

201211



**NEX**



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. VIRGINIA B. SPORER





THE  
TEMPLE  
CLASSICS

Edited by  
ISRAEL  
GOLLANCZ  
M.A.







ARGO between  
SCYLLA and  
CHARYBDIS





THE



ARGONAUTS  
by APOLLONIUS

of RHODES

TRANSLATED

by





# The Tale of the Argonauts

## THE FIRST BOOK

FIRST in my song shalt thou be, O Phœbus, the song that I sing  
Of the heroes of old, who sped, at the hest of Pelias the king,  
When down through the gorge of the Pontus-sea, through the  
Craggs Dark-blue,

On the Quest of the Fleece of Gold the strong-ribbed Argo flew.

For an oracle came unto Pelias, how that in days to be  
A terrible doom should be dealt him of him whom his eyes  
should see

From the field coming in, with the one foot only sandal-shod.

Nor long thereafter did Jason fulfil the word of the God :

For in wading the rush of Amaurus swollen with winter-tide rain  
One sandal plucked he forth of the mire, but the one was he fain  
To leave in the depths, for the swirl of the waters to sweep  
to the main.

Straightway to the presence of Pelias he came, and his hap was  
to light

On a banquet, the which unto Father Poseidon the king had dight,  
And the rest of the Gods, but Pelasgian Hêrê he heeded not.

And the king beheld him, and straightway laid for his life the plot,  
And devised for him toil of a troublous voyage, that lost in the sea,  
Or lost amid alien men his home-return might be.

Of the ship and her fashioning, bards of the olden time have told

How Argus wrought, how Athênê made him cunning-souled.  
 But now be it mine the lineage and names of her heroes to say, <sup>20</sup>  
 And to tell of the long sea-paths whereover they needs must stray,  
 And the deeds that they wrought:—may the Muses vouchsafe  
 to inspire the lay.

Of Orpheus first will I sing, of the child that Calliopê bare,  
 As telleth the tale, for she loved Oeagrus, Thracia's heir.  
 By the peak Pimplean was born the Song-queen's wondrous child ;  
 For they tell how he charmed by the voice of his song on the  
 mountains wild

The stubborn rocks into life, made rivers their flowing refrain,  
 And the wildwood oaks this day be memorials of that weird strain ;  
 For they burgeon and bloom by Zonê yet on the Thracian shore,  
 Ranked orderly line upon line, the selfsame trees which of yore, <sup>30</sup>  
 Spell-drawn by his lyre, from Pieria followed the minstrel on.  
 Such an one was the Orpheus that Aison's son for a helper won  
 For his high emprise, when he followed the pointing of Cheiron's  
 hand,—

Orpheus, who ruled o'er the Bistonid folk in Pieria-land.

And swiftly Asterion came, whom Komêtês begat by the side  
 Of Apidanus, there where his seaward-swirling waters glide ;  
 In Peiresiaë he dwelt, anigh to Phylléion's leafy crest.  
 Mighty Apidanus, sacred Enipeus, have thitherward pressed  
 To mingle the waters, far-severed that rise from the earth's deep  
 breast.

Polyphemus forsook Larissa, and unto Jason he sought ; <sup>40</sup>  
 Eilatus' son : in his youth mid the Lapithan heroes he fought.  
 When the Lapithans armed them for fight, when the Centaur  
 host they quelled,  
 Their youngest he was ; but now were his limbs sore burdened  
 with eld.

Yet even as of old his heart with the spirit of battle swelled.

Nor in Phylakê Iphiklus tarried to waste an inglorious life,  
 Uncle of Aison's child, for that Aison had taken to wife  
 His sister the Phylakid maiden Alkimêdê : wherefore strong  
 Was the love of his kin to constrain him to join that hero-throng.

Neither Admêtus in Pherae, the goodly land of sheep,  
In his palace would tarry beneath Chalkodon's mountain-steep. 50

Neither in Alopê tarried Echion and Erytus, sons  
Of Hermes, wealthy in corn-land, crafty-hearted ones.  
And their kinsman, the third with these, came forth, on the Quest  
as they hied,

Aithalides : where the streams of Amphrysus softly slide,  
Him Eupolemeia the Phthian, Myrmidon's daughter, bare,  
But offspring of Antianeira the Menetid those twain were.

Came thither Korônus, forsaking Gyrtion the wealthy town :  
Right valiant was Kaineus' son, yet he passed not his father's  
renown.

For of Kaineus the poets have sung, how smitten of Centaurs he died,  
Who could not be slain, when alone in his prowess, with none 60  
beside,

He drave them before him in rout, but they rallied, and charged  
afresh,

Yet availed not their fury to thrust him aback, nor to pierce his  
flesh ;

But unconquered, unflinching, down to the underworld he passed,  
Battered from life by the storm of the massy pines that they cast.

And came Titaresian Mopsus withal, unto whom was given  
Of Lêtô's son above all men the lore of the birds of the heaven.  
And there was Eurydamas, Ktimenus' son, which dwelt in the land  
Of Dolopian folk : by the Xynian mere did his palace stand.

And from Opus Menoitius fared at Aktor his father's behest  
To the end he might go with the chieftains of men on the 70  
glorious Quest.

And Eurytion hath followed with these ; Eribôtês the mighty  
is gone,

This, Teleon's scion, and that, of Irus, Aktor's son ;  
For in sooth it was Teleon begat Eribôtês the glory-crowned,  
And Irus, Eurytion. With these was a third, Oïleus, found,  
Peerless in manhood, exceeding cunning to follow the flight  
Of the foe, when the reeling battalions were shattered before his  
might.

Came the son of Kanêthus the scion of Abas ; with eager speed  
 Came Kanthus forth of Eubœa : it was not fate-decreed  
 That again he should turn and behold Kerinthus, for doomed was he,  
 Even he and Mopsus withal, the wise in augury, 80  
 To perish in Libya, lost in the waste of a wide sand-sea.  
 Sooth, never was mischief removed too far to be found of the  
 doomed ;

Forasmuch as in Libya's desert were even these entombed,  
 As far from the Kolchian land as the space outstretched between  
 The sun's uprising, and where the setting thereof is seen.

And Klytius and Iphitus gathered to that great mustering,  
 Oichalia's warders, children of Eurytus, ruthless king,  
 Who received of Far-smiter a bow ; but he had no profit thereof,  
 For in archery-skill with the giver's self he wantonly strove.

And with these fared Aiakus' sons, yet not from the selfsame <sup>90</sup>  
 place,  
 Nor together, for far had they wandered away from the home of  
 their race,

Aegina, what time in their folly the blood of their brother they  
 spilt,

Even Phokus : to Salamis Telamon bare his burden of guilt :  
 But Peleus roved till in Phthia the halls of the outcast he built.

And with these from Kekropia Boutes, a lord of battle-fame,  
 Stout Teleon's son, and Phalêrus the mighty spearman came.  
 It was Alkon his father that sent him forth : no sons save him  
 Had the ancient to cherish his age and his light of life grown dim :  
 Yet, albeit his only-begotten he was, and the last of his line,  
 He sent him, that so amidst valour of heroes his prowess should <sup>100</sup>  
 shine.

But Theseus, of all the sons of Erechtheus most renowned,  
 At Tainarum under the earth by an unseen fetter was bound.  
 For he trod the Path of Fear with Peirithoüs ; else that Quest  
 By the might of these had been lightlier compassed of all the rest.

And Tiphys, Hagnias' son, hath forsaken the Thespians that  
 dwell

In the city of Siphos : of all men keenest was he to foretell

The wrath of the waves on the broad sea, keen to foreknow from afar  
 The blasts of the storm, and to guide the galley by sun and by star.  
 'Twas Athênê Tritonis herself that made him eager-souled  
 To join that muster of heroes that longed his face to behold ; 110  
 For she fashioned the sea-swift ship, and Argus but wrought as  
 she planned,

Arestor's son, for the Goddess's counsels guided his hand :  
 Therefore amongst all ships unmatched was the ship that he made,  
 Even all that with swinging oars the paths of the sea have essayed.

Came Phlias withal from Araithyriæ to essay the Quest,  
 From a wealthy home, for the toil of his hands had the Wine-  
 god blessed,

His father, where welletth Asôpus up from the green hill's breast.

From Argos did sons of Bias, Aréius and Talæus, come,  
 And mighty Laodokus, fruit of Néleus' daughter's womb,  
 Even Pero, for whose sake Aiolus' scion Melampus bore 120  
 In Iphiklus' steadying affliction of bonds exceeding sore.

Nor yet did the prowess of mighty-hearted Herakles fail  
 The longing of Aïson's son for his helping, as telleth the tale.  
 But as soon as the flying rumour of gathering heroes he heard,  
 He turned from the track that he trod from Arcadia Argos-ward,  
 On the path that he paced as he bare that boar alive from the glen  
 Of Lampeia, wherein he had battened, the vast Erymanthian fen.  
 At the entering-in of Mycenæ's market-stead he cast  
 From his mighty shoulders the beast, as he writhed in his bonds  
 knit fast :

But himself of his own will, thrusting Eurystheus' purpose aside, 130  
 Hasted away ; and Hylas, his henchman true and tried,  
 Which bare his arrows and warded his bow, with the hero hath hied.

Therewithal hath the scion of god-descended Danaus gone,  
 Nauplius, born unto King Klytonêus, Naubolus' son ;  
 And of Lernus Naubolus sprang ; and Lernus, as bards have  
 told,

Of Proïtus, Nauplius' son ; and unto Poseïdon of old  
 Amymonê, Danaus' daughter, who couched in the God's embrace,  
 Bare Nauplius, chief in the seafarer's craft of the Earth-born race.

Last cometh Idmon the seer, of all that in Argos dwell,  
 Cometh knowing the doom he hath heard the birds of heaven foretell, <sup>140</sup>  
 Lest the people should haply begrudge him a hero's glorious fame :  
 Yet not of the very loins of Abas the doomed seer came ;  
 But the son of Lëto begat him to share the noble name  
 Of Aetolia's sons, and in prophecy-lore he made him wise,  
 And in signs of the fowl of the heaven and tokens 'mid flame that rise.

Polydeukes the strong did Aetolia's Princess Leda speed  
 From Sparta, and Kastor cunning to rein the fleetfoot steed.  
 These twain in Tyndareus' palace, her dearly-beloved, her pride,  
 That lady at one birth bare ; howbeit she nowise denied  
 Their prayer to depart, for her spirit was worthy of Zeus' bride. <sup>150</sup>

Apharetus' children, Lynkeus and Idas the arrogant-souled,  
 From Arênê went forth : in their prowess exceeding were these  
 overbold,

Even both ; but Lynkeus for eyes of keenest ken was renowned,  
 If in sooth that story be true, that, though one lay underground,  
 Yet lightly of Lynkeus' eyes should the gloom-swathed corpse  
 be found.

And with these Periklymenus Neleus' son was enkindled to fare,  
 Eldest of all the sons that the Lady of Pylos bare  
 Unto Neleus the godlike ; and might unmeasured Poseidon gave  
 To the prince, and a boon moreover, that whatso shape he  
 should crave,

That, as he fought in the shock of the meeting ranks, he should have. <sup>160</sup>

From Arcadia Amphidamas and Kepheus came for the Quest,  
 Who were dwellers in Tegea-town, and the land that Apeidas  
 possessed,

Two scions of Aleus ; yea and a third followed even as they went,  
 Ankaius : Lykurgus his father was minded the lad to have sent,  
 Being elder brother to these, but himself was constrained to stay  
 In the city with Aleus, tending the dear head silver-grey.

Howbeit in charge to his brethren twain he gave the lad.  
 So he went, and the fell of a bear Maenalian for buckler he had,  
 And a battle-axe huge his right hand swung ; for his armour  
 of fight



Had his old grandsire in a secret chamber hidden from sight, 170  
 If haply so he might cripple the wings of the eagle's flight.

Fared thither Augeias ; they named him in songs of the olden  
 day

The Sun-god's child, and the hero in Elis-land bare sway  
 In pride of his wealth : but he longed to behold the Kolchian coast,  
 And to look upon mighty Aiêtes the lord of the Kolchian host.

Asterius came, and Amphion, the sons that a fair queen bore,  
 When Pellênê's king Hyperasius dwelt in the city of yore  
 By Pelles their grandsire built 'neath the cliffs of Achaia's shore.

Euphêmus from Tainarus came to be joined to their company,  
 Europê's child ; and the swiftest of all men on Earth was he : 180  
 For the daughter of Tityos the giant couched in Poseidon's embrace ;  
 And this their son would run o'er the grey sea's weltering face,  
 Neither sank in the surge his fast-flying steps, but, with footsole alone  
 Bedewed with the spray, on his watery path was he wafted on.

Sons of Poseidon beside him withal two other came,  
 One leaving Miletus afar, the city of haughty fame,  
 Even Erginus, and one from Imbrasian Hêrê's fane  
 Parthenia, Ankaius the mighty ; and men of renown were the twain  
 In the craft of the sea, and withal in the toil of the battle-strain.

Hasting from Kalydon Oineus' son to their muster hath hied, 190  
 Meleager the stalwart ; and there was Laocoön still at his side,  
 Brother to Oineus ; but not of the selfsame womb were they,  
 For a handmaid bare him ; and him, though flecked was his  
 hair with grey,

For guide and for guard to his son hath Oineus the old king sent.  
 So it fell that a beardless lad to the valorous gathering went  
 Of heroes ; yet no man of all that came had the deeds outdone  
 Of the lad, save Herakles, if that he might but have tarried on  
 One year mid Aetolia's sons, till he grew to his strength, I  
 ween.

Yea, and his mother's brother, a javelin-hurler keen,  
 And a warrior tried, when foot is set against foot in the fray, 200  
 Iphiklus, Thestius' scion, trod the selfsame way.

Came Palaimonius, whose grandsire was Olenius, and his sire

Lernus in name ; but in birth was he child of the Lord of Fire :  
Wherefore he halted in either foot ; but his bodily frame  
And his prowess might no man contemn, for which cause also his  
name

Was found with the mighty who won for Jason deathless fame.

Came Iphitus, Ornytus' son, from Phokis withal for the Quest,  
Of Naubolus' line : in the days overpast was Jason his guest,  
What time unto Pytho he fared to inquire of the high Gods' doom  
Touching the Quest ; for he welcomed him then in his mountain <sup>210</sup>  
home.

And Zetes and Kalais withal, the North-wind's children,  
were there,  
Whom Oreithyia, Erechtheus' daughter, to Boreas bare  
In the uttermost part of wintry Thrace ; for the God swooped down,  
And the Thracian North-wind snatched her away from Kekrops'  
town,

Even as she whirled in the dance on the lawn by Ilissus' flow.  
And he brought her afar to the place where standeth the crag  
men know

For the Rock of Sarpedon, whereby doth Erginus the river glide :  
And he shrouded her round with viewless clouds, and he made  
her his bride.

And lo, on the ankles of these did quivering pinions unfold,  
Strong wings, as in air they upleapt, a marvel great to behold, <sup>220</sup>  
Gleaming with golden scales ; and about their shoulders strayed,  
Down-streaming from neck and from head in the glory of youth  
arrayed,

Dark tresses that tossed in the rushing breezes amidst them that  
played.

Yea, and Akastus, his own son, had no will to abide  
That day with his mighty sire in the halls of Pelias' pride.  
Nor would Argus be left, who had wrought as Athênê guided  
his hand ;

But these twain needs must be numbered too with the glorious band.

This is the tale of the helpers with Aison's son that were found :  
These be the men whom the folk, even all which dwelt around,

Called ever the Minyan Chiefs: for of those that went on the <sup>230</sup>  
 Quest

Born of the daughters of Minyas' blood were the most and the best.  
 Yea, she which had borne this Jason to emprise perilous-wild,  
 Alkimedê, also was daughter of Klymenê, Minyas' child.

Now when all things ready were made by the hands of many  
 a thrall,

Even whatso the galley for sea ready-dight should be furnished  
 withal,

When traffic lureth the shipmen afar to an alien land,  
 Then through the city they passed to their ship, where she lay  
 on the strand

Which is called Magnesian Pagasae. Ever, as onward they strode,  
 To right and to left a mingled multitude ran: but they showed  
 Radiant amidst them as stars amid clouds; and some 'gan cry, <sup>240</sup>  
 As they gazed on the glorious forms that in harness of war swept by:

'What is in Pelias' thoughts, King Zeus, that so goodly a band  
 Of heroes is hurled by him forth of the Panachaian land?

In the day of their coming with ravening fire the halls shall  
 they fill

Of Aiêtes, except he shall yield them the Fleece of his own  
 good will.

But a long way lieth between, unaccomplished yet is the toil.'

So spake they on this side and that through the city: the  
 women the while,

Heavenward uplifting their hands, to the Gods that abide for aye  
 Made vehement prayer for the heart's delight of the home-  
 coming day.

And one to another made answer, and moaned, as her tears fell fast: <sup>250</sup>

'Hapless Alkimedê, thee too evil hath found at the last;  
 Nor to thee was vouchsafed amid bliss to the end of thy days to  
 attain!

Woe's me for Aison the ill-starred!—verily this had been gain  
 For him, if rolled in his shroud before this woeful day,  
 Deep under Earth, with the cup of affliction untasted, he lay:  
 And O that the darkling surge, when Hellê the maiden died,

Had whelmed down Phrixus too with the ram!—but a man's  
voice cried

From the throat of the monster, the portent accurst, that so it  
might doom

For Alkimedê sorrow and griefs untold in the days to come.'

So 'mid the moan of the women marched the heroes along. 260

And by this were the thralls and the handmaids gathered in one  
great throng.

Then fell on his neck his mother, and sharply the anguish-thorn  
Pierced each soft breast, the while his father, the eld-forlorn,  
Close-swathed as a corpse on his bed, lay groaning and groan-  
ing again.

But the hero essayed to hush their laments and assuage their pain  
With words of cheer, and he spake, 'Take up my war-array,'  
To the thralls, and with downcast eyes did these in silence obey.  
But his mother, as round her child her arms at the first she had flung,  
So clave she, and wept without stint : as the motherless maiden she  
clung,

Whose forlorn little arms clasp fondly her grey old nurse, when 270  
the tide

Cometh up of her woe :—she hath no one to love her nor com-  
fort beside ;

And a weary lot is hers 'neath a stepdame's tyrannous sway,

Who with bitter revilings evil-entreateth her youth always :

And her heart as she waileth is cramped as by chains in her  
frenzied despair,

That she cannot sob forth the anguish that struggleth for  
utterance there :

So stintlessly wept Alkimedê, so in her arms did she strain

Her son ; and she cried from the depths of her love and her  
yearning pain :

'Oh, that on that same day when I, the affliction-oppressed,

Harkened the voice of Pelias the king, and his evil behest,

I had yielded up the ghost, and forgotten to mourn and to weep, 280

That thyself, that thine own dear hands, in the grave might  
have laid me to sleep,

O my beloved!—for this was the one wish unfulfilled :  
 But with other thy nursing-dues long had mine heart in contentment been stilled.

And I, of Achaia's daughters the envied in days that are gone,  
 Like a bondwoman now in tenantless halls shall be left alone,  
 Pining, a hapless mother, in yearning for thee, my pride  
 And exceeding delight in the days overpast, for whom I untied  
 For the first time and last my zone ; for to me beyond others  
 the doom

Of the stern Birth-goddess begrudged abundant fruit of the womb.  
 Ah me for my blindness of heart!—not once, not in dreams, <sup>290</sup>  
 might I see

The vision of Phrixus' deliverance turned to a curse for me ! '  
 So mourned she, and ever she moaned amidst of her speech,  
 and thereby

Stood her handmaids, and echoed her wail, an exceeding bitter cry.  
 But the hero with gentle words for her comfort made answer,  
 and spake :

' Fill me not thus overmeasure with anguish of soul for thy sake,  
 Mother mine, forasmuch as from evil thou shalt not redeem me so  
 By thy tears, but shalt add the rather woe unto weight of woe.  
 For the Gods mete out unto mortals afflictions unforeseen :  
 Wherefore be strong to endure their doom, though thine anguish  
 be keen.

Take comfort to think that Athênê hereunto our courage hath <sup>300</sup>  
 stirred :

Remember the oracles : call to remembrance how good was the  
 word

Of Phœbus : be glad for this hero-array for mine help that is come.  
 Now, mother, do thou with thine handmaids in quiet abide in  
 thine home,

Neither be as a bird ill-omened to bode my ship ill-speed ;  
 And escort of clansmen and thralls thy son to the galley shall lead.'

So spake he, and turned him, and forth of his halls his way  
 hath he ta'en.

And as goeth Apollo forth of his incense-bearing fane,

Through Delos the hallowed, or Klaros, or Pytho the place of  
 his shrine,  
 Or Lycia the wide, where the waters of Xanthus ripple and shine,  
 So seemed he, as onward he pressed through the throng, and a <sup>310</sup>  
 loud acclaim  
 Of their mingled cheering arose. And there met him an ancient  
 dame,  
 Iphias, priestess of Artemis warder of tower and wall.  
 At his right hand caught she, and kissed it, but spake no word at all,  
 For she could not, how fain soe'er, so pressed the multitude on ;  
 And she drifted away to the fringe of the crowd, and was left alone,  
 As the old be left by the young : and he passed on afar, and was  
 gone.

So when he had left the streets of the city builded fair,  
 To the beach Pagasæan he came, and his comrades hailed him there  
 In a throng abiding beside the Argo ship as she lay  
 By the river's mouth, and overagainst her gathered they. <sup>320</sup>  
 And they looked, and behold, Adrastus and Argus hasting amain  
 Thitherward from the city, and sorely they marvelled, beholding  
 the twain

Despite the purpose of Pelias thitherward hurrying fast.  
 On his shoulders a bull's hide Argus the son of Arestor had cast,  
 Great, dark with the fell ; but the prince in a mantle fair was arrayed,  
 Twofold : Pelopeia his sister the gift in his hand had laid.  
 Howbeit Jason forbare to ask them of this or of that ;  
 But he bade them for council sit them down where the others sat.  
 So there upon folded sails, and the mast as it lay along,  
 Row upon row were the heroes sitting all in a throng ; <sup>330</sup>  
 And to these of his heart's good will the son of Aïson spake :  
 ' What things soever it needeth that sea-bound galleys should take,  
 All this ready dight for our going lieth in seemly array.  
 Wherefore for these things' sake will we make no longer delay  
 From our sailing, so soon as the breezes but blow for the voyage  
 begun.  
 But, friends—since in hope for the home-return to our land we be  
 one,

And one in the way we must take to Aiêtes, the path of the Quest,  
 Therefore do ye now choose with hearts ungrudging our best  
 To be chief and captain, to order all our goings aright,  
 To take on him our quarrels with aliens, and pledge our covenant-<sup>340</sup>  
 plight.'

He spake, and the youths upon valiant Herakles turned their eyes,  
 As he sat in their midst, and from all the heroes did one shout rise,  
 Crying 'Our captain be thou!'—but not from his place he  
 stirred ;

But he stretched his right hand forth, and he answered and spake  
 the word :

'Let no man offer this honour to me : I will nowise consent ;  
 And if any man else would arise, I will also withstand his intent.  
 The selfsame man who assembled our band, let him too lead.'

He spake in his greatness of soul, and they shouted, praising  
 the rede

Of Herakles : then did Jason the warrior wight rejoice ;  
 And he sprang to his feet, and he spake in their midst with eager<sup>350</sup>  
 voice :

'If indeed ye be minded on me this glorious charge to cast,  
 Let our voyaging tarry no more ; suffice the delays overpast.  
 But now, even now, let us offer to Phœbus the sacrifice meet,  
 And prepare us a feast even here ; and, while yet tarry the feet  
 Of my thralls, overseers of my steading, which bear in charge  
 my command

Fitly to choose for us beasts from the herd, and to drive to the  
 strand,

We will launch on the sea our ship, we will set up her tackling  
 therein,

And thwart by thwart cast lots for the place each oarsman shall win.  
 To Apollo, the Seafarers' Saviour, uppile we then on the beach  
 An altar ; for whatso I needs must do hath he promised to teach,<sup>360</sup>  
 And to show us the paths of the sea, if first with sacrifice  
 I seek unto him, or ever I strive with the king for the prize.'

So spake he, and turned him first to the work ; and, his call  
 to obey,

The heroes arose, and their garments row upon row heaped they  
 On a smooth rock-shelf: the waves of the sea beat not thereon;  
 But the dash of the stormy brine had cleansed it long ago.

Then, giving heed to the counsels of Argus, stoutly they braced  
 The ship with a hawser deftly twisted that girded her waist;  
 For they strained it from side to side, that the beams to the bolts  
 might hold

Fast, and withstand the might of the meeting surge on-rolled. 370  
 And a trench, in compass as great as the width of the galley,  
 they delved;

And overagainst her prow to the sea so far it shelved  
 As the space that the hull should run, by the might of their  
 hands on-sped:

And deepening ever afront of her stern they scooped that bed.

And smoothly-shaven rollers they laid in the furrow arow.

Then down on the foremost rollers slowly they tilted her prow,  
 That adown them one after other with one smooth rush she  
 might slide.

Thereafter above did they pass the oars from side to side;  
 To the tholes did they lash them, outstanding a cubit on either hand;  
 And to right of the ship and to left at these did they take their stand; 380  
 And with chest and with hands against them they bare, and to  
 and fro

Went Tiphys the while, to shout in the season the yo-heave-ho.  
 Then gave he the word with a mighty shout, and the youths forthright  
 Drave her with one rush down, as they thrust with their uttermost  
 might,

From her berth in the sand, as with feet hard-straining strongly  
 they stept

Forcing her forward, and Pelian Argo seaward swept

Full swiftly, and shouted they all, as to right and to left they leapt.

And under the massy keel's heavy grinding groaned aloud

The rollers, and spirted about them the smoke in a dusky cloud

'Neath the crushing weight: and into the sea she slid, and her crew 390

Back with the hawsers warped her, and stayed her as onward  
 she flew.



Then the oars to the tholes they fitted on either side, and the mast  
 And the well-fashioned sails, and the tackling withal, therein  
 they cast.

But soon as with diligent heed they had ordered all things so,  
 First cast they the lots for the thwarts whereat each man should row,  
 Allotting one unto two men still ; but the midmost thwart  
 For Herakles chose they first, from the rest of the heroes apart ;  
 And Ankaius the dweller in Tegea-town for his fellow they chose.  
 So the midmost place of the benches they left unchallenged to those,  
 Neither cast for them lots ; and with one consent of the voices <sup>400</sup>  
 of them

Unto Tiphys was given the helm of the galley of goodly stem.

Then did they heap of the stones of the shingle, and, nigh at hand  
 To the sea, an altar they reared to Apollo the Lord of the Strand,  
 Who is called the Lord of the farers a-shipboard withal, and in haste  
 Billets of olive-wood sapless and dry thereon they placed.

And by this were the herdmen of Aison's son drawn nigh thereto  
 Bringing oxen twain from the herd ; and these the young men drew  
 And set them beside the altar ; and others stood thereby  
 With the water of sacrifice and the meal. And now drew nigh  
 Jason, and unto Apollo his fathers' god did he cry : <sup>410</sup>

'Hearken, O King, who in Pagasae dwellest, whose fair halls be  
 In the city Aisonian, named of my sire, who didst promise to me,  
 When I sought unto thee at Pytho, to point me my journey's goal  
 And fulfilment ; for thou, even thou, to the emprise didst kindle  
 my soul.

Now therefore my ship with my comrades safe and sound bring thou  
 Thither, and back unto Hellas again : and to thee do we vow,  
 For as many of us as shall win safe home, on thine altar to lay  
 Burnt offerings so many of goodly bulls : therewithal will I pay  
 At Pytho thy shrine, and Ortygia, other gifts beyond price.

Come then, Far-smiter, accept at our hands this sacrifice, <sup>420</sup>  
 Which now, at our going abroad, for the sake of this our ship  
 We offer, our first of all : and with prosperous weird may I slip  
 The hawsers, by thy devising : and soft bid blow the breeze  
 Whereby we may fare on ever through calm of summer seas.'

With the prayer then cast he the meal : and now for the  
 slaughtering these  
 Girded themselves, Ankaius the mighty, and Herakles.  
 And this with his club on the forehead smote the steer mid-head ;  
 And heavily all in a heap to the earth it dropped down dead.  
 And Ankaius hewed with his brazen axe at the second steer  
 On the broad neck : clean through the sinews strong thereof did  
 it shear ;  
 And there on the earth, with horns doubled under its chest, it lay.  
 And swiftly their comrades severed the throats, and the skins  
 did they flay,  
 And they sundered the joints, and they carved, and the sacred  
 thighs they cut out,  
 And they laid them together, and closely with fat they wrapped  
 them about,  
 And burnt on the cloven wood : drink-offerings unmingled of wine  
 Poured Aison's son ; and Idmon rejoiced, beholding shine  
 The splendour that gleamed all round from the sacrifice and the  
 smoke,  
 As forth for an omen of good in wavering wreaths it broke.  
 And the purpose of Leto's son, nothing doubting, straightway he  
 spoke :  
 ' For you 'tis ordained of the doom of the Gods and of each  
 man's fate  
 Hither to win with the Fleece ; but meanwhile lie in wait  
 Toils without number, as thither ye fare, and as backward ye hie  
 But for me by the hateful doom of a God is it fated to die  
 Far hence, I know not where, on the Asian mainland shore.  
 Yea, this is my doom : by birds evil-boding I knew it before ;  
 Yet from my fatherland went I : to sail in your galley I came,  
 That so to mine house might be left the renown of a hero's name.  
 He spake, and the young men, hearing the words of the  
 prophet, were glad  
 For their home-return, but for Idmon's doom were their heart  
 made sad.  
 And so, at the hour when the sun from his noon-halt sinketh adown

And over the harvest-lands the long rock-shadows are thrown,  
 As the sun to the eventide dusk slow-slideth aslant from the sky,  
 Even then did the heroes all on the sands of the beach pile high  
 A couch of the wildwood leaves, and in front of the surf-line hoar  
 Row upon row lay down, and beside them was measureless store  
 Of meats, and of sweet strong wine which the cupbearers poured  
 for them out

From the pitchers : thereafter they told, as each man's turn came  
 about,

Story and legend, as young men oft at the feast and the bowl  
 Will take their delight, when insatiate violence is far from their soul.

But there was Aison's son, as a man in a nightmare dream, <sup>460</sup>  
 Struggling with deep dark thoughts, and as one distraught did  
 he seem ;

And Idas marked him askance, and he shouted in scoffing tone :

‘ What thoughts to and fro in thine heart art thou turning,  
 thou Aison's son ?

Speak out in our midst thy mind ! Hath fear in thy spirit awoke  
 Overmastering thee—that thing which dazeth dastard folk ?

Be witness my furious spear, wherewithal beyond others I win  
 Renown in the wars—nor is Zeus so present a helper therein,  
 Nor so mighty to save as my spear—that on thee no deadly bane  
 Shall light, nor shall any strife of thine hands be striven in vain,  
 While Idas attendeth thee, not though against thee a God should <sup>470</sup>  
 arise.

Such a helper is this thou hast won from Arênê for thine emprise.’

He spake, and the brimming beaker with both hands lifted he up,  
 And the strong wine drank unmingled, and dashed with the dew  
 of the cup

Were his lips and his swarthy cheeks : but a startled clamour broke  
 From all together ; and openly Idmon rebuked him, and spoke :

‘ Beshrew thee !— thy thoughts thus soon to thyself are deadly  
 and fell !

Hath the strong wine caused thy reckless heart for thy ruin to swell  
 In thy breast, and eggeth thee on to set the Gods at nought ?

Other words of comfort there be wherewithal a man might have sought

To hearten his friend ; but thy words were wholly presumptuous- 480  
bold !

So blustered, as telleth the tale, against the Blessèd of old  
The sons of Alôeus : and thou—thou art nothing so mighty as they  
In manhood : yet both did the swift shafts overmaster and slay  
Of the Son of Latona, though giants they were and passing strong.’

Then Aphareus’ son brake forth into laughter loud and long,  
And blinking upon him in drunken wise flung back the jeer :

‘ Come now, by thy deep divination reveal unto me, thou seer,  
If the Gods for me also be bringing to pass such doom as that  
Which was dealt of that father of thine to the sons that Alôeus begat.  
And bethink thee how thou shalt escape from mine hands alive, 490  
if we find

Thee guilty of boding a prophecy vain as the idle wind ! ’

Wrathfuller waxed he in railing : and now had the strife run high,  
But amidst of their wrangling their comrades with loud indignant cry,  
With Aison’s son, restrained them :—and lo, with his lyre upheld  
In his left hand, Orpheus arose, and the fountain of song upwelled.

And he sang how in the beginning the earth and the heaven  
and the sea

In the selfsame form were blended together in unity,  
And how baleful contention each from other asunder tore ;  
And he sang of the goal of the course in the firmament fixed evermore  
For the stars and the moon, and the printless paths of the 500  
journeying sun,

And how the mountains arose, how rivers that babbling run,  
They and their Nymphs, were born, and whatso moveth on Earth ;  
And he sang how Ophion at first, and Eurynomê, Ocean’s birth,  
In lordship of all things sat on Olympus’ snow-crowned height ;  
And how Ophion must yield unto Kronos’ hands and his might,  
And she unto Rhea, and into the Ocean’s waves plunged they.  
O’er the blessed Titan-gods these twain for a space held sway,  
While Zeus as yet was a child, while yet as a child he thought,  
And dwelt in the cave Dictæan, while yet the time was not  
When the Earth-born Cyclops the thunderbolt’s strength to his 510  
hands should give,

Even thunder and lightning : by these doth Zeus his glory receive.

Low murmured the lyre, and slept, and the voice divine was still :  
But moveless the heads of them all are bending forward, and thrill  
Their eager-listening ears, through the hush as they strain, in thrall  
To the spell ; such wondrous glamour the song hath cast over all.  
And a little thereafter they mingled, even as is meet and right,  
The wine, and poured on the tongues where the altar-fires blazed  
bright.

Then turned they to sleep, and around them were folded the  
wings of the night.

But when radiant Dawn with her flashing eyes on the steeps  
looked down

Of Pelion's crests, and, washed by the wind, the forelands that frown <sup>520</sup>

Over the tossing sea rose sharp and clear to view,

Then Tiphys awoke, and he hasted the Argo's hero-crew

To hie them aboard, and to range the oars in order due.

And a weird dread cry from the haven of Pagasæ rang to them ; yea,

From Pelian Argo herself came a voice, bidding hasten away :

For within her a beam divine had been laid, which Athênê brought

From the oak Dodonaean, and into the midst of her stem was it  
wrought.

So the heroes went up to the thwarts, and twain after twain arow,

Even as fell the places by lot but a little ago,

Orderly ranged sat down, and by each was his harness of fight. <sup>530</sup>

On the midmost Ankaius, and next him Herakles' giant might

Sat, and beside him he laid his club ; and the keel of the ship

Under his massy tread plunged deep. And now did they slip

The hawsers, and poured on the sea the wine. Tear-dimmed  
that day

Were Jason's eyes, from the fatherland-home as he turned them  
away.

And these—as the youths that in Pytho begin unto Phœbus the dance,

In Ortygia, or there where Ismenus' ripples in sunlight glance,

Hand in hand to the notes of the lyre his altar around

With rhythmical fall of the feet swift-circling beat the ground,—

So smote with the oars, by the lyre of Orpheus timing the stroke, <sup>540</sup>

The sea's wild water, and over the blades the surges broke.  
 And on this side and that with the foam the dark brine seething  
 flashed ;  
 Like muttered thunder it sounded by strokes of the mighty up-  
 dashed.  
 And glanced in the sun like flame, as the ship winged onward  
 her flight,  
 Their armour : the wake far-weltering ever behind gleamed white,  
 As an oft-trodden path through a grassy plain lieth clear in sight.  
 And all the Gods that day from the height of the heaven looked  
 down  
 On the ship, and the might of the demigod heroes, the men of  
 renown,  
 Sailing the sea ; and afar on the crests of the hill-tops lone  
 The Maids of the Mountain, the Pelian Nymphs, in amaze looked on <sup>550</sup>  
 At the work of Athênê Itônis, the heroes' goodly array,  
 As the ashen blades in their hands kept time with measured sway.  
 Yea, and there came one down from the mountain's height to the  
 shore,  
 Even Cheiron, Philyra's son, and plashed the surf-wash hoar  
 On his feet, as his broad hand waving many a farewell sent,  
 And he shouted, ' Good speed, and a sorrowless home-return ! '  
 as they went.  
 And there was his wife, with Peleus' babe in her arms held high,  
 Achilles, waving a greeting as sped his sire thereby.  
 So when they had rounded the headland, and left the haven  
 behind  
 By the cunning and wisdom of Hagnias' son the prudent of mind,— <sup>560</sup>  
 Even of Tiphys, who swayed in the master-craftsman's grip  
 The helm smooth-shaven, to guide unswerving the course of the  
 ship,—  
 Then set they up in the centre-block the towering mast,  
 And on either hand strained taut the stays, and they lashed them fast ;  
 And the sail they unfurled therefrom, from the yard-arm spread-  
 ing it wide.  
 And a breeze shrill-piping upsprang, and the sheets upon either side

O'er the polished pins on the deck then cast they in order meet ;  
 And past the long Tisaian ness did they restfully fleet.  
 And Orpheus, in song whose rhythmical cadence kept time to the lyre,  
 Sang of the Saviour of Ships, the Child of the Glorious Sire, 570  
 Artemis, she that hath those crags of the sea in her keeping,  
 The Lady that wardeth Iolkos-land. And the fishes leaping  
 Up from the deep sea came, and, drawn by the spell of the lay,  
 Both small and great followed gambolling over the watery way.  
 And as when in the track of a shepherd, the warder of flocks on  
 the wold,  
 Follow sheep that have fed to the full of the grass, a throng untold,  
 And he goeth before with his shrill reed piping them home to the  
 fold,  
 As sweetly he fluteth a shepherd's strain,—so over the seas  
 Followed the fishes : on wafted her ever the chasing breeze.  
 And ere long melting in haze the Pelasgians' land of corn 580  
 Sank out of sight ; and past Mount Pelion's cliffs were they borne  
 Aye running onward ; and sank in the offing the Sepian strand,  
 And sea-girt Skiathos rose, and a far-away gleam of sand,  
 The Peiresian beach and Magnesian, clear in the summer air  
 On the mainland ; and lo, the barrow of Dolops : at eventide there  
 Beached they the ship, for against them the veering breeze had  
 turned.  
 And they honoured the dead, and victims of sheep in the gloam-  
 ing they burned,  
 While the sea-surge stormily tossed. Two days to and fro on  
 the shore  
 They loitered, but ran on the third their galley asea once more ;  
 And the broad sail spread they on high, and the keel from the 590  
 strand shot away :  
 Men call it ' The Launching of Argo '—Aphetai—unto this day.  
 Onward they ran, ever onward : they left Meliboia behind ;  
 They caught but a glimpse of the foam-flecked beach of the  
 stormy wind :  
 And with dawning on Homolê looked they, and lo, it was loom-  
 ing anigh ;

Broad-couched on the breast of the waters it lay as they passed it by.  
 Thereafter full soon by the outfall of Amyrus' flood must they fly.  
 Eurymenê then, and the surf-tormented gorges they spied  
 Of Olympus' and Ossa's seaward face : wind-wafted they ride  
 By the slopes of Pallênê ; beyond Kanastra's foreland-height  
 They passed, running lightly before the breath of the breeze in 600  
 the night.

And before them at dawn on-speeding the pillar of Athos rose,  
 The Thracian mountain : its topmost peak's dark shadow it throws  
 Far as a merchantman goodly-rigged in a day might win,  
 Even to Lemnos' isle, and the city Myrinê therein.

And the wind blew all that day till the folds of the darkness fell,  
 Blew ever fresh, and the sail strained over the broad sea-swell.

Howbeit the wind's breath failed them at going down of the sun :  
 So to Lemnos the craggy, the Sintian isle, by rowing they won

There all the men of the nation together pitilessly  
 By the violent hands of the women were slain in the year gone by ; 610  
 Forasmuch as the hearts of the men from their lawful wives had  
 turned,

And in love for their captive handmaids with baleful passion they  
 burned,

Maids that themselves from the Thracian land in foray had brought  
 Oversea :—'twas the wrath of the Cyprian Queen that curse had  
 wrought,

Because that for long they had left her unhonoured by sacrifice :—  
 Ah hapless, whose hungering jealousy craved that woeful price !  
 For not with the captives their husbands alone for the sin did  
 they slay,

But every male therewithal, lest perchance in the coming day  
 Out of these might arise an avenger for that grim murder's sake.

In one alone for an aged sire did compassion awake, 620  
 Hypsipylê, daughter of Thoas, the king of the folk of the land.

In an ark did she send him to drift o'er the sea from the murder-strand,  
 If he haply might 'scape. And fisher-folk saved him and  
 brought to the isle

Which men call Sikinus now, but Oinoë named it erewhile ;



For from Sikinus folk renamed it, the child whom the Maid of  
the Spring,

Oinoë, bare, when she couched in love with Thoas the king.

So it came to pass that for these to tend the kine, and to wear  
War-harness of brass, and to furrow the wheat-bearing land with  
the share,

In the eyes of them all seemed task more light than Athênê's toil  
Wherewithal were their hands aforetime busy: yet all the while<sup>630</sup>

Across the broad sea ever they cast and anon their eyes

With a haunting fear lest the Thracian sails in the offing should rise.

So when they beheld the Argo's oars flashing down to their coast,

Forth from the gates of Myrinê straightway in one great host

Clad in their harness of battle down to the beach they poured

Like unto ravening Thyiads: they weened that the Thracian horde

Were come: and there was Hypsipylê clad in the war-array

Of Thoas her father: and all these speechless with wildered dismay

Streamed down,—such panic was wafted about them all that day.

But forth of the galley the while had the chieftains sent to the shore<sup>640</sup>

Aithalides, their herald swift, the man who bore

Charge of their messages, yea, and the wand they committed to him

Of Hermes his sire, who had given him memory never made dim

Of all things:—yea, nor forgetfulness swept even now o'er his soul

Of long-left Acheron's flow, where the torrents unspeakable roll.

For the doom of his spirit is fixed, to and fro evermore is it swept,

Now numbered with ghosts underground, now back to the light

hath it leapt,

To the beams of the sun among living men:—but why should I tell

The story of Aithalides that all men know full well?

Of him was Hypsipylê won to receive that sea-borne array<sup>650</sup>

As waned the day to the gloaming: yet not with the new-born day

Unmoored they the ship for the North-wind's breathing to waft

away.

Through the city the daughters of Lemnos into the folkmote

pressed,

And there sat down, as Hypsipylê's self sent forth her behest.

So when they were gathered in one great throng to the market-stead,

For their counselling straightway she rose in the midst of them all, and she said :

‘ Friends, now, an ye will, good store of gifts to the men give we,

Even such as is meet that the farers a-shipboard should bear oversea,  
 Even meats and the sweet strong wine, that without our towers so  
 They may bide, nor for need’s sake passing amidst of us to and fro 660  
 May know of us all too well, and our evil report shall go  
 Afar, for a terrible deed have we wrought, and in no wise, I trow,  
 Good in their sight shall it seem, if they haply shall hear the tale.  
 Lo, this is our counsel, and this, meseemeth, best shall avail.  
 But if any amidst you hath counsel that better shall serve our need  
 Let her rise ; for to this have I summoned you, even the giving  
 of rede.’

So spake she, and sat her down on the ancient chair of stone  
 That of old was her sire’s, and Polyxo her nurse uprose thereupon.  
 On her wrinkle-shrivelled feet she halted for very eld  
 Bowed over a staff ; but with longing for speech the heart in her 670  
 swelled.

And hard by her side were there sitting ancient maidens four,  
 Virgins, whose heads with the thin white hair were silvered o’er.  
 And amidst of the folknote stood she, and up from her crook-  
 bowed back

Feebly a little she lifted her neck, and in this wise spake :

‘ Gifts, even as unto the lady Hypsipylê seemeth meet,  
 Send we to the strangers, for thus were it better their coming to greet.  
 But you—by what art or device shall ye save your souls alive  
 If a Thracian host burst on you, or cometh in battle to strive  
 Some other foe ?—there be many such chances to men that befall,  
 Even as now yon array cometh unforeseen of us all. 680  
 But if one of the Blessèd should turn this affliction away, there  
 remain

Countless afflictions beside, far worse than the battle’s strain.  
 For when through the gates of the grave the older women  
 have passed,  
 And childless the younger have won to a joyless eld at the last,

How then will ye live, O hapless?—what, will the beasts freewilled  
On their own necks cast the yoke, to the end that your lands  
may be tilled?

And the furrow-sundering share will they drag through the  
heavy loam?

And, as rolleth the year round, straight will they bring you the  
harvest home?

Now, albeit from me the Fates still shrink as in loathing and fear,  
Yet surely on me, when the feet draw nigh of another year, 690  
The earth shall lie, when the burial rites have been rendered to me,  
Even as is due, and the evil days I shall not see.

But for you which be younger, I counsel you, give good heed  
unto this,

For that now at your feet an open way of deliverance there is,  
If ye will but commit your dwellings and all your spoil to the guard  
Of the strangers, yea, and your goodly city for these to ward.'

She spake, and with clamour the folkmote was filled, for good  
in their eyes

Was the word, and straightway thereafter again did Hypsipylê rise,  
And her voice pealed over the multitude, stilling the mingled cries:

'If in sooth in the sight of you all well-pleasing is this same rede, 700

Unto the ship straightway a messenger hence will I speed.'

To Iphinoê which waited beside her spake she her hest:

'Up, Iphinoê, and to yonder man bear this my request,

That he come to our town, even he who is chief of the strangers'  
array,

For the word that pleaseth the heart of my people to him would I say.

Yea, and his fellows bid thou to light in friendship down

On our shore, if they will, and to enter undismayed our town.'

She spake, and dismissed the assembly, and homeward she  
wended her way;

But Iphinoê to the Minyans went; and they bade her say

What was the mind wherewithal she was come, and what her need. 710

And straightway she told them the words of her message with  
eager speed:

'The daughter of Thoas, Hypsipylê, sent me hither away

To summon the lord of your ship, and the captain of your array,  
That the will of her folk she may tell him, their heart's desire  
this day.

Yea, and his fellows she biddeth to light in friendship down  
On our shore, if they will, and to enter undismayed our town.'

So spake she, and fair in the sight of them all was the word  
that she said ;

For they deemed that Hypsipylê reigned in the room of Thoas dead,  
His daughter, his well-beloved ; and they hasted Jason to meet  
The island-queen, and they dight them to follow their captain's feet. <sup>720</sup>

Then he flung o'er his shoulders the web by the Goddess  
Itonian wrought ;

In the clasp of a brooch were the folds of the purple of Pallas caught,  
Which she gave, when for Argo's building the keel-props first  
she dight,

And taught him with rule of the shipwright to measure her  
timbers aright.

More easy it were in sooth on the sun at his rising to gaze  
Than to fasten thine eyes on the flush of its glory, its splendour-  
blaze.

For the fashion thereof in the midst was fiery crimson glow,  
And the top was of purple throughout ; and above on the marge  
and below

Picture by picture did many a broidered marvel show.

For therein were the Cyclopes bowed o'er their work that <sup>730</sup>  
perisheth not,

Forging the levin of Zeus the King, and so far was it wrought  
In its fiery splendour, that yet of its flashes there lacked but one :  
And the giant smiths with their sledges of iron were smiting thereon ;  
While forth of it spurts as of flaming breath ever leapt and anon.

