

# THE BUCOLIC POETS

## IV

Τήναν τὰν λαύραν, τόθι ταὶ δρύες, αἰπόλε κάμψας  
 σύκινον εὐρήσεις ἀρτιγλυφὲς ξόανον  
 ἀσκελὲς<sup>1</sup> αὐτόφλοιον ἀνούατον, ἀλλὰ φάλητι  
 παιδογόνῳ δυνατὸν Κύπριδος ἔργα τελεῖν.  
 σακὸς δ' εὐίερος περιδέδρομεν, ἀέναον δὲ  
 ῥεῖθρον ἀπὸ σπιλάδων πάντοσε τηλεθάει  
 δάφναις καὶ μύρτοισι καὶ εὐώδει κυπαρίσσῳ,  
 ἔνθα πέριξ κέχυται βοτρύοπαις ἔλικι  
 ἄμπελος, εἰαρινοὶ δὲ λιγυφθόγγοισιν ἀοιδαῖς  
 κόσσυφοι ἀχεῦσιν ποικιλότραυλα μέλη,  
 ξουθαὶ δ' ἀδονίδες μινυρίσμασιν ἀνταχεῦσι<sup>2</sup>  
 μέλπουσαι στόμασιν τὰν μελίγαρυν ὄπα.  
 ἔξεο δὴ τηνεῖ καὶ τῷ χαρίεντι Πριήπῳ  
 εὐχέ' ἀποστέρξαι τοὺς Δάφνιδός με πόθους,  
 κεῦθὺς ἐπιρρέξειν χίμαρον καλόν. ἦν δ' ἀνανεύση,  
 τοῦδε τυχὼν ἐθέλω τρισσὰ θύη τελέσαι·  
 ῥέξω γὰρ δαμάλαν, λάσιον τράγον, ἄρνα τὸν ἴσχω  
 σακίταν. αἴοι δ' εὐμενέως ὁ θεός.

## V

Λῆς ποτὶ τὰν Νυμφᾶν διδύμοις αὐλοῖσιν ἀεῖσαι  
 ἀδύ τί μοι; κῆγὼ πακτίδ' ἀειράμενος  
 ἀρξεῦμαί τι κρέκειν, ὁ δὲ βουκόλος ἄμμιγα θελξεί  
 Δάφνις, κηροδέτῳ πνεύματι μελπόμενος.

<sup>1</sup> ἀσκελὲς Jahn, i.e. a herm, cf. A.P. 10. 8, 6. 20; mss  
 τρισκελὲς      <sup>2</sup> ἀνταχεῦσι Scaliger: mss ἀντιαχεῦσι

## THE INSCRIPTIONS, IV-V

### IV.—[A LOVE-POEM IN THE FORM OF A WAYSIDE INSCRIPTION]

WHEN you turn the corner of yonder lane, sweet Goatherd, where the oak-trees are, you'll find a new-carved effigy of fig-wood, without legs or ears and the bark still upon it, but nevertheless an able servant of the Cyprian. There's a brave little sacrificial close runs round it, and a never-ceasing freshet that springs from the rocks there is greened all about with bays and myrtles and fragrant cypress, among which the mother o' grapes doth spread and twine, and in spring the blackbirds cry their lispings medleys of clear-toned song, and the babbling nightingales cry them back their warblings with the honey voice that sings from their tuneful throats. Thither go, and sit you down and pray that pretty fellow to make cease my love of Daphnis, and I'll straightway offer him a fat young goat; but should he say me nay, then I'll make him three sacrifices if he'll win me his love, a heifer, a shaggy buck-goat, and a pet lamb I am rearing; and may the God hear and heed your prayer.

### V.—[AN INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE]

'FORE the Nymphs I pray you play me some sweet thing upon the double flute, and I will take my viol and strike up likewise, and neatherd Daphnis shall join with us and make charming music with the

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ἔγγυς δὲ στάντες λασίας δρυὸς ἄντρου ὄπισθεν<sup>1</sup>  
 Πᾶνα τὸν αἰγιβάταν ὀρφανίσωμες ὕπνου.

### VI

Ἄ δείλαιε τὴν Θύρσι, τί τὸ πλεόν, εἰ καταταξεῖς  
 δάκρυσι διγλήνους ὦπας ὀδυρόμενος;  
 οἴχεται ἄ χίμαρος, τὸ καλὸν τέκος, οἴχετ' ἐς Ἄϊδαν  
 τραχὺς γὰρ χαλαῖς ἀμφεπίαξε λύκος.  
 αἰ δὲ κύνες κλαγγεῦντι· τί τὸ πλεόν, ἀνίκα τήνας  
 ὅστιον οὐδὲ τέφρα λείπεται οἴχομένας;

### VII

Νήπιον υἷον ἔλειπες, ἐν ἀλικίᾳ δὲ καὶ αὐτός,  
 Εὐρύμεδον, τύμβου τοῦδε θανῶν ἔτυχες.  
 σοὶ μὲν ἔδρα θείοισι μετ' ἀνδράσι· τὸν δὲ πολίται  
 τιμασεῦντι, πατρὸς μνώμενοι ὡς ἀγαθῶ.

### VIII

Ἦλθε καὶ ἐς Μίλητον ὁ τοῦ Παιήονος υἷός,  
 ἰητῆρι νόσων ἀνδρὶ συνοισόμενος  
 Νικία, ὅς μιν ἐπ' ἡμαρ αἰεὶ θυέεσσιν ἰκνεῖται,  
 καὶ τόδ' ἀπ' εὐώδους γλύψατ' ἀγαλμα κέδρου,  
 Ἡετίωνι χάριν γλαφυρᾶς χερὸς ἄκρον ὑποστὰς  
 μισθόν· ὃ δ' εἰς ἔργον πᾶσαν ἀφήκε τέχνην.

<sup>1</sup> mss also λασιαύχενος ἐγγύθεν ἄντρου

## THE INSCRIPTIONS, V-VIII

notes of his wax-bound breath ; and so standing beside the shaggy oak behind the cave, let's rob yon goat-foot Pan of his slumber.

### VI.—[FOR A PICTURE]

WELL-A-DAY, you poor Thyrsis! what boots it if you cry your two eyes out of their sockets? Your kid's gone, the pretty babe, dead and gone, all crushed in the talons of the great rough wolf. True, the dogs are baying him; but to what end, when there's neither ash nor bone of the poor dead left?

### VII.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG FATHER]

HERE are you, Eurymedon, come in your prime to the grave; but you left a little son behind you, and though your dwelling henceforth is with the great o' the earth, you may trust your countrymen to honour the child for the sake of the father.

### VIII.—[FOR NICIAS' NEW STATUE OF ASCLEPIUS]

THE Great Healer's son is come to Miletus now, to live with his fellow-craftsman Nicias, who both maketh sacrifice before him every day, and hath now made carve this statue of fragrant cedar-wood; he promised Eëtion a round price for the finished cunning of his hand, and Eëtion hath put forth all his art to the making of the work.

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### IX

Ξεῖνε, Συρακόσιός τοι ἀνὴρ τόδ' ἐφίεται Ὀρθων·  
 χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἴοις.  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τοιοῦτον ἔχον πότμον,<sup>1</sup> ἀντὶ δὲ πολλὰς  
 πατρίδος ὀθνεῖαν κείμαι ἀφεστάμενος.<sup>2</sup>

### X

Ἵμῖν τοῦτο θεαὶ κεχαρισμένον ἐννέα πάσαις  
 τῶγαλμα Ξενοκλῆς θῆκε τὸ μαρμάρινον,  
 μουσικός· οὐχ ἑτέρως τις ἐρεῖ. σοφίῃ δ' ἐπὶ τῆδε  
 αἶνον ἔχων Μουσέων οὐκ ἐπιλανθάνεται.

### XI

Εὐσθένης τὸ μνήμα, φυσιγνώμων ὃς ἄριστος,<sup>3</sup>  
 δεινὸς ἀπ' ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ τὸ νόημα μαθεῖν.  
 εὖ μιν ἔθαψαν ἑταῖροι ἐπὶ ξείνης ξένον ὄντα,  
 χωῦμνοθέτης αὐτῷ δαιμονίως φίλος ἦν.  
 πάντων ὧν ἐπέοικεν ἔχει τεθνεῶς ὁ σοφιστής·  
 καίπερ ἄκικυσ ἐὼν εἶχ' ἄρα κηδεμόνας.

<sup>1</sup> πότμον: mss also μόρον      <sup>2</sup> mss also ὀθνεῖων ἀφεστά-  
 μενος E, cf. ἀποστησάσθων C.I.A. 1. 32. 18: mss ἐφέσσ. and  
 ἐρέσσ.      <sup>3</sup> ὃς ἄριστος E, for the more usual attracted form  
 φυσιγνώμονος οὗ (or οἴου) ἀρίστου. cf. xiv. 59: mss ὁ σοφιστής  
 from below

## THE INSCRIPTIONS, IX-XI

### IX.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A LANDED GENTLEMAN]

THIS, good Stranger, is the behest of Orthon of Syracuse: Go you never abroad drunk of a stormy night; for that was my fate to do, and so it is I lie here, and there's weighed me out a foreign country in exchange for much native-land.

### X.—[FOR AN ALTAR WITH A FRIEZE OF THE MUSES]

THIS carved work of marble, sweet Goddesses, is set up for the nine of you by the true musician—as all must name him—Xenocles, who having much credit of his art forgets not the Muses whose it is.

### XI.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A STROLLING PHYSIOGNOMIST]

HERE lies Strong-i'-th'-arm the great physiognomist, the man who could read the mind by the eye. And so, for all he is a stranger in a strange land, he has had friends to give him decent burial, and the dirge-writer has been kindness itself. The dead philosopher has all he could have wished; and thus, weakling wight though he be, there is after all somebody that cares for him.

“Weakling wight”: an Epic word to point the play upon the name.

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### XII

Δημομέλης ὁ χορηγός, ὁ τὸν τρίποδ' ὦ Διόνυσε  
καὶ σὲ τὸν ἡδιστον θεῶν μακάρων ἀναθείς,  
μέτριος ἦν ἐν πᾶσι, χορῶ δ' ἐκθήσατο νίκην  
ἀνδρῶν, καὶ τὸ καλὸν καὶ τὸ προσήκον ὄρων.

### XIII

Ἢ Κύπρις οὐ πάνδημος. ἰλάσκειο τὴν θεὸν εἰπὼν  
οὐρανήην, ἀγνῆς ἄνθεμα Χρυσογόνης  
οἴκῳ ἐν Ἀμφικλέους,<sup>1</sup> ὦ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον εἶχε  
ξυνόν. ἀεὶ δέ σφιν λώιον εἰς ἔτος ἦν  
ἐκ σέθεν ἀρχομένοις ὦ πότνια· κηδόμενοι γὰρ  
ἀθανάτων αὐτοὶ πλείον ἔχουσι βροτοί.

### XIV

Ἀστοῖς καὶ ξείνοισιν ἴσον νέμει ἦδε τράπεζα·  
θεὶς ἀνελοῦ ψήφου πρὸς λόγον ἐλκομένης.<sup>2</sup>  
ἄλλος τις πρόφασιν λεγέτω· τὰ δ' ὀθνεῖα Κάϊκος  
χρήματα καὶ νυκτὸς βουλομένοις ἀριθμεῖ.

