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BOOK IV



Alcithoe, however, Minyas' daughter
 Would have no part in Bacchic orgies; further,
 She was rash enough to say the god was really
 No son of Jove. Her sisters sided with her.
 The priest had ordered Bacchic celebration,
 With serving-women, freed of toil, and ladies
 As well as servants, dressed alike, in skins
 Of animals; all should unbind the ribbons,
 Let the hair stream, wear garlands, carry wands
 Vine-wreathed. The god, his minister proclaimed,
 Would otherwise be fearful in his anger.
 So all obey, young wives and graver matrons,
 Forget their sewing and weaving, the daily duties,
 Burn incense, call the god by all his titles,
 The Loud One, the Deliverer from Sorrow,
 Son of the Thunder, The Twice-Born, The Indian,
 The Offspring of Two Mothers, God of the Wine-Press,

The Night-hallooed, and all the other names
 Known in the towns of Greece. He is young, this god,
 A boy forever, fairest in the Heaven,
 Virginal, when he comes before the people
 With the horns laid off his forehead. Even Ganges
 In far-off India bows down before him,
 The slayer of the sacrilegious Pentheus,
 Destroyer, too, of impious Lycurgus
 Whose battle-axe, one time, was raised against him.
 He turned the Tuscan sailors into dolphins.
 The lynxes draw his car, with bright reins harnessed,
 Satyrs, Bacchantes, follow, and Silenus,
 The wobbling old drunkard, totters after,
 Either on foot, with a stick to help him hobble,
 As shaky on three legs as two, or bouncing
 Out of the saddle on his wretched burro.
 Wherever Bacchus goes, the cries of women
 Hail him, and young men's joyful shouts, and drum
 And timbrels sound, and cymbals clash, and flutes
 Pipe shrill.

“Be with us, merciful and mild!”

The Theban women cry, and, crying, cherish
 The sacred rites as ordered. Only the daughters
 Of Minyas keep to themselves inside their houses
 Spoiling the holiday, spinning the wool,
 Tending the loom, keeping the servants working.
 And one of these, while plying thread and needle,
 Said: “While the others have all gone off together
 To all this what-do-you-call-it kind of service,

Let us, who worship a better goddess, Pallas,
 Lighten our task a little by telling stories.”
 They all agreed and asked her to begin.
 She knew so many stories she was doubtful
 Which to begin with: about Dercetis, maybe,
 A girl turned into a fish, all covered with scales,
 Swimming a pool near Babylon; or her daughter,
 A pure white pigeon, who lived out her days
 On the high towers; and then there was the story
 About a naiad, who, by charms and simples,
 Turned small boys into fishes, and became
 A fish herself; or how the mulberry-tree
 Changed the fruit’s color from white to the deep crimson,
 From the stain of blood. This story seemed the best one,
 Not being known too well. And so she told it.

The Story of Pyramus and Thisbe

“Next door to each other, in the brick-walled city
 Built by Semiramis, lived a boy and girl,
 Pyramus, a most handsome fellow, Thisbe,
 Loveliest of all those Eastern girls. Their nearness
 Made them acquainted, and love grew, in time,
 So that they would have married, but their parents
 Forbade it. But their parents could not keep them
 From being in love: their nods and gestures showed it—
 You know how fire suppressed burns all the fiercer.
 There was a chink in the wall between the houses,
 A flaw the careless builder had never noticed,
 Nor anyone else, for many years, detected,

But the lovers found it—love is a finder, always—
 Used it to talk through, and the loving whispers
 Went back and forth in safety. They would stand
 One on each side, listening for each other,
 Happy if each could hear the other’s breathing,
 And then they would scold the wall: ‘You envious barrier,
 Why get in our way? Would it be too much to ask you
 To open wide for an embrace, or even
 Permit us room to kiss in? Still, we are grateful,
 We owe you something, we admit; at least
 You let us talk together.’ But their talking
 Was futile, rather; and when evening came
 They would say Good-night! and give the good-night kisses
 That never reached the other.

“The next morning

Came, and the fires of night burnt out, and sunshine
 Dried the night frost, and Pyramus and Thisbe
 Met at the usual place, and first, in whispers,
 Complained, and came—high time!—to a decision.
 That night, when all was quiet, they would fool
 Their guardians, or try to, come outdoors,
 Run away from home, and even leave the city.
 And, not to miss each other, as they wandered
 In the wide fields, where should they meet? At Ninus’
 Tomb, they supposed, was best; there was a tree there,
 A mulberry-tree, loaded with snow-white berries,
 Near a cool spring. The plan was good, the daylight
 Was very slow in going, but at last
 The sun went down into the waves, as always,

And the night rose, as always, from those waters.

