

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 II

*The Story of Phaethon*

The royal palace of the Sun rose high
 On lofty columns, bright with flashing gold,
 With bronze that glowed like fire, and ivory crowned
 The gables, and the double folding-doors
 Were radiant with silver. Manner there
 Had conquered matter, for the artist Vulcan
 Carved, in relief, the earth-encircling waters,
 The wheel of earth, the overarching skies.
 The sea holds blue-green gods, resounding Triton,
 Proteus who changes always, and Aegaeon
 Gripping the backs of whales, the sea-nymph Doris
 And all her daughters, swimming, some, and others
 Sitting on sea-wet rocks, their green hair drying,
 And others riding fishes. All the sea-girls
 Seem different, but alike, as sisters ought to.

And the land has men and cities, beasts and forests,
 Rivers and nymphs and woodland gods. Above them
 The image of the shining sky is fashioned,
 Six of the zodiac symbols on the right,
 Six on the left.

And here Clymene's son
 Came climbing, up the stairway to the palace,
 Entered the palace which might be his father's,
 Turned toward the face that might have been his father's,
 And stopped, far off; he could not bear that radiance.
 Clothed in a robe of crimson, there was Phoebus
 High on the throne, with brightest emeralds gleaming,
 To left and right the Days, the Months, the Years,
 The Centuries, stood, and the Hours, at even spaces,
 Young Spring was there, wearing a crown of flowers,
 And naked Summer, carrying sheaves of grain,
 And Autumn, stained with trodden grapes, and Winter,
 Icy, with hoary hair.

And from their center
 The all-seeing Sun saw this young man, who trembled
 At all the strangeness. "Phaethon," he said,
 "What have you come here for, to this high dwelling?
 What do you seek, O Phaethon, my son,
 Undoubtedly my son?" And the boy answered:
 "O common light of the great universe,
 Phoebus, my father, if I have the right
 To use that name, and my mother is not lying
 To hide some guilt with false pretence, my father,
 Give me a proof, so people will believe me,

Know me for what I am, and let my mind
 Be free from doubting!" As he spoke, the Sun-god
 Put off his diadem of light, and called him
 Closer and held him fast, and said, "My son,
 You are worthy of acknowledgment; your mother
 Has told no lies about your birth. To prove it,
 To make you doubt the less, ask any favor,
 Whatever you will; it surely will be granted,
 I swear by Styx. I have never seen that river,
 But no god takes his name in vain, so let him
 Be witness of my promise."

As he ended,
 Or even before, the boy asked for the chariot,
 Control, for one day, over the winged horses.
 Too late to take the oath back, but the father
 Repented having sworn it; over and over
 He shook his shining head. "Your words," he said,
 "Have made mine rash: could I take back the promise,
 This is the only thing I would deny you.
 So, let me try persuasion. What you want,
 My son, is dangerous; you ask for power
 Beyond your strength and years: your lot is mortal,
 But what you ask beyond the lot of mortals.
 Poor ignorant boy, you ask for more than gods
 Have any claim on. Each of them may do
 Much as he will, but none of them has power,
 With one exception, your father, to hold the reins
 Riding that fiery car. Not even Jove,
 Hurler of thunderbolts, could drive this chariot,

And who is greater than Jove? The road at first
 Is steep, up-hill, and the horses hardly make it
 With all their morning ardor fresh upon them.
 Then it runs very high across mid-Heaven,
 So very high that I myself am frightened
 Sometimes, to see the world so far below me.
 Last it descends as steeply as it rises,
 Needing the tightest kind of rein: the goddess,
 Tethys, who takes me to her ocean waters,
 Has often feared for me in that downward plunging.
 To make bad matters worse, the sky is always
 Whirling with dizzy motion, and the stars
 Wheel with its speed. I make my way against it,
 I drive against the turning systems, safely,
 But you—suppose you had my chariot, could you
 Keep the wheels steady, fight the spin of the world?
 Do you think there are cities there, and lovely woodlands,
 And temples rich with gifts? No, no, my son!
 That highway runs through every lurking danger,
 Past fearful monsters. Even on the course,
 Even with no mistake at all, you must
 Pass the Bull's lowered horns, the savage Archer,
 The Lion, open-mouthed, the wicked Scorpion
 Curving the sweep of his arms in one direction,
 The Crab another. And it is not easy
 To hold those horses, hot with fire, and snorting
 From mouth and nostrils. I can hardly hold them
 When they warm up for the work and fight the bridle.
 Beware, my son! I do not want to give you

The gift of death; there is time to change your prayer.
 Of course you want the most convincing proof
 I am your father. That I give you, surely,
 By fearing as I do. I am proved a father
 By a father's fear. Look at me! You see my face;
 Would you could see my heart and all the cares
 Held there for you, my son. Or look about you,
 Ask something, anything, from all those riches
 Of Heaven, earth, and ocean: you shall have it!
 Only this one thing do not ask, I beg you;
 A punishment, not a favor. Silly boy,
 Why put those pleading arms around me? Doubt not,
 It will be given, whatever you choose. I swore it.
 But choose more wisely!"

