

NONNOS

DIONYSIACA

BOOKS 16-35

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. H. D. ROUSE

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND

NOTES BY H. J. ROSE

NOTES ON TEXT CRITICISM BY L. R. LIND



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ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

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

Μοῦσα, πάλιν πολέμιζε σοφὸν μόθον
ἔμφρονι θύρσῳ·

οὐ πῶ γὰρ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ
φύλοπιν ἑπταέτηρον Ἑώιος εὐνάσεν Ἀρης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοιο τεθηπότες ἄκρα γενείου
Ἰνδῶν πλατάνοιο πάλιν κλάζουσι νεοσσοί,
Βακχείου πολέμοιο προμάντιες. οὐ μὲν αἰείσω
πρώτους ἐξ λυκάβαντας,

ὅτε στρατὸς ἔνδοθι πύργων
Ἰνδὸς ἔην· τελέσας δὲ τύπον μιμηλὸν Ὀμήρου
ῥστατον ὑμνήσω πολέμων ἔτος, ἑβδομάτης δὲ
ὑσμίνην ἰσάριθμον ἐμῆς στρουθοῖο χαράξω.
Θήβη δ' ἑπταπύλῳ κεράσω μέλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῇ
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ βακχευθεῖσα περιτρέχει, οἷα δὲ νύμφη
μαζὸν ἐὼν γύμνωσε κατηφέος ὑψόθι πέπλου,
μνησαμένη Πενθῆος· ἐποτρύνων δέ με μέλπειν
πενθαλέην ἔο χεῖρα γέρων ὥρεξε Κιθαιρῶν
αἰδόμενος, μὴ λέκτρον ἀθέσμιον ἢ βοήσω
πατροφόνον πόσιν υἷα παρευνάζοντα τεκούσῃ.
250

BOOK XXV

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 sevendate 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.

Ἀονίης αἰὼν κιθάρης κτύπον· εἶπατε, Μοῦσαι,
 τίς πάλιν Ἀμφίων λίθον ἄπνοον εἰς δρόμον ἔλκει;
 οἶδα, πόθεν κτύπος οὗτος· ἀειδομένη τάχα Θήβη 20
 Πινδαρέης φόρμιγγος ἐπέκτυπε Δώριος ἥχῳ.

Ἀλλὰ πάλιν κτείνωμεν Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν·
 οὐ ποτε γὰρ μόθον ἄλλον ὁμοῖον ἔδρακεν αἰῶν
 Ἡφίου πρό μόθοιο, καὶ οὐ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
 ἄλλην ὀψιτέλεστον ἰσόρροπον εἶδεν Ἐννῶ, 25
 οὐδὲ τόσος στρατὸς ἦλθεν ἐς Ἴλιον,

οὐ στόλος ἀνδρῶν
 τηλικός. ἀλλὰ νέοισι καὶ ἀρχηγόνοισιν ἐρίζων
 εὐκαμάτους ἰδρώτας ἀναστήσω Διόνυσον,
 κρίνων ἡγορήν τεκέων Διός, ὅφρα νοήσω,
 τίς κάμε τοῖον ἀγῶνα, τίς εἵκελος ἔπλετο Βάκχου. 30
 Περσεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος, εὐπτερον ἔχνος ἐλίσσων,

^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, 252

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.

²² 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 Ilium, 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.

ἀγχινεφῇ δρόμον εἶχεν ἐν ἡέρι πεζὸς οδίτης,
 εἰ ἐτεὸν πεπότητο. τί δὲ πλέον, εἰ σφυρὰ πάλλων
 ξείνην εἰρεσίην ἀνεμώδεϊ νήχετο ταρσῶ,
 ὅττι βαθυνομένης παλάμης ληίστορι καρπῷ³⁵
 Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην,
 αἰθοφον ἀκροπόρων πεφυλαγμένος ἄλμα πεδίλων,
 ὄγμον ἐχιδνήεντα μῆς ἤμησε Μεδούσης,
 ἧς ἔτι κυμαίνουσα γοναῖς ἐθλίβετο γαστήρ
 Πήγασον ὠδίνουσα, καὶ ἔγκυν αὐχένα νύμφης⁴⁰
 Γοργόνος Εἰλείθυια μογοστόκος ἔθρισεν ἄρπη,
 αὐχένος ἱπποτόκοιο θαλύσιον; ἀπτολέμου δὲ
 Περσεὺς ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
 ἄπνοα, Γοργεῖς ὀφιδώδεα λήα χαίτης,
 αἰμαλὴ ραθάμυγι κατάρρυτα λείψανα κόρσης,⁴⁵
 ἡμιτελὲς σύριγμα νεοτμητῶν ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
 λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζοντα· καὶ οὐ στίχεν ἄρσενι χάρμη,
 οὐ τότε χερσαίης ἐνοπῆς κτύπος, οὐδ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 Περσεὶ μαρναμένῳ πολεμῆα λαίφεα νηῶν
 ἐγρεμόθοις ἀνέμοισιν Ἄρης κολπώσατο ναύτης,⁵⁰
 οὐ φονίη ραθάμυγι Λίβυς φονίσσεται Νηρεὺς,
 οὐ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐδέξατο λοίγιον ὕδωρ·
 ἀλλὰ δρακοντείης τρομέων συριγμὸν ἐθείρης
 Σθεννοῦς μαυνομένης πτερόεις ἐλελίζετο Περσεὺς,⁵⁵
 καὶ κυνὴν Ἀἰῖαο φέρων καὶ Παλλάδος ἄρπην,
 καὶ πτερὸν Ἑρμάωνος ἔχων καὶ Ζήνα τοκῆα,
 ὠκυτέρῳ φύξηλις ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ,
 Εὐρύαλης μύκημα καὶ οὐ σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
 συλήσας Λιβύης ὀλίγον σπέος· οὐ στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν
 ἔκτανεν, οὐ φλογόεντι πόλιν τεφρώσατο δαλῶ.
 Ἄλλ' οὐ τοῖος ἦν Βρομίου μόθος·

οὐ ποσὶν ἔρπων
 Βάκχος ἐθωρήχθη δολόεις πρόμος, οὐδὲ λοχήσας
 254

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 πτερὸν ὕπνου
ἤνυσε θῆλυν ἄελλον ἀθωρήκτοιο Μεδούσης·
ἀλλὰ διατμήγων δηίων στίχα δίζυγι νίκη
χερσαίου πολέμοιο καὶ ὑγροπόροιο κυδοιμοῦ
λύθρῳ γαίαν ἔδευσε, καὶ αἵματι κύμα κεράσσας
Νηρείδας φοίνιξεν ἐρευθιόωντι ρεέθρῳ,
κτείνων βάρβαρα φύλα· πολλὸς δ' ἐπὶ μητέρῃ Γαίῃ
ὑψιλόφων ἀκάρηνος ἐτυμβεύθη στάχυν Ἰνδῶν,
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν πελάγεσσιν ὀλωλότες ὅξέι θύρσῳ
αὐτόματοι πλωτῆρες ἐπόρθμεύοντο θαλάσση,
Ἰνδῶν νεκρὸς ὅμιλος· ἀνικήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ῦδαςιν αἰχμάζοντος ἐγερεσιμόθου ποταμοῖο
Ἄρεα κυματοέοντα παρέρχομαι, ὁππότε πεύκη
Βακχιάς αἰθαλόεσσα κατέφλεγε βάρβαρον ὕδωρ
μυδαλέῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔζεε κύματι θερμῷ
καπνὸν ἀναβλύζων ποταμῆιον ὑγρὸς Ὑδάσσης.

