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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

I
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. R. PATON
1867
IN FIVE VOLUMES

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

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

¹ Antipater of Sidon is however his contemporary.
much tenderness and beauty in many of the poems, but the writers wrote in a language which they did not command, but by which they were commanded, as all who try to write ancient Greek are.

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

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

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

2 Some at least of these seem to have been incorporated by Agathias in his Cycle. It is not necessary to mention here matter included in the Palatine MS. but not reproduced in the printed texts.
the preservation of the epigrams here printed as an appendix (Book XVI), derived, no doubt, chiefly from a now lost book of Cephalas' Anthology containing epigrams on works of art. It may be a matter of dispute among scholars, but I do not believe myself that he had any text before him which was better than, or independent of, the tradition of the Palatine Manuscript. I therefore always follow, as strictly as possible, this tradition.

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

A word should, perhaps, be said as to the arrangement of the epigrams in the three principal sources. Agathias in his proem gives us his own classification of the Epigrams: (1) Dedictory, (2) On Works of Art, (3) Sepulchral, (4) Declamatory (?), (5) Satirical, (6) Amatory, (7) Convivial; i.e. the same classification as that of Cephalas, but not in the same order. The Scholiast of the Palatine MS. tells us that Meleager's Wreath was not arranged under subjects at all but alphabetically (i.e. in the alphabetical order of the first letters of the poems), and
we know that Philippus' Wreath was so arranged, as all the longer fragments of it retain this order. Curiously enough there are very few traces of such an order in the fragments of Meleager's Wreath, none in the present volume. This is a fact I will not attempt to explain.

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

As regards the Greek text in Books I–VII and
PREFACE

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

W. R. PATON.
A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE MORE IMPORTANT
BOOKS CONTAINING VERSE TRANSLATIONS FROM
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

1806. Translations, chiefly from the Greek Anthology, etc.
   [By R. Bland and J. H. Merivale.]

1813. Collections from the Greek Anthology and from the
      Pastoral, Elegiac and Dramatic Poets of Greece.
      By R. Bland and others.
      [Many versions by J. H. Merivale.]

      [Many versions by C. Merivale.]

1847. Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and
      Rome. By various translators. Edited by

1849. Anthologia Polyglotta. A selection of versions in
      various languages, chiefly from the Greek
      Anthology. By H. Wellesley.
      [Wellesley was only the editor and author of some
      of the versions.]

1852. The Greek Anthology, as selected for the use of West-
      minster, Eton and other Public Schools. Literally
      translated into English prose, chiefly by G.
      Burges. To which are added metrical versions,
      etc.
      [Bohn's Classics.]

[1864]. Greek Anthology, with Notes Critical and Explanatory.
       Translated by Major Robert Guthrie MacGregor.
       [MacGregor, an Anglo-Indian soldier, produced ad-
        vance instalments, as Specimens of Greek An-
        thology [1855] and Epitaphs from the Greek
        Anthology [1857]. His versions are rather dull,
        but close to the Greek.]
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

1869. *Idylls and Epigrams*. Chiefly from the Greek Anthology. By Richard Garnett. [The Epigrams were reprinted in 1892, as *A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology.*]

1871. *Miscellanea by John Addington Symonds, M.D.* Selected and edited, with an introductory memoir, by his son.


1881. *Amaranth and Asphodel*. Songs from the Greek Anthology. By Alfred Joshua Butler. [The translator is to be distinguished from the late Arthur J. Butler.]

1883. *Love in Idleness: a volume of Poems*. [By H. C. Beeching (by whom the majority of versions from the Anthology are contributed), J. B. B. Nicholls, and J. W. Mackail. The book was reprinted in part as *Love’s Looking Glass*, in 1891, and Dean Beeching’s versions are reprinted, revised, in his *In a Garden*, 1895.]


1889. *Selections from the Greek Anthology*. Edited by Graham R. Thomson. [In the “Canterbury Poets” series. Not very well edited, but contains many good versions.]


1891. *From the Garden of Hellas*. Translations into verse from the Greek Anthology. By Lilla C. Perry.
OF VERSE TRANSLATIONS


1903. *Paraphrases and Translations from the Greek.* By the Earl of Cromer.

1907. *A Book of Greek Verse.* By Walter Headlam. [Translations from and into Greek.]


1911. *Greek Love Songs and Epigrams from the Anthology.* By J. A. Pott.

1913. ——— Second series.

" *Ancient Gems in Modern Settings.* Being versions of the Greek Anthology in English rhyme by various writers. Edited by G. B. Grundy. [Many versions are contributed by the Editor and Mr. Pott.]"
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK I

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

Α

ΤΑ ΤΩΝ ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΩΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ

τὰ τῶν Χριστιανῶν προτετάχθων εὕσεβῆ τε καὶ θεῖα ἐπιγράμματα καὶ οἱ "Ελληνες ἀπαρέσκουνται.

1.—Εἰς τὸ κιβούριον τῆς ἀγίας Σοφίας
"Ας οἱ πλάνοι καθεῖλον ἐνθάδε' εἰκόνας ἀνακτεῖς ἐστήλωσαν εὐσεβείς πάλιν.

2.—Ἐν ταῖς ἀψίδι τῶν Βλαχερνῶν
Θείος Ἰουστίνος, Σοφίης πόσις, ὁ πόρε Χριστὸς πάντα διορθοῦσθαι, καὶ κλέος ἐν πολέμοις,
Μητρὸς ἀπειρογάμου δόμων σκάζοντα νοήσας,
σαθρῶν ἀποσκεδάσας τεῦξε μιν ἀσφαλέως.

3.—Εἰς τὸ αὐτὸ ἐν ταῖς αὐταῖς
"Ο πρὶν Ἰουστίνος περικαλλέα δείματο νηῶν τούτον Μητρὶ Θεοῦ, κάλλει λαμπρόμενον
ὀπλότερος δὲ μετ᾽ αὐτὸν Ἰουστίνος βασιλεύων
κρείσσονα τῆς προτέρης ὅπασεν ἀγλαίην.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK I

CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

1.—Inscribed on the Tabernacle of Saint Sophia

The images\(^1\) that the heretics took down from here our pious sovereigns replaced.

2.—Inscribed on the Apse of Blachernae

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

3.—On the Same

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

\(^1\) Here and below of course = icons, pictures.
4.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ Προδρόμου ἐν τῷ Στουδίῳ
Τούτων Ἰωάννη, Χριστοῦ μεγάλῳ θεράποντι, Στουδίου ἀγλαὸν οἶκον ἐδείματο· καρπαλίμως δὲ τῶν κάμεν εὐρετο μισθόν, ἐλῶν ὑπατηδά ράβδων.

5.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου ἀποστόλου Θωμᾶ ἐν τοῖς Ἄμαντίοις
Τόνδε Θεὸ κάμες οἶκον, Ἀμάντιε, μεσοῦθι πόντου, τοῖς πολυδινίτοις κύμασι μαρνάμενος, οὐ νότος, οὐ βορεῖς ἱερὸν σέο δῶμα τινάξει, νηφθεῖσος ἄφθαρτος φυλασσόμενον. Ἐκεῖς ἦματα πολλά· σὺ γὰρ νεοθηλέα Ρώμην, πόντῳ ἐπαίξας, θήκαυ φαιδροτέρην.

6.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου Θεόδωρου ἐν τοῖς Σφωρακίοις
Σφωράκιος ποίησε φυγῶν φλόγα μάρτυρι νηὸν.

7.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Σφωράκιος, ζῴουτοι φίλα θρεπτήρια τίνων γῇθεεν Ἀντόλιος, σὸς ἀνεψιός· οἰχομένω δὲ αἰεὶ σοὶ γεραρὴν τελέει χάριν· ὡστε καὶ ἀλλην εὖρε, καὶ ἐν νηφθεὶ ἁνεβηκάτο, τὸν κάμες αὐτὸς.

8.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τῶν ἁγίων ἀποστόλων Πέτρου καὶ Παύλου, πλησίον τοῦ ἁγίου Σεργίου εἰς τὰ Ὀρμίσδοιον
Χριστὸν παμβασιλῆα φίλοις καμάτοισι γεραίρων τούτων Ἰουστινιανὸς ἄγακλεα δείματο νηὸν.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

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

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

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

6.—On the Church of St. Theodore in the land of Sphoraci

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

7.—On the Same

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

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

Honouring the King of Kings, Christ, with his works, Justinian built this glorious temple to Peter
Πέτρῳ καὶ Παύλῳ: θεράπουσι γὰρ εὐχος ὁπάξων αὐτῶ δή τις ἀνακτή φέρει πολυκυθέα τιμήν.
ἐνθάδε καὶ ψυχῇ καὶ ὁμασὶ κέρδος ἐτοίμων εὐχαίσιν μὲν ἐκαστὸς ὃ τι χρέος ἔστιν ἐλέσθω, τερπέσθω δὲ ὅρων κάλλος καὶ δώματος αὐγήν.

9.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ Ἀρχάγγελου ἐν Βοθρέπτῳ
Καὶ τόδε σῶν καμάτων παναοίδεμον ἔργον ἐτύχθη, Γερράδιε κλατόμητε·  σῶ γὰρ περικαλλέα νήσον ἀγγελικῆς στρατιῶς σημαίντορος αὐτὸς ἐδειξα.

10.—Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ ἁγίου μάρτυρος Πολυεύκτου
Εὐδοκίᾳ μὲν ἀναστὰ θεὸν σπεύδουσα γεραίρειν, πρώτῃ νηῶν ἔτευξε θεοφραδεός Πολυεύκτου· ἀλλ’ οὐ τοῖν ἔτευξε καὶ οὐ τόσον· οὐ τίνι φειδοὶ, οὐ κτεάτων χατέουσα—τίνος βασίλεια χατίζει;— ἀλλ’ ὡς θυμόν ἔχουσα θεοπρόπον, ὅτι γενέθλην καλλεῖψει δεδαῦταν ἀμείνονα κόσμων ὁπάξειν. ἐνθεν Ἰουλιανῆ, ζαθέων ἀμάρυγμα τοκῆν, τέτρατον ἐκ κείνων βασιλῆιον αἶμα λαχοῦσα, ἐλπίδας οὐκ ἔφευξεν ἀριστοδίνους ἀνάσσης· ἀλλὰ μιν ἐκ βαιοῦ μέγαν καὶ τοῖν ἐγείρειν, κύδος ἀεξήσασα πολυσκήπτρω φενετήρων· πάντα γὰρ ὅσσα τέλεσσεν ὑπέρτερα τεῦξε τοκῆν, ὅρθην πίστιν ἔχουσα φιλοχριστοῦ μενοινής. τὶς γὰρ Ἰουλιανῆ οὐκ ἔκλυνεν, ὅτι καὶ αὐτῶς εὐκαμάτως ἔργοισιν ἔοις φαίδρυνε τοκῆς, εὐσεβίης ἀλέγγουσα; μόνη δ’ ἵδρωτι δικαίῳ ἄξιον οἰκὸν ἔτευξεν ἁειζώφ Πολυεύκτῳ.
καὶ γὰρ ἃεὶ δεδαὴκεν ἀμεμφέα δόρα κομίζειν πάσιν ἀθλητήτρισιν ἐπουρανίου βασιλῆος.
and Paul, for by giving honour to His servants a man offereth great glory to the King Himself. Here is profit for the soul and for the eyes. Let each get what he hath need of by his prayers, and take joy in looking at the beauty and splendour of the house.

