

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

76.—MELEAGER

IF Love had neither bow, nor wings, nor quiver, nor the barbed arrows of desire dipped in fire, never, I swear it by the winged boy himself, couldst thou tell from their form which is Zoilus and which is Love.

77.—ASCLEPIADES OR POSIDIPPUS

IF thou wert to grow golden wings above, and on thy silvery shoulders were slung a quiver full of arrows, and thou wert to stand, dear, beside Love in his splendour, never, by Hermes I swear it, would Cypris herself know which is her son.

78.—MELEAGER

IF Love had a *chlamys* and no wings, and wore no bow and quiver on his back, but a *petasus*,¹ yea, I swear it by the splendid youth himself, Antiochus would be Love, and Love, on the other hand, Antiochus.

79.—ANONYMOUS

ANTIPATER kissed me when my love was on the wane, and set ablaze again the fire from the cold ash. So against my will I twice encountered one flame. Away, ye who are like to be love-sick, lest touching those near me I burn them.

80.—MELEAGER

SORE weeping soul, why is Love's wound that was assuaged inflamed again in thy vitals? No, No! for

¹ The *chlamys* and *petasus* (a broad-brimmed hat) were the costume of the *ephebi* (youths of seventeen to twenty).

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

μή, μή, πρὸς σὲ Διός, μή, πρὸς Διός, ὦ φιλάβουλε,
 κινήσης τέφρη πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον.
 αὐτίκα γάρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἶ σε φυγοῦσαν
 λήψεται Ἔρως, εὐρῶν δραπέτιν αἰκίσεται.

81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψυχαπάται δυσέρωτες, ὅσοι φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
 οἶδατε, τοῦ πικροῦ γευσάμενοι μέλιτος,
 ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ ἱνίψαι,¹ ψυχρὸν, τάχος, ἄρτι τακείσης
 ἐκ χιόνος τῇ ᾗ μὴ χεῖτε περὶ κραδίη·
 ἦ γὰρ ἰδεῖν ἔτλην Διονύσιον. ἀλλ', ὁμόδουλοι,
 πρὶν ψαῦσαι σπλάγχων, πῦρ ἀπ' ἐμεῦ σβέσατε.

82.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔσπευδον τὸν Ἔρωτα φυγεῖν· ὁ δὲ βαιὸν ἀνάψας
 φανίον ἐκ τέφρης, εὐρέ με κρυπτόμενον·
 κυκλώσας δ' οὐ τόξα, χερὸς δ' ἀκρώνυχχα δισσόν,
 κνίσμα πυρὸς θραύσας, εἰς μὲ λαθῶν ἔβαλεν·
 ἐκ δὲ φλόγες πάντη μοι ἐπέδραμον. ὦ βραχὺ
 φέγγος
 λάμψαν ἐμοὶ μέγα πῦρ, Φανίον, ἐν κραδίᾳ.

83.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μ' ἔτρωσεν Ἔρως τόξοις, οὐ λαμπάδ' ἀνάψας,
 ὡς πάρος, αἰθομέναν θῆκεν ὑπὸ κραδίᾳ·
 σύγκωμον δὲ Πόθοισι φέρων Κύπριδος μυροφεγγῆς
 φανίον, ἄκρον ἐμοῖς ὄμμασι πῦρ ἔβαλεν·
 ἐκ δὲ με φέγγος ἔτηξε. τὸ δὲ βραχὺ φανίον ὠφθη
 πῦρ ψυχῆς τῇ ᾗ μὴ καιόμενον κραδίᾳ.

¹ Possibly *νεφέδα*, snow.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

God's sake, No! For God's sake, O thou lover of unwisdom, stir not the fire that yet glows under the ashes! For straightway, O unmindful of past woe, if Love catch thee again, he shall vilely use the truant he has found.

81.—BY THE SAME

LOVE-SICK deceivers of your souls, ye who know the flame of lads' love, having tasted the bitter honey, pour about my heart cold water, cold, and quickly, water from new-melted snow. For I have dared to look on Dionysius. But, fellow-slaves, ere it reach my vitals, put the fire in me out.

82.—BY THE SAME

I MADE haste to escape from Love; but he, lighting a little torch from the ashes, found me in hiding. He bent not his bow, but the tips of his thumb and finger, and breaking off a pinch of fire secretly threw it at me. And from thence the flames rose about me on all sides. O Phanion,¹ little light that set ablaze in my heart a great fire.

83.—BY THE SAME

EROS wounded me not with his arrows, nor as erst lighting his torch did he hold it blazing under my heart; but bringing the little torch of Cypris with scented flame, the companion of the Loves in their revels, he struck my eyes with the tip of its flame. The flame has utterly consumed me, and that little torch proved to be a fire of the soul burning in my heart.

¹ In this and the following epigram he plays on her name, which means a little torch.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

84.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἵνθρωποι, βωθεῖτε· τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς ἐπὶ γαίαν
 ἄρτι με πρωτόπλου ἴχνος ἐρειδόμενον
 ἔλκει τῆδ' ὁ βίαιος Ἔρωσ· φλόγα δ' οἶα προφαίνω
 παιδὸς †ἀπεστρέπτει¹ κάλλος ἐραστὸν ἰδεῖν.
 βαίνω δ' ἴχνος ἐπ' ἴχνος, ἐν ἀέρι δ' ἠδὺ τυπωθὲν 5
 εἶδος ἀφαρπάζων χεῖλεσιν ἠδὺ φιλῶ.
 ἄρά γε τὴν πικρὰν προφυγῶν ἄλα, πουλύ τι κείνης
 πικρότερον χέρσῳ κύμα περῶ Κύπριδος ;

85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἶνοπόται δέξασθε τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς, ἅμα πόντον
 καὶ κλῶπας προφυγόντ', ἐν χθονὶ δ' ὀλλύμενον.
 ἄρτι γὰρ ἐκ νηὸς με μόνον πόδα θέντ' ἐπὶ γαίαν
 ἀγρεύσας ἔλκει τῆδ' ὁ βίαιος Ἔρωσ,
 ἐνθάδ' ὅπου τὸν παῖδα διαστείχοντ' ἐνόησα 5
 αὐτομάτοις δ' ἄκων ποσσὶ ταχὺς φέρομαι.
 κωμάζω δ' οὐκ οἶνον ὑπὸ φρένα, πῦρ δὲ γεμισθείς.
 ἀλλὰ φίλοι, ξεῖνοι, βαιὸν ἐπαρκέσατε,
 ἀρκέσατ', ὦ ξεῖνοι, καμὲ Ξενίου πρὸς Ἔρωτος
 δέξασθ' ὀλλύμενον τὸν φιλίας ἰκέτην. 10

86.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ Κύπρις θήλεια γυναικομανῆ φλόγα βάλλει
 ἄρσενά δ' αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ ἴμερον ἀνιοχεῖ.
 ποῖ ρέψω; ποτὶ παῖδ' ἢ ματέρα; φαμί δὲ καὺτὰν
 Κύπριν ἐρεῖν· “ Νικᾶ τὸ θρασὺ παιδάριον.”

¹ I conjecture ἐπέστρεψεν and render so.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

84.—BY THE SAME

SAVE me, good sirs! No sooner, saved from the sea, have I set foot on land, fresh from my first voyage, than Love drags me here by force, and as if bearing a torch in front of me, turns me to look on the loveliness of a boy. I tread in his footing, and seizing on his sweet image, formed in air, I kiss it sweetly with my lips. Have I then escaped the briny sea but to cross on land the flood of Cypris that is far more bitter?

85.—BY THE SAME

RECEIVE me, ye carousers, the newly landed, escaped from the sea and from robbers, but perishing on land. For now just as, leaving the ship, I had but set my foot on the earth, violent Love caught me and drags me here, here where I saw the boy go through the gate; and albeit I would not I am borne hither swiftly by my feet moving of their own will. I come thus as a reveller filled with fire about my spirit, not with wine. But, dear strangers, help me a little, help me, strangers, and for the sake of Love the Hospitable¹ receive me who, nigh to death, supplicate for friendship.

86.—BY THE SAME

It is Cypris, a woman, who casts at us the fire of passion for women, but Love himself rules over desire for males. Whither shall I incline, to the boy or to his mother? I tell you for sure that even Cypris herself will say, "The bold brat wins."

¹ The title *Xenius* (Protector of strangers) was proper to Zeus. Meleager transfers it to Love.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

87.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τλῆμον' Ἔρωσ, οὐ θῆλυν ἐμοὶ πόθον, ἀλλὰ τιν' αἰεὶ
 δινεύεις στεροπὴν καύματος ἀρσενικοῦ.
 ἄλλοτε γὰρ Δήμωνι πυρούμενος, ἄλλοτε λεύσσω
 Ἴσμηνόν, δολιχοὺς αἰὲν ἔχω καμάτους.
 οὐ μούνοισ δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι δεδόρκαμεν· ἀλλ' ἐπιπάντων 5
 ἄρκυσι πουλυμανῆ κανθὸν ἐφελκόμεθα.

88.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δισσοί με τρύχουσι καταγιγίζοντες ἔρωτες,
 Εὐμαχε, καὶ δισσαῖς ἐνδέδεμαι μανίαις·
 ἦ μὲν ἐπ' Ἀσάνδρον κλίνω δέμας, ἦ δὲ πάλιν μοι
 ὀφθαλμὸς νεύει Τηλέφου ὀξύτερος.
 τμήξατ', ἐμοὶ τοῦθ' ἠδύ, καὶ εἰς πλάστιγγα δικαίην 5
 νειμάμενοι, κλήρω τὰμὰ φέρεσθε μέλη.

89.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κύπρι, τί μοι τρισσοὺς ἐφ' ἓνα σκοπὸν ἤλασας ἰούς,
 ἐν δὲ μιῇ ψυχῇ τρισσὰ πέπηγε βέλη;
 καὶ τῇ μὲν φλέγομαι, τῇ δ' ἔλκομαι· ἦ δ' ἀπονεύσω,
 διστάζω, λάβρω δ' ἐν πυρὶ πᾶς φλέγομαι.

90.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐκέτ' ἐρῶ. πεπάλαικα πόθοις τρισίν· εἰς μὲν
 ἑταίρης,
 εἰς δὲ με παρθενικῆς, εἰς δὲ μ' ἔκαυσε νέου·
 καὶ κατὰ πᾶν ἤλγηκα. γεγύμνασμαι μὲν, ἑταίρης
 πείθων τὰς ἐχθρὰς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι θύρας·

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

87.—ANONYMOUS

PERSISTENT Love, thou ever whirlst at me no desire for woman, but the lightning of burning longing for males. Now burnt by Damon, now looking on Ismenus, I ever suffer long pain. And not only on these have I looked, but my eye, ever madly roving, is dragged into the nets of all alike.

88.—ANONYMOUS

Two loves, descending on me like the tempest, consume me, Eumachus, and I am caught in the toils of two furious passions. On this side I bend towards Asander, and on that again my eye, waxing keener, turns to Telephus. Cut me in two, I should love that, and dividing the halves in a just balance, carry off my limbs, each of you, as the lot decides.

89.—ANONYMOUS

CYPRIS, why at one target hast thou shot three arrows, why are three barbs buried in one soul? On this side I am burning, on the other I am being dragged; I am all at a loss which way to turn, and in the furious fire I burn away utterly.

90.—ANONYMOUS

No longer do I love. I have wrestled with three passions that burn: one for a courtesan, one for a maiden, and one for a lad. And in every way I suffer pain. For I have been sore exercised, seeking to persuade the courtesan's doors to open, the foes of

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἔστρωμαι δὲ κόρης ἐπὶ παστάδος αἰὲν ἄϋπνος, 5
 ἐν τῷ ποθεινότατον παιδί φίλημα διδούς.
 οἴμοι πῶς εἶπω πῦρ τὸ τρίτον; ἐκ γὰρ ἐκείνου
 βλέμματα καὶ κενεὰς ἐλπίδας οἶδα μόνον.

91.—ΠΟΛΥΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ

Δισσὸς Ἔρως αἶθει ψυχὴν μίαν. ὦ τὰ περισσὰ
 ὀφθαλμοὶ πάντη πάντα κατοσσομένοι,
 εἶδετε τὸν χρυσέαισι περισκεπτον χαρίτεσσιν
 Ἄντιοχον, λιπαρῶν ἀνθεμον ἠϊθέων.
 ἀρκείτω· τί τὸν ἠδὺν ἐπηγάσσασθε καὶ ἄβρὸν 5
 Στασικράτη, Παφίης ἔρνος ἰοστεφάνου;
 καίεσθε, τρύχεσθε, καταφλέχθητέ ποτ' ἤδη·
 οἱ δύο γὰρ ψυχὴν οὐκ ἂν ἔλοιτε μίαν.

92.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

ᾠ προδόται ψυχῆς, παίδων κύνες, αἰὲν ἐν ἰξῶ
 Κύπριδος ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέμματα χριόμενοι,
 ἠρπάσατ' ἄλλον Ἔρωτ', ἄρνες λύκων, οἷα κορώνη
 σκορπίον, ὡς τέφρη πῦρ ὑποθαλπόμενον.
 δρᾶθ' ὅ τι καὶ βούλεσθε. τί μοι νενοτισμένα χεῖτε 5
 δάκρυα, πρὸς δ' Ἰκέτην αὐτομολεῖτε τάχος;
 ὀπτᾶσθ' ἐν κάλλει, τύφεσθ' ὑποκαόμενοι νῦν,
 ἄκρος ἐπεὶ ψυχῆς ἐστὶ μάγειρος Ἔρως.

93.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Οἱ παῖδες λαβύρινθος ἀνέξοδος· ἢ γὰρ ἂν ὄμμα
 ῥίψης, ὡς ἰξῶ τοῦτο προσαμπέχεται.

¹ This seems to be the meaning; had he wished to say he had kissed her once only he must have used the aorist.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

him who has nothing, and again ever sleepless I make my bed on the girl's couch, giving the child but one thing and that most desirable, kisses.¹ Alack! how shall I tell of the third flame? For from that I have gained naught but glances and empty hopes.

91.—POLYSTRATUS

A DOUBLE love burns one heart. O eyes that cast yourselves in every direction on everything that ye need not, ye looked on Antiochus, conspicuous by his golden charm, the flower of our brilliant youth. It should be enough. Why did ye gaze on sweet and tender Stasicrates, the sapling of violet-crowned Aphrodite? Take fire, consume, be burnt up once for all; for the two of you could never win one heart.²

92.—MELEAGER

O EYES, betrayers of the soul, boy-hunting hounds, your glances ever smeared with Cypris' bird-lime, ye have seized on another Love, like sheep catching a wolf, or a crow a scorpion, or the ash the fire that smoulders beneath it. Do even what ye will. Why do you shed showers of tears and straight run off again to Hiketas? Roast yourselves in beauty, consume away now over the fire, for Love is an admirable cook of the soul.

93.—RHIANUS

Boys are a labyrinth from which there is no way out; for wherever thou castest thine eye it is fast

² This last line seems to me obscure, as the heart, to judge from line 1, must be his own, not that of the beloved.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τῇ μὲν γὰρ Θεόδωρος ἄγει ποτὶ πίονα σαρκὸς
 ἀκμὴν καὶ γυίων ἄνθος ἀκηράσιον·
 τῇ δὲ Φιλοκλῆος χρύσειον ῥέθος, ὃς τὸ καθ' ὕψος 5
 οὐ μέγας, οὐρανή δ' ἀμφιτέθηλε χάρις.
 ἦν δ' ἐπὶ Λεπτίνεω στρέψεως δέμας, οὐκέτι γυῖα
 κινήσεις, ἀλύτφω δ' ὡς ἀδάμαντι μενεῖς
 ἴχνια κολληθείς· τοῖον σέλας ὄμμασιν αἶθει
 κούρος καὶ νεάτους ἐκ κορυφῆς ὄνυχας. 10
 χαίρετε καλοὶ παῖδες, ἐς ἀκμαίην δὲ μόλοιτε
 ἦβην, καὶ λευκὴν ἀμφιέσαισθε κόμην.

94.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τερπνὸς μὲν Διόδωρος, ἐν ὄμμασι δ' Ἡράκλειτος,
 ἠδυνεπῆς δὲ Δίων, ὀσφύϊ δ' Οὐλιάδης.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν ψαύοις ἀπαλόχρους, ᾧ δέ, Φιλόκλεις,
 ἔμβλεπε, τῷ δὲ λάλει, τὸν δὲ . . . τὸ λειπόμενον·
 ὡς γυνῶς οἶος ἐμὸς νόος ἀφθονος· ἦν δὲ Μυῖσκῳ 5
 λίχνος ἐπιβλέψεως, μηκέτ' ἴδοις τὸ καλόν.

95.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶ σε Πόθοι στέργουσι, Φιλόκλεες, ἢ τε μυρόπνους
 Πειθῶ, καὶ κάλλεος ἀνθολόγοι Χάριτες,
 ἀγκὰς ἔχοις Διόδωρον, ὁ δὲ γλυκὺς ἀντίος ἄδοι
 Δωρόθεος, κείσθω δ' εἰς γόνυ Καλλικράτης,
 ἰαῖνοι δὲ Δίων τόδ' εὖστοχον ἐν χερὶ τείνων 5
 σὸν κέρας, Οὐλιάδης δ' αὐτὸ περισκυθίσαι,
 δοίη δ' ἠδὺ φίλημα Φίλων, Θήρων δὲ λαλήσαι,
 θλίβοις δ' Εὐδήμου τιτθὸν ὑπὸ χλαμύδι.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

entangled as if by bird-lime. Here Theodorus attracts thee to the plump ripeness of his flesh and the unadulterate bloom of his limbs, and there it is the golden face of Philocles, who is not great in stature, but heavenly grace environs him. But if thou turnest to look on Leptines thou shalt no more move thy limbs, but shalt remain, thy steps glued as if by indissoluble adamant; such a flame hath the boy in his eyes to set thee afire from thy head to thy toe and finger tips. All hail, beautiful boys! May ye come to the prime of youth and live till grey hair clothe your heads.

94.—MELEAGER

DELIGHTFUL is Diodorus and the eyes of all are on Heraclitus, Dion is sweet-spoken, and Uliades has lovely loins. But, Philocles, touch the delicate-skinned one, and look on the next and speak to the third, and for the fourth—etcetera; so that thou mayst see how free from envy my mind is. But if thou cast greedy eyes on Myiscus, mayst thou never see beauty again.

95.—BY THE SAME

PHILOCLEES, if thou art beloved by the Loves and sweet-breathed Peitho, and the Graces that gather a nosegay of beauty, mayst thou have thy arm round Diodorus, may sweet Dorotheus stand before thee and sing, may Callicrates lie on thy knee, *istud jaculandi peritum cornu in manu tendens calefaciat Dio, decorticet Uliades, det dulce osculum Philo, Thero garriat, et premas Eudemi papillam sub chlamyde.*

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ γὰρ σοι τάδε τερπνὰ πόροι θεός, ὦ μάκαρ, οἶαν
ἀρτύσεις παίδων Ῥωμαϊκὴν λοπάδα.

96.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὔτι μάταν θνατοῖσι φάτις τοιάδε βοᾶται,
ὡς “ οὐ πάντα θεοὶ πᾶσιν ἔδωκαν ἔχειν.”
εἶδος μὲν γὰρ ἄμωμον, ἐπ’ ὄμμασι δ’ ἄ περίσματος
αἰδώς, καὶ στέρνοις ἀμφιτέθαλε χάρις,
οἷσι καὶ ἠϊθέους ἐπιδάμνασαι· ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ ποσσὶν
οὐκέτι τὰν αὐτὰν δῶκαν ἔχειν σε χάριν.
πλὴν κρηπίς κρύψει ποδὸς ἵχνιον, ὠγαθὲ Πύρρε,
κάλλει δὲ σφετέρῳ τέρψει ἀγαλλόμενον.

97.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Εὐπάλαμος ξανθὸν μὲν ἐρεύθεται, ἴσον Ἐρωτι,
μέσφα ποτὶ Κρητῶν ποιμένα Μηριόνην·
ἐκ δὲ νυ Μηριόνεω Ποδαλείριος οὐκέτ’ ἐς Ἥῳ
νεῖται· ἴδ’ ὡς φθονερὰ παγγενέτειρα φύσις.
εἰ γὰρ τῷ τά τ’ ἐνερθε τά θ’ ὑψόθεν ἴσα πέλοιτο,
ἦν ἂν Ἀχιλλῆος φέρτερος Αἰακίδεω.

98.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Τὸν Μουσῶν τέττιγα Πόθος δήσας ἐπ’ ἀκάνθαις
κοιμίζειν ἐθέλει, πῦρ ὑπὸ πλευρὰ βαλῶν·
ἢ δὲ πρὶν ἐν βίβλοις πεπονημένη ἄλλ’ ἀθερίζει
· ψυχῇ, ἀνηρῶ δαίμονι μεμφομένη.

¹ I gather that a “Roman platter” was a large dish containing various *hors-d’œuvres*, and not an elaborate made dish, but I find no information in dictionaries. One might render “frittura Romana,” a mixed dish familiar to those who know Roman cookery.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

For if God were to grant thee all these delights, blessed man, what a Roman salad¹ of boys wouldst thou dress.

