

Longus

# Daphnis and Chloé



*Moses Hadas reading his introduction & translation*

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CONTENTS:

1 LP  
1 text (7 p.)

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# *Daphnis and Chloë*

Descriptive Notes Are Inside Pocket



## Band 1

**Prologue** Once while I was hunting in Lesbos I saw in a grove of the Nymphs the fairest sight I have ever seen. It was the painted picture of a tale of love. The grove itself was beautiful; it was thick with trees, and abounding in flowers, all well-watered by a single fountain which brought refreshment to both alike. But more delightful still was that picture, both for its consummate art and for its tale of love. Its fame drew many visitors, even from a distance, to supplicate the Nymphs and to view the painting. In it were represented women in childbed, and others fitting swaddling clothes upon infants. There were sheep nursing them and shepherds taking them up; there were young lovers pledging faith to one another, an incursion of pirates, an attack by invaders. All these scenes spoke of love, and as I looked upon and admired them I conceived a strong desire to compose a literary pendant to that painted picture. Upon inquiry I found an interpreter of the picture, and I have carefully set the story out in four books, as an offering to Eros, the Nymphs, and Pan, and as a delightful possession for all mankind. It will remedy disease, solace grief, bring fond recollections to him that has loved, and instruct him that has not loved. None, indeed, has escaped love or ever shall, as long as beauty survives and eyes to see it. May the god vouchsafe me to retain prudence as I write of the vicissitudes of others.

## Band 2 Book I

1 In Lesbos there is a large and handsome city, called Mytilene. It is divided by canals into which the sea flows, and adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You would think it was no city you looked upon, but islands. At a distance of some two hundred furlongs from this city was the country property of a rich man, a very fair estate. Its mountains abounded with game, its fields with corn, its hills with vines, its pastures with herds. A wide beach of soft sand was formed by the sea which washed the shore.

On this estate a goatherd named Lamon tended goats, and there found an infant being suckled by a she-goat. The spot was an oak coppice and tangled thicket, with ivy winding about it and soft grass beneath; it was there the infant lay. To this coppice the goat would frequently run, and then disappear. To stay with the child, she would leave her own kid. Lamon watched her movements, being grieved to see the kid neglected, and when the sun was at its noonday heat he followed her footsteps. Her he saw standing over the infant with the utmost caution, to avoid treading upon it or hurting it with her hoofs, while the child, as if at its mother's breast, sucked greedy draughts of milk. To imagine Lamon's surprise is easy. He approached nearer and discovered a male child, big and fine, and wrapped in swaddling clothes better far than becomed his cast-away lot. He had a little mantle of fine purple, a golden brooch, and a tiny sword with an ivory hilt. Lamon's first thought was to appropriate the tokens and disre-

gard the infant. But on reflection he was ashamed at conduct less humane than the goat's, and so he waited for night, when he fetched all to his wife Myrtale—the tokens, the child, and the she-goat too. Myrtale was astonished at the thought of goats producing little boys, but Lamon recounted his whole story: how he found it lying on the ground, how he saw it being suckled, and how he was overtaken with shame to leave it to perish. Myrtale shared his feelings, and so they hid the valuables, gave the child out as their own, and committed its nurture to the goat. And in order that the name of the child too should be suitably pastoral, they decided to call him Daphnis.

Now when two years had elapsed a shepherd of a neighboring pasturage, Dryas by name, chanced upon a similar find and a similar spectacle. There was a grotto of the Nymphs, a large rock, hollow within and curved without. In that grotto were statues of the Nymphs themselves, fashioned of stone.

Before the cave there stretched a trim meadow of abundant soft grass fed by the fountain's moisture. Within the grotto hung milk pails, angular flutes, flageolets, and reed pipes, the dedications of the shepherds of old. To this grotto of the Nymphs a ewe newly lambed regularly resorted, so that more than once the shepherd supposed her lost.

and so twisted green osiers in the shape of a noose, and approached the rock with a view to laying hold of her. But on his arrival a far different sight than he had expected greeted him. His ewe he found affectionately offering copious draughts of milk from her udder to an infant; the infant, for its part, eagerly turned its face, clean and shining, from one teat to the

other, uttering never a cry; and after it had drawn its fill the ewe licked the child's face with its tongue. This time it was a girl, and by it too there lay swaddling clothes, and trinkets—a headband of gold, gilt shoes, and golden anklets. Heaven-sent did Dryas consider his find, and, learning from the sheep her lesson of compassion and parental love, he took the infant up into his arms, laid its tokens by in his scrip, and prayed the Nymphs for good hap in rearing their suppliant. And when it came time to fold his flock, he returned to his steading, recounted to his wife the sights he had seen, and showed her the trove he had found. He bade her accept the babe as her own little girl, and so to rear it, keeping its origin secret. So then Nape (for so was she called) at once became the mother and loved the child tenderly, as if she was afraid of being outdone by the ewe. To lend her motherhood credit, she too gave the child a pastoral name—Chloe.

