

OVID

Has tibi plangendo lugubria pectora lassas 145  
 infelix tendo trans freta lata manus;  
 hos tibi—qui superant—ostendo maesta capillos!  
 per lacrimas oro, quas tua facta movent— 150  
 flecte ratem, Theseu, versoque relabere velo!  
 si prius occidero, tu tamen ossa feres!

XI

CANACE MACAREO

Siqua tamen caecis errabunt scripta lituris,  
 oblitus a dominae caede libellus erit.  
 dextra tenet calamum, strictum tenet altera ferrum,  
 et iacet in gremio charta soluta meo.  
 haec est Aeolidos fratri scribentis imago; 5  
 sic videor duro posse placere patri.  
 Ipse necis cuperem nostrae spectator adesset,  
 auctorisque oculis exigeretur opus!  
 ut ferus est multoque suis truculentior Euris,  
 spectasset siccis vulnera nostra genis. 10  
 scilicet est aliquid, cum saevis vivere ventis;  
 ingenio populi convenit ille sui.  
 ille Noto Zephyroque et Sithonio Aquiloni  
 imperat et pinnis, Eure proterve, tuis.  
 imperat heu! ventis, tumidae non imperat irae, 15  
 possidet et vitiis regna minora suis.

THE HEROIDES XI

<sup>145</sup> These hands, wearied with beating of my  
 sorrowful breast, unhappy I stretch toward you over  
 the wide seas; these locks—such as remain—in grief  
 I bid you look upon! By these tears I pray you—  
 tears moved by what you have done—turn about  
 your ship, reverse your sail, glide swiftly back to  
 me! If I have died before you come, 'twill yet  
 be you who bear away my bones!

XI

CANACE TO MACAREUS

IF aught of what I write is yet blotted deep and  
 escapes your eye, 'twill be because the little roll  
 has been stained by its mistress' blood. My  
 right hand holds the pen, a drawn blade the other  
 holds, and the paper lies unrolled in my lap. This  
 is the picture of Aeolus' daughter writing to her  
 brother; in this guise, it seems, I may please my  
 hard-hearted sire.

<sup>7</sup> I would he himself were here to view my end,  
 and the deed were done before the eyes of him  
 who orders it! Fierce as he is, far harsher than his  
 own east-winds, he would look dry-eyed upon my  
 wounds. Surely, something comes from a life with  
 savage winds; his temper is like that of his subjects.  
 It is Notus, and Zephyrus, and Sithonian Aquilo,  
 over whom he rules, and over thy pinions, wanton  
 Eurus. He rules the winds, alas! but his swelling  
 wrath he does not rule, and the realms of his  
 possession are less wide than his faults. Of what

quid iuvat admotam per avorum nomina caelo  
inter cognatos posse referre Iovem?  
num minus infestum, funebria munera, ferrum  
feminea teneo, non mea tela, manu? 20  
O utinam, Macareu, quae nos commisit in unum,  
venisset leto serior hora meo!  
cur umquam plus me, frater, quam frater amasti,  
et tibi, non debet quod soror esse, fui?  
ipsa quoque incalui, qualemque audire solebam, 25  
nescio quem sensi corde tepente deum.  
fugerat ore color; macies adduxerat artus;  
sumebant minimos ora coacta cibos;  
nec somni faciles et nox erat annua nobis,  
et gemitum nullo laesa dolore dabam. 30  
nec, cur haec facerem, poteram mihi reddere causam  
nec noram, quid amans esset; at illud eram.  
Prima malum nutrix animo praesensit anili;  
prima mihi nutrix "Aeoli," dixit, "amas!"  
erubui, gremioque pudor deiecit ocellos; 35  
haec satis in tacita signa fatentis erant.  
iamque tumescebant vitati pondera ventris,  
aegraque furtivum membra gravabat onus.  
quas mihi non herbas, quae non medicamina nutrix  
attulit audaci suppositaeque manu, 40  
ut penitus nostris—hoc te celavimus unum—  
visceribus crescens excuteretur onus?  
a, nimium vivax admotis restitit infans  
artibus et tecto tutus ab hoste fuit!

avail for me through my grandsires' names to reach  
even to the skies, to be able to number Jove among  
my kin? Is there less deadliness in the blade—my  
funeral gift!—that I hold in my woman's hand,  
weapon not meet for me?

<sup>21</sup> Ah, Macareus, would that the hour that made  
us two as one had come after my death! Oh why,  
my brother, did you ever love me more than brother,  
and why have I been to you what a sister should not  
be? I, too, was inflamed by love; I felt some god  
in my glowing heart, and knew him from what I used  
to hear he was. My colour had fled from my face;  
wasting had shrunk my frame; I scarce took food,  
and with unwilling mouth; my sleep was never  
easy, the night was a year for me, and I groaned,  
though stricken with no pain. Nor could I render  
myself a reason why I did these things; I did  
not know what it was to be in love—yet in love  
I was.

<sup>33</sup> The first to perceive my trouble, in her old  
wife's way, was my nurse; she first, my nurse, said:  
"Daughter of Aeolus, thou art in love!" I blushed,  
and shame bent down my eyes into my bosom;  
I said no word, but this was sign enough that I  
confessed. And presently there grew apace the  
burden of my wayward bosom, and my weakened  
frame felt the weight of its secret load. What herbs  
and what medicines did my nurse not bring to me,  
applying them with bold hand to drive forth entirely  
from my bosom—this was the only secret we kept  
from you—the burden that was increasing there?  
Ah, too full of life, the little thing withstood the arts  
employed against it, and was kept safe from its  
hidden foe!