And there were the sons of Asôpus' daughter Antiopê set,  
Amphion and Zethus : and Thêbê, with towers unguarded as yet,  
Stood nigh them ; and lo, the foundations thereof were they lay-  
ing but now

In fierce haste. Zethus had heaved a craggy mountain's brow  
On his shoulders : as one hard straining in toil did the image appear.

And Amphion the while to his golden lyre sang loud and clear, 740  
On-pacing ; and twice so great was the rock that followed anear.

And next Kythereia with tresses heavily drooping was shown ;  
And the buckler of onset of Arês she bare : from her shoulder  
the zone

Of her tunic over her left arm fell with a careless grace  
Low over her breast ; and ever she seemed on the shield to gaze,  
On the face that out of its brazen mirror smiled to her face.

And therein was a herd of shaggy kine ; for the winning thereof  
Elektryon's sons and Teleboan raiders in battle strove :  
For these were defending their own ; but the Taphian rovers  
were fain

To rob them ; and drenched was the dewy meadow with that 750  
red rain.

But with that overmastering host were the herdmen striving in vain.

And therein had been fashioned chariots twain in the race that  
sped.

And Pelops was guiding the car that afront in the contest fled ;  
And Hippodameia beside him rode that fateful race.

And rushing behind him Myrtilus scourging his steeds gave chase ;  
And Oinomaus with him had couched his lance with a murderous  
face.

But, as snapt at the nave the axle, aslant was he falling in dust,  
Even as at Pelops' back he was aiming the treacherous thrust.

And therein was Phœbus Apollo, a slender stripling yet, 760  
Shooting at him who the ravisher's hand to the veil had set  
Of his mother, at Tityos the giant, whom Elarê bare ; but the Earth  
Nursed him, and hid in her womb, and gave to him second birth.

And Phrixus the Minyan was there ; and it seemed that unto  
the ram

He verily hearkened ; it seemed that a voice from the gold-  
fleece came.

Thou wert hushed to behold them—wouldst cheat thy soul with  
the hope that perchance

Forth of the lifeless lips would break the utterance

Of speech—ay, long wouldst thou gaze in expectation's trance.

Such was the gift of Athênê, the Goddess Itonian's toil.  
 And a lance far-leaping he grasped in his right hand, given erewhile  
 Of the maid Atalanta on Mainalus' height for the pledge of a friend. 770  
 Gladly she met him, for sorely her soul desired to wend  
 On the Quest : howbeit the hero himself withheld the maid,  
 For the peril of bitter strife for her love's sake made him afraid.

So he hied him to go to the town, as the radiant star to behold  
 Which a maid, as she draweth her newly-woven curtain's fold,  
 Beholdeth, as over her dwelling upward it floateth fair ;  
 And it charmeth her eyes, flashing out of the depths of the  
 darkling air

Flushed with a crimson glory : the maid's heart leapeth then  
 Lovesick for the youth who is far away amid alien men,  
 Her betrothed, unto whom her parents shall wed her on some 780  
 glad day :

So as a star was the hero treading the cityward way.

So when he had passed through the gates, and within the city  
 he came,

The women thereof thronged after, and wafted him blithe acclaim,  
 Having joy of the stranger : but earthward ever his eyes he cast,  
 Pacing unfaltering on till he came to the palace at last  
 Of Hypsipylê : then at the hero's appearing the maids flung wide  
 The gates and the fair-fashioned boards of the leaves on either side.

Then through the beautiful hall did Iphinoê lead on  
 Swiftly, and caused him to sit on a tinsel-glittering throne  
 Facing the Queen ; and Hypsipylê turned her eyes away, 790  
 For the maiden blood flushed hot in her cheek. But her shame  
 that day

Tied not her tongue, and with crafty-winsome words did she say :  
 'Stranger, wherefore so long have ye tarried without our towers ?  
 Forasmuch as no man dwelleth within this city of ours ;  
 But these have betaken them hence to dwell on the Thracian shore,  
 And there are they ploughing the wheat-bearing lands. I will  
 tell thee o'er

The evil tale, to the end ye also may understand.

In the days when Thoas my father was king o'er the folk of the land,

My people in ships from Lemnos over the sea-ridges rode,  
 And harried the homes of the Thracians that overagainst us abode ;<sup>800</sup>  
 And with booty untold they returned, and with many a captive maid.  
 But the curse of a baneful Goddess upon them now was laid ;  
 For the Cyprian caused on their souls heart-ruining blindness to fall,  
 That they hated their lawful wives, and forth from bower and hall  
 At the beck of their folly they drove the Lemnian matrons away,  
 And beside those spear-won thralls in the bed of love they lay—  
 Cruel ones ! Sooth, long time we endured it, if haply again,  
 Though late, their hearts might be turned ; but our wrong and  
 our bitter pain

Waxed evermore twofold ; and the children of true-born blood  
 In our halls were dishonoured, and grew up amidst us a bastard brood.<sup>810</sup>  
 Yea, and our maids unwedded, and widowed wives thereto,  
 Uncared for about our city wandered to and fro.

No father had heeded, no, never so little, his daughter's plight,  
 Not though before his eyes he beheld her slain outright  
 By a tyrannous stepdame's hands : and sons would defend no more  
 A mother from outrage and shame, as they wont in the days of yore.  
 No love for a sister then the heart of the brother bore.  
 But only the handmaid-thralls in the homefound grace in their sight,  
 In the dance, in the market-place, and whenso the banquet was dight.  
 Till at last some God in our hearts this desperate courage awoke,<sup>820</sup>  
 No more to receive them, when back they returned from the  
 Thracian folk,

Our towers within, that so they might heed the right, or begone  
 Hence to another land, even they and their thralls war-won.  
 Then required they of us their sons, even what manchild soe'er  
 Had been left in the town, and returned unto Thrace ; and to  
 this day there

The Lemnian men on the snowy Thracian corn-lands dwell.  
 Then tarry ye sojourning here : and if haply it please thee well  
 To abide in the land, and it seem to thee good, of a surety thine  
 Shall be Thoas my father's honour. I ween this land of mine  
 Thou shalt scorn not, for passing fruitful it is above all the rest<sup>830</sup>  
 Of the myriad isles that lie on the broad Aegean's breast.

But come now, go to thy galley, and tell these words of ours  
Unto thy comrades, nor longer tarry without our towers.'

She ended, with fair words veiling the deed of murder dread  
Done on the men ; and the hero answered the queen, and he said :  
' Hypsipylê, passing welcome this thy request shall be  
Which thou tenderest us, whose desire withal is now unto thee.  
Back through thy town will I come, when an end I have made to say  
All this to my fellows in order : howbeit let all the sway  
And the lordship be thine in the island. I make not in scorn <sup>840</sup>  
my request,

But a sore task thrusteth me onward still, and I may not rest.'  
He spake, and the queen's right hand hath he touched, and aback  
to the strand

He hath turned him to go ; and around him the maidens on  
either hand

Danced blithely, a throng unnumbered, till forth of the gates he  
had strode.

Thereafter the women loaded them wains smooth-running, and rode  
Down to the beach, and gifts of greeting they bare good store,  
When now to his fellows the hero had told the message o'er,  
Which Hypsipylê spake unto him when she sent and bade him come.  
And with little ado the maidens drew the heroes home  
To their halls ; for sweet desire did the Lady of Cyprus awake, <sup>850</sup>  
For a grace to Hephaistus the Lord of Craft, that Lemnos might  
take

New life, and unruined be peopled of men once more for his sake.  
Now into Hypsipylê's royal palace Aison's son  
Hath passed, and the rest, as it happed unto each man, so are  
they gone,

Save Herakles only ; for still with the ship would the hero abide,  
For he willed it so, and a few his chosen comrades beside.  
And straightway rejoiced the city with dance and with festival,  
And was filled with sacrifice-steam to the Deathless : but most  
of all

Honoured they Hêrê's glorious son, and atonement's price  
To the Cyprian Queen they paid with song and with sacrifice. <sup>860</sup>



And ever from day unto day did the heroes their sailing forbear,  
Loth to depart; and long had they tarried loitering there,  
But Herakles gathered his comrades, and drew from the women  
apart,

And with words of upbraiding he spake, and rebuked them indignant of heart:

‘What, sirs, is it blood of kindred spilt that maketh us roam  
From our land?—or came ye, because that ye found no brides at  
home,

Hitherward, scorning the maidens of Greece? Doth it please  
you to toil

Here dwelling, and driving the plough through the soft smooth  
Lemnian soil?

Good sooth, but little renown shall we win of our tarrying  
Here long time with the stranger women! No God will bring<sup>870</sup>

That Fleece unto us, nor wrest from its warder, for our request!

Forth let us go each man to his place—*him* leave ye to rest

All day on Hypsipylê’s couch, till he people from shore to shore  
Lemnos with menfolk: great his renown shall be therefor!’

So did he chide with the band; was none dared meet his eye,  
Neither look in his face, nor was any man found that essayed reply.  
But straight from his presence, to make their departing ready,  
they went

In haste; and the women came running, so soon as they knew  
their intent.

And as when round beautiful lilies the wild bees hum at their toil,  
From their hive in the rock forth pouring; the dew-sprent<sup>880</sup>  
meadow the while

Around them rejoiceth, and hovering, stooping, now and again  
They sip of the sweet flower-fountains—in such wise round the men  
Forth streamed the women with yearning faces, making their moan;  
And with hands caressing and soft sad words did they greet  
each one,

Beseeking the Blessed to grant them a home-coming void of bane.  
Yea, so doth Hypsipylê pray, as her clinging fingers strain  
The hand of Jason, and stream her tears with the parting-pain:

‘Go thou, and thee may the Gods with thy comrades scathless  
bring

Back to the home-land, bearing the Fleece of Gold to the king,  
Even as thou wilt, and thine heart desireth : and this mine isle, 890  
And my father’s sceptre withal, shall wait for thee the while,  
If haply, thine home-coming won, thou wouldst choose to come  
hither again.

Thou couldst gather from other cities a host unnumbered of men  
Lightly—ah, but the longing shall never awaken in thee ;  
Yea, and mine own heart bodeth that this shall never be !  
Yet O remember Hypsipylê whilst thou art far away,  
And when home thou hast won ; and leave me a word that thy  
love shall obey

With joy, if the Gods shall vouchsafe me to bear a son to my lord.’

Lovingly looked on her Aison’s son, and he spake the word :  
‘Hypsipylê, so may the Gods bring all these blessings to be ! 900  
Howbeit a better wish than this frame thou for me ;  
Forasmuch as by Pelias’ grace it sufficeth me still to live  
In the home-land—only the Gods from my toils deliverance give !  
But and if to return to the land of Hellas be not my doom,  
Afar as I sail, and a fair manchild be the fruit of thy womb,  
To Pelasgian Iolkos send him, when boyhood and manhood be met,  
To my father and mother, to solace their grief,—if living yet  
Haply he find them,—that so, in the stead of the prince their son,  
They may win in their halls a dear one, to brighten the hearth  
left lone.’

He spake, and was gone ; and afront of his fellows he strode to 910  
the ship,

And the rest of the chiefs followed on, and the oars in their  
hands did they grip,

Row upon row as they sat ; and the hawsers did Argus cast  
Loose from the rock brine-lashed ; and mightily then and fast  
Fell they to smiting with oars long-bladed the seething wave.  
And at even by Orpheus’ counsel the keel ashore they drave  
On the isle of Elektra the daughter of Atlas, that there they  
might learn

The mystic rites whose unveiling is not soul-daunting nor stern,  
 And safelier so might voyage over the chill grey sea :—  
 No more will I speak of the Hidden Things—but a blessing be  
 Upon that same isle, and the Gods there dwelling, to whom belong <sup>920</sup>  
 Those rites whereof it is not vouchsafed that we tell in song.

And from thence o'er the Black Sea's depths unfathomed  
 they sped with the oar,

To leftward keeping the land of Thrace, and to rightward the shore  
 Of Imbros overagainst it ; and, even as sank the sun,  
 Unto the long sea-foreland of Chersonese they won.

There did the strong swift south-wind blow, and the sail they spread  
 To the breeze, and into the outward-rushing waters they sped  
 Of Athamas' daughter : and lo, astern with the morning light  
 The outsea lay, and along Rhœteion's beach in the night  
 They coasted, and still on their right the land Idaean lay. <sup>930</sup>

And they left Dardania behind, and Abydos-ward steered they.  
 By Perkotê in that same night, and Abarnis' stretches of sand  
 Onward they glided, and past Pityeia the hallowed land.

And the selfsame night, as with sails and with oars sped Argo on,  
 Through the sea-gorge darkly-swirling of Hellespont they won.

Now within the Propontis an island there is, both high and steep ;  
 Short space from the corn-blest Phrygian land doth it rise from  
 the deep

Seaward-sloped : to the mainland stretched a neck of land  
 Low as the wash of the sea ; so the place hath a twofold strand.

And beyond the waterfloods of Aisêpus the river they lie. <sup>940</sup>

The Hill of the Bears it is called of them that dwell thereby.

And cruel oppressors and fierce have there their robber-hold,  
 Earth-born, a marvel great for the dwellers around to behold.

Six mighty arms each monster uplifteth against a foe,  
 Even two from his brawny shoulders that spring, and therebelow  
 Four other, that out of his sides exceeding terrible grow.

Now Dolian men on the isthmus abode, and about the plain ;

And amidst them did Kyzikus, hero-son of Aineus, reign,  
 The son whom Ainêtê, the daughter of godlike Eusôrus, bare.

But these men the Earth-born giants, how mighty and dreadful soe'er, <sup>950</sup>

In no wise harried : their shield and defender Poseidon became,  
 For himself had begotten of old the first of the Dolian name.  
 Thitherward Argo, as chased by the Thracian breezes she fled,  
 Pressed, and the goodly haven received her as onward she sped.  
 And their light-weight anchor-stone did they cast away thereby  
 By Tiphys' behest, and they left it beside the fountain to lie,  
 By Artakia's spring ; and another they chose, huge, meet for  
 their need.

Howbeit their first, by Archer Apollo's oracle-rede,  
 The Ionian Neleïds laid thereafter, a hallowed stone,  
 In the shrine of Athênê, Jason's friend, as was meet to be done. 96  
 And in all lovingkindness the Dolians came, and to meet them  
 pressed

Kyzikus's self, when their lineage he heard, and was ware of the Quest,  
 And knew what heroes were these ; and with glad guest-welcome  
 they met,

And besought them to speed in their rowing a short space onward yet,  
 And to fasten the hawser within the city's haven fair.

To Apollo the Lord of Landing they builded an altar there :  
 By the strand they upreared it, and there did the smoke of the  
 sacrifice rise ;

And sweet strong wine did the king's self give them, their need  
 to suffice,

And sheep therewithal : for an oracle rang in his ears—' In the day  
 When a godlike band of heroes shall come, meet thou their array 97  
 With welcome of love, and thou shalt not bethink thee at all of  
 the fray.'

And, like unto Jason, the soft down bloomed on the young king's  
 chin ;

Neither yet was he gladdened with laughter of children his halls  
 within ;

For the pangs of the travailing hour not yet to his bride had  
 been known,

Even to the lady born of Merops, Perkosius' son,  
 Fair-tressed Kleitê. But now had she passed from her sire's halls  
 forth

On the mainland-shore, when he won her with gifts of priceless worth.  
But for all this left he his bridal bower and the bed of his bride,  
And arrayed them a banquet, and cast from his heart all fear aside.  
And they questioned each other, the king and the heroes. Of<sup>980</sup>  
them would he learn

The end whereunto they voyaged, and Pelias' bidding stern.  
Of the dwellers around, and their cities, they asked and were fain  
to be taught

Touching all the gulf of Propontis the wide: but the king knew nought  
Beyond to tell them, albeit with eager desire they sought.  
So at dawn did they climb huge Dindymus' sides, with purpose to gaze  
With their own eyes over the unknown sea and her trackless ways;—  
But forth of the outer haven first their galley they rowed;—  
Still Jason's Path is it named, that mountain-track they trode.

But the earth-born giants the while rushed down from the  
mountain-side,

And the seaward mouth they blocked of the haven of Chytos the<sup>990</sup>  
wide

With crags, like men that lie in wait for a wolf in his lair.  
Howbeit with them that were younger had Herakles tarried there;  
And he leapt to his feet, and against them his back-springing  
bow did he strain.

One after other he stretched them on earth; and the giants amain  
Heaved up huge jagged rocks, and hurled them against their foe.  
Yea, for that terrible monster-brood was nurtured, I trow,  
Of Hêrê, the bride of Zeus, for a trial of Herakles.

Therewithal came the rest of their fellows, returning to battle  
with these

Or ever they won the mountain-crest. To the slaughter they fell  
Of the Earth-born brood, those heroes: with arrows some did<sup>1000</sup>  
they quell,

And some on the points of their spears they received, until they  
had slain

All that to grapple of fight had rushed so furious-fain.  
And even as when the woodmen with axes have smitten, and throw  
The long beams down on the strand of the sea ranged row upon row,—

For the brine-sodden wood shall grip the strong bolts faster so,—  
 Even so at the entering-in of the foam-fringed haven they lay  
 One after other ; some in a huddled heap where the spray  
 Dashed over their heads and their breasts, the while, stretched  
     high on the land,  
 Stiffened their limbs : there were some yet again, whose heads  
     on the sand  
 Rested, the while in the heaving waters swayed their feet ;—  
 But doomed were they all alike for the birds' and the fishes' meat.  
     And the heroes, so soon as the peril afar from their emprise  
     was driven,  
 Cast loose the hawsers of Argo before the breezes of heaven.  
 Forth shot she, and onward they drave, fast cleaving the broad  
     sea-swell.  
 All day under canvas she ran : howbeit, as twilight fell  
 No longer the wind-rush steadily held, but the veering blast  
 Caught them, and swept them aback, till it brought them again  
     at the last  
 To the guest-fain Dolian men. Then stepped they ashore in  
     the gloom  
 Of the night ; and unto this day is it called the Rock of Doom  
 Round which the hawsers of Argo in blind haste now did they pass ;  
 Neither did any man deem that the selfsame island it was ;  
 Nor yet were the Dolians ware that again in the night to their coast  
 The heroes were come, but haply they weened that a Makrian host  
 Of Pelasgian men for war had sailed to their land overseas :  
 Wherefore their armour they donned, and uplifted their hands  
     against these.  
 And with onset of spears and with clashing of shields met they  
     in the strife,  
 Like to the vehement blast of flame which hath leapt into life  
 Mid the copses dry, and the red tongues climb : and the battle-  
     din then  
 Fearful and furious fell in the midst of the Dolian men.  
 Nor may Kyzikus now overleap his weird, and aback from the war  
 Win home to the bower of love and the arms of his bride any more.

But, even as he turned on him, full on the king leapt Aison's son,  
And stabbed in the midst of his breast, and shattered was all the bone  
Around the spear, and falling in death-throes down on the sands  
He filled up the measure of Fate. To escape her resistless hands  
Is vouchsafed unto none: as a wide snare compassed we are  
with her bands.

Even so, as he weened that the bitterness now of death was past  
At the hands of the heroes, lo, in her gin were his feet caught fast  
In the night, as he battled with them, and many a champion withal  
Was slain with the king; by Herakles' hands did Telekles fall, <sup>1040</sup>  
And fell Megabrontes; and Sphodris Akastus overthrew;  
And Zelys, Gephyrus withal, the battle-swift Peleus slew.  
Telamon's ashen spear through Basileus' heart is thrust;  
Died Prometheus by Idas, and Klytius laid Hyakinthus in dust;  
And the Tyndarids twain slew Phlogius, slew Megalossakes;  
And valiant Itymoneus fell before Oineus' son amid these,  
And Artakes with him, a chieftain of men: and unto this day  
Unto all these slain do the people the worship of heroes pay.  
Then wavered the ranks and broke; then fled they in panic affright,  
As before the swift-winged hawks doth a cloud of doves take flight. <sup>1050</sup>  
Through the gates in a huddled rout they poured, and the town  
straightway

With the war-yell was filled, and backward rolled was the woe-  
ful fray.

But at dawn were they ware, both these and those, of the cure-  
less ill,

Of the ruinous error; and now did bitter anguish fill  
The Minyan heroes, beholding before them Aineus' child  
Stretched in the dust, and Kyzikus lying blood-defiled.  
For three whole days with rending of hair did they mourn his doom,  
Even they with the Dolian folk. Thereafter about his tomb  
Three times in their brazen armour the round of lament did they  
pace,

And buried him: funeral games held they in the selfsame place, <sup>1060</sup>  
As was meet, in the meadow-plain where yet before the eyes  
Of the folk of the latter day doth the heap of his grave-mound rise.

Yea, neither would Kleitê his wife any more mid the living abide,  
 Forlorn of her lord ; but a woefuller evil she added beside  
 To the evil done, when clasping her neck with the noose she died.  
 Ah, but the Wildwood Maids made moan for the beautiful dead ;  
 And of all the tears that to earth from their eyes for her sake  
 they shed

A fountain the Goddesses made, and the name of it far and wide  
 Hath been heard, even Kleitê, the name of a most unhappy bride.  
 Ah, that was the darkest day that from Zeus did ever befall 107  
 The daughters and sons of the Dolian race, and in none of them all  
 Was there spirit to taste of food, and their hands for a weary while  
 By reason of grief hung down, and forgot the millstone's toil :  
 But their lives dragged on, while untouched of the fire was the  
 food that they ate.

Yea, the Ionian folk that in Kyzikus dwell even yet,  
 When they pour drink-offerings year by year, at the city's mill  
 Grind ever their corn, for the querns in the houses of mourning  
 are still.

And the wild winds woke at the sound of their mourning to  
 shriek and to rave

Twelve days, twelve nights; and prisoned by wrath of wind and wave  
 Tarried the heroes from sailing, until, on the thirteenth night, 108  
 When the rest of the wanderers lay for the last time bowed by  
 the night

Of slumber on that drear shore, while watch and ward was kept  
 Of Akastus and Mopsus Ampykus' son over them that slept,—  
 Then over the golden head of Aison's son did there fly  
 A kingfisher : clear through the hush his happy-boding cry  
 Rang for the lulling of winds ; and Mopsus hearkening caught  
 The shore-bird's note, and he knew it with happy omen fraught.  
 And a God's hand guided its wing, that it wheeled and shot to  
 the height

Of the Argo's stern, and thereon hath it stayed its arrowy flight.  
 And the seer touched Jason, there on the fleeces soft as he lay 109  
 Of the sheep, and from slumber he roused him with haste, and  
 thus did he say :



‘Aison’s son, thou must climb to the temple that standeth there  
On Dindymus’ rugged height, and make to the Mother thy prayer,  
The fair-throned Mother of all the Blest : and the stormy blast  
Shall be stilled. For but now hath a cry by mine ears on the  
night-wind passed,

The weird sea-kingfisher’s cry ; and around thy slumbering head  
Wheeling its flight, it uttered the thing that my lips have said.  
For swayed by her power be the winds, and the sea, and the  
earth below,

Yea also Olympus crowned with the everlasting snow.

And to her, when to heaven from her hills she ascendeth, doth 1100  
Zeus give place,

Even Kronos’ son himself, and all the Deathless Race  
Of the Blessèd in reverence bow before her awful face.’

So spake he : to hear that word the heart of Jason leapt.

Gladsome he sprang from his couch, and his comrades, there as  
they slept,

Did he waken in haste ; and he told, as they gathered around  
him to hear,

The prophecy spoken of Mopsus Ampykus’ son, the seer.

Then steers from the byre the young men drave, and with speed  
they pressed

Up the steep hill-path with the beasts, till they won to the  
mountain’s crest.

From the Rock of Doom did others the hawsers of Argo slip :

To the Thracian haven they rowed, and leapt to the strand ; 1110  
and the ship

There guarded they left, for there tarried behind of their fellows  
a few.

And from Dindymus saw they the Makrian cliffs, and full in view

The stretch of the Thracian Coast oversea on this side lay,

And the Bosphorus misty-dim, and the blue hills far away

Of Mysia-land, and the river Aisêpus on that side flowed,

And the town and the plain Nepeian of Adresteia showed.

Then found they the sturdy stock of a vine in the forest that grew,

A tree exceeding old : with the axes the same did they hew

For the Mountain-goddess's sacred image : with cunning skill  
 Of the craftsman did Argus carve it ; and so on the rugged hill <sup>113</sup>  
 Did they set it up : for the shrine thereof stood tall oaks round,  
 Which of all trees root them the deepest beneath the face of the  
 ground.

Then of loose stones built they an altar : with leaves from the  
 oaken spray

They wreathed it around, and the sacrifice thereupon did they lay.  
 On the Mother majestic, on Dindymê's Queen, the while did  
 they call,

Who dwelleth in Phrygia : on Tityas they cried, on Kyllênê withal,  
 Who alone be called the Dispensers of Doom—by the judgment-seat  
 Of the Mother Idaean who sit—by all that priesthood of Crete,  
 The Daktylians of Ida, born in the cave Dictæan of yore  
 When the Nymph Anchialê clutched in the throes of travail, and tore <sup>113</sup>  
 With the fingers of either hand the earth by Oaxus' shore.

Knelt Aison's son to the Goddess, and prayed her with earnest cries  
 To turn the tempest away, on the flame of the sacrifice  
 As he poured the wine. And the youths therewithal at  
 Orpheus' command

Trode round her altar the measure, an armour-sheathèd band,  
 And clashed with their swords on their shields, that the sound  
 that boded them ill

Might be lost in the air, the wail for the dead, which the people still  
 In grief for their king sent up ; for which cause unto this day  
 With timbrel and drum the Phrygians worship to Rhea pay.  
 And the Goddess of them that sought her was found, and in- <sup>114</sup>  
 clined her ear

To the sacrifice-prayer : of her grace did tokens of good appear.  
 For the trees shed fruit in abundance down, and around their feet  
 The earth mid her tender grass with flowers unsown was sweet.  
 And the beasts of the wildwood came, forsaking thicket and lair,  
 Fawning with swaying tails : and another marvel there  
 Did the Goddess create, for that Dindymus never theretofore  
 With watersprings flowed ; but now did a sudden torrent pour  
 From her thirsty crest, and the Fountain of Jason they name it still,

The folk that in after days dwell round that sacred hill.  
 In the Goddess's honour a feast on the Bears' Hill then dight they, <sup>1150</sup>  
 And Rhea the all-majestic they hymned : but at dawn of the day  
 Stilled were the winds, and with oars from the island sped they away.

Then hero was kindled with hero in gallant contention to try  
 Who last should be spent and refrain ; for the peace of a wind-  
 less sky

Laid level the swirls of the sea, and lulled to sleep the wave.  
 And putting their trust in the calm, ever onward and onward  
 they drave

The ship by their might ; and with her, through the brine as she  
 darted and leapt,

Not even the storm-footed steeds of Poseidon the pace had kept.  
 Howbeit the surges awoke as from sleep, as the keen blasts blew,  
 Which swooped from the river-gorges as day to the evenfall drew : <sup>1160</sup>

And the heroes forspent with toiling refrained, save only one  
 Who by might of his hands tugged onward his weary comrades alone ;  
 Even Herakles : quivered the strong-knit beams as he strained  
 to the stroke.

But when, as they fled by the mainland-shore of the Mysian folk,  
 And Rhyndakus' outfall they sighted, and, huge against the sky,  
 Aigaion's cairn, past Phrygia a little, and slipped thereby,  
 Even then, through the furrows of roughened surge as he tugged  
 and tore,

Snapped he the ashen blade, and, grasping the half of the oar  
 Yet in his hands, back Herakles fell, and the half swept down  
 The tossing wake of the ship. But he rose, and with angry frown <sup>1170</sup>  
 Sat gazing around, for his hands endured not idle to lie.

'Twas the hour when the delver or ploughman aback from the  
 field doth hie

With joy to his hut, and his soul sore craveth the eventide meat,  
 And bow on the threshold his knees, and totter his weary feet.  
 All dust-besprent he beholdeth his cramped hands worn with toil,  
 With many a curse reviling the taskmaster Belly the while,—  
 Then came they to where in the land Kianian nestle her homes  
 'Neath Arganthônê, where Kios against the sea-tide foams.

Then as friends greet friends did the Mysians with kindly welcoming  
 Meet them, the people that dwelt in the land, and gifts did they bring, <sup>1180</sup>  
 Even sheep, and wine without stint therewithal gave they for  
 their need.

Then sapless logs did some of them gather, and grass from the mead  
 Did some bring in, whereof great store for their couches they mowed,  
 The while in the hands of some the whirling fire-sticks glowed.  
 Some mingled the wine in the mazer, and ready the feast they dight,  
 Doing sacrifice to Apollo as deepened the shades of night.

But Zeus' son spake to his comrades meetly the feast to prepare :  
 But into the forest himself hath hied, to the end that there,  
 Or ever he supped, for the grip of his hands he might fashion an oar.  
 Then found he a pine as he roved, and scant was the burden it bore <sup>1190</sup>  
 Of boughs, nor with heavy-clustering leaves was its shade made dim;  
 But like to the shaft it rose of a poplar tall and slim :  
 Even such was the measure thereof to behold in height and in girth.  
 Swiftly his arrow-fraught quiver hath Herakles cast to the earth  
 With the shafts therein : from his shoulders the lion's hide did  
 he strip.

With his brass-heavy club at its roots he smote, till he loosed  
 earth's grip.

Low down did he grasp the stem about with either hand,  
 Putting trust in his might : with shoulder against it thrust did he stand  
 With feet wide set. From the ground, deep-rooted albeit it grew,  
 Hath his grip upheaved it with all the clods that clave thereto. <sup>1200</sup>  
 And as when unawares the mast of a ship, in the very hour  
 When Orion's storm-fraught setting is working in baleful power,  
 Is struck from on high by a tempest's swiftly-swooping squall,  
 And with snapped stays rent from its box, and the wedges there-  
 withal,

Even so he upwrenched that tree ; and he gathered up arrows  
 and bow,

And the lion's hide, and his club ; and he hasted him backward to go.

But Hylas the while with a pitcher of brass from the throng  
 hath hied

Seeking a spring's pure flow ; for the feast of the eventide

To draw for him water against his return, and withal to prepare  
 With speed all things for the time when again his lord should <sup>1210</sup>  
 be there.

For in suchlike service did Herakles nurture the lad and train  
 From the day when, a captive child, by the hero's hand he was ta'en  
 From the home of his father Theodamas, slain in Dryopian land  
 Without ruth, when he dared for his ploughteam's sake 'gainst  
 the hero to stand.

For it fell, as Theodamas clave with the share the fallow field,  
 That mischief befell him; for Herakles came, and he bade him  
 to yield

The heifer he ploughed withal unto him in his heart's despite :  
 For against the Dryopian folk was he seeking occasion of fight,  
 For their bane, forasmuch as reckless of right in the land dwelt  
 they :—

But the story thereof should lead me far from my song astray. <sup>1220</sup>  
 So in haste to the fountain he hied him, and Pegae hight that spring  
 Of the people that dwell in the field thereabout : and the dancing-  
 ring

Of the Nymphs, as it chanced, was there; for all these loved  
 full well—

Even all the Nymphs that about that fair hill wont to dwell—  
 In hymns through the night-tide ringing to chant unto Artemis still.  
 But they which inherit the mountain-crest, or the rushing rill,  
 And the Forest-haunters, were ranged from the fountain far away.  
 But it fell that the Water-nymph came floating up that day  
 From the depths of the fair-flowing spring :—lo, over her bendeth  
 his face

In the rosy flush of its beauty, its manifold winsome grace. <sup>1230</sup>  
 For the full moon casting her beams from the height of the firmament  
 Smote him, and faintness of love on her soul the Cyprian sent,  
 And scarce she unravelled her thoughts in sweet confusion blent.  
 But over the fountain's brim as aforetime aslant hath he bowed,  
 And plunged in the ripple the pitcher : the water gurgled loud  
 As into the echoing brass it poured; and the Fountain-maid  
 Her left arm slid from the depths, and around his neck was it laid

In her yearning to kiss those dainty lips, while, clutched by her right,  
 Drawn down was his arm, and through swirling eddies he sank  
 from the light.

But his cry as he sank was heard of one of his comrades alone <sup>1240</sup>  
 Who trod that fountainward path, Polyphemus, Eilatus' son,  
 To meet that giant hero when back he should fare to the feast.  
 By Pegae, following the cry, hath he rushed, like a wildwood beast  
 Unto whom from far away hath been wafted the bleating of sheep,  
 And with famine afire he pursueth ; howbeit he may not leap  
 On the prey, for already the shepherds have penned them safe  
 from the foe ;

And in vehement rage must he moan and howl, till aweary he grow ;  
 So Eilatus' son made vehement moan, and he roamed to and fro  
 About the place ; and his voice rang piteous, broken with woe.  
 Then suddenly drew he his mighty blade, and he rushed to pursue, <sup>1250</sup>  
 If perchance he were seized of beasts, or from ambush a robber-crew  
 Had leapt on him faring alone, and were haling afar their prey.  
 Then, even as he shook in his hand his naked sword, in the way  
 Came Herakles' self to meet him, a giant form that sped  
 To the ship through the gloom ; and he knew him, and straight-  
 way a tale most dread

He told, while laboured with heavy panting his heart, and he said :  
 ' God help thee, that I first bring to thee tidings of bitter pain !  
 Hylas hath gone to the spring, and returned not alive again !  
 Or robbers have seized him, and hale him away to captivity,  
 Or evil beasts are rending :—I heard but now his cry.' <sup>1260</sup>

Upon Herakles' temples then did the great sweat-gouts upstart,  
 As he heard him speak, and the dark blood curdled about his heart.  
 In fury in flung to the earth the pine, and along that path  
 Rushed, whithersoever his feet might hurry his aimless wrath.  
 And as, stung by a gadfly, a bull rusheth onward frenzy-stirred  
 Forsaking the meadows and marshlands, the while of herdsman  
 or herd

He taketh no heed, pressing on in his wild course now without check,  
 Now making a moment's stand, and uplifting his massive neck,  
 He uttereth bellowings, mad with the sting of the cruel breese :

So he in his frenzy now would be plying his strong swift knees <sup>1270</sup>  
 Unresting, and now from his toil would he cease for a moment's space,  
 And shouted:—the mighty voice rang far through the lonely place.

Eftsoons the morning-star rose over the mountain's crest,  
 And the winds swept down from the gorges; and Tiphys cried  
 on the rest

To get them aboard in haste, and to hearken the wind's behest.  
 So with eager speed they embarked, and the anchor-stones of the ship  
 Heaved they aboard, and the hawsers thereof in haste did they slip.  
 And the midst of the sail bellied out with the blast, and far away  
 From the sea-strand with joy by Poseidon's foreland wafted were they.  
 But it fell, in the hour when the dawn glad-eyed from the heaven <sup>1280</sup>  
 doth beam,

From the east uprising, and all the earth-ways clearer gleam,  
 And the dewy wolds are a-sparkle beneath her flashing sheen,  
 Then were they ware of those that forsaken unwares had been.  
 Then mighty contention arose, and an indignation-burst  
 Most vehement-fierce, that any should go, and forsake the first  
 Of their comrades in prowess. But Aison's son distraught with amaze  
 Spake never a word or bad or good in their evil case;  
 But devouring his soul he sat 'neath wilderment's heavy load.

Then Telamon's wrath waxed hot, and thus with the prince he chode:  
 'Ha! sit thou there at thine ease!—good sooth, for thy <sup>1290</sup>  
 profit was this,

That Herakles thus should be left; thou givest no counsel, I wis,  
 Lest haply his glory in Hellas should overshadow thee,  
 If the Gods peradventure vouchsafe us the home-return to see!—  
 What pleasure in words?—I will go, I only, with none of these  
 Thy comrades, who plotted with thee this treason to Herakles.'

He spake, and on Tiphys Hagnias' son he rushed, and his ire  
 Gleamed through his eyes as the leaping flame of the ravening fire.  
 And now to the land of the Mysian men had they won back again  
 In despite of the driving surge, and the head-wind's ceaseless strain;  
 But the two winged sons of Thracian Boreas rose thereupon, <sup>1300</sup>  
 And with fierce stern words from his purpose withheld they  
 Aiakus' son.

Unhappy they!—grim vengeance thereafter did Herakles wreak  
 Upon these who withheld the rest which were fain for the lost to seek.  
 For when from the games over Pelias dead they were wending again  
 Homeward, in Tenos the sea-girt he slew them; and heaped  
 o'er the slain

The earth, and above that grave-mound reared he pillars twain,  
 The one whereof, a marvel exceeding for men to behold,  
 Sways to and fro in the blast when the North-wind whistleth cold.  
 Ay, so in the after-time these things were ordained to be.

But now did Glaukus appear unto them from the depths of the sea, <sup>1310</sup>  
 The servant of Nereus divine, the far-discerning seer.

High out of the waves his shaggy head and his breast did he rear  
 Even to the waist, and his brawny hand did the God stretch out  
 To the keel of the ship, and unto her eager crew did he shout :

‘Wherefore be ye thus purposed against great Zeus’ decrees  
 Unto Aiêtes’ city to bring bold Herakles?

Lo, this is his weird—in the land of Argos labouring  
 To accomplish toils full twelve for Eurystheus the tyrannous king,  
 And to dwell with the Deathless Ones, if he bring to fulfilment yet  
 A few more toils : grieve ye not therefore with vain regret. <sup>1320</sup>

Polyphemus’ weird likewise is to rear, where Kios doth fall  
 Into the sea, ’mid the Mysians a glorious city’s wall,  
 And to find in the Chalybes’ land the doom that endeth all.  
 But Hylas a Goddess-nymph of her love for her spouse hath taken,  
 For whose sake wandered away those twain unawares forsaken.’

Then downward he plunged, and he wrapped him about with  
 the waves white-wreathing,  
 And around him the darkling water foamed in eddies seething.

And he loosed from his hand the hollow ship through the brine to flee;  
 And the heroes were glad : then rose up Telamon hastily,  
 And Aiakus’ son unto Jason strode, and his hand did he take <sup>1330</sup>  
 In the compassing grasp of his own, and embraced him, and thus  
 he spake :

‘Be nowise wroth with me, Aison’s son, if folly-distraught  
 I have sinned in mine ignorance : anguish exceeding upon me  
 hath wrought



To utter an arrogant word which I could not refrain : let us cast  
To the winds my transgression, and knit be our hearts as in days  
overpast.'

Answered him Aison's son, and in courteous wise spake he :  
' Ah, friend, of a truth 'twas a bitter word that thou spakest to me,  
When thou saidst in the midst of us all that a traitor I was unto him  
Who to me was a friend!—yet I will not nurse wrath brooding grim,  
Though vexed was my soul at the first ; since not as for flocks of sheep <sup>1340</sup>  
Didst thou chafe and wast wroth, nor for hoarded wealth of a  
treasure-heap,

But all for a comrade's sake. I were fain thou wouldst champion so  
Even me, if need should be ever, against another foe.'

He spake, and they sat them down, as in days overpast made one.  
But their lost—by the counsel of Zeus, Polyphemus Eilatus' son  
Was doomed mid the Mysian men to build a city, to bear  
The name of the river thereby : but aback must Herakles fare  
At Eurystheus' labours to toil. But he threatened in anger hot  
To waste the Mysian land, if her folk for him found not  
What doom upon Hylas had lighted, if dead or alive he were. <sup>1350</sup>  
And pledges they gave for the lost, in that sons most noble and fair  
Of their people they chose, and for hostages gave, and an oath  
they swore

That they would not refrain from the toil of the search for evermore.  
Wherefore for tidings of Hylas the Kians unto this day,  
For Theiodamas' son, of the stranger inquire : the warders aye  
Guard Trêchis the fair-built ; for there did the hero cause to abide  
The sons that they sent for their ransom to turn his fury aside.

And the wind all day bare onward the galley and all night  
through  
With a fresh strong blast : but when dawning arose, the breath of  
it blew  
No whit any more ; and they spied jutting forth from a curve of <sup>1360</sup>  
the land  
A foreland, and broad to behold that dark height swelled from  
the strand.  
So they bent to the oars, and at sunrise the keel up-furrowed the sand.

## THE SECOND BOOK

THERE were there steadings of cattle, and Amykus' farms were there,

Proud king of Bebrykian men, whom erst a wood-nymph bare ;  
For Bithynian Melië couched with Poseidon the Lord of Birth.  
Overweening was this their son above all the children of Earth,  
Who even on wayfaring strangers his tyrannous ordinance laid  
That they should not depart from his land till that trial of  
prowess were made

Against him with the fist : and neighbours full many he smote  
that they died.

And now to the galley he came ; but he scorned in the height  
of his pride

To inquire of them wherefore they voyaged, or ask what men  
were they :

But with sudden defiance he challenged them all, and thus did he  
say :

‘ Sea-rovers, hearken the thing that is meet and right ye should  
know.

This is the ordinance—none may depart, from my country to go,  
Even none who hath come to Bebrykia's folk out of alien lands,  
Or ever against mine hands he hath lifted in battle his hands.

Choose for you therefore the mightiest man of all your array,  
And set ye him here for the strife of the fist against me this day.  
But and if ye shall shrink from the trial, and trample my laws  
underfoot,

Verily mighty constraint shall pursue you with bitter pursuit.’

So spake he in pride overweening, and came upon them as they  
heard

Fierce anger, but most by his threatening vaunt Polydeukes was <sup>25</sup>  
stirred.

Straightway he stood for his fellows' champion forth, and he cried :  
' Peace!—threaten not us, whatsoever the name that hath  
puffed thee with pride,

With brutal mishandling :—yea, unto these thy laws will we bow.  
Even I right willingly offer me—lo, I will meet thee now.'

Roundly he spake ; and with rolling eyes glared on him the king  
As a lion javelin-smitten, when out on the mountains the ring  
Of the hunters hemmeth him round ; but, albeit encompassed about  
By the throng, he heedeth them not, but his glance ever  
searcheth him out,

Him only, which wounded him first, yet quelled him not with  
the stroke.

Then Tyndareus' son laid by his goodly-woven cloak 30

Of delicate threads, a gift of remembrance for sweet days past  
Of a daughter of Lemnos. His mantle's dark folds Amykus cast,  
With the clasps thereof, to the ground, and the shepherd's staff  
that he bore,

The rugged olive his hand from the windy hill-slope tore.

Then looked they, and chose for the combat a spot that was good  
in their sight ;

And all their companions they bade sit down to left and to right.

Then stood they forth, nor in form nor in stature alike to behold :

But the one might be seed of Typhôeus the fell, or a monster of old,

Ay, even as one of the giant brood of Earth, which she bare

To wreak upon Zeus her wrath : but Tyndareus' son showed fair <sup>40</sup>

As the star of the heaven, whose loveliest beams through the  
fading blue

Shine in the eventide, when the wings of the night drop dew.

Even such was the child of Zeus, and the soft down bloomed on  
his chin,

And bright were his dancing eyes : but waxed his breast within

His fury and might like a wild beast's rage ; and he struck out fast

With his hands, making trial if swift were their play, as in days  
overpast,

Uncramped by the stress of toil and the strain of the weary oar.  
 But Amykus proved not his limbs, but he glared on his foe evermore  
 Standing in silence aloof, and he yearned in eager mood  
 To smite and bespatter the hero's breast with the spurting blood. 50  
 And between them Lykôreus, Amykus' henchman, cast on the  
 ground

In front of their feet the fighting-gauntlets with thongs overbound,  
 Strips of the raw hide, dry, all ridged with wrinkles were they.  
 Then unto the hero the giant with arrogant words 'gan say :

' Whichsoever thou wilt, lo, freely and willingly grant I to thee,  
 Without casting of lots, that thou mayst not hereafter murmur at me.  
 Now bind them about thine hands : thou shalt learn, and to others  
 shall tell

How featly I carve the tough bull-hides, how passing well  
 I wield them withal, to bedabble with blood the jaws of men.'

He spake, but the hero scorned with wrangling to answer again : 60  
 And he made no ado, but the pair lying nighest his feet, the same  
 Lightly smiling he took. Then unto him Kastor came,  
 And Talaus the mighty, the scion of Bias : they bound on his wrists  
 The gauntlets in haste, oft bidding him play the man in the lists.  
 And to Amykus Ornytus came and Arétus ; but naught knew they—  
 Fools !—that they girded a doomed man then for his latest fray.

So when they were ready, and forth in the lists stood face to face,  
 Straightway in front of their bodies their brawny hands did they  
 raise.

Then closed they, and matched their might in the grim play furiously.  
 And now the Bebrykian king, as a charging wave of the sea 70  
 With storm-roughened crest overarcheth a ship, and would surely  
 o'erwhelm,

But that scanty she 'scapeth by wisdom of him that swayeth the  
 helm,

When over her bulwark to hurl itself mad is the surge of the wave ;  
 So followed he hard upon Tyndareus' son to daunt him : he gave  
 No respite. The hero by cunning keeping him scatheless aye  
 Baffled his every rush : well marked he his brutal play,  
 To wot if the giant in might were haply resistless, or no.

So ever he faced him and warded, and flashed back blow for blow.  
And even as when the shipwrights with hammers mightily swinging  
Smite on the beams of a galley, driving the clamps close-clinging <sup>80</sup>  
Sharply together, that bang upon clang cometh crashing and ringing,  
And the air is a-shiver ; so crack 'neath the buffets the cheeks  
of the twain,

So crash their jaws, and so clatter their teeth as the swift blows rain.  
Nor flinch they nor falter, but facing each other smite they amain,  
Till spent are they both, and for laboured panting they needs  
must refrain.

Then standing apart for a little they wiped from their foreheads away  
The streaming sweat, while their deep chests heaved with the  
toil of the fray.

Then each against other again they rushed, as when on the lea  
Two bulls for a heifer are fighting in fury of rivalry.

Then mid their battle did Amykus up to his full height spring <sup>90</sup>  
Like an ox-slayer straining a-tiptoe—downward the weight did  
he swing

Of his gauntleted hand on the hero ; but swerving swift from the  
stroke

By a turn of his head hath he foiled him, hath caught on his  
shoulder and broke

Its force,—he hath slipped past the knee of the giant his knee,—  
he hath rushed

With his whole weight dashing his fist 'neath his ear, and the  
bones hath he crushed,

That for agony down on his knees he sank, and the Minyans' shout  
Rang ; and with one great gasp was the giant's life poured out.

Uprose the Bebrykian men to avenge the wild king's fall :

And full upon Polydeukes as one man rushed they all

With rugged clubs and with javelins tossing in furious hands. <sup>100</sup>  
But his comrades afront of him closed, and they drew their keen-  
whetted brands

Out of their scabbards : and Kastor the first with the sword-  
sweep cleft

The head of a foe, as against him he rushed ; and to right and to left

Upon either shoulder aslant did the ghastly halves of it fall.  
 Polydeukes o'erthrew the giant Itymoneus, Mimas withal ;  
 For, weaponless, one with a sudden leap did he spurn on the breast  
 With his foot, and in dust he fell ; and one, as to conflict he pressed,  
 Over the left brow smote he with swift right hand, and he tare  
 The eyelid away, that it left the wretch's eyeball bare.  
 And Oreides, Amykus' henchman, a brawny champion, 110  
 Stabbed with his lance at the flank of Talaus, Bias' son ;  
 Howbeit he slew him not, but sliding along the skin  
 The brass sped under his belt, neither tasted the flesh within.  
 And Arétus at Iphitus smote with a club of the knotted oak,  
 That Eurytus' scion, the battle-bider, reeled from the stroke.  
 Howbeit not yet was the hero doomed unto deadly bane ;  
 Nay, soon was the smiter's self by Klytius' sword to be slain.  
 Then did Ankaius the dauntless son of Lykurgus in haste  
 Swing up his mighty axe, and around his left arm cast  
 The bear's dark fell for a shield, and amidst the Bebrykian array 120  
 In fury of onset he plunged, and beside him charged to the fray  
 Aiakus' sons, and Jason the valiant leapt to the fight.  
 And as when mid the folds the grey wolves scare in huddled affright  
 Vast throngs of sheep on a wintry day, having rushed on the pen  
 By the keen-nosed dogs unscented, unmarked of the shepherd's ken ;  
 And in fury they seek to leap the fence, and to seize the prey,  
 Glaring and glaring, a fierce-eyed ring ; and, shrinking away  
 Upon every side, on each other trample the sheep ; even so  
 Drave they in ghastly rout the haughty Bebrykian foe.  
 And as when bee-keepers or shepherds fill with the stifling smoke 130  
 The cleft of a rock where dwell the honey-fashioning folk,  
 And the bees for a while all thronging within their cavern-home,  
 Murmur with muffled hum, till, driven at last therefrom  
 By the murky fume, they pour from the crag, and they flee away ;  
 Even so not long they abode, but scattered in disarray  
 Through Bebrykia bearing the tidings of Amykus' doom did  
 they fly.  
 Fools !—nothing they knew of another woe even then drawn nigh  
 All unforeseen, for their orchards were wasted in that same hour,

And amidst of their hamlets did Lykus' ravening spears devour,  
 And the Mariandynians slew, forasmuch as their king was afar, 140  
 For that aye for the iron-bearing land were the nations at war.

