

LONGUS: DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

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I was hunting on the island of Lesbos when I saw the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in the grove of the Nymphs. It was a story about Eros. The grove was a beautiful place, abounding in trees and flowers. Streams of water gushed down, flowing from the same spring that nourished the trees and flowers. But I found more pleasure in the painting, instilled as it was with unparalleled artistry and the fortunes of Eros. Many strangers, hearing about it, came to worship the Nymphs and gaze upon its images. It showed women giving birth, others wrapping the newborn in swaddling clothes, exposed infants, flocks of sheep suckling the babies, shepherds picking them up, and young people arranging marriages. There was a pirate raid and an invasion by the enemy. Many other things relating to Eros were there. I watched, and as I watched and stood amazed, passionate longing came over me to paint a response in writing to the painting. I searched out someone to interpret the images, and I completed four books. I offer them to Eros and the Nymphs and Pan as well as to all my fellows to be their delight and possession. It will heal whoever is ailing, console and comfort whoever is mourning, evoke memories for whoever has felt Eros, and educate whoever has yet to feel Eros. No one has escaped Eros or will escape Eros as long as there is beauty, and eyes see. May the gods grant me self-restraint in depicting what others have done.

FIRST BOOK

Mitylene is a large and beautiful city on the island of Lesbos. A strait whose waters flow gently from the sea separates it from the mainland. Many bridges of wood and brilliant white stone garnish its roads. You would not believe that you're looking at a city but an island. Some twenty miles outward lies the estate of a prosperous man, a very beautiful property. There were mountains, mother of wild things, and plains covered with fiery wheat, hills of fruit trees and vineyards. The sea dashed upon expansive beaches of soft sand. 2) Once upon this estate a goatherd was tending the flocks. Lamon was his name, and he stumbled upon a child being suckled by a goat. All around was a copse of oaks and brambles and wandering ivy and soft grass, and on the grass was lying the child. A goat was scurrying about constantly and kept disappearing from sight, leaving her kid alone. (She was tending to a baby.) Lamon watched her running back and forth and took pity on her neglected kid. During the heat of midday, he followed the goat's tracks and beheld her bestriding the child, taking care not to trample him with her hooves. The infant was sucking her milk as if from his mother's breast. Lamon gawked at the sight—as well he might. He came nearer and found a male child of great size and beauty bound in swaddling clothes that assured exposure from fortunate parents. Beside him were a small purple cloak, a golden brooch and a little dagger with an ivory handle. 3) Lamon first

thought of carrying off the tokens and leaving the infant, but then shame came over him. "Am I less than a goat in kindness toward a baby?" He waited until darkness, and, under its cover, he brought everything home to his wife Myrtale, the tokens, the child, the goat herself. Myrtale was confused: "Do goats bear children?" she asked. Lamon told her everything--how he found the baby, how he saw him being suckled, and how he was ashamed to leave him to die. She agreed with her husband about what to do. They hid the things that had been set out with the infant and called him their own, entrusting his nursing to the goat. They decided to call him Daphnis, a name, they thought, befitting a shepherd's son.

4) Two years later, a shepherd pasturing flocks in the neighboring estate, Dryas by name, chanced upon a similar discovery and sight. There was a cave of the Nymphs, a large rock, hollow inside but round outside. Statues of the Nymphs had been sculpted out of living rock inside. They were barefoot, their arms bare to the shoulder, and their hair falling freely across their necks. They wore a belt on their waists. They were smiling and were shown dancing. Half way into the cave, water was gushing forth from a spring, forming a flowing stream that nourished a lush and grassy meadow that spread round the mouth of the cave. Laid up inside were drinking bowls, all sorts of pipes and flutes, the offerings of shepherds of days gone by. 5) A sheep who had recently given birth kept going into the cave. She looked lost. The shepherd wanted to stop her and restore her to good order. He twisted a pliable sprig into a noose and approached the rock to lasso her, but when he arrived, he saw nothing of what he was expecting. The ewe was acting like a human mother, giving her breast in a plentiful flow of milk to a child who was not crying but greedily sucking, moving her pure and fair mouth from one teat to the other. When the child was satisfied, the animal licked her face clean with her tongue. The child was a girl infant whose swaddling clothes lay beside her along with a girdle interwoven with golden threads. sandals gilded with gold, and golden anklets. 6) The shepherd thought that his discovery was somehow inspired by the gods, and taught to pity and love the child by the ewe, he took the infant into his arms. He stuffed the tokens in his wallet and prayed to the Nymphs that he raise their suppliant in good fortune. The time arrived to drive his flocks home. He came into his hut and told his wife what he had seen and showed her what he found. He implored her to care for the child as their own and raise her as their own daughter and forget what happened. Nape (this was her name) instantly became her mother and loved the infant. It was as if she feared being bested by a sheep. At any rate, she conferred upon the baby girl the name Chloe, befitting a shepherd's daughter and a pledge of good faith to her husband.

7) The children grew up very quickly, and beauty graced them far more than their rustic surroundings would impart. By now, Daphnis was fifteen, and Chloe two years younger. Then Dryas and Lamon during the same night both saw the same sort of dream. They dreamed that the Nymphs, the ones in the cave where the spring gushed and Dryas found the infant, were entrusting Daphnis and Chloe to a capricious and beautiful infant boy who had wings on his shoulders and was carrying little arrows and a little bow. The boy touched them both with one arrow and ordered that for the future that the boy tend the herd of goats and the girl the flocks of sheep. 8) Dryas and Lamon were upset by what they had seen. Were the children to turn out to be goatherds and shepherds? For this, when their swaddling clothes promised so much better an outcome and fortune? Was it because of that fortune that they raised the children on fine foods and taught them their

letters and many beautiful things from country life? Still, it was prudent to obey the gods in dealing with children spared by the gods' doing. They shared their dreams with one another and sacrificed in the cave of the Nymphs to the "Winged Boy," for they couldn't state his name. They sent the children out with the herds but not before instructing them in each task—how they should go to pasture before noon and return after the heat abated, when they were to lead the flocks to water and to rest, when they should use their staff or their voice. The children were exuberant and accepted the goats and sheep as their magnificent empire. They loved them more than shepherds are wont to do. Chloe traced her rescue back to a sheep, while Daphnis remembered how he was exposed and a goat suckled him.

9) Spring was just beginning, and the flowers were at their peak in the oak groves, the meadows, and the mountains. Already there was the droning of bees, the singing of dulcet birds, and capering of newly born sheep. The lambs were capering about in the mountains, the bees were droning in the meadows, and the birds were singing spells over the trees. A marvelous time of year coddled everything in its embrace, and the tender youths began to imitate those they were listening to. Hearing the singing birds, they began to sing. Watching lambs capering, they began leaping about nimbly, and, imitating the bees, they gathered flowers and put them in their bosoms and entwined others into garlands and placed them upon the Nymphs. 10) They were grazing their flocks near one another and did everything together. Sometimes Daphnis rounded up stray sheep from her flocks, and sometimes Chloe drove the friskier goats down from the hanging cliffs. By this time, one watched over both flocks while the other was playing some game. Their games were the kind shepherds and children play. She gathered sticks and made traps for grasshoppers, getting so involved, that she neglected her flock. He cut off pliant reeds and bore out their joints and glued them together with soft wax to make a pipe, and practiced all day until nightfall. They shared their milk or wine, whatever there was to drink, and the food they brought from home, they pooled in a common store. You would sooner see the animals apart than Chloe and Daphnis.

11) While they were playing, Eros sent in their way something serious. A mother wolf was feeding her pups from the neighboring fields and seizing many sheep from other flocks to support them. During the night, the villagers gathered together and began digging broad, deep pits. They scattered the dug up dirt far and wide and stretched long dried out poles across the gaping hole. The rest of the dirt they spread out over the poles, making it look like untouched ground. Even a rabbit running there would break the poles, dry and fragile as they were, and everyone would soon know that it was not real earth but an imitation. They dug a lot of ditches in the mountains and on the plains, but they had no luck. They didn't capture the wolf, for she sensed that the ground had been cunningly fabricated. The villagers lost many goats and sheep, and along with them, Daphnis.

12) Two goats had worked themselves into a frenzy and fell into fighting. The sheer violence of their first butting shattered the horn of one goat. It snorted with pain and took to flight. The winning goat followed hard on its heels and wouldn't let it stop to rest. Daphnis was sorry about the horn, but the one goat's aggressiveness made him mad. He grabbed a club and his staff and set out after the goat. As happens when someone is trying to get away and someone is in hot pursuit, they weren't looking where they were going or at the ground under foot, and both fell into the pit, the goat first and then Daphnis. This

circumstance saved his life, for the goat broke his fall. And there in the pit he wept and waited for someone to pull him out. Chloe saw the whole thing and came running to the pit. Seeing that he was alive, she fetched a herdsman from the nearby fields. He came and began looking for a long reed to haul Daphnis out with, but he couldn't find any. Chloe loosened the clothe bound around her breast and gave it to the herdsman to let down into the pit. The two of them stood on the edge and began hauling, while Daphnis pulled on the breast band and inched up the side. They also removed the poor goat, now deprived of both its horns, a fitting pay-back for the vanquished goat. They gave the goat to the herdsman to sacrifice as their savior and were ready to lie to anybody at home to anyone who asked about it that the wolf got it.

Daphnis and Chloe returned to their herd and flock and watched over them. When they were sure that the goats and sheep were grazing in good order, they propped themselves up against an oak stump and began examining Daphnis to make certain he had not hurt himself in the fall. He wasn't injured or bleeding, but he was covered with mud and dirt from head to foot. 13) It seemed a good idea to bathe before any hint of the day's doings got back to Lamon and Myrtale. So Daphnis, accompanied by Chloe, went to the cave of the Nymphs. He gave his cloak and wallet to Chloe for safekeeping while he stood in the spring and washed himself. He had a shock of black hair, and his body was tanned by the sun. You might suppose that it had been tinted by the shade of his hair. To Chloe watching him, he seemed beautiful. She thought the washing had made him beautiful, since just then he seemed beautiful for the first time. When she was washing his back, his flesh seem soft so that, without realizing, she kept touching him to test whether it became softer.

The sun was already setting when they drove their flocks homeward. Chloe wasn't sorry about what had happened except about her desire to see Daphnis washing again. On the next day, when they arrived at the pasture, Daphnis sat down at their usual oak stump and began playing his pipe and watching the goats lying there as if they were listening to his music. Chloe sat nearby and looked over her flock of sheep, but she gazed more at Daphnis. He seemed beautiful to her, playing his pipe, and again she thought the reason for his beauty had to do with music. When he finished, she picked up the pipe to see whether she could become beautiful, also. She persuaded him to bathe again, and she watched him washing. She gazed upon him, and touched him, and, admiring him, she left. And that admiration was the beginning of Eros.

Chloe had no idea what was happening to her. She was, after all, a young girl raised in the rustic life who never heard anyone mention the name of Eros. Aching to her soul and bleary eyed, she talked Daphnis' ear off. She forgot to eat, lay awake at night, and lost interest in her sheep. One moment she was laughing, a moment later, she was sobbing. First, she sat down, then she popped up. Her face grew pale, and then it blazed red. She was more restless than a cow in heat. And when she was alone, words like these came to her: 14) "Now, I'm sick, but what sickness it is I don't know. I hurt, but I have no wound. I'm grieving, but none of my sheep has died. I've been scratched by thorns, but I never cried. I've been stung by bees, but I never complained. This thing, whatever it is, is harder on my heart than all those others. Daphnis is beautiful, yes, but so are the flowers. His pipe sends forth beautiful sounds, yes, but so do the nightingales. But no words come to me about those things. I wish that I could be his pipe so he could breathe into me all

day. Oh that I were a goat so I could graze under his watchful eye. O spiteful water, you made only Daphnis beautiful. I bathe in your waters, and nothing happens. I am lost, beloved Nymphs, and you don't rescue me, the girl who grew up at your side. Who will bestow garlands upon you when I am no longer? Who will rear the wretched lambs? Who will take care of the grasshopper I worked so hard to catch so she could lull me to sleep with her buzzing? Now I lie awake, thinking of Daphnis, and her song is useless.

15) Chloe suffered and talked to herself in her search for the name of Eros. But Dorkon, the herdsman who drew Daphnis and the goat out of the pit, was a mature youth who knew all about the name and the workings of Eros. Right from that day, he felt amorously toward Chloe, and the more time passed, the more he became inflamed in his soul. He scorned Daphnis, a boy he could get rid of by bribes or force. First, he brought them gifts, for Daphnis, a herdsman's pipe of nine reeds bound by bronze instead of wax, and for Chloe, a fawn skin for worshipping Dionysus that looked as if it had been painted. From then on, Dorkon was considered their friend, but soon he paid no attention to Daphnis. All day long, he would bring Chloe a soft cheese or a garland of flowers or a ripe fruit. He even brought her once a new born calf and a cup with an ivy pattern done in gold and the chicks of birds from the mountains. She had no experience with a lover's wiles and happily received the gifts, but she was happier still that she herself could make Daphnis happy.

By now even Daphnis was bound to recognize the works of Eros. Dorkon fell into a rivalry with Daphnis over who was more beautiful, and Chloe was the judge. A prize was fixed for the winner—to kiss Chloe. 16) Dorkon spoke first: "I am bigger than Daphnis. I am a herdsman and he is a goatherd. As cattle are stronger than goats, I am stronger than he. I am white like milk, with hair as red as the harvest about to be reaped. My mother nursed me, not a beast. He is small and beardless like a woman and as dark as a wolf. He pastures goats and stinks of them. He is poor, too poor to support a dog. And if, as they say, a goat provided him with milk, he is no different from a baby goat." These things and things like them Dorkon said. Then Daphnis spoke: "A goat suckled me just like Zeus. I pasture goats bigger than his cattle, and I don't stink of them unless Pan does and he's mostly goat. Cheese is enough for me and bread toasted on a spit and white wine, for I am Dionysus. I am dark, for I am a hyacinth. But Dionysus is more powerful than Satyrs, and the hyacinth more so than the lily. He is red-haired like the fox, his jaw juts out like a goat's, and he is white like a woman from the city. If you must kiss someone, you will kiss my lips but the hairs of his beard. Remember, maiden, that the flocks reared you, but you are beautiful." 17) Chloe did not wait another instant, but pleased by his admiration and already for a long time longing to kiss Daphnis, she sprung up and kissed someone who was untaught and unskilled but very capable of burning in his soul.

