίησιν ἐλαφρίζων Ἀφροδίτην—,  
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ὑλάταο πέδον καὶ ἐδέθλια Σηστοῦ  
 καὶ Τάμασον καὶ Τέμβρον Ἐρυθραίην τε πολίχνην 445  
 καὶ τέμενος βαθύδενδρον ὄρεσσαύλοιο Πανάκρου·  
 ἐκ δὲ Σόλων κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός,

ἐκ δὲ Λαπήθου,

ὑστερον ἦν ἐκάλεσαν ὁμώνυμον ἡγεμονῆος,  
 ὃς τότε λαὸν ἄγειρεν, ἐν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
 κάτθανε καὶ κτερέιστο καὶ οὔνομα λείπε πολίταις. 450  
 οἳ τε πόλιν Κινύρειαν ἐπώνυμον εἰσέτι πέτρην  
 ἀρχηγόνου Κινύραο, καὶ Οὐρανίης πέδον ἔδρης  
 αἰθερίου κενεῶνος ἐπώνυμον, ὅτι πολίτας  
 ἔτρεφεν ἀστράπτοντας ἐπουρανίων τύπον ἄστρον,  
 οἳ τ' εἶχον Κραπάσειαν, ἀλιστεφὲς οὔδας ἀρούρης, 455  
 καὶ Πάφον, ἀβροκόμων

στεφανηφόρον ὄρμον Ἐρώτων,

ἐξ ὑδάτων ἐπίβαθρον ἀνερχομένης Ἀφροδίτης,  
 ἦχι θαλασσογόνου Παφίης νυμφήιον ὕδωρ,  
 Σέτραχος ἡμερόεις, ὅθι πολλάκις εἶμα λαβοῦσα  
 Κύπρις ἀνεχλαίνωσε λελουμένον νιέα Μύρρης, 460  
 καὶ πόλιν ἀρχηγόνου ποτὲ Περσέος,

ᾧ ποτε Τεῦκρος,

καλλείψας Σαλαμίνα χολωμένου Τελαμῶνος,  
 ὄπλοτέρην πύργωσεν ἀειδομένην Σαλαμίνα.

Λυδῶν δ' ἀβρὸς ὄμιλος ἐπέρρεεν, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,  
 Κίμψον ἐνψήφιδα καὶ ὄφρυόεσσαν Ἰτώνην, 465

<sup>a</sup> Cf. v. 614.

<sup>c</sup> A river.

<sup>b</sup> Father of Adonis.

<sup>d</sup> Adonis.



brought forth the Paphian, to the land of horned<sup>a</sup> Cypros came a dolphin over the deep, which with intelligent mind carried Aphrodite perched on his mane.—Those also were there who held the land of Hylates, and the settlement of Sestos, Tamasos and Tembros, the town of Erythrai, and the woody precincts of Panacros in the mountains. From Soloi also came many men-at-arms, and from Lapethos; this place was named afterwards from the leader who assembled them, who fell in the thyrsus-war and was honourably buried and left his name for his citizens. There were those also who had the city Cinyreia, that rock-island which still bears the name of ancient Cinyras<sup>b</sup>; and those from the place where Urania lies, named after the heavenly vault, because it was full of men brilliant as the stars; and those who held Crapaseia, a land surrounded by sea; and those of Paphos, garlanded harbour of the soft-haired Loves, landingplace of Aphrodite when she came up out of the waves, where is the bridebath of the seaborne goddess, lovely Setrachos<sup>c</sup>: here Cypris often took a garment and draped the son of Myrrha<sup>d</sup> after his bath. Last is the city of ancient Perseus, for whom Teucros,<sup>e</sup> fleeing from Salamis before the wrath of Telamon, fortified the younger Salamis so renowned.

<sup>464</sup> A luxurious crowd of Lydians streamed in: those who held both pebbly Cimpsos and beetling

<sup>a</sup> Teucros son of Telamon and half-brother of the greater Aias was banished by his father after his return from Troy, the old man somehow feeling him responsible for Aias's death. He came to Cyprus and there founded a city, which he named Salamis after his native place. So far the common legend; but what Perseus has to do with it, or which Perseus is meant (surely not the son of Danaë, who was contemporary with Dionysos's life on earth) is not clear.

NONNOS

οἷ τε Τορήβιον εὐρύ, καὶ οἷ πλούτοιο τιθήνας  
 Σάρδιας εὐώδινας, ὀμήλικας ἠριγενεΐης,  
 καὶ χθόνα Βακχεΐην σταφυληκόμον, ἦχι τεκούση  
 ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσος ἔχων δέπας ἔμπλεον οἴνου  
 ῥεΐη πρῶτα κέρασσε, πόλιν δ' ὀνόμηνε Κεράσσας, 470  
 καὶ σκοπιάς Ὀάνοιο, καὶ οἷ ῥόον ἔλλαχον Ἑρμοῦ  
 ὑδατόεν τε Μέταλλον, ὄπη Πακτώλιον ἰλὺν  
 ξανθὸς ἀποπτύων ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἑέρσης·  
 καὶ Στατάλων κεκόρυστο πολὺς στρατός,

ἦχι Τυφωεύς

θερμὸν ἀναβλύζων πυριθαλπέος ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ 475

ἔφλεγε γείτονα χῶρον, ἀελλήεντι δὲ καπνῶ  
 αἰθομένου Τυφῶνος ἐτεφρώθησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 γυιοβόρω σπινθῆρι μαραιομένων κεφαλάων·  
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς Λυδοῖο θυώδεα νηὸν εἶσας

ἄρητῆρ ἀσίδηρος ἐμάρνατο κέντορι μύθῳ, 480

μύθῳ ἀκοντιστῆρι, καὶ οὐ τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ,  
 γλώσση ἐρητύων πειθήνιον υἷὸν ἀρούρης,  
 ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα θοῦρον,

ἔπος ξίφος, ἀσπίδα φωνήν,

τοῦτο θεοκλήτῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·

“στῆθι, τάλαν”· φλογοίεις δὲ Γίγας

ὑπὸ μύστιδι τέχνη 485

ἄρραγέος μύθιο σοφῶ στηρίζετο δεσμῶ  
 ἀνέρα δειμαίνων κεκορυθμένον ἔμφροσι λόγχῃ,  
 γυιοπέδην ἀσίδηρον ἔχων ποινήτορι μύθῳ·

οὐδὲ τόσον τρομέεσκεν ὀιστευτῆρα κεραυνοῦ  
 αἰνογίγας πολὺπηχυς, ὅσον ῥήξήνορα μύστην 490

γλώσση ὀιστεύοντα λάλον βέλος, εἶξε δὲ κάμνων  
 ἔλκεα φωνήεντα πεπαρμένος ὀξεί μύθῳ·

καὶ πυρὸς ἔλκος ἔχων, τετορημένος ἔγχει θερμῶ,  
 ἄλλῃ θερμοτέρῳ νοερῶ πυρὶ κάμνε Τυφωεύς,

Itone ; those from broad Torebios, those from fruitful Sardis, nurse of riches, as old as the daydawn ; those from the grapegrowing land of Bacchos, where the vinegod first mixed wine for Mother Rheia in a brimming cup, and named the city Cerassai, the Mixings ; those that held the watchingpeaks of Oanos, the stream of Hermos and watery Metallon, where the yellow treasure of the water sparkling spirits up the Pactolian mud. A great host came armed from Stataloi. There Typhoeus, spouting up the hot stream of the fiery thunderbolt, had kindled the neighbouring country, and as Typhon blazed amid clouds of smoke, the mountains were burnt to ashes, while his heads melted in the limb-devouring flame. But the priest of Lydian Zeus left the fragrant temple redolent of incense, and without steel made battle with piercing words, a word for a spear, no cutting steel, and brought the Son of Earth to obedience with his tongue ; his bold mouth was his lance, his word a sword, his voice a shield, and this was all that issued from his inspired throat—"Stand, wretch !" So the flaming Giant by magic art was held fast in chains of glammery by the invincible word, and stood in awe of a man armed with a spear of the mind, while the avenging word shackled him in fetters not made of steel. That awful giant towering high, trembled not so much at the Archer of Thunderbolts, as for the battlecrashing magician shooting bolts of speech from his tongue. He gave way, as the sharp words pierced him with wounds speaking in quick words. Already scorched with flame, thrust through with a redhot spear, Typhoeus gave way at the other fire hotter still, a fire of the mind. His snaky

## NONNOS

καὶ στατὸν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερρίζωσεν ἀνάγκη 495  
 ταρσὸν ἐχιδνήεντα πεπηγότα μητέρι Γαίῃ,  
 οὐτηθεὶς ἀχάρακτον ἀναιμάκτῳ δέμας αἰχμῇ.  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτέροισιν ἐν ἀνδράσιν ἤγαγεν αἰών.  
 τοὺς δὲ λίγα κροτέοντας ὑπ' εὐρύθμῳ χθόνα ταρσῶ  
 καὶ Στάβιος καὶ Στάμνος

ἐπὶ κλόνον ὤπλισαν Ἰνδῶν· 500  
 καὶ στρατὸν ὄρχηστῆρα περισκαίροντα δοκεύων  
 τοῖον ἔπος λέξιαι, ὅτι πρόμος ἠγεμονεύει  
 εἰς χορόν, οὐκ ἐπὶ δῆριν, ἐνόπλιον ἄνδρα κομίζων·  
 τοῖσι γὰρ ἐρχομένοισιν ἀνακρούουσα χορείην  
 Μυγδονὶς ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔβρεμε φόρμιγξ, 505  
 ἀντὶ χοροῦ πέμπουσα μόθου λαοσσόον ἠχώ·  
 καὶ πολέμων σάλπιγγες ἔσαν σύριγγες Ἐρώτων,  
 καὶ δίδυμοι Βερέκυντες ὁμόζυγες ἔκλαγον αὐλοί,  
 καὶ κτύπον ἀμφιπλήγα βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 χαλκείοις πατάγοισιν ἐμυκήσαντο βοεῖαι. 510

Καὶ Φρύγες ἐστρατόωντο  
 παρ' ἐγρεμόθων στίχα Λυδῶν,  
 οἳ τ' ἔλαχον Βούδειαν, αἰειδομένην τε πολίχνην  
 δενδροκόμον Τεμένειαν, εὐσκιον ἄλσος ἀρούρης,  
 οἳ Δρεσίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀβριμον, ὃς τε ρεέθροις 515  
 Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖσιν ἐὼν παραβάλλεται ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ δάπεδον Δοίαντος ἐπώνυμον, οἳ τε Κελαινὰς  
 χρυσορόφους ἐνέμοντο καὶ εἰκαστήρια Γοργοῦς·  
 τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἄστεα ναίειν  
 γείτονα Σαγγαρίου, καὶ Ἐλέσπιδος ἔδρανα γαίης.  
 τῶν πρόμος ἠγεμόνευε, λιπῶν ὀφιδῶδεα Δίρκην, 520

<sup>a</sup> Winejar, probably Nonnos's invention, perhaps taking a hint from Aristophanes (*Frogs* 22).

<sup>b</sup> The name of Iconion in Asia Minor sounded as if it

feet were rooted firm and immovable by main force, firmly fixt in Earth his mother, his body was wounded by a bloodless blade that made no mark.

<sup>498</sup> But all this was done in time gone by, among men of a more ancient generation. Here were men armed for the Indian tumult by Stabios and Stamnos,<sup>a</sup> loudly rattling on the ground in drilled step; and if you could see the whole host prancing and leaping, you might be inclined to say that the captain was leading them to a dance rather than to a war, bringing a detachment of armour-dancers. For as they marched, the Mygdonian lute struck up a dance tune for war-music to arouse the tumult of conflict; it sounded the assembly for battle, not for dance; love's flutings were the trumpets of war; the twin Berecyntian pipes tootled together, the calfskin bellowed, struck on both sides by the brassy rattle of heavyrumbling hands.

<sup>511</sup> The Phrygians ranged themselves beside the ranks of dinraising Lydians: those whose lot was in Boudeia, and the famous town of treeplanted Temeneia, a shady grove in the country; those who lived in Dresia and Obrimos, which discharges his water into the curving stream of Maiandros; those from the ground of Doias, and those who lived in goldroof Celainai, and the place of the Gorgon's image.<sup>b</sup> These were joined by those who had to inhabit the cities near Sangarios, and the settlements of the Elespid land: they were led by a captain from

had something to do with *εἰκόν* to the later Greeks, whose pronounciation did not distinguish between *ei* and *i*. Hence a great number of stories explaining how the place came to be connected with an "image" or "portrait." Nonnos may be alluding to the tale that Perseus came there and set up an image of the Gorgon Medusa, or to some similar account.

NONNOS

Πρίασος, Ἄουνης μετανάστιος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης·  
 ὀππότε γὰρ Φρυγίης πέδον ἔκλυσεν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,  
 ὄμβρηροῖς πελάγεσσι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ δρύες ἐκρύφθησαν, ἀκανθοφόροις τ' ἐνὶ βήσσαις  
 διψαλέαι ποταμηδὸν ἐκυμαίνοντο κολῶναι, 525  
 ἰκμαλέον τότε δῶμα λιπῶν κεκαλυμμένον ὄμβρω  
 καὶ ῥόον ἠερόφοιτον, ἀκοντιστήρα μελάθρων,  
 Πρίασος Ἄουνης μετανέσσατο κόλπον ἀρούρης,  
 Ζηνὸς ἀλυσκάζων θανατηφόρον ὄμβριον ὕδωρ·  
 αἰεὶ δ' ἀλλοδαποῖσι παρ' ἀνδράσι δάκρυα λείβων 530  
 μνώετο Σαγγαρίοιο καὶ ἠθάδα δίζετο πηγῆν,  
 Ἄουίου ποταμοῖο πιῶν ἀλλότριον ὕδωρ·  
 ὄψε δὲ δύσνιφον οἶδμα καὶ ὕδατόεσσαν ἀνάγκην  
 Ζεὺς ὑπατος πρήννε, καὶ ἐκ Σιπύλοιο καρῆνων  
 κλυζομένης Φρυγίης παλινάγρετον ἤλασεν ὕδωρ· 535  
 καὶ ῥόον ἐννοσίγαιος ὄλον μετέθηκε τριαίνῃ  
 εἰς βυθίους κευθμῶνας ἀτεκμάρτοιο θαλάσσης,  
 καὶ νιφετοῦ κελάδοντος ἐγυμνώθησαν ἐρίπναι·  
 καὶ τότε Βοιωτοῖο παλίνδρομος οὐδας ἐάσας  
 Πρίασος ὑστερόμητις ἐὴν ὑπεδύσατο πάτρην, 540  
 καὶ γενέτην βαρύγουνον ἀπήμονι πήχεος ὀλκῶ  
 νόστιμος ἀγκὰς ἔμαρψεν, ὃν εὐσεβέων χάριν ἔργων  
 Ζεὺς μέγας ὄμβρῆεντος ἀνεζώγηρσεν ὀλέθρου,  
 Βρόμβιον ὃν καλέουσιν· ἀπὸ Φρυγίοιο δὲ κόλπου  
 Πρίασον αὐχένετες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταί. 545  
 Ἄστερίου δ' ἀπάνευθεν εἰοῦ γενέταο μολόντος  
 ἀρτιθαλῆς Μίλητος ὀμόστολος ἴκετο Βάκχῳ  
 Καῦνον ἔχων συνάεθλον ἀδελφεόν, ὃς τότε Καρῶν  
 λαὸν ἄγων ἔτι κοῦρος ἐδύσατο φύλοπιω Ἰνδῶν·  
 οὐ πω γὰρ δυσέρωτα δολοπλόκον ἔπλεκε μολπῆν 550  
 γνωτῆς οἴστρον ἔχων ἀδαήμονος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴν  
 ἀντιτύπου φιλότητος ὀμοζήλων ἐπὶ λέκτρων

### DIONYSIACA, XIII. 521-552

Dirce of the dragon, Priasos, who came from foreign parts to the Aonian land. For when Rainy Zeus flooded the land of Phrygia, pouring water from on high in seas of rain, when trees were covered, and in glens where thistles grew thirsty hills were flooded with rivers of water, Priasos left his drowned house hidden in the rain and the airclimbing river which had attacked his homestead, and migrated to the bosom of the Aonian land to escape from the fatal showers of rain. But he never ceased to shed tears among these foreign men; he remembered Sangarios and missed his familiar brook, when he drank the alien water of the Aonian River. But Zeus Highest at last quieted the stormy flood and the watery violence, and drove the water of flooded Phrygia down from the tops of Sipylos; Earthshaker with his trident pushed all the waters away into the deep hollows of the boundless sea, and the cliffs were laid bare of the roaring deluge. Then Priasos in late repentance left the land of Boiotos, and returned to his own country, and when he reached home he held his heavyknee father in his arms with a joyful embrace; for great Zeus had saved him from destruction for his pious works: Brombios they call him. Now the Phrygian warriors from the Phrygian gulf proudly thronged about Priasos.

<sup>546</sup> Asterios the father had gone with another band, but his son Miletos now in the flower of his age came in the company of Bacchos. With him came his brother Caunos to share his dangers. Although only a boy, he led the Carian people into the Indian War. Not yet had he conceived a passion for his innocent sister, and composed that tricking lovesong; not yet had he sung of Hera herself joined with her brother

## NONNOS

Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην ἐμελίζετο σύγγονον Ἥρην  
 Λάτμιον ἀμφὶ βόαυλον ἀκοιμήτοιο νομῆος,  
 ὀλβίζων ὑπ' ἔρωτι μεμηλότα γείτοني πέτρη 555  
 νυμφίον Ἐνδυμίωνα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης·  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι Βυβλὶς ἔην φιλοπάρθενος, ἀλλ' ἔτι θήρην  
 Καῦνος ὁμογνήτων ἐδιδάσκετο νῆις ἐρώτων·  
 οὐ πω δ', ἀβροκόμοιο κασιγνήτοιο φυγόντος,  
 δάκρυσιν ὀμβρηθεῖσα δέμας μορφώσατο κούρη, 560  
 καὶ ῥόον ὕδατόεντα γοήμονος ἔβλυε πηγῆς.  
 τῷ δ' ἅμα θαρσῆεντες ἐπερρώοντο μαχηταί,  
 οἱ Μυκάλην ἐνέμοντο, καὶ οἱ λάχον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ  
 εἰς χθόνα δυομένοιο παλιινόστου ποταμοῖο,  
 Μαιάνδρου σκολιοῖο, διερπύζοντος ἐναύλων. 565

Τόσσαί μὲν στίχες ἦλθον· ὁμοζήλω δὲ πορείῃ  
 λαῶν ἀγρομένων Κυβελήϊδες ἔκτυπον αὐλαί,  
 Μυγδονίης δὲ πόλης ἐκυκλώθησαν ἀγυαί.

