

κείσαι δ' εὐρυχόρῳ ἐν πατρίδι τίμιος ἀστοῖς,  
ὦ ἐμὸν ἐκμήνας θυμὸν ἔρωτι Δίων.

## 100.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Νῦν ὅτε μηδέν, Ἄλεξις, ὅσον μόνον εἶφ', ὅτι καλός,  
ὥπται, καὶ πάντα πᾶσι περιβλέπεται.  
θυμέ, τί μηνύεις κυσὶν ὀστέον, εἶτ' ἀνιήσει  
ὑστερον; οὐχ οὕτω Φαῖδρον ἀπωλέσαμεν;

## 101. &lt;ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ&gt;

Ἄλλ' εἰ μὴ Σπεύσιππον ἐμάνθανον ὧδε θανεῖσθαι,  
οὐκ ἂν ἔπεισέ με τις τόδε λέξει,  
ὡς ἦν οὐχὶ Πλάτωνι πρὸς αἵματος· οὐ γὰρ ἀθυμῶν  
κάτθανεν ἂν διὰ τι σφόδρα μικρόν.

## 102. &lt;ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ&gt;

Χαλκῇ προσκόψας λεκάνη ποτέ, καὶ τὸ μέτωπον  
πλήξας, ἴαχεν ὦ σύντονον, εἶτ' ἔθανεν,  
ὁ πάντα πάντα Ξενοκράτης ἀνὴρ γεγώς.

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<sup>1</sup> Speusippus was Plato's nephew. Diogenes Laertius does not as a fact deny this. He committed suicide, according to

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

reaching hopes. But thou liest in thy spacious city, honoured by thy countrymen, Dio, who didst madden my soul with love.

### 100.—BY THE SAME

#### *On Alexis and Phaedrus (not an epitaph)*

Now when I said nothing except just that Alexis is fair, he is looked at everywhere and by everyone when he appears. Why, my heart, dost thou point out bones to dogs and have to sorrow for it afterwards? Was it not thus that I lost Phaedrus?

### 101.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

#### *On Speusippus*

IF I had not heard that Speusippus would die so, no one would have persuaded me to say this, that he was not akin to Plato; for then he would not have died disheartened by reason of a matter exceeding small.<sup>1</sup>

### 102.—BY THE SAME

#### *On Xenocrates*

STUMBLING once over a brazen cauldron and hitting his forehead Xenocrates, who in all matters and everywhere had shown himself to be a man, called out Oh! sharply and died.

the story referred to, owing to being insulted by the cynic Diogenes.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

103. <ΑΝΤΑΓΟΡΟΥ>

<Μνήματι τῷδε Κράτητα θεοῦδ'εα καὶ Πολέμωνα  
 ἔννεπε κρύπτεσθαι, ξεῖνε, παρερχόμενος,>  
 ἄνδρας ὁμοφροσύνη μεγαλήτορας, ὧν ἀπὸ μῦθος  
 ἱερός ἤϊσεν δαιμονίου στόματος,  
 καὶ βίωτος καθαρὸς σοφίας ἐπὶ θεῖον ἐκόσμει  
 αἰῶν' ἀστρέπτοις δόγμασι πειθόμενος.

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104. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ>

Ἄρκεσίλαε, τί μοι τί τοσοῦτον ἄκρητον ἀφειδῶς  
 ἔσπασας, ὥστε φρενῶν ἐκτὸς ὄλισθες ἑῶν;  
 οἰκτείρω σ' οὐ τόσσον ἐπεὶ θάνες, ἀλλ' ὅτι Μούσας  
 ὕβρισας, οὐ μετρίῃ χρησάμενος κύλικι.

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σέο, Λακύνδη, φάτιν ἔκλυον, ὡς ἄρα καὶ σε  
 Βάκχος ἔλων αἴδην ποσσὶν ἔσυρεν ἄκροις.  
 ἢ σαφὲς ἦν· Διόνυσος ὅτ' ἂν πολὺς ἐς δέμας ἔλθῃ,  
 λῦσε μέλη· διὸ δὴ μήτι Λυαῖος ἔφυ;

106.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Χαίρετε καὶ μέμνησθε τὰ δόγματα.” τοῦτ' Ἐπίκουρος  
 ὕστατον εἶπε φίλοις οἷσιν ἀποφθίμενος·  
 θερμὴν ἐς πύελον γὰρ ἐσήλυθε, καὶ τὸν ἄκρητον  
 ἔσπασεν, εἶτ' αἴδην ψυχρὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.

<sup>1</sup> “Life” in the Greek, but English will not bear the repetition.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 103.—ANTAGORAS

#### *On Polemo and Crates*

STRANGER, as thou passest by, tell that this tomb holds god-like Crates and Polemo, great-hearted kindred spirits, from whose inspired mouths the holy word rushed. A pure pursuit<sup>1</sup> of wisdom, obedient to their unswerving doctrines, adorned their divine lives.

### 104.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS<sup>2</sup>

#### *On Arcesilaus*

ARCESILAUS, why did you drink so much wine, and so unsparingly as to slip out of your senses? I am not so sorry for you because you died as because you did violence to the Muses by using immoderate cups.<sup>3</sup>

### 105.—*On Lacydes*

AND about you too, Lacydes, I heard that Bacchus took hold of you by the toes and dragged you to Hades. It is clear; when Bacchus enters the body in force he paralyses the limbs. Is that not why he is called Lyaeus?<sup>4</sup>

### 106.—*On Epicurus*

“ADIEU, and remember my doctrines,” were Epicurus’ last words to his friends when dying. For after entering a warm bath, he drank wine and then on the top of it he drank cold death.

<sup>2</sup> 104–116 are all by him.

<sup>3</sup> Lacydes died of paralysis caused by intemperance.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* Loosener.

## GREEK ANTHOLOGY

### 107.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μέλλων Εὐρυμέδων ποτ' Ἀριστοτέλην ἀσεβείας  
γράφασθαι, Δηοῦς μύστιδος ὦν πρόπολος,  
ἀλλὰ πῶν ἀκόνιτον ὑπέκφυγε· τοῦτ' ἀκονιτὶ  
ἦν ἄρα νικῆσαι συκοφάσεις ἀδίκους.

### 108.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ πῶς εἰ μὴ Φοῖβος ἀν' Ἑλλάδα φῦσε Πλάτωνα,  
ψυχὰς ἀνθρώπων γράμμασιν ἠκέσατο;  
καὶ γὰρ ὁ τοῦδε γεγῶς Ἀσκληπιός ἐστιν ἰητῆρ  
σώματος, ὡς ψυχῆς ἀθανάτοιο Πλάτων.

### 109.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φοῖβος ἔφυσε βροτοῖς Ἀσκληπιὸν ἠδὲ Πλάτωνα,  
τὸν μὲν ἵνα ψυχὴν, τὸν δ' ἵνα σῶμα σάοι·  
δαισάμενος δὲ γάμον, πόλιν ἤλυθεν ἣν ποθ' ἑαυτῷ  
ἔκτισε, καὶ δαπέδῳ Ζηνὸς ἐνιδρύσατο.

### 110.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἄρα τοῦτο μάταιον ἔπος μερόπων τινὶ λέχθη,  
ρήγνυσθαι σοφίης τόξον ἀνιέμενον·  
δὴ γὰρ καὶ Θεόφραστος ἕως ἐπὶ μὲν ἄπηρος  
ἦν δέμας, εἶτ' ἀνεθεὶς κάτθανε πηρομελής.

<sup>1</sup> There is a bad pun which cannot be rendered.

<sup>2</sup> The first couplet is not Diogenes' own, but is stated by Olympiodorus to have actually been inscribed on Plato's

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 107.—*On Aristotle*

EURYMEDON, the priest of Demeter, was once about to prosecute Aristotle for impiety, but he escaped by drinking hemlock. This was then, it seems, to overcome unjust slander without trouble.<sup>1</sup>

### 108.—*On Plato*

How, if Phoebus had not produced Plato in Greece, could he cure men's souls by letters? For his son Asclepius is the healer of the body, as Plato is of the immortal soul.

### 109.—*On the Same*

PHOEBUS generated for mortals both Asclepius and Plato, the one to save the body, the other the soul. After celebrating a marriage he went to the city which he had founded for himself and was established in the house of Zeus.<sup>2</sup>

### 110.—*On Theophrastus*

THIS, then, was no idle word that some man spoke, that the bow of wisdom breaks when relaxed. As long as Theophrastus worked he was sound of limb, but when he grew slack he died infirm.

tomb. Plato is said to have died after attending a wedding feast. By the "city he had founded for himself" Diogenes means the Republic.

## GREEK ANTHOLOGY

### 111.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λεπτὸς ἀνὴρ δέμας ἦν—εἰ μὴ προσέχης, ἀποχρη μοι  
 Στράτωνα τοῦτ' οὖν φημί γε,  
 Λαμψακὸς ὅν ποτ' ἔφυσεν· αἰεὶ δὲ νόσοισι παλαίων  
 θνήσκει λαθῶν, οὐδ' ἤσθετο.

### 112.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μὰ τόν, οὐδὲ Λύκωνα παρήσομεν, ὅττι ποδαλγῆς  
 κάτθανε· θαυμάζω τοῦτο μάλιστα δ' ἐγώ,  
 τὴν οὕτως αἶδαο μακρὴν ὁδὸν εἰ πρὶν ὁ ποσσὶν  
 ἀλλοτρίοις βαδίσας ἔδραμε νυκτὶ μιῇ.

### 113.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀνεῖλεν ἀσπίς τὸν σοφὸν Δημήτριον  
 ἰὸν ἔχουσα πολὺν  
 ἀσμηκτον, οὐ στίλβουσα φῶς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων,  
 ἀλλ' αἶδην μέλανα.

### 114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦθελες ἀνθρώποισι λιπεῖν φάτιν, Ἡρακλείδη,  
 ὥς ῥα θανὼν ἐγένου ζωὸς ἅπασι δράκων·  
 ἀλλὰ διεψεύσθης σεσοφισμένε· δὴ γὰρ ὁ μὲν θῆρ  
 ἦε δράκων, σὺ δὲ θῆρ, οὐ σοφὸς ὢν, ἐάλως.

<sup>1</sup> Strato grew so thin that he died without feeling it.

<sup>2</sup> Heraclides begged his friends to hide his body when he

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 111.—*On Strato*

THIS Strato to whom Lampsacus gave birth was a thin man (I don't mind if you don't attend. I assert this at least). He ever fought with disease and died without feeling it.<sup>1</sup>

### 112.—*On Lyco*

No by— neither shall we neglect to tell how Lyco died of the gout. The thing that surprises me most is that he who formerly walked with other people's feet managed in one night to run all the way to Hades.

### 113.—*On Demetrius Phalereus*

AN asp that had much poison, not to be wiped off, darting no light but black death from its eyes, slew wise Demetrius.

### 114.—*On Heraclides Ponticus*

HERACLIDES, you wished to leave a report among men that when you died you became a live serpent in the eyes of all. But you were taken in, cunning wise man, for the beast was indeed a serpent, but you, being no wise man, were shown to be a beast.<sup>2</sup>

died and put a serpent on his bed that it might be supposed to be his spirit. The stratagem however was discovered.



GREEK ANTHOLOGY

115.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν βίον ἦσθα Κύων, Ἀντίσθενης, ὦδε πεφυκώς,  
 ὥστε δακεῖν κραδίην ῥήμασιν, οὐ στόμασιν.  
 ἀλλ' ἔθανες φθισικός, τάχ' ἐρεῖ τις ἴσως· τί δὲ τοῦτο;  
 πάντως εἰς αἴδην δεῖ τιν' ὀδηγὸν ἔχειν.

116.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Διόγενης, ἄγε λέγε, τίς ἔλαβέ σε μόρος  
 ἐς Ἀΐδος; ἔλαβέ με κυνὸς ἄγριον ὀδάξ.

117. <ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΥ>

Ἐκτισας αὐτάρκειαν, ἀφείς κενεαυχέα πλοῦτον,  
 Ζήνων, σὺν πολιῷ σεμνὸς ἐπισκυνίῳ·  
 ἄρσενα γὰρ λόγον εὔρες, ἐνηθλήσω δὲ προνοία,  
 αἴρεσιν ἀτρέστου μητέρ' ἐλευθερίας.  
 εἰ δὲ πάτρα Φοίνισσα, τίς ὁ φθόνος; ἦν καὶ ὁ Κάδμος 5  
 κείνος, ἀφ' οὗ γραπτὰν Ἑλλάς ἔχει σελίδα.