Both children grew rapidly, and revealed a beauty more exquisite than became rustics. The lad was now turned fifteen and the lass two years his junior when, in the same night Dryas and Lamon saw a dream somewhat as follows: it seemed that those Nymphs of the



grotto with the fountain, in which Dryas had found the babe, handed over both Daphnis and Chloe to a pert and pretty boy who had wings on his shoulders and carried a little bow and arrows in his hand. This boy then touched the lad and lass with a single arrow and enjoined them to follow a pastoral life, he to tend goats and she to tend sheep. When their foster parents saw this dream they were distressed to think the children would be but shepherds. From their fine swaddling clothes they had fancied a better fortune for them, and therefore had provided them better fare and taught them their letters and such other matters as rustics understand. Yet they considered that since the children had been preserved by divine providence, the divine behests must be heeded. And so, when they had communicated the dream to one another and had offered sacrifice to the Winged Boy, Companion of the Nymphs (his true name they did not know), they instructed the twain in their duties as shepherds and sent them out with the flocks. They learned how to pasture their herds before the noonday heat, and how when its intensity was abated, when to take them to water, and when to return them to the fold, which of their charges required the crook, and for which the voice alone was sufficient. They were exceedingly happy with their charge, as if it were some high ministry, and they loved their sheep and goats more than is common among shepherds—Chloe, because she owed her salvation to a ewe, and Daphnis, because he remembered that it was a goat who suckled him when he lay helpless.

The spring was at its prime and everywhere flowers were in bloom, in the woods, in the meadows, on the hills. Now was there buzzing of bees, warbling of song-birds, frolicking of lambs; on the hillsides the flocks gambled, the bees went humming through the meadows, and through the thickets the birds made minstrelsy. And when such springtide joy held everything in thrall, the young and tender pair imitated all they heard and all they saw. When they heard the caroling of the birds they too burst into song; when they saw the sportive lambs they too skipped lightly about; and the bees they imitated by gathering flowers. With some they filled their bosoms, others they wreathed into garlands and bestowed upon the Nymphs. All their work they did together, and they tended their flocks nigh one another. Often would Daphnis restore her sheep that had strayed, and often would Chloe drive his too venturesome goats from a precipice. Occasionally one would take charge of both flocks while the other was intent upon some pastime. Their amusements were of a childish and pastoral kind. Chloe would go hunting asphodel stalks, of which she wove traps for grasshoppers, neglecting her flock the while. Daphnis cut slender reeds, perforated the intervals between the joints, fitted them together with soft wax, and then practiced piping till nightfall. Sometimes they shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal of the provisions they brought from home. Sooner would one see the flocks of sheep or goats separated from one another than Daphnis and Chloe apart.

Then they went back to examine their flocks, and when they found that both the goats and the sheep were grazing quietly and undisturbed, they sat down at the stump of an oak and scrutinized Daphnis' body to see whether any part of it had been bloodied in the fall. No hurt or blood was to be seen, but his hair and the rest of his body were plastered with mud and dirt; to conceal the mischance from Lamon and Myrtale, he resolved to wash himself. With Chloe, then, he went to the grotto of the Nymphs, and gave her his tunic and scrip to hold while he stood by the fountain and washed his hair and all his body. Now his hair was black and full, and his body tinted by the sun; one might suppose it took its color from the shadow of his hair. Chloe looked on and thought him beautiful, and, having never thought him beautiful before, she thought that the bath was what conferred beauty. As she washed his back and shoulders his soft flesh yielded to her touch and she privily touched her own flesh to try whether she were the more tender. For the time, then, since the sun was at its setting, they drove their flocks home; and Chloe felt no other sensation except that she mightily desired to see Daphnis at his bathing again.