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\* Miletos, founder of the city of that name, had two children, a son Caunos and a daughter Byblis. Byblis conceived an unholy passion for her brother, or he for her, or it was mutual. Finally they were separated, and she mourned so bitterly that she lost her human shape, and in some accounts, turned into a river or spring called after her. So much we know; this passage may serve to remind us how very little we really do know of Greek mythology and litera-



Zeus in a harmonious bed of love like his own, the song about the Latmian cowshed of the neversleeping herdsman, while he praised Endymion, the bridegroom of love-smitten Selene, as happy in love's care on a neighbouring rock. No, Byblis still loved maidenhood—no, Caunos<sup>a</sup> was still learning to hunt, untouched by love for one so near. Not yet had the soft-haired brother fled, or the girl changed her body to water by her tears; she was still no sorrowing fountain bubbling up a watery stream. Now courageous warriors flocked about him: those who lived in Mycale, and owned the winding stream of the crooked Maiandros, which sinks into the ground and returns again after crawling through the tunnels.

<sup>566</sup> So many were the companies that came. With harmonious march the peoples gathered, and the halls of Cybele resounded, and the streets of the Mygdonian city were thronged.

ture. We have no information about the song which Caunos sang, though plainly Nonnos knew it well, *i.e.*, it came in some poetical account of the story which we have lost, no doubt the work of an Alexandrian. The matter is rendered yet more obscure by the corruption or mutilation of the passage, which makes the connexion of the legend of Zeus and Hera with that of Endymion and Selene quite obscure. For the latter story, see note on iv. 195.

## ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΕΣΣΑΡΕΣΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Εἰς δέκατον δὲ τέταρτον ἔχε φρένα·

δαιμονίην στίχα πάσαν ἐς Ἰνδικὸν Ἄρεα Ῥεῖη.  
κεῖθι κορύσσει

Ῥεῖη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος, ὄρεσσαύλω παρὰ φάτνη  
 αὐχένα λαχνήεντα περισφίγξασα λεόντων,  
 σύνδρομον ἠώρησεν ὑπηνέμιον σφυρὸν αὔραις  
 ἠερίους κενεῶνας ἐρετμώσασα πεδίλω·

θεσπεσίας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀολλίζουσα Λυαίω  
 ὡς πτερόν ἢ ἐ νόημα διέστιχεν ἔδρανα κόσμου  
 εἰς Νότον, εἰς Βορέην, εἰς Ἑσπερον,

5

εἰς κλίσιν Ἡοῦς·  
 καὶ δρυσι καὶ ποταμοῖσι μίαν ξυνώσατο φωνὴν  
 Νηιάδας καλέουσα καὶ Ἀδρυάδας στίχας ὕλης.

δαιμονίη δ' αἰούσα γονὴ Κυβεληίδος ἠχοῦς,  
 πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο. καὶ ὑψόθεν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν  
 ἀπλανὲς ἔχνος ἄγουσα μετάρσιος ἴκετο Ῥεῖη·

10

καὶ νυχίην παλίνορσος ἐκούφισε μύστιδα πεύκην  
 Μυγδόνι θερμαίνουσα τὸ δεύτερον ἡέρα πυρσῶ.

Ἄλλὰ μετὰ βροτέην προμάχων ἠρωίδα φύτλην  
 καὶ στρατιὴν ζαθήην με διδάξατε, Φοιβάδες αὔραι.

15

Πρῶτα μὲν ἐκ Λήμνοιο πυριγλώχινος ἐρίπνης  
 φήμη ἀελλήεσσα Σάμου παρὰ μύστιδι πεύκη  
 υἱέας Ἡφαίστοιο δύω θώρηξε Καβείρους,

## BOOK XIV

Turn your mind to the fourteenth : there Rheia arms  
all the ranks of heaven for the Indian War.

THEN swiftshoe Rheia haltered the hairy necks of her lions beside their highland manger. She lifted her windfaring foot to run with the breezes, and paddled with her shoes through the airy spaces. So like a wing or a thought <sup>a</sup> she traversed the firmament to south, to north, to west, to the turning-place of dawn, gathering the divine battalions for Lyaïos : one all-comprehending summons was sounded for trees and for rivers, one call for Naiads and Hadryads, the troops of the forest. All the divine generations heard the summons of Cybele, and they came together from all sides. From high heaven to the Lydian land Rheia passed aloft with unerring foot, and returning lifted again the mystic torch in the night, warming the air a second time with Mygdonian <sup>b</sup> fire.

<sup>15</sup> Now once more, ye breaths of Phoibos, after the tale of mortal heroes and warriors teach me also the host divine !

<sup>17</sup> First from the firepeak rock of Lemnos the two Cabeïroi in arms answered the stormy call beside the mystic torch of Samos, <sup>c</sup> two sons of Hephaïstos

<sup>a</sup> From Hom. *Od.* vii. 36 ; *cf.* bk. vii. 316.

<sup>b</sup> Lydian.

<sup>c</sup> Samothrace.

NONNOS

οὔνομα μητρὸς ἔχοντας ὁμόγνιον, οὓς πάρος ἄμφω 20  
οὐρανίῳ χαλκῆι τέκε Θρήισσα Καβειρώ·

Ἄλκων Εὐρυμέδων τε, δαήμονες ἐσχαρεῶνος.

Καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κρήτηθεν ἀολλίζοντο μαχηταὶ  
Δάκτυλοι Ἰδαῖοι, κραναῆς ναετῆρες ἐρίπνης, 25  
Γηγενέες Κορυβάντες ὁμήλυδες, ὧν ποτε Ῥεῖη

ἐκ χθονὸς αὐτοτέλεστος ἀνεβλάστησε γενέθλη·  
οἱ βρέφος ἀρτιλόχευτον ἀεξιτόκῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ  
Ζῆνα φερεσσακέεσσιν ἐμιτρώσαντο χορείαις,

κῶμον ἀνακρούοντες ὀρίκτυπον ἠπεροπῆα, 30  
ἠέρα βακχεύοντες· ἀρασσομένοιο δὲ χαλκοῦ  
ἀγγινεφῆς Κρονίοισιν ἐπέβρεμεν οὐασιν ἠχῶ  
κουροσύνην Κρονίωνος ὑποκλέπτουσα βοεῖαις·

καὶ πρόμος ἠγεμόνευε χοροπλεκέων Κορυβάντων  
Πύρριχος Ἰδαῖός τε σακέσπαλος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων  
Κνώσσιος αἰόλα φῦλα παρώννυμος ὤπλισε Κύρβας. 35

Καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπήλυδες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν  
ἐκ βυθίου κενεῶνος ἀολλίζοντο θαλάσσης·

καὶ δολιχῆ παλάμη δονέων περιμήκετον αἰχμῆν  
ἦλθε Λύκος, καὶ Σκέλμις ἐφέσπετο Δαμναμενῆ  
πάτριον ἰθύνων Ποσιδήιον ἄρμα θαλάσσης, 40

Τληπολέμου μετὰ γαῖαν ἀλιπλανέες μετανάσται,  
δαίμονες ὑγρονόμοι μανιώδεις, οὓς πάρος αὐτοὶ  
πατρώης ἀέκοντας ἀποτμήξαντες ἀρούρης

Θρίναξ σὺν Μακαρῆι καὶ ἀγλαὸς ἤλασεν Αὐγῆς,  
υἱέες Ἡελίοιο· διωκόμενοι δὲ τιθήνης 45

χερσὶ βαρυζήλοισιν ἀρνούμενοι Στυγὸς ὕδωρ  
ἄσπορον εὐκάρποιο Ῥόδου ποίησαν ἀλωήν,  
ὑδασι Ταρταρίοισι περιρραίνοντες ἀρούρας.

<sup>a</sup> Rhodes. The Telchines are gnomes or dwarfs, who lived in Rhodes till they were driven out, but no two authors

whom Thracian Cabeiro had borne to the heavenly smith, Alcon and Eurymedon well skilled at the forge, who bore their mother's tribal name.

<sup>23</sup> From Crete came grim warriors to join them, the Idaian Dactyloi, dwellers on a rocky crag, earth-born Corybants, a generation which grew up for Rheia selfmade out of the ground in the olden time. These had surrounded Zeus a newborn babe in the cavern which fostered his breeding, and danced about him shield in hand, the deceivers, raising wild songs which echoed among the rocks and maddened the air—the noise of the clanging brass resounded in the ears of Cronos high among the clouds, and concealed the infancy of Cronion with drummings. The chief and leader of the dancing Corybants was Pyrrhichos and shake-a-shield Idaios; and with them came Cnossian Cyrbas, and armed his motley troops, their namefellow.

<sup>36</sup> The spiteful Telchines came also to the Indian War, gathering out of the cavernous deeps of the sea. Lycos came, shaking with his long arm a very long spear; Scelmis came, following Damnameneus, guiding the seachariot of his father Poseidon. These were wanderers who had left Tlepolemos's land <sup>a</sup> and taken to the sea, furious demons of the waters, who long ago had been cut off reluctant from their father's land by Thrinax with Macareus and glorious Auges, sons of Helios; driven from their nursing-mother, they took up the water of Styx with their spiteful hands, and made barren the soil of fruitful Rhodes, by drenching the fields with water of Tartaros.

tell their story alike. Tlepolemos has nothing to do with them; he was the leader of the Dorian colonists on the island.

Τοῖς ἔπι Κενταύρων διφυῆς πρηεῖα γενέθλη  
ἵππιον εἶδος ἔχοντι Φόλῳ συνομάρτεε Χείρων 50  
ἄλλοφυῆς, ἀδάμαστος, ἔχων ἀχάλινον ὑπήνην.

Κυκλώπων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον· ὦν ἐνὶ χάρμη  
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισιν ἀκοντίζοντο κολῶναι  
ἔγχεα πετρήεντα, καὶ ἀσπίδες ἦσαν ἐρίπναι,  
καὶ σκοπιῆ λοφόεσσα χαραδραίη πέλε πήληξ, 55  
καὶ Σικελοὶ σπινθήρες ἔσαν φλογόεντες οἰστοί·  
καὶ σέλας αἰθύσσοντες ἐθήμονος ἐσχαρεῶνος  
πυρσοφόροις παλάμησιν ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχηταί,  
Βρόντης τε Στερόπης τε

καὶ Εὐρύαλος καὶ Ἐλατρεὺς  
Ἄργης τε Τράχιός τε καὶ αὐχῆεις Ἀλιμήδης. 60  
ἀλλὰ τόσος καὶ τοῖος ἐλείπετο μῦνος Ἐννοῦς  
ἀγχινεφῆς Πολύφημος, ἀπόσπορος ἐννοσιγαίου,  
ὅτι μιν ὑγροκέλευθος ἐρήτυεν αὐτόθι μίμνειν  
ἄλλος Ἔρως πολέμοιο φιλαίτερος· εἰσορόων γὰρ  
ἡμιφανῆ Γαλάτειαν ἐπέκτυπε γείτονι πόντῳ, 65  
νυμφιδίῃ σύριγγι χέων φιλοπάρθενον ἠχώ.

Καὶ σκοπέλων ναετῆρες  
ἀπ' αὐτορόφοιο μελάβρου,  
οὔνομα Πανὸς ἔχοντες, ἐρημονόμου γενετῆρος,  
Πᾶνες ἐθωρήχθησαν ὀμήλυδες, ὦν ἐπὶ μορφῇ  
ἀνδρομέῃ κεκέραστο δασύτριχος αἰγὸς ὀπωπῆ· 70  
καὶ νόθον εἶδος ἔχοντες ἐγκραίριοιο καρῆνου  
δώδεκα Πᾶνες ἔσαν κεραελκέες, ἀρχεγόνου δὲ  
Πανὸς ἐνὸς γεγάασιν ὀρεσσαύλοιο τοκῆος.  
τὸν μὲν ἐφημίξαντο Κελαινέα μάρτυρι μορφῇ,  
τὸν δὲ φυῆς Ἄργεννὸν ὀμώνυμον· Αἰγικὸρῳ δὲ 75

\* The epithet does not fit Centaurs and the construction is loose. Probably the text is corrupt. Perhaps *τρηχεῖα* (E. H. Warmington).

## DIONYSIACA, XIV. 49-75

<sup>49</sup> After them came the gentle <sup>a</sup> tribe of twiform Centaurs. Beside Pholos in horse's form was Cheiron, himself of that strange nature, untamed, with mouth unbridled.

<sup>52</sup> Battalions of Cyclopians came like a flood. In battle, these with weaponless hands cast hills for their stony spears, and their shields were cliffs; a peak from some mountain-ravine was their crested helmet, Sicilian sparks were their fiery arrows.<sup>b</sup> They went into battle holding burning brands and blazing with light from the forge they knew so well—Brontes and Steropes, Euryalos and Elatreus, Arges and Trachios and proud Halimedes. One alone was left behind from the war, Polyphemos, tall as the clouds, so mighty and so great, the Earth-shaker's own son; he was kept in his place by another love, dearer than war, under the watery ways, for he had seen Galatea <sup>c</sup> half-hidden, and made the neighbouring sea resound as he poured out his love for a maiden in the wooing tones of his pipes.

<sup>67</sup> The rockdwellers came also from their self-vaulted caves, bearing all the name of Pan their father the ranger of the wilderness, all armed to join the host; they have human form, and a shaggy goat's-head upon it with horns. Twelve horned Pans there were, with this changeling shape and hornbearing head, who were begotten of the one ancestral Pan their mountainranging father. One they named Celaineus, Blackie, as his looks bore witness, and one Argennos, Whitey, after his colour;

<sup>b</sup> They had their forge under Etna.

<sup>c</sup> A sea-nymph with whom he fell in love. Polyphemos the shepherd-Cyclops and Brontes the smith-Cyclops have really nothing to do with each other.

NONNOS

ἄρμενον οὔνομα θῆκαν, ἐπεὶ νομίη παρὰ ποιίμνη  
 αἰγείων κεκόρητο περιθλίβων γάλα μαζῶν·  
 ἄλλος δ' Ἕυγένειος ἀκούετο θεσπέσιος Πὰν  
 ἀμφιλαφῆ πλοκάμοισιν ἔχων λειμῶνα γενείου·  
 καὶ νομίῳ κεκόρυστο σὺν Ὀμηστῆρι Δαφοινεύς· 80  
 καὶ Φόβος ὠμάρτησε δασυκνήμιδι Φιλάμνω·  
 Ξάνθῳ Γλαῦκος ἵκανεν ὁμόστολος· ἀντιτύποις γὰρ  
 Γλαῦκος εἰς μελέεσσιν ὁμόχρους ἔσκε θαλάσση  
 γλαυκίῳν, καὶ Ξάνθος ἔχων ξανθόχροα χαιτήν·  
 οὔνομα τοῖον ἔδεκτο κερασφόρος ἀστὸς ἐρίπνης· 85  
 καὶ θρασὺς Ἄργος ἵκανε φέρων χιονώδεα χαιτήν·  
 τοῖσιν ἔσαν δύο Πᾶνες ὁμήλυδες, οὓς τέκεν Ἑρμῆς  
 κεκριμένη φιλότητι μιγείς διδυμάοσι Νύμφαις·  
 τὸν μὲν ὄρεστιάδος Σώσης μετανεύμενος εὐνήν  
 μαντιπόλου σπέρμηγε θεηγόρον ἔμπλεον ὀμφῆς, 90  
 Ἄγρᾶ θηροφόνῳ μελέτῃ πεπυκασμένον ἄγρης·  
 τὸν δὲ νομαῖς οἴων Νόμιον φίλον, ὁππότε Νύμφης  
 δέμνιον ἀγραύλοιο διέστιχε Πηνελοπειίης,  
 ποιμενίη σύριγγι μεμηλότα. τοῖς ἅμα Φόρβας  
 ὠμηστής ἀκόρητος ὁμόστολον εἶχε πορείην. 95  
 Καὶ παλάμην νάρθηκι γέρων Σειληνὸς ἐρείσας  
 δισοφυῆς κεκόρυστο κερασφόρος υἱὸς ἀρούρης,  
 τρισσοὺς παῖδας ἄγων θιασώδεας· εἰς ἐνοπήν γὰρ  
 Ἄστραῖος κεκόρυστο, Μάρων κίεν, ἔσπετο Ληνεύς,  
 χεῖρας ἐλαφρίζοντες ὀριπλανέος γενετῆρος 100  
 γηροκόμοις ῥοπάλοισι· λιποσθενέων δὲ γερόντων  
 νωχελὲς ἀμπελόεντι δέμας κουφίζετο βάκτρῳ,  
 ὧν μάλα πουλυέτηρος ἔην χρόνος, ὧν ἄπο θερμῆ  
 πουλυγάμων Σατύρων διφυῆς ἀνέτελλε γενέθλη.  
 Καὶ Σατύρους κερόεντας ἐκόσμεον ἠγεμονῆες 105

<sup>a</sup> Usually identified with Odysseus's wife; it is doubtful if they really have anything but the name in common.



Aigicoros was well dubbed Goatgluts, because he glutted himself with goat's-milk which he pressed from the nannies' udders in the flock. Another masterly Pan was called Longbeard Eugeneios, from a throat and chin which was a thick meadow of hair. Daphoineus the Bloody came along with Omester, Eatemraw; Phobos the Frightaway with shaggy-legged Philamnos the Lambs' Friend. Glaucos came with Xanthos, Glaucos glaring like the bright sea, with a complexion to match. Xanthos had a mane of hair like a bayard, which gave that name to the horned frequenter of the rocks. Then there was bold Argos with a shock of hair as white as snow. With these were two other Pans, the sons of Hermes, who divided his love between two Nymphs: for one he visited the bed of Sose, the highland prophetess, and begat a son inspired with the divine voice of prophecy, Agreus, well versed in the beast-slaying sport of the hunt; the other was Nomios, whom the pasturing sheep loved well, one practised in the shepherd's pipe, for whom Hermes sought the bed of Penelope, the country Nymph.<sup>a</sup> Along with these came Phorbas to join the march, savage and insatiate.

<sup>96</sup> Old Seilenos also was ready for the fray, holding the fennel-stalk, that horned son of the soil with twiform shape. He brought three festive sons: Astraios was armed for battle; Maron came too, and Leneus followed, each with a staff to support the hands of their old father in his travels over the hills. These ancients already weak had vinebranches to support their slow bodies: many were the years of their time, from these had sprung the hot twiform generation of the muchmarried Satyrs.

