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NONNOS DIONYSIACA

II

BOOKS XVI-XXIV



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD

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NONNOS

Panopolitanas

DIONYSIACA

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WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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AND NOTES ON TEXT CRITICISM BY

L. R. LIND, D.Litt.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

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BOOKS XVI—XXXV



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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MCMLXII

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MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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First printed 1940

Reprinted 1956, 1962

II

BOOKS 271-277



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD

Printed in Great Britain

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ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ
ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ
ΤΩΝ ΕΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ ᾧ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

Ἐκτῶ καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμῖν Νίκαιαν ἀεῖδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.

Ἐβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον Ἄρεα μέλπω
καὶ ῥόον οἴνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.

Ἄοκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἰκάνει,
εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀρίδρομον νῖα Θυώνης.

Ἐννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδει τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.

Εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλήγα Λυκούργου
εἰς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.

Εἰκοστὸν πρώτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
καὶ μόθον Ἀμβροσίης ῥήξήνορα καὶ λόχον Ἰνδῶν.

Δεύτερον εἰκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργα τε μέλπει,
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ.

Εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπῃ
καὶ κλόνον ὕδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

HEADINGS OF THE NEXT TWENTY BOOKS OF THE *DIONYSIACA*

- (16) In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of unresting Dionysos.
- (17) In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.
- (18) In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountainranging son of Thyone to a feast.
- (19) In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.
- (20) The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of blood-thirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.
- (21) The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.
- (22) The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.
- (23) In the twenty-third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

SUMMARY OF BOOKS

Εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόον ἄσπετον Ἰνδῶν
κερκίδα θ' ἱστοπόνοιο καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.

Εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα
καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠγορέην Διονύσου.

Εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπίκλοπον εἶδος Ἀθήνης
καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Ἐβδομον εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ἦσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὀπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.

Εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὀππῶτι πολλὴν
Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσειας Ἐννώ.

Εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυθερείης.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἄϊδι πέμπει.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἥρη
Ἕπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνῃ ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρῆα δαμάζει
φλέξας θοῦρος Ἐρως ἐπὶ κάλλει Χαλκομεδείης.

Κτεινομέναις ἐκάτερθε τριηκοστοῦ τετάρτου
Δηριάδης Βάκχῃσι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.

Μορρέος ἐχθρὸν Ἐρωτα τριηκοστῷ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ
δίξεο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

SUMMARY OF BOOKS

- (24) The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.
- (25) In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus, and the comparison of Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.
- (26) The twenty-sixth has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.
- (27) The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.
- (28) Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.
- (29) In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding of Cythereia.
- (30) In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.
- (31) In the thirty-first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.
- (32) In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.
- (33) In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morheus, and sets him aflame for the beauty of Chalcomedeia.
- (34) In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.
- (35) In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of Bassarid women.

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΞΚΑΙ- ΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἐκτω καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμῖν Νίκαιαν ἀεῖδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.

Οὐδὲ φόνος νήποιος ἦν κινυροῖο νομῆος,
ἀλλὰ λαβῶν ἐὰ τόξα καὶ ἡμερόεν βέλος ἔλκων
θοῦρος Ἔρωσ ἀίδηλος ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω
ἐζομένῳ παρὰ χεῖλος ἐγκροκάλου ποταμοῖο.

Καὶ ταχινὴ Νίκαια, μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης 5
ἄσχετον ἰδρώουσα φιλοσκοπέλων ἀπὸ μόχθων,
γυμνὸν ὄρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετροῖς.
οὐ μὲν Ἔρωσ δῆθυνεν ἐκηβόλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
ἀκροφανῇ πώγωνα βαλὼν πτερόεντος οἰστοῦ
τόξον ἐὼν κύκλωσεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου 10
ἐν κραδίῃ κατέπηξεν ὄλον βέλος. ἐν δὲ ρεέθροις
νηχομένην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν γυμνόχροα κούρην
ἠδυμανῇ πυρόεντι νόον δεδόνητο βελέμνω.
ἦε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, λαγωβόλος ὀππῶθι κούρη,
πῆ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ἐλικώδεα βύστρυχα χαίτης 15
εἰς δρόμον ἰεμένης δεδοιημένα κυκλάσιν αὔραις,
πῆ, ξὲ παρελκομένων πλοκάμων στίλβοντα δοκεύων
αὐχένα γυμνωθέντα, σέλας πέμποντα Σελήνης·

NONNOS XVI

In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of unresting Dionysos.

THE death of the plaintive shepherd was not unavenged ; but valiant Eros caught up his bow and drew a shaft of desire, arming unseen himself against Dionysos as he sat by the bank of the pebbly stream.

⁵ Fleet Nicaia had finished her wonted hunt for game ; sweating and tired by hard work in her beloved highlands, she was bathing her bare body in a mountain cascade. Now longshot Eros made no delay. He set the endshining beard of a winged arrow to the string, and rounded his bow, and buried the whole shot in the heart of love-maddened Lyaïos. Then Dionysos saw the girl swimming in the water bareskin, and his mind was shaken with sweet madness by the fiery shaft. This way and that he went, wherever the maiden harehuntress went : now eyeing the clustering curls of her hair, shaken by the circling breezes as she hurried on her course ; spying her bright neck, when the tresses moved aside and bared it till it gleamed like the moon. He cared not for

NONNOS

καὶ Σατύρων ἀμέλησε καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο Βάκχαις·
παπταίνων δ' ἔς Ὀλυμπον ἐρωτοτόκῳ φάτο φωνῇ· 20

“ Ἴξομαι, ἦχι πέλει δροσερὸς δρόμος,

ἦχι φαρέτρη,

ἦχι βέλος καὶ τόξον ἐπήρατον, ἦχι καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο μύρου πνείουσι χαμεῦναι·
ψαύσω καὶ σταλίκων καὶ δίκτυα χερσὶ πετάσσω·
ἀγρώσσω καὶ ἔγωγε καὶ ἠθάδα νεβρὸν ὀλέσσω. 25

εἰ δέ μοι ὡς βαρύθυμος ὄνειδίσσειεν Ἀμαζῶν
θῆλυν ἐρευγομένη μελιηδέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
κούρης χωομένης ἐπὶ γούνασι χεῖρα πελάσσω,
ψαύων ὡς ἰκέτης ἐρατοῦ χροός, οὐ μὲν ἐλαίης
θαλλὸν ἀερτάζων, ὅτι δένδρεόν ἐστιν Ἀθήνης 30

παρθενικῆς ἀγάμου καὶ ἀθελγέος, ἀντὶ δὲ πικροῦ
ἀκρεμόνος λιπόωντος ἐμῇ μελιηδέει νύμφῃ
οἴνοπα καρπὸν ἔχοντα μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
βότρυν ἀερτάζων ἰκετήσιον. ἦν δὲ χαλέψῃ
παρθένος ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐμῶ χροῖ μὴ δόρυ πήξῃ, 35

μὴ βέλος αὖ ἐρύσειε μαιφόνον, αἰδομένη δὲ
ἀκροτάτῳ πλήξειεν ἐμὸν δέμας ἠδέει τόξῳ·
πληγῆς οὐκ ἀλέγω φρενοθελγέος. ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,
ἡμερταῖς παλάμησιν ἐμῶν δράξαιτο κομάων,
σφιγγομένης ἐρύουσα θελήμονα βόστρυχα χαίτης. 40

οὐ μὲν ἐρητύσω ποτὲ παρθένον, ὡς κοτέων δὲ
δεξιτερὴν σφίγγουσαν ἀφειδέει χεῖρὶ πῖέζω
δάκτυλα φοινίσσοντα λαβῶν γαμψώνυχι δεσμῶ,
Κυπριδίου καμάτοιο παρήγορα· παρθενικὴ γὰρ
κάλλος ὄλον σύλησεν Ὀλύμπιον. ἴλαθι, Κέρνη· 45

Satyrs now, he had no pleasure in Bacchants ; but gazing at Olympos,^a he cried in a love-compelling voice :

²¹ " I will be there, where the dewy chase goes on, where the quiver is, where the bolt and the precious bow, where the very groundpallet is perfumed from the unwedded maiden ; I will handle her stakes, and stretch her nets with my own hands : I also will go a-hunting, and kill a fawn like her. And if she scolds me, like some heavytempered Amazon, disgorging womanlike her load of honeysweet threatenings, I will lay my hand on the knees of the angry girl, and touch of her lovely skin like a suppliant ; but I will carry aloft no spray of olive, because that is the tree of Athena, the maiden unwedded and unsoftened ; instead of that bitter oily branch, I will lift to my honeysweet nymph a suppliant cluster of grapes, which contains the purple fruit of honey-dropping vintage.

³⁴ " If the crookbow virgin is vexed, let her not pierce my flesh with a lance, nor draw her murderous shot, let her be merciful and tap my body with the tip of her sweet bow : I do not mind a blow that soothes the heart ! If it please her, let her hold the shag fast and pull my hair with her precious hands, she may tear out some of the braids and welcome ! I will never fend off the maiden ; but I will pretend to be cross, and squeeze with unsparing hand the right hand which holds me fast. I will hold the pink fingers imprisoned in my hooked talons, to soothe my love-longing. For the maiden has made prey of all the Olympian beauty.^b

^a The Bithynian mountain.

^b Cf. Apoll. Rhod. iv. 984.

NONNOS

Ἄστακίς ἐβλάστησε νήη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἡώς,
 ἄλλη ἀνηέξητο φαεσφόρος· ὀπλοτέρη γὰρ
 ἔμπεδον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Νίκαια Σελήνη.
 ἤθελον ἰμείρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμείψαι·
 εἰ μὴ ἐρητύει με σέβας πατρώιον αἰδοῦς, 50
 καί κεν ἐγὼ Τυρίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὑγροπόρος βοῦς
 ἄβροχον ἐν πελάγεσσι ἐμὴν Νίκαιαν ἀείρων
 ἔπλεον, Εὐρώπης ἄτε νυμφίος, ὡς ἀέκων δὲ
 νῶτον ἐμὸν δονέεσκον, ὀρινομένης ἵνα κούρης
 δεξιτερῇ πάνλευκος ἐμῆς δράξαιτο κεραίης. 55
 ἤθελον, εἰ γενόμεν πτερόεις πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω
 κουφίζων ἀτίνακτον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναικα,
 ὡς Κρονίδης Αἴγιαν, ὅπως μετὰ λέκτρα τελέσω
 Αἰετὸν ὄρνεον ἄλλο γαμοστόλον ἄστρον Ἐρώτων.
 οὐ μὲν ἐμῆς ἀλόχοιο βαλὼν γενετῆρα κεραυνῶ 60
 νύμφη πατρὸς ὀλεθρον ἀτάσθαλον ἔδνον ὀπάσσω,
 μὴ γλυκερὴν Νίκαιαν ἀποφθιμένοιο χαλέψω.
 αἶθε πέλον νόθος ὄρνις εὐπτερος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
 παρθένος ἡμετέρη φιλέει πτερόεντας οἰστούς.
 μᾶλλον ἐγὼ Δανάης ποθέων τύπον ὑγρὸν ἐρώτων 65
 ἤθελον, εἰ χρύσειος ἐγὼ πέλον ὄμβρος ἀκοίτης,
 αὐτὸς δῶρα γάμων, αὐτὸς πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω
 ἀφνειῆς προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἐέρης·
 ἔπρεπε γὰρ Νίκαιαν ἐμὴν εὐώπιδα κούρη
 χρύσειον εἶδος ἔχουσαν ἔχειν χρύσειον ἀκοίτην.” 70
 Τοῖον ἐρωμανέων ἔπος ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῆ.
 καί ποτε κηώντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὀδεύων

^a An island in the Persian Gulf, not certainly identified, home of the Dawn-goddess (Lycophron 18; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* vi. 198-199). Elsewhere, it is an island w. of Africa.

DIONYSIACA, XVI. 46-72

⁴⁵ "Forgive me, Cerne ^a: the Astacid ^b has budded as a new rosyfinger Dawn, a new lightbringer has risen: Nicaia is a younger Selene, who keeps her aspect unchanged. In my desire, I should be glad to take on a world of strange aspects, if respect and veneration for my father did not hold me back. I would go through the waters of Tyre a seafaring bull, and swim along carrying my Nicaia unsprinkled by the deep, like Europa's bridegroom; and I would shake my back as if by accident, that the girl might take fright, and her allwhite right hand might pull at my horn. I would be a winged husband, to dance carrying lightly a wife on my back unshaken, as Cronides did with Aigina; that mated with her I might beget a new eagle, ^c another birdstar to attend on weddings for the Loves. However, I will not strike with a thunderbolt my bedfellow's begetter, and present a father's death as an impious brideprice, that I may not vex sweet Nicaia for his taking off. Would I were a bastard bird well fledged, ^d because my virgin herself loves winged arrows! I would rather be the flowing form of Danaë's loves, a golden shower to lie by her side, ^e myself the marriage gift, myself husband, that I might circle round her and pour forth love's shower of generous dew; for it would suit well my girl Nicaia with her beautiful eyes, and her golden beauty, to have a golden bedmate."

⁷¹ Such were the words he rang out in love's madness with passionate voice. And one day, making his way into a fragrant meadow, he observed all the

^b See xiv. 327.

^c Alluding to the constellation Aquila. See vii. 117 ff.

^d An arrow.

^e Zeus visited Danaë as a shower of gold.

NONNOS

ἄνθεα πάντα δόκευε τεθηλότα σύγχροα κούρης,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐς ἠερόεντας ἀήτας·

“ Ἄρτι μόγεις, Νίκαια, τετὴν ἴδον ἐνθάδε μορφήν· 75
μὴ σέο κάλλος ἄμειψας ἐς ἄνθεα; καλλιφυῆ γὰρ
παπταίνων ῥοδεῶνα τεὰς ἐνόησα παρειάς·
ἀλλὰ τεὸν θαλέει ῥόδον ἔμπεδον· ἀμφιέπεις γὰρ
ἔμφυτον οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην·
εἰς κρίνον ὄμμα φέρων χιονώδεας εἶδον ἀγοστούς, 80
ἀθρήσας δ' ὑάκινθον ἴδον κυανόχροα χαίτην.
δέξό με θηρεύοντα συνέμπορον· ἦν δ' ἐβελήσης,
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σταλίκων γλυκερὸν βᾶρος, αὐτὸς ἀείρω
ἐνδρομίδας καὶ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόεντας οἰστούς,
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ· Σατύρων οὐ δεύομαι· οὐ παρὰ λόχημ 85
δίκτηα Κυρήνης ἀνεκούφισεν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων;
τίς φθόνος, εἰ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ λίνον; οὐ μογέω δὲ
αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὤμοισιν ἐμὴν Νίκαιαν ἀείραν.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ γενετῆρος ὑπέρτερος· ἐν ῥοθίοις γὰρ
Εὐρώπην ἀδιάντον ἐκούφισε ποντοπόρος βοῦς. 90
παρθενικῆ ῥοδόεσσα, τί σοι τόσον εὐαδεν ὕλη;
σῶν ἐρατῶν μελέων περιφείδω, μηδ' ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἀστορέες σέο νῶτα κατατρίψωσι χαμεῦναι.
ἔσσομαι, ἦν ἐθέλης, θαλαμηπόλος· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στορέσω σέο δέμνια, τοῖσι πετάσσω 95
δέρματα πορδαλίων πολυδαίδαλα, τοῖς ἅμα βάλλω
φρικτὰ λεοντείης πυκινότριχα νῶτα καλύπτρης
γυμνώσας ἐμὰ γυῖα· σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἰαυεῖς
νεβρίσι δαιδαλέησι καλυπτομένη Διονύσου·
Μυγδονίης δ' ἐλάφου σκέπας ἄρμενον ὑψόθι βάλλω 100
γυμνώσας Σατύρους. σκυλάκων δέ σοι εἰ χρέος εἶη,

^a Black with a purple under-tinge, like the blue roan of a horse.

flowers blooming with the colours of the girl, and cried out thus to the airy breezes :

75 " Here at last, Nicaia, I have caught a glimpse of your form ! Have you lent your beauty to the flowers ? For as I gaze on the fairgrowing rosebed, I recognize your cheeks : but your rose blooms always, for you hold implanted in you the blushing anemone also, that ceases not. When I turn my eye to the lily, I see your snowy arms, when I behold the iris, I see the rich dark colour of your hair.^a Receive me as comrade in your hunting : and if you wish, I will shoulder myself the sweet burden of your stakes, myself your ankleboots and bow and arrows of Desire, myself I will do it—I need no Satyrs ; did not Apollo himself in the woods lift Cyrene's^b nets ? What harm, if I also manage the meshes ? I do not think it hard to lift my Nicaia on my own shoulders. I do not set up to be better than my father ; for he bore up Europa in the floods unwetted, a seafaring bull.

91 " Rosy maiden, why do you like the forest so much ? Spare your lovely limbs, nor let the rough un-strown pallet upon the rocks chafe your back. If you wish, I will be the attendant of your chamber in the house ; I will lay your bed, I will spread on it the many-speckled skins of pards, over which I throw the bristly thick-haired fell of a lion to cover it, stripping it from my own limbs : you shall enjoy sweet sleep covered with the dappled fawnskins of Dionysos. Above you I will throw a tent of the same sort, made of the skins of Mygdonian deer, stript from the Satyrs.

101 " If you should want dogs, I will straight offer

^b A huntress-nymph loved by Apollo, see Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 5 ff.

NONNOS

σοὶ κύνας εἰν ἐνὶ πάντας ἐμοῦ τάχα Πανὸς ὄπάσσω,
 ἄξομαι ἐκ Σπάρτης ἑτέρους κύνας, οὓς ἀτιτάλλει
 ἠθέων ἐς ἔρωτας ἐμὸς Κάρνειος Ἄπόλλων,
 καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας Ἀρισταίιοιο καλέσσω. 105
 καὶ λῖνα σὺν σταλίκεσσι καὶ ἄρμενα δῶρα κομίσσω
 ἐνδρομίδας Νομίιοιο καὶ Ἀγρέος, ὃς πάρος ἔγνω
 καὶ νομὸν εὐλείμωνα καὶ εὐκαμάτου δρόμον ἄγρης.
 εἰ δὲ θερειγενέος τρομέεις φλόγα διψάδος ὤρης,
 ἡμερίδων ὄρηκας ὑπὲρ λέκτροιο φυτεύσω, 110
 καὶ σε περιπνεύσωσι μέθης εὐώδεες αὔραι
 κεκλιμένην κατὰ μέσσα πολυσταφύλοιο καλύπτρης.
 παρθενικὴ περίφοιτε, ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
 βαλλομένας Φαέθοντι τεὰς ἐλέαιρε παρειάς,
 μὴ σέλας Ἥελίου μελέων ἀκτῖνα μαραίνῃ, 115
 μὴ πλοκάμους μυρόεντας ἀμαλδύνωσιν ἀῆται·
 εὐδε ρόδων ἀνὰ μέσσα καὶ ἐν πετάλοις ὑακίνθου,
 γείτοني σείο κάρηνον ἐρεισαμένη Διονύσω,
 ἀθανάτοις πισύρεσσι ὅπως ἕνα κῶμον ἀνάψῃς,
 Φοῖβῳ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσω. 120
 ληιδίην δ' ὄπάσαιμι γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἰνδῶν
 παστάδος ὑμετέρης θαλαμηπόλον· ἀλλὰ τί φύτλην
 κυανέην ὀνόμηνα τεῆς νυμφοστόλον εὐνής;
 νυκτὶ μελαγχλαίνῳ πότε μίσγεται ἀργέτις Ἥώς;
 Ἄστακὶς ὀπλοτέρη πέλες Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς¹ 125
 δμῳίδας ἐξήκοντα χορίτιδας εἰς σὲ κομίσσω,
 ὄφρα χορὸν νήριθμον ὄπαονα σείο τελέσσω,
 ἀμφιπόλοις ἰσόμετρον ὀρειάδος ἰοχαίρης,

¹ αὐτὸς MSS., αὐτὰς Ludwich.

^a Carnos was a Dorian god identified with Apollo.

^b Probably Hyacinthos.

you the whole pack of my friend Pan together ; I will bring you other hounds from Sparta, which my friend Carnean^a Apollo keeps for the love of his gallant lads,^b and I will summon the hunting-dogs of Aristaios ; string and stakes I will fetch you, and those most suitable gifts, the ankleboots of the Grazer and Hunter,^c who long ago knew both grazing on fine meadows and the happy work of the coursing hunt.

¹⁰⁹ “ And if you fear the blaze of the thirsty season of harvest, I will plant over your bed shoots of the gardenvine, and the sweet breath of the intoxicating scent shall be wafted over you, lying under the grape-clustered covering. Gadabout maiden, pity the cheeks of your own loveshot countenance beaten by the sun, lest the glare of Helios dim the radiance of your limbs, lest the breeze tumble your anointed curls ; sleep among the roses and on iris-petals, rest your head on Dionysos your neighbour, to kindle one revel for immortals four, Phoibos and Zephyros and Cypris and Dionysos.^d

¹²¹ “ Let me offer my spoil, the blackskin brood of India, to attend upon your bower. But why did I name the swarthy tribe to array your bridal bed ? Does white Eos ever mingle with black-stoled night ? You the Astacid are surely a younger Artemis ; but more, I will fetch you myself sixty dancing handmaids,^e to complete the unnumbered dance that attends you, as many as the servants of the mountain

^c Epithets of Aristaios, son of Cyrene: Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 65.

^d For the rose, the iris, and the vine, because in warm sunny (Phoibos-Helios) spring (Zephyros) weather she is being loved (Cypris) by him.

^e The sixty dancers come from Callimachos, *Hymn to Artemis* 13. Virgil gives her a thousand, *Aen.* i. 499.

NONNOS

εἶκελον Ὠκεανοῖο θυγατράσι, μή σοι ἐρίζῃ
 Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσουσα, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότης ἄγρης. 130
 σοὶ Χάριτας ζαθέιο χαρίζομαι Ὀρχομενοῖο
 ἀμφιπόλους, ἐμὰ τέκνα μεταστήσας Ἀφροδίτης.
 ἀλλὰ πόθῳ φρένα θέλξον ἀθελγέα, καὶ σε δεχέσθω
 θηροσύνης μετὰ μόχθον ἐμὸν λέχος, ὄφρα φανείης
 Ἄρτεμις ἐν σκοπέλοισι καὶ ἐν θαλάμοις Ἀφροδίτη. 135
 τίς φθόνος, ἀγρώσσειν σε σὺν ἀγρώσσοντι Λυαίῳ;
 εἰ δὲ μόθου λάχες οἴστρον, ἄτε κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζῶν
 ἴξαι Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ φύλοπιν, ὄφρα κεν εἴης
 Πειθῶ νόσφι μόθοιο καί, ὀππότε δήρις, Ἀθήνη.
 δέξο καί, ἦν ἐθέλης, ἐλαφηβόλα θύρσα Λυαίου, 140
 νεβροφόνος δὲ γένοιο· καὶ ὑμετέρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 ὑμετέροις τε πόνοισιν ἐμὴν κόσμησον ἀπήνην
 πόρδαλιν ἢ λέοντας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῶ.”
 Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀρειάδα γείτονα κούρην,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοῶν· “ μένε, παρθένε, Βάκχον ἀκοίτην.” 145
 ἢ δὲ χολωμένη βριαρὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνήν
 παρθενική, στόμα λάβρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ.
 “ Ταῦτα μολὼν ἀγόρευε φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ νύμφῃ.
 εἰ δύνασαι γλαυκῶπιν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν,
 καὶ βριαρὴν Νίκαιαν ἔχεις πειθήμονα νύμφην· 150
 εἰμὶ γὰρ ἀμφοτέρῃσιν ὁμόστολος. εἰ δὲ σε φεύγει
 ἀπροῖδής ὑμέναιος ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης,
 καὶ νόον οὐ θέλξεις ἀπειθέος ἰοχαίρης,
 δέμνια Νικαίης μὴ δίζεο· μηδέ σε λεύσσω
 ἀπτόμενον τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφύωντα φαρέτρην, 155
 μὴ μετὰ βουκόλον Ὑμνον ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ δαμάσσω.
 οὐτήσω Διόνυσον ἀνούτατον· εἰ δὲ σιδήρῳ

• Persuasion personified.

• Athena.

Archeress, as many as the daughters of Oceanos; then Artemis hunting will not rival you, even if she be the mistress of the hunt. I will present you with the Graces of divine Orchomenos for servants, my daughters, whom I will take from Aphrodite.

¹³³ "Nay, charm your uncharmed heart with desire, and let my bed receive you after the labours of hunting the beasts, that you may appear Artemis among the rocks and Aphrodite in the bed-chamber. What harm that you should hunt along with hunting Lyaïos? But if you have the itch for struggle, like the bowfamed Amazon, you shall come to the Indian warfare, to be Athena in the battle, and Peitho ^a when fighting is done. Receive also, if it please you, the thyrsus of Lyaïos to bring down your game, and become a slayer of fawns; and with your own hands, by your own efforts, adorn my car, by yoking pards or lions under the bridle."

¹⁴⁴ So speaking, he pursued the mountain girl his neighbour, crying aloud as he came near: "Wait, maiden, for Bacchos your bedfellow!" But the maiden was angry and lifted up a strong voice, speeding wild words at Lyaïos:

¹⁴⁸ "Be off! make that speech to some girl who likes lovemaking! If you can draw into marriage the gray-eyed goddess,^b or Artemis, you shall have hard Nicaia a willing bride; for I am a comrade of both. But if you miss wedlock with Athena,—none ever heard of such a thing, no birth-pangs for her—if you could not charm the wits of the inflexible Archeress, seek not Nicaia's bed. Let me not see you touching my bow, and handling my quiver, or I may bring you also down to follow Hymnos the shepherd. I will wound Dionysos the unwounded!

γυῖα φέρεις ἀχάρακτα καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα βελέμνω,
 υἱέας ὑψιλόφους μιμήσομαι Ἴφιμεδείης,
 καὶ σε σιδηρείησιν ἀλυκτοπέδησι πεδήσω 160
 σείο κασιγνήτῳ πανομοίον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ
 χαλκείοις κεράμοισι μετ' Ἄρεα καὶ σὲ φυλάξω,
 ἄχρισ ἀναπλήσας δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα Σελήνης
 ἠερίοις ἐμὸν οἶστρον ἀπορρίβειας ἀήταις.
 χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσιν ἐμῆς μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης· 165
 τόξον ἔχω, σὺ δὲ θύρσον· ἐν Ἀστακίῃ μὲν ἐρίπνη
 εἰς σύας ἢ λέοντας ἐμὸν βέλος ἐνθάδε πέμπω
 Ἄρτεμιδος συνάεθλος, ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ πέτρης
 νεβρούς καὶ σὺ δίωκε συναγρώσσων Ἀφροδίτη·
 οὐδέχομαι σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ Διὸς αἶμα κομίζεις· 170
 εἰ δὲ θεὸν μενείαινον ἔχειν πόσιν, οὐκ ἂν ἀκοίτην
 ἀβροκόμην ἀσίδηρον ἀνάλκιδα θήλει' μορφῇ
 εἶχον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον, ἐμῶ δ' ἐφυλάσσετο παστῶ
 νυμφίος ἢ κλυτότοξος ἄναξ ἢ χάλκεος Ἄρης,
 ὃς μὲν τόξον ἔχων, ὁ δὲ φάσγανον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων· 175
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ μακάρων τινὰ δέξομαι, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
 πενθερὸν οἶστρος ἔχει με τεὸν Κρονίωνα καλέσσαι,
 ἄλλην δίζεο, Βάκχε, νέην πειθήμονα νύμφην.
 τί σπεύδεις; ἀκίχητον ἔχεις δρόμον, ὥς ποτε Δάφνην
 Λητοῖδης ἐδίωκε καὶ ὥς Ἡφαιστος Ἀθήνην· 180
 τί σπεύδεις; δρόμος οὗτος ἐτώσιος·

ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
 ἐνδρομίδες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀρειόνες εἰσι κοθόρνων."

Ὡς φαμένη λίπε Βάκχον.

ἀεὶ δ' ὑπὸ φορβάδα λόχημν

^a Otos and Ephialtes, who shut up Ares in a brazen jar. Hom. *Il.* v. 385.

If steel will not cut your limbs, if the lance will not pierce them, I will do as the highcrested sons of Iphimedeia ^a; I will bind you with galling iron chains, wholly like your brother, and I will keep you too like Ares hidden in a brazen pot, until you fulfil twelve ^b circuits of Selene, and throw away your passion for me to the winds of the air. Touch not my quiver with womanlickerish hands: I keep the bow, you the thyrsus. On the Astacian crags I send my shot here against boars or lions, and share the toils of Artemis; over the rocks of Libanos go yourself and pursue the fawns, on the hunt with Aphrodite. I refuse your bed, even if you have the blood of Zeus in you. If I had a mind to a god for my lord, I would not have Dionysos for bedfellow, soft-haired, weaponless, spiritless, shaped like a woman; the bridegroom kept for my bower would be my Lord Strongbow or brazen Ares, the one with his bow, the other with sword as a love-gift. But since I will not accept one of the Blessed, since I have no itch to call even your Cronion ^c goodfather, seek another, Bacchos, some new bride not unwilling. Why all this haste? This race is not for you to win; so Latoïdes ^d once pursued Daphne, so Hephaistos Athena.^e Why this haste? this race is vain; for among the rocks, buskins are far better than slippers."

¹⁸³ She finished, and left Bacchos behind. But he ever searched for the mountainranging maid through

^b Thirteen lunar months in Homer, a rough way of measuring the year.

^c Zeus.

^d Apollo: "so" means unsuccessfully. He loved the nymph Daphne (Laurel), who fled from him and was turned into the tree called after her.

^e Hephaistos got Zeus's leave to wed Athena, but she proved too strong for him, see *s.g.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 166.

NONNOS

παρθενικὴν μάστευεν ὀρίπλανον· ἔσσυμένῳ δὲ
 σύνδρομος ὠμάρτησε κύων πινυτόφρονι θυμῷ, 185
 τὸν ποτε θηρεύοντι φιλοσκοπέλω Διονύσω
 ὄπασε δῶρον ἔχειν σκυλακοτρόφος ὑψίκερως Πάν.
 καί μιν ἄτε φρονέοντα καὶ αὐδήεντα δοκεύων
 σύννομον ἰσοκέλευθον ἑὼν ξυνήονα μόχθων,
 Βάκχος ἔρωμανέων φιλίῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ. 190

“ Τίπτε, κύων περίφοιτος, ὁμόδρομός ἐσσι Λυαίῳ
 Πανὸς ἀεὶ ποθέοντος ἐπάξιε; τίπτε σὺ μῶνος
 παρθένον ἰχνεύοντι συνηχνεύεις Διονύσω;
 ἦ ρά σε σὸς ταμίης οἰκτίρμονα θῆκεν ἐρώτων;
 παρθένον ἡμετέρην ἔτι δίζεο, μηδ’ ἐνὶ πέτραις 195
 Βάκχον ἀλητεύοντα κατ’ οὔρεα μῶνον ἑάσης.
 μῶνος ἐποικτεῖρεις με, καὶ ὡς βροτὸς εἰς ράχιν ὕλης
 πλαζομένης λοφόεντα μετέρχεται ἔνδια κούρης.
 κάμνε τεῶ βασιλῆι· χάριν δέ σοι εἵνεκα μόχθων
 δώσω ἀμοιβαίην· μετὰ Σείριον ἀστέρα Μαίρης 200
 αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἄγω σε καὶ ἀστερόεντα τελέσσω
 ἄγχι Κυνὸς προτέρου,

σταφυλὴν ἵνα καὶ σὺ πεπαίνης
 βότρυος Εἰλείθυιαν ἀκοντίζων σέθεν αἴγλην.
 τίς φθόνος ἀντέλλειν τρίτατον Κῦνα;

καὶ σὺ φαεῖνεις
 σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντος ἐπειγομένοιο Λαγωῦ. 205
 εἰ θέμις, οἰκτεῖρων μὲ σαόφρονι μέμφεο κούρη,
 δόχημιον ὄμμα φέρων Κυβεληίδος εἰς ράχιν ὕλης,
 ὅττι με μαστεύοντα γυνῆ θεὸν εἰσέτι φεύγει·

^a Procyon, in Latin Antecanem, is a second hound of Orion, which rises before Seirios. Vitruvius calls him Canicula. See Cic. *de Nat. Deorum* ii. 64, 114, with quotation from his own version of Aratus: et hic Geminis est ille sub ipsis Antecanem, προκύων Graius qui nomine fertur. Icaros was an Athenian, to whom Dionysos taught

the nourishing woods ; and coursing beside him in that rapid chase went the dog with sagacious mind, the dog which highhorned Pan, breeder of hounds, offered as a gift to Dionysos, once on a time when he was hunting in the highlands which he loved. To him, the comrade of his ways and his labours, Bacchos lovemaddened spoke gently with kind words, as if he thought the creature had sense and voice :

¹⁹¹ " Why do you run with Lyaïos, wandering hound, when Pan always misses you, and you are worthy of Pan ? Why do you alone track the maiden along with tracking Dionysos ? Did your trainer teach you to pity love ? Still seek our maiden, and let not Bacchos go wandering alone over the mountains, among the rocks. You alone pity me, and like one human, you follow in the hilly spaces on the ridge where the girl wanders. Work hard for your king ! I will repay you well for your labours : I will take you into the upper air, and make you a star like Seirios, the star of Maira, near the earlier Dog,^a that you also may ripen the clusters, shooting your light to be the grape's Eileithyia.^b What harm that a third Dog should arise ? You also show your light, running a course with the starry Hare as he scampers on. If it is lawful, cast your eyes aside to the ridge of Cybele's forest, and in pity for me reproach the modesthearted girl, that she still flies from my

the cultivation of the vine. Some peasants killed him, thinking he had given them poison. His dog Maira found the body, and his daughter Erigone then hanged herself. Icaros was then placed among the stars as Boötes, his daughter as the Virgin, and the dog as Procyon. But here Seirios is called Maira's dog.

^b The goddess of childbirth : that is, to bring out the round grapes.

NONNOS

μέμφεο δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
 φοιταλέην δὲ δῖωκε¹ δι' οὖρεος ἄστατον Ἥχῳ, 210
 μὴ τελέσῃ φυγόμενον ἐμὴν πλέον εἰσέτι νύμφην·
 μηδὲ λίπῃς σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἐγγύθι κούρης,
 μή μιν ἐλὼν ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὑμεναίοις.
 παρθένον αἶ κεν ἴδῃς, ταχὺς ἔρχεο, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
 ἢ νοεραῖς ὑλακῆσιν ἀπαγγέλλων Διονύσω· 215
 ἄγγελος ἔσσο πόθοιο· κύων δέ τις ἄλλος ἀλάσθω
 ἢ σύας ἢ ἐλέοντας ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο διώκων.
 Πᾶν φίλε, κικλήσκω σε μακάρτατον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 σείο κύνες γεγάασιν ἐρευνητῆρες Ἐρώτων.
 ἀνδρομέην, πολύμορφε Τύχη, παίζουσα γενέθλην 220
 ἴλαθι, πανδαμάτειρα· μετὰ βροτέην τάχα φύτλην
 καὶ σκυλάκων κρατέεις, ὅτι δύσμορος οὗτος ἀλήτης
 θητεύει μετὰ Πᾶνα καὶ ἰμείροντι Λυαίῳ·
 παρθευικῇ μέμψασθε, φίλαι δρύες· εἶπατε, πέτραι·
 'καὶ κύνες οἰκτείρουσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐλείπειν Ἀμαζών.' 225
 εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν σκυλάκεσσιν ἐχέφρονες, οἷσι Κρονίων
 ἀνδρομέην φρένα δῶκε καὶ οὐ βροτέην πόρε φωνήν."
 "Ἐννεπεν ἄγχι φυτοῖο· δι' εὐπετάλου δὲ κορύμβου
 φθογγῆς εἰσαΐουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
 ἀρχαίῃ Μελίῃ φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν· 230
 "Ἄλλοι μὲν, Διόνυσε, κυνοσσοὶ ἰοχεαίρη
 ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσι, σὺ δ' ἀγρώσσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ·
 ἠδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλόχροον ἄζυγα κούρην·
 Βάκχος ὁ τολμήεις ἰκέτης πέλε λάτρης Ἐρώτων·
 Ἰνδοφόνους παλάμησιν ἀνάλκιδα λίσσετο κούρην. 235

¹ mss. read δὲ δῖωκε : δ' ἐδίωκε Ludwich.

* Melia, daughter of Oceanos, and wife of Inachos, mother by Seilenos of Pholos the centaur, and associated with Apollo at Thebes. The Meliai as a group were sprung from

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pursuit, a woman from a god! Reproach both Adonis and Cythereia, and pursue Echo, flitting inconstant over the mountains, that she may not make my nymph yet more a hater of wedlock; do not leave your rough wooer Pan near the girl, or he may catch her and yoke her under an enforced bridal. If you should see the maiden, quickly come, and with knowing silence or meaning barks give the news to Dionysos; you be love's messenger, and let another dog travel in pursuit of boars or lions from the rocks. Friend Pan, I call you most blessed, because even your dogs have become trackers of the loves. And you, Luck, how many shapes you take, how you make playthings of the children of men! Be gracious, all-subduer! First the human race, and now perhaps you possess the canine race also, when this ill-fated wanderer is a servant for Dionysos in love next after Pan. Reproach the maiden, dear trees, and say, ye rocks, 'Even the dogs have compassion, and there is no pity in the Amazon!' So there are dogs too with sense, to whom Cronion has given the thoughts of a man, and yet not a human voice."

²²⁸ A tree was near him while he spoke; and through her clustering leaves an ancient Ashtree^a heard the cry of womanmad Dionysos, and she uttered a mocking voice:

²³¹ "Other masters of hounds, Dionysos, hunt here for the Archeress; but you are huntsman for Aphrodite! Here's a nice fellow to be in fear of a soft-skinned maiden girl! Bacchos the bold, bowing and scraping like a lackey to the loves! lifts in prayer to a weakling girl the hands that butchered the

drops of the blood of Uranos; they are the nymphs of ash trees.

NONNOS

σὸς γενέτης οὐκ οἶδε πόθου θελξίφροσι μύθῳ
 εἰς γάμον, εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγειν πειθήμονα κούρην·
 οὐ Σεμέλην ἰκέτευεν, ἕως ἐτύχησεν ἐρώτων,
 οὐ Δανάην παρέπεισεν, ἕως σύλησε κορείην·
 Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην Ἰξίουτος οἶσθα γυναῖκα 240
 καὶ γάμιον χρεμέτισμα καὶ ἱππείους ὑμεναίους·
 Ἄντιόπης ἐδάης φιλοπαίγμονα θεσμὸν Ἐρώτων
 καὶ Σάτυρον γελώοντα νόθον μιμηλὸν ἀκοίτην.”

“Ὡς φάτο κερτομέουσα νόον δειδήμονα Βάκχου,
 καὶ δρυὸς ἐντὸς ἴκανεν ὀμήλικος. ἐν δὲ κολώναις 245
 ἀσχαλῶν Διόνυσος ὀμάρτεε θυιάδι κούρη
 ποσσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος Ἀμαζῶν
 ἄστατος ἄκρα κάρηνα μετήιε δύσβατα πέτρης,
 ἴχνος ἐρευνητῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου.

Καὶ φλογερῶ Φαέθοντος ἱμασσομένης χροῖα πυρσῶ 250
 ἄβροχα διψαλῆς τερσαίνεταιο χεῖλεα κούρης·
 καὶ δόλον ἀγνώσσουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
 ξανθὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο,
 καὶ πῖεν ἠδὺ ρέεθρον, ὅθεν πῖον αἴθοπες Ἴνδοί·
 καὶ φρένα δινηθεῖσα μέθη βακχεύετο κούρη, 255

καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετήλυδα δίζυγι παλμῶ,
 καὶ διδύμην ἐδόκησεν ἰδεῖν πολυχανδέα λίμνην
 ὄμματα δινεύουσα· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρῆνου
 δέρκετο θηροβότου διπλούμενα νῶτα κολώνης·
 καὶ τρομεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ὀλισθήσασα κονίη 260
 εἰς πτερόν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐσύρετο γείτονός Ὑπνου·
 καὶ γαμίῳ βαρύγουνος ἐθέλγετο κώματι νύμφη.

Τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν εὐδουσαν Ἐρως ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ,
 Ὑμνον ἐποικτείρων· Νέμεσις δ' ἐγέλασεν ἰδοῦσα.

^a See vii. 120.

^b Dia, by whom Zeus was father of Peirithoös. He wooed her in the form of a horse.

Indians ! Your father does not know how to go awooing with heartbewitching words of love to bring the girl willing to her bridal ; he made no prayer to Semele until he won her love ; he did not cajole Danaë until he stole her maidenhood.^a You know how he caught Ixion's wife,^b the bridegroom's whinney and the equine mating. You have heard of love's game of trickery for Antiope,^c the laughing Satyr, the sham deceitful mate."

²⁴⁴ So she mocked the timid mind of Bacchos, and vanished into her coeval tree. But on the hills, Dionysos impatient followed the wild girl with love-mad feet ; and the swift-shod Amazon, ever on the move, scoured the topmost heads of difficult mountain-paths, hiding her track from the searcher Lyaios.

²⁵⁰ But the dry lips of the thirsty girl were parched as Phaëthon scourged her skin with his blazing fire, and knowing not the trick of womanmad Dionysos, she noticed the brown water of the tipplers' river, and drank the sweet liquid, whence the skin-scorched Indians had drunk. With her brain on fire, the girl revelled in her intoxication, and tossed her head to match her double motions ; when she turned her eyes to the wide yawning lake, she thought to see two lakes ; then as her head grew heavy, she beheld the ridges of the beastfeeding hill double themselves ; and with trembling feet, slipping in the dust, she was drawn unconsciously under the wing of Sleep who was not far away. So the bride heavy at knee, was spellbound by her wedding slumber.

²⁶³ Eros espied her sleeping, and pointed her out to Bacchos, pitying Hymnos ; Nemesis laughed at

^c Mother of Amphion and Zethos by Zeus. For the Satyr-disguise cf. Ovid, *Met.* vi. 110.

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καὶ δολόεις Διόνυσος ἀδουπήτοισι κοθόρνοις 265
 εἰς γάμον ἄσφοφος εἶρπε ποδῶν τεχνήμονι παλμῶ.
 κούρης δ' ἐγγυς ἴκανε· καὶ ἀτρέμας ἄκρον ἐρύσσας
 δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο φυλάκτορα λύσατο μήτρης
 φειδομένη παλάμη, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἑάσῃ.

Γαῖα δὲ κηῶεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην 270
 φυταλιὴν ὤδινε, χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
 πολλὴν δ' ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα καλύπτρην
 πλεκτὴ βοτρύοντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῶ·
 καὶ λέχος ἦν πετάλοισι κατάσκιον· ἡμερίδων γὰρ
 αὐτοφυῆς μίτρῳσεν ἔλιξ εὐάμπελον εὐνήν· 275

καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάρσιος οἴνοπι καρπῶ
 Κυπριδίῳσι ἀνέμοισιν ἐσειέτο βότρυς ἀλήτης,
 ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἐπύκαζε· σελινοφόρῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
 ἱμερόεις ἐμέθυσσεν ὁμόζυγος οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
 πλεκτὸν ἀεξομένης ἐπιβήτορα κισσὸν ὀπώρης. 280

Καὶ δολόεις γάμος ἦεν ὄνειρείης τύπον εὐνής
 Ὕπνον ἔχων συνάεθλον· ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ κορείης
 παρθενικὴ κνώσσουσα, καὶ ἔδρακε πομπὸν Ἐρώτων
 Ὕπνον ὑποδρηστήρα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.
 πνοιὴ δ' ὑψιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι θυιάδος ὕλης 285
 ἄστατος αὐτοβόητος ἀνέπλεκεν ὕμνον Ἐρώτων,
 καὶ μέλος ἠνεμόφοιτον ὄρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων
 αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι ἀμείβετο παρθένος Ἥχώ,
 Πανιάς ὑστερόφωνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ χορεύων
 αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν “ Ὑμῆν Ὑμέναιε ” λιγαίνων· 290
 “ ἱμερόεις γάμος οὗτος ” ὄρεστιᾶς ἴαχε πεύκη.

Ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναῖξασα νομῆος
 παρθένον ὑπναλέην νυχίοις ἐρέθιζεν ὄνειροισ·
 “ Εἰσὶ καὶ ἱμείροντος Ἐρινύες, εὐγάμε κούρη·
 νυμφίον εἰ φύγες Ὕμνον, ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ· 295

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the sight. And sly Dionysos with shoes that made no noise crept soundless to his bridal, placing his footsteps with care. He came near the girl: and softly with gentle hand undid the end of the knot which guarded the girdle of innocence, that sleep might not let the maiden go.

²⁷⁰ Earth unfolded her teeming fragrance, and brought forth a plot of plants, to do pleasure to Dionysos. Tangled poles of spreading vine lifted a wide covering laden with clusters of grapes, and shaded the bed with its leaves; a selfgrown arbour of vinery embowered the couch with its rich growth, and many a bunch of purple fruit swayed to and fro above it, under the Cyprian's breezes. It screened them both, while in crinkling clumps a lovely sapling of the wine-plant entangled intoxicated the wreaths of ivy which climbed over the growing fruit.

²⁸¹ It was a stolen bridal, like bed in a dream with Sleep for helper. The maiden lost her maidenhood, slumbering still; she saw Sleep as marshal of the loves, and as servant of wine-deceived nuptials. The breeze, unresting, self-sounding, interwove the hymn of love with caperings, high among the branches of the jubilant forest: and the melody of the mountain bridal, passing on the winds, was answered in modest tones by maiden Echo, Pan's following voice; dancing over the ground the pipes tootled out loudly "Hymen Hymenaios"; the forest fir resounded, "A blessing on this bridal!"

²⁹² Then the soul of the herdsman, passing on the winds, started up and taunted the sleeping maiden in dreams of the night:

²⁹⁴ "A lover also has his avenging spirits, happy bride! If you refused Hymnos as a bridegroom,

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λοξὰ θεμιστεύεις, θαλαμηπόλε παρθένε νύμφη·
κτείνεις γὰρ ποθέοντα, καὶ οὐ γαμέοντα διώκεις.
παρθένε, χάλκεον ὕπνον ἐρασσαμένῳ πόρες Ὑμνω·
παρθένε, νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπώλεσε σείο κορείην.
οἰκτρὸν ἴδες γελόωσα δεδουπότος αἷμα νομῆος· 300
οἰκτρότερον στενάχουσα τεῆς ἴδες αἷμα κορείης.”

“Ὡς φαμένη σκιοῦντι πανεΐκελος ἕσσυτο καπνῷ
ψυχῇ δακρυόεσσα ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος,
Ταρταρίην δ’ ἀκίχητος ἐδύσατο πανδόκον αὐλήν,
Βάκχου ζῆλον ἔχουσα μεθυσφαλῶν ὕμεναίων. 305

Καὶ λιγυροῖς δονάκεσσι γαμήλιον ἦχον ἀράσσω.
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ὑποκάρδιον, ὕμνοπόλος Πᾶν
μεμφόμενον μέλος εἶπεν ἐς ἄλλοτρίους ὕμεναίους.
καὶ τις ἐρωμανῶν Σατύρων παρὰ γείτοσι λόχημ
θητηρ ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτων ὕμεναίων 310
Βακχεῖην ἀγόρευεν, ἰδὼν εὐπάρθενον εὐνήν·

“ Πᾶν κερῶεις, ἔτι μῦνος ἔχεις δρόμον
εἰς Ἀφροδίτην;

καὶ σὺ διωκομένης πότε νυμφίος ἔσσειαι Ἕχους;
καὶ σὺ δόλον πότε τοῖον ἀοσητηῖρα τελέσσεις
ὑμετέρων ἐπικούρον ἀνυμφεύτων ὕμεναίων; 315
Πᾶν φίλε, καὶ σὺ γένοιο φυτοσκάφος ἀντὶ νομῆος,
ποιμενίην δ’ ἀπόειπε καλαύροπα καὶ παρὰ πέτρῃ
λεῖπε βόας καὶ μῆλα· τί σοι ρέξουσι νομῆες;
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ φύτευε γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἑρώτων.”

Ὅ πω μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχεν αἰγίβοτος Πᾶν· 320
“ Αἶθε πατήρ με δίδαξε τελεσσιγάμου δόλον οἴνου·

^o From Hom. *Il.* xi. 241: it seems to imply imprisoned in brazen chains, something unbreakable.

Dionysos has made you a bride ! You are a crooked judge, you matchmaking maiden bride ! you kill the lover, you pursue him that weds not ! Maiden, a brazen sleep^a you gave to your impassioned Hymnos : maiden, a honeyed sleep lost you your maidenhood ! The dead herdsman's piteous blood you saw with a laugh ; there was worse piteous groaning when you saw the blood of your maidenhood."

³⁰² So speaking, away like misty smoke went the soul of the lovesmitten herdsman weeping, and passed beyond pursuit into the courtyard of Tartaros, allcomers' hostel, full of envy for Bacchos and his drinkdeceiving espousals.

³⁰⁶ Pan also piped a bridal tune on the shrill reeds, hiding secret envy deep in his heart, Pan the master of music ; and made a defaming lay for the unnatural union. And one of the lovmad Satyrs in a thicket hard by, staring insatiate upon the wedding, a forbidden sight, declaimed thus, when he saw the bed of Bacchos with his fair maiden :

³¹² " Horned Pan, still running alone after Aphrodite ? When will you too be a bridegroom, for Echo whom you chase ? Will you ever bring off a trick like this, to aid and abet you in your nuptials never consummated ? Become a gardener too instead of herdsman, my dear Pan ; forswear your shepherd's cudgel, leave oxen and sheep among the rocks—what will herdsmen do for you ? Wake up ! and plant another vine, which provides love's wedding."

³²⁰ Not yet had his words ended, when goatherd Pan cried out :

³²¹ " I wish my father had taught me the trick of that matchmaking wine ! I wish I could be lord of

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αἶθε νοοσφαλέος σταφυλῆς, ἄτε Βάκχος, ἀνάσσω
καί κεν ἐμῶν ἐτέλεσσα

πολύπλανον οἶστρον Ἐρώτων

ὑπναλέην μεθύουσαν ἰδὼν δυσπάρθενον Ἥχώ.
 ἰλήκοι νομὸς οὗτος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ γείτοني πηγῇ 325
 ἀρδεύω τάδε μῆλα, φιλακρήτῳ δὲ ρέεθρῳ
 παρθενικὰς Διόνυσος ἀθελγέας εἰς γάμον ἔλκει.
 φάρμακον εὔρεν Ἐρωτος ἐὼν φυτόν· ἐρρέτω αἰγῶν,
 ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρων οἴων γάλαγος· οὐ δύναται γὰρ
 εἰς πόθον ὑπνον ἄγειν ἢ παρθένον εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν. 330
 μῦνος ἐγώ, Κυθήρεια, βιάζομαι· ὦμοι Ἐρώτων·
 Σύριγξ Πανὸς ἔφευγεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους
 καὶ γάμον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἀνευάζει Διονύσου
 αὐτομάτοις μελέεσσι· τὸ δὲ πλέον ἠθάδι μολπῇ
 φθεγγομένης Σύριγγος ἀμείβετο σύνθροος Ἥχώ. 335
 νυμφιδίης Διόνυσε μέθης θελξίμβροτε ποιμήν,
 ὄλβιος ἔπλεο μῦνος, ἀναινομένης ὅτι νύμφης
 εὔρες ἀοσσητῆρα γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἐρώτων.”

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δυσίμερος ἀχνύμενος Πάν,
 ζῆλον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα¹ τελεσσιγάμοιο Λυαίου. 340

Καὶ τελέσας φιλότητα καὶ εἰνοδίης πόθον εὐνῆς
 ἀφράστῳ Διόνυσος ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ.
 νύμφη δ' ἐγρομένη ποταμηίδι μέμφετο πηγῇ,
 Ὑπνω² χωομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
 ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι κατάρρυτος· ἀχνυμένη δὲ 345
 ἔκλυε Νηιάδων γαμῖης ἔτι λείψανα μολπῆς,
 καὶ λεχέων κήρυκα ποθοβλήτοιο Λυαίου
 ἡμερίδων πετάλοισι κατάσκιον εἶδε χαμεύνην
 νεβρίσι νυμφιδίησι πυκαζομένην Διονύσου,

¹ δυσέρωτα Graefe, ἐς ἔρωτα Koechly.

² Ὑπνω for Ὑμνω, H. J. R. This misprint was corrected also by Maas. See Critical Introduction.

the mindtripping grape, like Bacchos ! Then I should have seen that cruel maiden Echo, asleep and well drunken ! then I should have achieved my love, which like a gadfly sends me gadding afar ! Farewell to this pasturage ! for while I water my sheep here by a neighbouring spring, Dionysos draws intractable nymphs to marriage by means of his tipplers' river ! He has invented a medicine for Eros —his plant : away with the goat's milk, away with the milk of my ewes ! for that cannot bring sleep to desire, nor a maiden to marriage. I alone, Cythereia, must suffer. Alas for love ! Syrinx escaped from Pan's marriage and left him without a bride, and now she cries Euoi to the newly-made marriage of Dionysos with melodies unasked : while Syrinx gives voice, and to crown all, Echo chimes in with her familiar note. O Dionysos, charmer of mortals, shepherd of the bridal intoxication ! you alone are happy, because when the nymph denied, you found out wine, love's helper to deck out the marriage ! ”

³³⁹ Such were the words of Pan, in sorrow for his thwarted desire, and in envy and love of Lyaïos, the achiever of marriage.

³⁴¹ And Dionysos, having achieved his love, and the desires of that wayside bed, rose up with unnoted boot. But the nymph awaking reproached the river spring, indignant against Hypnos and Cypris and Dionysos, bathed in a flood of tears ; in her pain, she heard still the remnants of the Naiads' nuptial song ; and she saw that bed, herald of the couch of lovesick Lyaïos, shadowed over with garden vine-leaves, and piled thick with the bridal fawnskins of Dionysos, which gives its own message of Lyaïos's

κρυπταδίων λεχέων αὐτάγγελον· εἶδε καὶ αὐτὴν 350
 μήτηρ παρθενίην γαμίης πλήθουσιν ἑέρσης.
 καὶ ῥοδέας ἐχάραξε παρηίδας, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
 μηρούς πληξαμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·

“ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἤρπασεν Εὐϊον ὕδωρ·
 ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἤρπασεν ὕπνος Ἐρώτων· 355
 ὦμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἤρπασε Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
 ἐρρέτω Ὑδριάδων δολόεν ποτόν, ἐρρέτω εὐνή.
 Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυσάδες, τίνα μέμφομαι;

ἡμετέραν γὰρ
 Ὑπνος, Ἐρως, δόλος, οἶνος ἐλήισσαντο κορείην.
 παρθενικὰς ἀπέειπε καὶ Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ 360
 τίπτέ μοι οὐ φυγόδεμος ὄλον δέμας ἔννεπεν Ἥχῳ;
 τίπτέ μοι εἰς ἐμὸν οὖσας, ὅσον μὴ Βάκχον ἀκοῦσαι,
 οὐ Πίτυς ἐπιθύριζε καὶ οὐκ ἐφθέγγετο Δάφνη·
 ‘παρθενική, πεφύλαξο πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ’;”

Ἐννεπε, καὶ πολὺδακρυν
 ἀνέβλυσεν ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς. 365

καὶ ποτε μὲν μενέαινε κατ’ αὐχένος ἄορ ἐρείσαι,
 ἄλλοτε δ’ αὐτοκύλιστος ἀπ’ οὖρεος ἤθελε πίπτειν
 ὑστατὴ προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσασα κονίη·

καὶ γαμίης μενέαινε ἀιστῶσαι πόμα πηγῆς,
 εἰ μὴ ἀμειψαμένη προτέρη χύσις ἰκμάδα Βάκχου 370
 λευκὸν ὕδωρ κελάρυζε καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα Λυαίου.
 καὶ Κρονίδην ἰκέτευε καὶ Ἄρτεμιν, ὄφρα τελέσση
 αὐλία Νηιάδων κεκοιμένα διψάδι χέρσῳ.

πολλάκι δ’ ὄμμα τίταινε δι’ οὖρεος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
 ἴχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου, 375

ὄφρα βάλη τόξοισι γυνὴ θεόν, ὄφρα δαμάσση
 δαίμονα βοτρυνόεντα· καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἐκείνην
 ἄμπελον εὐναίην φλογερῶ πυρὶ πᾶσαν ὀλέσσαι.
 πολλάκι δ’ ἀθρήσασα δι’ οὖρεος ἴχνια Βάκχου

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lovestricken passion, which told the tale of the furtive bed ; she saw her own maiden zone wet with the wedding dew. Then she tore her rosy cheeks, and slapt both thighs, and moaned with piercing voice :

³⁵⁴ “ Alas for maidenhead, stolen by the Euian water ! alas for maidenhead, stolen by the sleep of love ! Alas for maidenhead, stolen by that vagabond Bacchos ! A curse on that deceitful water of the Hydriads, a curse on that bed ! Hamadryad nymphs, whom shall I blame ? for Sleep, Eros, trickery and wine, are the robbers of my maiden state ! Artemis has deserted her own maidens. But Echo herself the enemy of the bed—why did not Echo tell me the whole scheme ? Why did not Pine whisper in my ear, too low for Bacchos to hear ? why did not Daphne the Laurel speak out—‘ Maiden, beware, drink not the deceiving water ! ’ ? ”

³⁶⁵ She spoke, and flooded her face with a shower of tears. And now she thought to set a sword in her throat, again she would have cast herself rolling off a cliff, to fall headlong in the dust at last ; she thought to destroy the nuptial fountain of which she had drunk, but already the stream had got rid of its Bacchic juice, and bubbled out clear water, no longer the liquid of Lyaïos. Then she besought Cronides and Artemis to fill the Naiads’ grottoes with dust and thirsty soil. Often she strained her eye over the mountains, if anywhere she might find an unsteady footstep of unseen Dionysos, that she might shoot him with her arrows, a woman shoot a god ! that she might vanquish the deity of the grapes ; yet more she desired to destroy with blazing fire all that marriage-vine. Often, when she saw tracks of

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- ἡερίας τόξευεν οἰστεύουσα θυέλλας· 380
 πολλάκι δ' ἔγχος ἄειρε, καὶ εἰς σκοπὸν ἀντίον ἔστη,
 ὄφρα δέμας πλήξειεν ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
 ἀλλὰ μάτην προέηκε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
 καὶ ποταμῶ κεχόλωτο καὶ ὤμοσε, μὴ ποτε πηγῆς
 χεῖλεσι διψαλέοισι πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ· 385
 ὤμοσε καὶ κατὰ νύκτας ἔχειν ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπῆν,
 ὤμοσε μὴ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐν οὔρεσιν ἄλλον ἰαυεῖν.
 καὶ σκύλακας νεμέσησε φυλάκτορας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 οὐ τότε θωρήσσοντο γυναιμανέοντι Λυαίῳ.
 δίζετο δ' ἀγχονίοιο μετάρσιον ἄλκαρ ὀλέθρου 390
 θλιβομένη σφιγκτῆρι περίπλοκον ἀνχένα δεσμῶ,
 μῶμον ἀλευομένη φιλοκέρτομον ἤλικος ἠβης.
 ἀρχαίην δ' ἀέκουσα λίπεν θηροτρόφον ὕλην,
 αἰδομένη μετὰ λέκτρα φανήμεναι ἰοχεαίρη.
 Καὶ ζαθέης ραθάμιγγι γονῆς πλησθεῖσα Λυαίου 395
 γαστέρι φόρτον ἄειρε· τελειομένης δὲ λοχείης
 θῆλυν ἐμαιώσαντο τόκον ζωθαλπέες ὦραι,
 καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἐπιστώσαντο Σελήνης·
 ἐκ δὲ γάμου Βρομίῳ θεόσσυτος ἦνθεε κούρη,
 ἦν Τελετὴν ὀνόμηνεν αἰεὶ χαίρουσαν ἑορταῖς, 400
 κούρην νυκτιχόρευτον, ἐφespoμένην Διονύσῳ,
 τερπομένην κροτάλοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλήγι βοεῖῃ.
 Καὶ πόλιν εὐλαίγγα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ λίμνη
 τεῦξε θεὸς Νίκαιαν, ἐπώνυμον ἦν ἀπὸ νύμφης
 Ἀστακίης ἐκάλεσσε καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην. 405

^a An epithet or name of Bacchos, i.e. "the Brawler (?)," "Noisy one."

DIONYSIACA, XVI. 380-405

Bacchos over the mountains, she let off storms of arrows into the air ; often she lifted her lance, and cast at a mark, hoping to strike the body of unwounded Dionysos : but in vain she cast, and hit no Lyaïos. And she was angry with the river, and swore never to drink the deceitful water of the fountain with thirsty lips ; swore to keep her eyes awake through the night, swore not to enjoy sweet sleep again on the mountains. She blamed also the watchdogs, because not even they then attacked the womanmad Lyaïos. She sought a remedy in death by the hanging noose, and encircled her neck with a choking throttling loop, to avert the malice of her mocking yearsmates. Unwilling she left the ancient beastbreeding forest, being ashamed after that bed to show herself to the Archeress.

³⁹⁵ Now lined with the divine dew, the seed of Lyaïos, she carried a burden in her womb ; and when the time came for her delivery, the lifewarming Seasons played the midwives to a female child, and confirmed the nine-circled course of Selene. From the marriage of Bromios ■ a god-sent girl grew to flower, whom she named Telete, one ever rejoicing in festivals, a night-dancing girl, who followed Dionysos, taking pleasure in clappers and the bang of the double oxhide.

And the god built a city of fine stone beside the tipplers' lake, Nicaia, City of Victory, which he named after the nymph Astacia and for the victory which brought the Indians low.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΠΤΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἐβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον. Ἄρεα μέλπῳ
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.

Οὐδὲ φιλακρήτοιο μέθης πεπεδημένον ὕπνω
ζωγρήσας ἀτίνακτον ἀνουτήτων γένος Ἴνδῶν
ληθαίοις Διόνυσος ἐπέτρεπε δῆριν ἀήταις·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Φρύγα θύρσον ἐκούφισεν· ὑψιλόφου γὰρ
εἰς ἐνοπήν καλέοντος ἐπείγετο Δηριαδῆος,
παιδὸς Ἀμαζονίης δολίην ἄμνηστον εἶσας
οἰνοβαρῆ φιλότητα καὶ ὑπναλέους ὑμεναίους.

Καὶ θεὸς ἠγεμόνευε, Διὸς κήρυκα γενέθλης
οὐρανίην ἀκτίνα φέρων στίλβοντι προσώπῳ·
ἀμφὶ δὲ Λύδιον ἄρμα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου 10
θυρσοφόροι στίχες ἦσαν, ἐμιτρώθη δὲ μαχηταῖς
μεσσοφανῆς ἐκάτερθε, καὶ ἀντήστραπτεν Ὀλύμπῳ·
κάλλει δ' ἔκρυφε πάντας· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης
Ἡέλιον πυρόεντα πολυσπερέων μέσον ἄστρον.
καὶ στρατιῆς ἀσίδηρον ἀναξ ὤπλισσεν Ἐννώ, 15
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ μελίην θανατηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ χαλκοῦ
κισσὸν ἔχων ἄρρηκτον ἐὼν δόρυ· καὶ μιν ἐλίσσω
Ἀσίδος ἐν πολίεσσι, καὶ Ἀσίδος ἐν χθονὶ πῆξας
ἄγριον ἠμιόχευε Κυβηλίδος ἄρμα θεαίνης 19

* Goddess of Warfare ; here as often means simply war.

BOOK XVII

In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and
the waters of a honey-trickling river
turned to wine.

AFTER he had made captive the Indian nation, shackled in sleep by their potations, immovable, without a wound, Dionysos did not commit his quarrel to the forgetful winds, but once more lifted his Phrygian thyrsus ; for he went in haste at the challenge of highcrested Deriades, and left forgotten behind him the trick he had played on the Amazonian girl, the drunken passion and the drowsy nuptials.

⁸ The god led the van, wearing a heavenly radiance on his shining face, to proclaim him the son of Zeus. Around the Lydian chariot of giantslaying Dionysos were lines of thyrsus-bearers ; he was ringed about with warriors on either side, conspicuous in the midst, and shone in splendour like another heaven. In beauty he threw all into the shade : to see him you might have said it was fiery Helios in the midst of farscattered stars. The lord of the host had brought Enyo ^a without the steel trappings of war ; for he carried no sword and no deathdealing ashen lance, but for bronze he had his own invincible spear, the ivy ; this he wielded in the cities of Asia, this he planted in the soil of Asia, as he drove the savage

NONNOS

ἡμερίδων τελαμῶνι, κατάσκιον ἤλικι κισσῶ, 21
 ἀνθοκόμῳ μᾶστιγι μετήλυδα δίφρον ἰμάσσων· 20
 Ἦῶν δ' ἐμέθυσε Μαρωνίδι γαίαν ὀπώρη. 22
 καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ὄλος στρατὸς ἔρρει Βάκχων,
 θάρσος ἔχων προτέροιο μόθου χάριν, ὅππότε δισσῶ
 ἠδυμανῆς ἀσίδηρος ὁμόζυγι πήχεϊ μάρψας 25
 ἔμφρονα νεκρὸν ἀναυδον, ἐνόπλιον Ἴνδὸν αἰείρων,
 Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὀδίτης·
 ὅππότε κωμάζουσα ποδῶν διδυμάονι ρυθμῶ
 Βακχιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεκροτάλιζε Μιμαλλῶν
 Ἴνδὸν ἔτι κνώσσοντα, περισφίγξασα δὲ δειρὴν 30
 ληίδα θηρεύουσα μάχης αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην. . . .
 Ἐκ πόλιος δὲ πόλῃα μετήιεν, ἀγχιπόρου δὲ
 ἤλυθεν εἰς Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὅππῃθι γείτων
 χεύμασιν ἀφνειοῖσι Διυπετὲς οἶδμα κυλίνδων
 Γεῦδις ἐχεκτεάνων ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ὄλκῳ, 35
 ἀργυρέου δαπέδοιο περιξύνων κενεῶνα.
 Ἐνθα διαστείχοντα βαθυπλούτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
 βουκεράοις Σατύροισιν ὀμήλυδα πεζὸν ὀδίτην
 Βάκχον ἀνῆρ ἄγραυλος ἐρημάδι δέκτο καλιῆ,
 Βρόγγος, ἀδωμήτων ὀρεσίδρομος ἀστὸς ἐναύλων, 40
 Γηγενέων ἀχάρακτον ὑπὸ κρηπίδα θεμέθλων
 ναίων οἶκον ἄοικον· εὐφροσύνης δὲ δοτῆρα
 αἰγὸς ἀμελγομένης κεράσας χιονωπὸν ἐέρσην
 ξεινοδόκος γλαγόεντι ποτῶ μειλίξατο ποιμῆν
 εἶδασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι καὶ ἀγραύλοισι κυπέλλοις, 45
 καὶ μίαν εἰροπόκων οἶων ἀνελύσατο μάνδρης,
 ὄφρα κε δαιτρεύσειε θνηπολίην Διονύσω·

^a A choice wine. See xi. 121.

^b See xi. 36, xliii. 417 : a river in N. of Asia Minor where silver was found. Hom. *Il.* ii. 857.

car of divine Cybele, with a broad rein of grapevine, under the shadow of ivy, the vine's fellow, touching up his travelling team with a blossoming whip—he made drunken the regions of the East with the Maronian^a fruit. To share the enterprise of Bromios came the whole company of Bacchoi, full of confidence from the first battle, when Seilenos happy-mad, unarmed, picked up in his linked arms a living corpse unspeaking, an Indian in full armour, and marched off heavy-kneed, a sluggish wayfarer : when the Bacchant Mimallon woman, unveiled and reveling, and bounding in cadence on her two feet, rattled her cymbals over an Indian still asleep, and running a rope round his neck hurried away, with the warplunder that she had been seeking thrown into her hands.

³² From city to city he went, till he came not far off to the rich country of the Alybe,^b where neighbouring Geudis rolls the wealthy waves of its heaven-sent flood white with the current of its watery treasures, and cuts a hollow through the silvern soil.

³⁷ There as the company of footmen with the horned Satyrs travelled beside the richly stored rocks, Bacchos on his march was entertained by a countryman in a lonely hut, Brongos, dweller in the highland glens where no houses are built. Beside the unquarried wall of these giant strongholds he dwelt, in a house that was no house. The hospitable shepherd milked a goat, and drew a potion snowy-white, to seek the favour of the giver of jolly good cheer with his milky draught in country cups, with common vittles. He brought out a fleecy sheep from the fold, as an offering for

NONNOS

ἀλλὰ θεὸς κατέρυκε· γέρων δ' ἐπεπείθετο Βάκχου
 νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν, ὄϊν δ' ἄψαυστον ἑάσας
 ποιμενίην τινὰ δαῖτα θελήμονι θῆκε Λυαίω, 50
 τεύχων δεῖπνον ἄδειπνον ἀδαιτρεύτοιο τραπέζης,
 οἷα Κλεωναίοιο φατίζεται ἀμφὶ Μολόρκου
 κείνα, τά περ σπεύδοντι λεοντοφόνους ἐς ἀγῶνας
 ὤπλισεν Ἑρακλῆϊ· χύδην δ' ἐπέβαλλε τραπέζῃ
 εἰν ἀλὶ νηχομένης φθινοπωρίδος ἄνθος ἐλαίης 55
 Βρόγγος, ἔχων μίμημα φιλοστόργοιο νομῆος,
 πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροις νεοπηγέα τυρὸν αἰείρων,
 ἱκμαλέον, τροχόεντα· θεὸς δ' ἐγέλασσε δοκεύων
 ἀγρονόμων λιτὰ δεῖπνα, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ νομῆϊ
 ἴλαον ὄμμα φέρων ὀλίγης ἔψαυσε τραπέζης 60
 δαρδάπτων ἀκόρητος· αἰεὶ δ' ἐμνώετο κείνης
 εἰλαπίνην ἐλάχειαν ἀναιμάκτοιο τραπέζης
 μητρὸς ἐῆς παρὰ δόρπον, ὄρεσσαύλοιο Κυβήλης.
 καὶ κραναοὺς πυλεῶνας ἐθάμβεε κυκλάδος αὐλῆς,
 πῶς φύσις ἐργοπόνος δόμον ἔγλυφε,
 πῶς δίχα τέχνης 65
 ἀντιτύποις κανόνεσσιν ἐτορνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄναξ
 νομῆος ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς,
 δὴ τότε δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος ἄσθματι Βάκχου
 ἀγρονόμος σύριζεν ἐθήμονι Πανὸς ἀοιδῆ
 Βρόγγος, ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθροον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης, 70
 ὑμνείων Διόνυσον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μολπῆ,
 καὶ κεράσας κρητῆρι νεόρρυτον ἱκμάδα ληνοῦ· 72
 “ Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον,
 ὅλης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης· 74
 οὐ χατέεις δὲ γάλακτος ἔχων εὐοδμον ἑέρσην, 75
 νέκταρος οὐρανίου χθόνιον τύπον, οἶον ἀφύσσων

Dionysos, but the god stayed him. The old man obeyed the immutable bidding of Bacchos, and leaving the sheep untouched he set shepherd's fare before willing Lyaios. So he served a supper no supper, board without beef, such as they say in Cleonai Molorcos once provided for Heracles on his way to fight the lion. Brongos like that kind-hearted shepherd set on the board plenty of the autumn fruit of the olive swimming in brine, and brought fresh curdled cheese in wickerwork baskets,^a juicy and round. The god laughed when he saw the countryman's light supper, and turning a gracious eye on the hospitable shepherd, he partook of the humble fare, munching greedily. All the time he was reminded of the frugal banquet on that bloodless table, when there was a meal for his Mother, Cybele of the highlands. And he wondered at the stone doors of the round courtyard, how industrious nature had carved a house, how without art the cliffs were rounded in answering proportion.

⁶⁷ But when Lord Bacchos had eaten his fill of shepherd's fare, then Brongos the countryman was moved by the divine inspiration of Bacchos; he played Pan's wellknown tune on his pipes, and pressed his fingers on Athena's double tube in honour of Dionysos; who was pleased at heart with the music, and mixing the new liquor of the winepress in the bowl, he said:

⁷⁴ "Accept this gift, gaffer, to drink all cares away! You want no more milk when you have this fragrant dew, the image of heavenly nectar brought down to

^a These baskets of thin close plaiting are still used in Greek lands for cheese; and the olives "swimming in brine" are called *κολυμβάδες* "swimmers."

Ζῆνα μέγαν κατ' "Ολυμπον εὐφραίνει Γανυμήδης.
 ἀρχαίου δὲ γάλακτος ἕα πόθον· ἀρτιτόκων γὰρ
 μαζῶν θλιβομένων χιονώδεις ἱκμάδες αἰγῶν
 ἀνέρας οὐ τέρπουσι καὶ οὐ λύουσι μερίμνας." 80

"Ὡς εἰπὼν νομίης ξεινήια δῶκε τραπέζης
 μητέρα λυσιπόνοιο μέθης εὐβοτρυν ὀπώρην·
 καὶ μιν ἀναξ ἐδίδαξε φιλάνθεμον ἔργον ἀλωῆς
 κλήματα γυρώσαντα φυτῶν εὐαλδέι βόθρῳ,
 γηραλέου τμήξαντα τεθηλότος ἄκρα κορύμβου, 85
 βότρουσ οἰνοτόκοιο νέουσ ὄρηκας ἀέξειν.

Καλλεύσας δὲ νομῆα κ' ἰ ἀγριάδος ράχιν ὕλης
 εἰς ἑτέρην ἔσπευδεν ὄρειάδα φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν·
 καὶ Σατύρων ὁμόφοιτον ὀρίδρομον ἴχνος ἐπέιγων
 ἀμφιπόλοις παλίνορσος ὁμίλειε θυιάσι Βάκχαις. 90
 διψῶων δὲ φόνιοι καὶ εὐθύρσοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
 Τυρσηνῆς βαρύδουπον ἔχων σάλπιγγα θαλάσσης,
 πομπὸν Ἐνναλίιο μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ,
 λαὸν ἀολλίζων· βριαροῦς δ' ἐμέθυσε μαχητάς,
 θερμότεροις ἐς Ἄρηα νοήμασιν ἀνέρας ἔλκων 95
 Ἰνδῶης ὀλετῆρας ἀβακχεύτοιο γενέθλης.

Τοὺς μὲν ἀναξ Διόνυσος
 ἐκόσμεεν εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν·

^a Dionysos was a very poor vinedresser. He is trying to describe to the old shepherd how to plant layers, as they are technically called. He tells him to choose the top shoots (ἄκρα) of an old vine, which is doubly wrong, for the vine should not be old and the top shoots are condemned by the best ancient writers as less fertile; he then would have him cut them off at once, whereas the approved method (see Anatolios in the *Geoponica* v. 18) is as follows: "We dig a trench a foot deep, and then bend down, but do not cut off, a shoot from the (full-grown) vine, which we insert in the trench and cover with earth, leaving a portion of the shoot visible above ground, so that part of it, remaining connected

earth, like that which Ganymedes ladles out to rejoice great Zeus in Olympos. Forget your wish for your old-fashioned milk : the snowy-white drops pressed from the udders of goats that have just kidded do not make men happy or drive their cares away."

⁸¹ So saying, he gave his gift of gratitude for the shepherd's table, the fine fruitage of grapes, the mother of wine, sorrow's comforter.^a And the Lord taught him the flowerloving work of the vineyard—to bend the slips of the plants over into fertilizing pits, and to cut the top shoots of an old vine, that new shoots of winegending grapes may grow.

⁸⁷ Leaving the herdsman and the ridge of the wild forest, he now hasted to a new conflict with Indians in the mountains. Bidding the Satyrs who were with him to go on at full speed by the upland tracks, he joined himself again to his wild attendant Bacchantes. Thirsting for blood and battle under his thyrsus, he took in hand the loudbraying trumpet of the Tyrhenian Sea,^b and boomed a note on his conch for battle as he gathered the people. He intoxicated the stout warriors, and drew the men on to war with hotter spirit, to destroy the race of Indians that knew not Bacchos.

⁹⁷ So Lord Dionysos marshalled these for the with the vine, shall suck nourishment as if from its mother's breast, while part is nurtured in the earth, and so it takes root under the care of two mothers." Or, if Nonnos means Brongos to take slips (*κλήματα*, from the vine, he should cut them without bending them) (*γυρώσαντα*) at all, to avoid bruising their fibres. Perhaps "prune the topshoots, but don't plant them" (Lind).

^b The Etruscans (Rasena, hellenized into *Τυρρηνοί*, *Τυρρηνοί*) were said to have invented trumpets. Nonnos apparently makes Dionysos's war-conch come from their coast as an appropriate place.

NONNOS

Ἄστράεις δ' ἀκίχητος ἰὼν ἤγγειλεν Ὀρόντη
Ἰνδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ·

“ Γαμβρέ δοριθρασέος μενεδήιε Δηριαδῆος,
κλῦθι, καὶ εἰσαΐων μὴ χῶεο· καί σε διδάξω
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀθωρήκτου Διονύσου.

Ἰνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν ἔην μόθος· ἔβρεμε δοχμῇ¹
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ λαὸς ἐμὸς κεκόρυστο Λυαίω
ἀστράπτων σακέεσσιν, ἀκοντοφόρους δὲ δοκεύων
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ πολύιδρις ἐμοὺς ἔφριξε μαχητάς·
ἴστατο δ' ἀποτολέμων Σατύρων πρόμος,

οὐ δόρυ χάρμης
χειρὶ φέρων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ὑπηγνέμιον βέλος ἔλκων·

ἀλλὰ κέρας βοὸς εἶχεν, ἐνὶ γλαφυρῇ δὲ κεραίῃ
φάρμακον ὑγρὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
εἰς προχοᾶς δολόεσσαν ὄλην κατέχευεν ἔερσην
ἱκμάδι φοινίξας γλυκερὸν ῥόον· ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ

καύματι διψῶντες, ὅσοι πίων αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί,
ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην·
καὶ σφισι λοίγιος ὕπνος ἐπέχραεν, ἀκλινέες δὲ
ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἐπευνάζοντο βοείαις·

ἄλλοι δ' ἀστορέεσσι κατεκλίνοντο χαμεύναις
νωθρὸν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀκοιμήτῳ δέμας ὕπνω,
Βάκχαις ἀδρανέεσσιν ἐλώρια καὶ Διονύσω.

τοὺς δὲ δίχα πτολέμοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐληίσσαντο γυναῖκες
βριθομένοις μελέεσσι, καὶ ἀντιβίων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ὡς νέκυες ζῶντες ἐλαφρίζοντο μαχηταί,
οἱ μὲν ἔτι βλύζοντες ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἱκμάδα Βάκχου
ἀποτολέμοις Σατύροισιν ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκη,

Indian War. But Astraëis went unpursued to Orontes, and told him the Indian tribes were enslaved, speaking with sorrowful voice :

¹⁰⁰ " Hear me, battle-staunch goodfather of spearbold Deriades ! and while you listen be not angry ; and I will tell you the drugged victory of Dionysos unarmed ! Indians and Satyrs came to blows : bang went the Bassarids' hands, and my people armed them against Lyaïos with flashing shields. The cunning man of Lydia shivered to see my warriors lance in hand ; he stood at the head of his unwarlike Satyrs, bearing no warspear in his hand, holding no naked sword, no arrow on string drawn at the mark to fly straight through the air. What he held was an oxhorn, and in the hollow of that horn a distilled drug ; he lifted it and poured out all the deceitful dew into the stream of the silvery river, and turned the water sweet and red with the juice. The swarthy Indians thirsting in the heat of the battle drank, and all that drank went mad, though still in their senses, and struck up a dance. Then a fatal sleep came over them : unrouted, after the wild revel they fell asleep on their leathern shields. Others lay along the unbedded earth, committing their sluggish bodies to unresting sleep, at the mercy of Dionysos and his weak women. These, without war and the sharp blade, were dragged captive with loaded limbs by the women to fetters and slavery with heavy limbs. Warriors were slung over the shoulders of their foes like living corpses ; others, still sputtering the deceitful sap of Bacchos, unwarlike Satyrs made their slaves by main force when maddened by the drugged

¹ ἔβρεμε δ' ἡχὴν L, δ' ὀχὴν M, δοχὴν F corr. δοχμή : Ludwich δ' αἰχμή.

χειύματι φαρμακόντι μεμνηότες. ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμην, φονίης ἔτι νῆις ἔέρσης,
 χεῖλεσιν ἀβρέκτοισι φυγῶν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ.
 ἀλλὰ ποτὸν πεφύλαξο, δορυσσόε, μὴ μετὰ νίκην 130
 κερδαλέην ἀσίδηρον ἀναιμάκτιο Λυαίου
 ζωγρήσῃ δόλος ἄλλος ἐν "Αρεῖ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν."

"Ὡς φαμένου βαρύμηνις

ἔχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὀρόντης,
 καὶ ταχὺς εἰς μόθον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος· ἡμιτελής γὰρ
 ἦεν ἀγών, ἐτέρης δὲ θεμείλια πῆγγυτο χάρμης. 135

"Ὀφρα μὲν Ἰνδὸν ὄμιλον

ὀρίδρομος ὤπλισεν Ἄρης,
 τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδις πολυκαμπέος ὑψόθι Ταύρου
 εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο, συνεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχοι
 ὄπλοφόροι καὶ Φῆρες ἀτευχές· οἱ μὲν ἐναύλων
 ῥηξάμενοι κρηπίδας ἐκούφισαν, οἱ δὲ κολώνης 140
 ὑψιτενῇ πρηῶνα· καὶ ἀρχομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 ἔχραον ἀντιβίοισι· πολυσχιδέες δὲ χαράδραι
 Ἰνδῶοις ἐλικηδὸν οἰστεύοντο καρήνοισι.

καὶ ποσὶ λεπταλέοισιν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνη
 Πᾶνες ἐθωρήσσαντο μεμνηότες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν 145
 μάρψας εὐπαλάμῳ βεβημένον αὐχένα δεσμῶ
 δήιον αἰγείησιν ἀνέσχισεν ἀνέρα χηλαῖς,
 σὺν βριαρῶ θώρηκι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσω·
 ὃς δὲ τανυπτόρθων κεράων εὐκαμπέεσιν αἰχμαῖς
 ὄρθιον ἀρπάξας τετορημένον Ἰνδὸν ἀλήτην 150
 μεσσοπαγῇ κούφιζεν, ἐς ἠερίας δὲ κελεύθους
 δισσαῖς ὑψιπότητον ἀνηκόντιζε κερααῖς,
 κύμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον· ἀμαλλοφόροιο δὲ Δηοῦς
 ἄλλος ἐῆ παλάμη δονέων καλαμητόμον ἄρπην,
 ὡς στάχυν ὑσμίνης, ὡς δράγματα δηιοτήτος, 155

river. From the battle I alone was left ; for I had not touched the deadly dew, I left the deceitful water with unwetted lips. Eschew that potion, my shakespear ! After this cheating victory of Lyaïos without a blow, without blood, let not some other trick in the war capture what is left of the Indians ! ”

¹³³ Orontes furious already was more angry than ever at these words, and quickly returned to the battlefield ; for the conflict was only half done, and the foundations were being laid for a second combat.

¹³⁶ While Ares was arming the Indian host along the mountains, the Bassarids up in the winding glens of Tauros were hastening to the battle, and with them marched Bacchoi with arms and the Pheres ^a without arms. These last began the battle by attacking the enemy ; they tore up the foundations of the ravines and cast them, or some crag from the top of the hills. Showers of splintered rocks were hurled rolling on the heads of the Indians. The Pans madly made battle skipping with light foot over the peaks. One of them gript an enemy's neck tight in encircling hands, and ript him with his goat's-hooves, tearing through flank and strong corselet together. Another caught a fugitive Indian and ran him through his middle where he stood, then lifting him on the curved points of his two longbranching antlers, sent him flying high through the airy ways, rolling over himself like a tumbler. Another waved in his hand the strawcutting sickle of sheafbearing Deo, and reaped the enemy crops with clawcurved blade, like cornears of conflict, like gavels of the battle-

^a The Centaurs. See xiv. 143.

NONNOS

δυσμενέων ἤμησε γονὰς γαμφώνυχι χαλκῶ,
 τεύχων κῶμον Ἄρηι, θαλύσια καὶ Διονύσω,
 τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα· καὶ ὤρεγε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
 καμπύλον ἀνδρομέη πεπαλαγμένον ἄορ ἔέρση,
 λοιβὴν αἱματόεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσω, 160
 καὶ Μοίρας ἐμέθυσσε ἐνυάλιον πόμα λείβων·
 ἄλλου δ' ἴσταμένου δεδραγμένος αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
 χερσὶν ὁμοπλεκέεσσιν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἐλίξας,
 δήιον εὐθώρηκα μετεστυφέλιξε κεραίη,
 δισσοτόμῳ γλωχίνι δαΐζομένου κενεῶνος· 165
 ἄλλος ἐπαΐσσοντα καλαύροπι φῶτα δαΐζων
 μεσσόθεν ὄφρυόεντα διέθλασεν ἄκρα μετώπου.¹

Καὶ θρασὺς Ἰνδῶν στρατιὴν θάρσυνεν Ὀρόντης
 μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων ὑψήνορι φωνῇ·

“ Δεῦτε, φίλοι, Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσωμεν Ἐννώ· 170
 Ἄρεα μὴ τρομέοιτε φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου·
 μηδέ τις ὑμείων πιέτω ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
 μὴ γλυκερῆς δολόεντα μεμνηνῶτα φάρμακα πηγῆς,
 Ἰνδῶν αἰνομόρων δεδαῖγμένα χειρὶ Λυαίου
 μὴ μετὰ τόσσα κάρηνα καὶ ἡμέας ὕπνος ὀλέσση. 175
 δεῦτε, πάλιν μαχόμεσθα πεποιθότες· ἀπτόλεμος δὲ
 ἀμφαδίην πότε Βάκχος ἐμὴν στήσειεν Ἐννώ;
 εἰ δύναται, μενέτω με φυγὰς πρόμος, ὄφρα δαεῖη,
 οἴους Δηριάδης προμάχους ἐς Ἄρηα κορύσσει.
 μαρνάσθω πετάλοισιν, ἐγὼ δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ. 180
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχοντι τί μοι ῥέξειε κορύμβοις
 Λυδὸς ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος; ἀλλὰ μαχητὴν
 σφιγγόμενον βαρῦδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἐρύσσω
 θηλυμανῆ Διόνυσσον, ὅπῃονα Δηριαδῆος·
 οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ἔχων ἀπαλὸν χροῶ, πάντας ἐάσας 185

¹ After 167 Marcellus would insert xxi. 118-119.

field. There was a revel for Ares, there was harvest-home for Dionysos, when the enemy's heads were cut! He offered the curved blade to watching Bacchos, dabbled with human dew, and so poured a bloodlibation to Dionysos, and made the Fates drunken with the battlecup he filled for them. Another man was standing, when one goatfoot Pan twined both hands interlacing about his neck, and struck his wellcorseleted enemy with his horn, tearing his flank with the double point. Another met a fellow rushing on him with a blow from his cudgel, and smashed his forehead right between the ends of his eyebrows.

¹⁶⁸ Now bold Orontes encouraged his Indian army, and with proud voice poured out these threatening words :

¹⁷⁰ "This way, friends, open fight against the Satyrs! Fear not the warfare of Shirkbattle Dionysos! Not a man of you must drink of the yellow water, not one be tricked by the sweet fountains of madness with its maddening drug! Or sleep will destroy you also, after the cruel fate of our Indians, after so many heads have been brought low by Lyaïos's hand! This way! Let us fight again and fear not! Could unwarlike Bacchos ever hold front against me in open field? If he is able, let the runaway champion stand up to me, that I may teach him what champions Deriades arms for the fray! Let him fight with leaves, I will use flashing steel! While I hold a metal spear, what can a Lydian do to me with a bunch of twigs, a volley of vegetables? This warrior! I will truss up the feeble coward in heavy fetters and drag him along, this womanmad Dionysos, to be a lackey for Deriades. You there, you with the

NONNOS

Ἴνδους τοσσατίους ἐνὶ μάρναο μῦνον Ὀρόντη.
 ἦδὺς ὁ δινεύων κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
 ἦδὺς ὁ Βασσαρίδων ἐρόεις πρόμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
 κάλλει τοξεύουσι καὶ οὐ βελέεσσι γυναιῖκες.
 σὰς προπόλους Ἴνδοῖσι γυναιμανέεσσι συνάψω 190
 ἔλκομένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν

ἐπέδραμε θερμὸς Ὀρόντης,
 Ἄρεος ἀμῶων διφυὲς θέρος· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
 τοσσατίου προμάχοιο μένειν ἀντίξοον ὄρμην,
 οὐ θρασὺς Εὐρυμέδων πυρόεις, οὐ σύγγονος Ἄλκων· 195
 φεῦγε γὰρ Ἀστραῖος, Σατύρων πρόμος,
 οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν

Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνεν. ἀελλήεντι δὲ ταρσῶ
 γαμβρὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἐμαίνεται Δηριαδῆος
 ἀντία Κενταύρων ἀνεμώδεα λαὸν αἰείρων,
 καὶ τύχην Ὑλαίοιο· δασυστέρνου δὲ νομῆος 200
 ἔθλασεν ἄκρα μέτωπα βαλὼν μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ,
 καὶ σκέπας ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
 ψευδαλέον μίμημα τετυγμένον ἠθάδι γύψῳ,
 ἀντίτυπον πῆληκος ἀληθέος ἔρκος ὀπωπῆς·
 καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐν χθονὶ πῖπτε πολυσχιδές, αἴθοπι τέφρῃ 205
 εἴκελον, ἀργυφῆ δὲ πέλεν κόνις· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
 ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι πέδον πῆχυνεν ἀγοστῶ.

Κενταύρου δ' ἑτέροιο δι' εὐκεράοιο καρῆνου
 ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλήγι τυχῶν λασίοιο μετώπου
 ταυρεῖην ἐπίκυρτον ἀπηλοίησε κεραίην· 210
 καὶ πολὺς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ καρῆνῳ
 ἠμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο, καὶ οὔασι τύπτε κονίην·
 καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας πυμάτῳ βακχεύετο ταρσῶ,
 εἰλιπόδην ἀγέλαστον ἔχων ὀρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου·

soft skin of a woman ! Leave all those Indians and fight a duel with one, Orontes. Simple soul ! how he waves those long flowing locks round and round ! A simple soul is the charming champion of the Bassarids ! yes, the women do just the same—pretty looks are the shafts in their quiver. I will match your championesses with amorous Indians—they shall be hauled off to bed as brides won by the spear !”

¹⁹² With these words Orontes dashed hot upon the front ranks, reaping a harvest in both kinds.^a Not one of all that wide front durst abide the adverse onset of so mighty a champion—not bold fiery Eurymedon, not Alcon his kinsman : Astraïos chief of the Satyrs was in flight, none of the Seilenoi themselves would stand. With stormy foot Deriades’ goodson rushed in, raging, lifted a boulder in the air and let fly at the Centaurs, and hit Hylaïos : the stone, a very millstone, crushed the forehead of the shaggybreast shepherd ; the missile torn from the rock smashed his headpiece, a sham imitation made of the familiar chalk like a real helmet guarding the face, which fell to the ground like a glowing cinder in many pieces and whitened the dust, while the creature crushed by this stony spear threw his arms along the ground. Next he struck the hairy front of another Centaur with a two-bladed axe, and shore away the curving horn from his bull’s-head. He fell in a great heap on the ground, and rolled headlong tumbling about half dead and brushing the dust with his ears ; then lifting his body on his feet, with a last wild effort he danced a stumbling hideous dance of death : the

* Men and women.

NONNOS

καὶ κτύπον ἔσμαράγησε πέλωρ, ἄτε ταῦρος ἰάλλων 215
 τρηχαλέον μύκημα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος,
 κρᾶτα τυπεῖς.

Ἐλίκην δὲ βαλὼν ἄστοργος Ἐρεμβεὺς
 στήθει χαλκὸν ἔλασσε, καὶ ἄργυφον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
 αἵματι φοινίσσοντι κατέγραφε κυανέη χεῖρ·
 τὴν δὲ κοινομένην ἑτέρῃ ξύνωσαν ἀνίη 220
 πέπλον ἀναστεύλαντες ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀῆται·
 καὶ χροὸς ἔβλυε λύθρον ἐπήρατον· αἰδομένη δὲ
 δεξιτερῇ συνάγειρεν ἐὼν φεύγοντα χιτῶνα,
 γυμνὰ φυλασσομένη χιονώδεος ὄργια μηροῦ.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσας δηίων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην 225
 καὶ Σατύρους πτώσσοντας ἐπεσμαράγησε κυδοιμῶ,
 ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἐριγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 συμφερτοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἤχώ.
 καὶ Βρομίῳ ταχύγουνος ἐμάρνατο μῦνος Ὀρόντης,
 θνητὸς ἐὼν, βροτέῃ δὲ θεὸν προκαλίζετο φωνῇ. 230
 ἄμφω δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθον ὀμήλυδες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ἔγχος ἔχων, ὁ δὲ θύρσον ἀκαχμένον.

ἄκρα δὲ Βάκχου
 κρατὸς ἀνουτήτοιο βαλὼν ὑπέροπλος Ὀρόντης
 θηγαλέην Βρομίοιο μάτην ἤρασσε κεραίην·
 οὐ γὰρ ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἀδηλήτοιο καρῆνου 235
 ταυροφυῆ τύπον εἶχε Σεληναίοιο μετώπου
 τεμνόμενον βουπλήγος ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
 ὡς κερόεις Ἀχελῶος αἰεῖδεται, οὐ ποτε κόψας
 Ἡρακλέης κέρας εἶλε γαμοστόλος· ἀλλὰ Λυαῖος

^a Orontes. The Eremboi are an Arabian tribe in Hom. *Od.* iv. 84.

^b Again an echo of Hom. *Il.* v. 860 ff.

monster let out a harsh roaring sound, like a bull struck on the skull which bellows horribly with grinning jaws.

²¹⁷ The pitiless Erembeus ^a now struck Helice, and drove his blade into her chest: the black hand scored the white circle of her breast with red blood. She rolled in the dust, and the hurtling winds taught her a second sorrow by lifting her robe. As her lovely gore welled up over the skin, she modestly smoothed the errant vesture with her right hand, guarding the bare secrets of the snowy-white thigh.

²²⁵ The god, seeing victory pass to the enemy, and the Satyrs cowed, uttered a loud cry in the turmoil, like an army of nine thousand men pouring defiant shouts with united voices from thunderous throats.^b Now Orontes fought alone quicknee against Bromios, and he a mortal, challenging with human voice a god. Both advanced together to the encounter, one with a spear, one with a pointed thyrsus. Orontes proud of his armament struck Bacchos on the top of his head, but wounded him not; he grazed the sharp horn of Bromios all for nothing. For Lord Dionysos wore on that invulnerable head nothing like the shape of the bullfaced moon ^c which can be cut by the devastating steel of the slaughterer's axe, as they sing of horned Acheloös,^d when Heracles cut off his horn and took it to adorn his wedding. No, Lyaïos wore the heavenly image

^c Not just a pair of curved horns like a bull, but a disk between the horns.

^d Acheloös the river-god and Heracles both wooed Deïaneira daughter of Oineus; they fought for her, and Heracles, wrestling with the god in his bull-shape, broke off one of his horns, whereat Acheloös yielded, and Heracles married Deïaneira.

NONNOS

οὐράνιον μίμημα βοώπιδος εἶχε Σελήνης, 240
 δαιμονίης ἄρρηκτον ἔχων βλάστημα κεραίης,
 ἀντιβίσις ἀτίνακτον· ὁ δὲ θρασύς ἀντία Βάκχου
 ἠερίη βαρύδουπος ὁμοίος Ἴνδὸς ἀέλλη
 δεύτερον ἠκόντιζεν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ
 νεβρίδος ἀψαμένη μολίβου τύπον. ἀντιτύπου δὲ 245
 πέμπων οἴνοπα θύρσον ἐπὶ πλατὺν ὤμον Ὀρόντου
 Βάκχος ἐκὼν ἀφάμαρτεν· ἐπεγγελῶν δὲ Λυαίου
 ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι θεημάχος εἶπεν Ὀρόντης·

“ Οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ὄμιλον

ἑμαῖς στρατιῆσι κορύσσων,
 εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε γυναικείῳ σέο θύρσω, 250
 εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε·

καί, εἰ μερόπων φρένα τέρπεις
 πανδαμάτωρ, ἓνα μῶνον ἀθελγέα θέλξον Ὀρόντην.
 ἴστασο δηριῶν, καὶ γνώσεαι, οἶον ἀέξει
 ὄρχαμον ἀλκήεντα γέρων ἐμὸς Ἴνδὸς Ὑδάσπης.
 οὐ Φρυγίης γενόμεν, ὅθεν ἄρσενές εἰσι γυναῖκες, 255
 ἄσπορον ἀμήσαντες ἀνυμφεύτου στάχυν ἤβης·
 οὐ θεράπων ἀσίδηρος ἀνάλκιδός εἰμι Λυαίου.
 φάρμακα σοὺς προμάχους οὐ ρύσεται· ὑμετέρας δὲ
 θυιάδας ἀμφιπόλους ληίσσομαι, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 Σειληνοὺς θεράποντας ἐμῷ βασιλῆι κομίσσω, 260
 σοὺς Σατύρους πτώσσοντας

ἐμῷ δορὶ πάντας ὀλέσσω.”

Εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος· εἰσαῖων δὲ
 Βάκχος ἄναξ κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβω
 τύψε κατὰ στέρνου πεφιδημένος· οὐτιδανῶ δὲ
 ἀνθεῖ βοτρυόεντι τυπεῖς ἐσχίζετο θώρηξ· 265
 οὐδὲ καλυπτομένου χροὸς ἤψατο Βακχιάς αἰχμῆ,
 οὐ δέμας ἄκρον ἄμυξε· σιδηρείου δὲ χιτῶνος
 ῥηγνυμένου βαρύδουπος ἐχάζετο γυμνὸς Ὀρόντης·

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of the cow's-eye moon, a growth of divine horns which cannot be broken, which enemies cannot shake. The bold Indian facing Bacchos, heavy-thundering like a tempest in the sky, again cast a spear, but the point when it touched the fawn-skin crumpled up like lead. Bacchos in his turn let fly his purple thyrsus at the broad shoulder of Orontes, and missed on purpose. Then fightgod Orontes laughed aloud at the ivy-swathed lance, and said :

²⁴⁹ " You that array a crowd of women against my armies, fight if you can with your womanish thyrsus ! Play the champion if you can ! And if you delight the heart of all mankind, allconquering, now charm one only whom nothing can charm—Orontes ! Stand and fight ! you shall see what a prime hero my ancient father Indian Hydaspes ^a has produced ! I was not born in Phrygia, where the men are women,^b who have reaped the corn of youth without seed and without wedlock. I am no unarmed servant of Lyaïos the weakling. Drugs will not save your champions ; your crazy women I will lead captive, your Seilenoi I will bring from battle as servants for my king, your Satyrs I will destroy, all cowering before my spear ! "

²⁶² So cried in defiance the leader of the host. Lord Bacchos was angry when he heard him, and with a vine cluster he tapped him gently on the chest. This tap of an insignificant vinegrown bloom split his breastpiece. The god's pike did not touch the protected flesh, did not scratch his body ; but the coat of mail broke and fell with a heavy clang—

^a The river Jhelum.

^b The emasculate attendants of Cybele.

NONNOS

Ἡῶν δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν εἰς ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὰς
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι καὶ ὑστατίνην φάτο φωνήν· 270

“ Ἡέλιε, φλογεροῖο δι' ἄρματος αἰθέρα τέμνων,
γείτονα Καυκασίην ὑπὲρ αὔλακα φέγγος ἰάλλων
στῆσον ἐμοὶ σέο δίφρα, καὶ ἔννεπε Δηριαδῆι
Ἰνδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ αὐτοδάικτον Ὀρόντην
καὶ θύρσους ὀλίγους ῥήξήνορας, εἶπέ καὶ αὐτοῦ 275
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου,
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα νοοσφαλέος ποταμοῖο·
εἶπέ δέ, πῶς ἀκάμαντα

σιδηροφόρων στρατὸν Ἰνδῶν
λεπταλέοις πετάλοισι διασχίζουσι γυναῖκες.
εἰ δὲ τεῆς Κλυμένης μιμνήσκειαι εἰσέτι λέκτρων, 280
ῥύεο Δηριαδῆα, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
Ἄστρίδος αἶμα φέροντα φατιζομένης σέο κούρης.
οὐ πιθόμην Βρομίῳ θηλύφρονι· μάρτυρας ἔλκω
ἠέλιον καὶ γαῖαν ἀτέρμονα καὶ θεὸν Ἰνδῶν,
ἄγνόν ὕδωρ. σὺ δὲ χαίρε, καὶ ἴλαος ἔσσο κυδοιμῶ 285
Ἰνδῶν μαρναμένων, καὶ ὀλωλότα θάψον Ὀρόντην.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ξίφος εἶλκε, μέση δ' ἐνὶ γαστέρι πήξας
αὐτοφόνῳ βαρύποτμος ἐπεσκίρτησε σιδήρῳ·
καὶ ποταμῶ κεκύλιστο καὶ οὖνομα δῶκεν Ὀρόντη.

^a This time Nonnos is not imitating Homer, but Sophocles; cf. *Soph. Ai.* 845 ff.

^b Clymene was the mortal love of Helios, who bore him Phaëthon (the boy who tried to drive the solar chariot; Nonnos somewhat confusingly uses the name often, as 270, for the Sun himself). Nonnos, to provide his Indian king with a solar genealogy, names one of her daughters Astris (“sidereal maiden”) and marries her to Hydaspes (cf. xxvi. 352), by whom she has a son, Deriades, king of the Indians.

^c A name invented by Nonnos.

Orontes was naked! He stepped back and turned his gaze to the eastern expanse, and uttered his last words to Phaëthon opposite :

²⁷¹ " O Helios,^a cutting the air in your fiery chariot, pouring your light on the Caucasian plowland so near, stay your car I pray, and announce to Deriades how the Indian peoples are slaves, how Orontes has destroyed himself, how the little thyrsus has broken our men! Describe also the drugged victory of unwarlike Dionysos, the winesoaked stream of the delirious river. Tell how women with light bunches of leaves scatter the untiring host of steelclad Indians. And if you have not forgotten your Clymene's^b bed, protect Deriades, a sprout of your own stock, who has in him the blood of Astris^c said to be your daughter. I never obeyed Bromios the womanhearted. I bring as witnesses the Sun,^d and the boundless Earth, and India's god, holy Water.

" And now farewell. Be gracious on the battlefield to the fighting Indians, and bury Orontes dead."^e

²⁸⁷ He spoke, and drew his sword, fixt it against his belly and leapt upon the blade, selfslain, a cruel fate ; then rolled into the river and gave it his name Orontes.

^a It is abundantly evident that Nonnos knew nothing of Indian culture or religion, except that he had perhaps heard of the cult of the Ganges or other sacred rivers. He therefore makes the regular assumption, that being barbarians, they would worship the visible gods, Sun and Earth. See Rose in *Harvard Theol. Rev.* xxx. (1937), p. 173, and references there.

^e Pausanias, viii. 29. 4, says that the Romans diverted the course of the river, and found in the old bed a clay coffin eleven ells long, with a human figure in it of equal length. The oracle of Claros appealed to declared this to be Orontes.

NONNOS

Καί οἱ, ἔτι πνεύοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα δοκεύων, 290
 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἠχώ·
 “Κεῖσο, νέκυσ, ξείνοισιν ἐν ὕδασιν· ὑμέτερον δὲ
 Δηριάδην θνήσκοντα πατὴρ κρύψειεν Ὑδάσπης.
 ὑμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἐκυρὸν καὶ γαμβρὸν ὀλέσσω,
 ἀντὶ δορὸς φονίιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο μαχαίρης 295
 σείων Εὐία θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν.
 ἀλλὰ δαφουνήεντι κατακτείνων σε σιδήρω
 οὐ πίες ἀβρὰ ρέεθρα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο·
 καὶ ποταμὸς σε κάλυψε, καὶ ἤμβροτες ἠδέος οἴνου.
 ἦν ἐθέλης, πίε μῦνος ὄλον ῥόον· ἀλλὰ ρέεθρων 300
 οὐ χατέεις ποταμοῖο πίων Ἀχερούσιον ὕδωρ
 λοίγιον· ἀνδροφόνω δὲ ῥόω καὶ χεύματι πικρῶ
 γαστέρα κυμαίνουσιν ἔχων ἐγκύμονα Μοίρης
 γεύεο Κωκυτοῖο, καί, ἦν ἐθέλης, πίε Λήθην,
 Ἄρεος ὄφρα λάθιοι καὶ αἱμαλέοιο σιδήρου.” 305
 Ἔννεπε κερτομέων διερὸν νέκυν. οἰδαλέος δὲ
 κύμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐσύρετο νεκρὸς Ὀρόντης·
 καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσι διαπλώοντα ρέεθρῳ
 ἄπνοον ἠρεύγοντο νέκυν ποταμηίδες ὄχθαι.
 τὸν μὲν ἐταρχύσαντο καὶ ἔστενον αἴλινα Νύμφαι, 310
 Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρνώδες,
 χρυσέης παρὰ πυθμένα δάφνης
 ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ποταμοῖο, καὶ ἔγραφον ὑψόθι δένδρου·
 “Βάκχον ἀτιμήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος ἐνθάδε κείται,
 αὐτοφόνω παλάμη δεδαῖγμένος Ἴνδὸς Ὀρόντης.”
 Οὐδὲ μόθου τέλος ἦεν ἀτερπέος· ἠμιτελής γάρ 315
 ἦεν ἀγὼν καὶ δῆρις ἀνήνυτος· ὑψιφανῆς δὲ
 Ἴνδὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζε· παλιννόστω δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 Λυδὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεις ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς
 Βακχιάς εἰς μόθον ἄλλον ἐκώμασε θυιάς Ἐννώ,
 δῆιον ἀνδροφόνουισιν ἀκοντίζουσα κορύμβοις, 320

DIONYSIACA, XVII. 290-320

²⁹⁰ Lord Bacchos looked on him yet breathing and struggling, and addressed him in contemptuous words :

²⁹² " Lie there, you corpse, in foreign waters ; and may your father Hydaspes cover dying Deriades. I will destroy you both, goodfather and goodson, shaking my Euian thyrsus with point wreathed in vine, instead of bloodstained spear and wellsharpened sword. But you killed yourself with gory steel, and so you never drank the luxurious water of the honey-distilling river ; a river has covered you, but you missed the delicious wine. Drink up the whole river alone, if you like ; but you shall have river-water enough when you drink the fatal water of Acheron. Your belly swells already with the bitter water of a murdering stream, and teems quick with Fate ; but taste of Cocytos, and drink Lethe if you like, that you may forget Ares and the bloody steel."

³⁰⁶ So he addressed the soaking corpse in contempt. But the dead body of Orontes was carried away swollen by the restless waters, until the stream vomited out the floating corpse upon the bank breathless and cold. There the Nymphs gave it burial and sang their dirges, the Hamadryad Nymphs, beside the stem of a golden laurel on the bank of the river stream, and inscribed upon the trunk above—" Here lies Indian Orontes, leader of the host, who insulted Bacchos and slew himself with his own hand."

³¹⁵ But the cruel mellay was not ended yet : the struggle was only half done, the conflict unfinished. Indian Ares appeared on high and shouted loud ; Bacchos's mad Enyo marshalled them for another bout, belching a load of frenzied Lydian threats in the renewed battle. hurling on the foe volleys

NONNOS

Αρεΐ βακχευθεῖσα· φιλοπτόρθου δὲ Λυαίου
 δυσμενέες δρυόεντι κατεκτείνοντο σιδήρῳ
 φοίνιον ἔλκος ἔχοντες· ἀθωρήκτιο δὲ Βάκχης
 ἔγχεϊ βοτρυόεντι δαΐζομένοιο σιδήρου
 Ἰνδοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθάμβεον ὅξεί κισσῶ 325
 στήθεα γυμνωθέντα νεούτατα· ῥήιτεροι γὰρ
 ἀσκεπέων θώρηκος ὀιστεύοντο φορῆες.
 ἄλλων δ' ἄλλος ἔην φόνος ἄσπετος, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
 σχιζόμενοι πετάλοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες
 μαρναμένων, ὅθι Ταῦρος· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι 330
 ἀκλινέες στεφανηδὸν ὁμοζυγέων στίχας Ἰνδῶν.
 καὶ θρασὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπε φόνου μέλος·

ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῶ

Βάκχοι μὲν θεράποντες ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου
 τυπτόμενοι πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοισι μαχαίραις
 πάντες ἔσαν πυργηδὸν ἀπήμονες· ἀβροκόμοι¹ δὲ 335
 δυσμενέες λεπτοῖσι κατεκτείνοντο πετήλοισ·
 ἐξείης δ' ἐπέπηκτο τανυπτόρθοις ἐνὶ δένδροις
 Ἰνδῶν πυκνὰ βέλεμνα, καὶ ἔγχεϊ νύσσετο πεύκη
 τηλεπόρῳ, βέβλητο πίτυς, τοξεύετο δάφνη,
 Φοίβου δένδρον εἰούσα, καὶ αἰδομένοις ἐνὶ φύλλοις 340
 πεμπομένων ἐκάλυπτε τανυπτερύγων νέφος ἰῶν,
 μή μιν ἴδη βελέεσσιν ὀιστευθεῖσαν Ἀπόλλων.
 καὶ γυμνῇ παλάμῃ σακέων δίχα, νόσφι σιδήρου,
 Βάκχῃ ρόπτρα τίνασσε, καὶ ἤριπεν ἀσπιδιώτης·
 τύμπανα δ' ἐσμαράγησε, καὶ ὠρχήσαντο μαχηταί· 345
 κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, καὶ αὐχένα κύψε Λυαίῳ
 Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἰκέτης. ὀλίγῳ δ' ἐνὶ δέρματι νεβρῶν
 ἀρραγέες γλωχίνες ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκόντων·
 χαλκοβαρῆς δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐτέμνετο φυλλάδι πῆληξ.
 καὶ τις Ἀρειμανέων Σατύρων πρόμος ἀνέρα βάλλων 350

¹ αἰδοκόμοι or ἀνδοκόμοι L in text, Ἰνδοκόμοι written above;

of deadly garlands, furious for war. The enemies of vineloving Lyaios were slain with bloody wounds from the wooden steel. Bronze-clad Indians marvelled, when steel was cleft by the viny spear of an unarmed Bacchant woman, and their chests were bared and freshly wounded by the sharp ivy; for those who wore the corselet were shot down more easily than the unprotected. Death took many shapes in that indescribable carnage on the Tauros, where the coats of the fighting men were sliced open by twigs and reddened with gore. The Bacchant women unconquerable surrounded in a ring the Indians huddled together, and the bold hoboy sang the call to kill. In that combat the Bacchoi, servants of unwarlike Dionysos, stood like a stone wall unhurt all by the blows of axes and two-edged swords; but their curlyheaded enemies were killed by little bunches of leaves. There were the Indian shafts stuck thick in rows on the tall-branching trees. The fir was pricked by the far-hurled spear, the pine was hit, the laurel though Phoibos's tree was pierced by shots, and hid under its leaves in shame the cloud of feathered arrows flying upon it, that Apollo might not see how the shots hit it. A Bacchant woman without shield and without steel, shook her rattle with naked hand, and a shielded man fell; the drums banged, and the warriors danced; the cymbals clanged, and a man of India bent his neck to beg mercy of Lyaios. On a little fawnskin the unbreakable points of the arrows were bent; the heavy helmet of unyielding metal was cut through by a leaf. A leader of the warmad Satyrs threw

ἀβροκόμοι Ludwich, and other conjectures. Graefe suggests Ἰνδογόνοι.

NONNOS

Εὖια ρίπτε πέτηλα, νεουτήτου δὲ φορῆς
 χάλκεος ἀμπελόεντι χιτῶν ἐσχίζετο κισσῶ.
 ἀθρήσας δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἑτεραλκεί ριπή
 νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντα Λυαίου
 Ἄστράεις ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο, πότμον ἀλύξας, 355
 ἐγχείην τανύφυλλον ὑποπτήσσων Διονύσου.

Τόφρα δ' Ἄρισταῖος φυσιζοα φάρμακα πάσσων
 Βασσαρίδων ὄλον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνη,
 τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ πληγῆσι βαλὼν Κενταυρίδα ποίην.
 τῆς δὲ βαρυνομένης φονίην ἐκάθηρεν ἑέρσην 360
 αἷμα περιθλίβων· κινυρὴν δ' ἴησατο Βάκχην

συντρίψας βοτάνας πολυειδέας ἔλκεσι κούρης,
 ἢ ποδὸς ἢ παλάμης ἢ στήθεος ἢ κενεῶνος.
 ἄλλου δὲ προμάχου φονίῳ βληθέντος οἰστῶ
 εἶλκε θοὴν γλωχίνα, καὶ ἔλκεα χειρὶ πιέζων 365
 αἵμαλέην κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἑέρσην·

ἄλλω χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ἔλκεος ἄκρα χαράξας
 ἰῶ φαρμακόεντι σεσηπότα τάμνε μαχαίρη,
 ἀκροτάτη παλάμη πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων·
 καὶ χλοερῶ συνέμιξε βιαρκέος ἀνθεῖ γαίης 370
 δαιδαλέας ὠδῖνας ἀλεξικάκοιο μελίσσης,

χειρὶ περιρραίνων ὀδυνήφατον ἱκμάδα Βάκχου·
 ἄλλους δ' οὐταμένους ἴησατο Φοιβάδι φωνῆ,
 φρικτὸν ὑποτρύζων πολυώνυμον ὕμνον αἰοιδῆς, 374
 πατρῶης νοέων ζωαρκέος ὄργια τέχνης. 377

Ὡς ὁ μὲν αἰόλον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο. μαρναμένων δὲ 375
 ἤδη βαρβαρόφωνος ἐπαύσατο θῆλυς Ἐννώ. 376

καὶ πολέας ζώγρησαν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μαχητὰς 378
 Βασσαρίδες· πολλοὶ δὲ λελοιπότες οὔρεα Ταύρου

^a Incantations contained all possible names to be sure of getting the right one. There are many examples extant from ancient days, and the practice continues still. See *Defixionum*

DIONYSIACA, XVII. 351-379

Euian leafage and hit a man: his coat of mail was split by the ivy and vine, and the wearer was wounded. Astraëis saw the scale of war was dipping to one side and foretelling the victory of Lyaïos the Indianslayer, so he fled untouched and saved his life, cowed by the long leafy spear of Dionysos.

³⁵⁷ Then Aristaios spread lifegiving simples on all the wounds of the Bassarids, and healed them by the art of Phoibos. For one he put centaury-plant on the cuts; for another in distress, he pressed with his fingers about the blood and cleaned away the gory dew. If a Bacchant whimpered, he pounded all manner of herbs to heal the girl's wounds, of foot or hand or breast or flanks as it might be. If a warrior had been struck and blood drawn by an arrow, he pulled out the sharp point, and squeezing the wound with his hand discharged the drops of blood little by little. Another struck by a poisoned arrow he laid hold of, and lanced the wound cutting out the infected surface, with just a touch of the hand and gentle fingers. He mingled the artistic produce of the healbane bee with fresh flowers of the lifesufficing earth, and poured in Bacchos's painkilling sap. Other wounded men he made whole by some charm of Phoibos, humming over an awful ditty full of names^a which he knew among the secrets of his father's life-saving art.

³⁷⁵ So he cured the diverse kinds of wounds. By this time the barbarian goddess Enyo had quieted her voice among the fighters, and the Bassarids had led away from the battlefield their crowd of captive warriors; many more of the enemy had left the

Tabellae, Audollent, Paris, 1904. The translator has a *ms.* of modern ones, written in 1790.

NONNOS

δυσμενέες νόστησαν ἐς Ἰνδῶης κλίμα γαίης 380
 ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐς οἰκία Δηριαδῆος,
 ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐλατῆρες ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων.
 καὶ Σατύρους μετὰ δῆριν ἐποίνιον εἰς χορὸν ἔλκων
 Πὰν νόμιος κελάδησε, χέων ἐπινίκιον ἤχῳ.

Καὶ Βλέμυς οὐλοκάρηνος,

Ἐρυθραίων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν, 385
 ἱκεσίης κούφιζεν ἀναίμονα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
 Ἰνδοφόνῳ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ.
 καὶ θεός, ἀθρήσας κυρτούμενον ἀνέρα γαίῃ,
 χειρὶ λαβῶν ὄρθωσε, πολυγλώσσῳ δ' ἅμα λαῶ
 κυανέων πόμπευεν ἐρύκων¹ τηλόθεν Ἰνδῶν, 390
 κοιρανίην στυγέοντα καὶ ἦθεα Δηριαδῆος,
 Ἄρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ὅπη παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ
 ὄλβιον οὐδας ἔναιε καὶ οὔνομα δῶκε πολίταις·
 καὶ Βλέμυς ὠκὺς ἵκανεν ἐς ἑπταπόρου στόμα Νείλου,
 ἐσσομένος σκηπτοῦχος ὁμόχρους Αἰθιοπῶν· 395
 καὶ μιν ἀειθερέος Μερότης ὑπεδέξατο πυθμῆν,
 ὀψιγόνοις Βλεμύεσσι προώνυμον ἡγεμονῆα.

¹ Ludwich later retracted ἐρύκων and read Ἐρυθραίων ἐκὰς with g.

DIONYSIACA, XVII. 380-397

Tauros mountains and returned, their hopes unfulfilled, to the mansion of Deriades in the Indian regions, crowds of men driving their longlived elephants. And herdsman Pan sang loudly, pouring out his victorious note, drawing on the Satyrs to dance drunkenly after their war.

³⁸⁵ Now woollyhead Blemys,^a chief of the Erythraian Indians, bent a slavish knee before Dionysos Indianslayer, holding the suppliant's unbloodied olivebranch. And the god when he saw the man bowed upon the earth, took his hand and lifted him up,^b and sent him far away with his polyglot people, putting a distance between him and the swarthy Indians, now hating the lordship and the manners of Deriades, away to the Arabian land, where beside the sea he dwelt on a rich soil and gave his name to his people. Blemys quickly passed to the mouth of sevenstream Nile, to be the sceptred king of the Ethiopians, men of colour like his. The ground of Meroë^c welcomed him, where it is always harvest, a chieftain who handed down his name to the Blemyes of later generations.

^a The Blemyes were an Ethiopian tribe south of Egypt. India and Ethiopia were often confused, especially by later writers. Erythraian means by the Red Sea.

^b The formal acceptance into protection.

^c Bakarawia.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΟΚΤΩΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἰκάνει,
εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀρίδρομον υἷα Θυώνης.

Ἦδη δὲ πτερόεσσα πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
Ἀσσυρίης στίχα πᾶσαν ὑποτροχόωσα πολλῶν,
οὔνομα κηρύσσουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἴνδὸν Ἄρηα καὶ ἀγλαόβοτρυν ὀπώρην.

Καὶ Στάφυλος Σατύρων

στρατιῆν ἀσίδηρον ἀκούων
ὄργιά τ' ἀμπελόεντα καὶ Εὐία θύσθλα Λυαίου
Βάκχον ἰδεῖν μενέαινε· καὶ υἷα Βότρυν ἐπείγων
κοίρανος Ἀσσυρίων ἀνεμώκεος ὑψόθι δίφρου
ἦντετο βοτρυόεντι παρερχομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην 10
πορδαλίῳν τε λέπαδνα καὶ ἠνία φαιδρὰ λεόντων
Βότρυς ἀκερσικόμης ἀνεσεύρασεν ἄρμα τοκῆος·
καὶ Στάφυλος σκηπτουῆχος ἐοῦ κατεπήλατο δίφρου
πορδαλίῳν στατὸν ἴχνος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου·
καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἴχνος ἐρείδων, 15
θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα θεουδέϊ χειρὶ τιταίνων . . .
καὶ φιλίῳ Διόνυσον ἀναξ μειλίξατο μῦθῳ·

“ Πρὸς Διὸς ἰκεσίῳιο, τεοῦ, Διόνυσε, τοκῆος,
πρὸς Σεμέλης θεόπαιδος, ἐμὸν μὴ παῖδα παρέλθης.

^a “ Grape-cluster-man.”

^b “ Bunch-of-grapes.”

BOOK XVIII

In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys inviting the mountainranging son of Thyone to a feast.

MEANTIME manytongued Rumour was on the wing; and she flew along the whole line of Assyrian cities, proclaiming the name of Dionysos with his gift of the vine, the glorious fruit of grapes, and his bold warfare with the Indians.

⁵ Now Staphylos ^a heard of the unweaponed host of Satyrs, the holy secrets of the vine and the Euian gear of Lyaaios. He wished therefore to see Bacchos; and the Assyrian prince brought his son Botrys ^b high in a windswift chariot, and met the advancing god of the vine. Botrys Longhair checked his father's car when he saw Dionysos approaching in his silver-wheeled wagon, the panthers in their yokestraps and the lions with shining reins; and Staphylos the sceptred king leapt out of the car when he saw the panthers of Dionysos halt. He sank to the ground on bended knee, and held out an olivebranch with reverent hand. Then the prince addressed Dionysos in conciliating words of friendship:

¹⁸ " In the name of Zeus the suppliant's god, your own father, Dionysos, in the name of Semele the young god's mother, disregard not my son! I have

NONNOS

ἔκλυον, ὡς ὑπέδεκτο τεὸν γενετῆρα Λυκάων, 20
 αὐτὸν ὁμοῦ μακάρεσσι, καὶ υἷα χειρὶ δαΐξας
 Νύκτιμον ἀγνώσσουντι τεῶ παρέβαλλε τοκῆι,
 καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης,
 Ἄρκαδίης παρὰ πέζαν· ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου δὲ καρῆνων
 Τάνταλος, ὡς ἐνόπουσι, τεὸν ξείνισσε τοκῆα, 25
 δαιτρεύσας δ' ἐὼν υἷα θεοῖς παρέθηκεν ἔδωδῆν·
 καὶ Πέλοπος πλατὺν ὤμον, ὅσον θοινήσατο Δηῶ,
 μορφώσας ἐλέφαντι, νόθῳ τεχνήμονι κόσμῳ,
 υἷα δαιτρευθέντα πάλιν ζώγρησε Κρονίων,
 ἔμπαλιν ἀλλήλοισ μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων. 30
 ἀλλὰ τί σοι, Διόνυσε, Λυκάονα παιδοφονῆα
 ξεινοδόκον μακάρων, καὶ Τάνταλον ἠεροφοίτην
 νεκταρέων ὀνόμηνα δολόφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
 δήιον ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος ἄνδρα πιφαύσκων;
 Ζῆνα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα μιῇ ξείνισσε Μακελλῶ¹ . . . 35
 καὶ Φλεγύας ὅτε πάντας ἀνερρίζωσε θαλάσση
 νῆσον ὄλην τριόδοντι διαρρήξας ἐνοσίχθων,
 ἀμφοτέρας ἐφύλαξε καὶ οὐ πρήνιξε τριαίνη.

¹ τραπέζῃ seems to have ended the line, and another, ending Μακελλῶ, contained details.

* While Lycaon and Tantalos are well known (see Rose, *Handb. of Gk. Myth.*, p. 280, note viii. 81), Macello is heard of elsewhere only in the scholiast (one of the greatest liars extant) on Ovid's *Ibis* 475, so far as his corrupt spelling of the name enables one to decide whom he means. On the authority, as he alleges, of Nicander the Alexandrian poet, this worthy tells us that she was a daughter of Damon king or chief of, apparently, the Telchines, and that because she had entertained Zeus hospitably she was spared when the god destroyed the Telchines (if it was they) for poisoning the seed-corn. The most curious thing about her is that she is pretty obviously a Latin invention, made up from *macellum*,

heard how Lycaon entertained your father himself with the Blessed, how he cut up his son Nyctimos with his own hand and served him up to your father unknowing and touched one table with Zeus Almighty, in the land of Arcadia. Again, on the heads of Sipylos, I have heard how Tantalos received your father as his guest, butchered his own son and set him before the gods at dinner; how Cronion fitted together again the separated limbs and restored to life the butchered son, replacing the broad shoulder of Pelops—the only part which Deo had eaten—by a makeshift artificial shape of ivory.

²⁹ a “ But why, Dionysos, have I named to you Lycaon the Sonmurderer who entertained the Blessed, or Tantalos visitor of the skies, who planned the crafty theft of the cups of nectar—why mention the ravisher of nectar and ambrosia? Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at one table . . . and when Earthshaker had shattered the whole island with his trident and rooted all the Phlegyans at the bottom of the sea, he saved both women and did not strike them down with the trident.

a market. Nonnos, it would seem, connects her with the Phlegyes, an impious people who lived on an island and for their sins were destroyed by Poseidon, and their part of the island with them (Servius on *Aen.* vi. 618, citing Euphorion, frag. 115 Powell, as his authority). But there is certainly something missing in the text and the sense may have been: “ Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at the same hospitable table, and had her reward, for she was spared when her wicked countrymen, the Telchines (?), were destroyed; X. and her daughter (sister, mother; ἀμφοτέρας in 38 shows that two women are mentioned) did a similar favour to Poseidon, and so he did not hurt them when he drowned the rest of the Phlegyes.” Staphylos’s point is that as these people were rewarded for their piety, so he hopes to be.

NONNOS

καὶ σύ, φέρων μίμημα τεοῦ ξενίοιο τοκῆος,
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐμῶν ἐπίβηθι μελάθρων· 40
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ γενετῆρι.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν· ἐὼ δ' ἐποχήσατο δίφρῳ,
ὀλβίζων ἐὸν οἶκον, ἐφespoμένου Διονύσου·
καὶ θρασὺς ἵππειν ἀνεκούφισε Βότρυσ ἰμάσθλην,
Ταυρεῖν δ' ἐλικηδὸν ἐρημάδα πέζαν ὀδεύων 45

ἤλασε πάτριον ἄρμα, καὶ ἠγεμόνευε Λυαίῳ
Ἄσσυρίην ἐπὶ γαίαν· ἐπαυχενίοις δὲ λεπάδνοις
χρῦσα Μυγδονίῳ δεδεγμένος ἠνία δίφρου
ἠνίοχος Βρομίῳ Μάρων, ἀκόρητος ἰμάσθλης
θηρονόμου μάστιγος ἀφειδέα ροίζον ἰάλλων, 50
πορδαλίῳ ἤλαυνεν ἀελλήεσαν ἀπήνην·

καὶ Σάτυροι προθέοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην,
ἀμφιπερισκαίροντες ὀρίδρομον ἄρμα Λυαίου·
πολλή δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλάνθεμος ἔτρεχε Βάκχην
δύσβατον οἶμον ἔχουσα βατῶ ποδί,

καὶ πτύχα πέτρης 55

στενὴν κλιμακόεσαν ἐμέτρεεν ὠκέϊ ταρσῶ,
καὶ παλάμη κροτάλιζε καὶ εὐρύθμοισι πεδίλοις,
μόχλον ὑποκλέπτουσα βαθυκρήμνοιο κελεύθου,
οἰστρομανῆς· καὶ Πᾶνες ἐθήμονος ὑψόθι πέτρης
ποσσὶν ἐυκνήμισιν ἐπωρχήσαντο κονίην, 60
ἀστιβέος πρηῶνα διαστείχοντες ἐρίπνης.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε νισσομένοισι φάνη βασιλῆιος αὐλή
τηλεφανῆς στίλβουσα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βότρυσ ὄχον πατρῶον ἑάσας 65
εἰς δόμον ὠκυπέδιλος ἔβη, προκέλευθος ὀδίτης,
ἐντύνων ἅμα πάντα, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιῶνῃ 66
ὤπλισε πιαλέης ἑτερότροπα δειπνα τραπέζης. 68

³⁹ " Do you now follow the example of your Father the Friend of Guests : enter my mansion for one day. Grant this grace to us both, to Botrys and to his father."

⁴² He won the god's consent, and drove on with his car, blessing the happiness of his house, while Dionysos followed. Bold Botrys raised his whip, and drove his father's car by winding ways through the wilderness of Mount Tauros, until he guided Lyaïos into the Assyrian land. Meanwhile Maron the god's charioteer took up the golden reins of the Mygdonian chariot, and drove the team of stormswift panthers with yokestraps on their necks, sparing not the whip, but whizzing a lavish lash to manage the beasts. Satyrs ran in front, striking up a dance and skipping round and round the hillranging car of Lyaïos; troops of flowerloving Bacchant women ran on this side and that side, treading the rough tracks afoot, climbing with quick feet the narrow steps of the mountain-side, while their shoes beat in time with their rattling hands—thus they beguiled the labour of the steep stony path, stung with madness. And the Pans, high on their familiar rocks, danced in the dust with nimble feet, passing over the headlands of those untrodden precipices.

⁶² But when they arrived, and the royal palace became visible, shining afar with checkered patterns of stone, then longhaired Botrys left his father's carriage and went swiftshoe into the house, vancourier of the company : he made all ready, and with attentive care prepared the diversified dishes of a rich banquet.