96.—ANONYMOUS

Not in vain is this saying bruited among mortals, "The gods have not granted everything to everyone." Faultless is thy form, in thy eyes is illustrious modesty, and the bloom of grace is on thy bosom. And with all these gifts thou vanquishest the young men; but the gods did not grant to thee to have the same grace in thy feet. But, good Pyrrhus, this boot shall hide thy foot² and give joy to thee, proud of its beauty.³

97.—ANTIPATER

EUPALAMUS is ruddy red like Love, as far as Meriones,⁴ the captain of the Cretans; but from Meriones onwards Podaleirius no longer goes back to the Dawn: see how envious Nature, the universal mother, is. For if his lower parts were equal to his upper he would excel Achilles, the grandson of Aeacus.

98.—POSIDIPPUS

Love, tying down the Muses' cicada⁵ on a bed of thorns, would lull it there, holding fire⁶ under its sides. But the Soul, sore tried of old amid books, makes light of other pain, yet upbraids the ruthless god.

¹ Literally, "the step of thy foot," indicating that the malformation was in the actual foot, not, *e.g.* in the ankle.

² The verses seem to have been sent with a present of a pair of ornamental boots.

³ He means his thighs (*meros*). In line 5 there is a play on Podaleirius, "lily-footed," and so pale and unlike the rosy dawn, but the joke is obscure.

⁴ The poet's soul. ⁵ *i.e.* a torch.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

99.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἦγρευθήν ὑπ' Ἐρωτος ὁ μῆδ' ὄναρ, οὐδ' ἔμαθον πῦρ
 ἄρσεν¹ ποιμαίνειν θερμὸν ὑπὸ κραδίας,
 ἠγρευθήν. ἀλλ' οὐ με κακῶν πόθος, ἀλλ' ἀκέραιον
 σύντροφον αἰσχύνῃ βλέμμα κατηνθράκισεν.
 τηκέσθω Μουσέων ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν πυρὶ γὰρ νοῦς
 βέβληται, γλυκερῆς ἄχθος ἔχων ὀδύνης.

100.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς οἶων με πόθων λιμένα ξένον, ὦ Κύπρι, θεῖσα
 οὐκ ἐλεεῖς, καὺτὴ πείραν ἔχουσα πόνων;
 ἢ μ' ἐθέλεις ἄτλητα παθεῖν καὶ τοῦτ' ἔπος εἰπεῖν,
 “Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν Μούσαις Κύπρις ἔτρωσε μόνη”;

101.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τὸν με Πόθοις ἄτρωτον ὑπὸ στέρνοισι Μυῖσκος
 ὄμμασι τοξεύσας, τοῦτ' ἐβόησεν ἔπος·
 “Τὸν θρασὺν εἶλον ἐγώ· τὸ δ' ἐπ' ὀφρύσι κεῖνο
 φρύαγμα
 σκηπτροφόρου σοφίας ἠνίδε ποσσὶ πατῶ.”
 τῷ δ' ὅσον ἀμπνεύσας, τόδ' ἔφην· “Φίλε κούρε,
 τί θαμβεῖς;
 καὺτὸν ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου Ζῆνα καθεῖλεν Ἐρως.”

102.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἦγρευτῆς, Ἐπίκυδες, ἐν οὔρεσι πάντα λαγῶν
 διφᾶ, καὶ πάσης ἵχνια δορκαλίδος,

¹ I write πῦρ ἄρσεν : περ ἄρσεν MS.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

99.—ANONYMOUS

I AM caught by Love, I who had never dreamt it, and never had I learnt to feed a male flame hot beneath my heart. I am caught. Yet it was no longing for evil, but a pure glance, foster-brother of modesty, that burnt me to ashes. Let it consume away, the long labour of the Muses; for my mind is cast in the fire, bearing the burden of a sweet pain.

100.—ANONYMOUS

To what strange haven of desire hast thou brought me, Cypris, and pitiest me not, although thou thyself hast experience of the pain? Is it thy will that I should suffer the unbearable and speak this word, "Cypris alone has wounded the man wise in the Muses' lore"?

101.—MELEAGER

MYISCUS, shooting me, whom the Loves could not wound, under the breast with his eyes, shouted out thus: "It is I who have struck him down, the overbold, and see how I tread underfoot the arrogance of sceptred wisdom that sat on his brow." But I, just gathering breath enough, said to him, "Dear boy, why art thou astonished? Love brought down Zeus himself from Olympus."

102.—CALLIMACHUS

THE huntsman on the hills, Epicycles, tracks every hare and the slot of every hind through the frost

στίβη καὶ νιφετῶ κεχρημένος. ἦν δέ τις εἶπη,
 “ Ἰῆ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον,” οὐκ ἔλαβεν.
 χούμος ἔρωσ τοιούσδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν
 οἶδε, τὰ δ' ἐν μέσσω κείμενα παρπέταται.

103.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οἶδα φιλεῖν φιλέοντας· ἐπίσταμαι, ἦν μ' ἀδικῆ τις,
 μισεῖν· ἀμφοτέρων εἰμὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀδαής.

104.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐμός ἔρωσ παρ' ἐμοὶ μενέτω μόνον· ἦν δὲ πρὸς ἄλλοι
 φοιτήση, μισῶ κοινὸν ἔρωτα, Κύπρι.

105.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Μικρὸς Ἔρωσ ἐκ μητρὸς ἔτ' εὐθήρατος ἀποπτάς,
 ἐξ οἴκων ὑψοῦ Δάμιδος οὐ πέτομαι·
 ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ, φιλέων τε καὶ ἀζήλωτα φιληθεῖς,
 οὐ πολλοῖς, εὐκρὰς δ' εἰς ἐνὶ συμφέρομαι.

106.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐν καλὸν οἶδα τὸ πᾶν, ἐν μοι μόνον οἶδε τὸ λίχνον
 ὄμμα, Μυίσκον ὀράν· τᾶλλα δὲ τυφλὸς ἐγώ.
 πάντα δ' ἐκεῖνος ἐμοὶ φαντάζεται· ἄρ' ἔσορῶσιν
 ὀφθαλμοὶ ψυχῇ πρὸς χάριν, οἱ κόλακες;

107.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλόν, ὦ Χάριτες, Διονύσιον, εἰ μὲν ἔλοιτο
 τὰμά, καὶ εἰς ὄρας αὐθις ἄγοιτε καλόν·

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

and snow. But if one say to him, "Look, here is a beast lying wounded," he will not take it. And even so is my love; it is wont to pursue the fleeing game,¹ but flies past what lies in its path.

103.—ANONYMOUS

I KNOW well to love them who love me, and I know to hate him who wrongs me, for I am not unversed in both.

104.—ANONYMOUS

LET my love abide with me alone; but if it visit others, I hate, Cypris, a love that is shared.

105.—ASCLEPIADES

I AM a little love that flew away, still easy to catch, from my mother's nest, but from the house of Damis I fly not away on high; but here, loving and beloved without a rival, I keep company not with many, but with one in happy union.

106.—MELEAGER

I KNOW but one beauty in the world; my greedy eye knows but one thing, to look on Myiscus, and for all else I am blind. He represents everything to me. Is it just on what will please the soul that the eyes look, the flatterers?

107.—ANONYMOUS

YE Graces, if lovely Dionysius' choice be for me, lead him on as now from season to season in ever-

¹ Horace, *Sat.* i. 2, 105 *seq.*

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δ' ἕτερον στέρξειε παρὲς ἐμέ, μύρτον ἔωλον
ἐρρίφθω ξηροῖς φυρόμενον σκυβάλοις.

108.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ στέρξεις, εἴης ἰσόμοιρος, Ἄκρατε,
Χίω, καὶ Χίου πουλὸν μελιχρότερος·
εἰ δ' ἕτερον κρίναις ἐμέθεν πλεόν, ἀμφὶ σὲ βαίη
κώνωψ ὀξηρῶ τυφόμενος κεράμω.

109.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὁ τρυφερὸς Διόδωρος ἐς ἠϊθέους φλόγα βάλλων
ἠγρένται λαμυροῖς ὄμμασι Τιμαρίου,
τὸ γλυκύπικρον Ἔρωτος ἔχων βέλος. ἦ τόδε καινὸν
θάμβος ὀρώ· φλέγεται πῦρ πυρὶ καιόμενον.

110.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦστραψε γλυκὴν κάλλος· ἰδὸν φλόγας ὄμμασι βάλλων
ἄρα κεραυνομάχαν παιῖδ' ἀνέδειξεν Ἔρωτος;
χαῖρε Πόθων ἀκτῖνα φέρων θνατοῖσι, Μυῖσκε,
καὶ λάμπους ἐπὶ γᾶ πυρσὸς ἐμοὶ φίλιος.

111.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πτανὸς Ἔρωτος, σὺ δὲ ποσσὶ ταχύς· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ὄμμασι
ἀμφοτέρων. τόξοις, Εὐβιε, λειπόμεθα.

112.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εὐφαιμεῖτε νέοι· τὸν Ἔρωτ' ἄγει Ἀρκεσίλαος,
πορφυρέη δῆσας Κύπριδος ἀρπεδόνη.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

renewed beauty, but if, passing me over, he love another, let him be cast out like a stale myrtle-berry mixed with the dry sweepings.

108.—DIONYSIUS

IF thou lovest me, Acratus,¹ mayest thou be ranked with Chian wine, yea and even more honey-sweet; but if thou preferest another to me, let the gnats buzz about thee as in the fume of a jar of vinegar.

109.—MELEAGER

DELICATE Diodorus, casting fire at the young men, has been caught by Timarion's wanton eyes, and bears, fixed in him, the bitter-sweet dart of Love, Verily this is a new miracle I see; fire is ablaze, burnt by fire.

110.—BY THE SAME

IT lightened sweet beauty; see how he flasheth flame from his eyes. Hath Love produced a boy armed with the bolt of heaven? Hail! Myiscus, who bringest to mortals the fire of the Loves, and mayest thou shine on earth, a torch befriending me.

111.—ANONYMOUS

WINGED is Love and thou art swift of foot, and the beauty of both is equal. We are only second to him, Eubius, because we have no bow and arrows.

112.—ANONYMOUS

SILENCE, ye young men; Arcesilaus is leading Love hither, having bound him with the purple cord of Cypris.

¹ The name means "unwatered wine."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

113.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Καὐτὸς Ἔρωσ ὁ πτανὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἦλω,
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦοῦς ἄγγελε, χαῖρε, Φαεσφόρε, καὶ ταχὺς ἔλθοις
Ἔσπερος, ἣν ἀπάγεις, λάθριος αὖθις ἄγων.

115.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἄκρητον μανίην ἔπιον· μεθύων μέγα μύθοις
ὥπλισμαι πολλὴν εἰς ὁδὸν ἀφροσύναν.
κωμάσομαι· τί δέ μοι βροντέων μέλει, ἢ τί κεραυνῶν;
ἦν βάλλη, τὸν ἔρωθ' ὄπλον ἄτρωτον ἔχων.

116.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κωμάσομαι· μεθύω γὰρ ὄλος μέγα. παῖ, λάβε τοῦτο
τὸν στέφανον, τὸν ἐμοῖς δάκρυσι λουόμενον·
μακρὴν δ' οὐχὶ μάτην ὁδὸν ἴξομαι· ἔστι δ' ἄωρὶ
καὶ σκότος· ἀλλὰ μέγας φανὸς ἐμοὶ Θεμίσων.

117.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἄπτε· πορεύσομαι. Ἦνίδε, τόλμα,
οἶνοβαρές. Τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα; κωμάσομαι.¹
κωμάσομαι; Ποῖ, θυμέ, τρέπη; Τί δ' ἔρωτι λογισμὸς;
ἄπτε τάχος. Ποῦ δ' ἢ πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη;

¹ I slightly alter the received punctuation in this line.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

113.—MELEAGER

EVEN Love himself, the winged, hath been made captive in the air, taken by thy eyes, Timarion.

114.—BY THE SAME

STAR of the Morning, hail, thou herald of dawn! and mayest thou quickly come again, as the Star of Eve, bringing again in secret her whom thou takest away.

115.—ANONYMOUS

I HAVE quaffed untempered madness, and all drunk with words I have armed myself with much frenzy for the way. I will march with music to her door, and what care I for God's thunder and what for his bolts, I who, if he cast them, carry love as an impenetrable shield?

116.—ANONYMOUS

I WILL go to serenade him, for I am, all of me, mighty drunk. Boy, take this wreath that my tears bathe. The way is long, but I shall not go in vain; it is the dead of night and dark, but for me Themison is a great torch.

117.—MELEAGER

"LET the die be cast; light the torch; I will go." "Just look! What daring, heavy with wine as thou art!" "What care besets thee? I will go revelling to her, I will go." "Whither dost thou stray, my mind?" "Doth love take thought? Light up at once." "And where is all thy old study of logic?"

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Ἐρρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν μόνον οἶδα 5
 τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λῆμα καθεῖλεν Ἐρωσ.

118.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐκῶν, Ἀρχῖν', ἐπεκώμασα, μυρία μέμφου·
 εἰ δ' ἀέκων ἤκω, τὴν προπέτειαν ὄρα·
 ἄκρητος καὶ ἔρωσ μ' ἠνάγκασαν· ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
 εἶλκεν, ὁ δ' οὐκ εἶα σῶφρονα θυμὸν ἔχειν.
 ἔλθων δ' οὐκ ἐβόησα, τίς ἦ τίνοσ, ἀλλ' ἐφίλησα 5
 τὴν φλιήν· εἰ τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἀδίκημ', ἀδικῶ.

119.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οἶσω, ναὶ μὰ σέ, Βάκχε, τὸ σὸν θράσος· ἀγέο, κώμων
 ἄρχε· θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιόχει¹ κραδίαν·
 ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεῖς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἔρωτι,
 καί με πάλιν δήσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἰκέτην.
 ἦ προδότας κᾶπιστος ἔφυς· τεὰ δ' ὄργια κρύπτειν 5
 αὐδῶν, ἐκφαίνειν τὰμὰ σὺ νῦν ἐθέλεις.

120.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Εὐοπλῶ, καὶ πρὸς σέ μαχήσομαι, οὐδ' ἀπεροῦμαι
 θνητὸς ἑὼν· σὺ δ', Ἐρωσ, μηκέτι μοι πρόσαγε.
 ἦν με λάβης μεθύοντ', ἄπαγ' ἔκδοτον· ἄχρι δὲ νήφω,
 τὸν παραταξάμενον πρὸς σέ λογισμὸν ἔχω.

¹ I write ἀνιόχει : ἀνιοχεῖ MS.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

"Away with the long labour of wisdom; this one thing alone I know, that Love brought to naught the high mind of Zeus himself."¹

118.—CALLIMACHUS

IF I came to thee in revel, Archinus, willingly, load me with ten thousand reproaches; but if I am here against my will, consider the vehemence of the cause. Strong wine and love compelled me; one of them pulled me and the other would not let me be sober-minded. But when I came I did not cry who I was or whose, but I kissed the door-post: if that be a sin, I sinned.

119.—MELEAGER

I SHALL bear, Bacchus, thy boldness, I swear it by thyself; lead on, begin the revel; thou art a god; govern a mortal heart. Born in the flame, thou lovest the flame love hath, and again leadest me, thy suppliant, in bonds. Of a truth thou art a traitor and faithless, and while thou biddest us hide thy mysteries, thou wouldst now bring mine to light.

120.—POSIDIPPUS

I AM well armed, and will fight with thee and not give in, though I am a mortal. And thou, Love, come no more against me. If thou findest me drunk, carry me off a prisoner, but as long as I keep sober I have Reason standing in battle array to meet thee.

¹ The poem is in the form of a dialogue with himself.

121.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἦ ρά νῦ τοι, Κλεόνικε, δι' ἀτραπιτοῖο κίοντι
 στεινῆς ἤντησαν ταὶ λιπαραὶ Χάριτες·
 καὶ σε ποτὶ ῥοδέαισιν ἐπηχύναντο χέρεσσιν,
 κοῦρε; πεποίησαι δ' ἠλίκος ἐσσι χάρις.
 τηλόθι μοι μάλα χαῖρε· πυρὸς δ' οὐκ ἀσφαλὲς ἄσσον 5
 ἔρπειν ἀνηρήν, ἂ φίλος, ἀνθέρικα.

122.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦ Χάριτες, τὸν καλὸν Ἀρισταγόρην ἐσιδοῦσαι
 ἀντίον, εἰς τρυφερὰς ἠγκαλίσασθε χέρας·
 οὔνεκα καὶ μορφᾷ βάλλει φλόγα, καὶ γλυκυμυθεῖ
 καίρια, καὶ σιγῶν ὄμμασι τερπνὰ λαλεῖ.
 τηλόθι μοι πλάζοιτο. τί δὲ πλέον; ὡς γὰρ Ὀλύμπου 5
 Ζεὺς νέον οἶδεν ὁ παῖς μακρὰ κεραυνοβολεῖν.

123.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πυγμαῖ νικήσαντα τὸν Ἀντικλέους Μενέχαρμον
 λημνίσκοις μαλακοῖς ἐστεφάνωσα δέκα,
 καὶ τρισσῶς ἐφίλησα πεφυρμένον αἵματι πολλῶ·
 ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ ἦν σμύρνης κείνο μελιχρότερον.

124.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣ

Λάθρη παπταίνοντα παρὰ φλιθὴν Ἐχέδημον
 λάθριος ἀκρήβην τὸν χαρίεντ' ἔκυσα,
 δειμαίνω¹ καὶ γάρ μοι ἐνύπνιος ἦλθε φαρέτρην
 αἰωρῶν,² καὶ δούς ὄχετ' ἀλεκτρούνας,

¹ I write δειμαίνω : δειμαίνων MS.

² I write αἰωρῶν : αἰταίων MS.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

121.—RHIANUS

TELL me, Cleonicus, did the bright Graces meet thee walking in a narrow lane and take thee in their rosy arms, dear boy, that thou hast become such a Grace as thou art? From afar I bid thee all hail, but ah! dear, it is not safe for a dry corn-stalk to draw nearer to the fire.

122.—MELEAGER

YE Graces, looking straight on lovely Aristagoras, you took him to the embrace of your soft arms; and therefore he shoots forth flame by his beauty, and discourses sweetly when it is meet, and if he keep silence, his eyes prattle delightfully. Let him stray far away, I pray; but what does that help? For the boy, like Zeus from Olympus, has learnt of late to throw the lightning far.

123.—ANONYMOUS

WHEN Menecharmus, Anticles' son, won the boxing match, I crowned him with ten soft fillets, and thrice I kissed him all dabbled with blood as he was, but the blood was sweeter to me than myrrh.

124.—ARTEMON (?)

As Echedemus was peeping out of his door on the sly, I slyly kissed that charming boy who is just in his prime. Now I am in dread, for he came to me in a dream, bearing a quiver, and departed after giving

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἄλλοτε μειδιῶν, ὅτε δ' οὐ φίλος. ἀλλὰ μελισσέων ὅ
 ἔσμου καὶ κνίδης καὶ πυρὸς ἠψάμεθα;

125.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦδύ τί μοι διὰ νυκτὸς ἐνύπνιον ἄβρα γελῶντος
 ὀκτωκαιδεκέτους παιδὸς ἔτ' ἐν χλαμύδι
 ἤγαγ' Ἔρως ὑπὸ χλαῖναν· ἐγὼ δ' ἀπαλῶ περὶ χρωτὶ
 στέρνα βαλὼν κενεὰς ἐλπίδας ἐδρεπόμαν.
 καὶ μ' ἔτι νῦν θάλπει μνήμης πόθος· ὄμμασι δ' ὕπνον ὅ
 ἀγρευτὴν πτηνοῦ φάσματος αἰὲν ἔχω.
 ὦ δύσερως ψυχῇ, παῦσαί ποτε καὶ δι' ὀνείρων
 εἰδώλοισι κάλλευσ κωφὰ χλιαينوμένη.

126.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦρκαί μεν κραδίας ψαύειν πόνος· ἦ γὰρ ἀλύων
 ἀκρονυχὲι ταύταν ἔκνισ' ὁ θερμὸς Ἔρως·
 εἶπε δὲ μειδήσας· “Ἐξεῖς πάλι τὸ γλυκὺ τραῦμα,¹
 ὦ δύσερως, λάβρω καιόμενος μέλιτι.”
 ἔξ οὔ δὴ νέον ἔρνος ἐν ἠϊθέοις Διόφαντον ὅ
 λεύσσων οὔτε φυγεῖν οὔτε μένειν δύναμαι.

127.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰνὸδιον στείχοντα μεσαμβρινὸν εἶδον Ἀλεξιν,
 ἄρτι κόμαν καρπῶν κειρομένου θέρεος.
 διπλαῖ δ' ἀκτίνες με κατέφλεγον· αἱ μὲν Ἔρωτος,
 παιδὸς ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, αἱ δὲ παρ' ἡελίου.
 ἀλλ' ἄς μὲν νύξ αὐθις ἐκοίμισεν· ἄς δ' ἐν ὀνείροις ὅ
 εἰδωλον μορφῆς μᾶλλον ἀνεφλόγισεν.

¹ γράμμα MS.: corr. Graef.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

me fighting cocks,¹ but at one time smiling, at another with no friendly look. But have I touched a swarm of bees, and a nettle, and fire?

125.—MELEAGER

Love in the night brought me under my mantle the sweet dream of a softly-laughing boy of eighteen, still wearing the chlamys;² and I, pressing his tender flesh to my breast, culled empty hopes. Still does the desire of the memory heat me, and in my eyes still abideth sleep that caught for me in the chase that winged phantom. O soul, ill-starred in love, cease at last even in dreams to be warmed all in vain by beauty's images.