So now had the spoilers fallen on garth and byre and fold;  
 While seaward the heroes headed their sheep in throngs untold,  
 And this one to that one cried the while they drave the prey :

‘Bethink ye, what price had they paid for their felon folly to-day,  
 If haply a God had but brought our Herakles hither to aid !

Ha ! surely had he but been here, no trial, I ween, had been made  
 Of strife with the fists; but so soon as the caitiff drew nigh to  
 proclaim

His ordinance, straightway the club should have made him forget  
 the same,

Even as he spake it, yea, and forget the might of his hand. 150

Ah, but we left him, we left him, alone on a desolate strand,  
 And we sailed away oversea :—full soon shall we know, each one,  
 Our baneful folly, seeing our mightiest champion is gone ! ’

But the counsels of Zeus had wrought all this, beyond their ken.  
 So here through the night they abode, and the hurts of the  
 wounded men

They tended, and slew to the Gods everlasting the sacrifice ;  
 And a mighty supper they dight : fell sleep upon no man's eyes,  
 By the bowl as they sat and the blazing altar the long night through,  
 With their golden locks enwreathed with the leaves of a bay that grew  
 Hard by the strand, about whose stem was their hawser bound. 160

And to Orpheus' lyre they chanted; their voices' blended sound  
 Rang tunefully : all the breathless beach lay tranced with the spell  
 Of the song; for of Zeus of Therapnae's child did the sweet  
 hymn tell.

Over the dusky hills did the light of the new sun leap,  
 As he rose from his far sea-bourn, as he roused the shepherds  
 from sleep.

Then from the stem of the bay did the heroes their hawser uncoil,  
 And they laid in the galley so much as sufficed for their need of  
 the spoil ;

And before the breeze up swirling Bosphorus' flood they steered.

There steep and high the surge, as a mountain's crown upheared  
 Afront of the prow, rusheth on them as leapeth a beast on the prey, — <sup>170</sup>  
 Higher, still higher upheaved to the clouds : thou wouldst verily  
 say,

‘ They cannot escape grim doom, for that full o’er the galley’s side  
 Swingeth its madding crest like a cloud ! ’ Yet a bark may ride  
 Safe even o’er such, if she have but a helmsman good at need.  
 And by Tiphys’ steering-craft even so did the heroes speed  
 Through the peril unscathed, yet sore dismayed. So the wild day  
 passed,

And the night ; and with dawn on Bithynia’s shore the anchor  
 they cast.

There hard by the sea had Phineus Agênor’s son his abode,  
 Who endured above all men trouble and anguish, a baleful load.  
 For a spirit of prophecy Lêto’s son had bestowed of old <sup>180</sup>  
 On him ; yet he thrust all reverence aside, and to mortals foretold  
 The sacred purpose of Zeus, the mind of Heaven’s King.  
 Therefore did Zeus requite him with eld long-lingering ;  
 And he took from his eyes the pleasant light, and he suffered him not  
 To have joy of the meats untold which the dwellers around aye  
 brought,

What time to his halls they resorted the purpose of heaven to hear.  
 But out of their caverns of cloud ever suddenly swooping anear  
 The Harpies would snatch them away from his lips and his  
 hands evermore

With their talons, and whiles was there left unto him of all that store  
 No whit, and whiles but a crumb, that for torment his life might <sup>190</sup>  
 be spared.

And they poured over all a loathly stench : was none that dared,  
 I say not, to carry thereof to his mouth, but even to stand  
 Far off, so foully the remnants reeked of the banquet banned.  
 But now, on his ears as their voices and tramp of their coming  
 brake,

He knew that the men were at hand whereof Zeus’ oracle spake  
 That their coming should bring for him respite, in peace to eat his  
 bread.



And he rose from his couch, as a shadowy dream might rise  
from a bed,

Bowed over his staff, and with wrinkled feet 'gan creep to the door  
Groping along the walls ; and for helplessness trembled sore  
And for age his limbs as he moved, and with filth was his <sup>200</sup>  
parchèd skin

All leprous, and nought save this enwrapped the bones within.  
So forth of the hall he came, and he bowed on the threshold-stone  
His weary knees ; and a swoon, like a dark pall over him thrown,  
Enshrouded him ; under his feet him seemed that the earth reeled  
round ;

And he lay in a strengthless trance, and his lips could frame no sound.  
And the heroes beheld him, and round about in a throng they pressed  
And marvelled ; until at the last the man from the depth of his breast  
Drew laboured and difficult breath, and uttered his prophecy :

‘Hearken, ye noblest of Hellas’ sons, if ye verily be  
The self-same heroes that Jason leadeth forth on the Quest <sup>210</sup>  
Of the Golden Fleece in Argo the ship at a King’s grim hest.  
Of a surety ye be : my soul hath knowledge of everything  
By her divination yet. Thanks therefore to thee, O King,  
O Son of Lêtô, I render from depths of affliction and woe !  
O friends, by the Suppliants’ Zeus, who is ever the sternest foe  
Of transgressors—for Phœbus’ sake, and in awful Hêrê’s name  
I beseech—by the Gods I implore you in whose care hither ye came,  
Help me : deliver from anguish a most ill-fated man,  
Neither hasten away uncaring and leave me in bale and ban,  
As ye find me : for not on mine eyes alone hath the fierce foot trode <sup>220</sup>  
Of the Vengeance-fiend, and I drag to the end eld’s weary load ;  
But a curse more bitter than all still hangeth over mine head,  
For the Harpies are wont evermore to snatch from my lips my bread,  
Swooping adown from a den of destruction, a viewless lair.  
Neither find I any device for mine help : nay, easier it were  
To escape the ken of mine own heart’s thoughts when I crave to  
be fed,  
Than theirs ; so swift through the welkin on hovering wings are  
they sped.

But if haply ever they leave but a morsel of meat on my board,  
 It reeketh with most unendurable strength of a stench abhorred.  
 No man, no, not for an instant, might dare draw nigh to the same, <sup>230</sup>  
 Not though in his breast were a heart forged all of adamant frame.  
 But me of a surety doth hard compelling of hunger constrain  
 To abide, and abiding to stay this famine's gnawing pain.  
 But those my tormentors, an oracle saith, shall be made to flee  
 By Boreas' sons; neither strangers shall my deliverers be,  
 If indeed I be Phineus, renowned among men in the days long gone  
 For my wealth and my soothsaying lore, if Agênor called me son,  
 If the sister of these, Kleopatra, when over the Thracians I reigned,  
 Came to mine halls, a bride by a royal bride-price gained.'

So ended Agênor's son, and compassion's o'er-mastering pain <sup>240</sup>  
 Thrilled all the heroes, but chiefly the North-wind's scions twain.  
 Brushing the tears from their eyes they drew nigh him, and  
 Zethes spake;  
 And the hand of the grief-worn sire in his hand with the word  
 did he take:

'O hapless, none other is more afflicted than thou, I trow,  
 Among men!—ah, wherefore on thee is there heaped such a  
 burden of woe?

Baleful in sooth was the folly wherewith through thy prophecy-lore  
 Against Gods thou transgressedst: for this was their anger ex-  
 ceeding sore.

Howbeit our spirit within us, although we be fain, is afraid  
 To help thee, if on us indeed a God this honour hath laid.  
 For to dwellers on Earth the rebukes of Immortals be plain to discern; <sup>250</sup>  
 And we dare not chase yon Harpies from thee, howsoever we yearn  
 For thine help, in the hour of their coming, except thou swear  
 to us first

That for this we shall lose not the high Gods' favour, as men accurst.'

So spake he: the stricken in years uplifted and opened wide  
 His sightless eyes straightway, and with swift words Phineus replied:

'Hush!—thrust not such thoughts, my son, on a spirit affliction-  
 filled!

Be witness Latona's son, who taught to me gracious-willed

Prophecy-lore ; and be witness this mine ill-starred doom,  
And this dark cloud on mine eyes, and the Gods of the Under-  
world Gloom,—  
May their curse, if I die with a lie on my tongue, be upon me <sup>260</sup>  
for aye !—  
That on you no wrath of the Gods shall descend for your help  
this day.’  
Then by the oath were they kindled to help him, and fled  
their fears.  
And the young men straightway made ready the meat for the  
stricken in years,—  
The last ordained for the Harpies’ spoil,—and anigh to him stood  
Those twain, to smite with the sword those fiends when they  
swooped on the food.  
Then first his hands on the meats did he lay, that grey-haired sire :—  
But sudden as bitter blasts, or as flashes of levin-fire,  
Unawares from the clouds they had darted, and swooping adown  
they yelled  
Their awful scream, fierce-eager for prey ; but the heroes beheld,  
And shouted amidst of their onrush. The fiends at the challenge <sup>270</sup>  
of war  
Swift ravined the meats from the boards, and over the sea afar  
Soared they away, but there did their foul sick stench remain.  
Then straightway hard on their track did the North-wind’s  
scions twain  
Uplifting their swords follow after them fast, for with tireless might  
Zeus filled them : howbeit they had not prevailed to follow their  
flight  
But with Zeus’s help, for that faster than Zephyrus’ blasts they  
darted  
Evermore, when on Phineus they swooped, and whene’er from  
the wretch they departed.  
And as when on the mountain-ridges keen hounds cunning in chase  
On the track of the hornèd goats or the deer hard-following race  
Swiftly, and ever a little behind the prey as they strain, <sup>280</sup>  
Snap at the haunch of the quarry, and clash their teeth in vain ;

So Zetes and Kalais rushed ever nearer with eager grip,  
Clutched at them, smote at them, missed but by sword-point or  
finger-tip.

Yea, even despite Heaven's will had they rent them limb from limb,  
Overtaking them far away where the Floating Islands swim,—  
But Iris the Storm-foot beheld them, and downward she plunged  
from the sky

Through a whirlwind of air, and with words of restraining aloud  
did she cry :

' Sons of the North-wind, forefended it is that ye smite with  
the sword

The Harpies, great Zeus's hounds ; but myself will pronounce  
the word

Of the oath that shall hold them from lighting again on the <sup>290</sup>  
ancient's board.'

Then spake she the words of the Oath of the Styx, the oath  
most dread

Unto all the Gods, whose reverence guardeth the words once said,  
That the Harpies should never thereafter draw nigh unto Phineus'  
hall,

To the home of Agênor's son, for so was it doomed to befall.

To the oath then yielded the heroes, and backward they turned  
their flight

Unto the ship ; and the Strophads, the Isles of Return, were  
they hight

Therefrom, which of old the Floating Isles had been called of men.  
And the Harpies and Iris parted, and into their cavern-den

In Krêtê, the land of Minos, they plunged : but Olympus-ward  
Uplifted 'twixt heaven and earth on her swift wings Iris soared. <sup>300</sup>

But the heroes bathed and anointed the skin all fouled and sere  
Of the ancient the while ; and the choice of the fatlings they  
slew for their cheer,

Of the flock which they bare away of the spoil of Amykus dead.  
So when in the halls a plenteous eventide-feast they had spread,  
They feasted ; and Phineus amidst them was like unto them that  
dream,

As from ravenous hunger he cheered his heart, so strange did  
it seem.

So there, when with meats and with wine they had satisfied all  
their need,

Through the long night kept they vigil, and waited for Boreas' seed.  
And the ancient sat in their midst in the ruddy glow of the fire ;  
And he told of their voyaging's bourn, and the end of their desire : 310

' Give ear unto me :—forefended it is that ye hear all through  
Your fate :—whatsoe'er seemeth good to the Gods I will hide  
not from you.

Mad was I of yore, when I spake unto Earth's sons Zeus's will  
In all points unto the end : for this is his pleasure still

To reveal unto men his oracles short of the fulness of doom,  
That so they may lean on the Gods, and faith and prayer have room.

The Rocks Kyanean first, when that gotten ye are from me,  
In the place where the two seas meet, the Dark Blue Crag,  
shall ye see.

Through that dread pass no pilot, I ween, hath prevailed to go ;  
For rooted they are not to earth on foundations of rock therebelow ; 320  
But with rush and recoil unceasingly each against other they clash :  
High over them archeth the crested brine, and the foam-feathers  
flash

From the seething cauldron: the precipice-foreland thundereth aye.  
Wherefore to this my counsel give good heed, and obey,

If indeed with prudent soul and with fear of the Gods on high  
Ye essay this Quest, that by doom self-sought ye may not die  
As the fool, nor in rashness of youth essay to rush thereby.

First with a bird, with a white-winged dove, shall ye make assay,  
Speeding her flight from the ship's prow. If she shall win her way  
Safe 'twixt the Crag of Terror, and out to the open sea, 330

No longer thereafter from daring the selfsame path shrink ye ;  
But grip ye the oars in your hands, and put forth your uttermost  
might

Cleaving the gorge of the sea, for that safety's deliverance-light  
Shall not be in prayer so much as the strength of your hands and  
the strain.

Wherefore let all else be, and toil ye with might and main  
 Boldly : but ere then pray as ye list ; I say not nay.  
 But and if the death-trap clutch in the midst the dove, and slay,  
 Then sail ye aback ; for better by far it is that ye  
 Should yield to the Deathless. The evil fate should ye nowise flee  
 Of the Rocks—no, not though fashioned of iron your Argo<sup>34</sup>  
 should be.

O wretches, dare not to transgress the warning my tongue hath given,  
 Though thrice so much ye account me abhorred of the Dwellers  
 in Heaven—

Yea, though it were more than thrice—as I am by my grievous sin,  
 Yet dare not to flout the omen, to thrust your galley therein !  
 And these things shall fall as they haply shall fall. But if  
 scatheless ye shun

The rush of the Clashing Rocks, and the Pontus Sea shall be won,  
 Sailing therefrom, the Bithynians' land to your right shall ye keep,  
 Ever heedfully standing out from the reefs, until ye shall sweep  
 Round the outfall of swift-flowing Rheba, and round the head-  
 land dark,

And within the haven of Thyné's isle shall anchor your bark.<sup>35</sup>  
 Thence turn ye aback for a little space o'er the long sea-swell,  
 Till ye beach your keel on the strand where the Mariandynians dwell.  
 Thereby is a path through darkness descending to Hades' hall,  
 And the Cape Acherusian towereth upward, a giant wall.  
 And swirling Acheron cleaving the mountain's heart unseen  
 Suddenly poureth forth his flood from a mighty ravine.  
 Thereby many column-hills of the Paphlagonian shore  
 Shall ye pass, the nation whose king was in Enetê born of yore,  
 Even Pelops; and yet do they boast them sprung from his princely line.  
 And a headland there is, looking full where the circling Bear<sup>36</sup>  
 doth shine,

A crag exceeding steep, and Karambis it hath to name.  
 The blasts of the North-wind are sundered about the crest of the  
 same,

So sheer doth it spring from the sea, so sharply it cleaveth the air.  
 Now when ye have rounded the same, lo, stretcheth before you there

A great beach : far at the end of the gleaming strand's long sweep  
 'Neath a jutting foreland the waters of Halys seaward leap  
 Terribly roaring ; and hard thereby doth Iris go,  
 A lesser river, whose swirls soft-rippling gently flow.  
 And onward from thence is the bend of a huge cape towering high  
 Up from the land, and the mouth of the river Thermodon thereby, 370  
 Where the height Themiskyrian watcheth the sleeping bay at its side,  
 Cometh murmuring still of her journeyings over the mainland wide.  
 There is the plain of Doias, the cities three rise near  
 Of the Amazon Maids : then they whose lot is of all most drear,  
 The Chalybes, dwell in a rugged land on a stubborn soil,  
 Smithying-craftsmen ; in forging of iron ever they toil.  
 And anigh to them dwell Tibarenians, lords of many sheep,  
 Past Zeus the Defender of Strangers, the fane upon Genetê's steep.  
 And next unto these, on their marches, the Mossynœcians dwell  
 In a land of forests, in many a mountain-cradled dell, 380  
 Whose homes be in towers of timber, fashioned and carven well.  
 But coast past these, and beach your keel on a smooth isle : there  
 Beat back with your uttermost cunning the ravening scourge of the air,  
 Those birds, which in countless multitudes haunt, men say, the strand  
 Of the desolate isle ;—therein doth a temple of Arês stand  
 Of stone, which was built by the queens of the Amazon war-array,  
 Otrêrê and Antiopê, what time they marched to the fray ;—  
 For there shall a help for your need from the bitter sea arise  
 Unlooked-for : wherefore, abide there, with kindly intent I advise.  
 But now what do I, transgressing again ?—what need that I 390  
 Should tell to you every whit of the tale of my prophecy ?  
 Onward away from the isle, on the mainland shore's far side,  
 The Philyrans dwell, and beyond the Philyran folk abide  
 The Makrônes, and next, the Becheirian tribes, a host untold.  
 Next after these the Sapeirians' land shall your eyes behold.  
 Next these the Bezyrans, their neighbours, dwell ; and beyond, at last,  
 Even the warrior Kolchians : yet shall ye speed on past  
 Your galley, till stayed at the uttermost bourn of the sea ye are.  
 There over the mainland Kytaian, from Amaranth mountains afar,  
 And over the plain Kirkaian rolling evermore, 400

His broad flood into the sea doth eddying Phasis pour.  
 Into the selfsame river's mouth your galley bring :  
 Then on the towers shall ye look of Kÿtaian Aiêtes the king,  
 And the War-god's grove dim-shadowed. And high on a dark  
 oak-tree

Hangeth the Fleece ; and a dragon, a monster fearful to see,  
 Ever glareth around, keeping watch and ward : never dawn doth  
 arise,

Neither darkness descendeth, when sweet sleep quelleth his  
 ruthless eyes.'

Even so did he speak : straightway as they heard were they  
 thrilled with fear.

Long speechless they sat, till brake at the last that silence drear  
 Aison's son, sore wildered that boding of evil to hear :

410

' O ancient, now hast thou come to the bourn of the toils we  
 must know

On the sea, and hast told us the token, by trust wherein we may go  
 Through the baleful rocks, and win unto Pontus : but if once more,  
 If through these we escape, we shall homeward return unto  
 Hellas' shore,

Exceeding fain were I this also to learn of thee.

How shall I do ?—how track such a measureless path o'er the sea,  
 Who am but a youth, and with youths ?—and behold, this  
 Kolchian land

At the ends of the earth doth lie, on the great sea's uttermost strand.'

So did he cry ; but answered the ancient, and spake yet again :  
 ' My son, when once thou hast safely fled through the Rocks of  
 Bane,

420

Fear not, for a God shall show thee another voyaging-track  
 From Aia : yea, after Aia guides shalt thou nowise lack.  
 But, friends, of the guileful aid of the Cyprian Queen take thought ;  
 For of her unto glorious issues shall all your toils be wrought.  
 And now of the things yet lying beyond these ask me nought.'

So answered Agênor's son ; and lo, those twain stood nigh,  
 The sons of the Thracian North-wind, swooping adown from  
 the sky.



On the threshold their swift feet set they ; and straight from his  
carven chair

Each hero upsprang, beholding the champions suddenly there.  
Eager for tidings were they ; and Zetes, still as he drew 430  
Hard breath from the toil of the hunting, told them how far they  
flew

Chasing them, told how Iris restrained them at point to slay ;  
Of the oaths which the Goddess gave of her grace ; how in sore  
dismay

'Neath Dictê's cliff in a cavern vast they had plunged out of sight.  
Then were the heroes all in the mansion filled with delight  
For the tidings, and Phineus withal. Then spake unto him  
straightway

Aison's son, and with love overflowing his soul 'gan say :—  
'Of a surety a God, O Phineus, there was, in compassion  
that bent

To look on thy grievous affliction, and us from afar he sent  
Hither, that Boreas' sons might drive thy tormentors from thee. 440  
Now if he would give but light to thine eyes, such gladness in me  
Would stir, as though with the Fleece I were come to mine  
home, I trow.'

He spake, but the head of the ancient sank, and he answered low :  
'Nay, Aison's son, it is past recall : no dawn shall arise  
Balm-breathing on them, for blasted are these my sightless eyes.  
Nay, death let a God bestow right speedily, rather than this :  
Then, when I am dead, shall I enter at last into perfect bliss.'

So spake they, and each unto other the answering speech returned.  
And amidst of their converse in no long space the dawn-flush  
burned

Of the Child of the Mist : then gathered the neighbours to 450  
Phineus' door

Which in time past day by day wont thither to come evermore ;  
And, despite the curse, from their own a portion of meat each  
brought.

And to all did the ancient—yea, to the poor whose hands bare  
nought—

Speak kindly his oracles ; yea, from afflictions many he freed  
By his soothsaying : wherefore they came, and they ministered  
unto his need.

And came with the rest Paraibius, he that was dearest of all  
Unto him, and with joy was he ware of the presences thronging  
the hall.

For the ancient to him long since had foretold that a chieftain-band,  
Unto Aiêtes' city faring from Hellas-land,  
On the beach of the Thynian coast should make their hawsers fast, 46c  
And by these should the Harpies of Zeus be restrained from  
tormenting at last.

So with words of wisdom and love the ancient gladdened each heart  
Ere he let them go ; but Paraibius suffered he not to depart,  
But bade him abide with the chieftains, and sent him, making request  
Of his friend to go to the flock, and to bring the goodliest  
Of the sheep unto him. So when to perform his behest he had sped,  
To the chieftains gathered there spake Phineus, and lovingly said :

‘ O friends, not every man is overweening of mood,  
Neither forgetful of kindness ; so loyal of heart and so good  
Is yon man. Hither he came on a day to inquire of his fate : 47c  
For, when never so hard he toiled, sore labouring early and late,  
Yet ever his need grew greater, his poverty waxed alway,  
With leanness wasting his frame : day followed on evil day  
Yet worse : no respite there was to his weariful pain. But herein  
Was this man paying the debt of his father's ancient sin.

For once on the mountains alone the trees of the forest felling  
He had set at nought the prayers of a Nymph in an oak-tree dwelling.  
For with earnest entreaty she moaned her request, and besought  
him with tears

To spare that trunk which had grown with her growth, where-  
with through the years

Of long generations her life was bound ; but in folly and pride 48c  
Of his youthful arrogance hewed he on : and the Tree-nymph died.  
Wherefore the Wood-maid caused that her death thereafter  
should be

For a curse unto him and his children. And I, when he came unto me,

Knew of the ancient sin ; and an altar I bade him raise  
 To the Thynian Nymph, and atonement-victims to give to the blaze,  
 Praying to 'scape from the weird pronounced on his father of yore.  
 Then, when from the doom of the Goddess deliverance came,  
 never more

Forgot he me, nor neglected : and sorely against his will  
 From my doors do I send him fain to attend mine afflictions still.'

So spake Agenor's son ; and straightway returned again 490  
 His friend with fatlings twain from the flock. Rose Jason then  
 And rose the North-wind's sons at the ancient prophet's word.  
 Eftsoons called they on the name of Apollo the Prophecy-lord ;  
 Then slew they the sheep on the hearth as sloped the sun to the  
 west.

And the younger men of their band made ready the plenteous feast.  
 So when they had eaten, they turned to their rest, as each man chose,  
 By the hawsers of Argo these, through the mansion in clusters those.  
 But at dawn the Etesian breezes blew, which o'er every land  
 Equally blow in their season by Zeus's high command.

Kyrênê, 'tis told, in the meads where Peneios' waters roll 500  
 Pastured her sheep in the olden days ; for dear to her soul  
 Were her maidenhood and her couch unstained : but, even as she  
 strayed

By the stream with her flock, did Apollo snatch from the earth  
 the maid

From Haimonia afar, and mid Chthonian Nymphs did he set her  
 down,

Where over their Libyan haunts the steeps Myrtosian frown.  
 There did she bear Aristaius, and Phœbus' son did they call  
 In Haimonia the Shepherd Lord, and the Mighty Hunter withal ;  
 For the God of his love to a Nymph transformed her, and made  
 her there

The Lady of the Land, long-lived : but his child he bare,  
 A babbling infant yet, to be nurtured in Cheiron's cave. 510

And to him, when he grew unto manhood, a bride the Muses gave ;  
 And cunning in healing they taught him, with prophecy-wisdom  
 they fed ;

And their tender of sheep did they make him, that all their flocks  
he led,

In the plain Athamantian of Phthia that pastured, by Othrys' side,  
And where the sacred streams of the river Apidanus glide.

But when Sirius glared on the isles of Minos with scorching blaze,  
Neither came to the dwellers therein any respite for many days,  
For this Aristaius they sent, by the Archer-god's command,  
To avert the plague; and he left at his father's behest the land  
Of Phthia, and dwelt in Kos, and assembled thither the folk 520  
Of Parrhasia, even the people sprung from Lykaon's stock.  
So to Rain-giver Zeus he builded a mighty altar there,  
And he offered sacrifice meet to the star of the fiery glare  
On the hills, and to Zeus himself the son of Kronos; and so  
O'er the earth from Zeus the cool Etesian winds yet blow  
For forty days: and, or ever the red Dog-star doth rise,  
The priests in Kos unto this day offer him sacrifice.

So telleth the tale: and there were the heroes constrained to stay  
Land-bound by the selfsame winds. But the Thynians day by day,  
Of their love for Phineus, brought to them gifts of abundant cheer. 530  
And thereafter unto the Blessèd Twelve did the wanderers rear  
On the further strand an altar, and victims offered they there  
Ere they entered the sea-swift galley to row: yet forgot not to bear  
In Argo a trembling dove, but Euphémus clutched her fast  
In his hand, as with terror she shrank and cowered; and so at the last  
Loose from the Thynian land the hawsers twain they cast.

Yet not unmarked of Athéné onward again did they fare:  
Swiftly her feet hath she set on a cloud light-floating in air  
Which should waft her along, for she caused that the weight  
divine it bore.

So seaward she swept to the help of the toilers at the oar. 540  
And as when one roveeth afar from his own land,—oftentimes thus  
We men in our hardihood wander, and no land seemeth to us  
Too far away, but all paths lie within our ken,—  
And he thinketh upon his home, and all in a moment then  
Him seemeth the track over sea and o'er land thereunto lieth plain,  
And the eyes of his soul in his eager pondering thitherward strain;

Even so swiftly the Daughter of Zeus through the welkin hath sped,  
Till her feet on the perilous strand of the coast Bithynian tread.

So when they were come to the narrow gorge of the winding strait  
Where to right and to left stern cliffs pent in that grim sea-gate, <sup>550</sup>  
Then the swirling rush of the surf dashed, bursting up from below,  
O'er the ship as she went, and onward in sore dismay did they row.  
And now the thud of the rocks, as each against other they clashed,  
Ceaselessly smote on their ears, and thundered the cliffs brine-lashed.  
Even then Euphêmus uprose firm-grasping the dove in his hand,  
And on to the prow he strode, and the oarsmen obeyed the command  
Of Tiphys Hagnias' son, that they rowed with might and main  
To drive the Argo betwixt the rocks through the perilous lane,  
Putting their trust in their strength ; and the crags, as asunder  
they leapt,

Opening they saw—of all men last—round a bend as they swept. <sup>560</sup>  
And their spirit was melted within them :—but now Euphêmus  
hath sped

The flight of the wings of the dove : each man uplifted his head,  
Watching what now should befall :—on, onward between them, on  
Flew she ; but face to face those charging walls of stone  
Came rushing together, and crashed, and the seething brine uproared  
Vast-volumed like to a cloud ; and the madding sea-gulf roared  
With an awful voice, and thundered the welkin wide all round.  
And out of the caverns under the rugged cliffs the sound  
Of a hollow rumbling came, as the sea surged inward ; and high  
O'er the cliffs from the dashing waves did the spurts of the white <sup>570</sup>  
foam fly.

The ship broached-to in the wave-rush: shorn by the rocks was the tip  
Of the dove's tail-feathers ; but onward she flew, by the death-  
gin's grip

Unscathed. Loud shouted the oarsmen ; and Tiphys cried to  
them then

To row with their might, for the crags were parting asunder again.  
But for trembling they faltered in rowing, until the indraught caught  
The ship in the strength of its sweep back-swinging ; and lo,  
they were brought

Betwixt those rocks. Then fell upon all most ghastly dread,  
 For destruction that none could escape was hanging above each head.  
 Even now through the gap wide Pontus to right and to left was  
 beheld :

But all unawares at their bows a mighty surge upswelled 530  
 Overbowed like a precipice-frown; and they saw as the green  
 arch gleamed,

And with cowering heads did they shut their eyes—to their souls  
 it seemed

That down on the ship's whole length it would leap, and overwhelm;  
 But, while yet to the rowing she laboured, did 'Tiphys' touch on  
 the helm

Ease her, and under the keel hath it rolled, as leapt the prow :  
 High hath it lifted the stern, and afar hath it swept her now  
 From the rocks, and the galley 'twixt earth and heaven was  
 tossed on high.

But Euphémus strode down the line of the rowers with cheering cry  
 To bend to the oars with their uttermost might : and they tore  
 through the deep

The blades with a shout. And far as a ship to the stroke will leap, 590

Even twice so far leapt Argo away, and the tough oars bent  
 Like bended bows, such might to the stroke the heroes lent.

On-rushing, up-towering, a breaker came, overarched like a cave ;  
 But suddenly light as a roller she rode the furious wave.

Forward through yawning gulfs she plunged; but caught was her prow  
 By a whirlpool sea-rush betwixt the Clashers :—on each side now  
 Swaying forward they thundered, and shivered the hull to the  
 coming shock.

Then did Athênê backward thrust one massy rock

With her left hand, touching their bark with her right to speed  
 her through ;

On, like a wingèd arrow 'twixt billow and air she flew. 600

Yet shorn away was the tip of the galley's arching stern

By the rocks in their clash never-resting. Then did Athênê return

Far up to Olympus soaring, when now their peril was past.

But the Crag in the selfsame place that moment were rooted fast

Each hard against other for ever, as fated they were to remain  
By the Blest, when a man in his ship should have passed there-  
through unslain.

And now for the first from dismay blood-curdling did those  
breathe free,

Now gazing around on the sky, now o'er the expanse of sea  
Far stretching away ; for they weened that from Hades safe they  
had fled.

Then first of them Tiphys brake that awe-struck hush, and he said: 610

‘ Now I deem we have ’scaped it, we and the Argo, in very deed :  
And herein none other, save only Athênê, hath helped us at need,  
Who breathed into Argo spirit divine, when Argus the wright  
Knit her with bolts, that she could not be trapped in doom’s despite.  
O Aison’s son, for the best of thy king no more fear thou,  
Since a God hath vouchsafed unto us to flee all scatheless now  
Through yonder rocks : yea, all thy toils which are yet to be done  
Shall lightly be compassed, as Phineus foretold, Agênor’s son.’

So spake he ; and forward past the Bithynian land he sped  
The ship right on through the midst of the sea. But Jason said— 620  
And sad was his voice and low as he answered the hero-chief:—

‘ Ah, Tiphys, to what end thus wouldst thou hearten me in  
my grief ?

I have sinned: with baneful and cureless madness have I transgressed.  
For I ought, in the very hour when Pelias uttered his hest,  
To have straightway refused this Quest, yea, though I were  
doomed to die

By the hands of tormentors, limb from limb hewn pitilessly.  
But exceeding dread and cares unendurable now be mine,  
With haunting fear as I sail the sea’s chill paths of brine  
In the ship, and with haunting fear wheresoever we set our feet  
On the land, for that foes evermore on every shore do we meet. 630  
And ever, when past is the day, through a night of sighs I wake,  
Even from the hour when first ye gathered for Jason’s sake,  
For all things aye taking thought. With a light heart cheerily  
Thou speak’st, who for nought but thine own life needest to  
care ; but I

For mine own care never a jot ; but for this man and that man's bane,  
 And for thee, and for other my comrades I bear this burden of pain,  
 Lest haply never I bring you alive unto Hellas again.'

So spake he, trying the heroes' souls ; but with words of cheer  
 Shouted they : glowed his heart that gallant chiding to hear.  
 And again he uplifted his voice, and he hailed that hero-crew : 640

' O friends, your manful spirit hath quickened my courage anew.  
 Wherefore, not though through abysses of Hades my way should be,  
 Will I suffer that dread shall lay hold on my soul, so steadfast do ye  
 Abide amid heart-wringing terror—yea, seeing that now through  
 the strait

Of the Clashing Rocks we have sailed, I trow there lieth in wait  
 No terror hereafter like unto this, if in truth we obey  
 The counsel of Phineus the seer, as we track the printless way.'

So spake he ; from words of misgiving their lips thenceforth  
 they refrained :

But they fell to the ceaseless labour of rowing ; and quickly they  
 gained

Rheba the swift-flowing river : Kotône's height they descried, 650  
 And shortly thereafter past the Headland Dark did they glide.  
 Thereby was Phyllêis' outfall, where in the days bygone  
 In the halls of his palace Dipsakus welcomed Athamas' son,  
 What time from Orchomenus-city he fled, on the winged ram borne.  
 A Nymph of the Mead was his mother : the tyrant's arrogant scorn  
 He loathed, but contented beside his father's streams dwelt he  
 With his mother, and pastured his sheep in the meadows beside  
 the sea.

And quickly they sighted his shrine, and the broad low banks of  
 the stream,

And the plain, and of Kalpê's deep-flowing waters they caught  
 the gleam

For a moment, and passed it by, and still, when the daylight waned, 660  
 'Neath the stars of the windless night at the tireless oars they strained.  
 And even as ploughing oxen cleaving the rain-soaked soil  
 Labour the furrows adown, and abundant sweat of their toil  
 Streameth from flank and from neck, and aye from beneath the yoke



Are the tired beasts turning their eyes askance; and as furnace-smoke  
In hot gasps snort they the breath from their mouths; and, deep  
in the clay

Thrusting their hoofs, at the plough they tug through the live-  
long day;

So toiled those heroes tugging the oars through the brine away.

When the dawn divine not yet hath arisen, nor utter night  
Reigneth, but over the darkness stealeth a faint grey light,— 670  
The twilight-tide is it named of slumber-stinted men,—

Into a desolate Thynian island's haven then

They ran, and with weary toil sore-spent won they to the strand.

And to them lo, Lêto's son, coming up from the Libyan land,

As he fared to the countless folk of the Hyperborean race,

Appeared; and his tresses golden-gleaming about his face,

Ever, as onward he moved, in the breezes floated and swung.

In his left hand held he the silver bow, and his quiver slung

From his shoulders was gleaming adown his back: and the isle  
all o'er

Quaked 'neath his feet, and surged the billow high on the shore. 680

Then fell on them 'wildered fear as they looked: was none  
dared turn

His face to gaze with his eyes on the God's eyes lovely and stern.

But with heads bowed down to the earth they stood: and  
onward he passed

Faring afar through the air to the sea. Then Orpheus at last

After long hush spake, and he cried to the hero-chieftains all:

'Come now, an ye will, this island the Sacred Isle let us call

Of Apollo the Dawn-god, seeing at dawning revealed to our eyes

O'er the isle he hath passed. Such things as we have let us sacrifice,

On the shore upbuilding an altar: and if in the days to come

To Haimonia-land he vouchsafe us return, safe-speeding us home, 690

Then with the thighs of hornèd goats will we pay our vow.

But with sacrifice-steam and libation I bid you propitiate now

The God. Be gracious, O King manifested!—be gracious thou!'

So did he counsel: an altar with speed 'gan these uppile

Of shingle, and those through the island wandered, seeking the while

If they haply might light on a fawn, or the wild goat's restless  
brood

That in multitudes seek their pasturage far in the depths of the wood.  
And Lêtô's son unto these gave booty; and carving out  
The thighs, on the altar they laid them with fat-folds wrapped about:  
And they burnt them, hailing Apollo the Lord of the Fair Dayspring. 700  
And around the blaze they stood in a wide encompassing ring:

'All hail, fair Healer Apollo! Hail, thou Healer of Bane!'  
They sang: and amidst them Oeagrius' goodly son hath ta'en  
The Bistonian lyre, and uplifted his voice in the clear-ringing lay,  
Singing how on the rocky flanks of Parnassus once on a day  
Delphinè the monster the young God slew with his arrow-flight,  
When he yet was a beardless youth, rejoicing in locks of light:—

'Be gracious!' he sang, 'Unshorn, O King, be thy tresses aye,  
Ever unravaged, as Heaven's will is! One only may lay  
Love-lingering hands thereupon, even Lêtô Kôeus' child.' 710

And the daughters of Pleistus oft, the Korykian Nymphs of the wild,  
Caught up the refrain—'Hail, Healer!' their gladdening echoes  
ring.

So born was the lovely hymn that to Phœbus yet men sing.

Then, when with the dance and the song they had honoured  
the God, they swore,

By the holy libations taking the oath, that evermore  
They would stand each one by his fellow, and help in unity.  
On the victims laid they their hands as they spake; and yet may  
ye see

A temple to gracious Unity there, which their own hands reared  
In the day that they took for their wayfaring-fellow the God-  
dess revered.

And now when the dawn of the third day came, a fresh strong 720  
wind

From the west upsprang, and they left the island-cliffs behind.  
Overagainst the mouth of the river Sangarius then,  
And the land exceeding rich of the Mariandynian men,  
The streams of Lykus, the mere of Anthemoisia—these  
They sighted, and ran thereby, and ever the sheets in the breeze

Quivered, and all the tackling, as onward they sped their flight.  
But at dawn—forasmuch as the wind had fallen asleep in the night —  
Gladly the haven they won of the Acherusian Head.

Upward it soareth to heaven with cliffs no foot may tread,  
Fronting the sea Bithynian ; below it the craggy rocks 73°  
Ever lashed by the brine stand rooted : around them with thunder-  
shocks

Ever crashes the wallowing surge ; and above the turmoil on high  
Wide-spreading planes on the brow of the mountain rest on the sky.  
And aback of the headland, and sloped therefrom away from the shore  
Is a glen in a hollow : therein is a cave, even Hades' Door,  
With forest and rocks overroofed, and thereout an icy breath,  
Chill-blowing unceasingly up from unfathomed abysses of death,  
Freezeth the dews evermore, neither melteth the glistening rime  
From the leaves, till the hour when the sun to his noonday height  
doth climb.

And o'er that headland grim doth silence never brood, 74°  
But it murmureth ever with sound confused of the booming flood  
And of leaves that shiver in blasts from the mountain-clefts that blow.  
There also the outfall is of the river Acheron's flow :  
Through the heart of the headland bursting it hurleth its flood to  
the sea

Eastward, through yawning chasms plunging suddenly.  
But 'Saviour of Sailors' in days thereafter called they its name,  
Even Megaran folk of Nisaia, when seeking a home they came  
In the Mariandynian land ; for deliverance from peril it gave  
Unto them and their ships from the stress of stormy wind and wave.  
Through the gorge of the cape Acherusian ran the heroes their prow, 75°  
And seaward-facing abode ; for the wind had lulled but now.

Nor long unmarked of Lykus, the lord of the selfsame land,  
And the Mariandynian folk, they came, that hero-band,  
The slayers of Amykus, seeing their rumour before them had run :  
So a league with the wanderers made they because of the great  
deed done.

And, for Prince Polydeukes, they hailed him as though of the  
Gods he were,

Thither flocking from every side ; for through many a stormy year  
Had they warred with the proud Bebrykians, and faced the  
battle-blast.

So they went up into the city, and all together they passed  
Into Lykus' palace, and that day through by the meat and the bowl <sup>760</sup>  
In all lovingkindness they sat, and with converse gladdened their  
soul.

And Aison's scion his lineage told, and the names of the rest  
Of the hero-helpers withal, and the tale of Pelias' hest ;  
And how the women of Lemnos in kindness dealt with them well ;  
And of all that in Kyzikus, land of the Dolian men, befell ;  
How to Mysia they came, and to Kios, where Herakles lion-souled  
Sore loth they forsook ; and the words of the Sea-god Glaukus he  
told ;

And how they laid the Bebrykian people and Amykus low ;  
And of Phineus' prophecies told he and all his weary woe ;  
And how they escaped through the Crag Dark-blue, and beheld <sup>770</sup>  
on the isle

Lêto's son : and still, as he told all, Lykus the while  
Hearkened in gladness of soul ; but with grief did the heart of  
him ache

For Herakles left behind, and unto them all he spake :

' O friends, what a hero's help ye have lost for the way ye  
must go

Far-sailing to halls of Aiêtes!—myself have beheld him, and know  
What manner of man he was ; for in Daskylus' halls did he stand,  
Even here in the halls of my sire, when he marched through the  
Asian land

Afoot, that belt of the battle-revelling queen to win,  
Hippolytê : then did he find me with youth's soft down on my chin.  
Here, when Priolaus my brother was unto his grave-mound borne,—<sup>780</sup>  
Who was slain by our Mysian foes, and for whom the people mourn  
With exceeding piteous dirges from that day forth,—in the lists  
Against Titias the strong he stood, and prevailed in the strife of  
the fists

Over him who amidst of our young men never his match had found

In stature and might : but Herakles dashed his teeth on the ground.  
 Beneath my father's sceptre withal the Mysians he bowed,  
 And the Phrygians, for hard by our marches their fields our  
 foemen ploughed.

And the tribes of Bithynians he smote, and won their land by  
 his might,

Even to the outfall of Rheba, and unto Koloné's height.  
 And the Paphlagonians of Pelops yielded, nor faced that foe, 790  
 Even all round whom Billaios' darkling waters flow.

Then came the Bebrykians ; and Amykus' lawless tyranny,  
 While Herakles dwelt afar, reft these my possessions from me,  
 Long carving out of my land huge cantles, till stretched the line  
 Of their bounds to the meads where Hypius' deep-flowing waters  
 shine.

But ye made them to pay requital for all : it was not, I wot,  
 But by will of the Gods that war by Tyndareus' son was brought  
 That day on Bebrykia's sons, when their champion giant he slew.  
 Wherefore what thanks soever Lykus may render to you  
 With joy will I render ; for meet and right it is that the weak, 800  
 When the strong for their helping arise, by deeds their thanks  
 should speak.

Lo, Daskylus now will I bid that he be of your company,  
 Even my son, and if this man your fellow in wayfaring be,  
 With kindly greeting shall all men hail you, and welcome fain  
 Through all your way, till the mouth of the river Thermodon ye  
 gain.

But to Tyndareus' sons on the Acherusian foreland's steep  
 A temple on high will I rear : far off across the deep  
 Shall seafarers mark that fane, and to these in prayer shall they call.  
 Rich fields of the fertile plain will I set apart withal  
 Unto them, as unto the Gods, without the city-wall.' 810

Even so through the livelong day at the banquet revelled they on.  
 But with dawning down to the strand they hied them, in haste to  
 be gone.

Then went with them Lykus, and gifts in their galley to bear  
 gave he

Without number, and sent his son, their voyaging comrade to be.

There did the doom fate-spoken descend upon Abas' son,  
Idmon, in soothsaying peerless : but safety for him was there none  
In his soothsaying lore, for that now must he die by the doom  
decreed.

For it chanced that there lay in a reedy river's water-mead,  
Cooling his flanks and his mighty belly wallowed in mire,  
A wild boar gleaming-tusked, so baleful a monster and dire 820  
That of him were the meadow-haunting Nymphs themselves adread.  
No man knew his lair ; alone in the fen wide-stretching he fed.  
But it chanced unto Abas' son o'er the marshy rises to fare  
Of the plain, and the beast on a sudden, forth of his unseen lair  
High-leaping out of the reed-bed, gashed in his sidelong rush  
His thigh, that the sinews were severed, and snapped was the  
bone by the tush.

With one sharp cry to the earth he fell, and with answering shout  
His comrades ran to the stricken ; and Peleus in haste thrust out  
With his hunting-spear, as the murderous monster fled to the fen.  
Then turned he, and charged full on them ; but Idas stabbed 830  
him then,

And harshly screaming he fell impaled on the keen spear-head.  
There on the earth as he lay, unheeded they left him dead.  
But their friend to the galley in death-throes gasping his  
comrades bore  
Sore grieved : but he died in their arms or ever they reached  
the shore.

Then from their voyaging stayed they, they cared not now  
to depart :

To their dead friend's burial turned they in heaviness of heart.  
For three whole days they wailed, and their dead, when the  
fourth day broke,

Did they bury as one of the princes ; and Lykus and all his folk  
Had part in the woeful rites ; and victims of sheep not a few, 840  
As meet and right for the dead it is, by his grave they slew.  
And a barrow that standeth yet unto this man there did they raise,  
And a token is there, to be seen by the men of the unborn days,

A galley's roller of olive-wood ; into leaf doth it break  
 But a little below Acherusia's height : and—if I may speak  
 This too by the power of the Muses that stirreth within my breast—  
 To Bœotian men and Nisaian Apollo spake his behest,  
 Worship to him as unto their city's protector to pay,  
 And around that ancient olive a city's foundations to lay.  
 But by this is tradition dim, and they render the honour-meed  
 Unto one Agamestor, and not unto Idmon, Aiolus' seed. 850

Now who was the next that died ?—for the heroes again in grief  
 Another earth-mound heaped for another perished chief :  
 Yea, there be memorials twain of the wanderers yet high-reared.  
 Now telleth the tale how Tiphys the Hagniad died ; for his weird  
 Was to voyage no further thereafter ; but him, far away from his  
 home,

Short sickness hushed into sleep, the endless sleep of the tomb,  
 While yet were the death-rites rendered to Abas' son by the folk :  
 And grief unendurable seized them for this new ruin-stroke.  
 Yea, and when hard by the seer him too they had buried there,  
 On the shore of the sea did they cast them adown in utter despair, 860  
 Rolled in their mantles from head to foot, all hushed : no part  
 Had meat nor drink in their thoughts ; but in bitterness of heart  
 They spake not, for hope of returning was dead in each man's breast.  
 And for grief had they gone no further, had there made end of  
 the Quest,

But that Hêrê enkindled exceeding courage within the soul  
 Of Ankaius, whom Astypaleia, where Imbrasmus' waters roll,  
 Bare to the Sea-god, a man most deft in the steering of ships.  
 So now unto Peleus he turned him, and spake with eager lips :  
 ' Is it well done, Aiakus' son, that, forgetting the great work, we  
 On an alien shore should linger and linger ?—I, even he 870  
 Whom Jason brought on the Quest of the Fleece from Parthenia  
 afar,

Have knowledge of ships,—yea, even beyond my cunning in war.  
 Wherefore, as touching the plight of our ship, no whit fear thou.  
 Yea, others in steering deft came hitherward with us, I trow :  
 Whomsoever of these at the helm we set, no hurt shall befall

Our seafaring. Haste then, and unto our fellows tell forth all,  
And unto the high emprise arouse them with heartening word.'