Rejected and hurt, Dorkon ran away to find another avenue of Eros. Meanwhile, Daphnis turned moody, like somebody who had been stung, not kissed. He often felt chills, and he couldn't keep his heart from fluttering. He wanted to look at Chloe, but when he did, he blushed all over. He stared at her for the first time in wonder at her blond hair and eyes as large as those of cows and her face whiter than the milk of her goats. He stood in awe of her as if he gained eyes for the first time and was maimed before then. He took only enough food to taste and enough drink to moisten his lips. He was silent when before he chattered more than the grasshoppers, and for someone always on the move, he

now sat stationary. He neglected his herd, he cast away his pipe. His face was greener than the grass of summer. He talked only to Chloe and, on the occasion he found himself alone, he said things like this to himself: 18) "What has Chloe's kiss done to me? Her lips were softer than rose petals, and her mouth sweeter than honeycombs. Many times I have kissed baby goats, many times I have kissed new born puppies and the calf that Dorkon gave us. But this kiss is new and strange. My breath leaps out of me, my heart flutters, my soul melts away, and yet I want to kiss her again. Oh, what an evil victory! Oh, what a strange sickness! Whose name I don't even know. Did Chloe taste poison just before she kissed me? Why didn't she die? The nightingales sing, but my pipe lies silent. Baby goats are frolicking, but I sit here. The flowers are at their loveliest, but I don't weave garlands. While the violets and hyacinth bloom, Daphnis is pining away. Even Dorkon will seem fairer of form than Daphnis."

19) Things like this the very good Daphnis suffered and said to himself, since he was tasting the works and words of Eros for the first time. But Dorkon, the cowherd and lover of Chloe, observing Dryas planting a fruit tree near a grafted vine, approached him with some noble cheeses and gave them to him as a gift, since he was a long time friend when they used to tend cattle. He struck up a conversation with Dryas and brought up the subject of Chloe's marriage. If he took her as his wife, he announced many great gifts as befits a cowherd: a yoke of plough oxen, for hives of honey bees, fifty apple trees, a bull's hide for sandals, and a yearling calf weaned from its mother. Dryas, overwhelmed by the gifts, almost consented to the marriage. But he considered how the girl was worthy of a better husband, and he was afraid that he would be found out and ruined by inescapable evils, so he made excuses and declined the marriage and refused the gifts.

20) Failing his hope a second time and out his fine cheeses, Dorkon resolved to lay his clutches on Chloe, if he could get her alone. He saw that every day either Daphnis or Chloe led their flocks to water, so he devised the kind of scheme you would expect of a cowherd. He took the hide of a large wolf that a bull gored to death with his horn in a fight over the cows. Dorkon stretched it around his back and down to his feet so that the forefeet covered his hands and the hind feet covered his legs up to his heels. The wolf's gaping mouth hooded his head like a soldier's helmet. He made himself as ferocious as he could, and came to the spring where the goats and sheep drank after grazing. The spring flowed through bottom land. Its surroundings had grown wild with acanthus, briar bushes, lowly junipers, and thistles. It was just the place that a real wolf could easily be lurking in ambush. Dorkon hid there and waited for the animals to come to the water. He had high hopes that he could frighten Chloe with this appearance and then grab her. 21) Not long afterwards, Chloe began driving her goats into the spring. She left Daphnis cutting green leaves as a treat for the kids after grazing. The dogs, who guard the sheep and follow the goats, since it is the job of dogs is to nose out smells, detected Dorkon as he moved to attack the girl. They howled a racket and set upon him as if upon a wolf. He panicked, and the dogs surrounded him before he could stand up and began biting him fiercely. Meanwhile, ashamed of being reproached and protecting himself beneath the covering of the hide, he lay silently in his ambush. Chloe, frightened at first by what she saw, called Daphnis for help. The dogs tore away the hide from Dorkon's body and began getting at him, he screamed and begged the girl and Daphnis, who was present by now, to help him. They called off the dogs with the usual sound and calmed them down. They led Dorkon, who had been bitten across his thighs and shoulders, to the spring. They washed his wounds and, softening the green bark of the elm with their teeth, they smeared the

paste over them. Because of their inexperience with the audacity of Eros, they thought donning the wolf's hide was a rustic joke. They weren't angry 22) but consoled Dorkon and walked him by the hand part of the way, finally sending him off on his own. Dorkon got into so much danger, the story went around, and was rescued, from a dog's mouth, not a wolf's.

Daphnis and Chloe toiled until nightfall at gathering their goats and sheep. They had been spooked by the wolf's hide and shaken by the dogs' barking. Some of them ran up into the rocks, and others down as far as the sea itself. They trained the animals to be entranced by the pipe and come together on their own, but this time fear caused them to forget everything. With a lot of work, Daphnis and Chloe found them, rather the way you would rabbits, by following their footprints, and drove them into the folds. That night, both fell into a deep sleep and found exhaustion to be a remedy from the pain of Eros. With the onset of day, they fell once again into suffering the same ills. They were happy to see one another and were sorry when they parted. They wanted something, but they didn't know what it was. They knew only that a kiss destroyed him as a bath destroyed her.

23) The season of the year also set them aflame. Already spring was ending, and summer was beginning. Everything was at its most glorious. The trees were laden with fruit, the plains were spread with standing crops, and the cicadas resounded pleasantly. The fruits smelled sweet, and the herds bleated with delight. You would suppose that even the gently flowing rivers were singing, and the winds, breathing upon the pines, were emitting the sounds of a pipe, and apples were longing to plunge to the earth, and the sun, that lover of beauty, was stripping clothes off everybody. Well then, Daphnis, inflamed by everything around him, went into the rivers. Sometimes, he bathed himself, and other times he tried to catch the fish swirling around. He drank often to quench the heat inside him. But Chloe, after milking the sheep and many of the goats, kept on working, setting up cheese. The flies were a terrible nuisance, stinging her when she didn't shoo them away. Then she washed her face and put pine branches on her head and a fawn skin for a belt. She mixed wine and milk to share with Daphnis. 24) Midday was upon them, and they were already seizing one another with their eyes. Chloe, seeing Daphnis naked all over, stumbled upon beauty and began melting, unable to fault any part of him. Daphnis, seeing her in the fawn skin and garland of pines and holding out the drink to him, thought that he was looking at one of the Nymphs from the cave. He snatched the garland from her head and donned it himself (but not before he kissed it). She put on his clothes while he was bathing naked but she kissed them first. On other occasions, they played catch with apples and braided each other's hair and decorated their heads. She compared his dark hair to myrtle, while he thought her white and blushing face like an apple. He was also teaching her to play the pipe. But whenever she was about to blow on the pipe, he snatched it from her and ran over the reeds with his lips. He seemed to be teaching an erring student, but he was actually kissing Chloe through the pretense of the pipe.

25) While he was playing his pipe at midday and the flocks were seeking shade, Chloe slipped into slumber. Daphnis noticed and, putting his pipe down, looked her all over greedily as if ashamed of nothing, and quietly he whispered: "What eyes are these sleeping? What mouth is breathing out and breathing it? Not even apples and wild pears equal her mouth. I'm afraid to kiss her. The kiss stings my heart and drives me mad like new honey. I shrink from kissing her for fear of waking her up. Oh, the chattering grasshoppers! They make loud noises and will keep her from sleeping. The goats are

fighting and bashing one another with their horns. And you wolves, fainter of heart than foxes, you did not ravage the goats."

26) While he was speaking, a grasshopper in flight from a swallow intent on catching it fell into Chloe's bosom. The swallow was following closely missed the grasshopper but, hot on the chase, brushed Chloe's cheeks with its wings. Not knowing what was happening, Chloe screamed and sprang out of her slumber. When she saw the swallow hovering nearby and Daphnis laughing at her fright, she relaxed and rubbed her eyes still desirous of sleep. The grasshopper sounded forth from her bosom like a suppliant expressing gratitude for being rescued. Chloe cried out again, and Daphnis laughed and, taking advantage of the excuse, reached down into her bosom and drew out the good grasshopper. Even in his hand, it didn't stop singing. Chloe was captivated by it and, taking it from Daphnis, she kissed it and put it back still buzzing into her bosom.

27) But they were also charmed by the wood pigeon who sang from the trees. When Chloe wanted to learn what it was saying, Daphnis repeated the familiar tale. "Fair maiden, there was a very beautiful maiden who herded cows in the wood. She was musical, and her music enchanted her cows. She did not herd them with a staff or prod, but sitting down beneath a pine tree and wreathed in pine, she would sing of Pan and Pine, and her cows stayed close to her voice. A boy was herding cattle not far off, and he was beautiful and musical like the maid. He decided to rival her in song and showed a stronger voice since he was a man, and a sweeter voice since he was a boy. He bewitched eight of her cows and beguiled them over to his herd. The girl was brokenhearted by the loss to her herd and the defeat of her singing, and she prayed to the gods to become a bird before she reached home. The gods were persuaded and transformed her into a bird that dwells in the mountains like the girl and is musical like her. Still even today she tells of her misfortune in her songs because she keeps looking for her cows."

28) Such joys the summer held out for them. When late autumn was in full bloom and the grape clusters were already darkening, Carthaginian pirates in a light Carian vessel--so they would seem foreigners--landed near the fields. They disembarked and, armed with swords and breastplates, they began plundering everything that came into their hands. They drove off cattle from Dorkon's herd. They even captured Daphnis as he wandered distraught along the sea shore. Chloe was driving her sheep more slowly than Daphnis, as befit a girl, because of her fear of the insolent shepherds. Catching sight of the youth, a big, beautiful prize more valuable than the stuff from the fields, they wasted no further effort on the goats and fields but carried him aboard ship, weeping and helpless and calling for Chloe.

They just let loose the stern cables and were plying the oars and making way out to the sea, when Chloe drove her flock down to the sea. She was carrying a new pipe as a gift for Daphnis. Seeing that the goats were disturbed by something and hearing Daphnis calling her name more and more loudly, she forgot about her sheep and threw the pipe away. She ran off to Dorkon for help. 29) Dorkon was stretched out on the ground, barely breathing. The pirates had given him a terrible beating, and he was bleeding profusely. But when he saw Chloe, he drew upon the smoldering fires of his past love and said: "Chloe, I will die soon, for those godless pirates cut me down like a cow as I defended my herd. But for me, rescue Daphnis, and exact vengeance, and kill the pirates. I taught my cows to follow the sound of the pipe and to pursue its melody even if they are grazing far away. Come now, take this pipe, and blow on it that melody that I once taught Daphnis, and he taught you. Leave what ensues to the pipe. With it, I have competed with many shepherds and goatherds and defeated them. In return, while I'm still alive, kiss me and

weep for me when I am dead, and, should you see another pasturing my cows, remember me."

30) Thus Dorkon spoke and, kissing his last kiss, he released his spirit together with the kiss and his voice. Chloe picked up the pipe and, placing it to her lips, played as loudly as she could. The cows heard the sound and recognized the melody. They bellowed and in unison leaped into the sea. The force of their movement struck full upon the side of the ship, while the water parted beneath their impact. The ship capsized and was lost under the crashing waters. Those on board were shipwrecked, but they not share the same hope of survival. The pirates were equipped with swords and were wearing breastplates of metal scales and greaves reaching to their calves. Daphnis was barefoot because he was grazing in the grassy plain and half-naked because of the summer heat. They swam a short distance before their weapons carried them down into the abyss. Daphnis easily slipped out of his tunic, but he was puzzled by the swimming since before he had only swum in rivers. Eventually, taught by necessity what must be done, he jumped into the middle of the cows and, seizing two horns of two cows with his two hands, he was carried along in their midst without trouble or pain as if he were driving a wagon. Now a cow far out swims any man. She falls short only of water birds and the fish themselves. A cow would never perish in swimming unless her hooves became waterlogged and fell into one another. Many places along the sea testify to this truth since they are still known as "ox fords."

31) Daphnis was rescued, escaping two dangers, kidnapping by pirates and shipwreck, beyond his wildest hopes. He emerged from the water and found Chloe on the shore laughing and crying at the same time. He fell onto her bosom and asked why she played the pipe. She explained everything to him: how she ran to Dorkon, what he told her about the cows, and how she was ordered to play the pipe, and that Dorkon had died. Out of modesty, however, she did not mention the kiss.

They decided to honor their benefactor. They joined Dorkon's relatives in burying the poor man. They heaped much earth upon him and planted many cultivated plants and hung up the first fruits of their efforts as a sacrifice. They poured offerings of milk and pressed clusters of grapes and broke many shepherd pipes over him. There were heard the piteous lowing of the cows, and some cows were seen scampering about in disorder. As it seemed among the flocks and herds, these actions served as the cows' lament at the death of their herdsman.

32) After Dorkon's funeral, Chloe brought Daphnis to the Nymphs, leading him into their cave, where she bathed him and bathed herself for the first time with Daphnis watching. She was white and pure in her beauty and, as for beauty, she needed no cleansing. Then they gathered flowers and crowned the statues of the Nymphs and hung up Dorkon's pipe as a votive gift on a rock. They left and returned to watching over the goats and sheep. The animals were lying down, neither grazing nor bleating. They were longing, I believe, for Daphnis and Chloe who were gone from their sight for so long. At any rate, when they were seen and called their customary cry and played their pipes, the sheep stood up and started grazing, and the goats began capering about, with the hairs of their fur standing erect as if in pleasure over the rescue of their familiar goatherd.

But there was no way Daphnis could persuade his soul to be happy, not after seeing Chloe naked and the beauty unveiled that before went unseen. His heart ached as if eaten away by poisons. Sometimes his breath came hard and heavy as if someone were chasing him. Other times, it failed him as if exhausted by the recent attacks. The bath seemed more frightening to him than the sea. He thought that his soul remained still with

the pirates as would any young country boy who still had no idea of how Eros went about practicing kidnapping.

SECOND BOOK

It was already autumn, and the time for harvesting the grapes was pressing. Everyone was working in the fields. Some were mending the wine-presses, others were cleaning the jars, and others were weaving baskets. This one was busy with a small hook for cutting the grape clusters, that one was looking for a stone big enough to crush the clusters of juicy grape, and another hunted for a dry stick smoothed by blows so that the must of the grapes could be carried out at night under the lead of a lantern. And so, Daphnis and Chloe, put aside their care for their goats and sheep, and joined in helping the others. Daphnis lifted grapes in baskets and emptied them into the presses and stomped on them. He carried the wine juice to the jars. Chloe prepared food for the harvesters and poured mature wine for them to drink. She picked grapes from the lower vines. Every vine across Lesbos was low. They weren't supported or hung on trees but spread like ivy with their shoots stretched out. A child could reach their clusters if its hands were free of swaddling clothes.

2) As happens at festivals of Dionysus and the birthing of the new wine, the women who had been called from the neighboring fields to help kept casting eyes on Daphnis and admiring him as like Dionysus in beauty. One of the more forward women even kissed Daphnis, arousing him but causing pain for Chloe. The men in the vats were bantering over Chloe, saying all sorts of things about her, and, as if Satyrs after a Maenad, they cavorted frantically and prayed to become their own little herd that Chloe would shepherd. This time she was pleased, and he was in pain. Both prayed that the harvesting would be over quickly and that they would resume their usual places and, instead of all this noise, they could hear the pipe and the bleating of their flocks.

