post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit
et scelus et natam verbisque dolore retentis
pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ensem;

Myrrha fugit: tenebrisque et caecae munere noctis
intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
palmiferos Arabas Panchaeaque rura relinquit
perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,

Myrrha fugit: tenebrisque et caecae munere noctis
intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
palmiferos 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

supplicium, sed ne violem vivosque superstes
mortuaque extinctos, ambobus pellite regnis
mutataeque mihi vitamque necemque negatel'
numen confessis aliquod patet: ultima certe
vota suos habuere deos. nam crura loquentis
terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per unguces
porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci,
ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla
sanguis it in sucos, in magnos brachchia ramos,
in parvos digit, duratur corticepellis.
iamegravem crescens uterum perstrinxerat arbor

pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat:
non tuit illa moram venientique obvia ligno
subedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus.
quaes quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus,

filet 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 Sabean 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.
OVID

“At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans
quaerabatque viam, qua se genetrice relicta
exsereret; media gravidus tumet arbores venter.
tendit onus matrem; neque habent sua verba dolores,
nec Lucina potest parientis voce vocari.
nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros
dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus umet.

constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentes
admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit:
arbor agit rinas et fissa cortice vivum
reddit onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis
naiides 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 arbores nuper,
nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans,
iam iuvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est,
iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes.

namque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri,
inscius extanti destrinxit harundine pectus;
laesa manu natum dea reppulit: altius actum
vulnus erat specie primoque fefellerat ipsam.
capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat

litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam
piscosamque Cnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis;
METAMORPHOSES BOOK X

"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 him.

"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