constitit et timide 'si, di, dare cuncta potestis,
sit coniunx, opto,' non ausus 'eburnea virgo'
dicere, Pygmalion 'similis mea' dixit 'eburnae.'
sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,
vota quid illa velint et, amici numinis omen,
flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit.

ut reidiit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae
incumbensque toro dedit oscula: visa tepere est;
admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat:
temptatum molliscit ebur postiisque rigore
subsedit digitis ceditque, ut Hymettia sole

cera remolliscit tractataque pollice multas
flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu.
dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur,
rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat.
corpus erat! saliunt temptatae pollice venae.


tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros
verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oque tandem
ore suo non falsa premit, dataque oscula virgo
sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen
attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem.

coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea, iamque coactus
cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem
illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.

"Editus hac ille est, qui si sine prole fuisset,
inter felices Cinyras potuisse haberi.
dira canam; procul hinc natae, procul est parentes

aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes,
desit in hac mihi parte fides, nec credite factum,
brought his gift to the altar, stood and faltering prayed: 'If ye, O gods, can give all things, I pray to have as wife——' he did not dare add 'my ivory maid,' but said, 'one like my ivory maid.' But golden Venus (for she herself was present at her feast) knew what that prayer meant; and, as an omen of her favouring deity, thrice did the flame burn brightly and leap high in air. When he returned he sought the image of his maid, and bending over the couch he kissed her. She seemed warm to his touch. Again he kissed her, and with his hands also he touched her breast. The ivory grew soft to his touch and, its hardness vanishing, gave and yielded beneath his fingers, as Hymettian wax grows soft under the sun and, moulded by the thumb, is easily shaped to many forms and becomes usable through use itself. The lover stands amazed, rejoices still in doubt, fears he is mistaken, and tries his hopes again and yet again with his hand. Yes, it was real flesh! The veins were pulsing beneath his testing finger. Then did the Paphian hero pour out copious thanks to Venus, and again pressed with his lips real lips at last. The maiden felt the kisses, blushed and, lifting her timid eyes up to the light, she saw the sky and her lover at the same time. The goddess graced with her presence the marriage she had made; and ere the ninth moon had brought her crescent to the full, a daughter was born to them, Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.

"Cinyras was her son and, had he been without offspring, might have been counted fortunate. A horrible tale I have to tell. Far hence be daughters, far hence, fathers; or, if your minds find pleasure in my songs, do not give credence to this story, and believe that it never happened; or, if you do believe
vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam. 
si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri,
305 [gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi,]
gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis, 
quae tantum genuere nefas: sit dives amomo 
cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno 
tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
dum ferat et murram: tanti nova non fuit arbor.
ipse negat nocuisse tibi sua tela Cupido, 
Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto; 
stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echidnis 
e tribus una soror: scelus est odisse parentem,
hic amor est odio maius scelus.—undique lecti 
te cupiunt proceres, totoque Oriente iuventus 
ad thalami certamen adest: ex omnibus unum 
elige, Myrrha, virum, dum ne sit in omnibus unus. 
illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amori 
et secum ‘quo mente feror? quid molior?’ inquit 
321 ‘di, precor, et pietas sacra tale iura parentum, 
hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro, 
si tamen hoc scelus est. sed enim damnare negatur 
hanc Venerem pietas: coeunt animalia nullo 
cetera diletu, nec habetur turpe iuvencae 
ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx, 
quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, cuius 
semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales. 
felices, quibus ista licent! humana malignas 
cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit, 
330 invida iura negant. gentes tamen esse feruntur,
it, believe also in the punishment of the deed. If, however, nature allows a crime like this to show itself, [I congratulate the Ismarian people, and this our city;] I congratulate this land on being far away from those regions where such iniquity is possible. Let the land of Panchaia be rich in balsam, let it bear its cinnamon, its costum, its frankincense exuding from the trees, its flowers of many sorts, provided it bear its myrrh-tree, too: a new tree was not worth so great a price. Cupid himself avers that his weapons did not harm you, Myrrha, and clears his torches from that crime of yours. One of the three sisters with firebrand from the Styx and with swollen vipers blasted you. 'Tis a crime to hate one's father, but such love as this is a greater crime than hate. From every side the pick of princes desire you; from the whole Orient young men are here vying for your couch; out of them all choose one for your husband, Myrrha, only let not one be among them all. She, indeed, is fully aware of her vile passion and fights against it and says within herself: 'To what is my purpose tending? What am I planning? O gods, I pray you, and piety and the sacred rights of parents, keep this sin from me and fight off my crime, if indeed it is a crime. But I am not sure, for piety refuses to condemn such love as this. Other animals mate as they will, nor is it thought base for a heifer to endure her sire, nor for his own offspring to be a horse's mate; the goat goes in among the flocks which he has fathered, and the very birds conceive from those from whom they were conceived. Happy they who have such privilege! Human civilization has made spiteful laws, and what nature allows, the jealous laws forbid. And
OVID