118.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ

Τὸν Κιτιέα Ζήνωνα θανεῖν λόγος ὡς ὑπὸ γήρως  
 πολλὰ καμῶν ἐλύθη μένων ἄσιτος·  
 <οἱ δ' ὅτι προσκόψας ποτ' ἔφη χερὶ γὰν ἀλοήσας,  
 “Ἐρχομαι αὐτόματος· τί δὴ καλεῖς με;”>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Cynic.

<sup>2</sup> Zeno stumbled and broke his finger: striking his hand

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 115.—*On Antisthenes*

You were in your lifetime a Dog,<sup>1</sup> Antisthenes, of such a nature that you bit the heart with words, not with your mouth. But someone perchance will say you died of consumption. What does that matter? One must have someone to guide one to Hades.

### 116.—*On Diogenes*

“DIOGENES, tell what fate took you to Hades?”  
“A dog’s fierce bite.”

### 117.—ZENODOTUS

#### *On Zeno*

ZENO, reverend grey-browed sage, thou didst found the self-sufficient life, abandoning the pursuit of vain-glorious wealth; for virile (and thou didst train thyself to foresight) was the school of thought thou didst institute, the mother of dauntless freedom. If thy country were Phoenicia what reproach is that? Cadmus too, from whom Greece learnt writing, was a Phoenician.

### 118.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

#### *On the Same*

SOME say that Zeno of Citium, suffering much from old age, remained without food, and others that striking the earth with his hand he said, “I come of my own accord. Why dost thou call me?”<sup>2</sup>

on the ground, he cried, “I come; why callest thou me?” and at once strangled himself.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

119.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἡνίκα Πυθαγόρης τὸ περικλεῆς εὔρετο γράμμα  
κεῖν', ἐφ' ὅτῳ κλεινὴν ἤγαγε βουθυσίην.

120.—ΞΕΝΟΦΑΝΟΥΣ

Καί ποτέ μιν στυφελιζομένου σκύλακος παριόντα  
φασὶν ἐποικτεῖραι, καὶ τότε φάσθαι ἔπος·  
“Παῦσαι, μηδὲ ράπιζ”, ἐπειὴ φίλου ἀνέρος ἐστὶ  
ψυχὴ, τὴν ἔγνω, φθεγξαμένης αἴων.”

121.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ

Οὐ μόνος ἐμψύχων ἀπεχες χέρας, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς·  
τίς γὰρ ὃς ἐμψύχων ἤψατο, Πυθαγόρη;  
ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐψηθῆ τι καὶ ὀπτηθῆ καὶ ἀλισθῆ  
δὴ τότε καὶ ψυχὴν οὐκ ἔχον ἐσθίομεν.

122.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰαῖ, Πυθαγόρης τί τόσον κυάμους ἐσεβάσθη,  
καὶ θάνε φοιτηταῖς ἄμμιγα τοῖς ἰδίοις;  
χωρίον ἦν κυάμων· ἵνα μὴ τούτους δὲ πατήσῃ  
ἐξ Ἀκραγαντίνων κάτθαν' ἐνὶ τριόδῳ.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

119.—ANONYMOUS

*On Pythagoras*

DEDICATED when Pythagoras discovered that famous figure<sup>1</sup> to celebrate which he made a grand sacrifice of an ox.

120.—XENOPHANES

*On the Same*

THEY say that once he passed by as a dog was being beaten, and pitying it spoke as follows, "Stop, and beat it not; for the soul is that of a friend; I know it, for I heard it speak."

121.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

*On the Same*

NOT you alone, Pythagoras, abstained from living things, but we do so likewise; who ever touched living things? But when they are boiled and roasted and salted, then they have no life in them and we eat them.

122.—BY THE SAME

*On the Same*

ALAS! why did Pythagoras reverence beans so much and die together with his pupils? There was a field of beans, and in order to avoid trampling them he let himself be killed on the road by the Agrigentines.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* what is now called the Forty-seventh Proposition of Euclid, Book I.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

123.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σύ ποτ', Ἐμπεδόκλεις, διερῆ φλογὶ σῶμα  
καθήρας  
πῦρ ἀπὸ κρητήρων ἔκπιες ἀθάνατον·  
οὐκ ἔρέω δ' ὅτι σαυτὸν ἐκὼν βάλες ἐς ῥόον Αἴτνης,  
ἀλλὰ λαθεῖν ἐθέλων ἔμπεσες οὐκ ἐθέλων.

124.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ μὴν Ἐμπεδοκλήα θανεῖν λόγος ὡς ποτ' ἀμάξης  
ἔκπεσε, καὶ μηρὸν κλάσσατο δεξιτερόν·  
εἰ δὲ πυρὸς κρητήρας ἐσήλατο καὶ πῖε τὸ ζῆν,  
πῶς ἂν ἔτ' ἐν Μεγάροις δείκνυτο τοῦδε τάφος;

125.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἴ τι παραλλάσσει φαέθων μέγας ἄλιος ἄστρον,  
καὶ πόντος ποταμῶν μείζον' ἔχει δύναμιν,  
φὰμὶ τοσοῦτον ἐγὼ σοφία προέχειν Ἐπίχαρμον,  
ὄν πατρὶς ἐστεφάνωσ' ἄδε Συρακοσίων.

126. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ>

Τὴν ὑπόνοιαν πᾶσι μάλιστα λέγω θεραπεύειν·  
εἰ γὰρ καὶ μὴ δρᾶς, ἀλλὰ δοκεῖς, ἀτυχεῖς.  
οὕτω καὶ Φιλόλαον ἀνεῖλε Κρότων ποτὲ πάτρη,  
ὡς μιν ἔδοξε θέλειν δῶμα τύραννον ἔχειν.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

123.—BY THE SAME

### *On Empedocles*

AND you too, Empedocles, purifying your body by liquid flame, drank immortal fire from the crater.<sup>1</sup> I will not say that you threw yourself on purpose into Etna's stream, but wishing to hide you fell in against your will.

124.—BY THE SAME

### *On the Same*

THEY say Empedocles died by a fall from a carriage, breaking his right thigh. But if he jumped into the fiery bowl and drank life, how is it his tomb is shown still in Megara?

125.—ANONYMOUS

### *On Epicharmus*

EVEN as the great burning sun surpasseth the stars and the sea is stronger than the rivers, so I say that Epicharmus, whom this his city Syracuse crowned, excelleth all in wisdom.

126.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

### *On Philolaus*

I ADVISE all men to cure suspicion, for even if you don't do a thing, but people think you do, it is ill for you. So Croton, his country, once slew Philolaus because they thought he wished to have a house like a tyrant's.

<sup>1</sup> With a play on the other meaning "bowl."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

127.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλάκις Ἡράκλειτον ἐθαύμασα, πῶς ποτὲ τὸ ζῆν  
 ᾧδε διαντλήσας δύσμορος, εἶτ' ἔθανεν.  
 σῶμα γὰρ ἀρδεύουσα κακὴ νόσος ὕδατι, φέγγος  
 ἔσβεσεν ἐκ βλεφάρων καὶ σκότον ἠγάγετο.

128.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἡράκλειτος ἐγώ· τί μ' ἄνω κάτω ἔλκετ' ἄμουσοι;  
 οὐχ ὑμῖν ἐπόνουν, τοῖς δ' ἔμ' ἐπισταμένοις.  
 εἷς ἐμοὶ ἄνθρωπος τρισμύριοι, οἱ δ' ἀνάριθμοι  
 οὐδεῖς. ταῦτ' αὐδῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνῃ.

129. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ>

Ἦθελες, ᾧ Ζήνων, καλὸν ἠθελες, ἄνδρα τύραννον  
 κτείνας ἐκλύσαι δουλοσύνης Ἑλέαν.  
 ἀλλ' ἐδάμης· δὴ γάρ σε λαβὼν ὁ τύραννος ἐν ὄλμῳ  
 κόψε· τί τοῦτο λέγω; σῶμα γάρ, οὐχὶ δὲ σέ.

130.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σεῦ, Πρωταγόρη, φάτιν ἐκλυον, ὡς ἄρ' Ἀθηνῶν  
 ἐκ ποτ' ἰὼν καθ' ὁδὸν πρέσβυς ἐὼν ἔθανες.  
 εἴλετο γάρ σε φυγεῖν Κέκροπος πόλις· ἀλλὰ σὺ  
 μέν που  
 Παλλάδος ἄστυ φύγες, Πλουτέα δ' οὐκ ἔφυγες.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 127.—BY THE SAME

#### *On Heraclitus*

I OFTEN wondered about Heraclitus, how after leading such an unhappy life, he finally died. For an evil disease, watering his body, put out the light in his eyes and brought on darkness.

### 128.—ANONYMOUS

#### *On the Same*

I AM Heraclitus. Why do you pull me this way and that, ye illiterate? I did not work for you, but for those who understand me. One man for me is equivalent to thirty thousand and countless men are but as nobody. This I proclaim even in the house of Persephone.<sup>1</sup>

### 129.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

#### *On Zeno the Eleatic*

You wished, Zeno—'twas a goodly wish—to kill the tyrant and free Elea, but you were slain, for the tyrant caught you and pounded you in a mortar. Why do I speak thus? It was your body, not you.

### 130.—BY THE SAME

#### *On Protagoras*

ABOUT you, too, Protagoras, I heard that once leaving Athens in your old age you died on the road; for the city of Cecrops decreed your exile. So you escaped from Athens but not from Pluto.

<sup>1</sup> The same saying is attributed to Democritus by Seneca, and both philosophers no doubt shared this contempt for the many.



GREEK ANTHOLOGY

131.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πρωταγόρην λόγος ὦδε θανεῖν φέρει· ἀλλὰ γὰρ †οὔτι  
ἤκατο σῶμα γαῖαν, ψυχὰ δ' ἄλτο σοφοῖς.

132.—ΑΛΛΟ

Καὶ σέο, Πρωταγόρη, σοφίης ἴδμεν βέλος ὀξύ,  
ἀλλ' οὐ τιτρῶσκον, †ὦν δὲ γλυκὺ †κρηῆμα.<sup>1</sup>

133. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ>

Πτίσσετε, Νικοκρέων, ἔτι καὶ μάλα, θύλακός ἐστι·  
πτίσσειτ', Ἀνάξαρχος δ' ἐν Διός ἐστι πάλαι·  
καὶ σὲ διαστείλασα γνάφοις ὀλίγον τάδε λέξει  
ῥήματα Περσεφόνη· “Ἐρρε μυλωθρὲ κακέ.”

134.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐνθάδε Γοργίου ἡ κεφαλὴ κυνικοῦ κατάκειμαι,  
οὐκέτι χρεμπτομένη, οὔτ' ἀπομυσσομένη.

135.—ΑΛΛΟ

Θεσσαλὸς Ἴπποκράτης, Κῶος γένος, ἐνθάδε κείται,  
Φοίβου ἀπὸ ρίζης ἀθανάτου γεγαώς,

<sup>1</sup> χρῖμα has been suggested by Boissonade and I render so.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

131.—ANONYMOUS

*On the Same*

PROTAGORAS is said to have died here; but . . . his body alone reached the earth, his soul leapt up to the wise.

132.—ANONYMOUS

*On the Same*

WE know too, Protagoras, the sharp arrow of thy wisdom. Yet it wounds not, but is a sweet unguent.

133.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

*On Anaxarchus*

BRAY it in the mortar still more, Nicocreon, it is a bag, bray it, but Anaxarchus is already in the house of Zeus, and Persephone soon, carding you, will say, "Out on thee, evil miller."<sup>1</sup>

134.—ANONYMOUS

*On Gorgias*

HERE I lie, the head of Cynic Gorgias, no longer clearing my throat nor blowing my nose.

135.—ANONYMOUS

*On Hippocrates of Cos, the Physician*

HERE lieth Thessalian Hippocrates, by descent a Coan, sprung from the immortal stock of Phoebus.

<sup>1</sup> Nicocreon, the Cyprian tyrant, is said to have pounded Anaxarchus to death. Anaxarchus exclaimed, "Pound this bag (my body), but you do not pound Anaxarchus himself." This is a well-attested story.

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πλείστα τρόπαια νόσων στήσας ὅπλοις Ὑγιείης,  
δόξαν ἔλων πολλῶν οὐ τύχα, ἀλλὰ τέχνα.