Iam noviens erat orta soror pulcherrima Phoebi, 45  
 et nova<sup>1</sup> luciferos Luna movebat equos.  
 nescia, quae faceret subitos mihi causa dolores,  
 et rudis ad partus et nova miles eram.  
 nec tenui vocem. "quid," ait, "tua crimina prodīs?"  
 oraue clamantis conscia pressit anus. 50  
 quid faciam infelix? gemitus dolor edere cogit,  
 sed timor et nutrix et pudor ipse vetant.  
 contineo gemitus elapsaque verba rependo  
 et cogor lacrimas conbibere ipsa meas.  
 mors erat ante oculos, et opem Lucina negabat— 55  
 et grave, si morerer, mors quoque crimen erat—  
 cum super incumbens scissa tunicaque comaque  
 pressa refovisti pectora nostra tuis,  
 et mihi "vive, soror, soror o carissima," dixti;  
 "vive nec unius corpore perde duos! 60  
 spes bona det vires; fratri nam nupta futura es.<sup>2</sup>  
 illius, de quo mater, et uxor eris."  
 Mortua, crede mihi, tamen ad tua verba revixi:  
 et positum est uteri crimen onusque mei.  
 quid tibi grataris? media sedet Aeolus aula; 65  
 crimina sunt oculis subripienda patris.  
 frugibus<sup>3</sup> infantem ramisque albensis olivae  
 et levibus vittis sedula celat anus,  
 fictaque sacra facit dicitque precantia verba;  
 dat populus sacris, dat pater ipse viam. 70  
 iam prope limen erat—patrias vagitus ad auris  
 venit, et indicio proditur ille suo!

<sup>1</sup> nonaque *P* s *Ehw.*: denaque *others*: et nova *Hous.*

<sup>2</sup> So *G* ω *Merk.*: fratri es nam nuptura *P*<sub>2</sub>: fratris nam nupta futura es *Pa.*: germano nupta futura es *Ehw.*

<sup>3</sup> frugibus *P*: frondibus *G V Plan.*

<sup>45</sup> Nine times already had the fairest sister of the sun risen, and now a further moon was beginning to stir her light-bearing steeds. I knew not what caused the sudden pangs in me; to travail I was unused, a soldier new to the service. I could not keep from groans. "Why betray thy fault?" said the ancient dame who knew my secret, and stopped my crying lips. What shall I do, unhappy that I am? The pains compel my groans, but fear, the nurse, and shame itself forbid. I repress my groans, and try to take back the words that slip from me, and force myself to drink my very tears. Death was before my eyes; and Lucina denied her aid—death, too, were I to die, would fasten upon me heavy guilt—when leaning over me, you tore my robe and my hair away, and warmed my bosom back to life with the pressure of your own, and said: "Live, sister, sister O most dear; live, and do not be the death of two beings in one! Let good hope give thee strength; for now thou shalt be thy brother's bride. He who made thee mother will also make thee wife."

<sup>63</sup> Dead that I am, believe me, yet at your words I live again, and have brought forth the reproach and burden of my womb. But why rejoice? In the midst of the palace hall sits Aeolus; the sign of my fault must be removed from my father's eyes. With fruits and whitening olive-branches, and with light fillets, the careful dame attempts to hide the babe, and makes pretence of sacrifice, and utters words of prayer; the people give way to let her pass, my father himself gives way. She is already near the threshold—my father's ears have caught the crying sound, and the babe is lost, betrayed by his own sign! Aeolus

eripit infantem mentitaque sacra revelat  
 Aeolus; insana regia voce sonat.  
 ut mare fit tremulum, tenui cum stringitur aura, 75  
 ut quatitur tepido fraxina virga<sup>1</sup> Noto,  
 sic mea vibrari pallentia membra videres;  
 quassus ab inposito corpore lectus erat.  
 inruit et nostrum vulgat clamore pudorem,  
 et vix a misero continet ore manus. 80  
 ipsa nihil praeter lacrimas pudibunda profudi;  
 torpuerat gelido lingua retenta metu.  
 Iamque dari parvum canibusque avibusque nepotem  
 iusserat, in solis destituique locis.  
 vagitus dedit ille miser—sensisse putares— 85  
 quaque suum poterat voce rogabat avum.  
 quid mihi tunc animi credis, germane, fuisse—  
 nam potes ex animo colligere ipse tuo—  
 cum mea me coram silvas inimicus in altis  
 viscera montanis ferret edenda lupis? 90  
 exierat thalamo; tunc demum pectora plangi  
 contigit inque meas unguibus ire genas.  
 Interea patrius vultu maerente satelles  
 venit et indignos edidit ore sonos:  
 "Aeolus hunc ense mittit tibi"—tradidit  
 ense— 95  
 "et iubet ex merito scire, quid iste velit."  
 scimus, et utemur violento fortiter ense;  
 pectoribus condem dona paterna meis.  
 his mea muneribus, genitor, conubia donas?  
 hac tua dote, pater, filia dives erit? 100

<sup>1</sup> The usual MSS. reading: fraxinæ virga P: fraxinus icta Pa.

catches up the child and reveals the pretended sacrifice; the whole palace resounds with his maddened cries. As the sea is set a-trembling when a light breeze passes o'er, as the ashen branch is shaken by the tepid breeze from the south, so might you have seen my blanching members quiver; the couch was a-quake with the body that lay upon it. He rushes in and with cries makes known my shame to all, and scarce restrains his hand from my wretched face. Myself in my confusion did naught but pour forth tears; my tongue had grown dumb with the icy chill of fear.