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

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

10.—On the Church of the Holy Martyr Polyaeuctus

Eudocia the empress, eager to honour God, first built here a temple of Polyaeuctus the servant of God. But she did not make it as great and beautiful as it is, not from any economy or lack of possessions—but what doth a queen lack?—but because her prophetic soul told her that she should leave a family well knowing how better to adorn it. Whence Juliana, the glory of her blessed parents, inheriting their royal blood in the fourth generation, did not defeat the hopes of the Queen, the mother of a noble race, but raised this from a small temple to its present size and beauty, increasing the glory of her many-sceptred ancestors; for all that she made, she made more magnificent than they, holding the true faith of a mind devoted to Christ. Who hath not heard of Juliana, how in her pious care she glorified even her parents by fair-fashioned works? All alone by her righteous toil she built a worthy house to immortal Polyaeuctus, for she had ever studied to give blameless gifts to all athletes of the Heavenly King. Every country cries,
πᾶσα χθών βοά, πᾶσα πτόλεις, ὅτι τοκήσας
φαίδροτέρους ποίησεν ἄρειστέροισιν ἐπ᾽ ἔργοις.
ποῦ γὰρ Ἰουλιανὴν ἁγίοις οὐκ ἔστιν ἱδέσθαι
νηδὸν ἀναστήσασαν ἁγακλέα; ποῦ σεὸς μοῦνης
εὔσεβείων οὐκ ἔστιν ἱδέαν σημαία χειρῶν;
ποῖος δ᾽ ἔπλετο χῶρος, ὃς οὐ μάθε σεῖο μενοινή
εὔσεβώς πλήθουσαν; ὅλης χθονὸς ἐναετήρες
σοὺς καμάτους μέλπουσιν ἁειμνήστους γεγαώτας.
ἔργα γὰρ εὔσεβίας οὐ κρύπτεται: οὐ γὰρ ἄεθλους
λήθη ἀποσβένονιν ἄριστοπόνων ἄρετάνων.
ὅσσα δὲ σῇ παλάμη θεοπείθεα δώματα τεύχει
οὐδὲ αὐτὴ δεδάνκας: ἀμετρήτους γὰρ, οὕω,
μούη σὲ ξύμπασαν ἀνὰ χθόνα δέλμαυ ναοῦς,
οὐρανίου θεράποντας αἱ τρομεύουσα θεοῖ.
ἐξεστὶ δ᾽ εὐκαμάτωιν ἐφεπομένῃ γενετήρων
πᾶσιν, ἀειζώουσαν ἐὰν τεκτήνατο φύλην,
εὔσεβίας ξύμπασαν αἱ πατέουσα πορεῖν.
τοὺνεκά μιν θεράποντες ἐπουρανίου βασιλῆς,
ὅσσοις δῶρα δίδωσιν, ὅσσοις δομήσατο νησίς,
προφρονέως ἐρύσθησε σὺν νιεί, τοῖς τε κούραις
μίμνοι δ᾽ ἀσπετοῦν εὐχὸς ἀριστοπόνων γενέθλης,
εἰσόκεν ἥλιος πυριλαμπέα δίφρον ἔλαινε.

Ἐν τῇ εἰσόδῳ τοῦ αὐτοῦ ναοῦ ξόω τοῦ νάρθηκος πρὸς
τὴν ἄψιδα

Ποῖος Ἰουλιανῆς χορὸς ἀρκίας ἐστιν ἄβθλοις,
ἡ μετὰ Κονσταντίνου ἑκς κοσμήτορα Ῥώμης,
καὶ μετὰ Θεοδοσίου παγχρύσεων ἱερὸν ὅμα,
καὶ μετὰ τοσσατῶν προγόνων βασιληδία βέβαιαν,
ἀξιον ἡς γενεῖς καὶ ὑπέρτερον ἦμυσεν ἔργον
ἐὼν ὅληοις ἐτέσιν; χρόνον ἢδ᾽ ἐβιήσατο ἐμοῦνη,
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

At the Entrance of the same Church, outside the Narthex towards the Apse

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

\(^1\) i.e. vestibule.
καὶ σοφίην παρέλασεν ἀειδομένου Σολομώνος, 
νηὸν ἀναστήσασα θειόχοι, οὐ μέγας αἰῶν 
οὐ δύναται μέλψαι χαρίτων πολυδαίδαλον ἀγγίν. 50 
οἷος μὲν προβέβηκε βαθυρίζοισι θεμέλοις, 
νέρθεν ἀναθρόφοις καὶ αἰθέρος ἀστρα διώκων, 
οἷος δ' ἀντολής μηκύνεται ὡς δύσιν ἐρπων, 
ἀρρήτως Φαέθοντος ὑπαστράπτων ἀμαρναῖς, 
τῇ καὶ τῇ πλευρῆσι μέσης δ' ἐκάτερθε πορείθς 
κλίνοις ἀρρήκτους ἐπὶ κίοιν ἐστηθὲς 
χρυσοροφον ἀκτίνας ἀερτάξουσι καλύπτρης. 
κόλποι δ' ἀμφοτέροπθεν ἐπὶ ἀψίδεσθε χυδέντε 
φέγγος ἀειδόντων ἐμαιώσαντο σελήνης. 
τοίχοι δ' ἀντιπέρθεν ἀμετρήτοις κελεύθως 
θεσπεσίας λειμώνας ἀνεξώσαντο μετάλλων, 
ὅσι φύσις ἀνθήνασα μέσους ἐνὶ βένθεσι πέτρης 
ἀγλαίνη ἐκλέπτε, θεοῦ δ' ἐφύλασσε μελάθροις, 
δώρων Ἰουλιανῆς, Ἰαθά δέκελα ἔργα τελέσῃ 
ἀχράντων κραδής ὑπὸ νεύμας ταῦτα καμοῦσα. 
τίς δὲ φέρων θοῦν ἤχους ἐπὶ ξεφυρηθάς αὐρα 
ὕμνοπολος σοφίης, ἐκατόν βλεφάροις πεποιθώς, 
τοξεύοντες ἐκάτερθε πολύτροπα δύνεα τέχνης, 
οἴκων ἰδὼν λάμποντα, περίδρομον, ἄλλον ἐπὶ ἄλλωρ, 
ἐνθὰ ἱππα ἀραφίδων ἑρῶν ὑπὲρ ἀντυχος αὐλὴς 70 
ἐστιν ἰδεῖν μέγα θαύμα, πολύφρονα Κωνσταντῖνον, 
πῶς προφυγὼν εἰδωλα θεμάχον ἐσβεσε λύσην, 
καὶ Τριάδος φᾶς εὑρεν ἐν ὕδασι γυνα καθήρας. 
τοῖον Ἰουλιανῆ, μετὰ μυρίων ἐσμον ἀέθλων, 
ἡμυε τοῦτον ἀέθλον ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς γενετήρων, 75 
καὶ σφετέρου βιότοιο, καὶ ἐσσομένων καὶ εόντων.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

\(^1\) i.e. the west façade.
11.—Εἰς τοὺς ἁγίους Ἀναργύρους τοὺς ἐς τὰ Βασιλίσκου
Τοὺς σοὶς θεράπουσίν ἡ θεράπαυσα προσφέρω
Σοφίᾳ τὸ δῶρον. Χριστέ, προσδέχου τὰ σά,
καὶ τῷ βασιλείῳ μου μισθὸν Ἰουστίνῳ δίδου,
νίκας ἐπὶ νίκαις κατὰ νόσσων καὶ βαρβάρων.

12.—Εἰς τὴν ἁγίαν Εὐφημίαν τὴν Ὀλυβρίου
Εἰμὶ δόμος Τριάδος, τρισεῖδες δὲ με τεύξε γενέθλην,
πρώτη μὲν πολέμους καὶ βάρβαρα φύλα φυγοῦσα
τεύξατο καὶ με ἀνέθηκε θεῷ ζωάγρια μόχθων
Θεονόσιον θυγάτηρ Εὐδοξίαν ἐκ δὲ με κείνης
Πλακιδίη κόσμησε σὺν ὅλβιστρῳ παρακολυτήν.
Εἰ δὲ πον ἁγιάζῃ ἐπεδεύεστο κάλλος ἐμείνα,
τὴν δὲ μοι ὀδύναμος ὑπὲρ μνήμης γενετήρων
dῶκεν Ἰουλιανῆ, καὶ ὑπέρτατον ὀπασε κύδος
μητέρι καὶ γενέτη καὶ ἁγάκλει υἱητὶ τεκούσης,
κόσμων ἀείξεισα παλαίτερον. ὡδ' ἐμὸν ἔργον.

13.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ναὸν ἔνδοθεν τοῦ περίδρομου
Κάλλος ἔχου καὶ πρόσθεν ἐπήρατον. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μορφῇ
tῇ πρὸν ἀρειστῆρην νῦν λάχου ἁγιαίνη.

14.—'Αλλο
Οὐτω γῆρας ἐμὸν μετὰ μητέρα καὶ μετά τηθῆν
ζύσευν Ἰουλιανῆ, καὶ νέον ἁνθὸς ἔχω.

15.—'Αλλο
'Ἡν ἄρα καὶ κάλλους ἐτί κάλλιον. εὖτ' ἐμὸν ἔργον,
καὶ πρὸν ἐνο περιπυρτον, ἀοίδιμον ἐς χθόνα πᾶσαν,
ἄγιαης προτέρης ὑπὲρτερον ἢγαγε κάλλος
tόσσον Ἰουλιανῆ, ὅσον ἀστρασιν ἀντιφερίζειν.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

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

12.—On St. Euphemia of Olybios

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

13.—In the same Church, inside the Gallery

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

14.—Another

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

15.—Another

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

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

16.—"Αλλο
Αὐτὴν ἐργοπόνοισε ν ἐπιπνείουσαν ἄρωγήν ἐξειν 'Ιουλιανὴ μάρτυρα νηπόλου, οὐποτε γὰρ τοῦτον τε τὸ σοῦ τ' εὐδαίδαλον ἔργον ἡμὺν ὑπερῆς ἐμπλεον ἀγαλῆς.