NONNOS

"Οφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βότρυς ἐκόσμεε δαῖτα Λυαίῳ, 67
 τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόδωρος ἄναξ ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ 69
 κάλλεα τεχνήεντα λιθοστρώτοιο μελάθρου, 70
 τῶν ἄπο μαρμαρέῃ πολυδαίδαλος ἔρρεεν αἶγλη,
 σύγχροος ἡελίοιο καὶ ἀντιτύποιο σελήνης·
 τοῖχοι δ' ἀργυρέοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μετάλλοις,
 καὶ μερόπων σπινθήρας ἐπαστράπτουσα προσώπῳ
 λύχνις ἔην, λύχνοιο φερώνυμος· εἶχε καὶ αὐτὴν 75
 οἶκος ἐρευθιόωντι κεκασμένος αἶθοπι πέτρῳ
 οἴνωπὴν ἀμέθυστον ἐρειδομένην ὑακίνθῳ·
 αὐγὴν δ' αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀπέπτυνεν ὠχρὸς ἀχάτης,
 καὶ φολίδων στικτοῖσι τύποις ἀμάρυσσεν ὀφίτης·
 Ἄσσυρή δὲ μάραγδος ἀνήρυγεν ἔγχλοον αἶγλην. 80
 κιονέῃ δὲ φάλαγγι περιστρωθέντα μελάθρων
 χρύσεια δουρατέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα καλύπτρης
 ἀφνειοῖς ὀρόφοισι· πολυσχιδέων δὲ μετάλλῳ
 φαιδρὸν ἐνψήφιδι πέδον ποικίλλετο τέχνη·
 καὶ πυλεῶν περίμετρος ἐυγλύπτῳ τινὶ δούρῳ 85
 λεπτοφυῇ τύπον εἶχε νεοπρίστων ἐλεφάντων.
 Τοῖα γέρων σκηπτοῦχος ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
 καὶ μόγις ἴχνος ἔκαμψεν ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
 χειρὸς ἔχων Διόνυσον· ὁ δὲ βραδυπειθεί ταρσῶ
 πλαζομένην ἐλικηδὸν ἔην ἐτίταιεν ὀπωπὴν· 90
 καὶ θεὸς ἀστερόεσσαν ἐθάμβεεν ἦνοπι κόσμῳ
 ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἰδὼν χρυσήλατον αὐλήν.
 Ἄμφιπόλους δ' οἴστρησεν ἄναξ
 καὶ δμῶας ἐπέιγων,
 ταύρων ζατρεφέων ἀγέλην καὶ πῶεα μῆλων
 δαιτρεύειν Σατύροισι βοοκραίρου Διονύσου. 95
 καὶ Σταφύλου σπεύδοντος ἔην ταχυεργὸς ἀπειλή

^a Since Homer in the *Odyssey* describes the palace of
68

⁶⁷ ^a While Botrys was yet arranging the feast for Lyaïos, the king of magnificent bounty displayed to Bacchos the artist's hand in the stonework of his hall, from which poured a shining brightness of many colours and shapes like the sun and his reflecting moon. The walls were white with solid silver. There was the lychnite, which takes its name from light, turning its glistening gleams in the faces of men. The place was also decorated with the glowing ruby stone, and showed winecoloured amethyst set beside sapphire. The pale agate threw off its burnt sheen; and the snakestone sparkled in speckled shapes of scales; the Assyrian emerald discharged its greeny flash. Stretched over a regiment of pillars along the hall the gilded timbers of the roof showed a reddish glow in their opulent roofs. The floor shone with the intricate patterns of a tessellated pavement of metals; and the huge door with a baulk of wood delicately carved looked like ivory freshly cut.

⁸⁷ Such were the sights which the old monarch displayed to watchful Bacchos. He could hardly manage to move through the hall with his divine guest, holding Dionysos by the hand; the other followed with slow obedient foot, and turned his wandering gaze to each thing in order. The god was amazed at the hospitable king's hall, embellished with gold and starry with glittering decorations.

⁹³ The king harried his servants and stirred up his serfs, to slaughter a herd of fine fat bulls and flocks of sheep for the Satyrs of bullhorn Dionysos. Then there was quick work, under the menaces of busy

Menelaos and, more elaborately, that of Alcinoös, there must be a description here of the palace where Dionysos is to be entertained; the details are not Homeric.

NONNOS

δμωσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν· ἐπερρώοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 εἰλαπίνης δρηστήηρες· ἔδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι
 καὶ νομάδων οἴων λιπαραὶ στίχες· ἦν δὲ χορείη·
 καὶ δόμον εὐφόρμιγγα θυώδεες ἔπνεον αὖραι, 100
 εὐόδμου δὲ πόλῃος ἀνεκνίσσωσαν ἀγυῖας·
 ἀμφιλαφεῖς δ' ἐμέθυσαν ὄλον δόμον ἰκμάδες οἴνου.
 κύμβαλα δ' ἐπλατάγησε, παρ' εὐκελάδω δὲ τραπέζῃ
 Πανιάδες σύριγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
 συμπλεκέες, καὶ κύκλος ἐριγδούποιο βοείης 105
 διχθαδίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησε μελάθρῳ,
 καὶ κτύπος ἦν κροτάλων ἐπιδόρπιος.

ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσω

οἰνοβαρῆς τρομεροῖο φέρων ποδὸς ἄστατον ὄρμην
 ἦιεν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα Μάρων, δεδονημένος οἴστρω,
 ὄρθιον ἐκ δαπέδοιο παλίσσυστον ἴχνος ἐλίσσω, 110
 χεῖρας εἰς διδύμων Σατύρων ὑπὲρ ὤμων ἐρείσας
 μεσσοφανῆς· ἐτέρου δὲ ποδὸς κουφίζετο παλμῶ
 ἀλλοτρίῳ, ξανθωπὸν ἔχων χροῖα, μεσσόθι πέμπων
 πορφυρέας ἀκτῖνας ὄλω στίλβοντι προσώπῳ,
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κεραφαῖαι, 115
 λαιῇ μὲν νεόδαρτον ἐθήμονος ἔγκνον οἴνου
 αὐχενίῳ ζωστήρι περίπλοκον ἀσκὸν ἀείρων,
 δεξιτερῇ δὲ κύπελλον· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
 γηραλέον σκαίροντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκεί ταρσῶ,
 οἷα πεσεῖν μέλλοντα τινασσομένοιο καρῆνου, 120
 οὐ ποτε πεπτηῶτα· μεθυσφαλέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 ἀμφίπολοι καὶ δμῶες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ,
 γευσάμενοι πρῶτιστον ἀήθεος ἠδέος οἴνου.

Καὶ Σταφύλου βασιλῆος ἀριστώδινα γυναῖκα
 Βακχιάς ἀμπελόεσσα Μέθην ἐμέθυσεν ἑέρση· 125
 ἠ δὲ καρῆβαρέουσα πιεῖν πάλιν ἤτεε Βάκχας,

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Staphylos with relays of serfs. A crowd of servants were hard at it preparing the banquet, bulls were butchered and processions of fat sheep from the pasture. There was dancing too; fragrant air was wafted through a house full of harping, the streets of the city were filled with sweet steamy odours, ample streams of wine made the whole house carouse. Cymbals clanged, panspipes whiffled about the melodious table, double hoboyes were drooning, the round of the loudthrumming drum made the hall ring again with its double bangs, there were castanets rattling over that supper!

¹⁰⁷ And there in the midst came Maron, heavy with wine, staggering on unsteady feet and moving to and fro as frenzy drove him. He threw his arms over the shoulders of two Satyrs and supported himself between them, then climbed right up from the ground twisting his legs about them. So he was lifted by the dancing feet of others, with red skin, his whole face emitting ruddy rays and shining between them, the very image of the crescent moon. In his left hand he held a newly flayed skin teeming with the inevitable wine and tied at the neck with a cord; in his right a cup. Bacchant women were all round the old creature as he skips on other men's feet, with lolling head, every moment threatening to fall but never down. Servants and serfs alike were rolling drunk and danced wildly about, after tasting for the first time the delicious wine they never had before.

¹²⁴ Methe ^a also, the wife of King Staphylos, mother of a noble son, was made drunken by the winedew of Bacchos. With heavy head she begged

• "Drunkeness."

NONNOS

οἰνοδόκον κρητῆρα περισκαίρουσα Λυαίου·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιξε μετήλυδα δίζυγι παλμῶ,
ὤμῳ ἐπικλίνουσα κόμην ἑτεραλκεί ριπῇ
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλίντροπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ 130
πυκνὰ πεσεῖν μέλλουσαν ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις
θυιάδα χερσὶ λαβοῦσα Μέθην ὠρθώσατο Βάκχη.
καὶ Στάφυλος μεμέθυστο· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
Βότρυος οἰνωθέντος ἐφοινίσσοντο παρειαί·
καὶ πάις ἀρτιγένειος ἅμα Σταφύλῳ γενετῆρι 135
ἀπλεκέας πλοκαμίδας ἀήθει δήσατο κισσῶ
μιτρώσας στεφανηδόν· ἐπ' ἴχνεσι δ' ἴχνος ἀμείβων
ποσσὶν ὁμοζήλοισιν ἔλιξ ὠρχήσατο Βότρυς,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων·
καὶ Στάφυλος σκίρτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῶ, 140
καμπύλον ἴχνος ἄγων τροχαλῶ κυκλούμενον ὄλκῳ,
Βότρυος ὀρχηστήηρος ἐπ' αὐχένι πῆχυν ἐρείσας·
καὶ ποτὸν εὐφήμησε χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καθειμένα βόστρυχα σείων
ὤμῳ ἐπαῖσσοντα· Μέθη δ' ἐχόρευε καὶ αὐτή, 145
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα καὶ νιεί καὶ παρακοίτη,
μεσσατίῃ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
τερπωλὴν τριέλικτον ὁμοπλέκτοιο χορείης.
καὶ Πίθος ὠμογέρων, πολιὴν ἀνέμοισι τινάσσω, 150
χεύματος ἠδυπότοιο βεβυσμένος ἄχρῖς ὀδόντων
οἰνοβαρῆς ἐχόρευε, μεθυσφαλὲς ἴχνος ἐλίσσων·
καὶ γλυκεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἐρευγομένων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ξανθὴν ἀφριώωσαν ἐὼν λεύκαιεν ὑπήνην.

Καὶ πῖον εἰς ὄλον ἡμαρ·

ἀφυσσομένων δὲ κυπέλλων

Ἐσπερίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ὑπόσκιος ἔσκεπεν ὄρφη 155
ἀκροκελαινώωσα, καὶ αἰόλα φέγγει λεπτῶ

the Bacchants for more drink, dancing round the full mixingbowl of Lyaïos. She rolled her head moving this way and that way, shook the hair over her shoulders unsteadily, dipping her head first here, then there, on one side and the other again and again, ever on the point of falling on her slippery feet, until a Bacchant's hands caught the wild creature and held her up. Staphylos too was drunk; the cheeks of drunken Botrys were red from his tipping cup; still a boy with the down on his face, he with Staphylos his father bound his loosened locks with the unfamiliar ivy and wreathed it like a garland. Then interchanging step with step Botrys danced about with ready feet, changing feet right after left; and Staphylos went skipping in dancing movement, carrying his feet round and round in a running step, with one arm thrown round the neck of dancing Botrys. Staggering he blest the potion of danceweaving Dionysos, and shook his long hair falling over his shoulder from side to side. Methe was dancing too, with an arm round son and husband both, between Staphylos and Botrys. There was a sight to see, the triple-entwined delight of a close-embracing dance! And Pithos,^a hale old man, shaking his hoary locks in the wind, stuffed to the teeth with the delicious potation, danced heavy with wine, and twirled a drink-tottering foot; he whitened his yellow beard with foam from the sweet libations that ran out from his throat.

¹⁵⁴ So they drank the whole day long. Cups were still being filled when shadowy darkness grew black at the fringe, and covered all the western lands,

^a "Wine-jar."

ἄστρο καταναγάζων ἐμελαίνετο δίχροος ἀήρ,
 δυομένου Φαέθοντος ὑπὸ σκιοειδεί κώνω,
 βαιὸν ὀπισθοκέλευθον ἔχων ἔτι λείψανον Ἡοῦς·
 καὶ ζόφον ἐχλαίνωσεν ἐῷ χροῖ σιγαλή νύξ 160
 οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διαγράψασα χιτῶνι.

οἱ δὲ μετὰ κρητῆρα μέθης, μετὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
 Βότρυς ὁμοῦ γενετῆρι καὶ οἴνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
 κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο καὶ ὠμίλησαν ὀνείροις. 165

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥοδέοις ἀμαρύγμασιν ἄγγελος Ἡοῦς
 ἀκροφαῆς ἐχάραξε λιπόσκιον ὄρθρος ὀμίχλην,
 εὐχαιτίης τότε Βάκχος ἐώιος ἄνθορεν εὐνῆς,
 ἐλπίδι νικαίῃ δεδονημένος· ἐννύχιος γὰρ
 Ἰνδῶν ἐδάιζε γονὴν κισσῳδεῖ θύρῳ, 170
 ὑπναλέης μεθέπων ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα χάρμης.

καὶ κτύπον εἰσαῖων Σατύρων καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων
 φλοῖσβον ὀνειρείης ἀπεσεῖσατο δηιοτήτος,
 ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσας πολεμήμιον· εἶχε δὲ θυμῷ
 μαντιπόλου φόβον αἰνὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὀνείρου· 175

μιμηλῆς γὰρ ὅπωπε μάχης ἴνδαλμα Λυκούργου
 ἔσσομένων προκέλευθον, ὅτι θρασὺς ἔνδοθι λόχμης
 δύσμαχος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο λέων λυσσωδεῖ λαιμῷ
 Βάκχον ἔτι σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα σιδήρου
 εἰς φόβον ἐποίησε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἄχρι θαλάσσης 180
 κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι, πεφυζότα θηρὸς ἀπειλήν·
 καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ὅπωπε, λέων θρασὺς ὅτι γυναικάς
 θυρσοφόρους ἐδίωκε, κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,

° From the earth.

ῃ Since it is the wrong end of the day for "dawn" to be literal, Nonnos presumably means the afterglow, which he

when the twilight air darkened and lit up the spangled stars with faint light, when Phaëthon set under the cone of shadow ^a and left on his way behind a small trace yet of the day, ^b when silent Night shrouded the west in her own colour, and scored the sky across with her own starry cloak. Then after the tipsy bowl and after the feast of the table, Botrys together with his father, and Dionysos dispenser of wine, went off in a line, each to his separate wellstrown bed ; they took the boon of sleep, and had traffic with dreams.

¹⁶⁶ But when the morning twilight, shining messenger of Dawn, ^c cut through the edge of fading mist with rosy sparkles, then long-haired Bacchos leapt up early from his bed, shaken by the hope of victory. For in the night he had destroyed the Indian race with his ivytwined thyrsus, busy in the illusive image of a dream-battle. The noise of Satyrs and the rattle of javelins falling on his ears, shook off the din of his dreamland warfare and scattered that warlike sleep. But dreadful fear was in his heart that the dream foreboded some threatening danger. For in this unreal spectacle he had seen an image of his battle with Lycurgos, ^d prophetic of things to come. In a forest, a bold formidable lion leapt from a rock with deathly jaws upon Bacchos, while he was dancing and still without weapons, and scared him to flight, driving him down to the sea where he hid under water, fleeing from the dangerous beast. He saw another terror besides—how the bold lion chased the thyrsus-bearing women with gaping thinks of as a sort of evening-dawn (as we speak of morning-twilight). But elsewhere *ἡώς* seems to be simply a day.

^c Perhaps false dawn is meant ; *ὄρθρος* is usually the dark period before dawn.

^d See xx. 188 ff.

αἰμάσσων ὀνύχεσσι, χαρασσομένων δὲ γυναικῶν
 μύστιδος ἐκ παλάμης ἐκυλίνδετο θύσθλα κονίη, 185
 κύμβαλα δ' ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο·

μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχη
 δεσμὰ λεοντείοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε γενείοις
 σειρὴν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπισφίγξασα καρήνω,
 ἀγχοῖω δὲ λέοντος ἐπέπλεκεν αὐχένα δεσμῶ·
 θηρὶ δὲ θῆλυς ὄμιλος ἐπέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω, 190
 καὶ βλοσυροὺς ἐχάραξε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἀκάνθαις·
 καὶ μόγις εἰλικόεντι περιζωσθέντα κορύμβω
 Ἄρτεμις ἐζώγρησεν· ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
 ἄστεροπὴ πυρόεσσα καταΐξασα προσώπου
 θῆρα παλινδίνητον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ὀδίτην. 195

Τοῖον ὄναρ Διόνυσος ἐσέδρακεν· ἐκ λεχέων δὲ
 ὀρθὸς ἐὼν ἔνδυνε φόνω πεπαλαγμένον Ἰνδῶν
 χάλκεον ἄστερόεντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
 καὶ σκολιῶ μίτρωσε κόμην ὀφιώδει δεσμῶ,
 καὶ πόδας ἐσφήκωσεν ἐρευθιόωντι κοθόρνω, 200
 χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε, φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐννοῦς·
 καὶ Σάτυρον κίκλησκεν ὀπάονα· θεσπεσίην δὲ
 Βακχείων στομάτων αἰὼν ἀντίκτυπον ἤχῳ
 κοίρανος ἔγρετο Βότρυς, ἐὼν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα·
 καὶ Πίθον ὑπνώοντα . . .

Μέθη δ' ὡς ἔκλυε φωνῆς, 205
 κρᾶτα μόγις κούφιζε, βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
 ὀκναλή πάλιν εὔδε· καὶ ὄρθριον εἰσέτι νύμφη
 μίμνεν ἀμεργομένη γλυκερώτερον ὕπνον ὀπωπαῖς,
 ὄψε δὲ λέκτρον ἔλειπεν ἐῷ βραδυπειθεί ταρσῶ.

Καὶ Στάφυλος φιλόβοτρυς ἐφωμάρτησε Λυαίω 210
 εἰς ὁδὸν ἐσσυμένῳ ξεινήια δῶρα τιταίνων,
 χρύσειον ἀμφιφορῆα σὺν ἀργυρέοισι κυπέλλοις,
 οἷς πάρος αἰὲν ἔπινεν ἀμελγομένων γλάγος αἰγῶν·

throat and gored them with his claws ; as the women were torn, their gear fell from their mystic hands and rolled in the dust, their cymbals lay on the ground. Then a Bacchant turned, and muzzled the lion's jaws by tying a string of vineleaves over his head, and wreathed his neck lightly in a noose. Then crowds of women ran up to the beast one upon another, and scratched with brambles the ugly pads and paws. At last Artemis saved him alive with difficulty, entangled in the clustering meshes ; and from the bosom of the sky a flash of lightning shot into the beast's face, and made him a blind vagabond of the roads.

¹⁹⁶ Such was the dream Dionysos had seen. Rising from his bed, he donned about his chest the star-spangled corselet of bronze stained with Indian blood, and entwined his hair with a circlet of writhing snakes, and wedged his feet in the reddened boots, took thyrsus in hand—that flowery spear of Enyo—and called a servant Satyr. Prince Botrys, hearing the echoing call from the divine lips of Bacchos hard by, roused himself, put on his own dress, and called to sleeping Pithos. When Methe heard the voice, she reluctantly lifted her heavy head, and letting it fall lazily, went to sleep again ; all through the morning the queen still remained with her eyes gathering the most sweet bloom of sleep. At last she left her bed with slow unwilling foot.

²¹⁰ Staphylos the grapelover attended upon Lyaïos, offering him the guest's gifts as he was hasting for his journey : a two-handled jar of gold with silver cups, from which hitherto he used always to quaff

NONNOS

καὶ πόρε ποικίλα πέπλα, τά περ παρὰ Τίγριδος ὕδωρ
 νήματι λεπταλέω τεχνήσατο Περσὶς Ἀράχνη. 215
 καὶ Βρομίῳ πολύδωρος ἄναξ ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν.
 “ Μάρναό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἄξια ῥέζει τοκῆος·
 δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίδαο φέρεις γένος· ἀρτιθαλῆς γὰρ
 Γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου
 σὸς γενέτης ἔτι κούρος· ἐπείγεις καὶ σὺ κυδοιμῶ 220
 Γηγενέων ὑπέροπλον αἰστώσαι γένος Ἰνδῶν.
 μέμνημαί τινα μῦθον, ὃν ἡμετέρῳ γενετῆρι 222
 Ἀσσύριός ποτε Βῆλος, ἐμῆς πολιούχος ἀρούρης, 229
 πατροπάτωρ ἐμὸς εἶπεν, ἐγὼ δέ σοι αὐτὸς ἐνὶ ψῶ· 224
 κουφίζων Κρόνος ὑγρὸς ἀμερσιγάμου γένυν ἄρπης, 223
 ὁππότε μητρώησιν ἐπεσσυμένοιο χαμεύναις 225
 τάμνεν ἀνυμφεύτων στάχυν ἄρσενα πατρὸς ἀρότρων. 227
 Τιτῆνων προκέλευθος, ἐμάρνατο σείο τοκῆι, 228
 καὶ Κρόνος εὐρυγένειος ἀνερρίπιζεν Ἐνυῶ 226
 ἔγχεα παχνήεντα κατὰ Κρονίωνος ἰάλλων, 230
 ψυχρὸν ἀκοντίζων διερὸν βέλος· ὄξυτενεῖς δὲ
 ἠερόθεν πέμποντο χαλαζήεντες ὀιστοί.
 καὶ πλέον Ἡελίοιο κορύσσετο πυρσοφόρος Ζεὺς
 θερμότερῳ σπινθῆρι λύων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ.
 ὤμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἐπὶ κλόνον Ἰνδὸν ἰμάσσω, 235
 μὴ τρομέοις ἐλέφαντας, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 Κάμπην ὑψικάρηνον ἀπηλοίησε κεραυνῶ,
 ἧς σκολιὸν πολύμορφον ὄλον δέμας· ἄλλοφυῆ γὰρ

^a The “ Persian Arachne ” means simply the skilful Persian weavers. Arachne, the skilled weaver who tried to rival Athena, is as natural a metonymy for “ weaving ” as “ Demeter ” for “ corn,” “ Ares ” for “ war ” and so on.

^b “ Icy ” spears are not mythological but astrological; Saturn is the cold planet. Jupiter on the contrary is hot.

the milk of milch-goats ; and he brought embroidered robes, which Persian Arachne ^a beside the waters of Tigris had cleverly made with her fine thread. Then the generous king spoke to Bromios :

²¹⁷ " Fight away, Dionysos, and do deeds worthy of your sire ! Show that you have the blood of Cronides in you ! For your father in his first youth battered the earthborn Titans out of Olympos, when he was only a boy : on then and do your part in the struggle, destroy the overweening nation of earth-born Indians ! I remember a tale which once my father heard from his father, Assyrian Belos the sovereign of my country ; this I will tell to you.

²²³ " Cronos still dripping held the emasculating sickleblade, after he had cut off the manly crop of his father's plow and robbed him of the Mother's bed to which he was hastening, and warred against your sire at the head of the Titans. Broadbeard Cronos fanned the flame of Enyo as he cast icy spears ^b against Cronion, shooting his cold watery shafts : sharp pointed arrows of hail were shot from the sky. But Zeus armed himself with more fires than Helios, and melted the petrified water with hotter sparks. Whip up now ravening lions to the Indian War ; fear not their elephants ! For your Zeus ruling in the heights destroyed highheaded Campe ^c with a thunderbolt, for all the many crooked shapes of her whole body.

^c Campe (the name usually means a caterpillar) was a monster which, in some later accounts of the war between Zeus and Cronos (reflected in Apollodoros i. 6), was set to guard the Hundred-handed giants and the Cyclopes in Tartaros. When Zeus needed their help, he freed them by killing Campe. Nonnos's description of her is based upon that of Typhoeus in Hesiod, *Theog.* 820 ff.

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λοξὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνερρίπιζον Ἐννώ
 χίλιοι ἐρπηστῆρες ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν 240
 ἰὸν ἐρευγομένων δολιχόσκιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῆν
 ἦνθεε πεντήκοντα καρῆατα ποικίλα θηρῶν·
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐβρυχάτο λεοντείοισι καρῆνοισι
 Σφιγγὸς ἀσημάντοιο τύπῳ βλοσυροῖο προσώπου,
 ἄλλα δὲ καπρείων ἀνεκῆκίεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων, 245
 συμφερτῆ δὲ φάλαγγι πολυσκυλάκων κεφαλάων
 Σκύλλης ἰσοτέλεστον ἔην μίμημα προσώπου·
 καὶ χροῖ μεσσατίῳ διφυῆς ἀνεφαίνετο νύμφη
 ἰοβόλοισι κομώουσα δρακοντείοισι κορύμβοις·
 τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ στέρνοισιν ἐς ἀκροτάτην πτύχα μηρῶν 250
 κητείαῖς φολίδεσσι νόθη τρηχύνετο μορφῆ
 ὑψιτενῆς· ὄνυχες δὲ πολυσπερέων παλαμάων
 λοξὸν ἐδοχμώσαντο τύπον γαμφώνυχος ἄρπης·
 ἐξ ὑπάτου δὲ τένοντος ἀμαιμακέτων διὰ νώτων
 σκορπίος αὐτοέλικτος ἐπήγορος αὐχένος οὐρῆ 255
 εἶρπε χαλαζήεντι τεθηγμένος ὄξει κέντρῳ·
 τοίη ποικιλόμορφος ἔλιξ κουφίζετο Κάμπη,
 καὶ χθόνα δινεύουσα καὶ ἡέρα καὶ βυθὸν ἄλμης
 ἵπτατο κυανέων πτερύγων ἑτεροζυγι παλμῶ,
 λαίλαπας αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὀπλίζουσα θυέλλας, 260
 Νύμφη Ταρταρίη μελανόπτερος· ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
 τηλεπόρους σπινθῆρας ἀνήρυγε φοιταλέη φλόξ·
 ἀλλὰ τόσην κτάνε θῆρα πατῆρ τεὸς αἰθέριος Ζεὺς,
 καὶ Κρονίην νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν Ἐννώ·
 γίνεο καὶ σὺ τοκῆι πανεῖκελος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸν 265
 Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα μετὰ Κρονίδην σὲ καλέσω,
 δήμιον ἀμήσαντα χαμαιγενέων στάχυν Ἰνδῶν·
 σοὶ μόθος οὗτος ἔοικεν ὁμοίος· ἀρχέγονον γὰρ
 σὸς γενέτης Κρονίοιο προασπιστῆρα κυδοιμοῦ
 ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι κεκασμένον υἱὸν ἀρούρης 270

²³⁸ " A thousand crawlers from her viperish feet, spitting poison afar, were fanning Enyo to a flame, a mass of misshapen coils. Round her neck flowered fifty various heads of wild beasts : some roared with lion's heads like the grim face of the riddling Sphinx ; others were spluttering foam from the tusks of wild boars ; her countenance was the very image of Scylla with a marshalled regiment of thronging dogs' heads. Doubleshaped, she appeared a woman to the middle of her body, with clusters of poison-spitting serpents for hair. Her giant form, from the chest to the parting-point of the thighs, was covered all over with a bastard shape of hard sea-monsters' scales. The claws of her wide-scattered hands were curved like a crooktalon sickle. From her neck over her terrible shoulders, with tail raised high over her throat, a scorpion with an icy sting sharp-whetted crawled and coiled upon itself.

²⁵⁷ " Such was manifoldshaped Campe as she rose writhing, and flew roaming about earth and air and briny deep, and flapping a couple of dusky wings, rousing tempests and arming gales, that blackwinged nymph of Tartaros : from her eyelids a flickering flame belched out far-travelling sparks. Yet heavenly Zeus your father killed that great monster, and conquered the snaky Enyo of Cronos. Show yourself like your father, that I may call you also destroyer of the earthborn next to Cronides, when you have reaped the enemy harvest of earthborn Indians.

²⁶⁸ " Your battle seems like his ; for your father in the conflict with Cronos brought low that champion of warfare with towering limbs, that excellent son

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Ἴνδὸν ἀπεπρήνιξεν, ὅθεν γένος ἔλλαχον Ἴνδοι·
 Ἴνδῶ σὸς γενέτης, σὺ δὲ μάρναο Δηριαδῆι.
 γινεὸ μοι καὶ Ἄρηι πανεῖκελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
 τηλικὸν ἐπρήνιξε θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἐχίδνης,
 φρικτὸν ἀποπτύοντα δυσειδέος ἰὸν Ἐχίδνης, 275
 ὃς λάχε διπλόον εἶδος ὁμόζυγον, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
 μητρώης δονέων ἐλικώδεα κύκλον ἀκάνθης·
 τὸν Κρόνος ἄπλετον εἶχε καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ,
 Ἄρεα συρίζοντα ποδῶν ὀφιώδει ταρσῶ,
 ὀππότε κουφίζων παλάμας ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ¹ 280
 Ζηνὶ τεῶ πολέμιζεν, ἐν ἠερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
 στοιχάδας ὑφιλόφῳ νεφέλας ἔστησε καρῆνῳ,
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ὄρνιθας ἐπιπλαγχθέντας ἐθείραις
 πολλακί συμμάρψας πολυχανδέι δαίνυτο λαιμῶ·
 τοῦτον ἀριστεύοντα τεὸς κτάνε σύγγονος Ἄρης. 285
 Ἄρεος οὐ καλέω σε χερεῖονα· καὶ γὰρ ἐρίζοις
 πᾶσι Διὸς τεκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ φονίῳ σέο θύρσῳ
 τόσσον ἀριστεύεις, ὅσσον δορὶ μάρναται Ἄρης,
 καὶ τελείεις, ἅτε Φοῖβος, ἀέθλια. θηροφόνον δὲ
 υἱὸν ἐγὼ Διὸς ἄλλον ἐμῶ ξείνισσα μελάθρῳ· 290
 χθιζὰ γὰρ εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον εὐπτερος ἤλυθε Περσεὺς
 γείτονα Κωρυκίῳ διαυγέα Κύδνον ἐάσας,
 ὡς σὺ, φίλος, καὶ ἔφασκεν ἐπώνυμον ὠκέι ταρσῶ
 ἀνδράσι παρ Κιλίκεσσι νεόκτιτον ἄστνυ χαράξαι·
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἠέρταζεν ἀθηήτιο Μεδούσης 295
 Γοργόνος ἄκρα κάρηνα, σὺ δ' οἶνοπα καρπὸν ἀείρεις,

¹ mss. and Ludwich *μηροῦ*: μαζοῦ H. J. R., cf. xxii. 328.

^a The giant Indos seems to have been invented for the occasion. Greeks, especially in later times, were very free with such stop-gap ancestors of peoples whose history they did not know, as Italos king of the Italians, Iudaios and Hierosolymos leaders of the Jews, and so forth. For some

of the soil, Indos, whence the Indians are sprung: your father fought Indos,^a you fight Deriades. Show me yourself like Ares, for he also brought low such another, Echidna's son, the gods' enemy, spitting the horrible poison of hideous Echidna. He had two shapes together, and in the forest he shook the twisting coils of his mother's spine. Cronos used this huge creature to confront the thunderbolt, hissing war with the snaky soles of his feet; when he raised his hands above the circle of the breast and fought against your Zeus, and lifting his high head, covered it with masses of cloud in the paths of the sky. Then if the birds came wandering into his tangled hair, he often swept them together into his capacious throat for a dinner. This masterpiece your brother Ares killed! I do not call you less than Ares; for you could challenge all the sons of Zeus; since with your bloodstained thyrsus you are a masterpiece as much as Ares warring with his spear, and your exploits are equal to Phoibos.

²⁸⁹ "Another destroyer of monsters, another son of Zeus I have entertained in my mansion. The other day Perseus came flying on wings to my house. He had lately left translucent Cydnos, the neighbour of Corycion, like you, my friend, and said he had marked out a newfounded city in Cilicia named after his own quick foot.^b He carried the head which had topped Gorgon Medusa whom no eye may see; and you carry the winefruit, that messenger of hearty

reason one of them, Corinthos son of Zeus, the founder of Corinth, won no favour except among his own people, and passed into a proverb for nonsensical tiresome talk.

^b Perseus (for whom *cf.* note on viii. 100) was said to have founded Tarsos (or Tarsoi, to give the city its older name).

ἄγγελον εὐφροσύνης, βροτέης ἐπίληθον ἀνίης·
 Περσεὺς κήτος ἔπεφνεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ,
 καὶ σὺ κατεπρήνιξας Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
 κτεῖνε δὲ Δηριάδην, ὡς ἕκτανες Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην 300
 κήτεος εἰναλίοιο κακώτερον· ἀχθυμένην μὲν
 Περσεὺς Ἀνδρομέδην, σὺ δὲ ῥύεο μείζονι νίκη
 πικρὰ βιαζομένην ἀδίκων ὑπὸ νεύμασιν Ἰνδῶν
 Παρθένον ἀστερόεσσαν, ὅπως ἓνα κῶμον ἀνάψω
 Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῆι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ.” 305

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἐῷ νόστησε μελάθρῳ
 ἄβρὸς ἄναξ, Βρομίου ξεινηδόκος· εἰσαῖων δὲ
 φθεγγομένου βασιλῆος ἐτέρπετο κέντορι μύθῳ
 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος, ἔβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 οὐασι θελγομένοισι μόθον πατρῶων ἀκούων· 310
 καὶ Κρονίδην νείκεσσε, καὶ ἤθελε μείζονα νίκη
 ἔσσομένην τριτάτην, διδύμην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,
 ζῆλον ἔχων Κρονίδαο. Φερέσπονδον δὲ καλέσσας,
 οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀπόσπορον, εἶκελον αὔραις,
 Ἰφθίμης σοφὸν νῆα, φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ.” 315

“Ὡ τέκος Ἐρμάωνος, ἐμοὶ πεφιλημένε κῆρυξ,
 τοῦτο μολῶν ἄγγελιον ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι·
 ‘κοίρανε, νόσφι μάχης ἢ δέχνησο δῶρα Λυαίου,
 ἢ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζε καὶ ἔσσειαι ἴσος Ὀρόντη.’”

Εἶπε· καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος

ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων 320

Ἡῶν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀταρπιτὸν ἦνυσε κῆρυξ,
 σκῆπτρον ἔχων γενετήηρος· ὁ δὲ χρυσέων ἐπὶ δίφρῳ
 βότρυν ἀερτάζων φρενοτερπέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης
 ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπ’ ἄστεος ἄστεα βαίνων

^a The Virgin of the Stars is the constellation Virgo, identified (for instance by Aratos, *Phaen.* 96 ff.) with Justice.

good cheer, the oblivion of mortal sorrow. Perseus killed the sea-monster beside the Erythraian Sea, and you have brought low the race of Erythraian Indians. Slay Deriades as you slew Orontes the Indian, one worse than the sea-monster. Perseus saved Andromeda in her affliction, do you save by a greater victory the Virgin of the Stars,^a bitterly oppressed at the nod of wicked Indians, that I may offer one triumphal feast for Gorgonslayer Perseus and Indianslayer Dionysos."

³⁰⁶ Having spoken thus, Bromios's host the luxurious king went back to his palace; and Dionysos thyrsus-mad was delighted to hear the spurring words of the royal voice. His ears bewitched with hearing of his father's battle, he was wild for a fight, he vied with Zeus, and wished for a third and greater future victory after the double defeat of the Indians, to rival Cronides. He summoned Pherespondos,^b one swift like the wind, the offspring of the heavenly herald, the clever son of Iphthime, and greeted him with friendly words :

³¹⁶ " Son of Hermaon, herald that I love, go take this message to proud Deriades : ' Prince, accept the gifts of Lyaïos without war, or fight against Bromios and you shall be like Orontes ! ' "

³²⁰ So he spoke, and the herald on swift shoes holding his father's rod travelled from land to land, until he made his way to the Eastern country. On a golden car, carrying the fruit of the vintage, the heartgladdening grape, he passed from city to city

Dionysos is to rescue her by overthrowing an unjust and violent people. The parallel is forced, but eased a little by the fact that Andromeda too is a constellation.

^a One of the Satyrs, Bringlibation, *cf.* xiv. 112.

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Ἄσσυρίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ἑῆς ἔπλησεν ὀπώρης, 325
 ἀγρονόμοις ὀρέγων σταφυληκόμον ἄνθος ἀλωῆς.

Ἄφρα μὲν ἀντολικοῖο παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὐρου
 φοιταλέω Σύρον οὐδας ἐμέτρεεν οἴνοπι δίφρω,
 τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σταφύλω μόρος ἔχραεν·

ἐν δὲ μελάθρω

δμῶες ἀνερρήξαντο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα, 330
 ἀμφίπολοι δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἐφονίσσοντο δὲ μαζοὶ
 τυπτόμενοι παλάμησι· πολυθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
 πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου.

Ἄψὲ δὲ δὴ παλίνορσος ἐρισταφύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων 335
 νοστήσας Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο Βότρυος αὐλήν,
 μνηστὶν ἔχων Σταφύλοιο φιλοστόργοιο τραπέζης·
 καὶ Πίθον ὡς ἐνόησε κατηφιῶντι προσώπῳ,
 πότμον ἐοῦ Σταφύλοιο σοφῇ μαντεύσατο σιγῇ
 αὐτόματος· καλέσας δὲ Μέθην ἐξείρετο μύθῳ·

“ Εἰπέ, γύναι, τί παθοῦσα τετὴν ἠλλάξαι μορφήν; 340
 αὐχμηρὴν ὀρώω σε, καὶ ἀστράπτουσαν ἑάσας·
 τίς τεὸν ἔσβεσε κάλλος ἀθέςφατον; οὐκέτι πέμπεις
 ἔμφυτον οἴνωπῆσι παρηίσι πορφύρεον πῦρ.
 καὶ σύ, γέρον, μὴ κρύπτε,

πόθεν τάδε δάκρυα χεύεις;

τίς τάμεν, εὐρυγένειε, τεὸν πώγωνα κομήτην; 345
 τίς πολιὴν ἤσχυνε; τίς ἔσχισε σείο χιτῶνα;
 καὶ σύ, φιλακρήτοιο Μέθης βλάστημα τεκούσης,
 τέκνον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο,

πόθεν λάχες ἄτριχα κόρησιν;

τίς φθόνος ἠμάλδυνε τετὴν ἐλικώδεα χαίτην;
 οὐ πλόκαμοι προχυθέντες ἐπ' ἀργυφῶν σέθεν ὤμων 350
 ἀπλεκέες Τυρίοιο μύρου πέμπουσιν αὐτμήν,
 οὐκέτι βακχευθέντος ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο καρήνου
 μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν οἰστεύουσι παρειαί.

with devious feet, and filled all the Assyrian land with his fruit, as he offered to the countrymen the grape-growing flower of the vineyard.

³²⁷ While in his gadabout winechariot he traversed the Syrian soil by the wing of Euros in the glowing east, death laid a hand on Staphylos. In the palace the servants tore the garments on their bodies, the attendants cried out in lamentation; breasts were beaten and reddened, the round cheeks of mourning women were torn with their nails as they sang the dirge.

³³⁴ It was late when Dionysos in his vinedecked car returned to Botrys's palace, remembering the amiable entertainment of Staphylos. Noticing the downcast looks of Pithos, he divined untold the fate of his friend Staphylos, proclaimed by the eloquent silence, and he called Methe and asked:

³⁴⁰ "Tell me, my lady, what trouble has changed your looks? I see you disordered, and I left you radiant. Who has quenched your unspeakable beauty? You show no longer the natural crimson glow on those cheeks once ruddy as wine! And you, ancient sir, hide not why you shed tears. Who has cut the flowing mass of your broad beard? Who has deranged that white hair? Who rent your garments? And you, son of Staphylos my friend, offspring of Methe your mother so fond of wine, why are your temples bare of the hair? What envious hand tore the curly locks? Your tresses no longer fall free over your shoulders, glossy like silver, breathing Tyrian frankincense, you no longer hold revel, your cheeks no longer emit a rosy sheen from your face.

πῶς φορέεις τάδε πέπλα χυτῆ ῥυπόωντα κονίη;
 πῆ μοι ἔβη Τυρίης βασιλήια πέπλα θαλάσσης; 355
 οὐκέτι γινώσκω σε μαραινομένοιο προσώπου.
 πῆ Στάφυλος σκηπτουῆχος ἀνήλυθεν, ὄφρα νοήσω;
 εἶπέ, τεὸν γενετῆρα τίς ἤρπασεν εἰς μίαν ὄρην;
 γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·
 φωνῆς ὑμετέρης οὐ δεύομαι· αὐτόματοι γὰρ 360
 σιγαλέον σέο πένθος ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ὀπωπαί·
 γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·
 δάκρυα σὰς ὀδύνας μαντεύεται, ἀσταλέοι δὲ
 πότμον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο τεοὶ βοόωσι χιτῶνες.
 ἐλπίδα δ' ἡμετέρην φθόνος ἤρπασεν· ὠισάμπην γὰρ 365
 Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν ἅμα Σταφύλω βασιλῆι
 χερσὶν ἀερτάζειν θαλαμηπόλον ἐσπέριον πῦρ,
 Βότρυος ἀγκιμάχοιο τελειομένων ὑμεναίων."

Why do you wear these robes soiled with streaks of dust? Why do I not see your royal robes of Tyrian purple? I no longer know you with this desolated countenance. Where has Prince Staphylos gone, pray let me know? Speak! who has robbed you of your father even for an hour? I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. I need no words from you, for your looks alone silently proclaim your mourning. I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. The tears reveal your pains, your disordered dress cries aloud the fate of Staphylos my friend. Envy has robbed me of my hope; for I did think that after the Indian War I should lift the evening torches in my hands, in company of King Staphylos, to wait on the consummated wedding of Botrys the comrade of my battles!"

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΝΝΕΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἐννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδει τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.

Ὡς φαμένου βαρὺ κέντρον ἔχων νεοπενθεί θυμῷ
κοῦρος ἀφωνήτῳ σφρηγίσσατο χεῖλα σιγῇ,
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις νικώμενος· ὄψε δὲ μήτηρ
οἰκτρὸν ἔπος κατέλεξε Μέθη χαίρουσα Λυαίῳ·

“ Ὑμετέρης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιπευτῆρα χορείης,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, κατεύνασε χάλκεος ὕπνος,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, Χαρωνίδες ἤρπασαν αὔραι.
δισσὸν ἐμοὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἐπέχραεν· ἀμπελόεις μὲν
Βάκχος ἐμὲ προλέλοιπε,

5

πόσις δ' ἐμὸς ἔμπεσε νούσω·
καὶ ξυνήν μεθέπεσκον ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀνίην,
καὶ Σταφύλῳ θνήσκοντι καὶ οὐ παρεόντι Λυαίῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεῆς, φίλε Βάκχε, πολυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
δός μοι σείο κύπελλον ἐνίπλεον, ὄφρα πιούσα
εὐνήσω βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ σέθεν οἴνω.
ἐλπὶς ἐμοί, Διόνυσε φιλεΐε, μῶνον ὀπώρην,
μῶνον ἴδω κρητῆρα, καὶ οὐκέτι δάκρυα λείβω.”

10

15

Ὡς φαμένην ἐλέαιρε, κερασσάμενος δὲ κυπέλλῳ
ἰκμάδα λυσιμέριμον ἀλεξικάκου πόρεν οἴνου

BOOK XIX

In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.

HE spoke ; and the lad sealed his lips with unvoiced silence, his mind heavy with the pangs of new inourning, and gave way to a helpless flow of tears. At last Methe his mother spoke a piteous word of greeting to Lyaïos :

■ “ Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, the sleepless watcher of your dances, has sunk in the brazen sleep^a : Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, Charon’s winds have carried away. A double burden of sorrow fell on me : Bacchos of the vine deserted me, my husband fell into sickness, and I cherished one common pain for both, Staphylos dying and Lyaïos far away. But give me, dear Bacchos, give me your cup full of your bubbling vintage ; that I may drink, and lull my heavy sorrow with your sorrowconsoling wine ! O Dionysos, my only hope, with your jubilant cry ! Let me only see the vintage, let me see the bowl, and I shed tears no more ! ”

¹⁷ He heard her words with pity ; he mixed, and in a cup gave the young man and the downcast

^a An epic phrase for death. It seems to be a metaphor from fetters, the sleep which will not let go.

NONNOS

παιδὶ νέω καὶ μητρὶ κατηφέι· καὶ πῖον ἄμφω
 τερψινῶν ῥαθάμιγγι μελίρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρης· 20
 καὶ στοναχὴν πρήνυε Μέθη καὶ Βότρυσ ἀνίην·
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε γυνὴ θελξίφροσι Βάκχῳ·

“ Ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος·
 οὐκέτ’ ἀνίη,

οὐκέτι πένθος ἔχει με Διώνύσοιο φανέντος·
 ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος· ὑμετέρῳ γὰρ 25
 δάκρυον ἐπρήνυα ποτῶ παιήονος οἴνου.
 οὐ πόσιν, οὐ πατέρος στενάχῳ μόρον,

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ

Βότρυος, ἣν ἐθέλης, νοσφίσσομαι· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
 Βάκχον ἔχω γενετῆρα καὶ υἷα καὶ παρακοίτην.
 ἔσπομαι, ἣν ἐθέλης με, καὶ εἰς τεὸν οἶκον ἰκάνω· 30

εἶην Βασσαρίδεσσιν ὁμόστολος· ἣν δ’ ἐθελήσης,
 κουφίζω σέο θύρσα καὶ ἡμερόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
 χεῖλεσι δ’ ἡμετέροις ἐπιλήνιον αὐλὸν ἐρείσω.
 χήρην μὴ με λίπης, μὴ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀέξω
 καὶ φθιμένου Σταφύλοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Διονύσου. 35
 Βότρυν ἔχεις θεράποντα· διδασκέσθω δὲ χορείας
 καὶ τελετὰς καὶ θύσθλα

καί, ἣν ἐθέλης, μόθον Ἰνδῶν·

καὶ μιν ἴδω γελόωντα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῶ
 ποσσὶ περιθλίβοντα τεῆς ὠδίνης ὀπώρης.
 γηραλέου δὲ Πίθου μιμνήσκεο, μὴ μιν ἐάσης 40
 σῆς τελετῆς ἀδίδακτον ἢ ἄμμορον ἠδέος οἴνου.”

Ὡς φαμένην θάρσυνε Μέθην γελόωντι προσώπῳ
 Βάκχος ἄναξ καὶ τοῖα φιλακρήτῳ φάτο νύμφῃ·

“ ὦ γύναι, ἀγλαόδωρε μετὰ χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην,
 εὐφροσύνης δώτειρα . . .

τερψίμβροτε μῆτερ Ἐρώτων, 45
 εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ·

mother that winejuice which resolves all cares and drives away all trouble. Both drank the honey-flowing stuff of the vintage with its mindsolacing drops. Methe and Botrys quieted their groaning pain; and then the woman spoke to Bacchos the heart-enchanter :

²³ “ You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light ! Grief holds me no more, pain no more, now Dionysos has appeared ! You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light ; for by your potion of healing wine I have quieted my tears. I mourn no more for husband, no more for a father’s death, even Botrys I will give up if it be your pleasure ; for I have Bacchos as father and son both, aye and husband. I will go with you even to your house, if it be your pleasure. I would join the company of Bassarids. If it be your will, I will lift your sacred gear and your lovely fruit, I will press my lips to the hoboy of the winepress. Leave me not a widow, that I may not cherish a double grief, my husband perished and Dionysos gone ! You have Botrys for a servant. Let him learn the dances, the sacred rites and sacred things, and if you please, the Indian War ; let me see him laughing in the inebriated winepress treading hard on the offspring of your vintage ! Remember old Pithos, and leave him not untaught of your rites or without a share of your delicious wine.”

⁴² She spoke ; Lord Bacchos encouraged Methe with laughing face, and thus he said to the wineloving queen :

⁴⁴ “ My lady, giver of glorious gifts second only to golden Aphrodite, bestower of hearty good cheer, . . . the joy of man and the mother of love, sit at the feast beside Lyaïos as he touches the feast !

NONNOS

ἔσσο Διωνύσω στεφανηφόρος, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη,
 ἄνθεσι μιτρωθείσα καὶ εὐαλδέσει κορύμβοις·
 στέμματα σῶν πλοκάμων τελέσει ζηλήμονα Νίκην.
 οἶνοχόον τελέσω σε μετὰ χρυσόθρονον Ἥβην· 50

ἔσσαι ἀμπελόεντι συναντέλλουσα Λυαίῳ
 Βακχείων ὁμόφοιτος ὑποδρήστειρα κυπέλλων,
 καὶ σε Μέθην καλέσουσι κόρον τερψίμβροτον οἴνου·
 Βότρυν ἐμῆς καλέσω λαθικηδέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης,
 καὶ σταφυλὴν φερέβοτρυν ἀπὸ Σταφύλοιο καλέσω 55
 ἡμερίδων ὠδίνα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἔερσην.

οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθε δυνήσομαι εἰλαπινάζειν,
 οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθεν ἐγὼ ποτε κῶμον ἐγείρω.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν Σταφύλοιο μεθυσφαλέος παρὰ τύμβῳ
 νηπενθῆς Διόνυσος ἀπενθέα θῆκεν ἀγῶνα· 60

καὶ τράγον εὐπώγωνα καὶ ἄρσενα ταῦρον ἐρύσσας
 διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ εὐφόρμιγγας ἐρίζειν
 Πιερικῆς ἐκάλεσεν ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀοιδῆς·
 διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ἀθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
 ἴδμονας εὐκελάδοιο λύρης μειλίξατο μύθῳ· 65

“ Ἀττικὸν ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρομεν·

ἀθλοφόρῳ γὰρ
 ἀνέρι νικήσαντι λιπόχροα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
 ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι δασὺν τράγον ἐγγυαλίξω.”

“Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο λυροκτύπος ἄνθορεν ἀνήρ,
 Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἀθαλπέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης, 70
 πλήκτρον ἔχων φόρμιγγι παρήγορον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ
 Ἀθίδος ὕμνοπόλου ναέτης ἀνόρουσεν Ἐρεχθεύς.
 ἄμφω δ’ εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλητῆρες ἀγῶνος

° Hebe served the nectar in Olympus before Ganymede came in.

Be garlandbearer for Dionysos, even as Aphrodite, girdled with flowers and luxuriant clusters. The chaplets upon your hair shall make Victory jealous! I will make you pourer of wine, next after Hebe^a goldenthrone. You shall rise a satellite star for Lyaïos of the vine, ever by his side to serve the Bacchanal cups, and man's joy, the surfeit of wine, shall bear your name, Methe. I will give the name of Botrys to the careconsoling fruit of my vintage, and I will call after Staphylos the carryberry bunch of grapes, which is the offspring of the gardenvines full of juicy liquor. Without Methe I shall never be able to feast, without Methe I will never rouse the merry revels."

⁵⁹ Such were his words. Then beside the tomb of reeling Staphylos, Dionysos the foe of mourning held a contest where no mourning was. He brought out a bearded goat and a vigorous bull and set them both as prizes, calling to the contest combatants well able to touch the harp in Pierian music; he set them both as prizes, and stirred up these athletes well acquainted with the melodious lute by making a courteous speech:

⁶⁶ "Here we begin an Attic^b revel. I will give the glossy bull to the man who wins the victory, and the shaggy goat I will give to the loser."

⁶⁹ When Bromios had spoken, up sprang a harper, Oiagros, a man of the cold Bistonian land,^c with the quill hanging to his harp. Hard upon him leapt up Erechtheus, a citizen of Attica the friend of music. Both moved into the midst of the assembly, com-

^b Because at Athens (ages later) the bull was the traditional prize for the best dithyrambic chorus, the goat for the best tragedy.

^c Part of Thrace.

φορμίγγων ἐλατῆρες· ἐμιτρώσαντο δὲ χαίτην
 δαφναίοις πετάλοισιν· ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλους. 75
 ἀρχόμενοι δ' ἐλέλιζον ἐθήμονι δάκτυλα παλμῶ
 ἑκταδῆς θλίβοντες ἀμοιβαίην στίχα νευρῆς
 ἄκρα περισφίγγοντες, ὅπως μῆτ' ὄρθιος εἶη,
 μὴ ποτε θηλύνειε παρειμένος ἄρσενα μολπήν.

Καὶ πρότερος κλήροιο τυχῶν τεχνήμονι ῥυθμῶ 80
 Κεκροπίης ναέτης κιθάρην ἐλέλιζεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
 μέλπων πάτριον ὕμνον, ὅτι “ ζαθέαις ἐν Ἀθήναις
 καὶ Κελεὸς ξείνισσε βίου παμμήτορα Δηῶ
 Τριπτολέμῳ σὺν παιδὶ καὶ ἀρχαίῃ Μετανείρῃ,
 καὶ σφισι καρπὸν ὄπασσεν, ὅτε χθονὸς αὐλακα νίφων 85
 Τριπτόλεμος σπόρον εὔρε φερεσταχύων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
 καὶ Κελεοῦ φθιμένοιο νεοδμήτῳ παρὰ τύμβῳ
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι θαλυσιας ἔστενε Δηῶ,
 ἀλλὰ παρηγορέουσα πάλιν θελξίφροني μύθῳ
 Τριπτολέμου βαρὺ πένθος ἀπέσβεσε

καὶ Μετανείρης· 90

οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον ἐῷ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
 Ἀσσυρίων σκηπτοῦχος· ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἀντὶ τραπέζης
 ὤπασεν Εὐΐα δῶρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
 καὶ Σταφύλου φθιμένοιο, φιλακρήτου βασιλῆος,
 υἱέα Βότρυν ἔπαυσε φιλοθρήνοιο μερίμνης, 95
 καὶ κινυρῆς ἀλόχοιο Μέθης εὐνησεν ἀνίην.”

Τοῖα σοφὸς φόρμιζε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ ῥυθμῶ
 πάντες ὁμοῦ θέλγοντο· σὺν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
 ἄρμενον ἡμερόφωνον ἐθάμβεον Ἀτθίδα μολπήν.

Δεύτερος αἰόλον ὕμνον ἄναξ Οἶαγρος ὑφαίνων, 100
 ὡς γενέτης Ὀρφῆος, ὁμέστιος ἠθάδι Μούσῃ,

DIONYSIACA, XIX. 74-101

peting as drivers of the harp. They had entwined leaves of laurel in their hair, and girt up their robes.

⁷⁶ With wonted nimbleness, they began to twangle away, running their fingers over the tensed strings and plucking each in turn, then tightening the pegs at the end, to make sure that the pitch was not too high, and yet that it should not go flat and turn womanish the manly tune.

⁸⁰ First the lot fell to Erechtheus of Cecropia^a; he twangled his harp, with a master's touch, for a song of his own country, and this is what he sang :

⁸² How in divine Athens Celeos entertained Deo the mother of all life, with Triptolemos his son and ancient Metaneira. Then how Deo gave them the corn, when Triptolemos found out how to scatter showers of seed from his chariot laden with ears all over the furrowed soil. And when Celeos died, how harvesthome Deo lamented beside the newbuilt sepulchre with unweeping eyes, and consoling them again with heartenchanting words, quenched the heavy grief of Triptolemos and Metaneira. Even so the sceptred king of Assyria had entertained Dionysos in his palace, and the Lord had requited the table with his Euian gifts and the fruitage of the vine; then after Staphylos died, that tippling king, he took away the gloomy care of Botrys his son and soothed the sorrow of Methe his mourning wife.

⁹⁷ Such was the lay of the harper poet, and all were alike enchanted with the music; they and the god with the thyrsus admired the Attic song with the lovely tones of the fit setting.

¹⁰⁰ Second, my lord Oiagros wove a winding lay, as the father of Orpheus who has the Muse his boon-

^a Athens.

NONNOS

δίστιχον ἄρμονίην ἀνεβάλλετο Φοιβάδι μολπῇ,
 παυροεπῆς, λιγύμυθος, Ἄμυκλαίῳ τινὶ θεσμῷ·

“ Εὐχαιτήν Ὑάκινθον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ Στάφυλον Διόνυσος αἰεὶ ζῶοντα τελέσσει.” 105

Οὗ πω κῶμος ἔληγεν, ἐπεφθέγγαντο δὲ λαοὶ
 εὐφήμοις ἐπέεσσιν ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
 καὶ Σάτυροι σμαράγησαν ἀολλέες· ἐκ δὲ θοώκου
 ἄστατος ἄλλετο Βάκχος, ἄνω καὶ ἔνερθε τινάσσων
 δεξιτερῆν, καὶ Βότρυς ἀνέδραμεν, εὐάδι φωνῇ 110
 ἄρμονίην εὐρυθμον ἀοιδοπόλοιο γεραίρων·

Οἰάγρου δὲ κάρηνον ἄναξ ἐστέψατο κισσῷ,
 καὶ γενέτης Ὀρφῆος ἐπιρρήσσων χθόνα ταρσῷ
 ἄσμενος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἐδέξατο μισθὸν ἀοιδῆς· 115
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στοιχηδὸν ἐπεσκίρτησαν ἑταῖροι.

καὶ τράγον εὐρυγένειον, ἄχος καὶ ζῆλον ἀέξων,
 αἰδομέναις παλάμησιν ἀνείρυσεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.

Εὐχαιτήσ δ' Ἰόβακχος, ἀφειδέει χειρὶ κομίζων,
 ἄξια θῆκεν ἄεθλα χοροπλεκέος περὶ νίκης,
 γηραλέου κρητῆρα θυώδεος ἔγκυον οἴνου, 120
 χρύσειον, ἄσπετα μέτρα κεχανδότα, διψάδι γαίῃ
 ἱκμάδα τετραέτηρον ἀναβλύζοντα Λυαίου,
 Ἐφαιστού σοφὸν ἔργον Ὀλύμπιον, ὃν ποτε Κύπρις
 ὠπασε βοτρυόεντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ·

μείονα δὲ κρητῆρα μέσῳ παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι 125
 ἀργύρεον, στίλβοντα, περίτροχον, ὃν ποτε Βάκχῳ
 δῶκεν ἄναξ Ἀλύβης ξεινήιον οἰκία ναίων,
 ἀφνειὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χθονίοιο μετάλλου
 ἀργυρέοις ἀγκῶσι μέλας λευκαίνεται¹ κευθμῶν,²

¹ λευκαίνεται mss., λευκαίνεται Hermann.

² ἀγκῶν mss. repeated from ἀγκῶσι, κῶθων Ludwig; perhaps κευθμῶν.

DIONYSIACA, XIX. 102-129

companion. Only a couple of verses he sang, a ditty of Phoibos, clearspoken in few words after some Amyclaiian style ^a :

Apollo brought to life again his longhair'd Hyacinthos :
Staphylos will be made to live for aye by Dionysos.

¹⁰⁶ Before the ceremonial was well ended, the people broke out into loud acclamations of propitious words with one voice and one tongue, and all the Satyrs roared. Bacchos leapt from his seat in haste, waving his right hand up and down ; Botrys ran up, crying Euoi and applauding the musical harmonies of the harper. The Lord crowned Oiagros's head with ivy, and the father of Orpheus stamped his foot on the ground, as he accepted with joy the untamed bull, the prize of the singing, while his companions danced round him in a row. The man of Athens carried off the bearded goat with shamed hands, full of sorrow and envy.

¹¹⁸ Now Iobacchos with flowing hair brought out worthy prizes in his generous hand, offered for victory in the woven dance : a mixer teeming with old fragrant wine, a golden bowl which held infinite measures, spilling on the thirsty earth Lyaïos's juice of four years old. This was an Olympian work of Hephaistos the great master, which Cypris once gave to her brother Dionysos of the vine. A lesser bowl also he set before the assembly, solid silver, shining and round, which Bacchos had once received as a guestgift from the king of Alybe ^b ; who lived in the rich country where the black hole of the mines in the earth was whitened with silver nooks. Round the

^a Spartan brevity. For Hyacinthos of Amyclai, see on x. 255.

^b See note on xi. 36.

τοῦ περι χεῖλεος ἄκρον ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι¹ καρήνω² 130
 κισσὸς ἔλιξ, χρυσέω δὲ πέριξ δαιδάλλετο κόσμῳ·
 τοῦτον ἄγων ἔστησε βαθυνομένῳ κενεῶνι
 ληνὸν ἔτι πνεύοντα νεώτερον ὄγκον ὀπώρης,
 γλεῦκος, ἀνυμφεύτοιο μέθης ποτόν· οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ
 ἀνέρα νικηθέντα πιεῖν ἀμέθυστον ἔερχην. 135

Ἄλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄεθλα μέσῳ στήριξεν ἀγῶνι,
 ἴδμονας ὀρχηθμοῖο καλέσσατο μάρτυρι φωνῇ·
 "Ὅς τις ἀεθλεύσει κυκλούμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῶ
 νικήσας τροχαλοῖο ποδὸς κρίσιν, οὗτος ἐλέσθω
 καὶ χρύσειον κρητῆρα καὶ ἠδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου· 140
 ὃς δὲ πέση σφαλεροῖο ποδὸς δεδονημένος ὀλκῶ,
 ἦσσονα δ' ὀρχήσαιτο, καὶ ἦσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω·
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάντεσσιν ὁμοῖος· ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
 ἀνέρι νικήσαντι χοροίτυπον ἀβρὸν ἀγῶνα
 οὐ τρίποδα στίλβοντα καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον ὀπάσσω, 145
 οὐ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἰνδῶν,
 δίσκον ἐς ἰθυκέλευθον ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων·
 οὐδὲ ποδωκείης τέταται δρόμος, οὐ δορὸς αἰχμῇ
 τηλεφόρου· Σταφύλῳ δέ, καταφθιμένῳ βασιλῆϊ,
 ἀνδρὶ φιλοσκάρθμῳ, φιλοπαίγμονα ταρσὰ γεραίρω· 150
 οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνη γυιαλκεί δῶρα τιταίνω,
 οὐ δρόμος ἵπποσύνης, οὐκ Ἥλιδός εἰσιν ἀγῶνες,
 οὐ δρόμος Οἰνομάου γαμβροκτόνος· ἡμετέρη γὰρ
 νύσσα χορός, βαλβίδες ἐπισκιρτήματα ταρσῶν,
 χεῖρ τροχαλῇ καὶ σκαρθμὸς ἔλιξ,
 καὶ νεῦμα προσώπου 155

¹ ἀμπελόεντι MSS., ὀμφαλόεντι Ludwig.

² καρήνω MSS., Ludwig, κορύμβω Graefe, Marcellus, Koechly.

⁴ The poet has in mind Theocritus i. 29. If καρήνω can mean the top of the brim it may stand, but the scribe is
 100

edge of the lip, on the bossy brim, was ivy twining over bunches of grapes in fine patterns of gold all round.^a This he brought and laid before them with deep belly still breathing the winepress, stuff of a younger vintage, must, a draught of unmated potation^b; for who would grudge a defeated man to drink of dew that cannot inebriate?

¹³⁶ When Bacchos had laid his prizes before the company, he called out the masters of the dance with attesting voice :

¹³⁸ " Whoso shall contend circling with expert foot and win the match of nimble steps, let him take both the golden bowl and the delicious wine that fills it ; but whoso staggers and totters on moving feet, and falls, and proves the worse dancer, let him accept the worse prize. For I am not like every one else. To the prizewinner who conquers in the dainty beating of the dance, I will give no shining tripod and no swift horse, no spear and corselet stained with blood of Indians ; I make no summons to marksmen for straight throwing with the quoit ; this is no race for speed of foot, no sharp spear cast at a distance. In honour of Staphylos, the dead king, a man who loved the dance, I celebrate the sportive steps he loved. I offer no prizes for wrestlers with straining muscles ; this is no race for horsemanship, no games of Elis,^c this is no course of Oinomaos with death for his goodsons.^d My turning-point is the dance, my starting-point the skipping feet, the beckoning hand, the pirouette, the nods and becks and glances obviously careless just here. (There is no place for a " knob " on a mixer, and no mention of one either.) The bunches of grapes stand out in bosses, *ὄμφαλοί*, all around the rim.

^b Without water.

^c The Olympian Games.

^d See note on xi. 271.

NONNOS

ἄστατα κινυμένοι, καὶ αὐδήεσσα σιωπῇ
δάκτυλα δινεύουσα καὶ ὄρχηστῆρος ὀπωπῆν.”

Τοῖον ἔπος φαμένου κερόεις Σειληνὸς ἀνέστη,
καὶ τριγέρων βαρύθοντι Μάρων ἀνεπήλατο ταρσῶ
χρῦσεον ἀστράπτοντα μέγαν κρητῆρα δοκεύων, 160
οὐχ ὅτι χρῦσεος ἦεν ὑπέρτερος, ἀλλ' ὅτι μῦνον
εἶχεν ἔυρραθάμιγγα παλαιάτατον ὄγκον ἑέρσης
ἄκρου χεῖλεος ἄχρις· ἔρως δέ μιν ἠδέος οἴνου
θῆκε νέον, πολὴν δὲ βιήσατο Βακχιάς ὀδμή·
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν ἐῆς πειρώμενος ἀλκῆς, 165
μὴ βαρὺ γῆρας ἔπαυσε λελασμένα γυῖα χορείης.
καὶ ψυχὴν Σταφύλοιο γέρων μελιξάτο φωνῇ,
νηφάλιον λασίῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι.

“ Εἰμὶ Μάρων, συνάεθλος ἀπενθήτοιο Λυαίου·
δακρυχέειν οὐκ οἶδα· τί δάκρυσι καὶ Διονύσῳ; 170
κύκλα ποδῶν ἐμὰ δῶρα ταφήμια σῶ παρὰ τύμβῳ·
δέξό με μειδιόωντα· Μάρων οὐκ οἶδε μερίμνας,
οὐ γόον οἶδε Μάρων, οὐ πενθάδος ὄγκον ἀνίης·
ἱμερόεις πέλε λάτρις ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.
ἴλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, καὶ εἰ πῖες ὕδατα Λήθης, 175
δὸς χάριν, ὄφρα πίοιμι παλαιγενέος χύσιν οἴνου,
Σειληνὸς δὲ νέης πῖετῳ νέον ὄγκον ὀπώρης.
καὶ Σταφύλῳ μετὰ πότμον, ἄτε ζῶντι, χορεύσω,
ὅττι χορὸν προβέβουλα φιλοκνίσιοιο τραπέζης·
σοί, Στάφυλε, ζῶντι καὶ οὐ πνεῖοντι χορεύω 180
κῶμον ἀνακρούων ἐπιτύμβιον· εἰμὶ δὲ Βάκχου,
οὐ θεράπων Φοῖβοιο, καὶ οὐ μάθον αἴλινα μέλπειν,
οἶα παρὰ Κρήτεσσιν ἀναξ' ἐλίγαιεν Ἀπόλλων
δακρυχέων ἑρατεινὸν Ἀτύμνιον· Ἡλιάδων δὲ

^a A neat turn of the proverb οὐδὲν πρὸς τὸν Διόνυσον, “nothing to do with the case.”

^b See note on xi. 130.

of the expressive face, speaking silence, which twirls the signalling fingers, and the dancer's whole countenance."

¹⁵⁸ When he had ended his speech, up rose horned Seilenos, and antediluvian Maron got up on heavy foot, with his eyes on the great mixer of shining gold : not because the golden was the better, but because this alone contained the oldest wine and the finest stuff, filling it to the brim. His passion for this lovely wine made him young again, and the Bacchic aroma was too much for his gray hair. He twirled his feet round testing his strength, to see if heavy old age had made his limbs forget how to dance. The old man tried to appease the soul of Staphylos by the words that poured sober enough out of his shaggy beard :

¹⁶⁹ " I am Maron, comrade of Lyaïos who cannot mourn. I know not how to shed tears ; what have tears to do with Dionysos ?^a Reels and jigs are the gifts I offer at your tomb. Accept me smiling : Maron knows no cares, Maron knows not groans, nor the burden of melancholy sorrow. He is the lovely lackey of Dionysos who cannot mourn. Be gracious to your Maron, even if you have drunk the water of Lethe ! Grant me this boon, that I may drink that store of old wine, and let Seilenos drink the new stuff of a new vintage !

¹⁷⁸ " I will dance for Staphylos after death, as if he were living, for I rate the dance above the steamloving table. For you I dance, Staphylos, both living and not breathing, and strike up a funeral revel. I am a servant of Bacchos, not of Phoibos, and I never learnt to sing dirges, such as Lord Apollo sang in Crete shedding tears for Atymnios^b the beloved. I am a

ξείνος ἐγὼ γενόμεν, ἀλλότριος Ἑριδανοῖο 185
 εἰμί, νόθος Φαέθοντος ὀλωλότος ἠνιοχῆος·
 οὐ Σπάρτης ναέτης, οὐ πένθιμον ἄνθος ἀείρω
 σείων ἄβρα πέτηλα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων.
 σήμερον, εἰ Μίνωι παρήμενος ἴσα δικάζεις,
 εἴτε καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἔχεις Ῥαδαμάνθου ἀυλήν, 190
 Ἑλυσίου λειμῶνος ἐν ἄλσεσιν ἄβρον ὀδεύων,
 κέκλυθι σείο Μάρωνος· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἀντὶ κυπέλλων
 ἀσπόνδοις στομάτεσσιν ἐρεύγομαι ἔμφρονα λοιβήν·
 ἴλαθι σείο Μάρωνι, δίδου δέ μοι οἶνοπα νίκην,
 νίκην πασιμέλουσαν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ὑψόθι τύμβου 195
 σπείσω ἐμῶν χρυσέων πρωτάγρια καλὰ κυπέλλων
 ἀρχόμενος κρητῆρος ἐμῆς μετ' ἀέθλια νίκης."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐχόρευε Μάρων ἐλικώδει ταρσῶ,
 δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
 σιγῆν ποικιλόμυθον ἀναυδέι χειρὶ χαράσσω· 200
 ὀφθαλμοὺς δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονας, εἰκόνα μύθων,
 νεύματι τεχνήεντι νοήμονα ῥυθμὸν ὑφαίνων·
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐτίνασσε καὶ ἤθελε βόστρυχα σείειν,
 εἰ μὴ γυμνὰ μέτωπα λιπότριχος εἶχε καρῆνου.
 οὐδὲ μὲν, οἷα γέρων Τιτήνιον αἶμα κομίζων, 205
 ἔγραφε φωνήεντι τύπῳ Τιτηνίδα φύτλην,
 οὐ Κρόνον ἢ Φάνητα παλαιότερον, οὐδὲ γενέθλην
 Ἑλίου Τιτήνος ὁμόχρονον ἤλικι κόσμῳ·
 ἀλλὰ λιπὼν ξύμπαντα καὶ ἀρχαίης χύσιν ὕλης
 οἶνοχόον Κρονίδαο σοφῆ ποίκιλλε σιωπῆ 210
 Ζηγὶ δέπας τανύοντα καὶ ἀθανάτων χορὸν ἄλλων
 αἰὲν ἐπασσυτέροισιν εὐφραίνοντα κυπέλλοις,
 ἢ ζαθέην προχέοντα κατὰ κρητῆρος ἔερσην·

^a See note on ii. 153.

^b See note on ii. 152, xi. 32.

stranger to the Heliads.^a I am alien to Eridanos,^b not connected with Phaëthon the charioteer who perished; I am no burgher of Sparta, I wear not the mourning flowers or shake the dainty petals of the lamenting iris.^c

¹⁸⁹ "To-day, if you sit by the side of Minos as an equal judge, or if you possess the flowery court of Rhadamanthys, and pick your dainty way in the groves and meadows of Elysium, listen to your Maron: instead of cups, without libation, I mouth out for you a drinkoffering full of sense. Be gracious to your Maron, and grant me a victory of wine, the victory to be famous among all! Then I will pour over your tomb the first spoils of my golden cups, the first lovely drops from the bowl after I win my prize for victory!"

¹⁹⁸ So saying, Maron danced with winding step, passing the changes right over left, and figuring a silent eloquence of hand inaudible. He moved his eyes about as a picture of the story, he wove a rhythm full of meaning with gestures full of art. He shook his head and would have tossed his hair, but hair he had none; both head and face were bare. He did not what an old man of Titan blood might have done, show the Titan race in his speaking picture, not Cronos or Phanes^d more primeval still, nor the breed of Titan Helios as old as the universe itself: no, he left all the confusion of that ancient stuff—he depicted with wordless art the cupbearer of Cronides offering the goblet to Zeus, or pouring the dew divine to fill up the bowl, and the other immortals in company ever enjoying cup after cup.

^a *i.e.* I don't know how to keep the (mournful) Hyacinthia.

^d See on ix. 141.

ἦν δέ οἱ ἄρμονίη γλυκερὸν ποτόν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
 νέκταρ ἄρνομένην ὠρχήσατο παρθένον Ἑβην· 215
 εἰς Σατύρους δ' ὀρόων Γανυμήδεος ἔγραφε μορφὴν
 χερσὶν ἀφωνήτοισι, καὶ ὁππότε δέρκετο Βάκχας,
 Ἑβην χρυσοπέδιλον ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ.

Τοῖα Μάρων ἐχάρασσε

πολύτροπα δάκτυλα πάλλων,
 καὶ ποδὸς εὐρύθμοιο σοφὴν ἀνεσεύρασεν ὀρμήν, 220
 ἀσταθέος τελέσας πολυκαμπέα μέτρα χορείης.
 ἴστατο δὲ τρομέων, δεδοκμημένος ὄμματι λοξῶ,
 τίς τίνα νικήσειε, τίς εἰς ἔόν οἶκον ἰκάνοι
 μείζονα καὶ πλήθοντα μέθης κρητῆρα κομίζων.

Σειληνὸς δ' ἐχόρευε· πολυστρέπτοιο δὲ τέχνης 225
 σύμβολα τεχνήεντα κατέγραφε σιγαλέῃ χεῖρ.
 καὶ παλάμαις τότε τοῖος ἔην τύπος, ὥς ποτε πολλῇ
 υἱεὶ Κυρήνης ἔρις ἔμπεσε καὶ Διονύσῳ
 ἀμφὶ πότου, μάκαρες δὲ συνήιον· οὐ τότε πυγμῇ,
 οὐ δρόμος, οὐ τότε δίσκος ἀέθλια· παιδὶ δὲ Φοῖβου 230
 ὄργανα κείτο κύπελλα μεμηλότα καὶ Διονύσῳ
 καὶ δίδυμοι κρητῆρες, ὁ μὲν χρονίου χύσιν οἴνου,
 ὃς δὲ φέρων νέα δῶρα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης·
 καὶ Κρονίδης ἐκάθητο δικασπόλος, ἀθλοφόροις δὲ
 ἀβρὸς ἀγῶν τετάνυστο μελισταγέος περὶ νίκης· 235
 ὄργανα κείτο κύπελλα·

καὶ, ὥς χρυσόπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
 αὐτὸς Ἐρως ἐρόεις ἐναγώνιος εἰς μέσον ἔστη,
 χειρὶ μιῇ καὶ κισσὸν ἔχων καὶ θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
 Βάκχῳ κίσσινον ἄνθος, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ προτείνων
 στέμμασι Πισαίοισιν εἰκότα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης, 240
 Παλλάδος ἀγνὸν ἄγαλμα. μελικρήτῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ

His poet's theme was the sweet potion. Aye, he danced also the maiden Hebe herself drawing the nectar ; when he looked at the Satyrs, with voiceless hands he acted Ganymedes, or when he saw the Bacchant women, he showed them goldenshoe Hebe in a picture having sense without words.

²¹⁹ So Maron sketched his designs in pantomime gestures, lifting rhythmic feet with the motions of an artist, as he trod the winding measures of his unresting dance. Then he stood still trembling, and watched with shifty eye who should beat whom, who would go home with the larger bowl full of wine.

²²⁵ Now Seilenos danced : his hand without speech traced the cues of his art in all their intricate mazes. This is what he acted with gesturing hands : how once a great quarrel arose between Cyrene's son^a and Dionysos over their cups, and the Blessed gathered together. There was no boxing, no running, no quoit in that contest : cups were the well-used tools ready for Phoibos's son and Dionysos, and a couple of mixingbowls, one containing old wine, one with the gift of the sprigloving bee all fresh. Cronides sat in the seat of judgement. The competitors had before them a luscious match for a honeydrop victory ; cups were the tools ; and like another Hermes^b with golden wings, lovely Eros himself came forward to preside in the ring, holding in one hand both ivy and an olive-branch. He offered to Bacchos the flowering ivy, to Aristaios the olive-branch like the garlands of Pisa,^c the holy ornament of Pallas.

^a Aristaios : see v. 215, 292, xiii. 253.

^b Hermes presided at all contests.

^c The victor's garland at Olympia.

NONNOS

πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος κεράσας ὠδίνα μελίσσης
 ὤρεγεν ἀθανάτοισι σοφὸν ποτόν, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλω
 εὐφραίνων, καὶ ἔνειμε δέπας στοιχηδὸν ἐκάστῳ·
 τοῖσι μὲν ἀρχομένοισιν ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἔέρσης 245
 ὀξύτατος κόρος ἔσκειν, ἀρνομένων δὲ κυπέλλων
 τὸ τρίτον ἠρνήσαντο, καὶ οὐχ ἠψαντο τετάρτου,
 καὶ μέλιτος μέμψαντο ταχὺν κόρον· ἠδυπότου δὲ
 ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσω
 κούφισε δισὰ κύπελλα καὶ ὤρεγε δίζυγι παλμῷ 250
 τὸ πρῶτον Κρονίδη, τὸ δὲ δεῦτερον ὤπασεν Ἡρῆ,
 πατροκασιγνήτῳ τρίτατον δέπας ἐννοσιγαίῳ·
 ἐξείης δ' ἅμα πᾶσι θεοῖς καὶ Ζηνὶ τοκῆι
 τερπομένοις ἐκέρασσε, κατηφιόνωντι δὲ μούνῳ
 μειδιῶν ἐτίταινε δέπας ζηλήμονι Φοίβῳ· 255
 οἱ δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι νόον θέλγοντο κυπέλλοις,
 διψαλέοι δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον αἰεὶ γίνοντο πiónτες,
 καὶ πάλιν ἠτεον ἄλλο, καὶ οὐ κόρος ἔσκε κυπέλλων.
 ἀθάνατοι δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ἐπετρέψαντο δὲ Βάκχῳ
 οἰνάδος ἠδυπότοιο φέρειν πρεσβῆια νίκης· 260
 καὶ μεθύων ἀκίχητος Ἔρως, ὀχετηγὸς ἀγῶνος,
 κισσῷ βοτρυόεντι κόμην ἔστεψε Λυαίου.
 Τοῦτο σοφῆ παλάμῃ κερόεις Σειληνὸς ὑφαίνων
 δεξιτερὴν μὲν ἔπαυσε, πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ 265
 ἐκ χθονὸς ἠώρητο καὶ ἠέρι πέμπεν ὀπωπᾶς,
 πῆ μὲν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμόζυγα ταρσὰ συνάπτων,
 πῆ δὲ διαζεύξας ἕτεραλκεί πάλλετο τέχνη,
 ἄλλοτε πουλυέλικτος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χορευῶν
 ὀρθὸς ἐπὶ πτέρναις ἐλικώδει σείετο παλμῷ·

* That is, in the mixing-bowl. Honey with water and milk was familiar as an offering to the underworld deities, and

²⁴¹ First Aristaios made his mixture ^a with the travail of the bee, and offered the immortals his mingled honey in the cup, a potion cleverly compounded; he passed the goblet to each in turn one after another, and made their hearts glad. But after a first taste of the bubbling liquid, surfeit came at once: a third cup was filled and declined, and they would not touch a fourth. They found fault with the honey for this quick surfeit. Then richly-clad Dionysos drew from his mixer, full of sweet drink, lifted two cups and offered one with each hand, the first to Cronides, the second to Hera, then a third goblet to Earthshaker his father's brother. Then he mixed for the gods one and all with Father Zeus; they were all delighted, except disconsolate Phoibos alone, who was jealous, and the god smiled as he handed him the goblet. They enchanted their minds with cups in great abundance; drinking made them thirstier than before, they asked again for more, and could not get enough. Then the immortals loudly cheered, and gave Bacchos the chief prize for his delicious potion of wine. And Eros the ever-out-of-reach, the conductor of the game, drunken himself, crowned the hair of Lyaïos with a vine-and-ivy garland.

²⁶³ So horned Seilenos wove his web with neat-handed skill, and his right hand ceased to move. Then fixing his gaze on the sky, he leapt into the air with bounding shoe. Now he clapt both feet together, then parted them, and went hopping from foot to foot; now over the floor he twirled dancing round and round upright upon his heels and spun in a this was called *μελίκρητον*. Nonnos seems vaguely to have known that some kind of drink could be made of honey, but imagined that it was simply *μελίκρητον*, an ancient *eau sucrée*, and seems never to have heard of mead.

NONNOS

δεξιτερῶ δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐπεστηρίζετο ταρσῶ 270
 δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔχων ἐτέρου ποδός, ἢ γόνυ κάμψας
 συμφερταῖς παλάμησιν ἢ ἐκταδίην πτύχα μηρῶν
 Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος, ἔχων ποδὸς ὄρθιον ὄρμήν·
 καὶ πόδα λαιὸν ἄειρεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖο καὶ ὤμου
 κουφίζων ἐλικηδόν, ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ὑπὸ τέχνῃ 275
 καμπύλον ἠώρησεν ἐπ' αὐχένι ταρσὸν ἐλίξας·
 καὶ βαλίῃ στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο χορείης
 ὕπτιος αὐτοέλικτος ἐκάμπτετο κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
 πεπταμένην ἐπίκυρτον ἐς ἡέρα γαστέρα φαίνων,
 τὴν αὐτὴν στεφανηδὸν ἀτέρμονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων· 280
 καὶ κεφαλὴν πεφόρητο παρήγορος, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
 ἀπτομένη δαπέδοιο καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα κόνιης·
 καὶ ποδὶ λαχνηέντι πέδον Σειληνὸς ἀμύσσων
 ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῶ.
 καὶ τότε γούνατα κάμνε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρῆνου 285
 ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρη·
 καὶ ποταμὸς μορφοῦτο· δέμας δέ οἱ ἔβλυεν ὕδωρ
 χεύμασιν αὐτομάτοισιν· ἀμειβομένου δὲ μετώπου
 εἰς προχοὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐκυμαίνοντο κεραῖαι,
 καὶ ῥόθιον κορυφοῦτο κυκῶμενον ὕψι καρῆνου, 290
 καὶ βυθὸς ἰχθυόεις ψαμάθῳ κοιλαίνετο γαστήρ·
 Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀμειβομένη πέλε χαίτη
 εἰς θρόνον αὐτοτέλεστον· ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ γείτων
 ὀξυτενῆς σύριζε δόναξ δεδονημένος αὔραις
 αὐτοφυῆς. γλυκερὴν δὲ Μάρων ἀνεδήσατο νίκην, 295
 ἀγκὰς ἔχων κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον ἠδέος οἴνου·
 Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀέθλιον, οἷά τε λαιβὴν,
 ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα λαβῶν ἔρριψε ῥέεθροις,
 καὶ προχοᾶς ἐμέθυσσε χοροπλεκέος ποταμοῖο,
 χώρος ὅθεν κρητῆρος ἐπώνυμος, ἠδυπότου δὲ 300

DIONYSIACA, XIX. 270-300

circling sweep. He stood steady on his right foot holding a toe of the other foot, or bent his knee and caught it in his clasped hands, or held an outstretched thigh with the other leg upright, the heavyknee Seilenos ! He lifted the left foot coiling up to the side, to the shoulder, twining it behind him and holding it up until he brought the sole round his neck. Then with a quick turn of the backswerving dance, he artfully bent himself over, face up, in a hoop, showing his belly spread out and curved up towards the sky, while he spun round and round on one unchanging spot. His head hung down as he moved, as if it were always touching the ground and yet not grazing the dust. So Seilenos went scratching the ground with hairy foot, restlessly moving round and round in his wild caperings.

²⁸⁵ At last his knees failed him ; with shaking head he slipt to the ground and rolled over on his back. At once he became a river : his body was flowing water with natural ripples all over, his forehead changed to a winding current with the horns for waves, the turbulent swell came to a crest on his head, his belly sank into the sand, a deep place for fishes. As Seilenos lay spread, his hair changed into natural rushes, and over the river his pipes made a shrill tune of themselves as the breezes touched them.

²⁹⁵ But Maron crowned himself with the sweets of victory, and held in his arms the mixer stuffed with delicious wine ; he took the silver bowl, the prize of Seilenos now a flood, and threw it into the river as a libation, where it intoxicated the currents of the dancing river. And so the place was named from the Mixer, and men still speak of the Euian water

Σειληνοῦ κελάδοντος ἀκούεται Εὐϊον ὕδωρ.
 καί τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε Μάρων ποταμηίδι πηγῇ·
 “ Οὐ σε Μάρων, Σειληνέ, βιάζεται· εἰς σέ δέ ρίψω
 οἶνον ἐρευθιόωντα καὶ οἰνοδόκον σε καλέσω.
 δέξο, μέθης ἀκόρητε, τεὸν μέθυ, δέχνησο Βάκχου 305
 ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, καὶ ἔσσειαι ἀργυροδίνης.
 εἰλιπόδη Σειληνέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι χορεύεις,
 σείο ποδῶν στροφάλιγγα καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοισι φυλάσσεις,
 εἰσέτι κωμάζεις διερὸν τύπον· ἀλλὰ σὺ Βάκχαις 310
 ἴλαθι καὶ Σατύροισι καὶ οἰνοδότῃσιν ὀπώραις,
 Σειληνοὺς δὲ φύλασσε, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης·
 ἀκροπότῃ δὲ Μάρωνι χαρίζεο, μηδέ σε νίκης
 ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτοντα καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσι νοήσω.
 ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἄεξε Μαρωνίδος οἶνον ὀπώρης·
 ἔσσο καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσω. 315
 νήπιε, τίς σε δίδαξεν ἀρειοτέροισιν ἐρίζειν;
 Σειληνὸς πάλιν ἄλλος, ὑπέρβιον αὐλὸν ἀμείβων,
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἤλυθε Φοίβω·
 ἀλλὰ ἔ γυμνώσας λασίου χροός, ἔρνεϊ δήσας,
 ἔμπνοον ἀσκὸν ἔθηκε, καὶ ὑψόθι πολλάκι δένδρου 320
 ἐνδόμυχος κόλπωσε τύπον μιμηλὸν ἀήτης,
 οἶα πάλιν μέλποντος ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος·
 καὶ μιν ἐποικτείρων μορφώσατο Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ ποταμὸν ποίησεν ὁμώνυμον· εἰσέτι κείνου
 Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο φατίζεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ, 325
 καὶ κτύπον ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐρεύγεται, οἶα περ αἰεὶ
 ἀντιτύποις δονάκεσσι μελιζομένου Φρυγὸς αὐλοῦ.
 καὶ σὺ δέμας μετάμειψας ἀρείονι νεῖκος ἀνάψας

* No such river or place is known; but Crater may well have been the name of some mountain tarn, compare the Devil's Punchbowl.

DIONYSIACA, XIX. 301-328

of murmuring Seilenos full of sweet drink.^a Then Maron addressed these words to the running stream :

³⁰³ " Maron does you no harm, Seilenos. I will cast the ruddy wine into you and call you the Cellarer. Accept your drink, tippler never satisfied, accept the silver bowl of Bacchos, and you shall have silvery eddies. Seilenos Twirlthefoot, you dance even in your current, you keep the spinning of your feet even in your waves, you revel still in your watery shape. Then be gracious to Bacchants and Satyrs and winegiving vintage, and guard the Seilenoi of your own race. Be generous to Maron who drinks no heeltaps, and let me never see that you still keep a secret grudge among the rivers. Rather let your waters increase the wine of Maron's vintage, and be of one mind with Dionysos even among the rivers.

³¹⁵ " Foolish one, who taught you to strive with your betters? Another Seilenos there was,^b fingering a proud pipe, who lifted a haughty neck and challenged a match with Phoibos; but Phoibos tied him to a tree and stript off his hairy skin, and made it a windbag. There it hung high on a tree, and the breeze often entered, swelling it out into a shape like his, as if the shepherd could not keep silence but made his tune again. Then Delphic Apollo changed his form in pity, and made him the river which bears his name.^c Men still speak of the winding water of that hairy Seilenos, which lets out a sound wandering on the wind, as if he were still playing on the reeds of his Phrygian pipe in rivalry.

³²⁸ " So you also have changed your shape by challenging one better than you, just like the earlier

^a Marsyas the Satyr; see i. 42.

^c A river flowing into the Maeander.

Σειληνῶ προτέρῳ πανομοίος. ἀλλὰ σὺ νύμφην
 μηκέτι μαστεύσειας ἀσάμβαλον ἠθάδα Βάκχην, 330
 Βάκχην λυσιθέιραν ὀρειάδα· λυσικόμων γὰρ
 Νηιάδων ἀπέλεθρος ἐυφραίνει σε γενέθλη.
 μηκέτι μαστεύσης ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ Λυαίου,
 ἐγγέλους μεθέπων σκολιὴν ὠδίνα ῥεέθρων,
 καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσιν ἀρηρότες ἀντὶ δρακόντων 335
 ἰχθύες ὑμετέροισιν ἐφερπύζουσι ῥεέθροις.
 εἰ δὲ σὺ βοτρυόεντος ἐνοσφίσθης Διονύσου,
 μᾶλλον ἐπολβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξεις·
 τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο τεῶν θρεπτῆρα ῥοάων
 Ζῆνα φέρων μετὰ Βάκχον, ὅλης γενετῆρα γενέθλης; 340
 ἀντὶ τεῶν Σατύρων ποταμῶν στίχες· ἀντὶ δὲ ληνοῦ
 Ὀκεανοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο χορεύεις.
 εἵκελον εἶδος ἔχεις καὶ ἐν ὕδασι· οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
 Σειληνὸν κομόωντα βοοκραίροισι μετώποις
 ταυρεῖην κερόεσσαν ἔχειν ποταμηίδα μορφήν.” 345
 Εἶπε Μάρων· καὶ πάντες ἐθάμβεον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
 Σειληνοῦ ζαχύτοιο κυβιστητῆρος ἰδόντες,
 ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα πολυγνάμπτου ποταμοῖο.

• In his capacity of weather-and-rain god.

Seilenos. You must no longer seek a barefoot Bacchant for your bride as before, that Bacchant of the mountains with flowing locks ; you have now for your pleasure the innumerable tribe of Naiads with flowing hair. Seek no longer the snaky wreaths of Lyaios ; eels are what you have to do with, the wriggling travail of the streams, and instead of serpents there are fishes with closefitted speckled scales crawling in your streams. And if you have parted from Dionysos and his grapes, I hold you the happier ; for you really make the grapes to grow ! What more could you want, when you have after Bacchos now Zeus^a to feed your streams, the Father of all creation ? Instead of your Satyrs you have your regiments of rivers ; instead of the winepress you dance on the back of murmuring Ocean. Even in the waters you are like what you were : it is proper that Seilenos, once proud of his horned forehead, as a river should have the horned shape of a bull.”^b

³⁴⁶ So Maron spoke ; and all wondered to see the winding waters of Seilenos the tumbling flood, the ever-turning river which was his very likeness.

^b Rivers were represented in this shape.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλήγα Λυκούργου,
εἰς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών· Σάτυροι δὲ σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
Βότρυος ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐναυλίζοντο μελάθροισι.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοις ἐπεκώμασαν οἰνάδες ᾠραι·
καὶ κτύπος ἦν τυπάνων ἐπιδόρπιος, ὄξυ δὲ σύριγξ
ἀμφιλαφῆς ἐλίγαιεν, ἀρνώμενοι δὲ κυπέλλοις 5
οἰνοχόοι μογέεσκον ἀλωφῆτῳ παρὰ δεῖπνῳ·
καὶ πλέον αἰτίζεσκον ὀπάονας οἶνον ἀφύσσειν
δαιτυμόνες σαίνοντες· ἀνεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχη
κύμβαλα δινεύουσα, φιλοσκάρθμοιο δὲ κούρης
ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐσεῖετο βόστρυχος αὔραις. 10

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις, καλέσας Σταφύλοιο γυναῖκα,
αὐχμὸν ἀποσμήξας ἐπεκόσμεεν οἶνοπι πέπλῳ·
καὶ Πίθον εὐρυγένειον ὄλον ῥυπόωντα καθήρας
ἀργένῳ παλίνορσος ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι,
ρίψας πένθιμα πέπλα χυτῇ πεπαλαγμένα τέφρῃ· 15
οὐκέτι δ' αὐτοχύτοισι παρήια δάκρυσι δεύων
Βότρυς ἀεστενάχιζε, Διωνύσῳ δὲ πιθήσας
φωριαμοὺς ᾤξε θυώδεας· οἰγομένωνν δὲ
μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζε πολυγλήνων ἀπὸ πέπλων·
κείθεν ἐλὼν Σταφύλου βασιλῆια φαιδρὰ τοκῆος 20

BOOK XX

The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of blood-thirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.

THE Games were over ; the Satyrs with Dionysos of the thyrsus spent the night in the opulent halls of Botrys. The Seasons of the vintage joined in the banqueters' revels : there was banging of drums at that supper, the panspipes filled the place with their shrill tones ; the servers were busy ladling wine into the cups at the unresting feast, and the banqueters ever kept coaxing the servants to draw more wine. The Bacchant leapt high, waving her cymbals, while the hair of the dancing girl shook in the breezes without ribbon and without veil.

¹¹ The vinegod called the wife of Staphylos, wiped away the dirt and adorned her with a wine-coloured robe. He cleansed broadbeard Pithos from the dirt which covered him, and threw away the mourning clothes soiled with smears of ashes, then dressed him again in a gleaming-white frock. Botrys lamented no longer or wetted his cheeks with helpless welling tears, but at Bacchos's bidding opened his scented coffers ; as they opened, sparkling gleams came from robes covered with gems. From these he took out and donned the brilliant royal garb of Staphylos his

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δύσατο πορφυρέω πεπαλαγμένα φάρεα κόχλω,
καὶ θαλῆς ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίω.

Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι ἀνέδραμεν Ἐσπερος ἀστὴρ
φέγγος ἀναστεύλας χοροτερπέος ἠριγενείης.
δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀμοιβαδὶς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς 25
ὑπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
καὶ Πίθος ἄγχι Μάρωνος ἀνήιεν εἰς μίαν εὐνήν,
νεκταρέης εὐοδμον ἀναβλύζων πόμα ληνοῦ,
ἀλλήλους δ' ἐμέθυσαν ἴσην πέμποντες αὐτμῆν
πάννυχον. Εὐπετάλη δέ, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου, 30
δαλὸν ἀναψαμένη καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ Διονύσω
δισσὴν ἀμφοτέροις ἀλιπόρφυρον ἔντυεν εὐνήν·
γείτονοι δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ Σατύρων δίχα, νόσφι Λυαίου,
ἀμφίπολοι στορέσαντο λέχος χρύσειον ἀνάσση.

Βάκχῳ δ' ἦλθεν ὄνειρος, Ἔρις πολέμοιο τιθήνη, 35
ἄρμασι μιμηλοῖσι ἐφεδρήσσοισα λεόντων,
Ῥεῖης εἶδος ἔχουσα, φιλοκροτάλοιο θεαίνης·
καὶ Φόβος ἠνιόχευεν ὄνειρείων ζυγὰ δίφρων
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσι νόθος μορφούμενος Ἄττις,
καὶ θρόον ὀξὺν ἔχων ἀπαλόχροος ἄρσενι μορφῇ 40
ἠνιόχον Κυβέλης ἀπεμάξατο θήλειϊ φωνῇ·
Βάκχου δ' ὑπναλέοιο παρεστηκυῖα καρῆνῳ
φοιτὰς Ἔρις νεμέσησε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθῳ φάτο φωνῇ·

“ Ὑπνώεις, Διόνυσε θεηγενές· εἰς ἐνοπὴν δὲ
Δηριάδης καλέει σε, καὶ ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρεις 45
μητρυιῇ δ' ὀρώσα τετὴν φύξην Ἐννώ
Ἥρη κερτομέει σε, σὺ δὲ στρατὸν εἰς χορὸν ἔλκεις.
αἰδέομαι Κρονίωνι φανήμεναι, ἄζομαι Ἥρην,
ἄζομαι ἀθανάτους, ὅτι μὴ κάμες ἄξια Ῥεῖης·

* See xi. 121

father, steeped in purple dye, and joined Lyaïos at table to touch the feast.

²³ While they were amusing themselves, the star of evening rose and rolled away the light of dance-delighting day. The troops of banqueters one after another took the boon of sleep, on piles of bedding in the hall. Pithos entered one bed with Maron,^a with drops still on his lips of the fragrant potion from the nectarean winepress; and breathing out the same breath they intoxicated each other all night long. Eupetale^b the nurse of Lyaïos lit a torch, and prepared a double bed strewn with sea-purple, for both Botrys and Dionysos. In a neighbouring room, away from the Satyrs and apart from Bacchos, the servants laid a golden bed for the queen.

³⁵ A dream came to Bacchos—Discord the nurse of War, in the shape of Rheia the loverattle goddess, seated in what seemed to be her lionchariot. Rout drove the team of this dreamchariot, in the counterfeited shape of Attis with limbs like his; he formed the image of Cybele's charioteer, a softskinned man in looks with shrill tones like the voice of a woman. Gadabout Discord stood by the head of sleeping Bacchos, and reproached him with brawling voice:

⁴⁴ " You sleep, godborn Dionysos! Deriades summons you to battle, and you make merry here! Stepmother Hera mocks you, when she sees your Enyo on the run, as you drag your army to dances! I am ashamed to show myself before Cronion, I shrink from Hera, I shrink from the immortals, because your doings are not worthy of Rheia. I avoid Ares,

^b Leafy, an invented name. Bacchos must have his nurse as Odysseus had, Hom. *Od.* i. 428.

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Τιτήνων δ' ὀλετήρα, προασπιστήρα τοκῆος, 50
 αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχοντα κατ' οὐρανὸν Ἄρεα φεύγω,
 ἀσπίδα κουφίζοντα διάβροχον ἠθάδι λύθρω·
 καὶ γνωτὴν σέο μᾶλλον, ἀριστογόνοιο τοκῆος
 αὐτοτελῆ γονόεντος ἀμήτορα παῖδα καρῆνου,
 Παλλάδα δειμαίνω κορυθαιόλον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ 55
 μέμφεται ἄρσενα Βάκχον ἀεργέα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη·
 εἵκαθεν αἰγίδι θύρσος, ἐπεὶ ποτε Παλλὰς ἀγήνωρ
 αἰγίδα κουφίζουσα πύλας ἔστειπεν Ὀλύμπου,
 Τιτήνων σκεδάσασα θυελλήεσσαν Ἐννώ,
 πατρώου δ' ἐγέραιρε σοφὴν ὠδίνα καρῆνου· 60
 καὶ σὺ Διὸς γονόεσσαν ἐπαισχύνεις πτύχα μηροῦ.
 ἦνιδε, πῶς γελόωσι καὶ Ἑρμείας καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
 ὃς μὲν ἀερτάζων δίδυμον βέλος εἰσέτι λύθρω
 ὑφιλόφων τεκέων πεπαλαγμένον Ἴφιμεδείης,
 ὃς δὲ καταφθιμένοιο πολυβλεφάροιο νομῆος 65
 ῥάβδον ἔχων ὀλέτειραν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν αἰθέρα φεύγω
 μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
 θύρσους δ' ἠρεμέοντας ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
 μέμφεται ὄρχηστῆρι φιλοσκοπέλω Διονύσῳ
 παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, κυβερνήτειρα δὲ δίφρου 70
 οὐτιδανῶν ἐλάφων, βαλίων ὀλέτειρα λαγωῶν,
 μέμφεται οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἐγγύθι Ῥεῖης
 πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρι καὶ ἠνιοχῆι λεόντων.
 παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Διὸς οἶκον ἀναίνομαι· ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
 ἄζομαι αὐχήμεσαν ἀγαλλομένην ἔτι Λητώ, 75
 ἰὸν ἐμοὶ τανύουσαν ἔων χραισμήτορα λέκτρων,
 Γηγενέος Τιτυοῖο ποθοβλήτοιο φονῆα.
 καὶ διδύμαις ὀδύνησιν ἰμάσσομαι, ὅττι δοκεῖω
 ἀχνυμένην Σεμέλην καὶ ἀγήνορος ἀστέρα Μαίης.

destroyer of the Titans, his father's champion, who lifts a proud neck in heaven, still holding that shield ever soaked with gore; and I fear your sister still more, selfbred daughter of a father of fine progeny, unmothered child of her father's head, flashhelm Pallas, because Athena too blames Bacchos idle, the woman blames the man! Thyrsus yielded to goatskin,^a since once upon a time valiant Pallas holding the goatskin defended the gates of Olympos, and scattered the stormy assault of the Titans, thus honouring the dexterous travail of her father's head—but you disgrace the fruitful pocket in Zeus's thigh! Look how Hermeias and Apollo laugh—one brandishing two arrows yet stained with the gore of Iphimedeia's hightowering sons,^b the other holding the rod which destroyed the dead shepherd of many eyes.^c Indeed I must leave my own heaven to avoid reproach for battleshy Dionysos. The Virgin Archeress^d denounces Dionysos the dancer, the friend of mountains, when she sees him leaving his thyrsus alone; she drives only a weak team of stags, she kills only running hares, she ranges the mountains beside Rhea of the mountains, and she denounces one who drives leopards and manages lions! I disclaim the house of my own son Zeus; for in Olympos I shrink from Leto, still a proud braggart, when she holds up at me the arrow that defended her bed and slew Tityos the lustful giant.^e I am tortured also with double pain, when I see sorrowing Semele and

^a The aegis, a cape of goatskin worn by Zeus and lent to Athena.

^b Otos and Ephialtes. See line 81 below, and ii. 301.

^c Argos. See i. 341.

^d Artemis.

^e See ii. 307.

οὐ σὺ Διὸς τεκέεσσιν ὁμοίος· οὐ κτάνες ἰῶ 80
 Ὀτον ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ ὑψιπόδην Ἐφιάλτην,
 οὐ Τιτυὸν πτερόεντι τεῶ κατέπεφνες ὀιστῶ,
 οὐ θρασὺν Ὠρίωνα δυσίμερον, οὐ πρόμον Ἥρης
 Ἄργον, ἀξικάκοιο βοοσκόπον υἱὸν ἀρούρης,
 Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραιῖρων ὑμεναίων· 85
 ἀλλὰ παρὰ Σταφύλῳ καὶ Βότρυϊ κῶμον ὑφαίνεις,
 ἀκλειῆς ἀσίδηρος ἐποίνιον ὕμνον αἰείδων·
 αἰσχύνεις Σατύρων χθόνιον γένος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 Βακχιάδος ψαύοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο χορείης
 Ἄρεος ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπετρέψαντο κυπέλλοις. 90
 ἔστι καὶ εἰλαπίνη μετὰ φύλοπιν, ἔστι χορεύειν
 Ἰνδῶν μετὰ δῆριν ἔσω Σταφύλοιο μελάθρων·
 πηκτίδες ἄψ αὔουσιν ἐνυαλίην μετὰ νίκην·
 νόσφι πόνων οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναίειν·
 οὐ πέλε ρηιδίη μακάρων ὁδός· ἐξ ἀρετῆς δέ 95
 ἀτραπὸς Οὐλύμποιο θεόσσυτος εἰς πόλον ἔλκει.
 τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ πόνους πολυειδέας· οὐρανίην γὰρ
 Ἥρη σοὶ κοτέουσα Διὸς μαντεύεται αὐλήν.”

ἽΩς φαμένη πεπόττητο.

θεὸς δ' ἀνεπήλατο λέκτρων,
 φρικτὸν ἔχων ἔτι δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρος ὀνείρου . . . 100
 Καὶ θρασὺς ἄνθορε Βότρυσ, ἐὼν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα
 Σιδονίης ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
 καὶ χρυσέῳ συνέεργεν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ·
 ὤμοις δ' ἀκαμάτοις διμερῆ κληῖδα φυλάσσω
 φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων περονήσατο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων, 105
 πατρῶν λαγόνεσσι βαλὼν ὑψήνορα μίτρην,

^a One of the Pleiades, mother of Hermes.

^b See on iv. 338. Here Nonnos follows the account which makes Artemis herself kill Orion.

proud Maia ^a among the stars. You are not like a son of Zeus. You did not slay with an arrow threatening Otos and hightowering Ephialtes, no winged shaft of yours destroyed Tityos, you did not kill that unhappy lover bold Orion, ^b nor Hera's guardian Argos, the cowkeeper, a son of the earth so fertile in evil, the spy on Zeus in his weddings with horned cattle ! No, you weave your web of merriment with Staphylos and Botrys, inglorious, unarmed, singing songs over the wine ; you degrade the earthy generation of Satyrs, since they also have touched the bloodless Bacchanal dance and drowned all warlike hopes in their cups. There may be banquet after battle, there may be dancing after the Indian War in the palace of Staphylos ; viols may let their voice be heard again after victory in the field. But without hard work it is not possible to dwell in the inaccessible heavens. The road to the Blessed is not easy ; noble deeds give the only path to the firmament of heaven by God's decree. ^c You too then, endure hardship of every kind. Hera for all her rancour foretells for you the heavenly court of Zeus."

⁹⁹ She spoke, and flew away. The god leapt from his bed, with the terrible sound of that threatening dream still in his ears.

¹⁰¹ Bold Botrys also leapt up, and put on his tunic shooting gleams of the Sidonian sea, ^d and slipt his feet into wellfitting golden shoes. He threw over his unwearied shoulders the royal robe of bright purple cloth, pinning it with a brooch ; his father's proud girdle was round his loins and the sceptre in

^c An allusion to Hesiod's famous lines, *Works and Days* 289 ff.

^d Dyed in sea-purple, made from the shellfish found in those parts (murex).

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σκῆπτρον ἔχων. Σάτυροι δὲ δαφωινήεσσαν ἀπήνην
 πορδαλίωv ἔζευξαν ἐπειγομένωv Διονύσω·
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
 θυρσοφόροι· στρατιαὶ δὲ συνήλυδες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν 110
 στοιχάδες ἐρρώνοντο· καὶ ἔβρεμεν αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς·
 κεκριμένας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
 καὶ τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
 εἰς δρόμον ἐσσυμένης λοφίην ἐπεμάστιεν ἄρκτου
 λυσσαλέης· ἕτερος δὲ δασύτριχα γαστέρα νύσσω 115
 ἄγριον ἠνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ἀλήτην,
 πλευραῖς ἀμφοτέραις κεχαλασμένα ταρσὰ συνάπτων·
 ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνων ραχίης ἐπέβαινε λεόντων
 αὐχενίων πλοκάμων δεδραγμένος ἀντὶ χαλινοῦ.
 Καὶ μέγαρον πατρῶων ὁμοῦ καὶ κλῆρον ἐάσας 120
 Βότρυς ἐρευθήεις, τετράζυγον ἄρμα τιταίνων,
 σύνδρομος ἠνιόχευε φιλοσταφύλωv Διονύσω,
 δμῶας ἔχων κατόπισθε· Μέθη δ' ἅμα μητέρι νύμφη
 λευκοχίτων ἀνέβαινε ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην,
 καὶ ζυγίων Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα λεπάδνων 125
 εἰς λόφον ἠμιόνων χρυσέην ἐλέλιζεν ἱμάσθλην·
 καὶ Πίθος εὐρυκάρηνος, ὀπίστερον ἄρμα τιταίνων,
 ἔσπετο θητεύων καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ Διονύσω.
 οὐ μὲν ἔην ἀγέραστος· ἐλὼν δὲ μιν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
 Βάκχος ἄναξ ἔστησε μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῶ, 130
 δεχνύμενον χυτὸν ὄγκον ἐυραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
 ἄγγεσιν οἰνοδόκοις, ὅθεν οὔνομα τοῦτο φυλάσσωv
 πορφυρέωv κενεῶνι πίθος παρὰ γείτοινι ληνῶ
 ἴσταται Ἐϋία δῶρα δεδεγμένος εἰσέτι Βάκχου,
 σῆμα Πίθου προτέροιο· καὶ εἰ βροτέην λάχε φωνήν, 135
 τοῖον ἔπος Σατύροισιν ἐρεύγετο κῶμον ἀκούων·
 “ Εἰμὶ Πίθος, προτέροιο φερώνυμος,
 ἄγχι δὲ ληνοῦ

his hand. Satyrs yoked the panthers to the red car at the urgent bidding of Dionysos, Seilenoi uttered the warcry, Bacchant women roared, thyrsus in hand. The hosts gathered and marched line after line to the Indian War: Enyo's pipes resounded, the leaders arranged the battalions in their places. One mounted with an agile leap on the back of a furious bear, whipping the hairy neck as it rushed on its course; another astride on a wild bull gripped his two flanks with hanging feet, and pricked his hairy belly with his crook to guide the wandering course; a third rode on the back of a shaggy lion, and pulled the hair of his mane instead of a bridle.

¹²⁰ So Botrys quitted his father's palace and estate, clad in his purple, and driving his chariot-and-four by the side of grapeloving Dionysos, with slaves following behind. Methe his mother was in a mulecart with silver wheels, and beside her was a white-robed maiden Phasyleia, who guided the team, flicking a golden whip over the mules' necks. Pithos the broadhead followed behind in his own car, to serve both Botrys and Dionysos. Nor was he left without reward. Lord Bacchos took him away into Lydia, and there set him over a winepress teeming with the heady liquor, to receive the poured produce of the juicy vintage in vessels fit to hold wine. And so the name Pithos was given to the purple hollow of the vat, which to this day stands close to a winepress to receive the Euian gifts of Bacchos, a memorial of the ancient Pithos. If it had human voice it would bellow such words as these to the Satyrs when it heard the revel:

¹³⁷ "I am Pithos, named after the old one, and here beside the winepress I receive the sweet juice

δέχνημαι ἡμερίδων γλυκερὸν ῥόον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ
λάτρις ἐγὼ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
νηπιάχους ἔθρεψα γέρων τροφός· εἰσέτι δ' ἄμφω, 140
οἷα πάλιν ζώνοντας, ἐμαῖς λαγόνεσσιν αἰείρω.”

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς ἡμελλε μετὰ χρόνον ὀψὲ τελέσσαι
Βάκχος ἀναξ. περόων δὲ Τύρον καὶ Βύβλον ὀδεύων
καὶ ποταμοῦ θυόεντος Ἀδώνιδος εὐγάμον ὕδωρ
καὶ σκόπελον Λιβάνοιο καὶ ἔνδια Κυπρογενείης, 145
Ἀραβίης ἐπέβαινε, καὶ εὐόδμων ὑπὸ δένδρων
Νυσιάδος τανύφυλλον ἐθάμβεε δειράδα λόχμης
καὶ πόλιν αἰπύδμητον, ἀκοντοφόρων τροφὸν ἀνδρῶν.

Ἐνθά τις, Ἄρεος αἶμα, μαιφόνος ὤκκεεν ἀνήρ,
ἦθεσι ῥιγεδανοῖσιν ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος, 150
ὀθνεῖους ἀθέμιστος ἀμεμφέας εἰς μόρον ἔλκων,
αἰνομανῆς Λυκόοργος· ἀποκταμένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἔστεφεν ἀνδρομέοισιν ἐὼν πυλεῶνα καρῆνοισ
εἵκελος Οἰνομάῳ καὶ ὁμόχρονος, οὐ ποτε δειλῆ
πατὴρ ἀνυμφεύτοισι δόμοις ἐφυλάσσετο κούρη 155
χῆρη, γηραλέη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆις Ἐρώτων,
εἰσόκε Τανταλίδης, ἱππήλατον οἶδμα χαράσσω,
ἄβροχον ἄρμα φέρων τετράζυγον ἐννοσιγαίου
νυμφίδιον δρόμον εἶχεν, ὅτε τροχοειδέϊ κύκλῳ
Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπὶ κλοπὸν ἦνυσε νίκην 160
μιμηλῶ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῶ,
οἶκτον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα γοήμονος Ἴπποδαμείης·
καὶ δρόμος ἦν ἀνόνητος· ὑπ' Ἡελίοιο δὲ δίφρῳ
κηροπαγῆς φλογόεντι τύπος θερμαίνεται πυρσῶ,
καὶ τροχὸν ἠκόντιζε λυθεῖς μινυῶριος ἄξων. 165
τοῖος ἔην Λυκόοργος ὁμότροπος· ἀχθοφόρους δὲ

^a They straddle across the hips, like Indian babies.

^b See i. 30, xviii. 176.

^c See xi. 271 ff.

^d Pelops. See x. 261, xi. 271 ff.

of the garden-grapes. I was the servant of Assyrian Staphylos and Botrys; I was the old nurse who cared for them both as children, and I still carry them both upon my hips, as if they were still alive." ^a

¹⁴² But this Lord Bacchos was not to do for a long time to come. Now he marched past Tyros and Byblos, and the wedded water of the scented river of Adonis, and the rocks of Libanos where Cyprogeneia loves to linger. He climbed into Arabia, and under the frankincense trees he wondered at the ridge of Nysa with its dense forest, and the city built on the steep, the nurse of spearmen.

¹⁴⁹ There lived a bloodthirsty ruffian, the ferocious Lycurgos, ^b a son of Ares and like his father in his own horrid customs. He used to drag innocent strangers to death against all right, and cut off with steel human heads, which he hung over his gateway in festoons. He was like Oinomaos ^c and of the same age. Oinomaos kept his unhappy daughter unmarried in his house, without husband, growing old and yet unacquainted with wedded love, until Tantalides ^d came scoring the highroad of the deep in Earth-shaker's fourhorse chariot unwetted. Then came his race for a bride; then cunningminded Myrtilos ^e got him a stolen victory, by making for the wheel a sham axle of wax to deceive—for he was himself in love with sorrowful Hippodameia and pitied her. So the race was useless: under the burning chariot of Helios the waxmoulded model grew warm in the heat, the shortlasting axle melted and shot off the wheel.

¹⁶⁶ Lycurgos was one of the same kind. Often

^e Oinomaos's charioteer, who was bribed by Pelops either with a material reward or the promise of Hippodameia's favours.

πολλάκις ἐν τριόδοισιν ἀλήμονας ἄνδρας ὀδίτας
 δήσας εἰς δόμον εἶλκεν, Ἐνναλίῳ δὲ τοκῆι
 δαιτρεύων ἰέρευε· δαιῖζομένων δὲ μαχαίρῃ
 ἄκρα λαβὼν ἐπύκαζε κακοξείνους πυλεῶνας. 170
 ὡς δ' ὅτε δυσμενέων μετὰ φύλοπιν ὀψὲ μολόντος
 ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντοφόροιο νέης ἀναθήματα νίκης,
 ἀσπίδες ἢ πήληκες, ἐπεκρεμόωντο μελάθρῳ,
 οὕτω καὶ φονίιο παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου
 ἄκρα ποδῶν καὶ χεῖρες ἐπήρῳρητο θανόντων. 175
 καὶ φόνος ἦν· ξενίου δὲ Διὸς παρὰ γείτοσι βωμῶ
 ὀθνεῖοι στενάχοντες ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ,
 οἷα βόες καὶ μῆλα, περιρραίνοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
 σφαζομένων, στικτὴ δὲ κόνις φοινίσσεται λύθρῳ
 δώματος ἀμφὶ θύρετρα· βιαζόμενοι δὲ πολῖται 180
 ἀντὶ Διὸς σπεύδοντο θνηπολέειν Λυκούργῳ.
 Οὐδ' ἔλαθες, Διόνυσε, δολορραφέος φθόνον Ἥρης·
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν κοτέουσα τεῆ θεόπαιδι γενέθλι
 ἄγγελον Ἴριν ἔπεμπε δυσάγγελον, ὄφρα σε θέλξῃ
 κλειψινόῳ κεράσασα δόλω ψευδήμονα πειθῶ· 185
 δῶκε δὲ οἱ βουπλήγα θεημάχον, ὄφρα κομίσῃ
 Ἄρραβίης μεδέοντι, Δρναντιάδῃ Λυκούργῳ.
 Οὐδὲ θεὰ δήθυνεν· ἀμειβομένῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
 Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο νόθην ἐψεύσατο μορφήν·
 καὶ λόφον εὐπήληκα διαιθύσσοις καρήνου, 190
 δαιδαλέους κροκόεντας ἐοὺς ρίψασα χιτῶνας,
 κερδαλέῳ θώρηκι καλύπτετο, μαῖα κυδοιμοῦ,
 αἶμαλέῳ θώρηκι, καὶ ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀπειλήν
 ἄρσενά κερδαλέῃ βλοσυρῶ πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
 γλῶσσαν Ἐνναλίου τροχαλῆ μιμήσατο φωνῆ· 195
 “Τέκνον, ἀνικήτου σπόρος” Ἄρεος, ἧ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς

• They were heads in 153.

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when he met wandering wayfarers at the crossroads with loads on their backs, he had them bound and dragged to his house, and then sacrificed them to Enyalios his father; they were cut to pieces with knives, and he took their extremities ^a to decorate his inhospitable gates. As a man who returns at last spear in hand from war with his enemies, and hangs up in the hall shields or helmets as trophies of a new victory, so on the blood-stained portals of Lycurgos the feet and hands of dead men were hung. It was massacre: at the neighbouring altar of Zeus, the Strangers' God, groaning strangers were cut piece-meal like so many oxen and sheep, and the altars were drenched in the blood of the slain. the dust was spotted with red gore about the gates of the dwelling. The people under this tyranny made haste to sacrifice to Lycurgos instead of Zeus.

¹⁸² But you, Dionysos, did not escape the jealousy of trickstitching Hera. Still resentful of your divine birth, she sent her messenger Iris on an evil errand, mingling treacherous persuasion with craft, to bewitch you and deceive your mind; and she gave her an impious poleaxe, that she might hand it to the king of Arabia, Lycurgos Dryas' son.

¹⁸⁸ The goddess made no delay. She assumed a false pretended shape of Ares, and borrowed a face like his. She threw off her embroidered saffron robes, and put on her head a helmet with nodding plume, donned a delusive corselet, as the mother of battle, a corselet stained with blood, and sent forth from her grim countenance, like a man, battlestirring menaces, all delusion. Then with fluent speech she mimicked the voice of Enyalios:

¹⁹⁶ " My son, scion of invincible Ares, can it be

NONNOS

Βασσαρίδων τρομέεις ἀπαλόχροα θῆλυν ἀπειλήν;
 οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος Ἀμαζόνες εἰσι καὶ αὐταί,
 οὐκ ἀπὸ Καυκασίῳ μαχήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες·
 οὐ θοὰ τόξα φέρουσι καὶ οὐ δονέουσιν ὀιστούς· 200
 οὐ θρασὺν ἵππον ἔχουσιν Ἀρήιον· οὐδ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων
 βάρβαρον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐλαφρίζουσι βοεῖην.
 αἰδέομαι καλέων σε ποτὶ κλόνον, ὅττι γυναῖκες
 δῆριν ἀπειλείουσιν ἀδηρίτῳ Λυκούργῳ.
 ἤρεμέεις, Λυκούργε, κορυσσομένου Διονύσου; 205
 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ πέλεν οὗτος ἀώριος, οὐκ ἀπὸ φύτλης
 οὐρανίης βλάστησε· Διὸς δέ μιν Ἑλλάδι φήμη
 ἔμμεναι ἔπλασε μῦθος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι
 ἀμφὶ τόκου Κρονίωνος, ὅτι βροτὸν ἄρσενι μηρῶ
 υἷα θῆλυν ἔτικτε πατὴρ ἐμὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς· 210
 μύθοις ψευδαλέοις οὐ πείθομαι, εἰ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
 Ζηνὸς ἐμοῦ τόκου ἔσχεν, ὅθεν βλάστησεν Ἀθήνη·
 Ζεὺς ἐμὸς οὐ δεδάηκεν ἀνάλκιδα παῖδα λοχεῦσαι·
 Ἄρεα σὸν γενέτην ἔχε μάρτυρον· εἶδες Ἀθήνην
 παῖδα Διὸς θήλειαν ἀρειοτέρην Διονύσου. 215
 τέκνον ἐμόν, μεθέπεις ἴδιον σθένος, οὐδὲ χατίζεις
 πατρὸς Ἐνναλίῳ, καὶ εἰ πολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει·
 ἔμπης δ', ἦν ἐθέλης, θωρήξομαι, οὐδέ σε λείψω
 μόνον ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι· θεὰ δέ σοι, εἰ χρέος εἴη,
 γνωτὴ Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτις ὁμόστολος εἰς μόθον Ἥρη 220
 ἔσπεται υἱωνοῖο προασπίζουσα Λυκούργου" . . .
 " . . . στήσω δ' ὑμετέρου θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
 θύρσους Βασσαρίδων, νόθα δούρατα· βουκεράων δὲ
 Κενταύρων ἀτίνακτα κεράατα μακρὰ δαιῖζας
 τοξοφόρων Ἀράβων κεραελκέα τόξα τελέσσω, 225

^a A river in Cappadocia.

that you too fear Bassarids and their tenderskin womanish threats? This is no new troop of Amazons from Thermodon,^a these are no warrior women of the Caucasos. They carry no swift arrows, they speed no shafts, they have no bold warhorse, nor over their shoulders do they hold the oxhide halfbuckler of the barbarians.^b I am ashamed to summon you to battle, when women cry havoc against Lycurgos who fears no havoc! Are you quiet, Lycurgos, while Dionysos is arming? He is a mortal abortion, not one sprung from heavenly stock. Son of Zeus—that is a fairy-tale of the Hellenes! I can't believe all that about Cronion's childbearing, how my father Zeus ruling on high brought forth a womanish son from his manly thigh! I believe no lying tales, that my Zeus who bore Athena has brought forth a mortal man! My Zeus never learnt how to give birth to a weakling son. Take the word of Ares your father. You have seen that Athena, the female child of Zeus, is stronger than Bacchos.

²¹⁶ "My son, you possess your own strength; you need not your father Enyalios even if he is lord of war. Yet I will arm, if you wish, and I will not leave you in war alone; you shall have a goddess, if need be; Hera, sister and wife of Zeus, will go with you into battle to hold a shield before Lycurgos her grandson.^c . . ."

²²² "I will set up in your divine temple the rods of the Bassarids, their bastard spears. I will shear off the long horns unshaken from the oxhorned Centaurs, and make stronghorn bows for Arab archers, as it

^b The crescent-shaped shield traditionally carried by Amazons.

^c What follows is part of the answer of Lycurgos; a passage has fallen out of the text.

NONNOS

ὥς θέμις· ἑκταδίην δὲ ταμῶν δολιχόσκιον οὐρὴν
 Σειληνῶν λασίην τελέσω πλήξιππον ἰμάσθλην.
 ταῦτα μὲν εἰς σὲ φέρω μετὰ φύλοπιν· ἀπτολέμου δὲ
 Βάκχου ξανθὰ πέδιλα γυναικείουσ τε χιτῶνας
 πορφυρέουσ καὶ θῆλυν ἐπ' ἰξύι κυκλάδα μίτρην 230
 γνωτῇ σείο δάμαρτι φυλάξομεν ἀφρογενεΐη,
 ἄρμενα θήλεα δῶρα· γυναιμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
 ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἑμοῖσ δμῶεσσι συνάψω
 εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναίων,
 οἶα δορικτήτοισι πέλει θέμις· οὐτιδανούσ δὲ 235
 ἡμερίδων ὄρπηκασ, ἐνηέα δῶρα Λυαίου,
 θερμότερω σπινθῆρι δεδέξεται Ἄρραβίη φλόξ.
 καὶ βριαρὴ θεράπαινα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
 Βασσαρίσ ἀλλοίην ἐχέτω καὶ ἀήθεα τέχνην
 δῶματα ναιετάουσα μετ' οὔρεα, δαιδαλέην δὲ 240
 νεβρίδα καλλιύψασα δέμασ κρύψειε χιτῶνι,
 καρπὸν ἀλετρεύουσα μύλης τροχοειδέι πέτρῳ·
 καὶ στεφάνουσ ρύψασα, καὶ ἦν καλέουσιν ὀπώρην,
 ξυνὰ διδασκέσθω μελεδήματα δίζυγι θεσμῶ,
 δμῶισ ἀναγκαίη καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθереΐη 245
 ἡματίοισ ταλάροισ καὶ ἐννυχίοισ ὑμεναίοισ,
 κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κύμβαλα Ῥεΐησ.
 Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντεσ ἐμῆσ παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζησ
 Εὐϊον αἰείσωσι, καὶ ἠθάδοσ ἀντὶ Λυαίου
 κῶμον ἀνακρούσωσι καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Λυκοόργῳ.” 250
 Ὡσ φαμένου μείδησε θεὰ χρυσόπτεροσ Ἴρισ,
 ψευδαλέην ἴρηκοσ ἐρετμώσασα πορείην.
 Καί μιν ἰδὼν Λυκοόργοσ ἐὼν μαντεύσατο νίκην,

• Aphrodite, his paramour, daughter of Zeus and Dione

ought to be. I will cut off the long stretching tail from the Seilenoi, and make a hairy whip to beat horses. All these I will bring for you after the battle. But the yellow shoes of unwarlike Bacchos, and his woman's dress of purple, and the woman's girdle that goes round his loins, these I will keep for your sister-consort the seafoamborn,^a proper gifts for a woman. All the troop of attendants about womanmad Lyaïos I will mate with my slaves in forced wedlock, without asking a brideprice, as it ought to be with captives of the spear. Those worthless plants of the gardenvine, the gentle gifts of Lyaïos, fires of Araby shall receive with its hottest sparks!

²³⁸ " Let the sturdy Bassarid, who served Dionysos in the mazes of the dance, learn a new and unfamiliar art: leaving the hills for a house, dropping the dappled fawnskin and covering her body with a shift, grinding corn with a round millstone. Let her throw off her garlands and the fruitage as they call it; let her learn to combine two common services, as bond-slave both to Pallas ^b and Cythereia, with work-basket by day and the bed by night, handling the shuttle instead of Rheia's cymbals. Let the old Seilenoi sing Euoi beside my festal board, and instead of their usual Lyaïos let them strike up a revel for Ares and Lycurgos."

²⁵¹ So he spoke, and goldenwing Iris divine smiled to hear; then went her way, paddling in the false shape of a falcon.

²⁵³ Lycurgos took this vision as an omen of his

according to one story, born from seafoam according to another: Nonnos accepts both.

^b As patron of women's work.

γινώσκων ταχὺν ὄρνιν, ὅτι πτερὰ φοίνια πάλλων
 ἀδρανέας δεδάηκε πελειάδας εἰς φόβον ἔλκειν· 255
 εἶδε γάρ, εἶδεν ὄνειρον ὁμοίον, ὡς παρὰ λόχημ
 χαιτήεις κεκόρυστο λέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ
 καὶ βαλίων ἐλάφων κερατὴν ἐδίωκε γενέθλην.
 τοῖον ὄναρ νοέων ἐκορύσσετο θυιάσι Βάκχαις,
 Βασσαρίδας κεμάδεσσιν ἀπειρομόθοισιν εἰσκων, 260
 καὶ πλέον ἔλλαβε θάρσος. ἀναΐξασα δὲ δαίμων
 νεύμασιν Ἑραιοῖσι προάγγελος ἦλθε Λυαίω,
 ταρσὰ ποδῶν πτερόεντι περισφίγξασα πεδίλω,
 ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζουσα, καὶ ὡς Διὸς ἄγγελος Ἑρμῆς
 Βάκχῳ χαλκοχίτωνι δολοπλόκον ἴαχε φωνήν· 265
 “ Γνωτέ, περισσονόιο Διὸς τέκος, ἔκτοθι χάρμης
 ὄργια σείο κόμιζε φιλοξείνω Λυκοόργῳ.
 λείπε μόθον, μὴ κτείνε φίλους, μὴ φεῦγε γαλήνην,
 ἴλαθι μελιχίοισι· τίς ἦπιον ἄνδρα δαμάσσει;
 μηδὲ τεοῖς ἰκέτησιν ἀναστήσειας Ἐννώ· 270
 μὴ τεὸν ἀστερόεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύψης·
 μὴ κεφαλὴν σφίγξειας ἀερσιλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ·
 μὴ τρίχα μιτρώσειας ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ·
 ἀλλὰ λιπῶν σέο θύρσα μαιφόνα, καὶ κέρας οἴνου
 ἔμπλεον ἠδυπότοιο καὶ ἠθάδα ῥάβδον αἰείρων, 275
 Εὔια δῶρα τίταινε φιλοσταφύλω Λυκοόργῳ·
 ἄρτι δέμας κόσμησον ἀναιμάκτῳ σέο πέπλω,
 ἄρτι μέλος πλέξωμεν ἀθωρήκτοιο χορείης,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἠρεμέων μενέτω παρὰ δάσκιον ὕλην,
 μὴ μόθον ἐντύνειε γαληναίῳ βασιλῆϊ· 280
 ἀλλά, βαλῶν πλοκάμοισι φίλον στέφος, ἔρχεο χαίρων
 εἰς δόμον ἀκλήιστον ἐτοιμοτάτου Λυκοόργου,
 ἔρχεο κωμάζων ἄτε νυμφίος· Ἴνδοφόνους δὲ
 θύρσους σείο φύλαξον ἀπειθεί Δηριαδῆι.

victory ; for he recognized that the swift bird beating murderous wings knew how to scare away the feeble doves. For he had seen, he had seen another such dream, how a maned lion in the woods with ravening throat all ready gave chase to the horned generation of swift deer. With this dream in his mind he made ready against the frenzied Bacchants, thinking the Bassarids to be like prickets unacquainted with battle, and felt greater boldness than before. And Iris, by Hera's command, put the winged shoe on her feet, and holding a rod like Hermes the messenger of Zeus, flew up to warn Lyaïos of what was coming. To Bacchos in corselet of bronze she spoke deceitful words :

²⁶⁶ " Brother, son of Zeus Allwise, put war aside, and celebrate your rites with Lycurgos, a willing host. Let battle be, slay not your friends, do not refuse peace ! Be gracious to the gentle ; who will vanquish a humble man ? Do not stir up strife against those who ask you for mercy. Do not cover your body with a starspangled corselet ; do not enclose your head in a crestlifting helmet ; do not entwine your hair with a garland of serpents. Leave your bloodstained rods behind ; take your familiar staff and a horn full of your delicious wine, and offer Euian gifts to Lycurgos who loves the grape ! Now dress your body in your unblooded tunic, now let us make melody for a dance without corselet, and let your army remain quiet near the shady wood that it may not offer battle to a peaceful king. No, put on your head the garland that you love ; go in joy to the open house of Lycurgos ready to welcome, go in revel like a bridegroom, and keep your Indian-slaying rods for disobedient Deriades. You know

οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Λυκόοργος ἀνάλκιδα θυμὸν ἀέξει· 285
 ἔστι γὰρ Ἄρεος αἷμα Διυπετές, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 πατρὸς Ἐνναλίιο φέρων ἐμφύλιον ἀλκὴν
 οὐδὲ τεοῦ Κρονίωνος ὑποπτήξειεν Ἐνώ.”