Ἄλλ' ἐρέεις,
ὅτι "κῆτος ἀλίτροφον ἔκτανε Περσεύς·
ὄμματι Γοργεῖῳ πετρώσατο θῆρα θαλάσσης."
τί πλέον, εἰ φονίης δεδοκήμενος ὄμμα Μεδούσης
ἀνδρομέων μελέων ἐτερότροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας
εἰς λίθον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη Πολυδέκτης;
Βάκχου δ' Ἰνδοφόνου βριαρὸς πόνος οὐ μία Γοργῷ,
οὐ λίθος ἡερόφοιτος ἀλίκτυπος ἢ Πολυδέκτης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντοκόμων καλάμην ἤμυσσε Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀριστεύων ὀλίγῳ ῥήξῃ· ὁρι θύρσῳ,
ὁππότε Πορφυρίωνι μαχήμονα κισσὸν ἰάλλων
Ἐγκέλαδον στυφέλιξε καὶ ἤλασεν Ἀλκυονῆα
αἰχμάζων πετάλοισιν· ὁιστεύοντο δὲ θύρσοι
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρες, ἀοσσητῆρες Ὀλύμπου,

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 Nereids 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 Porphyryon, 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 ἀστερόευσαν ἔτν πολυδεираδι κόρη
λεπταλέω γόνυ κάμψεν ἀκοντιστήρι κορύμβω, 96
ἔγχρῃ κισσῆεντι, καὶ οὐ πυρόεντι κεραυνῷ
τηλίκος ἑσμός ἐπιπτεν, ὅσος ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ.

Ἀλλὰ φίλοι, κρίνωμεν· ἐν ἀντολή μὲν ἀρούρη
Ἰνδοφόνους ἰδρώτας ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
Ἡέλιος θάμβησεν, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῖο δὲ κόλπον 100
Ἑσπερίη Περσῆα τανύπτερον εἶδε Σελήνη,
βαῖδον ἀεθλεύσαντα πόνον γαμφιώνυχι χαλκῷ·
καὶ Φαέθων ὅσον εὖχος ὑπέρτερον ἔλλαχε Μήνης,
τόσπον ἐγὼ Περσῆος ἀρείονα Βάκχον ἐνύψω.
Ἰναχος ἀμφοτέρων πέλε μάρτυρος, ὁππότε κισσῶν
καὶ φονίῳ νάρθηκι Μυκηνίδες ἤρισαν αἶχμαὶ
χαλκοβαρεῖς, Σατύρων δὲ φιλένιον Ἀρεα φεύγων
θυρσοφόρῳ Βρομίῳ δρεπανηφόρος εἵκαθε Περσεύς,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε μαχήμονος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
οὐτιδανῆν ἀσίδηρον ἀκοντίζων Ἀριάδην· 110
οὐκ ἄγαμαι Περσῆα μίαν κτείναντα γυναῖκα,
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισιν ἔτι πνείουσιν Ἑρώτων.

Εἰ δὲ Διὸς χρυσέων μεγαλίζεται εἵνεκα λέκτρων,
οὐ Δανάην ἐκόμισσεν ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑέτιος Ζεὺς,
κυδαίνων γονίμης φιλοπάρθενον ὄμβρον ἔερσης 114
βαιῆς κλεψιγαμόμου· Σεμέλη δ' ἐπέβαιεν Ὀλύμπου
σὺν Δίῳ, σὺν μακάρεσσι μῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης,
νιέει βοτρυόεντι παρεζομένη Διονύσῳ·
οὐ Δανάη λάχεν οἶκον Ὀλύμπιον, ὕγροπόρου δὲ
λάρνακος ἔνδον ἐοῦσα Διὸς ναυτίλλετο νύμφη, 120
μεμφομένη ζυγίων ἀπατήλιον ὄμβρον Ἑρώτων,
ἄστατον ὄλβον ἔχοντα μινυνθαδίου 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 out-
spread, 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.⁹⁹

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 Olympus. 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

⁹⁹ See xlvii. 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 προτέραιο μετὰ χθόνα καὶ φόβον ἄλμης
εἰσέτι δεσμὸν ἔχω καὶ ἐν ἀστρασιν· οὐ σέθεν ἄρπη 130
οὐρανὴ με σάωσε· μάτην δέ μοι ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου
μείλιχον ἀστραίης ἀμαρύνσεται ὄμμα Μεδούσης·
Κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ πτερά κοῦφα τιταίνει·
μήτηρ ἀχνημένη με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
δειλὴ Κασσιέπεια δι’ αἰθέρος εἰς ἅλα δύνει 135
Νηρεΐδας τρομέουσα, καὶ ὀλβίζει δρόμον Ἀρκτοῦ
ἄβροχον Ὠκεανοῖο καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα θαλάσσης·
καὶ φόβον Ἀνδρομέδης ὁρώων καὶ Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου
γηραλέος μετὰ γαῖαν ὀδύρεται ἐνθάδε Κηφεύς.”
Τοῖον ἔπος βαρύνδεσμος ἀνίαχε πολλάκι νύμφη, 140
Περσέα κυκλήσκουσα, καὶ οὐ χραΐσμησεν ἀκοίτης.
εἰ δὲ καὶ Ἀνδρομέδης

ἐπαγάζεται ἀστρασι Περσεύς,
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινε δι’ αἰθέρος, ἥχι φαίνει
αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος Ὀφιν δινωτὸν αἰείρων,
καὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἐσαθρήσεις Ἀριάδνης 145
σύνδρομον Ἡελίοιο, συναντέλλοντα Σελήνῃ,
ἱμερον ἀγγέλλοντα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.