136.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Ἡρως Πριάμου βαιὸς τάφος· οὐχ ὅτι τοίου  
ἄξιος, ἀλλ' ἐχθρῶν χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.

137.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Μή με τάφῳ σύγκρινε τὸν Ἔκτορα, μηδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
μέτρει τὸν πάσης Ἑλλάδος ἀντίπαλον.

Ἰλιάς, αὐτὸς Ὀμηρος ἐμοὶ τάφος, Ἑλλάς, Ἀχαιοὶ  
φεύγοντες—τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐχωννύμεθα.

[εἰ δ' ὀλίγην ἀθρεῖς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ κόνιν, οὐκ ἐμοὶ αἰσχος· 5  
Ἑλλήνων ἐχθραῖς χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.]

138.—ΑΚΗΡΑΤΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἐκτορ Ὀμηρείησιν αἰεὶ βεβοημένε βίβλοις,  
θειοδόμου τείχευς ἔρκος ἐρυμνότατον,  
ἐν σοὶ Μαιονίδης ἀνεπαύσατο· σοῦ δὲ θανόντος,  
Ἐκτορ, ἐσιγήθη καὶ σελὶς Ἰλιάδος.

139.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐκτορι μὲν Τροίῃ συγκάτθανεν, οὐδ' ἔτι χεῖρας  
ἀντῆρεν Δαναῶν παισὶν ἐπερχομένοις.  
Πέλλα δ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ συναπώλετο· πατρίδες ἄρα  
ἀνδράσιν, οὐ πάτραις ἄνδρες ἀγαλλόμεθα.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

Armed by Health he gained many victories over Disease, and won great glory not by chance, but by science.

### 136.—ANTIPATER

#### *On Priam*

SMALL am I, the barrow of Priam the hero, not that I am worthy of such a man, but because I was built by the hands of his foes.

### 137.—ANONYMOUS

#### *On Hector*

Do not judge Hector by his tomb or measure by his barrow the adversary of all Hellas. The Iliad, Homer himself, Greece, the Achaeans in flight—these are my tomb—by these all was my barrow built. (If the earth you see above me is little, it is no disgrace to me, I was entombed by the hands of my foes the Greeks.)

### 138.—ACERATUS GRAMMATICUS

#### *On the Same*

HECTOR, constant theme of Homer's books, strongest bulwark of the god-built wall, Homer rested at thy death and with that the pages of the Iliad were silenced.

### 139.—ANONYMOUS

#### *On the Same and on Alexander of Macedon*

WITH Hector perished Troy and no longer raised her hand to resist the attack of the Danai. And Pella, too, perished with Alexander. So fatherlands glory in men, their sons, not men in their fatherlands.

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140.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Καὶ γενέταν τοῦ νέρθε καὶ οὔνομα καὶ χθόνα φώνει,  
 στάλα, καὶ ποία κηρὶ δαμεῖς ἔθανε.—  
 πατήρ μὲν Πρίαμος, γὰ δ' Ἴλιον, οὔνομα δ' Ἐκτωρ,  
 ὦνερ, ὑπὲρ πάτρας δ' ὦλετο μαρνάμενος.

141.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ

Θεσσαλὲ Πρωτεσίλαε, σὲ μὲν πολὺς ἄσεται αἰών,  
 Τροία ὀφειλομένου πτώματος ἀρξάμενον·  
 σῆμα δέ τοι πτελέησι συνηρεφὲς ἀμφικομεῦσι  
 Νύμφαι, ἀπεχθομένης Ἰλίου ἀντιπέρας·  
 δένδρα δὲ δυσμήνιτα, καὶ ἦν ποτὶ τείχος ἴδωσι  
 Τρώϊον, αὐαλέαν φυλλοχοεῦντι κόμην,  
 ὅσσοι ἐν ἠρώεσσι τότε ἦν χόλος, εἰ μέρος ἀκμὴν  
 ἐχθρὸν ἐν ἀψύχοις σώζεται ἀκρεμόσιν ;

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142.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τύμβος Ἀχιλλῆος ῥηξήνορος, ὃν ποτ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 δώμησαν, Τρώων δεῖμα καὶ ἐσσομένων·  
 αἰγιαλῷ δὲ νένευκεν, ἵνα στοναχῆσι θαλάσσης  
 κυδαίνοιτο πάϊς τῆς ἀλίας Θέτιδος.

W. M. Hardinge, in *The Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1878,  
 p. 873.

143.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἄνδρε δύω φιλότητι καὶ ἐν τεύχεσσι ἀρίστω,  
 χαίρετον, Αἰακίδη, καὶ σύ, Μενoitιάδη.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 140.—ARCHIAS OF MACEDON

#### *On Hector*

TELL, O column, the parentage of him beneath thee and his name and country and by what death he died. "His father was Priam, his country Ilion, his name Hector, and he perished fighting for his native land."

### 141.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

#### *On Protesilaus*

O THESSALIAN Protesilaus, long ages shall sing of thee, how thou didst strike the first blow in Troy's predestined fall. The Nymphs tend and encircle with overshadowing elms thy tomb opposite hated Ilion. Wrathful are the trees, and if they chance to see the walls of Troy, they shed their withered leaves. How bitter was the hatred of the heroes if a part of their enmity lives yet in soulless branches.

### 142.—ANONYMOUS

#### *On Achilles*

THIS is the tomb of Achilles the man-breaker, which the Achaeans built to be a terror to the Trojans even in after generations, and it slopes to the beach, that the son of Thetis the sea-goddess may be saluted by the moan of the waves.

### 143.—ANONYMOUS

#### *On Achilles and Patroclus*

HAIL Aeacides and Menoetiades, ye twain supreme in Love and Arms.

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144.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἡδυεπῆς Νέστωρ Πύλιος Νηληϊῖος ἦρως  
ἐν Πύλῳ ἠγαθήν τύμβον ἔχει τριγέρων.

145.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

“ Ἄδ' ἐγὼ ἅ τλάμων Ἄρετὰ παρὰ τῷδε κάθημαι  
Αἴαντος τύμβῳ κειραμένα πλοκάμους,  
θυμὸν ἄχει μεγάλῳ βεβολημένα, εἰ παρ' Ἀχαιοῖς  
ἅ δολόφρων Ἄπάτα κρέσσον ἐμεῦ δύναται.

146.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Σῆμα παρ' Αἰάντειον ἐπὶ Ῥοιτηΐσιν ἀκταῖς  
θυμοβαρῆς Ἄρετὰ μύρομαι ἐζομένα,  
ἀπλόκαμος, πινόεσσα, διὰ κρίσιν ὅτι Πελασγῶν  
οὐκ ἄρετὰ νικᾶν ἔλλαχεν, ἀλλὰ δόλος.  
τεύχεα δ' ἂν λέξειεν Ἀχιλλέος· “ Ἄρσενος ἀκμᾶς, 5  
οὐ σκολιῶν μύθων ἄμμες ἐφίεμεθα.”

147.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Μοῦνος ἐναιρομένοισιν ὑπέρμαχος ἀσπίδα τείνας,  
νηυσὶ βαρὺν Τρώων, Αἴαν, ἔμεινας ἄρην·  
οὐδέ σε χερμαδίων ὤσεν κτύπος, οὐ νέφος ἰῶν,  
οὐ πῦρ, οὐ δοράτων, οὐ ξιφέων πάταγος·  
ἀλλ' αὐτῶς προβλής τε καὶ ἔμπεδος, ὥς τις ἐρίπνα 5  
ἰδρυθεῖς, ἔτλης λαίλαπα δυσμενέων.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

144.—ANONYMOUS

*On Nestor*

SWEET-SPOKEN Nestor of Pylus, the hero-son of Neleus, the old, old man, has his tomb in pleasant Pylus.

145.—ASCLEPIADES

*On Ajax*

HERE sit I, miserable Virtue, by this tomb of Ajax, with shorn hair, smitten with heavy sorrow that cunning Fraud hath more power with the Greeks than I.

146.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

*On the Same*

By the tomb of Ajax on the Rhoetean shore, I, Virtue, sit and mourn, heavy at heart, with shorn locks, in soiled raiment, because that in the judgment court of the Greeks not Virtue but Fraud triumphed. Achilles' arms would fain cry, "We want no crooked words, but manly valour."

147.—ARCHIAS

*On the Same*

ALONE in defence of the routed host, with extended shield didst thou, Ajax, await the Trojan host that threatened the ships. Neither the crashing stones moved thee, nor the cloud of arrows, nor the clash of spears and swords; but even so, like some crag, standing out and firmly planted thou didst face the hurricane of the foes. If Hellas did



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εἰ δέ σε μὴ τεύχεσσιν Ἀχιλλέος ὤπλισεν Ἑλλάς,  
 ἄξιον ἀντ' ἀρετᾶς ὄπλα ποροῦσα γέρας,  
 Μοιράων βουλήσι τάδ' ἤμπλακεν, ὡς ἂν ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν  
 μή τινος, ἀλλὰ σὺ σῆ πότμον ἔλης παλάμη. 10

148.—ΑΔΕΣΠΙΟΤΟΝ

Σῆμα τόδ' Αἴαντος Τελαμωνίου, ὃν κτάνε Μοῖρα,  
 αὐτοῦ χρησαμένα καὶ χερὶ καὶ ξίφει.  
 οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν θνητοῖσι δυνήσατο καὶ μεμανῖα  
 εὐρέμεναι Κλωθῶ τῶδ' ἕτερον φονέα.

149.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Κεῖται ἐνὶ Τροίῃ Τελαμώνιος, οὐ τινα δ' ἔμπης  
 ἀντιβίων ὀπάσας εὐχος ἐοῦ θανάτου.  
 τόσσης γὰρ χρόνος ἄλλον ἐπάξιον ἀνέρα τόλμης  
 οὐχ εὐρών, παλάμη θῆκεν ὑπ' αὐτοφόνῳ.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἴας ἐν Τροίῃ μετὰ μυρίον εὐχος ἀέθλων  
 μέμφεται οὐκ ἐχθροῖς κείμενος, ἀλλὰ φίλοις.

151.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἔκτωρ Αἴαντι ξίφος ὤπασεν, Ἔκτορι δ' Αἴας  
 ζωστήρ· ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εἰς θάνατος.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

not give thee the arms of Achilles to wear, a worthy reward of thy valour, it was by the counsel of the Fates that she erred, in order that thou shouldst meet with doom from no foe, but at thine own hand.

148.—ANONYMOUS

*On the Same*

THIS is the tomb of Telamonian Ajax whom Fate slew by means of his own hand and sword. For Clotho, even had she wished it, could not find among mortals another able to kill him.

149.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

*On the Same*

THE Telamonian lies low in Troy, but he gave no foeman cause to boast of his death. For Time finding no other man worthy of such a deed entrusted it to his own self-slaying hand.

150.—BY THE SAME

*On the Same*

AJAX lieth in Troy after a thousand vaunted deeds of prowess, blaming not his foes but his friends.

151.—ANONYMOUS

*On Ajax and Hector*

HECTOR gave his sword to Ajax and Ajax his girdle to Hector, and the gifts of both are alike instruments of death.

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152.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πικρὴν ἀλλήλοισ' Ἐκτωρ χάριν ἠδὲ φέρασπις  
 Αἴας ἐκ πολέμου μνήμ' ἔπορον φιλίας·  
 "Ἐκτωρ γὰρ ζωστήρα λαβὼν ξίφος ἔμπαλι δῶκε·  
 τὴν δὲ χάριν δῶρων πείρασαν ἐν θανάτῳ·  
 τὸ ξίφος εἶλ' Αἴαντα μεμνηνότε, καὶ πάλι ζωστήρ 5  
 εἴλκυσε Πριαμίδην δίφρια συρόμενον.  
 οὕτως ἐξ ἐχθρῶν αὐτοκτόνα πέμπετο δῶρα,  
 ἐν χάριτος προφάσει μοῖραν ἔχοντα μόρου.

153.—ΟΜΗΡΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΚΛΕΟΒΟΥΤΛΟΥ ΤΟΥ  
 ΛΙΝΔΙΟΥ

Χαλκῇ παρθένος εἰμί, Μίδα δ' ἐπὶ σήματι κεῖμαι.  
 ἔστ' ἂν ὕδωρ τε νάη, καὶ δένδρεα μακρὰ τεθήλη,  
 αὐτοῦ τῆδε μένουσα πολυκλαύτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,  
 ἀγγελέω παριούσι, Μίδας ὅτι τῆδε τέθραπται.