<sup>83</sup> And now he had ordered his little grandchild thrown to the dogs and birds, to be abandoned in some solitary place. The hapless babe broke forth in wailings—you would have thought he understood—and with what utterance he could entreated his grandsire. What heart do you think was mine then, O my brother—for you can judge from your own—when the enemy before my eyes bore away to the deep forests the fruit of my bosom to be devoured by mountain wolves? My father had gone out of my chamber; then at length could I beat my breasts and furrow my cheeks with the nail.

<sup>93</sup> Meanwhile with sorrowful air came one of my father's guards, and pronounced these shameful words: "Aeolus sends this sword to you"—he handed me the sword—"and bids you know from your desert what it may mean." I do know, and shall bravely make use of the violent blade; I shall bury in my breast my father's gift. Is it presents like this, O my sire, you give me on my marriage? With this dowry from you, O father, shall your daughter be made rich? Take away afar, deluded

tolle procul, decepte, faces, Hymenaeae, maritas  
 et fuge turbato tecta nefanda pede!  
 ferre faces in me quas fertis, Erinyes atrae,  
 et meus ex isto luceat igne rogus!  
 nubite felices Parca meliore sorores, 105  
 amissae memores sed tamen este mei!  
 Quid puer admisit tam paucis editus horis?  
 quo laesit facto vix bene natus avum?  
 si potuit meruisse necem, meruisse putetur—  
 a, miser admissio plectitur ille meo! 110  
 nate, dolor matris, rabidarum<sup>1</sup> praeda ferarum,  
 ei mihi! natali dilacerate tuo;  
 nate, parum fausti miserabile pignus amoris—  
 haec tibi prima dies, haec tibi summa fuit.  
 non mihi te licuit lacrimis perfundere iustis, 115  
 in tua non tonsas ferre sepulcra comas;  
 non super incubui, non oscula frigida carpsi.  
 diripiunt avidae viscera nostra ferae.  
 Ipsa quoque infantis cum vulnere prosequar umbras  
 nec mater fuero dicta nec orba diu. 120  
 tu tamen, o frustra miserae sperate sorori,  
 sparsa, precor, nati collige membra tui,  
 et refer ad matrem socioque inpone sepulcro,  
 urnaque nos habeat quamlibet arta duos!  
 vive memor nostri, lacrimasque in vulnera funde, 125  
 neve reformida corpus amantis amans.  
 tu, rogo,<sup>2</sup> dilectae nimium mandata sororis  
 perforce; mandatis obsequar ipsa patris!

<sup>1</sup> rabidarum s. *Bent.*: rapidarum *MSS.*

<sup>2</sup> tura rogo placitae . . . tu fer *Pa.*

Hymenaeus, thy wedding-torches, and fly with  
 frightened foot from these nefarious halls! Bring  
 for me the torches ye bear, Erinyes dark, and let  
 my funeral pyre blaze bright from the fires ye  
 give! Wed happily under a better fate, O my  
 sisters, but yet remember me though lost!

<sup>107</sup> What crime could the babe commit, with so few  
 hours of life? With what act could he, scarce born,  
 do harm to his grandsire? If it could be he deserved  
 his death, let it be judged he did—ah, wretched  
 child, it is my fault he suffers for! O my son, grief  
 of thy mother, prey of the ravening beasts, ah me!  
 torn limb from limb on thy day of birth; O my son,  
 miserable pledge of my unhallowed love—this was  
 the first of days for thee, and this for thee the last.  
 Fate did not permit me to shed o'er thee the tears  
 I owed, nor to bear to thy tomb the shorn lock;  
 I have not bent o'er thee, nor culled the kiss from  
 thy cold lips. Greedy wild beasts are rending in  
 pieces the child my womb put forth.

<sup>119</sup> I, too, shall follow the shades of my babe—  
 shall deal myself the stroke—and shall not long  
 have been called or mother or bereaved. Do thou,  
 nevertheless, O hoped for in vain by thy wretched  
 sister, collect, I entreat, the scattered members of  
 thy son, and bring them again to their mother to  
 share her sepulchre, and let one urn, however scant,  
 possess us both! O live, and forget me not; pour  
 forth thy tears upon my wounds, nor shrink from  
 her thou once didst love, and who loved thee!  
 Do thou, I pray, fulfil the behests of the sister thou  
 didst love too well; the behest of my father I  
 shall myself perform!

XII

MEDEA IASONI

AT tibi Colchorum, meminī, regina vacavi,  
 ars mea cum peteres ut tibi ferret opem.  
 tunc quae dispensant mortalia fila<sup>1</sup> sorores  
 debuerant fusos evoluisse meos.  
 tum potui Medea mori bene! quidquid ab illo 5  
 produxi vitam<sup>2</sup> tempore, poena fuit.  
 Ei mihi! cur umquam iuvenalibus acta lacertis  
 Phrixeam petiit Pelias arbor ovem?  
 cur umquam Colchi Magnetida vidimus Argo,  
 turbaque Phasiacam Graia bibistis aquam? 10  
 cur mihi plus aequo flavi placuere capilli  
 et decor et linguae gratia ficta tuae?  
 aut, semel in nostras quoniam nova puppis harenas  
 venerat audacis attuleratque viros,  
 isset anhelatos non praemedicatus in ignes 15  
 inmemor Aesonides oraque adusta boum;  
 semina iecisset totidem quot<sup>3</sup> semina et hostes,  
 ut caderet cultu cultor ab ipse suo!  
 quantum perfidiae tecum, scelerate, perisset,  
 dempta forent capiti quam mala multa meo! 20

<sup>1</sup> fata *G* ω: facta *P*: fila *s* Hein. *Pa*.

