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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

I

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. R. PATON

IN FIVE VOLUMES

I



LONDON : WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK : G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

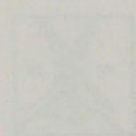
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THE GREEK
SYNTHESIS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
J. E. RUSSELL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I



LONDON: WILLIAM BLOOMSBURY
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PREFACE

THE Palatine Anthology, so called because it is contained only in the unique manuscript of the Palatine Library at Heidelberg, was composed in the tenth century by Constantine Cephalas. He drew chiefly from three older Anthologies of widely different date: (1) the Stephanus, or Wreath, of Meleager, collected in the beginning of the first century B.C. by this master of the elegiac epigram and comprising all that is most worthy of preservation in these pages. Meleager was a quite unique personality in his own age, and his collection comprises no poems (as far as we know) of that age, except his own.¹ It consists of poems of the seventh to third centuries B.C., *i.e.* of all the great or classical period of Greek literature. (2) The Stephanus of Philippus, made probably in the reign of Augustus. The spirit of poesy had in the interval descended on Italy, rather than on Greece, and here the most Roman poets, such as Crinagoras of Mytilene, are those who please the most. (3) The Cycle of Agathias, made in the age of Justinian and comprising strictly contemporary work. There is

¹ Antipater of Sidon is however his contemporary.

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much tenderness and beauty in many of the poems, but the writers wrote in a language which they did not command, but by which they were commanded, as all who try to write ancient Greek are.

Cephalas included also in addition to the poems drawn from these main sources: (1) a certain number of epigrams derived from well-known authors and a few copied from stones; (2) the *Musa Puerilis* of Strato (Book XII), a collection on a special subject made at an uncertain date¹; (3) a collection of Love poems largely by Rufinus (beginning of Book V); (4) the epigrams of the Alexandrian Palladas (fifth century A.D.).² At the beginning of each book (from Book V onwards) I try to indicate what is certainly due to each source. In Book IV will be found the poems of the three chief sources that I mention above. Books I-III explain themselves.

In the twelfth or thirteenth century a scholar of astounding industry, Maximus Planudes, to whom learning owes a heavy debt, rearranged and revised the work of Cephalas and to him alone we owe

¹ For the sources of this book and also of the satirical epigrams of Book XI see the special prefaces to these books.

² Some at least of these seem to have been incorporated by Agathias in his Cycle. It is not necessary to mention here matter included in the Palatine MS. but not reproduced in the printed texts.

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the preservation of the epigrams here printed as an appendix (Book XVI), derived, no doubt, chiefly from a now lost book of Cephala's Anthology containing epigrams on works of art. It may be a matter of dispute among scholars, but I do not believe myself that he had any text before him which was better than, or independent of, the tradition of the Palatine Manuscript. I therefore always follow, as strictly as possible, this tradition.

In Smith's *Biographical Dictionary*, under Planudes, a good account is given of the history of the Anthology, and readers may consult this. A still better and more recent account is Mr. Mackail's in the Introduction to his *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*.

A word should, perhaps, be said as to the arrangement of the epigrams in the three principal sources. Agathias in his poem gives us his own classification of the Epigrams: (1) Dedicatory, (2) On Works of Art, (3) Sepulchral, (4) Declamatory (?), (5) Satirical, (6) Amatory, (7) Convivial; *i.e.* the same classification as that of Cephala, but not in the same order. The Scholiast of the Palatine MS. tells us that Meleager's Wreath was not arranged under subjects at all but alphabetically (*i.e.* in the alphabetical order of the first letters of the poems), and

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we know that Philippus' Wreath was so arranged, as all the longer fragments of it retain this order. Curiously enough there are very few traces of such an order in the fragments of Meleager's Wreath, none in the present volume. This is a fact I will not attempt to explain.

I would beg any possible, but improbable, reader who desires to peruse the Anthology as a whole, to read first the epigrams of Meleager's Stephanus, then those of that of Philippus, and finally the Byzantine poems. In the intervals the iron hand of History had entirely recast and changed the spirit and the language of Greece, and much misunderstanding has been caused by people quoting anything from the "*Greek Anthology*" as specifically "*Greek*." We have to deal with three ages almost as widely separated as the Roman conquest, the Saxon conquest, and the Norman conquest of England. It is true that the poems of all the epochs are written in a language that professes to be one, but this is only due to the consciousness of the learned Greeks, a consciousness we still respect in them to-day, that the glorious language of old Greece is their imperishable heritage, a heritage that the corruption of the ages should not be permitted to defile.

As regards the Greek text in Books I-VII and
viii

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IX, which had the advantage of being edited by Stadtmüller (the Teubner text), I do not give the sources of such changes from the long standard text of Dübner (the Didot text) as I think fit to make, except in cases where these sources are subsequent to Stadtmüller's edition, in which all conjectures previously made are cited and in which full information is given about the tradition. This work of his life was cut short by his lamented death, and in the remaining books, though through the kindness of the Loeb Library I have the advantage of consulting the facsimile of the Palatine MS., I shall not have that of his learned aid.

W. R. PATON.

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A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE MORE IMPORTANT BOOKS CONTAINING VERSE TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

1806. *Translations, chiefly from the Greek Anthology, etc.*
[By R. Bland and J. H. Merivale.]
1813. *Collections from the Greek Anthology and from the
Pastoral, Elegiac and Dramatic Poets of Greece.*
By R. Bland and others.
[Many versions by J. H. Merivale.]
1833. ——— A new edition. By J. H. Merivale.
[Many versions by C. Merivale.]
1847. *Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and
Rome.* By various translators. Edited by
William Peter. Philadelphia.
1849. *Anthologia Polyglotta.* A selection of versions in
various languages, chiefly from the Greek
Anthology. By H. Wellesley.
[Wellesley was only the editor and author of some
of the versions.]
1852. *The Greek Anthology, as selected for the use of West-
minster, Eton and other Public Schools.* Literally
translated into English prose, chiefly by G.
Burges. To which are added metrical versions,
etc.
[Bohn's Classics.]
- [1864]. *Greek Anthology, with Notes Critical and Explanatory.*
Translated by Major Robert Guthrie MacGregor.
[MacGregor, an Anglo-Indian soldier, produced ad-
vance instalments, as *Specimens of Greek An-
thology* [1855] and *Epitaphs from the Greek
Anthology* [1857]. His versions are rather dull,
but close to the Greek.]

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

1869. *Idylls and Epigrams*. Chiefly from the Greek Anthology. By Richard Garnett.
[The Epigrams were reprinted in 1892, as *A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology*.]
1871. *Miscellanies* by John Addington Symonds, M.D. Selected and edited, with an introductory memoir, by his son.
- 1873-6. *Studies of the Greek Poets*. By John Addington Symonds [the younger].
[Ed. 3, 1893. Chapter xxii. in vol. ii. deals with the Anthology, and contains many versions by the author, his father, and others.]
1878. *Chrysanthema gathered from the Greek Anthology*. By W. M. Hardinge. *The Nineteenth Century*, November, pp. 869-888.
1881. *Amaranth and Asphodel*. Songs from the Greek Anthology. By Alfred Joshua Butler.
[The translator is to be distinguished from the late Arthur J. Butler.]
1883. *Love in Idleness: a volume of Poems*.
[By H. C. Beeching (by whom the majority of versions from the Anthology are contributed), J. B. B. Nicholls, and J. W. Mackail. The book was reprinted in part as *Love's Looking Glass*, in 1891, and Dean Beeching's versions are reprinted, revised, in his *In a Garden*, 1895.]
1888. *Grass of Parnassus, Rhymes Old and New*. By Andrew Lang.
[Second edition, 1892, with additions.]
- [1889]. *Selections from the Greek Anthology*. Edited by Graham R. Thomson.
[In the "Canterbury Poets" series. Not very well edited, but contains many good versions.]
1890. *Fifty Poems of Meleager*. With a translation by W. Headlam.
- [1891.] *From the Garden of Hellas*. Translations into verse from the Greek Anthology. By Lilla C. Perry.

OF VERSE TRANSLATIONS

1898. *Anthologiae Græcae Erotica*. The Love Epigrams of Book V. of the *Palatine Anthology*, edited, and partly rendered into English verse, by W. R. Paton.
1899. *An Echo of Greek Song*. Englished by W. H. D. Rouse.
1901. *Rose Leaves from Philostratus and other Poems*. Written by Percy Osborn.
1903. *Paraphrases and Translations from the Greek*. By the Earl of Cromer.
1907. *A Book of Greek Verse*. By Walter Headlam.
[Translations from and into Greek.]
1908. *Poems from the Greek Anthology*. Attempted in English verse, by G. H. Cobb.
1911. *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams from the Anthology*. By J. A. Pott.
1913. ——— Second series.
- „ *Ancient Gems in Modern Settings*. Being versions of the Greek Anthology in English rhyme by various writers. Edited by G. B. Grundy.
[Many versions are contributed by the Editor and Mr. Pott.]

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BOOK I

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

CHIEFLY copies of actual inscriptions on Byzantine churches earlier than 1000 A.D., and as such of historic value. The frequent allusions to the brilliant effect created by the mosaics and precious marbles will be noticed.

ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

Α

ΤΑ ΤΩΝ ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΩΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ

τὰ τῶν Χριστιανῶν προτετάχθω εὐσεβῇ τε καὶ θεῖα ἐπιγράμματα
κἂν οἱ Ἕλληνες ἀπαρέσκωνται.

1.—Εἰς τὸ κιβούριον τῆς ἁγίας Σοφίας

Ἄς οἱ πλάνοι καθεῖλον ἐνθάδ' εἰκόνας
ἄνακτες ἐστήλωσαν εὐσεβεῖς πάλιν.

2.—Ἐν ταῖς ἀψῖσι τῶν Βλαχερνῶν

Θεῖος Ἰουστίνος, Σοφίης πόσις, ᾧ πόρε Χριστὸς
πάντα διορθοῦσθαι, καὶ κλέος ἐν πολέμοις,
Μητρὸς ἀπειρογάμοιο δόμον σκάζοντα νοήσας,
σαθρὸν ἀποσκεδάσας τεῦξέ μιν ἀσφαλέως.

3.—Εἰς τὸ αὐτὸ ἐν ταῖς αὐταῖς

Ὁ πρὶν Ἰουστίνος περικαλλέα δείματο νηὸν
τοῦτον Μητρὶ Θεοῦ, κάλλει λαμπόμενον·
ὀπλότερος δὲ μετ' αὐτὸν Ἰουστίνος βασιλεύων
κρείσσονα τῆς προτέρης ὥπασεν ἀγλαίην.

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Let the pious and godly Christian Epigrams take precedence,
even if the pagans are displeased.

1.—*Inscribed on the Tabernacle of Saint Sophia*

THE images¹ that the heretics took down from here
our pious sovereigns replaced.

2.—*Inscribed on the Apse of Blachernae*

THE divine Justin, the husband of Sophia, to
whom Christ granted the gift of restoring everything,
and glory in war, finding that the temple of the
Virgin Mother was tottering, took the decayed part
to pieces and built it up again securely.

3.—*On the Same*

THIS lovely temple shining with beauty the earlier
Justin built to the Mother of God. A later Justin
during his reign endowed it with more than its
former splendour.

¹ Here and below of course = icons, pictures.

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4.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ Προδρόμου ἐν τῷ Στουδίου

Τοῦτον Ἰωάννη, Χριστοῦ μεγάλῳ θεράποντι,
 Στουδῖος ἀγλαὸν οἶκον ἐδείματο· καρπαλίμως δὲ
 τῶν κάμεν εὔρετο μισθόν, ἐλὼν ὑπατηίδα ῥάβδον.

5.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου ἀποστόλου Θωμᾶ ἐν τοῖς
 Ἀμαντίου

Τόνδε Θεῷ κάμες οἶκον, Ἀμάντιε, μεσσόθι πόντου,
 τοῖς πολυδινήτοις κύμασι μαρνάμενος.
 οὐ νότος, οὐ βορέης ἱερὸν σέο δῶμα τινάξει,
 νηῷ θεσπεσίῳ τῷδε φυλασσόμενον.
 ζώοις ἤματα πολλά· σὺ γὰρ νεοθηλέα Ῥώμην,
 πόντῳ ἐπαῖξας, θήκαο φαιδροτέρην.

5

6.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου Θεοδώρου ἐν τοῖς
 Σφωρακίου

Σφωράκιος ποίησε φυγὼν φλόγα μάρτυρι νηόν.

7.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Σφωράκιε, ζῶντι φίλα θρεπτήρια τίνων
 γήθεεν Ἀντόλιος, σὸς ἀνεψιός· οἰχομένῳ δὲ
 αἰεὶ σοι γεραρὴν τελέει χάριν· ὥστε καὶ ἄλλην
 εὔρε, καὶ ἐν νηῷ σ' ἀνεθήκατο, τὸν κάμες αὐτός.

8.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τῶν ἁγίων ἀποστόλων Πέτρου καὶ
 Παύλου, πλησίον τοῦ ἁγίου Σεργίου εἰς τὰ Ὁρμίσδου

Χριστὸν παμβασιλῆα φίλοις καμάτοισι γεραίρων
 τοῦτον Ἰουστινιανὸς ἀγακλέα δείματο νηόν

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

- 4.—*On the Temple of St. John the Baptist ("the Forerunner") in the property of Studius*

STUDIUS built this fair house to John the great servant of Christ, and quickly gained the reward of his work by obtaining the consular fasces.

- 5.—*On the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle in the property of Amantius*

THIS house thou didst make for God, Amantius, in the middle of the sea, combating the swirling waves. Nor south nor north wind shall shake thy holy house, guarded as it is by this divine temple. May thy days be many; for thou by invading the sea hast made New Rome more glorious.

- 6.—*On the Church of St. Theodore in the land of Sphoracius*

SPHORACIUS having escaped from a fire built this temple to the Martyr.

- 7.—*On the Same*

SPHORACIUS, Antolius thy nephew rejoiced in repaying during thy life thy kindness in bringing him up, and now thou art dead ever pays thee grateful honour; so that he found for thee a new honour, and laid thee in the temple thou thyself didst build.

- 8.—*On the Church of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul near St. Sergius in the property of Hormisdas*

HONOURING the King of Kings, Christ, with his works, Justinian built this glorious temple to Peter

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Πέτρῳ καὶ Παύλῳ· θεράπουσι γὰρ εὖχος ὀπάζων
αὐτῷ δὴ τις ἄνακτι φέρει πολυκνδέα τιμὴν.
ἐνθάδε καὶ ψυχῇ καὶ ὄμμασι κέρδος ἐτοῖμον·
εὐχαῖσιν μὲν ἕκαστος ὃ τι χρέος ἐστὶν ἐλέσθω,
τερπέσθω δὲ ὁρῶν κάλλος καὶ δώματος αἴγλην.

5

9.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ Ἀρχαγγέλου ἐν Βοθρέπτῳ

Καὶ τόδε σῶν καμάτων παναοίδιμον ἔργον ἐτύχθη,
Γερράδιε κλυτόμητι· σὺ γὰρ περικαλλέα νηὸν
ἀγγελικῆς στρατιῆς σημάντορος αὐτὶς ἔδειξας.

10.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου μάρτυρος Πολυεύκτου

Εὐδοκίη μὲν ἄνασσα θεὸν σπεύδουσα γεραίρειν,
πρώτῃ νηὸν ἔτευξε θεοφραδέος Πολυεύκτου·
ἀλλ' οὐ τοῖον ἔτευξε καὶ οὐτόσον· οὐτὶνι φειδοῖ,
οὐ κτεάτων χατέουσα—τίνος βασιλεία χατίζει;—
ἀλλ' ὥς θυμὸν ἔχουσα θεοπρόπον, ὅττι γενέθλην
καλλείψει δεδαυῖαν ἀμείνονα κόσμον ὀπάζειν.
ἔνθεν Ἰουλιανή, ζαθέων ἀμάρυγμα τοκῆων,
τέτρατον ἐκ κείνων βασιλῆϊον αἶμα λαχοῦσα,
ἐλπίδας οὐκ ἔψευσεν ἀριστώδινος ἀνάσσης·
ἀλλὰ μιν ἐκ βαιοῖο μέγαν καὶ τοῖον ἐγείρει,
κῦδος ἀεξήσασα πολυσκλήπτρων γενετῆρων·
πάντα γὰρ ὅσσα τέλεσσεν ὑπέρτερα τεύξε τοκῆων,
ὀρθὴν πίστιν ἔχουσα φιλοχρίστοιο μενοινῆς.
τίς γὰρ Ἰουλιανὴν οὐκ ἔκλυεν, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὺς
εὐκαμάτοις ἔργοισιν εὖς φαίδρυνε τοκῆας,
εὐσεβίης ἀλέγουσα; μόνη δ' ἰδρῶτι δικαίῳ
ἄξιον οἶκον ἔτευξεν αἰεζῶν Πολυεύκτῳ.
καὶ γὰρ αἰεὶ δεδάηκεν ἀμεμφέα δῶρα κομίζειν
πᾶσιν ἀεθλητῆρσιν ἐπουρανίου βασιλῆος.

5

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and Paul, for by giving honour to His servants a man offereth great glory to the King Himself. Here is profit for the soul and for the eyes. Let each get what he hath need of by his prayers, and take joy in looking at the beauty and splendour of the house.

9.—*On the Church of St. Michael in Bothreptus*

AND this celebrated work too is the fruit of thy toil, skilled Gerradius. For thou didst reveal to us anew the lovely temple of the captain of the angelic host.

10.—*On the Church of the Holy Martyr Polyeuctus*

EUDOCIA the empress, eager to honour God, first built here a temple of Polyeuctus the servant of God. But she did not make it as great and beautiful as it is, not from any economy or lack of possessions—what doth a queen lack?—but because her prophetic soul told her that she should leave a family well knowing how better to adorn it. Whence Juliana, the glory of her blessed parents, inheriting their royal blood in the fourth generation, did not defeat the hopes of the Queen, the mother of a noble race, but raised this from a small temple to its present size and beauty, increasing the glory of her many-sceptred ancestors; for all that she made, she made more magnificent than they, holding the true faith of a mind devoted to Christ. Who hath not heard of Juliana, how in her pious care she glorified even her parents by fair-fashioned works? All alone by her righteous toil she built a worthy house to immortal Polyeuctus, for she had ever studied to give blameless gifts to all athletes of the Heavenly King. Every country cries,

πᾶσα χθὼν βοάα, πᾶσα πτόλις, ὅττι τοκῆας 20
 φαιδροτέρους ποίησεν ἀρειοτέροισιν ἐπ' ἔργοις.
 ποῦ γὰρ Ἰουλιανὴν ἀγίοις οὐκ ἔστιν ἰδέσθαι
 νηὸν ἀναστήσασαν ἀγακλέα; ποῦ σέο μούνης
 εὐσεβέων οὐκ ἔστιν ἰδεῖν σημήϊα χειρῶν;
 ποῖος δ' ἔπλετο χῶρος, ὃς οὐ μάθε σείο μενοινὴν 25
 εὐσεβίης πλήθουσας; ὅλης χθονὸς ἐνναετῆρες
 σοὺς καμάτους μέλπουσιν ἀειμνήστους γεγαῶτας.
 ἔργα γὰρ εὐσεβίης οὐ κρύπτεται· οὐ γὰρ ἀέθλους
 λήθη ἀποσβέννυσιν ἀριστοπόνων ἀρετῶν.
 ὅσσα δὲ σὴ παλάμη θεοπείθεα δώματα τεύχει 30
 οὐδ' αὐτὴ δεδάηκας· ἀμετρήτους γάρ, ὅτω,
 μούνη σὺ ξύμπασαν ἀνὰ χθόνα δέϊμαο ναούς,
 οὐρανίου θεράποντας αἰὲ τρομέουσα θεοῖο.
 ἵχνεσι δ' εὐκαμάτοισιν ἐφespoμένη γενετήρων
 πᾶσιν, αἰεζώουσας ἐὼν τεκτήνατο φύτλην, 35
 εὐσεβίης ξύμπασαν αἰὲ πατέουσα πορείην.
 τοῦνεκά μιν θεράποντες ἐπουρανίου βασιλῆος,
 ὅσσοις δῶρα δίδωσιν, ὅσοις δωμήσατο νηούς,
 προφρονέως ἐρύεσθε σὺν νιέϊ, τοῖό τε κούραις·
 μίμνοι δ' ἄσπετον εὐχος ἀριστοπόνοιο γενέθλης, 40
 εἰσόκεν ἡέλιος πυριλαμπέα δίφρον ἐλαύνει.

Ἐν τῇ εἰσόδῳ τοῦ αὐτοῦ ναοῦ ἔξω τοῦ νάρθηκος πρὸς
 τὴν ἀψίδα

Ποῖος Ἰουλιανῆς χορὸς ἄρκιός ἐστιν ἀέθλοις,
 ἢ μετὰ Κωνσταντῖνον ἐῆς κοσμήτορα Ῥώμης,
 καὶ μετὰ Θεοδοσίου παγχρύσειον ἱερὸν ὄμμα,
 καὶ μετὰ τοσσατίων προγόνων βασιληῖδα ῥίζαν, 45
 ἄξιον ἧς γενεῆς καὶ ὑπέρτερον ἦνυσεν ἔργον
 εἰν ὀλίγοις ἔτεσιν; χρόνον ἦδ' ἐβίησατο μούνη,

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every city, that she made her parents more glorious by better works. Where do we not find that Juliana hath raised splendid temples to the Saints? Where do we not see the signs of the pious hand of thee alone? What place hath not learnt that thy mind is full of piety? The inhabitants of the whole world sing thy works, which are eternally remembered. For the works of piety are not hidden; oblivion doth not quench the labours of beneficent virtue. Not even thyself knoweth how many houses dedicated to God thy hand hath made; for thou alone, I ween, didst build innumerable temples all over the world, ever fearing the servants of God in Heaven. Following by her good works all the footsteps of her parents she made the fame of her race immortal, always walking in the whole path of piety. Therefore, all ye servants of the Heavenly King to whom she gave gifts or built temples, preserve her gladly with her son and his daughters, and may the immeasurable glory of the most beneficent family survive as long as the Sun drives his burning chariot.

*At the Entrance of the same Church, outside the
Narthex¹ towards the Apse*

WHAT quire is sufficient to chant the works of Juliana, who after Constantine, the adorer of his Rome, and after the holy golden light of Theodosius, and after so many royal ancestors, in a few years accomplished a work worthy of her race, yea, more than worthy? She alone did violence

¹ i.e. vestibule.

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καὶ σοφίην παρέλασσε ἀειδομένου Σολομῶνος,
 νηὸν ἀναστήσασα θεηδόχον, οὗ μέγας αἰὼν
 οὐ δύναται μέλψαι χαρίτων πολυδαίδαλον αἴγλην· 50
 οἶος μὲν προβέβηκε βαθυρρίζοισι θεμέθλοις,
 νέρθεν ἀναθρώσκων καὶ αἰθέρος ἄστρο διώκων·
 οἶος δ' ἀντολῆς μηκύνεται ἐς δύσιν ἔρπων,
 ἀρρήτως Φαέθοντος ὑπαστράπτων ἀμαρυγαῖς,
 τῇ καὶ τῇ πλευρῇσι· μέσης δ' ἐκάτερθε πορείης 55
 κίονες ἀρρήκτοις ἐπὶ κίοσιν ἐστηῶτες
 χρυσορόφου ἀκτῖνας ἀερτάζουσι καλύπτρης.
 κόλποι δ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐπ' ἀψίδεσσι χυθέντες
 φέγγος ἀειδίνητον ἐμαιώσαντο σελήνης·
 τοῖχοι δ' ἀντιπέρηθεν ἀμετρήτοισι κελεύθοις 60
 θεσπεσίους λειμῶνας ἀνεζώσαντο μετάλλων,
 οὓς φύσις ἀνθήσασα μέσοις ἐνὶ βένθεσι πέτρης
 ἀγλαΐην ἔκλεπτε, θεοῦ δ' ἐφύλασσε μελάθροις,
 δῶρον Ἰουλιανῆς, ἵνα θέσκελα ἔργα τελέσῃ
 ἀχράντοις κραδίης ὑπὸ νεύμασι ταῦτα καμοῦσα. 65
 τίς δὲ φέρων θοὸν ἵχνος ἐπὶ ζεφυρηίδας αὔρας
 ὕμνοπόλος σοφίης, ἑκατὸν βλεφάροισι πεποιθώς,
 τοξεύσει ἐκάτερθε πολύτροπα δῆνεα τέχνης,
 οἶκον ἰδὼν λάμποντα, περίδρομον, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
 ἔνθ' ἵνα καὶ γραφίδων ἱερῶν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος αὐλῆς 70
 ἔστιν ἰδεῖν μέγα θαῦμα, πολύφρονα Κωνσταντῖνον,
 πῶς προφυγὼν εἰδῶλα θεημάχον ἔσβεσε λύσσην,
 καὶ Τριάδος φάος εὗρεν ἐν ὕδασι γυῖα καθήρας.
 τοῖον Ἰουλιανή, μετὰ μυρίον ἐσμὸν ἀέθλων,
 ἦνυσε τοῦτον ἄεθλον ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς γενετήρων, 75
 καὶ σφετέρου βιότοιο, καὶ ἐσσομένων καὶ ἐόντων.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

to Time and surpassed the wisdom of renowned Solomon by raising a habitation for God, whose glittering and elaborate beauty the ages cannot celebrate—how it rises from its deep-rooted foundations, running up from the ground and aspiring to the stars of heaven, and how from east to west it extends itself glittering with unspeakable brightness in the sunlight on both its sides! On either side of its aisle columns standing on firm columns support the rays of the golden dome, while on each side arched recesses scattered on the dome reproduce the ever-revolving light of the moon. The opposite walls in innumerable paths are clothed in marvellous metallic veins of colour, like flowery meadows which Nature made to flower in the depth of the rock, and hid their glory, keeping them for the House of God, to be the gift of Juliana, so that she might produce a divine work, following in her toil the stainless dictates of her heart. What singer of skilful works shall now hasten to the west,¹ armed with a hundred eyes, and read aright the various devices on the walls, gazing on the circle of the shining house, one story set on another? There you may see a marvellous creation of the holy pencils above the centre of the porch, the wise Constantine, how escaping from the idols he quenched the impious fury of the heathen and found the light of the Trinity by cleansing his limbs in water. Such is the labour that Juliana, after a countless swarm of labours, accomplished for the souls of her parents, and for her own life, and for that of those who are and shall be.

¹ *i.e.* the west façade.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

11.—Εἰς τοὺς ἁγίους Ἀναργύρους τοὺς εἰς τὰ
Βασιλίσκου

Τοῖς σοῖς θεράπουσιν ἢ θεράπαινα προσφέρω
Σοφία τὸ δῶρον. Χριστέ, προσδέχου τὰ σά,
καὶ τῷ βασιλεῖ μου μισθὸν Ἰουστίνῳ δίδου,
νίκας ἐπὶ νίκαις κατὰ νόσων καὶ βαρβάρων.

12.—Εἰς τὴν ἁγίαν Εὐφημίαν τὴν Ὀλυβρίου

Εἰμὶ δόμος Τριάδος, τρισσὴ δέ με τεύξε γενέθλη·
πρώτη μὲν πολέμους καὶ βάρβαρα φύλα φυγοῦσα
τεύξατο καὶ μ' ἀνέθηκε θεῷ ζωάγρια μόχθων
Θευδοσίου θυγάτηρ Εὐδοξία· ἐκ δέ με κείνης
Πλακιδίῃ κόσμησε σὺν ὀλβίστῳ παρακοίτῃ·
εἰ δέ που ἀγλαΐης ἐπεδεδεύετο κάλλος ἐμεῖο,
τὴν δέ μοι ὀλβιόδωρος ὑπὲρ μνήμης γενετήρων
δῶκεν Ἰουλιανή, καὶ ὑπέρτατον ὥπασε κῦδος
μητέρι καὶ γενέτῃ καὶ ἀγακλεῖ μητρὶ τεκούσης,
κόσμον ἀεξήσασα παλαιότερον. ὧδ' ἐμὸν ἔργον.

13.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ναὸν ἔνδοθεν τοῦ περιδρόμου

Κάλλος ἔχον καὶ πρόσθεν ἐπήρατον· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μορφῇ
τῇ πρὶν ἀρειοτέρεν νῦν λάχον ἀγλαΐην.

14.—Ἄλλο

Οὕτω γῆρας ἐμὸν μετὰ μητέρα καὶ μετὰ τηθὴν
ξῦσεν Ἰουλιανή, καὶ νέον ἄνθος ἔχω.

15.—Ἄλλο

Ἦν ἄρα καὶ κάλλους ἔτι κάλλιον· εὖτ' ἐμὸν ἔργον,
καὶ πρὶν εἶναι περίπυστον, αἰοίδιμον ἐς χθόνα πᾶσαν,
ἀγλαΐης προτέρης ἐς ὑπέρτερον ἤγαγε κάλλος
τόσσον Ἰουλιανή, ὅσον ἄστρασιν ἀντιφερίζειν.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

11.—*On the Church of the Saints Cosmas and Damian¹ in the district of Basiliscus*

I, THY servant Sophia, O Christ, offer this gift to thy servants. Receive thine own, and to my emperor Justin give in payment therefor victory on victory over diseases and the barbarians.

12.—*On St. Euphemia of Olybrius*

I AM the House of the Trinity, and three generations built me. First Eudoxia, the daughter of Theodosius, having escaped from war and the barbarians, erected and dedicated me to God in acknowledgement of her rescue from distress. Next her daughter Placidia with her most blessed husband adorned me. Thirdly, if perchance my beauty was at all deficient in splendour, munificent Juliana invested me with it in memory of her parents, and bestowed the height of glory on her mother and father and her mother's illustrious mother by augmenting my former adornment. Thus was I made.

13.—*In the same Church, inside the Gallery*

I HAD loveliness before, but now in addition to my former beauty I have acquired greater splendour.

14.—*Another*

THUS did Juliana, after her mother and grandmother, scrape off my coat of old age, and I have new bloom.

15.—*Another*

THERE was then something more beautiful than beauty, since my fabric, even formerly of world-wide celebrity, was advanced to a beauty greater than its former splendour by Juliana, so that now it rivals the stars.

¹ Physicians, called *Ἀνάργυροι* because they refused fees from sick folk who were willing to become Christians.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

16.—"Αλλο

Αὐτὴν ἐργοπόνοισιν ἐπιπνεύουσιν ἀρωγὴν
 εἶχεν Ἰουλιανὴ μάρτυρα νηοπόλον·
 οὐποτε γὰρ τοῖόν τε τόσον τ' εὐδαίδαλον ἔργον
 ἤνυσεν, οὐρανίης ἔμπλεον ἀγλαΐης.

17.—"Αλλο

Οὐκέτι θαυμάζεις προτέρων κλέος· οὐ διὰ τέχνης
 εὖχος ἐν ὀψιγόνοις λίπον ἄσπετον, ὅσσάτιόν περ
 κῦδος Ἰουλιανῆς πινυτόφρονος, ἥ χάριν ἔργων
 ἀρχηγόνων νίκησε νοήματα πάνσοφα φωτῶν.

18.—Εἰς Ἀκούβιτον. Εἰς Βαήν

Τῆς ἀγαθῆς ἀγαθὸς μὲν ἐγὼ κύκλος Ἀγαθονίκης
 * * * * *
 ἄνθετο δ' ἀχράντῳ μάρτυρί με Τροφίμῳ.

19.—ΚΛΑΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Εἰς τὸν σωτῆρα

ᾧ πυρὸς ἀενάοιο σοφὴν ὠδῖνα φυλάσσω,
 ἐμβεβαῶς κόσμοιο παλινδίνητον ἀνάγκην,
 Χριστέ, θεωρρήτοιο βίου φυσίζοε πηγῇ,
 πατὴρ ἀσημάντοιο θεοῦ πρωτόσπορε φωνή,
 ὃς μετὰ μητρῶν τοκετῶν ἐγκύμονα φόρτον
 καὶ γόνον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀννυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων
 στήσας Ἀσσυρίης γενεῆς ἑτερόφρονα λύσας,
 ὄργια δ' εἰδώλων κενεῶν ψευδῶνυμα λύσας,
 αἰθέρος ἀμφιβέβηκας ἐφ' ἐπτάζωνον ὀχῆα,
 ἀγγελικαῖς πτερύγεσσι ἐν ἀρρήτοισι θαάσσω·
 ἴλαθι, παγγενέταο θεοῦ πρεσβῆϊον ὄμμα,
 φρουρὲ βίου, σῶτερ μερόπων, αἰῶνος ἀνάσσω.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

16.—*Another*

JULIANA had the Martyr herself, the Patroness of the church, to inspire and help the artificers. For never would she have accomplished otherwise so vast and beautiful a work, full of heavenly splendour.

17.—*Another*

NO LONGER dost thou marvel at the glory of them who are passed away: by their art they did not leave a fame so great as is the glory of wise Juliana, who by her work surpassed the skilled design of her ancestors.

18.—*On an Uncertain Object*¹

I AM the good circle of good Agathonike
and she dedicated me to the immaculate Martyr Trophimus.

19.—CLAUDIANUS

To the Saviour

O THOU Who guardest the wise womb of the ever-flowing fire, Who art enthroned on the revolving necessity of the Universe, Christ, vivifying Source of the divinely appointed life, first begotten Voice of God the ineffable Father, Who, after the burden of Thy Mother's pangs and the self-accomplished birth from a marriage without bridegroom, didst arrest the heterodox rage of the Syrian race, and dissolve the falsely named rites of empty idols, and then didst ascend the seven-zoned belt of heaven seated on the unspeakable angelic wings, have mercy on me, venerated Eye of God, the Maker of all things, Keeper of life, Saviour of men, Lord of Eternity.

¹ The epigram is imperfect.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

20.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸν δεσπότην Χριστόν

Ἄρτιφανές, πολοοῦχε, παλαιγενές, υἱὲ νεογνέ,
αἰὲν ἔων προεῶν τε, ὑπέρτατε, ὕστατε, Χριστέ,
ἀθανάτοιο πατρός τε ὁμόχρονε, πάμπαν ὁμοῖε.

21.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Παῖ, γέρον, αἰώνων προγενέστερε, πατρός ὁμῆλιξ.

22.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Πατρός ἐπουρανίου λόγε πάνσοφε, κοίρανε κόσμου,
ὁ βροτέην γενεὴν τιμήσας εἰκόνι σείῳ,
σὴν χάριν ἅμιν ὅπαζε καὶ ὀλβιόδωρον ἄρωγῇ·
εἰς σὲ γὰρ εἰσορόωσιν ἐν ἐλπίσιν ὄμματα πάντων.

23.—[ΜΑΡΙΝΟΥ.] Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Ἀθανάτου πατρός υἱὲ συνάχρονε, κοίρανε πάντων,
αἰθερίων μεδέων, εἰναλίων, χθονίων,
δμῶϊ τεῷ, τῷ τήνδε βίβλον γράψαντι, Μαρίνῳ
δὸς χάριν εὐεπίης καὶ λογικῆς σοφίας.

24.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν.

Σύνθρονε καὶ συνάναρχε τεῷ πατρί, πνεύματί τ'
ἐσθλῷ,
οἰχομένων ὄντων τε καὶ ἐσσομένων βασιλεύων,
τῷ ταῦτα γράψαντι τὴν χάριν αὐτὸς ὁπάζοις,
ὄφρα κε σῆς ἐφετμῇσι καλῶς βίου οἶμον ὁδεύοι.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

20.—BY THE SAME

To the Lord Christ

NEWLY revealed, Lord of the sky, born of old time, new-born Son, ever existing and pre-existing, highest and last, Christ, coeval with Thy immortal Father, in all ways like Him.

21.—*To the Same*

CHILD, old man, born before the ages, coeval with the Father.

22.—*To the Same*

ALL-WISE Word of the heavenly Father, Lord of the world, Who didst honour the race of mankind by Thy image, grant us Thy grace and Thy help that bestoweth blessings; for the eyes of all look to Thee in hope.

23.—[BY MARINUS] *To the Same*

SON, co-eternal with the immortal Father, Lord of all, who rulest over all things in Heaven, in Sea, and on Earth, give to Thy servant Marinus who wrote this book the grace of eloquence and wisdom of speech.

24.—*To the Same*

ENTHRONED with Thy Father and the good Spirit and like unto Them without beginning, King of all that is, was, and shall be, give Thy grace unto him who wrote this, that by Thy precepts he may walk rightly in the path of his life.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

25.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Χριστέ, θεοῦ σοφίῃ, κόσμου μεδέων καὶ ἀνάσπων
ἡμετέρην τὸ πάροιθε πλάσας μεροπηίδα φύτλην,
δός με θέειν βίου οἶμον ἐν ὑμετέραις ἐφετμήσι.

26.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Ὑψιμέδων θεοῦ νιέ, φασφόρον αἶδιον φῶς,
σὴν μοι ὄπαζε χάριν καὶ νῦν καὶ ἔπειτα καὶ αἰεί,
ὥς προθέλυμνον εἰούσαν ὅτῳ καὶ ὅπῃ κατανεύσεις.

27.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Πανσθενὲς νιέ θεοῦ, Χριστέ, προάναρχε ἀπάντων,
πᾶσιν ἐπιχθονίοις σωτήρια νάματα βλύζων,
μητρὸς ἀπειρογάμοιο τεῆς λιτέων ἐπακούων,
σὴν χάριν ἄμμιν ὄπαζε καὶ ἐν μύθοις καὶ ἐν ἔργοις.

28.—[ΜΑΡΙΝΟΥ.] Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Χριστέ, θεοῦ σοφίῃ, χάριν ὧπασον εὐεπιάων,
καὶ λογικῆς σοφίης ἐμπέραμον τέλεσον,
ὃς τόδε τεῦχος ἔγραψεν ἐαῖς χεῖρεσσι Μαρίνος,
φάρμακον ἀφραδίης, πρόξενον εὐφραδίης.

29.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν μονόστιχα

Χριστέ, τεὴν προΐαλλε χάριν καμάτοισιν ἐμεῖο.
ὁ Χριστὸς καὶ ἐμοῖς ἐπιτάρροθος ἔσσεται ἔργοις.
Χριστὸς ἐμοῖς καμάτοισιν ἀρηγόνα χεῖρα τιταῖνοι.
Χριστέ, σύ μοι προΐαλλε τεὴν πολυόλβον ἀρωγήν.
Χριστέ, τεὴν καμάτοισιν ἐμοῖς χάριν αὐτὸς
ὀπάζεις.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

25.—*To the Same*

CHRIST, Wisdom of God, Ruler and Governor of the world, Creator of old of our human stock, vouchsafe to me to run the race of life in the way of Thy commandments.

26.—*To the Same*

SON of God, who rulest on high, eternal Light that lighteneth, give me Thy grace now and after and ever, for that is the root of all for him to whom Thou shalt grant it in such manner as is best.

27.—*To the Same*

ALMIGHTY Son of God, Christ, without beginning and existing before all, Who dost make to gush forth fountains of salvation for all mankind, listen to the prayers of Thy Virgin Mother, and grant us Thy grace in word and deed.

28.—[BY MARINUS.] *To the Same*

CHRIST, Wisdom of God, endow with the grace of eloquence and make skilled in wisdom of speech Marinus, who wrote this volume with his own hand, a medicine for folly and guide to right diction.

29.—*To the Same*

SHED, O Christ, Thy grace on my works. Christ shall be the helper of even my works. May Christ stretch out a helping hand to my labour. Christ, send me Thy help full of blessing. Christ, Thyself give Thy grace to my work.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

30.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Χριστὲ μάκαρ, μερόπων φάος ἄφθιτον, ἐλπὶς
ἀπάντων,
ἐσθλὰ δίδου χατέουσι, τὰ δ' οὐ καλὰ νόσφιν ἐρύκοις.

31.—Εἰς τὴν ὑπεραγίαν Θεοτόκον

Παμμεδέοντα, ἄνασσα, θεοῖο, γόνον τεόν, υἱόν,
ἄγγελοι ὃν τρομέουσι, τεῆς παλάμῃσι κρατοῦσα,
πρευμενέα πραπίδεςσιν ὑπὲρ μερόπων τελέουσα,
ῥύεο συντηροῦσα ἀπήμονα κόσμον ἅπαντα.

32.—Εἰς τὸν ἀρχάγγελον Μιχαήλ

*Ὡδε ταλαιπαθέων χραισμήϊα θέσκελα κεῖται
ἡ δέμας ἡ κραδίην τειρομένων μερόπων·
καὶ γὰρ ἀνιάζουσα πόνων φύσις αὐτίκα φεύγει
οὔνομα σόν, Μιχαήλ, ἡ τύπον, ἡ θαλάμους.

33.—ΝΕΙΔΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς εἰκόνα τοῦ ἀρχαγγέλου

*Ὡς θρασὺ μορφῶσαι τὸν ἀσώματον· ἀλλὰ καὶ
εἰκὼν
ἐς νοερὴν ἀνάγει μνήστιν ἐπουρανίων.

34.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν ἐν Πλάτῃ

*Ἀσκοπον ἀγγελίᾳρχον, ἀσώματον εἶδεῖ μορφῆς,
ἃ μέγα τολμήεις κηρὸς ἀπεπλάσατο·
ἔμπης οὐκ ἀχάριστον, ἐπεὶ βροτὸς εἰκόνα λεύσσω
θυμὸν ἀπιθύνει κρέσσονι φαντασίῃ·

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

30.—*To the Same*

BLESSED Christ, eternal Light of men, Hope of all, give good to them who are in need of it, and keep away evil.

31.—*To the Most Holy Mother of God*

O QUEEN, holding in thy arms thy almighty Child, the Son of God, before Whom the angels tremble, and making Him merciful in mind to men, guard Him and keep therewith the whole world safe from trouble.

32.—*To the Archangel Michael*

HERE is kept the divine help for wretched men, afflicted in mind or body. For vexing trouble at once is put to flight, Michael, by thy name, thy image, or thy house.

33.—NILUS SCHOLASTICUS

On an Image of the Archangel

How daring it is to picture the incorporeal! But yet the image leads us up to spiritual recollection of celestial beings.

34.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On another on the Island of Platé

GREATLY daring was the wax that formed the image of the invisible Prince of the Angels, incorporeal in the essence of his form. But yet it is not without grace; for a man looking at the image directs his mind to a higher contemplation. No

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οὐκέτι δ' ἄλλοπρόσαλλον ἔχει σέβας, ἀλλ' ἐν ἑαυτῷ 5
 τὸν τύπον ἐγγράψας ὥς παρεόντα τρέμει·
 ὄμματα δ' ὀτρύνουσι βαθὺν νόον· οἶδε δὲ τέχνη
 χρώμασι πορθμεῦσαι τὴν φρενὸς ἰκεσίην.

35.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ἐν τῷ Σωσθενίῳ

Καρικὸς Αἰμιλιανός, Ἰωάννης τε σὺν αὐτῷ,
 Ῥουφῖνος Φαρίης, Ἀγαθίης Ἀσίης,
 τέτρατον, ἀγγελίᾳρχε, νόμων λυκάβαντα λαχόντες,
 ἄνθεςαν εἰς σέ, μάκαρ, τὴν σφετέρην γραφίδα,
 αἰτοῦντες τὸν ἔπειτα καλὸν χρόνον· ἀλλὰ φανείης 5
 ἐλπίδας ἰθύνων ἐσσομένου βιότου.

36.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς εἰκόνα Θεοδώρου Ἰλλουστρίου καὶ δις ἀνθυπάτου,
 ἐν ᾗ γέγραπται παρὰ τοῦ ἀρχαγγέλου δεχόμενος
 τὰς ἀξίας ἐν Ἐφέσῳ

Ἰλαθι μορφωθείς, ἀρχάγγελε· σὴ γὰρ ὁπωπὴ
 ἄσκοπος· ἀλλὰ βροτῶν δῶρα πέλουσι τάδε·
 ἐκ σέο γὰρ Θεόδωρος ἔχει ζωστήρα μαγίστροῦ
 καὶ δις ἀεθλεύει πρὸς θρόνον ἀνθυπάτων·
 τῆς δ' εὐγνωμοσύνης μάρτυς γραφίς· ὑμετέρην γὰρ 5
 χρώμασι μιμηλὴν ἀντετύπωσε χάριν.

37.—Εἰς τὴν Χριστοῦ γέννησιν

Σάλπιγγες, στεροπαί, γαῖα τρέμει· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ
 μήτρην
 παρθενικὴν κατέβης ἄψοφον ἵχνος ἔχων.

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longer has he a confused veneration, but imprinting the image in himself he fears him as if he were present. The eyes stir up the depths of the spirit, and Art can convey by colours the prayers of the soul.

35.—BY THE SAME

On the Archangel in the Sosthenium

AEMILIANUS of Caria and John with him, Rufinus of Alexandria and Agathias of Asia¹ having completed the fourth year of their legal studies, O Archangel, dedicated to thee, O Blessed One, thy painted image, praying that their future may be happy. Make thyself manifest in thy direction of their hopes.

36.—BY THE SAME

On a picture of Theodorus the Illustrious and twice Proconsul, in which he is shown receiving the insignia of office from the Archangel in Ephesus

FORGIVE us, O Archangel, for picturing thee, for thy face is invisible; this is but an offering of men. For by thy grace Theodorus hath his girdle of a Magister, and twice won for his prize the Proconsular chair. The picture testifies to his gratitude, for in return he expressed the image of thy beauty in colours.

37.—*On the Birth of Christ*

TRUMPETS! Lightnings! The earth trembles! but into the Virgin's womb thou didst descend with noiseless tread.

¹ The Province, a limited part of Asia Minor, excluding Caria.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

38.—Eis τὸ αὐτό

Οὐρανὸς ἡ φάτιν, καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἔπλετο μείζων
οὐρανὸς ἐργασίῃ τοῦδε πέλει βρέφους.

39.—Eis τοὺς ποιμένας καὶ τοὺς ἀγγέλους

Εἰς χορὸς, ἐν μέλος ἀνθρώποισι καὶ ἀγγελιώταις,
οὔνεκεν ἄνθρωπος καὶ θεὸς ἐν γέγονε.

40.—Eis τὴν Χριστοῦ γέννησιν

Οὐρανὸς ἡ φάτιν, καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἔπλετο μείζων,
οὔνεκεν ὄνπερ ἔδεκτο ἄναξ πέλεν οὐραنيῶνων.

41.—Eis τοὺς μάγους

Οὐκέτι δῶρ' ἀνάγουσι μάγοι πυρὶ ἡλίῳ τε·
ἡέλιον γὰρ ἔτευξε τόδε βρέφος, ὥς πυρὸς αὐγὰς.

42.—Eis τὸ Βηθλεέμ

Δέχυνσο, Βηθλεέμ, ὃν προέειπε προφήτης ἐσθλὸς
ἵξεσθαι λαῶν ἡγούμενον ἐκ σοῦ ἀπάντων.

43.—Eis τὴν Ῥαχήλ

Τίπτε, Ῥαχήλ, γοόωσα πικρὸν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβεις;
Ὀλλυμένην ὀρόωσα γονὴν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβω.

44.—Eis τὸν εὐαγγελισμόν

Χαῖρε, κόρη χαρίεσσα, μακαρτάτη, ἄφθορε νύμφη·
νῖα θεοῦ λαγόνεσσιν ἄτερ πατρὸς ἔμβρυον ἔξεις.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

38.—*On the Same*

THE manger is Heaven, yea, greater than Heaven.
Heaven is the handiwork of this child.

39.—*On the Shepherds and Angels*

ONE dance, one song for men and angels, for man
and God are become one.

40.—*On the Birth of Christ*

THE manger is Heaven, yea, greater than Heaven,
for He whom it received is the King of the Heavenly
ones.

41.—*On the Magi*

No longer do the Magi bring presents to Fire
and the Sun; for this Child made Sun and Fire.

42.—*On Bethlehem*

RECEIVE Him, Bethlehem, Him who, as the good
prophet foretold, would come from thee to be the
Ruler of all peoples.

43.—*On Rachel*

WHY mournest thou, Rachel, shedding bitter
tears? Because I see my children slain I shed tears.

44.—*On the Annunciation*

HAIL, Maiden, full of grace, most blessed, Bride
immaculate, thou shalt have in thy womb a Son con-
ceived without a father.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

45.—Εἰς τὸν ἀσπασμόν

Ἐνδοθι γαστρος ἐὼν σκιρτήμασιν εἶδε προφήτης
σὸν γόνον ὡς θεός ἐστι, καὶ ἤνεσε πότνια μήτηρ.

46.—Εἰς τὴν ὑπαντήν

Πρεσβύτα, παῖδα δέχοιο, Ἀδὰμ προγενέστερον
ὄντα,
ὅς σε βίου λύσει τε καὶ ἐς βίον ἀφθιτον ἄξει.

47.—Εἰς τὴν βάπτισιν

Πατρός ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο μεγασθενὲς ἤλυθε πνεῦμα,
υἱὸς ἐπεὶ βαπτίζεται Ἰορδάνου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα.

48.—Εἰς τὴν μεταμόρφωσιν

Ἀδὰμ ἦν ζο . . .

49.—Εἰς τὸν Λάζαρον

Χριστὸς ἔφη, Πρόμολ' ὦδε· καὶ ἔλλιπε Λάζαρος
ἄδην,
ἀναλέφ' μυκτῆρι πάλιν σόον ἄσθμα κομίζων.

50.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ἐν Ἐφέσῳ

Ψυχὴν αὐτὸς ἔτευξε, δέμας μόρφωσεν ὁ αὐτός·
Λάζαρον ἐκ νεκύων ἐς φάος αὐτὸς ἄγει.

51.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Τέτρατον ἡμάρ ἔην, καὶ Λάζαρος ἔγρετο τύμβου.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

45.—*On the Visitation*

THE prophet, while yet in the womb, saw and showed by leaping that thy child was God, and his Mother gave praise.

46.—*On the Presentation*

OLD man, receive the child who was born before Adam, who will deliver thee from this life and bring thee to eternal life.

47.—*On the Baptism*

FROM the immortal Father the most mighty Spirit came, when the Son was being baptized in the waters of Jordan.

48.—*On the Transfiguration*

Adam was . . .

49.—*On Lazarus*

CHRIST said "Come here," and Lazarus left Hades, recovering the breath in his dry nostrils.

50.—*On the Same, in Ephesus*

HE made the Soul, and likewise fashioned the body. He brings back Lazarus from the dead into the light.

51.—*On the Same*

It was the fourth day, and Lazarus awoke from the tomb.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

52.—Eis τὰ Βαῖα

Χαῖρε, Σιών θύγατερ, καὶ δέρκεο Χριστὸν ἄνακτα
πῶλῳ ἐφεζόμενον, καὶ ἐς πάθος αἷψα κiónτα.

53.—Eis τὸ Πάσχα

Ἄμνὸν ἔπαυσε νόμου καὶ ἄμβροτον ὥπασε θῦμα
Χριστός, ἐὼν ἱερεὺς, αὐτὸς ἐὼν θυσίη.

54.—Eis τὴν σταύρωσιν

ὦ πάθος, ὦ σταυρός, παθέων ἐλατήριον αἷμα,
πλῦνον ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πᾶσαν ἀτασθαλίην.

55.—Eis τὴν αὐτὴν

Παρθένου υἱὸν ἔφη τὸν παρθένον, ἄλλον ἑαυτόν.
Ἰλαθι τῆς καθαρῆς δέσποτα παρθενίης.

56.—Eis τὴν ἀνάστασιν

Χριστὸς ἐὼν θεὸς εἶλε νέκυς ἐξ ᾄδου πάντας·
μοῦνον δὲ βροτολογὸν ἀκήριον ἔλλιπεν Ἀδην.

57.—Eis τὸν ἄμνὸν τοῦ θεοῦ

Ψυχῆς ἐν φλιῇσιν ἐμῆς σωτήριον αἷμα
ἀμνοῦ· ὀλοθρεύων, φεῦγε, μὴ ἐγγὺς ἴθι.

58.—Eis τὸν πόκον Γεδεών

Εἰς πόκος ὄμβρον ἔχει· λεκάνη δρόσον ὥπασεν αὐτός,
ἄβροχος αὐτὸς ὅδε· κρύπτε νόφ κρύφια.¹

¹ Some of these "types" are, or are meant to be, obscure.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

52.—*On Palm Sunday*

HAIL, daughter of Zion, and look on Christ the King seated on a foal and going swiftly to his Passion.

53.—*On Easter*

CHRIST abolished the lamb of the law, and provided an immortal sacrifice, Himself the priest and Himself the victim.

54.—*On the Crucifixion*

O PASSION, O cross, O blood that purgeth of the passions, cleanse my soul from all wickedness.

55.—*On the Same*

HE said that the Virgin¹ should be the Virgin's Son, another Himself: Have mercy on us, Lord of pure virginity.

56.—*On the Resurrection*

CHRIST being God took away all the dead from Hell, and left Hell the destroyer alone and soulless.

57.—*On the Lamb of God*

ON the threshold of my soul is the saving blood of the Lamb. Away, Destroyer, come not near.

58.—*On Gideon's Fleece*

ONE fleece has dew; it gave dew to the bowl; the same fleece is dewless. Hide hidden things in thy mind.

¹ St. John the Divine.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

59.—Εἰς τὸν Μωσῆν καὶ εἰς τὴν θυγατέρα Φαραώ
Αἰγυπτίη, κρύφιδόν τε βρέφος, καὶ ἐγγύθεν ὕδωρ·
ἂ προτυποῖ μούνοισι εὐσεβέεσσι Λόγον.

60.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ὅτε τὰς παλάμας ἐξέτεινε τροπούμενος
τὸν Ἀμαλήκ

Σταυροφανῶς τανύεις παλάμας τίνος εἵνεκα, Μωσῆ;
Τῷδε τύπῳ Ἀμαλήκ ὀλλυται ἀμφότερος.

61.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

ῥύεο σὴν ἐθνικὴν νύμφην παρὰ ὕδασι, Μωσῆ,
νυμφίου ἀψευδοῦς οὔνεκεν ἐσσί τύπος.

62.—Εἰς τὴν κιβωτὸν ὅτε τὸν Ἰορδάνην ἐπέρασεν
Λάρνακι χρυσεῖῃ ῥόος εἵκαθεν. Ἰλαθι, Χριστέ·
σὸς τύπος ἡ λάρναξ, τῇδε λοεσσομένου.

63.—[Εἰς τὴν Ἀγαρ]

Ἐξ ἐθνῶν καὶ Ἀγαρ· τί δὲ ἄγγελος; ἢ τί τὸ ὕδωρ;
ἐξ ἐθνῶν καὶ ἐγώ· τοὔνεκεν οἶδα τάδε.

64.—Εἰς τοὺς ὁ φοίνικας καὶ τὰς ιβ' πηγὰς
Ἐπτάκι τοὺς δέκα φοίνικας, δυοκαίδεκα πηγὰς
Χριστοῦ τοσσατίων ἴσθι τύπους ἐτάρων.

65.—Εἰς τὸν Ἀβραάμ

Ἀβραάμ υἱὸν ἄγει θυσίην θεῷ· Ἰλαθι, ποίην
νοῦς ὁράα θυσίην, ἥς τόδε γράμμα τύπος;

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

59.—*On Moses and Pharaoh's Daughter*

AN Egyptian woman, a hidden child, and water near by. These things are types of the Word only to the pious.

60.—*On the Same when he stretched forth his hands to discomfit Amalek*¹

WHY dost thou, Moses, stretch forth thy hands in the form of a cross? By this type perish both Amaleks.

61.—*On the Same*

DEFEND thy Gentile wife by the well,² Moses, because thou art the type of the infallible bridegroom.

62.—*On the Ark passing over Jordan*

THE stream yielded to the golden Ark. Have mercy on us, O Christ; the Ark is a type of thy baptism here.

63.—*On Hagar*

HAGAR, too, is of the Gentiles. But what is the angel, what is the fountain?³ I, too, am of the Gentiles, therefore I know these things.

64.—*On the Seventy Palms and Twelve Wells*⁴

KNOW that the seventy palms and twelve wells of water are types of the number of Christ's disciples.

65.—*On Abraham*

ABRAHAM takes his son to be sacrificed to God. Be merciful! What sacrifice doth the mind see of which this picture is a type?

¹ Exod. xvii. 11.

² Exod. ii. 17.

³ Gen. xvi. 7.

⁴ Exod. xv. 27.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

66.—Εἰς τὸν Μελχισεδὲκ διδοῦντα τῷ Ἀβραὰμ οἶνον καὶ
ἄρτους

Μελχισεδὲκ βασιλεῦ, ἱερεῦ, ἄρτους τε καὶ οἶνον
ὥς τίς ἐὼν παρέχεις; Ὡς τύπος ἀτρεκίης.

67.—Εἰς τὸν Ἀβραὰμ ὅτε ὑπεδέξατο τὸν θεόν
Μορφὴν ἐνθάδε μῦνον ἔχει θεός· ὕστερον αὖτε
ἐς φύσιν ἀτρεκέως ἤλυθεν ἀνδρομένη.

68.—Εἰς τὸν Ἰσαὰκ καὶ τὸν Ἰακώβ ὅτε αὐτὸν ἠυλόγησεν
Πνοιήν μὲν διὰ πνεῦμα, δέρας δὲ λάχον διὰ γράμμα·
εὐφραίνει πατέρα νοῦς θεὸν εἰσορώων.

69.—Εἰς τὴν Ῥεβέκκαν
Νυμφίε μουννογενές, νύμφη ἐθνικὴ σε φιλοῦσα
κάτθορεν ἐξ ὕψους σώματος οὐ καθαρῷ.

70.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Τηλόθεν οὐχ ὑδάτων μνηστεύετο πότινα Ῥεβέκκα,
νύμφης ἐξ ἐθνῶν οὔνεκεν ἐστὶ τύπος.

71.—Εἰς τὴν Σωμανίτιν
Εὐχὴ Ἑλισσαίου, Σωμανίτι, δις πόρεν νιόν,
πρῶτα μὲν ἐκ γαστρος, δεύτερα δ' ἐκ νεκύων.

72.—Εἰς τὴν μηλωτὴν Ἡλίου
Τοῦτο δέρας προλέγει ἀμνὸν θεοῦ εἵνεκα πάντων
ἀνθρώπων ζωῆς τῇδε λοεσσόμενον.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

66.—*On Melchisedech giving Wine and Bread to Abraham*

"KING MELCHISEDECH, priest, who art thou that givest bread and wine?" "A type of truth."

67.—*On Abraham receiving God*

HERE hath God only the form of a man, but later He in truth attained a human nature.

68.—*On Jacob blessing Isaac*

HIS hands have smell for the Spirit, and skin for the Letter. The mind that seeth God is pleasing to a father.

69.—*On Rebecca*

ONLY begotten bridegroom, thy Gentile bride, loving thee, leapt down from the height of an unclean body.¹

70.—*On the Same*

THE lady Rebecca was wooed not far from the water, because she is the type of a Gentile bride.

71.—*On the Shunamite*

THE prayer of Elisha, O Shunamite, twice gave thee thy son, first from thy womb, and next from the dead.

72.—*On Elijah's Mantle*

THIS skin foretells the Lamb of God, who shall be baptized here for the life of all men.

¹ The camel. Gen. xxiv. 64.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

73.—Εἰς τὸν Δαβὶδ χριόμενον

Ἐν νῶ ἔχων πέφρικα πατὴρ τίνος ἔκλυε Δαβὶδ
οὗτος, ὃν εἰσοράας ἐνθάδε χριόμενον.

74.—Εἰς τὸν τυφλόν

Οὐνομα τῇ πηγῇ Ἐσταλμένος· ἀλλὰ τίς ἐκ τοῦ
ἔσταλται νοέεις, ὅφρα τέλεια βλέποις;

75.—Εἰς τὴν Σαμαρεῖτιν

Οὐ τύπος, ἀλλὰ θεὸς καὶ νυμφίος ἐνθάδε νύμφην
σώζει, τὴν ἐθνικὴν, ὕδατος ἐγγὺς ἰδών.

76.—Εἰς τὸν γάμον

Τεῦξε μὲν ἀτρεκέως οἶνον θεός· ὅσσα δὲ κρυπτὰ
θαύματος, εἰ Χριστοῦ πνεῦμά σ' ἔχει, νοέεις.

77.—Εἰς τὴν χήραν τὴν τὸν Ἥλιαν θρέψασαν

Βλύζει ἐλαιηρὴ κάλπισ καὶ κίστη ἀλεύρου,
ἔμπεδον ἢ χήρη οὐνεκα πίστιν ἔχει.

78.—Εἰς Πέτρον τὸν ἀπόστολον

Πάντων ἀρχιερεὺς Πέτρος θεοῦ ἀρχιερέων,
ὃς θεοῦ ἐκ φωνῆς ἔλλαχε τοῦτο γέρας.

79.—Εἰς Παῦλον τὸν ἀπόστολον

Παῦλος ἐπεὶ θεῖον σέλας οὐρανοῦ ἔδρακεν ἄντην,
φωτὸς ἀπειρεσίου γαῖαν ἐπλησεν ὅλην.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

73.—*On David being Anointed*

I KNOW in my heart, but fear to utter, whose father this David was called, whom thou seest anointed here.

74.—*On the Blind Man*

THE name of the pool is *Sent*, but dost thou understand who is sent by whom, so that thou mayest have a perfect view?

75.—*On the Samaritan Woman*

No type, but a God and bridegroom here saves his Gentile bride, whom he saw beside the water.

76.—*On the Wedding*

God truly made wine, but the mystery of the miracle thou understandest if the spirit of Christ possesses thee.

77.—*On the Widow who fed Elijah*

THE cruse of oil and the barrel of meal overflow because the widow has firm faith.

78.—*On Peter the Apostle*

PETER is the high-priest of all the high-priests of God, having received this office by the voice of God.

79.—*On Paul the Apostle*

PAUL, having seen face to face the divine light of Heaven, filled all the Earth with infinite light.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

80.—Εἰς Ἰωάννην τὸν ἀπόστολον

Ἀρχιερεὺς Ἐφέσιοιο θεηγόρος ἐκ θεοῦ εἶπεν
πρῶτος Ἰωάννης, ὡς θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.

81.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Καὶ λαλέοντος ἄκουσε Λόγου καὶ πέφραδεν αὐτὸς
πρῶτος Ἰωάννης, ὡς θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.

82.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ἀπόστολον Ἰωάννην

Οὐρανίης σοφίης θεοτερπὲς δῶμα κιχήσας
εἶπεν Ἰωάννης, ὡς θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.

83.—Εἰς τὸν Ματθαῖον

Γράψε θεοῦ σαρκώσιος ἔξοχα θαύματα πάντα
Ματθαῖος σελίδεσσιν, ἐπεὶ λίπε δῶμα τελώνου.

84.—Εἰς τὸν Λουκᾶν

Ἀθανάτου βιότοιο τελεσφόρα ἔργματα Χριστοῦ
πυκτίου ἐν λαγόνεσσι σαφῶς ἐνέπασσέ γε Λουκᾶς.

85.—Εἰς τὸν Μάρκον

Οὐ κατ' ἐπωνυμίην Αἰγύπτιον ἔλλαχε λαὸν
ὄρφνη, ἐπεὶ φωνῆς Μάρκου ἔδεκτο φάος.

86.—Εἰς τὸν ἅγιον Βασιλειον

Παρθενίην Βασίλειος Ἰωάννου σοφίην τε
ἔλλαχεν, ἴσα λαχὼν καὶ τάδε Γρηγορίῳ.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

80.—*On John the Apostle*

JOHN the Divine high-priest of Ephesus, was the first who said from God that the Word was God.

81.—*On the Same*

JOHN first heard the Word speak and himself said that the Word was God.

82.—*On the Same*

JOHN, having reached the house of heavenly wisdom in which God is well pleased, said that the Word was God.

83.—*On Matthew*

MATTHEW wrote in his pages, after leaving the house of the publican, all the high marvels of the Incarnation of God.

84.—*On Luke*

LUKE wove skillfully into the vitals of the volume the deeds of Christ which brought about eternal life.

85.—*On Mark*

NIGHT no longer covers the people of Egypt, as its name signifies, since it received the light of the voice of Mark.