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε, μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἴκανε. δολοφροσύνη δὲ θεαίνης 290
 ἐγρεμόθους Διόνυσος εἰς ἀπείσειατο θύρσους
 καὶ κυνέην λοφόεσσαν ἐὼν ἀνέλυσε κομάων
 καὶ σάκος ἀστερόνωτον ἐθήκατο· χειρὶ δὲ γυμνῇ
 πορφυρέης ἤειρε βεβυσμένον ἄγγος ἑέρσης,
 ὄξυ κέρας καὶ βότρυν ἀπενθέα· μηκεδανὴν δὲ 295
 ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο κισσῷ.
 καὶ στρατιῆν εὖοπλον ἐγερσιμόθους τε γυναικας
 ἐγγύθι Καρμήλοιο λιπῶν καὶ δίφρα λεόντων
 ἀβροχίτων ἀσίδηρος ἐκώμασε πεζὸς ὀδίτης·
 καὶ μέλος εὐφροσύνης ἐπιδόρπιον ἴαχε σύριγγι, 300
 καὶ φίλιον σύριγμα συνωρίδες ἔβρεμον αὐλῶν
 χερσὶ δὲ δινεύουσα φιλεύια ρόπτρα Λυαίου
 Βασσαρις ἐσκίρτησε παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου.

Καὶ θρασὺς ὡς ἤκουσεν ἄναξ ἀλάλαγμα χορείης,
 αὐλοῦ μελοπομένοιο μέλος Βερεκυντίδος ἠχοῦς 305
 καὶ καναχὴν σύριγγος, ἀρασσομένης δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
 μαίνεταιο παπταίνων διδυμόκτυπα κύκλα βοείης·
 καὶ θεὸν ἀμπελόεντα παρὰ προθύροισι δοκεύων,
 σαρδόνιον γελῶν, φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνῆν,
 Βασσαρίδων ἐλατῆρι χέων ἄσπονδον ἀπειλήν· 310

“ Ἡμετέρων ὀράας ἀναθήματα ταῦτα μελάθρων;
 καὶ σύ, φίλος, κόσμησον ἐμὸν δόμον ἢ σέο θύρσοις
 ἢ ποσὶν ἢ παλάμησιν ἢ αἱματόεντι καρῆνῳ.
 εἰ κεραοῖς Σατύροισι, κερασφόρε Βάκχε, κελεύεις,
 ὑμέας ἴσα βόεσσιν ἐμῷ βουπλήγι δαμάσσω. 315
 τοῦτό σοι ἐξ ἐμέθεν ξεινήιον, ὄφρα τις εἴπη,

King Lycurgos has no coward soul. He is the son of Ares with the blood of Zeus in him ; in battle he shows the inborn prowess of Enyalios his father, nor would he shrink from combat with your Cronion himself."

²⁸⁹ So she cajoled him, and the shoes carried her high into the air. Dionysos deceived by the goddess threw aside his battlestirring rods, and doffed the plumed helmet from his hair, and laid down his star-spangled shield. In one bare hand he carried a vessel full of the purple juice, his pointed horn with the cheerful grape ; he twined his unplaited hair with vine-leaves and ivy. His host under arms and his battlestirring women he left near Mount Carmel with the team of lions, and himself walked on foot to the festival in holiday garb without weapon. The panspipes sounded a cheeryheart melody of banquet, the double pipes whistled a friendly note, the Bassarid waved the Euian tambourines of Lyaaios and skipped before the gateway of Lycurgos.

³⁰⁴ The bold king heard the jubilation of the dance, the hoboy's note and the Berecynthian tune and the noise of the panspipes, he saw the round tambourine beaten on both sides, and he was furious. When he beheld the vinegod near his porch, he laughed in scorn, and hurled an implacable threat against the leader of the Bassarids, in mocking words :

³¹¹ " Do you see these offerings hung up before my mansion ? You too, my friend, give me some decoration for my house, your thyrsus or feet or hands or bloody head. If you have horned Satyrs at your command, horned Bacchos, I will strike you all down with my poleaxe like cattle ! There is my hospitable gift for you, that gods and men may tell

NONNOS

ἦ θεὸς ἦ μερόπων τις, ὅτι προπύλαια Λυκούργου
 ἡμιτόμοις μελέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
 οὐ παρὰ Βοιωτοῖσιν ἀνάσσομεν, οὐ τάδε Θῆβαι,
 οὐ Σεμέλης δόμος οὗτος, ὅπη νόθα τέκνα γυναικες 320
 ἄστεροπῆ τίκτουσι καὶ ὠδίνουσι κεραυνῶ.
 σείεις οἴνοπα θύρσον, ἐγὼ βουπλήγα τινάσσω,
 καὶ σε διατμήξας βοέου κατὰ μέσσα μετώπου
 ὑμετέρην ἐπίκυρτον ἀναρρήξαιμι κεραίην.”
 “Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας 325
 θεινομένας βουπλήγι· φιλοσκάρθμων δὲ γυναικῶν
 ἦ μὲν ἐῆς παλάμης ἀπεσεύσατο κύμβαλα Ῥείης,
 ἦ δὲ φιλοκροτάλων ἀπεθήκατο τύμπανα χειρῶν,
 ἄλλη βοτρυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν ὀπώρην,
 ἄλλη νεκταρέοισι συνωλίσθησε κυπέλλοις· 330
 πολλαὶ δ’ αὐτοκύλιστον ἀπερρίψαντο κονίη
 ἡδυμελῆ σύριγγα καὶ ἔμπνοον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης.
 ὡς δ’ ὅτε τις μετὰ χεῖμα γαληναίη παρὰ λόχμη
 ἀννεφέλου Φαέθοντος ἰδὼν τερψίμβροτον ὦρην¹
 ποιμὴν κῶμον ἔγειρε, συνωρχήσαντο δὲ Νύμφαι· 335
 ἄφνω δ’ ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χύθη κυκλούμενον ὕδωρ
 κύμασι πυργωθέντος ὄρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ συρίζων ἀπεσεύσατο πηκτίδα χειρῶν
 δειμαίνων θρασὺ χεῦμα χαραδραίου ποταμοῖο,
 οἰδαλέω μὴ μῆλα κατακρύψειε ρέεθρῳ· 340
 ὡς ὁ γε τερψινόου σκεδάσας ἀλάλαγμα χορείης
 εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἀνάμπυκας ἤλασε Βάκχας·
 καὶ κλονέων ἀχόρευτος ἀλήμονα θῆλυν Ἐννώ,
 θηγαλέον βουπλήγα φέρων, κειμήλιον Ἡρῆς,
 χαλκοχίτων Λυκόοργος ἀτευχεὶ μάρνατο Βάκχῳ· 345

¹ τερψίμβροτε ποιμὴν mss., the text from a correction in F.

how the gates of Lycurgos were festooned with the mutilated limbs of Dionysos. I am no Boiotian king, this is not Thebes, this is not Semele's house, where women have labour by thunderclap and bring forth their baseborn children by lightning. You brandish a vinebound thyrsus, I wield a poleaxe; and I will cleave your oxforehead down the middle, and break off your curved horns!"

³²⁵ With these words, he beat the nurses of Dionysos with his poleaxe ^a and chased them away; and the dancing women—one shook Rhea's cymbals from her palm, one put down the tambourine from her rattle-loving hands, another shot away her bunches of grapes, another fell with the cups of nectar; many threw down melodious panspipes and Athena's breathing hoboy to roll over each other in the dust. As after storm, near the peaceful woods, a shepherd sees the delightful season of cloudless Phaëthon,^b and wakes a revel while the Nymphs join his dance; then suddenly the water comes rolling from the rocks and the waves are piled up as the river pours down from the mountains, the whistler throws the pipes out of his hands, fearing the bold flood of the river in torrent lest it overwhelm the sheep with swollen stream—so Lycurgos scattered the happy jubilant dancers, and drove the Bacchantes unchapleted to the high hills; he pursued them in no dancing fashion, that disbanded army of women; and in his armour of bronze, carrying the sharp poleaxe, Hera's treasure, he made war upon Bacchos unarmed. Now

^a A half quotation of *Il.* vi. 135.

^b The text is confused here; as there is no clear indication what is right, a reading is chosen which makes sense.

καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐπέκτυπε δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
 μητρυνὴ βαρύδουπος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ,
 καὶ μιν ἀνεπτοίησε· βαρυζήλου δὲ θεαίνης
 ὕψι κορυσσομένης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα Βάκχου·
 ἔλπετο γὰρ Κρονίωνα προασπίζειν Λυκούργου,
 αἰθερίου πατάγοιο τύπον βρονταῖον ἀκούων·
 ταρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγῶν ἀκίχητος ὀδίτης
 γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ὑπεδύσατο κῆμα θαλάσσης.

Τὸν δὲ Θέτις βυθίῃ φιλίῳ πήχυνεν ἀγοστῶ,
 καὶ μιν ἔσω δύνοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μελάθρου
 χερσὶ φιλοξείνοισιν Ἄραψ ἠσπάζετο Νηρεύς·
 τὸν δὲ παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

“ Εἶπέ, τί σοι, Διόνυσε, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
 οὐ σε χαμαιγενέων Ἀράβων στρατός, οὐ σε διώκων
 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ νίκησε, καὶ οὐ βροτέην φύγες αἰχμῆν·
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς Κρονίδαο κασιγνήτη δάμαρ Ἥρη
 οὐρανόθεν κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυκούργῳ,
 Ἥρη καὶ μενέχαρμος Ἄρης καὶ χάλκεος αἰθήρ,
 τέτρατος ἦν Λυκούργος ὁ τηλίκος· ὑψιμέδων δὲ
 πολλάκι σὸς γενέτης πρόμος αἰθέρος εἵκαθεν Ἥρη.
 σοὶ πλέον ἔσσεται εὐχος, ὅταν μακάρων τις ἐνύψῃ,
 ὅττι Διὸς μέγαλοιο δάμαρ καὶ σύγγονος Ἥρη
 χεῖρας εἰς θώρηξεν ἀθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ.”

Τοῖα παρηγορέων Βρομίῳ μυθήσατο Νηρεύς.
 καὶ χαροποῖς ῥοθίοισι καλυπτομένου Διονύσου
 ἀσχαλῶν Λυκούργος εἰς ὕδατα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν·

“ Αἶθε πατήρ με δίδαξε

μετὰ κλόνον ἔργα θαλάσσης,
 ὡς κεν ἀεθλεύσαιμι καὶ ἰχθυβόλων εἰς ἀγῶνα

the cruel stepmother bore hard on Lyaios—invincible Hera thundered loud^a and made him quake; the knees of Bacchos trembled, as the jealous resentful goddess armed herself on high. For he thought Cronion was fighting for Lycurgos, when he heard the thunderclaps rolling in the heavens. He took to his heels in fear and ran too fast for pursuit, until he plunged into the gray water of the Erythraian sea.

³⁵⁴ But Thetis in the deeps embraced him with friendly arm, and Arabian Nereus received him with hospitable hands, when he entered within the loud-resounding hall. Then he comforted him with friendly words, and said :

³⁵⁸ "Tell me, Dionysos, why are your looks despondent? No army of earthborn Arabs has conquered you, no pursuing mortal man, you fled from no human spear; but Hera, sister and consort of Zeus Cronides, has armed herself in heaven and fought on the side of Lycurgos—Hera and stubborn Ares and the brazen sky: Lycurgos the mighty was only a fourth. Often enough your father himself, the lord of heaven ruling on high, had to give way to Hera! You will have all the more to boast of, when one of the Blessed shall say—Hera consort and sister of mighty Zeus took arms herself against Dionysos unarmed!"

³⁶⁹ So speaking, Nereus tried to console Bacchos. And while Dionysos was hiding in the bright waves, Lycurgos indignant shouted aloud to the water—

³⁷² "I wish my father had taught me not war alone, but how to deal with the sea! Then I would take a

^a Absurd: only Zeus, and occasionally by his permission, Athena ever thunders.

NONNOS

ἀγρεύσας Διόνυσον, ὑποβρυχίων δ' ἀπὸ κόλπων
 Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χθόνα σύρω. 375
 ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ οὐ μάθον ἔργα θαλασσοπόρων ἀλιήων
 καὶ βυθίης οὐκ οἶδα δολορραφέος δόλον ἄγρης,
 Λευκοθέης ἔχε δῶμα βαθύρροον, εἰσόκε πόντου
 καὶ σὲ καὶ ὄν καλέουσι μεταστήσω Μελικέρτην,
 σύγγονον αἶμα φέροντα· καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ σιδήρου, 380
 οὐ χθονίου βουπλήγος ἀφειδέος, ἀλλὰ χατίζω
 ἰχθυβόλων, ἵνα δύντες Ἐρυθραίης βυθὸν ἄλμης
 ἐνδόμυχον Διόνυσον ἀφαρπάξωσι θαλάσσης·
 ἰχθυβόλοι, Νηρήος ἐρευνητῆρες ἐναύλων,
 δίκτυα μὴ νεπόδεσσιν ἐφαπλώσητε θαλάσσης, 385
 ἀλλὰ λίνοις Διόνυσον ἐρύσσετε· Λευκοθέη δὲ
 εἰς χθόνα νοστήσειε συναγρευθεῖσα Λυαίῳ,
 καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ὀμαρτήσειε Παλαίμων
 ἀβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ὑποδρήσσω Λυκοόργῳ,
 ὄφρα λιπὼν Ἐφύρειον ἀλιτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων 390
 δίφρον ἐμὸν ζεύξειεν ἐπιχθονίῃ παρὰ φάτνη,
 αὐτὸς ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὀπάονες· εἰς δόμος ἔστω,
 εἰς δόμος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἠπείλησε θαλάσση
 καὶ πολιῷ Νηρήϊ, καὶ ἤθελε πόντον ἱμάσσειν. 395
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἰάχησεν ἀμαιμακέτῳ Λυκοόργῳ·

“ Ἀφραίνεις, Λυκοόργε, μάτην ἀνέμοισιν ἐρίζων·
 χάζεο σοῖσι πόδεσσιν, ἕως ὀρώωσιν ὀπωπαί.
 ἔκλυες, ὡς τὸ πάροιθεν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
 γυμνὴν Τειρεσίας θηήσατο μῦνον Ἀθήνην, 400

^a See x. 122.

^b See v. 556 ff.

^c See v. 561.

turn at the fishermen's game, and fish for Dionysos, and drag this Lydian out of the bosom of the deep to land again for my servant! But since I have not learnt the work of seafaring fishers, and know nothing of the tricks of hunting in the deep with a cunning mesh of nets, you may have Leucothea's house in the watery deep,^a until I can dislodge both you and Melicertes^b as they call him, another of your kin. I want no steel for that, or this merciless poleaxe which belongs to the land. I want fishermen, to dive into the depth of the Erythraian brine and drag Dionysos from his refuge in the sea.

³⁸⁴ "Ho Fishermen! searchers of the haunts of Nereus! Spread not your nets for the denizens of the deep, but haul out Dionysos in the meshes! Let Leucothea be caught along with Lyaïos, and let her come back to the land; let bold Palaimon^c come with them to my house, let him dry his body and be slave to Lycurgos! Then he may leave the courses of his seabred horses round Ephyreia,^d and yoke my car beside a terrestrial manger, he and Bacchos grooms together. Let there be one house—one house for both, Palaimon and Dionysos."

³⁹⁴ Thus full of fury he railed at the sea, and hoary Nereus, and wished to flog the deep.^e But Father Zeus cried aloud to Lycurgos in his raging—

³⁹⁷ "You are mad, Lycurgos, you challenge the winds in vain!^f Away on your feet, while your eyes can still see! You have heard how a while ago by a trickling spring in the mountains Teiresias only

^a Corinth. The Isthmian Games on the Isthmus of Corinth were established in honour of Palaimon.

^c Like Xerxes.

^f From Callim. *Hymn to Delos* 112.

NONNOS

οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ οὐ πολέμιζε θεαίνῃ,
ἔμπης μῦνον ὄπωπε καὶ ὤλεσε φέγγος ὀπωπῆς.”

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δι' ἠέρος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
δυσσεβίην ὑπέροπλον ὀπιπεύων Λυκοόργου.

* The story is from Callim. *Hymns* v. 57 ff.

DIONYSIACA, XX. 401-404

saw Athena naked—he lifted no furious spear and made no attack on the goddess, he only saw, and yet lost the sight of his eyes.”^a

⁴⁰³ Such was the rebuke of Zeus who rules on high, spoken through the air when he saw the outrageous impiety of Lycurgos.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν πρῶτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
καὶ μόθον Ἀμβροσίης ῥήξήνορα καὶ λόχον Ἰνδῶν.

Οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδης προτέρης ἐπελήσατο χάρμης·
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν βουπλήγα

τὸ δεύτερον ἐνδοθι λόχμης . . .

ἔθνεα Βασσαρίδων διζήμενος. Ἀμβροσίη δὲ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀρειμανὲς οὐράνιος Ζεὺς,
ἢ τότε βακχευθεῖσα κατάσχετος οἴδματι λύσσης 5
μάρμαρον ἠέρταζε, καταιχμάζουσα Λυκούργου,
καὶ βριαρὴν τρυφάλειαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε κομάων.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θαρσῆεις ἐπεμάρνατο μείζονι πέτρῳ
τρηχαλέῳ, καὶ στέρνα βοώπιδος ἤλασε Νύμφης·
οὐδέ μιν ἐπρήνιξε, χόλῳ δ' ἀνενείκατο φωνήν. 10

“ Ἄρες, ἄναξ πολέμοιο,

πάτερ κρατεροῖο Λυκούργου,
αἰδόμενος σκοπίαζε τεὸν γόνον ἀντὶ Λυαίου
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον οἰστεύοντα γυναῖκα.

πόντος ἐμὸν βουπλήγα βιάζεται· ἐν ῥοθίοις γὰρ
κρύπτετο μὲν Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ δ' ἀπρηκτος ὀδεύων 15
ἴξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν ἄστνυ, πόνον δ' ἀτέλεστον ἀνήσω.”

Ἔννεπεν· Ἀμβροσίην δὲ μέσσην γυιαλκεί δεσμῶ
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐπίεζε· καὶ ἤθελε δεσμὰ καθάψαι,
οἷα δορικτήτην μετανάστιον εἰς δόμον ἔλκων,

BOOK XXI

The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

NOR did Dryas' son forget the first combat. He seized the poleaxe, and a second time went in search of the troops of Bassarids in the forest. But heavenly Zeus gave courage and warlike boldness to Ambrosia, and then possessed of a wave of wild madness she raised a stone and hurled it at Lycurgos, knocking off the ponderous helmet from his locks. But he boldly attacked with a larger stone all jagged, and drove at the chest of the soft-eyed nymph. He did not overthrow her however, and he cried out in rage—

¹¹ “Ares, lord of war, father of strong Lycurgos! Can you see without shame your son attacking a weak unarmed woman, instead of Lyaïos? The sea is too strong for my poleaxe, for Dionysos was hidden in the waves; I have had my journey in vain, and I will return to my own city, and leave my task unfinished.”

¹⁷ He spoke, and seizing Ambrosia round the waist he held her fast in his limb-compressing hands; he wished to throw her into bonds and to drag her to his

NONNOS

παιδοκόμον Βρομίιο φέρων θιασώδεα Νύμφην, 20
 ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλήγι μετάφρενα δούλια νύσσων.
 οὐδέ μιν ἰσταμένην ἀνεσεύρασαν, οὐδέ ἐλύθρω
 ἀρτιχύτῳ φοίνιξεν ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου·
 ἀλλὰ φύγε θρασὺν ἄνδρα καὶ εὖξατο μητέρι Γαίῃ
 Ἄμβροσίη κροκόπεπλος, ὅπως Λυκούργον ἀλύξῃ. 25
 Γαῖα δὲ καρποτόκεια πετασσαμένη κενεῶνα
 ἀμφίπολον Βρομίιο φιλήτορι δέξατο κόλπῳ
 Ἄμβροσίην ζώουσαν· αἰστωθεῖσα δὲ Νύμφη
 εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψε καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὄρπηξ·
 σειρὴν δ' αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξασα Λυκούργου 30
 ἀγχοιῶ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῶ,
 μαρναμένη μετὰ θύρσον ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ.
 Καὶ φυτὸν αὐδῆεν ζαμενῆς ποιήσατο Ῥεῖη
 ἡμερίδων βασιλῆι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ·
 Ἄμβροσίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καὶ ἔμπνοον ἴαχε φωνήν· 35
 " Οὐδέ, φυτὸν περ ἐοῦσα, τεῆν ποτε δῆριν ἀλύξω,
 σὸν δέμας οὐτήσω καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν, ἀντὶ δὲ σειρῆς
 χαλκείης ἀλύτοις σε περισφίγξαιμι πετήλοις·
 εἰς σὲ καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τις εἴπη·
 ' Βασσαρίδες κτείνουσι καὶ ἐν πετάλοισι φονῆας.' 40
 φυταλιὰς πεφύλαξο μαχήμονας· ἀντιβίους γὰρ
 ἡμερίδες βάλλουσι καὶ αἰχμάζουσιν ὀπῶραι.
 σοὶ μαχόμεν ζώουσα καὶ ὀλλυμένη σε δαμάσσω·
 οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι.
 ἔκλυες εἰναλίην ἐχενηίδα, πῶς ἐνὶ πόντῳ 45
 ἰχθὺς βαιὸς ἀναλκίς ἐπέχραε πολλάκι ναύταις

* Plainly modelled on the story of Daphne, for which cf.
 on ii. 108.

house like a captive foreigner, to drive off a nymph from the company of Bromios's nurses, pricking her slave's back with the doubleheaded poleaxe. But she stood, and he could not drag her away, nor could he smash her skull in a mess of blood. Saffronrobe Ambrosia fled the bold man and prayed to Mother Earth to save her from Lycurgos. And the Earth, mother of all fruits, opened a gulf, and received Ambrosia the nurse of Bromios alive in a loving embrace.^a The nymph disappeared and changed her shape to a plant—she became a vine-shoot, which of itself coiled its winding cord round the neck of Lycurgos and throttled him with a tight noose, battling now with threatening clusters as once with the thyrsus.

³³ Rheia indignant gave a voice to the plant, that she might show her favour to Dionysos king of gardenvines; so Ambrosia uttered a breathing voice and shrilled high and loud:

³⁶ "Never will I cease to fight with you, plant though I am! Even as one of the world of plants I will wound you! I have no brazen chain, but I will choke you with inextricable leaves! I will attack you although a vine, that people may say—'Bassarids kill murderers, even when they are part of the world of leaves!' You have to fear even vegetable warriors, for vines can shoot their enemies, and grapes can stab them! I fought you alive, and dead I will vanquish you. See how the nurses of Dionysos play the heroes! Have you heard of the seafish called holdtheship,^b how in the sea a little weak

^b The "sucking fish," Arist. *Hist. An.* ii. 14. 4, Latin *remora*. Oppian, *Haliutica* i. 212, says it is like an eel, a cubit long, and able to stop any ship, which is false.

NONNOS

ἄψ ἀνασειράζων, ὀλίγω δ' ὑπὸ χάσματι λαιμοῦ
 μηκεδανὴν ἀνέκοψε κατάσχετον ὀλκάδα δεσμῶ;
 δέξο με χερσαίην ἐχενηίδα, δέξο πετήλων
 αὐτοπέδην ἀσίδηρον ἐρισταφύλοιο κυδοιμοῦ. 50
 μίμνε μοι, αὐτόθι μίμνε δεδεγμένος υἷα Θυώνης,
 εἰσόκε νοστήσειε θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ κόλπων."

Τοῖα μὲν ἀμπελόεσσα κορυμβοφόρῳ φάτο φωνῇ
 Ἄμβροσιν τανύφυλλος, ἀρασσομένοιο Λυκούργου·
 καὶ χλοεροῖς δεσμοῖσι κατάσχετος ἄγριος ἀνὴρ 55
 ἄρραγέων ἀτίνακτος ἀλυκτοπέδησι πετήλων
 ἀμφιπαγῆς ἀλάλαζεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσω·
 οὐδὲ φυγεῖν σθένος εἶχε, μάτην δ' ἐτίνασσε ἀνάγκη
 οὐτιδαναῖς ἐλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνα·
 οὐδὲ δι' ἀσφαράγοιο μέση πορθμεύετο φωνῇ 60
 θλιβομένου στεφανηδόν· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
 αὐχένα μιτρωθέντα μέσον πνικτῆρι κορύμβῳ.
 καὶ πέλεκυν δασπλήτα δορυσσόος ἤρπασεν Ἄρης
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ· Βρομίην γὰρ ἐδεΐδιδε λυσσαάδα Βάκχην,
 μὴ φονίῳ βουπλήγι δέμας πλήξειε Λυκούργου· 65
 οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδην χλοερῶν ἀπελύσατο δεσμῶν,
 καὶ μάλα περ ποθέων, στεροπῇ δ' ὑπόειξε τοκῆος
 δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρα Διὸς βρονταῖον ἀκούων.
 καὶ δολιχὴν προθέλυμνον ἐπιπροχυθεῖσα καρῆνῳ
 ἀνδρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο κόμην ὤλοψε Πολυξῶ· 70
 γαστέρι δ' ἀντιβίου μανιώδεα χεῖρα βαλοῦσα,
 ἀπτομένη θώρηκος, ἀνέσπασεν ἄρπαγι παλμῶ,
 χωομένη δ' ἔρρηξε—μαχήμονες, εἶπατε, Μοῦσαι,

* These names are mostly invented, but some are known elsewhere in legend. Ambrosia, Phasyleia and Polyxo are

creature has often attacked a crew, pulls back their vessels, and with a small gaping mouth holds up a long freightship firm and fast? Here I am, your holdtheship on land! Here are my leaves, with a selfacting fetter not made of steel, for the battle of the valiant vine! Stand, I say, stand and wait for the son of Thyone, when he shall return from the bosom of the sea!"

⁵³ So cried Ambrosia out of the vine with her grapy voice, whipping Lycurgos with her long foliage; and the wild man caught in the fresh green bonds, immovable, smothered all round in the galling fetters of leaves which he could not tear, roared defiance against Dionysos. He had no strength to escape; in vain he shook his throat wound about with the tiny tendrils in strong constraint. His voice could find no ferry through the gullet throttled with wreathing growths. The Bacchant women thronged round him, his neck confined in the middle of the stifling clusters.

⁶³ Spearmaster Ares caught up his son's frightful axe; for he feared that the mad Bacchants might strike the body of Lycurgos with that bloody pole-axe; but he did not release Dryas' son from the leafy bonds, much as he desired to do it—he gave way on hearing the threatening sound of Zeus's thunder, and at the flash of his father's lightning.

⁶⁹ Polyxo^a threw herself upon the head of the raving man, and tore out long locks of hair by the roots. She laid a furious hand on the belly of her foe, seized the corselet, wrenched it off with predatory force, burst it in her rage—declare, O warrior

names of Hyades, Hyginus, *Fab.* 192. 2. Gigarto is Grape-seed-woman; Eriphe, kid.

οἶον ἔην τότε θαῦμα δαΐζομένοιο χιτῶνος¹ 74 75
 θηλυτέροις ὀνύχεσσι, σιδηρείου περ ἑόντος— 75 74
 καὶ ταναοῖς πλέξασα λύγοις ἐλικώδεα σειρὴν
 Κλείτη λυσιθέιρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα Γιγαρτῶ
 εὐπετάλω μάστιγι δέμας φοίνιξε Λυκούργου
 αἰμαλήη σμῶδιγγι χαρασσομένων ἐπὶ νώτων·
 Φλειῶ δ' εὐρυτέρησι κατέγραφε ταρσὸν ἀκάνθαις 80
 αἰνομανῆς· Ἐρίφη δὲ συνέμπορος Εἰραφιώτη
 δραξαμένη μέσσοιο δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνος
 ἄνδρα βαλεῖν μενέαινε ἐπὶ χθονί· μαρναμένη δὲ
 Βακχεῖης Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης
 δυσμενέος κενεῶνα κατέγραφεν ὄξει κέντρῳ· 85
 καὶ Θεόπη κεκόρυστο, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
 ῥινοτόρῳ νάρθηκι· δέμας δ' ἤρασε Λυκούργου
 καὶ Βρομίη Βρομίοιο φερώνυμος· αἶς ἅμα Νύμφη
 Κισσηῖς φιλόβοτρυς ἐμάστιεν ἀνέρα κισσῶ.
 Καὶ πολέμῳ δρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου 90
 πῆμα φάνη πάλιν ἄλλο κακώτερον· Ἄρραβίη γὰρ
 πόντιον ἐνοσίγαιον ὀρεστιάς ὤπλισε Ῥεῖη,
 σχιζομένων καναχηδὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα θεμέθλων·
 καὶ δαπέδου βαθύκολπον ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ὀχῆα
 αἰχμάζων τριόδοντι θαλασσομέδων ἐνοσίχθων, 95
 ἐνδομύχοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων κενεῶνων,
 γειοπόνοις ἀνέμοισιν, ἐπεὶ νωμήτορι παλμῶ
 χάσματα κοιλαίνουσι σεσηρότα φωλάδες αὔραι·
 Ἄρραβίης δ' ἀτίνακτος ἐσειέτο κόλπος ἀρούρης,
 ἀγχινεφῆ δὲ μέλαθρα τινάκτορι λύετο παλμῶ· 100
 καὶ δρυὲς εἰς χθόνα πίπτου, ἀρασσόμενος δὲ τριαίνη
 Νύσιος ἀμφιέλικτος Ἄραψ ὠρχήσατο πυθμῆν·

¹ Koechly has interchanged the second halves of these two lines, as given in the mss.

Muses ! what a wonder that a woman's nails should tear apart this gear, made of steel though it was ! —Cleite with hair flowing free had plaited a twining rope of withies, and Gigarto of the vines, with the whip of twigs, scored the body of Lycurgos with red bleeding weals over the torn shoulders. Phleio scratched the sole of his foot with bunches of thorns, maddened dreadfully. Eriphe the companion of Eiraphiotes clutched at the man's hairy throat, with a mind to throw him back on the ground. Phasy-leia the leader of the Bacchanal dance, fought and scratched the enemy's flank with a sharp spike. Theope Lyaïos's nurse armed herself with a skin-tearing fennel. Bromië, who bore the name of Bromios, also beat the body of Lycurgos ; and with them Cisseïs, that grapeloving nymph, flogged the man with ivy.

⁹⁰ So Lycurgos was tormented by the warring plants ; but now a trouble appeared worse than any. For Rheia of the mountains armed against Arabia the seagod, Earthshaker who splits the foundations of the earth with a crash, and hurls them about. Then Earthshaker the ruler of the sea struck with his trident, and knocked away the great bar which held up the wide floor of the land, while the caverns of the earth were beaten by internal winds, subterranean winds,^a for blasts in the hidden parts hollow out grinning chasms with moving shock. The unshakable soil of Arabia quaked, cloudcapt palaces were dissolved by the shattering shock ; trees fell to the earth, and the firm ground about Arabian Nysa struck by the trident shook and danced. The elm lay on the

^a The usual cause of earthquakes, according to ancient theorists.

NONNOS

καὶ πτελέη χθονὶ κείτο, κόμην δ' ἐκονίσσατο δάφνη,
καὶ πίτυς αὐτόρριζος ἐκέκλιτο γείτοσι πεύκη.

Ἔοφρα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λάβρος ἀήτης, 105
νερτερίων κευθμῶνα μετερρίζωσεν ἐναύλων,

τόφρα πέλεν κακὸν ἄλλο νεώτερον· ὑλονόμοι γὰρ
θεινόμενοι μάστιγι δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεγαίρης
Νυσιάδες ταυρηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο γυναῖκες,
σφωιτέρων τεκέων δηλήμονες· ἐσσυμένη δὲ 110

ἢ μὲν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἡέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνον ὀλισθήσαντα κονίη,

ἢ δὲ φίλον βρέφος εἶλκε, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μαζοῦ·
ἄλλη παιδοφόνω παλάμην φοίνιξε σιδήρῳ
υἷα δαιτρεύσασα, καὶ ἔπλετο μαινὰς Ἀγαυή. 115

καὶ σφετέροις τεκέεσσι ἐπέδραμον, ἀρτιτόκους δὲ
υἷας, οὓς ἐλόχευσαν, ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ . . .

¹ ἄλλος ὑποπτήσων μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἱμάσθλην
εἰς ἐνοπήν ἄγραυλον Ἄραψ βακχεύετο ποιμήν.

Τοῖα μὲν οἰστρήεντι δόλω κυμαίνεται βούτης 120
δαιτρεύων ἐὰ τέκνα, καὶ υἷας εἰλαπινάζων

παιδοβόροις γενέεσσι· νοοσφαλέων δὲ βοτήρων
ἄτροφον ἀρσενόπαιδα τόκον τυμβεύσατο γαστήρ . . .²

Νυμφάων παλάμησι· πολυγνάμπτοις δὲ πετήλοις
ἀμφιπαγῆς πεπέδητο, καὶ οὐ γόνυ κάμψε Λυαίῳ, 125

οὐ Διὶ χεῖρα τίταινεν, ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης,
οὐ βροντῆς φόβον εἶχεν· ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσώπῳ

χῶετο Βασσαρίδεσσι· ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ καρήνῳ
ἀστεροπήν ἐνόησε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε Λυαίῳ.

βάλλετο δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυσπερέων δὲ βολάων 130

¹ Marcellus would transpose to follow xvii. 167.

² Something has fallen out with the meaning suggested.

^a Who killed her son Pentheus : see v. 199, x. 6.

ground, the laurel's leaves were in the dust, the pine self-uprooted lay beside the fir.

¹⁰⁵ While Earthshaker with wild subterranean blasts shook the roots of the hollows and caverns below, a new calamity came: the woodranging Nysian women, lashed by the whip of dragonhair Megaira, bellowed like bulls and murdered their children. One would rush forward and throw her boy flying into the air, sliding headlong from the air into the dust. Another dragged her own baby along the ground, and forgot the breast. Another stained her hand with childslaying steel, and carved her son like another mad Agauë.^a So they rushed on their own children, the newborn sons whom they had brought forth, and cut them piecemeal with the knife.^b Beside them the Arabian shepherd crouching under Pan's whip ran amok among the animals.

¹²⁰ So the oxherd, seething by the god's maddening device, carved up his children, and feasted on his own sons with child-devouring jaws: the belly of delirious drovers was the tomb of their own boys, whom they should have cared for. All the while Lycurgos was beaten by the Nymphs' hands. He was fast bound with many knots of leafage smothering him. Yet he bent not a knee before Lyaïos, held not out a hand to Zeus for mercy in his extremity, feared not the thunder, but glared with fury at the Bassarids. He saw the lightning flash against his head, and would not yield to Lyaïos. Blows fell on him from all sides, but he stood unmoved

^b After that a considerable portion is lost, the sense being: "Dionysos cunningly sent insanity among the herdsmen and they too murdered their children."

τοσσατίν ἔστηκε μένων ἀντίξοον ὄρμῃν,
 Ἀρεα μῶνον ἔχων χραισμήτορα, μῶνος ἐρίζων
 Ζηνί, Ποσειδάωνι, Ῥέῃ, Χθονί, Νηρεί, Βάκχῳ.
 καὶ μογέων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροΐβδησεν ἰωήν.

“ Ἄψατε πῦρ, φλέξωμεν ὄλον φυτόν,

ἐν πυρὶ κείσθω 135

Βακχικὰ ταῦτα πέτηλα, καὶ αἰθομένας διὰ πόντου
 ἡμερίδας ῥίψωμεν ὑποβρυχίῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ἡνορέης Ἀράβων σημήιον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 δεξαμένη κατὰ κῦμα Θέτις πυρικάυτον ὀπώρην
 τέφρην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀποσβέσσειε θαλάσση. 140

λύσατε φάσματα ταῦτα καὶ αἰόλα μάγγανα δεσμῶν·
 μάγγανα Νηρεΐδων Ποσιδήια ταῦτα δοκεύω·
 λύσατε, καὶ ῥοθίοις με πελάσσετε· μαντιπόλῳ γὰρ
 Πρωτεί φαρμακόεντι κορύσσομαι· ἄψατε πεύκην,
 ὄφρα μολῶν παρὰ πόντον ἐμῷ ποινήτορι θυμῷ 145
 ξεινοδόκον Βρομίοιο καταφλέξω Μελικέρτην.”

Εἶπεν ἀπειλείων καὶ Νηρεί καὶ Διονύσῳ . . .

Ἄρραβίης σχεδὸν ἦλθεν· Ἐνναλίου δὲ καμόντα
 υἷα δενδρήεντος ἀνεζώγησε κυδοιμοῦ

Ἀρεος ἄορ ἔχουσα σιδήρεον, ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχαις 150
 δαιμονίης γύμνωσε σελασφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
 εἰς φόβον αἰθύσσουσα Κυβηλίδα θήλυν Ἐννώ·

Ἄμβροσίης δὲ πέτηλα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
 δεσμοὺς βοτρυόεντας ἀπεσφήκωσε Λυκούργου.
 καὶ χθονὸς ἐπρήνυε τινάκτορα κυανοχαίτην 155

γνωτὸν ἐὼν καὶ Ζῆνα πόσιν καὶ μητέρα Ῥεῖην,
 ῥυσαμένη Λυκούργον, ὅπως ἐναρίθμιος εἶη
 ἀθανάτοισ· Ἄραβες δὲ πολυκνίσων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
 ὡς θεόν, υἷα Δρύαντος ἐμειλίξαντο θνηταῖς,

by all this impetuous onslaught of innumerable blows, facing alone Zeus, Poseidaon, Rheia, Earth, Nereus, Bacchos, with only Ares to help him; and in his pain he shrieked out unbridled defiance:

¹³⁵ "Make fire, let us burn all this stuff, let all these Bacchic leaves lie in the flames! Let us throw the blazing gardenvines into the sea for Dionysos in the deeps, to show the courage of Arabs! Let Thetis herself catch the scorched fruit in the waves, and quench the burning viny ashes in the sea! Loose these phantasms, this cunning witchery of bonds! I see here witchery of the Nereïds and Poseidon. Loose me and bring me to the sea! I will take arms against this prophet-wizard Proteus. Light a torch, that I may go down to the sea in my avenging wrath, and set fire to Melicertes^a the entertainer of Bromios!"

¹⁴⁷ So he spoke, threatening Nereus and Dionysos.

¹⁴⁸ Now Hera^b came to Arabia, and saved the afflicted son of Enyalios from the leafy battle. She held the iron sword of Ares, and bared the flashing blade of the divine glaive over the Bacchants, scattering in flight the army of Cybelid women. She cut through Ambrosia's leaves with that iron, and untied the bonds of the vine from Lycurgos. She soothed her brother, Seabluehair Earthshaker, and Zeus her husband and Rheia her mother, to save Lycurgos that he might be numbered with the immortals.^c For the Arabs on heavy-steaming altars propitiated Dryas' son as a god with offerings, pouring to Lycurgos, who

^a See ix. 85.

^b A line or more has fallen out, introducing Hera.

^c Behind this seems to lie the fact that there was a Thracian (not Arabian) god whom the Greeks identified with Lycurgos.

ἀντὶ Διωνύσοιο μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης 160
 λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀβακχεύτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὡς ἤμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὀψέ τελέσσαι·
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, ἵνα μὴ τις ἀγνηγορέων βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
 ἄλλος ἔχων μίμημα δοριθρασέος Λυκοόργου
 μῶμον ἀναστήσειεν ἀμωμήτῳ Διονύσῳ, 165
 αἰνομανῆ Λυκοόργον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ἀλήτην,
 ἄσπεος ἀγνώστοιο παλινδίνητον ὀδίτην,
 πομπὸν ἀναγκαίης διζήμενον ἀτραπιτοῖο,
 πολλάκις αὐτοκέλευθα περιπταίοντα πεδίλοις.

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισιν.

Ἐρυθραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ 170
 θυγατέρες Νηρήος ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
 εἰναλίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμειλίξαντο τραπέζῃ·
 καὶ Σεμέλης ρύψασα Διπετεέος φθόνον εὐνῆς,
 οἴνοφύτῳ θρασὺν ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
 μαῖα Διωνύσοιο μελίζετο, ποντιάς Ἰνώ· 175
 καὶ Βρομίῳ γλυκὴν νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσω
 σύντροφος ἰσοέτηρος ἐωνοχόει Μελικέρτης.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
 πόντον ἔχων πλατὺν οἶκον, ὑποβρύχιος μετανάστης·
 καὶ Θέτιδος βρυόεντι χυθεὶς ἐπεκέκλιτο κόλπῳ· 180

Καδμείην δ' ἀκόρητος εἶν εὐπαιδα τιθήνην
 αὐτοκασιγνήτην προσπύξατο μητέρος Ἰνώ,
 καὶ φιλίῳ πήχυνε Παλαίμονα πολλάκι δεσμῷ
 σύντροφον ἰσοέτηρον. ἄδουπήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
 οὐκέτι πουλυέλικτον ἀνακρούουσα χορείην, 185

Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος, ἀνεπτοίητο Μιμαλλῶν
 ἴχνια μαστεύουσα θαλασσοπόροιο Λυαίου·
 καὶ Σάτυρος φιλόμοχθος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπῆν
 ξείνῳ πένθει κάμνεν, ὀριπλάγκτοισι δὲ χηλαῖς
 ἔτρεχον οἰστρήεντες ἀνὰ δρυμὰ Πᾶνες ἀλήται, 190

cared nought for Bacchos, libations of blood, instead of the honeydripping vintage of Dionysos.

¹⁶² All this Old Time was to accomplish in later days ; but now, in order that no other mortal man should be proud like spearbold Lycurgos, and ridicule Dionysos whom none may ridicule, Father Zeus made mad Lycurgos a blind wanderer ; to tramp round and round in the city which he no longer knew, to seek some guide for the path where he must tread, or often on lonely travels with stumbling feet.

¹⁷⁰ That is what was done on the mountains. But in the Erythraian sea, the daughters of Nereus cherished Dionysos at their table, in their halls deep down under the waves. Mermaid Ino threw off her jealousy of Semele's bed divine, and struck up a brave hymn for winepouring Lyaïos. Ino the nurse of Dionysos made music ; and Melicertes his foster-brother ladled out nectar from the bowl, and poured the sweet cups for his agemate.

¹⁷⁸ So he remained in the hall deep down in the waves, with the broad main for his dwelling, a visitor under the waters, and he lay sprawled among the seaweed in Thetis's bosom ; he embraced never satisfied Cadmos's daughter, Ino his nurse, mother of a noble son, sister of his own mother, and often he held in the loving prison of his arms Palaimon his yearsmate, his foster-brother. The Mimallon with quiet shoe no longer trod the noisy turns of the dance, for Bacchos was not there ; she was hunting for tracks of Lyaïos now under the sea. The Satyr so full of energy showed a face unsmiling, and languished in sorrow strange to him. The Pans wandered wild through the woods with hillranging hoof, Pans in search of Dionysos,

NONNOS

Πᾶνες, ἐρευνητῆρες ἀκηρύκτου Διονύσου·
 Σειληνὸς δ' ἀχόρευτος, ἀκηδέα κύμβαλα ρίψας,
 κείτο κατηφιόνων· Κρονίη δ' ἐλελίζετο Νύμφη
 Μάκρις ἀπενθήτοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνη,
 Βακχείης ὁμόδιφρος ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης. 195
 ὡς οἱ μὲν δεδόνηντο κατηφέες· ἀχνυμένοις δὲ
 Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο λιπὼν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
 πατρῶν ἀδιάντων ἔην ἤλαυνεν ἀπήνην,
 νόστον ἐπερχομένοιο προαγγέλλων Διονύσου.

Ἦοφρα μὲν ἄμφεπε Βάκχος

ἀλίτροφα δεῖπνα τραπέζης, 200
 τόφρα δὲ Καυκασίοιο δι' οὔρεος εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
 οἰνοφύτου Βρομίοιο ποδῆνεμος ἴκετο κῆρυξ
 ταυροφυῆς, νόθον εἶδος ἔχων κεραελκέι μορφῇ,
 ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίησι κεραίαις,
 αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο περὶ χροῖ δέρμα συνάψας, 205
 αὐχενὴ κληῖδι καθειμένον ἐξ ἑνὸς ὤμου,
 δεξιτεροῦ πλευροῖο κατήορον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
 ἀμφοτέρης ἐκάτερθε παρηίδος οὔατα σείων,
 ὡς ὄνος οὔατόεις, λάσιος δέμας· ἐκ μεσάτης δὲ
 ἰξύος αὐτοέλικτος ἐσύρετο σύγγονος οὐρή. 210

Ἄμφι δὲ μιν γελώωντες ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί,
 εἰσόκεν ἐγγὺς ἴκανεν, ὅπη διδυμόζυγι δίφρω
 ἔζετο Δηριάδης περιμήκετος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
 ἠλιβάτων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀναστέλλων ἐλεφάντων.
 καὶ Σατύρω γελῶν φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν· 215

“ Οἴους Δηριάδη διδυμόχροας ἄνδρας ἰάλλει
 ταυροφυῆς Διόνυσος, ἀθύρματα δημοτῆτος,
 ἀλλοφυεῖς, οὐ φῶτας ὄλην βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
 θηρῶν εἶδος ἔχοντας, ἐπεὶ διδυμάονι μορφῇ

* Otherwise Celmis, one of the Dactyloi, but Nonnos (xiv).

and heard no word of him. Seilenos danced no more, threw away his cymbals unheeded, lay with downcast looks. Cronian Macris the nurse of nevermourning Dionysos trilled her lament, she who used to share the basket of the well-spoked car of Bacchos. So they were all restless and sad. But Scelmis ^a left the caves of the waveless deep, and drove his father's unwetted car, to tell them the tidings in their sorrow that Dionysos was coming back.

²⁰⁰ While Bacchos enjoyed the hospitality of the sea, the windfoot courier of vineplanting Bromios traversed the Caucasos ^b mountains to the Indian city. He had the shape of a bull, a borrowed form bearing horns, the very image of the horns of Selene ^c; the skin of a mountain goat was thrown over his body, and hung over one shoulder from the collar-bone draping his right side down to the fork of the thigh; he shook a pair of long ears like the ears of an ass beside his two cheeks, and he was covered with hair, with a self-wagging tail that grew out from between his loins.

²¹¹ The swarthy Indians crowded about him laughing, until he approached the place where huge Deriades, that king of men, sat in his chariot-and-pair. He checked the steps of his towering elephants, and laughing spoke to the Satyr in words of raillery :

²¹⁶ "What doubleshaped men bullform Dionysos sends to Deriades! what playthings for a soldier! Monsters, not creatures having a wholly human shape! They have the form of beasts! for with a

39) makes him one of the Telchines. His father therefore is Poseidon, *ibid.* 40.

^b This is the Hindu Kush; when Alexander the Great discovered it, he thought it was the real Caucasus.

^c See note above, p. 49.

NONNOS

εἰσὶ νόθοι ταῦροί τε καὶ ἄνερες· ἀμφότερον γὰρ 220
καὶ βοὸς εἶδος ἔχουσι καὶ ἀνδρομέοιο προσώπου.” 221

“Ἐννεπε, καὶ πολέμοιο προάγγελα σήματα φαίνων 227
ἄσπινδα ποικιλόντων ἀφειδέϊ τύψῃ μαχαίρῃ
μεσσοφανῇ περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλόν· ἐκ δὲ βοείης
χαλκὸς ἀρασσομένης ἐπεβόμβῃε λοίγιον ἤχῳ. 230

Καὶ βλοσυρῶ βασιλῆϊ τεθηπότα χεῖλεα λύσας
ἀγγελίην Βρομίοιο ταχύδρομος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ·

“Δηριάδη, σκηπτοῦχε, θεὸς Διόνυσος ἀνώγει
Ἰνδοὺς δεχνημένους λαθικηδέος οἶνον ὀπώρης
σπένδειν ἀθανάτοισι, δίχα πτολέμων, δίχα μόχθων· 235
εἰ δέ κε μὴ δέξαιντο, κορύσσεται, εἰσόκε θύρσοις
Βασσαρίδων γόνυ δούλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ἰδάσπης.
ἀγγελίης ἤκουσας ἀληθέος· εἶπε καὶ αὐτὸς
εἰρομένῳ τινὰ μῦθον, ἵν’ ἀγγείλω Διονύσῳ.”

“Ὡς φαμένου σκηπτοῦχος

ἀνήρυγε λυσσάδα φωνήν· 240

“ὦ πόποι, οἶον ἔπος

θρασὺς ἔννεπεν ἀνδρόμεος θῆρ.

αἰδέομαι κήρυκα μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαμάσσαι,
οὐ δόρυ θούρον ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα βοείης.
ἔκλυον, ὅσσα μόγησε τεὸς πρόμος· ἔκλυε Γάγγης
ἀδρανίην Βρομίοιο καὶ ἠνορέην Λυκοόργου· 245

οἶδα τεὸν βασιλῆα, νόθον θεόν, ὀππότε φεύγων
εἰς βυθὸν ὠλίσθησεν ἀλεξικάκοιο θαλάσσης. 247

καὶ πυρόεις σέο Βάκχος ἀκούεται, ὅττι τεκούσης
ἐκ λαγόνων ἀνέτελλε Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης· 222

καὶ πυρὸς ἐστὶν ὕδωρ πολὺ φέρτερον· ἦν ἐβελήση,
χεύματι παφλάζοντι πατὴρ ἐμός, Ἰνδὸς Ἰδάσπης, 225

Ζηνὸς ἀποσβέσσειε πυρίπνοον ἄσθμα κερανοῦ. 226
ἦν δ’ ἐθέλης, πόδα κάμψον

ὀμούριον εἰς χθόνα Μήδων· 248

double shape they are bastards, bulls and men at once—they have the bull's body and the man's face."

²²⁷ So he spoke, and made the summoning signal for war, by striking a hearty blow with his sword upon the round boss which was seen in the middle of his richly-ornamented shield: the metal struck boomed out a sound of havoc from the oxhide.

²³¹ Then the swiftcoursing herald of Bromios opened his amazed lips, and gave his message to the grim king :

²³³ " Deriades, sceptred king, the god Dionysos commands the Indians to accept the wine of his care-forgetting vintage, and to pour libations to the immortals, without war, without battle. If they refuse, he takes up arms, until Hydaspes bend a servile knee to the wands of the Bassarids. You have heard a truthful message: now give some answer to my address, which I may deliver to Dionysos."

²⁴⁰ When he had done, the monarch roared in a furious voice :

" Ha, what a word the bold man-beast has spoken ! It would be shameful to strike down a herald with violent hand, one who comes without valiant spear and holds no oxhide shield. I have heard the exploits of your chief: Ganges has heard the weakness of Bromios and the manly courage of Lycurgos. I know your king, the bastard god, when he fled and slipt into the deep for refuge from destruction. Yes, your Bacchos is called the fiery, because he rose from flanks of his mother Thyone struck by Zeus; and water is stronger far than fire. My father Indian Hydaspes, if it be his pleasure, could quench the fiery breath of the thunderbolt of Zeus with his bubbling flood.

²⁴⁸ " Turn your foot, if you please, to the marches

κείθι μολὼν ἀγόρευε χοροστασίας Διονύσου.
 δύο Βάκτριον οὔδας, ὅπη θεὸς ἔπλετο Μίθρης, 250
 Ἀσσύριος Φαέθων ἐνὶ Περσίδι· Δηριάδης γὰρ
 οὐ μάθεν οὐρανίων μακάρων χορόν, οὐδὲ γεραίρει
 Ἥλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ εὐφαέων χορόν ἄστρον.
 οὐ Κρόνον, οὐ Κρονίδην ἐδάην ὀλετήρα τοκῆς,
 οὐ Κρόνον ἀγκυλόμητιν, ἐὼν θοινήτορα παίδων, 255
 Αἰθέρος ἀμήσαντα φυτοσπόρον ἐσμὸν Ἐρώτων.
 ἀγνώσσω σέο δῶρα καὶ ἦν ὀνόμηνας ὀπώρην·
 οὐ δέχομαι ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ χρύσειον Ἰδάσπην·
 οἶνος ἐμὸς πέλεν ἔγχος, ὃ δ' αὖ πότος ἐστὶ βοεΐη.
 οὐ Σεμέλη με λόχευσε πυριβλήτοις ὑμεναίοις 260
 δεξαμένη θαλάμοις φόνιον φλόγα, χαλκοχίτων δὲ
 ἡμέας ἠέξῃσε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἐννώ.
 οὐ μακάρων ἀλέγω τεκέων Διός· ἀμφοτέροι γὰρ
 μῦνοι ἐμοὶ γεγάασι θεοὶ καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὑδωρ.
 ταῦτα μολὼν ἀγόρευε φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ· 265
 ἔρρε φυγὼν ἀκίχητος, ἕως ἔτι τόξον ἐρύκω,
 ἔρρε φυγὼν ἐμὸν ἔγχος· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσας
 ἡμιτελεῖς σέο θῆρας ἀθωρήκτους τε γυναικας
 Δηριάδῃ πολέμιζε, καὶ Ἰνδῶν μετὰ νίκην
 σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύσω σε δορικτήτῳ Διονύσῳ. 270
 οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε διάκτορον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
 λάτριον ἔργον ἔχειν οἰκοσσοῦν· ἀλλὰ σε μακροῖς
 οὔασι ριπίζοντα παρ' εἰλαπίνησιν ἑάσω.”
 Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμψεν ἀπειλείοντι προσώπῳ·
 καὶ πίνακος πτυκτοῖο μέσον κενεῶνα χαράξας 275
 τοῖον ἔπος ταχύμυθος ἐπέγραφε δίζυγι δέλτῳ·

^a Perhaps simply “sungod,” see Rose in *Rev. hist. rel.* cv. (1932), 98; but Cumont thinks otherwise.

^b Uranos.

^c Water is not an Indian god.

^d To a Greek a fan is rather an Oriental invention, cf.

of the Median land ; go there and proclaim the dances of Dionysos. Pass into Bactrian soil, where Mithras is a god, the Assyrian Phaëthon ^a of Persia ; for Deriades has learnt no dances of the eternal Blessed, he honours not Helios and Zeus or the company of shining stars. I know nothing of Cronos, or of Cronides who destroyed his father, nor Cronos the master-deceiver, who swallowed his own children, and shore away from Aither ^b the hive of begetting love. I do not acknowledge your gifts, what you call your vintage ; I accept no other drink than golden Hydaspes. My wine is the spear, my potion too the shield ! No Semele brought me forth in firestruck bridal, or received the flames of death in her chamber ; but my breeding came of Enyo in brazen armour, who never has surfeit of battles. I care nothing for the blessed offspring of Zeus ; for me there are only two gods, Earth and Water. ^c

²⁶⁵ " Go and give this answer to battleshy Dionysos. Go untouched, and evil go with you ; go before I draw my bow, go with a curse if you would escape my spear ! Arm for battle your half-and-half beasts and your uncorseleted women, and fight with Deriades ! Then after our Indian victory I will drag you away along with Dionysos, the captive of my spear. But I will not make you my envoy. You cannot do such service in the house for me, but I will allow you to fan me at my table with your long ears." ^d

²⁷⁴ This said, he dismissed him with threatening looks, after quickly scribbling this message within a tablet with two folding sides :

Eur. Or. 1426, but both the fan and the sunsh de are prerogatives of Indian royalty.

“ Εἰ δύνασαι, Διόνυσε, κορύσσειο Δηριαδῆι.”

Τοῖα μὲν εἰσαΐων πάλιν ἔδραμεν ἠχέτα κῆρυξ.
 Σειληνοῦς δ' ἐκίχησε γεγηθότας· ἕξανιών δὲ
 ἐκ ῥοθίων Διόνυσος Ὀρειάσι μίγνυτο Νύμφαις· 230
 καὶ Σάτυροι σκίρτησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι Μάρων ἠγήσατο μολπῆς
 πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων διδυμάονος αὐχένι Βάκχης
 μεσσοφανῆς, εὐοδμον ἀναβλύζων χύσιν οἴνου·
 καὶ μέλος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεσμαράγησε Μιμαλλών, 285
 ἴχνιον ἀείδουσα παλιννόστου Διονύσου.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προτέρας ἔρριψε μερίμνας,
 τερπωλῆς δ' ἐπέβαινε, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ἔνδοθι πόντου
 πάντα Τορωναίοιο παρὰ Πρωτῆος ἀκούων,
 ἀξείνων Ἀράβων ἐνοσίχθονα παλμὸν ἀρούρης, 290
 καὶ σφαλερὸν Λυκοόργον ἕω ποδὶ τυφλὸν ἀλήτην·
 ἔκλυε καὶ νομίης θανατηφόρον οἶστρον ἀνάγκης,
 πῶς χορὸς ἀγρονόμων ἐλελίζετο, πῶς ἐνὶ βήσσαις
 σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἔδαιτρεύσαντο γυναῖκες·
 ἔκλυε δ' αἰθερίων Ἰάδων χορὸν, ἔκλυεν αὐτὴν 295
 Ἀμβροσίην μετὰ γαίαν ἐπαντέλλουσαν Ὀλύμπω,
 Ἀμβροσίην ἀκάμαντι κορυσσομένην Λυκοόργω,
 καὶ μόθον εὐόρπηκα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐννώ.

Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παλίνδρομος ἦε κῆρυξ,
 ἀσκηθῆς πολύευκτος ἀγαλλομένω Διονύσω, 300
 ἀφροσύνην ἐνέπων ὑψαύχενα Δηριαδῆος,
 δίζυγα δέλτον ἔχων ἐγκύμονα δημοτῆτος.

Οὐ μὲν ἄναξ ἀμέλησεν· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ μαχητὰς
 θαρσῆεις ἐβόησε, προάγγελα Δηριαδῆος
 σύμβολα γινώσκων κεχαραγμένα μάρτυρι δέλτω. 305

^a Torone was Proteus's wife, see Lycophron 115-116.

^b This part is lost, but one of the tales about the Hyades

²⁷⁷ "Take arms against Deriades if you can, Dionysos."

²⁷⁸ Such words as these the loudvoiced herald heard, and departed. He found the Seilenoi in high glee: Dionysos had come up out of the waters and joined the Oread Nymphs. The Satyrs skipt, the Bacchants danced about, Maron with his old legs led the music between two Bacchants, with his arms laid round their necks, and bubbles of fragrant wine at his lips. The Mimallon unveiled trilled a song, how the footstep of Dionysos had come that way again.

²⁸⁷ Then the vinegod threw off his earlier cares, and entered upon rejoicing; for he had heard in the sea the whole story from Torone's lord Proteus,^a the earthshaking shock in Arabia the inhospitable, and how Lycurgos wandered blind with stumbling feet. He heard also the deathbringing madness of the herdsmen's duress, how the company of countrymen went raging about, how the women in the dells gorged the fruit of their own travail; heard also of the company of Hyades in heaven,^b heard that Ambrosia had left earth and risen as a star in Olympos, Ambrosia who had attacked undaunted Lycurgos, the battle of the twigs and the war with vines.

²⁹⁹ They were enjoying themselves as the herald came back, safe and sound, and greatly desired by Bacchos rejoicing. He reported the highnecked folly of Deriades, and carried the double tablets pregnant with war.

³⁰³ The Lord lost no time. He read the lines engraved on the witnessing tablet, and resolute, he summoned his warriors to the fray. He called the

was that they were Dionysos's nurses, see scholia on Hom. *Il.* v. 486, Hyginus, *Fab.* 192. 3.

NONNOS

καὶ καλέσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλήμονας, οὓς ποτε γαίης
 Κρηταίης ἀέκοντας ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἤλασε Μίνως
 Ἄρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ἐπέφραδε νεύματι Ῥεΐης
 πῆξαι νῆια δοῦρα θαλάσσιον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν.
 καὶ ταχὺς ἤλασε δίφρον Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
 τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτων ἄτε Φωσφόρος·

310

ἄμφι δὲ πέτρην

Καυκασίην λοφόεντα διαστείχων κενεῶνα
 Ἡώης παράμειβε φεραυγέα πέζαν ἀρούρης,
 Ἡελίου βαλβίδα μεσημβρίζουσαν ὀδεύων.

315

Ἄφρα μὲν εὐθύρσοιο μάχης ἠκούετο φωνῇ
 καὶ στρατὸς ἀγκικέλευθος ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου,
 τόφρα δὲ Δηριάδης πυκινὸν λόχον ἰδρυνεν Ἰνδῶν,
 γαῖαν ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐὼν στρατὸν ἄζυγα πέμπων,
 πᾶσαν ἐπιτρέψας δολομήχανον ἐλπίδα χάρμης

320

Ἄρει χαλκοχίτωνι· καὶ ἔπλεεν ὑψόθι νηῶν
 λαὸν ἐρετμώσας πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ἰδάσπην.
 καὶ στρατιαῖς διδύμησι μερίζετο φύλοπις Ἰνδῶν
 ἀμφοτέρην παρὰ πέζαν ἀκοντοφόρου ποταμοῖο·
 Θουρεὺς μὲν Ζεφύροιο παρὰ σφυρά, Δηριάδης δὲ
 ἀντιπόρου σχεδὸν ἤλθε παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὐρου.

325

Ἦν δέ τις αὐτόθι χῶρος εὐσκίος, ὀππόθι πυκνοῖς
 ἔρνεσι παντοίοισιν ἐμιτρώθη ράχισ ὕλης

εὐρυτενῆς, καὶ κοῖλον ἦν σπέος· ἱπτάμενος δὲ
 οὐ ποτε δένδρεα κεῖνα κατέγραφεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
 εἴ τις ὀιστεύσειε, καὶ οὐ ποτε μεσσόθι θάμνων

330

ἠέλιος πεφόρητο κατάσσυτος ὀξεί παλμῶ
 ἐνδομύχοις ἀκτίσιν ὀμόπλοκα φύλλα χαράξας,
 οὐ χύσις ἠερόφοιτος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
 ἐκ Διὸς ὑετίοιο, μόγις δὲ οἱ ὕδατος ὀλκῶ

ὑψιφανῆς Διὸς ὄμβρος ἐπέβρεχεν ἄκρα πετήλων.
 κεῖθι τανυπρέμνοισιν ἐν ἄλσεσι φώριος Ἄρης

335

Rhadamans, whom Minos once sent on their wanderings unwilling from the land of Crete to the Arabian soil; and bade them by Rhea's advice to build wooden ships for an attack upon India by sea. Quickly he drove his car to the eastern clime of the earth, gleaming in his armour like the Morning Star, crossed over the rocky crest of Caucasos^a and through the valleys, and over the lightbringing region of the dawnland he went on towards the midday goal of the sun.^b

³¹⁵ When Deriades heard the rumour of battle with the thyrsus, that the army of mountainranging Dionysos was near at hand, he stationed in ambush his Indians in serried ranks, and sent a detached force across the river, resting all hope for the conflict in the craft and skill of bronze-armoured war. He rowed all these men on shipboard across Indian Hydaspes. So the Indian host was divided into two armies, one on each bank of the river bristling with lances. Thureus was on the edge of the West Wind, Deriades opposite by the wing of the burning East Wind.

³²⁶ There was on the spot a shady place, where the rocks were surrounded by a wide mass of all kinds of trees and left an empty hollow. No wandering arrow in flight could pierce those trees, if one were shot, and the sun never came down through the midst of those thick branches with sharp thrust, cutting the closewoven leaves with penetrating rays; no deluge of rain from heaven falling through the air passed into those woodland shades, but the showers of Zeus on high scarce wetted the surface of the leaves with their rushing water. There in the spinneys an ambush was hidden among the tall

^a The Hindu Kush.

^b *i.e.* southwards, *vers le midi*.

NONNOS

ἠλιβάτων χλοεροῖσι φυτῶν κεκάλυπτο κορύμβοις,
 ἀπροϊδής, ἀτίνακτος, ἐνὶ δρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
 εἶχεν ἀδουπήτων πεφυλαγμένον ἴθμα πεδίλων,
 οὐδὲ διαξαίνων κρυφίῳ ποδὶ φυλλάδα λόχμην, 340
 οὐ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἔχων φόβον, οὐ λάλον ἤχῳ
 χεῖλεϊ βαμβαίνοντι, καὶ οὐ χλόον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ·
 ἀλλὰ νόον θρασὺν εἶχε καὶ ἔμπεδον, ἐν δὲ χαμεύναις
 μετρητὸν βλεφάροισιν ἐνόπλιον ὕπνον ἰαύων . . .
 δέγμενος ἐρχομένης στρατιῆς εὐρυθμον Ἐννώ. 345

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trunks covered with green clusters of highgrowing leafage, unexpected, unshaken, and in the bosom of the forest kept noiseless its moving shoes. No hidden foot tore the leafy bushes, none feared a crouching foot, or sounds of words upon a chattering lip, or pallor on the face; but each had a mind bold and firm, and enjoyed his measured sleep on the ground in his armour with eyelids . . .,^a waiting for the march in step of the enemy at hand.

^a Here at least one line is lost.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Δεύτερον εἰκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργα τε μέλπει,
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπη.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἴξον ἐγκροκάλου ποταμοῖο
Βάκχου πεζὸς ὄμιλος, ὅπη βαθυδίνει κόλπῳ
πλωτὸν ὕδωρ, ἄτε Νεῖλος,

ἐρεύγεται Ἴνδὸς Ὑδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βασσαρίδων ἐμελίζετο θῆλυς αἰοιδῆ 4
Νυκτελίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ, 6
καὶ λασίων Σατύρων χορὸς ἔβρεμε μύστιδι φωνῆ· 5
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασεν, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι, 7
Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ Νύμφαι
σιγαλέοις ἐλικηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο ρεέθροις
καὶ Σικελῆς ἐλίγαινον ὁμόζυγα ρυθμὸν αἰοιδῆς, 10
οἶον ἀνεκρούοντο μελιγλώσσω ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὑμνοπόλοι Σειρήνες· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχη,
καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγγεσαντο σοφαὶ δρῦες εἴκελον αὐλῶ,
Ἄδρυάδες δ' ἀλάλαζον, ἐπ' εὐπετάλοιο δὲ Νύμφη
ἡμιφανῆς ἦειδεν ὑπερκύψασα κορῦμβου. 15

Χιονέῳ δὲ γάλακτι χυτῆ λευκαίνεται πηγῆ,
ὑδρηλῆ περ εἴουσα, χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ

* Either they sang like Sicilian shepherds, renowned for
172

BOOK XXII

The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.

WHEN the footforces of Bacchos came to the crossing of the pebbly river, where, like the Nile, Indian Hydaspes pours his navigable water into a deep-eddying hollow, then sounded the womanish song of the Bassarids, making Phrygian festival for Lyaïos of the Night, and the hairy company of Satyrs rang out with mystic voice. All the earth laughed, the rocks bellowed, the Naiads sang alleluia, the Nymphs circled in mazes over the silent streams of the river, and sang a melody of Sicilian tune, like the hymns which the minstrel Sirens^a pour from their honeytongued throats. All the woodlands rang thereat: the trees found skill to make music like the hoboy, the Hadryades cried aloud, the Nymph sang, peeping up halfseen over her leafy cluster.

¹⁶ The fountain, though but water, turned white and poured a stream of snowy milk^b; in the hollow

their singing since Theocritos, and as sweetly as the Sirens, or else they sang like the Sirens, whose island in post-Homeric geography is somewhere near Sicily.

^a Streams of milk are a stock Dionysiac miracle, *cf.* Eur. *Bacch.* 708.

NONNOS

Νηιάδες λούσαντο γαλαξαίοισι ρεέθροις,
 καὶ γάλα λευκὸν ἔπινον· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ μαζῶ
 οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναῇ πορφύρετο πέτρη, 20
 γλεῦκος ἀμοσχεύτοιο διαβλύζουσα κολώνης
 ἡδυπότοις λιβάδεσσι· καὶ αὐτοχύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
 λαρὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐλείβετο δῶρα μελίσσης,
 σίμβλων οὐ χατέοντα· καὶ ἀρτιτόκων ἀπὸ θάμνων
 ἄγχνου ὄξυέθειρος ἀνέδραμε μῆλον ἀκάνθης· 25
 αὐτομάτου δὲ χυθέντος ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσι ἐλαίου
 ἱκμάσιν ἀθλιβέεσσι ἐλούετο δένδρον Ἀθήνης.

Καὶ κύνας ὄρχηστῆρας ἐπηχύνοντο λαγωοί·
 μηκεδανοὶ δὲ δράκοντες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ
 ἴχνια λιχμῶντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου, 30
 αὐχένα δοχμῶσαντες, ἀνήρυγε δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω
 μελίχιον σύριγμα γεγηθότος ἀνθερεῶνος·
 τερπομένου δὲ δράκοντος ἦν τότε ῥυθμὸς ἐχέφρων,
 καὶ δολιχῆς ἐλέλικτο περίπλοκος ὄλκος ἀκάνθης
 ποσσὶν ἀδειμάντοισι περισκαίρων Διονύσου· 35
 Ἰνδῶν δ' ἐλικηδὸν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνην
 τίγριδες ἐψιόωντο· πολὺς δέ τις ἔνδοθι λόχμης
 ἔσμος ἀνεσκίρτησεν ὄρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.

Καὶ τότε παιπαλόεντα κατ' ἄγκεια Πᾶνες ἀλήται
 δύσβατα λεπταλέησι διέτρεχον οὔρεα χηλαῖς 40
 φρικτά, τὰ μὴ θρασὺς ὄρνις

ἐπέπτατο κοῦφος ὀδίτης . . .
 ὑψιπόρων πτερύγων διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῶ.
 καὶ δονέων πλοκαμίδα παρήγορον ἀνθερεῶνος
 σύννομος ἀντεχόρευε λέων βητάρμονι κάπρω·
 ἀνδρομέης δ' ὄρνιθες ἀνέκλαγον εἰκόνα μολπῆς 45
 μιμηλὴν ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντες ἰωήν,
 νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντες ἀγῶνος,
 καὶ χλοεροῖς μελέεσσι παρήγορον ὄρθιον οὐρῆν

of the torrent the Naiads bathed in milky streams and drank the white milk. The rough rock spilled out wine from red nipples, and stained itself deep, as the must welled over the unplanted hill in showers sweet to drink; the pleasant gifts of the honey-dropping bee dribbled from holes of themselves without need of hives; from newsprouting bushes of spikyhair thorn sprang up softbloom apples; oil poured of itself on the twigs of Athena's tree, and bathed it in unpressed drops.

²⁸ Hares embraced the dancing dogs; long serpents joined in the merry dance, curving down their heads and licking the footprints of snakehair Dionysos, and one after another blew out gentle hisses from glad throats; there was method in the movements of the happy reptiles, as the interlacing coils of their long spines skipt about Dionysos on fearless feet. Tigers jumped round and round in play on the Indian precipices; a great swarm of hillranging elephants went skipping in the forest glades.

³⁹ The Pans then, roaming about the craggy ravines sped on nimble hooves through the trackless hills; in terrible places, where even that light traveller the bird would not dare to fly, or traverse with his pair of beating wings in his lofty course.^a The lion shook the mane hanging about his jaws, and danced in partnership with the tripping boar. Birds squawked an image of human speech, and borrowing the war-cry half mimicked, they prophesied victory in the Indian struggle, and shook the tail straight out along

^a Something is omitted here; below the mention of some bird is needed after 41.

NONNOS

ἑκταδὸν αἰθύσσοντες· ὁμοζήλω δὲ χορείῃ
 πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος ἄρκτω. 50
 καὶ βαλίων σκυλάκων ἀνεσείρασεν Ἄρτεμις ὄρμην
 μειλιχίης ὀρώσα χοροίτυπον ἄλμα λεαίνης·
 αἰδομένη δ' εὐκυκλον ἔην ἀνελύσατο νευρήν,
 τερπομένους μὴ θήρας οἰστεύσειε βελέμοις.

Καί τις ἐσαθρήσας ἑτερότροπα θαύματα Βάκχου, 55
 ὄμμα βαλῶν πυκινοῖο δι' ἀκροτάτοιο κορύμβου,
 φύλλα περιστείλας θηήτορα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
 τόσον ἰδεῖν μεθέηκεν, ὅσον περιδέρεται ἀνήρ
 ὄμμασι ποιητοῖσι διοπτεύων τρυφαλείης,
 ἢ ὅποτε τραγικοῖο χοροῦ δεδαημένος ἀνὴρ, 60
 φρικτὸν ἔχων μύκημα τανυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
 ἐνδόμυχον τυκτοῖο δι' ὄμματος ὄμμα τιταίνει,
 ψευδαλέον βροτέοιο φέρων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου·
 ὡς ὃ γε θαύματα πάντα λαθῶν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ὕλην
 ἀπροϊδῆς ἐδόκευεν ὑποκλέποντι προσώπῳ· 65
 ἀντιβίοις δ' ἤγγειλε· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θουρεὺς
 μεμφόμενος Μορρήι καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῆι.
 ἔτρεμε δ' Ἰνδὸς ὄμιλος, ἀφειδήσας δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 χάλκεα ταρβαλέων ἀπεσείσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν,
 δένδρεα παπταίνων δεδονημένα θυιάδι ριπῆι. 70

Καί νύ κεν Ἰνδὸς ὄμιλος
 ἔλων ἀπὸ γείτονος ὄχθης
 μάρτυρον ἱκεσίης γλαυκόχροα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης
 αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ἀδηρίτῳ Διονύσῳ·
 ἀλλὰ μεταλλάξασα δέμας πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
 δυσμενέας θάρσυνε καὶ ἤπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν, 75
 Θεσσαλίδων μάγον ὕμνον ἐφαψαμένη Διονύσῳ,

^a Nonnos means parrakeets: he had evidently seen them and noted their long straight tails.

their green bodies.^a The panther dancing with equal spirit, leapt high with a bear for partner. Artemis checked the rush of her swift hounds, when she saw the romping leaps of a lioness now tame, and slackened for very shame the string of her bended bow, that she might not shoot the happy beasts with her arrows.

⁵⁵ One there was watching the strange miracles of Bacchos, as he peered out through the top of a thick cluster. He made a round spyhole through the leaves; he let himself see just so much as a man sees when he looks out of the eyeholes made in his helmet; or when a man trained in the tragic chorus^b utters a terrific roar from his far-resounding throat, and strains his eyesight within through the eyepiece made in the mask which he carries as a deceitful likeness of a man's face. So this man hiding under the dark bushes watched all the miracles unseen with furtive gaze. He told all to the enemy. Thureus shook with fear, and blamed Morrheus and Deriades for their thoughtlessness: the Indian host trembled, and thinking no more of combat, threw the bronze weapons from frightened hands when they saw the trees moving under the maddening influence.

⁷¹ And now the Indian host would have plucked from the neighbouring banks green shoots of olive in token of supplication, and bent a servile neck before Dionysos unconquerable. But Hera ever ready took another shape, and gave courage to the enemy. She deceived the Indian leader; she fastened on Dionysos a song of magical Thessalian spells, and

^b He means an actor speaking through his mask; tragic choruses had long ceased to exist.

καὶ Κίρκης κυκεῶνα θεοκλήτοις ἐπασιδαῖς,
οἷά τε φαρμακτῆρος ἀφαρμάκτου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πίθεν ἀντιβίους ταχυπειθέας· εἶπε δ' ἐκάστῳ,
μή ποτέ τις σφάλλοιο κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δῖψῃ 80
κλεψινόου ποταμοῖο πίων δεδολωμένον ὕδωρ.

Καί νύ κεν ἀφράστοιο διαθρώσκοντες ἐναύλου
δαινυμέναις στρατιῆσιν ἐπέχραον αἴθοπες Ἴνδοί·
ἀλλὰ τις ἠνεμόεντος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου 85
ἐκ λασίου κενεῶνος Ἀμαδρυὰς ἄνθορε Νύμφη·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἔχουσα φνὴν ἰνδάλλετο Βάκχη,
μιμηλὴν δρυόεντι πυκαζομένη τρίχα κισσῶ·
δυσμενέων δ' ἐνέπουσα δόλον σημάντορι σιγῇ
οὔασι βοτρύοντος ἐπεψιθύριζε Λυαίου·

“ Ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσε, φυτηκόμε κοίρανε καρπῶν, 90
σὸν φυτὸν Ἀδρυάδεσσι χάριν καὶ κάλλος ὀπάσσει·
Βασσαρὶς οὐ γενόμην, οὐ σύνδρομός εἰμι Λυαίου,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ παλάμῃ ψευδήμονα θύρσον αἰείρω·
οὐ πέλον ἐκ Φρυγίης, σέο πατρίδος, οὐ χθόνα Λυδῶν
ναιετάω παρὰ χεῦμα ῥηφενέος ποταμοῖο· 95
εἰμὶ δὲ καλλιπέτηλος Ἀμαδρυὰς, ἦχι μαχηταὶ
δυσμενέες λοχόωσιν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ πάτρης
ῥύσομαι ἐκ θανάτοιο τεὸν στρατόν· ὑμετέροις γὰρ
πιστὰ φέρω Σατύροισι, καὶ Ἰνδῶν περ ἐοῦσα,
ἀντὶ δὲ Δηριαδῆος ὁμοφρονέω Διονύσῳ· 100
σοὶ γὰρ ὀφειλομένην ὀπάσω χάριν, ὅττι ῥεέθρων
ὑγροτόκους ὠδίνας, ὅτι δρύας αἰὲν ἀέξει
ὀμβρηρῇ ραθάμιγγι πατὴρ μέγας ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
δός μοι σείο πέτηλα, καὶ ἐνθάδε ταῦτα φυτεύσω,
δός μοι σείο κόρυμβα, τά περ λύουσι μερίμνας. 105

^a Hom. Od. x. 210, when she turned men into pigs.

Circe's posset ^a with invocations of the gods, as if he had poisoned that unpoisoned river. She convinced the enemy, quite ready to be convinced, and told each one not to let himself be driven by fiery thirst to drink of the adulterated water of the mind-stealing river, and so come to grief.

⁸² And now the swarthy Indians would have leapt from their hidden ambush and attacked the army of Bacchos at their meal; but a Hamadryad Nymph peering over a high branch sprang up, leafy to the hips.^b Holding thyrsus in hand, she looked like a Bacchant, with bushy ivy thick in her hair like one of them; first she indicated the enemies' plot by eloquent signs, then whispered in the ear of Lyaïos of the grapes:

⁹⁰ "Vinegod Dionysos, lord gardener of the fruits! Your plant gives grace and beauty to the Hadryads! I am no Bassarid, I am no comrade of Lyaïos, I carry only a false thyrsus in my hand. I am not from Phrygia, your country, I do not dwell in the Lydian land by that river rolling in riches.^c I am a Hamadryad of the beautiful leaves, in the place where the enemy warriors lie in ambush. I will forget my country and save your host from death: for I offer loyal faith to your Satyrs, Indian though I am. I take sides with Dionysos instead of Deriades; I owe my gratitude to you, and I will pay it, because your Father, mighty Zeus of the raincloud, always brings the watery travail of the rivers, always feeds the trees with his showers of rain. Give me your leaves, and here I will plant them; give me your clusters of grapes which drive our cares away!

^b *i.e.* she appeared first as a woman growing out of her tree.

^c Pactolos.

NONNOS

ἀλλά, φίλος, μὴ σπεῦδε ῥόον ποταμοῖο περῆσαι,
 μὴ σοι ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἐν ὕδασι γείτονες Ἴνδοί·
 εἰς δρύας ὄμμα τίταινε καὶ εὐπετάλω παρὰ λόχμη
 ἀπροϊδῆ σκοπίαζε καλυπτομένων λόχον ἀνδρῶν.
 ἀλλὰ τί σοι ῥέξουσιν ἀνάλκιδες ἔνδοθι λόχμης; 110
 δυσμενέες ζώουσιν, ἕως ἔτι θύρσον ἐρύκεις.
 σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, μὴ δήσιος ἐγγὺς ἀκούσῃ,
 μὴ κρυφίοις Ἴνδοῖσιν ἐπαγγεῖλειεν Ἰδάσπης.”

Ὡς φαμένη παλίνορσος Ἀμαδρυὰς ᾤχετο Νύμφη,
 ὡς πτερόν ἢ νόημα, μεταλλάξασα δὲ μορφὴν 115
 ἰσοφυῆς ὄρνιθι διέτρεχε φωλάδος ὕλης,
 ἡλικος αἰσσοῦσα κατὰ δρυός. αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγῇ
 μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσι, Ἀμαδρυάδος δὲ θεαίνης
 εἶπεν ἑοῖς προμάχοισιν ἐς οὐατα μῦθον ἐκάστου
 νεύμασι δεινδύλων, νοερῇ δ' ἐκέλευε σιωπῇ 120
 τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντας ἀνὰ δρύας εἰλαπινάζειν,
 καὶ κρυφίων ἀγόρευε δολορραφέων δόλον Ἰνδῶν,
 μὴ σφιν ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἀθωρήκτοισι μαχηταί,
 εἰσέτι δαινυμένοισιν ἀνὰ στρατόν· οἱ δὲ Λυαίω
 κεκλομένω πείθοντο, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦσαν ἐτοῖμοι 125
 σιγαλέον παρὰ δεῖπνον ἀκοντοφόροιο τραπέζης.

Καὶ ταχινὸν μετὰ δόρπον ἐπέρρεον ἀσπιδιώται
 γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο πιεῖν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,
 νεύμασι θεσπεσίοισι περισσονόου Διονύσου,
 μὴ στρατόν εὐνήσειε μέθη καὶ κῶμα καὶ ὄρφη. 130
 καὶ στρατὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλοπτολέμῳ πέσειν εὐνή
 βαιὸν ἐνναλίης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος ὕπνον ἰαύων.
 Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεντα μετατρέψας νόον Ἰνδῶν
 ἔσπερίην ἀνέκοψε μάχην μυκῆτορι βόμβῳ,
 ὄμβρου παυνυχίοιο χέων ἀπερείσιον ἠχώ. 135

¹⁰⁶ " But my friend, do not hasten to cross the river, or the Indians, who are near, may overwhelm you in the water. Direct your eye to the forest, and see in the leafy thickets a secret ambushade of men unseen hidden there. But what will those weaklings in their thickets do to you? Your enemies live so long as you still hold back your thyrsus. Silence between us now, that the enemy near may not hear, that Hydaspes may not tell it to the hidden Indians."

¹¹⁴ When she had said this, the Hamadryad Nymph went away again quick as a wing, quick as a thought^a; and changing her shape to look like a bird she sped through the secret wood, down upon the oak her yearsmate. But Bacchos silently mingled with the Bassarids, and told the divine Hamadryad's tale into each captain's ear with nods and glances. By silent signs he ordered them to take their meal under arms among the trees, and explained the secret plot of the plot-stitching Indians. They must not let the fighting men overwhelm them unarmed and still at meat in their ranks. They did as Lyaïos bade them, and sat down to their food in silence ready for battle, with spears on the table.

¹²⁷ After a hasty meal they hurried under shields to the river near by, to drink water after the food, by divine command of prudent Dionysos, who did not wish winebibbing and slumber or darkness to put his army to bed. So the army tumbled here or there in the bed of war, to enjoy a short sleep upon the soldier's shield. And Father Zeus thwarted the tricky plan of the Indians, and prevented their night-assault, by a loud peal of thunder and torrents of rain which made a great noise all night long.

^a From Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

NONNOS

Ἄλλ' ὅτε χιονόπεζα χαραξαμένη ζόφον Ἡὼς
 ὄρθρον ἀμεργομένη δροσερῇ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
 ἄκρον ὑπερκύψαντες ἐγερσιμόθου σκέπας ὕλης
 δυσμενέες προύτυψαν ἀολλέες ἤρχε δὲ Θουρεύς,
 Ἰνδῶου πολέμοιο πέλωρ πρόμος, εἴκελος ὄρμηγν 140
 ἠλιβάτω Τυφῶνι καταΐσσουντι κεραυνοῦ.

καὶ στρατιαὶ πινυτοῖο δολόφροني νεύματι Βάκχου
 ψευδαλέον φόβον εἶχον ἀταρβέες, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
 αὐτόματοι χάζοντο θελήμονες, εἰσόκεν Ἰνδοὶ
 εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο λελοιπότες ἔνδια λόχμης. 145

Τεύχεσι δ' ἀφνειοῖσι κορύσσετο Λύδιος ἀνὴρ,
 χρυσοφαῆ Λυκίοιο τύπον Γλαύκοιο κομίζων,
 κηρύσσων ἐὼν οὐδας, ὅπη Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
 φαιδρὸς ἐρευθομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἐέρσης,
 καὶ ῥοδέαις ἤστραψε βολαῖς ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς, 150
 σείων ξανθὰ μέτωπα ῥηφενέος τρυφαλείης
 Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ ἀρίδηλος, ἀπὸ στέρνων δὲ φορηῆς
 μαρμαρυγῇ σελάγιζεν ἐρευθομένοιο χιτῶνος·
 καὶ κυνέην στίλβουσαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοιο τινάσσων 155
 ἐξ Ἀλύβης πρόμος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Διονύσω
 πάτριον ὄλβον ἔφαιεν, ἀπ' εὐφαέος δὲ καρήνου
 ἀργυρέης πήληκος ἐλάμπετο μάρμαρος αἴγλη
 χιονέῃ σέλας ἴσον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνη.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀστήρικτος ὅλους ἐφόβησε μαχητὰς
 δυσμενέων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐ δόρυ πάλλων, 160
 ἀλλὰ μέσος προμάχων πεφορημένος εἴκελος αὔραις
 δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας κυκλώσατο χάρμης,
 θύρσον ἀκοντίζων δολιχόσκιον, ἀνθεῖ γαίης,
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι διασχίζων νέφος Ἰνδῶν.
 οὐδέ μιν ὑψικάρηνος ὁ τηλίκος ἤλασε Θουρεύς, 165

¹³⁶ But when Dawn rent the darkness with feet of snow, and plucking the morning grew purple upon the streaming rocks, the enemy darting all together beyond the sheltering borders of the forest, burst out to waken the battle. Their leader was Thureus, that prodigious chieftain of India's war, with a rush like towering Typhon when he attacked the thunder-bolt. The army of Bacchos, by the astute orders of their skilful leader, feigned flight though unafraid, and retreated from the battlefield of their own will, until the Indians had left their hidingplace and poured over the plain.

¹⁴⁶ The Lydian warrior was armed in rich harness, like Lycian Glaucos shining in gold,^a sounding the fame of his country, where wealth sparkles bright and red through the water that flows between Pactolos's banks ; he flashed with rosy gleams in the face of day, shaking the yellow front of his precious helmet, that Lydian warrior conspicuous, and from his breast the corselet he wore flashed gleams of ruddy light. Another chieftain from Alybe, a valiant champion for Dionysos, showed forth his country's wealth, as he poised the shining helmet upon his temples, and the shimmering sheen of a silver morion was reflected from his head for all to see, shooting a lustre like the snow-white moon.

¹⁵⁹ The restless god himself scattered all the enemy troops, holding no naked sword, poising no spear, but passing like the wind through the front ranks, circling from left wing to right in the fray, striking with his thyrsus instead of a long lance, cleaving the cloud of Indians with flowers of the field, with ivy-rod for spear. Highheaded Thureus, great as

^a See xv. 165, Hom. *Il.* vi. 236.

NONNOS

οὐ στρατός, οὐ πρόμος ἄλλος·

ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ χυθέντες

εἵκαθον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διεσσυμένω Διονύσῳ.

Κυανέην δ' Οἶαγρος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἐννῶ
ἀμῶων ἀκόρητος ἐπασσυτέρων στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
ἔγχει Βιστονίῳ κορυθαιόλα λήια τέμνων. 170

ὡς δ' ὅτε τις προχέων ποταμὸς δυσπέμφελον ἀλκὴν
ἄστατος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χαραδρήεντι ρεέθρῳ
ἔρχεται, εἰς πεδῖον πεφορημένος, οὐδέ μιν αὐταὶ
ἔρκεσιν ἀρραγέεσσιν ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀλωαὶ
λαϊνέης μέσα νῶτα διαξύοντα γεφύρης· 175

πολλὴ μὲν κεκύλιστο πίτυς, πολλὴ δὲ πεσοῦσα
ὑψιφανῆς προθέλυμνος ἐσύρετο χεύματι πεύκη·
ὡς ὁ γε δυσμενέων στρατὸν ἄμφεπεν,

ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ

πεζὸν ἐπιστροφάδην ὀλέκων Σιθωνίδι λόγῃ,
καὶ μιν ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἦν καλέουσι μαχηταὶ 180
μιμηλὴν σακέεσσιν ἐπυργώσαντο χελώνην·

ἴχνησι μὲν στατὸν ἴχνος ἐρείδεται, κεκλιμένη δὲ
ἀσπίς ἦν προθέλυμνος ἀμοιβαδὶς ἀσπίδι γείτων
στενωμένη, καὶ ἔνευε λόφῳ λόφος, ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
ἀνδρὸς ἀνὴρ ἔψαυεν· ἐγειρομένης δὲ κονίης 185
ἵππειοῖς ὀνύχεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μαχηταί.

Ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον Ἄϊδι πέμπων
Βιστονίης Οἶαγρος ἀπέθρισεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον, ἐῆς ἀλόχοιο τελέσσας 190
ἔργα φατιζομένης ἐπιδευέα Καλλιοπέης;
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο θοῶ δορί, τὸν δὲ δαιῖζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι κατ' αὐχένος, αἰνομανῆ δὲ
δήιον ἄλλον ἔνυξε παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ἐκ φονίης δὲ

^a See xiii. 428. He was king of Thrace, husband of Calliope, and father of Orpheus.

he was, could not drive him back, nor another champion, nor the army; but sprawling over each other they gave way in every part before the rush of Dionysos.

¹⁶⁸ Oiairos ^a also beat back the swarthy fighting, insatiable, reaping the ranks of men in swathes, as he cut the harvest of flashing helmets with Bistonian ^b blade. As a torrent pours its stormy strength unceasing from the mountains in floods through the ravines, and comes rushing over the plain, where not even the enclosures can hold it with their impregnable walls, and it bursts midway through the masses of stone bridges: many a pine goes rolling, many a tall fir falls torn by the roots and hurried down by the flood—so he dealt with the enemy host, killing the footmen one after another in heaps with Sithonian ^c pike. Now they came around him, and built what soldiers call a mimic tortoise with their shields: foot stood firm beside foot, ^d shield leant on shield side by side, layer before layer pressing close, plume nodded to plume, man touched man in serried array, the dust rose under the horses' hooves and the warriors were whitened.

¹⁸⁷ Here whom first, whom last did Oiairos send to Hades, ^e as the man of Bistonian sliced them down, killing one after another, doing deeds that needed Calliopeia his consort, to tell them! ^f One he struck above the nipple with darting spear, one with hilted sword in the neck; another furious foe he pierced in

^b Thracian.

^c Sithonia is the central headland of the Chalcidic peninsula.

^d Imitated from Hom. *Il.* xiii. 131 ff. = xvi. 215 ff.

^e Almost quoted from Hom. *Il.* xvi. 692.

^f Calliope the Muse.

NONNOS

ὠτειλῆς ἐὼν ἔγχος ἀνείρυσεν, ἐλκομένῳ δὲ
 σπλάγχνα δαφουνήεντι συνέσπασε θερμὰ σιδήρῳ· 195
 ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο κατέδραμε φάσγανον ἔλκων,
 ἄορι δ' εὐθήκτῳ παλάμην τάμεν, ἧ δὲ πεσοῦσα
 αἰμοβαφῆς ἤσπαιρεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἄλλομένη χεῖρ·
 καὶ παλάμη τέτμητο καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε βοεῖην
 ἄκρα περισφίγγουσα κονιομένου τελαμῶνος· 200
 ψυχῇ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα θανόντος
 συμπλεκέος ποθέεσκεν ἐθήμονα σώματος ἠβην.
 ἄλλον ἀπηλοίησεν ἀφειδέι δουρὶ πατάξας,
 θηγαλὴ γλωχῖνι βραχίονος ἄκρα τορήσας,
 ἄορι δ' ἀσπίδα τύψεν, ἀρασσομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ 205
 ἀρραγέος βόμβησε μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοεῖης.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσῆεντι μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρω
 ἐγχείην ἐλέλιξε μετήλυδα κυκλάδι τέχνη
 ἧ πλευρῆς ἐκάτερθεν ἧ αὐχένος ἧ σχεδὸν ὤμου·
 σείων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκῆν 210
 στεينوμένης μέσα νῶτα διέτμαγε δηιοτήτος,
 κραιπνός, ἀερσιλόφοιο καθήμενος ὑψόθεν ἵππου.
 ὥς δ' ὅτε ριγαλέου σκιερῆν μετὰ χεΐματος ὤρην
 φαίνεται ἀσκεπέων νεφέων γυμνούμενος ἀήρ,
 φέγγεος εἰαρινοῖο δεδεγμένος αἴθριον αἴγλην· 215
 ὥς ὃ γε βακχεύων πυκινὰς στίχας ἄτρομος ἀνήρ
 Ἰνδῶν σχιζομένων μεσάτην γυμνώσατο χάρμην.

Καὶ τότε τις προμάχοιο περὶ στόμα χαλκὸν ἐρείσας
 δεξιτερῆν δασπλῆτι γενειάδα τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
 καὶ τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐν ἡέρι βόμβον ἰάλλων 220
 εἰς σκοπὸν ὑψικέλευθον ἐπέμπετο λᾶας ἀλήτης,
 καὶ λίθος ἠερόφοιτος ἐπεσμαράγησε καρῆνῳ,
 καὶ λόφον εὐπήληκος ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐθειρῆς,
 αὐχενίου δεσμοῖο παρ' ἀνθερέωνα λυθέντος·

the navel, drew back his spear from the bleeding wound, and as he pulled, dragged out the bowels hot after his gory steel. When another showed fight he drew sword and ran upon him, cut the wrist with the sharp blade, and the hand fell bleeding and wriggling and jumping on the ground: or a hand was cut off, but did not loose the shield, but still clutched the end of the strap down in the dust, while the dead man's soul flew off on the wind longing for the youthful strength of the familiar body which had been bound up with it.^a Another he destroyed with a blow of his unsparing spear, piercing the shoulder-top with the sharp point, then struck the shield with his sword—the steel struck the oxhide in the middle with a clash, but it did not break.

²⁰⁷ So he went on wild with the madness of battle, wielded his spear in all directions with masterly skill, right and left flank, over the neck, across the shoulder, darted the ever-returning point this way and that way, until he cut through the front of the dense combat, full of energy as he sat on his horse with flying mane. As after the dark season of freezing winter the air shows free of the covering clouds, and takes the clear light of shining spring, so this inspired fearless man routed the dense ranks of broken Indians, and made a bare space in the middle of the fray.

²¹⁸ Then in the front ranks, one drove his blade at another's mouth and struck the right cheek with the terrible sword. Here a stone cast against the enemy soared high to its mark, whizzing through the air; the stone fell from the air and crashed upon a head, knocking off the crest of a plumed helmet and snapping the neckstrap under the chin—the helmet

• Paraphrase of Hom. *Il.* xvi. 856-857 = xxii. 362-363.

NONNOS

τῆς δὲ κυλινδομένης κεφαλῇ γυμνοῦτο φορῆος. 225
 οὐ μῦνοι τότε φῶτες ἐπέβρεμον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
 ἵπποι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐπεςμαράγησαν Ἐννώ,
 Ἄρεα σαλπίζοντες ἐνναλίῳ χρεμετισμῶ.
 κούρη δ' ὑστερόφωνος ὄρεσσαύλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 πετραίοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐτῶν 230
 μιμηλὴ χρεμέτιζε μέλος πολεμήιον Ἴχῳ.

Καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδαίικτος ἐλίσσεται νεκρὸς ἀρούραις
 θερμὸν ἀποπτύων ῥόον αἵματος· ὄλλυμένων δὲ
 οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πλευρῆσιν ἐπηώρητο θανόντες,
 ὃς δὲ τυπεῖς ἐλέλικτο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος, 235
 ἄλλος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῆ κεκύλιστο κονίη,
 ἄλλος ἐπυστήρικτο παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
 ἀνέρος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρῆνω,
 ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἰάχησε τετυμμένος ἀνθρεῶνα,
 καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιξεν ἔχων ὄρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου· 240
 πρηνῆς δ' ἄλλος ἔκειτο, καὶ ὡς κοτέων ὀλετήρι
 εὐρυχανῆς ἔσφιγξε μεμνηνότι γαῖαν ὀδόντι.
 ἄλλου βαλλομένοιο τανυγλώχινι σιδήρῳ
 λευκὸς ἀκοντιστήρι χιτῶν ἐρυθαίνεται λύθρῳ·
 ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο τιταινομένων ἀπὸ τόξων 245
 αἰμοβαφῆς πτερόεντι χαράσσεται μηρὸς οἰστῶ.

Καὶ τις ἐὶν σάλπιγγα μάτην περὶ χεῖλος ἐρείσας
 ἐχθρὸς ἀνὴρ κελάδησεν ἐγερσιμόθου μέλος ἠχοῦς,
 ὀκναλέον φύξην εὐν στρατὸν εἰς μόθον ἔλκων.
 οἱ δὲ βοῆς αἰόντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἴνδοί. 250
 θαρσαλέοι δ' ἠψαντο παλιννόστοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 αἰδόμενοι βασιλῆι φανήμεναι ἔκτοθι νίκης.

Καὶ πολέες στεφανηδὸν ἀπόσσυτον εἶν ἐνὶ χώρῳ
 Αἰακὸν εὐθώρηκες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταί.

went rolling away and the man's head was bare. Then not only men roared battle, but even the armoured horses joined in the noise, trumpeting Ares with bellicose whinny : and maiden Echo after-sounding answered the din of their hillranging throats with her stony lips, and whinnied too—mimicking their warlike notes.

²³² Many a corpse newly slain rolled over the fields, spitting out a hot stream of blood. Of the dying, some lay on their sides and died, one with belly torn open turned over on the wound, another rolled in the dust which was scattered on the ground, another died leaning upon his middle, this one trod upon the head of a man gasping on the ground, that one wounded in the throat fell with a groan and moved his feet about in a dance of death. Another lay on his face, and as if venting his rage on the slayer, opened his mouth and bit the earth with mad teeth. Another had been struck with a long steel blade, and his white tunic was red from a jet of gore. Another, as he fought, was shot in the thigh by a winged arrow from the bows drawn at him, and covered with blood.

²⁴⁷ There was one of the enemy who pressed his trumpet to his lips in vain,^a and sounded the call to attack, hoping to bring back into the battle his cowardly shrinking host. The Indians hearing the call poured back to the fray, and boldly began a new conflict, ashamed to appear without victory before their king.

²⁵³ A large company of warriors in panoply drove Aiacos apart, and surrounded him there. He stood

^a This word, *μάτην*, makes nonsense, for the call was not sounded "in vain," but a good emendation is yet to seek.

αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσσος ἔην βεβημένος, οὐ τρυφαλείη, 255
 οὐ πίσυνος σακέεσσι καὶ οὐ θώρηκι κυδοιμοῦ·
 ἀλλὰ ἐ πατρώοις πεπυκασμένον ἀντὶ σιδήρου
 ἀρρήκτοις νεφέεσσι ὄλον πύργωσεν Ἀθήνη,
 οἷς πάρος ἀβρέκτοιο κατέσβεσεν αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης 260
 διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ
 Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος, ἀμαλλοτόκοιο δὲ γαίης
 αὐλακες εὐώδινες ἐνυμφεύθησαν ἀρότρῳ·
 καὶ μέσσος ἀντιβίων κυκλούμενος ἔνθεος ἀνὴρ
 τοὺς μὲν ἀπηλοίησε θεῶ δορί, τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
 τοὺς δὲ λίθοις κραναοῖσι· πέδον δ' ἐρυθθαίνετο λύθρῳ 265
 Ἰνδῶν κτεινομένων, καὶ ἀκαμπέος ἀνέρος αἰχμῇ
 κέϊτο πολυσπερέων νεκύων χύσις, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ἡμιθανὴς ἦσπαιρεν, ὁ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶν ἀράσσων
 ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὀμίλεε γείτοινι πότμῳ·
 καὶ δαπέδῳ στείνοντο, νέκυς δ' ἐπερείδετο νεκρῶ 270
 κεκλιμένῳ μετρηδόν, ἀπ' ἀρτιτόμοιο δὲ λαιμοῦ
 ψυχρὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας θερμαίνεται λύθρῳ·
 καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν, ἐπασσυτέρων δὲ πεσόντων
 Γαῖα κελαινώωσα κατάρρυτος αἵματος ὄλκῳ,
 υἷας οἰκτείρουσα, χαραδραίῃ φάτο φωνῇ· 275
 “Υἱὲ Διὸς ζεΐδωρε μαιφόνε—καὶ γὰρ ἀνάσσεις
 ὄμβρον καρποτόκοιο καὶ αἱμαλέου νιφετοῖο,—
 ὄμβρῳ μὲν γονόεσσαν ὄλην ἐδίηνας ἀλωὴν
 Ἑλλάδος, Ἰνδῶν δὲ κατέκλυσας αὐλακα λύθρῳ,
 ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλλοφόρος, θανατηφόρος· ἀγρονόμοις μὲν 280
 σὸς νιφετὸς στάχυν εὔρε,
 σὺ δὲ στρατὸν ἔθρισας Ἰνδῶν
 ἀνέρας ἀμώνων ἄτε λήιον· ἀμφότερον δὲ
 ἐκ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἄγεις, ἐξ Ἄρεος αἵματι νίφεις.”

in the midst at their mercy ; no helmet nor shield nor corselet could have saved him from that assault, but Athena built all round him a defence in place of steel, his father's impregnable clouds,^a the same clouds which once had quenched the drought of the soil, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty earth, when Zeus sent the rain, so that the fertile furrows of sheafbearing earth were wedded to the plow. Thus the inspired man, surrounded by enemies, destroyed some with quickdarting spear, some with sword, some with jagged stones ; the ground was red with the blood of slain Indians, and the corpses lay scattered in heaps by the blade of the unshaken man. One panted half-dead, one hammered the earth with his feet and rolled over helpless on his back, holding converse with fate his neighbour. They crowded the place, corpse lying as if fitted on corpse in rows, and cold bodies were warmed by the red gore from throats newly cut, endless carnage. As they fell and fell, Earth darkened with pouring streams of blood lamented her sons, and cried with a torrent of words—

²⁷⁶ “ Son of Zeus, beneficent butcher—for you are lord of the fruitbearing rain and the deluge of blood ! With rain you did irrigate all the productive orchards of Hellas, with gore you have deluged Indian furrows ! Once stookbearing, now deathbearing ! Your deluge found corn-ears for the farmers, now you have reaped the Indian host, men like a ripe harvest ! You do both—bring rain from Zeus, and shower blood from Ares ! ”

^a He was the son of Zeus and Aegina. Zeus had sent rain after a drought in Aegina, when Aeacus had made sacrifice to him.

NONNOS

Τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Γαῖα φερέσβιος. ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
 οὐρανόθεν κελάδησε, καὶ Αἰακὸν εἰς φόνον Ἴνδῶν 285
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς προκαλίζετο σάλπιγξ.
 καὶ τις ἐν ἀντιβίοισιν ἔς Αἰακὸν ὄμμα τανύσσας
 πέμπε βέλος, καὶ βαιόν, ὅσον χροὸς ἄκρον ἀμύξαι,
 μηρὸν ἐπιγράψαντα παρέτραπεν ἰὸν Ἀθήνη.

μάρνατο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνώδυνος εἰς μέσον Ἴνδῶν 290
 Αἰακὸς ἀστήρικτος, ἐπεὶ βέλος ἤπτετο μηροῦ,
 λεπτὸς ὄνυξ ἄτε φωτός, ὅτε χροὸς ἄκρα χαράξῃ.

Καὶ τις ἀνὴρ ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο πεζὸς ὀδίτης
 ἴχνεσιν ὠκυτέροισι, καὶ ἤθελε γείτονα λόχμην
 δύμεναι, ἦχι πάροιθεν ἐκεύθετο· τὸν δὲ διώκων 295

εἰς δρόμον ἠνιόχευε ποδῆνεμον ἵππον Ἐρεχθεὺς·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τόσσον ἔμαρψεν, ὅσον προμάχοιο βαλόντος
 ἔγχεος ἵπταμένοιο τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ὀρμή,
 δὴ τότε οἱ μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν ἀντώπιος ἔσθη

πεζὸς ἀνὴρ, ἵππῃα δεδεγμένος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμψας 300

ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήριξεν ἀριστερὸν ἴχνος ἀρούρη
 λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῆσιν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
 ἴχνιον ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον, ὀρθὰ τιταίνων
 δεξιτεροῦ ποδὸς ἄκρα πεπηγότα δάκτυλα γαίῃ,
 Ἴνδικὸν ἑπταβόειον ἔχων σάκος, εἰκόνα πύργου, 305

γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος ὀξύ· προῖσχύμενος δὲ προσώπου
 ἀσπίδα χαλκεόνωτον ἐπέδραμεν Ἴνδὸς ἀγῆνωρ,
 ἢ θανέειν ἢ φῶτα βαλεῖν ἢ πῶλον ἐλάσσαι
 ἄορι τολμήεντι· καὶ ὀμφαλόεντι σιδήρει
 δόχημιος ἀντικέλευθον ἀνακρούσας γένυν ἵππου 310
 πεζὸς ἔων ἐτίναξεν ὑπέρτερον ἠνιοχῆα·

καὶ νύ κεν εἰς χθόνα ρῖψεν ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἔγχεϊ νύξε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον Ἐρεχθεὺς
 καὶ φονίῳ μέσον ἄνδρα πεπαρμένον ὀξεί χαλκῶ
 εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ στροφάδεσσιν ἐρῶαῖς 315

²⁸⁴ So cried Earth, the mother of life. But Cronion sounded from heaven, the trumpet of Zeus called Aiacos to the slaughter of Indians with thunderclaps. There one of the enemy fixed his eye on Aiacos and let fly a shot : the arrow just grazed his thigh so as to scratch the skin, but Athena turned it aside. Aiacos felt no pain, and fought still more without ceasing among the Indians, after the arrow touched his thigh, like the light touch of a man's nail which just scratches the skin.

²⁹³ One man got away on foot uncaught, running at full speed, and wished to get into the coppice not far off where he had been hidden before ; but Erechtheus pursued him riding a windfoot horse. When he had caught him up so close that a front-fighter could aim his flying lance for a straight throw, the man turned about and faced him, awaiting the horseman on foot. He bent his knee, and planted his left foot on the ground turning sideways, lifted his right foot and stretched it behind, stiffened the toes of his right foot and pressed them firmly into the ground. He carried a sevenhide Indian shield like a tower, he carried a sharp naked sword ; holding the bronzeplated shield before his face the brave Indian faced his foe, ready to die or strike the man or pierce the horse with daring sword. As he came on the footman from one side struck up at the horse's cheek with a knob of steel and unsettled the man above on his back, and he would have thrown the citizen of unmothered Athena ; but Erechtheus struck him with a spear by his midnipple-tip, and with sharp-slaughtering bronze pierced the man through the middle and sent him flying till he fell

NONNOS

ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη
 κρᾶτα κυβιστητήρα φέρων βητάρμονι παλμῶ.
 τὸν δὲ λιπὼν σπαίροντα, μετατρέψας δρόμον ἵππου,
 ἄλλοις δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραεν ἄστος Ἀθήνης.
 . . . κυκλώσας ἐὰ τόξα, καὶ ἀπλώσας ἐπὶ νευρῆν 320
 ὄρθιον ἀκροτάτου τετανυσμένον ἄχρι σιδήρου
 εἰς σκοπὸν εἶλκε βέλεμνον· ἀριστοτόκῳ δ' ἐπὶ νύμφῃ
 νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Καλλιοπεΐη.
 ἐννέα μὲν προέηκε ταυγγλώχινας οἰστούς,
 ἐννέα δ' ἄνδρας ἔπεφνεν· ἔην δέ τις ἴσος ἀριθμὸς 325
 πεμπομένοις βελέεσσι καὶ ὀλλυμένοισι μαχηταῖς·
 ὧν ὁ μὲν ἄκρα μέτωπα διέσχισεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
 ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνοιο κατέγραφεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
 ἄλλος ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ἕτερος δ' ἐπὶ νηδύι πίπτων
 μεσσατίη πεφόρητο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος, 330
 ὃς δὲ διὰ πλευροῖο διέδραμεν, ὃς δὲ φυγόντος
 ὀρθὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐνεπήγγυτο ταρσῶ
 καὶ χθονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὀμοζεύκτῳ πόδα δεσμῶ.
 ἠνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμνον ἀνεΐρυσεν· ἐκ δὲ φαρέτρης
 ἄλλου πεμπομένοιο κατέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ 335
 ἠερίῃ στροφάλιγγι κατᾶσσυτος ὄμβρος οἰστῶν.
 ὡς δ' ὅτε χαλκείῳ τις ἐπ' ἄκμονι χαλκὸν ἐλαύνων
 ἀκαμάτῳ ραιστῆρι πυρίβρομον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
 τύπτων γείτονα μύδρον, ἀποθρῶσκουσι δὲ πολλοὶ
 ἀλλόμενοι σπινθῆρες ἀρασσομένοιο σιδήρου, 340
 ἠέρα θερμαίνοντες, ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ριπαῖς
 ὃς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ σχεδόν, ἄλλος ὀρούσας
 ἄλλον ἔτι θρῶσκοντα κιχάνεται αἴθοπι παλμῶ·
 ὡς ὁ γε τοξεύων στρατιῆν ἀντώπιον Ἰνδῶν
 μαρναμένων ἐκέδασσεν ἀλωφήτων ἀπὸ τόξων, 345
 κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἐπασσυντέροισι βελέμνοισι.
 μεσσατίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἀλευαμένης νέφος ἰῶν

through the air to the ground, slipping headforemost, and rolled over and over in the dust, and with a somersault took a header like a tumbling clown. There the Athenian left him in convulsions, and turned back his horse to attack other enemies.^a

³²⁰ <Oiagros was still fighting.> He bent his bow, fitted a shaft to the string, and drew it right back to the tip of the iron and let fly at the mark, trusting all hopes of victory to his bride Calliopeia, mother of a noble son. Nine longbarbed arrows he shot, nine men he slew—one number for the arrows let fly and the warriors killed. One flying shaft pierced a forehead, one cut the round of a hairy breast, another fell on a flank, another upon a belly and dug deep into the hollow middle. Again one went through a side, another caught a running man on the sole of his storming foot and nailed the foot close fastened to the earth. Again he drew back a windswift shaft: and from that quiver another flew, and a shower of arrows went one after another hurtling through the air. As when a man hammers metal on a smith's anvil, and rings the fiery clinks with unwearied sledge beating the mass below, the sparks leap out in showers, spurting when the iron is struck, and heat the air; under blow after blow first one goes up then another, one leaps after another and catches it leaping in its fiery course: so he shooting at the Indian host before him scattered the warriors with arrows without respite, slaying on all sides with the incessant shafts. The centre of the line gave way before this

^a Some mention of Oiagros has fallen out, here restored from the suggestion of Graefe.

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χῶρος ἐγυμνώθη, κεραῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης,
 ἀμφιφαῆς ὅτε βαιὸν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης
 ἄκρα διαπλήσασα δὺν νεοφεγγέος αἴγλης 350
 κεκλιμέναις ἀκτῖσι μέσον κύκλιο χαράσσει,
 δίζυγι κεκριμένῳ μαλακῷ πυρί· μεσσατίας δὲ
 γυμνὰ χαρασσομένης ἔτι φαίνεται κύκλα Σελήνης.

Οὐδὲ μάχης ἀπέληγε συναιχμάζων Διονύσω
 Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ 355
 κτείνων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· καὶ ἐκ πεδίοιο διώκων
 εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο μετήγαγε λαὸν ἀλήτην.
 συμφερτοὶ δ' ἓνα μῶνον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
 τυπτόμενον ξιφέεσσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγοντα μαχαίρης,
 οὐ βέλεος πτερόεντος· ἐπασσυτέρησι δὲ ρίπαῖς 360
 κυανέης ἤμησε σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης
 κραιπνὸς ἀνὴρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἐμάρνατο,

τοὺς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
 τοὺς δὲ κάτω ποταμοῖο μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαΐζων·
 καὶ νεκῶν ἔπλησεν ὄλον ῥόον· ὄλλυμένων δὲ
 αἵματι μορμύρων ἐρυθαίνεται λευκὸς Ὑδάσπης. 365
 καὶ τις ἀνὴρ προμάχοιο φυγῶν ἀνεμώδεα ριπήν
 κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥέέθρῳ,
 καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ
 σύρετο κυματόεντι νέκυσ πεφορημένος ὄλκῳ
 οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ λύθρου 370
 Νηιάδες λούσαντο δαφονήεντι ῥέέθρῳ,
 καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσι ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ.
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐν προχοῇσιν ἀπορρίψαντες ἀκωκὴν
 ἰκεσίην ἀνέφαινον ἀτευχέες, ὃς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
 ὃς δὲ παρὰ ψαμάθοις τετανυσμένος, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ 375
 ὄρθιος ὀκλάζων, κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων·
 ἀλλὰ λιτὰς ἀπέειπεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
 Αἰακὸς ἀντιβίωτιν ἀκαμπέα μῆνιν ἀέζων·

cloud of arrows and a space was left clear, like the crescent moon when it shines dim at either horn and fills the two ends with new-lighted sheen, marking off the middle of the orb with receding beams, and the two horns apart gleaming softly, but the middle orb of the moon marked off is yet seen to be bare.

³⁵⁴ Nor did Aiacos slacken fight, that fearless ally of Dionysos, but he moved furious in the fray killing here and killing there; he chased the people away from the plain and drove them into the river flood. The warriors gathered around him, alone in their midst, struck by their swords and not caring for sabre-stroke nor winged shot. With incessant swoops he reaped the iron harvest of black battle, that stirring hero, and fought them all, slaying some on the banks, some down in the river with battling hand. He filled the whole stream with corpses; white Hydaspes turned red, boiling with the blood of the slain. One man to escape the champion, rushing like the wind, dived of himself, tumbling into the stream; many a corpse newly slain by that darting steel was carried floating upon the billowy flood with swollen limbs. The blood ran deep, and the Naiads washed in gory water, the black water reddened with clots of blood. Many threw away their spears in the river and offered supplication unarmed, this on the bank, that stretched on the sand, one again on land kneeling upright and bending an arched neck. But Aiacos threw up his head ^a refusing their prayers, and let his unbending wrath grow against his adversaries. Not one Lycaon

^a The Greek gesture of refusal was, and is, to throw back the head, being the opposite of nodding downwards in acceptance.

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αἰχμητὴν δ' ἀσίδηρον ἔτι ψάοντα λιτάων
 οὐχ ἓνα μῶνον ἔπεφνε Λυκάονα, δυσμενέας δὲ 380
 χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισι κυλινδομένους ἐπὶ γαίῃ
 νηρίθμους κεραίει, ῥόον ποταμοῖο μαιίνων·
 καὶ πολὺν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἐδέξατο νεκρὸν Ὑδάσπης.

Οὐδ' ἄθειε πολέμιζε καὶ Αἰακός· ἀντιβίους γάρ,
 ὡς γενέτης Πηλῆος, ἔσω ποταμοῖο δαΐζων 385
 ἱκμαλέον μόθον εἶχε καὶ ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐννώ,
 οἷα προθεσπίζων ποταμοῦ περὶ χεῦμα Καμάνδρου
 φύλοπιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐπεσσομένην Ἀχιλῆι·
 καὶ μόθον νίωνοῖο μόθος μαντεύσατο πάππου.

Καὶ τις ἐνὶ προχοῆσιν ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη 390
 Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα ῥοάων·

“ Νηιάδων ὁμόφυλε, Διυπετέες αἶμα κομίζων,
 ἀγνὸν ὕδωρ ἐλέαιρε Διυπετέος ποταμοῖο.
 ἄρκιον Ἰνδὸν ὄλεσσε τεδὸν δόρυ· παῦεο Νύμφαις 395
 δάκρυα Νηιάδεσσιν ἀδακρύτοισιν ἐγείρων·
 Νηιάς ὑδατόεσσα καὶ ὑμετέρη πέλε μήτηρ·
 κούρην γὰρ ποταμοῖο τετὴν Αἴγιναν ἀκούω.
 μνώεο, τίς σε λόχευσε, καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα μαιίνεις.
 ἴξομαι εἰς ῥόον ἄλλον ἀκήρατον, εἰς ἄλα βαίνω,
 καὶ με θαλασσαίῃ δέχεται Θέτις· ἀλλὰ μελέσθω 400
 αἱματόεις ῥόος οὗτος Ἐρινύι καὶ Διονύσῳ.”

* As Achilles killed Lycaon, Hom. *Il.* xxi. 134.

† Hom. *Il.* xxi. 116.

alone did he slay, a warrior unarmed and still praying for mercy ^a; but innumerable enemies he destroyed, rolling over and over on the earth with unweapened hands, and defiled the running river: many a dead Asteropaios Hydaspes received.^b

³⁸⁴ Not without God's help Aiacos also fought. As befitted the father of Peleus, he slew his enemies in the river, a watery battle, a conflict among the waves, as if to foretell the unfinished battle for Achilles ^c in time to come at the river Camandros ^d: the grandfather's battle prophesied the grandson's conflict.

³⁹⁰ And a Naiad Nymph in the river unshod, unveiled, peeped out of the stream and cried—

³⁹² “Kinsman of the Naiads! with the blood of Zeus in your veins! Pity the holy water of the river that fell from Zeus! Indians enough your spear has destroyed. Cease to call for the tears from the tearless Naiad Nymphs! A Naiad of the water was your own mother; yes, I hear that your Aigina was a river's daughter. Think who brought you forth, and you will no longer defile a river. I will go away to another stream, one without stain, I will go down to the sea, and seaborne Thetis is ready to receive me. Let this river of blood be the care of Erinys and Dionysos.”

^c The son of Peleus. See *Il.* xxi. *passim*.

^d Properly Scamandros.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
καὶ κλόνον ὑδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.

Ὡς φαμένη πατρῶον ἐδύσατο φοίνιον ὕδωρ
Νηιάς ὑδατόεσσα διάβροχος αἵματι Νύμφη.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βάρβαρα φύλα παρ' ἠόνας ἄορι τύπτων
εἰς προχοὰς ἔτρεψε· διωκόμενοι δὲ σιδήρῳ
δυσμενέες κτείνοντο φόβῳ στείνοντες Ὑδάσπην. 5
καὶ πολὺς ἐν ῥοθίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἐλίσσω
νηχομένους μιμείτο, καὶ ἤθελε πότμον ἀλύξαι
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοις ποταμῆια χεύματα τέμνων·
ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ κεκάλυπτο· καὶ ὕδασιν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔγκυος οἰδαίνων διερῶ τυμβεύετο πότμῳ. 10

Οὐδ' ἐπὶ δὴν παρὰ θίνα φερεσσακέος ποταμοῖο
πληθύι τοσσατίη φονίων κυκλούμενος Ἴνδῶν
Αἰακὸς εἰσέτι μίμνεν, ἐπεὶ μογέοντι παρέστη
Ἴνδοφόνος Διόνυσος ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων.
ἔνθα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄλλον ἀφειδέι δούρατι νύσσων 15
Αἰακὸς ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐμαίνεται δ' οἰά περ Ἄρης,
σύνδρομος εὐθῶρηκι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.

Καὶ διερῆ Διόνυσος ὁμίλεε σύζυγι χάρμη
ὑγρὸν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι φέρων μόρον. εἰ δέ τις ἀνήρ
νήχετο δαιδαλέης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος οἴδματα τέμνων, 20
νηχομένων κεράϊξε μετάφρενον· εἰ δέ τις Ἴνδῶν

BOOK XXIII

In the twenty-third I sing Indian Hydaspes
crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

So spoke the Nymph, the Naiad of the waters, and soaked in blood plunged into the bloodstained water of her father. But Aiacos drove the barbarian hordes along the banks into the flood, striking with his sword ; the enemy pursued by the steel died in their rout and choked the river Hydaspes. Many a one in the flood stretched legs and arms in the manner of swimmers, and tried to escape his fate by cutting the stream with inexperienced hands, yet he was swallowed in the water ; one upon another swollen big with water there found a floating grave.

¹¹ But Aiacos had not long to wait on the bank of the shieldstrewn river, surrounded by all that multitude of deadly foes, for Dionysos Indianslayer was beside him at his need, shaking the sharpened wand. Then Aiacos laid low a great host besides, piercing them with unsparing spear ; furious as Ares he was by the side of his corseleted brother Dionysos.

¹⁸ Then Dionysos joined with him in the watery battle, and brought a drowning death to his foes. If some man swam by cutting through the waves on his wellmade shield, he thrust him through the back as he swam. If an Indian showed fight half under

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ἡμιφανῆς πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἰλύι ταρσὸν ἐρείσας,
 θύρσῳ στῆθος ἔτυψεν ἢ αὐχένα, κύματα τέμνων,
 δυομένων· βυθίων γὰρ ἐπίστατο κόλπον ἐναύλων,
 ἐξ ὅτε μιν φεύγοντα μόθον δασπλήτα Λυκούργου 25
 δώματι κυμαίνοντι γέρων ὑπεδέξατο Νηρεὺς.
 πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείοντο ῥέεθρῳ,
 νῖα Διὸς τρομέοντες ὀρίδρομον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 ὄρθιος ἰλυόεντι πόδας σφηκώσατο πηλῶ,
 αὐτοπαγῆς δ' ἀτίνακτος ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρῆνου 30
 ἡμιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε καλυπτομένην πτύχα μηροῦ·
 καὶ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζεν ἐν ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἀρούρης
 ἀμφοτέραις παλάμαις διδυμάονα δούρατα πάλλων·
 καὶ τὸ μὲν αἰχμάζεσκεν ἐς ἡόνας ὑψόσε πέμπων,
 Αἰακὸν ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων σκοπόν, ἄλλο δὲ σείσας 35
 ἔγχος ἀνουτήτιοι κατακόντιζε Λυαίου.
 καὶ τις ἐνεστήρικτο μέσον κενεῶνα καλύπτων,
 ὃς δὲ φυγεῖν οὐχ εὔρε, τετυμμένος ὀξεί θύρσῳ,
 ἵχνια πηλώεντι φέρων πεπεδημένα δεσμῶ,
 ταρσὸν ἔχων ψαμάθοισι κατάσχετον· ἴστατο δ' ἄλλος 40
 κνήμης βαλλομένης· ὁ δὲ γούνατος ἄκρα διαίνων
 ὑγρὴν αἰμαλέοιο δι' ὕδατος εἶχεν Ἐννώ·
 ἄλλος ἐνερρίζωτο δεδυκότος ἄχρι γενείου,
 καὶ πόδας ἠώρησε λελουμένον ὦμον αἰείρων,
 φεύγων φρικτὰ ῥέεθρα καταἴσσοντα προσώπου· 45
 ἄλλος ἐνὶ προχοῆσιν ὄλον δέμας ἐκ ποδὸς ἄκρου
 ἄχρι μέσου στέρνοιο κατάρρυτος, ὃς δὲ διαίνων
 ὦμους διχθαδίους, ὁ δὲ βόστρυχον ἄκρον ἐρεύσας
 δέχνυτο κυματόεσσαν ἐπαῖσσουσαν ἀπειλήν.

^a See xx. 356.

^b Like Asteropaios, Hom. *Il.* xxi. 163. Nonnos has the
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water and standing on the mud, he struck breast or neck with his wand, wading in among the drowning men; for he knew the deep bosom of the waters, ever since he fled from the murderous attack of Lycurgos, and ancient Nereus had entertained him in his billowy dwelling.^a Many on this side and that plunged into the stream in fear of the hillranging son of Zeus. One stood upright with feet held firmly in the slimy mud, selfstuck, immovable, half-visible from loins to head; then lifting the hidden fork of the thigh he fought better against Bromios in water than on land, for he cast two lances from his two hands^b; one he let fly towards the bank, sending it up high, with Aiacos as his target, who was approaching; the other he poised and threw at Lyaïos the invulnerable. Another stood firmly, covered to midbelly; and he could not escape, but the sharp wand struck him as he dragged his clogged feet through the fettering mud, and his soles were stayed in the sands. There was another, stopt by a wound in the calf; the river just reached his knee, and fought a wet warfare through the bloody water. Another rooted to the bottom was submerged over the chin, and tried to lift his feet so as to get a shoulder clear of the water, trying to escape the terrible flood which dashed in his face. Others with the whole body covered from the toes to the middle of the chest, or with both shoulders in the wet, or with red on the hair of his head,^c awaited the threatening attack

battle of Achilles by the river in his mind throughout this description.

^a Presumably from the blood-stained water but the reading is doubtful.

εἰς βυθὸν ἄλλος ἔδυνε διάβροχα χεῖλα σείων 50
 ἀνδροφόνον παρὰ χεῦμα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος.

Καί τις εὐὸς ἐτάρους δεδοκημένος Ἴνδὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 τοὺς μὲν κτεινομένους δολιχῶ δορί,

τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,

ἄλλον οἰστευθέντα χαραδρήεντι βελέμνω,
 τὸν δὲ πολυπλέκτῳ δεδαῖγμένον ὄξει θύρσῳ, 55

Θουρέι νεκρὸν ὄμιλον ἐδείκνυεν, ἀχνύμενος δὲ
 τίλλε κόμην, φλογερῶ δὲ χόλου βακχεύετο πυρσῶ,
 σφίγγων καρχαρόδοντι μεμυκότα χεῖλα δεσμῶ·
 καὶ ταχὺς αὐτοφόνον μιμούμενος Ἴνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
 βάρβαρον αἶμα φέρων καὶ βάρβαρον ἦθος ἀέξων, 60

ἄορ ἐὼν γύμνωσεν, ἀπορρίψας δὲ χιτῶνα,
 Ἄρεος ἀρραγὲς ἔρκος, ἀλεξητῆρα βελέμνων,
 καὶ ξίφος ἀπτοίητος ἐῶ κενεῶνι πελάσσας
 ὑστατὴν ταχύποτος ἀγῆνορα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Γαστήρ, δέχνυσο τοῦτο φίλον ξίφος·

αἰδέομαι γάρ, 65

μή τις ἐμὲ κτείνειεν ἀνάρσιος ἀπτόλεμος χεῖρ.
 αὐτὸς ἐμῶ κενεῶνι θελήμονα χαλκὸν ἐλάσσω,
 μή με πατήρ μέμφαιτο δεδοπότα θήλει θύρσῳ,
 μή Σάτυρον, μή Βάκχον ἐμὸν καλέσειε φονῆα.”

Ἐννεπε κυανέης κατὰ γαστέρος ἄορ ἐρείσας 70
 τολμηραῖς παλάμησιν, ἄτε ξένον ἄνδρα δαΐζων,
 καὶ θάνεν αὐτοδαίκτος ἐν ἀντιβίοισι Μενοικεύς,
 αἰδόμενος μετὰ δῆριν ἰδεῖν ἔτι Δηριαδῆα·

ὄμμασι δ’ ἀκλαύτοισι θελήμονι κάτθανε πότμῳ,
 καὶ μανίης ἀπάνευθεν ἐφαίνετο χάλκεος Αἴας. 75

Καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥέεθρῳ

* Menoiceus son of Creon killed himself because the prophet had foretold that his death would bring victory to his country.

of the waves. Another with wet lips palpitating and grinning teeth sank into the deathdealing stream.

⁵² Some proud Indian seeing his companions killed by long spear or sword, struck by a missile rock, pierced by the sharp leafwrapt thyrsus-wand, pointed out to Thureus the heaps of corpses—then in anguish tore his hair, bit his lips deep and was dumb, wild with blazing indignation. Born of barbarian blood and bred in barbarian manners, he quickly followed the example of Indian Orontes and killed himself. Baring his sword, he stript off the corselet, that impregnable defence in battle which kept off the missiles, and undismayed set the blade to his flank, as he uttered a last proud speech before the quick stroke of death :

⁶⁵ “ Belly, receive this friendly sword ! I should be ashamed if I were killed by some unnatural unwarlike hand. I myself drive a willing blade into my own side, that my father may not reproach me brought low by a womanish wand, nor call Satyr or Bacchant my slayer ! ”

⁷⁰ As he spoke, he thrust the sword down into his darkskinned belly with resolute hands, as if he were piercing a stranger, and died self-slain, another Menoiceus ^a among his foes, ashamed to look again upon Deriades after this battle ; died a willing death with tearless eyes, and showed himself a brazen Aias ^b but that he was not mad.