So his warning ended,
 And did no good, as Phaethon insisted
 On what he first had asked, to drive the chariot.
 All that the father could do was keep him waiting,
 But he finally consented, led him down
 To where the chariot stood, the work of Vulcan,
 Axle and pole of gold, and tires of gold,
 And spokes of silver, and along the yoke
 Chrysolites shone, and every kind of jewel
 Gave back the bright reflection. And the boy
 Was marveling at the craftsmanship, when, look you,
 Aurora, watcher of the rosy morning,
 Opened the crimson portals and the courtways
 All full of roses, and the stars were gone,
 Whom Lucifer, last of all to leave the heaven,

Marshaled along their way.

The Sun-god saw him,
 Saw the world redden, and the moon's thin crescent
 Vanish from sight, and bade the speedy Hours
 To yoke the horses, and they did so, quickly,
 Leading them from the lofty stalls, with fire
 Breathed from the nostrils, and well-fed, on juices
 Of rich ambrosial fodder. Then the harness
 Was put in place, and the Sun-god, for protection,
 Touched his son's face with holy medication,
 Put on the radiant diadem, and sighed
 From his foreboding heart, and said: "At least,
 My son, perhaps you can obey a father's warning:
 Go easy on the whip, hard on the reins;
 They need no urging, the trouble is, to hold them.
 Do not cut straight through the five zones of Heaven:
 The course runs on a slant, a middle pathway
 Missing the north and south. Follow the wheel-tracks,
 You will see them clearly. Sky and earth both need
 Equal degrees of heat: too low, you burn
 The one, too high the other. The middle is safest.
 Beware, on the right, the writhing of the Serpent,
 Beware, on the left, the dangerous sunken Altar:
 Keep between both. The rest I leave to Fortune
 To help you, and to give you, or I hope so,
 Better direction than you give yourself.
 And now, while I am talking, dewy night
 Has reached her goal in the West. We cannot linger.
 Our call is on us. Look! The dawn is glowing,

The shadows gone. Here, take the reins, and hold them,
 Or better still—there still is time—be taking
 My counsel, not my chariot. Let me light
 The world, and you stand there, on solid ground,
 And watch in safety.”

But while he was talking
 The boy was in the car, and stood there proudly,
 Holding the reins, all happiness, and thanking
 His father for the gift he gave unwilling.
 Meanwhile the horses, Pyrois, Eous,
 Aethon, and Phlegon, filled the air with neighing,
 Snorting, and pawing at their bars. And Tethys,
 Ignorant of her grandson's fate, let fall
 The barriers: they had their chance at Heaven,
 The horses, now, and took it, and their hoofs
 Cut through the clouds before them, and their wings
 Bore them aloft, and they overtook the winds
 That rose from the same east. But the weight was light,
 Not such as they were used to, and the yoke
 Without its usual pressure; so, as schooners,
 Unballasted, careen and roll and yaw
 Out of the proper course, so the bright chariot
 Tosses and bounds, as if there were no driver.
 It did not take the horses long to know it,
 To run away, beyond control; the driver,
 In panic, does not know in which direction
 To turn the reins, does not know where the road is,
 And even if he knew, he could do nothing
 With those wild plunging animals. The Bear,

For the first time in all his life, grew hot
 And tried, in vain, to seek forbidden oceans
 For coolness, and the Serpent, near the pole,
 Torpid and harmless with the chili upon him,
 Burned into angry fury, and the Plow-Ox,
 Clumsy and tame in the shafts of his heavy wagon,
 Went dashing off in terror.

From the Heaven

The unhappy boy looked down. Far, far below him
 He saw the lands, and he grew pale; his knees
 Trembled beneath him, and the darkness came
 Into his eyes from too much light. He wishes
 He had never touched those horses of his father.
 To have learned his birth was nothing, to have gained
 By pleading now seems worse than loss; he might be
 The son of Merops, he would be even eager
 To have them call him so. But he is borne
 Like a ship before a gale, unsteered, unmastered,
 Abandoned to the gods and useless praying.
 What should he do? Much of the sky behind him,
 Much more is still ahead. Imagination
 Measures them both, and his eyes, at times, look forward
 To the West he will not reach, again look back
 Eastward, and he is dazed and stunned and dazzled,
 And neither drops the reins or really holds them.
 He does not know the horses' names. And terror
 Is doubled, tripled, as he sees around him
 Strange figures in the sky and savage beasts,
 The Scorpion, for instance, arms outreaching

In two half-circles, and the other members
 Spread over infinite acres, and black poison
 Stinking and rank, and the threatening curved stinger.
 Out of his senses, with cold fear upon him,
 Phaethon dropped the reins.

And when the horses
 Feel them across their backs, and none to check them,
 Bolting, they charge the air of unknown regions,
 Wherever impulse hurls them, lawless, crashing
 Against high stars; they keep the chariot bounding
 Through pathless ways, now high, now low, toward Heaven
 Or plunging sheer toward earth. The Moon, in wonder,
 Watches her brother's horses running lower
 Than her own steeds. The scorched clouds smoke. The mountains
 Of earth catch fire, the prairies crack, the rivers
 Dry up, the meadows are white-hot, the trees,
 The leaves, burn to a crisp, the crops are tinder.
 I grieve at minor losses. The great cities
 Perish, and their great walls; and nations perish
 With all their people: everything is ashes.
 The woods and mountains burn, Athos and Taurus,
 Tmolus and Oete; all the springs of Ida
 Dry up, and Helicon, home of the Muses,
 Haemus and Aetna blaze, twin-peaked Parnassus,
 And Eryx, Cynthus, Othrys. The snow is gone
 From Rhodope at last; Dindyma, Mimas,
 Mycale, burn, and holiest Cithaeron.
 The cold cannot save Scythia, whose landmark,
 Caucasus, burns, and Ossa burns, and Pindus,

And Mount Olympus, greater than both together,
 The Alps, the cloud-topped Apennines, are burning.

