

31 Phaethon

(Ovid Metamorphoses II, lines 40 - 332 - abridged)

A foolhardy request

He finished speaking. But his father (put down the rays) flashing all around his head

(.....), and ordered him to approach nearer,

and giving him an embrace, (said) “ (You deserve) to be recognised as my son

(.....) and Clymene told the truth about your birth.

To set your mind at rest, ask for whatever gift you like, so that (you may take) it away 5

as a gift from me. Be a witness to my promises,

O pool that the gods must swear by, unknown to my eyes.

Barely had he finished, when Phaethon asks for his father's chariot

and for a day permission to drive his winged horses.

The father regretted having bound himself by his oath. Three times and four times 10

shaking his shining head, he said “The rashness

of my words has been proved by your request. Would that it were possible (.....) *if only it were*

not to keep my (promise)! I confess, this, son, is the only thing I would deny you.

It is allowable to advise against it. Your wish is not safe.

It is allowable to advise against it. Your wish is not safe.

It is a big (favour) you are asking, Phaethon, (suited) neither to that strength of yours **15**

(.....) (.....) nor to one of such youthful years.

Your lot is mortal. What you ask is not mortal.”

He had finished his warning. but Phaethon rejects his words,

and presses his proposal, and burns with a desire to drive the chariot.

Therefore, having delayed as much as he could, the father (.....) **20**

escorts the young man to the lofty chariot, a gift from Vulcan.

The horses break free

He jumps into the light chariot with his youthful body

and stands on high, (he rejoices) to handle the reins which had been handed over to him

(.....) and then thanks his reluctant father.

Meanwhile winged Pyrois, Eous and Aethon, **25**

the horses of the Sun God, together with the fourth horse Phlegon (.....)(.....)

fill the (air) with their fiery (neighing) and kick against the barriers with their hooves.

(.....) After Tethys, unaware of her grandson's fate,

pulled (them) back and the chance of driving through the vast heavens was offered him,

they surged forward and with the movement of their feet through the air, 30

they cut through the obstructing clouds and, supported by their wings

outstrip the East winds which had risen in the same place.

But the weight was light, and not such as (the horses of the Sun) could recognise

(.....)(.....), and the yoke lacked its usual weight;

and just as curved ships when they are not fully laden are tossed about 35

and are carried unsteadily through the sea because they are too light,

in the same way, without its normal load, (the chariot) leapt into the air

and is tossed high up like a chariot which is (.....) empty.

As soon as they realised it, the four-horse team rush on and leave the well-worn

(.....) track and do not run in their usual course. 40

Panic Sets in

He himself is afraid and (knows) neither how he is to control the reins entrusted to him

nor (.....) where the route was, and he could not have controlled them even if he had known.

When indeed from the height of heaven he looked down at the earth ,

far far down below, poor Phaethon

He went pale, and his knees trembled with sudden fear

and he was dazzled by the strong light.

And now he wished he had never touched his father's horses,

now he was sorry he had found out who his father was, having got his own way.

Now wishing to be called the son of Merops, he was carried along, just like (.....)

a ship (driven) by a headlong North wind, whose (rudder) (.....)(.....) **50**

its helmsman has let go (having been overwhelmed), and abandoned to the gods and prayers.

What was he to do? Much of the sky lay behind his back,

in front of him lay more: mentally he measured both;

and sometimes, (he looks ahead towards the West) which it was not his destiny to reach,

(.....)(.....), sometimes he looks back to the East. **55**

And not knowing what to do he is stunned and neither lets go of the reins

nor is he able to hold on to them nor knows the names of the horses.

And in the ever-changing sky (he sees) scattered on all sides marvels

and fearful (.....) images of huge beasts.

Global catastrophe

At a loss what to do, he let go of the reins in cold fear;

as soon as they touched the hide of their backs and lay there,

the horses wandered from the course and since no one was holding them back (..)(...)

they went through the air of an unknown region, and wherever their momentum took them

they rushed out of control and under the vault of heaven (they rushed) through the fixed

(.....) constellations and carried along the chariot violently through pathless regions. **65**

And now they made for the highest regions, now down slopes and (steep) paths

(.....) they were borne along a track nearer to the earth,

and the Moon (was amazed) that her brother's (horses) were running lower than her own

(.....) (.....), and the scorched clouds steamed.