17.—"Αλλο
Οὐκέτι θαυμάξεις προτέρων κλέος· ού διὰ τέχνης εὐχος ἐν ψυγόνωι λύπων ἀσπετών, ὑσσατιῶν περ κύδος 'Ιουλιανῆς πινυτόφρονος, ἢ χάριν ἐργῶν ἀρχεγόνων νίκησε νοήματα πάνσοφα φωτῶν.

18.—Εἰς 'Ακούβιτον. Εἰς Βαὴν
Τῆς ἀγαθῆς ἀγαθὸς μὲν ἐγὼ κύκλος Ἀγαθονίκης

* * * * *

ἄνθετο δ' ἀχράντῳ μάρτυρι με Τροφίμῳ.

19.—ΚΛΑΤΔΙΑΝΟΤ
Εἰς τὸν σωτῆρα

"Ω πυρὸς ἀμελαοι σοφὴν ἀδινα φυλάσσων, ἐμβεβα袍 ἀκομοὶ παλανδήνητον ἀνάγκην, Χριστε, θεορήτοι θείου φυσιζε πηγή, πατρὸς ἁπελματοι θεοῦ πρωτοσπορέ φωνή, δς μετα μητρὼν τοκετῶν ἐγκύμονα φόρτων καὶ γόνων αὐτοτελεστον ἀνυμβεύτων ὑμεναιων στῆσας Ἀσυρίνης γενεής ετερόφρονα λύσσων, ὁργια δ' εὐδώλων κενεῶν ψευδώνυμα λύσας, αἰδέρους ἀμφιβεβήκας εφ' ἐπτάξωνον ὀχήμα, ἀγγελικάς περύγεσθων ἐν ἀρρήτωις θαάσσων. Ἡλαθέ, παγγενέταιο θεοῦ πρεσβήτων ὁμμα, φιουρ ἄνωθε, σωτερ μερότων, αἰώνος ἀνασσων.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

16.—Another

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

17.—Another

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

18.—On an Uncertain Object

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

19.—CLAUDIANUS

To the Saviour

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

1 The epigram is imperfect.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

20.—TOY AYTOY
Eis ton deisptin Xriston
'Artefaneis, polouche, palaiyeneis, vi'e neoghe, aie'n eidn proeow te, upoerata, ustate, Xriste, 
'athanatoi patros te omochone, pimpan omoihe.

21.—Eis ton auton
Pai', ge'rou, ai'wovn progenestere, patros omylihe.

22.—Eis ton auton
Patros epouranion loge pangofo, ko'ra ne kasmou,
'o brotene geneh tymi'sas eikoni seido,
sth xarion ammun opaze kal' olbiodorou arwgh'n
eis se gar eisorosin ev elplisin ommata panton.

23.—[MAPINOY.] Eis ton auton
'athanatoi patros vi'e suvachone, ko'ra ne panton,
aideiow medeow, eina'liow, xhoniow,
dmoi tepf, taw tis'be biblou gra'fantei, Marino
'dos xarion eupeilis kai logikhs sofias.

24.—Eis ton auton.
Svndonei kai suv'arache tef patri, pneumati t'
'esblf,
oi'menein ointow te kal' esso'menow basileunow,
taw taite gra'fantei teth pilin autos opazeis,
'ofra ke stis efetimai kalos biou oimov odevoi.

16
20.—By the Same

To the Lord Christ

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

21.—To the Same

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

22.—To the Same

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

23.—[By Marinus] To the Same

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

24.—To the Same

Enthroned with Thy Father and the good Spirit and like unto Them without beginning, King of all that is, was, and shall be, give Thy grace unto him who wrote this, that by Thy precepts he may walk rightly in the path of his life.
25.—Eis tôn autón
Χριστέ, θεοῦ σοφία, κόσμου μεδέων καὶ ἀνάσσων ἁμετέρην τὸ πάροιθε πλάσας μεροπηΐδα φύτλην, δός με θέειν βίον σήμων ἐν ἁμετέραις ἐφετμῆσι.

26.—Eis tôn autón
Τψυμέδων θεοῦ τοίς, φασσφόρων άίδιον φῶς, σήμων μοι ὀπαξε χάριν καὶ νῦν καὶ ἔπειτα καὶ οἰεῖ, ὥς προθελουμένου ἐούσαν ὅτε καὶ ὅπη κατανεύσεις.

27.—Eis tôn autón
Πανσθενές τοίς θεοῦ, Χριστέ, προϊδαρχε ἀπάντων, πάσιν ἐπίθεονοις σωτήρια νάματα βλύζων, μητρὸς ἀπειρογάμου τεῆς λιτέων ἐπακούων, σήμων χάριν ἄμμων ὀπαξε καὶ ἐν μύθοις καὶ ἐν ἔργοις.

28.—[MAPINOY.] Eis tôn autón
Χριστέ, θεοῦ σοφία, χάριν ὀπασον εὐπηνίαω, καὶ λογικῆς σοφίας ἐμπέραμον τέλεσον, ὅσ τόδε τεῦχος ἐγραψεν ἑαυτ ἱερεσι Μαρίνος, φάρμακον ἄφραδις, πρόξενον εὐφραδις.

29.—Eis tôn autón monóstixa
Χριστέ, τεῦν προϊαλλε χάριν καμάτουσιν ἐμείοι. ὁ Χριστὸς καὶ ἐμοὶ ἐπιτάρροθος ἐσσεται ἔργους. Χριστὸς ἐμοὶς καμάτουσιν ἄρηγόνα χείρα τυταίνου. Χριστε, σύ μοι προϊαλλε τεῦν πολυσφον ἄρωγην. Χριστε, τεῦν καμάτουσιν ἐμοὶς χάριν αὐτὸς ὅπαξοι.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

25.—To the Same

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

26.—To the Same

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

27.—To the Same

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

28.—[By Marinus.] To the Same

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

29.—To the Same

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

30.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Χριστῇ μάκαρ, μερόπων φῶς ἀφθιτον, ἐπὶς ἀπάντων,
ἐσθλὰ δίδου χατέουσι, τὰ δ' οὐ καλὰ νόσφιν ἔρυκοις.

31.—Εἰς τὴν ὑπεραγίαν Ἐσσοφόκουν
Παρμεδέοντα, άνασσα, θεοί, γόνων τεόν, νίων,
ἄγγελοι δι' τρομέουσι, τεχνικά παλάμησι κρατοῦσα,
πρεμνεά πραπίδεσσιν ὑπὲρ μερόπων τελέουσα,
ὀνεο συντηροῦσα ἀπήμονα κόσμου ἀπάντα.

32.—Εἰς τὸν ἀρχάγγελον Μιχαήλ
'Ὡς ταλαιπαθέων χρωσίμηθα θέσκελα κεῖται
ἡ δέμας ἡ κραδιὴν τειρομένων μερόπων·
καὶ γὰρ ἀναίζουσα πόνων φύσις αὐτίκα φεύγει
οὐνόμα σὸν, Μιχαήλ, ἢ τύπον, ἢ θαλάμους.

33.—ΝΕΙΔΩΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Εἰς εἰκόνα τοῦ ἀρχαγγέλου
'Ὡς θρασὺ μορφῶσαι τὸν ἀσώματον· ἀλλὰ καὶ
εἰκὼν
ἐς νοερὴν ἀνάγει μνήστιν ἐπουρανίων.

34.—ΑΓΑΘΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν ἐν Πλάτη
'Ασκοπον ἀγγελάρχον, ἀσώματον εἰδει μορφῆς,
ἀ μέγα τομήσεις κηρὸς ἀπεπλάσατο·
ἐμπῆς οὐκ ἀχάριστον, ἔπει βροτὸς εἰκόνα λεύσων
θυμὸν ἀπιδύνει κρέσσου φαντασίη.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

30.—To the Same

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

31.—To the Most Holy Mother of God

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

32.—To the Archangel Michael

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

33.—NILUS SCHOLASTICUS

On an Image of the Archangel

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

34.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On another on the Island of Platé

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

οὐκέτι δ' ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἔχει σέβας, ἀλλ' ἐν ἑαυτῷ 5
tὸν τύπον ἐγγράψας ὡς παρεόντα τρέμει:
ἀκματὰ δ' ὀπτύνουσι βαθὺν νόον· οἴδε δὲ τέχνη
χρώμασι πορθμεύσαι τὴν φρενὸς ἱκεσίαν.

35.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ἐν τῷ Σωσθενίῳ

Καρικὸς Αἰμιλιανός, Ἰωάννης τε σὺν αὐτῷ,
Ῥουφίνος Φαρίης, Ἀγαθίνης Ἀσίης,
tέτρατον, ἀγγελίαρχε, νόμων λυκάβαντα λαχώντες,
ἀνθέσαν εἰς σέ, μάκαρ, τὴν σφετέρην γραφίδα,
αἰτοῦντες τὸν ἔπειτα καλὸν χρόνον· ἀλλὰ φανεῖς 5
ἐπίδας ἱδύων ἐσσομένου βιῶτον.

36.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς εἰκόνα Θεοδώρου Ἰλλουστρίου καὶ δίς ἀνθυπάτον,
ἐν ὐ γέγραπται παρὰ τοῦ ἀρχαγγέλου δεχόμενος
τὰς ἁξίας ἐν Ἑφέσῳ

"Ἰλαθὶ μορφωθείς, ἀρχάγγελε· σὴ γὰρ ὅπως ἄσκοπος· ἀλλὰ βροτών δόρα πέλουσι τάδε·
ἐκ σέο γὰρ Θεόδωρος ἔχει ζωστήρα μαγιστροῦ
καὶ δίς ἀεθλεύει πρὸς θρόνον ἀνθυπάτων;
τῆς δ' εὐγνωμοσύνης μάρτυς γραφίς· ὑμετέρην γὰρ 5
χρώμασι μιμητήν ἀντετύπωσε χάριν.

37.—Εἰς τὴν Χριστοῦ γέννησιν

Σάλπυγγες, στεροπαί, γαία τρέμει· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ
μήτρην
παρθενικὴν κατέβης ἄψοφον ἔχων ἔχων.
CHRI\n
STIAN EP\n
IGRAMS

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

35.—By the Same

On the Archangel in the Sosthenium

Aëmilianus of Caria and John with him, Rusinus of Alexandria and Agathias of Asia\(^1\) having completed the fourth year of their legal studies, O Archangel, dedicated to thee, O Blessed One, thy painted image, praying that their future may be happy. Make thyself manifest in thy direction of their hopes.