<sup>105</sup> And the horned Satyrs were commanded by

## NONNOS

Ποιμένιος Θιάσός τε καὶ Ὑψίκερως καὶ Ὀρέστης,  
 καὶ κεραῶ Φλεγραῖος ἐφωμάρτησε Ναπαίῳ·  
 ἦλθε Γέμων, κεκόρυστο Λύκων θρασύς· ἀκροπότῃ δὲ  
 Πετραίῳ γελῶντι φιλέμιος ἔσπετο Φηρεύς,  
 καὶ Λάμις οὐρεσίφοιτος ὁμόστολον εἶχε πορείην 110  
 Ληνοβίῳ, καὶ Σκιρτὸς ἐκώμασε σύνδρομος Οἴστρω,  
 σὺν δὲ Φερεσπόνδῳ Λύκος ἦιεν, ἠχέτα κῆρυξ,  
 καὶ Πρόνομος πραπίδεσσι κεκασμένος,  
 οὓς τέκεν Ἑρμῆς  
 Ἰφθίμην κρυφίοισιν ὑποζεύξας ὑμεναίοις,  
 τήν ποτε Δῶρος ἔτικτε, Διὸς βλάστημα γενέθλης, 115  
 ρίζα γονῆς Ἑλληνος, ἀπ' ἀρχεγόνοιο δὲ Δώρου  
 Δωρίδος ἐβλάστησεν Ἀχαικὸν αἶμα γενέθλης·  
 τοῖσι γέρας καὶ σκῆπτρον ἐπέτρεπεν Εἰραφιώτης  
 οὐρανόιο κήρυκος ἀεξινόοιο τοκῆος.  
 αἰεὶ μὲν μεθύουσα φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις 120  
 πᾶσα γονὴ Σατύρων θρασυκάρδιος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ  
 μῦνον ἀπειλητῆρες αἰεὶ φεύγοντες Ἐννώ,  
 νόσφι μόθοιο λέοντες, ἐνὶ πτολέμοις δὲ λαγωοί,  
 ἴδμονες ὄρχηστῆρες, ἐπιστάμενοι πλέον ἄλλων  
 οἰνοδόκου μέθυ λαρὸν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσειν· 125  
 τῶν ὀλίγοι γεγάασι μαχήμονες, οὓς θρασύς Ἄρης  
 παντοίην ἐδίδαξε μεληδόνα δημοτῆτος,  
 κοσμῆσαι δὲ φάλαγγα· κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου  
 οἱ μὲν ἀδειψήτοισι δέμας κρύψαντο βοεῖαις,  
 οἱ δὲ δοραῖς λασίησιν ἐκαρτύνοντο λεόντων, 130  
 ἄλλοι πορδαλίῳ βλοσυρὰς δύσαντο καλύπτρας,  
 οἱ δὲ τανυπτόρθοισιν ἐθωρήσσαντο κορύμβοις,  
 οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφων ἀντίρροπον ἄστρον

<sup>a</sup> Many of these names have no mythological or other importance and need be due to nothing except Nonnos's own

these leaders : Poimenios and Thiasos, Hypsiceros and Orestes, and Phlegraios with horned Napaios. There was Gemon, there was bold Lycon armed ; playful Phereus followed laughing tippling Petraios, hillranging Lamis marched with Lenobios, and Scirtos tripped along beside Oistros.<sup>a</sup> With Pherespondos walked Lycos the loudvoiced herald, and Pronomos renowned for intelligence—all sons of Hermes, when he had joined Iphthime<sup>b</sup> to himself in secret union. She was the daughter of Doros, himself sprung from Zeus and a root of the race of Hellen, and Doros was ancestor whence came the Achaian blood of the Dorian tribe. To these three, Eiraphiotes<sup>c</sup> entrusted the dignity of the staff of the heavenly herald, their father the source of wisdom. The whole tribe of Satyrs is boldhearted while they are drunken with bumpers of wine ; but in battle they are but braggarts who run away from the fight—hares in the battlefield, lions outside, clever dancers, who know better than all the world how to ladle strong drink from the full mixing-bowl. Few of these have been men of war, to whom bold Ares has taught all the practice of the fray and how to manage a battalion. Here when Lyaïos prepared for war, some of them covered their bodies with raw oxhides, others fortified themselves with skins of shaggy lions, others put on the grim pelts of panthers, others equipped themselves with long pointed staves, others girt about

fancy. Here and elsewhere he finds names appropriate to the nature of the beings who bear them ; thus, the first four satyrs are called Pastoral, Cult-association, Tall-horn and Mountain-dweller, the last name giving incidentally Nonnos's opinion of what the famous name Orestes meant.

<sup>b</sup> Otherwise unknown.

<sup>c</sup> Dionysos.

## NONNOS

ποικίλον ἐν στέρνοισιν ἀνεζώννυντο χιτῶνα·  
 τοῖς μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις διδυμάονες ἀμφὶ μετώπῳ 135  
 ὀξύτενεῖς γλωχῖνες ἐμηκύνοντο κεραίης,  
 ψεδνὴ δ' ὀκριόεντι καρῆατι φύετο χαίτη  
 ἀκροφανῆς σκολιοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασιν, οὐατα δ' ἄμφω  
 νισσομένων πτερόεντες ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται  
 ἰθυτενῆ, λασίοισιν ἐπικτυπέοντα γενείοις 140  
 ἐκταδόν, ἰππείη δὲ τιταινομένη διὰ νώτου  
 ὄρθιος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀπ' ἰξύος ἔρρεεν οὐρή.  
 Ἄλλοφυῆς δ' ἑτέρη Κενταυριάς ἴκετο φύτλη,  
 Φηρῶν εὐκεράων λάσιον γένος, οἷς πόρεν Ἥρη  
 ἀνδροφυῆς δέμας ἄλλο κερασφόρον· ὑγρογόνων γὰρ 145  
 Νηιάδων ποτὲ παῖδες ἔσαν βροτοειδέι μορφῆ,  
 ἃς Ἰάδας καλέουσι, Λάμου ποταμηΐδα φύτλην,  
 καὶ Διὸς εὐώδινα τιθηνήσαντο γενέθλην,  
 Βάκχον ἔτι πνεύοντα πολυρραφέος τοκετοῖο,  
 παιδοκόμοι ρυτῆρες ἀθηήτου Διονύσου, 150  
 οὐ ξένον εἶδος ἔχοντες· ἐνὶ σκοτίῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ  
 πολλάκι πηγύναντο κεκυφότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῶ,  
 αἰθέρα παππάζοντα, Διὸς πατρώιον ἔδρην,  
 εἰσέτι κουρίζοντα, σοφὸν βρέφος· ἀρτιτόκῳ δὲ  
 πῆ μὲν ἔην ἐρίφῳ πανομοίος, ἔνδοθι μάνδρης 155  
 κρυπτόμενος, δολιχῆ δὲ δέμας πυκνώσατο χαίτη  
 ἀλλοφανῆς, δολίων δὲ χέων βληχηθμὸν ὀδόντων  
 ἴχνεσιν αἰγείοισι νόθην μιμήσατο χηλῆν·  
 πῆ δὲ γυναικείην φορέων ψευδήμονα μορφὴν  
 μιμηλὴ κροκόπεπλος ἐν εἵμασι φαίνετο κούρη 160  
 ἀρτιθαλής, φθονερῆς δὲ παραπλάζων νόον Ἥρης  
 χείλεσιν ἀντιτύποισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰωῆν,  
 καὶ πλοκάμοις εὐοδμον ἐπεσφήκωσε καλύπτρην

<sup>a</sup> No one but Nonnos seems to have heard of this and the

their chests the skins of long-antlered stags dappled like stars in the sky. With these creatures, the two horns on the temples right and left lengthened their sharp points, and a scanty fluff grew on the top of the pointed skull over the crooked eyes. When they ran, the winged breezes blew back their two ears, stretched out straight and flapping against their hairy cheeks : behind them a horse's tail stuck out straight and lashed round their loins on either side.

<sup>143</sup> <sup>a</sup> Another kind of the twiform Centaurs also appeared, the shaggy tribe of the horned Pheres, to whom Hera had given a different sort of human shape with horns. These were sons of the water-naiads in mortal body, whom men call Hyads, offspring of the river Lamos. They had played the nurses for the babe that Zeus had so happily brought forth, Bacchos, while he still had a breath of the sewn-up birth-pocket. They were the cherishing saviours of Dionysos when he was hidden from every eye, and then they had nothing strange in their shape ; in that dark cellar they often dandled the child in bended arms, as he cried Daddy to the sky, the seat of his father Zeus, still a child at play, but a clever babe. Oft he would mimic a newborn kid ; hiding in the fold, he covered his body with long hair, and in this strange shape let out a deceptive bleat between his teeth, and pretended to walk on hooves in goatlike steps. Oft he would show himself like a young girl in saffron robes and take on the feigned shape of a woman ; to mislead the mind of spiteful Hera, he moulded his lips to speak in a girlish voice, tied a scented veil on his hair. He put on

next class of Centaurs, and where he got the stories of their origins, or if he invented them himself, is unknown.

NONNOS

θήλεα πέπλα φέρων πολυδαίδαλα· μεσσατίω δὲ  
 στήθει δεσμὸν ἔβαλλε καὶ ὄρθιον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ . . . 165  
 παρθενίω ζωστήρι, καὶ οἶά περ ἄμμα κορείης  
 πορφυρέην λαγόνεσσι συνήρμοσε κυκλάδα μίτρην.  
 καὶ δόλος ἦν ἀνόητος, ἐπεὶ μάθην ὑψόθεν Ἦρη  
 πάντοθι δινεύουσα πανόψιον ὄμμα προσώπου,  
 μορφήν ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου· 170  
 καὶ Βρομίου φυλάκεσιν ἐχώσατο· δεξαμένη δὲ  
 Θεσσαλίδος δολόεντα παρ' Ἀχλύος ἄνθεα ποίης  
 ὕπνον θελγομένων φυλάκων ἐπέχευε καρήνω,  
 μάγγανα φαρμακόεντα κατασταλάουσα κομάων·  
 καὶ μάγον ἄβρον ἄλειφα περιχρίσασα προσώπω 175  
 ἀνδρομέης ἤμειψε παλαιότερον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς·  
 τοῖσι μὲν οὐατόεσσα φυῆς ἰνδάλλετο μορφή,  
 ἱππείη δ' ἀνέτελλε δι' ἰξύος ὄρθιος οὐρῇ  
 ἰσχία μαστίζουσα δασυστέρνοιο φορῆς,  
 καὶ βοέη βλάστησε κατὰ κροτάφοιο κεραίη, 180  
 ὄμματα δ' εὐρύνοντο τανυκραίροιο μετώπου,  
 καὶ σκολιαὶ πλοκαμίδες ἀνηξέηντο καρῆνων,  
 γναθμοὶ δ' ἀργιόδοντες ἐμηκύνοντο γενείων,  
 ξείνη δ' αὐτοτέλεστος ἀπ' ἰξύος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους  
 ἀμφιλαφῆς λασίοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη. 185  
 δώδεκα δὲ ζύμπαντας ἐκόσμεον ἠγεμονῆες,  
 Σπαργεύς τε Γληνεύς τε χοροίτυπος, ἄλλοφυῆς δὲ  
 σύνδρομος Εὐρυβίω σταφυληκόμος ἴκετο Κητεύς,  
 καὶ Ῥιφόνω Πετραῖος ὀμάρτεεν, ἀκροπότης δὲ  
 Αἷσακος Ὀρθάων τε συνέστιχον, οἷς μίαν ἄμφω 190  
 Ἀμφίθεμις καὶ Φαῦνος ἐποιήσαντο πορείην,  
 εὐκεράω δὲ Φάνητι συνέμπορος ἦλθε Νομείων.  
 Κενταύρων δ' ἐτέρη διφυῆς κεκόρυστο γενέθλη,  
 Κυπριάς, ὅπποτε Κύπρις ἐπέτρεχεν εἵκελον αὖραις

all a woman's manycoloured garments: fastened a maiden's vest about his chest and the firm circle of his bosom, and fitted a purple girdle over his hips like a band of maidenhood.

<sup>168</sup> But his guile was useless. Hera, who turns her all-seeing eye to every place, saw from on high the ever-changing shape of Lyaïos, and knew all. Then she was angry with the guardians of Bromios. She procured from Thessalian Achlys <sup>a</sup> treacherous flowers of the field, and shed a sleep of enchantment over their heads; she distilled poisoned drugs over their hair, she smeared a subtle magical ointment over their faces, and changed their earlier human shape. Then they took the form of a creature with long ears, and a horse's tail sticking out straight from the loins and flogging the flanks of its shaggy-crested owner; from the temples cow's horns sprouted out, their eyes widened under the horned forehead, the hair ran across their heads in tufts, long white teeth grew out of their jaws, a strange kind of mane grew of itself, covering their necks with rough hair, and ran down from the loins to the feet underneath.

<sup>186</sup> Twelve captains commanded them all: Spargeus and Gleneus the dancer, and beside Eurybios the strange figure of Ceteus the vinedresser; Petraios with Rhiphonos, Aisacos the deep drinker and Orthaon, with whom marched both Amphithemis and Phaunos,<sup>b</sup> and Nomeion side by side with wellhorned Phanes.

<sup>193</sup> Another tribe of twiform Centaurs was ready, the Cyprian. Once when Cypris fled like the wind

<sup>a</sup> Here a witch; in Hesiod, *Shield* 264 ff., a personification of grief.

<sup>b</sup> Faunus in another guise, *cf.* xiii. 327.

ἴχνιον ἱμείροντος ἄλυσκάζουσα τοκῆος,  
 μὴ γενέτην ἀθέμιστον ἔσαθρήσειεν ἀκοίτην,  
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ὑπόειξε γάμων ἄφραστον ἑάσας  
 ὠκυτέρην ἀκίχητον ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην·  
 ἀντὶ δὲ Κυπριδίων λεχέων ἔσπειρεν ἀρούρη  
 παιδογόνων προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἀρότρων· 200  
 γαῖα δὲ δεξαμένη γαμίην Κρονίωνος ἔερση  
 ἄλλοφυῆ κερόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην.

Τοῖσι κορυσσομένοισι συνέδραμον εἰν ἐνὶ Βάκχαι,  
 αἱ μὲν Μηονίης ἀπὸ ῥωγάδος, αἱ δὲ κολώνης  
 ἠλιβάτων ἦξιαν ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο καρῆνων. 205

Νύμφαι δ' ἔλκεχίτωνες Ὀρειάδες ἄρσενι θυμῷ  
 λυσσαδες ἐρρώοντο σὺν εὐθύρσοισι μαχηταῖς,  
 αἳ τε παλιννόστων ἑτέων πολυδινεῖ νύσση  
 μηκεδανὸν ζώεσκον ἐπὶ χρόνον, αἱ μὲν ἐρίπναις  
 γείτονες οἰονόμων ἐπιμηλίδες, αἱ δὲ λιποῦσαι 210

ἄλσεα δενδρήεντα καὶ ἀγριάδος ῥάχιν ὕλης,  
 συμφυέες Μελίαι δρυὸς ἠλικος· αἳ τότε πᾶσαι  
 εἰς μόθον ἠπέιγοντο συνήλυδες, αἱ μὲν ἐλοῦσαι  
 τύμπανα χαλκεόνωτα, Κυβηλίδος ὄργανα ῥείης,  
 αἱ δὲ κατηρεφέες πλοκάμους ἐλικώδει κισσῷ, 215  
 ἄλλαι ἐμιτρώθησαν ἐχιδναίοισι κορύμβοις·

χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρον ἀκαχμένον, αἷς τότε Λυδαὶ  
 Μαινάδες ὠμάρτησαν ἀταρβέες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν·  
 ὧν τότε Βασσαρίδες θιασώδεες ἴδμονι τέχνη  
 κρείσσονες ἠπέιγοντο Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι, 220

Αἴγλη Καλλιχόρη τε καὶ Εὐπετάλη καὶ Ἰώνη  
 καὶ Καλύκη γελώουσα Βρύουσα τε, σύννομος Ὀραιο,  
 Σειλήνη τε Ῥόδη τε καὶ Ὠκυνόη καὶ Ἐρευθῶ  
 Ἀκρήτη τε Μέθη τε, καὶ ἔσπετο σύννομος Ἄρπη  
 Οἰνάνθη ῥοδόεσσα καὶ ἀργυρόπεζα Λυκάστη, 225  
 Στησιχόρη Προβόη τε· φιλομμειδῆς δὲ γεραϊῆ



from the pursuit of her lascivious father, that she might not see an unhallowed bedfellow in her own begetter, Zeus the Father gave up the chase and left the union unattempted, because unwilling Aphrodite was too fast and he could not catch her : instead of the Cyprian's bed, he dropt on the ground the love-shower of seed from the generative plow. Earth received Cronion's fruitful dew, and shot up a strange-looking horned generation.

<sup>203</sup> These combatants were joined by the Bacchai, some coming from the Meionian rocks, some from the mountain above the precipitous peaks of Sipylos. Nymphs hastened to join the soldiers of the thyrsus, the wild Oreads with hearts of men trailing their long robes. Many a year had they seen roll round the turning-point as they lived out their long lives. Some were the Medlars who lived on the heights near the shepherds ; some were from the woodland glades and the ridges of the wild forest, nymphs of the mountain Ash coeval with their tree. All these pressed onwards together to the fray, some with brassbacked drums, the instruments of Cybelid Rheia, others with overhanging ivy-tendrils wreathed in their hair, or girt with rings of snakes. They carried the sharpened thyrsus which the mad Lydian women then took with them fearless to the Indian War.

<sup>219</sup> Stronger than these then came the nurses of Dionysos, troops of Bassarids well skilled in their art : Aigle and Callichore, Eupetale and Ione, laughing Calyce, Bryusa companion of the Seasons, Seilene and Rhode, Ocynoë and Ereutho, Acrete and Methe, rosy Oinanthe with Harpe and silverfoot Lycaste, Stesichore and Prothoë ; last of all came ready for

## NONNOS

οἴνοβαρῆς Τρυγίη πυμάτη κεκόρυστο καὶ αὐτή.