R. G. McGregor, *Greek Anthology*, p. 422.

154.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Κόροιβον

Κοινὸν ἐγὼ Μεγαρεῦσι καὶ Ἰναχίδαισιν ἄθυρμα  
 ἴδρυναι, Ψαμάθης ἔκδικον οὐλομένης·  
 εἰμί δὲ Κῆρ τυμβοῦχος· ὁ δὲ κτείνας με Κόροιβος·  
 κεῖται δ' ὧδ' ὑπ' ἐμοῖς ποσσὶ διὰ τρίποδα·  
 Δελφὶς γὰρ φάμα τόδ' ἐθέσπισεν, ὄφρα γενοίμαν 5  
 τᾶς κείνου νύμφας σῆμα καὶ ἱστορίας.

<sup>1</sup> Apollo, to avenge the death of the child which Psamathe the Argive princess bore him, sent a female demon (Ποινή) which carried off babies. This demon was killed by Coroebus.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

152.—ANONYMOUS

### *On the Same*

BITTER favours did Hector and Ajax of the great shield give each other after the fight in memory of their friendship. For Hector received a girdle and gave a sword in return, and they proved in death the favour that was in the gifts. The sword slew Ajax in his madness, and the girdle dragged Hector behind the chariot. Thus the adversaries gave each other the self-destroying gifts, which held death in them under pretence of kindness.

153.—HOMER OR CLEOBULUS OF LINDUS

### *On Midas*

I AM a maiden of brass, and rest on Midas' tomb. As long as water flows, and tall trees put forth their leaves, abiding here upon the tearful tomb, I tell the passers-by that Midas is buried here.

*Here ends the collection of fictitious epitaphs on celebrities, but a few more will be found scattered in other parts of the book.*

154.—ANONYMOUS

### *On Coroebus*

I AM set here, an image common to the Megarians and the Argives, the avenger of unhappy Psamathe. A ghoul, a denizen of the tomb am I, and he who slew me was Coroebus; here under my feet he lies, all for the tripod. For even so did the voice of Delphi decree, that I should be the monument of Apollo's bride and tell her story.<sup>1</sup>

He was pardoned by Apollo and ordered to settle wherever a tripod he carried fell. This was near Megara, and on his tomb at Megara he was represented killing the Πουή.

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### 155.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Φιλιστίωνα τὸν Νικαέα γελωτοποιόν

Ὅ τὸν πολυστένακτον ἀνθρώπων βίου  
 γέλωτι κεράσας Νικαεὺς Φιλιστίων  
 ἐνταῦθα κείμαι, λείψανον παντὸς βίου,  
 πολλάκις ἀποθανών, ὧδε δ' οὐδεπώποτε.

### 156.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΥ

Ἴξῳ καὶ καλάμοισιν ἀπ' ἡέρος αὐτὸν ἔφερβεν  
 Εὐμηλος, λιτῶς, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐλευθερίῃ.  
 οὐποτε δ' ὀθνεῖην ἔκυσεν χέρα γαστρὸς ἔκητι·  
 τοῦτο τρυφήν κείνω, τοῦτ' ἔφερ' εὐφροσύνην.  
 τρὶς δὲ τριηκοστὸν ζήσας ἔτος ἐνθάδ' ἰαύει,  
 παισὶ λιπὼν ἰξὸν καὶ πτερὰ καὶ καλάμους.

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### 157.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τρεῖς ἐτέων δεκάδας, τριάδας δύο, μέτρον ἔθηκαν  
 ἡμετέρης βιοτῆς μάντιες αἰθήριοι.  
 ἀρκοῦμαι τούτοισιν· ὁ γὰρ χρόνος ἄνθος ἄριστον  
 ἡλικίης· ἔθανεν χῶ τριγέρων Πύλιος.

### 158.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Μάρκελλον τὸν Σιδίτην ἰατρόν

Μαρκέλλου τόδε σῆμα περικλυτοῦ ἰητῆρος,  
 φωτὸς κυδίστοιο τετιμένου ἀθανάτοισιν,  
 οὐ βίβλους ἀνέθηκεν εὐκτιμένη ἐνὶ Ῥώμῃ  
 Ἀδριανὸς προτέρων προφερέστερος ἡγεμονήων,  
 καὶ πάϊς Ἀδριανοῖο μέγ' ἔξοχος Ἀντωνῖνος,

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## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 155.—ANONYMOUS

#### *On Philistion the Actor of Nicaea*

I, PHILISTION of Nicaea, who tempered with laughter the miserable life of men, lie here, the remains of all life<sup>1</sup>; I often died, but never yet just in this way.

### 156.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

By his bird-lime and canes Eumelus lived on the creatures of the air, simply but in freedom. Never did he kiss a strange hand for his belly's sake. This his craft supplied him with luxury and delight. Ninety years he lived, and now sleeps here, having left to his children his bird-lime, nets and canes.

### 157.—ANONYMOUS

THREE decades and twice three years did the heavenly augurs fix as the measure of my life. I am content therewith, for that age is the finest flower of life. Even ancient Nestor died.

### 158.—ANONYMOUS

#### *On Marcellus the Physician of Side*

THIS is the tomb of Marcellus the renowned physician, a most celebrated man, honoured by the gods, whose books were presented (to the public library) in fair-built Rome by Hadrian the best of our former emperors, and by admirable Antoninus,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* he had represented all kinds of life on the stage.

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ὄφρα καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ' ἀνδράσι κῦδος ἄροιτο  
εἵνεκεν εὐεπίης, τήν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἄπόλλων,  
ἠρώω μέλψαντι μέτρῳ θεραπήϊα νόσων  
βίβλοις ἐν πινυταῖς Χειρωνίσι τεσσαράκοντα.

159.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Ὅρφευς μὲν κιθάρα πλεῖστον γέρας εἴλετο θνητῶν,  
Νέστωρ δὲ γλώσσης ἠδυλόγου σοφίῃ,  
τεκτοσύνη δ' ἐπέων πολυῖστωρ θεῖος Ὀμηρος,  
Τηλεφάνης δ' αὐλοῖς, οὗ τάφος ἐστὶν ὄδε.

160.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Καρτερὸς ἐν πολέμοις Τιμόκριτος, οὗ τόδε σᾶμα·  
Ἄρης δ' οὐκ ἀγαθῶν φείδεται, ἀλλὰ κακῶν.

161.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

α. Ὅρνι, Διὸς Κρονίδαο διάκτορε, τεῦ χάριν ἔστας  
γοργὸς ὑπὲρ μεγάλου τύμβου Ἀριστομένους;  
β. Ἀγγέλλω μερόπεσσι ὅθ' οὐνεκεν ὅσσον ἄριστος  
οἰωνῶν γενόμεαν, τόσσον ὄδ' ἠϊθέων.  
δειλαί τοι δειλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσουσι πέλειαι·  
ἄμμες δ' ἀτρέστοις ἀνδράσι τερπόμεθα.

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162.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Εὐφράτην μὴ καίε, Φιλώνυμε, μηδὲ μίηνης  
πῦρ ἐπ' ἐμοί· Πέρσης εἰμὶ καὶ ἐκ πατέρων,  
Πέρσης αὐθιγενής, ναὶ δέσποτα· πῦρ δὲ μίηναι  
ἡμῖν τοῦ χαλεποῦ πικρότερον θανάτου.  
ἀλλὰ περιστείλας με δίδου χθονί· μηδ' ἐπὶ νεκρῶ  
λουτρὰ χέης· σέβομαι, δέσποτα, καὶ ποταμούς.

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## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

Hadrian's son; so that among men in after years he might win renown for his eloquence, the gift of Phoebus Apollo. He sung of the treatment of diseases in forty skilled books of heroic verse called the Chironides.

### 159.—NICARCHUS

ORPHEUS won the highest prize among mortals by his harp, Nestor by the skill of his sweet-phrased tongue, divine Homer, the learned in lore, by the art of his verse, but Telephanes, whose tomb this is, by the flute.

### 160.—ANACREON

VALIANT in war was Timocritus, whose tomb this is. War is not sparing of the brave, but of cowards.

### 161.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

*On Aristomenes, on whose Tomb stood an Eagle*

“FLEET-WINGED bird of Zeus, why dost thou stand in splendour on the tomb of great Aristomenes?”  
“I tell unto men that as I am chief among the birds, so was he among the youth. Timid doves watch over cowards, but we delight in dauntless men.”

### 162.—DIOSCORIDES

BURN not Euphrates,<sup>1</sup> Philonymus, nor defile Fire for me. I am a Persian as my fathers were, a Persian of pure stock, yea, master: to defile Fire is for us bitterer than cruel death. But wrap me up and lay me in the ground, washing not my corpse; I worship rivers also, master.

<sup>1</sup> The slave's name



GREEK ANTHOLOGY

163.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

- α. Τίς τίνος εὔσα, γύναι, Παρίην ὑπὸ κίονα κείσαι;  
β. Πρηξὼ Καλλιτέλευς. α. Καὶ ποδαπή;  
β. Σαμίη.
- α. Τίς δέ σε καὶ κτερέϊξε; β. Θεόκριτος, ᾧ με γονῆες  
ἐξέδοσαν. α. Θνήσκεις δ' ἐκ τίνος; β. Ἐκ  
τοκετοῦ.
- α. Εὔσα πόσων ἐτέων; β. Δύο κείκοσιν. α. Ἦ  
ῥά γ' ἄτεκνος;  
β. Οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τριετῆ Καλλιτέλην ἔλιπον.
- α. Ζῶοι σοὶ κείνός γε, καὶ ἐς βαθὺ γῆρας ἴκοιτο.  
β. Καὶ σοί, ξεῖνε, πόροι πάντα Τύχη τὰ καλά.

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164.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

- α. Φράζε, γύναι, γενεήν, ὄνομα, χθόνα. β. Καλλι-  
τέλης μὲν  
ὁ σπείρας, Πρηξὼ δ' οὔνομα, γῆ δὲ Σάμος.
- α. Σῆμα δὲ τίς τόδ' ἔχωσε; β. Θεόκριτος, ὁ πρὶν  
ἄθικτα  
ἡμετέρας λύσας ἄμματα παρθενίης.
- α. Πῶς δ' ἔθανες; β. Λοχίοισιν ἐν ἄλγεσιν. α. Εἶπέ  
δὲ ποίην  
ἦλθες ἐς ἡλικίην. β. Δισσάκισ ἐνδεκέτις.
- α. Ἦ καὶ ἄπαις; β. Οὐ, ξεῖνε· λέλοιπα γὰρ ἐν νεότητι  
Καλλιτέλη, τριετῆ παῖδ' ἔτι νηπίαχον.
- α. Ἐλθοι ἐς Ὀλβιστὴν πολιὴν τρίχα. β. Καὶ σόν,  
ὀδίτα,  
οὔριον ἰθύνοι πάντα Τύχη βίοτον.

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## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 163.—LEONIDAS

A. "WHO art thou, who thy father, lady lying under the column of Parian marble?" B. "Praxo, daughter of Calliteles." A. "And thy country?" B. "Samos." A. "Who laid thee to rest?" B. "Theocritus to whom my parents gave me in marriage." A. "And how didst thou die?" B. "In childbirth." A. "How old?" B. "Twenty-two." A. "Childless then?" B. "No! I left behind my three year old Calliteles." A. "May he live and reach a ripe old age." B. "And to thee, stranger, may Fortune give all good things."

### 164.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

#### *A Variant of the Last*

A. "TELL me, lady, thy parentage, name and country." B. "Calliteles begat me, Praxo was my name, and my land Samos." A. "And who erected this monument?" B. "Theocritus who loosed my maiden zone, untouched as yet." A. "How didst thou die?" B. "In the pains of labour." A. "And tell me what age thou hadst reached." B. "Twice eleven years." A. "Childless?" B. "No, stranger, I left Calliteles behind me, my baby boy." A. "May he reach a grey and blessed old age." B. "And may Fortune, O stranger, steer the course of all thy life before a fair breeze."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

165.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

- α. Εἶπε γύναι τίς ἔφυς. β. Πρηξώ. α. Τίνος ἔπλεο  
πατρός ;  
β. Καλλιτέλευς. α. Πάτρας δ' ἐκ τίνος ἐσσί;  
β. Σάμου.
- α. Μνᾶμα δέ σου τίς ἔτευξε; β. Θεόκριτος, ὅς με  
σύνευνον  
ἤγετο. α. Πῶς δ' ἐδάμης; β. "Αλγεσιν ἐν λο-  
χίοις.
- α. Εἰν ἔτεσιν τίσιν εὔσα; β. Δὺς ἔνδεκα. α. Παῖδα  
δὲ λείπεις ; 5  
β. Νηπίαχον τρισσῶν Καλλιτέλην ἐτέων.
- α. Ζωῆς τέρμαθ' ἴκοιτο μετ' ἀνδράσι. β. Καὶ σέο δοίη  
παντὶ Τύχῃ βιώτῳ τερπνόν, ὀδίτα, τέλος.