And Thisbe opened her door, so sly, so cunning,
 There was no creaking of the hinge, and no one
 Saw her go through the darkness, and she came,
 Veiled, to the tomb of Ninus, sat there waiting
 Under the shadow of the mulberry-tree.
 Love made her bold. But suddenly, here came something!—
 A lioness, her jaws a crimson froth
 With the blood of cows, fresh-slain, came there for water,
 And far off through the moonlight Thisbe saw her
 And ran, all scared, to hide herself in a cave,
 And dropped her veil as she ran. The lioness,
 Having quenched her thirst, came back to the woods, and saw
 The girl's light veil, and mangled it and mouthed it
 With bloody jaws. Pyramus, coming there
 Too late, saw tracks in the dust, turned pale, and paler
 Seeing the bloody veil. 'One night,' he cried,
 'Will kill two lovers, and one of them, most surely,
 Deserved a longer life. It is all my fault,
 I am the murderer, poor girl; I told you
 To come here in the night, to all this terror,
 And was not here before you, to protect you.
 Come, tear my flesh, devour my guilty body,
 Come, lions, all of you, whose lairs lie hidden
 Under this rock! I am acting like a coward,
 Praying for death.' He lifts the veil and takes it
 Into the shadow of their tree; he kisses
 The veil he knows so well, his tears run down
 Into its folds: 'Drink my blood too!' he cries,

And draws his sword, and plunges it into his body,
 And, dying, draws it out, warm from the wound.
 As he lay there on the ground, the spouting blood
 Leaped high, just as a pipe sends water spurting
 Through a small hissing opening, when broken
 With a flaw in the lead, and all the air is sprinkled.
 The fruit of the tree, from that red spray, turned crimson,
 And the roots, soaked with the blood, dyed all the berries
 The same dark hue.

“Thisbe came out of hiding,
 Still frightened, but a little fearful, also,
 To disappoint her lover. She kept looking
 Not only with her eyes, but all her heart,
 Eager to tell him of those terrible dangers,
 About her own escape. She recognized
 The place, the shape of the tree, but there was something
 Strange or peculiar in the berries' color.
 Could this be right? And then she saw a quiver
 Of limbs on bloody ground, and started backward,
 Paler than boxwood, shivering, as water
 Stirs when a little breeze ruffles the surface.
 It was not long before she knew her lover,
 And tore her hair, and beat her innocent bosom
 With her little fists, embraced the well-loved body,
 Filling the wounds with tears, and kissed the lips
 Cold in his dying. 'O my Pyramus,'
 She wept, 'What evil fortune takes you from me?
 Pyramus, answer me! Your dearest Thisbe
 Is calling you. Pyramus, listen! Lift your head!'

He heard the name of Thisbe, and he lifted
His eyes, with the weight of death heavy upon them,
And saw her face, and closed his eyes.

“And Thisbe
Saw her own veil, and saw the ivory scabbard
With no sword in it, and understood. ‘Poor boy,’
She said, ‘So, it was your own hand,
Your love, that took your life away. I too
Have a brave hand for this one thing, I too
Have love enough, and this will give me strength
For the last wound. I will follow you in death,
Be called the cause and comrade of your dying.
Death was the only one could keep you from me,
Death shall not keep you from me. Wretched parents
Of Pyramus and Thisbe, listen to us,
Listen to both our prayers, do not begrudge us,
Whom death has joined, lying at last together
In the same tomb. And you, O tree, now shading
The body of one, and very soon to shadow
The bodies of two, keep in remembrance always
The sign of our death, the dark and mournful color.’
She spoke, and fitting the sword-point at her breast,
Fell forward on the blade, still warm and reeking
With her lover’s blood. Her prayers touched the gods,
And touched her parents, for the mulberry fruit
Still reddens at its ripeness, and the ashes
Rest in a common urn.”

The story ended,
There was a pause, and then another sister,

Leuconoe, broke through the listening silence:

The Story of Mars and Venus

“The Sun sees all things first. The Sun, they say,
Was the first one who spied on Mars and Venus
When they were making love. The Sun, offended,
Went with the story to her husband, Vulcan,
Telling him all, the when, the how, the where,
And Vulcan dropped whatever he was doing,
And made a net, with such fine links of bronze
No eye could see the mesh: no woolen thread
Was ever so delicate, no spider ever
Spun filament so frail from any rafter.
He made it so the slightest touch would bend it,
The slightest movement make it give, and then
He spread it over the bed, and when the lovers
Came there again, the husband’s cunning art
Caught them and held them fast, and there they were
Held in each other’s arms, and Vulcan, lord
Of Lemnos, opened wide the ivory doors
And called the gods to come and see. They lay there,
The two, in bondage, in disgrace. And some one,
Not the least humorous of the gods in Heaven,
Prayed that some day he might be overtaken
By such disgrace himself. And there was laughter
For a long time in Heaven, as the story
Was told and told again.