in quibus et nato genetrix et nata parenti
iungitur, et pietas geminato crescit amore.
me miseram, quod non nasci mihi contigit illic,
fortunaque loci laedor!—quid in ista revolvor?
spes interdictae, discedite! dignus amari
ille, sed ut pater, est.—ergo, si filia magni
non essem Cinyrae, Cinyrae concumbere possem:
nunc, quia iam meus est, non est meus, ipsaque damno
est mihi proximitas: aliena potentior essem.
ire libet procul hinc patriaeque relinquire fines,
dum scelus effugiam; retinet malus ardor euntem,
ut praesens spectem Cinyran tangamque loquarque
osculaque admoveam, si nil conceditur ultra.
ultra autem spectare alicuid potes, inpia virgo?
et quot confundas et iura et nomina, sentis?
tune eris et matris paelex et adultera patris?
tune soror nati genetrixque vocabere fratris?
 nec metues atro crinitas angue sorores,
quas facibus saevis oculos atque ora petentes
noxia corda vident? at tu, dum corpore non es
passa nefas, animo ne concipe neve potentis
concubitu vetito naturae pollue foedus!
velle puta: res ipsa vetat; pius ille memorque est
moris—et o vellem similis furor esset in illo’

“Dixerat, at Cinyras, quem copia digna procorum,
quid faciat, dubitare facit, scitatur ab ipsa,
nominibus dictis, cuius velit esse mariti;
illa silet primo patriisque in vultibus haerens
aestuat et tepido suffundit lumina rore.
yet they say that there are tribes among whom mother and son, daughter with father mates, and natural love is increased by the double bond. Oh, wretched me, that it was not my lot to be born there, and that I am thwarted by the mere accident of place! Why do I dwell on such things? Avaunt, lawless desires! Worthy to be loved is he, but as a father.—Well, if I were not the daughter of great Cinyras, to Cinyras could I be joined. But as it is, because he is mine, he is not mine; and my very propinquity is my loss: I should as a stranger be better off. It is well to go far away, to leave the borders of my native land, if only I may flee from crime; but an evil passion keeps me from going, that I may see Cinyras face to face, may touch him, speak with him and kiss him, if nothing else is granted. But can you hope for aught else, you unnatural girl? Do you realize how many ties and names you are confusing? Will you be the rival of your mother, the mistress of your father? Will you be called the sister of your son, the mother of your brother? And have you no fear of the sisters with black snakes in their hair, whom guilty souls see brandishing cruel torches before their eyes and faces? But you, while you have not yet sinned in body, do not conceive sin in your heart, and defile not great nature’s law with unlawful longing. Grant that you wish it: facts themselves forbid. He is a righteous man and heedful of moral law—and oh, how I wish a like passion were in him!"

“She spoke; but Cinyras, whom a throng of worthy suitors caused to doubt what he should do, inquired of her herself, naming them over, whom she wished for husband. She is silent at first and, with gaze fixed on her father’s face, wavers in doubt, while the
virginei Cinyras haec credens esse timoris, 
flere vetat siccatque genas atque oscula iungit; 
Myrrha datis nimium gaudet consultaque, qualem 
optet habere virum, 'similem tibi' dixit; at ille 
non intellectam vocem conlaudat et 'esto 
tam pia semper' ait. pietatis nomine dicto 
demisit vultus sceleris sibi conscia virgo. 