<sup>1</sup> Ἀμφικλέους: a Coan name      <sup>2</sup> ἐλκομένης, cf. *Hibeh Papp.* 1. p. 65, *Theophr. Char.* 24: mss also ἀρχομένης

## THE INSCRIPTIONS, XII-XIV

### XII.—[FOR A PRIZE TRIPOD]

CHOIR-MASTER Demomeles, who set up this tripod and this effigy, Dionysus, of the sweetest God in heaven, had always been a decent fellow, and he won the victory with his men's-chorus because he knew beauty and seemliness when he saw them.

### XIII.—[FOR A COAN LADY'S NEW STATUE OF APHRODITE]

THIS is not the People's Cyprian, but pray when you propitiate this Goddess do so by the name of Heavenly; for this is the offering of a chaste woman, to wit of Chrysogonè, in the house of Amphicles, whose children and whose life she shared; so that beginning, Great Lady, with worship of thee, they ever increased their happiness with the years. For any that have a care for the Immortals are the better off for it themselves.

### XIV.—[FOR THE TABLE OF A BARBARIAN MONEY-CHANGER]

THIS table makes no distinction of native and foreigner. You pay in and you receive out in strict accordance with the lie of the counters. If you want shifts and shuffles go elsewhere. You may be paid foreign money by Caicus in the dark.



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XV

Γνώσομαι, εἴ τι νέμεις ἀγαθοῖς πλέον, ἢ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς  
 ἐκ σέθεν ὡσαύτως ἴσον, ὀδοιπόρ', ἔχει.  
 'χαιρέτω οὗτος ὁ τύμβος' ἐρεῖς 'ἐπεὶ Εὐρυμέ-  
 δοντος  
 κείται τῆς ἱερῆς κούφος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς.'

XVI

'Ἡ παῖς ὄχετ' ἄωρος ἐν ἐβδόμῳ ἤδ' ἐνιαυτῷ  
 εἰς 'Αἴδην πολλῆς ἡλικίης προτέρη,  
 δειλαίη, ποθέουσα τὸν εἰκοσάμηνον ἀδελφόν,  
 νήπιον ἀστόργου γευσάμενον θανάτου.  
 αἰαὶ ἐλεινὰ παθοῦσα Περιστέρη, ὡς ἐν ἐτοίμῳ  
 ἀνθρώποις δαίμων θῆκε τὰ λυγρότατα.

XVII

Θᾶσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον ὦ ξένε  
 σπουδᾶ, καὶ λέγ' ἐπὰν ἐς οἶκον ἔνθης.  
 'Ἀνακρέοντος εἰκόν' εἶδον ἐν Τέῳ  
 τῶν πρόσθ' εἴ τι περισσὸν ὠδοποιῶν.'  
 προσθεῖς δὲ χῶτι ' τοῖς νέοισιν ἄδετο,  
 ἐρεῖς ἀτρεκέως ὄλον τὸν ἄνδρα.

XVIII

"Α τε φωνὰ Δώριος χώνηρ ὁ τὰν κωμωδίαν  
 εὐρῶν Ἐπίχαρμος.  
 ὦ Βάκχε χάλκεόν νιν ἀντ' ἀλαθινοῦ  
 τὴν ὧδ' ἀνέθηκαν,  
 τοὶ Συρακόσσαις ἐνίδρυνται πελωριστᾶ πόλει,  
 οἳ ἄνδρὶ πολίτα,

## THE INSCRIPTIONS, XV-XVIII

### XV.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A BRAVE MAN]

I SHALL know, master Wayfarer, whether you prefer the valiant or esteem him even as the craven; for you will say: "Blest be this tomb for lying so light above the sacred head of Eurymedon."

### XVI.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF TWO LITTLE CHILDREN]

THIS little maid was taken untimely, seven years old and her life before her, and 'twas for grief, the poor child, that her brother of twenty months should have tasted, pretty babe, the unkindness of Death; O Peristerè, the pity of it! how near to man and ready hath God set what is woefullest!

### XVII.—[FOR A STATUE OF ANACREON AT TEOS]

Look well upon this statue, good Stranger, and when you return home say "I saw at Teos a likeness of Anacreon, the very greatest of the old makers of songs"; and you will describe him to the letter if you say also "He was the delight of the young."

### XVIII.—[FOR A STATUE OF EPICHARMUS IN THE THEATRE AT SYRACUSE]

THE speech is the Dorian, and the theme the inventor of comedy, Epicharmus. They that have their habitation in the most mighty city of Syracuse have set him up here, as became fellow-townsmen, unto thee, good Bacchus, in bronze in the stead of

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σωροῦ τὸν εἶκε ῥημάτων μεμναμένοι<sup>1</sup>  
 τελεῖν ἐπίχειρα.  
 πολλὰ γὰρ ποττὰν ζόαν τοῖς παισὶν εἶπε χρήσιμα·  
 μέγαλα χάρις αὐτῷ.

XIX

Ὁ μουσοποιὸς ἐνθάδ' Ἰππῶναξ κεῖται.  
 κεῖ μὲν πονηρός, μὴ ποτέρχεν τῷ τύμβῳ·  
 εἰ δ' ἐσσι κρήγυός τε καὶ παρὰ χρηστῶν,  
 θαρσέων καθίζεν, κῆν θέλης ἀπόβριξον.

XX

Ὁ μικκὸς τόδ' ἔτευξε τῇ Θραϊσῶν  
 Μήδειος τὸ μνᾶμ' ἐπὶ τῇ ὁδῷ κῆπέγραψε Κλείτας.  
 ἔχει τὰν χάριν ἀδὺν ἀντὶ τήνων,  
 ὧν τὸν κοῦρον ἔθρεψε· τί μάν; ὅτι χρήσιμα καλεῖται.

XXI

Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στᾶθι καὶ εἶσιδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητὰν  
 τὸν τῶν ἰάμβων, οὗ τὸ μυρίον κλέος  
 διῆλθε κῆπὶ νύκτα καὶ ποτ' ἀῶ.  
 ἦρά νιν αἰ Μοῖσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἠγάπευν Ἀπόλλων,  
 ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἐγένετο κῆπιδέξιος  
 ἔπεά τε ποιεῖν πρὸς λύραν τ' αἰεῖδεν.

<sup>1</sup> thus E, εἶκε from ἴζω, cf. Hom. εἶσα: mss σωρὸν (or σ. γὰρ) εἶχε ῥημάτων (or χρημάτων) μεμναμένους

## THE INSCRIPTIONS, XVIII-XXI

the flesh ; and thus have remembered to pay him his wages for the great heap of words he hath builded. For many are the things he hath told their children profitable unto life. He hath their hearty thanks.

### XIX.—[A NEW INSCRIPTION FOR THE GRAVE OF HIPPONAX]

HERE lies the bard Hipponax. If you are a rascal, go not nigh his tomb ; but if you are a true man of good stock, sit you down and welcome, and if you choose to drop off to sleep you shall.

### XX.—[AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE GRAVE OF A NURSE]

THIS memorial the little Medeijs hath builded by the wayside to his Thracian nurse, and written her name upon it, "Cleita." She hath her reward for the child's good upbringing, and what is it? to be called "a good servant" evermore.

### XXI.—[FOR A STATUE OF ARCHILOCHUS]

STAND and look at Archilochus, the old maker of iambic verse, whose infinite renown hath spread both to utmost east and furthest west. Sure the Muses and Delian Apollo liked him well, such taste and skill had he to bring both to the framing of the words and to the setting of them to the lyre.

XXII

Τὸν τῶ Ζανὸς ὄδ' ὑμῖν υἱὸν ὦνήρ  
 τὸν λεοντομάχαν, τὸν ὀξύχειρα,  
 πρᾶτος τῶν ἐπάνωθε μωσοποιῶν  
 Πείσανδρος συνέγραψεν οὐκ Καμίρω,  
 χῶσσοις ἐξεπόνασεν εἶπ' ἀέθλους.  
 τοῦτον δ' αὐτὸν ὁ δᾶμος, ὡς σάφ' εἰδῆς,  
 ἔστασ' ἐνθάδε χάλκεον ποήσας  
 πολλοῖς μῆσιν ὄπισθε κήνιαυτοῖς.

XXIII

Αὐδήσει τὸ γράμμα, τί σᾶμά τε καὶ τίς ὑπ' αὐτῷ·  
 Γλαύκης εἰμὶ τάφος τῆς ὀνομαζομένης.

XXIV

Ἄρχαῖα τῶ πόλλωνι τὰ ναθήματα  
 ὑπήρχεν· ἡ βᾶσις δὲ τοῦ μὲν εἴκοσι,  
 τοῦ<sup>1</sup> δ' ἑπτὰ, τοῦ δὲ πέντε, τοῦ δὲ δώδεκα,  
 τοῦ δὲ διηκοσίοισι νεωτέρη ἢ δ' ἐνιαυτοῖς·  
 τοσσόσδε γὰρ τὴν<sup>2</sup> ἐξέβη μετρούμενος.

<sup>1</sup> here and below τοῦ Wil: mss τοῖς      <sup>2</sup> τὴν E, supply ἀριθμὸς: mss νιν

## THE INSCRIPTIONS, XXII-XXIV

### XXII.—[FOR A STATUE OF PEISANDER AT CAMIRUS]

THIS is Peisander of Camirus, the bard of old time who first wrote you of the lion-fighting quick-o'-th'-hand son of Zeus and told of all the labours he wrought. That you may know this for certain, the people have made his likeness in bronze and set it here after many months and many years.

### XXIII.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF ONE GLAUCÈ]

THE writing will say what the tomb is and who lies beneath it: "I am the grave of one that was called Glaucè."

### XXIV.—[FOR A NEW BASE TO SOME OLD OFFERINGS]

THESE offerings Apollo had possessed before; but the base you see below them is younger, than this by twenty years and that by seven, this by five and that by twelve, and this again by two hundred. For when you reckon them that is what it comes to.

## ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ ΑΠΟΣΠΑΣΜΑΤΑ

### I

Eustath. ad *Iliad.* 5. 905, p. 620, 29 Ἀδελφὴ δὲ ἐστὶν Ἀρεως ἢ Ἡβη, ὡς καὶ Θεόκριτος μυθολογεῖ.

### II

*Etym. Magn.*, p. 290, 53 δυσὶν ἀντιφέρεσθαι, ὡς παρὰ Θεοκρίτῳ.

### III

Athen. 7, 284 A Θεόκριτος δ' ὁ Συρακόσιος ἐν τῇ ἐπιγραφομένῃ Βερενίκῃ τὸν λευκὸν ἐπονομαζόμενον ἰχθὺν ἱερὸν καλεῖ διὰ τούτων

. . . καὶ τις ἀνὴρ αἰτεῖται ἐπαγροσύνην τε καὶ ὄλβον,  
ἐξ ἀλὸς ᾧ ζωὴ, τὰ δὲ δίκτυα κείνω ἄροτρα,  
σφάζων ἀκρόνυχος ταύτῃ θεῷ ἱερὸν ἰχθύν,  
ὃν λεῦκον καλέουσιν, ὃ γάρ θ' ἱερώτατος ἄλλων,  
καί κε λίνα στήσαιτο καὶ ἐξερύσαιτο θαλάσσης  
ἐμπλεα . . .

## THE FRAGMENTS

THREE fragments of Theocritus have been preserved in quotations.

### I

*Eustathius commenting upon Iliad 5. 905 says :—*

Hebe is the sister of Ares, as Theocritus tells us.