On the following day, when they reached their pasturage, Daphnis sat under his usual oak and played on his pipe, the while watching his goats, who seemed to take pleasure in the music. Chloe sat nearby and looked, indeed, at her flock of sheep, but much more did she look at Daphnis, and again she found him beautiful as he piped. Now she thought it was the music that produced beauty, so she took the pipe up after him, that she too might become beautiful. Then she persuaded him to bathe again, and she watched him as he bathed, and touched him as she watched. She went home filled with praise of him, and that praise was the beginning of love. What had come over her she did not know, being but a young girl and country bred and never having so much as heard the word "love" pronounced. But restlessness governed her spirit, she could not control her eyes, and frequently she murmured, "Daphnis." She neglected her food, lay awake at night, was unheeding of her flock. She laughed and wept by turns; now she would doze off, now start up; her face turned pale, and again burned with hot blushes. Not even a cow stung by a horsefly behaves so skittish. In a reverie she reasoned with herself as follows:

"I am sick for sure, but what the malady is I do not know. I am in pain, but can find no bruise. I am distressed, yet none of my sheep is missing. I feel a burning, yet am sitting in thick shade. How many times have I been pricked by brambles, yet I never cried; how many times have bees stung me, but I never lost my appetite. The thing that pricks my heart now is sharper than those. Daphnis is beautiful, but so are the flowers; his pipe makes fine music, but so does the nightingale—but flowers and nightingales do not disturb me. Would I could become a pipe, so that he might breathe upon me, a goat, that I might graze in his care! Ah, cruel water! Only Daphnis did you make beautiful; my bath-

ing was useless. I perish, dear Nymphs, and you do nothing to save the maiden who grew up among you. Who will crown you with flowers after I am gone? Who will take care of my poor lambs? Who will tend my chirping cicada? It cost me much trouble to catch, so that its song might lull me to sleep in the grotto; but now I cannot sleep because of Daphnis, and its chirping is useless!"

But Daphnis, as if he had been bitten rather than kissed, suddenly became gravity itself; he shivered by fits, and could not control his palpitating heart. He wanted to look at Chloe, but when he looked he was suffused with blushes. Then for the first time did he admire her hair because it was yellow, and her eyes, because they were big and soft like a heifer's, and her face, because it was truly whiter than his own goats' milk. It was as if he then first acquired eyes, having had none before. Now he took no food more than a morsel to taste, no drink except to wet his lips, and that under compulsion. Now was he fallen silent, who had been more chattering than the crickets, now sluggish, who had been brisker than a goat. His flock was neglected, his pipes flung away. His face was paler than summer grass. To Chloe alone was he talkative, and if ever he was away from her he would spin such fond soliloquies as this:

"What in the world has Chloe's kiss done to me? Her lips are softer than rose petals, her mouth sweeter than honeycomb; and yet that kiss was sharper than a bee's sting. Often have I kissed kids, often have I kissed young puppies, and the calf which Dorcon gave me. But this is a new kind of kiss. My breath leaps out, my heart jumps about, my spirit melts—and yet I want to be kissed again! Ah, that bad victory; ah, that novel malady, of which I do not even know how to say the name! Can it be that Chloe tasted some poison when she was going to kiss me? Then why did she not die? How cheerily the nightingales sing—but my pipe is silent; how gaily the kids gambol—and I sit listless; how richly the flowers bloom—and I weave no garlands; the violets and hyacinths are in flower, but Daphnis droops and withers. Shall Dorcon be looked upon as handsomer than me?" Such things did our excellent Daphnis suffer and such things did he say, when he first tasted the effects and the language of love.

Now spring was ended and summer begun, and all things were at their prime: the trees were laden with fruit, the fields with grain. Pleasant was the chirping of the crickets, sweet the aroma of fruit, delightful the bleating of lambs. One might fancy that even the rivers in their gentle course murmured soft music, that the breezes piped when they breathed upon the pines, that apples fell to earth out of love, and that the sun, who was a lover of beauty, stripped all things of their covering. All these things warmed Daphnis, and he plunged into the rivers; sometimes he bathed, and sometimes he chased the fish that swirled about in the water; sometimes he drank deeply, as if to quench the fire within.