126.—BY THE SAME

PAIN has begun to touch my heart, for hot Love, as he strayed, scratched it with the tip of his nails, and, smiling, said, "Again, O unhappy lover, thou shalt have the sweet wound, burnt by biting honey." Since when, seeing among the youths the fresh sapling Diophantus, I can neither fly nor abide.

127.—BY THE SAME

I SAW Alexis walking in the road at noon-tide, at the season when the summer was just being shorn of the tresses of her fruits; and double rays burnt me, the rays of love from the boy's eyes and others from the sun. The sun's night laid to rest again, but love's were kindled more in my dreams by the

¹ Of doubtful import. These birds were common presents of lovers, but to see them in a dream betided quarrels.

² See note on No. 78.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

λυσίπρονος δ' ἑτέροις ἐπ' ἔμοι πόνον ὕπνος ἔτευξεν
ἔμπνουν πῦρ ψυχῇ κάλλος ἀπεικονίσας.

128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰπολικαὶ σύριγγες, ἐν οὔρεσι μηκέτι Δάφνιν
φωνεῖτ', αἰγιβάτη Πανὶ χαριζόμεναι·
μηδὲ σὺ τὸν στεφθέντα, λύρη, Φοῖβοιο προφῆτι,
δάφνη παρθενίη μέλφ' Ἰάκινθον ἔτι.
ἦν γὰρ ὅτ' ἦν Δάφνις μὲν Ὀρειάσι,¹ σοὶ δ' Ἰάκινθος
τερπνός· νῦν δὲ Πόθων σκῆπτρα Δίων ἐχέτω.

129.—ΑΡΑΤΟΥ

Ἄργεῖος Φιλοκλῆς Ἄργει “καλός.” αἱ δὲ Κορίνθου
στήλαι, καὶ Μεγαρέων ταὐτὸ² βοῶσι τάφοι·
γέγραπται καὶ μέχρι λοετρῶν Ἀμφιαράου,
ὡς καλός. ἀλλ' ὀλίγον.³ γράμμασι λειπόμεθα·
τῷ δ' οὐ γὰρ πέτραι ἐπιμάρτυρες, ἀλλὰ Ῥιηνὸς⁴
αὐτὸς ἰδῶν· ἑτέρου δ' ἐστὶ περισσότερος.

130.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἶπα, καὶ αὖ πάλιν εἶπα· “Καλός, καλός.” ἀλλ'
ἔτι φήσω,
ὡς καλός, ὡς χαρίεις ὄμμασι Δωσίθεος.

¹ Ὀρειάσι Dilthey : ἐν οὔρεσι MS.

² I write ταὐτὸ (I think the correction has been previously made) : ταῦτα MS.

³ I write ὀλίγον : ὀλίγοι MS.

⁴ Ῥιηνὸς Maas : Πριηνεύς MS. *cp.* No. 93.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

phantom of beauty. So night, who releases others from toil, brought pain to me, imaging in my soul a loveliness which is living fire.

128.—BY THE SAME

YE pastoral pipes, no longer call on Daphnis in the mountains to please Pan the goat-mounter; and thou, lyre, spokesman of Phoebus, sing no longer of Hyacinthus crowned with maiden laurel. For Daphnis, when there was a Daphnis, was the delight of the Mountain Nymphs, and Hyacinthus was thine; but now let Dion wield the sceptre of the Loves.

129.—ARATUS

PHILOCLES of Argos is "fair"¹ at Argos, and the columns of Corinth and tombstones of Megara announce the same. It is written that he is fair as far as Amphiaraus' Baths.² But that is little; they are only letters that beat us.³ For they are not stones that testify to this Philocles' beauty, but Rhianus, who saw him with his own eyes, and he is superior to the other one.

130.—ANONYMOUS

I SAID and said it again, "He is fair, he is fair," but I will still say it, that Dositheus is fair and has

¹ It was the habit to write or cut the name of the beloved, adding the word *καλός* (fair), on stones or trees. See the following epigram.

² Near Oropus on the confines of Attica and Boeotia.

³ *i.e.* it is only the evidence of these inscriptions that is in favour of Philocles of Argos. The evidence of our eyes is in favour of the other.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐ δρυός, οὐδ' ἐλάτης ἐχαράξαμεν, οὐδ' ἐπὶ τοίχου
 τοῦτ' ἔπος· ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ καῦσεν¹ Ἔρωσ κραδία.
 εἰ δέ τις οὐ φήσει, μὴ πείθεο. ναὶ μὰ σέ, δαῖμον,
 ψεύδεται· ἐγὼ δ' ὁ λέγων τὰ τρεκῆς οἶδα μόνος.

131.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ἄ Κύπρον, ἃ τε Κύθηρα, καὶ ἃ Μίλητον ἐποιχνεῖς,
 καὶ καλὸν Συρίας ἵπποκρότου δάπεδον,
 ἔλθοις ἴλαος Καλλιστίω, ἢ τὸν ἐραστήν
 οὐδέ ποτ' οἰκείων ὦσεν ἀπὸ προθύρων.

132.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐ σοι ταῦτ' ἐβόων, ψυχῆ; “Ναὶ Κύπριν, ἀλώσει,
 ὦ δύσερος, ἰξῶ πυκνὰ προσιπταμένη”
 οὐκ ἐβόων; εἶλέν σε πάγη. τί μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς
 σπαίρεις; αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ τὰ πτερά σου δέδεκεν,
 καὶ σ' ἐπὶ πῦρ ἔστησε, μύροις δ' ἔρρανε λιπόπνου,
 δῶκε δὲ διψώση δάκρυα θερμὰ πιεῖν.

132A.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ ψυχῆ βαρύμοχθε, σὺ δ' ἄρτι μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἴθη,
 ἄρτι δ' ἀναψύχεις, πνεῦμ' ἀναλεξαμένη.
 τί κλαίεις; τὸν ἀτεγκτον ὅτ' ἐν κόλποισιν Ἔρωτα
 ἔτρεφες, οὐκ ἦδεις ὡς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο;
 οὐκ ἦδεις; νῦν γινῶθι καλῶν ἀλλαγμάτων τροφείων,
 πῦρ ἅμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένη χιόνα.
 αὐτὴ ταῦθ' εἶλου· φέρε τὸν πόνον. ἄξια πάσχεις
 ὦν ἔδρας, ὀπτῶ καιομένη μέλιτι.

¹ I write καῦσεν: Ἰσχετ' MS.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

lovely eyes. These words we engraved on no oak or pine, no, nor on a wall, but Love burnt them into my heart. But if any man deny it, believe him not. Yea, by thyself, O God, I swear he lies, and I who say it alone know the truth.

131.—POSIDIPPUS

GODDESS who hauntest Cyprus and Cythera and Miletus and the fair plain of Syria that echoes to the tread of horses, come in gracious mood to Callistion, who never repulsed a lover from her door.¹

132.—MELEAGER

DID I not cry it to thee, my soul, "By Cypris, thou wilt be taken, O thou love-lorn, that fliest again and again to the limed bough"? Did I not cry it? And the snare has caught thee. Why dost thou struggle vainly in thy bonds? Love himself hath bound thy wings and set thee on the fire, and sprays thee with scents when thou faintest, and gives thee when thou art athirst hot tears to drink.

132A.—BY THE SAME

O SORE-AFFLICTED soul, now thou burnest in the fire and now thou revivest, recovering thy breath. Why dost thou weep? When thou didst nurse merciless Love in thy bosom knewest thou not that he was being nursed for thy bane? Didst thou not know it? Now learn to know the pay of thy good nursing, receiving from him fire and cold snow therewith. Thyself thou hast chosen this; bear the pain. Thou sufferest the due guerdon of what thou hast done, burnt by his boiling honey.

¹ The epigram is a prayer by the courtesan Callistion.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

133.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Διψῶν ὡς ἐφίλησα θέρευς ἀπαλόχροα παῖδα,
 εἶπα τότε' αὐχμηρὰν δίψαν ἀποπροφυγῶν·
 "Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄρα φίλημα τὸ νεκτάρεον Γανυμήδευς
 πίνεις, καὶ τότε σοι χεῖλεσιν οἴνοχοεῖ;
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν καλὸν ἐν ἠϊθέοισι φιλήσας
 Ἄντιοχον, ψυχῆς ἠδὺ πέπωκα μέλι."

134.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

"Ἐλκος ἔχων ὁ ξεῖνος ἐλάνθανεν· ὡς ἀνηρὸν
 πνεῦμα διὰ στήθεων, εἶδες, ἀνηγάγετο,
 τὸ τρίτον ἠῖκ' ἔπινε· τὰ δὲ ῥόδα φυλλοβολεῦντα
 τῶνδρὸς ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ' ἐγένοντο χαμαί.
 ὥπτηται μέγα δὴ τι· μὰ δαίμονας, οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ
 εἰκάζω· φωρὸς δ' ἴχνια φῶρ ἔμαθον."

135.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Οἶνος ἔρωτος ἔλεγχος· ἐρᾶν ἀρνεύμενον ἡμῖν
 ἤτασαν αἱ πολλαὶ Νικαγόρην προπόσεις,
 καὶ γὰρ ἐδάκρυσεν καὶ ἐνύστασε, καί τι κατηφὲς
 ἔβλεπε, χῶ σφιγχθεῖς οὐκ ἔμενε στέφανος.

136.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

"Ορνιθες ψίθυροι, τί κεκράγατε; μή μ' ἀνιάτε,
 τὸν τρυφερῆ παιδὸς σαρκὶ χλαινώμενον,
 ἐζόμεναι πετάλοισιν ἀηδόνες· εὖδε λάληθρον
 θῆλυ γένος, δέομαι, μείνατ' ἐφ' ἠσυχίης."

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

133.—BY THE SAME

IN summer, when I was athirst, I kissed the tender-fleshed boy and said, when I was free of my parching thirst, "Father Zeus, dost thou drink the nectareous kiss of Ganymede, and is this the wine he tenders to thy lips?" For now that I have kissed Antiochus, fairest of our youth, I have drunk the sweet honey of the soul.

134.—CALLIMACHUS

OUR guest has a wound and we knew it not. Sawest thou not with what pain he heaved his breath up from his chest when he drank the third cup? And all the roses, casting their petals, fell on the ground from the man's wreaths. There is something burns him fiercely; by the gods I guess not at random, but a thief myself, I know a thief's footprints.

135.—ASCLEPIADES

WINE is the proof of love. Nicagoras denied to us that he was in love, but those many toasts convicted him. Yes! he shed tears and bent his head, and had a certain downcast look, and the wreath bound tight round his head kept not its place.

136.—ANONYMOUS

YE chattering birds, why do you clamour? Vex me not, as I lie warmed by the lad's delicate flesh, ye nightingales that sit among the leaves. Sleep, I implore you, ye talkative women-folk; ¹ hold your peace.

¹ The nightingale was Philomela.

137.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὁρθροβόας, δυσέρωτι κακάγγελε, νῦν, τρισάλαστε,
 ἐννύχιος κράζεις πλευροτυπῆ κέλαδον,
 γαῦρος ὑπὲρ κοίτας, ὅτε μοι βραχὺ τοῦτ' ἔτι νυκτὸς
 ζῆ τὸ¹ φιλεῖν, ἐπ' ἐμαῖς δ' ἀδὺν γελᾶς ὀδύνας.
 ἄδε φίλα θρεπτήρι χάρις; ναὶ τὸν βαθὺν ὄρθρον,
 ἔσχατα γηρύση ταῦτα τὰ πικρὰ μέλη.

138.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Ἄμπελε, μήποτε φύλλα χαμαὶ σπεύδουσα βαλέσθαι
 δειδίας ἐσπέριον Πλειάδα δυομένην;
 μείνον ἐπ' Ἀντιλέοντι πεσεῖν ὑπὸ τὴν γλυκὺν ὕπνον,
 ἐς τότε, τοῖς καλοῖς πάντα χαριζόμενα.

139.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἔστι τι, ναὶ τὸν Πᾶνα, κεκρυμμένον, ἔστι τι ταῦτα,
 ναὶ μὰ Διώνυσον, πῦρ ὑπὸ τῇ σποδιῇ.
 οὐ θαρσέω. μὴ δὴ με περίπλεκε· πολλάκι λήθει
 τοῖχον ὑποτρώγων ἡσύχιος ποταμός.
 τῷ καὶ νῦν δειδοῖκα, Μενέξενε, μή με παρεισδὺς
 οὗτος ὁ †σειγαρνης² εἰς τὸν ἔρωτα βάλῃ.

140.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλὸν ὡς ἰδόμαν Ἀρχέστρατον, οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἑρμῆ
 οὐ καλὸν αὐτὸν ἔφαν· οὐ γὰρ ἄγαν ἐδόκει.

¹ I write ζῆ τὸ: καὶ τὸ MS.

² σιγέρπης Bentley, and I render so.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

137.—MELEAGER

CRIER of the dawn, caller of evil tidings to a love-sick wight, now, thrice accursed, just when love has only this brief portion of the night left to live, thou crowest in the dark, beating thy sides with thy wings all exultant above thy bed, and makest sweet mockery over my pains. Is this the loving thanks thou hast for him who reared thee? I swear it by this dim dawn, it is the last time thou shalt chant this bitter song.

138.—MNASALCAS

VINE, dost thou fear the setting of the Pleiads in the west,¹ that thou hastenest to shed thy leaves on the ground? Tarry till sweet sleep fall on Antoleon beneath thee; tarry till then, bestower of all favours on the fair.

139.—CALLIMACHUS

THERE is, I swear it by Pan, yea, by Dionysus, there is some fire hidden here under the embers. I mistrust me. Embrace me not, I entreat thee. Often a tranquil stream secretly eats away a wall at its base. Therefore now too I fear, Menexenus, lest this silent crawler find his way into me and cast me into love.

140.—ANONYMOUS

WHEN I saw Arcestratus the fair I said, so help me Hermes I did, that he was not fair; for he seemed not passing fair to me. I had but spoken the

¹ The season in Autumn at which the vines begin to lose their leaves.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἶπα, καὶ ἅ Νέμεσις με συνάρπασε, κεύθους ἐκείμαν
 ἐν πυρί, παῖς¹ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ Ζεὺς ἐκεραυνοβόλει.
 τὸν παῖδ' ἰλασόμεσθ', ἦ τὰν θεόν; ἀλλὰ θεοῦ μοι
 ἔστιν ὁ παῖς κρέσσων· χαιρέτω ἅ Νέμεσις.

141.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐφθέγξω, ναὶ Κύπριν, ἅ μὴ θεός, ὦ μέγα τολμᾶν
 θυμὲ μαθῶν· Θήρων σοὶ καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνη·
 σοὶ καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνη Θήρων· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ὑπέστης,
 οὐδὲ Διὸς πτήξας πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλον.
 τοιγάρ, ἰδοῦ, τὸν πρόσθε λάλον προὔθηκεν ιδέσθαι
 δεῖγμα θραυστομίας ἢ βαρύφρων Νέμεσις.

142.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἰξῶ Δεξιόνικος ὑπὸ χλωρῇ πλατανίστῳ
 κόσσυφον ἀγρεύσας, εἶλε κατὰ πτερυγῶν·
 χῶ μὲν ἀναστενάχων ἀπεκώκνευεν ἱερὸς ὄρνις.
 ἀλλ' ἐγὼ, ὦ φίλ' Ἔρως, καὶ θαλεραὶ Χάριτες,
 εἶην καὶ κίχλη καὶ κόσσυφος, ὡς ἂν ἐκείνου
 ἐν χερὶ καὶ φθογγὴν καὶ γλυκὴν δάκρυ βάλω.

143.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐρμῆ, τοξευθεὶς ἐξέσπασε πικρὸν <οἶστόν>

· · · · · ἐφήβω.²

Κῆγὼ τὴν αὐτὴν, ξεῖνε, λέλογχα τύχην.
 Ἀλλά μ' Ἀπολλοφάνους τρύχει πόθος. ὦ φιλάεθλε,
 ἔφθασας· εἰς ἐν πῦρ οἱ δὴ ἐνηλάμεθα.

¹ παῖς Pierson: πᾶς MS.

² It seems certain that owing to an error by the copyist, a couplet has been lost, ἐφήβω being the last word of the missing line 3. I supply οἶστόν at the end of line 1.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

word and Nemesis seized me, and at once I lay in the flames and Zeus, in the guise of a boy, rained his lightning on me. Shall I beseech the boy or the goddess for mercy? But to me the boy is greater than the goddess. Let Nemesis go her way.

141.—MELEAGER

By Cypris, thou hast spoken what not even a god might, O spirit, who hast learnt to be too daring. Theron seemed not fair to thee. He seemed not fair to thee, Theron. But thou thyself hast brought it on thee, not dreading even the fiery bolts of Zeus. Wherefore, lo! indignant Nemesis hath exposed thee, once so voluble, to be gazed at, as an example of an unguarded tongue.

142.—RHIANUS

DEXIONICUS, having caught a blackbird with lime under a green plane-tree, held it by the wings, and it, the holy bird,¹ screamed complaining. But I, dear Love, and ye blooming Graces, would fain be even a thrush or a blackbird, so that in his hand I might pour forth my voice and sweet tears.

143.—ANONYMOUS

"O HERMES, when shot he extracted the bitter arrow . . ." "And I, O stranger, met with the same fate." "But desire for Apollophanes wears me away." "O lover of sports, thou hast outstripped me; we both have leapt into the same fire."²

¹ Holy because it is a singing bird.

² The verses seem to have been a dialogue between a statue of Hermes in the gymnasium and a stranger, but owing to their mutilation it is difficult to make sense of them. It is evident from the context of No. 144 (the poems here being arranged under motives) that the god was represented as being in love.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

144.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τί κλαίεις, φρενοληστά; τί δ' ἄγρια τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
 ἔρριψας, διφυῆ ταρσὸν ἀνείς πτερύγων;
 ἢ ῥά γε καὶ σὲ Μυῖσκος ὁ δύσμαχος ὄμμασιν αἶθει;
 ὥς μόλις οἴ' ἔδρας πρόσθε παθῶν ἔμαθες.

145.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παύετε, παιδοφίλοι, κενεὸν πόνον· ἴσχετε μόχθων,
 δύσφρονες· ἀπρήκτοις ἐλπίσι μαινόμεθα.
 Ἴσον ἐπὶ ψαφαρὴν ἀντλεῖν ἄλα, καπὸ Λιβύσσης
 ψάμμου ἀριθμητὴν ἀρτιάσαι ψεκάδα,
 Ἴσον καὶ παίδων στέργειν πόθον, οἷς τὸ κενναυχῆς
 κάλλος ἐνὶ χθονίοις ἠδύ τ' ἐν ἀθανάτοις.
 δέρκεσθ' εἰς ἐμὲ πάντες· ὁ γὰρ πάρος εἰς κενὸν ἡμῶν
 μόχθος ἐπὶ ξηροῖς ἐκκέχυτ' αἰγιαλοῖς.

146.—ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἄγρεύσας τὸν νεβρὸν ἀπώλεσα, χῶ μὲν ἀνατλὰς
 μυρία, καὶ στήσας δίκτυα καὶ στάλικας,
 σὺν κενεαῖς χεῖρεσσιν ἀπέρχομαι· οἱ δ' ἀμόγητοι
 τὰμὰ φέρουσιν, Ἔρωσ· οἷς σὺ γένοιο βαρύς.

147.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄρπασται· τίς τόσσον ἐναιχμάσαι ἄγριος εἶη;
 τίς τόσος ἀντᾶραι καὶ πρὸς Ἔρωτα μάχην;
 ἄπτε τάχος πεύκας· καίτοι κτύπος· Ἥλιοδώρας.
 βαῖνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμῶν, κραδίη.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

144.—MELEAGER

To Love

WHY weepest thou, O stealer of the wits? Why hast thou cast away thy savage bow and arrows, folding thy pair of outstretched wings? Doth Myiscus, ill to combat, burn thee, too, with his eyes? How hard it has been for thee to learn by suffering what evil thou wast wont to do of old!

145.—ANONYMOUS

REST, ye lovers of lads, from your empty labour; cease from your troubles, ye perverse men; we are maddened by never fulfilled hopes. It is like to baling the sea on to the dry land and reckoning the number of grains in the Libyan sand to court the love of boys, whose vainglorious beauty is sweet to men and gods alike. Look on me, all of you; for all my futile toil of the past is as water shed on the dry beach.

146.—RHIANUS

I CAUGHT the fawn and lost him; I, who had taken countless pains and set up the nets and stakes, go away empty-handed, but they who toiled not carry off my quarry, O Love. May thy wrath be heavy upon them.

147.—MELEAGER

THEY have carried her off! Who so savage as to do such armed violence? Who so strong as to raise war against Love himself? Quick, light the torches! But a footfall; Heliodora's! Get thee back into my bosom, O my heart.¹

¹ Not finding her he fears she has been carried off, but is reassured by hearing her step.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

148.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Οἶδ' ὅτι μου πλοῦτου κενεαὶ χέρες· ἀλλά, Μένιππε,
μὴ λέγε, πρὸς Χαρίτων, τοῦμὸν ὄνειρον ἐμοί.
ἀλγέω τὴν διὰ παντὸς ἔπος τόδε πικρὸν ἀκούων·
ναί, φίλε, τῶν παρὰ σοῦ τοῦτ' ἀνεραστότατον.