All the highest parts of the earth were siezed by flames **70**

and it split and opened up cracks and, with the moisture taken away, it dried up;

the grass grew white, the trees with their leaves burned,

the dry crops provided fuel for their own destruction.

These are minor things which I bemoan: great cities perished with their walls,

and the fires (turned) whole races with their people **75**

to ash (.....); the woods blaze on the mountains.

No escape for Phaethon

Then indeed Phaethon (saw) the earth on every side

(.....) ablaze and could not endure such great heat;

and (he gulped in) air which was boiling as if from a deep furnace

(.....)(.....), and he realised his chariot was beginning to glow;

80

and now (he could not endure) the ash, the ash which had been thrown out

(.....) (.....), and he was enveloped on all sides by warm smoke;

(He does not know) where he is going, or where he is, covered as he is in pitch-black smoke

(.....), and was swept along at the whim of the winged horses.

People believe that it was because the blood had been drawn to the surface of the skin, **85**

that the tribes of Ethiopians acquired their black color.

Then it was that Libya, its moisture taken by the heat, was made

dry.

Jupiter intervenes

But the almighty father, calling the gods to witness , and Apollo himself

who had given the chariot, that unless he brought help, everything (.....)

90

would be destroyed by a heavy fate, towering above all, made for the highest point,
from where he was accustomed to spread the clouds over the wide lands,
from where he moved the thunder and brandished and hurled his thunderbolts,
but (he had)(then) neither the clouds which he might spread over the land
(.....)(.....), nor rain which he could send down from the sky. **95**

He thundered and (sent) a thunderbolt, balanced beside his right ear,
(.....) at the charioteer and at one and the same time (parted) him from his life and his chariot
(.....), and quenched his fire with his own cruel flames.

The horses were terrified and leaping in opposite directions,
wrenched their necks from the yoke and bursting free from the reins left them far behind. **100**

In one place lay the bridles, in another (.....) the axle which had been torn away from the pole
(.....) in yet another placethe spokes of the broken wheels,
remains of the shattered chariot were scattered widely.

But Phaethon, with flame ravaging his red hair,
tumbled headlong and (was swept) across the sky trailing fire far behind him **105**

(.....), just as sometimes a star in a clear sky,
although it didn't fall, gave the impression of having fallen.

(.....) Far from his homeland in a remote region

The ^{great} Eridanus received (him), and washed his smoke-blackened face.

Mourning for Phaethon

(His body), still smouldering from the three-forked flame, the Naiads of Hesperia **110**

gave burial, and also marked the rock with this verse:

“Here Phaethon lies, his father’s car he tried;

Though proved too weak, he greatly daring died.”

For his father (.....), pitiable and sick with grief,

had hidden his (veiled) face: and if we can believe it, one **115**

day they say went by without the appearance of the sun. The burning fires (.....)

provided (light), and so there was some benefit in this disaster.

30 Daedalus and Icarus

Plan of Escape

Daedalus, meanwhile, thoroughly hating Crete and his long
Exile, and touched by love for the place of his birth
Was shut in by the sea. He says “Though he blocks land and sea
The sky lies open for sure. We will go by that way.
Although he controls everything else, Minos does not control the air.” 5
He finished speaking and now devised completely new techniques
And seeks to change nature; for he sets feathers in a row,
Then he ties them at the middle with thread and at the bottom with wax,
And when they were arranged in this way, he bends them in a gentle curve
To resemble the wings of real birds. The boy Icarus 10
was standing nearby and, unaware that he was handling danger to himself
with a happy smile on his face now tried to catch the feathers which
a capricious breeze had disturbed, now softened with his thumb
the yellow wax – and with his game hindered the wonderful work of his father.
After the finishing touches were put on his project 15
The craftsman launched his body out upon level wings
And hovered, beating the air.

Final Instructions

He equipped his son also, “ I warn you to fly on a middle course,
Icarus, for if you go lower the waves may make your feathers heavy;
If you go higher, the heat may burn them 20
Fly between the two! And I order you to look neither at Bootes

Nor Helice nor Orion's drawn sword;

Make your way with me as your guide!" At the same time he

Gave instructions for flying and fitted the strange wings to Icarus' shoulders.