Κεκριμένον μὲν ἕκαστος

ἔὼν στρατὸν ἤγαγε Βάκχῳ,

πάντων δ' ἠγεμόνευε πυρίβρομος Εἰραφιώτης  
 ἀστράπτων ἀρίδηλος· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ χορεύων 230  
 οὐ σάκος, οὐ δόρυ θούρον ἐκούφισεν, οὐ ξίφος ὤμῳ,  
 οὐ κυνέην ἐπέθηκεν ἀκερσικόμοισιν ἐθείραις,  
 χάλκεον ἀρραγέος κεφαλῆς σκέπας, ἀλλὰ καρῆνου  
 ἄπλοκον ἐσφήκωσε δρακοντείῳ τρίχα δεσμῶ,  
 κράασι κυκλώσας βλοσυρὸν στέφος· ἀντὶ δὲ τυκτῆς 235  
 δαιδαλέης κνημίδος ἕως ἐπιγουνίδος ἄκρης  
 ἄργυφα πορφυρέοις ἐπεθήκατο ταρσὰ κοθόρνοις,  
 νεβρίδα λαχνήεσσαν ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καθάψας,  
 στικτὸν ἔχων θώρηκα,

τύπον κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον· 239

καὶ χρυσέην λαγόνεσσι περίτροχον ἤρμοσε μήτρην. 246  
 λαιῇ μὲν κέρας εἶχε βεβυσμένον ἠδέος οἴνου, 240  
 χρύσειον εὐποίητον, ἀπ' οἴνοχύτου δὲ κεραίης  
 ὄρθιος οἴνοπότοιο κατέρρεεν ὄλκὸς ἐέρσης·  
 χειρὶ δὲ κέντορα θύρσον, ἐελμένον οἴνοπι κισσῶ,  
 δεξιτερῇ κούφιζεν, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ  
 χαλκοβαρῆς πετάλοισι κατάσκιος ἦεν ἀκωκῆ. 245

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ Διόνυσος ἔσω Κορυβαντίδος αὐλῆς 247  
 χρύσειον εὐποίητον ἐδύσατο κόσμον Ἐννοῦς,  
 εὐδία καλλεΐψας χοροτερπέος ἔνδια Ῥεΐης  
 Μηρονίην παράμειβεν· ὄρεσσιπόλοις δ' ἅμα Βάκχαις 250  
 δαίμονι βοτρυόεντι συνεσσεύοντο μαχηταί·  
 οἱ μὲν εὐτροχάλοιο κυβερνητῆρες ἀπήνης  
 φυταλιῆς κομίσαντο νέης μοσχεύματα Βάκχου·  
 πολλαὶ δ' ἠμιόνων στίχες ἦιον, ἀμφὶ δὲ νώτῳ  
 νέκταρος ἀμπελόεντος ἐκούφισαν ἀμφιφορῆας· 255  
 καὶ βραδέων ἐπέθηκαν ὄνων τετληότι νώτῳ

the fray Trygië too, that grinning old gammer, heavy with wine.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>228</sup> Each army was brought to Bacchos by its own separate leader, but the commander-in-chief was Eiraphiotes,<sup>b</sup> roaring with fire, flashing, all-conspicuous. Dancing to battle he came, holding no shield, no furious lance, no sword on shoulder, no helmet on his untrimmed locks, or metal to cover his inviolate head. He only tied his loose tresses with serpent-knots, a grim garland for his head; instead of fine-wrought greaves, from ankle to thigh he wore purple buskins on his silvery feet. He hung a furry fawn-skin over his chest, a chestpiece dappled with spots like the stars, and he fitted a golden kilt round his loins. In his left hand he held a horn full of delicious wine, cunningly wrought of gold; from this pitcher-horn poured a straight stream of flowing wine. In his right hand he bore a pointed thyrsus wound about with purple ivy, at the end a heavy bronze head covered with leaves.

<sup>247</sup> As soon as Dionysos had donned the well-wrought golden gear of war in the Corybantian courtyard, he left the peaceful precincts of danceloving Rheia and went past Meionia: the warriors with the hillranging Bacchants hastened to meet the lord of the vine. The drivers of wheeled wagons carried shoots of the new plant of Bacchos. Many lines of mules went by, with jars of the viney nectar packed on their backs; slow asses had loads of purple rugs

<sup>a</sup> All these names mean something: as Shiny and Dancer, Petalled and Viola, Flowercup, Teeming, Mooney and Rosy, Sharpwit and Belchy, Neatwine and Drinky, Vineflower and Sickler and Thorny (?), Dancemistress and Runout, and old Leedsdame.

<sup>b</sup> A name of Bacchos.

NONNOS

ρήγεα φοινικόεντα καὶ αἰόλα δέρματα νεβρῶν·  
 ἄλλοι δ' οἴνοποτῆρες ἅμα χρυσεοῖσι κυπέλλοις  
 ἀργυρέους κρητῆρας ἀγίνεον, ὄπλα τραπέζης·  
 καὶ χαροπῆς Κορύβαντες ἐποίπνου ἀγχόθι φάτνης 260  
 αὐχένα πορδαλίω ζυγίῳ δῆσαντες ἱμάντι,  
 κισσοδέτοις δὲ λέοντας ἐπιστώσαντο λεπάδνοις  
 χεῖλος ἐπισφίγξαντες ἀπειλητῆρι χαλινῶ.  
 καὶ λασίην Κένταυρος ἔχων φρίσσουσιν ὑπήνην  
 εἰς ζυγὸν αὐτοκέλευστος ἐκούσιον αὐχένα τείνας . . . 265  
 ἰκαὶ Σατύρων πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχων πόθον ἠδέος οἴνου  
 ἠμιτελῆς χρεμέτιζεν ἀνὴρ κεκερασμένος ἵππῳ,  
 ἰέμενος Διόνυσον ἐοῖς ὤμοισιν αἰείρειν.

Καὶ θεὸς εὐόρπηκος ἐφήμενος ἄντυγι δίφρου  
 Σαγγαρίου παρὰ χεῦμα,

περὶ Φρύγα κόλπον ἀρούρης, 270

λαϊνέης Νιόβης παρεμέτρεε πενθάδα πέτρην·  
 καὶ λίθος Ἴνδὸν ὄμιλον ἐριδμαίνοντα Λυαίῳ  
 δακρυόεις ὀρόων βροτέην πάλιν ἴαχε φωνήν·

“Μὴ μόθον ἐντύνητε θεημάχον, ἄφρονες Ἴνδοί,  
 παιδὶ Διός, μὴ Βάκχος ἀπειλείοντας Ἐννῶ 275  
 λαϊνέους τελέσειε καὶ ὑμέας, ὡς περ Ἀπόλλων,  
 μυρομένους τύπον ἴσον ἐμῇ πετρώδει μορφῇ,  
 μὴ ποταμοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φερώνυμον Ἴνδὸν Ὀρόντην  
 γαμβρὸν ἐσαθρήσητε δεδουπότα Δηριαδῆος.

Ῥεῖη χωομένη δύναται πλέον ἰοχεαίρης· 280  
 Φοῖβου φεύγετε Βάκχον ἀδελφεόν· αἰδέομαι γὰρ  
 Ἴνδῶν κτεινομένων ἀλλότρια δάκρυα λείβειν.”

Τοῖα λίθον βοόωντα πάλιν σφρηγίσσατο σιγῇ.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις Φρυγίης μετὰ πέζαν ἐρίπνης  
 Ἀσκανίης ἐπέβαιεν. ὀμηγερέες δὲ πολῖται 285

and manycoloured fawnskins on their patient backs. Winedrinkers besides carried silver mixingbowls with golden cups, the furniture of the feast. The Corybants were busy about the bright manger of the panthers, passing the yokestraps over their necks, and entrusted their lions to ivybound harness when they had fastened this threatening bit in their mouths. One Centaur with a bristling beard stretched his neck into the yoke willingly, unbidden; and the man mingled with horse half and half, craving the delicious wine even more than a Satyr, whinnied eager to carry Dionysos on his withers.

<sup>269</sup> The god seated at the rail of his leaf-entwined car passed the stream of Sangarios, passed the bosom of the Phrygian land, passed the mourning rock of stony Niobe<sup>a</sup>; and the stone, seeing the Indian host warring against Lyaïos, shed tears and spoke again with human voice :

<sup>274</sup> " Make not war against a god, foolish Indians ! the son of Zeus ! lest Bacchos turn you also, threatening battle, into stone, as Apollo did to me ; lest you have to lament a shape like my stony shape ; lest you see the goodson of Deriades, Indian Orontes, fallen beside the stream of the river that bears his name. Rheia in wrath is stronger than the Archeress. Flee from Bacchos, Apollo's brother ! It would be a shame, if I must see Indians being slain and weep for strangers ! "

<sup>283</sup> So the stone spoke, then silence sealed it again.

<sup>284</sup> Now the vinegod left the Phrygian plain, and entered Ascania. All the people gathered there, to

<sup>a</sup> See on xii. 79.

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<sup>1</sup> Ludwich marks a lacuna : Lobeck supplies *χεροῖν ὀπισθοτόνοισιν ἐύτροχον εἰλκον ἀπήνην*.

πάντες, ὅσοις Ἴόβακχος ἔην ὤρεξεν ὀπώρην,  
καὶ τελετὰς ἐδέχοντο καὶ ἠσπάζοντο χορείας,  
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντες ἀνικῆτῳ Διονύσῳ,  
εἰρήνης ἐθέλοντες ἀναιμάκτιο γαλήνῃν.

Βάκχων τοῖος ἔην κερόεις στρατός, οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι 290  
εἰς μόθον ὠπλίζοντο. φιλαγρύνῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ  
πάννυχος ἀστερόεντα πυρίτροχον ὄλκον ὑφαίνων  
οὐρανὸς ἐβρόντησεν, ἐπεὶ τότε μάρτυρι πυρσῶ  
νίκης Ἰνδοφόνοιο τέλος μαντεύσατο Ῥεΐη.

Εἰς ἐνοπήν δ' ἠῶος ἔβη θεὸς ὕβριν ἐλαύνων 295  
ἀνδρῶν κυανέων, ἵνα δούλιον αὐχένα Λυδῶν  
καὶ Φρυγίης ναετῆρα καὶ Ἀσκανίης πολιήτην  
κοιρανίης δασπλήτος ἀποζεύξειε λεπάδνων.

τοῖς τότε Βάκχος ἔπεμπε δῶν κήρυκας Ἐννοῦς 300  
ἀγγελίην ἐνέπειν, ἣ φευγέμεν ἢ πολεμίζειν.

καὶ σφισι νισσομένοισι συνέστιχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν,  
στῆθος ὄλον σκιδόντα φέρων πώγωνα κομήτην.

Ἦρη δ' ὠκυπέδιλος, εἰδομένη δέμας Ἰνδῶ,  
οὐλοκόμῳ Μελανῆι μὴ οἶνοπα θύρσον ἀείρειν 305  
Ἀστράεντα κέλευε, δορυσσόον ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν,  
μηδὲ φιλακρήτων Σατύρων ἀλάλαγμα γεραίρειν,  
ἀλλὰ μάχην ἄσπονδον ἀναστήσαι Διονύσῳ.

καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε παραιφαιμένη πρόμον Ἰνδῶν.  
“ Ἦδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλὴν στίχα θηλυτεράων.

Ἀστράεις, πολέμιζε· κορύσσεο καὶ σύ, Κελαινεῦ, 310  
χαλκὸν ἔχων τμητῆρα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου.

ἔγχεϊ δ' οὐ πέλε θύρσος ὁμοίος. ἀλλά, Κελαινεῦ,  
Δηριάδην πεφύλαξο μεμνηότα, μὴ σε δαμάσση  
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀλυσκάζοντα γυναῖκα.”

Ὡς φαιμένη παρέπεισε, καὶ ἠέρα δῦσατο δαίμων, 315  
μητρυῖ κοτέουσα μενεπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ.

Καὶ Βρομίου κήρυκες ἀπήλυθον· ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ

whom Iobacchos offered his fruitage, accepted his rites and welcomed his dances, bowing the neck to invincible Dionysos, wishing for the quietude of peace without bloodshed. So mighty was the horned host of Bacchos, with the Bacchant women beside them armed for war. But Lyaïos kept vigil; all night long heaven thundered, threading fiery streaks among the stars; since Rhea then foretold with witnessing flash the bloodshed of the Indian victory.

<sup>295</sup> In the morning, the god went forth to war, driving before him the violence of the black men, that he might free the neck of the Lydians and those who dwelt in Phrygia and Ascania from the yoke of cruel tyranny. Then Bacchos sent two heralds to give proclamation of war, either to fight or to fly: and with them went goatfoot Pan, his long-haired beard shadowing his whole chest.

<sup>303</sup> But swiftshoe Hera, likening herself to an Indian, the curly-headed Melaneus, warned Astraëis, that spearshaking captain of men, not to uplift the thyrsus nor to heed the yell of drunken Satyrs, but to raise war to the death against Dionysos. She spoke these words to move the Indian chief:

<sup>309</sup> "You're a nice one, to fear a feeble troop of women! Fight, Astraëis! Arm yourself too, Celaideus, and take a sharp blade to cut down Dionysos and his ivy-bunches! Thyrsus is no match for spear! No no, look out for Deriades! He will be mad, and make an end of you, if you shrink from a weak unarmed woman!"

<sup>315</sup> She spoke, the stepmother furious against indomitable Dionysos. The goddess got her way, and hid in darkness.

<sup>317</sup> Then the heralds of Bromios departed, for

NONNOS

Ἀστράεις ὑπέροπλος, ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλήν,  
μαίνετο βουκεράους Σατύρους καὶ Πᾶνα διώκων,  
μειλιχίου κήρυκας ἀτιμάζων Διονύσου.

320

οἱ δὲ παλιννόστοιο ποδὸς δειδήμονι ταρσῶ  
φύξιον ἴχνος ἔκαμψαν ἐγερσιμόθῳ Διονύσῳ.

Καὶ στρατὸν ὤπλισε Βάκχος

ἐς ἀντιπύρων στίχας Ἰνδῶν.

οὐδὲ λάθε ζοφόντα Κελαινέα θήλυς Ἐννώ,  
ἀλλὰ θορῶν ἀκίχητος ὄλον στρατὸν ὤπλισεν Ἰνδῶν.

325

καὶ θρασὺς Ἀστράεις, μενεδήιον οἴστρον ἀέξων,  
Ἀστακίδος κελάδοντα περὶ ρόον ἴστατο λίμνης,  
δέγμενος ἀμπελόεντος ἐπηλυσίην Διονύσου.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ διδύμης στρατιῆς ἑτερόζυγι λαῶ

ἀμφοτέρων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες,

330

κλαγγῇ μὲν ζοφόντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἰνδοί,

Θρηκίους γεράνοισιν εἰκότες, εὖτε φυγοῦσαι

χειμερίην μᾶστιγα καὶ ἠερίου χύσιν ὄμβρου

Πυγμαίων ἀγεληδὸν ἐπαῖσσοισι καρήνοισ

Τηθύος ἀμφὶ ρέεθρα, καὶ ὄξυόεντι γενεῖῳ

335

οὔτιδανῆς ὀλέκουσι λιποσθενές αἶμα γενέθλης,

ἰπτάμεναι νεφεληδὸν ὑπὲρ κέρας Ὠκεανοῖο·

εἰς ἐνοπήν δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί,

ἀκλινέες θεράποντες ἐγερσιμόθου Διονύσου·

Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέρρεον· ἀγρομένων δὲ

340

ἢ μὲν ἐχιδναίῳ κεφαλὴν ἐζώσατο δεσμῶ,

ἢ δὲ διεσφήκωσε κόμην εὐώδεϊ κισσῶ,

ἄλλη χαλκοφόρῳ παλάμην ἐκορύσσετο θύρσῳ

οἴστρομανῆς, ἑτέρῃ δὲ κατ' αὐχένος ἄμμορα δεσμῶν

μηκεδανῆς μεθέηκε καθειμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,

345

\* Another Homeric paraphrase, this time from *Il.* iii.  
1 ff. It is to be remembered that Nonnos was above all



DIONYSIACA, XIV. 318-345

Astraëis drew near them contemptuous, with pitiless menace on his tongue. Furiously he chased away Pan and the oxford Satyrs, despising the heralds of Dionysos when he was gentle. They turned with timid foot, and made their way back in flight to Dionysos now in warlike mood.

<sup>323</sup> Now Bacchos made ready his army against the hostile troops of Indians. Nor did swarthy Celaineus fail to see the womanish warriors. He leapt up with all speed and called to arms the whole Indian host; while bold Astraëis with ever-growing martial rage took his stand beside the murmuring waves of the Astacid lake, and awaited the attack of Dionysos the vinegod.

<sup>329</sup> When the captains of the two armies of the two peoples had mustered their troops in two opposing lines, the swarthy Indians advanced to battle with loud cries: like Thracian cranes, when they fly from the scourge of winter and floods of stormy rain to throw their great flocks against the heads of pygmies round the waters of Tethys, and when with sharp beaks they have destroyed that weak helpless race, they wing their way like a cloud over the horn of the Ocean.

<sup>338</sup> <sup>a</sup> On the other side, the fighting host madly rushed at the call, the unbending servants of warstirring Dionysos. The battalions of Bassarids also moved like a flood. As they gathered, one twined a rope of snakes about her head, one knotted her hair with scented ivy; another madly caught up her bronze-headed thyrsus, another let down loose tresses of

things a rhetorician, and *variatio*, the saying of the same thing in as many ways as possible, was one of their favourite exercises.