36.—By the Same

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

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

37.—On the Birth of Christ

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

\(^{1}\) The Province, a limited part of Asia Minor, excluding Caria.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

38.—Eis τὸ αὐτὸ
Οὐρανὸς ἡ φάτνη, καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἔπλετο μείζων
οὐρανὸς ἐργασίη τοῦδε πέλει βρέφος.

39.—Eis τοὺς ποιμένας καὶ τοὺς ἀγγέλους
Εἰς χορός, ἐν μέλος ἀνθρώποις καὶ ἀγγελιῶταις,
οὐνεκεν ἀνθρώπος καὶ θεὸς ἐν γέγονε.

40.—Eis τὴν Χριστοῦ γάννησιν
Οὐρανὸς ἡ φάτνη, καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἔπλετο μείζων,
oὐνεκεν ὀντερ ἔδεκτο ἀναξ πέλειν οὐρανιώτων.

41.—Eis τοὺς μάγους
Οὐκέτι δῶρ’ ἀνάγουσι μάγοι πυρὶ ἡμέριν τε
ἡμέριον γὰρ ἔτευξε τόδε βρέφος, ὡς πυρὸς αύγας.

42.—Eis τὸ Βηθλεέμ
Δέχυνοσ, Βηθλεέμ, ὅππορεειπτε προφήτης ἐσθόλος
ἐξεσθαι λαῶν ἡγούμενον ἓκ σοῦ ἀπάντων.

43.—Eis τὴν Ῥαχήλ
Τῇπς, Ῥαχήλ, γοώσσα πικρὸν κατὰ δάκρυνον εἶβεις;
Ὀλλυμένην ὀρόωσα γονῆν κατὰ δάκρυνον εἶβω.

44.—Eis τὸν ἐναγγελισμὸν
Χαῖρε, κόρη χαρίσσα, μακαρτάτη, ἀφθορὲ νύμφῃ
ὑλα θεοῦ λαγώνουσιν ἀτερ πατρὸς ἐμβρυνον ἥξεις.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

38.—On the Same
The manger is Heaven, yea, greater than Heaven. Heaven is the handiwork of this child.

39.—On the Shepherds and Angels
One dance, one song for men and angels, for man and God are become one.

40.—On the Birth of Christ
The manger is Heaven, yea, greater than Heaven, for He whom it received is the King of the Heavenly ones.

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

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

43.—On Rachel
Why mournest thou, Rachel, shedding bitter tears? Because I see my children slain I shed tears.

44.—On the Annunciation
Hail, Maiden, full of grace, most blessed, Bride immaculate, thou shalt have in thy womb a Son conceived without a father.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

45.—Eis ton ἄσπασμόν

'Ενδοθι γαστρὸς ἐώς σκιρτήμασιν εἴδε προφήτης σὸν γόνον ὡς θεός ἐστι, καὶ ἤνεσε πότνια μήτηρ.

46.—Eis tìn ὑπαντήν

Πρεσβύτα, παιδά δέχομαι, Ἀδὰμ προγενέστερον ὄντα, ὄς σε βίον λύσει τε καὶ ἔς βίον ἄφθιτον ἄξει.

47.—Eis tìn βάπτισιν

Πατρὸς ὑπ' ἑθανάτου μεγασθενῆς ἦλθε πνεῦμα, νίς ἐπελ βαπτίζετ Ἰορδάνου ἀμφι ῥέεθρα.

48.—Eis tìn μεταμόρφωσιν

Ἀδὰμ ἦν ζό . . .

49.—Eis tôn Λάζαρον

Χριστὸς ἐφη, Πρόμολ' ὀδε· καὶ ἔλλυπτε Λάζαρος ἄθην, αὐτάλεω μυκτῆρι πάλιν σὸν ἄσθμα κομίζουν.

50.—Eis tôn αὐτὸν ἐν Ἐφέσῳ

Ψυχὴν αὐτὸς ἐτευξε, δέμας μορφώσειν ὦ αὐτὸς. Λάζαρον ἑκ νεκύων ἐς φῶς αὐτὸς ἄγει.

51.—Eis tôn αὐτὸν

Τέτρατον ἡμαρ ἦν, καὶ Λάζαρος ἐγρετο τύμβου.

26
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

45.—On the Visitation

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

46.—On the Presentation

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

47.—On the Baptism

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

48.—On the Transfiguration

Adam was . . .

49.—On Lazarus

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

50.—On the Same, in Ephesus

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

51.—On the Same

It was the fourth day, and Lazarus awoke from the tomb.
52.—Εἰς τὰ Βατὰ
Χαίρε, Σιών θύγατερ, καὶ δέρκεις Χριστὸν ἀνακτα
tὸ ἐφεξόμενον, καὶ ἐς πάθος ἀλὰ κιόντα.

53.—Εἰς τὸ Πάσχα
Ἄμνὸν ἔπαυνε νόμον καὶ ἀμβροτὸν ὡπασε θύμα
Χριστὸς, ἐδὼ ίερεὺς, αὐτὸς ἐδὼ θυσίν.

54.—Εἰς τὴν σταυρώσεων
Ὡ πάθος, ὁ σταυρός, παθέων ἐλατήριον αἷμα,
πλύνον ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πᾶσαν ἀτασθαλίην.

55.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Παρθένου νῦν ἐφη τὸν παρθένον, ἄλλον ἑαυτόν.
"Γλαθε τῆς καθαρῆς δέσποτα παρθενίης.

56.—Εἰς τὴν ἀνάστασιν
Χριστὸς ἐδὼ θεὸς εἶλε νέκυς ἐξ ἀδον πάντας
μοῦνον δὲ βροτολογίον ἀκήριον ἐλλυπεν" Ἀδην.

57.—Εἰς τὸν ἀμνὸν τοῦ θεοῦ
Ψυχῆς ἐν φλυγίσων ἐμῆς σωτηρίου αἷμα
ἀμνοῦ· ὀλοθρεύων, φεύγε, μὴ ἐγγύς ἵθι.

58.—Εἰς τὸν πόκοι Απεὼν
Εἰς πόκος ἀμβρον ἔχει· λεκάνῃ δρόσου ὡπασεν αὐτός,
ἄβροχος αὐτὸς ὁδε· κρύπτε νῦφ κρύφια. ¹

¹ Some of these “types” are, or are meant to be, obscure.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

52.—On Palm Sunday

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

53.—On Easter

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

54.—On the Crucifixion

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

55.—On the Same

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

56.—On the Resurrection

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

57.—On the Lamb of God

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

58.—On Gideon’s Fleece

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

1 St. John the Divine.
59.—Εἰς τὸν Μωσῆν καὶ εἰς τὴν θυγατέρα Φαραώ
Αλγυπτία, κρύφιον τε βρέφος, καὶ ἐγνύθεν ὕδωρ·
ἀ προτυποῖ μούνοις εὐσεβείσσι Δόγον.

60.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν ὄτε τὰς παλάμας ἐξέτεινε τροποῦμενος
τὸν Ἀμαλήκ
Σταυροφανὸς τανύεις παλάμας τίνος εἶνεκα, Μωσῆ; 
Τῇδε τῦτῳ Ἀμαλήκ ὀλλυται ἀμφότερος.

61.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Ῥῦεο σὴν ἐθνικὴν νῦμφην παρὰ ὕδασι, Μωσῆ, 
νυμφίον ἀγευνδοὺς σύνεκεν ἑσσεὶ τύπος.

62.—Εἰς τὴν κιβωτὸν ὄτε τὸν Ἰορδάνην ἐπέρασεν
Λάρνακι χρυσεῖς ῥόος εἶκαθεν. "Ἰλαθί, Χριστέ
σος τύπος ἡ λάρναξ, τῇδε λοεσσομένου.

63.—[Εἰς τὴν Ἀγαρ]
Ἐξ ἐθνῶν καὶ Ἀγαρ: τί δὲ ἄγγελος; ἡ τί τὸ ὕδωρ;
ἐξ ἐθνῶν καὶ ἐγώ: τοῦνεκεν οἶδα τάδε.

64.—Εἰς τοὺς οἱ φοίνικας καὶ τὰς ιβ' πηγάς
Ἐπτάκι τοὺς δέκα φοίνικας, ὑνοκαίδεκα πηγάς
Χριστοῦ τοσσατίων ὑσθι τύπους ἑτάρων.

65.—Εἰς τὸν Ἀβραὰμ
Ἄβραὰμ νῦν ἀγει θυσίην θεῷ. Ἰλαθί, πολὴν
νοὺς ὀραὰς θυσίην, ἢς τόδε γράμμα τύπος;
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

59.—On Moses and Pharaoh's Daughter

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

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

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

61.—On the Same

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

62.—On the Ark passing over Jordan

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

63.—On Hagar

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

64.—On the Seventy Palms and Twelve Wells

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

65.—On Abraham

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

1 Exod. xvi. 11.  2 Exod. ii. 17.  3 Gen. xvi. 7.  4 Exod. xv. 27.
66.—Εἰς τὸν Μελχισεδέκ διδοῦντα τῷ Ἀβραὰμ οἶνον καὶ ἄρτους
Μελχισεδέκ βασιλεὺς, ἱερεὺς, ἄρτους τε καὶ οἶνον ὡς τῖς ἑων παρέχεις; Ὡς τῦτος ἀπρεκής.
67.—Εἰς τὸν Ἀβραὰμ ὅτε ὑπεδέξατο τὸν θεόν
Μορφὴν ἐνθάδε μοῦνον ἔχει θεός· ὁστερον αὐτὲ ἐς φύσιν ἀπρεκέως ἠλυθεν ἀνδρομένην.
68.—Εἰς τὸν Ἰσαὰκ καὶ τὸν Ἰακὼβ ὅτε αὐτὸν ἡμοῦγησεν
Πνεῦμα μὲν διὰ πνεῦμα, δέρας δὲ λάχον διὰ γράμμα·
eυφραινει πατέρα νοῦς θεῶν εἰσορόων.
69.—Εἰς τὴν Πεβέκκαν
Νυμφίε μουνογενῆς, νῦμφη ἐθνική σε φιλοῦσα κατορέων ἐς υψους σώματος οὐ καθαροῦ.
70.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Τηλόθεν οὐχ ὑδάτων μνηστεύετο πότνα Πεβέκκα,
νῦμφης ἐς ἐθνῶν οὐνεκεν ἐστὶ τύπος.
71.—Εἰς τὴν Σωμανίτων
Εὐχὴ Ἑλισσαίου, Σωμανίτη, δίσ πόρεν νίον,
πρῶτα μὲν ἐκ γαστρός, δεύτερα δ’ ἐκ νεκύων.
72.—Εἰς τὴν μηλωτὴν Ἡλίου
Τούτῳ δέρας προλέγει αἱμὸν θεοῦ εἰνεκα πάντων ἀνθρώπων ζωῆς τῇδε λοεσσομενον.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

66.—On Melchisedech giving Wine and Bread to Abraham

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

67.—On Abraham receiving God

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

68.—On Jacob blessing Isaac

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

69.—On Rebecca

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

70.—On the Same

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

71.—On the Shunamite

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

72.—On Elijah's Mantle

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

¹ The camel. Gen. xxiv. 64.
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73.—Eis tôn Δαβίδ χριόμενον
'En vô ekylla pέfρθa πατήρ τίνος ἔκλυνε Δαβίδ
οὗτος, ὃν εἰσοράμας ἐνθάδε χριόμενου.