So spake he ; the soul of the other with gladness exceeding  
was stirred.

No whit did he tarry, but straight in the midst of them all did  
he say,

'Ho, friends !—why cherish we thus a bootless sorrow for aye ?<sup>880</sup>  
For I ween these twain by the doom first drawn with their life's  
lot died :

But in this our array there be found with us other helmsmen beside,  
Yea, many an one : let us put them to proof : make we no stay ;  
But rouse ye unto the deed, and cast your griefs away.'

But in helpless despair unto him did the son of Aïson say :  
'O Aïakus' son, these helmsmen of thine—now where be they ?  
For they which concerning their cunning therein once vaunted loud,  
Even these yet more than I with vexation of spirit are bowed.  
For us then, as for the dead, ill doom doth mine heart foretell,  
Whose lot shall be never to win to the town of Aïêtes the fell,<sup>890</sup>  
No, neither ever again to pass through the grim sea-gate  
To the land of Hellas returning ; but now shall an evil fate,  
As we wax old deedless, enshroud us nameless and fameless here.'

He spake : but Ankaïus eagerly proffered himself to steer  
The sea-swift ship ; for within him the power of the Goddess  
was strong.

Erginus and Nauplius then, and Euphêmus forth from the throng  
Strode, eager all for the helm : but their comrades drew back these,  
For that none would they have but Ankaïus to guide them over  
the seas.

So then on the twelfth day hied them adown the Argo's crew  
At dawn ; for the West-wind now, the mighty wafter, blew.<sup>900</sup>  
Speedily out of the Acheron's mouth with the oars they passed,  
And they shook the broad sail forth to the wind, and far and fast  
With outspread canvas cleaving the leagues of summer wave,  
By the outfall of Kallichorus the river swiftly they drave,  
The place where the child Nysaian of Zeus, as the tale doth tell,  
When, leaving the tribes of the Indians, in Thêbê he came to dwell,



Held revel, and dances in front of the cave did the God array  
 Wherein, through the nights unsmiling, in hallowed slumber he lay.  
 Wherefore the people called it the River of Dances Fair,  
 And the cavern the Bedchamber, seeing a God once slumbered <sup>910</sup>  
 there.

Thereafter espied they the barrow of Sthenelus, Aktor's son,  
 Who, when from valorous battle against the Amazon  
 He was turning aback,—for with Herakles thither to war had  
 he hied,—

By an arrow was smitten, and there on the surf-lashed sea-strand  
 died.

Nor yet for a space did they sail on thence ; for Persephonê, won  
 By his prayers and tears, sent forth the spirit of Aktor's son  
 A moment to gaze upon men of passions like to his own.  
 So he mounted the crest of his barrow : on Argo looked he down,  
 Even such to behold as when to the war he went. On his head  
 His beautiful helm four-crested flashed with its plume blood-red. <sup>920</sup>  
 Then down into blackness of darkness returned he : they looked  
 thereon,

And marvelled. Then by the word of prophecy Ampykus' son,  
 Mopsus, caused them to land, and to pay drink-offerings due.  
 So furled they the sail in haste, and the hawsers forth they threw ;  
 And there on the strand round Sthenelus' grave-mound gathered  
 they.

Drink-offerings they poured, and the fatlings of sacrifice did they  
 slay.

And, besides the libations, an altar they built, laying thighs on  
 the blaze

To Apollo the Saviour of Ships ; and his lyre did Orpheus upraise  
 And dedicate ; wherefore the ' Lyre ' from that day called they  
 the place.

Then straight, when the wind blew strong, did they board the <sup>930</sup>  
 galley again,

And they dropped the sail from the yard, and the feet thereof did  
 they strain

On either hand with the sheets ; and over the sea did she fly

Swift-racing, as when some hawk through the welkin soaring high  
To the breeze committeth his wings, and is borne fast : onward  
sweeping

He stirreth them not, on restful pinions in mid-heaven sleeping.  
And lo, by the streams of Parthenius' seaward-murmuring water,  
Most softly-sliding of rivers, they passed, where Lêtô's Daughter,  
What time from the hunting she cometh, ere up to the heaven  
she go,

In its lovely ripples cooleth her limbs from the summer-glow.  
Then through the night-tide onward and onward unresting they sped. 940  
Past Sêsamus, past the long Erythinian steeps they fled ;  
By Krôbialus and by Krômne, Kytôrus the forest-crowned ;  
Then, as the sun's shafts glanced o'er the waters, swept they around  
Karambis ; and still by an endless strand the oars they plied  
Through the livelong day, and on through the night, when the  
daylight died.

On the shore of Assyria they landed, where Zeus to Sinopê,  
the child

Of Asôpus, had given a home. By his own rash promise beguiled  
Zeus' self bestowed on the maiden the gift of her maidenhood.  
For he longed for her love, and he promised that, whatsoever  
she would,

He would give her her heart's desire, and he sealed the pledge 950  
with his nod :

And she in her subtlety asked her maidenhood of the God.  
So in like wise made she a mock of Apollo, whose soul was fain  
Of her couch, and of Halys the river withal. Nor did any man  
gain

His desire, in the arms of love to embrace her, and humble her  
pride.

Now there did noble Triikkaian De'imachus' sons abide,—  
Even three, De'ileon, Autolykus, Phlogius withal, were these,—  
Since the day when they wandered away from the host of Herakles.  
And these, when they marked draw near the warrior-chiefs' array,  
Went shoreward to meet them, and told them in all truth who  
were they.

Neither willed they there to abide any longer, but fared with the <sup>960</sup>  
crew

In Argo, so soon as the cloud-dispelling south-wind blew.  
So in their company went they borne by the breeze swift-blowing,  
And Halys the river they left, and Iris beside him flowing,  
And the river-delta land of Assyria: the selfsame day  
They rounded the headland that sheltered the Amazons' harbour-  
bay.

Melanippê, Arêtus' child, forth-faring, by ambuscade  
Of Herakles there was caught, and her sister Hippolytê paid  
For her ransom the Belt of renown, the splendour-gleaming band:  
So the hero sent her back, and she gat no hurt of his hand.  
In the harbour that beareth her name, where seaward Thermodon <sup>970</sup>  
pours

Ran they ashore, for that contrary now was the wind to their course.  
That river—on earth there is not his like; there is none that  
doth spread

Over the land so many streams from his fountain-head.  
There should lack but four of a hundred, if one should tell them o'er  
Each after each, and from one true fountain do all these pour.  
Down from the mountains high to the plains it sendeth its rills,  
From the heights which be called, men say, the Amazonian Hills.  
Thence over the hilly country inland-straying they flow  
Ever onward, albeit their paths in manifold windings go  
This way and that evermore, wheresoever on low-lying ground <sup>980</sup>  
They may light, so roll they along; and this one afar shall be found,  
And that one anear; and nameless many an one is lost  
Swallowed up in the sands; and a blended remnant of all that host  
Into perilous Pontus plunge with arching crests high-tossed.  
And, there as they tarried, in battle against the Amazon horde  
Had they closed, and in that grim strife had blood been as water  
outpoured;

For all ungentle the Amazons are, neither have they regard  
Unto justice, the terrible ones who the plain Doiantian ward;  
But the deeds of the War-god they love, and outrage of  
tyrannous scorn;

For the daughters of Ares they are, of the Nymph Harmonia born : 990  
 For she bare to the Man-destroyer the battle-revelling maids,  
 When their couch was spread mid the folds of Alkmonian forest-  
 glades :—

But again from Zeus 'gan blow the breath of the fair south-wind ;  
 So sped by the blast they left the rounded foreland behind,  
 While the Themiskyreian Amazons yet were arming for war :  
 For in one great city assembled they dwelt not, but sundered afar  
 From their fellows throughout the land were the tribes of them  
 parted in three ;

In the one place Themiskyreians, whose queen was Hippolytê  
 In that old time ; and there the Lykastians dwelt, and anon  
 Dart-hurling Chadisians yonder. The next day sped they on, 1000  
 And at nightfall unto the land of the Chalyban men they won.

That folk drive never the ploughing oxen afield : no part  
 Have they in the planting of fruit that as honey is sweet to the heart ;  
 Neither lead they the pasturing flocks over meadows a-glitter with  
 dew :

But the ribs of the stubborn earth for the treasure of iron they hew,  
 And by merchandise of the same do they live : never dawning broke  
 Bringing respite of toil unto them, but ever midst mirk of smoke  
 And flame at the forge are they moiling and plying the weaystroke.

Round the headland of Zeus the All-begetter swept they then ;  
 And safely they sped by the land of the Tibarenian men. 1010  
 When a woman in that land beareth a child to her lord, on his bed  
 Doth her husband cast him adown, and he groaneth with close-  
 swathed head

As in anguish of travail, the while the woman with tender care  
 Doth nurse him and feed, and for him the child-birth bath doth  
 prepare.

The Sacred Mountain thereafter, and that land passed they by  
 Wherein the Mossynœcians dwell amid mountains high  
 In their towers of timber goodly-wrought, and they call the same  
 ' Mossyni,' wherefrom moreover the nation hath gotten its name.  
 Strange is the justice of these, and customs uncouth have they.  
 Whatsoe'er we be wont to do before men in the sight of the day, 1020

Or the market-stead, all this they perform their houses within ;  
 And whatso we do in our chambers apart, they account it not sin  
 Without, in the midst of the streets of their city, to do unblamed.  
 No modesty have they in love, but as rooting swine unshamed,  
 No whit abashed for the eyes of beholders that stand thereby,  
 On the earth for their bed of love with their women unwedded  
 they lie.

In their loftiest block-house sitteth their king, and holdeth his court,  
 Decreeing his righteous judgments to them that thither resort.  
 Ah, luckless wight !—if perchance in his sentence he swerve from  
 the right,

Unto prison they hale him, therein to fast till falleth the night. 1030

These passed they by, and well-nigh overagainst the shores  
 Of the Isle of Ares they cleft them a path with unresting oars  
 Through the livelong day, for the gentle breeze in the gloaming  
 died.

Then all in a moment one of the War-god's birds they espied,  
 Which haunt that isle, through the welkin darting high overhead ;  
 And behold, his pinions he shook, and down on the ship as she sped  
 A feather keen hath he shot : to the leftward shoulder it sprang  
 Of Oïleus : he dropped from his hands his oar at the sudden pang  
 Of the stroke, and they marvelled all when the feather-arrow  
 they saw.

But the shaft from the flesh did his rowing-mate Eribôtes draw ; 1040  
 And he bound up the wound ; for his baldric-band he unclasped,  
 that bare

His sword-sheath hanging beside him. Sweeping on through the air  
 Came another of those fell birds : but already the bow was bent  
 Of the hero Klytius, Eurytus' son : from the string hath he sent  
 A swift-flying arrow against that fowl, and the shaft struck home.  
 Down whirling beside the swift ship splashed the bird in the foam.  
 Then cried Amphidamas Aleüs' son, and thus spake he :

' Nigh to us now is the Island of Ares : ye know it, who see  
 Yon fowl of ravin ; and little shall arrows avail us, I trow,  
 To win us a peaceful landing thereon ; but contrive we now 1050  
 Some other device for our help, if indeed we be minded to land,

Remembering Phineus' word, and the sightless seer's command.  
 For not great Herakles' self, to Arcadia-land when he came,  
 Availed with his arrows to drive away those birds that swam  
 The Stympthalian mere : yea, I with mine eyes beheld that thing.  
 But he stood on a crag exceeding high, loud-clattering  
 With clash and clang in his hands his brazen battle-gear ;  
 And far away did they flee wild-screaming in panic fear.  
 Wherefore contrive we now even such device as his,—  
 Yea, I will speak it, who heretofore have thought upon this :— <sup>106</sup>  
 Set we upon our heads our helmets of lofty crest,  
 And changing about in turn let the half of us row, and the rest  
 With polished lances and bucklers fence the galley about ;  
 And all with one accord upraise ye a mighty shout,  
 That the birds by the noise may be scared, by the wild unwonted  
 cry,  
 As they look on our nodding crests and the bright spears tossed  
 on high.  
 And if through the storm of their shafts to the island itself we  
 shall win,  
 Then with clashing of brazen bucklers raise ye a mighty din.'  
 So spake he, and good in the sight of them all that counsel  
 seemed.  
 On the heads of the heroes straightway the brazen helmets gleamed <sup>107</sup>  
 Terribly flashing ; above them tossed the plumes blood-red.  
 And the half of them now in their turn the galley with oars on-  
 sped ;  
 And with lances and shields did the rest for Argo a covering raise.  
 And as when with tiling a man hath roofed his dwelling-place,  
 For a beauty upon his abode and a fence from the rain thereto,  
 And close-set each after each are they ranged in order due ;  
 Even so did they lock their shields, so roofed they the galley o'er.  
 And as when from a warrior-throng upriseth the onset-roar,  
 When the ranks are sweeping on, when the squadrons in battle  
 close,  
 Even so from the galley on high to the welkin the shout of <sup>108</sup>  
 them rose.

Now none of the birds yet saw they : but when, as they touched  
the strand

Of the island, they clashed on their bucklers, straightway on  
every hand

From the earth by tens of thousands uprose they in sudden dread.  
And as when by the Son of Kronos the hail thick-falling is shed  
From the clouds on a town and its dwellings ; the house-abiders  
the while,

As they hearken the clatter that rattles unceasing on timber and tile,  
Untroubled are sitting : the stormy tide hath smitten the roof  
Not unforeseen ; long since had they made all tempest-proof :  
So on the men thick-showering feather-shafts did they pour,  
As they darted on high o'er the sea to the hills on the farther shore. 1090

Now what was the purpose of Phineus in bidding that hero-array  
Land on the War-god's isle ? What help against the day  
Of their need were they destined to win of their tarrying there  
on the way ?

The sons of Phrixus unto Orchomenus voyaging  
Had been sent from Aia forth by Kytaian Aiêtes the king.  
In a galley of Kolchis they sailed, that the measureless wealth  
might be theirs

Of their sire, for in death had he so commanded these his heirs.  
And exceeding nigh that day to the isle had they drawn ; but lo,  
The might of the wind of the north did Zeus awaken to blow,  
Marking with rain the watery path of Arcturus the star. 1100

Yet through the day-tide he stirred but the leaves on the mountains  
afar,

Breathing but lightly over the uttermost ends of the sprays :  
But at night on the sea he descended, a tempest-Titan, to raise  
The surge with his blasts wild-shrieking : a black mist shrouded  
the sky,

And never the gleam of a star might the mariners' ken descry  
Through the clouds, but over the sea's face brooded murky gloom.  
And the sons of Phrixus quaking for fear of a horrible doom  
Were helplessly hurled o'er the surges, and drenched with the  
flying spume.

And the sail by the might of the blast was snatched away, and crashed  
Their ship's hull, shattered in twain by the breakers thereover <sup>11</sup>  
that dashed.

Then by the Gods' own prompting they clutched, and as one  
man clung

Those four to a mighty spar,—for that many an one had been flung  
Wide from the scattered wreck,—firm-knit by the strong bolts'  
clasp ;

And on to the isle, evermore but a little beyond death's grasp,  
The waves and the sweep of the tempest bare them in misery.  
Then burst forth rain : no tongue could tell it,—it rained on the sea,  
On the island ; and overagainst the island the floods of it fell  
Over all the land where the lawless Mossynœcians dwell.

And along with the massy beam the sweep of the surges bore  
The sons of Phrixus on to the island's rocky shore <sup>112</sup>  
In the black dark night. But the floods of Zeus-descended rain  
Ceased with the dawn : and they met full soon, those companies  
twain.

Then Argus first found voice, and to Argo's crew spake he :  
' We beseech you by All-beholder Zeus, whosoever ye be  
Of men, to have mercy and succour us now in our helplessness ;  
For buffeted long have we been on the sea by the rough winds' stress,  
Till Sundered and shattered the beams of our crazy galley were.  
By your knees we entreat you then, if ye haply will hearken our  
prayer,

To cover our nakedness now, and to take us whither ye go :  
As youths taking pity on youths, compassionate ye our woe ! <sup>113</sup>  
O reverence ye the strangers and suppliants for Zeus's sake,  
Who is Lord of the stranger and suppliant—yea, both names we take,  
Even strangers and suppliants of Zeus ; and over us all is his eye.'

But with heedful questioning then did Aison's son reply,  
For he weened that fulfilment of Phineus' prophecy now was nigh :  
' All these will we give straightway with kindly heart and hand.  
But prithee now answer me truth, and tell how name ye the land  
Wherein ye be dwellers ;—for what need thus have ye sailed the sea ?  
And your names of renown tell out, and the lineage whereof ye be.'



Then Argus, as one in despairing wretchedness, answered low : 1140  
 ‘How Phrixus the Aiolid came unto Aia from Hellas, I trow,  
 Yourselves have certainly heard, have heard ere this the renown  
 Of Phrixus, who came on a day to Aiêtes’ fortress-town  
 Bestriding the ram which Hermes created all of gold :  
 Yea, and the fleece thereof this day may ye yet behold ;  
 For the ram by the beast’s own counsel a sacrifice did he give  
 To Kronion the Fugitives’ Zeus. And him did Aiêtes receive  
 In his palace, and gave him to wife his daughter Chalkiopê,  
 Nor for gifts of wooing he asked, in the joy of his heart and the glee.  
 Of these twain we be the children ; but Phrixus our father hath died, 1150  
 An old man stricken with years, in Aiêtes’ halls of pride.  
 And straightway we, giving heed to the word that our father spake,  
 To Orchomenus journey, Athamas’ goods in possession to take.  
 And if, as thy word was, thou wouldst that our names be made  
 known unto thee,

Behold, Kytisôrus is this man named, and Phrontis he ;  
 And yonder is Melas, and Argus me myself shall ye call.’

He spake, and for this forgathering glad were the heroes all :  
 And they ministered unto them, marvelling much : but Jason again  
 Spake as was meet and right, for his heart of the tidings was fain :

‘Lo now, of a surety kinsmen ye are of my sire, which have prayed 1160  
 That with merciful hearts we would look upon this your affliction,  
 and aid.

For of one blood, even brethren, Kretheus and Athamas were ;  
 And Kretheus’ grandson am I, with these my companions who fare  
 From the selfsame Hellas, and unto Aiêtes’ city I sail.  
 But of all these things to commune shall another time avail.  
 But now put raiment upon you : it came to pass, I trow,  
 By devising of Gods that ye came to mine hands in your sore need so.’

So spake he, and out of the ship he gave them raiment to don.  
 And all together now unto Ares’ fane are they gone  
 For the sacrificing of sheep, and in all haste round about 1170  
 The altar they ranged them, which stood that roofless fane without,  
 An altar of pebbles : within was a mighty stone upreared,  
 A holy thing, which of yore the Amazons all revered.

And it was not their wont, from the further strand when they  
came o'er the deep,

On this same altar to burn in sacrifice oxen nor sheep ;  
But horses they slew, and for this great herds were they wont to keep.  
There sacrificed they, and they ate of the flesh of the victims slain.  
Then Aison's son in their midst uprose, and he spake yet again :

' Zeus' self upon all things looketh, nor ever escape we his ken  
Of a surety, such as be god-revering and righteous men. 118  
Even so your father delivered he out of the murderous hand  
Of a stepdame, and gave to him measureless wealth in a far-away  
land :

And even so you also scatheless again did he save  
From the baleful storm. Now in this ship, whithersoever ye crave,  
This way or that, may ye fare ; or aback unto Aia's shore,  
Or the wealthy city that godlike Orchomenus builded of yore.  
For our ship did Athênê fashion, and clave her beams with the brass  
By Pelion's crest, and her fellow-craftsman our Argus was.  
But that your galley was shattered, and whelmed in ruining surge,  
Ere nigh to the rocks ye came, the which in the wild sea-gorge 119  
Each against other the livelong day are clashing amain.  
But go to now, be ye helpers with us ; for lo, we be fain  
To bring that Fleece of Gold to the land of Hellas again.  
Be our voyaging guides. Lo, thus do I sail to atone for their deed  
Who would sacrifice Phrixus, and brought Zeus' wrath upon  
Aiolus' seed.'

So spake he exhorting, and ceased ; but with horror they  
heard that thing,

For they deemed they should find Aiêtes nowise a gentle king  
Who would win that Fleece of the Ram. Then Argus spake  
the word,

In vexation of spirit that these unto suchlike quest should be stirred :

' O friends, so far as availeth our strength, no whit at all 1200  
Our help shall fail you at need, what trial soever befall.  
But terribly armed is Aiêtes with murderous cruelty ;  
Wherefore I dread exceedingly thither to fare oversea.  
And he vaunteth himself the Sun-god's seed, and around him dwell

The Kolchian tribes untold. In the awful onset-yell,  
 And in giant strength, might he match him with Ares' self in the fray.  
 Nay, nay, not easy it is to take that Fleece away  
 From Aiêtes, so mighty a serpent around and about it is coiled,  
 Deathless and sleepless. The Earth brought forth that dragon-  
 child

Mid Caucasus' glens, where the Rock Typhonian standeth : they <sup>1210</sup>  
 say

There Typhon, smitten by levin-bolts of Zeus, in the day  
 When against Kronion he lifted his brawny hands in fight,  
 Dropped from his head hot-gushing the gore, and in such ill plight  
 To the hills and the Plain Nisaian he came, and to this day there  
 'Neath the waters whelmed doth he lie of the dark Serbonian mere.'

So spake he, and many a face of them that heard grew white  
 To know what manner of emprise was this. But spake forthright  
 Peleus, and answered with words of gallant chiding, and said :

'Nay, good my friend, not thus let thy spirit be over-adread,  
 For that not so lacking in prowess be we, that our hearts should fear <sup>1220</sup>  
 To make trial of manhood against Aiêtes in battle-gear.

Nay, but I trow we also have somewhat of cunning in war  
 Which thitherward fare ; for by blood of the kin of the Blessèd  
 we are.

If therefore in all lovingkindness he yield not the Fleece of Gold,  
 Little, I ween, shall avail him his Kolchian tribes untold.'

In such wise each unto other they spake, and in such wise  
 replied,

Till they turned to their rest, fulfilled of the feast of the eventide.  
 And at dawn, when they wakened from slumber, a light wind  
 softly blew ;

And they hoised up the sail : in the breeze of the morning the  
 canvas drew.

And away from the War-god's Island sped they far and fast ; <sup>1230</sup>

And now at the falling of night by Philyra's island they passed.  
 There Kronos, Ouranos' son, what time in Olympus he reigned  
 O'er the Titans, and Zeus yet a babe in the Cretan Cave was  
 sustained

In life by the priests, the Curètes of Ida,—with Philyra lay  
 When he baffled Rheia's watch ; but the Goddess amidst of their  
 play

Came suddenly on them : and Kronos leapt from the dalliance-bed,  
 And away in the form of a steed of tossing mane he sped.  
 But Ocean's daughter forsook that land and folk in her shame ;  
 And unto the long Pelasgian ridges Philyra came,  
 Where Cheiron the monster, the half of him horse, but otherwhere <sup>124</sup>  
 Goodly to see as a God, for a pledge of love she bare.

Thence past the Makronian people, and past the far-stretching  
 land

Of Becheirans they ran, past overweening Sapeirans' strand,  
 And past the Byzêrans thereafter ; for forward cleaving the seas  
 Went rushing the prow evermore, on-borne by the gentle breeze.  
 And to them, as they sped by, opened a Pontic gulf cleft deep ;  
 And lo, the Caucasian mountains' precipice-wall rose steep—  
 Sheer cliffs ; and Prometheus there, with his limbs to the rough  
 rocks gripped

By brazen gyves, whose knots no writhings have riven nor slipped,  
 Fed with his liver an eagle that aye swooped back on the prey. <sup>125</sup>

High over their mast at even a whirl and a rush heard they ;  
 And anigh to the clouds they beheld it : yet even from that far height  
 Did it shake the sail with the fanning of those vast pinions' flight :  
 For the form and the measure thereof was like no fowl of the air,  
 But as polished oars most huge its swift-swaying wing-feathers were.  
 Nor long thereafter they heard an exceeding bitter cry,  
 As torn was Prometheus' liver, and rang the vault of the sky  
 With his screaming, until again from the mountain darting back  
 They marked where the ravening eagle sped on the selfsame track.  
 And at nightfall, by guidance of Argus, the broad-flowing stream <sup>126</sup>  
 did they gain

Of Phasis, and there was the uttermost bourne of the Pontic main.

Then straightway the sail they furled, and the yard-arm let  
 they fall,  
 And stowed in the mast-trough then ; and the mast unstepped  
 they withal,

And lowered in haste, till it lay along : then rowed they fast  
Into the river's mighty stream ; round the prow as they passed  
He surged as he yielded them way ; and they had on the left-  
ward hand

High Caucasus now, and the city Kytaiian of Aia-land ;  
And to rightward the plain and the holy grove of the War-god lay  
Where keepeth the serpent watch and ward on the Fleece alway,  
As it hangeth amidst of the thick-leaved boughs of an oak outspread. 1270

And Aison's son himself from a golden chalice shed  
Into the river libations of sweet unmingled wine  
Unto Earth, to the Gods of the land, to the Spirits of Heroes divine  
Which had died, and with bowed knees prayed them their sorrow-  
less help to give

Of their grace, and with welcome propitious the hawsers of Argo  
receive.

Then straightway Ankaïos spake the word to his fellows, and cried :  
'Lo now, to the Kolchian land have we won, where the  
waters glide

Of Phasis :—the time is come for counsel, to choose our part,  
If with soft words now we shall make assay of Aiëtes' heart,  
Or if other endeavour perchance shall avail us in this our need.' 1280

So spake he, and Jason thereon commanded, by Argus' rede,  
To a backwater leaf-overshadowed to run the galley aside,  
And to warp her up to the anchor-stone, off-shore to ride :  
Now the place was anigh to them then. So slept they there  
through the night,

And soon to their longing eyes appeared the dawning's light.

## THE THIRD BOOK

COME, Erato, now, stand by me : of thy lips let me be taught  
In what manner thereafter Jason the Fleece to Iolkos brought  
Through the love of Medea : for thou in the things by the  
Cyprian ordained

Hast part, and maidens unwedded by thine enchantments are  
chained ;

Wherefore it is that a name that telleth of love thou hast gained.

So there in the close-pleached covert of river-reeds unseen  
Did the heroes in ambush wait. Then marked them Hêrê the  
queen

And Athênê withal ; and aloof from Zeus' self turned they aside,  
And the rest of the Gods everlasting, and into a chamber they hied  
For counsel : and first spake Hêrê, to try Athênê therein : 10

'Thyself now first, O daughter of Zeus, our counsel begin.  
What needeth to do ? Wilt thou frame some subtle device, that  
these

May win from Aiêtes and bear unto Hellas the Golden Fleece ?  
Or with words shall they overpersuade him, with soft speech  
melt him to ruth ?

Now nay, for a proud and haughty scorner he is in sooth :  
Yet it may not in any wise be that our emprise turn aside.'

So did she speak ; and straightway to her Athênê replied :

'Yea, mine heart even as thine herein was pondering  
When with questions thou searchedst me, Hêrê. Howbeit, as  
touching the thing,

Not yet in mine heart have I found this wile, which shall help 20  
the need

Of the soul of the chieftains : and yet have I mused upon many  
a rede.'

She spake ; and their eyes on the threshold before their feet  
they cast,

As they pondered of this and of that, till Hêrê cried at the last—  
For a thought in her heart had birth, and her word was first again :—

' Let us hence to the Cyprian Queen ; and when we be come,  
we twain

Will pray her to bid her son, if perchance he will do this deed,  
At Aiêtes' sorceress-daughter a shaft from his bow to speed,  
And bewitch her with love for Jason : by her devising, I trow,  
Bearing the Fleece away unto Hellas the hero shall go.'

She spake ; and her counsel of wisdom pleased Athênê well ; <sup>30</sup>  
And she answered—and now from her lips soft words of per-  
suasion fell :—

' Hêrê, my father begat me unweeting of shafts of love :  
Nothing I know of desire, or the magic spells thereof.  
But if this word pleaseth thyself, of a truth will I go with thee.  
Yet thou must speak our request when the Cyprian's face we see.'

Then soared they away, and unto the mighty palace they came  
Of Kypriis : her lord the Halt-foot God had builded the same  
For his bride, when he led her forth from the halls of Zeus of yore.  
So they entered the courts, and under the chamber-corridor  
Stood, where the hands of the Goddess the couch of Hephaistus <sup>40</sup>  
prepared.

But he at the dawning thence to his forges and anvils had fared  
In the cavern wide of a sea-washed isle, where he aye wrought on  
With the fire-blasts fashioning manifold marvels : but she alone  
Facing the doors of the palace sat in a carven chair.

Over her shoulders white had she loosened the waves of her hair,  
And a golden comb through their ripples she drew, and now  
would she braid

The long plaits up ; but before her beheld she the twain, and  
she stayed

Her hand, and she rose from her throne, and she bade them  
within her hall,

And on couches she caused them to sit ; thereafter herself withal  
Sat down, and her uncombed tresses coiled she about her head ; 50  
And smiling innocent-arch to the Goddesses twain she said :

‘ Dear sisters, what purpose or need hath brought you hither  
at last

Who have tarried so long afar ? Why come ye ? In days overpast  
Not oft hath your presence been here—too great for such as I ! ’

Then unto her did Hêrê with stately speech reply :

‘ Thou mockest, the while our heart with calamity’s shadow is dark,  
For that even now in Phasis the river moored is the bark  
Of Aison’s son, and the rest on the Quest of the Fleece that have  
come.

For all their sakes—for that nigh is the deed and the hour of doom—  
Exceeding sorely we fear, but most for Aison’s son. 60

Him I—yea, though unto Hades now he were voyaging on  
To break those fetters of brass wherewithal Ixion is bound—  
Will deliver, so far as strength in these my limbs is found,  
Lest Pelias should laugh, having ’scaped the doom, his iniquity’s  
price,

Who in pride of his heart hath left me unhonoured with sacrifice.  
Yea, and before that Jason was passing dear unto me,  
Even since, when Anaurus’ outfall in full flood poured to the sea,  
In the day when men’s heart-righteousness fain would I prove  
and know,

Coming back from the hunting he met me ; and all overmantled  
with snow

Were the mountain-ridges and towering peaks, and adown from 70  
them poured

The winter-tide floods, and the rolling torrents rattled and roared ;  
And he pitied the grey old crone, and he took me up at my prayer,  
And over the seaward-madding flood on his shoulders he bare.

Therefore I honour him now, and will honour : unharmed shall  
he be

Of Pelias’ spite,—yea, though his return be unaided of thee.’

So spake she : the lips of Kypriis could frame no word for a space,  
In her awe to behold great Hêrê asking of her a grace.



And with courteous-gentle speech then spake she answering :

‘ O Goddess dread, may there never be found any viler thing  
Than Kypris, if I shall set at naught desire of thine 80  
Or in word or in deed, whatsoever these frail hands of mine  
May avail ; and for all that I do nor thank nor requital would I.’

So spake she ; and Hêrê again in her wisdom made reply :  
‘ It is nowise for lack of might that we come, nor of strength of hand.  
But thou to thy child in peaceful quietness speak thy command  
To bewitch Aiêtes’ daughter with love for Aison’s seed ;  
For if she with her counsel shall help him, with loving favour lead,  
Lightly, I ween, shall the hero win the Fleece of Gold,  
And return to Iolkos, seeing the maiden is subtle-souled.’ 80

So did she speak ; and the Lady of Cyprus answered thereto : 90  
‘ Hêrê, Athênê, my child would render obedience to you  
More than to me : in your presence a little abashed shall he be,  
Bold boy though he be :—but nothing at all he regardeth me.  
But ever he striveth against me, and laugheth mine hests to scorn.  
Yea, I am minded, by that his naughtiness overborne,  
His evil-sounding shafts and his bow therewithal to break  
Full in his sight : for of late this threat in his anger he spake,  
That, if I refrained not mine hands while his passion within him  
was strong,

My scathe upon mine own head should be, upon me the wrong.’

So spake she : the Goddesses smiled, and each in her fellow’s eyes 100  
Looked : but again she spake, and her speech was burdened with  
sighs :

‘ Unto others my griefs be for laughter alone, and I ought not so  
To tell them to all :—enough that mine heart must its bitterness  
know.

Howbeit, if this be all your soul’s desire this day,  
I will try, and with soft words win him : he shall not say me nay.’

She spake ; and with touch caressing did Hêrê her slim hand take,  
And, softly smiling the while, she answered, and thus she spake :

‘ Even so, Kythereia, with speed perform thou this our request  
As thou sayest ; and vex not thyself, neither strive with angered  
breast

With thy child : from his troubling of thee hereafter shalt thou  
have rest.'

She spake, and she rose from her seat, and Athênê passed at her side,  
As forth they sped and away, they twain : but the Cyprian hied  
To Olympus, and down its ridges, seeking her child, she passed.  
And in Zeus's fruitful orchard-close she found him at last,  
Not alone, Ganymedes was with him, the boy whom Zeus on a day  
From earth unto heaven had brought to abide with Immortals for aye,  
When he greatly desired his beauty. With golden dice these two  
Were playing, even as boys like-minded be wont to do.  
And already Eros the greedy the palm of his left hand pressed,  
Filled full with the golden spoils of his winning, against his breast, 12  
Standing upright ; the while a sweet flush mantled and glowed  
O'er the bloom of his cheeks : but the other was crouching on bent  
knees bowed

In downcast silence : he had but twain ; on the earth he flung  
One after other, by Eros's gibing laughter stung.  
But, even as fared the former, he lost them, the last of his dice ;  
And with empty and helpless hands he went ; and his down-drooped  
eyes

Marked not the coming of Kypris. Before her child did she stand,  
And with loving chiding she spake, as she laid on his lips her hand :  
'Why smil'st thou in triumph, thou naughty varlet? Hast  
thou not beguiled

Thy playmate?—and fairly hast thou overcome that innocent child? 13  
Go to now, accomplish my bidding, the thing that I shall ask ;  
And the plaything exceeding fair of Zeus shall requite thy task,  
Which was fashioned by Adresteia his nurse for her babe's delight,  
When, a child, he thought as a child, in the cave 'neath Ida's height.  
A ball fair-rounded it is : no goodlier toy, I wot,  
Couldst thou get thee mid all the marvels by hands of Hephaistus  
wrought.

Of gold be the zones of it fashioned ; and round each several one  
Twofold be the seams of broidery-thread that encircling run.  
But the stitches thereof be hidden : there coileth around them all  
A spiral of blue. From thine hand if thou cast it on high, that ball 14

Even as a star shall flash through the air in a fiery glow.  
This will I give thee—but thou must bewitch with a shaft from  
thy bow

Aiêtes' daughter with love for Jason. But see that herein  
Thou tarry not ; else a meaner requital than this shalt thou win.'

So spake she, and welcome the word was ; with gladness he  
heard that thing :

And he cast away those toys, and with eager hands did he cling  
Clasping the Goddess's raiment about on either side.

And he pleaded with her even then to bestow it : but Kypris replied  
With gentle words,—and his cheeks unto hers she drew the while,  
And clasping him close she kissed him, and answer she made 150  
with a smile :

' Be witness now thy beloved head, yea, also mine,  
That I will not defraud thee : indeed and in truth the gift shall  
be thine,

When the heart of Aiêtes' daughter is pierced by thine arrow divine.'

Then gathered he up his dice, and the tale of them heedfully told,  
And he cast them into his mother's glistening bosom-fold.

By his baldric of gold he slung from his shoulder the quiver that leant  
On a tree-trunk, and took the bow for sorrow of mortals bent.

From the fruitful orchard of Zeus's palace forth did he fare,  
And thereafter came to Olympus' portals high in air.

Thence is a sheer-descending path from the height of the sky ; 160

And there the Poles, twin mountains, uplift their heads on high,  
Precipice-steeps, earth's loftiest-towering crests, whereon

With his earliest rays at the dawning uplifted resteth the sun.

Far under, the life-sustaining earth and the cities slept

Of men, and the sacred rivers ; anon before him upleapt

Hill-peaks, and outspread the sea, through the wide air on as he  
swept.

Now the heroes apart on the thwarts of their galley in ambush yet,  
Where the backwater gleamed of the river, for taking of counsel  
were met :

And the son of Aison himself was speaking, and all they heard,  
As row upon row in their places they sat, and none spake word : 170

‘ O friends, of a truth the thing that seemeth good in mine eyes,  
That will I utter ; howbeit with you the fulfilment lies.  
This Quest all share, and in counsel and speech all ye have part.  
Whosoever in silence withholdeth his rede and the thoughts of  
his heart,

Let him know, he only bereaveth of home-return our Quest.  
Now I counsel that ye by the ship with your war-gear abide at rest.  
But I, even I, will go forth first to Aiëtes’ hall.  
I will take but the sons of Phrixus, and twain of the rest therewithal.  
And I, when I meet him, with words will first make trial, to know  
If he haply for lovingkindness the Fleece of Gold will bestow, 180  
Or will grant it not, but in pride of his might will set us at naught.  
For so, when the lesson of evil first by himself hath been taught,  
Shall we then advise us, whether the ordeal of battle to try,  
Or if other device shall avail us, refraining the onset-cry.  
But let us not rashly, or ever persuasion be put to the test,  
Despoil this man of his own possession :—nay, it were best  
To come before him, and first with speech his grace to win :—  
Yea, oft fair speech hath prevailed in a matter, and lightly—wherein  
Little had prowess availed—for that winsomely it stole  
On the heart : yea hereby Phrixus wrought on the grim king’s soul, 190  
When a stepdame’s guile and the sacrifice-stroke of a father he fled,  
To receive him : in no man’s breast is shame so utterly dead,  
But he honoureth Guest-ward Zeus, and regardeth his ordinance  
dread.’

Then praised they with one accord the counsel of Aison’s seed,  
Nor did any man turn therefrom, to utter another rede.  
Then called he on Phrixus’ children to follow, and chose of his band  
Telamon and Augeias ; moreover himself took Hermes’ wand.  
Forthright from the ship over water and reed-fringed river-side  
Passed they, and out beyond o’er the swell of the plain they hied.  
The Plain Kirkaian, I wot, is it called, and, row upon row, 200  
Willows and osiers there exceeding many grow.  
Mid their topmost branches cord-bound corpses be hanging  
there ;  
For to Kolchians unto this day an abomination it were

To burn on the pyre their men which have died ; nor yet in the  
ground

Is their wont to lay them, and heap thereover the token-mound.  
But in hides untanned of oxen they roll them, and hang midst trees  
Without the city. Yet earth hath equal share in these  
With the air ; for in graves of the earth be they wont their  
women to lay.

Lo, this is their custom, and this their ordinance for aye.

Now, anigh as they drew, did Hêrê with loving thought for <sup>210</sup>  
the men

Spread thick mist all through the city, that so they might 'scape  
the ken

Of the thousands there, to Aiêtes' hall while fared they on.  
And when from the plain to Aiêtes' city and palace they won,  
Then straightway Hêrê scattered again that cloudy haze.  
At the entrance they stood, and they looked on the courts of  
the king in amaze,

On the gateways wide, and the columns that all around the walls  
In ordered lines uprose ; and high on the roofs of the halls  
Did a coping of stone upon rows of brazen triglyphs lie.

And over the threshold in peace they went. And hard thereby <sup>220</sup>  
Were garden-vines in fulness of blossom, mantled o'er  
With green leaves, high uplifted in air. And fountains four  
Ever-flowing beneath them ran, which were delved with magic spell  
By Hephaistus, the one whereof did with gushing of milk upwell,  
And the second with wine, and the third with incense-breathing oil.  
And with water the fourth ran ; steaming for heat did the same  
upboil

At the setting-tide of the Pleiads ; but out of its rock-hewn cave  
Cold even as ice in their rising-season bubbled the wave.

Even such were the marvellous works that Hephaistus the craft-  
wise God

Fashioned within Kytaian Aiêtes' palace-abode.

And he wrought for him brazen-footed bulls, and their mouths <sup>230</sup>  
were of brass,

And the terrible splendour of blazing flame the breath of them was.

Moreover a plough of unbending adamant, all in one,  
 Did he forge for him, making therein his requital of thanks to the Sun,  
 Who had taken him up in his chariot, faint from the Phlegra fight.  
 There also was builded the inner court, and around it were pight  
 Many chambers on either hand with two-leaved doors fair-dight ;  
 And without them a rich-wrought corridor ran to left and to right ;  
 And athwart them the loftiest buildings rose upon either side,  
 Whereof one over its fellows uplifted its crest of pride :  
 Therein with his queen Aiêtes abode, the lord of the land ; 240  
 And thereby did the mansion fair of his son Absyrtus stand,  
 Whom a Nymph Caucasian, Asterodeia, bare to his bed  
 Or ever he led Eiduia home, his wife true-wed,  
 Daughter of Tethys and Ocean, even their youngest one :  
 But the sons of the Kolchians gave him a new name, Phaëthon,  
 ‘ The Shining,’ for all the youths were in beauty by him outshone.  
 In the rest did the handmaid-train and Aiêtes’ daughters abide,  
 Chalkiopê and Medea. And now had Medea hied  
 From her chamber forth to her sister’s ; for Hêrê restrained her  
 that day

That she went not abroad : but little she wont theretofore to stay 250  
 In the palace, but all day long in the temple of Hekâtê  
 Her conversation she had, for the Goddess’s priestess was she.  
 And she saw them, and cried aloud ; and suddenly heard was her call  
 Of Chalkiopê : and her handmaids down at their feet let fall  
 Their yarn and their threads, and forth of the chamber ran they all  
 In a throng, and amidst them the mother : and there beholding  
 her sons

She cast up her hands in her gladness ; and those re-given ones  
 Greeted their mother, and lovingly gazed on her, folding her round  
 With their arms, till her words mid sobbings broken utterance found :  
 ‘ So then ye were not to leave me in lonely childless pain, 260  
 And to wander afar ; and fate hath turned you backward again.  
 O hapless I !—what yearning for Hellas awoke in your breasts,  
 By some strange woeful madness, at Phrixus your father’s behests ?  
 Bitter affliction did he ordain, when dying he lay,  
 For mine heart !—O why to Orchomenus’ city far away—

Whosoe'er this Orchomenus be—for Athamas' wealth should ye go,  
Leaving your mother alone to bear her burden of woe?'

So spake she, and last came forth Aiêtes hastening,  
And came Eiduia herself, the wife of Aiêtes the king,  
When the outcry of Chalkiopê she heard. And the court straightway <sup>270</sup>  
Was filled with a noisy throng; for some of the thralls 'gan flay  
A huge ox, some with the brass 'gan cleave the billets dry,  
And some with the fire 'gan heat the baths. There was none thereby  
That lagged in his task, as they toiled beneath that stern king's eye.

But Eros the while through the mist-grey air passed all unseen  
Troubling them, even as heifers that hear the piping keen  
Of the gadfly—'the breese' do the herders of oxen name the thing.  
In the forecourt beneath the lintel swiftly his bow did he string:  
From his quiver took he a shaft sigh-laden, unshot before:  
With swift feet all unmarked hath he passed the threshold o'er, <sup>280</sup>  
Keen-glancing around: he hath glided close by Aison's son:  
He hath grasped the string in the midst, and the arrow-notch  
laid thereon.

Straightway he strained it with both hands sundered wide apart,  
And he shot at Medea; and speechless amazement filled her heart.  
And the God himself from the high-roofed hall forth-flashing  
returned

Laughing aloud. Deep down in the maiden's bosom burned  
His arrow like unto flame; and at Aison's son she cast  
Side-glances of love evermore; and panted hard and fast  
'Neath its burden the heart in her breast, nor did any remem-  
brance remain

Of aught beside, but her soul was melted with rapturous pain. <sup>290</sup>  
And as some poor daughter of toil, who hath distaff ever in hand,  
Heapeth the slivers of wood about a blazing brand  
To lighten her darkness with splendour her rafters beneath, when  
her eyes

Have prevented the dawn; and the flame, upleaping in wondrous wise  
From the one little torch, ever waxing consumeth all that heap;  
So, burning in secret, about her heart did he coil and creep,  
Love the destroyer: her soft cheeks' colour went and came,

Pale now, and anon, through her soul's confusion, with crimson  
 aflame.

Now when ready-dight was the banquet by labour of handmaid  
 and thrall,

And by steaming baths' refreshment their faces were lightened 300  
 withal,

Gladly they feasted and drank till their souls were satisfied.

Thereafter unto the sons of his daughter Aiêtes cried :

And this was the word of his mouth, as inquisition he made :

'Ye sons of my daughter and Phrixus, the man unto whom I paid  
 Honour above all men that have stood mine halls within,  
 How came ye to Aia returning?—did some dark curse of sin  
 Break short in the midst your escape? Ye would not hear nor obey  
 Me, when I set before you the endless length of the way.

For I marked it, when once I was whirled in my father the Sun-  
 god's car,

In the day wherein he wafted my sister Kirkê afar 310

Unto Hesperia-land, till the chariot at last made stay

On the Tyrrhene mainland-shore, where even unto this day

She abideth, exceeding far from the land where the Kolchians dwell.

What profit or pleasure in words? Speak out and plainly tell

What happed in the midst of your journey, and say who these  
 men be

That have come with you hither. And where from your galley  
 ashore came ye?'

So did he question ; and answered him Argus before the rest—

But his heart misgave him concerning the son of Aison's quest ;—

With soft words spake he, seeing that he was the elder-born :

'Aiêtes, that our ship full quickly asunder was torn 320

By stormy blasts, and we, unto beams of the wreck as we clung,

On the beach of the War-god's Isle by the sweep of the surges  
 were flung

In the murky night. Some God from destruction redeemed us,

I trow ;

For even the birds of Ares, that wont to haunt ere now

That desolate isle of the sea, even these we found no more ;



But these men drave them away when they landed the day before  
 From their galley : and there by the purpose of Zeus, compassionate  
 Of our plight, were they kept from departing, or bound perad-  
 venture by fate.

Straightway to our need with food and with raiment they ministered,  
 So soon as the name of Phrixus the far-renowned they heard, <sup>330</sup>  
 Yea, and thine own : for unto thy town be they voyaging.  
 And if thou wouldst know their need, I will hide not from thee  
 the thing.

A certain king being fain with exceeding vehement spite  
 From his land and possessions to drive this man, forasmuch as in  
 might

Of his hands he was peerless amongst the heroes of Aiolus' seed,  
 Sendeth him hither on desperate venture. For fate had decreed  
 That Aiolus' line shall escape not the soul-afflicting ire  
 Of implacable Zeus, and his wrath, and the curse unendurably dire,  
 And the vengeance for Phrixus, till cometh to Hellas the Fleece  
 of Gold.

And his ship did Pallas Athênê fashion : not such is her mould <sup>340</sup>  
 As the fashioning is of the ships that be found 'mid the Kolchian  
 folk—

Whereof our hap was the vilest, for even at a touch it broke  
 Of the raging surge and the wind ;—but this ship holdeth fast,  
 Gripped by her bolts, through the buffeting fury of every blast.  
 And swiftly alike she runneth before the wind, and when  
 She is sped by the oars unresting in hands of stalwart men.  
 He hath gathered within her whatso mightiest heroes there are  
 In Achaia-land, and hath come to thy city from wandering far  
 By cities, by dread sea-gulfs, if thou haply wouldst grant his request,  
 That the thing he desireth may be : for nowise he cometh to wrest <sup>350</sup>  
 Aught from thine hands by force : he is minded to pay unto thee  
 Fair quittance for this thy gift. Of the bitter enmity  
 Of the Sauromatai hath he heard ; he will quell them to bow to  
 thy sway.

