θυμὸν ἀνωίστοισιν ὑποδμηθεὶς βελέεσσι
Κύπριδος, ἣ μούνη δύναται καὶ Ζῆνα δαμάσσαι.
δὴ γὰρ ἀλευόμενός τε χόλον ζηλήμονος Ἥρης
παρθενικῆς τ' ἐθέλων ἀταλὸν νόον ἐξαπατῆσαι
κρύψε θεὸν καὶ τρέψε δέμας καὶ γείνετο ταῦρος,
οὐχ οἷος σταθμοῖς ἐνιφέρβεται, οὐδὲ μὲν οἷος
ὣλκα διατμήγει σύρων εὐκαμπὲς ἄροτρον,
οὐδ' οἷος ποίμνης ἐπιβόσκεται, οὐδὲ μὲν οἷος
ὅστις ὑποδμηθεὶς ἐρύει πολύφορτον ἀπήνην.
τοῦ δή τοι τὸ μὲν ἄλλο δέμας ξανθόχροον ἔσκε,
κύκλος δ' ἀργύφεος μέσσῳ μάρμαιρε μετώπῳ,
ὅσσε δ' ὑπογλαύσσεσκε καὶ ἵμερον ἀστράπτεσκεν.
ἴσά τ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι κέρα ἀνέτελλε καρήνου
ἄντυγος ἡμιτόμου κεραῆς[1] ἅτε κύκλα σελήνης.
ἦλυθε δ' ἐς λειμῶνα καὶ οὐκ ἐφόβησε φαανθεὶς
παρθενικάς, πάσῃσι δ' ἔρως γένετ' ἐγγὺς ἱκέσθαι
ψαῦσαι θ' ἱμερτοῖο βοός, τοῦ δ' ἄμβροτος ὀδμὴ
τηλόθι καὶ λειμῶνος ἐκαίνυτο λαρὸν ἀϋτμήν.
στῆ δὲ ποδῶν προπάροιθεν ἀμύμονος Εὐρωπείης,
καί οἱ λιχμάζεσκε δέρην, κατέθελγε δὲ κούρην.
ἣ δέ μιν ἀμφαφάασκε καὶ ἠρέμα χείρεσιν ἁφρὸν
πολλὸν ἀπὸ στομάτων ἀπομόργνυτο, καὶ κύσε
ταῦρον.
αὐτὰρ ὃ μειλίχιον μυκήσατο· φαῖό κεν αὐλοῦ
Μυγδονίου γλυκὺν ἦχον ἀνηπύοντος ἀκούειν.
ὤκλασε δὲ πρὸ ποδοῖιν, ἐδέρκετο δ' Εὐρώπειαν
αὐχέν' ἐπιστρέψας καί οἱ πλατὺ δείκνυε νῶτον.
ἣ δὲ βαθυπλοκάμοισι μετέννεπε παρθενικῆσι·

[1] mss also ἄντα κεραίην ἡμιτόμου

Cronus espy her, than his heart was troubled and brought low of a sudden shaft of the Cyprian, that is the only vanquisher of Zeus. Willing at once to escape the jealous Hera's wrath and beguile the maiden's gentle heart, he put off the god and put on the bull, not such as feedeth in the stall, nor yet such as cleaveth the furrow with his train of the bended plough, neither one that grazeth at the head of the herd, nor again that draweth in harness the laden wagon. Nay, but all his body was of a yellow hue, save that a ring of gleaming white shined in the midst of his forehead and the eyes beneath it were grey and made lightnings of desire; and the horns of his head rose equal one against the other even as if one should cleave in two rounded cantles the rim of the hornèd Moon.

So came he into that meadow without affraying those maidens; and they were straightway taken with a desire to come near and touch the lovely ox, whose divine fragrance came so far and outdid even the delightsome odour of that breathing meadow. There went he then and stood afore the spotless may Europa, and for to cast his spell upon her began to lick her pretty neck. Whereat she fell to touching and toying, and did wipe gently away the foam that was thick upon his mouth, till at last there went a kiss from a maid unto a bull. Then he lowed, and so moving-softly you would deem it was the sweet cry of the flute of Mygdony, and kneeling at Europa's feet, turned about his head and beckoned her with a look to his great wide back.