The Sun-god and Leucothoe

"But Venus never
 Forgot that spy, and took her vengeance on him.
 She had her turn at getting even, spoiling
 A love affair for him, the one who spoiled
 A love affair for her. Of what avail
 Was all that beauty, brightness, radiant light?
 The god, whose fire lights all the world, was burning
 Himself with foreign fire. The god, who should have
 Looked equally on all created creatures,
 Saw nothing but one girl, Leucothoe,
 Turning on her alone the eyes, whose province
 Belonged to all the world. He would rise too early
 From the Eastern sky, would sink too late to Ocean,
 Would lengthen the winter hours by long delaying
 To look at her, sometimes would fail entirely
 Because the darkness in the heart turned outward,
 A darkness terrible to human beings.
 That was no wanness from the moon's reflection
 Between him and the earth; it was love that caused it.
 He loved Leucothoe alone: Clymene
 Held him no longer, nor that girl of Rhodes,
 Nor Circe's lovely mother, nor even Clytie,
 Scorned but devoted still, wounded, and loving.
 All were forgotten for the sake of her,
 Leucothoe, whose mother was the fairest
 In all that land of aromatic fragrance,
 Eurynome, her name was, and her daughter
 Grew up to be more beautiful than her mother,
 As much so as her mother outshone all others.

King Orchamus, her father, seventh in line
 From ancient Belus, ruled the Persian cities.

Under the Western skies the meadows lie
 Where the Sun's horses feed. No common grass
 Regales them, but ambrosia, so their bodies
 Tired from their daily toil take strength again,
 New every morning. While they were tethered here,
 And The Moon went her rounds, the Sun-god entered
 The room of his beloved, putting on
 Eurynome's appearance. He saw the girl
 Among a dozen handmaids, spinning wool,
 Gave her the kind of kiss a mother might have,
 Adding: 'We have a little private business:
 Go away, girls!' And they obeyed; the room
 Was left without a witness. Then the Sun-god
 Revealed himself: 'I am the one who measures
 The long year out, I see all things, and all men
 See everything through me, the eye of the world.
 I love you; do not doubt it.' She was frightened,
 Let fall the spindle and distaff, but even her fright
 Was most becoming. He delayed no longer,
 Turned to his true appearance, the bright splendor,
 And she, still fearful of the sudden vision,
 Won over by that shining, took his passion
 With no complaint.

"But Clytie, jealous, burning
 No less for the Sun-god's love, and spurred by anger
 Over this rival, made the affair as public

As ever she could, and went to special trouble
 To tell Leucothoe's father. He had no pity,
 He would not heed her prayers, her arms, uplifted
 To the light of the sun, her cry *He made me do it!*
 Deep in the earth he buried her and gave her
 For tomb a heavy weight of sand. The Sun-god
 Burned part of this away, so the poor girl
 Might lift her head, and breathe, but all too late.
 Leucothoe was only a lifeless body
 Smothered and crushed. No sight more pitiful
 Had dimmed the Sun-god's eyes since Phaethon
 Fell to his blazing death. He tried in vain
 With all the strength of his warm rays to bring
 Her death-cold limbs to life again, and found
 Fate was too powerful for all his trying,
 And so, on body and ground he sprinkled nectar,
 And mourned for her. 'But still you will reach Heaven,'
 He said, and the body, under the heavenly nectar,
 Melted away, and filled the earth around
 With aromatic fragrance. And a shrub
 Arose, the frankincense, with roots deep-driven
 Into the earth, and the crest rising slowly
 Above the burial-mound.

“And as for Clytie,
 Love might have been a reason for her sorrow,
 And sorrow for her telling tales, but never
 Would the light-giver come to her again
 To use her in the way of love, and so,
 Since she was used to love, and almost crazy

For lack of it, she pined away; she hated
 Her sisters; under the open sky, by day,
 By night, she sat alone, bareheaded,
 Naked, unkempt. For nine whole days she sat there,
 With neither food nor drink, her hunger wanting
 Nothing but dew and tears, unstirred, unstirring.
 But still she watched his going, and her gaze
 Followed him on his way across the Heaven.
 Her limbs took root, and her wan color changed
 To a wan leafing, with a little brightness
 Where once her face had been; she was a flower,
 Rooted, but turning always toward the sunlight,
 Changed, but forever keeping love unchanging.”

That was Leuconoe's story, and the others
 Listened, spell-bound, and some did not believe it,
 And others said that the true gods could make
 Whatever they wanted happen, but as for Bacchus,
 He was no true god. Alcithoe was next
 To have her turn. She ran her shuttle
 Through the thread of the loom, speedy and deft, and told them:
 “Some stories are too common, the love of Daphnis,
 For instance, the young shepherd of Mount Ida,
 Turned by a jealous nymph to stone, which goes
 To show you the power of jealousy and anger.
 Nor do I think I will tell you about Sithon
 Who alternated being man and woman,
 Nor about Celmis, playfellow of Jove
 When he was little, and is adamant now
 Whichever way you take the word. The rain

Brought the Curetes forth, never mind how,
 And never mind how Crocus and his darling,
 Smilax, were turned to little flowers. This one
 Is new, and so I think you ought to like it.