74.—Eis tôn tυφλῶν
Οὐνομά τῇ πηγῇ Ἐσταλμένος. ἄλλα τίς ἐκ τοῦ
ἐσταλται νοεῖς, ὅφρα τέλεια βλέποις;

75.—Eis tὴν Σαμαρείτην
Οὐ τύπος, ἄλλα θεὸς καὶ νυμφίος ἐνθάδε νύμφην
σώζει, τὴν ἑθυκιήν, ὕδατος ἐγγύς ἰδών.

76.—Eis tôn γάμον
Τεύξε μὲν ἀπρικέως οἶνον θεός. ὡσα δὲ κρυπτὰ
θαύματος, εἰ Χριστοῦ πνεῦμα σ᾽ ἔχει, νοεῖς.

77.—Eis tὴν χήραν τὴν τῶν Ἑλλήνων βρέφασαν
Βλύξει ἐλαιηρῇ κάλπης καὶ κύστῃ ἀλεύρου,
ἐμπεδον ἡ χήρη οὐνέκα πίστιν ἔχει.

78.—Eis Πέτρον τῶν ἀπόστολον
Πάντων ἀρχιερέως Πέτρος θεοῦ ἀρχιερήσων,
ὁς θεοῦ ἐκ φωνῆς ἔλλαχε τούτῳ γέρας.

79.—Eis Παύλου τῶν ἀπόστολον
Παύλος ἐπεὶ θείον σέλας οὐρανοῦ ἔδρακεν ἀντὶ,
φωτὸς ἀπειρεσίου γαῖαν ἐπλησεν ὅλην.

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CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

73.—On David being Anointed

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

74.—On the Blind Man

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

75.—On the Samaritan Woman

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

76.—On the Wedding

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

77.—On the Widow who fed Elijah

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

78.—On Peter the Apostle

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

79.—On Paul the Apostle

Paul, having seen face to face the divine light of Heaven, filled all the Earth with infinite light.
80.—Εἰς Ἰωάννην τοῦ ἀπόστολον

'Αρχιερεὺς Ἐφέσου θειγόρος ἐκ θεοῦ εἰπεν πρῶτος Ἰωάννης, ὡς θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.

81.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

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

82.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ἀπόστολον Ἰωάννην

Οὐρανίης σοφίης θεοτερπτῆς δόμα κιχήσας εἰπεν Ἰωάννης, ὡς θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.

83.—Εἰς τὸν Ματθαίου

Γράψε θεοῦ σαρκώσιος ἐξοχα θαύματα πάντα Ματθαίος σελίδεσθι, ἐπεὶ λίπη δῶμα τελώνου.

84.—Εἰς τὸν Δουκᾶν

'Αθανάτου βιότου τελεσφόρα ἔργαμα Χριστοῦ πυκτίον ἐν λαγόνεσι σαφῶς ἐνέπασσε γε Δουκᾶ.

85.—Εἰς τὸν Μάρκου

Οὐ κατ' ἐπωνυμίην Ἀλγύπτιον ἐλλαχε λαον ὄρφυ, ἐπεὶ φωνῆς Μάρκου ἐδεκτο φάος.

86.—Εἰς τὸν ἀγίον Βασίλειον

Παρθενίην Βασίλειος Ἰωάννου σοφίην τε ἐλλαχεν, ἱσα λαχῶν καὶ τάδε Γρηγορίῳ.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

80.—On John the Apostle

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

81.—On the Same

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

82.—On the Same

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

83.—On Matthew

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

84.—On Luke

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

85.—On Mark

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

86.—On St. Basil

Basil had for his lot the virginity and wisdom of John, having in this a like lot with Gregory.
87.—Εἰς τὸν Ἁγίον Πολύκαρπον
Οἰκτίρμων Πολύκαρπος, δ καὶ θρόνου ἀρχιερῆς ἔσχε καὶ ἀτρεκέως μαρτυρίης στεφάνους.

88.—Εἰς τὸν Ἁγίον Διονύσιον
Οὐρανίων θιάσων ἱεραρχικά τάγματα μέλψας, μορφοφανῶν τε τύπων κρύφιον νόον εἰς φάσις ἐλκῶν, ζωοσόφων λογίων θεοτερπέα πυροσών ἀνάπτεις.

89.—Εἰς τὸν Ἁγίον Νικόλαου
Νικόλεως Πολύκαρπος ἔχει σχεδὸν, οὐνεκεν ἁμφω εἰς ἔλεον παλάμας ἔσχον ἐτοιμοτάτας.

90.—ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΤ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΡΧΟΤ ΙΕΡΟΣΟΛΥΜΩΝ
Εἰς Κύρον καὶ Ἰωάννην
Κύρω, ἀκεστορίης πανυπέρτατα μέτρα λαχόντι, καὶ τῷ Ἰωάννῃ, μάρτυςι θεσπεσίοις,
Σωφρόνιος, θελεφάρων ψυχαλγεών νοῦσον ὑλύξας, βαιόν ἀμειβόμενος τῇ ἁνέθηκε βίβλον.

91.—Εἰς Ἰουστινιανὸν τὸν βασιλέα ἐν Ἐφέσῳ
Ἰουστινιανὸν καὶ ἡγαθένη Θεοδώρην στέψειν Ἰωάννῃς Χριστοῦ ἐφημοσύναις.

92. <ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΝΑΖΙΑΝΖΗΝΟΤ>
Ἐν Καισαρείᾳ εἰς τὸν ναὸν τοῦ Ἁγίου Βασιλείου
Ἡν ὅτε Χριστὸς Ἰανεν ἐπὶ ὁλκάδος ἐμφυτον ὑπνον, τετρήχη δὲ θάλασσα κυδομοτοκοισιων ἀήταις,
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

87.—On St. Polycarp

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

88.—On St. Dionysius

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

89.—On St. Nicholas

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

90.—SOPHRONIUS PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM

On Cyrus and Joannes

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

91.—On the Emperor Justinian, in Ephesus

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

92.—BY GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS

In Caesarea in the Church of St. Basil

While Christ once slept on the ship a natural sleep, the sea was disturbed by stormy winds, and
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deímati te πλωτήρες ἄνελαχον. "Εγρεο, σώτερ; ὅλλυμένοις ἐπάμμυνον. Ἄναξ δὲ κέλευεν ἀναστάς ἀπρεμέειν ἀνέμους καὶ κύματα, καὶ πέλεν οὕτως θαύματι δὲ φράζοντο θεοὶ φύσιν οἱ παρεόντες.

93.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ναὸν

Ζωογόνων ἀρετῶν τετρακτύος εἰκόνα λεύσσων, σεῦ νόον πρὸς μόχθον ἐκούσιον· εὐθείης γὰρ ἱδρώτες δεδάσσειν ἁγήρας ἐς βίον ἔλκειν.

94.—Εἰς τὴν κοίμησιν τῆς ὑπεραγίας θεοτόκου

Νεόμασι θεσπεσίοις μετάρσιοι ἡλιθόν ἀρδήν ἐς δόμον ἀχράντου ἀμωμήτου γυναικὸς, κεκλόμενοι μαθηταὶ ἀλλήλοις αἰγλήπτεις, οἱ μὲν ἀπ᾿ ἄντολης, οἱ δ᾿ ἐσπερίοις γαῖας, ἀλλοι μεσημβρίας, ἄτεροι βαῖνον δ᾿ ἀπ᾿ ἀρκτῶν, διεζημενοὶ κηδεῦσαι σῶμα τὸ σωσικόσμοι.

95.—Ἐν Ἔφεσῳ

Σοὶ, μάκαρ, ἐκ σέο δόκα τάπερ πόρες ἄμμων ἀρηὶ.

96.—Εἰς σκῆπτρον

Τούτο γέρας λάχειν ἐσθολὸς Ἀμάντως, ὡς βασιλῆι πιστὸς ἑών, Χριστὸν δὲ θεοδείησιν ιαίνων.

97.—Ἐν τῇ Μελίτῃ

Νηὸς ἐγὼ κύδιστος Ἰουστῖνῳ ἀνακτός, καὶ μ᾿ ὑπατὸς Θεόδωρος, ὁ καρτερός, ὁ τρῖς ὑπαρχος, ἀνθετο καὶ βασιλῆι, καὶ νιέι παμβασιλῆος, Ἰουστινιανῷ, στρατηγῷ ἠγήτορι πάσης.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

93.—In the same Church

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

94.—On the Death of the Holy Virgin

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

95.—In Ephesus

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

96.—On a Sceptre

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

97.—In Melite

I am the celebrated temple of the Emperor Justin. The Consul Theodorus, the strong, thrice a Prefect, dedicated me to the Emperor and his son Justinian, the general of the whole army.
98.—Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ τόπῳ
Εργον ὁρᾶς περίπτυστον Ἱουστίνου βασιλῆος, Ἱουστίνιανοῦ τε μεγασθενέος στρατιάρχου, λαμπόμενον στεροπῆσιν ἁμετρήτου μετάλλου τοῦτο κάμεν Θεόδωρος ἀοίδιμος, ὡς πόλιν ἢρας τὸ τρίτον ἀμφιβεβηκέν ἐχων ὑπατηίδα τιμήν.

99.—Ἐν τῷ κίονι τοῦ ὄσιον Δανιὴλ ἐν τῷ ἀνάπλω
Μεσσηγύς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἐσταται ἀνήρ, πάντοθεν ὀρνυμένους οὐ τρομεών ἄνεμον.

* * * * * * * *
ἐχων θείασαν κίονι διεθδία.
λευκὸ δ' ἀμβροσία τρέφεται καὶ ἀπήμονί δίψη, υἱέα κηρύσσων μητρὸς ἀπειρογάμον.

100.—Εἰς Νεῖλον μοναχὸν τὸν μέγαν ἐν τοῖς ἀσκηταῖς
Νεῖλον μὲν ποταμοῦ ρόος χθόνα οίδε ποτίζειν, Νεῖλον δ' αὐτοὶ μοναχὸι λόγος φρένας οίδεν ιαίνειν.

