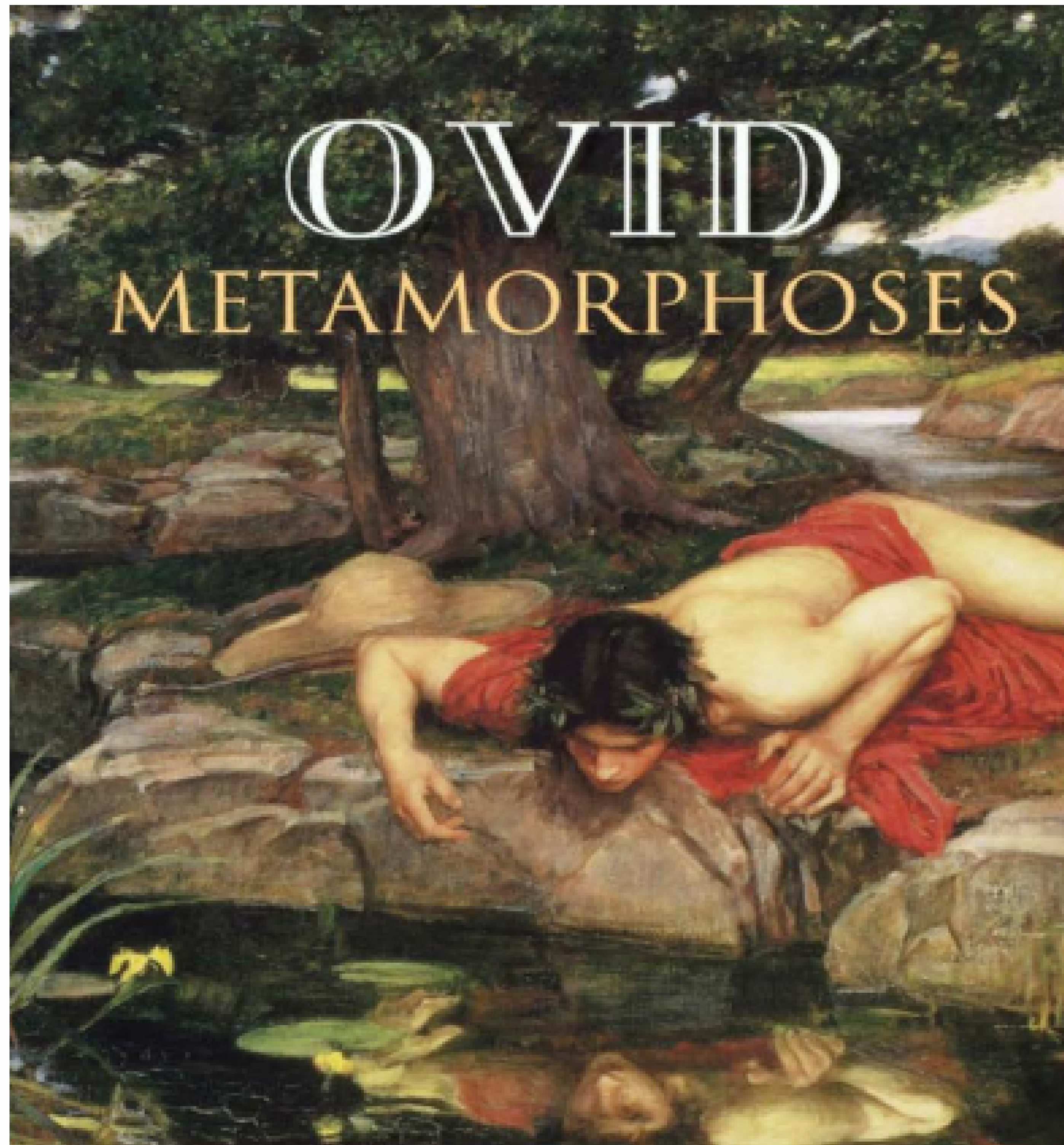


METAMORPHOSES



TRANSLATED BY  
Rolfe Humphries

## INTRODUCTION

JUST A YEAR and a few days after Julius Caesar's fatal Ides of March, Publius Ovidius Naso (we know him as Ovid, though W. S. Gilbert uses *Naso*, rhyming on *say so*, in one of the lyrics in *Iolanthe*) was born, on his brother's first birthday, in the town of Sulmo. That was in hill country, "rich in streams," some ninety miles east of Rome, and Ovid's father was sufficiently far out of the way, or, lucky, so that his wealth was not touched during the civil troubles that raged from the death of Caesar till Octavian disposed of Antony at Actium. Ovid was twelve then, in 31 B.C., and, by his own account, already lisping in numbers. This did not please his father, who could afford, for both his sons, an education for public life; Ovid conformed, reluctantly, still persisting in his own way until at last the father grew weary of reproaching him for wasting his

time and reminding him that Homer died poor. At his majority the poet felt free to declare his independence, lived gaily among the company of his peers in Rome, and enjoyed the fame and popularity brought him by his poems.

These poems included the *Loves*, the *Heroines* (imaginary letters from fifteen famous women of legend to their lovers, sometimes even including their husbands), *The Art of Love*, *The Cure of Love*, and a briefer treatise (also in what we would call the self-help category) *On Make-up*. Then, in more serious vein, there was the lost tragedy, *Medea*; the *Religious Holidays*, a calendar, only half-finished, of Roman festivals, and, before the final *Book of Sorrows* and *Letters from the Black Sea*, the great collection, the definitive compendium of ancient mythology, which is known to us as the *Metamorphoses*, or the *Stories of Changing Forms*.

The work on which Ovid's reputation was founded shows a great deal of the spirit of the Restoration; unhappily for this happy man, there was in Augustus a great deal of the spirit of Cromwell. And from the official point of view, Ovid must often have seemed mischievous, if not downright subversive. Virgil, in

his noble epic, had made its hero the son of a mortal and the goddess, Venus; the implications of this genealogy were a temptation Ovid could not resist. If, so he seemed to be saying, we are all sons of Venus, why should we not be proud of it and live up to it, what have we to do with other matters, why not fulfill our Manifest Destiny? Ovid, I suspect, would have enjoyed, appreciated, and sympathized with, the last stanza of the little poem Oliver Gogarty calls *Amor*:

“So when you next denounce the ways  
And times and town where Caesar dwelt,  
Before disparaging those days  
Recall what Rome spelt backwards spelt.”

This sort of attitude must have fretted Augustus considerably, and such tolerance as he had (and it was considerable) eventually wore thin, as he grew older. The women of his own household were something of a scandal, so much so that one of them, his daughter Julia, had to be banished. Might as well, while we are about it, banish the rascal who was the cause of it all, that writer of books, so that Ovid, too, was cast into outer darkness, sentenced to a miserable town named

Tomi, on the Black Sea. The official reason was probably not the real one—when was it ever? Ovid says that his fault was a mistake, not a crime, as if there had been some particular incident; he had seen something, or known something, rather than written too much. At any rate, for the rest of his life, and after that of Augustus ended, it was the shores of the Black Sea indeed, and he died, after some ten years of bitter complaint and abject pleading, in the year 18 of our era. His third wife, with whom he had been happy after two earlier, brief, and unsuccessful marriages, survived him.

Ordinarily, we do not think of the Romans as a loving people. Yet, stop to think of it, their three great poems all offer testimony in praise of love's great power. Lucretius begins his work on physics, the *De Rerum Natura*, with a splendid invocation of Venus, that goddess who alone governs the nature of things, without whom nothing comes to the shores of light. In Virgil's *Aeneid*, all the tension, all the dramatic conflict, springs from the struggle between two forces, love and hate, symbolized in the divine personages of Juno and Venus, with Juno, in the end, reconciled, and love carrying the day even to the point of forgiveness and

love for the enemy. And Ovid's great work, whatever the official and ostensible theme, is really one long love poem, or series of love poems: not only the love of young man for young woman, and vice versa, but also the love of father for son, of daughter for father, of brother for sister, god for mortal, mortal for goddess, two old people for each other and the gods, even the love of the self. There are, to be sure, some poems of hate, enough to give the proper *chiaroscuro*. And, pervading all, is the writer's love for this daedal earth, its people, its phenomena.