As he worked and gave his warnings the old man's cheeks became wet 25

And the father's hands trembled. He gave his son a kiss

Never again to be repeated, and rising up on his wings

Flew on ahead, fearing for his companion, just like a bird

Which has brought out its tender young from a high nest into the air

He urged him to follow, and taught him skills that would bring his death 30

And he himself flapped his own wings, and looked back at his son's.

It all goes wrong

Someone while fishing with a quivering rod,

A shepherd leaning on his staff or ploughman leaning on his plough-handle

Saw them, was astonished, and since they were able to fly through the air

Believed them to be gods. And now Samos, sacred to Juno 35

Was on the left side (both Delos and Paros had been left behind)

On the right was Lebinthos and Calymne, rich in honey

When the boy began to delight in the boldness of his flight

And he abandoned his leader, and tempted by the lure of the open sky steered his

Course too high. The closeness of the fierce sun 40

Soffened the sweet-smelling wax, which bound the feathers together;

The wax had melted; bare were the arms he flapped,

And lacking the driving-power, he caught no breeze

And his mouth was engulfed by the dark blue water

As he called out the name of his father; 45

The sea got its name from him.

But the unhappy father, now no longer a father, called out "Icarus,

Icarus, where are you? Where shall I look for you?"

He kept shouting "Icarus!" He noticed feathers in the water

And he cursed his talents, buried the body in a tomb

50

And the island was called after he who was buried there.

Questions

1. How does Ovid suggest the boy is getting in the way?
2. How does this verse contrast with the previous one?
3. How appropriate is the simile of the bird and Daedalus?
4. How does Ovid suggest the outcome of this flight?
5. Why should the men on the ground be astonished?

Lines 1-5. Longing for his fatherland, but prevented by Minos from leaving Crete by ship, Daedalus determines to try the air. 'Minos may be lord of sea and land,' he said, 'but he does not rule the sky.'

Daedalus meanwhile thoroughly hating Crete and his long

exile, and touched by love for the place of his birth

was shut in by the sea. He says 'though he block land and sea

the sky lies open for sure. We will go by that way.

Let him hold everything else but Minos ^{does} ~~will~~ not hold the air.'

6-10 He devises wings shaped to resemble birds' wings, made of feathers tied in the middle by a thread and with the quills embedded in wax.

He finished speaking and now turns his mind to unfamiliar skills

and seeks to change his nature; for he sets feathers in a row,

then he ties the middle parts (of the feathers) with thread and the lowest parts with wax

and having arranged them thus he bends them in a gentle curve

to imitate real birds' (feathers).

10-15 Icarus looks on at the work: he gleefully chases the wind-blown feathers, and moulds the wax with his thumb, and, childlike, gets constantly in the way.

The boy Icarus was standing nearby

and not knowing that he was handling danger to himself, ^{now}

grinning ^{ed} cheerfully ^{and} would ~~now~~ try to catch the feathers which a

capricious breeze had disturbed, now he would soften with his thumb

the yellow wax - and with his game hindered the wonderful work of his father.

15-26 ' The work is done, and Daedalus tries the success of his experiment. He makes Icarus also ready to fly, and warns him not to let the waves wet his wings nor the sun melt them. He is to follow his father's guidance. As the old man speaks, his cheeks are wet with tears.'

After the final touch was put on his project

the craftsman launched his body out upon level wings

and hovered, beating the air.

He begins to make his son ready too saying 'I warn you

to fly by the middle path, Icarus, for if you go lower,

the waves may make your feathers heavy; if you go higher, the fire may burn them up.

Fly between the two. I command you to look neither at Bootes

nor Helice nor Orion's drawn sword.

Travel on your way with me as your guide. 'At the same time he

gives instructions in flying and fits the strange wings to Icarus' shoulders.

Between the task and the warnings the old man's cheeks became wet

and the father's hands trembled.

27-35 They start. The father is as fearful for his son as a bird that is teaching its fledglings. Fishermen, shepherds, labourers see them pass, and think that they are gods.