101.—ΜΕΝΑΝΔΡΟΤ ΠΡΟΤΙΚΤΟΡΟΣ
Εἰς Πέρσην μάγον, γενόμενον χριστιανὸν καὶ μαρτυρήσαντα

* Ἦν πάρος ἐν Πέρσησιν ἐγὼ μάγος Ἰσβοζήτης, εἰς ὅλην ἀπάτην ἐλπίδας ἐκκρεμάσας· εὗτε δὲ πυρσὸς ἐδαπατεν ἐμὴν πόλιν, ἦλθον ἀρῆξαι, ἦλθε δὲ καὶ Χριστὸν πανούθενος θεράπων· κείνῳ δ' ἐσβέσθη δύναμις πυρὸς· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐμπῆς νικηθείς νίκην ἦνυσα θειοτέρην.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

98.—In the same Place

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

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

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

100.—On Nilus the Great Hermit

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

101.—BY MENANDER PROTECTOR

On a Persian mage who became a Christian and suffered Martyrdom

I, Isbozetes, was formerly a mage among the Persians, my hope resting on pernicious fraud. When my city was in flames I came to help, and a servant of all-powerful Christ came too. He extinguished the force of the fire, but none the less, though I was worsted I gained a more divine victory.
102.—Εἰς τὸν σωτῆρα καὶ κύριον ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦν Χριστὸν υἱὸν του θεοῦ

Ω πάντων ἐπέκεινα—τί γὰρ πλέον ἄλλο σε μέλψω;—
πῶς σὲ τὸν ἐν πάντεσσιν ὑπείροχον ἐξουμηνίων;
πῶς δὲ λόγῳ μέλψω σὲ τὸν οὐδὲ λόγῳ περίληπτόν;

103.—Εἰς ὑπέρθυρον οἶκον ἐν Κυζίκῳ σωθέντος ἀπὸ τυρός

Μῶμε μιαφόνε, σὸς σε κατέκτανε πικρός διστός
ῥύσατο γὰρ μανίς με τεῖς θεός ὀλβίων οἶκον.

104.—Εἰς τὴν θήκην τῶν λευφάνων τοῦ ἄγιον μάρτυρος

'Ακακίου καὶ 'Αλεξάνδρου

Μάρτυρος 'Ακακίου, 'Αλεξάνδρου θ' ιερήσ
ἐνθάδε σώματα κεῖται, τάπερ χρόνος ὀλβίος ηὕρε.

105.—Εἰς Εὐδοκίαν τὴν γυναῖκα Θεοδοσίου βασιλέως

'Η μὲν σοφὴ δέσποινα τῆς οἰκουμένης,
ὑπ' εὐσεβοῦ εἴρωτος ἁρεθυσμένη,
πάρεστι δούλη, προσκυνεῖ δ' ἐνὸς τάφον,
ἡ πάσιν ἀνθρώπους προσκυνομένη.
ὁ γὰρ δεδωκὼς τὸν θρόνον καὶ τὸν γάμον
τεθνηκεν ὡς ἀνθρωπιος, ἀλλὰ ζῇ θεὸς,
κάτω μὲν ἡνθρωπίζεν· ἦν δ' ὡς ἦν ἀνω.

106.—Ἐν τῷ χρυσοτρικλίνῳ Μαζαρινοῦ

'Ελαμψεν ἀκτίς τῆς ἀληθείας πάλιν,
καὶ τὰς κόρας ἤμβλυνε τῶν ψευδηγόρων.
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102.—On our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ the Son of God

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

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

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

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

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

105.—On Eudocia the Wife of King Theodosius

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

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

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

¹ Probably = Satan.
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ηὔξησεν εὐσέβεια, πέπτωκε πλάνη,
καὶ πίστις άνθεί καὶ πλατύνεται χώρις.
ίδου γὰρ αὕθεις Χριστὸς εἰκονισμένος
λάμπει πρὸς ύψος τῆς καθέδρας τοῦ κράτους,
καὶ τὰς σκοτεινὰς αἱρέσεις ἀνατρέπει.
τῆς εἰσόδου δ' ὑπερθεῖν, ὡς θεία πύλη,
στηλογραφεῖται καὶ φύλαξ ἡ Παρθένος,
ἀναξ ἰ ὧ καὶ πρόεδρος ὡς πλανοτρόποι
σὺν τοῖς συνεργοῖς ἵστοροῦνται πλησίον,
κύκλῳ δὲ παντὸς οὖα φρουρό τοῦ δόμου,
νόεσ, μαθηταί, μάρτυρες, θυγτόλου,
ὅθεν καλούμενοι χριστοτρίκλινοι νέοι,
τὸν πρὸν λαχάνα κλήσεως χρυσωμύμου,
ὡς τὸν θρόνον ἔχοντα Χριστοῦ κυρίον,
Χριστοῦ δὲ μητρός, χριστοκηρύκων τύπου,
καὶ τοῦ σοφοφρογοῦ Μιχαὴλ τὴν εἰκόνα.

107.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν χρυσοτρίκλινον

'Ὡς τὴν φαινὴν ἀξίαν τῆς εἰκόνος
tῆς πρὸν φυλάττων, Μιχαὴλ αὐτοκράτωρ,
κρατῶν τε πάντων σαρκικῶν μολυσμάτων,
ἐξεικονίζεις καὶ γραφὴ τοῦ δεσπότην,
ἐργῷ κρατύνων τούς λόγους τῶν δογμάτων.

108.—'Αδέσποτον εἰς τὸν 'Αδάμ

Οὐ σοφίς ἀπάνευθεν 'Αδάμ τὸ πρὶν ἐκαλεῖτο,
τέσσαρα γράμματ' ἔχων εἰς τέσσαρα κλίματα κόσμου
"Ἀλφα γὰρ ἀντολίς ἔλαχεν" δύσεως δὲ τὸ Δέλτα,
"Ἀλφα πάλιν δ' ἄρκτοιο, μεσημβρίης δὲ τὸ λοιπὸν.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

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

107.—On the Same

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

108.—On Adam (Anonymous)

Nor without wisdom was Adam so called, for the four letters represent the four quarters of the earth. The Alpha he has from Anatolé (the East), the Delta from Dysis (the West), the second Alpha is from Arctus (the North) and the Mu from Mesembria (the South).
109.—ΙΓΝΑΤΙΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΜΑΓΙΣΤΟΡΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΩΝ

Εἰς τὸν ναὸν τῆς παναγίας Θεοτόκου εἰς τὴν πηγήν
Πτωθέντα κοσμεῖ τὸν ναὸν τῆς Παρθένου
Βασιλείου τε σὺν Κωνσταντῖνῳ Λέων.

110.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν εἰς τὸν προϊλλον, ἐν τῇ ἀναλήψει
’Εκ γῆς ἀνελθὼν πατρικῶν σου πρὸς θρόνον,
τὸν μητρικὸν σου, σωτήρ, ὁ θεικύους πηγὴν νοητὴν κρεπτῶν χαρισμάτων.

111.—Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ναῷ, εἰς τὴν σταυρωσίν
’Ο νεκρὸς Ἀδης ἐξεμεῖ τεθυμπότας,
κάθαρσιν εὐρών σάρκα τῆς τοῦ δεσπότου.

112.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ναὸν, εἰς τὴν μεταμόρφωσιν
Δάμψας ὁ Χριστὸς ἐν Θαβδρ φωτὸς πλέον,
σκίαν πέπαγε τοῦ παλαιατῶν νόμου.

113.—Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ναῷ, εἰς τὴν ὑπαντή
’Οράμενος νῦν χερσὶ πρεσβύτου βρέφος
παλαίς ἐστὶ δημιουργὸς τῶν χρόνων.

114.—Ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ ναῷ, εἰς χαιρετισμόν
Προοιμίζει κοσμικῆν σωτηρίαν,
εἰπὼν τῷ Χαίρε ταῖς γυναιξὶ δεσπότης.

115.—Εἰς τὴν θεοτόκον
Παρθένος νιέα τίκτη· μεθ’ νιέα παρθένος ἦν.
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109.—BY IGNATIUS THE MAGISTER GRAMMATICORUM

In the Church of the Holy Virgin at the Fountain
Basilius, Leo, and Constantine redecorate the ruined church of the Virgin.

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

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

111.—In the same Church on the Crucifixion

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

112.—In the same Church on the Transfiguration

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

113.—In the same Church on the Presentation

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

114.—In the same Church on the Salutation

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

115.—On the Virgin

A VIRGIN bore a Son; after a Son she was a Virgin.
116.—Εἰς τὸν Σωτῆρα
Χριστὲ μάκαρ, μερόπων φῶς ἀφθιτον, νιὲ θεοῖο, 
δῶρ ἀπὸ κρυστάλλων, δῶρ ἀπὸ σαρδονύχων 
δέχυσο, παρθενικής τέκους ἀφθιτον, νιὲ θεοῖο, 
δῶρ ἀπὸ κρυστάλλων, δῶρ ἀπὸ σαρδονύχων.

117.—Εἰς τὸν τυφλὸν
"Εβλεψε τυφλὸς ἐκ τόκου μεμυσμένος, 
Χριστὸς γὰρ ἦλθεν ἡ πανόμματος χάρις.

118.—Εὐκτικά
"Ηγείρεν ἦμιν τῶν παθῶν τρικυμίαν 
ἐχθρός κάκιστος, πνευματώσας τὸν σάλον, 
ὅθεν ταράσσει καὶ βυθίζει καὶ βρέχει 
τὸν φόρτον ἦμῶν ψυχικῆς τῆς ὀλκάδος. 
ἀλλ’, ὃ γαλήνη καὶ στορεστὰ τῆς ζάλης, 
σύ, Χριστέ, δείξαις ἀβρόχους ἀμαρτίας, 
τῷ σῷ πρὸς ὅμως προσφόρας προσομίσας, 
ἐχθρόν δὲ τούτου συμφοραῖς βεβρεγμένου.