### II

*In the Etymologicum Magnum we read :—*

To fight against two, as in Theocritus.

### III

*The third passage is quoted by Athenaeus (7. 284A) from a poem in honour of Berenicè, the queen either of Ptolemy I or of Ptolemy III; it is also referred to by Eustathius upon Iliad 16. 407 (1067. 43) :—*

... And if a man whose living is of the deep, a man whose ploughshares are his nets, prayeth for luck and lucre with an evening sacrifice unto this Goddess of one of the noble fishes which being noblest of all they call Leucus, then when he shall set his trammels he shall draw them from out the sea full to the brim . . .





I. THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

II

THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS  
OF BION



## I.—THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

LIKE *all the so-called songs in this book, this poem is lyric only in spirit. It is not one of the actual songs sung at the Adonis-festival, but, like the song in Theocritus XV, a conventional book-representation of them written for recitation. The suggestion here and there of a refrain is intended primarily to aid the illusion, but also serves the purpose sometimes of paragraphing the poem. The poem belongs to the second part of the festival; it is the dirge proper. As in XV the wedding-song refers to the coming dirge, so here the dirge refers to the past wedding-song. The Lament for Adonis is generally believed to be the work of Bion.*

## ΒΙΩΝΟΣ

### Ι.—ΑΔΩΝΙΔΟΣ ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ

Αιάζω τὸν Ἄδωνιν· ἄπόλετο καλὸς Ἄδωνις·  
ἔπαυετο καλὸς Ἄδωνις ἔπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτες.

μηκέτι πορφυρέοις ἐνὶ φάρεσι Κύπρι κάθειυδε·  
ἔγρεο δειλαία, κυανόστολα<sup>1</sup> καὶ πλατάγησον  
στήθεα καὶ λέγε πᾶσιν ἄπόλετο καλὸς Ἄδωνις·  
αἰάζω τὸν Ἄδωνιν· ἔπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτες.

κεῖται καλὸς Ἄδωνις ἐν ὄρεσι μηρὸν ὀδόντι,  
λευκῶ λευκὸν ὀδόντι τυπεῖς, καὶ Κύπριν ἀνιῆ  
λεπτὸν ἀποψύχων· τὸ δέ οἱ μέλαν εἴβεται αἷμα  
χιονέας κατὰ σαρκός, ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δ' ὄμματα ναρκῆ, 10  
καὶ τὸ ῥόδον φεύγει τῷ χείλεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τήνῳ  
θνάσκει καὶ τὸ φίλημα, τὸ μήποτε Κύπρις ἀνοίσει.  
Κύπριδι μὲν τὸ φίλημα καὶ οὐ ζώοντος ἀρέσκει,  
ἀλλ' οὐκ οἶδεν Ἄδωνις, ὃ νιν θνάσκοντ' ἐφίλησεν.  
αἰάζω τὸν Ἄδωνιν· ἔπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτες.

ἄγριον ἄγριον ἔλκος ἔχει κατὰ μηρὸν Ἄδωνις·  
μεῖζον δ' ἂν Κυθήρεια φέρει ποτικάρδιον ἔλκος.

<sup>1</sup> κυανόστολα Wil : mss κυανοστόλε

# THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS OF BION

## I.—THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

I CRY woe for Adonis and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead* ; and the Loves cry me woe again and say *The beauteous Adonis is dead*.

Sleep no more, Cypris, beneath thy purple coverlet, but awake to thy misery ; put on the sable robe and fall to beating thy breast, and tell it to the world, *The beauteous Adonis is dead*.

*Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.*

The beauteous Adonis lieth low in the hills, his thigh pierced with the tusk, the white with the white, and Cypris is sore vexed at the gentle passing of his breath ; for the red blood drips down his snow-white flesh, and the eyes beneath his brow wax dim ; the rose departs from his lip, and the kiss that Cypris shall never have so again, that kiss dies upon it and is gone. Cypris is fain enough now of the kiss of the dead ; but Adonis, he knows not that she hath kissed him.

*Woe I cry for Adonis and the Loves cry woe again.*

Cruel, O cruel the wound in the thigh of him, but greater the wound in the heart of her. Loud did

τῆνον<sup>1</sup> μὲν περὶ παῖδα φίλοι κύνες ὠδύραντο  
 καὶ Νύμφαι κλαίουσιν ὄρειάδες· ἅ δ' Ἀφροδίτα  
 λυσαμένα πλοκαμίδας ἀνὰ δρυμῶς ἀλάληται  
 πενθαλέα νήπλεκτος ἀσάνδαλος· αἱ δὲ βάτοι νιν  
 ἐρχομένην κείροντι καὶ ἱερὸν αἶμα δρέπονται·  
 ὄξυ δὲ κωκύουσα δι' ἄγκεα μακρὰ φορεῖται  
 Ἀσσύριον βοόωσα πόσιν καὶ παῖδα καλεῦσα.  
 ἀμφὶ δέ νιν μέλαν αἶμα παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἀωρεῖτο,  
 στήθεα δ' ἐκ μηρῶν φοινίσσετο, τοὶ δ'<sup>2</sup> ὑπὸ μαζοῖ  
 χιόνεοι τὸ πάροιθεν Ἀδώνιδι πορφύροντο.  
 αἰαῖ τὰν Κυθήρειαν ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἔρωτες.

20

ᾤλεσε τὸν καλὸν ἄνδρα, συνᾔλεσεν ἱερὸν εἶδος.  
 Κύπριδι μὲν καλὸν εἶδος, ὅτε ζώεσκεν Ἀδωνις·  
 κάτθανε δ' ἅ μορφὰ σὺν Ἀδώνιδι. αἰαῖ τὰν Κύπριν  
 αἰαῖ

30

ᾠρεα πάντα λέγοντι, καὶ αἱ δρύες αἰ τὸν Ἀδωνιν·  
 καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίουσι τὰ πένθεα τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας,  
 καὶ παγαὶ τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἐν ᾠρεσι δακρύνοντι,  
 ἄνθεα δ' ἐξ ὀδύνας ἐρυθαίνεται· ἅ δὲ Κυθήρα  
 πάντας ἀνὰ κναμῶς, ἀνὰ πᾶν νάπος οἰκτρὸν αἰεῖδει  
 αἰαῖ τὰν Κυθήρειαν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις.  
 Ἀχὼ δ' ἀντεβόασεν ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις.  
 Κύπριδος αἶνον ἔρωτα τίς οὐκ ἔκλαυσεν ἂν αἰαῖ;

ὡς ἶδεν, ὡς ἐνόησεν Ἀδώνιδος ἀσχετον ἔλκος,  
 ὡς ἶδε φοίνιον αἶμα μαραιομένῳ περὶ μηρῶ,  
 πάχεας ἀμπετάσασα κινύρετο· μείνον Ἀδωνι,  
 δύσποτμε μείνον Ἀδωνι, πανύστατον ὡς σε κιχείω,  
 ὡς σε περιπτύξω καὶ χεῖλεα χεῖλεσι μίξω.  
 ἔγρεο τυτθὸν Ἀδωνι, τὸ δ' αὖ πύματόν με φίλησον,  
 τοσσοῦτόν με φίλησον, ὅσον ζώῃ τὸ φίλημα,

40

<sup>1</sup> τῆνον Brunck : mss κείνον

<sup>2</sup> τοὶ δ' Wil : mss οἱ δ'

wail his familiar hounds, and loud now weep the Nymphs of the hill; but Aphrodite, she unbraids her tresses and goes wandering distraught, unkempt, unslippered in the wild wood, and for all the briers may tear and rend her and cull her hallowed blood, she flies through the long glades shrieking amain, crying upon her Assyrian lord, calling upon the lad of her love. Meantime the red blood floated in a pool about his navel, his breast took on the purple that came of his thighs, and the paps thereof that had been as the snow waxed now incarnadine.

*The Loves cry woe again saying "Woe for Cytherea."*

Lost is her lovely lord, and with him lost her hallowed beauty. When Adonis yet lived Cypris was beautiful to see to, but when Adonis died her loveliness died also. With all the hills 'tis *Woe for Cypris* and with the vales 'tis *Woe for Adonis*; the rivers weep the sorrows of Aphrodite, the wells of the mountains shed tears for Adonis; the flowerets flush red for grief, and Cythera's isle over every foothill and every glen of it sings pitifully *Woe for Cytherea, the beauteous Adonis is dead*, and Echo ever cries her back again, *The beauteous Adonis is dead*. Who would not have wept his woe over the dire tale of Cypris' love?

She saw, she marked his irresistible wound, she saw his thigh fading in a welter of blood, she lift her hands and put up the voice of lamentation saying "Stay, Adonis mine, stay, hapless Adonis, till I come at thee for the last time, till I clip thee about and mingle lip with lip. Awake Adonis, awake for a little while, and give me one latest kiss; kiss me all so long as ever the kiss be alive, till thou give up



THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἄχρισ ἀποψύχης ἐς ἐμὸν στόμα κείς ἐμὸν ἦπαρ  
πνεῦμα τεὸν ρεύσῃ, τὸ δέ σευ γλυκὺ φίλτρον  
ἀμέλξω,

ἐκ δὲ πίων τὸν ἔρωτα, φίλημα δὲ τοῦτο φυλάξω  
ὡς<sup>1</sup> αὐτὸν τὸν Ἄδωνιν, ἐπεὶ σύ με δύσμορε φεύγεις, 50  
φεύγεις μακρὸν Ἄδωνι, καὶ ἔρχεται εἰς Ἀχέροντα  
πὰρ στυγνὸν βασιλῆα καὶ ἄγριον, ἃ δὲ τάλαινα  
ζώω καὶ θεὸς ἐμμὶ καὶ οὐ δύναμαί σε διώκειν.  
λάβανε Περσεφόνα τὸν ἐμὸν πόσιν· ἐσσί γὰρ αὐτὰ  
πολλὸν ἐμεῦ κρέσσων, τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν ἐς σέ  
καταρρεῖ.<sup>2</sup>

ἐμμὶ δ' ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἔχω δ' ἀκόρεστον ἀνίαν,  
καὶ κλαίω τὸν Ἄδωνιν, ὃ μοι θάνε, καί σε φοβεῦμαι.  
θνάσκεις ὦ τριπόθητε, πόθος δέ μοι ὡς ὄναρ ἔπτα,  
χήρα δ' ἃ Κυθήρεια, κενοὶ δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' Ἐρωτες.  
σοὶ δ' ἄμα κεστὸς ὄλωλε. τί γὰρ τολμηρὸν κυνάγεις; 60  
καλὸς ἐὼν τοσσοῦτον ἐμῆναο θηρὶ παλαίειν;  
ὦδ' ὀλοφύρατο Κύπρις· ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἐρωτες  
' αἰαῖ τὰν Κυθήρειαν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἄδωνις.'

δάκρυον ἃ Παφία τόσσον χέει, ὅσσον Ἄδωνις  
αἷμα χέει· τὰ δὲ πάντα ποτὶ χθονὶ γίνεται ἄνθη.  
αἷμα ῥόδον τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δάκρυα τὰν ἀνεμώναν.  
αἰάζω τὸν Ἄδωνιν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἄδωνις.