The critical judgment that labels Ovid a glib and superficial writer seems to me glib and superficial. Charm, it may be, is superficial; is grace? Is tenderness? Can the story of Philemon and Baucis be dismissed as superficial? And gaiety, perhaps, is not so easy to come by as we used to think. Ovid, surely, was a romantic writer, not a classical one, if we base the distinction on an attitude and a tone, the difference between "I write as I please" and "I write as I think a citizen should." Yet Ovid's romanticism has few enough of the connotations we have come to associate with the term; there is no brooding *Schwärmerei* in him, no *lugubrious* self-

preoccupation, no protest against the spirit of the time. He loved his time, as he might, up to a few years ago, have loved ours; and if he was fashionable, is that to be held against him? It would seem, rather, a compliment to the critical intelligence of the people who read and enjoyed him.

Dwelling with him rather closely as I have been working on this translation, I have found two aspects of him less sympathetic than most. For one thing, he has a *sadistic streak in him*—the fighting of Perseus, the battles of the Centaurs, the rape of Philomela, are as violent and ugly, while they go on, as anything in Mickey Spillane. But the difference is that Ovid can snap out of it, whereas we could hardly imagine Spillane writing anything like the story of Phaethon or Polyphemus' song in praise of Galatea. There are also times when Ovid is bored, and shows it, two thousand years away; the writing becomes perfunctory—oh, well, we have to grind this part of it out, all in the day's work, and what's the difference? But presently, and before not too long, it brightens again, and here is the old insight back, the fun, the delight, the luminous shine over all of it.

Like any writer, especially one whose scope is as wide as Ovid's, he has certain clichés, certain devices, certain respect for conventions, a certain proportion of rhetoric. His two incestuous girls, Myrrha and Biblis, in their guilt-ridden soliloquies, will use almost identical tropes. But, for all that, they are different girls. The great virtue of this writer of fantasy, of improbable events, is that both his people and places are real, the landscape and motives credible, so that, in the end, the impossible event takes on the truth of symbol, becomes—of course!—perfectly natural. There is little abstraction in Ovid, and what a wealth of actual detail! You can see these people, catch their intonations and gestures, watch them moving, delight in the sunshine, the shade, the greenery, the running water, of the scenes through which they go. No stock props of pastoral here, no literary landscaping, but real food on the tables, and sometimes real blood on the ground. "Imaginary gardens with real toads in them."

I had thought, before I actually set out on this translation, that I could be less respectful to Ovid than I had to be with Virgil, that he would mind liberties less, that I might, for instance, render one story in eight-beat

couplets, another in Spenserian or Byronic stanzas, and so on, and so on. This might take a little longer, but it would be fun, and who was Ovid to object to fun? But it would not work: the *Metamorphoses* are all of a piece, as much so as *The Canterbury Tales*, and there was fun enough in the original, variety and richness enough, for all the metrical sameness, so that to perform feats of virtuosity would have been an intolerable license on the part of the translator, a chopping-up of the texture, an insult. In his different way, Ovid commands as much respect as Virgil does; his dactylic hexameters, except on the rare occasions when he is trying to be dutiful, do not sound at all like Virgil's, but they are not material to do stunts with, either; the translator had better, I concluded, use the nearest approximation; the loose ten-beat line, unrhymed, seemed the least obtrusive medium. So—here he is, and I hope you like him.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

New York City  
November, 1954

## CONTENTS

### BOOK ONE

[The Creation](#) • [The Four Ages](#) • [Jove's Intervention](#) • [The Story of Lycaon](#) •  
[The Flood](#) • [Deucalion and Pyrrha](#) • [Apollo and Daphne](#) • [Jove and Io](#)

### BOOK TWO

[The Story of Phaethon](#) • [Jove in Arcady](#) • [The Story of the Raven](#) • [The Story of Ocyrhoe](#) • [Mercury and Battus](#) • [Mercury, Herse, and Aglauros](#) •  
[The House of the Goddess Envy](#) • [Europa](#)

### BOOK THREE

[The Story of Cadmus](#) • [The Story of Actaeon](#) • [The Story of Semele](#) •  
[The Story of Tiresias](#) • [The Story of Echo and Narcissus](#) • [The Story of Pentheus and Bacchus](#)

### BOOK FOUR

[The Story of Pyramus and Thisbe](#) • [The Story of Mars and Venus](#) •  
[The Sun-god and Leucothoe](#) • [The Story of Salmacis](#) • [The End of the Daughters of Minyas](#) • [The Story of Athamas and Ino](#) • [The End of Cadmus](#) • [The Story of Perseus](#)

### BOOK FIVE

[The Fighting of Perseus](#) • [Minerva Visits the Muses](#)

### BOOK SIX

[The Story of Niobe](#) • [The Story of Tereus, Procne, and Philomela](#)

### BOOK SEVEN

[The Story of Jason and Medea](#) • [War Between Crete and Athens](#) • [The Story of Cephalus and Procris](#)

### BOOK EIGHT

[The Story of Nisus and Scylla](#) • [The Story of Daedalus and Icarus](#) • [The Calydonian Boar](#) • [The Brand of Meleager](#) • [The Return of Theseus](#) • [The Story of Baucis and Philemon](#) • [The Story of Erysichthon](#)

### BOOK NINE

[The Story of Achelous' Duel for Deianira](#) • [The Story of Hercules, Nessus, and Deianira](#) • [The Story of Hercules' Birth](#) • [The Story of Dryope](#) • [The Story of Caunus and Byblis](#) • [The Story of Iphis and Ianthe](#)

### BOOK TEN

[The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice](#) • [The Story of Cyparissus](#) • [The Story of Ganymede](#) • [The Story of Apollo and Hyacinthus](#) • [Two Incidents of Venus' Anger](#) • [The Story of Pygmalion](#) • [The Story of Cinyras and Myrrha](#) • [The Story of Adonis](#) • [Venus Tells Adonis the Story of Atalanta](#) •  
[The Fate of Adonis](#)

### BOOK ELEVEN

[The Death of Orpheus](#) • [The Story of Midas](#) • [Midas Never Learns](#) • [The Building of the Walls of Troy](#) • [The Story of Thetis](#) • [Ceyx Tells the Story of Daedalion](#) • [The Story of Peleus' Cattle](#) • [The Quest of Ceyx](#) • [The Story of Aesacus and Hesperia](#)

### BOOK TWELVE

[The Invasion of Troy](#) • [Nestor Tells the Story of Caeneus](#) • [Story of the Battle with the Centaurs](#) • [Nestor Is Asked Why He Omitted Hercules](#)

### BOOK THIRTEEN

[The Argument between Ajax and Ulysses](#) • [After the Fall](#) • [The Sacrifice of Polyxena](#) • [The Discovery of Polydorus](#) • [The Story of Memnon](#) • [The Pilgrimage of Aeneas](#) • [The Story of Anius' Daughters](#) • [The Pilgrimage Resumed](#) • [The Story of Galatea](#) • [The Song of Polyphemus](#) • [The Transformation of Acis](#) • [The Story of Glaucus](#)

### BOOK FOURTEEN

[The Story of Glaucus Continued](#) • [The Pilgrimage of Aeneas Resumed](#) • [Achaemenides Tells His Story](#) • [The Story of Picus](#) • [The Pilgrimage of Aeneas Resumed](#) • [The Narrative of Diomedes](#) • [The Return of Venulus](#) • [The Deification of Aeneas](#) • [Legendary History of Rome](#) • [Pomona and Vertumnus](#) • [The Story of Iphis and Anaxarete](#) • [More Early Roman History](#)

### BOOK FIFTEEN

[The Succession of Numa](#) • [The Teachings of Pythagoras](#) • [The Return of Numa](#) • [The Story of Hippolytus](#) • [The Story of Cipus](#) • [The Story of Aesculapius](#) • [The Deification of Caesar](#) • [The Epilogue](#)

## BOOK I



My intention is to tell of bodies changed  
 To different forms; the gods, who made the changes,  
 Will help me—or I hope so—with a poem  
 That runs from the world's beginning to our own days.

*The Creation*

Before the ocean was, or earth, or heaven,  
 Nature was all alike, a shapelessness,  
 Chaos, so-called, all rude and lumpy matter,  
 Nothing but bulk, inert, in whose confusion  
 Discordant atoms warred: there was no sun  
 To light the universe; there was no moon  
 With slender silver crescents filling slowly;  
 No earth hung balanced in surrounding air;  
 No sea reached far along the fringe of shore.  
 Land, to be sure, there was, and air, and ocean,

But land on which no man could stand, and water  
 No man could swim in, air no man could breathe,  
 Air without light, substance forever changing,  
 Forever at war: within a single body  
 Heat fought with cold, wet fought with dry, the hard  
 Fought with the soft, things having weight contended  
 With weightless things.