149.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Ληφθήσῃ, περίφευγε, Μενέκρατες·” εἶπα Πανήμου
εἰκάδι, καὶ Λώου τῇ—τίνι; τῇ δεκάτῃ
ἦλθεν ὁ βούς ὑπ' ἄροτρον ἐκούσιος. εὖγ' ἐμὸς Ἑρμᾶς,
εὖγ' ἐμὸς· οὐ παρὰ τὰς εἴκοσι μεμφόμεθα.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὡς ἀγαθὸν Πολύφαμος ἀνεύρατο τὰν ἐπαιδᾶν
τῶραμένω· ναὶ Γᾶν, οὐκ ἀμαθὴς ὁ Κύκλωψ.
αἱ Μοῖσαι τὸν ἔρωτα κατισχυαίνοντι, Φίλιππε·
ἢ πανακὲς πάντων φάρμακον ἢ σοφία.
τοῦτο, δοκέω, χὰ λιμὸς ἔχει μόνον ἐς τὰ πονηρὰ 5
τῶγαθόν, ἐκκόπτει τὰν φιλόπαιδα νόσον.
ἔσθ' ἀμὴν †χάκαστὰς ἀφειδέα πρὸς τὸν Ἑρωτα.
τουτ' εἶπαι “Κεῖρεν τὰ πτερὰ, παιδάριον·
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀττάραγόν σε δεδοίκαμες”· αἱ γὰρ ἐπφδαὶ 10
οἴκοι τῷ χαλεπῷ τραύματος ἀμφοτέραί.

151.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἴ τινά που παίδων ἐρατώτατον ἄνθος ἔχοντα
εἶδες, ἀδιστάκτως εἶδες Ἀπολλόδοτον.

¹ i.e. what I know too well; cp. Bk. VI. 310.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

148.—CALLIMACHUS

I KNOW my hands are empty of wealth, but, by the Graces I beseech thee, Menippus, tell me not my own dream.¹ It hurts me to hear continually these bitter words. Yes, my dear, this is the most unloving thing in all thy bearing to me.

149.—BY THE SAME

"YOU will be caught, Menecrates, do all you can to escape," I said on the twentieth of Panemus; and in Loius² on what day?—the tenth—the ox came of his own accord under the yoke of the plough. Well done, my Hermes!³ well done, my own! I don't complain of the twenty days' delay.

150.—BY THE SAME

How capital the charm for one in love that Polyphemus discovered! Yea, by the Earth, he was not unschooled, the Cyclops. The Muses make Love thin, Philippus; of a truth learning is a medicine that cures every ill. This, I think, is the only good that hunger, too, has to set against its evils, that it extirpates the disease of love for boys. I have plenty of cause for saying to Love "Thy wings are being clipped, my little man. I fear thee not a tiny bit." For at home I have both the charms for the severe wound.

151.—ANONYMOUS

STRANGER, if thou sawest somewhere among the boys one whose bloom was most lovely, undoubtedly

² The month following Panemus.

³ Hermes was the giver of good luck.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δ' ἐσιδών, ὦ ξεῖνε, πυριφλέκτοισι πόθοισιν
οὐκ ἐδάμης, πάντως ἢ θεὸς ἢ λίθος εἶ.

152.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μάγνης Ἡράκλειτος, ἐμοὶ πόθος, οὔτι σίδηρον
πέτρῳ, πνεῦμα δ' ἐμὸν κάλλει ἐφελκόμενος.

153.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Πρόσθε μοι Ἀρχεάδης ἐθλίβετο· νῦν δὲ τάλαιναν
οὐδ' ὄσσον παίζων εἰς ἔμ' ἐπιστρέφεται.
οὐδ' ὁ μελιχρὸς Ἔρωσ ἀεὶ γλυκύς· ἀλλ' ἀνιήσας
πολλάκις ἠδίων γίνετ' ἐρώσι θεός.

154.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦδὺς ὁ παῖς, καὶ τοῦνομ' ἐμοὶ γλυκύς ἐστι Μυῖσκος
καὶ χαρίεις· τίν' ἔχω μὴ οὐχὶ φιλεῖν πρόφασιν;
καλὸς γάρ, ναὶ Κύπριν, ὅλος καλός· εἰ δ' ἀνιηρός,
οἶδε τὸ πικρὸν Ἔρωσ συγκεράσαι μέλιτι.

155.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

α. Μὴ μ' εἴπης πάλιν ὦδε. β. Τί δ' αἴτιος; αὐτὸς
ἔπεμψε.

α. Δεύτερον οὖν φήσεις; β. Δεύτερον. εἶπεν· Ἴθι.
ἀλλ' ἔρχευ, μὴ μέλλε. μένουσί σε. α. Πρῶτον ἐκείνους
εὐρήσω, χῆξω· τὸ τρίτον οἶδα πάλαι.

¹ I write ἐκείνους: ἐκείνου MS.

¹ Meaning either a native of Magnesia (as the boy was) or the Magnesian stone, the magnet.

² A dialogue between a slave and a boy he is sent to invite.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

thou sawest Apollodotus. And if, having seen him, thou wast not overcome by burning fiery desire, of a surety thou art either a god or a stone.

152.—ANONYMOUS

HERACLITUS, my beloved, is a Magnet,¹ not attracting iron by stone, but my spirit by his beauty.

153.—ASCLEPIADES

(*The Complaint of a Girl*)

TIME was when Archeades loved to sit close to me, but now not even in play does he turn to look at me, unhappy that I am. Not even Love the honeyed is ever sweet, but often he becomes a sweeter god to lovers when he torments them.

154.—MELEAGER

SWEET is the boy, and even the name of Myiscus is sweet to me and full of charm. What excuse have I for not loving? For he is beautiful, by Cypris, entirely beautiful; and if he gives me pain, why, it is the way of Love to mix bitterness with honey.

155.—ANONYMOUS

A. Don't speak to me again like that. B. How am I to blame? He sent me himself. A. What! will you say it a second time? B. A second time. He said "Go." But come, don't delay, they are waiting for you. A. First of all I will find *them* and then I will come. I know from experience what the third story will be.²

I take the point of it to be that the man pretends that there will be other guests to "chaperon" the boy. The boy refuses to believe this, and declines a *tête-à-tête*. The point of the last words, however, is obscure.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

156.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰαρινῷ χειμῶνι πανεῖκελος, ὦ Διόδωρε,
 οὐμὸς ἔρως, ἀσαφεῖ κρινόμενος πελάγει·
 καὶ ποτὲ μὲν φαίνεις πολὺν ὑετόν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε
 εὐδῖος, ἀβρὰ γελῶν δ' ὄμμασιν ἐκκέχυσαι.
 τυφλὰ δ', ὅπως ναυηγὸς ἐν οἴδματι, κύματα μετρῶν 5
 δινεῦμαι, μεγάλῳ χεῖματι πλαζόμενος.
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἢ φιλίης ἔκθεσ σκοπὸν ἢ πάλι μίσους,
 ὡς εἰδῶ ποτέρῳ κύματι νηχόμεθα.

157.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΣ

Κύπρις ἐμοὶ ναύκληρος, Ἔρως δ' οἶακα φυλάσσει
 ἄκρον ἔχων ψυχῆς ἐν χερὶ πηδάλιον·
 χεῖμαίνει δ' ὁ βαρὺς πνεύσας Πόθος, οὐνεκα δὴ νῦν
 παμφύλῳ παίδων νήχομαι ἐν πελάγει.

158.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σοί με Πόθων δέσποινα θεῆ πόρε, σοί με, Θεόκλεις,
 ἀβροπέδιλος Ἔρως γυμνὸν ὑπεστόρεσεν,
 ξεῖνον ἐπὶ ξείνης, δαμάσας ἀλύτοισι χαλινοῖς·
 ἰμείρω δὲ τυχεῖν ἀκλινέος φιλίας.
 ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν στέργοντ' ἀπαναίνας, οὐδέ σε θέλγει 5
 οὐ χρόνος, οὐ ξυνής σύμβολα σωφροσύνης.
 ἴλαθ', ἄναξ, ἴληθι· σὲ γὰρ θεὸν ὄρισε Δαίμων·
 ἐν σοί μοι ζωῆς πείρατα καὶ θανάτου.

¹ Or "a sea of boys of every tribe," this being the original meaning of *pamphylus*.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

156.—ANONYMOUS

EVEN like unto a storm in springtime, Diodorus, is my love, determined by the moods of an uncertain sea. At one time thou displayest heavy rain-clouds, at another again the sky is clear and thy eyes melt in a soft smile. And I, like a shipwrecked man in the surge, count the blind waves as I am whirled hither and thither at the mercy of the mighty storm. But show me a landmark either of love or of hate, that I may know in which sea I swim.

157.—MELEAGER

CYPRIS is my skipper and Love keeps the tiller, holding in his hand the end of my soul's rudder, and the heavy gale of Desire drives me storm-tossed; for now I swim verily in a Pamphylian¹ sea of boys.

158.—BY THE SAME

THE goddess, queen of the Desires, gave me to thee, Theocles; Love, the soft-sandalled, laid me low for thee to tread on, all unarmed, a stranger in a strange land, having tamed me by his bit that gripeth fast. But now I long to win a friendship in which I need not stoop.² But thou refuseth him who loves thee, and neither time softens thee nor the tokens we have of our mutual continence. Have mercy on me, Lord, have mercy! for Destiny ordained thee a god; with thee rest for me the issues of life and death.

² *i.e.* as I did when my passion made me abject.

159.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐν σοὶ τὰμά, Μυῖσκε, βίου πρυμνήσι' ἀνῆπται
 ἐν σοὶ καὶ ψυχῆς πνεῦμα τὸ λειφθὲν ἔτι.
 ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σά, κούρε, τὰ καὶ κωφοῖσι λαλεῦντα
 ὄμματα, καὶ μὰ τὸ σὸν φαιδρὸν ἐπισκύνιον,
 ἦν μοι συννεφὲς ὄμμα βάλῃς ποτέ, χεῖμα δέδορκα.⁵
 ἦν δ' ἰλαρὸν βλέψῃς, ἠδὺ τέθηλεν ἔαρ.

160.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Θαρσαλέως τρηχεῖαν ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοισιν ἀνίην
 οἶσω, καὶ χαλεπῆς δεσμὸν ἀλυκτοπέδης.
 οὐ γάρ πω, Νίκανδρε, βολὰς ἐδάημεν Ἐρωτος
 νῦν μόνον, ἀλλὰ πόθων πολλάκις ἠψάμεθα.
 καὶ σὺ μὲν, Ἀδρήστεια, κακῆς ἀντάξια βουλῆς⁵
 τίσαι, καὶ μακάρων πικροτάτη Νέμεσις.

161.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Δόρκιον ἢ φιλέφηβος ἐπίσταται, ὡς ἀπαλὸς παῖς,
 ἔσθαι πανδήμου Κύπριδος ὠκὺ βέλος,
 ἕμερον ἀστράπτουσα κατ' ὀμματος, ἠδ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων
¹
⁵
 σὺν πετάσῳ γυμνὸν μηρὸν ἔφαινε χλαμύς.

162.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐπω τοξοφορῶν οὐδ' ἄγριος,² ἀλλὰ νεογνὸς
 οὐμὸς Ἐρωτος παρὰ τὴν Κύπριν ὑποστρέφεται,
 δέλτον ἔχων χρυσέην· τὰ Φιλοκράτεος δὲ Διαύλου
 τραυλίζει ψυχῆς φίλτρα κατ' Ἀντιγένους.

¹ Two lines lost. ² I write οὐδ' ἄγριος : οὐδάριος MS.

¹ The *chlamys* and *petasus* (hat) were the proper costume of the *ephebi*.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

159.—BY THE SAME

My life's cable, Myiscus, is made fast to thee; in thee is all the breath that is left to my soul. For by thy eyes, dear boy, that speak even to the deaf, and by thy bright brow I swear it, if ever thou lookest at me with a clouded eye I see the winter, but if thy glance be blithe, the sweet spring bursts into bloom.

160.—ANONYMOUS

BRAVELY shall I bear the sharp pain in my vitals and the bond of the cruel fetters. For it is not now only, Nicander, that I learn to know the wounds of love, but often have I tasted desire. Do both thou, Adrasteia, and thou, Nemesis, bitterest of the immortals, exact due vengeance for his evil resolve.

161.—ASCLEPIADES

DORCION, who loves to sport with the young men, knows how to cast, like a tender boy, the swift dart of Cypris the Popular, flashing desire from her eye, and over her shoulders . . . with her boy's hat, her chlamys¹ showed her naked thigh.

162.—BY THE SAME

My Love, not yet carrying a bow, or savage, but a tiny child, returns to Cypris, holding a golden writing tablet, and reading from it he lispes the love-charms that Diaulus' boy, Philocrates, used to conquer the soul of Antigenes.²

² As the following poems show, this epigram relates to the loves of two young boys, both of whom seem to have been beloved by the poet.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

163.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐρεν Ἐρως τί καλῶ μίξει καλόν, οὐχὶ μάραγδον
 χρυσῶ, ὃ μῆτ' ἀνθεῖ, μῆτε γένοιτ' ἐν ἴσῳ,
 οὐδ' ἐλέφαντ' ἐβένῳ, λευκῶ μέλαν, ἀλλὰ Κλέανδρον
 Εὐβιότῳ, Πειθοῦς ἄνθεα καὶ Φιλίης.

164.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ἦδὺ μὲν ἀκρήτῳ κεράσαι γλυκὺ νᾶμα μελισσῶν·
 ἠδὺ δὲ παιδοφιλεῖν καὐτὸν ἔοντα καλόν,
 οἶα τὸν ἀβροκόμην στέργει Κλεόβουλον Ἄλεξις·
 ἀθάνατον τούτῳ¹ Κύπριδος οἰνόμελι.

165.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λευκανθῆς Κλεόβουλος· ὃ δ' ἀντία τοῦδε μελίχρους
 Σώπολις, οἱ δισσοὶ Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόροι.
 τοῦνεκά μοι παίδων ἔπεται πόθος· οἱ γὰρ Ἐρωτες
 ἐκ λευκοῦ πλέξαι² φασί με καὶ μέλανος.

166.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Τοῦθ' ὃ τί μοι λοιπὸν ψυχῆς, ὅ τι δὴ ποτ', Ἐρωτες,
 τοῦτό γ' ἔχειν πρὸς θεῶν ἡσυχίην ἄφετε·
 ἢ μὴ δὴ τόξοις ἔτι βάλλετέ μ', ἀλλὰ κερανοῖς·
 ναὶ πάντως τέφρην θέσθε με κἀνθρακιήν.
 ναί, ναί, βάλλετ', Ἐρωτες· ἐνεσκληκῶς γὰρ ἀνίαις,⁵
 ἐξ ὑμέων τοῦτ' οὖν, εἴ γέ τι, βούλομ' ἔχειν.

¹ I write ἀθ. τούτῳ : θνατὸν ὕντως τὸ MS.

² So Salmasius : πλέξειν ἐκ λευκοῦ MS.

¹ There were priestesses of Aphrodite so entitled.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

163.—BY THE SAME

LOVE has discovered what beauty to mix with beauty; not emerald with gold, which neither sparkles nor could ever be its equal, nor ivory with ebony, black with white, but Cleander with Eubiotus, two flowers of Persuasion and Friendship.

164.—MELEAGER

SWEET it is to mix with wine the bees' sugary liquor, and sweet to love a boy when oneself is lovely too, even as Alexis now loves soft-haired Cleobulus. These two are the immortal metheglin of Cypris.

165.—BY THE SAME

CLEOBULUS is a white blossom, and Sopolis, who stands opposite him, is of honey tint—the two flower-bearers of Cypris¹. . . Therefrom comes my longing for the lads; for the Loves say they wove me of black and white.²

166.—ASCLEPIADES

LET this that is left of my soul, whatever it be, let this at least, ye Loves, have rest for heaven's sake. Or else no longer shoot me with arrows but with thunderbolts, and make me utterly into ashes and cinders. Yea! yea! strike me, ye Loves; for withered away as I am by distress, I would have from you, if I may have aught, this little gift.

² He puns on his name (*melas* = black, *argos* = white). There certainly would seem to be a couplet missing in the middle, for "therefrom" can only mean "in consequence of my name."

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

167.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Χειμέριον μὲν πνεῦμα· φέρει δ' ἐπὶ σοί με, Μυῖσκε,
 ἄρπαστὸν κώμοις ὁ γλυκύδακρυς Ἔρως.
 χειμαίνει δὲ βαρὺς πνεύσας Πόθος, ἀλλά μ' ἐς ὄρμον
 δέξαι, τὸν ναύτην Κύπριδος ἐν πελάγει.

168.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ναννοῦς καὶ Λύδης ἐπίχει δύο, καὶ φιλεράστου
 Μιμνέρμου, καὶ τοῦ σώφρονος Ἀντιμάχου·
 συγκέρασον τὸν πέμπτον ἐμοῦ· τὸν δ' ἕκτον ἐκάστου,
 Ἑλιόδωρ¹, εἶπας, ὅστις ἐρῶν ἔτυχεν·
 ἔβδομον Ἑσιόδου, τὸν δ' ὄγδοον εἶπον Ὀμήρου, 5
 τὸν δ' ἕνατον Μουσῶν, Μνημοσύνης δέκατον.
 μεστὸν ὑπὲρ χείλους πίομαι, Κύπρι· τᾶλλα δ'
 Ἔρωτες
 νήφοντ' οἰνωθέντ' οὐχὶ λίην ἄχαριν.

169.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Ἐξέφυγον, Θεόδωρε, τὸ σὸν βάρος. ἀλλ' ὅσον εἶπας
 “Ἐξέφυγον τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμονα πικρότατον.”
 πικρότερός με κατέσχευε. Ἀριστοκράτει δὲ λατρεύων
 μυρία, δεσπόσυνον καὶ τρίτον ἐκδέχομαι.

170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σπονδῆ καὶ λιβανωτέ, καὶ οἱ κρητῆρι μιγέντες
 δαίμονες, οἳ φιλίας τέρματ' ἐμῆς ἔχετε,
 ὑμέας, ᾧ σεμνοί, μαρτύρομαι, οὓς ὁ μελίχρως
 κούρος Ἀθήναιος πάντας ἐπωμόσατο.

¹ The lady-loves of whom Mimnermus and Antimachus sung.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

167.—MELEAGER

WINTRY is the wind, but Love the sweet-teared bears me, swept away by the revel, towards thee, Myiscus. And Desire's heavy gale tosses me. But receive me, who sail on the sea of Cypris, into thy harbour.

168.—POSIDIPPUS

POUR in two ladles of Nanno and Lyde¹ and one of the lovers' friend, Mimnermus, and one of wise Antimachus, and with the fifth mix in myself, Heliodorus, and with the sixth say, "Of everyone who ever chanced to love." Say the seventh is of Hesiod, and the eighth of Homer, and the ninth of the Muses, and the tenth of Mnemosyne. I drink the bowl full above the brim, Cypris, and for the rest the Loves . . . not very displeasing when either sober or drunk.²

169.—DIOSCORIDES

I ESCAPED from your weight, Theodorus, but no sooner had I said "I have escaped from my most cruel tormenting spirit" than a crueller one seized on me, and slaving for Aristocrates in countless ways, I am awaiting even a third master.

170.—BY THE SAME

LIBATION and Frankincense, and ye Powers mixed in the bowl, who hold the issues of my friendship, I call you to witness, solemn Powers, by all of whom the honey-complexioned boy Athenaeus swore.

² Jacobs is right, I think, in his opinion that this verse, which does not seem to be corrupt, is out of its place here.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

171.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν καλόν, ὡς ἔλαβες, κομίσαις πάλι πρὸς με θεωρὸν
 Εὐφραγόρην, ἀνέμων πρηῦτατε Ζέφυρε,
 εἰς ὀλίγων τείνας μηνῶν μέτρον· ὡς καὶ ὁ μικρὸς
 μυριετῆς κέκριται τῷ φιλέοντι χρόνος.

172.—ΕΥΗΝΟΥ

Εἰ μισεῖν πόνος ἐστί, φιλεῖν πόνος, ἐκ δύο λυγρῶν
 αἰρούμαι χρηστῆς ἔλκος ἔχειν ὀδύνης.

173.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Δημῶ με κτείνει καὶ Θέρμιον· ἡ μὲν ἑταίρη,
 Δημονόη¹ δ' οὐπω Κύπριν ἐπισταμένη.
 καὶ τῆς μὲν ψαύω· τῆς δ' οὐ θέμις. οὐ μὰ σέ, Κύπρι,
 οὐκ οἶδ' ἦν εἰπεῖν δεῖ με ποθεινοτέρην.
 Δημάριον λέξω τὴν παρθένον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτοιμα
 βούλομαι, ἀλλὰ ποθῶ πᾶν τὸ φυλασσόμενον. 5

174.—ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Μέχρι τίνος πολεμεῖς μ', ὦ φίλτατε Κῦρε; τί ποιεῖς;
 τὸν σὸν Καμβύσην οὐκ ἐλεεῖς; λέγε μοι.
 μὴ γίνου Μῆδος· Σάκας γὰρ ἔσῃ μετὰ μικρόν,
 καὶ σε ποιήσουσιν ταὶ τρίχες Ἀστυάγην.