166.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Τὴν γοεραῖς πνεύσασαν ἐν ὠδίνεσσι Λαμίσκη  
ὑστατα, Νικαρέτης παῖδα καὶ Εὐπόλιδος,  
σὺν βρέφεσιν διδύμοις, Σαμίην γένος, αἱ παρὰ Νείλῳ  
κρύπτουσιν Λιβύης ἡόνες εἰκοσέτιν.  
ἀλλὰ, κόραι, τῇ παιδὶ λεχώϊα δῶρα φέρουσαι, 5  
θερμὰ κατὰ ψυχροῦ δάκρυα χεῖτε τάφου.

167.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΕΚΑΤΑΙΟΥ ΘΑΣΙΟΥ

Ἄρχελέω με δάμαρτα Πολυξείνην, Θεοδέκτου  
παῖδα καὶ αἰνοπαθοῦς ἔννεπε Δημαρέτης,  
ὅσσον ἐπ' ὠδίσιν καὶ μητέρα· παῖδα δὲ δαίμων  
ἔφθασεν οὐδ' αὐτῶν εἴκοσιν ἡελίων.  
ὀκτωκαιδεκέτις δ' αὐτῇ θάνον, ἄρτι τεκοῦσα, 5  
ἄρτι δὲ καὶ νύμφη, πάντ' ὀλιγοχρόνιος.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 165.—BY THE SAME, OR BY ARCHIAS

#### *Another Variant*

A. "TELL me, lady, who thou wast?" B. "Praxo." A. "Who thy father?" B. "Calliteles." A. "And from what country art thou?" B. "Samos." A. "Who made thy tomb?" B. "Theocritus who took me to wife." A. "How didst thou die?" B. "In labour pangs." A. "At what age?" B. "Twenty-two." A. "Hast thou left a child?" B. "Calliteles, a baby of three." A. "May he grow to manhood." B. "And may Fortune, O wayfarer, end thy life happily."

### 166.—DIOSCORIDES OR NICARCHUS

IN Africa on the banks of the Nile resteth with her twin babes Lamisca of Samos the twenty year old daughter of Nicarete and Eupolis, who breathed her last in the bitter pangs of labour. Bring to the girl, ye maidens, such gifts as ye give to one newly delivered, and shed warm tears upon her cold tomb.

### 167.—BY THE SAME, OR BY HECATAEUS OF THASOS

CALL me Polyxena the wife of Archelaus, daughter of Theodectes and ill-fated Demarete, a mother too in so far at least as I bore a child; for Fate overtook my babe ere it was twenty days old, and I died at eighteen, for a brief time a mother, for a brief time a bride—in all short-lived.

168.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΟΥ

“Εὐχέσθω τις ἔπειτα γυνὴ τόκον,” εἶπε Πολυξώ,  
 γαστέρ’ ὑπὸ τρισσῶν ῥηγνυμένη τεκέων·  
 μαίης δ’ ἐν παλάμησι χύθη νέκυς· οἱ δ’ ἐπὶ γαῖαν  
 ὄλισθον κοίλων ἄρρενες ἐκ λαγόνων,  
 μητέρος ἐκ νεκρῆς ζωὸς γόνος· εἷς ἄρα δαίμων 5  
 τῆς μὲν ἀπὸ ζωὴν εἴλετο, τοῖς δ’ ἔπορευ.

169.—ΑΔΕΣΠΙΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν δάμαλιν τὴν ἰσταμένην πέραν Βυζαντίου ἐν  
 Χρυσοπόλει

Ἰναχίης οὐκ εἰμὶ βοὸς τύπος, οὐδ’ ἀπ’ ἐμείο  
 κλήζεται ἀντωπὸν Βοσπόριον πέλαγος.  
 κείνην γὰρ τὸ πάροιθε βαρὺς χόλος ἤλασεν Ἡρῆς  
 ἐς Φάρον· ἦδε δ’ ἐγὼ Κεκροπὶς εἰμι νέκυς.  
 εὐνέτις ἦν δὲ Χάρητος· ἔπλων δ’ ὅτ’ ἔπλωεν ἐκεῖνος 5  
 τῆδε, Φιλιππείων ἀντίπαλος σκαφέων.  
 Βοιῖδιον δὲ καλεῦμαι ἐγὼ τότε· νῦν δὲ Χάρητος  
 εὐνέτις ἠπείροις τέρπομαι ἀμφοτέραις.

170.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ, ἢ ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Τὸν τριετῆ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀρχιάνακτα  
 εἶδωλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο·  
 ἐκ δ’ ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἤρπασε μάτηρ  
 σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει·  
 Νύμφας δ’ οὐκ ἐμίηνεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ γούνων 5  
 ματρὸς κοιμαθεὶς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 168.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

“Let women after this pray for children,” cried Polyxo, her belly torn by three babes; and in the midwife’s hands she fell dead, while the boys slid from her hollow flanks to the ground, a live birth from a dead mother. So one god took life from her and gave it to them.

### 169.—ANONYMOUS

*On the statue of a heifer that stands opposite Byzantium in Chrysopolis. Inscribed on the column.*

I AM not the image of the Argive heifer, nor is the sea that faces me, the Bosphorus, called after me. She of old was driven to Pharos by the heavy wrath of Hera; but I here am a dead Athenian woman, I was the bed-fellow of Chares, and sailed with him when he sailed here to meet Philip’s ships in battle.<sup>1</sup> I was called Boeidion (little cow) then, and now I, bed-fellow of Chares, enjoy a view of two continents.

### 170.—POSEIDIPPUS OR CALLIMACHUS

THE dumb image of himself attracted Archianax the three year old boy, as he was playing by the well. His mother dragged him all dripping from the water, asking herself if any life was left in him. The child defiled not with death the dwelling of the Nymphs, but fell asleep on his mother’s knees, and slumbers sound.

<sup>1</sup> B.C. 340.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

171.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ ΣΙΚΤΩΝΙΟΥ

Ἀμπαύσει καὶ τῆδε θοὸν πτερὸν ἱερός ὄρνις,  
τᾶσδ' ὑπὲρ ἀδείας ἐζόμενος πλατάνου.  
ᾠλετο γὰρ Ποίμανδρος ὁ Μάλιος, οὐδ' ἔτι νεῖται  
ἰξὸν ἐπ' ἀγρευταῖς χευάμενος καλάμοις.

172.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Ὅ πρὶν ἐγὼ καὶ ψῆρα καὶ ἀρπάκτειραν ἐρύκων  
σπέρματος, ὑψιπετῆ Βιστονίαν γέρανον,  
ρίνου χερμαστῆρος εὐστροφα κῶλα τιταίνων,  
Ἀλκιμένης, πτανῶν εἶργον ἄπωθε νέφος.  
καὶ μέ τις οὐτήτειρα παρὰ σφυρὰ διψὰς ἔχιδνα  
σαρκὶ τὸν ἐκ γενύων πικρὸν ἐνεῖσα χόλον  
ἠελίου χήρωσεν· ἴδ' ὡς τὰ κατ' αἰθέρα λεύσσω  
τοῦμ ποσὶν οὐκ ἐδάην πῆμα κυλινδόμενον.

173.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Αὐτόμαται δείλη ποτὶ ταῦλιον αἰ βόες ἦλθον  
ἐξ ὄρεος, πολλῇ νιφόμεναι χιόνι.  
αἰαῖ, Θηρίμαχος δὲ παρὰ δρυὶ τὸν μακρὸν εὔδει  
ὑπνον· ἐκοιμήθη δ' ἐκ πυρὸς οὐρανόυ.

A. Lang, *Grass of Parnassus*, ed. 2, p. 160.

174.—ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ

Οὐκέτι συρίγγων νόμιον μέλος ἀγχόθι ταύτας  
ἀρμόζη βλωθρᾶς, Θηρίμαχε, πλατάνου.  
οὐδέ σευ ἐκ καλάμων κερααὶ βόες ἀδὺ μέλισμα  
δέξονται, σκιερᾶ παρ δρυὶ κεκλιμένου.  
ᾠλεσε γὰρ πρηστήρ σε κεραύνιος· αἰ δ' ἐπὶ μάνδραν  
ὄψὲ βόες νιφετῶ σπερχόμεναι κατέβαν.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 171.—MNASALCAS OF SICYON.

HERE, too, the birds of heaven shall rest their swift wings, alighting on this sweet plane-tree. For Poemander of Melos is dead, and cometh here no longer, his fowling canes smeared with lime.

### 172.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I, ALCIMENES, who used to protect the crops from the starlings and that high-flying robber the Bistonian crane, was swinging the pliant arms of my leathern sling to keep the crowd of birds away, when a dipsas viper wounded me about the ankles, and injecting into my flesh the bitter bile from her jaws robbed me of the sunlight. Look ye how gazing at what was in the air I noticed not the evil that was creeping at my feet.

### 173.—DIOTIMUS OR LEONIDAS

OF themselves in the evening the kine came home to byre from the hill through the heavy snow. But Therimachus, alas! sleeps the long sleep under the oak. The fire of heaven laid him to rest.

### 174.—ERYCIAS

*On the Same*

No longer, Therimachus, dost thou play thy shepherds' tunes on the pipes near this crooked-leaved plane. Nor shall the horned kine listen again to the sweet music thou didst make, reclining by the shady oak. The burning bolt of heaven slew thee, and they at nightfall came down the hill to their byre driven by the snow.



GREEK ANTHOLOGY

175.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ

Οὕτω πᾶσ' ἀπόλωλε, γεωπόνε, βῶλος ἀρότροις,  
 ἤδη καὶ τύμβους νωτοβατοῦσι βόες,  
 ἢ δ' ὕνις ἐν νεκύεσσι; τί τοι πλέον; ἢ πόσος οὗτος  
 πυρός, ὃν ἐκ τέφρης, κοῦ χθονὸς ἀρπάσετε;  
 οὐκ αἰεὶ ζήσεσθε, καὶ ὑμέας ἄλλος ἀρώσει,  
 τοίης ἀρξαμένους πᾶσι κακοσπορίας.

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176.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχ ὅτι με φθίμενον κῆδος λίπεν, ἐνθάδε κείμαι  
 γυμνὸς ὑπὲρ γαίης πυροφόροιο νέκυς·  
 ταρχύθην γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸ πρὶν ποτε, νῦν δ' ἀροτῆρος  
 χερσὶ σιδηρεΐη μ' ἐξεκύλισεν ὕνις.  
 ἢ ῥα κακῶν θάνατόν τις ἐρεῖ λύσιν, ὅππότε' ἐμεῖο,  
 ξεῖνε, πέλει παθέων ὕστατον οὐδὲ τάφος;

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177.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Σᾶμα τόδε Σπίνθηρι πατὴρ ἐπέθηκε θανόντι.

178.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΙΤΟΥ

Λυδὸς ἐγώ, ναὶ Λυδός, ἐλευθερίῳ δέ με τύμβῳ,  
 δέσποτα, Τιμάνθη τὸν σὸν ἔθει τροφέα.  
 εὐαίων ἀσινῆ τείνοις βίον· ἦν δ' ὑπὸ γήρως  
 πρὸς με μόλης, σὸς ἐγώ, δέσποτα, κῆν Ἀΐδη.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, p. 48.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 175.—ANTIPHILUS

So there is no more turf, husbandman, left for thee to break up, and thy oxen tread on the backs of tombs, and the share is among the dead! What doth it profit thee? How much is this wheat ye shall snatch from ashes, not from earth? Ye shall not live for ever, and another shall plough you up, you who set to all the example of this evil husbandry.<sup>1</sup>

### 176.—BY THE SAME

Not because I lacked funeral when I died, do I lie here, a naked corpse on wheat-bearing land. Duly was I buried once on a time, but now by the ploughman's hand the iron share hath rolled me out of my tomb. Who said that death was deliverance from evil, when not even the tomb, stranger, is the end of my sufferings?