Till God, or kindlier Nature,  
 Settled all argument, and separated  
 Heaven from earth, water from land, our air  
 From the high stratosphere, a liberation  
 So things evolved, and out of blind confusion  
 Found each its place, bound in eternal order.  
 The force of fire, that weightless element,  
 Leaped up and claimed the highest place in heaven;  
 Below it, air; and under them the earth  
 Sank with its grosser portions; and the water,  
 Lowest of all, held up, held in, the land.

Whatever god it was, who out of chaos  
 Brought order to the universe, and gave it  
 Division, subdivision, he molded earth,  
 In the beginning, into a great globe,  
 Even on every side, and bade the waters  
 To spread and rise, under the rushing winds,  
 Surrounding earth; he added ponds and marshes,  
 He banked the river-channels, and the waters  
 Feed earth or run to sea, and that great flood  
 Washes on shores, not banks. He made the plains

Spread wide, the valleys settle, and the forest  
 Be dressed in leaves; he made the rocky mountains  
 Rise to full height, and as the vault of Heaven  
 Has two zones, left and right, and one between them  
 Hotter than these, the Lord of all Creation  
 Marked on the earth the same design and pattern.  
 The torrid zone too hot for men to live in,  
 The north and south too cold, but in the middle  
 Varying climate, temperature and season.  
 Above all things the air, lighter than earth,  
 Lighter than water, heavier than fire,  
 Towers and spreads; there mist and cloud assemble,  
 And fearful thunder and lightning and cold winds,  
 But these, by the Creator's order, held  
 No general dominion; even as it is,  
 These brothers brawl and quarrel; though each one  
 Has his own quarter, still, they come near tearing  
 The universe apart. **Eurus** is monarch  
 Of the lands of dawn, the realms of Arahya,  
 The Persian ridges under the rays of morning.  
 Zephyrus holds the west that glows at sunset,  
 Boreas, who makes men shiver, holds the north,  
 Warm Auster governs in the misty southland,  
 And over them all presides the weightless ether,  
 Pure without taint of earth.

These boundaries given,  
 Behold, the stars, long hidden under darkness,  
 Broke through and shone, all over the spangled heaven,  
 Their home forever, and the gods lived there,

And shining fish were given the waves for dwelling  
 And beasts the earth, and birds the moving air.

But something else was needed, a finer being,  
 More capable of mind, a sage, a ruler,  
 So Man was born, it may be, in God's image,  
 Or Earth, perhaps, so newly separated  
 From the old fire of Heaven, still retained  
 Some seed of the celestial force which fashioned  
 Gods out of living clay and running water.  
 All other animals look downward; Man,  
 Alone, erect, can raise his face toward Heaven.

### *The Four Ages*

The Golden Age was first, a time that cherished  
 Of its own will, justice and right; no law.  
 No punishment, was called for; fearfulness  
 Was quite unknown, and the bronze tablets held  
 No legal threatening; no suppliant throng  
 Studied a judge's face; there were no judges,  
 There did not need to be. Trees had not yet  
 Been cut and hollowed, to visit other shores.  
 Men were content at home, and had no towns  
 With moats and walls around them; and no trumpets  
 Blared out alarms; things like swords and helmets  
 Had not been heard of. No one needed soldiers.  
 People were unaggressive, and unanxious;  
 The years went by in peace. And Earth, untroubled,  
 Unharried by hoe or plowshare, brought forth all

That men had need for, and those men were happy,  
 Gathering berries from the mountain sides,  
 Cherries, or blackcaps, and the edible acorns.  
 Spring was forever, with a west wind blowing  
 Softly across the flowers no man had planted,  
 And Earth, unplowed, brought forth rich grain; the field,  
 Unfallowed, whitened with wheat, and there were rivers  
 Of milk, and rivers of honey, and golden nectar  
 Dripped from the dark-green oak-trees.

After Saturn

Was driven to the shadowy land of death,  
 And the world was under Jove, the Age of Silver  
 Came in, lower than gold, better than bronze.  
 Jove made the springtime shorter, added winter,  
 Summer, and autumn, the seasons as we know them.  
 That was the first time when the burnt air glowed  
 White-hot, or icicles hung down in winter.  
 And men built houses for themselves; the caverns,  
 The woodland thickets, and the bark-bound shelters  
 No longer served; and the seeds of grain were planted  
 In the long furrows, and the oxen struggled  
 Groaning and laboring under the heavy yoke.

Then came the Age of Bronze, and dispositions  
 Took on aggressive instincts, quick to arm,  
 Yet not entirely evil. And last of all  
 The Iron Age succeeded, whose base vein  
 Let loose all evil: modesty and truth  
 And righteousness fled earth, and in their place

Came trickery and slyness, plotting, swindling,  
 Violence and the damned desire of having.  
 Men spread their sails to winds unknown to sailors,  
 The pines came down their mountain-sides, to revel  
 And leap in the deep waters, and the ground,  
 Free, once, to everyone, like air and sunshine,  
 Was stepped off by surveyors. The rich earth,  
 Good giver of all the bounty of the harvest,  
 Was asked for more; they dug into her vitals,  
 Pried out the wealth a kinder lord had hidden  
 In Stygian shadow, all that precious metal,  
 The root of evil. They found the guilt of iron,  
 And gold, more guilty still. And War came forth  
 That uses both to fight with; bloody hands  
 Brandished the clashing weapons. Men lived on plunder.  
 Guest was not safe from host, nor brother from brother,  
 A man would kill his wife, a wife her husband,  
 Stepmothers, dire and dreadful, stirred their brews  
 With poisonous aconite, and sons would hustle  
 Fathers to death, and Piety lay vanquished,  
 And the maiden Justice, last of all immortals,  
 Fled from the bloody earth.

Heaven was no safer.

Giants attacked the very throne of Heaven,  
 Piled Pelion on Ossa, mountain on mountain  
 Up to the very stars. Jove struck them down  
 With thunderbolts, and the bulk of those huge bodies  
 Lay on the earth, and bled, and Mother Earth,  
 Made pregnant by that blood, brought forth new bodies,

And gave them, to recall her older offspring,  
The forms of men. And this new stock was also  
Contemptuous of gods, and murder-hungry  
And violent. You would know they were sons of blood.

### *Jove's Intervention*

And Jove was witness from his lofty throne  
Of all this evil, and groaned as he remembered  
The wicked revels of **Lycaon's** table,  
The latest guilt, a story still unknown  
To the high gods. In awful indignation  
He summoned them to council. No one dawdled.  
Easily seen when the night skies are clear,  
The Milky Way shines white. Along this road  
The gods move toward the palace of the Thunderer,  
His royal halls, and, right and left, the dwellings  
Of other gods are open, and guests come thronging.  
The lesser gods live in a meaner section,  
An area not reserved, as this one is,  
For the illustrious Great Wheels of Heaven.  
(Their **Palatine Hill**, if I might call it so.)

They took their places in the marble chamber  
Where high above them all their king was seated,  
Holding his ivory sceptre, shaking out  
Thrice, and again, his awful locks, the sign  
That made the earth and stars and ocean tremble,  
And then he spoke, in outrage: "I was troubled  
Less for the sovereignty of all the world

In that old time when the snake-footed giants  
Laid each his hundred hands on captive Heaven.  
Monstrous they were, and hostile, but their warfare  
Sprung from one source, one body. Now, wherever  
The sea-gods roar around the earth, a race  
**Must be destroyed, the race of men. I swear it!**  
I swear by all the Stygian rivers gliding  
Under the world, I have tried all other measures.  
**The knife must cut the cancer out,** infection  
Averted while it can be, from our numbers.  
Those demigods, those rustic presences,  
Nymphs, fauns, and satyrs, wood and mountain dwellers,  
We have not yet honored with a place in Heaven,  
But they should have some decent place to dwell in,  
In peace and safety. Safety? Do you reckon  
They will be safe, when I, who wield the thunder,  
Who rule you all as subjects, am subjected  
To the plottings of the barbarous Lycaon?"