NONNOS

Μαιναλὶς ἀκρήδεμνος, ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρων δέ οἱ ὤμων  
 ἀπλεκέας πλοκαμίδας ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης·  
 ἄλλη ρόπτρα τίνασσε συνήορα δίζυγι χαλκῶ  
 πλοχμοὺς εἰλικόεντας ἐπαιθύσσοι καρήνω·  
 ἄλλη δ' ἐν παλάμησι, κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης, 350  
 ὄρθιον ἐσμαράγησε μόθων ἀντίκτυπον ἤχῳ, 352  
 χερσὶ περικροτέουσα βαρύβρομα νῶτα βοείης· 351  
 καὶ πέλεν ἔγχεα θύρσα, καλυπτομένη δὲ πετήλοις 353  
 δούρατος ἀμπελόεντος ἔην χαλκήλατος αἰχμῆ·  
 ἢ δὲ δαφοινήεντος ἐφιμείρουσα κυδοιμοῦ 355  
 ὠμοβόρων ἔζευξεν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὰ δρακόντων·  
 ἄλλη ποικιλόνωντον ἐπὶ στέρνοιο καλύπτρην  
 πορδαλίων, ἐτέρη δὲ κατὰ χροὸς οἶα χιτῶνα  
 στικτὰ φιλοσκοπέλων ἐνεδύσατο δέρματα νεβρῶν,  
 δαιδαλέης ἐλάφοιο περισφίγξασα καλύπτρην· 360  
 ἄλλη σκύμνον ἔχουσα δασυστέρνοιο λεαίνης  
 ἀνδρομέῳ γλαγόεντι νόθῳ πιστώσατο μαζῶ·  
 καὶ τις ὄφιν τριέλικτον ἀπήμονι δήσατο κόλπῳ  
 ἐνδόμυχον ζωστήρα, κεχηνότα γείτοني μηρῶ,  
 μείλιχα συρίζοντα, φιλακρήτοιό τε κούρης 365  
 ὑπναλέης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιπευτήρα κορείης·  
 ἄλλη ταρσὰ φέρουσα κατ' οὔρεα γυμνὰ πεδίλων,  
 ποσσὶ βάτους πατέουσα καὶ ὀξυέθειας ἀκάνθας,  
 θηγαλέη στατὸν ἴχνος ἐπεστήριξεν ἀχέρδῳ·  
 καὶ τις ἐπαῖξασα τανυκνήμιδι καμήλῳ 370  
 καμπύλον ἀμητηῆρι διέθρισεν αὐχένα θύρσῳ,  
 καὶ τυφλοῖσι πόδεσσι περιπταίουσα κελεύθῳ  
 ἡμιφανῆς πεφόρητο, πολυγνάμπτῳ δὲ πορείῃ  
 φοιταλέης ἀκάρηνον ἐπείγετο σῶμα καμήλου,  
 καὶ σφαλερῇ πλήσσοι βαθυνομένην χθόνα χηλῇ 375  
 ὑπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ·  
 ἄλλη δ' ἴχνος ἄγουσα βοοτρόφον εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης

DIONYSIACA, XIV. 346-377

long hair over her neck, a Mainalid unveiled, while the wind blew the unbound locks over her shoulders; another clapped the pair of brazen cymbals, and shook the ringlets upon her head; another driven by the impulse of madness, beat the heavybooming drumskin with her hands, and sounded a loud echo of the battle-din. Then thyrsus did for spear, and hidden under vineleaves was the metal head of the shaft. Another yearning for bloody battle, bound round her neck a rope of raw-fed serpents. One again covered her chest with the spotted skin of a panther, another put on like a tunic the dappled skins of mountain fawns, and wrapt herself round with the gay dress which had covered a deer. Another held the cub of a shaggy lioness, and gave it a milky human breast in exchange. There was one who coiled a serpent thrice round under her breast unharmed, a girdle next the skin, while it gaped at her thigh so close, hissing gently, and sleepless gazed at the maiden secrets of the girl who was sleeping off her wine. Another went barefoot over the hills, treading on brambles and sharp bristling thorns, and standing firm on a prickly pear. One attacked a longlegged camel, and sheared through its curving neck with a sweep of her thyrsus: then half to be seen, went stumbling over the path with blind feet the headless body of the camel staggering about in winding ways, until a hoof sank into a slippery hole and the creature rolled over helpless on its back in the dust. Another turned her step to a stretch of pasture in the forest,

ἄσχετα μαινομένοιο δορῆς ἐδράξατο ταύρου,  
 καὶ βλοσυροῖς ὀνύχεσσι χαρασσομένης ἀπὸ δειρῆς  
 ταυρεῖην ἀτόρητον ἀπεφλοίωσε καλύπτρην· 380  
 ἄλλη δ' ἔγκατα πάντα διήφυσεν· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι  
 παρθένον ἀκρήδεμνον ἀσάμβαλον ὑψόθι πέτρης  
 τρηχαλέω πρηῶνι περισκαίρουσαν ἐρίπνης·  
 οὐ σκοπιῆν δ' ἔφριξε δυσέμβατον, οὐ πόδα κούρης  
 ὄξυπαγῆς ἀπέδιλον ὄνυξ ἐχάραξε κολώνης. 385

Πολλὴ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα

παρ' Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης

Ἰνδῶν δεδαίκτο γονὴ Κουρήτι σιδήρῳ.  
 δυσμενέων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ  
 τεύχεσιν ἀντιτύποισι, φερεσσακέος δὲ χορείης  
 ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο ποδῶν ἐλικώδει παλμῶ· 390  
 καὶ λασίη παλάμη σκοπιῆν λοφόεσσαν αἰείρων,  
 οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμών, ἐκορύσσετο Ληνεύς,  
 πέμπων ὀκρίεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκωκῆν·  
 Βάκχη δ' ἀμφαλάλαξε, καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀκωκῆν  
 Βασσαρίσ ἠκόντιζε, μελαρρίνου δὲ γενέθλης 395  
 ἄρσενα πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλει θύρσω.  
 καὶ φονίῳ θρασὺν ἄνδρα διατμήγουσα κορύμβῳ  
 Εὐπετάλη κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ  
 κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆρα σιδήρου·  
 Στησιχόρῃ δ' εὐβοτρὺς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῶ, 400  
 καὶ δηίων ἔσσευε γένος ῥηξήνορι ῥόμβῳ  
 κύμβαλα διενέουσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῶ.

Καὶ πολὺς ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔην μόθος·

ἔβρεμε σύριγξ,  
 σύριγξ ἐγρεκύδοιμος, ἐπέκτυπε δ' αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς,  
 Βασσαρίδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν· ἐγειρομένου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ 405  
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισι μέλας μυκώμενος ἀῆρ  
 ἐκ Διὸς ἔσσομένην Βρομίῳ μαντεύσατο νίκην.

and caught hold of the fell of a maddened bull, then scoring the bull's neck with savage nails tore off the impenetrable skin, while another tore away all his bowels. You might have seen a girl unveiled, unshod, leaping about on the jagged rocks above a precipice; no fear had she of the sheer fall, no sharp point of stone scratched the girl's naked foot.

<sup>386</sup> At the mouth of the Astacid lake many a son of India was cut up by the steel of the Curetes. The warriors surrounded the battalions of the foe with blow for blow, and imitated the rhythms of the armour-dance in the wheeling movements of their feet. Leneus broke off a crested peak from a mountain, and lifting this in his hairy hand, he cast the jagged mass among the enemy: the Bacchant yelled in triumph, the Bassarid cast her vinewreathed point, the heads of many men in that blackskin crowd were brought down by the womanish thyrsus. Eupetale was ready, and pierced a bold man with her deadly shaft, then let fly her pointed ivy covered with vineleaves to smash the steel. Stesichore with her bunches of grapes skipt into the mellay, and shooed off a tribe of enemies with manbreaking bullroarer, waving a brazen pair of loudclashing cymbals.

<sup>403</sup> There was hard fighting on both sides. There was the sound of the syrinx—the syrinx awaking the battle! There was drooling of pipes—the shepherd's pipes calling to war! There were the Bassarids' howlings: and as the turmoil arose, the black air bellowed with thunderclaps from Zeus, presaging victory for Bromios to come. A great swarm fell; all

καὶ πολὺς ἔσμος ἔπιπτεν· ὅλη δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ  
 ὑγρῷ διψὰς ἄρουρα, καὶ Ἀστακίδος στόμα λίμνης  
 αἰμοβαφὲς κελάρυζε, φόνῳ κεκερασμένον Ἰνδῶν. 410

Ἀντιβίουσ δ' ὤκτειρε θεὸς φιλοπαίγμονι θυμῷ  
 καὶ προχοαῖς κατέχευε μέθης γέρας, ἐκ δὲ ροάων  
 χιονέην ἤμειψε φυήν ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζε μελίρρυτα χεῦματα σύρων,  
 καὶ προχοὰς ἐμέθυσεν· ἀμειβομένων δὲ ροάων 415  
 ἔπνεον ἀρτιχύτοιο μέθης εὐώδεες αὔραι·

ὄχθαι ἐφοινίσσοντο· πιών δέ τις Ἰνδὸς ἀγήνωρ  
 τοίην ἐκ στομάτων πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“Ἐεῖνον ἴδον καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ ποτόν,

οὐ γάλαγος αἰγῶν  
 ἄργυφον οὐ πέλε τοῦτο, καὶ οὐ μέλαν οἶά περ ὕδωρ, 420

οὐδέ μιν οἶον ὄπωπα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις  
 βουβήεσσα μέλισσα λοχεύεται ἠδέει κηρῷ·

ἀλλὰ νόον τέρπουσαν ἔχει καλλίπνοον ὁδμήν.

ἀνὴρ διψαλέος πολυθαλπεί καύματος ἀτμῷ,  
 βαιὸν εἰς παλάμησιν ἀφυσσάμενος χυτὸν ὕδωρ 425

λαίλαπα καρχαλέης ἀποσειεται αὐτίκα δύψης·  
 καὶ μέλι μᾶλλον ἔχει ταχινὸν κόρον· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα,  
 τοῦτο πιών ἐθέλω πιεῖν πάλιν· ἀμφότερον γὰρ  
 καὶ γλυκερὸν τόδε χεῦμα

καὶ οὐ κόρον ἀνδράσι τίκτει.

Ἦβη, κάλπιν ἄειρε καὶ ἔρχεο δεῦρο λαβοῦσα 430  
 Τρώιον οἴνοχόον, ζαθέων δρηστήρα κυπέλλων,

ὄφρα μελιρραθάμιγγος ἀφυσσάμενος ποταμοῖο  
 Ζηγὸς ὅλους κρητήρας ἀναπλήσῃ Γανυμήδης.

δεῦτε, φίλοι, γεύσασθε μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.  
 ἐνθάδε παπταίνω τύπον αἰθέρος· αὐτόχυτον γὰρ 435

κείνο, τό περ καλέουσι Διὸς πόμα, νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου  
 Νηιάδες χθονίοισιν ἀναβλύζουσι ῥεέθροις.”

the thirsty earth was reddened with running blood, and the mouth of the Astacid lake was a bubbling bloodbath mingled with Indian gore.

<sup>411</sup> But the god pitied his foes in his heart of merry cheer, and he poured the treasure of wine into the waters. So he changed the snowywhite waters to yellow, and the river swept along bubbling streams of honey intoxicating the waters. When this change came upon the waters, the breezes blew perfumed by the newly-poured wine, the banks were empurpled. A noble Indian drank, and spoke his wonder in these words :

<sup>419</sup> “ Here is a strange and incredible drink I have seen ! This is not the white milk of goats, not dark like water, nor is it like what I have seen in the riddled hives, what the buzzing bee brings forth with sweet wax. No—this delights the mind with a fragrant scent. A man is thirsty in the steam of this sultry heat—but if he scoops up a few drops of running water in his palms, he shakes off at once the whirlwind of parching thirst ! Honey surfeits you sooner—O here’s a great miracle ! When I drink this I want to drink more ! For this has both merits—it is sweet, and it does not surfeit. Hebe, come this way ! take up your pitcher, and bring your Trojan cupbearer who serves with cups the divine company—let Ganymedes draw honeyed drops from this river and fill all the mixing-bowls of Zeus ! This way, friends, have a taste of a honeydistilling river ! Here I see an image of the heavens ; for that nectar of Olympos which they say is the drink of Zeus, the Naiads are pouring out in natural streams on the earth ! ”

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΕΝΤΕΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Πέμπτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ βριαρὴν Νίκαιαν αἰείδω,  
θηροφόνον ῥοδόπηχυν ἀπειλήτειραν Ἐρώτων.

Ὡς φαμένου νεφεληδὸν ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἴνδοὶ  
ἀμφὶ ῥόον ποταμοῖο μελίπνοον· ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
ἀγχιβάτης στατὸν ἴχνος ἐπ' ἰλύϊ δισσὸν ἐρείσας  
ἡμιφανῆς ἔστηκε, καὶ ὀμφαλὸν ὕδατι δεύων,  
κυρτὸς ἔσω ποταμοῖο κεκυφότα νῶτα τιταίνων, 5  
χερσὶ βαθυνομένησι μελισταγῆς ἤφυσεν ὕδωρ·  
ὃς δὲ παρὰ προχοῆσι, κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δύψῃ,  
πορφυρέῳ προβλήτῃ γενειάδα κύματι βάπτων,  
στήθος ἐφαπλώσας ποταμηίδος ὑψόθεν ὄχθης,  
οἰγομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἰκμάδα Βάκχου· 10  
πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔην πελάσας στόμα γείτοσι πηγῇ,  
καὶ διερὰς δαπέδῳ ψαμαθῶδεϊ χεῖρας ἐρείσας  
χείλεσι διψαλέοισιν ἐδέχοντο δίψιον ὕδωρ·  
ἄλλοι δ' ὀστρακόμεντοι μέθην ἀρύνοντο κυπέλλῳ,  
πυθμένα κουφίζοντες ἐαγότης ἀμφιφορῆτος· 15  
καὶ πολὺς ἔσμος ἔπινεν ἐρευθιόωντι ρεέθρῳ,  
κισσυβίῳ προχέων ποταμηίδος ὄγκον ἐέρσης,  
μηλονόμων ἄγραυλον ἔχων δέπας. ἀντιβίων δὲ  
οἶνον ἐρευγομένων πολυχανδέος ἀνθρεῶνος  
ὄμμασι δερκομένοισιν ἐδιπλώθησαν ἐρίπναι, 20  
καὶ βλεφάροις δοκέεσκον ἰδεῖν διδυμόζυγον ὕδωρ.  
καὶ προχοῇ κελάρυζε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο



## BOOK XV

In the fifteenth, I sing the sturdy Nicaia, the rosy-armed beast-slayer defying Love.

As he spoke thus, cloudwise rolled up the burnt-faced Indians around the flood of the honeybreathing river. One of them walking near stood pressing his two feet down in the slime, half-showing, and wetting his navel in the water, curved into the river and stretching his crouched back, and with hollowed hands lapped up the honeydripping water. Another by the flood, possessed by fiery thirst, bathing in the purple wave his forethrust cheek, spreading his breast above the bank of the river, with opening mouth drew in the juice of Bacchos. Another prone bringing close his mouth to the neighbouring fount, and pressing wet hands on the sandy bottom, with thirsting lips welcomed the thirsty water. Others drew up the potations with a shard for a cup, lifting the base of a broken two-ear jar. And a great swarm drank at the ruddy stream, ladling out with ivy-wood cups a mass of the river-dew, as they held the rustic pot of the shepherds. And as the enemies belched vinously from wide-yawning throat, as their eyes gazed, the cliffs were doubled, and they thought to see through their eyelids a pair of waters in one yoke. And the bubbling outflow of the wineloving river gushed up

ξανθὸν ἀναβλύζουσα μέθης ῥόον· ἠδυπότου δὲ  
οἰνάδος ἠρεύγοντο ῥοὰς εὐώδεις ὄχθαι.

Δυσμενέας δ' ἐμέθυσε χάλις ῥόος. ἔνθά τις ἀνήρ 25  
Ἴνδὸς ἀμερσινόιο μέθης δεδονημένος οἴστρω  
εἰς ἀγέλην ἦιξε, καὶ εὐπετάλω παρὰ λόχμη  
ταῦρον ἀπειλητῆρα μετήγαγε δέσμιον ἔλκων,  
διχθαδίων κεράων κεχαραγμένον ἄκρον ἐρύσσας  
τολμηραῖς παλάμαις, διδυμάονος οἶα κεραίης 30  
ταυροφυῆ Διόνυσον ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων·  
ἄλλος ἔχων δασπλήτα σιδηρείης γένυν ἄρπης  
αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,  
θηγαλέω δρεπάνω δεδαίγμενον, οἶά τε δειρὴν  
Πανὸς ἔυκράριοιο ταμῶν γαμφώνυχι χαλκῶ· 35  
ἄλλος ἀπηλοίησε βοῶν κεραελκέα φύτλην,  
οἶά περ ἀμύων Σατύρων ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,  
ὃς δὲ τανυκραίων ἐλάφων ἐδίωκε γενέθλην  
στικτῆς εἰσορόων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ὀπωπῆς,  
οἶά τε Βασσαρίδων ὀλέκων στίχα· δαιδαλέαις γὰρ 40  
νεβρίσιν ἰσοτύποισι παρεπλάγχθησαν ὀπωπαί·  
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ὄλον θώρηκα μιαίνων  
Ἴνδὸς ἀκοντιστῆρι μέλας ἐρυνθαίνετο λύθρῳ.  
καὶ τις ὀμοκλήσας ἐκορύσσετο γείτονι δένδρῳ  
μαστιζῶν ἐκάτερθε, καὶ εἰαρινοῖσι δοκεύων 45  
σειομένην ἀνέμοισι φυτῶν ἐλικώδεα χαίτην  
ἀβροκόμων ὄρπηκας ἀπηλοίησε κορύμβων,  
φύλλα διασχίζων λασίης δρυός, οἶα μαχαίρη  
πλοχμὸν ἀκερσικόμοιο διατμήγων Διονύσου,  
μαρνάμενος πετάλοισι καὶ οὐ Σατύροισιν ἐρίζων, 50  
τερπωλὴν ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέι νίκη.

Μαίνεται δ' ἀντιβίων ἕτερος χορός· ἀντὶ δὲ λόγῃς  
ὃς μὲν ἐλὼν βαρύδουπον ἐπωμαδίῳ τελαμῶνι

a brown stream of carousal ; and the fragrant banks poured up streams of the sweet drink of wine.

<sup>25</sup> Thus the enemy were made drunken by the untempered stream. Then a certain man of the Indians, driven by the gadfly of mindrobbing drink, dashed into the herd ; and by a leafy thicket found a threatening bull, which he brought back pulling him along in bonds, when he had dragged at the sharpened end of the two horns with daring hands, thinking that he drew under the yoke of servitude bullshaped Dionysos by the twin horns. Another, holding the horrid jaw of an iron sickle, shore through the neck of a mountainranging goat, cleaving it with the whetted hook, thinking he was cutting the throat of horned Pan with his talon of crooked bronze. Another threshed out a hornarmed brood of cattle as if harvesting the bullfaced shape of satyrs ; one again pursued a tribe of long-antlered deer, as if he were destroying a line of Bassarids, when he saw the patterned shape of the dappled creatures : for his sight was driven astray by the freckled fawnskins of like looks : and staining all his breastpiece with bloody drops, the black Indian was reddened by the spouting gore. And one shouting loudly attacked a neighbouring tree, flogging it on both sides ; and observing the leafy tendrils shaken by the spring breezes, he battered off the shoots of the tender clusters, slicing through the leaves of the thickest tree, as if cutting with his sabre through the tresses of unshorn Dionysos, battling with foliage instead of combating with Satyrs, and took a bootless delight in his shadowy conquest.