He gave his son a kiss ,

a kiss destined never to be repeated, and rising up on his wings

flies on ahead, and he fears for his companion just like a bird

which has brought out its tender young from high nest into the open air

(Daedalus) urges him to follow and teaches him the fatal art

and he himself flaps his ^{own} wings and looks back at his son's.

Someone trying to catch fish with a quivering rod saw them,

as did ^a shepherd leaning on his staff and a ploughman leaning on the handle of his plough

and each was astonished, believing that since they could cross the skies

they must be gods.

35-45 'They are now above the Aegean sea, when Icarus forgets his father's warnings, and in the joy of flight soars dangerously high. The sun melts the wax, and the feathers are loosened from his arms. He cannot grip the air, and falls into the sea.

And now Juno's Samos

and both Delos and Paros had been left behind on the left hand side

and on the right Lebinthus and Calymne, rich in honey

when the boy began to delight in the boldness of his flight

and he abandoned his guide and moved by a longing for the sky

steered a higher course. The closeness of the fierce sun

softened the sweet-smelling wax, the binding of his feathers.

The wax had now melted; he ~~flapped~~ ^{flaps} his bare arms,

and lacking the oarage (of the feathers) he caught no breeze

and the deep-blue water closed over his lips as they called out the name

of his father ; from Icarus did the sea get its name.

46-50 'The father calls in vain. Then he sees the feathers on the waters, and finds his son's body, which he buries in the island called therefrom Icaria.'

But the unlucky father, no longer a father, called out 'Icarus'

'Icarus', he called 'where are you? where shall I look for you ?

As he was saying 'Icarus' he saw feathers in the water

and he cursed his talents - the body he buried in a tomb

and the land was called after the name of the person buried there.

1-24 This spear, son of a goddess, (who could believe it ?) brings me tears and will continue to do so for many a year, if the fates allow me to live that long. It has destroyed me and my dear wife: if only I had always done without this gift !

Her name was Procris (but perhaps the name Orithyia is more likely to have come to your ears), the sister of that Orithyia who was carried off; if you wish to compare the appearance and character of the two, Procris herself was the more worthy of being seized. Her father, Erectheus joined her in marriage to me; it was love which united her with me. I was called happy, and so I was. But this did not please the gods, otherwise I might be happy now too. The second month was passing since our marriage rites when the golden Dawn, having dispelled the shadows, sees me one morning holding out the nets for catching the antlered stags down from the very top of ever - flowering Mt. Hymettus and she seizes me against my will. May I be allowed to tell the truth without offending the goddess: although she was notable for her rosy countenance, although she keeps the boundaries between night and day, and for all that she feeds on draughts of nectar, it was Procris that I loved, Procris was in my heart, Procris' name was always on my lips. I kept talking of the rites of our marriage couch, of the fresh union and recent wedding and of the first compact of the deserted marriage bed.

The goddess was moved to anger and said:

" Stop complaining, ungrateful one, have your Procris. But if my mind can see into the future, you will wish you had never had her."

And in anger she sent me back to her.

25-33 As I returned and went over in my mind the words of the goddess, I began to be afraid lest my wife had not kept well her marriage vows. Her appearance and her age bade me believe in her adultery, but her character forbade it. But, nevertheless, I had been away and indeed

as I returned and went over in my mind the words of the goddess I began to be afraid lest my wife had not kept her marriage vows well. Her appearance and her age bade me believe in her adultery, but her character forbade it. But, nevertheless, I had been away and, indeed, she, from whom I was returning, was an example of crime - but we lovers fear everything.

34-44 I decide to seek something to make me suffer and to put her pledge of chastity to the test with gifts. Aurora supports this suspicion and (I seem to have felt it) she changes my appearance. Unable to be recognised I go into Athens of Pallas Athene and enter my own house. The house itself lacked any sign of guilt, it gave signs of chastity and was anxious for its stolen master. Access was scarcely won to the daughter of Erectheus even after a thousand deceptions.

When I saw her I was dumstruck and I almost abandoned the tests of her faithfulness which I had intended. Scarcely could I restrain myself from admitting the truth, from kissing her, as indeed I ought to have done. She was sad (but no one however could be more beautiful than her when sad) and grieving for the loss of her abducted husband. Judge, Phocus, how beautiful she was, she whom her very grief suited so well.