They burned, they trembled. Who was this Lycaon,  
Guilty of such rank infamy? They shuddered  
In horror, with a fear of sudden ruin,  
As the whole world did later, when assassins  
Struck **Julius Caesar** down, and Prince Augustus  
Found satisfaction in the great devotion  
That cried for vengeance, even as Jove took pleasure,  
Then, in the gods' response. By word and gesture  
He calmed them down, awed them again to silence,  
And spoke once more:

*The Story of Lycaon*

"He has indeed been punished.  
 On that score have no worry. But what he did,  
 And how he paid, are things that I must tell you.  
 I had heard the age was desperately wicked,  
 I had heard, or so I hoped, a lie, a falsehood,  
 So I came down, as man, from high Olympus,  
 Wandered about the world. It would take too long  
 To tell you how widespread was all that evil.  
 All I had heard was grievous understatement!  
 I had crossed Maenala, a country bristling  
 With dens of animals, and crossed Cyllene,  
 And cold Lycaeus' pine woods. Then I came  
 At evening, with the shadows growing longer,  
 To an Arcadian palace, where the tyrant  
 Was anything but royal in his welcome.  
 I gave a sign that a god had come, and people  
 Began to worship, and Lycaon mocked them,  
 Laughed at their prayers, and said: 'Watch me find out  
 Whether this fellow is a god or mortal,  
 I can tell quickly, and no doubt about it.'  
 He planned, that night, to kill me while I slumbered;  
 That was his way to test the truth. Moreover,  
 And not content with that, he took a hostage,  
 One sent by the Molossians, cut his throat,  
 Boiled pieces of his flesh, still warm with life,  
 Broiled others, and set them before me on the table.  
 That was enough. I struck, and the bolt of lightning

Blasted the household of that guilty monarch.  
 He fled in terror, reached the silent fields,  
 And howled, and tried to speak. No use at all!  
 Foam dripped from his mouth; bloodthirsty still, he turned  
 Against the sheep, delighting still in slaughter,  
 And his arms were legs, and his robes were shaggy hair,  
 Yet he is still Lycaon, the same grayness,  
 The same fierce face, the same red eyes, a picture  
 Of bestial savagery. One house has fallen,  
 But more than one deserves to. Fury reigns  
 Over all the fields of Earth. They are sworn to evil,  
 Believe it. Let them pay for it, and quickly!  
 So stands my purpose."

Part of them approved  
 With words and added fuel to his anger,  
 And part approved with silence, and yet all  
 Were grieving at the loss of humankind,  
 Were asking what the world would be, bereft  
 Of mortals: who would bring their altars incense?  
 Would earth be given the beasts, to spoil and ravage?  
 Jove told them not to worry; he would give them  
 Another race, unlike the first, created  
 Out of a miracle; he would see to it.

He was about to hurl his thunderbolts  
 At the whole world, but halted, fearing Heaven  
 Would burn from fire so vast, and pole to pole  
 Break out in flame and smoke, and he remembered  
 The fates had said that some day land and ocean,

The vault of Heaven, the whole world's mighty fortress,  
Besieged by fire, would perish. He put aside  
The bolts made in Cyclopean workshops; better,  
He thought, to drown the world by flooding water.

### *The Flood*

So, in the cave of Aeolus, he prisoned  
The North-wind, and the West-wind, and such others  
As ever banish cloud, and he turned loose  
The South-wind, and the South-wind came out streaming  
With dripping wings, and pitch-black darkness veiling  
His terrible countenance. His beard is heavy  
With rain-cloud, and his hoary locks a torrent,  
Mists are his chaplet, and his wings and garments  
Run with the rain. His broad hands squeeze together  
Low-hanging clouds, and crash and rumble follow  
Before the cloudburst, and the rainbow, Iris,  
Draws water from the teeming earth, and feeds it  
Into the clouds again. The crops are ruined,  
The farmers' prayers all wasted, all the labor  
Of a long year, comes to nothing.

And Jove's anger,  
Unbounded by his own domain, was given  
Help by his dark-blue brother. Neptune called  
His rivers all, and told them, very briefly,  
To loose their violence, open their houses,  
Pour over embankments, let the river horses  
Run wild as ever they would. And they obeyed him.  
His trident struck the shuddering earth; it opened

Way for the rush of waters. The leaping rivers  
Flood over the great plains. Not only orchards  
Are swept away, not only grain and cattle,  
Not only men and houses, but altars, temples,  
And shrines with holy fires. If any building  
Stands firm, the waves keep rising over its roof-top,  
Its towers are under water, and land and ocean  
Are all alike, and everything is ocean,  
An ocean with no shore-line.

Some poor fellow  
Seizes a hill-top; another, in a dinghy,  
Rows where he used to plough, and one goes sailing  
Over his fields of grain or over the chimney  
Of what was once his cottage. Someone catches  
Fish in the top of an elm-tree, or an anchor  
Drags in green meadow-land, or the curved keel brushes  
Grape-arbors under water. Ugly sea-cows  
Float where the slender she-goats used to nibble  
The tender grass, and the Nereids come swimming  
With curious wonder, looking, under water,  
At houses, cities, parks, and groves. The dolphins  
Invade the woods and brush against the oak-trees;  
The wolf swims with the lamb; lion and tiger  
Are borne along together; the wild boar  
Finds all his strength is useless, and the deer  
Cannot outspeed that torrent; wandering birds  
Look long, in vain, for landing-place, and tumble,  
Exhausted, into the sea. The deep's great license  
Has buried all the hills, and new waves thunder

Against the mountain-tops. The flood has taken  
All things, or nearly all, and those whom water,  
By chance, has spared, starvation slowly conquers.

*Deucalion and Pyrrha*

Phocis, a fertile land, while there was land,  
Marked off Oetea from Boeotian fields.  
It was ocean now, a plain of sudden waters.  
There Mount Parnassus lifts its twin peaks skyward,  
High, steep, cloud-piercing. And Deucalion came there  
Rowing his wife. There was no other land,  
The sea had drowned it all. And here they worshipped  
First the Corycian nymphs and native powers,  
Then Themis, oracle and fate-revealer.  
There was no better man than this Deucalion,  
No one more fond of right; there was no woman  
More scrupulously reverent than Pyrrha.  
So, when Jove saw the world was one great ocean,  
Only one woman left of all those thousands,  
And only one man left of all those thousands,  
Both innocent and worshipful, he parted  
The clouds, turned loose the North-wind, swept them off,  
Showed earth to heaven again, and sky to land,  
And the sea's anger dwindled, and King Neptune  
Put down his trident, calmed the waves, and Triton,  
Summoned from far down under, with his shoulders  
Barnacle-strewn, loomed up above the waters,  
The blue-green sea-god, whose resounding horn  
Is heard from shore to shore. Wet-bearded, Triton

Set lip to that great shell, as Neptune ordered,  
Sounding retreat, and all the lands and waters  
Heard and obeyed. The sea has shores; the rivers,  
Still running high, have channels; the floods dwindle,  
Hill-tops are seen again; the trees, long buried,  
Rise with their leaves still muddy. The world returns.

Deucalion saw that world, all desolation,  
All emptiness, all silence, and his tears  
Rose as he spoke to Pyrrha: "O my wife,  
The only woman, now, on all this earth,  
My consort and my cousin and my partner  
In these immediate dangers, look! Of all the lands  
To East or West, we two, we two alone,  
Are all the population. Ocean holds  
Everything else; our foothold, our assurance,  
Are small as they can be, the clouds still frightful.  
Poor woman—well, we are not all alone—  
Suppose you had been, how would you bear your fear?  
Who would console your grief? My wife, believe me,  
Had the sea taken you, I would have followed.  
If only I had the power, I would restore  
The nations as my father did, bring clay  
To life with breathing. As it is, we two  
Are all the human race, so Heaven has willed it,  
Samples of men, mere specimens."

They wept,  
And prayed together, and having wept and prayed,  
Resolved to make petition to the goddess

To seek her aid through oracles. Together  
 They went to the river-water, the stream Cephisus,  
 Still far from clear, but flowing down its channel,  
 And they took river-water, sprinkled foreheads,  
 Sprinkled their garments, and they turned their steps  
 To the temple of the goddess, where the altars  
 Stood with the fires gone dead, and ugly moss  
 Stained pediment and column. At the stairs  
 They both fell prone, kissed the chill stone in prayer:  
 "If the gods' anger ever listens  
 To righteous prayers, O Themis, we implore you,  
 Tell us by what device our wreck and ruin  
 May be repaired. Bring aid, most gentle goddess,  
 To sunken circumstance."