86.—*On St. Basil*

BASIL had for his lot the virginity and wisdom of John, having in this a like lot with Gregory.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

87.—Εἰς τὸν ἅγιον Πολύκαρπον
Οἰκτίρμων Πολύκαρπος, ὃ καὶ θρόνον ἀρχιερῆος
ἔσχε καὶ ἀτρεκέως μαρτυρίας στεφάνους.

88.—Εἰς τὸν ἅγιον Διονύσιον
Οὐρανίων θιάσων ἱεραρχικὰ τάγματα μέλψας,
μορφοφανῶν τε τύπων κρύφιον νόον εἰς φάος ἔλκων,
ζωοσόφων λογίων θεοτερπέα πυρσὸν ἀνάπτεις.

89.—Εἰς τὸν ἅγιον Νικόλαον
Νικόλεων Πολύκαρπος ἔχει σχεδόν, οὐνεκεν ἄμφω
εἰς ἔλεον παλάμας ἔσχον ἐτοιμοτάτας.

90.—ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΥ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΡΧΟΥ ΙΕΡΟΣΟΛΤΜΩΝ

Εἰς Κῦρον καὶ Ἰωάννην
Κύρῳ, ἀκεστορίας πανυπέρτατα μέτρα λαχόντι,
καὶ τῷ Ἰωάννῃ, μάρτυσι θεσπεσίοις,
Σωφρόνιος, βλεφάρων ψυχαλγέα νοῦσον ἀλύξας,
βαιὸν ἀμειβόμενος τήνδ' ἀνέθηκε βίβλον.

91.—Εἰς Ἰουστινιανὸν τὸν βασιλέα ἐν Ἐφέσῳ
Ἰουστινιανὸν καὶ ἡγαθήν Θεοδώρην
στέψεν Ἰωάννης Χριστοῦ ἐφημοσύναις.

92. <ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΝΑΖΙΑΝΖΗΝΟΥ>

Ἐν Καισαρείᾳ εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου Βασιλείου
Ἦν ὅτε Χριστὸς ἴαυεν ἐπ' ὀλκάδος ἔμφυτον ὕπνον,
τετρήχει δὲ θάλασσα κυδοιμοτόκοισιν ἀήταις,

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87.—*On St. Polycarp*

THIS is the merciful Polycarp who occupied a high priest's throne, and won truly a martyr's crown.

88.—*On St. Dionysius*

THOU who didst sing the hierarchic ranks of the heavenly companies and didst bring to light the mystic meaning of visible types, lightest the torch, pleasing to God, of oracles wise unto life.

89.—*On St. Nicholas*

POLYCARP has Nicholas near him because the hands of both were ever most prompt to deeds of mercy.

90.—SOPHRONIUS PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM

On Cyrus and Joannes

To the holy martyrs, Cyrus, a past master in the art of healing, and Joannes, did Sophronius, as a slight return for his escape from a soul-distressing complaint of the eyes, dedicate this book.

91.—*On the Emperor Justinian, in Ephesus*

By the command of Christ did John crown Justinian and admirable Theodora.

92.—BY GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS

In Caesarea in the Church of St. Basil

WHILE Christ once slept on the ship a natural sleep, the sea was disturbed by stormy winds, and

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δείματί τε πλωτῆρες ἀνίαχον· Ἐγρεο, σῶτερ·
ὀλλυμένοις ἐπάμυνον. Ἄναξ δὲ κέλευεν ἀναστὰς
ἀτρεμέειν ἀνέμους καὶ κύματα, καὶ πέλεν οὕτως· 5
θαύματι δὲ φράζοντο θεοῦ φύσιν οἱ παρεόντες.

93.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ναόν

Ζωογόνων ἀρετῶν τετρακτύος εἰκόνα λεύσσω,
σεῦθε νόον πρὸς μόχθον ἐκούσιον· εὐσεβίης γὰρ
ιδρῶτες δεδάασιν ἀγήραον ἐς βίον ἔλκειν.

94.—Εἰς τὴν κοίμησιν τῆς ὑπεραγίας θεοτόκου

Νεύμασι θεσπεσίοις μετάρσιοι ἤλυθον ἄρδην
ἐς δόμον ἀχράντοιο ἀμωμήτοιο γυναικὸς
κεκλόμενοι μαθηταὶ ἀλλήλοισιν αἰγλήεντες,
οἱ μὲν ἀπ' ἀντολῆς, οἱ δ' ἐσπερίοισιν γαίης,
ἄλλοι μεσημβρίας, ἕτεροι βαῖνον δ' ἀπ' ἀρκτώων, 5
διζήμενοι κηδεῦσαι σῶμα τὸ σωσικόσμοιο.

95.—Ἐν Ἐφέσῳ

Σοί, μάκαρ, ἐκ σέο δῶκα τάπερ πόρες ἄμμιν ἄρηϊ.

96.—Εἰς σκῆπτρον

Τοῦτο γέρας λάχεν ἐσθλὸς Ἀμάντιος, ὡς βασιλῆϊ
πιστὸς ἐών, Χριστὸν δὲ θεουδείησιν ἰαίνων.

97.—Ἐν τῇ Μελίτῃ

Νηὸς ἐγὼ κύδιστος Ἰουστίνιοιο ἄνακτος,
καὶ μ' ὕπατος Θεόδωρος, ὁ καρτερός, ὁ τρὶς ὕπαρχος,
ἄνθετο καὶ βασιλῆϊ, καὶ νιέει παμβασιλῆος,
Ἰουστινιανῶ, στρατιῆς ἡγήτορι πάσης.

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the sailors cried out in fear, "Wake, Saviour, and help us who are perishing." Then the Lord arose and bade the winds and waves be still, and it was so; and by the miracle those present understood His divine nature.

93.—*In the same Church*

As thou lookest on the image of the four life-giving Virtues, stir thy mind to willing toil; for the labour of piety can draw us to a life that knows not old age.

94.—*On the Death of the Holy Virgin*

THE disciples, their hearts uplifted by the divine command, came calling to each other in glittering robes to the house of the immaculate and blameless woman, some from the East, some from the West, others from the South, and others came from the North, seeking to inter the body of Her, the world's saviour.

95.—*In Ephesus*

To thee, O blessed one, from thee, I give the spoils thou gavest me in war.

96.—*On a Sceptre*

WORTHY Amantius obtained this dignity, because he was faithful to the Emperor and delighted Christ by his fear of God.

97.—*In Melite*

I AM the celebrated temple of the Emperor Justin. The Consul Theodorus, the strong, thrice a Prefect, dedicated me to the Emperor and his son Justinian, the general of the whole army.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

98.—'Εν τῷ αὐτῷ τόπῳ

Εργον ὀρέας περίπυστον Ἰουστίνου βασιλῆος,
Ἰουστινιανοῦ τε μεγασθενέος στρατιάρχου,
λαμπόμενον στεροπῇσιν ἀμετρήτοιο μετάλλου·
τοῦτο κάμεν Θεόδωρος αἰοίδιμος, ὃς πόλιν ἄρας
τὸ τρίτον ἀμφιβέβηκεν ἔχων ὑπατηΐδα τιμὴν.

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99.—'Εν τῷ κίονι τοῦ ὀσίου Δανιήλ ἐν τῷ ἀνάπλω

Μεσσηγὺς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἴσταται ἀνὴρ,
πάντοθεν ὀρρυμένους οὐ τρομέων ἀνέμους.

* * * * *

ἵχνια ῥιζώσας κίονι διχθάδια·
λιμῶ δ' ἀμβροσία τρέφεται καὶ ἀπήμονι δίψῃ,
υἷέα κηρύσσων μητρὸς ἀπειρογάμου.

100.—Εἰς Νεῖλον μοναχὸν τὸν μέγαν ἐν τοῖς ἀσκηταῖς

Νείλου μὲν ποταμοῖο ῥόος χθόνα οἶδε ποτίζειν,
Νείλου δ' αὖ μοναχοῖο λόγος φρένας οἶδεν ἰαίνειν.

101.—MENANDROΥ ΠΡΟΤΙΚΤΟΡΟΣ

Εἰς Πέρσῃν μάγον, γενόμενον χριστιανὸν καὶ μαρτυρήσαντα

Ἦν πάρος ἐν Πέρσῃσιν ἐγὼ μάγος Ἰσβοζήτης,
εἰς ὅλοην ἀπάτην ἐλπίδας ἐκκρεμάσας·
εὖτε δὲ πυρσὸς ἔδαπτεν ἐμὴν πόλιν, ἦλθον ἀρῆξαι,
ἦλθε δὲ καὶ Χριστοῦ πανσθενέος θεράπων·
κείνῳ δ' ἐσβέσθη δύναμις πυρός· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης
νικηθεὶς νίκην ἤνυσσα θειοτέρῃν.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

98.—*In the same Place*

THOU seest the famous work of the Emperor Justin and of Justinian, the mighty general, glittering with the lustre of vast store of minerals. This was made by famous Theodorus, who, glorifying the city, thrice protected it by his consular office.

99.—*On the Pillar of Holy Daniel on the Bosphorus*

MIDMOST of earth and heaven stands a man, dreading not the winds that blow from all quarters . . . both feet firmly planted on the column. He is nourished by ambrosial hunger and painless thirst, ever preaching the Son of the Immaculate Mother.

100.—*On Nilus the Great Hermit*

THE stream of the river Nile can water the earth and the word of the monk Nilus can delight the mind.

101.—BY MENANDER PROTECTOR

On a Persian mage who became a Christian and suffered Martyrdom

I, *Issozeres*, was formerly a mage among the Persians, my hope resting on pernicious fraud. When my city was in flames I came to help, and a servant of all-powerful Christ came too. He extinguished the force of the fire, but none the less, though I was worsted I gained a more divine victory.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

102.—Εἰς τὸν σωτῆρα καὶ κύριον ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦν Χριστὸν
υἱὸν τοῦ θεοῦ

ὦ πάντων ἐπέκεινα—τί γὰρ πλέον ἄλλο σε μέλψω;—
πῶς σὲ τὸν ἐν πάντεσσιν ὑπείροχον ἔξονομήνω;
πῶς δὲ λόγῳ μέλψω σὲ τὸν οὐδὲ λόγῳ περιληπτόν;

103.—Εἰς ὑπέρθυρον οἴκου ἐν Κυζίκῳ σωθέντος ἀπὸ
πυρός

Μῶμε μαιφόνε, σός σε κατέκτανε πικρὸς οἷστός·
ῥύσατο γὰρ μαυῖνης με τεῆς θεὸς ὄλβιον οἶκον.

104.—Εἰς τὴν θήκην τῶν λειψάνων τοῦ ἁγίου μάρτυρος
Ἀκακίου καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου

Μάρτυρος Ἀκακίῳ, Ἀλεξάνδρου θ' ἱερῆος
ἐνθάδε σώματα κεῖται, τάπερ χρόνος ὄλβιος ἡὔρε.

105.—Εἰς Εὐδοκίαν τὴν γυναῖκα Θεοδοσίου βασιλέως

Ἡ μὲν σοφὴ δέσποινα τῆς οἴκουμένης,
ὑπ' εὐσεβοῦς ἔρωτος ἠρεθισμένη,
πάρεστι δούλη, προσκυνεῖ δ' ἐνὸς τάφου,
ἢ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισι προσκυνουμένη.
ὁ γὰρ δεδωκὼς τὸν θρόνον καὶ τὸν γάμον
τέθηκεν ὡς ἄνθρωπος, ἀλλὰ ζῇ θεός·
κάτω μὲν ἡνθρώπιζεν· ἦν δ' ὡς ἦν ἄνω.

106.—Ἐν τῷ χρυσοτρικλίνῳ Μαζαρινου

Ἐλαμψεν ἀκτὶς τῆς ἀληθείης πάλιν,
καὶ τὰς κόρας ἡμβλυνε τῶν ψευδηγόρων·

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

102.—*On our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ the
Son of God*

O THOU who art beyond all things (for how can I celebrate Thee more), how shall I tell Thy name Who art supreme above all? How shall I sing Thee in words, Whom no words can comprehend?

103.—*On the Lintel of a House in Cyzicus which was
saved from Fire*

BLOODTHIRSTY MOMUS,¹ thy own bitter arrow slew thee, for God delivered me, this wealthy house, from thy fury.

104.—*On the Chest containing the Relics of the Holy
Martyr Acacius and of King Alexander*

HERE lie the bodies, discovered one happy day, of the Martyr Acacius and the priest Alexander.

105.—*On Eudocia the Wife of King Theodosius*

THE wise mistress of the world, inflamed by pious love, cometh as a servant, and she who is worshipped by all mankind worshippeth the tomb of One. For He who gave her a husband and a throne, died as a Man but lives a God. Below He played the man, but above He was as He was.

106.—*In the Golden Hall of Mazarinus (after the
Restoration of Images)*

THE light of Truth hath shone forth again, and blunts the eyes of the false teachers. Piety hath

¹ Probably = Satan.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἠϋξῆσεν εὐσέβεια, πέπτωκε πλάνη,
 καὶ πίστις ἀνθεῖ καὶ πλατύνεται χάρις.
 ἰδοὺ γὰρ αὖθις Χριστὸς εἰκονισμένος 5
 λάμπει πρὸς ὕψος τῆς καθέδρας τοῦ κράτους,
 καὶ τὰς σκοτεινὰς αἰρέσεις ἀνατρέπει.
 τῆς εἰσόδου δ' ὕπερθεν, ὡς θεία πύλη,
 στηλογραφεῖται καὶ φύλαξ ἡ Παρθένος,
 ἀναξ δὲ καὶ πρόεδρος ὡς πλανοτρόποι 10
 σὺν τοῖς συνεργοῖς ἱστοροῦνται πλησίον·
 κύκλῳ δὲ παντὸς οἷα φρουροὶ τοῦ δόμου,
 νόες, μαθηταί, μάρτυρες, θνητόλοι,
 ὅθεν καλοῦμεν χριστοτορίκλινον νέον,
 τὸν πρὶν λαχόντα κλήσεως χρυσωνύμου, 15
 ὡς τὸν θρόνον ἔχοντα Χριστοῦ κυρίου,
 Χριστοῦ δὲ μητρός, χριστοκηρύκων τύπους,
 καὶ τοῦ σοφουργοῦ Μιχαὴλ τὴν εἰκόνα.

107.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν χρυσοτορίκλινον

Ὡς τὴν φαεινὴν ἀξίαν τῆς εἰκόνας
 τῆς πρὶν φυλάττων, Μιχαὴλ αὐτοκράτωρ,
 κρατῶν τε πάντων σαρκικῶν μολυσμάτων,
 ἐξεικονίζεις καὶ γραφῇ τὸν δεσπότην,
 ἔργῳ κρατύνων τοὺς λόγους τῶν δογμάτων. 5

108.—Ἀδέσποτον εἰς τὸν Ἀδάμ

Οὐ σοφίης ἀπάνευθεν Ἀδὰμ τὸ πρὶν ἐκαλεῖτο,
 τέσσαρα γράμματ' ἔχων εἰς τέσσαρα κλίματα κόσμον·
 Ἄλφα γὰρ ἀντολῆς ἔλαχεν· δύσεως δὲ τὸ Δέλτα,
 Ἄλφα πάλιν δ' ἄρκτοιο, μεσημβρίας δὲ τὸ λοιπόν.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

increased and Error is fallen; Faith flourisheth and Grace groweth. For behold, Christ pictured again shines above the imperial throne and overthrows the dark heresies. And above the entrance, like a holy door, is imaged the guardian Virgin. The Emperor and the Patriarch, as victorious over Error, are pictured near with their fellow-workers, and all around, as sentries of the house, are angels, disciples, martyrs, priests: whence we call this now the Christotriclinium (the hall of Christ) instead of by its former name Chrysotriclinium (the Golden Hall), since it has the throne of the Lord Christ and of his Mother, and the images of the Apostles and of Michael, author of wisdom.

107.—*On the Same*

O EMPEROR MICHAEL, as preserving the bright preciousness of the ancient image, and as conqueror of all fleshly stains, thou dost picture the Lord in colours too, establishing by deed the word of dogma.

108.—*On Adam (Anonymous)*

NOT without wisdom was Adam so called, for the four letters represent the four quarters of the earth. The Alpha he has from Anatolé (the East), the Delta from Dysis (the West), the second Alpha is from Arctus (the North) and the Mu from Mesembria (the South).

109.—ΙΓΝΑΤΙΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΜΑΓΙΣΤΟΡΟΣ ΤΩΝ
ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΩΝ

Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τῆς παναγίας Θεοτόκου εἰς τὴν πηγὴν
Πτωθέντα κοσμεῖ τὸν ναὸν τῆς Παρθένου
Βασίλειός τε σὺν Κωνσταντίνῳ Λέων.

110.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν εἰς τὸν τροῦλλον, ἐν τῇ ἀναλήψει
Ἐκ γῆς ἀνελθὼν πατρικόν σου πρὸς θρόνον,
τὸν μητρικόν σου, σῶτερ, οἶκον δεικνύεις
πηγὴν νοητὴν κρειττόνων χαρισμάτων.

111.—Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ναῷ, εἰς τὴν σταύρωσιν
Ὁ νεκρὸς Ἄδης ἐξεμεῖ τεθνηκότας,
κάθαρσιν εὐρὼν σάρκα τὴν τοῦ δεσπότου.

112.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ναὸν, εἰς τὴν μεταμόρφωσιν
Λάμψας ὁ Χριστὸς ἐν Θαβὼρ φωτὸς πλέον,
σκιὰν πέπαυκε τοῦ παλαιτάτου νόμου.

113.—Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ναῷ, εἰς τὴν ὑπαντήν
Ὁρώμενος νῦν χερσὶ πρεσβύτου βρέφος
παλαιὸς ἐστι δημιουργὸς τῶν χρόνων.

114.—Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ναῷ, εἰς χαιρετισμόν
Προοιμιάζει κοσμικὴν σωτηρίαν,
εἰπὼν τὸ Χαῖρε ταῖς γυναιξὶ δεσπότης.

115.—Εἰς τὴν θεοτόκον
Παρθένος υἱέα τίκτε· μεθ' υἱέα παρθένος ἦεν.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

109.—BY IGNATIUS THE MAGISTER GRAMMATICORUM

In the Church of the Holy Virgin at the Fountain

BASILIIUS, Leo, and Constantine redecorate the ruined church of the Virgin.

110.—*In the same Church on the picture of the Ascension in the Dome*

ASCENDING from Earth, O Saviour, to Thy Father's throne, Thou showest Thy Mother's house to be a spiritual source of higher gifts.

111.—*In the same Church on the Crucifixion*

DEAD Hell vomits up the dead, being purged by the flesh of the Lord.

112.—*In the same Church on the Transfiguration*

CHRIST on Tabor, shining brighter than light, hath done away with the shadow of the old Law.

113.—*In the same Church on the Presentation*

THE Boy now seen in the old man's arms is the ancient Creator of Time.

114.—*In the same Church on the Salutation*

THE Lord saying "Hail" to the women presages the salvation of the world.

115.—*On the Virgin*

A VIRGIN bore a Son ; after a Son she was a Virgin.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

116.—Eis τὸν Σωτῆρα

Χριστὲ μάκαρ, μερόπων φάος ἄφθιτον, υἱὲ θεοῖο,
δῶρ' ἀπὸ κρυστάλλων, δῶρ' ἀπὸ σαρδονύχων
δέχνυσο, παρθενικῆς τέκος ἄφθιτον, υἱὲ θεοῖο,
δῶρ' ἀπὸ κρυστάλλων, δῶρ' ἀπὸ σαρδονύχων.

117.—Eis τὸν τυφλόν

Ἐβλεψε τυφλὸς ἐκ τόκου μεμυσμένος,
Χριστὸς γὰρ ἦλθεν ἡ πανόμματος χάρις.

118.—Εὐκτικά

Ἦγειρεν ἡμῖν τῶν παθῶν τρικυμίαν
ἐχθρὸς κάκιστος, πνευματώσας τὸν σάλον,
ὅθεν τaráσσει καὶ βυθίζει καὶ βρέχει
τὸν φόρτον ἡμῶν ψυχικῆς τῆς ὀλκάδος·
ἀλλ', ὦ γαλήνη καὶ στορεστὰ τῆς ζάλης, 5
σύ, Χριστέ, δείξαις ἀβρόχους ἀμαρτίας,
τῷ σῷ πρὸς ὄρμῳ προσφόρως προσορμίσας,
ἐχθρὸν δὲ τοῦτον συμφοραῖς βεβρεγμένον.

119.—Ὑπόθεσις, ἀπολογία εὐφημος. Ὅμηροκέντρων

Βίβλος Πατρικίοιο θεουδέος ἀρητῆρος,
ὃς μέγα ἔργον ἔρεξεν, ὀμηρείης ἀπὸ βίβλου
κυδαλίμων ἐπέων τεύξας ἐρίτιμον ἀοιδήν,
πρήξιας ἀγγέλλουσαν ἀνικήτοιο θεοῖο·
ὥς μόλεν ἀνθρώπων ἐς ὀμήγυριν, ὥς λάβε μορφήν 5
ἀνδρομέην, καὶ γαστρὸς ἀμεμφέος ἔνδοθι κούρης
κρύπτετο τυτθὸς ἐών, ὃν ἀπείριτος οὐ χάδε κύκλος·
ἡδ' ὥς παρθενικῆς θεοκύμονος ἔσπασε μαζὸν
παρθενίοιο γάλακτος ἀναβλύζοντα ῥέεθρον·
ὥς κτάνεν Ἡρώδης ἀταλάφρονας εἰσέτι παῖδας 10

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

116.—*On the Saviour*

BLESSED CHRIST, immortal Light of men, Son of God, receive gifts of crystal and sardonyx, incorruptible Son of a Virgin, Son of God, gifts of crystal and sardonyx.

117.—*On the Blind Man*

THE blind, whose eyes were closed from birth, saw ; for Christ came, the Grace that is all eyes.

118.—*Prayers*

OUR wicked enemy raised a tempest of passions, rousing the sea with his winds ; whence he tosses and submerges and floods the cargo of our ship the soul. But, do thou, O Christ, calm and stiller of tempest, anchoring us safely in thy harbour, show our sins dry and this our enemy soaked with disaster.

119.—*The Argument, an eloquent Apology, of a Homeric Cento*

THE book of Patricius, the God-fearing priest, who performed a great task, composing from the works of Homer a glorious song of splendid verses, announcing the deeds of the invincible God ; how He came to the company of men and took human form, and was hidden when an infant in the blameless womb of a Virgin, He whom the infinite universe cannot hold ; and how He sucked from the breast of the Virgin, once great with child from God, the stream of maiden milk it spouted ; how Herod, in his folly

νήπιος, ἀθανάτοιο θεοῦ διζήμενος οἶτον·
 ὥς μιν Ἰωάννης λούσεν ποταμοῖο ῥεέθροις·
 ὥς τε δωδέκα φώτας ἀμύμονας ἔλλαβ' ἐταίρους·
 ὅσων τ' ἄρτια πάντα θεὸς τεκτῆνατο γυῖα,
 νούσους τ' ἐξέλασας στυγεράς βλεφάρων τ' ἀλαωτύν, 15
 ἥδ' ὅππως ῥείοντας ἀπέσβεσεν αἵματος ὀλκοὺς
 ἀψαμένης ἑανοῖο πολυκλαύτοιο γυναικός·
 ἥδ' ὅσους μοίρησιν ὑπ' ἀργαλέησι δαμέντας
 ἤγαγεν ἐς φάος αὖθις ἀπὸ χθονίοιο βερέθρου·
 ὥς τε πάθους ἀγίου μνημήϊα κάλλιπεν ἄμμιν 20
 ὥς τε βροτῶν ὑπὸ χερσὶ τάθη κρυεροῖς ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς,
 αὐτὸς ἐκών· οὐ γάρ τις ἐπιχθονίων πολεμίζοι
 ὑψιμέδοντι θεῷ, ὅτε μὴ αὐτὸς γε κελεύοι·
 ὥς θάνεν, ὥς Ἀῖδαο σιδήρεα ῥῆξε θύρετρα,
 κεῖθεν δὲ ψυχὰς θεοπειθέας οὐρανὸν εἴσω 25
 ἤγαγεν ἀχράντοισιν ὑπ' ἐννεσίησι τοκῆς,
 ἀνστὰς ἐν τριτάτῃ φαεσιμβρότῳ ἡριγενεΐῃ
 ἀρχέγονον βλάστημα θεοῦ γενετῆρος ἀνάρχου.

120.—Ἐν Βλαχέραις. *Ἰαμβοί

Εἰ φρικτὸν ἐν γῇ τοῦ θεοῦ ζητεῖς θρόνον,
 ἰδὼν τὸν οἶκον θαύμασον τῆς παρθένου·
 ἡ γὰρ φέρουσα τὸν θεὸν ταῖς ἀγκάλαις,
 φέρει τὸν αὐτὸν εἰς τὸ τοῦ τόπου σέβας·
 ἐνταῦθα τῆς γῆς οἱ κρατεῖν τεταγμένοι
 τὰ σκῆπτρα πιστεύουσι τῆς νίκης ἔχειν·
 ἐνταῦθα πολλὰς κοσμικὰς περιστάσεις
 ὁ πατριάρχης ἀγρυπνῶν ἀνατρέπει·
 οἱ βάρβαροι δὲ προσβαλόντες τῇ πόλει,
 αὐτὴν στρατηγήσασαν ὥς εἶδον μόνον,
 ἔκαμψαν εὐθύς τοὺς ἀκαμπεῖς αὐχένας.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

seeking the death of the immortal God, slew the still tender babes; how John washed Him in the waters of the river; how He took to Him His twelve excellent companions; the limbs of how many He made whole, driving out loathly diseases, and darkness of sight, and how He stayed the running stream of blood in the weeping woman who touched His raiment; and how many victims of the cruel fates He brought back to the light from the dark pit; and how He left us memorials of His holy Passion; how by the hands of men He was tortured by cruel bonds, by His own will, for no mortal man could war with God who ruleth on high, unless He Himself decreed it; how He died and burst the iron gates of Hell and led thence into Heaven by the immaculate command of His Father the faithful spirits, having arisen on the third morn, the primal offspring of the Father who hath no beginning.

120.—*In Blachernae, in the Church of the Virgin*

If thou seekest the dread throne of God on Earth, marvel as thou gazest on the house of the Virgin. For she who beareth God in her arms, beareth Him to the glory of this place. Here they who are set up to rule over the Earth believe that their sceptres are rendered victorious. Here the Patriarch, ever wakeful, averts many catastrophes in the world. The barbarians, attacking the city, on only seeing Her at the head of the army bent at once their stubborn necks.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

121.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ναόν

Ἔδει γενέσθαι δευτέραν θεοῦ πύλην
 τῆς παρθένου τὸν οἶκον, ὥς καὶ τὸν τόκον·
 κιβωτὸς ὤφθη τῆς πρὶν ἐνθεεστέρα,
 οὐ τὰς πλάκας φέρουσα τὰς θεογράφους,
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸν ἔνδον τὸν θεὸν δεδεγμένη.
 ἐνταῦθα κρουνοὶ σαρκικῶν καθαρσίων,
 καὶ ψυχικῶν λύτρωσις ἀγνοημάτων·
 ὅσαι γάρ εἰσι τῶν παθῶν περιστάσεις,
 βλύζει τοσαύτας δωρεὰς τῶν θαυμάτων.
 ἐνταῦθα νικήσασα τοὺς ἐναντίους,
 ἀνείλεν αὐτοὺς ἀντὶ λόγχης εἰς ὕδωρ·
 τροπῆς γὰρ ἀλλοίωσιν οὐκ ἔχει μόνην,
 Χριστὸν τεκοῦσα καὶ κλονοῦσα βαρβάρους.

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122.—ΜΙΧΑΗΛ ΧΑΡΤΟΦΥΛΑΞ

Εἰς τὴν Θεοτόκον βαστάζουσιν τὸν Χριστόν

Αὕτη τεκοῦσα παρθένος πάλιν μένει·
 καὶ μὴ θροηθῆς· ἔστι γὰρ τὸ παιδίον
 θεός, θελήσας προσλαβέσθαι σαρκίον.

123.—ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΥ

Εἰς τὸν Κρανίου λίθον ἐν Ἱερουσαλήμ

Πέτρα τρισμακάριστε, θεόσσυτον αἶμα λαχοῦσα,
 οὐρανὴ γενεή σε πυρίπνοος ἀμφιπολεύει,
 καὶ χθονὸς ἐνναετῆρες ἀνάκτορες ὕμνοπολοῦσι.

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

121.—*In the same Church*

THE house of the Virgin, like her Son, was destined to become a second gate of God. An ark hath appeared holier than that of old, not containing the tables written by God's hand but having received within it God himself. Here are fountains of purification from the flesh, here is redemption of errors of the soul. There is no evil circumstance, but from Her gusheth a miraculous gift to cure it. Here, when She overthrew the foe, She destroyed them by water, not by the spear. She hath not one method of defeat alone, who bore Christ and putteth the barbarians to flight.

122.—MICHAEL CHARTOPHYLAX

On the Virgin and Child

THIS is she who bore a child and remained a Virgin. Wonder not thereat, for the Child is God, who consented to put on flesh.

123.—SOPHRONIUS

On the Rock of Calvary

THRICE-BLESSED rock, who didst receive the blood that issued from God, the fiery children of Heaven guard thee around, and Kings, inhabitants of the Earth, sing thy praise.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and development. It begins with the first settlers who came to the continent in search of a new life. They found a land of vast resources and opportunities, but also one of challenges and hardships. Over time, the settlers grew in number and their way of life evolved. They built a society based on the principles of liberty and justice for all. This society was the foundation of the United States. The story of the United States is a story of the people who have shaped it. It is a story of their struggles and their triumphs. It is a story of their dreams and their hopes. It is a story of the United States as it is today.

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BOOK II

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

THIS description of the bronze statues in the celebrated gymnasium called Zeuxippos, erected under Septimius Severus at Byzantium and destroyed by fire shortly after this was written (in 532 A.D.), is of some value, as it gives at least a list of the statues and the names assigned to them. But owing to its bombastic style its value is of the slightest. The poet confines himself usually to mere rhetoric and tiresomely repeats his impression that the statues looked as if they were alive.

B

ΧΡΙΣΤΟΔΩΡΟΥ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΥ

ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ ΚΟΠΙΤΟΥ

Ἐκφρασις τῶν ἀγαλμάτων τῶν εἰς τὸ δημόσιον γυμνάσιον τοῦ ἐπικαλουμένου Ζευξίππου.

Δηίφοβος μὲν πρῶτος ἐϋγλύπτῳ ἐπὶ βωμῷ
ἴστατο, τολμήεις, κεκορυθμένοι, ὄβριμος ἥρως,
τοῖος ἑὼν, οἷός περ ἐπορνυμένῳ Μενελάῳ
περθομένων ἦντησεν ἑὼν προπάροιθε μελάθρων.
ἴστατο δὲ προβιβῶντι πανεῖκελος· εὖ δ' ἐπὶ κόσμῳ 5
δόχμιος ἦν, μανίῃ δὲ κεκυφότα νῶτα συνέλκων
δριμὺ μένος ξυνάγειρεν· ἔλισσε δὲ φέγγος ὀπωπῆς,
οἷά τε δυσμενέων μερόπων πεφυλαγμένος ὀρμήν.
λαιῇ μὲν σάκος εὐρὺ προῖσχετο, δεξιτερῇ δὲ
φάσγανον ὑψόσ' ἄειρεν· ἔμελλε δὲ μαινομένη χεῖρ 10
ἀνέρος ἀντιβίοιο κατὰ χροὸς ἄορ ἐλάσσαι·
ἀλλ' οὐ χαλκὸν ἔθηκε φύσις πειθήμονα λύσση.

Κεκροπίδης δ' ἥστραπτε, νοήμονος ἄνθεμα Πειθοῦς,
Αἰσχίνης· λασίης δὲ συνείρνε κύκλα παρειῆς,
οἷα πολυτροχάλοισιν ἀεθλεύων ἀγορῇσιν· 15
στείνεται γὰρ πυκινῇσι μεληδόοσιν· ἄγχι δ' ἐκείνου
ἦεν Ἀριστοτέλης, σοφίης πρόμος· ἰστάμενος δὲ
χεῖρε περιπλέγδην συνεέργαθεν, οὐδ' ἐνὶ χαλκῷ
ἀφθόγγῳ φρένας εἶχεν ἀεργέας, ἀλλ' ἔτι βουλήν

BOOK II

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Description of the Statues in the public gymnasium called Zeuxippos.

Deiphobus

FIRST Deiphobus stood on a well-carved pedestal, daring all, in armour, a valiant hero, even as he was when he met the onrush of Menelaus before his house that they were pillaging. He stood even as one who was advancing, side-ways, in right fighting attitude. Crouching in fury with bent back, he was collecting all his fierce strength, while he turned his eyes hither and thither as if on his guard against an attack of the enemy. In his left hand he held before him a broad shield and in his right his up-lifted sword, and his furious hand was even on the point of transpiercing his adversary, but the nature of the brass would not let it serve his rage.

Aeschines and Aristotle

AND there shone Athenian Aeschines, the flower of wise Persuasion, his bearded face gathered as if he were engaged in struggle with the tumultuous crowd, looking sore beset by anxiety. And near him was Aristotle, the prince of Wisdom: he stood with clasped hands, and not even in the voiceless bronze was his mind idle, but he was like one

σκεπτομένῳ μὲν ἔϊκτο· συνιστάμεναι δὲ παρειαὶ 20
 ἀνέρος ἀμφιέλισσαν ἐμαντεύοντο μενοινήν,
 καὶ τροχαλαὶ σήμαινον ἀολλέα μῆτιν ὀπωπαί.

Καὶ Παιανιέων δημηγόρος ἔπρεπε σάλπιγξ,
 ῥήτρης εὐκελάδοιο πατήρ σοφός, ὁ πρὶν Ἀθήναις 25
 Πειθοῦς θελξινόοιο νοήμονα πυρσὸν ἀνάψας.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἡρεμέων διεφαίνετο, πυκνὰ δὲ βουλήν
 ἐστρώφα, πυκινὴν γὰρ ἐείδετο μῆτιν ἐλίσσειν,
 οἷα κατ' εὐόπλων τεθωμένος Ἡμαθιῶν.
 ἦ τάχα κεν κοτέων τροχαλὴν ἐφθέγγετο φωνήν,
 ἄπνοον αὐδήεντα τιθεὶς τύπον· ἀλλὰ ἐ τέχνη 30
 χαλκείης ἐπέδησεν ὑπὸ σφραγίδα σιωπῆς.

Ἴστατο δ' Εὐρίπιοιο φερώνυμος· ὥς δὲ δοκεύω,
 λάθρη ὑπὸ κραδίην τραγικαῖς ὠμίλεε Μούσαις,
 ἔργα σαοφροσύνης διανεύμενος· ἦν γὰρ ιδέσθαι
 οἷά τέ που θυμέλῃσιν ἐν Ἀτθίσι θύρσα τινάσσων. 35

Δάφνη μὲν πλοκαμίδα Παλαίφατος ἔπρεπε μάντις
 στεψάμενος, δόκεεν δὲ χέειν μαντώδεα φωνήν.

Ἡσίοδος δ' Ἀσκραῖος ὀρειάσιν εἶδετο Μούσαις
 φθειγγόμενος, χαλκὸν δὲ βιάζετο θυιάδι λύσση,
 ἔνθεον ἰμείρων ἀνάγειν μέλος. ἐγγύθι δ' αὐτοῦ 40
 μαντιπόλος πάλιν ἄλλος ἦν φοιβηίδι δάφνη

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

deliberating; his puckered face indicated that he was solving some doubtful problem, while his mobile eyes revealed his collected mind.

Demosthenes

AND the trumpet-speaker of the Paeonians¹ stood there conspicuous, the sage father of well-sounding eloquence, who erst in Athens set alight the wise torch of entrancing Persuasion. He did not seem to be resting, but his mind was in action and he seemed to be revolving some subtle plan, even as when he had sharpened his wit against the warlike Macedonians. Fain would he have let escape in his anger the torrent of his speech, endowing his dumb statue with voice, but Art kept him fettered under the seal of her brazen silence.

Euripides

THERE stood he who bears the name of the Euripus, and methought he was conversing secretly in his heart with the Tragic Muses, reflecting on the virtue of Chastity; for he looked even as if he were shaking the thyrsus on the Attic stage.

Palaephatus

PALAEPHATUS the prophet stood forth, his long hair crowned with laurel, and he seemed to be pouring forth the voice of prophecy.

Hesiod, Polyidus, and Simonides

HESIOD of Ascrea seemed to be calling to the mountain Muses, and in his divine fury he did violence to the bronze by his longing to utter his inspired verse. And near him stood another pro-

¹ The deme to which Demosthenes belonged.

κοσμηθεὶς Πολύειδος· ἀπὸ στομάτων δὲ τινάξαι
 ἤθελε μὲν κελάδημα θεοπρόπον· ἀλλὰ ἐ τέχνη
 δεσμῷ ἀφωνήτῳ κατερήτυεν. οὐδὲ σὺ μολπῆς
 εὐναςας ἀβρὸν ἔρωτα, Σιμωνίδη, ἀλλ' ἔτι χορδῆς 45
 ἰμείρεις, ἱερὴν δὲ λύρην οὐ χερσὶν ἀράσσεις.
 ὦφελεν ὁ πλάσσας σε, Σιμωνίδη, ὦφеле χαλκῷ
 συγκεράσαι μέλος ἡδύ· σὲ δ' ἂν καὶ χαλκὸς ἀναυδῆς
 αἰδόμενος, ρυθμοῖσι λύρης ἀντήχῃε μολπῇν.

* Ἦν μὲν Ἀναξιμένης νοερὸς σοφός· ἐν δὲ μενοινῇ 50
 δαιμονίης ἐλέλιξε νοήματα ποικίλα βουλῆς.

Θεστορίδης δ' ἄρα μάντις εὐσκοπος ἵστατο Κάλχας,
 οἶά τε θεσπίζων, ἐδόκει δέ τε θέσφατα κεύθειν,
 ἢ στρατὸν οἰκτείρων Ἑλλήνιον, ἢ ἔτι θυμῷ
 δειμαίνων βασιλῆα πολυχρύσιο Μυκῆνης. 55

Δέρκεό μοι σκύμνον πτολιπόρθιον Αἰακιδάων,
 Πύρρον Ἀχιλλεΐδην, ὅσον ἤθελε χερσὶν ἐλίσσειν
 τεύχεα χαλκήεντα, τὰ μή οἱ ὥπασε τέχνη·
 γυμνὸν γάρ μιν ἔτευξεν· ὁ δ' ὑψόσε φαίνεται λεύσσων,
 οἶά περ ἠνεμόεσσαν ἐς Ἴλιον ὄμμα τιταίνων. 60

* Ἦστο δ' Ἀμυμώνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος· εἰσοπίσω μὲν
 βόστρυχον ἀκρήδεμνον ἐῆς συνέργεν ἐθείρης·
 γυμνὸν δ' εἶχε μέτωπον· ἀναστέλλουσα δ' ὀπωπὰς
 εἰνάλιον σκοπίαζε μελαγχαίτην παρακοίτην.
 ἐγγύθι δ' εὐρύστερνος ἐφαίνετο Κυανοχαίτης 65
 γυμνὸς ἐών, πλόκαμον δὲ καθειμένον εἶχεν ἐθείρης,

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

phet, Polyidus, crowned with the laurel of Phoebus, eager to break into prophetic song, but restrained by the gagging fetter of the artist. Nor hadst thou, Simonides, laid to rest thy tender love, but still dost yearn for the strings; yet hast thou no sacred lyre to touch. He who made thee, Simonides, should have mixed sweet music with the bronze, and the dumb bronze had revered thee, and responded to the strains of thy lyre.

Anaximenes

ANAXIMENES the wise philosopher was there, and in deep absorption he was revolving the subtle thoughts of his divine intellect.

Calchas

AND Calchas, son of Thestor, stood there, the clear-sighted prophet, as if prophesying, and he seemed to be concealing his message, either pitying the Greek host or still dreading the king of golden Mycenae.

Pyrrhus

Look on the cub of the Aeacidae, Pyrrhus the son of Achilles the sacker of cities, how he longed to handle the bronze weapons that the artist did not give him; for he had wrought him naked: he seemed to be gazing up, as if directing his eyes to wind-swept Iliion.

Amymone and Poseidon

THERE sat rosy-fingered Amymone. She was gathering up her unfileted hair behind, while her face was unveiled, and with upturned glance she was gazing at her black-haired lord the Sea-King. For near her stood Poseidon, naked, with flowing hair,

καὶ διερὸν δελφῖνα προΐσχετο, χειρὶ κομίζων
δῶρα πολυζήλοιο γάμων μνηστήρια κούρης.

Πιερικὴ δὲ μέλισσα λιγύθροος ἔξετο Σαπφῶ
Λεσβιάς, ἡρεμέουσα· μέλος δ' εὐῦμνον ὑφαίνειν 70
σιγαλαίαις δοκέεσκεν ἀναψαμένη φρένα Μούσαις.

Φοῖβος δ' εἰστήκει τριποδηλάλος· ἦν δ' ἄρα χαίτης
εἰσοπίσω σφίγξας ἄδετον πλόκον· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χαλκῷ
γυμνὸς ἔην, ὅτι πᾶσιν ἀνειρομένοισιν Ἀπόλλων
γυμνῶσαι δεδάηκεν ἀληθέα δήνεα Μοίρης, 75
ἢ ὅτι πᾶσιν ὁμῶς ἀναφαίνεται· ἥελιος γὰρ
Φοῖβος ἄναξ, καθαρὴν δὲ φέρει τηλέσκοπον αἴγλην.

Ἄγχι δὲ Κύπρις ἔλαμπεν· ἔλειβε δὲ νώροπι χαλκῷ
ἀγλαΐης ῥαθάμιγγας· ἀπὸ στέρνοιο δὲ γυμνῇ
φαίνεται μὲν, φᾶρος δὲ συνήγαγεν ἄντυγι μηρῶν, 80
χρυσεῖη πλοκαμίδας ὑποσφίγξασα καλύπτρη.

Κλεινιάδην δὲ τέθηπα, περιστίλβοντα νοήσας
ἀγλαΐη· χαλκῷ γὰρ ἀνέπλεκε κάλλεος αὐγὴν,
τοῖος ἑών, οἷός περ ἐν Ἀτθίδι, μητέρι μύθων,
ἀνδράσι Κεκροπίδῃσι πολύφρονα μῆτιν ἐγείρων. 85

Χρύσης δ' αὖθ' ἱερεὺς πέλας ἵστατο, δεξιτερῇ μὲν
σκῆπτρον ἀνασχόμενος Φοιβήϊον, ἐν δὲ καρῇνῳ
στέμμα φέρων· μεγέθει δὲ κεκασμένος ἔπρεπε μορφῇς,
οἷά περ ἡρώων ἱερὸν γένος· ὥς δοκέω δέ,

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holding out to her a dripping dolphin, bringing a suitor's gifts for the hand of the much-sought maiden.

Sappho

AND the clear-toned Pierian bee sat there at rest, Sappho of Lesbos. She seemed to be weaving some lovely melody, with her mind devoted to the silent Muses.

Apollo

THERE stood Phoebus who speaketh from the tripod. He had bound up behind his loosely flowing hair. In the bronze he was naked, because Apollo knoweth how to make naked to them who enquire of him the true decrees of Fate, or because he appeareth to all alike, for King Phoebus is the Sun and his pure brilliancy is seen from far.

Aphrodite

AND near shone Cypris, shedding drops of beauty on the bright bronze. Her bust was naked, but her dress was gathered about her rounded thighs and she had bound her hair with a golden kerchief.

Alcibiades

AND I marvelled at the son of Cleinias, seeing him glistening with glory, for he had interwoven with the bronze the rays of his beauty. Such was he as when in Attica, the mother of story, he awoke wise counsel.

Chryses

NEAR him stood the priest Chryses, holding in his right hand the sceptre of Phoebus and wearing on his head a fillet. Of surpassing stature was he, as being one of the holy race of heroes. Methinks

Ἄτρεΐδην ἰκέτευσ· βαθὺς δέ οἱ ἦνθεε πώγων,
καὶ ταναῆς ἄπλεκτος ἐσύρετο βότρυς ἐθείρης. 90

Καῖσαρ δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλαμπεν Ἰούλιος, ὅς ποτε Ῥώμην
ἀντιβίων ἔστεψεν ἀμετρήτοισι βοείαις.
αἰγίδα μὲν βλοσυρῶπιν ἐπωμαδὸν ἦεν αἰείρων,
δεξιτερῇ δὲ κεραυνὸν ἀγάλλετο χειρὶ κομίζων, 95
οἷα Ζεὺς νέος ἄλλος ἐν Αὐσονίοισιν ἀκούων.

Εἰστήκει δὲ Πλάτων θεοεἰκελος, ὁ πρὶν Ἀθήναις
δείξας κρυπτὰ κέλευθα θεοκράντων ἀρετῶν.

Ἄλλην δ' εὐπατέρειαν ἶδον χρυσῇν Ἀφροδίτην,
γυμνὴν παμφανόωσαν· ἐπὶ στέρνων δὲ θαίνης
αὐχένος ἐξ ὑπάτοιο χυθεῖς ἐλελίζετο κεστός. 100

Ἰστατο δ' Ἑρμαφρόδιτος ἐπήρατος, οὐθ' ὄλος ἀνὴρ,
οὐδὲ γυνή· μικτὸν γὰρ ἦν βρέτας· ἥ τάχα κούρον
Κύπριδος εὐκόλποιο καὶ Ἑρμάωνος ἐνίψεις·
μαζοὺς μὲν σφριγόωντας ἐδείκνυνεν, οἷά τε κούρη· 105
σχῆμα δὲ πᾶσιν ἔφαινε φυτοσπόρον ἄρσενος αἰδοῦς,
ξυνῆς ἀγλαΐης κεκερασμένα σήματα φαίνων.

Παρθενικὴ δ' Ἥριννα λιγύθροος ἔξετο κούρη,
οὐ μίτον ἀμφαφόωσα πολὺπλοκον, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ σιγῇ
Πιερικῆς ῥαθάμιγγας ἀποσταλάουσα μελίσσης. 110

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he was imploring Ágamemnon. His thick beard bloomed in abundance, and down his back trailed the clusters of his unplaited hair.

Julius Caesar

NEAR him shone forth Julius, who once adorned Rome with innumerable shields of her foes. He wore on his shoulders a grisly-faced aegis, and carried exulting in his right hand a thunder-bolt, as one bearing in Italy the title of a second Zeus.

Plato

THERE stood god-like Plato, who erst in Athens revealed the secret paths of heaven-taught virtue.

Aphrodite

AND another high-born Aphrodite I saw all of gold, naked, all glittering; and on the breast of the goddess, hanging from her neck, fell in coils the flowing cestus.

Hermaphroditus

THERE stood lovely Hermaphroditus, nor wholly a man, nor wholly a woman, for the statue was of mixed form: readily couldst thou tell him to be the son of fair-bosomed Aphrodite and of Hermes. His breasts were swelling like a girl's, but he plainly had the procreative organs of a man, and he showed features of the beauty of both sexes.

Erinna

THE clear-voiced maiden Erinna sat there, not plying the involved thread, but in silence distilling drops of Pierian honey.

Μήτε λίπης Τέρπανδρον εὐθροον, οὐ τάχα φαίης
 ἔμπνοον, οὐκ ἄφθογγον ἰδεῖν βρέτας· ὥς γὰρ ὅτω,
 κινυμέναις πραπίδεσσιν ἀνέπλεκε μύστιδα μολπήν,
 ὥς ποτε δινήεντος ἐπ' Εὐρώταο ῥοάων
 μυστιπόλῳ φόρμιγγι κατεπρήνυνεν αἰείδων
 ἀγχεμάχων κακότητας Ἀμυκλαίων ναετήρων.

Ἦγασάμην δ' ὁρώων σε, Περικλέες, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῷ
 χαλκῷ ἀναυδήτω δημηγόρον ἦθος ἀνάπτεις,
 ὥς ἔτι Κεκροπίδῃσι θεμιστεύων πολιήταις,
 ἦ μόθον ἐντύνων Πελοπήϊον. ἰστάμενος δὲ
 ἔπρεπε Πυθαγόρας, Σάμιος σοφός, ἀλλ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
 ἐνδιάειν ἐδόκενε, φύσιν δ' ἐβιάζετο χαλκοῦ,
 πλημμύρων νοερῇσι μεληδόσιν· ὥς γὰρ ὅτω,
 οὐρανὸν ἀχράντοισιν ἐμέτρεε μῦνον ὀπωπαῖς.

Στησίχορον δ' ἐνόησα λιγύθροον, ὃν ποτε γαῖα
 Σικελικὴ μὲν ἔφερβε, λύρης δ' ἐδίδασκεν Ἀπόλλων
 ἀρμονίην, ἔτι μητρὸς ἐνὶ σπλάγχνοισιν ἔοντα·
 τοῦ γὰρ τικτομένοιο καὶ ἐς φάος ἄρτι μολόντος
 ἔκποθεν ἡερόφοιτος ἐπὶ στομάτεσσιν ἀηδὼν
 λάθρη ἐφεζομένη λιγυρὴν ἀνεβάλλετο μολπήν.

Χαῖρέ μοι Ἀβδήρων Δημόκριτε κῦδος ἀρούρης,
 ὅττι σὺ καλλιτόκοιο φυῆς ἐφράσσαις θεσμούς,
 λεπτὰ διακρίνων πολυῖδμονος ὄργια Μούσης·
 αἰεὶ δὲ σφαλερὰς ἐγέλας βιότοιο κελεύθους,
 εὖ εἰδὼς ὅτι πάντα γέρων παραμείβεται αἰών.

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Terpander

PASS not over sweet-voiced Terpander, whose image thou wouldst say was alive, not dumb; for, as it seemed to me, he was composing, with deeply stirred spirit, the mystic song; even as once by the eddying Eurotas he soothed, singing to his consecrated lyre, the evil spite of Sparta's neighbour-foes of Amyclae.

Pericles and Pythagoras

I MARVELLED beholding thee, Pericles, that even in the dumb brass thou kindlest the spirit of thy eloquence, as if thou didst still preside over the citizens of Athens, or prepare the Peloponnesian War. There stood, too, Pythagoras the Samian sage, but he seemed to dwell in Olympus, and did violence to the nature of the bronze, overflowing with intellectual thought, for methinks with his pure eyes he was measuring Heaven alone.

Stesichorus

THERE saw I clear-voiced Stesichorus, whom of old the Sicilian land nurtured, to whom Apollo taught the harmony of the lyre while he was yet in his mother's womb. For but just after his birth a creature of the air, a nightingale from somewhere, settled secretly on his lips and struck up its clear song.

Democritus

HAIL, Democritus, glory of the land of Abdera; for thou didst explore the laws of Nature, the mother of beautiful children, discerning the subtle mysteries of the Muse of Science: and ever didst thou laugh at the slippery paths of life, well aware that ancient Time outstrippeth all.

Ἡρακλῆς δ' ἀνίουλον ἐδείκνυε κύκλον ὑπῆνης,
 μῆλα λεοντοφόνῳ παλάμῃ χρύσεια κομίζων,
 γαίης ὀλβια δῶρα Λιβυστίδος. ἐγγύθι δ' αὐτοῦ
 Παλλάδος ἀρήτειρα παρίστατο, παρθένος Ἀῦγη,
 φᾶρος ἐπιστείλασα κατωμαδόν· οὐ γὰρ ἐθείρας
 κρηδέμνῳ συνέεργεν· ἕως δ' ἀνετείνετο χεῖρας,
 οἷά τε κικλήσκουσα Διὸς γλαυκώπιδα κούρην,
 Ἀρκαδικῆς Τεγέης ὑπὸ δειράδος. ἴλαθι, γαίης
 Τρωιάδος βλάστημα σακεσπάλον, ἴλαθι, λάμπων
 Αἰνεία Τρώων βουληφόρε· σαῖς γὰρ ὀπωπαῖς
 ἀγλαΐης πνείονσα σοφὴ περιλείβεται αἰδώς,
 θέσκελον ἀγγέλλουσα γένος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.

Ἡγασάμην δὲ Κρέουσαν ἰδὼν πενθήμονι κόσμῳ,
 σύγγαμον Αἰνείας κατάσκιον· ἀμφὶ γὰρ αὐταῖς
 ἀμφοτέραις κρηδεμνον ἐφελκύσασα παρειαῖς,
 πάντα πέριξ ἐκάλυψε ποδηνεκεί· χροῶα πέπλῳ,
 οἷά τε μυρομένη· τὰ δὲ χάλκεα δάκρυα νύμφης
 Ἀρεΐ δουρίκτητον ἐμαντεύοντο τιθήνην,
 Ἴλιον Ἀργείοισιν ἐελμένον ἀσπιδιώταις.

Οὗθ' Ἐλενος κοτέων ἀπεπαύετο· πατρίδι νηλὴς
 φαίνεται δινεύων ἔτι που χόλον· ἦν μὲν αἰείρων
 δεξιτερῇ φιάλῃν ἐπιλοίβιον· ὥς δοκέω δέ,
 ἐσθλὰ μὲν Ἀργείοις μαντεύετο, καδδὲ τιθήνης
 ἀθανάτοις ἡρᾶτο πανύστατα πῆματα φαίνειν.

Ἀνδρομάχῃ δ' ἔστηκε ροδόσφυρος Ἡετιώνη,
 οὔτι γόον σταλάουσα πολύστονον· ὥς γὰρ οἴω,
 οὔπω ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ κορυθαίολος ἤριπεν Ἐκτωρ,
 οὐδὲ φερεσσακέων ὑπερήνορες νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 Δαρδανίην ξύμπασαν ἐλήϊσαντο τιθήνην.

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Heracles, Auge and Aeneas

HERACLES, no down yet visible on the circle of his chin, was holding in the hand that had slain the lion the golden apples, rich fruit of the Libyan land, and by him stood the priestess of Pallas, the maiden Auge, her mantle thrown over her head and shoulders, for her hair was not done up with a kerchief. Her hands were uplifted as if she were calling on the grey-eyed daughter of Zeus¹ under the hill of Tegea. Hail! warrior son of Troy, glittering counsellor of the Trojans, Aeneas! for wise modesty redolent of beauty is shed on thy eyes, proclaiming thee the divine son of golden Aphrodite.

Creusa

AND I wondered looking on Creusa, the wife of Aeneas, overshadowed in mourning raiment. She had drawn her veil over both her cheeks, her form was draped in a long gown, as if she were lamenting, and her bronze tears signified that Troy, her nurse, was captive after its siege by the Greek warriors.

Helenus

NOR did Helenus cease from wrath, but seemed pitiless to his country, still stirring his wrath. In his right hand he raised a cup for libations, and I deem he was foretelling good to the Greeks and praying to the gods to bring his nurse to the extremity of woe.

Andromache

AND Andromache, the rosy-ankled daughter of Eetion, stood there not weeping or lamenting, for not yet, I deem, had Hector with the glancing helm fallen in the war, nor had the exultant sons of the shield-bearing Greeks laid waste entirely her Dardan nurse.

¹ Athene.

Ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν Μενέλαον ἀρήϊον, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ νίκη
 γηθόσυνον· σχεδόθεν γὰρ ἐθάλπτο χάρματι πολλῷ
 δερκόμενος ῥοδόπηχυν ὁμόφρονα Τυνδαρεώνην.
 ἠγασάμην δ' Ἑλένης ἐρατὸν τύπον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῷ
 χαλκῷ κόσμον ἔδωκε πανήμερον· ἀγλαΐη γὰρ
 ἔπνεε θερμὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἀψύχῳ ἐνὶ τέχνῃ. 165 170

Πυκναῖς δὲ πραπίδεσσιν ἀγάλλετο διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς·
 οὐ γὰρ ἦν ἀπάνευθε πολυστρέπτοιο μενοινῆς,
 ἀλλ' ἔτι κόσμον ἔφαινε σοφῆς φρενός· ἦν δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 καγχαλόων· Τροίην γὰρ ἐγήθεε πᾶσαν ὀλέσσας
 ἥσι δολοφροσύνησι. σὺ δ' Ἕκτορος ἔννεπε μήτερ, 175
 τίς σε, πολυτλήμων Ἐκάβη, τίς δάκρυα λείβειν
 ἀθανάτων ἐδίδαξεν ἀφωνήτῳ ἐνὶ κόσμῳ;
 οὐδέ σε χαλκὸς ἔπαυσεν οἷζύος, οὐδέ σε τέχνη
 ἄπνοος οἰκτεῖρασα δυσαλθέος ἔσχεθε λύσσης·
 ἀλλ' ἔτι δακρυχέουσα παρίστασαι· ὥς δὲ δοκεύω, 180
 οὐκέτι δυστήνου μόρον Ἕκτορος, οὐδέ ταλαίνης
 Ἀνδρομάχης βαρὺ πένθος ὀδύρεαι, ἀλλὰ πεσοῦσαν
 πατρίδα σὴν· φᾶρος γὰρ ἐπικρεμὲς ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
 πήματα μὲν δείκνυσιν, ἀπαγγέλλουσι δὲ πέπλοι
 πένθος ὑποβρύχιον κεχαλασμένοι ἄχρι πεδίλων· 185
 ἄλγעי γὰρ πυμάτῳ δέδεσαι φρένα, καδδὲ παρειῆς
 δάκρυα μὲν σταλάεις, τὸ δὲ δάκρυον ἔσβεσε τέχνη,
 ἄπλετον ἀγγέλλουσα δυσαλθέος αὐχμὸν ἀνίης.

Κασσάνδρην δ' ἐνόησα θεοπρόπον, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ σιγῇ
 μεμφομένη γενετῆρα, σοφῆς ἀνεπίμπλατο λύσσης, 190
 οἷά τε θεσπίζουσα πανύστατα πῆματα πάτρης.

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Menelaus and Helen

THERE one might see Menelaus warlike, but rejoicing in the victory, for his heart was warmed with great joy, as he saw near him rosy-armed Helen reconciled. I marvelled at her lovely image, that gave the bronze a grace most desirable, for her beauty even in that soulless work breathed warm love.

Ulysses and Hecuba

GOODLY Ulysses was rejoicing in his wily mind, for he was not devoid of his versatile wits, but still wore the guise of subtlety. And he was laughing in his heart, for he gloried in having laid Troy low by his cunning. But do thou tell me, mother of Hector, unhappy Hecuba, which of the immortals taught thee to shed tears in this thy dumb presentment? Not even the bronze made thee cease from wailing, nor did lifeless Art have pity on thee and stop thee from thy irremediable fury; but still thou standest by weeping, and, as I guess, no longer dost thou lament the death of unhappy Hector or the deep grief of poor Andromache, but the fall of thy city; for thy cloak drawn over thy face indicates thy sorrow, and thy gown ungirt and descending to thy feet announces the mourning thou hast within. Extreme anguish hath bound thy spirit, the tears ran down thy cheeks, but Art hath dried them, proclaiming how searching is the drought of thy incurable woe.

Cassandra

THERE saw I the prophetess Cassandra, who, blaming her father in silence, seemed filled with prescient fury as if prophesying the last woes of her city.

Πύρρος δ' ἄλλος ἔην πτολιπόρθιος· οὐκ ἐπὶ χαίτης
 ἰππόκομον τρυφάλειαν ἔχων, οὐκ ἔγχος ἐλίσσων,
 ἀλλ' ἄρα γυμνὸς ἔλαμπε, καὶ ἄχνοον εἶχεν ὑπήνην·
 δεξιτερὴν δ' ἀνέτεινεν ἑήν, ἐπιμάρτυρα νίκης,
 195
 λοξὰ Πολυξείην βαρυδάκρυον ὄμματι λεύσσω.
 εἶπέ, Πολυξείην δυσπάρθενε, τίς τοι ἀνάγκη
 χαλκῷ ἐν ἀφθόγγῳ κεκρυμμένα δάκρυα λείβειν;
 πῶς δέ τεῳ κρήδεμνον ἐπειρύσασα προσώπῳ
 ἴστασαι, αἰδομένη μὲν ἀλίγκιος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 200
 πένθος ἔχεις; μὴ δὴ σε τεὸν πτολίεθρον ὀλέσσας
 ληΐδα Πύρρος ἔχοι Φθιώτιος; οὐδέ σε μορφῇ
 ῥύσατο τοξεύσασα Νεοπτολέμοιο μενοινήν,
 ἢ ποτε θηρεύσασα τεοῦ γενετῆρα φονῆος
 εἰς λίνον αὐτοκέλευστον ἀελπέος ἤγεν ὀλέθρου.
 205
 ναὶ μὰ τὸν ἐν χαλκῷ νοερὸν τύπον, εἴ νύ τε τοίην
 ἔδρακε Πύρρος ἄναξ, τάχα κεν ξυνήονα λέκτρων
 ἤγετο, πατρώης προλιπὼν μνημήϊα μοίρης.

Ἦγασάμην δ' Αἴαντα, τὸν ὀβριμόθυμος Ὀϊλεὺς
 Λοκρίδος ἐσπέρμηνε πελώριον ἔρκος ἀρούρης.
 φαίνεται μὲν νεότητι κεκασμένος· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἦεν
 ἀνθεῖ λαχνήεντι γενειάδος ἄκρα χαράξας·
 γυμνὸν δ' εἶχεν ἅπαν στιβαρὸν δέμας· ἠνορέῃ δέ
 210
 βεβριθῶς ἐλέλιξε μαχήμονος οἴστρον Ἐννοῦς.

Οἰνώνη δὲ χόλῳ φρένας ἔξεεν, ἔξεε πικρῷ
 ζήλῳ θυμὸν ἔδουσα, Πάριν δ' ἐδόκευε λαθοῦσα
 ὄμματι μαινομένη· κρυφίην δ' ἠγγεῖλεν ἀπειλήν,
 δεξιτερῇ βαρύποτμον ἀναινομένη παρακοίτην.
 αἰδομένη μὲν ὅμοιος ὁ βουκόλος, εἶχε δ' ὀπωπὴν
 215

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Pyrrhus and Polyxena

HERE was another Pyrrhus, sacker of cities, not wearing on his locks a plumed helmet or shaking a spear, but naked he glittered, his face beardless, and raising his right hand in testimony of victory he looked askance on weeping Polyxena. Tell me, Polyxena, unhappy virgin, what forces thee to shed hidden tears now thou art of mute bronze, why dost thou draw thy veil over thy face, and stand like one ashamed, but sorry at heart? Is it for fear lest Pyrrhus of Phthia won thee for his spoil after destroying thy city? Nor did the arrows of thy beauty save thee—thy beauty which once entrapped his father, leading him of his own will into the net of unexpected death. Yea, by thy brazen image I swear had Prince Pyrrhus seen thee as thou here art, he would have taken thee to wife and abandoned the memory of his father's fate.

Locrian Ajax

AND at Ajax I marvelled, whom valorous Oileus begat, the huge bulwark of the Locrian land. He seemed in the flower of youth, for the surface of his chin was not yet marked with the bloom of hair. His whole well-knit body was naked, but weighty with valour he wielded the goad of war.

Oenone and Paris

OENONE was boiling over with anger—boiling, eating out her heart with bitter jealousy. She was furtively watching Paris with her wild eyes and conveyed to him secret threats, spurning her ill-fated lord with her right hand. The cowherd seemed

πλαζομένην ἐτέρωσε δυσίμερος· αἶδετο γάρ που 220
Οἰνώνην βαρύδακρυν ἰδεῖν, Κεβρηνίδα νύμφην.

Ἀναλέω δὲ Δάρης ἐζώννυτο χεῖρας ἱμάντι,
πυγμαχίης κήρυκα φέρων χόλον· ἡγορέης δὲ
ἔπνεε θερμὸν ἄημα πολυστρέπτοισιν ὀπωπαῖς.
Ἐντελλος δέ, Δάρητος ἐναντίον ὄμμα τιταίνων, 225
γυιοτόρους μύρμηκας ἐμαίνετο χερσὶν ἐλίσσων·
πυγμαχίης δ' ὥδινε φόνον διψῶσαν ἀπειλήν.