The Story of Salmacis

You are going to hear the story of a fountain,
 Salmacis, with an evil reputation,
 Because its waters make men weak and feeble,
 Whoever goes bathing there. The cause is hidden,
 The fountain's enervating power well-known. A boy,
 The son of Mercury and Cythera's goddess,
 Was nurtured by the naiads in their caverns.
 You could recognize his father and his mother
 Both, in his handsome looks, and he took his name
 From both of them, Hermes, and Aphrodite,
 Hence, you can see, he was called Hermaphroditus.
 Fifteen years old, he left his native mountains,
 Left Ida for the new delights, to wander
 In unknown lands, to look at unknown rivers,
 His eagerness making it very little trouble,
 And so he came to Lycia and Caria,
 And there he saw a pool, translucent even
 To the very bottom. No marshy reeds grew round it,
 No sedgy grass, no spiky rush: the water
 Was clear as glass, and the pool's edges bordered
 By greenest lawn, and in the pool was dwelling
 A water-nymph, not one who cared for hunting,
 Bending the bow, or racing. She would never

Follow Diana in the hunt. Her sisters
 Used to reprove her, often, for not taking
 Quiver and spear, for mingling with her leisure
 The hardships of the chase. She would not listen,
 But only kept on bathing in the water,
 Or combing her lovely hair with a comb of boxwood,
 Or looking into the mirror of the water
 To find what dress was most becoming to her,
 Put on diaphanous garments, and recline
 To rest on the soft greenery, or gather
 Bright-colored flowers, and she was gathering flowers
 On this particular day, when she saw the youngster
 And wanted what she saw.

“But still she waited,
 Controlled her eagerness, a very little,
 Just time enough to smooth her dress, to wear
 Her most becoming look, to be as pretty
 As ever she knew how. Then she called to him:
 ‘Are you a god, dear boy? I could believe it,
 And if you are, I think you must be Cupid.
 If you are not a god, and only mortal,
 How lucky your parents are, and brother and sister,
 And wet-nurse, if you had one! But most lucky,
 Luckiest of them all, your bride, if any
 Is worthy, in your sight, to be so promised.
 If there is such a girl, then let my pleasure
 Be a secret, kept between us; if there is not,
 Then marry me, let us go to bed together.’
 That was all she said, but the youngster started blushing,

Out of pure ignorance of love. But blushing
 Was most becoming. Apples have such color
 In the sunny orchards, or ivory, when tinted,
 Or the moon, eclipsed, the red below the white
 When the bronze vessels of the superstitious
 Clang loud to bring her back to life. The naiad
 Kept pleading, begging for a kiss, at least
 The kind one gives a sister. She was ready
 To throw her arms about his snowy neck.
 'Stop it!' he cried, 'Will you stop it? I am leaving
 This place, and you.' Salmacis, trembling, answered:
 'I leave the place to you, then,' and pretended
 To go away, but looked back often, found
 Bushes to hide in, and remained there watching.
 And the boy, as if no one were looking at him,
 Strolled over the grass, went wading in the water,
 And quickly, captivated by the coolness,
 Flung off his clothes. Desire of the naked body
 Held her spell-bound; her eyes were bright and burning
 As a sun-glass shines. She can hardly bear the waiting,
 Hardly postpone her pleasure, mad to hold him,
 Amorous, eager. He slaps his body, plunges
 Into the pool, goes flailing through the water,
 A white and gleaming figure, a lily-flower,
 Or ivory, translucent glass around him.
 'I win, I have him,' she cried, stripped herself naked,
 Dove, swam to him, and held him fast, resisting,
 Sought his reluctant kisses, touched his body,
 Stroked his unwilling breast, embraced and held him

Whatever way she could. He fought and struggled,
 But she wrapped herself around him, as a serpent
 Caught by an eagle, borne aloft, entangles
 Coils around head and talons, or as ivy
 Winds round great oaks, or an octopus extends
 Its prey within its tentacles. He refused her
 The joy she wanted most, but still she held him
 Body to body: he would not escape her,
 Fight as he may. 'O grant me this,' she cried
 In prayer to the gods, 'May no day ever come
 To separate us!' and they heard her prayer,
 And the two bodies seemed to merge together,
 One face, one form. As when a twig is grafted
 On parent stock, both knit, mature together,
 So these two joined in close embrace, no longer
 Two beings, and no longer man and woman,
 But neither, and yet both.

"Hermaphroditus

Saw that the water had made him half a man,
 With limbs all softness. He held out his arms,
 Lifted a voice whose tone was almost treble,
 Pleading: 'O father and mother, grant me this!
 May every one hereafter, who comes diving
 Into this pool, emerge half man, made weaker
 By the touch of this evil water!' It was granted,
 That prayer, and ever since that day the waters
 Hold that contamination."