⁷⁶ The carnage was infinite ; Hydaspes covered

^b Aias, son of Telamon, went mad with disappointment when the arms of Achilles were given to Odysseus instead of him. Recovering his senses, he found he had killed sheep, taking them for his enemies, and killed himself for shame. See Soph. *Aias*.

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κτεινομένους ἐκάλυψε καὶ ἔπλετο τύμβος Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ τις ἔσω ποταμοῖο πανυστατίνην χέε φωνήν·

“ Καὶ σύ, πάτερ,

προχοῆσι πόθεν σέο τέκνα καλύπτεις;
πολλάκι Βάκτρον Ἄρηα μετήιον, ἀλλὰ ρεέθροις 80

οὐ ποτε Μῆδον ὄμιλον ἀπέκτανε Μῆδος Ἀράξης·
Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης οὐκ ἔκρυφε γείτονα Πέρσην·
πολλάκι μοι παρὰ Ταῦρον ἔην μόθος, ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χάρμη
οὐ Κίλικάς ποτε Κύδνος ἐὼ τυμβεύσατο κόλπῳ

οὐ Τάναϊς χιονῶδες ἄγων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ 85
γείτοινι Σαυρομάτῃ θωρήσεται, ἀλλὰ κορύσσων
Κόλχοις ἀντιβίοισι χαραδρήσσαν Ἐινῶ
πολλάκι παχνήεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνω.

Ἐριδανὸς πέλε σείο μακάρτερος, ὅττι ρεέθροις 90
ἀλλοδαπὸν Φαέθοντα καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε πολίτην,

οὐ Γαλάτην ἐκάλυψε καὶ οὐ τάφος ἔπλετο Κελτῶ,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτησι ῥηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων

Ἡλιάδων ἤλεκτρα φεραυγέα δῶρα κυλίνδει·
Ῥῆνος Ἴβηρ βρεφέεσσι κορύσσεται, ἀλλὰ δικάζων, 95
καὶ κρυφίην ὠδίνα διασχίζων τοκετοῖο

κτείνει ξεῖνα γένεθλα· σὺ δὲ φθιμένων ναετήρων
κρύπτεις γνήσια τέκνα καὶ οὐ νόθον αἶμα καλύπτεις.

πῶς δύνασαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι ἢ καὶ αὐτῶ
Ὠκεανῶ γενέτῃ καὶ Τηθύι, σείο τεκούσῃ,
αἵμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι φόνου πλημμυρίδα σύρων; 100

^a River Don.

^b Phaëthon when struck by the thunderbolt fell into the Eridanos, which “is nowhere at all but said to be somewhere near the Po,” says Strabo v. 1. 9. Nonnos seems obsessed by this story, to which he recurs several times, finally telling it at length in book xxxviii. The mention of amber in con-

the dead with his reluctant flood, and became their tomb. Then one within the river cried out his last reproach :

⁷⁹ " You too, father ! why do you drown your sons ? I have often made war against Bactrians, but Median Araxes never destroyed a Median army. Persian Euphrates never drowned his neighbours, the Persians. Often I have had war under the Tauros, but Cydnos never made his bosom the tomb of Cilicians in war. Tanaïs ^a never arms icy petrified waters against the Sauromatans on his banks, but often attacked their enemies the Colchians with torrential war, and laid them low with his frozen armament. Eridanos was happier than you, in that he swallowed a foreigner, Phaëthon ^b in his flood, not one of his own people ; he drowned no Gaul, he entombed no Celt, but brings wealth from his trees to the friends who live near him as he rolls along the brilliant amber gifts of the Heliades. Iberian Rhine ^c does indeed attack his own sons, but as a judge, when he marks off the illicit offspring of his race and kills the stranger-brat ; but you swallow up the lawful sons of your own perishing people—you drown no bastard blood. How dare you mingle with other rivers, with your Father Ocean himself and Tethys your mother, rolling down a flood of gore in bloody streams ? Have some nexion with Eridanos suggests that it has been confused with some North European river.

^c Apparently Nonnos imagined either that the Rhine was in Spain or that the Iberians' territory extended through Gaul to its banks. It was said in late antiquity (see Julian, *Orat.* p. 81d Sp. ; pseudo-Julian, *Ep.* cxci. 16 ; Claudian v. 112 ; more references and good parallels in Frazer, *Folklore of O.T.* ii. 454-455) that the " Celts " used to throw their infant children into the Rhine, for a true-born child would float quite safely, but a bastard would drown.

ἄζεο, μὴ νεκύεσσι Ποσειδάωνα μίηνης.

σεῖο ρόος Βρομίοιο κακώτερος, ὅττι με θύρσοις
οὐ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ὅσον κλονέεις με ρεέθροις.”

ᾧ εἰπὼν βαρύποτμος ἐδέχνυτο λοίσθιον ὕδωρ.
καὶ πλόος ἦν εὖοπλος· ἐκουφίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ 105

οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ἀποφθιμένου δὲ φορῆος
ἡμιφανῆς πλωτῆρι λόφῳ πορθμεύετο πήληξ
δυομένη κατὰ βαιόν· ἐφαλλόμεναι δὲ ρεέθροις
ἐκταδὸν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ἄτε πρυμνήσια νηῶν
νηχομένους τελαμῶνας ἐναυτίλλοντο βοεῖαι, 110

στοιχάδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· βαρυνόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
εἰς βυθὸν ὑγροχίτωνα κατέσπασεν ἀνέρα θώρηξ.

Οὐδὲ μόθου Διόνυσος εὐὸς ἀνέκοψε μαχητάς,
εἰ μὴ πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἐὼ ταμεσίχροϊ θύρσῳ,
καλλεΐψας ἓνα μῦνον ὄλων κήρυκα θανόντων· 115
Θουρέα μῦνον ἔλειπε θεουδέα μάρτυρα νίκης.

Ἦρη δ' ὡς ἐνόησε δαΐκταμένων φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν πεπότητο, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατος ἠνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ.

Ἄντολή δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἤλασεν Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην 120
φύλοπιν αἱματόεσσαν ἀναστῆσαι Διονύσῳ.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε βαρβαρόφωνος Ἐώιος ὤκλασεν Ἄρης,
δὴ τότε ναυτιλῆς ἐτερότροπα μάγγανα τεύχων
χεύμασιν ἀκλύστοισι χορὸς πορθμεύετο Βάκχων.
καὶ θεὸς ἠγεμόνευε, δι' οἴδματος ἠνιοχεύων 125

ἄρμασι χερσαίοισι νόθον πλόον, ὑγροπόρων δὲ
πορδαλίῳν ἀδιάντος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξεν Ὑδάσπην·
καὶ στρατιαὶ πλόον εἶχον ἀκυμάντου ποταμοῖο,
ῶν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῶν σχεδίην πολύδεσμον ἐρέσσων,
ὃς δέ, κυβερνήσας διερῆν ἀκάτοιο πορείην, 130

reverence, do not pollute Poseidon with dead bodies. Your river is worse than Bromios, his wands do not beat me so hard as your waves beat me!"

¹⁰⁴ As he spoke, he received the last water, which brought him unhappy fate.

¹⁰⁵ The river was full of armour. The swollen bodies were floating in crowds: the helmet under way half visible, sinking little by little and crest trailing on the water, its owner lost. Leathern shields sailed along flat, tossing upon the waves in rows here and there, their long slings afloat like ships' hawsers. Here a man is dragged down to the depths in his soaking garments by the weight of his corselet and his arms.

¹¹³ Dionysos would never have recalled his men from the battle, if he had not killed that whole army with his fleshpiercing wand, leaving only one to tell the news that all were dead. Thureus alone he left to be a godfearing witness of the victory.

¹¹⁷ But when Hera perceived the carnage and devastation of the Indians, she flew from heaven, and quickly along the path on high scored the air with windswift sole. In Anatolia she alighted, and drove Indian Hydaspes to stir up bloody strife against Dionysos.

¹²² When Eastern Ares of barbarian speech had bent the knee, then the company of Bacchoi was fashioning all sorts of machines of navigation and crossed the tranquil waves. The god led them in his landchariot, driving this makeshift vessel over the flood, while the panthers trod the water of Hydaspes without wetting a hoof. The armies made their voyage over a waveless river, one rowing a strong-bound Indian raft, one steering a skiff along the

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ἐνδάπιον σκάφος εἶχε λινορραφέων ἀλιήων
 ἀρπάξας· ἕτερος δὲ νόθῳ ναυτίλλετο θεσμῶ, 132
 ἄμματι τεχνήεντι περίπλοκα δούρατα δήσας, 134
 καὶ ξύλον αὐτόπρεμνον ὁμοίον ὀλκάδι τεύχων, 133
 ἔκτοθι πηδαλίου, δίχα λαίφεος, ἐκτὸς ἐρετμῶν, 135
 οὐ Βορέην καλέων νηοσσόον—ἰθυτενὲς γὰρ
 εἰς βυθίους κενεῶνας ὑποβρύχιον δόρυ πέμπων
 Ἄρεος ὑγροπόροιο δορυσσόος ἔπλεε ναύτης—,
 καὶ πλωτῆς ἀδιάντος ἐπ' ἀσπίδος οἴδματα τέμνων,
 πείσιμα φέρων τελαμῶνα, σακέσπαλον εἶχε πορείην, 140
 ξείνην ναυτιλίην ψευδήμονι νηὶ χαράσσων.

Καὶ στρατὸς ἱππήων ῥόον ἔστιχε, καὶ πλόος ἵππων
 ποσσὶν ἔην ῥαχίησιν ἀειρομένων ἐλατήρων·
 καὶ τότε νηχομένου διερὸν δρόμον εὐποδος ἵππου
 ἰξυὶ κουφίζοντος ὑπέρτερον ἠνιοχῆα 145
 ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέτελλε δι' ὕδατος ἄβροχος αὐχὴν.

Καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεμόθων πρυλέων
 ἀκάτοιο χατίζων,
 ἀσκοῖς οἰδαλέοισι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην,
 δέρματι φυσαλέῳ διεμέτρεεν Ἴνδὸν Ὑδάσπην,
 ἐνδομύχων δ' ἀνέμων ἐγκύμονες ἔπλεον ἀσκοί. 150

Αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσι διέτρεχε Παρράσιος Πὰν
 ἄκρα γαληναίοιο διαστείχων ποταμοῖο·
 καὶ Λύκος ἠνιόχευε θαλασσαίων δρόμον ἵππων
 πατρώην ἀδιάντον ἄγων τέθριππον ἀπήνην·
 καὶ γνωτῶ περόωντι συνέστιχε Δαμναμενῆ 155
 Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο καθιππεύων ποταμοῖο.
 ἄλλος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορῶν ὁμόφοιτον ἀέλλαις
 εἰς πλόον ἠνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ὀδίτην,
 καὶ βοέοις ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφεν ἄφοφον ὕδωρ·

watery path, some native boat of networking fishermen which he had seized. Another played the mariner under strange pretences. He lashed together a number of logs with workmanlike knots, and made the timber roots and all serve as a freighter without rudder, without sail, without oars, asking no help from speed-the-ship Boreas—for he held his spear upright and plunged it under water into the deep pools: so navigated the spearpunting shipman of a watercrossing host. There was another new kind of navigation, and another sham boat, when one cut the waters, dry on a floating shield, with the sling for painter, and so pursued his shieldshaking course.

¹⁴² The cavalry also marched into the river; the horses swam with their feet while the riders sat on their backs.^a As the horse swam a wet journey with his agile feet, only his neck rose high and dry out of the water as he carried the rider aloft upon his flanks.

¹⁴⁷ Next came the doughty footmen who had no boat. They filled swelling skins with artificial wind, and on these leathery bags crossed Indian Hydaspes, while the skins teeming with wind bore them along.

¹⁵¹ Now Parrhasian Pan crossed the surface of the calm river on his goat's feet; Lycos guided the horses of the sea in his father's fourhorse chariot unwetted; and Scelmis drove across the waveless river along with Damnameneus his brother. Some one else leapt on the back of a bull and made him march into the river quick as the wind, guiding him on his way with his crook, as the beast scored the quiet water with his hooves. The old Seilenoi went

^a Nonnos was no horsemaster; a cavalry-man would swim or wade beside his mount.

Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσση 160
καὶ ποσὶ καὶ παλάμησιν

ἔρετμώσαντες Ὑδάσπην . . .

Καὶ προχέων κρουνηδὸν ἀλεξήτειραν ἰωὴν
γνωτῶ κυματόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυπίδακι λαίμῳ·

“ Γνωτὲ πέπον, τέο μέχρι τεὸς ῥόος ἄψοφος ἔρπει; 165
οἴδματα σείο κόρυσσον ἐπιβρίθων Διονύσω,
ᾧφρα κατακρύψωμεν ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὀδίτην.
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἰσχος, ὅτε Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἀβρέκτοις ἐμὸν οἶδμα διασχίζουσι πεδίλοις·

Αἰόλε, καὶ σὺ τέλεσσον ἐμοὶ χάριν, ἀντιβίοις δὲ 170
σοὺς προμάχους θώρηξον ἀελλήεντας ἀήτας

μαρναμένους Σατύροισιν, ὅτι στρατὸς ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης

ἄρμασι χερσαίοισι βατὸν ποίησεν Ὑδάσπην,

καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔχουσιν ἐν ὕδασι ἠνιοχῆς·

σοὺς ἀνέμους θώρηξον ἐμῷ πορθμῆι Λυαίῳ· 175

χεύμασι δ' ἐλκέσθω Σατύρων στόλος, ἠνιόχων δὲ

συρομένων προχοῆσιν ἐμὸς ῥόος ἄρμα δεχέσθω,

οἴδματι λυσσήεντι καλυπτομένων ἐλατήρων.

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ νήποιον ἀήθεα πορθμὸν ἐάσω·

σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἰσχος, ὅταν Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ 180

ἀτραπὸν ἠνιόχοισι καὶ ἀβρέκτοισιν ὀδίταις . . .

ὑγροπόρους δὲ λέοντας αἰστώσω Διονύσου.

εἶπέ, πόθεν βατὸς ἔσκεν ἐμὸς ῥόος, ὑγροβαφῆς δὲ

Νηιάς ἐν προχοῆσι πόθεν χρεμετισμὸν ἀκούει

καὶ ῥάχιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἀράσσει; 185

αἰδέομαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι, ὅττι γυναῖκες

ἡμέας ἀκλύστοισι διαστείβουσι πεδίλοις.

οὐ ποτε τολμήεντες ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔξεον Ἴνδοι

ἄρμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι, καὶ οὐ πατρώιον ὕδωρ

voyaging on the deep paddling Hydaspes with foot and hand.

¹⁶² Now old Hydaspes poured out a gushing cry, and shouted for help to a watery brother, as he uttered these menacing words from his manyfountained throat ^a :

¹⁶⁵ " Lazy brother, how long is your stream to crawl in silence? Rear your waves, and overwhelm Dionysos, that we may swallow his host of footmen under the waters! It is a disgrace for you and me when the warriors of Bromios pass through my flood with unwetted shoes. You also, Aiolos ^b—grant me this boon, arm your stormy winds to be champions against my foes, to fight with the Satyrs, because their host has marched through the waters and made a highroad of Hydaspes for landchariots, because they drive a watery course through my stream! Arm your winds against my ferryman Lyaïos! Let the Satyrs' host be caught in the flood, let my river receive the chariot, let the charioteers be rolled in my flood, let the riders be swallowed in the mad waves! I will not suffer this unnatural passage to be unavenged: for both you and me it is a disgrace, when the warriors of Bromios have made a path for footmen and drivers high and dry! . . . I will destroy the water-traversing lions of Dionysos!

¹⁸³ " Tell me, why was my river made a highway? Why does the Naiad in the watery depths of my flood hear whinnying, why does the horse's hoof crush the fish's back? I am ashamed to mingle with other rivers, when women cross me with unwetted shoes. Never have Indians been so bold as to scrape my

^a So Scamandros calls for help to his brother Simoeis; Hom. *Il.* xxi. 308.

^b The wind-god.

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Δηριάδης ἐχάραξεν ἐὼ περιμήκει δίφρω,
ὑψιλόφων λοφίησιν ἐφεδρήσων ἐλεφάντων.” 190

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσεν ἐὼν ῥόον· ἄλτο δὲ Βάκχῳ
αἰχμάζων ῥοθίοισιν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πολλή
μαρναμένων ὑδάτων διερὴ μυχήσατο σάλπιγξ· 195

καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζεν ἄγων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ,
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Βασσαρις ἀβροχίτων ἀπεσεῖσατο κύμβαλα χειρῶν
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν, ἐρεσσομένοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ξανθὰ πολυρραφέων ἀπεσεῖσατο δεσμὰ πεδίλων,
καὶ ῥόος ἠνεμόεις πεφορημένος ἄχρι καρήνου 200

Βάκχης νηχομένης ἐλικώδεας ἔκλυσε χαίτας·
ἄλλη βριθομένη διερούς ἀπεθήκατο πέπλους,
νεβρίδας οἰδαλέοισιν ἐπιτρέψασα ῥεέθροις,
καὶ οἱ ἐπὶ στέρνοισι κορυσσομένου ποταμοῖο
ὄγκος ἐρευθιόωντι μέλας ἐπεσύρετο μαζῷ· 205

καὶ Σάτυρος παλάμησιν ἐρετμώσας χυτὸν ὕδωρ
ἰκμαλέην ἐλέλιξε δι’ ὕδατος ὄρθιον οὐρήν·
γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μεθυσφαλές ἴχνος ἐρέσσω
ἄστατος ὑδατόεντι Μάρων πεφορημένος ὄλκῳ
κύμασιν ἄσκὸν ἔλειπε βεβυσμένον ἠδέος οἴνου· 210
πυκνὰ δὲ σειομένη διδυμόζυγι σύνδρομος αὐλῷ
Πανιάς ἀκροτάτιο δι’ ὕδατος ἔπλεε σύριγξ,
κύμασιν αὐτοέλικτος· ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο κατ’ αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη.

Καὶ ποταμὸς κελάδησεν

ἀφυσγετὸν οἰδματι σύρων, 215

ξανθὸν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
κικλήσκων Διόνυσον ἐς ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐννώ·
καὶ ῥόος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
ἀγχινεφῆς ὑψοῦτο, διάβροχον ἠέρα φαίνων,
οἰδματι παφλάζοντι καταθρώσκων Διονύσου. 220

streams with towering chariots, never has Deriades scored his father's water with his huge equipage, seated on the nape of highcrested elephants ! ”

¹⁹² As he spoke, he curved his own stream, and leapt upon Bacchos with a volley of foaming surf. A storm of watery trumpets bellowed from the battling waves; the river moaned as it raised the water high, battling against the Satyrs. Amid the roaring tumult, the Bassarid in her rich garb shook the cymbals out of her hands, swung her feet round, shook off the yellow trusses of the stitched shoes from her paddling foot, while the windswept waves rose to the head of the swimming Bacchant and drenched her curling hair. Another overwhelmed threw off her soaking robes, and gave her fawnskins to the swelling water, as the mass of the curving stream rolled over her chest, black against the rosy nipple. A Satyr paddling the flood with his hands waggled his wet tail straight out through the water. Maron carried swiftly along by the rushing water, paddled the drunken feet of his old legs, and left in the waves his leather bottle full of delicious wine. The syrinx of Pan was floating on the surface and rolling of itself on the waves, tossed about beside the double pipes; the hair of shaggy Seilenos flowed over his neck and jumped about in rivalry.

²¹⁵ The river moaned, dragging the mud in its rush and pouring its alien water yellow over the land, a challenge to watery war for Dionysos. The tumultuous flood, met by a counterblast of wind, piled up high as the clouds and soaked the air, as it leapt down upon Dionysos with foaming surf. Not so

οὐχ οὕτω Σιμόεντος Ἀρειμανὲς ἔβρεμει ὕδωρ,
 οὐχ οὕτω ῥόος ἔσκεν ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου
 χεύματι κυματόεντι κατακλύζων Ἀχιλλῆα,
 ὡς τότε Βακχεΐην στρατιὴν ἐδίωξεν Ὑδάσπησ.
 καὶ ποταμῶ Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγε θυιάδα φωνήν. 225

“ Τί κλονέεις Διὸς υἱά, Διυπετές; ἦν ἐβελήσω,
 τερσαίνει σέο χεῦμα πατὴρ ἐμός, ὑέτιος Ζεύς.
 ἐκ νεφέων βλάστησας ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος,
 καὶ νεφεληγερέταο Διὸς βλάστημα διώκεις;
 πατὴρ ἐμοῦ πεφύλαξο βέλως λοχίοιο κεραυνοῦ, 230
 μὴ στεροπὴν Βρομίοιο γενέθλιον εἰς σέ κορύσση·
 ἄζω, μὴ βαρύγουνος, ὅπως Ἀσωπός, ἀκούσσης·
 σὴν προχοὴν πρήννον, ἕως ἔτι μῆνιν ἐρύκω.
 ὕδατόεις πυρόεντι κορύσσειαι· οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
 τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ. 235
 εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις χάριν Ἀστερίης σέο νύμφης,
 ἢ λάχεν αἰθερίης Ὑπερίονος αἶμα γενέθλης,
 Ἡελίου θρασὺν υἱά, πυρώδεος ἠνιοχῆος,
 οὐρανὸν ἱππεύοντα πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἔφλεγε πυρσῶ,
 καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε παῖδα πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων, 240
 οὐδὲ χάριν Φαέθοντος ἐμῶ πολέμιζε τοκῆι,
 οὐ πυρὶ πῦρ ἀνάειρε, καὶ εἰ πυρὸς ἡγεμονεύει.
 εἰ χάριν ὑμετέρου μεγαλίζεαι Ὠκεανοῖο,
 Ἡριδανὸν σκοπίαζε Διὸς πληγέντα βελέμνω,
 ὑμέτερον πυρίκαυτον ἀδελφεόν· αἰνοπαθῆς δὲ 245
 σὸς διερὸς προπάτωρ, μιτρούμενος ἀντυγι κόσμου,
 χεύμασι τοσσατίοισι χέων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
 υἱὸν ἴδε φλεχθέντα, καὶ οὐ πολέμιζεν Ὀλύμπω,
 οὐ προχοαῖς ἐρίδαινε πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῶ.

* Hom. II. xxi. 324.

furiously roared the war-mad water of Simoeis, not so defiantly rushed Camandros to overwhelm Achilles with rolling flood,^a as then Hydaspes pursued the army of Bacchos.

²²⁵ Then Dionysos shouted to the river in rage :

²²⁶ “ Why do you drive against the son of Zeus, you whose waters are fed by Zeus ? If it be my pleasure, Rainy Zeus my father will dry up your flood. You, sprung from the clouds of Cronides my father, persecute the offspring of Cloudgatherer Zeus ! Beware the stroke of my father’s thunderbolt of delivery, beware lest he raise against you the lightning which gave Bromios birth ! Take care that you be not dubbed Heavyknee, like Asopos !^b Quiet your flood while I yet control my wrath. Your waters rise against fires, and you cannot endure one spark of the blazing thunderbolt.

²³⁶ “ And if it is Asterië^c your wife that makes you so proud, because she has the blood of Hyperion’s heavenly kin, my father burnt with fire the bold son of Helios^d the fiery charioteer, when he drove the team through heaven ; Hyperion dispenser of fire had to mourn his own son dead : he did not make war on my father for Phaëthon’s sake, he did not lift fire against fire even if he is lord of fire. If your Oceanos makes you so haughty, consider Eridanos struck by the bolt of Zeus, your brother burnt with fire : a cruel sorrow it was for your watery ancestor, who is girdled by the world’s rim, who pours all those mighty streams of water to possess the earth, when he saw his own son burnt up and made no war on Olympos, nor contended with his flood against the

^b See xiii. 217.

^c Astris, see xvii. 282.

^d See xxxviii. 410 ff.

ἀλλὰ τεῶν ὑδάτων ἔτι φείδεις, μή σε νοήσω 250
 Ἐριδανῶ φλεχθέντι κεκαυμένον ἴσον Ὑδάσπην.”

Ὡς φαμένῳ βαρύδουπος

ἐχώσατο μάλλον Ὑδάσπης
 κύμασι λαβροτέροισι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ.
 καὶ νύ κεν ἔκρυφε πᾶσαν

ἄβακχεύτων στίχα Βάκχων,
 εἰ μὴ Βάκχος ἄμυνεν, ἀπ' ἀγχιπόροιο δὲ λόχμης 255
 πυρσοτόκον νάρθηκα λαβὼν ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς
 Ἡελίῳ θέρμηεν· ἐριφλεγέος δὲ κορύμβου
 αὐτογόνῳ σπινθῆρι λοχεύετο δουράτεον πῦρ·
 καὶ προχοαῖς φλόγα ῥύψεν· ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ δαλῶ
 καιομένου ποταμοῖο ῥοαῖς ἐπεπάφλασαν ὄχθαι· 260
 καὶ πολὺς ἠερόφοιτος ἐλίσσεται καπνὸς ἀλήτης
 λωτοῦ καιομένοιο μαραιομένου τε κυπείρου·
 καὶ θρύα πῦρ ἀμάθνε· πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
 καπνοῦ λιγνυόεντος ἔλιξ ἐμέθυσεν αὐτμῇ
 ἠερίας ἀψίδας, ὅλη δ' ἐμελαίνεται λόχμη 265
 εὐόδοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων δονακῆων.

Καὶ σέλας εἰς βυθὸν εἶρπεν· ἐνεκρύπτοντο δὲ πηλῶ
 ἰχθύες αἰθαλόεντες· ὑποβρυχίῳ δὲ πυρσοῦ
 νηχομένῳ σπινθῆρι διάβροχος ἔζεεν ἰλὺς
 ὑγρὸν ἀναπτομένη· βυθίων δ' ἀπὸ καπνὸς ἐναύλων 270
 ἔμπυρος ὑδατόεντι διέσσυτο σύνδρομος αὐτμῶ.
 Ὑδριάδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀνάμπυκες ὠκέι ταρσῶ
 γυμναὶ κυματοέντος ἀπεπλάζοντο μελάθρου·
 καὶ τις ἀναινομένη φλογερὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
 Νηιάς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀήθεα δύσατο Γάγγην· 275
 ἄλλη δ' Ἰνδὸν ἔναιεν ἐριβρεμέτην Ἀκεσίην
 ἀζαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ἀλωομένην δὲ Χοάσπης

^a Appropriate, since in fennel Prometheus fetched fire to earth.

firebarbed thunderbolt. Pray spare your waters awhile, or I may see you, Hydaspes, burnt up in fiery flames like Eridanos."

²⁵² These words made deeproaring Hydaspes more angry than ever, and he poured out his highswollen water in yet stronger waves. And now he would have engulfed the whole company of sobered Bacchants, had not Bacchos defended them. From a neighbouring coppice he pulled a firebearing stalk of fennel,^a and holding it towards the Dawn he warmed it at the sun; the combustible stalk conceived a spark in itself and brought forth a woodborn fire. Then he threw it into the stream. The river caught fire of this menacing torch, and the water boiled up against the banks; clouds of smoke went up scattering into the air from burning lotus and shrivelling galingale. Fire consumed the rushes; the reek of the sooty smoke curling in whirling circles intoxicated the heavenly vaults, and all the wood was blackened by the fragrant breezes of the smitten reeds.^b

²⁶⁷ The blaze spread to the deeps. Burning fishes hid themselves in the mud; the soaking slime kindled the wet and boiled, as the swimming spark of fire ran under water, and from the deep channels poured abroad a fiery smoke mixt with watery steam. Companies of Hydriads^c were driven naked from their homes under the waves, swift-footed, bare, unveiled. One Naiad, renouncing her native water now on fire, dived unveiled into the unfamiliar Ganges; another with dry limbs sought a home in noisy Indian Acesines^d; another Naiad nymph

^b He means smitten as by lightning, *cf.* xxiv. 272; this is from *Il.* ii. 780.

^c Water-nymphs.

^d River Chenab.

ἄλλην οὐρεσίφοιτον ἀνάμπυκα Νηίδα Νύμφην
παρθενικὴν ἀπέδιλον ἐδέξατο, Περσίδι γείτων.

᾽Ωκεανὸς δ' ἰάχησεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσω,
ἕδατόεν μύκημα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῶ,
καὶ ῥόον ἀενάων στομάτων κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
ἠίονας κόσμοιο κατέκλυσε χεύματι μύθων.

“ Ἡλικὸς ᾽Ωκεανοῖο παρεννέτι, σύγχρονε κόσμου
παντρόφε συμμιγέων ὑδάτων, αὐτόσπορε Τηθύς,
ἀρχαίη φιλότεκνε, τί ῥέξομεν; αἰθαλόεις γὰρ
εἰς ἐμέ καὶ σέο τέκνα κορύσσεται ὑέτιος Ζεὺς.
ἄρπαγα γὰρ νόθον ὄρνιν ἔχει Κρονίωνα φονῆα
᾽Ασωπὸς γενετῆρα, καὶ υἷέα Βάκχον ᾽Υδάσπης.
ἀλλὰ Διὸς στεροπῆσιν ἄγων ἀντίξοον ὕδωρ
ἠέλιον πυρόεντα ῥόω σβεστῆρι καλύψω,
κρύψω δ' αἰθέρος ἄστρα· καὶ ἀθρήσει με Κρονίων
χεύματι μορμύροντι κατακλύζοντα Σελήνην.

᾽Αρκτώην δ' ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐμαῖς προχοῆσι λοέσσω
ἄξονος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ἄβροχον ὀλκὸν ᾽Αμάξης·
καὶ βυθίης ἀρχαῖον ἐμῆς πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης

^a River Kherkah.

^b Oceanos means that he will upset all the celestial arrangements and reverse the catasterisms, or metamorphoses of persons and things to constellations, which are an important part of late mythology. He will wet the Great Bear (294-295) which never touches his waters, *i.e.* never sets (Hom. *Od.* v. 275, and a hundred later passages; it had ceased to be exactly true about 1000 B.C.); he will make the constellation of the Dolphin into a real dolphin swimming in the sea (297), which it once was until it was made a constellation for helping Poseidon to find Amphitrite, pseudo-Eratosthenes, *Catast.* xxxi.; he will bring Eridanos back again to the region of the Po (*cf.* on 89),—it is odd that an Egyptian misses the chance to call it by its other name of Nile, see ps.-

wandering over the mountains, a maiden unveiled and unshod, was received by Choaspes^a near Persia.

²⁸⁰ Oceanos also cried out against Dionysos in menacing words, pouring a watery roar from his manystream throat, and deluging the shores of the world with the flood of words which issued from his everlasting mouth like a fountain :

²⁸⁴ " O Tethys ! agemate and bedmate of Oceanos, ancient as the world, nurse of commingled waters, selfborn, loving mother of children, what shall we do ? Now Rainy Zeus blazes in arms against me and your children. Even as Asopos found the Father Zeus Cronion his destroyer, in the bastard shape of a bird, so Hydaspes has found Bacchos the son. Nay, I will bring my water against the lightnings of Zeus, and drown the fiery sun in my quenching flood, I will put out the stars of heaven ! Cronion shall see me overwhelm Selene with my roaring streams. Under the region of the Bear, I will wash with my waters the ends of the axle and the dry track of the Wain.^b The heavenly Dolphin, which long ago swam in my

Erat. xxxvii., but Nonnos follows Aratos as to the name of this constellation, which is near the feet of Orion and often simply called the River. He will get the Fishes, Pisces (302), back again where they were before they were rewarded for helping the goddess Derceto out of the water, ps.-Erat. xxxviii. He will treat the Bull (305) in like manner, *cf.* i. 46 ff. for his story, and Euripides cited by ps.-Erat. xiv. for his transformation into the constellation Taurus. Cepheus and Boötes (311) are of course the well-known constellations so called, but 312 is obscure, unless it is a reference, against all chronology, mythical and historical, to the great tidal wave which destroyed Helice and Bura in 373 B.C., Arist. *Meteor.* ii. 368 b 6, Strabo viii. 7. 2. In 314 he refers to the transformation of the she-goat Amaltheia which suckled Zeus into the constellation Capra or Capella, ps.-Erat. xiii. The Waterman in 315 is the zodiacal constellation Aquarius.

αἰθέριον Δελφίνα πάλιν πλωτῆρα τελέσσω,
 κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι· καὶ ἄστερόφοιτον ἐρύσσω
 νόστιμον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν
 Ἕριδανὸν πυρόεντα, καὶ ὕδατόεντα τελέσσω, 300
 αἰθέρα γυμνώσας διεροῦ πυρός· ὑψιπόρους δὲ
 Ἰχθύας ἄστερόεντας ἐμούς πάλιν εἰς ἅλα σύρω,
 νηχομένους μετ' Ὀλυμπον ἐν ὕδασι. ἔγρευο, Τηθύς,
 ὕδασι αἰθέρος ἄστρα καλύψομεν, ὄφρα νοήσω
 Ταῦρον, ἀκυμάντιο πάλαι πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης, 305
 κύμασι λαβροτέροις πεφορημένον ὑγρὸν ὀδίτην,
 Εὐρώπης μετὰ λέκτρον· ὀρινέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτῇ,
 δερκομένη κερόεσσαν ἐμὴν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
 ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
 ἴξομαι ὑψικέλευθος ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα νοήσω 310
 ἰκμαλέον Κηφῆα καὶ ὑγροχίτινα Βωώτην,
 ὡς πάρος ἐννοσίγαιος, ὅτε θρασὺς ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
 ὑγρὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζεν ἐς ἄστερόεσσαν Ἐννώ·
 κρύψω δ' ἔμπυρον Αἶγα, Διὸς τροφόν, ὑγροπόρω δὲ
 ἄρμενον Ὑδροχοῆι χαρίζομαι ἄφθονον ὕδωρ. 315
 Τηθύς, καὶ σύ, θάλασσα, κορύσσεο· ταυροφυῆ γὰρ
 Ζεὺς νόθον νῆα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσση
 καὶ ποταμούς καὶ φῶτας ἀμεμφέας· ἀμφότερον δὲ
 Ἰνδοὺς θύρσος ἔπεφνε
 καὶ ἔφλεγε πυρσὸς Ἰδάσπην."
 Ἐννεπε παφλάζων βαθυκύμονος οἴδατι φωνῆς. 320

deep sea, I will make to swim once more, and cover him with new seas. I will drag down from heaven the fiery Eridanos^a whose course is among the stars, and bring him back to a new home in the Celtic land: he shall be water again, and the sky shall be bare of the river of fire. The starry Fishes that swim on high I will pull into the sea and make them mine again, to swim in water instead of Olympos.

³⁰³ "Tethys, awake! We will drown the stars in water, that I may see the Bull, who once swam over a waveless sea, tossed on stormier waves in the paths of the waters after the bed of Europa. Selene herself, bullshaped and horned driver of cattle, may be angry to see my horned bullshaped form. I will travel high into the heaven, that I may behold Cepheus drenched and the Waggoner in soaking tunic, as Earthshaker once did when about Corinth soaking Ares once boldly shouted defiance of battle against the stars! I will swallow the shining Goat, the nurse of Zeus, and I will offer infinite water to the Waterman as a suitable gift!

³¹⁶ "Get ready, Tethys, and you, O Sea! for Zeus has been delivered of a base son in bull shape, to destroy all rivers and all creatures together, all blameless: the thyrsus wand has slain the Indians, the torch has burnt Hydaspes!"

³²⁰ So he cried blustering in a flood of speech from his deep waves.

• The Milky Way.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόον ἄσπετον Ἰνδῶν
κερκίδα θ' ἰστοπόνοιο καὶ ἡλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ κοτέοντος

ἀπέτραπε παιδὸς ἀπειλήν,
δοῦπον ὁμοπλεκέων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἰμάσσω·
καὶ χόλον ἐπρήνεν ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὑσμίνην φλογέεσαν ἐρητύειν Διονύσου.

Ἥρη δ' ἐσμαράγησε δι' ἡέρος ἄπλετον ἡχώ,
μῆνιν ἀναστέλλουσα πυρισθενέος Διονύσου.

Καὶ διερὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων οἰκτίρμονι Βάκχῳ
παιδὶ Διὸς πυρόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀναβλύζων ἱκετήσιον ἀνθερεῶνος·

“ Φεῖδέο μοι, Διόνυσε, διπετέος ποταμοῖο,
ὔδασι καρποτόκοισι φέρων χάριν· ὑμετέρη γὰρ
ἐξ ὑδάτων εὐβοτρὺς ἀνεβλάστησεν ὀπώρη.

ἄασάμην, Διόνυσε πυριτρεφές· οὐρανίην γὰρ
σῶν δαΐδων ἀμάρνυμα τετὴν κήρυξε γενέθλην.

ἀλλὰ πόθος τεκέων με βιήσατο· Δηριάδη γὰρ
υἱεὶ πιστὰ φέρων ῥοθίων ἐλέλιζον ἀπειλήν,

Ἰνδοῖς κτεινομένοισι βοηθῶον οἶδμα κυλίνδων.
αἰδέομαι γενετῆρι φανήμεναι, ὅττι θαλάσση
αἵματι μορμύροντι μεμιγμένα χεύματα σύρω
καὶ φονίῃ ραθάμιγγι Ποσειδάωνα μαιίνω·

BOOK XXIV

The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of
the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of
Aphrodite working at the loom.

FATHER Zeus turned aside the menace of his angry son, for he massed the clouds and flung out a thunder-clap ; he stayed the flaming attack of Dionysos, and calmed the anger of boundless Ocean. Hera also made an infinite noise resound through the air, to restrain the wrath of Dionysos's fiery power.

⁷ Then old Hydaspes held out a wet hand to merciful Bacchos, and appealed to the fiery son of Zeus in words that bubbled out of his lips :

¹⁰ " Spare me, Dionysos, the river fed from Zeus ! Be gracious to my fertilizing waters ! for your own goodly fruitage of grapes has grown up from water. I have sinned, Dionysos, nurseling of fire ! for the gleam of your torches has proclaimed your divine lineage. But love for my children constrained me. To keep faith with Deriades my son I brought up my threatening surf, to help perishing Indians I rolled my waves.

¹⁸ " I am ashamed to appear before my father, because the murmuring stream which I draw is mingled with blood, and I pollute Poseidaon with

NONNOS

τοῦτό με, τοῦτο κόρυσσεν ἐριδμαίνειν Διονύσω.
 πρὸς δὲ τεοῦ ξενίοιο καὶ ἱκεσίοιο τοκῆος,
 αἶδεο παφλάζοντα τεῶ πυρὶ θερμὸν Ὑδάσπην.
 Νηιάδες φεύγουσιν ἐμὸν ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
 ἢ μὲν ναιετάει διερὸν δόμον, ἢ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμαῖς 25
 σύννομος Ἀδρυάδεσσι φυτὸν μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβει,
 ἄλλη δ' Ἰνδὸν ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἢ δὲ φυγοῦσα
 ποσσὶ κονιομένοισιν ἐδύσατο διψάδα πέτρην
 Καυκασίην, ἐτέρη δὲ μεταίξασα Χοάσπην
 αἶει ξεῖνα ῥέεθρα καὶ οὐκέτι πάτριον ὕδωρ. 30
 μὴ καλάμους ὀλέσειας, ἐμῶν βλάστημα ῥοάων,
 οἷσιν ἀεξομένοισιν ἐρείδεται οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
 ἀμπελόεις· δόνακες γὰρ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι δεθέντες
 ὑμετέρεην εὐυδρον ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην·
 μὴ δόνακας φλέξειας, ὅθεν σέο Μυγδόνες αὐλοί, 35
 μὴ ποτέ σοι μέμψαιτο τεῆ φιλόμολπος Ἀθήνη,
 ἢ ποτε Γοργείων βλοσυρὸν μίμημα καρῆνων
 φθειγγομένων Λίβυν εὐρεν ὁμοζυγέων τύπον αὐλῶν·
 καὶ σέο μυστιπόλοιο κυβερνήτειραν αἰοιδῆς
 Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροον αἶδεο μολπὴν· 40
 λῆγε τεῶ νάρθηκι ῥόον ποταμοῖο μαραίνων,
 ὅττι ῥόος ποταμοῖο τεοὺς νάρθηκας ἀέξει.
 οὐ ξένον οἶδμα πέρησας ἐπώνυμον· ἀλλοφυῆ γὰρ
 ἄλλον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐμοῖς φαίδρυνα λοετροῖς,
 ὀπλοτέρου Βρομίοιο φερώνυμον, εὔτε Κρονίων 45
 Ζαγρέα παιδοκόμοισιν ἐμαῖς παρακάτθετο Νύμφαις·
 καὶ σὺ φέρεις Ζαγρῆος ὄλον δέμας· ἀλλὰ σὺ κείνω
 δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ὅθεν πέλες· ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ

clots of gore ; this it was, only this that armed me to strive against Dionysos. By your father, protector of guests and suppliants, have mercy on Hydaspes, now hot and boiling with your fire !

²⁴ “ The Naiads flee from my stream : one dwells in a watery home at my source, one leaves the deep for the thicket, and stays with Hadryads in the woods ; another migrates to the Indos, another escapes on dusty feet to hide among the thirsty rocks of Caucasos,^a or passing to Choaspes dwells in strange rivers and in her father’s water no longer.

³¹ “ Destroy not my canes, the growth of my streams, which grow up to support the shoots and grapes of your vine ! Do not the reeds tied together carry your well-watered fruit ? Burn not my reeds, which make your Mygdonian hobboys, or your musical Athena may reproach you one day : she who invented the Libyan double pipes, to imitate with their tootle the voices of the Gorgons’ grim heads.^b Spare the harmonious tune of the pans-pipes which guides your own mystic song ! Cease wasting the river stream with your fennel, when the stream of the river makes your fennels to grow !

⁴³ “ The stream you have crossed is no stranger to your name ; for I have washed another Dionysos in my bath, with the same name as the younger Bromios, when Cronion entrusted Zagreus^c to the care of my nursing nymphs ; why, you have the whole shape of Zagreus. Grant this favour then, although so long after, to him from whom you are

^a Hindu Kush, not the real Caucasus.

^b Pindar, *Pyth.* xii. 12. 6.

^c *Cf.* v. 563 ff., vi. 155 ff. Zagreus has nothing whatever to do with the Hydaspes, outside of Nonnos’s own fancy or that of some Alexandrian whom he may be imitating.

NONNOS

ἐκ κραδίης ἀνέτελλες, ἀειδομένου Διονύσου.
 ὑμετέρου δὲ γέραιρε Λάμου κουροτρόφον ὕδωρ· 50
 μνώεο Μαιονίης σέο πατρίδος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
 Πακτωλοῦ χαρίεντος ἀδελφεός ἐστιν Ὑδάσπης.
 καὶ σὺ τόσοις ποταμοῖσι μίαν χάριν ἄρτι τιταίνων,
 γνωτοῖς ἡμετέροισι, τετὴν ἀνασείρασον αἴγλην·
 μηδὲ πυρὶ φλέξης ὑδάτων χύσιν· ἐξ ὑδάτων γὰρ 55
 ἀστεροπὴ βλάστησε, τεοῦ Διὸς ὑέτιον πῦρ.
 ἀλλὰ χόλον πρήνυε, τεοῖς ὅτι γούνασι πίπτω
 μελίχιον στορέσας ἰκέτην ῥόον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 εἰ θρασὺν ἀνχένα κάμπτε, καὶ ἦπιος ἔσκε Τυφωεύς,
 καὶ κεν ἀπορρίψας παλινάγρετον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς 60
 ἀστεροπὴν ἀνέκοπτε πατὴρ τεός, ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς.”
 Ὡς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἐὼν ἀνεσείρασε πεύκην.
 καὶ προχοὰς Ἀρκτῶος ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
 χειμερὶ ἡ μᾶστιγι, φέρων δυσπέμφελον αὔρην,
 χεῦμα πυριβλήτοιο καταψύχων ποταμοῖο, 65
 Ἡέλιον καὶ Βάκχον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα γεραίρων,
 καὶ ῥοθίων ἄσβεστον ἀπέσβεσε δαιμόνιον πῦρ.
 Ὅφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος
 ἐπέπλεεν ὑγρὸν Ὑδάσπην,
 τόφρα δέ, θάρσος Ἄρηος ἔχων, περιμήκετον ὄρμην
 Δηριάδης ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐπώνυμον ὤπλισεν Ἰνδούς, 70
 στήσας ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον εἰς στίχας, ὄφρα μαχηταὶ
 λαὸν ἐρητύσωσιν ἀνερχομένων ἔτι Βάκχων.
 οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθην ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
 οὐρανόθεν πεφόρητο προασπίζων Διονύσου.
 καὶ σφετέροισιν ἰόντες ἀρηγόνες, ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλω, 75
 σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἴκοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου

* Zeus swallowed Zagreus's heart before coming to Semele, hence Dionysos is Zagreus reborn.

sprung ; for you came from the heart ^a of that first-born Dionysos, so celebrated. Respect the water of your Lamos ^b who cherished your childhood ; remember Maionia your own country, for Hydaspes is brother of your charming Pactolos. Grant now this one boon to all these rivers, my brothers, and withdraw your flame. Burn not with fire my watery stream, for the watery fire of your Zeus, the lightning, came out of water ! ^c Calm your anger, because I fall at your knees : see, I have smoothed my flood into peaceful prayer ! If Typhoeus in rebellion had bent his bold neck and submitted, your father Zeus, Lord in the highest, would have checked his lightning, his overwhelming threat would have been cast aside and forgotten."

⁶² When he had ended, Dionysos drew back his torch. A wind from the north began to ruffle the waters with winter's lash, bringing bleak airs and cooling the firestruck stream of the river, and honoured Helios and Bacchos and Zeus together by quenching the unquenchable divine fire of the surf.

⁶⁸ While Bacchos was still crossing the waters of Hydaspes, Deriades with the courage of Ares armed the Indians for a vast effort of battle, as a Battle-down of his name should do. He posted his companies beside the river, that the warriors might repel by force the Bacchoi as they still climbed up. Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see him : quickly he swooped down from Heaven to hold a shield before Dionysos. With Zeus came all the gods who dwell in Olympos, one after another, in a flying leap, to help their own.

^b A river in Cilicia.

^c Because it comes out of clouds, *i.e.* water-vapour.

NONNOS

ἄλματι πωτήεντι· καὶ Αἰγίνης χάριν εὐνῆς
 αἰετὸς ἠώρητο τὸ δεύτερον ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς
 Ἄσωποῦ μετὰ χεῦμα, καὶ Αἰακὸν ἠεροφοίτην
 φειδομένων ὀνύχων δεδραγμένος ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ 80
 κουφίζων ἐκόμισσεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος
 Ἰνδῶν ἐπὶ πέζαν· ἀπ' εὐρυπόροιο δὲ κόλπου
 υἱὸν Ἀρισταῖον γενέτης ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων,
 φαιδρὸς ἀλεξικάκων πεφορημένος ἄρματι κύκνων,
 μνήστιν ἔχων θαλάμοιο λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης· 85
 καὶ κρατέων ἕο παῖδα τανύπτερος ἤρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
 υἷέα Πηνελόπης, κεραελκέα Πᾶνα κομήτην·
 Οὐρανίη δ' Ὑμέναιον ἀνεζώγησεν ὀλέθρου
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ γονόεντος ἐπώνυμον, ἠερίας δὲ
 ἀτραπιτοὺς ἐχάραξεν, ὁμοίος ἀστέρος ὀλκῶ, 90
 γνωτῶ βοτρυόεντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ·
 Καλλιόπη δ' Οἶαγρον ἐοῖς ἀνεκούφισεν ὤμοισ·
 καὶ τεκέων Ἥφαιστος ἐὼν ἀλέγιζε Καβείρων,
 ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἤρπαξεν, ὁμοίος ὀξεί πυρσῶ·
 Ἀκταίη δ' ἐσάωσεν Ἐρεχθέα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη 95
 Ἰνδοφόνον, ναετῆρα θεοκρήπιδος Ἀθήνης·
 Νύμφας δ' Ἀδρυάδας ναέται ζώγησαν Ὀλύμπου
 πάντες, ὅσοις μεμέληντο φίλαι δρύες, ἐξοχα δ' ἄλλων
 δαφναίας ἐσάωσε φανεῖς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ σφιν ἅμα χραίσμησε συνέμπορος υἱεὶ μήτηρ, 100
 εἰσέτι κυδαίνουσα λεχώια δένδρεα Λητώ.
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα

κορυμβοφόρους τε γυναῖκας
 ἐκ βυθίου ῥύσαντο πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 θυγατέρες Κύδνοιο, φιλοζεφύρου ποταμοῖο,

^a Cf. xiii. 201.

^b Cf. xiii. 253 ff.

^c Cf. xiv. 92.

⁷⁷ Zeus as once before by the river Asopos, for the sake of Aigina's bed,^a sailed now as an eagle flying high; and like a bird of prey caught up Aiacos in gentle talons, and carried him to the Indian land for battle with Deriades. Apollo ^b the father saved Aristaios the son from the broad gulf, riding brilliant in his car drawn by the bane-averting swans; for he remembered the bower of lionslaying Cyrene. Hermes ^c Longwing caught up and held his own child, the son of Penelope, hornstrong hairy Pan. Urania ^d saved Hymenaios from destruction, because he had the same name as her own creative son, and scored the airy paths like a moving star, to please Dionysos, her brother of the grapes. Calliope ^e lifted Oiagros upon her shoulders. Hephaistos ^f took care of his sons the Cabeiroi, and caught up both, like a flying firebrand. Pallas Athena the Attic goddess saved Erechtheus the Indians' bane, the citizen of god-founded Athens. All the denizens of Olympos who cared for their beloved oaks, rescued Hadryad nymphs; and most especially laurel-Apollo appeared and saved the laurel-nymphs ^g; and Leto his mother stood by her son and helped them, for she still honoured the tree which helped her childbirth.^h The company of Bassarids and the ivycrowned women were saved from the roaring turmoil of the deeps, by the daughters of Cydnos, the river that

^a Cf. xiii. 84. Hymenaios son of Urania (or some other Muse) and Hymenaios the mortal (of Boeotia or elsewhere) are really not namesakes but the same person, a godling made up out of the unintelligible marriage-cry $\omega\ \acute{\upsilon}\mu\eta\nu\ \acute{\upsilon}\mu\acute{\epsilon}\nu\alpha\iota\epsilon$.

^e Cf. xiii. 428.

^f Cf. xiv. 17 ff.

^g Cf. ii. 108.

^h The Delian palm, [Hom.] *Hymn to Apollo* 117.

πλωτὸν ἐπιστάμεναι διερὸν δρόμον, ἄς ἐπὶ νίκη 105
 Ἄρεος Ἰνδῶιο πατὴρ δωρήσατο Βάκχῳ,
 Νηιάδας πολέμοιο δαήμονας, ἄς ποτε χάρμην
 μαρνάμενος Κρονίῳνι Κίλιξ ἐδίδαξε Τυφωεύς.

Καὶ στρατὸς ὠμάρτησεν ὁμόστολος· ἐσσυμένους δὲ 110
 Εὖιος ἔφθασε πάντας, ὄρεσσαύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
 ἄξονος ἀβρέκτοιο διαξύων ῥόον ὀλκῶ·
 καὶ Σατύρων δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον,

οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι
 ὑγροπόροι καὶ Πᾶνες ὀμήλυδες· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
 ὠκύτεροι Τελχῖνες ἀλιτρεφέων ὑπὲρ ἵππων,
 πατρῶης ἐλατῆρες ἀλικρήπιδος ἀπήνης, 115
 εἰς δρόμον ὠμάρτησαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
 ἄλλοι δ' ἦσαν ὄπισθεν, ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πορθμῶ
 ἐξ ἐτέρης ἀνιόντες ἀθηήτοιο κελεύθου,
 ἦχι θεὸς πόμπευεν· ἐπεὶ πτερόν ἠρέμα πάλλων
 αἰετὸς ἠγεμόνευε δι' οὖρεος ἀντίτυπος Ζεὺς, 120
 φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον νῖα κομίζων,
 Αἰακὸν ἠερίῃ πεφορημένον ὕψι κελεύθῳ.

Ἰνδῶν δ' ἐχόρευον ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνη,
 καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκον, ἐναυλίζοντο δὲ λόχμαις,
 καὶ κλισίας πήξαντες ἐς ἠρέμα δάσκιον ὕλην . . . 125
 οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην
 εἶχον ἅμα σκυλάκεσσι· Ἀμαδρυνάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
 Ὑδριάδες μίσγοντο φιλοπτόρθου Διονύσου.
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες Ἐρυθραίῃ παρὰ λόχμῃ
 σκύμνον ὄρεσσαύλοιο τιθνήσαντο λεαίνης, 130
 αὐτοχύτου δὲ γάλακτος ἀνέβλυνον ἱκμάδα μαζοί·
 ἄλλη ἐχιδναίοιο πόθον μεθέπουσα κορύμβου
 ἰοβόλων μᾶστευε δι' οὖρεος ἄντρα δρακόντων,

loved the West Wind, since they knew the ways of the floating waters ; these his father had given to Bacchos for victory in the Indian War, Naiads well skilled in warfare, whom Cilician Typhoeus had taught battle while he was fighting against Cronion.

¹⁰⁹ The whole host followed, but where all pressed forward, Euios ^a was in front, cutting the stream in his highland car and never wetting the axle. The Satyrs attended his passage, and with them Bacchant women and Pans passed through the water ; but far quicker than the rest came the Telchines behind their seabred horses, driving their father's car, ^b firmly based on the sea, and they kept close to Dionysos as he sped along. Others were behind, thronging over the ford, but they came up the bank by another road unseen where a god led : for there was an eagle full in view, gently flapping its wings, Zeus, who led them through the mountains, while he carried his son Aiacos aloft with gentle talons traversing the high path of the air.

¹²³ They leapt about dancing on the Indian crags, along the rocky paths ; then they built shelters undisturbed in the dark forest, and spent the night among the trees. . . . Some went deerhunting with dogs after the long-antlered stags : the Hydriad water-nymphs of plantloving Dionysos mingled with the Hamadryads of the trees. Groups of Bassarids in this Erythraian wilderness suckled cubs ^c of a mountain lioness, and the juicy milk flowed of itself out of their breasts. One searched the hills for the holes of poisonous serpents to satisfy her longing for a wreath of vipers, and showed how well she could hunt.

^a Dionysos.

^b Cf. on xxi. 197.

^c Imitated from Eur. *Bacch.* 699 ff.

NONNOS

θηροσύνην δ' ἀνέφαιεν· ἀκοντιστήρι δὲ θύρσῳ
 ἢ μὲν νεβρόν ἔβαλλεν ἀελλόπον· ἢ δὲ λαθοῦσα 135
 ἄλματι λυσσῆντι κατέδραμε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου·
 ἢ δὲ μελαρρίων ραχίης ἐδράξατο θηρῶν
 καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβαιεν ὄρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.
 καὶ τις οἰστοβόλων βέλος ἤρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ
 καὶ πτελέην τόξευεν· ὁ δὲ σκοπὸν εἶχεν ἐλαίην· 140
 καὶ πίτυν ἄλλος ἔβαλλε· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ γείτονα πεύκην
 πεμπομένων σύριζεν ἐν ἡέρι ροίζος οἰστῶν.

Τοῖσι μὲν ἔβρεμε κῶμος ὀρίκτυπος· ἀχνύμενος δὲ
 Δηριάδη βασιλῆι δυσάγγελος ἴκετο Θουρεὺς,
 δάκρυσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἀπαγγέλλων φόνον Ἰνδῶν, 145
 καὶ μόγις ἐκ στομάτων ἀνενείκατο πενθάδα φωνήν·

“ Δηριάδη σκηπτουῦχε, θεηγενὲς ἔρνος Ἐννουῦς,
 ἦομεν, ὡς ἐκέλευσας, ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρίπνην,
 εὔρομεν ἐν βήσσησιν ἐρημάδα γείτονα λόχμην·
 κεῖθι λόχον στήσαντες ἐμίμνομεν, εἰσόκεν ἔλθη 150
 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος· ἐπερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχου
 αὐλὸς ἐπεςμαράγησεν, ἀδειψήτου δὲ βοείης
 τυπτομένης ἐκάτερθεν ἔην χαλκόκροτος ἠχῶ
 καὶ καναχὴ σύριγγος· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχμη
 καὶ δρῦες ἐφθέγγαντο καὶ ὠρχήσαντο κολῶναι· 155

Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
 ὀκναλέους, τρομέοντας, ἀπειθέας εἰς μόθον ἔλκων.
 καὶ θεός, ὃν καλέουσιν, ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων,
 οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισιν οἰστεύων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
 κτεῖνε μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὀξεί θύρσῳ 160
 βλήμενον, ἐν ροθίοις δὲ τὸ λείψανον ὤλεσεν Ἰνδῶν.
 ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχυμήνας ἐρείομεν, ὄφρα δαείης,

^a The first indication that Nonnos knows anything of India. He might have read of Brahmans in Philostratos's

One cast her wand and hit a stormfoot fawn. One approached unseen, and ran down a mad she-bear with maddened leaps. One clutched at the back of some elephant of the mountains, and climbed on the nape of the blackskinned beast. Sometimes an archer fitted a shaft to the string of his rounded bow and shot at an elmtree, or aimed at an olivetree, another hit a pine ; showers of arrows went whizzing and buzzing through the air at the fir-trees hard by.

¹⁴³ While the noise of their revels resounded among the hills, Thureus returned unhappy to King Deriades with bad tidings. His tears told the carnage of the Indians without words, but at last he let his sorrowful voice be heard :

¹⁴⁷ " May it please your Majesty, Deriades our King, and divine offspring of Enyo ! We went as commanded to the opposite hill, and in the forest glades we found the neighbouring thickets empty. There we laid our ambush and waited for thyrsusmad Dionysos to come. When Bacchos came near, the pipes were sounded, the raw drumskin was beaten, on either side was the noise of beaten brass and the wail of the syrinx. The whole forest trembled, the oak-trees uttered voices and the hills danced, the Naiads sang alleluia. I put the men under arms, led them to battle hesitating, trembling, unwilling. And the god, as they call him, shaking the sharpened wand, sent volleys of ignoble leaves upon the Indian nation, slew an infinite host on the plain pierced by the sharp wands, and destroyed what was left of us in the wild waters.

¹⁶² " Come now, let us ask our learned Brahmans,^a

Life of Apollonios of Tyana, or a score of other popular books.

εἰ θεὸς οὗτος ἴκανεν ἐς ἡμέας ἢ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ.
 μὴ νυχίην ἀνόνητον ἀναστήσειας Ἐννώ,
 μὴ στρατιὴν ὀλέσειας ἀφεγγεί δηιοτήτι·
 ἤδη δ' ἀχλυόεις τέταται ζόφος· ἀγχιφανῆς δὲ
 δῆριν ἀναστέλλων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἔσπερος ἀστήρ.
 εἰ δὲ πόθος μεθέπει σε δυσαντήτιο κυδοιμοῦ,
 σήμερον Ἴνδὸν ἔρυκε,

καὶ αὔριον εἰς μόθον ἔλκεις.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀπειθέα Δηριαδῆα,
 οὐ χάριν ἀδρανίης πειθήμονα, δυομένω δὲ
 μεμφόμενον Φαέθοντι καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα Λυαίω.

Ἴνδῶν δὲ φάλαγγα μεταστήσας ποταμοῖο
 Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἐχάζετο πενθάδι λύσση,
 ἐζόμενος λοφίησι παλιννόστων ἐλεφάντων.

Ἴνδοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σὺν ἡλιβάτῳ βασιλῆι
 εἰς πόλιν ἐρρώοντο πεφυζότες, ἔνδοθι πύργων
 νίκην εἰσαίοντες ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου.

Ἦδη δὲ στονόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο φήμη,
 σύγγονον ἀγγέλλουσα νεοσφαγέων φόνον Ἴνδῶν.

καὶ γόος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
 πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου,
 καὶ μεσάτου στέρνοιο διεσχίζοντο χιτῶνες

στήθεα γυμνώσαντες, ἀμοιβαίησι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
 τυπτομένων παλάμησιν ἴτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν

αἰμοβαφῆς. πολὺς δὲ γέρων ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ
 χιονέην πλοκαμίδα κατηφέι τάμνε σιδήρῳ,

τέσσαρας ἠβῶντας ὀλωλότας νῆας ἀκούων,
 Αἰακὸς οὓς ἐδάμασσε μὴ δασπλήτι μαχαίρῃ,
 κτεινομένους ἐλεεινά· βαρυτλήτων δὲ γυναικῶν

ἢ μὲν ἔὸν στενάχιζεν ἀδελφεόν, ἢ δὲ τοκῆα·
 ἄλλη ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνεστεναχίζετο νύμφη
 νυμφίον ἀρτιχόρευτον εἰκότα Πρωτεσιλάω,

that you may learn if this be a god come against us, or a mortal man. Do not stir up a useless war by night, do not destroy your hosts fighting in the darkness. Already the misty gloom is stretched over us; there is the evening star clear before our eyes, shining to check the conflict. If your desire is set upon this formidable fray, hold back the Indians to-day and to-morrow you lead them to battle."

¹⁷⁰ His words convinced Deriades, though loath to be convinced. No weakness made him consent; he yielded not to Lyaïos, he blamed the setting sun. Proud Deriades retreated mad with sorrow, seated on the neck of his retreating elephants, and withdrew the Indian host from the river. Along with their gigantic king, the Indians everywhere made haste to take refuge in the city, hearing behind their walls of the victory of warmad Dionysos.

¹⁷⁹ For already a lamentable rumour was flying through the city, which told of the late massacre of their kinsmen Indians. There was infinite wailing then. Dirgefond women tore their cheeks with their nails in mourning; they rent off the garments from their bodies and bared their chests, beating their circled breasts with this hand and that until the blows made the blood flow. That gray old man on the threshold of old age cut off his snowy hair with the knife of sorrow, when he heard how four sons had perished in their prime, a pitiable death indeed, brought low by Aiacos and his terrible sword alone. Women in heavy affliction mourned one her brother, and one her father; there was a bride bathed in tears lamenting her bridegroom lately wedded with

ἄλλη Λαοδάμεια· νεοζεύκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
 ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐτίλλετο βότρυς ἐθείρης. 195

Καί τις ἀμηχανέουσα δεδουπότος εὐνέτις Ἰνδοῦ,
 ἀγχιτόκους ὠδίνας ἀναπλήσασα λοχείης
 καὶ δεκάτης ὀρώσα λεχώια κύκλα Σελήνης,
 ὑδρηλῶ πολύδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἀνδρὸς ὀλέθρῳ,
 καὶ ποταμῶ κοτέουσα γοήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν· 200

“ Οὐ πίομαι πατρῶον ἐμόν ποτε πικρὸν Ἰδάσπην·
 οὐκέτι κεῖνα ῥέεθρα παρέρχομαι, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
 σείο νέκυν κρύψαντος ἐπιψαύσω ποταμοῖο,
 οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ σέο φόρτον, ὃν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς ἀείρω,
 οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν. 205
 τίς με λαβῶν κομίσειεν, ὅπου πέσε νεκρὸς ἀκοίτης,
 ὄφρα περιπτύξω διερὸν νέκυν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
 κύμα κατακρύψει με σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ;
 αἶθε δὲ καὶ τέκον υἷα καὶ ἔτρεφον· ἄρτι δὲ δειλὴν
 γαστέρος ὄγκος ἔχει με πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο. 210
 εἰ δὲ τέκῳ ποτὲ παῖδα καὶ αἰτίζη γενετῆρα,
 υἱεὶ παππάζοντι πόθεν δείξαιμι τοκῆα; ”

Εἶπε τὸν οὐκ αἰόντα κινυρομένη παρακοίτην.
 ἄλλη δ' ἐστενάχιζεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους
 ὀλλυμένου μνηστήρος, ὃν οὐκ ἴδεν εὐγάμος ὄρη 215
 στέμματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῶ
 ἠδυμελῆς ἦεισε βιοσσόος αὐλὸς Ἐρώτων.

Τοῖσι μὲν ἀχθυμένοισιν ἔην γόος. ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
 Βάκχος ἐοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοισι μαχηταῖς
 εἰλαπίνην ἔστησεν· ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι, 220
 καὶ δαμάλαι στοιχηδὸν ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ

• Bride of the first man killed before Troy. She besought the gods to send him back to her, was allowed to see him again for three hours, and died of grief or killed herself when he died again.

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dancing, another Laodameia^a with her Protesilaos : the newmade bride unveiled, unkempt, tore the clusters of her hair.

¹⁹⁶ One Indian wife, despairing at her husband's fall, when the full time of her labour was near and she saw now the delivering circle of the tenth moon, sorrowed with many tears for her man's death in the water, and cried out in lamentable tones against the hateful river :

²⁰¹ " Never again will I drink the bitter Hydaspes of my country ! Never will I walk beside his water, never—woe's me—will I touch the river which drowned your body ! I swear it by you, and your burden which I carry in my womb, I swear by you and the love which time cannot wither ! Who will take me and bring me where my dead husband fell, that I may embrace the dripping body, that the wave may swallow me too and drown me beside my man ! O that I had born a son and reared him ! But woe is me, my womb still carries the ripening burden. And if I ever do bear a son, and he asks for his father, how can I point to his father when the boy cries for daddy ? "

²¹³ So she lamented the husband who could not hear. Another mourned for a bridal never hallowed, her wooer lost, who never saw the happy hour of wedding decked with the bridegroom's garland, who never heard in the bridal chamber the sweet music of love's quickening pipes.^b

²¹⁸ So they sorrowed and wailed. But in the forest, Bacchos held a feast with his Satyrs and Indian-slaying warriors : bulls were slaughtered, rows of heifers were struck with axes and cut up with knives,

^a This postulates a Greek, not a Hindu wedding.

θεινόμεναι πελέκεσσιν, Ἐρυθραίης δ' ἀπὸ ποιίμνης
 πυκνὰ δορικτήτων ἱερεύετο πώεα μῆλων.
 ἐζόμενοι δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο τραπέζης
 Σειληνοὶ Σάτυροί τε σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ 225
 χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσαν ἔδωδῆς·
 πίνετο δ' ἄσπετος οἶνος ἀμοιβαδῖς· οἰνοχόοι δὲ
 εὐόδμους ἐκένωσαν ἀπείρονας ἀμφιφορῆας,
 νεκταρέης ἀρύοντες ἀμεμφέα βότρυν ὀπώρης.

Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παρὰ κρητῆρα λιγαίων 230
 Λέσβιος αὐτοδίδακτος ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδῆν,
 πῶς πρότεροι Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ·
 καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀληθέα μέλπετο νίκην,
 πῶς Κρόνον εὐρυγένειον ὑποκλάζοντα κεραυνῶ
 Ταρταρίῳ ζοφόεντι κατεσφρηγίσσατο κόλπῳ, 235
 χείματος ὑδρηλοῖσι μάτην κεκορυθμένον ὄπλοισι.

Κυπριάδος δὲ Λάπηθος ἀτευχέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης
 ἔμφροσι φορμικτῆρι παρέζετο, καὶ οἱ ἔδωδῆς
 πίονα μοῖραν ὄρεξε, καὶ ἦτεε κεῖνον αἰείδειν
 τερπνὸν ἀσιγήτοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ἀθήναις, 240
 ἱστοπόνον Κυθέρειαν ἐριδμαίνουσαν Ἀθήνην.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο Κύπριν αἰείδειν,
 ὥς ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα φιληλακάτοιο μερίμνης
 χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισι μετήιεν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης,
 κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κεστὸν Ἐρώτων. 245
 καὶ Παφίης τετάνυστο παχὺς μίτος, οἷά τε μακρῆ
 οἰσὺνῆ μήριθος εὐστροφος, ἣν τινι τέχνη
 ὄλκοις μηκεδανοῖσι γέρων ἐρράψατο τέκτων,
 φράξας ἀρτιτέλεστα σεσηρότα δούρατα νηῶν·
 ἢ δὲ πανημερίη καὶ παννυχίη πέλας ἱστοῦ 250
 Παλλάδος ἔργον ἔτευχε παλίλλυτον, ἀλλοτρίῳ δὲ
 ἀτρίπτους ἔο χεῖρας ἀήθει τείρετο μόχθῳ·
 καὶ κτενὶ πουλυόδοντι διαξύουσα χιτῶνα

whole flocks of sheep were killed from the captured Erythraian herds. Seilenoi and Satyrs settled in companies round the table with the god of the thyrsus, all with multitudinous hands partook of the same food. Infinite wine was drunk by all in order; the servers emptied endless fragrant jars as they drew the nectarean juice of the perfect grape.

²³⁰ So they rejoiced, while Leucos the selftaught Lesbian singer wove his lay beside the mixing-bowl, how the older Titans armed themselves against Olympos. He sang the true victory of Zeus potent in the Heights, how broadbeard Cronos sank under the thunderbolt, and Zeus sealed him deep in the dark Tartarean pit, armed in vain with the watery weapons of the storm.^a

²³⁷ Lapethos, a dweller in the unarmed Cyprian land, sat next to the inspired minstrel, and he passed him a fat portion of meat, begging him to sing a pleasant story that never-silent Athens loves, the weaving-match between Athena and Cythereia.

²⁴² So he struck up his harp and began to sing of Cypris,^b how she once felt the sting of ambition and fell in love with the distaff, how she tried Athena's loom with unpractised hands and lifted the shuttle, no longer the girdle of love. The Paphian spun a coarse thread, like the long cord of twisted withies which the old roper makes by his craft in long stretches, to tighten the gaping planks of a ship newly finished. Then all day and all night long by the loom she undid the work of Pallas, and roughened her soft hands with a strange unwonted labour; she hung the dangling stone from

^a As usual, the mythological Cronos and the astrological associations of the planet Saturn are mixed.

^b The story is elsewhere unknown.

καὶ λίθον ὄρχηστῆρα περικρεμάσασα μεσάκμω
 κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινε, καὶ ἔπλετο Κύπρις Ἀθήνη· 255
 καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀγέλαστος· ὕφαινομένοιο δὲ πέπλου
 εὐρυτενῆς ὠγκοῦτο πέλωρ μίτος· αὐτόματοι δὲ
 στήμονες ἐρρήγγυντο παχυνομένοιο χιτῶνος·
 εἶχε δὲ διχθαδίοισι πόνοις ἐπιμάρτυρα τέχνης
 Ἡέλιον καὶ λύχνον ἀναγκαίην τε Σελήνην. 260
 οὐ χορὸν ὠρχήσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
 ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης· τροχαλῆ δ' ἐλέλιξεν ἐρωῆ
 Πασιθέη κλωστήρα, καὶ εἰροκόμος πέλε Πειθῶ,
 καὶ μίτον Ἀγλαΐη καὶ νήματα δῶκεν ἀνάσση·
 καὶ μερόπων ἀλάλητο γάμων βίος· ἀρμονίην δὲ 265
 ἔστενεν ἀχρήιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων
 ἠνίοχος βιότοιο γέρων δεδονημένος Αἰών·
 καὶ φλογερὴν ἀγέραςτος Ἔρως ἀνελύσατο νευρήν,
 παπταίνων ἀλόχευτον ἀνήροτον αὐλακα κόσμου.
 οὐ τότε φορμίγγων ἐρόεις κτύπος, οὐ τότε σύριγξ, 270
 οὐ λιγὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπεν “Ἵμῆν Ἵμέναιε” λιγαίωνων·
 ἀλλὰ βίου μινύθοντος ἱμασσομένης τε γενέθλης
 συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο μετωχλίσθησαν ὄχητες.
 Καὶ Παφίην φιλόμοχθον ἴδεν ταλαεργὸς Ἀθήνη,

^a Nonnos knew more of spinning and weaving than of many of the subjects on which he touches in his poem; perhaps he had watched his daughter, if he had one, or some other little girl being taught the most characteristic tasks of a Greek woman. Aphrodite begins by trying to spin the raw wool into thread, but, not knowing enough to guide it properly with her fingers, she cannot get it fine and smooth, but spins it coarse and lumpy, more like a rope of withies than real thread. This finished, she fastens her makeshift product to the beam of the old-fashioned upright loom (a modified form of which is still in use in some parts of Greece) and attaches to each thread a loom-weight of stone to keep it taut. This is the warp; she keeps its component threads

the beam,^a and parted the threads of the stuff with the comb's many teeth, and wove the cloth with her shuttle, and so Cypris turned Athena. There was no laughing over that task ; but as the cloth was woven, the monstrous thread pulled across swelled out and thickened the stuff, so that the warpthreads burst of themselves. Witnesses for the double labour of her skill were the Sun, and the lamp, and the Moon of her necessity. The dancers of Orchomenos^b who were attendants upon the Paphian had no dancing then to do ; but Pasithea made the spindle run round, Peitho dressed the wool, Aglaia gave thread and yarn to her mistress. And weddings went all astray in human life. Time, the ancient who guides our existence, was disturbed, and lamented the bond of wedlock used no more ; Eros unhonoured loosed his fiery bowstring, when he saw the world's furrow unplowed and unfruitful. Then the harp made no lovely music, the syrinx did not sound, the clear pipes did not sing in clear tones Hymen Hymenaios the marriage-tune ; but life dwindled, birth was hardsmitten, the bolts of indivisible union were shot back.

²⁷⁴ Industrious Athena saw the Paphian hard at apart with the comb, 253, and proceeds to take more thread on her shuttle, 255, and insert it over and under the warpthreads to form the woof. But it is so thick and rough that as thread after thread is woven into place (and pressed close with the batten, which Nonnos does not mention) the strain is too great and too irregular for the warp-threads, *στήμονες* (258) to stand, so they begin to burst right and left, forcing her to unravel all she has done, 251, and begin again. Hermes in fun advises her to try the most elaborate and difficult kind of weaving, 304 ff., using many-coloured threads to make a pattern, when she cannot even manage plain cloth.

^b The Graces. Their names are variously given.

καὶ χόλον εἶχε γέλωτι μεμιγμένον, ὡς ἶδε μακρὴν 275
 τρηχαλέην μῆρινθον ἀπειροπόνου Κυθερείης·
 ἀθανάτοις δ' ἤγγειλε· βαρυζήλω δὲ μενοινῆ
 ἔννεπε, μεμφομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ γενετῆρι·

“Σὴ δόσις ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ἀμείβεται, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ·
 οὐκέτι Μοιράων μεθέπω δόσιν· ἰστοπόνος γὰρ 280
 κλῆρον ἐμὸν σύλησε τετὴ θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
 κλῆρον Ἀθηναίης οὐχ ἤρπασε δεσπότις Ἥρη,
 γνωτὴ καὶ παράκοιτις ἐμοῦ Διός, ἀλλὰ χαλέπτει
 ἐκ γενετῆς σακέεσσι κορυσσομένην Ἀγελείην
 ἢ ταμὴν θαλάμων, ἀπαλὴ θεός. ὑμετέρου δὲ 285

ἀπτόλεμος Κυθέρεια πότε προμάχιζεν Ὀλύμπου,
 ἢ εἴ τις Τιτῆνας ἀπώλεσε θήλει κεστῶ,
 ὅττι μετὰ πτολέμους με βιάζεται; ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 εἶπέ μοι, ἰοχέαιρα, τετῆς πότε μεσσόθεν ὕλης 290
 εἶδες οἰστεύουσαν ἢ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀθήνην;
 τίς καλέει γλαυκῶπιν, ὅτ' ὠδίνουσι γυναῖκες;”

Ὡς φασμένης ἀγέροντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
 ἰστὸν ἰδεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἐποιχομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
 καὶ καμάτους ὀρόωντες ἀπειρομόθου Κυθερείης·
 θαμβαλέοι νόθον ἔργον ἐκυκλώσαντο θεαίνης· 295
 καὶ γελῶν ἀγόρευε πάλιν φιλοκέρτομος Ἑρμῆς·

“Ἴστὸν ἔχεις, Κυθέρεια· τεὸν λίπε κεστὸν Ἀθήνη.
 εἰ μίτον ἀμφαφάας, εἰ κερκίδα χερσὶ τιταίνεις,
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ αἰγίδα Τριτογενεῖης.
 οἶδα, πότεν, Κυθέρεια, πολὺκροτον ἰστὸν ὑφαίνεις, 300
 σὸς δόλος οὗ με λέληθε· τεὸς τάχα νυμφίος Ἄρης
 εἰς γάμον ἡμερόεντας ἀπαιτίζει σε χιτῶνας.

^a i.e., I don't poach on Artemis's preserves, hunting and

work. Anger and laughter commingled came over her, as she beheld the long rough cords of inexperienced Cythereia. She told the immortals; and in a passion of jealousy reproached both Cypris and her father:

²⁷⁹ " So there are changes and chances in your gifts, Heavenly Father! I no longer manage the gift of the Fates, for your daughter Aphrodite has taken to weaving and stolen my lot. Athenaia has been robbed of her lot not by Hera the Queen, the sister and consort of my Zeus; but the mistress of the bedchamber, that soft goddess, affronts one armed with shield from her birth, Ageleia the plunderer! When has your cowardly Cythereia fought for Olympos? what Titans has she destroyed with that womanish girdle, that she comes fresh from her battles to outrage me? Yes, and you, Archeress—tell me this, when have you seen Athena in your forest ^a shooting arrows or hunting game? Who calls upon Brighteyes, when women are in labour?"

²⁹² When she had spoken, the gods of Olympos came thronging to see Aphrodite working the loom. They gathered round and stared at the labours of the divine fumbler, amazed at her bungling work; and Hermes, who loved his joke, said laughing,

²⁹⁷ " You have the loom, Cythereia, leave Athena your girdle! If you handle the thread and throw the shuttle, then raise also the furious spear and the aegiscape of Tritogenia. Ah, Cythereia, I know why you weave at the rattling loom. I understand your secret: no doubt your bridegroom Ares begs from you fine dress for the wedding. Weave your

help in childbirth, why should Aphrodite be allowed to invade my sphere, women's work?

NONNOS

Ἄρει πέπλον ὕφαινε· νεοκλώστῳ δ' ἐνὶ πέπλῳ
 ἀσπίδα μὴ ποίκιλλε· τί γὰρ σακέων Ἀφροδίτῃ;
 τεῦχε τεῆς Φαέθοντα φεραυγέα μάρτυρον εὐνής, 306
 φώριον ἀγγέλλοντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων·
 ἦν ἐθέλης, ποίκιλλε καὶ ἀρχαίους σέο δεσμούς,
 καὶ θεὸν ἀσκήσειε νόθον πόσιν αἰδομένη χεῖρ·
 καὶ σὺ τεὸν μετὰ τόξον, Ἔρωσ, ἄτρακτον ἐλίσσων
 μητέρι νήματα τεῦχε φιληλακάτῳ Κυθερείῃ, 310
 ὄφρα μετὰ πτερόεντα καὶ ἰστοπόνον σε καλέσω,
 καὶ μετὰ νεῦρα βόεια θεὸν πυρόεντα νοήσω
 πηνίον ἐξέλκοντα παρέκ μίτον ἀντὶ βελέμων.
 χρυσῶ τεῦξον Ἄρηα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης
 κερκίδα χειρὶ φέροντα καὶ οὐ πάλλοντα βοείην, 315
 δίπλακα ποικίλλοντα σὺν ἐργοπόνῳ Κυθερείῃ.
 ἀλλά, θεὰ Κυθέρεια, φιληλακάτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
 ῥίπτε μίτους ἀνέμοισι καὶ ἄμφεπε κεστὸν ἱμάντα,
 συζυγίης δ' ἀλέγιζε τὸ δεύτερον· ἀρχέγονος γὰρ
 πλάζεται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἔτι πέπλον ὑφαίνεις." 320

Ὡς φαμένου μεΐδησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
 καὶ μίτον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀπορρίψασα χιτῶνος
 αἰδομένη γλαυκῶπιν ἐῆς ἐπεβήσατο Κύπρου
 ἀνδρομέης Κυθέρεια τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης·
 καὶ βίον αἰολόμορφον Ἔρωσ πάλιν ἤρμοσε κεστῶ 325
 σπείρων εὐαρότοιο λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόσμου.

Τοίην ἡμερόφωνον ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος αἰοιδῆν
 ἡλακάτης ἀδίδακτον ἀννυμείων Ἀφροδίτην,
 ἐργοπόνῳ μέγα νεῖκος ἀναστήσασαν Ἀθήνην.

^a Hom. Od. viii. 270 ff.

^b From Hom. Il. xxiii. 762.

stuff for Ares, but don't embroider a shield in the new cloth. What does Aphrodite want with shields? Put in Phaëthon, the shining witness of your loves, who told tales of the furtive robber of your bed^a; if you like, put those old nets of yours in the pattern, and let your hand, if it can for shame, make a picture of the god who was the husband's proxy. And you, Eros, leave your bow and help your mother in her passion for the distaff, twirl the spindle for her and spin the thread. Then I may call you weaver instead of winger, I may see the fiery god pulling the spool past the warp,^b instead of the arrows on the leather bowstring. Make Ares of gold beside golden Aphrodite; let him hold a shuttle instead of waving a shield, and embroider a double cloth with industrious Cythereia.

³¹⁷ "No, Cythereia goddess, throw your threads to the winds out of those distaff-enamoured hands and use your stitched girdle. Take care once more of marriage; for the ancient nature of the world has all been going astray since you have been weaving cloth."

³²¹ As he finished, all the Olympians smiled. Then Cythereia thus put to shame before Brighteyes threw down the stuff of the cloth half finished, and away she went to her own Cyprus to be nurse of the human race; and Eros once more ordered all the varied forms of life by the girdle, sowing the circle of the well-plowed earth with the seed of generation.

³²⁷ Such was the melodious lay which Leucos wove, celebrating how Aphrodite untaught of the distaff, set up her great contest with industrious Athena.^c

^c The lay of Demodocos in Hom. *Od.* viii. 267-366, is the general model for this scene.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόρος ἔσκε φιλακρήτοιο τραπέζης, 330
 οἶνον ἀναβλύζοντες ἐρημάδι κάππεσον εὐνή·
 οἱ μὲν δαιδαλέης ἐπὶ νεβρίδος, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ φύλλων
 πεπταμένων, ἕτεροι δὲ χυτῆς ἐφύπερθε κονίης
 δέρμασιν αἰγείοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνην·
 ἄλλοι δ' ἐγρεμόθοισιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείροις, 335
 χάλκεον ἀπλώσαντες ἐνναλίῳ δέμας ὕπνω,
 ὧν ὁ μὲν Ἴνδὸν ἔβαλλε καθήμενον ὑψόθεν ἵππου,
 ἄλλος δ' Ἴνδὸν ἔνυξε κατ' αὐχένος, ὃς δὲ δαΐζων
 ἄορι πεζὸν ἔτυψεν, ὁ δ' οὔτασε Δηριαδῆα·
 ἄλλος δ' ἠερόφοιτον ἐὼν βέλος ὑψόσε πέμπων 340
 ἠλιβάτους ἐλέφαντας ὀνειρεύῳ βάλεν ἰῶ.

Πορδαλίῳ δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ἄγρια φῦλα λεόντων
 καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
 εἶχον ἀμοιβαίης φυλακῆς ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπῆν,
 πάννουχον ἐγρήσσοντες ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης, 345
 μή σφιν ἐπαῖξιε μελαινομένων μόθος Ἴνδῶν·
 καὶ δαῖδες στοιχηδὸν ἐπαστράπτεσκον Ὀλύμπῳ,
 Βακχιάδος λαμπτήρες ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης.

³³⁰ But when they had surfeit of this table so well furnished with liquor, they fell on their beds in the wilderness spluttering wine : dropping on dappled fawnskins, or on spreads of leaves, or just spreading goatskins on the ground amid the deep dust. Some stretched their armoured bodies in the soldier's sleep, and held traffic with battlerousing dreams, where one struck some Indian sitting on horseback, one pierced an Indian's throat, one slew a footman with his sword, one wounded Deriades, one shot his bolt high in the air and wounded some huge elephant with his dream-arrow.

³⁴² Tribes of leopards and wild packs of lions and hunting-dogs took turns in guarding Dionysos in the wilderness with sleepless eyes ; all night they kept vigil in the mountain forest, that no assault of black Indians might approach him. Long lines of torches flashed up to Olympos, the lights of the dancing Bacchants which had no rest.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα
καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠγορέην Διονύσου.

Μοῦσα, πάλιν πολέμιζε σοφὸν μόθον
ἔμφροني θύρσω·

οὐ πω γὰρ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσω
φύλοπιν ἑπταέτηρον Ἐώιος εὔνασεν Ἄρης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοιο τεθηπότες ἄκρα γενείου
Ἰνδῶης πλατάνοιο πάλιν κλάζουσι νεοσσοί, 5
Βακχείου πολέμοιο προμάντιες. οὐ μὲν αἰείσω
πρώτους ἐξ λυκάβαντας,

ὅτε στρατὸς ἔνδοθι πύργων
Ἰνδὸς ἔην· τελέσας δὲ τύπον μιμηλὸν Ὀμήρου
ὑστατον ὑμνήσω πολέμων ἔτος, ἑβδομάτης δὲ
ὑσμίνην ἰσάριθμον ἐμῆς στρουθοῖο χαράξω· 10
Θήβη δ' ἑπταπύλῳ κεράσω μέλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ βακχευθεῖσα περιτρέχει, οἶα δὲ νύμφη
μαζὸν ἔὸν γύμνωσε κατηφέος ὑψόθι πέπλου,
μνησαμένη Πενθῆος· ἐποτρύνων δέ με μέλπειν
πενθαλέην ἔο χεῖρα γέρων ὠρεξε Κιθαιρῶν 15
αἰδόμενος, μὴ λέκτρον ἀθέσμιον ἢ βοήσω
πατροφόνον πόσιν υἷα παρευνάζοντα τεκούση.

BOOK XXV

In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus
and the comparison of Heracles with the
valour of Dionysos.

O MUSE, once more fight the poet's war with your
thyrsus-wand of the mind : for not yet has Eastern
Ares bent a servile knee and calmed the sevenyear
conflict. The nestlings of the Indian planetree are
shrinking again in horror at the dragon's jaw-point,
and thus they foretell war with Bacchos.^a I will not
sing the first six lichtgangs,^b while the Indian army
remained behind walls ; I will make my pattern like
Homer's and sing the last year of warfare, I will
describe that which has the number of my seventh
sparrow. For sevengate Thebes I will brew my
bowl of poesy, for she also dances wildly about me,
baring her breast nymph-like over her robe in sorrow
while she remembers Pentheus ; old Cithairon urges
me to sing, stretching out his mourning hand, fearing
lest I proclaim the unhallowed bed or the father-
slaying son, the husband who lay beside her who bore

^a A reference to Hom. *Il.* ii. 308 ff., where a snake swallows a bird and eight chicks ; this is interpreted as victory after nine years.

^b That is, years ; see above, vol. i. p. 392 note a.

NONNOS

Ἄονίης αἰὼ κιθάρης κτύπον· εἶπατε, Μοῦσαι,
 τίς πάλιν Ἀμφίων λίθον ἄπνοον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκει;
 οἶδα, πόθεν κτύπος οὗτος· ἀειδομένη τάχα Θήβη 20
 Πινδαρέης φόρμιγγος ἐπέκτυπε Δῶριος ἠχώ.

Ἄλλὰ πάλιν κτείνωμεν Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν·
 οὐ ποτε γὰρ μόθον ἄλλον ὁμοίον ἔδρακεν αἰῶν
 Ἡΰου πρὸ μόθοιο, καὶ οὐ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 ἄλλην ὀψιτέλεστον ἰσόρροπον εἶδεν Ἐννῶ, 25
 οὐδὲ τόσος στρατὸς ἦλθεν ἐς Ἴλιον,

οὐ στόλος ἀνδρῶν
 τηλίκος. ἀλλὰ νέοισι καὶ ἀρχεγόνοισιν ἐρίζων
 εὐκαμάτους ἰδρῶτας ἀναστήσω Διονύσου,
 κρίνων ἠγορέην τεκέων Διός, ὄφρα νοήσω,
 τίς κάμε τοῖον ἀγῶνα, τίς εἶκελος ἔπλετο Βάκχου. 30
 Περσεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος, εὐπτερον ἵχνος ἐλίσσω,

^a *i.e.* the story of Oedipus.

^b "Aonian" means simply Theban. According to one of the foundation-legends, Amphion and Zethos, the sons of Antiope, built the walls, Amphion taking the chief part because his lyre-playing was so enchanting (in the most literal sense) that the stones followed him of their own accord to their places in the walls. Cf. 417 ff.

^c An allusion to Pindar, *Ol.* i. 17.

^d Rhetorician that he is, Nonnos is here using one of the best known rhetorical figures, comparison of the person or thing praised with others of the same class (here sons of Zeus), who are declared inferior; and as they are *ex hypothesi* admirable, the subject of the panegyric must be more so. Cf. the praises of Epicurus in Lucretius v. 13 ff. (he is superior to Demeter, Dionysos and Heracles as a benefactor of mankind).

^e Perseus was son of Zeus by Danaë (114), whom the god visited in the form of a shower of gold. Her father Acrisios set her and her child afloat (119-120) in a chest, and they drifted ashore at the island of Seriphos. The local king,

him.^a I hear the twang of the Aonian^b lyre. tell me, Muses, what new Amphion is pulling dead stones to a run? I know where that sound comes from: surely it is the Dorian^c tune of Pindar's lyre sounding for Thebes.

■ Once more let us slay the race of Erythraian Indians: for Time never saw before another struggle like the Eastern War, nor after the Indian War in later days has Enyo seen its equal. No such army came to Ilion, no such host of men. But I will set up the toils and sweat of Dionysos in rivalry with both new and old^d; I will judge the manhood of the sons of Zeus, and see who endured such an encounter, who was like unto Bacchos.

³¹ Nimbleknee Perseus,^e waving his winged feet,

Polydectes (84), when Perseus had grown to manhood, tried to get rid of him by sending him on the quest for the head of Medusa (38), the only mortal one of the three Gorgons (the others were Sthenno 54, and Euryale 58), the sight of which turned the beholder into stone. He was helped by Athena and Hermes (55-56) who gave him Harpe, the curved Sword of Sharpness, the Shoon of Swiftmess, which enabled him to fly (130, 131), and a (probably magical) wallet in which to carry the head. He found the way there by stealing the one eye (36) of the Graiai, daughters of Phorcys, and refusing to give it back unless he was told. The home of the Gorgons was in Africa (51); Perseus flew there invisible, for he had also been given the Cap of Darkness, cut Medusa's head off without looking at her, and later used it to turn into stone a sea-monster which was going to devour Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, king and queen of Ethiopia (80 ff.), whose mother had offended the powers of the sea by boasting that she was fairer than the Nereids (135). All concerned were afterwards turned into constellations. Later, Perseus used the head to destroy Polydectes, who was trying to force Danaë to marry him. Medusa, when killed, was pregnant by Poseidon (39 ff.) and the winged horse Pegasus sprang from her headless trunk.

NONNOS

ἀγγινεφῆ δρόμον εἶχεν ἐν ἡέρι πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
 εἰ ἕτεόν πεπότητο. τί δὲ πλεόν, εἰ σφυρὰ πάλλων
 ξείνην εἰρεσίην ἀνεμώδει νήχето ταρσῶ,
 ὅττι βαθυνομένης παλάμης ληίστορι καρπῶ 35
 Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην,
 ἄσφοφον ἀκροπόρων πεφυλαγμένος ἄλμα πεδίλων,
 ὄγμον ἐχιδνήεντα μιῆς ἤμησε Μεδούσης,
 ἧς ἔτι κυμαίνουσα γοναῖς ἐθλίβετο γαστήρ 40
 Πήγασον ὠδίνουσα, καὶ ἔγκυον αὐχένα νύμφης
 Γοργόνος Εἰλείθια μογοστόκος ἔθρισεν ἄρπη,
 αὐχένος ἵπποτόκοιο θαλύσιον; ἀπτολέμου δὲ
 Περσεὺς ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
 ἄπνοα, Γοργείης ὀφιώδεα λήια χαίτης,
 αἰμαλέη ραθάμιγγι κατάρρυτα λείψανα κόρσης, 45
 ἡμιτελὲς σύριγμα νεοτμήτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζοντα· καὶ οὐ στίχεν ἄρσενι χάρμη,
 οὐ τότε χερσαίης ἐνοπῆς κτύπος, οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 Περσεὶ μαρναμένῳ πολεμήια λαίφεα νηῶν
 ἐγρεμόθοις ἀνέμοισιν Ἄρης κολπώσατο ναύτης, 50
 οὐ φονίη ραθάμιγγι Λίβυς φοινίσσετο Νηρεὺς,
 οὐ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐδέξατο λοίγιον ὕδωρ·
 ἀλλὰ δρακοντείης τρομέων συριγμὸν ἐθείρης
 Σθεννοῦς μαινομένης πτερόεις ἐλελίζετο Περσεὺς,
 καὶ κυνέην Ἄϊδαο φέρων καὶ Παλλάδος ἄρπην, 55
 καὶ πτερόν Ἑρμᾶνος ἔχων καὶ Ζῆνα τοκῆα,
 ὠκυτέρῳ φύξηλις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλω,
 Εὐρύαλης μύκημα καὶ οὐ σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
 συλῆσας Λιβύης ὀλίγον σπέος· οὐ στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν
 ἔκτανεν, οὐ φλογόεντι πόλιν τεφρώσατο δαλῶ. 60
 Ἄλλ' οὐ τοῖος ἔην Βρομίου μόθος·

οὐ ποσὶν ἔρπων

Βάκχος ἐθωρήθη δολόεις πρόμος, οὐδὲ λοχήσας
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held his course near the clouds, a wayfarer pacing through the air, if he really did fly. But what was the good if he swung his ankles and swam the winds with that strange oarage of legs? and then crept up on tiptoe, keeping his footfall noiseless, and with hollowed hand and robber's fist caught the roving eye of Phorcys' unsleeping daughter, then shore off the snaky swathe of one Medusa, while her womb was still burdened and swollen with young, still in foal of Pegasus; what good if the sickle played the part of childbirth Eileithyia, and reaped the neck of the pregnant Gorgon, firstfruits of a horsebreeding neck? There was no battle when swiftshoe Perseus lifted the lifeless token of victory, the snaky sheaf of Gorgon hair, relics of the head dripping drops of blood, gently wheezing a half-heard hiss through the severed throats: he did not march to battle with men, no din of conflict was there then on land, no maritime Ares on the sea with battle-rousing winds bellied the sails of ships of war against a warrior Perseus, no Libyan Nereus was reddened with showers of blood, no fatal water swallowed a dead body rolling helplessly. No! Perseus fled with flickering wings trembling at the hiss of mad Sthenno's hairy snakes, although he bore the cap of Hades and the sickle of Pallas, with Hermes' wings though Zeus was his father; he sailed a fugitive on swiftest shoes, listening for no trumpet but Euryale's bellowing—having despoiled a little Libyan hole! He slew no army of men, he burnt no city with fiery torch.

⁶¹ Far other was the struggle of Bromios. For Bacchos was no sneaking champion, crawling along in

φρουρὸν ἀκοιμήτοιο μετήλυδα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς
Φορκίδος ἄλλοπρόσαλλον

ἀμειβομένης πτερόν ὕπνου
ἤνυσε θῆλυν ἄεθλον ἀθωρήκτοιο Μεδούσης· 65
ἀλλὰ διατμήγων δηίων στίχα δίζυγι νίκη
χερσαίου πολέμοιο καὶ ὑδροπόροιο κυδοιμοῦ
λύθρω γαῖαν ἔδευσε, καὶ αἵματι κῦμα κεράσσας
Νηρεΐδας φοίνιξεν ἐρευθιόωντι ρεέθρω,
κτείνων βάρβαρα φύλα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ 70
ὑψιλόφων ἀκάρηνος ἐτυμβεύθη στάχυσ Ἴνδῶν,
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν πελάγεσσιν ὀλωλότες ὄξει θύρσῳ
αὐτόματοι πλωτῆρες ἐπορθμεύοντο θαλάσση,
Ἴνδῶν νεκρὸς ὄμιλος· ἀνικῆτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὔδασιν αἰχμάζοντος ἐγερσιμόθου ποταμοῖο 75
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα παρέρχομαι, ὀππότε πεύκη
Βακχιάς αἰθαλόεσσα κατέφλεγε βάρβαρον ὕδωρ
μυδαλέῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔζεε κύματι θερμῷ
καπνὸν ἀναβλύζων ποταμήιον ὑγρὸς Ὑδάσσης.

Ἄλλ' ἐρέεις,
ὅτι “ κῆτος ἀλίτροφον ἔκτανε Περσεύς· 80
ὄμματι Γοργεῖῳ πετρώσατο θῆρα θαλάσσης.”
τί πλέον, εἰ φονίης δεδοκημένος ὄμμα Μεδούσης
ἀνδρομέων μελέων ἑτερότροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας
εἰς λίθον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη Πολυδέκτης;
Βάκχου δ' Ἰνδοφόνου βριαρὸς πόνος οὐ μία Γοργῷ, 85
οὐ λίθος ἠερόφοιτος ἀλίκτυπος ἢ Πολυδέκτης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντοκόμων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀριστεύων ὀλίγῳ ῥήξῆνορι θύρσῳ,
ὀππότε Πορφυρίωνι μαχήμονα κισσὸν ἰάλλων
Ἐγκέλαδον στυφέλιξε καὶ ἤλασεν Ἀλκνονῆα 90
αἰχμάζων πετάλοισιν· οἰστεύοντο δὲ θύρσοι
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρες, ἀοσσητῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
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his armour ; he laid no ambush for the sentinel eye of Phorcys, the ball of the sleepless eye that passed from hand to hand, giving each her share under the wing of sleep in turn ; he won no womanish match over a Medusa unarmed. But he cut the lines of his enemies in a double victory, battle on land and tumult at the ford ; he soaked the earth with gore, he mingled the waves with blood, he dyed the Nereïds purple in their reddened streams, as he killed the barbarian hordes. Great was the harvest of highcrested Indians buried headless in mother earth ; shoals of dead Indians slain by the sharp thyrsus floated at random and voyaged over the deep, a multitude ! I pass by that billowy warfare, when the battlestirring river hurled his waves against invincible Lyaïos, when the blazing torch of Bacchos kindled the barbarian stream with a damp spark, and watery Hydaspes with waves boiling hot puffed out smoke from his depths.

⁸⁰ But you will say, " Perseus killed a monster of the sea ; with the Gorgon's eye he turned to stone a leviathan of the deep ! " What was the good, if Polydectes, looking upon deadly Medusa's eye, changed his human limbs to another kind and transformed himself into stone ? The terrible exploits of Bacchos were not one Gorgon, not an airsoaring sea-beaten cliff, not a Polydectes. No, Bacchos reaped the stubble of snakehaired giants, a conquering hero with a tiny manbreaking wand, when he cast the battling ivy against Porphyrion, when he buffeted Encelados and drove off Alcyoneus with a volley of leaves : then the wands flew in showers, and brought the earthborn down in defence of Olympos, when the

χερσὶ διηκοσίησιν ἔλιξ ὅτε λαὸς Ἀρούρης
 θλίβων ἀστερόεσσαν ἴτυν πολυδειράδι κόρη
 λεπταλέω γόνυ κάμψεν ἀκοντιστήρι κορύμβω, 95
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι, καὶ οὐ πυρόεντι κεραυνῶ
 τηλικὸς ἐσμὸς ἐπιπτεν, ὅσος ῥήξήνορι θύρσῳ.
 Ἄλλὰ φίλοι, κρίνωμεν· ἐν ἀντολίῃ μὲν ἀρούρη
 Ἰνδοφόνους ἰδρῶτας ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
 Ἥελιος θάμβησεν, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῖο δὲ κόλπου 100
 Ἐσπερίῃ Περσῆα τανύπτερον εἶδε Σελήνῃ,
 βαιὸν ἀεθλεύσαντα πόνον γαμψώνυχι χαλκῶ·
 καὶ Φαέθων ὅσον εὐχος ὑπέρτερον ἔλλαχε Μήνης,
 τόσσον ἐγὼ Περσῆος ἀρείονα Βάκχον ἐνίψω.
 Ἰναχος ἀμφοτέρων πέλε μάρτυρος, ὅπποτε κισσῶ 105
 καὶ φονίῳ νάρθηκι Μυκηνίδες ἤρισαν αἰχμαὶ
 χαλκοβαρεῖς, Σατύρων δὲ φιλεύιον Ἄρεα φεύγων
 θυρσοφόρῳ Βρομίῳ δρεπανηφόρος εἶκαθε Περσεύς,
 καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε μαχήμονος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
 οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδήρον ἀκοντίζων Ἀριάδην· 110
 οὐκ ἄγαμαι Περσῆα μίαν κτείναντα γυναῖκα,
 εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισιν ἔτι πνείουσαν Ἐρώτων.
 Εἰ δὲ Διὸς χρυσεῶν μεγαλίζεται εἵνεκα λέκτρων,
 οὐ Δανάην ἐκόμισσεν ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
 κυδαίνων γονίμης φιλοπάρθενον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης 115
 βαιῆς κλεψιγάμου· Σεμέλη δ' ἐπέβαινεν Ὀλύμπου
 σὺν Δίῃ, σὺν μακάρεσσι μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης,
 υἱεὶ βοτρυνόεντι παρεζομένη Διονύσῳ·
 οὐ Δανάη λάχεν οἶκον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑγροπόρου δὲ
 λάρνακος ἔνδον ἐούσα Διὸς ναυτίλλετο νύμφη, 120
 μεμφομένη ζυγίων ἀπατήλιον ὄμβρον Ἐρώτων,
 ἄστατον ὄλβον ἔχοντα μινυθαδίου νιφετοῖο.
 Οἶδα μὲν Ἀνδρομέδην,
 ὅτι φαίνεται ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου,

coiling sons of Earth with two hundred hands, who pressed the starry vault with manynecked heads, bent the knee before a flimsy javelin of vineleaves or a spear of ivy. Not so great a swarm fell to the fiery thunderbolt as fell to the manbreaking thyrsus.

⁹⁸ Let us compare them, friends. Helios marvelled when he saw the sweat of Dionysos, as he slew Indians on the eastern soil: over the western gulf, Selene in the evening saw Perseus on wings outspread, after he had had a small task to do with a curving piece of bronze: as much as Phaëthon has glory above the Moon, so much better than Perseus I will declare Bacchos to be. Inachos was witness of both, when the heavy bronze pikes of Mycenai resisted the ivy and deadly fennel, when Perseus sickle in hand gave way to Bacchos with his wand, and fled before the fury of Satyrs crying Euoi; Perseus cast a raging spear, and hit frail Ariadne unarmed instead of Lyaïos the warrior. I do not admire Perseus for killing one woman, in her bridal dress still breathing of love.^a

¹¹³ Is he proud of the golden wooing of Zeus? But rainy Zeus did not raise Danaë to his heaven, to glorify a few loving drops of creative dew in that furtive union. Semele did mount into heaven to touch one table with Zeus and the Blessed, to sit beside her son Dionysos of the vine; but Danaë received no home in Olympos. She the bride of Zeus went voyaging in a chest over the sea, regretting the deceitful rain of wedded love, after the unstable happiness of a passing shower.

¹²³ I know that Andromeda is to be seen in

^a See *xlvi.* 537 ff.; Lyaïos, "Deliverer," is a title of Dionysos.

ἀλλὰ πάλιν μογέει καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι· καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
πολλάκι τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἔπος νεμεσήμονι φωνῇ· 125

“Τί πλέον, εἴ με κόμισσας ἐς αἰθέρα,
νυμφίε Περσεῦ;
καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἔδνον Ὀλύμπιον· ἀστερόεν γὰρ
Κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με καὶ ἐνθάδε, καὶ νέον ἄλλον
ἀντίτυπον προτέροιο μετὰ χθόνα καὶ φόβον ἄλμης
εἰσέτι δεσμὸν ἔχω καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν· οὐ σέθεν ἄρπη 130
οὐρανίη με σώσσε· μάτην δέ μοι ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου
μείλιχον ἀστραίης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄμμα Μεδούσης·

Κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ πτερὰ κοῦφα τιταίνεις.
μήτηρ ἀχνυμένη με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
δειλὴ Κασσιέπεια δι’ αἰθέρος εἰς ἄλα δύνει 135

Νηρεΐδας τρομέουσα, καὶ ὀλβίζει δρόμον Ἄρκτου
ἄβροχον Ὠκεανοῖο καὶ οὐ ψάοντα θαλάσσης·
καὶ φόβον Ἀνδρομέδης ὀρόων καὶ Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου
γηραλέος μετὰ γαῖαν ὀδύρεται ἐνθάδε Κηφεύς.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βαρύδεσμος ἀνίαχε πολλάκι νύμφη, 140
Περσεά κικλήσκουσα, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης.
εἰ δὲ καὶ Ἀνδρομέδης

ἐπαγάζεται ἀστρασι Περσεύς,
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινε δι’ αἰθέρος, ἦχι φαίνει
αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος Ὀφιν δινωτὸν αἰείρων,
καὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἐσαθρήσεις Ἀριάδνης 145
σύνδρομον Ἡελίοιο, συναντέλλοντα Σελήνη,
ἕμερον ἀγγέλλοντα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.

Οἶδα μόθον Μίνως, ὃν ὤπασε θῆλυς Ἐννώ

^a Cf. xlvi. 971; the Northern Crown is the wedding-garland of Ariadne at her marriage with Dionysos.

^b Nonnos himself tells the story pretty fully; the fanciful details about the powers of love fighting for Minos, are pure allegory. Minos, king of Crete and son of Zeus by

Olympos ; but she is unhappy still even in the sky. Often the poor creature thus complained with reproachful voice :

¹²⁶ " What good was it, bridegroom Perseus, that you brought me into the sky ? A precious bridegift was your Olympos to me ! The Seamonster chases me even here among the stars ! After earth and all that terror of the sea, I still have chains like the old ones, even among the stars ! Your heavenly sickle has not saved me. In vain Medusa's eye softens for me in Olympos as it shines among the stars. The Monster chases me still, and you do not stretch your light wings ! my mother Cassiepeia is vexed and presses me, because the poor thing must dive herself through the air into the brine, trembling at the Nereïds and she deems the Bear happy in his course, never drenched in the Ocean never touching the sea ; old Cepheus is unhappy still, when he sees Andromeda's fear, and the Monster of Olympos coming, after what happened here on earth ! "

¹⁴⁰ Complaints like these the nymph often would utter in her heavy chains ; she called on Perseus, and her husband helped her not. And if Perseus is proud of Andromeda too in the stars, do but cast your eye towards that side of the heavens, where the brilliant Ophiuchos is conspicuous holding up his encircling Serpent ; and you will see the circlet of Ariadne's Crown, the Sun's companion, which rises with the Moon and proclaims the desire of crownloving Dionysos.

¹⁴⁸ ^a I know also the war of Minos, ^b which a woman's Europa, besieged Megara, whose king, Nisos, had a purple lock which was the luck of the city and prevented it from being taken. His daughter Scylla fell in love with Minos, cut off the lock while Nisos slept, and so gave Minos the victory. It is the widespread tale of Maiden Castle.

NONNOS

κεστὸν ἔλαφρίζουσα καὶ οὐ τελαμῶνα βοείης,
 ὅπποτε Κύπρις ἔην κορυθαιόλος, ὅπποτε Πειθῶ 150
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔπαλλε καὶ ἔπλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
 μαρναμένω Μίνωι συνέμπορος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 ἀπτολέμων τόξευε γαμοστόλος ἔσμος Ἐρώτων,
 καὶ Πόθος ἡμερόεις πτολιπόρθιος, ἥνικα λαῶ
 Νισαίω Μεγαρηῖ Κυδωνιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ, 155
 εὖτε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἰδὼν συνάεθλον Ἐρώτων
 ἴχνεσιν αἰδομένοισιν ἐχάζετο χάλκεος Ἄρης,
 ἀσπίδα κουφίζουσαν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην
 καὶ Πόθον αἰχμάζοντα, καὶ εὐθώρηκι μαχητῇ
 ἀβροχίτων ἐτέλεσσε Ἐρως καλλίτριχα νίκην· 160
 Σκύλλα γὰρ ὑπνώοντος ἀκερσικόμοιο τοκῆος
 ἤλικα πορφυρέης ἀπεκείρατο βότρυν ἐθείρης,
 καὶ πόλιν ἔπραθε πᾶσαν ἓνα τμητῆρι σιδήρω
 βόστρυχον ἀμήσασα πολισσούχοιο καρῆνου.
 Μίνως μὲν πτολίπορθος ἐῶ ποτε κάλλει γυμνῶ 165
 ὑσμίνης τέλος εὔρε, καὶ οὐ νίκησε σιδήρω,
 ἀλλὰ πόθῳ καὶ ἔρωτι κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
 οὐ Πόθος ἐπρήνεν ἀκοντοφόρων μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
 οὐ Παφίη κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυαίω,
 κάλλει νικήσασα, μόθου τέλος οὐ μία κούρη 170
 οἰστρομανῆς χραίσμησεν ἔρασσαμένη Διονύσου,
 οὐ δόλος ἡμερόεις, οὐ βόστρυχα Δηριαδῆος,
 ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων πολέμων ἑτερότροπος Ἰνδὸς
 νίκης εὖχος ἔχων παλιναυξέος.—εἰ δὲ γεραίρεις
 Ἰναχον Ἡρακλῆος, ὄλον πόνον αὐτὸς ἐλέγξω. 175
 Οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι λέοντι βραχίονα λοξὸν ἐλίξας
 εὐπαλάμῳ πήχυνε περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῶ,

* The Labours of Heracles are too well known to need

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battle accomplished, handling the lovegirdle instead of the shieldstrap, when Cypris wore a gleaming helmet, when Peitho shook a brazen spear and turned into Pallas Athena to stand by Minos in the fray, when the bridal swarm of unwarlike Loves shot their arrows in battle ; I know how tender Desire sacked a city, when the Cydonian trumpet blared against Nisos of Megara and his people, when brazen Ares shrank back for very shame, when he saw his Rout and his Terror supporting the Loves, when he beheld Aphrodite holding a buckler and Desire casting a lance, while daintyrobe Eros wrought a fairhair victory against the fighting men in arms. For Scylla, while her uncropt father was lying asleep, had cut off from his hair the purple cluster which had grown there from his birth, and by severing one tress from the sceptred head with her iron shears, sacked a whole city.

¹⁶⁵ So Minos citysacker by his own bare beauty won the prize of the battle ; he conquered not by steel, but by love and desire. But when Lyaïos armed for battle, no Desire tamed the fray of Indian spearmen, no Paphian armed to support Lyaïos, or conquered by beauty, no girl mad with passion gave by herself the prize of battle to Dionysos, no lover's trick, no curls of Deriades' hair, but the changes and chances of Indian wars far-scattered gave him the glory of victory ever renewed.

¹⁷⁴ If you boast of Heracles and the Inachos, I will examine all his labours.^a

¹⁷⁶ I know he threw his arm from one side and circled the lion's neck entangled in mighty grip, explaining ; they are detailed in every handbook of mythology.

πότημον ἄγων ἀσίδηρον, ὄπη ζωαρκέι λαιμῶ
 ἔμπνοος ἀσφαράγοιο μέσος πορθμεύεται ἀήρ·
 οὐκ ἄγαμαι καὶ τοῦτο· παρ' εὐπετάλω ποτὲ λόχημη 180
 χερσὶ λεοντοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύουσα Κυρήνη
 παρθένος ἔργον ἔτευξεν ὁμοίον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἄρσενα θῆρα δάμασσεν ἀκαμπεί θήλει δεσμῶ·
 ἀρτιθαλῆς δ' ἔτι κούρος ἐν οὔρεσι Βάκχος ἀθύρων
 χειρὶ μῆ λασίου δεδραγμένος ἀνθερεῶνος 185
 φοίνιον εἶλκε λέοντα, καὶ ὄρεγε μητέρι Ῥεῖη
 αὐχενίου πλοκάμοιο κεχηνότα θῆρα πιέζων·
 εἶλκεν ἔτι ζώνοντα, περισφίγξας δὲ λεπάδνω
 θῆρα κυβερνητῆρι διεσφήκωσε χαλινῶ
 ζεύξας δοῦλα γένεια, καὶ ἦμενος ὑψόθι δίφρου 190
 ἄγρια тарβαλέων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων.
 πορδαλίω δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ὠμοβόρων γένος ἄρκτων
 νηπιάχοις παλάμησιν ἐδουλώθη Διονύσου.

Οἶδα καὶ Ἀρκάδα κάπρον ὀρίδρομον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίω
 παίγνια κουρίζοντι σύες καὶ φῦλα λεόντων. 195

Τί πλέον Ἡρακλῆς θρασὺς ἦνυσεν, εἴ τινα πηγῆν
 πολλὰ καμῶν ὀλίγην ὄφιδεα λύσατο Λέρνην,
 τέμνων αὐτοτέλεστα θαλύσια φωλάδος ὕδρης
 φυταλίην πολύδειρον ἀνασταχύνοντα δρακόντων;
 αἶθε δὲ μῦθος ἔπεφνε, καὶ οὐκ ἐκάλεσσε μογήσας 200
 ἀρτιφύτων Ἰόλαον ἀλοιητῆρα καρῆνων,
 δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα σελασφόρον, εἰσόκεν ἄμφω
 θῆλυν ὄφιν πρήνιξαν. ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα γεραίρειν
 οὔτιδανῆ δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνοντας ἐχίδνη·
 εἰς πόνος ἀμφοτέροισι μερίζετο· θυρσοφόρος δὲ 205
 μοῦνος ἀποτμήξας ὄφιδεας υἱας Ἀρούρης

and so without weapon brought death, in that spot where the breath passes through the gullet of the lifesufficing throat. I see nothing surprising in that. There was Cyrene,^a a champion in the leafy forest with her lionslaying hands, that girl did an exploit quite as good, when she also mastered a male lion with a woman's grip which he could not shake off. Bacchos too when still a young lad, while playing in the mountains, grasped a deadly lion by the shaggy throat with one hand, dragged him away and presented him to his mother Rheia, pressing down the maned neck of the gaping beast—dragged him still alive, and fastened him under the yokestrap, put on the guiding bridle over slavish cheeks, then seated high in the car whipt the back of the frightful creatures. Troops of panthers also and the ravening tribe of bears were slaves to the baby hands of Dionysos.

¹⁹⁴ I know also the boar of the Arcadian mountains ; but for Lyaïos, boars and the brood of lions were the playthings of childhood.

¹⁹⁶ What good did bold Heracles do, if he took all that trouble to liberate some little snaky brook like Lerna, by cutting down the selfgrowing firstfruits of the lurking serpent, as that plentiful crop of snake-heads grew spiking up ? If only he had done the killing alone ! instead of calling in his distress for Iolaos, to destroy the heads as they grew afresh, by lifting a burning torch, until the two together managed to get the better of one female serpent. I do not see how to praise two fellows fighting with a miserable viper, and one job divided between two. But Euios wand in hand cut down the snaky

• See v. 216.

NONNOS

Εὖιος ἔχραε πᾶσι, Διὸς πρόμος, ὦν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
 ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐκάτερθεν ἀμοιβάδες ἔρρεον ὕδραι,
 ὕδρης Ἰναχίης πολὺ μείζονες, ἀντὶ δὲ Λέρνης
 ἀσταθέες σύριζον ἐν αἰθέρι γείτονες ἄστρον. 210

ἰλήκοις, Ἰόλαε· σὺ γὰρ δέμας ἔφλεγες ὕδρης,
 καὶ μόνος Ἡρακλῆς, μόνος ἦρπασεν οὖνομα νίκης.
 οὐ Νεμέην ἐλάχειαν ἐμὸς πρόμος, οὐ τινα Λέρνην
 Βάκχος ἀνεζώγρησε πολυσφαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
 θάμνον ἐχιδνήεντα ταμῶν παλιναυξέος ὕδρης, 215

ἀλλὰ Νότον καὶ ταρσὰ Βορῆια καὶ πτερὸν Εὐρου
 καὶ Ζέφυρον κήρυκα φέρων τετράζυγι νίκη
 Ὠκεανόν, χθόνα, πόντον ἑὼν ἔπλησεν ἀέθλων.
 εἰ κλέος ἀνδρὶ φέρουσι δράκων, εἰ φωλάδες ὕδραι,
 Βάκχου στέμματα ταῦτα λεχώια, ταῦτα Λυαίου 220

φρικτὰ δρακοντείων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ κομάων,
 ἐξ ὅτε πατρὸς ἔλειπε τελεσσιγόνου πτύχα μηροῦ.

Σιγήσω κεμάδος χρύσειον κέρας, οὐ τι χαλέψω
 τηλίκον Ἡρακλῆα μιῆς ἐλάφοιο φονῆα·

μὴ τρομερῆς ἐλάφου μιμνήσκειο· νεβροφόνῳ γὰρ 225
 θυιάδι βαιὸν ἄθυρμα πέλει κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη.

Κνώσσιον Ἡρακλῆος ἔα πόνον· οἰστρομανῆ γὰρ
 οὐκ ἄγαμαί τινα ταῦρον, ὃν ἤλασεν, ὅτι τινάσσω
 τοσσατίνην κορύνην ὀλίγην ἔτμηξε κεραίην·
 πολλάκι τοῦτο τέλεσσε γυνὴ μία, πολλάκι Βάκχῃ 230
 ἄσπετον εὐκεράων ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο ταύρων,
 οὐτιδανὴ θεράπαινα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου·

* Nonnos conveniently forgets that Heracles took a prominent part in the battle with the Giants and the gods could not have won without him.

† Heracles kills the hind only in late versions of the story. The whole point of the labour was that it was sacred

sons of Earth alone ^a—that champion of Zeus! attacked them all, with huge serpents flowing over their shoulders equally on both sides much bigger than the Inachian snake, while they went hissing restlessly about among the stars of heaven, not in the pool of Lerna. Forgive me Iolaos, for you burnt the hydra's body, and Heracles, only Heracles, grabbed the name of victory.

²¹³ No humble Nemea Bacchos my champion saved from loud-roaring throats, no paltry Lerna, by cutting down a bush of heads which ever grew again on so many necks; he took for heralds of his fourfold victory West Wind and South Wind, the feet of the North and the wing of the East, and filled Ocean, land and sea with his exploits. If a serpent brings fame to a man, if lurking snakes, these are the birthday garlands of Bacchos, these are the terrible serpentine fillets of his snaky hair, ever since he left the teeming fold of his father's thigh.

²²³ I will say nothing of the pricket with golden horns; I will not disparage great Heracles as the slayer ^b of a single deer. Forget the timid deer: for killing of fawns and hunting of prickets is a only little play for the Bacchant woman.

²²⁷ Let pass the Cnossian labour of Heracles. I cannot admire just a mad bull which he chased, and how shaking that great club he knocked off a little horn. ^c One woman alone has often done as much; and a Bacchant woman, the least of the servants of oxhorn Dionysos, has often butchered a vast herd of

and might not be hurt, but must be caught by sheer speed and endurance.

^c Nonnos seems to confuse the catching of the Cretan bull with the mutilating of Acheloös, for which *cf.* xvii. 238.

θηγαλέην δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἀνειρύσσασα κεραίην
 πολλάκις, εἰ κεράεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μαινόμενος βούς,
 εἰς γόνυ ταῦρον ἔκαμψεν, ἀκοντιστήρα λεόντων. 235

Κάλλιπε καὶ τριλόφοιο καρήατα Γηρυονῆος·
 καὶ γὰρ ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἐῷ ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
 Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἷὸν Ἀρούρης,
 Ἄλπον ἐχιδναίοις ἑκατὸν κομόωντα καρῆνοισ,
 Ἡελίου ψαύοντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἐρύοντα Σελήνην, 240
 ἀστραίην πλοκάμοισι περιθλίβοντα χορείην.

Ἄθλα μὲν Ἡρακλῆος, ὃν ἤροσεν ἀθάνατος Ζεὺς
 Ἀλκμήνης τρισέληνον ἔχων παιδοσπόρον εὐνήν,
 οὐτιδανὸς πόνος ἦεν ὀρίτροφος· ἔργα δὲ Βάκχου
 ἠὲ Γίγας πολύπηχυσ ἢ ὑψιλόφων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν, 245
 οὐ κεμάς, οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης στίχες, οὐ λάσιος σῦς,
 οὐδὲ κύων, ἢ ταῦρος, ἢ αὐτόπρεμνος ὀπώρη
 χρυσοφαῆς, ἢ κόπρος, ἢ ἄστατος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
 οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἔχων πτερόεσσαν ἀκωκῆν,
 ἢ γένυς ἰππεΐη ξεινοκτόνος, οὐ μία μήτηρ 250
 Ἴππολύτης ἐλάχεια· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νίκη
 Δηριάδης ἀπέλεθρος ἢ εἰκοσίπηχυσ Ὀρόντης.

Παμφαῆς υἱὲ Μέλητος, Ἀχαιίδος ἄφθιτε κῆρυξ,
 ἰλήκοι σέο βίβλος ὁμόχρονος ἠριγενεΐη·
 Τρωάδος ὑσμίνης οὐ μνήσομαι· οὐ γὰρ εἴσκω 255
 Αἰακίδῃ Διόνυσον ἢ Ἐκτορι Δηριαδῆα.
 ὑμνήσειν μὲν ὄφελλε τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀγῶνα
 Μοῦσα τετὴ καὶ Βάκχον ἀκοντιστήρα Γιγάντων,
 ἄλλοις δ' ὑμνοπόλοισι πόνους Ἀχιλῆος ἑᾶσαι,
 εἰ μὴ τοῦτο Θέτις γέρας ἤρπασεν. ἀλλὰ λιγαίνειν 260
 πνεῦσον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ἄσθμα θεόσσυτον· ὑμετέρης γὰρ

horned bulls. Often if a mad ox showed fight with his horns, she has pulled back the sharp curved horns and brought down to his knees a bull that has lightly tossed lions.

²³⁶ Leave aside also the heads of threecrested Geryones ; for my Dionysos with his fleshcutting ivy shore through Alpos,^a that godfighting son of Earth, Alpos with a hundred vipers on his head for hair, who touched the Sun, and pulled back the Moon, and tormented the company of stars with his tresses.

²⁴² The Labours of Heracles, who was son of immortal Zeus, when for three moonlights he possessed the fruitful bed of Alcmene, were a petty job in the mountains : but the exploits of Bacchos, whether Giant of many arms or chief of the highcrested Indians, were not a deer, no herds of oxen, no shaggy boar, no dog or bull, no goldglinting fruit ^b and its roots, no dung, no random wandering bird with silly wing-shafts not made of steel, no horse's man-eating teeth, no little belt of Hippolyta. The victory of Dionysos was huge Deriades and twenty-cubit Orontes.

²⁵³ O brilliant son of Meles,^c deathless herald of Achaia, may your book pardon me, immortal as the Dawn ! I will not speak of the Trojan War ; for I do not compare Dionysos to Aiacides, or Deriades to Hector. Your Muse ought to have hymned so great and mighty a struggle, how Bacchos brought low the Giants, and ought to have left the labours of Achilles to other bards, had not Thetis stolen that glory from you. But breathe into me your inspired breath to sing my lay ; for I need your lovely speech, since I

* See xlv. 172.

^b The Apples of the Hesperides.

^c Homer.

NONNOS

δεύομαι εὐεπίης, ὅτι τηλίκον Ἄρεα μέλπων
Ἰνδοφόνους ἰδρῶτας ἀμαλδύνω Διονύσου.

Ἄλλά, θεά, με κόμιζε τὸ δεύτερον

εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν,

ἔμπνοον ἔγχος ἔχοντα καὶ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς Ὀμήρου, 265

μαρνάμενον Μορρήι καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῆι

σὺν Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ κεκορυθμένον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς

Βακχιάδος σύριγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούσω

καὶ κτύπον οὐ λήγοντα σοφῆς σάλπιγγος Ὀμήρου,

ἔφρα κατακτείνω νοερῶ δορὶ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν. 270

Ὡς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῶοιο περὶ ράχιν εὐβοτον ὕλης

ἔζετο Βάκχος ὄμιλος ἐρημάδος ἀστὸς ἐρίπνης,

ἀμβολίῃ πολέμοιο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλέλιζετο Γάγγης

οἰκτείρων ἐὰ τέκνα· νεοφθιμένων δ' ἐπὶ πότμῳ

πᾶσα πόλις δεδόνητο· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν 275

πενθαλέοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησαν ἀγυιαί.

Δηριάδην δ' ἐλέλιξε φόβος καὶ θαῦμα καὶ αἰδώς·

ἦδη γὰρ κλύε πάντα· τὸ δὲ πλεον ὄμματι λοξῶ

ἄχυντο παπταίνων, ὅτι θέσκελον εἶδος ἀμείψας

οἴνω κυματόεντι μέλας κελάρυζεν Ἰθάσσης. 280

Κεῖθι καὶ εὐρυγένειος ἐὼν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων

κάμμορος ἀχλυόεσσαν ἔχων ἀλαωπὸν ὀμίχλην,

ξανθὴν λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἔρραινεν ἐέρσην

ὄμμασι κολλητοῖσιν· ἀρνομένου δὲ προσώπου

οἴνωπας ραθάμιγγας ἀνωίχθησαν ὀπωπαί· 285

τερπομένοισι δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευε λιγαίων

ἰκμάδα φοινίσσουσαν ἀλεξικάκου ποταμοῖο·

χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέησι ρόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσω

πορφυρέης ἔπλησε μέθης εὐώδεας ἀσκούς, 290

καὶ Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνήψε καὶ οἶνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ,

ἀθρήσας Φαέθοντος ἀήθεος ὄψιμον αἴγλην.

καὶ κύνας οἴνωθέντας ἐπ' ἡόνι κούρος ἑάσας

270

make nothing of the sweat of Dionysos, the fatal foe of India, when I hymn so great a war.

²⁶⁴ Then bring me, O goddess, into the midst of the Indians again, holding the inspired spear and shield of Father Homer, while I attack Morrheus and the folly of Deriades, armed by the side of Zeus and Bromios ! Let me hear the syrinx of Bacchos summon the host to battle, and the ceaseless call of the trumpet in Homer's verse, that I may destroy what is left of the Indians with my spear of the spirit.

²⁷¹ So on the fertile slopes of the Indian forest sat the host of Bacchos, at home on the lonely rocks, during this pause in the war. Ganges was shaken with fear, pitying his children ; all the city was moved at the fate of the lately dead ; the streets resounded with the mournful noise of the women's dirge.

²⁷⁷ Deriades was shaken with fear and wonder and shame, for he had already heard all ; and most deeply was he grieved when he saw by a glance aside that Hydaspes had lost his divine aspect, and murmured black with waves of wine.

²⁸¹ In that place was an old broadbeard moving with a slow step, since the hapless man was in the dark shadow of blindness. He sprinkled the yellow drops of the nomorepain liquor upon his fast-closed eyes ; and as his face felt the drops of wine, his eyes were opened. The old man danced for joy, and praised the purple juice of the evil-averting river ; then with his old hands he ladled up the purple liquor in torrents, and filled his fragrant skins, and kindled the altar for Zeus and Dionysos giver of wine, now he had seen at last the sun which he had not seen for so long. A lad hunting on the mountains with the Archeress

NONNOS

λαρόν ὕδωρ λάπτοντας ἐρευθομένου ποταμοῖο
 θηρητῆρ ὁμόφοιτος ὄρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης
 εἰς πόλιν ἴχνος ἔκαμψεν, ἀπειθεί Δηριαδῆι 295
 ἀγγέλλων γλυκὺ χεῦμα μεθυσφαλῆος ποταμοῖο.
 Ἦδη δ' ἀμπελόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἔτρεχεν ὄδμῃ
 καὶ λιανοῖς ἀνέμοισιν ὄλας ἐμέθυσσε ἀγνιάς,
 νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου·
 πύργοις δ' ἠλιβάτοισιν ἐναυλίζοντο πολῖται 300
 δειδιότες, καὶ τεῖχος ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις
 ἄστεος ὑψιλόφοιο φυλάκτορες. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 ἀσχαλῶν Διόνυσος ἐμέμφετο πολλάκις Ἦρη,
 ὅττι πάλιν φθονέουσα μάχην ἀνεσεύρασεν Ἰνδῶν, 304
 πλησαμένης δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης 307
 μετρήσασα μόθοιο τριηκοστῆς δρόμον Ἡοῦς· 308
 νίκης δ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται. 305
 παπταίνων δὲ λέοντας ἀεργηλῆ παρὰ φάτνη, 306
 οἷα λέων βρυχᾶτο καὶ ἔστενεν ἐνδοθι λόχμης 309
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι· κατηφιόωντι δὲ Βάκχῳ 310
 ἔλκεχίτων Σκυθικοῖο δι' οὖρεος ἄσπορος Ἄττις
 ἴκετο μαστίζων μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων,
 Ῥεῖης θεσπεσίης ταχὺς ἄγγελος, ὅς ποτε χαλκῶ
 φοινίξας γονόεντα τελεσσιγάμου στάχυν ἠβῆς
 ῥίψεν ἀνυμφεύτων φιλοτήσιον ὄγμον ἀρότρων, 315
 ἄρσενος ἀμητοῖο θαλύσιον, αἰμαλέῃ δὲ
 παιδογόνῳ ραθάμιγγι περιρραίνων πτύχα μηροῦ
 θερμὸν ἀλοιητῆρι δέμας θήλυνε σιδήρῳ·
 ὃς τότε διφρεύων Κυβεληίδος ἄρμα θεαίνης
 ἄγγελος ἀσχαλῶντι παρήγορος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ· 320
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀνέδραμε, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔλθῃ
 Ῥεῖην πανδαμάτειραν ἄγων ἐπὶ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
 στήσας δ' ἄγριον ἄρμα, δι' ἀντυγος ἠνία τείνας,

left his dogs on the river bank, drunken and lapping the rich water of the reddening river, and returned to the city, to tell incredulous Deriades about the sweet stream of the drunk-reeling river.