<sup>52</sup> Another enemy troop went mad. For a spear, one took a heavybanging drum, and hung it up by

## NONNOS

τύμπανον ἤέρταζε, καὶ ἀμφιπλήγι βοεῖη  
 δίζυγον ἐσμαράγησε μέλος χαλκόκροτον ἤχώ· 55  
 ὃς δὲ πολυτρήτοιο βοῆ̄ δεδονημένος αὐλοῦ  
 ἄστατος εἰλικόεντι ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῶ·  
 καὶ τις ἀπειρήτοις ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι λωτὸν ἐρείσας  
 δίθροον ἀρμονίην ἐμελίζετο Μυγδόνοσ αὐλοῦ·  
 γηραλέου δὲ φυτοῖο θορῶν παρὰ γείτοσι ρίζη 60  
 γλαυκὸν ἐυραθάμιγγος ἀνεύρυσε θαλλὸν ἐλαίης  
 ὄμβρω ἐερσήεντι διάβροχον, οἷα πιέζων  
 οἴνωπῇ ραθάμιγγι Μαρωνίδος ἄκρον ὑπήνης.  
 ἄλλοι σὺν ξιφέεσσι, σὺν ἔγχεσι, σὺν τρυφαλείαισ  
 ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἀμερσινώω φρένας οἴνω 65  
 ὄργια μιμήσαντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων,  
 ἴχνια δινεύοντες ἐνόπλιον ἀμφὶ χορείην·  
 καὶ παλάμης ἐλικηδὸν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἐρωαῖσ  
 ἀσπίδες ἐκρούοντο κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρω·  
 ἄλλος ὀπιπεύων θιασώδεος ὄργια Μούσης 70  
 μιμηλὴν Σατύροισι συνεσκίρτησε χορείην·  
 καὶ τις ἀρασσομένησ αἰὼν κελάδημα βοεῖης  
 μείλιχον ἦθος ἔδεκτο, φιλοσμαράγω δὲ μενοινῆ̄  
 ῥιγεδανὴν ἀνέμοισιν ἐὼν ἔρριψε φαρέτρην,  
 λύσσαν ἔχων· ἕτερος δὲ γυναιμανέων πρόμος Ἴνδῶν 75  
 ἀπλεκέος πλοκαμῖδος ἐλὼν ὑψαύχενα Βάκχην,  
 παρθενικὴν ἀδάμαστον ἀτάσθαλον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,  
 σφίγξεν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο, τανυσσάμενος δὲ κονίη  
 χερσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι ἀπεσφρηγίσσατο μίτρην,  
 ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἐξαπίνης γάρ 80  
 ὄρθιος εἶρπε δράκων ὑποκόλπιος ἰξυί γείτων,  
 δυσμενέος δ' ἦξε κατ' αὐχένος, ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῆ̄  
 οὐραῖαισ ἐλίκεσσι ἀνέπλεκε κυκλάδα μίτρην·  
 ταρβαλείοισ δὲ πόδεσσι φυγῶν μελανόχροος ἀνὴρ  
 θερμὸν ἀνυμφεύτων ἀπεσεῖσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων, 85  
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his shoulder-strap : then beating on both skins he crashed out a double tune in the brassrattling sound. Another, thrilled by the note of the many-holed pipes, danced about with quickcircling steps, and putting a reed to his inexperienced lips practised the tune of the double Mygdonian pipes : then leaping to the neighbouring root of an ancient tree, he drew at a green shoot of the richdropping olive, soaked with dewy moisture, as though pressing his lip to a drop of Maronian wine.<sup>a</sup> Others with swords, with spears, with helmets, their wits set a-rioting by the mindrobbing wine, mimicked the orgies of the carryshield Corybants, twirling their steps for the dance-in-armour, and all in a whirl the shields were beaten by alternate thump of hand or the plunging iron. Another eyeing the orgies of the Muse with her choir, skipt a mimicking dance with the Satyrs. And one hearing the roll of the banged oxhide, took on a gentle mood, and with rattleloving desire, threw to the winds his terrible quiver, all frantic : a second chieftain of the womanmad Indians caught by the untwined hair some highnecked Bacchant, and dragging the untamed virgin to violent wedlock, held her tight on the ground, and stretched in the dust with lust-maddened hands unsealed her belt, wild with vain hope : for suddenly with head erect a serpent crept from her bosom, near-neighbour to the groin, and darted at the enemy's throat, and about his neck twined a circling belt with spirals of his tail : the blackskinned man, fleeing with frightened feet, shook off the hot sting of un-

<sup>a</sup> The text is corrupt, and probably there is something omitted ; but the meaning must be something like this.

## NONNOS

αὐχένιον φορέων ὀφιώδεος ὄρμον ἀκάνθης.

“Ὀφρα μὲν οἰνωθέντες ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔτρεχον Ἴνδοί,  
 τόφρα δὲ νήδυμος Ὑπνος ἐὼν πτερόν οὔλον ἐλίξας  
 ἀκλινέων σφαλεροῖσιν ἐπέχραεν ὄμμασιν Ἴνδῶν,  
 εὔνασε δ’ οἰστρηθέντας ἀμετρήτῳ νόον οἴνω, 90  
 Πασιθέης γενετῆρι χαριζόμενος Διονύσῳ·  
 ὧν ὁ μὲν ὑπτιος εὔδεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ  
 ὑπναλέῳ μυκτῆρι μεθυσφαλὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,  
 ὃς δὲ βαρυνομένην κεφαλὴν ἐπεθήκατο πέτρῳ,  
 νωθρὸς ἐγκροκάλῳ ποταμηίδι κείμενος ὄχθη, 95  
 ἡματίοις δ’ ὀάριζε νοοπλανέεσσιν ὀνειροῖς  
 ὀρθὰ περὶ κροτάφοισι πεπηγότα δάκτυλα βάλλων·  
 πρηγῆς δ’ ἄλλος ἔην τετανυσμένος, εἶχε δὲ δισσὴν  
 χεῖρα καθιεμένην ἰσοελκέα δίζυγι μηρῶ·  
 καὶ τις ἐῆς παλάμης κεφαλὴν ἐπερείσατο καρπῶ 100  
 οἶνον ἀναβλύζων· ὁ δὲ καμπύλα γυῖα συνάπτων,  
 ὡς ὄφιο ἀμφιέλικτος, ἐκέκλιτο, λοξὸς ἰαύων.  
 καὶ χορὸς ἀντιβίων πεφορημένος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,  
 ὃς μὲν ὑπὸ δρυὸς εὔδεν, ὁ δὲ πτελέης ὑπὸ θάμνῳ,  
 ἄλλος ἐπὶ πλευρῆσι πεσὼν ἐκλίνετο φηγῶ, 105  
 λαιὴν ὀφρυόεντι βαλὼν ἐπὶ χεῖρα μετώπῳ·  
 καὶ πολὺς ἐσμὸς ἴαυε λάλος νέκυς, ἥερι πέμπων  
 ἀλλοίης ἀχάλινον ἀσημάντου θρόον ἡχοῦς  
 οἰνοβαρῆς· ἕτερος δὲ τινασσομένοιο καρῆνου  
 γηραλέης πλατὺ νῶτον ἐπέτρεπε πυθμένι δάφνης· 110  
 τὸν δὲ βαρὺ κνώσσοντα βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων  
 ἀκροκόμου φοῖνικος ἢ εὐώδινος ἐλαίης  
 ῥιπιζὼν ἀνέμοισιν ἔλιξ ἐπεσύρισεν ὄρηγξ·  
 καὶ τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῆ τετάνυστο κονίη,

<sup>a</sup> Pasithea is one of the Charites, with whom Hypnos is in love, Hom. *Il.* xiv. 269, and following him, Nonnos xxxi.

hallowed love, and wore on his throat the necklace of snaky spine.

<sup>87</sup> While the Indians were running drunken on the hills, just then sweet Sleep plying his vigorous wing, assaulted the wavering eyes of the persistent Indians, and put them to bed, tormented in mind by immoderate wine, doing grace to Pasithea's <sup>a</sup> father, Dionysos. One lay sleeping on his back, with face turning upwards, straining his drinkshaken breath through a sleepy nostril. Another rested his heavy head on a stone, as he lay sluggish on the gravelly bank; he was babbling in the daydreams of a vagrant mind, and laying his fingers stiff and straight about his temples. Another was stretched out prone, with his two hands hanging down to balance his two thighs. Another had leant his head on the wrist of his hand, and was drooling wine; another had gathered his limbs rolled together, like a snake coiling round, and lay slumbering on his side. And the company of the enemy who had rushed to the woody ridge—one slept under an oak, one in the undergrowth of an elm; another fallen on his flank, and leaning against an oak, had put the left hand over forehead and eyebrows; and a great swarm, heavy with wine in their slumber were chattering carcasses, sending into the air the unbridled din of sounds without sense, signifying nothing. One with shaking head, leaned his broad back on the trunk of an aged laurel. Another in heavy stupor upon a deep-strown bed, while the twining saplings of topleaf palm or prolific olive whistled above and fanned him with the winds. One was outstretched on the ground in the outpoured

121. He further makes her daughter of Hera and Dionysos (xxx. 186 and this passage).

NONNOS

ἄκρα ποδῶν προχοῆσι κατακλύζων ποταμοῖο· 115  
 ἄλλος ἀπειρήτοιο μέθης βακχεύετο παλμῶ,  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν βαρύθουσαν ἐπέτρεπε γείτοσι πεύκη·  
 ἄλλου φυσιόωντος ἐσειέτο νεῦρα μετώπου.

Καὶ δηίους κνώσσοντας ἰδὼν γελῶντι προσώπω  
 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε, χέων σημάντορα φωνήν· 120

“ Ἴνδοφόνοι θεράποντες ἀνικῆτου Διονύσου,  
 νόσφι μόθου σφίγξαντες ἀολλέας υἱέας Ἴνδῶν  
 πάντας ἀναιμάκτω ζωγρήσατε δημοτήτι·  
 καὶ βριαρῶ γόνυ δούλον ὑποκλίνας Διονύσω  
 Ἴνδος ὑποδρήσειεν ἐμῇ θιασώδει Ῥεῖη, 125  
 σείων οἴνοπα θύρσον, ἀπορρίψας δὲ θυέλλαις  
 ἀργυρέην κνημίδα πόδας σφίγξειε κοθόρνοις,  
 καὶ κεφαλὴν στέψειεν ἐμῶ κισσώδει δεσμῶ,  
 γυμνώσας πλοκαμίδας ἀερσιλόφου τρυφαλείης,  
 καὶ πολέμων ἀλάλαγμα λιπῶν καὶ δούριον ἤχῳ 130  
 Εὐιον αἰείσειε κορυμβοφόρῳ Διονύσω.”

Ὡς φαμένου δρηστῆρες ἐποίπνου·

ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν  
 αὐχένι δυσμενέων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὸν ἐλίξας  
 εἶλκε δρακοντεῖη πεπεδημένον ἀνέρα σειρῆ,  
 ἄλλος ἐλὼν λασίης κεχαλασμένον ὄλκον ὑπήνης 135  
 ἄνδρα βαθυσμήριγγος ἀνείρυσεν ἀνθερεῶνος·  
 καὶ τις εἰς παλάμας τανύσας σκολιότριχι κόρση  
 ἀνέρα δουρίκτητον ἀδέσμιον εἶλκεν ἐθείρης·  
 ἄλλος ὀμοπλέκτους παλάμας περὶ νῶτα καθάψας  
 δήιον εἰλικόεντι λύγων μιτρώσατο δεσμῶ 140  
 αὐχενίῳ· τρομερῶ δὲ Μάρων ἐλελίζετο παλμῶ  
 ὦμῳ γηραλέῳ βεβαρημένον Ἴνδὸν αἰίρων·  
 ἄλλος ἀκοντιστῆρα λαβὼν βεβημημένον ὕπνω,  
 δεσμῶ βοτρυόεντι περίπλοκον αὐχένα σύρων,  
 στικτῶν πορδαλίῶν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα θήκατο δίφρων· 145



dust, washing the tips of his feet in the pouring river. Another shaken in the throes of intoxication, a new experience, leaned his heavy head against a neighbouring pine : another panted until the sinews of his forehead throbbed.

<sup>119</sup> Now seeing his foes stupefied, Lord Bacchos spoke with laughing countenance, and uttered his word of command : " Indianslaying servants of invincible Dionysos ! bind them all fast unresisting, the sons of the Indians, take them all prisoners in bloodless conflict : let the Indian bend a slave's knee to mighty Dionysos, and do menial service to my Rheia and her company, shaking the purple thyrsus ; let him throw to the storms his silver greaves, and bind his feet in buskins ; let him strip his tresses of highplumed helmet, and crown his head with my ivybond ; let him leave the yell of wars and the din of spears, and uplift the Euian song to grapeladen Dionysos."

<sup>132</sup> He spoke, and the menials were busy. One of them wound a snaky bond round the enemy's throat, and dragged the man shackled with a rope of serpents. Another caught the straggling load of a hairy cheek, and drew the man along by the deep-bristling chin. One stretching his palms over curly-haired temples, dragged the man captive, unbound, by the shag. Another binding a prisoner's hands clasped behind the back, girded him with an encircling bond of withies about the neck. Maron staggered along with trembling totterings as he lifted on his aged shoulder an Indian sleepladen. Another took up a spearman overpowered by sleep, put a halter of vines about his neck, pulled him along and dropped him over the rim of a car with dappled

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ἄλλου κεκλιμένοιο φιλεύιος ἔσμος ἀλήτης  
 χείρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ,  
 καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβησεν ἀκαμπτοπόδων ἐλεφάντων·  
 καὶ πολὺς εὐκύκλοιο λαβῶν τελαμῶνα βοείης 150  
 Ἴνδὸν ἐπωμαδίῳ πεπεδημένον εἶχεν ἱμάντι.  
 καὶ τις ἀερτάζουσα καλαύροπα μηλοβοτήρος  
 Βασσαρίς, ἀφριόωσα λαθίφρονη κύματι λύσσης,  
 Ἴνδὸν ἐρευνητήρα βαθυπλούτοιο θαλάσσης  
 τολμηρῇ παλάμῃ πολυκαμπέος εἶλκεν ἐθείρης 155  
 δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον. ἐπειγομένου δὲ Λυαίου  
 δήιον εὐθώρηκα σιδήρεος εἶχεν Ἐρεχθεὺς  
 ὤμοις ἀκλινέεσσι· μεθυσφαλέος δὲ φορῆος  
 θῆρα κελαινόρρινον ὄρεστιὰς ἤλασε Βάκχῃ,  
 ἰσχία μαστίζουσα δορικτήτων ἐλεφάντων·  
 καὶ χρυσέην Ἵμέναιος ἀνηέρταζε βοεῖην 160  
 ἀνέρα συλήσας χρυσάσπιδα, γηθόσυνος δὲ  
 κοῦρον ἐρωμανέεσσι ἐδέρκετο Βάκχος ὀπωπαῖς  
 τεύχεσιν ὑπναλέοιο καταυγάζοντα φορῆος·  
 καὶ νέος ἠκόντιζεν ἐν ἔντεσιν ὄλβιον αἴγλην,  
 ὡς Λυκίου Γλαύκοιο λαβῶν ἀμάρυσσε μαχηταῖς, 165  
 ἀφνειοῖς σακέεσσι ἀπαστράπτων, Διομήδης.  
 ἄλλους δ' ἀντιβίους στρατιῇ ληίσσατο Βάκχων,  
 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἔχοντας ὁμόστολον ἠδέος οἴνου.  
 Ἐνθά τις ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐρημάδι σύννομος ὕλη,  
 παρθένος Ἀστακίδεσσι ὁμότροφος ἦνθεε Νύμφαις 170  
 καλλιφυῆς Νίκαια, λαγωβόλος Ἄρτεμις ἄλλη,  
 ἄλλοτρίη φιλότητος, ἀπειρήτη Κυθερείης,  
 θῆρας ὀιστεύουσα καὶ ἰχνεύουσα κολώναις·

\* It was quite commonly believed in antiquity that elephants had no joints in their legs; Aristotle notes and corrects this mistake, *Hist. anim.* ii. 498 a 8, but like many blunders which he put right, it persisted.

panthers. Another reclining was seized by the wandering swarm, with cries of *Euoi!* they stretched his hands behind him and bound them tight with an inextricable knot, and threw him upon the neck of the elephant which never bends the knee<sup>a</sup>; and many a one took hold of the sling of an Indian's shield, and kept him shackled by the strap over the shoulder.

<sup>151</sup> Now some Bassarid, foaming under a withdrawing wave of madness, caught up a shepherd's crook, and with daring hand dragged off by his curly hair to the yokeband of slavery, an Indian searcher-out of the deep riches of the sea. At the bidding of *Lyaïos*, iron *Erechtheus* held on unbending shoulders a foe with fine cuirass; and a Bacchant of the mountains drove away from its intoxicated owner his black-skinned beast, flogging the flanks of some elephant, spoil of the spear. *Hymenaios* robbed a man of his golden shield, and lifted up the golden buckler, while *Bacchos* delighted watched him with ardent gaze all gleaming in the armour of the sleeping owner. The young man in his harness shot out a rich brilliance, like as *Diomedes* sparkled among the warriors, flashing with the rich target he had taken from *Lycian Glaucos*.<sup>b</sup> And the army of Bacchants despoiled other adversaries, possessed of sweet sleep and sweet wine its comrade.

<sup>169</sup> There was one with a crook-bow, a maiden denizen of the lonely wood, comrade hale and fresh among the nymphs of *Astacia*, beautiful *Nicaïa*, a new harehuntress *Artemis*, a stranger to love, unacquainted with *Cythereia*, ever shooting and tracking the beasts upon the hills. She did not hide in

<sup>b</sup> *Hom. Il. vi. 235-236.*

## NONNOS

οὐδὲ μυχῶ θυόεντι καλύπτετο παρθενεῶνος.  
 καὶ οἱ ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισιν ἐρημονόμῳ παρὰ πέζῃ 175  
 ἠλακάτῃ πέλε τόξον, αἰεὶ δέ οἱ ἔνδοθι λόχμης  
 μηκεδανοὶ κλωστῆρες ἔσαν πτερόεντες οἰστοί,  
 καὶ σταλίκων ξύλον ὀρθὸν ὀρειάδος ἰστός Ἀθήνης·  
 καὶ καθαρῇ συνάεθλος ὀμίλειεν ἰοχαίρῃ,  
 καὶ λίνον ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἀνέπλεκεν ἠθάδος ἄγρης 180  
 νήματος ἀσκητοῖο φιλαίτερον· οὐ ποτε τόξῳ  
 ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχοντος ἀνάλκιδος ἠπτετο νεβροῦ,  
 δορκάδας οὐκ ἐδίωκε, καὶ οὐκ ἔψαυε λαγωῦ,  
 ἀλλὰ περιζεύξασα δαφοινῆεντι χαλινῶ  
 γλαυκὰ δασυστέρνων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων, 185  
 πολλάκι δ' ἔγχος ἄειρε καταντία λυσσαδος ἄρκτου·  
 μέμφετο δ' ἰοχέαιραν ἐκηβόλον, ὅτι λιποῦσα  
 στικτῶν πορδαλίων γενεὴν καὶ φύλα λεόντων  
 οὔτιδαναῖς ἐλάφοισιν ἔην ἔζευξεν ἀπήνην.  
 οὐδὲ μύρῳ μεμέλητο, μελικρήτων δὲ κυπέλλων 190  
 ὑδατόεν προβέβουλε χαραδραίης πόμα πηγῆς  
 ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ προχέουσα· καὶ αὐτορόφῳ κενεῶνι  
 κούρης δύσβατος οἶκος ἐρημάδες ἦσαν ἐρίπναι·  
 πολλάκι δ' εὐκαμάτοιο μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης  
 πορδαλίων σχεδὸν ἦστο, μιῇ δ' ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ 195  
 μίμνε μεσημβρίζουσα λεχωίδος ἄγχι λεαίνης·  
 ἢ δὲ γαληναίησιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι μειλιχίῃ θῆρ  
 ἀδρῦπτοις γενύεσσι δέμας λιχμάζετο κούρης,  
 καὶ κινυρῆς μίμημα κυνὸς δειδήμονι λαιμῶ  
 ὤμοτόκου στόμα λάβρον ὑπεκνυζᾶτο λεαίνης 200  
 χεῖλεϊ φειδομένῳ, δοκέων δέ μιν Ἄρτεμιν εἶναι

<sup>a</sup> This whole line is taken from Euphorion (frag. 91

the scented nook of the women's room. She was ever among the rocks, by lonefaring path, where the bow was her distaff; she was ever in the forest, where winged arrows were her long threads, the upright wood of the net-stakes was a loom for this Athena of the mountains; she shared the tasks of the chaste Archeress, and she netted the meshes for her wonted hunting among the rocks more gladly than she would make twisted yarn. Never did she touch with shaft the timid dappled fawn, the gazelle she followed not, nor handled the hare; but the shaggybreasted lion she fitted about with bloodred bridle, and whipt his gray flanks, and often lifted spear against a maddened bear<sup>a</sup>; and she blamed farshooting Archeress, for letting alone the generation of speckled pards and the tribes of lions, and yoking worthless deer to her car. Nor did she care for perfume: rather than honey-mixed bowls she preferred watery draughts from a mountain brook, as she poured out cool water; lonely cliffs with nature's vaulted roof were the maiden's inaccessible dwelling. Often, her task well done, after the course of her wonted hunting, she sat beside the pards, and remained under one hollow roof at midday near a lioness newly delivered; then the beast gentle with calm brows would lick the girl's body with unscratching jaws, and with timid throat like a whimpering dog, the greedy mouth of the lioness newdelivered purred softly through self-denying lips, while the lion, thinking her to be

Powell). It alludes to the local legend that Iphigeneia was sacrificed there, not at Aulis, and that a bear, not a hind, was miraculously substituted for her; see schol. on *Ar. Lysist.* 645. This had grown up to explain the curious ritual of the place, in which little girls in yellow frocks danced before Artemis, imitating the motions of bears.