And their name and their lineage, if fain thou wouldst hear them,  
 as thou dost say,

What men they be, I will tell to thee all in order due.  
 This man, for whose helping assembled from Hellas a hero-crew,  
 Jason they call him, the son of Aison, Krêtheus' seed.  
 Now, if this man of Krêtheus' lineage cometh in very deed,  
 Of a truth by the father's blood shall he be of kin unto us,  
 For that Krêtheus and Athamas both were the children of Aiolus, 360  
 And Phrixus moreover was child of Athamas, Aiolus' son.  
 And, if aught thou know'st of the Sun-god's seed, lo, here is one,  
 Augeias; and Telamon this, the son of the mighty in fame  
 Aiakus; yea, and of Zeus's loins great Aiakus came.  
 And in like wise all the rest, which have hither companioned his way,  
 The sons and the grandsons they are of the Gods which abide  
 for aye.'

So Argus spake: but the wrath of the king waxed hot as he heard,  
 And his soul like a stormy sea with a tempest of fury was stirred.  
 Fuming he spake—with the sons of his daughter above the rest  
 Was he wroth, for he weened that of these had Jason been moved 370  
 to the Quest:

And the light of his anger leapt from his eyes as levin-flame:  
 'And will ye not straightway be gone from my sight, ye felons  
 of shame,  
 And depart from the land afar with the guile of your treachery,  
 Ere a bitter Fleece and a bitter Phrixus here ye see,  
 With your friends back faring to Hellas? Not for the Fleece  
 come ye!

Nay, but my sceptre and kingly honour ye come to take!  
 Now, if ye had broken not bread at my table or ever ye spake,  
 Your tongues had I surely cut out, and had hewn from the wrist  
 each hand,  
 And had sent you forth with naught but your feet to fare through  
 the land:

So should ye refrain you thereafter from coming on suchlike quest!— 380  
 Lo, and the lies ye have spoken concerning the Gods ever-blest!'

So passioned the king: but even to its depths the spirit burned  
 Of Aiakus' son, and hotly his soul within him yearned  
 To fling back a deadly defiance. But Jason, or ever he spake,

Stayed him, and gently speaking an answer of peace did he make :  
 ' Bear with me, Aiêtes, as touching this Quest: no such wild dream  
 To thy city and halls hath brought us as thou peradventure dost deem.  
 Nought such do we covet :—what man of his will, from an alien  
 to wrest

His possessions, would fare over such wide seas ? By the ruth-  
 less behest

Of a tyrannous king was I hitherward sent, and the doom of a God. <sup>390</sup>  
 Show favour to this our entreaty ; and so will I publish abroad  
 Thy name and thy glory all Hellas through. Yea, ready we are  
 To render for this unto thee requital of service in war,  
 Whether it be that ye fain would bow the Sauromatans' pride  
 Under your sceptred sway, or whatso nation beside.'

Then ceased he, with gentle utterance proffering love: but the king  
 A twofold purpose the while in his soul was pondering,  
 Whether to make assault on them then and there, and to slay,  
 Or to put their might to the test. And he counted the better way,  
 Thus as he pondered, the second, and answered in subtlety : <sup>400</sup>

' Stranger, what hast thou to do to tell all this unto me ?  
 For if ye be seed of the Gods in truth, or if ye which have hied  
 To the aliens' land be peers of Aiêtes in aught beside,  
 I will give thee to bear away, if thou wilt, the Fleece of Gold,  
 When first I have tried thee. Nought I begrudge to the hero-souled,  
 Even as ye tell me of him that in Hellas beareth sway.  
 And the test of your valour and prowess shall be a certain essay,  
 Which mine own hands compass, fraught though it be with  
 deadly bane.

Two brazen-footed bulls have I : on the War-god's plain  
 They pasture: the breath from their mouths in flames of fire doth <sup>410</sup>  
 stream.

These yoke I, and drive through the War-god's stubborn glebe  
 that team,

Four ploughgates ; and even to the end my ploughshare  
 cleaveth it fast.

No seed of the Lady of Corn in the furrows thereof do I cast,  
 But the teeth of a terrible serpent ; and up from the earth they grow

In fashion of armèd men; but straightway I lay them low  
 With the thrusts of my spear, as around me they throng, a battle-ring.  
 With the dawning I yoke my team, and I cease from mine harvesting  
 At the eventide hour. And thou, if thou bring such deeds to pass,  
 That day shalt win this Fleece, as thy king's commandment was.  
 But I give it thee not ere then; neither hope it; for shame <sup>420</sup>  
 should it be

That a mighty champion should yield to a man that is worsèr  
 than he.'

So spake he : but silent the hero sat, with his eyes on the ground.  
 Speechless he sat : no help for the desperate evil he found.  
 Long time he communed with his heart; no way through the  
 darkness gleamed

To take on him stoutly the task, for a mighty deed it seemed.  
 But late and at last he spake, and he answered warily :

' Full straitly, Aiètes, within thy right art thou shutting me.  
 Yet this will I dare, this emprise mighty beyond all thought;  
 Yea, though my doom be to die : for a man may light upon nought  
 More dread to encounter than ruthless fate's overmastering hand, <sup>430</sup>  
 Which hitherward also constrained me to come at a king's  
 command.'

So spake he, filled with despair; but the king made answer to him,  
 Sore troubled there as he sat, with words exceeding grim :

' Come then to the gathering, thou who art fain this toil to essay.  
 But if thou shalt fear on the necks of the oxen the yoke to lay,  
 Or if from the deadly harvesting backward thou shrink in dismay,  
 Then will I look unto this, that another, taught by thee,  
 May shudder to come in such malapert sort to a mightier than he.'

Roundly he spake, and he ceased; and Jason uprose from his seat,  
 And Augeias and Telamon with him; but followed them only the feet <sup>440</sup>  
 Of Argus; for even at the moment a sign to his brethren he cast  
 There in their place to tarry : so forth of the hall they passed.  
 But the son of Aison outshone all there in wondrous wise  
 In goodlihead and in grace : ever wandered the maiden's eyes  
 Askance unto him, as she stealthily parted her veil's soft gleam.  
 And her heart was a smouldering fire of pain; and her soul, as a dream,

Stole after her love, fitting still in his track as his feet fared on.  
 So they from the halls in exceeding vexation of spirit are gone.  
 But Chalkiopê, from the wrath of Aiêtes shrinking in dread,  
 Hastily unto her bower with those her sons had fled.

450

And Medea thereafter followed ; and surged like a rushing river  
 The thoughts through her breast—the thoughts that Love  
 awakeneth ever.

And before her eyes the vision of all evermore she had—  
 Himself, even like as he was, and the vesture wherein he was clad,  
 How he spake, how he sat on his seat, how forth of the doors he  
 strode,

And she dreamed as she mused that all the world beside had showed  
 None other such man. In her ears evermore the music rung  
 Of his voice, and the words that in sweetness of honey had  
 dropped from his tongue.

And she trembled for him, lest the bulls or Aiêtes himself might slay  
 Her beloved, and took up a mourning for him, as though he lay<sup>460</sup>  
 Dead even now ; and adown her cheeks soft-stealing tears  
 Flowed, of her measureless pity, her burden of haunting fears.  
 And she mourned, and the low lamentation wailed from her tor-  
 tured breast :

‘ Why, wretch that I am, is this anguish upon me ?—or be he  
 the best

Of heroes, who now is to perish, or be he the vilest of all,  
 Let him go to his doom !—yet O that on him no scathe might fall !  
 Oh might it be so, thou Daughter of Perseus, Goddess revered !  
 Oh might he but win home, ’scaping his doom !—but if this be  
 his weird,

By the bulls to be overmastered, or ever it be too late  
 Might he know it, that I be not forced to exult o’er the thing<sup>470</sup>  
 that I hate ! ’

So was the maiden distraught by the cares that racked her mind.  
 But when those others had left the folk and the city behind,  
 On the path whereby at the first from the river-plain they had gone,  
 Even then, and with these words, Argus spake unto Aison’s son :  
 ‘ This counsel of mine, O Aison’s son, thou wilt haply despise :

Yet in desperate strait to forbear from the trial seemeth not wise.  
Thou hast heard me tell of a maiden that practiseth sorcery  
Under the teaching of Perseus' daughter Hekaté.

Now if we might win her to help us, thou needest not fear any more  
To be vanquished in this thine endeavour:—howbeit my fear is sore <sup>48</sup>  
Lest haply my mother will take not upon her to move her thereto.  
Yet in any wise back will I wend to essay what entreaty may do';  
For over us all alike is destruction hanging this day.'

So spake he in kindness of heart, and in answer did Jason say:  
'Dear friend, if this seemeth good in thy sight, I say not nay.  
Hasten thou then, and with words of weight to thy mother pray  
Till thou stir her to help us:—howbeit a pitiful hope is the best  
For our home-return, if this in the keeping of women must rest.'

So spake he; and soon to the backwater came he: with hearts  
full fain

Did their comrades greet them, and question, beholding them again. <sup>49</sup>

But unto them Aison's son in heaviness spake the word:

'O friends, the heart of Aiêtes the ruthless is wholly stirred  
With anger against us: of all those things whereof ye inquire  
Nor for me nor for you appeareth the goal of our desire.  
Two brazen-footed bulls on the War-god's plain, he saith,  
Pasture; in flames of fire from the mouths of them streameth the  
breath:

And with these must I plough him ploughgates four of a fallow field;  
And seed of a serpent's jaws will he give, and for crop shall it yield  
Earth-born warriors in harness of brass. In the selfsame day  
These must I slay. And of this—for I found no better way, <sup>500</sup>  
In mine heart as I pondered—I promised outright to make essay.'

He spake, and it seemed unto all an impossible task. For a space  
Silent they sat, and each man gazed in his fellow's face,  
By despair bowed down, by calamity crushed, till Peleus at last  
With stout words spake to hearten the heroes all aghast:

'Full time is it now to be counselling what we shall do. In rede  
Small profit, I trow, shall be found; strong hands must help our need.  
If thou then art minded to yoke the bulls of Aiêtes the king,  
O hero Aison's son, and thine heart is good for the thing,

Up then, and keep thy promise, and gird up thy loins for the toil. <sup>510</sup>  
 But if aught thine heart mistrusteth her manhood, and feareth the foil,  
 Neither goad thyself on, nor yet for another of these look round  
 As thou sitt'st in their midst: for one that shall nowise flinch  
 hath been found,  
 Even I; for the bitterest pang is but death, to which all men are  
 bound.'

So spake Aiakus' son; and Telamon's spirit was stirred,  
 And swiftly in haste he uprose; and Idas uprose for the third  
 With heart uplifted; and rose the sons of Tyndareus then;  
 And rose with them Oineus' son, who was numbered among  
 strong men,

Albeit not yet so much as the tender down on his chin  
 Showed; with such hero-might was his spirit uplifted within. <sup>520</sup>  
 But the rest unto these gave place, and were still: then spake  
 straightway

Argus to these for the contest that longed, and thus did he say:  
 'Friends, haply to this may we come at the last: but ere that be,  
 Help for our need shall be found with my mother, it seemeth me.  
 Wherefore refrain you a little yet, how eager soe'er,  
 And abide in the ship as aforetime: for better it is to forbear,  
 Than reckless-hearted to choose the path to destruction's lair.  
 In the halls of Aiêtes nurtured a certain maiden doth dwell  
 Whom Hekatê taught strange cunning in herbs of the witch-wife's  
 spell,

Even all that on solid land or in fleeting water grow. <sup>530</sup>  
 And therewith she turneth to balm the fireblast's fervent glow,  
 And rivers in mid rush roaring she suddenly causeth to stand,  
 And constraineth the stars and the paths of the holy moon with  
 a band.

Of her we bethought us, the while from the palace we trod the way,  
 If haply my mother, seeing that sisters born be they,  
 Could persuade this maiden, that so for the contest her help she  
 may lend.

And if this thing appeareth good in your eyes, of a truth will I wend  
 To the palace-hall of Aiêtes aback this selfsame day

To try her :—a God peradventure will help when I make essay.'

He spake, and the Gods of their kindness sent forth a sign in <sup>54</sup>  
their sight ;

For a fearful dove from the might of a hawk swift-winging her flight  
From on high into Jason's bosom fell in her panic affright.

But the hawk swooped blindly, and fluttered impaled on the high  
stern-crest.

Then on Mopsus a spirit of prophecy came, and he cried to the rest:

'Unto you, O friends, by the will of the Gods this token is sent;

For in none other wise shall ye better interpret the sign's intent

That we seek to the maiden, and woo her with speech of entreaty fair

With our uttermost wit ; and I ween she will not reject our prayer,

If Phineus foretold that your home-return should be brought to pass

With help of the Cyprian Goddess. Her gentle bird it was <sup>55</sup>

That escaped from destruction. As now mine heart doth in  
vision foresee

As touching this omen, O that so in the end it may be !

Friends, let us cry to the Queen of Kythera to help our need ;

And straightway obey ye the counsel of Argus with diligent heed.'

He spake, and the young men praised it, calling to mind the word

Of Phineus the prophet ; but Idas alone rose anger-stirred

Shouting aloud in his fierceness of wrath, and thus did he say :

'Out on it!—were women our voyaging-fellows through all  
that way ?

We men that be calling on Kypris now for our help to arise,

And not on the War-god's mighty strength ?—and by turning <sup>56</sup>  
your eyes

On doves and on hawks shall ye 'scape from the toil, shall ye win  
the prize ?

Away!—let the deeds of war no more in your hearts find place,

But the cunning in pleading that winneth a weakling maiden's grace !'

Even so hot-hearted he spake ; and many of them that heard

Low murmured thereat ; howbeit none of them answered a word.

Then sat he down yet scowling in wrath ; and rose thereupon

Jason to stir them to deeds, and thus spake Aison's son :

'Let Argus be sent from the ship, seeing all commend this thing ;



But let us which remain from her hiding-place in the river bring  
 And openly moor to the shore our galley ; for now gone by 570  
 Is the time for hiding as cravens that cower from the onset-cry.'

So did he speak : and he hasted the feet of Argus again  
 To return to the city with speed, and the hawsers drew they then  
 Out of the stream inboard at Aison's son's command ;  
 And a little above the backwater rowed they the galley aland.

But Aiêtes assembled for council the Kolchian men in haste  
 Aloof from his halls, in the place where they gathered in days  
 overpast,

Devising against the Minyans trouble and treachery grim.  
 And he purposed, so soon as the bulls should have torn him limb  
 from limb,—

This man who had taken upon him the heavy task to fulfil,— 580  
 To hew the oak-grove down that crested the shaggy hill,

And to burn the ship and her crew, that so amid fume and flame  
 They might vent that insolence forth for a king's defiance that came.  
 Yea, and he had not received, he said, even Aiolus' son

In his halls in his sorest need, even Phrixus, the man who outshone  
 All strangers in courtesy and in fear of the Gods on high,

But that Zeus' self sent unto him his messenger down from the sky,  
 Even Hermes, bidding him give to the stranger the welcoming hand.

How much less therefore, when pirate-rovers came to his land,  
 Should they long 'scape griefs of their own, the caitiffs whose 590  
 only toil

Was to stretch forth their hands in the taking of other men's  
 goods for a spoil,

And to weave dark webs of guile, and on herdmen folk to fall  
 With soul-dismaying shouts, and to harry steading and stall ?

Yea, and the sons of Phrixus should render to him therebeside  
 Meet penalty, they who had dared in returning thither to guide

Felons, consorting with men which were minded to drive even him  
 Light-hearted from honour and sceptre ; as spake that prophecy grim,

The warning whereof he heard from his father the Sun erewhile,  
 Bidding him, ' See thou beware of thine offspring's secret guile,

And the plots of thy seed, and the curse of their crafty iniquity ; ' 600

For which cause also he sent them, even as they craved, oversea,  
 By their father's behest, to Achaia a long way :—yet there came  
 On his soul no shadow of fear of his daughters, lest these should frame  
 Treason : no fear of his son Absyrtus his heart had chilled ;  
 But he said, ' In the children of Chalkiopê shall the curse be fulfilled.'  
 And bodings of awful revenge on the strangers foamed on his lip  
 In his fury ; for loudly he threatened to hale to the flames their ship  
 And her crew, that none through the meshes of ruin's net might slip.  
 But Argus had gone to the halls of Aiêtes the while, and with speech  
 Of manifold pleading now did the prince his mother beseech  
 To pray to Medea to help them ; yea, and herself theretofore  
 Was full of the selfsame thought, but the fear on her soul lay sore  
 Lest haply fate should withstand, and in vain she should speak her fair,  
 For her dread of her father's deadly wrath ; or if to her prayer  
 She should yield, yet all should be brought to light, and her deeds  
 laid bare.

Now the maiden had cast her down on her couch, and slumber  
 deep  
 Of her anguish relieved her ; but straightway dreams came haunt-  
 ing her sleep,  
 Such visions dark and deceitful as trouble the anguish-distraught.  
 For it seemed that the stranger had taken upon him the task ;  
 but she thought  
 That it was not the Fleece of the Ram that he longed to win for  
 a prize,  
 Nor yet for the sake of this had he fared in any wise  
 To Aiêtes' city, but only to lead her, his wedded wife,  
 Unto his home ; and she dreamed that herself did wrestle in strife  
 With the bulls, and exceeding lightly the mighty labour she wrought.  
 Howbeit thereafter her parents set their promise at naught,  
 For that not to their child, but to him, was the challenge to yoke  
 that team.  
 Wherefore contention of wrangling clashed through her troubled  
 dream  
 'Twixt her sire and the strangers : and lo, in her hand the decision  
 they laid,

That the issue should follow her will, and the thoughts of the heart of the maid.

And straightway the stranger she chose: all reverence thrust she aside <sup>630</sup>  
For her parents; and measureless anguish seized them, and loud they cried

In their fury, and sleep forsook her at that heart-thrilling sound.  
And all a-quiver with fear she upstarted: she stared all round  
On the walls of her chamber; her fluttering spirit back to her breast  
Scarce drew she: the words like a panic-struck throng through  
her pale lips pressed:

‘O wretched I!—how nightmare visions my spirit appal!  
I fear me lest awful ills from the heroes’ voyage befall:  
And my heart, my heart for the stranger is tossed in a storm of  
dismay.

Let him woo some girl in his own Achaia far away,  
And be maidenhood mine, and mine in the house of my parents to stay! <sup>640</sup>  
Yet—yet—though mine heart be by love made reckless, the  
desperate deed

I will try not unbid by my sister—never!—except she plead  
With Medea to help in the toil, in her anguish of fear for the sake  
Of her sons: this might peradventure assuage my sore heart-ache.’

She spake, and she rose from her bed, and she opened her  
chamber door

Barefooted, in vesture of linen alone; and she yearned full sore  
To go to her sister, and over the threshold stole the maid:  
Yet lingering—lingering—long at the door of the chamber she stayed  
Held by her shame. Then backward in sudden panic she fled,  
And into her bower she darted, and shrank to the shadows in dread. <sup>650</sup>  
And backward and forward her purposeless feet ever paced in vain;  
For whenso she braced her to go, shame fettered her feet with its  
chain,

And ever as shame plucked back, bold passion spurred her amain.  
Thrice she essayed, thrice stayed she; but now at the fourth essay  
Down on her bed on her face did she cast her, and writhing she lay.  
And as when some bride in her desolate bower for her lord  
maketh moan,

Unto whom her brethren and parents espoused her a little agoe ;  
 And for shame and for thinking on him awhile she cannot face  
 The eyes of her handmaids, but silent she sits in a secret place.  
 Some doom hath destroyed him, or ever the crown of their desire 6  
 Was attained of these : and there in her chamber, with heart on fire  
 Stilly she sitteth and weepeth, beholding her couch left lorn ;  
 Stilly—for fear of the mock of the women, the laugh of their scorn  
 Like her did Medea make moan : but with sob and with broken cry  
 While yet she lamented, it chanced one heard as she passed thereby,  
 Which had been from a child a handmaid tending her lady's bower  
 So she told it to Chalkiopê : now she sat in the selfsame hour  
 With her sons, devising to win her sister to help their need ;  
 And she hearkened the strange tale told of the handmaid with  
 diligent heed,

Neither put it lightly aside ; but she hastened in startled dismay 6  
 Forth of her bower and on to the bower where the maiden lay  
 Anguish-racked, while her frenzied fingers tore each cheek.

And her eyes all drowned in tears she beheld, and thus did she speak :

‘ Ah me, Medea, ah me !—and why art thou weeping so ?  
 What hath befallen ?—how came to thine heart this terrible woe ?  
 Is it some disease heaven-sent that hath suddenly smitten thy frame ?  
 Or what, hast thou heard some deadly threat from our father that  
 came

Touching me and my sons ? Would God I had never so much  
 as seen

My parents' home, nor the town, but my dwelling afar had been  
 At the ends of the earth, where never was heard the Kolchian 68  
 name ! ’

She spake : but Medea's cheeks flushed crimson ; and maiden  
 shame

From the answer she yearned full sore to render withheld her long.  
 And now was the word awake, and fluttered upon her tongue,  
 And backward anon to her breast it flew like a startled bird.  
 And often she parted her lovely lips to utter the word ;  
 Yet fainted her voice on the threshold of speech : but at last of  
 her guile

Thus spake she—and ever the bold Loves thrust her onward the while :

‘ O Chalkiopé, mine heart for thy sons is disquieted sore,  
Lest my father destroy them forthright with the men from the alien shore ;

So ghastly a dream, while a moment I slumbered, but now did I see—<sup>690</sup>  
And oh may the Gods forefend that the vision accomplished should be,

Forbid that thy love for thy sons should be made heart-anguish to thee ! ’

So spake she, proving her sister, longing to hear her pray,  
Unprompted of her, for her help for her sons in the evil day.  
Strong anguish swept o’er the mother’s soul like a surging tide,  
For her terror at that she had heard, and with fervent beseeching she cried :

‘ Yea, and to this same end did I come with eager speed,  
If with me thou wouldst haply devise and prepare some help for our need.

But swear thou by Earth and by Heaven that thou wilt conceal in thine heart

Whatsoever I say unto thee, and wilt bear therein thy part. <sup>700</sup>

By the Blessèd I pray thee, by thine own soul, by thy parents’ name,  
That thou see not my sons in torment destroyed by a doom of shame  
Horribly : else with my dear-loved sons will I die, and come  
A hateful vengeance-spirit to haunt thee from Hades’ home ! ’

So spake she, and straightway gushed her tears in torrent flow ;  
And around her knees did she fling her arms in a passion of woe,  
And adown on her bosom she bowed her head ; and there they two  
Over each other made piteous lament, and the dim halls through  
Went wailing low the sound of anguished women’s cry.

And to her disquieted sorely Medea made reply : <sup>710</sup>

‘ God help thee !—what healing can I bring thee ?—what talk is thine

Of horrible curses and vengeance-spirits !—would God it were mine,  
Mine by a power firm-stablished, to save thy sons from bane !  
Be witness—the mighty oath of the Kolchians, the oath thou art fain

I should swear—be witness the broad-arched Heaven, and the  
Earth below,

Mother of Gods, that, so far as the bounds of my strength may go,  
I will fail thee not, if thy prayer be a boon that man may bestow.'

So spake she, and Chalkiopè made answer to her, and she said :  
' Now couldst thou not dare for the stranger—himself too asketh  
thine aid—

By wile or by wisdom achievement of this emprise to win 72  
For the sake of my sons ? Lo, now is his messenger Argus within,  
Praying that I would essay to win for them help of thy grace.  
In the mid-court left I him when I came to seek thy face.'

So spake she, and bounded within her Medea's heart for delight :  
Her fair skin suddenly crimsoned, and swam before her sight  
Amist, as she flushed and burned; and answer she made thereunto :

' Chalkiopè, according to that which is pleasing to you,  
Even so will I do. May I see with mine eyes the dawn not again,  
Nor mayst thou behold me long in the land of living men,  
If I count aught dearer to me than the lives of thee and thine, 73  
Even thy sons : for verily these be brethren mine,

My kinsmen belovèd, my childhood-playmates : myself I call  
Thine own, own sister, my sister's own little daughter withal,  
Since even as them the baby me to thy breast didst thou hold :  
So still have I heard the tale by the lips of my mother told.

But go thou, in silence bury this my kindness, that so  
I may work out unwares to my parents my promise. At dawn  
will I go

Unto Hekaté's fane, to bear thither the drugs that shall cast a spell  
On the bulls for the stranger for whose sake all this strife befell.'

So the mother returned from the chamber, and spake to her 74  
sons full fain

Of her sister's help. But now did the tide of shame again  
And of terrible fear o'er the soul of Medea in solitude rise,  
That she in her sire's despite for a man such deeds should devise.

Then night drew darkness over the earth ; on the lonely sea  
The sailors gazed from their ships on the Bear and the flashing three  
Of Orion ; and came upon every wayfarer longing for sleep,

And on each gate-warder ; and mothers, that daylong wont to weep  
 For children dead, with the peace of slumber were folded around.  
 No barking of dogs through the city there was any more, no sound  
 Of voices, but all the blackening gloom was with silence bound. 750  
 But not o'er Medea did sleep sweet dews of forgetfulness shake ;  
 For many a care in her yearning for Jason held her awake,  
 Adread of the mighty strength of the bulls, 'neath the fury of whom  
 He must die in the War-god's acre, must die by a shameful doom.  
 And with thick fast throbbings struggled the heart in her breast alway ;  
 As when on the wall of a dwelling the leaping sunbeams play  
 Flung up from the water that into a caldron but now fell plashing,  
 Or into a pail, and hither and thither the sunbeam flashing  
 In lightning eddy and flicker is dancing in mad unrest,  
 So quivered and fluttered the heart within the maiden's breast. 760  
 And the tears from her eyes were flowing for ruth, and through  
 all her frame

Like a smouldering fire her anguish burned, and coiled its flame  
 Round every fine-strung nerve, and thrilled to her beating brain  
 Where sharpest of all the pang strikes in, when the shafts of pain  
 Are shot to the heart by the Loves that rest them never from harm.  
 And now did she say that the drugs she would give that should  
 bind with a charm

The bulls, and now would she not, but with him would she cease  
 to live.

Swift changed her mood : she would not die, she, nor the drugs  
 would she give,

But in silence endure her fate, the curse that was doomed to betide.

Then, there as she sat, she wavered this way and that, and she cried : 770

‘ Oh hapless I, whether this way or that into ruin I fall !  
 On every hand is despair for my soul : no help is at all  
 From woe, but it burneth, a furnace unquenched !—would God  
 it had been

Mine to be slain ere this by the shafts of the Huntress-queen,  
 Or ever I saw him, or came to Achaia-land the sons  
 Of Chalkiopê, whom a God, or the awful Avenging Ones  
 Hither, for sorrow to us, and for many a tear, have led !

—Let him perish amidst of the struggle, if this be his weird, to  
be sped

On the fallows of doom!—for how shall I 'scape my parents' ken  
As the drugs I prepare? With what manner of words shall I  
blind them then?

What wile, what cunning device for mine hero's help shall I find?  
If I see him apart from his friends, shall I meet him with greeting kind?

O ill-starred!—though he should die, yet cannot I hope that so  
Assuaging should come of my pain: nay, this should be but for my woe  
If he of his life were bereft—oh, get thee behind me, shame!

Beauty, avaunt!—So scatheless by mine endeavour he came  
Out of peril, then might he fare wheresoever seemeth him best.  
But for me—on the selfsame day when triumphant he bideth the test,  
Then let me die, from the rafters straining my neck in the noose,  
Or tasting of poisons that rend the soul from the body loose. 79

Ah, but after my dying!—what scoffs and what mocks will they fling  
On my grave!—and far and near how every city will ring  
With the tale of my doom; and from lip to lip shall be tossed the jeer,  
And a mock shall I be in the mouths of the daughters of Kolchis  
that sneer,

“Lo, she that so lovingly cared for a man of an alien race  
That she died!—lo, she that on home and on parents heaped disgrace,  
Giving reins to her lust!” What shame should not be loaded on  
me?

Ah me, my infatuate folly!—better by far should it be  
In this same night to forsake my life these chambers within  
By a fate of mystery, 'scaping from slander's fiendish din, 80  
Or ever that hideous befouling, that nameless defilement, I win!

She spake, and she rose, and a casket she brought, wherein there lay  
Many a drug, some helpful to heal, some mighty to slay.  
On her knees she laid it, and brake into weeping: her bosom-fold  
Was wet with her tears; from the wounds unstanched of her  
heart they rolled,

As she bitterly wailed for her fate: and her soul was exceeding fain  
To choose her a murderous drug, and to taste oblivion of pain.  
And the eager fingers now of the hapless maid 'gan part



The bands of the casket, to take it forth—but, with sudden start,  
 With an awful fear of Hades the hateful shuddered her heart. 810  
 Long spellbound sat she in speechless horror : around her thronged  
 Visions of all sweet things for the which through life she had longed.  
 She thought of the hours delightsome the lot of the living that fill,  
 And she thought of her merry playmates, even as a maiden will.  
 And sweeter than ever was grown the sun unto her to behold—  
 No marvel, seeing she yearned for all so passionate-souled !  
 So she put from her knees the casket, and laid it down again  
 All changed by the promptings of Hêrê : no more did she waver then  
 In her purpose ; but now did she long for the dawning with speed  
 to awake,

For the dayspring to rise, that so to her hero the drugs she might take 820  
 For the spell, as her covenant pledged her, and meet him face to face.  
 And many a time she unbarred the doors of her chamber, to gaze  
 Forth for the far faint gleam, and welcome flashed upon her  
 The Child of the Mist, and throughout the city the folk 'gan stir.

Then Argus spake to his brethren, bidding them there to abide  
 To learn the mind of the maiden, and how should her purpose betide ;  
 But himself turned backward again, and unto the galley he hied.

Now soon as the maiden beheld the splendour of dawn outrolled  
 O'er the heavens, gathered she up with her hands her tresses of gold,  
 Which over her shoulders in careless disarray hung loose : 830  
 And she bathed her feverish cheeks, and with perfume shed from  
 the cruse

All nectar-scented her body shone ; and a robe fair-wrought  
 She donned, and with brooches cunningly-fashioned its folds  
 upcaught.

And the cloud of a veil did she cast o'er her head unearthly fair,  
 And as silver it shimmered : she trode the floors of the palace there  
 Pacing unfaltering to and fro, forgetful of all  
 Those heaven-sent woes at the door, and of others that yet  
 should befall.

And she summoned her bower-maidens ; twelve by tale were they :  
 Through the night at the entering-in of her odorous chamber they lay,  
 Young as herself, nor yet on the bridal couch embraced. 840

And these she commanded to harness the mules to the wain in haste  
To bear their lady to Hekaté's passing-beautiful fane.

Wherefore the bower-maidens hasted and harnessed the mules to  
the wain.

And Medea the while took forth from the casket a drug of might,  
The magic root that they say is the Herb of Prometheus hight.  
For if any with midnight sacrifice upon Daira shall call,  
The only-begotten, and smear his body therewithal,  
No stroke of brazen weapon shall wound the flesh of him,  
No, nor from blazing fire shall he flinch ; but his strength of limb  
And his prowess throughout that day shall all their might confound. <sup>85</sup>  
First-born it upshot from the clod in the hour when dropped to  
the ground

From the ravening eagle's beak, where the crags of Caucasus frowned,  
The ichor, the blood of a God, of Prometheus in torments bound.  
And the flower of it blossomed a cubit the face of the earth above :  
As the glow of the crocus Corycian, so was the hue thereof,  
Upborne upon pale stalks twain, and below in its earthy bed  
The root thereof as flesh new-severed was crimson-red.  
And the blood thereof, like a mountain-oak's dark sap, in a shell  
From Caspian strand she gathered, to weave thereof a spell,  
When seven times she had bathed her in waters unresting that glide, <sup>86</sup>  
And seven times upon Brimo the Nursing-mother had cried—  
Night-wandering Brimo, the Underworld Goddess, the Queen  
of the dead—

And in dusky vesture clad through the blackness of night did she tread.  
And the dark earth shuddered and quaked deep down with  
muttering moan,

As the Titan root was severed ; yea, and Iapetus' son  
In frenzy of heart-wringing agony groaned a fearful groan.  
This, from the casket ta'en, in her odorous girdle she laid,  
The girdle enclaspng the waist divinely sweet of the maid.  
Then forth of the portal she paced, and she set her foot on the wain,  
And beside her went upon either hand bower-maidens twain. <sup>87</sup>  
To her left hand gave they the reins, and the fair-fashioned  
whip hath she ta'en

In her right ; and adown through the city she drave ; and the  
rest of the train

Of her handmaids laid their hands on the wain, behind it to run  
Adown the highway broad, for their tunics delicate-spun

Each maiden had kilted up above her ivory knee.

'Twas as when, where Parthenius' soft-flowing ripples slide  
through the lea,

Or as when, coming up from her bath in Amnisus' crystalline water,  
High-borne on her golden chariot rideth Latona's Daughter,

Driving betwixt the hills the fleetfoot roes of her car,

To greet the sacrifice-steam of a hecatomb afar ;

880

And the Nymphs in throngs upon throngs attend her, gathering some

By the green well-head of Amnisus' self, and others that come

By the glens and the fountain-flashing heights ; and fawn and whine

The cowering beasts, as onward cometh the presence divine :

So through the city they sped, and to this side and that of the street

The people made way, neither dared they the eyes of the  
princess to meet.

But when she had left behind her the city's fair-paved ways,

And was now drawn nigh, as she drave through the plain, to  
the holy place,

Then from the smooth-running wain she stept to the earth  
straightway

In haste ; and unto her maidens thus did Medea say :

890

'O friends, I have verily grievously sinned, for I took no thought  
To have nought to do with the strangers whose wandering feet  
have sought

Our land :—lo now, with amazement's perplexity smitten sore

Is all the city, that none of the women, which heretofore

Hitherward have assembled day by day, be now gathered here.

But seeing that we be come, and that none beside draweth near,

Come then, with delightsome song without stint or stay let us sing

To our soul's satisfying, and pluck we the lovely flowers that spring

Mid the tender grass ; and in this same hour on the homeward way

Will we wend. Ye also with many a gift shall return this day

900

Homeward, if now with mine heart's desire ye will gladden me.

For the pleading of Argus prevaileth with me, and of Chalkiopê:—  
 But hide in your hearts that ye hear from me; let your lips be dumb,  
 Lest to my father's ears peradventure the story should come:—  
 They beseech me to take rich gifts, and to save in his emprise fell  
 Yon stranger who took it upon him the might of the bulls to quell.  
 Yea, and their counsel was good in mine eyes, that I bade him appear  
 In my presence this day, alone, with none of his comrades near,  
 That we may divide those presents amongst us, if haply he bring  
 The gifts in his hand, and may give him a spell-drug, a balefuller thing  
 Than the strength of the bulls. But stand ye aloof when he  
 draweth anigh.'

So spake she, and pleased them all her counsel of subtlety.

Now Argus apart from his comrades had sundered Aison's son,  
 So soon as he heard from his brethren how that Medea had gone  
 Forth in the misty dawning to fare unto Hekaté's fane;  
 And over the plain did he lead him, and Mopsus companioned  
 the twain,

Ampykus' son, most wise to interpret the tokens aright  
 Of the coming of birds, and the signs to discern of their parting flight.

Never yet had there been such a man in the days of the men of old—  
 Nor of them of the lineage of Zeus, nor the champions hero-souled  
 Which sprang from the blood of the rest of the Gods that endure  
 for aye—

Such a man as the bride of Zeus made Jason to be that day  
 In glory of bodily presence, in witchery of his tongue.  
 And ever his comrades gazing upon him in wonderment hung  
 On his radiance of manifold grace: and glad for the way they should  
 wend

Waxed Ampykus' son, as foreboding, I trow, how all should end.

Now there is by the path through the plain, as ye draw to  
 the temple anigh,

A poplar that waveth his tresses of countless leaves on high;  
 And thereon had the crows ever-babbling pitched as it were their  
 tent,

Whereof one, clapping her pinions, beneath her as these twain went,  
 The counsel of Hêrê chanted, mid high boughs swayed to and fro:

‘Lo there, what a pitiful seer!—even that which the children know

His wit can in no wise conceive, how that no word sweet and dear  
Maiden will murmur to man, while strangers be loitering near!  
Avaunt, vile prophet and witless!—on thee not the Cyprian Queen,  
On thee not the gentle Loves of their kindness are breathing, I  
ween!’

So ceased the voice of her chiding, and Mopsus smiled to hear  
The heaven-sent cry of the bird, and spake to the heroes the seer:

‘Now pass thou on to the Goddess’s temple: therein shalt  
thou find

The maiden, O Aison’s son: thou shalt prove her passing kind <sup>94</sup>  
By the promptings of Kypris, who also thine helper shall be in  
thy toil,

Even as prophesied Phineus, Agênor’s son, erewhile.

But we twain, Argus and I, thy coming again will abide  
Aloof, yea, in this same place: but thou, with none beside,  
With wise words plead with the maiden, and win her thy will to do.’  
So in his wisdom he spake, and the others consented thereto.

But Medea—her thoughts unto nought else turned, upon  
nought could be stayed,

Howsoever she sang—but never a song, howsoe’er she essayed,  
Pleased her, that long its melody winged her feet for the dance;  
But ever she faltered amidst them, her eyes ever wandered askance <sup>95</sup>  
Away from the throng of her maidens unresting; and over the ways,  
Turning aside her cheeks, far off ever strained she her gaze.  
O the heart in her breast oft fainted, whenever in fancy she heard  
Fleet past her the sound of a footfall, the breath of a breeze as  
it stirred.

But it was not long ere the hero appeared to her yearning eyes  
Stately striding, as out of the ocean doth Sirius uprise,  
Who climbeth the sky most glorious and clear to discern from  
afar,

But unto the flocks for measureless mischief a baleful star:  
Even so came Aison’s son to the maiden glorious to see,—  
But with Jason’s appearing dawned on her troublous misery. <sup>96</sup>

Then it seemed as her heart dropped out of her bosom ; a dark mist came

Over her eyes, and hot in her cheeks did the blushes flame.  
Nor backward nor forward a step could she stir : all strength was gone  
From her knees ; and her feet to the earth seemed rooted ; and one  
after one

Her handmaidens all drew back, and with him was she left alone.

So these twain stood—all stirless and wordless stood face to face :  
As oaks they seemed, or as pines upsoaring in stately grace,  
Which side by side all still mid the mountains rooted stand  
When winds are hushed ; but by breath of the breeze when at  
last they are fanned,

Stir they with multitudinous murmur and sigh—so they 97  
By love's breath stirred were to pour out all in their hearts that lay.

Then Aison's son beheld how the maiden's soul was adread  
With wilderment heaven-sent, and kindly-courteous he said :

' Wherefore, O maiden, dost fear me so sorely, alone as I am ?  
Never was I as the loud-tongued blusters, void of shame,  
No, not when aforetime I dwelt in my fatherland oversea :  
Wherefore be thou not, maiden, over-abashed before me,  
That thou shouldst not inquire whatsoever thou wilt, or utter  
thy mind.

But, seeing we twain be met with friendly hearts and kind 98c  
In a place where sin is of heaven accurst, in a hallowed spot,  
Speak thou, and question withal as thou wilt : but beguile me not  
With pleasant words, forasmuch as thou gavest thy promise erewhile  
To thy sister, to give me the charm that I long for, the herbs of guile.  
I beseech thee in Hekaté's name—for the sake of thy parents I pray,  
And of Zeus, that o'er stranger and suppliant stretcheth his hand  
always !

Lo, a suppliant am I, a stranger withal, which am come to thee  
here,

In sore straits bending the knee ; for in this my task of fear  
Shall I nowise prevail, except I be holpen of thine and thee.  
And to thee will I render requital of thanks in the days to be—  
As is meet and right for them in a far-away land which dwell— 99a

Making glorious thy name and thy fame, and mine hero-companions  
shall tell

The story of thy renown, when to Hellas again they have won ;  
Yea, and the heroes' wives and mothers, who now make moan  
For us, I ween, on the strand as they sit by the sighing brine :  
And to scatter in air their bitter affliction is thine—is thine !  
Not I were the first—was Theseus not saved from the ordeal grim  
By Minos' child for her kindness' sake which she bare unto him,  
Ariadne, born of the Sun-god's daughter Pasiphaê?

But she, when slumbered the wrath of Minos, over the sea  
Sailed with the hero, forsaking her land. The Immortals divine 1000  
Loved well that maid : in the midst of the firmament set is her sign,  
A crown of stars, which they name Ariadne's diadem,  
All night circling amidst of the signs that the heavens begem.  
Thou also shalt have of the Gods like thanks, if thou shalt redeem  
From destruction so goodly a host of heroes—ah, needs must it seem  
That through form so lovely as thine should the beauty of kindness  
beam !'

Extolling her so spake he; and her eyelids drooped, while played  
A nectar-smile on her lips ; and melted the heart of the maid  
By his praising uplifted : her eyes are a moment upraised to his eyes,  
And all speech faileth : no word at the first to her lips may rise ; 1010  
But in one breath yearned she to speak forth all her joy and her pain.  
And with hand ungrudging forth from her odorous zone hath she  
ta'en

The charm, and he straightway received it into his hands full fain.  
Yea, now would she even have drawn forth all her soul from her  
breast,

And had laid it with joy in his hands for her gift, had he made request,  
So wondrously now from the golden head of Aison's son  
Did Love out-lighten the witchery-flame ; and her sweet eyes shone  
With the gleam that he stole therefrom, and her heart glowed  
through and through

Melting for rapture away, from the lips of the rose as the dew  
At the sun's kiss melteth away, when the dayspring is kindled anew. 1020  
And these twain now on the earth were fixing their eyes abashed,

And anon yet again their glances each on the other they flashed,  
 As with radiant eyelids they smiled a heart-beguiling smile :  
 And bespake him the maiden at last, yet scarce after all this while :

‘ Give thou heed now, that my counsel may haply be for thine aid.  
 What time at thy coming my father within thine hands shall have laid  
 The crop of the serpent’s jaws for thy sowing, the teeth of bane,  
 Then shalt thou watch for the hour when the night is sundered in  
 twain.

Then thou, when first in the river’s tireless flow thou hast bathed,  
 Alone, with none other beside thee, in night-hued vesture swathed, 10  
 Shalt dig thee a rounded pit, and over the dark earth-bowl  
 Shalt thou slaughter a ewe, and shalt burn the unsevered carcase whole  
 On a pyre, the which on the very brink of the pit thou hast piled,  
 And propitiate only-begotten Hekatê, Perseus’ child,  
 Out of a chalice pouring the hive-stored toil of the bee.

So when thou hast sought the grace of the Goddess heedfully,  
 Then turn thee to pass from the pyre, and beware lest any sound  
 Or of footfalls behind thee startle thee, so that thou turn thee round,  
 Or of baying of hounds, lest all that is wrought be undone thereby,  
 And thyself to thine hero-companions never again draw nigh. 10  
 And in water at dawn shalt thou steep this herb, and thy limbs  
 shalt thou bare,

And even as with oil shalt anoint thee therewith; and prowess there  
 Shalt thou find, and strength exceeding great : thou wouldst no-  
 wise say

That with men thou couldst match thee in might, but with  
 Gods that abide for aye.

Therewithal be thy lance and thy buckler besprent with the magic  
 dew,

And thy sword : then shall not the spear-heads prevail to pierce  
 thee through

Of the Earth-born men, nor the fiery breath of the bulls of bane  
 Unendurably darting. Yet no long time shalt thou thus remain,  
 But only for that same day : notwithstanding flinch not thou  
 From the toil ; and another thing yet for thine help will I tell to 10  
 thee now :



So soon as the mighty bulls thou hast yoked, and by manifold toil  
And by strength of thine hands hast sped the share through the  
stubborn soil,

And adown the furrows the bristling harvest of giants shall stand,  
Where fell on the dusky clods the serpent's teeth from thine hand,  
Even as thou mark'st them in throngs through the fallows up-  
bursting to day,

Cast thou in their midst unawares a massy stone : and they,  
As ravening hounds o'er a gobbet of flesh that wrangle, shall slay  
Each one his fellow : thou also in battle-fury shalt fall

On the rout. So the Golden Fleece unto Hellas, if this be all,  
From Aia afar shalt thou bear :—O yea, turn thou and depart 1060  
Whithersoever it pleaseth thee : seek the desire of thine heart !'

She spake, and her eyes to the earth at her feet in silence she cast ;  
And her cheeks divinely fair were wet as her tears fell fast,  
As she sorrowed because that far and afar from her side o'er the main  
He must wander away. And she looked in his eyes, and she  
spake yet again

With mournful word, and his right hand now hath she ta'en in  
her own ;

For the shamefastness now from her eyes on the wings of love  
had flown :

'But O remember, if ever thou com'st to thine home afar,  
Medea's name : and in like wise I, when sundered we are,  
Will forget thee not. But tell, of thy good will, where is thine home, 1070  
Whitherward bound thou wilt fare in thy galley over the foam.  
Is it unto Orchomenus' wealthy burg that thy feet shall go ?  
Or anigh to Aiaia's isle ? Of the maiden fain would I know,  
Some maiden far-renowned, whom thou namedst the daughter, I wis,  
Of Pasiphaë : kinswoman unto my sire that lady is.'

So did she speak ; and over him stole, as the maiden wept,  
Love the victorious ; and answering speech to his lips hath leapt :

'Yea, verily, never by night, I ween, and by day nevermore  
Shalt thou be forgotten of me, if unto Achaia's shore  
Unscathed I shall 'scape indeed, and Aiêtes before me set, 1080  
For mine hands to achieve, none other toil more desperate yet.

But if this hath pleased thee, to learn what land I call mine own,  
 I will tell thee—yea, and mine own heart biddeth me make it known  
 A country there is—steep mountain-ramparts around it run—  
 A land of streams and of pastures, wherein Iapetus' son,  
 Even Prometheus, begat the valiant Deukalion,  
 Who of all men was first that builded a city, or reared a fane  
 To the Deathless, and first was he of the kings over men that reign.  
 That land do the folk that around it dwell Haimonia call.  
 Therein is my city Iolkos found : therein withal  
 Stand many beside, where not so much have they heard as the name  
 Of Aiaia's isle : but rumour hath told how Minyas came  
 Thereout, even Minyas Aiolus' son, and builded the town  
 Of Orchomenus ; over the marches Kadmeian her towers look  
 down.

Yet why should I speak things vain as the wild winds' empty sound  
 Of our home, of the daughter of Minos, the princess far-renowned  
 Ariadne—the glorious name whereby that heart's desire  
 Was called among men, the maiden of whom thou dost inquire ?  
 Would God that, even as Minos his heart unto Theseus inclined  
 For her sake, so would thy father with me be in friendship joined !

So spake he, with tender words and caressing the maiden to woo.  
 But anguish exceeding bitter was thrilling the heart of her through :  
 And in sorrow of spirit with vehement words she made reply :

‘ O haply in Hellas 'tis good to be heedful of friendship's tie :  
 But Aiêtes is not such a man among men as thou saidst but now  
 Was Minos, Pasiphaë's lord ; and with Ariadne, I trow,  
 May I nowise compare me : wherefore of guest-love speak not  
 thou.

Only remember thou me, when safe thou hast sped thy flight  
 To Iolkos ; and I will remember—yea, in my parents' despite  
 Will remember thee : and from far may a rumour come unto me,  
 Or a messenger-bird with the tidings, when I am forgotten of  
 thee !

Or me, even me, may the swift-winged blasts from the earth's  
 breast tear,  
 And away hence over the sea to the land of Iolkos bear,

That so I might cast reproaches on thee, yea, unto thy face,  
 And remind thee that all by mine help thou escapedst—but oh  
 that my place  
 That day were of right in thine halls, the place of a queen at the  
 board!'