At that she up and spake among those pretty

"Mygdony": Phrygia, whence the flute was supposed to have come with the worship of Dionysus.

'δεῦθ' ἑτάραι φίλιαι καὶ ὁμήλικες, ὄφρ' ἐπὶ τῷδε
ἐξόμεναι ταύρῳ τερπώμεθα· δὴ γὰρ ἁπάσας
νῶτον ὑποστορέσας ἀναδέξεται, οἷά τ' ἐνηὴς
πρηΰς τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ μείλιχος, οὐδέ τι ταύροις
ἄλλοισι προσέοικε· νόος δέ οἱ ἠΰτε φωτὸς
αἴσιμος ἀμφιθέει, μούνης δ' ἐπιδεύεται αὐδῆς.'
ὣς φαμένη νώτοισιν ἐφίζανε μειδιόωσα,
αἱ δ' ἄλλαι μέλλεσκον. ἄφαρ δ' ἀνεπήλατο
ταῦρος,
ἦν θέλεν ἁρπάξας· ὠκὺς δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ἵκανεν.
ἡ δὲ μεταστρεφθεῖσα φίλας καλέεσκεν ἑταίρας
χεῖρας ὀρεγνυμένη, ταὶ δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο κιχάνειν.
ἀκτάων δ' ἐπιβὰς πρόσσω θέεν ἠΰτε δελφὶς
χηλαῖς ἀβρεκτοῖσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα βαίνων.
ἡ δὲ τότ' ἐρχομένοιο γαληνιάασκε θάλασσα,
κήτεα δ' ἀμφὶς ἄταλλε Διὸς προπάροιθε ποδοῖιν,
γηθόσυνος δ' ὑπὲρ οἶδμα κυβίστεε βυσσόθε
δελφίς·
Νηρεΐδες δ' ἀνέδυσαν ὑπὲξ ἁλός, αἳ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι
κητείοις νώτοισιν ἐφήμεναι ἐστιχόωντο.
καὶ δ' αὐτὸς βαρύδουπος ὑπείραλος[1] Ἐννοσίγαιος
κῦμα κατιθύνων ἁλίης ἡγεῖτο κελεύθου
αὐτοκασιγνήτῳ· τοὶ δ' ἀμφί μιν ἠγερέθοντο
Τρίτωνες, πόντοιο βαρύθροοι[2] αὐλητῆρες,
κόχλοισιν ταναοῖς γάμιον μέλος ἠπύοντες.
ἣ δ' ἄρ' ἐφεζομένη Ζηνὸς βοέοις ἐπὶ νώτοις
τῇ μὲν ἔχεν ταύρου δολιχὸν κέρας, ἐν χερὶ δ' ἄλλῃ
εἵρυε πορφυρέην κολποῦ πτύχα,[3] ὄφρά κε μή μιν
δεύοι ἐφελκόμενον πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἄσπετον ὕδωρ.

[1] ὑπείραλος E, cf. ὑπείροχος and *Il.* 23, 227 ὑπὲρ ἅλα : mss ὑπὲρ ἁλὸς or ὑπὲρ ἅλα [2] mss also βαθύθροοι αὐλ : mss also ἐνναετῆρες [3] mss also πορφυρέας and πτύχας

curly-pates saying "Come away, dear my fellows and my feres; let's ride for a merry sport upon this bull. For sure he will take us all upon his bowed back, so meek he looks and mild, so kind and so gentle, nothing resembling other bulls; moreover an understanding moveth over him meet as a man's, and all he lacks is speech." So saying, she sat her down smiling upon his back; and the rest would have sate them likewise, but suddenly the bull, possessed of his desire, leapt up and made hot-foot for the sea. Then did the rapt Europa turn her about and stretch forth her hands and call upon her dear companions; but nay, they might not come at her, and the sea-shore reached, 'twas still forward, forward till he was faring over the wide waves with hooves as unharmed of the water as the fins of any dolphin.