μηκέτ' ἐνὶ δρυμοῖσι τὸν ἀνέρα μύρεο Κύπρι.  
οὐκ ἀγαθὰ στιβάς ἐστιν Ἄδωνιδι φυλλὰς ἐρήμα·  
λέκτρον ἔχοι Κυθήρεια τὸ σὸν καὶ<sup>3</sup> νεκρὸς Ἄδωνις. 70

<sup>1</sup> ὡς Mus: mss ὡς σ'      <sup>2</sup> καταρρεῖ Stephanus: mss καὶ  
ἄρρει      <sup>3</sup> ἔχοι Valckenaer: mss ἔχει      καὶ E: mss νῦν δὲ  
or τὸ δὲ due to taking καὶ as "and"

thy breath into my mouth and thy spirit pass into my heart, till I have drawn the sweet milk of thy love-potion and I have drunk up all thy love; and that kiss of Adonis I will keep as it were he that gave it, now that thou fliest me, poor miserable, fliest me far and long, Adonis, and goest where is Acheron and the cruel sullen king, while I alas! live and am a God and may not go after thee. O Persephone, take thou my husband, take him if thou wilt; for thou art far stronger than I, and gettest to thy share all that is beautiful; but as for me, 'tis all ill and for ever, 'tis pain and grief without cloy, and I weep that my Adonis is dead and I fear me what thou wilt do. O dearest and sweetest and best, thou diest, and my dear love is sped like a dream; widowed now is Cytherea, the Loves are left idle in her bower, and the girdle of the Love-Lady is lost along with her beloved. O rash and overbold! why didst go a-hunting? Wast thou so wood to pit thee against a wild beast and thou so fair?" This was the wail of Cypris, and now the Loves cry her woe again, saying *Woe for Cytherea, the beauteous Adonis is dead.*

The Paphian weeps and Adonis bleeds, drop for drop, and the blood and tears become flowers upon the ground. Of the blood comes the rose, and of the tears the windflower.

*I cry woe for Adonis, the beauteous Adonis is dead.*

Mourn thy husband no more in the woods, sweet Cypris; the lonely leaves make no good lying for such as he: rather let Adonis have thy couch as in life so in death; for being dead, Cytherea, he is yet

“ wood ” : mad.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ νέκυς ὧν καλὸς ἔστι, καλὸς νέκυς, οἷα καθεύδων.  
 κάτθεό νιν μαλακοῖς ἐνὶ φάρεσιν οἷς<sup>1</sup> ἐνίαυεν,  
 ᾧ μετὰ τεύς<sup>2</sup> ἀνὰ νύκτα τὸν ἱερὸν ὕπνον ἐμόχθει  
 παγχρυσέῳ κλινητῆρι· ποθεῖ καὶ στυμνὸν<sup>3</sup> Ἄδωνιν.  
 βάλλε δέ νιν στεφάνοισι καὶ ἄνθεσι· πάντα σὺν  
 αὐτῷ,

ὡς τῆνος τέθνακε καὶ ἄνθεα πάντα θανόντων.<sup>4</sup>  
 ῥαῖνε δέ νιν Συρίοισιν<sup>5</sup> ἀλείφασι, ῥαῖνε μύροισιν·  
 ὀλλύσθω μύρα πάντα· τὸ σὸν μύρον ὤλετ' Ἄδωνις.

κέκλιται ἀβρὸς Ἄδωνις ἐν εἵμασι πορφυρέοισιν·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ νιν κλαίοντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἔρωτες  
 κειράμενοι χαίτας ἐπ' Ἀδώνιδι· χῶ μὲν οἷστῶς,  
 ὃς δ' ἐπὶ τόξον ἔβαλλεν, ὃ<sup>6</sup> δὲ πτερόν, ὃς δὲ φαρέ-  
 τραν·

χῶ μὲν ἔλυσε πέδιλον Ἀδώνιδος, οἷ δὲ λέβητι  
 χρυσείῳ φορέουσιν ὕδωρ, ὃ δὲ μηρία λούει,  
 ὃς δ' ὄπιθεν πτερύγεσσι ἀναψύχει τὸν Ἄδωνιν.

‘αἰαῖ<sup>7</sup> τὰν Κυθήρειαν’ ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἔρωτες.

ἔσβεσε λαμπάδα πᾶσαν ἐπὶ φλιαῖς Ὑμέναιος,  
 καὶ στέφος ἐξεπέτασσε γαμήλιον· οὐκέτι δ' Ὑμήν,<sup>90</sup>

Ὑμήν οὐκέτ' αἰεῖδει ἐὼν μέλος, ἀλλ' ἐπαεῖδει<sup>8</sup>

‘αἰαῖ’ καὶ ‘τὸν Ἄδωνιν’ ἔτι πλέον ἢ Ὑμέναιον.

αἱ Χάριτες κλαίοντι τὸν υἱέα τῷ Κινύραο,

‘ὤλετο καλὸς Ἄδωνις’ ἐν ἀλλάλαισι λέγουσαι.

‘αἰαῖ’ δ' ὄξυ λέγουσι πολὺ πλέον ἢ Παιῶνα.<sup>9</sup>

χαῖ<sup>10</sup> Μοῖραι τὸν Ἄδωνιν ἀνακλείουσιν ‘Ἄδωνιν,’

<sup>1</sup> οἷς Steph: mss οἷ    <sup>2</sup> ᾧ E: mss τοῖς    τεύς Wil: mss σεῦ  
<sup>3</sup> στυμνὸν E, see C.R. 1913, p. 76: mss στυγνόν    <sup>4</sup> πάντα  
 θανόντων E, cf. 78: mss πάντ' ἐμαράνθη emended from *Epit.*  
*Bion.* 69 after πάντα σὺν αὐτῷ had come in from above

lovely, lovely in death as he were asleep. Lay him down in the soft coverlets wherein he used to slumber, upon that couch of solid gold whereon he used to pass the nights in sacred sleep with thee; for the very couch longs for Adonis, Adonis all dishevelled. Fling garlands also and flowers upon him; now that he is dead let them die too, let every flower die. Pour out upon him unguents of Syria, perfumes of Syria; perish now all perfumes, for he that was thy perfume is perished and gone.

There he lies, the delicate Adonis, in purple wrappings, and the weeping Loves lift up their voices in lamentation; they have shorn their locks for Adonis' sake. This flung upon him arrows, that a bow, this a feather, that a quiver. One hath done off Adonis' shoe, others fetch water in a golden basin, another washes the thighs of him, and again another stands behind and fans him with his wings.

*The Loves cry woe again saying "Woe for Cytherea."*

The Wedding-God hath put out every torch before the door, and scattered the bridal garland upon the ground; the burden of his song is no more "Ho for the Wedding;" there's more of "Woe" and "Adonis" to it than ever there was of the wedding-cry. The Graces weep the son of Cinyras, saying one to another, *The beauteous Adonis is dead*, and when they cry woe 'tis a shriller cry than ever the cry of thanksgiving. Nay, even the Fates weep and wail for Adonis, calling upon his name; and more-

<sup>5</sup> Συρίοισιν Ruhnken: mss μύροισι <sup>6</sup> ἔβαλλεν δ Wil: mss  
 ἔβαιν' ὅς <sup>7</sup> αἰαῖ Lennep: mss αὐτὰν <sup>8</sup> thus Ahr: mss  
 ἀειδονέος μέλος ἄλλεται αἶ αἶ <sup>9</sup> αἰαῖ Pierson: mss αὐταῖ  
 Παιῶνα Ahr: mss τὸ Διώννα <sup>10</sup> χαῖ Meineke: mss καὶ

## THE BUCOLIC POETS

καί νιν ἐπαείδουσιν· ὃ δέ σφισιν οὐχ ὑπακούει·  
οὐ μὰν οὐκ ἐθέλει, Κώρα δέ νιν οὐκ ἀπολύει.

λῆγε γόων Κυθήρεια τὸ σάμερον, ἴσχεο κομμῶν.<sup>1</sup>  
δεῖ σε πάλιν κλαῦσαι, πάλιν εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο  
δακρῦσαι.

<sup>1</sup> κομμῶν Barth : mss κόμων

BION I, 97-100

over they sing a spell upon him to bring him back again, but he payeth no heed to it; yet 'tis not from lack of the will, but rather that the Maiden will not let him go.

Give over thy wailing for to-day, Cytherea, and beat not now thy breast any more; thou needs wilt wail again and weep again, come another year.



## II.—ACHILLES AMONG THE MAIDENS

*THIS fragmentary shepherd-mime is probably to be ascribed to an imitator of Bion. At Myrson's request, Lycidas sings him the tale of Achilles at Scyros.*



II.—[ΜΥΡΣΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ]

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Λῆς νύ τί μοι Λυκίδα Σικελὸν μέλος ἀδὺ λιγαίνειν,  
 ἱμερόεν γλυκύθυμον ἐρωτικόν, οἶον ὁ Κύκλωψ  
 ἄεισεν Πολύφαμος ἐπαονία<sup>1</sup> Γαλατεία;

ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ

κῆμοι<sup>2</sup> συρίσδεν, Μύρσων, φίλον· ἀλλὰ τί μέλψω;

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Σκύριον ὦ Λυκίδα ζαλώμενον<sup>3</sup> ἀδὺν ἔρωτα,  
 λάθρια Πηλείδαο φιλάματα, λάθριον εὐνάν,  
 πῶς παῖς ἔσσατο φᾶρος, ὅπως δ' ἐψεύσατο<sup>4</sup> μορφὰν  
 κῆν κώραισιν ὅπως<sup>5</sup> Λυκομηδίσιν ἀπαλέγοισα  
 ἠείδη κατὰ<sup>6</sup> παστὸν Ἀχιλλέα Δηϊδάμεια.

ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ

Ἄρπασε τὰν Ἑλέναν πόθ' ὁ βουκόλος, ἄγε δ' ἐς  
 Ἴδαν,  
 Οἰνώνα κακὸν ἄλγος. ἐχώσατο δ' ἅ Λακεδαίμων,

<sup>1</sup> ἐπαονία E, cf. Theocr. 25. 249: mss ἐπ' ἠϊόνι <sup>2</sup> κῆμοι  
 Brunck: mss κῆν μοι <sup>3</sup> ζαλώμενον Wil: mss ζαλῶν μένος  
<sup>4</sup> ἐψεύσατο Canter, cf. Nonn. Dion. 44. 289: mss ἐγεύσατο  
<sup>5</sup> thus Wil: mss κῆν ὅπως ἐν κώραις <sup>6</sup> ἠείδη (from οἶδα) κατὰ  
 E, cf. Moero ar. Athen. 491 B: mss ἀηδήνηα τὰ

## II.—[ACHILLES AMONG THE MAIDENS]

MYRSON

THEN prithee, Lycidas, wilt thou chant me some pretty lay of Sicily, some delightful sweetheart song of love such as the Cyclops sang to Galatea of the sea-beaches?

LYCIDAS

I myself should like to make some music, Myrson; so what shall it be?

MYRSON

The sweet and enviable love-tale of Scyros, Lycidas, the stolen kisses of the child of Peleus and the stolen espousal of the same, how a lad donned women's weeds and played the knave with his outward seeming, and how in the women's chamber the reckless Deïdameia found out Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes.

LYCIDAS (*sings*)

Once on a day, and a woeful day for the wife that  
loved him well,  
The neatherd stole fair Helen and bare her to Ida  
fell.