²⁹⁷ Already the scent of the vine was spreading through the city on the soft warm breeze, and intoxicating all the streets, foretelling victory for Indian-slaying Lyaïos. The people spent the night on the lofty towers in fear, and the guards of the highcrested citadel lined its wall with their shields. On the hills, Dionysos often angrily reproached Hera, that she had again checked his battle with the Indians for jealousy, having measured a course of thirty dawns for the battle ^a after the moon returning again and again had fulfilled ten circuits, while the winds scattered all his hopes of victory. When he saw the lions idle beside their manger, he roared like a lion and mourned in the woods with tearless eyes. But while Bacchos was thus despondent, came a messenger in haste through the Scythian mountains from divine Rheia, sterile Attis in his trailing robe, whipping up the travelling team of lions. He once had stained with a knife the creative stalk of marriage-consecrating youth, and threw away the burden of the plowshare without love or wedlock, the man's harvest-offering ; so he showered upon his two thighs the bloody generative drops, and made womanish his warm body with the shearing steel. This was the messenger who came driving the car of goddess Cybele, to comfort discouraged Lyaïos. Seeing him Dionysos sprang up, thinking perchance he might have brought the allconquering Rheia to the Indian War. Attis checked the wild team, and hung the reins on the handrail, and disclosing the

^a That is, the interval until it began again : 11 months.

NONNOS

καὶ ῥοδέης ἀχάρακτα γενειάδος ἄκρα φαείνων
 Βάκχῳ μῦθον ἔλεξε, χέων ὄξειαν ἰωήν. 325

“ Ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσε, Διὸς τέκος, ἔγγονε Ῥεῖης,
 εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, πότε νόστιμος εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
 ἴξαι οὐλοκάρηνον αἰστώσας γένος Ἰνδῶν;
 οὐ πῶ ληιδίας κυανόχροας ἔδρακε Ῥεῖη,
 οὐ πῶ σοὶ μετὰ δῆριν ὄρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνη 330

Μυγδονίων ἔσμηξε τεῶν ἰδρῶτα λεόντων
 Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα ῥηφενές· ἀλλὰ κυδοιμοῦ
 ἄψοφον ἀενάων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδεις·
 οὐ πῶ θηροκόμῳ θεομήτορι σύμβολα νίκης
 Ἰνδῶν ἐκόμισσας ἐώια φύλα λεόντων. 335

ἀλλὰ παρ’ Ἡφαίστοιο καὶ ἀθανάτης σέο Ῥεῖης
 δέχνησο τεύχεα ταῦτα, τά περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων,
 σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ἔχοντα

καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρον.”

Οὐ πῶ μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχε Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ·

“ Σχέτλιοί εἰσι θεοί, ζηλήμονες· ἐν πολέμοις μὲν 340
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν αἰστώσαι πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
 ἔγχεϊ κισσῆντι δυνήσομαι· ἀλλὰ με νίκης
 μητρυῆς ἀέκοντα παραπλάζει φθόνος Ἥρης.
 ἀμφαδὰ Δηριάδη πρόμος ἴσταται ἄγριος Ἄρης
 μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν· ἐγὼ δέ εἰ πολλάκι θύρσῳ 345
 οὐτῆσαι μενέαινον· ἀπειλήσας δὲ Κρονίων
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν ἀνεσεύρασεν ὄρμην.
 ἀλλὰ βαρυσμαράγων νεφέων κτύπον οὐράνιος Ζεὺς
 σήμερον εὐνήσειε, καὶ αὔριον Ἄρεα δῆσω,
 εἰσόκεν εὐπήληκα διατμήξω στάχυν Ἰνδῶν.” 350

^a Nonnos seems to imagine that Indians are negroes. Perhaps he is thinking of the two divisions of Ethiopians.

^b Nonnos is more than usually tasteless in providing divine armour for Dionysos, who is divine already. Homer

smooth surface of his rosy cheeks, called out a flood of loud words to Bacchos—

³²⁶ “ Dionysos of the vine, son of Zeus, offspring of Rheia! Answer me: when will you destroy the woollyheaded ^a nation of Indians and come back to the Lydian land? Not yet has Rheia seen your blackskin captives; not yet has she wiped off the sweat from your Mygdonian lions after the war, beside the highland manger, where the rich river of Pactolos runs; but without a sound you roll out the conflict through circuits of everlasting years! Not yet have you brought a herd of eastern lions from India as a token of victory for the breeder of beasts, the mother of gods! Very well, accept from Hephaistos and your immortal Rheia this armour which the Lemnian anvil made ^b; you will see upon it earth and sea, the sky and the company of stars!” ^c

³³⁹ Before he had finished, Bacchos called out angrily—

³⁴⁰ “ Hard are the gods, and jealous! ^d In my war I can destroy the Indian city in one day with my ivy-bound spear: but the jealousy of stepmother Hera keeps me back from victory, do what I will. Furious Ares openly stands up as champion for Deriades, and assails my Satyrs. Often I have meant to wound him with my wand, but Cronion menacing with claps of thunder has checked my attack. Just let heavenly Zeus for this day give rest to the noise of his heavy-rattling clouds, and to-morrow I will shackle Ares until I cut down the harvest of helmeted Indians!”

provides it for the mortal Achilles, who at the crisis of his fortunes needs and receives supernatural help.

^e Compare the description of the armour of Achilles in Hom. *Il.* xviii. 468 ff.

^d Quoted from *Od.* v. 118.

NONNOS

"Ὡς φάμενον Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο Λύδιος Ἄττις·

"Αἰθέρος ἀστερόεσσαν ἀνούτατον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
ὦ φίλος, οὐ τρομέοις χόλον Ἄρεος, οὐ φθόνον Ἑρῆς,
οὐ μακάρων στίχα πᾶσαν, ἔχων παμμήτορα Ῥεΐην,
οὐ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον, ὅπως μὴ δούρατα πέμπων 355
Ἡέλιον πλήξειεν ἢ οὐτήσειε Σελήνην.

τίς ξίφος Ὠρίωνος ἀμαλδύνειε μαχαίρη,
ἢ χθονίοις βελέεσσι διστεύσειε Βοώτην;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γενέτην κεραελκέα Δηριαδῆος·

Ὠκεανὸν φορέοντι τί σοι ῥέξειεν Ὑδάσπησ;
θαρσῆεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ὅττι κυδοιμοῦ
νίκην ὀψιτέλεστον ἐμῇ μαντεύσατο Ῥεΐη· 360

οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου τέλος ἔσσεται, εἰσόκε χάρμης
ἔκτον ἀναπλήσωσιν ἔτος τετράζυγες Ὠραι·
οὕτω γὰρ Διὸς ὄμμα καὶ ἀτρέπτου λῖνα Μοίρης 365
νεύμασιν Ἑραιοῖσιν ἐπέτρεπον· ἔσσομένω δὲ

ἐβδομάτῳ λυκάβαντι διαρραΐσεις πόλιν Ἰνδῶν."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν Βρομίῳ πόρεν ἀσπίδα·

καὶ φρένα τέρπων

οἴνου λυσιπόνοιο φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
εἰλαπίνης ἔψαυσεν· ἀρεσσάμενος δὲ τραπέζῃ 370
θυμὸν ἐὼν παλίνορσος ἐμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,

νόστιμον εἰς Φρυγίην ὄρεσίδρομον ἄρμα νομεύων.
Καυκασίων δ' ἤλαυνε παρὰ πρηῶνας ἐναύλων,
Ἀσσυρίων δὲ κάρηνα καὶ οὔρεα δύσβατα Βάκτρων
καὶ σκοπιᾶς Λιβάνοιο παρήλυθε καὶ ρία Ταύρου, 375
εἰσόκε Μαιονίης ἐπέβη χθονός· αὐτοπαγῇ δὲ

Ῥεΐης ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐδύσατο θέσκελον αὐλήν·
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνων,
φάτνης δ' ἐγγὺς ἔδησε καὶ ἀμβροσίην πόρε φορβήν.

³⁵¹ Lydian Attis answered these words of Dionysos:

³⁵² " If you carry this starry shield of the sky inviolate, my friend, you need not tremble before the wrath of Ares, or the jealousy of Hera, or all the company of the Blessed, while Allmother Rheia is with you; you need fear no army with bended bows, lest they cast their spears and strike Helios or wound Selene! Who could blunt the sword of Orion with a knife, or shoot the Waggoner with earthly arrows? Perhaps you will name the hornstrong father of Deriades: but what could Hydaspes do to you when you can bring in Oceanos?

³⁶¹ " Be of good courage: to the battle again! for my Rheia has prophesied victory for you at last. The war shall not end until the four Seasons complete the sixth year. So much the eye of Zeus and the threads of the unturning Fate ^a have granted to the will of Hera; in the seventh lichtgang which follows, you shall destroy the Indian city."

³⁶⁸ With these words he handed the shield to Bromios; then he tasted of the feast, and cheered his heart with unmixed cups of nomorepain wine. When he had satisfied his appetite at table, once more he touched up the flanks of his lions with the whip, and guided the hillranging car on the road back to Phrygia. He drove along the heights above the Caucasian valleys, the Assyrian peaks and the dangerous Bactrian mountains, the summits of Libanos and the crests of Tauros, until he passed into the Maionian land. There he entered the divine precinct selfbuilt of Rheia, mother of mighty sons. He freed his ravening lions from the yokestraps, and haltered them at the manger which he filled with ambrosial fodder.

^a Atropos: he etymologizes her name.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μητρώην δεδαημένους ἔνθεον ὀμφὴν 380
 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ὀρειάσι μίσγετο Βάκχαις,
 καλλείψας ἀνέμοισι κατηφέος ὄγκον ἀνίης,
 χειρὶ σάκος δονέων πολυδαίδαλον, ὄπλον Ὀλύμπου,
 Ἑφαιστου σοφὸν ἔργον. ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοί,
 ποικίλα παπταίνοντες Ὀλύμπια θαύματα τέχνης, 385
 θαύματα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ περ κάμεν οὐρανίη χεὶρ
 ἀσπίδα δαιδάλλουσα πολύχροον, ἧς ἐνὶ μέσσω
 ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξε περιδρομον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον,
 καὶ χθονὶ πόντον ἔτευξεν ὁμόζυγον· αἰθέριον δὲ 390
 χρυσῶ μὲν φλογέων ἐποχημένον ἄντυγι δίφρων
 Ἡέλιον ποίκιλλεν, ἀπ' ἀργυρέου δὲ μετάλλου
 λευκαίνων τροχόεσσαν ὄλην κύκλωσε Σελήνην·
 ἐν δέ τε τείρεα πάντα, τὰ περ πολυφεγγεὶ κόσμῳ
 μιτρώσας στεφανηδὸν ἔλιξ ποικίλλεται αἰθῆρ 395
 ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώνησι, καὶ ἀξονίῳ παρὰ κύκλω
 ἄβροχον οὐρανίης διδυμάονα ῥυμὸν Ἀμάξης·
 ἄμφω γὰρ παρὰ νύσσαν ὑπέρτερον Ὠκεανοῖο
 ἀλλήλων στιχόωσιν ἐπ' ἰξυί, καὶ τόσον αἰεὶ
 νειόθι δυομένης κεφαλὴ κατακάμπτεται Ἄρκτου, 400
 ὅσσον ἀνερχομένης ἐτέρης ἀνατείνεται αὐχὴν·
 διχθαδίης δὲ Δράκοντα μέσον ποίκιλλεν Ἀμάξης,
 ὃς σχεδὸν ἀμφοτέρων μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων
 γαστέρος οὐρανίης ἐλικώδεϊ κάμπτεται ὀλκῶ,
 ἄψ ἀνασειράζων δέμας αἰόλον, οἷά τε λοξοῦ 405
 Μαιάνδρου κελάδοντος ἔλιξ ῥόος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
 δοχμώσας ἐπίκυρτον ὕδωρ σπειρηδὸν ὀδεύει,
 εἰς κεφαλὴν Ἐλίκης ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων·
 ἀστραίαις φολίδεσσι δέμας μιτρούμενος, Ἄρκτων

³⁸⁰ But now that Dionysos had heard the Mother's inspired message, he mingled thyrsus-mad with the Bacchant women upon the hills. He threw to the winds his burden of anxious pain, as he shook the shield curiously wrought, the shield of Olympos, the clever work of Hephaistos.

³⁸⁴ Multitudes gathered to look at the varied wonders of Olympian art, shining wonders which a heavenly hand had made. The shield was emblazoned in many colours. In the middle was the circle of the earth, sea joined to land, and round about it the heaven dotted with a troop of stars; in the sky was Helios in the basket of his blazing chariot, made of gold, and the white round circle of the full moon in silver. All the constellations were there which adorn the upper air, surrounding it as with a crown of many shining jewels throughout the seven zones. Beside the socket of the axle were the poles of the two heavenly Waggons,^a never touched by the water; for these both move head to loin together round a point higher than Oceanos, and the head of the sinking Bear always bends down exactly as much as the neck of the rising Bear stretches up. Between the two Waggons he made the Serpent, which is close by and joins the two separated bodies, bending his heavenly belly in spiral shape and turning to and fro his speckled body, like the spirals of Maiandros and its curving murmuring waters, as it runs to and fro in twists and turns over the ground: the Serpent keeps his eye ever fixt on the head of Helice, while his body is girdled with starry scales. The constellations of the Bears en-

^a The Waggons are the Bears, Ursa Maior and Ursa Minor, *cf.* Eng. "Charles's Wain."

τείρεσιν ἀμφίζωστος· ἐπὶ γλώσση δέ οἱ ἄκρη 410
 φέγγος ἀποπτύων προτενῆς ἀμαρύσσεται ἀστήρ,
 πέμπων πουλυόδοντα μέσση φλόγα χεῖλεσι γείτων.

Τοῖα μὲν εἰς μέσα νῶτα

σοφὸς τεχνήσατο χαλκεὺς
 ἀσπίδος εὐτύκτοιο· χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ 415
 τεῦξε λυροδμήτοιο βοόκτιτα τείχεα Θήβης,
 ἑπταπόρων στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων πυλεώνων
 κτιζομένων· καὶ Ζῆθος ἔην περὶ πατρίδι κάμνων,
 θλιβομένη πετραῖον ἐπωμίδι φόρτον ἀείρων·
 Ἄμφίων δ' ἐλίγαινε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ 420
 εἰς δρόμον αὐτοκύλιστον ἔλιξ ἐχόρευε κολώνη,
 οἶά τε θελγομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι· καὶ τάχα φαίης . . .
 ποιητὴν περ εὐοῦσαν, ὅτι σκιρτήματι παίζων
 κοῦφος ἀκινήτης ἐλελίζετο παλμὸς ἐρίπνης·
 σιγαλή δὲ λύρη μεμελημένον ἄνδρα δοκεύων,
 κραιπνὸν ἀνακρούοντα μέλος ψευδήμονι νευρῇ, 425
 ἀγχιμολεῖν ἔσπευδες, ὅπως τεὸν οὔας ἐρείσας
 πυργοδόμῳ φόρμιγγι καὶ ὑμετέρην φρένα τέρψης,
 μολπῆς ἑπτατόνοιο λιθοσσοῦν ἦχον ἀκούων.

Καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον, ὅπη χορὸς αἰόλος ἄστων,
 δαίδαλον ἄρμενον εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς 430
 Τρώϊος οἰνοχόος ζαθέη ποικίλλετο τέχνη
 αἰετὸν εὐποίητον ἔχων πτερόεντα φορῆα,
 οἶα καὶ ἐν γραφίδεσσι, κατάσχετος ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ·
 ταρβαλέος δ' ἦικτο δι' αἰθέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεὺς,
 ἀδρύπτοις ὀνύχεσσι τεθηπότα κοῦρον ἀείρων, 435
 ἠρέμα κινυμένων πτερύγων πεφιδημένος ὄρμη,
 μὴ φονίοις ῥοθίοισι κατακρύπτοιο θαλάσσης
 ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσας Γανυμήδης·

compass him round : on the point of his tongue is held out a sparkling star, which close to his lips shoots light, and spits forth flame from the midst of his many teeth.

⁴¹³ Such were the designs which the master-smith worked on the back of the wellwrought shield, in the middle ; and to please Lyaïos he wrought also the harpbuilt walls of cowfounded ^a Thebes, when one after another the seven gateways were a-building in a row. There was Zethos carrying a load of stones on his chafing shoulder, and working hard for his country ; while Amphion played and twanged the harp, and at the tune a whole hill rolled along of itself as if bewitched and seemed to dance even on the shield. It was only a work of art, but you might have said, the immovable rock went lightly skipping and tripping along ! When you saw the man busy with his silent harp, striking up a quick tune on his make-believe strings, you would quickly come closer to stretch your ear and delight your own heart with that harp which could build a wall, to hear the music of seven strings which could make the stones to move.

⁴²⁹ The wellrounded shield had another beautiful scene amid the sparkling company of the stars, where the Trojan winepouurer ^b was cunningly depicted with art divine being carried into the court of Zeus. There well wrought was the Eagle, just as we see in pictures, on the wing, holding him fast in his predatory talons. Zeus appeared to be anxious as he flew through the air, holding the terrified boy with claws that tore not, gently moving the wings and sparing his strength, for he feared that Ganymede might slip and fall headlong from the sky, and the deadly surf of the sea might

^a See iv. 297 ff.

^b Ganymedes.

NONNOS

Μοίρας δ' ἔτρεμε μᾶλλον, ὅπως μὴ πρῶτον ὀπάσσας
 ἠβητῆς ἐρόεις ἐὼν οὖνομα γείτοσι πόντῳ 440
 ὄψιμον ἀρπάξειε γέρας πεφυλαγμένον Ἕλλη·
 οὐρανίης δ' ἠσκητο θεῶν παρὰ δαίτα τραπέζης
 κούρος ἀφυσσομένῳ πανομοίος· αὐτοχύτου δὲ
 νεκταρέης κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον εἶχεν ἑέρσης,
 καὶ Διὶ δαινυμένῳ δέπας ὤρεγεν· ἔζετο δ' Ἕρη 445
 οἶα χολωομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι, μάρτυρι μορφῇ
 ψυχῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα, παρεζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ
 Παλλάδι δείκνυε κούρον,

ὅτι γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
 βουκόλος ἀστερόφοιτος ἔωνοχόει Γανυμήδης
 πάλλων χειρὶ κύπελλα, τὰ περ λάχε παρθένος Ἕβη. 450

Μαιονίην δ' ἠσκησεν, ἐπεὶ τροφὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχου,
 καὶ Μορίην καὶ στικτὸν ὄφιν καὶ θέσπιδα ποίην,
 καὶ χθονὸς ἄπλετον υἷα δρακοντοφόνον Δαμασῆνα,
 καὶ Τύλον ἰοβόλῳ κεχαραγμένον ὀξεί πόντῳ
 Μαιονίης ναέτην μιννώριον, ὃς ποτε βαίνων 455
 Μυγδονίου ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄφρῦσι γείτονος Ἑρμου
 ἤψατο χειρὶ δράκοντος· ὁ δὲ πλατὺν αὐχένα τείνας,
 ὑψώσας δὲ κάρηνον ἀφειδέει χάσματι λαιμοῦ
 ἀντίον ἀνδρὸς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἰσχία φωτὸς ἰμάσσων
 ὀλκαίην ἐλέλιζε θυελλήεσσαν ὀμοκλήν, 460
 καὶ βροτέῳ στεφανηδὸν ἐπὶ χροῖ νῶτα συνάπτων,

^a Zeus is afraid that Ganymedes will fall and the sea be named the Ganymedeian, as the Icarian Sea was named when Icaros fell into it after his wax wings melted. The name Hellespont ("sea of Helle" in popular etymology) was derived from Helle daughter of Athamas, who was said to have fallen into it from the back of the ram as it went to Colchis.

^b Maionia is Lydia. This Moria is an obscure person, whose story no one but Nonnos tells fully, though there are

drown him. Even more he feared the Fates, and hoped that the lovely youth might not first give his name to the sea below and rob Helle of the honour which was reserved for her in future.^a Next the boy was depicted at the feast of the heavenly table, as one ladling the wine. There was a mixing-bowl beside him full of self-flowing nectarean dew, and he offered a cup to Zeus at the table. There Hera sat, looking furious even upon the shield, and showing in her mien how jealousy filled her soul; for she was pointing a finger at the boy, to show goddess Pallas who sat next her how a cowboy Ganymedes walked among the stars to pour out their wine, the sweet nectar of Olympos, and there he was handing the cups which were the lot of virgin Hebe.

⁴⁵¹ Maionia he also portrayed, for she was the nurse of Bacchos; and Moria, and the dappled serpent, and the divine plant, and Damasen Serpent-killer the terrible son of Earth; Tylos, also, who lived in Maionia so short a time, was there mangled in his quick poisonous death.^b

⁴⁵⁵ Tylos was walking once on the overhanging bank of neighbouring Hermos the Mygdonian River, when his hand touched a serpent. The creature lifted his head and stretched his hood, opened wide his ruthless gaping mouth and leapt on the man, whipt round the man's loins his trailing tail and hissed like a whistling wind, curled round the man's body in cling-

allusions to it elsewhere; it is said to have been recounted in the historical work of Xanthos the Lydian. Tylos is Tylon, supposed ancestor of the Tylonians, a Lydian clan. Under this affected telling of the story may well be hidden a genuine Lydian legend. The incident of the snake-wort which gives life to the dead is a very old *märchen*-theme.

ἀλλόμενος περὶ κύκλα νεότριχος ἀνθρεωῶνος,
 ὄγμῳ πουλυόδοντι παρηίδος ἄκρα χαράξας
 ἰοβόλοις γενύεσσιν ἀπέπτυνεν ἰκμάδα Μοίρης,
 καὶ οἱ ἐπιθρώσκοντι βαρνομένων ὑπὲρ ὤμων 465
 οὐραίαις ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη μέσος αὐχὴν,
 Αἶδος ὄρμὸν ἔχων ὀφιώδεα, γείτονα Μοίρης.
 καὶ νέκυς εἰς χθόνα πίπτει ὁμοίος ἔρνεϊ γαίης.
 καὶ νέον οἰκτείρουσα δεδουπότα μάρτυρι πότμῳ
 Νηϊᾶς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπέστενε γείτονα νεκρῶ, 470
 καὶ τότε θῆρα πέλωρον ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα δαμείη·
 οὐ γὰρ ἓνα πρήνιζεν ὄδοιπόρον οὐδὲ νομῆα,
 καὶ Τύλον οὐ κτάνει μῦνον ἄωριον, ἧ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
 ἐνδιάων καὶ θήρας ἐδαίνυτο, πολλάκι δ' ἔλκων
 ἄστατον αὐτόρριζον ὑπὸ χνοίησιν ὀδόντων 475
 δένδρεον εὐρώεντι κατέκρυφεν ἀνθρεωῶνι,
 ἔμπαλιν αὖ ἐρύων βλοσυρὸν φύσημα γενείων·
 πολλάκι δ' ἔλκυσθέντα παλινδίνητον ὀδίτην
 ἄσθμασιν ἐνδομύχοις πεφοβημένον εἰς στόμα σύρων
 τηλεφανῆς ὄλον ἄνδρα κεχηνότι δέξατο λαιμῶ. 480
 καὶ Μορίη σκοπίαζε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
 τηλόθι παπταίνουσα, φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο νύμφη,
 ἰοβόλων ὀρώουσα πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,
 καὶ θανάτου στέφος εἶδε περίπλοκον ἀνθρεωῶνι·
 πυκνὰ δὲ κωκύουσα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ 485
 ἠλιβάτῳ Δαμασῆνι συνήντεεν υἱεὶ Γαίης,
 ὃν πάρος αὐτογόνοισι τόκοις μαιώσατο μήτηρ
 ἐκ γενετῆς μεθέποντα δασύτριχα κύκλα γενείου·
 τικτομένῳ δὲ οἱ ἦεν Ἔρις τροφός· ἔγχεα δ' αὐτῶ
 μιζὸς ἦν καὶ χύτλα φόνοι καὶ σπάργανα θώρηξ, 490
 καὶ δολιχῶν μελέων βεβαρημένος εὐρεί φόρτῳ
 νῆπιος αἰχμάζων, βρέφος ἄλκιμον, αἰθέρι γείτων

ing rings, then darting at his face tore the cheeks and downy chin with sharp rows of teeth, and spat the juice of Fate out of his poisonous jaws. The man struggled with all that weight on his shoulders, while his neck was encircled by the coiling tail, a snaky necklace of death bringing Fate very near. Then he fell dead to the ground, like an uprooted tree.

⁴⁷⁰ A Naiad unveiled pitied one so young, fallen dead before her eyes; she wailed over the body beside her, and pulled off the monstrous beast, to bring him down. For this was not the first wayfarer that he had laid low, not the first shepherd, Tylos not the only one he had killed untimely; lurking in his thicket he batted on the wild beasts, and often pulled up a tree by the roots and dragged it in, then under the joints of his jaws swallowed it into his dank darksome throat, blowing out again a great blast from his mouth. Often he pulled in the wayfarer terrified by his lurking breath, and dragged him rolling over and over into his mouth—he could be seen from afar swallowing the man whole in his gaping maw.

⁴⁸¹ So Moria watching afar saw her brother's murderer; the nymph trembled with fear when she beheld the serried ranks of poisonous teeth, and the garland of death wrapt round his neck. Wailing loudly beside the dragonvittling den, she met Damasen, a gigantic son of Earth, whom his mother once conceived of herself and brought forth by herself. From his birth, a thick hairy beard covered his chin. At his birth, Quarrel was his nurse, spears his mother's pap, carnage his bath, the corselet his swaddlings. Under the heavy weight of those long broad limbs, a warlike babe, he cast lances as a boy; touching

ἔκ γενετῆς δόρυ πάλλεν ὁμόγνιον, ἀρτιφανῆ δὲ
 ὤπλισεν Εἰλείθυια λεχώιον ἀσπιδιώτην.
 τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ κλέτας εὖβοτον ὕλης 495
 κάμπτετο λισσομένη, κινυρῆ δ' ἐπεδείκνυε νύμφη
 ἄπλετον ἐρπηστήηρα κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
 καὶ Τύλον ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔτι σπαίροντα κονίη·
 οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀμέλησε, πέλωρ πρόμος· ἀλλὰ πιέσσας
 δένδρεον αὐτόπρεμνον ἀνέσπασε μητρὸς ἀρούρης, 500
 ὠμοβόρου δὲ δράκοντος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη·
 καὶ πρόμος εἰλικόεις ὀφιώδεϊ μάρνατο τιμῆ,
 αὐχενίη σάλπιγγι μόθου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων,
 πεντηκονταπέλεθρος ὄφιν κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ·
 καὶ διδύμῳ σφιγκτῆρι πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ, 505
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι δέμας Δαμασῆνος ἰμάσσων
 χάσματι λυσσῆεντι πύλας ὤϊξεν ὀδόντων,
 χεῖλεσι τοξεύων διερὸν βέλος, ὄμματα σείων
 ὠμὰ φόνου πνείοντα, Γιγαντεῖῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
 ἔπτυνεν ὀμβρηρῆσι γενειάσι πίδακας ἰοῦ, 510
 χλωρὸν οἰστεύων δολιχόσκιον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων·
 ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρῆνῳ,
 ὄρθιος αἶξας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ.
 ἀλλὰ δρακοντεῖης ἀπεσεῖσατο φόρτον ἀκάνθης
 αἰνογίγας, σκοπέλοισιν ἐοικότα γυῖα τινάσσων· 515
 καὶ παλάμη τανύφυλλον ἐὼν ἐλέλιζεν ἀκωκῆν,
 ὄρθον ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρση
 πῆξε φυτὸν προθέλυμνον, ὅπῃ περι κυκλάδα δειρῆν
 αὐχενίη γλωχῖνι συνήπτετο δεσμὸς ἀκάνθης·
 καὶ φυτὸν ἐρρίζωτο τὸ δεύτερον· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ 520
 κεῖτο δράκων ἀτίνακτος, ἔλιξ νέκυς. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
 θῆλυς ὄφιν ξύουσα παλιννόστῳ πέδον ὀλκῶ

the sky, from birth he shook a spear born with him ; no sooner did he appear than Eileithyia armed the nursling with a shield.

⁴⁹⁵ This was he whom the nymph beheld on the fertile slope of the woodland. She bowed weeping before him in prayer, and pointed to the horrible reptile, her brother's murderer, and Tylos newly mangled and still breathing in the dust. The Giant did not reject her prayer, that monstrous champion ; but he seized a tree and tore it up from its roots in mother earth, then stood and came sidelong upon the ravening dragon. The coiling champion fought him in serpent fashion, hissing battle from the wartrumpet of his throat, a fiftyfurlong serpent coil upon coil. With two circles he bound first Damasen's feet, madly whipping his writhing coils about his body, and opened the gates of his raging teeth to show a mad chasm : rolling his wild eyes, breathing death, he shot watery spurts from his lips, and spat into the giant's face fountains of poison in showers from his jaws, and sent a long spout of yellow foam out of his teeth. He darted up straight and danced over the giant's highcrested head, while the movement of his body made the earth quake.

⁵¹⁴ But the terrible giant shook his great limbs like mountains, and threw off the weight of the serpent's long spine. His hand whirled aloft his weapon, shooting straight like a missile the great tree with all its leaves, and brought down the plant roots and all upon the serpent's head, where the backbone joins it at the narrow part of the rounded neck. Then the tree took root again, and the serpent lay on the ground immovable, a coiling corpse. Suddenly the female serpent his mate came coiling

εὐνέτις ἀμφιέλικτος ἐδίξετο λοξὸν ἀκοίτην,
 οἶα γυνή ποθέουσα νέκυν πόσιν· εἰς σκοπέλους δὲ
 μηκεδανῆς ἐλέλιξε θωώτερον ὄλκον ἀκάνθης, 525
 εἰς ὄρος ἐσσυμένη βοτανηφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμην
 δρεψαμένη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐχιδνήεντι γενεῖω
 χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοις ὀδυνήφατον ἤγαγε ποίην,
 καὶ νέκυσ δασπλήτος ἀλεξήτειραν ὀλέθρου
 ἀζαλέω μυκτῆρι συνήρμοσεν, ἰοβόλω δὲ 530
 ζωὴν ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἀκινήτῳ πόρε νεκρῶ·
 καὶ νέκυσ αὐτοέλικτος ἐπάλλετο·

καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ
 ἄπνοον ἦν, ἕτερον δὲ διέστιχεν, ἄλλο δὲ σείων
 ἡμιτελῆς νέκυσ ἦεν ἔχων αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν·
 καὶ ψυχραῖς γενέεσσι παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων 535
 οἰγομένῳ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐθήμονι βόμβεε λαιμῶ,
 συριγμὸν προχέων παλινάγρετον· ὄψε δὲ βαίνων
 νόστιμος ἀρχαίην ὑπεδύσατο φωλάδα χειρήν.

Καὶ Μορίῃ Διὸς ἄνθος ἐκούφισεν,

ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
 ζωοτόκῳ μυκτῆρι φερέσβιον ἤρμοσε ποίην. 540
 καὶ βοτάνη ζεῖδωρος ἀκεσσιπόνοισι κορύμβοις
 ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε δέμας παλιναυξεί νεκρῶ.
 ψυχὴ δ' εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐνδομύχῳ δὲ
 ψυχρὸν ἀοσσητῆρι δέμας θερμαίνεται πυρσῶ·
 καὶ νέκυσ ἀμφιέπων βιοτῆς παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν 545
 δεξιτεροῦ μὲν ἔπαλλε ποδὸς θέναρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαιὸν
 ὀρθώσας στατὸν ἴχνος ὄλω στηρίζετο ταρσῶ,
 ἀνδρὸς ἔχων τύπον ἴσον, ὃς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἰαύων
 ὄρθριον οἰγομένης ἀποσειεται ὕπνον ὀπωπῆς.
 καὶ πάλιν ἔξεεν αἷμα· νεοπνεύστοιο δὲ νεκροῦ 550
 χεῖρες ἐλαφρίζοντο· καὶ ἀρμονίῃ πέλε μορφῆ,
 ποσσὶν ὄδοιπορίῃ, φάος ὄμμασι, χεῖλεσι φωνῆ.

up, scraping the ground with her undulating train, and crept about seeking for her misshapen husband, like a woman who missed her husband dead. She wound her long trailing spine with all speed among the tall rocks, hurrying towards the herbdecked hillside; in the coppice she plucked the flower of Zeus with her snaky jaws, and brought back the pain-killing herb in her lips, dropt the antidote of death into the dry nostril of the horrible dead, and gave life with the flower to the stark poisonous corpse. The body moved of itself and shuddered; part of it still had no life, another part stirred, half-restored the body shook another part and the tail moved of itself; breath came again through the cold jaws, slowly the throat opened and the familiar sound came out, pouring the same long hiss again. At last the serpent moved, and disappeared into his furtive hole.

⁵³⁹ Moria also caught up the flower of Zeus, and laid the lifegiving herb in the lifebegetting nostril. The wholesome plant with its painhealing clusters brought back the breathing soul into the dead body and made it rise again. Soul came into body the second time; the cold frame grew warm with the help of the inward fire. The body, busy again with the beginning of life, moved the sole of the right foot, rose upon the left and stood firmly based on both feet, like a man lying in bed who shakes the sleep from his eyes in the morning. His blood boiled again; the hands of the newly breathing corpse were lifted, the body recovered its rhythm, the feet their movement, the eyes their sight, and the lips their voice.

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Καὶ Κυβέλη κεχάρακτο νεητόκος, οἶά τε κόλπῳ
 μιμηλὴν ἀλόχευτον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην
 πήχεσι ποιητοῖσι, καὶ ἀστόργῳ παρακοίτῃ 555
 λαϊνέην ὠδίνα δολοπλόκος ὤρεγε Ῥεΐη,
 ὀκρυόεν βαρὺ δεῖπνον· ὁ δὲ βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
 ἔκρυφε μάρμαρον νῖα πατὴρ θοινήτορι λαιμῶ,
 ἄλλου ψευδομένοιο Διὸς δέμας εἰλαπινάζων·
 καὶ λίθον ἐν λαγόνεσσι μογοστόκον ἔνδον ἀείρων 560
 θλιβομένην πολύτεκνον ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
 φόρτον ἀποπτύων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθρεωῶνος.

Τοῖα μὲν ἐργοπόνοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα τέχνης
 εἶχεν ἐνναλίη πολυπίδακος ἀσπίς Ὀλύμπου
 Βακχιάς, ἣν ὀρόωντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ, 565
 καὶ σάκεος τροχόεντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα,
 ἔμπυρον αἰνήσαντες Ὀλύμπιον ἐσχαρεῶνα.

Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι δύσιν διεμέτρεεν Ἥως,
 φέγγος ἀναστείλασα πυριγλήνοιο προσώπου·
 καὶ σκιερὴν ἐμέλαιεν ὄλην χθόνα σιγαλή Νύξ. 570
 λαοὶ δ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα χαμαιστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 ἐσπερίῃ μετὰ δόρπον ὀρειάδι κάππεσον εὐνή.

^a The picture was one of Rheia-Cybele offering Cronos the swaddled stone which she tricked him into swallowing

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⁵⁵³ Cybele^a also was depicted, newly delivered; she seemed to hold in her arms pressed to her bosom a mock-child she had not borne, all worked by the artist's hands; aye, cunning Rheia offered to her callous consort a babe of stone, a spiky heavy dinner. There was the father swallowing the stony son, the thing shaped like humanity, in his voracious maw, and making his meal of another pretended Zeus. There he was again in heavy labour, with the stone inside him, bringing up all those children squeezed together and disgorging the burden from his pregnant throat.

⁵⁶³ Such were the varied scenes depicted by the artist's clever hand upon the warshield, brought for Lyaios from Olympos with its becks and brooks. All thronged about to see the bearer of the round shield, admiring each in turn, and praising the fiery Olympian forge.

⁵⁶⁸ While they still enjoyed the sight, the daylight crossed the west and veiled the light of her fire-eyed face; quiet Night covered all the earth in her dark shades, and after their evening meal all the people lay down in their mountain bed, scattered on pallets here and there over the ground.

instead of Zeus. He later was caused to vomit the stone and the elder children (Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Poseidon and Hades) with it.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπὶ κλοπὸν εἶδος Ἀθήνης
καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Δηριάδῃ δ' εὐδοντι κατηφέος ὑψόθεν εὐνήσ
Βάκχῳ πιστὰ φέρουσα παρίστατο θούρις Ἀθήνη,
γνωτῶ δ' ἔσσομένην ἑτέρην μνηστεύετο νίκη·
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετὰ τροπὸν ἴσον Ὀρόντη
γαμβρὸν ἀερσιλόφου μιμήσατο Δηριαδῆος·
καί μιν ἀπορρήψαντα μαιφόνον οἶστρον Ἐννουῦς
μιμηλὴ δολίοιο παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὄνειρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, καὶ ὄλλυμένων ἐπὶ πότμῳ
ταρβαλέον θάρσυνεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Διονύσου·

“ Εὐδεις, Δηριάδῃ· σὲ δὲ μέμφομαι·

ἀστυόχων γὰρ 10

πάννουχον ὕπνον ἔχει ἀλλότριόν ἐστιν ἀνάκτων·
ὕπνου μέτρον ἔχει βουλευφόρος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργων

^a In this book Nonnos reflects clearly the decline in geographic knowledge which took place after the second century of the Roman Empire. He knows nothing of the extensive exploration of all Indian coasts by Graeco-Roman merchants of the first and second centuries after Christ, and bases his geography in very ill fashion on the traditional record of Alexander's invasion of India in the fourth century before Christ. All that Nonnos reveals is some vague knowledge of the borderlands of India, of the Hindu Kush mountains, and of North-Western India, including

BOOK XXVI

The twenty-sixth^a has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.

WHILE Deriades slept on his mournful bed, bold Athena approached, faithful to Bacchos, and wooing a second victory for her brother. She had changed her shape to one like Orontes, and imitated the goodson of highcrested Deriades. So although he had thrown off the murderous ardour for war, scared by the fate of those who had perished, he was deceived by the counterfeit vision of a false dream, which encouraged him again to make war against Dionysos, in these words :

¹⁰ “ You sleep, Deriades, but I blame you ^b : for it is not proper that princes who rule a city should sleep all the night. The sleep of the Counsellor is measured. About your walls the enemy are throng-

the rivers Indus, Jhelum, and Ganges. Of the Indian peninsula he knows nothing. Some of his geographic names are unknown elsewhere, and cannot be identified. Lastly, there is in him a tendency common amongst the ignorant of every Graeco-Roman age—namely, to believe that Indians were somehow connected with the Ethiopians of North-East Africa, and that India and North-East Africa were joined together.

^b This scene imitates Hom. *Il.* ii. 23 ff.

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δυσμενέες κλονέουσι, καὶ οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον αἰείρεις,
 οὐκ αἰεὶς τυπάνων ρόθιον κτύπον, οὐ μέλος αὐλῶν,
 οὐ φονίης σάλπιγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούεις. 15
 ὑμετέρην δὲ θύγατρα νεήνιδα πενθάδα χήρην
 Πρωτονόην ἐλέαιρε, κινυρομένην παρακοίτην,
 μηδὲ λίπης, σκηπτουῦχε, τεὸν νήποινον Ὀρόντην.
 κτεῖνον ἐμοὺς ὀλετήρας ἀτευχέας· ὠκυμόρου γὰρ
 γαμβροῦ σείο θανόντος ἔτι ζώουσι φονῆς. 20
 στῆθος ἐμὸν σκοπίαζε τετυμμένον ὄξει θύρσω·
 ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐ Λυκόοργος Ἀρήιος ἐνθάδε ναίει,
 ὦμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀράβεσσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀνάσσεις·
 οὐ θεὸς ἦν Διόνυσος, ὃν εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδμα διώκων
 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ποίησεν ὑποβρύχιον μετανάστην. 25
 Δηριάδην ἐνόησα πεφυζότα θῆλυν Ἐννώ.
 ἄτρομος ἔσσο λέων, ὅτι χάλκεον ἀνέρα φεύγων
 νεβροχίτων Διόνυσος ὁμοίος ἔπλετο νεβρῶ.
 οὐ κείνος κατέπεφνε Ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
 ἀλλὰ μιν αὐτὸς ἔπεφνε πατὴρ τεός· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ 30
 σοὺς προμάχους φεύγοντας ἰδὼν

ἐδάμασσεν Ὑδάσπης.

οὐ σὺ πέλεις ἑτέροισιν ὁμοίος· οὐράνιον γὰρ
 θυγατέρος Φαέθοντος ἐριφλεγέος σέο πάππου
 αἷμα φέρεις· οὐ θνητὸν ἔχεις δέμας· οὐ σε δαμάσσει
 οὐ ξίφος ἢ βέλεμον ἐπιβρίθοντα Λυαίῳ." 35

Ὡς φαμένη

πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἔβη πολύμητις Ἀθήνη,
 εἶδος ὄνειρείοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου.

Δηριάδης δ' ἠῶος ἀπὸ πτολίων, ἀπὸ νήσων
 κέκλετο κηρύκεσσι πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγείρειν·
 καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ 40
 λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἑτερόπτολιν ἦε κῆρυξ
 Ἡῶν παρὰ πέζαν· Ἀρειμανέες δὲ μαχηταὶ

ing; and you raise not the soldier's spear, you hear not the surging noise of drums or the sound of pipes, or the voice of the murderous trumpet summoning the host. Pity your daughter Protonoë, a young widow mourning a husband, and leave not, O King, your Orontes unavenged! Slay my unarmed slayers—the murderers of your goodson untimely dead—who yet live! See my breast pierced by a sharp thyrsuswand. Alas that brave Lycurgos dwells not here! Alas that you rule not the proud Arabs! Dionysos was no god, when a mortal man chased him and made him migrate below the sea! I have beheld Deriades running away before battling women! Be a fearless lion, for a man in armour made Dionysos in his tunic of fawnskins run like a fawn! Not he destroyed that nation of warlike Indians—your own father destroyed them: for Hydaspes saw your champions in flight, and he brought them low! You are not like other men, for you have in you the heavenly blood of a daughter of Phaëthon, your blazing grandfather. Your body is not mortal: neither sword nor spear shall bring you low when you throw yourself on Lyaios.”

³⁶ So spoke artful Athena, and returned to Olympus, when she had put off the shape of the dream.

³⁸ In the morning, Deriades sent heralds to summon his farscattered troops from cities and from islands. Many a herald went this way and that way on stormswift shoe to gather the people from the various cities of the eastern region; warriors mad

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πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.

Πρῶτα μὲν ὠπλίζοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐνουῦς,
 Ἄγραϊὸς Φλόγιός τε, συνήλυδες ἠγεμονῆες, 45
 ἄρτιτελὲς μετὰ σῆμα νεοφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
 Εὐλαίου δύο τέκνα· συνεστρατόωντο δὲ λαοί,
 ὅσσοι Κῦρα νέμοντο καὶ Ἰνδῶου ποταμοῖο
 Βαίδιον Ὀμβηλοῖο παρὰ πλατὺ βάρβαρον ὕδωρ,
 καὶ Ῥοδόην εὐπυργον, Ἀρειμανέων πέδον Ἰνδῶν, 50
 καὶ κραναὸν Προπάνισον, ὅσοι τ' ἔχον ἄντυγα νήσου
 Γραιάων, ὅθι παῖδες ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ τεκούσης
 ἄρσενα μαζὸν ἔχουσι γαλακτοφόρου γενετῆρος,
 χεῖλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ὑποκλέπτοντες ἔερσην·
 οἳ τε Σεσίνδιον αἰπύ, καὶ οἳ λινοερκέι κύκλω 55
 Γάζον ἐπυργώσαντο μιτοπλέκτοισι δομαίοις, 56
 ἄρραγές, εὐποίητον ἐυκλώστοισι θεμέθλοις, 59
 Ἄρεος ἀκλινὲς ἔρμα, καὶ οὐ ποτε δήμιος ἀνήρ 57
 χαλκὸν ἔχων ἔρρηξε λινοχλαίνων στίχα πύργων. 58

Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θαρσῆεντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταί, 60
 Δάρδαι καὶ Πρασίων στρατιαί, καὶ φύλα Σαλαγγῶν
 χρυσοφόρων, οἷς πλοῦτος ὀμέστιος, οἷς θέμις αἰεὶ
 χέδροπα καρπὸν ἔδειν βιοτήσιον· ἀντὶ δὲ σίτου
 κεῖνον ἀλετρεύουσι μύλης τροχοειδέι κύκλω·
 καὶ σκολιοπλοκάμων Ζαβίων στίχες, οἷσιν ἐχέφρων 65
 Παλθάνωρ πρόμος ἦεν, ὃς ἔστυγε Δηριαδῆα
 ἤθεσιν εὐσεβέεσσιν ὀμοφρονέων Διονύσω·
 τὸν μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 ἀλλοδαπὸν ναετῆρα λυροδμήτῳ πόρε Θῆβη·
 καὶ Δίρκη παρέμιμνε λιπὼν πατρῶον Ἰδάσπην, 70

* This or Paropamisos was the usual Greek name for the Hindu Kush.

† Nonnos is evidently using some book dealing with the

for war gathered from every side at the summons of their king.

⁴⁴ First to arm themselves were those pilots of warfare, Agraios and Phlogios, the two sons of Eulaios, partners in leadership, after the burial lately made of their father newly dead. With them came all the people who dwelt in Cyra and Baidion beside the broad barbarian stream of Indian Ombelos; those from castellated Rhodoë, a place of warmad Indians, and rocky Propanisos,^a and those who held the round island of the Graiai, where children use the manly breast of a milch father, and steal thence their drink with pouting lips in place of the usual mother.^b Others came from steep Sesindion, and those who had fortified Gazos with a rampart of linen built with blocks of plaited threads, impregnable, wellmade with wellspun foundations, a steadfast fortress of Ares: no enemy hand has ever broken with bronze that line of linenclad towers.

⁶⁰ After them followed those warriors bold, the Dardian^c and Prasian^d armies, and the tribes of gold-wearing Salangoi, where Wealth is a family friend. Their way it is to eat pulse as their fruit of life; this they grind with round millstones instead of corn. Then a procession of curlyheaded Zabioi; their leader was wise Palthanor, a man of godfearing ways, who hated Deriades and was of one mind with Dionysos. After the war, Dionysos took this man with him and settled him as a foreign settler in lyrebuilt Thebes; there he remained beside Dirce, wonders of the East, but it does not seem to be known what his source is.

^c He means probably the people of Dardistan.

^d The Prasii were a people extending inland from the mouth of the Ganges, and centred round Palibothra (Patna).

Ἄονίου ποταμοῖο πίων Ἰσμήνιον ὕδωρ.

Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ κυδιόων

στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὤπλισε Μορρεὺς
 Διδνασίδης, γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, ὃς τότε λυγρῶ
 γήραι πένθος ἔχων κεκερασμένον ἤψατο χάρμης,
 γηραλέη παλάμη πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων 75
 καὶ πολὺν λειμῶνι κατάσκιον ἀνθερεῶνα
 αὐτόματον κήρυκα χρόνου δολιχοῖο τινάσσω,
 υἷον ἔτι στενάχων μινυῶριον, Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
 Δίδνασος αἰολόδακρυς· ἀναξ δέ οἱ ἔσπετο Μορρεὺς
 ὄρθιον ἔγχος ἔχων τιμήρορον, ὄφρα δαμάσση 80
 λαὸν ὄλον Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἤθελε μῦνος ἐρίζειν
 Βάκχῳ γνωτοφόνῳ, καὶ ἀνούτατον υἷα Θυώνης
 οὐτῆσαι μενέαινε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα.

καὶ σφισιν ὠμάρτησε πολυγλώσσω γένος Ἰνδῶν,
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἡελίοιο πόλιν, καλλίκτιτον Αἶθρην, 85
 ἀνεφέλου δαπέδοιο θεμελίον, οἳ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
 Ἀνθηνηῆς λασιῶνα καὶ Ὠρυκίης δονακῆα,
 καὶ φλογερὴν Νήσαιαν ἀχειμάντους τε Μελαίνας,
 καὶ πέδον εὐδίνητον ἀλιστεφάνου Παταλήνης·
 τοῖς ἐπι Δυσσαίων πυκιναὶ στίχες, οἷσι καὶ αὐτῶν 90
 φρικτὰ δασυστέρνων ἐκορύσσετο φύλα Σαβείρων,
 τοῖσιν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ λάσσαι τρίχες, ὧν χάριν αἰεὶ
 ψυχῆς θάρσος ἔχουσι καὶ οὐ πτώσσουσιν Ἐννώ.

Τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο καὶ ἀνέρες Οὐατοκοῖται,
 οἷσι θέμις δολιχοῖσιν ἐπ' οὐασιν ὕπνον ἰαύειν· 95
 τοὺς μὲν Φρίγγος ἴκανε

καὶ Ἄσπετος εἰς μόθον ἔλκων
 αὐχῆεις τε Δάνυκλος ὁμόστολος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
 Ἴππουρῶ συνάεθλος ἐκηβόλος ἔστιχε Μορρεὺς·

^a The region of the Indus delta.

and drank the Ismenian water of the Aonian river, having left his native Hydaspes.

⁷² Next came Morrheus Didnasides, proud of his vast armed host. His father Didnasos came with him to the war, his old age embittered with sorrow. He bore a buckler of wonderful work upon his aged arm ; a heath of hoary white spread shadows over his chin, proclaiming of itself how many and how long were his years. He still mourned his son untimely dead, Indian Orontes. There was Didnasos dropping tears ; King Morrheus followed, holding upright his avenging spear, ready to slay the whole host of Bromios—indeed he was resolved to fight alone with Bacchos who slew his brother, he meant to wound the unwounded son of Thyone, his brother's murderer ! With them came a polyglot host of Indians : those who dwelt in fairbuilt Aithra, the city of the Sun, founded upon a cloudless plain ; those who dwelt both in the jungles of Anthene and the reedbeds of Orycië, in blazing Nesaia, and winterless Melainai, and the round seagirt district of Patalene.^a Next came thick companies of Dyssaioi, and with them terrible armed hordes of shaggybreast^b Sabeiroi—thick hair is upon their hearts, wherefore they always have boldness of soul and shrink not from battle.

⁹⁴ With them marched the Uatocoitai, the Ear-sleepers, men whose way it is to sleep lying upon their long ears.^c These were led to the war by Phringos and Aspetos and haughty Danyclos, who came together, and with them Hippuros Horsetail

^b The Homeric *λάσιος* (*Il.* ii. 851, etc.) is a mark of strength.

^c These are placed by Pliny v. 95, in the extreme north of Europe or Asia.

NONNOS

καὶ νόον ἴσον ἔχοντες ὄλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην
πέντε δαφοινήεντες ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες. 100

Τέκταφος εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν ἐκηβόλος,
ὃς ποτε κούρης

χείλεσι πειναλέοισιν ἀλεξητήρια πότμου
πατροκόμου δολόεντος ἀμέλγεται χεύματα μαζοῦ,
Τέκταφος, ἀυαλέος ψαφαρῶ χροῖ, νεκρὸς ἐχέφρων,
ὁππότε μιν σκηπτοῦχος ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλήν 105

Δηριάδης, σειρῆσι πολυπλέκτοισι πιέζων,
δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεκλήισε βερέθρῳ,
ἄτροφον, ἀνχμῶντα, δέμας κεκαφηῖτα λιμῶ,
ἄμμορον ἠελίοιο καὶ εὐκύκλιοιο σελήνης.

καὶ χθονίῳ κεκάλυπτο βυθῶ πεπεδημένος ἀνὴρ, 110
οὐ ποτόν, οὐ τίνα δαῖτα φέρων, οὐ φῶτα δοκεύων,
ἀλλὰ πεδοσκαφέων λαγόνων ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
κεῖτο δυηπαθέων· χρονίῳ δ' ἐστρεύγεται λιμῶ

πειναλέων στομάτων ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
ἔμπνοος ἀπνεύστοισιν ὁμοίος· οἶα δὲ νεκροῦ 115
ἐκ χροὸς ἀζαλέοιο δυσώδεις ἔπνεον αὔραι.

καὶ φυλάκων στρατὸς ἦεν ἐελμένον ἄνδρα φυλάσσων,
ὃν τότε κερδαλέῃ θυγάτηρ ἀπατήνορι μύθῳ
ἦπαφεν· ἰκεσίην δὲ βαρύστονον ἴαχε φωνῆν
σεισαμένη δολόεντα νεητόκος εἶματα νύμφη· 120

“ Μὴ με κατακτείνητε, φυλάκτορες· οὐδὲν αἰείρω,
οὐ ποτόν ἦλθον ἄγουσα καὶ οὐ τίνα δαῖτα τοκῆι·
δάκρυα, δάκρυα μῦνον ἐμῶ γενετήρι κομίζω·
χεῖρες ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἐλεύθεροι· εἰ νόος ὑμῖν,
εἰ νόος ἐστὶν ἄπιστος, ἀμεμφέα λύσατε μίτρην, 125
ρίψατέ μοι κρήδεμνα, τινάξατε χερσὶ χιτῶνα·
οὐ ποτόν ἦλθον ἄγουσα φερέσβιον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν

^a A widespread folktale. See Stith Thompson, *Folklore Fellows Communications* xlv., p. 202, R 81

and his farshooting comrade Morrheus: thus the whole host of Earsleepers moved by one purpose were commanded by five bloodthirsty chieftains.

¹⁰¹ Farshooter Tectaphos came to the war. Once he had been saved from fate by sucking the milk from a daughter's breast with starving lips—she devised this trick to nourish her father—Tectaphos, parched, with crumbling skin, a living corpse.^a Deriades the monarch had carried out a heartless threat, and bound him fast with twisted ropes, and held him a prisoner behind lock and key in a mouldy pit, unfed, unwashed, worn out with famine, without his part in the sun or the rounded moon. There lay the man fettered in the depths of the earth, with no drink, no food, seeing no man, there in a cavern dug deep under the soil he lay in agony. Long he was wasted by famine, breathing yet like those who breathe not, as the air passed weak and fluttering through his hungry lips; ugly whiffs came from his dry flesh as if he were a corpse. There was a band of jailers watching the imprisoned man, but his clever daughter outwitted them with delusive words, a young nursing mother, when she uttered a mournful appeal and shook ^b her deceiving garments:

¹²¹ "Do not let me die, watchmen! I have nothing here, I have brought no drink and no food for my father! Tears, only tears I bring for him that begat me! My empty hands tell you that! If you do not believe me, if you do not believe, undo my innocent girdle, tear off my veil, shake my dress—I have brought no drink to save his life! Do but shut

^b To show she had nothing hidden in them. *Excudere* is the word used of the Roman customs officers: cf. *excutedum pallium*, Plautus, *Aul.* 646.

NONNOS

κρύψατε σὺν γενετῆρι καταχθονίῳ με βερέθρῳ
οὐ φόβος, οὐ φόβος εἰμί,

καὶ ἦν σκηπτοῦχος ἀκούσῃ·

τίς νέκυν οἰκτείροντι χολώεται; αἰνομόρῳ δὲ 130

τίς κοτέει θνήσκοντι; τίς ἄπνοον οὐκ ἔλεαίρει;

ὄμματα δ' ἠμύοντα κατακλείσω γενετῆρος·

κρύψατε· τίς θανάτοιο πέλει φθόνος; ὄλλυμένους δὲ

εἰς τάφος ἀμφοτέρους, γενέτην καὶ παῖδα, δεχέσθω.”

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε.

καὶ εἰς μυχὸν ἔδραμε κούρη, 135

ὀρφναίῳ γενετῆρι φαεσφόρος· ἐν δὲ βερέθρῳ

εἰς στόμα πατρὸς ἔχευεν ἀλεξικάκων γάλα μαζῶν

ἄτρομος. Ἡερίης δὲ θεουδέος ἔργον ἀκούων

Δηριάδης θάμβησε· περισσονόοιο δὲ κούρης

εἶκελον εἰδώλῳ γενέτην ἀνελάσατο δεσμῶν· 140

φήμη δ' ἀμφιβόητος ἀκούετο, καὶ στρατὸς Ἰνδῶν

μαζὸν ἀλεξικάκοιο δολοπλόκον ἤνεσε νύμφης.

ὃς τότε Βωλίγγεσσι μετέπρεπεν, ὡς μέσος ἄστρον

αἰθέρα φαιδρύνων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἔσπερος ἀστήρ,

Ἔσπερος, ἐσπομένης λιποφεγγέος ἄγγελος ὀρφνης. 145

Γίγγλων δ' ὑψικάρηνος ἀερσιπόδης τε Θυραιεὺς

ὑψινεφής θ' Ἰππαλμος ὑπὲρ πυμάτης κλίμα γαίης

ᾧπλισαν αἰόλα φύλα δοριθρασέων Ἀραχωτῶν

Δερσαίων τε φάλαγγας ὀμήλυδας, οἳ τε σιδήρῳ

κτεινομένους κατ' Ἄρηα χυτῆ κρύπτουσι κονίη 150

(κτεινομένους κατὰ δῆριν ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίη).

Καὶ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον ἀολλίσσας ἐπικούρων

Ἀβράθοος βραδὺς ἦλθε· νεοτμήτων δὲ κομάων

αἰδόμενος κεκόρυστο, χόλον καὶ πένθος ἀέξων

▪ A people east of the middle Indus.

• Round Candahar in Afghanistan.

• Line 151 is only a variant of 150, and something is lost,

me up too with my father in the deep pit. I am nothing for you to fear, nothing, even if the king hears of it. Who is angry with one who pities a corpse? Who is angry with one dying a cruel death? Who does not pity the dead? I will close my father's sinking eyes. Shut me up there: who grudges death? Let us die together, and let one tomb receive daughter and father!"

¹³⁵ Her pleading won them. The girl ran into the den, bringing light for her father's darkness. In that pit, she let the milk of her breast flow into her father's mouth, to avert his destruction, and felt no fear.

¹³⁸ Deriades marvelled to hear the pious deed of Eërië. He set free the clever girl's father from his prison, like a ghost; the fame of it was noised abroad, and the Indian people praised the girl's breast which had saved a life by its cunning.

¹⁴³ So now this man was conspicuous among the Bolinges,^a as Hesperos shines amid the stars and brightens the sky, Hesperos, harbinger of the murky gloom which follows when light fails.

¹⁴⁶ Ginglon highheaded, and Thyraieus striding big, and Hippalmos tall as the clouds, beyond the farthest region of earth had armed the different tribes of spearproud Arachotes,^b and battalions of Dersaioi their neighbours, who when men are slain with steel in battle cover their bodies under mounds of earth.^c

¹⁵² Habrathoös came with a host of bowmen whom he had gathered in support, but he had been slow in arming for shame of his hair newly shorn. He nursed to the effect that those who are not killed in battle are buried in some other way, or not at all.

βουκεράου βασιλῆος, ἐπεὶ νύ οἱ ἄφρονι λύσση 155
 Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ὄλην ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
 Ἴνδοῖς πικρὸν ὄνειδος. ἀναγκαῖος δὲ μαχητῆς
 εἰς ἐνοπήν μόγις ἦλθε, καὶ αἰπυλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ
 λωβητῆν ἐκάλυπτε λιπότριχον ἄντυγα κόρσης,
 κρυπτὸν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ μεθέπων κότον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς 160
 ἤματι μὲν πολέμιζεν, αἰεὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάννουχον ὄρη
 ἄγγελον ἀγγέλλοντα νοήματα Δηριαδῆος
 Βάκχῳ πιστὸν ἔπεμπεν ὀπάονα· λαθριδίως δὲ
 Δηριάδῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἀμφαδίην Διονύσω.
 Ξούθων δ' ἄγρια φῦλα καὶ ἐγρεμόθων Ἀριηνῶν 165
 καὶ Ζοάρων ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν καὶ φῦλον Ἐάρων
 Κασπεύρων τε γένεθλα καὶ Ἀρβίας, οἳ τ' ἔχον αὐτὸν
 Ὑσπορον αἰγλήεντι διαστίλβοντα ρέεθρῳ,
 ἠλέκτρον κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις,
 οἳ τ' ἔχον Ἀρσανίην εὐδείελον, ἥχι γυναῖκες 170
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐθήμονι Παλλάδος ἰστώ
 ὄξειαις παλάμησιν ὄλον τελέουσι χιτῶνα.
 Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χωρήσσαντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῶ
 Κυραῖοι, δεδαῶτες ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσων,
 Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο δαήμονες· ὑγροπόρους δὲ 175
 ὀλκάδας οὐ δεδάασιν, ἀδειφήτῳ δὲ βοείῃ
 δουρατέων πλώουσι τύπῳ τεχνήμονι νηῶν·
 δέρμασι δ' ἰθύνουσι νόθον πλόον, οἷς ἐνὶ ναύτης
 ἔζεται ἀκλύστοισιν ἐν οἴδμασι ποντοπορεύων,
 ὀλκάσι μιμηλοῖσι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσων. 180
 τοὺς Θύαμις κόσμησε καὶ Ὀλκασος,
 ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,

* So he says!

resentment and grievance against Deriades the horned king; because the overbearing monarch in a fit of mad folly had cut off all his hair, a bitter insult to an Indian. Compelled to join in the war, he came unwillingly, and hid the shame of his hairless temples under a highplumed helmet, cherishing secret rancour in his heart. When battle came, he joined the fight in the daytime; but always in the hours of the night he would send a trusty servant to Bacchos, and tell him the plans of Deriades. Thus he fought secretly for Deriades, but openly for Dionysos.^a He brought the savage tribes of Xuthoi and of battle-stirring Arieni^b and the breed of Zoares and the clan of Eares, the Caspeirian^c peoples and Arbians^d: those who held Hysporos that bright shining stream, so proud of its deep wealthy mines of amber; and those who held conspicuous Arsanië, where the women in one day at the loom of Pallas, which they know so well, finish a whole robe with their quick hands.

¹⁷³ Besides these came the Cyraioi,^e ready for diving-work in the war. They know the seabeaten coasts of islands, and they are skilful in battle by sea; but seafaring barges they know not. They go floating in coracles of untanned hide, which they manage as well as a shipwright's vessel of wood; they guide their makeshift course in the skins, where the mariner sits in shelter, navigating over the waves and cutting the back of the sea in his mimic barge. These were commanded by Thyamis and princely

^b Probably the people of Aria, that is eastern Khorassan and western and N.-W. Afghanistan.

^c Of Cashmir.

^d Probably the people round the river Arabis, the Purali or else the Habb, both situated west of the Indus.

^e From places round the mouths of the Indus.

NONNOS

Ταρβήλου δύο παῖδες ἀκοντοφόροιο τοκῆος.

Καὶ πολὺς ἔσμος ἴκανεν Ἀρειζάντειαν ἑάσας,
 ξείνου δουρατέου μέλιτος τροφόν, ἦχι πιόντα
 ἠερίης ζειδωρον Ἐώιον ἀρδμὸν ἑέρσης 185
 δένδρεα χαιτήεντα μελίρρυτον, ὡς ἀπὸ σίμβλων,
 δαιδαλέην ὠδίνα σοφῆς τίκτουσι μελίσσης,
 αὐτοτόκων πετάλων χλοερὸν ποτόν· εἰς πεδίον γὰρ
 ἀρτιφανῆς Φαέθων, ὅτε λούεται Ὠκεανοῖο,
 ὄμπιον Ἡώης ἀποσειέται ἱκμάδα χαιτήης, 190
 ραίνων ζωτόκοιο φυτηκόμον αὐλακα γαίης.
 τοῖον Ἀρειζάντεια φέρει μέλι, τῷ ἔπι χαιρίων
 νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσι ὑπὲρ πετάλοιο χορεύων
 ἵπταται ἄσπετος ὄρνις· ὄφιν δέ τις ἀγκύλος ἔρπων,
 μιτρώσας ἑλικηδόν, ὁμόπλοκος ἠδέει δένδρω, 195
 ἱκμάδα λειριόεσσαν ἀμέλγεται ἄρπαγι λαιμῷ,
 χεῖλεσι λιχμῶων γλυκερὴν ὠδίνα κορύμβων·
 δενδραίην δὲ δράκοντες ἀναβλύζοντες ἑέρσην
 ἠδὲ μέλι προχέουσι, καὶ οὐ τόσον ἰὸν ἀλήτην
 πικρὸν ἀποπτύουσιν, ὅσον γλυκὴν χεῦμα μελίσσης· 200
 ἦχι μελισταγέεσσι ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσι αἰεῖδει
 ὠρίων, γλυκὴς ὄρνις, ὁμοῖος ἔμφροσι κύκνω·
 οὐ μὲν ἀνακρούει Ζεφυρηίδι σύνθροος αὔρη
 ὑμνοτόκων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα ροίζον ἰάλλων,
 ἀλλὰ σοφοῖς στομάτεσσι μελίζεται, οἷά τις ἀνῆρ 205
 πηκτίδι νυμφοκόμῳ θαλαμηπόλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω. 206
 κατρεὺς δ' ἔσσομένοιο προθεσπίζει χύσιν ὄμβρου, 212

* This seems to be a much distorted version of sugar-cane. Perhaps it alludes to tapping for toddy.

^b The *horion* is unidentified, if any such bird exists at all. Our only detailed account of it, Cleitarchos cited by Aelian, *De natura animalium* xvii. 22, says it is like a heron,

Holcasos, two sons of one father, Tarbelos the javelineer.

¹⁸³ A great swarm had come from Areizanteia, nurse of the strange tree-honey; where the trees drink the fruitful moisture of morning dew, and their leaves run honey, and so they produce the neat travail of the clever bee as if from a hive, the yellow juice born of the leaves alone.^a For Phaethon, just appearing after his bath in the Ocean, scatters upon the plain the wholesome juice of his hair in the morning, and waters the plant-growing furrows of earth the giver of life. Such honey Areizanteia brings: rejoicing in this, great flocks of birds swim on their wings and dance above the leaves; or a coiling serpent creeps along, and girdles the sweet tree with enfolding loops, while he sucks the delicate juice with greedy mouth and licks with his lips the sweet travail of the clusters. So snakes dribble out the treejuice and drop delicious honey, they spit out abroad more of the sweet sap of the bee than their own bitter scattering poison. There on the honeydropping branches is that sweet bird the horion,^b singing like the inspired swan. He does not strike up in tune with the west wind whirring in the air with musical wings; but he sings a lay with understanding beak, like a man twangling the strings for a wedding hymn to wait upon a bride. There the catreus^c foretells a shower

except that its eyes are dark blue, an admirable singer and very amorous.

^c The *katreus* is probably the monâl pheasant. But the accounts we have of it (this passage, Cleitarchos in Aelian, *op. cit.* xvii. 23, Strabo xv. 1. 69, which also mentions the melodious song of the *horion* and cites Cleitarchos) give no accurate picture and contain details which do not fit the monâl. Anyhow, no pheasant can sing a note.

NONNOS

ξανθοφυής, λιγύφωνος· ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δέ οἱ αἶγλη
 πέμπεται ὀρθρινῆσι βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος Ἴου· 214
 πολλάκι δ' ἠνεμόεντος ὑπὲρ δένδροιο λιγαίνων 207
 σύνθροος ὠρίωνος ἀνέπλεκε γείτονα μολπήν,
 φοινικέαις πτερύγεσσι κεκασμένος· ἦ τάχα φαίης,
 μελπομένου κατρήος ἑώιον ὕμνον ἀκούων, 210
 ὀρθριον αἰολόδειρον ἀηδόνα κῶμον ὑφαίνειν. 211
 κεῖθι καὶ ἐγρεμόθων μερόπων στρατός,
 οὓς ἐπὶ χάρμην 215
 ἄτρομος Ἴππάλμοιο πάις θώρηξε Πυλοίτης,
 γνωτὸν ἔχων Βιλλαῖον, ὁμόστολον ἠγεμονῆα.
 Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήσσοντο Σίβαι καὶ λαὸς Ὑδάρκης,
 καὶ στρατὸς ἄλλος ἴκανε πόλιν Καρμῖναν ἑάσας·
 τῶν ἅμα Κύλλαρος ἦρχε καὶ Ἀστράεις,
 πρόμος Ἰνδῶν, 220
 Βρόγγου δίζυγα τέκνα τετιμένα Δηριαδῆι.
 Καὶ στόλος ἄλλος ἴκανε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων,
 αἱ τε περιστιχόωσιν ἀμοιβάδες ἄλλυδις ἄλλαι
 γείτονες ἀλλήλησιν, ὅπη περιμήκει πορθμῶ
 δίστομος Ἰνδὸς ἄγων μετανάστιον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ, 225
 ἐρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀπ' Ἰνδῶου δονακῆος
 λοξὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παρ' Ἡῶου στόμα πόντου,
 ἔρχεται αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπὲρ λόφον Αἰθιοπῆα·
 ἦχι θερειγενέων ὑδάτων ὑψούμενος ὀλκῶ
 χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοισι ἐπὶ πήχεϊ πῆχυν ἀέξει, 230
 καὶ χθόνα πιαλέην ἀγκάζεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
 τέρπων ἰκμαλείοισι φιλήμασι διψάδα νύμφην,
 οἴστρον ἔχων πολύπηχυν ἀμαλλοτόκων ὑμεναίων,
 μέτρῳ ἀμοιβαίῳ παλιναυξέα χεύματα τίκτων

^a These represent, if anything, the few islands of the Gulf of Kutch.

of rain to come, goldenyellow, clearintoning; sparkles flash from his eyes like the morning gleams of Dawn. Often trilling upon a treetop in the air he weaves a song in tune with the horion beside him, splendid with purple wings; if you hear the catreus singing his early hymn, you might almost say it was the nightingale pouring her morning music from her changeful throat. There also dwelt the battle-stirring host which Pyloites the fearless son of Hippalmos had armed for the war, and with him was Billaios his brother and fellow-leader.

²¹⁸ Next came the Sibai under arms, and the Hydarcan people, with another host from the city of Carmina. Their joint leaders were Cyllaros and Astraëis the Indian prince, two sons of Brongos honoured by Deriades.

²²² Another host came from three hundred islands,^a scattered here and there, or in groups together, which lie about that place where the Indos on an endless course pours out its winding travelling stream by two enclosing mouths,^b after creeping in its slow curving course from the Indian reedbeds over the plain to its mouth by the Eastern sea, after first rolling down the heights of the Ethiopian mountains^c: swollen by the mass of summerbegotten waters it increases cubit by cubit with selfrising floods, and embraces the rich land like a watery husband, who rejoices a thirsty bride with his moist kisses and enfolds her in many passionate arms for a sheaf-bearing bridal, while he begets in his turn other

^b The delta.

^a The Eastern and Western Ethiopians are mentioned in Hom. *Od.* i. 23. Nonnos seems to see the Eastern in the Himalayas or the Hindu Kush.

Νεῖλος ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ καὶ ἐώιος¹ Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης. 235
 κεῖθι μελαμψήφιδα διαξύων ῥόον ὀπλῆ
 νήχεται ὑδατόεις ποταμήιος ἵππος ἀλήτης,
 οἶος ἐμοῦ Νεῖλοιο θερειγενὲς οἶδμα χαράσσω
 ναιεταίει,² βυθίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὀδίτης
 μηκεδαναῖς γενύεσσιν· ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ βαίνει 240
 αἰχμῆ καρχαρόδοντι διασχίζων ῥάχιν ὕλης,
 καὶ διερὴν ἀχάρακτον ἔχων γένυν ἄρπαγα καρπῶν
 μιμηλῆ δρεπάνη σταχυηφόρα λήια τέμνει,
 ἀμητῆρ ἀσίδηρος ἀμαλλοφόρου τοκετοῖο·
 τοῖα μὲν ἑπταπόροιο φατίζεται εἵκελα Νεῖλου 245
 Ἰνδῶου ποταμοῖο φέρειν μένος. οἱ δὲ λιπόντες
 νήσων ἀγκύλα κύκλα καὶ ἔδρανα γείτονος Ἰνδοῦ
 ἄνδρες ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχήμονες, ὧν πρόμος ἀνὴρ
 Ῥίγβασος ἠγεμόνευεν, ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων.
 Οὐδὲ γέρων Ἄρητος ἐλείπετο Δηριαδῆος 250
 εἰς ἐνοπὴν καλέοντος, ἀνὴρ βαρὺς· ἀλλὰ καθάψας
 χαλκοβαρῆ λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα.
 γηραλέου κούφιζεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο βοείην,
 αὐχένι κυρτωθέντι περικρεμάσας τελαμῶνα.
 καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξεν ἀναγκαῖος πολεμιστῆς 255
 πέντε σὺν υἱέσσι, Λύκῳ καὶ ὀμήλυδι Μύρσῳ,
 Γλαύκῳ καὶ Περίφαντι καὶ ὀψιγόνῳ Μελανῆι.
 καὶ πολιὴν πλοκαμίδα περισφίγξας τρυφαλεῖη
 λαιὸν ἐντροχάλιο μετέστιχε δημοτῆτος,
 δεξιτερόν πολέμοιο κέρας τεκέεσσιν ἑάσας, 260
 οὓς φύσις ἀφθόγγων στομάτων σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῶ,
 γλῶσσαν ὑποσφίγξασα σοφῆς ὀχετηγὸν ἰωῆς·
 ὀππότε γὰρ θαλάμοιο παρὰ φλιῆσι χορεύων

ever-recurrent streams^a: so Nile in Egypt, and the eastern Hydaspes in India. There swims the travelling riverhorse through the waters, cleaving with his hoof the blackpebble stream, just like the dweller in my own Nile, who cuts the summer-begotten flood and travels through the watery deeps with his long jaws. He mounts the shores, splitting the woody ridges with sharp-pointed tooth; with only a wet ungraven jaw to ravage the fruits, he cuts the cornbearing harvest with this makeshift sickle, reaper of sheafbearing crops without steel.

²⁴⁵ Such are said to be the doings of the mighty Indian river like sevenmouth Nile. These men of war then, from the rounded shores of the islands and from the settlements of the Indos, now came under arms: their leader was Rhigbasos, one of gigantic stature.

²⁵⁰ Nor was old Aretos missing when Deriades summoned all to war. A heavy man he was; but he fitted a heavy bronze corselet over his hairy chest, and carried an oxhide shield on his aged back, slung by a strap over his bent neck. He also armed his force under compulsion for the war, he and five sons, Lycos and Myrsos together, Glaucos and Periphas and Melaneus the lateborn. He covered his gray curly hairs with a helmet, and repaired to the left wing of his battle circuit, leaving the right to his sons.

²⁶¹ These were men whose lips nature had closed with the seal of silence, having tied each tongue, the channel of intelligent speech. For when at the doorposts of the bridal chamber in the sacred dance

^a Irrigating canals or the like, filling in the rainy season.

¹ So MSS.: Ludwich Νείλου . . . λώιον.

² So MSS.: Ludwich ἀντιάει.

NONNOS

Λαοβίην ζυγίοιο γάμου πιστώσατο θεσμῶ
 παιδογόνους Ἄρητος ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις, 265
 ἔνθεον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ γαμίῳ παρὰ βωμῶ
 νυμφοκόμῳ πεπόνητο θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτη
 νυμφίος ἀρτιχόρευτος, ἐν εὐύμνῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
 δοῦπον ἀνακλάγξασα λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνος
 μάντις ἐπεσσομένων ἐβαρύνετο πολυυτόκος σὺς, 270
 ἀλλοίην καὶ ἄπιστον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην,
 καὶ νεπόδων ὤδινε νόθον γένος, ἐκ λαγόνων δὲ
 ὑγρὴν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
 ἀντὶ τόκου χθονίοιο λοχευσαμένη τόκον ἄλμης.
 καὶ σὺς ἰχθυγόνοιο πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη 275
 λαὸν ἀολλίζουσα· πολυσπερέες δὲ πολῖται
 χερσαίην πολύτεκνον ἐθηήσαντο γενέθλην,
 ἰσοφυῆς μίμημα θαλασσοτόκοιο λοχείης.
 μαντιπόλον δ' ἐρέεινε θεηγόρον· εἰρομένῳ δὲ
 ἐσσομένην θέσπιζεν ἀφωνήτων στίχα παίδων, 280
 εἰναλῆς ἴνδαλμα λιπογλώσσοιο γενέθλης.
 καὶ τότε μάντις ἔλεξε προάγγελα θέσφατα κεύθειν,
 ὄφρα κεν ἰλάσκοιτο τανύπτερον νιέα Μαίης,
 γλώσσης ἠγεμονῆα, σοφῆς ἰθύντορα φωνῆς.
 Λαοβίη δ' ὠδινεν, ἀμοιβαίη δὲ λοχείη 285
 τίκτε σὺς βρεφέεσσιν ἰσηρίθμων στίχα παίδων,
 ἰχθύσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἑοικότας, οὐς μετὰ νίκην
 Βάκχος ἀναξ ἔλεαιρε, λιποφθόγγων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 γλώσσης δεσμὸν ἔλυσε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἠλικά σιγῆν,
 φωνῆν δ' ὀψιτέλεστον ἐπεξύνωσεν ἐκάστῳ. 290
 τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο φερεσσακέες πολεμισταί,
 οἳ τε Πύλας ἐνέμοντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἐγγύθεν Εὐρου

Aretos pledged his troth to Laobië, according to the rites of lawful marriage, joining with her in wedlock for the begetting of children, a miracle divine was wrought. The bridegroom, fresh from his own wedding dance, had been busy at the marriage-altar sacrificing to Aphrodite the Lady of Brides; and while the hall resounded with hymns, a sow big with young in her pain shrieked out the cry of labour from her throat, prophetic of things to come, and dropt an uncanny incredible litter—a bastard brood of marine creatures, a shoal of wet fish she shot out of her womb, spat of the brine not spat of the land! Rumour flew abroad with many mouths, telling of the fishmother sow and gathering the people; farscattered burghers came to stare at this numerous generation of land-creatures, the very image of seaborne spawn.

²⁷⁹ He asked the prophetic interpreter of God's will: to the question, he foretold a succession of dumb children to come, like the voiceless generation of the deep sea. And the seer bade him to hide the prophetic oracle, that he might propitiate the long-winged son of Maia, governor of the tongue, guide of intelligent speech.

²⁸⁵ Laobië was brought to bed, and in one birth after another brought forth children equal in number to the sow's young ones, and dumb like fishes. After the victory, Lord Bacchos had pity on these and loosed the tie of the tongue in their dumb throats, drove away the silence which had been their companion from birth, bestowed upon each a voice perfected at last.

²⁹¹ Along with these were mustered shieldbearing warriors: those who dwelt in Pylai, and those who

ναιομένην Εὐκόλλα, μαχήμονος ἔνδιον Ἴου, καὶ ζαθέην Γορύανδιν εὐσπορον αὐλακα γαίης.

Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήχθησαν,

οἳσι λάχον ἄντυγας Οἴτης, 295

μητέρα δεινδρήεσαν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων, οἷς φύσις ὤπασε κύκλα διηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν ζῶειν ἀεναίοιο χρόνου πολυκαμπεί νύσση, ἢ τριηκοσίων· καὶ βόσκεται ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλω, ἐκ ποδὸς ἀκροτάτου μελανόχροος ἄχρι καρῆνου· 300

γναθμοῖς μηκεδανοῖσιν ἔχων προβλήτας ὀδόντας δίξυγας, ἀμητῆρι τύπῳ γαμφώνυχος ἄρπης, θηγαλέω τμητῆρι, διαστείχει στίχα δένδρων ποσὶ ταυυκνήμοισιν· ἔχων δ' ἴνδαλμα καμήλων καὶ λοφίην ἐπίκυρτον, ἐὼ πολυχανδέϊ νώτῳ 305

ἔσμον ἄγει νήριθμον ἐπασσυτέρων ἐλατήρων, δινεύων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀκαμπεί γούνατος ὀλκῶ, καὶ τύπον εὐρυμέτωπον ἐχιδναίοιο καρῆνου, αὐχένα βαιὸν ἔχων κυρτούμενον· εἶλε δὲ λεπτὸν ὄμμασιν ἰσοτύποισι συῶν ἴνδαλμα προσώπου, 310

ὑψιφανῆς, περίμετρος· ἐλισσομένου δὲ πορείῃ οὐατα μὲν λιπόσαρκα, παρήορα γείτονοι κόρση, λεπταλέων ἀνέμων ὀλίγη ριπίζεται αὔρη· πυκνὰ δὲ μαστίζουσα δέμας νωμήτορι παλμῶ λεπτοφυῆς ἐλάχεια τινάσσεται ἄστατος οὐρή· 315

πολλάκι δ' ἐν πολέμοισι γένυν προβλήτα τινάσσων ἀνέρι ταυροκάρηνος ἐπέχραεν ἠλίβατος θῆρ, ξείνην καρχαρόδοντα φέρων ἑτερόστομον ἄρπην, δινεύων ἐκάτερθε γενειάδος ἔμφυτον αἰχμήν· 320

πολλάκι δ' εὐθώρηκα μετάρσιον ἀσπιδιώτην ὄρθιον ἠέρταζε πεπαρμένον ἄρπαγι λαιμῶ, ἄνδρα δὲ καρχαρόδοντι κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῆ καὶ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐπὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης

possessed a habitation in Eucolla, the district of war-like Eos near the East Wind, and divine Goryandis with soil well fitted for seed.

²⁹⁵ After these came armed those who possessed the curves of Oita,^a woody mother of longliving elephants, to which nature has granted to live through two hundred rolling years, rounding so often the turning-point of eternal time, or even three hundred. Black they are from the point of the foot to the head, and they feed side by side. Each has projecting teeth on his long jaws, two of them, hooked like a reaper's sickle, sharp and cutting, and he marches through the ranks of trees on his long legs; he has a curved neck like a camel, and on his capacious back he carries an innumerable swarm of riders in rows, swinging a firm foot with unbending ^b knees. He has a short curved neck, and a wide forehead shaped like a snake. The eyes on his face are like the little eyes of a pig. He is towering, enormous: as he rolls along, the skinny ears close to the temple on each side, move like fans in the lightest breath of air. A thin little restless waving tail whips the body with a continual regular movement. Often in battle the mountainous beast shakes a tusk and attacks a man like a pilking bull, striking with the borrowed sharptoothed sickle on each side of his mouth ^c and swinging natural spears on both cheeks. Often when he has pierced a man, he lifts him straight up with greedy throat, armour and shield and all; or he throws one down with sharp-pointed tusk, picks up the body as it rolls helpless

^a Not the Greek Oita.

^b A common ancient delusion.

^c Meaning apparently that he has blades fastened to his tusks.

ὑψόθεν ἠκόντιζε παλινδίνητον ἀλήτην,
 αἰθύσσων ἐλικηδὸν ἴτυν σκολιοῖο γενείου 325
 κάρχαρον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρὰ προβολῆσιν ὀδόντων
 ἀντίτυπον σπειρηδὸν ἐχιδνήεσσιν ἀκάνθαις,
 ἄχρι ποδῶν τανύων κεχαραγμένον ἄορ ὀδόντων.
 τοὺς μὲν ἀναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 Καυκασίην παρὰ πέζαν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο 330
 εἰς φόβον εὐπήληκας ἀνεπτοίησε γυναικας,
 ἠλιβάτων λοφίησιν ἐφεδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων.
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετὰ δῆριν. ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ Λυαίου
 Δηριάδη καλέοντι τότε πρόμος ἦλθε Πυλοίτης,
 ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατὰ κλόνον ἠνιοχεύων, 335
 καλλιτόκου Μαραθῶνος Ἀρειμανὲς αἶμα γενέθλης·
 καὶ οἱ ἐς ὑσμίνην ἑτερόθροος ἔσπετο γείτων
 λαὸς ἐνκρήδεμνον Ἐριστοβάρειαν ἑάσας.

Δερβίκων δὲ γένεθλα συνέσπετο Δηριαδῆι
 Αἰθιοπές τε Σάκαι τε καὶ ἔθνεα ποικίλα Βάκτρων, 340
 καὶ πολὺς οὐλοκόμων Βλεμύων στρατός.

ἀλλοφανῆ δὲ
 Αἰθίοπες μεθέπουσι τύπον τεχνήμονα χάρμης·
 ἵππου γὰρ φορέοντες ὀλωλότος ἄντυγα κόρσης
 ψευδόμενοι κρύπτουσιν ἀληθέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς, 345
 καὶ κεφαλὴν βροτέην ἐτέρω σφίγγουσι προσώπῳ,
 ἄπνοον ἀσκήσαντες ἐς ἔμπνοον, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 δήιον ἀγνώσσοντα νόθῳ κλονέουσι καρῆνῳ·
 καὶ πρόμος ἐκ στομάτων ἀπατήλιον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
 ἵππιον ἀνδρομέη προχέων χρεμετισμὸν ἰωῆ.
 Οἱ μὲν ἀολλίζοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος. 350

^a See Plutarch, *Greek Questions* 56, with Halliday's notes.

^b Of the Pamir plateau.

^c Of Afghan Turkestan and Badakshan.

in a swirl of dust and throws it hurtling through the air at random ; he throws about this way and that way the jagged ring of teeth in his crooked jaw, beside the tusks ranged in strings like the backbone of a snake, and stretches down to his feet the sharp sword of the tusks.

³²⁹ These creatures after the Indian war^a Lord Dionysos led to the Caucasian district by the Amazonian River, and scattered those helmeted women, as he sat on the back of a mountainous elephant. But this was after the war. In this conflict, when Deriades sent out his summons to war with Lyaïos, the chieftain Pyloites joined him driving a straightlegged elephant into the fray. He was the warlike blood of the race which produced Marathon, one blessed in his children ; and he was followed to the conflict by a neighbouring people of different speech, from Eristobareia with her lovely coronals.

³³⁹ Tribes of Derbices were there with Deriades, Ethiopians and Sacai^b and various nations of Bactrians,^c and a great host of woolly-headed Blemyes.^d The Ethiopians follow a peculiar and clever fashion in battle.^e They wear the top of a dead horse's head, hiding in this disguise the true shape of their faces. Thus they fasten another face on the human head, and join the dead to the living. So in the battle they startle the unwitting foe with this bastard head ; and their chieftain lets out a deceitful sound from his mouth, and gives vent to a horse's neigh with his manly voice.

³⁵⁰ These were the hosts which gathered at their

^a A tribe who dwelt south of Egypt. These and the Ethiopians had no connexion with India.

^b For the Ethiopian war-dress, see Herodotus vii. 70. 2.

NONNOS

πάντων δ' ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς Ἄρεα κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν,
 ὃν διερῆ φιλότῃτι πατὴρ ἔσπειρεν Ὑδάσπης,
 Ἄστροίδος εὐώδινος ὀμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
 κούρης Ἡελίοιο. φάτις δὲ τις, ὅττι ἔ μήτηρ
 Νηιάς Ὠκεανοῖο γένος τεκνώσατο Κητώ, 355
 ἣν ποτε παφλάζοντι διερπύζων περι παστῶ
 νυμφίος ὕδατόεντι γάμῳ πήχυνεν Ὑδάσπης
 γνήσιον αἶμα φέρων Τιτήνιον· ἀρχεγόνων γὰρ
 ἐκ λεχέων Θαύμαντος ἐγείνατο δίζυγα φύτλην
 Ἡλέκτρῃ ῥοδόπηχυν ὀμευνέτις, ἥς ἀπὸ λέκτρων 360
 καὶ ποταμὸς βλάστησε καὶ ἄγγελος Οὐρανιῶνων,
 Ἴρις ἀελλήεσσα καὶ ὠκυρέεθρος Ὑδάσπης,
 ἣ μὲν ἐπεντύνουσα ποδῶν δρόμον, ὃς δὲ ῥοάων·
 ἄμφω δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἴσην μεθέπουσι πορείην,
 Ἴρις ἐν ἀθανάτοισι καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν Ὑδάσπης. 365
 Τόσσοσ ἄρα στρατὸς ἦλθε· πόλις δ' ἐστείνεται λαῶ·
 καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐμιτρώθησαν αἵταις,¹
 τετραπόρων πλήσαντες ἐν ἄστεϊ κύκλα κελεύθων·
 οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τριόδοισιν ἐπήτριμοι, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ βόθροις,
 ἄλλοι δ' ἠλιβάτοιο πρὸ τείχεος, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων 370
 νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυον ἀκοντοφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
 ἡγεμόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἐῷ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
 Δηριάδῃς, καὶ πάντες ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ θώκων
 ξεινοδόκῳ βασιλῆι μιῆς ἤπτοντο τραπέζης.
 τοῖσι μὲν ἔσπερα δεῖπνα καὶ ἐννουχίου πτερὸν Ὑπνου 375
 μέμβλετο, καὶ στρατὸς εὐδεν ἐνόπλιος Ἄρεϊ γείτων·
 ἐγρεμόθῳ δ' εὐδοντες ἐφωμίλησαν ὄνειρῳ,
 μιμηλὴν Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσαντες Ἐννώ.

¹ αἵταις Rose, ἀήταις MSS.

king's call. The whole army was led to battle by the emperor of the Indians, son of Hydaspes the watery lover in union with Astris daughter of Helios, happy in her offspring—men say that her mother was Ceto, a Naiad daughter of Oceanos—and Hydaspes crept into her bower till he flooded it, and wooed her to his embrace with conjugal waves. He had the genuine Titan blood; for from the bed of primeval Thaumás his rosy-arm consort Electra brought forth two children—from that bed came a river and a messenger of the heavenly ones, Iris quick as the wind and swiftly flowing Hydaspes, Iris travelling on foot and Hydaspes by water. Both had an equal speed on two contrasted paths: Iris among the immortals and Hydaspes among the rivers.

³⁶⁶ So great then, was the host there assembled. The city was crammed with people; helmeted crowds were surrounded by favourite young squires till they filled the circle of the streets that ran all four ways in the city, some thick at the threeways, some in the moat, some on the height of the walls, while others lay quietly on the turrets and slept under arms. The company of leaders was entertained by Deriades in his own hall, and all touched the same table as their hospitable king in turns on rows of seats. Feasting engaged them in the evening, the wing of sleep in the night: the army slumbered under arms on the eve of battle, and slumbering they had to do with battlestirring dreams, as they fought against shadows like Satyrs.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

*Εβδομον εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ἦσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὀπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.

*Ἄρτι δὲ λυσιπόνοιο τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὑπνου
ἀντολῆς ὤϊξε θύρας πολεμητόκος Ἡώς,
καὶ Κεφάλου λίπε λέκτρα σελασφόρα· βαλλόμενος δὲ
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι μέλας λευκαίνεται Γάγγης·
καὶ φυγὰς ἀρτιχάρακτος ἐχάζετο κῶνος ὀμίχλης 5
σχιζόμενος φαέεσσιν· ἀπὸ δροσεροῖο δὲ δίφρου
ὄρθριος εἰαρινῆσιν ἐλούετο καρπὸς ἑέρσαις.

Καὶ κλόνος ἦν.

Φαέθων δὲ πυριτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων
ἀενάων ἐτέων φλογόεις ἀνεσεύρασε ποιμήν,
γείτονος εἰσαῖων κορυθαιόλον Ἄρεος ἠχώ, 10
καὶ στρατὸν αἰχμάζειν προκαλίζετο μάρτυρι πυρσῶ,
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων ῥοδόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
αἰμαλέης ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπ' ἱκμάδος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
οὐρανόθεν κατέχευε, φόνου πρωτάγγελον Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν Ἐνναλίου νιφετοῖο 15
δύβια κυανέης ἐρυθαίνεται νῶτα κονίης
Ἰνδῶου δαπέδοιο· νεοσμῆκτου δὲ σιδήρου
Ἡελίου σελάγιζε βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος αἴγλη.

Φαινομένας δὲ φάλαγγας

ἐπὶ κλόνον ὤπλισεν Ἰνδῶν

BOOK XXVII

The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.

Now warbreeding Dawn had just shaken off the wing of carefree sleep and opened the gates of sunrise, leaving the lightbringing couch of Cephalos. Dark Ganges was whitened as he met the touches of Phaëthon, and the cone^a of gloom newly cleft apart fled away torn by his beams; the crops were bathed in the spring morning by the drops of dew from his car.

⁸ Then came tumult. Phaëthon, blazing shepherd of the everflowing years, checked the course of his firebred steeds, when he heard the sound of flash-helm Ares rattling close by, and summoned the host to spearthrust, shooting a rosy ray with witnessing torch: Rainy Zeus poured down from heaven a rain of blood,^b a strange shower which foretold bloodshed for the Indians. The thirsty back of black dust on the Indian ground was reddened with those gory drops of battle-shower; the sheen of newburnished steel glittered against the beams of Helios.

¹⁹ Now the battalions of Indians were seen:

^a *i.e.* the conical shadow of the earth.

^b Hom. *Il.* xi. 53, xvi. 459.

NONNOS

Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐποτρύνων δὲ μαχητὰς 20
 μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθρεῶνος·
 “ Δμῶες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε, πεποιθότες ἠθάδι Νίκη,
 καὶ θρασὺν ὄν καλέουσι κερασφόρον νῖα Θυνώνης
 λάτριν ἰσοκραίριοι τελέσσετε Δηριαδῆος.
 κτείνατέ μοι καὶ Πᾶνας ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρω· 25
 εἰ δὲ θεοὶ γεγάασι, καὶ οὐ θέμις ἔστι δαΐξαι
 Πανὸς ἀνουτήτιοι δέμας τμητῆρι σιδήρω,
 Πᾶνας ὄρεσσινόμους ληίσσομαι, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
 ἔθνεα βουκολέοντας ἐρημονόμων ἐλεφάντων.
 πολλοὶ θῆρες ἔασι καὶ ἐνθάδε, τοῖσι συνάψω 30
 Φῆρας ὁμοῦ καὶ Πᾶνας ὄρεσσινόμου Διονύσου·
 κούρη δ’ ἡμετέρη θαλαμηπόλον ἔσμον ὀπάσσω,
 δαινυμένου Μορρῆος ὑποδρηστήρα τραπέζης.
 καὶ τις ἀνὴρ Φρυγίηθεν ὁμόστολος οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
 Ἰνδῶου ποταμοῖο δέμας λούσειε ρέεθροις, 35
 ἀντὶ δὲ Σαγγαρίου καλέσει πατρῶον Ἰδάσπην·
 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ Ἀλύβηθεν ὁμαρτήσας Διονύσω
 ἐνθάδε θητεύσειε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
 χεύματα καλλεΐψας πιέτω χρυσαυγέα Γάγγην.
 χάξέο μοι, Διόνυσε, φυγῶν δόρυ Δηριαδῆος· 40
 ἔστι καὶ ἐνθάδε πόντος ἀπείριτος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
 Ἄρραβίης μετὰ κῦμα καὶ ἡμετέρη σε δεχέσθω·
 εὐρύτερος βυθὸς οὗτος ἐρεύγεται ἄγριον¹ ὕδωρ,
 καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἐπάρκιός ἐστι καλύψαι
 καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων· οὐ μείλιχος ἐνθάδε Νηρεὺς, 45
 οὐ Θέτις Ἰνδῶη σε δεδέξεται, οὐδέ σε κόλπῳ
 ξεινοδόκον μετὰ κῦμα πάλιν φεύγοντα σαώσει,
 αἰδομένη βαρύδουπον ἐμὸν πατρῶον Ἰδάσπην.

¹ So MSS.: ἀγκύλον Ludwich.

Deriades the presumptuous made them arm for battle, and encouraged his soldiers as he uttered this menacing speech :

²² " Fight, my servants, and look for our wonted victory! The bold hornbearing son of Thyone, as they call him, you must make the lackey of Deriades, who also bears horns on his head! Kill me those Pans also with devastating steel. Or if they are gods, and it is not permitted to pierce the body of unwounded Pan with cutting steel, then I make prey of the mountainranging Pans, and they shall tend herds of elephants in the wilderness. There are plenty of wild beasts here also, with which I will join the wildbeast Centaurs and Pans of hillranging Dionysos ; or I will make them a swarm of attendants for my daughter, and waiters upon the festal table of Morrheus.

³⁴ " Many a Phrygian soldier in the train of wine-face Bacchos will bathe his body in the streams of the Indian river, and call Hydaspes home instead of Sangarios ; many a soldier who has come from Alybe with Dionysos shall here be a serf—let him forget the water of his silvern ^a river and drink of the goldgleaming Ganges.

⁴⁰ " Give place to me, Dionysos ! flee from the spear of Deriades ! We have a vast sea here also ; then let ours also receive you, after the Arabian waves ! Ours is a wider deep which spouts its wild waters, enough to swallow Satyrs and Bacchantes and ranks of Bassarids. Here no friendly Nereus, no Indian Thetis will receive you and save you, like those hospitable waves, when you flee a second time ; for our Thetis dreads the deep rumbling Hydaspes of my

* Cf. xi. 311.

NONNOS

ἄλλ' ἑρέεις· 'Κρονίωνος' Ὀλύμπιον αἶμα κομίζω.
 Αἰθέρα Γαῖα λόχενσε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρον· 50
 Οὐρανόθεν γένος ἔσχες· ἐμῆ δέ σε Γαῖα καλύψει·
 καὶ Κρόνον ὠμηστῆρα νέων θοινήτορα παίδων
 Οὐρανόθεν γεγαῶτα κατέκρυφε κόλπος ἀρούρης.
 εἰμὶ δοριθρασέος στρατιῆς πρόμος· εἰμὶ Λυκούργου
 φέρτερος, ὅς σε δίωκε καὶ ἀπτολέμους σέο Βάκχας· 55
 σὸν γένος οὐ κλονέει με Διυπετές· αἰνομόρου γὰρ
 σῆς Σεμέλης ἤκουσα πυριβλήτους ὑμεναίους·
 μὴ στεροπὴν ἀγόρευε Διὸς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς,
 μὴ κεφαλὴν Κρονίωνος ἢ ἄρσενά μῆρὸν ἐνύψης·
 οὐ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἐμέ κλονέουσι λοχεῖαι· 60
 πολλάκις ὠδίνουσαν ἐμὴν ἐνόησα γυναῖκα.
 σὺν σοὶ δ', ἦν ἐθέλη, γενέτης τεὸς αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
 ἄρσενι θωρήξειεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυν Ἀθήνην,
 Νίκην ἦν καλέουσιν, ἵνα πρηῶνας ἀράξας
 Παλλάδος αἰμάξω κεφαλὴν ταμεισίχροϊ πέτρῳ 65
 ἢ δορὶ τολμῆεντι, καὶ εὐκεράων ἀπὸ τόξων
 μῆρὸν ἀπειλητῆρος οἰστεύσω Διονύσου,
 βουκεράων Σατύρων ἡγήτορος, οὐταμένου δέ
 καὶ Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ καὶ Παλλάδι μῶμον ἀνάψω·
 εἰ δέ σὺν ἀμφοτέροισι κορύσσεται ἀμφιγυήεις, 70
 δεύομαι Ἐφαιστού τεχνήμονος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῷ
 τεύχεα χαλκεύσειε πολύτροπα Δηριαδῆι.
 οὐ τρομέω ποτὲ θῆλυν ἐγὼ πρόμον· εἰ δέ τινάσσει
 ἄστεροπὴν γενετῆρος, ἔχω πατρώιον ὕδωρ.
 καὶ θρασύν, ὃν καλέουσιν ὁμόγνιον αἶμα Λυαίου, 75
 Αἰακὸν οὐρανίοιο Διὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος
 Ζηνὶ καταχθονίῳ δεδαῖγμένον Ἄιδι πέμψω·

^a Nice is sometimes a title of Athena, sometimes the name of an attendant on her.

^b Hephaistos.

home. But you will say : ' I have in me Cronion's Olympian blood.' But Earth produced the sky dotted with its troop of stars : you have your birth from heaven, but my Earth shall cover you up. Cronos himself, who banqueted on his own young children in cannibal wise, was covered up in Earth's bosom, son of Heaven though he was. I am chief of a spearbold army ; I am stronger than Lycurgos, who drove you away and your unwarlike Bacchant women. Your divine birth does not trouble me, for I have heard of the firestruck nuptials of your ill-fated Semele. Speak not of the lightning which attended upon the bed of Zeus, boast not of Cronion's head or his manly thigh. The childbed of Zeus in labour does not trouble me ; I have often seen my own wife in labour. Let your father help you, if he likes, your father Zeus self-delivered, by arming female Athena, whom they call ^a Victory, to help you the male : only that I may break off cliffs, and make the head of Pallas bloody with a cutflesh rock or a daring spear, and hit with an arrow from my bow of horn the thigh of threatening Dionysos, while he leads his horned Satyrs ; and when he is wounded may fasten disgrace upon Zeus and Bromios and Pallas ! And if the Hobbler ^b shall arm to support them both, Hephaistos the artist is the one I want, to make all sorts of armour in his smithy for Deriades also. ^c I fear not the female chieftain : if she brandishes her father's lightning, I have my father's water.

⁷⁵ " Bold Aiacos also, who is of kindred blood with Lyaïos as they say, offspring of heavenly Zeus, I will smash and send to Hades, the Zeus of the under-

^c As well as Achilles, *Il.* xviii.

NONNOS

οὐδὲ μιν ἀρπάξειε δι' ἡέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεὺς.
 καὶ πολέας Κρονίδαο δεδουπότας υἱας ἀκούω·
 Δάρδανος ἐκ Διὸς ἔσκε καὶ ὤλετο, καὶ θάνε Μίνως, 80
 οὐδέ μιν ἐρρύσαντο Διὸς ταυρώπιδες εὐναί·
 εἰ δὲ θεμιστεύει καὶ ἐν Ἄιδι, τίς φθόνος Ἴνδοις,
 Αἰακὸς εἰ φθιμένοισι δικάζεται; ἦν δ' ἐβελήση,
 κοιρανίην νεκύων ἐχέτω καὶ σκῆπτρα βερέθρου.
 καὶ δολιχοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐπιψαύοντας Ὀλύμπου 85
 Γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσατε μὴ δορὸς αἰχμὴν
 γαστρὶ μέση πῆξαντες ἢ αὐχένι, χαλκοβαρὲς δὲ
 ὀφθαλμῶ τροχόεντι βέλος τετορημένον ἔστω.
 μὴ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσατε· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνων
 δεύομαι· Ἰνδῶν δὲ παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι 90
 Βρόντης μὲν βαρύδουπον ἐμοὶ σάλπιγγα τελέσση
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἰσόκτυπον, ὄφρα κεν εἶην
 Ζεὺς χθόνιος, Στερόπης δὲ νέην ἀντίρροπον αἶγλην
 ἀστεροπῆς τεύξειε καὶ ἐνθάδε· καὶ μιν ἐλέγξω
 μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ 95
 Δηριάδην κτυπέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα δοκεύων
 ζηλήμων Κρονίδης, πεφοβημένος ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν
 ὑψιγόνου φλογέοντος ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
 τίς φθόνος, εἰ πρηστῆρι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω;
 μητρὸς ἐμῆς γενέτης, φλογερῶν ἐπιήρανος ἄστρων, 100
 αὐτὸς ὄλος Φαέθων πυρόεις πρόμος· εἰ δὲ τοκῆος
 αἷμα φέρω ποταμοῖο, καὶ ὕδατόεντι βελέμνω
 μαρνάμενος μόθον ὑγρὸν ἀναστήσω Διονύσῳ,
 Βάκχων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα ῥοαῖς ποταμοῖο καλύπτων.
 καὶ βυθίων τμήξαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ 105

* Son of Zeus and Electra the Pleiad, ancestor of the Trojan kings.

world; Zeus will not fly through the air and carry him off. Indeed I hear that many sons of Zeus have been struck down in the past. Dardanos^a was sprung from Zeus, and he perished; Minos died, and the bullfaced marriage of Zeus did not save him—if he is a judge still in Hades, what do Indians care if Aiacos does become a judge among the dead?^b If he likes, let him be king of the corpses and monarch of the pit! Do not kill the Earthborn Cyclopeans who touch Olympos with their long limbs, do not transfix them with a spearpoint in belly or neck, let the heavy stroke of bronze pierce their one round eye.—No, kill not the Cyclopeans of the earth, for I want them too: they shall sit in an Indian smithy! Brontes shall make me a heavyrumbling trumpet to mock the thunder's roar, that I may be an earthly Zeus; Steropes shall make here on earth a new rival lightning: I will try it in fighting against Satyrs,^c that Cronides may be jealous, and tear his heart yet more to see Deriades thundering and lightening—he shall fear the Indian chieftain hurling a newmade fiery thunderbolt!

⁹⁹ “Who can begrudge it, if I provide my warrior hand with the fiery whirlwind? My mother's father, governor of the flaming stars, Phaëthon, is himself a potentate all of fire; and if on my father's side I have the blood of a river, I will fight even with watery missiles and make watery war upon Dionysos, drowning the heads of my enemy Bacchants in river floods. Go and cut down the Telchines of the deep

^b Minos, son of Zeus and Europa, has this position from Homer (*Od.* xi. 568 ff.) on; Aiacos, in the Attic tradition.

^c Nonsense; there would be none left to fight. Either Nonnos is more than usually puzzle-headed or his text is corrupt.

σώματα Τελχίνων τυμβεύσατε γείτονι πόντῳ,
 πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι μεμηλότα, δαιδαλέου δὲ
 δίφρου γλαυκὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ὑγροπόρων γένος ἵππων
 νίκης πόντια δῶρα κομίσσατε Δηριαδῆι.
 καὶ ναέτην βαρύδεσμον ἀπειρώδιος Ἀθήνης 110
 Ἐφαισίου πυρόεντος ἀπόσπορον αἴθοπι πυρσῶ
 φλέξατε, τὸν καλέουσιν Ἐρεχθέα· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνου
 αἶμα φέρει περίπυστον Ἐρεχθέος, ὃν ποτε μαζῶ
 παρθενικῇ φυγόμενος ἀνέτρεφε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
 λάθριον ἀγρύπνῳ πεφυλαγμένον αἴθοπι λύχνῳ· 115
 μιμνέτω Ἰνδῶν κεκαλυμμένος αἴθοπι κίστη,
 καὶ κενεῶ ζοφόεντος ἐν ἔρκεϊ παρθενεῶνος.
 καὶ τροχαλοὺς δρηστήρας ἔυσκάρθμοιο βοείης,
 ἴδμονας εὐπήληκος Ἐνναλίοιο χορείης,
 ἄξατέ μοι Κορύβαντας ἀτευχέας· ὄλλυμένοις δὲ 120
 διχθαδίοις τεκέεσσιν ἐπικλαύσειε Καβειρῶ,
 Λημνιάς ἀκρήδεμνος· ἀπορρίψας δὲ πυράγρην
 αἰθαλόεις Ἐφαιστος ἐῆς ὀλετήρα γενέθλης
 ἤμενον ἀθρήσειεν ὑπὲρ δίφροιο Καβείρων
 ἵππων χαλκοπόδων ἐπιβήτορα Δηριαδῆα. 125
 κτείνω μὲν Διὸς υἱας· Ἀρισταῖον δὲ δαμάσσαι
 οὐ φθονέω Μορρῆι, λαγωβόλον υἱέα Φοίβου,
 οὐτιδανῆς ἐλατῆρα φιλοπτολέμοιο μελίσσης.
 ὑμεῖς μὲν δρεπάνοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλήγι μαχαίρῃ
 κτείνετε Βασσαρίδων ἀπαλὰς στίχας, ὑψίκερων δὲ 130
 παῖδα Διὸς κερόεις ποταμῆιος υἱὸς ὀλέσει,
 μή τις ὑποπτήσειεν ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεαίνης
 ἢ πρόμον ἀγροτέρης ἐπιβήμενον ἰξύος ἄρκτου,

with devastating steel, bury their bodies in the neighbouring sea and let Poseidon their father look after them, and bring to Deriades, as trophies of victory from the sea, the blue harness of their finewrought car and all their seafaring horses! Burn with your blazing torch the burgher heavychained of the city of maiden Athena, the offspring of fiery Hephaistos whom they call Erechtheus; for he too has the blood of that illustrious Erechtheus,^a whom unmothered Pallas once nursed at her breast, she the virgin enemy of wedlock, secretly guarding him by the wakeful light of a lamp: let him remain hidden in a shining Indian box, and enclosed in an empty cell of her darksome maiden chamber.^b

¹²⁰ " Disarm me the Corybants also and lead them captive; let Lemnian Cabeiro^c unveiled lament the death of her two sons; let sooty Hephaistos throw down his tongs, and see the destroyer of his race sitting in the car of the Cabeiroi, see Deriades driving the bronzefoot horses!

¹²⁶ " I will slay the sons of Zeus! I do not grudge Morrheus to conquer Aristaïos, that son of Phoibos who hunts the hare and scatters the poor pugnacious bees.^d Go you and slay the battalions of soft Basarids with your sickles and twoedged swords; but the highhorned son of Zeus shall fall to the horned son of a river. Let no one shrink when he sees him riding a lioness, or mounted like a champion on the loins of a wild bear, let none shrink from the grim

^a He means Erichthonios, *cf.* xiii. 172 ff.

^b *i.e.* she hid him in a box when he was a baby; now she may have (the ashes of) his descendant sent to her in another.

^c Mother (in late mythology) of the Cabeiroi.

^d *Cf.* Virg. *Georg.* iv. 86-87.

NONNOS

- μὴ θηρῶν ζυγίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα· τίς γὰρ ἀλύξει
 πόρδαλιν ἢ λέοντα κορυσσομένων ἐλεφάντων; ” 135
- “Ὡς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοί,
 οἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο σιδηροφόρων ἐλεφάντων,
 οἱ δὲ συνεστρατόωντο θυελλοπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων.
 καὶ πέλας ἦν πρυλέων στρατὸς ἄπλετος,
 οἱ μὲν ἀκωκάς,
 οἱ δὲ σάκος φορέοντες, ὁ δὲ κληῖδα φαρέτρης· 140
 ἄλλος ἀνηέρταζεν ἀνὴρ χαλκήλατον ἄρπην
 ἀμητῆρ πολέμοιο, καὶ ἔστιχεν ἄλλος ἀείρων
 ἀσπίδα καὶ θοὰ τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντας ὀιστούς.
 Καὶ μόθον ἐστήσαντο παρὰ στόμα γείτονος Ἴνδοῦ,
 εἰς πεδίον προθέοντες. ἀπ’ εὐδένδροιο δὲ λόχμης 145
 ἀσπίσι καὶ ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἀρραγέεσσι πετήλοισι
 θυρσοφόρος Διόνυσος εὖς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
 καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων φλογερῆς ἀντώπιον Ἡοῦς
 τέτραχα τεμνομένην στρατιὴν ἐστήσατο Βάκχων·
 πρώτην μὲν βαθύδενδρα παρὰ σφυρὰ
 κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου, 150
 ἦχι πολυσπερέων ποταμῶν πεφορημένον ὄλκῳ
 Καυκασίου σκοπέλοιο Διπετές ἔρχεται ὕδωρ, 152
 τὴν αὐτὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ περιμήκεϊ πορθμῳ 157
 χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἄγει βαρύδουπος Ὑδάσπης· 158
 τὴν ἑτέραν δὲ φάλαγγα συνήρμοσεν, ὀππόθι γαίης 153
 μεσσατίης στεφανηδὸν ἐς ἐσπέριον κλίμα νεύων 154
 δίστομος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐὼν ρόον Ἴνδὸς ἐλίσσει, 155
 χεύμασιν ἀμφίζωστον ἐπιστέψας Παταλήνην· 156
 καὶ τριτάτην κόσμησεν, ὅπῃ νοτίῳ παρὰ κόλπῳ 161
 κύματι πορφύροντι μεσημβριάς ἔλκεται ἄλμη· 159
 καὶ στρατιὴν εὐχαλκον ἀναξ ἔστησε τετάρτην 160
 ἀντολίης ὑπὸ πέζαν, ὅθεν δονακῆα διαίνων 162
 στέλλεται εὐόδομοισι κατάρρυτος ὕδασι Γάγγης.

jaws of wild beasts under the yoke : for who will run before leopard or lion with armed elephants on his side ? ”

¹³⁶ After this oration of their king, the Indians went to battle, some on the backs of steelclad elephants, some upon stormfoot horses beside them. Close behind came an infinite host of footmen, armed with pikes or shields or capped quiver : one man carried a sickle of beaten bronze like a harvester of war, another marched lifting a buckler and quick bow and windswift arrows.

¹⁴⁴ So they rushed forth into the plain, and opened the fray near the mouth of the Indus. But from the trees of the forest Dionysos, thyrsus in hand, armed his warriors with shields and swords and invincible leafage. He divided his army of Bacchantes into four parts, and posted them facing the dawn in the direction of the four winds. The first was among the thick trees by the feet of the circling Bear, where the skyfallen water of many scattered rivers comes pouring down from the Caucasos^a mountains, in that very place where heavyrumbling Hydaspes brings his flood eddying in his endless course. The second battalion he placed where twimouth Indus bends his flood, curving through the mountains towards the western district of the land between,^b and surrounds Patalene with his waters. The third he drew up where in the southern gulf the southern sea^c rolls with ruddy waves. The fourth mailed army the king posted towards the land of sunrise, whence Ganges moves watering the reed-

^a Hindu Kush.

^b Between the two arms of the delta.

^c The Erythraian Sea (Indian Ocean).

κεκριμένης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔυκνήμιδος ἑκάστης
 τέσσαρας εὐπήληκας ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας, 165
 καὶ στρατὸν ὀτρύνων λαοσσόον ἴαχε φωνήν·

“ Βασσαρίδες, καὶ δεῦρο χορεύσατε, δυσμενέων δὲ
 κτείνατε βάρβαρα φῦλα, καὶ ἔγχεσι μίξατε θύρσους,
 μίξατε καὶ ξιφέεσσι· καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ τραπέζης
 σάλπιγξ ἔγρεκύδοιμος ἐμοῖς Σατύροισι γενέσθω 170
 πηκτὶς ἐμή· χλοερὴ δὲ καταιχμάζουσα σιδήρου
 δούρατα νικήσειεν ἀκαχμένα φυλλὰς ὀπώρη·
 ἀντὶ δὲ νυκτελίῳ χοροστασίης Διονύσου

αὐλὸς ἐμὸς φθέγγαιτο μετὰτροπον ὕμνον Ἐννοῦς,
 τερψινόου Βρομίῳ λιπῶν ἐπιδόρπιον Ἥχώ. 175
 εἰ μὲν ἐμοὶ γόνυ δούλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ἰδάσπης
 μηδὲ πάλιν Βάκχοισι παλίγκοτον οἶδμα κορύσση,
 ἔσσομαι εὐάντητος, ὄλον δέ οἱ ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ
 χεύμασι ληναίοισιν ἐς Εὔιον οἶνον ἀμείψω,
 τεύχων λαρὰ ρέεθρα, καὶ ἀγριάδος λόφον ὕλης 180
 μιτρώσω πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω·
 εἰ δὲ πάλιν προχοῆσιν ἀλεξικάκοισιν ἀρήξει
 Ἰνδοῖς κτεινομένοισι καὶ νιέει Δηριαδῆτι,
 ἀνδροφυῆς κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφῆν,
 χεῦμα γεφυρώσαντες ὑπερφιάλου ποταμοῖο 185
 ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὀδεύσατε δίψιον ὕδωρ,
 καὶ γυμνῇ ψαμάθῳ πατέων αὐχμηρὸν Ἰδάσπην
 πεζὸς ὄνου εὐῖππος ἐπιξύσειε κονίην.
 εἰ δὲ πολυπτοίητος Ἀρειμανέων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν
 αἰθερίου Φαέθοντος ἀπόσπορός ἐστι γενέθλης, 190
 καὶ Φαέθων πυρόεσσαν ἐμοὶ στήσειεν Ἐννώ,
 θυγατέρος κερόεσσαν ἐῆς ὠδίνα γεραίρων,
 γνωτὸν ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο πάλιν Φαεθοντίδι χάρμη
 πόντιον ὕδατόεντα πυρὸς σβεσθήρα κορύσσω·

beds with his fragrant waves. The host thus divided and under arms, he appointed four helmeted leaders, and addressed a rousing oration to them all :

¹⁶⁷ “ Dance here also, you Bassarids ! Slay the barbarian tribes of your enemies, match thyrsus against spear, against sword also ; let my harp become a trumpet which stirs war for the Satyrs, instead of its familiar banqueting-table. May the green leafy vintage strike down the steel, may it conquer the sharpened spear ! Instead of the nightly dancings of Dionysos, let my pipes take another tune and sing the battle-hymn—let them leave the suppertune of mindcharming Bromios.

¹⁷⁶ “ If Hydaspes would bend a submissive knee to me, and never again arm his rebellious flood against the Bacchoi, I will treat him kindly ; I will change all his glorious water into Euian wine with streams from the winepress, making his waters strong, I will crown the peaks of his wild forest with my leaves and make it all vine : but if ever again he shall help with his protecting flood the falling Indians and his son Deriades, taking the horned river-shape in a man’s body, then make a dam over the presumptuous river, and cross the thirsty water as on a highroad with unwetted feet, and let the hoof of fine horses tread on a dry Hydaspes with bare sand and scrape the dust there.

¹⁸⁹ “ If the terrified chief of warmad Indians is sprung from Phaëthon’s heavenly race, and if Phaëthon should set up fiery war against me to honour his daughter’s horned offspring, I will arm once more my Cronion’s brother ^a against Phaëthon’s attack, a quencher for his fire from the watery sea. I

^a Poseidon.

NONNOS

Θρινακίην δ' ἐπὶ νῆσον ἐλεύσομαι, ὀππόθι ποιῦμαι 195
 καὶ βόες αἰθερίοιο πυραυγέος Ἴνιοχῆος,
 Ἡελίου δὲ θύγατρα, δορικτήτην ἄτε κούρην,
 Λαμπετίην ἀέκουσαν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρω,
 ὄφρα γόνυ κλίνειε· καὶ εἰς ὄρος Ἄστρις ἀλάσθω, 200
 μυρομένη βαρύδεσμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆα.
 ἐλθέτω, ἦν ἐθέλη, μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν,
 ὄφρα φυτὸν γεγαυῖα σὺν Ἡλιάδεσσι καὶ αὐτῇ
 πυκνὰ φιλοθρήνοισιν ἐπικλαύσειε ρέεθροις.
 σπεύσατέ μοι καὶ κύκλα μελαρρίοιο προσώπου 205
 Ἰνδῶν ληιδίων λευκαίνετε μύστιδι γύψω,
 καὶ θρασὺν ἀμπελόεντι περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβω . . .
 νεβρίδα χαλκοχίτωνι καθάψατε Δηριαδῆι·
 καὶ Βρομίῳ γόνυ δούλον ὑποκλίνων μετὰ νίκην
 Ἰνδὸς ἀναξ ῥύψειεν ἐὼν θώρηκα θυέλλαις, 210
 κρείσσονι λαχνήεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύπτων,
 καὶ πόδα πορφυρέοισι περισφίγξειε κοθόρνοις
 ἀργυρέας ἀνέμοισιν ἐὰς κνημίδας ἐάσας,
 καὶ μετὰ φοῖνια τόξα καὶ ἠθάδος ἔργα κυδοιμοῦ
 ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα διδασκέσθω Διονύσου, 215
 βάρβαρα δινεύων ἐπιλήνια βόστρυχα χαίτης.
 δυσμενέων δὲ κάρηνα κομίσσατε σύμβολα νίκης
 Τμῶλον ἐς ἠνεμόεντα, πεπαρμένα μάρτυρι θύρσῳ.
 πολλὰς δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστήσω στίχας Ἰνδῶν
 ζωγρήσας μετ' Ἄρηα, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Λυδῶν
 πῆξω μαινομένοιο κεράατα Δηριαδῆος." 220

Ὡς φάμενος θάρσυνεν· ἐπερρώοντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἄρηιφίλης μέλος Ἠχοῦς
 καὶ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν ὁμοφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·
 καὶ τυπάνου κελάδοντος ὁμόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἠχῶ

^a Cf. Hom. Od. xii. 127 ff.

^b Cf. xxxviii. 432.

^c A process of purification in some mystery-cults.

will go to the island of Thrinacia,^a where are the sheep and oxen of the fireflashing heavenly Charioteer, and drag the sun's daughter Lampetië under the yoke of slavery, to bow the knee like a girl captured by the spear. Then let Astris wander away to the mountains, to bewail her son Deriades a slave in heavy chains : let her go, if she likes, to settle in the Celtic land, that she also may turn into a tree with the Heliads and weep often in floods of sorrowful tears.^b

²⁰⁴ " Make haste, I pray, and whiten the round blackskin faces of the captive Indians with the initiate's chalk ^c; and bring me the bold king ^d swathed in clusters of vine ; throw a fawnskin about Deriades in his coat of mail. Let the Indian king bend a slave's knee to Bromios after my victory, and throw his corselet to the winds, covering his body in a better corselet of fur. Let him press his foot into purple buskins, and leave his silver greaves to the breezes. After his deadly arrows and the deeds of battle which he knows, let him learn the nightdancing rites of Dionysos, and shake his curls of barbarian hair over the winepress. Bring enemy heads as trophies of victory to breezy Tmolos, pierced with the witnessing thyrsus. Many long lines of Indians I will bring away from the war alive after fighting is done, and I will fix on a Lydian gatehouse the horns of mad Deriades."

²²¹ With this speech he gave them courage. The Bacchant women made haste, the Seilenoi shouted the tune of the battle-hymn, the Satyrs opened their throats and shouted in accord ; the sound of the beating drum rang out, beating time with its terri-

^a Something has fallen out.

φρικαλέον μύκημα, φιλοκροτάλων δὲ γυναικῶν 225
 χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίησιν ἀράσσετο δίκτυπος ἤχώ·
 καὶ νομὴ Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σύριγξ. 227
 Καὶ στρατιῆς προκέλευθος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῶ 231
 Μυγδονίη μάρμαιρε δι' ἠέρος ἄλλομένη φλόξ,
 Βακχείην πυρόεσσαν ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχείην·
 Σειληνοῦ δὲ γέροντος ἀπ' εὐκεράοιο μετώπου
 μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν· ὄρεσσαύλοιο δὲ Βάκχης 235
 δέσμιος ἀπλέκτοισι δράκων ἐσφίγγετο χαίταις· 236
 καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον· ἐλευκαίνοντο δὲ γύψω 228
 μυστιπόλῳ, καὶ φρικτὸν ἐπηώρητο παρειαῖς
 ψευδομένου νόθον εἶδος ἀφωνήτοιο προσώπου. 230
 καὶ τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι μεμνηνότεν τίγριν ἰμάσσων 237
 δίφρα διεπτοίησεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων·
 καὶ πολὺς κεκόρυστο Μάρων ἐλικώδεϊ θαλλῶ,
 ἡμερίδων ὄρηκι διασχίζων δέμας Ἴνδῶν 240
 μαρναμένων.—καὶ πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
 Ζηνὶ παρεδριόωντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
 πασσυδὸν ἠγορόωντο πολυχρύσων ἐπὶ θώκων.
 τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
 εὐχαίτης γλυκὴν νέκταρ ἐωνοχόει Γανυμήδης. 245
 οὐ τότε γὰρ Τρώεσσιν Ἀχαικὸς ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
 ὡς πάρος ὄφρα κύπελλα πάλιν μακάρεσσι κεράσση
 Ἥβη καλλιέθειρα, καὶ ἀθανάτων ἕκασ εἴη
 Τρώϊος οἰνοχόος, μὴ πατρίδος οἶτον ἀκούση.
 τοῖσι συναγρομένοις ἀγορήσατο μητίετα Ζεὺς, 250
 ἔννεπε δ' Ἀπόλλωνι καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ·
 “ Ἄξονος ὀμφαίοιο θεηγόρε κοίρανε Πυθοῦς,
 τοξοσύνης σκηπτουῆχε, σελασφόρε, σύγγουε Βάκχου,
 μνώεο Παρνησσοῖο καὶ ὑμετέρου Διονύσου·
 Ἄμπελος οὗ σε λέληθεν ἐφήμερος· οἶσθα καὶ αὐτὴν 255
 ἀμφοτέρων σκοπέλων διδυμάονα μύστιδα πεύκην·

fying boom, the rattling women clanged their double strokes with alternate hands ; the shepherd's syrinx piped out its Phrygian notes to summon the host.

²³¹ In front of the army, pushing to the fray, the Mygdonian torch shone leaping through the air, proclaiming the fiery birth of Bacchos. The horned brow of old Seilenos sparkled with light ; snakes were twined in the unplaited hair of the hillranging Bacchant women. The Satyrs also fought ; they were whitened with mystic chalk,^a and on their cheeks hung the terrifying false mask of a sham voiceless face. One lashing a maddened tiger against his foes scattered the cars of linked elephants. Hoary Maron was armed with a clustering shoot, and pierced the bodies of fighting Indians with a branch of garden-vine.

²⁴¹ All the inhabitants of Olympos were sitting with Zeus in his godwelcoming hall, gathered in full company on golden thrones. As they feasted, fair-hair Ganymedes drew delicious nectar from the mixing-bowl and carried it round. For then there was no noise of Achaian war for the Trojans as once there was, that Hebe with her lovely hair might again mix the cups, and the Trojan cupbearer might be kept apart from the immortals, so as not to hear the fate of his country. Now Zeus Allwise addressed the assembly, and spoke to Apollo and Hephaistos and Athena :

²⁵² " Prophetic sovereign of the prophetic axle of Pytho, Prince of Archery, lightbringer, brother of Bacchos, remember Parnassos and your Dionysos ! You did not fail to see Ampelos who lived but a day ; you know also the double mystic torch of the double

^a Cf. 205.

NONNOS

ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτιο τεοῦ προμάχιζε Λυαίου,
 Βασσαρίδων ἐπίκουρος Ὀλύμπια τόξα τιταίνων·
 Παρνησοῦ δὲ γέραιρε τεῆν ξυνήονα πέτρην,
 ὀππόθι κωμάζουσα χοροίτυπος ἴαχε Βάκχη, 260
 σοὶ μέλος ἐντύνουσα καὶ ἀγρύπνω Διονύσω,
 Δελφικὸν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγον ἀψαμένη πῦρ.
 μνώεο σῆς, κλυτότοξε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
 δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἄγρῆ καὶ Διονύσω·
 ὡς Νόμιος Σατύρων νομίων προμάχιζε γενέθλης. 265
 Ἥρης ζῆλον ἄλαλκε βαρύφρονα, μὴ ποτε Φοίβου
 μητρυιῇ γελάσειε Διωνύσοιο φυγόντος,
 ἧ τις ἐμῶν μεθέπουσα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐρώτων
 αἰὲν ἐμοῖς τεκέεσσι κορύσσεται· οὐ σε διδάξω
 μητέρος ὑμετέρης λόχιον πόνον, ἠνίκα παίδων 270
 δίζυγα φόρτον ἔχουσα πολὺπλανος ἦε Λητώ,
 κέντροις παιδογόνοισιν ἱμασσομένη τοκετοῖο,
 ὀππότε Πηγειοῖο φυγὰς ῥόος, ὀππότε Δίρκη
 μητέρα σὴν ἀπέειπεν, ὅτε δρόμον εἶχε καὶ αὐτὸς
 Ἄσωπὸς βαρύγουνος ὀπίστερον ἵχνος ἐλίσσων, 275
 εἰσόκε Δῆλος ἄμυνε μογοστόκος, εἰσόκε Λητώ
 οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι γέρων μαιώσατο φοῖνιξ.
 καὶ σύ, Διὸς πατέρος καὶ μητέρος ἄτρομε κούρη,
 γνωτῶ, Παλλάς, ἄμυνε τεῆς κοσμήτορι πάτρης·
 ῥύεο σοὺς ναετῆρας ἐφespoμένους Διονύσω, 280
 μηδὲ τεοῦ Μαραθῶνος ὀλωλότα τέκνα νοήσης·
 Ἄκταιῆς δὲ γέραιρε φερέπτολιν ὄζον ἐλαίης·
 Ἰκαρίῳ δὲ γέροντι χαρίζεο· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνω
 δώσει ποικιλόβοτρυς ἐὴν Διόνυσος ὀπώρην·
 μνώεο Τριπτολέμοιο καὶ εὐαρότου Κελεοῖο, 285

peaks.^a Come now, fight for Lyaïos your brother! Bend your Olympian bow to help the Bassarids. Glorify the cliff of your Parnassos common to both, where the Bacchant woman holding revel has raised her voice in song to you and sleepless Dionysos, and kindled one common Delphian flame for both. Remember your lionslaying Cyrene,^b illustrious Archer! Be gracious to Agreus and Dionysos both: as the Herdsman, fight for the generation of Satyr herdsmen. Repel the heavyhearted jealousy of Hera, that the stepmother of Apollo may not laugh to see Dionysos run! She always cherishes jealousy and resentment for my loves, and attacks my children. I will not remind you of your mother's tribulation in childbirth,^c when Leto carried her twin burden and had to wander over the world, tormented with the pangs of childbirth; when the stream of Peneios fled from her, when Dirce refused your mother, when Asopos himself made off dragging his lame leg behind him—until Delos gave help to her labour, until the old palmtree played the midwife for Leto with her poor little leaves.

²⁷⁸ " And you, Pallas, fearless daughter, for whom Zeus was father and mother both, help your brother, the ornament of your country! Save your people who are following Dionysos, do not look on while the sons of your Marathon perish! Glorify the growth of your Athenian olive, which gave you a city. Grant this grace to old Icarïos,^d for one day Dionysos will give his rich bunches of fruit to him also. Remember Triptolemos and the good plowman Celeos, and do not

* The Dionysiac rites held in winter on Parnassos.

^b Cf. v. 215.

^c Cf. Callim. *Hymns* iv. 71 ff.

^d Cf. xlvii. 34 ff.