And lo! the sea waxed calm, the sea-beasts frolicked afore great Zeus, the dolphins made joyful ups and tumblings over the surge, and the Nereids rose from the brine and mounting the sea-beasts rode all a-row. And before them all that great rumbling sea-lord the Earth-Shaker played pilot of the briny pathway to that his brother, and the Tritons gathering about him took their long taper shells and sounded the marriage-music like some clarioners of the main. Meanwhile Europa, seated on the back of Zeus the Bull, held with one hand to his great horn and caught up with the other the long purple fold of her robe, lest trailing it should be wet in the untold waters of the hoar brine; and the robe

"unharmed of the water": the salt water was supposed to rot the hoofs of oxen

κολπώθη δ' ὤμοισι πέπλος βαθὺς Εὐρωπείης,
ἰστίον οἷά τε νηός, ἐλαφρίζεσκε δὲ κούρην.
ἦ δ' ὅτε δὴ γαίης ἀπὸ πατρίδος ἦεν ἄνευθεν,
φαίνετο δ' οὔτ' ἀκτή τις ἁλίρροθος οὔτ' ὄρος αἰπύ,
ἀλλ' ἀὴρ μὲν ἄνωθεν, ἔνερθε δὲ πόντος ἀπείρων,
ἀμφί ἑ παπτήνασα τόσην ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
'πῇ με φέρεις θεόταυρε; τίς ἔπλεο; πῶς δὲ κέλευθα
ἀργαλέ' εἰλιπόδεσσι[1] διέρχεαι, οὐδὲ θάλασσαν
δειμαίνεις; νησὶν γὰρ ἐπίδρομός ἐστι θάλασσα
ὠκυάλοις, ταῦροι δ' ἁλίην τρομέουσιν ἀταρπόν.
ποῖόν τοι ποτὸν ἠδύ; τίς ἐξ ἁλὸς ἔσσετ' ἐδωδή;
ἦ ἄρα τις θεός ἐσσι· θεοῖς γ'[2] ἐπεοικότα ῥέζεις.
οὔθ' ἅλιοι δελφῖνες ἐπὶ χθονὸς οὔτε τι ταῦροι
ἐν πόντῳ στιχόωσι, σὺ δὲ χθόνα καὶ κατὰ πόντον
ἄτρομος[3] ἀΐσσεις, χηλαὶ δέ τοί εἰσιν ἐρετμά.
ἦ τάχα καὶ γλαυκῆς ὑπὲρ ἠέρος ὑψόσ' ἀερθεὶς
εἴκελος αἰψηροῖσι πετήσεαι οἰωνοῖσιν.
ὤμοι ἐγὼ μέγα δή τι δυσάμμορος, ἥ ῥά τε δῶμα
πατρὸς ἀποπρολιποῦσα καὶ ἐσπομένη βοὶ τῷδε
ξείνην ναυτιλίην ἐφέπω καὶ πλάζομαι οἴῃ.
ἀλλὰ σύ μοι μεδέων πολιῆς ἁλὸς Ἐννοσίγαιε
ἵλαος ἀντιάσειας, ὃν ἔλπομαι εἰσοράασθαι
τόνδε κατιθύνοντα πόρον προκέλευθον ἐμεῖο.
οὐκ ἀθεεὶ γὰρ ταῦτα διέρχομαι ὑγρὰ κέλευθα.'
ὣς φάτο· τὴν δ' ὧδε προσεφώνεεν ἠΰκερως[4] βοῦς·
'θάρσει παρθενική, μὴ δείδιθι πόντιον οἶδμα.
αὐτός τοι Ζεύς εἰμι, κεἰ[5] ἐγγύθεν εἴδομαι εἶναι
ταῦρος· ἐπεὶ δύναμαί γε φανήμεναι ὅττι θέλοιμι.

[1] thus Ahr: mss κέλευθον ἀργαλέην (or -λέοισι) πόδεσσι
[2] γ' E: mss δ' [3] mss also ἄβροχος, cf. 114 [4] mss also εὐρύκερως [5] κεἰ Meineke: mss καὶ

went bosoming deep at the shoulder like the sail of a ship, and made that fair burden light indeed.

