

K, k, a, g, f, q, m, 4

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Penean Daphne, Apollo's first love, which blind chance didn't give but Cupid's savage anger. Arrogant with the serpent conquered, Apollo had recently seen him bending his bow(s) with his string pulled taut. He had said, "What [is it] to you with strong weapons, o silly boy? Those burdens are fitting for our shoulders, We who can give sure wounds to a wild beast [and] an enemy, I who just strew the swollen Python covering so many acres with its deadly underside, with countless arrows. You, be satisfied to annoy loves I don't know with your torch, nor lay claim to my praises!" Venus' son said to him, "O Apollo, although your bow may pierce all things, my bow [will pierce] you; and by as much as all animals yield to a god, by so much is your glory less than mine." He spoke and after air was forced out by struck wings he quickly took up position on the shadowy peak of Parnasus, and from an arrow-bearing quiver he drew forth two weapons of differing purposes: this one repels, that one creates love; the one which creates [love] is golden and shines with a sharp point, the one which repels [love] is blunt and has lead under the shaft. The god fixed this in the Penean nymph, but with that one he wounded Apollo's marrow through pierced bones. One suddenly loves, the other flees the name of lover, rejoicing in the hiding-places of the woods and with the spoils of captured beasts (and) as an imitator of unmarried Diana: a ribbon was restraining hair placed without rule. Many sought her; having rejected those seeking, impatient and free of a man, she roams the pathless wood, nor cares for what Hymen, what Love, what marriage may be. Often her father has said, "daughter you owe me a son-in-law," Often her father has said, "daughter, you owe me grandsons"; Hating matrimonial torches like a crime, she had colored her beautiful face(s) with modest redness and clinging with charming arms on her father's neck she said, "O dearest father, allow me to enjoy perpetual maidenhood! Previously Diana's father allowed this." Indeed he complies, but that beauty forbids you to be what you desire, and your beauty resists your vow. Apollo loves and desires the marriage of Daphne having been seen, and which he desires, he hopes, and his own oracles deceive him; and as light stalks are burned after the harvest has been removed, as hedges are burned with torches, to which by chance the traveler either moved too close or has abandoned now at dawn, thus the god departed into flames, thus in his whole heart he is burned and he feeds futile love by hoping. He sees that her hair hangs disarranged at her neck, and he says, "what if it be arranged?" He sees her flashing eyes

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The nymph Daphne, Apollo's first LOVE BLIND CHANCE Impatient and free of man, she roams the pathless wood; Cupid's savage anger.

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Penaeon Daphne, Apollo's first love, which blind chance didn't give but Cupid's savage anger. Arrogant with the serpent conquered, Apollo had recently seen him bending his bow(s) with his string pulled taut. He had said, "What [is it] to you with strong weapons, o silly boy? Those burdens are fitting for our shoulders, We who can give sure wounds to a wild beast [and] an enemy, I who just strew the swollen Python covering so many acres with its deadly underside, with countless arrows. You, be satisfied to annoy loves I don't know with your torch, nor lay claim to my praises!" Venus' son said to him, "O Apollo, although your bow may pierce all things, my bow [will pierce] you; and by as much as all animals yield to a god, by so much is your glory less than mine." He spoke and after air was forced out by struck wings he quickly took up position on the shadowy peak of Parnasus and from an arrow-bearing quiver he drew forth two weapons of differing purposes: this one repels, that one creates love; the one which creates [love] is golden and shines with a sharp point, the one which repels [love] is blunt and has lead under the shaft. The god fixed this in the Penaeon nymph, but with that one he wounded Apollo's marrow through pierced bones. One suddenly loves, the other flees the name of lover, rejoicing in the hiding-places of the woods and with the spoils of captured beasts (and) as an imitator of unmarried Diana: a ribbon was restraining hair placed without rule. Many sought her; having rejected those seeking, impatient and free of a man, she roams the pathless wood, nor cares for what Hymen, what Love, what marriage may be. Often her father has said, "daughter you owe me a son-in-law," Often her father has said, "daughter, you owe me grandsons"; Hating matrimonial torches like a crime, she had colored her beautiful face(s) with modest redness and clinging with charming arms on her father's neck she said, "O dearest father, allow me to enjoy perpetual maidenhood! Previously Diana's father allowed this." Indeed he complies, but that beauty forbids you to be what you desire, and your beauty resists your vow. Apollo loves and desires the marriage of Daphne having been seen, and which he desires, he hopes, and his own oracles deceive him; and as light stalks are burned after the harvest has been removed, as hedges are burned with torches, to which by chance the traveler either moved too close or has abandoned now at dawn, thus the god departed into flames, thus in his whole heart he is burned and he feeds futile love by hoping. He sees that her hair hangs disarranged at her neck, and he says, "what if it be arranged?" He sees her flashing eyes like fire in the stars; he sees her lips, which it is not enough to have seen, he praises her fingers and hands and arms and upper-arms with more than the middle naked: if some things lie hidden, he imagines them better. She flees faster than a light breeze nore stops at these words calling [her] back: "I beg you, Penaeon nymph, remain! I pursue not as an enemy; nymph, remain! Thus the lamb [flees] the wolf, thus the deer the lion, thus the doves flee the eagle on a trembling wing; each flees it own enemies: love is the cause of my pursuit! Miserable me! Lest you undeserving to be injured fall headlong, [lest] briars mark your shins, and I be the cause of your pain! The places wither you hasten are harsh: I pray that you more gently run and restrain your escape, I myself will pursue more gently. Yet examine whom you please: [I'm] not an inhabitant of a mountain, I am not a shepherd, nor uncouth do I guard herds and flocks.

