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### **The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

The story of Salamcis and Hermaphroditus. From the fourth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

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*The Story of SALMACIS and HER-  
MAPHRODITUS.*

*From the Fourth Book of OVID's Metamorphoses.*

**H**OW *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling streams  
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,  
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;  
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The *Naiads* nurs'd an infant heretofore,  
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:  
From both th' illustrious authors of his race  
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace  
Both the bright Parents through the Infant's face.  
When fifteen years, in *Ida's* cool retreat,  
The Boy had told, he left his native seat,  
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:  
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.  
With eager steps the *Lycian* fields he cross'd,  
And fields that border on the *Lycian* coast;  
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,  
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,  
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.

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The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,  
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;  
 But dealt enriching moisture all around,  
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,  
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.  
 A Nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,  
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;  
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,  
 The only stranger to *Diana's* train:  
 Her Sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry  
 " Fie *Salmacis*, what always idle! fie,  
 " Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows seize,  
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.  
 Nor Quiver she nor Arrows e'er wou'd seize,  
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.  
 But oft would bathe her in the chrystal tide,  
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;  
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,  
 And drest her image in the floating glas:  
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,  
 Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;  
 And then by chance was gathering, as she stood  
 To view the Boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,  
 She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet  
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,  
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

" Bright youth, she cries, whom all thy features prove  
 " A God, and, if a God, the God of love;

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" But

" But if a Mortal, blest thy Nurse's breast,  
 " Blest are thy Parents, and thy Sisters blest:  
 " But oh how blest! how more than blest thy Bride,  
 " Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.  
 " If so, let mine the Stolen enjoyments be;  
 " If not, behold a willing Bride in me.

The Boy knew nought of love, and toucht with shame,  
 He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became:  
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;  
 The sunny side of Fruit such blushes shows,  
 And such the Moon, when all her silver white  
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.  
 The Nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,  
 A cold salute at least, a Sister's kiss:  
 And now prepares to take the lovely Boy  
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,  
 Replies, " Or leave me to my self alone,  
 " You rude uncivil Nymph, or I'll be gone.  
 " Fair stranger then, says she, it shall be so;  
 And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go,  
 But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,  
 She kept him still in sight, her self unseen.  
 The Boy now fancies all the danger o'er,  
 And innocently sports about the shore,  
 Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,  
 And dips his foot, and shivers, as he dips.  
 The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste  
 His airy garments on the banks he cast;

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His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,  
 And all his beauties were expos'd to view.  
 His naked limbs the Nymph with rapture spies,  
 While hotter passions in her bosom rise,  
 Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.  
 She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,  
 And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,  
 And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:  
 His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,  
 His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;  
 As Lilies shut within a chrystal case,  
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glafs.  
 " He's mine, he's all my own, the *Naid* cries,  
 And flings off all, and after him she flies.  
 And now she fastens on him as he swims,  
 And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.  
 The more the Boy resisted, and was coy,  
 The more she clipt, and kist the struggling Boy.  
 So when the wrigling Snake is snatcht on high  
 In Eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,  
 Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,  
 And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless Boy still obstinately strove  
 To free himself, and still refus'd her love.  
 Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,  
 " And why, coy youth, she cries, why thus unkind!  
 " Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever Join'd!

“ Oh may we never, never Part again!  
 So pray'd the Nymph, nor did she pray in vain:  
 For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,  
 Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;  
 'Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run  
 Together, and incorporate in One:  
 Last in one face are both their faces join'd,  
 As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd  
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:  
 Both bodies in a single body mix,  
 A single body with a double sex.

The Boy, thus lost in Woman, now survey'd  
 The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.  
 (He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,  
 Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)  
 You Parent-Gods, whose heavenly names I bear,  
 Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my prayer;  
 Oh grant, that whomso'er these streams contain,  
 If Man he enter'd, he may rise again  
 Supple, unfinew'd, and but Half a Man!

The heavenly Parents answer'd, from on high,  
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;  
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,  
 And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