The End of the Daughters of Minyas

Alcithoe's story

Was over, but they kept on with their weaving,
 Still scorning Bacchus and his holiday,
 When suddenly timbrels sounded, unseen timbrels
 Harsh in their ears, flutes piped, and horns resounded
 And cymbals clashed, and all the air was full
 Of the smell of myrrh and saffron, and their weaving
 Turned green, and the hanging cloth resembled ivy
 Or grape-vines, and the threads were tendrils clinging.
 Leaves burgeoned on the warp, and purple clusters
 Leaped from the tapestry's purple. Day had ended,
 And the time was coming, neither dusk nor daylight,
 The faint refulgent borderline of darkness,
 And suddenly the building seemed to tremble,
 The oily lamps to flare, the hearth to glow
 With ruddy fire, and ghostly beasts were howling.
 The sisters, hiding in the smoky rooms,
 Fled from the fire and light and sought the shadows,
 And over their frail limbs a film, a membrane,
 Began to spread, and their arms were little wings.
 They did not know, in the darkness, in what fashion
 The change had come upon them; they were lifted
 On no great mass of plumage, only on wings
 So frail you could see through them. They tried to speak,
 But the sounds they made were tiny as their bodies,
 A squeak of protest. And still they flock to houses,
 Not woods; they hate the light, and flit in darkness,
 And science calls them *Vespertiliones*,
 The bats, the evening-flutterers.

The Story of Athamas and Ino

Now Bacchus

Was recognized through Thebes, a mighty godhead,
 And everywhere, Ino, his mother's sister
 Proclaimed his power. She, of all the sisters,
 Escaped from suffering, except for grieving
 Over the rest of them. Proud of her children,
 Her husband, Athamas, and most of all
 Proud of the god she fostered, she offended
 Juno, who could not stand her. "So," she thought,
 "My rival bears a child, and he has power
 To transform sailors, give the flesh of a son
 For his mother to tear to pieces, turn the daughters
 Of Minyas into bats, and what can Juno
 Do beyond weeping at insults unavenged?
 Is that enough? Is that my only power?
 But he himself has shown me what to do:
 To learn from enemies is right and proper.
 He has given more than ample demonstration
 In the history of Pentheus, how far madness
 Can go; so why should Ino not be spurred
 To madness, down the road her sisters followed?"

There is a way that leads steep down, all shaded
 By deadly yew-trees, leading through dumb silence
 To Hell's abode. There Styx, the sullen river,
 Breathes fog, and there the new ghosts come, descending
 From their due funerals. Pallor and chill
 Hold these untended areas, and the spirits,

New-come, are lost and do not know the road
 Toward the Stygian city and the palace
 Of Dis, the dark one. But the city has
 A thousand wide approaches, gates that open
 On every side: as ocean takes the rivers
 Streaming from all the world, so does this region
 Receive all souls; there is always room for many,
 For more and more, and the growing population
 Is hardly noticed at all. And there they wander
 The bloodless boneless disembodied spirits,
 Crowding the forum or the royal palace
 Or going through the motions they made while living.

Juno could face it if she must, her hatred,
 Her anger, being what they were. Descending,
 She crossed the threshold, and the threshold groaned
 Beneath the substance of a heavenly body,
 And Cerberus reared his head in triple baying.
 She called to her the Furies, the night-born sisters,
 Dreadful, implacable. They were sitting there
 Before Hell's adamant portals, combing
 Black serpents out of their hair. They saw her coming
 And rose. This place is called The Place Accursed.
 Here Tityos, stretching over nine full acres,
 Offers his vitals to be torn and eaten;
 Here Tantalus forever tries and fails
 To drink, and the fruit he reaches for forever
 Eludes his hand; here Sisyphus forever
 Rolls the great stone uphill, or else pursues it
 As it comes bounding down; Ixion whirls,

Pursued, pursuing, on the turning wheel;
 And Belus' daughters, the ones who killed their husbands,
 Bail up the water in the sieves forever.

And Juno glowers at them, first Ixion,
 Then Sisyphus, and asking: "Why does this one,
 This brother, only, suffer endless torment
 While Athamas dwells arrogant in his palace
 With his queen Ino, scornful of my godhead?"
 She tells the causes of her hate, her journey,
 Her purpose: that the house of Cadmus fall,
 The Furies drive Athamas mad. Her orders,
 Promises, pleadings, all assail the sisters
 In the one breath, and when she finished speaking,
 Tisiphone, the grizzled one, shook back
 Her matted locks. "There is no need," she answered
 "Of going round and round: whatever you order
 Consider done. Leave this unlovely kingdom,
 Go back again to the air of happier Heaven."
 So Juno went back happy, and found Iris
 Waiting before the heavenly portals, ready
 To sprinkle her with purifying water.