44-53 Why should I relate how often her chastity rejected my temptations, and how often she said " I am keeping myself for one alone; wherever he is I am keeping the joy I can give for him only." Who in his right mind would not be satisfied by such proof of loyalty ? But I was not satisfied and I fought on to my own hurt ! When finally I forced her to hesitate, by saying that I would give her a fortune for a night with her and by increasing the number of gifts - wickedly victorious, I exclaimed: " Wicked one, it's only a pretend adulterer her; all the time I was your real husband. Before my very eyes, you were holding him - traitor. "

54-62 She said nothing in reply: overcome merely by a silent shame, she fled from the treacherous threshold and her wicked husband and, detesting the whole race of men because of my offence, she wandered the mountains, devoting herself to the pursuits of Diana. Then, once I had been deserted, a more violent passion came into my bones; I began to beg for forgiveness and confessed that I had done wrong and might myself have succumbed to such a guilty act when gifts were being offered, and if they were so great.

62-677 When I admitted this she was given back to me, having first avenged herself for her wounded virtue, and we passed happy years in harmony together. She gives me besides (as if she had given a small gift in herself) a hound as a gift, and when her dear Diana handed it to her, she had said, " It will defeat all other hounds at running." At the same time she gives me a javelin which (as you see) I have in my hands.

68-755 The joys of marriage are the origin of my sorrow: I will tell you of them first. How good it is to remember that happy time, son of Aeacus, when during those first years, I was rightly happy with my wife and she was happy with her husband. Care for each other and a love which united us held the two of us in their grip. She would not have preferred marriage with Jupiter to my love nor was there any woman to capture my heart, not even if Venus herself came to me. The same flame of love burned in both our breasts.

76-922 Just about the time when the sun was striking the hilltops ^{with its first rays} I used to go into the woods to hunt, as young men do; and I didn't used to have slaves go with me, nor horses or keen-scented hounds, or knotted lines trailing after me. I was safe just with my javelin. But when my right hand had had enough of killing wild animals, I would seek somewhere cool and shady and the breeze which came down from the chill valleys. It was a gentle breeze that I sought in the midday heat, it was a

breeze I was waiting for, that was what was my refreshment after my labours. I used to call (for I remember it), " Come to me, Zephyr, help me, come into my embrace, most welcome of visitors; please relieve the heat which scorches me - as you always do! " Perhaps I added a few words of flattery (for this is how my fate was drawing me on) and I would say, " You are a great delight to me; you restore me and soothe me; you make me love the woods and solitary places; may that breath of yours always be captured by my mouth! "

93-106

Somebody or other lent an ear which was taken in by these unclear words and thinks that the name of the breeze, called out so often, is the name of a nymph, and that I was in love with her. At once the rash informant of this crime which he had invented goes to Procris and reports in a whisper what he had heard. Love is a credulous thing: I am told that she fainted with this sudden sorrow, and having recovered after a long time she spoke of her wretchedness, saying that she had been born under a cruel star and complaining about my disloyalty; she fears a crime which had been suggested by an empty nothing, she fears a name without a body and she grieves unhappily as though over a real rival. Often, nevertheless, she is in doubt and, poor girl, hoping that she was mistaken refuses to believe the story, and would not condemn her husband's crime unless she had seen it for herself.

107-128.

The next day's light had dispelled the night; I go out, make for the wood and, sprawling triumphantly in the grass, I said " Come to me, Zephyr, and soothe my weariness ! " And suddenly, as I was speaking, I thought I heard a sort of groaning noise: nevertheless, as I said " Come, fairest one," a fall of leaves made a light rustling sound again and, thinking that it was a wild animal and I threw my flying javelin. It was Procris, and clutching the wound in her chest, cries " Ah, woe is me ! " When I recognised the voice of my faithful