And Phaethon sees the earth on fire; he cannot
 Endure this heat, the blast of some great furnace.
 Under his feet he feels the chariot glowing
 White-hot; he cannot bear the sparks, the ashes,
 The soot, the smoke, the blindness. He is going
 Somewhere, that much he knows, but where he is
 He does not know. They have their way, the horses.

And that was when, or so men think, the people
 Of Africa turned black, since the blood was driven
 By that fierce heat to the surface of their bodies,
 And Libya was desert, and the nymphs
 Mourned for their pools and fountains. And the rivers,
 Wide though they might have been, had no more safety:
 The Don was smoking, and the Erymanthus,
 And Xanthus, which would know a second burning
 In years to come, the serpentine Maeander,
 Yellow Lycormas, Thracian Melas, perish,
 And Sparta sees Eurotas burn: Orontes,
 Thermodon, Danube, Bablyon's Euphrates,
 From Ganges to the golden sands of Tagus,
 All burning, burning: the Maeonian swans
 Whose melodies were heard along Cayster
 Were heard no more. And the Nile fled in terror
 And hid its head in earth, and it stays hidden,
 No man to-day knows where. The seven mouths
 Are empty, filled with dust, seven dry channels.

Hebrus and Strymon dry up, and the Western rivers,
 The Po, the Rhine, the Rhone, the very Tiber
 Promised dominion over all the world.
 The earth gapes open and the light goes down
 Deep to the underworld, whose king and queen
 Blink in their terror of it. Even the ocean
 Shrinks to a plain of sand; the hidden mountains
 Emerge to join the Cyclades; the dolphins
 Dare leap and curve in the high air no longer;
 The fish dive deep, and the dead seals are floating,
 White-bellied, on the surface. The story has it
 That Nereus and Doris and their daughters
 Found even their deep-sea caverns hot and stifling.
 Neptune, with scowling countenance, dared lift
 His arms, three times, above the waves; three times
 He could not bear the fiery air.

And Earth,
 Our mother, circled by the ocean,
 Amid the waters and the shrinking fountains
 Contracting into her darkness, parched by heat,
 Raised up her stifled face, and put a hand
 To shield her forehead, and her trembling made
 Everything shudder. She sank down again,
 Lower than ever before, and then she spoke:
 "O greatest of the gods, if this is pleasing
 And I deserve it, why hold back the lightning?
 If I must die by fire, then let me perish
 By fire you send, and lighten the destruction
 Because you are its author. I can hardly"—

The smoke was suffocating—"open my lips to speak;
 Look at my hair, burned crisp; look at the ashes
 In eyes and face! Is this what I am given
 For being fruitful, dutiful? for bearing
 The wounds of harrow and plowshare, year on year?
 Is this my due reward for giving fodder
 To flocks and herds, and corn to men, and incense
 For the gods' altars? Maybe I deserve it,
 But what about the ocean, and your brother?
 Neptune's allotted waters ebb and vanish,
 Farther and farther from Heaven. Well; never mind him,
 Never mind me, but have a little pity
 For your own skies. Look! On both sides the poles
 Are smoking. If that fire corrupts the heavens
 Your palaces will topple. Even Atlas
 Strains and can hardly bear his white-hot burden.
 If sea and land and sky are lost, we are hurled
 Into the ancient chaos. Save us, father;
 Preserve this residue; take thought, take counsel
 For the sum of things."

The Earth could say no more,
 So fierce the smothering heat, and she sank deeper
 Into the caverns nearer the world below us.
 But the almighty father called for witness
 All of the gods, and most of all the Sun-god
 Who had given his son the chariot, that all things
 Would perish if he did not help, and quickly.
 And then he sought the citadel of Heaven,
 Its very peak and pinnacle, whence he spreads

Clouds over the world and sets his thunder rolling
 And hurls his lightning-bolts. But now he has
 No clouds to veil the earth with, and no rainfall:
 But he makes thunder sound, and poises lightning
 Head-high in his right hand, and flings it from him,
 Striking the charioteer, and the bolt smashes
 His car, his life. So fire extinguished fire,
 And the mad horses leapt, tore loose the yoke,
 Broke from the broken reins. The axle lies
 Far from the pole, the spokes and wheels are shattered,
 The wreckage scatters far.

And Phaethon,
 His ruddy hair on fire, falls streaming down
 The long trail of the air. A star, sometimes,
 Falls from clear heaven, so, or seems to fall.
 And far from home, a river-god receives him,
 Bathes his poor burning face, and the Western Naiads
 Give burial to the broken body, smoking
 With the fire of that forked bolt, and on the stone
 They carve an epitaph:

*Here Phaethon lies,
 Who drove his father's chariot: if he did not
 Hold it, at least he fell in splendid daring.
 And his poor father, sick at heart, refused
 To show his countenance, and one whole day,
 Or so men say, went by without the sun.
 The fire supplied what light there was-how useful!
 And the boy's mother, after she had said
 Whatever could be said on such occasions,*