175.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

* Ἡ μὴ ζηλοτύπει δούλοις ἐπὶ παισὶν ἑταίρους,
 ἢ μὴ θηλυπρεπεῖς οἰνοχόους πάρεχε.

¹ So Kaibel: δημῶ· ἡ MS.

¹ *Me dos*, "give not"; cp. Bk. V. 63.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

171.—BY THE SAME

ZEPHYR, gentlest of the winds, bring back to me the lovely pilgrim Euphragoras, even as thou didst receive him, not extending his absence beyond a few months' space; for to a lover's mind a short time is as a thousand years.

172.—EVENUS

If to hate is pain and to love is pain, of the two evils I choose the smart of kind pain.

173.—PHILODEMUS

DEMO and Thermion are killing me. Thermion is a courtesan and Demo a girl who knows not Cypris yet. The one I touch, but the other I may not. By thyself, Cypris, I swear, I know not which I should call the more desirable. I will say it is the virgin Demo; for I desire not what is ready to hand, but long for whatever is kept under lock and key.

174.—FRONTO

How long wilt thou resist me, dearest Cyrus? What art thou doing? Dost thou not pity thy Cambyses? tell me. Become not a Mede,¹ for soon thou shalt be a Scythian² and the hairs will make thee Astyages.³

175.—STRATO

EITHER be not jealous with your friends about your slave boys, or do not provide girlish-looking cup-

² "Bearded"; for *sakos* means a beard. The names are all taken from the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon.

³ See No. 11.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τίς γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἐς ἔρωτ' ἀδαμάντινος; ἢ τίς ἀτειρῆς
 οἴνω; τίς δὲ καλοὺς οὐ περίεργα βλέπει;
 ζώντων ἔργα τάδ' ἐστίν· ὅπου δ' οὐκ εἰσὶν ἔρωτες 5
 οὐδὲ μέθαι, Διοφῶν, ἦν ἐθέλης, ἄπιθι·
 κάκεϊ Τειρεσίην ἢ Τάνταλον ἐς πότον ἔλκε,
 τὸν μὲν ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἰδεῖν, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦνον ἰδεῖν.

176.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στυγνὸς δὴ τί, Μένιππε, κατεσκέπασαι μέχρι πέζης,
 ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' ἰγνύης λῶπος ἀνελκόμενος;
 ἦ τί κάτω κύψας με παρέδραμες, οὐδὲ προσειπών;
 οἶδα τί με κρύπτεις· ἤλυθον ἄς ἔλεγον.

177.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐσπερίην Μοῦρίς με, καθ' ἣν ὑγαιίνομεν ὄρην,
 οὐκ οἶδ' εἶτε σαφῶς, εἴτ' ὄναρ, ἡσπάσατο.
 ἦδη γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ἐνόησα,
 χῶκόσα μοι προσέφη, χῶκόσ' ἐπυνθάνετο·
 εἰ δέ με καὶ πεφίληκε τεκμαίρομαι· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθές, 5
 πῶς ἀποθειωθείς πλάζομ' ἐπιχθόνιος;

178.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐξεφλέγην, ὅτε Θεῦδις ἐλάμπετο παισὶν ἐν ἄλλοις,
 οἶος ἐπαντέλλων ἀστράσιν ἥελιος.
 τοῦνεκ' ἔτι φλέγομαι καὶ νῦν, ὅτε νυκτὶ λαχνοῦται·
 δυόμενος γάρ, ὅμως ἥλιός ἐστιν ἔτι.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

bearers. For who is of adamant against love, or who succumbs not to wine, and who does not look curiously at pretty boys? This is the way of living men, but if you like, Diophon, go away to some place where there is no love and no drunkenness, and there induce Tiresias or Tantalus to drink with you, the one to see nothing and the other only to see.

176.—BY THE SAME

WHY are you draped down to your ankles in that melancholy fashion, Menippus, you who used to tuck up your dress to your thighs? Or why do you pass me by with downcast eyes and without a word? I know what you are hiding from me. They have come, those things I told you would come.

177.—BY THE SAME

LAST evening Moeris, at the hour when we bid good night, embraced me, I know not whether in reality or in a dream. I remember now quite accurately everything else, what he said to me and the questions he asked, but whether he kissed me too or not I am at a loss to know; for if it be true, how is it that I, who then became a god, am walking about on earth?

178.—BY THE SAME

I CAUGHT fire when Theudis shone among the other boys, like the sun that rises on the stars. Therefore I am still burning now, when the down of night overtakes him, for though he be setting, yet he is still the sun.

179.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὠμοσά σοι, Κρονίδη, μηπώποτε, μηδ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ
 ἔξειπεῖν ὅ τι μοι Θεῦδις ἔειπε λαβεῖν.
 ψυχὴ δ' ἢ δυσάπιστος ἀγαλλομένη πεπόνηται
 ἡέρι, καὶ στέξει τὰ γαθὸν οὐ δύναται.
 ἀλλ' ἐρέω, σύ γγνωθι σύ μοι, κείνος δὲ πέπεισται. 5
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀγνώστου τίς χάρις εὐτυχίης;

180.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καῦμά μ' ἔχει μέγα δὴ τι· σὺ δ', ὦ παῖ, παῦεο
 λεπτόν
 ἡέρι δινεύων ἐγγὺς ἐμεῖο λίνον.
 ἄλλο τι πῦρ ἐμοῦ ἔνδον ἔχω κνάθοισιν ἀναφθέν,
 καὶ περὶ σῆ ῥιπῆ μάλλον ἐγειρόμενον.

181.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψευδέα μυθίζουσι, Θεόκλεες, ὡς ἀγαθαὶ μὲν
 αἱ Χάριτες, τρισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶ κατ' Ὀρχομενόν·
 πεντάκι γὰρ δέκα σείο περισκιρτῶσι πρόσωπα,
 τοξοβόλοι, ψυχέων ἄρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων.

182.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ταῦτά με νῦν τὰ περισσὰ φιλεῖς, ὅτ' ἔρωτος ἀπέσβη
 πυρσός, ὅτ' οὐδ' ἄλλως ἠδὺν ἔχω σε φίλον.
 μέμνημαι γὰρ ἐκεῖνα τὰ δύσμαχα· πλὴν ἔτι, Δάφνι,
 ὄψ' ἐ μὲν, ἀλλ' ἐχέτω καὶ μετάνοια τόπον.

183.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς χάρις, Ἡλιόδωρε, φιλήμασιν, εἴ με λάβροισιν
 χείλεσι μὴ φιλέεις ἀντιβιαζόμενος,

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

179.—BY THE SAME

I SWORE to thee, son of Cronos, that never, not even to myself, would I utter what Theudis told me I might have. But my froward soul flies high in exultation and cannot contain the good. But I will out with it: pardon me, Zeus, "He yielded." Father Zeus, what delight is there in good fortune that is known to none?

180.—BY THE SAME

I FEEL some burning heat; but cease, boy, from waving in the air near me the napkin of fine linen. I have another fire within me lit by the wine thou didst serve, and aroused more with thy fanning.

181.—BY THE SAME

It is a lying fable, Theocles, that the Graces are good and that there are three of them in Orchomenus; for five times ten dance round thy face, all archers, ravishers of other men's souls.

182.—BY THE SAME

Now thou givest me these futile kisses, when the fire of love is quenched, when not even apart from it do I regard thee as a sweet friend. For I remember those days of thy stubborn resistance. Yet even now, Daphnis, though it be late, let repentance find its place.

183.—BY THE SAME

WHAT delight, Heliodorus, is there in kisses, if thou dost not kiss me, pressing against me with

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἄκροις ἀσάλευτα μεμυκόσιν, οἶα κατ' οἴκους
καὶ δίχα σοῦ με φιλεῖ πλάσμα τὸ κηρόχυτον;

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ σπεύσης Μενέδημον ἐλεῖν δόλω, ἀλλ' ἐπίνευσον
ὄφρῦσι, καὶ φανερώς αὐτὸς ἐρεῖ. "Πρόαγε."
οὐ γὰρ ἀνάβλησις· φθάνει δέ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·
οὐδ' ἀμάρης, ποταμοῦ δ' ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότερος.

185.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοὺς σοβαροὺς τούτους καὶ τοὺς περιπορφυροσήμους
παῖδας, ὅσους ἡμεῖς οὐ προσεφίεμεθα,
ὥσπερ σῦκα πέτραισιν ἐπ' ἀκρολόφοισι πέπειρα
ἔσθουσιν γῦπες, Δίφιλε, καὶ κόρακες.

186.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ἀχρι τίνος ταύτην τὴν ὄφρῦα τὴν ὑπέροπτον,
Μέντορ, τηρήσεις, μηδὲ τὸ χαῖρε λέγων,
ὡς μέλλων αἰῶνα μένειν νέος, ἢ διὰ παντὸς
ὀρχεῖσθαι πυρίχην; καὶ τὸ τέλος πρόβλεπε.
ἤξει σοι πώγων, κακὸν ἔσχατον, ἀλλὰ μέγιστον·
καὶ τότε ἐπιγνώσῃ τί σπάνις ἐστὶ φίλων." 5

187.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πῶς ἀναγινώσκειν, Διονύσιε, παῖδα διδάξεις,
μηδὲ μετεκβῆναι φθόγγον ἐπιστάμενος;

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

greedy lips, but on the tips of mine with thine closed and motionless, as a wax image at home kisses me even without thee.

184.—BY THE SAME

STUDY not to capture Menedemus by craft, but sign to him with your eyebrows and he will say openly, "Go on, I follow." For there is no delay, and he even "outrunneth him who guides him,"¹ and is more expeditious not than a water-channel² but than a river.

185.—BY THE SAME

THESE airified boys, with their purple-edged robes, whom we cannot get at, Diphilus, are like ripe figs on high crags, which the vultures and ravens eat.

186.—BY THE SAME

How long, Mentor, shalt thou maintain this arrogant brow, not even bidding "good day," as if thou shouldst keep young for all time or tread for ever the pyrrhic dance? Look forward and consider thy end too. Thy beard will come, the last of evils but the greatest, and then thou shalt know what scarcity of friends is.

187.—BY THE SAME

How, Dionysius, shall you teach a boy to read when you do not even know how to make the transition from one note to another? You have passed so

¹ Hom. *Il.* xxi. 262.

² *Ib.* 259.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐκ νήτης μετέβης οὕτως ταχὺς εἰς βαρύχορδον
 φθόγγον, ἀπ' ἰσχυροτάτης εἰς τάσιν ὀγκοτάτην.
 πλὴν οὐ βασκαίνω· μελέτα μόνον· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ 5
 κρούων, τοῖς φθονεροῖς Λάμβδα καὶ Ἄλφα λέγε.

188.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶ σε φιλῶν ἀδικῶ καὶ τοῦτο δοκεῖς ὕβριν εἶναι,
 τὴν αὐτὴν κόλασιν καὶ σὺ φίλει με λαβών.

189.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς σε κατεστεφάνωσε ῥόδοις ὄλον; εἰ μὲν ἐραστής,
 ἂ μάκαρ· εἰ δ' ὁ πατήρ, ὄμματα καὐτὸς ἔχει.

190.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅλβιος ὁ γράψας σε, καὶ ὄλβιος οὗτος ὁ κάλλει
 τῷ σῶ νικᾶσθαι κηρὸς ἐπιστάμενος.
 θριπὸς ἐγὼ καὶ σύρμα τερηδόνος εἶθε γενοίμην,
 ὡς ἀναπηδήσας τὰ ξύλα ταῦτα φάγω.

191.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐχθὲς παῖς ἦσθα; καὶ οὐδ' ὄναρ οὗτος ὁ πώγων
 ἤλυθε· πῶς ἀνέβη τοῦτο τὸ δαιμόνιον,
 καὶ τριχὶ πάντ' ἐκάλυψε τὰ πρὶν καλά; φεῦ, τί
 τὸ θαῦμα;
 ἐχθὲς Τρωῖλος ὦν, πῶς ἐγένου Πρίαμος;

¹ Probably, as the commentators explain, equal to "paedecabo ego vos et irrumabo." There is double meaning in all the rest of the epigram, but it is somewhat obscure and had best remain so.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

quickly from the highest note to a deep one, from the slightest rise to the most voluminous. Yet I bear you no grudge; only study, and striking both say Lambda and Alpha¹ to the envious.

188.—BY THE SAME

IF I do you a wrong by kissing you, and you think this an injury, kiss me too, inflicting the same on me as a punishment.

189.—BY THE SAME

WHO crowned all thy head with roses? If it was a lover, blessed is he, but if it was thy father, he too has eyes.

190.—BY THE SAME

BLEST is he who painted thee, and blest is this wax that knew how to be conquered by thy beauty. Would I could become a creeping wood-worm² that I might leap up and devour this wood.

191.—BY THE SAME

WAST thou not yesterday a boy, and we had never even dreamt of this beard coming? How did this accursed thing spring up, covering with hair all that was so pretty before? Heavens! what a marvel! Yesterday you were Troilus³ and to-day how have you become Priam?

² He mentions two kinds, but we cannot distinguish them.

³ Priam's youngest son.

192.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ τέρπουσι κόμαι με, περισσότεροί τε κίκιννοι,
τέχνης, οὐ φύσεως ἔργα διδασκόμενοι·
ἀλλὰ παλαιστρίτου παιδὸς ῥύπος ὁ ψαφαρίτης,
καὶ χροιὴ μελέων σαρκὶ λιπαινομένη.
ἠδὺς ἀκαλλώπιστος ἐμὸς πόθος· ἡ δὲ γοῆτις
μορφὴ θηλυτέρης ἔργον ἔχει Παφίης.

5

193.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδὲ Σμυρναῖαι Νεμέσεις ὅ τι σοὶ ἔπιλέγουσιν,
Ἄρτεμίδωρε, νοεῖς· “Μηδὲν ὑπὲρ τὸ μέτρον.”
ἀλλ’ οὕτως ὑπέροπτα καὶ ἄγρια κούδὲ πρέποντα
κωμωδῶ φθέγγῃ, πάνθ’ ὑποκρινόμενος.
μνησθήσῃ τούτων, ὑπερήφανε· καὶ σὺ φιλήσεις,
καὶ κωμωδήσεις τὴν Ἀποκλειομένην.

5

194.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ Ζεὺς ἐκ γαίης θνητοὺς ἔτι παῖδας ἐς αἴθρην
ἤρπαζεν, γλυκεροῦ νέκταρος οἰνοχόους,
αἰετὸς ἂν πτερύγεσσιν Ἀγρίππαν τὸν καλὸν ἡμῶν
ἤδη πρὸς μακάρων ἤγε διηκονίας.
ναὶ μὰ σέ γάρ, Κρονίδη, κόσμου πάτερ, ἦν ἔσα-
θρήσης,
τὸν Φρύγιον ψέξεις αὐτίκα Δαρδανίδην.

5

195.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄνθεσιν οὐ τόσσοισι φιλοξέφυροι χλοάουσι
λειμῶνες, πυκιναῖς εἶαρος ἀγλαΐαις,

¹ Two Nemeses were worshipped at Smyrna and are often represented on the coins of that city.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

192.—BY THE SAME

I AM not charmed by long hair and needless ringlets taught in the school of Art, not of Nature, but by the dusty grime of a boy fresh from the playground and the colour given to the limbs by the gloss of oil. My love is sweet when unadorned, but a fraudulent beauty has in it the work of female Cypris.

193.—BY THE SAME

THOU dost not even take to heart, Artemidorus, what the Avenging Goddesses of Smyrna¹ say to thee, "Nothing beyond due measure," but thou art always acting, talking loud in a tone so arrogant and savage, not even becoming in an actor. Thou shalt remember all this, haughty boy; thou, too, shalt love and play the part of "The barred-out lady."²

194.—BY THE SAME

IF Zeus still carried off mortal boys from earth to the sky to be ministrants of the sweet nectar, an eagle would ere this have borne my lovely Agrippa on his wings to the service of the immortals. For yea, by thyself I swear it, Son of Cronos, Father of the world, if thou lookest on him thou wilt at once find fault with the Phrygian boy of the house of Dardanus.³

195.—BY THE SAME

THE meads that love the Zephyr are not abloom with so many flowers, the crowded splendour of the

² The title of a play by Posidippus the comic poet.

³ Ganymede.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ὄσσοις εὐγενέτας, Διοῦσιε, παῖδας ἀθρήσεις,
 χειρῶν Κυπρογενοῦς πλάσματα καὶ Χαρίτων.
 ἔξοχα δ' ἐν τούτοις Μιλήσιος ἠνίδε θάλλει, 5
 ὡς ῥόδον εὐόδοις λαμπόμενον πετάλοις.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ οἶδεν ἴσως, ἐκ καύματος ὡς καλὸν ἄνθος,
 οὔτω τὴν ὄρην ἐκ τριχὸς ὄλλυμένην.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁφθαλμοὺς σπινθῆρας ἔχεις, θεόμορφε Λυκῖνε,
 μάλλον δ' ἀκτίνας, δέσποτα, πυρσοβόλους.
 ἀντωπὸς βλέψαι βαιὸν χρόνον οὐ δύναμαί σοι
 οὔτως ἀστράπτεις ὄμμασιν ἀμφοτέροις.

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Καιρὸν γνῶθι” σοφῶν τῶν ἐπτά τις, εἶπε, Φίλιππε·
 πάντα γὰρ ἀκμάζοντ' ἐστὶν ἐραστότερα·
 καὶ σίκυος πρῶτός που ἐπ' ἀνδῆροισιν ὄραθεις
 τίμιος, εἶτα συῶν βρῶμα πεπαινόμενος.

198.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἠλικίης φίλος εἰμὶ καὶ οὐδένα παῖδα προτάσσω,
 πρὸς τὸ καλὸν κρίνων· ἄλλο γὰρ ἄλλος ἔχει.

199.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄρκιον ἤδη μοι πόσιος μέτρον· εὐσταθὴ γὰρ
 λύεται ἢ τε φρενῶν ἢ τε διὰ στόματος.
 Χῶ λύχνος ἔσχισται διδύμην φλόγα, καὶ δις ἀριθμέω,
 πολλάκι πειράζων, τοὺς ἀνακεκλιμένους.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

spring-tide, as are the high-born boys thou shalt see,
Dionysius, all moulded by Cypris and the Graces.
And chief among them, look, flowers Milesius, like a
rose shining with its sweet-scented petals. But per-
chance he knows not, that as a lovely flower is killed
by the heat, so is beauty by a hair.

196.—BY THE SAME

THY eyes are sparks, Lycinus, divinely fair; or
rather, master mine, they are rays that shoot forth
flame. Even for a little season I cannot look at thee
face to face, so bright is the lightning from both.

197.—BY THE SAME

"KNOW the time" said one of the seven sages;
for all things, Philippus, are more loveable when in
their prime. A cucumber, too, is a fruit we honour
at first when we see it in its garden bed, but after,
when it ripens, it is food for swine.

198.—BY THE SAME

I AM a friend of youth and prefer not one boy to
another, judging them by their beauty; for one has
one charm, another another.

199.—BY THE SAME

I HAVE drunk already in sufficient measure, for
both my mind's and my tongue's steadiness is re-
laxed. The flame of the lamp is torn into two, and
I count the guests double, though I try over and

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἤδη δ' οὐκέτι μόνον ἐπ' οἰνοχόον σεσόβημαι, 5
ἀλλὰ πάρωρα βλέπω κῆπὶ τὸν ὑδροχόον.

200.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μισῶ δυσπερίληπτα φιλήματα, καὶ μαχιμῶδεις
φωνάς, καὶ σθεναρὴν ἐκ χειρὸς ἀντίθεσιν·
καὶ μὴν καὶ τὸν, ὅτ' ἐστὶν ἐν ἀγκάσιν, εὐθὺ θέλοντα
καὶ παρέχοντα χύδην, οὐ πάννυ δὴ τι θέλω·
ἀλλὰ τὸν ἐκ τούτων ἀμφοῖν μέσον, οἷον ἐκείνον 5
τὸν καὶ μὴ παρέχειν εἰδότα καὶ παρέχειν.

201.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὴ νῦν Κλεόνικος ἐλεύσεται, οὐκέτ' ἐκείνον
δέξομαι ἐγὼ μελάθροισι, οὐ μὰ τὸν—οὐκ ὁμόσω.
εἰ γὰρ ὄνειρον ἰδὼν οὐκ ἤλυθεν, εἶτα παρείη
αὔριον, οὐ παρὰ τὴν σήμερον ὀλλύμεθα.

202.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πτηνὸς Ἔρωσ ἀγαγέν με δι' ἠέρος, ἠνίκα, Δᾶμι,
γράμμα σὸν εἶδον, ὃ μοι δεῦρο μολεῖν σ' ἔλεγεν·
ρίμφα δ' ἀπὸ Σμύρνης ἐπὶ Σάρδιασ· ἔδραμεν ἄν μου
ὑστερον εἰ Ζήτησ ἔτρεχεν, ἢ Κάλαισ.

203.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐθέλοντα φιλεῖς με, φιλω δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα·
εὐκόλος ἦν φεύγω, δύσκολος ἦν ἐπάγω.

¹ He means the constellation Aquarius, into which Gany-
mede was said to have been transformed.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

over again. And now not only am I in a flutter for the wine-pourer, but I look, out of season, at the Water-pourer¹ too.