<sup>2</sup> *Madv.*: que et *P*: quod *G*.

<sup>3</sup> vitae ω.

<sup>a</sup> Medea begins suddenly, as if in answer to a refusal of Jason to listen to her plea.

Euripides wrote a *Medea*, and was followed by Ennius,

XII

MEDEA TO JASON

AND yet<sup>a</sup> for you, I remember, I the queen of Colchis could find time, when you besought that my art might bring you help. Then was the time when the sisters who pay out the fated thread of mortal life should have unwound for aye my spindle. Then could Medea have ended well! Whatever life has been lengthened out for me from that time forth has been but punishment.

<sup>7</sup> Ah me! why was the ship from the forests of Pelion ever driven over the seas by strong young arms in quest of the ram of Phrixus?<sup>b</sup> Why did we Colchians ever cast eye upon Magnesian Argo, and why did your Greek crew ever drink of the waters of the Phasis? Why did I too greatly delight in those golden locks of yours, in your comely ways, and in the false graces of your tongue? Yet delight too greatly I did—else, when once the strange craft had been beached upon our sands and brought us her bold crew, all unanointed would the unremembering son of Aeson have gone forth to meet the fires exhaled from the flame-scorching nostrils of the bulls; he would have scattered the seeds—and as many foemen as the seeds—for the sower himself to fall in strife with his own sowing! How much perfidy, vile wretch, would have perished with you, and how many woes been averted from my head!

Accius, and Ovid himself, whose play is lost, and Seneca. In this letter Ovid draws from Euripides and Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonautica* III and IV. <sup>b</sup> See Index.



Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas.  
 hac fruar ; haec de te gaudia sola feram.  
 iussus inexpertam Colchos advertere puppim  
 intrasti patriae regna beata meae.  
 hoc illic Medea fui, nova nupta quod hic est ; 25  
 quam pater est illi, tam mihi dives erat.  
 hic Ephyren bimarem, Scythia tenuis ille nivosa  
 omne tenet, Ponti qua plaga laeva iacet.  
 Accipis hospitio iuvenes, Aeeta, Pelasgos,  
 et premitis pictos, corpora Graia, toros. 30  
 tunc ego te vidi, tunc coepi scire, quid esses ;  
 illa fuit mentis prima ruina meae.  
 et vidi et perii ; nec notis ignibus arsi,  
 ardet ut ad magnos pinea taeda deos.  
 et formosus eras, et me mea fata trahebant ; 35  
 abstulerant oculi lumina nostra tui.  
 perfide, sensisti—quis enim bene celat amorem ?  
 eminet indicio prodita flamma suo.  
 Dicitur interea tibi lex ut dura ferorum  
 insolito premeres vomere colla boum. 40  
 Martis erant tauri plus quam per cornua saevi,  
 quorum terribilis spiritus ignis erat ;  
 aere pedes solidi praetentaque naribus aera,  
 nigra per adflatus haec quoque facta suos.  
 semina praeterea populos genitura iuberis 45  
 spargere devota lata per arva manu,  
 qui peterent natis secum tua corpora telis ;  
 illa est agricolae messis iniqua suo.

<sup>a</sup> Corinth.

<sup>21</sup> 'Tis some pleasure to reproach the ungrateful  
 with favours done. That pleasure I will enjoy ; that  
 is the only delight I shall win from you. Bidden to  
 turn the hitherto untried craft to the shores of  
 Colchis, you set foot in the rich realms of my native  
 land. There I, Medea, was what here your new  
 bride is ; as rich as her sire is, so rich was mine.  
 Hers holds Ephyre,<sup>a</sup> washed by two seas ; mine,  
 all the country which lies along the left strand  
 of the Pontus e'en to the snows of Scythia.

<sup>29</sup> Aeëtes welcomes to his home the Pelasgian youths,  
 and the Greek heroes rest their limbs upon the  
 pictured couch. Then 'twas that I saw you, then  
 began to know you ; that was the first impulse to  
 the downfall of my soul. I saw you, and I was  
 undone ; nor did I kindle with ordinary fires, but like  
 the pine-torch kindled before the mighty gods. Not  
 only were you noble to look upon, but my fates were  
 dragging me to doom ; your eyes had robbed mine  
 of their power to see. Traitor, you saw it—for who  
 can well hide love ? Its flame shines forth its own  
 betrayer.