Out of her mind with grief, tearing her bosom,
 Went wandering over the world, to find the body,
 Or anyway the bones, and found the bones,
 At last, but buried by a foreign river.
 She threw herself beside the tomb, her tears
 Fell on the letters graven in the marble
 Where she could read his name, and her arms fondled
 The gravestone to her breast. And all her daughters
 Joined in her useless ritual of sorrow.
 By night and day they call upon their brother
 Who will not hear them, ever, and they lie there,
 Before the sepulchre, and the moon filled
 And waned, and filled, four times, and in their custom
 (By now it was a custom) still they sorrowed,
 Wanted to fling herself to earth, and could not
 Till one day Phaethusa, the oldest daughter,
 Because, she made complaint, her feet had stiffened;
 Lampetia, the fair one, tried to help her
 And could not move at all, suddenly rooted
 In earth; another sister, tearing her hair,
 Pulled leaves away, and another, and another,
 Found shins and ankles were wood, and arms were branches,
 And as they looked at these, in grief and wonder,
 Bark closed around their loins, their breasts, their shoulders,
 Their hands, but still their lips kept calling *Mother!*
 What could Clymene do but follow impulse,
 Run every which way, try to kiss each daughter,
 Tear loose the bark, break off the little twigs
 At the fingers' ends? But the broken twigs were bleeding,

And each one, wounded, cried, "Don't hurt me, mother!
That is no tree you are tearing, but my body.
Farewell, farewell!" And then the bark closed over
The last words each one said, but still their tears
Kept flowing down, till, hardened in the sunlight,
They turned to amber, and the shining river
Receives them, bears them on, to be the jewels
Of Roman brides, hereafter.

Cygnus saw it,
The son of Sthenelus, a distant cousin
Of Phaethon, but closer bound in spirit,
And he too mourned, and left behind his kingdom,
Liguria, which he ruled with her great cities,
And went lamenting by green banks and waters,
And through the woods, with the new young trees, the sisters,
And as he went, his voice grew thinner, shriller,
White feathers hid his hair, and his neck lengthened,
A web began to join his ruddy fingers,
Wings came along his sides, his lips extended
Into a blunted beak: what once was Cygnus
Was a new bird, the swan. But he remembers
The fire that Jove, unjustly, sent from Heaven,
And so distrusts the sky, and haunts low water,
The pools, the spreading lakes; hater of fire,
He chose to cherish water.

And the Sun-god,
All this long while, remained in deepest mourning,
Gloomy, without his brightness, darkened always
As in eclipse, and hates himself and daylight,

Gives way to grief, to grief adds rage, refusing
His duty to the world. "From time's beginning
I have had no rest," he says, "and I am weary
Of all this thankless toil, this endless labor.
Let anybody else who wants to drive it,
The chariot of light; if no one wants to,
If all the gods admit they cannot do it,
Then let Jove take the trouble himself, and some day,
Perhaps, he will be, for once, too busy holding
The reins, and have to put aside his lightning,
Those evil bolts that murder sons for fathers.
Then he will learn, once he himself discovers
How strong they are, those fiery-footed horses,
A boy who did not guide them well should hardly
Pay for his crime with death."

As he was speaking
The gods all stood around, and pleaded, humbly,
That he should not spread darkness over the world.
And even Jove asks pardon for that lightning,
Adding a royal threat or so. The Sun-god
Yokes the two teams again, still wild and trembling,
Yanks at the bit, cuts with the lash; he blames them,
Puts all the blame on them, for his son's downfall.

Jove in Arcady

Then the Almighty Father made the round
Of the great walls of Heaven; he must be sure
The fire had weakened nothing. All stood firm
In its immortal sureness: what of earth,

What of the realm of humans? Arcady
 He cared for most of all, restored her fountains,
 Her timorous rivers; he brought back the grasses,
 The leaves, the woodland's greenness. As he went
 About his business there, he caught a glimpse
 Of an Arcadian girl, a nymph, and fire
 Ran through his marrow-bones. She had no need
 To spin the wool to softness, nor to vary
 The way she wore her hair: a brooch for her dress,
 A ribbon for her hair, Diana's maiden,
 With spear or bow, she wandered, and her goddess
 Held her most dear, but no one's hold on dearness
 Lasts very long.

The sun was high in the heaven
 And the nymph entered the woods that no year ever
 Had put an axe to. She slung off the quiver,
 Unstrung the stubborn bow, and on the ground
 All green with grass, lay down, and the bright quiver
 Was a pillow for her head. And as Jove saw her
 Tired out, and no one watching, he did some thinking:
Juno will never catch me here, he figured,
Or if she does, well, well, it might be worth it.
 So he put on Diana's face and garments
 And said: "Dear maiden, where have you been hunting?"
 She rose from the green turf. "All hail, great goddess!
 Greater, I think, than Jove, and he might hear me
 For all I care." Jove, listening, laughed, rejoicing
 To be preferred even to himself, and kissed her
 The way a maiden does not kiss, or should not,

And just as she was starting in to tell him
 What forest she had hunted, he stopped the story
 And gave himself away with his embracing.
 She really struggled against him (even Juno,
 Had she been there to see, might have forgiven)
 But girls are frail, and anyway, who could conquer
 The might of Jove? He won, and then, a victor,
 Went back to Heaven, and she loathed the forest,
 The knowing woods, and fled, almost forgetting
 To take her bow, her quiver, and her arrows.