When she was now far come from the land of her fathers, and could see neither wave-beat shore nor mountain-top, but only sky above and sea without end below, she gazed about her and lift up her voice saying: "Whither away with me, thou god-like bull? And who art thou, and how come undaunted where is so ill going for shambling oxen? Troth, 'tis for the speeding ship to course o' the sea, and bulls do shun the paths of the brine. What water is here thou canst drink? What food shalt thou get thee of the sea? Nay, 'tis plain thou art a God; only a God would do as thou doest. For bulls go no more on the sea than the dolphins of the wave on the land; but as for you, land and sea is all one for your travelling, your hooves are oars to you. It may well be you will soar above the the gray mists and fly like a bird on the wing. Alas and well-a-day that I left my home and followed this ox to go so strange a sea-faring and so lonesome! O be kind good Lord of the hoar sea—for methinks I see thee yonder piloting me on this way—, great Earth-Shaker, be kind and come hither to help me; for sure there's a divinity in this my journey upon the ways of the waters."

So far the maid, when the hornèd ox upspake and said: "Be of good cheer, sweet virgin, and never thou fear the billows. 'Tis Zeus himself that speaketh, though to the sight he seem a bull; for I can put on what semblance soever I will. And 'tis love of

σὸς δὲ πόθος μ' ἀνέηκε τόσην ἅλα μετρήσασθαι
ταύρῳ ἐειδόμενον· Κρήτη δέ σε δέξεται ἤδη,
ἤ μ' ἔθρεψε καὶ αὐτόν, ὅπῃ νυμφήϊα σεῖο
ἔσσεται· ἐξ ἐμέθεν δὲ κλυτοὺς φιτύσεαι υἷας,
οἳ σκηπτοῦχοι ἄνακτες ἐπὶ χθονίοισιν ἔσονται.'
ὣς φάτο· καὶ τετέλεστο τά περ φάτο. φαίνετο μὲν δὴ
Κρήτη, Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν σφετέρην ἀνελάζετο μορφήν,
λῦσε δέ οἱ μίτρην, καί οἱ λέχος ἔντυον Ὧραι.
ἡ δὲ πάρος κούρη Ζηνὸς γένετ' αὐτίκα νύμφη,
καὶ Κρονίδῃ τέκνα τίκτε καὶ αὐτίκα γίνετο μήτηρ.

thee hath brought me to make so far a sea-course in a bull's likeness; and ere 'tis long thou shalt be in Crete, that was my nurse when I was with her; and there shall thy wedding be, whereof shall spring famous children who shall all be kings among them that are in the earth."

So spake he, and lo! what he spake was done; for appear it did, the Cretan country, and Zeus took on once more his own proper shape, and upon a bed made him of the Seasons unloosed her maiden girdle. And so it was that she that before was a virgin became straightway the bride of Zeus, and thereafter straightway too a mother of children unto the Son of Cronus.

III.—THE LAMENT FOR BION

THIS *poem seems to have been suggested by Bion's own* Lament for Adonis; *in form it closely resembles the* Song of Thyrsis. *The writer was a pupil of Bion, and hailed from Southern Italy, but is otherwise unknown.*

III.—ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ ΒΙΩΝΟΣ

Αἴλινά μοι στοναχεῖτε νάπαι καὶ Δώριον ὕδωρ,
καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίοιτε τὸν ἱμερόεντα Βίωνα.
νῦν φυτά μοι μύρεσθε, καὶ ἄλσεα νῦν γοάοισθε,
ἄνθεα νῦν στυμνοῖσιν[1] ἀποπνείοιτε κορύμβοις,
νῦν ῥόδα φοινίσσεσθε τὰ πένθιμα, νῦν ἀνεμῶναι,
νῦν ὑάκινθε λάλει τὰ σὰ γράμματα καὶ πλέον αἰαῖ
βάμβανε[2] τοῖς πετάλοισι· καλὸς τέθνακε μελικτάς.
ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
ἀδόνες αἱ πυκινοῖσιν ὀδυρόμεναι ποτὶ φύλλοις,
νάμασι τοῖς Σικελοῖς ἀγγείλατε τᾶς Ἀρεθοίσας,
ὅττι Βίων τέθνακεν ὁ βουκόλος, ὅττι σὺν αὐτῷ
καὶ τὸ μέλος τέθνακε καὶ ὤλετο Δωρὶς ἀοιδά.
ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
Στρυμόνιοι μύρεσθε παρ' ὕδασιν αἴλινα κύκνοι,
καὶ γοεροῖς στομάτεσσι μελίσδετε πένθιμον ᾠδάν,
οἵαν ὑμετέροις ποτὶ χείλεσι γῆρας ἀείδει,[3]
εἴπατε δ' αὖ κούραις Οἰαγρίσιν, εἴπατε πάσαις
Βιστονίαις Νύμφαισιν 'ἀπώλετο Δώριος Ὀρφεύς.'
ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.