Tisiphone snatched up a torch, all steeped
 In blood, put on a robe, still dripping
 With the same crimson, wound around her waist
 A writhing snake, and started on her errand.
 Grief was her company, and Dread, and Terror,
 And Madness, who could not control her features.
 She stood on the threshold, and the very door-posts

Shrank from her touch, the shine of the polished maple
 Dulled, and the sun went swiftly into hiding.
 Ino was mad with terror, and her husband,
 In panic, tried to get her out of the palace,
 But the Fury would not let them go. Her arms,
 With serpent-muscles, reached at them; her hair
 Shook, and that nest of serpents hissed. Her shoulders,
 Her breasts, were something snakes went crawling over,
 Their flashing tongues spitting out blood and poison.
 She found two in her hair, and tore them loose,
 One for each victim. Over Ino's breast,
 Over the breast of Athamas they glided,
 Breathing their pestilential breath upon them.
 Their bodies took no hurt, their minds alone
 Received infection, and the Fury added
 Foam from the jaws of Cerberus, and poison
 From the Hydra's glands, and wandering illusions
 And mental darkness, crime, and tears, and madness,
 And lust for murder, all of them compounded
 With the green juice of hemlock, and the red
 Of fresh arterial blood, all brewed together
 In a bronze cauldron. As they stood there, shaking,
 She poured this over their shoulders, and it ran
 Down over their chests, into their hearts. She whirled
 Her torch, in circles, through the air, and kindled
 Fire with fire moving. And her task was done,
 Her victory assured, and she descended
 Back to the phantom regions, put aside
 Her dress of serpents.

Athamas raved aloud
 In the palace courtway: "Spread the nets here, comrades,
 These woods are full of lions; I just saw one,
 A female, with two cubs." He dashed at Ino
 As if she were an animal. His son,
 Learchus, laughing as if the game were funny,
 Was torn from his mother's arms; Athamas swung him
 Around his head, over and over, flung him
 Head-first at a wall of rock. And then the mother,
 Wild from her grief or the poisonous infection,
 Howled, and went streaking off, with her hair streaming,
 Holding her child, the little Melicerta,
 Crying, "Hail, Bacchus!" Juno broke out laughing
 At Bacchus' name: "Much good he will ever do you,
 That precious foster-son!" A cliff hung over
 The sea, whose beating waves had hollowed out
 The lowest part, a roof against the rainfall,
 But the top rose sharp and sheer above the water.
 Here Ino climbed, for madness gave her strength
 And fearlessness, and launched herself and her burden
 Far out into the ocean, and the wave
 Churned with white foam.

But Venus, taking pity
 For her unmerited sorrow, spoke to Neptune:
 "O god of the waves, whose power is second only
 To Heaven, I ask great things: have pity on them,
 These folk of mine, plunged in the vast Ionian,
 And add them to your gods. Something is due me,
 Some favor from the ocean-depths I sprang from,

A foam-born goddess." Neptune heard the prayer,
Took from the victims all their mortal being,
Gave them divinity, and changed both name
And form, gave the new god a name, Palaemon,
And called the goddess-mother Leucothea.

The Theban women, following after Ino
As best they could, saw the last traces of her
At the cliff's edge; certain that she had perished,
They wept for Cadmus' house, tore hair and garments,
Called Juno unfair, too cruel to her rival.
This Juno would not stand for, and she told them:
"How cruel I am you shall be the greatest witness."
No sooner said than done. Ino's most faithful
Companion cried: "I follow my queen!" and would have
Taken the leap, but could not move a muscle,
Stood rooted to the rock. And then another,
Trying to beat her breasts, felt arms upraised
Stiffen; another, reaching over ocean
Her hands, became a woman of stone; another,
Pulled at her hair and felt her fingers harden,
Caught in the very gesture. So they all,
Or nearly all, posed in that stone, but some,
Once Theban women, skimmed the water as sea-birds.

The End of Cadmus

Now Cadmus did not know that daughter and grandson
Had become sea-gods; overborne with sorrow,
And one misfortune after another, conquered

By all the portents he had seen, he left
The city he had founded, as if luck,
Not his own fate, oppressed him, and he wandered
Long with his queen until they reached Illyria.
They were sad, and old, and they kept talking over
The troubles of their house. "Was that a serpent
Slain by my spear so long ago," asked Cadmus,
"When I was fresh from Sidon? Did I sow
A serpent's teeth in the ground, to generate
New men? If this is what the gods are angry over,
May I become a serpent, with a body
Stretched full-length forward!" Even as he spoke
He stretched out full-length forward, felt his skin
Harden, and scales increase, and mottled markings
Sprinkle his blackening body. He fell forward,
Crawled on his belly, with his legs behind him
Drawn in, and tapering. He still had arms
And tried to reach them forward; his cheeks were human,
And tears ran down them, as he cried: "Come nearer,
My poor dear wife, while there is something left
For you to come to; come and touch my hand
Before I have no hand, am wholly serpent."
He wanted to say more, but found his tongue
Suddenly forked; instead of words, a hissing
Spoke his lament: Nature had left him nothing
Save this one power. She beat her breast. "O Cadmus,
Unhappy man," she cried, "remain, put off
This horrible appearance! What is this?
Where are your feet, your shoulders, hands, complexion,

Your—all of you? Why not transform me also,
 Gods of the Heaven, into another serpent?”
 He licked her face, glided between her breasts
 As if he knew them, twined around her neck,
 While all who stood there watching shook in horror.
 But the queen only stroked the serpent neck,
 Crested but smooth, and suddenly there were only
 Two serpents there, entwined about each other,
 And gliding, after a while, to hiding-places
 In the dark woods. Now as before, they never
 Hurt men, nor fear them, for they both remember
 What once they were; they are most gentle serpents.