And here Diana came, with all her chorus,
 Down the Maenalian ridges, proud of trophies
 Won in the chase, and saw the nymph and called her,
 Who fled, at first, on being called: this might
 Be Jove again! But then she saw the others,
 And felt secure, came strolling up to join them.
 Alas! how hard it is not to betray
 A guilty conscience, by just one expression!
 She scarcely raised her eyes, she did not hurry,
 As once she did, to walk beside her goddess,
 To lead the others, but her silence spoke,
 Her blushes told her story; if Diana
 Were not, herself, a virgin, she could have noticed
 A thousand signs of guilt: the other handmaids
 Had a pretty good idea.

Nine times since then
 Moons waxed and waned: Diana, tired with hunting,
 Warm with the burning sun, found a cool grove

Where a stream went murmuring over the smooth sands.
 She praised the place, she dipped her feet in the water,
 How pleasant it was! She called to her companions,
 "No one can see us here: let us jump in, naked!"
 They all obeyed, undressed, except one girl,
 Who could not seem to hurry, so the others
 Stripped her, and saw the truth. She stood in terror
 Trying to move her hands to hide her belly.
 "Be off!" Diana cried, "this pool is holy,
 Do not pollute it!" And the girl was banished.

Juno, of course, had known it for a long time,
 But put her vengeance off, to have it better
 When the right time had come. And now that time
 Had surely come, for a boy was born, to make it
 So much the worse; the girl had named him Arcas.
 Juno, with blazing mind, and the great eyes blazing,
 Knew it and cried: "Of course, it had to be
 This way, no other, you little adulterous bitch,
 To go get pregnant, to advertise the scandal
 By giving birth, to have a living witness
 Of Jove's disgraceful conduct. You will never
 Get away with this unpunished. I will fix you!
 The form you so delight in, the lovely form
 That caught my husband's eye, I shall take from you!"
 She grabbed her hair, pulled it down over her forehead,
 Flung her down to the ground, and the girl, reaching
 Her arms toward her in pleading, saw them blacken,
 Grow rough with shaggy hair; her hands curved inward,
 Turned into feet, with claws; the lips, that seemed

To Jove so lovely not long since, became
 Broad ugly snout and jaws; the power of speech
 Might have been dangerous for her to plead with,
 So that was taken, and her voice became
 An angry threatening growl. Her human feelings
 Were left her in her bear-like form; she moaned
 Held up her hands (I mean her paws) to Heaven,
 Blamed Jove's ingratitude, and ah! no longer
 Dares rest in the lonely woods, but prowls forever
 Past what was once her home, her fields; now, driven
 By barking hounds across the rocky places,
 The huntress is the hunted. She would fear
 Wild beasts, herself a beast, and hide from bears
 Forgetting she was one; she feared the wolves
 Though her own father, once the man Lycaon,
 Roamed with the wolf-pack now.

And the boy Arcas

Lycaon's grandson, lived through fifteen years
 And never knew his mother. He was hunting
 One day, in Arcady, seeking the game
 In haunts he knew they chose. He had spread his nets
 And came upon his mother. She stood still
 Looking at him, and almost seemed to know him,
 And he shrank back at those unmoving eyes
 Forever upon him. He did not know why,
 But he was frightened. She was coming nearer,
 Or trying to; he would have thrown the spear,
 And tried to throw it, but his father stopped him;
 Jove stopped him, took them all away together,

Mother and son and evil deed, and whirled them
 Upward through space to Heaven, and he set them
 Together there, as neighboring constellations.
 So with her rival a shining star in Heaven,
 The wrath of Juno burned, and she went down
 To the gray sea-goddess Tethys in the ocean
 And to old Ocean himself: the upper gods
 Hold both of these in reverence. They asked her
 Why she had come, and she retorted: "Ask me
 Why I have come, indeed! Another queen
 Has taken my place in Heaven. You will see her
 Tonight, when the world darkens; you will see them,
 The new stars there, at the very peak of Heaven,
 Their honors being my wounds. What reason is there
 For anyone, now, to dread offense to Juno,
 To shudder at her power? I have no power
 For harming; if I want to, I only help them.
 How much I have done! How great my power is, truly!
 I would not let her be a human being;
 What is she now? A goddess! So I punish
 The guilty for their sins! What awful power,
 What majesty, is mine! The one thing left
 Is that he give her back her human features
 As once he did for Io. Why not, also,
 Now that Queen Juno has no place in Heaven,
 Marry her, too, and take her to my chamber,
 Become Lycaon's son-in-law? It may be
 You have a trace of something like compassion
 For me, almost your daughter. So, I pray you,

Deny these bears your blue-green depths forever,
 Drive off the stars who sold themselves for Heaven,
 Keep out that little whore from this pure water."
 They nodded that they would, and Juno rode
 In her swift car to Heaven, through clear air
 Borne by her colored peacocks, brightly jewelled
 With Argus' thousand eyes. Remember Argus?
 When he was slain, at that same time another
 Went through a change, another bird, the raven,
 Once white, was turned to black. Now hear the story.

The Story of the Raven, and the Raven's Story

The raven once was white, in fact, so much so,
 Not snowy doves, nor swans, were ever whiter,
 Nor even the geese, whose latter-day descendants
 Cried out and saved Rome's Capitol. However,
 He talked too much, and that was his undoing.
 Once white, and now white's opposite, the talker
 Brought this upon himself by too much talking.
 There was a girl, Coronis of Larissa,
 None prettier in all Thessaly: Apollo
 Found pleasure in her, surely, just as long
 As she was chaste, or, anyway, undiscovered.
 Apollo's bird, however, learned the truth
 And fluttered off, an incorruptible witness,
 To tell his master, and a gossiping crow
 Came tagging after, eager for the gossip,
 But when he heard the reason for the journey,
 He said: "This is a useless kind of business!