119.—Ὑπόθεσις, ἀπολογία εὐφημος. Ὅμηροκέντρων
Βίβλος Πατρικίου θεουδέος ἀρητήρος, 
ὅς μέγα ἔργον ἔρεξεν, ὀμηρείας ἀπὸ βίβλου 
κυδαλίμων ἑπέων τεῦξας ἐρήτιμον ἁοιδήν, 
πρήξιας ἀγγέλλουσαν ἀνικήτου θεοῦ. 
ὅς μόλεν ἀνθρώπων ἐς ὀμήγγυριν, ὡς λάβε μορφὴν 
ἀνδρομένη, καὶ γαστρὸς ἀμεμφέος ἐνδόθι κούρης 
κρύπτετο τυπθὸς ἐών, ὃν ἀπέριτος οὗ χάδε κύκλος· 
ἣ ὁς παρθενικὴς θεοκύμωνος ἐσπασε μαζὸν 
παρθενίοιο γάλακτος ἀναβλύζοντα ἰέθρον, 
ὅς κτάνειν Ὑπόθησις ἀταλάφρονος εἰς ἐστὶ παῖδας.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

116.—On the Saviour

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

117.—On the Blind Man

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

118.—Prayers

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

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

The book of Patricius, the God-fearing priest, who performed a great task, composing from the works of Homer a glorious song of splendid verses, announcing the deeds of the invincible God; how He came to the company of men and took human form, and was hidden when an infant in the blameless womb of a Virgin, He whom the infinite universe cannot hold; and how He sucked from the breast of the Virgin, once great with child from God, the stream of maiden milk it spouted; how Herod, in his folly
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νήπιος, ἀθανάτοιο θεοῦ διζήμενος οἶτον·
ὡς μυν Ἰωάννης λούσεν ποταμοῖο βεβοῖροις·
ὡς τε δυόδεκα φώτας ἀμύμωνας ἐλλαβ' ἑταῖρους·
όσσων τ' ἄρτια πάντα θέος τεκτῆματο γυνια,
νούσους τ' ἐξελάσας στυγέρας βλεφάρων τ' ἀλαωτών, 15
ηδ' ὅππος ἱεόρτας ἀπέσβεσεν αἵματος ὀλκοῦς
ἀγαμένης ἑαυτοῦ πολυκλάντου γυναικός·
ηδ' ὅσσους μούρησιν ὑπ' ἀργαλέσιοι δαμέντας
ἡγαγεν ἐς φῶς αὐθίς ἀπὸ χθονίων βεβοῖροι·
ὡς τε πάθους ἀγίου μνημεία κάλλιπτεν ἄμμων·
ὡς τε βροτῶν ὑπὸ χερσὶ τάδη κρυνοῦς ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς,
αὐτὸς ἐκὼν· οὐ γὰρ τις ἐπιχθοῦνων πολεμίζοι
ὑφιμέδοντι θεῷ, ὅτε μὴ αὐτὸς γε κελεύων·
ὡς θάνει, ὡς 'Αιδαο σιδήσα τῆς θύρετρα,
κείθεν δὲ ψυχὰς θεοπειθέας οὐρανὸν εἰςω
ἡγαγεν ἀρχαντουσίν ὑπ' ἐνυςίσης τοκης,
ἀντιστα ἐν τριτάτῃ φαιεμβροτῳ ἡγιγενεὶ
ἀρχέγουν βλάστημα θεοῦ γενετήρος ἀνάρχου.

120.—Ἐν Βλαχέρναι. Ἡ Ἰαμβοὶ

Εἰ φρικτὸν ἐν γῇ τοῦ θεοῦ ζητεὶς θρόνον,
ἰδὼν τὸν οἶκον θαύμασο τῆς παρθένου·
ἡ γὰρ φέρουσα τὸν θεοῦ ταῖς ἀγκάλαις,
φέρει τὸν αὐτὸν εἷς τὸ τοῦ τόπου σέβας·
ἐνταῦθα τῆς γῆς οἱ κρατεῖν τεταγμένοι
τὰ σκῆπτρα πιστεύουσι τῆς νίκης ἑχειν·
ἐνταῦθα πολλὰς κοσμικὰς περιστάσεις
ὁ πατριάρχης ἀγρυπνῶν ἀνατρέπει·
οἱ βάρβαροι δὲ προσβαλόντες τῇ πόλει,
αὐτὶ ἑντελεῖσις ὡς εἶδον μόνον,
ἐκαμφαν εὐθὺς τοὺς ἀκαμπεῖς αὐχένας.
seeking the death of the immortal God, slew the still
tender babes; how John washed Him in the waters
of the river; how He took to Him His twelve
excellent companions; the limbs of how many He
made whole, driving out loathly diseases, and dark-
ness of sight, and how He stayed the running stream
of blood in the weeping woman who touched His
raiment; and how many victims of the cruel fates
He brought back to the light from the dark pit;
and how He left us memorials of His holy Passion;
how by the hands of men He was tortured by cruel
bonds, by His own will, for no mortal man could
war with God who ruleth on high, unless He Him-
self decreed it; how He died and burst the iron
gates of Hell and led thence into Heaven by the
immaculate command of His Father the faithful
spirits, having arisen on the third morn, the primal
offspring of the Father who hath no beginning.

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

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

'Εδει γενέσθαι δευτέραν θεοῦ πύλην
tής παρθένου τόν οίκου, ὡς καὶ τόν τόκων
κιβωτός ὄφθη τής πρίν ἐνθεοστέρα,
οὐ τὰς πλάκας φέρουσα τὰς θεογράφους,
ἀλλ’ αὐτοῦ ἐνδοῦ τὸν θεοῦ δεδεγμένη.
ἐνταῦθα κρουνοὶ σαρκικῶν καθαρσίων,
καὶ ψυχικῶν λύτρωσις ἀγιονομάτων
όσαι γὰρ εἰσὶ τῶν παθῶν περιστάσεις,
βλύζει τοσαύτας δωρεὰς τῶν θαυμάτων.
ἐνταῦθα νυκήσασα τοὺς ἑναντίους,
ἀνείλεν αὐτοὺς ἀντὶ λόγχης εἰς ὑδωρ.
τροπῆς γὰρ ἀλλοίωσαν οὐκ ἔχει μόνην,
Χριστὸν τεκοῦσα καὶ κλονοῦσα βαρβάρους.

122.—ΜΙΧΑΗΛ ΧΑΡΤΟΦΤΑΛΑΞ

Εἰς τὴν Θεοτόκου βαστάζουσαν τὸν Χριστὸν
Αὐτῇ τεκοῦσα παρθένος πάλιν μένει:
καὶ μὴ θροπηθῇ· ἔστι γὰρ τὸ παιδίον
θεὸς, θελήσας προσλαβέσθαι σαρκίον.

123.—ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν Κρανίου λίθον ἐν Ἰεροσαλήμ
Πέτρα τρισμακάριστε, θεόσυντον αἶμα λαχοῦσα,
οὐρανίς γενεὴ σε πυρίπνους ἀμφιπολεῖει,
καὶ χθονὸς ἐνναετῆρες ἀνάκτορες ὑμνοπολούσι.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS

121.—In the same Church

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

122.—MICHAEL CHARTOPHYLAX

On the Virgin and Child

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

123.—SOPHRONIUS

On the Rock of Calvary

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

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

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

'Εκφρασις τῶν ἀγαλμάτων τῶν εἰς τὸ δημόσιον γυμνάσιον τοῦ ἐπικαλομένου Ζευξίππου.

Δηφόβος μὲν πρῶτος ἐὐγλύπτῳ ἐπὶ βωμῷ ἱστατο, τολμήσει, κεκορυθμένος, ὁβριμος ἤρως,
τοῖς ἐώς, οἷς πέρ ἐπορυμένῳ Μενελάῳ
περθομένων ἤντησεν ἑώς προπάρῳθε μελάθρων.
ἱστατο δὲ προβιβάσας πανείκελος: εὖ δ᾽ ἐπὶ κόσμῳ 5
dόχμοις ἤν, μανίῇ δὲ κεκυφότα νῶτα συνελκών
δριμῷ μένος ξυνάγειρε: ἐλισσε δὲ φέγγος ὀπτωτής,
οἵ τε δυσμενέων μερόπων πεφυλαγμένος ὁρμήν.
λαύῃ μὲν σάκος εὕροι προϊσχετο, δεξιερῇ δὲ
φάσγανον υψόσ᾽ ἄειρεν: ἐμέλλε δὲ μαινομένη χεὶρ 10
ἀνέρος ἀντίβιοι κατὰ χροὺς ἀορ ἐλάσσας:
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ χαλκὸν ἔθηκε φύσις πειθήμονα λύσσῃ.

Κεκροπίδης δ᾽ ἤστραπτε, νοήμονος ἀνθέμα Πειθώς,
Δισχίνης: λασίης δὲ συνεϊρυσ κύκλα παρείης,
οῖς πολυτροχάλοισιν ἀεθλεύων ἄγορῆσιν: 15
στείνετο γὰρ πυκνήσει μεληδόσιν. ἂγχι δ᾽ ἐκεῖνον
ἡν Ἀριστοτέλης, σοφῆς πρόμος: ἰστάμενοι δὲ
χεῖρε περιπλέγηδιν συνεέργαθεν, οὐδ᾽ εὖ χαλκῷ
ἀφθόγγῳ φρένας εἶχεν ἀεργέας, ἀλλ᾽ ἐτὶ βουλὴν

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BOOK II

CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Description of the Statues in the public gymnasium called Zeuxippos.

Deiphobus

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

Aeschines and Aristotle

And there shone Athenian Aeschines, the flower of wise Persuasion, his bearded face gathered as if he were engaged in struggle with the tumultuous crowd, looking sore beset by anxiety. And near him was Aristotle, the prince of Wisdom: he stood with clasped hands, and not even in the voiceless bronze was his mind idle, but he was like one
σκεπτομένῳ μὲν ἐξίκτω· συμπατήμεναι δὲ παρειαὶ ἄνερος ἀμφιέλισσαν ἐμαυτεύοντο μενοῦντα, καὶ τροχαλαῖ σήμαινον ἀολλέα μὴτιν ὀπωπαί.

Καὶ Παιανέων δήμηγόρος ἐπρεπε σάλπιγξ, ῥήτρις εὐκελάδοιο πατήρ σοφός, ὁ πρὶν Ἀθηναῖς Πειθοῦς θελεύνοιο νοήμων πυρόν ἄναψας. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἡρμέων διεφαινετο, πυκνὰ δὲ βουλὴν ἑστρώφα, πυκνην γὰρ ἔειδοτο μὴτιν ἑλλείσειν, οἷα κατ' εὐόπλων τεθωμένοις Ἡμαθίην. ἡ τάχα κεν κοτέων τροχαλῆν ἐφθέγγετο φωνῇ, ἄπνουν αὐθέντα τιθεὶς τύπον. ἀλλὰ ἐ τέχνῃ χαλκείης ἐπέδησεν ὑπὸ σφραγίδα σιωπῆς.

"Ἰστατο δ' Ἐυρίποιο φερώνυμος· Ὦς δὲ δοκεῶν, λάθη ὑπὸ κραδίνῃ τραγικαίς ὁμίλει Μοῦσαις, ἔργα σαφροσύνης διανεύμενος· ἦν γὰρ ἰδέαθαι οἷα τέ που θυμέλησιν ἐν Ἁτθίσι θύρσα τινάσσων. "

Δάφνη μὲν πλοκαμίδα Παλαιότατος ἐπρεπε μάντις στεγάμενος, δόκεεν δὲ χέειν μαντώδεα φωνήν.