^{conjuges}

wife, I ran headlong, madly towards the voice; I find her in a faint, staining and marring her clothes with her blood and, (woe is me) drawing her own gift out of her breast; I lift up in my gentle arms her body which is dearer to me than my own, I bind the savage wound with the dress torn from her breast and I try to stem the blood, begging that she may not leave me behind a criminal because of her death. With her strength now failing and close to death, she forced herself to say these few words: " By the vows of our marriage bed, by the gods above and by my own, by any good service I have ever rendered to you, and now as I die, by the lasting cause of my death, love, in supplication I beg you not to allow Zephyr to become your wife and use our marriage chamber! "

129-134

She finished speaking, and then finally I realised and explained the mistake over the name. But how did it help to have explained it ? She slipped away, the little strength she had ebbing away with her blood and, so long as she could see at all, it is me she looks at, on me and into my mouth that she breathes her last breath; but she seemed to die free from care and with a happier expression. "

Lines 1-6 Hercules is returning to Greece with the oxen of Geryon. In his long travels he reaches Evander's colony on the site of Rome, and is hospitably entertained by him. In the morning he misses two bulls.

Behold the club-bearing hero brings the Erythean cattle to the shore at that place having travelled to the end of the long world.

And while he is hospitably entertained in the Tegean house his cattle roam unguarded across the wide fields.

It was morning ; the Tirynthian herdsman was roused from his sleep and he realises that two of his cattle were missing.

Lines 7-16 Cacus had stolen the bulls, dragging them backwards into his lair to prevent detection. He was a terrible and powerful monster, His lair was a cave, deeply hidden, and foul with the bones of his victims. His lair

Despite his search he sees no trace of the silent theft.

The fierce Cacus had dragged them ~~away~~ ^{backwards} into his cave,

Cacus, the fear and disgrace of the Aventine wood, the great bane of his neighbours and guests.

The man had a terrible face, his strength was in proportion to his body, his body was huge.

The father of this monster was Mulciber.

And for a house he had a huge cave, with long receding passages

hidden away, scarce able to be found even by wild beasts.

Fixed above the entrance hang skulls and arms

and the filthy soil bristles white with human bones.

Lines 17-26 Hercules was just about to depart without the bulls, when he was recalled by the sound of lowing, and followed the sound to the cave. Cacus had blocked the entrance with a vast rock, but the mighty strength of Hercules sent it crashing down.

The son of Jove, having ~~failed to keep some of his cattle,~~ *was going away*

when the stolen bulls let out a hollow-sounding bellowing

'I accept the summons to return' he said and following the sound

came through the woods to the wicked cave, bent on revenge.

Cacus meanwhile had blocked up the entrance with a barricade of rock torn from the mountainside;

twice five yoke (of oxen) would scarce have moved that work.

But Hercules puts his shoulders to it - the sky too had rested on them -

and he makes the huge weight totter under the impulse.

As soon as it was overturned, the crash terrified the very upper air

and the earth, smitten with the massive weight sank down.

Lines 27-32 Cacus starts the fight with rocks and trunks of trees, and when these are of no avail, breathes fire from his mouth. You would think Etna had erupted.

Hercules and Cacus Cont.

7 Cacus starts the first fight in hand to hand combat, and fiercely carries on the fight with rocks and tree trunks.

When he achieves nothing by this he has recourse, cowardly, to his father's skills, and he belches flames from his roaring throat.

At every blast, you would believe it was Typhoeus breathing and that a fierce blaze was hurled from Etna's fires.

Lines 33- end.

The great club of Hercules Crashes again and again into the master's face, and he falls, vomiting blood and smoke. The hero sacrifices a bull in thanksgiving, and sets up the Great Altar on which the Romans pay him honour.

Arcides was too quick for him and his knotted club, raised to strike, thrice and four times sank deep right in the face of the man.

5 He falls, and belches forth smoke mixed with blood, and as he dies, he strikes the ground with his broad chest.

To you, Jupiter, the victor sacrifices one of these bulls and he summons Evander and the settlers; and he sets up for himself the altar called Ara Maxima; here where part of the city takes its name from the ox.

OVID Ceres and Proserpine

Her daughter, accompanied, as she was, by her accustomed girls
was wandering through her own meadows, bare-foot.

Deep in a shadowy valley there is a spot
damp with much spray of water tumbling down from the height.