A few days passed. The vines were stripped bare, the jars were full, and the need for so many hands was over. They drove their herds into the plain and joyfully worshiped the Nymphs, bringing them grape clusters on branches as the first fruits of the harvest. In the past, they never passed by the Nymphs' cave without paying their respects. They always sat beside them when they were going out to pasture and, on returning, they worshiped them and always brought them something, a flower or fruit or green leaf or an offering of milk. And in exchange, later they were rewarded by the goddesses. At the time, like dogs freed from the rope, they capered about, played their pipes, sang, and wrestled with their goats and sheep.

3) As they were enjoying themselves, an old man appeared before them, dressed in a shaggy goatskin and moccasins and carrying an old leather wallet. He sat down near them and began to speak: "I am Philetas, children, an old man who has sung many songs to these Nymphs and piped many a tune for that Pan over there. I guided large herds of cows by my music alone. I have come to disclose to you what I have seen and to tell you what I have heard. I have my own garden, created by my own hands. I have worked it from the time I stopped shepherding because of old age. It has all that the seasons grow, each in its own time. In spring, there are roses, lilies, hyacinths, and both kinds of violets. In summer, poppies, wild pears, and apples of all sorts. And now, vines, fig and pomegranate trees, and green myrtle. Every morning, birds flock to my garden, some to feed and others

to sing, for it is covered over and shaded with trees and watered by three streams. If you took away the wall, you would think you were in a grove. 4) As I entered it today around noon, beneath the pomegranates and myrtles, a boy could be seen, holding myrtle and pomegranates. He was as white as milk and blond like fire and glistening clean as if he had just bathed. He was naked and alone, playing at harvesting the garden just as if it was his. Well, when I caught sight of him, I rushed at him to catch him. That presumptuous pipsqueak was destroying my myrtles and roses. He got away gracefully and easily, scurrying under the roses and hiding beneath the poppies like a young partridge. Lots of times, I've had all kinds of trouble chasing down suckling kids, and I've worn myself out just as often chasing newborn calves. But this was a matter of a different color and one not to be caught. And so, as I am old, I grew winded, and leaning on my staff and watching so he wouldn't get away, I tried to learn whose son he was from among my neighbors and what he thought he was doing in harvesting someone else's garden. He didn't say a word but stood close by, laughing gently and throwing myrtle at me. He didn't know how he had charmed away my anger. And so, I asked him to come into my arms without fear. I swore more than once that I would let him go and give him a dowry of apples and roses and the right to harvest my plants and pick my flowers for all time, if only I received one kiss from him. 5) Thereupon, he burst into loud laughter with a voice unlike that of a swallow or nightingale or swan. At the same time, he turned into an old man like me and said: 'Philetas, it's no trouble at all for me to kiss you, for I want to be kissed more than you want to be young again. Consider this: Is this gift good for you at your age. For old age won't help you or keep you from chasing after me once you have had your single kiss. But I'm hard for the hawk to catch or the eagle or any faster bird, if there is one. I'm not a boy, even if I look like one, but I'm older than Cronus and all time itself. I knew you as a youthful shepherd pasturing a broad herd on that mountain over there, and I sat beside you as you were playing your pipe beside those oaks yonder when you loved Amaryllis, but you didn't see me. Yet I stood right next to the girl. It's a fact that I gave her to you, and now you have children, good shepherds and farmers. Now I am shepherding Daphnis and Chloe. Whenever I bring them together into one place in the early morning, I come to your garden and enjoy the flowers and plants and bathe myself in these springs. Both flourish so beautifully because they are moistened by the water of my bath. Take heed that none of your plants is broken, that no fruit is harvested, and that no root of any flower is tread upon. And, with that, I bid farewell to the only mortal in old age to cast eyes upon this little boy.' 6) On those words, he sprang up into the myrtle like a baby nightingale and, hopping from one branch to another through the leaves, he glided to the top. I saw the wings on his shoulders and, between his wings, his small bow. Then I no longer saw him and his bow. Unless I've come to have these grey hairs for nothing and have grown dumber as I grew older, you have been devoted to Eros, my children, and Eros is taking care of you."

7) Daphnis and Chloe relished what they heard as they would a familiar tale and not a true account of what happened. They asked "What is Eros?" A boy, a bird? What are his powers? Again, Philetas spoke: "Eros is a god, children, young, beautiful and winged. For this reason, he rejoices in youth, pursues beauty, and puts wings on souls. He has more power than even Zeus. He has power over the primal elements, he has power over the stars, he has power over gods like him. Even you do not have as much power over your own goats and sheep. All the flowers are the work of Eros. All the plants are his creations. Through him, even the rivers flow, and the winds blow. I once knew a bull who was touched by Eros. He bellowed as if stung by a gadfly. I once saw a he-goat love a goat. He

followed her everywhere. I was young once myself, and I felt Eros for Amaryllis. I forgot to eat, to drink, to sleep. My soul was aching, my heart was trembling, and my body was traversed with chills. I used to cry out as if I was being beaten up, and then I was as silent as the dead. I threw myself into rivers as if on fire. I called Pan to help me as he felt Eros for Pine. I praised Echo for calling out after me the name Amaryllis. I broke my pipes. They delighted the cows, but they didn't bring me Amaryllis. There is no drug for Eros, nothing to drink or eat. Nothing in songs works, either, only kissing, hugging and lying naked beside one another."

8) Philetas taught them these things, and accepting some cheeses and a young goat embellished with its first horn, he went on his way. Daphnis and Chloe were left alone. Hearing the name of Eros for the first time soothed the pain in their souls. At night, they returned to the folds and began comparing their own experiences with what they had heard from Philetas. "Those in love are in pain. And so are we. They forget to eat. So did we. They can't sleep, and neither can we. They seem to be on fire, and fire is upon us. They desire to see one another, and we pray that the day come more quickly for that reason. Eros is like this. We love one another and don't know it. Or is this love, and I love by myself? If that were so, why are we racked by the same pains? Why do we search each other out? Everything Philetas said is true. The little boy from the garden was seen by our fathers, and that dream ordered us to tend the flocks. How could anyone catch him? He is small and will get away. How could anyone escape him? He has wings and will overtake anyone? We must flee for refuge to the Nymphs. But Pan did not help Philetas when he was love-stricken for Amaryllis. We must try the remedies Philetas mentioned, a kiss, hugging, and lying down naked on the earth. It'll be cold, but we'll endure it as Philetas did."

10) In this way, they coached themselves during the night. At the break of day, they led their flocks to pasture. But as soon as they caught sight of each other, they fell into hugging and kissing with their arms all atangle, something they never had done before. The third remedy, however, stripping and lying naked, they stayed away from. It was too bold not just for maidens but also for youthful shepherds. The consequence was that when night came upon them, sleeplessness came accompanied by thoughts about what happened and complaints about what had not. "We kissed--and it was no help. We hugged--and nothing more. The only remedy for love, I'm sure now, is lying down together. We must try it." 10) In the midst of such reflections, as only seems reasonable, they kept having erotic dreams: kisses, and embraces, and what they weren't doing during the day, lying together naked.

In the morning, they arose feeling more invigorated for the day. They whistled at their flocks to hurry them along, and when they saw one another, they both smiled at the same time and ran toward one another. They fell right into kissing and throwing their arms around each other. The third remedy proceeded more slowly, since Daphnis lacked the nerve to mention it, and Chloe didn't want to be the one to begin things, until by chance the following happened. 11) They sat down side-by-side against a stump of an oak tree and, tasting the sweet delights in their kissing, they were filled insatiably with pleasure. They embraced tightly, pressing their bodies together as their lips met. With rising fervor, Daphnis drew Chloe to himself, and somehow Chloe rolled to her side, and Daphnis, not wanting to relinquish his kiss, rolled with her. They recognized the image from the dream. They lay there a long time as if tied up with a rope. Well, they didn't know what came next and thought they had attained the pinnacle of erotic bliss. Afterwards they spent most of the day doing nothing, parted, and drove their flocks back,

hating the night. Perhaps, they would have accomplished something unforgettable, had not such a commotion taken possession of the whole countryside just then.

12) The wealthy young men of Methymne set out to celebrate the harvest by seeking enjoyment abroad. They dragged a small ship down to the sea and, setting their slaves to the oars, they sailed around the fields of the Mityleneans that bordered on the sea. The coastline was rich in harbors and dotted with expensive houses, one bath house after another, gardens and groves, both natural and man-made, all the beautiful spots to pursue the pleasures afforded by youth. They sailed along the coast, and when they put into harbor, they didn't cause any trouble but occupied themselves in games of all sorts. Sometimes, they rigged fishing poles and, from a rock beside the sea, cast for fish lurking among the rocks. Other times, they chased after rabbits with dogs and nets and stirred up a rumpus in the vineyards. Again, they got the urge to hunt birds with snares, wild geese, ducks and bustards, so that their fun also supplied their table. If they needed anything, they took it from the fields, paying more for it than its worth. They needed only bread and wine and a roof over their heads. With autumn already in its late stage, they thought it unsafe to overnight at sea. In fear of a winter storm, they dragged their ship up onto land at night.

13) One of the country folk needed a rope. His was broken, you see, and he needed to haul up a rock to press his crushed grapes. He came down to the sea without anyone seeing him, and approached the unguarded ship. He loosened the stern cable and took it home to use for his business. In the morning, the young men of Methymne mounted a search for the cable, and as no one confessed to the theft, they mildly reprov'd their hosts and set out down the coast. They sailed for about three and a half miles and put in at the fields where Daphnis and Chloe were living. The plain seemed a fine place for hunting rabbits. Since they didn't have a rope to tie down their ship, they twisted long willow greens into a rope and used it to secure the ship from its lofty stern to the beach. Then they let the dogs loose to nose around in likely places while they began setting their nets. The dogs ran all over the place, barking and braying, and frightened the goats. The goats quit their mountain pasture and raced to the beach. There wasn't anything for them to eat in the sand, but the bolder ones among them went to the ship and began eating the green rope that bound the ship. A wind down from across the mountain was blowing and stirring up the waves of the sea. The ebb tide quickly lifted up the ship and, since it was untied, carried it out into the high seas. When the Methymneans saw what had happened, some ran into the sea and others tried to round up the dogs. All of them were shouting so that everyone who was in the vicinity heard and came running. But it was no use. The wind blew harder, and the ship was swept out to sea on the current.

The Methymneans lost most of what they owned and went looking for the shepherd of the goats. Finding Daphnis, they began beating him up and tearing off his clothes. One of them picked up a dog's leash and tried to tie his hands. Through the blows, Daphnis managed to cry out, appealing to the country folk and calling upon Lamon and Dryas most of all. They were tough old men, with hands hardened by working the farm. They separated everybody and constrained the young men to state their case regarding what happened. 15) The others approved, and everyone chose Philetas as judge, since he was the eldest one there and had a reputation among the villagers for scrupulous honesty. The Methymneans pleaded the case for the prosecution first, speaking clearly and succinctly, since they had a herdsman for a judge. "We came to these fields wishing to hunt. We tied our ship up with a rope of green willow and left in on the beach. We proceeded to look for game, letting our dogs loose. Meanwhile, his goats came down to

the sea and ate the rope, setting our ship free. You saw her being swept out to sea. Well, do you have any idea with what valuables she is filled? What clothes we have lost? What equipment for the dogs? How much silver? Anyone who had the contents of that ship could buy these fields. In return, we claim the right to lead this scoundrel away, a goatherd who grazes his goats on the sea as if he were a sailor."

16) Such was the speech of the Methymneans for the prosecution. Daphnis was in bad shape from the beating, but when he saw Chloe, he put everything aside and spoke: "I herd my goats well. Never has any villager accused me because a goat of mine ate his garden or broke his vines in the bud. These men are rotten hunters and have badly trained dogs who run all over the place and howl and bark. They chased my goats from the mountains and plains to the sea as if hot on the trail of wolves. But, you say, they ate the rope. Yes, they didn't have any grass on the sand or shrubs or thyme. The ship was lost from the force of the wind and sea. This is the storm's doing, not my goats'. But, you say, clothes and silver were laid up in the ship. Who with any sense will believe that a ship, laden with such valuables, had a willow twig for a stern cable?"

17) Thereupon, Daphnis burst into tears and aroused such pity in the country folk that the judge Philetas swore by Pan and the Nymphs that Daphnis did no harm, but the gods and the sea and the wind, who had other gods, were responsible. Philetas failed to persuade the Methymneans who became angry and tried once again to lead Daphnis away and wanted to tie him up. Then the villagers were provoked and jumped on them like starlings or crows and quickly released Daphnis who was already resisting. They beat the Methymneans with clubs and put them to flight. They didn't let up chasing them until they were in different fields.

18) While they were chasing after the Methymneans, Chloe quietly led Daphnis to the Nymphs and washed his face. He was bleeding profusely from his nose broken by one of the blows. She took some bread and a piece of cheese from her bag and gave them to Daphnis to eat. But what restored him the most was when she kissed him with honey sweet kisses from soft lips.

19) Daphnis was in enough trouble as it was, but his problems weren't over yet. When the Methymneans arrived home after expending a lot of effort walking instead of sailing and being wounded men instead of the high livers of old, they called their fellow citizens to an assembly and humbly petitioned that they resolve to take vengeance on their behalf. They didn't say anything true to avoid being ridiculed for what they suffered at the hands of shepherds but accused the Mityleneans of stealing the ship and plundering its cargo in an act of war. The citizens believed them since they were wounded and because they thought themselves justified in avenging the young men of the first families among them. They decreed war against the Mityleneans, but they did not announce it to the Mityleneans by sending a herald. They ordered their general Bryaxis to draw ten ships down to the sea and wreak havoc on the regions along the coast. Winter was far too near for it to be safe to entrust a larger fleet to the sea.

20) Bryaxis put to sea at first light with the soldiers doing their own rowing. He attacked fields near the water and seized many flocks and much grain and wine, since the harvest had just ended, and many men who were working the fields. He also attacked Chloe and Daphnis' fields where he disembarked quickly and drove off everything that came way. Daphnis wasn't tending his goats. He went up into the woods to cut green leaves to feed his kids during the winter and watched the attack from higher ground, hiding in a hollow stump of a dried out oak. But Chloe was with her sheep and, when they chased her, she ran to the Nymphs and begged the men to spare her and her flocks for the

sake of the goddesses. It was no use, for the Methymneans jeered at the statues of the Nymphs and drove off the sheep. They led Chloe, hitting her with a switch as if she were a goat or sheep. 21) With their ship filled with all sorts of plunder, they didn't think it a good idea to sail farther but reversed their course homeward, fearing both the weather and the enemy.