## NONNOS

εἰς πέδον ἰκεσίοιο καθελκομένοιο καρήνου  
αὐχένι λαχνήεντι λέων ἐκλίνετο νύμφη.

Καὶ τις ἐνὶ ξυλόχοις ὀρεσίτροφος ἦνθεε βούτης,  
ἰθυτενῆς, περίμετρος, ὑπέρτερος ἤλικος ἤβης. 205

οὐνομά οἱ πέλεν Ὑμνος, ὃς ἀγριάδος μέσον ὕλης  
ἱμερτὰς ἐνόμεινε βόας παρὰ γείτονι κούρη·

καὶ νομίην ἐρατῆσι καλαύροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων  
εἰς βαθὺν ἦλθεν ἔρωτα καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο ποιίμνη, 210

εἵκελος Ἀγχίση ῥοδοειδεί, τοῦ ποτε Κύπρις  
ἀργεννὴν ἐνόμεινε ὀρεσσινόμων στίχα ταύρων

κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα βοοσσόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχημη  
βουκόλος ἀγρώσσουσαν ἰδὼν χιονώδεα κούρη

οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης ἐμπάζετο· φοιταλή δὲ  
εἰς ἔλος αὐτοκέλευστος ἐβόσκετο πόρτις ἐρήμη 215

ἀρχαίου δυσέρωτος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα νομῆος,  
καὶ δαμάλη πεφόρητο περισκαίρουσα κολώναις

ποιμένα μαστεύουσα· νέος δ' ἐπλάζετο βούτης  
παρθενικῆς ὀρόων ῥοδοειδέα κύκλα προσώπου. 220

Καὶ δολόεις ἐρέθιζεν Ἔρωσ ποθέοντα νομῆα  
οἴστρω λαβροτέρω δεδονημένον· ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ

παρθενικῆς ἀκίχητον ἐπεσσυμένης δρόμον ἄγρης  
πέπλον ὄλον κόλπωσεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦφος ἀήτης·

καὶ χροὸς ἦνθεε κάλλος· ἐλευκαίνοντο δὲ μηροὶ  
καὶ σφυρὰ φοινίσσοντο, καὶ ὡς κρίνον, ὡς ἀνεμώνη 225

χιονέων μελέων ῥοδόεις ἀνεφαίνετο λειμών·  
καὶ νέος ἱμερόφοιτος ἔχων ἀκόρητον ὀπωπὴν

ἀσκεπέων ἐδόκευεν ἐλεύθερον ἄντυγα μηρῶν  
[. . . . .] χῶδεα [. . . 230

βότρυν ὀπισθοπόροιο κόμης ἐλέλιζεν ἀήτης  
κουφίζων ἐκάτερθεν, ἀειρομένων δὲ κομάων

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<sup>a</sup> For the loves of Anchises and Aphrodite, see the Homeric Hymn to the goddess. That she went about with 516

Artemis, drooped his head to the ground in supplication, and bent his hairy neck before the nymph.

<sup>204</sup> And in the forests was a highland oxherd, hale and fresh, his figure stout-built, tall and upright, beyond the youths of his age. His name was Hymnos, and in the midst of the wild wood he tended his lovely cattle where the nymph was his neighbour: he flourished the herdsman's truncheon in lovely hands. But he fell deep in love, and no more took joy of his herd, like a rosy Anchises,<sup>a</sup> whose white string of mountainranging bulls Cypris once tended, swinging her girdle to shoo the cattle on. When the herdsman saw the snowywhite girl hunting about the woods, he cared not for his herd of cattle; the calf strayed into the marsh at its own will and grazed alone, wandering from its ancient herdsman now sick in love, and the heifer scampered capering over the hills in search of her keeper. But the young oxherd was wandering, for he saw the rosy round of a maiden's face.

<sup>220</sup> And the deceiver Eros excited the longing herdsman, and shook him with yet stronger passion. For as the maiden sped unapproachable on her hunting among the rocks, a light breeze bellied out all her kirtle into the air, and her body showed fair and fresh: white thighs, ruddy ankles, like lily, like anemone, appeared a flowery meadow of snowy limbs; and the young man desire-haunted, with insatiate gaze, watching beheld the unimpeded circuit of her naked thighs. The breeze shook backwards the cluster of her hair, lifting it lightly this way and

him and helped to tend his herd is a piece of Alexandrian prettiness which Nonnos may have invented for himself or taken from some earlier poet.

## NONNOS

λευκοφαῆς σελάγιζε μέσος γυμνούμενος αὐχὴν.  
καὶ νέος οὐρεσίφοιτος ὁμάρτεε πολλάκι κούρη,  
πῆ μὲν ἐπιφαύων σταλίκων ἢ τόξον ἀφάσσω,  
πῆ δὲ ποθοβλήτοιο τιταινομένιο βελέμνου 235  
ἱμερτῆς ἐδόκευε ῥοδόχροα δάκτυλα κούρης·  
εἴ ποτε τοξεύουσα κέρας κυκλώσατο νευρῆ,  
καὶ παλάμη γυμνοῦτο, λαθὼν νέος ὄμματι λοξῶ  
λευκὸν οἰστευτῆρα βραχίονα δέρκετο κούρης,  
ὄμμα παλινδίνητον ἄγων, ὀχετηγὸν Ἐρώτων, 240  
εἰ τόσον, ὡς Νίκαια, πέλε λευκώλειος Ἥρη·  
Ἐσπερίην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐὼν ἐτίταιεν ὀπωπῆν,  
εἰ πλέον ἀργυφῆ πέλε παρθένος, ἢ Σελήνη.

Καὶ νέος, ἀμφιέπων ὑποκάρδιον ἔλκος Ἐρώτων,  
ἐγγὺς ἐὼν καὶ νόσφιν ἐὼν ἐμνώετο κούρης, 245  
πῶς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν εἶλκεν ὀρειάδος ἀντίον ἄρκτου,  
πῶς δὲ λεοντεῖη παλάμην ἐσφίγξατο δειρῆ  
δίζυγα γυρώσασα βραχίονα μάρτυρι δεσμῶ,  
πῶς πάλιν ἰδρώουσα λοέσσατο χεύματι πηγῆς  
ἡμιφανῆς, καὶ μᾶλλον αἰὲ μιμνήσκετο πέπλου, 250  
ὅππότε μιν δονέων καὶ ἐς ὀμφαλὸν ἄχρῖς αἰείρων  
γυμνώσας χροὸς ἄνθος ἀνηκόντιζεν ἀήτης·  
κείνου μνήστιν ἔχων γλυκερὰς ἰκέτευεν ἀέλλας,  
ὄφρα πάλιν βαθύκολπον ἀναστείλωσι χιτῶνα.

Καὶ νέος ἀστήρικτος ἐυκραίρω παρὰ ποιμνῆ 255  
γείτονα θηρεύουσιν ἰδὼν ὑψαύχενα κούρη  
τοῖον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἔπος ζηλήμονι φωνῆ·

“ Αἶθε βέλος γενόμην ἢ δίκτυον ἢ φαρέτρην,  
αἶθε βέλος γενόμην θηροκτόνον, ὄφρα με γυμναῖς  
χερσὶν ἐλαφρίσσειεν· ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ τόξου 260

<sup>a</sup> Nonnos says he loved even her weapons.

<sup>b</sup> Stock epithet of Hera, white-armed.



that, and as the hair was lifted the neck bared in the midst gleamed shining white. And the young man often haunted the mountains following the girl, now touching the shafts or feeling at her bow, now watching the rosy-tinted fingers of the lovely girl, when she aimed the lance he loved <sup>a</sup>; if ever in shooting she drew the horn round with the bowstring, and her hand was bared, unseen the young man with furtive eye surveyed the girl's white archer-arm, bringing round again and again the eye, love's conduit, wondering if Hera's arm were as white as Nicaia's <sup>b</sup>; and stretched his gaze towards the expanse of evening, to see if the maiden were more white, or Selene.

<sup>244</sup> So the young man, cherishing under his heart the wound of love, whether near or whether far, kept his mind on the girl: how she drew the arrow for a shot against a mountain bear; how she fastened hand on the lion's neck, circling about it her two arms in a betraying <sup>c</sup> noose; how again, after toil and sweat, she washed her in the flow of a brook, half-showing, ever more careful of her kirtle, when the breeze would shake it and lift it up to the mid-nipple, and shoot out the flower of the beauty laid bare. Keeping this in memory, he conjured again the sweet winds, to raise again the deep-folded robe.

<sup>255</sup> And the young man, restless beside his horned herd, saw the girl in high head hunting hard by; and he shouted out these words with envious voice:

<sup>258</sup> "O that I were a shaft, or a net, or a quiver!  
O that I were a beast-hitting lance, that she might carry me in her bare hands! Would that I could

<sup>c</sup> When the lion was let go, her arms would leave a mark on his hair.

εἶην νεῦρα βόεια πολὺ πλέον, ὄφρά με μαζῶ  
 χιονέω πελάσειε σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μήτρης,  
 ναὶ δαμάλη, ναὶ μόσχε, σαόφρονος ἔκτοθι μήτρης.  
 παρθένε, κουφίζεις βέλος ὄλβιον· ὑμέτεροι δὲ  
 Ὕμνου μηλονόμοιο μακάρτεροί εἰσιν οἰστοί, 265  
 ὅττι τεῶν ψαύουσιν ἐρωτοτόκων παλαμάων.  
 σοῖς γλυκεροῖς σταλίκεσσιν ἀφωνήτοισι μεγαίρω·  
 οὐδὲ μόνον σταλίκων με φέρει πόθος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ  
 ζῆλον ἔχω τόξοιο καὶ ἀπνεύστοιο φαρέτρης.  
 αἶθε μεσημβρίζουσα ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ 270  
 γυῖα καταψύξειεν, ἴδω δ' ὑψαύχενά κούρην,  
 ναὶ δαμάλη, ναὶ μόσχε, δίχα φθονεροῖο χιτῶνος.  
 οὐ πῶ μοι, Κυθέρεια, τόσῃν ἄκτειρας ἀνάγκην;  
 Θρινακίην οὐκ οἶδα καὶ οὐ κεραελκέα ποίμνην,  
 οὐ βόας Ἡελίοιο κατ' οὔρεα ταῦτα νομεύω, 275  
 οὐ κρυφίην ἠγγεῖλε πατὴρ ἐμὸς Ἄρεος εὐνήν.  
 παρθένε, μή με δίωκε, καὶ εἰ βόας εἰς νομὸν ἔλκω·  
 οὐρανίων λεχέων ἐπιβήτορές εἰσι νομῆες·  
 Τιθωνὸς ῥοδόεις πέλε νυμφίος, ὃν διὰ μορφήν  
 δίφρον ἐὼν στήσασα φαεσφόρος ἤρπασεν Ἡώς· 280  
 καὶ Διὸς οἰνοχόος πέλε βουκόλος, ὃν διὰ κάλλος  
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐκούφισεν ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς.  
 δεῦρο, βόας ποίμαινε, καὶ ὄπλοτέρνην σε καλέσσω  
 ἄλλω βουκολέοντι σὺν Ἐνδυμίῳ Σελήνῃ·  
 ῥίπτει βέλος καὶ ψαῦε καλαύροπος, ὄφρά τις εἶπη· 285  
 Ὕμνου μηλονόμοιο βόας Κυθέρεια νομεύει."

Ὡς φάτο καὶ λιτάνευε, φίλων δ' ἐδράξατο γούνων

<sup>a</sup> The sacred cattle of the Sun were kept in Thrinacia; the Sun told Hephaistos of the loves of Ares and Aphrodite. See Hom. *Od.* viii. 271, xii. 128.

become much rather the ox-gut of the back-bent bow, that she might press me to that snowy breast free of the modest stomacher! Aye, heifer; aye, he-calf, free of the modest stomacher! Maiden, you bear a happy lance; your arrows are more blest than shepherd Hymnos, because they touch your palms that breed love. I envy your sweet voiceless net-stakes. Not only do I long for your stakes; your very bow I envy, and your quiver that breathes not. O that she would refresh her limbs at midday by the amorous fount, and I may see the high-headed girl, aye heifer, aye he-calf, without the envious tunic! Have you not yet pitied me, Cythereia, for this cruel necessity? I know not Thrinacia,<sup>a</sup> I know not its horned herd, no oxen of the Sun are these I tend in the mountains, no father of mine told the secret bed of Ares.

<sup>277</sup> "Maiden, do not chase me away, if I do take oxen to pasture! There are herdsmen that lie in heavenly beds. Rosy Tithonos<sup>b</sup> was a bridegroom for whom because of his fine figure lightbringer Eos stayed her car, and caught him up; and he that pours wine for Zeus<sup>c</sup> was an oxherd, whom high-soaring Zeus for his beauty carried off with tender hands. Come hither, tend the kine, and I will call you a younger Selene with another Endymion, this time an oxherd: throw down the lance, take hold of the herdsman's staff, that one may say—'Cythereia is tending the kine of shepherd Hymnos.'"

<sup>287</sup> So he spoke and prayed, and tore at his knees

<sup>b</sup> Of the three avoured herdsmen he mentions, 279-284, Tithonos and Zeus's cupbearer (Ganymede) were Trojan princes, generally said to be the sons respectively of Laomedon and Tros; for Endymion, see on iv. 223.

<sup>c</sup> Ganymede.

## NONNOS

χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσι, καὶ ἔσπετο, καὶ οἱ ἐνύβαι  
ἔτρεμεν οἴστρον Ἐρωτος, ἐῆ δ' ὑπεμέμφετο σιγῇ.

Καὶ ποτε θάρσος ἔχων γαμίων ὑποεργὸν Ἐρώτων 290  
κείμενα Νικαίης ἀνεκούφισεν ἔντεα θήρης,  
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε, πόθου δ' ὑπὸ μείζονι κέντρῳ  
κούρης χωομένης γλυκερὴν ἤειρε φαρέτρην,  
καὶ κύσε δίκτυα κωφὰ καὶ οὐ πνεύοντασ οἰστούσ,  
χείλεσι τερπομένοισι μαιφόνον ἰὸν ἐρείσας, 295  
καὶ στέρνοισ ἐπέλασσε ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πιέζων·  
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἀδουπήτῳ τινὶ φωνῇ·

“ Πρὸς Παφίης, φθέγξασθε πάλιν, δρύες,  
ὡς ἐπὶ Πύρρης,  
ὡς ἐπὶ Δευκαλίωνος, ἐλέγξατε λυσσαῖδα κούρην.  
Δάφνη καὶ σὺ φίλη, δενδρώδεα ῥῆξον ἰωήν· 300

αἶθε καλὴ Νίκαια πάρος πέλε, καὶ κεν Ἀπόλλων  
ἀβροτέρην ἐδίωκε, καὶ οὐ φυτὸν ἔπλετο Δάφνη.”

Ὡς φάτο· καὶ σύριγγι σαόφρονος ἐγγύθι κούρης  
μάρτυν ἐῆσ ὀδύνης, γαμίνην ἐμελίζετο μολπήν.  
παρθενικὴ δ' ἀγόρευεν ἐπεγγελόωσα νομῆι· 305

“ Ἡδὺς ὁ συρίζων Παφίης μέλος ὑμέτερος Πάν·  
πολλάκι μέλψεν Ἐρωτα καὶ οὐ πέλε νυμφίος Ἠχοῦς.  
ἂ πόσα Δάφνις ἀειδεν ὁ βουκόλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ  
παρθένος ἀστιβέεσσιν ἐκεύθετο μᾶλλον ἐρίπναισ  
ποιμενίης φεύγουσα βοῆς μέλος. ἂ πόσα Φοίβου 310  
ἔκλυε μελπομένοιο καὶ οὐ φρένα θέλγετο Δάφνη.”

<sup>a</sup> Deucalion in some accounts lived near Dodona, so presumably Nonnos means that he was warned of the coming flood, or told how to renew mankind after it, by the speaking oak of the oracle there. For Daphne and Apollo, see ii. 108.

<sup>b</sup> Pan vainly loved Echo, and at last in despair drove the herdsmen mad, so that they tore her in pieces and now only her voice is left. For Daphnis, see Theocritus i.; the  
522

with womanmad hands, and followed, and trembled to tell her love's frenzy, yet blamed his own silence.

<sup>290</sup> One day, taking courage to further an honourable love, he carried away Nicaia's gear of the chase where it lay, and took her valiant lance, and under a greater sting of longing, angry though the girl was, took also her sweet quiver; he kissed the senseless nets and the arrows that had no breath, and pressing a murderous arrow to his delighted lips, squeezed it with violent hand and put it to his breast; and he said these words with a noiseless voice:

<sup>298</sup> "In the Paphian's name, utter voice again, you trees! as in Pyrrha's time, as in Deucalion's,<sup>a</sup> reprove this mad girl! And you, Daphne beloved, break into arboreal speech! Would that fair Nicaia had been in former times: Apollo would have pursued the more dainty, and Daphne would not have become a bush."