<sup>39</sup> Meanwhile the condition is imposed that you  
 press the hard necks of the fierce bulls at the  
 unaccustomed plow. To Mars the bulls belonged,  
 raging with more than mere horns, for their breath-  
 ing was of terrible fire ; of solid bronze were their  
 feet, wrought round with bronze their nostrils, made  
 black, too, by the blasts of their own breath.  
 Besides this, you are bidden to scatter with  
 obedient hand over the wide fields the seeds that  
 should beget peoples to assail you with weapons  
 born with themselves ; a baneful harvest, that, to its  
 own husbandman. The eyes of the guardian that

lumina custodis succumbere nescia somno,  
ultimus est aliqua decipere arte labor. 50  
Dixerat Aeetes; maesti consurgitis omnes,  
mensaque purpureos deserit alta toros.  
quam tibi tunc longe regnum dotale Creusae  
et socer et magni nata Creontis erat!  
tristis abis; oculis abeuntem prosequor udis, 55  
et dixit tenui murmure lingua: "vale!"  
ut positum tetigi thalamo male saucia lectum,  
acta est per lacrimas nox mihi, quanta fuit;  
ante oculos taurique meos segetesque nefandae,  
ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat. 60  
hinc amor, hinc timor est; ipsum timor auget  
amorem.  
mane erat, et thalamo cara recepta soror  
disiectamque comas adversaque<sup>1</sup> in ora iacentem  
invenit, et lacrimis omnia plena meis.  
orat opem Minyis. alter petit, impetrat alter:<sup>2</sup>  
Aesonio iuveni quod rogat illa, damus.  
Est nemus et piceis et frondibus ilicis atrum;  
vix illuc radiis solis adire licet.  
sunt in eo—fuerant certe—delubra Dianae;  
aurea barbarica stat dea facta manu. 70  
nosceis? an exciderunt mecum loca? venimus illuc.  
orsus es infido sic prior ore loqui:  
"ius tibi et arbitrium nostrae fortuna salutis  
tradidit, inque tua est vitae morsque manu.

<sup>1</sup> adversaque *P G* ω *Merk Ehw.*: aversaque *V S Burm. Sedl.*

<sup>2</sup> *So Hous.*: petit altera et altera habebit *P<sub>2</sub>G S Burm.*:  
petit altera et altera habebat ω *Jahn.*

<sup>a</sup> Chalciope.

know not yielding to sleep—by some art to elude  
them is your final task.

<sup>51</sup> Aeëtes had spoken; in gloom you all rise up,  
and the high table is removed from the purple-spread  
couches. How far away then from your thought  
were Creusa's dowry-realm, and the daughter of  
great Creon, and Creon the father of your bride!  
With foreboding you depart; and as you go my  
moist eyes follow you, and in faint murmur comes  
from my tongue: "Fare thou well!" Laying  
myself on the ordered couch within my chamber,  
grievously wounded, in tears I passed the whole  
night long; before my eyes appeared the bulls and  
the dreadful harvest, before my eyes the un-  
sleeping serpent. On the one hand was love, on  
the other, fear; and fear increased my very love.  
Morning came, and my dear sister,<sup>a</sup> admitted to my  
chamber, found me with loosened hair and lying  
prone upon my face, and everywhere my tears.  
She implores aid for the Minyae. The boon is  
begged by one, but extorted by another: it is to the  
Aesonian youth that I grant my sister's request.

<sup>67</sup> There is a grove, sombre with pine-trees and  
the fronds of the ilex; into it scarce can the rays of  
the sun find way. There is in it—there was, at  
least—a shrine to Diana, wherein stands the goddess,  
a golden image fashioned by barbaric hand. Do  
you know the place? or have places fallen from your  
mind along with me? We came to the spot. You  
were the first to speak, with those faithless lips,  
and these were your words: "To thy hand fortune  
has committed the right of choosing or not my  
deliverance, and in thy hand are the ways of  
life and death for me. To have power to ruin



perdere posse sat est, siquem iuvet ipsa potestas ; 75  
 sed tibi servatus gloria maior ero.  
 per mala nostra precor, quorum potes esse levamen,  
 per genus, et numen cuncta videntis avi,  
 per triplicis vultus arcanaque sacra Dianae,  
 et si forte aliquos gens habet ista deos— 80  
 o virgo, miserere mei, miserere meorum ;  
 effice me meritis tempus in omne tuum !  
 quodsi forte virum non dedignare Pelasgum—  
 sed mihi tam faciles unde meosque deos ?—  
 spiritus ante meus tenues vanescet in auras 85  
 quam thalamo nisi tu nupta sit ulla meo !  
 conscia sit Iuno sacris praelecta maritis,  
 et dea marmorea cuius in aede sumus ! ”  
 Haec animum—et quota pars haec sunt !—movere  
 puellae  
 simplicis, et dextrae dextera iuncta meae. 90  
 vidi etiam lacrimas—sua pars et fraudis in illis.  
 sic cito sum verbis capta puella tuis.  
 iungis aenipedes inadusto corpore tauros  
 et solidam iusso vomere findis humum.  
 arva venenatis pro semine dentibus inples, 95  
 nascitur et gladios scutaque miles habens.  
 ipsa ego, quae dederam medicamina, pallida sedi,  
 cum vidi subitos arma tenere viros,  
 donec terrigenae, facinus mirabile, fratres  
 inter se strictas conseruere manus. 100

<sup>1</sup> a! pars est *L. Mueller* : an et ars est *Sedl.* : an et est pars  
 some of the early editions.

is enough, if anyone delight in power for itself ;  
 but to save me will be greater glory. By our  
 misfortunes, which thou hast power to relieve, I  
 pray, by thy line, and by the godhead of thy all-  
 seeing grandsire the sun, by the three-fold face  
 and holy mysteries of Diana, and by the gods  
 of that race of thine—if so be gods it have—by all  
 these, O maiden, have pity upon me, have pity on  
 my men ; be kind to me and make me thine for  
 ever ! And if it chance thou dost not disdain a  
 Pelasgian suitor—but how can I hope the gods will  
 be so facile to my wish ?—my spirit will vanish away  
 into thin air before another than thou shall come a  
 bride to my chamber ! My witness be Juno, ward  
 of the rites of wedlock, and the goddess in whose  
 marble shrine we stand ! ”

<sup>80</sup> Words like these—and how slight a part of them  
 is here !—and your right hand clasped with mine,  
 moved the heart of the simple maid. I saw also  
 tears—they, too, played their part in the deception.  
 Thus quickly was I ensnared, girl that I was, by your  
 words. You yoke together the bronze-footed bulls  
 with your body unharmed by their fire, and cleave  
 the solid mould with the share, as you were bid.  
 The ploughed fields you sow full with envenomed  
 teeth in place of seed ; and there rises out of the  
 earth, with sword and shield, a warrior band. My-  
 self, the giver of the charmed drug, sat pallid there  
 at sight of men all suddenly arisen and in arms,  
 until the earth-born brothers—O deed most wonder-  
 ful!—drew arms and came to the grapple each with  
 each.