Οἶδα μόθον Μίνως, ὃν ὥπασε θῆλυς Ἐννώ

^a *Of.* 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:

¹²⁸ “What good was it, bridegroom Perseus, that you brought me into the sky? A precious bridegift was your Olympus 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 Olympus as it shines among the stars. The Monster chases me still, and you do not stretch your light wings! my mother Cassiopeia is vexed and presses me, because the poor thing must dive herself through the air into the brine, trembling at the Nereids 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 Olympus 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 crown-loving 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.

κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα καὶ οὐ τελαμῶνα βοεΐης,
 ὁππότε Κύπρις ἔην κορυθαίολος, ὁππότε Πειθῶ
 χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔπαλλε καὶ ἔπλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
 μαρναμένῳ Μίνῳ συνέμπορος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
 ἀπτολέμων τόξευε γαμοστόλος ἑσμός Ἑρώτων,
 καὶ Πόθος ἡμερόεις πτολιπόρθιος, ἥνικα λαῶ
 Νισαίῳ Μεγαρήϊ Κυδωνιάς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
 εὔτε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἰδὼν συνάεθλον Ἑρώτων
 ἔχνεσιν αἰδομένοισιν ἐχάζετο χάλκεος Ἄρης,
 ἀσπίδα κουφίζουσιν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην
 καὶ Πόθον αἰχμάζοντα, καὶ εὐθώρηκι μαχητῇ
 ἀβροχίτων ἐτέλεσσαν Ἔρως καλλίτριχα νίκη·
 Σκύλλα γὰρ ὑπνώοντος ἀκερσικόμοιο τοκῆος
 ἥλικα πορφυρέης ἀπεκείρατο βότρυν ἐθειρῆς,
 καὶ πόλιν ἔπραθε πᾶσαν ἓνα τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
 βόστρυχον ἀμήσασα πολισσούχοιο καρήνου.
 Μίνως μὲν πτολίπορθος ἐῷ ποτε κάλλει γυμνῷ
 ὑσμίνης τέλος εὔρε, καὶ οὐ νίκησε σιδήρῳ,
 ἀλλὰ πόθῳ καὶ ἔρωτι· κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
 οὐ Πόθος ἐπρήνεν ἀκοντοφόρων μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
 οὐ Παφίη κεκόρυστο συναιχμαλίζουσα Λυαίῳ,
 κάλλει νικήσασα, μόθον τέλος οὐ μία κόρη
 οἰστρομανῆς χραΐσμησεν ἐρασσαμένη Διονύσου,
 οὐ δόλος ἡμερόεις, οὐ βόστρυχα Δηριαδῆος,
 ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων πολέμων ἑτερότροπος Ἰνδὸς
 νίκης εὐχος ἔχων παλιναυξέος.—εἰ δὲ γεραίρεις
 Ἰναχον Ἡρακλῆος, ὅλον πόνον αὐτὸς ἐλέγξω.
 Οἶδα μὲν, ὅττι λένοντι βραχίονα λοξὸν ἐλίξας
 εὐπαλάμῳ πῆχυνε περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,

^a The Labours of Heracles are too well known to need

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.

πότμον ἄγων ἀσίδηρον, ὅπη ζωαρκέι λαιμῷ
 ἔμπνοος ἀσφαράγιοι μέσος πορθμεύεται ἀήρ
 οὐκ ἄγαμαι καὶ τοῦτο· παρ' εὐπετάλῳ ποτὲ λόχη
 χερσὶ λεοντοφόνουσι ἀριστεύουσα Κυρήνη¹⁸⁰
 παρθένος ἔργον ἔτευξεν ὁμοίον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
 ἄρσενα θῆρα δάμασσε ἀκαμπεί θήλει δεσμῷ·
 ἀρτιθαλῆς δ' ἔτι κούρος ἐν οὖρεσι Βάκχος ἀθύρων
 χειρὶ μὴ λασίου δεδραγμένος ἀνθερεῶνος
 φοίνιον εἴλκε λέοντα, καὶ ὥρεγε μητέρι· Ῥεῖη¹⁸¹
 αὐχενίου πλοκάμοιο κεχηνότα θῆρα πιέζων·
 εἴλκεν ἔτι ζώνοντα, περισφίγξας δὲ λεπάδνῳ
 θῆρα κυβερνητῇ διεσφῆκωσε χαλινῷ
 ζεύξας δοῦλα γένεια, καὶ ἥμενος ὑψόθι δίφρου¹⁸⁰
 ἄγρια тарβαλέων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων.
 πορδαλίων δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ὠμοβόρων γένος ἄρκτων
 νηπιάχοις παλάμησιν ἐδουλώθη Διόνυσου.

Οἶδα καὶ Ἀρκάδα κάπρον ὀρίδρομον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
 παίγνια κουρίζοντι σύες καὶ φύλα λεόντων.¹⁸⁵

Τί πλέον Ἡρακλῆς θρασὺς ἦνυσεν, εἴ τινα πηγὴν
 πολλὰ καμὼν ὀλίγην ὀφιώδεα λύσατο Λέρνην,
 τέμνων αὐτοτέλεστα θαλύσια φωλάδος ὕδρης
 φυταλὴν πολύδειρον ἀνασταχύνοντα δρακόντων;
 αἶθε δὲ μοῦνος ἐπεφευγε, καὶ οὐκ ἐκάλεσσε μογήσας²⁰⁰
 ἀρτιφύτων Ἰόλαον ἀλουητῆρα καρήνων,
 δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα σελασφόρον, εἰσόκεν ἄμφω
 θῆλυν ὅφιν πρήνιξαν. ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα γεραίρειν
 οὐτιδανῇ δύο φώτας ἐριδμαίνοντας ἐχίδνῃ·
 εἰς πόνος ἀμφοτέρωσι μερίζετο· θυρσοφόρος δὲ
 μοῦνος ἀποτμήξας ὀφιώδεας υἱας Ἀρούρης
 264

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.

¹⁸⁴ I know also the boar of the Arcadian mountains ;
 but for Lyaïos, boars and the brood of lions were the
 playthings of childhood.

¹⁸⁶ 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 Euïos wand in hand cut down the snaky
 206

^a See v. 216.