Chloe, for her part, after she had milked the ewes and also many of the goats, had much trouble thickening her cream, for the flies vexed her and would sting if she tried to drive them off. But afterwards she washed her face, put on a garland of pine twigs, girt herself in her fawn skin, and filled a piggin with wine and milk to share with Daphnis. But when noon came on, their eyes succumbed to ravishment. For when Chloe looked upon Daphnis nude, his beauty smote her in a mass, and she melted, and could find fault with no part of him. And when Daphnis saw her in fawn skin and pine wreath holding the piggin out to him, he thought it was one of the Nymphs of the grotto he beheld. The pine, then, he snatched from her head, and crowned his own with it, first covering the wreath with kisses. And when he stripped for his bath, she dressed herself in his garment, having kissed that. Sometimes they pelted each other with apples, and dressed each other's hair, dividing the locks. She likened his hair to myrtle, because it was dark; and he her face to an apple, because it was fair with ruddy tinge. He would teach her, too, to pipe, and when she began to breathe into the instrument, would snatch it from her and run over the reeds with his own lips; he seemed to be correcting her fault, but was bestowing decent kisses on Chloe by means of the pipe.

### Band 3 Book II

After the burial of Dorcon, Chloe took Daphnis to the Nymphs, and brought him into the grotto, and there bathed him. And she herself then for the first time bathed her body in the sight of Daphnis. White it was and pure in its beauty, and needed no bathing to make it beautiful. Then they gathered flowers, such blooms as that season afforded, and they crowned the statues, and hung Dorcon's pipe on the rock as a votive offering.



## Band 1 Book II Cont'd

When quiet had fallen Daphnis went down to the plain where they were used to pasture, but he could see no goats or come upon any sheep, nor find Chloe. Everything seemed deserted, and he noticed the pipe with which Chloe was used to amuse herself lying where she had thrown it. Then he cried out and lamented pitifully, and ran to the beech tree where they used to sit, and then to the sea, if he could catch sight of her there, and then to the Nymphs, where she had taken refuge when she was dragged off. There he flung himself down on the ground, and heaped reproaches on the Nymphs as traitors: "Twas from you that Chloe was ravaged, and could you endure to look on patiently? She it was who wove garlands for you, she it was who poured you libations of new milk, hers is this pipe that hangs here as an offering. Never a single goat of mine did a wolf ravage, but now marauders have carried off the whole flock and my fellow, their shepherdess. My goats they will flay, the sheep they will butcher—and Chloe will be living in the city. With what face can I return to my father and my mother without my goats and without Chloe? I will be called slacker and deserter! I have nothing to tend. Here will I lie down and wait for either death or another enemy raid. Ah, my Chloe, are these your feelings too? Do you remember this plain and these Nymphs and me? Or are you comforted by having the sheep and the goats as your companions in captivity?"

The day was ended and night had put an end to their jollity, when suddenly the whole earth seemed to blaze out in bright flame, and the rhythmic beat of oars, as of a great fleet sailing toward them, was heard. Someone shouted to the commander to arm himself, one called out to another, some thought they were wounded, some lay in the likeness of death. It was all like a night battle, with no enemy there. After so terrifying a night the day following was more frightful still. The goats of Daphnis, and the she-goats, too, had branches filled with ivy berries on their horns, and the rams and ewes of Chloe howled like wolves. Chloe herself appeared, crowned with pine. The sea itself showed incredible prodigies. The anchors stuck fast in the bottom of the sea when men tried to raise them, and the oars were shattered when they dipped them into the water. Dolphins sprang out of the brine and struck the vessels with their tails and loosed their joints. From the top of the cliff which towered sheer over the headland there was heard the sound of a pipe, producing, however, not the pleasant notes a pipe yields, but terrifying hearers with a trumpet blast. The men were confounded, and ran to their weapons, and called out, "The enemy!" though they saw none. They prayed for night to return, to give them a truce to their terrors. To all who could think reasonably it was obvious that all that had transpired, the appearances and the sounds, were the work of Pan, who had some cause for anger against the

sailors. But the cause they could not conjecture, for they had ravaged no sanctuary of Pan. About midday the general fell into a sleep, not without divine agency, and Pan himself appeared to him, and said:

"Men most impious and wicked of all, how did you dare perpetrate such mad outrages? The fields which are dear to me you have filled with the tumults of war. The herds of cows and goats and sheep which were my peculiar care you have taken as plunder. You have dragged from the altars a maiden of whom Eros wishes to fashion a tale of love. You showed no reverence for the Nymphs who were looking on, nor for me, Pan. Never, sailing with such booty as this, will you see Methymna again, never will you escape the terrors of the pipe which has confounded you. I will drown you in the sea and make you food for fish unless you restore to the Nymphs Chloe and Chloe's flock, both the goats and the sheep. Bestir yourselves, therefore, and disembark the girl and the animals. Then shall I be your guide by sea and hers by land."