### 177.—SIMONIDES

THIS monument his father erected above Spinther on his death (*the rest is missing*).

### 178.—DIOSCORIDES OF NICOPOLIS

I AM a Lydian, yea a Lydian, but thou, master, didst lay me, thy foster-father Timanthes, in a freeman's grave. Live long and prosper free from calamity, and if stricken in years thou comest to me, I am thine, O master, in Hades too.

<sup>1</sup> The verses are supposed to be spoken by the dead man whose grave the ploughman has disturbed.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

179.—ΛΔΗΛΟΝ

Σοὶ καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ γῆν, ναί, δέσποτα, πιστὸς ὑπάρχω,  
 ὡς πάρος, εὐνοίης οὐκ ἐπιληθόμενος,  
 ὡς με τότε ἐκ νούσου τρὶς ἐπ' ἀσφαλὲς ἤγαγες ἴχνος,  
 καὶ νῦν ἀρκούσῃ τῆδ' ὑπέθου καλύβῃ,  
 Μάνην ἀγγείλας, Πέρσην γένος. εὖ δέ με ῥέξας 5  
 ἔξεις ἐν χρείῃ δμῶας ἐτοιμοτέρους.

180.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ἥλλάχθη θανάτοιο τεὸς μόρος, ἀντὶ δὲ σείο,  
 δέσποτα, δοῦλος ἐγὼ στυγνὸν ἔπλησα τάφον·  
 ἠνίκα σεῦ δακρυτὰ κατὰ χθονὸς ἠρία τεῦχον,  
 ὡς ἂν ἀποφθιμένου κείθι δέμας κτερίσω·  
 ἀμφὶς<sup>1</sup> ἔμ' ὄλισθεν γυρὴ κόνις. οὐ βαρὺς ἡμῖν 5  
 ἔστ' Ἀΐδης· ζήσω τὸν σὸν ὑπ' ἠέλιον.

181.—ΑΝΔΡΟΝΙΚΟΥ

Οἰκτρὰ δὴ δυοφερὸν δόμον ἤλυθες εἰς Ἀχέροντος,  
 Δαμοκράτεια φίλα, ματρὶ λιποῦσα γόους.  
 ἅ δέ, σέθεν φθιμένας, πολιοῦς νεοθῆγι σιδάρῳ  
 κείρατο γηραλέας ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πλοκάμους.

182.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐ γάμον, ἀλλ' Ἀΐδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα  
 δέξατο, παρθενίας ἄμματα λυομένα.  
 ἄρτι γὰρ ἐσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχευν  
 λωτοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·

<sup>1</sup> I write so : ἀμφὶ δ' MS.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 179.—ANONYMOUS

Now, too, underground I remain faithful to thee, master, as before, not forgetting thy kindness—how thrice when I was sick thou didst set me safe upon my feet, and hast laid me now under sufficient shelter, announcing on the stone my name, Manes, a Persian. Because thou hast been good to me thou shalt have slaves more ready to serve thee in the hour of need.

### 180.—APOLLONIDES

THE doom of death hath been transferred, and in thy place, master, I, thy slave, fill the loathly grave. When I was building thy tearful chamber underground to lay thy body in after death, the earth around slid and covered me. Hades is not grievous to me. I shall dwell under thy sun.<sup>1</sup>

### 181.—ANDRONICUS

SORE pitied, dear Democrateia, didst thou go to the dark house of Acheron, leaving thy mother to lament. And she, when thou wast dead, shore the grey hairs from her old head with the newly-sharpened steel.

### 182.—MELEAGER

No husband but Death did Clearista receive on her bridal night as she loosed her maiden zone. But now at eve the flutes were making music at the door of the bride, the portals of her chamber

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* as long as you think kindly of me Hades will be sunlit to me.

ἠῶοι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ' Ὑμέναιος  
 σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο·  
 αἶ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἑδαδούχουν παρὰ παστῶ  
 πεῦκαι, καὶ φθιμένα νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὀδόν.

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H. C. Beeching, *In a Garden*, p. 100 ; A. Lang, *Grass of Parnassus*, ed. 2, p. 167.

183.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

· · · · ·  
 Ἄδης τὴν Κροκάλῃς ἔφθασε παρθενίην·  
 εἰς δὲ γόους Ὑμέναιος ἐπαύσατο· τὰς δὲ γαμούντων  
 ἐλπίδας οὐ θάλαμος κοίμισεν, ἀλλὰ τάφος.

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παρθενικῆς τάφος εἴμ' Ἑλένης, πένθει δ' ἔπ' ἀδελφοῦ  
 προφθιμένου διπλᾶ μητρὸς ἔχω δάκρυα·  
 μνηστῆρσιν δ' ἔλιπον κοῖν' ἄλγεα· τὴν γὰρ ἔτ' οὔπω  
 οὔδενὸς ἢ πάντων ἐλπίς ἐκλαυσεν ἴσως.

185.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Αὔσονίη με Λίβυσσαν ἔχει κόνις, ἄγχι δὲ Ῥώμης  
 κεῖμαι παρθενικὴ τῆδε παρὰ ψαμάθῳ·  
 ἢ δέ με θρεψαμένη Πομπηίῃ ἀντὶ θυγατρὸς,  
 κλαυσάμενη τύμβῳ θῆκεν ἐλευθερίῳ,  
 πῦρ ἕτερον σπεύδουσα· τὸ δ' ἔφθασεν, οὔδὲ κατ'  
 εὐχὴν  
 ἡμετέραν ἤψεν λαμπάδα Περσεφόνη.

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## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

echoed to knocking hands. And at morn the death wail was loud, the bridal song was hushed and changed to a voice of wailing. The same torches that flamed round her marriage bed lighted her dead on her downward way to Hades.

### 183.—PARMENION

(As she had just loosed her maiden zone) Death came first and took the maidenhood of Crocale. The bridal song ended in wailing, and the fond anxiety of her parents was set to rest not by marriage but by the tomb.

### 184.—BY THE SAME

I AM the tomb of the maiden Helen, and in mourning too for her brother who died before her I receive double tears from their mother. To her suitors I left a common grief; for the hope of all mourned equally for her who was yet no one's.

### 185.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

THE Italian earth holds me an African, and near to Rome I lie, a virgin yet, by these sands. Pompeia who reared me wept for me as for a daughter and laid me in a freewoman's grave. Another light<sup>1</sup> she hoped for, but this came earlier, and the torch was lit not as we prayed, but by Persephone.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, that of the bridal chamber, not of my funeral pyre.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

186.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΙΟΥ

Ἄρτι μὲν ἐν θαλάμοις Νικιππίδος ἠδὺς ἐπήχει  
 λωτός, καὶ γαμικοῖς ἔϋμνος<sup>1</sup> ἔχαιρε κρότοις·  
 θρήνος δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐκώμασεν· ἢ δὲ τάλαινα,  
 οὐπω πάντα γυνή, καὶ νέκυσ ἐβλέπετο.  
 δακρυόεις Ἄϊδη, τί πόσιν νύμφης διέλυσας,  
 αὐτὸς ἐφ' ἀρπαγίμοις τερπόμενος λέχεσιν;

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187.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἢ γρήϋς Νικῶ Μελίτης τάφον ἐστεφάνωσε  
 παρθενικῆς. Ἄϊδη, τοῦθ' ὀσίως κέκρικας;

188.—ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΥ ΘΑΛΛΟΥ

Δύσδαιμον Κλεάνασσα, σὺ μὲν γάμῳ ἔπλεο, κούρη,  
 ὄριος, ἀκμαίης οἶά τ' ἐφ' ἡλικίης·  
 ἀλλὰ τεοῖς θαλάμοισι γαμοστόλος οὐχ Ὑμέναιος,  
 οὐδ' Ἡρης ζυγίης λαμπάδες ἠντίασαν,  
 πένθιμος ἀλλ' Ἄϊδης ἐπεκώμασεν, ἀμφὶ δ' Ἐρινὺς 5  
 φοίνιος ἐκ στομάτων μόρσιμον ἤκεν ὄπα·  
 ἤματι δ' ὧ νυμφεῖος ἀνήπτετο λαμπάδι παστάς,  
 τούτῳ πυρκαϊῆς, οὐ θαλάμων ἔτυχες.

189.—ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΥ ΡΟΔΙΟΥ

Οὐκέτι δὴ σε λίγεια κατ' ἀφνεὸν Ἀλκίδος οἶκον  
 ἀκρὶ μελιζομέναν ὄψεται ἀέλιος·  
 ἤδη γὰρ λειμῶνας ἐπὶ Κλυμένου πεπότησαι  
 καὶ δροσερὰ χρυσέας ἄνθεα Περσεφόνας.

<sup>1</sup> Jacobs suggests οἶκος and I render so.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 186.—PHILIPPUS

BUT now the sweet flute was echoing in the bridal chamber of Nikippis, and the house rejoiced in the clapping of hands at her wedding. But the voice of wailing burst in upon the bridal hymn, and we saw her dead, the poor child, not yet quite a wife. O tearful Hades, why didst thou divorce the bridegroom and bride, thou who thyself takest delight in ravishment?

### 187.—BY THE SAME

AGED Nico garlanded the tomb of maiden Melite. Hades, was thy judgement righteous?

### 188.—ANTONIUS THALLUS

UNHAPPY Cleanassa, thou wast ripe for marriage, being in the bloom of thine age. But at thy wedding attended not Hymenaeus to preside at the feast, nor did Hera who linketh man and wife come with her torches. Black-robed Hades burst in and by him the fell Erinys chanted the dirge of death. On the very day that the lights were lit around thy bridal bed thou camest to no wedding chamber, but to thy funeral pyre.

### 189.—ARISTODICUS OF RHODES

No longer, shrill-voiced locust, shall the sun look on thee, as thou singest in the wealthy house of Alkis, for now thou hast flown to the meadows of Hades and the dewy flowers of golden Persephone.



GREEK ANTHOLOGY

190.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Ἄκρίδι τᾶ κατ' ἄρουραν ἀηδόνι, καὶ δρυοκοίτα  
 τέττιγι ξυνὸν τύμβον ἔτευξε Μυρῶ,  
 παρθένιον στάξασα κόρα δάκρυ· δισσὰ γὰρ αὐτᾶς  
 παίγνι' ὁ δυσπειθῆς ᾤχετ' ἔχων Ἄϊδας.

191.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Ἄ πάρος ἀντίφθογγον ἀποκλάγξασα νομεῦσι  
 πολλάκι καὶ δρυτόμοις κίσσα καὶ ἰχθυβόλοις,  
 πολλάκι δὲ κρέξασα πολύθροον, οἷά τις ἀχώ,  
 κέρτομον ἀντῳδοῖς χείλεσιν ἄρμονίαν,  
 νῦν εἰς γᾶν ἄγλωσσος ἀναύδητός τε πεσοῦσα  
 κεῖμαι, μιμητὰν ζᾶλον ἀνηναμένα.

5

192.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πτερύγεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισιν αἶσεις,  
 ἀκρί, κατ' εὐκάρπους αὐλακας ἐζομένα,  
 οὐδέ με κεκλιμένον σκιερὰν ὑπὸ φυλλάδα τέρψεις,  
 ξουθᾶν ἐκ πτερύγων ἀδὺ κρέκουσα μέλος.

193.—ΣΙΜΙΟΥ

Τάνδε κατ' εὐδενδρον στείβων δρίος εἴρυσσα χειρὶ  
 πτώσσουσαν βρομίης οἰνάδος ἐν πετάλοις,  
 ὄφρα μοι εὐερκεῖ καναχὰν δόμῳ ἔνδοθι θείῃ,  
 τερπνὰ δι' ἀγλώσσου φθεγγομένα στόματος.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 190.—ANYTE OR LEONIDAS

FOR her locust, the nightingale of the fields, and her cicada that resteth on the trees one tomb hath little Myro made, shedding girlish tears ; for inexorable Hades hath carried off her two pets.

### 191.—ARCHIAS

A MAGPIE I, that oft of old screeched in answer to the speech of the shepherds and woodcutters and fishermen. Often like some many-voiced Echo, with responsive lips I struck up a mocking strain. Now I lie on the ground, tongueless and speechless, having renounced my passion for mimicry.

### 192.—MNASALCAS

#### *On a Locust*

No longer, locust, sitting in the fruitful furrows shalt thou sing with thy shrill-toned wings, nor shalt thou delight me as I lie under the shade of the leaves, striking sweet music from thy tawny wings.