200.—BY THE SAME

I HATE resistance to my embrace when I kiss, and pugnacious cries, and violent opposition with the hands, but at the same time I have no great desire for him who, when he is in my arms, is at once ready and abandons himself effusively. I wish for one half-way between the two, such as is he who knows both how to give himself and how not to give himself.

201.—BY THE SAME

IF Cleonicus does not come now I will never receive him in my house, by —. I will not swear; for if he did not come owing to a dream he had, and then does appear to-morrow, it is not all over with me because of the loss of this one day.

202.—BY THE SAME

WINGED Love bore me through the air, Damis, when I saw your letter which told me you had arrived here; and swiftly I flew from Smyrna to Sardis; if Zetes or Calais² had been racing me they would have been left behind.

203.—BY THE SAME

You kiss me when I don't wish it, and you don't wish it when I kiss you; when I fly you are facile, when I attack you are difficult.

² The winged sons of Boreas.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

204.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Χρύσεια χαλκείων” νῦν εἶπατε· “δὸς λάβε” παίζει
 Σωσιάδας ὁ καλός, καὶ Διοκλῆς ὁ δασύς.
 τίς κάλυκας συνέκρινε βάτω, τίς σῦκα μύκησιν;
 ἄρνα γαλακτοπαγῆ τίς συνέκρινε βοί;
 οἷα δίδως, ἀλόγιστε, καὶ ἔμπαλιν οἷα κομίζη·
 οὔτω Τυδείδης Γλαῦκον ἔδωροδόκει.

205.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παῖς τις ὅλως ἀπαλὸς τοῦ γείτονος οὐκ ὀλίγως με
 κνίζει· πρὸς τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἀμύητα γελᾷ.
 οὐ πλεῦν δ' ἐστὶν ἐτῶν δύο καὶ δέκα. νῦν ἀφύλακτοι
 ὄμφακες· ἦν δ' ἀκμάση, φρούρια καὶ σκόλοπες.

206.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. * Ἦν τούτῳ † φωνῆς, τὸ μέσον λάβε, καὶ κατακλίνας
 ζεύγνυε, καὶ πρῶσας πρόσπεσε, καὶ κάτεχε.
 β. Οὐ φρονέεις, Διόφαντε· μόλις δύναμαι γὰρ ἔγωγε
 ταῦτα ποιεῖν· παίδων δ' ἡ πάλῃ ἔσθ' ἑτέρα.
 μοχλοῦ καὶ μένε, Κῦρι, καὶ ἐμβάλλοντος ἀνάσχον·
 πρῶτον συμμελετᾶν ἢ μελετᾶν μαθέτω.

207.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐχθρὸς λουόμενος Διοκλῆς ἀνενήνοχε σαύραν
 ἐκ τῆς ἐμβάσεως τὴν Ἀναδυομένην.

¹ Hom. II. vi. 236.

² The terms are all technical ones of the wrestling school, many of them, of course, bearing a double meaning.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

204.—BY THE SAME

Now you may say, "Golden gifts for brazen."¹ Sosiades the fair and Diocles the bushy are playing at "Give and take." Who compares roses with brambles, or figs with toadstools? Who compares a lamb like curdled milk with an ox? What dost thou give, thoughtless boy, and what dost thou receive in return? Such gifts did Diomedes give to Glaucus.

205.—BY THE SAME

My neighbour's quite tender young boy provokes me not a little, and laughs in no novice manner to show me that he is willing. But he is not more than twelve years old. Now the unripe grapes are unguarded; when he ripens there will be watchmen and stakes.

206.—BY THE SAME

A. "If you are minded to do thus, take your adversary by the middle, and laying him down get astride of him, and shoving forward, fall on him and hold him tight." B. "You are not in your right senses, Diophantus. I am only just capable of doing this, but boys' wrestling is different. Fix yourself fast and stand firm, Cyris, and support it when I close with you. He should learn to practise with a fellow before learning to practise himself."²

207.—BY THE SAME

YESTERDAY Diocles in the bath brought up a lizard³ from the tub, "Aphrodite rising from the waves."⁴

There are, it seems to me, two speakers, the boy's (Cyris) wrestling-master, Diophantus, and the author himself.

³ *cp.* No. 3.

⁴ Apelles' celebrated picture.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ταύτην εἴ τις ἔδειξεν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τότε ἐν Ἰδῆ,
τὰς τρεῖς ἂν ταύτης προκατέκρινε θεάς.

208.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐτυχές, οὐ φθονέω, βιβλίδιον· ἢ ῥά σ' ἀναγνούς
παῖς τις ἀναθλίψει, πρὸς τὰ γένηια τιθείς·
ἢ τρυφεροῖς σφίγγει περὶ χεῖλεσιν, ἢ κατὰ μηρῶν
εἰλήσει δροσερῶν, ὧ μακαριστότατον·
πολλάκι φοιτήσεις ὑποκόλπιον, ἢ παρὰ δίφρους 5
βληθὲν τολμήσεις κείνα θιγεῖν ἀφόβως.
πολλὰ δ' ἐν ἡρεμίῃ προλαλήσεις· ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν,
χαρτάριον, δέομαι, πυκνότερόν τι λάλει.

209.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μήτε λήην στυγνὸς παρακέκλισο, μήτε κατηφής,
Δίφιλε, μηδ' εἴης παιδίον ἐξ ἀγέλης.
ἔστω που προύνικα φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ πρὸ ἔργων
παίγνια, πληκτισμοί, κνίσμα, φίλημα,¹ λόγος.

210.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τρεῖς ἀρίθμει τοὺς πάντας ὑπὲρ λέχος, ὧν δύο δρῶσιν,
καὶ δύο πάσχουσιν. θαῦμα δοκῶ τι λέγειν.
καὶ μὴν οὐ ψεῦδος· δυσὶν εἰς μέσσος γὰρ ὑπουργεῖ
τέρπων ἐξόπιθεν, πρόσθε δὲ τερπόμενος.

211.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἔφυς ἀμύητος ἀκμὴν ὑπὲρ οὗ σ' ἔτι πείθω,
ὀρθῶς ἂν δείσαις, δεινὸν ἴσως δοκέων.

¹ I conjecture κνίσματα βλέμμα and render so.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

If someone had shown it to Paris then in Ida, he would have pronounced the three goddesses to be less fair than it.

208.—BY THE SAME

HAPPY little book,¹ I grudge it thee not; some boy reading thee will rub thee, holding thee under his chin, or press thee against his delicate lips, or will roll thee up resting on his tender thighs, O most blessed of books. Often shalt thou betake thee into his bosom, or, tossed down on his chair, shalt dare to touch² without fear, and thou shalt talk much before him all alone with him; but I supplicate thee, little book, speak something not unoften on my behalf.

209.—BY THE SAME

LIE not by me with so sour a face and so dejected, Diphilus, and be not a boy of the common herd. Put a little wantonness into your kisses and the preliminaries, toying, touching, scratching, your look and your words.

210.—BY THE SAME

TRES numera cunctos in lecto, quorum duo faciunt et duo patiuntur. Miraculum quoddam videor narrare. Tamen non falsum; unus enim medius duobus inservit, delectans post, ante vero delectatus.

211.—BY THE SAME

IF you were still uninitiated in the matter about which I go on trying to persuade you, you would be right in being afraid, thinking it is perhaps some-

¹ In the form of a roll, of course; this explains several of the phrases. ² *Illa tangere.*

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δέ σε δεσποτικὴ κοίτη πεποίηκε τεχνίτην,
 τί φθονέεις δοῦναι, ταῦτ' ἄρα λαβὼν, ἑτέρῳ;
 ὃς μὲν γὰρ καλέσας ἐπὶ τὸ χρέος, εἴτ' ἀπολύσας, 5
 εὔδει κύριος ὢν, μηδὲ λόγου μεταδούς·
 ἄλλη δ' ἔνθα τρυφή· παίξεις ἴσα, κοινὰ λαλήσεις,
 τᾶλλα δ' ἐρωτηθεὶς κούκ ἐπιτασσόμενος.

212.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰαὶ μοι· τί πάλιν δεδακρυμένον, ἢ τί κατηφές,
 παιδίον; εἶπον ἀπλῶς· μηδ' ὀδύνα· τί θέλεις;
 τὴν χέρα μοι κοίλην προσενήνοχας· ὡς ἀπόλωλα·
 μισθὸν ἴσως αἰτεῖς· τοῦτ' ἔμαθες δὲ πόθεν;
 οὐκέτι σοι κοπτήης φίλαι πλάκες οὐδὲ μελιχρὰ 5
 σήσαμα, καὶ καρύων παίγνιος εὐστοχίη·
 ἀλλ' ἤδη πρὸς κέρδος ἔχεις φρένας· ὡς ὁ διδάξας
 τεθνάτω· οἷόν μου παιδίον ἠφάνικεν.

213.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ τοίχῳ κέκλικας τὴν ὀσφύα τὴν περίβλεπτον,
 Κῦρι· τί πειράζεις τὸν λίθον; οὐ δύναται.

214.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δός μοι, καὶ λάβε χαλκόν· ἐρεῖς ὅτι “ Πλούσιός εἰμι”
 δώρησαι τοίνυν τὴν χάριν, ὡς βασιλεύς.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν ἔαρ εἶ, μετέπειτα θέρος· κάπειτα τί μέλλεις
 Κῦρις; βούλευσαι, καὶ καλάμη γὰρ ἔσῃ.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

thing formidable. But if your master's bed has made you proficient in it, why do you grudge granting the favour to another, receiving the same? For he, after summoning you to the business, dismisses you, and being your lord and master, goes to sleep without even addressing a word to you. But here you will have other enjoyments, playing on equal terms, talking together, and all else by invitation and not by order.

212.—BY THE SAME

Woe is me! Why in tears again and so woe-begone, my lad? Tell me plainly; don't give me pain; what do you want? You hold out the hollow of your hand to me. I am done for! You are begging perhaps for payment; and where did you learn that? You no longer love slices of seed-cake and sweet sesame, and nuts to play at shots with, but already your mind is set on gain. May he who taught you perish! What a boy of mine he has spoilt!

213.—BY THE SAME

You rest your splendid loins against the wall, Cyris. Why do you tempt the stone? It is incapable.

214.—BY THE SAME

GRANT it me and take the coin. You will say "I am rich." Then, like a king, make me a present of the favour.

215.—BY THE SAME

Now thou art spring, and afterward summer, and next what shalt thou be, Cyris? Consider, for thou shalt be dry stubble too.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

216.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν ὀρθή, κατάρατε, καὶ εὐτονος, ἡνίκα μηδέν·
ἡνίκα δ' ἦν ἐχθές, οὐδὲν ὄλωσ ἀνέπνεις.

217.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦδη ἐπὶ στρατιῆς ὀρμᾶς, ἔτι παῖς ἀδαῆς ὦν
καὶ τρυφερός. τί ποιεῖς, οὔτος, ὄρα· μετάθου.
οἶμοι· τίς σ' ἀνέπεισε λαβεῖν δόρυ· τίς χερὶ πέλτην;
τίς κρύψαι ταύτην τὴν κεφαλὴν κόρυθι;
ὦ μακαριστὸς ἐκεῖνος, ὅτις ποτέ, καινὸς Ἀχιλλεὺς 5
τοίῳ ἐνὶ κλισίῃ τερπόμενος Πατρόκλῳ.

218.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μέχρι τίνος σε γελῶντα μόνου, μηδὲν δὲ λαλοῦντα
οἴσομεν; εἶπον ἀπλῶς ταῦτα σύ, Πασίφιλε.
αἰτῶ, καὶ σὺ γελᾷς· πάλιν αἰτῶ, κοῦκ ἀποκρίνη·
δακρύω, σὺ γελᾷς. βάρβαρε, τοῦτο γέλωσ;

219.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ μισθοὺς αἰτεῖτε, διδάσκαλοι; ὡς ἀχάριστοι
ἐστέ· τί γάρ; τὸ βλέπειν παιδία μικρὸν ἴσως;
καὶ τούτοισι λαλεῖν, ἀσπαζομένους τε φιλήσαι;
τοῦτο μόνου χρυσῶν ἄξιον οὐχ ἑκατόν;
πεμπέτω, εἴ τις ἔχει καλὰ παιδία· καμὲ φιλείτω, 5
μισθὸν καὶ παρ' ἐμοῦ λαμβανέτω τί θέλει.

220.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχὶ τὸ πῦρ κλέψας δέδεσαι, κακόβουλε Προμηθεῦ,
ἀλλ' ὅτι τὸν πηλὸν τοῦ Διὸς ἠφάνισας.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

216.—BY THE SAME

NUNC erecta, exsecranda, et rigida es, quum nihil adest; sed quando erat heri, nihil omnino spirabas.

217.—BY THE SAME

So soon thou rushest to the wars, still an ignorant boy and delicate. What art thou doing? Ho! look to it, change thy resolve. Alas! who persuaded thee to grasp the spear? Who bad thee take the shield in thy hand or hide that head in a helmet? Most blessed he, whoe'er he be, who, some new Achilles, shall take his pleasure in the tent with such a Patroclus!

218.—BY THE SAME

How long shall I bear with thee, thus laughing only and never uttering a word? Tell me this plainly, Pasiphilus. I entreat and thou laughest; I entreat again and no answer; I weep and thou laughest. Cruel boy, is this a laughing matter?

219.—BY THE SAME

You want payment too, you schoolmasters! How ungrateful you are! For why? Is it a small thing to look on boys and speak to them, and kiss them when you greet them? Is not this alone worth a hundred pounds? If anyone has good-looking boys, let him send them to me and let them kiss me, and receive whatever payment they wish from me.

220.—BY THE SAME

THOU art not in fetters for stealing the fire, ill-advised Prometheus, but because thou didst spoil

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

πλάττων ἀνθρώπους, ἔβαλες τρίχας· ἔνθεν ὁ δεινὸς
 πῶγων, καὶ κνήμη παισὶ δασυνομένη.
 εἰτά σε δαρδάπτει Διὸς αἰετός, ὃς Γανυμήδην 5
 ἤρπασ'· ὁ γὰρ πῶγων καὶ Διὸς ἐστ' ὀδύνη.

221.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στείχε πρὸς αἰθέρα διόν, ἀπέρχεο παῖδα κομίζων,
 αἰετέ, τὰς διφυεῖς ἐκπετάσας πτέρυγας,
 στείχε τὸν ἄβρον ἔχων Γανυμήδεα, μηδὲ μεθείης
 τὸν Διὸς ἠδίστων οἰνοχόον κυλίκων·
 φείδω δ' αἰμάξαι κούρον γαμφώνυχι ταρσῶ, 5
 μὴ Ζεὺς ἀλγήσῃ, τοῦτο βαρυνόμενος.

222.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐκαίρως ποτὲ παιδοτρίβης, λείον προδιδάσκων,
 εἰς τὸ γόνυ γνάμψας, μέσσον ἐπαιδοτρίβει,
 τῇ χερὶ τοὺς κόκκους ἐπαφώμενος. ἀλλὰ τυχαίως
 τοῦ παιδὸς χρήζων, ἦλθεν ὁ δεσπόσυνος·
 ὃς δὲ τάχος τοῖς ποσσὶν ὑποζώσας ἀνέκλινεν 5
 ὕπτιον, ἐμπλέξας τῇ χερὶ τὴν φάρυγα.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ὦν ἀπάλαιστος ὁ δεσπόσυνος προσέειπεν·
 “Παῦσαι· πνιγίζεις,” φησί, “τὸ παιδάριον.”

223.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τερπνὸν ὄλωσ τὸ πρόσωπον ἐμοὶ προσιόντος ἀπαρκεῖ
 οὐκέτι δ' ἐξόπιθεν καὶ παριόντα βλέπω.
 οὔτω γὰρ καὶ ἄγαλμα θεοῦ καὶ νηὸν ὀρώμεν
 ἀντίον, οὐ πάντως καὶ τὸν ὀπισθόδομον.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

the clay of Zeus. In moulding men thou didst add hairs, and hence comes the horrible beard, and hence boys' legs grow rough. For this thou art devoured by Zeus' eagle, which carried off Ganymede; for the beard is a torment to Zeus, too.

221.—BY THE SAME

HIE thee to holy Heaven, eagle; away, bearing the boy, thy twin wings outspread. Go, holding tender Ganymede, and let him not drop, the ministrant of Zeus' sweetest cups. And take heed not to make the boy bleed with the crooked claws of thy feet, lest Zeus, sore aggrieved thereby, suffer pain.

222.—BY THE SAME

ONCE a wrestling-master, taking advantage of the occasion, when he was giving a lesson to a smooth boy, cum in genu procumbere eum fecisset medium exercebat, manu baccas attractans. But by chance the master of the house came, wanting the boy. The teacher threw him quickly on his back, getting astride of him and grasping him by the throat. But the master of the house, who was not unversed in wrestling, said to him, "Stop, you are choking the boy."

223.—BY THE SAME

His face as he approaches seems altogether delightful to me, and that suffices, and I turn not my head to look at him again as he passes. For thus do we look at the statue of a god and a temple, in front, but need not look at the back chamber too.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

224.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς ἀγαθὴν συνέβημεν ἀταρπιτόν, ἣν ἀπὸ πρώτης
φράζεν ὅπως ἔσται, Δίφιλε, καὶ μονίμη.
ἄμφω γὰρ πτηνόν τι λελόγγαμεν· ἔστι μὲν ἐν σοὶ
κάλλος, ἔρως δ' ἐν ἐμοί· καίρια δ' ἀμφότερα.
ἄρτι μὲν ἀρμοσθέντα μένει χρόνον· εἰ δ' ἀφύλακτα 5
μίμνετον ἀλλήλων, ὄχρετ' ἀποπτάμενα.

225.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδέποτε' ἡελίου φάος ὄρθριον ἀντέλλοντος
μίσγεσθαι ταύρω χρῆ φλογόεντα κύνα,
μὴ ποτε καρπολόχου Δημήτερος ὑγρανθείσης,
βρέξεης τὴν λασίην Ἡρακλέους ἄλοχον.

226.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάννυχα μυδαλόεντα πεφυρμένους ὄμματα κλαυθμῶ
ἄγρυπνον ἀμπαύω θυμὸν ἀδημονίῃ,
ἢ με κατ' οὖν ἐδάμασσεν ἀποζευχθέντος ἐταίρου,
μοῦνον ἐπεὶ με λιπὼν εἰς ἰδίην Ἔφεσον
χθιζὸς ἔβη Θεόδωρος· ὃς εἰ πάλι μὴ ταχὺς ἔλθοι, 5
οὐκέτι μονολεχεῖς κοῖτας ἀνεξόμεθα.

227.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦν τινα καὶ παριδεῖν ἐθέλω καλὸν ἀντισυναντῶν,
βαίον ὅσον παραβὰς εὐθὺ μεταστρέφομαι.

228.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παῖδα μὲν ἠλιτόμηνον ἐς ἄφρονα καιρὸν ἀμαρτεῖν,
τῷ πείθοντι φέρει πλείον ὕβρισμα φίλω.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

224.—BY THE SAME

WE walk together in a good path, Diphilus, and take thou thought how it shall continue to be even as it was from the beginning. To the lot of each has fallen a winged thing; for in thee is beauty and in me love; but both are fugitive. Now they remain in unison for a season, but if they do not guard one another they take wing and are gone.

225.—BY THE SAME

NUNQUAM sole oriente misceri oportet Tauro flammeum Canem, ne Cerere madefacta humectes villosam Herculis conjugem.¹

226.—BY THE SAME

ALL night long, my dripping eyes tear-stained, I strive to rest my spirit that grief keeps awake—grief for this separation from my friend since yesterday, when Theodorus, leaving me here alone, went to his own Ephesus. If he come not back soon I shall be no longer able to bear the solitude of my bed.

227.—BY THE SAME

EVEN if I desire to avoid looking at a pretty boy when I meet him, I have scarcely passed him when I at once turn round.

228.—BY THE SAME

THAT an immature boy should do despite to his insensible age carries more disgrace to the friend who tempts him than to himself, and for a grown-up

¹ Hebe = *pubes*.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἤδη δ' ἐν νεότητι παρήλικα παιδικὰ πάσχειν,
 τῷ παρέχοντι πάλιν τοῦτο δις αἰσχροτέρων.
 ἔστι δ' ὅτ' ἀμφοτέροις τὸ μὲν οὐκέτι, Μοῖρι, τὸ δ'
 οὐπω
 ἀπρεπές, οἷον ἐγὼ καὶ σὺ τὸ νῦν ἔχομεν.

5

229.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὡς ἀγαθὴ θεὸς ἔστι, δι' ἣν ὑπὸ κόλπον, Ἄλεξι,
 πτύομεν, ὑστερόπουν ἄζόμενοι Νέμεσιν.
 ἦν σὺ μετερχομένην οὐκ ἔβλεπες, ἀλλ' ἐνόμιζες
 ἔξειν τὸ φθονερὸν κάλλος ἀειχρόνιον.
 νῦν δὲ τὸ μὲν διολωλεν· ἐλήλυθε δ' ἡ τριχάλεπτος 5
 δαίμων· χοῖ θέραπες νῦν σε παρερχόμεθα.

230.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Τὸν τὸ καλὸν μελανεῦντα Θεόκριτον, εἰ μὲν ἔμ' ἔχθει,
 τετράκι μισοίης· εἰ δὲ φιλεῖ, φιλέοις·
 ναίχι πρὸς εὐχαιτέω Γανυμήδεος, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ,
 καὶ σύ ποτ' ἠράσθης. οὐκέτι μακρὰ λέγω.