## Band 2 Book III

So was settled that war between the Methymnaeans and Mytilenaens, the beginning and end of which were equally unexpected. But more formidable than war was the winter which followed for Daphnis and Chloe. A sudden and heavy fall of snow blocked off all the roads and shut the farmers indoors. Wintry torrents rushed down the hills, ice froze hard, the trees seemed overwhelmed with their weight of snow, and all land disappeared except a little at fountains and streams. No one took flocks out of doors. At cockcrow they would build up a big fire, and some twisted linen, some wove goat's-hair, and some fashioned nets for birds. At the same time they took care to supply the mangers of the cattle with chaff, the cotes of the goats and sheep with leaves, and the sties of the pigs with holmberries and acorns.

When everyone was thus of necessity housebound, the farmers and shepherds generally were pleased at this respite from their labors, this opportunity to take leisurely meals, and to sleep long hours; to them winter appeared a more agreeable season than summer or autumn or even spring. But Chloe and Daphnis could only think of their interrupted delights—their kisses, their embraces, their happy meals together. They passed nights of sleeplessness and sorrow, and awaited the return of spring as a new birth after death. They were stung with pain if a scrip out of which they had eaten came into their hands, or if they chanced to see a pail from which they had drunk together, or a pipe, now cast away in neglect, which had once been a lover's gift. They prayed to the Nymphs and Pan to release them from these woes and again to show them and their flocks the sunshine; and as they prayed they sought some device by which they might see one another. Chloe was altogether at a loss and helpless, for her foster mother was always at her side, teaching her to card wool and whirl the spindle and speaking also of



matrimony. But Daphnis had more leisure and was more inventive than the girl, and so contrived the following device for seeing Chloe.

In front of Dryas' cottage, and indeed under the cottage itself, there grew two large myrtles and an ivy

formed a grotto-like arbor. From the vines hung abundant berries, as large as grapes. Quantities of winter birds flocked to the place for want of food elsewhere; there were black-birds, thrushes, wood pigeons, starlings, and other birds that feed on ivy berries. On the pretext of hunting these birds Daphnis filled his scrip with honeyed cakes and went out; to obviate all suspicion he took birdlime and snares also. Though the distance was not more than ten furlongs, the snow was still solid and made the road toilsome; but neither fire nor water nor Scythian snow can stand in the way of love.

On the run, then, Daphnis arrived at Dryas' cottage, and after shaking the snow off his legs he set his snares, smeared long sticks with birdlime, and sat down to fret over the birds and Chloe. As for the birds, quantities came and a large number were caught, so that Daphnis was fully occupied in collecting them, killing them, and plucking their feathers. But no one at all came out of the cottage, man, woman, or chicken; the whole household were hugging the fire inside. Daphnis was completely at a loss, and thought he had come at an "ill-birded" time. He ventured to look about for an excuse for knocking on the door, and pondered on what he could plausibly say. "I have come to get fire for kindling." . . . "But you have neighbors within a furlong." . . . "I came to ask for bread." . . . "But your scrip is stuffed with victuals." . . . "Please give me wine." . . . "But you had your vintage only the other day." . . . "A wolf has chased me." . . . "But where are the wolf's tracks?" . . . "I have come to hunt birds." . . . "Well, then, you have hunted; why don't you go home?" . . . "I want to see Chloe." . . . "But who could make such a profession to a girl's father and mother? Everywhere I am balked into silence; nothing I can say is free of suspicion. It is better to hold my peace. Chloe I shall see in the spring, since I am fated, as it seems, not to see her during the winter." Such was the course of his reverie, and so he gathered his bag together, and prepared to leave. But, as if Eros took pity upon him, the following then transpired.