[1] *στυμνοῖσιν* E, cf. Bion i. 74: mss *στυγν.* [2] *βάμβανε*, cf. Bion 6. 9: mss *λάμβανε* [3] *γῆρας ἀείδει* Wil: mss *γῆρυς ἄειδε*

III.—THE LAMENT FOR BION

Cry me waly upon him, you glades of the woods, and waly, sweet Dorian water; you rivers, weep I pray you for the lovely and delightful Bion. Lament you now, good orchards; gentle groves, make you your moan; be your breathing clusters, ye flowers, dishevelled for grief. Pray roses, now be your redness sorrow, and yours sorrow, windflowers; speak now thy writing, dear flower-de-luce, loud let thy blossoms babble ay; the beautiful musician is dead.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

You nightingales that complain in the thick leafage, tell to Arethusa's fountain of Sicily that neatherd Bion is dead, and with him dead is music, and gone with him likewise the Dorian poesy.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Be it waly with you, Strymon swans, by the waterside, with voice of moaning uplift you such a song of sorrow as old age singeth from your throats, and say to the Oeagrian damsels and eke to all the Bistonian Nymphs "The Dorian Orpheus is dead."

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

"flower-de-luce": the petals of the iris were said to bear the letters AI, "alas." "Strymon": a river of Thrace, where Orpheus lived and died; swans were said to sing before their death. "Oeagrian damsels": daughters of Oeagrus king of Thrace and sisters of Orpheus. "Bistonian": Thracian.

κεῖνος ὁ ταῖς ἀγέλαισιν ἐράσμιος οὐκέτι μέλπει,
οὐκέτ' ἐρημαίαισιν ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἥμενος ᾄδει
ἀλλὰ παρὰ Πλουτῆϊ μέλος Ληθαῖον ἀείδει.
ὤρεα δ' ἐστὶν ἄφωνα, καὶ αἱ βόες αἱ ποτὶ ταύροις
πλαζόμεναι γοάοντι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντι νέμεσθαι.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
σεῖο Βίων ἔκλαυσε ταχὺν μόρον αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ Σάτυροι μύροντο μελάγχλαινοί τε Πρίηποι·
καὶ Πᾶνες στοναχεῦντο[1] τὸ σὸν μέλος, αἵ τε καθ' ὕλαν
Κρανίδες ὠδύραντο, καὶ ὕδατα δάκρυα γέντο.
Ἀχὼ δ' ἐν πέτραισιν ὀδύρεται, ὅττι σιωπῇ
κοὐκέτι μιμεῖται τὰ σὰ χείλεα. σῷ δ' ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ
δένδρεα καρπὸν ἔριψε, τὰ δ' ἄνθεα πάντ' ἐμαράνθη.
μάλων οὐκ ἔρρευσε καλὸν γλάγος, οὐ μέλι σίμβλων,
κάθανε δ' ἐν κηρῷ λυπεύμενον· οὐκέτι γὰρ δεῖ
τῶ μέλιτος τῶ σῶ τεθνακότος αὐτὸ τρυγᾶσθαι.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
οὐ τόσον εἰναλίαισι παρ' ᾄόσι μύρατο Σειρήν,[2]
οὐδὲ τόσον ποκ' ἄεισεν ἐνὶ σκοπέλοισιν Ἀηδών,
οὐδὲ τόσον θρήνησεν ἀν' ὤρεα μακρὰ Χελιδών,
Ἀλκυόνος δ' οὐ τόσσον ἐπ' ἄλγεσιν ἴαχε Κῆϋξ,[3]
οὐδὲ τόσον γλαυκοῖς ἐνὶ κύμασι κηρύλος ᾖδεν,

[1] στοναχεῦντο : mss -εῦντι [2] Σειρήν Buecheler : mss σε (δέ, γέ) πριν or δελφίν [3] Κῆϋξ Aldus : mss κήρυξ