231.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐκλείδῃ φιλέοντι πατὴρ θάνεν· ἂ μάκαρ αἰεὶ,
 καὶ πρὶν ἐς ὅτι θέλοι χρηστὸν ἔχων πατέρα
 καὶ νῦν εὐφρονα νεκρόν. ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι λάθρια παίζω·
 φεῦ μοίρης τε κακῆς καὶ πατρὸς ἀθανάτου.

232.—ΣΚΥΘΙΝΟΥ

Ὅρθον νῦν ἔστηκας ἀνώνυμον οὐδὲ μαραίνῃ,
 ἐντέτασαι δ' ὡς ἂν μὴ ποτε πανσόμενον·

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

youth to submit to that, his season for which is past, is twice as disgraceful to him who consents as it is to his tempter. But there is a time, Moeris, when it is no longer unseemly in the one, and not yet so in the other, as is the case with you and me at present.

229.—BY THE SAME

WHAT a good goddess is that Nemesis, to avert whom, dreading her as she treadeth behind us, we spit in our bosom! Thou didst not see her at thy heels, but didst think that for ever thou shouldst possess thy grudging beauty. Now it has perished utterly; the very wrathful¹ goddess has come, and we, thy servants, now pass thee by.

230.—CALLIMACHUS

IF Theocritus, the beautifully brown, hate me, hate thou him, Zeus, four times as much, but if he love me, love him. Yea, by fair-haired Ganymede, celestial Zeus, thou too wert once in love. I say nothing further.

231.—STRATO

EUCLIDES, who is in love, has lost his father. Ah, the ever lucky fellow! His father used ever to be good-natured to him about anything he wished, and now is a benevolent corpse. But I must still play in secret. Alas for my evil fate and my father's immortality!

232.—SCYTHINUS

ERECTA nunc stas, O res non nominanda, neque tabescis, sed ita tensa es ut quae nunquam cessatura

¹ There is a pun on *τρίχια*, hair.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλ' ὅτε μοι Νεμεσηνὸς ὄλον παρέκλινεν ἑαυτὸν,
 πάντα διδοὺς ἃ θέλω, νεκρὸν ἀπεκρέμασο.
 τείνεο, καὶ ῥήσσου, καὶ δάκρυε· πάντα ματαίως, 5
 οὐχ ἔξεις ἔλεον χειρὸς ἀφ' ἡμετέρης.

233.—ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Τὴν ἀκμὴν Θησαυρὸν ἔχειν, κωμῳδέ, νομίζεις,
 οὐκ εἰδὼς αὐτὴν Φάσματος ὀξύτερην.
 ποιήσει σ' ὁ χρόνος Μισούμενον, εἴτα Γεωργόν,
 καὶ τότε μαστεύσεις τὴν Περιχειρομένην.

234.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ κάλλει καυχᾶ, γίνωσχ' ὅτι καὶ ῥόδον ἀνθεῖ·
 ἀλλὰ μαρανθὲν ἄφνω σὺν κοπρίοις ἐρίφη.
 ἄνθος γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἴσον χρόνον ἐστὶ λαχόντα·
 ταῦτα δ' ὁμῆ φθονέων ἐξεμάρανε χρόνος.

235.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ·
 εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῆ τοῦθ' ὃ μενεῖ διδόναι;

236.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐνοῦχος τις ἔχει καλὰ παιδιά· πρὸς τίνα χρήσιν;
 καὶ τούτοισι βλάβην οὐχ ὀσίην παρέχει.
 ὄντως ὡς ὁ κύων φάτνη ῥόδα, μωρὰ δ' ὕλακτῶν
 οὐθ' αὐτῷ παρέχει τὰγαθόν, οὐθ' ἐτέρῳ.

¹ All these are titles of pieces by Menander. "The Countryman" seems to have dealt with marital jealousy, as

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

sis. Verum quando Nemesenus totum se mihi acclinavit, cuncta quae volo, dans, mortua pendebas. Tendaris, rumparis, lacrimeris; omnia incassum; manus mea tui non miserebitur.

233.—FRONTO

COMEDIAN, thou deemest that thy prime is "The Treasure," knowing not that it is swifter to depart than "The Phantom." Time will make thee "The Hated Man" and then "The Countryman," and then thou shalt seek "The Clipped Lady."¹

234.—STRATO

If thou gloriest in thy beauty, know that the rose too blooms, but withers of a sudden and is cast away on the dunghill. To blossom and to beauty the same time is allotted, and envious time withers both together.

235.—BY THE SAME

If beauty grows old, give me of it ere it depart; but if it remains with thee, why fear to give what shall remain thine?

236.—BY THE SAME

A CERTAIN eunuch has good-looking servant-boys—for what use?—and he does them abominable injury. Truly, like the dog in the manger with the roses, and stupidly barking, he neither gives the good thing to himself nor to anyone else.

did "The Clipped Lady," but I fail to see the exact point. *cp.* Agathias' imitation of this, Bk. V. 218.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

237.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χαῖρε σύ, μισοπόνηρε πεπλασμένε, χαῖρε, βάνανυσε,
ὁ πρῶν ὁμόσας μηκέτι μὴ διδόναι.
μηκέτι νῦν ὁμόσης. ἔγνωκα γάρ, οὐδέ με λήθεις·
οἶδα τὸ ποῦ, καὶ πῶς, καὶ τίνι, καὶ τὸ πόσον.

238.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄλλήλοισ παρέχουσιν ἀμοιβαδίην ἀπόλαυσιν
οἱ κύνιοι πῶλοι μεираκιενόμενοι·
ἀμφαλλάξ δὲ οἱ αὐτοὶ ἀπόστροφα νωτοβατοῦνται,
τὸ δρᾶν καὶ τὸ παθεῖν ἀντιπεραινόμενοι.
οὐ πλεονεκτεῖται δ' οὐδ' ἄτερος· ἄλλοτε μὲν γὰρ 5
ἴσταται ὁ προδιδούς ἄλλοτ' ὄπισθε πάλιν.
τοῦτ' ἐστὶν πάντως τὸ προσίμιον· εἰς γὰρ ἀμοιβήν,
ὡς λέγεται, κνήθειν οἶδεν ὄνος τὸν ὄνον.

239.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πέντ' αἰτεῖς, δέκα δώσω· εἴκοσι δ' ἴαντία ἔξεις.
ἀρκεῖ σοι χρυσοῦς; ἤρκεσε καὶ Δανάη.

240.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦδη μοι πολιαὶ μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισιν ἔθειραι,
καὶ πέος ἐν μηροῖς ἀργὸν ἀποκρέμαται·
ὄρχεις δ' ἄπρηκτοι, χαλεπὸν δέ με γῆρας ἰκάνει.
οἴμοι· πνυγίζειν οἶδα, καὶ οὐ δύναμαι.

241.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αγκιστρον πεπόηκας, ἔχεις ἰχθὺν ἐμέ, τέκνον·
ἔλκε μ' ὅπου βούλει· μὴ τρέχε, μὴ σε φύγω.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

237.—BY THE SAME

OFF with thee, pretended hater of evil; off with thee, low-minded boy, who didst swear so lately that never again wouldst thou grant me it. Swear no longer now; for I know, and thou canst not conceal it from me, where it was, and how, and with whom, and for how much.

238.—BY THE SAME

MUTUAM sibi praebent voluptatem canum catuli ludentes, atque iidem vicissim conversi a tergo ascenduntur, et facere et pati peragentes. Neuter vero minus aufert altero, is enim qui antea dedit rursus a tergo stat. Id est omnino prooemium, in vicem enim, quod aiunt, fricare novit asinus asinum.

239.—BY THE SAME

You ask for five drachmas: I will give ten and you will . . . have twenty. Is a gold sovereign enough for you? Sovereign gold was enough for Danae.¹

240.—BY THE SAME

JAM mihi cani sunt super temporibus capilli et mentula inter femora iners pendet, testiculi autem nihil agunt, et gravis me senecta invadit. Hei mihi! paedicare scio et nequeo.

241.—BY THE SAME

You have made a hook, my child, and I am the fish you have caught. Pull me where you will, but don't run or you might lose me.

¹ We have the same pun in Bk. V. 31. The point of the epigram is obscure.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

242.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρώην τὴν σαύραν ῥοδοδάκτυλον, Ἄλκιμ', ἔδειξας·
νῦν αὐτὴν ἤδη καὶ ῥοδόπηχυν ἔχεις.

243.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶ με τὸ πυγίζειν ἀπολώλεκε, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο
†ἐκτρέφομαι ποδαγρῶν, Ζεῦ, κρεάγραν με πῶει.

244.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἦν ἐσίδω τινὰ λευκόν, ἀπόλλυμαι· ἦν δὲ μελίχρουν,
καίομαι· ἦν ξανθὸν δ', εὐθύς ὄλος λέλυμαι.

245.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶν ἄλογον ζῶον βινεῖ μόνον· οἱ λογικοὶ δὲ
τῶν ἄλλων ζῶων τοῦτ' ἔχομεν τὸ πλεόν,
πυγίζειν εὐρόντες. ὅσοι δὲ γυναιξὶ κρατοῦνται,
τῶν ἀλόγων ζῶων οὐδὲν ἔχουσι πλεόν.

246.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζεῦγος ἀδελφειῶν με φιλεῖ. οὐκ οἶδα τίν' αὐτῶν
δεσπόσυνον κρίνω· τοὺς δύο γὰρ φιλέω.
Χῶ μὲν ἀποστείχει, ὁ δ' ἐπέρχεται· ἔστι δὲ τοῦ μὲν
κάλλιστον τὸ παρόν, τοῦ δὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.

247.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἶον ἐπὶ Τροίῃ ποτ' ἀπὸ Κρήτης, Θεόδωρε,
Ἴδομενεὺς θεράποντ' ἤγαγε Μηριόνην,

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

242.—BY THE SAME

[See Bk. XI. No. 21.]

243.—BY THE SAME

Si paedecatio me perdidit et ob hoc podagra laboro
Jupiter fac me creagram.¹

244.—BY THE SAME

IF I see a white boy it is the death of me, and if
it be a honey-complexioned one I am on fire; but if
it be a flaxen-haired one I am utterly melted.

245.—BY THE SAME

OMNE animal rationis expers futuit modo; nos vero
qui rationis participes sumus, ceteris animalibus in hoc
praececellimus, quod paedecationem invenimus. Quot-
quot autem a mulieribus reguntur nihil plus habent
quam animales rationis expertes.

246.—BY THE SAME

A PAIR of brothers love me. I know not which of
them I should decide to take for my master, for I
love them both. One goes away from me and the
other approaches. The best of the one is his pres-
ence, the best of the other my desire for him in his
absence.

247.—BY THE SAME

THEODORUS, as once Idomeneus brought from Crete
to Troy Meriones to be his squire, such a dexterous

¹ The joke is obscure.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τοῖον ἔχω σε φίλον περιδέξιον. ἦ γὰρ ἐκείνος
 ἄλλα μὲν ἦν θεράπων, ἄλλα δ' ἑταιρόσυνος·
 καὶ σὺ τὰ μὲν βιότοιο πανήμερος ἔργα τέλει μοι·
 νύκτα δὲ¹ πειρῶμεν, ναὶ Δία, Μηριόνην. 5

248.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς δύναται γνῶναι τὸν ἐρώμενον εἰ παρακμάζει,
 πάντα συνῶν αὐτῷ μηδ' ἀπολειπόμενος;
 τίς δύνατ' οὐκ ἀρέσαι τὴν σήμερον, ἐχθρὸς ἀρέσκων;
 εἰ δ' ἀρέσει, τί παθὼν αὖριον οὐκ ἀρέσει;

249.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βουποιήτε μέλισσα, πόθεν μέλι τοῦμὸν ἰδοῦσα
 παιδὸς ἐφ' ὑαλέην ὄψιν ὑπερπέτασαι;
 οὐ παύσῃ βομβεῦσα, καὶ ἀνθολόγοισι θέλουσα
 ποσσὶν ἐφάψασθαι χρωτὸς ἀκηροτάτου;
 ἔρρ' ἐπὶ σοὺς μελίπαιδας ὅποι ποτέ, δραπέτι, σίμ-
 βλους,
 μή σε δάκω· κήγῳ κέντρον ἔρωτος ἔχω. 5

250.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νυκτερινὴν ἐπίκωμος ἰὼν μεταδόρπιον ὄρην
 ἄρνα λύκος θυρέτροις εὔρον ἐφεισταότα,
 νιὸν Ἀριστοδίκου τοῦ γείτονος· ὃν περιπλεχθεὶς
 ἐξεφίλουν ὄρκοις πολλὰ χαριζόμενος.
 νῦν δ' αὐτῷ τί φέρων δωρήσομαι; οὔτ' ἀπάτης γὰρ 5
 ἄξιος, Ἐσπερίης οὔτ' ἐπιорκοσύνης.

¹ I write νύκτα δὲ: νῦν δὲ γε MS.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

friend have I in thee; for Meriones was in some things his servant, in others his minion. And do thou, too, all day go about the business of my life, but at night, by Heaven, let us essay Meriones.¹

248.—BY THE SAME

Who can tell if his beloved begins to pass his prime, if he is ever with him and never separated? Who that pleased yesterday can fail to please to-day, and if he please now, what can befall him to make him displease to-morrow?

249.—BY THE SAME

Ox-born bee, why, catching sight of my honey, dost thou fly across to the boy's face, smooth as glass? Wilt thou not cease thy humming and thy effort to touch his most pure skin with thy flower-gathering feet? Off to thy honey-bearing hive, where'er it be, thou truant, lest I bite thee! I, too, have a sting, even love's.

250.—BY THE SAME

Going out in revel at night after supper, I, the wolf, found a lamb standing at the door, the son of my neighbour Aristodicus, and throwing my arms round him I kissed him to my heart's content, promising on my oath many gifts. And now what present shall I bring to him? He does not deserve cheating or Italian perfidy.

¹ For the pun on this name see No. 37.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

251.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρόσθε μὲν ἀντιπρόσωπα φιλήματα καὶ τὰ πρὸ
 πείρας*
 εἶχομεν· ἧς γὰρ ἀκμήν, Δίφιλε, παιδάριον.
 νῦν δέ σε τῶν ὀπιθεν γουνάζομαι, οὐ παρεόντων
 ὕστερον· ἔστω γὰρ πάντα καθ' ἡλικίην.

252.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐμπρήσω σε, θύρη, τῇ λαμπάδι, καὶ τὸν ἔνοικον
 συμφλέξας μεθύων, εὐθύς ἄπειμι φυγὰς,
 καὶ πλώσας Ἀδριανὸν ἐπ' οἴνοπα πόντον, ἀλήτης
 φωλήσω γε θύραις νυκτὸς ἀνοιγομέναις.

253.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δεξιτερὴν ὀλίγον δὸς ἐπὶ χρόνον, οὐχ ἵνα παύσης
 (κεῖ μ' ὁ καλὸς χλεύην ἔσχε) χοροϊτυπίης.
 ἀλλ', εἰ μὴ πλευρῇ παρεκέκλιτο πατὴρ ἀκαίρως,
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ με μάτην εἶδε μεθυσκόμενον.

254.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκ ποίου ναοῦ, πόθεν ὁ στόλος οὗτος Ἑρώτων,
 πάντα καταστίλβων; ἄνδρες, ἀμαυρὰ βλέπω.
 τίς τούτων δούλος, τίς ἐλεύθερος; οὐ δύναμ' εἰπεῖν.
 ἄνθρωπος τούτων κύριος; οὐ δύναται.
 εἰ δ' ἔστιν, μείζων πολλῶ Διός, ὃς Γανυμήδην
 ἔσχε μόνως, θεὸς ὦν πηλίκος· ὃς δὲ πόσους;

5

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

251.—BY THE SAME

HITHERTO we had kisses face to face, and all that precedes the trial; for you were still a little boy, Diphilus. "But now I supplicate for them behind, that will be no longer with thee"¹ afterwards; for let all things be as befits our age.

252.—BY THE SAME

I WILL burn thee, door, with the torch; and burning him who is within, too, in my drunken fury, I will straight depart a fugitive, and sailing over the purple Adriatic, shall, in my wanderings, at least lie in ambush at doors that open at night.

253.—BY THE SAME

GIVE me thy right hand for a time, not to stop me from the dance, even though the fair boy made mockery of me. But if he had not been lying at the wrong time next his father, he would not, I swear, have seen me drunk to no purpose.

254.—BY THE SAME

FROM what temple, whence comes this band of Loves shedding radiance on all? Sirs, my eyes are dazed. Which of them are slaves, which freemen? I cannot tell. Is their master a man? It is impossible; or if he be, he is much greater than Zeus, who only had Ganymede, though such a mighty god. While how many has this man!

¹ Hom. *Od.* xi. 66. Homeri verbis male abutitur.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY

255.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδ' αὐτὴ σ' ἢ λέξις, ἀκοινώνητε, διδάσκει,
 ἐξ ἐτύμου φωνῆς ῥήμασιν ἐλκομένη;
 πᾶς φιλόπαις λέγεται, Διονύσιε, κοῦ φιλοβούπαις.
 πρὸς τοῦτ' ἀντειπεῖν μὴ τι πάλιν δύνασαι;
 Πύθι' ἀγωνοθετῶ, σὺ δ' Ὀλύμπια· χοῦς ἀποβάλλων 5
 ἐκκρίνω, τούτους εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα δέχῃ.

256.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Πάγκαρπόν σοι, Κύπρι, καθήρμοσε, χειρὶ τρυγῆσας
 παίδων ἄνθος, Ἔρωσ ψυχαπάτην στέφανον.
 ἐν μὲν γὰρ κρίνον ἠδὺ κατέπλεξεν Διόδωρον,
 ἐν δ' Ἀσκληπιάδην, τὸ γλυκὺ λευκόϊον.
 ναὶ μὲν Ἡράκλειτον ἐπέπλεκεν, ὡς ἀπ' ἀκάνθης 5
 †εἰς ῥόδον,¹ οἰνάνθη δ' ὡς τις ἔθαλλε Δίων·
 χρυσάνθη δὲ κόμαισι κρόκον Θήρωνα συνῆψεν·
 ἐν δ' ἔβαλ' ἐρπύλλου κλωνίον Οὐλιάδην,
 ἀβροκόμην δὲ Μυῖσκον, ἀειθαλὲς ἔρνος ἐλαίης·
 ἰμερτοὺς δ' Ἀρέτου κλῶνας ἀπεδρέπετο. 10
 ὀλβίστη νήσων ἱερὰ Τύρος, ἣ τὸ μυρόπνου
 ἄλσος ἔχει παίδων Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόρον.

257.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄ πύματον καμπτῆρα καταγγέλλουσα κορωνίς,
 ἔρκοῦρος γραπταῖς πιστοτάτα σελίσιν,
 φαμὶ τὸν ἐκ πάντων ἠθροισμένον εἰς ἓνα μόχθον
 ὑμνοθετᾶν βύβλω τᾶδ' ἐνελιζάμενον

¹ I conjecture φῦ ῥόδον and render so, taking the first ἄς as = ἔτε. The bloom of Heraclitus and Dion was contemporary.

¹ Which were held later in the year.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

255.—BY THE SAME

UNSOCIABLE man! does not the word itself teach you by the words from which it is truly derived? Everyone is called a lover of boys, not a lover of big boys. Have you any retort to that? I preside over the Pythian games, you over the Olympian,¹ and those whom I reject and remove from the list you receive as competitors.

256.—MELEAGER

LOVE hath wrought for thee, Cypris, gathering with his own hands the boy-flowers, a wreath of every blossom to cozen the heart. Into it he wove Dioscorus the sweet lily and Asclepiades the scented white violet. Yea, and thereupon he pleated Heracitus when, like a rose, he grew from the thorns, and Dion when he bloomed like the blossom of the vine. He tied on Theron, too, the golden-tressed saffron, and put in Uliades, a sprig of thyme, and soft-haired Myiscus the ever-green olive shoot, and despoiled for it the lovely boughs of Aretas. Most blessed of islands art thou, holy Tyre, which hast the perfumed grove where the boy-blossoms of Cypris grow.²

257.—BY THE SAME

I, THE flourish that announce the last lap's finish, most trusty keeper of the bounds of written pages, say that he who hath completed his task, including in this roll the work of all poets gathered into one,

² This, being a list of the boys Meleager himself knew at Tyre, cannot, as has been supposed, be the proem to a section of his *Stephanus*. The following epigram, on the other hand (if by Meleager), certainly stood at the end of the whole *Stephanus*.

ἐκτελέσαι Μελέαγρον, αἰμίμηστον δὲ Διοκλεῖ
 ἄνθεσι συμπλέξαι μουσοπόλον στέφανον.
 οὔλα δ' ἐγὼ καμφθεῖσα δρακοντείοις ἴσα νώτοις,
 σύνθρονος ἴδρυμαι τέρμασιν εὐμαθίας.

258.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἡ τάχα τις μετόπισθε κλύων ἐμὰ παίγνια ταῦτα,
 πάντας ἐμὸν δόξει τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι πόνους·
 ἄλλα δ' ἐγὼν ἄλλοισιν αἰεὶ φιλόπαισι χαράσσω
 γράμματ', ἐπεὶ τις ἐμοὶ τοῦτ' ἐνέδωκε θεός.

STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

is Meleager, and that it was for Diocles he wove from flowers this wreath of verse, whose memory shall be evergreen. Curled in coils like the back of a snake, I am set here enthroned beside the last lines of his learned work.

258.—STRATO

PERCHANCE someone in future years, listening to these trifles of mine, will think these pains of love were all my own. No! I ever scribble this and that for this and that boy-lover, since some god gave me this gift.

THE HISTORY OF THE

... and that the ...
... the ...
... the ...
... the ...

THE ...

... the ...
... the ...
... the ...
... the ...

INDEXES

INDEXES

GENERAL INDEX

- Actors, *see* Singers
 Adonis, *see* Aphrodite
 Adrastela, XII. 160
 Alexandria, XI. 262, 306
 Anastasius I., emperor (491-518 A.D.), XI. 270, 271
 Antimachus, elegiac poet (5th cent. B.C.), XII. 168
 Anubis, dog-headed god, XI. 212, 360
 Aphrodite, prayers to, X. 21, XII. 131; Pandemos, XII. 161; Aphrodite, Adonis, and Eros, statues of, XI. 174
 Apollo, sacrifice to, XI. 324; prayers to, X. 25, XII. 24-27; statue of, XI. 177
 Apostles, twelve (?), X. 56
 Aratus, XI. 318
 Archilochus, lyric and iambic poet (7th cent. B.C.), birthday of, XI. 20
 Argos, XII. 129; bad name of the Argives, XI. 439
 Aristarchus, the grammarian, XI. 140, 347
 Aristoxenus, philosopher and writer on music (4th cent. B.C.), XI. 352
 Asta in Italy, clay of, XI. 27
 Astrologers, *see* Prophets
 Athens, degradation of citizenship at, XI. 319
 Athletes, epigrams on, XI. 82-86, 258, 316
 Augustus, XI. 75

 Barbers, epigrams on, XI. 190, 191, 288
 Baths, epigrams on, XI. 243, 411

 Callias, tragic poet (3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 12
 Callimachus, XI. 130, 275, 321, 347

 Canastra in Thrace, home of Giants, XI. 63
 Cappadocians, bad name of, XI. 237, 238
 Castalla, fountain of at Delphi, XI. 24
 Centaurs, XI. 1, 12
 Cephallenia, X. 25
 Chians, bad name of, XI. 235
 Choerilus of Samos, epic poet (5th cent. B.C.), XI. 218
 Cilicians, bad name of, XI. 236
 Cinaedi, epigram on, XI. 272
 Cleanthes, Stoic philosopher (3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 296
 Cnidus, XII. 61
 Commodus, the emperor, XI. 269
 Cos, XII. 53
 Cowards, epigrams on, XI. 210, 211
 Cronos, statue of, XI. 183
 Cynaegirus (*see* Indexes to Vols. II. and III.), XI. 335
 Cynic philosophers, epigrams on, XI. 153-158, 410, 434
 Cyprus, bad Greek spoken in, XI. 146

 Danae, XII. 239
 Dancers, epigrams on, XI. 195, 253-255
 Daphnis, mythical shepherd, XII. 128
 Diogenes, XI. 158
 Dionysius, tyrant of Heraclea (4th cent. B.C.), X. 54
 Dionysius, Stoic philosopher (4th cent. B.C.), X. 38
 Dionysus, X. 18; feast of, X. 49
 Diotimus, poet and grammarian (3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 437

 Ephesus, XII. 226
 Epicrates, comic poet (3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 12

GENERAL INDEX

- Epicurus, his atomic theory, XI. 50, 93, 103, 249; birthday feast of, XI. 44
- Erinna, poetess (*circ.* 600 B.C.), XI. 322
- Eros, *see* Aphrodite, Praxiteles
- Euphoriion, grammarian and poet (3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 218
- Galatians, bad name of, XI. 424
- Games, Isthmian, XI. 79, 129; Nemean, XI. 79, 258; Olympian, XI. 79, 81, 258, XII. 64, 255; Pythian, XI. 81, 129, XII. 255; at Plataea, XI. 81
- Ganymede, XII. 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 70, 133, 194, 220, 221, 254
- Gluttons, epigrams on, XI. 205-209, 250, 402
- Grammarians, epigrams on, XI. 138-140, 278, 279, 305, 321, 322, 347, 383, 399, 400
- Green faction in the Circus, XI. 344
- Hair, offering of, X. 19
- Hamadryads, dedication to by huntsman, XI. 194
- Harpocrates, XI. 115
- Hecuba, changed into dog, XI. 212
- Hermes, dedication to, XI. 150; feast of, XI. 1; statue of in gymnasium, XI. 176, XII. 143; roadside, X. 12; Psychopompus, XI. 127, 274
- Hesiod, XII. 168
- Homer, XII. 168; birthday of, XI. 20
- Hyacinthus, XII. 128
- Hyrnetho, daughter of Temenus, XI. 195
- Idomeneus, Cretan leader in Homer, XII. 247
- Isis, XI. 115
- Itys (*see* Index to Vol. I.), XII. 12
- Lemnos, women of, XI. 239
- Lyde, poem by Antimachus, XII. 168
- Megarians, bad name of, XI. 440
- Meliton, poet mentioned by Lucilius, XI. 143, 246
- Menander, plays by, XII. 233
- Meriones, Cretan leader in *Iliad*, XII. 97, 247
- Meroe in Ethiopia, X. 3
- Milo the wrestler (6th cent. B.C.), XI. 316
- Mimnermus, elegiac poet (7th cent. B.C.), XII. 168
- Misers, epigrams on, XI. 165-173, 264, 274, 309, 366, 391, 397
- Music, Lydian and Phrygian, XI. 78
- Mysteries, Eleusinian, XI. 42
- Nanno, poem by Mimnermus, XII. 168
- Nauplius, XI. 185
- Nemesis, XII. 229; two at Smyrna, XII. 193
- Nicetes, rhetor, X. 23
- Niobe, X. 47
- Orchomenus, seat of the Graces, XII. 181
- Othryades (*see* Index to Vol. II.) XI. 141
- Painters, epigrams on, XI. 212-215
- Pan, harbour god, X. 10; dedication to by huntsman, XI. 194
- Pandora, X. 71
- Paraetionium in Egypt, XI. 124
- Parthenius, elegiac poet (Augustan age), XI. 130
- Peisistratus, XI. 442
- Pelias, XI. 256
- Petosiris, writer on astrology, XI. 165
- Phaethon, XI. 104, 131, 214
- Philetas, elegiac poet (4th cent. B.C.), XI. 218
- Philip V., King of Macedonia, XI. 12
- Philosophers, epigram on, XI. 354. *See* Cynic
- Physicians, epigrams on, XI. 112-126, 257, 280, 281, 382, 401
- Piso, L. Cornelius, X. 25, XI. 44
- Plataea, *see* Games
- Poets, epigrams on, XI. 127-137, 234, 291, 312, 394
- Polemon, Antonius, sophist, XI. 180, 181
- Pollenza in Italy, clay of, XI. 27
- Poseidon, prayer to, X. 24

GENERAL INDEX

- Praxiteles, his statue of Eros, XII.
 56, 57
 Priapus, harbour god, x. 2, 4-9,
 14-16
 Prometheus, XII. 220
 Prophets and Astrologers, epi-
 grams on, XI. 159-164, 365
 Pylades, the friend of Orestes, x.
 362
 Rhetors, epigrams on, XI. 141-152,
 376, 392
 Rhianus, the poet (*see* Index of
 Authors), XII. 129
 Rhodes, XII. 52
 Sardis, XII. 202
 Saturn, evil influence of the planet,
 XI. 114, 161, 183, 227, 383
 Satyric drama, XI. 32
 Scylla, statue of at Constantinople,
 XI. 271
 Ships, unseaworthy, epigrams on,
 XI. 245-247, 331, 332
 Sicyon, XI. 32
 Sidon, women of, XI. 327
 Singers and Actors, epigrams on,
 XI. 185-189, 263
 Smyrna, XII. 202. *See* Nemesis
 Sorrento in Italy, clay of, XI. 27
 Stratonicea in Caria, XI. 97
 Temenidae, play of Euripides, XI.
 195
 Termerus, XI. 30
 Thebes, XI. 147
 Themistius, the sophist (4th cent.
 A.D.), XI. 292
 Thieves, epigrams on, XI. 174-184,
 315, 333
 Tityus, giant killed by Apollo and
 tormented in hell, XI. 107, 143,
 377
 Triptolemus, XI. 59
 Troezen, XII. 58
 Tyre, XII. 59, 256
 Veneti or Blue faction in Circus,
 XI. 344
 Zenodotus, the grammarian, XI.
 321

INDEX OF AUTHORS INCLUDED IN THIS VOLUME

M = Wreath of Meleager
Ph = Wreath of Philippus
Ag = Cycle of Agathias

(For explanation of these terms, v. Introduction to vol. i. page v.)

- Adaens (Ph), X. 20
 Aesop, X. 123
 Agathias Scholasticus (6th cent. A.D.), X. 14, 64, 66, 68, 69, XI. 57, 64, 350, 352, 354, 365, 372, 376, 379, 380, 382
 Alcaeus of Messene (M, 3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 12, XII. 29, 30, 64
 Alpheus of Mytilene (Ph), XII. 18
 Ammianus (2nd cent. A.D.), XI. 13-16, 97, 98, 102 (?), 146, 147, 150, 152, 156, 157, 180, 181, 188, 209, 221, 226-231, 413
 Ammonides (date uncertain), XI. 201
 Anacreon, XI. 47, 48
 Antiochus (date uncertain), XI. 412, 422
 Antipater of Sidon (M, 1st cent. B.C.), X. 2, XI. 23, 31 (?), 37, XII. 97
 Antipater of Thessalonica (Ph, Augustan age), X. 25, XI. 20, 31 (?), 158, 219, 224, 327, 415 (?)
 Antiphanes of Macedonia (Ph), X. 100, XI. 168, 322, 348
 Antiphilus of Byzantium (Ph, 1st cent. A.D.), X. 17, XI. 66
 Antistius (Ph), XI. 40
 Apollinarius (4th cent. A.D. ?), XI. 399, 421
 Apollonides (Ph, 1st cent. A.D.), X. 19, XI. 25
 Apollonius Rhodius, XI. 275
 Aratus, XI. 437, XII. 129
 Archias (this may be the poet defended by Cicero), X. 7, 8
 Archias the younger, X. 10
 Artemon (date uncertain), XII. 55 (?), 124 (?)
 Ascleplades of Adramyttium (M), XII. 36
 Asclepiades of Samos (M, 3rd cent. B.C.), XII. 46, 50, 75, 77 (?), 105, 135, 153, 161-163, 166
 Automedon (Ph, 1st cent. B.C.), X. 23, XI. 29, 46, 50, 319, 324-326, 346, 361, XII. 34
 Bassus (Ph, 1st cent. A.D.), X. 102, XI. 72
 Bianor (Ph), X. 22, 101, XI. 248, 364
 Callias of Argos (date unknown), XI. 232
 Callicter (date unknown), XI. 2, 5, 6, 118-122, 333
 Callimachus (M, 3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 362, XII. 43, 51, 71, 73, 102, 118, 139, 148-150, 230
 Cerealius (date unknown), XI. 129, 144
 Crates (the philosopher, 4th cent. B.C.), X. 104
 Crates (the grammarian, 2nd cent. B.C.), XI. 218
 Crinagoras of Mitylene (Ph, Augustan age), X. 24, XI. 42

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Demodocus (5th cent. B.C.), XI. 235
 Diocles (Ph), XII. 35
 Diodorus, *see* Zonas
 Dionysius (M), XII. 108
 Dionysius (date uncertain), XI. 182
 Dioscorides (M, 2nd cent. B.C.), XI. 195, 363, XII. 14, 37, 42, 160-171
 Diphilus (the comic poet, 4th cent. B.C.), XI. 439
- Euripides, X. 107
 Evenus (there were several), XI. 49, XII. 172
- Flaccus, *see* Statyllius
 Fronto (3rd cent. A.D.), XII. 174, 233
- Gaetulicus (1st cent. A.D.), XI. 409
 Glaucus (M), XII. 44
 Glycon (date unknown), X. 124
- Hedylus (M, 3rd cent. B.C.), XI. 123, 414
 Helladius (5th cent. A.D. ?), XI. 423
 Honestus, XI. 32, 45
- Julian Antecessor (6th cent. A.D. ?), XI. 367-369
- Laureas, *see* Tullius
 Leonidas of Alexandria, XI. 9, 70, 187, 199, 200, 213, XII. 20
 Leonidas of Tarentum, X. 1
 Lucian, X. 26-29, 35, 37, 41, 42, XI. 274, 400-405, 408, 410, 411, 427-436
 Lucilius (*see* p. 67), X. 122, XI. 10, 11, 68, 69, 75-81, 83-85, 87-95, 99-101, 103-107, 131-143, 148, 153-155, 159-161, 163-165, 171, 172, 174-179, 183-185, 189-192, 194, 196, 197, 205-208, 210-212, 214-217, 233, 234, 239, 240, 245-247, 253, 254, 256-259, 264-266, 276-279, 294, 308-315, 388-394
- Macedonius Consul (Ag, 6th cent. A.D.), X. 67, 70, 71, XI. 27, 39, 58, 59, 61, 63, 366-370, 374, 375
 Marcus Argentarius (Ph), X. 4, 18, XI. 26, 28, 320
- Meleager (1st cent. B.C.), XI. 223, XII. 23, 33, 41, 47-49, 52-54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 63, 65, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80-86, 92, 94, 95, 101, 106, 109, 110, 113, 114, 117, 119, 122, 125-128, 132, 133, 137, 141, 144, 147, 154, 157-159, 164, 165, 167, 256, 257
 Menander, the comic poet, XI. 438
 Mnasalcas (M, 4th cent. B.C.), XII. 138
 Myrius (Ph, 1st cent. A.D.), XI. 67
- Nicarchus (*see* p. 67), XI. 1, 7, 17, 18, 71, 73, 74, 82, 96, 102 (?), 110-116, 124, 162, 169, 170, 186, 241-243, 251, 252, 328-332, 398, 406, 407, 415 (?)
- Numenius of Tarsus (date unknown), XII. 28
- Palladas of Alexandria (Ag, 5th cent. A.D.), X. 32, 34, 44-63, 65, 72, 73, 75, 77-99, XI. 54, 55, 62, 204, 255, 263, 280, 281, 283-293, 299-307, 317, 323, 340-342, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 371, 373, 377, 378, 381, 383-387
 Parmenion (Ph), XI. 4, 65
 Paulus Silentiarius (Ag, 6th cent. A.D.), X. 15, 74, 76, XI. 60
 Phanias (M, 2nd or 3rd cent. B.C.), XII. 31
 Philippus of Thessalonica (1st or 2nd cent. A.D.), XI. 33, 36, 173, 321, 347
 Philiscus (4th cent. B.C.), XI. 441
 Philo (of Byblus, 1st cent. A.D. ?), XI. 419
 Philodemus, the Epicurean (1st cent. B.C.), X. 21, 103, XI. 30, 34, 35, 41, 44, 318
 Phocylides (6th cent. B.C.), X. 117
 Piso, XI. 424
 Polemon, King of Pontus (either the 1st or 2nd of the name, 1st cent. B.C. or A.D.), XI. 38
 Pollianus (2nd cent. A.D. ?), XI. 127, 128, 130, 167
 Polystratus (M, 2nd cent. B.C.), XII. 91
 Posidippus (M, 3rd cent. B.C.), XII. 45, 77 (?), 98, 120, 131, 168

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Rarus, X. 121
 Rhianus (M, *circ.* 200 B.C.), XII. 38,
 58, 93, 121, 142, 146
- Satyrus (or Satyrius), X. 6, 11, 13
 Scythius (if the iambic poet of
 Teos, he is of early date), XII. 22,
 232
- Simonides (M, 5th cent. B.C.), 105
 Statyllius Flaccus (Ph), XII. 12,
 25-27
- Strato (*see* p. 280), XI. 19, 21, 22,
 117, 225, XII. 1-11, 13, 15, 16, 21,
 22, 175-229, 231, 234-255, 258
- Theaetetus Scholasticus (Ag), X.
 16
 Theodorus (Ag), XI. 198
 Thyillus (date unknown), X. 5
 Thymocles (date unknown), XII.
 32
- Timon of Athens, X. 38, XI. 296
 Trajan the emperor, XI. 418
 Tullius Laureas (Ph), XII. 24
- Zonas, Diodorus (Ph, 1st cent. E.C.),
 XI. 43

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Latin Authors.

- APULEIUS. The Golden Ass. (Metamorphoses.) Trans. by W. Adlington (1566). Revised by S. Gaselee.
- CAESAR: CIVIL WARS. Trans. by A. G. Peskett.
- CAESAR: GALLIC WAR. Trans. by H. J. Edwards.
- CATULLUS. Trans. by F. W. Cornish; TIBULLUS. Trans. by J. P. Postgate; and PERVIGILIUM VENERIS. Trans. by J. W. Mackail. (3rd Impression.)
- CICERO: DE FINIBUS. Trans. by H. Rackham.
- CICERO: DE OFFICIIS. Trans. by Walter Miller.
- CICERO: LETTERS TO ATTICUS. Trans. by E. O. Winstedt. Vols. I, II and III.
- CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Trans. by W. Watts (1631). 2 Vols. (2nd Impression.)
- HORACE: ODES AND EPODES. Trans. by C. E. Bennett. (2nd Impression.)
- OVID: HEROIDES AND AMORES. Trans. by Grant Showerman.
- OVID: METAMORPHOSES. Trans. by F. J. Miller. 2 Vols.
- PETRONIUS. Trans. by M. Heseltine; SENECA: APOCALYPTOSIS. Trans. by W. H. D. Rouse. (2nd Impression.)
- PLAUTUS. Trans. by Paul Nixon. 5 Vols. Vols. I and II.
- PLINY: LETTERS. Melmoth's Translation revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson. 2 Vols.
- PROPERTIUS. Trans. by H. E. Butler. (2nd Impression.)
- SENECA: EPISTULAE MORALES. Trans. by R. M. Gummere. 3 Vols. Vol. I.
- SENECA: TRAGEDIES. Trans. by F. J. Miller. 2 Vols.
- SUETONIUS. Trans. by J. C. Rolfe. 2 Vols.
- TACITUS: DIALOGUS. Trans. by Sir Wm. Peterson; and AGRICOLA AND GERMANIA. Trans. by Maurice Hutton.
- TERENCE. Trans. by John Sargeant. 2 Vols. (2nd Impression.)
- VIRGIL. Trans. by H. R. Fairclough. 2 Vols.

Greek Authors.

- ACHILLES TATIUS. Trans. by S. Gaselee.
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. Trans. by R. C. Seaton. (*2nd Impression.*)
THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS. Trans. by Kirsopp Lake. 2 Vols. (*2nd Impression.*)
APPIAN'S ROMAN HISTORY. Trans. by Horace White. 4 Vols.
DAPHNIS AND CHLOE. Thornley's Translation revised by J. M. Edmonds; and PARTHENIUS. Trans. by S. Gaselee.
DIO CASSIUS: ROMAN HISTORY. Trans. by E. Cary. 9 Vols. Vols. I to VI.
EURIPIDES. Trans. by A. S. Way. 4 Vols. (*2nd Impression.*)
GALEN: ON THE NATURAL FACULTIES. Trans. by A. J. Brock.
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Trans. by W. R. Paton. 5 Vols.
THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS (THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS). Trans. by J. M. Edmonds. (*2nd Impression.*)
HESIOD AND THE HOMERIC HYMNS. Trans. by H. G. Evelyn White.
JULIAN. Trans. by Wilmer Cave Wright. 3 Vols. Vols. I and II.
LUCIAN. Trans. by A. M. Harmon. 7 Vols. Vols. I and II.
MARCUS AURELIUS. Trans. by C. R. Haines.
PHILOSTRATUS: THE LIFE OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA. Trans. by F. C. Conybeare. 2 Vols. (*2nd Impression.*)
PINDAR. Trans. by Sir J. E. Sandys.
PLATO: EUTHYPHRO, APOLOGY, CRITO, PHAEDO, PHAEDRUS. Trans. by H. N. Fowler. (*2nd Impression.*)
PLUTARCH: THE PARALLEL LIVES. Trans. by B. Perrin. 11 Vols. Vols. I to VII.
PROCOPIUS: HISTORY OF THE WARS. Trans. by H. B. Dewing. 7 Vols. Vols. I to III.
QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS. Trans. by A. S. Way.
SOPHOCLES. Trans. by F. Storr. 2 Vols. (*2nd Impression.*)
ST. JOHN DAMASCENE: BARLAAM AND IOASAPH. Trans. by the Rev. G. R. Woodward and Harold Mattingly.
STRABO: GEOGRAPHY. Trans. by Horace L. Jones. 8 Vols. Vol. I.
THEOPHRASTUS: ENQUIRY INTO PLANTS. Trans. by Sir Arthur Hort, Bart. 2 Vols.
XENOPHON: CYROPAEDIA. Trans. by Walter Miller. 2 Vols.
XENOPHON: HELLENICA, ANABASIS, APOLOGY, AND SYMPOSIUM. Trans. by C. L. Brownson. 3 Vols. Vol. I.

DESCRIPTIVE PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.

London - - WILLIAM HEINEMANN.
New York - - G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.