"Noctis erat medium, curasque et corpora somnus 
solverat; at virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni 
carpitur indomito furiosaque vota retractat 
et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque 
et cupit, et, quid agat, non invent, utque securi 
saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat, 
quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur, 
sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat 
huc levis atque illuc momentaque sumit utroque, 
nec modus et requies, nisi mors, reperitur amoris. 
mors placet. erigitur laqueoque innectere fauces 
destinat et zona summo de poste revincta 
'care, vale, Cinyra, causamque intellege mortis!' 
dixit et aptabat pallenti vincula collo. 

"Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures 
pervenisse ferunt limen servantis alumnae. 
surgit anus reseratque fores mortisque paratae 
instrumenta videns spatio conclamat eodem 
seque ferit scinditque sinus ereptaque collo 
vincula dilaniat; tum denique flere vacavit, 
tum dare complexus laqueique requirere causam. 
muta silet virgo terramque innota tuetur
warm tears fill her eyes. Cinyras, attributing this to maidenly alarm, bids her not to weep, dries her cheeks and kisses her on the lips. Myrrha is too rejoiced at this and, being asked what kind of husband she desires, says: ‘One like you.’ But he approves her word, not understanding it, and says: ‘May you always be so filial.’ At the word ‘filial’ the girl, conscious of her guilt, casts down her eyes.

“It was midnight, and sleep had set free men’s bodies from their cares; but the daughter of Cinyras, sleepless through the night, is consumed by ungoverned passion, renews her mad desires, is filled now with despair, now with desire to try, feels now shame and now desire, and finds no plan of action; and, just as a great tree, smitten by the axe, when all but the last blow has been struck, wavers which way to fall and threatens every side, so her mind, weakened by many blows, leans unsteadily now this way and now that, and falteringly turns in both directions; and no end nor rest for her passion can she find save death. She decides on death. She rises from her couch, resolved to hang herself, and, tying her girdle to a ceiling-beam, she says: ‘Farewell, dear Cinyras, and know why I die,’ and is in the act of fitting the rope about her death-pale neck.

“They say that the confused sound of her words came to the ears of the faithful nurse who watched outside her darling’s door. The old woman rises and opens the door; and when she sees the preparations for death, all in the same moment she screams, beats her breasts and rends her garments, and seizes and snatches off the rope from the girl’s neck. Then at last she has time to weep, time to embrace her and ask the reason for the noose. The girl is stubbornly silent, gazes fixedly on the ground,
et deprensa dolet tardae conamina mortis.
instat anus canosque suos et inania nudans
ubera per cunas alimentaque prima precatur,
ut sibi committat, quicquid dolet. illa rogantem
aversata gemit; certa est exquirere nutrix
nec solam spondere fidem. 'dic' inquit 'opemque
me sine ferre tibi: non est mea pigra senectus.
seu furorem habeo, quae carmine sanet et herbis;
sive aliquis nocuit, magico lustrabere ritu;
ira deum sive est, sacris placabilis ira.

quid rear ulterior? certe fortuna domusque
sospes et in cursu est: vivunt genetrixque paterque.'
Myrrha patre audito suspiria duxit ab imo
pectore; nec nutrix etiamnum concipit ullam
mente nefas aliquemque tamen praesentit amorem;

propositique tenax, quodcumque est, orat, ut ipsi
indicet, et gremio lacrimantem tollit anili
atque ita conplectens insirmis membra lacertis
'sensimus,' inquit 'amas! et in hoc mea (pone
timorem)
sedulitas erit apta tibi, nec sentiet umquam