And Themis heard them,  
 And gave this oracle: "Go from the temple,  
 Cover your heads, loosen your robes, and throw  
 Your mother's bones behind you!" Dumb, they stood  
 In blank amazement, a long silence, broken  
 By Pyrrha, finally: she would not do it!  
 With trembling lips she prays whatever pardon  
 Her disobedience might merit, but this outrage  
 She dare not risk, insult her mother's spirit  
 By throwing her bones around. In utter darkness  
 They voice the cryptic saying over and over,  
 What can it mean? They wonder. At last Deucalion  
 Finds the way out: "I might be wrong, but surely  
 The holy oracles would never counsel  
 A guilty act. The earth is our great mother,

And I suppose those bones the goddess mentions  
 Are the stones of earth; the order means to throw them,  
 The stones, behind us."

She was still uncertain,  
 And he by no means sure, and both distrustful  
 Of that command from Heaven; but what damage,  
 What harm, would there be in trying? They descended,  
 Covered their heads, loosened their garments, threw  
 The stones behind them as the goddess ordered.  
 The stones—who would believe it, had we not  
 The unimpeachable witness of Tradition?—  
 Began to lose their hardness, to soften, slowly,  
 To take on form, to grow in size, a little,  
 Become less rough, to look like human beings,  
 Or anyway as much like human beings  
 As statues do, when the sculptor is only starting,  
 Images half blocked out. The earthy portion,  
 Damp with some moisture, turned to flesh, the solid  
 Was bone, the veins were as they always had been.  
 The stones the man had thrown turned into men,  
 The stones the woman threw turned into women,  
 Such being the will of God. Hence we derive  
 The hardness that we have, and our endurance  
 Gives proof of what we have come from.

Other forms  
 Of life came into being, generated  
 Out of the earth: the sun burnt off the dampness,  
 Heat made the slimy marshes swell; as seed  
 Swells in a mother's womb to shape and substance,

So new forms came to life. When the Nile river  
 Floods and recedes and the mud is warmed by sunshine,  
 Men, turning over the earth, find living things,  
 And some not living, but nearly so, imperfect,  
 On the verge of life, and often the same substance  
 Is part alive, part only clay. When moisture  
 Unites with heat, life is conceived; all things  
 Come from this union. Fire may fight with water,  
 But heat and moisture generate all things,  
 Their discord being productive. So when earth,  
 After that flood, still muddy, took the heat,  
 Felt the warm fire of sunlight, she conceived,  
 Brought forth, after their fashion, all the creatures,  
 Some old, some strange and monstrous.

One, for instance,  
 She bore unwanted, a gigantic serpent,  
 Python by name, whom the new people dreaded,  
 A huge bulk on the mountain-side. Apollo,  
 God of the glittering bow, took a long time  
 To bring him down, with arrow after arrow  
 He had never used before except in hunting  
 Deer and the skipping goats. Out of the quiver  
 Sped arrows by the thousand, till the monster,  
 Dying, poured poisonous blood on those black wounds.  
 In memory of this, the sacred games,  
 Called Pythian, were established, and Apollo  
 Ordained for all young winners in the races,  
 On foot or chariot, for victorious fighters,  
 The crown of oak. That was before the laurel,

That was before Apollo wreathed his forehead  
 With garlands from that tree, or any other.

### *Apollo and Daphne*

Now the first girl Apollo loved was Daphne,  
 Whose father was the river-god Peneus,  
 And this was no blind chance, but Cupid's malice.  
 Apollo, with pride and glory still upon him  
 Over the Python slain, saw Cupid bending  
 His tight-strung little bow. "O silly youngster,"  
 He said, "What are you doing with such weapons?  
 Those are for grown-ups! The bow is for my shoulders;  
 I never fail in wounding beast or mortal,  
 And not so long ago I slew the Python  
 With countless darts; his bloated body covered  
 Acre on endless acre, and I slew him!  
 The torch, my boy, is enough for you to play with,  
 To get the love-fires burning. Do not meddle  
 With honors that are mine!" And Cupid answered:  
 "Your bow shoots everything, Apollo—maybe—  
 But mine will fix you! You are far above  
 All creatures living, and by just that distance  
 Your glory less than mine." He shook his wings,  
 Soared high, came down to the shadows of Parnassus,  
 Drew from his quiver different kinds of arrows,  
 One causing love, golden and sharp and gleaming,  
 The other blunt, and tipped with lead, and serving  
 To drive all love away, and this blunt arrow  
 He used on Daphne, but he fired the other,

The sharp and golden shaft, piercing Apollo  
 Through bones, through marrow, and at once he loved  
 And she at once fled from the name of lover,  
 Rejoicing in the woodland hiding places  
 And spoils of beasts which she had taken captive,  
 A rival of Diana, virgin goddess.  
 She had many suitors, but she scorned them all;  
 Wanting no part of any man, she travelled  
 The pathless groves, and had no care whatever  
 For husband, love, or marriage. Her father often  
 Said, "Daughter, give me a son-in-law!" and "Daughter,  
 Give me some grandsons!" But the marriage torches  
 Were something hateful, criminal, to Daphne,  
 So she would blush, and put her arms around him,  
 And coax him: "Let me be a virgin always;  
 Diana's father said she might. Dear father!  
 Dear father—please!" He yielded, but her beauty  
 Kept arguing against her prayer. Apollo  
 Loves at first sight; he wants to marry Daphne,  
 He hopes for what he wants—all wishful thinking!—  
 Is fooled by his own oracles. As stubble  
 Burns when the grain is harvested, as hedges  
 Catch fire from torches that a passer-by  
 Has brought too near, or left behind in the morning,  
 So the god burned, with all his heart, and burning  
 Nourished that futile love of his by hoping.  
 He sees the long hair hanging down her neck  
 Uncared for, says, "But what if it were combed?"  
 He gazes at her eyes—they shine like stars!

He gazes at her lips, and knows that gazing  
 Is not enough. He marvels at her fingers,  
 Her hands, her wrists, her arms, bare to the shoulder,  
 And what he does not see he thinks is better.  
 But still she flees him, swifter than the wind,  
 And when he calls she does not even listen:  
 "Don't run away, dear nymph! Daughter of Peneus,  
 Don't run away! I am no enemy,  
 Only your follower: don't run away!  
 The lamb flees from the wolf, the deer the lion,  
 The dove, on trembling wing, flees from the eagle.  
 All creatures flee their foes. But I, who follow,  
 Am not a foe at all. Love makes me follow,  
 Unhappy fellow that I am, and fearful  
 You may fall down, perhaps, or have the briars  
 Make scratches on those lovely legs, unworthy  
 To be hurt so, and I would be the reason.  
 The ground is rough here. Run a little slower,  
 And I will run, I promise, a little slower.  
 Or wait a minute: be a little curious  
 Just who it is you charm. I am no shepherd,  
 No mountain-dweller, I am not a ploughboy,  
 Uncouth and stinking of cattle. You foolish girl,  
 You don't know who it is you run away from,  
 That must be why you run. I am lord of Delphi  
 And Tenedos and Claros and Patara.  
 Jove is my father. I am the revealer  
 Of present, past and future; through my power  
 The lyre and song make harmony; my arrow

Is sure in aim—there is only one arrow surer,  
 The one that wounds my heart. The power of healing  
 Is my discovery; I am called the Healer  
 Through all the world: all herbs are subject to me.  
 Alas for me, love is incurable  
 With any herb; the arts which cure the others  
 Do me, their lord, no good!”

He would have said  
 Much more than this, but Daphne, frightened, left him  
 With many words unsaid, and she was lovely  
 Even in flight, her limbs bare in the wind,  
 Her garments fluttering, and her soft hair streaming,  
 More beautiful than ever. But Apollo,  
 Too young a god to waste his time in coaxing,  
 Came following fast. When a hound starts a rabbit  
 In an open field, one runs for game, one safety,  
 He has her, or thinks he has, and she is doubtful  
 Whether she's caught or not, so close the margin,  
 So ran the god and girl, one swift in hope,  
 The other in terror, but he ran more swiftly,  
 Borne on the wings of love, gave her no rest,  
 Shadowed her shoulder, breathed on her streaming hair.  
 Her strength was gone, worn out by the long effort  
 Of the long flight; she was deathly pale, and seeing  
 The river of her father, cried “O help me,  
 If there is any power in the rivers,  
 Change and destroy the body which has given  
 Too much delight!” And hardly had she finished,  
 When her limbs grew numb and heavy, her soft breasts

Were closed with delicate bark, her hair was leaves,  
 Her arms were branches, and her speedy feet  
 Rooted and held, and her head became a tree top,  
 Everything gone except her grace, her shining.  
 Apollo loved her still. He placed his hand  
 Where he had hoped and felt the heart still beating  
 Under the bark; and he embraced the branches  
 As if they still were limbs, and kissed the wood,  
 And the wood shrank from his kisses, and the god  
 Exclaimed: “Since you can never be my bride,  
 My tree at least you shall be! Let the laurel  
 Adorn, henceforth, my hair, my lyre, my quiver:  
 Let Roman victors, in the long procession,  
 Wear laurel wreaths for triumph and ovation.  
 Beside Augustus' portals let the laurel  
 Guard and watch over the oak, and as my head  
 Is always youthful, let the laurel always  
 Be green and shining!” He said no more. The laurel,  
 Stirring, seemed to consent, to be saying *Yes*.