Dryas and his household had sat down to table. The meat was portioned out, the bread was served, and the wine bowl mixed. One of the sheep dogs snatched some meat while no one was watching and ran outdoors. Dryas was annoyed (it was his portion the dog had taken), and so he grabbed a stick and followed the dog's tracks like another dog. His chase took him by the ivy arbor, where he spied Daphnis slinging his catch over his shoulders, determined to leave. Meat and dog alike immediately left Dryas' mind, and he shouted, "Hello there, boy!" He embraced him and kissed him and took him by the hand and brought him into the house. When the lovers saw each other they nearly

collapsed, but they found strength to stand upright while they saluted and kissed one another; in point of fact their embrace served as a buttress to keep them from falling.

Beyond his expectations, then, Daphnis got a kiss and Chloe herself. He sat down near the fire, and from his shoulders he unloaded onto the table the wood pigeons and the thrushes, and he explained how he had found keeping at home tedious and had gone a hunting, and how he had caught the birds.

The family praised his energy, and bade him eat—what the dog had left—and told Chloe to pour him a drink. She was very willing, but served the others first, and Daphnis after them. She pretended to be angry because, having come so far, he was going to run away without seeing her. Nevertheless, before she handed him his drink she sipped a little of it and then gave it to him. And he, though he was thirsty, drank very slowly, making his pleasure as long as possible by his delay.

The table was quickly cleared of bread and meat. Then as they sat about they inquired for Myrtale and Lamon, and they felicitated them on their good fortune in having such a provider for their old age. Daphnis was very pleased at being so commended in the hearing of Chloe. And when they insisted that he stay on the ground that they were going to sacrifice to Dionysos on the following day, it wanted but little for Daphnis to adore them instead of the god.

When day dawned the cold was very sharp, and the blast of the north wind parched everything. Dryas and his household arose, sacrificed a year-old ram to Dionysos, and kindled a big fire to cook the dinner. While Nape was baking bread and Dryas boiling the ram, Daphnis and Chloe were free to go to the arbor where the ivy was, and again they set snares and smeared birdlime and caught a good quantity of birds. They also enjoyed constant kisses and delightful conversation. "Twas for you I came, Chloe." "I know, Daphnis." "'Tis because of you I destroy these poor blackbirds. What do I mean to you? Do you think of me." "I do think of you, by the Nymphs by whom I swore in that grotto: we shall go there again when the snow has melted." "But there is so much of it, Chloe, I'm afraid I shall melt before it does." "Courage, Daphnis, the sun is warm." "Would it were as warm as the fire that burns my heart." "You are joking, to deceive me." "No, by the goats by whom you bade me swear." Thus antiphonally did Chloe respond to Daphnis, like an echo.

Many other times did he make the trip, on other pretexts, so that their winter proved not altogether devoid of love.

And now was spring beginning; the snow melted, the earth reappeared, grass was sprouting. The other shepherds drove their flocks to pasture, but ahead of them all were Chloe and Daphnis, for they were themselves in the service of a greater shepherd. First of all they hastened to the Nymphs and the grotto, thence to Pan



and the pine, then to the oak tree, under which they sat, pasturing their flocks and kissing one another. They searched for flowers also, wishing to crown the deities. These the nourishing zephyrs and the warming sun had but newly caused to shoot; but they did find violets and narcissus and pimpernel and others that the early spring brings forth. Chloe and Daphnis also tasted the new milk of goats and ewes, and they wreathed the statues and made libation to them. Then they drew the first notes from their pipes, as if challenging the nightingales to sing, and these answered softly from the thickets,

### Band 3 Book IV

4 There came a man from Mytilene, a fellow serf of Lamon's, and told him that a little before the vintage their master would come to discover whether the incursion of the Methymnaeans had worked any injury to his fields. The summer was already waning and autumn approaching, so Lamon worked to give everything an agreeable appearance for his master's sojourn. He purged the springs so that he might have pure water; he carried the manure out of the yard so that the smell might not offend; he trimmed his garden to make it tidy. A thing of beauty was this garden, a fit pleasance for a prince.

Lamon also instructed Daphnis to fatten his goats to the best possible condition, for the master would surely wish to inspect them on his long deferred visit. As for the goats, Daphnis was confident that he would receive praise; he had doubled the number he had received, not one had been carried off by a wolf, and they were fatter than sheep. But because he wished to win the master's good will for his proposed marriage, Daphnis showed very great diligence and exerted every effort: he took his flock out very early, and brought them back very late. He watered them twice daily, and looked out for the richest pasturage. He remembered to get new bowls and many milk pails and larger cheese racks. So solicitous was he that he oiled the goats' horns and brushed their shag; one might fancy his a sacred flock of Pan. All his work on the goats was shared by Chloe, who neglected her own flock to have more time for Daphnis' charges, so that Daphnis thought it was her efforts that made his beasts so handsome.