“The wife that loved him well”: Oenōnè, wife of Paris.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

πάντα δὲ λαὸν ἄγειρεν Ἀχαιϊκόν, οὐδέ τις Ἑλληνα  
οὔτε Μυκηναίων οὔτ' Ἥλιδος οὔτε Λακῶνων,  
μεῖνεν ἔον κατὰ δῶμα φυγῶν δύστανον Ἄρηα.<sup>1</sup>  
λάνθανε δ' ἐν κώραις Λυκομηδίσι μῦνος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
εἶρια δ' ἀνθ' ὄπλων ἐδιδάσκετο, καὶ χερὶ λευκᾷ  
παρθενικὸν κόπον<sup>2</sup> εἶχεν, ἐφαίνετο δ' ἥυτε κώρα·  
καὶ γὰρ ἴσον τήναις θηλύνετο, καὶ τόσον ἄνθος  
χιονέαις πόρφυρε παρηίσι, καὶ τὸ βάδισμα  
παρθενικῆς ἐβάδιζε, κόμας δ' ἐπύκαζε καλύπτρα. 20  
θυμὸν δ' ἀνέρος<sup>3</sup> εἶχε, καὶ ἀνέρος εἶχεν ἔρωτα·  
ἐξ αὐῶς δ' ἐπὶ νύκτα παρίζετο<sup>4</sup> Δηϊδαμεία,  
καὶ ποτὲ μὲν τήνας ἐφίλει χέρα, πολλάκι δ' αὐτᾶς  
στάμονα καλὸν ἄειρε, τὰ δαίδαλα δ' ἄτρι'<sup>5</sup> ἐπήνει·  
ἦσθιε δ' οὐκ ἄλλα σὺν ὀμάλικι, πάντα δ' ἐποίει  
σπεύδων κοινὸν ἐς ὕπνον. ἔλεξέ νυ καὶ λόγον αὐτᾷ·  
' ἄλλαι<sup>6</sup> μὲν κνώσσουσι σὺν ἀλλάλαισιν ἀδελφαί,  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μῶνα, μῶνα<sup>7</sup> δὲ σὺ νύμφα καθεύδεις.  
αἱ δύο παρθενικαὶ<sup>8</sup> συνομάλικες, αἱ δύο καλαί·  
ἀλλὰ μόναι κατὰ<sup>9</sup> λέκτρα καθεύδομες· ἃ δὲ πονηρὰ 30  
Νυσαία<sup>10</sup> δολία με κακῶς ἀπὸ σείο μερίσδει.  
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο . . . . '

<sup>1</sup> φυγῶν δύστανον Bentley: mss φέρων διισσὶ ἀνὰν οἱ διισσὶν ἀνὰν οἱ δυσὶν ἀγνὸν Ἄρηα Scaliger: mss ἄρηα <sup>2</sup> κόπον E: mss κόρον οἱ χορὸν <sup>3</sup> δ' ἀνέρος Lennep: mss δ' Ἄρεος <sup>4</sup> παρίζετο Canter: mss μερίζ. <sup>5</sup> στάμονα Scal: mss στόμ' ἀνὰ δαίδαλα δ' ἄτρι' Len: mss δ' ἀδέα δάκρυ' <sup>6</sup> ἄλλαι E: mss ἄλλαι <sup>7</sup> μῶνα μῶνα Len: mss μῶνα μίμνω <sup>8</sup> αἱ δύο π.

BION II, 12-32

Sparta was wroth and roused to arms Achaea wide  
and far ;

Mycenae, Elis, Sparta-land—

No Greek but scorned at home to stand

For all the woes of war.

Yet one lay hid the maids amid, Achilles was he hight ;

Instead of arms he learnt to spin

And with wan hand his rest to win,

His cheeks were snow-white freakt with red,

He wore a kerchief on his head,

And woman-lightsome was his tread,

All maiden to the sight.

Yet man was he in his heart, and man was he in  
his love ;

From dawn to dark he'ld sit him by

A maid yclept Deïdamy,

And oft would kiss her hand, and oft

Would set her weaver's-beam aloft

And praise the web she wove.

Come dinner-time, he'd go to board that only may  
beside,

And do his best of deed and word to win her for his  
bride ;

“The others share both board and bed,” such wont  
his words to be,

“I sleep alone and you alone; though we be maidens  
free,

Maidens and fair maidens, we sleep on pallets two ;

'Tis that cruel crafty Nysa that is parting me and  
you. . . .”

“with wan hand”: the un-sunburnt hand of an indoor-  
living person.

Salmasius: mss αἰ .δ' ὑπὸ π. <sup>9</sup> κατὰ Scal: mss καὶ

<sup>10</sup> Νυσαία Wil: mss Νύσσα or Νύσσα γὰρ



### III-XVIII

*THE remaining poems and fragments are preserved in quotations made by Stobaeus, with the exception of the last, which is quoted by the grammarian Orion (Anth. 5, 4).*

III.—[ΚΛΕΟΔΑΜΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΥΡΣΩΝ]

ΚΛΕΟΔΑΜΟΣ

Εἶαρος ὦ Μύρσων ἢ χείματος ἢ φθινοπώρῳ  
ἢ θέρεος τί τοι ἀδύ; τί δὲ πλέον εὐχεται ἔλθειν;  
ἢ θέρος, ἀνίκα πάντα τελείται ὅσσα μογεῦμες;  
ἢ γλυκερὸν φθινόπωρον, ὅτ' ἀνδράσι λιμὸς ἔλαφρά;  
ἢ καὶ χεῖμα δύσεργον; ἐπεὶ καὶ χεῖματι πολλοὶ  
θαλπόμενοι θέλγονται<sup>1</sup> ἀεργεία τε καὶ ὄκνῳ·  
ἢ τοι καλὸν ἔαρ πλέον εὐαδεν; εἶπέ, τί τοι φρήν  
αἰρεῖται; λαλέειν γὰρ ἐπέτραπεν ἅ σχολὰ ἄμμιν.

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

κρίνειν οὐκ ἐπέοικε θεήια ἔργα βροτοῖσι·  
πάντα γὰρ ἱερά ταῦτα καὶ ἀδέα· σεῦ δὲ ἕκατι  
ἐξερέω Κλεόδαμε, τό μοι πέλεν ἄδιον ἄλλων.  
οὐκ ἐθέλω θέρος ἦμεν, ἐπεὶ τόκα μ' ἄλιος ὀπτῆ.  
οὐκ ἐθέλω φθινόπωρον, ἐπεὶ νόσον ὄρια τίκτει.  
οὐλον χεῖμα φέρειν· νιφετὸν κρυμῶς τε φοβεῦμαι.  
εἶαρ ἐμοὶ τριπόθητον ὄλω λυκάβαντι παρείη,  
ἀνίκα μήτε κρύος μήθ' ἄλιος ἄμμε βαρύνει.  
εἶαρι πάντα κύει, πάντ' εἶαρος ἀδέα βλαστεῖ,  
χὰ νύξ ἀνθρώποισιν ἴσα καὶ ὁμοίος ἀώς. . .

<sup>1</sup> θέλγονται Ursinus : mss θάλποντας

### III.—[FROM A SHEPHERD-MIME]

CLEODAMUS

WHICH will you have is sweetest, Myrson, spring, winter, autumn, or summer? which are you fainest should come? Summer, when all our labours are fulfilled, or sweet autumn when our hunger is least and lightest, or the winter when no man can work—for winter also hath delights for many with her warm firesides and leisure hours—or doth the pretty spring-time please you best? Say, where is the choice of your heart? To be sure, we have time and to spare for talking.

MYRSON

'Tis unseemly for mortal men to judge of the works of Heaven, and all these four are sacred, and every one of them sweet. But since you ask me, Cleodamus, I will tell you which I hold to be sweeter than the rest. I will not have your summer, for then the sun burns me; I will not have your autumn, neither, for that time o' year breeds disease; and as for your winter, he is intolerable; I cannot away with frost and snow. For my part, give me all the year round the dear delightful spring, when cold doth not chill nor sun burn. In the spring the world's a-breeding, in the spring the world's all sweet buds, and our days are as long as our nights and our nights as our days. . . .



## IV

Ἴξευτὰς ἔτι κῶρος ἐν ἄλσει δενδράεντι  
 ὄρνεα θηρεύων τὸν ἀπότροπον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα  
 ἐσδόμενον πύξιοιο ποτὶ κλάδον· ὡς δ' ἐνόησε,  
 χαίρων ὄνεκα δὴ μέγα φαίνετο τῶρνεον αὐτῷ,  
 τὼς καλάμωσ ἅμα πάντα ἐπ' ἀλλάλοισι συνάπτων  
 τᾶ καὶ τᾶ τὸν Ἔρωτα μετάλμενον ἀμφεδόκευε.  
 χῶ παῖσ ἀσχαλάων, ὅκα<sup>1</sup> οἱ τέλος οὐδὲν ἀπάντη,  
 τὼς καλάμωσ ῥίψασ ποτ' ἀροτρέα πρέσβυν ἴκανε,  
 ὅσ νιν τάνδε τέχνην ἐδιδάξατο, καὶ λέγειν αὐτῷ,  
 καὶ οἱ δείξεν Ἔρωτα καθήμενον. αὐτὰρ ὁ πρέσβυς 10  
 μειδιάων κίνησε κάρη καὶ ἀμείβετο παῖδα·  
 'φείδεο τᾶσ θήρας, μηδ' ἐς τόδε τῶρνεον ἔρχευ.  
 φεῦγε μακράν. κακόν ἐστι τὸ θηρίον. ὄλβιος ἐσσή,  
 εἰσόκα μή νιν ἔλθης· ἦν δ' ἀνέρος ἐς μέτρον ἔλθης,  
 οὔτος ὁ νῦν φεύγων καὶ ἀπάλμενος αὐτὸς ἀφ' αὐτῷ  
 ἔλθων ἐξαπίνας κεφαλὰν ἐπι σείο καθιξεῖ.'

## V

Ἄ μεγάλα μοι Κύπρις ἔθ' ὑπνώοντι παρέστα,  
 νηπίαχον τὸν Ἔρωτα καλᾶσ ἐκ χειρὸσ ἀγοισα  
 ἐς χθόνα νευστάζοντα, τόσον δέ μοι ἔφρασε μῦθον·  
 'μέλπειν μοι φίλε βούτα λαβὼν τὸν Ἔρωτα  
 δίδασκε.'  
 ὡς λέγε· χὰ μὲν ἀπῆνθεν, ἐγὼ δ' ὅσα βουκολίασδου,  
 νήπιος ὡς ἐθέλοντα μαθεῖν τὸν Ἔρωτα δίδασκον,  
 ὡς εὔρε πλαγίαυλον ὁ Πάν, ὡς αὐλὸν Ἀθᾶνα,  
 ὡς χέλυν Ἐρμάων, κίθαρην ὡς ἀδὺσ Ἀπόλλων.

<sup>1</sup> ὅκα Porson : mss οὔνεκα

## BION IV-V

### IV.—[LOVE AND THE FOWLER]

ONE day a fowler-lad was out after birds in a coppice, when he espied perching upon a box-tree bough the shy retiring Love. Rejoicing that he had found what seemed him so fine a bird, he fits all his lime-rods together and lies in wait for that hopping-hopping quarry. But soon finding that there was no end to it, he flew into a rage, cast down his rods, and sought the old ploughman who had taught him his trade; and both told him what had happened and showed him where young Love did sit. At that the old man smiled and wagged his wise head, and answered: "Withhold thy hand, my lad, and go not after this bird; flee him far; 'tis evil game. Thou shalt be happy so long as thou catch him not, but so sure as thou shalt come to the stature of a man, he that hoppeth and scapeth thee now will come suddenly of himself and light upon thy head."