Ἦν δὲ παλαισμοσύνην δεδαημένος ὄβριμος ἀνὴρ·
εἰ δὲ Φίλων ἦκουε πελώριος, εἶτε Φιλάμμων,
εἶτε Μίλων Σικελῆς ἔρυμα χθονός, οἶδεν Ἀπόλλων· 230
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ δεδάηκα διακρίναι καὶ ἀεῖσαι
οὖνομα θαρσαλέου κλυτὸν ἀνέρος, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης
ἔπνεεν ἡγορέης· λάσιος δὲ οἱ εἶλκετο πώγων,
καὶ φόβον ἠκούτιζον ἀεθλητῆρα παρειαί,
καὶ κεφαλῆς ἔφρισσον ἐθειράδες· ἀμφὶ δὲ πυκνοῖς 235
μῶνες μελέεσσιν ἀνοιδαίνοντο ταθέντες
τρηχαλέοι, δοιοὶ δέ, συνισταμένων παλαμάων,
εὐρέες ἐσφηκῶντο βραχίονες, ἥύτε πέτραι,
καὶ παχὺς ἀλκήεντι τένων ἐπανίστατο νώτῳ,
αὐχένος εὐγνάμπτοιο περὶ πλατὺν αὐλὸν ἀνέρπων. 240

Δέρκεό μοι Χαρίδημον, ὃς Ἀτθίδος ἡγεμονεύων
Κεκροπίδην στρατὸν εἶχεν ἑῆς πειθήμονα βουλῆς.

Ἦ κεν ἰδὼν ἀγάσαιο Μελάμποδα· μαντιπόλου
μὲν
ἱερὸν εἶδος ἔφαινε, ἔοικε δὲ θέσπιδος ὀμφῆς
σιγηλοῖς στομάτεσσι θεοπρόπον ἄσθμα τιταίνων. 245

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

ashamed, and he was looking the other way, unfortunate lover, for he feared to look on Oenone in tears, his bride of Kebrene.

Dares, Entellus

DARES was fastening on his hands his leather boxing-straps and arming himself with wrath, the herald of the fight; with mobile eyes he breathed the hot breath of valour. Entellus opposite gazed at him in fury, handling too the cestus that pierceth the flesh, his spirit big with blood-thirsty menace.

A Wrestler

AND there was a strong man skilled in wrestling, Apollo knows if his name were Philo or Philammon, or Milo, the bulwark of Sicily; for I could not learn it to tell you, the famous name of this man of might; but in any case he was full of valour. He had a shaggy trailing beard, and his face proclaimed him one to be feared in the arena. His locks were fretful, and the hard stretched muscles of his sturdy limbs projected, and when his fists were clenched his two thick arms were as firm as stone. On his robust back stood out a powerful muscle running up on each side of the hollow of his flexible neck.

Charidemus

Look, I beg, on Charidemus the Attic chief, who had their army under his command.

Melampus

AND thou wouldst marvel looking on Melampus: he bore the holy semblance of a prophet, and with his silent lips he seemed to be breathing intensely the divine breath of inspiration.

Πάνθοος ἦν Τρώων βουλευφόρος, ἀλλ' ἔτι δεινὴν
οὐπω μῆτιν ἔπαυσε κατ' Ἀργείων στρατιάων.
δημογέρων δὲ νόημα πολὺπλοκον εἶχε θυμοίτης
ἀμφασίης πελάγεσσιν ἐελμένος· ἦ γὰρ ἐώκει
σκεπτομένῳ τινὰ μῆτιν ἔτι Τρώεσσιν ὑφαίνειν. 250
Λάμπων δ' ἀχυνμένῳ ἐναλίγκιος ἦεν ἰδέσθαι·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτι φρεσὶν εἶχε κυλινδομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
τειρομένοις Τρώεσσι τεκεῖν παιήονα βουλήν.
εἰστήκει Κλυτίος μὲν ἀμήχανος· εἶχε δὲ δοιάς
χεῖρας ὁμοπλεκέας, κρυφίης κήρυκας ἀνίης. 255

Χαῖρε φάος ῥήτρης Ἰσόκρατες, ὅττι σὺ χαλκῷ
κόσμον ἄγεις· δοκέεις γὰρ ἐπίφρονα μῆδεα φαίνειν,
εἰ καὶ ἀφωνήτῳ σε πόνῳ χαλκεύσατο τέχνη.

Ἔστενε δ' Ἀμφιάρηος ἔχων πυριλαμπέα χαίτην
στέμματι δαφναίῳ· κρυφίην δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀνίην, 260
θεσπίζων, ὅτι πᾶσι βοόκτιτος ἀνδράσι Θήβη
ἀνδράσιν Ἀργείοισιν ὑπότροπον ἦμαρ ὀλέσσει.

Ἀγλαος εἰστήκει χρησμηγόρος, ὄντινα φασὶν
μαντιπόλου γενετῆρα θεοφραδέος Πολυείδου·
εὐπετάλῳ δὲ κόμας ἔστεμμένος ἔπρεπε δάφνῃ. 265

Εἶδον ἀκερσεκόμην Ἐκατον θεόν, εἶδον αἰοιδῆς
κοῖραν, ἀδμήτοισι κεκασμένον ἄνθεσι χαίτην·
εἶχε γὰρ ἀμφοτέροισι κόμης μεμερισμένον ὥμοις
βόστρυχον αὐτοέλικτον· ἔλισσε δὲ μάντιν ὀπωπὴν,
οἷά τε μαντοσύνη μεροπήϊα πῆματα λύων. 270

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Panthous, Thymoetes, Lampon, and Clytius

THERE was Panthous the Trojan senator; he had not yet ceased from menacing the safety of the Greeks. And Thymoetes the counsellor was thinking of some elaborate plan, plunged in the sea of silence. Verily he seemed to be yet meditating some design to help the Trojans. Lampon was like one vexed; for his mind had no more the power of giving birth to healing counsel to keep off from the sore-worn Trojans the wave of war that was to overwhelm them. Clytius stood at a loss, his clasped hands heralding hidden trouble.

Isocrates

HAIL, Isocrates, light of rhetoric! For thou adornest the bronze, seeming to be revealing some wise counsels even though thou art wrought of mute brass.

Amphiaraus

AMPHIARAUS, his fiery hair crowned with laurel, was sighing, musing on a secret sorrow, foreseeing that Thebes, founded where lay the heifer, shall be the death of the Argives' home-coming.

Aglaus

THE prophet Aglaus stood there, who, they say, was the father of the inspired seer Polyidus: he was crowned with leafy laurel.

Apollo

THERE I saw the far-shooter with unshorn hair, I saw the lord of song, his head adorned with locks that bloomed in freedom: for a naturally-curling tress hung on each shoulder. He rolled his prophetic eyes as if he were freeing men from trouble by his oracular power.

Γυμνὸς δ' ὀβριμόθυμος ἦν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
μήπω πρῶτον ἰούλον ἔχων· ἐκέκαστο δὲ μορφῆς
ἄνθεσι πατρώης· πλοκάμους δ' ἐσφίγγετο μήτρῃ·
οὐ γὰρ ἦν τρυφάλειαν ἔχων, οὐκ ἔγχος ἐλίσσων,
οὐ σάκος ἐπταβόειον ἐπωμαδόν, ἀλλὰ τοκῆος
θαρσαλέην ἀνέφαινεν ἀγνηρορίην Τελαμώνος.

Ἰστατο Σαρπηδών, Λυκίων πρόμος· ἠγορέη μὲν
φρικτὸς ἦν· ἀπαλοῖς δὲ νεοτρεφέεσσιν ἰούλοις
οἴνοπος ἄκρα χάρασσε γενειάδος· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις
εἶχε κόρυν· γυμνὸς μὲν ἦν δέμας, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ μορφῇ
σπέρμα Διὸς σήμαιεν· ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρης γὰρ ὀπωπῆς
μαρμαρυγὴν ἀπέπεμπεν ἐλευθερίου γενετῆρος.

Καὶ τρίτος εὐχαίτης τριποδηλάτος ἦεν Ἀπόλλων,
καλὸς ἰδεῖν· πλόκαμος γὰρ ἔλιξ ἐπιδέδρομεν ὤμοις
ἀμφοτέροις· ἐρατὴ δὲ θεοῦ διεφαίνετο μορφή,
χαλκῷ κόσμον ἄγουσα· θεὸς δ' ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὴν,
οἷά τε μαντιπόλοισιν ἐπὶ τριπόδεσσι δοκεύων.

Καὶ τριτάτην θάμβησα πάλιν χρυσῇν Ἀφροδίτην,
φάρει κόλπον ἔχουσαν ἐπίσκιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ μαζοῖς
κεστὸς ἔλιξ κεχάλαστο, χάρις δ' ἐνενήχετο κεστῷ.

Αἰχμητὴς δ' ἀνίουλος ἐλάμπετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
γυμνὸς ἐὼν σαγέων· ἐδόκευε μὲν ἔγχος ἐλίσσειν
δεξιτερῇ, σκαιῇ δὲ σάκος χαλκεῖον αἶρειν,
σχήματι τεχνήεντι· μόθου δ' ἀπέπεμπεν ἀπειλὴν
θάρσει τολμήεντι τεθηγμένος· αἱ γὰρ ὀπωπαὶ
γνήσιον ἦθος ἔφαινον ἀρήϊον Αἰακιδάων.

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Ajax

ALL naked was stout-hearted Telamonian Ajax, beardless as yet, the bloom of his native beauty all his ornament; his hair was bound with a diadem, for he wore not his helmet, and wielded no sword, nor was his seven-hide shield on his shoulders, but he exhibited the dauntless valour of his father Telamon.

Sarpedon

THERE stood Sarpedon, the Lycian leader; terrible was he in his might; his chin was just marked with tender down at the point. Over his hair he wore a helmet. He was nude, but his beauty indicated the parentage of Zeus, for from his eyes shone the light of a noble sire.

Apollo

NEXT was a third Apollo, the fair-haired speaker from the tripod, beautiful to see; for his curls fell over both his shoulders, and the lovely beauty of a god was manifest in him, adorning the bronze; his eyes were intent, as if he were gazing from his seat on the mantic tripod.

Aphrodite

AND here was a third Aphrodite to marvel at, her bosom draped: on her breasts rested the twisted cestus, and in it beauty swam.

Achilles

DIVINE Achilles was beardless and not clothed in armour, but the artist had given him the gesture of brandishing a spear in his right hand and of holding a shield in his left. Whetted by daring courage he seemed to be scattering the threatening cloud of battle, for his eyes shone with the genuine light of a son of Aeacus.

*Ὦν δὲ καὶ Ἑρμείας χρυσόρραπις· ἰστάμενος δὲ
 δεξιτερῇ πτερόεντος ἀνείρνε δεσμὰ πεδίλου,
 εἰς ὁδὸν αἶξαι λελημένος· εἶχε γὰρ ἤδη
 δεξιὸν ὀκλάζοντα θοὸν πόδα, τῷ ἐπὶ λαιὴν
 χεῖρα ταθεὶς ἀνέπεμπεν ἐς αἰθέρα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
 οἷά τε πατρὸς ἀνακτος ἐπιτρωπῶντος ἀκούων.

Καὶ νοερῆς ἄφθεγκτα Λατινίδος ὄργια Μούσης
 ἄζετο παπταίνων Ἀπολήϊος, ὄντινα μύστην
 Ἀysonis ἀρρήτου σοφίης ἐθρέψατο Σειρήν.

Φοῖβον δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ὁμόγνιος ἵστατο κούρη
 Ἀρτεμις, ἀλλ' οὐ τόξον ἐκηβόλον, οὐδὲ φαρέτρην
 ἰοδόκην ἀνέχουσα κατωμαδόν· ἦν δ' ἐπὶ γούνων
 παρθένιον λεγνωτὸν ἀναζωσθεῖσα χιτῶνα,
 καὶ τριχὸς ἀκρήδεμνον ἀνιεμένη πλόκον αὖραις.

"Εμφρονα χαλκὸν" Ὀμηρος ἐδείκνυνεν, οὔτε μενοινῆς
 ἄμμορον, οὔτε νόου κεχρημένον, ἀλλ' ἄρα μούνης
 φωνῆς ἀμβροσίης, ἀνέφαινε δὲ θυιάδα τέχνην.
 ἦ καὶ χαλκὸν ἔχευσεν ὁμῇ θεὸς εἶδεῖ μορφῆς·
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ κατὰ θυμὸν οἶομαι ὅτι μιν ἀνὴρ
 ἐργοπόνος χάλκευσε παρ' ἐσχαρεῶνι θαάσσω, ἀλλ'
 αὐτὴ πολύμητις ἀνέπλασε χερσὶν Ἀθήνη
 εἶδος ἐπισταμένη τόπερ ὤκεεν· ἐν γὰρ Ὀμήρῳ
 αὐτὴ ναιετάουσα σοφὴν ἐφθέγγετο μολπὴν.
 σύννομος Ἀπόλλωνι πατὴρ ἐμός, ἰσόθεος φῶς
 ἵστατο θεῖος Ὀμηρος· εἶκτο μὲν ἀνδρὶ νοῆσαι
 γηραλέῳ· τὸ δὲ γῆρας ἔην γλυκύ· τοῦτο γὰρ αὐτῷ

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Hermes

THERE, too, was Hermes with his rod of gold. He was standing, but was tying with his right hand the lace of his winged shoe, eager to start on his way. His right leg was already bent, over it was extended his left hand and his face was upturned to the sky, as if he were listening to the orders of his father.¹

Apuleius

APULEIUS was seated considering the unuttered secrets of the Latin intellectual Muse. Him the Italian Siren nourished, a devotee of ineffable wisdom.

Artemis

THERE stood maiden Artemis, the sister of Phoebus, who haunteth the mountains: but she carried no bow, no quiver on her back. She had girt up to her knees her maiden tunic with its rich border, and her unsnooded hair floated loose in the wind.

Homer

HOMER's statue seemed alive, not lacking thought and intellect, but only it would seem his ambrosial voice; the poetic frenzy was revealed in him. Verily some god cast the bronze and wrought this portrait; for I do not believe that any man seated by the forge was its smith, but that wise Athene herself wrought it with her hands, knowing the form which she once inhabited; for she herself dwelt in Homer and uttered his skilled song. The companion of Apollo, my father, the godlike being, divine Homer stood there in the semblance of an old man, but his old age was sweet, and shed more grace on him.

¹ See Reinach, *Répertoire*, i. p. 157, 1, n. 3.

πλειοτέρην ἔσταζε χάριν· κεκέραστο δὲ κόσμῳ
 αἰδοίῳ τε φίλῳ τε· σέβας δ' ἀπελάμπετο μορφῆς.
 αὐχένι μὲν κύπτουντι γέρων ἐπεσύρετο βότρυς
 χαιτης, εἰσοπίσω πεφορημένος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἀκουὰς
 πλαζόμενος κεχάλαστο· κάτω δ' εὐρύνετο πώγων
 ἀμφιταθείς, μαλακὸς δὲ καὶ εὐτροχος· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἦεν
 ὀξύτενης, ἀλλ' εὐρὺς ἐπέπτατο, κάλλος ὑφαίνων
 στήθεϊ γυμνωθέντι καὶ ἱμερόεντι προσώπῳ.
 γυμνὸν δ' εἶχε μέτωπον, ἐπ' ἀπλοκάμῳ δὲ μετώπῳ
 ἦστο σαοφροσύνη κουροτρόφος· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὀφρῦς
 ἀμφοτέρας προβλήτας εὐσκοπος ἔπλασε τέχνη,
 οὔτι μάτην· φαέων γὰρ ἐρημάδες ἦσαν ὀπωπαί.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἦν ἀλαῶ ἐναλίγκιος ἀνδρὶ νοῆσαι·
 ἔξετο γὰρ κενεοῖς χάρις ὄμμασιν· ὥς δὲ δοκεύω,
 τέχνη τοῦτο τέλεσσειν, ὅπως πάντεσσι φανείη
 φέγγος ὑπὸ κραδίην σοφίης ἄσβεστον αἶρων.
 δοιαὶ μὲν ποτὶ βαιὸν ἐκοιλαίνοντο παρειαί,
 γήραι ῥικνῆεντι κατὰσχετοι· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ κείναις
 αὐτογενής, Χαρίτεσσι συνέστιος, ἵζανεν Αἰδώς·
 Πιερικὴ δὲ μέλισσα περὶ στόμα θεῖον ἀλάτο,
 κηρίον ὠδίνουσα μελισσταγές· ἀμφοτέρας δὲ
 χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀλλήλαισι τιθεὶς ἐπερείδετο ῥάβδῳ,
 οἷά περ ἐν ζωοῖσιν· ἔην δ' ἐκλινεν ἀκουὴν
 δεξιτερὴν, δόκεεν δὲ καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ἀκούειν,
 ἧ καὶ Πιερίδων τινὸς ἐγγύθεν· ἐν δ' ἄρα θυμῷ
 σκεπτομένῳ μὲν εἴκτο, νόος δέ οἱ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 ἐξ ἀδύτων πεφόρητο πολυστρέπτοιο μενοινῆς,
 Πιερικῆς Σειρήνος ἀρήϊον ἔργον ὑφαίνων.

Καὶ Σύριος σελάγιζε σαοφροσύνη Φερεκύδης
 ἱστάμενος· σοφίης δὲ θεουδέα κέντρα νομεύων,
 οὐρανὸν ἐσκοπίαζε, μετάρσιον ὄμμα τιταίνων.

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

He was endued with a reverend and kind bearing, and majesty shone forth from his form. His clustering grey hair, tossed back, trailed over his bent neck, and wandered loose about his ears, and he wore a broad beard, soft and round; for it was not pointed, but hung down in all its breadth, weaving an ornament for his naked bosom and his loveable face. His forehead was bare, and on it sat Temperance, the nurse of Youth. The discerning artist had made his eyebrows prominent, and not without reason, for his eyes were sightless. Yet to look at he was not like a blind man; for grace dwelt in his empty eyes. As I think, the artist made him so, that it might be evident to all that he bore the inextinguishable light of wisdom in his heart. His two cheeks were somewhat fallen in owing to the action of wrinkling eld, but on them sat innate Modesty, the fellow of the Graces, and a Pierian bee wandered round his divine mouth, producing a dripping honey-comb. With both his hands he rested on a staff, even as when alive, and had bent his right ear to listen, it seemed, to Apollo or one of the Muses hard by. He looked like one in thought, his mind carried hither and thither from the sanctuary of contemplation, as he wove some martial lay of the Pierian Siren.

Pherecydes

PHERECYDES of Syra stood there resplendent with holiness. Plying the holy compasses of wisdom, he was gazing at the heavens, his eyes turned upwards.

Καὶ σοφὸς Ἡράκλειτος ἦν, θεοείκελος ἀνὴρ,
 ἔνθεον ἀρχαίης Ἐφέσου κλέος, ὃς ποτε μῦνος
 ἀνδρομέης ἔκλαιεν ἀνάλκιδος ἔργα γενέθλης.

35

Καὶ τύπος ἀβρὸς ἔλαμπεν ἀριστονόοιο Κρατίνου,
 ὃς ποτε δημοβόροισι πολισσούχοισιν Ἰώνων
 θυμοδακεῖς ἐθώωσεν ἀκοντιστήρας ἰάμβους,
 κῶμον ἀεξήσας, φιλοπαίγμονος ἔργον ἀοιδῆς.

36

Εἰστήκει δὲ Μένανδρος, ὃς εὐπύργοισιν Ἀθήναις
 ὀπλοτέρου κώμοιο σελασφόρος ἔπρεπεν ἀστήρ·
 πολλάων γὰρ ἔρωτας ἀνέπλασε παρθενικάων,
 καὶ Χαρίτων θεράποντας ἐγείνατο παῖδας ἰάμβους,
 ἄρπαγας οἰστρήεντας ἀεδνώτοιο κορείης,
 μίξας σεμνὸν ἔρωτι μελίφρονος ἄνθος ἀοιδῆς.

36

Ἀμφιτρύων δ' ἤστραπτεν, ἀπειρογάμφω τρίχα δάφνη
 στεψάμενος· πᾶσιν μὲν εὐσκοπος εἶδετο μάντις·
 ἀλλ' οὐ μάντις ἦν· Ταφίης δ' ἐπὶ σήματι νίκης
 στέμμα πολυστρέπτοις ἐπάρμενον εἶχεν ἐθείραις,
 Ἀλκμήνης μενέχαρμος ἀριστοτόκου παρακοίτης.

37

Θουκυδίδης δ' ἐλέλιξεν ἐὼν νόον· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
 οἷά περ ἱστορίας δημηγόρον ἦθος ὑφαίνων·
 δεξιτερὴν γὰρ ἀνέσχε μετάρσιον, ὥς πρὶν ἀείδων
 Σπάρτης πικρὸν Ἄρηα καὶ αὐτῶν Κεκροπιδάων,
 Ἑλλάδος ἀμητῆρα πολυθρέπτοιο τιθήνης.

37

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Heraclitus

AND Heraclitus the sage was there, a god-like man, the inspired glory of ancient Ephesus, who once alone wept for the works of weak humanity.

Cratinus

AND there shone the delicate form of gifted Cratinus, who once sharpened the biting shafts of his iambs against the Athenian political leaders, devourers of the people. He brought sprightly comedy to greater perfection.

Menander

THERE stood Menander, at fair-towered Athens, the bright star of the later comedy. Many loves of virgins did he invent, and produced iambs which were servants of the Graces, and furious ravishers of unwedded maidenhoods, mixing as he did with love the graver flower of his honeyed song.

Amphitryon

AMPHITRYON glittered there, his hair crowned with virginal laurel. In all he looked like a clear-seeing prophet; yet he was no prophet, but being the martial spouse of Alcmena, mother of a great son, he had set the crown on his pleated tresses to signify his victory over the Taphians.

Thucydides

THUCYDIDES was wielding his intellect, weaving, as it seemed, one of the speeches of his history. His right hand was raised to signify that he once sang the bitter struggle of Sparta and Athens, that cut down so many of the sons of populous Greece.

Οὐδ' Ἀλικαρνησοῦ με παρέδραμε θέσπις ἀηδών,
 Ἡρόδοτος πολυῖδρις, ὃς ὠγυγίων κλέα φωτῶν,
 ὅσσα περ ἠπείρων δυὰς ἤγαγεν, ὅσσα περ αἰὼν
 ἔδρακεν ἐρπύζων, ἐνάταις ἀνεθήκατο Μούσαις,
 μίξας εὐεπίησιν Ἰωνίδος ἄνθεα φωνῆς.

380

Θήβης δ' Ὀγυγίης Ἐλικώνιος ἵστατο κύκνος,
 Πίνδαρος ἱμερόφωνος, ὃν ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
 ἔτρεφε Βοιωτοῖο παρὰ σκοπιῇν Ἐλικῶνος,
 καὶ μέλος ἀρμονίης ἐδιδάξατο· τικτομένου γὰρ
 ἐζόμεναι λιγυροῖσιν ἐπὶ στομάτεσσι μέλισσαι
 κήρὸν ἀνεπλάσσαντο, σοφῆς ἐπιμάρτυρα μολπῆς.

385

Ξεινοφῶν δ' ἥστραπτε, φεράσπιδος ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης,
 ὃς πρὶν Ἀχαιμενίδαο μένος Κύριοις λιγαίνων,
 εἶπετο φωνήεντι Πλατωνίδος ἠθεῖ Μούσῃς,
 ἱστορίας φιλάεθλον ἀριστῶδινος ὁπώρην
 συγκεράσας ραθάμιγξι φιλαγρύπνοιο μελίσσης.

390

Ἴστατο δ' Ἀλκμάων κεκλημένος οὔνομα μάντις·
 ἀλλ' οὐ μάντις ἦν ὁ βοώμενος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ χαίτης
 δάφνης εἶχε κόρυμβον· ἐγὼ δ' Ἀλκμᾶνα δοκεύω,
 ὃς πρὶν εὐφθόγγοιο λύρης ἠσκήσατο τέχνην,
 Δώριον εὐκελάδοισι μέλος χορδῇσιν ὑφαίνων.

395

Καὶ πρόμος εὐκαμάτων Πομπηΐος Ἀysonιῶν,
 παιδρὸν ἰσαυροφόνων κειμήλιον ἠνορεάων,
 στειβομένας ὑπὸ ποσσὶν Ἰσαυρίδας εἶχε μαχαίρας,

400

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Herodotus

NOR did I fail to notice the divine nightingale of Halicarnassus, learned Herodotus, who dedicated to the nine Muses, intermingling in his eloquence the flowers of Ionic speech, all the exploits of men of old that two continents produced, all that creeping Time witnessed.

Pindar

THERE stood the Heliconian swan of ancient Thebes, sweet-voiced Pindar, whom silver-bowed Apollo nurtured by the peak of Boeotian Helicon, and taught him music; for at his birth bees settled on his melodious mouth, and made a honey-comb testifying to his skill in song.

Xenophon.

XENOPHON stood there shining bright, the citizen of Athena who wields the shield, he who once proclaiming the might of Cyrus the Achaemenid, followed the sonorous genius of Plato's Muse, mixing the fruit rich in exploits of History, mother of noble deeds, with the drops of the industrious bee.

Alcmaeon, or Alcman

THERE stood one named Alcmaeon the prophet; but he was not the famous prophet, nor wore the laurel berries on his hair. I conjecture he was Alcman, who formerly practised the lyric art, weaving a Doric song on his sweet-toned strings.

Pompey

POMPEY, the leader of the successful Romans in their campaign against the Isaurians, was treading under foot the Isaurian swords, signifying that he

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σημαίνων ὅτι δοῦλον ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αὐχένα Ταύρου
 εἴρυσεν, ἀρρήκτῳ πεπεδημένον ἄμματι Νίκης.
 κεῖνος ἀνὴρ, ὃς πᾶσιν ἔην φάος, ὃς βασιλῆος
 ἡγαθέην ἐφύτευσεν Ἀναστασίῳ γενέθλην.
 τοῦτο δὲ πᾶσιν ἔδειξεν ἐμὸς σκηπτούχος ἀμύμων, 405
 δηώσας σακέεσσιν Ἰσαυρίδος ἔθνεα γαίης.

"Ἰστατο δ' ἄλλος" Ὀμηρος, ὃν οὐ πρόμον εὐεπιάων
 θέσκελον υἷα Μέλητος εὐρρείοντος οἴῳ,
 ἀλλ' ὃν Θρηϊκίῃσι παρ' ἧόσι γείνατο μήτηρ 410
 Μοιρῶ κυδαλίμῃ Βυζαντίας, ἣν ἔτι παιδινὴν
 ἔτρεφον εὐεπίης ἡρωίδος ἰδμονα Μοῦσαι·
 κεῖνος γὰρ τραγικῆς πινυτὴν ἡσκήσατο τέχνην,
 κοσμήσας ἐπέεσσιν ἔην Βυζαντίδα πάτρην.

Καὶ φίλος Ἀysonίοισι λιγύθροος ἔπρεπε κύκνος
 πνεύων εὐεπίης Βεργίλλιος, ὃν ποτε Ῥώμης 415
 Θυμβριάς ἄλλον" Ὀμηρον ἀνέτρεφε πάτριος Ἠχώ.

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

had imposed on the neck of Taurus the yoke of bondage, and bound it with the strong chains of victory. He was the man who was a light to all and the father of the noble race of the Emperor Anastasius. This my excellent Emperor showed to all, himself vanquishing by his arms the inhabitants of Isauria.¹

Homer

A SECOND Homer stood there, not I think the prince of epic song, the divine son of fair-flowing Meles, but one who by the shore of Thrace was the son of the famous Byzantine Moero, her whom the Muses nurtured and made skilful while yet a child in heroic verse. He himself practised the tragic art, adorning by his verses his city Byzantium.

Virgil

AND he stood forth—the clear-voiced swan dear to the Italians, Virgil breathing eloquence, whom his native Echo of Tiber nourished to be another Homer.

¹ Who had been formerly overcome by Pompey.

BOOK III

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

HERE we have the contemporary inscribed verses on a monument at Cyzicus erected by the brothers Attalus and Eumenes to the memory of their mother Apollonis, to whom they are known to have been deeply devoted. The reliefs represented examples of filial devotion in mythical history.

Γ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΕΝ ΚΤΖΙΚΩ

Ἐν τῷ Κυζίκῳ εἰς τὸν ναὸν Ἀπολλωνίδος, τῆς μητρὸς Ἀττάλου καὶ Εὐμένους, Ἐπιγράμματα, ἃ εἰς τὰ στυλοπινάκια ἐγέγραπτο, περιέχοντα ἀναγλύφους ἱστορίας, ὡς ὑποτέτακται.

1.—Εἰς Διόνυσον, Σεμέλην τὴν μητέρα εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀνάγοντα, προηγουμένου Ἑρμοῦ, Σατύρων δὲ καὶ Σιληνῶν μετὰ λαμπάδων προπεμπόντων αὐτούς.

Τάνδε Διὸς δμαθεῖσαν ἐν ὠδίνεσσι κεραυνῷ,
καλλίκομον Κάδμου παῖδα καὶ Ἀρμονίης,
ματέρα θυρσοχαρῆς ἀνάγει γόνος ἕξ Ἀχέροντος,
τὰν ἄθεον Πενθέως ὕβριν ἀμειβόμενος.

2.—Ὁ Β κίων ἔχει Τήλεφον ἀνεγνωρισμένον τῇ ἑαυτοῦ μητρί.
Τὸν βαθὺν Ἀρκαδίης προλιπὼν πάτον εἵνεκα ματρὸς
Αὔγης, τᾶσδ' ἐπέβην γᾶς Τεϋθραντιίδος,
Τήλεφος, Ἡρακλέους φίλος γόνος αὐτὸς ὑπάρχων,
ὄφρα μιν ἄψ ἀγάγω ἐς πέδον Ἀρκαδίης.

3.—Ὁ Γ ἔχει τυφλούμενον Φοῖνικα ὑπὸ πατρὸς Ἀμύντορος, καὶ κωλύουσιν Ἀλκιμέδην τὸν οἰκεῖον ἄνδρα.
Ἀλκιμέδη ξύνευνον Ἀμύντορα παιδὸς ἐρύκει,
Φοῖνικος δ' ἐθέλει παῦσαι χόλον γενέτου,

BOOK III

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

In the temple at Cyzicus of Apollonis, the mother of Attalus and Eumenes, inscribed on the tablets of the columns, which contained scenes in relief, as follows :—

- 1.—*On Dionysus conducting his mother Semele to Heaven, preceded by Hermes, Satyrs, and Sileni escorting them with Torches.*

THE fair-haired daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, slain in childbirth by the bolt of Zeus, is being led up from Acheron by her son Dionysus, the thyrsus-lover, who avengeth the godless insolence of Pentheus.

- 2.—*Telephus recognised by his Mother.*

LEAVING the valleys of Arcadia because of my mother Auge, I Telephus, myself the dear son of Heracles, set foot on this Teuthranian land, that I might bring her back to Arcadia.

- 3.—*Phoenix blinded by his father Amyntor, whom his own wife Alcimede attempts to restrain.*

ALCIMEDE is holding back her husband Amyntor from their son Phoenix, wishing to appease his

ὅττι περ ἤχθετο πατρὶ σαόφρονος εἵνεκα μητρός,
 παλλακίδος δούλης λέκτρα προσιεμένω·
 κεῖνος δ' αὖ δολίοις ψιθυρίσμασιν ἤχθετο κούρῳ,
 ἦγε δ' ἐς ὀφθαλμούς λαμπάδα παιδολέτιν. 5

4.—Ὁ Δ ἔχει Πολυμήδην καὶ Κλυτίον τοὺς υἱοὺς Φινέως
 τοῦ Θρακός, οὔτινες τὴν Φρυγίαν γυναῖκα τοῦ πατρὸς
 ἐφόνευσαν, ὅτι τῇ μητρὶ αὐτῶν Κλειοπάτρᾳ αὐτὴν
 ἐπεισήγεν.

Μητρυιὰν Κλυτίος καὶ κλυτόνοος Πολυμήδης
 κτείνουσι Φρυγίην, ματρός ὑπὲρ σφετέρας.
 Κλειοπάτρῃ δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσιν ἀγάλλεται, ἥ πρὶν ἐπεῖδεν
 τὰν Φινέως γαμετὰν δαμναμένην ὀσίως.

5.—Ὁ Ε ἔχει Κρεσφόντην ἀναιροῦντα Πολυφόντην τοῦ
 πατρὸς τὸν φονέα· ἔστι δὲ καὶ Μερόπη βάκτρον κατ-
 έχουσα καὶ συνεργοῦσα τῷ νύμφῃ πρὸς τὴν τοῦ ἀνδρὸς
 ἐκδημίαν.

Κρεσφόντου γενέτην πέφνες τὸ πάρος, Πολυφόντα,
 κουριδίης ἀλόχου λέκτρα θέλων μιάναι·
 ὁψὲ δέ σοι πάϊς ἦκε φόνω γενέτῃ προσαμύνων,
 καὶ σε κατακτείνει ματρός ὑπὲρ Μερόπας.
 τοῦνεκα καὶ δόρυ πῆξε μεταφρένω, ἃ δ' ἐπαρήγει, 5
 βριθὺ κατὰ κροτάφων βάκτρον ἐρειδομένα.

6.—Ὁ Σ ἔχει Πυθῶνα ὑπὸ Ἀπόλλωνος καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος
 ἀναιρούμενον, καθότι τὴν Λητὴν πορευομένην εἰς Δελφοὺς
 ἐπὶ τὸ κατασχεῖν [τὸ] μαντεῖον ἐπιφανεῖς διεκώλυσεν.

Γηγενέα Πυθῶνα, μεμιγμένον ἔρπετον ὄλκοις,
 ἐκνεύει Λατῶ, πάγχυ μυσαττομένη·

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

father's wrath. He quarrelled with his father for his virtuous mother's sake, because he desired to lie with a slave concubine. His father, listening to crafty whispered slander, was wrath with the young man, and approached him with a torch to burn out his eyes.

- 4.—*Polymedes and Clytius, the sons of Phineus the Thracian, who slew their father's Phrygian wife, because he took her to wife while still married to their mother Cleopatra.*

CLYTIVS and Polymedes, renowned for wisdom, are slaying their Phrygian stepmother for their own mother's sake. Cleopatra therefore is glad of heart, having seen the wife of Phineus justly slain.

- 5.—*Cresphontes is killing Polyphontes, the slayer of his father; Merope is there holding a staff and helping her son to slay him.*

THOU didst formerly slay, O Polyphontes, the father of Cresphontes, desiring to defile the bed of his wedded wife. And long after came his son to avenge his father's murder, and slew thee for the sake of his mother Merope. Therefore hath he planted his spear in thy back, and she is helping, striking thee on the forehead with a heavy staff.

- 6.—*The Pytho slain by Apollo and Artemis, because it appeared and prevented Leto from approaching the oracle at Delphi which she went to occupy.*

LETO in utter loathing is turning away from the earthborn Pytho, a creeping thing, all confusedly

σκυλᾶν γὰρ ἐθέλει πιυντὰν θεόν· ἀλλὰ γε τόξω
θῆρα καθαιμάσσει Φοῖβος ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς·
Δελφὸν δ' αὖ θήσει τρίπον ἔνθεον· ἐκ δ' ὄδ' ὀδόντων 5
πικρὸν ἀποπνεύσει ροῖζον ὀδυρόμενος.

7.—Ὁ Ζ ἔχει, περὶ τὰ ἀρκτῶα μέρη, Ἀμφίονος καὶ Ζήθου
ἱστορίαν· προσάπτοντες ταύρῳ τὴν Δίρκην, ὅτι τὴν
μητέρα αὐτῶν Ἀντιόπην, διὰ τὴν φθορὰν Λύκῳ ἀνδρὶ
αὐτῆς ὑπὸ Νυκτέως τοῦ πατρὸς αὐτῆς <παραδοθείσαν>,
ὀργῇ ζηλοτύπῳ ἐνσχεθεῖσα, ἀμέτρως ἐτιμωρήσατο.

Ἀμφίων καὶ Ζήθε, Διὸς σκυλακεύματα, Δίρκην
κτείνετε τάνδ' ὀλέτιν ματέρος Ἀντιόπας,
δέσμιοι ἦν πάρος εἶχε διὰ ζηλήμονα μῆνιν·
νῦν δ' ἰκέτις αὐτῇ λίσσεται ὀδυρομένη.
ᾧ γε καὶ ἐκ ταύροιο καθάπτετε δίπλακα σειρήν, 5
ὄφρα δέμας σύρη τῆσδε κατὰ ξυλόχου.

8.—Ἐν τῷ Η ἡ τοῦ Ὀδυσσέως νεκυομαντεία· καθέστηκε
τὴν ἰδίαν μητέρα Ἀντίκλειαν περὶ τῶν κατὰ τὸν οἶκον
ἀνακρίνων.

Μᾶτερ Ὀδυσσῆος πιυντόφρονος Ἀντίκλεια,
ζῶσα μὲν εἰς Ἰθάκην οὐχ ὑπέδεξο πάϊν·
ἀλλὰ σε νῦν Ἀχέροντος ἐπὶ ῥήγμῃσι γεγῶσαν
θαμβεῖ, ἀνὰ γλυκερὰν ματέρα δερκόμενος.

9.—Ἐν τῷ Θ Πελίας καὶ Νηλεὺς ἐνλελάξενται, οἱ Ποσει-
δῶνος παῖδες, ἐκ δεσμῶν τὴν ἑαυτῶν μητέρα ῥυόμενοι, ἦν
πρώην ὁ πατὴρ μὲν Σαλμωνεὺς διὰ τὴν φθορὰν ἔδησεν·
ἡ δὲ μητρὺ αὐτῆς Σιδηρῶ τὰς βασάνους αὐτῇ ἐπέτεινεν.

Μὴ Τυρῶ τρύχοι σε περισπείρημα¹ Σιδηροῦς
Σαλμωνεὶ γενέτα τῷδ' ὑποπτησομένην·

¹ To make a verse, I wrote περισπείρημα for ἔτι σπ.

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

coiled ; for it wishes to annoy the wise goddess : but Phoebus, shooting from the height, lays it low in its blood. He shall make the Delphian tripod inspired, but the Pytho shall yield up its life with groans and bitter hisses.

7.—ON THE NORTH SIDE

The story of Zethus and Amphion. They are tying Dirce to the bull, because instigated by jealousy she treated with excessive harshness their mother Antiope, whom her father, Nycteus, owing to her seduction, abandoned to Lycus, Dirce's husband.

AMPHION and Zethus, scions of Zeus, slay this woman Dirce, the injurer of your mother Antiope, whom formerly she kept in prison owing to her jealous spite, but whom she now beseeches with tears. Attach her to the bull with a double rope, that it may drag her body through this thicket.

8.—*Ulysses in Hades questioning his mother Anticlea concerning affairs at home.*

ANTICLEA, mother of wise Ulysses, thou didst not live to receive thy son in Ithaca ; but now he marvelleth, seeing thee, his sweet mother, on the shore of Acheron.

9.—*Pelias and Neleus, the sons of Poseidon, delivering from bonds their mother Tyro, whom her father Salmoneus imprisoned owing to her seduction, and whom her step-mother Sidero tortured.*

LET not the bonds of Sidero torment thee any longer, Tyro, crouching before this thy father,

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐκέτι γὰρ δουλώσει ἐν ἔρκεσιν, ἐγγύθι λεύσσω
 Νηλέα καὶ Πελῖαν τοὺςδε καθεξομένους.

10.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ κατὰ δύσιν πλευρῷ ἐστὶν ἐν ἀρχῇ τοῦ
 Ι πίνακος Εὐνοος γεγλυμμένος καὶ Θόας, οὓς ἐγέννησεν
 Ὑψιπύλη, ἀναγνωριζόμενοι τῇ μητρί, καὶ τὴν χρυσὴν
 δεικνύντες ἄμπελον, ὅπερ ἦν αὐτοῖς τοῦ γένους σύμ-
 βολον, καὶ ῥυόμενοι αὐτὴν τῆς διὰ τὸν Ἀρχεμόρου
 θάνατον παρ' Εὐρυδίκη τιμωρίας.

Φαῖνε, Θόαν, Βάκχοιο φυτὸν τόδε· ματέρα γάρ σου
 ῥύση τοῦ θανάτου, οἰκέτιν Ὑψιπύλαν·

ἂ τὸν ἀπ' Εὐρυδίκας ἔτλη χόλον, ἦμος †ἀφούθαρ
 ὕδρος ὁ γαγενέτας ὤλεσεν Ἀρχέμορον.

στείχε δὲ καὶ σὺ λιπὼν Ἀσωπίδος Εὐνοε †κούραν, 5
 γειναμένην ἄξων Λῆμνον ἐς ἡγαθήην.

11.—Ἐν τῷ ΙΑ Πολυδέκτης ὁ Σερίφων βασιλεὺς ἀπολι-
 θούμενος ὑπὸ Περσέως τῇ τῆς Γοργόνης κεφαλῇ, διὰ
 τὸν τῆς μητρὸς αὐτοῦ γάμον ἐκπέμψας τοῦτον ἐπὶ τὴν
 τῆς Γοργόνης κεφαλὴν, καὶ ὃν καθ' ἑτέρου θάνατον
 ἐπενόει γενέσθαι, τοῦτον αὐτὸς κατὰ τὴν πρόνοιαν τῆς
 Δίκης ἐδέξατο.

Ἐτλης καὶ σὺ λέχη Δανάης, Πολύδεκτα, μιάινειν,
 δυσφήμοις εὐναῖς τὸν Δί' ἀμειψάμενος·

ἀνθ' ὧν ὄμματ' ἔλυσε τὰ Γοργόνης ἐνθάδε Περσεύς,
 γυῖα λιθουργήσας, ματρὶ χαριζόμενος.

12.—Ἐν τῷ ΙΒ Ἰξίων Φόρβαντα καὶ Πολύμηλον
 ἀναιρῶν διὰ τὸν εἰς τὴν μητέρα τὴν ἰδίαν Μέγαραν
 γεγεννημένον φόνον· μηδοπότερον γὰρ αὐτῶν προελο-
 μένη γῆμαι, ἀγανακτήσαντες ἐπὶ τούτῳ ἐφόνευσαν.

Φόρβαν καὶ Πολύμηλον ὅδ' Ἰξίων βάλε γαίῃ,
 ποινὰν τᾶς ἰδίας ματρὸς ἀμυνόμενος.

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

Salmoneus; for he shall not keep thee in bondage longer, now he sees Neleus and Pelias approach to restrain him.

10.—ON THE WEST SIDE

The recognition of Eunous and Thoas, the children of Hypsipyle, by their mother. They are showing her the golden vine, the token of their birth, and saving her from her punishment at the hands of Eurydice for the death of Archemorus.

SHOW, Thoas, this plant of Bacchus, for so shalt thou save from death thy mother, the slave Hypsipyle, who suffered from the wrath of Eurydice, since the earth-born snake slew Archemorus. And go thou too, Eunous, leaving the borders of the Asopian land, to take thy mother to pleasant Lemnos.

11.—*Polydectes the King of Seriphus being turned into stone by Perseus with the Gorgon's head. He had sent Perseus to seek this in order to marry his mother, and the death he had designed for another he suffered himself by the providence of Justice.*

THOU didst dare, Polydectes, to defile the bed of Danae, succeeding Zeus in unholy wedlock. Therefore, Perseus here uncovered the Gorgon's eyes and made thy limbs stone, to do pleasure to his mother.

12.—*Ixion killing Phorbas and Polymelus, for their murder of his mother Megara. They slew her out of anger, because she would not consent to marry either of them.*

IXION, whom you see, laid low Phorbas and Polymelus, taking vengeance on them for their vengeance on his mother.

13.—Ὁ δὲ ΙΓ Ἡρακλέα ἄγοντα τὴν μητέρα αὐτοῦ Ἀλκμήνην εἰς τὸ Ἥλύσιον πεδῖον, συνοικίζοντα αὐτὴν Ῥαδαμάνθυϊ, αὐτὸν δὲ εἰς θεοὺς δῆθεν ἐγκρινόμενον.

Ἀλκίδας ὁ θρασὺς Ῥαδαμάνθυϊ ματέρα τάνδε,
Ἀλκμήναν, ὅσιον πρὸς λέχος ἐξέδοτο.

14.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ ΙΔ Τιτυὸς ὑπὸ Ἀπόλλωνος καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος τοξεύμενος, ἐπειδὴ τὴν μητέρα αὐτῶν Λητῶ ἐτόλμησεν ὑβρίσαι.

Μάργε καὶ ἀφροσύνη μεμεθυσμένε, τίπτε βιαίως
εἰς εὐνὰς ἐτράπης τᾶς Διὸς εὐνέτιδος;
ὅς σε δὴ αἵματι φύρσε κατάξια, θηρσί δὲ βορρὰν
καὶ πτανοῖς ἐπὶ γᾶ εἶασε νῦν ὀσίως.

15.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ ΙΕ Βελλεροφόντης ὑπὸ τοῦ παιδὸς Γλαύκου σωζόμενος, ἥνικα κατενεχθεὶς ἀπὸ τοῦ Πηγάσου εἰς τὸ Ἀλγῖον πεδῖον, ἔμελλεν ὑπὸ Μεγαπένθους τοῦ Προΐτου φονεύεσθαι.

Οὐκέτι Προϊτιάδου φόνον ἔσχεθε Βελλεροφόντης,
οὐδ' ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς¹ †τειρομένου θάνατον.
Γλαῦκ' ἄκραντα †γένους¹ <δόλον> Ἰοβάτου δ'
ὑπαλύξει,
οὕτως γὰρ Μοιρῶν . . ἐπέκλωσε λῖνα.
καὶ σὺ πατρὸς φόνον αὐτὸς ἀπήλασας ἐγγύθεν
ἐλθών,
καὶ μύθων ἐσθλῶν μάρτυς ἐπεφράσας.

¹ I write οὐδ' ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς for τοῦδ' ἐκ τοῦ παιδὸς, and Γλαῦκ' ἄκραντα †γένους for Γλαύκου κρανταγένους. The epigram however remains very corrupt and obscure.

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

- 13.—*Heracles leading his mother Alcmene to the Elysian Plains to wed her to Rhadamanthys, and his own reception into the number of the gods.*

BOLD Heracles gave this his mother Alcmene in holy wedlock to Rhadamanthys.

- 14.—*Tityus shot down by Apollo and Artemis for daring to assault their mother Leto.*

LUSTFUL and drunk with folly, why didst thou try to force the bride of Zeus, who now, as thou deservedst, bathed thee in blood and left thee righteously on the ground, food for beasts and birds.

- 15.—*Bellerophon saved by his son Glaucus, when having fallen from the back of Pegasus into the Aleian plain he was about to be killed by Megapenthes, the son of Proetus.*

No longer could Bellerophon stay the murderous hand of this son of Proetus, nor the death designed for him by his father. Glaucus, in vain thou fearest for him (?); he shall escape the plot of Iobates, for thus the Destinies decreed. Thyself, too, then didst shield thy father from death, standing near him, and wast an observant witness to the truth of the glorious story.

16.—Κατὰ δὲ τὰς θύρας τοῦ ναοῦ προσιόντων ἐστὶν Αἴολος καὶ Βοιωτός, Ποσειδῶνος παῖδες, ῥύομενοι ἐκ δεσμῶν τὴν μητέρα Μελανίππην τῶν περιτεθέντων αὐτῇ διὰ τὴν φθορὰν ὑπὸ τοῦ πατρὸς αὐτῆς.

Αἴολε καὶ Βοιωτέ, σοφὸν φιλομήτορα μόχθον
πρήξατε, μητέρ' ἔην ῥύομενοι θανάτου·
τοῦνεκα γὰρ καὶ <κάρτα> πεφήνατε ἄλκιμοι ἄνδρες,
ὃς μὲν ἀπ' Αἰολίης, ὃς δ' ἀπὸ Βοιωτίης.

17.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ ΙΖ Ἀναπὶς καὶ Ἀμφίνομος, οἱ ἐκραγόντων τῶν κατὰ Σικελίαν κρατήρων διὰ τοῦ πυρὸς οὐδὲν ἕτερον ἢ τοὺς ἑαυτῶν γονεῖς βαστάσαντες ἔσωσαν.

Πυρὸς καὶ γαίης * * *

18.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ ΙΗ Κλέοβις ἐστὶ καὶ Βίτων, οἱ τὴν ἑαυτῶν μητέρα Κυδίππην ἱερωμένην ἐν Ἀργεὶ Ἦρας, αὐτοὶ ὑποσχόντες τοὺς αὐχένας τῷ ζυγῷ διὰ τὸ βραδύναι τὸ σκεῦος τῶν βοῶν, ἱερουργῆσαι ἐποίησαν, καὶ ἡσθέισα, φασίν, ἐπὶ τούτῳ ἐκείνη ἠῤῥατο τῇ θεῷ εἴ τι ἐστὶ κάλλιστον ἐν ἀνθρώποις, τοῦτο τοῖς παισὶν αὐτῆς ὑπαντῆσαι· καὶ τοῦτο αὐτῆς εὐξαμένης ἐκείνοι αὐτονηκτὶ θνήσκουσιν.

Οὐ ψευδὴς ὁδε μῦθος, ἀληθεῖη δὲ κέκασται,
Κυδίππης παίδων εὐσεβίης θ' ὀσίης.

ἡδυχαρὴς γὰρ ἔην κόπος ἀνδράσι χ' ὥριος οὗτος,
μητρὸς ἐπ' εὐσεβίῃ κλεινὸν ἔθεντο πόνον.
χαίροιτ' εἰν ἐνέροισιν ἐπ' εὐσεβίῃ κλυτοὶ ἄνδρες,
καὶ τὸν ἀπ' αἰώνων μῦθον ἔχοιτε μόνοι.

5

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

- 16.—*At the door of the temple as we approach it are Aeolus and Boeotus, the sons of Poseidon, delivering their mother Melanippe from the fetters in which she was placed by her father owing to her seduction.*

AEOLUS and Boeotus, a clever and pious task ye performed in saving your mother from death. Therefore ye were proved to be brave men, one of you from Aeolis, the other from Boeotia.

- 17.—*Anapis and Amphinomus, who on the occasion of the eruption in Sicily carried through the flames to safety their parents and nought else.*

The epigram has perished.

- 18.—*Cleobis and Biton, who enabled their mother Cydippe, the priestess of Hera at Argos, to sacrifice, by putting their own necks under the yoke, when the oxen delayed. They say she was so pleased that she prayed to Hera that the highest human happiness possible for man should befall her sons; thus she prayed, and that night they died.*

THIS story of Cydippe and her sons' piety is not false, but has the beauty of truth. A delightful labour and a seasonable for men was theirs; they undertook a glorious task out of piety to their mother. Rejoice even among the dead ye men famous for your piety and may you alone have age-long story.

19.—'Εν δὲ τῷ ΙΘ 'Ρῆμος καὶ 'Ρωμύλος ἐκ τῆς 'Αμολίου
 κολάσεως ῥυόμενοι τὴν μητέρα Σερβιλίαν ὀνόματι
 ταύτην γὰρ ὁ "Αρης φθείρας ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐγέννησεν, καὶ
 ἐκτεθέντας αὐτοὺς λύκαινα ἔθρεψεν. Ἀνδρωθέντες οὖν
 τὴν μητέρα τῶν δεσμῶν ἔλυσαν, 'Ρώμην δὲ κτίσαντες
 Νομήτορι τὴν βασιλείαν ἀπεκατέστησαν.

Τόνδε σὺ μὲν παίδων κρύφιον γόνον "Αρεϊ τίκεις,
 'Ρῆμόν τε ξυνῶν καὶ 'Ρωμύλον λεχέων,
 θῆρ δὲ λύκαιν' ἄνδρωσεν ὑπὸ σπήλυγγι τιθηνός,
 οἷ σε δυσηκέστων ἤρπασαν ἐκ καμάτων.

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

- 19.—*Romulus and Remus deliver their mother Servilia from the cruelty of Amulius. Mars had seduced her, and they were his children. They were exposed, and suckled by a wolf. When they came to man's estate, they delivered their mother from bondage. After founding Rome they re-established Numitor in the kingdom.*

THOU didst bear secretly this offspring to Ares,
Romulus and Remus, at one birth. A she-wolf
brought them up in a cave, and they delivered thee
by force from woe ill to cure.

THE CYPRUS ALLEGORY

The Cyprus allegory is a very old one, and has been used by many writers. It is a story of a king who was so fond of his country that he would do anything for it. One day he was told that his country was in danger, and he at once set out to fight for it. He fought bravely, and at last he won. He then returned home, and he was so happy that he gave his country a new name. He called it Cyprus, and from that day to this it has been known by that name.

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BOOK IV

THE PROEMS OF THE DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES

Δ

ΤΑ ΠΡΟΟΙΜΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΔΙΑΦΟΡΩΝ
ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΩΝ

1.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ

Μοῦσα φίλα, τίνι τάνδε φέρεις πάγκαρπον ἀοιδάν;
 ἢ τίς ὁ καὶ τεύξας ὑμνοθετᾶν στέφανον;
 ἄνυσε μὲν Μελέαγρος, ἀριζάλῳ δὲ Διοκλεῖ
 μναμόσυνον ταύταν ἐξεπόνησε χάριν,
 πολλὰ μὲν ἐμπλέξας Ἀνύτης κρίνα, πολλὰ δὲ
 Μοιροῦς

5

λείρια, καὶ Σαπφοῦς βαιὰ μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα·
 νάρκισσόν τε τορῶν Μελανιππίδου ἔγκυν ὕμνων,
 καὶ νέον οἰνάνθης κλῆμα Σιμωνίδεω·

σὺν δ' ἀναμιξ πλέξας μυρόπνουν εὐάνθεμον ἱριν

Νοσσίδος, ἧς δέλτοις κηρὸν ἔτηξεν Ἑρως·

10

τῇ δ' ἄμα καὶ σάμψυχον ἀφ' ἡδυπνόοιο Ῥιανοῦ,

καὶ γλυκὺν Ἑρίνης παρθενόχρωτα κρόκον,

Ἀλκαίου τε λάληθρον ἐν ὑμνοπόλοις ὑάκινθον,

καὶ Σαμίου δάφνης κλῶνα μελαμπέταλον·

ἐν δὲ Λεωνίδεω θαλεροὺς κισσοῖο κορύμβους,

15

Μνασάλκου τε κόμας ὀξυτόρου πίτυος·

βλαιοσὴν τε πλατάνιστον ἀπέθρισε Παμφίλου
 οἴμης,

σύμπλεκτον καρύης ἔρνεσι Παγκράτεος,

BOOK IV

THE PROEMS OF THE DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES

1.—THE STEPHANUS OF MELEAGER¹

To whom, dear Muse, dost thou bring these varied fruits of song, or who was it who wrought this garland of poets? The work was Meleager's, and he laboured thereat to give it as a keepsake to glorious Diocles. Many lilies of Anyte he inwove, and many of Moero, of Sappho few flowers, but they are roses; narcissus, too, heavy with the clear song of *Melanippides* and a young branch of the vine of Simonides; and therewith he wove in the sweet-scented lovely iris of Nossis, the wax for whose writing-tablets Love himself melted; and with it marjoram from fragrant Rhianus, and Erinna's sweet crocus, maiden-hued, the hyacinth of Alcaeus, the vocal poets' flower, and a dark-leaved branch of Samius' laurel.

¹⁵ He wove in too the luxuriant ivy-clusters of Leonidas and the sharp needles of Mnasalcas' pine; the deltoid ² plane-leaves of the song of Pamphilus he plucked intangled with Pancrates' walnut branches;

¹ I print in italics the names of the poets, none of whose epigrams are preserved in the Anthology.

² The word means bandy-legged, and I think refers to the shape of the leaves.

- Τύμνεώ τ' εὐπέταλον λεύκην, χλοερόν τε σίσυμβρον
 Νικίου, Εὐφήμου τ' ἀμμότροφον πάραλον 20
 ἐν δ' ἄρα Δαμάγητον, Ἴον μέλαν, ἥδ' ὃν τε μύρτον
 Καλλιμάχου, στυφέλου μεστόν ἀεὶ μέλιτος,
 λυχνίδα τ' Εὐφορίωνος, ἰδ' ἐν Μούσαις κυκλάμινον,
 ὃς Διὸς ἐκ κούρων ἔσχευεν ἐπωνυμίην.
 τῇσι δ' ἅμ' Ἠγήσιππον ἐνέπλεκε, μαινάδα βότρυν, 25
 Πέρσου τ' εὐώδη σχοῖνον ἀμησάμενος,
 σὺν δ' ἅμα καὶ γλυκὺ μῆλον ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων
 Διοτίμου,
 καὶ ῥοιῆς ἄνθη πρῶτα Μενεκράτεος,
 σμυρναίους τε κλάδους Νικαινέτου, ἥδ' ὃν Φαέννου
 τέρμινθον, βλωθρήν τ' ἀχράδα Σιμμίεω· 30
 ἐν δὲ καὶ ἐκ λειμώνος ἀμωμήτοιο σελίνου
 βαιὰ διακνίζων ἄνθεα Παρθενίδος,
 λείψανά τ' εὐκαρπεῦντα μελιστάκτων ἀπὸ Μου-
 σέων,
 ξανθοὺς ἐκ καλάμης Βακχυλίδεω στάχνας·
 ἐν δ' ἄρ' Ἀνακρεῖοντα, τὸ μὲν γλυκὺ κεῖνο μέλισμα, 35
 νέκταρος, εἰς δ' ἐλέγους ἄσπορον ἀνθέμιον
 ἐν δὲ καὶ ἐκ φορβῆς σκολιότριχος ἄνθος ἀκάνθης
 Ἀρχιλόχου, μικρὰς στράγγας ἀπ' ὠκεανοῦ·
 τοῖς δ' ἅμ' Ἀλεξάνδροιο νέους ὄρπηκας ἐλαίης,
 ἥδ' ὃν Πολυκλείτου πορφυρέην κύανον. 40
 ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἀμάρακον ἦκε, Πολύστρατον, ἄνθος
 αἰοιδῶν,
 φοίνισσάν τε νέην κύπρον ἀπ' Ἀντιπάτρου·
 καὶ μὴν καὶ Συρίαν σταχυότριχα θήκατο νάρδον,
 ὕμνοθέταν, Ἑρμοῦ δῶρον αἰειδόμενον·
 ἐν δὲ Ποσειδίππὸν τε καὶ Ἠδύλον, ἄγρι' ἀρούρης, 45
 Σικελίδεώ τ' ἀνέμοις ἄνθεα φύόμενα.

PROEMS OF DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES

and the graceful poplar leaves of Tymnes, the green serpolet of Nicias and the spurge of *Euphemus* that grows on the sands; Damagetus, the dark violet, too, and the sweet myrtle of Callimachus, ever full of harsh honey: and Euphorion's lychnis and the Muses' cyclamen which takes its name from the twin sons of Zeus.¹

²⁵ And with these he inwove Hegesippus' maenad clusters and Perseus' aromatic rush, the sweet apple also from the boughs of Diotimus and the first flowers of Menecrates' pomegranate, branches of Nicaenetus' myrrh, and Phaennus' terebinth, and the tapering wild pear of Simmias; and from the meadow where grows her perfect celery he plucked but a few blooms of *Parthenis* to inweave with the yellow-eared corn gleaned from Bacchylides, fair fruit on which the honey of the Muses drops.

³⁵ He plaited in too Anacreon's sweet lyric song, and a bloom that may not be sown in verse²; and the flower of Archilochus' crisp-haired cardoon—a few drops from the ocean; and therewith young shoots of Alexander's olive and the blue corn-flower of *Polyclitus*; the amaracus of Polystratus, too, he inwove, the poet's flower, and a fresh scarlet gopher from Antipater, and the Syrian spikenard of Hermodorus; he added the wild field-flowers of Posidippus and Hedylus, and the anemones of Sicelides³; yea,

¹ *i.e.* Dioscorides.

² The name would not go into elegiac metre. We are left to guess what it was.

³ A nickname given by Theocritus to Asclepiades.

ναὶ μὴν καὶ χρύσειον αἰεὶ θείοιο Πλάτωνος
 κλῶνα, τὸν ἐξ ἀρετῆς πάντοθι λαμπόμενον·
 ἄστρον τ' ἴδριν Ἄρατον ὁμοῦ βάλεν, οὐρανομάκεως
 φοῖνικος κείρας πρωτογόνους ἔλικας, 50
 λωτόν τ' εὐχαίτην Χαιρήμονος, ἐν φλογὶ μίξας
 Φαίδιμον, Ἀνταγόρου τ' εὐστροφον ὄμμα βοός,
 τάν τε φιλάκρητον Θεοδωρίδew νεοθαλῇ
 ἔρπυλλον, κυάμων τ' ἄνθεα Φανίew,
 ἄλλον τ' ἔρνεα πολλὰ νεόγραφα· τοῖς δ' ἅμα
 Μούσης 55
 καὶ σφετέρης ἔτι που πρώϊμα λευκοῖα.
 ἀλλὰ φίλοις μὲν ἐμοῖσι φέρω χάριν· ἔστι δὲ μύσταις
 κοινὸς ὁ τῶν Μουσέων ἡδυεπὴς στέφανος.

2.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ

Ἄνθεά σοι δρέψας Ἑλικώνια, καὶ κλυτοδένδρου
 Πιερίης κείρας πρωτοφύτους κάλυκας,
 καὶ σελίδος νεαρῆς θερίσας στάχυν, ἀντανέπλεξα
 τοῖς Μελεαγρείοις ὥς ἵκελον στεφάνοις.
 ἀλλὰ παλαιότερων εἰδὼς κλέος, ἐσθλὲ Κάμιλλε, 5
 γνῶθι καὶ ὀπλοτέρων τὴν ὀλιγοστιχίην.
 Ἀντίπατρος πρέψει στεφάνῳ στάχυν· ὥς δὲ
 κόρυμβος
 Κριναγόρας· λάμψει δ' ὥς βότρυν Ἀντίφιλος,
 Τύλλιος ὥς μελίλωτον, ἀμάρακον ὥς Φιλόδημος·
 μύρτα δ' ὁ Παρμενίων· ὥς ῥόδον Ἀντιφάνης· 10
 κισσὸς δ' Αὐτομέδων· Ζωνᾶς κρίνα· δρυὶς δὲ
 Βιάνωρ·
 Ἀντίγονος δ' ἐλάη, καὶ Διόδωρος Ἴον·
 Εὐήνον δάφνη, συνεπιπλεκτοὺς δὲ περισσοὺς
 εἵκασον οἷς ἐθέλεις ἄνθεσιν ἀρτιφύτοις.

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verily, and the golden bough of Plato, ever divine, all asheen with virtue; and Aratus therewith did he set on, wise in starlore, cutting the first-born branches from a heaven-seeking palm; and the fair-tressed lotus of Chaeremon mingled with Phaedimus' phlox,¹ and Antagoras' sweetly-turning oxeye, and *Theodoridas'* newly flowered thyme that loveth wine, and the blossom of Phantias' bean and the newly written buds of many others, and with all these the still early white violets of his own Muse.

⁵⁷ To my friends I make the gift, but this sweet-voiced garland of the Muses is common to all the initiated.

2.—THE STEPHANUS OF PHILIPPUS

PLUCKING for thee flowers of Helicon and the first-born blooms of the famous Pierian forests, reaping the ears of a newer page, I have in my turn plaited a garland to be like that of Meleager. Thou knowest, excellent Camillus, the famous writers of old; learn to know the less abundant verses of our younger ones. Antipater will beautify the garland like an ear of corn, Crinagoras like a cluster of ivy-berries; Antiphilus shall shine like a bunch of grapes, Tullius like melilot and Philodemus like amaracus, Parmenion like myrtle and Antiphanes like a rose; Automedon is ivy, Zonas a lily, Bianor oak-leaves, Antigonus olive leaves, and Diodorus a violet. You may compare Evenus to a laurel, and many others whom I have inwoven to what freshly flowered blooms you like.

¹ Not the plant now called so; its flower must have been flame-coloured.