μὴ τalάρους γονόεντας ἀτιμήσης Μετανείρης·
 καὶ γὰρ ἀοσητήρος ἐρισταφύλου σέο Βάκχου
 Ζεὺς γονόεις ὠδίνα πατήρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῶ,
 θηλυτέρην δ' ἐλόχευσε τετὴν ὠδίνα καρήνω. 290
 ἀλλὰ τετὴν δονέουσα γενέθλιον ἤλικα λόγχην,
 αἰγίδα δ' αἰθύσσουσα κυβερνήτειραν Ἐννοῦς,
 γινεό μοι Σατύροισι βοηθός, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
 αἰγὸς ὄρεσσινόμου λασίουσ φορέουσι χιτῶνας·
 καὶ θεὸς ἀγρονόμων, νομίης σύριγγος ἀνάσσων,
 αἰγίδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται αἰγίβοτος Πάν, 295
 ὃς πρὶν ἀσυλήτοισιν ἐμοῖς σκήπτροισι συνερίζων
 μάρατο Τιτήνεσσι, γαλακτοφόρου δὲ τιθήνης
 αἰγὸς Ἀμαλθείης ὄρεσίδρομος ἔπλετο ποιμήν·
 ῥυεό μιν μετόπισθε βοηθόον Ἀθίδι χάρμη,
 Μηδοφόνον ῥυτῆρα τινασσομένου Μαραθῶνος· 300
 αἰγίδα σεῖο τίνασσε προασπίζουσα Λναίου,
 σεῖο κασιγνήτου μελαναίγιδος, ὃς σέο πάτρην
 ῥύσεται ἐξέλασας Βοιώτιον ἠγεμονῆα·
 καὶ μέλος αἰεῖσει ζωάγριον ἀστός Ἐλευθοῦς
 πιστὸν ἀνευάζων Ἀπατούριον νῆα Θυώνης, 305
 εἰ μιγάδην Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀνακρούσουσιν Ἀθῆναι
 Λιμναῖον μετὰ Βάκχον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ.
 ὦ γένος ἄλλοπρόσαλλον Ὀλύμπιον· ἄ μέγα θαῦμα·
 ξείνῳ Δηριάδῃ παρίσταται Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη,

^a The Eleusinians who received Demeter in her wanderings.

^b The Boeotians having invaded Attica, it was agreed to settle the matter by single combat between their leader, Xanthos, and the Athenian champion Melanthios. As they were about to begin, Melanthios saw a figure clad in a black goatskin behind his opponent, and objected to having to fight two at once. Xanthos turned round to look, and Melanthios took advantage of this to kill him. Somehow identifying the phantom as Dionysos, the Athenians instituted a cult of him under the title Melanaigis, He of the black

insult the fruitful baskets of Metaneira.^a For Zeus your fruitful father bore the birthpangs of the helper, your Bacchos of the vine, in his pregnant thigh, and you, the girl-child, in his head. Come now, raise the lance born along with you, shake your goatcape the aegis, the governor of war, be helper to my Satyrs, because they also wear hairy skins of the mountain goats; the god of countrymen himself, lord of the shepherd's pipes, goatfoot Pan, needs your aegis-cape. He once helped to defend my inviolable sceptre and fought against the Titans, he once was mountain-ranging shepherd of the goat Amaltheia my nurse, who gave me milk; save him, for he in the after-time shall help the Athenian battle, he shall slay the Medes and save shaken Marathon. Shake your aegis-cape and protect Lyaïos, your brother in his black goatskin-cape, who shall drive out the Boiotian captain and save your country^b; then the citizen of Eleutho shall sing a hymn of salvation, calling Euoi for Apaturios the faithful son of Thyone, if Athens shall celebrate together in Phrygian tune, after her Limnaian Bacchos, Dionysos of Eleusis.

³⁰⁸ "O you family of Olympos, facing all ways! Ah, here is a great marvel! Hera of Argos stands by

Goatskin. See, for some modern criticism of this curious tale, Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Lit.*, pp. 131 f.

Iacchos, an obscure Eleusinian god, was identified with Dionysos (Bacchos) at a fairly early date in Athens; he is the "Eleusinian Dionysos" meant here, and was prominent in the historical celebrations under Athenian patronage of the Eleusinian Mysteries. The Apaturia, which Dionysos has really nothing to do with, was a festival at which children were enrolled in their fathers' clans. Limnaios was a local Athenian title of Dionysos, from the position of his temple in the Limnai, or Marshes, a piece of low-lying ground of somewhat uncertain locality.

NONNOS

Κεκροπίδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀναίνεται Ἀτθίς Ἀθήνη, 310
 μητρὶ δὲ πιστὰ φέρων, ἐμὸν υἷα Βάκχον ἑάσας
 καὶ στρατιὴν Θρηῖσσαν ἐφespoμένην Διονύσῳ,
 ῥύεται Ἰνδὸν ὄμιλον ἐμὸς Θρηῖκιος Ἄρης.
 ἀλλὰ πυρὶ φλογόεντι συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ,
 μῦνος ἐγὼ πάντεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἰσόκε Βάκχος 315
 κυανέην προθέλυμνον ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
 καὶ σύ, τελεσιγιόνου φιλοπάρθενε νυμφίε Γαίης,
 ἡρεμέεις, Ἥφαιστε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Μαραθῶνος,
 ἦχι θεᾶς ἀγάμου γάμιον σέλας; οὐ σε διδάξω
 μυστιπόλους σπινθήρας ἀειφανέος σέο λύχνου. 320
 λάρνακα παιδοκόμου μμνήσκεο παρθενεῶνος,
 ᾧ ἔνι κούρος ἔην Γαίησιος, ᾧ ἔνι κούρη
 σὸν σπῶρον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῶ·
 σὸν πέλεκυν κούφιζε μογοστόκον, ὄφρα σαώσης
 σῶ λοχίῳ βουπλήγι τεῆς ναετῆρας Ἀθήνης. 325
 ἡρεμέεις, Ἥφαιστε, καὶ οὐ σέο τέκνα σαώσεις;
 ἠθάδα πυρσὸν ἄειρε προασπιστῆρα Καβείρων,
 ὄμμα δὲ σείο τίταινε, καὶ ἀρχαίην σέο νύμφην
 μεμφομένην σκοπίαζε τεῆν φιλόπαιδα Καβειρώ·
 Λημνιάς Ἀλκιμάχεια τεῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἀλκῆς." 330
 Ὡς φαμένου σπέρχοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
 ξυνοὶ ἀοσητῆρες Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
 καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὁμάρτεε Τριτογενεΐη.
 ἀθανάτοις δ' ἐτέροισιν ὁμίλεε σύνδρομος Ἥρη,
 Ἄρεα χειρὸς ἔχουσα καὶ εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην, 335
 δυσμενέων συνάεθλον ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ,

• Cf. on xiii. 172.

Deriades the foreigner ; Athena of Attica renounces the warriors of Cecrops ; my own Ares of Thrace true to his mother deserts my son Bacchos, and the Thracian host which follows Dionysos, and saves an Indian horde ! But I alone fight for Dionysos with my blazing fire, one against all, until Bacchos shall destroy the black nation root and branch. And you Hephaistos, lover of the Maiden, bridegroom of creative Earth,^a do you sit still and care nothing for Marathon, where the wedding torch^b of the unwedded goddess is shining ? I will not remind you of the mystical sparks of your everburning light. Remember the casket in that childcherishing maiden chamber, in which was the son of Earth, in which the Girl nursed your selfbegotten offspring with her manly breast. Lift up your axe that played the midwife,^c to save the people of your Athena with your delivering hatchet ! Do you sit still, Hephaistos, and will not you save your children ? Lift your accustomed torch to defend the Cabeiroi ; turn your eye and see your ancient bride, your Cabeiro, reproaching you in love for her sons. Valiant Alcimacheia^d of Lemnos needs your valour ! ”

³³¹ After this appeal the gods who dwelt in Olympos departed in haste. Athenaia and Apollo united together as helpers, and fiery Hephaistos went along with Tritogeneia. Hera joined herself to the other party of immortals, leading Ares by the hand, and wideflowing Hydaspes, to help the enemy with equal ardour. Rout and Terror went in their

^b Obscure. Does Nonnos take some Marathonian rite in which torches were used to commemorate Athena's marriage with Hephaistos ?

^c He split Zeus's head with it to let Athena out.

^d A Mainad ; for her death, see xxx. 192.

τοῖσι Φόβος καὶ Δεῖμος ὀμέμποροι, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἀντίπαλος Βρομίιο φερέσταχυς ἵκετο Δηώ,
 ζωογόνῳ φθονέουσα φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
 ὅττι μέθης ποτὸν εὔρε, παλαιότερον εὔχος ἐλέγξας 340
 Ζαγρέος ἀρχεγόνοιο φατιζομένου Διονύσου.

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company, and with them cornbearing Deo, the rival of Bacchos, being jealous of lifegiving Dionysos who loved the grapes because he had discovered the beverage of wine; and this dimmed the pride of ancient Zagreus, the god who first of all had the name of Dionysos.^a

^a Cf. bk. vi., especially 206.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὀππόθι πολλὴν
Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσειας Ἐννώ.

Ἐνθά τις ἀπρήντος ἔην ἔρις· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
Φαῦνος Ἀρισταῖός τε μίαν συνέλασσαν Ἐννώ,
οἷσιν ἐφωμάρτησε καὶ Αἰακός, ἄξια ρέζων
Ζηνὸς ἐοῦ γενετῆρος, ὑπὲρ νώτοιο τιταίνων
ἀσπίδα χαλκείην πολυδαίδαλον, ἧς ἐνὶ κύκλω 5
δαίδαλα πολλὰ πέπαστο,

τά περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων.

Καὶ στρατιῇ κεκόρυστο πολύτροπος

εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν

σπερχομένων ἀγεληδόν· ὁ μὲν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῶ
κραιπνὸς ἐς ὑσμίνην πολυδαίδαλα δίφρα νομεύων
πορδαλίων ἐπέβαινε, ὁ δὲ φρίσσοντι λεπάδνω 10
ζεῦξεν Ἐρυθραίων ὄρεσίδρομον ἄρμα λεόντων
καὶ βλοσυρὴν ἴθυνε συνωρίδα, κυανέας δὲ
ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἀκοντίζων στίχας Ἰνδῶν
ἀστεμφῆς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο ταῦρον ἰμάσσων,
καὶ τις ἀναΐξας Κυβελήϊδος εἰς ράχιν ἄρκτου 15
ἔχραε δυσμενέεσσι, καὶ οἶνοπα θύρσον ἐλίσσων
ἠνιόχους ἐφόβησε τανυκνήμων ἐλεφάντων·
ἄλλος ἀκοντίζων στρατιῇν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῶ
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ σάκος εἶχε περίτροχον, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης

BOOK XXVIII

Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see
a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.

Now there was implacable conflict ; for both Phau-
nos and Aristaïos fought side by side, and Aiacos
joined them, doing deeds worthy of Zeus his father,
shaking the shield over his back, that shield of bronze
curiously wrought on its disc with many patterns of
fine art, which the Lemnian anvil had made.

⁷ And the host came armed in all its many forms,
hastening in troops to the Indian War. One with his
fleshcutting ivy stormed into battle, guiding a fine
car with a team of panthers ; one yoked lions of the
Erythraian hills to his chariot, and drove the grim
pair bristling under the yokestrap. Another sat tight
on an unbridled bull, and amused himself by lashing
its flanks, as he cast his javelins furiously among
the black Indian ranks. Another leapt on the back
of a bear of Cybele, and attacked the enemy, shaking
the vine-wrapped thyrsus and scaring the drivers of long-
legged elephants. Another shot at the foe with
fleshcutting ivy ; no sword he had, no round buckler,

φοίνιον, ἀλλὰ πέτηλα φυτῶν ἐλικώδεα σείων 20
 λεπτῶ χαλκοχίτωνα κατέκτανεν ἀνέρα θαλλῶ.
 καὶ πάταγος βρονταῖος ἐπέκτυπεν εἵκελος αὐλῶ.
 Σειληνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν· ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
 νεβρίδας ὡς θύρηκα κατὰ στέρνοιο βαλοῦσαι.
 καὶ τις ὄρεσσινόμων Σατύρων, ἅτε πῶλον ἐλαύνων, 25
 ποσὶ διχαζομένοισιν ὑπὲρ ράχιν ἦστο λεαίνης.

Ἴνδοι δ' ἀνταλάλαζον, ἀολλίζων δὲ μαχητὰς
 βάρβαρος ἐσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατος αὐλὸς Ἐννοῦς·
 στέμματα μὲν κορύθεσσι,

ἐπέκτυπε δ' αἰγίδι θύρηξ,
 ἔγχεσι θύρσος ἔθυσε, καὶ ἰσάζοντο κοθόρνοι 30
 ἀντίτυποι κνημίδες· ὁμοζυγέων δὲ φορήων
 στοιχάδες ἀλλήλησιν ἐπηρείδοντο βοεῖαι,
 καὶ πρυλέες πρυλέεσσιν, ἀερσιλόφῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
 Μυγδονίην πήληκα Πελασγιάς ὄθεε πήληξ.

Καὶ κλόνος ἦν προμάχων ἑτερότροπος·

ὃς μὲν ἀείρων 35

Βακχείης ἐλέλιζε μετάρσιον ἄλμα χορείης,
 ὃς δὲ πεσῶν στενάχιζεν, ὃ δ' ἐκροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ,
 ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς ἤσπαιρεν, ὃ δ' ἐσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ·
 ἄλλος ἀπὸ στομάτων πολεμήιον ἦχον ἰάλλων
 Ἄρεος ἔγχος ἔμελπεν, ὃ δ' εἰλαπίνην Διονύσου· 40
 καὶ τελετῇ Βρομίοιο συνεσμαράγησεν Ἐννώ,
 Εὔια δ' ἴαχε ρόπτρα, καὶ ἠγήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ
 λαὸν ἀολλίζουσα συνέκτυπε πηκτίδι σάλπιγξ,
 σπονδῇ λύθρον ἔμιξε, φόνον δ' ἐκέρασσε χορείῃ.

Ἐνθα πολὺ πρῶτιστος, ἐῶ ποδὶ κοῦφος ὀρούσας, 45
 ἀντία Δηριάδαο κατηκόντιζε Φαληνεὺς,
 καὶ τύχην ἀρρήκτιοιο σιδηρείοιο χιτῶνος·
 οὐδὲ τιταινομένη χροὸς ἦψατο λοίγιος αἰχμῆ,
 ἀλλὰ παραῖξασα πάγη χθονί· λυσσαλέος δὲ

no deadly spear of battle, but shaking clustered leaves of plants he killed the mailed man with a tiny twig. Thunder crashed like sounding pipes: the Seilenoi shouted, the Bacchant women came to battle with fawnskins thrown across their chests instead of a corselet. And a Satyr of the mountains sat astride on the back of a lioness, as if he were riding a colt.

²⁷ The Indians on their part raised their wacry, and the barbarian pipes of war sounded to summon the host and assemble the fighting men. Garlands knocked against helmets, corselet against goatskin, thyrsus rushed upon spear, greaves were matched against buskins; rows of shields pressed against each other as the ranks which carried them met together, footmen against footmen; Pelasgian helmet pushed Mygdonian helmet with highnodding plume.^a

³⁵ Many and various were the fates of the fighting men. One bounded high in air with the Bacchic dance; one lay groaning upon the ground; one merrily stamped his shoon; one gasped under a wound; one skipt in honour of Lyaïos. Another let out the wacry from his lips, and sang of Ares' lance, another of the festival of Dionysos; the warshout resounded together with the worship of Bromios, Euian tambours roared, trumpet blared with harp leading the combat and gathering the people, mingled gore with libation, confused bloodshed with dance.

⁴⁵ There well to the front lightly poised on his foot, Phaleneus cast a spear straight at Deriades and struck the unbreakable coat of mail; the deadly point thus cast did not reach the flesh, but glanced off and stuck in the ground. Mighty Corymbasos

^a Imitated from *Il.* xvi. 215-217.

NONNOS

Δηριάδη πέλας ἔχθρὸν ἐπαΐσσοντα νοήσας 50
 ἀλκήεις ἐκίχησε Κορύμβασος, ἔσσυμένου δὲ
 λαμὸν ἀπηλοίησε μεσαίτατον ἄορι τύψας,
 καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤμησε· δαιζομένου δὲ καρήνου
 αἰμοβαφῆς ἀκάρηνος ἐπὶ χθόνα πίπτε Φαληνεύς.
 Ἄμφι δὲ οἱ μόθος ὤρτο πολύθροος· ἀκρότατον δὲ 55
 Δεξιόχοσ Φλογίοιο μεσόφρυν ἔξεσε χαλκῶ,
 πλήξας ἄκρα μέτωπα διχαζομένης τρυφαλείης·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ ταρβήσας, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων,
 μηκεδανῆ κεκάλυπτο κασιγνήτιο βοείῃ, 59
 Δαρδανίης ἄτε Τεῦκρον οἰστευτήρα γενέθλης 61
 εἰς σάκος ἐπταβόειον ἐδέχνυτο σύγγονος Αἴας, 62
 πατρῶη συνάεθλον ἀδελφεὸν ἀσπίδι κεύθων. 60
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο Κορύμβασος ἄορ ἐρύσσας 63
 αὐχένα Δεξιόχοιο κατεπρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ·
 καὶ ταχὺς ἀσπαίροντι θορῶν περιδέδρομε νεκρῶ 65
 οἰστρομανῆς Κλύτιος, πρυλέων πρόμος· ὑψιλόφου δὲ
 κραιπνὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἀκόντισε Δηριαδῆος·
 ἀλλὰ δόρυ προμάχοιο παρακλιδὸν ἔτραπεν Ἥρη,
 καὶ Κλυτίῳ κοτέουσα καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
 ἔμπησ δ' οὐκ ἀφάμαρτε ταχὺς πρόμος·
 ἀλλὰ τορήσας 70
 θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτιο πελώριον ἀνθερεῶνα
 ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατέκτανε Δηριαδῆος·
 καὶ μογέων ὀδύνησιν ὄλην ἐτίναξεν ἀπήνην
 αὐχένι κνανέῳ περιδέξιος ἠλίβατος θήρ·
 καὶ γέννυν αἰθύσσων σκολιὴν προβλήτα προσώπου 75
 αἰμοβαφῆ ζυγίων ἀνεσεύρασε δεσμὰ λεπάδνων·
 ἀλλὰ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἄορι κάμψας
 αὐχενίων ἀνέκοψεν ὁμόζυγον ὀλκὸν ἱμάντων
 ἠνίοχος ταχυεργός· ἀπ' εὐρυβάτιο δὲ φάτνης
 ὑψιφανῆ νέον ἄλλον ἐλὼν ἔζευξε Κελαινεύς. 80

noticed the enemy as he rushed at Deriades, and madly attacked him—struck his neck as he charged and sheared it through with his sword, mowing off the head : at the shearing stroke, Phaleneus headless and bathed in blood fell to the ground.

⁵⁵ About him rose a tumultuous din. Dexiochos grazed the forehead of Phlogios,^a and his blade cleft the helmet and cut the brow : the wounded man, startled, moved back step by step^b and took shelter behind his brother's great shield, as Aias used to receive his kinsman Teucros, that shooter of arrows against the Dardanian nation, under his sevenhide shield, and sheltered his brother and comrade under his father's targe.^c In a moment, Corymbasos drew sword from sheath, and cut through the neck of Dexiochos with his blade. Quickly with a mad leap over the palpitating body came Clytios, a leader of the footmen, and raging wildly cast at high-crested Deriades ; but Hera turned the spear away from the man, for she hated Clytios and Indian-slaying Dionysos both. Yet the warrior's quick shot did not miss ; it pierced the monstrous throat of the straightlegged elephant which Deriades rode, and killed the furious beast. The mountainous creature in agony cleverly shook the whole car which he carried on his black neck ; and shooting out the trunk which curved round his face, disengaged the blood-stained ropes of his yokepads. The driver quickly dived under the famous yoke, and sword in hand, cut the mass of knotted straps which held the yoke over the neck ; then Celaineus brought a new one hightowering from the wide stables and got it ready.

* See xxvi. 45.

^b From *Il.* xi. 547.

^c See xiii. 461, and *Hom. Il.* viii. 266.

Καὶ Κλύτιος θρασὺς ἔσκεν ἀνεικέος ἐλπίδι νίκης·
 Δεξιόχου δὲ φονῆα καλέσσατο θυιάδι φωνῆ,
 λοίγιον ὑβριστῆρι χέων ἔπος ἀνθρεῶνι·

“ Στῆθι, κύων, μὴ φεύγε, Κορύμβασε,
 καὶ σε διδάξω,

οἶοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ὀπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου. 85

ὑμέας εἰς Φρυγίην λήισσομαι, ἄστεα δ’ Ἰνδῶν
 δηῶσει δόρυ τοῦτο, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην
 Δηριάδην θεράποντα Διωνύσοιο τελέσσω·
 παρθενικὴ δ’ ἀνάεδνος ἐὼν λύσειε κορείην,
 δεχνημένη Σατύροιο δασυστέρνου ὑμεναίου, 90
 Ἰνδῆ Μυγδονίοιο μαινομένη σχεδὸν Ἑρμοῦ.”

Ὡς φαμένου κεχόλωτο Κορύμβασος, ὀψιμόθου¹ δὲ
 φθεγγομένου Κλυτίοιο διέθρισε ἀνθρεῶνα·
 καὶ κεφαλὴν πεπότῃ μετάρσιος ἄλματι Μοίρης,
 αἰμαλὴν ραθάμιγγι περιρραίνουσα κονίην. 95

Καὶ νέκυν ὄρχηστῆρα παλινδίνητον ἔασας
 Σειληνοὺς ἐφόβησε Κορύμβασος, ἔξοχος Ἰνδῶν,
 ἔξοχος ἠγορέην μετὰ Μορρέα καὶ βασιλῆα.
 αἰχμητὴν δὲ Σέβητα βαλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
 χάλκεον ὥθειεν ἔγχος ἔσω χροός, αἰμαλέου δὲ 100
 δούρατος ἐλκομένοιο χυτῆ κατέβαλλε κονίην.

Οἶνομάω δ’ ἐπόρουσεν· ὁ μὲν φυγὰς εἵκελος αὔραις
 εἰς στρατιὴν Βρομίοιο τεθηπότι χάζετο ταρσῶ·
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀπίστερος, ἐν δ’ ἄρα νώτῳ
 μεσσατίω δόρυ πῆξε· διαῖσσοῦσα δὲ ῥιπῆ 105
 γαστέρος ἀντιπόροιο παρ’ ὀμφαλὸν ἄνθορον αἰχμῆ·
 αὐτὰρ ὁ φοινῆεντι πεπαρμένος ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ
 πρηνῆς ἀρτιδάκτος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίην·
 τὸν δὲ κατὰ βλεφάρων θανατηφόρος ἔσκεπεν ἀχλὺς·
 οὐδὲ μόθων ἀπέληγε πέλωρ πρόμος· ἀλλὰ μαχηταὶ 110

¹ So mss. : Ludwich ὀψιμόθου.

⁸¹ Now Clytios grew bold with hope of victory undisputed. He challenged the slayer of Dexiochos in a madman's voice, and uttered fatal words with insulting tongue :

⁸⁴ " Stand, dog ! Flee not from me, Corymbasos ! I will show you what javelin-throwers are the servants of Lyaïos ! I will lead you all captive into Phrygia—this my spear shall devastate the cities of India—after the Indian-slaying victory I will make Deriades the lackey of Dionysos ! The virgin shall loose her maidenhood without bridegifts—she shall accept a shaggy-chested Satyr for husband, an Indian ravished beside Mygdonian Hermos ! "

⁹² Corymbasos was infuriated by these words. Clytios was too late—the other shore through his throat as he spoke. The head bounded high with a leap of fate, raining drops of blood on the dust.

⁹⁶ Corymbasos left the dead body dancing and rolling on the ground, and scattered the Seilenoi, Corymbasos chief of the Indians pre-eminent for valour next to Morrheus and their king. He struck Sebes the spearman above the circle of his breast, and drove the spear of bronze into the flesh, drew out the bloody spear and left him there in a heap of dust. He leapt upon Oinomaos : he was retreating quick as the wind with startled foot towards the army of Bromios, but the other saw him and pursued, and thrust his spear into the middle of his back—the point leapt in and went through the belly with the thrust and out at the midnipple. The man transfixed with the bloody steel and new-slain sprawled flat on his face in the dust ; the mist of death came down on his eyelids. But the prodigious hero did

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τέσσαρες εὐπήληκες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῆι,
 Τυνδάρϊός τε Θόων τε καὶ Αὐτεσίων καὶ Ὀνίτης.

Καὶ πολὺς¹ ἀρτιδάικτος ἔην νέκυς,

οὐ χθονὶ πίπτων

πρηνῆς, οὐ δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος ὕπτιος ἀνὴρ·
 ἀλλὰ θανῶν ἀτίνακτος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ, 115

μαρναμένῳ προμάχῳ πανομοίους, ὡς δόρυ πάλλων,
 ὡς τανύων θοὰ τόξα καὶ ὡς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων.

καὶ νέκυς ἀλκῆεις ποθέων μετὰ πότμον Ἐννῶ
 νῆματα Μοιράων ἐβιήσατο, δούρατι κούφῳ

εἵκελος αἰχμάζοντι, πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ τόξων 120
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς βελέεσσι πεπαρμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους,

Ἄρεος ὀρθὸν ἄγαλμα· καὶ αἰχμητῆρα θανόντα
 ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐθηήσαντο μαχηταί,

ἔγχος ἔτι κρατέοντα καὶ οὐ ρύψαντα βοεῖην,
 νεκρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα καὶ ἄπνοον ἀσπιδιώτην. 125

Καὶ τις Ἀθηναῖοιο τυχῶν δασπλῆτι σιδήρῳ
 δεξιτερὴν ἤμησε, βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀράξας·

ἧ δὲ κυβιστήσασα φόνου βητάρμονι παλμῶ
 ἤριπεν ἀρτιδάικτος, ὀμήλικι σύμπλοκος ὤμῳ,

ξανθὰ διαστίζουσα κατάρρυτα νῶτα κονίης. 130

καὶ νῦ κεν ἀλλομένης ταναὸν δόρυ χειρὸς ἐρύσσας
 ἔγχεϊ τηλεβόλῳ παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐννῶ,

καὶ λαιῆ πολέμιζε δορυσσόος ἀντίτυπος χεῖρ·
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνάρσιος ἔφθασεν ἀνὴρ, 135

καὶ λαιὴν προθέλυμον ἀμοιβάδι τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
 καὶ παλάμῃ χθονὶ πίπτειν, ἀκοντίζων δὲ φονῆα

αἱμαλέης ἔρραιεν ἐκηβόλος ὄλκός ἐέρσης
 πορφυρέαις λιβάδεσσι, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλῆ

ἄλμασιν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χεῖρ
 αἵματι φοινηχθεῖσα, καὶ ἀγκύλα δάκτυλα γαίῃ 140

εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσε μέσῳ γαμφώνυχι δεσμῶ,

not cease from slaughter. Four helmeted warriors were killed by this one slayer, Tyndarios and Thoön and Autesion and Onites.

¹¹³ Many a dead man also was there, just slain, yet he fell not forward to the ground, he lay not stretched out on his back : no, though dead he stood firmly on the earth, like a warrior fighting in the front, as if poising a spear, as if drawing bow and aiming a quick shot at a mark. The valiant dead, yearning for battle after fate had found him, compelled the threads of the Fates, like one casting a light spear, pierced from head to foot with arrows from countless bows, a standing image of Ares. The warriors gazed with wondering eyes at the dead spearman, who still held his spear and had not dropt his oxhide, a spearman corpse, a targeteer without life.

¹²⁶ One struck an Athenian, and shore off his right arm with the dreadful steel, cutting through the top of the shoulder ; the limb just cut off with shoulder attached, fell rolling in the dance of death and scoring along a stretch of yellow dust. The man would have pulled the long spear out of the rolling hand and made fight again with a long throw, battling with spear throwing left instead of right ; but an enemy blocked his way and got in first, cutting off the left at the shoulder in its turn. The arm fell to the ground, and a farshot spout of bloody dew struck the slayer and drenched him with crimson drops ; on the ground the poor hand went madly rolling and jumping, reddened with blood, while the curved fingers caught a good handful of earth in its imprisoning clutch, as

¹ So MSS. : Ludwich Πύλος.

οἶα περισφίγγουσα πάλιν τελαμῶνα βοείης.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν Ἀρήια δάκρυα λείβων·

“ Ἄλλην εἰσέτι χεῖρα λιλαίομαι, ὄφρα τελέσσω
τριχθαδίαις παλάμησιν ἐπάξια Τριτογενείης· 145
ἔμπης καὶ μετὰ χεῖρας ἀνάρσιον ἄνδρα διώξω·
τοῦτό μοι ἠγορέης ἔτι λείψανον, ὄφρα τις εἴπη
εὖχος Ἀθηναίων περιδέξιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοῖς
ποσσὶν ἀριστεύουσι δαιῖζομένων παλαμάων.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν ἐπέδραμεν εἴκελος αὖραις, 150
ὕσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ἐπεντύνων ὀλετήρι.
οἱ δέ μιν ἀθρήσαντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλω,
καὶ πρόμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
ἀμφιλαφεῖς· ὁ δὲ μῦνος ἀφειδέει δέκτο μαχαίρη
πληγὴν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου· 155
καὶ μόγις εἰς χθόνα πίπτειν· ἔην δέ τις Ἄρεος εἰκῶν
ὄψιγόνῳ ναετήρι φυλασσομένη γενετήρα.

Οὐ τότε μῦνος ὄμιλος ἐτέμνετο πεζὸς ὀδίτης,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἰππήεσσι ἐν φόνοσ· ἔστιχε δ’ ἄλλος
ἄλλω πότμον ἄγων· ἐλατήρ δ’ ἐλατήρα κιχήσας, 160
ἢ προτέρω φεύγοντι μετάφρενα δουρὶ δαιῖζων,
ἢ σχεδὸν ἀντιόωντα κατὰ στέρνοιο τυχήσας,
ἰππόθεν ἀρτιδαίικτον ἀπεστυφέλιξε κονίη.
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βεβολημένος ἵππος οἰστῶ
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἠνιοχῆα, 165
οἶος ἀερσιπότητος ἀλήμονι σύνδρομος αὖρη
Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην·

^a There is a pun on the name, as if it contained the word “third.” The difference of quantity would not be heard in the speech of Nonnos.

^b Double-handed is said of those who are equally strong with both hands. Here it means double glory, for hands

if gripping again the shieldstrap. The man shed a soldier's tears, and spoke :

¹⁴⁴ " What I want is another hand, that with three hands I may do deeds worthy of Tritogeneia ! ^a Never mind—I will pursue the enemy, if I leave my hands behind. So much remains for my valour ! Then all may tell a double-handed glory for Athens, how her sons are heroes when their hands are cut off and they have nothing but feet ! " ^b

¹⁵⁰ So saying, he rushed like the wind into the battle, and attacked his destroyer unarmed. The enemy stared at him in amazement one and all, and surrounded the half-soldier on all sides ; he quite alone received stab after stab, as the steel struck again and again with merciless blows, until at last he fell to the ground, a warlike image preserving the memory of the progenitor for a citizen of later days. ^c

¹⁵⁸ Not only those who fought on foot were cut down ; there was death for the horsemen too. On they went, one bringing fate for another. Rider caught rider, piercing his back with a spear as he fled before, or striking him face to face on the breast ; he shook him away ^d in the dust, new-slain, as he sat his horse. One horse struck by an arrow in the flank, shook off his rider headlong upon the ground, even as Pegasos flying high in the air as swift in his course as the wandering wind, threw Bellerophon. ^e

and feet both, but the word neatly glances at the special circumstances.

^c Very dubious ; the text is corrupt. Cynegeiros is supposed to be meant. He was the brother of Aeschylos, and at the battle of Marathon seized hold of a Persian ship with one hand ; when this was struck off, he seized it with the other.

^d *i.e.* cleared his lance-point.

^e When Bellerophon tried to ride him up to heaven.

ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ὀλισθηρῶν ἀπὸ νώτων
 ὄρθιος ἱππέης διὰ γαστέρος εἰς χθόνα πίπτων
 κύμβαχος ἐστήρικτο παρήγορος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ 170
 κράτα βαλὼν ἐκύλισσε, λιπὼν πόδας εἰς ῥάχιν ἵππου.

Καὶ βριαροὶ Κύκλωπες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχητάς,
 Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητήρες· ὀμιχλήεντι δὲ λαῶ
 Ἄργίλιπος σελάγιζε φεραυγέα δαλὸν αἰείρων,
 καὶ χθονίῳ κεκόρυστο πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῶ 175
 μαρνάμενος δαΐδεσσι· καὶ ἔτρεμον αἰθοπες Ἴνδοι
 οὐρανίῳ πρηστήρι τεθηπότες ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
 καὶ πυρόεις πρόμος ἦεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνοις
 Γηγενέος σπινθήρες ἐτοξεύοντο κεραυνοῦ·

καὶ μελίας νίκησε καὶ ἄσπετα φάσγανα Κύκλωψ, 180
 σείων θερμὰ βέλεμνα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν,
 δαλὸν ἔχων ἄτε τόξα· καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλω
 Ἴνδὸν οἰστευτήρι κατέφλεγεν ἀνέρα πυρσῶ,
 οὐχ ἓνα Σαλμωνῆα, νόθῳ δ' ἤλεγξε κεραυνῶ·
 οὐχ ἓνα μῦνον ἔπεφνε θεημάχον· οὐ μία μῦνου 185
 Εὐάδην στενάχιζε μαραινομένου Καπανῆος.

Καὶ Στερόπης κεκόρυστο σέλας μιμηλὸν ἐλίσσων,
 αἰθερίαις στεροπῆσι φέρων ἀντίκτυπον αἴγλην,
 σβεστὸν ἔχων ἀμάρνυμα,
 τό περ τέκεν Ἐσπερίη φλόξ,
 σπέρμα πυρὸς Σικελοῖο καὶ αἰθοπος ἐσχαρεῶνος· 190
 καὶ νεφέλη σκέπας εἶχεν ὁμοῖον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ

^a The mention of Salmoneus here is grotesquely inappropriate. He was king of Elis and pretended to be Zeus, imitating the thunder and lightning with a bronze implement of some kind and torches. Zeus therefore killed him with real lightning. The Indians are not mimicking anything, they are being killed with the Cyclops's imitation lightning!

Another in terror slipt off the horse's back and fell to the ground at full length over the horse's belly and hung by his side like a tumbler, and rolled along dragging his head on the ground with his feet on the horse's back.

¹⁷² Now the grim Cyclopes, allies of Zeus, surrounded the fighters. Argilipos lifted a shining torch and shed light on the throng through the dark clouds. He was armed with a firebarbed thunderbolt from the underworld, and fought with firebrands : the swarthy Indians trembled, amazed at that fire so like the heavenly firebursts. A champion all of fire he was, and the sparks of earthborn lightning showered upon the enemies' heads. The Cyclops conquered ash-pikes and countless swords, shaking his hot missiles and his flashing points, with brands for his arrows : one upon another, countless, he burnt the Indian men with the blazing shafts, chastising with pretended thunderbolt not one Salmoneus^a alone, slaying not only one enemy of God ; not one Euadne alone groaned, or only one Capaneus was scorched up.

¹⁸⁷ Steropes also was armed with a mimic lightning, which he brandished like the lightningflash of the sky, but an extinguishable brand, the child of Western flame, seed of Sicilian fire and that smoky forge ; a dark pall covered it like a cloud, and beneath it he

Capaneus was one of the Seven against Thebes ; he was just mounting the walls when he declared Zeus himself could not stop him now ; Zeus took up the challenge and killed him with a thunderbolt. His wife Euadne grieved for him so bitterly that she threw herself on his funeral pyre. It is just possible that Nonnos means in 186 that many Indian women had occasion to perform suttee, but his ignorance of their customs is so dense that it is far from certain he had ever heard of such a thing.

NONNOS

κρύπτε καὶ ἄψ ἀνέφηνε σέλας διδυμάοι παλμῶ,
 φέγγεος οὐρανίοιο φέρων τύπον· ἄστεροπὴ γὰρ
 ἐρχομένη φεύγουσαν ἔχει παλινάγρετον αἶγλην.

Καὶ Βρόντης πολέμιζε μέλος κελαδεινὸν ἀράσσω, 195
 βρονταίοις πατάγοισι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἤχῳ·
 καὶ ξείνη ραθάμιγγι χαμαιγενέος νιφετοῖο
 ποιητὸν προχέων μιννώριον αἶθριον ὕδωρ
 μιμηλαῖς λιβάδεσσι νόθος πέλεν ἀννέφελος Ζεὺς.
 βροντῆς δ' ἰσοτύπου τεχνήμονα δοῦπον ἑάσας 200
 εἰς φόνον ἀντιβίων Σικελῶ κεκόρυστο σιδήρῳ,
 καὶ δονέων ραισθῆρα μετάρσιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
 δυσμενέων ἤρασσε καρήατα πυκνὰ σιδήρῳ·
 τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην ζοφερὰς στίχας, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
 Αἰτναίῳ πατάγῳ σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων. 205
 καὶ σκοπιῆς πρηῶνα ταυκρήπιδος ἀράξας
 ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι κατέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος·
 καὶ παλάμη περίμετρον ἀφειδέει πέτρον ἰάλλων
 ἄντα κορυσσομένοιο μελαρρίνου βασιλῆος
 στήθεα λαχνήεντα χαραδραίῃ βάλεν αἰχμῆ· 210
 αὐτὰρ ὁ τοσσατίῳ μεθύων μυλοειδέει πέτρῳ
 στέρνον ὄλον βεβάρητο· φόνον δ' ἤμυεν Ἰδάσπης
 παιδὸς ἐοῦ βληθέντος. ὁ δὲ θρασύς, ἔλκει κάμνων,
 ἀκαμάτων δόρυ θοῦρον ἐὼν ἀπεσεισατο χειρῶν,
 χάλκεον εἰκοσίπηχυ, πέδῳ δ' ἔρριψε βοεῖην 215
 αἰδομέναις παλάμησι· καὶ ἀδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
 μαρμαρέῃ γλωχίνι τετυμμένος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
 ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἀπ' ἠλιβάτου πέσε δίφρου,
 ὡς ἐλάτη περίμετρος ὑπέρλοφος—ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
 ἄσπετον εὐρείης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρούρης—. 220
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν προχυθέντες ἐς ἄρματα κούφισαν Ἴνδοί,
 δειδιότες Κύκλωπα δυσειδέα, μὴ τι νι ρίπῃ
 ὑψιτενῇ πάλιν ἄλλον ἐλὼν πρηῶνα κολώνης

now hid the light, now showed it, in alternating movements, just like the flashes in the sky ; for the lightning comes in flashes and goes again.

¹⁹⁵ Brontes also was in the battle, rattling a noisy tune with a din like rolling thunderclaps : he poured an earthborn shower of his own with strange drops falling through the air, and lasting but a moment—an unreal Zeus he was, with imitated raindrops and no clouds. Then leaving the artificial noise of this mock thunder, he armed himself with Sicilian steel against the enemy ; swinging the iron hammer high over his shoulders he smashed many an enemy head, and struck the dusky ranks right and left, with a clang like the blows as if he were ever striking on the hammerbeaten anvil of Etna.

²⁰⁶ Next he broke off a crag from a farspreading rock, and rushed upon Deriades with this stony spear. He hurled the huge rock with merciless hand against the blackskin king who stood ready, and struck his hairy chest with its rocky point. The king was wholly staggered with the heavy blow of this huge millstone full on his chest, like a drunken man ; but Hydaspes rescued his stricken son from death. The bold king, crushed by the blow, dropt the furious spear from his never-tiring hands, the twentycubit spear of bronze, and threw his shield on the ground out of his shamed grasp, with little breath left in him ; struck on the round of his breast by the pointed stone, he fell down headlong out of his lofty car like a tall high-crested fir-tree, which falling encompasses a vast space of wide earth. The Indians crowded round him and lifted him into the car, fearing that the ugly Cyclops might get another crag of some lofty hill and throw

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τρηχαλέω βασιλῆα κατακτείνειε βελέμνω,
 μῆκος ἔχων ἰσόμετρον ἀερσιλόφου Πολυφήμου. 225
 καὶ βλοσυροῦ προμάχοιο μέσῳ σελάγιζε μετώπῳ
 μαρμαρυγῇ τροχόεσσα μονογλήνοιο προσώπου·
 καὶ βλοσυροῦ Κύκλωπος ὑποπτήσσοντες ὀπωπῆν
 θαμβαλέω δεδόνηντο φόβῳ κυανόχρους Ἴνδοί,
 οὐρανόθεν δοκέοντες Ὀλυμπιάς ὅτι Σελήνη 230
 Γηγενέος Κύκλωπος ἐναντέλλουσα προσώπῳ
 πλησιφαῆς ἤστραπτε, προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, Κύκλωπος ἰδὼν μίμημα κυδοιμοῦ,
 ὑψινεφῆς ἐγέλασεν, ὅτι χθονίων νεφελᾶων
 δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπειρήτου διὰ κόλπου 235
 νίφετο μὲν τότε γαῖα, χυτὴν δ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἑέρσην
 ἄβροχα νῶτα φέρων γυμνούμενα δῦμιος ἀήρ.

Καὶ Τράχιος κεκόρυστο·

κασιγνήτῳ δ' ἅμα βαίνων,
 ἠλιβάτῳ παλάμῃ δονέων σάκος ἴσον ἐρίπνῃ,
 ὑψινεφῆς ἐλάτῃν περιμήκετον εἶχεν Ἐλατρεύς, 240
 ἔγχεϊ δενδρήεντι καρήατα δῆια τέμνων.

Εὐρύαλος κεκόρυστο· διατμήξας δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 ἐκ πεδίου φεύγοντα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄχρι θαλάσσης,
 κόλπον ἐς ἰχθυόεντα περικλείων στίχας Ἴνδῶν,
 δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἀκοντοφόρου διὰ πόντου, 245
 ὄρθιον εἰκοσίπηχῦ δι' ὕδατος ἄορ ἐλίσσων·

καὶ δολιχῶ βουπλήγι ταμῶν ἀλιγείτονα πέτρην
 ῥῦψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ πολλοὶ
 διχθαδῆς ἐνόησαν ἀλιβρέκτου λῖνα Μοίρης,
 Ἀρεῖ κυματόεντι καὶ ὀκριόεντι βελέμνω. 250

Τοῖς ἅμα σύγγονος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Ἀλιμήδης 257
 ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Κύκλωψ,

again, and slay their king with the rough missile— for he was as tall as highcrested Polyphemos.^a In the middle of this grim champion's forehead glared the light of one single round eye; the blackskin Indians shook with wonder and fear when they saw the eye of the grim Cyclops; they thought Olympian Selene must have come down from the sky and risen in the earth-born Cyclops's face, shining with her full orb, to defend Lyaïos.

²³³ Father Zeus, seeing how the Cyclops imitated his own noise, laughed on high in the clouds that the earth was then flooded with a strange kind of shower from earthclouds upon its bosom, a new experience, while the thirsty air had no downpour through its bare dry expanse.

²³⁸ Trachios also reared his head: and Elatreus, marching beside his brother, held and shook a shield like a towering crag, and held a long firtree high in the clouds, sweeping off the enemies' heads with his treespear.

²⁴² Euryalos reared his head. He cut off a large body of fugitives in the battle, away from the plain and down towards the sea, shutting the Indian companies into the fishgiving gulf; so he conquered his foes over the lancebearing main as he thrust his twenty-cubit blade through the water. Then with long pole-axe he split off a rock near the brine, and threw it at his adversaries; many then felt the threads of Fate in double fashion without burial, struck with the jagged missile, and brinedrowned in watery strife.

²⁵⁷ Another Cyclops of the tribe went raging and scattering his foes, the prime warrior Halimedes, a

^a The Cyclops in the *Odyssey*, who nearly sinks Odysseus's ship with a stone, ix. 480 ff.

NONNOS

καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησε· φυλασσόμενος δὲ προσώπου
 κυκλάδος ὀμφαλόεντα προΐσχανε νῶτα βοείης. 260
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Φλόγιος κταμένων τιμήρορος Ἴνδῶν
 τόξον ἔδον κύκλωσε, καὶ ἠνεμόεν βέλος ἔλκων
 μεσσοφανῆ πτερόεντι βαλεῖν ἤμελλε βελέμνω·
 ἀλλὰ τιτυσκομένοιο μαθὼν ἀντώπιον ὄρμην 265
 δόχμιος ἐσσυμένοιο βολὴν ἀλέεινεν ὀιστοῦ
 Κύκλωψ ὑψικάρηνος· ὁ δὲ πρηῶνα τινάσσων
 ῥίπτε κατὰ Φλογίου κραναὸν βέλος· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
 ἄρμασι βουκεράοιο παρίστατο Δηριαδῆος,
 καὶ μόγις ἠερόφοιτον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμῆν,
 κεῖθι μένων· κοτέων δὲ περὶ Φλογίοιο φυγόντος 270
 λοίγιον ἀνθερεῶνα διαπτύξας Ἀλιμήδης
 δώδεκα φῶτας ἔπεφνε μιῆς μυκῆματι φωνῆς,
 λυσσαλῆς προχέων ὀλεσῆνορα βόμβον ἰωῆς.
 Κυκλώπων δ' ἀλαλητὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν Ὀλύμπω
 γλώσσαις σμερδαλέησι. καὶ ὄρχηστήηρες Ἐννοῦς, 275
 Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῶ.
 Δαμνεὺς μὲν πολέμιζεν ἀνάρσια φῦλα διώκων . . . 277
 ἐν πεδίῳ δ' ἀλαλητὸς· ὀρινομένησι δὲ Βάκχαις 251
 Πρυμνεὺς εὐδῖος ἦλθεν, ἅτε πρυμναῖος ἀήτης
 ῥυόμενος πλωτῆρα συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις·
 καὶ στρατιῇ πολύευκτος ἐπήλυθεν, οἷος ἰκάνει
 νηυσὶ τινασσομένησι γαληναῖος Πολυδεύκης, 255
 εὐνήσας βαρὺ κῦμα θυελλοτόκοιο θαλάσσης. 256
 Ποσσὶ δ' ἐλαφροτέροισι διεπτοίησε μαχητὰς 278
 Ὠκύθοος· πολέας δὲ κατέκτανεν ὀξεί πόντῳ,
 τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ σταδίῳ δαμάσας δορί, τὸν δὲ βελέμνω 280
 τηλεφανῆς, ἕτερον δὲ ταμῶν δασπλήτι μαχαίρῃ·

^a With his brother Castor. The appearance of the two (in the form of St. Elmo's fire) on the rigging of a ship is a portent of escape from a storm.

monster with towering limbs; guarding himself he held before his great round eye a bossy oxhide shield. Then Phlogios the avenger of the slain Indians saw him; he rounded his bow, and drew back the windswift shaft to pierce the eye in that forehead—and he would have done it, but as he aimed, the highheaded Cyclops saw the coming attack, and dodged the blow of the flying arrow by shifting aside. Then the other poised a rock and threw the rough missile at Phlogios; but he retreated and stood by the car of oxhorned Deriades, and thus just evaded the sharp stone flying through the air, and there he remained. But Halimedes, angry that Phlogios had retreated, opened his deadly throat, and with one loud roar slew twelve men by pouring out one man-destroying boom of his furious voice.

²⁷⁴ The warcries of the Cyclopes made Olympos ring with their terrible sounds; and the dancers of battle, the Dictaian Corybants, joined in the battle.

²⁷⁷ Damneus fought and pursued the enemy tribes. . . . On the plain the warcry sounded. Prymneus succoured the excited Bacchant women, like a fair wind which blows astern and saves the mariner riding with the gales; full welcome he came to the army, as Polydeuces^a brings calm to buffeted ships when he puts to sleep the heavy billows of the galebreeding sea.

²⁷⁸ Ocythoös^b with light quick step scared away the warriors. Many he slew with speedy fate, bringing down one with spear in stand-up fight, one with a shot at a distant view, cutting down another with

^b See xiii. 144.

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ἄλλον ἔτι προθέοντα, πεφυγμένον εἴκελον αὔραις,
 λυσσήεις ἐκίχησε ποδήνεμα γούνατα πάλλων,
 εἰς δρόμον Ἰφίκλω πανομοίος, ὃς τις ἐπέιγων
 ταρσὰ ποδῶν ἀβάτοιο κατέγραφεν ἄκρα γαλήνης, 285
 καὶ σταχύων ἐφύπερθε μετάρσιον εἶχε πορείην,
 ἀνθερίκων πάτον ἄκρον ἀκαμπέα ποσσὶν ὀδεύων.
 Ὠκύθοος πέλε τοῖος ἀελλόπος. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 εἰλιπόδην ἔστησε Μίμας εὐρυθμον Ἐννώ,
 καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησε, χοροίτυπον ἄορ ἐλίσσων, 290
 σκαρθμὸν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ἐνόπλιον ἴδμονι ταρσῶ,
 οἷον ὅτε Κρονίοισιν ὑπ' οὔασι δοῦπον ἐγείρων
 Πύρριχος Ἰδαίοισι σάκος ξιφέεσσιν ἀράσσω
 ψευδομένης ἀλάλαζε μέλος μενεδήιον Ἥχοῦς,
 Ζηνὸς ὑποκλέπτων παλιναυξέος ἔγκρυφον ἤβην· 295
 τοῖον ἔχων μιμηλὸν ἐνόπλιον ἄλμα χορείης
 χαλκοχίτων ἐλέλιζε Μίμας ἀνεμῶδεα λόγχην·
 τέμνων δ' ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα, σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης,
 Ἰνδοφόνοις πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλήγι μαχαίρῃ
 δυσμενέων ἐτίταινε θαλύσια μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ, 300
 ἀντὶ θνηπολῆς βοέης καὶ ἐθήμονος οἴνου
 λοιβὴν αἱματόεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ. 302
 Καὶ ποδὸς ἀσταθέος κυκλούμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῶ, 309
 σύνδρομος Ὠκυθῶ κορυθαιόλος ἦεν Ἄκμων· 310
 μάρνατο δ' ἀστυφέλικτος ἄτε σφυρήλατος ἄκμων,
 ἀσπίδα κουφίζων Κορυβαντίδα, τῆς ἐνὶ μέσσω
 πολλάκις ὕπνον ἴαυεν ἐν οὔρεσι νηπίαχος Ζεὺς·
 καὶ Διὸς οἶκος ἔην ὀλίγον σπέος, ἐνθά ἐ κείνη
 αἰξὶ ἱερῇ γλαγόεντι νόθῳ μαιώσατο μαζῶ, 315
 ξεῖνον ἀναβλύζουσα σοφὸν γλάγος, εὖτε βοεῖη
 κλεψιτόκοις πατάγοισι σακέσπαλον ἔβρεμεν Ἥχώ,

^a Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 636 ff.

^b Acmon means anvil.

horrid knife; another still running onwards and flying like to the breezes the furious pursuer caught, plying his knees and feet quick as the wind—as good a runner as Iphiclos,^a who used to skim the untrodden calm only touching the surface with the soles of his feet, and passed over a field of corn without bending the tops of the ears with his travelling footsteps. Ocythoös was like him windfooted.

²⁸⁸ Mimas was in the thick of the fray, making a dance of battle with woven paces and frightening the host, swinging a capering sword, the dancer-at-arms skipping in dead earnest with knowing leaps; as once the pyrrhic dance raised a noise in the ears of Cronos, and clanged sword on shield on Mount Ida, and rang out a valiant din to deceive the enemy, as he screened the stealthy nurture of growing Zeus. So mailclad Mimas brandished his spear in air in mimicry of the dance-at-arms, as he cut down the heads of his foes, an iron harvest of battle; so he offered the firstfruits of the enemy to witnessing Bacches with Indianslaying axe and doublebiting sword; so he poured his libation of blood and gore to Dionysos, instead of the sacrifice of cattle and the wonted drinkoffering of wine.

³⁰⁹ Beside Ocythoös, Acmon with brilliant helmet moved his restless circling feet in knowing leaps. He fought unshakable like the hammerbeaten anvil of his name,^b holding a Corybantic shield, which had often held in its hollow baby Zeus asleep among the mountains: yes, a little cave once was the home of Zeus, where that sacred goat played the nurse to him with her milky udder for a makeshift, and cleverly let him suck the strange milk, when the noise of shaken shields resounded beaten on the

NONNOS

τυπτομένη μέσα νῶτα κυβιστητήρι σιδήρω.	318
ὦν χάριν ἀσκήσασα λίθον ψευδήμονα Ῥεΐη	322
ἀντίδοτον Κρονίδαο Κρόνου παρέθηκε τραπέζῃ.	323
Ῥοξυφαῆς δ' Ἰδαῖος ἐδύσατο κῶμον Ἐννοῦς,	303
ὄρχηστήρ πολέμοιο πολύτροπον ἴχνος ἐλίσσων, ἄσχετος Ἰνδοφόνοιο μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρω.	305
Καὶ ζοφερὴν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Μελισσεύς, θάρσος ἔχων ἀδόνητον· ἐπωνυμίην δὲ φυλάσσων φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης μιμήσατο κέντρα μελίσσης·	308
καὶ βαλίου Κουρήτος ἀκοντιστήρα τιταίνων	319
μάρμαρον ἀντιπόροιο Μελισσέος ἤμβροτε Μορρεύς,	320
ἤμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε μύλω Κορύβαντας ὀλέσσαι.	321
Ἐυνήν δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ὁμόζυγον εἶχον Ἐννώ	324
Ἄρεος ὄρχηστήρες ἀτερπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δίφρω	325
Δηριάδην στεφανηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις τεύχεα πεπλήγοντες, ἐν εὐρύθμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ πύργον ἐκυκλώσαντο φερεσσακέεσσι χορείαις. ἠχὴ δ' ἠερόφοιτος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς Διὸς αὐλάς, καὶ κτύπον ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεδείδιον εὐποδες Ὠραι.	330

^a Melissa is a bee.

back with tumbling steel to hide the little child with their clanging. Their help allowed Rheia to wrap up that stone of deceit, and gave it to Cronos for a meal in place of Cronides.

³⁰³ Sharpsighted Idaïos entered the revels of war, that dancer of battle turning his intricate steps, incessantly shaken with the mad passion for Indian carnage.

³⁰⁶ Melisseus also scared all the dusky host with boldness unshaken. True to his name,^a he imitated the bee up in arms with her terrible sting. Morrheus hurled a hurtling stone against the quick Curetian who faced him, but he missed Melisseus, he missed him—for it is not seemly that a Corybant should be killed with a millstone.

³²⁴ So the dancers of cruel war fought all together as one. Round the car of Deriades they gathered in a ring of shields, beating their armour, and surrounded the tower in rhythmic battle and shieldbearing dance. And the noise mounted through the air to the palace of Zeus, and the fairfooted Seasons trembled at the turmoil of both armies.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΝΑΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυθερείης.

Ἦρη δ' ὡς ἐνόησε δαΐζομένων στίχας Ἰνδῶν,
δύσμαχον ἔμβαλε θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι.
καὶ πλέον οἰστρον ἔρωτος ἐδέξατο δημοτῆτος
φρικτὸς ἀναξ· προμάχοις δὲ χέων λυσσώδεα φωνῆν
κυανέην στοιχηδὸν ὄλην περιδέδρομε χάρμην, 5
λαὸν ὄλον φεύγοντα παλίσσυτον εἰς μόθον ἔλκων,
ἄλλον ἐνηεῖη μετανεύμενος, ἄλλον ἀπειλῆ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔπλετο μᾶλλον· ὀμηγερέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.
καὶ Σατύρων στίχα πᾶσαν

ἐκηβόλος ἔσχισε Μορρεῦς, 10
πῆ μὲν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ὀπισθοτόνων ἀπὸ τόξων
πέμπων ἠερόφοιτον ἐπασσυτέρων νέφος ἰῶν,
πῆ δὲ παλινδίνητον ἐὼν δόρυ θοῦρον ἐλίσσων
Σειληνῶν κερόεσσαν ἀνεπτοίησε γενέθλην.

Εὐχαίτης δ' Ὑμέναιος ἐμάρνατο φάσγανα σείων, 15
Θεσσαλικῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ ράχιν ἤμενος ἵππου,
Ἰνδοὺς κυανέους ῥοδοειδέι χειρὶ δαΐζων·
ἀγλαΐη δ' ἤστραπτεν· ἴδοις δέ μιν εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν
Φωσφόρον αἰγλήεντα δυσειδέι σύνδρομον ὄρφηνη·

BOOK XXIX

In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle,
being urged to another wedding by
Cythereia.

WHEN Hera saw the companies of Indians being destroyed, she threw on proud Deriades courage invincible. The terrible king felt the pride of an intenser ardour for strife. He went about through the whole black army rank by rank, pouring forth his frenzied voice among the forefighters, and rallying all the fugitive host back into the fray, changing one man's mind by gentle words, one by threats. He grew bolder still, and the Indians themselves recovered and rushed into battle at the summons of their king. Then farshooting Morrheus cut through the whole body of Satyrs : now he discharged a cloud of arrows through the air from his backbending bow against his adversaries ; now he cast his furious spear again and again, and disordered the horned generation of Seilenoi.

¹⁵ Longhaired Hymenaios fought swinging his sword, out of reach on the back of his Thessalian horse, and cut down black Indians with his rosy hand. He blazed in radiance : you might see him in the midst of the Indians, like the bright morning star against ugly darkness. He drove the enemy to

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καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησεν, ἐπεὶ νύ οἱ εἵνεκα μορφῆς 20
μαρναμένω Διόνυσος ἐνέπνεεν ἔνθεον ἀλκήν.

Τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀριστεύοντα κυδοιμῶ
τέρπετο, καὶ συνάεθλον ἐῆς οὐκ ἤθελε χάρμης
ἀστεροπὴν Κρονίωνος, ὅσον μελίην Ὑμεναίου.
εἴ ποτε πῶλον ἔλαυνεν ἀπόσσυτον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν, 25
δαιδαλέων Διόνυσος ἐμάστιεν αὐχένα θηρῶν,
ἵππῳ δ' ἄρμα πέλαζε παρ' ἠβητῆρι θαμίζων,
κοῦρον ἔχων, ἅτε Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιον· ἴστατο δ' αἰεὶ
ἀγχιφανῆς, ἐρόεις δὲ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἶν ἐνὶ θεσμῶ
ἠθέω μενέαινε φανήμεναι· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς 30
καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυε συναιχμάζων Ὑμεναίῳ.
ἐν δέ ἐ μῦνον ὄρινεν, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
υἱὸς ἔην Φλεγύαιο, καὶ οὐ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.
καὶ οἱ αἰεὶ παρέμιμνε, πατῆρ ἅτε παῖδα φυλάσσων,
δειμαίνων, ἵνα μὴ τις ἐκηβόλος ἰὼν ἰήλας 35
κοῦρον οἰστεύσειεν· ἐπερχομένων δὲ βολάων
δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινε προασπίζων Ὑμεναίου.
καὶ οἱ ἀριστεύοντι τόσῃν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·

“ Πέμπε βέλος, φίλε κοῦρε,

καὶ οὐκέτι μαίνεται Ἄρης·

κάλλει Βάκχον ἔβαλλες οἰστευτῆρα Γιγάντων, 40
βάλλε τεοῖς βελέεσσι καὶ ἄφρονα Δηριάδη,
δυσμενέων βασιλῆα θεημάχον, ὄφρα τις εἴπη·
‘ ἀμφοτέρων ἐτύχησε βαλὼν Ὑμέναιος οἰστῶ,
εἰς χροῖα Δηριάδαο καὶ εἰς κραδίην Διονύσου.’ ”

Ὡς φαμένου Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλέον ἤψατο χάρμης 45
ἡμερόεις Ὑμέναιος ἐκηβόλος, ᾧ ἔπι χαίρων
οἰστρήεις Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο μᾶλλον Ἐννῶ
καὶ ζοφερὴν προθέλυμνον ὄλην ἐφόβησε γενέθλην·

flight, since for his beauty's sake Dionysos inspired him fighting with strength divine.

²² And Iobacchos was glad when he saw him a champion in the battle ; he would not have chosen Cronion's lightning for ally in his war rather than the ashplant of Hymenaios. If he drove his colt into the throng of escaping Indians, Dionysos flicked the neck of his motley wild beasts, and brought up his car to the horse ; he kept close to the youth, and took him as his boy, as Phoibos with Atymnios.^a He was always to be seen by his side, and desired the youth to notice him as lovely and valiant at once ; in the conflict he touched the clouds with pride to be Hymenaios's comrade in arms. One thing only incensed him, that the boy's father was earthborn Phlegyas and not Cronides. He was always near him, like a father guarding his son, for fear that some farshooter might let fly an arrow and hit the boy : as the shafts came, he held out his right hand to protect Hymenaios as with a shield. He encouraged the young champion with such words as these :

³⁹ " Shoot your shot, dear boy, and Ares will cease to rage ! Your beauty was the shot which hit Bacchos, whose arrows bring down the Giants. Shoot Deriades also with your shots, that foolish king of our enemies, that enemy of God ; that men may say, ' Hymenaios hit two marks with one arrow, the body of Deriades and the heart of Dionysos ! ' "

⁴⁵ At this speech of Bromios, the lovely farshooter Hymenaios attacked the battle with more vigour than before ; and Dionysos enamoured, rejoicing in him, rushed in with more fury and scattered the whole black nation out and out. One who saw Dionysos

^a See xi. 230.

καί τις ἰδὼν Διόνυσον ἀφειδέι λαίλαπι χάρμης
 Ἰνδῶων ἀκόρητον οἰστευτήρα καρήνων 50
 τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλοκτεάνῳ Μελανῆι·

“Τοξότα, πῆ σέο τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες οἰστοί;
 ἡμέας ἀβροχίτωνες οἰστεύουσι γυναῖκες.
 ἀλλὰ βέλος προῖαλλε μινυθαδίῳ Διονύσῳ·
 μὴ σε παραπλάγξειεν Ὀλύμπιον οὔνομα φήμης· 55
 μὴ τρομέοις ποτὲ Βάκχον, ὃς ἐκ χθονίοιο τοκῆος
 ὠκύμορον λάχεν αἶμα, Διὸς δ’ ἐψεύσατο φύτλην.
 δεῦρο βέλος προῖαλλε καί, εἰς σκοπὸν αἶ κε τυχήσης,
 δέχνησαι ἄσπετα δῶρα βαθυπλούτου βασιλῆος,
 αἶ κεν ἴδῃ Διόνυσον, ἀγήνορα παῖδα Θυώνης, 60
 πυρκαϊῆς ἐπιβάντα τεῶ δμηθέντα βελέμνω·
 ἐν δὲ βέλος λύσειεν ὄλον μόθον. ἀμφοτέροις δέ,
 ὕδατι χεῖρας ἄειρε καὶ εὔχεο μητέρι Γαίῃ·
 ῥέζειν δ’ ἀμφοτέροισι θνηπολίας μετὰ νίκην
 ἀψεύστοις στομάτεσσιν ὑπόσχεο· καὶ παρὰ βωμῶ 65
 ταυροφυῆς ἐχέτω κεραελκέα ταῦρον Ὑδάσπης,
 Γαῖα δὲ κυανὴ μελανόχροον ἄρνα δεχέσθω.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν οἰστοβόλον Μελανῆα,
 ἄνδρα νοοπλανέων κτεάνων δεδονημένον οἴστρω· 70
 αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγαλέος γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης
 ἰὸν ἐλὼν προβλήτα, καὶ εἴρυσεν ἠθάδα νευρὴν
 τόξον ὀπισθοτόνῳ παλάμης κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ,
 ἀκρότατον δὲ σίδηρον ἐρεισάμενος περὶ τόξῳ
 φοῖνια νεῦρα βόεια πελάσσατο γείτοني μαζῶ·
 καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀπεπλάγχθη Διονύσου 75
 Ζηνὸς ἐρητύσαντος, ἐυστεφάνου δ’ Ὑμεναίου
 αἰμοβαφῆς πτερόεντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς οἰστῶ.

Οὐ δὲ λάθην Διόνυσον ἀπήγορος ἰὸς ἀλήτης

like a merciless tornado in the field, piercing Indian heads insatiate with his arrows, said something like this to avaricious Melaneus ^a :

⁵² " Archer, where is your bow, where are your windswift arrows? Women in dainty dress are shooting their arrows at us! Come, aim a shot at short-lived Dionysos! Let not the legend of his Olympian name mislead you. Never fear Bacchos, who has in him the mortal blood of a quickfated father, and lies when he calls himself son of Zeus. Here—let fly your shot, and if you can hit the mark, accept infinite gifts from our wealthy king, if he sees Dionysos, Thyone's haughty son, brought down by your shaft and laid on a pyre. One shot would finish all our troubles. Pray to both—stretch out your hands to the Water and pray to Mother Earth, and with truthful lips vow to both sacrifice after victory; at the altar let bullshaped Hydaspes hold a hornstrong bull, and let black Earth receive a black ram." ^b

⁶⁸ With these words he persuaded Melaneus the archer, a man with a passion for mindbeguiling riches. Silently he took off the cap of his quiver and chose a long arrow; then drew back the bowstring as he knew how to do, until the bow was rounded by a backward pull of his hand: he brought the deadly oxgut close to his breast till the steel point touched the bow, and the shaft sped straight—but Zeus made it swerve aside from Dionysos, and the winged arrow pierced the bloodbathed thigh of garlanded Hymenaios.

⁷⁸ But Dionysos failed not to see the arrow swerve

^a See xxvi. 257.

^b Black victims are regular offerings to chthonians, *i.e.* deities living in and under the earth.

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ἰπτάμενος ροιζηδόν, ἀφειδέει σύνδρομος αὔρη·
 ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένοιο βολὴν θήλυεν οἰστοῦ, 80
 καὶ φονίην ἀλάωσεν ἐκηβολίην Μελανῆος·
 καὶ Παφίη γλωχίνας ἀπηκόντιζε βελέμνου,
 σύγγονος ἰμείροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσω,
 καὶ βέλος ἔτραπε τόσσον ἀπὸ χροός, ὡς ὅτε μήτηρ
 παιδὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἀλήμονα μυῖαν ἐλάσση, 85
 ἡρέμα φάρεος ἄκρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ.
 Καὶ χροός ἄγριον ἔλκος ἐρευθομένου διὰ μηροῦ
 ἀγχιφανῆς Ὑμέναιος ἐδείκνυε γείτοσι Βάκχῳ,
 δάκρυ χέων ἐρατεινὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν, ὄφρα νοήση
 δεξιτερὴν ἐπίκουρον ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου, 90
 ἰητροῦ χατέων ζωαρκέος· αὐτὰρ ὁ λευκῆς
 χειρὸς ἔχων Ὑμέναιον ἐῆς ἐπέβησεν ἀπήνης,
 καὶ μιν ἄγων ἀπάνευθε πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 νωθρὸν ἐπὶ σκιοέντι πέδῳ παρὰ γείτοσι φηγῶ
 θῆκε καρηβαρόντα· καὶ ὡς Ὑάκινθον Ἀπόλλων 95
 ἔστενεν ἀνδροφόνῳ βεβολημένον ὀξεί δίσκῳ,
 μεμφόμενος Ζεφύρου ζηλήμονος ἄσθμα θυέλλης,
 οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος ἀνέσπασε πολλάκι χαίτην,
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπικλαύσας Ὑμεναίῳ.
 καὶ χροός ἐκτὸς ἐόντας ἰδὼν πώγωνας οἰστοῦ 100
 ἀσπάσιον λάχε θάρσος· ἀφ' αἰμαλέοιο δὲ μηροῦ
 λευκὸν ἐρευθομένου διδυμόχροον ἔλκος ἀφάστων
 φειδομέναισι παλάμησιν ἀνείρυσεν ἄκρον οἰστοῦ.
 δάκρυα δ' ἠβητῆρος ὄδυρομένοιο δοκεύων
 ἀμφοτέροις κεχόλωτο, καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Μελανῆι· 105
 καὶ γλυκεροῦς ἰδρῶτας ἀποσμήξας Ὑμεναίου
 μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ὑποκρυφίην χέε φωνήν·
 “Ἄμπελον ἔκτανε ταῦρος,
 Ἄρης Ὑμέναιον ὀλέσει.

aside, as it flew whizzing by, quick as the cruel breeze. But he softened the force of the flying shaft, and made of little avail the deadly longshot of Melaneus; the Paphian too brushed away the barbs of the shaft, in grace to a sister's love of Dionysos her brother, and kept the shot just out of the flesh, as when a mother drives off a vagrant fly from her sleeping child, fanning his face with a corner of her robe.^a

⁸⁷ Hymenaios came close to Bacchos, and showed him the angry wound on his reddened thigh. An adorable tear dropt under his brows, that he might make sure of the helping right arm of Dionysos his protector: he wanted a physician to save his life. Then Dionysos caught Hymenaios's white arm and helped him up into his car; he took him away from the tumult of battle, and made him sit down on the ground in the shade of an oak not far off, heavy and drooping his head. As Apollo bemoaned Hyacinthos,^b struck by the quoit which brought him quick death, and reproached the blast of the West Wind's jealous gale, so Dionysos often tore his hair and lamented for Hymenaios with those unweeping eyes. When he saw the barbs of the arrow outside the flesh, he was glad and took courage, and just touching the white-red wound with gentle hands, he drew out the arrow-point from the reddened thigh. Then seeing the tears of the sorrowful boy he was angry with Ares and Melaneus both. He wiped off the sweat from sweet Hymenaios, he said reproachfully under his breath:

¹⁰⁸ "A bull killed Ampelos, Ares will kill Hy-

• This scene is modelled on Hom. *Il.* iv. 88 ff.

• See x. 255.

αἶθε δὲ πάντας ἔπεφνεν, ὅσους ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
 καλλεύσας ἓνα μῦνον ἀνούτατον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ 110
 ποῖον ἄχος κλονεῖ με δαΐζομένοιο Καβείρου;
 ὠτειλὴ Σατύρου πότε που, πότε Βάκχον ὀρίνη;
 Σειληνὸς πεσέτω σταφυληκόμος· ἐσμὸς ἀλάσθω
 Βασσαρίδων, καὶ μῦνον ἀπήμονα παῖδα νοήσω.
 ἰλήκοι κλυτότοξος· Ἄρισταίιοιο πεσόντος 115
 ποῖον ἐμοί ποτε πένθος, ἔρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
 κρείσσονα κικλήσκοντος ἑῆς ὠδίνα μελίσσης;
 οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ποτε παιδὸς ἀνίην,
 ὅττι πάλιν τάχα τοῦτον ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοήσω.
 τίς βαρὺς ἀμφοτέροις φθόνος ἔχραεν; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν, 120
 Ἥρη δερκομένη ζηλήμονι Βάκχον ὀπωπῆ
 καὶ νέον ἀμητῆρα μελαρρίνοιο γενέθλης,
 ἠθέω φθονέουσα καὶ ἰμείροντι Λυαίω
 ὤπλισε θοῦρον Ἄρηα βαλεῖν Ἑμέναιον ὀιστῶ,
 Ἰνδῶν μεθέποντα νόθην ἄγνωστον ὀπωπῆν, 125
 ὄφρα νόον δυσέρωτος ἀνιήσειε Λυαίου.
 ἀλλὰ βέλος τανύων ἢ φοῖνια τόξα τιταίω,
 ψευδαλέω Μελανῆι κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τελέσω
 ποινήν ἰμερόεντος ὀφειλομένην Ἑμεναίου.
 αἶ κε θάνης, Ἑμέναιε, λιπῶν ἀτέλεστον Ἐννώ, 130
 χάζομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ οὐκέτι θύρσον ἀείρω.
 δυσμενέας ξύμπαντας ἐγὼ ζῶοντας ἐάσω,
 ἀμήσας ἓνα φῶτα, τεὸν Μελανῆα φονῆα.
 οὐ κτάνε Δηριάδης σε, καὶ εἰ κοτέει Διονύσω.
 ἰλήκοις, Κυθέρεια· μετὰ θρασὺν νιέα Μύρρης 135
 μείλιχον ἄλλον Ἄδωνιν ἀμείλιχος ἤλασεν Ἄρης,
 ἤλασε καὶ ῥοδέου χροὸς ἤψατο, καὶ διὰ μηροῦ
 ἄρτι πάλιν κελάρυζεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ λύθρος Ἐρώτων·
 ἀλλὰ τεῶ ποθέοντι χαριζομένη Διονύσω
 πέμπέ μοι ἐνθάδε Φοῖβον ἀδελφεόν, ἴδμονα τέχνης 140

menaios ! Would he had killed all the warriors whom I have armed, and left me this one unwounded ! What pain troubles me if a Cabeiros is slain in battle ? When could a Satyr's wound excite Bacchos, when, I ask ! Let the grapewreathed Seilenos fall, let a swarm of Bassarids be scattered, so long as I see the boy alone unhurt. If Aristaios fell—forgive me, illustrious Archer ! what should I care for one who calls the travail of his bee better than the drops of my precious vintage ! I seem to be destined never to be without sorrow for some boy, now I seem likely to be in mourning again for the loss of this one. What heavy spite has attacked both ! If I dare to say so, Hera looked with jealous eye on Bacchos and the young reaper of the blackskin nation ; to spite the young man and enamoured Lyaïos, she armed furious Ares to shoot Hymenaios with an arrow, disguised unknown under an Indian shape, that she might plague the mind of Lyaïos deep in love. Well, I will assail this false Melaneus, aiming a bloodthirsty shot or casting a lance, that I may exact the price due for lovely Hymenaios. If you die, Hymenaios, I will leave this war unfinished, I will retreat from the battle and lift my thyrsus no longer. I will leave all my enemies alive, when I have mown down one fellow, Melaneus your slayer. Not Deriades killed you, even if he hates me. Ungentle Ares has assailed another gentle Adonis after the bold son of Myrrha—forgive me, Cythereia ! He assailed him and touched his rosy flesh, now once more the blood of all the Loves has trickled from a thigh on the ground. O be gracious to your Dionysos in his passion ! Send me here Phoibos our brother, who

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λυσιπόνου, καὶ κοῦρον ἀκέσσεται. ἴσχεο, φωνή·
 Φοῖβον ἔα κατ' Ὀλυμπον ἀκηδέα, μὴ μιν ὀρίνω
 ἔλκεος ἡμερόεντος ἀναμνήσας Ὑακίνθου.
 πέμπέ μοι, ἦν ἐθέλης, Παιήονα· κείνος ἰκέσθω·
 ἄμμορός ἐστι πόθων, ἀλλότριός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων. 145
 ὠτειλῆς τύπον ἄλλον ἐσέδρακον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κενεῶνα τυπεῖς φοινίσσεται αἰχμῆ,
 ἄορι δ' ἄλλος ἔχει παλάμης πόνον, ὃς δὲ βελέμνω
 εἰς λαπάρην, ἕτερος δὲ δι' οὐατος· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
 λοίγιον ἔλκος ἔχοντι συνουτήθην Ὑμεναίω." 150
 Εἶπε καὶ ἐπτοίητο παρακλιδὸν ὄμματι λοξῶ
 ὠτειλὴν χαρίεντος ὀπιπεύων Ὑμεναίω.
 μηρῶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλεύειον ἄνθος ἐλίξας,
 λευκὸν ἐρευθομένω διδυμόχροον ἔλκος ἀφάσσω,
 κοῦρον ἀνεζώγρησεν ἐῷ παιήονι κισσῶ, 155
 οἶνον ἀλεξήτηρα περιρραίνων Ὑμεναίω.
 ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὀπὸς ταχυεργός, ἐπειγόμενος γάλα πῆξαι, 157
 χιονέης κυκῶν ἀπαμείρεται ὑγρὸν ἑέρσης, 160
 ὄφρα μιν ἐντύνειε πεπηγμένον αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ 158
 κυκλώσας ταλάροιο τύπῳ, τροχοειδέι ταρσῶ· 159
 ὡς ὃ γε φοῖνιον ἔλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνη· 161
 καὶ νέος ἀρτεμέων παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐννώ,
 χειρὸς ἀκεσσιπόνωιο Διωνύσοιο τυχῆσας.
 καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐκηβόλον εἰς σκοπὸν ἔλκων
 τόξα πάλιν κύκλωσε, τιτυσκόμενος δὲ βελέμνω 165
 ἀντίδοτον πόρεν ἔλκος ὀιστοβόλω Μελανῆι.
 Καὶ θρασὺς ἔσσυτο κοῦρος· ἐφεσπόμενος δὲ Λυαίω
 αἰεὶ φῶτας ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκέτι λείπετο Βάκχου.
 ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σκιοῖς τύπος ἀνέρος, ἄπνοος ἔρπων,
 ἀγχιφανῆς ἀχάρακτος ὁμόδρομος ἀνδρὸς ὀδεύει, 170

^a See iii. 153.

^b Imitated from *Iliad* v. 902-904.

knows the art of healing all pains, and he will make the boy whole.

¹⁴¹ "But stay, my voice! Leave Phoibos undisturbed in Olympos, or I may provoke him by recalling the wound of his beloved Hyacinthos.^a Send me Paiëon, if it be your pleasure: let him come; he has no part in desire, he is alien to the Loves. This is a new kind of wound I have seen. On the battlefield a man is struck in the flank with a spear and the red blood runs, another has a sword-wound in the hand, another is shot in the side or through the ear; but when Hymenaios got his death-wound, I was struck to the heart with Hymenaios."

¹⁵¹ He spoke, and shivered as his eye glanced aside and saw the wound of charming Hymenaios. Gently fingering the twicolour white and red of the wounded thigh, he twined about it the plant of Euios, and gave the boy new life with his healing ivy, sprinkling Hymenaios with the wholesome wine. As the quick-working figjuice^b that curdles milk in a trice, mixes with the white liquid and takes away its wet, when a goatherd prepares to compress the stuff in the shape of a cheese-basket on a round mat, so quickly he made the bleeding wound whole by Phoibos's art; and the young man sound and whole began fighting again, after a touch of the healing hand of Dionysos. Again he rounded his bow and drew an airflying long-shot upon the mark; he took aim at Melaneus who shot the arrow, and dealt him a wound in revenge with his own arrow.

¹⁶⁷ Now the boy rushed boldly forward. He followed Lyaïos, and never fell behind Bacchos now, striking and striking the enemy. As the shadowy shape follows a man, moving inanimate, marching

- καί οἱ αἰεὶ σπεύδοντι συνέσπεται, ἴσταμένου δὲ
 ἴσταται, ἔξομένου δὲ παρέζεται, ἐν δὲ τραπέζῃ
 μιμηλαῖς παλάμησι συνέμπορος εἰλαπινάζει·
 ὡς ὁ γε κούρος ἔμιμνεν ὁμόδρομος οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ.
 οὐδὲ μάχης Διόνυσος ἐλώφειεν· ἀλλὰ τορήσας 175
 μεσσοπαγῇ κούφιζε πεπαρμένον ἀνέρα θύρσῳ
 ὄρθιον ὑψιπότητον, ἐν ἡερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
 Ἰνδὸν ἐλαφρίζων ζηλήμονι δείκνυεν Ἥρῃ.
 Καὶ τελέων τρισσῆσιν ἐπωνυμίησιν Ἐννῶ
 θεῖος Ἀρισταῖος, δεδαημένος Ἄρεος Ἀγρεύς, 180
 ὡς Νόμιος πολέμιζε καλαύροπα χερσὶ τινάσσω,
 νυμφίος Αὐτονόης ἑκατηβόλος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 τόξον ἔχων κλυτότοξον ἐὼν μιμείτο τοκῆα,
 θάρσος ἔχων ὑπέροπλον ὀιστοβόλοιο τεκούσης,
 Κυρήνης προτέρης Ὑψηίδος· αἰνομανῆ δὲ 185
 δέσμιον ἐζώγρησεν ἀνάρσιον ἄτρομος Ἀγρεύς
 ἀγρεύσας ἄτε θῆρα· καὶ ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα
 ἠθάδι χειρὶ τίταινε βαρὺν λίθον, οἷον ἐρείσας
 πιαλέης ἔθλιψε χυτὰς ὠδίνας ἐλαίης·
 δυσμενέας δ' ἐφόβησεν ἀγήνορας ἠθάδι ρόμβῳ, 190
 σείων χαλκὸν ἐκείνον, ὃν ἐν παλάμησι τινάσσω
 φοιταλέης ἐφόβησε μεμνηνότε κέντρα μελίσσης.
 Θρηκίης δὲ Σάμοιο πυρισθενέες πολιῆται
 Λημνιάδος δύο παῖδες ἐβακχεύοντο Καβειρούς·
 Ἐφαιστοῦ δὲ τοκῆος ἐρευθομένου πυρὸς ἀτμῶ 195
 συγγενέας σπινθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί.
 τοῖσι μὲν ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἦν ὄχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πῶλοι
 χαλκείῃ κροτέοντες ἀρασσομένην κόνιν ὀπλῇ
 καρχαλέον χρεμετισμὸν ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεῶνος,
 οὓς γενέτης Ἐφαιστος ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνη 200

• See v. 216.

close beside him without a mark on it, as it goes with him when he runs, stands when he stands, sits beside him when he sits, and at table shares the meal with an image of hands: so the boy kept beside Bacchos the winegod as he went. And Dionysos rested not in his fighting: nay, he ran a man through the middle and spitted him on his thyrsus, lifted him high aloft upright, and holding the Indian up in the airy ways displayed him to jealous Hera.

¹⁷⁹ That divine warrior also played his part, Autonoë's farshooting bridegroom, as befitted his three names, Aristaios the divine, Agreus the hunter wellskilled in war, Nomios the fighting herdsman cudgel in hand. He held his bow in the conflict, like his bowfamous sire, full of the pre-eminence of his archeress mother, Cyrene daughter of Hypseus in the olden time.^a Fearless Agreus hunted one mad enemy like a wild beast and took him prisoner. With experienced hand he hurled a heavy stone for the death of his adversaries, as if he were crushing and pounding the melting travail of the fat olive; he scattered his proud enemies with his favourite bull-roarer, swinging the bronze plate which he used to whirl when he scattered the maddened stings of the swarming bees.

¹⁹³ Two firestrong citizens of Samothrace also ran wild, sons of Lemnian Cabeiro; their eyes flashed out their own natural sparks, which came from the red smoky flame of their father Hephaistos. They rode in a car of adamant; a pair of colts beat the dust with rattling hooves of brass, and they sent out a dry whinnying from their throats. These father Hephaistos had made with his inimitable art,

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πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα διαπνεύοντας ὀδόντων,
 οἷα καὶ Αἰήτη, βριαοῶ σημάτορι Κόλχων,
 χαλκοπόδων μόρφωσε συνωρίδα δίζυγα ταύρων,
 τεύχων χερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἰστοβοῆα. 204
 Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔλαυνε, πυριβλήτῳ δὲ χαλινῶ 211
 ἔμπυρον ἠνιόχευε σιδηροπόδων γένυν ἵππων· 212
 χειρὶ δὲ Δήμνιον ἔγχος, ὃ περ κάμε πάτριος ἄκμων, 205
 δεξιτερῇ κούφιζεν, ἐπ' εὐφύεεσσι δὲ μηροῖς
 φάσγανον ἠώρησε σελασφόρον· εἰ δέ τις ἀνήρ,
 ἀκροτάτοις ὀνύχεσσι λίθον τινὰ βαιὸν αἰείρας
 θηγαλέης ἤρασε πυρίδρομα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
 αὐτόματοι σπινθῆρες οἰστεύοντο σιδήρου. 210
 Ἄλκων δ' αἰθαλόεντι συνήρμοσε χεῖρα βελέμνω, 213
 πατρώης Ἐκάτης θιασώδεα πυρσὸν ἐλίσσω.
 Καὶ φάλαρον σείοντες ἀερσιλόφου τρυφαλείης 215
 Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατώνοντο κυδοιμῶ,
 εἰς μόθον οἰστρηθέντες· ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ χαλκῶ
 φάσγανα τυπτομένησιν ἐπέκτυπε γυμνὰ βοείαις
 σκαρθμοῖς ἀντιτύποισι· φερεσσακέος δὲ χορείης 220
 ρυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο ποδῶν ἐλικώδει παλμῶ,
 Ἄρει βακχευθέντες· ὄρεσσαύλων δὲ νομήων
 Ἰνδῶν δεδάικτο γονὴ Κουρήτι σιδήρῳ·
 καὶ τις ἀνὴρ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίη,
 εἰσαῖων μύκημα βαρυγδούποιο βοείης.
 Καὶ τις ἀερτάζουσα φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐννουῦς 225
 Βασσαρις ἠκόντιζεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ γενέθλης
 ἄρσενα πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλει θύρσῳ.
 καὶ λασίη παλάμη σκοπιὴν λοφόεσσαν αἰείρων
 οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμῶν ἐκορύσσετο Ληνεύς,
 πέμπων ὀκρίεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκωκῆν. 230
 Βάκχη δ' ἀμφαλάλαξε· καὶ ἀμπελόεντες οἰστοὶ
 κισσοφόρων παλάμησιν ἐδινεύοντο γυναικῶν.

breathing defiant fire between their teeth, like the pair of brazenfoot bulls which he made for Aietes the redoubtable ruler of the Colchians,^a with hot collars and burning pole. Eurymedon drove and guided the fiery mouths of the ironfoot steeds with a fiery bridle; in his right hand he held a Lemnian spear made on his father's anvil, and by his wellmade thigh hung a flashing sword—if a man picked up a small stone in his fingertips and struck it against the fire-grained surface of the sharp blade, sparks flashed of themselves from the steel. Alcon grasped a fiery bolt in one hand, and swung about a festal torch of Hecate from his own country.

²¹⁵ The Dictaian Corybants joined battle, shaking the plumes of their highcrested helmets, rushing madly into the fray. Their naked swords rang on their beaten shields in emulation, along with resounding leaps; they imitated the rhythm of the dance-at-arms with quick circling movements of their feet, a revel in the battlefield. The Indian nation was ravaged by the steel of those mountaineer herdsmen, the Curetes. Many a man fell headlong into the dust when he heard the bellow of the heavy-dumping oxhides.

²²⁵ The Bassarid lifted her leafy weapon of war, and cast: from that Bacchos-hating generation many men's heads were brought low by the woman's thyrsus. Leneus cut off the peak of a hill to arm himself, and raising the crested rock with a hairy hand, he hurled the jagged mass at his adversaries. The Bacchant women shouted their warcry around, and viny arrows were whirled by the hands of ivy-

^a It was Jason's task to yoke them, see Apoll. Rhod. iii. 409 ff.

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ἔνθα μέλος πλέξασα καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Διονύσῳ
 Εὐπετάλη κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
 κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆρα σιδήρου, 235
 Ἰνδῶν δρυόεντι γονὴν ὀλέκουσα κορύμβῳ.
 καὶ δῆϊων κλονέουσα νέφος ῥήξῆγορι θύρσῳ
 Τερψιχόρῃ φιλόβοτρυς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,
 κύμβαλα δινεύουσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ·
 οὐ τὸσον Ἡρακλῆς Στυμφηλίδας ἤλασε βόμβῳ 240
 χαλκὸν ἔχων βαρύδουπον,

ὅσον στρατὸν ἤλασεν Ἰνδῶν
 Τερψιχόρῃ κτυπέουσα χοροῦ πολεμήϊον Ἡχώ.
 καὶ Τρυγίῃ βαρύγουνος ἐλείπετο νόσφιν ὀμίλου
 ὑστατίῃ καὶ ἔπηξε φόβῳ πόδας· οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
 Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνε· λίπον δέ μιν αὐτόθι μούνην 245
 ταρβαλέην, χατέουσαν ἀρηγόνος· ἀκροπότῃ δὲ
 χεῖρας ὄρεξε Μάρωνι, Μάρων δ' ἀπέειπε γεραιήν,
 ὅττι χοροὺς ἀνέκοπτε φιλακρήτων Κορυβάντων
 καὶ Σατύρων· αἰεὶ δὲ θεοῖς ἠῤᾶτο δαμῆναι
 γηραλέην ἀνόνητον ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ Δηριαδῆος. 250
 καὶ Καλύκη πολέμιζε παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ
 οἰστρομανῆς. τρομερῆς δὲ μέθης ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
 Οἰνῶνῃ προθέουσα· βαρυνομένη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 γούνατα μὲν μογέεσκε, φιλακρήτοιο δὲ νύμφης
 οἰδαλέοι σμήριγγες ἐδινεύοντο καρῆνου. 255

Καὶ στόνος ἦν βαρύδουπος· ὀμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
 Ἀστράεις Σταφύλῃν, Καλύκην δ' ἐδίωκε Κελαινεύς.
 Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγα δορυσσόος ἤλασε Μορρεὺς

^a Not the Muse but a "dance-enjoying" Bassarid.

^b His fifth labour. See Rose, *Hdb. of Gk. Myth.*, p. 213.

bearing women. Then Eupetale wove a lay for Ares and Dionysos, and attacking cast the piercing ivy, which smashed the steel with leaves of the vine, and destroyed the Indian nation with clusters of leaves.

²³⁷ Grapelover Terpsichore ^a danced about in the turmoil, sweeping off clouds of enemies with man-breaking thyrsus, and swinging round the double plates of the heavyresounding cymbals. Not so loud was the bang of the heavythumping rattle of Heracles, when he drove away the Stymphalian birds,^b as the noise Terpsichore made, when she drove away the Indian army with the battledin of her dance.

²⁴³ Trygië with limping knee was left behind the company last of all, her feet frozen with fear. Not one of the Seilenoi kept beside her; but they left her there alone frightened, without a helper. She held out her hands to Maron the hard drinker, but Maron would have nothing to do with the old woman because she only hindered the dances of winegreedy Corybants and Satyrs: he did nothing but pray to the gods to let the silly old hag fall before the spear of Deriades.

²⁵¹ Calyce also fought by the side of Dionysos, mad with fury. But Oinone ^c ran to the front, and danced in the staggering steps of drunkenness. Her knees were weary and heavy in the struggle, the tippling girl's soaking locks were swinging about her head.

²⁵⁶ The din was deafening; with emulous tumult Astraëis chased Staphyle, Celaineus chased Calyce. Shakespear Morrheus drove off a company of Sei-

^c These names mean something like Winy, Bunchy, Cuppy or Poddy, Petally, Bowery.

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θεινομένην βουπλήγι· μιῇ δ' ἔλατῆρος ὀμοκλή
 Ἄστραϊος δεδόνητο, Μάρων φύγεν, ὤκλασε Ληνεύς, 260
 Σειληνοῦ τρία τέκνα δασύτριχος, ὃς δίχα λέκτρων
 ἄσπορος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέδραμε μητρὸς ἀρούρης.
 ἱμερτὴν δὲ Δόρυκλος ἀνεπτοίησε Λυκάστην. . .

Τῆσι θεὸς χραίσμησε, νεουτήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
 ἔλκεσι φάρμακα πάσσειν· Ἐνναλίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ 265
 τειρομένην ποδὸς ἄκρον ἀνάμπυκα ρύσατο Γόργην,
 κλήματος ἀμπελόεντι περισφίγξας πόδα δεσμῶ·
 Εὐπετάλης δ' ἰχώρα νεόσσυτον ἔσβεσεν οἴνω,
 καὶ Σταφύλης χυτὸν αἷμα κατεπρήνεν ἀοιδῆ·
 Μυρτοῦς δ' οὐταμένην παλάμην ἴησατο μύρτω, 270
 καὶ Καλύβην ἐσάωσεν ἀνειρύσσας βέλος ὦμου, 271
 ἔλκεϊ φοινῆεντι περιρραίνων πόμα ληνοῦ· 273
 Νύσης δ' ἄλγος ἔπαυσε νεουτήτοιο προσώπου, 272
 χρίσας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρηίδα λευκάδι γύψω· 274
 ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπεστενάχιζε Λυκάστη. 275

Ἄλλ' ὅτε Βασσαρίδων ὀδύνας πρηῦνατο τέχνη
 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος, ἐμάρνατο μείζονι χάρμη·
 καὶ τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἄλματι λύσσης
 Βασσαρὶς Ἴνδὸν Ἄρηα μετέστιχε θυιάς Ἐννώ,
 ἀμφὶ σέ, Λύδιε δαῖμον· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ Βάκχης 280
 ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ.

Καὶ βριαρῶν προμάχων ἑτερόζυγον ἔσμον ἐγείρων
 αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατον Ἄρεος Ἠχώ,
 καὶ διδύμαις παλάμησι φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
 ἄντυγες ἀμφιπλήγος ἀνεκρούοντο βοεῖης, 285
 κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, μεταλλάξασα δὲ μολπὴν
 Πανιάς ἠδυμέλεια μόθους ἐμελίζετο σύριγξ·
 ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφιλαφεῖς δὲ

lenoi, beating them with his poleaxe : at one shout of the driver Astraios was shaken, Maron fled, Leneus collapsed, the three sons of shaggyhaired Seilenos, who himself sprang up out of mother earth unbegotten and self-delivered ; and Doryclos scared away the charming Lycaste. . . .

²⁶⁴ These the god helped, and besprinkled the women's fresh wounds with healing drugs. Unveiled Gorgë he saved, when wounded in the foot by a hostile spear, wrapping the foot in a bandage of vine-leaves. He staunched the newly-flowing ichor of Eupetale with wine, and stayed the stream of blood from Staphyle with a charm, healed Myrto's wounded hand with myrtle, saved Calybe's life by pulling the arrow out of her shoulder, and pouring the draught of the winepress on the bleeding wound ; he ended the pain of Nyse's just-wounded face by smearing her cheeks on both sides with white chalk. With tearless eyes he mourned over Lycaste.

²⁷⁶ But after he had soothed the pains of the Bassarids by his art, Dionysos thyrsus-mad fought with still greater fury. One wild Bassarid, possessed by the throes of sense-robbing madness, was harrying the Indians in the conflict, for thy honour, O Lydian god ! and from the Bacchant's hair shone a spontaneous flame about her neck, which burnt her not.

²⁸² Yet another swarm of sturdy champions was soon stirred up by the sound of the drooling pipes which gathered the army to war, and the loverattle Corybants beating their hands on both sides of the rounded skin, the tinkling cymbals, the syrinx of Pan with its changeable sweet notes tuning up for battle. The enemy ranks answered with tumultuous noise,

ἤερόθεν πτερόεντες ἀνερροίζησαν οἰστοί.
λίγξε βιός, βόμβησε λίθος, μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ. 290

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἴξον, ὄπη πεφορημένος ὀλκῶ
λευκὸν ὕδωρ μεθύοντι ῥόω φοίνιξεν Ἰδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βάκχος ἄυσε βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
ὀππόσον ἐννεάχιλος ἐπέβρεμεν ἔσμος Ἐννοῦς
φρικτὸν ὁμογλώσσων στομάτων θρόον· ἀσταθέες δὲ 295
ξανθὸν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἐπὶ ῥόον ὤκλασαν Ἴνδοί,
ἄλλοι δ' ἐν πεδίῳ· στρατιῇ δ' ἐμερίζετο Βάκχου,
δυσμενέας κτείνουσα καὶ ἐν δαπέδῳ καὶ Ἰδάσπη,
δίψῃ καρχαλέῃ κεκαφηότας, ὀππότε γαίης
ἦώς μέσσον ἀνέσχε, καὶ ἔτρεμε θερμὸς ὀδίτης 300
αἴθοπος Ἡελίοιο μεσημβρίζουσιν ἰμάσθλην.

Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προκαλίζετο κοίρανον Ἰνδῶν,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων λυσσώδει λαιμῶ·

“ Τίς φόβος;

εἰ ποταμοῖο φέρει γένος ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν λάχον αἶμα· χειριότερος δὲ Λυαίου 305
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ὅσον Διὸς ἔστιν Ἰδάσπης.
ἦν δ' ἐθέλω, νεφέων σχεδὸν ἴσταμαι· ἦν δ' ἐθελήσω,
ἴξεται ἰθυκέλευθον ἐμὸν βέλος ἄχρι Σελήνης.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις μεθέπων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε βοοκραίρῳ Διονύσῳ.” 310

Ὡς φαμένου βρυχηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο μαχηταί·
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ.
αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μειλίχιος Πάν,
ὄξυ δὲ τοξευτῆρος ὄλον κενεῶνα χαράξας
θηγαλέῃ Μελανῆος ἀνέσχισε γαστέρα χηλῆ, 315
παινῆν ἔλκος ἔχοντος ἀπαιτίζων Ἰμεναίου,
390

showers of winged arrows came whizzing through the air : twanged the bow, banged the stone, bellowed the trumpet.

²⁹¹ But as soon as they came to the ford, where Hydaspes rolling along had reddened his white water with drunken streams, then Bacchos shouted from his deep-roaring throat as loud as the horrid clamour which comes from the throat of a swarm of nine thousand men roaring together as one.^a The Indians could not stand ; restless they fled away, and crouched some in the yellow stream, some on the land. The army of Bacchos divided, slaying the enemy both on land and in the Hydaspes, panting with dry thirst, at the time when day has reached the middle of the earth, and a heated wayfarer trembles under the midday lash of blazing Helios.

³⁰² Then the vinegod challenged the Indian king, and poured a menacing speech from his furious throat :

³⁰⁴ " What is there to fear ? If the Indian chieftain claims descent from a river, I have my blood from heaven ! Overweening Deriades is as much less than Lyaïos, as Hydaspes is less than Zeus ! If it be my pleasure, I can rise to the clouds ; if it be my pleasure, my shot will go straight to the Moon ! If you are proud because you have a hornstrong shape, fight if you can a duel with horned Dionysos."

³¹¹ As he spoke, the warriors roared and gnashed their teeth : man vied with man in fighting by the side of Dionysos. A friendly Pan fought with his goatsfeet : with a sharp stroke of his pointed hoof he tore all down the hollow flank of archer Melaneus and laid open his belly ; this was his revenge for

^a An echo of Hom. *Il.* v. 860.

ὄφρα πυρισφρήγιστον ἐλαφρίσσειεν ἀνίην
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ὄδυρομένου Διονύσου.

Λυσσῆεις δ' Ἰόβακχος ἐπέδραμε δηιοτήτι,
 καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυσε καὶ ἤψατο χερσὶν Ὀλύμπου, 320
 ἄλλοτε μηκύνων ταναὸν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων,
 καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, καὶ ἠέρα τύψε καρήνω.

Τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἐπήλυθεν Ἔσπερος ἀστήρ,
 λύων Ἰνδοφόνοιο θεμείλια δηιοτήτος.

Ἄρει δ' ὑπνώοντι παρίστατο νεύματι Ῥείης 325
 φάσματα ποικίλλουσα δολοπλόκος ὄψις ὀνείρου,
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, νόθη σκιοειδέι μορφῇ·

“ Ἄρες, Ἄρες, σὺ μὲν εὔδε, δυσίμερε,

μοῦνος ἰαύων

χαλκοχίτων· Παφίην δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὑψόθι λέκτρων
 ὑμετέρην Ἥφαιστος ἔχει προτέρην Ἀφροδίτην, 330
 ἐκ δὲ δόμων ἐδίωκε Χάριν, ζηλήμονα νύμφην·

ἀρχαίην δὲ δάμαρτα παλίνδρομον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων
 αὐτὸς Ἔρως τόξευεν ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
 Ἥφαιστῷ γενετῆρι φέρων χάριν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 Ζῆνα μέγαν παρέπεισε πόθων ἀδίδακτος Ἀθήνη, 335
 παρθενικὴ δολόμητις, ὅπως Ἥφαιστον ἀλύξῃ,
 μνησαμένη νόθα λέκτρα πεδοτρεφέων Ὑμεναίων,
 μὴ προτέρου μετὰ πότμον Ἐρεχθέος ἄρσενι μαζῶ
 ἄλλον ἀεξήσειε νεώτερον υἱὸν ἀρούρης.

ἔγρεο, καὶ Θρήϊσσαν ἰὼν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐρίπνης 340
 δέρκεο σὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐθήμονος ἔνδοθι Λήμνου,
 δέρκεο, πῶς προπύλαια Πάφου καὶ ἐδέθλια Κύπρου
 ἀνθεσιν ἐστεφάνωσεν ὁμόστολος ἔσμος Ἐρώτων,

^a Hephaistos in the *Iliad* is married to Charis; in the bard's song of the *Odyssey*, to Aphrodite. The reason for the difference is presumably that both marriages are rather alle-

the wound of Hymenaios, to relieve the firesealed agony of Dionysos mourning with tearless eyes.

³¹⁹ Madly Iobacchos rushed into the fray; he lengthened his tall body until he reached the clouds and grasped Olympos with his hands, near neighbour to the sky, standing firm on earth and touching heaven with his head.

³²³ So they fought until the evening star came on them and razed the foundations of the Indian massacre. Then at Rheia's nod a deceitful vision stood by Ares, painting fantastic pictures in his sleep, and spoke thus in shadowy counterfeit shape:

³²⁸ "Sleep on Ares, sleep on hapless lover, now you lie alone in your coat of mail! But the Paphian—Hephaistos lies again in his bed and possesses Aphrodite, once yours! He has chased out of the house Charis his jealous bride ^a; Eros himself has shot reluctant Aphrodite with an arrow, and brought back the ancient wife to a second marriage to please Hephaistos his father. Indeed, Athena herself, who knows nothing of love, has persuaded great Zeus—the cunning virgin! She wants to evade Hephaistos, ^b for she remembers the makeshift marriage on the nourishing soil, and would not nurse another son of the earth on her manlike breast, a younger brother of Erechtheus now the first is dead.

³⁴⁰ "Awake! Go to the upland plain of the Thracian mountain, and see your Cythereia in her own familiar Lemnos. See how her swarm of attendant Loves have crowned with flowers the portals of Paphos and the buildings of Cyprus; hear the women of Byblos

gory than myth, much less cult: Craftsmanship marries Charm or Beauty.

^b Cf. xiii. 171 ff.

Βυβλιάδων δ' ἐπάκουε μελιζομένων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ νεαρὴν φιλότητα παλιννόστων ὕμεναίων. 345

Ἄρες, ἐνοσφίσθης σέο Κύπριδος· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
ὁ βραδὺς ὠκὺν Ἄρηα παρέδραμε. μέλπε καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἐφαιστῶ πυρόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀφροδίτην.

Σικελίης δ' ἐπίβηθι, παρισταμένους δὲ καμίνῳ
λίσσεό μοι Κύκλωπας· ἀριστοπόνου δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ 350

ἴδμονες Ἐφαιστοιο, σοφῶν ζηλήμονες ἔργων,
σοὶ δόλον ἐντύνουσι, καὶ ἀρχαίῳ σέο δεσμῶ
ὀπλότερον τελέσουσιν ὁμοίον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀμφοτέρους δολίησιν ἀλυκτοπέδησι πιέζων

δήσης φῶρα γάμοιο τεῶ ποινήτορι δεσμῶ, 355
εἰλιπόδην Ἐφαιστον ἐπισφίγξας Ἀφροδίτην·

καὶ σε θεοὶ ξύμπαντες ἐπαινήσουσιν Ὀλύμπου
δέσμιον ἀγρεύσαντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων.

ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο δολοπλόκος· ἔγρεο, νύμφης
ἀρπαμένης ἀλέγιζε. τί σοι κακὰ Δηριαδῆος; 360
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, Φαέθων μὴ μῦθον ἀκούσῃ."

Ὡς φαμένι, πεπότῃτο. καὶ αὐτίκα κῶμα τινάξας
πρώιον ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπιπεύων φάος Ἡοῦς
θερμὸς Ἄρης ἀνέπαλτο, Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἐγείρας
ζεῦξαι φοίνιων ἄρμα ταχύδρομον· οἱ δὲ τοκῆι 365

σπερχομένῳ πείθοντο· καὶ ἀγκυλόδοντι χαλινῶ
Δεῖμος ἐριπτοίητος ἐπισφίγξας γένυν ἵππων

δέσμιον ἀνχένα δούλον ἐπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνῳ,
ζεῦγλῆν δ' ἀμφὶς ἔδῃσεν· Ἄρης δ' ἐπεβήσατο δίφρου·

καὶ Φόβος ἠνιόχευεν ὄχον πατρῶον ἐλαύνων, 370
εἰς Πάφον ἐκ Λιβάνου πεφορημένος, ἐκ δὲ Κυθήρων

ἄστατον ἔτραπεν ἄρμα

Κερασιτίδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου·
πολλάκι, πολλάκι Λῆμνον ἐδέρκετο, καὶ πλεόν ἄλλων
ζηλήμων σκοπίαζε πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνα,

celebrate Aphrodite in their hymns, and the fresh love of a wedlock renewed again.

³⁴⁶ "Ares, you have lost your Cypris! ^a The slow one has outrun murderous Ares the quick! Sing a hymn yourself to Aphrodite united with fiery Hephaistos! Set foot in Sicily, put your prayer, if you please, to the Cyclopes standing by their forge. They are in the secrets of Hephaistos the master craftsman, they can rival his clever work; they will invent an artifice for you and make a later imitation of your net, that you too may smother them both in galling meshes, and fasten the thief of your marriage in avenging toils, and bind limpfoot Hephaistos to Aphrodite. Then all the gods of Olympos will applaud you, when you have caught the ravisher of your bed in those bonds. Awake! be the cunning schemer in your turn! Awake—attend to your stolen bride! What are the woes of Deriades to you?—But let us be silent, or Phaëthon may hear."

³⁶² She spoke, and flew away. At once lusty Ares threw off slumber and saw the early streaks of the morning's light. In hot haste he leapt up, and awoke Rout and Terror to yoke his deadly quickrunning car. They obeyed their urgent father. Furious Terror set the crooktooth bit in the horses' mouths, and fastened their obedient necks under the yokestrap, and fitted the neckloop on each: Ares mounted the car, and Rout took the reins and drove his father's chariot. From Libanos to Paphos he sped, and turned the hurrying car from Cythera to the land of horned Cyprus. Often, often he looked towards Lemnos; most of all he jealously watched the firebreathing forge,

^a See Hom. *Od.* viii. 329; and the rest of that scene.

Κύπριν ἀνιχνεύων τροχαλῶ ζηλήμονι ταρσῶ, 375
 εἷ μιν ἐσαθρήσειε παρ' Ἑφάιστοιο καμίνοισ,
 ὡς πάρος, ἰσταμένην, καὶ ἐδείδιε, μή οἱ ὀπωπὴν
 καπνὸς ἀμαλδύνειε μελαινομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
 ἔδραμε καὶ μετὰ Λῆμνον ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα σιδήρῳ 380
 νυμφιδίην μακάρεσσιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐννώ,
 καὶ Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ Ἑφάιστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.

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tracking Cypris with swift jealous foot, if perchance he could see her standing as long ago beside Hephaistos's furnace, and feared the smoke might hide Aphrodite's face with black. Then he left Lemnos and rose into the heaven, that spear in hand he might arouse battle for his bride among the Blessed, confronting Zeus and Phaëthon and Hephaistos and Athena.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
 Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἄιδι πέμπει.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐπτάζωνον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἄρης
 ζηλήμων, βαρύμηις. ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ χορεύων
 θαρσῆεις Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν αἴθοπι λαῶ,
 πῆ μὲν ἐνὶ πρώτοισι θορῶν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῶ,
 πῆ δὲ μέσος προμάχοισιν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρῳ ¶
 κυανέης ἤμησε θαλύσια δηιοτήτος, ¶
 δυσμενέος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐμαίνετο φύλα δαΐζων· 8
 καὶ Σατύρους θάρσυνεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος, 7
 ὡς ἶδε Βάκχος Ἄρηα λελοιπότα φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν· 9
 ἄλλω δ' ἄλλος ἔριξε. κορυμβοφόρου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ 10
 δεξιτερὸν στόμα λάβρον ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσω
 λαϊὸν Ἀρισταῖος κέρας ἔτρεχε δηιοτήτος.

Καὶ Βρομίου θεράποντας ὀπιπεύων ἔτι Μορρεὺς
 μαρναμένους πετάλοισι καὶ ἀνθεμόεντι βελέμνω
 ἄφρονι Δηριάδῃ πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν· 15

“ Δηριάδῃ, τί τὸ θάμβος; ἐμοὶ πίπτουσι μαχηταί,
 βαλλόμενοι θύρσοισι καὶ οὐτιδανοῖσι πετῆλοισι,
 ὄπλοφόρους δ' ὀλέκουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ἀκλινέες δὲ
 Βασσαρίδες, πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
 τυπτόμεναι, μίμνουσιν ἀνούτατοι. εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν, 20
 καὶ σύ, λιπών, σκηπτοῦχε, τετὴν χαλκήλατον αἰχμὴν

BOOK XXX

In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain
to Hades, into the lowest house of
constraint.

So Ares rose to the sevenzone sky, jealous, heavy with rancour. But Dionysos danced boldly into the battle and assailed the swarthy people, now leaping upon the first ranks with earthshaking bound, now right in the midst of the forefighters. With his darting thyrsus he mowed the firstfruits of his black harvest, and furiously cut down the tribes of the enemy throng. When he saw that Ares had abandoned the Indian contest, he cheered on the Satyrs to attack Deriades, and each outdid the other. Aristaios left to Dionysos the boisterous right wing of the clusterbearing host, and ran to the left of the battle.

¹³ Now when Morrheus saw the servants of Bromios still fighting with leaves and flowery shafts, he called out in great amazement to foolish Deriades—

¹⁶ “What is this marvel, Deriades? My warriors fall, struck with a thyrsus or rubbishy leaves—the shieldless slay the armed! Nothing shakes the Bassarids; strike them with axe or two-edged sword, they remain unwounded! You do the same, if I may say so, my lord king—let be your bronze-

NONNOS

οἴνοπα θύρσον ἄειρε μαιφόνον, ὅττι σιδήρου
 δυσμενέες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι κορύμβοις.
 οὐ ποτε τοῖον ὄπωπα μόθου τύπον· οὐτιδανοὶ δὲ
 θύρσοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀρείονές εἰσιν ἀκόντων. 25

δὸς καὶ ἐμοὶ κλονέειν χλοερὸν βέλος· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
 ἀπτολέμου νάρθηκος ἐνικήθησαν ὀιστοί·
 δὸς μοι ξανθὰ πέδιλα φορήμεναι, ὅττι καὶ αὐταὶ
 ἀρραγέες κνημίδες ὑπεκλίνοντο κοθόρνοις.

τί πλέον, εἰ χάλκειον ἔχω σάκος, εὔτε γυναῖκες 30
 μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσιν ἀτευχέες, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 κύμβαλα δινεύουσι, καὶ ὀκλάζουσι μαχηταί,
 καὶ στεφάνοις τρυφάλεια καὶ εἵκαθε νεβρίδι θώρηξ;

πολλάκι δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
 ὠισάμην ἄρρηκτον ἀνασχίσσαι κενεῶνα, 35
 πέμπων εὐσκοπα δοῦρα, καὶ ὡς ἔψαυε Λυαίου,
 ὄξυβελῆς ἄγναμπος ἐκάμπτετο χαλκὸς ἀκόντων.”

Ὡς φαμένου μείδησεν ἄναξ θρασύς,
 ἀμφὶ δὲ γαμβρῶ

ὄμματα λοξὰ τίταινε χόλου κήρυκι σιωπῇ·
 καὶ οἱ ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν. 40

“ Τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον ἀτευχέα, νήπιε Μορρεῦ;
 ἠδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων Σατύρων παίζουσαν Ἐννώ.”

Ὡς φάμενος θάρσυνεν ἀταρβεί γαμβρὸν ἀπειλῇ.
 καὶ Βρομίου προμάχοισι

πέλωρ ἐκορύσσετο Μορρεῦς·

οὔτασε δ' Εὐρυμέδοντα, μέσον βουβῶνα χαράξας 45
 ἔγχεϊ φοινῆεντι· διαῖσσοῦσα δὲ μηροῦ
 πιαλέην τάμε σάρκα λιπόχροα θυιᾶς ἀκωκῆ·

γούνατι δ' ὀκλάζοντι χαμαὶ πέσε. χαλκοχίτων δὲ
 Ἄλκων οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος,
 ἀλλὰ βιαζομένῳ πρόμος ἤλυθεν ἔγχος ἀείρων 50
 καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον· ὄλον δ' ἐκάλυπτε μαχητήν,

beaten spear and lift a vinethyrsus, if you would shed blood, since the enemy are much more triumphant with their bunches of twigs than steel. I never saw a conflict of this kind: the rubbishy thyrsus in volleys is better than our javelins.

²⁶ "Give me too a green weapon to shake! for our arrows have been beaten by the unwarlike fennel. Give me yellow boots to wear, since even our unbreakable greaves have given way to the buskins. What good is it if I have a brazen shield, when women are more triumphant unarmed, and swing their cymbals in battle, while warriors collapse, while helmets yield to garlands and corselet to fawnskin? Often I have met unwounded Dionysos and thought to tear through his unbreakable flank: I have let fly my spear with good aim, and when it touched Dionysos, the unbending sharp point of the bronze was bent!"

³⁸ When he finished, the bold monarch smiled, and looked askance at his goodson in silent witnessing anger; then he broke out into bold menacing words:

⁴¹ "Why do you tremble at unarmed Dionysos, you fool Morrheus? A nice thing to fear Satyrs playing at battle!"

⁴³ This fearless boast encouraged his goodson. The prodigious Morrheus attacked the warriors of Bromios. He wounded Eurymedon, cut through the groin with his blood-stained spear: the mad point ran through the thigh and tore the skin from the fat flesh; collapsing he fell on his knee to the ground. Mailclad Alcon did not neglect his brother's fall; but lifting spear and round buckler he made for the fallen man, and covered the warrior well, holding the

NONNOS

ἀσπίδι πυργώσας δέμας ἀνέρος, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
 σείων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκὴν
 γνωτῶ γνωτὸς ἄμυνε· καὶ οὐταμένω περιβαίνων,
 οἶα περὶ σκύμοισι λέων, βρυχήσατο λαιμῶ, 55
 χεῖλεϊ λυσσήεντι χέων Κορυβαντίδα φωνήν.
 καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύων κυκλούμενον ἴδμονι ταρσῶ 57
 γνωτοῦ κεκλιμένοιο προασπιστήρα Καβείρου
 ἰσοφυῆς Τυφῶνι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Μορρεύς, 58
 γνωτοῖς διχθαδίοις κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρα κε μήτηρ 59
 δίζυγα δακρύσειεν ὀλωλότα τέκνα Καβειρώ,
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐνὶ τμηθέντα σιδήρῳ. 61
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἀμφοτέρους ἰσοελκεί δῶκεν ὀλέθρῳ,
 ἴλλα διὰ στομάτων βεβημένον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
 Λήμνιον Εὐρυμέδων γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῆ· 65
 “ὦ πάτερ, ἐργοπόνοιο πυρίπνοε κοίρανε τέχνης,
 δός μοι ὀφειλομένην προτέρην χάριν, ὅππότε μούνη
 Σικελίην τρικάρηνον ἀλωιὰς ἤρπασε Δηῶ,
 δῶρα καλυπτομένης ὀπτήρια Περσεφονείης,
 Ἐσπερίουσ δ’ ἀνέκοψε τεοὺς φυσήτορας ἀσκούσ 70
 καὶ πλατὺν ἐσχαρεῶνα καὶ ἄρπαγα σείο πυράγρην·
 ἀλλά μιν ἐπτοίησα προασπίζων γενετῆρος,
 ἄκμονος ὑμετέροιο βοηθόος· ἐξ ἐμέθεν δὲ
 σῶ Σικελῶ σπινθῆρι μέλας θερμαίνεται ἀήρ.
 ῥυεὸ μοι σέο παῖδα, τὸν ἄγριος οὐτάσε Μορρεύς.” 75
 Εἶπε, καὶ οὐρανόθεν πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὀρούσας
 σύγγονον ἀμφελέλιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
 διενεύων παλάμη πυρόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρῆν
 Μορρέος αὐτοέλικτος ἐλίσσετο πυρσὸς ἐχέφρων,
 αὐχένι μιτρώσας πυριθαλπέος ὄρμον ἀνάγκης 80
 εἰλυφόων· πυρόεν δὲ μετὰ στέφος ἀνθερεῶνος
 ταρσὸν ἐς ἐσχατόωντα θορῶν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῶ
 ἀμφὶ πόδα προμάχοιο πυρίπλοκον ἔπλεκε σειρήν,
 402

shield tower-like over his body, and thrusting right and left his unresting spear, brother protecting brother against the foe. He straddled across the wounded man, as a lion over his cubs, shouting loud and letting out mad Corybantic cries from his lips. When Morrheus saw him moving with neat steps about his brother, defending the fallen Cabeiros, the monster went raging like Typhon and attacked both brothers, that Cabeiro might shed her tears for two dead sons, slain in one day with one spear. And now he would have dealt equal destruction to both, but Eurymedon called upon his Lemnian father with voice that gasped and strained from his mouth:

⁶⁶ " O Father, firebreathing lord of our laborious art! Grant me the boon once earned, when Deo of the threshing-floor alone seized threecleft Sicily, as sightingprize for Persephoneia hidden there, and knocked over your windblown bellows in the west and your wide forge and gripping tongs: but I defended my father and scared her off, protecting your anvil. You owe it to me that the air is black and hot with your Sicilian sparks! Then save your son I pray, whom savage Morrheus has wounded!"

⁷⁶ At these words fiery Hephaistos leapt down from heaven, and sent a flame leaping and fluttering with many tongues about his son, whirling in his hand a shoot of fire. About Morrheus's neck the flame crawled and curled of itself as if it knew what it was doing, and rolled round his throat a necklace of fireblazing constraint; the blazing throat once encircled, it ran down with a springing movement to the end of his toes, and wove a plait of fiery threads

NONNOS

σειών ἐν δαπέδῳ σταθερὸν σέλας ἄλματι πεζῶ·
 θερμάνθη δὲ κάρηνον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης. 85
 καὶ νύ κεν ἐπρήνικτο τυπεῖς φλογόεντι βελέμνω,
 εἰ μὴ Δηριάδαο πατὴρ ἤμυεν Ἰδάσπης·
 ἦστο γὰρ ὑσμίνην δεδοκημένος ὑψόθι πέτρης,
 ταυροφυῆς νόθον εἶδος ἔχων βροτοειδέι μορφῇ· 90
 ὃς μιν ἀνεζώγησε χέων ἀντίπνοον ὕδωρ,
 ψύχων θερμὸν ἄημα πυριβλήτοιο προσώπου,
 λύματα τεφρήεντα διασμήχων τρυφαλείης·
 Μορρέα δ' ἀρπάξας ζοφερῇ χλαίνωσεν ὀμίχλη,
 πορφυρέη νεφέλη κεκαλυμμένα γυῖα καλύψας,
 μὴ μιν ἀποκτείνειε σελασφόρος ἀμφιγυῆεις, 95
 Λήμνιον αἰθύσσων θανατηφόρον ἀπτόμενον πῦρ,
 μὴ προτέρου φθιμένοιο γέρων φιλότεκνος Ἰδάσπης
 γαμβρὸν ἴδη πάλιν ἄλλον ὀλωλότα Δηριαδῆος,
 μηδὲ μόρον Μορρηῆος ἅμα κλαύσειεν Ὀρόντη.

Πυρσοφόρος δ' Ἥφαιστος ὄλους ἐδίωκε μαχητὰς 100
 ἱσταμένους περὶ παῖδα νεούτατον, ὑψόθι δ' ὤμου
 υἷὸν ἐλαφρίζων ἐπερείσατο γείτοσι φηγῶ,
 νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο, καὶ ἐζώγησε πεσόντα,¹
 οὐταμένω βουβῶνι φερέσβια φάρμακα πάσσων.

Οὐδὲ μόθου προτέροιο
 λελασμένος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς. 105
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν κεκόρυστο φυγῶν πυρόεσσαν Ἐννῶ
 καὶ πρόμον ἀστράπτοντα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀκωκῆν·
 καὶ Φλόγιον Στροφίοιο πολύστροφον υἷα κιχῆσας
 ἔκτανεν, ὄρχηστήρα φιλοσκάρθμου Διονύσου,
 ὃς τις ἀδακρύτοιο παρ' εἰλαπίνησι Λυαίου 110
 ἀντιτύπων ἐλέλιζε πολύτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν,
 καὶ θάνατον Φαέθοντος ἐχέφρονι χειρὶ τινάσσων

¹ So mss.: Ludwich παθόντα.

over the warrior's foot, and there firmly fixt on the earth scattered its dancing sparks—the helmet caught fire and his head was hot enough! And now he would have fallen flat, struck with the fiery shot, had not Deriades' father Hydaspes come to the rescue. For he sat watching the battle high on a rock, his bull-form having a false guise of human shape. He poured a quenching stream and saved the man's life, cooling the hot blast from the firebeaten face, brushing off the ashes and dirt from the helmet. Then he caught up Morrheus wrapt in a darksome cloud, covered and hid his limbs in a livid mist; that the firebearing Crookshank might not destroy him with his blazing shower of deadly Lemnian flame; that old Hydaspes, the tender-hearted father, might not see another goodson of Deriades perish after the first, and lament the death of Morrheus along with Orontes.^a

¹⁰⁰ But firebearing Hephaistos drove away all the warriors who stood round the just-wounded boy. Then lifting his son on his shoulder he took him out of the fray and rested him against an oaktree hard by; he spread wholesome simples upon the wounded groin, and saved him alive after his collapse.

¹⁰⁵ Yet Morrheus had not forgotten the fight he had begun. He reared his head again, having escaped the fiery attack, the blazing assailant, the flaming points. He caught Phlogios the son of Strophios rolling about and killed him; that dancer of spring-heel Dionysos, who at the banquets of tearless Lyaïos, used to flicker the twisting fingers of his mimicking hands. He would depict by gesture Phaëthon's death with sensitive hand, until he made

^a See xvii. 262 ff.

NONNOS

δαιτυμόνας ποιήσεν ἀήθεα δάκρυα λείβειν,
 ψευδαλέου Φαέθοντος ἐπικλαίοντας ὀλέθρῳ·
 καὶ νέον αἰθαλόεντα καὶ αὐτοκύλιστον ὑφαίνων 115
 λευγαλέον πόρε πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
 τοῦτον ἰδὼν σκαίροντα δορυσσόος ἔννεπε Μορρεῦς·

“ Ἄλλοῖος χορὸς οὗτος,

ὃν ἔπλεκες ἄγχι τραπέζης·

ὄρχηθμὸν γελώοντα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων
 ὄρχηθμὸν στονόεντα πόθεν μετὰ δῆριν ὑφαίνεις; 120
 εἰ δὲ καὶ οἴστρος ἔχει σε χοροστασίας Διονύσου,
 Ἄιδι μυστιπόλευε, καὶ οὐ γύψιοι χατίζεις
 αὐτοβαφῆ μεθέπων κεκοιμένα κύκλα προσώπου·
 ἦν ἐθέλης δέ, χόρευε φιλοθρήνῳ παρὰ Λήθη,
 Περσεφόνη δ' ἀγέλαστος ἀγαλλέσθῳ σέο μολπῆ.” 125

Ἔννεπε κυδιόων, καὶ ἐπέδραμεν ἴσος ἀέλλη,
 Σειληνοῦς δ' ἐφόβησεν. ἀμαιμακέτῳ δὲ μαχαίρῃ
 Τέκταφος ὠμάρτησε σακέσπαλος, ὃν ποτε δήσας
 Δηριάδης ἔκρυψεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο βερέθρου.
 οὐδὲ φυγεῖν μόρον εὔρε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκῃ 130
 τίς δύναται ποτε πότμον ἀπ' ἀνέρος ἐχθρὸν ἐρύκειν,
 νηλῆς πανδαμάτειρα θανεῖν ὅτε Μοῖρα κελεύει;
 οὐ γὰρ Τέκταφον εὔρε δόλος θνήσκοντα σαῶσαι,
 ὃς τότε λυσσῶν στρατιῆν ἐδίωξε Λυαίου,
 εὐκεράων Σατύρων φιλοπαίγμονα γνῖα δαΐζων· 135
 ἐγρεμόθου δ' ἤμησε Πυλαιέος ἀνθереῶνα,
 Ὀνθυρίου δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ,
 καὶ Πίθον εὐρύστερνον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ.
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἄλλον ὄμιλον

ἐπασσυτέρων κτάνε Βάκχων,
 ἀλλὰ μιν Εὐρυμέδων ταχὺς ἔδρακε, καὶ οἱ ὑπέστη 140
 δίστομον ἀντιβίην Κορυβαντίδα χειρὶ τινάσσω·
 ἔθλασε δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα· διχαζομένου δὲ καρῆνου

the feasters weep with tears quite out of place, mourning the death of an imaginary Phaëthon; as he depicted the young man blazing and hurtling down, he would bring painful grief upon Dionysos who feels no grief. When shakespeare Morrheus saw him tumbling there, he said :

¹¹⁸ " That was a different jig you danced near the table ! You played a merry dance by the mixing-bowl—why do you pace a groaning dance on the battlefield ? Well, if you have a passion for a dancing turn of Dionysos, go show to Hades your mystic rites. You need no chalk—your round face is well dusted of itself. Or dance if you like before Lethe the dirge-fancier, and let unsmiling Persephone have the pleasure of watching your capers."

¹²⁶ So he cried exultant, and leaping swift as the wind on the Seilenoi put them to flight. And shake-shield Tectaphos followed with devastating sword : he was the one whom Deriades once kept imprisoned in the deep pit ; but he could not escape fate a second time. For when necessity comes, who can save a man from cruel destiny, when hard allvanquishing Fate bids him die ? Nor could a trick now save Tectaphos from death. Madly he then pursued the army of Lyaïos and sliced the sportive limbs of the horned Satyrs : he shore through the throat of Pylaieus the broilbreeder, he struck Onthyrios's brow with pitiless blade, he destroyed broadbreasted Pithos with bare steel. And indeed he would have killed a crowd of Bacchantes besides ; but quickfoot Eurymedon saw him and rushed up, shaking his Corybantian twibill against him. He smashed his forehead and

ὄρθιος αἰμαλέης ἀνεκήκειεν αὐλὸς ἑέρσης·
καὶ πρόμος εἰς χθόνα πίπτε, περιρραίνων δὲ κονίην
ἡμιθανῆς κεκύλιστο, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ μελάθρου 145
ἀρχαίην κακότητα καὶ ὀπλοτέρης λῖνα Μοίρης
ἔστενε, καὶ δολίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι φίλτρου
παιδὸς ἀλεξικάκου κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ,
τοῦ δὲ κινυρομένοιο κατέρρευε δάκρυα λύθρω·

“ Μῆτερ ἐμὴ καὶ μαῖα, δολοπλόκε δύσγαμε κούρη, 150
τίπτέ μοι οὐ σχεδὸν ἦλθες,

ὄτ’ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον ὀλέθρου;
νῦν πόθεν οὐ χραίσμησας ἐμοὶ πάλιν,

ἄτρομε κούρη;
πῆ σέο φίλτρον ἔβη φυσίζοον; ἦ ῥα φυλάσσεις
πιστὰ τεῶ ζῶοντι καὶ οὐ θνήσκοντι τοκῆι;

εἰ δόλος ἐξ Ἀίδαο δυνήσεται ἄνδρα κομίζειν, 155
δίξέο μοι δόλον ἄλλον ἀρείονα, δίξεο βουλήν
κερδαλέην θανάτιο, μετὰ χθονίους κενεῶνας
ὄφρα πύλας Ἀίδαο καὶ ἐν πολέμοισιν ἀλύξω,
εἰ πέλε νόστιμος οἶμος ἀνοστήτιο βερέθρου.”

Τοῖον ἔπος μόγις εἶπε, καὶ οὐκέτι πείθετο φωνή. 160
καὶ γενέτην ὀρώωσα νεούτατον ὑπόθι πύργου
οἰκτρῇ ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνέβλυε πενθάδα φωνήν
Ἡερίη· σκολιὴν δὲ κόμην ἤσχυνε κονίην,
στήθεα γυμνώσασα δαιζομένοιο χιτῶνος,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤρασεν· ἀνηκέστῳ δὲ τοκῆι, 165
οἰὰ περ εἰσαῖοντι, τόσῃν ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·

“ Υἱὲ πάτερ βαρύποτμε

γαλακτοφόρου σέο κούρης,
σήμερον ἀπνεύστοις ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι σεῖο θανόντος
ποῖον ἔχω γλάγος ἄλλο φερέσβιον, ᾧ ἔπι δειλὴ
ψυχὴν ὑμετέρην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω; 170
ποῖον ἐγὼ πάλιν ἄλλον ἀρηγόνα μαζὸν ὀρέξω;

clove his head—a jet of bloody dew spouted up and the champion fell to the ground, soaking the dust. Half-dead he rolled on the ground, lamenting the ancient torture of the earth-dug pit, and the threads of this later Fate; remembering still the clever scheme of his daughter which saved him from death, he wailed and mingled his tears with his blood:

¹⁵⁰ “ O my mother and my nurse, my girl, O clever unhappy wife! Why did you not come near me when I was nigh unto death? Why could you not help me now again, fearless girl? What has become of your lifegiving drink? Are you true to your father while he lives, and not while he is dying! If a trick can bring back a man from Hades, seek me another and better trick, seek a plan useful against death, that after the hollow pit in the earth I may escape the gates of Hades in war as well, if there be a way to return from the pit whence no man returns.”