He that was lovely and pleasant unto the herds carols now no more, sits now no more and sings 'neath the desert oaks; but singeth in the house of Pluteus the song of Lethè, the song of oblivion. And so the hills are dumb, and the cows that wander with the bulls wail, and will none of their pasture.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Your sudden end, sweet Bion, was matter of weeping even unto Apollo; the Satyrs did lament you, and every Priapus made you his moan in sable garb. Not a Pan but cried woe for your music, not a Nymph o' the spring but made her complaint of it in the wood; and all the waters became as tears. Echo, too, she mourns among the rocks that she is silent and can imitate your lips no more. For sorrow that you are lost the trees have cast their fruit on the ground, and all the flowers are withered away. The flocks have given none of their good milk, and the hives none of their honey; for the honey is perished in the comb for grief, seeing the honey of bees is no longer to be gathered now that honey of yours is done away.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Never so woeful was the lament of the Siren upon the beach, never so woeful the song of that Nightingale among the rocks, or the dirge of that Swallow amid the long hills, neither the wail of Ceÿx for the woes of that Halcyon, nor yet the Ceryl's song among

"Pan, Priapus, Satyrs, Nymphs": the effigies of these deities which stood in the pastures. "the Sirens": these were represented as half bird, half woman, and bewailed the dead. lines 38–41: The references are to birds who once had human shape; *see index.*

οὐ τόσον ἀῴοισιν[1] ἐν ἄγκεσι παῖδα τὸν Ἀοῦς
ἱπτάμενος περὶ σᾶμα κινύρατο Μέμνονος ὄρνις,
ὅσσον ἀποφθιμένοιο κατωδύραντο Βίωνος.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
ἀδονίδες πᾶσαί τε χελιδόνες, ἄς ποκ' ἔτερπεν,
ἃς λαλέειν ἐδίδασκε, καθεζόμεναι ποτὶ πρέμνοις
ἀντίον ἀλλάλαισιν ἐκώκυον· αἱ δ' ὑπεφώνευν
'ὄρνιθες λυπεῖσθ' αἱ πενθάδες· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς.'[2]

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
τίς ποτε σᾷ σύριγγι μελίξεται ὦ τριπόθητε;
τίς δ' ἐπὶ σοῖς καλάμοις θήσει στόμα; τίς θρασὺς
οὕτως;
εἰσέτι γὰρ πνείει τὰ σὰ χείλεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἆσθμα,
ἀχὰ δ' ἐν δονάκεσσι τεᾶς ἔτι[3] βόσκετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Πανὶ φέρω τὸ μέλισμα; τάχ' ἂν καὶ κεῖνος ἐρεῖσαι
τὸ στόμα δειμαίνοι, μὴ δεύτερα σεῖο φέρηται.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
κλαίει καὶ Γαλάτεια τὸ σὸν μέλος, ἄν ποκ' ἔτερπες
ἑζομέναν μετὰ[4] σεῖο παρ' ἀϊόνεσσι θαλάσσας.
οὐ γὰρ ἴσον Κύκλωπι μελίσδεο· τὸν μὲν ἔφευγεν
ἁ καλὰ Γαλάτεια, σὲ δ' ἄδιον ἔβλεπεν ἄλμας.
καὶ νῦν λασαμένα τῶ κύματος ἐν ψαμάθοισιν
ἔζετ' ἐρημαίαισι, βόας δ' ἔτι σεῖο νομεύει.

ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
πάντα τοι ὦ βούτα συγκάτθανε δῶρα τὰ Μοισᾶν,
παρθενικᾶν ἐρόεντα φιλήματα, χείλεα παίδων,

[1] ἀῴοισιν: mss also ἠώνοισιν and οἰών. [2] λυπεῖσθ' αἱ Ahr: mss λυπεῖσθαι, -θε, -θέ γε mss also ἡμᾶς and ὑμεῖς [3] ἄχα δ' ἐν Ahr: mss ἀχεδνῇ, ἀχεδὼν, ἀχεδονεῖ ἔτι β. Brunck: mss ἐπιβ. [4] μετὰ Hermann: mss παρὰ

the blue waves, nay, not so woeful the hovering bird of Memnon over the tomb of the Son of the Morning in the dells of the Morning, as when they mourned for Bion dead.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

The nightingales and all the swallows, which once he delighted, which once he taught to speak, sat upon the branches and cried aloud in antiphons, and they that answered said "Lament, ye mourners, and so will we."