The Methymneans were sailing back, working their way by oar since the winds were calm. Daphnis was quiet at first, and then went to the field where they had been pasturing their animals. He didn't see the goats or detect a trace of the sheep or Chloe, but he found only a deep silence and threw on the ground the pipe that Chloe usually used to entertain him. He cried loudly and wailed piteously. First he ran to the oak where they used to sit. Next, he ran to the sea to look for her, and then to the Nymphs with whom she had sought refuge in her flight. There he hurled himself on the ground and accused the Nymphs of betraying her. "Chloe was snatched away from you, and you stood by and saw what was happening. She wove garlands for you, she offered you libations of milk, she's the one whose pipe has been dedicated to you. A wolf has never seized a goat of mine, but my enemies have gone off with my whole flock and its shepherd. They'll flay the goats and sacrifice the sheep, and Chloe will henceforth live in the city. On what feet will I walk to my father and mother no longer having our goats, without Chloe, a worker with no task. I no longer have anything to herd. I will lie here and wait for death or another war. And you, Chloe, what will happen to you. Will you remember the plain? the Nymphs? me? Will your sheep and goats, prisoners of war with you, console you?"

23) As we was speaking, a deep sleep slipped over him and freed him from his tears and grief. The three Nymphs appeared before him, magnificent and beautiful women, half naked and barefoot, with their hair flowing freely over their shoulders just like the statues. At first they seemed like women who had pity for Daphnis. Then the eldest set about cheering him up. "Don't blame us, Daphnis. We care for Chloe more than you do. We pitied her as an infant and found food for her as she lay in our cave. And now, we have given her situation much thought so that she won't be carried to Methymna and be enslaved there or be war booty. That renowned Pan who stands beneath the pine, whom you never have honored with flowers, we have begged him to become Chloe's ally. He is accustomed more than we are to military camps and has left the countryside to wage numerous wars. He is no brave enemy for the Methymneans. Don't worry, but rise up, and let Lamon and Myrtale see you, who lie themselves prostrate on the ground, thinking that you have been carried off as spoils of war. Tomorrow, Chloe will return to you with the goats and sheep, and together you will pasture them and play your pipes. As for the rest concerning you, that is up to Eros."

24) After these sights and sounds, Daphnis leaped up from sleep, and weeping from joy and pain, he worshiped the statues of the Nymphs and promised that, when Chloe was back safely, he would sacrifice the best of his ewes to them. He ran to the pine where the statue of Pan was standing, a figure with goat's legs and a horned head and holding a pipe in one hand and a he-goat prancing about in the other. He worshiped Pan and prayed for Chloe's safety, and promised that he would sacrifice a he-goat to him. Sometime around sunset, he stopped crying and praying, and headed back to the fold and released Lamon from sorrowing and filled him with happiness. He ate some food and fell headlong into sleep that was not untouched by tears. He prayed to see the Nymphs in a dream and prayed that the day they promised they would give him Chloe would come very quickly. But of all his nights, this one seemed the longest. This is what transpired during the night.

Now Bryaxis had proceeded about a mile when he decided to rest his men who were worn out. He came upon a promontory that extended into the sea in a crescent shape. Within its curvature the sea formed an anchorage calmer than harbors. He let out the anchors and secured the ships at sea so no one from the land could harass them. Then he gave his men leave for recreations of peace time. Since they had an abundance of everything in the plunder, the men drank and played games and carried on as if in a victory celebration. The day passed in this way, and with the onset of night, they stopped their festivities. Suddenly, the whole earth seem ablaze with fire, and a loud dashing noise was heard like that of oars of a vast fleet striking the water. One man cried out: "To arms." Another called out to the general. That man seemed to be wounded, while this one looked exactly like a corpse. You would think you were looking at a naval battle found at night against an enemy, but none was in sight.

26) That's the night the Methymneans had, but the day dawned far more terrifying for them than their night had been. Flowering ivy was entwined around the horns of Daphnis' goats. Chloe's rams and ewes were howling like wolves. Chloe herself appeared wearing a garland of pine shoots. On the sea many strange and weird things were happening. When the men tried to haul in the anchors, they stayed put. The oars snapped in pieces when they sat down to row. Dolphins were leaping out of the sea and striking the ship with their tails, and the planks were beginning to loosen. Sounds of a pipe were heard from the steep rock that rose from the promontory, but there was no pleasure in this pipe, only the terror that a trumpet of war strikes in those who hear it. The Methymneans panicked and ran to their weapons and called out: "The enemy is invisible." They even prayed for nightfall so they could find in it respite. Anyone with any sense could comprehend what was happening. The strange sights and sounds emanated from Pan who was infuriated with the sailors. They did not have a clue, since they had not plundered anything sacred to Pan, until around noon, general Bryaxis fell asleep at the god's urging, and Pan appeared to him in a dream and said: "Most impious and ungodly of all men, what boldness this? What madness? You've filled a countryside dear to me with war. You've driven off herds of cows, goats, and sheep that are under my care. You've dragged away from altars a girl whose story Eros wants to compose. You've showed no regard for the Nymphs, who were watching you, or for me who am Pan. As long as you continue your voyage with those spoils on board, you will never see Methymna. You will not escape this pipe of mine that strikes terror in your hearts. No, I will sink you and feed you to the fish unless, as quickly as you can, you give Chloe back to the Nymphs and the goats back to Chloe, and the sheep, too. Get up, and put the girl ashore with those I have mentioned, and I will guide your voyage and her journey.

28) Bryaxis was staggered. He sprung up and summoned the captains of his ships and ordered them to search out Chloe as quickly as they could among the captives. They found her quickly and brought her before Bryaxis. She was sitting down, wearing a wreath of pine shoots. Bryaxis saw her appearance as a sign of what he saw in his dreams. He escorted her himself from the flagship to the land. Just as she had disembarked, the sounds of a pipe were heard again from the rock, no longer warlike and fearful but the pastoral tone that leads a flock to pasture. The sheep charged down the gangway, slipping and sliding on their hooves. The goats move more confidently since they were used to traversing crags and rugged rocks. 29) They surrounded Chloe in a circle like a chorus and leaped about, bleating with joy as it seemed. The animals of the other flocks stayed where they were in the hollow of the ship as if the music had no effect upon them. The men were standing amazed and called out "Pan" in propitious voices, when more amazing things

began to happen in both elements. At sea, the ships got under way even though the men hadn't hauled in the anchors. A dolphin, leaping in and out of the water, was guiding the flagship. On land, the sweetest sound of a pipe began guiding the goats and sheep, but no one saw who was playing it. But they delighted in its melody and moved forward together, grazing as they moved along.

30) It was time for the second grazing, and Daphnis, catching sight of the goats and Chloe from a high lookout, cried out, "O Nymphs and Pan," and ran down into the plain. He wrapped himself around Chloe and collapsed in a faint. Chloe brought him back to life with loving and warm embraces, and together they went to their accustomed spot beneath the oak stump. Daphnis asked her how she got away from so many enemies. Chloe told him everything: the ivy on the goats, the howling of the sheep, the pine that garlanded her hair with flowers, the fire on the land, and the thundering at sea, both times the pipe was heard, and the fighting and peacemaking, and how the music guided her when she didn't know the way. Daphnis recognized the dreams sent by the Nymphs and the hand of Pan in what happened and told Chloe what he knew and heard and that he was on the verge of death when the Nymphs restored him to life. Then he sent her away to bring Dryas and Lamon to a sacrifice with whatever they need. Meanwhile, he rounded up the best goat he had and crowned it with ivy like the goats who were revealed to the enemy. He poured milk over its horns and sacrificed it to the Nymphs. He hung up the body, skinned it, and dedicated the hide to the goddesses.

31) By this time, Chloe and her people were back. Daphnis started a fire and boiled some of the meat and roasted other parts. He offered meat to the Nymphs and poured liquid offerings of a bowl of sweet, new wine. He spread out beds of green leaves and joined the others in the feasting and merriment, always keeping an eye on his flocks for a marauding wolf invading them. They sang songs for the Nymphs, melodies of shepherds gone by. When the night fell, they lay down right there in the field.

Early next morning, they remembered Pan. They garlanded the lead goat of the flock with pine shoots and escorted him to Pine, and calling for solemn silence before the god, they sacrificed it. They hung up and skinned the body and roasted and boiled the meat and placed it nearby in the meadow on a bed of leaves. The hide, horns and all, they fixed on a pine tree close to the statue of Pine a shepherd's dedication for shepherds' gods. They offered meat as first fruits and poured an even larger bowl of wine as an offering. Chloe sang, and Daphnis played his pipe.

32) The sacrifice complete, they reclined and began eating. The cowherd Philetas appeared before them. He happened to be bringing small garlands to Pan and grape clusters on the branches. His youngest child was with him, a little boy named Tituros with red hair, gray eyes, and white skin, bursting with energy. He was capering about lightly on his feet like a kid. Everybody leaped up to help Philetas festoon Pan and hang vine shoots from the pine branches. They then made him recline and join the party and the drinking. Like old men come slightly tipsy, they fell into conversation about the good old days. They remembered how they used to shepherd their flocks when they were young, and how they escaped many a raid by pirates. One was particularly full of himself when he boasted that he had killed a wolf. Another in the same spirit claimed to have been second only to Pan in playing the pipe. This boast belonged to Philetas, 33) which prompted Daphnis and Chloe immediately to exercise all their wiles to get him to share his skill with them and play the pipe at a festival dedicated to the god who reveled in the sounds of the pipe. Philetas agreed, although he excused his shortness of breath due to old age, and took Daphnis' pipe in hand. It was a small thing, fit for a boy's lips and not able to do justice to

the old man's talents. So Philetas sent Tituros to fetch his pipe from their cottage about a mile away. Tituros threw off his apron and ran off, wearing only his vest.

In the meantime, for a goat and a pipe Lamon offered to tell everybody the story of the pipe that a Sicilian goatherd had told him. 34) "This pipe in olden days was not a musical instrument but a beautiful girl with a musical voice. She tended goats and played with the Nymphs and only sang songs at the time. While she was busy with these activities, tending, playing, and singing, Pan approached her and tried to persuade her to do with him what he wanted. She outright laughed at his passion for her and said that she wouldn't accept as a lover someone who was neither goat nor man but something in between. Pan set off at her to have her by force. Syrinx, for that was her name, fled Pan and his violent intentions. Tiring of her flight, she hid among the reeds and then disappeared into the marsh. Pan was enraged and started cutting the reeds, but he couldn't find her. He thought over what happened and invented the instrument called the syrinx or the pan pipe after guess who. He bound reeds together with wax and blew upon them. The reeds were different lengths just as Pan and Syrinx went to different lengths in honoring Eros. The beautiful maiden of those days is now the pan pipe."

35) Lamon had no sooner stopped relating his tale, and Philetas praising him for a story sweeter than a song than Tituros was back with his father's pipe, a large instrument with large reeds and its fastening of wax overlaid with variegated bronze. You would think that it was the famous pipe that Pan first constructed. Philetas roused himself and sat upright. He first tested the reeds to make sure that they were clear. He then blew upon them with a young man's strength. The sound filled the air so that it seemed like that of several pipers playing together. He gradually diminished the force of his playing and changed to a sweeter melody. He displayed all his skill in music. He played a melody for a herd of cows, then one appealing to sheep. For sheep, a sweet song; a big one for the cows; piercing one for goats. But one pipe imitated all the different kinds of pipes.

36) The others sat in silence, enjoying the music, but Dryas stood up and asked that Philetas play a Bacchic tune. He began to dance steps that followed the pressing of wine. He mimed someone harvesting grapes, then carrying baskets, and treading the grape clusters, and filling the jars, and drinking the new wine. He danced so expressively and clearly that his companions thought they were looking at the vines, the wine press, and jars and, in truth, even Dryas drinking.

37) The feasters praised an old man for the third time, this one for his dancing. Dryas finished and kissed Daphnis and Chloe who quickly sprang to their feet and danced the story of Lamon. Daphnis played Pan, and Chloe was Syrinx. He persuaded and wooed her, while she smiled a lot and ignored him. He pursued her, running on the tiptoe like Pan on his hooves. She pretended to be tiring from fleeing. She escaped into the woods which served her as a marsh. Daphnis grabbed Philetas' great pipe and played a blue melody to express Pan's love, a seductive melody for his wooing and a beckoning melody for his searching that seemed to call out "Come to me." Philetas was impressed and, jumping up, kissed the flute and gave in to him on the condition that he too bequeath it to a worthy successor.

38) Daphnis dedicated his own flute, the little one, to Pan and kissed Chloe as if she really were discovered after fleeing. Since night was already falling, Daphnis drove his herd of goats back home, playing the flute on the way. Chloe also headed her sheep for home, driving them with the sound of her pipe. The goats were moving with the sheep, and Daphnis and Chloe walked side by side. They filled one another with pleasure until it became dark. They agreed to drive their flocks out earlier than usual in the morning. And

so they did. At dawn's first light, they arrived at the pasture and addressed the Nymphs first and then Pan. Next, they sat down beneath the oak and began playing their pipes. Soon they were kissing and throwing their arms around each other and lying together. But they got up before venturing further. They were hungry and drank milk mixed with wine.

39) All this activity only made them hotter and bolder toward one another. They fell into a rivalry and little by little proceeded to bind themselves with oaths. Daphnis stood beside the statue of Pine and swore by Pan that he would not live alone without Chloe for one single day. Chloe went inside the Nymphs' cave and swore by them that she would be happy to live or die with Daphnis. So great was Chloe's naïveté that, when she came out of the cave, she asked Daphnis for another oath. "O Daphnis," she said, "Pan is an amorous god of no faithfulness. He loved Pine, he loved Syrinx. He never stopped tormenting Dryas or bothering the Nymphs who protect the flocks. This god, who cares nothing for oaths, will not care about punishing you, should you chase more women than the reeds of your pipe. Come now, swear to me by your flock here before us and by that goat who nurtured you that you won't leave Chloe as long as she remains faithful to you. If Chloe wrongs you and the Nymphs, then, shun her, hate her, and slay her as you would a wolf." Daphnis was gladdened about not being trusted and, standing in the midst of his flock and touching a ewe with one hand and a goat with the other, he swore that he would love Chloe as long as she loved him, and should she some day prefer another to Daphnis, he would kill himself and not her. Chloe was overjoyed and gave her trust to him as a girl who shepherds flocks and believes that goats and sheep are the very own gods for whoever shepherds sheep and goats.

THIRD BOOK

The Mityleneans learned about the attack by the ten ships about the same time that men came in from the country and told them about the plundering. They couldn't let the Methymneans get away with this. They were adept at mobilizing their forces and rapidly assembled a force of three thousand armed men and five hundred horsemen and dispatched them under the general Hippasos by a land route. They considered the sea too dangerous during the stormy season. 2) Hippasos set out quickly, but he refrained from plundering the fields of the Methymneans or driving off the herds or looting the possessions of the farmers. In his estimation, those were the actions of a pirate, not a general. When he was about eleven miles from the city, a herald intercepted him with terms of peace. It seemed that the Methymneans learned from the captives that the Mityleneans did not know what happened, and it was farmers and shepherds who had struck back at the young men for their outrageous behavior. They regretted that they had acted against a neighboring city with more recklessness than good sense and were anxious to restore all the booty and enter into peaceful relations by land and sea. Hippasos sent the herald back to Mytilene, even though he was empowered to make this decision himself. Meanwhile, he pitched camp a mile or so from Methymna and waited orders from his own city. Two days passed before a messenger arrived with the command to collect the booty and return home without further hostilities. When it was a choice between war or peace, the Mytileneans always found more profit in peace. 3) Thus the war between the Methymneans and the Mityleneans, that had flared up so unexpectedly, concluded the same way.