There were as many colours there as Nature has
and the multi-coloured ground gleamed with flowers of different kind.

As soon as she saw this she said, "Friends, come here
and with me fill your laps full of flowers."

The worthless booty entices the young girls' hearts
and the toil is unnoticed because of their eagerness.

One fills baskets woven from tough osier;
another her lap, another ^{weighs down} the loose folds of her dress;
another picks marigolds, another is busy on the violet banks,
another nips off poppy heads with her nail.

Many a rose was gathered, also flowers without names.

Proserpine herself picks slender crocuses and white lilies.

Gradually, in her enthusiasm to pick(flowers) she begins to go somewhat far
and, by chance, none of the girls followed her mistress.

Her uncle sees her and, having seen her, ^{quickly} ~~violently~~ drags her off
and carries her into his kingdom with his black horses.

She indeed shouted out " Help! dearest mother,
I'm being carried off!" and she herself had torn the folds of her dress.

Meanwhile the road to Pluto is thrown open, for the
horses, unaccustomed as they are, can scarcely endure the light of day.

But the troop of her comrades, their baskets filled with flowers,
call out "Persephone, come (to get) your gifts."

When she, despite their loud cries, makes no reply, they fill the mountains
with their wailing and sadly beat their naked breasts with their hands.

Ceres was astounded by their loud lamentation -she had just come to Henna-
and straightway said " Woe is me! Daughter, where are you?"

Just as a mother bellows when her calf has been taken from her udder
and searches through every grove for her offspring,
so the goddess does not hold back her groans and is borne on in frenzied
rush and begins (her search) from your plains, Henna.

Wherever she goes, she fills every place with her wretched complaints,
as when a bird bewails her lost Itys.

And in turn she shouts, now "Persephone!", and now "Daughter!"

She shouts, and calls each name in turn;

but neither does Persephone hear Ceres, nor the daughter hear her mother,
and each name, in turn, dies away.

Etna lies over the high mouth of enormous Typhoeus,
a region which may be approached neither by man nor beast.

As soon as she came there, she harnesses dragons to her chariot,
and traverses the waters of the sea, (though remaining) dry herself.

She avoids the Syrtes and you, Charybdis of Zancle,
and you, Dogs of Nisus, shipwrecking monsters,
and the Adriatic stretching wide, and Corinth, washed by two seas;
thus she came to your harbour, land of Attica.

Here first she sat down on the chill rock, most sorrowful:

Now, too, the Athenians call this rock "the sorrowful stone".

Each place has a destiny of its own; what now is called Eleusis of Ceres was (once) the land of the old man Celeus.

He carries home acorns and blackberries shaken from the bramble thickets and dry wood to make the hearth blaze.

His small daughter was driving two goats back from the mountain; and the young son was in the cradle, sick.

"Mother!" says the maiden - the goddess was moved by the name 'mother' - "What are you doing unaccompanied in that lonely place?"

The old man stopped too, although the load was heavy, and he begs her to enter beneath the roof, however small it is, of his cottage.

She says no; she had assumed the form of an old woman and had bound her hair with a headband; when he pressed her, she replies thus:

"Good luck betide you, and may you always be a parent! my daughter has been snatched from me. Alas, how much better is your lot than mine!"

She spoke and, like tears - for it is not the habit of the gods to cry - a clear drop fell into her warm bosom.

Both the maiden and the old man, tender-hearted, wept with her; and these were the words of the righteous old man:

" So may your daughter, whom you are ^{bewailing} ~~seeking~~, be safe; rise and do not despise the dwelling of my small cottage."

The goddess says to him " Lead on, you have found the way to force me"; and she lifts herself up from the rock, and follows after the old man.

As he leads the way he tells his companion how ill his son is, nor does he get any sleep but stays awake because of his illness.

Entering over the threshold, he sees the whole place filled with grief;

now there was no hope of recovery for the boy.

When the mother had been greeted - she is called Metanira -

Ceres deigned to lay her lips on the child's lips.

His paleness goes, and they see sudden strength in his body;

such is the vigour which comes from the heavenly mouth.

She wanders too in the sky and she addresses the constellation which is near to the chill Pole-star and free from the watery sea:

"Parrhasian stars, - for you can know everything, since you never go beneath the waters of the sea- show daughter Persephone to her sad parent.