### V.—[LOVE'S SCHOOLING]

I DREAMED and lo! the great Cyprian stood before me. Her fair hand did lead, with head hanging, the little silly Love, and she said to me: "Pray you, sweet Shepherd, take and teach me this child to sing and play," and so was gone. So I fell to teaching master Love, fool that I was, as one willing to learn; and taught him all my lore of country-music, to wit how Pan did invent the cross-flute and Athena the flute, Hermes the lyre and sweet Apollo the harp.

## THE BUCOLIC POETS

ταῦτά νιν ἐξεδίδασκον· ὃ δ' οὐκ ἐμπάζετο μύθων,  
 ἀλλά μοι αὐτὸς ἄειδεν ἐρωτύλα, καί μ' ἐδίδασκε  
 θνατῶν ἀθανάτων τε πόθως καὶ ματέρος ἔργα. 10  
 κῆγῶν ἐκλαθόμεν μὲν ὄσων τὸν Ἔρωτ' ἐδίδασκον,  
 ὄσσα δ' Ἔρωσ μ' ἐδίδαξεν ἐρωτύλα πάντ' ἐδιδάχθην.

### VI

Ταὶ Μοῖσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν ἄγριον οὐ φοβέονται  
 ἐκ θυμῶ δὲ φιλεῦντι καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς αὐτῷ ἔπονται  
 κῆν μὲν ἄρα ψυχάν τις ἔχων ἀνέραστον ἀείδη,  
 τῆνον ὑπεκφεύγοντι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλονται διδάσκειν·  
 ἦν δὲ νόον τις <sup>1</sup> Ἔρωτι δονεῦμενος ἀδὺ μελίσδη,  
 ἐς τῆνον μάλα πᾶσαι ἐπειγόμεναι προρέοντι.  
 μάρτυς ἐγών, ὅτι μῦθος ὃδ' ἔπλετο πᾶσιν ἀλαθῆ.  
 ἦν μὲν γὰρ βροτὸν ἄλλον ἢ ἀθανάτων τινὰ μέλπε,  
 βαμβαίνει μοι γλῶσσα καὶ ὡς πάρος οὐκέτ' ἀείδει  
 ἦν δ' αὐτ' ἐς τὸν Ἔρωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκίδα τι μελίσδα 10  
 καὶ τόκα μοι χαίροισα διὰ στόματος ῥέει αὐδά.

### VII

... Οὐκ οἶδ', οὐδ' ἐπέοικεν ἂ μὴ μάθομες πονέ-  
 εσθαι.  
 εἴ μοι καλὰ πέλει τὰ μελύδρια, καὶ τάδε μῶνα  
 κῦδος ἐμοὶ θήσονται, τά μοι πάρος ὥπασε Μοῖρα·  
 εἰ δ' οὐχ ἀδέα ταῦτα, τί μοι ποτὶ <sup>2</sup> πλείονα μοχθεῖν;  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ βιότῳ διπλόον χρόνον ἄμμιν ἔδωκεν  
 ἢ Κρονίδας ἢ Μοῖρα πολύτροπος, ὥστ' ἀνύεσθαι

<sup>1</sup> τις Brunck : mss τῷ

<sup>2</sup> ποτὶ Ahr : mss πολὺ

## BION V-VII

But nay, the child would give no heed to aught I might say ; rather would he be singing love-songs of his own, and taught me of the doings of his mother and the desires of Gods and men. And as for all the lore I had been teaching master Love, I clean forgot it, but the love-songs master Love taught me, I learnt them every one.

### VI.—[A LOVE POEM]

THE Muses know no fear of the cruel Love ; rather do their hearts befriend him greatly and their footsteps follow him close. And let one that hath not love in his soul sing a song, and they forthwith slink away and will not teach him ; but if sweet music be made by him that hath, then fly they all unto him hot-foot. And if you ask me how I know that this is very truth, I tell you I may sing praise of any other, be he God or man, and my tongue will wag falteringly and refuse me her best ; but if my music be of love and Lycidas, then my voice floweth from my lips rejoicing.

### VII.—[THE POET'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE]

. . . I know not, and 'tis unseemly to labour aught we wot not of. If my poor songs are good, I shall have fame out of such things as Fate hath bestowed upon me already—they will be enough ; but if they are bad, what boots it me to go toiling on ? If we men were given, be it of the Son of Cronus or of fickle Fate, two lives, the one for pleasuring and mirth and

## THE BUCOLIC POETS

τὸν μὲν ἐς εὐφροσύναν καὶ χάρματα, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ<sup>1</sup>  
 μόχθῳ,  
 ἦν τάχα μοχθήσαντί ποθ' ὕστερον ἐσθλὰ δέχεσθαι.  
 εἰ δὲ θεοὶ κατένευσαν ἓνα χρόνον ἐς βίον ἐλθεῖν  
 ἀνθρώποις, καὶ τόνδε βραχὺν καὶ μείονα πάντων, 10  
 ἐς πόσον ἂ δειλοὶ καμάτως κεῖς ἔργα πονεῦμες,  
 ψυχὰν δ' ἄχρι τίνος ποτὶ κέρδεα καὶ ποτὶ τέχνας  
 βάλλομες, ἰμείροντες αἰεὶ πολὺ πλείονος ὄλβῳ;  
 λαθόμεθ' ἢ ἄρα<sup>2</sup> πάντες, ὅτι θνατοὶ γενόμεσθα,  
 χῶς βραχὺν ἐκ Μοίρας λάχομες χρόνον; . . .

### VIII

Ἵλβιοι οἱ φιλέοντες, ἐπὴν ἴσον ἀντεράωνται.  
 ὄλβιος ἦν Θησεὺς τῷ Πειριθόῳ παρεόντος,  
 εἰ καὶ ἀμειλίκτοιο κατήλυθεν εἰς Ἄϊδαο.  
 ὄλβιος ἦν χαλεποῖσιν ἐν Ἀξείνοισιν Ὀρέστας,  
 ὄνεκά οἱ ξυνὰς Πυλάδας ἄρητο<sup>3</sup> κελεύθως.  
 ἦν μάκαρ Αἰακίδας ἐτάρω ζώοντος Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 ὄλβιος ἦν θνάσκων, ὅτι οἱ μόρον αἶνον ἄμυνεν.

### IX

Ἔσπερε, τᾶς ἐρατᾶς χρύσειον φάος Ἀφρογενείας,  
 Ἔσπερε κυανέας ἱερὸν φίλε νυκτὸς ἄγαλμα,  
 τόσσον ἀφαυρότερος μήνας, ὅσον ἔξοχος ἄστρον,  
 χαῖρε φίλος, καί μοι ποτὶ ποιμένα κῶμον ἄγουτι  
 ἀντὶ σελαναίας τὴν δίδου φάος, ὄνεκα τήνα

<sup>1</sup> ἐπὶ Wil: mss ἐνὶ    <sup>2</sup> cf. Mosch. 2. 140    <sup>3</sup> ἄρητο Grotius:  
 mss ἄροιτο or ἄρκετο

## BION VII-IX

the other for toil, then perhaps might one do the toiling first and get the good things afterward. But seeing Heaven's decree is, man shall live but once, and that for too brief a while to do all he would, then O how long shall we go thus miserably toiling and moiling, and how long shall we lavish our life upon getting and making, in the consuming desire for more wealth and yet more? Is it that we all forget that we are mortal and Fate hath allotted us so brief a span? . . . .

### VIII.—[REQUITED LOVE]

HAPPY are lovers when their love is requited. Theseus, for all he found Hades at the last implacable, was happy because Perithoüs went with him; and happy Orestes among the cruel Inhospitables, because Pylades had chosen to share his wanderings; happy also lived Achilles Aeacid while his dear comrade was alive, and died happy, seeing he so avenged his dreadful fate.

### IX.—[TO HESPERUS]

EVENING Star, which art the golden light of the lovely Child o' the Foam, dear Evening Star, which art the holy jewel of the blue blue Night, even so much dimmer than the Moon as brighter than any other star that shines, hail, gentle friend, and while I go a-serenading my shepherd love shew me a light instead of the Moon, for that she being new but

“Inhospitables”: the barbarous inhabitants of the shores of the Black Sea. “his dear comrade”: Patroclus. “Child o' the Foam”: Aphrodite.

## THE BUCOLIC POETS

σάμερον ἀρχομένα τάχιον δύεν. οὐκ ἐπὶ φωρὰν  
ἔρχομαι, οὐδ' ἵνα νυκτὸς ὁδοιπορέοντας ἐνοχλέω.  
ἄλλ' ἐράω· καλὸν δέ τ' ἐρασσαμένῳ συναρέσθαι.

### X

" Ἀμερε Κυπρογένεια, Διὸς τέκος ἠὲ θαλάσσης,  
τίπτε τόσον θνατοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι χάλεπτες;<sup>1</sup>  
τυτθὸν ἔφαν· τί νυ τόσον ἀπήχθεο καὶ τεῖν<sup>2</sup>  
αὐτᾶ,  
ταλίκον ὡς πάντεσσι κακὸν τὸν Ἔρωτα τεκέσθαι,<sup>3</sup>  
ἄγριον, ἄστοργον, μορφᾶ νόον οὐδὲν ὁμοῖον;  
ἔς τί δέ νιν πτανὸν καὶ ἑκαβόλον ὠπασας ἤμεν,  
ὡς μὴ πικρὸν εἶντα δυναίμεθα τήνον ἀλύξαι;

### XI—ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΥΑΚΙΝΘΟΝ

... ἀμφασία τὸν Φοῖβον ἔλεν τὸ σὸν ἄλγος ὀρῶντα.<sup>4</sup>  
δίξετο φάρμακα πάντα, σοφὰν δ' ἐπεμαίετο<sup>5</sup>  
τέχναν,  
χρίεν δ' ἀμβροσίᾳ καὶ νέκταρι, χρίεν ἅπασαν  
ὠτειλάν· Μοίραισι δ' ἀναλθέα φάρμακα πάντα ...

### XII

... αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν βασεῦμαι ἐμὰν ὁδὸν ἐς τὸ κάταντες  
τῆνο ποτὶ ψάμαθόν τε καὶ αἰόνα ψιθυρίσδων,  
λισσόμενος Γαλάτειαν ἀπηνέα· τὰς δὲ γλυκείας  
ἐλπίδας ὑστατίῳ μέχρι γήραος οὐκ ἀπολειψῶ ...

<sup>1</sup> χάλεπτες E = you were troublesome: mss χαλέπτεις  
<sup>2</sup> τεῖν Hermann: mss τὴν <sup>3</sup> τεκέσθαι Herm: mss τέκῃαι

## BION IX-XII

yesterday is too quickly set. I be no thief nor highwayman—'tis not for that I'm abroad at night—, but a lover ; and lovers deserve all aid.

### X.—[TO APHRODITE]

GENTLE Dame of Cyprus, be'st thou child of Zeus, or child of the sea, pray tell me why wast so unkind alike unto Gods and men—nay, I'll say more, why so hateful unto thyself, as to bring forth so great and universal a mischief as this Love, so cruel, so heartless, so all unlike in ways and looks? and wherefore also these wings and archeries that we may not escape him when he oppresseth us?