Listen to me! I ought to know. Consider
 What I am now, what I was once, and ask me
 How merit is rewarded. You will find
 Good faith is ruinous. Once upon a time
 A child was born, named Erichthonius,
 A boy without a mother. Pallas hid him
 In a chest of willow, and gave it to three girls,
 Daughters, they were, of double-bodied Cecrops,
 And Pallas told the girls to do no looking,
 No prying into mysteries. I watched them,
 Hiding myself in the leaves of a dark elm-tree,
 To spy what they were up to. Two were faithful,
 Pandrosos was, and Herse was; the other,
 Aglauros, called her sisters timid creatures,
 Unbound the fastenings, and saw the baby
 Lying inside the box, and there beside him
 A snake, stretched out full length. Of course
 I went and told the goddess. Lovely thanks
 I got for that! She threw me out, and put me
 Below the owl. My punishment should warn
 All birds *Keep out of trouble, and be quiet!*
 Maybe you think I asked for this, and Pallas
 Did not come looking for me? Well, go ask her!
 She would admit the truth, for all her anger.
 I was a princess in the land of Phocis,
 A famous king, Coroneus, was my father,
 And I had many suitors. Do not give me
 That look of scorn—why, everybody knows it!
 My beauty was my ruin. I was walking

Along the shore one day, in my own fashion,
 Slowly, almost on tiptoe, over the sand,
 And the god of ocean saw me, and his passion
 Blazed up; he found he wasted time in pleading,
 In using flattering words, so then he offered
 Force, and came after me. I ran; I wearied
 In the soft sand; I called on gods and mortals
 For help, and never a mortal came to help me.
 A virgin goddess, pitying a virgin,
 Brought help to me. I held my arms to heaven,
 My arms began to darken with soft plumage;
 I tried to pull the cloak from off my shoulders,
 The cloak was plumage, and I could not move it.
 I tried to beat my naked breasts, and found
 I had neither breasts nor beating hands. I ran,
 Not as I used to, through the holding sand,
 But over it, just over it, and rising,
 Air-borne, unsullied, given to Minerva.
 Much good it does me. Now Nyctimene
 Has taken my place, another sinful woman
 Changed into bird, and everybody knows
 Nyctimene was sleeping with her father.
 And still her guilt compels her, though a bird,
 To shun the light, the sight of men; she hides
 Her shame in darkness; she is always driven
 Out of the shining sky.”

The raven answered:

“That ought to teach you something; as for me,
 I find it very silly,” and he kept going

And told Apollo he had seen Coronis
 Lying beside some young Thessalian fellow.
 The god lost countenance, and color also,
 His laurel crown came sliding off his forehead,
 He dropped his lyre, and, as his anger mounted,
 He took the bow, he bent it, fired the arrow
 Into the breast he had felt against his own.
 And the girl groaned, and tugging at the arrow
 Saw her white body redden with crimson stain,
 And cried: "The punishment was due, Apollo,
 But giving birth was also due: I might have
 Brought forth my son; now two of us are dying."
 And that was true; cold death took body and spirit.

Too late, alas, lover and god repented
 The cruel vengeance, and hated both his anger
 And willingness to listen, and most of all
 Hated the bird for telling. He hates the bow,
 Hates quiver, arrows, and the aiming hand.
 He lifts the fallen girl, as if caressing
 Might bring her back to life; he tries to conquer
 Her fate, beyond all help or hope of healing,
 Even by the healing god. And when he saw
 The pyre made ready for the final burning,
 He sighed and moaned—no god can weep—his moaning
 Was pitiful, almost like the mournful lowing
 Made by an animal mother, when her calf
 Goes down before the butcher's smashing hammer.
 Over her breast, unfeeling now, Apollo
 Pours incense, gives the last embrace, does all

That can be done, and never seems worth doing.
 One thing he could not bear, that his own son
 Die in that fire, unborn; and so he took him
 Out of the mother's womb, and took the baby
 To the cavern of the Centaur, to Chiron's keeping.
 As for the raven, sitting there, and hoping
 For some reward for bringing a truthful story,
 All he received was the divine injunction
 To keep away from all white birds forever.

The Story of Ocyrhoe

Chiron was happy with his foster-son,
 Finding his care a pleasure and an honor,
 When here his daughter came, Ocyrhoe,
 The auburn hair falling across her shoulders,
 Daughter of Chariclo, a nymph, who bore her
 Beside a running stream. Ocyrhoe
 Was not contented with her father's arts,
 And learned prophetic singing. And this time,
 Seeing the child, she felt the mantic fury
 Swell in her bosom to burning, and she cried:
 "O child and savior of the whole wide world,
 Increase in grace! Often shall mortal bodies
 Confess themselves your debtor, and your power
 Shall give the souls new life. But, having dared
 This once, against the older gods, whose lightning
 Will take that power away, you shall go down
 From god to lifeless body, and rise again,
 And twice renew the fates of life. My father,