<sup>303</sup> So he spoke; and beside the modest girl, he played on his pipes a wedding tune, witness of his pain. But the maiden spoke out in mockery of the herdsman:

<sup>306</sup> "A pretty thing, your Pan<sup>b</sup> piping the Paphian's tune! Often he chanted Eros, and never became Echo's bridegroom. Ah, how many a song sang Daphnis the oxherd! but with his chanting the maiden hid all the more in untrodden ravines, to escape the tune of the shepherd's call. Ah, how many a song sang Phoibos! while Daphne heard him, but felt no pleasure at heart."

story is nowhere fully told, but apparently he despised Aphrodite and she punished him with an unrequited love, whereof he died.

Ὡς φαμένη δόρυ θούρον ἔδεικνυεν ἄφρονι βούτῃ.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσήεντι τετυμμένος ἠδέει κέντρῳ,  
 μὴ νοέων, ὅτι τόσσον ἔην ἄστοργος Ἀμαζών,  
 πομπὸν ἐοῦ θανάτοιο δυσίμερον ἴαχε φωνήν. 315

“Ναί, λίτομαι, προΐαλλε φίλον δόρυ, χιονόῃ δὲ  
 κτεῖνέ με σῆ παλάμη, καὶ τέρπομαι· οὐ σέο λόγχην,  
 οὐ τρομέω, φυγόμενε, τεὸν ξίφος, ὅττι τελευτῆν  
 ὄξυτάτην ὀπάσειεν, ὅπως ποτὲ πικρὸν ἀλύξω  
 ἔμπεδον ἔλκος Ἔρωτος, ὑπὸ φρένα βοσκόμενον πῦρ. 320  
 τεθναίνην, ὅτι πότμος ἐπήρατος· εἰ δὲ βελέμνω  
 τοξοφόρος μετὰ Κύπριν οἴστεύσεις με καὶ αὐτῆ,  
 πρὸς Παφίης, μὴ πέμπε κατ’ αὐχένος, ἡμετέρην δὲ  
 σὸν βέλος εἰς φρένα πῆξον,

ὅπῃ βέλος ἐστὶν Ἐρώτων.

αὐχένι μᾶλλον ἴαλλε τεὸν δόρυ, μὴ φρένα τύψης· 325  
 ὠτειλῆς ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι. εἰ δέ σε τέρπει,  
 τλήσομαι ἄλλο βέλεμνον, ὅπως ἐμὲ γαῖα καλύψῃ  
 καὶ πυρὸς ἔλκος ἔχοντα καὶ οὐτηθέντα σιδήρῳ.  
 κτεῖνέ με τὸν δυσέρωτα, τεῆς μὴ φεῖδεο νευρῆς.  
 θηλύνεις δὲ σίδηρον, ὅταν ψαύσειας οἰστῶν. 330

ἴσταμαι αὐτοκέλευστος ἐγὼ σκοπός, ὄμματι τερπνῶ  
 δάκτυλα μαρμαίροντα περὶ γλυφίδεσσι δοκεύων,  
 ἔκταδὸν αὖ ἐρύοντα τεῆν μελιηδέα νευρῆν  
 δεξιτερῶ ῥοδόεντι πελαζομένην σέο μαζῶ.  
 θνήσκω νεκρὸς Ἔρωτος ἐκούσιος ἠδέει πότμῳ. 335  
 οὐκ ἀλέγω θανάτοιο καὶ οὐ τρομέω νέφος ἰῶν,  
 γυμνὴν ὑμετέρην χιονώδεα χεῖρα δοκεύων  
 ἀπτομένην τόξοιο καὶ ἱμερόεντος οἰστοῦ.  
 εἰς ἐμὲ πάντα βέλεμνα τεῆς προΐαλλε φαρέτρης,  
 εἰς ἐμὲ πέμπε βέλεμνα μαιφόνα· πικρότεροι γὰρ 340

<sup>312</sup> So speaking, she showed her valiant lance to the foolish oxherd. But he, smitten with the maddening sweet sting, not understanding that the Amazon was so heartless, uttered a voice of unhappy passion, harbinger of his own death :

<sup>316</sup> "Aye, cast your beloved spear, I beseech you, and slay me with your snowy hand, and it is my joy! I fear not your pike, I fear not your sword, wedlock-shirker! So may it provide the quickest end, that I may escape at last the lasting sore of love, the fire that feeds under my heart! May I die, for that fate is my delight! But if you will follow Cypris, and yourself also shoot me a shot from the bow you bear, in the Paphian's name, do not send it through the neck, but fix your shot in my heart, where now is the shot of love. Nay rather, let fly your lance at the neck, strike not the heart: I need no second wound. But if it gives you joy, I will endure another shot, that earth may cover me, both keeping the sore of the fire, and wounded by the steel. Kill me the hapless lover, spare not your bowstring.—But you put woman into the steel, when you handle the arrows.—Here I stand, a willing butt, watching with joyous eye the fingers twinkling about the notches,<sup>a</sup> and pulling to its length your honeysweet string, drawing it close to your right breast so rosy! I die Love's willing carrion, by a sweet fate! I care not about death, I tremble not before a cloud of arrows, watching for your bare hand like snow to touch bow and arrow that I desire. Let fly at me all the shots of your quiver, shoot at me your murdering shots :

<sup>a</sup> The fingers fit between the feathers along "the notches" which hold them, and hook over the bowstring to pull it.

## NONNOS

ἄλλοι ἐμὲ κλονέουσι πυριγλώχινες ὄιστοί.  
 ἦν δὲ κατακτείνης με τεῶν φρενοθελγεί τόξω,  
 παρθένε, μὴ φλέξιαις ἐμὸν δέμας ἠθάδι πυρσῶ·  
 πυρκαϊῆς ἐτέρης οὐ δεύομαι· ἀλλὰ σύ, κούρη,  
 μοῦνον ἐμοὶ φθιμένῳ γλυκερὴν περιέχευε κονίην 345  
 χειρὶ τεῆ, πυμάτην ὀλίγην χάριν, ὄφρα τις εἴπη·  
 ‘παρθένος ὡς ἐλέαιρε, τὸν ἔκτανε.’ μηδὲ θανόντος  
 αὐλὸς ἐμός, μὴ πηκτὶς ἐμῶ περὶ σήματι κείσθω,  
 ποιμενίην μὴ βάλλε καλαύροπα, μάρτυρα τέχνης·  
 ἀλλὰ κατακταμένοιο τεὸν βέλος ὑψόθι τύμβου 350  
 πῆξον, ἐμῶ δυσέρωτι λελουμένον εἰσέτι λύθρω.  
 δὸς δέ μοι ὑστατίνην ἐτέρην χάριν ὑψόθι τύμβου  
 ἄνθεα Ναρκίσσοιο ποθοβλήτοιο γενέσθω  
 ἢ κρόκος ἱμερόεις ἢ Μίλακος ἄνθος Ἐρώτων,  
 εἰαρινὴν δὲ φύτευε μιννθαδίην ἀνεμώνην 355  
 πᾶσιν ἀπαγγέλλουσαν ἐμὴν μιννώριον ἦβην.  
 εἰ δέ σε μὴ τέκε πόντος ἀμείλιχος ἢ ἐ κολῶναι,  
 βαιὸν ἐμοὶ χέε δάκρυ, τόσον μόνον, ὅσον ἐέρσαις  
 ἱμερτῆς ῥοδόεντα παρηίδος ἄκρα διαίνειν,  
 χειρὶ δὲ σείο χάραξον ἔπος τόδε πενθάδι μίλτω· 360  
 ‘ἐνθάδε βουκόλος Ὑμνος, ὃν ἔκτανεν ἄμμορον εὐνῆς  
 παρθενικὴ Νίκαια καὶ ἐκτερέϊξε θανόντα.’ ”  
 Ὡς φαμένον Νίκαια χολώετο· λυσσαλέη δὲ  
 λοίγιον ἰοβόλου γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης  
 καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀνείρυσεν, ἐκταδίη δὲ 365

<sup>a</sup> Narcissos fell in love with his own reflection in water and pined away from unsatisfied longing; Crocos and  
 526



other and more bitter arrows already volley upon me fire-barbed.

<sup>342</sup> " But if you kill me outright with your heart-soothing bow, maiden, pray do not burn my body on the usual pile: no other pyre I need; do but sprinkle upon me in death, my girl, sweet dust with your own hand, the last little grace, that one may say, ' How the maiden pitied him whom she killed ! ' And when I am dead, let not my fife, let not my cithern lie on my barrow, cast not there my herdsman's crook, witness of my trade; but fix your weapon above the tomb of the slain, still drenched in the hapless lover's gore. And give me another grace, the very last: above my tomb let there be flowers of passion-struck Narcissus,<sup>a</sup> or saffron full of desire, or love's flower the bind-weed; and in the spring-time plant the soon-dying anemone, proclaiming to all my youth too soon cut short. And if you were not born of the unmerciful sea or the mountains, drop a few tears on me, enough to damp with dew the rosy surface of your precious cheek, and with your own hand grave these words with funeral carmine <sup>b</sup>: ' Here lies oxherd Hymnos, whom the maiden Nicaia killed without share of her bed, and did the last rites for him when dead. ' "

<sup>363</sup> As he spoke, Nicaia grew angry. Madly she bared the baneful lid of the arrow-shooting quiver, and drew back a straight-coursing shot; to its full

(S)milax were a youth and maid who were unhappy lovers. All three were transmuted into the plants bearing their names (pheasant's-eye narcissus, saffron and bind-weed). Narcissi are all daffodils, and daffodils are narcissi.

<sup>b</sup> The letters of inscriptions were usually filled up with red paint to make them more legible, or simply painted and not cut out.

κυρτὸν ὀπισθοτόνοιο κέρας κυκλώσατο τόξου,  
 ἠνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμνον ἐς ἀνθρεωῶνα νομῆος  
 φθεγγομένου προέηκε, καὶ ἄσχετος ἰὸς ἀλήτης  
 μῦθον ἔτι προχέοντα μέσω σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῶ.

Ἄλλ' οὐ νεκρὸς ἄδακρυς ἔην τότε· μεμφομένη δὲ 370  
 ἀνδροφόνον Νίκαιαν ὄρεστιᾶς ἄχυντο Νύμφη,  
 μυρομένη νέκυν Ὑμνον· ἐν εὐδρῶ δὲ μελάθρῳ  
 Ῥυνδακίς ὑδροφόρητος ἀσάμβalos ἔστενε κούρη·  
 Νηιάδες δ' ἔκλαυσαν· ὑπὲρ Σιπύλοιο δὲ γείτων  
 δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις Νιόβης πλέον ἔστενε πέτρη. 375  
 κούρη δ' ὀπλοτάτη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆις Ἐρώτων,  
 μή πω Βουκολίωνος ὀμιλήσασα χαμεύνη,  
 Νηῖς Ἀβαρβαρέη νεμεσίζετο πολλάκι νύμφη·  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ Δίνδυμον ἄκρον ὀμήλυδες ἐγγύθι λόχμης  
 Ἀστακίδες μέμψαντο Κυβηλίδος ἠθεα νύμφης, 380  
 αἴλινα δ' ἐφθέγγαντο· καὶ οὐ τὸσον αἴθοπι πότμῳ  
 Ἡλιάδες Φαέθοντος ἔδακρύσαντο θανόντος.  
 καὶ φονίης ἀδάμαστον ὀπιπεύων φρένα κούρης  
 τόξον Ἔρωσ ἔρριψε, καὶ ὄρκιον ὤμοσε βούτην,  
 παρθενικὴν ἀέκουσαν ὑποζεύξαι Διονύσω. 385  
 ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισι λεοντείων ἐπὶ δίφρων  
 Δινδυμὶς ἠιθέοιο δεδουπότος ἔστενε Ῥεῖη,  
 μήτηρ Ζηνός, ἄνασσα· καὶ ὀλλυμένου μόρον Ὑμνου  
 ἢ γάμον ἐχθαίρουσα κινύρετο παρθένος Ἠχώ.  
 καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγγαντο· “τί σοι τὸσον ἤλιτε βούτης; 390  
 μή ποτέ σοι Κυθέρεια, μὴ Ἀρτεμις ἴλαος εἶη.”  
 Ἐδρακε δ' Ἀδρήσθεια, μαιφόνον ἔδρακε κούρην,

\* A river rising at the foot of Olympus in Phrygia.

<sup>b</sup> For Niobe's rock, see on xii. 79.

<sup>c</sup> Hom. *Il.* vi. 22.

<sup>d</sup> Nymphs of Astacos.

<sup>e</sup> For the Heliades, see xlviii. 432.

length she rounded the curved horn of the back-bent bow, like the wind she let fly a shot into the herdsman's throat while he was speaking; irresistible the arrow sped, and in the midst of the stream of words sealed it with a fastening.

<sup>370</sup> But the dead body was not without tears then. The Nymph of the mountain was sore offended at manslaying Nicaia, and lamented over the body of Hymnos; in her watery hall the girl of Rhyndacos <sup>a</sup> groaned, carried along barefoot by the water; the Naiads wept, and up in Sipylos, the neighbouring rock <sup>b</sup> of Niobe groaned yet more with tears that flow uncalled; the youngest girl of all, still unacquainted with wedded love, not yet having come to Bucolion's pallet, the Naiad Abarbarea <sup>c</sup> oft reproached the nymph; in the heights of Didymos, gathering near the woods, the Astacides <sup>d</sup> upbraided the nymph of Cybele with her ways, singing the dirge, and not so loudly had the daughters of the Sun <sup>e</sup> wept at the flaring fate of Phaëthon dead. And Eros, eyeing the untamed heart of the murderous girl, threw down his bow, and swore an oath by the oxherd, to bring the maiden unwilling under the yoke of Dionysos. Rheia Dindymis upon her lions' car, with her tearless eyes, groaned for the gallant lad so heavily fallen, even the mother of Zeus, the queen; and maiden Echo who hated marriage whimpered at the lot of Hymnos perishing. Even the trees uttered a voice: "How did the oxherd offend you so much? May Cythereia never be merciful to you, Artemis never!"

<sup>392</sup> Adrasteia <sup>f</sup> saw the murderous girl, Adrasteia

<sup>f</sup> Adrasteia, "She-who-cannot-be-run-away-from" is here much the same as Nemesis, the divine power which takes account of and punishes mortal frowardness.

ἔδρακεν Ἀδρήστεια νέκυν σπαίροντα σιδήρω,  
καὶ νέκυν ἀρτιδάικτον ἐδείκνυε Κυπρογενεΐη,  
μέμψατο δ' αὐτὸν Ἔρωτα.

καὶ εὐπετάλω παρὰ λόχμη 395  
Ὕμνον ἐποικτείροντος ἐλείβετο δάκρυα ταύρου,  
καὶ δάμαλις δάκρυσε, καὶ ἔστενεν ἀχνημένη βοῦς  
ποιμένος ἀσπαίροντος, ἔοικε δὲ τοῦτο βοῆσαι·

“ Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.  
παρθενικὴ ποθέοντα κατέκτανεν, ἀντὶ δὲ φίλτρων 400  
πότμον μισθὸν ἔδωκε, ποθοβλήτου δὲ νομῆος  
αἵματι χαλκὸν ἔβαψε καὶ ἔσβεσε πυρσὸν Ἐρώτων—

“ Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε,  
καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη—  
καὶ Νύμφας ἀκάχησεν, ὀρειάδος οὐ κλύε πέτρης,  
οὐ πετέλης ἤκουσε καὶ οὐκ ἠδέσσατο πεύκην 405  
λισσομένην· ‘ μὴ πέμπε βέλος, μὴ κτείνε νομῆα.’ ”  
καὶ λύκος ἔστενεν Ὕμνον, ἀναιδέες ἔστενον ἄρκτοι,  
καὶ βλοσυροῖς βλεφάροισι λέων ὠδύρετο βούτην·

“ Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.  
ἄλλο λέπας δίξεσθε, βόες, μαστεύσατε, ταῦροι, 410  
ξεῖνον ὄρος· ποθέων γὰρ ἐμὸς γλυκὺς ὤλετο βούτης  
θηλυτέρῃ παλάμῃ δεδαῖγμένος. εἰς τίνα λόχμη  
ἵχνος ἄγω; σώξεσθε, νομαί, σώξεσθε, χαμεῦναι.

“ Βούτης καλὸς ὄλωλε, καλὴ δέ μιν ἔκτανε κούρη.  
χαίρετέ μοι, σκοπιαί τε καὶ οὔρεα, χαίρετε, πηγαί, 415  
χαίρετε, Νηιάδες, καὶ ἐμαὶ δρῦες.” ἀμφότεροι δὲ

<sup>a</sup> The lament is in the style of pastoral poetry, quite alien  
530

saw the body panting under the steel, and pointed out the newly slain corpse to the Cyprian, and upbraided Eros himself. Hard by the leafy woods tears were shed by the bull in pity for Hymnos, the young calf wept for him, the cow groaned for grief over the panting herdsman, and seemed to cry out these words :

<sup>399 a</sup> " The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him ! A maiden has killed one who loved her ; instead of love-charms she gave him his fate, she bathed her bronze in the blood of the love-smitten oxherd, and quenched the torch of love—

<sup>403</sup> " The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him ! And she has pained the nymphs, she hearkened not to the mountain rock, she heard not the elm, and regarded not the prayer of the pine, ' Shoot not your shot, slay not the oxherd ! ' Even the wolf groaned for Hymnos, the merciless bears did groan, even the lion with grim eyes mourned for the oxherd.

<sup>409</sup> " The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him ! Look for another scour, ye cattle, seek a strange mountain, ye bulls ; for my sweet oxherd is perished of love, and mangled by a woman's hand. To what woods shall I guide my track ? Farewell, our pastures, farewell our beds on the ground !

<sup>414</sup> " The handsome oxherd has perished, a handsome girl has killed him ! Goodbye, mountains and promontories, goodbye, ye brooks, goodbye, Naiads, and my trees ! " Both Pan of the pastures and

to Epic. In Nonnos we must look for reminiscences of everything in classical and post-classical Greek poetry.

NONNOS

Πάν νόμιος καὶ Φοῖβος ἀνίαχον· “ αὐλὸς ἀλάσθω.  
 πῆ Νέμεσις; πῆ Κύπρις;

“Ἔρως, μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης·  
 σύριγξ, μηκέτι μέλπε· λιγύθροος ὤλετο βούτης.”

Δειλαίου δὲ νομῆος ἀμεμφέα λύθρον Ἐρώτων 420  
 γνωτῆ Φοῖβος ἔδειξε, καὶ ἔστενεν Ἄρτεμις αὐτῆ  
 Ὕμνου νεκρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ εἰ πέλε νῆις Ἐρώτων.

DIONYSIACA, XV. 417-422

Phoibos cried aloud, " A curse on the fife ! Where is Nemesis ? Where is Cypris ? Eros, handle not your quiver ; ye pipes, make music no more ; the harmonious oxherd has perished ! "

<sup>420</sup> Apollo showed his sister the lovmurder of the unhappy herdsman without blame ; even Artemis herself groaned the dead love of Hymnos, although she was unacquainted with love.

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