3.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΑΣΙΑΝΟΤ
ΜΤΡΙΝΑΙΟΤ

Συλλογὴ νέων ἐπιγραμμάτων ἐκτεθεῖσα ἐν Κωνσταντίνου
πόλει πρὸς Θεόδωρον Δεκουρίωνα τὸν Κοσμᾶ· εἴρηται
δὲ τὰ προοίμια μετὰ τὰς συνεχεῖς ἀκροάσεις τὰς κατ'
ἐκείνο καιροῦ γενομένας.

Οἶμαι μὲν ὑμᾶς, ἄνδρες, ἐμπεπλησμένους
ἐκ τῆς τοσαύτης τῶν λόγων πανδαισίας,
ἔτι πον τὰ σιτία προσκόρως ἐρυγγάνειν
καὶ δὴ κάθησθε τῇ τρυφῇ σεσαγμένοι·
λόγων γὰρ ἡμῖν πολυτελῶν καὶ ποικίλων
πολλοὶ προβέντες παμμυγεῖς εὐωχίας,
περιφρονεῖν πείθουσι τῶν εἰθισμένων.
τί δὲ νῦν ποιήσω; μὴ τὰ προὔξειργασμένα
οὕτως ἐάσω συντετῆχθαι κείμενα;
ἢ καὶ προθῶμαι τῆς ἀγορᾶς ἐν τῷ μέσῳ,
παλιγκαπήλοισι εὐτελῶς ἀπεμπολῶν;
καὶ τίς μετασχεῖν τῶν ἐμῶν ἀνέξεται;
τίς δ' ἂν πρίαιτο τοὺς λόγους τριωβόλου,
εἰ μὴ φέροι πῶς ὧτα μὴ τετρημένα;
ἀλλ' ἐστὶν ἐλπίς εὐμενῶς τῶν δρωμένων
ὑμᾶς μεταλαβεῖν, κοῦ κατεβλακευμένως·
ἔθος γὰρ ὑμῖν τῇ προθυμίᾳ μόνη
τῇ τῶν καλούντων ἐμμετρέειν τὰ σιτία.
καὶ πρὸς γε τούτῳ δεῖπνον ἡρανισμένον
ἤκω προθήσων ἐκ νέων ἡδυσμάτων.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἔνεστιν ἐξ ἐμοῦ μόνου
ὑμᾶς μεταλαβεῖν, ἄνδρες, ἀξίας τροφῆς,
πολλοὺς ἔπεισα συλλαβεῖν μοι τοῦ πόνου,
καὶ συγκαταβαλεῖν καὶ συνεστιᾶν πλέον.

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3.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS OF MYRINA

His collection of new epigrams presented in Constantinople to Theodorus, son of Cosmas, the decurion. The proems were spoken after the frequent recitations given at that time.

I SUPPOSE, Sirs, that you are so glutted with this banquet of various literary dishes that the food you eat continues to rise. Indeed ye sit crammed with dainties, for many have served up to you a mixed feast of precious and varied discourse and persuade you to look with contempt on ordinary fare. What shall I do now? Shall I allow what I had prepared to lie uneaten and spoil, or shall I expose it in the middle of the market for sale to retail dealers at any price it will fetch? Who in that case will want any part of my wares or who would give twopence for my writings, unless his ears were stopped up? But I have a hope that you may partake of my work kindly and not indifferently; for it is a habit with you to estimate the fare of a feast by the host's desire to please alone.

¹⁹ Besides, I am going to serve you a meal to which many new flavourings contribute. For since it is not possible for you to enjoy food worthy of you by my own exertions alone, I have persuaded many to share the trouble and expense and join with me in feasting you more sumptuously. Indeed

- καὶ δὴ παρέσχον ἀφθόνως οἱ πλούσιοι 25
 ἐξ ὧν τρυφῶσι· καὶ παραλαβὼν γνησίως
 ἐν τοῖς ἐκείνων πέμμασι φρνάττομαι.
 τοῦτο δέ τις αὐτῶν προσφόρως, δεικνὺς ἐμέ,
 ἴσως ἐρεῖ πρὸς ἄλλον· “ Ἀρτίως ἐμοῦ 30
 μάζαν μεμαχότος μουσικὴν τε καὶ νέαν,
 οὗτος παρέθηκεν τὴν ὑπ’ ἐμοῦ μεμαγμένην.”
 ταυτὶ μὲν οὖν ἐρεῖ τις, τοῦδὲ τῶν σοφωτάτων,
 τῶν ὀψοποιῶν, ὧν χάριν δοκῶ μόνος
 εἶναι τοσαύτης ἡγεμὼν πανδαισίας.
 θαρρῶν γὰρ αὐτοῖς λιτὸν οἴκοθεν μέρος 35
 καὐτὸς παρέμιξα, τοῦ δοκεῖν μὴ παντελῶς
 ξένος τις εἶναι τῶν ὑπ’ ἐμοῦ συνηγμένων.
 ἄλλ’ ἐξ ἐκάστου σμικρὸν εἰσάγω μέρος,
 ὅσον ἀπογεῦσαι· τῶν δὲ λοιπῶν εἰ θέλοι 40
 τυχεῖν τις ἀπάντων καὶ μετασχεῖν εἰς κόρον,
 ἴστω γε ταῦτα κατ’ ἀγορὰν ζητητέα.
 κόσμον δὲ προσθεὶς τοῖς ἐμοῖς πονήμασι,
 ἐκ τοῦ βασιλέως τοὺς προλόγους ποιήσομαι·
 ἅπαντα γὰρ μοι δεξιῶς προβήσεται.
 καὶ μοι μεγίστων πραγμάτων ὕμνουμένων 45
 εὐρεῖν γένοιτο καὶ λόγους ἐπηρμένους.

Μὴ τις ὑπαυχενίοιο λιπὼν ζωστήρα λεπάδνου
 βάρβαρος ἐς βασιλῆα βιημάχον ὄμμα τανύσση·
 μηδ’ ἔτι Περσὶς ἀναλκὶς ἀναστείλασα καλύπτρην 50
 ὀρθιον ἀθρήσειεν· ἐποκλάζουσα δὲ γαίῃ,
 καὶ λόφον αὐχήμεντα καταγνάμπτουσα τενόντων,
 Αὔσονίοις ἄκλητος ὑποκλίνοιτο ταλάντοις.
 Ἐσπερίῃ θεράπαινα, σὺ δ’ ἐς κρηπίδα Γαδείρων,
 καὶ παρὰ πορθμὸν Ἰβηρα καὶ Ὠκεανίτιδα Θούλην,
 ἥπιον ἀμπνεύσειας, ἀμοιβαίων δὲ τυράννων 55

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the rich gave me abundantly of their affluence, and accepting this I take quite sincere pride in their dainties. And one of them pointing at me may say aptly to another, "I recently kneaded fresh poetical dough, and what he serves is of my kneading." Thus one but not the wisest of those skilled cooks may say, thanks to whom I alone am thought to be the lord of such a rich feast. For I myself have had the courage to make a slender contribution from my own resources so as not to seem an entire stranger to my guests. I introduce a small portion of each poet, just to taste; but if anyone wishes to have all the rest and take his fill of it, he must seek it in the market.

⁴² To add ornament to my work I will begin my preface with the Emperor's praise, for thus all will continue under good auspices. As I sing of very great matters, may it be mine to find words equally exalted.

(In Praise of Justinian)

Let no barbarian, freeing himself from the yoke-strap that passes under his neck, dare to fix his gaze on our King, the mighty warrior; nor let any weak Persian woman raise her veil and look straight at him, but, kneeling on the ground and bending the proud arch of her neck, let her come uncalled and submit to Roman justice. And thou, handmaid of the west, by farthest Cadiz and the Spanish Strait and Ocean Thule,¹ breathe freely, and counting the

¹ Britain.

- κράατα μετρήσασα τεῇ κρυφθέντα κονίη,
 θαρσαλέαις παλάμησι φίλην ἀγκάζεο Ῥώμην·
 Καυκασίῳ δὲ τένοντι καὶ ἐν ῥηγμῖνι Κυταίῃ,
 ὀππόθι ταυρείοιο ποδὸς δουνήτορι χαλκῷ
 σκληρὰ σιδηρείης ἐλακίζετο νῶτα κονίης, 60
 σύννομον Ἀδρυάδεσσιν ἀναπλέξασα χορείην
 Φασιᾶς εἰλίσσοιτο φίλῳ σκιρτήματι νύμφη,
 καὶ καμάτους μέλψειε πολυσκήπτρου βασιλῆος,
 μόχθον ἀπορρίψασα γιγαντείου τοκετοῖο.
 μηδὲ γὰρ αὐχήσειεν Ἴωλκίδος ἔμβολον Ἀργούς, 65
 ὅττι πόνους ἥρωος ἀγασσαμένη Παγασαίου
 οὐκέτι Κολχίς ἄρουρα, γονῇ πλησθεῖσα Γιγάντων,
 εὐπτολέμοις σταχύνεσσι μαχήμονα βῶλον ἀνοίγει.
 κείνα γὰρ ἢ μῦθός τις ἀνέπλασεν, ἢ διὰ τέχνης
 οὐχ ὁσίης τετέλεστο, πόθων ὅτε λύσσαν ἐλοῦσα 70
 παρθενικὴ δολόεσσα μάγον κίνησεν ἀνάγκην·
 ἀλλὰ δόλων ἔκτοσθε καὶ ὀρφναίου κυκεῶνος
 Βάκτριος ἡμετέροισι Γίγας δούπησε βελέμοις.
 οὐκέτι μοι χῶρός τις ἀνέμβατος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
 Ὑρκανίου κόλποιο καὶ ἐς βυθὸν Αἰθιοπῆα 75
 Ἰταλικαῖς νήεσσιν ἐρέσσεται ἡμερον ὕδωρ.
 ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν, ἀφύλακτος ὅλην ἡπειρον ὁδεύων,
 Αὐσόνιε, σκίρτησον, ὁδοιπόρε· Μασσαγέτην δὲ
 ἀμφιθέων ἀγκῶνα καὶ ἄξενά τέμπεα Σούσων,
 Ἰνδῶν ἐπίβηθι κατ' ὀργάδος, ἐν δὲ κελεύθοις 80
 εἵποτε διψήσειας, ἀρύεο δοῦλον Ὑδάσπην·
 ναὶ μὴν καὶ κυανωπὸν ὑπὲρ δύσιν ἄτρομος ἔρπων
 κύρβιας Ἀλκείδαο μετέρχεο· θαρσαλέως δὲ
 ἶχνιον ἀμπαύσειας ἐπὶ ψαμάθοισιν Ἰβήρων,
 ὀππόθι, καλλιρέεθρον ὑπὲρ βαλβίδα θαλάσσης, 85
 δίζυγος ἡπείροιο συναντήσασα κεραΐη
 ἐλπίδας ἀνθρώποισι βατῆς εὐνησε πορείης.

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heads of the successive tyrants that are buried in thy dust, embrace thy beloved Rome with trustful arms. By the ridge of the Caucasus and on the Colchian shore, where once the hard back of the iron soil was broken by the resounding hoofs of the brazen bulls, let the Phasian bride, weaving a measure in company with the Hamadryads, wheel in the dance she loves, and casting away her dread of the race of giants, sing the labours of our many-sceptred prince.

⁶⁵ Let not the prow of Thessalian Argo any longer boast that the Colchian land, in awe of the exploits of the Pagasaean hero,¹ ceased to be fertilized by the seed of giants and bear a harvest of warriors. This is either the invention of fable, or was brought about by unholy art, when the crafty maiden,² maddened by love, set the force of her magic in motion. But without fraud or the dark hell-broth the Bactrian giant fell before our shafts. No land is now inaccessible to me, but in the waters of the Caspian and far as the Persian Gulf the vanquished seas are beaten by Italian oars.

⁷⁷ Go now, thou Roman traveller, unescorted over the whole continent and leap in triumph. Traversing the recesses of Scythia and the inhospitable glen of Susa, descend on the plains of India, and on thy road, if thou art athirst, draw water from enslaved Hydaspes. Yea, and walk fearless too over the dark lands of the west, and seek the pillars of Heracles; rest unalarmed on the sands of Spain where, above the threshold of the lovely sea, the twain horns of the continents meet and silence men's hope of progress by land. Traversing the extremity of

¹ Jason.

² Medea.

ἐσχατιὴν δὲ Λίβυσσαν ἐπιστείβων Νασαμώνων
 ἔρχεο καὶ παρὰ Σύρτιν, ὅπῃ νοτίησι θυέλλαις
 ἐς κλίσιν ἀντίπρῳρον ἀνακλασθείσα Βορῆος, 90
 καὶ ψαφαρὴν ἄμπωτιν ὕπερ, ῥηγμῖνι ἀλίπλῳ
 ἀνδράσι διὰ θάλασσα πόρον χερσαῖον ἀνοίγει.
 οὐδὲ γὰρ ὀθνεῖς σε δεδέξεται ἥθεα γαίης,
 ἀλλὰ σοφοῦ κτεάνοισιν ὁμιλήσεις βασιλῆος, 95
 ἔνθα κεν αἰξείας, ἐπεὶ κυκλώσατο κόσμον
 κοιρανίῃ· Τάναϊς δὲ μάτην ἥπειρον ὀρίζων
 ἐς Σκυθίην πλάζοιτο καὶ ἐς Μαιώτιδα λίμνην.
 τοῦνεκεν, ὅππότε πάντα φίλης πέπληθε γαλήνης,
 ὅππότε καὶ ξείνοιο καὶ ἐνδαπίοιο κυδοιμοῦ 100
 ἐλπίδες ἐθραύσθησαν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῳ βασιλῇ,
 δεῦρο, μάκαρ Θεόδωρε, σοφὸν στήσαντες ἀγῶνα
 παίγνια κινήσωμεν ἀοιδόπολοιο χορείης.
 σοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν ἄεθλον ἐμόχθεον· εἰς σέ δὲ μύθων
 ἐργασίην ἥσκησα, μὴ δ' ὑπὸ σύζυγι βίβλῳ 105
 ἐμπορίην ἥθροισα πολυξείνοιο μελίσσης,
 καὶ τόσον ἐξ ἐλέγοιο πολυσπερὲς ἄνθος ἀγείρας,
 στέμμα σοι εὐμύθοιο καθήρμοσα Καλλιοπείης,
 ὥς φηγὸν Κρονίωνι καὶ ὀλκάδας Ἐννοσιγαίῳ,
 ὥς Ἀρεὶ ζωστῆρα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι φαρέτρην,
 ὥς χέλυν Ἑρμάωνι καὶ ἡμερίδας Διονύσῳ. 110
 οἶδα γὰρ ὥς ἄλληκτον ἐμῆς ἰδρῶτι μερίμνης
 εὐχος ἐπιστάξειεν ἐπωνυμίῃ Θεοδώρου.

Πρῶτα δέ σοι λέξαιμι, παλαιγενέεσσιν ἐρίζων,
 ὅσσα περ ἐγράψαντο νέης γενετῆρες ἀοιδῆς
 ὥς προτέροις μακάρεσσιν ἀνειμένα· καὶ γὰρ ἐφ' ἑκεί 115
 γράμματος ἀρχαίοιο σοφὸν μῖμημα φυλάττει.

Ἀλλὰ πάλιν μετ' ἐκεῖνα †παλαίτερον εὐχος
 ἀγείρει

ὅσσα περ ἡ γραφίδεσσι χαράξαμεν ἢ τινι χώρῳ,

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Libya, the land of the Nasamones, reach also the Syrtis, where the sea, driven back by southerly gales towards the adverse slope of the north, affords passage for men on foot over the soft sands from which it has ebbed, on a beach that ships sail over. The regions of no foreign land shall receive you, but you will be amid the possessions of our wise King, whichever way you progress, since he has encompassed the world in his dominion. In vain now would the Tanais in its course through Scythia to the sea of Azof attempt to limit the continents of Europe and Asia.

⁹⁸ So now that the whole earth is full of beloved peace, now that the hopes of disturbers at home and abroad have been shattered by our Emperor, come, blest Theodorus, and let us institute a contest of poetic skill and start the music of the singer's dance. I performed this task for you; for you I prepared this work, collecting in one volume the sweet merchandise of the bee that visits many blossoms; gathering such a bunch of varied flowers from the elegy, I planted a wreath of poetic eloquence to offer you, as one offering beech-leaves to Jove or ships to the Earth-shaker, or a breast-plate to Ares or a quiver to Apollo, or a lyre to Hermes or grapes to Dionysus. For I know that the dedication to Theodorus will instil eternal glory into this work of my study.

I will first select for you, competing with men of old time, all that the parents of the new song wrote as an offering to the old gods. For it was meet to adhere to the wise model of the ancient writers.

After those again comes a more ambitious collection of all our pens wrote either in places or on well-

εἶτε καὶ εὐποίητον ἐπὶ βρέτας, εἶτε καὶ ἄλλης
τέχνης ἐργοπόνοιο πολυσπερέεσσιν ἀέθλοις.

120

Καὶ τριτάτην βαλβίδα νεήνιδος ἔλλαχε βίβλου
ὅσσα θέμις, τύμβοισι τάπερ θεὸς ἐν μὲν αἰοιδῇ
ἐκτελέειν νεύσειεν, ἐν ἀτρεκίῃ δὲ διώκειν.

"Ὅσσα δὲ καὶ βιότοιο πολυσπερέεσσι κελεύθοις
γράψαμεν, ἀσταθέος δὲ τύχης σφαλεροῖσι ταλάν-
τοις,

125

δέρκεό μοι βίβλοιο παρὰ κρηπίδα τετάρτην.

Ναὶ τάχα καὶ πέμπτοιο χάρις θέλξειεν ἀέθλου,
ὀππόθι κερτομέοντες ἐπεσβόλον ἦχον αἰοιδῆς
γράψαμεν. ἐκταῖον δὲ μέλος κλέπτουσα Κυθήρη
εἰς ὅαρους ἐλέγοιο παρατρέψειε πορείην
καὶ γλυκεροὺς ἐς ἔρωτας. ἐν ἐβδομάτῃ δὲ μελίσσῃ
εὐφροσύνας Βάκχοιο, φιλακρήτους τε χορείας,
καὶ μέθυ, καὶ κρητῆρα, καὶ ὄλβια δεῖπνα νοήσεις.

130

4.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στήλαι καὶ γραφίδες καὶ κύρβιες, εὐφροσύνης μὲν
αἷτια τοῖς ταῦτα κτησαμένοις μεγάλης,
ἀλλ' ἐς ὅσον ζώουσι· τὰ γὰρ κενὰ κύδεα φωτῶν
ψυχαῖς οἰχομένων οὐ μάλα συμφέρεται·
ἢ δ' ἀρετὴ σοφίης τε χάρις καὶ κείθι συνέρπει,
κἀνθάδε μιμνάζει μνήστιν ἐφελκομένη.
οὕτως οὔτε Πλάτων βρενθύεται οὐτ' [ἄρ'] Ὀμηρος
χρῶμασιν ἢ στήλαις, ἀλλὰ μόνῃ σοφίῃ.
ὄλβιοι ὦν μνήμη πινυτῶν ἐνὶ τεύχεσι βίβλων,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐς κενεὰς εἰκόνας ἐνδιάει.

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wrought statues or on the other widely distributed performances of laborious Art.

The third starting-point of the young book is occupied, as far as it was allowed us, by what God granted us to write on tombs in verse but adhering to the truth.

Next what we wrote on the devious paths of life and the deceitful balance of inconstant Fortune, behold at the fourth base-line of the book.

Yea, and perhaps you may be pleased by the charm of a fifth contest, where waxing abusive we wrote scurrilous rhyme, and Cytherea may steal a sixth book of verse, turning our path aside to elegiac converse and sweet love. Finally in a seventh honey-comb you will find the joys of Bacchus and tipsy dances and wine and cups and rich banquets.

4.—BY THE SAME

COLUMNS and pictures and inscribed tablets are a source of great delight to those who possess them, but only during their life; for the empty glory of man does not much benefit the spirits of the dead. But virtue and the grace of wisdom both accompany us there and survive here attracting memory. So neither Plato nor Homer takes pride in pictures or monuments, but in wisdom alone. Blessed are they whose memory is enshrined in wise volumes and not in empty images.

BOOK V

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

IN this book Nos. 134-215 are from Meleager's *Stephanus*, Nos. 104-133 from that of Philippus, and Nos. 216-302 from the Cycle of Agathias. Nos. 1-103 are from a collection which I suppose (with Stadtmüller) to have been made by Rufinus, as it contains nearly all his poems. It comprises a considerable number of poems that must have been in Meleager's *Stephanus*. Finally, Nos. 303-309 are from unknown sources.

Ε

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΕΡΩΤΙΚΑ ΔΙΑΦΟΡΩΝ
ΠΟΙΗΤΩΝ

1.

Νέοις ἀνάπτων καρδίας σοφὴν ζέσιν,
ἀρχὴν Ἐρωτα τῶν λόγων ποιήσομαι·
πυρσὸν γὰρ οὗτος ἐξανάπτει τοῖς νέοις.

2.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὴν καταφλεξίπολιν Σθενελαΐδα, τὴν βαρύμισθον,
τὴν τοῖς βουλομένοις χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένην,
γυμνὴν μοι διὰ νυκτὸς ὅλης παρέκλινεν ὄνειρος
ἄχρι φίλης ἡοῦς προῖκα χαριζομένην.
οὐκέτι γουνάσομαι τὴν βάρβαρον, οὐδ' ἐπ' ἐμαυτῷ 5
κλαύσομαι, ὕπνον ἔχων κεῖνα χαριζόμενον.

3.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ὅρθρος ἔβη, Χρύσιλλα, πάλαι δ' ἡῶος ἀλέκτωρ
κηρύσσων φθονερὴν Ἡριγένειαν ἄγει.
ὀρνίθων ἔρροις φθονερώτατος, ὅς με διώκεις
οἴκοθεν εἰς πολλοὺς ἡϊθέων ὁάρους.
γηράσκεις, Τιθωνέ· τί γὰρ σὴν εὐνέτιν Ἡῶ 5
οὕτως ὀρθριδίην ἤλασας ἐκ λεχέων;

BOOK V

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

1.—PROOEMION OF CONSTANTINE CEPHALAS

WARMING the hearts of youth with learned fervour,
I will make Love the beginning of my discourse, for
it is he who lighteth the torch for youth.

2.—ANONYMOUS

SHE who sets the town on fire, Sthenelais, the
high-priced whore, whose breath smells of gold for
those who desire her, lay by me naked in my dream
all night long until the sweet dawn, giving herself to
me for nothing. No longer shall I implore the cruel
beauty, nor mourn for myself, now I have Sleep to
grant me what he granted.

3.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

THE day has broken, Chrysilla, and for long early-
rising chanticleer is crowing to summon envious
Dawn. A curse on thee, most jealous of fowls, who
drivest me from home to the tireless chatter of the
young men. Thou art growing old, Tithonus, or why
dost thou chase thy consort Aurora so early from
thy bed?

4.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Τὸν σιγῶντα, Φιλαινί, συνίστορα τῶν ἀλαλήτων
 λύχνον ἐλαιορῆς ἐκμεθύσασα δρόσου,
 ἔξιθι· μαρτυρίην γὰρ Ἔρως μόνος οὐκ ἐφίλησεν
 ἔμπνουν· καὶ πηκτὴν κλεῖε, Φιλαινί, θύρην.
 καὶ σύ, φίλη Ξανθῶ, με· σὺ δ', ὦ φιλεράστρια
 κοίτη,
 ἤδη τῆς Παφίης ἴσθι τὰ λειπόμενα.

5

5.—ΣΤΑΤΤΑΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Ἀργύρεον νυχίων με συνίστορα πιστὸν ἐρώτων
 οὐ πιστῇ λύχνον Φλάκκος ἔδωκε Νάπη,
 ἥς παρὰ νῦν λεχέεσσι μαραίνομαι, εἰς ἐπιόρκου
 παντοπαθῇ κούρης αἴσχεα δερκόμενος.
 Φλάκκε, σὲ δ' ἄγρυπνον χαλεπαὶ τείρουσι μέρι-
 μναι·
 ἄμφω δ' ἀλλήλων ἀνδιχα καιόμεθα.

5

6.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

ὦμοσε Καλλίγνωτος Ἰωνίδι, μήποτε κείνης
 ἔξειν μήτε φίλον κρέσσονα μήτε φίλην.
 ὦμοσεν· ἀλλὰ λέγουσιν ἀληθέα, τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι
 ὅρκους μὴ δύνειν οὔατ' ἐς ἀθανάτων.
 νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν ἀρσενικῶ θέρεται πυρί· τῆς δὲ
 ταλαίνης
 νύμφης, ὡς Μεγαρέων, οὐ λόγος οὐδ' ἀριθμός.

5

7.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Λύχνε, σὲ γὰρ παρεούσα τρὶς ὦμοσεν Ἡράκλεια
 ἤξειν, κούχ ἤκει· λύχνε, σὺ δ', εἰ θεὸς εἶ,

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

4.—PHILODEMUS

PHILAENIS, make drunk with oil the lamp, the silent confidant of things we may not speak of, and then go out: for Love alone loves no living witness; and, Philaenis, shut the door close. And then, dear Xantho,—but thou, my bed, the lovers' friend, learn now the rest of Aphrodite's secrets.

5.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

To faithless Nape Flaccus gave myself, this silver lamp, the faithful confidant of the loves of the night; and now I droop at her bedside, looking on the lewdness of the forsworn girl. But thou, Flaccus, liest awake, tormented by cruel care, and both of us are burning far away from each other.

6.—CALLIMACHUS

CALLIGNOTUS swore to Ionis that never man nor woman would be dearer to him than she. He swore, but it is true what they say, that Lovers' oaths do not penetrate the ears of the immortals. Now he is glowing with love for a youth, and of the poor girl, as of the Megarians,¹ there is neither word nor count.

7.—ASCLEPIADES

DEAR lamp, thrice Heraclea in thy presence swore by thee to come and cometh not. Lamp, if thou art

¹ There was a proverb to this effect about Megara in its decline.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τὴν δολίην ἀπάμυνον· ὅταν φίλον ἔνδον ἔχουσα
παίξῃ, ἀποσβεσθεὶς μηκέτι φῶς πάρεχε.

8.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Νύξ ἱερὴ καὶ λύχνε, συνίστορας οὔτινας ἄλλους
ὄρκοις, ἀλλ' ὑμέας, εἰλόμεθ' ἀμφοτέροι·
χῶ μὲν ἐμὲ στέρξειν, κεῖνον δ' ἐγὼ οὐ ποτε λείψειν
ὠμόσαμεν· κοινὴν δ' εἵχετε μαρτυρίην.
νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν ὄρκια φησὶν ἐν ὕδατι κεῖνα φέρεσθαι, 5
λύχνε, σὺ δ' ἐν κόλποις αὐτὸν ὀρᾶς ἐτέρων.

9.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΤ

Ῥουφῖνος τῇ 'μῇ γλυκερωτάτῃ Ἑλπίδι πολλὰ
χαίρειν, εἰ χαίρειν χωρὶς ἐμοῦ δύναται.
οὐκέτι βαστάζω, μὰ τὰ σ' ὄμματα, τὴν φιλέρημον
καὶ τὴν μουννολεχῇ σείῳ διαζυγίην·
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ δακρύοισι πεφυρμένος ἢ 'πὶ Κορησὸν 5
ἔρχομαι ἢ μεγάλης νηὸν ἐς Ἀρτέμιδος.
αὔριον ἀλλὰ πάτρη με δεδέξεται· ἐς δὲ σὸν ὄμμα
πτήσομαι, ἐρρῶσθαι μυρία σ' εὐχόμενος.

10.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

Ἐχθαίρω τὸν Ἑρωτα· τί γὰρ βαρὺς οὐκ ἐπὶ θῆρας
ὀρνυται, ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἐμὴν ἰοβολεῖ κραδίην;
τί πλέον, εἰ θεὸς ἄνδρα καταφλέγει; ἢ τί τὸ σεμνὸν
δῶσας ἀπ' ἐμῆς ἄθλον ἔχει κεφαλῆς;

11.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰ τοὺς ἐν πελάγει σῶζεις, Κύπρι, καὶ μὲ τὸν ἐν γᾶ
ναναγόν, φιλήν, σῶσον ἀπολλύμενον.

H. Wellesley, in *Anthologia Polyglotta*, p. 140.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

a god, take vengeance on the deceitful girl. When she has a friend at home and is sporting with him, go out, and give them no more light.

8.—MELEAGER

O HOLY Night, and Lamp, we both chose no confidants but you of our oaths : and he swore to love me and I never to leave him ; and ye were joint witnesses. But now he says those oaths were written in running water, and thou, O Lamp, seest him in the bosom of others.

9.—RUFINUS

Written from Ephesus in the form of a letter

I, THY Rufinus, wish all joy to my sweetest Elpis, if she can have joy away from me. By thy eyes, I can support no longer this desolate separation and my lonely bed without thee. Ever bathed in tears I go to Coressus hill or to the temple of Artemis the Great. But to-morrow my own city shall receive me back and I shall fly to the light of thy eyes wishing thee a thousand blessings.

10.—ALCAEUS

I HATE Love. Why doth not his heavy godship attack wild beasts, but shooteth ever at my heart ? What gain is it for a god to burn up a man, or what trophies of price shall he win from my head ?

11.—ANONYMOUS

CYPRIS, if thou savest those at sea, save me, beloved goddess, who perish ship-wrecked on land.

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12.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Λουσάμενοι, Προδίκη, πυκασώμεθα, καὶ τὸν ἄκρατον
 ἔλκωμεν, κύλικας μείζονας αἰρόμενοι.
 βαιὸς ὁ χαιρόντων ἐστὶν βίος· εἶτα τὰ λοιπὰ
 γῆρας κωλύσει, καὶ τὸ τέλος θάνατος.

13.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ἐξήκοντα τελεῖ Χαρितὼ λυκαβαντίδας ὥρας,
 ἀλλ' ἔτι κυανέων σύρμα μένει πλοκάμων,
 κῆν στέρνοις ἔτι κεῖνα τὰ λύγδινα κώνια μαστῶν
 ἔστηκεν, μήτρης γυμνὰ περιδρομάδος,
 καὶ χρῶς ἀρρυτίδωτος ἔτ' ἀμβροσίην, ἔτι πειθῶ 5
 πᾶσαν, ἔτι στάζει μυριάδας χαρίτων.
 ἀλλὰ πόθους ὀργῶντας ὅσοι μὴ φεύγεται ἔρασταί,
 δεῦρ' ἴτε, τῆς ἐτέων ληθόμενοι δεκάδος.

14.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Εὐρώπης τὸ φίλημα, καὶ ἦν ἄχρι χείλεος ἔλθῃ,
 ἡδύ γε, καὶ ψαύσῃ μούνον ἄκρου στόματος·
 ψαύει δ' οὐκ ἄκροις τοῖς χείλεσιν, ἀλλ' ἐρίσασα
 τὸ στόμα τὴν ψυχὴν ἐξ ὀνύχων ἀνάγει.

15.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ποῦ νῦν Πραξιτέλης; ποῦ δ' αἱ χεῖρες αἱ Πολυκλείτου,
 αἱ ταῖς πρόσθε τέχναις πνεῦμα χαριζόμεναι;
 τίς πλοκάμους Μελίτης εὐώδεας, ἡ πυρόεντα
 ὄμματα καὶ δειρῆς φέγγος ἀποπλάσσεται;
 ποῦ πλάσται; ποῦ δ' εἰσὶ λιθοξόοι; ἔπρεπε τοίῃ 5
 μορφῇ νηὸν ἔχειν, ὥς μακάρων ξοάνῳ.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

12.—RUFINUS

LET us bathe, Prodi~~ke~~, and crown our heads, and quaff untempered wine, lifting up greater cups. Short is the season of rejoicing, and then old age comes to forbid it any longer, and at the last death.

13.—PHILODEMUS

CHARITO has completed sixty years, but still the mass of her dark hair is as it was, and still upheld by no encircling band those marble cones of her bosom stand firm. Still her skin without a wrinkle distils ambrosia, distils fascination and ten thousand graces. Ye lovers who shrink not from fierce desire, come hither, unmindful of her decades.

14.—RUFINUS

EUROPA's kiss is sweet though it reach only to the lips, though it but lightly touch the mouth. But she touches not with the edge of the lips; with her mouth cleaving close she drains the soul from the finger-tips.

15.—BY THE SAME

WHERE is now Praxiteles? Where are the hands of Polycleitus, that gave life to the works of ancient art? Who shall mould Melite's scented ringlets, or her fiery eyes and the splendour of her neck? Where are the modellers, the carvers in stone? Such beauty, like the image of a god, deserved a temple.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

16.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Μήνη χρυσόκερως, δέρκευ τάδε, καὶ περιλαμπεῖς
 ἀστέρες, οὓς κόλποις Ὠκεανὸς δέχεται,
 ὥς με μόνον προλιποῦσα μυρόπνοος ὄχρετ' Ἀρίστη·
 ἑκταῖην δ' εὐρεῖν τὴν μάγον οὐ δύναμαι.
 ἀλλ' ἔμπης αὐτὴν ζωγρήσομεν, ἣν ἐπιπέμψω 5
 Κύπριδος ἰχνευτὰς ἀργυρέους σκύλακας.

17.—ΓΑΙΤΟΥΤΑΙΚΟΥ

Ἀγχιάλου ῥηγμῖνος ἐπίσκοπε, σοὶ τάδε πέμπω
 ψαιστία καὶ λιτῆς δῶρα θνηπολῆς·
 αὐριον Ἰονίου γὰρ ἐπὶ πλατὺ κῦμα περήσω,
 σπεύδων ἡμετέρης κόλπον ἐς Εἰδοθέης·
 οὐριος ἀλλ' ἐπίλαμψον ἐμῷ καὶ ἔρωτι καὶ ἰστῷ, 5
 δεσπότι καὶ θαλάμων, Κύπρι, καὶ ἡϊόνων.

18.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Μᾶλλον τῶν σοβαρῶν τὰς δουλίδας ἐκλεγόμεσθα,
 οἱ μὴ τοῖς σπατάλοις κλέμμασι τερπόμενοι.
 ταῖς μὲν χρῶς ἀπόδωδε μύρου, σοβαρόν τε φρύαγμα,
 καὶ μέχρι †κινδύνου ἐσπομένη σύνοδος·
 ταῖς δὲ χάρις καὶ χρῶς ἴδιος, καὶ λέκτρον ἐτοῖμον, 5
 δώροις ἐκ σπατάλης οὐκ †ἀλεγιζόμενον.
 μιμοῦμαι Πύρρον τὸν Ἀχιλλέος, ὃς προέκρινεν
 Ἑρμιόνης ἀλόχου τὴν λάτριν Ἀνδρομάχην.

19.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκέτι παιδομανὴς ὥς πρὶν ποτε, νῦν δὲ καλοῦμαι
 θηλυμανὴς, καὶ νῦν δίσκος ἐμοὶ κρόταλον·

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

16.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

GOLDEN-HORNED Moon, and all ye stars that shine around and sink into the bosom of Ocean, look on this ! Perfumed Ariste is gone and hath left me alone, and for six days I seek the witch in vain. But we shall catch her notwithstanding, if I put the silver hounds of Cypris on her track.

17.—GAETULICUS

GUARDIAN of the surf-beaten shore, I send thee, Cypris, these little cakes and simple gifts of sacrifice. For to-morrow I shall cross the broad Ionian Sea, hasting to the bosom of my Idothea. Shine favourable on my love, and on my bark, thou who art queen alike of the chamber and of the shore.

18.—RUFINUS

WE, who take no pleasure in costly intrigues, prefer servants to ladies of high station. The latter smell of scent, and give themselves the airs of their class, and they are attended even at the rendezvous (?). The charm and fragrance of a servant are her own, and her bed is always ready without any prodigal display. I imitate Pyrrhus the son of Achilles, who preferred Andromache the slave to his wife Hermione.

19.—BY THE SAME

I AM not said to rave about boys as before, but now they say I am mad about women, and my quoit

ἀντὶ δέ μοι παίδων ἀδόλου χροὸς ἤρεσε γύψου
 χρώματα, καὶ φύκους ἄνθος ἐπεισόδιον.
 βοσκήσει δελφίνας ὁ δενδροκόμης Ἑρύμανθος,
 καὶ πολλὸν πόντου κύμα θοὰς ἐλάφους.

5

20.—ONEΣΤΟΤ

Οὔτε με παρθενικῆς τέρπει γάμος, οὔτε γεραιῆς·
 τὴν μὲν ἐποικτεῖρω, τὴν δὲ καταιδέομαι.
 εἴη μήτ' ὄμφαξ, μήτ' ἀσταφίς· ἡ δὲ πέπειρος
 ἐς Κύπριδος θαλάμους ὠρία καλλοσύνη.

21.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Οὐκ ἔλεγον, Προδίκη, “γηράσκομεν”; οὐ προε-
 φώνουν·

“ἤξουσιν ταχέως αἱ διαλυσίφιλοι”;
 νῦν ῥυτίδες καὶ θρίξ πολιὴ καὶ σῶμα ῥακῶδες,
 καὶ στόμα τὰς προτέρας οὐκέτ' ἔχον χάριτας.
 μή τις σοί, μετέωρε, προσέρχεται, ἣ κολακεύων
 λίσσεται; ὥς δὲ τάφον νῦν σε παρερχόμεθα.

5

22.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σοί με λάτριν γλυκύδωρος Ἔρως παρέδωκε,
 Βοῶπι,

ταῦρον ὑποζεύξας εἰς πόθον αὐτόμολον,
 αὐτοθελή, πάνδουλον, ἐκούσιον, αὐτοκέλευστον,
 αἰτήσοντα πικρὴν μήποτ' ἐλευθερίην
 ἄχρι, φίλη, πολιῆς καὶ γήραος· ὄμμα βάλοι δὲ
 μήποτ' ἐφ' ἡμετέραις ἐλπίσι βασκανίην.

5

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

has become a rattle.¹ Instead of the unadulterated complexion of boys I am now fond of powder and rouge and colours that are laid on. Dolphins shall feed in the forests of Erymanthus, and fleet deer in the grey sea.

20.—HONESTUS

I NEITHER wish to marry a young girl nor an old woman. The one I pity, the other I revere. Neither sour grape nor raisin would I have, but a beauty ripe for the chamber of Love.

21.—RUFINUS

DID I not tell thee, Prodiike, that we are growing old, did I not foretell that the dissolvers of love shall come soon? Now they are here, the wrinkles and the grey hairs, a shrivelled body, and a mouth lacking all its former charm. Does anyone approach thee now, thou haughty beauty, or flatter and beseech thee? No! like a wayside tomb we now pass thee by.

22.—BY THE SAME

LOVE, the giver of sweet gifts, gave me to thee, Boöpis, for a servant, yoking the steer that came himself to bend his neck to Desire, all of his own free will, at his own bidding, an abject slave who will never ask for bitter freedom, never, my dear, till he grows grey and old. May no evil eye ever look on our hopes to blight them!

¹ Discus puerorum ludicrum est, crepitaculum puellarum; sed latet spurci aliquid.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

23.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Οὕτως ὑπνώσαιοι, Κωνώπιον, ὡς ἐμὲ ποιεῖς
 κοιμᾶσθαι ψυχροῖς τοῖσδε παρὰ προθύροις·
 οὕτως ὑπνώσαιοι, ἀδικωτάτῃ, ὡς τὸν ἐραστὴν
 κοιμίζεις· ἐλέου δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ ἠντίασας.
 γείτονες οἰκτείρουσι· σὺ δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ. ἡ πολιὴ δὲ 5
 αὐτίκ' ἀναμνήσει ταῦτά σε πάντα κόμῃ.

24.—[ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ]

Ψυχὴ μοι προλέγει φεύγειν πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας,
 δάκρυα καὶ ζήλους τοὺς πρὶν ἐπισταμένη.
 φησὶ μὲν· ἀλλὰ φυγεῖν οὐ μοι σθένος· ἡ γὰρ
 ἀναιδὴς
 αὐτὴ καὶ προλέγει, καὶ προλέγουσα φιλεῖ.

25.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅσσάκι Κυδίλλης ὑποκόλπιος, εἴτε κατ' ἡμάρ,
 εἴτ' ἀποτολήσας ἤλυθον ἐσπέριος,
 οἶδ' ὅτι πὰρ κρημνὸν τέμνω πόρον, οἶδ' ὅτι ῥιπτῶ
 πάντα κύβον κεφαλῆς αἰὲν ὑπερθεν ἐμῆς.
 ἀλλὰ τί μοι πλέον ἐστί; † γὰρ θρασύς, ἡδ' ὅταν ἔλκη 5
 πάντοτ' Ἐρως, ἀρχὴν οὐδ' ὄναρ οἶδε φόβου.

26.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἴτε σε κυανέησιν ἀποστίλβουσιν ἐθείραις,
 εἴτε πάλιν ξανθαῖς εἶδον, ἄνασσα, κόμαις,
 ἴση ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων λάμπει χάρις. ἡ ρά γε ταύταις
 θριξὶ συνοικήσει καὶ πολιῇσιν Ἐρως.

A. Lang, *Grass of Parnassus*, ed. 2, p. 163.

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23.—CALLIMACHUS

MAYEST thou so sleep, Conopion, as thou makest me sleep by these cold portals; mayest thou sleep even so, cruel one, as thou sendest him who loves thee to sleep. Not a shadow of pity touched thee. The neighbours take pity on me, but thou not a shadow. One day shall the grey hairs come to remind thee of all this.

24.—[PHILODEMUS¹]

MY soul warns me to fly from the love of Heliodora, for well it knows the tears and jealousies of the past. It commands, but I have no strength to fly, for the shameless girl herself warns me to leave her, and even while she warns she kisses me.

25.—BY THE SAME

As often as I come to Cydilla's embrace, whether I come in the day time, or more venturesome still in the evening, I know that I hold my path on the edge of a precipice, I know that each time I recklessly stake my life. But what advantage is it to me to know that? My heart is bold (?), and when Love ever leads it, it knows not at all even the shadow of fear.

26.—ANONYMOUS

WHETHER I see thee, my queen, with glossy raven locks, or again with fair hair, the same charm illumines thy head. Verily Love shall lodge still in this hair when it is grey.

¹ Probably by Meleager, and so too No. 25.

27.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Ποῦ σοι κείνα, Μέλισσα, τὰ χρύσεα καὶ περίοπτα
 τῆς πολυθρυλήτου κάλλεα φαντασίης;
 ποῦ δ' ὀφρύες, καὶ γαῦρα φρονήματα, καὶ μέγας
 αὐχὴν,
 καὶ σοβαρῶν ταρσῶν χρυσοφόρος σπατάλη;
 νῦν πενιχρὴ ψαφαρὴ τέ κόμη, παρὰ ποσσὶ τέ
 τρύχη·
 ταῦτα τὰ τῶν σπαταλῶν τέρματα παλλακίδων.

5

28.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν μοι “χαῖρε” λέγεις, ὅτε σου τὸ πρόσωπον
 ἀπῆλθεν
 κεῖνο, τὸ τῆς λύγδου, βάσκανε, λειότερον·
 νῦν μοι προσπαίζεις, ὅτε τὰς τρίχας ἡφάνικάς σου,
 τὰς ἐπὶ τοῖς σοβαροῖς αὐχέσι πλαζομένας.
 μηκέτι μοι, μετέωρε, προσέρχεο, μηδὲ συνάντα·
 ἀντὶ ῥόδου γὰρ ἐγὼ τὴν βάτον οὐ δέχομαι.

5

29.—ΚΙΛΛΑΚΤΟΡΟΣ

Ἄδὸν τὸ βινεῖν ἐστί· τίς οὐ λέγει; ἀλλ' ὅταν αἰτῇ
 χαλκόν, πικρότερον γίνεται ἐλλεβόρου.

30.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Πάντα καλῶς, τό γε μήν, χρυσὴν ὅτι τὴν
 Ἀφροδίτην,
 ἔξοχα καὶ πάντων εἶπεν ὁ Μαιονίδας.
 ἦν μὲν γὰρ τὸ χάραγμα φέρης, φίλος, οὔτε θυρωρὸς
 ἐν ποσίν, οὔτε κύων ἐν προθύροις δέδεται·
 ἦν δ' ἐτέρως ἔλθης, καὶ ὁ Κέρβερος. ὦ πλεονέκται,
 οἱ πλούτου, πενίην ὥς ἀδικεῖτε νόμοι.

5

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

27.—RUFINUS

WHERE, Melissa, now is the golden and admired brilliance of thy renowned beauty? Where are they, thy disdainful brow and thy proud spirit, thy long slender neck, and the rich gold clasps of thy haughty ankles? Now thy hair is unadorned and unkempt and rags hang about thy feet. Such is the end of prodigal harlots.

28.—BY THE SAME

Now, you so chary of your favours, you bid me good-day, when the more than marble smoothness of your cheeks is gone; now you dally with me, when you have done away with the ringlets that tossed on your haughty neck. Come not near me, meet me not, scorner! I don't accept a bramble for a rose.

29.—CILLACTOR

SWEET is fruition, who denies it? but when it demands money it becomes bitterer than hellebore.

30.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

ALL Homer says is well said, but this most excellently that Aphrodite is golden. For if, my friend, you bring the coin, there is neither a porter in the way, nor a dog chained before the door. But if you come without it, there is Cerberus himself there. Oh! grasping code of wealth, how dost thou oppress poverty!

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

31.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χρύσεος ἦν γενεὴ καὶ χάλκεος ἀργυρὴ τε
 πρόσθεν· παντοίῃ δ' ἡ Κυθήρεια τανῦν,
 καὶ χρυσοῦν τίει, καὶ χάλκεον ἄνδρ' ἐφίλησεν,
 καὶ τοὺς ἀργυρέους οὐ ποτ' ἀποστρέφεται.
 Νέστωρ ἡ Παφίη. δοκέω δ' ὅτι καὶ Δανάη Ζεὺς 5
 οὐ χρυσός, χρυσοῦς δ' ἦλθε φέρων ἑκατόν.

32.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Ποιεῖς πάντα, Μέλισσα, φιλανθέος ἔργα μελίσσης·
 οἶδα καὶ ἐς κραδίην τοῦτο, γύναι, τίθεμαι.
 καὶ μέλι μὲν στάζεις ὑπὸ χεῖλεσιν ἡδὺν φιλεῦσα·
 ἦν δ' αἰτῆς, κέντρῳ τύμμα φέρεις ἄδικον.

33.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Ἐς Δανάην ἔρρευσας, Ὀλύμπιε, χρυσός, ἵν' ἡ παῖς
 ὥς δώρῳ πεισθῇ, μὴ τρέσῃ ὥς Κρονίδην.

34.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ο Ζεὺς τὴν Δανάην χρυσοῦ, κάγὼ δὲ σὲ χρυσοῦ·
 πλείονα γὰρ δοῦναι τοῦ Διὸς οὐ δύναμαι.

35.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΥ

Πυγὰς αὐτὸς ἔκρινα τριῶν· εἴλοντο γὰρ αὐταί,
 δείξασαι γυμνὴν ἀστεροπὴν μελέων.
 καὶ ῥ' ἡ μὲν τροχαλοῖς σφραγιζομένη γελασίνοις
 λευκῇ ἀπὸ γλουτῶν ἤνθεεν εὐαφίῃ·

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

31.—BY THE SAME

FORMERLY there were three ages, a golden, a silver, and a brazen, but Cytherea is now all three. She honours the man of gold, and she kisses the brazen man¹ and she never turns her back on the silver men.² She is a very Nestor³; I even think that Zeus came to Danae, not turned to gold, but bringing a hundred gold sovereigns.

32.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

You do everything, Melissa, that your namesake the flower-loving bee does. I know this and take it to heart. You drop honey from your lips, when you sweetly kiss, and when you ask for money you sting me most unkindly.

33.—PARMENION

THOU didst fall in rain of gold on Danae, Olympian Zeus, that the child might yield to thee as to a gift, and not tremble before thee as before a god.

34.—BY THE SAME

ZEUS bought Danae for gold, and I buy you for a gold coin. I can't give more than Zeus did.

35.—RUFINUS

I JUDGED the hinder charms of three; for they themselves chose me, showing me the naked splendour of their limbs. *Et prima quidem signata sulculis rotundis candido florebat et molli decore;*

¹ The soldier.

² Bankers, etc.

³ She is to the three ages or sorts of men what Nestor was to the three generations in which he lived.

τῆς δὲ διαιρομένης φοινίσσεται χιονέη σάρξ, 5
 πορφυρέοιο ῥόδου μᾶλλον ἐρυθροτέρη·
 ἢ δὲ γαληνιώωσα χαράσσεται κύματι κωφῶ,
 αὐτομάτῃ τρυφερῶ χρωτὶ σαλευομένη.
 εἰ ταύτας ὁ κριτῆς ὁ θεῶν ἐθείσατο πυγὰς,
 οὐκέτ' ἂν οὐδ' ἐσιδεῖν ἤθελε τὰς προτέρας. 10

36.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦρισαν ἀλλήλαις Ῥοδόπη, Μελίτη, Ῥοδόκλεια,
 τῶν τρισσῶν τίς ἔχει κρείσσονα Μηριόνην,
 καί με κριτὴν εἴλοντο· καὶ ὡς θεαὶ αἱ περίβλεπτοι
 ἔστησαν γυμναί, νέκταρι λειβόμεναι.
 καὶ Ῥοδόπης μὲν ἔλαμπε μέσος μηρῶν Πολύφημος¹ 5
 οἷα ῥόδων πολίῳ σχιζόμενος Ζεφύρῳ. . . .
 τῆς δὲ Ῥοδοκλείης ὑάλῳ ἴσος, ὑγρομέτωπος,
 οἷα καὶ ἐν νηῶ πρωτογλυφὲς ξοάνον.
 ἀλλὰ σαφῶς ἂ πέπονθε Πάρις διὰ τὴν κρίσιν εἰδώς,
 τὰς τρεῖς ἀθανάτας εὐθὺ συνεστεφάνουν. 10

37.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μήτ' ἰσχνὴν λίνην περιλάμβανε, μήτε παχεῖαν
 τούτων δ' ἀμφοτέρων τὴν μεσότητα θέλε.
 τῇ μὲν γὰρ λείπει σαρκῶν χύσις, ἢ δὲ περισσὴν
 κέκτηται· λείπον μὴ θέλε, μηδὲ πλέον.

38.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Εὐμεγέθης πείθει με καλὴ γυνή, ἂν τε καὶ ἀκμῆς
 ἄπτητ', ἂν τε καὶ ἦ, Σιμύλε, πρεσβυτέρη.
 ἢ μὲν γάρ με νέα περιλήφεται, ἢ δὲ παλαιὴ
 γραῖά με καὶ ῥύσῃ, Σιμύλε, λειχάσεται.

¹ I write Πολύφημος: πολύτιμος MS. In the next line I suggest that Ζεφύρῳ was the last word of the missing couplet and that here we should substitute ποταμῶ. I render so.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

alterius vero divaricatae nivea caro rubescebat purpurea rosa rubicundior; tertia velut mare tranquillum sulcabatur fluctibus mutis, delicata eius cute sponte palpitante. If Paris who judged the goddesses had seen three such, he would not have wished to look again on the former ones.

36.—BY THE SAME

RHODOPE, Melita, and Rhodoclea strove with each other, quænam habeat potio¹rem Merionem,¹ and chose me as judge, and like those goddesses famous for their beauty, stood naked, dipped in nectar. Et Rhodopes quidem inter femora fulgebat Polyphemus velut rosarium cano scissum amne.² . . . Rhodocleæ vero feminal vitro simile erat, udaq^{ue} ejus superficies velut in templo statuæ recens sculptæ. But as I knew well what Paris suffered owing to his judgment, I at once gave the prize to all the three goddesses.

37.—BY THE SAME

TAKE not to your arms a woman who is too slender nor one too stout, but choose the mean between the two. The first has not enough abundance of flesh, and the second has too much. Choose neither deficiency nor excess.

38.—NICARCHUS

A FINE and largely built woman attracts me, Similus, whether she be in her prime, or elderly. If she be young she will clasp me, if she be old and wrinkled, me fellabit.

¹ i.e. feminal.

² A couplet on Melite wanting.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

39.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἀποθνήσκειν δεῖ με; τί μοι μέλει, ἦν τε ποδαγρὸς
 ἦν τε δρομεὺς γεγονὼς εἰς Ἀΐδην ὑπάγω;
 πολλοὶ γάρ μ' ἀροῦσιν. ἔα χωλὸν με γενέσθαι.
 τῶνδ' ἔνεκεν γὰρ ἴδ' ὥς οὐποτ' ἐὼ θιάσους.

40.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῆς μητρὸς μὴ ἄκουε, Φιλουμένη· ἦν γὰρ ἀπέλθω
 καὶ θῶ ἄπαξ ἔξω τὸν πόδα τῆς πόλεως,
 τῶν καταπαιζόντων μὴ σχῆς λόγον, ἀλλὰ γ' ἐκείνοις
 ἐμπαίξας, ἄρξαι πλείον ἐμοῦ τι ποεῖν.
 πάντα λίθον κίνει. σαντὴν τρέφε, καὶ γράφε
 πρὸς με
 εἰς ποίην ἀκτὴν εὐφρόσυνον γέγονας.
 εὐτακτεῖν πειρῶ· τὸ δ' ἐνοίκιον, ἦν τι περισσὸν
 γίνηται, καὶ ἐμοὶ φρόντισον ἱμάτιον.
 ἦν ἐν γαστρὶ λάβης, τέκε, ναὶ τέκε· μὴ θορυβηθῆς.
 εὐρήσει πόθεν ἔστ', ἐλθὼν ἐς ἡλικίην.

41.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Τίς γυμνὴν οὕτω σε καὶ ἐξέβαλεν καὶ ἔδειρεν;
 τίς ψυχὴν λιθίνην εἶχε, καὶ οὐκ ἔβλεπε;
 μοιχὸν ἴσως ἠϋρῆκεν ἀκαίρως κείνος ἐσελθὼν.
 γινόμενον· πᾶσαι τοῦτο ποιοῦσι, τέκνον.
 πλὴν ἀπὸ νῦν, ὅταν ἦ τις ἔσω, κείνος δ' ὅταν ἔξω,
 τὸ πρόθυρον σφήνου, μὴ πάλι ταῦτό πάθης.

42.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μισῶ τὴν ἀφελή, μισῶ τὴν σόφρονα λίαν·
 ἡ μὲν γὰρ βραδέως, ἡ δὲ θέλει ταχέως.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 104.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

39.—BY THE SAME

MUST I not die? What care I if I go to Hades with gouty legs or in training for a race? I shall have many to carry me; so let me become lame, if I wish. As far as that goes, as you see, I am quite easy, and never miss a banquet.

40.—BY THE SAME

DON'T listen to your mother, Philumena; for once I am off and out of the town, pay no attention to those who make fun of us, but give them tit for tat, and try to be more successful than I was. Leave no stone unturned, make your own living, and write and tell me what pleasantries you have visited. Try and behave with propriety. If you have anything over, pay the rent and get a coat for me. If you get with child, bring it to the birth, I entreat you. Don't be troubled about that: when it grows up it will find out who its father was.

41.—RUFINUS

WHO beat you and turned you out half-naked like this? Who had so stony a heart and no eyes to see? Perhaps he arrived inopportunistically and found you with a lover. That is a thing that happens; all women do it, my child. But henceforth when someone is in, and he is out, bolt the outer door, lest the same thing happen to you again.

42.—BY THE SAME

I DISLIKE a woman who is too facile and I dislike one who is too prudish. The one consents too quickly, the other too slowly.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

43.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκβάλλει γυμνὴν τις, ἐπὴν εὖρη ποτὲ μοιχόν,
 ὥς μὴ μοιχεύσας, ὥς ἀπὸ Πυθαγόρου;
 εἶτα, τέκνον, κλαίονσα κατατρίψεις τὸ πρόσωπον,
 καὶ παρاريώσεις μαινομένου προθύροις;
 ἔκμαξαι, μὴ κλαῖε, τέκνον· χεύρήσομεν ἄλλον, 5
 τὸν μὴ καὶ τὸ βλέπειν εἰδότα καὶ τὸ δέρειν.

44.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λέμβιον, ἢ δ' ἑτέρα Κερκούριον, αἱ δὲ ἑταῖραι
 αἰὲν ἐφορμοῦσιν τῷ Σαμίων λιμένι.
 ἀλλά, νέοι, πανδημὶ τὰ ληστρικὰ τῆς Ἀφροδίτης
 φεύγεθ'· ὁ συμμίξας καὶ καταδὺς πίεται.

45.—ΚΙΛΛΑΚΤΟΡΟΣ

Παρθενικὰ κούρα τὰ ἂ κέρματα πλείονα ποιεῖ,
 οὐκ ἀπὸ τὰς τέχνας, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τὰς φύσιος.

46.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

α. Χαῖρε σύ. β. Καὶ σύ γε χαῖρε. α. Τί δεῖ σε
 καλεῖν; β. Σὲ δέ; α. Μὴ πω
 τοῦτο φιλόσπουδος. β. Μηδὲ σύ. α. Μή τιν' ἔχεις;
 β. Ἀεὶ τὸν φιλέοντα. α. Θέλεις ἄμα σήμερον ἡμῖν
 δειπνεῖν; β. Εἰ σὺ θέλεις. α. Εὐγε· πόσου παρέση;
 β. Μηδέν μοι προδίδου. α. Τοῦτο ξένον. β. Ἄλλ'
 ὅσον ἂν σοι
 κοιμηθέντι δοκῇ, τοῦτο δός. α. Οὐκ ἀδικεῖς.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

43.—BY THE SAME

Does any man turn his girl out of doors half-dressed, just because he finds a lover with her,—just as if he had never been guilty of adultery, as if he were a Pythagorean? And, so, my dear child, you will spoil your face with crying, will you, and shiver outside the maniac's door? Wipe your eyes and stop crying, my dear, and we'll find another who is not so good at seeing things and at beating.

44.—BY THE SAME

LEMBION and Kerkurion,¹ the two whores, are always riding off the harbour of Samos. Fly, all ye youth, from Aphrodite's corsairs; he who engages, and is sunk, is swallowed up.

45.—CILLACTOR

A YOUNG girl increases her little store not by her art, but by her nature.²

46.—PHILODEMUS

He. Good-evening. *She.* Good-evening. *He.* What may your name be? *She.* And yours? *He.* Don't be so inquisitive all at once. *She.* Well don't you. *He.* Are you engaged? *She.* To anyone that likes me. *He.* Will you come to supper to-night? *She.* If you like. *He.* Very well! How much shall it be? *She.* Don't give me anything in advance. *He.* That is strange. *She.* Give me what you think right after sleeping with me. *He.* That is quite

¹ Names of two varieties of small boats adopted as *noms de guerre* by these courtesans.

² = *loca naturalia*.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ποῦ γίνῃ; πέμψω. β. Καταμάνθανε. α. Πηνίκα
 δ' ἤξεις;
 β. Ἦν σὺ θέλεις ὥρην. α. Εὐθὺ θέλω. β. Πρόαγε.

47.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Πολλάκις ἡρασάμην σε λαβὼν ἐν νυκτί, Θάλεια,
 πληρῶσαι θαλερῇ θυμὸν ἐρωμανίῃ·
 νῦν δ' ὅτε <μοι> γυμνὴ γλυκεροῖς μελέεσσι πέπλησαι,
 ἔκλυτος ὑπναλέῳ γυνῖα κέκμηκα κόπῳ.
 θυμὲ τάλαν, τί πέπονθας; ἀνέγρεο, μηδ' ἀπόκαμνε· 5
 ζητήσεις ταύτην τὴν ὑπερευτυχήην.

48.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅμματα μὲν χρύσεια, καὶ ὑαλόεσσα παρειή,
 καὶ στόμα πορφυρέης τερπνότερον κάλυκος,
 δειρὴ λυγδινέη, καὶ στήθεα μαρμαίροντα,
 καὶ πόδες ἀργυρέης λευκότεροι Θέτιδος.
 εἰ δέ τι καὶ πλοκαμίσι διαστίλβουσιν ἄκανθαι, 5
 τῆς λευκῆς καλάμης οὐδὲν ἐπιστρέφομαι.

49.—ΓΑΛΛΟΤ

Ἡ τρισὶ λειτουργοῦσα πρὸς ἐν τάχος ἀνδράσι Λύδη,
 τῷ μὲν ὑπὲρ νηδύν, τῷ δ' ὑπό, τῷ δ' ὀπιθεν,
 εἰσδέχομαι φιλόπαιδα, γυναικομανῇ, φιλυβριστήν.
 εἰ σπεύδεις, ἔλθων σὺν δυσί, μὴ κατέχου.

50.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Καὶ πενίη καὶ ἔρως δύο μοι κακά· καὶ τὸ μὲν οἶσω
 κούφως· πῦρ δὲ φέρειν Κύπριδος οὐ δύναμαι.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

fair. Where do you live? I will send. *She.* I will tell you. *He.* And when will you come? *She.* Any time you like. *He.* I would like now. *She.* Then go on in front.

47.—RUFINUS

I OFTEN prayed, Thalia, to have you with me at night and satisfy my passion by fervent caresses. And, now you are close to me naked with your sweet limbs, I am all languid and drowsy. O wretched spirit, what hath befallen thee? Awake and faint not. Some day shalt thou seek in vain this supreme felicity.

48.—BY THE SAME

GOLDEN are her eyes and her cheeks like crystal, and her mouth more delightful than a red rose. Her neck is of marble and her bosom polished; her feet are whiter than silver Thetis.¹ If here and there the thistle-down glistens amid her dark locks, I heed not the white aftermath.

49.—GALLUS

LYDE, quae tribus viris eadem celeritate inservit, huic supra ventrem, illi subter, alii a postico. "Admitto" inquit "paediconem, mulierosum, irumatorem. Si festinas, etiam si cum duobus ingressus sis, ne te cohibeas."

50.—ANONYMOUS

POVERTY and Love are my two woes. Poverty I will bear easily, but the fire of Cypris I cannot.

¹ Alluding to her Homeric epithet "silver-footed."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

51.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἡράσθην, ἐφίλουν, ἔτυχον, κατέπραξ', ἀγαπῶμαι
τίς δέ, καὶ ἦς, καὶ πῶς, ἢ θεὸς οἶδε μόνη.

52.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Ὅρκον κοινὸν Ἐρωτ' ἀνεθήκαμεν· ὄρκος ὁ πιστὴν
Ἀρσινόης θέμενος Σωσιπάτρῳ φιλίην.
ἀλλ' ἢ μὲν ψευδὴς κενὰ δ' ὄρκια, τῷ δ' ἐφυλάχθη
ἕμερος· ἢ δὲ θεῶν οὐ φανερὴ δύναμις.
θρήνους, ὦ Ὑμέναιε, παρὰ κληῖσιν αὐταῖς
Ἀρσινόης, παστῷ μεμψάμενος προδότῃ.

5

53.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ πιθανή μ' ἔτρωσεν Ἀριστονόη, φίλ' Ἀδωνι,
κοψαμένη τῇ σῇ στήθεα παρ καλύβῃ.
εἰ δώσει ταύτην καὶ ἐμοὶ χάριν, ἣν ἀποπνεύσω,
μὴ πρόφασις, σύμπλουν σύμ με λαβὼν ἀπάγου.

54.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μήποτε γαστροβαρῇ πρὸς σὸν λέχος ἀντιπρόσωπον
παιδογόνῳ κλίνης Κύπριδι τερπόμενος.
μεσσόθι γὰρ μέγα κῦμα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγος πόνος ἔσται,
τῆς μὲν ἐρεσσομένης, σοῦ δὲ σαλενομένου.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν στρέψας ῥοδοειδέϊ τέρπεο πυγῇ,
τὴν ἄλοχον νομίσας ἀρσενόπαιδα Κύπριν.

5

55.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δωρίδα τὴν ῥοδόπυγον ὑπὲρ λεχέων διατείνας
ἄψεσιν ἐν χλοεροῖς ἀθάνατος γέγονα.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

51.—ANONYMOUS

I FELL in love, I kissed, I was favoured, I enjoyed,
I am loved ; but who am I, and who is she, and how
it befel, Cypris alone knows.