hoc pater.' exsiluit gremio furibunda torumque
ore premens 'discede, precor, miseroque pudori
parce! ait; instanti 'discede, aut desine' dixit
'quaerere, quid doleam! scelus est, quod scire laboras.'
horret anus tremulasque manus annisque metuque
tendit et ante pedes supplex procumbit alumnæ
et modo blanditur, modo, si non conscia fiat,
terret et indicium laquei coeptaeque minatur
and grieves that her attempt at death, all too slow, has been detected. The old woman insists, bares her white hair and thin breasts, and begs by the girl’s cradle and her first nourishment that she trust to her nurse her cause of grief. The girl turns away from her pleadings with a groan. The nurse is determined to find out, and promises more than confidence. ‘Tell me,’ she says, ‘and let me help you; my old age is not without resources. If it be madness, I have healing-charms and herbs; or if someone has worked an evil spell on you, you shall be purified with magic rites; or if the gods are wroth with you, wrath may be appeased by sacrifice. What further can I think? Surely your household fortunes are prosperous as usual; your mother and your father are alive and well.’ At the name of father Myrrha sighed deeply from the bottom of her heart. Even now the nurse had no conception of any evil in the girl’s soul, and yet she had a presentiment that it was some love affair, and with persistent purpose she begged her to tell her whatever it was. She took the weeping girl on her aged bosom, and so holding her in her feeble arms she said: ‘I know, you are in love! and in this affair I shall be entirely devoted to your service, have no fear; nor shall your father ever know.’ With a bound the mad girl leaped from her bosom and, burying her face in her couch, she said: ‘Please, go away or stop asking why I grieve. It is a crime, what you want so much to know.’ The old woman is horrified and, stretching out her hands trembling with age and fear, she falls pleadingly at her nursling’s feet, now coaxing and now frightening her if she does not tell; she both threatens to report the affair of the noose and attempt at death, and promises her help.
mortis et officium commissum spondet amori.
extulit illa caput lacrimisque inplevit obortis
pectora nutricis conataque saepe fateri
saepè tenet vocem pudibundaque vestibus ora
textit et 'o' dixit 'felicem coniuge matrem!' hactenus, et gemuit, gelidus nutricis in artus
ossaque (sensit enim) penetrat tremor, albaque toto

420 vertice canities rigidis stetit hirta capillis,
multaque, ut excuteret diros, si posset, amores,
addidit. at virgo scit se non falsa moneris;
certa mori tamen est, si non potiatur amore.
'vive,' ait haec, 'potiere tuo'—et, non ausa 'parente'
dicere, conticuit promissaque numine firmat.

430 "Festa piae Cereris celebrabant annua matres
illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste
primitias frugum dant spicceae sarta suarum
perque novem noctes Venerem tactusque viriles
in vetitis numerant: turba Cenchreis in illa
regis adest coniunx arcanaque sacra frequentat.
ergo legitima vacuus dum coniuge lectus,
nacta gravem vino Cinyran male sedula nutrix,
nomine mentito veros exponit amores

435 et faciam laudat; quae sitis virginis anni
'par' ait 'est Myrrhae.' quam postquam adducere
iussa est
utque domum rediit, 'gaude, mea' dixit 'alumna:
viceius!' infelix non toto pectore sentit
laetitiam virgo, praesagasse pectora maerent,
sed tamen et gaudet: tanta est discordia mentis.

440 "Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones
flexerat obliquo plaustrum temone Boetes:
if she will confess her love. The girl lifts her head and fills her nurse’s bosom with her rising tears; often she tries to confess, and often checks her words and hides her shamed face in her robes. Then she says: ‘O mother, blest in your husband!’—only so much, and groans. Cold horror stole through the nurse’s frame (for she understood), and her white hair stood up stiffly over all her head, and she said many things to banish, if she might, the mad passion. The girl knew that she was truly warned; still she was resolved on death if she could not have her desire. ‘Live then,’ said the other, ‘have your’—she did not dare say ‘father’; she said no more, calling on Heaven to confirm her promises.

“It was the time when married women were celebrating that annual festival of Ceres at which with snowy bodies closely robed they bring garlands of wheaten ears as the first offerings of their fruits, and for nine nights they count love and the touch of man among things forbidden. In that throng was Cenchreis, wife of the king, in constant attendance on the secret rites. And so since the king’s bed was deprived of his lawful wife, the over-officious nurse, finding Cinyras drunk with wine, told him of one who loved him truly, giving a false name, and praised her beauty. When he asked the maiden’s age, she said: ‘The same as Myrrha’s.’ Bidden to fetch her, when she had reached home she cried: ‘Rejoice, my child, we win!’ The unhappy girl felt no joy in all her heart, and her mind was filled with sad forebodings; but still she did also rejoice; so inconsistent were her feelings.