There is a grove in Thessaly, surrounded  
 By woodlands with steep slopes; men call it Tempe.  
 Through this the Peneus River's foamy waters  
 Rise below Pindus mountain. The cascades  
 Drive a fine smoky mist along the tree tops,  
 Frail clouds, or so it seems, and the roar of the water  
 Carries beyond the neighborhood. Here dwells  
 The mighty god himself, his holy of holies  
 Is under a hanging rock; it is here he gives  
 Laws to the nymphs, laws to the very water.

And here came first the streams of his own country  
 Not knowing what to offer, consolation  
 Or something like rejoicing: crowned with poplars  
 Sperchios came, and restless Enipeus,  
 Old Apidanus, Aeas, and Amphrysos  
 The easy-going. And all the other rivers  
 That take their weary waters into oceans  
 All over the world, came there, and only one  
 Was absent, Inachus, hiding in his cavern,  
 Salting his stream with tears, oh, most unhappy,  
 Mourning a daughter lost. Her name was Io,  
 Who might, for all he knew, be dead or living,  
 But since he can not find her anywhere  
 He thinks she must be nowhere, and his sorrow  
 Fears for the worst.

### *Jove and Io*

Jove had seen Io coming  
 From the river of her father, and had spoken:  
 "O maiden, worthy of the love of Jove,  
 And sure to make some lover happy in bed,  
 Come to the shade of these deep woods" (he showed them)  
 "Come to the shade, the sun is hot and burning,  
 No beasts will hurt you there, I will go with you,  
 If a god is at your side, you will walk safely  
 In the very deepest woods. I am a god,  
 And no plebeian godling, either, but the holder  
 Of Heaven's scepter, hurler of the thunder.  
 Oh, do not flee me!" She had fled already

Leaving Lyrcea's plains, and Lerna's meadows,  
 When the god hid the lands in murk and darkness  
 And stayed her flight, and took her.

### Meanwhile Juno

Looked down on Argos: what could those clouds be doing  
 In the bright light of day? They were not mists  
 Rising from rivers or damp ground. She wondered,  
 Took a quick look around to see her husband,  
 Or see where he might be—she knew his cheating!  
 So when she did not find him in the heaven,  
 She said, "I am either wrong, or being wronged,"  
 Came gliding down from Heaven, stood on earth,  
 Broke up the clouds. But Jove, ahead of time,  
 Could tell that she was coming; he changed Io  
 Into a heifer, white and shining, lovely  
 Even in altered form, and even Juno  
 Looked on, though hating to, with admiration,  
 And asked whom she belonged to, from what pasture,  
 As if she did not know! And Jove, the liar,  
 To put a stop to questions, said she had sprung  
 Out of the earth, full-grown. Then Juno asked him,  
 "Could I have her, as a present?" What could he do?  
 To give his love away was surely cruel,  
 To keep her most suspicious. Shame on one side  
 Says *Give her up!* and love says *Don't!* and shame  
 Might have been beaten by love's argument,  
 But then, if he refused his wife the heifer,  
 So slight a present—if he should refuse it,  
 Juno might think perhaps it was no heifer!

Her rival thus disposed of, still the goddess  
 Did not at once abandon all suspicion.  
 Afraid of Jove, and worried over his cheating,  
 She turned her over to the keeping of Argus  
 Who had a hundred eyes; two at a time,  
 No more than two, would ever close in slumber,  
 The rest kept watch. No matter how he stood,  
 Which way he turned, he always looked at Io,  
 Always had Io in sight. He let her graze  
 By daylight, but at sundown locked her in,  
 Hobbled and haltered. She would feed on leaves  
 And bitter grasses, and her couch, poor creature,  
 Was ground, not always grassy, and the water  
 She drank was muddy, often. When she wanted  
 To reach toward Argus her imploring arms,  
 She had no arms to reach with; when she tried  
 To plead, she only lowed, and her own voice  
 Filled her with terror. When she came to the river,  
 Her father's, where she used to play, and saw,  
 Reflected in the stream, her jaws and horns,  
 She fled in panic. None of her sisters knew her,  
 And Inachus, her father, did not know her,  
 But following them, she let them pet and praise her.  
 Old Inachus pulled grass and gave it to her,  
 And she licked his hand and tried to give it kisses,  
 Could not restrain her tears. If she could talk,  
 She would ask for help, and tell her name and sorrow,  
 But as it was, all she could do was furrow  
 The dust with one forefoot, and make an I,

And then an O beside it, spelling her name,  
 Telling the story of her changed condition.  
 Her father knew her, cried, "Alas for me!"  
 Clung to her horns and snowy neck, poor heifer,  
 Crying, "Alas for me! I have sought you, daughter,  
 All over the world, and now that I have found you,  
 I have found a greater grief. You do not answer,  
 And what you think is sighing comes out mooing!  
 And all the while I, in my ignorance, counted  
 On marriage for you, wanting, first, a son,  
 Then, later, grandsons; now your mate must be  
 Selected from some herd, your son a bullock.  
 Not even death can end my heavy sorrow.  
 It hurts to be a god; the door of death,  
 Shut in my face, prolongs my grief forever."  
 And both of them were weeping, but their guardian,  
 Argus the star-eyed, drove her from her father  
 To different pasture-land, and sat there, watching,  
 Perched on a mountain-top above the valley.  
 Jove could not bear her sorrows any longer;  
 He called his son, born of the shining Pleiad,  
 Told him *Kill Argus!* And Mercury came flying  
 On winged sandals, wearing the magic helmet,  
 Bearing the sleep-producing wand, and lighted  
 On earth, and put aside the wings and helmet  
 Keeping the wand. With this he plays the shepherd  
 Across the pathless countryside, a driver  
 Of goats, collected somewhere, and he goes  
 Playing a little tune on a pipe of reeds,

And this new sound is wonderful to Argus.  
 "Whoever you are, come here and sit beside me,"  
 He says, "This rock is in the shade; the grass  
 Is nowhere any better." And Mercury joins him,  
 Whiling the time away with conversation  
 And soothing little melodies, and Argus  
 Has a hard fight with drowsiness; his eyes,  
 Some of them, close, but some of them stay open.  
 To keep himself awake by listening,  
 He asks about the pipe of reeds, how was it  
 This new invention came about?

The god

Began the story: "On the mountain slopes  
 Of cool Arcadia, a woodland nymph  
 Once lived, with many suitors, and her name  
 Was Syrinx. More than once the satyrs chased her,  
 And so did other gods of field or woodland,  
 But always she escaped them, virgin always  
 As she aspired to be, one like Diana,  
 Like her in dress and calling, though her bow  
 Was made of horn, not gold, but even so,  
 She might, sometimes, be taken for the goddess.  
 Pan, with a wreath of pine around his temples,  
 Once saw her coming back from Mount Lycaeus,  
 And said—" and Mercury broke off the story  
 And then went on to tell what Pan had told her,  
 How she said *No*, and fled, through pathless places,  
 Until she came to Ladon's river, flowing  
 Peaceful along the sandy banks, whose water

Halted her flight, and she implored her sisters  
 To change her form, and so, when Pan had caught her  
 And thought he held a nymph, it was only reeds  
 That yielded in his arms, and while he sighed,  
 The soft air stirring in the reeds made also  
 The echo of a sigh. Touched by this marvel,  
 Charmed by the sweetness of the tone, he murmured  
*This much I have!* and took the reeds, and bound them  
 With wax, a tall and shorter one together,  
 And called them Syrinx, still.