The Story of Perseus

They had one comfort in their changed condition:
 India, conquered, worshipped Bacchus; Greece
 Thronged to his temples. King Acrisius only,
 Of the same stock, still kept him out of Argos,
 Took arms against the god, would not admit him
 The son of Jove. Nor would he grant that Perseus
 Was also son of Jove, the child begotten
 On Danae in the golden rain. But truth
 Is powerful: Acrisius learned repentance
 For his attack on the god, and his denial
 Of his own grandson. Bacchus was in Heaven,
 But Perseus, bringing back the wondrous trophy
 Of the snake-haired monster, through thin air was cleaving
 His way on whirring wings. As he flew over
 The Libyan sands, drops from the Gorgon's head

Fell bloody on the ground, and earth received them
 Turning them into vipers. For this reason
 Libya, today, is full of deadly serpents.

From there he drove through space, the warring winds
 Bearing him every way, as a squall is driven.
 From his great height he looked on lands outspread
 Far, far below; he flew the whole world over,
 Saw the cold Bears, three times, and saw the Crab
 With curving claws, three times, whirled often eastward,
 Whirled often to the west. As the day ended,
 Fearful of night, he came down for a landing
 On the West's edge, the realm of Atlas, seeking
 A little rest, till the Morning-star should waken
 The fires of dawn, and Dawn lead out the chariot
 Of the new day. Atlas, Iapetus' offspring,
 Loomed over all men in his great bulk of body.
 He ruled this land and the sea whose waters take
 The Sun's tired horses and the weary wheels
 At the long day's end. He had a thousand herds,
 No neighbors, and he had a tree, all shining
 With gold, whose golden leaves hid golden branches,
 Whose golden branches hung with golden apples.
 Perseus greeted Atlas: "If the glory
 Of lofty birth has any meaning for you,
 I am the son of Jove; if you prefer
 To wonder at great deeds, you will find that mine
 Are very wonderful. I ask for rest,
 For friendly shelter." But Atlas, doubtful,
 Thought of an ancient oracle of Themis:

*Atlas, the time will come when your tree loses
Its gold, and the marauder is Jove's son.*
 Fearful of this, Atlas had walled his orchard,
 Given its keeping to a monstrous dragon,
 And kept all strangers off. He answered Perseus:
 "Get out of here, you liar! Neither Jove
 Nor glory gets you entrance here." He added
 A lusty shove, though Perseus resisted,
 Argued, and tried appeasement. But at last,
 Inferior in strength (for who could equal
 The strength of Atlas?), he told the giant:
 "Well, anyway, since you will give me nothing,
 I have something here for you!" He turned his back,
 Held up, with his left hand behind his body,
 Medusa's terrible head, and, big as he was,
 Atlas was all at once a mountain: beard
 And hair were forests, and his arms and shoulders
 Were mountain-ridges; what had been his head
 Was the peak of the mountain, and his bones were boulders.
 But still he grew, for so the gods had willed it,
 And his great bulk upheld the starry Heaven.

And Aeolus by now had closed the winds
 In their eternal prison; the bright star
 That wakes men to their toil, had risen brightly
 In the clear morning air, and Perseus fastened
 His winged sandals to his feet, took up
 The scimitar, and soared aloft. Below him
 Lay many lands, and finally he saw
 The Ethiopians, King Cepheus' people.

There the god Ammon, not without injustice,
 Ordered a daughter, who had not deserved it,
 To pay the penalty for her mother's talking,
 And Perseus saw her there, Andromeda,
 Bound by the arms to the rough rocks; her hair,
 Stirred in a gentle breeze, and her warm tears flowing
 Proved her not marble, as he thought, but woman.
 She was beautiful, so much so that he almost
 Forgot to move his wings. He came down to her
 Saying: "My dear, the chains that ought to bind you
 Are love-knots rather than shackles. May I ask you
 Your name, your country, the reason for this bondage?"
 At first she made no answer, too much the virgin
 To speak to any man; she would have hidden
 Her modest features with her hands, but could not
 Since they were bound. Her eyes were free, and filling
 With rising tears. And Perseus urged her, gently,
 Not to seem too unwilling, but to tell him
 What wrong she had done, if any; so, at last,
 She gave her name, her country, adding further
 How her mother had bragged too much about her beauty.
 She had not told it all, when the sea roared
 And over the sea a monster loomed and towered
 Above the wave. She cried aloud. Her parents
 Were near at hand, both grieving, but the mother
 More justly so, and they brought no help with them,
 Only the kind of tears and vain embraces
 Proper on such occasions. This struck Perseus
 As pretty futile. "There is time, and plenty,

For weeping, later," he told them, "but the moment
 For help is very short. If I were here as suitor,
 I, Perseus, son of Jove and Danae,
 Conqueror of the snaky-headed Gorgon,
 The daring flier through the winds of Heaven,
 You would accept me, I think, before all others.
 But to such great endowments I am trying
 To add, with the gods' blessing, a greater service.
 If I save her by my valor, do I have her?"
 What could they say but Yes? They promised also
 A kingdom as her dowry.