52.—DIOSCORIDES

To Love we offered the vow we made together ;
by an oath Arsinoe and Sosipater plighted their
troth. But false is she, and her oath was vain, while
his love survives, and yet the gods have not mani-
fested their might. For a wedding song, Hymen,
chant a dirge at her door, rebuking her faithless
bed.

53.—BY THE SAME

WINNING Aristonoe wounded me, dear Adonis,
tearing her breasts by thy bier. If she will do me
the same honour, when I die, I hesitate not ; take
me away with thee on thy voyage.

54.—BY THE SAME

GRAVIDAM ne adversam ad lectum inclines pro-
creatrice venere te oblectans. In medio enim ingens
fluctus, nec parvus labor erit, remigante illa, teque
jactato, sed conversae roseis gaude natibus, uxorem
docens masculae veneri se praestare.

55.—BY THE SAME

DORIDE roseis natibus puella super grabatulum
distenta in floribus roscidis immortalis factus sum.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἡ γὰρ ὑπερφυέεσσι μέσον διαβᾶσά με ποσσίν,
 ἤνυσεν ἀκλινέως τὸν Κύπριδος δόλιχον,
 ὄμμασι νωθρὰ βλέπουσα· τὰ δ' ἡὔτε πνεύματι
 φύλλα,
 ἀμφισαλευομένης, ἔτρεμε πορφύρεα,
 μέχρ' ἄπεσπείσθη λευκὸν μένος ἀμφοτέροισιν,
 καὶ Δωρὶς παρέτοις ἐξεχύθη μέλεσι.

5

56.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκμαίνει χεῖλη με ῥοδόχροα, ποικιλόμυθα,
 ψυχοτακῇ στόματος νεκταρέου πρόθυρα,
 καὶ γλῆναι λασίαισιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ἀστράπτουσαι,
 σπλάγχνων ἡμετέρων δίκτυα καὶ παγίδες,
 καὶ μαζοὶ γλαγόμεντες, ἐΰζυγες, ἰμερόεντες,
 εὐφυέες, πάσης τερπνότεροι κάλυκος.
 ἀλλὰ τί μηνύω κυσὶν ὀστέα; μάρτυρές εἰσιν
 τῆς ἀθυροστομίας οἱ Μίδεοι κάλαμοι.

5

57.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τὴν περιφρυγομένην ψυχὴν ἂν πολλὰκι καίης,
 φεύξεται, Ἐρως· καυτὴ, σχέτλι', ἔχει πτέρυγας.

58.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Νήπι' Ἐρως, πορθεῖς μὲ τὸ κρήγυνον· εἰς μὲ κένωσον
 πᾶν σὺ βέλος, λοιπὴν μηκέτ' ἀφείς γλυφίδα,
 ὥς ἂν μόνον ἔλοις ἰοῖς ἐμέ, καὶ τινα χρήζων
 ἄλλον οἷστέυσαι, μηκέτ' ἔχοις ἀκίδα.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Φεύγειν δεῖ τὸν Ἐρωτα” κενὸς πόνος· οὐ γὰρ ἀλύξω
 πεζὸς ὑπὸ πτηνοῦ πυκνὰ διωκόμενος.

Lilla C. Perry, *From the Garden of Hellas*, p. 109.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

Ipsa enim mirabilibus pedibus medium me amplexa, rectamque se tenens, absolvit longum cursum Veneris, oculis languidum tuens; hi autem velut vento folia tremebant purpurei, dum circumagitabatur, donec effusum est album robur ambobus et Doris solutis jacuit membris.

56.—BY THE SAME

THEY drive me mad, those rosy prattling lips, soul-melting portals of the ambrosial mouth, and the eyes that flash under thick eyebrows, nets and traps of my heart, and those milky paps well-mated, full of charm, fairly formed, more delightful than any flower. But why am I pointing out bones to dogs? Midas' reeds testify to what befalls tale-tellers.

57.—MELEAGER

LOVE, if thou burnest too often my scorched soul, she will fly away; she too, cruel boy, has wings.

58.—ARCHIAS

LITTLE Love, thou layest me waste of a truth; empty all thy quiver on me, leave not an arrow. So shalt thou slay me alone with thy shafts, and when thou wouldst shoot at another, thou shalt not find wherewith.

59.—BY THE SAME

You say "one should fly from Love." It is labour lost; how shall I on foot escape from a winged creature that pursues me close?

60.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Παρθένος ἀργυρόπεζος ἐλούετο, χρύσεια μαζῶν
 χρωτὶ γαλακτοπαγεῖ μῆλα διαινομένη·
 πυγαὶ δ' ἀλλήλαις περιηγέες εἰλίσσοντο,
 ὕδατος ὑγροτέρῳ χρωτὶ σαλευόμεναι.
 τὸν δ' ὑπεροιδαίνοντα κατέσκεπε πεπταμένη χεὶρ 5
 οὐχ ὅλον Εὐρώταν, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἡδύνατο.

61.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῇ κυανοβλεφάρῳ παίζων κόνδακα Φιλίππῃ,
 ἔξ αὐτῆς κραδίης ἡδὺν γελᾶν ἐπόουν·
 “Δώδεκά σοι βέβληκα, καὶ αὔριον ἄλλα βαλῶ σοι,
 ἢ πλέον, ἢ ἐπάλιν δώδεκ' ἐπιστάμενος.”
 εἶτα κελευομένη† ἦλθεν· γελάσας δὲ πρὸς αὐτήν 5
 “Εἶθε σε καὶ νύκτωρ ἐρχομένην ἐκάλουν.”

62.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐπω σου τὸ καλὸν χρόνος ἔσβεσεν, ἀλλ' ἔτι πολλὰ
 λείψανα τῆς προτέρης σώζεται ἡλικίης,
 καὶ χάριτες μίμνουσιν ἀγήραοι, οὐδὲ τὸ κάλλος
 τῶν ἱλαρῶν μῆλων ἢ ῥόδου ἐξέφυγεν.
 ὦ πόσσους κατέφλεξε τὸ πρὶν θεοείκελον ἄνθος. 5

63.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἀντιγόνῃ, Σικελὴ πάρος ἦσθά μοι· ὥς δ' ἐγενήθης
 Αἰτωλῇ, κάγῳ Μῆδος ἰδοὺ γέγονα.

64.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Νίφε, χαλαζοβόλει, ποίει σκότος, αἶθε, κεραύνου,
 πάντα τὰ πορφύρουτ' ἐν χθονὶ σείε νέφη.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

60.—RUFINUS

THE silver-footed maiden was bathing, letting the water fall on the golden apples of her breast, smooth like curdled milk. Her rounded buttocks, their flesh more fluid than water, rolled and tossed as she moved. Her outspread hand covered swelling Eurotas, not the whole but as much as it could.

61.—BY THE SAME

PLAYING at *Condax*¹ with dark-eyed Philippa I made her laugh sweetly with all her heart. "I have thrown you" I said "twelve, and to-morrow I will throw you another twelve or even more, as I know how." Then when she was told she came, and laughing I said to her "I wish I had called you at night too when you were coming."

62.—BY THE SAME

TIME has not yet quenched your beauty, but many relics of your prime survive. Your charm has not aged, nor has the loveliness departed from your bright apples or your rose. Ah! how many hearts did that once god-like beauty burn to ashes!²

63.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

ANTIGONE, I used to think you were Sicilian, but now you have become an Aetolian³ I have become a Mede.⁴

64.—ASCLEPIADES

SNOW, hail, make darkness, lighten, thunder, shake out upon the earth all thy black clouds! If thou

¹ We do not know what the game was, and the jokes in the epigram are quite unintelligible. ² The last line is lost.

³ A beggar, from αἰτέω. ⁴ i.e. μὴ δός, don't give.

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ἦν γάρ με κτείνης, τότε παύσομαι· ἦν δέ μ' ἀφῆς ζῆν,
καὶ διαδὺς τούτων χείρονα, κωμάσομαι·
ἔλκει γάρ μ' ὁ κρατῶν καὶ σοῦ θεός, ᾧ ποτε 5
πεισθείς,
Ζεῦ, διὰ χαλκείων χρυσὸς ἔδυσ θαλάμων.

65.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Αἰετὸς ὁ Ζεὺς ἦλθεν ἐπ' ἀντίθεον Γανυμήδην,
κύκνος ἐπὶ ξανθὴν μητέρα τὴν Ἑλένης.
οὕτως ἀμφοτέρ' ἐστὶν ἀσύγκριτα· τῶν δύο δ' αὐτῶν
ἄλλοις ἄλλο δοκεῖ κρεῖσσον, ἐμοὶ τὰ δύο.

66.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Εὐκαίρως μονάσασαν ἰδὼν Προδίκην ἰκέτευον,
καὶ τῶν ἀμβροσίων ἀψάμενος γονάτων,
“Σῶσον,” ἔφην, “ἄνθρωπον ἀπολλύμενον παρὰ μικρὸν
καὶ φεῦγον ζωῆς πνεῦμα σύ μοι χάρισαι.”
ταῦτα λέγοντος ἔκλαυσεν· ἀποψήσασα δὲ δάκρυ, 5
ταῖς τρυφεραῖς ἡμᾶς χερσὶν ὑπεξέβαλεν.

67.—ΚΑΠΙΤΩΝΟΣ

Κάλλος ἄνευ χαρίτων τέρπει μόνον, οὐ κατέχει δέ,
ὥς ἄτερ ἀγκίστρου νηχόμενον δέλεαρ.

68.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΟΛΕΜΩΝΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΠΟΝΤΙΚΟΥ

*Ἡ τὸ φιλεῖν περίγραφον, Ἐρως, ὅλον, ἢ τὸ φιλεῖσθαι
πρόσθες, ἢ τὴν λύσιν τὸν πόθον, ἢ κεράσης.

R. Garnett, *A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology*, lii.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

slayest me, then I shall cease, but if thou lettest me live, though I pass through worse than this, I will go with music to her doors; for the god compels me who is thy master too, Zeus, he at whose bidding thou, turned to gold, didst pierce the brazen chamber.

65.—ANONYMOUS

ZEUS came as an eagle to god-like Ganymede, as a swan came he to the fair-haired mother of Helen.¹ So there is no comparison between the two things; one person likes one, another likes the other; I like both.

66.—RUFINUS

FINDING Prodiike happily alone, I besought her, and clasping her ambrosial knees, "Save," I said "a man who is nearly lost, and grant me the little breath that has not left me." When I said this, she wept, but wiped away the tears and with her tender hands gently repulsed me.

67.—CAPITO

BEAUTY without charm only pleases us, but does not hold us; it is like a bait floating without a hook.

68.—LUCILIUS OR POLEMO OF PONTUS

EITHER put an entire stop to loving, Eros, or else add being loved, so that you may either abolish desire or temper it.

¹ Leda.

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69.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Παλλὰς ἐσαθρήσασα καὶ "Ἡρῃ χρυσοπέδιλος
 Μαιονίδ', ἐκ κραδίας ἱαχον ἀμφότεραι·
 "Οὐκέτι γυμνούμεσθα· κρίσις μία ποιμένος ἀρκεῖ·
 οὐ καλὸν ἡττᾶσθαι δις περὶ καλλοσύνης."

70.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κάλλος ἔχεις Κύπριδος, Πειθοῦς στόμα, σῶμα καὶ
 ἀκμὴν
 εἰαρινῶν Ὠρῶν, φθέγμα δὲ Καλλιόπης,
 νοῦν καὶ σωφροσύνην Θέμιδος, καὶ χεῖρας Ἀθήνης·
 σὺν σοὶ δ' αἱ Χάριτες τέσσαρες εἰσι, φίλη.

71.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

οἱ δὲ ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Πρωτομάχου πατρὸς καὶ Νικομάχης γεγαμηκῶς
 θυγατέρα, Ζήνων, ἔνδον ἔχεις πόλεμον.
 ζήτει Λυσίμαχον μοιχὸν φίλον, ὅς σ' ἐλεήσας
 ἐκ τῆς Πρωτομάχου λύσεται Ἀνδρομάχης.

72.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοῦτο βίος, τοῦτ' αὐτό· τρυφὴ βίος. ἔρρετ' ἀνῖαι·
 ζωῆς ἀνθρώποις ὀλίγος χρόνος. ἄρτι Λύαιος,
 ἄρτι χοροί, στέφανοί τε φιλανθές, ἄρτι γυναῖκες·
 σήμερον ἐσθλὰ πάθω· τὸ γὰρ αὔριον οὐδενὶ δῆλον.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

69.—RUFINUS

WHEN Pallas and golden-sandalled Hera looked on Maeonis, they both cried out from their hearts: "We will not strip again; one decision of the shepherd is enough; it is a disgrace to be worsted twice in the contest of beauty.

70.—BY THE SAME

THOU hast the beauty of Cypris, the mouth of Peitho, the form and freshness of the spring Hours, the voice of Calliope, the wisdom and virtue of Themis, the skill of Athene. With thee, my beloved, the Graces are four.

71.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

ZENON, since you have married the daughter of Protomachus (first in fight) and of Nicomache (conquering in fight) you have war in your house. Search for a kind seducer, a Lysimachus (deliverer from fight) who will take pity on you and deliver you from Andromache (husband-fighter) the daughter of Protomachus.

72.—BY THE SAME

THIS is life, and nothing else is; life is delight; away, dull care! Brief are the years of man. To-day wine is ours, and the dance, and flowery wreaths, and women. To-day let me live well; none knows what may be to-morrow.

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73.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Δαίμονες, οὐκ ᾔδειν ὅτι λούεται ἡ Κυθήρεια,
 χερσὶ καταυχενίους λυσαμένη πλοκάμους.
 ἰλήκοις, δέσποινα, καὶ ὄμμασιν ἡμετέροισι
 μήποτε μηνίσῃς, θεῖον ἰδοῦσι τύπον.
 νῦν ἔγνων· Ῥοδόκλεια, καὶ οὐ Κύπρις. εἶτα τὸ 5
 κάλλος
 τοῦτο πόθεν; σύ, δοκῶ, τὴν θεὸν ἐκδέδυκας.

74.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πέμπω σοί, Ῥοδόκλεια, τόδε στέφος, ἄνθεσι καλοῖς
 αὐτὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέραις πλεξάμενος παλάμαις.
 ἔστι κρίνον, ῥοδὴ τε κάλυξ, νοτερή τ' ἀνεμώνη,
 καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς, καὶ κυαναυγὲς Ἴον.
 ταῦτα στεψαμένη, λήξον μέγалаυχος ἐοῦσα· 5
 ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.

G. H. Cobb, *Poems from the Greek Anthology*, p. 1; J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 123.

75.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γείτονα παρθένον εἶχον Ἀμυμώνην, Ἀφροδίτη,
 ἥ μιν τὴν ψυχὴν ἔφλεγεν οὐκ ὀλίγον.
 αὕτη μοι προσέπαιξε,¹ καί, εἴ ποτε καιρὸς, ἐτόλμων
 ἡρυνθρία. τί πλεόν; τὸν πόνον ἡσθάνετο·
 ἦνυσσα πολλὰ καμών. παρακήκοα νῦν ὅτι τίκτει· 5
 ὥστε τί ποιούμεν; φεύγομέν ἢ μένομεν;

76.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὕτη πρόσθεν ἦν ἐρατόχροος, εἰαρόμασθος,
 εὐσφυρος, εὐμήκης, εὐοφρυς, εὐπλόκαμος·

¹ I suggest προσέπαιξε.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

73.—RUFINUS

YE gods ! I knew not that Cytherea was bathing, releasing with her hands her hair to fall upon her neck. Have mercy on me, my queen, and be not wrath with my eyes that have looked on thy immortal form. Now I see ! It is Rhodoclea and not Cypris. Then whence this beauty ! Thou, it would seem, hast despoiled the goddess.

74.—BY THE SAME

I SEND thee this garland, Rhodoclea, that with my own hands I wove out of beautiful flowers. There are lilies and roses and dewy anemones, and tender narcissus and purple-gleaming violets. Wear it and cease to be vain. Both thou and the garland flower and fade.

75.—BY THE SAME

KNOW Aphrodite that Amydone, a young girl, was my neighbour and set my heart on fire not a little. She herself would jest with me, and whenever I had the opportunity I grew venturesome. She used to blush. Well ! that did not help matters ; she felt the pang. With great pains I succeeded ; I am told now that she is with child. So what am I to do, be off or remain ?

76.—BY THE SAME

ONCE her complexion was lovely, her breasts like the spring-tide ; all were good, her ankles, her

ἡλλάχθη δὲ χρόνῳ καὶ γήραϊ καὶ πολιαῖσι,
καὶ νῦν τῶν προτέρων οὐδ' ὄναρ οὐδὲν ἔχει,
ἀλλοτρίας δὲ τρίχας, καὶ ῥυσῶδες τὸ πρόσωπον, 5
οἶον γηράσας οὐδὲ πίθηκος ἔχει.

77.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ τοίην χάριν εἶχε γυνὴ μετὰ Κύπριδος εὐνήν,
οὐκ ἄν τοι κόρον ἔσχεν ἀνὴρ ἀλόχοισιν ὁμιλῶν.
πᾶσαι γὰρ μετὰ Κύπριν ἀτερπέες εἰσὶ γυναῖκες.

78.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τὴν ψυχὴν, Ἀγάθωνα φιλῶν, ἐπὶ χεῖλεσιν ἔσχον·
ἦλθε γὰρ ἡ τλήμων ὥς διαβησομένη.

79.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ μῆλῳ βάλλω σε· σὺ δ' εἰ μὲν ἐκοῦσα φιλεῖς με,
δεξαμένη, τῆς σῆς παρθενίης μετάδος·
εἰ δ' ἄρ' ὁ μὴ γίγνοιτο νοεῖς, τοῦτ' αὐτὸ λαβοῦσα
σκέψαι τὴν ὥρην ὥς ὀλιγοχρόνιος.

80.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μῆλον ἐγὼ· βάλλει με φιλῶν σέ τις. ἀλλ'
ἐπίνευσον,
Ξανθίππη· κἀγὼ καὶ σὺ μαραινόμεθα.

81.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΥ ΣΟΦΙΣΤΟΥ

Ἦ τὰ ῥόδα, ῥοδοέσσαν ἔχεις χάριν· ἀλλὰ τί
πωλεῖς;
σαντήν, ἢ τὰ ῥόδα; ἢ ἐσυναμφοτέρα;

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 51.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

height, her forehead, her hair. But time and old age and grey locks have wrought a change and now she is not the shadow of her former self, but wears false hair and has a wrinkled face, uglier even than an old monkey's.

77.—BY THE SAME

IF women had as much charm when all is over as before, men would never tire of intercourse with their wives, but all women are displeasing then.

78.—PLATO

MY soul was on my lips as I was kissing Agathon. Poor soul! she came hoping to cross over to him.

79.—BY THE SAME

I THROW the apple at thee, and thou, if thou lovest me from thy heart, take it and give me of thy maidenhead; but if thy thoughts be what I pray they are not, take it still and reflect how short-lived is beauty.

80.—BY THE SAME

I AM an apple; one who loves thee throws me at thee. But consent, Xanthippe; both thou and I decay.

81.—DIONYSIUS THE SOPHIST

YOU with the roses, rosy is your charm; but what do you sell, yourself or the roses, or both?

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82.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὡ σοβαρὴ βαλάνισσα, τί δὴ ποτέ μ' ἔκπυρα
 λούεις;
 πρὶν μ' ἀποδύσασθαι, τοῦ πυρὸς αἰσθάνομαι.

83.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἴθ' ἄνεμος γενόμεν, σὺ δ' ἐπιστείχουσα παρ'
 ἀγὰς
 στήθεα γυμνώσας, καί με πνέοντα λάβοις.
 J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. pp. 145-6.

84.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἴθε ρόδον γενόμεν ὑποπόρφυρον, ὄφρα με χερσὶν
 ἀρσαμένη χάριση στήθεσι χιονέοις.
 J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. pp. 145-6.

85.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Φείδῃ παρθενίης· καὶ τί πλέον; οὐ γὰρ ἐς Ἄδην
 ἐλθοῦς εὐρήσεις τὸν φιλέοντα, κόρη.
 ἐν ζωοῖσι τὰ ἡερπνὰ τὰ Κύπριδος· ἐν δ' Ἀχέροντι
 ὅστέα καὶ σποδιή, παρθένε, κεισόμεθα.
 A. Lang, *Grass of Parnassus*, ed. 2, p. 171.

86.—ΚΛΑΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἰλαθί μοι, φίλε Φοῖβε· σὺ γὰρ θοὰ τόξα τιταίνων
 ἐβλήθης ὑπ' Ἐρωτος ὑπ' ὠκυπόροισιν οἴστοις.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

82.—ANONYMOUS

PROUD waitress of the bath, why dost thou bathe me so fiercely? Before I have stripped I feel the fire.

83.—ANONYMOUS

OH, would I were the wind, that walking on the shore thou mightest bare thy bosom and take me to thee as I blow.

84.—ANONYMOUS

OH, would I were a pink rose, that thy hand might pluck me to give to thy snowy breasts.

85.—ASCLEPIADES

THOU grudgest thy maidenhead? What avails it? When thou goest to Hades thou shalt find none to love thee there. The joys of Love are in the land of the living, but in Acheron, dear virgin, we shall lie dust and ashes.

86.—CLAUDIANUS

HAVE mercy on me, dear Phoebus; for thou, drawer of the swift bow, wast wounded by the swift arrows of Love.

87.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Ἄρνείται τὸν ἔρωτα Μελισσιάς, ἀλλὰ τὸ σῶμα
 κέκραγ' ὥς βελέων δεξάμενον φαρέτρην,
 καὶ βάσις ἀστατέουσα, καὶ ἄστατος ἄσθματος
 ὁρμή,
 καὶ κοῖλαι βλεφάρων ἰοτυπεῖς βάσιες.
 ἀλλά, Πόθοι, πρὸς μητρὸς εὐστεφάνου Κυθереΐης,
 φλέξατε τὴν ἀπιθῇ, μέχρις ἐρεῖ "Φλέγομαι."

88.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ δυσὶν οὐκ ἴσχυσας ἴσῃν φλόγα, πυρφόρε, καῦσαι,
 τὴν ἐνὶ καιομένην ἢ σβέσον ἢ μετάθες.

89.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Οὐκ ἔσθ' οὗτος ἔρως, εἴ τις καλὸν εἶδος ἔχουσιν
 βούλετ' ἔχειν, φρονίμοις ὄμμασι πειθόμενος·
 ἀλλ' ὅστις κακόμορφον ἰδὼν, τετορημένος ἰοῖς
 στέργει, μαινομένης ἐκ φρενὸς αἰθόμενος,
 οὗτος ἔρως, πῦρ τοῦτο· τὰ γὰρ καλὰ πάντας ὁμοίως
 τέρπει τοὺς κρίνειν εἶδος ἐπισταμένους.

90.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Πέμπω σοι μύρον ἡδύ, μύρω τὸ μύρον θεραπεύων,
 ὥς Βρομίφ σπένδων νᾶμα τὸ τοῦ Βρομίου.

91.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Πέμπω σοὶ μύρον ἡδύ, μύρω παρέχων χάριν, οὐ
 σοί·
 αὐτὴ γὰρ μυρίσαι καὶ τὸ μύρον δύνασαι.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

87.—RUFINUS

MELISSIAS denies she is in love, but her body cries aloud that it has received a whole quiverful of arrows. Unsteady is her step and she takes her breath in snatches, and there are dark purple hollows under her eyes. But, ye Loves, by your mother, fair-wreathed Cytherea, burn the rebellious maid, till she cry, "I am burning."

88.—BY THE SAME

LINKMAN Love, if thou canst not set two equally alight, put out or transfer the flame that burns in one.

89.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

THAT is not love if one, trusting his judicious eyes, wishes to possess a beauty. But he who seeing a homely face is pierced by the arrows and loves, set alight by fury of the heart—that is love, that is fire; for beauty delights equally all who are good judges of form.

90.—ANONYMOUS

I SEND thee sweet perfume, ministering to scent with scent, even as one who to Bacchus offers the flowing gift of Bacchus.

91.—ANONYMOUS

I SEND thee sweet perfume, not so much honouring thee as it; for thou canst perfume the perfume.

92.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Ἐψοῦται Ῥοδόπη τῷ κάλλει· κῆν ποτε “χαῖρε”
 εἶπω, ταῖς σοβαραῖς ὀφρύσιν ἡσπάσατο.
 ἦν ποτε καὶ στεφάνους προθύρων ὕπερ ἐκκρε-
 μάσωμαι,
 ὀργισθεῖσα πατεῖ τοῖς σοβαροῖς ἵχνεσιν.
 ὦ ῥυτίδες, καὶ γῆρας ἀνηλεές, ἔλθετε θᾶσσον,
 σπεύσατε· κἂν ὑμεῖς πείσατε τὴν Ῥοδόπην.

93.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὡπλισμαι πρὸς Ἑρωτα περὶ στέρνοισι λογισμόν,
 οὐδέ με νικήσει, μῦνος ἐὼν πρὸς ἓνα·
 θνατὸς δ' ἀθανάτῳ συστήσομαι· ἦν δὲ βοηθὸν
 Βάκχον ἔχῃ, τί μόνος πρὸς δὺ ἐγὼ δύναμαι;
 J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 124.

94.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅμματ' ἔχεις Ἥρης, Μελίτη, τὰς χεῖρας Ἀθήνης,
 τοὺς μαζοὺς Παφίης, τὰ σφυρὰ τῆς Θέτιδος.
 εὐδαίμων ὁ βλέπων σε· τρισύλβιος ὅστις ἀκούει·
 ἡμίθεος δ' ὁ φιλῶν· ἀθάνατος δ' ὁ γαμῶν.

95.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα
 Μοῦσαι·
 Δερκυλὶς ἐν πάσαις Μοῦσα, Χάρις, Παφίη.

96.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἰξὸν ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα, τὰ δ' ὄμματα, Τιμάριον,
 πῦρ·
 ἦν ἐσίδῃς, καίεις· ἦν δὲ θίγῃς, δέδεκας.

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92.—RUFINUS

RHODOPE is exalted by her beauty, and if I chance to say "Good day," salutes me only with her proud eyebrows. If I ever hang garlands over her door, she crushes them under her haughty heels in her wrath. Come quicker, wrinkles and pitiless old age; make haste. Do you at least unbend Rhodope.

93.—BY THE SAME

I HAVE armed my breast with wisdom against Love; nor will he conquer, if it be a single combat. I, a mortal, will stand up against an immortal. But if he has Bacchus to help him, what can I alone against two?

94.—BY THE SAME

THOU hast Hera's eyes, Melite, and Athene's hands, the breasts of Aphrodite, and the feet of Thetis. Blessed is he who looks on thee, thrice blessed he who hears thee talk, a demigod he who kisses thee, and a god he who takes thee to wife.

95.—ANONYMOUS

FOUR are the Graces, there are two Aphrodites and ten Muses. Dercylis is one of all, a Grace, an Aphrodite, and a Muse.

96.—MELEAGER

TIMARION, thy kiss is bird-lime, thy eyes are fire. If thou lookest at me, thou burnest, if thou touchest me, thou hast caught me fast.

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97.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἔρωσ, ἴσα τόξα τιταίνεις,
εἰ θεός· εἰ δὲ ῥέπεις πρὸς μέρος, οὐ θεὸς εἶ.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 126.

98.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Ὅπλίζευ, Κύπρι, τόξα, καὶ εἰς σκοπὸν ἥσυχος ἔλθῃ
ἄλλον· ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔχω τραύματος οὐδὲ τόπον.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 151.

99.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἦθελον, ὦ κιθαρωδέ, παραστάς, ὥς κιθαρίζεις,
τὴν ὑπάτην κρούσαι, τὴν τε μέσσην χαλάσαι.

100.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ μοί τις μέμφοιτο, δαεῖς ὅτι λάτρης Ἔρωτος
φοιτῶ, θηρευτὴν ὄμμασιν ἰξὼν ἔχων,
εἰδέει καὶ Ζῆνα, καὶ Ἀῖδα, τὸν τε θαλάσσης
σκηπτοῦχον, μαλερῶν δοῦλον ἔοντα πόθων.
εἰ δὲ θεοὶ τοιοῖδε, θεοῖς δ' ἐνέπουσιν ἔπεσθαι
ἀνθρώπους, τί θεῶν ἔργα μαθὼν ἀδικῶ;

5

101.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

- α. Χαῖρε κόρη. β. Καὶ δὴ σύ. α. Τίς ἢ προῖοῦσα;
β. Τί πρὸς σέ;
α. Οὐκ ἀλόγως ζητῶ. β. Δεσπότης ἡμετέρη.
α. Ἐλπίζειν ἔστι; β. Ζητεῖς δὲ τί; α. Νύκτα.
β. Φέρεις τι;
α. Χρυσίον. β. Εὐθύμει. α. Καὶ πόσον. β. Οὐ
δύνασαι.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

97.—RUFINUS

LOVE, if thou aimest thy bow at both of us impartially thou art a god, but if thou favourest one, no god art thou.

98.—ARCHIAS or ANONYMOUS

PREPARE thy bow, Cypris, and find at thy leisure another target; for I have no room at all left for a wound.

99.—ANONYMOUS

VELLEM, O citharoede, adstans tibi lyram pulsanti summam pulsare, mediam vero laxare.

100.—ANONYMOUS

IF anyone blame me because, a skilled servant of Love, I go to the chase, my eyes armed with bird-lime to catch ladies, let him know that Zeus and Hades and the Lord of the Sea were slaves of violent desire. If the gods are such and they bid men follow their example, what wrong do I do in learning their deeds?

101.—ANONYMOUS

He. Good day, my dear. *She.* Good day. *He.* Who is she who is walking in front of you? *She.* What is that to you? *He.* I have a reason for asking. *She.* My mistress. *He.* May I hope? *She.* What do you want? *He.* A night. *She.* What have you for her? *He.* Gold. *She.* Then take heart. *He.* So much (*shewing the amount*). *She.* You can't.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

102.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Τὴν ἰσχνὴν Διόκλειαν, ἀσαρκοτέρην Ἀφροδίτην,
ὄψεαι, ἀλλὰ καλοῖς ἤθεσι τερπομένην.
οὐ πολὺ μοι τὸ μεταξὺ γενήσεται· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ λεπτὰ
στέρνα πεσών, ψυχῆς κείσομαι ἐγγυτάτῳ.

103.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΥ

Μέχρι τίνος, Προδίκη, παρακλαύσομαι; ἄχρι τίνος σε
γουνάσομαι, στερεή, μηδὲν ἀκουόμενος;
ἤδη καὶ λευκαί σοι ἐπισκιρτῶσιν ἔθειραι,
καὶ τάχα μοι δώσεις ὥς Ἑκάβη Πριάμῳ.

104.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Αἶρε τὰ δίκτυα ταῦτα, κακόσχολε, μηδ' ἐπιτηδὲς
ἰσχίον ἐρχομένη σύστρεφε, Λυσιδίκη.
εὖ¹ σε περισφίγγει λεπτὸς στολιδώμασι πέπλος,
πάντα δέ σου βλέπεται γυμνά, καὶ οὐ βλέπεται.
εἰ τόδε σοι χαρίεν καταφαίνεται, αὐτὸς ὁμοίως
ὀρθὸν ἔχων βύσσῳ τοῦτο περισκεπάσω. 5

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄλλος ὁ Μηνοφίλας λέγεται παρὰ μαχλάσι κόσμος,
ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ πάσης γεύεται ἀκрасίης.
ἀλλ' ἵτε Χαλδαῖοι κείνης πέλας· ἦ γὰρ ὁ ταύτης
οὐρανὸς ἐντὸς ἔχει καὶ κύνα καὶ διδύμους.

106.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΥ

Γραῖα, φίλη θρέπτειρα, τί μου προσιόντος ὕλακτεῖς,
καὶ χαλεπὰς βάλλεις δις τόσον εἰς ὀδύνας;

¹ I write εὖ: οὐ MS.

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102.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

"You will see Dioclea, a rather slim little Venus, but blessed with a sweet disposition." "Then there won't be much between us, but falling on her thin bosom I will lie all the nearer to her heart."

103.—RUFINUS

For how long, Prodice, shall I weep at thy door? Till when shall thy hard heart be deaf to my prayers? Already the grey hairs begin to invade thee, and soon thou shalt give thyself to me as Hecuba to Priam.

104.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

TAKE off these nets, Lysidice, you tease, and don't roll your hips on purpose, as you walk. The folds of your thin dress cling well to you, and all your charms are visible as if naked, and yet are invisible. If this seems amusing to you, I myself will dress in gauze too (*hoc erectum bysso velabo.*)

105.—BY THE SAME

ALIUS Menophilae qui dicitur inter reliqua scorta mundus (vel decentia), alius ubi omnem adhibet impudicitiam. At vos Chaldaei accedite ad hanc; caelum (vel palatum) enim eius et Canem et Geminos intus habet.

106.—DIOTIMUS OF MILETUS

GRANNY, dear nurse, why do you bark at me when I approach, and cast me into torments twice

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παρθενικὴν γὰρ ἄγεις περικαλλέα, τῆς ἐπιβαίνων
ἵχνεσι τὴν ἰδικὴν οἶμον ἰδ' ὥς φέρομαι,
εἶδος ἐσαυγάζων μούνον γλυκύ. τίς φθόνος ὄσσω, 5
δύσμορε; καὶ μορφὰς ἀθανάτων βλέπομεν.

107.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

“Γινώσκω, χαρίεσσα, φιλεῖν πάνυ τὸν φιλέοντα,
καὶ πάλι γινώσκω τὸν με δακόντα δακεῖν·
μὴ λύπει με λίην στέργοντά σε, μηδ' ἐρεθίζειν
τὰς βαρυοργήτους σοι θέλε Πιερίδας.”
τοῦτ' ἐβόων αἰεὶ καὶ προὔλεγον· ἀλλ' ἴσα πόντῳ 5
Ἰονίῳ μύθων ἔκλυες ἡμετέρων.
τοιγὰρ νῦν σὺ μὲν ὧδε μέγα κλαίουσα βαυῖζεις·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν κόλποις ἤμεθα Ναϊάδος.

108.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Δειλαίη, τί σε πρῶτον ἔπος, τί δὲ δεύτατον εἶπω;
δειλαίη· τοῦτ' ἐν παντὶ κακῷ ἔτυμον.
οἶχεαι, ὦ χαρίεσσα γύναι, καὶ ἐς εἶδεος ὥρην
ἄκρα καὶ εἰς ψυχῆς ἡθὸς ἐνεγκαμένη.
Πρώτῃ σοὶ ὄνομ' ἔσκεν ἐτήτυμον· ἦν γὰρ ἅπαντα 5
δεύτερ' ἀμιμήτων τῶν ἐπὶ σοὶ χαρίτων.

109.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ <ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ>

Δραχμῆς Εὐρώπην τὴν Ἀτθίδα, μήτε φοβηθεὶς
μηδένα, μήτ' ἄλλως ἀντιλέγουσαν, ἔχε,
καὶ στρωμνὴν παρέχουσιν ἀμεμφέα, χῶπότε χειμῶν,
ἄνθρακας. ἦ ῥα μάτην, Ζεῦ φίλε, βούς ἐγένου.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

as cruel. You accompany a lovely girl, and look how treading in her steps I go my own way, only gazing at her sweet form. Why be jealous of eyes, ill-fated nurse? We are allowed to look on the forms of even the immortals.

107.—PHILODEMUS

"I KNOW, charming lady, how to love him who loves me, and again I know right well how to bite him who bites me. Do not vex too much one who loves thee, or try to provoke the heavy wrath of the Muses." So I ever cried to thee and warned, but thou didst hearken to my words no more than the Ionian Sea. So now thou sobbest sorely and complainest, while I sit in Naias' lap.

108.—CRINAGORAS

(Epitaph on a lady called Prote)

UNHAPPY! what first shall I say, what last? Unhappy! that is the essence of all woe. Thou art gone, O lovely lady, excelling in the beauty of thy body, in the sweetness of thy soul. Rightly they named thee Prote (First): for all was second to the peerless charm that was thine.

109.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

You can have the Attic Europa for a drachma with none to fear and no opposition on her part, and she has perfectly clean sheets and a fire in winter. It was quite superfluous for you, dear Zeus, to turn into a bull.

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110.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἐγχει Λυσιδίκης κυάθους δέκα, τῆς δὲ ποθεινῆς
 Εὐφράντης ἓνα μοι, λάτρι, δίδου κύαθον.
 φήσεις Λυσιδίκην με φιλεῖν πλέον. οὐ μὰ τὸν ἡδὺν
 Βάκχον, ὃν ἐν ταύτῃ λαβροποτῶ κύλικι·
 ἀλλὰ μοι Εὐφράντη μία πρὸς δέκα· καὶ γὰρ
 ἀπείρους
 ἀστέρας ἐν μήνῃς φέγγος ὑπερτίθεται.

111.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Εἶπον ἐγὼ καὶ πρόσθεν, ὅτ' ἦν ἔτι φίλτρα Τερείνης
 νήπια, “ Συμφλέξει πάντας ἀεξομένη.”
 οἱ δ' ἐγέλων τὸν μάντιν. ἴδ', ὁ χρόνος ὃν ποτ' ἐφώνουν,
 οὗτος· ἐγὼ δὲ πάλαι τραύματος ἦσθάνομην.
 καὶ τί πάθω; λεύσσειν μέν, ὅλαι φλόγες· ἦν δ'
 ἀπονεύσω,
 φροντίδες· ἦν δ' αἰτῶ, “ παρθένος.” οἰχόμεθα.

112.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Ἡράσθην· τίς δ' οὐχί; κεκώμακα· τίς δ' ἀμύητος
 κώμων; ἀλλ' ἐμάνην· ἐκ τίνος; οὐχὶ θεοῦ;
 ἐρρίφθω· πολλὴ γὰρ ἐπείγεται ἀντὶ μελαίνης
 θριξ ἥδη, συνετῆς ἄγγελος ἡλικίης.
 καὶ παίζειν ὅτε καιρός, ἐπαίξαμεν· ἡνίκα καὶ νῦν
 οὐκέτι, λωϊτέρης φροντίδος ἀψόμεθα.

113.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἡράσθης πλουτῶν, Σωσίκρατες· ἀλλὰ πένης ὦν
 οὐκέτ' ἐρᾶς· λιμὸς φάρμακον οἶον ἔχει.

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110.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Pour in ten ladles of Lysidice,¹ cup-bearer, and of charming Euphrante give me one ladle. You will say I love Lysidice best. No! I swear by sweet Bacchus, whom I drain from this cup. But Euphrante is as one to ten. Doth not the light of the moon that is single overcome that of countless stars?

111.—ANTIPHILUS

I SAID even formerly, when Tereina's charms were yet infantile, "She will consume us all when she grows up." They laughed at my prophecy: but lo! the time I once foretold is come, and for long I suffer myself from the wound. What am I to do? To look on her is pure fire, and to look away is trouble of heart, and if I pay my suit to her, it is "I am a maid." All is over with me.

112.—PHILODEMUS

I LOVED. Who hath not? I made revels in her honour. Who is uninitiated in those mysteries? But I was distraught. By whom? Was it not by a god?—Good-bye to it; for already the grey locks hurry on to replace the black, and tell me I have reached the age of discretion. While it was playtime I played; now it is over I will turn to more worthy thoughts.

113.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

You fell in love, Sosicrates, when rich; now you are poor, you are in love no longer. What an

¹ It was customary, when the cup-bearer ladled the wine into the cup, to pronounce the name of the lady one wished to toast.

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ἡ δὲ πάρος σε καλεῦσα μύρον καὶ τερπνὸν Ἄδωνιν
 Μηνοφίλα, νῦν σου τοῦνομα πυνθάνεται,
 “Τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, πόθι τοι πτόλις;” ἦ μόλις
 ἔγνωσ
 τοῦτ’ ἔπος, ὥς οὐδεῖς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι φίλος.

W. Cowper, *Works* (Globe ed.), p. 504.

114.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΥ

Ἡ χαλεπὴ κατὰ πάντα Φιλίστιον, ἡ τὸν ἐραστὴν
 μηδέποτ’ ἀργυρίου χωρὶς ἀνασχομένη,
 φαίνεται ἀνεκτοτέρη νῦν ἢ πάρος. οὐ μέγα θαῦμα
 φαίνεσθ’ ἡλλάχθαι τὴν φύσιν οὐ δοκέω.
 καὶ γὰρ πρηύτερη πότε γίνεται ἀσπίς ἀναιδής;
 δάκνει δ’ οὐκ ἄλλως ἢ θανατηφορίην.

115.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ἡράσθην Δημοῦς Παφίης γένος· οὐ μέγα θαῦμα·
 καὶ Σαμίης Δημοῦς δεύτερον· οὐχὶ μέγα·
 καὶ πάλι Ναξιακῆς Δημοῦς τρίτον· οὐκέτι ταῦτα
 παίγνια· καὶ Δημοῦς τέτρατον Ἀργολίδος.
 αὐταί που Μοῖραί με κατωνόμασαν Φιλόδημον,
 ὥς αἰεὶ Δημοῦς θερμὸς ἔχει με πόθος.

116.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Θῆλος ἔρως κάλλιστος ἐνὶ θνητοῖσι τέτυκται,
 ὅσσοις ἐς φιλήν σεμνὸς ἔνεστι νόος.
 εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀρσενικὸν στέργεις πόθον, οἶδα διδάξαι
 φάρμακον, ᾧ παύσεις τὴν δυσέρωτα νόσον.
 στρέψας Μηνοφίλαν εὐΐσχιον, ἐν φρεσὶν ἔλπου
 αὐτὸν ἔχειν κόλποις ἄρσενα Μηνόφιλον.

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admirable cure is hunger! And Menophila, who used to call you her sweetly and her darling Adonis, now asks your name. "What man art thou, and whence, thy city where?"¹ You have perforce learnt the meaning of the saying, "None is the friend of him who has nothing."

114.—MAECIUS

THAT persistently cruel Philistion, who never tolerated an admirer unless he had money, seems less insufferable now than formerly. It is not a great miracle her seeming so, but I don't believe her nature is changed. The merciless aspic grows tamer at times, but when it bites, it always means death.

115.—PHILODEMUS

I FELL in love with Demo of Paphos—nothing surprising in that: and again with Demo of Samos—well that was not so remarkable: and thirdly with Demo of Naxos—then the matter ceased to be a joke: and in the fourth place with Demo of Argos. The Fates themselves seem to have christened me Philodeme²; as I always feel ardent desire for some Demo.

116.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

THE love of women is best for those men who are serious in their attachments. Si vero et masculus amor tibi placet, scio remedium, quo sedabis pravum istum morbum. Invertens Menophilam pulchriclunem crede masculum Menophilum amplecti.

¹ Homer.

² The name means of course "Lover of the people."

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117.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΥ

Θερμαίνει μ' ὁ καλὸς Κορνήλιος· ἀλλὰ φοβοῦμαι
τοῦτο τὸ φῶς, ἥδη πῦρ μέγα γιγνόμενον.

118.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἰσιὰς ἡδύπνευστε, καὶ εἰ δεκάκις μύρον ὄσδεις,
ἔγρεο καὶ δέξαι χερσὶ φίλαις στέφανον,
ὃν νῦν μὲν θάλλοντα, μαραινόμενον δὲ πρὸς ἡῶ
ὄψει, ὑμετέρης σύμβολον ἡλικίης.

A. Esdaile, *Poems and Translations*, p. 49.

119.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ

Κῆν ῥίψης ἐπὶ λαιά, καὶ ἦν ἐπὶ δεξιὰ ῥίψης,
Κριναγόρη, κενεοῦ σαυτὸν ὑπερθε λέχους,
εἰ μὴ σοι χαρίεσσα παρακλίνοιτο Γέμελλα,
γνώση κοιμηθεὶς οὐχ ὕπνον, ἀλλὰ κόπον.

120.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Καὶ νυκτὸς μεσάτης τὸν ἐμὸν κλέψασα σύννευον
ἦλθον, καὶ πυκινῇ τεγγομένη ψακάδι.
τοῦνεκ' ἐν ἀπρήκτοις καθήμεθα, κοῦχι λαλεῦντες
εὔδομεν, ὥς εὔδειν τοῖς φιλέουσι θέμις;

121.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μικκὴ καὶ μελανεῦσα Φιλαίνιον, ἀλλὰ σελίνων
οὐλοτέρη, καὶ μνοῦ χρῶτα τερεινοτέρη,
καὶ κεστοῦ φωνεῦσα μαγώτερα, καὶ παρέχουσα
πάντα, καὶ αἰτῆσαι πολλάκι φειδομένη·
τοιαύτην στέργοιμι Φιλαίνιον, ἄχρις ἂν εὔρω
ἄλλην, ὧ χρυσέη Κύπρι, τελειοτέρην.

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117.—MAECIUS

CORNELIUS' beauty melts me ; but I fear this flame,
which is already becoming a fierce fire.

118.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

ISIAS, though thy perfumed breath be ten times
sweeter than spikenard, awake, and take this garland
in thy dear hands. Now it is blooming, but as dawn
approaches thou wilt see it fading, a symbol of thine
own fresh youth.

119.—CRINAGORAS

CRINAGORAS, though thou tossest now to the
left, now to the right on thy empty bed, unless
lovely Gemella lie by thee, thy rest will bring thee
no sleep, but only weariness.

120.—PHILODEMUS

By midnight, eluding my husband, and drenched
by the heavy rain, I came. And do we then sit
idle, not talking and sleeping, as lovers ought to
sleep ?

121.—BY THE SAME

PHILAENION is short and rather too dark, but her
hair is more curled than parsley, and her skin is
more tender than down : there is more magic in her
voice than in the cestus of Venus, and she never
refuses me anything and often refrains from begging
for a present. Such a Philaenion grant me, golden
Cypris, to love, until I find another more perfect.

122.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Μὴ σύ γε, μηδ' εἴ τοι πολὺ φέρτερος εἶδεται
ὄσσων

ἀμφοτέρων, κλεινοῦ κοῦρε Μεγιστοκλέους,
κῆν στίλβη Χαρίτεσσι λελουμένος, ἀμφιδονοίης
τὸν καλόν· οὐ γὰρ ὁ παῖς ἡπίος οὐδ' ἄκακος,
ἀλλὰ μέλων πολλοῖσι, καὶ οὐκ ἀδίδακτος ἐρώτων.
τὴν φλόγα ρίπίζειν δείδιθι, δαιμόνιε.

123.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Νυκτερινή, δίκερως, φιλοπάννουχε, φαῖνε, Σελήνη,
φαῖνε, δι' εὐτρήτων βαλλομένη θυρίδων·
αὐγάζε χρυσέην Καλλίστιον· ἐς τὰ φιλεύντων
ἔργα κατοπτεύειν οὐ φθόνος ἀθανάτη.
ὀλβίζεις καὶ τήνδε καὶ ἡμέας, οἶδα, Σελήνη·
καὶ γὰρ σὴν ψυχὴν ἔφλεγεν Ἐνδυμίων.

124.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐπω σοι καλύκων γυμνὸν θέρος, οὐδὲ μελαίνει
βότρυς ὁ παρθενίους πρωτοβολῶν χάριτας·
ἀλλ' ἤδη θοὰ τόξα νέοι θήγουσιν Ἑρωτες,
Λυσιδίκη, καὶ πῦρ τύφεται ἐγκρύφιον.
φεύγωμεν, δυσέρωτες, ἕως βέλος οὐκ ἐπὶ νευρῇ·
μάντις ἐγὼ μεγάλης αὐτίκα πυρκαϊῆς.

125.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Οὐ μέλλω ρεύσειν χρυσός ποτε· βουῖς δὲ γένοιτο
ἄλλος, χῶ μελίθρους κύκνος ἐπηόνιος.
Ζηνὶ φυλασσέσθω τάδε παίγνια· τῇ δὲ Κορίννῃ
τοὺς ὀβολοὺς δώσω τοὺς δύο, κοῦ πέτομαι.

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122.—DIODORUS

SON of illustrious Megistocles, I beseech thee, not even though he seem to thee more precious than thy two eyes, though he be glowing from the bath of the Graces, hum not around the lovely boy. Neither gentle nor simple-hearted is he, but courted by many, and no novice in love. Beware, my friend, and fan not the flame.

123.—PHILODEMOS

SHINE, Moon of the night, horned Moon, who lovest to look on revels, shine through the lattice and let thy light fall on golden Callistion. It is no offence for an immortal to pry into the secrets of lovers. Thou dost bless her and me, I know, O Moon ; for did not Endymion set thy soul afire ?

124.—BY THE SAME

THY summer's flower hath not yet burst from the bud, the grape that puts forth its first virgin charm is yet green, but already the young Loves sharpen their swift arrows, Lysidice, and a hidden fire is smouldering. Let us fly, we unlucky lovers, before the arrow is on the string. I foretell right soon a vast conflagration.

125.—BASSUS

I AM never going to turn into gold, and let some one else become a bull or the melodious swan of the shore. Such tricks I leave to Zeus, and instead of becoming a bird I will give Corinna my two obols.

126.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Πέντε δίδωσιν ἑνὸς τῇ δεῖνα ὁ δεῖνα τάλαντα,
καὶ βινεῖ φρίσσω, καὶ μὰ τὸν οὐδὲ καλήν·
πέντε δ' ἐγὼ δραχμὰς τῶν δώδεκα Λυσιανάσση,
καὶ βινῶ πρὸς τῷ κρείσσονα καὶ φανερώς.
πάντως ἦτοι ἐγὼ φρένας οὐκ ἔχω, ἣ τό γε λοιπὸν 5
τοὺς κείνου πελέκει δεῖ διδύμους ἀφελεῖν.

127.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ

Παρθένον Ἀλκίππην ἐφίλουν μέγα, καὶ ποτε
πείσας
αὐτὴν λαθριδίως εἶχον ἐπὶ κλισίῃ.
ἀμφοτέρων δὲ στέρνον ἐπάλλετο, μή τις ἐπέλθῃ,
μή τις ἴδῃ τὰ πόθων κρυπτὰ περισσοτέρων.
μητέρα δ' οὐκ ἔλαθεν κείνης λάλον· ἀλλ' ἐσιδοῦσα 5
ἑξαπίνης, “Ἑρμῆς κοινός,” ἔφη, “θύγατερ.”

128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στέρνα περὶ στέρνοις, μαστῶ δ' ἐπὶ μαστὸν ἐρείσας,
χείλεά τε γλυκεροῖς χείλεσι συμπίεσας
Ἀντιγόνης, καὶ χρώτα λαβὼν πρὸς χρώτα, τὰ
λοιπὰ
σιγῶ, μάρτυς ἐφ' οἷς λύχνος ἐπεγράφετο.

129.—ΑΥΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Τὴν ἀπὸ τῆς Ἀσίης ὀρχηστρίδα, τὴν κακοτέχνους
σχήμασιν ἐξ ἀπαλῶν κινυμένην ὀνύχων,

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126 —PHILODEMUS

SO-AND-SO gives so-and-so five talents for once, and possesses her in fear and trembling, and, by Heaven, she is not even pretty. I give Lysianassa five drachmas for twelve times, and she is better looking, and there is no secret about it. Either I have lost my wits, or he ought to be rendered incapable of such conduct for the future.

127.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

I WAS very fond of a young girl called Alcippe, and once, having succeeded in persuading her, I brought her secretly to my room. Both our hearts were beating, lest any superfluous person should surprise us and witness our secret love. But her mother overheard her talk, and looking in suddenly, said, "We go shares, my daughter."¹

128.—BY THE SAME

BREAST to breast supporting my bosom on hers, and pressing her sweet lips to mine I clasped Antigone close with naught between us. Touching the rest, of which the lamp was entered as witness, I am silent.

129.—AUTOMEDON

THE dancing-girl from Asia who executes those lascivious postures, quivering from her tender finger-

¹ Treasure-trove was supposed to come from Hermes. Hence the proverb.

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αἰνέω, οὐχ ὅτι πάντα παθαίνεται, οὐδ' ὅτι βάλλει
 τὰς ἀπαλὰς ἀπαλῶς ὧδε καὶ ὧδε χέρας·
 ἀλλ' ὅτι καὶ τρίβακον περὶ πᾶσσαλον ὀρχήσασθαι 5
 οἶδε, καὶ οὐ φεύγει γηραλέας ῥυτίδας.
 γλωττίζει, κνίζει, περιλαμβάνει· ἦν δ' ἐπιρίψη
 τὸ σκέλος, ἐξ ἄδου τὴν κορύνην ἀνάγει.

130.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ

Τί στυγνή; τί δὲ ταῦτα κόμης εἰκαῖα, Φιλαινί,
 σκύλματα, καὶ νοτερῶν σύγχυσις ὀμματίων;
 μὴ τὸν ἐραστὴν εἶδες ἔχονθ' ὑποκόλπιον ἄλλην;
 εἰπὸν ἐμοί· λύπης φάρμακ' ἐπιστάμεθα.
 δακρύεις, οὐ φῆς δέ· μάτην ἀρνείσθ' ἐπιβάλλη· 5
 ὀφθαλμοὶ γλώσσης ἀξιοπιστότεροι.

131.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ψαλμός, καὶ λαλιή, καὶ κωτίλον ὄμμα, καὶ ῥῶδῃ
 Ξανθίππης, καὶ πῦρ ἄρτι καταρχόμενον,
 ὦ ψυχή, φλέξει σε· τὸ δ' ἐκ τίνος, ἢ πότε, καὶ
 πῶς,
 οὐκ οἶδα· γνώσῃ, δύσμορε, τυφομένη.

132.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

ᾠ ποδός, ὦ κνήμης, ὦ τῶν ἀπόλωλα δικαίως
 μηρῶν, ὦ γλουτῶν, ὦ κτενός, ὦ λαγόνων,
 ὦ ὠμοῖν, ὦ μαστῶν, ὦ τοῦ ῥαδινοῖο τραχήλου,
 ὦ χειρῶν, ὦ τῶν μαίνομαι ὀμματίων,
 ὦ κατατεχνοτάτου κινήματος, ὦ περιάλλον 5
 γλωττισμῶν, ὦ τῶν θῦ' ἐμέ φωναρίων.
 εἰ δ' Ὀπικὴ καὶ Φλῶρα καὶ οὐκ ἄδουσα τὰ Σαπφούς,
 καὶ Περσεὺς Ἰνδῆς ἠράσατ' Ἀνδρομέδης.

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tips, I praise not because she can express all variations of passion, or because she moves her pliant arms so softly this way and that, sed quod et pannosum super clavum saltare novit et non fugit seniles rugas. Lingua basiatur, vellicat, amplectitur; si vero femur superponat clavum vel ex orco reducit.

130.—MAECIUS

WHY so gloomy, and what do these untidy ruffled locks mean, Philaenis, and those eyes suffused with tears? Did you see your lover with a rival on his lap? Tell me; I know a cure for sorrow. You cry, but don't confess; in vain you seek to deny; eyes are more to be trusted than the tongue.

131.—PHILODEMUS

XANTHIPPE's touch on the lyre, and her talk, and her speaking eyes, and her singing, and the fire that is just alight, will burn thee, my heart, but from what beginning or when or how I know not. Thou, unhappy heart, shalt know when thou art smouldering.

132.—BY THE SAME

O FEET, O legs, O thighs for which I justly died, O nates, O pectinem, O flanks, O shoulders, O breasts, O slender neck, O arms, O eyes I am mad for, O accomplished movement, O admirable kisses, O exclamations that excite! If she is Italian and her name is Flora and she does not sing Sappho, yet Perseus was in love with Indian Andromeda.

133.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ

“Ωμοσ’ ἐγώ, δύο νύκτας ἀφ’ Ἡδυλίου, Κυθήρεια,
 σὸν κράτος, ἡσυχάσειν· ὥς δοκέω δ’, ἐγέλας,
 τοῦμόν ἐπισταμένη τάλανος κακόν· οὐ γὰρ ὑποίσω
 τὴν ἐτέρην, ὅρκους δ’ εἰς ἀνέμους τίθεμαι.
 αἰροῦμαι δ’ ἀσεβεῖν κείνης χάριν, ἣ τὰ σὰ τηρῶν
 ὅρκι’ ἀποθνήσκειν, πότνι, ὑπ’ εὐσεβίης.

134.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ

Κεκροπὶ ραῖνε λάγυνε πολύδροσον ἱκμάδα Βάκχου,
 ραῖνε· δροσιζέσθω συμβολικὴ πρόποσις.
 σιγάσθω Ζήνων ὁ σοφὸς κύκνος, ἃ τε Κλεάνθους
 μοῦσα· μέλοι δ’ ἡμῖν ὁ γλυκύπικρος ἔρως.

135.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Στρογγύλη, εὐτόρνευτε, μονούατε, μακροτράχηλε,
 ὑψαύχην, στεινῷ φθεγγομένη στόματι,
 Βάκχου καὶ Μουσέων ἰλαρὴ λάτρι καὶ Κυθερείης,
 ἡδύγελως, τερπνὴ συμβολικῶν ταμῖη,
 τίφθ’ ὅποταν νήφω, μεθύεις σύ μοι, ἣν δὲ μεθυσθῶ,
 ἐκνήφεις; ἀδικεῖς συμποτικὴν φιλίην.

136.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

“Εγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν “Ἡλιοδώρας”
 εἰπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ’ ὄνομα·
 καὶ μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἔοντα,
 μναμόσυνον κείνας, ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.
 δακρύνει φιλέραστον ἰδοὺ ῥόδον, οὐνεκα κείναν
 ἄλλοθι, κοὺ κόλποις ἀμετέροις ἔσορᾷ.

A. Lang, *Grass of Parnassus*, ed. 2, p. 187; H. C. Beeching,
In a Garden, p. 98.

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133.—MAECIUS

By thy majesty, Cytherea, I swore to keep away two nights from Hedyllion, and knowing the complaint of my poor heart, methinks thou didst smile. For I will not support the second, and I cast my oath to the winds. I choose rather to be impious to thee for her sake than by keeping my oath to thee to die of piety.

134.—POSEIDIPPUS

SHOWER on us, O Attic jug, the dewy rain of Bacchus; shower it and refresh our merry picnic. Let Zeno, the learned swan, be kept silent, and Cleanthes' Muse,¹ and let our converse be of Love the bitter-sweet.

135.—ANONYMOUS

To his Jug

ROUND, well-moulded, one-eared, long-necked, babbling with thy little mouth, merry waitress of Bacchus and the Muses and Cytherea, sweetly-laughing treasuress of our club, why when I am sober are you full and when I get tipsy do you become sober? You don't keep the laws of conviviality.

136.—MELEAGER

To the Cup-bearer

FILL up the cup and say again, again, again, "Heliodora's."² Speak the sweet name, temper the wine with but that alone. And give me, though it be yesternight's, the garland dripping with scent to wear in memory of her. Look how the rose that favours Love is weeping, because it sees her elsewhere and not in my bosom.

¹ He did write poems, but "Muse" refers to his writings in general. ² For this custom see above, No. 110.

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137.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔγχει τᾶς Πειθοῦς καὶ Κύπριδος Ἡλιοδώρας,
καὶ πάλι τᾶς αὐτᾶς ἀδυλόγῳ Χάριτος.
αὐτὰ γὰρ μὲν ἐμοὶ γράφεται θεός, ἃς τὸ ποθεινὸν
οὔνομ' ἐν ἀκρήτῳ συγκεράσας πίομαι.

138.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Ἴππον Ἀθήνιον ᾗσεν ἐμοὶ κακόν· ἐν πυρὶ πᾶσα
Ἴλιος ᾗν, καγὼ κείνῃ ἅμ' ἐφλεγόμαν,
οὐ δείσας Δαναῶν δεκέτη πόνον· ἐν δ' ἐνὶ φέγγει
τῷ τότε καὶ Τρῶες καγὼ ἀπωλόμεθα.

139.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄδὺ μέλος, ναὶ Πᾶνα τὸν Ἀρκάδα, πηκτίδι μέλπεις,
Ζηνοφίλα, ναὶ Πᾶν', ἀδὺ κρέκεις τι μέλος.
ποῖ σε φύγω; πάντῃ με περιστείχουσιν Ἑρωτες,
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀμπνεῦσαι βαιὸν ἐῷσι χρόνον.
ᾗ γάρ μοι μορφὰ βάλλει πόθον, ᾗ πάλι μούσα,
ᾗ χάρις, ᾗ . . . τί λέγω; πάντα· πυρὶ φλέγομαι.

140.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦδυμελεῖς Μοῦσαι σὺν πηκτίδι, καὶ λόγος ἔμφρων
σὺν Πειθοῖ, καὶ Ἑρῳς κάλλος ὑψηνοχῶν,
Ζηνοφίλα, σοὶ σκῆπτρα Πόθων ἀπένειμαν, ἐπεὶ σοι
αἱ τρισαὶ Χάριτες τρεῖς ἔδωσαν χάριτας.

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137.—BY THE SAME

To the Cup-bearer

ONE ladle for Heliodora Peitho and one for Heliodora Cypris and one for Heliodora, the Grace sweet of speech. For I describe her as one goddess, whose beloved name I mix in the wine to drink.

138.—DIOSCORIDES

ATHENION sang "The Horse," an evil horse for me. All Troy was in flames and I burning with it. I had braved the ten years' effort of the Greeks, but in that one blaze the Trojans and I perished.

139.—MELEAGER

SWEET is the melody, by Pan of Arcady, that thou strikest from thy lyre, Zenophila; yea, by Pan, passing sweet is thy touch. Whither shall I fly from thee? The Loves encompass me about, and give me not even a little time to take breath; for either Beauty throws desire at me, or the Muse, or the Grace or—what shall I say? All of these! I burn with fire.

140.—BY THE SAME

THE melodious Muses, giving skill to thy touch, and Peitho endowing thy speech with wisdom, and Eros guiding thy beauty aright, invested thee, Zenophila, with the sovereignty of the Loves, since the Graces three gave thee three graces.

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141.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ τὸν Ἑρωτα, θέλω τὸ παρ' οὔασιν Ἑλιοδώρας
φθέγμα κλύειν ἢ τὰς Λατοΐδεω κιθάρας.

142.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τίς, ῥόδον ὁ στεφάνος Διονυσίου, ἢ ῥόδον αὐτὸς
τοῦ στεφάνου; δοκέω, λείπεται ὁ στέφανος.

143.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραίνεται Ἑλιοδώρας·
αὐτὴ δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

144.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦδη λευκόϊον θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος
νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ' οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα·
ἤδη δ' ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἄνθεσιν ὥριμον ἄνθος,
Ζηνοφίλα Πειθοῦς ἡδὺ τέθηλε ῥόδον.
Λειμώνες, τί μάταια κόμαις ἔπι φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε;
ἅ γὰρ παῖς κρέσσων ἄδυπνόνων στεφάνων.

H. C. Beeching, *In a Garden*, p. 100; A. Lang, in G. R. Thomson's *Selections from the Greek Anthology*, p. 151; Alma Strettell, *ib.* p. 152; J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 66.

145.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Αὐτοῦ μοι στέφανοι παρὰ δικλίσι ταῖσδε κρεμαστοὶ
μῖνυτε, μὴ προπετῶς φύλλα τινασσόμενοι,
οὓς δακρύοις κατέβρεξα· κάτομβρα γὰρ ὄμματ'
ἐρώντων·
ἀλλ', ὅταν οἰγομένης αὐτὸν ἴδητε θύρης,
στάξαθ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἐμὸν ὑετόν, ὥς ἂν ἄμεινον¹
ἡ ξανθή γε κόμη τὰμὰ πῆλ δάκρυα.

¹ The corrupt ἄμεινον has probably taken the place of a proper name.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

141.—BY THE SAME

By Love I swear, I had rather hear Heliodora's whisper in my ear than the harp of the son of Leto.

142.—ANONYMOUS

Which is it? is the garland the rose of Dionysius, or is he the garland's rose? I think the garland is less lovely.

143.—MELEAGER

The flowers are fading that crown Heliodora's brow, but she glows brighter and crowns the wreath.

144.—BY THE SAME

ALREADY the white violet is in flower and narcissus that loves the rain, and the lilies that haunt the hillside, and already she is in bloom, Zenophila, love's darling, the sweet rose of Persuasion, flower of the flowers of spring. Why laugh ye joyously, ye meadows, vainglorious for your bright tresses? More to be preferred than all sweet-smelling posies is she.

