

# BOOK I

Straightway they rushed in throngs from the city gates, eagerly seeking; for no one, neither youth nor elder, tarried behind. They searched, turning every stone, each one eager to be the first to bring back to Heracles tidings of his lovely Hylas. There is a fountain, Artacia, the water of which the Mysians say gushes up from the rock not far from the city, and thither, as fate would have it, the searchers came likewise. And Heracles eagerly asked them if haply they had seen a boy passing to the spring with pitcher of bronze in hand, his shoulders newly covered with down and still showing ruddy cheeks. They halted, assuring him by signs that they themselves knew nought of him, but from far away they had seen some nymphs in glistening apparel draw nigh to the spot. Of these things, they reported, they had a clear memory. Then groaning deeply, Heracles hurried to go to the ship, distressed for Hylas, his companion.