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

O thrice-belovèd man! who will make music upon thy pipe? Who so bold as to set lip to thy reeds? For thy lips and thy breath live yet, and in those straws the sound of thy song is quick. Shall I take and give the pipe to Pan? Nay, mayhap even he will fear to put lip to it lest he come off second to thee.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

There's Galatea, too, weeps for your music, the music that was erst her delight sitting beside you upon the strand. For Cyclops' music was all another thing; she shunned him, the pretty Galatea, but she looked upon you more gladly than upon the sea. And lo! now the waves are forgotten while she sits upon the lone lone sands, but your cows she tends for you still.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

All the gifts that come of the Muses have perished, dear Neatherd, with you, the dear delightful kisses

"bird of Memnon": The tomb of Memnon, son of the Dawn and Tithonus, was visited every year by birds called Memnonidae. "Galatea": Bion seems to have written a first-person pastoral resembling the *Serenade*, in which a neatherd lover of Galatea sang to her on the beach. If so, Fragment XII would seem to belong to it.

καὶ στυμνοὶ[1] περὶ σῶμα τεὸν κλαίουσιν Ἔρωτες.
χἀ Κύπρις ποθέει[2] σε πολὺ πλέον ἢ τὸ φίλημα,
τὸ πρώαν τὸν Ἄδωνιν ἀποθνάσκοντα φίλησεν.
τοῦτό τοι ὦ ποταμῶν λιγυρώτατε δεύτερον ἄλγος,
τοῦτο, Μέλη, νέον ἄλγος. ἀπώλετο πρᾶν τοι[3]
Ὅμηρος,
τῆνο τὸ Καλλιόπας γλυκερὸν στόμα, καί σε
λέγοντι
μύρασθαι[4] καλὸν υἷα πολυκλαύτοισι ῥεέθροις,
πᾶσαν δ' ἔπλησας φωνᾶς ἄλα· νῦν πάλιν ἄλλον
υἱέα δακρύεις, καινῷ δ' ἐπὶ πένθεϊ τάκῃ.
ἀμφότεροι παγαῖς πεφιλημένοι, ὃς μὲν ἔπινε
Παγασίδος κράνας, ὃ δ' ἔχεν πόμα τᾶς Ἀρεθοίσας.
χὠ μὲν Τυνδαρέοιο καλὰν ἄεισε θύγατρα
καὶ Θέτιδος μέγαν υἷα καὶ Ἀτρείδαν Μενέλαον·
τῆνος δ' οὐ πολέμους, οὐ δάκρυα, Πᾶνα δ' ἔμελπε,
καὶ βούτας ἐλίγαινε καὶ ἀείδων ἐνόμευε,
καὶ σύριγγας ἔτευχε καὶ ἁδέα πόρτιν ἄμελγε,
καὶ παίδων ἐδίδασκε φιλήματα, καὶ τὸν Ἔρωτα
ἔτρεφεν ἐν κόλποισι καὶ ἤρεθε τὰν Ἀφροδίταν.
ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὼ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
πᾶσα Βίων θρηνεῖ σε κλυτὰ πόλις, ἄστεα πάντα.
Ἄσκρα μὲν γοάει σε πολὺ πλέον Ἡσιόδοιο·
Πίνδαρον οὐ ποθέοντι τόσον Βοιωτίδες ὗλαι·
οὐ τόσον Ἀλκαίῳ περιμύρατο Λέσβος ἐραννά·[5]
οὐδὲ τόσον ὃν ἀοιδὸν ὀδύρατο[6] Τήϊον ἄστυ·
σὲ πλέον Ἀρχιλόχοιο ποθεῖ Πάρος· ἀντὶ δὲ
Σαπφῶς

[1] *στυμνοὶ* E, cf. Bion i. 74 : mss *στυγνοὶ* or *-ὸν* [2] *χἀ* Wil : mss *ἃ* *ποθέει* Herm : mss *φιλέει* [3] *τοι* : mss also *ποι* and *μοι* [4] *μύρασθαι* Mein : mss *-εσθαι* [5] *ἐράννα* Heringa : mss *ἐρεννὰ, ἐρενέα, ἐρεμνὰ* [6] *ὃν* Wakefield : mss *τὸν* *ὀδύρατο* Wakef : mss *ἐμύρατο*

of the maidens, the sweet lips of the lads; round your corse the Loves weep all dishevelled, and Cypris, she's fainer far of you than the kiss she gave Adonis when he died the other day.