So spake she, and down her cheeks the piteous tears aye poured.  
 But he caught up her words even there, and with comforting  
 speech did he say :

' O stricken one, leave thou the empty blasts at their will to stray,  
 And the messenger-bird to roam, for thy words are but vanity! 1120  
 But if ever thou come unto those abodes, if Hellas thou see,  
 Honour and worship of men and of women then shall be thine ;  
 Yea, they shall reverence thee as a very presence divine,  
 Because that again to their homes did the sons of the Hellenes win  
 By thy devising, yea, and the brethren of these, and their kin ;  
 And many a stalwart husband of thee hath received his life.  
 Then shalt thou enter the bridal bower with me—my wife ;  
 And nothing shall come between our love, and nothing shall sunder,  
 Till death's shroud fold us around, and our hearts are chilled  
 thereunder.'

He spake, and to hear him her soul was melted within her then : 1130  
 Yet she shuddered to see the deeds whose end was beyond her ken.  
 Ah hapless!—not long was she doomed to refuse a home in the land  
 Of Hellas, for hereunto was she guided of Hêrê's hand,  
 To the end that for Pelias' bane Aiaian Medea might come  
 Unto Iolkos the hallowed, forsaking her fatherland-home.

But by this from afar were the handmaids glancing towards  
 these twain

Full oft in disquiet ; for need was now, as the day 'gan wane,  
 That the maiden unto her mother should turn her homeward again.  
 But she thought not yet of departing, such joy did her spirit take  
 Alike in his goodlihead, and the winsome words that he spake. 1140  
 But Aison's son took heed, and late and at last did he say :

' Lo now, it is time to depart, lest the sun's light fade away  
 Before we be ware, and lest some stranger should haply espy  
 All this. Yet again will we meet, coming hitherward, thou and I.'

So in sweetest communion did these try each the other's heart  
Thus far ; and thereafter they sundered. And now did Jason  
depart

Unto his friends and the ship, while his heart for joy beat high ;  
And she to her handmaids, and all in a troop did these draw nigh  
To meet her : she marked them not, as unto her side they drew ;  
For her soul to the clouds had soared far up 'twixt earth and  
the blue.

And with feet that moved in a dream she mounted the fleet-run-  
ning wain :

In her left hand grasped she the reins, in her right the whip hath  
she ta'en

Curious-fashioned, to drive the mules ; and fast did they flee,  
As on to the city they sped and the palace ; and Chalkiopè  
'Gan ask her of all that befell, for her sons' sake anguish-stirred ;  
But rapt in a trance of thoughts back-drifting she heard not a word,  
And to all that eager questioning never a word she said :  
But adown on a lowly stool did she sit at the foot of the bed,  
On her left hand propping her cheek as she wearily drooped aside ;  
And with tears were her eyes brimming over, as surged the dark  
chill tide

Of remembrance of emprise dread that the covenant bound her to  
bide.

Now when Aison's son had wended aback to the place where  
stayed

His comrades, what time he had left them in faring to meet the maid.  
Then, telling them all the story the while, with these did he hie  
To the throng of the heroes ; and now to the galley drew they anigh.  
And they saw him, and lovingly greeted, and asked him of all that  
befell :

And he in the midst of them all did the maiden's counsels tell ;  
And he showed them the dread spell-drug. One only of all sat  
apart,

Idas, nursing his wrath : but the others with joyful heart  
Turned them, when darkness fell, their hands from their labour  
to stay,

And in great peace laid them down to their rest : but with dawn-  
ing day

To Aiêtes, to ask for the seed of the serpent, sent they away  
Two men ; and foremost Telamon Arês-beloved they sent,  
And Aithalides, glorious scion of Hermes, beside him went.  
So went they, and not for nought, for to these at their coming  
were given

Of Aiêtes the king the teeth for the grim strife hard to be striven,  
The teeth of the dragon Aonian, that, seeking the wide world  
through

For Europa, Kadmus found in Ogygian Thêbê, and slew,  
The monster that lurked, a warder, beside the Aretian spring.  
There also he dwelt, by the heifer led, which Apollo the king  
By the word of prophecy gave for his guide, that he should not stray.  
These teeth did Tritonis the Goddess tear from its jawbone away,  
And the gift on Aiêtes and him that had slain the beast she be-  
stowed.

On the plain Aonian Kadmus the teeth of the serpent sowed ;  
And an earth-born nation was founded there of Agênor's son,  
The remnant left when the harvest of Arês' spear was done.  
So the teeth to bear to the galley Aiêtes gave full fain,  
For he weened that to win to the goal of his task he should strive in  
vain,

Yea, though to the yoking of those dread bulls he should haply  
attain.

And the sun down under the dark earth far away in the west,<sup>7</sup>  
Beyond the uttermost hills of the Aethiops, sank to his rest ;  
And the Night was laying her yoke on the necks of her steeds. Then  
spread

On the shore by the hawsers of Argo the heroes each his bed.  
But Jason, so soon as the flashing stars of the circling Bear  
Had set, and under the firmament hushed was all the air,  
Unto the wilderness even as a thief all stealthily hied  
With whatso was needful ; for all had he taken thought to provide  
In the day : and fared with him Argus, and milk from the flock he  
bore,

And a ewe therewithal ; for these had he ta'en from the galley's store.

But when he beheld the place, which was far aloof from the tread <sup>120</sup>  
Of men, where under the unscreened sky the clear meads spread,  
There first of all in the flow of the sacred river he bathed  
His limbs full reverently, and all his body he swathed  
In a dark-hued cloak, which Hypsipylè, daughter of Lemnos' race,  
Gave him aforetime, memorial of many a loving embrace.  
Thereafter he digged him a pit in the plain of a cubit wide,  
And the billets he heaped, and the lamb's throat cut by the dark pit's  
side.

And the carcase he stretched on the pile, and he thrust thereunder the fire

And kindled the brands, and mingled libations he poured on the pyre,

Calling on Hekatè Brimo to draw for his helper nigh. <sup>121</sup>

And when he had called on her, backward he fared, and she hearkened his cry.

Out of nethermost caverns of darkness the Awful Queen drew near  
To the Aisonid's sacrifice, and about her did shapes of fear,  
Even serpents, in horrible wreaths and knots, mid the oak-boughs hang :

And flashed a fitful splendour of torches unnumbered ; and rang  
Around her wild and high the baying of hounds of hell.

And all the meadow-land trembled under her tread ; and the yell  
Pealed of the marish-haunting Nymphs of the river, that dance  
In the pastures wherethrough Amaryntian Phasis' ripples glance.

And terror gat hold upon Aison's son ; but, for all his dread, <sup>122</sup>  
Yet he turned him not round as his feet thence bore him, until  
he had sped

Back to his friends : and by this over Caucasus' snow-flecked height,  
As she rose, was the Dawn mist-cradled shooting her shafts of light.

And now did Aiètes array in the corslet of stubborn mould  
His breast, the corslet that Arês gave, in the day when rolled  
Mimas of Phlegra beneath his hands in the dust of doom.

And he set on his head the golden helmet of fourfold plume

Flaming like to the world-encompassing sun's red gleam,  
 When first in the dawning he leapeth up from the Ocean-stream.  
 He uplifted his manifold-plated shield, and he grasped in his hand <sup>12</sup>  
 His terrible spear and resistless : was none that before it might stand  
 Of the rest of the heroes, since Herakles now they had left afar :  
 He only against it had matched his might in the shock of war.  
 And his fair-fashioned chariot of fleet-footed steeds was stayed  
 for the king

By Phaethon hard by ; then to the chariot-floor did he spring ;  
 And he drew through his fingers the reins, and forth of the city-gate  
 Drove he along the broad highway, by the lists of fate  
 To stand ; and a countless multitude hastened forth at his side.  
 And as when to the Isthmian athlete-strife Poseidon doth ride  
 High-borne on his car, or Tainarus-wards, or to Lerna's mere, <sup>12</sup>  
 Or Hyantian Onchestus, the temple-grove that the nations revere ;  
 And as when to Kalaurea oft-times his chariot-wheels have rolled,  
 And Haimonia's rock, and Geraistus' town that the forests enfold,  
 Even so was Aiêtes, lord of the Kolchian folk, to behold.

But Jason the while, obeying the rede from Medea that came,  
 In water hath steeped that drug ; and he sprinkled his shield with  
 the same,

And his sturdy spear and his sword ; and his comrades with  
 might and main  
 Made proof of his harness, thronging around : yet essayed they  
 in vain

To bend that spear, though it were but a little ; but evermore  
 Unyielding and stark it abode in their strong hands, even as before. <sup>12</sup>  
 But Idas, Aphareus' son—for with wrath was the heart of him  
 black—

With his great sword hewed at the shaft by the butt ; but the  
 blade leapt back

As hammer from anvil, jarred by the shock ; and a mighty shout  
 From the heroes rejoicing in hope of the trial's end rang out.  
 Thereafter his own limbs Jason sprinkled ; and lo, he was filled  
 With terrible prowess, unspeakable, aweless ; the hands of him  
 thrilled

Tingling with strength, as waxed their sinews with gathering might.  
 And even as when a battle-steed afire for the fight  
 Leapeth and neigheth and paweth the ground, and glorying rears  
 His neck like a stormy-crested billow, and pricketh his ears, 126  
 Even so in the pride of his prowess triumphant was Aison's son,  
 And hither and thither on high he bounded now and anon,  
 In his hands uptossing his brazen shield and his spear's tough ash.  
 Thou hadst said that adown through the murky welkin the leaping  
 flash

Of the tempest-levin was gleaming and flickering once and again  
 From the clouds that are bringing hard after their burden of  
 blackest rain.

Nor long time now would they tarry from faring forth to essay  
 The emprise, but row after row upon Argo's thwarts sat they,  
 And onward exceeding swiftly to Arês' plain they sped.  
 Overagainst the city so far before them it spread 127

As the space from the start to the turning-post that the car must win  
 What time, when a king unto Hades hath passed, his princely kin  
 For hero and horse ordain the strife of the funeral game.  
 There found they Aiêtes, and other the tribes of the Kolchian name,  
 The folk on the cliffs Caucasian in lines far-stretching arrayed,  
 While the king by the winding brink of the river their coming stayed.

And Aison's son, when his comrades had made the hawsers fast,  
 Then with his spear and his shield to the mighty trial passed,  
 Bounding from Argo forth; and there was he bearing with him  
 His gleaming helm with the dragon's sharp teeth filled to the brim, 128  
 With his brand on his shoulders slung, bare-limbed, and in some  
 wise seeming

As Arês, in some wise Apollo the lord of the sword gold-gleaming.  
 O'er the fallow he glanced, and the brazen yoke of the bulls he espied.  
 And the plough, hewn solid of massy adamant, therebeside.  
 So he strode thereunto, and beside it his strong spear planted upright  
 On the butt-spike thereof, and leaning against it the morion he pight.  
 Then tracing the countless tracks of the bulls right on did he fare  
 With nought but his shield: but suddenly forth from an unseen lair,  
 From a den in the bowels of the earth, wherein was their grimly stall,



Whereover the lurid-gleaming smoke ever hung as a pall, 1290  
 Forth rushed they together as one, outbreathing the splendour  
 of flame ;

And the heroes quaked when they saw. But Jason, as onward  
 they came,

Set wide his feet ; and even as a rock in the sea doth abide  
 The charging surges whereon the scourging storm-blasts ride,  
 Before him he held to withstand them his shield ; and the  
 terrible twain

Their strong horns bellowing dashed against it with might and main :  
 Nevertheless by their onset they stirred him never a jot.

And even as when the armourers' bellows of stout hide wrought  
 In the piercèd melting-pot anon with murmur and sigh  
 Kindle the ravening flame, and anon doth the breath of them die ; 1300

And an awful roar goeth up therefrom as the flames leap higher  
 From beneath, even so these twain outbreathing the rushing fire  
 Roared from their mouths, and about him as lightning leapt and played  
 The devouring blaze : yet warded him ever the spells of the maid.  
 Then grasped he the tip of the horn of the right-hand monster, and so  
 Mightily haled with his uttermost strength, till he bowed it low  
 To the brazen yoke, and, striking its hoof of brass with his foot,  
 Suddenly cast it adown on its knees, and its fellow brute,  
 Even as it charged him, with one thrust down on its knees did  
 he throw.

Then his broad shield cast he away on the ground, and, to and fro 1310  
 To this side and that side striding, he kept them fall'n in their place  
 On their fore-knees, swiftly moving athwart the fervent blaze,  
 While marvelled the king at the hero's might. Then drew nigh two,  
 Even Tyndareus' sons—for that thus long since had he bidden  
 them do ;—

And they lifted and gave him the yoke on the necks of the bulls to  
 be bound :

And deftly thereon did he bind it, and 'twixt them upraised from  
 the ground

The brazen pole, and he made it fast by its pointed tip  
 Unto the yoke : and they twain back from the fire to the ship

Withdrew. Then he caught up again, and cast on his shoulders  
his shield

Behind him; the helmet strong with the serpent's sharp teeth filled <sup>13</sup>  
He grasped, and his spear resistless, wherewith, as a ploughman wight  
Pricketh his oxen with goad Pelasgian, so did he smite  
The flanks of the monsters, and starkly and steadily still did he hold  
Unswerving the plough-heft cunningly fashioned of adamant mould.  
But the bulls were raging the while with fury exceeding sore  
Outbreathing the ravening splendour of fire: as that mad roar  
Of the buffeting winds was the blast of their breath, when the  
seafarers quail

At their yelling above all else, and furl the straining sail.  
Yet it was not long ere the beasts, as the stern spear bade them to toil,  
Moved on, and behind them was broken the fallow's rugged soil <sup>13</sup>  
Cloven apart by the might of the bulls and the ploughman strong.  
And terribly crashed and groaned, the ploughshare's furrows along,  
The clods uprent, of a man's load each, and with sturdy stride  
Trampling the path the hero followed, and aye flung wide  
The teeth of the serpent over the clods upheaved by the share,  
Ever heedfully turning his head, lest haply, or e'er he was ware,  
The harvest fell of the Earth-born against him should rise: and  
with strain

Of brazen hoofs on laboured the while that fearsome twain.  
And it was so, that when the third part now was left of the day,  
From the dawn as it waned, when the toil-forwearied labourers pray <sup>13</sup>  
'O come to us, sweet unyoking-tide! O tarry thou not!'  
Even then by the stalwart ploughman the fallowfield's earing  
was wrought,

For all it was ploughgates four; and the bulls from the yoke loosed he,  
And with shouting and smiting he scared them over the plain to flee.  
Then back toward Argo he hied him again, while yet all clear  
Of the Earth-born brood the furrows he saw; and with cheer on cheer  
His comrades hailed him and heartened. He plunged the brazen  
gleam

Of his helm mid the river's waters, and slaked his thirst from  
the stream.

Then bent he his knees till supple they grew ; and he filled with might  
 His great heart, battle-aflame as a boar, when he whetteth for fight <sup>1350</sup>  
 Against the hunters his tushes, and drippeth the plenteous froth  
 Down from his jaws to the ground, as he churneth their foam in  
 his wrath.

Now by this was the harvest of Earth-born men over all that field  
 Upspringing ; and all round bristled with thronging shield on shield  
 And with battle-spears twy-pointed, and morions glorious-gleaming  
 The garth of the death-dealing War-god : the splendour thereof  
 upstreaming

Through the welkin lightened, and up to the heaven of heavens  
 did it go.

And as when on the face of the earth hath fallen abundant snow,  
 And the wind-blasts chase the wintry clouds in scattered rout  
 Under the mirk of the night, and all the hosts shine out <sup>1360</sup>

Of the stars through the darkness glittering ; so those Earth-born men  
 Flashed, o'er the face of the ground upgrowing : but Jason then  
 Remembered the rede that Medea the cunning-hearted spake ;  
 And a huge round boulder up from the earth in his grasp did he take—  
 A terrible quoit for Arês the War-god : there should not be found  
 Four stalwart men of strength to upraise it a span from the ground.  
 This caught he up in his hand, and afar with a leap did he throw  
 Into their midst, and behind his buckler himself crouched low  
 Awelessly. Loudly the Kolchians shouted—it rang as the roar  
 Of the shouting sea when his surges over the sharp reefs pour. <sup>1370</sup>

But speechless amazement seized on Aiêtes at that vast sweep  
 Of the massy crag : and the Earth-born as fleetfoot hounds 'gan leap  
 Each on his fellow, and yelling they slew : the embattled lines  
 On their mother the earth, by their own spears slain, were falling, as  
 pines

Or as oaks which the down-rushing blasts of the tempest have  
 scourged and riven.

And even as leapeth a fiery star from the depths of the heaven,  
 Trailing behind him a splendour, a marvel to men which mark  
 How he darteth in shattering glories athwart the firmament's dark,  
 Even so seemed Aison's son on the Earth-born rushing : he bare

His sword from the scabbard outflashed; and here he smote them and  
there,

Mowing them down: full many on belly or flank did he smite  
Which had won to the air waist-high, and some which had risen to  
light

But shoulder-high, and some as they stood but now upright,  
And other some, even as their feet 'gan strain in the onset of fight.  
And like as, when round the marches the war upstarteth from sleep,  
A husbandman, fearing lest foemen the toil of his hands may reap,  
Graspeth a curvèd sickle newly-whetted in hand,  
And moweth in haste the crop yet green, neither letteth it stand  
Until it be parched in the season due by the shafts of the sun;  
Even so of the Earth-born the harvest he reaped; and with blood<sup>13</sup>  
did they run,

Those furrows, as hurrying runnels that brim from a fountain's  
plashing.

Fast fell they, some on their faces, bowing their knees, and gnashing  
Their teeth on the rough clods—this one stayed on his palm, and he  
On his side: as they wallowed they seemed as the monster-brood  
of the sea.

And many, or ever their feet from beneath the earth had come,  
Pierced through, from the height whereunto they had risen, even  
therefrom

Down-drooping, were resting their death-dewed brows on the  
earth again.

Even so, I ween, when Zeus down-poureth the measureless rain,  
Droop orchard-shoots new-planted, till low on the earth they lie,  
Snapped hard by the roots, that the gardener's toil is doubled thereby,<sup>140</sup>  
And there come on the heart of the lord of the vineyard, which  
planted the same,

Confusion of face and deadly anguish in such wise came  
On Aiètes the king vexation of spirit and heaviness.

And back to the city he wended amidst of the Kolchian press,  
Dark-plotting to bring the heroes' purpose with speed to nought.

And the daylight died, and Jason's mighty achievement was  
wrought.

## THE FOURTH BOOK

Now take thou up the story, O Goddess of Song, and sing  
The afflictions and thoughts of the Kolchian maid ; for as touching  
this thing

In a tempest of wilderment whirled is my soul, that I know not to say  
Whether for bitter infatuate passion she fled away  
From the land of the Kolchian folk, or driven of panic dismay.

Now the king in the midst of his Kolchian princes and men of  
might

Against the heroes devising treachery sat through the night  
In his halls, and hot in his soul did the vehement anger rise  
For the trial whose issue he loathed, and he weened not in any wise  
That unhelped of his daughters had Jason prevailed that task to fulfil.

But Medea's spirit did Hêrê with woefullest anguish thrill :  
And she quaked like a fawn light-footed, the which the hounds'  
deep bay

Hath scared, the while in the tangled depths of a copse she lay.  
For straightway she surely foreboded that nothing concealed should  
remain

Of her help, and for this should she fill up a cup of uttermost bane.  
And her maids which were privy thereto she dreaded, and filled  
were her eyes

With fire, and the ears of her rang with a sound as of awful cries.  
And ofttime she clutched at her throat, and moaned in her wretched  
despair,

As once and again she rent the tresses of her hair.

And there had the maiden beyond her weird her own death wrought

By tasting of poison ; and Hérè's purpose had come to nought,  
 But for this, that the Goddess stirred her to flee in her panic dread  
 With Phrixus' sons. So her fluttering spirit was comforted  
 In her breast ; and into her bosom in eager haste did she pour  
 All mingled her spell-drugs and poisons, her casket's deadly store.  
 And she kissed her bed, and her hands on the walls with loving caress  
 Lingered : she kissed the posts of the doors ; and one long tress  
 She severed, and left it her bower within, for her mother to be  
 A memorial of maidenhood's days, and with passionate voice moaned  
 she :

‘ This tress in mine own stead leave I, or ever I go, unto thee, 3  
 My mother ; and, far though I wend, yet take farewell from me !  
 Farewell thou, Chalkiopè, and mine home !—Would God that the  
 wave,  
 Ere thou cam'st to the Kolchian land, O stranger, had yawned for  
 thy grave ! ’

So spake she, and down from her eyelids in floods the teardrops ran.  
 Then, even as stealeth forth from the house of a wealthy man  
 A bondmaid, whom fate but newly hath torn from her fatherland-  
 soil,

Who never till now hath tasted the lot of bitter toil,  
 But unschooled to misery, shrinking in horror from slavery  
 Under the cruel hands of a mistress, forth doth she flee ;  
 Even so from her home forth hasted the lovely maid that day. 4  
 Yea, and the bolts of the doors self-moving to her gave way  
 Leaping aback at the swift-breathed spell of her magic song.  
 And with feet unsandalled she ran the narrow lanes along,  
 While her left hand gathered a fold of her mantle, to screen from sight  
 Her brows and her face and her lovely cheeks, the while with her  
 right

The hem of the skirt of her tunic she held upraised from the ground.  
 And swiftly without the towers that girded the wide burg round  
 By the darkling path in her terror she came ; and no man knew  
 Of the warders thereof, but past them all unseen she flew.

Thence marked she well to the temple the way, nor unweeting she 5  
 was

Of the path, for that oft thereby in her questing she went to pass  
Seeking for corpses and deadly roots, as the wont is still  
Of the sorceress. Ever with quivering dread did the heart of her  
thrill.

And Titania beheld her, as upward she floated from heaven's far  
bourne,

As she wandered distraught; and the white Moon-goddess in  
triumph-scorn

Over Medea exulted, and thus to her heart 'gan say :

‘Ha, not I only adown to the Latmian cavern stray,

Nor I alone for Endymion the comely with love am afire !

Ha, many a time when mine heart was yearning with hot desire,  
Did thy strong spells drive me from heaven, that thou in the rayless <sup>60</sup>  
night

Unhindered might'st work thy sorceries, deeds that are aye thy  
delight.

Now thou too hast part in the same infatuate passion, I trow,  
And a god of affliction hath made this Jason a torment and woe  
Unto thee ! Pass on, and harden thine heart, be thou never so wise,  
To take up thy burden of anguish, thy doom full-fraught with sighs.’

So spake she ; but swiftly the maid's feet bare her, as onward  
she strained ;

And glad was she when the height of the bank of the river she gained.

And overagainst her beheld the splendour of fire : nightlong

For joy of the trial triumphant they fed it, the hero-throng.

And she lifted her voice clear-pealing : across the darkness she cried : <sup>70</sup>

To the youngest of Phrixus' children she called from the farther side,

Unto Phrontis : and he with his brother discerned Medea's call ;

And the son of Aison knew it ; and hushed were the heroes all

In amazement, so soon as they knew of a certainty whose was the cry.

Thrice called she aloud, and thrice, as his company bade reply,

Phrontis in answer shouted, the while with swift-plied oar

The heroes were rowing their ship unto where she stood on the  
shore.

Not yet to the land were they casting the hawsers forth of the ship,  
When lo ! to the shore with feet light-bounding did Jason leap

From the height of the deck-planks ; and after him Phrontis to  
land hath sprung,

And Argus, the children of Phrixus. About their knees she clung,  
Clasping them round with clinging hands, and Medea cried :

‘ Deliver me, O my friends, the hapless !—yea, and beside  
Save from Aiêtes yourselves : for all hath been brought to light,  
Yea, all : and there cometh no help therefor. But speed we our  
flight

In your ship, ere the king shall have mounted his swift-horsed car  
for the chase.

And the Fleece of Gold will I give you : with slumber-spells will  
I daze

Its serpent warder. But thou in thy comrades’ presence take  
The Gods to witness the vows which thy lips, O stranger, spake  
Unto me : neither make me, when hence I have fled and afar from  
my land,

An outcast dishonoured, as one by whose side no kinsman doth  
stand.’

In anguish she spake : but with gladness exceeding the heart ’gan  
stir

Of Aison’s son. At his knees as she bowed, he uplifted her  
Gently, and straightway embraced her, and spake to her words of  
cheer :

‘ Lady, let Zeus himself the Olympian my troth-plight hear ;  
Let Hêrê of Wedlock, the Bride of Zeus, in witness be near,  
That I surely will make thee mine own true wife mine halls within  
Whensoever returning again unto Hellas-land I shall win.’

He spake, and her hand with his right hand caught in the clasp of  
love.

Then did the maiden bid them to speed to the sacred grove  
The swift ship straightway, that so, ere Aiêtes was ware, they might  
seize

And bear away in the darkness of night the Golden Fleece.  
Even with the word was the deed performed by the eager men ;  
For they took her aboard, and forth from the land their galley then  
Thrust they : with plashing loud the pinewood oars ’gan strain



In the hands of the chieftains. But backward darting the maiden  
again

Outstretched her despairing hands to the shore : but Jason spake  
Comforting words, and restrained her whose heart went nigh to break.

In the hour when men from their eyes the fetters of slumber cast,  
Even huntsmen, which put their trust in their hounds, nor ever waste <sup>110</sup>  
In slumber the end of the night, but the light of the sun they prevent,  
Lest, ere they be forth, he efface the track of the beasts, and the  
scent

Of the quarry, with stainless-gleaming shafts down-smiting thereon ;  
Even then with the maid from the galley forth stepped Aison's son  
On a grassy sward. The Couch of the Ram men call that spot,  
For that there he rested first his knees with toil overwrought,  
As he bare on his back the Minyan scion of Athamas.

And anigh it all smoke-besmirched the base of an altar there was,  
Which the Aiolid Phrixus to Zeus the Preserver of Exiles did  
build,

And the Golden Marvel offered thereon, as, gracious-willed, <sup>120</sup>  
Hermes bade, in the way as he met him. The hero-crew  
There set them aland, as Argus gave them counsel to do.

So these twain fared by the pathway that led to the sacred grove,  
Seeking the oak-tree marvellous-huge, mid the branches whereof  
Was hanging the Fleece, like a morning-cloud that flusheth red  
In the beams of the sun as he riseth up from his ocean-bed.

But barring their path did the neck exceeding long uprise  
Of the serpent glaring upon them with keen unsleeping eyes  
As they came ; and in awful wise did he hiss ; and the banks of  
the flood

Far-stretching echoed, and sighed the measureless depths of the <sup>130</sup>  
wood.

The people that dwell from Titanian Aia far away  
In the Kolchian land by the outfall of Lykus heard, even they—  
Of Lykus, which parteth his flow from Araxes' rattle and roar,  
And blendeth with Phasis his sacred stream, and these twain pour  
Their mingled waters in one to the dark Caucasian sea.

Young mothers in terror awoke, and their hands in agony

Cast they around their babes new-born, in their arms which slept,  
 As the tiny limbs with the horror of that hiss thrilled and leapt.  
 And even as when, above a smouldering faggot-pile,  
 The eddies of smoke roll upward in murky coil on coil,  
 One after another swiftly ever on high they spring  
 From beneath in wavering wreaths uprushing and hovering ;  
 Even so that monster was writhing and heaving the endless trail  
 Of his coils overlapped with the myriad-ranged harsh-crackling scale.  
 But, even as he writhed him, came before his eyes the maid,  
 With sweet voice summoning Sleep, most mighty of Gods, to her aid,  
 On the monster to cast his spell : and to her that through night's  
 deep mirk

Paceth, the Underworld Queen, she cried to speed her work.  
 And followed her Aison's son in fear : but, lulled by the song,  
 The serpent by this was relaxing the thorn-ridge endless-long  
 Of his Titan-spires, and was lengthening out his coils untold,  
 Even as a dark wave over a sluggish sea slow-rolled,  
 A dumb and a thunderless surge : yet still, in despite of the spell,  
 His grisly head he uplifted on high, with purpose fell  
 To encompass the twain with the grip of his murderous jaws : but she,  
 Dipping the newly-slivered spray of a juniper-tree  
 In her mystic brewis, singing—singing—rained down fast  
 Untempered spells on his eyne, and about him and o'er him was cast  
 Sleep by the drug's strong fume ; and his dragon-jaws he laid  
 On the earth in the selfsame place, and his endless coils through  
 the shade

Of the myriad stems of the forest stretching afar were unrolled.  
 Then from the oak-tree the hero snatched the Fleece of Gold  
 At the maiden's bidding. Unswerving all the while she stayed  
 And smeared on the head of the monster her unguent, till Jason bade,  
 Till himself said, ' Turn we again, and fare to the galley aback.'  
 Then left she the War-god's grove, where the vast shades brooded  
 black.

And even as a maiden may catch on her vesture of delicate thread  
 The light of the mid-month's moon, when she saileth the heavens  
 overhead

Her high-roofed bridal bower, and her heart in her breast is aglow  
 With joy that her eyes behold that lovely splendour ; so 170  
 Exulting did Jason the mighty Fleece in his hands upraise.  
 And suddenly over his forehead and over his sunburnt face  
 From its shimmering flocks there rested a flush that flamelike shined.  
 And great as the hide of a yearling steer, or the fell of a hind  
 That is callèd a brocket in speech of the hunters of the wold,  
 So great was its length and its breadth all overtufted with gold,  
 Heavy with flocks thick-clustered ; and ever as onward he passed  
 From under his feet the earth an answering sheen upcast.  
 Now veiling the man's left shoulder the gleaming burden shone  
 Down-trailed from the height of his neck to his heel as he trod, 180  
 and anon

Did he gather it up in his clutch, for that sorely he feared the while  
 Lest a God or a man might meet him and wrest from his hands  
 the spoil.

Dawn over the earth was spread, and now those twain returned  
 To their company. Marvelled the youths to behold how the  
 great Fleece burned

A splendour as lightning of Zeus. Upsprang they, for eager-keen  
 Was each man to touch the glory, and clasp it his hands between.  
 But the son of Aïson withheld them : a mantle thereover he threw  
 New-woven, to hide it. To Argo's stern the maiden he drew,  
 And he seated her there ; and he spake to the heroes all his rede :

‘ No longer forbear now, friends, to your fatherland homeward 190  
 to speed :

For the emprise now for the which we dared the peril and pain  
 Of a desperate voyage, toiling with bitter travail and strain,  
 All this by the maiden's counsels lightly hath been fulfilled.  
 To the home-land her will I bring—yea, so herself hath willed—  
 My bride true-wedded : but ye, forasmuch as the saviour she is  
 Of all Achaia-land, and of your own souls, I wis,  
 Save her ; for surely, I ween, will Aiëtes with all his array  
 Go forth, with intent from the river seaward to bar our way.  
 Now down through the ship, man ranged after man in order arow,  
 Shall the half of you sit at the oars to toil, that the half of you so 200

May uplift the ox-hide shields for a fence from the darts of the foe,  
Guarding our home-return. Lo, now in our hands do we bear  
Our children, our fatherland dearly-beloved, and the silver hair  
Of our sires; and with this our venture the fate of Hellas is bound,  
Or to reap confusion of face, or a glory far-renowned.'

So spake he, and donned his harness of fight; and shouted the crew  
With wondrous-eager souls; and forth of the scabbard he drew  
His sword, and the ship's stern-hawsers he severed in twain with  
the brand.

And hard by the maiden, in armour clad, hath he taken his stand  
By Ankaïus the helmsman, and flashed the oars as the good ship <sup>210</sup>  
raced,

As to speed her forth of the river they strained in desperate haste.

But by this to Aiêtes the king and to all the Kolchians known  
Was Medea's love, and revealed were all the deeds she had done.  
And they swarmed to the gathering-place in their harness of  
battle, untold

As the crested waves of the sea by the stormy wind uprolled,  
Or as leaves of the forest myriad-branched that earthward sail  
In the month of the fall of the leaf—whereof who telleth the  
tale?

So numberless these went pouring the banks of the river along  
With frenzy of shouting: on fair-fashioned chariot amidst of  
the throng

Glorious Aiêtes showed above all with his steeds, the gift <sup>220</sup>  
Of the Sun-god; for even as the blasts of the wind were they  
passing-swift.

In his left hand his shapely-rounded buckler on high did he rear,  
And a pine-brand exceeding huge in his right: and his giant spear  
Beside him rose up straight and high; and the reins of the car  
Absyrtus grasped in his hands. But Argo by this was afar  
Cleaving the brine, to the stalwart oarsmen's stroke as she leapt  
By the down-rushing flood of the mighty river seaward swept.  
But the king in a madness of anguish uplifted his hands to the sky:  
To the Sun and to Zeus, the beholders of evil deeds, did he cry;  
And he turned him to all his host, and he shouted terribly: <sup>230</sup>

‘Except ye lay hands on the maiden, and seize, or on land it  
may be,

Or finding their ship yet tossed on the swell of the open sea,  
And bring her, that so I may glut my fury, wherewith I burn  
For revenge, on your own heads all these things shall light : ye  
shall learn

The measure of all my wrath and all my revenging then.’

So spake Aiêtes : on that same day did the Kolchian men  
Launch forth their galleys, and cast in the ships their tackling-array,  
And the selfsame day sailed forth on the sea : thou wouldst not say  
That so mighty a host was this of ships, but in crowd on crowd  
The nations of bird-folk over the sea were clamouring loud. 240

Swiftly the wind blew, even as Hêrê the Goddess planned,  
To the end that Aiaian Medea might reach the Pelasgian land  
Right soon, that in her might the bane of Pelias’ house be found.  
So the men with the third day’s dawn the hawsers of Argo bound  
To the Paphlagon’s strand, where the sea and the waters of  
Halys meet :

For Medea bade them to land, and with sacrifice to entreat  
Hekatê’s grace. What things for that incantation of hell  
The maiden prepared and offered, thereof let no man tell.  
Let my spirit enkindle me not to darken therewith my lay !  
Yea, awe refraineth my lips. Yet the altar on that far day 250  
To the Goddess upreared by the heroes hard by the breaking sea  
Yet standeth, a sign to be seen of the children of days to be.

Straightway to Aison’s son, and the heroes withal, came back  
Remembrance of Phineus, and how that he spake of another track  
To be found from Aia : howbeit to all was his meaning dim,  
Till Argus arose and spake, and eager they hearkened to him :

‘We may win to Orchomenus, whither the prophecy bade us fare  
Of the seer unerring, whose guests in the days overpast ye were.  
For another voyaging-course there is, a sea-path shown  
By the priests of the Deathless, the sons of Thêbê, Tritonis’ town. 260  
Not yet was the star-host, that whirl round heaven their chariots  
of fire :

Not yet of the sacred Danaan race, though a man should inquire,

Aught might he hear. Apidanian Arcadians alone on the earth  
 Dwelt—the Arcadians which lived, or ever the moon had birth,  
 Mid the mountains acorn-sustained, it is told. No sceptred hand  
 Of Deukalion's glorious line ruled then the Pelasgian land,  
 In the days when men called Egypt, the fruitful land of corn,  
 The Morning-land, the mother of peoples elder-born.  
 And of Triton her fair-flowing river was named, of whom all the plain  
 Of the Morning-land is watered ; for never descendeth the rain <sup>270</sup>  
 From Zeus thereupon : from his floods the stintless harvests spring.  
 From that land, say they, a certain king went journeying  
 All Europe and Asia through, by the strength and the prowess  
 made bold

And the aweless might of his people, and cities he builded untold  
 Whithersoever he came, whereof some remain to this day,  
 Some not, for that long generations since then have passed away.  
 But Aia abideth unshaken : a nation the sons' sons yet  
 Abide of the men whose dwelling in Aia the hero set.  
 And graven memorials these men keep of their fathers' days  
 Upon pillars, whereon is every bourne and all the ways <sup>280</sup>  
 Of the watery waste and the land, as ye journey on all sides round.  
 Now a river, the uttermost horn of the Ocean, therein is found,  
 Wide and exceeding deep, that a dromond may sail the same.  
 Far on their chart have they traced it, and Ister they named its name.  
 And awhile through the boundless tilthland it cleaveth its way afar  
 As but one ; for beyond the North-wind's blasts its fountains are,  
 Where midst the Rhipaian mountains it bursteth forth in thunder :  
 But so soon as it parteth the Thracian and Scythian marches asunder,  
 There is it cleft in twain, and the half of its flood it sendeth  
 Hereby to the sea Ionian, the residue southward trendeth <sup>290</sup>  
 Where a deep gulf up from the sea Trinacrian northward bendeth—  
 That sea which lieth beside your land, if the tale be true  
 That forth of your land Acheloiis the river fleeteth thereto.'

So spake he ; and sent by the Goddess a happy portent came ;  
 And all they looking thereunto hailed it with joyful acclaim  
 For a sign that their voyaging-track was this: for a splendour in heaven  
 Shone in a far-stretching furrow to point where their path was given.

And there glad-hearted they left the son of Lykus, and fled  
 With wide-spread canvas over the sea, looking back as they sped  
 On the Paphlagonian Hills, neither rounded Karambis-head, <sup>300</sup>  
 Forasmuch as the breezes held, and the heavenly fire's long gleam  
 Shone ever before, till they won unto Ister's mighty stream.

Now the rest of the Kolchian host, when nothing their search  
 availed,

Forth through the Crag Dark-blue from the Pontus-sea had sailed.  
 But others went to the river, whose chieftain Absyrtus was ;  
 And unto the Fair Mouth turning aside from the sea did he pass,  
 And prevented them, mooring beyond the neck of land that ran  
 Athwart the innermost gulf of the sea Ionian.

For around the island Peukê the waters of Ister pour,  
 An isle three-cornered, whose breadth looketh out on the breakers <sup>310</sup>  
 hoar,

And the narrow point up-stream, and about it the flood's outfall  
 Is cleft in twain ; and the one the passage of Narex they call ;  
 And that on the nether side the Fair Mouth : even thereby  
 The Kolchian array with Absyrtus anchored hastily ;  
 While the heroes sailed far up to the uttermost spur of the isle.  
 Now the field-abiding shepherds forsook in the meadows the while  
 Flocks without number, for dread of the ships ; for they weened  
 that these

Were beasts that had risen out of the monster-teeming seas.  
 For never on galleys that ride the waves had they gazed ere then,  
 Nor they, nor the Thracian Scythians, nor yet the Sigynian men, <sup>320</sup>  
 Nor yet the Graukenian folk, nor the Sindian tribes that abide  
 Round Laurium now, on the steppes of the wilderness boundless-wide.  
 But when they had run by Angurus, the Kauliac cliffs withal—  
 Afar from Angurus the mountain riseth their long rock-wall—  
 Around which Ister divideth, and this way and that way run  
 His rushing waters, and out to the Laurian plain they won,  
 Then forth to the Kronian Sea the Kolchians came, and beset  
 All the outgoings thereof, that the quarry might 'scape not their net.  
 So Argo, descending behind them the flood, passed forth hard by  
 Where islands twain, the Brygêian Isles of Artemis, lie. <sup>330</sup>

Now it fell that in one of these a hallowed temple stood ;  
 In the other the heroes, avoiding Absyrtus' multitude  
 Landed, seeing the foe had left those twin isles void  
 Of their host, for awe of the Daughter of Zeus ; but all beside,  
 Thronged with the Kolchian men, barred every seaward way.  
 Yea, too, of their host upon other isles hard by left they  
 Which betwixt the Nestian land and Salanko the river lay.

There, being few against many, that day had the Minyan men  
 Yielded in that grim fight to their foes : howbeit ere then  
 Made they a covenant, fain that the strife should abide unstriven. 34  
 For the Golden Fleece,—forasmuch as Aiêtes' pledge had been given  
 To the heroes therefor, if the ordeal they dared, and accomplished  
 the toil—

That prize should they keep, as lawfully won ; yea, whether their guile  
 Or their strength in the king's despite had prevailed that splen-  
 dour to win.

But as touching Medea—for stubborn the wrangling waxed herein—  
 Unto Lêto's Daughter, aloof from the throng, should they give  
 her in ward,

Till her cause should be judged of a king, some justice-dispensing  
 lord,

Whether he doom that they yield her up to return to the home  
 Of her father, or doom her to Hellas-land with the heroes to come.

Now so soon as the maiden mused upon all things purposed of 35  
 these,

With keen-thrilling anguish her heart was tempest-tossed without  
 cease :

And straightway she called forth Jason aloof from his comrades  
 alone,

And she led him away and away, till far apart were they gone :  
 There uttered she speech all broken with sobs, as she looked in  
 his eyes :

‘ O Aison's son, what purpose is this that now ye devise  
 Touching me ? Hath thy triumph brought utter forgetfulness unto  
 thee ?

Dost thou nothing regard thy promises, all that thou spakest to me



In stress of thy need? Where now are the oaths of the Suppliants'  
King

Zeus?—and thine honied promises, whither have these taken wing?  
By reason of these, in unseemly wise, with passion unshamed 360  
I forsook my fatherland home, and the glory of halls far-famed,  
Yea, and my parents—all that was most unto me; and I sail  
Far over the sea alone, where the plaintive sea-mews wail,  
Because of thy trouble, that I might redeem from destruction thy life  
To accomplish the fire-bulls' quelling, the Earth-born giants' strife.  
Yea, and the very Fleece, for the which ye had sailed to our shore,  
All by my folly ye won. Foul shame thereby did I pour  
On womankind! Wherefore, I say, as thy daughter, thy wife, I  
stand,

Yea, and thy sister, who follow thee back unto Hellas-land.  
Oh now with purpose of heart stand by me, neither forsake me 370  
Afar and forlorn of thee, to the gathering of kings to betake thee!  
But in any wise save me; and sealed abide thy solemn vow,  
Which is plighted, by justice of man and of God; or else do thou  
Shear, of thy pity, this my throat with thy falchion through,  
That so for my frenzied love I may reap the guerdon due.  
O heartless!—if that he doom that my brother's prey I remain,  
This king unto whose stern judgment ye now would commit, ye  
twain,

Your cruel covenant, how shall I come to my father's sight?  
With glory in sooth!—what revenges, what devilish torment  
will light

Upon me!—what agony-cup shall I drain for the dreadful deed 380  
That I wrought! Oh, never think that in bliss your return shall  
speed!

Ne'er may the World's Queen, bride of Zeus, accomplish for thee—  
She in whom thou delightest—this! Then may'st thou remember me  
When anguish-racked: may the Fleece like a dream fleet away  
from thine hand

Down the wind to the netherworld-gloom! Be thou chased from  
thy fatherland

By the Spirits of Vengeance for me, even after the measure of all

That through thy betrayal I suffered ! That earthward my curses  
should fall

Unaccomplished, shall God forbid ; for a great oath thou hast  
transgressed,

O ruthless ! Not long, for all this covenant-pledge, at rest  
From your troubles, on me shall ye wink with the eye, to make  
me your jest.'

So spake she, seething with vehement rage : fierce-eager was she  
To fire the ship, and to hew it in pieces utterly,

And to hurl herself mid the ravening flame. But, half-adread,  
Did Jason essay to soothe her with gentle words ; and he said :

' Ah, lady, forbear : me too this covenant liketh not.  
Only a little delay from the strife herein have we sought :  
Such a host of foes like a cloud of fire is on every side  
For thy sake. Yea, and the folk which in this same land abide  
Be eager to help Absyrtus, that back again to the hall  
Of thy sire he may hale thee like to a captive battle-thrall.

Howbeit should we in hateful destruction all be slain  
If we closed in the fight with these ; and therein were bitterer pain,  
If we leave thee a prey no less unto these, and withal we die.

But now shall this covenant find us a path of guile, whereby  
To destroy him. The folk of the land shall not be fain as before  
To favour the Kolchians in thee, when their king shall be with  
them no more,

He who forsooth as thy champion and brother doth claim thee  
to-day.

Yea also, I will not refrain me from matching my might in the fray  
With the Kolchian men, if then they bar mine homeward way.'

For her comfort he spake ; but with deadly words did she  
make reply :

' Give heed now :—it needs must be, when peril and shame are nigh,  
That we likewise counsel thereafter. Distraught I was at the first  
In mine error, and god-misguided accomplished desires accurst.  
Do thou be my shield from the Kolchian spears in the toil of the  
strife,

And I will beguile this man to lay in thine hands his life.

He shall come : and with dazzling gifts of welcoming win thou  
his heart,

If I haply persuade the heralds to hold themselves apart,  
And draw him alone unto me to hearken the thing I would say.  
Then thou, if this deed be good in thy sight—I say not nay—  
Slay him, and meet thereafter the Kolchian men in the fray.' 420

Even so these twain consented, and twined the net of guile  
For Absyrtus ; and many a gift of welcome prepared they the while.  
And with these a sacred mantle, a woven crimson flame,  
Gave they, Hypsipylé's gift. The Graces had fashioned the same  
For the God Dionysus in sea-girt Dia ; and he on his son,  
Thoas, bestowed it ; and this at his fleeing Hypsipylé won.  
And, with many a lovely marvel, that parting-gift wrought fair  
She gave unto Aison's son. Thine hands would linger there  
Touching, thine eyes beholding, ever unsatisfied.

And a scent ambrosial breathed therefrom, since that sweet tide 430  
When the King Nysaian himself thereon lay down to rest,  
With wine and with nectar flushed, lay clasping the beauteous breast  
Of the maiden the daughter of Minos, who sailed from the  
Knossian land

With Theseus, and there was forsaken of him upon Dia's strand.  
And Medea wrought on the heralds—for subtlest speech did she  
frame

To beguile them—when unto the Goddess's temple Absyrtus came  
For the covenant's sake, and when night's black pall should around  
them be rolled,

To depart, that with him she might plot to take that Fleece of Gold  
From the heroes, and bearing the prize with him to fare again  
To Aiètes' halls, for that Phrixus' sons by force had ta'en 440  
And had given her unto the strangers a captive to bear overseas.  
Even so she beguiled them ; and wide through the air and afar  
on the breeze

Cast she her witchery-spells, of might to draw from his lair  
On the trackless mountain the wild beast, lurk he how distant soe'er.

Ah, ruthless Love, great grief, great curse to the sons of earth !  
Of thee fell feuds, and anguish-moans, and laments have birth ;

From thee therewithal unnumbered woes as a flood forth burst.  
 'Gainst the sons of our foes, thou god, array thee battle-athirst,  
 As when thou didst thrill the heart of Medea with madness accurst !  
 But how, when to meet her he came, by an evil doom did she quell  
 Absyrtus ?—for this thing next must the song in order tell.

When the heroes had left the maiden on Artemis' island-strand  
 By the covenant, ran they their ships in a several place aland,  
 Even Kolchians and Minyans. Then to his ambush did Jason hie,  
 For Absyrtus to lie in wait, and for them of his company.  
 And now that hero, deathward-beguiled by their promise dread,  
 Over the swell of the sea in his galley swiftly sped,  
 And under the mirk night stepped on the Isle of the Holy Place,  
 And alone fared onward to meet his sister face to face,  
 And to try her with words,—as though some tender child should try  
 A wintertide torrent, when strong men may not cross thereby !—  
 If perchance she would weave him a treachery-snare for the stranger-  
 crew.

And now were they making agreement for all these things, they two,  
 When suddenly out of the gloom of his ambush the Aisonid leapt  
 Uplifting his naked sword in his hand : and the maiden swept  
 Her veil o'er her eyes, as she turned them away for averting of guilt  
 That she might not behold the blood of her slaughtered brother spilt,  
 And him, as a fletcher felleth a strong-horned bull, even so  
 Did he mark him, and smite him, hard by the fane which long ago  
 The Brygians which dwelt on the mainland-shore unto Artemis  
 wrought.