Εὖιος ἔχραε πᾶσι, Διὸς πρόμος, ὦν ὑπὲρ ὧμων
 ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐκάτερθεν ἀμοιβάδες ἔρρεον ὕδραι,
 ὕδρης Ἰναχίης πολὺ μείζονες, ἀντὶ δὲ Λέρνης
 ἀσταθῆες σύριζον ἐν αἰθέρι γείτονες ἀστρων.
 210 ἰλήκοις, Ἰόλαε· σὺ γὰρ δέμας ἔφλεγες ὕδρης,
 καὶ μόνος Ἡρακλῆς, μόνος ἦρπασεν οὐνομα νίκης.
 οὐ Νεμέην ἐλάχειαν ἐμὸς πρόμος, οὐ τινα Λέρνην
 Βάκχος ἀνεζώγρησε πολυσφαράγων ἀπὸ λαϊμῶν,
 215 θάμνον ἐχιδνήεντα ταμῶν παλιναυξέος ὕδρης,
 ἀλλὰ Νότον καὶ ταρσὰ Βορήια καὶ πτερὸν Εὐρου
 καὶ Ζέφυρον κήρυκα φέρων τετράζυγι νίκη
 Ὠκεανόν, χθόνα, πόντον ἔων ἐπλησεν ἀέθλων.
 εἰ κλέος ἀνδρὶ φέρουσι δράκων, εἰ φωλάδες ὕδραι,
 Βάκχου στέμματα ταῦτα λεχώια, ταῦτα Λυαίου
 220 φρικτὰ δρακοντείων ὀφιδῶδεα δεσμὰ κομῶων,
 ἐξ ὅτε πατὴρ ἐλεπε τελεσσιγόνου πτύχα μηροῦ.
 Σιγήσω κεμάδος χρύσειον κέρας, οὐ τι χαλέψω
 τηλίκον Ἡρακλῆα μῆς ἐλάφοιο φονῆα·
 μὴ τρομερῆς ἐλάφου μιμνήσκεο· νεβροφόνῳ γὰρ
 225 θυιάδι βαιὸν ἄθυρμα πέλει κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη.
 Κνώσσιον Ἡρακλῆος ἔα πόνον· οἰστρομανῆ γὰρ
 οὐκ ἄγαμαί τινα ταῦρον, ὃν ἤλασεν, ὅτι τινάσσω
 τοσσατὴν κορύνην ὀλίγην ἔτμηξε κερατὴν·
 230 πολλὰκι τοῦτο τέλεσσε γυνὴ μία, πολλὰκι Βάκχῃ
 ἀσπετον εὐκεράων ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο ταύρων,
 οὐτιδανὴ θεράπαινα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου·

^a Nonnos conveniently forgets that Heracles took a prominent part in the battle with the Giants and the gods could not have won without him.

^b Heracles kills the hind only in late versions of the story. The whole point of the labour was that it was sacred
 266

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 ἀνειρύσασα κεραίην
πολλάκις, εἰ κεράεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μαινόμενος βοῦς,
εἰς γόνυ ταῦρον ἔκαμψεν, ἀκοντιστήρα λεόντων.

Κάλλιπε καὶ τριλόφιο καρήατα Γηρυονῆδ²³⁶
καὶ γὰρ ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἐὼ ταμείχροι κισσῷ
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοῖησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
Ἄλπον ἐχιδναίοις ἑκατὸν κομώοντα καρήνοις,
Ἡελίου ψαύοντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἐρύοντα Σελήνην,
ἀστραῖν πλοκάμοισι περιθλίβοντα χορείην. ²⁴⁰

Ἄθλα μὲν Ἡρακλῆος, ὃν ἦρσεν ἀθάνατος Ζεὺς
Ἀλκμήνης τρισέληνον ἔχων παιδοσπῶρον εὐνήν,
οὐτιδανὸς πόνος ἦεν ὀρίτροφος· ἔργα δὲ Βάκχου
ἢ Γίγας πολύπηχυς ἢ ὑφιλόφων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν, ²⁴⁵
οὐ κεμάς, οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης στίχες, οὐ λάσιος σὺς,
οὐδὲ κύων, ἢ ταῦρος, ἢ αὐτόπρεμνος ὀπώρη
χρυσσοφαῆς, ἢ κόπρος, ἢ ἄστατος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσιδήρον ἔχων πτερόεσσαν ἀκωκὴν,
ἢ γένους ἱππεΐη ξεινοκτόνος, οὐ μία μίτρη
Ἰππολύτης ἐλάχεια· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νίκη
Δηριάδης ἀπέλεθρος ἢ εἰκοσίπηχυς Ὀρόντης.

Παμφαῆς υἱὲ Μέλητος, Ἀχαιῖδος ἄφθιτε κῆρυξ,
ιλῆκοι σέο βίβλος ὁμόχρονος ἡριγενείῃ·
Τρωάδος ὑσμίνης οὐ μνήσομαι· οὐ γὰρ εἴσκω
Αἰακίδῃ Διόνυσον ἢ Ἑκτορι Δηριάδῃ.
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
πνεῦσον ἐμοὶ τεδὸν ἄσθμα θεόσσυτον· ὑμετέρῃς γὰρ
268

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 Alcmena, were a petty job in the mountains : but the exploits of Bacchos, whether Giant of many arms or chief of the highest 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

^a See xlv. 172.

^b The Apples of the Hesperides.

^c Homer.

δεύομαι εὐεπίης, ὅτι τηλίκον Ἄρεα μέλπων
Ἰνδοφόνους ἰδρώτας ἀμαλδύνω Διονύσου.

Ἄλλά, θεά, με κόμιζε τὸ δεύτερον

εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν,
ἐμπνοον ἔγχος ἔχοντα καὶ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς Ὀμήρου,
μαρνάμενον Μορρῇ καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῇ
σὺν Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ κεκορυθμένον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Βακχιάδος σύριγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούσω
καὶ κτύπον οὐ λήγοντα σοφῆς σάλπιγγος Ὀμήρου,
ὄφρα κατακτείνω νοερῷ δορὶ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν. 276

Ὡς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῶοιο περὶ ῥάχιν εὐβοτον ὕλης
ἔξετο Βάκχος ὁμιλος ἐρημάδος ἀστὸς ἐρίπνης,
ἀμβολίῃ πολέμοιο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Γάγγης
οἰκτεῖρων ἐὰ τέκνα· νεοφθιμένων δ' ἐπὶ πότμῳ
πᾶσα πόλις δεδόνητο· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν 275
πενθαλέοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγγησαν ἀγνυαί.