¹⁶⁰ He could scarce finish these words, when his voice failed him. Poor Eërië on the lofty walls could see her just-wounded father, and amid showers of tears she uttered a cry of mourning. She stained her tangled hair with dust, she rent her garments and bared her breast, she beat her head; and cried aloud to her father although now past cure, as if he could still hear:

¹⁶⁷ “ My son! illfated father of the daughter who gave you her milk! To-day there is no breath from your lips! You are dead—what milk have I now to give you life, to bring back your soul again, ah me unhappy! What breast can I offer you now to give

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αἶθε καὶ Ἄιδονῆα δυνήσομαι ἠπεροπεύειν.
 σοί, πάτερ, ἐν γέρας ἄλλο φυλάσσεται· οὐ γὰρ εἶσω
 μῦνον ἐνὶ φθιμένοις σε· σὺ δὲ κταμένης σέο κούρης
 δέξο καὶ αὐχένος αἶμα μετὰ προτέρου γάλα μαζοῦ. 175
 ἔλθετε, Δηριάδαο φυλάκτορες, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
 δείξατέ μοι μυχὸν ἄλλον ἔσω χθονός, ἧχι μολοῦσα
 νεκρὸν ἐμὸν γενετήρα πάλιν ζῶοντα τελέσω·
 οὐκ Ἄιδης φυλάκεσσιν ὁμοίος, ὄφρα τελέσω
 λυσίπονον δόλον ἄλλον ἀοσητηῆρα τοκῆς. 180
 ἤθελον ἄορ ἐκεῖνο μαιφόνον, ὄφρα δαμείην
 πατροφόνῳ βαρύθυμος ὀλισθήσασα σιδήρῳ.
 οὗτος, ὃς ἡμετέρου κεφαλὴν ἔτμηξε τοκῆς,
 κτεῖνε καὶ Ἡερίην μετὰ Τέκταφον, ὄφρα τις εἴπη·
 ‘καὶ γενέτην καὶ παῖδα μὴ πρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ.’” 185
 Ἐννεπε δακρυχέουσα· πόνος δ’ ἠέξετο μείζων.
 καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῆσιν ἐπερρίπιζεν Ἐννώ . . .
 Ταιναρίδην δ’ ἐκτεῖνε Δασύλλιον ἄορι Μορρεῦς,
 μή ποτε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀπορρίψαντα βοείην,
 ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον Ἀμυκλαῖον πολιήτην, 190
 γναθμοῦ δεξιτεροῖο παρ’ ὀστέον ἔγχος ἐρείσας.
 ἔκτανε δ’ Ἀλκιμάχειαν ὀρίδρομον, εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῶ
 ἠγορέην καὶ κάλλος ὑπέρτερον ἠλικος ἠβης,
 κούρην Ἀρπαλίωνος ἐρισταφύλοιο τοκῆς,
 ἧ πέλε τολμήσασα καὶ εἰς δόμον ἠλυθεν Ἥρης 195
 κισσὸν ἀερτάζουσα, τὸν Ἀργολὶς ἔστυγε δαίμων,
 ὄσσον ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐθήμονα φίλατο ροιήν·
 καὶ βρέτας εὐποίητον ἐμάστιεν οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,
 χάλκεον ἀμπελόεντι δέμας πλήσσοισα κορῦμβῳ,
 μητρυιὴν βαρύμηνιν ἀτιμάζουσα Λυαίου. 200
 οὐδὲ χόλον δασπλήτα καθαψαμένης φύγεν Ἥρης
 Λημνιάς Ἀλκιμάχεια θεημάχος· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 ὀθνεῖη κτερείστο, μετὰ πτολέμους δὲ τοκῆα

you help? O if I can cajole Aïdoneus too! For you, father, only one tribute remains for me to render: I will not leave you alone among the dead. Accept the blood of your slain daughter's throat as once you took the milk of her breast. Come here, warders of Deriades! Show me another pit in the ground instead of the old one, where I may enter and once more make my dead father live.—But Hades is not like those warders, to let me devise another trick for my father's help and solace his pains. O if I had that deathdealing sword, that I might fall and perish in my despair by the steel that murdered my father! You man who cut off my father's head, kill Eërië as you killed Tectaphos, that men may say—'Both father and daughter he destroyed with one sword!'"

¹⁸⁶ So she cried amid her tears. Now the battle grew fiercer: Enyo fanned the flame in both armies. Morrheus killed Dasyllios Tainarides with his sword, driving the blade through the right jawbone: Dasyllios the man of Amyclai, ever unshaken by any assault, who never lost shield to an enemy. He killed also Alcimacheia the highland girl, for beauty and valour alike pre-eminent above her yearsmates. She was daughter to Harpalion famous for his vines; she had dared to enter the temple of Hera laden with ivy, which that goddess of Argos hated as much as she loved her favourite red pomegranate, dared to beat the fine statue with the vineleaves of her thyrsus, to beat the brazen figure with bunches of grapes—insulting the resentful stepmother of Lyaïos! But she did not escape the frightful wrath thus kindled in Hera: no, Lemnian Alcimacheia who defied the gods was buried in a strange land—

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οὐκ ἴδεν Ἀρπαλίωνα τὸ δεύτερον, οὐκ ἴδε πάτρην,
Λῆμνον Ἰησονίης νυμφήιον Ὑψιπυλείης· 205

ἀλλὰ παρὰ ξείνοισι χυτῆ κεκάλυπτο κονίη,
πότμον ἀμειβομένη τιμήρορον. ἅ μέγα δειλή,
ἤμβροτεν Ἀρπαλίωνος, ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ Λυαίου.

Οὐδὲ δαιίζομένης ζαμενῆς ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεὺς
Μαινάδος Ἀλκιμάχης θεοπαίγμονος·

ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν 210

*Ἥλιδα ναιετάουσαν Ὀλύμπιον οὐδας ἀρούρης
Ἀλφειοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φιλοστεφάνου ποταμοῖο
ἔκτανε Κωδώνην ἔτι παρθένον. ἴλατε, Μοῖραι,
οὐ πλοκάμους ἐλέαιρε μαραινομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ ῥοδέην ἀκτῖνα κονιομένοιο προσώπου· 215

οὐδὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἴσον τροχοιδεῖ μῆλω
μαζὸν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρεν, ἀκαμπέα κέντορα μίτρης,
οὐδὲ βαθυνομένοιο τομὴν ἠδέσσατο μηροῦ,
ἀλλὰ τόσον κτάνε κάλλος ἄωριον· οὐταμένη δὲ
ἦ μὲν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πῖπτεν· ἀπειρεσίας δὲ διώκων 220

Μαινάδας εὐπέπλους κορυθαιόλος ἔκτανε Μορρεὺς,
Εὐρυπύλην Στερόπην τε Σόην τ' ἤμησε μαχαίρη,
καὶ Σταφύλην ἐδάϊξεν, ἐρευθαλέην τε Γιγαρτῶ
οὔτασε, καὶ ῥοδόεντος ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο τορήσας
στέρνα Μελικταίνης φονίῳ πόρφυρε σιδήρῳ. 225

Καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῶ,
ὅς μὲν ἔχων ἐλάτην περιμήκετον, ὅς δὲ κρανείου
θάμνον ὄλον πρόρριζον, ὁ δὲ πρηῶνος ἀράξας
ἄκρον ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦιεν Ἰνδῶν
λαῶν ἀκοντιστῆρα μεμνηνότι πῆχέϊ σείων. 230

* The Argonauts touched there on their way to Colchis,
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she did not return from the war, she never again saw Harpalion her father, she never saw her own country, Lemnos, the bridechamber of Jason and Hysipyleia ^a; death was her punishment, and she lay among strangers under a mound of earth. Ah hapless girl! she lost Harpalion, she was severed from Lyaïos.

²⁰⁹ But furious Morrheus was not content with slaying Alcimache, the Mainad who mocked the gods; he slew also Codone, still a maiden, whose home was the Olympian soil of Elis beside Alpheios, the garland-loving ^b river. Forgive me, ye Fates! He had no pity for the tresses of that head which was soon to wither, none for the rosy glow of that face soiled in the dust; no pity when he saw the breast with its two round apples, and the firm pressure on the breastband; no respect for the deep cleft of the thigh. No! all that beauty he killed in the bud. Struck down she fell to the ground; and Morrheus with nodding plume chased Mainads innumerable in their fine robes. Eurypyle, Sterope, Soë he mowed down with his sword, Staphyle he cleft asunder, ruddy Gigarto he wounded, and pierced Melictaina's breast above the pink nipple, staining his deadly steel with crimson.

²²⁶ The spiteful Telchines also joined the battle. One held a tall fir-tree; one had a cornel, trunk and roots and all; one broke off the peak of a cliff and rushed against the Indians, whirling his darting rock with furious arms and crushing the foe.

and mated with the Lemnian women, who had killed their own men; Hysipyle, their queen, had twin sons by Jason.

^b Because the Olympian Games were celebrated on its bank.

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Ἦρη δ' ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ
 δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι,
 καὶ οἱ ἀριστεύοντι σελασφόρον ὤπασεν αἴγλην
 εἰς φόβον ἀντιβίοισι· κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
 ἀσπίδος Ἰνδῶης ἀμαρύσσετο φοίνιος αἴγλη, 235
 καὶ κυνέης σελάγιζεν ὑπὲρ λόφον ἄλλομένη φλόξ.
 καὶ θρασὺς ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὅπως ἴδε Δηριαδῆος
 ὀμφαλὸν ἀστράπτοντα πυριβλήτοιο βοεῖης
 καὶ σέλας ἠερόφοιτον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης·
 τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐθάμβεεν, οὐδέ οἱ ἔτλη 240
 ἀντιάσαι, νοέων δὲ κορυσσομένης δόλον Ἦρης
 ποσσὶν ἀναινομένοισιν ἐχάζετο δημοτῆτος.

Καὶ τότε θαρσύνετες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἦιον Ἴνδοί,
 ὑσμίνην Βρομίοιο λελοιπότος· εἰσορόων δὲ
 Δηριάδης ἐδάϊζεν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα Βάκχων 245
 ἐγχείην ἐκάτερθε παλινδίνητον ἐλίσσω.

Ἄσχαλὼν δ' Ἰόβακχος ἀνήγειν εἰς ράχιν ὕλης,
 καὶ κλονέειν ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
 μητρυιῆς τρομέων χόλον ἄγριον. ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
 οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ γὰρ ἦκε διάκτορον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς, 250
 γνωτὸν ὅπως φεύγοντα, φόβῳ πεφοβημένον Ἦρης,
 εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἐρύσειε μεταστρέψαντα μενοινήν·
 στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν, ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἐδράξατο Βάκχου,
 μούνῳ φαινομένη βλοσυρῆ θεός· ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
 μαρμαρυγὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί· 255
 καὶ νοερούς σπινθηῆρας ἐπιπνείουσα Λυαίῳ
 μεμφομένη κοτέουσα φιλοπτολέμῳ φάτο φωνῆ·

“ Πῆ φεύγεις, Διόνυσε;

τί σοι φόβος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
 πῆ σέθεν ἄλκιμα θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεντες οἰστοί;
 ἀμφὶ σέθεν τίνα μῦθον ἐμῷ Κρονίῳ βοήσω; 260

²³¹ Fickle Hera, still heavy against Lyaïos, gave courage and spirit to lordly Deriades, and showed a brilliant glow upon his triumphant course for the terror of his foes. When he came forth in arms a fatal glow sparkled from the Indian shield, dazzling flames leapt over the crest of his helmet. Bold as he was, Bacchos trembled when he saw the flashing boss of Deriades' fire-shot shield and the plumes of the helmet burning in the air. Dionysos was amazed when he saw, and had not the heart to meet him; but he retreated from the battle with unwilling feet, when he understood the device of Hera in arms.

²⁴³ Then the Indians took courage, and moved to the fight as Bromios left the field; Deriades saw it, and swept the thronging ranks of Bacchants while he swung his blade right and left again and again.

²⁴⁷ Iobacchos in distress retired to the woodland ridge, and left the winds to blow away his hope of victory, since he feared his stepmother's fierce resentment. But Athena came down from heaven; for Zeus ruling on high sent her, on the errand to change the mind of her brother, now a fugitive in dread of Hera, and to bring him back to the battle. She stood behind him, and caught Bacchos by his yellow hair,^a seen by him alone, that grim goddess: from her face the eyes flashed a fiery gleam, and breathing sparks of good sense upon Lyaïos she spoke angrily in warlike tones of rebuke:

²⁵⁸ "Whither do you flee, Dionysos? Why flight instead of fight? Where is your mighty thyrsus and your arrows of vine? What word shall I tell of

• After Hom. *Il.* i. 197.

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ποῖον ἴδον κατὰ δῆριν ὀλωλότα κοίρανον Ἰνδῶν;
 ζῶει Δηριάδης καὶ μάρναται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.
 ποίην δ' οὐρανίην ἐπεδείκνυες ἔμφυτον ἀλκὴν;
 ἢ Λιβύης ἐπέβης; ἢ Περσέος εἶχες ἀγῶνα;
 ἢ Σθεννοῦς ἴδες ὄμμα λιθώπιδος ἢ καὶ αὐτῆς 265
 δύσμαχον Εὐρυάλης μυκώμενον ἀνθρεῶνα;
 ἢ πλοκάμους ἐνόησας ἐχιδνοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,
 καί σε πολυσπερέων περιδέδρομε χάσμα δρακόντων;
 οὐ Σεμέλη τέκε παῖδα μαχήμονα· Γοργοφόνον δὲ
 ἄξιον νῖα λόχευσεν ἐμοῦ Διὸς Ἀκρισιῶνη· 270
 οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴν δρεπάνην

πτερόεις ἀπεσεΐσατο Περσεύς,
 Ἑρμείαν δὲ γέραιεν ἐὼν δωτῆρα πεδίλων.
 γείτονα μάρτυν ἔχω πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης·
 εἶρεό μοι Κηφῆα, τὰ περ κάμε Περσέος ἄρπη·
 ἀντολίην δ' ἐρέεινε καὶ ἔσπερον· ἀμφότερον γάρ, 275
 Νηρεΐδες τρομέουσι τὸν Ἀνδρομέδης παρακοίτην,
 Ἑσπερίδες μέλπουσι τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης.
 Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος ὁμοῖος οὐ πέλε Βάκχῳ,
 οὐ φύγε Δηριάδην, οὐκ ἔτρεμε φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
 χθιζὰ πάλιν σε φόβησεν Ἄραψ πρόμος; ἐξέτι κείνου 280
 ἄζομαι Ἄρα θοῦρον ἰδεῖν¹ γενετῆρα Λυκούργου,
 ἀδρανίην βοόωντα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
 σὸς καὶ ἐμὸς γενέτης οὐκ ἔτρεμε δηιοτήτα,
 εὖτε θεοὶ Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 ποίην Ὀρσιβόην λήισσαο δεσπότην Ἰνδῶν; 285
 Χειροβίην οὐκ εἶδε δορικτήτην σέο Ῥεΐη.
 ἰλήκοι Διὸς εὐχος, ἀδελφεὸν οὐ σε καλέσω

¹ Ludwich ἰδῶν, Keydell ἰδεῖν. Athena speaks.

^a See on xviii. 291 ff.

^b Danaë.

^c Wife of Deriades : see xxvi. 352.

you to my Cronion? Have I seen the Indian king dead on the battlefield? No—Deriades lives, Morrheus fights on!

263 “What have you shown of inborn heavenly prowess? Have you set foot in Libya?^a Have you had the task of Perseus? Have you seen the eye of Sthenno which turns all to stone, or the bellowing invincible throat of Euryale herself? Have you seen the tresses of viperhair Medusa, and have the open mouths of her tangled serpents run round you? No fighter was Semele’s son; Acrisios’s daughter^b bore the Gorgonslayer, a son worthy of my Zeus, for winged Perseus did not throw down my sickle, and he thanked Hermeias for lending his shoes. I have a witness ready here, the monster of the deep turned to stone; pray ask Cepheus, what the sickle of Perseus did. Ask the east, and ask the west; for both know—the Nereïds tremble before Andromeda’s husband, the Hesperids sing him who cut down Medusa.

278 “Aiacos was not affrighted, he was not like Bacchos, he did not run from Deriades, he did not shrink from the Indian battle! Did the Arab chief frighten you again yesterday? I am still ashamed to look at Ares, the furious father of Lycurgos, when he publishes abroad the cowardice of runaway Dionysos.

283 “Your father and mine feared not battle, when the Titan gods armed themselves against Olympos. Where is Orsiboë—have you taken the Indian Queen?^c Rhea has not seen Cheirobië^d captive of your spear. Zeus forgive my boast—but I will not call you brother, when you run from Deriades

^d Wife of Morrheus.

NONNOS

Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ ἀποτολέμων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
 ἀλλὰ λαβῶν σέο θύρσα πάλιν μιμνήσκειο χάρμης,
 καὶ στρατιῆς προμάχιζε, κορυσσομένησι δὲ Βάκχαις 290
 ὄψεται εὐθώρηκα συναιχμάζουσαν Ἀθήνην,
 αἰγίδα κουφίζουσαν ἀνούτατον ὄπλον Ὀλύμπου.”

Ὡς φαμένη Βρομίῳ μένος ἔμπνεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
 θαρσύνεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ἔσσομένης δὲ
 νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Τριτογενεΐη. 295

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον,

τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἔκτανε Βάκχος,
 ὅππότε μιν θάρσυνε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀθήνη;
 κτείνει μὲν ἀντιβίων ἑκατοντάδα νηλεί θύρσῳ,
 πολλοῖς δ' ἔλκος ὄπασσε πολύτροπον ἔγχρῃ τύπτων
 ἢ φυτῶν ἐλίκεσσι ἢ εὐόρηκι κορύμβῳ, 300

ἢ λίθον αἰχμάζων κραναὸν βέλος· οἱ δὲ τυπέντες
 δαιμονίῃ καναχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἰμάσθλη.
 Φρίγγου δ' οὔτασεν ὤμον ἀριστερὸν ὄξει θύρσῳ·
 ὃς δὲ θορῶν ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο· τὸν δὲ φυγόντα
 θηγαλέῳ βουπλήγι κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς. 305

Ἐγρετίῳ δ' ἐπόρουσε φιλεύιον ἔγχος ἐλίσσω
 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ἐκηβόλος· ἵπταμένη δὲ
 Βακχιάς ἐρροΐζησε δι' ἠέρος ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ
 ἄνδρα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα, καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο φυγόντος
 ἔχραε Βωλίγγεσι, καὶ ἐγρεμόθους Ἀραχώτας 310

εἰς φόβον ἐπτοίησε· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
 φρικτὰ δοριθρασέων ἐδαΐζετο φύλα Σαλαγγῶν·
 καὶ στρατὸς ἐρτοίητο φερεσσακέων Ἀριηνῶν·
 καὶ προμάχους Φρίγγιοι καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο διώκων
 Εὖιος ἐπτοίησεν ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην· 315

καὶ Λύγον αἱματόεντος ἀπεστυφέλιξε κυδοιμοῦ
 ἀλκῆεις Ἰόβακχος· ἐφεδρήσοντα δὲ δένδρῳ
 οὔτασε Μειλανίωνα δολοπλόκον οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,

and the unwarlike nation of India! Come, take your thyrsus again and remember the battle; fight in the van of the army, and you will see Athena well armed and fighting beside the armed Bacchantes: she will lift her aegis-cape, the invincible weapon of Olympus!"

²⁹³ Thus the goddess inspired Bromios with strength. Then he took courage and fought boldly again, entrusting all his hope of coming victory to Tritogeneia.

²⁹⁶ Now whom first, whom last did Bacchos slay, when Athena insatiate of battle made him brave? He slew a round hundred of his enemies with destroying thyrsus, and he wounded many in many ways, striking with spear or bunches of twigs or clustered branches, or throwing stone, a rough missile. Those who were hit by the divine flail went rushing madly about with a great noise. He wounded Phringos in the left shoulder with sharp thyrsus, and he rushed away out of reach; but Melisseus caught him and brought him down with a sharp poleaxe. Dionysos thyrsus-mad leapt after Egretios, shaking his Euian spear for a long shot: the sharp Bacchic blade flew whizzing through the air, eager to strike the man—and Egretios escaped. But the god attacked the Bolinges, and scared into flight the strife-stirring Arachotai. With his intoxicating vine leaves he swept away the terrible tribes of spearbold Salangoi; and the host of shielded Arienoï were scattered. The Euian scattered the whole host of the Ear-sleepers in his chase after the forefighters of Phringos and Egretios. Iobacchos in his might beat off Lygos also out of the gory battle. Cunning Meilanion hid in a tree, and from his hiding-place

Βασσαρίδας κρυφίοισιν οιστεύοντα βελέμνοις·
 ἀλλά μιν ἐζώγησεν ἀπήμονα δύσμαχος Ἥρη, 320
 ὅττι δόλω κεκόρυστο καὶ ἔχραε πολλάκι Βάκχαις
 κρυπταδίοις πολέμοισιν· αἰεὶ δέ μιν ἔκρυφε πέτρη
 ἢ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ὑποκλεφθέντα πετήλοισι,
 ἀνέρας ἀφράστοισιν οιστεύοντα βελέμνοις.
 Ἴνδοι δ' ἀνδροφόνοιο μετεσσεύοντο κυδοιμοῦ 325
 ἠγορέην τρομέοντες ἀνικήτου Διονύσου.

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showered arrows among the Bassarids, but the god hit him with his thyrsus of vine. Formidable Hera saved him unhurt, because he had often used this trick of arms, and attacked Bacchants, making war from ambush. He was always hidden by a rock or concealed by the leaves of a tall tree, shooting men unnoticed with his arrows.

³²⁵ The Indians retreated at last from the carnage of the battle, fearing the valour of unconquered Dionysos.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἡρῆ
Υπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνην ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.

Ὡς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῶοιο τυπεῖς ἴγυγι κυδοιμοῦ
Βάκχος Ἐρυθραίης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρούρης,
χρύσεια χιονέησι παρηῖσι βόστρυχα σείων.

Ἡρῆ δὲ φθονεροῖσιν ἀνοιδαίνουσα μερίμναις
ἄκρον ἀπειλητῆρι κατέγραφεν ἡέρα ταρσῶ, 5
αὐτόθι παπταίνουσα πολυσπερέων στρατὸν Ἰνδῶν
θύρσοις ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀλοισθέντα Λυαίου.
καὶ χόλον ἄλλον ἔγειρεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
Ἄνδρομέδης ὀρώουσα πολύπλοκα λείψανα δεσμῶν
καὶ λίθον ἐν ψαμάθῳ, βλοσυρὸν τέρας ἐννοσιγαίου. 10
ἀχθυμένη δ' ἐὼν ὄμμα παρέτραπε, μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
Γοργοφόνου Περσῆος ἴδη χαλκήλατον ἄρπην.

Ἦδη γὰρ ταχύγουνον ἐν ἡέρι ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων
δίψιον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Λίβυν πορθμεύετο Περσεύς, 15
νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσι· μονογλήνου δὲ γεραιῆς
Φορκίδος ἀγρῦπνοιο λαβῶν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην
δύσβατον ἄντρον ἔδυνε, καὶ ἀμῶων παρὰ πέτρῃ
λήγια συρίζοντα, θαλύσια λοξὰ κομάων,
Γοργόνοσ ὠδίνοντα διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
καὶ δρεπάνην φοίνιξε· δαΐζομένης δὲ Μεδούσης 20

BOOK XXXI

In the thirty-first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.

So struck by the spell of the Indian conflict, Bacchos sped about the bosom of the Erythraian land, shaking the golden locks against his snow-white cheeks.

⁴ But Hera, swelling with jealous passions, scored the air with menacing sole, when she beheld the host of scattered Indians beaten like corn in the threshing where they stood, by the manslaying thyrsus of Lyaïos. Again she awakened a new resentment, seeing the heap of Andromeda's broken chains beside the Erythraian sea, and that rock lying on the sand, Earthshaker's monstrous lump.^a Bitterly she turned her eye aside, not to glimpse by the sea the bronze-forged sickle of Gorgonslaying Perseus.

¹³ For Perseus already was ferrying across to the thirsty stretches of Libya, swimming on his wings and circling in the air a quickfoot knee. He had taken the travelling eye of Phorcys's old one-eyed daughter un-sleeping; he dived into the dangerous cave, reaped the hissing harvest by the rockside, the firstfruits of curling hair, sliced the Gorgon's teeming throat and stained his sickle red. He cut off the head and

^a The monster turned to stone.

NONNOS

αἰμοβαφῆ παλάμην ὀφιώδει λούσεν ἔερση,
κράτα ταμών· χρυσέω δὲ σὺν ἄορι παῖδα λοχεύων
ἰππεῖην ἐλόχευσε γονὴν διδυμητόκος αὐχὴν.

Καὶ φθονερὸς πραπίδεσσι χόλος
διεπάφλασεν Ἕρης

ζῆλον ἐρευγομένης ἐπὶ Περσεί καὶ Διονύσω. 25

ἦθελε δὲ Κρονίδαο καὶ ὄμματα καὶ φρένα θέλγειν
εἰς γάμον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ εἰς πτερόν ἠδέος Ὑπνου
ἐλκομένου μετὰ λέκτρον, ὅπως δολίῃ τινὶ τέχνῃ
Ζηνὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίω.

ὀρφναίην δ' Ἀίδαο μετήλυθε πανδόκον αὐλήν· 30

Περσεφόνην δ' ἐκίχησε, δολόφροني δ' ἴαχε μύθω·

“ Ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε, θεῶν ὅτι τηλόθι ναίεις·
οὐ Σεμέλην ἐνόησας ἔσω ναίουσαν Ὀλύμπου.

δεΐδια, μὴ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἀνδρομέη τέκε γαστήρ,
ἄστεροπὴν κρατέοντα μετὰ Ζαγρῆα νοήσω 35

ἢ χθονίαις παλάμησιν ἐλαφρίζοντα κεραυνούς·

συλήθης, φερέκαρπε· παρὰ σταχυώδει Νείλω
ἀντὶ τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκοιο τεκούσης
ἄλλη κῶμον ἄγουσι, νόθη δέ τις ὄμπνια Δῆν
ταυροφυῆς κερόεσσα φατίζεται Ἰναχὶς Ἰώ. 40

Ἄρεα δ', ὃν περ ἔτικτον, ὃν οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ,
υἷὸν ἐμὸν χθονίω πεπεδημένον ἀκλεί δεσμῷ

κρύψεν ἔσω κεράμοιο περισφίγξας Ἐφιάλτης·
οὐδέ οἱ ἐχραίσμησεν ἐμὸς πόσις οὐράνιος Ζεὺς,
ἀλλὰ τόκον Σεμέλης φλογερῶν ἐρρύσατο πυρσῶν, 45
καὶ βρέφος εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἀνεζώγρησε κεραυνοῦ,

^a Pegasus and Chrysaor : see Hesiod, *Theogony* 282.

bathed a bloodstained hand in that viperish dew ; then as Medusa was slain, the neck was delivered of its twin birth, the Horse and the Boy with the golden sword.^a

²⁴ Then jealous resentment boiled up in Hera's breast, and she belched spleen against Perseus and Dionysos ; and she purposed to enchant the eyes and heart of Cronides in deceitful love, under the wing of sweet sleep that is brought on after the bed, that while Zeus yet slumbered she might find some cunning trick to crush Lyaïos.^b Away she went to the gloomy all-welcoming court of Hades ; there she found Persephone, and told her a crafty tale :

³² " Most happy I call you, that you dwell so far from the gods ! You have not seen Semele at home in Olympos. I fear I may yet see Dionysos, one born of a mortal womb, master of the lightning after Zagreus, or lifting the thunderbolt in earth-born hands. Cornbringer, you have been robbed ! Beside the Nile with his harvests they hold festival for another, instead of your sheafbearing mother Demeter ; they tell of a spurious bountiful Deo, bullbred, horned, Inachos's daughter Io.^c

⁴¹ " And Ares, the one I brought forth, born of a heavenly womb, my own son, was shackled tight inglorious in earthly fetters in a jar,^d where Ephialtes had hidden him. Nor did heavenly Zeus my husband help him—but he rescued Semele's son from the flaming fire, he saved Bacchos from the thunderbolt, while still a baby brat, his bastard son half-finished !

^b The following scene imitates Hom. *Il.* xiv. 153 ff.

^c *i.e.* the Egyptians do not worship Demeter, but Isis, whom Greek mythologists equated with Io.

^d See *Il.* v. 385 ff.

ἡμιτελῆ νόθον νῖα· δαιζομένου δὲ μαχαίραις
 Ζαγρέος οὐ προμάχισεν ἐπουρανίου Διονύσου.
 τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόλον ἄστρον
 ἔδνα πόρεν Σεμέλη καὶ Τάρταρα Περσεφονείῃ· 50
 οὐρανὸς Ἀπόλλωνι φυλάσσεται, οὐρανὸν Ἑρμῆς
 ναιετάει· σὺ δὲ τοῦτον ἔχεις δόμον ἔμπλεον ὄρφνης.
 τί πλέον, ὅτι δράκοντος ἔχων ψευδήμονα μορφῆν
 δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς σύλησε κορείης,
 εἰ μετὰ λέκτρον ἔμελλε τεὰς ὠδίνας ὀλέσσαι; 55
 Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ κατ' Ὀλύμπου

ἔχει δόμον ἔμπλεον ἄστρον,
 γνωτῶ δ' ὑδρομέδοντι γέρας πόρεν ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
 καὶ ζόφον ἀχλυόεντα τεῶ πόρεν οἶκον ἀκοίτη.
 ἀλλὰ τεὰς θώρηξον Ἑρινύας οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ,
 μὴ βροτὸν ἀθρήσαιμι νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου, 60
 αἶδεο λισσομένην Διὸς εὐνέτιν, αἶδεο Δηῶ,
 αἶδεο λισσομένην καθαρὴν Θέμιν, ὄφρα κεν Ἴνδοι
 βαιὸν ἀναπνεύσωσι τινασσομένου Διονύσου·
 ἔσσο μοι ἀχθυμένη τιμήορος, ὅτι Κρονίων
 Βάκχῳ νέκταρ ὄπασσε καὶ Ἄρει λύθρον Ἐννοῦς. 65
 μηδὲ νέον Διόνυσον ἀνυμνήσωσιν Ἀθῆναι,
 μηδὲ λάχῃ γέρας ἴσον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ,
 μὴ τελετὰς προτέροιο διαλλάξειεν Ἰάκχου,
 μὴ τάλαρον Δήμητρος ἀτιμήσειεν ὀπώρη.”

“Ὡς φαμένη συνέχευεν ὄλην φρένα Περσεφονείης, 70
 δάκρυσι ποιητοῖσι δαινομένοιο προσώπου,
 αἰμύλα κωτίλλουσα. θεὰ δ' ἐπένευσε θεαίνῃ,
 καὶ οἱ δῶκε Μέγαιραν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρα τελέσση
 βάσκανον ὄμμα φέρουσα νόον ζηλήμονος Ἥρης.

^a Remarkably accurate for Nonnos. Iacchos, one of the
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But Zagreus the heavenly Dionysos he would not defend, when he was cut up with knives !

⁴⁹ " What made me angrier still, was that Cronides gave the starry heaven to Semele for a bridegift,—and Tartaros to Persephoneia ! Heaven is reserved for Apollo, Hermes lives in heaven—and you have this abode full of gloom ! What good was it that he put on the deceiving shape of a serpent, and ravished the girdle of your inviolate maidenhead, if after the bed he was to destroy your babe ?

⁵⁶ " Lord Zeus holds the starry hall on Olympos ; he has given the briny sea to his brother the water king for his prerogative ; he has given the cloudy house of darkness to your consort. Come now, arm your Furies against wineface Bacchos, that I may not see a bastard and a mortal king of Olympos. Pity the wife of Zeus who prays to you, pity Deo, pity praying Themis the immaculate, that the Indians may have a little space to breathe while Dionysos is shaken. Be the avenger of my sorrow, because Cronion has given nectar to Bacchos and the blood of battle to Ares ! Let not Athens sing hymns to a new Dionysos, let him not have equal honour with Eleusinian Dionysos, let him not take over the rites of Iacchos ^a who was there before him, let not his vintage dishonour Demeter's basket ! "

⁷⁰ The whole mind of Persephoneia was perturbed while she spoke, babbling deceit as the false tears bedewed her cheeks. Goddess bowed assent to goddess, and gave her Megaira to go with her, that with her evil eye she might fulfil the desire of Hera's jealous heart.

Eleusinian deities, was not the same as Dionysos, though early identified with him.

Ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι διαῖξασα πεδίλω 75
 τρίς μὲν ἀνηέρθη, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἴκετο Γάγγην·
 καὶ νέκυν Ἴνδὸν ὄμιλον ἀμειδίει δεῖξε Μεγαίρη
 καὶ στρατιῆς ἰδρῶτα καὶ ἠγορέην Διονύσου·

Ἴνδοφόνους δὲ Μέγαιρα πόνους ὀρώωσα Λυαίου
 ζηλήμων ἐμέγηρε καὶ οὐρανόης πλέον Ἡρης. 80
 ἢ δὲ νόω κεχάρητο· δρακοντοκόμῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
 σαρδόνιον γελώωσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι νέοι βασιλῆες Ὀλύμπου,
 οὕτω ἀκοντίζουσι νόθοι Διός· ἐκ Σεμέλης δὲ
 Ζεὺς ἓνα παῖδα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσση 85
 Ἴνδούς μειλιχίους καὶ ἀμεμφέας· ἀλλὰ δαεῖν
 Ζεὺς ἄδικος καὶ Βάκχος,

ὅσον σθένος ἐστὶ Μεγαίρης.

ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς·
 Τυρσηνοῖς ἀδίκους οὐ μάρναται, ὅττι μαθόντες
 φῶρια θεσμὰ βίαια κακοξείνων ἐπὶ νηῶν 90
 ἄρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων Σικελῇ πλώουσι θαλάσση·

οὐ κτάνε δυσσεβέων Δρυνόπων γένος, οἷς βίος αἰχμαὶ
 καὶ φόνος· εὐσεβίῃ δὲ μεμηλότας ἔκτανεν Ἴνδούς,
 οὓς τάχα πασιμέλουσα Θέμις μαιώσατο μαζῶ.
 ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον· ἀθάνατον γὰρ 95
 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε τόσον καὶ τοῖον Ὑδάσπην,
 θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε, τὸν οὐράνιος τέκετο Ζεὺς.”

Ὡς φαμένη πεπότητο δι’ αἰθέρος· ἢ δὲ σιωπῇ
 γείτονα Καυκασίης ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέζαν ἐρίπνης
 φρικτὸν ἀμειψαμένη μελέων ὀφιδῶδεα μορφῆν, 100
 γλαυκὴ φυὴν ἰκέλη μένεν αὐτόθι, μέχρι νοήση
 Ζῆνα μέγαν κνώσσοντα· τὰ γὰρ φάτο κοίρανος Ἡρη.

⁷⁵ Hera then shot away with stormwinged shoe: three strides she made, and the fourth brought her to Ganges.^a She pointed out to unsmiling Megaira the crowd of dead Indians, the sweat of the army and the prowess of Dionysos. When the Fury beheld the deathdealing feats of Lyaïos, her jealous heart was furious even more than heavenly Hera. Then Hera was glad; and with a grim laugh she addressed the snakyhaired goddess in despondent voice:

⁸³ " See how the young kings of Olympos triumph! See how the bastards of Zeus ply the spear! Zeus has been delivered of one son from Semele, that he may destroy all the Indians in a mass, the gentle innocents! Let Zeus the lawbreaker learn, and Bacchos, how great is the strength of Megaira! For shame—what a lawless mind has Zeus ruling on high! He never attacks the lawbreaking Tyrsenians, because they learn thieves' laws of violence, and sail the Sicilian Sea in their unfriendly ships, and rob other men of their own. He slew not the impious tribe of Dryopes, where life is sharp steel and murder; but he did slay the Indians whose heart is set on piety, whom famous Themis herself, I think, nursed at her breast. For shame—what a lawless mind he has! when a mortal man has set on fire immortal Hydaspes, so noble and so great, a mortal man has set on fire him whose father was heavenly Zeus!"

⁹⁸ With these words, she flew away through the upper air; and silently in a cave of the neighbouring Caucasian cliff, Megaira cast off the terrible serpent shape, and waited there in the form of an owl until she should see great Zeus fast asleep, for that was Queen Hera's command.

^a Imitated from *Il.* xiii. 20.

Αὐτὴ δὲ Χρεμέταο μετήειν Ἐσπερον ὕδωρ
 Ἡρη μητιώσα, γέρων βαρὺς ὀππόθι κάμνει
 οὐρανίη στροφάλιγγι Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας, 105
 καὶ Ζεφύρου δυσέρωτος ἐδίξετο σύγγαμον Ἴριν,
 Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο διάκτορον, ὄφρα τελέσση
 ἠερόθεν σκιοέντι ποδήνεμον ἄγγελον Ὑπνω.
 τὴν δὲ καλεσσαμένη φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·

“ Ἴρις, ἀξιφύτου Ζεφύρου χρυσόπτερε νύμφη, 110
 εὖλοχε μῆτερ Ἐρωτος, ἀελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
 σπεύδε μολεῖν ζοφόεντος ἐς Ἐσπέριον δόμον Ὑπνου·
 δίξεο καὶ περὶ Λῆμνον ἀλίκτυπον· εἰ δέ μιν εὖρης,
 λέξον, ἵνα Κρονίωνος ἀθελγέος ὄμματα θέλξη
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω. 115

ἄλλα δέμας μετάμειβε, μελανζώνου δὲ θεαίνης
 μορφήν Νυκτὸς ἔχουσα δυσειδέα μητέρος Ὑπνου
 γίνεο κυανέη ψευδώνυμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσιν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶν ἀνάγκης,
 εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Κυθέρειαν, ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείβω. 120
 Πασιθέης δ' ὑμέναιον ὑπόσχεο, τῆς διὰ κάλλος
 ἱμείρων ἀνύσειεν ἐμὸν χρέος· οὐ σε διδάξω,
 ὅττι γυναιμανέων τις ἐπ' ἐλπίδι πάντα τελέσσει.”

Ὡς φαμένης πεπότητο θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἴρις
 ἠέρα παπταίνουσα, καὶ εἰς Πάφον,

εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου 125
 ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τίταινε, τὸ δὲ πλεόν ὑψόθι Βύβλου
 Ἄσσυρίου σκοπίαζεν Ἀδώνιδος εὖγαμον ὕδωρ,
 διζομένη περίφοιτον ἀλήμονος ἰχνιον Ὑπνου.
 εὔρε δέ μιν γαμίοιο παρὰ κλέτας Ὀρχομενοῖο·

¹⁰³ Hera herself made her way brooding to the waters of Chremetes ^a in the west, where that afflicted ancient, Libyan Atlas, wearily bends under the whirling heavens; and she sought out the wife of jealous Zephyros, ^b Iris, the messenger of Zeus when he is in a hurry—for she wished to send her swift as the wind from heaven with a message for shadowy Sleep. She called Iris then, and coaxed her with friendly words:

¹¹⁰ “Iris, goldenwing bride of plantnourishing Zephyros, happy mother of Love! ^c Hasten with stormshod foot to the home of gloomy Sleep in the west. Seek also about seagirt Lemnos, and if you find him tell him to charm the eyes of Zeus uncharmable for one day, that I may help the Indians. But change your shape, take the ugly form of Sleep’s mother the blackgirdled goddess Night; take a false name and become darkness, since I also change my limbs into the aspect of Themis, of Cythereia, of Artemis when need compels. Promise him Pasithea for his bride, and let him do my need from desire of her beauty. I need not tell you that one lovesick will do anything for hope.”

¹²⁴ At these words, Iris goldenwing flew away, peering through the air. To Paphos, to the land of Cyprus she directed her unwavering eye; most of all she gazed above Byblos, on the wedding water of Assyrian Adonis, ^d seeking the wandering track of vagrant Sleep. She found him on the slopes of

^a In N.-W. Africa, probably the Senegal.

^b Yet again an allusion to Hyacinthos, whose legend is a positive obsession to Nonnos.

^c So Alcaios, frag. 8 Diehl; usually Eros is Aphrodite’s son.

^d See xx. 144.

κεῖθι γὰρ αὐτίς ἔμιμνε νοοπλανὲς ἴχνος ἐλίσσω, 130
 Πασιθέης ἐρόεντα παρὰ προπύλαια θαμίζων.

Καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετὰτροπον ἄσκοπος Ἴρις
 κυανέης ἄγνωστον ἐδύσατο Νυκτὸς ὀπωπῆν·

Ἐπνου δ' ἐγγὺς ἴκανε δολοπλόκος· οἶα δὲ μήτηρ 135
 κλεψινόοις ὀάροις ἀπατήλιον ἴαχε φωνήν·

“ Τέκνον ἐμόν, τέο μέχρῃς ἐμέ Κρονίδης ἀθερίζει;
 οὐχ ἄλις, ὡς Φαέθων με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
 Ὀρθρος ἀκοντίζει με καὶ ἠριγένεια διώκει;

Ζεὺς νόθον νῖα φύτευσεν, ὅπως ἐμόν Ἐπνον ἐλέγξῃ.
 εἰς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με καὶ νιέα· παννύχιος γὰρ 140
 μυστιπόλῳ σπινθῆρι φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτων

Βάκχος ἀμαλδύνει με, καὶ ἐγρήσσω σε χαλέπτει.
 Ἐπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκει; οὐκέτι θέλγεις
 ἀνέρας ἐγρήσσοντας, ὅτι χθονίοιο Λυαίου 145
 κῶμον ἐμόν νίκησε νόθον σέλας· ἡμετέρων γὰρ

φαιδροτέραις δαΐδεσσι κατακρύπτει φλόγας ἄστρον.
 εἰς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με φαεσφόρος, ὅττι καλύπτει,
 καὶ μεγάλην περ ἑοῦσαν, ἐμῆς ἀκτίνα Σελήνης.

ἄζομαι ἠριγένειαν ἐπεγγελόωσαν Ὀμίχλη,
 ὅττι νόθον μεθέπω νύχιον σέλας· ἀλλοτρίῳ γὰρ 150
 ποιητῷ Φαέθοντι φαίνομαι ἡματίῃ Νύξ.

ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, χολώεο δίζυγι θεσμῷ
 μυστιπόλοις Σατύροισι καὶ ἀγρύπνῳ Διονύσω· 153

δὸς χάριν ἀχνυμένη σέο μητέρι, δὸς χάριν Ἥρῃ, 155

καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀθελγέα θέλξον ὀπωπῆν 154
 εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξῃ, 156

οὗς Σάτυροι κλονέουσι καὶ εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀρίνει.
 Ἐπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκει; ἦν ἐθελήσης,

• Does it mean that it was the city of his hoped-for bride, the Charites being the goddesses of Orchomenos?

nuptial Orchomenos^a; for there he delayed again and trailed his distracted foot, a frequent visitor at the door of his beloved Pasithea.

¹³² Then Iris changed her shape, and all unseen she put on the look of dark Night unrecognizable. She came near to Sleep, weaving guile; and in his mother's guise uttered her deceitful speech in cajoling whispers:

¹³⁶ " My child, how long is Cronides to despise me? Is it not enough that Phaëthon does me violence, that Morning shoots me, and Dawn pursues me? Zeus has got a bastard son, just to confound my dear Sleep! One mortal by himself insults me and my son: all night long Bacchos destroys me, and provokes you, by keeping wide awake and kindling his blazing torch with mystic sparks. Why are you named Allvanquisher, Sleep? No longer you charm wakeful men, now that the spurious gleam of earthborn Lyaïos has conquered my revels—for he hides the flames of my stars by brighter torches of his own. One mortal by himself insults me, a new Lightbringer who covers the beams of my Moon great as they are. I am shamed before Day when she mocks at darkness, because I have a false brightness in the night: for a foreign unnatural Sun makes me shine as if night were day. O my dear son! you must resent this on two counts—resist the mystical Satyrs, resist Dionysos the sleepless! Grant this boon to your sorrowful mother grant this boon to Hera, and charm the charmproof eye of Zeus in the Highest, just for one day, that she may help the Indians whom the Satyrs scatter in rout and still Bacchos harries.

¹⁵⁸ " O Sleep, why are you named Allvanquisher? If it be your pleasure, pray turn your eye, and you

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τρέψον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ὄμμα, καὶ ἐπταπύλω παρὰ Θήβῃ
 πάννουχον ἐγρήσσοντα πάλιν Κρονίωνα νοήσεις· 160
 λῦσον ἀτασθαλίην ἀδίκου Διός· Ἀμφιτρύων μὲν
 νόσφιν ἐοῦ θαλάμοιο σιδηροχίτων μετανάστης
 μάρναται· Ἀλκμήνῃ δὲ παρέζεται ἐνδόμυχος Ζεὺς,
 νυμφιδίην ἀκόρητος ἔχων τρισέληνον ὁμίχλην.
 μὴ Διὸς ἐγρήσσοντος ἴδω καὶ νύκτα τετάρτην. 165
 ἀλλά, τέκος, Κρονίωφι κορύσσειο, μὴ πάλιν ἄλλην,
 μὴ πάλιν ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσειεν ὁμίχλην.
 Μνημοσύνης προτέρης μιμνήσκεο· τῇ παριαύων
 ἐννέα νύκτας ἔμιμνεν, ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὄπωπῆν,
 οἴστρον ἔχων πολύτεκνον ἀκοιμήτων ὑμεναίων. 170
 πανδαμάτωρ θεὸς ἄλλος ὁμόπτερος, εἴκελος Ὑπνω,
 βαιὸς Ἔρωσ, Κρονίδην ὀλίγῳ νίκησε βελέμνω.
 Γηγενέων δ' ἐλέαιρε γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἰνδῶν·
 δὸς χάριν· ὑμετέρης γὰρ ὁμόχροές εἰσι τεκούσης·
 ῥύεο κυανέους, κυανόπτερε· μηδὲ χαλέψῃς 175
 Γαίαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὁμήλικα, τῆς ἄπο μούνης
 πάντες ἀνεβλάστησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
 μὴ τρομέοις Κρονίδην, ὅτε σύγγαμος Ἰλαος Ἑρῆ·
 μὴ τρομέοις Σεμέλην, ἣν ἔφλεγεν αὐτὸς ἀκοίτης.
 οὐ στεροπὴ πυρόεσσα δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν, 180
 οὐ βροντὴ βαρύδουπος ἀρασσομένων νεφελῶν·
 μῦνον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ πάλλε, καὶ ἀκλινέων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 μίμνει Ζεὺς ἀτίνακτος,
 ὅσον χρόνον, Ὑπνε, κελεύεις.
 ἔκλυον, ὡς ποθέεις Χαρίτων μίαν· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 οἴστρον ἔχων θαλάμοιο φυλάσσειο, μηδὲ χαλέψῃς 185
 μητέρα Πασιθέης, ζυγίην θαλαμηπόλον Ἑρῆν.

^a i.e. Zeus was begetting Heracles. That night was, by miracle, of thrice the usual length.

shall perceive Cronion wakeful once again through the night in sevendate Thebes. Make an end of the wantonness of Zeus Lawbreaker! Amphitryon is far from his bridal chamber, steelclad and in the battle; Zeus makes himself at home by the side of Alcmena, enjoying insatiate three moons of bridal darkness! Let me not see Zeus yet wakeful for a fourth night.^a

¹⁶⁶ "Nay, my son, arm you against Cronion—let him not have more darkness, nine full circles more! Remember Mnemosyne ^b in the old time before us; how he lay by her side for nine whole nights, with eyes ever wakeful, full of passion for many children in that unresting bridal. Another allvanquishing god, winged like Sleep, little Love, conquered Cronides with a tiny dart.

¹⁷³ "Pity the blackskin nation of earthborn Indians! Grant this boon—for they have the same colour as your mother—save the black ones, O Blackwing! Do not provoke Earth, my father's age-mate,^c from whom alone we are all sprung, we who dwell in Olympos. Tremble not before Zeus, when his consort Hera is favourable: tremble not before Semele, whom her own bedfellow burnt up. No fiery lightning can equal you, no loud thunderclaps from the bursting clouds: do but flap me your wings, and Zeus lies immovable on unshaken bed, so long as you command him, Sleep! I have heard that you want one of the Graces; then if you have in your heart an itch for her bedchamber, have a care! Do not provoke Pasithea's mother, Hera the handmaid of wedded love! And if you dwell with

^b Mother of the nine Muses.

^c Night is daughter of Chaos, and Chaos and Earth were the first of beings, see Hesiod, *Theog.* 116-123.

εἰ δὲ σὺ ναιετάεις παρὰ Τηθύι Λευκάδα πέτρην,
 Δηριάδῃ χραίσμησον, ὃν ἤροσεν Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης·
 γείτονοι πιστὰ φύλαξον, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ἡχέτα γείτων
 Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων προπάτωρ πέλε Δηριαδῆος.” 190

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε. καὶ οἶά τε μητρὸς ἀκούων
 Ὑπνος ἀνεπτοίητο, καὶ ὤμοσεν ὄμματα θέλγειν
 Ζηνὸς ἀκοιμήτοιο καὶ εἰς τριτάτης δρόμον Ἡοῦς·
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἦτεεν Ἴρις, ἵνα Κρονίωνα πεδήσῃ
 ὑπνώειν ἓνα μῦνον ἐπὶ δρόμον ἠριγενείης. 195
 αὐτόθι δ’ Ὑπνος ἔμιμνε, δεδεγμένος εὐγαμον ὤρην.

Καὶ ταχινὴ πεπότητο θεὰ παλινόστιμος Ἴρις·
 σπερχομένη δ’ ἠγγειλεν ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἀνάσση.

Ἡ δὲ θεελλήεντι δι’ ἡέρος ἵπτατο ταρσῶ,
 καὶ δόλον ἔπλεκεν ἄλλον, ὅπως Διὸς ἐγγύθεν ἔλθῃ 200
 κεστὸν ἀερτάζουσα, πόθου θελξίφρονα μίτρην.
 καὶ Παφίην μάστευεν· ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ μούνην
 Ἀσσυρίην ἐκίχησεν ἐρημαίην Ἀφροδίτην
 ἐξομένην· Χάριτες γὰρ ἐς ἄνθεα ποικίλα κήπων
 εἰαριναὶ στέλλοντο, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο, 205
 ἢ μὲν ἀμεργομένη Κίλικα κρόκον, ἢ δὲ κομίζειν
 βάλαμον ἰμείρουσα καὶ Ἰνδῶου δονακῆος
 φυταλίην, ἑτέρη δὲ ρόδων εὐώδεα ποίην.

Θαμβαλέῃ δ’ ἀδόκητος ἐὼν ἀνεπήλατο δίφρων,
 ὡς Διὸς εἶδε δάμαρτα, Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη· 210
 ἀχνυμένην δ’ ὀρώσα πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν·

“ Ἡρῆ, Ζηνὸς ἀκοιτι, τί σοι χλοάουσι παρειαί;
 τίπτε τεαί, βασιλεία, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
 ἦ ῥα πάλιν πέλεν ὄμβρος ἐπὶ κλοπος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς;
 μὴ πάλιν ἔπλετο ταῦρος ἐν ὕδασι υἱγρὸς ὀδίτης; 215

Tethys by the Leucadian Rock, do help Deriades the son of Indian Hydaspes : be true to a neighbour, for resounding Ocean your loud-voiced neighbour was an ancestor of Deriades."

¹⁹¹ With this appeal, she won his consent. Then Sleep as one obeying a mother started up, and swore to charm the eyes of unresting Zeus even until the third dawn should come ; but Iris begged him to fasten Cronion with slumber for the course of one day only. There Sleep remained, awaiting the happy season of marriage.

¹⁹⁷ Then goddess Iris returned flying at speed, and hastened to deliver her welcome message to her queen.

¹⁹⁹ But Hera flew through the air on stormswift sole, and wove another plan, to visit Zeus carrying the cestus, that mindcharming girdle of desire. She sought for the Paphian ; and found Assyrian Aphrodite seated in a solitary spot upon Libanos, alone, for the Graces, those dancers of Orchomenos, had been sent away to gather the various flowers of spring in the gardens—one to gather Cilician crocus, one eager to bring balsam and sprouts of the Indian reed, another for the fragrant petals of the rose.

²⁰⁹ Wondering and startled, Aphrodite the daughter of Zeus leapt up from her seat, when she saw the consort of Zeus in sorrow ; and the wily creature cried out—

²¹² "Hera, queen of Zeus ! why are your cheeks pale ! Why are your eyes downcast, my queen ? Can it be that Rainy Zeus has once more become a shower of deceit ?^a Has he become a bull again, a drenched wayfarer in the waters ? What second

^a As with Danaë.

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τις πάλιν Εὐρώπῃ σε βιάζεται; ἢ τίς ἄλλη
 Ἄντιόπῃ Νυκτῆος ἀναινομένου γενετῆρος
 ψευδαλέου Σατύρου λασίῃ νυμφεύεται εὐνή;
 μὴ νέος εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεται ἵππος ἐχέφρων,
 μιμηλοῖς στομάτεσσι νόθον χρεμετισμὸν ἰάλλων; 220
 μὴ Σεμέλῃν ἐτέρῃν λοχίῳ μνηστεύσατο πυρσῶ
 καὶ στεροπῆν ἐλέλιξε κυβερνήτειραν Ἐρώτων;
 μὴ δαμάλης ἐπὶ λέκτρον ἔγκραίριοιο χορεύει
 μυκηθμὸν προχέων φιλοτήσιον; ἦν ἐβελήσης,
 Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοσκοπὸν ἄλλον ἐγείροισ, 225
 βουκόλον ἀγρύπνοισ κεχαραγμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς.
 εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένη, καὶ ὅσον σθένος ἐστίν, ἀρήξω.”

“Ὡς φαμένῃν δολόεντι θεὰ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ·

“Κύπρι θεά, θνητοῖσιν ἐάσομεν οὐδας Ὀλύμπου·
 Ζεὺς Σεμέλῃν ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀνήγαγε,
 μητέρα Βάκχου, 230
 ἄξει καὶ Διόνυσον ἐς αἰθέρα. τίς δόμος Ἥρην
 δέξεται; ἢ τίνα χῶρον ἐλεύσομαι; αἰδέομαι δέ,
 μὴ Σεμέλῃν ἐσίδοιμι νόθην βασιλείαν Ὀλύμπου.
 δεΐδια, μὴ ζοφόεντος ἴδω δόμον Ἰαπετοῖο,
 μὴ με λαβῶν ἐλάσειε μετὰ Κρόνον ἐκτὸς Ὀλύμπου. 235
 δεΐδια, μὴ μετὰ γαῖαν ἐν αἰθέρι νέκταρ ἐλέγχων 238
 ἄμπελον, ἦν καλέουσι, καὶ ἐν μακάρεσσι φυτεύσῃ.
 μὴ ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο, Δίκη καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὑδωρ. 240
 κλήματα μὴ κομίσειεν ἐς αἰθέρα, μὴ χάριν οἴνης
 οὐρανὸν ἀμπελόεντα μετ’ ἀστερόεντα καλέσσω,

^a Zeus loved Antiope, daughter of Nycteus of Thebes, and she bore him Amphion and Zethos. That he came to her disguised as a Satyr must have been stated in some lost poem, for it is mentioned by Ovid, *Met.* vi. 110, as well as here.

Europa is disturbing you ? Is there another Antiope ^a in the hairy embrace of a sham Satyr, although Nycteus her father forbids ? Is there a new horse ^b with a mind in him hasting to another bridal, while he lets out a false whinny between mimicking lips ? Has he wooed another Semele with birthdelivering brand, and cast his lightning to show the way for love ? Does he dance to the bed of some pretty-horned heifer ^c while he utters a loving moo ? Well, if you like, you can find up another cowkeeper to spy upon Zeus, a herdsman Argos, tattooed with unsleeping eyes ! Answer my questions, and I will help all I can."

²²⁸ The goddess greeted her kindly with deceitful words :

²²⁹ " Cypris goddess, we must leave the ground of Olympos for mortals. Zeus has brought to Olympos Semele the mother of Bacchos, and he will bring Dionysos himself to heaven. What mansion will receive Hera ? To what place shall I go ? I am ashamed lest I behold Semele, the usurping queen of Olympos. I fear he may take me and drive me out of Olympos like Cronos, and I may have to see the dark house of Iapetos.^d I fear he may shame the nectar, and bring from earth what they call the vine, to plant it in heaven even among the Blessed.

²⁴⁰ " O Justice, O Earth, O Water, let this never be ! May he never bring its twigs to heaven ! that I should speak of the Viny Sky instead of the Starry Sky, in honour of the grape ! that I should

^b The shape in which Zeus begat Peirithoös on Dia, schol. on Hom. *Il.* i. 263.

^c *i.e.* has he found a new Io ?

^d One of the Titans who fell with Cronos.

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- μηδὲ πῖω ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου.
 δεΐδια, μὴ μενέχαρμον ἴδω μεθύουσαν Ἀθήνην, 245
 μὴ δόρυ κουφίσσειεν ἐπ' Ἄρει καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
 μὴ σφαλερῇ ραθάμιγγι νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου
 αἰθέρι τολμήεσαν ἀναστήσωσι Ἐννὼ
 ἀστέρες οἰνοπλήγες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μανέντες,
 μὴ ποτε βακχευθέντες ὅλοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
 ὄργια μιμήσαιντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων. 250
 οὐχ ἄλις αἰσχος ἐκείνο θεοστυγές, ὅττι δοκεύω 252
 Τρώιον ἠβητῆρα, Διὸς δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων, 251
 οὐρανὸν αἰσχύνοντα καὶ οἰνοχόον Διὸς Ἥβην, 253
 χερσὶν ἐπιχθονίησιν ὅτε γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσει;
 αἰδομένη δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ 255
 αἰθέρα καλλεΐψω, Γανυμήδεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ·
 αἰθέρα καλλεΐψω, Σεμέλης δόμον. εἰς δόμος ἔστω
 οὐρανὸς ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Περσεί καὶ Διονύσῳ.
 ἴξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν Ἄργος, ἐς ἀγλαὸν ἄστυ Μυκλήνης,
 ἐν χθονὶ ναιετάουσα· σὺν ἀχνυμένη δὲ τεκούση 260
 ἔσπεται αὐτὸς Ἄρης, σέο νυμφίος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτῇ
 Σπάρτης σῆς ἐπίβηθι, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δεχέσθω
 χαλκείῳ σὺν Ἄρηι χολωομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
 οἶδα, πόθεν μεθέπω τάδε πῆματα· πατὴρ Ἐρινὺς
 ὕβριν ἀπαιτίζει με βιαζομένοιο τοκῆος,
 ὅττι Κρόνου γενετῆρος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῶ
 σὺν Διὶ μαρναμένῳ Τιτηνιάς ἔχραεν Ἥρη·
 καλὸν ἐμοί, Διόνυσον ἰδεῖν κατὰ μέσσον Ὀλύμπου
 ἦμενον ἐγγὺς Ἐρωτος, ὀμέστιον ἀφρογενεΐῃ,
 αἰγίδα κουφίζοντα μετὰ Κρονίδην καὶ Ἀθήνην. 270
 ἀλλά, θεά, χραίσμησον, ἐμῆς δ' ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης 271
 δός μοι κεστὸν ἰμάντα, τετὴν πανθελγέα μίτρην, 273

ever quaff another drink after the sweet nectar of Olympos! I fear to see warlike Athena drunken, shaking her spear against Ares and Cythereia—the stars wineshotten and maddened against each other, arousing reckless battle in heaven with the staggering drops of mindshaking Dionysos—all that dwell in Olympos infuriated, and mimicking the revels of carryshield Corybants!

²⁵² “Is it not shame enough, an impious thing, that I see the Trojan boy cup-lackey to Zeus, disgracing heaven and Hebe cupbearer of Zeus, when he ladles sweet nectar with human hands? Yes, I will go in my shame to earth; heaven I will leave to those two, Ganymedes and Dionysos—heaven I will leave, the home of Semele! Let heaven be common home for those two, Perseus and Dionysos. I will retire to my Argos, to the glorious city of Mycene, and I will settle on earth. With his unhappy mother will go Ares himself, your bridegroom. Come yourself too, and set foot in your Sparta, and let Sparta receive corseleted^a Aphrodite in her anger along with brazen Ares.

²⁶⁴ “I know where I get these troubles from. My father’s Avenger demands bloodprice from me for violence done to a father, because Hera the Titan’s daughter took strong part in the war against Cronos her father and helped Zeus in his fight. A fine thing for me to see Dionysos sitting in the midst of Olympos beside Eros, at the same table as the Foam-born,^b bearing the aegis once borne by Cronides and Athena. Help me, goddess, I pray! Lend me to aid my need your cestus band, your allcharming belt,

^a Ἐνόπιος, the famous Armed Aphrodite of Sparta.

^b Aphrodite.

NONNOS

εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Διὸς ὄμματα θέλω,	272
καὶ Διὸς ὑπνώοντος ἐμοῖς Ἴνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω.	274
δισσὴ ἐγὼ γενόμεν ἔκυρὴ σέθεν· ἡμετέρου γὰρ	236
υἱέος Ἑφαίστοιο καὶ Ἄρεος ἔπλεο νύμφη.	237
δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ἐπεὶ κνανόχροες Ἴνδοὶ	275
ξεινοδόκοι γεγάασιν Ἐρυθραίης Ἀφροδίτης,	
οἷς κοτέων Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὸς	
θηλυμανῆς ἄστοργος ἐχώσατο παιδοτόκος Ζεὺς,	
καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ·	
δὸς μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα βοηθόον, ᾧ ἔνι μούνῳ	280
θέλγεις εἶν ἐνὶ πάντα· καὶ ἄξιός εἰμι φορῆσαι,	
ὡς ζυγίῃ γεγαυῖα καὶ ὡς συνάεθλος Ἐρώτων”	

just for one day—that I may charm the eyes of Zeus, and while Zeus slumbers I may help my Indians. I am twice your goodmother, for you have been bride of my Hephaistos and Ares both. Grant this boon at last ; for the blackskin Indians have always hospitably entertained Erythraian Aphrodite, and these Indians Dionysos has assailed in his fury, on these Indians Zeus has wreaked his anger—Zeus the womanmad, the heartless, Zeus the bearer of children, he has battled for Dionysos and cast his lightnings upon them ! Lend me your cestus band to help, with which alone you charm all in one ! I am worthy to wear it, patroness of wedlock ^a and fellow-helper of the Loves.”

^a *Zuyínē*, She of the Yoke (of wedlock), is one of her titles, as marriage-goddess, the Latin Iuno Iugaria.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.

Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε· δολοφράδμων δ' Ἀφροδίτη
πείθετο κερδοσύνησιν, ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ κόλπου
Ἥρη δῶρον ἔδωκε θελήμονι κεστὸν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε χάριν θελκτῆρος ἱμάντος·

“ Δέχνησο τοῦτον ἱμάντα, τεῆς ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης· 5
θέλξεις δ' εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ,
Ἥλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρον·
καὶ ῥόον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο.”

Εἶπε, καὶ Ἀσσυρίην Λιβανηίδα δύσατο πέτρην.
Ἥρη δ' ἀστερόφοιτον ἐδύσατο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου, 10
καὶ ταχινὴ πάνλευκον ἔην ἐπεκόσμεε μορφήν·
πολλάκι δ' ἰσάζουσα καθειμένον ἄχρι μετώπου
πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης· 13
καὶ πλεκτὴν θυόεντι κόμην ἐδίηεν ἐλαίῳ, 16
τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο μετ' αἰθέρα καὶ μετὰ πόντον
γαῖαν ὄλην ἐμέθυσσε μύρου δολιχόσκιος ὄδμη.
καὶ κεφαλῇ στέφος εἶχε παναίολον, ᾧ ἐνὶ πολλαὶ
λυχνίδες ἦσαν, Ἐρωτος ὁμόστολοι, ὧν ἄπο πέμπει
φαιδρὰ τινασσομένων ἀμαρύγματα Κυπριδίη φλόξ·
εἶχε δὲ πέτρον ἐκείνον, ὃς ἀνέρας εἰς πόθον ἔλκει,
οὔνομα φαιδρὸν ἔχοντα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης,

BOOK XXXII

In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.

APHRODITE was won. The mistress of wiles obeyed the cunning request, and drawing the cestus up from her bosom she bestowed it upon willing Hera, and thus she spoke and described the witchery of the strap :

⁵ "Accept this strap to help your trouble. You shall charm all in one with this cestus, the guide to all desire—Sun and Zeus and the company of stars, and the evermoving stream of boundless Ocean."

⁹ This said, she plunged beneath the rocks of Assyrian Libanos. But Hera passed to the star-scattered circle of Olympos. Quickly she decked out her allwhite body. Often she guided the straying clusters of floating hair and arranged them in even rows down to her forehead ; she touched up the plaits with sweetscented oil—stir it, and the farspreading scent of the unguent intoxicates heaven and sea and the whole earth. She put on her head a coronet of curious work, set with many rubies, the servants of love ; when they move, the Cyprian flame sends out bright sparklings. She wore also that stone which draws man to desire, which has the bright name of the desire-struck Moon ; and the stone which is en-

NONNOS

καὶ λίθον ἱμείρουσαν ἐρωτοτόκοιο σιδήρου,
καὶ λίθον Ἰνδῶν φιλότησιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ 25
ἐξ ὑδάτων βλάστησεν ὁμόγνιος ἀφρογενείης,
κυανέην θ' ὑάκινθον, ἐράσμιον εἰσέτι Φοῖβῳ·
ἀμφὶ δ' ἐοῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐρωτίδα δήσατο ποίην,
ἣν φιλέει Κυθέρεια καὶ ὡς ρόδον, ὡς ἀνεμώνην,
καὶ φορέει μέλλουσα μιγήμεναι υἱεὶ Μύρρης· 30
καὶ λαγόνας στεφανηδὸν ἀθήει δήσατο κεστῶ·
εἶχε δὲ ποικίλον εἶμα παλαιάτατον, ᾧ χύτο νύμφης
κρυπταδίῃ φιλότητι κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
νυμφίον ἀρχαίης ἔτι λείψανον αἶμα κορείης,
κουριδίης φιλότητος ἵνα μνήσειεν ἀκοίτην· 35
νυσαμένη δὲ μέτωπα καλύψατο νώροπι πέπλω,
καὶ περόνην συνέεργεν, ἐοῦ κληῖδα χιτῶνος· 14
καὶ δέμας ἀσκήσασα καὶ ἀθρήσασα κατόπτρῳ 36
ὡς πτερόν ἢ ἐ νόημα δι' αἰθέρος ἔδραμεν Ἥρη.

Καὶ Διὸς ἐγγὺς ἴκανεν· ἰδὼν δὲ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
θερμοτέρους ἐς Ἔρωτας ἱμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῶ·
καὶ Διὸς εἰσορόωντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί· 40
καὶ μιν ὀπιπεύων Κρονίδης ἐξείρετο μύθῳ·

“Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας Ἐώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης;
τίς χρεῖώ σε κόμιζε; τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνεις;
ἦ ῥα πάλιν κοτέουσα κορύσσειαι οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ,
καὶ ποθέεις Ἰνδοῖσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀρήξαι;” 45

Ἔννεπε· καὶ γελῶντι νόῳ πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
ζηλομανῆς ἀγόρευε παραιφαμένη παρακοίτην·

^a Lodestone.

^b Pearl?

^c Probably myrtle, which is often associated with the rose, and it is of course associated with Myrrha. Cf. Pausanias

amoured of iron the loveproducing^a; and the Indian stone of love,^b offspring itself of the waters and akin to the Foamborn; and the deep blue sapphire still beloved of Phoibos. About her hair she twined that herb^c of passion which Cythereia loves as much as the rose, as much as the anemone, which she wears when she is about to mingle her love with Myrrha's son.^d She bound the unaccustomed cestus about and about her flanks^e; but the embroidered robe she wore was her oldest, still bearing the bloodmarks of maidenhead left from her bridal, to remind her bedfellow of their first love when she came to her brother a virgin in that secret union. She washed her face, and wrapt about her a shining robe and clasped it with a brooch to lock up her tunic. Having thus adorned herself and surveyed all in the mirror, Hera sped through the air, swift as a bird, swift as a thought.^f

³⁸ She came near to Zeus. And when Zeus Highest and Mightiest saw her, the goading cestus whipt him to hotter love. As Zeus looked upon her, his eyes were enslaved, and staring hard Cronides spoke these words:

⁴² "O Hera, why have you come to this eastern clime? What need has brought you? Why are you here to-day? Are you again full of wrath and armed against Bacchos of the vine? Do you desire to help those overweening Indians?"

⁴⁶ He spoke, and crafty Hera with laughing heart, yet mad with jealousy, answered, deluding her husband:

vi. 24. 6 ἔχουσι δὲ ἡ μὲν αὐτῶν [the Charites] ῥόδον, ἀστράγαλον δὲ ἡ μέση, καὶ ἡ τρίτη κλῶνα οὐ μέγαν μυρσίνης.

^d Adonis.

^e She wore it as a *strophion*, the ancient equivalent of stays.

^f Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

NONNOS

“ Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄλλος ἔχει με φίλος δρόμος·
οὐ γὰρ ἰκάνω

Ἄρεος Ἰνδῶοιο καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου Διούσου
ἀλλοτρίας μεθέπουσα μεληδόνας, ἀντολῆς δὲ 50
γείτονος Ἡελίοιο μετέρχομαι αἴθοπας αὐλὰς
σπερχομένη· πετερόεις γὰρ Ἔρως παρὰ Τηθύος ὕδωρ
ᾠκεανηιάδος Ῥοδόπης δεδονημένος οἴστρω
συζυγίην ἀπέειπε· καὶ ἔπλετο κόσμος ἀλήτης,
καὶ βίος ἀχρήστος ἀποικομένων ὕμεναίων· 55
τοῦτον ἐγὼ καλέουσα παλίνδρομος ἐνθάδε βαίνω·
οἶσθα γάρ, ὡς Ζυγίη κικλήσκομαι, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῆς
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ κρατέουσι τελεσσιγόνου τοκετοῖο.”

Τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσαν ἀμείβετο θερμὸς ἀκοίτης·

“ Νύμφα φίλη, λίπε δῆριν· ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἀγήνωρ 60
ἀμῶων προθέλυμνον ἀβακχεύτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
χαιρέτω· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμήλια λέκτρα δεχέσθω·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίης ἀλόχου πόθος, οὐδὲ θεαίνης
θυμὸν ἐμὸν θελκτῆρι τόσον βακχεύσατο κεστῶ . . .
οὐδ’ ὅτε Τηϋγέτης Ἀτλαντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων 65
πρεσβυγενῆς πολιοῦχος ἀεξήθη Λακεδαίμων·
οὐ τόσον ἠρασάμην Νιόβης παρὰ γείτοινι Λέρνῃ,
κούρης ἀρχεγόνοιο Φορωνέος· οὐ τόσον Ἴους
φοιτάδος Ἰναχίης ταυρώπιδος, ἧ παρὰ Νεῖλω
τίκτε γονὴν Ἐπάφοιο καὶ ἀρχεγόνου Κεροέσσης· 70
οὐ Παφίης τόσον ἦλθον ἐς ἡμερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
Κενταύρους ἐφύτευσα βαλὼν σπόρον αὐλακι γαίης·
ὡς σέο νῦν μεθέπω γλυκερὸν πόθον. ἧ ῥα καὶ αὐτῇ

48 " No, Father Zeus, I have a different errand of my own. I came not to concern myself with others' troubles, warlike Indians and Indianslaying Dionysos, but I hasten to visit the blazing court of the East near to Helios. For Eros is on the wing beside the waters of Tethys, struck with passion for Rhodope Ocean's daughter, and he has renounced his matchmaking! So the order of the universe is out of joint, life is worthless when wedlock is gone. I have been to summon him, and here I am on the way back. For you know I am called the Lady of Wedlock, because my hands hold the accomplishment of childbirth."

59 So she spoke aloud, and her consort glowing made reply :

60 " Beloved bride, let quarrels be! Let my proud Dionysos cut down root and branch those Indians who will have no Bacchos, and goodbye to him! But let a bridebed receive us both! Not for any mate, neither mortal woman nor goddess, was I ever so charmed in soul at the touch of the cestus; no, not even when I had Teÿgete^a Atlas's daughter, from whose bed was born Lacedaimon the ancient prince—not so did I love Niobe,^b the daughter of primeval Phoroneus beside Lerna—not so did I love Inachos's Io, the wandering heifer, from whom beside the Nile came the line begun by Epaphos and primeval Ceroessa—not so did I desire the Paphian, for whose sake I dropt seed in the furrow of the plowland and begat the Centaurs,^c as I now feel sweet desire for you! And so you shoot your own husband with

^a An obscure genealogy; the mountain Taygetos and the district Lacedaemon are provided with eponyms.

^b Zeus's first earthly love is an Argive heroine; no connexion with the daughter of Tantalos.

^c See xiv. 193 ff.

ὡς Ζυγίη γεγαυῖα καὶ ὡς μεδέουσα γενέθλης
Κυπριδίους βελέεσσι διστεύεις παρακοίτην; 75

Ὡς εἰπὼν χρυσέας νεφέλας πυργηδὸν ἐλίξας
δινωτὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐνεσφαίρωσε καλύπτρην·
καὶ θαλάμου ποιητὸς ἔην τύπος, ὃν τότε κύκλω
Ἴριδος αἰθερίης ἐτερόχρους ἔστεφε μορφὴ
πορφυρέη, καὶ Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀγλαοπήχεϊ νύμφη 80
αὐτόματον σκέπας ἦεν ὄρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ τύπος αὐτοτέλεστος ἀναγκαίης πέλεν εὐνής.

Οἱ δὲ γάμου χαρίεντος ὀμίλεον ἠδέει θεσμῶ·
Γαῖα δὲ κηώεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχεῖην
ἄνθεσιν ἱμερτοῖσι γαμήλιον ἔστεφεν εὐνήν· 85

καὶ κρόκος ἐβλάστησε Κίλιξ καὶ ἐφύετο μίλαξ, 86
θήλει δ' ἄρσενα φύλλα συνέπλεκε γείτοιν ποίη, 88

οἷα πόθου πνεύων καὶ ἐν ἄνθεσιν ἄβρὸς ἀκοίτης, 89

καὶ λέχος ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεκόσμεε διπλόος ὄρηξ, 87

Ζῆνα κρόκῳ πυκάσας καὶ μίλακι σύγγαμον Ἥρην· 90

καὶ Διὸς ὄξυν ἔρωτα νοήμονι δείκνυε σιγῇ
ἱμερόεις νάρκισσος ἐπιθρώσκων ἀνεμώνη.

οὐδέ τις ἀθανάτων σκίοεν λέχος, οὐ τότε Νύμφαι
γείτονες, οὐ Φαέθων πανεπόψιος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἔδρακεν ἄφθιτα λέκτρα βρώπιδος ὄμμα Σελήνης· 95

πυκνοῖς γὰρ νεφέεσσι ἐμιτρώθη σκέπας εὐνής,
καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξεν ὁμόστολος Ὑπνος Ἐρώτων.

Ὅφρα μὲν ἄβρὸς ἴανεν ἐν ἄνθεσι θελγόμενος Ζεὺς,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων παράκοιτιν ἀθηήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόμορφος ἐν οὔρεσι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς 100
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω·

Cyprian shafts, being the Lady of Wedlock and queen of creation ! ”

⁷⁶ He spoke, and assembling with a whirl golden clouds like a wall, he arched them eddying above like a round covering dome. It was something in the shape of a bridal chamber, so contrived that the purple manicoloured bow of heavenly Iris was then round it like a crown. Thus there was a natural covering for the loves of Zeus and his fairarmed bride as they mated there in the open hills, and there was the shape of a couch self-formed to serve their need.

⁸³ While they communed under the sweet canon of gracious marriage, Earth unfolded her teeming perfumes and crowned the marriage bed with lovely flowers : there sprouted Cicilian saffron, there grew bindweed, and wrapt his male leaves about the female plant by his side, as though breathing desire, and himself a dainty mate in the world of flowers. So the double growth adorned the bed of the pair, covering Zeus with saffron and Hera his wife with bindweed ; lovely iris leaping upon anemone portrayed by a meaning silence the sharp love of Zeus. No immortal then beheld the shaded bed of the divine ones, not the Nymphs of the neighbourhood, not Phaëthon allseeing, not even the soft eye of Selene herself saw that imperishable bed ; for the couch was covered with thick shady clouds round about, and Sleep the servant of the Loves had charmed the eyes of Zeus.

⁹⁸ While Zeus slept delicately charmed among the flowers, holding his wife in his arms on that bed unseen, the Fury of many shapes wandering among the hills armed herself against Dionysos by Hera's com-

NONNOS

καὶ κτύπον ἔσμαράγησεν ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι Λυαίου,
σεισαμένη βαρύδουπος ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἰμάσθλην·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιξε, δρακοντείων δὲ κομάων
φρικτὰ τινασσομένων ἐπεσύρισε λοίγιος ἤχώ, 105
καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρραινον ἐρημάδα πίδακες ἰοῦ . . .
ἄλλοτε θηρείοιο τύπον φαίνουσα προσώπου
αἰνομανῆς ἔφριξε λέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῶ,
χάσματι φοινῆεντι καταΐσσων Διονύσου.

Τὸν μὲν ἀμερσινόιο κατάσχετον ἄλματι λύσσης 110
Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ ἤθελε λύσσαν ἐλάσσαι,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐποίησε βαρύκτυπος ὑψόθεν Ἦρη,
πυρσὸν ἀκοντίζουσα· καὶ εἶκαθε δεσπότις ἄγρης
μητριῇ κοτέουσα· φύλαξ δέ τις ἔπλετο Βάκχου
μαινομένου, καὶ θήρας εἰς ἀνέκοψεν ἀπειλῇ, 115
καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἐπεσφηκώσατο δεσμῶ,
αὐχενίων σφίγξασα πολύπλοκον ὄλκον ἰμάντων,
μὴ χροῖα δηλήσαιντο νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου.

Νερτερίῳ δὲ Μέγαιρα κελαινώουσα χιτῶνι
εἰς ζόφον αὐτίς ἴκανεν, ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ 120
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα· κατὰ Βρομίοιο δὲ πολλὰ
ἰοβόλοι ραθάμιγγες οἰστεύοντο καρῆνου
καὶ βλοσυροὶ σπινθῆρες· αἰεὶ δὲ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Ταρταρίης σύριζε λαθίφρονος ἤχος ἰμάσθλης.

Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης 125
δύσβατα φοιτητῆρι διέστιχεν οὔρεα ταρσῶ
ἄσθματι δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις,
οἰστρομανῆς ἄτε ταῦρος, εἰς ἤρασσε κεραίας,
τρηχαλέον μύκημα χέων λυσσώδει λαιμῶ·

Πᾶνα δὲ καλλείψασα καὶ ὑστερόφωνον ἀοιδὴν 130
φθόγγῳ μαινομένῳ μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἦχώ,
ἀντίτυπον θρασὺν ἤχον ἀμειβομένη Διονύσου.
καὶ βαλίας ἐλάφους, λασίας δ' ἐδίωκε λεαίνας

mands. She made a great rattling over Lyaïos's eyes, loudly cracking her snaky whip ; she shook her head, and a deadly hiss issued from her quivering serpent-hair, terrible, and fountains of poison drenched the rocky wilderness. . . . At times, again, she showed a face like some wild beast ; a mad and awful lion with thick bristles upon his neck, threatening Dionysos with bloody gape.

¹¹⁰ Then Artemis saw Bacchos caught in a fit of mind-marauding madness, and would have driven the madness away, but Hera with heavy noise aloft cast a burning brand at her and scared her off. The mistress of the hunt gave way in anger to her step-mother. But she did protect maddened Bacchos a little ; she held back her wild beasts with threatenings, and shackled the hunting dogs, fastening straps round and round their necks that they should not hurt the flesh of delirious Dionysos.

¹¹⁹ Now Megaira black in her infernal robe went back into the darkness, and sent out many spectral visions to Lyaïos. Showers of poison-drops were shot upon the head of Bromios and big fat sparks ; ever in his ears was the whistling sound of the hellish whip which robbed him of his senses.

¹²⁵ Thus tormented in the lonely forest, Dionysos paced the pathless mountains with wandering foot, shaken by terrible pantings. Like a mad bull, he dashed his horns against the rocks, and a harsh bellow came from his maddened throat. Echo left Pan and mimicked his tune no more, but bellowed an ugly sound in frenzied tone, repeating the wild noise of Dionysos. He swift as the storm chased the dappled

NONNOS

Βάκχος ἀελλήεις, μεθέπων ὄρεσίδρομον ἄγρην·
 οὐδέ οἱ ἄγχι λέων θρασὺς ἦε· ταρβαλή δέ 135
 ἄρκτος ἐριπτοίητος ἐκεύθετο φωλάδι πέτρη
 λύσσαν ἀπειλητῆρος ὑποπτήσσουσα Λυαίου,
 δεχνημένη βλοσυρῆσι θεήλατον ἦχον ἀκουαῖς·
 μηκεδανούς δὲ δράκοντας ἐρειδομένους τινὶ πέτρη 140
 μείλιχα λιχμώντας ἀπέθρισε νηλεί θύρσω·
 καὶ σκοπιάς ἐτίναξε τανυγλώχινι κεραίη
 κτείνων ἀκλινέων ἱκετήσια φύλα λεόντων·
 καὶ δρύας εὐκάρπιοι μετερρίζωσεν ἀρούρης,
 Ἄδρυάδας δ' ἐδίωκεν· οἰστεύων δὲ κολώνας 145
 Νηιάδας ποταμοῖο μετήλυδας ἤλασε Νύμφας·
 Βασσαρίδες δ' ἀλάληντο καὶ οὐχ ἦπτοντο Λυαίου,
 καὶ Σάτυροι φρίσσοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσση,
 οὐδέ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἴκοντο τεθηπότες ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
 μή σφιν ἐπαῖξιε χέων ἐτερόθροον ἠχώ,
 ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης. 150
 Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλον ἔχων θράσος
 ἔχραε Βάκχαις,
 νεύμασιν Ἑραίοισι τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
 ὡς δ' ὅτε χειμερίων ῥοθίων μυκώμενος ὄλκῳ
 ἄπλοος ἀντιπόροις βακχεύετο πόντος ἀέλλαις,
 κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι κατάρρυτον ἠέρα νίφων, 155
 πρυμναίους δὲ κάλως ἀφειδέει κύματος ὄρμη
 λαίλαπες ἐρρήξαντο, καὶ ἄσθματι λαῖφος ἐλίξας
 ἰστόν ἀνεχλαίνωσε κεκυφότα λάβρος ἀήτης
 λαίφεσιν ἀμφίζωστον, ἔδοχμώθη δὲ κεραίη,
 ναῦται δ' ἀσχαλόντες ἐπέτρεπον ἐλπίδα πόντων· 160
 ὡς τότε Βάκχον ὄρινεν ὄλον στρατὸν Ἰνδικὸς Ἄρης.
 Ἐνθά τις οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἔην ἔρις,
 οὐ κλόνος ἀνδρῶν
 ἴσος ἔην, οὐ δῆρις ὁμοίος· ἀκάματος γὰρ

deer and shaggy lionesses, plying his highland hunt. No lion so bold as to come near him; the bear appalled and scared hid in a secret cave, fearing the menacing madness of Lyaïos, hearing the sound of the god in her rough ears. With pitiless thyrsus he cut through long pythons lying on a stone and gently licking him: he shook the rocks with long-pointed horn: he killed troops of lions, unyielding beasts but now seeking mercy: he rooted up trees from the fruitful soil, he chased the Hadryads, he volleyed the cliffs and drove the Naiad nymphs out of the river homeless. Bassarids went scattering and would not come within touch of Lyaïos, Satyrs shivered and hid in the sea; they would not come near him, dazed at the threatening onset, lest he dash at them letting out that outlandish roar, spitting snowy foam, the witness of madness.

¹⁵¹ Now Deriades with exceeding great boldness attacked the Bacchant women, while Dionysos was being shaken at the command of Hera. As when the sea bellowing with the rush of wintry surge, unnavigable, is driven wildly by contrary winds, and floods the soaking air with waves mountain-high: the blasts have parted the stern-hawsers in the pitiless assault of the billows, the violent wind has tangled up the canvas with its breath and made a cloak of girdling sails round the bending mast, the yard is askew, the sailors in despair have thrown hope to the sea^a—so the Indian Ares threw into confusion the whole Bacchic army.

¹⁶² Then came a struggle out of all order, then came an unequal fight, a one-sided struggle; for

^a Thrown it away, that is.

νόστιμος ἔγρεκύδοιμος ἐπέβρεμε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
 Μωδαίου¹ προμάχοιο φέρων τύπον, ὃς πλέον ἄλλων 165
 ὑσμίνης ἀκόρητος ἀτερπεί τέρπετο λύθρω,
 ᾧ πλέον εἰλαπίνης φόνος εὐαδεν· ἐν δὲ βοείῃ,
 οἶά τε Γοργείων πλοκάμων ὄφιώδεας ὄλκους,
 γραπτὸν εὐσμήριγγος ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Μεδούσης
 Δηριάδη πέλεν ἴσος, ὁμόχρους· οὐ τότε μορφῆς 170
 ῥιγεδανῆς ἀγέλαστον ἔχων μίμημα προσώπου,
 καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκαμίδα φέρων καὶ σῆμα βοείης,
 αἰνομανῆς πεφόρητο μόθῳ λαοσσόος Ἄρης,
 καὶ προμάχους θάρσυνεν· ὁμογλώσσω δ' ἀλαλητῷ
 Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος ἀταρβέες ἔβρεμον Ἴνδοί, 175
 καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἐπέκτυπε λοίγιος Ἄρης,
 φοιταλέην συνάεθλον ἔχων Ἔριν· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 στήσε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος.
 καὶ στρατιὴν οἴστρησαν ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
 Δηριάδης καὶ κῶμα Διὸς καὶ σύνδρομος Ἄρης. 180
 Συμμιγέες δὲ φάλαγγες ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμιτρώσαντο σιδήρῳ,
 καὶ πολέες φεύγοντες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῆι,
 θεινόμενοι ξιφέεσσιν· Ὀμηρίδες, εἶπατε, Μοῦσαι,
 τίς θάνε, τίς δούπησεν ὑπ' ἔγχει Δηριαδῆος· 185
 Αἰβίαλος Θυάμις τε καὶ Ὀρμένιος καὶ Ὀφέλτης,
 Κρίασος Ἀργασίδης, Τελέβης καὶ Λύκτιος Ἀνθεὺς
 καὶ Θρόνιος καὶ Ἄρητος εὐμμελῆς τε Μοληνεὺς
 ἀλκήεις τε Κόμαρκος· ἐτείνετο δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 ἔγχει Δηριάδαο νέκυσ στρατός· ὀλλυμένων δὲ 190
 ὃς μὲν ἦν δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος, ὃς δὲ ρέεθροις
 πλώετο κυματόεντα φέρων μόθον,² ὃς δὲ θαλάσση

¹ See Crit. Intr.² So mss.: Ludwich μόρον.^a From *Il.* v. 860, xiv. 148.

brazen Ares came back unwearied to awaken the conflict. He took the form of the champion Modaios, more than all others unsated with battle, whose joy was joyless carnage, whom bloodshed pleased better than banquets. On the shield he bore the graven image of Medusa with her bush of hair, like the viperine tresses of the Gorgon's head, and he was equal to Deriades, of the same colour. So then Ares took on Modaios's terrible shape and the copy of his unsmiling face, his curly hair and the blazon of his shield, and furiously raging rushed amid the fray to scatter the people, giving courage to his warriors. With one voice the Indians fearlessly roared their warcry, now Bacchos was not there, and deathly Ares shouted as loud as nine thousand,^a with Discord moving by his side to support him; in the battle he placed Rout and Terror^b to wait upon Deriades. So the army of Dionysos, absent in the wilderness, was driven pellmell by Deriades, and his comrade Ares, and the slumber of Zeus.

¹⁸¹ So the mingled battalions fighting with one common ardour girded the whole company of Basarids with a ring of steel; many were slain by one slayer in their flight, smitten by swords. O ye Muses of Homer! Tell me who died, who fell to the spear of Deriades! Aibialos and Thyamis, Ormenios and Opheltes, Criasos Argasides, Telebes and Lyctian Antheus, Thronios and Aretos, Moleneus with his ashplant and Comarcos in his might—a host were laid out dead one upon another by the spear of Deriades. They fell as they were slain, one stretched out on the ground; one swam in the water enduring trouble amid the waves; one drowned in the sea

^b The Homeric attendants of Ares.

ἀγχιπόρῳ δέδμητο, διωκόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
 κύμασιν ἀρτιχάρακτον ἄραψ τυμβεύσατο Νηρέυς·
 ὃς δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' οὖρεος ἔδραμε ταρσῶ 195
 Κῆρα φυγών, ἕτερος δὲ πεπαρμένον ἔγχος ἔασας
 μεσσοπαγῆς περὶ νῶτα μετέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης,
 κρηίζων ἀπεόντος ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου.

Αὐχῆεις δ' Ἐχέλαος ἀτυμβεύτῳ πέσε πότμῳ,
 Μορρέος ἠλιβάτοιο τυπεὶς ῥηξήνορι πέτρῳ, 200
 Κύπριος, ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔχων ἔτι κύκλον ὑπήνης,
 ὑψικόμῳ φοίνικι πανεΐκελος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 ἀβρὸς ἀκερσικόμης ἐκυλίνδετο λαμπάδα σείων,
 πληγεῖς ἰσχίον ἄκρον, ὄπη χροὸς ἤλικι δεσμῶ
 συμφερτὸν κοτύλῃ φύσις ἤρμοσεν ἄξονα μηροῦ· 205
 καὶ θάνεν ἀπτομένην κρατέων ἔτι μυστίδα πεύκην,
 ἀσπαίρων δὲ κάρηνον ἐὼ τεφρώσατο πυρσῶ,
 φλέξας λιγνυόεντι πολύπλοκα βόστρυχα δαλῶ.
 καὶ οἱ ἐπαυχῆσας φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μορρέυς·

“Κοῦρε, φατιζομένης ἀλλότριε σείῳ τιθήνης, 210
 ἠβητῆρ Ἐχέλαε, γονὴν ἐψεύσαο Κύπρου·
 οὐκ ἀπὸ Πυγμαλίωνος ἔχεις γένος, ᾧ πόρε Κύπρις
 μηκεδανὴν βιότοιο πολυχρονίῳ πορείην·
 οὐ σε τεῆς Παφίης ἐρρύσατο νυμφίος ἄρης·
 οὐδέ σοι ἄσπετα κύκλα παλιννόστων ἐνιαυτῶν 215
 δῶκε τεῆ Κυθέρεια καὶ οὐ σκάζουσαν ἀπήνην,

* Hardly anything is known of the legend of Pygmalion, except that he was a king of Cyprus (probably originally a god, the first two syllables of his name being apparently a corruption of a divine Phoenician name). The tale how he made a beautiful statue of a woman, fell in love with it and successfully begged Aphrodite to make it live is the

hard by, whom Arabian Nereus buried in the waves newly wounded by the pursuing spear ; another ran over the hills with stormswift sole fleeing his fate ; another left the lance planted in the middle of his back and crawled into the heart of the bushes, longing for absent Dionysos to save him.

¹⁹⁹ Proud Echelaos fell, and was left unburied, crushed by the manbreaking rock from gigantic Morrheus : he was a Cyprian, with the down fresh around his cheeks. He lay then like a palm spire with a head of leaves ; but in the battle he rushed about shaking his torch, a tender lad with uncropt hair, until he was struck on the top of the hip, where nature had fitted the axle in the cup of the thigh to grow together with the flesh of his body. He died holding the mystic pine still alight, and in his convulsions burnt his head to ashes with his own torch, setting fire to the braided hair with the smoking brand. Then Morrheus triumphed over him and mocked him :

²¹⁰ " Boy, you must be a stranger to the land which is called your nurse—Echelaos lad, you have belied your birth as a Cyprian ! You are not sprung from Pygmalion,^a to whom Cypris gave a long course of life and many years. Ares the bridegroom of your Paphian did not save you. Your Cythereia did not grant you infinite circles of revolving years and a car that stumbled not, that you might escape your

only well-known story concerning him. From this passage it appears that the goddess also granted him long life and that she gave him a carriage (not a war-chariot, for it was drawn by mules) which carried him safely out of all dangers. Lines 216-218 must refer to some tale concerning Pygmalion, for they are quite inappropriate to Echelaos, who evidently had been fighting on foot.

ὄφρα φύγῃς σέο πότμον ἀλεξιμόρων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
 ἡμιόνων βαρύγονον αἰεὶ δρόμον ἠνιοχεύων.
 ἦλιτον, ἐκ Κύπριοι φέρεις γένος· ὠκύμορον γὰρ
 Ἀρης καὶ σὲ δάμασσεν ὁμοίον νιεί Μύρρης.” 220

Ὡς εἰπὼν πρυλέεσσι δορυσσόος ἤχησε Μορρεύς·
 εἰλιπόδην δὲ Βίλιθον ἐλὼν καὶ Δένθιν ὀλέσσας,
 αὐχένα δ' ὄρχηστῆρος Ἐριγβώλοιο δαΐξας
 ἔγχεϊ τηλεβόλῳ Φρυγίους ἐφόβησε μαχητάς·
 Σηβέα δ' ὀκριόεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνω· 225

Θηβαίων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα διώκων
 ἔκτανεν Εὐβώτην, Καδμηίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης,
 σύννομον Ἀκταίωνος· ὁμοφθόγγω δ' ἀλαλητῶ
 πολλοὶ Δηριάδοι πεφυζότες ἄπλετον ἀλκῆν
 πασσυδὸν ὠλίσθησαν ὁμόζυγος εἰς λῖνα Μοίρης, 230

αὐτοφόνω θνήσκοντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
 ἀνδρὸς ἐνὸς ῥιπῆσιν· ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ πεσόντες
 αἵμαλήη στοιχηδὸν ἐπεστόρνυντο κονίη
 Κρίμισος, Ἰμαλέων, Φράσιος, Θάργηλος, Ἰάων,
 οἷσι δαΐζομένοις ἐναρίθμιος ἤριπε Κοίλων, 235

καὶ νέκυσ αἱματόεντι Κύης ἐκυλίνδετο πότμω·
 καὶ φόνος ἀσπετος ἔσκε· δαΐζομένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
 ἐχθρῶ διψὰς ἄρουρα θελήμονι λούσατο λύθρῳ,
 δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον Ἐνναλίου νιφετοῖο.

Βακχεΐης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην κλόνος· ἀσταθῆες γὰρ 240
 πεζοὶ μὲν δεδόνηντο, φυγοπτολέμων δ' ἐλατήρων
 εἰς φόβον εὐλαίγγες ἀνεκρούοντο χαλινοί·

ᾧν ὁ μὲν οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐδύσατο κοιλάδα πέτρην,
 ὃς δὲ μολῶν τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ κλέτας ἔζετο λόχμης
 κρυπτόμενος πετάλοισιν, ὁ δὲ σπήλυγγα λεόντων, 245
 ἄλλος ἀμαιμακέτοιο μετήιεν ἔνδιον ἄρκτου·
 καὶ τις ἀερσιλόφοιο διὰ πρηῶνος ἀλύξας
 ποσσὶν ὄρεσσινόμοισι διέστιχεν ἄκρα κολώνης.

fate on that fatefending waggon, as you ever drove a kneeheavy run of mules!—Wrong! you do come from Cyprus. Fate caught you also quick when Ares vanquished you just like Myrrha's son." ■

²²¹ As he spoke the words, shakespear Morrheus thrust again at the footmen. He caught waddling Bilitos and killed Denthis, cut off the head of Erig-bolos the dancer and put the Phrygian warriors to flight with farcast spear. Sebeus he brought down with a jagged stone; he chased Actaion and the company of Thebans, and killed Eubotes, who dwelt in the Cadmeian country, a companion of Actaion. One common shriek arose as a multitude fleeing before the infinite might of Deriades in utter rout slipt into the meshes of one common fate, dying in heaps under the blows of one man and his murderous destroying steel, falling over each other and lying in rows on the bloodstained dust—Crimisos Himaleon Phrasios Thargelos Iaon: Cilon tumbled among them slain, Cyes rolled over in bloody death a corpse. The carnage was infinite: the steel cut them down, the thirsty soil accepted this foreign shower of war's torrents, and gladly bathed in the enemies' blood.

²⁴⁰ There was panic in the army of Bacchos. The footmen were shaken and ran, the horsemen checked their jewelled bridles to flee and escape. So one made for the hills and into a cave in the rocks, one crept into the bushes on the hillside and sat hidden under the leaves, one entered the cave of lions, another the den of a savage bear, one slunk over a high cliff and traversed the uplands with hillranging feet. A

^a The son of Myrrha is Adonis; the boar which killed him is now and then said to have been Ares in disguise.

Βάκχη δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο παρήλυθε θηρὸς ἐναύλους,
 ταρβαλέω πρηῶνα διαστείβουσα πεδίλω· 250
 οὐ γὰρ ἔχειν μενέαινε λεοντείην ἔτι πέτρην,
 ἀλλὰ λιποσθενέων ἐλάφων ἐκίχησε καλιῆν
 ἦθεσιν ἀδρανέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ προτέρην φρένα Βάκχη
 εἰς κραδίην ἐλάφοιο μετέτραπεν ἀντὶ λεαίνης.
 καὶ τις ἀελλοπόδων Σατύρων δευδῆμονι ταρσῶ 255
 ἔτρεχεν, ἀσταθέεσσιν ἀσάμβalos εἴκελος αὔραις,
 φεύγων Δηριάδαο θεημάχον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
 καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκε γέρων Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης·
 πολλάκι δ' εἰς χθόνα πίπτε κονιομένοιο προσώπου,
 ὀκλάζων βαρύγουνος ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις, 260
 ἔμπαλιν ὀρθώσας λάσιον δέμας· ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 ἀντὶ μόθου κεκάλυπτο, καὶ Εὐῖον ἔγχος ἀνάγκη
 κάλλιπεν ἀπτολέμοισι μεμηλότα θύρσον ἀέλλαις,
 καὶ μόγις εὐπήληκος ἀλεύατο Μορρέος αἰχμῆν.
 ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς Ἐρεχθεύς, 265
 ἐντροπαλιζομένην τανύων εὐκυκλον ὀπωπῆν,
 αἰδόμενος μενέχαρμον ἦν πολιοῦχον Ἀθήνην.
 Βακχειῆν δ' ἀέκων ἠρνήσατο Μαινάδα χάρμην
 λαιὸν Ἀρισταῖος βεβολημένος ὦμον οἰστῶ.
 καὶ στρατιῆν ἀλέεινε δοριθρασέων Κορυβάντων 270
 οὐτηθεῖς λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο Μελισσεύς,
 μαζὸν Ἐρυθραίῃ κεχαραγμένος ἄκρον ἀκωκῆ.
 καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κύκλωπες ἀναιδέες εὐποδι ταρσῶ
 εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο τεθηπότες, οἷς ἅμα φεύγων
 Ἰνδῶν ἀδόνητος ἐλίμπανε Φαῦνος Ἐννώ. 275
 εὐκεράου δὲ φάλαγγος ὅλον στρατὸν εἰς φόβον ἔλκων
 πρεσβυγενῆς φύξιλις ἐχάζετο Παρράσιος Πάν,
 σιγαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην,
 μή μιν ἴδη φεύγοντα δι' οὔρεος ἄστατος Ἥχώ,
 καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελάσειε καὶ ἀδρανέοντα καλέσση. 280

Bacchant passed by the lair of a wild beast with a litter, and trod the uplands with timid shoe; now she wanted no longer a lion's rocky den, but she found a harbourage of weak deer in her craven mood—for she had changed her former heart into a deer's heart instead of a lioness. One of the stormswift Satyrs was running like the quick winds, unshod, with frightened foot, to escape the impious weight of Deriades' threats. An old Seilenos wandered scouring the cliffs. Often he sank with stumbling feet upon heavy knees, and fell to the ground and covered his face with dirt; then he lifted his hairy form again, but instead of fighting he hid among the hills, and with difficulty kept clear of helmeted Morrheus with his spear. The spear of Euios, the thyrsus, he was obliged to throw away for the peaceful winds to take care of. Erechtheus retired slowly with reluctant feet, turning again and again his round eyes backwards, for he was ashamed to think of Athena the warlike patron of his city. Aristaios hit by an arrow in the left shoulder, unwillingly refused to take further part in Mainad battle on behalf of Bacchos. Melisseus was avoiding the company of spearbold Corybants; he was pierced through his hairy chest and the Erythraian spear had gone through the nipple. The grim merciless Cyclopians hastened to flee discomfited with quick foot, and with them Phaunos also fled from the Indian battle though unshaken. An ancient Parrhasian Pan, himself a runaway, led to flight the whole horned company, and with silent feet plunged into the shadowy forest, that restless Echo might not see him escaping over the hills and mock him and call him coward.

NONNOS

Καὶ πρόμαχοι τότε πάντες ὑπέκφυγον·
ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς

Αἰακὸς αὐτόθι μῶνος ἐλείπετο, μαρνάμενος δὲ
 δεύετο μὴ παρεόντος ἀνικήτου Διονύσου·
 ἔμπης δ' αὐτόθι μίμνεν. ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο δὲ Νύμφαι
 Νηιάδος βυθίοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελάθροις· 285

αἱ μὲν Ὑδασπιάδεσσιν ὀμήλυδες, αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
 Ἴνδὸν ἐς ἀγκικέλευθον ἐναυλίζοντο ρεέθροις,
 ἄλλαι Συδριάδεσσιν ὀμόστολοι, αἱ δ' ἐνὶ Γάγγῃ
 λύθρον ἀπεσμήξαντο νεόσσυτον, ἅς τότε πολλὰς
 ἐρχομένας ἀγεληδὸν ἐς ὑδατόεντας ἐναύλους 290

Νηιάς ἀργυρόπεζα φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι
 δέξατο κυματόεντος ἐς αὔλια παρθενεῶνος.
 ἄλλαι Ἀμαδρυάδος σκιεροῖς κρύπτοντο κορύμβοις,
 δυσάμεναι δρυόεντας ἀνοιγομένους κενεῶνας.
 πολλαὶ δ' ὑγροτόκους ὑπὸ πίδακας ἐγγύθι πέτρης 295

Βασσαρίδες κρουνηδὸν ἐκώκουν· ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ
 ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι φιλοθρήνοιο προσώπου
 πληθομένη βαθύκολπος ὄλη πορφύρετο πηγῇ,
 μυρομένη βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.

²⁸¹ Now the leaders had slunk away, all but Aiacos, who was left there alone in the battle fighting on, though he needed the presence of unconquered Dionysos. Nevertheless there he stayed. The Nymphs from the rocks had hidden in the deep hall of some Naiad; these joined the nymphs of Hydaspes, those fled to neighbouring Indos and lodged in his waters, others went to the Sydros,^a others washed off the fresh gore in the Ganges—these were many, they came in herds to the watery channels, and the silverfoot Naiad stood at her hospitable door to welcome them into the watery retreat of her virginal palace. Others hid under the shady branches of a Hamadryad or slipt into open holes in the trees. Many Bassarids were beside the watersprings near the rock shedding fountains of tears; and the deep fountain itself, filled with the showers of tears newly shed upon her sorrowful countenance, grew all dark lamenting the heavy mourning of nevermourning Dionysos.

^a The Sutlej.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρῆα δαμάζει
φλέξας θούρος Ἔρωσ ἐπὶ κάλλει Χαλκομεδείης.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ φοιταλέῳ πεφορημένος ἄλματι ταρσῶν
εὐκεράῳ ταχύγουνος ὁμοίος ἔσσυτο ταύρῳ,
λοΐγιον ἄσθμα χέων ἑτερόφρονος οἴδματι λύσσης.

Καὶ Χάρις ὠκυπέδιλος Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ κήπῳ
φυταλιὴν εὐδομον ἀμεργομένη δονακῆων, 5
ὄφρα πυριπνεύστων Παφίων ἔντοσθε λεβήτων
Ἄσσυρίον μίξασα χυτὰς ὠδίνας ἐλαίου
ἄνθεσιν Ἰνδῶοισι μύρον τεύξειεν ἀνάσση,
ὅπποτε παντοίην δροσερὴν ἐδρέψατο ποίην,
χῶρον ὄλον θηεῖτο· καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ 10
λύσσαν ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ὀπιπέουσα Λυαίου
ἀχνυμένη δάκρυσε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοιῆ
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι εἰς ἐχάραξε παρειάς·
καὶ Σατύρους σκοπίαζεν ὑποπτήσσοντας Ἐννώ, 15
Κωδώνην δ' ἐνόησε μινυθαδίην τε Γιγαρτῷ
κεκλιμένας ἐφύπερθεν ἀτυμβεύτοιο κονίης·
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐλέαιρε θευλλήεντι πεδίλῳ
μαιομένου Μορρῆος ἀλυσκάζουσαν ἀκωκῆν,
καὶ φθονερὴν δεδόνητο ῥοδώπιδος εἵνεκα κούρης,
μή ποτε νικήσειεν εἰς ἀγλατῆν Ἀφροδίτην. 20

^a Normally the Charites are daughters of Zeus: Dionysos

BOOK XXXIII

In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus,
and sets him aflame for the beauty of
Chalcomedeia.

BUT Bacchos himself, rushed away kneequick like a horned bull, carried in long leaps by his wandering feet, puffing deadly breath in the flood of his frenzied madness.

⁴ One of the swiftshoe Graces was gathering the shoots of the fragrant reeds in the Erythraian garden, in order to mix the flowing juice of Assyrian oil with Indian flowers in the steaming cauldrons of Paphos, and make ointment for her Lady. While she plucked all manner of dew-wet plants she gazed all round the place; and there in a forest not far off she saw the madness of Lyaïos her father.^a She wept for sorrow and tender affection, and tore her cheeks with her nails in mourning. Then she saw the Satyrs scurrying from battle; she distinguished Codone and Gigarto, dead too soon, lying on the dust unburied; she pitied Chalcomede fleeing with stormswift shoe from the blade of furious Morrheus—and indeed she was shaken with jealousy of the rosy-cheek maiden, for fear she might win the day with radiant Aphrodite.

is their father only in Nonnos and one or two other late authors.

Ἄχθυμένη δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ἀνήιε, πευθάδι σιγῇ
 ἄλγος ἐοῦ γενετῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου·
 καὶ χλόος εὐκύκλοιο παρηίδος ἄνθος ἀμείψας
 μαρμαρυγὴν στίλβουσαν ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου.

Τὴν δὲ κατηφιόωσαν Ἀδωνιάς ἔννεπε Κύπρις, 25
 τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα παρήγορον, ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
 Πασιθέης ἐνόησεν ἄχος κήρυκι σιωπῇ·

“ Νύμφα φίλη, τί παθοῦσα τετὴν ἠλλάξαι μορφήν;
 παρθένε, πῶς μετάμειψας ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
 εἰαρινὴν δ' ἀκτῖνα τίς ἔσβεσε σείο προσώπου; 30
 οὐκέτι σῶν μελέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἄργυφος αἴγλη·
 οὐκέτι δ', ὡς τὸ πρόσθε, τεαὶ γελόωσιν ὀπωπαί.
 ἀλλὰ τεὰς ἀγόρευε μεληδόνας· ἦ ῥά σε τείρει
 υἱὸς ἐμός, φιλέεις δὲ ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
 οἶα Σεληναίῃ τινὰ βουκόλον; ἦ ῥά που αὐτὴν 35
 καὶ σὲ μετ' Ἡριγένειαν Ἔρως ἐπεμάστιε κεστῶ;
 οἶδα, πόθεν χλοάουσι παρηίδες· ὅττι σε κούρην
 νυμφίος ἀχλυόεις νυμφεύεται Ὑπνος ἀλήτης·
 οὐ μὲν ἀναινομένην σε βιήσομαι, οὐδὲ συνάψω
 λευκάδι Πασιθέῃ μελανόχροον Ὑπνον ἀκοίτην.” 40

Ὡς φαιμένης δάκρυσεν Χάρις καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·

“ Ἀενάου κόσμοιο φυτοσπόρε, μήτηρ Ἐρώτων,
 βουκόλος οὐ κλονέει με,

καὶ οὐ θρασὺς ἴμερος Ὑπνου.

οὐ πέλον Ἡριγένεια δυσίμερος ἠὲ Σελήνη,
 ἀλλὰ πόνος περίφοιτος ἀνιάζει με Λυαίου, 45
 πατρὸς ἐμοῦ φρίσσοντος Ἐρινύας· ὑμετέρου δέ,
 εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε κασιγνήτου Διονύσου.”

Ἐννεπε, καὶ γενετῆρος ὄλον πόνον εἶπεν ἀνάσση
 Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγας ἀπείρονας,

ἄς κτάνε Μορρεῦς,

καὶ Σατύρων φύξηλιν ὄλον στρατόν, εἶπε καὶ αὐτὴν 50

²¹ Sorrowing she returned to heaven, but she hid her grief for Lyaïos her father in mournful silence. Pallor displaced the bloom on her rounded cheek, and dimmed the bright radiance of her face.

²⁵ Cypris, the lover of Adonis, saw Pasithea down-cast, and understood the grief heralded by her silent face; then she addressed to her these comforting words:

²⁸ "Dear girl, what trouble has changed your looks? Maiden, what has made you lose your ruddy looks? Who has quenched the gleams of springtime from your face? The silvery sheen shines no longer upon your skin, your eyes no longer laugh as before. Come now, tell me your anxieties. Are you plagued by my son, perhaps? Are you in love with some herdsman, among the mountains, struck with desire, like Selene? Has Eros perhaps flicked you also with the cestus, like Dawn once before?—Ah, I know why your cheeks are pale: shadowy Sleep, the vagabond, woos you as a bridegroom woos a maid! I will not compel you if you are unwilling; I will not join Sleep the blackskin to Pasithea the lilywhite!"

⁴¹ When Aphrodite had said this, the Charis weeping replied:

⁴² "O mother of the Loves! O sower of life in the everlasting universe! No herdsman troubles me, no bold desire of Sleep. I am no lovesick Dawn or Selene. No, I am tormented by the afflictions of Lyaïos my father, driven about in terror by the Furies. He is your brother—protect Dionysos if you can!"

⁴⁸ Then she recounted all her father's afflictions to her mistress, and the countless ranks of Bassarids that Morrheus had killed, and all the fugitive host

NONNOS

δαιμονίην μάλιστα τινασσομένου Διονύσου
καὶ κινυρὴν σπαίρουσαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Γιγαρτώ,
Κωδώνην τ' ἀγόρευε προώριον· αἰδομένη δὲ
πένθος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάλλος ἐπέφραδε Χαλκομεδείης.

Καὶ ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα μεταλλάξασα προσώπου 55
ἠθάδα ῥῖψε γέλωτα φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη.
Ἄγλαϊν δ' ἐκέλευσε διάκτορον, ὄφρα καλέσση
υἷα θούρον Ἔρωτα μετάρσιον ἠεροφοίτην,
ἀνδρομέης γονόεντα κυβερνητῆρα γενέθλης.

Καὶ Χάρις ἴχνος ἔκαμψε,

πολυστρέπτω δὲ προσώπω 60

σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ὄπωπε καὶ οὐρανόν, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
ἄστατον ἴχνος Ἔρωτος, ἐπεὶ πτερὰ πάντοθι πάλλει,
τέτραχα τεμνομένην κυκλούμενος ἄντυγα κόσμου.

Εὗρε δέ μιν χρυσεόιο περὶ ρίον ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
νεκταρέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀκοντίζοντα κυπέλλοις· 65

πὰρ δέ οἱ ἴστατο κοῦρος ὀμέψιος ἀβρὸν ἀθύρων,
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος· ἀερσινόου δὲ τεκούσης
Οὐρανίης σοφὸν ἔργον ἐπισταμένης δρόμον ἄστρων
σφαῖραν ἄγων τροχόεσσαν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης,
Ἄργου δαιδαλέης ἀντίρροπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς· 70

καὶ πτερόεις εὐκυκλον Ἔρωσ μητρῶον αἰείρων
χρῦσεον ὄρμον ἔθηκε θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
νίκης φαιδρὸν ἄγαλμα παναίολον· ἀργύρεος δὲ
κεῖτο λέβης ἐν ἀγῶνι, καὶ οἰνοχύτου βρέτας Ἥβης
μεσσοφανῆ σκοπὸν εἶχε· καὶ ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδης 75
οἰνοχόος Κρονίδαο δικασπόλος ἦεν ἀγῶνος,
στέμμα φέρων παλάμησι. φιλακρήτων δὲ βολάων
λαχμὸς ἔην, μεθέπων ἐτερότροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν·

of Satyrs, even Dionysos lashed with the fury's whip, and wailing Gigarto gasping on the ground, and Codone gone before her season: with shame she described the sorrows and beauty of Chalcomedeia.

⁵⁵ Then sweetsmiling Aphrodite put off the wonted laugh from her radiant rosy face, and told her messenger Aglaia to call Eros her son, that swift airy flyer, that guide to the fruitful increase of the human race.

⁶⁰ The Charis moved her footsteps, and turned her face this way and that way over earth and sea and sky, if somewhere she might find the restless track of Eros—for he beats his wings everywhere circling the four separate regions of the universe.

⁶⁴ She found him on the golden top of Olympos,^a shooting the nectar-drops from a cup.^b Beside him stood Hymenaios, his fairhaired playfellow in the dainty game. He had put up as a prize for the victor something clever made by his haughty mother Urania, who knew all the courses of the stars, a revolving globe like the speckled form of Argos^c; winged Eros had taken and put up a round golden necklace which belonged to his mother sea-born Aphrodite, a shining glorious work of art, as a prize of victory. A large silver basin stood for their game, and the shooting mark before them was a statue of Hebe shown in the middle pouring the wine. The umpire in the game was adorable Ganymedes, cupbearer of Cronides, holding the garland. Lots were cast for the shots of unmixed wine, with varied

^a This scene recalls Apoll. Rhod. iii. 114, where she sends Eros to shoot Medea.

^b *i.e.* playing cottabos, a game fashionable in classical Athens, in which wine was thrown out of cups at a mark.

^c Covered with stars like the eyes of Argos.

NONNOS

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὀρθώσαντες ἀνέσχεθον, ἄλλα δὲ καρπῶ
 χειρὸς ἐπεσφήκωτο συνήορα σύζυγι δεσμῶ· 80
 ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος. ἀβροκόμης δὲ
 πρῶτα λαχὼν Ἵμέναιος ἔλεν δέπας, ἵπταμένην δὲ
 νεκταρέην ραθάμιγγα μετάρσιον ἠέρι πέμπων
 ῥύψε λέβητος ὑπερθε· καὶ οὐ τότε μητέρι Μούσῃ
 εὐχωλὴν ἀνέφηνε· διεσσυμένη δὲ κυτέλλου 85
 ἠέρα μέσσον ἔτυψεν ἀερσιπότητος ἔερση,
 ἀλλὰ παρατρέψασα βολὴν βητάρμονι παλμῶ
 ἔλκομένη παλίνορσος ἀγάλματος ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
 ἄσφοφος ἄκρον ἔτυψεν ἀδουπήτοιο καρήνου·
 δεύτερος αἰολόμητις Ἔρωσ τεχνήμονι θεσμῶ 90
 ἱμερόεν δέπας εἶλε, καὶ εὗξατο Κυπρογενείῃ
 λάθριος ἐν πραπίδεσσι, καὶ ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τανύσσας
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζεν ἐκηβόλον ἱκμάδα πέμπων·
 νεκταρέου δὲ ποτοῖο παλινδίνητος ἔερση
 ἰθυτενῆς ἄγναμπος ἀγάλματος ὑψόθι κόρσης 95
 ἠερόθεν βαρύδουπος ἐπεσμαράγησε μετώπῳ·
 ἴαχε δ' ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα, καὶ υἱεὶ Κυπρογενείης
 χρυσέῳ ἐσμαράγησε λέβης ἐπινίκιον ἠχώ·
 καὶ στέφος ἀβρὸν Ἔρωτι
 πόρεν γελάσας Γανυμήδης·
 καὶ ταχὺς αἰόλον ὄρμον ἔλων καὶ σφαῖραν αἰείρων 100
 διπλόον εἶχεν ἄεθλον ἑυρραθάμιγγος ἀγῶνος,
 σκιρτήσας δὲ πόδεσσι, κυβιστήσας δὲ καρήνῳ
 κυδιῶν ἐχόρευεν Ἔρωσ θρασὺς· ἀντιπάλου δὲ
 πολλάκις ἀχθυμένοιο κατήγαγε χεῖρα προσώπου.
 Ἄγλαιῆ δὲ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο· τερψινόου δὲ 105
 δέξατο χερσὶν ἄνακτος ἀέθλια· νεῦσε δὲ κούρῳ

movements of the fingers^a: these they held out, these they pressed upon the root of the hand closely joined together. A charming match it was between them.

⁸¹ Daintyhair Hymenaios drew the first try. He took the cup, and shot the flying nectar-drop high in the air over the basin; but he offered no prayer then to his mother the Muse: darting from the cup the dew went scattering high through the air, but the leaping drops turned aside and swerving fell back about the face of the statue so as to touch the top of the head without a sound.^b Second, crafty Eros took hold of the lovely cup in a masterly way, and secretly in his heart prayed to Cyprogeneia; then with a steady eye on the mark, he shot the liquid into the distance—the dewy nectar went straight, unswerving, and curved round until it fell from the air upon the forehead above the temple with a loud plop. The elegant statue rang, and the basin echoed the sound of victory for the golden son of Cyprogeneia. Ganymedes laughing handed the dainty garland to Eros. Quickly he picked up the beautiful necklace and lifted the globe, and kept the two prizes of their cleverdrop game. Bold Eros went skipping and dancing for joy and turned a somersault, and tried often to pull his rival's hands from his sorrowful face.

¹⁰⁵ Now Aglaia stood by him, and she received the prizes from the hands of the prince of heart's delight. She beckoned the boy aside, and with silence their

^a First they played the finger game, It. *mora*, Lat. *micare digitis*; A. quickly opens and closes some of his fingers and B. has to say at once how many he has held out. This was to determine which should throw first apparently.

^b So it was not a fair hit; the mark must make an audible sound (or, in some forms of the game, turn over) to count.

NONNOS

νόσφι μολεῖν, καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐς οὔατα μάρτυρι σιγῇ
ψευδομένης ἀγόρευε δολόφρονα μῦθον ἀνάσσης·

“ Πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστε,

βιοσσόε σύγχρονε κόσμου,
σπεῦσον, ἐπεὶ Κυθέρεια βιάζεται, οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ 110
ἀμφιπόλων παρέμινε, Χάρις φύγεν, ὥχεται Πειθῶ,
καὶ Πόθος ἀστήρικτος ἐχάζετο· σοὶ δέ με μούνην
πέμψεν ἀνικῆτοιο τεῆς χατέουσα φαρέτρης.”

Ἵς φαμένην ἐρέεινεν Ἔρωσ, ἵνα πάντα δαεῖη·
ὅττι νέοι ξύμπαντες, ἀτέρμονος ὀππότε μύθου 115
ἀρχὴν εἰσαΐουσι, τέλος σπεύδουσιν ἀκοῦσαι·
καὶ στομάτων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·

“ Τίς Παφίην ἀκάχησεν ἐμήν;

ἵνα χεῖρα κορύσσω

μαρνάμενος πάντεσσι· βιαζομένης δὲ τεκούσης
νευρὴν πανδαμάτειραν ἐπὶ Κρονίωνα τανύσσω, 120
καὶ πάλιν οἰστρηθέντα γαμοκλόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων
αἰετόν, ἧ τινα ταῦρον ἀλὸς πλωτῆρα τελέσσω·

εἰ δέ ἐ Παλλὰς ὄρινε καὶ ἠκαχεν ἀμφιγυῆεις
Κεκροπίου λύχνοιο φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάψας,
μάρναμαι ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἑφαιίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ· 125
εἰ δέ μιν ἰοχέαιρα λαγωβόλος εἰς χόλον ἔλκει,
ἔμπυρον Ὠρίωνος Ὀλύμπιον ἄορ ἐρύσσας

Ἄρτεμιν οἰστρήσαιμι, καὶ αἰθέρος ἐκτὸς ἐλάσσω . . .
κουφίζων πτερύγεσσιν ὁμόστολον νιέα Μαίης,
οὔτιδανὴν καλέοντα μάτην ἐπαρηγόνα Πειθῶ· 130
καλλείψας δὲ βέλεμνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἄμμα φαρέτρης
δαφναίοις πετάλοισι θελήμονα Φοῖβον ἱμάσσω,
δέσμιον αὐδῆεντι περισφίγξας ὑακίνθῳ·

^a Grace, Persuasion, Desire.

^b i.e. comes against her with a torch for his weapon ;

only witness, she whispered into his ear the artful message of her intriguing mistress :

¹⁰⁹ " Allvanquisher unvanquished, preserver of life co-eval with the universe, make haste ! Cythereia is in distress. None of her attendants has remained with her ; Charis has gone, Peitho has vanished, Pothos ^a the inconstant has left her ; she had none to send but me. She needs your invincible quiver ! "

¹¹⁴ No sooner had she spoken, than Eros wanted to know all about it ; for all young people, when they hear only the beginning of a story, are eager to hear the end. So he rattled out with that unbridled tongue of his—

¹¹⁸ " Who has hurt my dear Paphian ? Let me take arms in hand and fight all the world ! If my mother is in distress, let me stretch my allvanquishing bowstring against even Cronion, to make him once more a mad ravishing love-bird, an eagle, or a bull swimming the sea ! Or if Pallas has provoked her, if Crookshank ^b has hurt her by lighting the bright torch of the Cecropian light, I will fight them both, Hephaistos and Athena ! Or if Archeress hareslayer moves her to anger, I will draw the fiery Olympian sword of Orion to prick Artemis and drive her out of the sky ! (Or if it is Hermes) I will carry off with me Maia's son on my wings, and let him call useless Peitho in vain to his help. ^c Or I will leave my arrows and the fiery belt of my quiver, I will lash Phoibos a willing victim with cords of laurel leaves, holding him bound in a belt of speaking iris. ^d Indeed I fear not the Cecropian = Athenian torch-races being a feature of Hephaistos's festival there.

^c His wife in Nonnos, *cf.* v. 574.

^d Nonnos is obsessed with this story ; the reader is referred to former notes.

NONNOS

οὐ μὲν Ἐνναλίου τρομέω σθένος, οὐδὲ μογήσω
 Ἄρεα μαστίζων πεπεδημένον ἠδὲ κεστῶ· 135
 καὶ διδύμους φωστῆρας ὑποδρήσσοντας ἐρύσσω
 εἰς Πάφον οὐρανόθεν, καὶ ὀπάονα μητρὶ κομίσσω
 σὺν Κλυμένη Φαέθοντα, σὺν Ἐνδυμίω Σελήνην,
 πάντες ἵνα γνώωσιν, ὅτι ξύμπαντα δαμάζω.”

Εἶπε, καὶ ἰθυκέλευθον ἐν ἠέρι ταρσὸν ἐλίσσων 140
 ἔφθασεν Ἀγλαΐην πτερύγων διδυμάωνι ροίζω,
 ἄχρι δόμων ἐπέβαινε ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.

Καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἐλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπων
 πεπταμένω πήχυνε γεγηθότι κούρον ἀγοστῶ,
 γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἐζομένου δὲ 145
 καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελξιῶου δὲ
 ἀπτομένη τόξιοι καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα φαρέτρην,
 οἶα χόλου πνείουσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·

“ Τέκνον ἐμόν, Φαέθοντος ἐλήσαο καὶ Κυθερείης·
 οὐκέτι Πασιφάη μυκώμενα λέκτρα διώκει· 150

Ἡέλιος γελάα με, καὶ Ἀστρίδος αἶμα κορύσσει
 παιδὸς ἐῆς υἷηα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆα,
 Βασσαρίδων ὀλετῆρα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου,
 καὶ Σατύρων Βρομίωιο ποθοβλήτων ἐλατῆρα.
 τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι βροτοειδέι μορφῇ 155

Ἄρης ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων συνάεθλον Ἐννώ,
 ἀρχαίης φιλότητος ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,
 νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσω,
 Ἰνδῶω βασιλῆι συνέμπορος· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χάρμη
 Ἄρης Δηριάδαο, σὺ δὲ προμάχιζε Λυαίου· 160
 ἔγχος ἔχει, σὺ δὲ τόξον ὑπέρτερον, ᾧ γόνυ κάμπτει

^a Phaëthon is Helios here; Clymene his love was mother of the real Phaëthon.

^b Aphrodite was angry with the Sun for revealing her

strength of Enyalios, it will not weary me to flog Ares when he is shackled by the delightful cestus. The two luminaries I will drag down from heaven to be drudges in Paphos, and give my mother for a servant Phaëthon with Clymene,^a Selene with Endymion, that all may know that I vanquish all things ! ”

¹⁴⁰ He spoke, and straight through the air he plied his feet, and reached the dwelling of eager Aphrodite long before Aglaia with his pair of whirring wings.

¹⁴³ His mother with serene countenance took him into her embrace, and threw one happy arm round her boy, lifting him on her knees, a welcome burden. He sat there while she kissed the boy's lips and eyes ; then she touched his mindcharming bow, and handled the quiver, and pretending to breathe anger, spoke these delusive words :

¹⁴⁹ My dear child, you have forgotten Phaëthon and Cythereia ! Pasiphaë no longer wants the bull's love.^b Helios mocks at me, and arms the offspring of Astris, the warrior Deriades his own daughter's son, to destroy the Bassarids of womanmad Dionysos and to rout the love-stricken Satyrs of Bromios. But it has provoked me more than all, that battle-stirring Ares in mortal shape, with Enyo by his side, without regard for his old love of Aphrodite, has armed himself against Dionysos at Hera's bidding and supports the Indian king. Now then, on this field Ares is for Deriades—then you fight for Lyaïos. He has a spear, you have a stronger bow, before

adultery with Ares, and so plagued all his children, Pasiphaë with monstrous love, Phaëthon with fatal ambition, and so on ; *cf.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 148. 3.

Ζεὺς ὕπατος καὶ θοῦρος Ἄρης καὶ θέσμιος Ἑρμῆς·
 δειμαίνει σέο τόξα καὶ ὁ κλυτότοξος Ἀπόλλων.
 εἰ δὲ τεῆ, φίλε κοῦρε, χαρίζεαι ἀφρογενεΐη,
 Βασσαρίδων προμάχιζε καὶ ἡμετέρου Διονύσου. 165
 ἀλλὰ μολῶν ἀκίχητος Ἑώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
 Ἰνδῶν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπη θεράπαινα Λυαίου
 ἔστί τις ἐν Βάκχησιν, ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἤβης,
 οὔνομα Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος—εἰ δέ κεν ἄμφω
 Χαλκομέδην καὶ Κύπριν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο νοήσης, 170
 οὐ δύνασαι, φίλε κοῦρε, διακρίνειν Ἀφροδίτην—
 κείθι μολῶν χραίσμησον ἐρημονόμῳ Διονύσῳ,
 Μορρέα τοξεύσας ἐπὶ κάλλει Χαλκομεδεΐης·
 σεῖο δὲ τοξοσύνης γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλίξω
 Λήμνιον εὐποίητον ἐγὼ στέφος, εἴκελον αἴγλαις 175
 Ἡελίου φλογεροῖο· σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ἰὸν ἰάλλων
 δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
 σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κύδαινε γαμοστόλον ὄρνιν Ἑρώτων,
 εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα βιοζυγέων ὑμεναίων.”
 Εἶπε θεά· καὶ μάργος Ἐρως ἀνεπάλλετο κόλπου 180
 μητρὸς ἐῆς, καὶ τόξον ἐκούφισεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ βαιῶ
 ὦμῳ πανδαμάτειραν ἐπηώρησε φαρέτρην·
 καὶ πτερόεις πεπότρητο δι’ αἰθέρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Κέρνη
 κυκλώσας πτερὰ κούφα βολαῖς ἀντώπιος Ἡοῦς
 ἵπτατο μειδιῶν, ὅτι τηλίκον ἠνιοχῆα 185
 δίφρων οὐρανίων ὀλίγοις ἔφλεξε βελέμνοις,
 καὶ σέλας Ἡελίοιο σέλας νίκησεν Ἑρώτων.
 καὶ ταχὺς Ἰνδῶοιο μολῶν κατὰ μέσσον ὀμίλου
 τόξον ἐὼν στήριζεν ἐπ’ αὐχένι Χαλκομεδεΐης·
 καὶ βέλος ἰθύνων ῥοδέης περὶ κύκλα παρεΐης 190
 Μορρέος εἰς φρένα πέμψεν. ἐρετμώσας δὲ πορείην
 νηχομένων πτερύγων ἑτερόζυγι σύνδρομος ὀλκῶ

which bend the knee Zeus the Highest and furious Ares and Hermes the lawgiver; even that Archer Apollo fears your bow. If you will give a boon to your Foamborn, fight for the Bassarids and our Dionysos. Go I pray, to the Eastern clime and let no one catch you—go to the Indian plain, where there is a handmaid of Lyaïos amongst the Bacchantes, more excellent than her yearsmates, named Chalcomede, who loves the maiden state—but if you should see Chalcomede and Cypris both together in Libanos, you cannot tell which was Aphrodite, my dear boy! Go to that place and help Dionysos ranging the wilds, by shooting Morrheus for the beauty of Chalcomedeia. I will give you a worthy prize for your shooting, a wellmade Lemnian^a chaplet, like the rays of fiery Helios. Shoot a sweet arrow, and you will do a grace both to Cypris and to Dionysos; honour my bridesmaid bird of love^b and yours, the herald of lifelong wedding and happy hearts!”