In the porchway thereof on his knees he fell ; and the hero caught  
 In his hands, as he gasped his latest breath, the dark-red tide  
 As it welled from the gash, and he hurled that murder-rain, that  
 it dyed

Crimson her silver veil and her robe, as she shrank aside.  
 And with swift side-glance the all-quelling Vengeance-fiend espied,  
 And her pitiless eye beheld that murderous deed they had done.  
 But the ends of the dead man's limbs then severed Aison's son :  
 Thrice licked he the blood from the sod, thrice spat it again to  
 the dust,

As the slayer must do that atonement be made for the treachery-thrust.

Then hid he the clammy corpse in the ground, where unto this day<sup>480</sup>  
In the land of Absyrta men be those bones lapped in clay.

Now the heroes the while gazed forth through the night, and beheld where shone

The glare of a torch which the maiden upraised for a sign to set on ;  
And alongside the Kolchian galley they laid their ship straightway,  
And they slaughtered the crew of the Kolchians, even as wild  
hawks slay

The tribes of the woodland cushats, or lions of the wold  
Drive huddled a mighty flock, when they leap to the midst of the fold.  
No, of them all was there none that escaped, but on all that throng  
Even as flame making havoc they rushed ; and it seemed o'erlong  
Ere Jason, afire for their helping, came : no need of his aid  
Had they ; nay rather for him by this were their hearts afraid.<sup>490</sup>  
Thereafter they sat them down to devise for their voyaging  
Deep counsel ; and, yet as they mused, stole into the midst of  
the ring

The maiden. And Peleus resolved him the first, and he spake  
the thing :

‘ Now call I upon you to enter up into the ship, and to row  
Cleaving your sea-path onward, while yet it is night, and the foe  
Tarry ; for when with the dawn they shall see and be ware of  
their plight,

There is no man, I trust me, who, bidding them follow the track  
of your flight,

Shall win them to hearken a word ; but, as folk of their king bereft,  
With grievous dissension shall these, and with faction, asunder be<sup>500</sup>  
cleft.

Wherefore our path henceforward,—when sundered our foemen are  
Each from his fellow,—to Hellas home shall be easier far.’

He spake, and the young men praised the counsel of Aiakus’ child ;  
And they entered the ship with haste, and they grasped the oars,  
and they toiled

Without rest, till they won by the sacred isle of Elektra—the same

Of the eyots is highest—and so to the river Eridanus came.

Now the Kolchians, so soon as the doom of their murdered  
king they knew,  
Eager were they for Argo to search and her Minyan crew  
Through all the Kronian Sea : but Hêrê held them back  
By terrible lightnings that flashed evermore from the cloudy rack,  
That they shuddered at last when they thought on their homes  
in Kytaiia-land,

And quailed for Aiêtes' wrath, and a king's avenging hand.  
So went they ashore, and abiding homes in the land they made  
Far-scattered ; for some set foot on the selfsame isles where stayed  
The heroes ;—the name of Absyrtus yet do the islanders bear ;—  
By the river Illyrican's darkling depths did others rear  
A tower-girt burg where the tomb of Harmonia and Kadmus  
doth stand :

With Enchelean men do they dwell : and some in the mountain-land  
Amidst of the ridges abide which the Crests of Thunder they call  
Since the day when crashed the thunders of Zeus their souls to appal,  
That they crossed not over the flood to the isle, on the heroes  
to fall.

Now these, when they weened that the home-return's grim  
peril was past,  
Who had gotten so far on now, made Argo's hawsers fast  
To the strand Hyllaian ; for thick in the river the eyots lie,  
And a troublous track they make it for them that would voyage  
thereby.

And the folk Hyllaian devised not their hurt, as in that past day :  
Nay, rather they did their endeavour to help them forth on their way.  
And they won for their guerdon the mighty tripod Apollo gave.  
For tripods twain had Phœbus bestowed, far over the wave  
To be borne in the Quest of Aison's son, when to Pytho's shrine  
He wended, to ask touching this same voyage the purpose divine.  
And this was their weird, that in whatso land those tripods were  
placed,

That land no foes breaking in thereupon should prevail to waste.  
Wherefore in that land yet by Hyllê's pleasant town

That tripod abideth, hidden beneath the earth deep down,  
 That the talisman so may continue of men unseen for aye.  
 Howbeit their king no longer alive in the land found they,  
 Even Hyllus, whom Melitè lovely-faced unto Herakles bare  
 In Phaeacia-land; for of old to the halls did the hero fare  
 Of Nausithous and Makris, the nurse of the God Dionysus : 540  
 defiled

With the blood of his children, he came to be cleansed. There  
 saw he the child

Of Aigaius the river, even the Naiad Melitè :

And he loved her, and humbled the maid, and Hyllus the strong  
 bare she

In Phaeacia-land. And he dwelt in Nausithous' halls awhile,  
 Being yet but a little one : but he left thereafter the isle.

For, as waxed within him his might, he brooked no longer to stay  
 At a king's beck there in the island that owned Nausithous' sway.  
 But he fared to the Kronian Sea, and a host of her sons forth led  
 From Phaeacia-land : yea, also the king his journeying sped,  
 The hero Nausithous. There did he stablish his home, and was slain 550  
 Defending his kine from the Mentors, the rovers of the main.

Now, Goddesses, tell how Argo's wondrous ensign came  
 Without this sea, by Ausonia-land, and the isles men name  
 The ' Long Row,' lone sea-cradles that nurse a Ligurian seed—  
 How stood clear forth mid-sea—what strong constraint, what need  
 Thitherward led her, what breezes they were that wafted her speed.

'Twas, I ween, when Absyrtus had fallen in mighty overthrow,  
 That the wrath of Zeus, the King of the Gods, for their deed  
 was aglow.

Yet he ordained the transgressors to cleanse them of murder's stain  
 By the counsels of Circè, and so, after measureless travail and pain, 560  
 Home to return ; yet this of the princes did no man know.

But they sped, when the land Hyllaian sank on the sea-marge low,  
 Afar; and they left behind them the isles that were thronged erewhile  
 With the Kolchians, isle Liburnian ranged in the sea after isle,  
 Issa, Dyskeladus, then Pityeia's lovely shore.

So passed they these, and overagainst Kerkyra they bore.

There was it Poseidon caused Asôpus' daughter to rest,  
 When by reason of love he wafted Kerkyra the beautiful-tressed  
 From the land of Phlius afar : and mariners marking it swell  
 Blackening up from the sea, while all about it fell  
 The folds of its darkling forests, named it Kerkyra the Black.  
 Thence sped they by Melitê, glad for the breeze blowing soft on  
 their track.

By Kerôsus the steep, and, far in the offing and faint as it showed,  
 By Nymphaia they fleted, the isle where the Lady Kalypso abode,  
 The daughter of Atlas : and misty and doubtful appeared to  
 their ken

The Crests of Thunder. And known unto Hêrê even then  
 Were the counsels of Zeus concerning these, and his mighty wrath.  
 Yet devised she how that great voyage should prosper, and full in  
 their path

Uproused she against them the storm-winds, which caught them,  
 and backward swept

To Elektra's rocky isle. But, from surge unto surge as they leapt,  
 Suddenly heard they a beam with a man's voice cry unto them  
 Out of the hollow ship, the which in the midst of the stem  
 Athênê had set—it was hewn from an oak in Dodona that grew;  
 And deadliest fear laid hold upon them as they hearkened thereto,  
 To the voice revealing the wrath of Zeus, and the stern decree  
 Which ordained that they should not escape from the paths of  
 an endless sea,

And affliction of tempests, till Circê should purge the guilt away  
 Of Absyrtus' ruthless murder. Moreover the voice bade pray  
 Polydeukes and Kastor withal to the Gods everlasting, to grant  
 First through the Ausonian sea a path to the secret haunt  
 Of Circê, the daughter whom Persê unto the Sun-god bare.

So Argo cried through the darkness : uprose that god-born pair,  
 Tyndareus' sons, and their hands to the deathless Gods did they raise  
 Praying the prayer commanded ; but hushed in awed amaze  
 Were the rest of the Minyan heroes. On under canvas, and on,  
 Leapt Argo, till deep within Eridanus' river they won.  
 There, stricken of old on the breast with the smouldering levin-fire,



Phaethon half-consumed from the car of his Sun-god sire  
Fell into the gulf of the fathomless mere ; and the seething stream  
From his burning wound even yet upbelcheth clouds of steam. 600  
Neither across that water outspreading her pinions light  
Any fowl of the air may win her way, but, even mid-flight  
Faint-fluttering, down mid the flame it plungeth. On either side  
Round poplars slim the Sun-god's daughters in slow dance glide,  
In misery wailing a piteous plaint, and adown from their eyne  
Raining to earth do the glittering drops of amber shine.  
These, parched by the beams of the sun, lie strewn at their feet  
on the sand ;

But whensoever the blasts of the wailing wind on the strand  
Are dashing the dark mere's surging billows and onward hurling,  
Then to Eridanus roll they, a huddled throng on-whirling 610  
In a rippling stream. Now a legend thereof do the Kelt-folk tell  
How that these which in eddies be tossed be the tears from  
Apollo that fell,

Even Lêto's son, which he shed without number in ancient days,  
What time he came to the Hyperboreans' sacred race,  
By his father's threatenings driven from the sunlit heaven to the earth,  
Wroth for his son, unto whom Karônis the Nymph gave birth  
In bright Lakyreia, where Amyrus' outfall seaward is rolled.  
Yea, such is the tale of these that amidst that people is told.  
And, thereon as they sailed, no care for meat nor for drink had they,  
Neither turned their thoughts unto gladness ; but ever day by day 620  
Sorely afflicted they were till their burdened hearts grew faint  
With the noisome stench that uprose, the unendurable taint  
From Eridanus' streams that reeked of Phaethon burning still.  
And ever by night they hearkened the shriek of the long wail shrill  
From the Sun-god's daughters lamenting. Their tears, as they  
mourned and wept,  
Like drops from the fruit of the olive adown to the waters were swept.  
Thence into Rhodanus ran they, whose deep-flowing waters fleet  
Into Eridanus' stream : and where the great floods meet,  
Roar they turmoiling and seething. Now Rhodanus cometh from  
far,

From the ends of the earth, where the portals of Night and her  
mansions are.

Thence bursteth he forth, and divideth his stream ; for the one  
part roareth

To the beaches of Ocean, and one to the sea Ionian poureth ;  
And a third to the main Sardinian, the sea-gulf limitless-vast,  
Through seven mouths sendeth his flood. So from Rhodanus  
forth they passed,

And they drave over wintry meres wide-spread—none telleth  
their bound—

Over the Keltic mainland, and well-nigh there had they found  
Inglorious doom : for a certain branch turns sideways flowing  
To the Ocean-gulf ; thereinto were these, of the peril unknowing,  
At point to thrust, and never alive had they won thereout.

But forth out of heaven Hêrê darted, and pealed her shout  
From the rock Herkynian : with fear were they shaken because  
of her cry

As one man all, for terribly crashed the wide-arched sky.

Backward they turned at the Goddess's warning, and then were  
they ware

Of the track, whereby for their home-return they needs must fare.  
So at last came they to a beach where the sea-surge moaning rolled,  
By Hêrê's devising, through tribes of the Keltic folk untold  
And Ligurians passing unharmed ; for about them a mist-veil dread  
Day after day, as homeward they fared, did the Goddess spread.  
And so through the midmost mouth of the river Argo sailed,  
And safe on the ' Long Row Isles ' did they land ; for the  
prayers had prevailed

Of the sons of Zeus ; for the which cause altars and temples aye  
Unto these have been reared : nor with those sea-farers alone  
went they

As helpers, but Zeus made these all mariners' saviours to be.

So the ' Long Row ' left they, and on to Aithalia sped oversea.  
There in athlete-strife did they supple their limbs, till the sweat  
of them dripped

As rain, and the pebbles are flecked as with scarf-skin strigil-stripped

To this day ; and their quoits and their wondrous armour are there, all stone ;

And yet in the name of the haven the glory of Argo is shown.

And swiftly speeding thence they flected the sea-swell o'er,  
To Ausonia's strand Tyrrhenian lifting their eyes evermore. 660

And they came to Aiaia's haven renowned, and forth of the prow

The hawsers adown to the strand they cast. And Circê now

There did they find, in the spray of the surf as she bathed her head,

For that dreams of the night had made the Spell-queen sorely adread.

For with blood did it seem that her palace-chambers, and every wall,

Were running, and flame was devouring her magic herbs, even all

Wherewith she was wont to bewitch what strangers soever came.

And herself with the blood of murder quenched that red-glowing

flame,

Scooping it up with her hands : so ceased she from deadly dismay.

Wherefore, when dawning uprose, in the sea-surf's flashing spray 670

At her waking she washed her vesture and bathed her braided hair.

And beasts—not like unto ravening beasts of the wold these were,

Nor in likeness fashioned as men, but as though from a medley-heap

They had gotten their limbs—in a throng followed after her,

even as sheep

From the folds in their multitudes following after the shepherd go.

Such shapes from the slime primeval did earth first cause to grow,

Herself the creator, compacted of limbs in confusion blent,

Ere yet into hardness she grew 'neath a rainless firmament,

Neither yet from the shafts of a scorching sun had she gotten her

dews

Of refreshing : but these as the ranks of an army did Time confuse, 680

As he marshalled them forth into being :—such monsters after

her pressed.

And exceeding amazement fell on the heroes ; and each man guessed,

As he gazed upon Circê's form, and the eyes unsoftened with ruth,

That this should be none save Aiëtes' sister in very sooth.

So when she had bidden her terrors of dreams of the night to flee,

Back straightway she paced ; and the heroes she bade in her subtlety

To follow, with witching beck of her fingers charming them on.

Yet steadfastly tarried the throng at the hest of Aison's son  
 In their place : but he went, and beside him the Kolchian maiden  
 he drew.

So trod they the selfsame path till they entered in, those two,  
 Into Circê's hall. In amaze at their coming, the Sorcery-queen  
 Bade them to sit them down upon thrones of burnished sheen.  
 But soundless and wordless they sped to her hearthstone's hallowed  
 place,

And there sat, after the wont of the suppliant in evil case ;  
 And Medea bowed her adown, and in both hands hid her face.  
 But Jason set in the earth his mighty-hilted sword  
 Wherewithal he had slain Aiêtes' son ; and his eyes guilt-lowered  
 Rose never to meet her glance. And straightway Circê was ware  
 Of the vengeance-hounded feet, and the hands that the blood-  
 stain bare.

Therefore for awe of the statutes of Zeus the Suppliant-ward,  
 The Manslayer's Champion, yea, an exceeding jealous lord,  
 She offered the sacrifice whereby they are cleansed from their guilt,  
 When they come to his mercy-seat, by whose fierce hands blood  
 hath been spilt.

First, to atone for the murder inexpiate yet, she held  
 Forth over their heads the young of a swine whose dugs yet swelled  
 From the fruit of the womb ; thereafter she severed its throat,  
 and she dyed

Their hands with the blood, and again with other drink-offerings  
 beside

Made the atonement, calling on Zeus, the Cleanser of all,  
 The Avenger of suppliants murder-stained, on his name which call.  
 Then all that in cleansing she used from the mansion her hand-  
 maids bore,

The Naiad-nymphs, which ministered whatso she needed therefor.  
 But Circê abode by the hearth, and thereon without wine did she burn,  
 Praying the while, the atonement-cakes, to the end she might turn  
 From their anger the terrible Vengeance-fiends, and that Zeus  
 might be wrought

Unto mercy and grace to the suppliants twain, his pardon who sought,

Whether they bowed at his throne for the life of a stranger shed,  
Or their kindred hands with the blood of their nearest and dearest  
were red.

But when she had wrought all so, and the work of atonement  
was done,

Then raised she them up, and seated them each on a gleaming throne,  
And herself sat nigh them, and eye to eye she straitly inquired <sup>720</sup>  
Wherefore they voyaged thus, and the thing that their hearts desired,  
And from what far shore they had come to her land and her palace-  
home,

And in suppliance sat on her threshold ; for into her soul had there  
come,

As she pondered, a hideous thought, as her dreams in remem-  
brance returned,

And to hear the voice of the maiden her kinswoman sorely she  
yearned ;

For she knew her, so soon as she lifted her down-drooped eyes  
from the earth,

For that plain to discern were all which drew from the Sun their birth,  
Forasmuch as they lightened afar a splendour like as of gold

From the flashings of their eyes upon whoso their face should behold.  
So Medea told unto her all things that she craved to know, <sup>730</sup>

Speaking the Kolchian tongue with utterance gentle and low,—  
Deep-hearted Aiêtes' child—of the Quest, of the paths where fared

The heroes, of all the conflicts sharp and stern that they dared ;  
How herself into sin by her woeful sister's pleading was led,

And how from her father's tyrannous terrors afar she had fled  
With Phrixus' sons. But from this she shrank, that nothing she

said

Of Absyrtus' murder ; yet Circê discerned it : but pity-stirred  
By her woe-stricken kinswoman's tears, she answered and spake

the word :

' Ah wretch ! thou hast found thee an evil and shameful home-  
ward path !

Not long, I ween, shalt thou 'scape from Aiêtes' terrible wrath. <sup>740</sup>  
Nay, but full soon will he go to the dwellings of Hellas-land

To avenge the blood of his son, the unspeakable deed of thine hand.  
 Yet, forasmuch as my suppliant thou art, and my sister withal,  
 None other harm unto thee at thy coming of me shall befall.  
 But begone from mine halls, companion who art in an alien's flight—  
 Whosoe'er be this fellow unknown thou hast ta'en in thy father's  
 despite!—

Nay, knee me no knees, earth-croucher! Naught shalt thou win  
 save blame,

Save a curse for thine heart's devices, for this thy flight of shame!'

So spake she; and comfortless grief overwhelmed Medea: she cast  
 Her robe o'er her eyes, and she wailed and wailed, till the hero  
 at last

By the hand upraised her, and forth of the palace-doors he led,  
 As she quivered with terror: and so from the mansions of Circê  
 they fled.

Yet they passed not unmarked of the Bride of Zeus; but Iris bore  
 Tidings to her, when she spied them faring forlorn from her door.  
 For Hêrê had bidden her watch what time they should wend to  
 the ship.

So again on her message she sped her, and spake with eager lip:

'Dear Iris, if ever mine hest thou fulfilledst in days overpast,  
 Now hie thee away, upon hurrying pinions speeding fast.

Hitherward bid thou Thetis to come to me, up from the sea  
 Rising: for need of her cometh to me. Thence hasten thee  
 Unto the echoing beaches whereon the brazen rows

Of the Fire-god's anvils are smitten with thunderous-crashing blows.  
 Speak to him to still the fire-blast's breathings, till Argo thereby  
 Shall have sped: thereafter shalt thou with my message to Aiolus  
 fly—

Aiolus, king of the welkin-begotten winds of the sky:—  
 Thou tell him my purpose, that all blasts under the firmament  
 He may hush to rest, and let not a wandering gust be sent  
 To ruffle the face of the sea: let Zephyr alone blow on,  
 Until to Alkinoüs' isle Phaeacian the heroes have won.'

So spake she: forthright from the verge of Olympus did Iris leap  
 Cleaving the welkin, outspreading her light wings. Into the deep

Ægean she plunged, even there where the mansions of Nereus stand.  
 And first unto Thetis she came, and according to all the command  
 Of Hêrê she spake, and uproused her to Heaven's Queen to soar.  
 Next unto Hephaistus she came, and with speed at her word he  
 forbore

From the clanging of hammers of iron; and stayed from their  
 tempest-blast

Were the smoke-grimed bellows. Thereafter on to the third  
 hath she passed,

Aiolus, Hippotas' glorious son. And even the while  
 Her message she told, and her swift knees rested from journeying toil,  
 Thetis from Nereus had gone and her sisters, and up from the sea <sup>780</sup>  
 And Olympus-ward to the presence of Hêrê the Queen passed she.  
 And she caused her to sit by her side, and she uttered forth the word :

'Hear, Goddess Thetis, the thing that my spirit to tell thee is  
 stirred.

Thou knowest how honoured is Aïson's son of me in mine heart,  
 And they that with him in the toil of the Quest have borne their part.  
 Alone did I save them then through the Clashing Rocks when  
 they flew,

When lightened the terrible flames, when the storm of the fire-  
 blast blew,

When white were the ragged reefs with the spume of the boiling  
 surge.

But a path by Scylla the Rock and Charybdis' fathomless gorge  
 Dreadly outbelching, awaits them:—O Thetis, I nursed thee of yore, <sup>790</sup>  
 Even I, when thou wast but a wordless babe, and I loved thee more  
 Than the others thy fellows, the Maids in the halls of brine which  
 abide,

Because thou refusedst, for all his desire, to couch by the side  
 Of Zeus—ay, so evermore be his thoughts all lust for embrace  
 Of a Goddess immortal, or couch of a princess of mortal race!  
 But for reverence of me, and for sacred fear which the heart of  
 thee bare,

Didst thou shrink from his love : thereafter a mighty oath he sware  
 That never shouldst thou be called the bride of a God undying ;

Yet for all this spared not, but followed thee sore loth, lustfully  
eyeing,

Till reverend Themis revealed unto him all Fate's decree, 8  
How that thy weird was to bear a son who should mightier be  
Than his father : wherefore, for all his desire, he refrained, for dread  
Lest another should rise up matching his might, and should rule  
in his stead

O'er the Deathless, and so should himself not hold the dominion  
for aye.

But the best of the sons of earth for thine husband I found, in the day  
That saw thine espousals, that sweetness of marriage might comfort  
thee,

And babes : and the Gods to the feast of thy solemnity,  
Even all, did I bid : in mine own hands then did the splendour shine  
Of the bridal torch, to requite that love, that honour of thine.  
Go to now, a word will I tell thee, a prophecy faithful and fast : 81  
What time thy son to the plain Elysian shall come at the last—  
Thy son, who now in the dwellings of Cheiron the Centaur-king,  
Forlorn of the mother's breast, is nursed by the Maids of the Spring—  
There is it his weird to wed Aiêtes' daughter ; but thou,  
Medea's mother that shalt be, help thy daughter now,  
Yea, Peleus withal—ha ! why is thine anger quenchless-hot ?  
Folly was his ; yet even the Gods may be folly-distraught.  
Of a surety, I ween, by my behests shall Hephaistus cease  
To cause the might of his fire to burn ; and Hippotades, 82  
Aiolus, all the rushing wings of his winds shall refrain,  
Save only the steadfast-breathing West, till the heroes shall gain  
The havens Phaeacian. Devise for them thou a return without bane.  
For the crags and the tyrannous-buffeting surges make me afraid,  
These only ; and these shall be foiled, if thou and thy sisters aid.  
In 'wildered amazement suffer them not to thrust their keel  
Charybdis-ward, lest down through her jaws to destruction they reel.  
Neither suffer thou them to approach unto Scylla's hideous lair—  
Ausonian Scylla the deadly, whom nightmare Hekatê bare,  
Even she whom Krataiis they call, to the Ancient of the sea—  
Lest with her horrible jaws down-swooping suddenly 83



She destroy of the heroes the chiefest. But guide thou onward  
the ship

In the course where still is a hairbreadth escape from destruction's  
grip.'

So spake she, and Thetis to her made answer with suchlike word:  
'If the might of the ravening fire and the winds' breath fury-stirred  
Shall in very deed be refrained, would I of a surety essay—  
Yea, I would pledge me, what though the surges should bar their way,  
To bring their ship safe through, if the West blow fresh and strong.  
But now is it time that I fare on the far track measureless-long  
Unto my sisters—they which herein shall strengthen mine hand,—  
And to where the ship's stern-hawsers be cast forth on to the strand, <sup>840</sup>  
That the men may at dawn take thought for the home-return to their  
land.'

She spake, and departed, and plunged from the height of the  
heaven mid swirls

Of the dark-blue sea; and she called to her sisters, the Nereïd-girls,  
To come to her help: and the Maids of the Sea, so soon as they heard,  
Gathered; and Thetis told them according to Hêrê's word;  
And she sped them all to the sea Ausonian thence forthright.  
And swifter herself than the flash of an eye, or the arrows of light  
Of the sun, from the uttermost bourne when his chariot-wheels up-  
flame,

On through the water she fled and flashed, until she came  
Unto the beach Aiaian of that Tyrrhenian main. <sup>850</sup>

And she found by the galley the heroes: the shaft on the string did  
they strain

For their sport, and the javelin they hurled: but she stole unto  
Peleus' side,

And she touched his hand; for of old had he won her, his Goddess-  
bride.

But the eyes of the others were holden: to him did the Goddess  
appear,

Of his eyes only discerned; and she murmured low in his ear:

'No longer now on the beaches Tyrrhenian sitting abide;  
But cast ye the hawsers of Argo loose with the dawning-tide,

Obeying your helper Héré's command ; for at her behest  
 The Sea-maids, daughters of Nereus, all to the trysting have pressed,  
 Through the midst of the Rocks which the Wanderers hight your  
 galley to speed

Safe ; for thereby is your course, and the path by fate decreed.  
 But see that thou show me to none, when thine eyes my form discern  
 Mid the Nymphs, as we meet thee, lest hotter thou cause mine anger  
 to burn

Than when erst thou didst kindle my spirit to anger swift and  
 stern.'

She spake, and she plunged through abysses of sea, and he saw her  
 no more :

And sharp pain smote him, who had not beheld her theretofore  
 Since the day she forsook her bridal bower and her couch at the first,  
 When for noble Achilles their babe into sudden anger she burst.  
 For the mortal flesh of her child did the Goddess encompass aye  
 Through the midst of the night with flames of fire, and day by day  
 With ambrosia anointed his tender frame, to make him thereby  
 Immortal, that loathly eld might come not his body anigh.

But Peleus from slumber upstart, and saw his beloved son  
 Gasping mid flame ; and he sent abroad, as he looked thereon,  
 A terrible cry in his folly exceeding. She heard him, and whirled  
 The babe aloft, and screaming adown on the earth she hurled :  
 And herself like a breath of the wind, or a dream at the breaking of  
 sleep,

Forth of the hall flitted swiftly, and into the sea did she leap  
 In her anger : and never thereafter returned she thither again.

Amazement fettered his soul : but, for all his 'wildered pain, 880  
 To his comrades he spake forth all the commands of his Goddess-  
 wife.

So these in the midst brake off, and refrained from the athlete-strife ;  
 And the meat of the eventide and the earth-strawn beds they dight,  
 Whereon, having supped, as aforetime they laid them and slept  
 through the night.

When Dawn 'gan sprinkle the sky from her chalice of light over-  
 brimming,

Even then, when the wings of the West-wind the face of the waters  
were skimming,

They went up from the strand, and they sat on the thwarts, and aboard  
they drew

Blithely the anchor-stones from the deep, and in order due  
The rest of the tackling all they lashed, and the sail spread wide  
On high from the yard-arm, straining it taut with the sheets of hide. <sup>890</sup>

Onward the fresh breeze wafted the ship : full soon they beheld  
A fair isle flower-bestarred, where the Siren Destroyers dwelled,  
Acheloüs' clear-voiced daughters, whose sweetsongs wont to beguile  
With their witchery whosoe'er cast anchor anigh that isle.

They were children whom lovely Terpsichorê, one of the Muses,  
bore

To the flood Acheloüs : and unto Dêmêter's daughter of yore,  
When she yet was unwedded, the noble Persephonê, ministered they,  
As in blended chorus they sang : but as birds in the latter day  
Were they fashioned in part to behold, and as maidens in part they  
were.

And aye keeping watch from the harbour-cliffs overbeetling their <sup>900</sup>  
lair,

From many an one had they reft sweet home-return, whom they slew  
With wasting consuming them. Lo, on a sudden to Argo's crew  
Pealed from their lips their clear-sweet voice. From the galley now  
Were they even at point to cast the hawser ashore from the prow ;  
But Thracian Orpheus matched him against that demon choir,  
And the hands of Oiagrius' scion swept the Bistonian lyre ;  
And the march of the song o'er the rippling melody rang ever higher,  
Till their ears were filled with the chiming and thrilled with the  
triumph of sound,

And the Sea-maids' shrilling chant in the storm of the lyre was  
drowned.

On flitted the ship, by the West-wind borne and the sighing swell <sup>910</sup>  
Upleaping astern ; and bootless the weird song failed and fell :—  
Not bootless all, for that Teleon's goodly son did leap  
From the polished thwart, ere his comrades could stay him, into the  
deep,

Butes, whose soul was bewitched by the Sirens' clear-ringing breath;  
 And he swam through the purple surge to tread that strand of death.  
 Doomed wretch ! — full soon had they robbed him there of his home-  
 return ;

But for him did the Cyprian Lady of Eryx in pity yearn,  
 And she snatched him away from the swirling wave, and safe she bore  
 Of her grace to dwell on the height Lilybœan on Sicily's shore.  
 So in anguish of spirit they left him : but perils worse than these <sup>92</sup>  
 Awaited them—shipwrecking gulfs in the meeting-place of the seas.  
 For on this side Scylla's smooth sheer crag uptowering loomed,  
 And on that side Charybdis seething in ceaseless thunder boomed ;  
 And elsewhere, swung by the mighty surge, met clanging and  
 crashing

The Wandering Rocks, where afront were the spurts of fire out-  
 flashing

From the crests of the cliffs, o'er the crag red-glowing on high  
 that burned.

And with smoke was the air all mistily shrouded : thou hadst not  
 discerned

The beams of the sun. Then, albeit Hephaistus refrained from his  
 toil,

With the hot uprushing steam did the sea yet bubble and boil.  
 Then Nereus' daughters from this side and that side the heroes met, <sup>93</sup>  
 And Thetis the Goddess her hand to the blade of the rudder set ;  
 And onward amidst of the Wandering Rocks the ship haled they.  
 And as when o'er the face of a summer sea the dolphins play  
 Circling around a ship as she runneth before the wind,  
 One while in front of her stern beheld, one while behind,  
 And alongside anon : and the shipmen be blithe for their gambol-  
 ling ;

So darted they up from the depths, so circled, a glimmering ring,  
 Round Argo the ship ; and Thetis was steering her course through  
 all.

And when now was the galley at point on the Wandering Rocks  
 to fall,

Straightway they kilted their skirts above their snowy knees, <sup>94</sup>

And high on the crests of the skerries, the breaking of madding  
seas,

To this side and that side they sped, far ranged apart to stand.  
Sea-cataracts crashed on her beam, fierce surges on either hand  
Higher upsoaring and higher o'er the rocks were bursting and  
streaming ;

And these now towered to the welkin, as mountain-crag in seeming,  
And now, whelmed down the abyss, on the Ocean's nethermost floor  
Grounded they : over their crests did the triumphing rollers roar.  
But the Nereïds, as maidens that flit to and fro on a sandy beach,  
With parted gown-laps kilted about the waist of each,  
Sport with a shapely rounded ball : one tosseth it on, 950  
And her fellow receiveth ; and high 'twixt heaven and earth is  
it gone

Sped from her hand to the welkin ; and never it toucheth the  
ground,

So from one unto other's hand passed on did the galley bound  
Through the air o'er the crests of the waves as they sped her, clear  
always

Of the rocks ; and around her the water upbelching was seething aye.  
And the Fire-king's self on the ridge of a surf-lashed scaur was there,  
While his sturdy hammer the weight of his massy shoulder bare.  
Thence marvelling gazed Hephaistus : the bride of Zeus looked  
down

Where she stood in the sunlit heaven, and round Athênê had thrown  
Her arms, in such faintness of fear, as she looked thereon, did she 960  
cling.

And long as the space of a day is lengthened out in the spring,  
So long was the time that they laboured, heaving with might and  
main

The ship through the thunderous-echoing rocks, till the wind again  
Blew out the canvas ; and onward they ran, and swiftly they sped  
By the meads of Thrinakria's isle, where the kine of the Sun-god  
fed.

Then the Nymphs in the semblance of sea-mews down through  
abysses of brine

Plunged, when wrought was the hest of Zeus's Bride divine.  
 Then through the air did there come to the heroes a bleating of sheep,  
 And a lowing of kine full nigh to their ears floated over the deep.  
 There a shepherdess-goddess pastured the sheep o'er the dewy lea,<sup>9</sup>  
 Phaëthusa—youngest of all the Sun-god's daughters was she—  
 Bearing a shepherd's crook of silver the while in her hand ;  
 And Lampetiê herded the kine, and of mountain-brass was the wand  
 That she swayed as she followed their steps : and the heroes them-  
 selves espied

Those herds by the river that pastured, the sliding gleam beside,  
 O'er the plain and the water-meadow : was none amid all that herd  
 Dun-hued of hide, but all white even as milk appeared.

And a glory of golden horns on the stately heads of them shone.  
 So they passed in the daytime the Sun-god's herds, and as night  
 drew on,

They went cleaving the great sea-gulf rejoicing, until once more<sup>98</sup>  
 The Child of the Mist, the Dawning, flashed on their sea-path hoar.

Now fronting the mouth of the gulf Ionian lieth an isle  
 In the sea Keraunian, forest-mantled, with deep rich soil,  
 Whereunder the sickle, saith legend, is lying—vouchsafe me your  
 grace,

Song-goddesses : loth do I speak of the tale of the olden days—  
 Wherewithal the strength of his father by Kronos was ruthlessly  
 shorn :

(But of some is it called Demêter-of-Hades' Reaper of Corn :  
 For Demêter in that land wont to abide in the days of old,  
 And she taught the Titans to reap the cornfield's spears of gold,  
 Of her love unto Makris) : the Sickle-land is it named therefrom,<sup>99</sup>  
 The Phaeacians' hallowed nurse : and by lineage so these come  
 Of Ouranus' very blood, and his sons the Phaeacians be.

So Argo through much tribulation came from Thrinakria's sea  
 With the breeze to the land Phaeacian. With welcoming sacrifice  
 Alkinoüs the king and his people received them in kindly wise :  
 And all the city with riot of mirth o'er the far-driven ones  
 Rejoiced : thou hadst said that they joyed o'er their own re-given  
 sons.

And the heroes themselves through the throng in gladness triumphant  
strode,

Even as though the heart of Haimonia-land they trod.

But now were they like to be donning their mail for the onset-<sup>1000</sup>  
cry,

So mighty a host of Kolchian men appeared hard by,  
Which down through the gorge of the Pontus, and on through the  
Craggs Dark-blue

Had passed to the uttermost sea in quest of the hero-crew.  
And Medea they chiefly were eager to hale to her father's house  
Without parley, or threatened else that the war-yell dolorous  
Should be raised for the slaughter-vengeance unrelenting and stern  
Both then, and when led by Aiêtes their host should thereafter return.  
Yet Alkinoüs the king restrained them amidst of their lust for the fray ;  
For he greatly desired without the clash of the strife to allay  
The haughty-hearted feud betwixt the war-hosts twain.

But the maiden in deadly fear besought again and again<sup>1010</sup>  
The comrades of Aison's son ; and again and again did she cling  
With her hands round the knees of Arêtê, the wife of Alkinoüs the  
king :

' I kneel unto thee, O Queen !—be gracious, and yield me not now  
To the Kolchians to hale to my father, if thou art of humankind, thou  
Which livest by bread—of the hearts into folly that swiftest rush,  
Whom lightest transgression adown the abysses of ruin doth push,  
Even so as my wisdom forsook me—nay, but it was not done  
By reason of lust : be witness the sacred light of the sun :  
Be witness the rites of Perseus' daughter, which haunteth the night,<sup>1020</sup>  
That not of my will with men of an alien land in flight  
Did I haste from mine home ; but horrible dread on my spirit wrought  
To bethink me of fleeing thus when I sinned : other help there was  
not,

Neither hope. My maidenhead yet unmarred abideth and clean,  
As it was in the halls of my father. Have pity upon me, O Queen ;  
And incline unto mercy the heart of thy lord ! May the Deathless so  
A life all-perfect on thee, all happiness bestow,  
And sons, and the boast of a city unravaged of any foe !'

So bowed at Arêtê's knees did she weep, and so beseech ;  
And thus to the heroes appealed she, turning to each after each : 10

‘ For your sakes, O ye chiefest of might, and for your emprise,  
Am I hounded of terrors thus, even I, by whose device  
Ye bowed the bulls to the yoke, and reaped that deadly swath  
Of the Earth-born Men—even I, through whom on the homeward  
path

Ye shall bear the Fleece of Gold full soon to Haimonia's shore—  
Even I, who have lost my country, my parents have lost evermore,  
Have lost mine home, have lost all pleasures of life that I knew,  
But to you have restored your country, your homes have restored  
unto you ;

And with rapture-litten eyes your parents again shall ye see.  
But from me—a tyrannous god all happiness reft from me ; 10  
And with alien men do I wander forlorn, an accursèd wight !  
Dread ye the covenant-troth and the oaths : the Avenging Sprite  
Of the suppliants dread, and the Gods' retribution, if ever I come  
To Aiêtes' hands, amid outrage and agony meeting my doom !  
No temple have I, neither tower of salvation, nor refuge beside :  
You cast I before me, mine only shield in the perilous tide.  
Hard hearts unrelenting and ruthless !—ye know not reverence, ye,  
For the suppliant, though ye behold as I stretch despairingly  
Mine hands to the knees of a stranger queen. Yet the Kolchian  
array,

One and all, had yefaced, when ye thirsted to bear the Fleece away : 10  
Yea, Aiêtes the proud had ye faced:—but your manhood hath fainted,  
is flown

Now, when your foes from their helpers be sundered, a handful  
alone.’

So passioned and prayed Medea. To whomso she bowed in  
prayer,

Ever he heartened her, fain to assuage her anguished despair.  
And their keen-whetted lances in wrathful-quivering hands did they  
shake,

And unscabbarded swords ; and they swore they would fail not her  
help nor forsake,



If the strange king touching the maiden unrighteous judgment spake.  
And lo, mid the throng as they wrangled, the night, that putteth to  
sleep

The labours of men, stole o'er them, and all the earth did she  
steep

In the balm of her quiet : but not on the maid fell slumber's peace 1060  
One whit, but her heart in her bosom for anguish writhed without  
cease.

Even as when a toiling woman windeth her thread  
Through the night, and her fatherless children around her be moaning  
for bread,

For that widowed she is ; and adown her cheeks stream ever the  
tears

As she thinketh upon this dreary lot that hath darkened her years ;  
Even so were the maid's cheeks wet, and her heart evermore in her  
breast

On the anguish-thorn impaled was writhing in wild unrest.

But amidst of the city the palace within, as in days gone by,  
Alkinoüs the king, and the lady of queenliest majesty,

The wife of Alkinoüs, lay in their bed, and many a word 1070  
Through the darkness in counsel they spake of the maiden ; and thus  
to her lord

With loving and earnest speech made answer the queen, and she said :  
' Yea, O my beloved—yet save, I beseech thee, the woe-stricken  
maid

From the Kolchians, showing a grace to the Minyan men. For  
anigh

To our isle lieth Argos ; the men of Haimonia dwell hard by.

But Aiêtes—he dwelleth not even anear, and nought do we know  
Of Aiêtes : we hear but his name. But the maiden's awful woe,

When she made supplication, mine heart within my breast hath torn.

Yield her not up to the Kolchians, my king, to her sire to be borne.

In madness she sinned at the first, when she gave him the charm that 1080  
should tame

The bulls ; and with wrong to amend that wrong—ay, oft times  
the same

In our sinning we do!—she straightway essayed ; and, shrinking  
in fear

From her proud sire's tyrannous wrath, she fled. Now the man,  
as I hear,

This Jason, is bound by mighty oaths, which his own lips said,  
When he pledged him to make her, his halls within, his wife  
true-wed.

Wherefore, beloved, constrain not Aïson's son to forswear  
His oath, of thy will, nor consent that the sire from the daughter  
should tear

Her life in the rage of his soul amid pangs unendurably keen :  
For cruelly jealous against their daughters are fathers, I ween.  
What vengeance did Nykteus wreak on Antiopê lovely-faced !  
What woes were of Danaë borne on the wide sea's desolate waste  
Through her sire's mad rage ! And of late, nor afar, it came to pass  
That wanton-tyrannous Echetus thrust the goads of brass  
Through the eyes of his daughter : and wasted and worn by her  
woeful doom,

She is grinding the grain of brass in a hovel's dungeon-gloom.'

So spake she beseeching; and softened so was the heart of the king  
By the words of his wife, and he spake in such wise answering :  
' Arêtê, the Kolchian men would I even, in harness arrayed,  
Drive forth of the land, for a grace to the heroes, to save yon maid.  
But I fear to set the unswerving justice of Zeus at nought.

Nor were this well done, to contemn, according to this thy thought,  
Aiêtes :—of kinglier king than Aiêtes may no man tell.

Yea, war, if he list, shall he bring against Hellas, afar though he dwell.  
Wherefore 'tis meet and right that the sentence be spoken of me  
That in all men's eyes shall be best, and I will not hide it from  
thee :—

If the damsel be virgin yet, I decree that the daughter be led  
To the father : but if she minister unto a husband's bed,  
I will part not from husband wife ; nor, if haply she bear 'neath  
her zone

His offspring, to foes will I yield up a child of Aïson's son.'

So spake he, and round him straight did the veil of slumber close.

But she laid up his wisdom her heart within ; and she straightway uprose

From her couch in the palace : the women her handmaids with hurrying feet

Came, eagerly tending their lady the Queen with service meet. And she silently summoned her herald, and spake in his ears her request

To be instant in bidding Aison's son, at his Queen's behest, To wed with the maiden, nor more with Alkinoüs the king to plead; For himself to the Kolchians would go and pronounce the doom decreed,

That, if she were virgin yet, he would render her up to be led To her father : but if she ministered unto a husband's bed, Not then would he sever the wife from the love of the lawfully wed. 1120

So spake she, and forth of the hall the feet of the herald sped Unto Jason, Arêtê the Queen's fair-omened message to bring, And Alkinoüs' counsel, the word of the god-revering king. And the heroes he found by the ship in their war-gear abiding awake In the haven of Hyllus, anigh to the city ; and out he spake The Queen's whole message, and each man's spirit was gladness-stirred,

Forasmuch as he spake in their ears an exceeding welcome word.

Straightway they mingled the bowl to the Gods that abide for aye; And with reverent hands to the altar the victim-sheep drew they. And the selfsame night for the maiden prepared they the couch 1130 of the bride

In a hallowed cave, where of old time Makris wont to abide, The child of the Honey-lord, Aristaius, whose wisdom discerned The toils of the bees, and the wealth of the labour of olives learned. And she was the first that received and in sheltering bosom bore The child Nysaian of Zeus, on Eubœa's Abantian shore. And with honey she moistened his lips, where the dew of life was dried

When Hermes bare him out of the fire. But Hêrê espied, And from all the isle that Nymph in her fierceness of anger she drave. Wherefore she dwelt far thence in the holy Phaeacian cave,

And blessing and weal beyond word to the folk of the land she gave. 14  
 Even there did they spread them the mighty couch and there-  
 over they laid

The glittering Golden Fleece, that the marriage so might be made  
 Honoured, a song in the mouths of bards. Flowers manifold-fair  
 The Nymphs in their snowy bosoms gathered, and thitherward bare.  
 And a splendour like as of fire glowed round those shapes divine,  
 Such glory-gleams from the golden tufts did shimmer and shine.  
 Sweet longing lit up their eyes : howbeit did awe withhold  
 Each one, though she yearned to lay but her hand on the wonder  
 of gold.

And of that bright throng the river Aigaius' daughters were some,  
 And some on the crests of Melité dwelt in their mountain-home ; 1  
 And forest-glen Nymphs of the plains were some : for Zeus's bride,  
 Even Hêrê, had sent them for honour to Jason's marriage-tide.  
 That cave is to this day named Medea's Sacred Grot,  
 Forasmuch as to wedlock's solemnities there these twain they  
 brought,

When the odorous-sweet fine linen they spread. And the heroes  
 without

Guarded them war-spear in hand, lest haply for battle the rout  
 Of their foes unawares should set on them, or ever the rites were sped.  
 And with sprays of bounteous leaf did they wreath each man  
 his head ;

And in harmony all, while clear the harp of Orpheus rang,  
 At the entering-in of the cave the bridal hymn they sang. 11  
 Yet not in Alkinoüs' home the hero Aïson's son,  
 But in halls of his father, the goal of marriage full fain had won,  
 When home he returned to Iolkos, and so withal was the mind  
 Of Medea, but hard compulsion constrained them now to be joined.  
 But even as never the tribes of the woe-stricken children of earth  
 May tread full-footed the path of delight, but still with our mirth  
 Hand in hand goeth pacing affliction bitter as gall,  
 So these, when melted with rapture of love were their souls,  
 were thrall

Unto dread, what things of Alkinoüs' sentence should haply befall.

So soon as the dawn with her beams ambrosial climbed heaven's  
height,  
And scattered the gloomy night through the welkin, and laughed  
in her light  
The island-beaches, and all the paths through the plains that wound  
Dew-gleaming afar, and awoke in the streets a murmur of sound,  
And her folk were astir through the town, and astir was the  
Kolchian host

In their camp far off on the bounds of the Makrian sea-ringed coast.  
Then straightway Alkinoüs hied him, by covenant-plight to hold,  
To utter his purpose as touching the maiden. His sceptre of gold,  
His staff of justice, he bare, wherewith to the multitude  
Of the city were meted the statutes with righteousness endued.  
And beside him, in ordered ranks arrayed in their harness of fight, 1180  
Squadron by squadron were marching Phaeacia's chiefest of might.  
And forth from the tower-girt city in throngs the women broke  
To gaze on the heroes; and men therewithal of the country-folk  
Met them, which heard the tidings; for Hêrê afar had sped  
A rumour that erred not: and one a lamb unblemished led,  
The choice of the sheep: with a heifer unlaboured one drew nigh;  
And others were ranging the earthen jars of wine hard by  
To mingle. The sacrifice-smoke was wafted far away.  
Came women with webs of costly labour, as women may,  
And with trinkets of gold, and with manifold ornaments therebeside, 1190  
Such gifts as be wont to be brought to the newly-wedded bride.  
And they marvelled beholding the heroes' stature and comeliness,  
As they towered o'er the throng, and Oiagrius' scion amidst of  
the press,  
As in time to the harmony-ringing lyre and the chanted strain  
Ever he smote and anon with his glittering sandal the plain.  
And the Nymphs all blending their voices, when marriage-notes  
chimed on the string,  
Uplifted the lovely bridal chant, and anon would they sing  
Alone and unprompted the song, as the wreaths of their dances  
they twined.  
O Hêrê, of thee was it done; for thou puttdest it into the mind

Of Arêtê to tell Alkinoiüs' prudent word of the night.  
 But so soon as the king had pronounced the decree of unswerving  
 right,  
 And when now was the marriage accomplished proclaimed in all  
 men's ears,  
 Then took he heed that it so should abide : no deadly fears  
 Touched him, nor Aiêtes' terrible wrath might his purpose shake ;  
 But he held by the word he had plighted, the oath that he would  
 not break.  
 And when now were the Kolchians ware that in vain they besought  
 him to swerve,  
 And when now he commanded them—' Either obey my decree  
 and observe,  
 Or forth of my havens and land afar shall your galleys sail ' ;—  
 Then in that hour for their own king's threatenings 'gan they quail,  
 And besought him amongst his folk to receive them. So there  
 in the land  
 Long time with the people Phaeacian dwelt the Kolchian band,  
 Till the Bacchiad lords, which by lineage sprang from Ephyрэ,  
 As the years passed, settled amidst them, and they to the isle oversea  
 Sailed : thence to the Thunder-hills of Abantian men must they go,  
 And therefrom to the folk Nestaian, and on to Oricum so.  
 But the river of time ere then down many a year must flow.  
 But still to the altars the yearly sacrifice men bring  
 For the Fates and the Nymphs in the fane of Apollo the Shepherd-  
 king,  
 Which altars Medea builded. And gifts, ere they passed o'er  
 the wave,  
 Full many Alkinoiüs gave them, and many Arêtê gave.  
 Thereafter withal on Medea Phaeacian handmaid-thralls  
 Twelve did the Queen bestow, to follow her forth of her halls.  
 On the seventh day sailed they away from Drepanê. Came with  
 the morn  
 A fresh breeze sent of Zeus : and so by the wind's breath borne  
 Onward and onward they ran. Howbeit not yet on the strand  
 Of Achaia by doom of the God might they tread, that hero-band,

Till yet they had toiled in the uttermost parts of Libya-land.