Δηριαδὴν δ' ἐλέλιξε φόβος καὶ θαῦμα καὶ αἰδώς·
ἤδη γὰρ κλύε πάντα· τὸ δὲ πλεόν ὄμματι λοξῷ
ἄχυντο παπταίνων, ὅτι θέσκελον εἶδος ἀμείψας
οἶνῳ κυματόεντι μέλας κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπης. 280

Κεῖθι καὶ εὐρυγένειος ἐὼν πόδα νωθρὸν ἐλίσσων
κάμμορος ἀχλυνέσσων ἔχων ἀλαωπὸν ὁμίχλην,
ξανθὴν λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἔρραιεν ἐέροην
ὄμμασι κολλητοῖσιν· ἀρνομένου δὲ προσώπου
οἰνωπὰς ραθάμιγγας ἀνωίχθησαν ὀπωπαί·
τερπομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευε λιγαίνων 285
ικμάδα φοινίσσουσαν ἀλεξικάκου ποταμοῖο·
χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέῃσι ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσω
πορφυρέης ἐπλησε μέθης εὐώδεας ἀσκούς,
καὶ Διὶ βωμόν ἀνήψε καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀθρήσας Φαέθοντος ἀήθεος ὄψιμον αἶγλην.
καὶ κύνας οἰνωθέντας ἐπ' ἡόνι κοῦρος ἐάσας 290

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 syrx 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

271

λαρόν ὕδωρ λάπτοντας ἐρευθομένου ποταμοῖο
 θρηγῆτῃ ὁμόφουτος ὀρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης
 εἰς πόλιν ἔχνος ἔκαμψεν, ἀπειθεὶ Δηριαδῇ
 ἀγγέλλων γλυκὺ χεῦμα μεθυσφαλῆος ποταμοῖο.
 Ἦδη δ' ἀμπελόσσσα δι' ἄστεος ἔτρεχεν ὁδμὴ
 καὶ λιανοῖς ἀνέμοισιν ὅλας ἐμέθυσσεν ἀγυῖας,
 νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου·
 πύργοις δ' ἡλιβάτοισιν ἐναυλίζοντο πολῖται
 δειδιότες, καὶ τεῖχος ἐμυτρώσαντο βοεῖαις
 ἄστεος ὑψιλόφοιο φυλάκτορες. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
 ἀσχαλῶν Διόνυσος ἐμέμφετο πολλάκις Ἥρην,
 ὅττι πάλιν φθονέουσα μάχην ἀνσεείρασεν Ἰνδῶν,
 πλησαμένης δέκα κύκλα παλυνόστοιο Σελήνης
 μετρήσασα μόθοιο τριηκοστῆς δρόμον Ἥους·
 νίκης δ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνερρίπιζον αἴηται.
 παπταίνων δὲ λέοντας ἀεργηλῇ παρὰ φάτνῃ,
 οἷα λέων βρυχᾶτο καὶ ἔστεινεν ἐνδοθι λόχμης
 ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι· κατηφιόντι δὲ Βάκχῳ
 ἐλκεχίτων Σκυθικοῖο δι' οὐρεος ἄσπορος Ἄττις
 ἔκετο μαστίζων μετανάστιον ἄρμα λεόντων,
 ῥεῖης θεσπεσίης ταχὺς ἄγγελος, ὃς ποτε χαλκῷ
 φοινίξας γονόεντα τελεσσιγάμου στάχυν ἤβης
 ῥῖψεν ἀνυμφεύτων φιλοτήσιον ὄγμον ἀρότρων,
 ἄρσενος ἀμητοῖο θαλύσιον, αἰμαλήν δὲ
 παιδογόνῳ ραθάμιγγι περιρραίνων πτύχα μηροῦ
 θερμὸν ἀλοιητῇρ δέμας θήλυνη σιδήρῳ·
 ὃς τότε διφρεῦων Κυβεληίδος ἄρμα θεαίνης
 ἄγγελος ἀσχαλῶντι παρήγορος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ·
 καὶ μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀνέδραμε, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔλθῃ
 ῥεῖην πανδαμάτειραν ἄγων ἐπὶ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
 στήσας δ' ἄγριον ἄρμα, δι' ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας,

293

300

304

307

308

305

308

300

310

315

320

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 intoxi-
 cating 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.

καὶ ῥοδέης ἀχάρακτα γενειάδος ἄκρα φαείνων
Βάκχῳ μῦθον ἔλεξε, χέων ὀξείαν ἰωήν.

325

“ Ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσσε, Διὸς τέκος, ἔγγονε ‘Ρεΐης,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, πότε νόστιμος εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἵξεαι οὐλοκάρηνον αἰστώσας γένος Ἰνδῶν;
οὐ πῶ ληϊδίας κυανόχροας ἔδρακε ‘Ρεΐη,
οὐ πῶ σοι μετὰ δῆριν ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
Μυγδονίων ἔσμηξε τεῶν ἰδρώτα λεόντων
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυφηνές· ἀλλὰ κυδοιμοῦ
ἄσποφον ἀενάων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδεις·
οὐ πῶ θηροκόμῳ θεομήτορι σύμβολα νίκης
Ἰνδῶν ἐκόμισσας ἐώια φῦλα λεόντων.
ἀλλὰ παρ’ Ἡφαίστοιο καὶ ἀθανάτης σέο ‘Ρεΐης
δέχνησο τεύχεα ταῦτα, τὰ περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων,
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ἔχοντα

330

335

καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρον.”

Οὐ πῶ μῦθος ἔλγηε, καὶ ἔαχε Βάκχος ἀγῆνωρ·
“ Σχέτλιοί εἰσι θεοί, ζηλήμονες· ἐν πολέμοις μὲν
εἰς μίαν ἡριγένειαν αἰστώσαι πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
ἔγχεϊ κισσῆεντι δυνήσομαι· ἀλλὰ με νίκης
μητρυνῆς ἀέκοντα παραπλάζει φθόνος Ἥρης.
ἀμφαδὰ Δηριάδῃ πρόμος ἴσταται ἄγριος Ἄρης
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν· ἐγὼ δέ εἰ πολλάκι θύρσω
οὐτήσαι μενέαινον· ἀπειλήσας δὲ Κρονίων
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὁρμήν.
ἀλλὰ βαρυσμαράγων νεφέων κτύπον οὐράνιος Ζεὺς
σήμερον εὐνήσειε, καὶ αὐριον 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—

³²⁵ “ 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

³³⁰ 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.

^c Compare the description of the armour of Achilles in Hom. *Il.* xviii. 468 ff.

^d Quoted from *Od.* v. 118.

"Ὡς φάμενον Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο Λύδιος Ἀττίς·

"Αἰθέρος ἀστερόεσσιν ἀνούτατον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
ὦ φίλος, οὐ τρομέοις χόλον Ἄρεος, οὐ φθόνον Ἥρης,
οὐ μακάρων στίχα πάσαν, ἔχων παρμήτορα Ῥεῖην,
οὐ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον, ὅπως μὴ δούρατα πέμπῃς
Ἡέλιον πλήξειεν ἢ οὐτήσκει Σελήνην.