Winter, however, proved to be far more bitter for Daphnis and Chloe than war. A heavy snow fell suddenly and choked all the roads and barricaded the farmers in their homes. Water cascaded down in swollen torrents, while ice covered everything. The trees looked like they were about to split apart. The ground was blanketed except for the fringes of springs and rivers. No one led the flocks to pasture or ventured outside, but at the first call of the cock, they stoked the fires up high and busied themselves with spinning flax, carding goat's hair, and devising snares for catching birds. 4) At the same time, they had to make sure that the cows in the stables had bran to eat, the sheep in the pens their leaves, and the pigs in the sties the usual variety of acorns. Since they had no choice but to remain inside, the other farmers and shepherds were content to be released from their toils for a little while and to eat a meal in the morning and at night and sleep late so that the winter appeared to be nicer for them than the other seasons, including spring.

But Chloe and Daphnis couldn't forget the fun they left behind, the times they spent kissing, with their arms wrapped around one another, and eating together. Now they passed one sleepless night after another and days expended in misery. They looked forward to Spring as a resurrection from death itself. The touch of the bag that once held things to eat brought them pain. The sight of a drinking cup or a pipe, once a lover's gift, carelessly thrown away, filled them with agony. They prayed constantly to the Nymphs and Pan to release them from this awful plight and show them and their flocks the sun. As they prayed, they kept searching for a plan, some way to see one another. Chloe was helpless, for her supposed mother was always by her side, teaching her how to work the wool or twirl the spindle and bringing up marriage whenever possible. But Daphnis was left to his own devices, and he proved clever at devising. He came up with a scheme to see Chloe.

5) In front of Dryas' cottage and along its side, two large myrtles and ivy had taken root. The trees were near one another, and the ivy stretched out between them. It spread out over the branches like a grape vine and, with its interlocking leaves, formed a kind of cave. Clusters of fruit as large as grapes hung down from the branches. Uncounted numbers of birds were attracted to the ivy as the only source of food they could find. Blackbirds, thrushes, wood pigeons, starlings and whatever other winged creature that ate ivy flocked about the enclosure. So, Daphnis filled his bag with honeyed treats and set out on the pretext of hunting these birds. He took along snares and sticky birdlime for smearing on the trees just to make things look convincing. He didn't have more than a mile to walk, but the snow was still deep and turned walking into hard going. But neither fire nor water nor the snows of Scythia could stand in the way of love.

6) Daphnis ran all the way to Dryas' cottage. Shaking the snow off his legs, he set the snares and smeared the lime on the long twigs. Then he sat down to wait for the birds--and Chloe. All kinds of birds visited the spot, and enough were caught for him to have trouble collecting, killing, and plucking them. But nobody came out of the house, not man nor young woman nor fowl. Everyone stayed shut up in the house around the hearth. Daphnis didn't know what to do. It looked like he arrived under evil birds of omen. Still, he resolved to get inside so he fashioned explanations and rehearsed the ones that sounded most persuasive to him.

"I came to get fire for the hearth." "Oh, the neighbors are only a few feet away." "I came to borrow some bread." "But your bag is full." "I need wine." "How? You harvested your grapes only the day before yesterday." "A wolf chased me." "Is that so? Where are his tracks?" "I came to hunt birds." "In that case, when you finished, why didn't you leave?" "I wanted to see Chloe. Who admits that to a girl's father and mother?" Daphnis was tripping

over his own feet. "Who'd believe any of this? Better to say nothing. I'll see Chloe in the spring, since I'm destined not to set eyes on her all the winter long." He agonized over these thoughts and, in the end, he picked up his catch and was starting for home when, as if Eros took pity on him, something happened.

7) Dryas and his family were sitting around the table. The meat was carved, the bread set out, and the wine mixed and ready in the bowl when one of the sheep dogs seized the moment when everyone was distracted to snatch the meat and bolt out the door. Dryas was furious: the god stole his meat. He grabbed a stick and flew down the dog's trail as if he were the dog. His pursuit brought him to the ivy where he saw Daphnis. He forgot all about the meat and the dog and called out to Daphnis, "Hello, my boy," and threw his arms around him and kissed him. He brought him inside. When Chloe and Daphnis sighted each other, they almost collapsed. They forced themselves to stay on their feet and say their greetings and exchange kisses, and so they avoided swooning into a faint. Daphnis got far more than he expected, a kiss and Chloe herself. He sat down before the fire and took the pigeons and blackbirds from his shoulder and put them on the table. He told them how bored he was with keeping house and how he ventured forth to hunt and how he trapped some birds with his snares and others with the lime as they were squabbling in the ivy. They praised his initiative and invited him to join them in eating what the dog had left behind. They asked Chloe to pour him some wine. Tickled pink, she still served the others first and, after everyone else, she came to Daphnis. She was pretending to be angry at Daphnis because he came over to house but was going to leave without seeing her. Before giving him the wine, she sipped a little of it. Although he was thirsty, he drank the wine slowly, prolonging his pleasure by the slowness.

9) The bread and wine vanished from the table, and dinner was soon over. They lingered at the table and began asking questions about Myrtale and Lamon and congratulating them for their fortune in having such a fine young man to keep them in their old age. Chloe was thrilled to hear Daphnis praised like this. When they wouldn't let him go home because they wanted him to join them in sacrificing to Dionysus in the morning, Daphnis almost worshiped them instead of Dionysus, so great was his joy. Right away he took the honeyed cakes and the birds out of his bag, and they began preparing them for supper. A second bowl of wine was mixed, and a second fire kindled. Darkness came on quickly, and they ate another meal together. Afterwards, they told stories and sang songs until it was time for sleep. Chloe shared a bed with her mother, and Dryas slept with Daphnis. There wasn't anything satisfying or good in this arrangement for Chloe except that she would see Daphnis in the morning. But Daphnis was blissful over this empty joy. He hugged and kissed Dryas all night, dreaming that he was doing all that to Chloe.

The next day dawned, frigid and cold. The north winds blew and froze everything. They got out of bed and sacrificed a year-old ram to Dionysus. They lighted a big fire and began preparing dinner. While Nape was making bread and Dryas was roasting the meat, Daphnis and Chloe found a moment alone. They slipped outside to the ivy and, laying their snares and smearing lime, they caught lots of birds. They also took their pleasure in kissing and talking without interruption:

"Because of you, I came, Chloe."

"I know, Daphnis."

"Because of you, I killed those poor birds."

"What's to become of you?"

"Remember me."

"By the Nymphs, who I swore by before, I remember you. I once entered their cave, and we will again after the snow melts."

"There's so much snow, Chloe, I'm afraid I'll melt before it does."

"Cheer up, Daphnis, the sun's hot."

"If only it would get as hot as the fire burning in my heart, Chloe."

"You're deceiving me and having fun with me."

"Oh no, I swear by the goats you made me swear by."

11) Chloe was answering Daphnis like his echo. When Nape called out to them, they hurried inside, bringing an even larger catch of birds than yesterday's. Everyone offered the first of the wine to Dionysus and, with their heads garlanded with ivy, they turned to the feast. It was soon time for Daphnis to go. They filled his bag with meat and bread and sent him on his way amid cries to the god Dionysus. They gave him the pigeons and blackbirds, since they were going to hunt for more as long as it was winter and the ivy held out. Daphnis kissed everybody, but saved Chloe for last, so that her kiss could linger pure on his lips, and then he left. But he came often afterwards, on different pretexts, so that the winter did not turn out to be utterly loveless.

12) Already spring was in its first stages, and the snow was melting, the ground starting to peek through, and the grass was turning green. The other shepherds were leading their flocks to pasture and, far out in front of them, were Chloe and Daphnis as if slaves to a higher and greater Shepherd. They sprinted to the Nymphs and their cave, next to Pan and his pine tree, and finally to the oak. Sitting beside it, they watched over their flocks and sought kisses from one another. They wanted to garland the gods so they rummaged around looking for flowers. Some, nurtured by the west wind and warmed by the sun, had just come out. They found violets, a narcissus, a pimpernel, and other first fruits of Spring. They milked the goats and sheep, crowned the gods' statues, and poured libations of fresh milk. They also offered a pipe as if challenging the nightingales to a music contest. The nightingales in the thickets replied and little by little perfected their Itys as if remembering how it went after a long silence. Here and there, the herd was bleating, and scattered about, lambs were leaping and frolicking. Others were bending beneath their mothers and pulling on the teat. Rams were pursuing those ewes who were yet to lamb. They chased after them until one after another of the rams brought his ewe to a halt. The goats were harrying the females, vaunting at them with leaps of passion. They came to blows over the females, and each male rounded up his own ewes and guarded them against any interloper who would have his way with them. The sight would arouse the urge to make love even in old men. But the young men were positively jumping out of their skins and exploding with energy. They already spent a lot of time looking for love and, pinning away over what they were seeing, they renewed their search for something more than hugs and kisses. Out in front of them all was Daphnis, seeing how he had squandered his youth all winter in hanging around the house and doing nothing. He burned for kisses and longed to throw his arms around somebody. In short, he was altogether more eager and bolder toward the whole business of love.

14) Daphnis asked Chloe that as a favor to him she do whatever he wanted and to lie with him naked longer than she usually did. "This is the only thing left from Philetas' instructions. It may be the sole remedy for relieving the pains of love." "What more is there," Chloe asked, "besides kissing and hugging and lying down together?" Daphnis replied: "What the rams do with the ewes and the he-goats with the females. Don't you see that, after they do that thing, the females don't run away from the males, and the males don't wear themselves out chasing the females, but after they've shared the pleasures, they

settle down and graze together? This thing is somehow sweet, as it seems, and subdues the bitterness of love. "You've seen, I'm sure, Daphnis, how the males do it standing up and the females have it done to them standing up? and how the males mount the females, and the females bear them on their backs? But you want me to lie down beside you naked? Besides, those females are so much hairier than I am fully clothed." Nonetheless, Daphnis won her over and, stretching out beside her, he lay there naked for a long time. Since he didn't know how to do anything that he craved, he stood up again and grasped her from behind, trying to imitate the he-goats. But he became even more puzzled. He sat down and burst into tears at the thought that the rams knew more than he did about love.

15) Now, Daphnis had a neighbor, a farmer on his own land, by the name of Chromis. He was past his prime, but he had a wife, a foreigner from the city, who was young, fresh and saucy, and far too uppity for country life. Her name was Lykainion. Each day, she watched Daphnis driving his goats in the morning out to pasture and back again at night. She lusted to seduce Daphnis and make him her lover. So, one day she ambushed him when he was alone and gave him gifts, a pipe and a full honeycomb and a deer skin bag, but she stopped short of saying anything. Even she could see that he was devoted to the girl Chloe. She gathered as much from the glances and laughter they shared.

Lykainion's next assault came early one morning. She made up a story for her husband that she was going to visit a woman who was having a baby. She followed Daphnis and Chloe and hid behind some bushes so they wouldn't see her. She heard everything they said and saw everything they did. She didn't miss Daphnis's cries of frustration. She felt sorry for the two young people but she also recognized a double opportunity to help them and, at the same time, get what she wanted from Daphnis. So she cooked up this scheme.

16) On the next day, she left home as if she were going to see the woman in labor. She walked openly to the oak where Daphnis and Chloe dallied with one another and cried out loud: "Save me, Daphnis, save me. (She was doing a good job of faking a woman in distress.) An eagle has stolen the best of my twenty geese, but the bird was heavy. He couldn't reach his high perch up there and landed in the woods with my poor bird. Please, by the Nymphs and Pan, come into the woods with me. I'm afraid to go in alone. Save my goose. Please, don't stand by and let me lose my goose. Perhaps you'll kill the eagle, and he won't carry off your lambs and kids any more. Chloe will watch the herd while you're gone. She is always grazing with you, and the goats know her." Daphnis didn't suspect a thing. He got up immediately and, grabbing his staff, followed Lykainion. She led him as far from Chloe as she could. When they got to the deepest part of the woods, she bid him sit down. "You love Chloe, Daphnis. I learned that you do last night in a dream from the Nymphs. They told me all about your tears yesterday and ordered me to save you and become your teacher in the works of love."

18) Daphnis couldn't contain his joy, but he did what any young country boy and goatherd in love would do: he fell down at Lykainion's feet, and begged her to teach him as fast as she possibly could the skills that would allow him to do what he wanted to do with Chloe. Just as if he were about to be taught a momentous lesson sent from the gods, Daphnis proclaimed that he would give her a kid reared in the manger and soft cheeses from milk of the first flowing along with the goat herself. Well, when Lykainion discovered the extent of the goatherd's generosity, she began to teach him like this. She ordered him to sit down beside her, just as he was, and to kiss her in the usual way and number. Then, while he was kissing her, she told him to embrace her and lie down on the ground. He sat down, kissed her, and lay down on the ground. By now Lykainion knew

that he was swollen and ready for the deed. She raised him from lying on his side and, wiggling under him, she guided him on the road so long sought. As for what followed, she didn't do anything special. Nature itself taught him what was left to be done.

19) His education in Eros completed, Daphnis still had the shepherd's way of thinking and started to run back to Chloe and do right away with her what he had learned. He was afraid he would forget if waited around. But Lykainion helped him up and said: "There's more you have to learn, Daphnis. I am a woman and did not feel pain, for long ago another man taught me what I now tell you--at the cost of my virginity. Should Chloe wrestle with you, she will weep and cry, and lie in a lot of blood. Don't be afraid of the blood, but when you've persuaded her, bring her here to this place so that, if she cries out, no one will hear her, and if she weeps, no one will see her, and if she bleeds, she can bathe in the spring. Remember that I have made you a man before Chloe."

20) Lykainion imparted her instructions and left for another part of the woods as if looking for her goose. Daphnis, thinking over what she said, gave up the idea of running to Chloe, and shrunk from annoying her beyond kissing and hugging, since he didn't want her to cry out as if he were an enemy or to weep as if in pain or to bleed as if she had been murdered. New to all of this, he feared the blood the most and thought that blood came only from a wound. Resolving to stay with the usual pleasures he enjoyed with Chloe, he left the woods, and coming to where she was weaving a garland of violets, he made up a story about how he snatched the goose out of the eagles' claws. Then he grasped her tightly, almost growing onto her, and kissed her like he did Lykainion during their pleasures. This was safe and permitted. She fit her garland upon his head and kissed his hair. She thought it more beautiful than the violets. She took a piece of fruit cake and gave it to him. While he was eating it, she snatched crumbs from his lips and so ate like a chick.