And Mercury

Might have told more, but all the eyes of Argus,  
 He saw, had closed, and he made the slumber deeper  
 With movements of the wand, and then he struck  
 The nodding head just where it joins the shoulder,  
 Severed it with the curving blade, and sent it  
 Bloody and rolling over the rocks. So Argus  
 Lay low, and all the light in all those eyes  
 Went out forever, a hundred eyes, one darkness.  
 And Juno took the eyes and fastened them  
 On the feathers of a bird of hers, the peacock,  
 So that the peacock's tail is spread with jewels,  
 And Juno, very angry, sent a fury  
 To harass Io, to drive her mad with terror,  
 In flight all over the world. At last a river  
 Halted her flight, the Nile, and when she came there  
 She knelt beside the stream, lifted her head,  
 The only gesture she could make of praying,  
 And seemed, with groans and tears and mournful lowing,

To voice complaint to Jove, to end her sorrows,  
 And he was moved to pity; embracing Juno  
 He begged her: "End this punishment; hereafter  
 Io, I swear, will never cause you anguish,"  
 And what he swore he called the Styx to witness.  
 And Juno was appeased. Io became  
 What once she was, again; the bristles vanish,  
 The horns are gone, the great round eyes grow smaller,  
 The gaping jaws are narrower, the shoulders  
 Return, she has hands again, and toes and fingers,  
 The only sign of the heifer is the whiteness.  
 She stands erect, a nymph again, still fearful  
 That speech may still be mooing, but she tries  
 And little by little gains back the use of language.  
 Now people, robed in linen, pay her homage,  
 A very goddess, and a son is born,  
 Named Epaphus, the seed of Jove; his temples  
 Are found beside his mother's in many cities.  
 His boon companion was young Phaethon,  
 Son of the Sun-god, given to speaking proudly,  
 Boasting about his parentage, till one day  
 Epaphus said: "You are a silly fellow,  
 Believing every word your mother tells you,  
 And all swelled up about your phony father!"  
 Phaethon flushed, made no retort, but carried  
 The insult to his mother, the nymph Clymene,  
 And told her: "Mother, to make it all the worse,

There was nothing I could answer back. I tell you  
 It is shameful for a fellow with any spirit,  
 And I think I have plenty, to have to listen  
 To such insulting slanders, and have no answer.  
 Give me some proof that my father was the Sun-god,  
 Really and truly!" He put his arms about her,  
 Pleading, imploring, in his own name, his brother's,  
 His married sisters', for complete assurance.  
 Clymene, moved, by her son's prayers, or maybe  
 By anger at her damaged reputation,  
 Stretched out both arms to Heaven, raised her eyes  
 To the bright sun, and cried: "By that bright splendor  
 Which hears and sees us both, I swear, my son,  
 You are his son too, the son of that great presence  
 Whom you behold with me, the radiant ruler  
 Of all the world. If I am lying to you,  
 May I never see his light again, this day  
 Be the last time I ever look upon him.  
 And you can find his house with no great trouble;  
 His rising is not far from here: go thither,  
 Ask him yourself!" And Phaethon, delighted,  
 Already imagining himself in Heaven,  
 Crosses beyond his own frontiers to India,  
 The nearest land to the starry fires of Heaven,  
 And comes, exulting, to his father's palace.

GLOSSARY AND INDEX

*The index that appeared in the print version of this title was intentionally removed from the eBook. Please use the search function on your eReading device to search for terms of interest. For your reference, the terms that appear in the print index are listed below.*

SINCE THIS index is not intended as a complete mythological dictionary, the explanations given here include only important information not readily available in the text itself. Names in parentheses are alternative Latin names, unless they are preceded by the abbreviation *Gr.*; *Gr.* indicates the name of the corresponding Greek divinity. The index includes cross-references for all alternative names.

ACHAMENIDES. Former follower of Ulysses, rescued by Aeneas ACHELOUS. River god; rival of Hercules for the hand of Deianira ACHILLES. Greek hero of the Trojan War

ACIS. Rival of the Cyclops, Polyphemus, for the hand of Galatea

ACMON. Follower of Diomedes

ACOETES. A faithful devotee of Bacchus

ACTAEON

ADONIS. Son of Myrrha, by her father Cinyras; loved by Venus

AEACUS. King of Aegina; after death he became one of the three judges of the dead in the lower world

AEGEUS. King of Athens; father of Theseus

AENEAS. Trojan warrior; son of Anchises and Venus; sea-faring survivor of the Trojan War, he eventually landed in Latium, helped found Rome

AESACUS. Son of Priam and a nymph

AESCULAPIUS (*Gr.* Asclepius). God of medicine and healing; son of Apollo

AESON. Father of Jason; made young again by Medea

AGAMEMNON. King of Mycenae; commander-in-chief of the Greek forces in the Trojan War

AGLAUROS

AJAX. Son of Telamon; brave Greek warrior in the Trojan War

ALCMENA. Mother of Hercules

ALCYONE. Wife of Ceyx

ALTHEA. Queen of Calydon; mother and murderer of Meleager

AMMON. A spring in the Oasis of Siwa

ANAXARETE. A princess loved by Iphis, a youth of common birth

ANDROMEDA

ANIUS. King of Delos; priest of Apollo

APHRODITE. *See* Venus

APOLLO (Phoebus). God of music, poetry, medicine, and prophecy; also god of the sun

ARACHNE. A girl turned into a spider by Minerva

ARCADY. A pastoral region in the central Peloponnesus, Greece

**ARCAS**

ARDEA. City of Latium, turned into a heron

ARETHUSA. A woodland nymph changed into a fountain ARGUS. Hundred-eyed giant ordered by Juno to watch Io ARTEMIS. See Diana

ASCANIUS. See Iulus

ATALANTA. A beautiful, swift-footed, warrior maiden

Page 392 of 401 98%

**METAMORPHOSES**

ATHAMAS

ATHENA. See Minerva

ATLAS

AUGUSTUS. See Caesar

AURORA (*Gr.* Eos). Goddess of dawn

BACCHUS (*Gr.* Dionysus). God of wine

BATTUS

BAUCIS. Wife of Philemon; rewarded by Jove for hospitality to him

BOREAS. God of the north wind

BYBLIS

CADMUS

CAENEUS. The woman, Caenis, changed into a man by Neptune CAESAR. Family name of Gaius Julius and later of Augustus CALCHAS. Priest of Apollo

CALLIOPE The Muse of eloquence and epic poetry

CALYDON . Ancient Greek city in Aetolia

CANENS. A river nymph; wife of Ficus

CASSANDRA. Daughter of Priam and Hecuba (she possessed prophetic power which no one would believe)

CAUNUS

CENTAUR. Monster with the head, trunk, and arms of a man, and the body and legs of a horse; offspring of Ixion

CEPHALUS. Husband of Procris, sister of Procne and Philomela CERES (*Gr.* Demeter). Goddess of agriculture, mother of Proserpina CEYX. Son of Lucifer; King of Trachis

CHARYBDIS. Guardian of the whirlpool off the coast of Sicily

CHIONE. Daughter of Daedalion; loved by Apollo and Mercury

CHIRON. Wisest of all Centaurs, trainer of Achilles, Aesculapius, and Hercules

CINYRAS. Father of Adonis by his daughter, Myrrha

CIPUS

CIRCE. Enchantress who turned men into beasts CLAROS. Town in Asia Minor, with an oracle of Apollo CLYMENE . Mother of Phaethon, son of

Apollo

CRONUS. **See** Saturn

CUMAE. Ancient city in southwestern Italy

CUPID. Son of Venus; god of love

CYANE. A nymph changed by Pluto into a pool; the pool

CYBELE (*Gr.* Rhea). Goddess of nature; sometimes considered mother of the gods

CYGNUS King of the Ligurians who turned into a swan and was placed among the stars. Son of Neptune; Trojan hero

CYLLARUS Handsome young centaur

CYPARISSUS

DAEDALION. Brother of Ceyx

DAEDALUS. Artist and inventor who built the labyrinth for King Minos in Crete DAPHNE. A nymph who evaded Apollo's advances by becoming a laurel tree

DEIANIRA. Second wife of Hercules, whom she accidentally killed

DELOS. Small island in the Aegean; birthplace of Diana and Apollo DELPHI. City in Greece, site of the famous oracle of Apollo DEMETER. **See** Ceres

DEUCALION. A son of Prometheus, he and his wife Pyrrha were the only survivors of the flood inflicted by Zeus because of man's wickedness

DIANA (*Gr.* Artemis). Sister of Apollo; goddess of the moon and of hunting; patroness of virgins