τίς ξίφος Ὠρίωνος ἀμαλδύνει μαχαίρῃ,
ἢ χθονίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύσει Βούωτην;
ἀλλ' ἐρέεις γενέτην κεραελκέα Δηριαδῆος·

Ὡκεανὸν φορέοντι τί σοι ῥέξειεν Ὑδάσπης;
θαρσῆεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ὅττι κυδοιμοῦ
νίκην ὀψιτέλεστον ἐμὴ μαντεύσατο Ῥεῖη·

οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου τέλος ἔσσεται, εἰσόκε χάρμης
ἔκτον ἀναπλήσωσιν ἔτος τετράζυγες Ὠραι·
οὕτω γὰρ Διὸς ὄμμα καὶ ἀτρέπτου λῖνα Μοίρης
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐπέτρεπον ἔσσομένῳ δὲ
ἐβδομάτῳ λυκάβαντι διαρραΐσει πόλιν Ἰνδῶν."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν Βρομίῳ πόρεν ἀσπίδα·

καὶ φρένα τέρπων
οἶνον λυσιπόνοιο φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
εἰλαπίνης ἔψαυσεν· ἀρεσσάμενος δὲ τραπέζῃ
θυμὸν ἐὼν παλινόρσοις ἐμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
νόστιμον εἰς Φρυγίην ὀρεσιδρομον ἄρμα νομεύων.
Καυκασιῶν δ' ἦλανε παρὰ πρηγῶνας ἐναύλων,
Ἀσσυρίων δὲ κάρηνα καὶ οὖρεα δύσβατα Βάκτρων
καὶ σκοπιᾶς Λιβάνοιο παρήλυθε καὶ ῥία Ταύρων,
εἰσόκε Μαιονίης ἐπέβη χθονός· αὐτοπαγῇ δὲ
Ῥεΐης ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐδύσατο θέσκελον αὐλήν·
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀπεσφῆκωσε λεπάδνων,
φάτνης δ' ἐγγὺς ἔδῃσε καὶ ἀμβροσίην πόρε φορβήν.

³⁵¹ Lydian Attis answered these words of Dionysos:

³⁵² "If you carry this starry shield of the sky in-
volute, 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?

³⁵³ "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."

³⁵⁴ 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 danger-
ous 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 raven-
ing lions from the yokestraps, and haltered them at
the manger which he filled with ambrosial fodder.

^a Atropos: he etymologizes her name.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μητρῴην δεδαημένος ἔνθεον ὀμφήν
 θυρσομανῆς Διόνυσος ὀρεΐασι μίσγετο Βάκχαις,
 καλλιέμβας ἀνέμοισι κατηφέος ὄγκον ἀνίης,
 χειρὶ σάκος δονέων πολυδαίδαλον, ὅπλον Ὀλύμπου,
 Ἥφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον. ἀολλίζοντο δὲ λαοί,
 ποικίλα παπταίνοντες Ὀλύμπια θαύματα τέχνης,
 θαύματα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ περ κάμεν οὐρανὴ χεῖρ
 ἀσπίδα δαιδάλλουσα πολύχρουν, ἧς ἐνὶ μέσσω
 ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξε περίδρομον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε χορῶ κεχαραγμένον ἀστρων,
 καὶ χθονὶ πόντον ἔτευξεν ὁμόζυγον· αἰθέριον δὲ
 χρυσῶ μὲν φλογέων ἐποχημένον ἄντυγι δίφρων
 Ἥλιον ποικίλλεν, ἀπ' ἀργυρέου δὲ μετὰλλου
 λευκαίων τροχόεσσαν ὅλην κύκλωσε Σελήνην·
 ἐν δέ τε τείρεα πάντα, τὰ περ πολυφεγγεῖ κόσμῳ
 μιτρώσας στεφανηδὸν ἔλιξ ποικίλλεται αἰθῆρ
 ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώνησι, καὶ ἄξονίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
 ἄβροχον οὐρανίης διδυμάονα ῥυμὸν Ἀμάξης·
 ἄμφω γὰρ παρὰ νύσσαν ὑπέρτερον Ὠκεανοῖο
 ἀλλήλων στιχόωσιν ἐπ' ἱξύι, καὶ τόσον αἰεὶ
 νειόθι δυομένης κεφαλὴ κατακάμπτεται Ἄρκτου,
 ὅσσον ἀνερχομένης ἐτέρης ἀνατείνεται αὐχὴν·
 διχθαδὴς δὲ Δράκοντα μέσον ποικίλλεν Ἀμάξης,
 ὃς σχεδὸν ἀμφοτέρων μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων
 γαστέρος οὐρανίης ἐλκιδέει κάμπτεται ὀλκῶ,
 ὃψ ἀνασειράζων δέμας αἰόλον, ὅλ' αὖτε λοξοῦ
 Μαϊάνδρου κελάδοντος ἔλιξ ῥόος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
 δοχμώσας ἐπίκυρτον ὕδωρ σπειρηδὸν ὀδεύει,
 εἰς κεφαλὴν Ἑλίκης ἀντῷπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων
 ἀστραῖαις φολιδέσσει 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 Olympus, 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 Waggon^as, 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 Waggon^as 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 Waggon^as are the Bears, Ursa Maior and Ursa Minor, cf. Eng. "Charles's Wain."

τείρεσιν ἀμφίζωστος· ἐπὶ γλώσση δέ οἱ ἄκρη ⁴¹⁰
 φέγγος ἀποπτύνων προτενὴς ἀμαρύσσεται ἀστήρ,
 πέμπτων πουλυόδοντα μέσσην φλόγα χεῖλεσι γείτων.

Τοῖα μὲν εἰς μέσα νῶτα

σοφὸς τεχνήσατο χαλκεὺς
 ἀσπίδος εὐτύκτοιο· χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
 τεῦξε λυροδμήτοιο βοόκτιτα τείχεα Θήβης, ⁴¹⁵
 ἑπταπόρων στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων πυλεώνων
 κτιζομένων· καὶ Ζῆθος ἦν περὶ πατρίδι κάμνων,
 θλιβομένη πετραῖον ἐπωμίδι φόρτον ἀείρων·
 Ἀμφίων δ' ἐλίγαινε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
 εἰς δρόμον αὐτοκύλιστον ἔλιξ ἐχόρευε κολώνη, ⁴²⁰
 οἷα τε θελγομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι· καὶ τάχα φαίης . .
 ποιητὴν περ ἑοῦσαν, ὅτι σκιρτήματι παίζων
 κοῦφος ἀκινήτης ἐλελίζετο παλμὸς ἐρίπνης·
 σιγαλή δὲ λύρη μεμελημένον ἄνδρα δοκεύων, ⁴²⁵
 κραιπνὸν ἀνακρούοντα μέλος ψευδήμονι νευρῇ,
 ἀγχιμολεῖν ἔσπευδες, ὅπως τεδὸν οὐδας ἐρείσας
 πυργοδόμῳ φόρμυγγι καὶ ὑμετέρῃν φρένα τέρψης,
 μολπῆς ἑπτατόνοιο λιθοσσοῦν ἦχον ἀκούων.