21) While they were eating and kissing (far more kissing than eating) they saw a fishing boat sailing by. There was no wind but a dead calm, and the fishermen had decided to row, which they were doing at great effort. They were hurrying to bring their catch into the city for a certain rich man while it was still fresh. As is the custom for sailors to take their minds off their toils, one man, the coxswain, sang sea ditties for them while the rest, like a chorus, shouted out in unison to the time of his voice. When they were on the open sea, their voices couldn't be heard, but when they drew underneath the promontory and were driving into the crescent-shaped bay, their shouting was magnified, and the songs of the rowers spilled clearly over onto the land. The plain was actually a hollow valley facing them that received the sound like an instrument and returned an echo that reproduced everything. The sounds of the oars and the voices of the sailors, each returned separately and distinctly. Sounds from the sea came first to be followed by sounds from the land, all very enjoyable to hear.

22) Daphnis knew what was happening and so he watched the sea and enjoyed the boat speeding by faster than a bird. He was trying to memorize some of the songs so he could play them on his pipe. But Chloe, experiencing an echo for the first time, looked first to the sea when the sailors were calling time, and then she turned away to the forest, looking for whoever was shouting back. When they had sailed by, she asked Daphnis: "Is there a sea on the other side of the promontory, and was another ship sailing by with other sailors singing the same songs. Did they all fall silent at the same moment?" Daphnis laughed sweetly and gave her a kiss that was even sweeter. He put a wreath of violets upon her and began to tell her the story of Echo, but only after asking in return for his lesson a payment of ten more of her kisses.

"The family of the Nymphs, my girl, is large. There are Nymphs of the Ash Trees, and Nymphs of the Oaks, and Nymphs of the Marshes. All are beautiful, and all are skilled in music. Echo was the daughter of one of these Nymphs. She was mortal from her father, but beautiful from her beautiful mother. She was raised by the Nymphs, and the Muses taught her how to play the pipe and the flute and songs for the lyre and others for the guitar, every sort of song. When she reached the flower of her maidenhood, she joined in choruses with the Nymphs and sang with the Muses. She fled all males, both human and divine, out of love for her maidenhood. Pan was angered by the girl out of envy for her gift of music and his own failure to have her beauty. He threw madness into the shepherds and goatherds. Like dogs or wolves, they tore her apart and threw her across the whole earth while she was still singing songs. Earth as a favor to the Nymphs hid all her songs and preserved their music. At the Muses' request, Earth sends back a voice and imitates every sound just as the girl used to do, the sounds of gods, men, musical instruments, and animals. She even imitates Pan playing his pipe. When he hears these sounds, he leaps up and pursues them to find out who his secret student is." When he finished, Chloe did not kiss him ten times but countless times, for Echo repeated everything Daphnis said as if bearing witness that he was telling her the truth.

24) The sun grew hotter each day as spring was ending, and summer was nearing. Once again there were new delights for them to enjoy, the joys of summer. He swam in rivers, while she bathed in the springs. He played his pipe in competition with the pines, while she sang in rivalry with the nightingales. They hunted chattering locusts and snared noisy grasshoppers. They picked flowers and shook the trees and ate their fruit. Afterwards, they would lie down naked beside one another and cover themselves with one goatskin. Chloe could easily have become a woman, had not Daphnis been afraid of the blood. But he also feared that his reason would be circumvented so he didn't allow Chloe to be naked very often. Chloe wondered about it but was ashamed to ask him about it.

25) During this summer, a throng of suitors hung around Chloe, and many more came from everywhere to Dryas in quest of her hand in marriage. Others promised great rewards if they were the ones to win her. Nape, seduced by her hopes, thought that they should give Chloe out in marriage and not keep at home any longer a girl of her age who any time soon could lose her virginity while grazing in the fields and make some shepherd a man for a few apples or roses. They should set Chloe up as the mistress of a household, and get a lot of money for themselves and save it for their rightful child, for a son had just been born to them. Dryas was sometimes attracted by her words, for each suitor offered gifts of far greater value than a shepherd girl would command. At other times, he kept in mind that the girl was better than any of her farmer suitors and that if ever he could find her true parents, he would make his family very wealthy. So he kept postponing his answer and dragging out the time. Meanwhile, he was reaping profits from the many gifts he received.

Chloe was upset when she heard all this, yet she did not tell Daphnis for a long time, not wishing to hurt him. But he kept insisting and badgering her with his questions. When he was distressed more by not knowing than the would be when he found out, she told him everything about her many rich suitors, what Nape said about hurrying up her marriage, and how Dryas did not rule it out but put it off until the time of the grape harvest.

26) Daphnis fell apart at the news: he sat down and cried. "Without Chloe grazing her sheep at my side, I'll die. Not only me. Her sheep will die, too." In time, however, he recovered and perked up at the thought that he would persuade her father. He started

thinking of himself as one of her suitors and clearly expected to win out over the others. One thing alone frightened him. Lamon was not a rich man. This fact alone attenuated his hopes. Still, he thought it a good idea to ask for Chloe in marriage, and so did Chloe. He did not dare to talk to Lamon about this, but he took heart and revealed his love to Myrtale, laying out before her what he had to say about marriage. That night Myrtale shared what he said with Lamon. Lamon opposed the whole idea and rebuked her for suggesting a shepherd's daughter for their boy who held out the prospect--as the tokens proved--of a great reward for themselves and who, when he found his kinsmen, would make them free and masters of larger fields. Myrtale was afraid that if Daphnis were completely dashed in his hopes for love, he would do something fatal so she told him different reasons for Lamon's objections. "We are poor people, my child, and we need a bride who will bring something more into the house. Wealthy people have need for wealthy bridegrooms. Go now, and persuade Chloe, have her persuade her father to ask for nothing big but allow her to be married. She loves you in every way and prefers to lie with a handsome but poor man rather than a rich man who looks like a monkey."

27) Myrtale never for a moment expected that Dryas would agree to marriage on these terms, since he had wealthier suitors and so she thought that she had gotten out of the marriage rather handily. When Daphnis fell far short of what he wanted, he did what impoverished lovers usually do--he burst into tears. Once again he called upon the Nymphs for help. They came at night and stood over him as he slept, looking the same as they had before and, again as before, the eldest one spoke for the others: "Marriage with Chloe is the concern of another god. We will give you gifts that will charm Dryas. The ship that belonged to the young men from Methymna, the one whose vine rope your goats ate through, was carried out to sea on that day by a strong wind. During the night, a wind blowing off the sea churned up the sea and drove the ship onto the rocks of the promontory. It was lost along with most of its cargo. A bag containing three thousand drachmas was spit back by a wave and lies hidden beneath seaweed near a dead dolphin. The stench from the rotting flesh causes travelers to give it a wide berth and not come closer. But you go right up to it, and pick it up, and give it to Dryas. It's enough for now that you not appear to be a poor man, but later you will really be a wealthy one."

28) After telling him this, the Nymphs withdrew along with the night. Day had arrived, and Daphnis leaped up, full of joy, and drove his goats with a lot of whistling. He kissed Chloe and, after paying homage to the Nymphs, went on down to the sea as if wishing to splash about in the water. He moseyed along the sand near where the waves were breaking, looking for the three thousand. He was not going to have much trouble, for the dolphin, shiny and putrefied, assaulted him with an unpleasant odor. He used its rotting carcass as his guide and came directly to it. He pushed the seaweed aside and found the bag full of silver. He picked it up and put it into his wallet. He then left but not before he called out in praise of the Nymphs and the sea itself. Although he was a goatherd, he already considered the sea sweeter than the land, since it was helping him in to gain marriage with Chloe.

29) With the three thousand in hand, Daphnis did not waste a moment but as if the richest of men, not just of the locals, he rushed to Chloe and told her about his dream. He showed her the bag and told her to watch his goats until he returned. He went bustling off to Dryas in a terrible hurry. He found Dryas threshing grain with Nape. Taking courage, he began his proposal of marriage. "Give Chloe to me as my wife. I know well how to bring in the harvest, prune vines, and plant trees. I also know how to plow a field and winnow grain in the wind. Chloe is my witness for how I tend my herd. I started with

fifty she-goats and increased their number to twice as many. I raised big, beautiful he-goats when before we turned our she-goats over to the males of others for mating. I'm young and a faultless neighbor. A goat suckled me as an ewe did Chloe. I beat the others in every way, and I'll not be bested in wedding gifts, either. Those others will give you goats and sheep and a team of mangy oxen and grain not fit to feed chickens. From me, you'll receive three thousand drachmas. Only don't tell anybody about this, not even my father Lamon." He gave them the money and threw his arms around them and kissed them. As for Chloe's parents, they were looking at more money than they ever expected to cast eyes on. Immediately, they gave her in marriage and promised that they would work on persuading Lamon.

Nape stayed with Daphnis and drove the oxen in circles as they ground the grain on the threshing machine. Dryas put the bag away where he hid the tokens and hurried off to Lamon and Myrtale with a most unusual purpose--to ask for their son's hand in marriage. When he came upon them, they were measuring the barley that had just been winnowed and were feeling glum that there wasn't much more than what was needed for sowing. He consoled them about their situation, agreeing that scarcity was everywhere. He then asked that Daphnis be Chloe's. He said that, although the others were offering many gifts for her, he wasn't going to accept anything from them. Besides, he would give something from his own house. The children were raised together and, while shepherding, were touched by a friendship that could not easily be undone. Now they have arrived at the age when they could sleep with one another. He pointed this out and more, seeing how he was speaking to persuade them, having already his prize of the three thousand drachmas. Lamon could not plead poverty as his excuse (for Dryas and Nape were not being overbearing about it). Still, he couldn't come out and admit the truth--that Daphnis was better than such a marriage. He didn't say anything for a while, and then gave this answer. 31) "You do what is right by respecting neighbors before strangers and by not considering wealth better than honest poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs cherish you for that. I myself am eager for this marriage. For I would be out of my mind, what with one foot in the grave and always needing more hands for the work, if I didn't embrace your house as my friend, a great good in itself. Chloe is much sought after. She is a beautiful girl and in her bloom and good in every way. But I am a nobody, a slave and not in charge of my own affairs and kinsmen. My master must be informed about this and give his consent. Come now, let us postpone the marriage until after the harvest. Men who have come to us from town say that he will be back at that time. Then they will be man and wife. For now, let them love one another as brother and sister. Know this much, Dryas. You are asking for a youth who is better than we are." That said, Lamon kissed him and, as it was already high noon, offered him a drink. Afterwards, he grasped him kindly and walked him part of the way home.

32) Dryas didn't let what Lamon said about Daphnis slip by unnoticed and, as he walked along by himself, he ruminated on who Daphnis might be. "He was nursed by a goat as if the gods were caring for him. He is handsome and looks nothing at all like that snub-nosed old man and his bald wife. He came up with that three thousand. A goatherd's not likely to have three thousand wild pears much less drachmas. Did somebody expose him like Chloe? Did Lamon find him as I found her? Were there tokens lying beside him like those I found? If this is so, by master Pan and the dear Nymphs, when he finds his own people, perhaps he will find something out about the mystery surrounding Chloe." Such were his thoughts as he walked in a dream world back to the threshing floor. When he arrived and found Daphnis frantic for the news of what happened, he revived the boy

by addressing him as son-in-law. He announced that they could celebrate the wedding after the harvest and pledged that Chloe would never be another's except Daphnis' Chloe.

33) Quicker than thought, without drinking or eating a thing, Daphnis ran to Chloe. He found her milking and making cheese and gave her the good news of their wedding. Without further ado and with no attempt at concealment, since he looked upon her as his wife, he kissed her and turned to helping her with the work. He milked the milk into pails and set cheeses in wicker baskets and put the lambs and kids to their mothers. When all was in order, they bathed and ate and drank and walked around looking for fruit. There were many pears and apples. Some had already fallen, and others were still on the trees. Those on the ground were more fragrant, but the ones in the branches were more flowery. The former smelled like wine, and the latter shined like gold. One apple tree had been harvested, and no longer had any fruit or leaves. The branches, all of them, were bare. Only one apple remained very high up on its highest branch. It was big and beautiful and far surpassed the others in the sweetness of its fragrance. The man who did the picking had been afraid to go up there after it, and so left it alone. Perhaps he had it in mind as a beautiful apple for a shepherd in love.

34) When Daphnis caught sight of this apple, he rushed to climb up there and pick it. He paid no attention to Chloe who was trying to stop him. She was incensed at being ignored like this, and ran off toward the flocks. Daphnis climbed up the tree and managed to pick the apple and bring it to Chloe as a gift. Then he spoke to an angry Chloe in this way: "Maiden, beautiful seasons have grown this apple, and a beautiful tree nourished it under the ripening rays of the sun. Fortune watched over it, and I was not going to leave it to fall on the ground and be trampled by the grazing flocks or poisoned by a coiling snake or wasted by always being viewed and praised. Aphrodite took an apple as a prize for her beauty. I bestow this one upon you as a token of victory. You have a similar witness to your beauty. He was a shepherd, and I am a goatherd." He then placed the apple in her lap, and she kissed him as he drew near her. So Daphnis did not regret his daring in climbing to so great a height, for he received a kiss that was sweeter than any apple, even a golden one.

FOURTH BOOK

A fellow slave of Lamon came from Mytilene with the news that their master would arrive shortly before the harvest to assess what damage the fields suffered from the raid by the Methymneans. The summer was almost over, and autumn was upon them. Lamon was busying preparing for his master's appearance, seeing to it that everything would be pleasing to his eye. He cleaned out the springs so they would have clear water and removed the dung from the courtyard to be rid of its offensive smells, and he tended the garden to make it beautiful to look at.

2) The garden was a very beautiful thing even in comparison with royal gardens. It was six hundred feet long and lay on high ground, and about four hundred feet wide. It looked like a large plain. It held every kind of tree, apple trees, myrtles, pear trees, pomegranate trees, figs, and olive trees. On one side was a tall vine that lay on the apple and pear trees. Its fruit was ripening as if locked in a competition with the fruits of the trees. Besides cultivated trees, the garden held cypresses, laurels, plane-trees and pines. To them all, an ivy clung instead of a vine. Its clusters of berries were big and turning black,

looking for all the world like clusters of grapes. Within these trees stood the fruit-bearing trees as if they were being guarded by the outer ring of trees that bore no fruit. Outside all of the trees was a small fence. Each tree was separate and divided from the others as was each trunk from every other. Overhead, the branches fell into one another and interlaced their leaves. The nature of the place seemed to have been artfully constructed. There were also flower beds containing both wild flowers, violets, narcissus, and pimpernels, and cultivated flowers, roses, hyacinths, and lilies. The garden afforded shade in summer, flowers in spring, fruit in autumn, and vigorous life all year long. 3) It also enjoyed a clear view of the plain and the shepherds grazing there. All this added to the attraction of the garden.

In the very middle was a temple and altar of Dionysus. His altar was surrounded by ivy, and vine-shoots embraced the temple. Inside were paintings on subjects about Dionysus. Semele was giving birth, Ariadne was sleeping, Lykurgos was bound in chains, and Pentheus was being torn apart. There were also Indians being defeated and Tyrrhenians being changed into the shape of dolphins. Everywhere, Satyrs were stomping on grapes; everywhere, Bacchantes were dancing in choruses. Neither was Pan neglected. He was sitting there playing his pipe on a rock exactly as if he were providing musical accompaniment for those who were treading and dancing.