She had finished speaking; Helice replies to her thus:

"Night is free from guilt; ask the advice of the Sun, who sees far and wide the events of the day, ask her about the daughter who has been snatched from you."

The Sun, when approached, says "She whom you seek", - so that you may not labour in vain - " holds the third realm as bride of Jupiter's brother."

After complaining long to herself, she spoke thus to the Thunderer, and there were very great signs of grief in her expression:

"If you remember by whom Proserpina was born to me, she ought to have a half of your concern.

Having traversed the world, only the wicked nature of the deed has been discovered (by me); the abductor has the reward of his crime. But neither Persephone deserves a brigand as a husband, nor was it fit that a son-in-law should be got for us in this fashion .

Jupiter soothes her, and gives love as the excuse for the deed ,

"And we should not be ashamed of our son-in-law," he says;

I myself am not more noble; rule over the sky was put in my hands,

the other has the Sea and the third has the lifeless Lower World."

She grieved, just as if Proserpine had only just been taken from her,
the sad parent, scarcely refreshed by the long interval;

and she said "And I cannot live in Heaven,

Order that I too be taken in to ^{the Underworld} (the valley of Taenarus.)"

And she was on the point of doing this, had not Jupiter agreed
that for twice three months she would be in heaven.

Then indeed Ceres' face was cheered and her spirit restored,

and she put garlands of corn in her hair;

and a large harvest came forth from the land which was allowed to lie
fallow and the threshing floor contained with difficulty the wealth which
was piled up.

Pygmalion niveum mira arte feliciter arte

With wonderful skill, Pygmalion successfully

sculpted a snow-white ivory and gave it beauty with which no woman
can be born, and fell in love with his own handiwork.

The face is that of a real maid, whom you would believe to be alive,
and, if modesty did not prevent it, that it wanted to move: 5

art so conceals its own art. Pygmalion wonders at it and
his heart is inflamed with passion for the image of a body.

Often he places his hands on the work, testing whether it is
flesh or ivory, and not yet does he admit that it is ivory.

He kisses it and thinks his kisses are returned, he speaks to it, 10
holds it

and believes that when he touches the limbs his fingers sink in
and he is afraid that a bruise will appear on the limbs when he presses
them.

And at one time he summons words of love; at another

he brings to it gifts which are pleasing to girls: shells and smooth
stones

small birds and flowers of a thousand colours, 15

lilies and painted balls and, fallen from trees,

the tears of the Heliades; he also adorns the limbs with clothes,

he puts rings with gems on the fingers and long necklaces round the neck
ear-rings of light pearl hang from her ears, chains adorn her breast.

The Festival of Venus, attended by crowds all over Cyprus, 20

had come, and the bullocks, their curved horns covered with gold,

had fallen from a blow on their snowy neck,

and the incense was smoking, when, after bringing his gift to the altars

Pyg. took his place and timidly said, 'If you gods can do all things,

I pray, let my wife be...', and not daring to say 'my ivory maiden' 25

said, 'one like my ivory maiden'.

Golden Venus, as she herself was present at her own festival,
realised what those prayers meant and, as an omen that her power
favoured him

the fire blazed up three times and shot its point up into the air.

On his return, he goes straight to the image of his girl 30

and bending over the couch gave a kiss; she seemed to be warm;

the ivory grows soft to his touch and, losing its hardness,

sinks in and yields to his fingers, like Hymettian

wax grows soft again and, worked by the thumb

is bent into many shapes and becomes usable by its very use. 35

Whilst amazed and rejoicing, although still in doubt and afraid of
being deceived

the lover again and again re-tests with his hand the object of his
hopes.

It was indeed flesh! The veins are pulsing when tested by his thumb.

Then indeed the hero of Paphos pours forth a torrent of

words to thank Venus and at last 40

he presses real lips with his own mouth, and the maiden

feels the kisses she has been given; she blushes and

raising her eyes to the light, saw the sky and her lover as well.

The goddess is present at the marriage which she has brought about and
now

when the moon had nine times joined her horns into a full orb 45

she gave birth to Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.