145.—ASCLEPIADES

ABIDE here, my garlands, where I hang ye by this door, nor shake off your leaves in haste, for I have watered you with my tears—rainy are the eyes of lovers. But when the door opens and ye see him, shed my rain on his head, that at least his fair hair may drink my tears.

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146.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες· ποτὶ γὰρ μία ταῖς τρισὶ
 κείναις
 ἄρτι ποτεπλάσθη, κῆτι μύροισι νοτεῖ
 εὐαίων ἐν πᾶσιν ἀρίζαλος Βερενίκα,
 ἅς ἄτερ οὐδ' αὐταὶ ταὶ Χάριτες Χάριτες.

147.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Πλέξω λευκοῖον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἄμα μύρτοις
 νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα,
 πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν· ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον
 πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα,
 ὥς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἡλιοδώρας
 εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 75; H. C. Beeching, *In a Garden*, p. 98.

148.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φαμί ποτ' ἐν μύθοις τὰν εὐλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
 νικάσειν αὐτὰς τὰς Χάριτας χάρισιν.

149.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς μοι Ζηνοφίλαν λαλιὰν παρέδειξεν ἐταίραν;
 τίς μίαν ἐκ τρισσῶν ἤγαγέ μοι Χάριτα;
 ἦ ῥ' ἐτύμως ἀνὴρ κεχαρισμένον ἄνυσεν ἔργον,
 δῶρα διδούς, καὐτὰν τὰν Χάριν ἐν χάριτι.

150.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

᾿Ωμολόγησ' ἤξειν εἰς νύκτα μοι ἡ ᾿πιβόητος
 Νικώ, καὶ σεμνὴν ὅμοσε Θεσμοφόρον·

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146.—CALLIMACHUS

THE Graces are four, for beside those three standeth a new-erected one, still dripping with scent, blessed Berenice,¹ envied by all, and without whom not even the Graces are Graces.

147.—MELEAGER

I WILL plait in white violets and tender narcissus mid myrtle berries, I will plait laughing lilies too and sweet crocus and purple hyacinths and the roses that take joy in love, so that the wreath set on Heliodora's brow, Heliodora with the scented curls, may scatter flowers on her lovely hair.

148.—BY THE SAME

I FORETELL that one day in story sweet-spoken Heliodora will surpass by her graces the Graces themselves.

149.—BY THE SAME

WHO pointed Zenophila out to me, my talkative mistress? Who brought to me one of the three Graces? He really did a graceful deed, giving me a present and throwing in the Grace herself gratis.

150.—ASCLEPIADES

THE celebrated Nico promised to come to me for to-night and swore by solemn Demeter. She

¹ Berenice II, Queen of Egypt.

κούχ ἤκει, φυλακὴ δὲ παροίχεται. ἄρ' ἐπιорκεῖν
ἤθελε; τὸν λύχνον, παῖδες, ἀποσβέσατε.

151.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὁξυβόαι κώνωπες, ἀναιδέες, αἵματος ἀνδρῶν
σίφωνες, νυκτὸς κνώδαλα διπτέρυγα,
βαῖον Ζηνοφίλαν, λίτομαι, παρέθ' ἥσυχον ὕπνον
εὔδειν, τὰ μὰ δ' ἰδοῦ σαρκοφαγεῖτε μέλη.
καίτοι πρὸς τί μάτην αὐδῶ; καὶ θῆρες ἄτεγκτοι
τέρπονται τρυφερῶ χρωτὶ χλαινόμενοι.
ἀλλ' ἔτι νῦν προλέγω, κακὰ θρέμματα, λήγετε
τόλμης,
ἢ γνῶσεσθε χερῶν ζηλοτύπων δύναμιν.

152.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πταίης μοι, κώνωψ, ταχὺς ἄγγελος, οὔασι δ'
ἄκροισ
Ζηνοφίλας ψαύσας προσψιθύριζε τάδε·
“Ἀγρυπνος μίμνει σε· σὺ δ', ὦ λήθαργε φι-
λούντων,
εὔδεις.” εἶα, πέτευ· ναί, φιλόμουσε, πέτευ·
ἥσυχά δὲ φθέγξαι, μὴ καὶ σύγκοιτον ἐγείρας
κινήσης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ ζηλοτύπους ὀδύνας.
ἦν δ' ἀγάγῃς τὴν παῖδα, δορᾶ στέψω σε λέοντος,
κώνωψ, καὶ δώσω χειρὶ φέρειν ῥόπαλον.

153.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Νικαρέτης τὸ Πόθοισι βεβαμμένον¹ ἡδὺ πρόσωπον,
πυκνὰ δι' ὑψορόφων φαινόμενον θυρίδων,
αἱ χαροπαὶ Κλεοφῶντος ἐπὶ προθύροις ἐμάραναν,
Κύπρι φίλη, γλυκεροῦ βλέμματος ἀστεροπαί.

¹ βεβαμμένον Wilamowitz: βεβλημένον MS.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

comes not and the first watch of night is past. Did she mean then to forswear herself? Servants, put out the light.

151.—MELEAGER

YE shrill-voiced mosquitoes, ye shameless pack, suckers of men's blood, Night's winged beasts of prey, let Zenophila, I beseech ye, sleep a little in peace, and come and devour these my limbs. But why do I supplicate in vain? Even pitiless wild beasts rejoice in the warmth of her tender body. But I give ye early warning, cursed creatures: no more of this audacity, or ye shall feel the strength of jealous hands.

152.—BY THE SAME

FLY for me, mosquito, swiftly on my message, and lighting on the rim of Zenophila's ear whisper thus into it: "He lies awake expecting thee, and thou sleepest, O thou sluggard, who forgettest those who love thee." Whrr! away! yea, sweet piper, away! But speak lowly to her, lest thou awake her companion of the night and arouse jealousy of me to pain her. But if thou bringest me the girl, I will hood thy head, mosquito, with the lion's skin and give thee a club to carry in thy hand.¹

153.—ASCLEPIADES

NICARETE'S sweet face, bathed by the Loves, peeping often from her high casement, was blasted, dear Cypris, by the flame that lightened from the sweet blue eyes of Cleophon, standing by her door.

¹ *i.e.* I will give you the attributes of Heracles.

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154.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ναὶ τὰν νηξαμέναν χαροποῖς ἐνὶ κύμασιν Κύπριν,
ἔστι καὶ ἐκ μορφᾶς ἅ Τρυφέρα τρυφερά.

155.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐντὸς ἐμῆς κραδίης τὴν εὐλαλον Ἥλιοδώραν
ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτὸς ἔπλασσεν Ἔρωσ.

156.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ φίλερως χαροποῖς Ἀσκληπιάς οἶα γαλήνης
ὄμμασι συμπεῖθει πάντα ἐρωτοπλοεῖν.

W. G. Headlam, *Fifty Poems of Meleager*, xliii ; A. Esdaile, *The Poetry Review*, Sept. 1913.

157.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τρηχὺς ὄνυξ ὑπ' Ἔρωτος ἀνέτραφες Ἥλιοδώρας
ταύτης γὰρ δύνει κνίσμα καὶ ἐς κραδίην.

158.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Ἑρμιόνη πιθανῇ ποτ' ἐγὼ συνέπαιζον, ἐχούσῃ
ζωνίον ἐξ ἀνθέων ποικίλον, ὦ Παφίη,
χρύσεα γράμματ' ἔχον· διόλου δ' ἐγέγραπτο,
“ Φίλει με·
καὶ μὴ λυπηθῆς, ἦν τις ἔχη μ' ἕτερος.”

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 28.

159.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Βοίδιον ἡλύτρίς καὶ Πυθιάς, αἶ ποτ' ἐρασταί,
σοί, Κύπρι, τὰς ζώνας τὰς τε γραφὰς ἔθεσαν.
ἔμπορε καὶ φορτηγέ, τὸ σὸν βαλλάντιον οἶδεν
καὶ πόθεν αἱ ζῶναι καὶ πόθεν οἱ πίνακες.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

154.—MELEAGER

By Cypris, swimming through the blue waves, Tryphera is truly by right of her beauty tryphera (delicate).

155.—BY THE SAME

WITHIN my heart Love himself fashioned sweet-spoken Heliodora, soul of my soul.

156.—BY THE SAME

LOVE-LOVING Asclepias, with her clear blue eyes, like summer seas, persuadeth all to make the love-voyage.

157.—BY THE SAME

LOVE made it grow and sharpened it, Heliodora's finger-nail; for her light scratching reaches to the heart.

158.—ASCLEPIADES

I PLAYED once with captivating Hermione, and she wore, O Paphian Queen, a zone of many colours bearing letters of gold; all round it was written, "Love me and be not sore at heart if I am another's."

159.—SIMONIDES

BOIDION, the flute-player, and Pythias, both most lovable once upon a time, dedicate to thee, Cypris, these zones and pictures. Merchant and skipper, thy purse knows whence the zones and whence the pictures.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

160.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Δημῶ λευκοπάρειε, σὲ μὲν τις ἔχων ὑπόχρωτα
τέρπεται· ἃ δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ νῦν στενάχει κραδία.
εἰ δέ σε σαββατικὸς κατέχει πόθος, οὐ μέγα θαῦμα·
ἔστι καὶ ἐν ψυχροῖς σάββασι θερμὸς Ἔρως.

161.—ΗΔΥΛΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Εὐφρὼ καὶ Θαῖς καὶ Βοίδιον, αἱ Διομήδους
γραῖαι, ναυκλήρων ὀλκάδες εἰκόσοροι,
Ἄγιν καὶ Κλεοφῶντα καὶ Ἀνταγόρην, ἔν' ἐκάστη,
γυμνοῦς, ναυηγῶν ἥσσονας, ἐξέβαλον.
ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐταῖς νηυσὶ τὰ ληστρικὰ τῆς Ἀφροδίτης 5
φεύγετε· Σειρήνων αἶδε γὰρ ἐχθρότεραι.

162.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Ἢ λαμυρὴ μ' ἔτρωσε Φιλαίνιον· εἰ δὲ τὸ τραῦμα
μὴ σαφές, ἀλλ' ὁ πόνος δύνεται εἰς ὄνυχα.
οἶχομ', Ἐρωτες, ὄλωλα, διοίχομαι· εἰς γὰρ ἐταίραν
νυστάζων ἐπέβην, οἶδ', ἔθιγον τ' Ἀΐδα.

163.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἀνθοδίαιτε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ἡλιοδώρας
ψαύεις, ἐκπρολιποῦς· εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας;
ἦ σύ γε μηνύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺ καὶ δυσύπνοιστον,
πικρὸν αἰὲ κραδίᾳ, κέντρον Ἐρωτος ἔχει;
ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἶπας. Ἰώ, φιλέραστε, παλίμπους 5
στεῖχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἶδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

A. J. Butler, *Amaranth and Asphodel*, p. 39.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

160.—MELEAGER

WHITE-CHEEKED Demo, some one hath thee naked next him and is taking his delight, but my own heart groans within me. If thy lover is some Sabbath-keeper¹ no great wonder! Love burns hot even on cold Sabbaths.

161.—HEDYLUS OR ASCLEPIADES

EUPHRO, Thais and Boidion, Diomede's old women, the twenty-oared transports of ship-captains, have cast ashore, one apiece, naked and worse off than shipwrecked mariners, Agis, Cleophon and Antagoras. But fly from Aphrodite's corsairs and their ships; they are worse foes than the Sirens.

162.—ASCLEPIADES

CRUEL Philaenion has bitten me; though the bite does not show, the pain reaches to my finger-tips. Dear Loves, I am gone, 'tis over with me, I am past hope; for half-asleep I trod upon a whore,² I know it, and her touch was death.

163.—MELEAGER

O FLOWER-nurtured bee, why dost thou desert the buds of spring and light on Heliodora's skin? Is it that thou wouldst signify that she hath both sweets and the sting of Love, ill to bear and ever bitter to the heart? Yea, meseems, this is what thou sayest. "Off with thee back to thy flowers, thou flirt! It is stale news thou bringest me."

¹ i.e. a Jew.

² ἐταίρα "a whore" is put *contra expectationem* for ἐχίδνα "a viper."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

164.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Νύξ· σὲ γὰρ οὐκ ἄλλην μαρτύρομαι, οἷά μ' ὑβρίζει
 Πυθιάς ἢ Νικοῦς, οὔσα φιλεξαπάτις·
 κληθείς, οὐκ ἄκλητος, ἐλήλυθα. ταῦτ' αὖ παθοῦσα
 σοὶ μέμφαιτ' ἔτ' ἐμοῖς στᾶσα παρὰ προθύροις.

165.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐν τόδε, παμμήτειρα θεῶν, λίτομαί σε, φίλη Νύξ,
 ναὶ λίτομαι, κώμων σύμπλανε, πότνια Νύξ,
 εἴ τις ὑπὸ χλαίνῃ βεβλημένος Ἡλιοδώρας
 θάλπεται, ὑπναπάτη χρωτὶ χλιαινόμενος,
 κοιμάσθω μὲν λύχνος· ὁ δ' ἐν κόλποισιν ἐκείνης
 ῥιπτασθεὶς κείσθω δεύτερος Ἐνδυμίων. 5

166.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

ὦ Νύξ, ὦ φιλάγρυπνος ἐμοὶ πόθος Ἡλιοδώρας,
 καὶ ῥσκολιῶν ὄρθρων¹ κνίσματα δακρυχαρῇ,
 ἄρα μένει στοργῆς ἐμὰ λείψανα, καὶ τὸ φίλημα
 μνημόσυνον ψυχρᾷ θάλπετ' ἐν εἰκασίᾳ;
 ἀρά γ' ἔχει σύγκοιτ' αὖτὰ δάκρυα, καμὸν ὄνειρον 5
 ψυχαπάτην στέρνοις ἀμφιβαλοῦσα φιλεῖ;
 ἢ νέος ἄλλος ἔρω, νέα παίγνια; Μήποτε, λύχνε,
 ταῦτ' ἐσίδης, εἴης δ' ἥς παρέδωκα φύλαξ.

167.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Τετὸς ἦν καὶ Νύξ, καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἄλγος ἔρωτι,
 οἶνος· καὶ βορέης ψυχρός, ἐγὼ δὲ μόνος.

¹ The first hand in MS. has ὀρθῶν.

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164.—ASCLEPIADES

NIGHT, for I call thee alone to witness, look how shamefully Nico's Pythias, ever loving to deceive, treats me. I came at her call and not uninvited. May she one day stand at my door and complain to thee that she suffered the like at my hands.

165.—MELEAGER.

MOTHER of all the gods, dear Night, one thing I beg, yea I pray to thee, holy Night, companion of my revels. If some one lies cosy beneath Heliodora's mantle, warmed by her body's touch that cheateth sleep, let the lamp close its eyes and let him, cradled on her bosom, lie there a second Endymion.¹

166.—BY THE SAME

O NIGHT, O longing for Heliodora that keepest me awake, O tormenting visions of the dawn full of tears and joy,² is there any relic left of her love for me? Is the memory of my kiss still warm in the cold ashes of fancy? Has she no bed-fellow but her tears and does she clasp to her bosom and kiss the cheating dream of me? Or is there another new love, new dalliance? Mayst thou never look on this, dear lamp; but guard her well whom I committed to thy care.

167.—ASCLEPIADES

It was night, it was raining, and, love's third burden, I was in wine; the north wind blew cold

¹ i.e. sound asleep.

² The text is corrupt here, and no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. The rendering is therefore quite conjectural.

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ἀλλ' ὁ καλὸς Μόσχος πλέον ἴσχυεν. “ Αἰ σὺ γὰρ
οὔτως
ἦλνες, οὐδὲ θύρην πρὸς μίαν ἡσυχάσας.”
τῇδε τοσαύτ' ἐβόησα βεβρεγμένος. “ Ἀχρι τίνος,
Ζεῦ;
Ζεῦ φίλε, σίγησον· καὐτὸς ἐρᾶν ἔμαθες.”

168.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Καὶ πυρὶ καὶ νιφετῷ με καί, εἰ βούλοιο, κεραυνῷ
βάλλε, καὶ εἰς κρημνοὺς ἔλκε καὶ εἰς πελάγη·
τὸν γὰρ ἀπαυδήσαντα πόθοις καὶ Ἔρωτι δαμέντα
οὐδὲ Διὸς τρύχει πῦρ ἐπιβαλλόμενον.

169.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Ἦδὺ θέρους διψῶντι χιῶν ποτόν· ἦδὺ δὲ ναύταις
ἐκ χειμῶνος ἰδεῖν εἰαρινὸν ζέφυρον·
ἦδιον δ' ὁπότεν κρύψῃ μία τοὺς φιλέοντας
χλαῖνα, καὶ αἰνῆται Κύπρις ὑπ' ἀμφοτέρων.

A. Esdaile, *Poetry Review*, Sept. 1913.

170.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

“ Ἀδιον οὐδὲν ἔρωτος, ἃ δ' ὀλβια, δεύτερα πάντα
ἐστίν· ἀπὸ στόματος δ' ἔπτυσσας καὶ τὸ μέλι.”
τοῦτο λέγει Νοσσίς· τίνα δ' ἂν Κύπρις οὐκ
ἐφίλασεν,
οὐκ οἶδεν κῆνα γ' ἂν θέα ποῖα ῥόδα.

R. G. McGregor, *The Greek Anthology*, p. 20.

¹ γ' Reitzenstein ; τ' MS.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

and I was alone. But lovely Moschus overpowered all. "Would thou didst wander so, and didst not rest at one door." So much I exclaimed there, drenched through. "How long Zeus? Peace, dear Zeus! Thou too didst learn to love."¹

168.—ANONYMOUS

HURL fire and snow upon me, and if thou wilt, strike me with thy bolt, or sweep me to the cliffs or to the deep. For he who is worn out by battle with Desire and utterly overcome by Love, feels not even the blast of Jove's fire.

169. ASCLEPIADES

SWEET in summer a draught of snow to him who thirsts, and sweet for sailors after winter's storms to feel the Zephyr of the spring. But sweeter still when one cloak doth cover two lovers and Cypris hath honour from both.

170. NOSSIS

"NOTHING is sweeter than love; all delightful things are second to it, and even the honey I spat from my mouth." Thus saith Nossis, but if there be one whom Cypris hath not kissed, she at least knows not what flowers roses are.

¹ The epigram is very obscure and probably corrupt. The last words are addressed to Zeus as the weather god, but it is not evident who "thou" in line 3 is. The MS. there, it should be mentioned, has *καὶ σὺ* — *ἤλυθες*, "And thou didst come."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

171.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τὸ σκύφος ἄδὺν γέγηθε, λέγει δ' ὅτι τὰς φιλέρωτος
 Ζηνοφίλας ψαύει τοῦ λαλιοῦ στόματος.
 ὄλβιον· εἴθ' ὑπ' ἐμοῖς νῦν χεῖλεσι χεῖλεα θεῖσα
 ἀπνευστὶ ψυχὰν τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ προπίοι.

172.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅρθρε, τί μοι, δυσέραστε, ταχὺς περὶ κοῖτον
 ἐπέστης
 ἄρτι φίλας Δημοῦς χρωτὶ χλαιομένῳ;
 εἴθε πάλιν στρέψας ταχινὸν δρόμον Ἔσπερος εἴης,
 ὦ γλυκὺν φῶς βάλλων εἰς ἐμὲ πικρότατον.
 ἤδη γὰρ καὶ πρόσθεν ἐπ' Ἀλκμήνῃ Διὸς ἦλθες
 ἀντίος· οὐκ ἀδαῆς ἐσσὶ παλινδρομίης.

173.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅρθρε, τί νῦν, δυσέραστε, βραδὺς περὶ κόσμον
 ἐλίσση,
 ἄλλος ἐπεὶ Δημοῦς θάλπεθ' ὑπὸ χλανίδι;
 ἀλλ' ὅτε τὰν ῥαδινὰν κόλποις ἔχον, ὥκὺς ἐπέστης,
 ὥς βάλλων ἐπ' ἐμοὶ φῶς ἐπιχαιρέκακον.

A. Esdaile, *Poetry Review*, Sept. 1913.

174.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐδεις, Ζηνοφίλα, τρυφερὸν θάλας. εἴθ' ἐπὶ σοὶ νῦν
 ἄπτερος εἰσῆιν Ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροις,
 ὥς ἐπὶ σοὶ μηδ' οὔτος, ὁ καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλγων,
 φοιτήσαι, κάτεχον δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σε μόνος.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

171.—MELEAGER

THE wine-cup feels sweet joy and tells me how it touches the prattling mouth of Zenophila the friend of love. Happy cup! Would she would set her lips to mine and drink up my soul at one draught.

172.—BY THE SAME

WHY dost thou, Morning Star, the foe of love, look down on my bed so early, just as I lie warm in dear Demo's arms? Would that thou couldst reverse thy swift course and be the Star of Eve again, thou whose sweet rays fall on me most bitter. Once of old, when he lay with Alcmena, thou didst turn back in sight of Zeus; thou art not unpractised in returning on thy track.

173.—BY THE SAME

O MORNING-STAR, the foe of love, slowly dost thou revolve around the world, now that another lies warm beneath Demo's mantle. But when my slender love lay in my bosom, quickly thou camest to stand over us, as if shedding on me a light that rejoiced at my grief.

174.—BY THE SAME

THOU sleepest, Zenophila, tender flower. Would I were Sleep, though wingless, to creep under thy lashes, so that not even he who lulls the eyes of Zeus, might visit thee, but I might have thee all to myself.

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175.—TOY AYTOY

Οἶδ' ὅτι μοι κενὸς ὄρκος, ἐπεὶ σέ γε τὴν φιλάσσωτον
 μηνύει μυρόπνους ἀρτιβρεχῆς πλόκαμος,
 μηνύει δ' ἄγρυπνον ἰδοῦ βεβαρημένον ὄμμα,
 καὶ σφιγκτὸς στεφάνων ἀμφὶ κόμαισι μίτος·
 ἔσκυλται δ' ἀκόλαστα πεφυρμένος ἄρτι κίκιννος,
 πάντα δ' ὑπ' ἀκρήτου γυῖα σαλευτὰ φορεῖς.
 ἔρρε, γύναι πάγκοινε· καλεῖ σε γὰρ ἡ φιλόκωμος
 πηκτὶς καὶ κροτάλων χειροτυπῆς πάταγος.

176.—TOY AYTOY

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός. τί δὲ τὸ πλεόν, ἦν πάλιν εἶπω,
 καὶ πάλιν, οἰμῶζων πολλάκι, “δεινὸς Ἔρως”;
 ἦ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεὶς
 ἦδεται· ἦν δ' εἶπω λοῖδορα, καὶ τρέφεται.
 θαῦμα δέ μοι, πῶς ἄρα διὰ γλαυκοῖο φανείσα
 κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

177.—TOY AYTOY

Κηρύσσω τὸν Ἔρωτα, τὸν ἄγριον· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄρτι
 ὀρθρινὸς ἐκ κοίτας ὥχετ' ἀποπτάμενος.
 ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς γλυκύδακρυς, αἰίλαλος, ὠκύς, ἀθαμβής,
 σιμὰ γελῶν, πτερόεις νῶτα, φαρετροφόρος.
 πατρὸς δ' οὐκέτ' ἔχω φράζειν τίνος· οὔτε γὰρ Αἰθήρ,
 οὐ Χθὼν φησὶ τεκεῖν τὸν θρασύν, οὐ Πέλαγος·
 πάντῃ γὰρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἀπέχθεται. ἀλλ' ἐσορᾶτε
 μή πον νῦν ψυχαῖς ἄλλα τίθησι λῖνα.
 καίτοι κείνος, ἰδοῦ, περὶ φωλεόν. Οὐ με λέληθας,
 τοξότα, Ζηνοφίλας ὄμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

H. C. Beeching, *In a Garden*, p. 101.

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175.—BY THE SAME

I KNOW thy oath is void, for they betray thy wantonness, these locks still moist with scented essences. They betray thee, thy eyes all heavy for want of sleep, and the garland's track all round thy head. Thy ringlets are in unchaste disorder all freshly touzled, and all thy limbs are tottering with the wine. Away from me, public woman; they are calling thee, the lyre that loves the revel and the clatter of the castanets rattled by the fingers.

176.—BY THE SAME

DREADFUL is Love, dreadful! But what avails it though I say it again and yet again and with many a sigh, "Love is dreadful"? For verily the boy laughs at this, and delights in being ever reproached, and if I curse, he even grows apace. It is a wonder to me, Cypris, how thou, who didst rise from the green sea, didst bring forth fire from water.

177.—BY THE SAME

The town-crier is supposed to speak

LOST! Love, wild Love! Even now at dawn he went his way, taking wing from his bed. The boy is thus,—sweetly-tearful, ever chattering, quick and impudent, laughing with a sneer, with wings on his back, and a quiver slung on it. As for his father's name I can't give it you; for neither Sky nor Earth nor Sea confess to the rascal's parentage. For everywhere and by all he is hated; but look to it in case he is setting now new springes for hearts. But wait! there he is near his nest! Ah! little archer, so you thought to hide from me there in Zenophila's eyes!

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

178.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πωλείσθω, καὶ ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισι καθεύδων,
 πωλείσθω. τί δέ μοι τὸ θρασὺ τοῦτο τρέφειν;
 καὶ γὰρ σιμὸν ἔφν καὶ ὑπόπτερον, ἄκρα δ' ὄνυξιν
 κνίζει, καὶ κλαῖον πολλὰ μεταξὺ γελᾷ.
 πρὸς δ' ἔτι λοιπὸν ἄθρεπτον, αἰέλαλον, ὅξυ
 δεδορκός,
 ἄγριον, οὐδ' αὐτῇ μητρὶ φίλῃ τιθασόν.
 πάντα τέρας. τοιγὰρ πεπράσεται. εἴ τις ἀπόπλους
 ἔμπορος ὠνεῖσθαι παῖδα θέλει, προσίτω.
 καίτοι λίσσεται, ἰδοῦ, δεδακρυσμένος. οὐ σ' ἔτι
 πωλῶ.
 θάρσει· Ζηνοφίλα σύντροφος ὧδε μένε.

179.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, Ἔρως, φλέξω τὰ σὰ πάντα
 πυρώσας,
 τόξα τε καὶ Σκυθικὴν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην·
 φλέξω, ναί. τί μάταια γελᾷς, καὶ σιμὰ σεσηρῶς
 μυχθίζεις; τάχα που σαρδάνιον γελάσεις.
 ἦ γάρ σευ τὰ ποδηγὰ Πόθων ὠκύπτερα κόψας,
 χαλκόδετον σφίγξω σοῖς περὶ ποσσὶ πέδην.
 καίτοι Καδμεῖον κράτος οἶσομεν, εἴ σε πάροικον
 ψυχῇ συζεύξω, λύγκα παρ' αἰπολίοις.
 ἀλλ' ἴθι, δυσνίκητε, λαβὼν δ' ἔπι κοῦφα πέδιλα
 ἐκπέτασον ταχινὰς εἰς ἐτέρους πτέρυγας.

180.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τί ξένον, εἰ βροτολοιγὸς Ἔρως τὰ πυρίπνοα τόξα
 βάλλει, καὶ λαμυροῖς ὄμμασι πικρὰ γελᾷ;

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

178.—BY THE SAME

SELL it! though it is still sleeping on its mother's breast. Sell it! why should I bring up such a little devil? For it is snub-nosed, and has little wings, and scratches lightly with its nails, and while it is crying often begins to laugh. Besides, it is impossible to suckle it; it is always chattering and has the keenest of eyes, and it is savage and even its dear mother can't tame it. It is a monster all round; so it shall be sold. If any trader who is just leaving wants to buy a baby, let him come hither. But look! it is supplicating, all in tears. Well! I will not sell thee then. Be not afraid; thou shalt stay here to keep Zenophila company.

179.—BY THE SAME

By Cypris, Love, I will throw them all in the fire, thy bow and Scythian quiver charged with arrows. Yea, I will burn them, by—. Why laugh so sillily and snicker, turning up thy nose? I will soon make thee laugh to another tune. I will cut those rapid wings that show Desire the way, and chain thy feet with brazen fetters. But a sorry victory shall I gain if I chain thee next my heart, like a wolf by a sheep-fold.¹ No! be off! thou art ill to conquer; take besides these light, winged shoes, and spreading thy swift wings go visit others.

180.—BY THE SAME

WHAT wonder if murderous Love shoots those arrows that breathe fire, and laughs bitterly with

¹ Literally "a lynx by a goat-fold."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐ μάτηρ στέργει μὲν Ἄρη, γαμέτις δὲ τέτυκται
 Ἀφαίστου, κοινὰ καὶ πυρὶ καὶ ξίφεσιν;
 ματρός δ' οὐ μάτηρ ἀνέμων μάστιξι Θάλασσα
 τραχὺ βοᾷ; γενέτας δ' οὔτε τις οὔτε τινός.
 τοῦνεκεν Ἀφαίστου μὲν ἔχει φλόγα, κύμασι δ' ὄργαν
 στέρξεν ἴσαν, Ἄρεως δ' αἱματόφυρτα βέλη.

181.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Τῶν †καρίων ἡμῖν λάβε †κώλακας (ἀλλὰ πόθ' ἤξει),
 καὶ πέντε στεφάνους τῶν ῥοδίνων. τί τὸ πάξ;
 οὐ φῆς κέρματ' ἔχειν; διολώλαμεν. οὐ τροχιεῖ τις
 τὸν Λαπίθην; ληστήν, οὐ θεράποντ' ἔχομεν.
 οὐκ ἀδικεῖς; οὐδέν; φέρε τὸν λόγον· ἐλθὲ λαβοῦσα, 5
 Φρύνῃ, τὰς ψήφους. ὦ μεγάλου κινάδους.
 πέντ' οἶνος δραχμῶν· ἀλλᾶς δύο . . .
 ὦτα λέγεις σκόμβροι †θέσμυκες σχάδονες.
 αὔριον αὐτὰ καλῶς λογιούμεθα· νῦν δὲ πρὸς
 Αἴσχραν
 τὴν μυρόπωλιν ἰών, πέντε λάβ' ἀργυρέας. 10
 εἰπέ δὲ σημεῖον, Βάκχων ὅτι πέντ' ἐφίλησεν
 ἐξῆς, ὧν κλίνῃ μάρτυς ἐπεγράφετο.

182.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄγγειλον τάδε, Δορκάς· ἰδοὺ πάλι δεύτερον αὐτῇ
 καὶ τρίτον ἄγγειλον, Δορκάς, ἅπαντα. τρέχε·
 μηκέτι μέλλε, πέτου—βραχύ μοι, βραχύ, Δορκάς,
 ἐπίσχες.
 Δορκάς, ποῖ σπεύδεις, πρίν σε τὰ πάντα μαθεῖν;

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

cruel eyes! Is not Ares his mother's lover, and Hephaestus her lord, the fire and the sword sharing her? And his mother's mother the Sea, does she not roar savagely flogged by the winds? And his father has neither name nor pedigree. So hath he Hephaestus' fire, and yearns for anger like the waves, and loveth Ares' shafts dipped in blood.

181.—ASCLEPIADES

BUY us some . . . (but when will he come?) and five rose wreaths.—Why do you say "pax"¹? You say you have no change! We are ruined; won't someone string up the Lapith beast! I have a brigand not a servant. So you are not at fault! Not at all! Bring your account. Phryne, fetch me my reckoning counters. Oh the rascal! Wine, five drachmae! Sausage, two! ormers you say, mackerel . . . honeycombs! We will reckon them up correctly to-morrow; now go to Aeschra's perfumery and get five silver bottles (?) Tell her as a token that Bacchon kissed her five times right off, of which fact her bed was entered as a witness.²

182.—MELEAGER

GIVE her this message, Dorcas; look! tell her it twice and repeat the whole a third time. Off with you! don't delay, fly!—just wait a moment, Dorcas! Dorcas, where are you off to before I've told you all?

¹ *i.e.* that will do.

² The epigram is exceedingly corrupt. The point seems to lie as in No. 185 in his giving an expensive order after all his complaint about charges.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

πρόσθες δ' οἷς εἶρηκα πάλαι—μᾶλλον δέ (τί ληρῶ;) 5
 μηδὲν ὅλως εἶπης—ἀλλ' ὅτι—πάντα λέγε·
 μὴ φείδου τὰ ἅπαντα λέγειν. καίτοι τί σε, Δορκάς,
 ἐκπέμπω, σὺν σοὶ καὺτός, ἰδού, προάγων;

J. H. Merivale, in *Collections from the Greek Anthology*,
 1833, p. 220; J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. 67.

183.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Τέσσαρες οἱ πίνοντες· ἐρωμένη ἔρχεθ' ἐκάστω·
 ὀκτὼ γινομένοις ἐν Χίον οὐχ ἱκανόν.
 παιδάριον, βαδίσας πρὸς Ἀρίστιον, εἶπε τὸ πρῶτον
 ἡμιδεὲς πέμψαι· χοῦς γὰρ ἄπεισι δύο
 ἀσφαλέως· οἶμαι δ' ὅτι καὶ πλέον. ἀλλὰ τρόχαζε· 5
 ὥρας γὰρ πέμπτης πάντες ἀθροίζομεθα.

184.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἔγνων, οὐ μ' ἔλαθες· τί θεούς; οὐ γάρ με λέληθας·
 ἔγνων· μηκέτι νῦν ὄμνυε· πάντ' ἔμαθον.
 ταῦτ' ἦν, ταῦτ', ἐπίορκε; μόνη σὺ πάλιν, μόνη
 ὑπνοῖς;
 ὦ τόλμης· καὶ νῦν, νῦν ἔτι φησί, μόνη.
 οὐχ ὁ περίβλεπτός σε Κλέων; καὶ μὴ . . . τί δ'
 ἀπειλῶ;
 ἔρρε, κακὸν κοίτης θηρίον, ἔρρε τάχος.
 καίτοι σοι δώσω τερπνὴν χάριν· οἶδ' ὅτι βούλει
 κεῖνον ὀρᾶν· αὐτοῦ δέσμιος ὦδε μένε.

185.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Εἰς ἀγορὰν βαδίσας, Δημήτριε, τρεῖς παρ' Ἀμύντου
 γλαυκίσκους αἶτει, καὶ δέκα φυκίδια·

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

Just add to what I told you before—or rather (what a fool I am!) don't say anything at all—only that—Tell her everything, don't hesitate to say everything. But why am I sending you, Dorcas? Don't you see I am going with you—in front of you?

183.—POSIDIPPUS

WE are four at the party, and each brings his mistress; since that makes eight, one jar of Chian is not enough. Go, my lad, to Aristius and tell him the first he sent was only half full; it is two gallons short certainly; I think more. But look sharp, for we all meet at five.¹

184.—MELEAGER

I KNOW it; you did not take me in; why call on the gods? I have found you out; I am certain; don't go on swearing you didn't; I know all about it. That was what it was then, you perjured girl! Once more you sleep alone, do you, alone? Oh her brazen impudence! still she continues to say "Alone." Did not that fine gallant Cleon, eh?—and if not he—but why threaten? Away with you, get out double quick, you evil beast of my bed! Nay but I shall do just what will please you best; I know you long to see him; so stay where you are my prisoner.

185.—ASCLEPIADES

Go to the market, Demetrius, and get from Amyntas three small herrings and ten little lemon-

¹ About 11 A.M.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ κυφὰς καρίδας (ἀριθμήσει δέ σοι αὐτός)
 εἵκοσι καὶ τέτορας δεῦρο λαβὼν ἄπιθι.
 καὶ παρὰ Θανβορίου ροδίνους ἔξ πρόσλαβε . . .
 καὶ Τρυφέραν ταχέως ἐν παρόδῳ κάλεσον.

186.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Μή με δόκει πιθανοῖς ἀπατᾶν δάκρυσσι, Φιλαινί.
 οἶδα· φιλεῖς γὰρ ὅλως οὐδένα μείζον ἐμοῦ,
 τοῦτον ὅσον παρ' ἐμοὶ κέκλισαι χρόνον· εἰ δ'
 ἕτερός σε
 εἶχε, φιλεῖν ἂν ἔφης μείζον ἐκείνον ἐμοῦ.

187.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰπὲ Λυκαινίδι, Δορκάς· “Ἴδ' ὡς ἐπίτηκτα φι-
 λοῦσα
 ἦλως· οὐ κρύπτει πλαστὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος.”

188.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Οὐκ ἀδικέω τὸν Ἔρωτα. γλυκὺς, μαρτύρομαι
 αὐτὴν
 Κύπριν· βέβλημαι δ' ἐκ δολίου κέραος,
 καὶ πᾶς τεφροῦμαι· θερμὸν δ' ἐπὶ θερμῷ ἰάλλει
 ἄτρακτον, λωφᾶ δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰοβολῶν.
 χῶ θνητὸς τὸν ἀλιτρὸν ἐγώ, κεῖ πτηνὸς ὁ δαίμων,
 τίσομαι· ἐγκλήμων δ' ἔσσομ' ἀλεξόμενος;

189.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Νύξ μακρὴ καὶ χεῖμα, μέσην δ' ἐπὶ Πλειάδα
 δύνει·
 καὶ γὰρ παρ' προθύροις νίσσομαι ὑόμενος,

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

soles¹; and get two dozen fresh prawns (he will count them for you) and come straight back. And from Thauborius get six rose-wreaths—and, as it is on your way, just look in and invite Tryphera.²

186.—POSIDIPPUS

DON'T think to deceive me, Philaenis, with your plausible tears. I know; you love absolutely no one more than me, as long as you are lying beside me; but if you were with someone else, you would say you loved him more than me.

187.—MELEAGER

TELL to Lycaenis, Dorcas, "See how thy kisses are proved to be false coin. Time will ever reveal a counterfeit love."

188.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

It is not I who wrong Love. I am gentle, I call Cypris to witness; but he shot me from a treacherous bow, and I am all being consumed to ashes. One burning arrow after another he speeds at me and not for a moment does his fire slacken. Now I, a mortal, shall avenge myself on the transgressor though the god be winged. Can I be blamed for self-defence?

189.—ASCLEPIADES

THE night is long, and it is winter weather, and night sets when the Pleiads are half-way up the sky. I pass and repass her door, drenched by the rain,

¹ I give these names of fish *verbi gratia*, only as being cheap.

² The joke lies in the *crescendo*.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τρωθεὶς τῆς δολίης κείνης πόθῳ· οὐ γὰρ ἔρωτα
Κύπρις, ἀνιηρὸν δ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἦκε βέλος.

190.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Κῦμα τὸ πικρὸν Ἑρωτος, ἀκοίμητοί τε πνέοντες
Ζῆλοι, καὶ κώμων χειμέριον πέλαγος,
ποῖ φέρομαι; πάντα δὲ φρενῶν οἶακες ἀφεῖνται.
ἢ πάλι τὴν τρυφερὴν Σκύλλαν ἐποψόμεθα;

191.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄστρο, καὶ ἡ φιλέρωσι καλὸν φαίνουσα Σελήνη,
καὶ Νύξ, καὶ κώμων σύμπλανον ὀργάνιον,
ἄρά γε τὴν φιλάστων ἔτ' ἐν κοίταισιν ἀθρήσω
ἄγρυπνον, λύχνῳ πόλλ' ἀποκλαομένην;
ἢ τιν' ἔχει σύγκοιτον; ἐπὶ προθύροισι μαράνας
δάκρυσιν ἐκδήσω τοὺς ἰκέτας στεφάνους,
ἐν τόδ' ἐπιγράψας· “Κύπρι, σοὶ Μελέαγρος, ὁ
μύστης
σὼν κώμων, στοργῆς σκῦλα τάδ' ἐκρέμασεν.”

192.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γυμνὴν ἣν ἐσίδῃς Καλλίστιον, ὦ ξένε, φήσεις·
“Ἥλλακται διπλοῦν γράμμα Συρηκοσίων.”

193.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Ἢ τρυφερὴ μ' ἤγρευσε Κλεὼ τὰ γαλάκτιν',
Ἄδωνι,
τῇ σῇ κοψαμένη στήθεα παννυχίδι.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

smitten by desire of her, the deceiver. It is not love that Cypris smote me with, but a tormenting arrow red-hot from the fire.

190.—MELEAGER

O BRINY wave of Love, and sleepless gales of Jealousy, and wintry sea of song and wine, whither am I borne? This way and that shifts the abandoned rudder of my judgement. Shall we ever set eyes again on tender Scylla?

191.—BY THE SAME

O STARS, and moon, that lightest well Love's friends on their way, and Night, and thou, my little mandoline, companion of my serenades, shall I see her, the wanton one, yet lying awake and crying much to her lamp; or has she some companion of the night? Then will I hang at her door my suppliant garlands, all wilted with my tears, and inscribe thereon but these words, "Cypris, to thee doth Meleager, he to whom thou hast revealed the secrets of thy revels, suspend these spoils of his love."

192.—BY THE SAME

STRANGER, were you to see Callistion naked, you would say that the double letter of the Syracusans¹ has been changed into T.²

193.—DIOSCORIDES

TENDER Cleo took me captive, Adonis, as she beat her breasts white as milk at thy night funeral

¹ i.e. the Greek X, said to be the invention of Epicharmus.

² She should have been called Callischion, "with beautiful flanks."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δώσει κάμοι ταύτην χάριν, ἣν ἀποπνεύσω,
μὴ πρόφασις, σύμπλουν σὺν με λαβὼν ἀπάγου.

194.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ ἢ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Αὐτοὶ τὴν ἀπαλὴν Εἰρήνιον ἦγον Ἐρωτες,
Κύπριδος ἐκ χρυσέων ἐρχομένην θαλάμων,
ἐκ τριχὸς ἄχρι ποδῶν ἱερὸν θάλος, οἶά τε λύγδου
γλυπτὴν, παρθενίων βριθομένην χαρίτων·
καὶ πολλοὺς τότε χερσὶν ἐπ' ἡϊθέοισιν οἷστοὺς
τόξου πορφυρέης ἦκαν ἀφ' ἀρπεδόνης.

195.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Αἱ τρισσαὶ Χάριτες τρισσὸν στεφάνωμα συνείραν
Ζηνοφίλα, τρισσᾶς σύμβολα καλλοσύνας·
ἃ μὲν ἐπὶ χρωτὸς θεμένα πόθον, ἃ δ' ἐπὶ μορφᾶς
ἕμερον, ἃ δὲ λόγοις τὸ γλυκύμυθον ἔπος.
τρισσάκις εὐδαίμων, ἧς καὶ Κύπρις ὥπλισεν εὐνάν,
καὶ Πειθὼ μύθους, καὶ γλυκὺ κάλλος Ἐρωτος.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζηνοφίλα κάλλος μὲν Ἐρωτος, σύγκοιτα δὲ φίλτρα
Κύπρις ἔδωκεν ἔχειν, αἱ Χάριτες δὲ χάριν.

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ μὰ τὸν εὐπλόκαμον Τιμοῦς φιλέρωτα κίκιννον,
ναὶ μυρόπνουν Δημοῦς χρώτα τὸν ὑπναπάτην,
ναὶ πάλιν Ἰλιάδος φίλα παίγνια, ναὶ φιλάγρυπνον
λύχνον, ἐμῶν κώμων πολλ' ἐπιδόντα τέλη,

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

feast. Will she but do me the same honour, if I die, I hesitate not; take me with thee on thy voyage.¹

194.—POSEIDIPPUS OR ASCLEPIADES

THE Loves themselves escorted soft Irene as she issued from the golden chamber of Cypris, a holy flower of beauty from head to foot, as though carved of white marble, laden with virgin graces. Full many an arrow to a young man's heart did they let fly from their purple bow-strings.

195.—MELEAGER

THE Graces three wove a triple crown for Zenophila, a badge of her triple beauty. One laid desire on her skin and one gave love-longing to her shape, and one to her speech sweetness of words. Thrice blessed she, whose bed Cypris made, whose words were wrought by Peitho (Persuasion) and her sweet beauty by Love.

196.—BY THE SAME

ZENOPHILA's beauty is Love's gift, Cypris charmed her bed, and the Graces gave her grace.

197.—BY THE SAME

YEA! by Timo's fair-curling love-loving ringlets, by Demo's fragrant skin that cheateth sleep, by the dear dalliance of Ilias, and my wakeful lamp, that looked often on the mysteries of my love-revels, I

¹ The bier of Adonis was committed to the sea. *cp.* No. 53 above.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

βαιὸν ἔχω τό γε λειφθέν, Ἔρως, ἐπὶ χείλεσι
 πνεῦμα·
 εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ τοῦτ', εἰπέ, καὶ ἐκπτύσομαι.

198.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ πλόκαμον Τιμοῦς, οὐ σάνδαλον Ἡλιοδόρας,
 οὐ τὸ μυρόρραντον Δημαρίου πρόθυρον,
 οὐ τρυφερὸν μείδημα βοώπιδος Ἀντικλείας,
 οὐ τοὺς ἀρτιθαλεῖς Δωροθέας στεφάνους·
 οὐκέτι σοὶ φαρέτρη πτερόεντας οἷστοὺς
 κρύπτει, Ἔρως· ἐν ἐμοὶ πάντα γάρ ἐστι βέλη.

199.—ΗΔΥΛΟΥ

Οἶνος καὶ προπόσεις κατεκοίμισαν Ἀγλαονίκην
 αἱ δόλιαι, καὶ ἔρως ἡδὺς ὁ Νικαγόρεω,
 ἥς πάρα Κύπριδι ταῦτα μύροις ἔτι πάντα μυδῶντα
 κεῖνται, παρθενίων ὑγρὰ λάφυρα πόθων,
 σάνδαλα, καὶ μαλακαί, μαστῶν ἐνδύματα, μίτραι,
 ὕπνου καὶ σκυλμῶν τῶν τότε μαρτύρια.

200.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὁ κρόκος, οἳ τε μύροισιν ἔτι πνεύοντες Ἀλεξοῦς
 σὺν μίτραις κισσοῦ κυάνεοι στέφανοι
 τῷ γλυκερῷ καὶ θῆλυ κατιλλώπτοντι Πριήπῳ
 κεῖνται, τῆς ἱερῆς ξείνια παννυχίδος.

201.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἠγρύπνησε Λεοντὶς ἕως πρὸς καλὸν ἑῶν
 ἀστέρα, τῷ χρυσέῳ τερπομένη Σθενίῳ·
 ἥς πάρα Κύπριδι τοῦτο τὸ σὺν Μούσαισι μελισθὲν
 βάρβιτον ἐκ κείνης κεῖτ' ἔτι παννυχίδος.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

swear to thee, Love, I have but a little breath left on my lips, and if thou wouldst have this too, speak but the word and I will spit it forth.

198.—BY THE SAME

No, by Timo's locks, by Heliodora's sandal, by Demo's door that drips with scent, by great-eyed Anticlea's gentle smile, by the fresh garlands on Dorothea's brow, I swear it, Love, thy quiver hath no winged arrows left hidden; for all thy shafts are fixed in me.

199.—HEDYLUS

WINE and treacherous toasts and the sweet love of Nicagoras sent Aglaonicé to sleep; and here hath she dedicated to Cypris these spoils of her maiden love still all dripping with scent, her sandals and the soft band that held her bosom, witnesses to her sleep and his violence then.

200.—ANONYMOUS

THE saffron robe of Alexo, and her dark green ivy crown, still smelling of myrrh, with her snood she dedicates to sweet Priapus with the effeminate melting eyes, in memory of his holy night-festival.

201.—ANONYMOUS

LEONTIS lay awake till the lovely star of morn, taking her delight with golden Sthenius, and ever since that vigil it hangs here in the shrine of Cypris, the lyre the Muses helped her then to play.

202.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ ἢ ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Πορφυρέην μάστιγα, καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
 Πλαγγὼν εὐίππων θῆκεν ἐπὶ προθύρων,
 νικήσασα κέλητι Φιλαινίδα τὴν πολύχαρμον,
 ἐσπερινῶν πώλων ἄρτι φρυασσομένων.
 Κύπρι φίλη, σὺ δὲ τῇδε πόροις νημερτέα νίκης
 δόξαν, ἀείμνηστον τήνδε τιθεῖσα χάριν.

203.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Λυσιδίκη σοι, Κύπρι, τὸν ἵππαστῆρα μύωπα,
 χρύσειον εὐκνήμου κέντρον ἔθηκε ποδός,
 ᾧ πολὺν ὕπτιον ἵππον ἐγύμνασεν· οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτῆς
 μῆρὸς ἐφοινίχθη κοῦφα τινασσομένης·
 ἦν γὰρ ἀκέντητος τελεοδρόμος· οὐνεκεν ὄπλον
 σοὶ κατὰ μεσσοπύλης χρύσειον ἐκρέμασεν.

204.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐκέτι, Τιμάριον, τὸ πρὶν γλαφυροῖο κέλητος
 πῆγμα φέρει πλωτὸν Κύπριδος εἰρεσίην·
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν νώτοισι μετάφρενον, ὡς κέρας ἰστῷ,
 κυρτοῦται, πολὺς δ' ἐκλέλυσται πρότονος·
 ἰστία δ' αἰωρητὰ χαλᾷ σπαδονίσματα μαστῶν·
 ἐκ δὲ σάλου στρεπτὰς γαστρὸς ἔχει ῥυτίδας·
 νέρθε δὲ πάνθ' ὑπέραντλα νεῶς, κοίλῃ δὲ θάλασσα
 πλημμύρει, γόνασιν δ' ἔντρομός ἐστι σάλος.
 δύστανός τοι ζωὸς ἔτ' ὦν Ἀχερουσίδα λίμνην
 πλεύσεται ἄνωθ' ἐπιβὰς γραὸς ἐπ' εἰκοσὸρφ.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

202.—ASCLEPIADES OR POSEIDIPPUS

PLANGO dedicated on the portals of the equestrian god her purple whip and her polished reins, after winning as a jockey her race with Philaenis, her practised rival, when the horses of the evening had just begun to neigh. Dear Cypris, give her unquestioned glory for her victory, stablishing for her this favour not to be forgotten.¹

203.—ASCLEPIADES

LYSIDICE dedicated to thee, Cypris, her spur, the golden goad of her shapely leg, with which she trained many a horse on its back, while her own thighs were never reddened, so lightly did she ride; for she ever finished the race without a touch of the spur, and therefore hung on the great gate of thy temple this her weapon of gold.

204.—MELEAGER

No longer, Timo, do the timbers of your spruce corsair hold out against the strokes of Cypris' oarsmen, but your back is bent like a yard-arm lowered, and your grey forestays are slack, and your relaxed breasts are like flapping sails, and the belly of your ship is wrinkled by the tossing of the waves, and below she is all full of bilgewater and flooded with the sea, and her joints are shaky. Unhappy he who has to sail still alive across the lake of Acheron on this old coffin-galley.²

¹ In hoc epigr. et seq. de schemate venereo κέλητι jocatur.

² In eadem re ludit, sed hic κέλης navigium est.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

205.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἰϋγξ ἡ Νικοῦς, ἡ καὶ διαπόντιον ἔλκειν
 ἄνδρα καὶ ἐκ θαλάμων παῖδας ἐπισταμένη,
 χρυσῷ ποικιλθεῖσα, διανγέος ἐξ ἀμεθύστου
 γλυπτῇ, σοὶ κείται, Κύπρι, φίλον κτέανον,
 πορφυρέης ἀμνοῦ μαλακῇ τριχὶ μέσσα δεθεῖσα,
 τῆς Λαρισσαίης ξείνια φαρμακίδος.

206.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Μηλὼ καὶ Σατύρη τανυήλικες, Ἀντιγενείδεω
 παῖδες, ταὶ Μουσῶν εὐκόλοι ἐργάτιδες·
 Μηλὼ μὲν Μούσαις Πιμπλήσι τοὺς ταχυχειλεῖς
 αὐλοὺς καὶ ταύτην πύξινον αὐλοδόκην·
 ἡ φίλερως Σατύρη δὲ τὸν ἔσπερον οἰνοποτήρων
 σύγκωμον, κηρῷ ζευξαμένη, δόνακα,
 ἡδὺν συριστήρα, σὺν ᾧ πανεπόρφνιος ἡῶ
 ἠῦγασεν αὐλείοις οὐ κοτέουσα θύραις.

207.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Αἰ Σάμιαι Βιττὼ καὶ Νάννιον εἰς Ἀφροδίτης
 φοιτᾶν τοῖς αὐτῆς οὐκ ἐθέλουσι νόμοις,
 εἰς δ' ἕτερ' αὐτομολοῦσιν, ἃ μὴ καλά. Δεσπότη Κύπρι
 μίσει τὰς κοίτης τῆς παρὰ σοὶ φυγάδας.

208.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐ μοι παιδομανὴς κραδία· τί δὲ τερπνόν, Ἐρωτες,
 ἀνδροβατεῖν, εἰ μὴ δούς τι λαβεῖν ἐθέλει;
 ἃ χεὶρ γὰρ τὰν χεῖρα. καλά με μένει παράκοιτις·
 ἔρροι πᾶς ἄρσην ἀρσενικαῖς λαβίσιν.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

205.—ANONYMOUS

Nico's love-charm, that can compel a man to come from oversea and boys from their rooms, carved of transparent amethyst, set in gold and hung upon a soft thread of purple wool, she, the witch of Larissa presents to thee Cypris, to possess and treasure.

206.—LEONIDAS

MELO and Satyra, the daughters of Antigenides, now advanced in age, the willing work-women of the Muses, dedicate to the Pimpleian Muses, the one her swift-lipped flute and this its box-wood case, and Satyra, the friend of love, her pipe that she joined with wax, the evening companion of banqueters, the sweet whistler, with which all night long she waited to see the day dawn, fretting not because the portals would not open.¹

207.—ASCLEPIADES

BITTO and Nannion of Samus will not go to the house of Cypris by the road the goddess ordains, but desert to other things which are not seemly. O Lady Cypris, look with hate on the truants from thy bed.

208.—MELEAGER

COR meum non furit in pueros; quid iucundum, Amores, virum inscendere, si non vis dando sumere? Manus enim manum lavat. Pulcra me manet uxor. Facessant mares cum masculis forcipibus.

¹ I suppose this is the meaning. She was hired by time and gained by the exclusion of the man who hired her.

209.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ ἢ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Σῆ, Παφίη Κυθήρεια, παρ' ἡόνι εἶδε Κλέανδρος
 Νικοῦν ἐν χαροποῖς κύμασι νηχομένην
 καιόμενος δ' ὑπ' Ἑρωτος ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἄνθρακας ὠνὴρ
 ξηροὺς ἐκ νοτερῆς παιδὸς ἐπεσπάσατο.
 χὼ μὲν ἐναυάγει γαίης ἐπι· τὴν δέ, θαλάσσης
 ψαύουσιν, πρηεῖς εἵχουσιν αἰγιαλοί.
 νῦν δ' ἴσος ἀμφοτέροις φιλίας πόθος· οὐκ ἀτελεῖς γὰρ
 εὐχαί, τὰς κείνης εὗξατ' ἐπ' ἡϊόνος.

210.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Τῷ θαλλῷ Διδύμη με συνήρπασεν· ὦ μοι. ἐγὼ δὲ
 τήκομαι, ὥς κηρὸς παρ πυρί, κάλλος ὀρώων.
 εἰ δὲ μέλαινα, τί τοῦτο; καὶ ἄνθρακες· ἀλλ' ὅτ'
 ἐκείνους
 θάλψωμεν, λάμπουσ' ὥς ῥόδαι κάλυκες.

211.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Δάκρυα καὶ κῶμοι, τί μ' ἐγείρετε, πρὶν πόδας ἄραι
 ἐκ πυρός, εἰς ἑτέρεην Κύπριδος ἀνθρακίην;
 λήγω δ' οὐ ποτ' ἔρωτος· αἰεὶ δέ μοι ἐξ Ἀφροδίτης
 ἄλγος ὃ μὴ †κρίνων¹ καινὸν ἄγει τι πόθος·

212.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Αἰεὶ μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἦχος Ἑρωτος,
 ὄμμα δὲ σίγα Πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει·
 οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων
 ἤδη πονεῖ κρᾶδιά γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.
 ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καί ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μὲν, Ἑρωτες,
 οἶδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε;

¹ μὴ κρίνων must be wrong. I render as if it were μὴ κάμων.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

209.—POSEIDIPPUS OR ASCLEPIADES

By thy strand, O Paphian Cytherea, Cleander saw Nico swimming in the blue sea, and burning with love he took to his heart dry coals from the wet maiden. He, standing on the land, was shipwrecked, but she in the sea was received gently by the beach. Now they are both equally in love, for the prayers were not in vain that he breathed on that strand.

210.—ASCLEPIADES

DIDYME by the branch she waved at me¹ has carried me clean away, alas! and looking on her beauty, I melt like wax before the fire. And if she is dusky, what is that to me? So are the coals, but when we light them, they shine as bright as roses.

211.—POSEIDIPPUS

TEARS and revel, why do you incite me before my feet are out of the flame to rush into another of Cypris' fires? Never do I cease from love, and tireless desire ever brings me some new pain from Aphrodite.

212.—MELEAGER

THE noise of Love is ever in my ears, and my eyes in silence bring their tribute of sweet tears to Desire. Nor night nor daylight lays love to rest, and already the spell has set its well-known stamp on my heart. O winged Loves, is it that ye are able to fly to us, but have no strength at all to fly away?

¹ cf. Plato, *Phaedr.* 230 D.

213.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Πυθιάς, εἰ μὲν ἔχει τιν', ἀπέρχομαι· εἰ δὲ καθεύδει
 ὧδε μόνη, μικρόν, πρὸς Διός, ἐσκαλέσαις.
 εἰπὲ δὲ σημείον, μεθύων ὅτι καὶ διὰ κλωπῶν
 ἦλθον, Ἐρωτι θρασεῖ χρώμενος ἡγεμόνι.

214.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Σφαιριστὰν τὸν Ἐρωτα τρέφω· σοὶ δ', Ἡλιοδώρα,
 βάλλει τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ παλλομέναν κραδίαν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε συμπαίκταν δέξαι Πόθον· εἰ δ' ἀπὸ σεῦ
 με
 ῥίψαις, οὐκ οἴσει τὰν ἀπάλαιστρον ὕβριν.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λίσσομ', Ἐρωτος, τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἡλιο-
 δώρας
 κοίμισον, αἰδεσθεὶς Μοῦσαν ἐμὴν ἰκέτιν.
 ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδραγμένα βάλλειν
 ἄλλον, αἰεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,
 εἰ καὶ με κτείναις, λείψω φωνὴν προῖέντα
 γράμματ'. “Ἐρωτος ὄρα, ξεῖνε, μαιφονίην.”

216.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰ φιλέεις, μὴ πάμπαν ὑποκλασθέντα χαλάσσης
 θυμὸν ὀλισθηρῆς ἔμπλεον ἰκεσίης·
 ἀλλὰ τι καὶ φρονέοις στεγανώτερον, ὅσσον ἐρύσσαι
 ὀφρύας, ὅσσον ἰδεῖν βλέμματι φειδομένῳ.
 ἔργον γάρ τι γυναιξὶν ὑπερφιάλους ἀθερίζειν
 καὶ κατακαγχάζειν τῶν ἄγαν οἰκτροτάτων.
 κεῖνος δ' ἐστὶν ἄριστος ἐρωτικός, ὃς τάδε μίξει
 οἶκτον ἔχων ὀλίγη ξυνὸν ἀγνηορίῃ.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

213.—POSEIDIPPUS

IF anyone is with Pythias, I am off, but if she sleeps alone, for God's sake admit me for a little, and say for a token that drunk, and through thieves, I came with daring Love for my guide.

214.—MELEAGER

THIS Love that dwells with me is fond of playing at ball, and to thee, Heliodora, he throws the heart that quivers in me. But come, consent to play with him, for if thou throwest me away from thee he will not brook this wanton transgression of the courtesies of sport.

215.—BY THE SAME

I PRAY thee, Love, reverence the Muse who intercedes for me and lull to rest this my sleepless passion for Heliodora. I swear it by thy bow that hath learnt to shoot none else, but ever pours the winged shafts upon me, even if thou slayest me I will leave letters speaking thus: "Look, O stranger, on the murderous work of Love."

216.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

IF you love, do not wholly let your spirit bend the knee and cringe full of oily supplication, but be a little proof against approaches, so far at least as to draw up your eyebrows and look on her with a scanting air. For it is more or less the business of women to slight the proud, and to make fun of those who are too exceedingly pitiful. He is the best lover who mixes the two, tempering piteousness with just a little manly pride.

217.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Χρύσεος ἀψαύστοιο διέτμαγεν ἄμμα κορείας
 Ζεὺς, διαδὺς Δανάας χαλκελάτους θαλάμους.
 φαρὶ λέγειν τὸν μῦθον ἐγὼ τάδε· “Χάλκεα νικᾷ
 τείχεα καὶ δεσμοὺς χρυσὸς ὁ πανδαμάτωρ.”
 χρυσὸς ὅλους ῥυτῆρας, ὅλας κληῖδας ἐλέγχει,
 χρυσὸς ἐπιγνάμπει τὰς σοβαροβλεφάρους·
 καὶ Δανάας ἐλύγωσεν ὅδε φρένα. μή τις ἐραστὴς
 λισσέσθω Παφίαν, ἀργύριον παρέχων.

218.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Τὸν σοβαρὸν Πολέμωνα, τὸν ἐν θυμέλῃσι Μενάνδρου
 κείραντα γλυκεροὺς τῆς ἀλόχου πλοκάμους,
 ὀπλότερος Πολέμων μιμήσατο, καὶ τὰ Ῥοδάνθης
 βόστρυχα παντόλμοις χερσὶν ἐληΐσατο,
 καὶ τραγικοῖς ἀχέεσσι τὸ κωμικὸν ἔργον ἀμείψας,
 μᾶστιξεν ῥαδινῆς ἄψα θηλυτέρης.
 ζηλομανὲς τὸ κόλασμα· τί γὰρ τόσον ἤλιτε κούρη,
 εἴ με κατοικτεῖρειν ἤθελε τειρόμενον;
 Σχέτλιος· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ διέτμαγε, μέχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ
 βλέμματος ἐνστήσας αἶθοπα βασκανίην,
 ἀλλ' ἔμπης τελέθει Μισούμενος· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
 Δύσκολος, οὐχ ὀρόων τὴν Περικειρομένην.

219.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Κλέψωμεν, Ῥοδόπη, τὰ φιλήματα, τὴν τ' ἐρατεινὴν
 καὶ περιδῆριτον Κύπριδος ἐργασίην.
 ἡδὺ λαθεῖν, φυλάκων τε παναγρέα κανθὸν ἀλύξαι·
 φώρια δ' ἀμφαδίων λέκτρα μελιχρότερα.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

217.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

ZEUS, turned to gold, piercing the brazen chamber of Danae, cut the knot of intact virginity. I think the meaning of the story is this, "Gold, the subduer of all things, gets the better of brazen walls and fetters; gold loosens all reins and opens every lock, gold makes the ladies with scornful eyes bend the knee. It was gold that bent the will of Danae. No need for a lover to pray to Aphrodite, if he brings money to offer."

218.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

THE arrogant Polemo, who in Menander's drama cut off his wife's sweet locks, has found an imitator in a younger Polemo, who with audacious hands despoiled Rhodanthe of her locks, and even turning the comic punishment into a tragic one flogged the limbs of the slender girl. It was an act of jealous madness, for what great wrong did she do if she chose to take pity on my affliction? The villain! and he has separated us, his burning jealousy going so far as to prevent us even looking at each other. Well, at any rate, he is "The Hated Man" and I am "The Ill-Tempered Man," as I don't see "The Clipped Lady."¹

219.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

LET us steal our kisses, Rhodope, and the lovely and precious work of Cypris. It is sweet not to be found out, and to avoid the all-entrapping eyes of guardians: furtive amours are more honied than open ones.

¹ The allusions are to the titles of three pieces of Menander. We now possess part of the last.