As a galley

Bears down, with all the sturdy sweating rowers
 Driving it hard, so came the monster, thrusting
 The water on both sides in a long billow.
 A slinger from the cliff could almost hit him
 When Perseus rose cloudward, and his shadow
 Fell on the surface, and the monster, seeing
 That shadow, raged against it. As an eagle
 Sees, in open field, a serpent sunning
 Its mottled back, comes swooping down upon it,
 Grasps it behind its head, to miss the poison
 Sent through the deadly fangs, and buries talons
 In scaly neck, so Perseus came plunging
 In his steep dive down air, attacked the monster
 That roared as the right shoulder took the sword-blade
 Up to the hilt. The wound hurt deep, the sea-beast
 Reared, lashed, and dived, and thrashed, as a wild-boar does
 When the hounds bay around him. Perseus rose

When the fangs struck, he poised, he sought for openings
 Along the barnacled back, along the sides,
 At tapering fishy tail; the monster's vomit
 Was blood and salty water. The winged sandals
 Grew heavy from that spew, and Perseus dared not
 Depend upon them further. He found a rock
 Projecting out of the sea when the waves were still,
 Hidden in storm. There he hung on, from there
 He struck, again, again, and the sword went deep
 Into the vitals, and the shores re-echoed
 To Heaven with applause. Father and mother,
 Rejoicing, hail their son-in-law, the savior
 Of all the house. The chains are loosened
 From the girl's arms, and she comes slowly forward,
 The cause, and the reward, of all that labor.
 Water is brought so that the victor may
 Wash his hands clean of blood; before he washes,
 Lest the hard sand injure the Gorgon's head,
 He makes it soft with leaves, and over them
 Strews sea-weed for a cover, and puts down
 Medusa's head. And the twigs, all fresh and pliant,
 Absorb another force, harden and stiffen
 In branch and leaves. The sea-nymphs test the wonder
 With other boughs, and the same wonder happens
 To their delight, and they use the twigs as seedlings,
 Strewing them over the water, and even now
 Such is the nature of coral, that it hardens,
 Exposed to air, a vine below the surface.

Now Perseus built three altars to three gods,

The left for Mercury, the right for Pallas,
 The central one for Jove, and sacrificed
 Heifer and bull and yearling steer. He wanted
 No dowry save Andromeda in payment
 Of his reward. And Love and Hymen shook
 The marriage-torches, fires fed fat on incense,
 Glowing and fragrant, and the garlands hung
 Down from the timbers, and the lyre and flute
 And song made music, proof of happy spirits.
 Great doors swung open, and the golden halls
 Were set for splendid banqueting, and courtiers
 Came thronging to the tables.

So they feasted

And took their fill of wine, and all were happy,
 And Perseus asked them questions about the region,
 People and customs and the native spirit.
 They told him, and they asked in turn: "Now tell us,
 Heroic Perseus, how you slew the Gorgon."
 He told them how there lay, beneath cold Atlas,
 A place protected by the bulk of the mountain
 Where dwelt twin sisters, daughters, both, of Phorcys.
 They had one eye between them, and they shared it,
 Passing it from one sister to the other,
 And he contrived to steal it, being so handed,
 And slipped away, going by trackless country,
 Rough woods and jagged rocks, to the Gorgons' home
 On all sides, through the fields, along the highways,

He saw the forms of men and beasts, made stone
 By one look at Medusa's face. He also
 Had seen that face, but only in reflection
 From the bronze shield his left hand bore; he struck
 While snakes and Gorgon both lay sunk in slumber,
 Severed the head, and from that mother's bleeding
 Were born the swift-winged Pegasus and his brother.

And he went on to tell them of his journeys,
 His perils over land and sea, the stars
 He had brushed on flying pinions. And they wanted
 Still more, and someone asked him why Medusa,
 Alone of all the sisters, was snaky-haired.
 Their guest replied: "That, too, is a tale worth telling.
 She was very lovely once, the hope of many
 An envious suitor, and of all her beauties
 Her hair most beautiful—at least I heard so
 From one who claimed he had seen her. One day Neptune
 Found her and raped her, in Minerva's temple,
 And the goddess turned away, and hid her eyes
 Behind her shield, and, punishing the outrage
 As it deserved, she changed her hair to serpents,
 And even now, to frighten evil doers,
 She carries on her breastplate metal vipers
 To serve as awful warning of her vengeance."

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

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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

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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