“It was the time when all things are at rest, and between the Bears Boötes had turned his wain with
ad facinus venit illa suum; fugit aurea caelo
luna, tegunt nigrae latitantia sidera nubes;

nox caret igne suo; primus tegis, Icare, vultus,
Erigoneque pio sacrata parentis amore.
der pedis offensi signo est revocata, ter omen
funereus bubo letali carmine fecit:

it tamen, et tenebrae minuunt noxque atra pudorem;

nutricisque manum laeva tenet, altera motu
caecum iter explorat. thalami iam limina tangit,
iamque fores aperit, iam ducitur intus: at illi
poplite succiduo genua intremuere, fugitque
et color et sanguis, animusque relinquit euntem.
quoque suo propior sceleri est, magis horret, et ausi

paenitet, et vellet non cognita posse reverti.
cunctantem longaeva manu deductet et alto
admotam lecto cum traderet 'accipe,' dixit,
'ista tua est, Cinyra' devotaque corpora iunxit.

accepit obsceno genitor sua viscera lecto
virgineosque metus levat hortaturque timentem.
forsitan aetatis quoque nomine' filia' dixit,
dixit et illa 'pater,' sceleri ne nomina desint.

"Plena patris thalamis excedit et inpia diro

semina fert utero conceptaque crimina portat.
posterum facinus geminat, nec finis in illa est,
cum tandem Cinyras, avidus cognoscere amantem
down-pointing pole. She came to her guilty deed. The golden moon fled from the sky; the stars hid themselves behind black clouds; night was without her usual fires. You were the first, Icarus, to cover your face, and you, Erigone, deified for your pious love of your father. Thrice was Myrrha stopped by the omen of the stumbling foot; thrice did the funereal screech-owl warn her by his uncanny cry: still on she went, her shame lessened by the black shadows of the night. With her left hand she holds fast to her nurse, and with the other she gropes her way through the dark. Now she reaches the threshold of the chamber, now she opens the door, now is led within. But her knees tremble and sink beneath her; colour and blood flee from her face, and her senses desert her as she goes. The nearer she is to her crime, the more she shudders at it, repents her of her boldness, would gladly turn back unrecognized. As she holds back, the aged crone leads her by the hand to the side of the high bed and, delivering her over, says: 'Take her, Cinyras, she is yours'; and leaves the doomed pair together. The father receives his own flesh in his incestuous bed, strives to calm her girlish fears, and speaks encouragingly to the shrinking girl. It chanced, by a name appropriate to her age, he called her 'daughter,' and she called him 'father,' that names might not be lacking to their guilt.

"Forth from the chamber she went, full of her father, with crime conceived within her womb. The next night repeated their guilt, nor was that the end. At length Cinyras, eager to recognize his mistress
OVID

post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit
et scelus et natam verbisque dolore retentis

pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ensem;

475 Myrrha fugit: tenebrisque et caeae munere noctis
intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
palmiseros Arabas Panchaeaque rura relinquit
perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,
cum tandem terra requievit fessa Sabaea;
vixque uteri portabat onus. tum nescia voti
atque inter mortisque metus et taedia vitae
est tales complexa preces: 'o siqua patetis
numina confessis, merui nec triste recuso

480 supplicium, sed ne violem vivosque superstes
mortuaque extinctos, ambobus pellite regnis
mutataque mihi vitamque necemque negate!
numen confessis aliquid patet: ultima certe
vota suos habuere deos. nam crura loquentis
terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per ungues
porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci,
ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla
sanguis it in sucos, in magnos bracchia ramos,
in parvos digit, duratur cortice pellis.
iamque gravem crescens uterum perstrinxerat arbor

