

Māne igitur servi rogam ingentem parāvērunt et Croesum eō imposuērunt. Tum Croesus ubi calamitātem suam sensit, tristī vultū gemitum ab īmo pectore dedit, et, Solōnis verbōrum memor, “Nōn falsa,” inquit, “Solōn, vir sapiens, dīxit. Ego mē omnium hominum beātissimum tot annos putābam. Nunc autem nēmo per omnēs gentēs miserior est. Superbiae stultitiaeque poenas do.” Cȳrus, ubi Croesi verba audīvit, et vultum tristem animadvertit, misericordiae plēnus, “Et ego,” inquit, “homo sum. Hodiē beātus sum, sed nōn semper fortasse rēs bene geram. Et ego fortasse veniam ā Dīs Immortālibus ōlim petam. Captīvum igitur vinculis flammisque liberābo.” Sed iam servi faces lūcidas ad trabēs porrexerant; iam flammae rogam paene cingēbant. Croesus autem in summo perīculo manūs ad caelum Deōsque Immortālēs porrexit. Apollo imbrem dē caelo serēno mīsīt, et aquam in rogam effūdit. Ita Cȳrus captīvum liberāvit, et multos annos Croesum cārum amīcum habēbat.

animadverto, 3, -verti, -versum
—I notice.

calamitas, -ātis, f.—calamity.

cingo, 3, cinxi, cinctum—I surround.

effundo, 3, -fūdi, -fūsum—I pour out.

falsus, -a, -um—false.

fax, facis, f.—torch.

īmus, -a, -um—lowest.

libero, 1—I set free.

lūcidus, -a, -um—shining.

memor, -oris—mindful.

pectus, -oris, n.—breast.

porrigo, 3, porrexi, porrectum—
I stretch out.

superbia, -ae, f.—pride.

tot—so many.

vinculum, -i, n.—chain, fetter.

NB:- *poenas do* “I pay the penalty”.

Translate and check with my attempt on the next page.

In the morning therefore, the slaves prepared a huge funeral pyre and put Croesus there. Then Croesus when he realised his calamity gave a groan, with a sad expression, from the depth of his heart and remembering the words of Solon, said, "What Solon the wise man said was not false. I thought for so many years that] I was the happiest of all men. Now, however, no one of all people is so miserable. I am paying the penalty for pride and stupidity. Cyrus, when he heard the words of Croesus and noticed his sad expression said, "and I am [also] a man. Today I am happy but perhaps I will not always manage things so well. And I perhaps one day will ask a favour from the immortal gods. I will therefore free the captive from the chains and flames." But now the slaves held out the shining torches to the beams; now the flames almost surrounded the pyre. Croesus, however, in his very great danger, stretched out his hand to heaven and the immortal gods. Apollo sent a shower on the pyre. Thus Cyrus freed the captive and had Croesus [for] many years the Croesus [as] a friend.