Καὶ σάκος εὐδύνητον, ὅπῃ χορὸς αἰόλος ἀστρων,
 δαίδαλον ἄρμενον εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἐνδοθεν αὐλῆς ⁴³⁰
 Τρώϊος οἶνοχόος ζαθέῃ ποικίλλετο τέχνη
 αἰετὸν εὐποίητον ἔχων πτερόεντα φορῆα,
 οἷα καὶ ἐν γραφίδεσσι, κατὰσχετος ἄρπαγι ταρσῶ·
 ταρβαλέος δ' ἦκτο δι' αἰθέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεὺς,
 ἀδρῦπτοις ὀνύχεσσι τεθηγότα κοῦρον ἀείρων, ⁴³⁵
 ἡρέμα κινυμένων πτερύγων πεφιδημένος ὄρμῃ,
 μὴ φονίοις ῥοθίοισι κατακρύπτοιο θαλάσσης
 ἡερόθεν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσας Γανυμήδης·
 280

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 winepours^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.

Μοίρας δ' ἔτρεμε μάλλον, ὅπως μὴ πρῶτον ἀπάσας
 ἡβητῆς ἐρόεις ἐόν οὐνομα γείτονι πόντῳ 440
 ὀψιμον ἀρπάξειε γέρας πεφυλαγμένον Ἑλλη·
 οὐρανίης δ' ἦσκητο θεῶν παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
 κοῦρος ἀφυσσομένῳ πανομοίος· αὐτοχύτου δέ
 νεκταρέης κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον εἶχεν ἐέρας,
 καὶ Διὶ δαινυμένῳ δέπας ὤρεγεν· ἔξετο δ' Ἥρη 445
 οἶα χολωομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι, μάρτυρι μορφῇ
 ψυχῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα, παρεζομένη δὲ θεαίνῃ
 Παλλάδι δείκνυε κοῦρον,

ὅτι γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
 βουκόλος ἀστερόφοιτος ἐανοχόει Γανυμήδης
 πάλῳ χειρὶ κύπελλα, τὰ περ λάχε παρθένος Ἥβη. 450

Μαιονίην δ' ἦσκησεν, ἐπεὶ τροφὸς ἐπλετο Βάκχου,
 καὶ Μορίην καὶ στικτὸν ὄφιν καὶ θέσπιδα ποίην,
 καὶ χθονὸς ἄπλετον υἱά δρακοντοφόνον Δαμασῆνα,
 καὶ Τύλον ἰοβόλῳ κεχαραγμένον ὀξεί πότημῳ
 Μαιονίης ναέτην μινυῶριον, ὃς ποτε βαίνων 455
 Μυγδονίου ποταμοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος Ἑρμου
 ἤψατο χειρὶ δράκοντος· ὃ δὲ πλατὺν αὐχένα τείνας,
 ὑψώσας δὲ κάρηνον ἀφειδέει χάσματι λαιμοῦ
 ἀντίον ἀνδρὸς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἰσχία φωτὸς ἱμάσσω
 ὀλκαίην ἐλέλιξε θυελλήεσσαν ὀμοκλήν, 460
 καὶ βροτέῳ στεφανηδὸν ἐπὶ χροῦ νῶτα συνάπτων,

^a Zeus is afraid that Ganymedes will fall and the sea be named the Ganymedean, 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 282

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 Olympus, 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 ἀνθρεῶνος,
 ὄγμω πουλυόδοντι παρηίδος ἄκρα χαράξας
 ἰοβόλοις γενέσσειν ἀπέπτυνεν ἱκμάδα Μοίρης,
 καὶ οἱ ἐπιθρόσκοντι βαρυνομένων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
 οὐραῖαις ἐλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη μέσος αὐχὴν, ⁴⁸⁰
 Αἰδος ὄρμον ἔχων ὀφιώδεα, γείτονα Μοίρης.
 καὶ νέκυσ εἰς χθόνα πίπτεν ὁμοίος ἔρνεϊ γαίης.
 καὶ νέον οἰκτεῖρουσα δεδοπτότα μάρτυρι πότμῳ
 Νηϊὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπέστενε γείτονα νεκρῷ,
 καὶ τότε θῆρα πέλωρον ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα δαμείη ⁴⁷⁰
 οὐ γὰρ ἓνα πρήνιζεν ὁδοιπόρον οὐδὲ νομῆα,
 καὶ Τύλον οὐ κτάνε μούνον ἁώριον, ἥ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῳ
 ἐνδιάων καὶ θήρας ἐδαίνυτο, πολλάκι δ' ἔλκων
 ἄστατον αὐτόρριζον ὑπὸ χνοίῃσιν ὀδόντων
 δένδρεον εὐρώοντι κατέκρυφεν ἀνθρεῶνι, ⁴⁷⁵
 ἔμπαλιν αὖ ἐρύων βλοσυρὸν φύσημα γενείων·
 πολλάκι δ' ἔλकुσθέντα παλινδίνητον ὀδίτην
 ἄσθμασιν ἐνδομύχοις πεφοβημένον εἰς στόμα σύρων
 τηλεφανῆς ὄλον ἄνδρα κεχηγνότη δέξατο λαίμῳ. ⁴⁸⁰
 καὶ Μορίη σκοπίαζε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
 τηλόθι παπταίνουσα, φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο νύμφη,
 ἰοβόλων ὀρώσα πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,
 καὶ θανάτου στέφος εἶδε περίπλοκον ἀνθρεῶνι·
 πυκνὰ δὲ κωκύουσα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῳ
 ἡλιβάτῳ Δαμασῇνι συνήντηεν υἱεὶ Γαίης,
 ὃν πάρος αὐτογονοιοι τόκοις μαιώσατο μήτηρ
 ἐκ γενετῆς μεθέποντα δασύτριχα κύκλα γενείου·
 τικτομένῳ δέ οἱ ἦεν Ἔρις τροφός· ἔγχεα δ' αὐτῷ
 μίζος ἦεν καὶ χύτλα φόνου καὶ σπάργανα θώρηξ,
 καὶ δολιγῶν μελέων βεβαρημένους εὐρέι φόρτῳ
 νήπιος 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
 snakey 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.
⁴⁸⁰ 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