¹⁸⁰ So spoke the goddess; and Eros wildly leapt from his mother's lap and took up his bow, slung the allvanquishing quiver about his little shoulder, and sailed away on his wings through the air; round Cerne he turned his flight opposite the rays of morning, smiling that he had set afire that great charioteer of the heavenly car with his little darts, and the light of the loves had conquered the light of Helios. Soon he was moving in the midst of the Indian host, and laid his bow against the neck of Chalcomedeia, aiming the shaft round her rosy cheek, and sent it into the heart of Morrheus. Then paddling his way with the double beat of his floating wings he

^a *i.e.* made by Hephaistos.

^b Presumably the dove.

πατρώους ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀστερόεντας ὀχῆας,
καλλείψας πυρόεντι πεπαρμένον Ἴνδὸν οἰστώ.

Αἰεὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πόθου δεδονημένος ἰῶ, 195

παρθένος ἦχι βέβηκε, δυσίμερος ἦιε Μορρεύς,
μείλιχον ἄορ ἔχων, πεφιδημένον ἔγχος αἰείρων,
καὶ θρασὺν ἱμερόεντι νόον μαστίζετο κεστῶ·

ἀμφὶ δέ μιν περὶκυκλον ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
νεύμασι Κυπριδίοισιν ἀθελγέας εἶλκεν ὀπωπᾶς. 200

Ἡ δὲ δολοφρονέουσα παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,

οἷά περ ἱμείρουσα, πόθου δ' ἀπεμάξατο κούρη
ψευδαλέον μίμημα· καὶ αἰθέρος ἦπτετο Μορρεύς,

ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἐν κραδίῃ γὰρ
παρθενικὴν ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν βέλος ἴσον Ἐρώτων, 205

κοῦφος ἀνὴρ, ὅτι παῖδα σαόφρονα δίζετο θέλγειν
κυανέοις μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μορφῆς.

καὶ οἱ ἐπεγγελώσα δόλω φιλοπαίγμονι κούρη
ἀγχιφανῆς ἐρέθιζε δυσίμερον, ἀντιβίῳ δὲ

εἶπεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο ποδῆνεμα γούνατα νύμφης, 210

πῶς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφενγε, Βορηίδι σύνδρομος αὔρη,

πῶς διερὸν παρὰ χεῦμα τιταινομένου ποταμοῖο
παρθένιον πόδα πῆξε παρ' εὐρυρέεθρον Ὀρόντην,

ὅπποτε γαῖα χανοῦσα παρ' εὐύδρου στόμα λίμνης
παῖδα διωκομένην οἰκτίρμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ. 215

Τοῖον ἔπος φαμένης ἀνεπάλλετο χάρματι Μορρεύς,

ἐν δέ εἰ μῶνον ὄρινε, διωκομένην ὅτι Δάφνην

καὶ θεὸς οὐκ ἐκίχησε καὶ οὐκ ἐμίγηεν Ἀπόλλων·

καὶ βραδὺν ἔννεπε Φοῖβον· αἰεὶ δ' ὑπεμέμφετο γαίῃ,

παρθένον ὅττι κάλυψεν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων· 220

δείδιε γὰρ τρομέων γλυκερῶ πυρί, μή τι καὶ αὐτῇ

εἶη Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος, οἷά τε Δάφνη,

mounted to the starry barriers of his father, leaving the Indian transfixed with the fiery shaft.

¹⁹⁵ Now Morrheus moved lovesick this way and that way, struck by the arrow of desire, wherever the maiden went; the sword he lifted was tame, his spear hung idle, his bold spirit was lashed by the cestus of love, he turned his enamoured gaze all about and moved his eyes at the bidding of Cypris, uncomforted.

²⁰¹ But the girl cunningly deceived the Indian chieftain, as if desiring him, yet it was only a false pretence of love that she modelled; and yet Morrheus touched heaven soaring in vain hope, for he thought she had in her heart a wound of maiden love like his own. Shallow man! he forgot his looks, and sought to charm a girl in her right mind with his black body. The girl had good sport in her playful tricks, showed herself near him and teased the lovesick man. She told her enemy how the knees of that unwedded Nymph ^a fled swift on the breeze, how she ran once from Phoibos quick as the north wind, how she planted her maiden foot by the flood of a longwinding river, by the quick stream of Orontes, when the earth opened beside the wide mouth of a marsh and received the hunted girl into her compassionate bosom.

²¹⁶ At this tale of hers Morrheus jumped for joy—one thing only annoyed him, that the god never caught Daphne when she was pursued, that Apollo never ravished her. He called Phoibos a sluggard, and always blamed Earth for swallowing the girl before she knew marriage. Trembling with the sweet fire, he feared that Chalcomede also like

^a Daphne.

μή μιν ἰδὼν φεύγουσαν ἐτώσιον εἰς δρόμον ἔλθη,
μοχθίζων ἀτέλεστον ἐς ἡμερον, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε νύξ ἀνέτελλε, κατευνήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ, 225

Χαλκομέδη μὲν ἴκανεν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα νοοπλανέος Διονύσου·

οὐ τότε ῥόπτρα φέρουσα καὶ Εὐία κύμβαλα ῥεῖης
ὄργια μυστιπόλευεν ἀκοιμήτοιο Λυαίου,

ἀλλὰ κατηφιόωσα καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα χορείης 230

εἶχεν ἀσιγήτοισιν ἀήθεα χεῖλεσι σιγῆν,
νοῦσον ἀλεξητῆρος ἐπισταμένη Διονύσου.

Ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μόγις βραδὺς ἦε Μορρεὺς,
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ δεδοκημένος ὄμματι νύμφην,

μεμφόμενος Φαέθοντα ταχύδρομον· ἐσπόμενον δὲ 235

Χαλκομέδη νόον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον· ἀσχαλόων δὲ
Κυπριδίοις ὄαροισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰωήν,

αἰθύσσω νυχίων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων·

“ Ἐρρε, βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἀρήιον· ἡμερόεν γὰρ
φέρτερον ἄλλο βέλος με βιάζεται· ἔρρε, φαρέτρη· 240

κεστός ἱμᾶς νίκησεν ἐμῆς τελαμῶνα βοείης.

οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω·

ἀλλὰ θεὸν πατρῶον, ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖαν ἐάσας

βωμὸν ἀναστήσω καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,

ρίψας χάλκεον ἔγχος Ἐνναλίου καὶ Ἀθήνης. 245

οὐκέτι πυρσὸν ἔχων θωρήσσομαι· ἀδρανέος γὰρ

δαλὸν Ἐνναλίιο κατέσβεσε πυρσὸς Ἐρώτων·

ἄλλῳ θερμότερῳ πυρὶ βάλλομαι. αἶθε καὶ αὐτός,

αἶθε γυναιμανέων Σάτυρος πέλον, ὄφρα χορεύσω

μεσσόθι Βασσαρίδων, παλάμη δ' ἵνα πῆχυν ἐρείσας 250

σφίγξω δεσμὸν ἔρωτος ἐπ' αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης.

εἰς Φρυγίην Διόνυσος ὁπάονα Δηριαδῆος

δουλοσύνης ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης

Daphne might be in love with maidenhood, feared he might see her fleeing and chase her in vain, wasting his pains on desire unattainable like Apollo.

²²⁵ But when night came up and sent the battle to rest, Chalcomede traversed lonely wooded heights seeking traces of distracted Dionysos. She bore no tambours then, no Euian cymbals of Rheia, she performed no mystic rite for unsleeping Lyaïos; but downcast and touching not the dance, she kept silence with those lips so unused to silence, understanding the malady of Saviour Dionysos.

²³³ With timid steps went Morrheus, slow and hesitating, as he watched the nymph with glances that returned again and again, and blamed Phaëthon for all his speed; but his mind was keeping company with Chalcomede. In distress, he softened his voice to womanish love-prattle, as the arrow of nightly love quivered beneath his heart:

²³⁹ "Bow and arrows of Ares, I have done with you; for another shaft and a better constrains me, the arrow of desire! I have done with you, quiver! The cestus-strap has conquered my shieldslings. No more I equip a fighting hand against Bassarids. The gods of my nation, Water and Earth, I will leave, and set up altars both to Cypris and Dionysos; I will throw away the brazen spear of Enyalios and Athena. No more will I arm me with fiery torches, for love's torch has quenched the torch of Enyalios the weakling: I am hit by another and hotter fire. Would I were a Satyr, one womanmad, that I might dance among Bassarids, that I might rest my hand on Chalcomedeia's shoulder and encircle her neck with love's tight bond! May Dionysos drag the minister of Deriades to Phrygia under the yoke of

Μαιονίη πολύολβος ἐὼν ναέτην με δεχέσθω·
 Τμῶλον ἔχειν ἐθέλω μετὰ Καύκασον· ἀρχέγονον δὲ 255
 Ἴνδὸν ἀπορρίψας ἐμὸν οὔνομα Λυδὸς ἀκούσω,
 αὐχένα δούλον Ἔρωτος ὑποκλίνων Διονύσω·
 Πακτωλὸς φερέτω με· τί μοι πατρῶος Ἰδάσπης;
 Χαλκομέδης δ' ἐχέτω με δόμος γλυκύς·

ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ

Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὑπ' ἀμφοτέροισι βελέμοις 260
 γαμβροῖς Δηριαδῆος ἐπέχραον, ὄφρα τις εἶπη·
 Ἐμορρέα κεστός ἔπεφνε,

καὶ ἔκτανε θύρσος Ὀρόντην.' ”

Τοῖα μὲν ἠύτησε· πολυφλοίσβω δὲ μερίμνη
 τήκετο Χαλκομέδης μεμνημένος· ἐν γὰρ ὁμίχλῃ
 θερμότεροι γεγάασιν αἰεὶ σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων. 265
 ἤδη γὰρ σκιοέντι θορῶν αὐτόχθονι παλμῶ
 ἄσοφος ἀνεφέλοιο μελαίνεται κῶνος ὁμίχλης,
 καὶ τρομερῇ ξύμπαντα μιῇ ξύνωσε σιωπῇ·
 οὐδέ τις ἴχνος ἔπειγε δι' ἄστεος Ἴνδὸς ὀδίτης, 270
 οὐδέ γυνὴ χερνήτις ἐθήμονος ἤπτετο τέχνης,
 οὐδέ οἱ ἐν παλάμῃσι φιληλακάτῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
 κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἰὼν ἄτρακτος ἀλήτης
 ἄστατος ὀρχηστήρι τιταίνεται νήματος ὀλκῶ,
 ἀλλὰ καρηβαρέουσα φιλαγρύπνῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
 εὔδε γυνὴ ταλαεργός· ὄφει δέ τις ἤσυχος ἔρπων 275
 κεῖτο πεσῶν, κεφαλῇ δ' ἐρύων παλινάγρετον οὐρῆν
 γαστέρος ὑπναλής ἀνεσεύρασεν ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης·
 καὶ τις ἀερσιπόδης ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
 ὄρθιον ὑπνον ἴαυεν, ὑπὸ δρυὶ νῶτον ἐρείσας.

Καὶ τότε μῦθος ἄπνους ἀπόσσυτος ἄσοφος ἔρπων 280
 ποσὶ παλιννόστοισιν ἔλιξ ἐστρεύγετο Μορρεῦς,

slavery! May wealthy Maionia receive me as her settler instead of my native land! I want to leave Caucasos^a and dwell in Tmolos; let me throw off my ancient name of Indian and be called Lydian, let me bow my neck to Dionysos as the slave of love. Let Pactolos carry me—what care I for the Hydaspes of my homeland? Let Chalcomede's sweet home possess me. Cypris and Bacchos have joined forces and overwhelmed the goodsons of Deriades with their volleys, that men may say—'The cestus killed Morrheus, the thyrsus Orontes.'"

²⁶² Such was his outcry. He melted in the resounding flood of care when he thought of Chalcomede: for in the darkness the sparks of the loves are always hotter. For already the cone of cloudless dark, leaping up with its unconscious moving shade, had covered everything together in one trembling quietude. No wayfarer walked through the Indian city; no working-woman touched her familiar craft, nor beside the distaff-loving lamp did the moving spindle go round of itself under her hands, dangled unresting by the dancing pull of the thread. No, the industrious drudge slept with heavy head beside the wakeful lamp. A snake had crawled in quietly and lay where it fell; the head caught the tail, then it tightened up the length of its backbone in sleep on its belly. A towering elephant by the neighbouring wall enjoyed his sleep upright,^b leaning his back against a tree.

²⁸⁰ Then alone, sleepless, noiseless, Morrheus hurriedly left Cheirobië sleeping alone in her chamber,

^a Here the Hindu Kush.

^b Because it was supposed not to be able to bend its knees.

μούνην Χειροβίην θαλάμοις εὔδουσας ἑάσας·
 καί τινος ἀρχαίοιο σοφοῦ πάρα μῦθον ἀκούσας
 ἀνδράσι παρ Κιλίκεσσι ἔχων μόθον ἐγγύθι Ταύρου
 ἔνθεον ἀστραίων δεδαημένος οἴστρον Ἐρώτων, 285
 ἤερι πεπταμένην μετανεύμενος αἴθριον αὐλήν
 νυμφίον Εὐρώπης ἐπεδέρκετο, Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου·
 ἀξονίῳ δὲ τένοντι πολυπλανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
 Καλλιστῶ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄστατον ὄλκον Ἀμάξης,
 γινώσκων, ὅτι θῆλυς ἐδέξατο θῆλυν ἀκοίτην 290
 μιμηλῆς μεθέποντα νόθον δέμας ἰοχαίρης
 ἀγνώστοις μελέεσσι· ὑπερτέλλοντα δὲ Ταύρου
 Μυρτίλον ἐσκοπίαζε, πυρίπνοον Ἠνιοχῆα,
 ὅτι γάμῳ χραίσμησε, καὶ εἰς δρόμον Ἴπποδαμείης
 ἀντίτυπον ποίησε τύπον τροχοειδέι κηρῷ, 295
 ἄχρι Πέλοψ γάμον εὔρε· καὶ ἀγχόθι Κασσιεπείης
 Αἰετὸν Αἰγίνης τανυσίπτερον εἶδεν ἀκοίτην,
 καὶ δόλον ἤθελε τοῖον ἐπὶ κλοπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
 Χαλκομέδης λύσειεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην,
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπῆν· 300
 “Ἐκλυον, ὡς Σατύρῳ πανομοίος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
 Ἀντιόπην δολόεντι τύπῳ νυμφεύσατο κούρην
 μιμηλῆ φιλότητι φιλοσκάρθμων ὑμεναίων·
 τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ δέμας, ὄφρα χορεύσω
 εἰς στρατὸν εὐκεράων Σατύρων ἄγνωστος ἰκάνων, 305
 Χαλκομέδης ἵνα λέκτρα φιλακρήτοιο τελέσω.
 οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθέρεια, χολώεαι υἰάσιν Ἰνδῶν·
 γείτονας Ἡελίοιο τεοὶ κλονέουσιν οἴστοι·

^a Zeus approached Callisto in the shape of Artemis.

^b Myrtilos was Oinomaos's charioteer; cf. Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 247. Another myth of the constellation

and crept round and round in distress with ever-returning feet. Once when at war near the Tauros among the Cilicians, he had heard the lore of an old sage, and learnt of the sting of starry loves in the heavens. Surveying therefore the heavenly domain spread abroad in the skies, he noticed Europa's bridegroom, the Olympian Bull; then he turned his wandering eye to the polar region, and observed Callisto and the restless course of the Waggon, and recognized that the female received a female bed-fellow, who was disguised under the false likeness of the Archeress with limbs unrecognizable.^a Rising over the Bull he saw Myrtilos, the fire-breathing Charioteer,^b because he once helped a marriage, at the race for Hippodameia, and made a counterfeit peg of rounded wax, so that Pelops got his marriage. Near Cassiopeia he saw that Eagle^c spreading his wings who bedded with Aigina, and wished for such another delusive device, that he might himself undo the maidenhead of unwedded Chalcomede. Then with unsleeping gaze he began to speak :

³⁰¹ " I have heard how Zeus the Ruler on High once took the shape of a Satyr,^d and wooed the maiden Antiope under a deceitful shape, in the mock love of a dancing bridal. I wish I had such a shape myself, to dance unrecognized into the host of horned Satyrs and to enjoy the bed of wineloving Chalcomede. I know, Cythereia, why you are angry with the sons of India; as neighbours of the Sun your arrows plague them,^e you have not yet forgotten

Auriga is that it is Erichthonios, the first to drive four-in-hand.

^c The form Zeus took to approach Aigina, daughter of Asopos.

^d See xxxi. 217.

^e Cf. *supra*, 149.

οὐ πω μνήστιν ὄλεσσας ἐλεγχομένων σέο δεσμῶν.
 οὐ Φαέθων με φύτευσε· τί με κλονέεις, Ἄφροδίτη; 310
 οὐ τέκε Πασιφάη με βοοσκόπος, οὐκ Ἀριάδνης
 γνωτὸς ἐγώ. φθέγξασθε, λίθοι, πετρώδεα φωνήν.
 Χαλκομέδην ποθέω, καὶ ἀναίνεται. ἔρρε, φαρέτρη,
 ἔρρετε, φοῖνια τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες οἰστοί·
 Ἄρης οὐ με σάωσε κορυσομένης Ἄφροδίτης· 315
 βαιὸς Ἔρως με δάμασσε,

τὸν οὐ κτάνε Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ.”

Τοῖα μάτην κατὰ νύκτα

δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς.

οὐδὲ νοοπλανέος πτερὸν εὔνασεν ἠδέος Ὑπνου
 Χαλκομέδην φυγόδεμον, ἐπεὶ πόθον εἶχεν ὀλέθρου,
 Μορρέα δειμαίνουσα μεμνηνότα, μή μιν ἐρύσσας 320
 θερμὸς ἀνὴρ ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὑμεναίοις
 Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος· Ἐρυθραίῃ δὲ θαλάσση
 ἔννουχον ἵχνος ἔκαμψε καὶ ἴαχε κύματι κωφῶ·
 “Μηλῖς, ἐπολβίζω σε·

σὺ γάρ ποτε, νῆις Ἐρώτων,
 αὐτομάτη στροφάλιγγι δέμας ρίψασα θαλάσση 325
 λέκτρα γυναιμανέοντος ἀλεύαιο Δαμναμενῆος·
 σὸν μόρον ὀλβίζω φιλοπάρθενον· οἰστρομανῆ γὰρ
 νυμφίον εἰς σέ κόρυσσεν ἀλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄφροδίτη,
 καὶ σε θάλασσα φύλαξε, καὶ εἰ Παφίης πέλε μήτηρ,
 καὶ θάνες ἐν ροθίοις ἔτι παρθένος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν 330
 Χαλκομέδην ἐθέλουσαν ὕδωρ κρύψειε θαλάσσης
 Μορρέος ἰμείροντος ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων,
 ὄφρα νέη Βριτόμαρτις ἐγὼ φυγόδεμνος ἀκούσω,
 ἦν ποτε πόντος ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὤπασε γαίην,
 Κυπριδίων Μίνωος ἀφειδήσασαν Ἐρώτων. 335

* This story is otherwise unknown.

how your captivity was discovered by those nets. Phaëthon was not my father—why do you plague me, Aphrodite? Bullgazer Pasiphaë was no mother of mine, Ariadne no sister. O ye rocks, utter your stony voice! Chalcomede I desire, and she denies! Away my quiver, away with you, my murderous bow and windswift arrows! Ares did not save me when Aprodite took up arms: little Love has vanquished me, whom proud Bacchos could not kill!”

³¹⁷ Such were the vain cries of lovesick Morrheus through the night. Nor did the wing of sweet bewildering Sleep give rest to loveshy Chalcomede; for she longed to die, being in terror of mad Morrheus—she feared the hot man might bind her in forced wedlock while Bacchos was far away. She turned her step in the night to the Erythraian sea, and cried out to the deaf waves:

³²⁴ “Melis,^a I call you happy! for you unacquainted with love once threw yourself of your own free will over and over into the sea, and so escaped the bed of womanmad Damnameneus. I call your chaste lot happy. For Aphrodite daughter of the brine armed the maddened bridegroom against you, and the sea guarded you even though it was the Paphian’s mother: you died in the waves a virgin still; O may the water of the sea cover Chalcomede also, willing enough, while she is still unacquainted with the marriage that Morrheus desires; that I may be called a new loveshy Britomartis,^b whom once the sea received and returned to the land, where she rejected the bodily love of Minos. Earthshaker

^b A Cretan heroine, or rather goddess. She leapt into the sea to escape Minos, was caught in some nets, and finally got away from Crete to Aigina.

NONNOS

οὐ με διεπτοίησεν ἔρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἷά περ Ἄσπερίην φιλοπάρθενον, ἦν ἐνὶ πόντῳ
πλαζομένην ἐδίωκε παλίνδρομον, εἰσόκεν αὐτὴν
ἄστατον ἵππεύουσαν ἀμοιβάδι σύνδρομον αὔρη
κύμασιν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερρίζωσεν Ἀπόλλων. 340

δέξό με, δέξο, θάλασσα, φιλοξείνῳ σέο κόλπῳ·
δέχνησο Χαλκομέδην μετὰ Μηλίδα· δέξο καὶ αὐτὴν
ὄπλοτέρην Βριτόμαρτιν ἀναινομένην ὑμεναίους,
ὄφρα φύγω Μορρῆα καὶ ὑμετέρην Ἀφροδίτην·
Χαλκομέδην ἐλέαιρε, βοηθόε παρθενικῶν.” 345

Ὡς φαμένη δεδόνητο νόον παρὰ γείτοιν πόντῳ·
καὶ νύ κεν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐδύσατο κύμα θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις χραίσμησε χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα παρίστατο Χαλκομεδείη,
Βάκχης δ' εἶδος ἔχουσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν· 350

“ Τέτλαθι, Χαλκομέδη,

μὴ δείδιθι Μορρέος εὐνήν·

αἴσιον ὄρνιν ἔχεις με τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
μαρτυρίην μεθέπουσαν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
εἰμὶ Θέτις φυγόδεμνος ὁμοίος, εἰμὶ καὶ αὐτῇ,
οἷά τε Χαλκομέδη, φιλοπάρθενος· οὐρανόθεν δὲ 355
Ζεὺς με πατήρ ἐδίωκε καὶ ἤθελεν εἰς γάμον ἔλκειν,
εἰ μὴ μιν ποθέοντα γέρων ἀνέκοπτε Προμηθεὺς
θεσπίζων Κρονίωνος ἀρείονα παῖδα φυτεῦσαι,
μὴ Θέτιδός ποτε κοῦρος ἐπιβρίσειε τοκῆι
καὶ Κρονίδην ἐλάσειεν, ἅτε Κρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς. 360
γίνεό μοι δολόεσσα φερέσβιος· αὐτοφόνος γὰρ
αἶ κε θάνης ἀδίδακτος ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων,
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνάρσιος Ἴνδός ὀλέσσει·
ἀλλὰ μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσεις

^a The nymph of Delos; but it is usually Zeus who wanted
490

enamoured did not affright me, as he did the chaste Asterië,^a whom he hunted to and fro in the sea, riding restless before the changing wind, until Apollo rooted her in the waves immovable. Receive me, O sea, receive me in your hospitable breast! Receive me like Melis; receive me also, a later Britomartis, refusing marriage, that I may escape Morrheus and your Aphrodite; pity Chalcomede, O saviour of maidens!"

³⁴⁶ So in her distracted mind she cried aloud by the neighbouring sea; and she would have thrown herself rolling headlong into the waves, but Thetis gave her help, to please Dionysos. She changed her shape, and stood before Chalcomedeia in the form of a Bacchant woman with comfortable words:

³⁵¹ "Courage, Chalcomede! fear not the bed of Morrheus. You have in me a lucky omen of your untouched maidenhead, bringing witness that no marriage shall come near your bed. I am Thetis, like you an enemy of marriage. I love maidenhood, as Chalcomede herself; yet Father Zeus drove me from heaven and would have dragged me into marriage, but that old Prometheus stopt his desires, by prophesying that I should bear a son stronger than Cronion; he wished that Thetis's boy should not some time overpower his father and drive out Cronides as high Zeus drove out Cronos. Be astute, and save us! For if you contrive your own death, without learning what marriage is without a bridegroom, the wild Indian will destroy the whole company of Bassarids. No, you must delude him, and you will save from death your army, which is now

her, not Poseidon. Her island became stationary at the birth of Apollo there.

σὴν στρατιὴν φύξηλιν ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου, 365
 ψευδομένη Παφίης κενεὸν πόθον· εἰ δέ σε Μορρεὺς
 εἰς εὐνὴν ἐρύσειεν ἀναινομένην ὑμεναίους,
 οὐ χατέεις ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀρηγόνος· ὑμετέρης γὰρ
 φρουρὸν ἔχεις ἀπέλεθρον ὄφιν χραισμήτορα μίτρης·
 ὑμέτερον δὲ Δράκοντα λαβὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν 370
 στηρίξει Διόνυσος ἐν ἀστεροφεγγεῖ κύκλω,
 ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα τεῆς ἀλύτσιο κορείης,
 ἐγγὺς ἐοῦ Στεφάνοιο φεραυγέος, εὔτε τελέσση
 ἀστερόεν μέγα σῆμα Κυδωναίης Ἀριάδνης·
 Ἄρκτώω δὲ Δράκοντι δράκων τεὸς ἰσοφαρίζων 375
 ἀστράψει μερόπεσσι, συναστράπτων Ὀφιούχῳ.
 ὕστερον αἰνήσεις ἀλίην Θέτιν, εὔτε νοήσῃς
 ἀστέρα σὸν πυρόεντα συναστράπτοντα Σελήνη.
 ἔσσο δὲ θαρσῆεσσα γάμου χάριν· οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτης
 ἔμπεδον ὑμετέρης ἀναλύσεται ἄμμα κορείης, 380
 οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ Διόνυσον ἐμῆς ψαύσαντα τραπέζης,
 οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ σέο θύρσα, καὶ εἰναλίην Ἀφροδίτην.”
 Εἶπε παραιφαμένη· νεφέλη δ' ἐκαλύψατο κούρην,
 μή μιν ἐσαθρήσωσι φυλάκτορες ἢ σκοπὸς ἀνὴρ,
 φώριον ἶχνος ἔχων δολίῳ ποδὶ νυκτὸς ὀδίτης, 385
 ἠὲ γυναιμανέων θρασὺς αἰπόλος, ἐσπερίην δὲ
 παρθενικὴν ἐρύσειε παρ' εἰνοδίους ὑμεναίους.

in flight while Dionysos is under the lash. Just pretend an unreal desire for love. Then if Morrheus should drag you to bed while you refuse marriage, you need no helper against Cypris, for you have a huge serpent to protect and save your girdle. After the Indian War, Dionysos will take your Serpent and place him in the shining circle of the stars, an everlasting herald of your untouched maidenhood, near his own brilliant Crown, when he completes the great starry sign of Cydonian Ariadne; and your serpent shall be equal to the northern Serpent,^a and shine upon mortals along with shining Ophiuchos. By and by you shall praise Thetis of the sea, when you espy your fiery star shining along with Selene. Have no fear about marriage. No bedfellow shall loose the firm knot of your maidenhood: I swear it by Dionysos, who has touched my board, I swear it by your thyrsus, and by Aphrodite of the sea."

³⁸³ She ended her consolation; and then hid the girl in a cloud, that the guards might not see her, or some spy walking cunningly in the night with secret foot, or some bold goatherd womanmad, and drag the maiden in the evening to a wayside wedding.

^a The constellation Draco, usually the dragon of the Hesperides.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Κτεινομέναις ἐκάτερθε τριηκοστοῖο τετάρτου
 Δηριάδης Βάκχησι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.

Κούρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐὼ ταχυδίνει ταρσῶ
 ἄσφοφον ἶχνος ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης·
 οὐδὲ Θέτις δῆθυνεν ἐπ' ἠόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
 πατρώην βρυόεσσαν ἐδύσατο Νηρέος αὐλήν.

Ἦδη δ' ἀνεφέλοιο δι' ἠέρος ὄμμα τιταίνων
 ἄντυγας ἀστραίας ὀρόων ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεύς·
 καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπε μεληδόσι θυμὸν ἱμάσσων.

“ Πλάζεται ἄλλοπρόσαλλος ἐμὸς νόος·

οὐ μία βουλή,

εἰς νόος οὐ μεθέπει με· πολυσπερέες δὲ μενοιναι
 ἀμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο, καὶ οὐ μίαν οἶδα τελέσσαι· 10
 κτείνω Χαλκομέδειαν ἐπήρατον; ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω,
 μή με πόθῳ μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε καὶ αὐτή;
 ἀλλὰ λίπω ζώουσαν ἀνούτατον, ἀμφαδίην δὲ
 παρθένον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐφέλκομαι; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 Δηριάδην τρομέω καὶ Χειροβίην ἐλεαίρω. 15

οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ κτείνω ποτὲ παρθένον· ἦν δὲ δαμάσσω,
 πῶς δύναμαι ζῶειν, ὅτε παρθένον οὐκέτι λεύσσω;
 κάμνω, Χαλκομέδης ὅτε λείπομαι εἰς μίαν ὄρην.”

Τοῖα μάτην ἐνέπων πολυμήχανος ἦε Μορρεύς,

BOOK XXXIV

In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.

THE girl passed over the hills in her quickmoving step, until she silently passed into the woody uplands; nor did Thetis herself linger upon the shore, but she too returned to the weedy hall of her father Nereus.

⁵ Morrheus already had enough of staring through the cloudless heaven and watching the circling stars; and he spoke, lashing his spirit with cares:

⁸ "My mind moves unsteadily every way. No one counsel guides me, no one resolve; wishes throng round me in crowds, and I cannot fulfil one of them. Shall I kill Chalcomedeia, my beloved? Then what can I do, that she too may not kill me with longing, after her fate? Or shall I leave her alive and unwounded, and drag the girl openly into marriage? But in my heart I fear Deriades and pity Cheirobië.^a I will never kill the girl; if I strike her down, how can I live when I see the girl no more? I am in pain when I am without Chalcomede for one hour."

¹⁹ So Morrheus went raving and pondering vainly

^a His wife.

παφλάζων ὀδύνησι ποθοβλήτοιο μερίμνης. 20

Τὸν δὲ παλινδίνητον ἀλώμενον ὑπόθεν ὄχθης
 μουνάδος ἀμνήστοιο λελοιπότα δέμνια νύμφης,
 ἔδρακεν ἐγρήσσων θρασὺς Ὑσσακος· ὡς δολόεις δὲ
 κρυπτὸν ἀτεκμάρτων ἐφράσσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων,
 πιστότατος θεράπων· δολίῳ δέ μιν εἶρετο μύθῳ, 25
 τοῖον ἔπος προχέων ἀπατήλιον ἀνθερεῶνος·

“ Τίπτε λιπὼν σέο λέκτρα

καὶ ὑπναλέην σέο νύμφην
 πλάζει ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ κνέφας,

ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;

μὴ τάχα Δηριάδης σε διεπτοίησεν ἀπειλῇ;
 μὴ σοι Χειροβίη κοτέει ζηλήμονι θυμῷ, 30
 ἐλπομένη φιλέειν σε δορικτήτην τινὰ Βάκχην;
 καὶ γὰρ ὄτ' εἰσορώσιν ἐρωμανέοντας ἀκοίτας,
 κρυπταδίνην διὰ Κύπριν αἰεὶ φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.
 μὴ τάχα πανδαμάτωρ

θρασὺς Ἴμερος εἰς σέ κορύσσει
 νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀκοιμήτοιο φαρέτρης; 35

μὴ τινα Βασσαρίδων ποθέεις μίαν; ὡς μὲν ἀκούω,
 τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάσι, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
 ἀμφίπολοι Φοίβοιο, χοροπλεκέος δὲ Λυαίου
 εἰσὶ τριηκοσίων Χαρίτων στίχες, ὧν μία μούνη
 πασῶν προφέρουσα φαίνεται, οἷα καὶ αὐτὴ 40
 φαιδροτέραις ἀκτῖσι κατακρύπτει σέλας ἄστρον
 μαρμαρυγὴν εὐκυκλον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνη.

καὶ διδύμοις βελέεσσι κορύσσεται εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ,
 κάλλει τοξέουσα καὶ αἰχμάζουσα σιδήρῳ·
 ἔστι δὲ Πασιθέη κορυθαίολος, ἦν τινα Βάκχαι 45
 Χαλκομέδην καλέουσιν· ἐγὼ δέ μιν αὐτὸς ἐνύμφω
 Ἄρτεμιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἠέ¹ χρύσασπιν Ἀθήνην.”

¹ So MSS.

many plans, boiling with the pangs of his desire-struck imagination.

²¹ As he walked alone on the bank, wandering up and down and forgetful of his bride left alone in her bed, bold Hyssacos his trusty guardian, wide awake, saw him. He was shrewd enough to recognize the secret sting of some undivined love, so he began to ask crafty questions and spoke in beguiling words, as follows :

²⁷ “ Why have you left your bed and your sleeping bride to wander about in the dark, fearless Morrheus ? Has Deriades affrighted you with a threat ? Is Cheirobië angry with you in a jealous temper, and thinks you in love with some captive Bacchant ? For when women see their partners wild with love, they are always jealous of some secret intrigue. Perhaps that allvanquishing braggart Desire has been aiming at you bridal sparks from his unresting quiver ! Do you want one of the Bassarids, perhaps ? As I hear, there are three Graces, the dancers of Orchomenos, handmaids of Phoibos—but Lyaïos the danceweaver has whole rows of Graces three hundred strong, one of whom shines pre-eminent above all, as Selene herself quenches the light of the stars with her brighter beams when she scatters her shimmering around. And she arms herself with two shots on one count—the arrow of her beauty and the steel of her spear. She is a helmeted Pasithea,^a whom the Bacchants name Chalcomede : but I will call her Silverfoot Artemis or Goldenshield Athena.”

^a *i.e.* lovely as a Charis in armour.

Ὡς φάμενος σίγησε· καὶ ὄφρ' ὅς ἄκρα καθέλκων
 αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς·
 " Ἄτρεκέως Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης 50
 δειμαίνων Λυκόοργον, ὑποβρυχίῳ δὲ κόλπου
 Νηρεΐδας θώρηξε, καὶ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε κομίζων
 εἰναλίην ἐς Ἄρηα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτην·
 ἀντὶ δὲ νυμφιδίῳ καὶ εὐόδοιο χιτῶνος
 δῶκεν ἔχειν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, ἀντὶ δὲ κεστοῦ 55
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ὄπασσε· καὶ οὖνομα τὸ πρὶν ἀμείψας
 Χαλκομέδην ὀνόμηνε κορυσσομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
 ἔστι δὲ Βασσαρίδεσσι συνέμπορος· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
 μάρναμαι ἀγνώσσω, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσω.
 καὶ τί μάτην δόρυ θοῦρον αἰείρομαι; εἶξον, ἀκωκῆ· 60
 εἰ Παφίῃ νίκησεν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
 εἰ πολέμων σκηπτοῦχον ἐῷ σπινθῆρι δαμάζει,
 εἰ φλογερὸν Φαέθοντα κατέφλεγε μείζονι πυρσῶ
 καὶ κλονεῖ πυρόεντα, τί κεν ρέξαιμι σιδήρω;
 εἶπατέ μοί τινα μῆτιν ἀρηγόνα Κυπρογενεΐης· 65
 οὐτήσω τὸν Ἔρωτα; πόθεν πτερόεντα κιχήσω;
 ἔγχος ἀερτάζω; πυρὶ μάρναται. ἄορ ἐρύσσω;
 τόξον ἔχει, τὸ δὲ τόξον ἐμῆς φρενὸς ἀπτόμενον πῦρ.
 πολλάκις οὐτήθην κατὰ φύλοπιν· ἀλλὰ καμόντα
 ἰητῆρ με σάωσεν ἐῷ ζωαρκεί τέχνη, 70
 ὠτειλῆ μελέων ὀδυνήφατον ἄνθος ἐλίξας.
 Ὑσσακε, μὴ κρύψης, τίνα φάρμακα ποικίλα πάσσω
 ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ἴησομαι ἔλκος Ἐρώτων.
 εἰμὶ μὲν ἀντιβίοισιν αἰεὶ θρασύς· ἀλλ' ὅτε λεύσσω
 Χαλκομέδην παρεοῦσαν, ἐμῇ θηλύνεται αἰχμῆ. 75
 οὐ τρομέω Διόνυσον· ὑποπτῆσσω δὲ γυναῖκα,
 ὅττι σέλας πέμπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου

^a Chalco- means bronze.

⁴⁸ When he had said this, he fell silent ; and love-sick Morrheus drawing his brows together answered with shamefast lips :

⁵⁰ “ Certainly Dionysos dived into the waves of the sea for fear of Lycurgos, and armed the Nereïds in the bosom of the deep, and out of the brine he brought against Ares his own sister, Aphrodite of the brine : instead of the fragrant dress for a bridegift he gave her a steel corselet to wear, instead of the cestus he gave her a spear of bronze ; he changed her name, and Aphrodite armed became Chalcomede.^a She is in the company of the Bassarids, and I have two to fight, without knowing it—both Cypris and Dionysos. Why do I vainly lift my valiant spear ? Yield, my point ! If the Paphian has conquered the master of the thunderbolt, if she vanquishes the king of battles with her spark, if she has burnt up flaming Phaëthon with a fire greater than his own and harasses the fiery one, what could I do with steel ? Tell me some device to help against Cyprogeneia. Shall I wound Eros ? but how shall I catch that winged one ? Shall I lift a spear ? Fire is his weapon. Shall I draw the sword ? He has an arrow, and his arrow is fire kindling my heart.

⁶⁹ “ Often I have been wounded in the field ; but wounded, some physician has made me whole by his lifesaving art, by laying an allheal flower on the wound of my body. Hyssacos, hide it not, tell me what varied store of balsams can I apply in my heart to cure the wound of love ! To my adversaries I am always bold ; but when I see Chalcomede before me, my sharp point grows womanish. I fear not Dionysos, but I shrink before a woman, for she shoots bright shafts from her lovesmit countenance and pierces me

μορφῇ οἰστεύει με, καὶ οὐκέτι τόξα τιταίνω.
ὡς ἄρα Νηρεΐδων μίαν ἔδρακον· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
ἢ Θέτις ἢ Γαλάτεια συναιχμάζει Διονύσω.” 80

Εἶπε, καὶ ἀκροτάτοισι μόγις βραδὺς ἵχνεσι βαίνων,
μὴ νυχίην εὐδουσαν ἐὴν παράκοιτιν ἐγείρη,
εἰς θάλαμον πάλιν ἦλθε· μελαγκόλποιο δὲ νύμφης
τηλόχεν ἔτραπεν ὄμμα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα φανείσα
Χαλκομέδη λάμψειε καὶ ἠριγένεια φανείη. 85
ἀσχαλόων δ' ὑπ' Ἐρωτι κατηφέι κάππεσεν εὐνή·
καὶ θεράπων ἄγρυπνος ἔχων πόθον ἠδέος ὕπνου
Ἵσσακος αὐτίς ἔδαρθεν ἐῆς ἐφύπερθε βοείης.

Μορρέα δ' ὑπνώοντα παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὄνειρου,
κλεψινόων ἐλέφαντος ἀναΐξασα πυλάων, 90
καὶ τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐπήρατον ἠπεροπῆα·

“ Δέχνησο Χαλκομέδην πειθήμονα, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ·
δέξο καὶ ἐν λεχέεσσι μετὰ πτολέμους σέο νύμφην·
ἡματίην ὀρώων με τεῖν ἠϋφρηνας ὀπωπῆν,
καὶ νυχίῃ παρίαυε φιλήνορι Χαλκομεδεΐη. 95
ἔστι καὶ ὑπναλέοιο γάμου χάρις, ἔστι καὶ αὐτῶν
ἡμερόεις γλυκὺς οἶστρος ὄνειρείων ὑμεναίων.
ἠθελον ἀγκὰς ἔχειν σε, καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἡώς.”
Ὡς φαμένη πεπόττητο·

καὶ ἐξ ὕπνου θόρε Μορρεῦς,
ἀρχομένης δ' ἐνόησεν ἀμερσιγάμου φάος Ἡοῦς· 100
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν πόθον· αἴψα δὲ σιγῇ
ἔννεπε Κυπριδίην ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·

“ Τριπλόον, ἠριγένεια, φέρεις φάος, ὅττι κομίζεις
Χαλκομέδην, καὶ φέγγος ἄγεις καὶ νύκτα διώκεις.
Μορρέος ἀγρύπνοιο παρήγορε, καὶ σὺ φανείης, 105
Χαλκομέδη, ῥοδόεσσα ῥοδοστεφέος πλέον Ἡοῦς·

^a The mermaid whom Polyphemos the Cyclops loved.

^b A false dream: cf. Hom. *Od.* xix. 563, Virg. *Aen.* vi. 895-896.

with her beauty. I cannot aim my bow then. So I have seen one of the Nereïds. If I dare say it, either Thetis or Galateia ^a is fighting beside Dionysos ! ”

⁸¹ He spoke ; and moving on the tips of his toes, slowly and carefully, so as not to awaken his sleeping wife in the night, he entered his chamber again. Far from the black bosom of his bride he turned his eyes away, and wished that Chalcomede might stand shining before him and dawn appear. Chafing with love he fell on his sad couch ; and his watchful guardian Hyssacos, longing for quiet rest, fell asleep once more on his oxhide shield.

⁸⁹ While Morrheus slumbered, the vision of a dream came flying from the deluding gates of ivory ^b to cajole him, and uttered a comforting but deceitful speech :

⁹² “ Bridegroom Morrheus, welcome Chalcomede a willing bride ! Welcome your bride in your own bed after your battles ! In the day when you saw me you delighted your eyes—in the night, sleep by the side of your loving Chalcomedeia ! Even in sleep marriage has its charm, even in dreams it has a passion of sweet desire. I would fain hold you in my arms, and dawn is near.”

⁹⁹ With these words, the vision flew away ; Morrheus leapt out of his sleep and saw the beginning of Dawn, the thief of love. He thought Chalcomede desired him, and at once said silently to himself, feeding his delusive hope of love :

¹⁰³ “ Threefold light you bring, O daughter of the mist ! You bring Chalcomede, and you bring the daylight, and you drive night away ! O Chalcomede, do you appear to me also, and comfort wakeful Morrheus, you, rosier yourself than rose-crowned

NONNOS

οὐ ποτε τοῖον ἄγουσι ῥόδον λειμωνίδες ὦραι.
 παρθενικὴ χαρίεσσα, τεαὶ μεθέπουσι παρειαὶ
 εἰαρινὸν λειμῶνα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν·
 ἄνθεα σοὶ θαλεύουσιν, ὅτε φθινοπωρίδες ὦραι· 110
 σὰ κρίνα καὶ κατὰ χειῖμα φαίνεται· ἀμφιέπει δὲ
 σὸν δέμας οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην,
 ἣν Χάριτες κομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ὀλέκουσιν ἀῆται.
 οὕνομα σὸν κόσμησας ἀριστεύουσα σιδήρω·
 ἄρμενον ἠγορέῃ τεὸν οὕνομα· Χαλκομέδην δὲ 115
 οὐ σε μάτην καλέουσι· σὲ γὰρ τέκε χάλκεος Ἄρης
 Κύπριδος ἐν λεχέεσσιν Ἐρωτοτόκοιο χορευῶν.
 Χαλκομέδην μὲν ἅπαντες, ἐγὼ δὲ σε μῦθος ἐνύψω
 Χρυσομέδην, ὅτι κάλλος ἔχεις χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης·
 πείθομαι, ὡς Σπάρτηθεν ἔχεις γένος· ὡς δοκέω γάρ, 120
 Χαλκομέδην ἐλόχευσε σιδηροχίτων Ἀφροδίτη."

Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλαγρύπνων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε φοινίσσοντι σέλας πέμπουσα προσώπω
 ὑσμίνης προκέλευθος ἐκηβόλος ἄνθορον Ἡώς,
 Ἰνδῶν ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν λαοσσόος Ἄρης· 125
 καὶ τότε θωρηχθέντες ἐυτροχάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
 ἄρματι Δηριάδαο συνήλυδες ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.

Βάκχοι δ' οὐ παρεόντος ἀνικῆτου Διονύσου
 εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο κατηφέες· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
 οὐκέτι θαρσύνεντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῶ, 130
 ἀλλὰ φόβῳ δονέοντο· καὶ οὐ ῥήξῃνορι λύσση
 εἰσέτι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες·
 οὐδὲ βαρυφθόγγιο μεμυκότης ἀνθερεῶνος
 ἀφρὸν ἀνηκύντιζον, ἐν ἀφλοίσβῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
 μίμνεν ἀδεψήτοιο περὶ κροτα νῶτα βοείης· 135
 οὐ δαΐδες σελάγιζον Ἐνναλῆς φλόγα πεύκης,

* The Armed Aphrodite of Sparta.

Dawn: no such roses are brought by the Seasons to our meadows. Charming maiden, your cheeks present a meadow of the Springtime which time knows not how to wither. Your flowers are in bloom when the fruitwasting Autumn Seasons are here: your lilies can be seen even in winter; your body is all one blushing anemone never-fading, which the Graces tend and the winds never destroy. Your name you have adorned by the triumphs of your spear; your name fits your valour—not in vain are you called Chalcomede, for brazen Ares begat you, tumbling on the bed of love-begetting Cypris. All the world calls you Chalcomede, but I alone call you Chrysomede, because you have the beauty of golden Aphrodite; I believe you come from Sparta, for as I think, Aphrodite Steelcorselet^a was the mother of Chalcomede.”

¹²² So he spoke on his wakeful bed. But when farshooting Dawn with crimson face leapt up sending forth her light as the forerunner of battle, Ares musterhost armed the Indian nation; then the Indians fully equipped ran from their wellwheeled^b beds to gather round the chariot of Deriades.

¹²³ But the Bacchoi, with invincible Dionysos still amissing, poured forth downcast on the plain. No longer in confident heart they marched to the fight, but they were stricken with fear. No longer with manbreaking madness the women in bronze corselets rushed frantic to the field, no more they scattered foam from their bellowing throats with deep growlings; but in silence undisturbed the untanned calfskins lay unbeaten. Their torches sent forth no shining flame of martial brands nor belched the death-

^a Apparently they were in caravans, like Scythian nomads.

καπνὸν ἐρευγομένης θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ' ὑπὸ κέντρῳ
 δαιμονίης μᾶστιγος ἐθλύνοντο μαχηταί.
 οὐ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν, ἐθήμονος οὐ θρόος αὐλοῦ
 ἔβρεμεν ἐγρεκύδοιμος· ἀβακχεύτῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ 140
 Σειληνοὶ πολέμιζον ἐχέφρονες, οὐδὲ προσώπῳ
 μίλτον ἐπιχρίσαντες ὁμόχροον αἶθοπι λύθρῳ
 ξανθὸν ἐφοινίζαντο τύπον ψευδήμονι μορφῇ
 εἰς φόβον, οὐδὲ μέτωπα πεφυρμένα λευκάδι γύψῳ,
 ὡς πάρος, ἐρραίνοντο· καὶ οὐ στομάτεσσι πiónτες 145
 θερμὸν ἐρημονόμοιο νεόσσυτον αἶμα λεαίνης
 Πᾶνες ἀελλήεντες ἐβακχεύοντο κυδοιμῶ,
 ἀλλὰ φόβῳ γεγάασιν ἐνηέες· ὀκναλέοι δὲ
 φειδομέναις ἤρασσον ἀδουπήτοις χθόνα χηλαῖς,
 φρικτὸν ἀναστεύλαντες ὀρίδρομον ἄλμα χορείης. 150
 Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσειν χάρμη,
 σείων ὡς τρυφάλειαν ἐῆς γλωχίνα κεραίης·
 θηλυτέρη δὲ φάλαγγι θορῶν βακχεύετο Μορρεύς·
 οὐ γὰρ Χαλκομέδεια συνέμπορος ἴστατο Βάκχαις,
 ὄφρα μιν αἰδέσσαιτο, κατεσσυμένην δὲ γυναικῶν 155
 αἵματι πορφύρουσαν ἀναστεύλειεν ἀκωκῆν,
 ἀλλὰ τότε προμάχοισιν ὀμήλυδος ἤπτετο χάρμης
 παρθένος ἡμερόεσσα νήη κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζῶν,
 φάρεα λεπτὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα
 ἐν πεδίῳ· τὸ γὰρ εἶπε σοφὴ Θέτις, ὄφρα σαώσῃ 160
 λαὸν ὄλον μογέοντα τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
 Ἐνθα διατμήξας Χαρίτων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου
 Βασσαρίδας ζώγρησεν ἀνάλκιδας ἔνδεκα Μορρεύς,
 ἃς μετὰ Χαλκομέδην ἐκρίνατο· Μαιναλίδων δὲ
 χεῖρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ, 165
 καὶ στίχα λυσιθέειραν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων
 ληίδας ἀμφιπόλους ἐκυρῶ πόρε Δηριαδῆι,

bringing smoke ; but under the goad of the divine lash the warriors turned to women. The Satyrs made no noise, no sound echoed as of yore from the pipes to awaken the conflict. The Seilenoï went to battle in sober silence with their wits about them ; they had not painted their faces with crimson like fresh blood, nor purpled their yellow skin to deceive and affright, nor daubed their foreheads with white chalk as usual. The Pans had drunk no hot blood fresh from the veins of a lioness of the wilds, and rushed not swift as the wind frenzied into the conflict, but they were mild with fear: hesitating they pawed the ground with gentle noiseless hooves, and ceased the terrible leaps of their highland dance.

¹⁵¹ But Deriades proudly grappled with the men's battle, shaking his pointed horn like a helmet plume ; Morrheus leapt raging against the company of women. For Chalcomedeia did not stand beside the Bacchant women to make him pitiful, and check the blade which darted against the women purpled with blood ; but now the lovely young girl, a new bow-famed Amazon, took hand in the fight beside the front ranks in the plain, clad in light robes and a shining tunic. For that is what wise Thetis told her to do, that she might save the whole host, so distressed while Dionysos was being plagued.

¹⁶² Then Morrheus parting from that face, the image of the Graces, saved alive eleven of the weak Bassarids, whom he judged to be next after Chalcomedea. He bound the Minalids' arms behind them in a knot too tight to be undone ; then dragging them with hair flowing loose to the yoke of slavery, he gave them to his goodfather Deriades as servants won by

ἔδνον ἑῆς ἀλόχοιο τὸ δεύτερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
 νυμφοκόμον μόνον εἶχεν ἀερσιλόφω παρὰ Ταύρω, 170
 ὁππότε Δηριάδαο νέην βασιλιίδα κούρην,
 ἦλικα Χειροβίην, ζυγίω σφηκώσατο δεσμῶ·
 οὐ γὰρ δῶρον ἔδεκτο γαμήλιον ὄρχαμος Ἴνδῶν
 παιδὸς ἑῆς, οὐ χρυσὸν ἐπήρατον, οὐ λίθον ἄλμης
 μαρμαρέην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ πώεα μήλων
 Δηριάδης ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθοισι μαχηταῖς 175
 θυγατέρων ἔζευξεν ἀδωροδόκους ὑμεναίους,
 γαμβρὸν ἔχων Μορρηῆα καὶ ἐννεάπηχυν Ὀρόντην·
 καὶ διδύμοις προμάχοισιν ἔην νύμφευσε γενέθλην,
 Μορρέι Χειροβίην καὶ Πρωτονόειαν Ὀρόντη·
 οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίοισιν ὁμοίος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς, 180
 ἀλλὰ Γιγαντείων μελέων ὑψαύχενι μορφῇ
 Ἴνδῶν Γηγενέων μιμήσατο πάτριον ἀλκῆν,
 ἠλιβάτου Τυφῶνος ἔχων αὐτόχθονα φύτλην,
 εὖτε πυριτρεφέων Ἀρίμων παρὰ γείτοσι πέτρῃ
 σύγγονον ἠγορέην ἐπεδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κύδνω, 185
 ἔδνα φέρων θαλάμων, Κιλικῶν ἰδρώτας ἀέθλων,
 νυμφίος ἀκτῆμων, ἀρετῇ δ' ἐκτῆσατο νύμφην.
 ὣς ποτε Μορρείοιο γάμου μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ
 Ἀσσυρίῃ γόνυ κάμψε, καὶ εἰς ζυγὰ Δηριάδῆος
 αὐχένα πετρήεντα Κίλιξ δοχμώσατο Ταῦρος, 190
 καὶ θρασὺς ὠκλασε Κύδνος, ὅθεν Κιλικῶν ἐνὶ γαίῃ
 Σάνδης Ἡρακλέης κικλήσκειται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν προτέροισιν· ἐν ὀψιγόνῳ δὲ κυδοιμῶ
 θυιάδας ἐζώγησεν ἀφειδέι δούρατι Μορρεύς·
 κυδιῶν δ' ἀχάλινον ἀπερροῖβδησεν ἰωήν· 195
 " Σοὶ μὲν ἐγώ, σκηπτοῦχε, τεῆς κειμήλια κούρης

• *i.e.* not Typhon but Morrheus, as described.

• Nonnos is right for once; Sandes, whom the Greeks

the spear, to be a second brideprice for his wife ; for whose sake he had fought beside peaksoaring Tauros, to win her for his bride, when he joined to himself in the bonds of wedlock the young princess, Deriades' daughter, his yearsmate Cheirobië. For the Indian chieftain had received no marriage gift for his daughter, no precious gold, no bright stone of the sea ; herds of oxen and flocks of sheep Deriades refused, and joined his daughters in marriage without price, to stirring warriors, taking for goodsons Morrheus and ninecubit Orontes—gave his own children as brides to two champions, Cheirobië to Morrheus and Protonoeia to Orontes. For Morrheus was not like men of this earth, but he resembled the national strength of the earthborn Indians in highnecked body and gigantic limbs ; he had the earthborn breed which towering Typhon had, when near the neighbouring rock of firebreeding Arima he^a displayed his inborn courage for Cydnos to behold. The brideprice which he brought was the sweat of Cilician labours ; a bridegroom without possessions, he possessed his bride by valour. So in those days Assyria bent the knee to the steel that wooed a bride for Morrheus, Cilician Tauros bowed his rocky neck to the yoke of Deriades, bold Cydnos curtseyed, and for that reason in the Cilician land Morrheus is still called Heracles Sandes.^b But that is an old story ; in this later conflict Morrheus captured the Thyiads with pitiless spear, and triumphant shouted an unbridled speech :

¹⁹⁶ “ These are for you, my lord king, treasures for

identified with Heracles, seems really to have been a Cilician god ; see Roscher's *Lexikon* iv. 322. 39. His connexion with Morrheus is fanciful.

NONNOS

Βάκχας πρῶτον ἄγω,

μετέπειτα δὲ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω.”

Ὡς φαμένου Μορρήος ἀμείβετο κοίρανος Ἴνδῶν·

“ Χειροβίην ἀνάεδνον ἔχων, κορυθαιόλε Μορρεῦ,
ἄξιά μοι πόρες ἔδνα φερεσσακέων ὑμεναίων, 200

ἄστυα δουλώσας Κιλικῶν ὑψηνοῖσι νίκη.

ἄρτι πάλιν νέα δῶρα χαρίζεαι· ἦν δ’ ἐθελήσης,

ἄλλας Βασσαρίδας λήισσο, Χειροβίης δὲ

ἀμφιπόλων ἔμπλησον ὄλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχου

οὐ χατέω Μορρήος, ἀλυκτοπέδαις δὲ πεδήσας 205

δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐρύσσω.

μῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο δορικτήτης πόθον εὐνήης,

μή σε γυναιμανέεσσιν ἴδω πανομοίον Ἴνδοῖς·

ὄμματα μὴ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄργυφον αὐχένα Βάκχης,

μὴ ποθέων τελέσειας ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα κούρην. 210

αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν Βρομίου στρατιὴν ξύμπασαν ὀλέσσω,

Μαιονίην ἐπὶ γαίαν ἐλεύσομαι, ἔνθεν ἀφύξω

Λυδῶν ἄσπετον ὄλβον, ὅσον Πακτωλὸς ἀέξει·

ἴξομαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐάμπελον, ὀππόθι Ῥεῖη 215

παιδοκόμος Βρομίῳ, καὶ ἀγκικέλευθον ὀλέσσω

ἀργυρέης Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὄφρα κομίσσω

φαιδρὰ ῥυηφενέων χιονώδεα νῶτα μετάλλων·

πέρσω δ’ ἦν καλέουσι, καὶ ἐπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης,

καὶ φλέξω Σεμέλης φλογερὸν δόμον, ὀππόθι παστοὶ

λείψανα θερμὰ φέρουσι μαραιομένων ὑμεναίων.” 220

Εἶπεν ἄναξ ἀθέμιστος, Ἐνναλίῳ δὲ γαμβροῦ

ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐδέξατο δῶρα κυδοιμοῦ

Δηριάδης, Φλογίῳ δὲ καὶ Ἀγραίῳ πόρε Βάκχας

your daughter which I bring first ; later I will give you Bacchos ! ”

¹⁹⁸ To these words of Morrheus the Indian prince replied :

¹⁹⁹ “ Cheirobië you had without price, Morrheus of the flashing helmet. You paid me price enough for your shieldbearing marriage by enslaving the Cilician cities in the lofty valour of victory. Now again you bestow new gifts. If it be your pleasure, make prisoners of the Bassarids as well, and fill the whole palace of Cheirobië with handmaids ; but for Bacchos I need not Morrheus ; I myself will drag Dionysos to a yoke of slavery laden with galling fetters. Only I bid you take care not to lust after a captive for your bed, that I may not see you just like the womanmad Indians. Do not look upon the eyes and silvery neck of a Bacchant woman, that you may not make my girl jealous by your lusts. But when I have destroyed the whole army of Bromios, I will invade the Maionian land, and thence I will drain the infinite wealth of Lydia, all that Pactolos produces ; I will march to vineclad Phrygia, where Rheia dwells who cared for Bromios in boyhood, and I will destroy the wealthy ground of silvery Alybe hard by, that I may bring home shining white sheets from mines that roll in riches. And I will devastate the land of sevingate Thebes, as they call it, and I will burn Semele’s fiery house, where the lady’s chamber still is in hot ruins from that parched bridal.”

²²¹ So spoke the lawless king Deriades, as he received the whole line of handmaidens, gifts of his warlike goodson from the battle. He handed over the Bacchants to Phlogios and Agraios, dragged along

έλκομένας πλοκαμίδος· ὁμοπλέκτω δ' ἐνὶ δεσμῶ
ἀρραγέες παλάμησιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες. 225

Τὰς μὲν ἄγων Φλόγιος βασιλίδος ἄγγελα νίκης
σφιγγομένας πόμπευε δι' ἄστεος. ὑψιτενεῖς δὲ
αἱ μὲν ἐυγλυφάνοιο παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
ἀγχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῶ·

ἄλλαις θερμὸν ὄπασσε μόρον πυρόεντος ὀλέθρου· 230

αἱ δὲ πεδοσκαφέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοντο ρέεθροις
φρεΐατος ἐν γυάλοισιν, ὄπη βυθίων ἀπὸ κόλπων
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίαις βεβημένον ἔλκεται ὕδωρ·

καὶ τις ἔσω διεροῖο βαθυνομένου κενεῶνος
ἡμιφανῆς ἀτίνακτος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῇ· 235

“Ἐκλυον, ὡς Ἴνδοῖσι θεὸς πέλε γαῖα καὶ ὕδωρ·
οὐδὲ μάτην ποτὲ τοῦτο φατίζεται· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθησαν ὁμόφρονες, εἰμὶ δὲ μέσση
καὶ χθονίου θανάτοιο καὶ ὕδατόεντος ὀλέθρου,
καὶ μόρον ἐγγὺς ἔχω διδυμόζυγον· ἰλυόεις γὰρ 240

ξείνος δεσμὸς ἔχει με, καὶ οὐκέτι ταρσὸν αἰείρω,
ὕγρα δὲ ριζώσασα πεπηγότα γούνατα πηλῶ
ἴσταμαι ἀστυφέλικτος ἐγὼ Μοίρησιν ἐτοίμη·
καὶ ποταμὸς με δίωκε, καὶ οὐ χυτὸν ἔτρεμον ὕδωρ·
αἶθε καὶ οὗτος ἔην κελάδων ῥόος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτοῦ 245
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα διατμήξω μέλαν ὕδωρ.”

Ἐννεπεν· οἰγομένῳ δὲ κατάρρυτα χεύματα λαιμῶ
δεχνυμένα κατὰ βαιὸν ἀτυμβεύτῳ θάνε πότμῳ.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ Χαλκομέδης πεπεδημένος ἠδέει κέντρῳ
Μαιναλίδων ἀσίδηρον ὄλον στρατὸν ἤλασε Μορρεὺς 250
εἰς πόλιν ὀφρυόεσσαν, ὀπίστερος ἔγχεϊ νύσσω.

ὡς δ' ὅτε μηλονόμος πολυχανδέος εἰς μυχὰ μάνδρης
συμμιγέων οἴων σποράδας στίχας εἰς ἐν ἐλαύνων
εἰροπόκων ἴθυνε καλαύροπι πῶεα μῆλων

πασσυδίῃ, πολέες δὲ συνεστιχώοντο βοτῆρες 255

by the hair, their hands all girdled with unbreakable straps in one long line.

²²⁶ These Phlogios led bound, and conducted them through the city as tidings of the royal victory. Some were hung up beside the carved gateway of the palace, with nooses choking their encircled necks. To others he allotted a hot fate of death by fire. Others were entombed in water, in the earthdug hollows of a well, where water is drawn from deep-sunk pools by the hard work of hand over hand. Then they would cry, half-seen, immovable, from the watery depths of the pit, one after another—

²³⁶ “ I have heard that the Indians’ god was Earth and Water, and there is reason for that saying : for both are arrayed against me together ! I am between death by earth and destruction by water, and I have a double fate near me. A strange chain of mud holds me fast, and I can no longer lift a foot ; my soaking knees are firmly rooted in mire, and I stand immovable ready for the Fates. There was a time when a river pursued me, and I feared not the running water ; O that this also were a murmuring stream, that I might here also paddle my hands and cut its dark water too ! ”

²⁴⁷ So she spoke, and receiving the pouring flood into her open throat, perished slowly by a fate which gave her no burial.

²⁴⁹ But Morrheus, enchained by the sweet passion for Chalcomede, drove the whole unweaponed band of Mainalids into the frowning city, prodding them with his spear from behind. As a shepherd drives scattered clumps of mingled sheep into the shelter of a roomy pen together, and guides his fleecy flocks of sheep with his staff all in a flurry, while many drovers

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μήλα περισφίγγοντες ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὀλκῶ
 προτροπάδην στοιχηδὸν ἀρηρότα, μή ποτε ποίμνης
 κλειομένης πλάζοιτο παράτροπος ἔσμος ἀλήτης·
 ὡς ὁ γε θῆλυν ὄμιλον ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἐέργων 260
 εἰς πόλιν αἰπύδμητον ἀελλόπος ἤλασε Μορρεὺς
 Βακχεῖην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀποσπάδα δημοτῆτος.
 καὶ μογέων δόλον εἶχεν ἐτώσιον, ὄφρα κυδοιμοῦ
 ληίδα καλλιγύναικα λιπῶν μετανάστιον ἄγρην
 Χαλκομέδην ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δουλοσυνάων,
 ἄλλαις θηλυτέρησιν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρα οἱ αἰεὶ 265
 ἡματίη θεράπαινα καὶ ἔννυχος εὐνέτις εἶη,
 καὶ διδύμων τελέσειεν ἀμοιβαδῖς ἔργα θεάων,
 λάθρια Κύπριδος ἔργα

καὶ ἀμφαδὸν ἰστόν Ἀθήνης . . .

Μορρεὺς δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε δορυσσοός·

ἀγχιμάχῳ γὰρ

Δηριάδῃ φύξην ἐπέτρεπε θῆλυν Ἐννώ, 270
 Βακχιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμη,
 ὄφρα περικλείσειε καὶ ἀνέρας· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο. θυελλήεσσα δὲ κούρη
 ἴστατο κοσμηθεῖσα πρὸ ἄστεος ἐγγύθι πύργου,
 παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος· ἐρωμανέων δὲ γυναικῶν 275
 νεύμασι ποιητοῖσι τύπον μιμήσατο κούρη,
 ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἔκτοθι μίτρης
 λευκὸς ἐρευθιόωντι χιτῶν φοινίσσετο μαζῶ·
 Μορρεὺς δ' εἰσορόων ἐπετέρπετο, καὶ διὰ πέπλου
 λεπταλέου σφριγώωσαν ἴτυν τεκμαίρετο μαζοῦ. 280

Καὶ λίθον εὐποίητον ἴσον τροχοειδέϊ δίσκῳ
 παρθένος ἀρπάξασα, πελώριον ἄχθος ἀμάξης,
 Μορρέος εὐπήληκος ἀκόντισεν ἴδμονι τέχνῃ·

run by his side, stretching out their joined hands, to encircle them and drive them on in close files headlong, for fear some group of the enclosed sheep should break aside and run away : so windswift Morrheus drove to the steepwalled city all the column of Bacchant women cut out from the battle, and herded the female crowd into the gates. But for all his trouble his scheme was useless. He wished to leave all this booty of fair women from the battle, and to hunt afterwards for Chalcomede, to drag her away, to make her his slave with other women, that she might be his servant by day and his bed-fellow by night, and do the work of two goddesses in turn—Cypris in secret and Athena's loom in public. . . .^a

²⁶⁹ Shakespear Morrheus did not neglect this. He turned over the timid women's war to Deriades, who was fighting near him, and attacked the male part of Bacchos's army, that he might cut off the men too ; and they were put to flight on the field. But the tempestuous girl stood in all her bravery in front of the city near the wall, a maiden unveiled. She mimicked the ways of love-mad women with artificial nods and becks, rolling her eyes, and her blushing breast gave colour to the white tunic which had escaped from its wonted belt. Morrheus gazed at her with delight, and saw the delicate round of her breast stretching the robe from within.

²⁸¹ The maiden caught up a hewn stone rounded like a quoit, which would be a monstrous weight for a cart, and cast it with skilful hand at helmeted

^a A good deal is lost here ; the fighting goes on, and some movement of Dionysos's army induces the two Indian commanders to change places.

καὶ λίθος ἠερόθεν πεφορημένος ὀξεί ροίζω
 ἀσπίδος ἄκρον ἄραξεν, ὅπη χρυσήλατος εἰκῶν 285
 Χειροβίης νόθον εἶχε δέμας ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,
 ποιητὸν δὲ κάρηνον ἀπέξεσε, βαλλομένη δὲ
 μαρμαρέῃ γλωχίνι χαρασσομένοιο προσώπου
 μιμηλῆς ἀμάθυνε περίτροχον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
 καὶ σάκος ὀλβίζων ἀνεπάλλετο πολλάκι Μορρεύς, 290
 καὶ κραδίη γελῶν κρυφίην ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν·
 “ Ἄτρομε Χαλκομέδεια, νῆη ῥοδοδάκτυλε Πειθῶ,
 Κύπριδος ἄβρὸν ἄγαλμα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
 Βακχιάς ἠριγένεια καὶ οὐ δύνουσα Σελήνη,
 γραπτὸν ἐμῆς ἀλόχου τύπον ἔξεσας· αἶθε καὶ αὐτῆς 295
 Χειροβίης ἤμησας ἀληθείος αὐχένα νύμφης.”
 Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε πρὸ ἄστεος ἄζυγα κούρην,
 γλῶσσαν ἀπειλείουσαν ἔχων, οὐ χεῖρα κορύσσων,
 μῦθον ἀκοντίζων, οὐ παρθένον ἔγχει νύσσων,
 μελιχίῃ παλάμῃ πεφιδημένον ἔγχος αἰείρων· 300
 καὶ βλοσυρῆς κελάδησε βοῆς ἀπατήλιον Ἥχώ,
 ὡς ἔτεδὸν κοτέων πρόμος ἠπιος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
 εἶχε νόον γελῶντα, χόλον δ' ἀνέφηνε προσώπῳ.
 ἦκα δὲ δινήσας σφαλερὴν προέηκεν ἀκωκὴν
 εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἐκούσιος· ἦ δὲ φυγούσα 305
 ἠερίαις ταχύγουνος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὖραις·
 τῆς δὲ τιταινομένης ἀνεμῶδεϊ γούνατος ὄρμῃ
 πλοχμοὺς βοτρυόεντας ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται,
 αὐχένα γυμνώσαντες ἐριδμαίνοντα Σελήνη·
 φειδομένοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐκούσιος ἔτρεχε Μορρεύς, 310
 πῆ μὲν ἔυρραφέων ποδὸς ἵχνια γυμνὰ πεδίλων
 εἰς σφυρὰ παπταίνων ῥοδοειδέα, πῆ δὲ δοκεύων
 πλαζομένης ἐλικηδὸν ὀπίστερα βόστρυχα χαίτης
 Χαλκομέδην ἐδίωκε· καὶ ἴαχεν ἠδέει μῦθῳ,
 μείλιχον ἀφλοίσβοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνος· 315

Morrheus. The stone hurtled through the air with a loud whizzing sound, and scraped the surface of his shield, where a chased image of gold showed the imitation portrait of an unreal Cheirobië. It tore off the depicted head, and scratched the face with its shining edge and disfigured the artistic beauty of a rounded portrait. "Happy shield!" thought Morrheus, and leapt about again and again, laughing in his heart as he said to himself,

²⁹² "Fearless Chalcomedea! A new rosyfinger Peitho!^a Elegant image of Cypris, and of Athena in her cuirass! Bacchic Dawn, Selene who never sets! You have torn off the portrait of my wife: I only wish you had cut the throat of Cheirobië, the real wife!"

²⁹⁷ With these thoughts, he pursued the chaste maiden in front of the walls, shouting threats but not lifting his hand, with volleys of words but no pricks of the spear for the maiden, for he lifted the sparing spear in a gentle hand merciful: as if in real anger, a friendly enemy with a rough voice he cried speeches meant to deceive; for he both laughed in his heart and showed fury in his face. He gently brandished and cast a wavering lance at a useless mark, on purpose. The girl fled nimbleknee, quick as the blowing breezes. As she strained with moving windswift knee, the air spread abroad her clustering curls and bared the neck which rivalled Selene. Morrheus ran with sparing foot on purpose, now gazing at the feet bare of strapped shoes and at the rosy ankles, now watching the locks of hair tossed behind—so he chased Chalcomede, and now called to her in pleasant words, coaxing speech from a gentle throat:

^a Persuasion.

“ Μίμνέ με, Χαλκομέδεια, τὸν ἰμείροντα μαχητὴν·
 ῥύεται ἀγλαΐη σε, καὶ οὐ δρόμος· οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
 ἄνδρα βαλεῖν δεδάασιν, ὅσον σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων.
 δῆμος οὐ γενόμην, μὴ δείδιθι· μαρνάμενον γὰρ
 χαλκείην σέο κάλλος ἐμὴν νίκησεν ἀκωκὴν· 320
 ἔγχεος οὐ χατέεις, οὐκ ἀσπίδος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
 ὡς ξίφος, ὡς δόρυ θοῦρον, ἔχεις ἀκτίνα προσώπου,
 καὶ μελίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι παρειαί.
 φρικτὸν ἐμῆς παλάμης λέλυται σθένος·

οὐ νέμεσις γάρ,
 εἰ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχω νικώμενον, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς 325
 Κύπριδος ἰσταμένης θηλύνεται ἄγριος Ἄρης.
 δέξό με σοῖς Σατύροισιν ὁμόστολον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
 Ἴνδοι ἀριστεύουσιν, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρα κορύσσω.
 ἦν δ' ἐθέλης, ἄτε λάτρις ὑποδρήσσω Διονύσω·
 ἦν ἐθέλης, με δάμαζε κατ' αὐχένος ἢ κενεῶνος· 330
 οὐκ ἀλέγω θανάτοιο τεῆ δεδαιγμένος αἰχμῆ·
 μῦνον ἐμὲ στενάχιζε δεδουπότα· μυρομένης δὲ
 δάκρυα Χαλκομέδης με καὶ ἐξ Ἄϊδαο κομίσει.
 παρθένε, τί τρομέεις, ὅτι μείλιχον ἔγχεος ἀείρω;
 σοὺς πλοκάμους ὁρόων ἐλικώδεας ὑψόθεν ὤμων 335
 ἀσκεπέων τρυφάλειαν ἐμῶν ἀπέθηκα κομάων·
 νεβρίδα παπταίνων στυγέω θώρηκα φορῆσαι.”

“Ὡς φαμένου παράμειβε

γυνὴ καὶ ἐμίγνυτο Βάκχοις,
 καὶ φονίου Μορρήος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα κελεύθου
 θαρσαλέη πολέμιζε καὶ ἤρισεν ἄρσενι χάρμη. 340

Καὶ τότε δυσκελάδοιο

λιπὼν στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
 ἄμπνυτο Βάκχος ὄμιλος, ἕως ἀνεχάζετο Μορρεῦς.
 Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα πρὸ ἄστεος ἄορι τύπτων
 Δηριάδης ἐδίωκεν, ἕως σχεδὸν ἤλασε πύργων,
 516

³¹⁶ "Wait for me, Chalcomedeia! Wait for your lover in arms! Your radiance saves you, not your speed! Sharp steel is not so strong to bring down a man as the sparks of love. I am no enemy, fear not! for in this battle your beauty has beaten my point of steel. You need no spear, no shield. For sword, for furious spear, you have the rays of your countenance, and your cheeks are much more triumphant than the ashplant. The terrible strength of my hand is melted. No wonder if my valiant spear is conquered, for savage Ares himself turns woman when Cypris stands up to him. Receive me in the company of your Satyrs. In battle the Indians are best so long as I hold arms in my hands: but if it be your pleasure, I will serve Dionysos as lackey. If it be your pleasure, strike my neck or my flank: I care not for death if your blade pierces me. Only mourn me when dead; the tears of sorrowing Chalcomede will bring me back even from Hades.

³³⁴ "Maiden, why do you tremble if I lift a gentle spear? Seeing your tresses lying tangled upon your uncovered shoulders, I have put my helmet from off my uncovered hair; when I see the fawnskin, I hate to wear a corselet."

³³⁸ When the words were said, she passed away and joined the Bacchoi, and keeping out of the way of the murderous Morrheus, she boldly fought and battled against the armed men.

³⁴¹ Then the Bacchic host left the noise of the whirling conflict and had time to breathe, while Morrheus retired from the field.

³⁴³ But Deriades pursued the band of Bassarids in front of the city, striking with his sword, until he had

οἰγομένου στίχα πᾶσαν ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἑέργων 345
 τείχεος ὑψιλόφιοι· διωκόμεναι δὲ σιδήρω
 ἄστεος ἐντὸς ἵκανον ἀποσπάδες ἠθάδος ὕλης·
 ἀσταθέες δὲ φάλαγγες ἀήθεα κύκλα κελεύθου
 ἔστιχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διακριδόν, εἰς πτερὸν Εὐρου,
 εἰς ραχίην Ζεφύριοιο παρ' Ἐσπέριον κλίμα γαίης, 350
 αἱ δὲ Νότου παρὰ πέζαν ἀλήμονες, αἱ δὲ Βορῆος
 Βασσαρίδες κλονέοντο· καὶ ἀρσενόθυμον ἀνάγκην
 Μαινάδες ἠλλάξαντο, πάλιν δ' ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες,
 καὶ μόθον ἠρνήσαντο, φιληλακάτοιο δὲ τέχνης
 καὶ ταλάρων μνήσαντο, καὶ ἤθελον αὐτίς Ἀθήνης 355
 ἀμφιέπειν κλωστήρα καὶ οὐκέτι θύσθλα Λυαίου.
 καὶ στίχα χιονέην ὀλέκων κυανόχροος ἀνὴρ
 ἐνδόμυχον κλόνον εἶχε πολισσούχοιο κυδοιμοῦ.

driven them up to the walls, and the whole company was penned within the open gateway of the lofty fortress. So pursued with the sword, they entered the city, torn from their familiar forests. Unresting the columns marched away here and there by unfamiliar winding roads, divided into parts, these towards the wing of Euros, these to the uplands of Zephyros in the western clime of the world, others travelling along the plain of Notos, other Bassarids driven to the region of Boreas. Then the Mainads put off the manly temper which constrained them, and once more became women, refusing battle, remembering the art they loved of distaff and basket; once more they wished to ply the spindle of Athena instead of the gear of Lyaïos. And the blackskin men had wild uproar of defensive battle within the city, destroying the snow-white host.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Μορρέος ἐχθρὸν Ἔρωτα τριηκοστῶ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ
δίξιο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο θυιάδι χάρμη,
καὶ Βρομίου προπόλοισιν ἐπέχραε κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν,
πῆ μὲν ἀκοντίζων δολιχῶ δορί, πῆ δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι, χαραδραίοις δὲ βελέμοις
τοξεύων πεφόρητο καὶ ὄξυτέροισιν ὀιστοῖς. 5

Ὡς αἱ μὲν κλονέοντο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔνδοθι πύργων
ἔγχεϊ Δηριάδαο· πολυγλώσσω δὲ κυδοιμῶ
ἀμφοτέρων κτύπος ἦεν· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λύθρω
ἄστεος εὐλάιγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγυιαί
κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐν ἄστεϊ θηλυτεράων. 10
ἀκλινέες δὲ γέροντες ἀερσιλόφων ἐπὶ πύργων
φύλοπιν ἐσκοπίαζον· ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
θυρσοφόρον στίχα πᾶσαν ἐθηήσαντο γυναῖκες·
καὶ τις ὑπὲρ μεγάροιο περικλινθεῖσα τιθήνη
παρθένος ἐλκεσίπεπλος ἐδέρκετο θῆλυν Ἐννώ, 15
καὶ κταμένη βαρύδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἡλικι κούρη.
οὐδέ τις ἱμερόεσσαν ἐλὼν ἐβιήσατο νύμφην,
ὅτι γυναιμανέεσσι ἀναξ ἐπετέλλετο λαοῖς,
φεύγειν δῆια λέκτρα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων.

BOOK XXXV

In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the
enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of
Bassarid women.

DERIADES, the gigantic Indian chieftain, was fighting furiously in the mad battle and attacking the servants of Bromios, now casting a long spear, now striking with the hilted sword; or he rushed about throwing boulders from the mountain torrents and shooting arrows sharper still.

⁶ In this manner the women within the walls were harried by the spears of Deriades; and there was a din from both sides of many tongues. The paved streets of the city were empurpled by the red gore, as the women were slain therein amid great tumult. The old men were seated unmoving upon the high precipitous walls, watching the fray; the women also upon the rooftops gazed at the whole thyrsusbearing throng, and many a longrobed maiden from her chamber above leaning upon her nurse marked this female warfare, and lamented with tears the slaughter of some girl of her own years. But no man took and forced any lovely nymph; for the king had commanded his womanmad people to eschew meddling or marrying with the captives of the spear, lest in

μὴ Παφίης ἀλέγοντες ἀφειδήσωσιν Ἐννοῦς. 20

Καί τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο περισκαίρουσα κονίη
 παρθενικὴ γυμνοῦτο· παρελκομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
 ἀγλαΐη κεκόρυστο καὶ ἰμείροντα φονῆα
 οὔτασεν οὔτηθείσα, βέλος δὲ οἱ ἔπλετο μορφή,
 καὶ φθιμένη νίκησε· κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ γυμνοὶ 25
 μηροὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
 καὶ νύ κε νεκρὸν ἔχων πόθον ἄπνοον,

ὥς περ Ἀχιλλεύς,
 ἄλλην Πενθεσίλειαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δοκεύων
 ψυχρὰ κοινομένης προσπτύξατο χεῖλα νύμφης,
 εἰ μὴ Δηριαδῆος ἐδείδιεν ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς. 30
 καὶ γυμνῆς σκοπίαζεν ἀναινομένης χροῖα κούρης,
 καὶ σφυρὰ λευκὰ δόκευε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν,
 καὶ μελέων ἔψαυσε, καὶ ἤψατο πολλάκι μαζοῦ
 οἰδαλέου ῥοδόεντος, εὐικότος εἰσέτι μῆλῳ·
 ἤθελε καὶ φιλότῃ μιγῆμεναι· ὄψε δὲ κάμνων 35
 τοίην ἰμερόεσσαν ἀνήρυγεν ἄφρονα φωνήν·

“ Παρθενικὴ ῥοδόπηχυ, τεὸν δυσέρωτα φονῆα
 οὔτασας οὔταμένη, φθιμένη ζῶοντα δαμάζεις,
 καὶ σὺ τεὸν βλεφάροισιν ὀιστεύεις ὀλετῆρα·
 ἔγχος ἐνικήθη σέο κάλλει· σείο προσώπου 40
 μαρμαρυγαὶ κλονέουσιν, ὅσον γλωχῖνες ἀκόντων·
 στήθος ἔχεις ἄτε τόξον, ἐπεὶ σέο μᾶλλον ὀιστῶν
 μαζοὶ ἀριστεύουσιν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
 ξεῖνον ἔχω καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ πόθον, ὅττι διώκω
 κούρης νεκρὸν ἔρωτα καταφθιμένων ὑμεναίων· 45
 ἄπνοος ὀιστρος ἔχει με τὸν ἔμπνοον·

εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
 χεῖλα φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταῦτα γενέσθω,
 σῶν γλυκερῶν στομάτων ἴνα, παρθένε,
 μῦθον ἀκούσω . . .

thinking of the Paphian they should be slack in the fight.

²¹ But a girl rolling upon the ground was bared, her dress was pulled aside, and armed with her own radiance, wounded she wounded her lusting slayer; her beauty was her bolt, and dying she conquered; her naked thighs were as weapons, and sped the arrows of the Loves against her slayer. Then he would have felt desire for a lifeless corpse, as Achilles did—seeing a new Penthesileia^a on the ground, he would have kissed the cold lips of the girl, prostrate in the dust, had he not feared the weight of the threat of Deriades. He looked at the skin of the naked girl denied him, he gazed at her white ankles, at the parting of the uncovered thighs, touched her limbs, handled often the swelling rosy breast even now like an apple; he would even have mingled with her in love—but at last, tired, he let these foolish words of desire escape him:

³⁷ “Maiden of the rosy arms, wounded yourself you have wounded your lovesick slayer, slain you conquer the living, you pierce your own destroyer with the arrows of your eyes! The spear has been conquered by your beauty; for the radiance of your face deals confusion as much as the barbs of javelins. Your bosom is as a bow, since your breasts are more potent archers of the Loves than arrows are. A strange incredible desire is in me, when I pursue a girl’s dead love to attain a perished wedlock! A thing without breath goads me, the breathing. If I dare ask it, let those lips have breath and speech, maiden, that I may hear a word from your sweet

^a Queen of the Amazons at Troy. Achilles, having slain her, saw her beauty and mourned for her.

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τοῖον ἔπος βοῶσα· ‘ κυλινδομένην ἐνὶ γαίῃ,
 ἦν κτάνες, ἦν σύλησας, ἀτάσθαλε, κάλλιπε κούρην· 50
 ἦν σέο χαλκὸς ἔταμνεν, ἐμοῦ μὴ ψαῦε χιτῶνος·
 τί κρατέεις κενεῶνα, τὸν οὔτασας; ἴσχεο δειλῆς
 ἀμφαφόων ἐμὸν ἔλκος, ὃ μοι πόρες.’

ἔρρέτω αἰχμῇ,
 ἔρρέτω ἡμετέρης παλάμης θράσος, ὅττι λιποῦσα
 Σειληνοὺς πολιῆσιν ὑποφρίσσοντας ἐθείραις 55
 καὶ Σατύρων δύσμορφον ὄλον γένος, ἀντὶ γερόντων,
 ἀντὶ δασυστέρνων ἀπαλὴν ἐδάμασσε γυναῖκα.
 ἀλλὰ ποθοβλήτιο τεοῦ χροὸς ἔλκος ἀφάσσω
 ποίην καλλιβότιο διαστείχων ράχιν ὕλης
 ἔλκος ὑμετέροιο βοηθῶον εἰς σέ καλέσω 60
 γηραλέον Χείρωνα φερέσβιον; ἢ πόθεν εὔρω
 φάρμακα, λυσιπόνου Παιήonos ὄργια τέχνης;
 ἦθελον, ἦν καλέουσιν, ἔχειν Κενταυρίδα ποίην,
 ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσιν ἀνώδυνον ἄνθος ἐλίξας
 ἐξ Ἄιδος ζώουσιν ἀνοστήτιο σαώσω. 65
 ποῖον ἔχω μάγον ὕμνον ἢ ἀστερόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν, 66
 ὄφρα θεοκλήτῳ προχέων μέλος εὐάδι φωνῇ 68
 οὔταμένου τεὸν αἷμα κατευνήσω κενεῶνος; 67
 ἦθελον ἐγγὺς ἔχειν φυσίζοον ἐνθάδε πηγὴν, 69
 ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσι βαλὼν ὀδυνήφατον ὕδωρ 70
 πρηῦνῶ τεὸν ἔλκος ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
 ψυχὴν ὑμετέρεην παλινάγρετον εἰς σέ κομίσω.
 Γλαῦκε πολυσπερέων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
 εἰ θέμις, ἀτρυγέτιο λιπὼν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
 δεῖξον ἐμοὶ βοτάνην ζωαρκέα, δεῖξον ἐκείνην, 75
 ἧς ποτε σοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐγεύσαιο, καὶ βίον ἔλκεις
 ἀμβροτον, ἀενάοιο χρόνου κυκλούμενος ὀλκῶ.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν παράμειβε,

νέκυν πόθον ἐν φρεσὶ κεύθων.

mouth, speaking something like this: ' You killed me, you plundered me, rolling upon the ground! Then let a girl be, scoundrel. Touch not my tunic, when your steel has cut me! Why do you hold the side which you have wounded? Stroke no more the cruel wound which you gave me!' Away my spear, away the boldness of my hand, because it left alone Seilenoi with hoary bristling hair and all the ugly generation of Satyrs, and instead of old men, instead of shaggy chests, it vanquished a tender girl! But now I touch the wound in your so desirable flesh, what ridge of the pasturing woodlands must I traverse to summon old lifebringing Cheiron to help your wound? or where can I find medicines, the secrets of the Healer's painassuaging art? Would that I had what they call the herb centaury, that I might bind the flower of no-pain upon your limbs, and bring you back safe and living from Hades whence none returns! What magic hymn have I, or song from the stars, that I may chant the ditty with Euian voice divine, and stay the flow of blood from your wounded side? Would I had here beside me the fountain of life, that I might pour on your limbs that painstilling water and assuage your adorable wound, to bring back even your soul to you again! O Glaucos,^a guiding the revolutions of innumerable years, if it be lawful, leave the abyss of the barren sea, and show me the life-sufficing plant, show that which you tasted once with your lips, and now enjoy life incorruptible, circling with the course of infinite time! "

⁷⁸ This said, he passed on, hiding in his heart his desire for the dead.

^a See on i. 111.

NONNOS

Καὶ πόσιος κταμένου τιμήρορος ἄνθορε νύμφη
 Πρωτονόη, στενάχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι νεκρὸν Ὀρόντην· 80
 θηλυτέραν δὲ φάλαγγα διέστιχεν· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
 ἄλλην ἀντιάνειραν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀταλάντην.
 Χειροβίη δὲ λαβοῦσα σάκος καὶ Μορρέος αἰχμὴν
 ἔχραε Βασσαρίδεσσι, καὶ εἶκελος ἔπλετο Γόργη,
 ἧ πάρος εὐπύργοιο τινασσομένης Καλυδῶνος 85
 Τοξέος αἰθύσσουσα κασιγνήτοιο βοείην,
 μάρνατο θῆλυς εὐῶσα χολωομένου Μελεάγρου.
 Ὀρσιβόη δὲ φανείσα σὺν ἐγρεμόθῳ παρακοίτη
 θάρσος Ἐνναλῆς μιμήσατο Δηιανείρης,
 ὅπποτε Παρνησοῖο κακοξείνῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ 90
 θωρήχθη Δρυνόπεσσι καὶ ἔπλετο θῆλυς Ἀμαζῶν.
 πολλαὶ δ' εὐρυχόροισι περικλείοντο μελάθροις,
 καὶ στόνος ἄπλετος ἦεν ὑπωροφίοιο κυδοιμοῦ·
 ἄλλη δ' εἰνοδίην ὑπεδύσατο δημοτῆτα,
 παρθένος ἐγρεκύδοιμος, ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ ἄλλαι 95
 λαϊνέοις βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήσσοντο γυναῖκες·
 ἐνδόμυχοι δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐννώ.
 Ὀφρα μὲν ἐγρεμόθοιο δι' ἄστεος ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
 Λύδια Βασσαρίδων ὀρεσίδρομα φῦλα δαΐζων,
 τόφρα δὲ Χαλκομέδεια πρὸ τείχεος ἴστατο μούνη 100
 νόστιμον ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστρέψασα πορείην,
 οἰστρομανῆ Μορρῆα δεδεγμένη, εἴ ποθεν ἔλθη·

^a Gorgê is usually daughter of Oineus king of Calydon, not, as here, his sister-in-law (Toxeus is brother of Althaia, Oineus's wife); no one else seems to have heard of her exploit in defence of the city, but the story of how Calydon was attacked by the Curetes, and Meleagros would not help to defend it because he was angry with his mother Althaia, is in Hom. *Il.* ix. 553 ff.

^b Deianeira. Daughter of Oineus, sister of Meleagros and wife of Heracles. "Heracles . . . taking his son Hyllus
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⁷⁹ Then arose the bride Protonoë, who still mourned Orontes dead, to avenge her slain husband. She dashed through the crowd of women, and one might have thought her another manlike Atalante among the Erythraians. And Cheirobië seizing a shield and the spear of Morrheus attacked the Bassarids, and seemed like that Gorgê, who once when well-walled Calydon was attacked wielded the oxhide shield of Toxeus her brother, and fought though a woman while Meleagros sulked.^a And Orsiboë appeared with her battlestirring husband, imitating the boldness of warlike Deianeira, when beside the inhospitable rock of Parnassus she faced the Dryopes and fought, a woman turned Amazon.^b Many women were shut up in the wide palace courtyards, and there was infinite lamentation in the turmoil under those roofs. Many a battlestirring maiden entered the fight in the street, other women on the roofs provided themselves with stony missiles; and the crowds within kept up the din of warfare.

⁹⁸ While Ares raged throughout the battlestirring city, destroying the hill-ranging Lydian tribes of Bassarids, Chalcomedeia stood alone in front of the wall. She had turned back to retire from the battle, and waited to see if love-maddened Morrheus would

and coming to Dryopia (the Dryopians are a brigand people, bordering on the Melians, as Pherecydes tells us in his third book), met with Theiodamas (king of the Dryopians) and as the child was hungry . . . he asked for a little food. Theiodamas would give him none; so Heracles grew angry, took from him one of his oxen, killed it and feasted on its flesh. Theiodamas went into the city and started a campaign against Heracles, who was brought to such a pass that he even put armour on his wife Deianeira, and it is said that she got a wound in the breast on that occasion." (Scholiast on Apoll. Rhod. i. 1212.)

καὶ τότε πουλυέλικτον ἔρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων,
 παρθένον ὡς ἐνόησε, ποδῆνεμος ἴκετο Μορρεὺς,
 εἰς δρόμον ἡμερόεντα θούτερα γούνατα πάλλων. 105
 τῆς δὲ διωκομένης ἀνεκούφισε πέπλον ἀήτης·
 θέλγετο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνείμονι κάλλιϊ μορφῆς,
 παπταίνων προθέουσαν ἀνάμπυκα λευκάδα νύμφην.
 ἡ δέ μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ αἰδομένη φάτο φωνῇ,
 ὠκυτέρην Μορρῆος ὑποπτήσσουσα πορείην. 110

“ Εἰ ἔτεδὸν μεθέπεις ἐμὰ δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ,
 κάτθεο σὸν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, οἷα χορεύει
 εἰς γάμον ἀβροχίτων, ὅτε Κύπριδι μίσγεται, Ἄρης,
 εἴματι χιονέῳ πεπυκασμένος, ὡς περ Ἀπόλλων,
 ὄφρα Πόθος καὶ Κύπρις ἐνὶ ζεύξειαν ὄχηι 115
 ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους γαμίης ἐπιβήτορας εὐνῆς,
 Μορρέα θούρος Ἔρωσ καὶ Χαλκομέδην Ἀφροδίτη.
 οὐδέχομαι χάλκειον ἐγὼ πόσιν ὑψόθι λέκτρων,
 αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμῶοντα κονίη·
 ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ φαίδρυνε τεδὸν δέμας, ὄφρα φανείης 120
 ὡς Φαέθων προχοῆσι λελουμένος Ὀκeanοῖο·
 ῥῦψον Ἐνναλίην σέθεν ἀσπίδα, ῥῦψον ἀκωκὴν,
 μή ποτέ με πλήξειε τετὴ θανατηφόρος αἰχμὴ·
 κάτθεό μοι δασπλήτα τεῶν πῆληκα κομάων,
 ὅττι λόφος κλονέει με τινασσομένης τρυφαλείης· 125
 μὴ νόθον εἶδος ἴδοιμι σιδηρείοιο προσώπου·
 τίς πόθος εὐφραίνει με καλυπτομένης σέο μορφῆς;
 οὐκέτι Μαιονίης ἐπιβήσομαι· οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῶ
 δέξομαι, ἣν ἐθέλης, μετὰ Μορρέα Βάκχον ἀκοίτην·
 ἔσσομαι Ἰνδῶη καὶ ἐγὼ, φίλος· ἀντὶ δὲ Λυδῆς 130
 κυδαίνω θυέεσσιν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην
 κρυπταδίη Μορρῆος ὀμευνέτις· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχέτω με συναιχμάζων Ἀφροδίτη·

appear from any quarter. He was then turning his enamoured eye all round; and when he perceived the maiden, he came windfoot, plying his nimble knees in the race for love. As he pursued her, the breeze lifted her robe. Morrheus was charmed even more by the naked beauty of her body, as he gazed at the white nymph running unveiled before him. She deluded him still as she cried with modest voice, trembling at his quickening speed—

111 “ If truly you would have my bed, bridegroom Morrheus, put off your steel corselet. Even Ares dances daintily clad to his wedding, when he mingles with Cypris, decked in a snowy robe like Apollo. Be like him, that Cypris and Desire may join us both with one band when we mount the marriage bed, valiant Eros bind Morrheus and Aphrodite bind Chalcomede. I do not want in my bed a husband of bronze, red with blood and dirty with dust. Nay, cleanse your body in the river, that you may shine like Phaëthon bathed in the Ocean stream; throw away your warlike shield, throw away the spear, that your deathdealing point may not strike me. Pray put off that terrifying helmet from your hair, because the crest of the nodding plume disturbs me. Let me not see only the pretended shape of a steel countenance. What desire can warm me if your shape is hidden ?

128 “ I will never more set foot in Maionia. After Morrheus, if that is your pleasure, never will I receive Bacchos in my chamber to sleep by my side. I will be an Indian like you, my friend ! Instead of Lydian Aphrodite, I will honour the Erythraian with my sacrifices, I will be the secret bedmate of Morrheus ; let a brave Indian have me as Aphrodite’s

εἰς σέ γὰρ ἴσα βέλεμνα καὶ εἰς ἐμέ διπλόα πέμπων
 "Ἰμερος ἀμφοτέροισι μίαν ξύνωσεν ἀνίην, 135
 εἰς κραδίην Μορρήϊ καὶ εἰς φρένα Χαλκομεδεΐη.
 κάμνον ἐγὼ κρύπτουσα τεὸν πόθον· οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτην
 παρθένος αἰδομένη προκαλίζεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην."

"Ὡς φαμένη παρέπεισε γυνή δυσέρωτα μαχητὴν
 ψευσαμένη· γελάσας δὲ δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς· 140

"Οὐ νέμεσις, Μορρήα τὸν εὐπήληκα μαχητὴν
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχειν ἐνὶ παστάδι Χαλκομεδεΐης,
 ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, φερώνυμε, χαλκὸν αἰείρων·
 ἔμπης φοίνιον ἔγχος ἀναίνομαι, οὐδὲ βοεΐης
 ἄπτομαι· ὡς ἐθέλεις δέ, λελουμένος εἰς σέ χορεύω 145
 χερσὶν ἀναιμάκτοισι, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἄλλος¹ ἀκοίτης,
 γυμνὸς Ἄρης μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
 κούρην Δηριαδῆος ἀναίνομαι· αὐτὸς ἐλάσσω
 ἐκ μεγάρων ἀέκουσαν ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα νύμφην·
 οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἴ με κελεύεις, 150
 ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτησι μαχέσσομαι· Ἴνδὸν ὀλέσσω
 οἴνοπα θύρσον ἔχων, οὐ χάλκεον ἔγχος αἰείρων·
 ῥύψω δ' ἔντεα πάντα καὶ ἄνθεα λεπτὰ τινάξω,
 ὑμετέρω βασιλῆϊ συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν παλάμης μελίην ἀπεσεΐσατο Μορρεύς, 155
 καὶ λόφον ἰδρώοντος ἀπεσφήκωσε καρῆνου,
 μυδαλέης δ' ἔρριψεν ἐῆς τελαμῶνα βοεΐης
 εὐκαμάτῳ ραθάμιγγι λελουμένον ἠθάδος ὤμου·
 λύσατο καὶ χάλκειον ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
 αἵμαλέον θώρηκα· καὶ ἔντεα κείμενα γαίῃ 160
 Μορρέος ἰμείροντος ἐδείκνυεν Ἄρει Κύπρις

¹ So mss.: Ludwich οἴλος.

champion in battle. For Desire has aimed double shots against you and me both alike, and joined us in the same pangs, piercing the heart of Morrheus and the bosom of Chalcomedeia. I suffer, as I hide my longing for you—for a modest maiden does not invite a man to be her lover.”

¹³⁹ By these words the woman cajoled the love-pining soldier, all in deceit; but lovesick Morrheus laughed, and said:

¹⁴¹ “What wonder is it, if Morrheus the helmeted soldier should keep his spear of bronze in the bronze lassie’s chamber, to embrace you holding my bronze when there is bronze in your name? Never mind, I will reject my deadly spear, I will not touch my oxhide. I will do your pleasure and bathe me, that I may dance to you with unblooded hands. I will be a different bedfellow, Ares naked holding Aphrodite naked after the battle! The daughter of Deriades I renounce: myself I will drive my jealous bride unwilling out of the house. No longer will I attack the Bassarids, if you say so, but I will fight against my own countrymen; I will take the vine-wreathed thyrsus and destroy Indians, not lifting a spear of bronze. I will throw away all my armour and brandish your little leaves, the champion of your king Dionysos!”

¹⁵⁵ Saying this, Morrheus threw the ashplant from his hand, and undid the crest from his sweating head, and cast off the strap of his oxhide soaking and drenched with the drops of conflict, from the shoulder which knew it well. He unloosed also the coat of mail from his chest, the bloodstained corselet.

¹⁶⁰ Then Cypris showed Ares the armour of enamoured Morrheus lying on the ground, conquered

μορφῇ ἀθωρήκτω νικώμενα Χαλκομεδείης·

καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν, ἔον δ' ἐρέθιζεν ἀκοίτην·

“ Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης· πολέμους ἠρνήσατο Μορρεύς,
οὐ φορέων θώρηκα καὶ οὐ ξίφος· ἀλλὰ γυναῖκα 165
ἡμερτὴν ποθέων ἀπεσεύσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν.

καὶ σὺ τεὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἀναίνεο, καὶ σὺ θαλάσση
λούεο σῶν σακέων γυμνούμενος· ἀπτόλεμος γὰρ
Κύπρις ἀριστεύει πλέον Ἄρες, οὐδὲ χατίζει
ἀσπίδος, οὐ μελῆς ποτὲ δεύεται· ἀμφότερον γὰρ 170
ἔγχος ἔμὸν πέλε κάλλος, ἔμὸν ξίφος ἔπλετο μορφῇ,
καὶ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνες ἔμοι γεγάασιν οἰστοί·

μαζὸς ἀκοντίζει πλέον ἔγχος· ἡμερόεις γὰρ
ἀντὶ δοριθρασέος θαλαμηπόλος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς.
μὴ Σπάρτης ἐπίβηθι, μαχήμονες ἦχι πολῖται 175
χάλκεον εἶδος ἔχουσι κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης,

μὴ σε δόρυ κρατέουσα τεῶ πληξείε σιδήρῳ.
οὐ τόσον αἰχμάζεις, ὅσον ὄφρυες· οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἀνέρας οὐτάζουσιν, ὅσον βάλλουσιν ὀπωπαί·

δέρκεο σοὺς θεράποντας, ὑποδρηστῆρας Ἐρώτων, 180
καὶ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμψον ἀνικῆτῳ Κυθερείῃ.

Ἄρες, ἐνικήθης, ὅτι χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔασας
νεβρίδα Χαλκομέδης γαμῖν ὑπεδύσατο Μορρεύς.”

Εἶπε μόθους γελώσα φιλομμείδης Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἄρεα κερτομέουσα γαμοστόλον. ἄγχι δὲ πόντου 185
καλλείψας ἀκόμιστον ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο χιτῶνα

θαλπόμενος γλυκερῆσι μεληδόσι λούσατο Μορρεύς,
γυμνὸς ἑὼν· ψυχρῇ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε θαλάσση,
θερμὸν ἔχων Παφίης ὀλίγον βέλος· ἐν δὲ ρεέθροις
Ἰνδῶν ἰκέτευεν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην, 190

εἰσαῖων, ὅτι Κύπρις ἀπόσπορός ἐστι θαλάσσης·
λουσάμενος δ' ἀνέβαινε μέλας πάλιν· εἶχε δὲ μορφῆν,
ὡς φύσις ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἀνέρος οὐ δέμας ἄλμη,

by the unarmed beauty of Chalcomedeia, and a word she said in mockery of her paramour—

¹⁶⁴ “Ares, you are beaten! Morrheus has renounced war, and bears no corselet and no sword; no, for love of a winsome woman he has cast the arms from his hands. You do the same—renounce your own valiant spear, strip off your shields and bathe in the sea! For Cypris without battle plays the champion better than Ares. She needs no shield, she never wants the ashplant; for my beauty is a spear for me, my fine shape also is my sword, the gleams of my eyes are my arrows. My breast lets fly a better shot than a javelin; for Morrheus has turned from a bold warrior to an amiable chamberlain! Do not go near Sparta, where the warlike people have a bronze image of armed Aphrodite, lest spear in hand she strike you with your own steel! You cannot shoot so straight as eyebrows do; your spikes do not wound men as eyeshots do. Look at your servants, the lackeys of the Loves, and bow your bold neck to Cythereia the unconquerable. You are conquered, Ares! For Morrheus has left his spear of bronze and donned the wedding fawnskin of Chalcomede.”

¹⁸⁴ So smiling Aphrodite laughed, in mockery at Ares her lover and his battles.

¹⁸⁵ Then Morrheus left his coat uncared-for on the seashore, glowing with sweet anxieties. Naked he bathed: the cool sea cleansed his body, but the Paphian's tiny dart was hot within him. In the waters he prayed to Erythraian Aphrodite of India, for he had learnt that Cypris is the daughter of the sea; but he came out still black from his bath, for his body was as nature had made it grow, and the

οὐ χροίην μετάμειψεν, ἔρευθαλήη περ ἑοῦσα.
καὶ κενεῇ χροά λούσεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι· χιόνεος γὰρ 195
ἡμερόεις μενέαινε φανήμεναι ἄζυγι κούρη·
καὶ λινέω κόσμησε δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλω,
οἶον ἔσω θώρηκος αἰεὶ φορέουσι μαχηταί.

Ἴσταμένη δ' ἄφθογγος ἐπ' ἠόνος εἶχε σιωπὴν
Χαλκομέδη δολόεσσα· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ κούρη 200
Μορρέος ἀχλαίνιοιο σαόφρονας εἶλκεν ὀπωπάς,
ἀσκεπὲς αἰδομένη δέμας ἀνέρος· εἰσιδέειν γὰρ
ἄζετο θήλυς ἑοῦσα λελουμένον ἄρσενα κούρη.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἔρημον ἐσέδρακεν ἄρμενον εὐναῖς,
τολμηρὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων αἰδήμονι νύμφη 205
εἵματος ἀψαύστοιο σαόφρονος ἤψατο κούρης·
καὶ νύ κεν ἀμφίζωστον ἐλὼν εὐήνορι δεσμῶ
νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι βιήσατο θυιάδα κούρη·
ἀλλὰ τις ἀχράντοιο δράκων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπου,
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο βοηθόος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην 210
ἀμφιλαφῆς κυκλοῦτο φυλάκτορι γαστέρος ὀλκῶ·
ὄξυ δὲ συρίζοντος ἀσιγήτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
πέτραι ἐμυκήσαντο· φόβω δ' ἐλελίζετο Μορρεὺς
αὐχένιον μύκημα νόθης σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
παπταίνων ἀγάμοιο προασπιστῆρα κορείης· 215
καὶ πρόμος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀνεπτοίησε μαχητὴν,
οὐρὴν ἀγκυλόκυκλον ἐπ' αὐχένι φωτὸς ἐλίξας,
ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα λάβρον· ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
ἰὼν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐχιδνήεντες οἰστοί·

οἱ μὲν ἀμιτρώτοιο διαἰσσοντες ἐθειρῆς, 220
οἱ δὲ δρακοντοκόμοιο δι' ἰξύος, οἱ δ' ἀπὸ κόλπου
Ἄρεα συρίζοντες ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί.

Ἄφρα μὲν ὑψιλόφοιο πρὸ ἄστεος ἵστατο Μορρεὺς,

• As being the Red Sea (so the Indian Ocean was then called).

brine changed not the man's body or his colour, itself red though it was.^a So he washed his skin in a vain hope; for he had wished to become snow-white, and so desirable to the virgin maid. He dressed himself in a snowy linen robe, such as soldiers always wear inside the mailcoat.

¹⁹⁹ Chalcomede stood on the shore in silence without a word, full of her scheme. She turned aside from Morrheus unclad, withdrawing her modest looks, ashamed before the uncovered body of a man; for the girl was abashed being a woman to look on a man after the bath.

²⁰⁴ But when Morrheus had seen a lonely spot suitable for lying down, he stretched out a daring hand towards the modest girl and caught the chaste maiden's inviolate dress. And now he would have seized her and girt her about with a strong man's arms, and ravished the maiden votary in the flame of a bridegroom's desire; but a serpent darted out of her immaculate bosom to protect the virgin maid, and curled about her waist guarding her body all round with its belly's coils. A sharp hiss issued unceasing from his throat and made the rocks resound. Morrheus trembled for fear when he heard the bellow, coming out from the throat for all the world like a trumpet, and saw this champion of unwedded maidenhood. The coiled defender terrified the man of war; he curled his tail round the man's neck in twisted coils, with his wild mouth for a lance, and many a snaky shaft came darting poison against him, some darting through her uncoifed hair, some from her snakeprotected loins, some from her breast, wild warriors hissing death.

²²³ While Morrheus remained in front of the tower-

Χαλκομέδην δολόεσσαν ἀνήνυτον εἰς γάμον ἔλκων,
τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδος στρατιῆς εὖοπλος Ἐννώ 225
ἔγχος ἀτειρήεντος ἀλεύατο Δηριαδῆος.

καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο θορῶν ὠκύπτερος Ἐρμῆς,
ἀντίτυπον Βρομίοιο φέρων Ἴνδαλμα προσώπου,
Βακχεῖην ἐκάλεσεν ὄλην στίχα μύστιδι φωνῇ·
δαιμονίην δὲ γυναικες ὄτ' ἔκλυον Εὖιον ἠχώ, 230

εἰς ἓνα χῶρον ἴκανον· ἀπὸ τριόδων δὲ κομίζων
Μαιναλίδων ὄλον ἔθνος ἐς ἀγκύλα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἠγαγεν ὠκυπέδιλος, ἕως σχεδὸν ἦε πύργων·
καὶ φυλάκων στοιχηδὸν ἀκοιμήτοισιν ὀπωπαῖς
νῆδυμον ὕπνον ἔχευεν ἐῆ πανθελγεί ράβδω 235

φώριος Ἐρμείας, πρόμος ἔννουχος· ἐξαπίνης δὲ
Ἰνδοῖς μὲν ζόφος ἦεν, ἀθηήτοισι δὲ Βάκχαις
φέγγος ἔην ἀδόκητον· ἀδουπήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
λάθριος ἠγεμόνευε δι' ἄστεος ἄπτερος Ἐρμῆς·
χειρὶ δὲ θεσπεσίῃ βριαρὴν κληῖδα πυλάων 240
ἠλιβάτων ὠῖξε, καὶ ἠέλιος πέλε Βάκχαις.

Ἡματὶν δ' ὅτε νύκτα φαεσφόρος ἠλασεν Ἐρμῆς,
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἔχων ἀτέλεστον ἀπειλὴν
Βασσαρίδων μάστευε λιπόπτολιν ἔσμον ὀδίτην.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις κατὰ νύκτα βαθυπλούτοις ἐν ὄνειροις 245

τέρπεται ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπ' ἐλπωρήσιν, αἰείρων
ἀφνειαῖς παλάμησι μινυθαδίου χύσιν ὄλβου,
ὑπναλέων κτεάνων ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε φαινομένης ῥοδοειδέος ἠριγενείης

χάζεται εὐκτεάνοιο παλίλλυτος ὄψις ὄνειρου, 250
σὺν κενεαῖς παλάμησιν ἐγείρεται, οὐδὲν αἰείρων,
ῥύψας κλεψινόων σκιοειδέα τέρψιν ὄνειρων·
ὡς τότε Δηριάδης, ὅτε μὲν ζόφος εἶχεν ἀγυιάς,
τέρπετο Βασσαρίδων δοκέων αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην

ing city, trying without success to drag the resourceful Chalcomede to his lust, the armed company of Bassarids was saved from the spear of untiring Deriades. For swiftwing Hermes came in haste from Olympos, wearing a semblance like the face of Bromios and summoned the whole company of Bacchantes in his mystic voice. When the women heard the divine Euan sounds, they gathered into one place ; Swiftshoe brought them from the three-ways and led the whole tribe of Mainalids by crooked winding lanes until he was near the walls. Then furtive Hermeias, the warrior by night, with his all-charming rod shed refreshing sleep on the unresting eyes of the guards in order. Suddenly for the Indians there was darkness, for the unseen Bacchantes there was light unexpected. The women made no noise as Hermes led them secretly through the city without his wings. With his divine hand he opened the forbidding lock of the precipitous gates, and for the Bacchantes the sun was there.

²⁴² When Lightbringer Hermes had dispersed this night-by-day, haughty Deriades thwarted in his threats searched for the swarms of Bassarids who had just walked out of the city. As one dreaming in the night of boundless riches is happy in his unattainable hopes, and lifts in full hands the flood of wealth which will soon be gone, feeding the deceptive hope of his dream-fortune ; but when rosy dawn appears, the fortune of his dreams fades and vanishes like a vision, and he awakes with empty hands, holding nothing, and loses the shadowy happiness of his delusive dream : so then Deriades, while darkness covered the streets, was happy, thinking that he held the captive Bassarids ready to come hurrying to him

ἀμφιέπειν ἔντοσθεν ἐεργομένων πυλεώνων,
 ψευδομένην ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέα νίκην·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε φέγγος ἔλαμψε, καὶ οὐκέτι δέρκετο Βάκχας,
 ὡς ὄναρ ἔδραμε πάντα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ,
 ὡς Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι χολώετο καὶ Διονύσω,
 Μαιναλίδας φυγάδας διζήμενος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργους 260
 Βασσαρίδες κελάδησαν ἀνάμπυκες Εὐάδι φωνῇ.

Δηριάδης δ' ἐδίωκε τὸ δεύτερον. ἔγρευτο δὲ Ζεὺς
 Καυκάσου ἐν κορυφῆσιν ἀπορρίψας πτερὸν Ὕπνου·
 καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα μαθὼν κακοεργέος Ἑρῆς
 Σειληνοῦς ἐδόκευε πεφυζότας, ἔδρακε Βάκχας 265
 σπερχομένας ἀγεληδὸν ἀπὸ τριόδων, ἀπὸ πύργων,
 καὶ Σατύρους κείροντα καὶ ἀμώνοντα γυναῖκας
 Δηριάδην ἐνόησεν ὀπίστερον, ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
 υἷέα δ' ἐν δαπέδῳ κατακείμενον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφαι
 ἐγγὺς ἔσαν στεφανηδόν· ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης 270
 κεῖτο καρηβαρέων, ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἄσθμα τιταίνων,
 ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
 καὶ φθονερῆς ἠλεγξε δόλον δυσμήχανον Ἑρῆς,
 καὶ δολίην παράκοιτιν ἐμέμψατο κέντορι μύθῳ·
 καὶ νύ κεν ἀχλυόεντος ὀμέστιον Ἰαπετοῖο 275
 Ὕπνον ὀμιχλήεντι κατεκλήμισσε βερέθρῳ,
 εἰ μὴ Νυξ ἰκέτευε, θεῶν δμῆτειρα καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
 καὶ μόγις εὐνήσας ὀλοὸν χόλον ἴαχεν Ἑρῆ·

“ Οὐ πῶ ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἐκορέσσαι,

δύσμαχος Ἑρῆ,

ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ φθιμένη τάχα χῶεαι; οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ 280
 σὸν κότον ἐπρήνεν ἀτέρμονα νυμφιδίη φλόξ,
 λέκτρα διασκεδάσασα Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης;
 Ἰνδοφόνῳ τέο μέχρις ἐπιβρίθεις Διονύσω;

within closed gates, although his victory was a useless deceptive shadow ; but when the light came, and he saw no Bacchantes, all was gone like a dream, and he cried in a mournful voice, indignant with Zeus and Phaëthon and Dionysos, as he searched for the fugitive Mainalids. But around the walls the Basarids unveiled shouted with Euian voice. Then Deriades set out in pursuit for the second time.

²⁶² Zeus awoke on the peaks of Caucasos and threw off the wing of sleep. He understood the beguiling trick of Hera the mischiefmaker when he saw the Seilenoï in flight, when he saw the Bacchant women hurrying in herds from the threeways and the walls, and behind them the Indian chieftain Deriades, cutting down Satyrs and mowing down women ; he saw his own son lying upon the ground, and the nymphs all round him in a ring, but he lay in the whirling dust heavy-headed, half-fainting, breathing hard, sputtering white foam to witness his frenzy. Then Zeus disclosed Hera's mischievous contrivance, and reproached his deceitful consort with stinging words. And now indeed he would have imprisoned Sleep in the darksome pit of gloom to dwell along with murky Iapetos,^a but for the prayers of Night the vanquisher of gods and men. So Zeus calmed his savage resentment with difficulty, and cried out to Hera :

²⁷⁹ " Have you not yet been cruel enough to my Semele, invincible Hera ? Must you still be bitter against her though dead ? So even the bridal flame itself could not assuage your unending rancour, when it scattered abroad the bed of Thyone struck by Zeus ! How long will you oppress Dionysos the

* One of the Titans imprisoned in Tartaros.

ἄζοο σὺς προτέρους πάλιν ἄκμονας· εἰσέτι κείνοι,
 εἰσέτι μοι παρέασιν ἀρηγόνες, οὐς ποσὶ δήσας 285
 ὑμετέροις ἔσφιγξα· σὺ δ' ἄστατος ὑψόθι γαίης
 αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι μετάρσιον εἶχες ἀνάγκη·
 καὶ θρασὺς ἐν νεφέλῃσι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι γαίης
 δέσμιον εἶδεν Ἄρης σε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησε τεκούσῃ·
 οὐ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἐπήρκεσεν· οὐ δύναται γὰρ 290
 τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἓνα σπινθήρα κεραυνοῦ.
 δήσω σὰς παλάμας χρυσέῳ πάλιν ἠθάδι δεσμῶ·
 Ἄρεα δ' ἀρραγέεσσι ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσω 293
 εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὁμόδρομον, οἷος ἀλήτης 295
 Τάνταλος ἠερόφοιτος ἢ Ἰξίων μετανάστης· 296
 καὶ μιν ἀναλθήτοισιν ὄλον πληγῆσιν ἱμάσσω, 294
 εἰσόκε νικήσειεν ἐμὸς πάϊς υἱέας Ἰνδῶν. 297
 ἀλλὰ τεῶ Κρονίῳνι χαρίζεαι, αἶ κεν ἐλάσσης
 λύσσαν ἐριπτοίητον ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
 μηδὲ λίπης κοτέοντα τεὸν πόσιν, ἀλλὰ μολοῦσα 300
 Ἰνδῶης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ κλέτας εὐβοτον ὕλης
 Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἐμὴν μετὰ μητέρα Ῥεῖην,
 ὄφρα τελειότεροισιν ἐοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀρύσση
 σὴν ἱερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα προηγῆτειραν Ὀλύμπου,
 καὶ βατὸν αἰθέρα τευξὸν ἐπιχθονίῳ Διονύσῳ· 305
 ὑμετέρῳ δὲ γάλακτι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
 σβέσσον ἀμερσινόοιο δυσειδέα λύματα νούσου.
 καὶ σοι ἐπεντύνω γέρας ἄξιον· ὑμετέρῃ γὰρ
 στηρίξω κατ' Ὀλυμπὸν ἐοικότα κύκλον ἐέρση,
 Ἡραίοιο γάλακτος ἐπώνυμον, ὄφρα γεραίρω 310
 ἱκμάδα πασιμέλουσαν ἀλεξικάκου σέο μαζοῦ·

* Ixion, for attempting to violate Hera, was bound in Tartaros to a wheel which turns everlastingly; no such punishment is elsewhere ascribed to Tantalos.

Indianslayer? Do not forget those stones of long ago! I have them still, I have them ready for use—the ones I tied fast on to your feet: there you dangled in the sky and the clouds high above the earth, and suffered tortures! Bold Ares saw you tied up and wrapt in clouds high above the earth, but he could not help his mother. Fiery Hephaistos could not help, for he cannot stand one spark of blazing thunderbolt. I will tie up your hands again in that same old golden chain. Ares I will fasten with galling fetters unbreakable to whirl upon a selfrolling wheel, to run with him, like a Tantalos travelling the skies or a banished Ixion^a: I will flog him all over with stripes incurable until my son shall conquer the sons of India.

²⁹⁸ “ But how kind you would be to your Cronion, if you will only drive that distracting madness from tormented Dionysos! Do not fail your provoked husband; but go uncaught to the fertile slope of the woodland pastures of India, and offer your breast to Bacchos as once did my mother Rheia; let him draw with his lips older grown your holy drops, and by that draught lead him on the way to Olympos and make heaven lawful ground for the feet of earthborn Dionysos!^b Anoint with your milk the body of Lyaïos, and cleanse the ugly stains of mind-robbing disease. And I offer you a worthy reward; for I will place in Olympos a circle, image of that flow^c named after Hera’s milk, to honour the allfamous sap of your saviour breast. Only I pray you beware of the

^b It was a rite of adoption; Nonnos makes it also a process of healing.

^c The Milky Way. Usually it is milk fallen from Hera’s breast, but stories differ somewhat as to the occasion.

μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο Διὸς φιλότεκνον ἀπειλήν,
μηδὲ πάλιν δόλον ἄλλον ἐπεντύνης Διονύσω·”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν προέηκε παλίγκοτον εὐνέτιν Ἦρην
Βακχεῖης κακότητος ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκη, 315
ἴλαον εὐάντητον ἀτυζομένω Διονύσω,
ᾧφρα δέμας Βρομίιο γαλαξαίησιν ἐέρσαις
χειρὶ περιχρίσειε θεοτρεφῶν ἀπὸ μαζῶν.

Ἦρη δ’ οὐκ ἀμέλησεν· ἀκεσσιπόνιοιο δὲ θηλῆς
θεσπεσίῃ ραθάμιγγι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου 320
ἄγρια δαιμονίης ἀπεσεΐσατο λύματα λύσσης·
καὶ δίδυμον φθόνον εἶχεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ
ἠνορέην ὀρόωσα καὶ ἀγλαΐην Διονύσου,
καὶ φθονεραῖς παλάμησι μεμνηνόςτος ἦψατο Βάκχου·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ στομάτεσσιν ἀνειρύσασα χιτῶνος 325
ἀμβροσίης πλήθουσαν ἐὼν γυμνώσατο θηλήν,
θλιβομένην βλύζουσα χύσιν ζηλήμονι μαζῶ·
καὶ μιν ἀνεζώγησε· τανυπλοκάμου δὲ Λυαίου
ᾧμμασι μηκεδανοῖσι τόσην διεμέτρεεν ἦβην,
εἴ ποτε τηλίκον εἶδος ἐπιχθονίῃ τέκε γαστήρ, 330
εἰ τόσος ἦεν Ἄρης ἐγχεσπάλος, εἰ τόσος Ἑρμῆς,
εἰ Φαέθων πέλε τοῖον ἢ ἱμερόφωνος Ἀπόλλων·
καὶ μιν ἔχειν μενέαιεν ἐν αἰθέρι νυμφίον Ἦβης,
εἰ μὴ οἱ κατένευσε μετὰ χρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
μόρσιμον Ἡρακλήα δυωδεκάεθλον ἀκοίτην. 335

Ἡ μὲν ἀλεξήσασα πόνον μανιώδεα Βάκχου
ὑψιφανῆς ἀνέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χορὸν ἄστρον,
μὴ στρατιῆν ἀσίδηρον ἐσαθρήσῃ Διονύσου
μαρναμένην νάρθηκι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
καὶ προμάχους κταμένους ὀλίγῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ. 340

Οὐδὲ μάχης ἀμέλησε Διὸς παῖς, ἀλλὰ μαχητὰς
θωρήξας παλίνορσος ἀγέστρατον ἴαχε φωνήν,
χειρὶ Γιγαντοφόνῳ ταμεσίχροα κισσὸν ἐλίσσω·

menace of Zeus, and stretch again no other net of deceit for Dionysos his beloved son."

³¹⁴ So saying, he dismissed his resentful consort Hera, to heal the trouble of Bacchos against her will, to be gracious and friendly towards afflicted Dionysos, that her hands might salve the body of Bromios with the milky dew from her godnursing breasts.

³¹⁹ Hera did not disobey. She anointed the body of Lyaïos with the divine drops of her painhealing teat, and wiped away the stains of the wild divine frenzy. When she saw the manhood and radiance of Dionysos and touched mad Bacchos with grudging hands, she felt a double jealousy although her face hid it. She opened her dress on both sides for his lips, and bared her teats full of ambrosia, pressing the jealous breast to let the milk flow, and brought him back to life. With her great eyes she measured all the youthful strength of longhaired Lyaïos, wondering if ever mortal mother brought forth such a shape, if shakespear Ares was so tall as this, if Hermes, if Phaëthon was such, or sweetvoiced Apollo; and she wished him in heaven as Hebe's bridegroom, had not Zeus our Lord on High ordained that in days to come twelvelabour Heracles was fated to be her husband.

³³⁶ She then, after healing the madness of Bacchos, returned again to the company of the stars on high, that she might not see the weaponless army of Dionysos fighting with fennel and bundles of vine, and killing warriors with a little manbreaking thyrsus.

³⁴¹ Now the son of Zeus did not neglect the battle. He appeared once more and armed his soldiers; he waved the fleshcutting ivy in giantslaying hand, and summoned the host again with cries:

NONNOS

“ Θαρσαλέοι μάρνασθε τὸ δεύτερον·

ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ

Ζεὺς πάλιν ἡμείων πρόμος ἴσταται, νίει Βάκχῳ 345
 ἴλαος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ προασπίζων Διονύσου
 ἀθανάτων χορὸς ἦλθε, καὶ οὐκέτι χῶεται Ἕρῃ.
 τίς στεροπῇ Κρονίδαο μαχέσσεται; ἢ πότε δειλοὶ
 δυσμενέες μίμνουσι κορυσσομένοιο κερανοῦ;
 ἴσος ἐμῷ γενετῆρι φανήσομαι· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ 350
 Γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἐμὸς νίκησε Κρονίων,
 νικήσω καὶ ἔγωγε χαμαιγενέων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
 σήμερον ἀθήσητε κορυμβοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
 Δηριάδην ἰκέτην βραδυπειθέα, καὶ χορὸν Ἰνδῶν
 αὐχένα δοχμῶσαντα γαληναίῳ Διονύσῳ, 355
 καὶ ποταμὸν μεθέποντα μεθυσφαλὲς Εὐϊὸν ὕδωρ·
 ἀντιβίους δ' ὄψεσθε παρὰ κρητῆρι Λυαίου
 ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντας ἀπ' οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο,
 καὶ θρασὺν Ἰνδὸν ἀνακτα, κατάσχετον οἴνοπι κισσῷ,
 ἰλλόμενον πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ, 360
 εἵκελα δεσμὰ φέροντα, τά περ μετὰ κύματα λύσσης
 Νυσιάδες βοῶσι θεοудέες εἰσέτι Νύμφαι,
 ἀλκῆς ἡμετέρης ἐπιμάρτυρες, ὅπποτε κισσοῦ
 ἀγχιονίῳ σφίγξασα θεημάχον ἀνέρα δεσμῷ
 Ἄρραβίην ἐφόβησεν ἐμῇ θρασυεργὸς ὀπώρη, 365
 ἄμματι βοτρύοεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου.
 ἀλλὰ τόσου μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
 ληίδα δυσμενέων συλήσατε καὶ κτέρας ἄλμης,
 μαρμαρέας λάιγγας, ἐμὴν δ' ἐπὶ μητέρα Ῥεῖην
 ἐλκομένας πλοκάμοιο μεταστήσασθε γυναῖκας· 370
 καὶ προμάχους τίσασθε δεδουπότας, ὧν ἐπὶ πότημῳ
 τείρομαι ὀξειήσι μεληδόσιν· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
 ἀμφότερον κοτέω τε καὶ ἄχνημαι, ὅττι δοκεύω
 Δηριάδην ζῶοντα καὶ ἀκτερείστον Ὀφέλτην,

344 " Courage, to battle once more ! Zeus again stands in our front for the fight ; he is gracious to Bacchos his son, and the company of the immortals has come from heaven to defend Dionysos. Hera is no longer our enemy. Who will fight with the lightning of Cronides ? When will cowardly enemies stand if the thunderbolt is ready ? I will show myself equal to my Father. Cronion my father conquered Earth's brood, the Titans, in battle : I also will conquer the earthborn nation of Indians !

353 " This day after the victory of the vinebearers behold obstinate Deriades a supplicant, and the Indian host bending the neck before peaceful Dionysos, and the river rolling the staggering liquor of Euios ! You shall see our adversaries beside the mixing-bowl of Dionysos quaffing ruddy water out of the winerunning-river ; and the bold Indian king, fettered with ivy and vineclusters, rolling among leaves and clusters of grapes, wearing fetters like those which the divine Nysiad nymphs, now that the surges of madness are over, still tell of : those witnesses of my prowess, when my strong and potent fruitage throttled with a noose of ivy the man who fought against the gods and frightened Arabia, when Lycurgos was constrained by bonds of vine.

367 " At last after so many periods of rolling conflict, seize the booty of your enemies, and those shining stones the glory of the sea ! Drag off the women by the hair and take them to Rheia my mother ! Take your vengeance for our fallen warriors, whose fate afflicts me with sharp pangs. In my heart is both anger and sorrow, that I see Deriades alive and Opheltes unburied, reproaching after death the

NONNOS

μεμφόμενον μετὰ πότμον ἀεργέα χεῖρα Λυαίου·
 οὐκέτι Κωδώνη θωρήσεται, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
 μάρναται Ἀλκιμάχεια δορυσσόος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
 Αἰβίαλος δέδμητο, καὶ εἰσέτι θύρσον ἐρύκω.
 αἰδέομαι μετὰ δῆριν Ἀρέστορα, μὴ καὶ ἀκούσῃ,
 ὅττι θανῶν οὐχ εὔρεν ἀρηγόνα νεκρὸς Ὀφέλτης· 380
 οὐ δύναμαι Κρήτης Κορυβαντίδος ἄστυ περῆσαι,
 μὴ γενέτης Ἀγέλαος ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοήσῃ,
 Ἄνθεος ὀλλυμένοιο φόνον νήποινον ἀκούων·
 αἰδέομαι Μίνωι φανήμεναι· ἐν κλισίῃ γὰρ
 Ἄστέριος μογέει βεβολημένος, ὃν πλέον ἄλλων 385
 ρύσομαι· Εὐρώπης γὰρ ἔχει γένος· ἀλλὰ σαώσας
 νόστιμον ἀρτεμέοντα πάλιν γενετῆρι κομίσσω
 πηρὸν ἐμὸν μετὰ δῆριν, ὅπως μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ
 Ἄστέριον χατέοντα λιποπτολέμου Διονύσου.
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, καὶ εἰν ἐνὶ πᾶσιν ἀρήξω, 390
 τοσσατίων ἓνα μῦνον ἀποκτείνας ὀλετῆρα.”

idle hand of Lyaios. Codone arms herself no longer, poor Alcimacheia fights no more brandishing her spear ; nay, even Aibialos has fallen, and still I hold back my thyrsus. I am ashamed after the battle to think of Arestor,^a lest he should hear that Opheltes at the instant of death found none to help him. I cannot traverse the Corybantian city of Crete,^b lest Agelaos the father should lament for his dead son, if he hears that Antheus perished unavenged. I am ashamed to show myself to Minos, for Asterios lies in his hut suffering and wounded, whom more than any I will succour, since he has in him the blood of Europa ; surely I will bring home my own kinsman safe and sound from the war, and give him back to his father, that Cadmos may never hear that Asterios looked in vain for runaway Dionysos. Come, to the battle again ! In one I will defend all, when I have killed the one who destroyed so many.”

^a Father of Opheltes.

^b Lyctos, from which Antheus came.

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