O tunefullest of rivers, this makes thee a second grief, this, good Meles, comes thee a new woe. One melodious mouthpiece of Calliopè is long dead, and that is Homer; that lovely son of thine was mourned, 'tis said, of thy tearful flood, and all the sea was filled with the voice of thy lamentation: and lo! now thou weepest for another son, and a new sorrow melteth thee away. Both were beloved of a water-spring, for the one drank at Pegasus' fountain and the other got him drink of Arethusa; and the one sang of the lovely daughter of Tyndareüs, and of the great son of Thetis, and of Atreid Menelaüs; but this other's singing was neither of wars nor tears but of Pan; as a herdsman he chanted, and kept his cattle with a song; he both fashioned pipes and milked the gentle kine; he taught the lore of kisses, he made a fosterling of Love, he roused and stirred the passion of Aphrodite.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

O Bion! there's not a city, nay, not a humble town but laments thee. Ascra makes far louder moan than for her Hesiod, the woods of Boeotia long not so for their Pindar; not so sore did lovely Lesbos weep for Alcaeus, nor Teos town for the poet that was hers; Paros yearns as she yearned not for Archi-

"the other day": The reference to Adonis' death is doubtless to a recent Adonis-Festival. "Meles": the river of Smyrna, birthplace of Bion and claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. "the poet that was hers": Anacreon.

εἰσέτι[1] σεῦ τὸ μέλισμα κινύρεται ἁ Μιτυλάνα.
εἰ δὲ[2] Συρακοσίοισι Θεόκριτος· αὐτὰρ ἐγώ τοι
Αὐσονικᾶς ὀδύνας μέλπω μέλος, οὐ ξένος ᾠδᾶς
βουκολικᾶς, ἀλλ' ἄντε διδάξαο σεῖο μαθητὰς
κλαρονόμος Μοίσας τᾶς Δωρίδος, ᾇ με[3] γεραίρων
ἄλλοις μὲν τεὸν ὄλβον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπέλειπες ἀοιδάν.
ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
αἰαῖ ταὶ μαλάχαι μέν, ἐπὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὄλωνται,
ἠδὲ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα τό τ' εὐθαλὲς οὖλον ἄνηθον,
ὕστερον αὖ ζώοντι καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι·
ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροί, οἱ[4] σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
ὁππότε πρᾶτα θάνωμες, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλᾳ
εὕδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.
καὶ σὺ μὲν ὢν[5] σιγᾷ πεπυκασμένος ἔσσεαι ἐν γᾷ,
ταῖς Νύμφαισι δ' ἔδοξεν ἀεὶ τὸν βάτραχον ᾄδειν.
ταῖς[6] δ' ἐγὼ οὐ φθονέοιμι· τὸ γὰρ μέλος οὐ καλὸν
ᾄδει.
ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον
ἦδες—
τοιούτοις χείλεσσι ποτέδραμε κοὐκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
τίς δὲ βροτὸς τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος ὡς[7] κεράσαι τοι
ἢ δοῦναι καλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον;—ἔκψυγεν ᾠδά.[8]
ἄρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθεος ἄρχετε Μοῖσαι.
ἀλλὰ Δίκα κίχε πάντας. ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ πένθεϊ τῷδε

[1] εἰσέτι = evermore [2] εἰ δὲ Wil : mss ἐν δὲ, οὐδὲ [3] ᾇ με Briggs : mss ἇμμε, ἄμμε, ἄμμεγα [4] καρτεροί, οἱ Briggs : mss καρτεροὶ or καρτερικοὶ [5] ὢν Wakef : mss ἐν [6] ταῖς Wil :