### XI.—OF HYACINTHUS

... When he beheld thy agony Phoebus was dumb. He sought every remedy, he had recourse to cunning arts, he anointed all the wound, anointed it with ambrosia and with nectar ; but all remedies are powerless to heal the wounds of Fate . . .

### XII.—[GALATEA'S LOVER]

... But I will go my way to yonder hillside, singing low to sand and shore my supplication of the cruel Galatea ; for I will not give over my sweet hopes till I come unto uttermost old age . . .

<sup>4</sup> δρῶντα Usener : mss ἔχοντα  
mss ἐπεβαίνετο or ἐπεβώσατο

<sup>5</sup> ἐπεμαίετο Vulcanius :



## THE BUCOLIC POETS

### XIII

... οὐ καλὸν ὦ φίλε πάντα λόγον ποτὶ τέκτονα  
φοιτᾶν,  
μηδ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἄλλω<sup>1</sup> χρέος ἰσχέμεν· ἀλλὰ καὶ  
αὐτὸς  
τεχνᾶσθαι σύριγγα· πέλει δέ τοι εὐμαρὲς ἔργον...

### XIV

Μοίσας Ἔρως καλέοι, Μοῖσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα φέροιεν.  
μολπὰν ταὶ Μοῖσαί μοι αἰεὶ ποθέοντι διδοῖεν,  
τὰν γλυκερὰν μολπὰν, τὰς φάρμακον ἄδιον  
οὐδέεν.

### XV

... ἐκ θαμινᾶς ῥαθάμιγγος, ὅπως λόγος, αἰὲς  
λοῖσας  
χὰ λίθος ἐς ῥωχμὸν κοιλαίνεται...

### XVI

... μηδὲ λίπης μ' ἀγέραστον, ἐπεὶ χῶ Φοῖβος  
αἰείδων  
μισθοδοκεῖ.<sup>2</sup> τιμὰ δὲ τὰ πράγματα κρέσσονα  
ποιεῖ...

<sup>1</sup> μηδ' ἐπὶ Grotius : mss μηδέ τοι ἄλλω Salmasius : mss  
ἄλλο <sup>2</sup> αἰείδων μισθοδοκεῖ E : mss αἰείδειν μισθὸν ἔδωκε

## BION XIII-XVI

### XIII.—[DO IT YOURSELF]

... It is not well, friend, to go to a craftsman upon all matters, nor to resort unto another man in every business, but rather to make you a pipe yourself; and 'faith, 'tis not so hard, neither . . .

### XIV.—[LOVE AND SONG]

MAY Love call the Muses, and the Muses bring Love; and may the Muses ever give me song at my desire, dear melodious song, the sweetest physic in the world.

### XV.—[PERSISTENCE]

... 'Tis said a continual dripping will e'en wear a hollow in a stone . . .

### XVI.—[WORTHY OF HIS HIRE]

... I pray you leave me not without some reward; for even Phoebus is paid for his music, and a meed maketh things better . . .

## THE BUCOLIC POETS

### XVII

... μορφὰ θηλυτέραισι πέλει καλόν, ἀνέρι δ'  
ἀλκά . . .

### XVIII

πάντα θεοῦ γ' ἐθέλοντος ἀνύσιμα, πάντα βροτοῖσιν  
ἐκ μακάρων ράϊστα καὶ οὐκ ἀτέλεστα γέγοντο.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ράϊστα Ahr : mss γὰρ ράστα γέγοντο Ahr : mss γένοιτο

BION XVII-XVIII

XVII.—[AFTER THEIR KIND]

. . . The woman's glory is her beauty, the man's  
his strength . . .

XVIII.—[GOD WILLING]

. . . All things may be achieved if Heav'n will ; all  
is possible, nay, all is very easy if the Blessed make  
it so . . .

THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS



III

THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS



I.—THE RUNAWAY LOVE

*CYPRIS has lost her boy Love, and cries him in the streets,*



## ΜΟΣΧΟΥ ΣΙΚΕΛΙΩΤΟΥ

### Ι.—ΕΡΩΣ ΔΡΑΠΕΤΗΣ

Ἄ Κύπρις τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν νύεα μακρὸν ἐβώστει·  
“ ὅστις ἐνὶ τριόδοισι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα,  
δραπετίδας ἐμός ἐστιν· ὁ μανύσας γέρας ἐξεῖ·  
μισθός<sup>1</sup> τοι τὸ φίλημα τὸ Κύπριδος· ἦν δ' ἀγάγη  
νιν,

οὐ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλημα, τὸ δ' ὦ ξένε καὶ πλέον ἐξεῖς.  
ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς περίσαμος· ἐν εἴκοσι παισὶ<sup>2</sup> μάθοις  
νιν.

χρῶτα μὲν οὐ λεύκος, πυρὶ δ' εἴκελος· ὄμματα δ'  
αὐτῷ

δριμύλα καὶ φλογόεντα· κακαὶ φρένες, ἀδὺ λάλημα·  
οὐ γὰρ ἴσον νοέει καὶ φθέγγεται· ὡς μέλι φωνά,  
ὡς δὲ χολὰ νόος ἐστίν· ἀνάμερος, ἠπεροπευτάς,  
οὐδὲν ἀλαθεύων, δόλιον βρέφος, ἄγρια παίσδων.  
εὐπλόκαμον τὸ κάρανον, ἔχει δ' ἰταμὸν τὸ μέτωπον.  
μικκύλα μὲν τήνῳ τὰ χερύδρια, μακρὰ δὲ βάλλει,  
βάλλει κεῖς Ἀχέροντα καὶ εἰς Αἶδα βασίλεια.  
γυμνὸς ὅλος τό γε σῶμα, νόος δέ οἱ εὐπεπύκασται.  
καὶ πτερόεις ὡς ὄρνις ἐφίπταται ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,  
ἀνέρας ἠδὲ γυναῖκας, ἐπὶ σπλάγχνοις δὲ κάθηται.  
τόξον ἔχει μάλα βαιόν, ὑπὲρ τόξῳ δὲ βέλεμνον,

<sup>1</sup> μισθός : mss μισθόν

<sup>2</sup> παισὶ Heinsius : mss πᾶσι

## THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS

### I.—THE RUNAWAY LOVE

CYPRIS one day made hue and cry after her son Love and said: "Whosoever hath seen one Love loitering at the street-corners, know that he is my runaway, and any that shall bring me word of him shall have a reward; and the reward shall be the kiss of Cypris; and if he bring her runaway with him, the kiss shall not be all. He is a notable lad; he shall be known among twenty: complexion not white but rather like to fire; eyes keen and beamy; of an ill disposition but fair spoken, for he means not what he says—'tis voice of honey, heart of gall; froward, cozening, a ne'er-say-troth; a wily brat; makes cruel play. His hair is plenty, his forehead bold; his baby hands tiny but can shoot a long way, aye, e'en across Acheron into the dominions of Death. All naked his body, but well covered his mind. He's winged like a bird and flies from one to another, women as well as men, and alights upon their hearts. He hath a very little bow and upon it an arrow; 'tis

τυτθὸν μὲν τὸ βέλεμνον, ἐς αἰθέρα δ' ἄχρι φορεῖται.  
καὶ χρύσειον περὶ νῶτα φαρέτριον, ἔνδοθι δ' ἐντὶ 20  
τοῖ πικροὶ κάλαμοι, τοῖς πολλάκι κάμῃ τιτρώσκει.  
πάντα μὲν ἄγρια ταῦτα· πολὺ πλέον ἅ δαῖς<sup>1</sup> αὐτῶ·  
βαιὰ λαμπὰς εἰσα τὸν ἄλιον αὐτὸν ἀναίθει.

ἦν τύ γ' ἔλῃς τῆνον, δήσας ἄγε μῆδ' ἐλεήσης.  
κῆν ποτίδης κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μῆ σε πλανάση.  
κῆν γελάῃ, τύ νιν ἔλκε. καὶ ἦν ἐθέλη σε φιλήσαι,  
φεῦγε· κακὸν τὸ φίλημα, τὰ χεῖλεα φάρμακον ἐντί.  
ἦν δὲ λέγῃ 'λάβε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσσα μοι ὄπλα,  
μῆ τὸ θίγῃς πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ πυρὶ πάντα  
βέβαπται.'

<sup>1</sup> πλέον ἅ δαῖς Wil : mss πλέον δ' αἰεὶ οἱ πλεῖον δέ οἱ

30 αἰαῖ καὶ τὸ σίδαρρον, ὃ τὸν πυρόεντα καθέξει. This line, which can hardly belong here, is omitted by some of the mss.

MOSCHUS I, 19-29

but a small arrow but carries even to the sky. And at his back is a little golden quiver, but in it lie the keen shafts with which he oftentimes woundeth e'en me. And cruel though all this equipage be, he hath something crueller far, his torch; 'tis a little light, but can set the very Sun afire.

Let any that shall take him bind and bring him and never pity. If he see him weeping, let him have a care lest he be deceived; if laughing, let him still hale him along; but if making to kiss him, let him flee him, for his kiss is an ill kiss and his lips poison; and if he say 'Here, take these things, you are welcome to all my armour,' then let him not touch those mischievous gifts, for they are all dipped in fire."



## II.—EUROPA

MOSCHUS tells in Epic verse how the virgin Europa, after dreaming of a struggle between the two continents for the possession of her, was carried off from among her companions by Zeus in the form of a bull, and borne across the sea from Tyre to Crete, there to become his bride. The earlier half of the poem contains a description of Europa's flower-basket. It bears three pictures in inlaid metal—Io crossing the sea to Egypt in the shape of a heifer, Zeus restoring her there by a touch to human form, and the birth of the peacock from the blood of Argus slain.

## II.—ΕΥΡΩΠΗ

Εὐρώπη ποτὲ Κύπρις ἐπὶ γλυκὺν ἦκεν ὄνειρον,  
 νυκτὸς ὅτε τρίτατον<sup>1</sup> λάχος ἴσταται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἠώς,  
 ὕπνος ὅτε γλυκίων μέλιτος βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζων  
 λυσιμελῆς πεδάα μαλακῶ κατὰ φάεα δεσμῶ,  
 εὖτε καὶ ἀτρεκέων ποιμαίνεται ἔθνος ὀνείρων  
 τῆμος ὑπωροφίοισιν ἐνὶ κνώσσουσα δόμοισι  
 Φοίνικος θυγάτηρ ἔτι παρθένος Εὐρώπεια  
 ὠίσατ' ἠπείρους δοιὰς περὶ εἶο μάχεσθαι,  
 ἄσσιον<sup>2</sup> ἀντιπέρην τε· φυὴν δ' ἔχον οἶα γυναῖκες.  
 τῶν δ' ἢ μὲν ξείνης μορφὴν ἔχεν, ἢ δ' ἄρ' ἐάκει 10  
 ἐνδαπίη, καὶ μᾶλλον ἐῆς περιίσχεται κούρης,  
 φάσκειν δ' ὡς μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ὡς ἀτίτηλέ μιν αὐτή.  
 ἢ δ' ἑτέρη κρατερῆσι βιωμένη παλάμησιν  
 εἴρνευεν οὐκ ἀέκουσαν, ἐπεὶ φάτο μόρσιμον εἶο<sup>3</sup>  
 ἐκ Διὸς αἰγιόχου γέρας ἔμμεναι Εὐρώπειαν.  
 ἢ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν στρωτῶν λεχέων θόρε δειμαίνουσα,  
 παλλομένη κραδίην· τὸ γὰρ ὡς ὕπαρ εἶδεν ὄνειρον.  
 ἐξομένη δ' ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀκὴν ἔχεν, ἀμφοτέρας δὲ  
 εἰσέτι πεπταμένοισιν ἐν ὄμμασιν εἶχε γυναῖκας.  
 ὄψε δὲ δειμαλέην ἀνενείκατο παρθένον<sup>4</sup> αὐδὴν· 20  
 ' τίς μοι τοιάδε φάσματ' ἐπουρανίων προΐηλεν;