Insopor ecce vigil<sup>1</sup> squamis crepitantibus horrens  
 sibilat et torto pectore verrit humum!  
 dotis opes ubi erant? ubi erat tibi regia coniunx,  
 quique maris gemini distinet Isthmos aquas?  
 illa ego, quae tibi sum nunc denique barbara  
 facta, 105  
 nunc tibi sum pauper, nunc tibi visa nocens,  
 flammea subduxi medicato lumina somno,  
 et tibi, quae raperes, vellera tuta dedi.  
 proditus est genitor, regnum patriamque reliqui;  
 munus, in exilio quod licet esse, tuli! 110  
 virginitas facta est peregrini praeda latronis;  
 optima cum cara matre relicta soror.  
 At non te fugiens sine me, germane, reliqui!  
 deficit hoc uno littera nostra loco.  
 quod facere ausa mea est, non audet scribere  
 dextra. 115  
 sic ego, sed tecum, dilaceranda fui.  
 nec tamen extimui—quid enim post illa timerem?—  
 credere me pelago, femina iamque nocens.  
 numen ubi est? ubi di? meritas subeamus in alto,  
 tu fraudis poenas, credulitatis ego! 120  
 Compressos utinam Symplegades elisissent,  
 nostraque adhaererent ossibus ossa tuis;  
 aut nos Scylla rapax canibus mersisset<sup>2</sup> edendos—  
 debuit ingratis Scylla nocere viris;  
 quaeque vomit totidem fluctus totidemque resor-  
 bet, 125  
 nos quoque Trinacriae supposuisset aquae!

<sup>1</sup> So *P*, *G*, *Merk.*: Pervigil ecce draco *P*<sub>2</sub> ω *Burm.*: insuper ecce vigil *Hein.*: insopor ecce draco *Pa.*

<sup>2</sup> mersisset *Pa.*: misisset *MSS.*

<sup>a</sup> The dismemberment of her brother Absyrtus.

<sup>101</sup> Then, lo and behold! all a-bristle with rattling  
 scales, comes the unsleeping sentinel, hissing and  
 sweeping the ground with winding belly. Where  
 then was your rich dowry? Where then your royal  
 consort, and the Isthmus that sunders the waters of  
 two seas? I, the maiden who am now at last  
 become a barbarian in your eyes, who now am poor,  
 who now seem baneful—I closed the lids of the  
 flame-like eyes in slumber wrought by my drug, and  
 gave into your hand the fleece to steal away un-  
 harmed. I betrayed my sire, I left my throne and  
 my native soil; the reward I get is leave to live in  
 exile! My maidenly innocence has become the spoil  
 of a pirate from overseas; beloved mother and best  
 of sisters I have left behind.

<sup>113</sup> But thee, O my brother, I did not leave behind  
 as I fled! In this one place my pen fails. Of the  
 deed my right hand was bold enough to do,<sup>a</sup> it is  
 not bold enough to write. So I, too, should have  
 been torn limb from limb—but with thee! And yet  
 I did not fear—for what, after that, could I fear?—  
 to trust myself to the sea, woman though I was, and  
 now with guilt upon me. Where is heavenly justice?  
 Where the gods? Let the penalty that is our due  
 overtake us on the deep—you for your treachery,  
 me for my trustfulness!

<sup>121</sup> Would the Symplegades had caught and  
 crushed us out together, and that my bones were  
 clinging now to yours; or Scylla the ravening sub-  
 merged us in the deep to be devoured by her dogs  
 —fit were it for Scylla to work woe to ingrate men!  
 And she who spews forth so many times the floods,  
 and sucks them so many times back in again—would  
 she had brought us, too, beneath the Trinacrian

OVID

sospes ad Haemonias victorque reverteris urbes;  
 ponitur ad patrios aurea lana deos.  
 Quid referam Peliae natas pietate nocentes  
 caesaque virginea membra paterna manu? 130  
 ut culpent alii, tibi me laudare necesse est,  
 pro quo sum totiens esse coacta nocens.  
 ausus es—o, iusto desunt sua verba dolori!—  
 ausus es “Aesonia,” dicere, “cede domo!”  
 iussa domo cessi natis comitata duobus 135  
 et, qui me sequitur semper, amore tui.  
 ut subito nostras Hymen cantatus ad aures  
 venit, et accenso lampades igne micant,  
 tibiaque effundit socialia carmina vobis,  
 at mihi funerea flebiliora tuba, 140  
 pertimui, nec adhuc tantum scelus esse putabam;  
 sed tamen in toto pectore frigus erat.  
 turba ruunt et “Hymen,” clamant, “Hymenae!”  
 frequenter—  
 quo propior vox haec, hoc mihi peius erat.  
 diversi flebant servi lacrimasque tegebant— 145  
 quis vellet tanti nuntius esse mali?  
 me quoque, quidquid erat, potius nescire iuvabat;  
 sed tamquam scirem, mens mea tristis erat,  
 cum minor e pueris (casu studione videndi  
 constitit ad geminae limina prima foris) 150  
 “huc modo, mater, adi! pompam pater,” inquit,  
 “Iason  
 ducit et adiunctos aureus urget equos!”