Immortal now, it seems, and destined ever
 To live beyond all centuries, there will come
 A day when you will beg for one power only,
 The power to die, when wounded limbs are tortured
 With the slain serpent's blood. And in that anguish
 The gods will make you mortal, and the Fates,
 The triple sisters, spin and break your thread,
 Even as they do for many many others."
 There was more to tell, but suddenly she sighed,
 Ending through tears: "The Fates forbid my speaking.
 My power of speech, it seems, was hardly worth it,
 This future-knowing, which brings down upon me
 The wrath of Heaven. To have known the future—
 I would rather not have known it. Human features
 Seem to be going from me. I am driven
 To canter over meadows, and for food
 Grass is my craving. Part of me, I know,
 Was always animal, but even so
 My father, at least, was always partly human."
 And even as she spoke, the words were neither
 Human nor neighing, but the kind of sound
 Made when men try to imitate the horses,
 But soon there was no mistaking that she whinnied,
 Her arms were forelegs, and the fingers fused
 With the nails forming horny hooves; her mouth
 Grew larger, and her neck stretched out, her gown
 Swept into a hairy tail, her hair a mane
 Falling on the right shoulder: she was changed
 Completely, voice, appearance, even name.

And Chiron, weeping, vainly called for aid
 On the great lord of Delphi, for Apollo
 Could never change the will of Jove: moreover,
 Even if he could, he was not there, but living
 In Elis at the time, where he had taken
 A shepherd's cloak, a pipe of seven reeds,
 A forest wand for staff, and all his thinking
 Of love and playing music, so his cattle
 Went wandering off and Mercury saw them, stole them,
 Drove them into a forest where he hid them.

Mercury and Battus

Now no one saw that theft, excepting Battus
 An old man of the neighborhood, a servant
 Of Neleus, a wealthy man, whose brood-mares
 Battus was watching in the glades and uplands.
 And Mercury, a little nervous, drew him
 Aside with coaxing gesture, and said: "Old-timer,
 Whoever you are, if anyone should ask you
 About some cattle, say you haven't seen them.
 You needn't do it for nothing; pick a heifer
 For your reward." And the old man took one, gladly,
 Saying, "Don't worry, stranger. That old boulder
 Will talk before I do." So Mercury left him,
 But soon came back again, with voice and features
 Altered, and started asking: "Say, old-timer,
 Have any cattle gone this way? Come on,
 Tell me, and help me out. Some rustler got them.
 I'll give you a bull and cow for information."

The old man, tempted by the double offer,
 Said, "Take a look at the foot of yonder mountain."
 They were there, all right. And Mercury laughed: "You rascal,
 Would you betray me to myself, in person?"
 And with the word, he turned him into stone,
 The kind called touch-stone, to this very moment,
 As if the stone had been the guilty talker.

Mercury, Herse, and Aglauros

And Mercury rose on level wings, flew over
 The lands Minerva loves, Munychian fields,
 The groves of sage Lyceum, and the day,
 As it so happened, was a festival
 When the young girls brought to the goddess' temple
 The holy gifts in baskets wreathed with flowers.
 And Mercury saw them all returning home,
 And came down toward them, not in a steep dive,
 But as a kite comes curving, when he sees
 The victim, newly-slain, beside the altar,
 But all the priests attending, so he circles
 Waiting and eager; so the wingèd god
 Kept wheeling over Athens. There was Herse,
 The grace of the procession, loveliest
 Of all those girls, outshining them as brightly
 As Lucifer does the other stars of morning,
 As the golden moon outshines the morning-star.
 Mercury, high in air, felt himself burning
 The way a sling-shot burns, by its own motion
 Heated beyond the chill of the cold clouds

Through which it flies. The god comes wheeling down,
 Does not disguise himself, so great the pride,
 The confidence of his splendor. But he aids it,
 Smoothing his hair, making the robes fall even,
 The golden border showing; and he carries
 In his right hand the wand that makes men slumber
 Or rouses them to wakefulness: the sandals
 Glitter around his ankles.

In the house

Where the girls lived, there were three chambers, rich
 With ivory and tortoise-shell. Pandrosos
 Lived in the right-hand room, Herse the middle,
 Aglauros on the left. She was the first one
 To see the god approaching, and she asked him
 His name, and what he came for. And he told her:
 "I am my father's messenger. My father
 Is Jove himself. I have come here for Herse,
 No use denying that. Do you be loyal,
 Favor a lover; some day there might be
 A niece or nephew for you." But she watched him
 With the same greedy eyes that saw the secrets
 Of golden-haired Minerva. She demanded
 Gold, a great weight of it, for any service
 She would perform, and made him leave the dwelling.

Meanwhile the warrior goddess turned her eyes
 Upon Aglauros, and breathed such a sigh
 Her breast was shaken, and the aegis shaken
 That lay upon her breast, for she remembered

This was the girl who, with profaning fingers,
 And disobedient, had stripped off the secrets,
 Uncovering and peeping at the child
 Born from no mother. And here she was now, planning
 To please a god, to please, alike, her sister,
 Rich with the gold her avarice demanded.