220.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰ καὶ νῦν πολὺ σε κατεύνασε, καὶ τὸ θαλυκρὸν
 κεῖνο κατημβλύνθη κέντρον ἐρωμανίης,
 ὦφελες, ὦ Κλεόβουλε, πόθους νεότητος ἐπιγνούς,
 νῦν καὶ ἐποικτεῖρειν ὄπλοτέρων ὁδύνας,
 μῆδ' ἐπὶ τοῖς ξυνοῖς κοτέειν μέγα, μῆδὲ κομάτων
 τὴν ῥαδινὴν κούρην πάμπαν ἀπαγλαΐσαι.
 ἀντὶ πατρὸς τῇ παιδὶ πάρος μεμέλησο ταλαίνῃ,
 καὶ νῦν ἐξαπίνης ἀντίπαλος γέγονας.

5

221.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Μέχρι τίνος φλογόεσσαν ὑποκλέπτοντες ὁπωπὴν
 φῶριον ἀλλήλων βλέμμα τιτυσκόμεθα;
 λεκτέον ἀμφαδίην μελεδήματα· κῆν τις ἐρύξη
 μαλθακὰ λυσιπόνου πλέγματα συζυγίης,
 φάρμακον ἀμφοτέροις ξίφος ἔσσεται· ἥδιον ἡμῖν
 ξυνὸν αἰεὶ μεθέπειν ἢ βίον ἢ θάνατον.

5

222.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ

Εἰς Ἀριάδην κιθαριστρίδα

Εἴ ποτε μὲν κιθάρης ἐπαφήσατο πληκτρον ἐλοῦσα
 κούρη, Τερψιχόρης ἀντεμέλιζε μίτοις·
 εἴ ποτε δὲ τραγικῶ ῥοιζήματι ῥήξατο φωνήν,
 αὐτῆς Μελπομένης βόμβον ἀπεπλάσατο·
 εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀγλαΐης κρίσις ἴστατο, μᾶλλον ἂν αὐτῇ
 Κύπρις ἐνικήθη, κἀνεδίκαζε Πάρις.
 σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμέων, ἵνα μὴ Διόνυσος ἀκούσας
 τῶν Ἀριαδνείων ζῆλον ἔχοι λεχέων.

5

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

220.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

If grey hairs now have lulled your desires, Cleobulus, and that glowing goad of love-madness is blunted, you should, when you reflect on the passions of your youth, take pity now on the pains of younger people, and not be so very wroth at weaknesses common to all mankind, robbing the slender girl of all the glory of her hair. The poor child formerly looked upon you as a father, (*anti patros*), and now all at once you have become a foe (*antipalos*).

221.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

How long shall we continue to exchange stolen glances, endeavouring to veil their fire. We must speak out and reveal our suffering, and if anyone hinders that tender union which will end our pain, the sword shall be the cure for both of us; for sweeter for us, if we cannot live ever together, to go together to death.

222.—AGATHIAS

To a harp-player and tragic actress called Ariadne

WHENEVER she strikes her harp with the plectrum, it seems to be the echo of Terpsichore's strings, and if she tunes her voice to the high tragic strain, it is the hum of Melpomene that she reproduces. Were there a new contest for beauty too, Cypris herself were more likely to lose the prize than she, and Paris would revise his judgement. But hush! let us keep it to our own selves, lest Bacchus overhear and long for the embraces of this Ariadne too.

223.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Φωσφόρε, μὴ τὸν Ἑρωτα βιάζεο, μηδὲ διδάσκου,
 Ἄρει γειτονέων, νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχειν·
 ὥς δὲ πάρος, Κλυμένης ὁρόων Φαέθοντα μελάθρῳ,
 οὐ δρόμον ὠκυπόδην εἶχες ἐπ' ἀντολῆς,
 οὕτω μοι περὶ νύκτα, μόγις ποθέοντι φανείσαν,
 ἔρχεο δηθύνων, ὥς παρὰ Κιμμερίοις.

224.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λήξον, Ἑρως, κραδίης τε καὶ ἥπατος· εἰ δ' ἐπιθυμῆς
 βάλλειν, ἄλλο τί μου τῶν μελέων μετάβα.

225.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐλκος ἔχω τὸν ἔρωτα· ῥέει δέ μοι ἔλκεος ἰχώρ,
 δάκρυον, ὠτειλῆς οὐποτε τερσομένης.
 εἰμὶ γὰρ ἐκ κακότητος ἀμήχανος, οὐδὲ Μαχάων
 ἥπιά μοι πάσσει φάρμακα δενομένων.
 Τήλεφός εἰμι, κόρη, σὺ δὲ γίνεο πιστὸς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 κάλλει σῶ παῦσον τὸν πόθον, ὥς ἔβαλες.

226.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Οφθαλμοί, τέο μέχρ' ἀφύσσετε νέκταρ Ἑρώτων,
 κάλλεος ἀκρήτου ζωροπῶνται θρασέες;
 τῆλε διαθρέξωμεν ὅπη σθένος· ἐν δὲ γαλήνῃ
 νηφάλια σπείσω Κύπριδι Μειλιχίῃ.
 εἰ δ' ἄρα πού καὶ κεῖθι κατάσχετος ἔσσομαι οἷστρῳ,
 γίνεσθε κρυεροῖς δάκρυσι μυδαλέοι,
 ἔνδικον ὀτλήσοντες αἰεὶ πόνον· ἔξ ὑμέων γάρ,
 φεῦ, πυρὸς ἐς τόσσην ἦλθομεν ἐργασίην.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 120.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

223.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

O STAR of the morning, press not hard on Love, nor because thou movest near to Mars learn from him to be pitiless. But as once when thou sawest the Sun in Clymene's chamber, thou wentest more slowly down to the west, so on this night that I longed for, scarce hoping, tarry in thy coming, as in the Cimmerian land.

224.—BY THE SAME

CEASE Love to aim at my heart and liver, and if thou must shoot, let it be at some other part of me.

225.—BY THE SAME

MY love is a running sore that ever discharges tears for the wound stancheth not; I am in evil case and find no cure, nor have I any Machaon to apply the gentle salve that I need. I am Telephus, my child; be thou faithful Achilles and staunch with thy beauty the desire wherewith thy beauty smote me.¹

226.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

How long, O eyes, quaffing boldly beauty's untempered wine, will ye drain the nectar of the Loves! Let us flee far away, far as we have the strength, and in the calm to a milder Cypris I will pour a sober offering. But if haply even there the fury possesses me, I will bid ye be wet with icy tears, and suffer for ever the pain ye deserve; for it was you alas! who cast me into such a fiery furnace.

¹ See note to No. 291.

227.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΡΙΑΤΟΥ

Ἡμερίδας τρυγώωσιν ἐτήσιον, οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
 τοὺς ἑλικας, κόπτων βότρυν, ἀποστρέφεται.
 ἀλλὰ σε τὴν ῥοδόπηχυν, ἐμῆς ἀνάθημα μερίμνης,
 ὑγρὸν ἐνιπλέξας ἄμματι δεσμόν, ἔχω,
 καὶ τρυγῶ τὸν ἔρωτα· καὶ οὐ θέρος, οὐκ ἔαρ ἄλλο 5
 οἶδα μένειν, ὅτι μοι πᾶσα γέμεις χαρίτων.
 ὦδε καὶ ἡβήσεας ὅλον χρόνον· εἰ δέ τις ἔλθῃ
 λοξὸς ἔλιξ ῥυτίδων, τλήσομαι ὡς φιλέων.

228.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Εἰπὲ τίني πλέξεις ἔτι βόστρυχον, ἢ τίني χεῖρας
 φαιδρυνέεις, ὀνύχων ἀμφιτεμῶν ἀκίδα;
 εἰς τί δὲ κοσμήσεις ἀλιανθέϊ φάρεα κόχλῳ,
 μηκέτι τῆς καλῆς ἐγγὺς ἐὼν Ῥοδόπης;
 ὄμμασιν οἷς Ῥοδόπην οὐ δέρκομαι, οὐδὲ φαεινῆς 5
 φέγγος ἰδεῖν ἐθέλω χρύσειον Ἡριπόλης.

229.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΡΙΑΤΟΥ

Τὴν Νιόβην κλαίουσαν ἰδὼν ποτε βουκόλος ἀνὴρ
 θάμβεεν, εἰ λείβειν δάκρυον οἶδε λίθος·
 αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ στενάχοντα τόσης κατὰ νυκτὸς ὀμίχλῃν
 ἔμπνοος Εὐρύππης οὐκ ἐλέαιρε λίθος.
 αἴτιος ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔρωσ, ὀχρηγὸς ἀνίης 5
 τῇ Νιόβῃ τεκέων, αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ παθέων.

230.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Χρυσῆς εἰρύσσασα μίαν τρίχα Δωρὶς ἐθείρης,
 οἶα δορικτήτους δῆσεν ἐμεῦ παλάμας·

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227.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

EVERY year is the vintage, and none in gathering the grapes looks with reluctance on the curling tendrils. But thee, the rosy-armed, the crown of my devotion, I hold enchained in the gentle knot of my arms, and gather the vintage of love. No other summer, no spring do I hope to see, for thou art entirely full of delight. So may thy prime endure for ever, and if some crooked tendril of a wrinkle comes, I will suffer it, for that I love thee.

228.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

TELL me for whose sake shalt thou still tire thy hair, and make thy hands bright, paring thy finger nails? Why shalt thou adorn thy raiment with the purple bloom of the sea, now that no longer thou art near lovely Rhodope? With eyes that look not on Rhodope I do not even care to watch bright Aurora dawn in gold.

229.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

A HERDSMAN, looking on Niobe weeping, wondered how a rock could shed tears. But Euipe's heart, the living stone, takes no pity on me lamenting through the misty darkness of so long a night. In both cases the fault is Love's, who brought pain to Niobe for her children and to me the pain of passion.

230.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

DORIS pulled one thread from her golden hair and bound my hands with it, as if I were her prisoner.

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἐκάγχασα, δεσμὰ τινάξαι
 Δωρίδος ἱμερτῆς εὐμαρὲς οἴομενος·
 ὥς δὲ διαρρήξαι σθένος οὐκ ἔχον, ἔστενον ἤδη,
 οἷά τε χαλκείῃ σφινγκτὸς ἀλυστοπέδῃ.
 καὶ νῦν ὁ τρισάποτμος ἀπὸ τριχὸς ἡέρτημαι,
 δεσπότις ἔνθ' ἐρύσῃ, πυκνὰ μεθελκόμενος.

231.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΥΠΑΤΟΥ.

Τὸ στόμα ταῖς Χαρίτεσσι, προσώπατα δ' ἄνθεσι
 θάλλει,
 ὄμματα τῇ Παφίῃ, τὼ χέρε τῇ κιθάρῃ.
 συλεύεις βλεφάρων φάος ὀμμασιν, οὐας αἰοιδῇ·
 πάντοθεν ἀγρεύεις τλήμονας ἡϊθέους.

232.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἰππομένην φιλέουσα, νόον προσέρεισα Λεάνδρῳ·
 ἐν δὲ Λεανδρείοις χεῖλεσι πηγνυμένη,
 εἰκόνα τὴν Ξάνθοιο φέρω φρεσί· πλεξαμένη δὲ
 Ξάνθον, ἐς Ἰππομένην νόστιμον ἦτορ ἄγω.
 πάντα τὸν ἐν παλάμῃσιν ἀναίνομαι· ἄλλοτε δ' ἄλλον
 αἶν ἀμοιβαίοις πῆχεσι δεχνυμένη,
 ἀφνειὴν Κυθήρειαν ὑπέρχομαι. εἰ δέ τις ἡμῖν
 μέμφεται, ἐν πενίῃ μιμνέτω οἰογάμῳ.

233.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΥΠΑΤΟΥ

“Αὔριον ἀθρήσω σε.” τὸ δ' οὐ ποτε γίνεται ἡμῖν,
 ἡθάδος ἀμβολίης αἶν ἀεξομένης.
 ταῦτά μοι ἱμείροντι χαρίζεαι· ἄλλα δ' ἐς ἄλλους
 δῶρα φέρεις, ἐμέθεν πίστιν ἀπειπαμένη.
 “ὄψομαι ἐσπερίῃ σε.” τί δ' ἔσπερός ἐστι γυναικῶν;
 γῆρας ἀμετρήτῳ πληθόμενον ῥυτίδι.

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At first I laughed, thinking it easy to shake off charming Doris' fetters. But finding I had not strength to break them, I presently began to moan, as one held tight by galling irons. And now most ill-fated of men, I am hung on a hair and must ever follow where my mistress chooses to drag me.

231.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

THY mouth blossoms with grace and thy cheeks bloom with flowers, thy eyes are bright with Love, and thy hands aglow with music. Thou takest captive eyes with eyes and ears with song; with thy every part thou trapest unhappy young men.

232.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

KISSING Hippomenes, my heart was fixed on Leander; clinging to Leander's lips, I bear the image of Xanthus in my mind; and embracing Xanthus my heart goes back to Hippomenes. Thus ever I refuse him I have in my grasp, and receiving one after another in my ever shifting arms, I court wealth of Love. Let whoso blames me remain in single poverty.

233.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

"TO-MORROW I will see thee." Yet to-morrow never comes, but ever, as thy way is, deferment is heaped upon deferment. That is all thou grantest to me who love thee; for others thou hast many gifts, for me but perfidy. "I will see thee in the evening." But what is the evening of women? Old age full of countless wrinkles.

234.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλθάκτοισιν ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ἡδὺν ἐν ἡβῃ
οἷστροφόρου Παφίης θεσμόν ἀπειπάμενος,
γνιοβόροις βελέεσσιν ἀνέμβατος ὁ πρὶν Ἑρώτων,
αὐχένα σοὶ κλίνω, Κύπρι, μεσαιπόλιος.
δέξο με καγχαλώωσα, σοφὴν ὅτι Παλλάδα νικᾷς 5
νῦν πλέον ἢ τὸ πάρος μῆλω ἔφ' Ἑσπερίδων.

235.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΠΑΤΟΥ

Ἦλθες ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι παρ' ἐλπίδα· τὴν δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἐξεσάλαξας ὅλην θάμβει φαντασίην,
καὶ τρομέω, κραδίη τε βυθῷ πελεμίζεται οἷστροφ,
ψυχῆς πνιγομένης κύματι κυπριδίῳ.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ τὸν ναυηγὸν ἐπ' ἡπείροιο φανέντα 5
σῶε, τεῶν λιμένων ἔνδοθι δεξαμένη.

236.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ναὶ τάχα Τανταλῆς Ἀχερόντια πῆματα ποινῆς
ἡμετέρων ἀχέων ἐστὶν ἐλαφρότερα.
οὐ γὰρ ἰδὼν σέο κάλλος, ἀπείργετο χεῖλεα μίξαι
χείλει σῷ, ῥοδέων ἀβροτέρῳ καλύκων,
Τάνταλος ἀκριτόδακρυς, ὑπερτέλλοντα δὲ πέτρον 5
δείδιεν· ἀλλὰ θανεῖν δεύτερον οὐ δύναται.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ζωὸς μὲν ἐὼν κατατήκομαι οἷστροφ,
ἐκ δ' ὀλιγοδρανίης καὶ μόρον ἐγγὺς ἔχω.

237.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΜΤΡΙΝΑΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Πᾶσαν ἐγὼ τὴν νύκτα κινύρομαι· εὖτε δ' ἐπέλθῃ
ὄρθρος ἐλινῦσαι μικρὰ χαριζόμενος,

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234.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

I who formerly in my youth with stubborn heart refused to yield to the sweet empire of Cypris, wielder of the goad, I who was proof against the consuming arrows of the Loves, now grown half grey, bend the neck to thee, O Paphian queen. Receive me and laugh elate that thou conquerest wise Pallas now even more than when ye contended for the apple of the Hesperides.

235.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

AGAINST my hope thou art come to me, who longed for thee, and by the shock of wonder didst empty my soul of all its vain imagining. I tremble, and my heart in its depths quivers with passion; my soul is drowned by the wave of Love. But save me, the shipwrecked mariner, now near come to land, receiving me into thy harbour.

236.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

YEA, maybe it is lighter than mine, the pain that Tantalus suffers in hell. Never did he see thy beauty and never was denied the touch of thy lips, more tender than an opening rose—Tantalus ever in tears. He dreads the rock over his head but he cannot die a second time. But I, not yet dead, am wasted away by passion, and am enfeebled even unto death.

237.—AGATHIAS MYRINAEUS SCHOLASTICUS

ALL the night long I complain, and when dawn comes to give me a little rest, the swallows twitter

ἀμφιπεριτρύζουσι χελιδόνες, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
 βάλλουσιν, γλυκερὸν κῶμα παρωσάμεναι.
 ὄμματα δ' οὐ λάοντα φυλάσσεται· ἡ δὲ Ῥοδάνθης 5
 αὐθις ἐμοῖς στέρνοις φροντὶς ἀναστρέφεται.
 ὦ φθονεραὶ παύσασθε λαλητρίδες· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
 τὴν Φιλομηλείην γλῶσσαν ἀπεθρισάμην·
 ἀλλ' Ἴτυλον κλαίοιτε κατ' οὔρεα, καὶ γοάοιτε
 εἰς ἔποπος κραναὴν αὐλιν ἐφεζόμεναι, 10
 βαιὸν ἵνα κνώσσοιμεν· ἴσως δέ τις ἥξει ὄνειρος,
 ὃς με Ῥοδανθείοις πῆχεσιν ἀμφιβάλοι.

A. J. Butler, *Amaranth and Asphodel*, p. 9; J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 107.

238.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΗΑΤΟΥ

Τὸ ξίφος ἐκ κολεοῖο τί σύρεται; οὐ μὰ σέ, κούρη,
 οὐχ ἵνα τι πρήξω Κύπριδος ἀλλότριον,
 ἀλλ' ἵνα σοι τὸν Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄζαλέον περ εἶοντα,
 δείξω τῇ μαλακῇ Κύπριδι πειθόμενον.
 οὗτος ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι συνέμπορος, οὐδὲ κατόπτρου 5
 δεύομαι, ἐν δ' αὐτῷ δέркоμαι αὐτὸν ἐγώ,
 καλὰς¹ ὥς ἐν ἔρωτι. σὺ δ' ἦν ἀπ' ἐμεῖο λάθῃαι,
 τὸ ξίφος ἡμετέρεην δύσεται ἐς λαγόνα.

239.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ἐσβέσθη φλογεροῖο πυρὸς μένος· οὐκέτι κάμνω,
 ἀλλὰ καταθνήσκω ψυχόμενος, Παφίη·
 ἤδη γὰρ μετὰ σάρκα δι' ὅστέα καὶ φρένας ἔρπει
 παμφάγον ἀσθμαίνων οὗτος ὁ πικρὸς Ἔρως.
 καὶ φλόξ ἐν τελεταῖς ὅτε θύματα πάντα λαφύξῃ, 5
 φορβῆς ἡπανίῃ ψύχεται αὐτομάτως.

¹ I write with some hesitation καλὰς: καλ καλὸς MS.

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around and move me again to tears chasing sweet slumber away. I keep my eyes sightless, but again the thought of Rhodanthe haunts my heart. Hush ye spiteful babblers! It was not I who shore the tongue of Philomela. Go weep for Itylus on the hills, and lament sitting by the hoopoe's nest amid the crags; that I may sleep for a little season, and perchance some dream may come and cast Rhodanthe's arms about me.

238.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

WHY do I draw my sword from the scabbard? It is not, dear, I swear it by thyself, to do aught foreign to Love's service, but to show thee that Ares¹ though he be of stubborn steel yields to soft Cypris. This is the companion of my love, and I need no mirror, but look at myself in it, though, being in love, I am blind. But if thou forgettest me, the sword shall pierce my flank.

239.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

THE raging flame is extinct; I suffer no longer, O Cypris; but I am dying of cold. For after having devoured my flesh, this bitter love, panting hard in his greed, creeps through my bones and vitals. So the altar fire, when it hath lapped up all the sacrifice, cools down of its own accord for lack of fuel to feed it.

¹ *i.e.* the sword.

240.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΡΙΑΤΟΥ

Τῷ χρυσῷ τὸν ἔρωτα μετέρχομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἀρότρω
 ἔργα μελισσάων γίνεται ἢ σκαπάνη,
 ἀλλ' ἔαρι δροσερῷ· μέλιτός γε μὲν Ἀφρογενείης
 ὁ χρυσὸς τελέθει ποικίλος ἐργατίνης.

241.—ΠΑΤΑΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

“Σώζεό” σοι μέλλων ἐνέπειν, παλίνορσον ἰωὴν
 ἀψ' ἀνασειράζω, καὶ πάλιν ἄγχι μένω·
 σὴν γὰρ ἐγὼ δασπλήτα διάστασιν οἶά τε πικρὴν
 νύκτα καταπτήσσω τὴν Ἀχεροντιάδα·
 ἡματι γὰρ σέο φέγγος ὁμοίον· ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν που
 ἄφθογγον· σὺ δέ μοι καὶ τὸ λάλημα φέρεις,
 κεῖνο τὸ Σειρήνων γλυκερώτερον, ὃ ἔπι πᾶσαι
 εἰσὶν ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἐλπίδες ἐκκρεμέες.

242.—ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ὡς εἶδον Μελίτην, ὦχρός μ' ἔλε· καὶ γὰρ ἀκοίτης
 κείνη ἐφωμάρτει· τοῖα δ' ἔλεξα τρέμων·
 “Τοῦ σοῦ ἀνακροῦσαι δύναμαι πυλεῶνος ὀχῆας,
 δικλίδος ὑμετέρης τὴν βάλανον χαλάσας,
 καὶ δισσῶν προθύρων πλαδαρὴν κρηπίδα περῆσαι,
 ἄκρον ἐπιβλήτος μεσσόθι πηξάμενος;”
 ἢ δὲ λέγει γελάσασα, καὶ ἀνέρα λοξὸν ἰδοῦσα·
 “Τῶν προθύρων ἀπέχου, μή σε κύων ὀλέσῃ.”

243.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΡΙΑΤΟΥ

Τὴν φιλοπουλυγέλωτα κόρην ἐπὶ νυκτὸς ὀνείρου
 εἶχον, ἐπισφίγξας πήχεσιν ἡμετέροις.

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240.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I PURSUE Love with gold; for bees do not work with spade or plough, but with the fresh flowers of spring. Gold, however, is the resourceful toiler that wins Aphrodite's honey.

241.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

"FAREWELL" is on my tongue, but I hold in the word with a wrench and still abide near thee. For I shudder at this horrid parting as at the bitter night of hell. Indeed thy light is like the daylight; but that is mute, while thou bringest me that talk, sweeter than the Sirens, on which all my soul's hopes hang.

242.—ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS

WHEN I saw Melite, I grew pale, for her husband was with her, but I said to her trembling, "May I push back the bolts of your door, loosening the bolt-pin, and fixing in the middle the tip of my key pierce the damp base of the folding door?" But she, laughing and glancing at her husband, said, "You had better keep away from my door, or the dog may worry you."

243.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I HELD the laughter-loving girl clasped in my arms in a dream. She yielded herself entirely to

πείθετό μοι ξύμπαντα, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγιζεν, ἐμείῳ
 κύπριδι παντοίῃ σώματος ἀπτομένον·
 ἀλλὰ βαρύζηλός τις Ἔρως καὶ νύκτα λοχήσας
 ἐξέχεεν φιλήν, ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσας.
 ὧδέ μοι οὐδ' αὐτοῖσιν ἐν ὑπναλέοισιν ὀνείροις
 ἄφθονός ἐστιν Ἔρως κέρδεος ἡδυγάμου.

244.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μακρὰ φιλεῖ Γαλάτεια καὶ ἔμψοφα, μαλθακὰ Δημῶ,
 Δωρὶς ὀδακτάζει. τίς πλέον ἐξερέθει;
 οὐατα μὴ κρίνωσι φιλήματα· γευσάμενοι δὲ
 τριχθαδίων στομάτων, ψῆφον ἐποισόμεθα.
 ἐπλάγχθης, κραδίη· τὰ φιλήματα μαλθακὰ Δημοῦς
 ἔγνωσ καὶ δροσερῶν ἡδὺ μέλι στομάτων·
 μίμν' ἐπὶ τοῖς· ἀδέκαστον ἔχει στέφος. εἰ δέ τις ἄλλη
 τέρεται, ἐκ Δημοῦς ἡμέας οὐκ ἐρύσει.

245.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Κιχλίξεις, χρεμέτισμα γάμου προκέλευθον ἰεῖσα·
 ἦσυχά μοι νεύεις· πάντα μάτην ἐρέθεις.
 ὦμοσα τὴν δυσέρωτα κόρην, τρισὶν ὦμοσα πέτραις,
 μήποτε μειλιχίοις ὄμμασιν εἰσιδέειν.
 παῖζε μόνῃ τὸ φίλημα. μάτην πόππυζε σεαυτῇ
 χεῖλεσι γυμνοτάτοις, οὐ τινι μισγομένοις.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐτέρην ὁδὸν ἔρχομαι· εἰσὶ γὰρ ἄλλαι
 κρέσσονες εὐλέκτρον Κύπριδος ἐργάτιδες.

246.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μαλθακὰ μὲν Σαπφούς τὰ φιλήματα, μαλθακὰ γυνῶν
 πλέγματα χιονέων, μαλθακὰ πάντα μέλη·

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me and offered no protest to any of my caprices. But some jealous Love lay in ambush for me even at night, and frightening sleep away spilt my cup of bliss. So even in the dreams of my sleep Love envies me the sweet attainment of my desire.

244.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

GALATEA's kisses are long and smack, Demo's are soft, and Doris bites one. Which excites most? Let not ears be judges of kisses; but I will taste the three and vote. My heart, thou wert wrong; thou knewest already Demo's soft kiss and the sweet honey of her fresh mouth. Cleave to that; she wins without a bribe; if any take pleasure in another, he will not tear me away from Demo.

245.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

You titter and neigh like a mare that courts the male; you make quiet signs to me; you do everything to excite me, but in vain. I swore, I swore with three stones in my hand¹ that I would never look with kindly eyes on the hard-hearted girl. Practise kissing by yourself and smack your lips, that pout in naked shamelessness, but are linked to no man's. But I go another way, for there are other better partners in the sports of Cypris.

246.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Soft are Sappho's kisses, soft the clasp of her snowy limbs, every part of her is soft. But her heart

¹ Or possibly "to the three stones." The matter is obscure.

ψυχὴ δ' ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἀπειθέος· ἄχρι γὰρ οἶων
 ἔστιν ἔρως στομάτων, τᾶλλα δὲ παρθενίης.
 καὶ τίς ὑποτλαίη; τάχα τις τάχα τοῦτο ταλάσσας
 δίψαν Τανταλέην τλήσεται εὐμαρέως.

247.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΥΠΑΤΟΥ

Παρμενὶς οὐκ ἔργω· τὸ μὲν οὖνομα καλὸν ἀκούσας
 ᾧσάμην· σὺ δέ μοι πικροτέρῃ θανάτου·
 καὶ φεύγεις φιλέοντα, καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διώκεις,
 ὄφρα πάλιν κείνον καὶ φιλέοντα φύγῃς.
 κεντρομανὲς δ' ἄγκιστρον ἔφν στόμα, καὶ με δακόντα
 εὐθύς ἔχει ῥοδέου χεῖλεος ἐκκρεμέα.

248.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ω παλάμη πάντολμε, σὺ τὸν παγχρύσειον ἔτλης
 ἀπρίξ δραξαμένη βόστρυχον ἀνερύσαι·
 ἔτλης· οὐκ ἐμάλαξε τεὸν θράσος αἴλιнос αὐδῇ,
 σκύλμα κόμης, αὐχὴν μαλθακὰ κεκλιμένος.
 νῦν θαμινοῖς πατάγοισι μάτην τὸ μέτωπον ἀράσσεις·
 οὐκέτι γὰρ μαζοῖς σὸν θέναρ ἐμπελάσει.
 μή, λίτομαι, δέσποινα, τόσῃν μὴ λάμβανε ποινήν·
 μᾶλλον ἐγὼ τλαίην φάσγανον ἀσπασίως.

249.—ΕΙΡΗΝΑΙΟΥ ΡΕΦΕΡΕΝΔΑΡΙΟΥ

Ω σοβαρὴ Ῥοδόπη, Παφίης εἵξασα βελέμνοις
 καὶ τὸν ὑπερφίαλον κόμπου ἀπωσαμένη,
 ἀγκὰς ἐλουσά μ' ἔχεις παρὰ σὸν λέχος· ἐν δ' ἄρα
 δεσμοῖς
 κεῖμαι, ἐλευθερίας οὐκ ἐπιδευόμενος.
 οὕτω γὰρ ψυχὴ τε καὶ ἔκχυστα σώματα φωτῶν
 συμφέρεται, φιλίας ῥεύμασι μιγνύμενα.

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is of unyielding adamant. Her love reaches but to her lips, the rest is forbidden fruit. Who can support this? Perhaps, perhaps he who has borne it will find it easy to support the thirst of Tantalus.

247.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

CONSTANCE (Parmenis) in name but not in deed! When I heard your pretty name I thought you might be, but to me you are more cruel than death. You fly from him who loves you and you pursue him who loves you not, that when he loves you, you may fly from him too in turn. Your mouth is a hook with madness in its tip: I bit, and straight it holds me hanging from its rosy lips.

248.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

O ALL-DARING hand, how could you seize her tightly by her all-golden hair and drag her about? How could you? Did not her piteous cries soften you, her torn hair, her meekly bent neck? Now in vain you beat my forehead again and again. Nevermore shall your palm be allowed to touch her breasts. Nay, I pray thee, my lady, punish me not so cruelly: rather than that I would gladly die by the sword.

249.—IRENÆUS REFERENDARIUS

O HAUGHTY Rhodope, now yielding to the arrows of Cypris, and forswearing thy insufferable pride, you hold me in your arms by your bed, and I lie, it seems, in chains with no desire for liberty. Thus do souls and languid bodies meet, mingled by the streams of love.

250.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἦδύ, φίλοι, μείδημα τὸ Λαΐδος· ἦδὺν κατ' αὖ τῶν
 ἠπιοδινητῶν δάκρυ χέει βλεφάρων.
 χθιζά μοι ἀπροφάσιστον ἐπέστενεν, ἐγκλιδὸν ὦμφ
 ἡμετέρῳ κεφαλὴν δηρὸν ἐρεισαμένη·
 μυρομένην δ' ἐφίλησα· τὰ δ' ὥς δροσερῆς ἀπὸ πηγῆς
 δάκρυα μινυμένων πίπτε κατὰ στομάτων.
 εἶπε δ' ἀνειρομένη, “Τίνος εἵνεκα δάκρυα λείβεις;”
 “Δεΐδια μή με λίπης· ἐστὲ γὰρ ὄρκαπάται.”

251.—ΕΙΡΗΝΑΙΟΥ ΡΕΦΕΡΕΝΔΑΡΙΟΥ

Ὅμματα δινεύεις κρυφίων ἰνδάλματα πυρσῶν,
 χεῖlea δ' ἀκροβαφῇ λοξὰ παρεκτανύεις,
 καὶ πολὺν κιχλίζουσα σοβεῖς εὐβόστρυχον αἶγλην,
 ἐκχυμένας δ' ὀρόω τὰς σοβαρὰς παλάμας.
 ἀλλ' οὐ σῆς κραδίης ὑψαύχενος ὠκλασεν ὄγκος·
 οὐπω ἐθελύνθης, οὐδὲ μαραιομένη.

252.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ῥίψωμεν, χαρίεσσα, τὰ φάρεα· γυμνὰ δὲ γυμνοῖς
 ἐμπελάσει γυίοις γυῖα περιπλοκάδην·
 μηδὲν ἔοι τὸ μεταξύ· Σεμιράμιδος γὰρ ἐκεῖνο
 τεῖχος ἐμοὶ δοκέει λεπτὸν ὕφασμα σέθεν·
 στήθεα δ' ἐξεύχθω, τά [τε] χεῖlea· τᾶλλα δὲ σιγῇ
 κρυπτέον· ἐχθαίρω τὴν ἀθυροστομίην.

253.—ΕΙΡΗΝΑΙΟΥ ΡΕΦΕΡΕΝΔΑΡΙΟΥ

Τίπτε πέδον, Χρῦσιλλα, κάτω νεύουσα δοκεύεις,
 καὶ ζώνην παλάμαις οἶά περ ἀκρολυτεῖς;
 αἰδῶς νόσφι πέλει τῆς Κύπριδος· εἰ δ' ἄρα σιγᾶς,
 νεύματι τὴν Παφίην δεῖξον ὑπερχομένη.

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250.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

SWEET, my friends, is Lais' smile, and sweet again the tears she sheds from her gently waving eyes. Yesterday, after long resting her head on my shoulder, she sighed without a cause. She wept as I kissed her, and the tears flowing as from a cool fountain fell on our united lips. When I questioned her, "Why are you crying?" She said, "I am afraid of your leaving me, for all you men are forsworn."

251.—IRENÆUS REFERENDARIUS

You roll your eyes to express hidden fires and you grimace, twisting and protruding your reddened lips; you giggle constantly and shake the glory of your curls, and your haughty hands, I see, are stretched out in despair. But your disdainful heart is not bent, and even in your decline you are not softened.

252.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

LET us throw off these cloaks, my pretty one, and lie naked, knotted in each other's embrace. Let nothing be between us; even that thin tissue you wear seems thick to me as the wall of Babylon. Let our breasts and our lips be linked; the rest must be veiled in silence. I hate a babbling tongue.

253.—IRENÆUS REFERENDARIUS

WHY, Chrysilla, do you bend your head and gaze at the floor, and why do your fingers trifle with your girdle's knot? Shame mates not with Cypris, and if you must be silent, by some sign at least tell me that you submit to the Paphian goddess.

254.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ὡμοσα μιμνάζειν σέο τηλόθεν, ἀργέτι κούρη,
 ἄχρι δυωδεκάτης, ὧ πόποι, ἡριπόλης·
 οὐ δ' ἔτλην ὁ τάλας· τὸ γὰρ αὔριον ἄμμι φαάνθη
 τηλοτέρῳ μήνης, ναὶ μὰ σέ, δυωδεκάτης.
 ἀλλὰ θεοὺς ἰκέτευσέ, φίλη, μὴ ταῦτα χαράξαι
 ὄρκια ποιναίης νῶτον ὑπὲρ σελίδος·
 θέλγε δὲ σαῖς χαρίτεσσιν ἐμὴν φρένα· μὴ δέ με μάστιξ,
 πότνα, κατασμύξῃ καὶ σέο καὶ μακάρων.

255.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶδον ἐγὼ ποθέοντας· ὑπ' ἀτλήτοιο δὲ λύσσης
 δηρὸν ἐν ἀλλήλοις χεῖλεα πηξάμενοι,
 οὐ κόρον εἶχον ἔρωτος ἀφειδέος· ἰέμενοι δέ,
 εἰ θέμις, ἀλλήλων δύμεναι ἐς κραδίην,
 ἀμφασίης ὅσον ὅσον ὑπεπρήννον ἀνάγκην,
 ἀλλήλων μαλακοῖς φάρεσιν ἐσσάμενοι.
 καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἦν Ἀχιλῆϊ πανεῖκελος, οἷος ἐκεῖνος
 τῶν Λυκομηδείων ἔνδον ἦν θαλάμων·
 κούρη δ' ἀργυφῆς ἐπιγουνίδος ἄχρι χιτῶνα
 ζωσαμένη, Φοίβης εἶδος ἀπεπλάσατο.
 καὶ πάλιν ἡρήρειστο τὰ χεῖλεα· γυιοβόρον γὰρ
 εἶχον ἀλωφήτου λιμὸν ἐρωμανίης.
 ρεῖά τις ἡμερίδος στελέχῃ δύο σύμπλοκα λύσει,
 στρεπτά, πολυχρονίῳ πλέγματι συμφυέα,
 ἢ κείνους φιλέοντας, ὑπ' ἀντιπόροισι τ' ἀγοστοῖς
 ὑγρὰ περιπλέγδην ἄψαα δησαμένους.
 τρὶς μάκαρ, ὅς τοίοισι, φίλη, δεσμοῖσιν ἐλίχθη,
 τρὶς μάκαρ· ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς ἀνδιχα καιόμεθα.

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254.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

YE gods! I swore to stay away from thee, bright maiden, till the twelfth day dawned, but I, the long-enduring, could not endure it. Yea, by thyself I swear, the morrow seemed more than a twelvemonth. But pray to the gods, dear, not to engrave this oath of mine on the surface of the page that records my sins, and comfort my heart, too, with thy charm. Let not thy burning scourge, gracious lady, as well as the immortals' flay me.

255.—BY THE SAME

I SAW the lovers. In the ungovernable fury of their passion they glued their lips together in a long kiss; but that did not sate the infinite thirst of love. Longing, if it could be, to enter into each other's hearts, they sought to appease to a little extent the torment of the impossible by interchanging their soft raiment. Then he was just like Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, and she, her tunic girt up to her silver knee, counterfeited the form of Artemis. Again their lips met close, for the inappeasable hunger of passion yet devoured them. 'Twere easier to tear apart two vine stems that have grown round each other for years than to separate them as they kiss and with their opposed arms knot their pliant limbs in a close embrace. Thrice blessed he, my love, who is entwined by such fetters, thrice blessed! but *we* must burn far from each other.

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256.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δικλίδας ἀμφετίναξεν ἐμοῖς Γαλάτεια προσώποις
 ἔσπερος, ὑβριστὴν μῦθον ἐπευξάμενη.
 “Ὅτ’ ὕβρις ἔρωτας ἔλυσε.” μάτην ὅδε μῦθος ἀλᾶται
 ὕβρις ἐμὴν ἐρέθει μᾶλλον ἐρωμανίην.
 ὦμοσα γὰρ λυκάβαντα μένειν ἀπάνευθεν ἐκείνης·
 ὦ πόποι· ἀλλ’ ἰκέτης πρῶϊος εὐθύς ἔβην.

257.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Νῦν καταγιγνώσκω καὶ τοῦ Διὸς ὡς ἀνεράστου,
 μὴ μεταβαλλομένου τῆς σοβαρᾶς ἔνεκα·
 οὔτε γὰρ Εὐρώπης, οὐ τῆς Δανάης περὶ κάλλος,
 οὔθ’ ἀπαλῆς Λήδης ἐστ’ ἀπολειπομένη·
 εἰ μὴ τὰς πόρνας παραπέμπεται· οἶδα γὰρ αὐτὸν
 τῶν βασιλευουσῶν παρθενικῶν φθορέα.

258.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Πρόκριτός ἐστι, Φίλιννα, τεῇ ῥυτίς ἢ ὁπὸς ἥβης
 πάσης· ἰμείρω δ’ ἀμφὶς ἔχειν παλάμαις
 μᾶλλον ἐγὼ σέο μῆλα καρηβαρέοντα κορύμβοις,
 ἢ μαζὸν νεαρῆς ὄρθιον ἡλικίης.
 σὸν γὰρ ἔτι φθινόπωρον ὑπέρτερον εἶαρος ἄλλης,
 χεῖμα σὸν ἀλλοτρίου θερμότερον θέρεος.

259.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅμματά σευ βαρύθουσι, πόθου πνεύοντα, Χαρικλοί,
 οἷά περ ἐκ λέκτρων ἄρτι διεγρομένης·
 ἔσκυλται δὲ κόμη, ῥοδέης δ’ ἀμάρνγμα παρειῆς
 ὦχρος ἔχει λευκός, καὶ δέμας ἐκλέλυται.

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256.—BY THE SAME

GALATEA last evening slammed her door in my face, and added this insulting phrase ; " Scorn breaks up love." A foolish phrase that idly goes from mouth to mouth ! Scorn but inflames my passion all the more. I swore to remain a year away from her, but ye gods ! in the morning I went straightway to supplicate at her door.

257.—PALLADAS

Now I condemn Zeus as a tepid lover, since he did not transform himself for this haughty fair's sake. She is not second in beauty to Europa or Danae or tender Leda. But perhaps he disdains courtesans, for I know they were maiden princesses he used to seduce.

258.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

YOUR wrinkles, Philinna, are preferable to the juice of all youthful prime, and I desire more to clasp in my hands your apples nodding with the weight of their clusters, than the firm breasts of a young girl. Your autumn excels another's spring, and your winter is warmer than another's summer.

259.—BY THE SAME

THY eyes, Chariclo, that breathe love, are heavy, as if thou hadst just risen from bed, thy hair is dishevelled, thy cheeks, wont to be so bright and rosy, are pale, and thy whole body is relaxed.

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κεί μὲν παννυχίῃσιν ὁμιλήσασα παλαίστραις
 ταῦτα φέρεις, ὄλβου παντὸς ὑπερπέτεται
 ὅς σε περιπλέγδην ἔχε πήχεσιν· εἰ δέ σε τήκει
 θερμὸς ἔρως, εἷς εἰς ἐμέ τηκομένη.

260.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κεκρύφαλοι σφίγγουσι τεὴν τρίχα; τήκομαι οἷστρον
 Ρείης πυργοφόρου δείκελον εισορόων.
 ἄσκεπές ἐστι κάρηνον; ἐγὼ ξανθίσμασι χαίτης
 ἔκχυτον ἐκ στέρνων ἐξεσόβησα νόον.
 ἀργενναῖς ὀθόνησι κατήορα βόστρυχα κεύθεις;
 οὐδὲν ἐλαφροτέρῃ φλόξ κατέχει κραδίην.
 μορφὴν τριχθαδίην Χαρίτων τριάς ἀμφιπολεύει·
 πᾶσα δέ μοι μορφὴ πῦρ ἴδιον προχέει.

261.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος· ὅταν δ' ἐθέλῃς με μεθύσσαι,
 πρῶτα σὺ γενομένη πρόσφερε, καὶ δέχομαι.
 εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψαύσεις τοῖς χείλεσιν, οὐκέτι νήφειν
 εὐμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκὺν οἶνοχόον·
 πορθμεύει γὰρ ἔμοιγε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα,
 καὶ μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν ἣν ἔλαβεν.

262.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Φεῦ φεῦ, καὶ τὸ λάλημα τὸ μείλιχον ὁ φθόνος εἵργει,
 βλέμμα τε λαθριδίως φθεγγομένων βλεφάρων·
 ἵσταμένης δ' ἄγχιστα τεθήπαμεν ὄμμα γεραιῆς,
 οἷα πολὺγληνον βουκόλον Ἰναχίης.
 ἵστασο, καὶ σκοπίαζε, μάτην δὲ σὸν ἦτορ ἀμύσσου·
 οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ ψυχῆς ὄμμα τεὸν τανύσεις.

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If all this is a sign of thy having spent the night in Love's arena, then the bliss of him who held thee clasped in his arms transcends all other, but if it is burning love that wastes thee, may thy wasting be for me.

260.—BY THE SAME

Does a caul confine your hair, I waste away with passion, as I look on the image of turreted Cybele. Do you wear nothing on your head, its flaxen locks make me scare my mind from its throne in my bosom. Is your hair let down and covered by a white kerchief, the fire burns just as fierce in my heart. The three Graces dwell in the three aspects of your beauty, and each aspect sheds for me its particular flame.

261.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

I CARE not for wine, but if thou wouldst make me drunk, taste the cup first and I will receive it when thou offerest it. For, once thou wilt touch it with thy lips, it is no longer easy to abstain or to fly from the sweet cup-bearer. The cup ferries thy kiss to me, and tells me what joy it tasted.

262.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

ALACK, alack! envy forbids even thy sweet speech and the secret language of thy eyes. I am in dread of the eye of thy old nurse, who stands close to thee like the many-eyed herdsman¹ of the Argive maiden. "Stand there and keep watch; but you gnaw your heart in vain, for your eye cannot reach to the soul."

¹ *i.e.* Argus set to keep watch over Io.

263.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Μήποτε, λύχνε, μύκητα φέροισ, μηδ' ὄμβρον ἐγείροισ,
 μὴ τὸν ἐμὸν παύσης νυμφίον ἐρχόμενον.
 αἰεὶ σὺ φθονέεις τῇ Κύπριδι, καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' Ἑρὼ
 ἤρμωσε Λειάνδρῳ. . . θυμέ, τὸ λοιπὸν ἔα.
 Ἑφαίστου τελέθεις· καὶ πείθομαι, ὅττι χαλέπτων 5
 Κύπριδα, θωπεύεις δεσποτικὴν ὀδύνην.

264.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Βόστρυχον ὠμογέροντα τί μέμφεαι, ὄμματά θ' ὑγρὰ
 δάκρυσιν; ὑμετέρων παίγνια ταῦτα πόθων·
 φροντίδες ἀπρήκτοιο πόθου τάδε, ταῦτα βελέμνων
 σύμβολα, καὶ δολιχῆς ἔργα νυχεγρεσίης.
 καὶ γάρ πον λαγόνεσσι ῥυτίς παναώριος ἤδη, 5
 καὶ λαγαρὸν δειρῇ δέρμα περικρέμαται.
 ὅππῃ ἡβάσκει φλογὸς ἄνθεα, τόσσον ἐμείο
 ἄψα γηράσκει φροντίδι γυιοβόρῳ.
 ἀλλὰ κατοικτείρασα δίδου χάριν· αὐτίκα γάρ μοι
 χρῶς ἀναθηλήσει κρατὶ μελαινομένῳ. 10

265.—ΚΟΜΗΤΑ ΧΑΡΤΟΥΛΑΡΙΟΥ

Ὅμματα Φυλλίς ἔπεμπε κατὰ πλόον· ὄρκος ἀλήτης
 πλάζετο, Δημοφῶν δ' ἦεν ἄπιστος ἀνὴρ.
 νῦν δέ, φίλη, πιστὸς μὲν ἐγὼ παρὰ θίνα θαλάσσης
 Δημοφῶν· σὺ δὲ πῶς, Φυλλίς, ἄπιστος ἔφυς;

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263.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

NEVER, my lamp, mayest thou wear a snuff¹ or arouse the rain, lest thou hold my bridegroom from coming. Ever dost thou grudge Cypris; for when Hero was plighted to Leander—no more, my heart, no more! Thou art Hephaestus's, and I believe that, by vexing Cypris, thou fawnest on her suffering lord.

264.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

WHY find fault with my locks grown grey so early and my eyes wet with tears? These are the pranks my love for thee plays; these are the care-marks of unfulfilled desire; these are the traces the arrows left; these are the work of many sleepless nights. Yes, and my sides are already wrinkled all before their time, and the skin hangs loose upon my neck. The more fresh and young the flame is, the older grows my body devoured by care. But take pity on me, and grant me thy favour, and at once it will recover its freshness and my locks their raven tint.

265.—COMETAS CHARTULARIUS

PHYLLIS sent her eyes to sea to seek Demophoon, but his oath he had flung to the winds and he was false to her. Now, dear, I thy Demophoon keep my tryst to thee on the sea-shore; but how is it, Phyllis, that thou are false?

¹ A sign of rain; *cp.* Verg. *G.* i. 392.

266.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἀνέρα λυσσητῆρι κυνὸς βεβολημένον ἰῶ
 ὕδασι θηρείην εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν.
 λυσσῶων τάχα πικρὸν Ἔρως ἐνέπηξεν ὀδόντα
 εἰς ἐμέ, καὶ μανίαις θυμὸν ἐλήϊσατο.
 σὴν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει, 5
 καὶ ποταμῶν δῖναι, καὶ δέπας οἶνοχόον.

267.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

α. Τί στενάχεις; β. Φιλέω. α. Τίνα; β. Παρθένον.
 α. Ἡ ρά γε καλήν;
 β. Καλὴν ἡμετέροις ὄμμασι φαινομένην.
 α. Ποῦ δέ μιν εἰσενόησας; β. Ἐκεῖ ποτὶ δεῖπνον
 ἐπελθὼν
 ξυνῇ κεκλιμένην ἔδρακον ἐν στιβάδι.
 α. Ἐλπίζεις δὲ τυχεῖν; β. Ναί, ναί, φίλος· ἀμφαδίην 5
 δὲ
 οὐ ζητῶ φιλίην, ἀλλ' ὑποκλεπτομένην.
 α. Τὸν νόμιμον μᾶλλον φεύγεις γάμον. β. Ἀτρεκές
 ἔγνων,
 ὅττι γε τῶν κτεάνων πουλὺ τὸ λειπόμενον.
 α. Ἔγνως; οὐ φιλέεις, ἐψεύσας· πῶς δύναται γὰρ
 ψυχὴ ἐρωμανεῖν ὀρθὰ λογιζομένη; 10

268.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Μηκέτι τις πτήξειε πόθου βέλος· ἰοδόκην γὰρ
 εἰς ἐμὲ λάβρος Ἔρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὅλην.
 μὴ πτερύγων τρομέοι τις ἐπήλυσιν· ἐξότε γάρ μοι
 λὰξ ἐπιβὰς στέρνοις πικρὸν ἔπηξε πόδα,

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266.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

THEY say a man bitten by a mad dog sees the brute's image in the water. I ask myself, "Did Love go rabid, and fix his bitter fangs in me, and lay my heart waste with madness? For thy beloved image meets my eyes in the sea and in the eddying stream and in the wine-cup.

267.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

A. WHY do you sigh? *B.* I am in love.
A. With whom? *B.* A girl. *A.* Is she pretty?
B. In my eyes. *A.* Where did you notice her?
B. There, where I went to dinner, I saw her reclining with the rest. *A.* Do you hope to succeed? *B.* Yes, yes, my friend, but I want a secret affair and not an open one. *A.* You are averse then from lawful wedlock? *B.* I learnt for certain that she is very poorly off. *A.* You learnt! you lie, you are not in love; how can a heart that reckons correctly be touched with love's madness?

268.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

LET none fear any more the darts of desire; for raging Love has emptied his whole quiver on me. Let none dread the coming of his wings; for ever since he hath set his cruel feet on me, trampling on my heart,

ἀστεμφής, ἀδόνητος ἐνέζεται, οὐδὲ μετέστη,
εἰς ἐμὲ συζυγίην κειράμενος πτερύγων.

5

269.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Δισσῶν θηλυτέρων μῦνός ποτε μέσσος ἐκείμην,
τῆς μὲν ἐφιμείρων, τῇ δὲ χαριζόμενος·
εἶλκε δέ μ' ἡ φιλέουσα· πάλιν δ' ἐγώ, οἶάτε τις φῶρ,
χείλει φειδομένῳ τὴν ἑτέρην ἐφίλουν,
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων τῆς γείτονος, ἧς τὸν ἔλεγχον 5
καὶ τὰς λυσιπόθους ἔτρεμον ἀγγελίας.
ὀχθίσας δ' ἄρ' εἶπον· “Ἐμοὶ τάχα καὶ τὸ φιλεῖσθαι
ὥς τὸ φιλεῖν χαλεπόν, δισσὰ κολαζομένῳ.”

270.—ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Οὔτε ῥόδον στεφάνων ἐπιδεύεται, οὔτε σὺ πέπλων,
οὔτε λιθοβλήτων, πότνια, κεκρυφάλων.
μάργαρα σῆς χροιῆς ἀπολείπεται, οὐδὲ κομίζει
χρυσὸς ἀπεκτῆτου σῆς τριχὸς ἀγλαΐην·
Ἰνδῶν δ' ὑάκινθος ἔχει χάριν αἰθοπος αἴγλης, 5
ἀλλὰ τεῶν λογάδων πολλὸν ἀφαιροτέρην·
χείλεα δὲ δροσόεντα, καὶ ἡ μελίφυρτος ἐκείνη
στήθεος ἀρμονίη, κεστὸς ἔφυ Παφίης.
Τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐγὼ καταδάμναμαι· ὄμμασι μούνοις
θέλγομαι, οἷς ἐλπίς μελιχὸς ἐνδιάει.

5

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271.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΙΠΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Τὴν ποτε βακχεύουσαν ἐν εἵδεϊ θηλυτεράων,
τὴν χρυσέῳ κροτάλῳ σειομένην σπατάλην,
γῆρας ἔχει καὶ νοῦσος ἀμείλιχος· οἱ δὲ φιληταί,
οἳ ποτε τριλλίστως ἀντίον ἐρχόμενοι,

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there he remains unmoved and unshaken and departs not, for on me he hath shed the feathers of his two wings.

269.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

I ONCE sat between two ladies, of one of whom I was fond, while to the other I did it as a favour. She who loved me drew me towards her but I, like a thief, kissed the other, with lips that seemed to grudge the kisses, thus deceiving the jealous fears of the first one, whose reproach, and the reports she might make to sever us, I dreaded. Sighing I said, "It seems that I suffer double pain, in that both loving and being loved are a torture to me."

270.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

A ROSE requires no wreath, and thou, my lady, no robes, nor hair-cauls set with gems. Pearls yield in beauty to thy skin, and gold has not the glory of thy uncombed hair. Indian jacynth has the charm of sparkling splendour, but far surpassed by that of thy eyes. Thy dewy lips and the honeyed harmony of thy breasts are the magic cestus of Venus itself. By all those I am utterly vanquished, and am comforted only by thy eyes which kind hope makes his home.

271.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

SHE who once frolicked among the fairest of her sex, dancing with her golden castanettes and displaying her finery, is now worn by old age and pitiless disease. Her lovers, who once ran to welcome her,

νῦν μέγα πεφρίκασι· τὸ δ' αὖξοσέληνον ἐκείνο
ἐξέλιπεν, συνόδου μηκέτι γινομένης.

5

272.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μαζοὺς χερσὶν ἔχω, στόματι στόμα, καὶ περὶ δειρὴν
ἄσχετα λυσσῶων βόσκομαι ἀργυφέην,
οὔπω δ' Ἀφρογένειαν ὄλην ἔλον· ἀλλ' ἔτι κάμνω,
παρθένον ἀμφιέπων λέκτρον ἀναινομένην.
ἥμισυ γὰρ Παφίῃ, τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἥμισυ δῶκεν Ἀθήνη·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μέσσος τήκομαι ἀμφοτέρων.

5

273.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἡ πάρος ἀγλαΐῃσι μετάρσιος, ἡ πλοκαμῖδας
σειομένη πλεκτὰς, καὶ σοβαρευομένη,
ἡ μεγαλανυχήσασα καθ' ἡμετέρης μελεδώνης,
γῆραϊ ρικνώδης, τὴν πρὶν ἀφῆκε χάριν.
μαζὸς ὑπεκλίνθη, πέσον ὀφρύες, ὄμμα τέτηκται,
χείλεα βαμβαίνει φθέγματι γηραλέῳ.
τὴν πολὴν καλέω Νέμεσιν Πόθου, ὅττι δικάζει
ἔννομα, ταῖς σοβαραῖς θᾶσσον ἐπερχομένη.

5

274.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Τὴν πρὶν ἐνεσφρήγισσεν Ἔρως <θρασὺς> εἰκόνα
μορφῆς
ἡμετέρης θερμῷ βένθεϊ σῆς κραδίης,
φεῦ φεῦ, νῦν ἀδόκητος ἀπέπτυσας· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τοι
γραπτὸν ἔχω ψυχῇ σῆς τύπον ἀγλαΐης.
τοῦτον καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ Ἀϊδι, βάρβαρε, δείξω,
Κρήσσαν ἐπισπέρχων εἰς σέ δικασπολίην.

5

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the eagerly desired, now shudder at her, and that waxing moon has waned away, since it never comes into conjunction.

272.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

I PRESS her breasts, our mouths are joined, and I feed in unrestrained fury round her silver neck, but not yet is my conquest complete; I still toil wooing a maiden who refuses me her bed. Half of herself she has given to Aphrodite and half to Pallas, and I waste away between the two.

273.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

SHE who once held herself so high in her beauty, and used to shake her plaited tresses in her pride, she who used to vaunt herself proof against my doleful passion, is now old and wrinkled and her charm is gone. Her breasts are pendent and her eyebrows are fallen, the fire of her eyes is dead and her speech is trembling and senile. I call grey hairs the Nemesis of Love, because they judge justly, coming soonest to those who are proudest.

274.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

THE image of me that Love stamped in the hot depths of thy heart, thou dost now, alas! as I never dreamt, disown; but I have the picture of thy beauty engraved on my soul. That, O cruel one, I will show to the Sun, and show to the Lord of Hell, that the judgement of Minos may fall quicker on thy head.

275.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δειελινῶ χαρίεσσα Μενεκρατὶς ἔκχυτος ὕπνω
 κεῖτο περὶ κροτάφους πῆχυν ἐλιξαμένη·
 τολμήσας δ' ἐπέβην λεχέων ὕπερ. ὥς δὲ κελεύθου
 ἡμισυ κυπριδῆς ἦνυον ἀσπασίως,
 ἢ παῖς ἐξ ὕπνοιο διέγρετο, χερσὶ δὲ λευκαῖς 5
 κράατος ἡμετέρου πᾶσαν ἔτιλλε κόμην·
 μαρναμένης δὲ τὸ λοιπὸν ἀνύσσαμεν ἔργον ἔρωτος.
 ἢ δ' ὑποπιμπλαμένη δάκρυσιν εἶπε τάδε·
 “ Σχέτλιε, νῦν μὲν ἔρεξας ὅ τοι φίλον, ᾧ ἔπι πουλὺν
 πολλάκι σῆς παλάμης χρυσοῦ ἀπωμοσάμην· 10
 οἰχόμενος δ' ἄλλην ὑποκόλπιον εὐθὺς ἐλίξεις·
 ἔστὲ γὰρ ἀπλήστου Κύπριδος ἐργατίναί.”

276.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Σοὶ τόδε τὸ κρήδεμνον, ἐμὴ μνήστειρα, κομίζω,
 χρυσεοπηνητῷ λαμπόμενον γραφίδι·
 βάλλε δὲ σοῖς πλοκάμοισιν· ἐφесσαμένη δ' ὑπὲρ ὧμων
 στήθεϊ παλλεύκῳ τήνδε δὸς ἀμπεχόνην· 5
 ναὶ ναὶ στήθεϊ μᾶλλον, ὅπως ἐπιμάξιον εἶη
 ἀμφιπεριπλέγδην εἰς σὲ κεδαννύμενον.
 καὶ τόδε μὲν φορέοις ἄτε παρθένος· ἀλλὰ καὶ εὐνὴν
 λεύσσοις καὶ τεκέων εὖσταχυν ἀνθοσύνην,
 ὄφρα σοι ἐκτελέσαιμι καὶ ἀργυφέναν ἀναδέσμην 10
 καὶ λιθοκολλήτων πλέγματα κεκρυφάλων.

277.—ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἄρσενας ἄλλος ἔχοι· φιλέειν δ' ἐγὼ οἶδα γυναῖκας,
 εἰς χρονίην φιλίην οἷα φυλασσομένας.
 οὐ καλὸν ἤβητῆρες· ἀπεχθαίρω γὰρ ἐκείνην
 τὴν τρίχα, τὴν φθονερήν, τὴν ταχὺ φυομένην.

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275.—BY THE SAME

ONE afternoon pretty Menecratis lay outstretched in sleep with her arm twined round her head. Boldly I entered her bed and had to my delight accomplished half the journey of love, when she woke up, and with her white hands set to tearing out all my hair. She struggled till all was over, and then said, her eyes filled with tears: "Wretch, you have had your will, and taken that for which I often refused your gold; and now you will leave me and take another to your breast; for you all are servants of insatiable Cypris."

276.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

THIS coif, bright with patterns worked in gold, I bring for thee, my bride to be. Set it on thy hair, and putting this tucker over thy shoulders, draw it round thy white bosom. Yea, pin it lower, that it may cincture thy breasts, wound close around thee. These wear as a maiden, but mayest thou soon be a matron with fair fruit of offspring, that I may get thee a silver head-band, and a hair-caul set with precious stones.

277.—ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS

LET males be for others. I can love but women, whose charms are more enduring. There is no beauty in youths at the age of puberty; I hate the unkind hair that begins to grow too soon.

278.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Αὐτὴ μοι Κυθήρεια καὶ ἱμερόεντες Ἔρωτες
 τήξουσιν κενεὴν ἐχθόμενοι κραδίην,
 ἄρσενας εἰ σπεύσω φιλέειν ποτέ· μήτε τυχήσω,
 μήτ' ἐπολισθήσω μεῖζοσιν ἀμπλακίαις.
 ἄρκια θηλυτέρων ἀλιτήματα· κεῖνα κομίσσω,
 καλλείψω δὲ νέους ἄφρονι Πιτταλάκῳ.

279.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Δηθύνει Κλεόφαντις· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἄρχεται ἤδη
 λύχνος ὑποκλάζειν ἦκα μαραινόμενος.
 αἶθε δὲ καὶ κραδίης πυρσὸς συναπέσβετο λύχνῳ,
 μηδέ μ' ὑπ' ἀγρύπνοις δηρὸν ἔκαie πόθοις.
 ἂ πόσα τὴν Κυθήρειαν ἐπώμοσεν ἔσπερος ἦξιν,
 ἀλλ' οὐτ' ἀνθρώπων φείδεται, οὔτε θεῶν.

280.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἦ ρά γε καὶ σύ, Φίλινα, φέρεις πόνον; ἦ ρά καὶ αὐτὴ
 κάμνεις, ἀναλέοις ὄμμασι τηκομένη;
 ἦ σὺ μὲν ὕπνον ἔχεις γλυκερώτατον, ἡμετέρης δὲ
 φροντίδος οὔτε λόγος γίνεται οὐτ' ἀριθμός;
 εὐρήσεις τὰ ὅμοια, τεὴν δ', ἀμέγαρτε, παρειὴν
 ἀθρήσω θαμινοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγομένην.
 Κύπρις γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα παλίγκοτος· ἐν δέ τι καλὸν
 ἔλλαχεν, ἐχθαίρειν τὰς σοβαρευομένας.

281.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Χθιζά μοι Ἑρμώνασσα φιλακρήτους μετὰ κώμους
 στέμμασιν αὐλείας ἀμφιπλέκοντι θύρας

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278.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

MAY Aphrodite herself and the darling Loves melt my empty heart for hate of me, if I ever am inclined to love males. May I never make such conquests or fall into the graver sin. It is enough to sin with women. This I will indulge in, but leave young men to foolish Pittalacus.¹

279.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

CLEOPHANTIS delays, and for the third time the wick of the lamp begins to droop and rapidly fade. Would that the flame in my heart would sink with the lamp and did not this long while burn me with sleepless desire. Ah! how often she swore to Cytherea to come in the evening, but she scruples not to offend men and gods alike.

280.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

ART thou too in pain, Philinna, art thou too sick, and dost thou waste away, with burning eyes? Or dost thou enjoy sweetest sleep, with no thought, no count of my suffering? The same shall be one day thy lot, and I shall see thy cheeks, wretched girl, drenched with floods of tears. Cypris is in all else a malignant goddess, but one virtue is hers, that she hates a prude.

281.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

YESTERDAY Hermonassa, as after a carouse I was hanging a wreath on her outer door, poured a jug of

¹ A notorious bad character at Athens, mentioned by Aeschines.

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ἐκ κυλίκων ἐπέχευεν ὕδωρ· ἀμάθυνε δὲ χαίτην,
 ἣν μόλις ἐς τρισσὴν πλέξαμεν ἀμφιλύκην.
 ἐφλέχθη δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ὑφ' ὕδατος· ἐκ γὰρ ἐκείνης 5
 λάθριον εἶχε κύλιξ πῦρ γλυκερῶν στομάτων.

282.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἡ ῥαδινὴ Μελίτη ταναοῦ ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδὲ
 τὴν ἀπὸ τῆς ἡβῆς οὐκ ἀπέθηκε χάριν,
 ἀλλ' ἔτι μαρμαίρουσι παρηίδες, ὄμμα δὲ θέλγειν
 οὐ λάθε· τῶν δ' ἐτέων ἡ δεκάς οὐκ ὀλίγη·
 μίμνει καὶ τὸ φρύαγμα τὸ παιδικόν. ἐνθάδε δ' ἔγνω 5
 ὅτι φύσιν νικᾷ ὁ χρόνος οὐ δύναται.

283.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Δάκρυνά μοι σπένδουσαν ἐπήρατον οἰκτρὰ Θεανῶ
 εἶχον ὑπὲρ λέκτρων πάννυχον ἡμετέρων·
 ἐξότε γὰρ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀνέδραμεν ἔσπερος ἄστηρ,
 μέμφετο μελλούσης ἄγγελον ἡριπόλης.
 οὐδὲν ἐφημερίοις καταθύμιον· εἴ τις Ἑρώτων 5
 λάτρης, νύκτας ἔχειν ὥφελε Κιμμερίων.