DIOMEDES. Greek hero in the Trojan War; founder of the city Arpi

DIONYSUS. **See** Bacchus

DRYOPE

METAMORPHOSES

ECHO

EGERIA. Wife of Numa

ENVY

ERYSICHTHON. King who was punished for scorning the gods

EUROPA. Phoenician princess EURYDICE. Wife of Orpheus EURYTUS. **A centaur**

EVENUS. Flooding river which nearly caused Hercules to lose his wife Deianira

FAUNUS. **See** Pan

GALANTHIS. Alcmena's maid, who was turned into a weasel

GALATEA. A Nereid, loved by Cyclops. Pygmalion's statue, turned into a live woman by Venus

GANYMEDE. Cupbearer to the gods

GLAUCUS. A sea-god

HECUBA. Wife of Priam; queen of Troy; mother of Hector, Paris, Polyxena, Polydorus

HERCULES. Son of Jove and Alcmena, who was known for his great strength

HERMAPHRODITUS

HERMES. *See* Mercury

HERSILIA. Wife of Romulus

HESPERIA. Daughter of Cebren, a river-god

HESTIA. *See* Vesta

HIPPODAME. Wife of Pirithous

HIPPOLYTUS. Son of Theseus; name changed to Virbius

HIPPOMENES. Winning suitor of Atalanta

HORA. Name of Hersilia, wife of Romulus, after her deification

HYACINTHUS

HYLONOME. Fairest of the female centaurs

IANTHE

ICARUS. Son of Daedalus

ILIA (Rhea Silvia). Mother of Romulus

INDIGES. Name of Aeneas after deification

INO. Sister of Bacchus' mother

IO. Daughter of Inachus; maiden loved by Jove, turned into a heifer to protect her from the jealousy of Juno

IPHIGENIA. Daughter of Agamemnon, who offered her as sacrifice to Diana

IPHIS. A girl in Crete. A youth of common birth in love with a princess, Anaxarete

IRIS. Goddess of the rainbow; assistant to Juno

ITYS. Son of Procne and Tereus

IULUS (Ascanius). Son of Aeneas; king of Latium and Alba

JASON. Leader of the Argonauts, who, with the help of Medea, got the Golden Fleece

JOVE (Jupiter; *Gr.* Zeus). Son of Saturn; chief of the gods, ruler of gods and men

JUNO (*Gr.* Hera). Wife of Jove; queen of the gods; goddess of marriage

JUPITER. *See* Jove

LAELAPS. Cephalus' hound, turned to stone during a chase

LAOMEDON. Founder of Troy; father of Priam LATONA (*Gr.* Leto). Mother of Apollo and Diana LATREUS. Centaur killed by Caeneus

LETO. *See* Latona

LEUCOTHOE LICHAS

LYCAON. A king of Arcadia, whom Jove turned into a wolf

MACAREUS. Greek warrior who traveled with Ulysses

MAENAD. Female follower of Bacchus

MARS. God of war

MEDEA. Sorceress who helped Jason get the Golden Fleece

MEDUSA

MELEAGER. An Argonaut, son of Althea, queen of Calydon

MEMNON. Trojan warrior; son of Aurora

MERCURY (*Gr.* Hermes). Messenger of the gods, agent of Jove

MIDAS. King of Phrygia

MINERVA (*Gr.* Pallas Athena). Goddess of wisdom, technical skill, and invention; patron goddess of Athens

MINOS. King of Crete; son of Zeus by Europa

MORPHEUS. God of dreams; son of the god of sleep

MYRMIDONS. A tribe of Thessalian warriors, transformed from ants into human beings

MYRRHA. In love with her father, Cinyras; mother of Adonis

MYSCEIUS. Greek who founded the Italian town of Crotona

NARCISSUS

NEPTUNE (*Gr.* Poseidon). God of the sea

NESSUS. Centaur, who loved Deianira, wife of Hercules

NESTOR. Wise old counselor, who fought with the Greeks at Troy

NIOBE. Mother whose children were slain by Latona and Apollo because of her arrogance; she was turned into a stone by Jove

NUMA. King of Rome following Romulus

NUMICIUS. River-god in Latium, who purified Aeneas

OCYRHOE

ODYSSEUS. See Ulysses

ORITHYIA. Wife of Boreas

ORPHEUS. Musician whose music possessed magic power

OSSA. A mountain in Greece, in Thessaly near Pelion

PAEON. Son of Apollo; possessor of magic healing ability

PALLAS. See Minerva

PAN (Faunus). God of fields, forests, wild animals, flocks, and shepherds, represented with the legs, ears, horns, and beard of a goat

PANCHAIA. Island in the Arabian Sea, famous for perfumes

PARIS. Son of Priam; killer of Achilles; his kidnaping of Helen, wife of Menelaus, caused the Trojan War

PELEUS. Father of Achilles, by the goddess Thetis

PELIAS. King of Thessaly; uncle and guardian of Jason, murdered by Medea

PELION. A mountain in Greece, in Thessaly near Ossa

PENTHEUS

PERDIX. An inventor, turned into a partridge by Minerva to save him from the wrath of Daedalus

PERSEPHONE. See Proserpina

PERSEUS. Son of Zeus and Danae; slayer of Medusa PHAEDRA. Wife of Theseus; mother of Hippolytus PHAETHON. Son of Apollo

PHILEMON. Husband of Baucis; the couple were rewarded by Jove for their hospitality

PHILOMELA. Daughter of Pandion; transformed into a nightingale

PHOENIX. Legendary Egyptian bird which could renew its life after dying by fire

PICUS. Son of Saturn; father of Faunus; grandfather of Latinus; early king of Latium

PIRITHOUS. King of the Lapithae

PLUTO. God of the underworld, called Hades or Dis

POLYDORUS. Son of Priam, king of Troy; murdered by Polymestor

POLYMESTOR. King of Thrace during the Trojan War

POLYPHEMUS. A Cyclops, in love with Galatea

METAMORPHOSES

POLYXENA. Daughter of Priam who was betrothed to Achilles

POMONA. A wood-nymph in Latium

POSEIDON. See Neptune

PRIAM. Last king of Troy, who reigned during the Trojan War; father of Hector and Paris

PROCNE. Daughter of Pandion; wife of Tereus; transformed into a swallow

PROCRIS. Wife of Cephalus; sister of Procne and Philomela PROSERPINA (*Gr.* Persephone). Wife of Pluto; daughter of Ceres PYGMALION. King of Cyprus; sculptor; fell in love with a statue

PYRAMUS

PYRENEUS. King of Thrace

PYRRHA. See Deucalion

PYTHAGORAS. Greek philosopher and mathematician, 6th century B.C.

PYTHON. A huge serpent born soon after the flood; killed by Apollo

QUIRINUS. Name of Romulus after his deification

RHEA. See Cybele

RHEA SILVIA. See Ilia

ROME

ROMULUS. Legendary founder of Rome

SALMACIS. A fountain whose waters make men weak

SAMOS. Greek island off Asia Minor; birthplace of Pythagoras

SATURN (*Gr.* Cronus). God of agriculture; son of Uranus and father of Jove

SCYLLA. Daughter of King Nisus; lover of King Minos. Guardian of a dangerous rock in the Straits of Messina

SEMELE. Daughter of Cadmus; mother of Jove's son, Bacchus

SIBYL. A prophetess consulted by Aeneas

SYRIN X. Nymph chased by Pan; just as he caught her, she turned into reeds

TEMPE. A lovely valley, sacred to Apollo, located between Mounts Ossa and Olympus, in Thessaly, Greece

TEREUS. Descendant of Mars; husband of Procne

THEBES. Ancient city of Greece in Boeotia THEMIS. Goddess of law and justice THESEUS. Hero of Attica; son of Aegeus

THESSALY. Ancient region in northeastern Greece

THETIS. Mother of Achilles; chief of the Nereids

THISBE

THRACE. Ancient region of the Balkan Peninsula, between Macedonia and the Black Sea

TIMOLUS. Mountain in Lydia, Asia Minor TIRESIAS. Blind soothsayer of Thebes TISIPHONE. One of the Furies

TROY. Ancient city in northwestern Asia Minor; scene of the Trojan War

ULYSSES (*Gr.* Odysseus). One of the Greek chiefs in the Trojan War

URANIA. The Muse of astronomy

VENUS (*Gr.* Aphrodite). Goddess of love and beauty

VERTUMNUS. A satyr in love with the nymph Pomona

VESTA (*Gr.* Hestia). Goddess of the hearth and the hearth fire

VIRBIUS. *See* Hippolytus

VULCAN (*Gr.* Hephaestus). God of fire and metalworking; husband of Venus

ZEUS. *See* Jove