4) This was the garden that Lamon began to tend by cutting away the dry wood and taking up the vine shoots. He garlanded Dionysus with a crown, and he channeled water for the flowers from a spring that Daphnis had found. This spring was reserved for the flowers and was called Daphnis' spring. Lamon advised Daphnis to fatten up his goats as best he could: "The master hasn't been here in a long time, and he will look them over closely." Daphnis was confident that he would be complemented for his goats. He doubled the number that he was given, no wolf carried off even one, and they were fatter than the sheep. But he wanted the master to be more eager for his marriage so he spared no care or enthusiasm. He drove his goats out early and brought them back late. He led them to water twice a day and found the sweetest pastures for them. He saw to getting new milk bowls and pails and larger baskets for drying cheeses. So great was his attention to his goat herding that he anointed the goats' horns with oil and combed their hair. One would think he was looking upon a herd sacred to Pan. Chloe shared all the work on the goats with him and even neglected her sheep so that Daphnis thought they looked beautiful because of Chloe's presence.

5) While they were engaged with the goats, a messenger came from town and told them to harvest the vines as soon as possible. He announced that he would remain there until they turned the grapes into the sweet new wine. Then he would depart for the city and bring the master back after the harvest of late autumn was over. They welcomed the man, who was called Eudromos, with every hospitality. They began harvesting right away. They carried the grapes to the wine-press, and poured the new wine into jars, and set aside the most luxuriant of the grapes, still on their branches, so that those coming from the city would have an idea what the vintage had been like and could derive pleasure from it.

6) While Eudromos was getting to dash off to the city, Daphnis gave him several gifts, among which were things from his herds, some hard cheeses, a newly born kid, and a hide of shaggy white goat for something more to wear while running in the winter. Eudromos was pleased and, kissing Daphnis, he promised to speak well of him to the master. Eudromos left, thinking kindly of Daphnis, but Daphnis himself, as he grazed his herd with Chloe, was worried sick. She too had many fears of her own. A youth

accustomed to looking at goats, mountains, farmers, and Chloe was about to see a master whose name he had only recently heard. She was worried for him. How would he do in speaking with the master? She was heart sick that her dreams about her marriage would all be in vain. As a consequence, they kissed one another constantly and held one another so closely that they seemed to have grown into one body. Still, their kisses lacked passion, and their embraces were listless as if the dreaded master were there already or they wanted to go unseen. Then, trouble befell them.

7) It began with a certain cowherd, an arrogant man by the name of Lampis. He tried more than once to gain Chloe's hand in marriage and gave Dryas many gifts in his eagerness for the union. When he found out that, should the master agree, Chloe would be Daphnis', he began devising some way to bring Daphnis and Chloe into the master's disfavor. He knew that the master enjoyed his garden very much, and so he conceived the plan to destroy and disfigure it as much as he could. If he tried to cut down the trees, the noise would give him away. He decided instead to mangle the flowers. Waiting for nightfall, he crossed the fence and dug up some of the flowers. He broke others off and trampled others into the ground the way a pig would do. No one saw him, and he left undetected. Early the next day, Lamon came to the garden, intending to water the flowers from the spring. Seeing the whole place laid waste, the work of an enemy and not some robber, he cried out and called upon the gods. Myrtale heard him and dropped what she had in her hands and came running. So did Daphnis who left his goats to fend for themselves. When they saw what happened, they too cried out and burst into tears. 8) What happened to the flowers was bad enough, but they were also lamenting because they were afraid of the master. In fact, even a stranger would have cried, had he seen the destruction. The place was in a shambles. Mud was everywhere. Any flower that escaped was trying to blossom and look radiant and beautiful, even when flat on the ground. The bees were constantly hovering over what flowers there were, buzzing ceaselessly like women in mourning.

Lamon was scared: "O my poor roses look how they've been torn up. My violets, their beds are trampled and messed. And the hyacinths and narcissus. That scoundrel dug them up. Spring will come, and there will be no buds. Summer will come, and there will be no blossoms, and another fall, one without garlands and wreaths. Didn't you pity the poor flowers, master Dionysus? You lived beside them. You watched them and often wore garlands woven from them. How can I show the garden to my master? What will he do when he sees it? Hang an old man from a pine tree like Marsyas, and then maybe Daphnis, if he thought that his goats did this.

9) At that thought, his tears grew hotter, and together, they turned to bewailing their own lives rather than the flowers. Chloe mourned, too, over the prospect of Daphnis going to be hanged. "May the master never come," she prayed, drinking to the dregs the misery of imagining Daphnis being flogged. By now it was early evening, and Eudromos showed up to announce that the elder master would come within three days, but his son Astylos would be here tomorrow. The news got them to thinking about what happened, and they invited Eudromos to join them. He liked Daphnis and advised them to tell everything to the younger master first, and he offered to intercede for them, since he was held in a place of honor as a fellow clansman. Come daybreak, this is what they did.

10) Astylos appeared on horseback along with his hanger-on Gnathon who was also on horseback. Astylos was just beginning to grow a beard, but Gnathon had been shaving his for a long time. Lamon with Myrtale and Daphnis fell down before their feet and begged for forgiveness and pity for an unfortunate old man and that they save from his

father's anger one who did no wrong himself. Then Lamon told him everything. Astylos went to the garden and looked over the destruction of the flowers. He said that he would take care of things with his father and blame it all on the horses. "They were tied up," or so the story would be, "near the flowers, and becoming frisky, they trampled some down and dug others up after they got loose." At this, Lamon and Myrtale prayed that all good things befall Astylos, and Daphnis brought him gifts of kids, cheeses, birds and their young, grape clusters on their shoots, and apples on the branches. Among the gifts was a wine with a flowery bouquet, a Lesbian wine that was the finest anyone could drink.

11) Astylos praised the gifts and then busied himself with the rabbit hunt. Wealthy young men were like that, always pursuing what was fashionable and going into the country to enjoy different kinds of pleasures. Seeing how Gnathon knew how to eat and drink to drunkenness and, once drunk, how to look for sex and how he wasn't much more than a jaw, stomach, and parts below the stomach, he wasn't idly watching Daphnis as he brought out his gifts. Gnathon was a lover of boys by nature. He never found such beauty in the city so he decided to hit on Daphnis. He figured it would be easy to persuade him, a mere goatherd. With this purpose in mind, he did not join Astylos in the hunt but went down to where Daphnis was grazing his goats. He pretended that he wanted to watch the goats but his eyes were on Daphnis. He tried to soften him up by extolling his animals and requesting him to play rustic tunes on his pipe. He told Daphnis that he had the power to make him a free man. 12) When Gnathon saw that he was well in hand, he waylaid Daphnis in the evening when he was driving his goats from their pasture. He ran up to him and kissed him. Then he tried to persuade him to present himself to him as the female goats do to the male goats. Now, Daphnis thought this request over slowly and answered: "It's a good thing that the females go to the male goats, but nobody has ever seen a male goat go to a male goat or a ram prefer a ram to the ewes or a rooster want another rooster in place of the hens." Gnathon was the sort of man who would use force. He tried to rape Daphnis, but Daphnis pushed him off. Gnathon was drunk and could barely stand up. He fell flat on the ground, and Daphnis ran off like a puppy and left him lying there. Gnathon now needed a man more than a boy to carry him home. For his part, Daphnis never went near him again and changed his grazing grounds frequently. Gnathon never tried that again, since he learned that Daphnis was strong as well as beautiful. Instead, he waited for an opportunity to speak with Astylos about Daphnis. He hoped to have Daphnis as a present from the young man who liked to do favors for others.

13) Gnathon couldn't do it just then. Dionysophanes was arriving amid much uproar among the baggage-animals, slaves, men and women. Afterwards, he turned to composing a long speech about his love. Dionysophanes was already getting gray. He was a large man and handsome, still able to compete with the youths. He was a wealthy man among a few and a good man as no other. On his first day there, he conducted sacrifices to the gods of the countryside, Demeter and Dionysus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and set up a great bowl full of wine for everyone who was at the sacrifice. The other days he spent inspecting what Lamon had accomplished. He saw fields that were furrowed by the plow, and vines laden with shoots, and a garden resplendent with beauty (for Astylos had shouldered the blame for the flowers). Dionysophanes was very pleased and commended Lamon and promised to set him free. He then went down to where the goats were pastured to see them and their herdsman.

14) Chloe escaped into the woods; she was shy and frightened of so many people. But Daphnis stood there, wearing a shaggy goatskin girded at his waist and having a newly stitched wallet over his shoulders. He was holding fresh cheeses in one hand and suckling

kids in the other. If once Apollo had served Laomedon and tended his cattle, he looked just like Daphnis did then. He didn't say a word, but he blushed and, bowing his head, offered his gifts. Lamon said: "Master, here is your goatherd. You gave him fifty she-goats and two- he goats to herd, and he has turned them into a hundred females and ten males. Do you see how sleek and shaggy their hair is and their unbroken horns? He has trained them to be musical. They do everything to the sounds of his pipe."

15) Kleariste heard what was being said and desired to test Lamon's claim. She asked Daphnis to play his pipe for the goats in the usual way and promised to give him a tunic, cloak and sandals when he finished. Daphnis sat everybody down as if they were his audience and, standing beneath a fig, he took the pipe from his wallet and blew on it a little. The goats stood up with their heads erect. He played a pastoral melody, and the goats lowered their heads and began grazing. He next sent them a sweet sound, and they flocked together and lay down. Then he played a piercing, shrill sound, and the goats fled as if a wolf were stalking them. Soon, Daphnis sounded a recall, and the goats ran out of the woods and up to his feet. One wouldn't see slaves so obedient to their master's commands. Everyone was amazed, especially Kleariste. She swore an oath to give the gifts to him, a beautiful musician as well as goatherd.

Around lunch time Dionysophanes and his party went up to the cottage and had some of the food from their table sent back to Daphnis. He ate it with Chloe and enjoyed tasting the cooked food of the city. He was optimistic that he could win over his master and secure his marriage.

16) On the other hand, Gnathon was further incensed by what transpired in the goat pasture and, believing that life was not worth living without Daphnis, he watched out for when Astylos was strolling in the garden. Then, he led Astylos to the temple of Dionysus and began kissing his hands and feet. When Astylos asked what was the matter and encouraged him to speak up, assuring him of his help, Gnathon replied: "Gnathon comes to you, master, a man who until now loved only your table and used to swear an oath that nothing was more exquisite than an aged wine and often said your chefs far surpassed any young man that Mitylene had to offer. But I believe that beauty alone rests in Daphnis. I have lost my taste for expensive food, even though meats, fishes, and pastries are being prepared each day. I would gladly become a goat and eat grass and leaves, if only I heard the sounds of Daphnis' pipe and was pastured by him. Save Gnathon, and overcome the invincible Eros. If not, I swear by my god that I'll get a dagger and, filling my stomach with food, I'll kill myself before Daphnis' doors, and you'll no longer call out "dear Gnathy" when you're in the mood for play."

17) Gnathon burst into tears and started kissing Astylos, and Astylos couldn't say no. He was a generous young man and not unacquainted with the pains of love. He promised that he would ask his father for Daphnis and would bring him back to the city as Gnathon's slave and beloved. But Astylos wanted to urge him to reconsider his request. Smiling, he asked Gnathon: "Aren't you ashamed to love Lamon's son? Are you earnest in wanting to lie down beside a youth who herds goats?" He was miming someone disgusted by the smell of goats as he spoke. Gnathon learned the stories about love at the drinking parties of among the low life and came up with a justification for himself and Daphnis that wasn't off target. "No lover concerns himself with that stuff, but whatever the body he discovers beauty in, he is captivated by it. For the same reason, someone loved a tree or a river or a wild beast. Who wouldn't pity a lover who had to fear his beloved? I love the body of a slave but the beauty of a free man. Don't you see how he has hair like hyacinths, eyes that shine from beneath his brows like gems set in rings of gold, a face that blushes

and a mouth full of teeth like ivory? What lover wouldn't pray to take kisses from that place? If I loved a herdsman, I was imitating the gods. Anchises was a cowherd, and Aphrodite had him. Branchos was grazing goats, and Apollo loved him. Ganymede was a shepherd, and the god of the whole thing snatched him away. Let's not despise the boy whom we have seen goats obey as if they loved him. Rather, let's be grateful to Zeus's eagles that they've allowed such beauty to remain on earth."

18) Astylos was amused by Gnathon's last remark and observed how Eros produced clever speakers. He would watch out for an opportunity to speak with his father about Daphnis. Eudromos overheard what they were saying and, loving Daphnis as a noble young man and angered that such beauty might become subjected to Gnathon's drunken lust, he told Lamon and Daphnis everything. Daphnis was scared out of his wits and realized that he had to get the nerve to escape or kill himself with Chloe or die. But Lamon drew Myrtale out of the cottage and said to her: "It's all over for us, wife. Time has come to reveal what has been hidden. You and I will live out our lives destitute and so will our goats and everything else. But by Pan and the Nymphs, not even if I'm going to poorer than they say is "that ox in a stall," I will not stand by in silence about Daphnis's birth. I will tell them that I found him exposed and reveal how I found him being nursed by a goat and show them the tokens I found lying beside him. Let that accursed Gnathon learn who he is and for whom he has conceived his passion. Only get the tokens ready."

19) After they made their plans, they went back inside. Astylos descended upon his father, who was resting, and asked him to let him bring back Daphnis to the city. He was beautiful and too good for life in the country and could quickly be taught by Gnathon the ways of the city. His father gladly consented and, summoning Lamon and Myrtale, gave them the good news that Daphnis would serve Astylos in the future instead of goats, and he promised to give them two goatherds to replace Daphnis. At this moment, when Dionysophanes' slaves were gathering around, happy to have such a beautiful youth as a fellow-slave, Lamon asked permission to speak. "Master, listen to a true tale from an old man. I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I shall not utter any falsehood. I am not Daphnis' father and Myrtale was never so blessed as to be a mother. Other parents exposed this child. Perhaps they had enough older children. I found him exposed and being nurtured by a goat of mine. When she died, I buried her in the garden next to the cottage because I loved her for fulfilling the duties of a mother. I also found lying beside him tokens--I admit this, master-- and I've taken care of them. They are signs of a greater fortune than any we have enjoyed. I don't reject the idea that Daphnis become Astylos' slave, the beautiful servant of a beautiful and good master, but I am not able to abide Gnathon's drunken lust. He wants to take Daphnis to Mitylene and put him to the duties of women."