<sup>1</sup> τρίτατον Musurus : mss τρίτον      <sup>2</sup> ἄσσιον = ἄσσον, called  
 Doric by Eustath. 1643. 32 ; ἀντιπέρην cannot = τὴν ἀντ. E :

## II.—EUROPA

ONCE upon a time Europa had of the Cyprian a delightful dream. 'Twas the third watch o' the night when 'tis nigh dawn and the Looser of Limbs is come down honey-sweet upon the eyelids for to hold our twin light in gentle bondage, 'twas at that hour which is the outgoing time of the flock of true dreams, that whenas Phoenix' daughter the maid Europa slept in her bower under the roof, she dreamt that two lands near and far strove with one another for the possession of her. Their guise was the guise of women, and the one had the look of an outland wife and the other was like to the dames of her own country. Now this other clave very vehemently to her damsel, saying she was the mother that bare and nursed her, but the outland woman laid violent hands upon her and haled her away; nor went she altogether unwilling, for she that haled her said: "The Aegis-Bearer hath ordained thee to be mine." Then leapt Europa in fear from the bed of her lying, and her heart went pit-a-pat; for she had had a dream as it were a waking vision. And sitting down she was long silent, the two women yet before her waking eyes. At last she raised her maiden voice in accents of terror, saying: "Who of the People of Heaven did send me forth such phantoms as these?"

mss ἄσσαν, ἀσίδα τ', ἄσσαδ', ἀσιάδ'  
<sup>4</sup> δειμαλέην: mss also δὴ μάλ' ἔπειτ'

<sup>3</sup> εἶο Ahr: mss εἶναι  
 παρθένον: mss also -ος



THE BUCOLIC POETS

ποιοί με στρωτῶν λεχέων ὑπερ ἐν θαλάμοισιν  
 ἠδὺ μάλα κνώσσουσαν ἀνεπτοίησαν ὄνειροι,  
 τίς δ' ἦν ἢ ξείνη, τὴν εἴσιδον ὑπνώουσα;  
 ὥς μ' ἔλαβε κραδίην κείνης πόθος, ὥς με καὶ αὐτὴ  
 ἀσπασίως ὑπέδεκτο καὶ ὥς σφετέρην ἴδε παῖδα.  
 ἀλλὰ μοι εἰς ἀγαθὸν μάκαρες κρήνειαν<sup>1</sup> ὄνειρον.

ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀνόρουσε, φίλας δ' ἐπεδίξεθ' ἑταίρας  
 ἡλικας οἰέτεας θυμήρεας εὐπατερείας,  
 τῆσιν ἀεὶ συνάθυρεν, ὅτ' ἐς χορὸν ἐντύνοιτο,<sup>2</sup>  
 ἢ ὅτε φαιδρύνοιτο<sup>3</sup> χροῖα προχοῆσιν ἀναύρων,  
 ἢ ὅπῳτ' ἐκ λειμῶνος εὐπνοα λείρι' ἀμέργοι.  
 αἰ δέ οἱ αἶψα φάανθεν· ἔχον δ' ἐν χερσὶν ἑκάστη  
 ἀνθοδόκον τάλαρον· ποτὶ δὲ λειμῶνας ἔβαινον  
 ἀγχιάλους, ὅθι τ' αἰὲν ὀμιλαδὸν ἠγερέθοντο  
 τερπόμεναι ῥοδέῃ τε φυῇ καὶ κύματος ἠχῇ.

αὐτὴ δὲ χρύσειον τάλαρον φέρεν Εὐρώπεια,  
 θηητόν, μέγα θαῦμα, μέγαν πόνον Ἑφαιστοιο,  
 ὃν Λιβύῃ πόρε δῶρον, ὅτ' ἐς λέχος Ἐννοσιγαίου  
 ἦιεν· ἢ δὲ πόρεν περικαλλεῖ Τηλεφαάσση,  
 ἦτε οἱ αἵματος ἔσκεν· ἀνύμφῳ δ' Εὐρωπείῃ  
 μήτηρ Τηλεφάασσα περικλυτὸν ὄπασε δῶρον.

ἐν τῷ δαίδαλα πολλὰ τετεύχατο μαρμαίροντα.  
 ἐν μὲν ἔην χρυσοῖο τετυγμένη Ἴναχίς Ἴώ,  
 εἰσέτι πόρτις εἰούσα, φυὴν δ' οὐκ εἶχε γυναίην.  
 φοιταλέῃ δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐφ' ἄλμυρὰ βαῖνε κέλευθα,  
 νηχομένη ἰκέλη· κυανῇ δ' ἐτέτυκτο θάλασσα.  
 δοιοὶ δ' ἔστασαν ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ὄφρύος αἰγιαλοῖο

<sup>1</sup> κρήνειαν Wakefield : mss κρίνειαν    <sup>2</sup> ἐντύνοιτο Wil : mss  
 -οντο, -αινοτο, -αιτο    <sup>3</sup> mss also φαιδρύνοινοτο

What meant the strange dreams that did affray me in that most sweet slumber I had upon the bed in my chamber? And who was the outland wife I did behold in my sleep? O how did desire possess my heart for her, and how gladly likewise did she take me to her arms and look upon me as I had been her child! I only pray the Blessed may send the dream turn out well."

So speaking she up and sought the companions that were of like age with her, born the same year and of high degree, the maidens she delighted in and was wont to play with, whether there were dancing afoot or the washing of a bright fair body at the outpourings of the water-brooks, or the cropping of odorous lily-flowers in the mead. Forthwith were they before her sight, bound flower-baskets in hand for the longshore meadows, there to foregather as was their wont and take their pleasure with the springing roses and the sound of the waves.

Now Europa's basket was of gold, an admirable thing, a great marvel and a great work of Hephaestus, given of him unto Libya the day the Earth-Shaker took her to his bed, and given of Libya unto the fair beauteous Telephassa because she was one of her own blood; and so the virgin Europa came to possess the renowned gift, being Telephassa was her mother.

And in this basket were wrought many shining pieces of cunning work. Therein first was wrought the daughter of Inachus, in the guise of a heifer yet, passing wide over the briny ways by labour of her feet like one swimming; and the sea was wrought of blue lacquer; and high upon the cliff-brow stood two

"daughter of Inachus": Io.

φῶτες ἀολλήδην, θηεῦντο δὲ ποντοπόρον βούν.  
 ἐν δ' ἦν Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἐπαφώμενος ἠρέμα χερσὶ<sup>1</sup> 50  
 πόρτιος Ἴναχίης, τὴν<sup>2</sup> δ' ἐπταπόρῳ παρὰ Νείλῳ  
 ἐκ βοῶς εὐκεράοιο πάλιν μετάμειβε γυναῖκα.  
 ἀργύρεος μὲν ἔην Νείλου ῥόος, ἢ δ' ἄρα πόρτις  
 χαλκείη, χρυσοῦ δὲ τετυγμένος αὐτὸς ἔην Ζεὺς.  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ δινήεντος ὑπὸ στεφάνην ταλάροιο  
 Ἑρμείης ἤσκητο· πέλας δέ οἱ ἐκτετάνυστο  
 Ἄργος ἀκοιμήτοισι κεκασμένος ὀφθαλμοῖσι.  
 τοῖο δὲ φοινήεντος ἀφ' αἵματος ἐξανέτελλεν  
 ὄρνις ἀγαλλόμενος πτερύγων πολυανθείϊ χροίῃ,  
 ταρσὸν ἀναπλώσας ὡσεῖτε τις ὠκύαλος νηῦς· 60  
 χρυσείου ταλάροιο περίσκεπε χεῖλεα ταρσός.<sup>3</sup>  
 τοῖος ἔην τάλαρος περικαλλέος Εὐρωπείης.  
 αἰ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν λειμῶνας ἐς ἀνθεμόεντας ἵκανον,<sup>4</sup>  
 ἄλλη ἐπ' ἀλλοίοισι τότε ἄνθεσι θυμὸν ἔτερπον.  
 τῶν ἢ μὲν νάρκισσον εὐπνοον, ἢ δ' ὑάκινθον,  
 ἢ δ' ἴον, ἢ δ' ἔρπυλλον ἀπαίνυτο· πολλὰ δ' ἔραζε  
 λειμώνων ἔαροτρεφέων θαλέθεσκε πέτηλα.  
 αἰ δ' αὖτε ξανθοῖο κρόκου θυόεσσαν ἔθειραν  
 δρέπτον ἐριδμαίνουσαι, ἀτὰρ μεσσίστη<sup>5</sup> ἀνασσα  
 ἀγλαίην πυρσοῖο ῥόδου χεῖρεςσι λέγουσα, 70  
 οἶά περ ἐν Χαρίτεσσι διέπρεπεν Ἀφρογένεια.  
 οὐ μὲν δηρὸν ἔμελλεν ἐπ' ἄνθεσι θυμὸν ἰαίνειν,  
 οὐδ' ἄρα παρθενίην μίτρην ἀχραντον ἔρυσθαι.  
 ἦ γὰρ δὴ Κρονίδης ὡς μιν φράσαθ', ὡς ἐόλητο

<sup>1</sup> mss also Z. ἐπ. ἠρ. χειρὶ θεείῃ      <sup>2</sup> Ἴναχίης· τὴν Pierson :  
 mss εἰναλίης· τὴν οἱ εἶναι ληϊστήν      <sup>3</sup> ταρσὸς Wil: mss  
 -οῖς      <sup>4</sup> mss also ἐσήλυθον ἀνθεμόεντας      <sup>5</sup> μεσσίστη E,

men together and watched the sea-going heifer. Therein for the second piece was the Son of Cronus gently touching the same heifer of Inachus beside the seven-streamèd Nile, and so transfiguring the hornèd creature to a woman again; and the flowing Nile was of silver wrought, and the heifer of brass, and the great Zeus of gold. And beneath the rim of the rounded basket was Hermes fashioned, and beside him lay outstretched that Argus which surpassed all others in ever-waking eyes; and from the purple blood of him came a bird uprising in the pride of the flowery hues of his plumage, and unfolding his tail like the sails of a speeding ship till all the lip of the golden basket was covered with the same. Such was this basket of the fair beauteous Europa's.

Now when these damsels were got to the blossomy meads, they waxed merry one over this flower, another over that. This would have the odorous daffodil, that the flower-de-luce; here 'twas the violet, there the thyme: for right many were the flowerets of the lusty springtime budded and bloomed upon that ground. Then all the band fell a-plucking the spicy tresses of the yellow saffron, to see who could pluck the most; only their queen in the midst of them culled the glory and delight of the red red rose, and was pre-eminent among them even as the Child o' the Foam among the Graces.

Howbeit not for long was she to take her pleasure with the flowers, nor yet to keep her maiden girdle undefiled. For, mark you, no sooner did the Son of

cf. μέσματος, νέματος, τρίματος: MSS μέσσοισιν, μέσσησιν, μέση ἔστη