490 pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat:
non tuit illa moram venientique obvia ligno
subsedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus.
quae quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus,
flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex arbores guttae.
est honor et lacrimis, stillataque cortice murra
nomen erile tenet nulloque tacebitur aevo.
after so many meetings, brought in a light and beheld his crime and his daughter. Speechless with woe, he snatched his bright sword from the sheath which hung near by. Myrrha fled and escaped death by grace of the shades of the dark night. Groping her way through the broad fields, she left palm-bearing Arabia and the Panchaean country; then, after nine months of wandering, in utter weariness she rested at last in the Sabaean land. And now she could scarce bear the burden of her womb. Not knowing what to pray for, and in a strait betwixt fear of death and weariness of life, she summed up her wishes in this prayer: ‘O gods, if any there be who will listen to my prayer, I do not refuse the dire punishment I have deserved; but lest, surviving, I offend the living, and, dying, I offend the dead, drive me from both realms; change me and refuse me both life and death!’ Some god did listen to her prayer; her last petition had its answering gods. For even as she spoke the earth closed over her legs; roots burst forth from her toes and stretched out on either side the supports of the high trunk; her bones gained strength, and, while the central pith remained the same, her blood changed to sap, her arms to long branches, her fingers to twigs, her skin to hard bark. And now the growing tree had closely bound her heavy womb, had buried her breast and was just covering her neck; but she could not endure the delay and, meeting the rising wood, she sank down and plunged her face in the bark. Though she has lost her old-time feelings with her body, still she weeps, and the warm drops trickle down from the tree. Even her tears have honour: and the myrrh which distils from the bark preserves the name of its mistress and will be remembered through all the ages.
At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans
quaerebatque viam, qua se genetrice relictar
exsereret; media gravidus tumet arbore venter.
tendit onus matrem; neque habent sua verba dolores,
nec Lucina potest parentis voce vocari.
nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros
dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus utet.

constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentes
admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit:
 Arbor agit rimas et sissa cortice vivum
reddit onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis
naides inpositum lacrimis unxere parentis.

Laudaret faciem Livor quoque; qualia namque
 corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum,
talis erat, sed, ne faciat discrimina cultus,
aut huic adde leves, aut illis deme pharetras.

"Labitur occulte fallitque volatilis aetas,
et nihil est annis velocius: ille sorore
natus avoque suo, qui conditus arbore nuper,
nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans,
iam juvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est,
iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes.

nemque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri,
inscius existanti destrinxit harundine pectus;
laesa manu natum dea reppulit: altius actum
vulnus erat specie primoque sefellerat ipsam.
capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat
litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam
piscosamque Cnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis;
"But the misbegotten child had grown within the wood, and was now seeking a way by which it might leave its mother and come forth. The pregnant tree swells in mid-trunk, the weight within straining on its mother. The birth-pangs cannot voice themselves, nor can Lucina be called upon in the words of one in travail. Still, like a woman in agony, the tree bends itself, groans oft, and is wet with falling tears. Pitying Lucina stood near the groaning branches, laid her hands on them, and uttered charms to aid the birth. Then the tree cracked open, the bark was rent asunder, and it gave forth its living burden, a wailing baby-boy. The naiads laid him on soft leaves and anointed him with his mother’s tears. Even Envy would praise his beauty, for he looked like one of the naked loves portrayed on canvas. But, that dress may make no distinction, you should either give him a light quiver or take it away from them.

"Time glides by imperceptibly and cheats us in its flight, and nothing is swifter than the years. That son of his sister and his grandfather, who was but lately concealed within his parent tree, but lately born, then a most lovely baby-boy, is now a youth, now man, now more beautiful than his former self; now he excites even Venus’ love, and avenges his mother’s passion. For while the goddess’ son, with quiver on shoulder, was kissing his mother, he chanced unwittingly to graze her breast with a projecting arrow. The wounded goddess pushed her son away; but the scratch had gone deeper than she thought, and she herself was at first deceived. Now, smitten with the beauty of a mortal, she cares no more for the borders of Cythera, nor does she seek Paphos, girt by the deep sea, nor fish-haunted Cnidos, nor