And now by the bay that is named the Ambracian Gulf had  
they sped,

And now had they left the Aetolian land with sail wide spread ;  
And thereafter the isles in the narrow Echinad strait that lie ; <sup>1230</sup>  
And Pelops' land in the offing but now might they dimly descry :  
Even then were they snatched away by the North-wind's baleful  
blast

In mid course : on to the Libyan sea did it sweep them fast  
Nine nights together, and days as many, until they had run  
Into the Syrtis afar, wherefrom returning is none  
For ships, when a storm-driven galley within that gulf shall be found.  
For on every hand be shoals, and the tangled weed all round  
Of the deep, and the salt foam-scum over all doth mantle and cling.  
Into haziest distance stretcheth the land : no living thing  
There moveth that creepeth or flieth. On that drear coast by the <sup>1240</sup>  
sweep

Of the flood-tide—for ofttimes the outrushing ebb draweth back  
to the deep

Far off from the land, and again with gurgling rush and roar  
Cometh bursting over his beaches—afar on the innermost shore  
Were they suddenly thrust, that the keel's full depth was covered  
no more.

Then leapt they forth of the ship, and in trouble of soul did they gaze  
On the dimness, the long low backs of the land all formless haze  
Far stretching away unbroken. Nor stream nor spring they espied,  
Neither path, nor, how distant soe'er, a steading thereon they  
descried

Of herdmen, but all the landskip in dead calm folded lay.

And in sore vexation of spirit did hero to hero say : <sup>1250</sup>

‘What manner of land is this ? Whither now hath the tempest's  
sway

Hurled us ? Would God we had dared, all reckless of deadly dismay,  
To rush right on through the path of the rocks of the grim sea-gate !  
Verily better it were, had we overleapt the fate  
Of Zeus, in daring a deed of heroic mood to have died !

But now, what thing should we do, which be prisoned by winds  
to abide

Here, though but a little span we continue?—in such drear wise  
The plain of the limitless land stretcheth up to the lowering skies.'

So cried they : thereafter in utter despair for their evil case  
Ankaius the helmsman spake with anguish-darkened face :

' Yea verily, ghestliest doom hath undone us. Escape there is not  
From destruction : for us but remaineth to suffer the cruellest lot,  
Which have fallen on this desolation ; yea, even though a breath  
there should be

Of air from the land, forasmuch as nought save shoals do I see,  
Afar as I gaze o'er the waters around ; and scanty the brine  
Overscaleth the hoary sands in foam-fretted line upon line.  
Yea, and our god-built ship had to shards been wretchedly torn  
Long since far off from the shore, but that out of the sea was it borne  
By the flood-tide's self uplifted, and high on the land was it thrown.  
But the tide now raceth aback to the deep, and foam alone  
Whereon saileth no keel, rolleth on, and but thinly the earth hath  
it veiled.

Wherefore, I trow, all hope of our sailing hath utterly failed—  
All hope of return ! Let another man show sea-craft herein.  
Lo, there is the helm—whosoever is fain our deliverance to win,  
Let him sit in my seat. But little doth Zeus desire, I wot,  
To crown with a day of return the toils we have suffered and  
wrought.'

So spake he, weeping the while ; and the others agreed thereto,  
Even all which had knowledge of ships ; and all the hearts of  
them grew

Chilly and numb, and over their cheeks was paleness shed.  
And even as, like unto lifeless spectres of folk long dead,  
Men creep through the streets of a town, and despairing the issue  
await

Of famine or leaguer of war, or a tempest unspeakably great  
Which hath swept o'er the land, and hath flooded the labours of  
oxen untold ;

Or when great goutts of blood from the images sweating have rolled,



Or when from the shrines of the temple ghostly bellowings wail,  
 Or the sun o'er the day's mid noontide draweth the night's black veil  
 Out of heaven, and the glittering stars come forth in splendour pale ;  
 So stricken, the chieftains then by the strand's verge endless-wide  
 Roamed loitering on. And at one stride came dark eventide.  
 And piteously around each other their arms did they throw 1290  
 With weeping farewell, that each from his fellow apart might go  
 To die, and might fling him adown on the sand to wait for the end.  
 So this way and that way to choose their couch of the night did  
 they wend ;  
 And each in the folds of his mantle enshrouded his head, and they  
 lay  
 Fasting and thirsting there through the livelong night and the day  
 Awaiting a piteous death. And the handmaids huddled in fear  
 Round Aiêtes' daughter apart shrilled lamentation drear.  
 And as when, of their mother forsaken, fledglings shrilly cheep,  
 Which have fallen to earth from a cleft in a sheer scaur's precipice-  
 steep,  
 Or as when 'twixt the low-browed banks of Pactolus' fair-flowing 1300  
 stream  
 The swans are upraising their song, and the meadow of dewy  
 gleam  
 Murmureth round, and murmur the river's ripples fair ;  
 So the handmaidens bowing low in the dust their golden hair,  
 All through the night were uplifting their pitiful wail of despair.  
 And now out of life had they slidden, had vanished from human  
 ken,  
 And the name and the fame of them never more had been heard 1300  
 among men,  
 Those noblest of heroes !—their task unaccomplished had ended  
 then :  
 Howbeit the Heroine-nymphs had pity of them as they pined  
 In helpless despair, the Warders of Libya, they that did find  
 Athênê, what time from the head of her father, in battle-gear 1310  
 All flashing, she sprang, and the new-born bathed they in Tritô's  
 mere.

The noon of the day it was, and the sun upon Libya-land  
 Burned with his fiercest beams : by Aison's son did they stand,  
 And the mantle-shroud from his head with soft light touch drew  
 they.

But the hero, downward drooping his eyes, thence turned them away,  
 For awe of the shapes divine : but with gentle words of cheer  
 With open face did they speak unto him in his 'wildered fear :

‘ Ill-starred one, wherefore so grievously smitten art thou with  
 despair ?

We know how ye fared for the Golden Fleece : of your toils we  
 be ware,

Even all the strength-overmastering labours on land that ye proved, 13  
 And all ye endured on the face of the watery deep as ye roved.

The Solitary Ones of the land, the Heroines, are we,  
 Warders and daughters of Libya, which speak which our voices  
 to thee.

Up then : let thy spirit not thus to affliction of misery yield,  
 And uprouse thy comrades, so soon as the steeds of the car swift-  
 wheeled

Of Poseidon, by Amphitrité loosed from the yoke, run free.  
 Unto your mother the nursing-debt then render ye  
 For all her travail, when long she bare you her womb within.  
 So haply again unto hallowed Achaia-land shall ye win.’

So spake they, and vanished, there as they stood, in the self- 13  
 same place

Where murmured their voices close in his ear : and with startled gaze  
 Staring around, on the earth sat Jason, and cried in amaze :

‘ Be gracious, ye glorious Goddesses, lone in the desert which  
 dwell !

Yet what this word of our home-coming meaneth I wot not well.  
 I will gather my comrades, and tell them, and learn what token  
 is this

Of escape :—in the multitude of counsellors safety there is.’

Then he leapt to his feet, and he shouted afar o'er the desolate  
 shore,

All dust-begrimed, as a lion that seeking his mate doth roar

Up and down through the forest-gloom : deep glens through many  
a hill

Far off at the sound of his voice's thunder shuddering thrill, 1340  
And tremble the oxen that roam the meads with exceeding fear,  
And the herders of kine : but never a whit dismaying to hear  
Was the hero's cry to his friends when the voice of his shouting  
they heard.

And they gathered with down-drooped eyes to his side, and they  
sat at his word

Sore troubled anigh where lay the ship ; and the women withal  
With the heroes mingled sat ; and he spake, and he told them all :

‘ Harken, O friends, for in this mine affliction Goddesses three,  
In vesture of goatskins girded about, from neck unto knee  
Overdrooping their shoulders and waists, as maidens of earth to  
behold,

Stood over mine head full nigh, and they drew my mantle's fold 1350

Away from mine head with fingers light, and they bade me arise  
From my couch of despair, bade rouse you up in the selfsame wise.

And they bade us to render our mother the nursing-debt again—  
Seeing that long in her womb she bare us with travail-pain—

Whensoever the steeds of the swift-wheeled car of the Lord of  
the Sea

Amphitritê should loose from the yoke. Howbeit it is not in me  
To divine what their prophecy meaneth. They named them,  
that stranger-band,

Heroines, daughters of Libya, and Warders of the Land.

Yea, whatsoever toils we endured in our journeying

By land or by sea, said they, they were ware of everything. 1360

No longer thereafter I saw them in place, but there came between  
A mist or a cloud—they appeared, and lo ! they were no more seen.’

He spake, and they marvelled all such tale to hear him tell.

Then to the Minyan men a most strange wonder befell :

For out of the sea to the land did a horse gigantic bound

With golden mane far-streaming that tossed his shoulders around.

And with one swift stamp he shook from his shoulders the briny  
spray,

And onward he galloped with feet like the blast of the wind:  
straightway

Unto the throng of his comrades did Peleus rejoicing say :

‘The steed of the car of the Lord of the Sea!—unyoked hath he  
been

Even but now by the hands of his dear-loved wife, I ween.

And our mother—none other is this, I divine, than the good ship  
there,

Argo ; for verily us within her womb she bare

With grievous anguish of travail groaning unceasingly.

Her therefore with stalwart strength and with tireless shoulders we

Will uplift, and afar o’er the wastes of the sandy land from the shore

Will we bear her, where yonder steed hath with swift feet sped  
before.

For he will not, he, sink into the earth, but his hoof-prints shall go  
Pointing the way for us inland afar from the sea, I trow.’

So did he speak : of his keen-witted counsel were all they fain. 13

Lo, this is the song of the Muses, and I but sing their strain,

The Pierides’ servant ; and this true tale in mine ears hath been told

That ye, O mightiest far of the sons of the kings of old,

By your manhood and might o’er the sands of Libya’s desert drear

Bare high over earth your galley and all her voyaging-gear,

On your shoulders laid, yea, bare her through long days two and ten,

And nights as many. That cup of affliction and travail then,

What tongue could tell it, which these in their toil filled up  
full-brim ?

Of a truth of the blood of the Deathless they were, such labour grim

Did they take on them, onward driven and on by Necessity’s goad, 13

Till afar mid the ripples of Triton’s mere how triumphantly strode,

How gladly adown from their stalwart shoulders they set their  
load !

Then rushing, like unto hounds in the wild hunt’s frenzy-burst,

Sought they a spring, for that now was there added parching thirst

Unto all their affliction and manifold anguish ; nor toiled they in vain

Wandering there ; for lo, they came to the sacred plain

Where but yesterday Ladon the Serpent of Libya in Atlas’ garden

Kept watch o'er the Apples of Gold ; and the Nymphs around  
their warden,

The Hesperides, rested never, chanting their lovely song.

But now by the arrows of Herakles stricken he lay along 1400

By the trunk of the apple-tree : only the tip of his tail had strength  
To quiver yet, but adown from his head, through all the length  
Of his dark chine, lifeless he lay. Where the arrows had left in his  
blood

The bitter gall of the Hydra of Lerna, a swarming brood  
Of flies o'er the venom-festering wounds of him crawled and clung.  
And thereby the Hesperides over their golden heads had flung  
Their white arms, shrilling their wail. And the wanderers suddenly  
drew

Anear, and to dust and to earth straightway, when the hero-crew  
Came hastily on, did they turn even there. But Orpheus was ware  
Of the portent divine, and he stood, and he spake to the Nymphs 1410  
in prayer :

‘ Divine Ones, lovely and kindly, O Queens, be gracious ye,  
Whether amongst the Heavenly Goddesses numbered ye be,  
Or the Earthly, or whether they name you the Lone Ones, Nymphs  
divine,

Come, O ye Nymphs, come, daughters of Ocean's sacred line !  
Appear ye in manifest form to our longing eyes, and show  
Some spring gushing forth from the rock, some sacred upwelling  
flow

From the bosom of Earth, O shapes divine, that the thirst which  
doth burn

Our tongues without cease may be quenched ; and if ever again we  
return

Unto Achaia-land in our weariful voyaging,

Then, as to the chiefest in heaven, to you which have done this 1420  
thing

Gifts and libations and feasts with grateful love will we bring.’

So spake he, praying with earnest voice ; and they from anear  
Pitied their pain. And first did they cause green grass to appear  
From the earth, and above the grass rose saplings tall, and these

Thereafter in fulness of bloom grew up into fair young trees :  
Tall-standing and straight, high up from the face of the earth they  
towered.

In a poplar was Hesperê veiled, Erythêis an elm embowered,  
And Aiglê a sacred willow. And out of the stems of them, lo !  
Appeared they, and like as before they had been, so again did they  
show,

A marvel exceeding great : and Aiglê silence brake, 1.  
And with gentle words in their longing ears she answered and  
spake :

‘ Of a surety for blessing to you and deliverance out of your toil,  
Hitherward came but now one ruthless and shameless, to spoil  
Our guardian serpent of life ; and the Goddesses’ apples of gold  
He plucked, and he bare them away, and he left us sorrowful-  
souled.

For there came yestreen a man most fell in wanton despite,  
Grim-shapen, whose eyes ’neath his scowling brows flashed terrible  
light,

A pitiless man : in a monster lion’s fell untanned,  
Raw hide, was he clad, with a stubborn olive-wood staff in his hand,  
And a bow, with the arrows whereof he shot yon dragon dead. 14  
And he came, he also, as one that afoot overland hath sped,  
Thirst-parched : and questing for water with diligent haste he  
sought

Through all this place—but, I ween, he was like to behold it not !  
Howbeit a certain rock by the mere Tritonian stood :

This, or of his own device, or a God wrought so on his mood,  
Did he smite with his foot, and forth did the water in full burst flow.  
Then down to the earth on his hands and his breast he bowed him  
low ;

And out of the rifted rock an unspeakable draught he swilled,  
Till his mighty maw, down-stooped like a beast of the field, he had  
filled.’

So spake she ; and they right glad thence hasted, until they came 145  
To the place where Aiglê had told of the spring ; and they found the  
same.

And as when earth-burrowing ants swarm round their narrow pit,  
 All hurrying to and fro, or when clustering flies, that have lit  
 Where lieth a drop of the honey sweet, a tiny gout,  
 Insatiate-eager are thronging, so in a huddled rout  
 The Minyans round that rock-spring crowded on every side.  
 And with wet lips thus in his gladness hero to hero cried :

‘ O strange !—howhath Herakles saved his companions forspent  
 with stress

Of thirst, though afar he were ! Would God that he yet might  
 bless

The eyes of us finding him faring on through the wilderness ! ’ 1460

Then shouted in answer they which were ready-dight for the deed.  
 And they parted, and this way and that way questing the lost did  
 they speed.

For the tracks of the hero by winds of the night had been wholly  
 effaced,

As they drifted the sand. And away did Boreas’ two sons haste,  
 Putting trust in their wings ; and Euphêmus trusting his feet flying  
 fast,

And Lynkeus the piercing glance of his eyes afar to cast :

And Kanthus, the fifth of the searchers, darted away with the rest,  
 Whom the doom of the Gods and his manfulness drave to essay that  
 quest,

That of Herakles’ mouth for certain tidings he so might inquire  
 Where he left Polyphemus, Eilatus’ son ; for with earnest desire 1470

Was he fain to ask of the hero concerning his lost friend’s  
 fate :—

But he mid the Mysians had builded a city glorious and great ;  
 Then yearning for home came o’er him, and seeking Argo he  
 passed

Far over the mainland, until he came to the land at the last  
 Of the sea-board Chalybans : there ’neath the mastering doom did  
 he fall,

And there up-piled is his grave-mound under a poplar tall  
 Facing the sea. But Lynkeus deemed that he spied that day  
 Over measureless spaces of land lone-faring and far away

Herakles—saw him as one that hath seen or hath thought he hath  
seen

The moon, when the month is young, through mist-veils floating  
between.

To his comrades returned he, and told them that quester thereafter  
should see

The hero no more as he journeyed. In like wise came those three,  
Even Euphêmus the swift of foot, and the scions twain  
Of the Thracian Wind of the North, having toiled and striven in  
vain.

But, Kanthus, in Libya thee did the fell Fates bring to thine end.  
Upon pasturing flocks didst thou light ; and the shepherd, that  
wont to tend

Those sheep, in defending them smote thee, when thou thereof wast  
fain

To take for thy comrades' need, and there of his hand was thou slain  
By the cast of a stone ; for in sooth no weakling there kept ward,  
Kaphaurus, the grandson of Phœbus, Lykoreia's Lord,  
And of fair Akakallis the princess, whom Minos drave from her  
home

In Libya to dwell, when the fruit of a God was found in her womb,  
His daughter she ; and a glorious son unto Phœbus she bare,  
Amphithemis namèd, and Garamas—twofold the names of him were.  
And a Nymph, the Lady of Triton's Lake, did Amphithemis wed ;  
And Nasamon's might and Kaphaurus the strong she bare to his  
bed,

Even him which smote down Kanthus, defending his sheep as he  
fought.

Yet from the chieftains' avenging hands escaped he not,  
When they learned what deed he had done ; and the Minyans  
sought their dead,

And they took up the corse, and they laid him to rest in the strait  
earth-bed,

Mourning, and took thereafter the slayer's sheep for a prey.  
There also Mopsus, Ampykus' son, in the selfsame day  
Did a pitiless fate cut off. Stern doom might he nowise shun



By his prophecy-lore, forasmuch as avoidance of death is there none,  
 For a dread snake lay mid the sand from the mid-noon sun to hide,  
 Too sluggish to strike of his will at such as would turn aside ;  
 Nor yet would he dart full face upon one that in fear shrank back.  
 Yet into whomso but once he should spit his venom black,  
 Of all that on life-sustaining earth draw living breath,  
 Not a cubit's length should be left of his path to the mansion of <sup>1510</sup>  
 Death,

No, not though the Healer God—if this I may say, nor sin—  
 Should medicine him, if only his teeth should have grazed but the  
 skin.

For when over Libya flying godlike Perseus came—  
 Who is also Eurymedon ; so did his mother name his name—  
 As unto the king the Gorgon's head new-severed he bore,  
 Whatsoever to earth dropped down of the dark-red gout of gore,  
 All quickened, and serpents thereof of the selfsame brood did there  
 spring.

Now Mopsus pressed on the ridge of the spine of the deadly thing,  
 Setting his left foot-sole thereupon ; and the beast in his pain  
 Writhed round it : the flesh 'twixt ankle and calf in his fangs hath <sup>1520</sup>  
 he ta'en,

And he tare it, the while Medea and all her handmaids fled  
 In affright. Howbeit the seer was handling, nothing adread,  
 The bleeding wound ; for the pain not grievously vexed his soul.  
 Ah wretch !—for already a numbness of deadly slumber stole  
 Unstringing his sinews : a thick mist flooded his eyes all round.  
 Straightway his burdened limbs all helplessly sank to the ground,  
 And chill did he grow. And his comrades, and Aison's son, amazed  
 At the strokes fast-falling of doom, on the dead man thronging  
 gazed.

Yet not for a little space, albeit but newly dead,  
 Might he lie in the sun, for that fast through his flesh 'gan corruption <sup>1530</sup>  
 to spread

From the venom : the very hair from the skin like slime was cast.  
 Therefore they straightway delved them a deep trench, labouring  
 fast

With mattocks of brass ; and in mourning thereafter their hair did  
they rend,

Both they and the maidens, bewailing the dead man's pitiful end.  
Round the hero meetly entombed then thrice in their warrior-gear  
Marched they, and over his grave the earth-mound high did they  
rear.

But when now they were gone aboard of the ship, and the South-  
wind blew

Over the sea, they must needs make guess of the strait wherethrough  
They should win forth out of Tritônis' mere ; neither any device  
Long had they, but all day long were they drifting in aimless wise.  
And as writheth a serpent along his crooked path, when beat  
The rays of the sun on the land, and scorch him with fiercest heat,  
And with hissing to this side and that side he turneth his head, and  
his eyne,

Like unto sparks that leap from the furnace, glitter and shine  
For his fury, until to his lair through a cleft of the rock he may  
creep ;

So Argo, seeking a mouth of the mere, a fairway deep,  
Long time tacked to and fro. Then Orpheus suddenly spake,  
That Apollo's massy tripod forth of the ship they should take,  
And propitiate the Gods of the land therewith for their home-going's  
sake.

So went they, and set Apollo's goodly gift on the shore.  
Then stood before them one, the form of a youth who bore,  
Even Triton the Wide-dominioned. From earth he uplifted a  
clod,

And he held it forth for his Stranger's Gift ; and spake the God :  
' Receive it, my friends : no gift exceeding goodly to see  
Here have I now to give unto them which seek unto me.  
But and if ye inquire touching this sea's paths—as many a time  
Is the need of men whose journeyings pass through an alien clime—  
I will tell you, seeing Poseidon hath made me to understand  
This sea, for that he is my father, and I am the king of the land  
By the sea—if perchance to your ears from afar Eurypylyus' name,  
Son of the Land of the Beasts of Ravin, from Libya came.'

He spake, and Euphêmus outstretched his hands right joyfully  
That gift of the clod to receive, and answering thus spake he :

‘If thou peradventure of Atthis and Minos’ sea dost know,  
O hero, to us who inquire the truth unfailing show.  
For not of our will have we hitherward come, but the tempests’  
might

Hath hurled us afar, on the borders of this your land to light :  
And our galley, shoulder-uplifted, a weary burden, I wis,  
Through the desert we bare to the waves of thy mere. But we  
know not this,

Whereby we shall sail thereout to win unto Pelops’ land.’

1570

He spake, and afar that other pointed, outstretching his hand  
To the sea, and the mouth of the deep-channelled mere, and he  
spake the word :

‘Lo, yonder lieth the path to the sea, where the deeps unstirred  
Darkest are gleaming : on either hand roll breakers white  
Green-glimmering under their shivering crests, and on forthright  
Through the lane of the breakers a straight path lieth to win from  
the mere.

And yon sea misty in distance beyond Crete stretcheth clear  
To the sacred land of Pelops. But rightward still steer ye,  
When forth of the mere ye have thrust, and ye ride on the swell of  
the sea.

And so long speed ye onward your course, close-hugging the land, <sup>1580</sup>  
Till ye come to an inland-trending gulf ; and then shall ye stand  
Boldly across to the ness where endeth the sweep of the shore  
Beyond. Therefrom shall your course be perplexity-troubled no  
more.

Now pass on your way rejoicing : let no man grieve the while  
That your limbs must labour, while yet ye have strength of your  
youth for toil.’

With kindly counsel he spake ; and they hied them aboard once  
more,

With intent to get them forth of the mere by toil of the oar.  
On sped they with eager purpose : and now did Triton take  
On his shoulder the mighty tripod ; and now did he enter the lake,

And they saw :—but thereafter did no man mark how he vanished  
 from sight  
 With the tripod, anigh though he were. Then each man's heart  
 grew light,  
 For that now for their helping had met them one of the Gods ever-  
 blest.  
 And they cried unto Aison's son to take of their sheep the best,  
 And to sacrifice to the God, and to chant the hymn of praise.  
 Then straightway he chose it in haste, and the victim on high did  
 he raise,  
 And slew it there on the stern, and the sacrifice-prayer he cried :  
 'Thou God, who hast manifested thyself on the mere's lone  
 side,—  
 Whether Triton the great sea-marvel thou be, or whether thy name  
 Be Phorkys or Nereus mid Sea-nymphs of Nereus' loins which  
 came,—  
 Be gracious thou, and vouchsafe heart-gladdening home-return.'

So praying he severed the throat of the victim, and down  
 from the stern  
 Mid the waves did he cast it. Out of the deep yet again did he rise:  
 In his own true form as a God was he manifest unto their eyes.  
 And as when one traineth a fleet-foot steed for the broad race-course,  
 Grasping the flowing mane of the hest-obeying horse,  
 Running lightly beside him, while high he is arching his neck in  
 his pride,  
 And followeth on, and the gleaming bit, as from side to side  
 He rolleth it 'twixt his champing jaws, is clashing and ringing ;  
 Even so with his hand to the keel of hollow Argo clinging,  
 Seaward he thrust her ; and all his form, from the stately crown  
 Of his head, over back and waist and navel, thus far down  
 Was his wondrous shape even such as the Gods ever-blessèd are.  
 But down from his loins the tail of a sea-beast lengthened far  
 Forking to this side and that, and he lashed the face of the tide  
 With his spines, which parted below into fins outcurving wide  
 In fashion like to the horns of the moon when the month is new.  
 Onward he drave her, till sped from the thrust of his hand she flew

To the sea : then sank he mid fathomless depths, and the heroes all  
Shouted, whose eyes beheld that awesome marvel befall.

There is the haven of Argo, and there are the signs of her stay : 1620

There stand to Poseidon and Triton altars unto this day ;

Forasmuch as for that day tarried they there. But with sail outspread  
At the dawning again before the West-wind's breath they fled.

And ever they kept the while that desert land to the right.

On the morning thereafter the ness they beheld, and the long  
sea-bight

Inland-trending beyond that seaward-jutting ness.

Then straightway the West-wind failed them, but blew the breath  
no less

Of the cloudless South ; and their hearts rejoiced, in the sail as  
it sighed.

And the sun went down, and uprose the star of the folding-tide,  
Which bringeth from labour rest unto ploughmen toil-fordone. 1630

Even then, when the wind died down as the darkling night drew on,  
Furled they the idle sail, and the mast exceeding tall

They lowered, and now to the toil of the polished oar did they fall  
All through the night and the day, and, when failed the light of  
the day,

Through the night thereafter, till rugged Karpathos far away  
Welcomed them : thence did they shape their course unto where  
rose high

Crete above all the rest of the isles in the sea which lie.

There Talos, the man of brass, from the stubborn scaur as he tore  
Rock-shards, withstood them from making the hawsers fast to  
the shore,

When came to the roadstead of Dirke's haven the sea-worn ones. 1640

Now he was the last of the brazen stock of the Ash-tree's sons :  
In the days of the Sons of the Gods none other on earth abode.

Him on Europa to guard her island Kronion bestowed ;

And thrice round Crete each day with his brazen feet he strode.

Now in all the rest of his body and limbs was he fashioned of brass

Which might not be broken : howbeit a blood-red vein there was  
By his ankle beneath the sinew, and guarded therewithin

Were the issues of life and of death by nought save a film of skin.  
And the men were with travail outworn, yet aloof from the land  
drew they

Their ship with the backward sweep of the oars, in exceeding dismay. 16  
To the outsea now from Crete had they turned them in plight forlorn,  
Tormented with thirst, and by all their travail-pain outworn ;  
But, even as they turned them, Medea spake to the hero-crew :

‘Hear me : alone, I ween, can I for your helping subdue  
Yon man, whosoever he be, though fashioned of brass all through  
Be his body, except he have life everlasting added thereto.  
But consent ye to keep hereby your galley beyond the flight  
Of his stones, till he yield unto me his overmastered might.’

Then backed they the galley, beyond the cast of his arm, to rest  
On the oars ; and they waited to see what counsel, of all unguessed, 16  
She would bring to pass. Then on either side of her cheeks  
did she hold

For a veil before her face her purple mantle’s fold.

Then up to the deck she went, and her hand did Aison’s son  
Grasp in his own, and from thwart to thwart so led her on.  
And the spell-chant raised she : the Fates with singing invoked  
she there,

Devourers of souls, swift hounds of Hades, through all the air  
Which be hovering ever, and swoop on the doomed the living among.  
Bowing the knee unto these threetimes she invoked them with song,  
And thrice with prayer; and with soul unto mischief shapen she cast  
The glance of the evil eye upon Talos, his vision to blast. 167  
And her teeth gnashed fury accursèd upon him, the arms of her waved  
Beckonings of doom, as of one that in frenzy of hatred raved.

Zeus Father, awe as a wind on my spirit bloweth chill,  
Seeing how by disease not alone, nor by wounds, the doom of ill  
Meeteth us, yea, how one from afar shall work our bane !

Even as he, though brazen, yielded yet to be slain  
By the might of Medea the sorceress. Then, as he heaved on high  
The massy rocks to withstand them from coming the haven anigh,  
On a spur of the crag did he graze his heel, and the ichor-flood  
Like melting lead gushed forth : nor long thereafter he stood 168

Towering up on the rock out-jutting that frowned o'er the brine.  
 But, even as high on the mountain side a giant pine,—  
 Which the woodmen have left, when adown from the forest at  
 even they hie,

With the keen axe half hewn through,—as the winds of the night  
 pass by,

Shivereth first in the blast, and swayeth ; but, snapt ere long  
 At the stump, down falleth ; so he on his feet all tireless-strong  
 For a little space yet stood, yet swayed he to and fro.

Thereafter all strengthless fell with a mighty crash their foe.  
 For that night there on the shore of Crete did the heroes lie ;  
 But thereafter, so soon as the glow of the dawn overflashed the sky, <sup>1690</sup>  
 A fane to Athênê Minôis builded they thereby.

Then water they drew them, and hied them aboard, that with  
 oars swift-spéd

Before all else they might pass beyond Salmônê's Head.

But even as they ran over Crete's wide sea, all suddenly came  
 A horror of darkness on them, which the Pall of Blackness they name,  
 The Night of Destruction. No stars shone through it, no faint  
 ray gleamed

Of the moon : black chaos from heaven descended, or haply up-  
 streamed

Darkness that might be felt from the depths of the nethermost hell.  
 And whether through Hades they drifted, or heaved on the  
 waters' swell,

Nowise they knew ; but unto the sea in helpless despair <sup>1700</sup>  
 They committed their home-return, to bear as it would. But  
 in prayer

Cried Jason with mighty voice, and to Phœbus his hands did he raise,  
 Calling on him to save them, the while the tears ran down his face  
 In his trouble. To Pytho and Amyklæ promised he once and again  
 Offerings unnumbered to bear, and gifts to Ortygia's fane.

And thou, O Lêtô's son, wast swift to hear : from on high  
 Unto Melas' rocks thou descendedst, amidst of the sea which lie.  
 Twin peaks hath the isle : upon one thereof didst thou dart, and stand  
 Uplifting on high thy golden bow in a God's right hand.

Flashed round thee on every side the bow's bright splendour-sheen. 1  
 Then of the voyagers' eyes was a little island seen  
 Of the Sporades, overagainst Hippuris' tiny isle.  
 There cast they anchor, and waited : and soon Dawn's rosy smile  
 Flushed up through the sky. In a tree-shadowed dell to Apollo  
 they made

A goodly hallowed place, and an altar mid twilight of shade.  
 And the Splendour-god, because of the splendour that far-seen  
 flamed,

Phœbus they called ; and Anaphê, ' Isle of Revealing,' they named  
 That rock, for that Phœbus revealed it to men bewildered sore.  
 And they sacrificed whatso men might provide on a desolate shore  
 For the sacrifice : but when, for that wine they had none, they shed 17

Water over the brands on the altar glowing red,  
 Medea's Phæacian maidens beholding them could not refrain  
 The laughter their bosoms within any more ; for that oxen slain  
 For the sacrifice in Alcinoüs' halls had they seen full oft.

But the heroes with mirthful hearts cast back their railing, and  
 scoffed

With gibing words : and so, like the flame's light-flickering play,  
 Flashed taunts 'twixt these and contention of jesting. And unto  
 this day,

From the old song-sport of the heroes, in that isle women fling  
 Even such light scoffs at the men when gifts of atonement they bring  
 To Apollo the Splendour-god, unto Anaphê's Warder-king. 17

But when thence they had loosed the hawsers, when summer-  
 winds blew light,

Then did Euphêmus call to remembrance a dream of the night,  
 In his awe of the glorious son of Maia. For lo, him thought  
 That the god-given clod in his palm close unto his breast he had  
 caught.

And therefrom like a suckling babe white streams of milk it drew,  
 Till the clod, for all that so little it were, to a woman grew  
 Like to a virgin. In love's embrace, by desire overborne,  
 Did he lie with the damsel : yet even as a maiden for ruth did  
 he mourn



To have humbled her whom the very milk of his breast had fed.  
 But she with unangry words spake comfort to him, and she said : 1740  
 ‘ Offspring of Triton am I, and the nurse of thy children to be :  
 No maid, dear friend ; for that Triton and Libya gave birth unto me.  
 But me to the maidens the Daughters of Nereus do thou restore  
 To dwell in the sea nigh Anaphê’s isle. I shall rise once more  
 To the light of the sun, for thy children’s children a home prepared.’

Now his heart called this to remembrance ; and all that dream  
 he declared

Unto Aison’s son : then he mused in his soul on a prophecy  
 Of the Smiter from Far, and he uttered his thought, and thus  
 spake he :

‘ O strange !—of a surety a weird of glorious renown is thine !  
 For the Gods shall make this clod, when thou castest it into the brine, 1750  
 An island, wherein thy children’s children hereafter shall live.  
 For this was the stranger’s-gift which Triton did freely give  
 To thine hand on the Libyan shore. Of the Gods that abide  
 for aye

None other was he who gave, when he met thee there in the way.’

He spake, and Euphêmus set not at nought that answering word ;  
 But his heart for the Aisonid’s oracle-promise was gladness-stirred ;  
 And he cast ’mid the surges the clod. Thence rose up an isle  
 from the sea,

Kallistê, the sacred nurse of Euphêmus’ children to be,  
 Which in Sintian Lemnos wont to dwell in the ancient days,  
 And from Lemnos were driven forth by men of Tyrrhenian race ; 1760  
 And to Sparta as suppliants came they : from Sparta fared they on,  
 Until they were led of Thôras, Autesion’s mighty son,  
 To Kallistê : then changed they its name, and Thôra the isle did  
 they call

From their chief :—but after Euphêmus’ days did this befall.

Thence parting, unhindered o’er long sea-rollers untold did they  
 fare

Till they stayed on Aigina’s beach ; and in innocent rivalry there  
 Hero with hero contended, the while the water they drew,  
 Who first should draw it, and who to the ship win first of the crew.

For their need, and withal the fresh strong breeze, bade hasten away.  
 Wherefore it cometh that yet do the youths of the Myrmidons lay  
 On their shoulders the jars full-brimmed, and burdened so do they  
     speed

With light-running feet o'er the race-course striving for victory's  
     meed.

Be gracious, O blest generation of chieftains!—may these lays  
     ring

Year after year in the ears of men ever sweeter to sing!

For now at the last am I come to the glorious ending of all,  
 To the bourne of your travail: for struggle nor strife did thereafter  
     befall

Unto you, as homeward-bound from Aigina did Argo flee,  
 Neither tempest of winds brake forth; but over a peaceful sea  
 By the land of Kekrops, by Aulis coasting, and under the lee  
 Of Eubœa, by cities Opuntian of Lokrian men did ye fleet,  
 Till with rapture of welcome on Pagasæ's strand ye set your feet.

*This rendering of the 'Argonautica,' now first published, has been translated from the original Greek by Arthur S. Way, M.A., the gifted translator of 'Homer's Iliad and Odyssey,' 'the Tragedies of Euripides,' and 'the Epodes of Horace.' In the accompanying 'Epilogue' the translator summarises the literary history of the poem, and indicates its place in Greek literature. The earlier English versions of the poem are the verse renderings by Fawkes and Green (1780), and Preston (1803). These translations are in the style of Pope; Preston's effort is the better; it is in three volumes, the second and third containing elaborate introductions and notes. The two poetical versions have been long out of print, and are now very rare. There is also an English prose rendering by Coleridge (Bohn, 1889).*

*As in the case of Chapman's 'Iliads,' the Publishers have thought it well to allow the type to run into the margin, so as to avoid the turning of the lines.*

*The General Editor desires to thank Mr Way for generously placing this new version of the old poem at his disposal for inclusion in the present series; he feels sure that many readers will appreciate this new-old treasure from 'the realms of gold.'*

I. G.

*Shakspeare's Day, 1901.*

## THE TRANSLATOR'S EPILOGUE

THE historian, if asked to name the country and the period in which literary men—not popular novelists, but men whose incentive to labour is the love of literature, science, research—were in the most enviable position, would go very far back from the present time, and point to Egypt as the country, and the three centuries before Christ as the period. ‘The history of literature,’ it has been said, ‘is hardly anything but a martyrology, as though there were a conspiracy of ingratitude among men:’ but the respect, honour and support accorded to literary genius under the Ptolemies form a striking contrast to its fate in other lands and epochs.

When, on the death of Alexander the Great, in 323 B.C., his vast empire was divided amongst his generals, one of them, Ptolemy Soter, became king of Egypt. Once established in his kingdom, he soon proved that he was very much more than a mere soldier. He was a man of brains, with a taste for literature, and a love for those who pursued it. His successors were worthy of him: the Ptolemies created an era in the history of literature; they made learning the fashion, and scholars, poets and men of science honourable.

Ptolemy I. (Soter) built at Alexandria a magnificent palace of learning, the Museum. This ‘Temple of the Muses’ was such in a very literal sense, and so was very much more than a museum in the restricted sense now commonly understood. It was a Residential Royal Academy of Literature, the Resident Fellows of which were literary men. The first great annexe to

the Museum was a Library, which the king spared no expense to make complete, and thus he attracted scholars from all Greek-speaking countries. His successor further enlarged the library, and added galleries of pictures and statues, and commenced a natural history museum. So it went on: Ptolemy after Ptolemy added to the completeness and magnificence of the now world-famous library, and amassed wealth of art-treasures and curiosities from all parts of the world. The foundation was richly endowed, so that the poets, scholars and scientists who dwelt there lived without a care, in sheltered comfort (Timon the Phliasian satirically called it 'the coop'), with every advantage for the prosecution of their labours, and (after the days of Ptolemy V. 204-181 B.C.) the prospect of a pension. There was a hall where they all dined, the king himself being sometimes of the company. Through generation after generation this institution was the hobby of the kings of Egypt, some of whom were themselves proud to be of the brotherhood of authors, and who vied with each other in fostering genius, talent and plodding industry, with a splendour, lavishness and zeal unapproached in any other age or country. It was Ptolemy II. (Philadelphus) under whose auspices was produced the great translation of the Hebrew Bible into Greek, known as the Septuagint, from which the authors of the New Testament quote. When Egypt passed under the dominion of Rome, the Museum and its endowments did not suffer. Livy speaks of it as a noble monument of the wealth of the Egyptian kings; and Ammianus Marcellinus says that till the time of Aurelian (A.D. 270-275) the Museum 'continued to be the habitation of scholars.' The College, or Royal Society of Literature, so nobly housed, was under the government of a President, nominated first by the Ptolemies, afterwards by the Roman Emperors.

Of course, patronage cannot create genius, though it can provide conditions favourable to its development; and but few men of genius appeared during this long period of the establishment and endowment of literature. But the general level of culture was raised, and the amount of literary work done was immense.

A great deal of learned labour was expended upon the interpretation of Homer. 'It may indeed be said,' remarks Prof. Mahaffy, 'that all philology among the Greeks, all textual and grammatical criticism, arose from the desire to purify and to understand the text of Homer, and then of other old poets.' At the same time, however, while nothing was more meritorious than the rôle of the commentator on Homer, nothing was less so than any attempt to imitate him, or to revive, in any shape or form, epic poetry. It was settled as an axiom beyond controversy that the age of great sustained poems was past, that the age of literary gem-work, of perfect finish in minute details, 'of art for art's sake,' had come to stay. So poets were to restrict themselves to 'short swallow-flights of song,' fables, hymns to various deities and sacred places, elegies, epigrams, the one thing needful being that every line should be a model of polished brilliance, and that each poem should be a mine of learned allusion. Of this literary faith and practice the great champion and exponent was Callimachus.<sup>1</sup> He was, in the days of Ptolemy Philadelphus (285-247 B.C.), President of the Museum, and, in Prof. Murray's words, 'was perhaps the most influential personality in literature between Plato and Cicero.' Philologist, archaeologist, historian, dramatist, poet, critic—there was scarcely a department of literature in which he did not, in the view of his contemporaries, excel; and his industry was enormous. As an example of the scale on which he worked, it is sufficient to mention just one of his many productions—an Encyclopædia of Literature, biographical, bibliographical and critical, in one hundred and twenty books. The prestige of his official position, coupled with his exact interpretation of the demands and capacities of his age, made him the autocrat of letters. He carved with incisive criticism, and lashed with merciless ridicule, the *Thebaid*, an epic written by Antimachus of Colophon in imitation of Homer, a work which the Emperor Hadrian, long afterwards, pronounced superior to Homer's—from which fact we learn more perhaps of Hadrian than of the *Thebaid*. We can faintly

<sup>1</sup> To him is attributed the saying, 'A great book is a great evil.'

imagine, then, with what scornful indignation Callimachus heard that a pupil of his own, a young inmate of the Museum, who owed all his literary culture to its head, had revolted from the cardinal principles of the one literary faith, had actually written an epic!

Apollonius, son of Illeus (or Silleus), born, about 270 B.C., at Naucratis (or, according to other accounts, at Alexandria), was kindled by his studies in Homer to attempt a theme never yet worthily sung—the story of the Quest of the Golden Fleece by heroes who were the fathers of those whose exploits Homer sang. He can hardly have been ignorant of his master's views on the subject of modern epics; but he may well have felt some confidence that he could do that which would prove them wrong, and may have given Callimachus credit for magnanimity enough to confess himself mistaken when confronted with the actual achievement of that which he had pronounced impossible.

He completed his task, and gave a public reading of his epic, probably in the lecture-hall of the Museum. Its reception was a bitter disappointment for him. The audience took its cue from the all-powerful President; and before the storm of impatient interruptions, angry disapproval and contemptuous laughter the poor lad—he was not twenty—broke down, 'flushing crimson with mortification,' as the old Greek biographer graphically records. He recognised only too clearly who had taken the lead in crushing him, and tried to retaliate in satirical verse and stinging epigram. But it is given to few to be as effective with this weapon as Dryden or Byron, and Apollonius found that his enemy's artillery, discharged as it was from the vantage-ground of social influence and official authority, overmatched his own. Callimachus was not ashamed to put forth all his strength against his young and friendless opponent; and his bitter satire, *The Ibis*,<sup>1</sup> seems to have displayed no little ability and power of invective. It long survived the occasion for which it was written, and must have been, in its kind, of some merit, since,

<sup>1</sup> 'The Bird of the Nile' in satirical allusion to Apollonius' birthplace being beside that river.

personal and local though it was, its celebrity lasted till the Augustan age of Rome. Ovid took it as his model in his satirical poem of the same name.

The young poet found literary life in Alexandria made impossible for him, and (invited perhaps by sympathisers) he sailed thence to Rhodes. He there produced a revised version of his epic, and was comforted by the applause with which the Rhodians received it. Honoured by all, and presented with the freedom of the city, he gratefully took for his country the land where he was appreciated, and was proud to be known as 'Apollonius of Rhodes.' He lived there many years, a renowned poet, and a popular professor of rhetoric. Meanwhile at Alexandria his old enemy died: the old literary cliques were no more: the fame of the prophet who had been without honour in his own country had recrossed the sea: men longed to atone for the neglect which was a discredit to themselves; and Apollonius was given to understand that a warm welcome was prepared for him in the land of his birth. The temptation to triumph on the scene of his humiliation was irresistible. He returned to Egypt: he read his poem to enthusiastic audiences: the opportune death of Eratosthenes, who had succeeded Callimachus as President and Chief Librarian, created a vacancy for which Apollonius was acclaimed the only possible successor. So, installed as the head of the culture and learning of the Greek world, he lived days of peaceful industry and satisfied ambition, till, full of years and honours, he passed away, and, as though to symbolise forgiveness and oblivion of old feuds, was buried beside his old master, Callimachus.

Like all the Alexandrian scholars, he was busy with his pen to the last. His most important works, besides the 'Tale of the Argonauts,' were the 'Foundations,' poems embodying the stories or legends of the origin or foundation of famous cities, such as Rhodes, Cnidus, Alexandria. But of them all only nine and a half lines survive, and it is on the *Argonautica* that his fame must rest. The poem is, like the epics of Vergil, Tasso, Tennyson, the work of a student, and not, like those of Homer, the work of a man



who had been a part of the life he described. Apollonius connected the Argonauts with all the legends or myths belonging to the places they might be supposed to have visited, gathering materials for this part of his work from the rich libraries in which he wrote. Hence we find traces of his having more matter than he quite knew what to do with ; and his digressions on the origins of cities, names, rites, and so forth, are occasionally such as the average reader will skip. Still, all together, they do not occupy proportionally as much space as the similarly little-read Catalogue of the Ships in the *Iliad*.

There can be no doubt that the *Argonautica* was for the ancients the one great epic between Homer and Vergil. Even contemporaries wrote commentaries on it. It was popular among the Romans. P. T. Varro earned fame by his translation of it, and Val. Flaccus wrote a Latin *Argonautica*, which was but a free translation of the Greek original. But his noblest eulogy will be found in the pages of Vergil, who drew no small part of his inspiration from him, transferring to his *Æneid* at least a score of episodes, similes, or picturesque touches.

On the other hand, Apollonius is very far from being an imitator of Homer. He is, indeed, considering the atmosphere in which his genius was trained, amazingly original ; and it is not the least proof of his genius that he recognised that his strength lay in the very things which were either neglected, or lightly touched on, by Homer. The elaborate picturesqueness and un-failing *verve* with which he describes the coasting voyages, the weird desolation of the Libyan sands, the gauntlet-fight, the battle with the giants, the passage of the Clashing Crags, and that of the Wandering Rocks, the ploughing with the brazen bulls, and many other such incidents, are examples of work of which Homer gives but slight and occasional examples : while the great and crowning achievement of the poem, the story of Medea's passion, with its fierce fervour, its thrilling pathos, its lovely tenderness and virginal purity, its strangely modern introspectiveness and analysis of motives, is absolutely without parallel, not in Homer alone, but in any Greek poet whose works have come down to us. Even

Vergil, with all his human sympathy, with all the advantage of having such a model before him, cannot rise to the same height: the love of Dido is a pale reflex of that of Medea. It is curious, too, to note that, even in the minor matter of similes, Apollonius remains original. In only one (Bk. II. 541-548, where he somewhat expands Homer's thought) can he be charged with imitation.

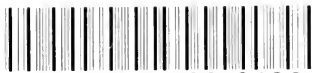
The argument has been well summed up by Prof. R. Ellis:—  
'For Apollonius the problem was how to write an epic which should be modelled on the Homeric epics, yet be so completely different as to suggest, not resemblance, but contrast. We think no one who has read even a hundred lines of the poem can fail to be struck by this. It is in fact the reason why it is a success. The *Argonautica* could not have been written without the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but it is in no sense an echo of either. Nay, we believe that a minute examination of Apollonius' language and rhythm would show that he placed himself under the most rigid laws of *intentional dissimilarity*. Not that this is more than one element of his success. His genius is quite as real an element; and no one will deny this who has studied the successive phases of Medea's passion in Book III. If, indeed, greatness could be tested by the extent of influence after death, the poem of Apollonius can rank only with the best works of Greek literature.'

THE END



THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

242  
-  
4-11-11



3 1158 00488 8136

100

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**B** 000 012 288 7

—

ST