20) Lamon said this and no more and burst into tears. Gnathon was boldface and threatened to strike Lamon. Dionysophanes was stunned at what was said and, glaring at Gnathon, told him to keep quiet. He questioned Lamon and encouraged him to tell the truth and not to make anything up in order to keep his son. But when Lamon was direct and swore by all the gods and offered himself for torture if he told any lies, he removed Kleariste from his side and examined Lamon's story. "Why would Lamon lie when he's getting two goatherds for one? How could a country bumpkin make up this tale? Isn't it immediately incredible that so beautiful a son was born from such an old man and a lowly mother? 21) He resolved not to go on guessing what was true and to examine the tokens right away to see if they were clues to a glorious and more illustrious fortune. Myrtale went off to fetch everything that was kept in the old wallet. Dionysophanes was the first to

look at what she brought. When he saw the little purple cloak with its clasp of wrought gold and the little dagger with an ivory handle, he cried out: "Zeus, my master." He called his wife to come and look, and seeing for herself, she cried out: "Dear Fates, did we not leave these things with our own baby? Didn't we send Sophrone to carry him to these fields? These tokens are not different ones; they're the very ones. My husband, the child is ours. Your son is Daphnis, and he has been herding his father's goats."

22) Kleariste was still speaking, and Dionysophanes was kissing the tokens and crying from too much joy, when Astylos, realizing that he was a brother, threw off his cloak and ran down through the garden, wishing to be the first to kiss Daphnis. Daphnis saw Astylos charging toward him with many others in train and shouting "Daphnis," and thought that he wanted to lay hands on him and took off running. He cast his wallet and pipe away and bounded toward the sea to hurl himself from a great rock. Then--the strangest thing--once found out for who he really is, Daphnis would have perished, had Astylos not shouted again. "Stop, Daphnis. Wait! Don't be afraid. I'm your brother, and those you thought your masters are your parents. Lamon told us all about the goat and showed us the tokens. Turn back and look how happy and joyful everyone is. Kiss me first. I swear by the Nymphs that I'm not lying."

23) Daphnis stopped reluctantly but only after the oath and waited for Astylos to catch up and kissed him when he got there. While he was kissing him, the rest of the throng of men and women slaves poured down on him. Behind them, were his father and mother. Everybody embraced him and kissed him, rejoicing and crying at the same time. Daphnis greeted his parents affectionately before the others and, as if he had known for a long time, he held them to his chest and didn't want to leave their embrace. So readily do we put our trust in nature.

For a little while, Daphnis forgot about Chloe. He went back to the cottage where he was given expensive clothes to wear. He sat beside his father and listened to what he was saying. 24) "I married, my sons, quite young and, in a short time, as I thought, I turned out to be a very fortunate father. A son was born to be first and then a daughter and, then Astylos. I thought that my family was sufficient and so, when this child was born after all the others, I exposed him and put these things with him not as token but as funeral offerings for his grave. But Fortune had other plans. My elder son and daughter were taken away by the same sickness on the same day. You have been saved for me through the gods' foresight so that we may have more hands to aid us in our old age. Do not harbor bad feelings against me for exposing you, Daphnis, I did not come to the decision willingly. Do not be distressed, Astylos, that you'll receive part instead of the whole estate. There's no greater possession for men of good sense than a brother. Kiss each other and, as for money, you rival even kings. I'll leave you skilled slaves, gold, silver, and many possessions that the fortunate enjoy. I give this place to Daphnis as a special gift along with Lamon and Myrtale and the goats that he herded himself."

25) His father was still speaking when Daphnis suddenly leaped up. "Thank you for reminding me, father. I am leaving to lead my goats to water. They've been thirsty a long time and have been waiting for the sounds of my pipe a long time, and I'm sitting here." Everyone laughed kindly at the fact that he was now a master and he still was a goatherd. Someone else was sent to tend to the goats. Meanwhile, they sacrificed to Zeus Savior and started preparations for a feast. Gnathon had taken refuge in the temple of Dionysus by himself, afraid to show himself. Word spread quickly that Dionysophanes had found a son and that Daphnis the goatherd was discovered as a master of the estate. Early next

morning, people began coming in from all directions, congratulating the young man and bringing gifts for his father. Among the first to arrive was Dryas who had cared for Chloe.

26) Dionysophanes made them stay to share in his joy and his feasting. There was more than enough wine and flour and, besides these, there were marsh birds, suckling pigs, and all sorts of pastries. Many victims were sacrificed to the gods of the country. It was there at the sacrifice that Daphnis gathered his shepherd's possessions and divided them up as offerings for the gods. He dedicated his wallet and goatskin to Dionysus, his pipe and sloping flute to Pan, and his staff and the milk pails he made himself to the Nymphs. While happiness comes as a stranger, what is familiar brings more pleasure so that Daphnis wept as he let each one of his things go, and he did not consecrate the pails until he milked into them or the goatskin until he put it on again or the pipe until he played it one last time. He kissed each thing and addressed his she-goats and called his he-goats by name. He also drank from the spring because he had often drunk there with Chloe. He did not reveal his love--he was waiting for the right moment.

27) While Daphnis was at the feast, things were happening with Chloe. She was sitting down, crying as she watched her sheep grazing. She kept saying to herself the kinds of things anyone in her place would say: "Daphnis has forgotten all about me. Why did I have him swear by his goats instead of the Nymphs? He abandoned them as easily as he left Chloe. Even when he was sacrificing to the Nymphs and Pan, he had no desire to see Chloe. Perhaps he has found someone of his mother's servants prettier than me. Goodbye. Farewell. I can't go on living without him."

28) Chloe was talking to herself and thinking like this when Lampis the cowherd was suddenly beside her with a gang of farm hands and seized her. He reckoned that Daphnis would no longer marry her, and Dryas would welcome him. Chloe was carried off, screaming, but someone saw her and brought the news to Nape. Nape told Dryas who told Daphnis who was beside himself, but he didn't dare say anything to his father. Unable to control himself, he went out into the garden and lamented: "O bitter discovery, how much better off I was when I was tending my goats. I used to look at Chloe in those days and hear her voice. Now Lampis has carried her off and, with night coming on, she'll be bedded. Here I am, drinking and living in luxury. In vain did I swear by Pan and my goats."

29) Out of sight in the garden, Gnathon overheard Daphnis and, recognizing his opportunity to patch things up with Daphnis, he gathered some of Astylos' young men and set out to find Dryas. With Dryas as his guide, he came to Lampis' cottage and caught him just as he was leading Chloe inside. He rescued her and beat up the farm hands. He wanted to tie Lampis up and lead him back like a prisoner of war, but the man escaped. Still, he succeeded in a marvelous deed and, with night falling, he returned and found Dionysophanes sleeping. Daphnis was awake and still crying in the garden. He brought Chloe to him, and, handing her over, he recounted all that had happened and begged Daphnis: "Do not harbor ill feelings toward me, Daphnis, but accept me as your not altogether useless slave. Don't banish me from your table, for without it, I'll surely starve to death." Daphnis caught sight of Chloe and, holding her in his arms, he reconciled his quarrel with Gnathon whom he regarded now as his benefactor. He tried to tell Chloe how sorry he was for neglecting her.

36) After thinking it over, they decided to keep silent about their wedding plans and to tell his mother of his love without bringing up Chloe. Dryas did not agree and encouraged them to speak to Daphnis' father, and he promised that he would do what he could to win him over. And so it was that, come daylight, Dryas was on his way to Dionysophanes and Kleariste with the tokens in the wallet. He came upon them in the

garden and, as it happened, Astylos and Daphnis were with them. After their first greetings, Dryas began to speak: "A similar need as Lamon's compels me to speak of things long hidden until now. I am not Chloe's father, and I did not have anything to do with nursing her. Others are her parents, and while she was lying in the cave of the Nymphs, a ewe nursed her. I saw this with my own eyes, and I was astonished by the sight. For that reason, I brought her up. Her beauty bears its own witness, for she doesn't look anything like us. These tokens also bear witness, wealthier things than any shepherd would possess. Look at them, and seek the girl's kinsmen for her, should she prove to be worthy of Daphnis."

31) Dryas did not throw out this last thought carelessly, and it was not lost on Dionysophanes. The latter looked at Daphnis and, observing his pale skin and ill-concealed tears, he detected immediately the look of love. And on his guard more for his son's sake than someone else's daughter's, he put Dryas' words to through every test. When he examined the tokens, the sandals gilded with gold, the anklets, and the girdle, Dionysophanes summoned Chloe and told her to take heart and that she already had a husband and would soon find her father and mother. Kleariste took her under her guidance and dressed her as her son's wife. Dionysophanes stood Daphnis up and asked him if Chloe was a virgin. Daphnis swore that nothing more than kissing and oaths of faithfulness had transpired between them. Dionysophanes was delighted at this and had everyone recline on couches for the feasting.

32) Enhanced by adornments, Chloe's beauty could now be appreciated by everyone. She was wearing a dress and had braided her hair up. She washed her face so that she seemed more beautiful to all: Daphnis almost didn't recognize her. Someone swore that, even without the tokens, Dryas could not be the father of such a girl. Still, he was there, enjoying the hospitality with Nape and sharing his couch with Lamon and Myrtale. Over the next days, sacrifices were held, and great bowls of wine were set up. Chloe dedicated her possessions, her pipe, wallet, fawn skin and milk pails. She poured wine into the spring because she had been nursed beside it and often drank from its. Dryas showed her where the ewe was buried, and she covered her grave with garlands. She played something on her pipe for her flock and then prayed to the goddesses that those who exposed her prove to be worthy of marriage with Daphnis.

33) When they had had enough of feasting in the country, they decided to return to the city and look for Chloe's parents and not to delay the marriage any longer. They prepared to leave early in the morning. They gave Dryas three thousand more drachmae and Lamon a half share in the crops and vines of the fields along with the goats and their herdsmen, four yokes of oxen, and clothes for the winter. They made him a free man and his wife a free woman. Afterwards, they drove off for Mitylene with horses and carriages and amid much pomp and ceremony.

They arrived at night and were unnoticed, but as the day was dawning, a crowd of men and women began collecting at their gate. The men congratulated Dionysophanes on finding a son and, with even greater enthusiasm, when they saw how beautiful he was. The women were happy for Kleariste as she acquired a son and a bride at the same time. Chloe's beauty was stunning, and she so far outshone all others that her beauty couldn't be rivaled. The whole city was stirred up over the young people. Already the talk going around was that their marriage would be a happy one. They prayed for the girl's family to turn out worthy of her beauty. Many of the wealthy women prayed for themselves to the gods that they be thought to be the mother of so beautiful a daughter as Chloe.

34) After much anxious thought, Dionysophanes fell into a deep sleep, and a dream came to him. He saw the Nymphs asking Eros to nod his consent finally for their marriage. Eros loosened his bow and laid down his quiver and ordered Dionysophanes to invite all the noblest among the Mityleneans to a feast, and, when they were filling the last great bowl with wine, to show each of his guests the tokens and then begin singing the wedding hymn. Dionysophanes woke up after seeing this vision and ordered that a magnificent banquet be set up from the things of the earth and sea and whatever was in the marshes and rivers, and he invited all the noblest people among the Mityleneans. When it was night, and the great bowl was full, one of the servants brought in the tokens on a silver tray. He carried them around toward the right hand and showed them to all assembled at the feast.

35) None of the others recognized them, but a certain Megakles, who because of his years, was reclining in the last position, recognized the jokes as soon as he laid eyes on them and cried out worthy of a younger man: "What is this I'm seeing? What became of you, my dearest daughter? Are you alive, or did some shepherd chance upon these and bring them in? I beg you, Dionysophanes, tell me where you found these. You have your son. Don't begrudge me finding something too."

Dionysophanes asked him to tell about the exposure first. Megakles didn't lower his voice at all but boomed out: "In the past, my fortunes were meager, and what little I had, I spent on choruses and war ships. During this time, a daughter was born to me. I could not bear to raise her amid such poverty, so I dressed her in these tokens and exposed her. I knew that many wanted to become parents. She was set out in the care of the Nymphs, entrusted to the goddesses. The wealth then began pouring in each day, after I had no heir. Indeed, I have not been fortunate to become the parent of even a daughter, but as if the gods were mocking me, they kept sending me dreams that revealed that a little flock of sheep would make me a father."

36) Dionysophanes shouted out louder than Megakles, and, jumping up, he led in Chloe who was beautifully dressed. "Here is the daughter you exposed. By the foresight of the gods, a ewe nursed this maiden for you as a goat did Daphnis for me. Take the tokens and your daughter. We have found both our children. Pan and the Nymphs and Eros cared for them for us." Megakles heartily concurred with what Dionysophanes said and sent for his wife Rhode, in the meantime holding Chloe to his bosom. They stayed there for the night, since Daphnis swore that he would not give up Chloe, even to her own father.

37) The next day, they gathered everything together again and drove back to the country. Daphnis and Chloe had asked them to do this since they couldn't bear living in town. They had also decided to have a pastoral wedding. They went to Lamon's cottage where they introduced Dryas to Megakles and presented Nape to Rhode. Then they readied for the feast in a splendid fashion. In the presence of the Nymphs, Chloe's father gave her away and, along with many other things, offered the tokens as a dedication. He also made up the sum of drachmae that Dryas was lacking for a total of ten thousand.

38) The day was gorgeous, and Dionysophanes strew mats woven of green leaves in front of the cave and invited all his guests to recline on them where he spared no expense in entertaining them. Lamon and Myrtale were there, and Dryas and Nape, and Dorkon's family, Philetas and his sons, Chromis and wife Lykainion. Not even Lampis was absent, since it was judged that he be forgiven. As among people of this sort, there were lots of agricultural and pastoral goings on. Someone sang the songs they sing while bringing in the harvest. Another man cracked the jokes heard around the presses. Philetas played his pipe, and Lampis his flute, and Dryas and Lamon danced. Daphnis and Chloe were kissing.

The goats were grazing nearby as if they too wanted to join the festivities. This was not unpleasant for the folks from the city. Daphnis called some of his goats by name and gave them a green leaf. Grabbing some by the horns, he kissed them.

39) It was not just then but for as long as they were alive that they kept mostly to the rustic way of life, revering as their gods the Nymphs and Pan and Eros and possessing a great many flocks of sheep and goats and keeping their belief that the best foods were fruits and milk. And when their son was born, they put him to a goat for suckling and, when their daughter came along, they had her suck at the teat of a ewe. They called the boy Philopoimen, "Lover of Flocks," and the girl, Agele, "Herd." They adorned the cave and erected statues and founded an altar for Eros the Shepherd and gave Pan a temple to live in instead of his pine tree, naming him Pan the Soldier.

40) But they gave these names and did these things later. At this time, when night fell, everyone escorted them into their bridal chamber, some playing the pipe, others the flute, and still others holding up great torches. As they approached the doors, they began singing in a rough and harsh voice as if breaking up the soil with three pronged forks instead of singing wedding hymns. Daphnis and Chloe lay down naked beside one another and, embracing and kissing, they were more wakeful that night than owls. Daphnis did some of what Lykainion had taught her. And it was then for the first time that Chloe learned that what they did in the woods was shepherd's play.

<https://www.msu.edu/~tyrrell/daphchlo.htm>