On the following morning Lamon went to the garden to water the flowers from the spring and saw the whole place devastated; the destruction was plainly a vandal's, not a thief's. Lamon tore his shirt in tatters and cried, "Ye gods!" so loudly that Myrtale dropped what she was doing and dashed out, and Daphnis let his goats go and ran up. When they saw the carnage they shrieked and wailed; this was a new kind of mourning—for flowers. It was for fear of their master that they wept, but even a stranger would weep at the sight. The place was dismantled, and only muddy ground was left. Blooms that had escaped the violent attack still flowered and shone and were beautiful even lying down. Upon them swarms of bees had settled, and their incessant buzzing was like a funeral dirge. Out of his consternation Lamon lamented:

How, how shall I now show this garden to my master? What will he say to me when he sees it? He will hang his old servant from some pine tree, like a Marsyas. Maybe he will hang Daphnis too, blaming his goats for the destruction." Now they no longer wept for the flowers, but for their own calamity, and their tears were the hotter. Chloe grieved at the thought of Daphnis hanging and prayed that their master might never come. She lived through heavy days of wretchedness, as if she already saw Daphnis under the scourge.

Dionysophantes was now of middle age, but tall and handsome and able to hold his own even with young men. In wealth he had but few peers, in virtue none. On the first day of his arrival he offered sacrifice to the gods who preside over the countryside, Demeter and Dionysos and Pan and the Nymphs, and set out a large mixing bowl for all present to share. On the days following he inspected Lamon's work, and, seeing the fields well furrowed, the grapevines flourishing, and the garden in order (Astylos had taken the blame for the ruined flowers), he was highly pleased and praised Lamon and promised to set him free. After this he visited the herds also, to see the goats and their shepherd. Chloe ran away to the woods, for she was shy and timid before so great a crowd. But Daphnis stood his ground. He was girt in a shaggy goatskin and wore a newly stitched scrip slung from his shoulders; both hands were occupied, one holding new-pressed cheeses, and the other suckling kids. If ever Apollo served Laomedon as cowherd he must have looked as Daphnis now appeared. Daphnis himself said not a word, but bowed down, covered with blushes, and held out his gifts. But Lamon spoke: "This, master, is the keeper of your goats. You gave me fifty goats to pasture and two males; he has made of them a hundred goats and ten males. You see how sleek they are, how rich their wool, how sound their horns. He has even made them musical, for all their movements are regulated by the pipe."

Cleariste, who was present at this speech, desired a demonstration of what had been said, and bade Daphnis pipe as he was accustomed to do, and promised him a tunic, cloak, and shoes as a reward. Daphnis made them sit as in a theater, took his stand under the beech tree, and brought his pipe out of his scrip. At first he breathed into it very gently, and the goats stood still and raised their heads. Next he blew the grazing tune, and the goats put their heads down and grazed. Then he sounded a clear, sweet note, and they all lay down together. He piped a shrill strain, and the goats fled into the woods as if a wolf were on the rampage. After a little he sounded the recall, and they all emerged from their covert and trooped about his feet. No one had ever seen human servants so obedient to their master's orders. Everyone was amazed, but Cleariste most of all, and she pledged herself to pay the promised award to the goatherd who was not only handsome but musical as well. The party then returned to the steading and busied themselves with their lunch, and they sent Daphnis portions of their own food. Daphnis shared his dainties with Chloe. He took pleasure in the savor



of city cooking, and was sanguine in his hope of persuading his master to consent to the marriage.

When he saw the little purple cloak, the gold brooch, and the ivory-hilted sword he cried, "Lord Zeus!" and called his wife to look. When she saw, she too cried out: "Ye dear Fates, are not these the things we exposed with our own child? Is it not to this neighborhood that we ordered Sophrosyne to carry them? They are no different, but the very same. My dear husband, the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and has been tending his own father's goats."