<sup>a</sup> At the persuasion of Medea, who wished to avenge Jason, they attempted the rejuvenation of their father by dismembering and boiling him in a supposed magic cauldron.

THE HEROIDES XII

wave! Yet unharmed and victorious you return to Haemonia's towns, and the golden fleece is laid before your fathers' gods.

<sup>129</sup> Why rehearse the tale of Pelias' daughters, by devotion led to evil deeds—of how their maiden hands laid knife to the members of their sire?<sup>a</sup> I may be blamed by others, but you perforce must praise me—you, for whom so many times I have been driven to crime. Yet you have dared—O, fit words fail me for my righteous wrath!—you have dared to say: “Withdraw from the palace of Aeson's line!” At your bidding I have withdrawn from your palace, taking with me our two children, and—what follows me evermore—my love for you. When, all suddenly, there came to my ears the chant of Hymen, and to my eyes the gleam of blazing torches, and the pipe poured forth its notes, for you a wedding-strain, but for me a strain more tearful than the funeral trump, I was filled with fear; I did not yet believe such monstrous guilt could be; but all my breast none the less grew chill. The throng pressed eagerly on, crying “Hymen, O Hymenaeus!” in full chorus—the nearer the cry, for me the more dreadful. My slaves turned away and wept, seeking to hide their tears—who would be willing messenger of tidings so ill? Whatever it was, 'twas better, indeed, that I not know; but my heart was heavy, as if I really knew, when the younger of the children (by chance, or perhaps eager for the sight, he was standing at the outer threshold of the double door) calls out: “Mother, just come over here. A procession is coming, and my father Jason leading it. He's all in gold, and driving a team of horses!” Then straight I rent my cloak

protinus abscissa planxi mea pectora veste,  
tuta nec a digitis ora fuere meis.  
ire animus mediae suadebat in agmina turbae 155  
sertaque compositis demere rapta comis;  
vix me continui, quin dilaniata capillos  
clamarem "meus est!" iniceremque manus.  
Laese pater, gaude! Colchi gaudetè relictì!  
inferias umbrae fratris habete mei; 160  
deseror amissis regno patriaque domoque  
coniuge, qui nobis omnia solus erat!  
serpentis igitur potui taurosque furentes;  
unum non potui perdomuisse virum,  
quaeque feros pepuli doctis medicatibus ignes, 165  
non valeo flammas effugere ipsa meas.  
ipsi me cantus herbaeque artesque relinquunt;  
nil dea, nil Hecates sacra potentis agunt.  
non mihi grata dies; noctes vigilantur amarae,  
et tener a misero pectore somnus abest.<sup>1</sup> 170  
quae me non possum, potui sopire draconem;  
utilior cuivis quam mihi cura mea est.  
quos ego servavi, paelex amplectitur artus,  
et nostri fructus illa laboris habet. 175  
Forsitan et, stultae dum te iactare maritae  
quaeris et iniustis auribus apta loqui,  
in faciem moresque meos nova crimina fingas.  
rideat et vitiis laeta sit illa meis!  
rideat et Tyrio iaceat sublimis in ostro—  
flebit et ardores vincet adusta meos! 180  
dum ferrum flammaeque aderunt sucusque veneni,  
hostis Medae nullus inultus erit!

<sup>1</sup> *Postgate: nec tenera . . . habet P.*

<sup>a</sup> Creusa and her father will really be consumed in the fire, with the palace.

and beat my breast and cried aloud, and my cheeks were at the mercy of my nails. My heart impelled me to rush into the midst of the moving throng, to tear off the wreaths from my ordered locks; I scarce could keep from crying out, with my hair all torn, "He is mine!" and laying hold on you.

<sup>159</sup> Ah, injured father, rejoice! Rejoice, ye Colchians whom I left! Shades of my brother, receive in my fate your sacrifice due; I am abandoned; I have lost my throne, my native soil, my home, my husband—who alone for me took the place of all! Dragons and maddened bulls, it seems, I could subdue; a man alone I could not; I, who could beat back fierce fire with wise drugs, have not the power to escape the flames of my own passion. My very incantations, herbs, and arts abandon me; naught does my goddess aid me, naught the sacrifice I make to potent Hecate. I take no pleasure in the day; my nights are watches of bitterness, and gentle sleep is absent from my wretched soul. I, who could charm the dragon to sleep, can bring none to myself; my effort brings more good to any one else soever than to me. The limbs I saved, a wanton now embraces; 'tis she who reaps the fruit of my toil.

<sup>175</sup> Perhaps, too, when you wish to make boast to your stupid mate and say what will pleasure her biased ears, you will fashion strange slanders against my face and against my ways. Let her make merry, and be joyful over my faults! Let her make merry, and lie aloft on the Tyrian purple—she shall weep, and the flames<sup>a</sup> that consume her will surpass my own! While sword and fire are at my hand, and the juice of poison, no foe of Medea shall go unpunished!