### 193.—SIMIAS

#### *(Not an Epitaph)*

THIS locust crouching in the leaves of a vine I caught as I was walking in this copse of fair trees, so that in a well-fenced home it may make noise for me, chirping pleasantly with its tongueless mouth.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

194.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Ἄκρίδα Δημοκρίτου μελεσίπτερον ἄδε θανοῦσαν  
 ἄργιλος δολιχὰν ἀμφὶ κέλευθον ἔχει,  
 ὧς καί, ὅτ' ἰθύσειε πανέσπερον ὕμνον αἰεῖδεν,  
 πᾶν μέλαθρον μολπᾶς ἴαχ' ὑπ' εὐκελάδου.

195.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄκρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,  
 ἄκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μοῦσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,  
 αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινόν,  
 ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,  
 ὧς με πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης, 5  
 ἄκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνου.  
 δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον αἰθαλὲς ὀρθρινὰ δώσω,  
 καὶ δροσερὰς στόματι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀχῆεις τέπτιξ, δροσεραῖς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθεῖς,  
 ἀγρονόμαν μέλπεις μοῦσαν ἐρημολάλου.  
 ἄκρα δ' ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοις, πριονώδεσι κώλοις  
 αἰθίοπι κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρας.  
 ἀλλά, φίλος, φθέγγου τι νέον δεινρώδεσι Νύμφαις 5  
 παίγνιον, ἀντῶδὸν Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον,  
 ὄφρα φυγῶν τὸν Ἔρωτα, μεσημβρινὸν ὕπνον ἀγρεύσω  
 ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερᾷ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

<sup>1</sup> According to others, Argilos is a town.

<sup>2</sup> Literally "divided by my mouth." He means water

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 194.—MNASALCAS

THIS clay vessel<sup>1</sup> set beside the far-reaching road holds the body of Democritus' locust that made music with its wings. When it started to sing its long evening hymn, all the house rang with the melodious song.

### 195.—MELEAGER

*(This and 196 are not epitaphs but amatory poems)*

LOCUST, beguiler of my loves, persuader of sleep; locust, shrill-winged Muse of the corn fields, Nature's mimic lyre, play for me some tune I love, beating with thy dear feet thy talking wings, that so, locust, thou mayest deliver me from the pains of sleepless care, weaving a song that enticeth Love away. And in the morning I will give thee a fresh green leek, and drops of dew sprayed from my mouth.<sup>2</sup>

### 196.—BY THE SAME

#### *On a Cicada*

NOISY cicada, drunk with dew drops, thou singest thy rustic ditty that fills the wilderness with voice, and seated on the edge of the leaves, striking with saw-like legs thy sunburnt skin thou shrillest music like the lyre's. But sing, dear, some new tune to gladden the woodland nymphs, strike up some strain responsive to Pan's pipe, that I may escape from Love and snatch a little midday sleep, reclining here beneath the shady plane-tree.

blown out in a spray from the mouth, as I have often seen done to freshen tobacco that was dry.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

197.—ΦΑΕΝΝΟΥ

Δαμοκρίτῳ μὲν ἐγὼ, λιγυρὰν ὄκα μοῦσαν ἐνείην  
 ἀκρίς ἀπὸ πτερύγων, τὸν βαθὺν ἀγον ὕπνον·  
 Δαμόκριτος δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τὸν εἰκότα τύμβον, ὀδίτα,  
 ἐγγύθεν Ὀρωποῦ χεῦεν ἀποφθιμένα.

198.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΕΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Εἰ καὶ μικρὸς ἰδεῖν καὶ ἐπ' οὔδεος, ὦ παροδίτα,  
 λᾶας ὁ τυμβίτης ἄμμιν ἐπικρέμαται,  
 αἰνοίης, ὦνθρωπε, Φιλαινίδα· τὴν γὰρ ἀοιδὸν  
 ἀκρίδα, τὴν εὔσαν τὸ πρὶν ἀκανθοβάτιν,  
 διπλοῦς ἐς λυκάβαντας ἐφίλατο τὴν καλαμίτιν, 5  
 κάμφιεφ' ὕμνιδίῳ χρησαμένην πατάγω·  
 καὶ μ' οὐδὲ φθιμένην ἀπανήνατο· τοῦτο δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν  
 τῶλίγον ὄρθωσεν σᾶμα πολυστροφίης.

199.—ΤΥΜΝΕΩ

Ὅρνεον ὦ Χάρισιν μεμελημένον, ὦ παρόμοιον  
 ἀλκυόσιν τὸν σὸν φθόγγον ἰσωσάμενον,  
 ἠρπάσθης, φίλ' ἐλαιέ· σὰ δ' ἤθεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἠδὺ  
 πνεῦμα σιωπηραὶ νυκτὸς ἔχουσιν ὁδοί.

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, ii. p. 58.

200.—ΝΙΚΙΟΥ

Οὐκέτι δὴ τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ †κλάκα κλωνὸς ἐλιχθεὶς  
 τέρψομ' ἀπὸ ῥαδινῶν φθόγγον ἰεὶς πτερύγων·  
 χεῖρα γὰρ εἰς †ἀρετὰν παιδὸς πέσον, ὅς με λαθραίως  
 μάρψεν, ἐπὶ χλωρῶν ἐζόμενον πετάλων.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 197.—PHAENNUS

I AM the locust who brought deep sleep to Democritus, when I started the shrill music of my wings. And Democritus, O wayfarer, raised for me when I died a seemly tomb near Oropus.

### 198.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

WAYFARER, though the tombstone that surmounts my grave seems small and almost on the ground, blame not Philaenis. Me, her singing locust, that used to walk on thistles, a thing that looked like a straw, she loved and cherished for two years, because I made a melodious noise. And even when I was dead she cast me not away, but built this little monument of my varied talent.

### 199.—TYMNES

*On an unknown bird called elaeus*

BIRD, nursling of the Graces, who didst modulate thy voice till it was like unto a halcyon's, thou art gone, dear elaeus, and the silent ways of night possess thy gentleness and thy sweet breath.

### 200.—NICIAS

No longer curled under the leafy branch shall I delight in sending forth a voice from my tender wings. For I fell into the . . . . hand of a boy, who caught me stealthily as I was seated on the green leaves.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

201.—ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΥ

Οὐκέτι δὴ χλωροῖσιν ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοισιν  
 ἀδείαν μέλπων ἐκπροχέεις ἰαχάν·  
 ἀλλὰ σε γηρύοντα κατήναρεν, ἠχέτα τέττιξ,  
 παιδὸς ἀπ' ἠλιθίου χεῖρ ἀναπεπταμένα.

202.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ

Οὐκέτι μ' ὡς τὸ πάρος πυκιναῖς πτερύγεσσιν ἐρέσσω  
 ὄρσεις ἐξ εὐνής ὄρθριος ἐγρόμενος·  
 ἦ γάρ σ' ὑπνώοντα σίνις λαθρηδὸν ἐπελθὼν  
 ἔκτεινεν λαιμῶ ρίμφα καθεὶς ὄνυχα.

203.—ΣΙΜΙΟΥ

Οὐκέτ' ἀν' ὑλῆεν δρίος εὐσκιον, ἀγρότα πέρδιξ,  
 ἠχήεσαν ἴης γῆρυν ἀπὸ στομάτων,  
 θηρεύων βαλίους συνομήλικας ἐν νομῶ ὕλης·  
 ὄχεο γὰρ πυμάταν εἰς Ἀχέροντος ὁδόν.

204.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Οὐκέτι που, τλήμον, σκοπέλων μετανάστρια πέρδιξ,  
 πλεκτὸς λεπταλαῖς οἶκος ἔχει σε λύγοις,  
 οὐδ' ὑπὸ μαρμαρυγῇ θαλερώπιδος Ἡριγενείης  
 ἄκρα παραιθύσσεις θαλπομένων πτερύγων.  
 σὴν κεφαλὴν αἴλουρος ἀπέθρισε, τ' ἄλλα δὲ πάντα 5  
 ἤρπασα, καὶ φθονερὴν οὐκ ἐκόρεσσε γένυν.  
 νῦν δέ σε μὴ κούφη κρύπτοι κόνις, ἀλλὰ βαρεῖα,  
 μὴ τὸ τεὸν κείνη λείψανον ἐξερύση.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 201.—PAMPHILUS

No longer perched on the green leaves dost thou shed abroad thy sweet call, for as thou wast singing, noisy cicada, a foolish boy with outstretched hand slew thee.

### 202.—ANYTE

#### *On a Cock*

No longer, as of old, shalt thou awake early to rouse me from bed, flapping rapidly thy wings; for the spoiler<sup>1</sup> stole secretly upon thee, as thou didst sleep, and slew thee, nipping thy throat swiftly with his claws.

### 203.—SIMIAS

No longer, my decoy partridge, dost thou shed from thy throat thy resonant cry through the shady coppice, hunting thy pencilled fellows in their woodland feeding-ground; for thou art gone on thy last journey to the house of Acheron.

### 204.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

No longer, my poor partridge, exiled from the rocks, does thy plaited house hold thee in its light withes; no longer in the shine of the bright-eyed Dawn dost thou shake the tips of thy sun-warmed wings. Thy head the cat bit off, but all the rest of thee I seized from her, nor did she satisfy her wicked jaws. Now may the dust lie not light on thee but heavy, lest she drag thy corpse from the tomb.

<sup>1</sup> Presumably a fox.



GREEK ANTHOLOGY

205.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἰκογενῆς αἴλουρος ἐμὴν πέρδικα φαγοῦσα  
 ζῶειν ἡμετέροις ἔλπεται ἐν μεγάροις;  
 οὐ σε, φίλη πέρδιξ, φθιμένην ἀγέραστον εἶσω,  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ σοὶ κτείνω τὴν σέθεν ἀντιβίην.  
 ψυχὴ γὰρ σέο μᾶλλον ὀρίνεται, εἰσόκε ῥέξω  
 ὅσσ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος Πύρρος ἔτευξε τάφῳ.

5

206.—ΔΑΜΟΧΑΡΙΔΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ  
 ΚΑΙ ΜΑΘΗΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄνδροβόρων ὁμότεχνε κυνῶν, αἴλουρε κακίστη,  
 τῶν Ἀκταιονίδων ἐσσί μία σκυλάκων.  
 κτήτορος Ἀγαθίαο τεοῦ πέρδικα φαγοῦσα,  
 λυπεῖς, ὡς αὐτὸν κτήτορα δασσαμένη.  
 καὶ σὺ μὲν ἐν πέρδιξιν ἔχεις νόον· οἱ δὲ μῦες νῦν  
 ὀρχοῦνται, τῆς σῆς δραξάμενοι σπατάλης.

5

207.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τὸν ταχύπουν, ἔτι παῖδα συναρπασθέντα τεκούσης  
 ἄρτι μ' ἀπὸ στέρνων, οὐατόεντα λαγῶν  
 ἐν κόλποις στέργουσα διέτρεφεν ἅ γλυκερόχρως  
 Φανίον, εἰαρινοῖς ἄνθεσι βοσκόμενον.  
 οὐδέ με μητρὸς ἔτ' εἶχε πόθος· θνήσκω δ' ὑπὸ θοίνης  
 ἀπλήστου, πολλῇ δαιτὶ παχυνόμενος.  
 καί μου πρὸς κλισίαις κρύψεν νέκυν, ὡς ἐν ὄνειροις  
 αἰὲν ὄραν κοίτης γειτονέοντα τάφον.

5

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 205.—BY THE SAME

DOES the house-cat, after eating my partridge, expect to live in my halls? No! dear partridge, I will not leave thee unhonoured in death, but on thy body I will slay thy foe. For thy spirit grows ever more perturbed until I perform the rites that Pyrrhus executed on the tomb of Achilles.<sup>1</sup>

### 206.—DAMOCHARIS THE GRAMMARIAN, PUPIL OF AGATHIAS

WICKEDEST of cats, rival of the man-eating pack, thou art one of Actaeon's hounds. By eating the partridge of Agathias thy master, thou hurtest him no less than if thou hadst feasted on himself. Thy heart is set now on partridges, but the mice meanwhile are dancing, running off with thy dainties.

### 207.—MELEAGER

I WAS a swift-footed long-eared leveret, torn from my mother's breast while yet a baby, and sweet Phanion cherished and reared me in her bosom, feeding me on flowers of spring. No longer did I pine for my mother, but I died of surfeiting, fattened by too many banquets. Close to her couch she buried me so that ever in her dreams she might see my grave beside her bed.