The House of the Goddess Envy

Minerva could not bear it! In her anger
 She came to Envy's house, a black abode,
 Ill-kept, stained with dark gore, a hidden home
 In a deep valley, where no sunshine comes,
 Where no wind blows, gloomy, and full of cold,
 Where no bright fire burns ever, where the smoke
 Is the grey fog of everlasting mist.
 The goddess, maiden, warrior, might not enter
 Any such dwelling, so Minerva halted
 Before the door, and struck it with the spear-butt.
 The battered doors swung open; there was Envy
 Eating the flesh of snakes, the proper food
 To nourish venom with. Minerva turned,
 As Envy rose, torpid and slow, the snakes
 Half-eaten on the ground, and she came forward,
 Torpid and slow, and as she saw the goddess,
 All bright and beautiful in all her armor,
 She groaned aloud and sighed for that bright presence.
 Pale, skinny, squint-eyed, mean, her teeth are red
 With rust, her breast is green with gall, her tongue
 Suffused with poison, and she never laughs

Except when watching pain; she never sleeps,
 Too troubled by anxiety; if men
 Succeed, she fails; consumes, and is consumed,
 Herself her punishment. Minerva hates her,
 Yet gives her orders, curtly: "Poison her,
 Aglauros, Cecrops' daughter. I command it."
 She said no more, but with the spear as lever,
 Spurning the loathsome ground, took off for Heaven.

And Envy watched her, sidelong, out of sight,
 Mumbling and muttering, sorry to be helpful
 In any victory, picked up her staff
 All wound with thorns, put on the cloudy mantle
 In which she travels, and wherever she goes
 The grasses wither, the tall trees are blighted,
 And towns and houses and their people tainted.
 At last she looked on Athens, that fine city
 Shining with art and wealth and peace and pleasure,
 And weeps almost, since she sees nothing there
 That anyone could weep at. She goes on
 Into Aglauros' chamber, and fulfilling
 Minerva's order, lays her festering hand
 On the girl's breast, and fills her heart with thorns,
 Breathes pestilence through her nostrils, spreads the poison
 Black through her bones. To give her cause, she pictures
 Her sister's happy union, and the god
 With her in all his beauty; she more than doubles
 The wonder of it all. Aglauros, maddened,
 Eats her heart out in secret, anxious always,
 By day, by night, and wastes away, most wretched

In dissolution, slow as ice is melted
 When the sun shines wan and fitfully across it.
 Herse is happy, she believes; Aglauros
 Burns with a sullen hopeless kind of burning
 The way weeds smolder, set on fire, no blazing,
 No flame, but only sullen slow resistance.
 She would rather die than see her sister happy:
 This was a crime; she ought to tell her father,
 That stiff unyielding man. She went and waited
 Blocking her sister's threshold, like a sentry,
 To halt the god if he should come. He came,
 And coaxed and wheedled in his sweetest manner.
 "Stop it!" she said, "I shall not stir, I promise,
 Till after you are gone." "Agreed!" he answered,
 And struck the door with the wand. The door swung open.
 Aglauros tried to rise, to block his entrance,
 And found she could not, doubled as she sat there,
 Too heavy to stand: she fought against that stiffness,
 That numbing cold, blue-veined, blue-nailed, and helpless
 As people are when cancer spreads infection
 Through every part. The cold of winter came
 Into her lungs, her heart. She gave up trying
 To speak, could not have spoken if she tried to.
 Her neck was stone, her features hard as marble.
 A lifeless statue sat there, and the statue
 Was black, not white, dark with her evil spirit.
 And Mercury, this punishment inflicted
 For the girl's wickedness of word and feeling,
 Left Athens and went soaring back to Heaven.

Europa

And back in Heaven, he found his father waiting;
 Jove had an errand for him; he did not say
 Love was the reason for it, but simply told him:
 "My son, my ever-willing faithful servant,
 Be quick, glide back again, go down to Sidon,
 You will find a herd, the king's, of cattle grazing
 Along the mountains. Drive them to the sea-shore!"
 There was no delay; the herd was quickly driven
 From the hillsides to the shore, where the king's daughter
 Used to go playing with her Tyrian comrades.
 Do majesty and love go well together
 Or linger in one dwelling? Hardly. Jove
 Put down his heavy sceptre: the great father,
 Great ruler of the gods, whose right hand wields
 Triple-forked lightning, and whose awful nod
 Makes the world tremble, put aside his might,
 His majesty, and took upon himself
 The form of a bull, went lowing with the heifers
 Over the tender grass, showy and handsome,
 The color of snow, which never a foot has trodden,
 Never a raindrop sullied. The great muscles
 Bulged on the neck, the dewlaps hung to the chest,
 The horns were small, but every bit as perfect
 As if a sculptor made them, and as shining
 As any jewel, and the eyes and forehead
 Offered no threat, and the great gaze was peaceful.
 And the king's daughter looked at him in wonder,
 So calm, so beautiful, and feared to touch him,

METAMORPHOSES

At first, however mild, and little by little
Got over her fear, and soon was bringing flowers
To hold toward that white face, and he, the lover,
Gave kisses to the hands held out, rejoicing
In hope of later, more exciting kisses.
Is it time? Not quite. He leaps, a little playful,
On the green grass, or lays the snowy body
On the yellow sand, and gradually the princess
Loses all fear, and he lets her pat his shoulder,
Twine garlands in his horns, and she grows bolder,

Climbs on his back, of course all unsuspecting,
And he rises, ever so gently, and slowly edges
From the dry sand toward the water, further and further,
And swimming now, with the girl, trembling a little
And looking back to the land, her right hand clinging
Tight to one horn, and the other resting easy
Along the shoulder, and her flowing garments
Filling and fluttering in the breath of the sea-wind.

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. SeeIulus

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 GaiusJulius and later of Augustus CALCHAS. Priest of Apollo

CALLIOPEThe 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 ofTrachis

CHARYBDIS. Guardian of the whirlpool off the coast ofSicily

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 meninto 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

MYSCELUS. 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