Quodsi forte preces praecordia ferrea tangunt,  
 nunc animis audi verba minora meis!  
 tam tibi sum supplex, quam tu mihi saepe fuisti, 185  
 nec moror ante tuos procubuisse pedes.  
 si tibi sum vilis, communis respice natos;  
 saeviet in partus dira noverca meos.  
 et nimium similes tibi sunt, et imagine tangor,  
 et quotiens video, lumina nostra madent. 190  
 per superos oro, per avitae lumina flammae,  
 per meritum et natos, pignora nostra, duos—  
 redde torum, pro quo tot res insana reliqui;  
 adde fidem dictis auxiliumque refer!  
 non ego te inploro contra taurosque virosque, 195  
 utque tua serpens victa quiescat ope;  
 te peto, quem merui, quem nobis ipse dedisti,  
 cum quo sum pariter facta parente parens.  
 Dos ubi sit, quaeris? campo numeravimus illo,  
 qui tibi laturo vellus arandus erat. 200  
 aureus ille aries villo spectabilis alto  
 dos mea, quam, dicam si tibi "redde!," neges.  
 dos mea tu sospes; dos est mea Graia iuventus!  
 i nunc, Sisyphias, inprobe, confer opes!  
 quod vivis, quod habes nuptam socerumque 205  
 potentis,  
 hoc ipsum, ingratus quod potes esse, meum est.  
 quos equidem actutum—sed quid praedicere poenam  
 attinet? ingentis parturit ira minas.

<sup>183</sup> But if it chance my entreaties touch a heart of iron, list now to my words—words too humble for my proud soul! I am as much a suppliant to you as you have often been to me, and I hesitate not to cast myself at your feet. If I am cheap in your eyes, be kind to our common offspring; a hard stepdame will be cruel to the fruitage of my womb. Their resemblance to you is all too great, and I am touched by the likeness; and as often as I see them, my eyes drop tears. By the gods above, by the light of my grandsire's beams, by my favours to you, and by the two children who are our mutual pledge—restore me to the bed for which I madly left so much behind; be faithful to your promises, and come to my aid as I came to yours! I do not implore you to go forth against bulls and men, nor ask your aid to quiet and overcome a dragon; it is you I ask for,—you, whom I have earned, whom you yourself gave to me, by whom I became a mother, as you by me a father.

<sup>199</sup> Where is my dowry, you ask? On the field I counted it out—that field which you had to plough before you could bear away the fleece. The famous golden ram, sightly for deep flock, is my dowry—the which, should I say to you "Restore it!" you would refuse to render up. My dowry is yourself—saved; my dowry is the band of Grecian youth! Go now, wretch, compare with that your wealth of Sisyphus! That you are alive, that you take to wife one who, with the father she brings you, is of kingly station, that you have the very power of being ingrate—you owe to me. Whom, hark you, I will straight—but what boots it to foretell your penalty? My ire is in travail with mighty threats. Whither

OID

quo feret ira, sequar ! facti fortasse pigebit—  
 et piget infido consuluisse viro. 210  
 viderit ista deus, qui nunc mea pectora versat !  
 nescio quid certe mens mea maius agit !

XIII

LAODAMIA PROTESILAO.

MITTIT et optat amans, quo mittitur, ire salutem  
 Haemonis Haemonio Laodamia viro.  
 Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari.  
 at me cum fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat ?  
 tum freta debuerant vestris obsistere remis ; 5  
 illud erat saevis utile tempus aquis.  
 oscula plura viro mandataque plura dedissem ;  
 et sunt quae volui dicere multa tibi.  
 raptus es hinc praeceps, et qui tua vela vocaret,  
 quem cuperent nautae, non ego, ventus erat ; 10  
 ventus erat nautis aptus, non aptus amanti.  
 solvor ab amplexu, Protesilae, tuo,  
 linguaue mandantis verba imperfecta reliquit ;  
 vix illud potui dicere triste "vale !" 15  
 Incubuit Boreas abreptaque vela tetendit,  
 iamque meus longe Protesilaus erat.  
 dum potui spectare virum, spectare iuvabat,  
 sumque tuos oculos usque secuta meis ;

<sup>a</sup> Homer, *Il.* ii. 695 ff., refers to the story of Protesilaus, and Euripides uses it in his *Protesilaus*. Compare also Hyginus, *Fab.* ciii.

<sup>b</sup> With the rest of the Greek fleet, which was under divine

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my ire leads, will I follow. Mayhap I shall repent me of what I do—but I repent me, too, of regard for a faithless husband's good. Be that the concern of the god who now embroils my heart ! Something portentous, surely, is working in my soul !

XIII

LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS

GREETINGS and health Haemonian Laodamia sends her Haemonian lord,<sup>a</sup> and desires with loving heart they go where they are sent.

<sup>3</sup> Report says you are held at Aulis by the wind.<sup>b</sup> But when you were leaving me behind, where then was this wind ? Then should the seas have risen to stay your oars ; that was the fitting time for the floods to rage. I could have given my lord more kisses and laid upon him more behests ; and many are the things I wished to say to you. But you were swept headlong hence ; and the wind that invited forth your sails was one your seamen longed for, not I ; it was a wind suited to seamen, not to one who loved. I must needs loose myself from your embrace, Protesilaus, and my tongue leave half unsaid what I would enjoin ; scarce had I time to say that sad "Farewell !"

<sup>15</sup> Boreas came swooping down, seized on and stretched your sails, and my Protesilaus soon was far away. As long as I could gaze upon my lord, to gaze was my delight, and I followed your eyes ever displeasure because Agamemnon had killed a stag in the grove of Diana.