

The pine trees born on top of Pelion are said once to have swum through the liquid waves of Neptuno to the rivers of Phasos and the country of Aetes, when chosen young men, the strength of Argive youth, wanting to steal the golden fleece from Colchis, dared to traverse the salty deep with swift ship, sweeping the dark blue waters with fir-wood palms.

The goddess holding the fortresses on the heights of the cities herself made the chariot fly with light breeze, joining fixed pine to curved keel.

That ship first touched inexperienced Amphitrite with course, which, at the same time as she ploughed the windy water with her beak, and turned the waves white with foam, with turned oar, faces emerged from the glittering whirlpool of the sea, the marine Nereids, admiring the marvel. On that day, and no other, mortals with their eyes saw sea nymphs with naked body standing out from the white whirlpool, as far as the breasts.

Then Peleus is said to have burned with love for Thetis, then Thetis did not scorn human marriage, then the father himself felt Peleus ought to be joined to Thetis.

O heroes, born in a too much longed for time of ages, hail race of gods! O good offspring of mothers, hail again...

I will often address you with my song. And you, Peleus, pillar of Thessaly, with importance increased so far by happy wedding torches, to who Jupiter himself, the father of the gods himself, conceded his loves.

Did Thetis, most beautiful of the Nereids, embrace you? Did Tethys consent for you to marry her granddaughter, and Oceanus, who embraces the whole world with sea?

As soon as the longed for day arrived, **with the time finished** (ie with the wait over?), with a meeting all Thessaly comes together at the house, the halls are filled with a happy gathering; they bear gifts before themselves, they show joy with their face.

Cieros is deserted, they leave Pthiotic Tempe, and the homes of Craon and the walls of Larisa, they meet at Pharsalus, the crowd Pharsalian halls.

Noone tends the fields, the necks of the heifers soften, the lowly yoke is not cut back by the curved rake, the bull does not break up the soil with sideways plough, the scythe does not diminish the shade of the leafy trees, so much rust creeps over deserted ploughs.

But his house, where the opulent halls stretched away, shines with glittering gold and silver. Ivory thrones shine white, cups gleam on tables, the whole splendid house rejoices with royal treasure.

Indeed, in the centre of the house the goddess' wedding bed is placed, polished with Indian tooth, **stained with purple dyes of the red sea shells**. This cloth, adorned with ancient figures of men, shows the virtues of heroes with marvellous art.

For, looking out from the shore of Dia, resounding with waves, Ariadne sees Theseus leaving with swift fleet, bearing unconquerable rage in her heart. Not yet does she even believe that she sees what she sees, when first roused from deceiving sleep, she sees herself, miserable, deserted on the lonely sand.

But the forgetful young man, fleeing, beats the waves with oars, leaving his insignificant promises to the windy storm.

The Minoan girl looks out from the seaweed far off with sad eyes, like a stone image of a bacchant, alas, she looks out and moves with great waves of care, **not retaining her delicate headband on her blonde head, her breast not covered by her light cloak wrapped around, nor are her milky breasts encircled by the smooth girdle**.

All these, having fallen down everywhere from her whole body, the waves of the sea were playing with before her feet.

But not then caring for her headband, nor then for her flowing dress, she in turn hangs on you Theseus, with all her heart, all her soul, all her mind, lost.

Wretched girl, whom Erycina terrified with constant griefs, sowing thorny cares in her heart, at that time, from the time when fierce Theseus, having gone out from the curved shores of the Piraeus,