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The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Translations And Imitations

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

The Fable of Dryope, from Ovid's Metamorphoses

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(222)

THE
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E .

From the NINTH BOOK of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

§ P

DRY O P E
I N
A R B O R E M.

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota mi-
nistrae,

Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem:
Te tamen, o genitrix, alienae sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
Fata meae referam? quamquam lacrymaeque dolor-
que

Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima forma IO
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,

NOTES.

DRYOPE.] Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his Mo-
ther Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with

T H E
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair Consort of her son replies.
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride.) 10
 This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,

N O T E S.

a relation of those of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable. P.

228 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Excipit Andraemon; et habetur conjuge felix.

Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam 15

Littoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.

Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quoque

Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.

Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,

Dulce ferebat onus: tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20

Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,

In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.

Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25

Porrigeret flores: et idem factura videbar;

Namque aderam, vidi guttas e flore cruentas

Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30

Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,

Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obscœna Priapi,

Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

Nscierat soror hoc; quae cum perterrita retro 35

FABLE OF DRYOPE. 229

Andramon lov'd; and, blest'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20

Not distant far, a watry Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian die:

Of these she crop'd to please her infant son, 25
And I myself the same rash act had done:

But lo! I saw, (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30

Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name. 34

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,

230 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Ire et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis;
Haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat: 40
Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit; conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne te-
nebant. 45

At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
Ubera: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,
Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andraemon, genitorque miserrimus, ad-
sunt:

Et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis
Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno: 60

And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground: 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And as she struggles, only moves above;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below: 44
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
 Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
 Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60

232 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Adfufique fuæ radicibus arboris haerent.
 Nil nifi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
 Cara foror. lacrymae verfo de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque præftant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra quaestus:
 Si qua fides miferis, hoc me per numina juro
 Non meruiffe nefas. patior fine crimine poenam. 70
 Viximus innocuae: fi mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes; et caefa fecuribus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis;
 Et date nutrici: noftraque fub arbore faepe
 Lac facitote bibat; noftraque fub arbore ludat.
 Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote falutet, 80
 Et triftis dicat, Latet hoc fub ftipite mater.

Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant dedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew,
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more, a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs com-
 plains.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n. 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let founding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. }
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed; 79
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies:

234 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.

Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque.

Quis si qua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falsis, 90

A pecoris morfu frondes defendite nostras.

Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est;

Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95

Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.

Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis

Colla liber serpit: summoque cacumine condor.

Ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro

Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.

Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque 100

Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

FABLE OF DRYOPE. 235

And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.

My fire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!
If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kifs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kifs to give. 95

I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree; 101
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

T A B L E O F D R Y O T E R

And when in youth he seeks the shady woods
 Oh let him by the crystal lakes and floods
 Not touch the fall flow'rs, but warily may
 Believe a Goddess' shrine in every tree
 My fire, my sister, and my throne farewell
 If in your paths of love, or any dream
 Protect your heart, but let my flames fall
 The prowling eagle on the piercing falcon
 Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
 My life to yours, advance at least to mine
 My own the mother's parting kiss receive
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give
 I can no more; the crooping and insidious
 My closing lips, and hide my head in shades
 Remove your hands, the dark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes
 The best advance to death, and cease to be
 And all the triumph was lost within the tree; for
 Yet latent life thro' her bow branches reign'd
 And long the plant a banner bore remain'd