284.—ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ ΔΟΜΕΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Πάντα σέθεν φιλέω· μόνον δὲ σὸν ἄκριτον ὄμμα
 ἐχθαίρω, στυγεροῖς ἀνδράσι τερπόμενον.

285.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Εἰργομένη φιλέειν με κατὰ στόμα διὰ Ῥοδάνθη
 ζώνην παρθενικὴν ἐξετάνυσσε μέσην,

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water on me, and flattened my hair, which I had taken such pains to curl that it would have lasted three days. But the water set me all the more aglow, for the hidden fire of her sweet lips was in the jug.

282.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

SLENDER Melite, though now on the threshold of old age, has not lost the grace of youth; still her cheeks are polished, and her eye has not forgotten to charm. Yet her decades are not few. Her girlish high spirit survives too. This taught me that time cannot subdue nature.

283.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

I HAD loveable Theano all night with me, but she never ceased from weeping piteously. From the hour when the evening star began to mount the heaven, she cursed it for being herald of the morrow's dawn. Nothing is just as mortals would have it; a servant of Love requires Cimmerian nights.

284.—RUFINUS DOMESTICUS

I LOVE everything in you. I hate only your undiscerning eye which is pleased by odious men.

285.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

DIVINE Rhodanthe, being prevented from kissing me, held her maiden girdle stretched out between

καὶ κείνην φιλέεσκεν· ἐγὼ δέ τις ὡς ὀχετηγὸς
 ἀρχὴν εἰς ἑτέρην εἵλκον ἔρωτος ὕδωρ,
 αὐερύων τὸ φίλημα· περὶ ζωστῆρα δὲ κούρης 5
 μάστακι ποππύζων, τηλόθεν ἀντεφίλουν.
 ἦν δὲ πόνου καὶ τοῦτο παραίφασις· ἡ γλυκερὴ γὰρ
 ζώνη πορθμὸς ἦν χεῖλεος ἀμφοτέρου.

286.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Φράζεό μοι, Κλεόφαντις, ὅση χάρις, ὅπποτε δοιοὺς
 λάβρον ἐπαιγίζων ἴσος ἔρωσ κλονέει.
 ποῖος ἄρης, ἡ τάρβος ἀπείριτον, ἢ τίς αἰδὼς
 τούσδε διακρίνει, πλέγματα βαλλομένους;
 εἶη μοι μελέεσσι τὰ Λήμνιος ἤρμοσεν ἄκμων 5
 δεσμά, καὶ Ἐφαίστου πᾶσα δολορραφίη·
 μῦνον ἐγὼ, χαρίεσσα, τεὸν δέμας ἀγκὰς ἐλίξας
 θελγοίμην ἐπὶ σοῖς ἄλφεσι βοσκόμενος.
 δὴ τότε καὶ ξείνός με καὶ ἐνδάπιος καὶ ὀδίτης,
 πότνα, καὶ ἀρητῆρ, χῆ παράκοιτις ἴδοι. 10

287.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Σπεύδων εἰ φιλέει με μαθεῖν εὐώπιδι Ἐρευθῷ,
 πείραζον κραδίην πλάσματι κερδαλέῳ.
 “Βήσομαι ἐς ξείνην τινά που χθόνα· μίμνε δέ, κούρη,
 ἀρτίπος, ἡμετέρου μνήστιν ἔχουσα πόθου.”
 ἡ δὲ μέγα στονάχησε καὶ ἤλατο, καὶ τὸ πρόσωπον 5
 πληξέ, καὶ εὐπλέκτου βότρυν ἔρηξε κόμης,
 καὶ με μένειν ἰκέτευν· ἐγὼ δέ τις ὡς βραδυπειθῆς
 ὄμματι θρυπτομένῳ συγκατένευσα μόνον.
 ὄλβιος ἐς πόθον εἰμί· τὸ γὰρ μενέαινον ἀνύσσαι
 πάντως, εἰς μεγάλην τοῦτο δέδωκα χάριν. 10

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us, and kept kissing it, while I, like a gardener, diverted the stream of love to another point, sucking up the kiss, and so returned it from a distance, smacking with my lips on her girdle. Even this a little eased my pain, for the sweet girdle was like a ferry plying from lip to lip.

286.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

THINK, Cleopantis, what joy it is when the storm of love descends with fury on two hearts equally, to toss them. What war, or extremity of fear, or what shame shall sunder them as they entwine their limbs? Would mine were the fetters that the Lemnian smith, Hephaestus, cunningly forged. Let me only clasp thee to me, my sweet, and feed on thy limbs to my heart's content. Then, for all I care, let a stranger see me or my own countryman, or a traveller, dear, or a clergyman, or even my wife.

287.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

CURIOUS to find out if lovely Ereutho were fond of me, I tested her heart by a subtle falsehood. I said, "I am going abroad, but remain, my dear, faithful and ever mindful of my love." But she gave a great cry, and leapt up, and beat her face with her hands, and tore the clusters of her braided hair, begging me to remain. Then, as one not easily persuaded and with a dissatisfied expression, I just consented. I am happy in my love, for what I wished to do in any case, that I granted as a great favour.

288.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἐξότε μοι πίνουντι συνεψιάουσα Χαρικλῶ
 λάθρη τοὺς ἰδίους ἀμφέβαλε στεφάνους,
 πῦρ ὅλοδ' ὀλοὸν δάπτει με· τὸ γὰρ στέφος, ὥς δοκέω, τι
 εἶχεν, ὃ καὶ Γλαύκην φλέξε Κρεοντιάδα.

289.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἡ γραῦς ἡ τρικόρωνος, ἡ ἡμετέρους διὰ μόχθους
 μοίρης ἀμβολίην πολλάκι δεξαμένη,
 ἄγριον ἦτορ ἔχει, καὶ θέλγεται οὐτ' ἐπὶ χρυσῷ,
 οὔτε ζωροτέρῳ μείζονι κισσυβίῳ·
 τὴν κούρην δ' αἰεὶ περιδέρεται· εἰ δέ ποτ' αὐτὴν 5
 ἀθρήσει κρυφίοις ὄμμασι ῥεμβομένην,
 ἃ μέγα τολμήεσσα ῥαπίσμασιν ἀμφὶ πρόσωπα
 πλήσσει τὴν ἀπαλὴν οἰκτρὰ κινυρομένην.
 εἰ δ' ἔτεδ' ὁ τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἐφίλαο, Περσεφόνη, 10
 οἰκτεῖρον ξυνῆς ἄλγεα τηκεδόνοιο.
 ἔστω δ' ἀμφοτέροισι χάρις μία· τῆς δὲ γεραιῆς
 ῥύεο τὴν κούρην, πρὶν τι κακὸν παθῆιν.

290.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ὀμμα πολυπτοίητον ὑποκλέπτουσα τεκούσης,
 συζυγίην μῆλων δῶκεν ἐμοὶ ῥοδέων
 θηλυτέρῃ χαρίεσσα. μάγον τάχα πυρσὸν ἐρώτων
 λαθριδίως μῆλοις μίξεν ἐρευθομένοις·
 εἰμὶ γὰρ ὁ τλήμων φλογὶ σύμπλοκος· ἀντὶ δὲ μαζῶν, 5
 ὧ πόποι, ἀπρήκτοις μῆλα φέρω παλάμαις.

291.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ ποτ' ἐμοί, χαρίεσσα, τεῶν τάδε σύμβολα μαζῶν
 ὥπασας, ὀλβίζω τὴν χάριν ὥς μεγάλην·

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288.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

EVER since Chariklo, playing with me at the feast, put her wreath slyly on my head, a deadly fire devours me ; for the wreath, it seems, had in it something of the poison that burnt Glauce, the daughter of Creon.

289.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

THE old hag, thrice as old as the oldest crow, who has often for my sorrow got a new lease of life, has a savage heart, and will not be softened either by gold or by greater and stronger cups, but is watching all round the girl. If she ever sees her eyes wandering to me furtively, she actually dares to slap the tender darling's face and make her cry piteously. If it be true, Persephone, that thou didst love Adonis, pity the pain of our mutual passion and grant us both one favour. Deliver the girl from the old woman before she meets with some mischance.

290.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

ELUDING her mother's apprehensive eyes, the charming girl gave me a pair of rosy apples. I think she had secretly ensorcelled those red apples with the torch of love, for I, alack ! am wrapped in flame, and instead of two breasts, ye gods, my purposeless hands grasp two apples.

291.—BY THE SAME

IF, my sweet, you gave me these two apples as tokens of your breasts, I bless you for your great

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εἰ δ' ἐπὶ τοῖς μίμνεις, ἀδικεῖς, ὅτι λάβρον ἀνήψας
 πυρσόν, ἀποσβέσσαι τοῦτον ἀναινομένη.
 Τήλεφον ὁ τρώσας καὶ ἀκέσσατο· μὴ σύγῃ, κούρη, 5
 εἰς ἐμὲ δυσμενέων γίνεο πικροτέρῃ.

292.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

πέραν τῆς πόλεως διάγοντος διὰ τὰ λύσιμα τῶν νόμων
 ὑπομηστικὸν πεμφθὲν πρὸς Παῦλον Σιλεντιάριον
 Ἐνθάδε μὲν χλοάουσα τεθηλότι βῶλος ὀράμνω
 φυλλάδος εὐκάρπου πᾶσαν ἔδειξε χάριν·
 ἐνθάδε δὲ κλάζουσιν ὑπὸ σκιεραῖς κυπαρίσσοις
 ὄρνιθες δροσερῶν μητέρες ὀρταλίχων·
 καὶ λιγυρὸν βομβεῦσιν ἀκανθίδες· ἡ δ' ὀλολυγῶν 5
 τρύζει, τρηχαλαῖαις ἐνδιάουσα βάτοις.
 ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἡδὺς, ἐπεὶ σέο μῦθον ἀκούειν
 ἠθέλον ἢ κιθάρης κρούσματα Δηλιάδος;
 καὶ μοι δισσὸς ἔρως περικίδνεται· εἰσοράαν γὰρ
 καὶ σέ, μάκαρ, ποθέω, καὶ γλυκερὴν δάμαλιν, 10
 ἧς με περισμύχουσι μεληδόνας· ἀλλὰ με θεσμοὶ
 εἵργουσιν ῥαδινῆς τηλόθι δορκαλίδος.

293.—ΠΑΤΑΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

ἀντίγραφον ἐπὶ τῇ αὐτῇ ὑποθέσει πρὸς τὸν φίλον Ἀγαθίαν
 Θεσμὸν Ἐρως οὐκ οἶδε βιημάχος, οὐδέ τις ἄλλη
 ἀνέρα νοσφίζει πρῆξις ἔρωμανίης.
 εἰ δέ σε θεσμοπόλοιο μεληδόνας ἔργον ἐρύκει,
 οὐκ ἄρα σοῖς στέρνοις λάβρος ἔνεστιν ἔρως.
 ποῖος ἔρως, ὅτε βαιὸς ἄλὸς πόρος οἶδε μερίζειν 5
 σὸν χρóa παρθενικῆς τηλόθεν ὑμετέρης;

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favour; but if your gift does not go beyond the apples, you do me wrong in refusing to quench the fierce fire you lit. Telephus was healed by him who hurt him¹; do not, dear, be crueller than an enemy to me.

292.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Lines written to Paulus Silentarius by Agathias while staying on the opposite bank of the Bosphorus for the purpose of studying law

HERE the land, clothing itself in greenery, has revealed the full beauty of the rich foliage, and here warble under shady cypresses the birds, now mothers of tender chicks. The gold-finches sing shrilly, and the turtle-dove moans from its home in the thorny thicket. But what joy have I in all this, I who would rather hear your voice than the notes of Apollo's harp? Two loves beset me; I long to see you, my happy friend, and to see the sweet heifer, the thoughts of whom consume me; but the Law keeps me here far from that slender fawn.

293.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Reply on the same subject to his friend Agathias

LOVE, the violent, knows not Law, nor does any other work tear a man away from true passion. If the labour of your law studies holds you back, then fierce love dwells not in your breast. What love is that, when a narrow strait of the sea can keep you apart from your beloved? Leander showed the

¹ Nothing would cure Telephus' wound, but iron of the spear that inflicted it.

νηχόμενος Δείανδρος ὅσον κράτος ἐστὶν ἐρώτων
 δείκνυνεν, ἐννυχίου κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγων·
 σοὶ δέ, φίλος, παρέασι καὶ ὀλκάδες· ἀλλὰ θαμίζεις
 μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίῃ, Κύπριν ἀπωσάμενος.
 θεσμούς Παλλὰς ἔχει, Παφίῃ πόθον. εἰπέ· τίς ἀνὴρ
 εἶν ἐνὶ θητεύσει Παλλάδι καὶ Παφίῃ;

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294.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἡ γραῦς ἡ φθονερὴ παρεκέκλιτο γείτονι κούρῃ
 δόχμιον ἐν λέκτρῳ νῶτον ἐρεισαμένη,
 προβλῆς ὥς τις ἔπαλξις ἀνέμβατος· οἶα δὲ πύργος
 ἔσκεπε τὴν κούρην ἀπλοῖς ἐκταδίῃ·
 καὶ σοβαρὴ θεράπαινα πύλας σφίγγασα μελάθρου
 κεῖτο χαλικρήτῳ νάματι βριθομένη.
 ἔμπης οὐ μ' ἐφόβησαν· ἐπεὶ στρεπτήρα θυρέτρου
 χερσὶν ἄδουπήτοις βαιὸν ἀειράμενος,
 φρυκτοὺς αἰθαλόεντας ἐμῆς ῥιπίσμασι λώπης
 ἔσβεσα· καὶ διαδὺς λέχριος ἐν θαλάμῳ
 τὴν φύλακα κνώσσουσαν ὑπέκφυγον· ἦκα δὲ λέκτρον
 νέρθεν ὑπὸ σχοίνοις γαστέρι συρόμενος,
 ὠρθούμην κατὰ βαιόν, ὅπῃ βατὸν ἔπλετο τείχος·
 ἄγχι δὲ τῆς κούρης στέρνον ἐρεισάμενος,
 μαζοὺς μὲν κρατέεσκον· ὑπεθρύφθην δὲ προσώπῳ,
 μᾶστακα πιαίνων χεῖλεος εὐαφίῃ.
 ἦν δ' ἄρα μοι τὰ λάφυρα καλὸν στόμα, καὶ τὸ φίλημα
 σύμβολον ἐννυχίης εἶχον ἀεθλοσύνης.
 οὐπω δ' ἐξαλάπαξα φίλης πύργωμα κορείης,
 ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀδερρίτῳ σφίγγεται ἀμβολίῃ.
 ἔμπης ἦν ἐτέριοιο μόθου στήσωμεν ἀγῶνα,
 ναὶ τάχα πορθήσω τείχεα παρθενίης,
 οὐ δ' ἔτι με σχήσουσιν ἐπάλξεις. ἦν δὲ τυχήσω,
 στέμματα σοὶ πλέξω, Κύπρι τροπαιοφόρε.

5

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power of love by swimming fearless of the billows and the night. And you, my friend, can take the ferry; but the fact is you have renounced Cypris, and pay more attention to Athene. To Pallas belongs law, to Cypris desire. Tell me! what man can serve both at once?

294.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

THE envious old woman slept next the girl, lying athwart the bed like an insurmountable projecting rampart, and like a tower an ample blanket covered the girl. The pretentious waiting woman had closed the door of the room, and lay asleep heavy with untempered wine. But I was not afraid of them. I slightly raised with noiseless hands the latch of the door, and blowing out the blazing torch¹ by waving my cloak, I made my way sideways across the room avoiding the sleeping sentry. Then crawling softly on my belly under the girths of the bed, I gradually raised myself, there where the wall was surmountable, and resting my chest near the girl I clasped her breasts and wantoned on her face, feeding my lips on the softness of hers. So her lovely mouth was my sole trophy and her kiss the sole token of my night assault. I have not yet stormed the tower of her virginity, but it is still firmly closed, the assault delayed. Yet, if I deliver another attack, perchance I may carry the walls of her maidenhead, and no longer be held back by the ramparts. If I succeed I will weave a wreath for thee, Cypris the Conqueror.

¹ *i.e.* the lamp.

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295.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ

Ψαῦε μελισταγέων στομάτων, δέπας· εὗρες, ἄμελγε·
οὐ φθονέω, τὴν σὴν δ' ἤθελον αἶσαν ἔχειν.

296.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἐξότε τηλεφίλου πλαταγήματος ἡχέτα βόμβος
γαστέρα μαντῶον μάξατο κισσυβίου,
ἔγνω ὡς φιλέεις με· τὸ δ' ἀτρεκές αὐτίκα πείσεις
εὐνῆς ἡμετέρης πάννουχος ἀπτομένη.
τοῦτό σε γὰρ δείξει παναληθέα· τοὺς δὲ μεθυστάς 5
καλλείψω λατάγων πλήγμασι τερπομένους.

297.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡθέοις οὐκ ἔστι τόσος πόνος, ὅππόσος ἡμῖν
ταῖς ἀταλοψύχοις ἔχραε θηλυτέραις.
τοῖς μὲν γὰρ παρέασιν ὀμήλικες, οἷς τὰ μερίμνης
ἄλγεα μυθεῦνται φθέγματι θαρσαλέῳ,
παίγνιά τ' ἀμφιέπουσι παρήγορα, καὶ κατ' ἀγνιάς 5
πλάζονται γραφίδων χρώμασι ῥεμβόμενοι·
ἡμῖν δ' οὐδὲ φάος λεύσσειν θέμις, ἀλλὰ μελάθροισ
κρυπτόμεθα, ζοφεραῖς φροντίσι τηκόμεναι.

W. M. Hardinge, in *The Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1878, p. 887.

298.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Ἰμερτὴ Μαρίη μεγαλίζεται· ἀλλὰ μετέλθοις
κείνης, πότνα Δίκη, κόμπον ἀγνηροῖης·

¹ The τηλεφίλον (far-away love) mentioned by Theocritus is the πλαταγώνιον (cracker), a poppy-leaf from the cracking of which, when held in the palm and struck, love omens were

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295.—LEONTIUS

TOUCH, O cup, the lips that drop honey, suck now thou hast the chance. I envy not, but would thy luck were mine.

296.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

EVER since the prophetic bowl pealed aloud in response to the touch of the far-away love-splash, I know that you love me, but you will convince me completely by passing the night with me. This will show that you are wholly sincere, and I will leave the tipplers to enjoy the strokes of the wine-dregs.¹

297.—BY THE SAME

YOUNG men have not so much suffering as is the lot of us poor tender-hearted girls. They have friends of their own age to whom they confidently tell their cares and sorrows, and they have games to cheer them, and they can stroll in the streets and let their eyes wander from one picture to another. We on the contrary are not even allowed to see the daylight, but are kept hidden in our chambers, the prey of dismal thoughts.

298.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

CHARMING Maria is too exalted : but do thou, holy Justice, punish her arrogance, yet not by death, my

taken. Agathias wrongly supposes it to refer to the stream of wine which, in the long obsolete game of cottabos, was aimed at a brazen bowl.

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μὴ θανάτῳ, βασιλείᾳ· τὸ δ' ἔμπαλιν, ἐς τρίχας ἥξοι
γῆρας, ἐς ῥυτίδας σκληρὸν ἵκοιτο ῥέθος·
τίσειαν πολιαί· τάδε δάκρυα· κάλλος ὑπόσχοι
ψυχῆς ἀμπλακίην, αἴτιον ἀμπλακίης.

299.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

“Μηδὲν ἄγαν,” σοφὸς εἶπεν· ἐγὼ δέ τις ὡς ἐπέραστος,
ὡς καλός, ἠέρθην ταῖς μεγαλοφροσύναις,
καὶ ψυχὴν δοκέεσκον ὅλην ἐπὶ χερσὶν ἐμεῖο
κεῖσθαι τῆς κούρης, τῆς τάχα κερδαλέης·
ἢ δ' ὑπερῆρθην, σοβαρὴν θ' ὑπερέσχεθεν ὀφρύν,
ὥσπερ τοῖς προτέροις ἦθεσι μεμφομένη.
καὶ νῦν ὁ βλοσυρωπός, ὁ χάλκεος, ὁ βραδυπειθής,
ὁ πρὶν ἀερσιπότης, ἤριπον ἑξαπίνης·
πάντα δ' ἑναλλα γέγοντο· πεσὼν δ' ἐπὶ γούνασι κούρη
ἴαχον· “Ἰλήκοις, ἤλιτεν ἢ νεότης.”

300.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ὁ θρασὺς ὑψαύχην τε, καὶ ὀφρύας εἰς ἓν ἀγείρων
κεῖται παρθενικῆς παίγνιον ἀδρανέος·
ὁ πρὶν ὑπερβασίῃ δοκέων τὴν παῖδα χαλέπτειν,
αὐτὸς ὑποδμηθεὶς ἐλπίδος ἐκτὸς ἔβη.
καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἱκεσίοισι πεσὼν θηλύνεται οἴκτοις·
ἢ δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἄρσενα μῆνιν ἔχει.
παρθένε θυμολέαινα, καὶ εἰ χόλον ἔνδικον αἶθες,
σβέσσον ἀγνηορίην, ἐγγὺς ἴδες Νέμεσιν.

301.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ καὶ τηλοτέρῳ Μερόης τεὸν ἵχνος ἐρείσεις,
πτηνὸς Ἐρως πτηνῷ κείσε μένει με φέρει.

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Queen, but on the contrary may she reach grey old age, may her hard face grow wrinkled. May the grey hairs avenge these tears, and beauty, the cause of her soul's transgression, suffer for it.

299.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

"NAUGHT in excess" said the sage; and I, believing myself to be comely and loveable, was puffed up by pride, and fancied that this, it would seem, crafty girl's heart lay entirely in my hands. But she now holds herself very high and her brow looks down on me with scorn, as if she found fault with her previous lenity. Now I, formerly so fierce-looking, so brazen, so obdurate, I who flew so high have had a sudden fall. Everything is reversed, and throwing myself on my knees I cried to her: "Forgive me, my youth was at fault."

300.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

HE who was so confident and held his head so high and gathered his brow, lies low now, the plaything of a feeble girl; he who thought formerly to crush the child with his overbearing manner, is himself subdued and has lost his hope. He now falls on his knees and supplicates and laments like a girl, while she has the angry look of a man. Lion-hearted maid, though thou burnest with just anger, quench thy pride; so near hast thou looked on Nemesis.

301.—BY THE SAME

THOUGH thou settest thy foot far beyond Meroe, winged love shall carry me there with winged power,

εἰ καὶ ἐς ἀντολίην πρὸς ὁμόχροον ἵξαι Ἡώ,
 πεζὸς ἀμετρήτοις ἔψομαι ἐν σταδίοις.
 εἰ δέ τι σοὶ στέλλω βύθιον γέρας, ἴλαθι, κούρη. 5
 εἰς σὲ θαλασσαίη τοῦτο φέροι Παφίη,
 κάλλει νικηθεῖσα τεοῦ χροὸς ἱμερόεντος,
 τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀγλαίῃ θάρσος ἀπωσαμένη.

302.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ποίην τις πρὸς Ἔρωτος ἴοι τρίβον; ἐν μὲν ἀγνιαῖς
 μαχλάδος οἰμῶξεις χρυσομανεῖ σπατάλῃ.
 εἰ δ' ἐπὶ παρθενικῇς πελάσεις λέχος, ἐς γάμον ἥξεις
 ἔννομον, ἢ ποινὰς τὰς περὶ τῶν φθορέων.
 κουριδίαις δὲ γυναιξὶν ἀτερπέα κύπριν ἐγείρειν 5
 τίς κεν ὑποτλαίῃ, πρὸς χρέος ἐλκόμενος;
 μοίχια λέκτρα κάκιστα, καὶ ἔκτοθεν εἰσὶν ἐρώτων,
 ὧν μέτα παιδομανῆς κείσθω ἀλιτροσύνη.
 χήρῃ δ', ἣ μὲν ἄκοσμος ἔχει πάνδημον ἐραστήν,
 καὶ πάντα φρονέει δήνεα μαχλοσύνης. 10
 ἣ δὲ σαοφρονέουσα μόλις φιλότῃ μιγεῖσα
 δέχνυται ἀστόργου κέντρα παλιμβολίης,
 καὶ στυγέει τὸ τελεσθέν· ἔχουσα δὲ λείψανον αἰδοῦς,
 ἅψ' ἐπὶ λυσιγάμους χάζεται ἀγγελίας.
 ἣν δὲ μιγῆς ἰδίῃ θεραπαινίδι, τλήθῃ καὶ αὐτὸς 15
 δοῦλος ἐναλλάγδην δμῳίδι γινόμενος·
 εἰ δὲ καὶ ὀθνεῖη, τότε σοι νόμος αἰσχος ἀνάψει,
 ὕβριν ἀνιχνεύων σώματος ἀλλοτρίου.
 πάντ' ἄρα Διογένης ἔφυγεν τάδε, τὸν δ' Ὀρμέναιον
 ἦειδεν παλάμη, Λαῖδος οὐ χατέων. 20

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though thou hiest to the dawn as rose-red as thyself,
I will follow thee on foot a myriad miles. If I send
thee now this gift from the deep,¹ forgive me, my
lady. It is Aphrodite of the sea who offers it to thee,
vanquished by the loveliness of thy fair body and
abandoning her old confidence in her beauty.

302.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS²

By what road shall one go to the Land of Love?
If you seek him in the streets, you will repent
the courtesan's greed for gold and luxury. If you
approach a maiden's bed, it must end in lawful
wedlock or punishment for seduction. Who would
endure to awake reluctant desire for his lawful
wife, forced to do a duty? Adulterous intercourse
is the worst of all and has no part in love, and un-
natural sin should be ranked with it. As for widows,
if one of them is ill-conducted, she is anyone's
mistress, and knows all the arts of harlotry, while
if she is chaste she with difficulty consents, she
is pricked by loveless remorse, hates what she has
done, and having a remnant of shame shrinks from
the union till she is disposed to announce its end. If
you associate with your own servant, you must make
up your mind to change places and become hers,
and if with someone else's, the law which prosecutes
for outrage on slaves not one's own will mark you
with infamy. *Omnia haec effugit Diogenes et palma
hymenaeum cantabat, Laide non egens.*

¹ A pearl.

² An imitation of ix. 359.

303.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κλαγγῆς πέμπεται ἦχος ἐς οὐατα, καὶ θόρυβος δὲ
 ἄσπετος ἐν τριόδοις, οὐδ' ἀλέγεις, Παφίη;
 ἐνθάδε γὰρ σέο κούρον ὁδοιπορέοντα κατέσχον
 ὅσσοι ἐνὶ κραδίῃ πυρσὸν ἔχουσι πόθου.

304.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὅμφαξ οὐκ ἐπένευσας· ὅτ' ἦς σταφυλή, παρεπέμψω.
 μὴ φθονέσης δοῦναι καὶ βραχὺ τῆς σταφίδος.

305.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κούρη τίς μ' ἐφίλησεν ὑφέσπερα χεῖλεσιν ὕγροῖς.
 νέκταρ ἦν τὸ φίλημα· τὸ γὰρ στόμα νέκταρος
 ἔπνει·
 καὶ μεθύω τὸ φίλημα, πολὺν τὸν ἔρωτα πεπωκώς.

306.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Δακρύεις, ἔλεεινὰ λαλεῖς, περίεργα θεωρεῖς,
 ζηλοτυπεῖς, ἄπτη πολλάκι, πυκνὰ φιλεῖς.
 ταῦτα μὲν ἐστὶν ἐρώντος· ὅταν δ' εἴπω “παράκειμαι,”
 καὶ μέλλης,¹ ἀπλῶς οὐδὲν ἐρώντος ἔχεις.

307.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Χεῦμα μὲν Εὐρώταο Λακωνικόν· ἃ δ' ἀκάλυπτος
 Λήδα· χῶ κύκνῳ κρυπτόμενος Κρονίδας.
 οἳ δέ με τὸν δυσέρωτα καταίθετε, καὶ τί γένωμαι
 ὄρνεον; εἰ γὰρ Ζεὺς κύκνος, ἐγὼ κόρυδος.

¹ I write καὶ μέλλης: καὶ σὺ μένεις MS.

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303.—ANONYMOUS

THERE is a noise of loud shouting and great tumult in the street, and why takest thou no heed, Cypris? It is thy boy arrested on his way by all who have the fire of love in their hearts.

304.—ANONYMOUS

WHEN you were a green grape you refused me, when you were ripe you bade me be off, at least grudge me not a little of your raisin.

305.—ANONYMOUS

A GIRL kissed me in the evening with wet lips. The kiss was nectar, for her mouth smelt sweet of nectar; and I am drunk with the kiss, I have drunk love in abundance.

306.—PHILODEMUS

(Addressed by a Girl to a Man)

YOU weep, you speak in piteous accents, you look strangely at me, you are jealous, you touch me often and go on kissing me. That is like a lover; but when I say "Here I am next you" and you dawdle, you have absolutely nothing of the lover in you.

307.—ANTIPHILUS

(On a Picture of Zeus and Leda)

THIS is the Laconian river Eurotas, and that is Leda with nothing on, and he who is hidden in the swan is Zeus. And you little Cupids, who are luring me so little disposed to love, what bird am I to become? If Zeus is a swan, I suppose I must be a lark.¹

¹ We should say "a goose."

308.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ἢ μᾶλλον ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ἐ κομψή, μείνόν με. τί σοι καλὸν οὖνομα; ποῦ σε
 ἔστιν ἰδεῖν; ὃ θέλεις δώσομεν. οὐδὲ λαλεῖς.
 ποῦ γίνῃ; πέμψω μετὰ σοῦ τινά. μή τις ἔχει σε;
 ὦ σοβαρή, ὑγίαιν'. οὐδ' "ὑγίαινε" λέγεις;
 καὶ πάλι καὶ πάλι σοὶ προσελεύσομαι· οἶδα μα-
 λάσσειν
 καὶ σοῦ σκληροτέρας. νῦν δ' ὑγίαινε, γύναι.

5

309.—ΔΙΟΦΑΝΟΤΣ ΜΤΡΙΝΑΙΟΥ

Τρὶς ληστής ὁ Ἔρως καλοῖτ' ἂν ὄντως·
 ἀγρυπνεῖ, θρασύς ἐστιν, ἐκδιδύσκει.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 139.

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

308.—ANTIPHILUS OR PHILODEMUS

O you pretty creature, wait for me. What is your name? Where can I see you? I will give what you choose. You don't even speak. Where do you live? I will send someone with you. Do you possibly belong to anyone? Well, you stuck-up thing, goodbye. You won't even say "goodbye." But again and again I will accost you. I know how to soften even more hard-hearted beauties; and for the present, "goodbye, madam!"

309.—DIOPHANES OF MYRINA

Love may justly be called thrice a brigand. He is wakeful, reckless, and he strips us bare.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY
JAMES M. SMITH
OF THE
UNITED STATES SENATE
AND
OF THE
UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I
NEW YORK
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BOOK VI

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

THE sources in this book are much more mixed up than in the preceding, and there are not any very long sequences from one source. From Meleager's *Stephanus* come, including doubtless a number of isolated epigrams, 1-4, 13-15, 34-35, 43-53, 109-157, 159-163, 169-174, 177-8, 188-9, 197-200, 202-226, 262-313, 351-358; from that of Philippos 36-38, 87-108, 186-7, 227-261, 348-350; and from the Cycle of Agathias 18-20, 25-30, 32, 40-42, 54-59, 63-84, 167-8, 175-6.

I add a classification of the dedicants.

Public Dedications:—50, 131-132, 142, 171, 342-3.

Historical Personages:—Alexander, 97; Arsinoë, 277; Demaratus' daughter, 266; Gelo and Hiero, 214; Mandrocles, 341; Pausanias, 197; Philip, son of Demetrius, 114-16; Pyrrhus, 130; Seleucus, 10; Sophocles, 145.

Men or Women:—in thanks for cures: 146, 148, 150, 189, 203, 240, 330; offerings of hair by, 155, 156, 198, 242, 277, 278, 279; offerings after shipwreck, 164, 166.

Men:—Archer, 118; Bee-keeper, 239; Boy (on growing up), 282; Carpenter, 103, 204, 205; Cinaëdus, 254; Cook, 101, 306; Farmer, 31, 36-7, 40-1, 44-5, 53, 55-6, 72, 79, 95, 98, 104, 154, 157-8, 169, 193, 225, 238, 258, 297; Fisherman, 4, 5, 11-16, 23, 25-30, 33, 38, 89, 90, 105, 107, 179-187, 192, 196, 223, 230; Gardener, 21, 22, 42, 102; Goldsmith, 92; Herald, 143; Hunter or Fowler, 34-5, 57, 75, 93, 106-7, 109-12, 118, 121, 152, 167-8, 175-6, 179-188, 253, 268, 296, 326; Musician, 46, 54, 83, 118, 338; Physician, 337; Priest of Cybele, 51, 94, 217-20, 237; Sailor, 69, 222, 245, 251; Schoolmaster, 294; Schoolboy, 308, 310; Scribe, 63, 64-8, 295; Shepherd, 73, 96, 99, 108, 177, 221, 262-3; Smith, 117; Traveller, 199; Trumpeter, 151, 159, 194-5; Victor in games, etc. 7, 100, 140, 149, 213, 233, 246, 256, 259, 311, 339, 350; Warrior, 2, 9, 52, 81, 84, 91, 122-129, 141, 161, 178, 215, 264, 344.

Women:—before or after marriage, 60, 133, 206-9, 275, 276, 280-1; after childbirth, 59, 146, 200-2, 270-4; Priestess, 173, 269, 356; Spinster, 39, 136, 160, 174, 247, 286-9; Courtesan, 1, 18-20, 210, 290, 292.

Many of the epigrams are mere poetical exercises, but in this list I have not tried to distinguish these from real dedications, although I have omitted mere *jeux d'esprit*. Also, some of the best epigrams in which neither the calling of the dedicant nor the cause of the dedication is mentioned are of course not included.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΑΝΑΘΗΜΑΤΙΚΑ

1 A

Εἰς λίθος ἀστράπτει τελετὴν πολύμορφον Ἰάκχου
καὶ πτηνῶν τρυγόνωντα χορὸν καθύπερθεν Ἑρώτων.

1.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἡ σοβαρὸν γελάσασα καθ' Ἑλλάδος, ἥ ποτ'
ἐραστῶν
ἔσμὸν ἐπὶ προθύροις Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων,
τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἐπεὶ τοίη μὲν ὀρᾶσθαι
οὐκ ἐθέλω, οἷη δ' ἦν πάρος οὐ δύναμαι.

Orlando Gibbons, *First Set of Madrigals*, 1612, and Prior's
"Venus take my looking-glass."

2.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Τόξα τάδε πτολέμοιο πεπανμένα δακρυόεντος
νηῶ Ἀθηναίης κεῖται ὑπορρόφια,
πολλάκι δὴ στονόμεντα κατὰ κλόνον ἐν δαῖ φωτῶν
Περσῶν ἵππομάχων αἵματι λουσάμενα.

BOOK VI

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

1 A

FROM one stone lighten the varied rites of Bacchus' worship and above the company of winged Cupids plucking grapes.

(This should perhaps be transferred to the end of the previous book. It refers no doubt to a carved gem.)

1.—PLATO

I, LAIS, whose haughty beauty made mock of Greece, I who once had a swarm of young lovers at my doors, dedicate my mirror to Aphrodite, since I wish not to look on myself as I am, and cannot look on myself as I once was.

2.—SIMONIDES

THIS bow, resting from tearful war, hangs here under the roof of Athene's temple. Often mid the roar of battle, in the struggle of men, was it washed in the blood of Persian cavaliers.

3.—ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΥ

Ἡράκλεες, Τρηχίνα πολύλλιθον ὅς τε καὶ Οἶτην
καὶ βαθὺν εὐδένδρου πρῶνα πατεῖς Φολόης,
τοῦτό σοι ἀγροτέρης Διονύσιος αὐτὸς ἐλαίης
χλωρὸν ἀπὸ δρεπάνῳ θῆκε ταμὼν ῥόπαλον.

4.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Εὐκαπὲς¹ ἄγκιστρον, καὶ δούρατα δουλιχόεντα,
χωρμῖν, καὶ τὰς ἰχθυόκους σπυρίδας,
καὶ τοῦτον νηκτοῖσιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι τεχνασθέντα
κύρτον, ἀλιπλάγκτων εὖρεμα δικτυβόλων,
τρηχύν τε τριόδοντα, Ποσειδαώνιον ἔγχος,
καὶ τοὺς ἐξ ἀκάτων διχθαδίους ἐρέτας,
ὁ γριπεὺς Διόφαντος ἀνάκτορι θήκατο τέχνας,
ὥς θέμις, ἀρχαίας λείψανα τεχνοσύνας.

5

5.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Δούνακας ἀκροδέτους, καὶ τὴν ἀλινηχέα κώπην,
γυρῶν τ' ἀγκίστρων λαιμοδακεῖς ἀκίδας,
καὶ λίνον ἀκρομόλιβδον, ἀπαγγελτῆρά τε κύρτου
φελλόν, καὶ δισσὰς σχοινοπλεκεῖς σπυρίδας,
καὶ τὸν ἐγερσιφαῆ πυρὸς ἔγκυον ἔμφλογα πέτρον,
ἄγκυράν τε, νεῶν πλαζομένων παγίδα.
Πείσων ὁ γριπεὺς Ἑρμῇ πόρεν, ἔντρομος ἤδη
δεξιτερὴν, πολλοῖς βριθόμενος καμάτοις.

5

6.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀμφιτρύων μ' ἀνέθηκεν ἐλὼν ἀπὸ Τηλεβοάων.

¹ εὐκαπὲς Salmasius: εὐκαμπές MS.

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

3.—DIONYSIUS

HERACLES, who treadest stony Trachis and Oeta and the headland of Pholoe clothed in deep forest, to thee Dionysius offers this club yet green, which he cut himself with his sickle from a wild olive-tree.

4.—LEONIDAS

DIOPHANTUS the fisherman, as is fit, dedicates to the patron of his craft these relics of his old calling, his hook, easily gulped down, his long poles, his line, his creels, this weel, device of sea-faring netsmen for trapping fishes, his sharp trident, weapon of Poseidon, and the two oars of his boat.

5.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

PISO the fisherman, weighed down by long toil and his right hand already shaky, gives to Hermes these his rods with the lines hanging from their tips, his oar that swam through the sea, his curved hooks whose points bite the fishes' throats, his net fringed with lead, the float that announced where his weel lay, his two wicker creels, the flint pregnant with fire that sets the tinder alight, and his anchor, the trap that holds fast wandering ships.

6.—*On a Caldron in Delphi*

AMPHITRYON dedicated me, having won me from the Teleboi.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

7.—ΑΛΛΟ

Σκαῖος πυγμαχέων με ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι
νικήσας ἀνέθηκε τεῖν περικαλλές ἄγαλμα.

8.—ΑΛΛΟ

Λαοδάμας τρίποδ' αὐτὸς ἐϋσκόπῳ Ἀπόλλωνι
μουναρχέων ἀνέθηκε τεῖν περικαλλές ἄγαλμα.

9.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Σοὶ μὲν καμπύλα τόξα, καὶ ἰοχέαιρα φαρέτρη,
δῶρα παρὰ Προμάχου, Φοῖβε, τάδε κρέματα·
ἰοὺς δὲ πτερόεντας ἀνὰ κλόνον ἄνδρες ἔχουσιν
ἐν κραδίαις, ὅλοα ξείνια δυσμενέων.

10.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Τριτογενές, Σώτειρα, Διὸς φυγοδέμνιε κόυρα,
Παλλάς, ἀπειροτόκου δεσπότη παρθενίης,
βωμόν τοι κεραοῦχον ἐδείματο τόνδε Σέλευκος,
Φοιβείαν ἰαχὰν φθεγγομένου στόματος.

11.—ΣΑΤΤΡΙΟΥ

Θηρευτὴς δολιχὸν τόδε δίκτυον ἄνθετο Δᾶμις·
Πίγρης δ' ὀρνίθων λεπτόμιτον νεφέλην,
τριγλοφόρους δὲ χιτῶνας ὁ νυκτερέτης θέτο Κλείτωρ
τῷ Πανί, τρισσῶν ἐργάτιναι καμάτων.
Ἰλαος εὐσεβέεσσιν ἀδελφειοῖς ἐπίνευσον
πτηνά, καὶ ἀγροτέρων κέρδεα καὶ νεπόδων.

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

7.—*On Another*

SCAEUS, having conquered in the boxing contest, dedicated me a beautiful ornament to thee, Apollo the Far-shooter.

8.—*On Another*

LAODAMAS himself during his reign dedicated to thee, Apollo the Archer, this tripod as a beautiful ornament.

9.—MNASALCAS

HERE hang as gifts from Promachus to thee, Phoebus, his crooked bow and quiver that delights in arrows; but his winged shafts, the deadly gifts he sent his foes, are in the hearts of men on the field of battle.

10.—ANTIPATER

TRITO-BORN, Saviour, daughter of Zeus, who hatest wedlock, Pallas, queen of childless virginity, Seleucus built thee this horned altar at the bidding of Apollo (?).¹

11.—SATYRIUS

(This and the following five epigrams, as well as Nos 179–187, are all on the same subject.)

THE three brothers, skilled in three crafts, dedicate to Pan, Damis the huntsman this long net, Pigres his light-meshed fowling net, and Clitor, the night-rower, his tunic for red mullet. Look kindly on the pious brethren, O Pan, and grant them gain from fowl, fish and venison.

¹ The last line is unintelligible as it stands, and it looks as if two lines were missing.

12.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ ΑΠΟ
ΤΗΠΑΡΧΩΝ

Γνωτῶν τρισσατίων ἐκ τρισσατίης λίνα θήρης
δέχνησο, Πάν· Πίγρης σοὶ γὰρ ἀπὸ πτερύγων
ταῦτα φέρει, θηρῶν Δᾶμις, Κλείτωρ δὲ θαλάσσης.
καί σφι δὸς εὐαγρεῖν ἡέρα, γαῖαν, ὕδωρ.

13.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Οἱ τρισσοὶ τοι ταῦτα τὰ δίκτυα θῆκαν ὄμαιμοι,
ἀγρότα Πάν, ἄλλης ἄλλος ἀπ' ἀγρεσίης·
ὦν ἀπὸ μὲν πτηνῶν Πίγρης τάδε, ταῦτα δὲ Δᾶμις
τετραπόδων, Κλείτωρ δ' ὁ τρίτος εἰναλίων.
ἀνθ' ὧν τῷ μὲν πέμπε δι' ἡέρος εὖστοχον ἄγρην, 5
τῷ δὲ διὰ δρυμῶν, τῷ δὲ δι' ἡϊόνων.

14.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Πανὶ τάδ' αὐθαιμοι τρισσοὶ θέσαν ἄρμενα τέχνας·
Δᾶμις μὲν θηρῶν ἄρκυν ὀρειονόμων,
Κλείτωρ δὲ πλωτῶν τάδε δίκτυα, τὰν δὲ πετηνῶν
ἄρρηκτον Πίγρης τάνδε δεραιοπέδαν·
τὸν μὲν γὰρ ξυλόχων, τὸν δ' ἡέρος, ὃν δ' ἀπὸ λίμνας 5
οὐ ποτε σὺν κενεοῖς οἶκος ἔδεκτο λίνους.

15.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΖΩΣΙΜΟΥ

Εἰναλίων Κλείτωρ τάδε δίκτυα, τετραπόδων δὲ
Δᾶμις, καὶ Πίγρης θῆκεν ἀπ' ἡερίων
Πανί, κασιγνήτων ἱερὴ τριάς· ἀλλὰ σὺ θήρην
ἡέρι κῆν πόντῳ κῆν χθονὶ τοῖσδε νέμε.

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

12.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

RECEIVE, Pan, the nets of the three brothers for three kinds of chase. Pigres brings his from fowl, Damis from beast, and Clitor from sea. Grant them good sport from air, earth, and water.

13.—LEONIDAS

HUNTSMAN Pan, the three brothers dedicated these nets to thee, each from a different chase : Pigres these from fowl, Damis these from beast, and Clitor his from the denizens of the deep. In return for which send them easily caught game, to the first through the air, to the second through the woods, and to the third through the shore-water.

14.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

THE three brothers dedicated to Pan these implements of their craft : Damis his net for trapping the beasts of the mountain, Clitor this net for fish, and Pigres this untearable net that fetters birds' necks. For they never returned home with empty nets, the one from the copses, the second from the air, the third from the sea.

15.—BY THE SAME OR BY ZOSIMUS

THE blessed triad of brothers dedicated these nets to Pan : Clitor his fishing nets, Damis his hunting nets, Pigres his fowling nets. But do thou grant them sport in air, sea, and land.

16.—APXIOY

Σοὶ τάδε, Πὰν σκοπιῆτα, παναίολα δῶρα σύναιμοι
 τρίζυγες ἐκ τρισσῆς θέντο λινοστασίης·
 δίκτυα μὲν Δᾶμις θηρῶν, Πίγρης δὲ πετηνῶν
 λαιμοπέδας, Κλείτωρ δ' εἰναλίφοιτα λῖνα·
 ὧν τὸν μὲν καὶ ἐσαῦθις ἐν ἡέρι, τὸν δ' ἔτι θείης
 εὔστοχον ἐν πόντῳ, τὸν δὲ κατὰ δρυόχους.

5

17.—ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Αἱ τρισσαί τοι ταῦτα τὰ παίγνια θῆκαν ἑταῖραι,
 Κύπρι μάκαιρ', ἄλλης ἄλλη ἀπ' ἐργασίης·
 ὧν ἀπὸ μὲν πυγῆς Εὐφρὼ τάδε, ταῦτα δὲ Κλειὼ
 ὡς θέμις, ἡ τριτάτη δ' Ἀθθίς ἀπ' οὐρανίων.
 ἀνθ' ὧν τῇ μὲν πέμπε τὰ παιδικά, δεσπότι, κέρδη,
 τῇ δὲ τὰ θηλείης, τῇ δὲ τὰ μηδετέρης.

5

18.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΡΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Λαῖς ἀμαλδυνθεῖσα χρόνῳ περικαλλέα μορφήν,
 γηραλέων στρυγέει μαρτυρίην ῥυτίδων·
 ἔνθεν πικρὸν ἔλεγχον ἀπεχθήρασα κατόπτρου,
 ἄνθετο δεσποίνῃ τῆς πάρος ἀγλαΐης.
 “Ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, Κυθήρεια, δέχου νεότητος ἑταῖρον
 δίσκον, ἐπεὶ μορφὴ σὴ χρόνον οὐ τρομέει.”

5

19.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κάλλος μὲν, Κυθήρεια, χαρίζεαι· ἀλλὰ μαραίνει
 ὁ χρόνος ἐρπύζων σὴν, βασιλεία, χάριν.
 δώρου δ' ὑμετέροιο παραπταμένου με, Κυθήρη,
 δέχυνσο καὶ δώρου, πότνια, μαρτυρίην.

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

16.—ARCHIAS

To thee, Pan the scout, the three brothers from three kinds of netting gave these manifold gifts: Damis his net for beasts, Pigres his neck-fetters for birds, Clitor his drift-nets. Make the first again successful in the air, the second in the sea, and the third in the thickets.

17.—LUCIAN

(A Skit on the above Exercises.)

TRES tibi, Venus, ludicra haec dedicaverunt meretrices alio alia ab officio. Haec Euphro a clunibus, ista vero Clio qua fas est, Atthis autem ab ore.¹ Pro quibus illi mitte lucrum puerilis operis, huic vero feminei, tertiae autem neutrius.

18.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On Lais' Mirror

LAIS, her loveliness laid low by time, hates whatever witnesses to her wrinkled age. Therefore, detesting the cruel evidence of her mirror, she dedicates it to the queen of her former glory. "Receive, Cytherea, the circle,² the companion of youth, since thy beauty dreads not time."

19.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

THOU grantest beauty, Cytherea, but creeping time withers thy gift, my Queen. Now since thy gift has passed me by and flown away, receive, gracious goddess, this mirror that bore witness to it.

¹ vel a caelestibus.

² Ancient mirrors made of bronze were always circular.

20.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἑλλάδα νικήσασαν ὑπέρβιον ἀσπίδα Μήδων
 Λαῖς θῆκεν ἑὼ κάλλει ληϊδίην·
 μούνῳ ἐνικήθη δ' ὑπὸ γήραϊ, καὶ τὸν ἔλεγχον
 ἄνθετο σοί, Παφίη, τὸν νεότητι φίλον·
 ἧς γὰρ ἰδεῖν στυγέει πολίης παναληθέα μορφήν,
 τῆσδε συνεχθαίρει καὶ σκιάοντα τύπον.

5

21.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Σκάπτειραν κήποιο φιλυδρήλοιο δίκελλαν,
 καὶ δρεπάνην καυλῶν ἄγκυλον ἐκτομίδα,
 τήν τ' ἐπινωτίδιον βροχετῶν ῥακόεσσαν ἀρωγόν,
 καὶ τὰς ἀρρήκτους ἐμβάδας ὠμοβοεῖς,
 τὸν τε δι' εὐτρήτοιο πέδου δύνοντα κατ' ἰθὺ
 ἀρτιφυοῦς κράμβης πάσσαλον ἐμβολέα,
 καὶ σκάφος ἐξ ὀχετῶν πρασιῇν διψεύσαν ἐγείρειν
 αὐχμηροῖο θέρεος οὐ ποτε παυσάμενον,
 σοὶ τῷ κηπουρῷ Ποτάμων ἀνέθηκε, Πρίηπε,
 κτησάμενος ταύτης ὄλβον ἀπ' ἐργασίης.

5

10

22.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀρτιχανῇ ῥοιάν τε, καὶ ἀρτίχνουν τόδε μῆλον,
 καὶ ῥυτιδόφλοιοι σῦκον ἐπομφάλιον,
 πορφύρεόν τε βότρυν μεθυπίδακα, πυκνορῥᾶγα,
 καὶ κάρνον χλωρῆς ἀρτίδορον λεπίδος,
 ἀγροιώτῃ τῷδε μονοστόρθυγγι Πριήπῳ
 θῆκεν ὁ καρποφύλαξ, δενδριακὴν θυσίην.

5

23.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἑρμεία, σήραγγος ἀλίκτυπον ὃς τόδε ναίεις
 εὐστιβὲς αἰθυίαις ἰχθυβόλοισι λέπας,

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

20.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

LAIUS took captive by her beauty Greece, which had laid in the dust the proud shield of Persia. Only old age conquered her, and the proof of her fall, the friend of her youth, she dedicates to thee, Cypris. She hates to see even the shadowy image of those grey hairs, whose actual sight she cannot bear

21.—ANONYMOUS

To thee, Priapus the gardener, did Potamon, who gained wealth by this calling, dedicate the hoe that dug his thirsty garden, and his curved sickle for cutting vegetables, the ragged cloak that kept the rain off his back, his strong boots of untanned hide, the dibble for planting out young cabbages going straight into the easily pierced soil, and his mattock that never ceased during the dry summer to refresh the thirsty beds with draughts from the channels.

22.—ANONYMOUS

THE fruit-watcher dedicated to rustic Priapus, carved out of a trunk, this sacrifice from the trees, a newly split pomegranate, this quince covered with fresh down, a navelled fig with wrinkled skin, a purple cluster of thick-set grapes, fountain of wine, and a walnut just out of its green rind.

23.—ANONYMOUS

HERMES, who dwellest in this wave-beaten rock-cave, that gives good footing to fisher gulls, accept

δέξο σαγηναίοιο λίνου τετριμμένον ἄλμῃ
 λείψανον, αὐχμηρῶν ξανθὲν ἐπ' ἡϊόνων,
 γριπούς τε, πλωτῶν τε πάγην, περιδινέα κύρτον, 5
 καὶ φελλὸν κρυφίων σῆμα λαχόντα βόλων,
 καὶ βαθὺν ἰππείης πεπεδημένον ἄμματι χαίτης,
 οὐκ ἄτερ ἀγκίστρων, λιμνοφυῇ δόνακα.

24.—ΑΛΛΟ

Δαίμονι τῇ Συρίῃ τὸ μάτην τριβὲν Ἡλιόδωρος
 δίκτυον ἐν νηοῦ τοῦδ' ἔθετο προπύλοις·
 ἄγνὸν ἀπ' ἰχθυβόλου θήρας τόδε· πολλὰ δ' ἐν αὐτῷ
 φυκί' ἐπ' εὐόρμων εἴλκυσεν αἰγιαλῶν.

25.—ΙΟΥΔΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΡΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Κεκμηῶς χρονίῃ πεπονηκότα δίκτυα θήρῃ
 ἄνθετο ταῖς Νύμφαις ταῦτα γέρων Κινύρης·
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτι τρομερῇ παλάμῃ περιηγέα κόλπον
 εἶχεν ἀκοντίζειν οἰγομένοιο λίνου.
 εἰ δ' ὀλίγον δώρου τελέθει δόσις, οὐ τόδε, Νύμφαι, 5
 μέμψις, ἐπεὶ Κινύρου ταῦθ' ὅλος ἔσκε βίος.

26.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ταῖς Νύμφαις Κινύρης τόδε δίκτυον· οὐ γὰρ ἀείρει
 γῆρας ἀκοντιστὴν μόχθον ἐκηβολίης.
 ἰχθύες ἀλλὰ νέμοισθε γεγηθότες, ὅττι θαλάσση
 δῶκεν ἔχειν Κινύρου γῆρας ἐλευθερίην.

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this fragment of the great seine worn by the sea and scraped often by the rough beach; this little purse-seine, the round weel that entraps fishes, the float whose task it is to mark where the weels are concealed, and the long cane rod, the child of the marsh, with its horse-hair line, not unfurnished with hooks, wound round it.

24.—ANONYMOUS

HELIODORUS dedicates to the Syrian Goddess¹ in the porch of this temple his net worn out in vain. It is untainted by any catch of fish, but he hauled out plenty of sea-weed in it on the spacious beach of the anchorage.

25.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

OLD Cinyras, weary of long fishing, dedicates to the Nymphs this worn sweep-net; for no longer could his trembling hand cast it freely to open in an enfolding circle.² If the gift is but a small one, it is not his fault, ye Nymphs, for this was all Cinyras had to live on.

26.—BY THE SAME

CINYRAS dedicates to the nymphs this net, for his old age cannot support the labour of casting it. Feed, ye fish, happily, since Cinyras' old age has given freedom to the sea.

¹ Astarte.

² These words apply only to a sweep-net (*épervier*), strictly ἀμφίβληστρον.

27.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἴχθυβόλον πολυωπὲς ἀπ' εὐθήρου λίνου ἄγρης,
 τῶν τ' ἀγκιστροδέτων συζυγίην δονάκων,
 καὶ πιστὸν βυθίων παγίδων σημάντορα φελλόν,
 καὶ λίθον ἀντιτύπῳ κρούσματι πυρσοτόκον,
 ἄγκυράν τ' ἐπὶ τοῖς ἐχενηίδα, δεσμὸν ἀέλλης, 5
 στρεπτῶν τ' ἀγκίστρων ἰχθυπαγῇ στόματα,
 daίμοσιν ἀγροδότῃσι θαλασσοπόρος πόρε Βαίτων,
 γήραϊ νουσοφόρῳ βριθομένης παλάμης.

28.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ

Καμπτομένους δόνακας, κώπην θ' ἄμα, νηὸς ἰμάσθλην,
 γυρῶν τ' ἀγκίστρων καμπυλόεσσαν ἵτυν,
 εὐκόλπου τε λίνοιο περίπλεα κύκλα μολύβδῳ,
 καὶ φελλοὺς κύρτων μάρτυρας εἰναλίων,
 ζεῦγός τ' εὐπλεκέων σπυρίδων, καὶ μητέρα πυρσῶν 5
 τήνδε λίθον, νηῶν θ' ἔδρανον ἀσταθέων
 ἄγκυραν, γριπεύς, Ἐριούνιε, σοὶ τάδε Βαίτων
 δῶρα φέρει, τρομεροῦ γήραος ἀντιάσας.

29.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἑρμείῃ Βαίτων ἀλινηχέος ὄργανα τέχνης
 ἄνθετο, δειμαίνων γήραος ἀδρανίην·
 ἄγκυραν, γυρόν τε λίθον, σπυρίδας θ' ἄμα φελλῶ,
 ἄγκιστρον, κώπην, καὶ λίναν καὶ δόνακας.

30.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΤΗΠΑΤΟΥ

Δίκτυον ἀκρομόλιβδον Ἀμύντιχος ἀμφὶ τριαίνῃ
 δῆσε γέρων, ἀλίων παυσάμενος καμάτων,

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27.—THEAETETUS SCHOLASTICUS

(*This and the next two are Exercises on the Theme of No. 5*)

BAETO the fisherman, now his hand is heavy with ailing old age, gives to the gods who grant good catches his many-eyed net that caught him many a fish, his pair of rods with their hooks, his float, the faithful indicator of the weels set in the depths, his flint that gives birth to fire when struck, the anchor besides, fetter of the storm, that held his boat fast, and the jaws of his curved hooks that pierce fishes.

28.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

BAETO the fisherman, having reached trembling old age, offers thee, Hermes, these gifts, his pliant rods, his oar, whip of his boat, his curved, pointed hooks, his encompassing circular net weighted with lead, the floats that testify to where the weels lie in the sea, a pair of well-woven creels, this stone, the mother of fire, and his anchor, the stay of his unstable boat.

29.—BY THE SAME

To Hermes Baeto, fearing the weakness of old age, gives the implements of his sea-faring craft, his anchor, his round flint, his creel and float, his hook, oar, nets and rods.

30.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL (*after No. 38*)

OLD Amyntichus, his toil on the deep over, bound his lead-weighted net round his fishing spear, and

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ἐς δὲ Ποσειδάωνα καὶ ἄλμυρον οἶδμα θαλάσσης
 εἶπεν, ἀποσπένδων δάκρυον ἐκ βλεφάρων·
 “Οἶσθα, μάκαρ· κέκμηκα· κακοῦ δ’ ἐπὶ γήραος ἡμῖν 5
 ἄλλυτος ἥβάσκει γυιοτακῆς πενίη.
 θρέψον ἔτι σπαῖρον τὸ γερόντιον, ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ γαίης,
 ὥς ἐθέλει, μεδέων κὰν χθονὶ κὰν πελάγει.”

31.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Αἰγιβάτη τόδε Πανί, καὶ εὐκάρπῳ Διονύσῳ,
 καὶ Διοῖ Χθονίῃ ξυνὸν ἔθηκα γέρας.
 αἰτέομαι δ’ αὐτοὺς καλὰ πῶεα καὶ καλὸν οἶνον,
 καὶ καλὸν ἀμῆσαι καρπὸν ἀπ’ ἀσταχύων.

32.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Δικραίρῳ δικέρωτα, δασυκνάμῳ δασυχαίταν,
 ἱξάλον εὐσκάρθμῳ, λόχμιον ὑλοβάτα,
 Πανὶ φιλοσκοπέλῳ λάσιον παρὰ πρῶνά Χαρικλῆς
 κνακὸν ὑπηγήταν τόνδ’ ἀνέθηκε τράγον.

33.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΥ

Αἰγιαλίτα Πρίηπε, σαγηνευτῆρες ἔθηκαν
 δῶρα παρακταίης σοὶ τάδ’ ἐπωφελίης,
 θύννων εὐκλώστοιο λίνου βυσσώμασι ῥόμβον
 φράξαντες γλαυκαῖς ἐν παρόδοις πελάγευς,
 φηγίνεον κρητῆρα, καὶ αὐτούργητον ἐρείκης 5
 βάθρον, ἰδ’ ὑαλέην οἰνοδόκον κύλικα,
 ὥς ἂν ὑπ’ ὀρχησμῶν λελυγισμένον ἔγκοπον ἱχνος
 ἀμπαύσης, ξηρὴν δίψαν ἐλαννόμενος.

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to Poseidon and the salt sea wave said, shedding tears, "Thou knowest, Lord, that I am weary with toil, and now in my evil old age wasting Poverty, from whom there is no release, is in her youthful prime. Feed the old man while he yet breathes, but from the land as he wishes, thou who art Lord over both land and sea."

31.—NICARCHUS (?)

I HAVE offered this as a common gift to Pan the goat-treader, to Dionysus the giver of good fruit, and to Demeter the Earth-goddess, and I beg from them fine flocks, good wine and to gather good grain from the ears.

32.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

CHARICLES by the wooded hill offered to Pan who loves the rock this yellow, bearded goat, a horned creature to the horned, a hairy one to the hairy-legged, a bounding one to the deft leaper, a denizen of the woods to the forest god.

33.—MAECIUS

PRIAPUS of the beach, the fishermen, after surrounding with their deep-sunk net the circling shoal of tunnies in the green narrows of the sea, dedicated to thee these gifts out of the profits of the rich catch they made on this strand—a bowl of beech wood, a stool roughly carved of heath, and a glass wine-cup, so that when thy weary limbs are broken by the dance thou mayest rest them and drive away dry thirst.

34.—PIANOT

Τὸ ῥόπαλον τῷ Πανὶ καὶ ἰοβόλον Πολύαινος
 τόξον καὶ κᾶπρον τούσδε καθᾶψε πόδας,
 καὶ ταύταν γωρυτόν, ἐπαυχένιον τε κυνάγχαν
 θῆκεν ὀρειάρχα δῶρα συναγρεσίης.
 ἀλλ', ὦ Πὰν σκοπιῆτα, καὶ εἰσοπίσω Πολύαινον 5
 εὐαγρον πέμπους, νιέα Σιμύλεω.

35.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Τοῦτο χιμαιροβάτα Τελέσων αἰγώνυχι Πανὶ
 τὸ σκύλος ἀγρείας τεῖνε κατὰ πλατάνου·
 καὶ τὰν ῥαιβόκρανον εὐστόρθυγα κορύναν,
 ἃ πάρος αἰμωποὺς ἐστυφέλιξε λύκους,
 γαυλοὺς τε γλαγοπήγας, ἀγωγαῖόν τε κυνάγχαν, 5
 καὶ τὰν εὐρίνων λαιμοπέδαν σκυλάκων.

36.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Δράγματά σοι χώρου μικραύλακος, ὦ φιλόπυρε
 Δηοῖ, Σωσικλέης θῆκεν ἀρουροπόνος,
 εὐσταχυν ἀμήσας τὸν νῦν σπόρον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὖτις
 ἐκ καλαμητομῆης ἀμβλὺ φέροι δρέπανον.

37.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Γήραϊ δὴ καὶ τόνδε κεκυφότα φήγινον ὄζον
 οὖρεσιν ἀγρώται βουκόλοι ἐξέταμον·
 Πανὶ δέ μιν ξέσσαντες ὁδῷ ἔπι καλὸν ἄθυρμα
 κάτθεσαν, ὠραίων ῥύτορι βουκολίων.

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34.—RHIANUS

POLYAENUS hung here as a gift to Pan the club, the bow and these boar's feet. Also to the Lord of the hills he dedicated this quiver and the dog-collar, gifts of thanks for his success in boar-hunting. But do thou, O Pan the scout, send home Polyaenus, the son of Symilas, in future, too, laden with spoils of the chase.

35.—LEONIDAS

THIS skin did Teleso stretch on the woodland plane-tree, an offering to goat-hoofed Pan the goat-treader, and the crutched, well-pointed staff, with which he used to bring down red-eyed wolves, the cheese-pails, too, and the leash and collars of his keen-scented hounds.

36.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

THESE trusses from the furrows of his little field did Sosicles the husbandman dedicate to thee, Demeter, who lovest the corn ; for this is a rich harvest of grain he hath gathered. But another time, too, may he bring back his sickle blunted by reaping.

37.—ANONYMOUS

THE rustic herdsmen cut on the mountain this beech-branch which old age had bent as it bends us, and having trimmed it, set it up by the road, a pretty toy for Pan who protects the glossy cattle.