<sup>1</sup> The sacrifice of Polyxena.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

208.—ΑΝΤΗΣ ΛΤΡΙΚΗΣ

Μνᾶμα τόδε φθιμένου μενεδαίου είσατο Δᾶμις  
 ἵππου, ἐπεὶ στέρνον τοῦδε δαφεινὸς Ἄρης  
 τύψε· μέλαν δέ οἱ αἶμα ταλαυρίνου διὰ χρωτὸς  
 ζέσσ', ἐπὶ δ' ἀργαλέα βῶλον ἔδευσε φονᾶ.

209.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Αὐτοῦ σοὶ παρ' ἄλωνι, δυηπαθὲς ἐργάτα μύρμηξ,  
 ἠρίον ἐκ βῶλου διψάδος ἐκτισάμαν,  
 ὄφρα σε καὶ φθίμενον Δηοῦς σταχυητρόφος αὐλαξ  
 θέλγη, ἀροτραίη κείμενον ἐν θαλάμῃ.

210.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄρτι νεηγενέων σε, χελιδονί, μητέρα τέκνων,  
 ἄρτι σε θάλπουσας παῖδας ὑπὸ πτέρυγι,  
 αἶξας ἐντοσθε νεοσσοκόμοιο καλιῆς  
 νόσφισεν ὠδίνων τετραέλικτος ὄφρις,  
 καὶ σὲ κινυρομέναν ὀπὸτ' ἀθρόος ἦλθε δαΐζων,  
 ἠριπεν ἐσχαρίου λαβρὸν ἐπ' ἀσθμα πυρός.  
 ὡς θάνεν ἠλιτοεργός· ἴδ' ὡς Ἡφαιστος ἀμύντωρ  
 τὰν ἀπ' Ἐριχθονίου παιδὸς ἔσωσε γονάν.

5

211.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Τῆδε τὸν ἐκ Μελίτης ἀργὸν κύνα φησὶν ὁ πέτρος  
 ἴσχειν, Εὐμήλου πιστότατον φύλακα.  
 Ταῦρόν μιν καλέεσκον, ὅτ' ἦν ἔτι· νῦν δὲ τὸ κείνου  
 φθέγμα σιωπηραὶ νυκτὸς ἔχουσιν ὁδοί.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 208.—ANYTE

THIS tomb Damis built for his steadfast war-horse pierced through the breast by gory Ares. The black blood bubbled through his stubborn hide, and he drenched the earth in his sore death-pangs.

### 209.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

HERE by the threshing-floor, O ant, thou care-worn toiler, I built for thee a grave-mound of thirsty clod, so that in death too thou mayest delight in the corn-bearing furrow of Demeter, as thou liest chambered in the earth the plough upturned.

### 210.—BY THE SAME

JUST when thou hadst become the mother, swallow, of a new-born brood, just when thou first wast warming thy children under thy wings, a many-coiled serpent, darting into the nest where lay thy young, robbed thee of the fruit of thy womb. Then when with all his might he came to slay thee, too, as thou wast lamenting them, he fell into the greedy breath of the hearth-fire. So died he the deed undone. See how Hephaestus succoured and saved the race of his son Erichthonius.<sup>1</sup>

### 211.—TYMNES

THE stone tells that it contains here the white Maltese dog, Eumelus' faithful guardian. They called him Bull while he still lived, but now the silent paths of night possess his voice.

<sup>1</sup> Procne, who was changed into a swallow, was the daughter of Erichthonius.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

212.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Αἰθυίας, ξένε, τόνδε ποδηνέμου ἔννεπε τύμβον,  
 τᾶς ποτ' ἔλαφρότατον χέρσος ἔθρεψε γόνυ·  
 πολλάκι<sup>1</sup> γὰρ νάεσσιν ἰσόδρομον ἄνυσσε μᾶκος,  
 ὄρνις ὅπως δολιχὰν ἐκπονέουσα τρίβον.

213.—ΑΡΧΙΟΥ

Πρὶν μὲν ἐπὶ χλωροῖς ἐριθηλέος ἔρνεσι πεύκας  
 ἤμενος, ἢ σκιερᾶς ἀκροκόμου πίτυος,  
 ἔκρεκες εὐτάρσοιο δι' ἰξύος ἀχέτα μολπὰν  
 τέττιξ, οἰονόμοις τερπνότερον χέλυος.  
 νῦν δέ σε, μυρμάκεσσιν ὑπ' εἰνοδίοισι δαμέντα,  
 "Αἶδος ἀπροΐδης ἀμφεκάλυψε μυχός.  
 εἰ δ' ἑάλως, συγγνωστόν, ἐπεὶ καὶ κοίρανος ὕμνων  
 Μαιονίδας γρίφοις ἰχθυβόλων ἔθανεν.

5

214.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκέτι παφλάζοντα διαΐσσω βυθὸν ἄλμης  
 δελφίς, πτοιήσεις εἰναλίων ἀγέλας,  
 οὐδὲ πολυτρήτοιο μέλος καλάμοιο χορεύων  
 ὑγρὸν ἀναρρίψεις ἄλμα παρὰ σκαφίσιν·  
 οὐδὲ σύ γ', ἀφρηστά, Νηρηίδας ὡς πρὶν αἰείρων  
 νώτοις πορθμεύσεις Τηθύος εἰς πέρατα.  
 ἢ γὰρ ἴσον πρηῶνι Μαλείης ὡς ἐκυκλήθη,  
 κῦμα πολυψάμμους ὡσέ σ' ἐπὶ ψαμάθους.

5

<sup>1</sup> I write so : πολλαῖς MS.

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 212.—MNASALCAS

#### *On a Mare*

STRANGER, say that this is the tomb of wind-footed Aethyia, a child of the dry land, lightest of limb; often toiling over the long course, she, like a bird,<sup>1</sup> travelled as far as do the ships.

### 213.—ARCHIAS

ONCE, shrilling cicada, perched on the green branches of the luxuriant pine,<sup>2</sup> or of the shady domed stone-pine, thou didst play with thy delicately-winged back a tune dearer to shepherds than the music of the lyre. But now the unforeseen pit of Hades hides thee vanquished by the wayside ants. If thou wert overcome it is pardonable; for Maeonides, the lord of song, perished by the riddle of the fishermen.<sup>3</sup>

### 214.—BY THE SAME

No longer, dolphin, darting through the bubbling brine, shalt thou startle the flocks of the deep, nor, dancing to the tune of the pierced reed, shalt thou throw up the sea beside the ships. No longer, foamer, shalt thou take the Nereids on thy back as of yore and carry them to the realms of Tethys; for the waves when they rose high as the headland of Malea drove thee on to the sandy beach.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* like the sea-bird (*αἰθυία*) whose name she bore.

<sup>2</sup> *Pinus maritima*.

<sup>3</sup> See note to No. 1.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

215.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΥ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πλωτοῖσιν ἀγαλλόμενος πελάγεσσιν  
 αὐχέν' ἀναρρίψω βυσσόθεν ὀρνύμενος,  
 οὐδὲ περὶ †σκαλάμοισι νεὼς περικαλλέα χεῖλη  
 ποιφύσσω, τὰ μὰ τερπόμενος προτομᾶ·  
 ἀλλὰ με πορφυρέα πόντου νοτὶς ὡς' ἐπὶ χέρσον, 5  
 κείμαι δὲ †ράδιναν τάνδε παρ' ἠϊόνα.

216.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Κύματα καὶ τρηχὺς με κλύδων ἐπὶ χέρσον ἔσυρεν  
 δελφίνα, ξείνοις κοινὸν ὄραμα τύχης.  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν γαίης ἐλέω τόπος· οἱ γὰρ ἰδόντες  
 εὐθύ με πρὸς τύμβους ἔστεφον εὐσεβέες·  
 νῦν δὲ τεκούσα θάλασσα διώλεσε. τίς παρὰ πόντῳ 5  
 πίστις, ὃς οὐδ' ἰδίης φείσατο συντροφίης;

217.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Ἄρχεάνασσαν ἔχω, τὰν ἐκ Κολοφῶνος ἐταίραν,  
 ἃς καὶ ἐπὶ ῥυτίδων ὁ γλυκὺς ἔζεν Ἔρως.  
 ἃ νέον ἠβῆς ἄνθος ἀποδρέψαντες ἐρασταὶ  
 πρωτοβόλου, δι' ὄσης ἠλθετε πυρκαϊῆς.

218.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Τὴν καὶ ἅμα χρυσῶ καὶ ἀλουργίδι καὶ σὺν Ἐρωτι  
 θρυπτομένην, ἀπαλῆς Κύπριδος ἀβροτέραν  
 Λαῖδ' ἔχω, πολιῆτιν ἀλιζώνιο Κορίνθου,  
 Πειρήνης λευκῶν φαιδροτέραν λιβάδων,

## SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

### 215.—ANYTE

No longer exulting in the sea that carries me, shall I lift up my neck as I rush from the depths; no longer shall I snort round the decorated bows of the ship, proud of her figure-head, my image. But the dark sea-water threw me up on the land and here I lie by this narrow (?) beach.

### 216.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

THE waves and rough surges drove me, the dolphin, on the land, a spectacle of misfortune for all strangers to look on. Yet on earth pity finds a place, for the men who saw me straightway in reverence decked me for my grave. But now the sea who bore me has destroyed me. What faith is there in the sea, that spared not even her own nursling?

### 217.—ASCLEPIADES

*(A slightly different version is attributed by Athenaeus to Plato)*

I HOLD Archeanassa the courtesan from Colophon even on whose wrinkles sweet Love sat. Ah, ye lovers, who plucked the fresh flowers of her youth in its first piercing brilliance, through what a fiery furnace did you pass!

*per se for the parents?*

### 218.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I CONTAIN her who in Love's company luxuriated in gold and purple, more delicate than tender Cypris, Lais the citizen of sea-girt Corinth, brighter than the white waters of Pirene; that mortal Cytherea



τὴν θνητὴν Κυθήρειαν, ἐφ' ἣ μνηστῆρες ἀγαυοὶ 5  
 πλείονες ἢ νύμφης εἶνεκα Τυνδαρίδος,  
 δρεπτόμενοι χάριτάς τε καὶ ὠνητὴν ἀφροδίτην·  
 ἣς καὶ ὑπ' εὐώδει τύμβος ὄδωδε κρόκῳ,  
 ἣς ἔτι κηώεντι μύρω τὸ διάβροχον ὀστεῦν,  
 καὶ λιπαραὶ θυόεν ἄσθμα πνέουσι κόμαι· 10  
 ἣ ἔπι καλὸν ἄμυξε κατὰ ῥέθος Ἀφρογένεια,  
 καὶ γοερὸν λύζων ἐστονάχησεν Ἔρως.  
 εἰ δ' οὐ πάγκοινον δούλην θέτο κέρδεος εὐνήν,  
 Ἑλλὰς ἄν, ὡς Ἑλένης, τῆσδ' ὑπερ ἔσχε πόνον.

219.—ΠΟΜΠΗΙΟΥ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ

Ἢ τὸ καλὸν καὶ πᾶσιν ἐράσμιον ἀνθήσασα,  
 ἢ μούνη Χαρίτων λείρια δρεψαμένη,  
 οὐκέτι χρυσοχάλινον ὄρα δρόμον ἠελίοιο  
 Λαῖς, ἐκοιμήθη δ' ὕπνον ὀφειλόμενον,  
 κώμους, καὶ τὰ νέων ζηλώματα, καὶ τὰ ποθεύντων 5  
 κνίσματα, καὶ μύστην λύχνον ἀπειπαμένη.

220.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ

Ἔρπων εἰς Ἐφύρην τάφον ἔδρακον ἀμφὶ κέλευθον  
 Λαίδος ἀρχαίης, ὡς τὸ χάραγμα λέγει.  
 δάκρυ δ' ἐπισπείσας, “Χαίροις, γύναι, ἐκ γὰρ ἀκουῆς  
 οἰκτείρω σέ γ’,” ἔφην, “ἦν πάρος οὐκ ἰδόμην.  
 ἅ πόσον ἠϊθέων νόον ἤκαχες· ἀλλ' ἴδε, Λήθην 5  
 ναίεις, ἀγλαίην ἐν χθονὶ κατθεμένη.”

J. A. Pott, *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams*, i. p. 129.