ἐκ γενετῆς δόρυ πάλλεν ὁμόγνιον, ἀρτιφανὴ δὲ
 ὤπλισεν Εἰλείθυια λεχώιον ἀσπιδιώτην.
 τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ κλέτας εὖβοτον ὕλης
 κάμπτετο λισσομένη, κυνρὴ δ' ἐπεδείκνυε νύμφη
 ἄπλετον ἐρπηστήρα κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
 καὶ Τύλον ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔτι σπαίροντα κονίη·
 οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀμέλησε, πέλωρ πρόμος· ἀλλὰ πῆσσε
 δένδρεον αὐτόπρεμνον ἀνέσπασε μητρὸς ἀρούρης
 ὠμοβόρου δὲ δράκοντος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη·
 καὶ πρόμος εἰλικόεις ὀφιδέει μάρνατο τιμῇ,
 αὐχενίη σάλπιγγι μόθου συριγμόν ἰάλλων,
 πεντηκονταπέλεθρος ὄφης κυκλούμενος ὀλκῷ·
 καὶ διδυμῷ σφινγκτήρι πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ
 καὶ σκολιαῖς ἐλίκεσσι δέμας Δαμασῆνος ἰμάσσω
 χάσματι λυσσῆεντι πύλας ὤϊξεν ὀδόντων,
 χεῖλεσι τοξεύων διερὸν βέλος, ὄμματα σείων
 ὠμὰ φόνου πνείοντα, Γιγαντεῖω δὲ προσώπῳ
 ἔπτυνε ὀμβρηρῆσι γενειάσι πίδακας ἰοῦ,
 χλωρὸν ὀιστεύων δολιχόσκιον ἀφρόν ὀδόντων·
 ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπεσκήρτησε καρῆν·
 ὀρθιος αἰΐξας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.
 ἀλλὰ δρακοντεῖς ἀπεσεῖσατο φόρτον ἀκάνθης
 αἰνογίγας, σκοπέλοισιν ἐοικότα γυῖα τινάσσω·
 καὶ παλάμη τανύφυλλον ἔην ἐλέλιζεν ἀκωκὴν,
 ὀρθὸν ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρση
 πῆξε φυτὸν προθέλυμνον, ὅπῃ περὶ κυκλάδα δειρὴν
 αὐχενίη γλωχῖνι συνήπτετο δεσμός ἀκάνθης·
 καὶ φυτὸν ἐρρίζωτο τὸ δεύτερον· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
 κέετο δράκων ἀτίνακτος, ἔλιξ νέκυς. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
 θῆλυς ὄφης ξύουσα παλιννόστω πέδον ὀλκῷ

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 ἀμφιέλκτος ἐδίξετο λοξὸν ἀκοίτην,
οἶα γυνὴ ποθέουσα νέκυν πόσιν· εἰς σκοπέλους δὲ
μηκεδανῆς ἐλέλιζε θούτερον ὀλκὸν ἀκάνθης, ⁵²⁶
εἰς ὅρος ἐσσυμένη βοτανηφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχημιν
δρεψαμένη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐχιδνήεντι γενεῖα
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοις ὀδυνήφατον ἤγαγε ποίην,
καὶ νέκυος δασπλήτης ἀλεξήτειραν ὀλέθρου
ἀζαλέω μυκτῆρι συνήρμοσεν, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ ⁵³⁰
ζωὴν ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἀκινήτῳ πόρε νεκρῷ.
καὶ νέκυσ αὐτοέλκτος ἐπάλλετο·

καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ
ἄπνοον ἦν, ἕτερον δὲ διέστιχεν, ἄλλο δὲ σείων
ἡμιτελῆς νέκυσ ἦεν ἔχων αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν·
καὶ ψυχραῖς γενέσσει παλίμπνοον ἄσθμα τιταίνων ⁵³⁶
οἰγομένῳ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐθήμονι βόμβεε λαιμῷ,
συριγμὸν προχέων παλινάγρετον· ὅψε δὲ βαιῶν
νόστιμος ἀρχαίην ὑπεδύσατο φωλάδα χεῖν.

Καὶ Μορίη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐκούφισεν,

ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
ζωοτόκῳ μυκτῆρι φερέσβιον ἤρμοσε ποίην.
καὶ βοτάνη ζειδωρος ἀκεσσιπνόοισι κορύμβοις
ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε δέμας παλινανξεί νεκρῷ.
ψυχὴ δ' εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐνδομύχῳ δὲ
ψυχρὸν ἀοσσητῆρι δέμας θερμαίνεται πυρσῷ·
καὶ νέκυσ ἀμφιέπων βιοτῆς παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν ⁵⁴⁰
δεξιτεροῦ μὲν ἐπάλλε ποδὸς θέναρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαιὸν
ὀρθώσας στατὸν ἔχνος ὄλῳ στηρίζετο ταρσῷ,
ἀνδρὸς ἔχων τύπον ἴσον, ὃς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἰαύων
ὄρθηριον οἰγομένης ἀποσείεται ὕπνον ὀπωπῆς.
καὶ πάλιν ἔζεν αἶμα· νεοπνεύστοιο δὲ νεκροῦ ⁵⁴⁶
χεῖρες ἐλαφρίζοντο· καὶ ἀρμονίη πέλε μορφῇ,
ποσσὶν ὀδοιπορίη, φάος ὄμμασι, χεῖλεσι φωνή.
²⁸⁸

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 life-giving 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.

Καὶ Κυβέλη κεχάρακτο νεητόκος, οἷά τε κόλπῳ
 μιμηλὴν ἀλόχευτον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχεῖην
 πήχεσι ποιητοῖσι, καὶ ἀστόργῳ παρακοίτῃ
 λαϊνὴν ὠδῖνα δολοπλόκος ὤρεγε Ῥεῖη,
 ὀκρυόεν βαρὺ δέῖπνον· ὃ δὲ βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
 ἔκρυφε μάρμαρον νῖα πατὴρ θουήτορι λαιμῷ,
 ἄλλου ψευδομένοιο Διὸς δέμας εἰλαπινάζων·
 καὶ λίθον ἐν λαγόνεσσι μογοστόκον ἔνδον ἀείρων
 θλιβομένην πολύτεκνον ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
 φόρτον ἀποπτύων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.

Τοῖα μὲν ἐργοπόνοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα τέχνης
 εἶχεν ἐνναλίῃ πολυπίδακος ἀσπίς Ὀλύμπου
 Βακχιάς, ἣν ὀρόωντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
 καὶ σάκεος τροχόεντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα,
 ἔμπυρον αἰνῆσαντες Ὀλύμπιον ἐσχαρεῶνα.

Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι δύσιν διεμέτρεεν Ἡώς,
 φέγγος ἀναστείλασα πυριγλήνοιο προσώπου·
 καὶ σκιερὴν ἐμέλαινεν ὄλην χθονὴ σιγαλή Νύξ.
 λαοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χαμαιστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
 ἐσπερήη μετὰ δόρπον ὀρειάδι κάππεσον εὐνή.

^a The picture was one of Rheia-Cybele offering Cronos the swaddled stone which she tricked him into swallowing

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.

⁵⁵³ Such were the varied scenes depicted by the artist's clever hand upon the warshield, brought for Lyaïos 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.

⁵⁵⁸ 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.