While she was still speaking and Dionysophantes was caressing the tokens and weeping for excess of joy, Astylos, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, flung off his cloak and ran to the garden, wishing to be the first to kiss him. When Daphnis saw him running, with others behind him, and shouting, "Daphnis!" he thought that it was in order to seize him that he ran, and so he flung down his scrip and pipe and made for the sea, with the intention of hurling himself down from the high rock. And perhaps (strange thought!) Daphnis found would have been lost, had not Astylos grasped the situation and called out: "Stop, Daphnis, do not be afraid! I am your brother, and your parents are they who were hitherto your masters. Lamon has just now told us about the she-goat and shown us the tokens. Turn around and look, see how happy and smiling our faces are. And give me the first kiss: I swear by the Nymphs that I am not deceiving you." These oaths barely prevailed upon Daphnis to halt, and he awaited Astylos, who was running, and kissed him when he came. While he was kissing him the rest of the crowd swept up—menservants, maidservants, the father himself, and his mother with him. All embraced and kissed him with happy tears. He greeted his father and mother before all the others, and, as if he had always known them, clung to their breasts and would not leave their embrace—so quickly does nature assert its rights.

Cleariste now took her and dressed her as became her son's wife. Dionysophantes drew Daphnis aside, and asked him whether Chloe were still a maid, and Daphnis swore that nothing more than kisses and pledges had passed between them. Dionysophantes was pleased with these assurances, and made them recline together at table.

Now could it be seen what beauty is when it receives proper adornment. Chloe dressed, with her hair combed and face washed, seemed so much handsomer to everyone that even Daphnis scarcely recognized her. Even without the tokens anyone would have sworn that Dryas was not the father of such a girl. He was, nevertheless, present, and Nape with him at the feast, and at a special couch, he had as his fellow diners Lamon and Myrtale. On the following days victims were again sacrificed and mixing bowls set out, and Chloe too dedicated her implements—pipe, scrip, skin, milk pails. She also mingled wine into the fountain in the grotto, for near it she had been nurtured and in it had often bathed. She also crowned the grave of the ewe, which

Dryas pointed out to her. And she piped once more to her flock; and then piped in prayer to the Nymphs that she should find the parents who exposed her worthy of her union with Daphnis.

When the party had had enough of rustic festivities they decided to return to the city, to seek Chloe's parents and to defer the marriage no longer.

Then Dionysophantes cried out in a voice louder than Megacles', and sprang from his place, and brought Chloe in very beautifully attired and said, "This is the child you exposed. By the providence of the Nymphs a ewe suckled this maiden for you, as a she-goat did Daphnis for me. Take your tokens and your daughter; take her and give her as a bride to Daphnis. Both have we exposed, both have we found; both have been cared for by Pan, the Nymphs, and Eros." Megacles approved of what had been said; he sent for his wife Rhode, and held Chloe to his bosom. They took their rest in that house, for Daphnis had sworn that he would part with Chloe to no one, not even to her own father.

Dionysophantes, since the day was fine, strewed couches of green leaves on the ground in front of the grotto, and he invited all the villagers to recline there and regaled them luxuriously. There were present Lamon and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's kinsmen, Philetas and his sons, and Chromis and Lycainion; even Lampis had been pardoned and was there. As be seemed such a banquet, the entertainment was all of a rustic and pastoral kind. One sang the song the reapers sing, another cracked the jokes the vintagers crack. Philetas blew his pipe and Lampis his flute; Dryas and Lamon danced. Chloe and Daphnis kissed one another. Even the goats grazed nearby, as if they too shared in the festivities. To the city folk this was not very agreeable; but Daphnis called the bucks by name, and gave them green leaves to eat, and held them by the horns and kissed them.

And not only then, but as long as they lived, for the greater part of the time Daphnis and Chloe led a pastoral life. They revered the gods, Nymphs, Pan, and Eros, they acquired numerous herds of sheep and goats, they thought fruit and milk the sweetest fare. Their male child they put to a goat to suckle, and their little daughter, who was the younger, they made to nurse from a ewe:

In this manner of life and in this spot they grew old together. They decorated the grotto, dedicated statues, and established an altar to Eros the Shepherd. Instead of his pine they gave Pan a temple to live in, and called it Pan the Warrior's.

But these things they did and these names they gave in later years. Upon that occasion, when night fell, the entire company escorted them to their bridal chamber, some playing pipes, some flutes, and other raising large torches. And when they came near the door, they sang out in shrill and harsh tones.

Daphnis and Chloe lay down together  
They embraced and kissed one another, and were no