

X

Iam lūna et stellae in caelō fulgēbant. Umbrae terrās et pontum profundum cēlābant. Per terrās virī et fēminae animōs somnō laxābant. Sed somnus Metanīram non tenēbat ; furtim Deam cum puerō spectābat. Cerēs prope puerī cūnās stābat. Verba mīra et dīvīna cantābat. Tum puerum in gremiō tenuit, et ad focum ambulāvit. Ecce ! Triptolemus in focō inter flammās iacēbat ; sed laetus erat puer ; neque focum neque flammās timuit. Sed Metanīra perterrita, “ O fili mī,” exclāmāvit, et ad focum properāvit. Tum Dea irāta puerum é flammīs raptāvit et humī iac-tāvit, et Metanīrae, “ O fēmina,” inquit, “ stulta et scelerāta fuistī. Nōn deus erit Triptolemus, quod stultae fēminae est filius. Sed in deae gremiō iacuit ; itaque vir magnus erit. Et ego et Persephonē, fīlia mea, Triptolemum docēbimus et cūrābimus. Agricolārum magister erit, nam frū-mentum et vīnum agricolīs monstrābit.”

animus, -i, m.—mind.
cēlo, 1—I conceal.
doceo, 2, docui, doctum—I teach
flamma, -ae, f.—flame.
focus, -i, m.—hearth.
fulgeo, 2, fulsi—I shine.
furtim—secretly, stealthily.
laxo, 1—I relax, loosen.
pontus, -i, m.—sea.
profundus, -a, -um—deep.
scelerātus, -a, -um—wicked.
somnus, -i, m.—sleep.
umbra, -ae, f.—shade, shadow.
verbum, -i, n.—word.

Translate exactly as you have done before. My attempt is on the next page.



Now the moon and stars were shining in the sky. Shadows were hiding the lands and the deep sea. Through[out] the lands the minds of men and women were relaxed by sleep. But sleep was not holding Metanira. She was secretly watching the Goddess with the boy. Ceres was standing near the boy's cradle. She was singing wondrous and divine words. Then she took the boy in her bosom and walked to the hearth. Behold! Triptolemus was lying on the hearth among the flames; but the boy was happy, he feared neither the hearth nor the flames. But Metanira, terrified, cried out, "O my son," and rushed to the hearth. Then the angry goddess snatched the boy from the flames and laid him on the ground and said to Metanira, "O woman, you have been stupid and wicked. Triptolemus will not be a god because he is the son of a stupid woman. But he has lain in the lap of a goddess; and so he will be a great man. Both I and Persephone my daughter will teach and will heal Triptolemus. He will be a teacher of farmers for he will demonstrate [show] corn and wine to farmers.