Ἡσίόδος ἐ' Ἀσκραῖος ὁρειάσιν εἶδετο Μοῦσαις φθεγγόμενος, χαλκῶν δὲ βιάζετο θνιάδι λύσῃ, ἐνθεον ἰμέρων ἀνάγεις μέλος. ἐγγύθι δ' αὐτοῦ μαντιπόλος πάλιν ἄλλος ἔην φοιβηθεί δάφνη
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

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

Demosthenes

And the trumpet-speaker of the Paeanians¹ stood there conspicuous, the sage father of well-sounding eloquence, who erst in Athens set alight the wise torch of entrancing Persuasion. He did not seem to be resting, but his mind was in action and he seemed to be revolving some subtle plan, even as when he had sharpened his wit against the warlike Macedonians. Fain would he have let escape in his anger the torrent of his speech, endowing his dumb statue with voice, but Art kept him fettered under the seal of her brazen silence.

Euripides

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

Palaephatus

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

Hesiod, Polydus, and Simonides

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

¹ The deme to which Demosthenes belonged.
κοσμηθείς Πολύειδος· ὑπὸ στομάτων δὲ τιμᾶξαι ἢθελε μὲν κελάδημα θεσπρόποι· ἀλλὰ ἐ τέχνῃ δεσμῷ ἀφωνήτῳ κατερήτουεν. οὐδὲ σὺ μολτής εὐνασας ἀβρον ἔρωτα, Σιμωνίδη, ἀλλ' ἔτι χορδῆς ἱμείρεις, ἱερὴν δὲ λύρην οὐ χερσὶν ἀράσσεις.

ὡφελεν ὁ πλάσσας σε, Σιμωνίδη, ὥφελε χαλκῷ συγκεράσαι μέλος ἢδυ· σὲ δ' ἂν καὶ χαλκὸς ἀναυδής αἰδόμενος, ῥυθμοῖσι λύρης ἀντίέχεε μολτὴν.

Ἡ νῦν Ἀναξιμένης νοερὸς σοφὸς· ἐν δὲ μενοινή 50 δαμονίης ἐλέλειξε νοῆματα ποικίλα βουλής.

Θεσπρίδης δ' ἂρα μάντις εὔσκοπος ἱστατο Κάλχας, οὐτέ τε θεσπίζων, ἔδοκει δὲ τε θέσφατα καύθειν, ἢ στρατὸν οἰκτείρων Ἰλλήνιον, ἢ ἐτι θυμῷ δειμαῖνοι βασιλῆς πολυχρύσου Μυκῆνης. 55

Δέρκεο μοι σκύμνον πτολιπόρθιον Διακιδάων, Πύρρον Ἀχιλλείδην, ὅσον ἢθελε χερσὶν ἐλίσσειν τεύχεα χαλκήντα, τὰ μὴ οἱ ὁπασε τέχνῃ γυμνὸν γὰρ μιὰν ἐτευξένν· ὁ δ' ὤψοσε φαινετο λεύσσων, οἷά περ ἣνεμόσεσαν ἐς Ἱλιον ὕμμα τιταίνων. 60

Ἦστι δ' Ἀμμωνὴ ῥοδοδάκτυλος· εἰσπίσσῳ μὲν βόστρυχον ἀκρῆδεμνον ἐης συνέεργεν ἐθείρης· γυμνὸν δ' εἰχε μετωπον· ἀναστέλλουσα δ' ὁπωπάς εινάλλοι σκοπίαζε μελαγχαίτην παρακοῖτην.

ἐγγύθι δ' εὐρύστερνος ἐφαινετο Κυανοχάητης 65 γυμνὸς εώς, πλόκαμον δὲ καθειμένου εἰχεν ἐθείρης, 62
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phet, Polyidus, crowned with the laurel of Phoebus, eager to break into prophetic song, but restrained by the gagging fetter of the artist. Nor hadst thou, Simonides, laid to rest thy tender love, but still dost yearn for the strings; yet hast thou no sacred lyre to touch. He who made thee, Simonides, should have mixed sweet music with the bronze, and the dumb bronze had reverenced thee, and responded to the strains of thy lyre.

Anaximenes

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

Calchas

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

Pyrrhus

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

Amymone and Poseidon

There sat rosy-fingered Amymone. She was gathering up her unfilleted hair behind, while her face was unveiled, and with upturned glance she was gazing at her black-haired lord the Sea-King. For near her stood Poseidon, naked, with flowing hair,
καὶ διερὸν δελφῶν προϊσχετο, χειρὶ κομίζων δῶρα πολυζήλοιο γάμων μυηστήρια κοῦρης.

Πιερικῆ δὲ μέλισσα αλγύθροος ἦξετο Σαπφῶ
Λεσβιάς, ἣρμενοῦσα· μέλος δ’ εὐθύμουν ὑφαίνειν
συγαλέας δοκέσσεν ψαμμείη φρένα Μοῦσαις.

Φοίβος δ’ εἰστήκει τριποδήλαλος· ἂν δ’ ἄρα χαίτης
εἰσοπίσω σφίγξας ἄδετον πλόκου· ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ χαλκῷ
γυμνός ἦν, ὅτι πάσιν ἀνειρομένοισιν Ἀττικῶν
γυμνῶσαι δεδήκηκεν ἀληθέα δήνεα Μοίρης,
ἡ ὅτι πάσιν ὁμός ἀναφαίνεται· ἡλίως γὰρ
Φοίβος ἀναξ, καθαρήν δὲ φέρει τηλέσκοπον αὐγῆν.

"Αγχί δὲ Κύπρις ἐλαμπεν· ἐλειβε δὲ νάροπι χαλκῷ
ἀγλαῖης βαθαμμήγας· ἀπὸ στέρνου δὲ γυμνῇ
φαίνετο μὲν, φᾶρος δὲ συνήγαγεν ἄντυγι μηρῷν,
χρυσεῖρ πλοκαμίδας ὑποσφίγξασα καλύπτηρη.

Κλεινιάδην δὲ τέθησα, περιστιλβοῦτα νοίτας
ἀγλαῖης χαλκῷ γὰρ ἀνέπλεκε κάλλεος αὐγῆν,
τοῖς ἐὼν, οἷς περ ἐν Ἀτθίδη, μητὲρι μύθων,
ἀνδράσι Κεκροπίδῃς πολύφρονα μῆτιν ἐγείρων.

Χρύσης δ’ αὐθ’ ἱερεύς πέλας ἱστατο, δεξιτερὴ μὲν
σκῆπτρον ἀνασχόμενος Φοιβηῖον, ἐν δὲ καρῆνφ
στέμμα φέρων· μεγέθει δὲ κεκασμένος ἐπρέπει μορφῆς,
οἷς περ ἡρώων ἱερῶν γένος· ὅς δοκέω δὲ,
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holding out to her a dripping dolphin, bringing a
suitor's gifts for the hand of the much-sought
maiden.

Sappho

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

Apollo

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

Aphrodite

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

Alcibiades

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

Chryses

Near him stood the priest Chryses, holding in his
right hand the sceptre of Phoebus and wearing on
his head a fillet. Of surpassing stature was he,
as being one of the holy race of heroes. Methinks
'Ατρείδην ἵκετενε βαθὺς δὲ οἱ ἡμεῖς πῶγων, καὶ ταναῖς ἀπλέκτος ἑσύρετο βότρυς ἐθείρης.

Καίσαρ δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλαμπτεν ᾽Ιούλιος, ὥς ποτε Ῥώμην ἀντιβίων ἐστεψεν ἀμετρήτοις βοείαις, αἰγίδα μὲν βλασφερότων ἐπωμάδων ἦν ἀείρων, δεξιότερή δὲ κεραυνὸν ἄγαλλετο χειρὶ κομίζων, οἷα Ζεὺς νέος ἄλλος ἐν Λύσινοισιν ἀκούων.

Εἰστήκει δὲ Πλάτων θεοείκελος, ὁ πρὶν Ἀθήναις δείξας κρυπτὰ κέλευθα θεοκράντων ἀρετάων.

"Ἀλλην δ' εὐπατέρειαν ἰδον χρυσῆν ᾽Αφροδίτην, γυμνὴν παμφανώσαν" ἐπὶ στέρνων δὲ θεαίνης αὐχένος εξ ὑπάτου χυθεὶς ἐλελίξετο κεστός.

"Ἰστατο δ' Ἐρμαφρόδιτος ἐπήρατος, οὐθ' ὅλος ἄνηρ, οὐδὲ γυνὴ· μικτὸν γὰρ ἦν βρέτας· ἥ τάχα κοῦρον Κύπριδος εὐκόλποι καὶ Ἐρμάωνος ἑνύψεις· μαξῶν μὲν σφυρογόνως ἐδείκνυεν, οἷα τε κοῦρη· σχῆμα δὲ πᾶσιν ἐφαίνε φυτοστόροιο ἄρσενος αἴδοις, ξυνῆς ἀγαλῆς κεκερασμένα σήματα φαινών.

Παρθενικῇ δ' "Ηρωνα λυγύθροος ἔζετο κοῦρη, οὐ μῖτον ἀμφαφόσα πολύπλοκον, ἀλλ' ἐνι συγῇ Πιερικῆς ῥαθάμωγας ἀποσταλάουσα μελίσσῃς."
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he was imploring Agamemnon. His thick beard bloomed in abundance, and down his back trailed the clusters of his unplaited hair.

*Julius Caesar*

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

*Plato*

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

*Aphrodite*

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

*Hermaphroditus*

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

*Erinna*

The clear-voiced maiden Erinna sat there, not plying the involved thread, but in silence distilling drops of Pierian honey.
Μήτε λίπης Τέρπανδρον έυθροον, οὔ τάχα φαίης ἐμπνεοον, οὐκ ἀφθογγον ἰδεῖν βρέτας· ὡς γὰρ ὃν, κινυμέναις πραπίδεσσιν ἀνέπλεκε μύστιδα μολπήν, ὡς ποτε δινήγετος ἔπε Θυράτας ῥοῖς μυστικόλοφ φόρμωγι κατεπρήνην αἰείδων ἀγχεμάχων κακότητας Άμυκλαίων ναετήρων.

Ἡγασάμην δ' ὀρόων σε. Περίκλεες, ὡς τι καὶ αὐτῷ χαλκῷ ἀναυδήτῳ δημηγόρουν ἦδος ανάπτεις, ὡς ἔτι Κεκροπίδησι θεμιστεύων πολιτάς, ἡ μόθον ἐντύνων Πελοπηίου. ἵσταμενος δὲ ἔπρεπε Πυθαγόρας, Σάμωσις σοφός, ἀλλ' ἐν Ὁλύμπῳ ἐνυδαίων ἔδοκεν, φύσιν δ' ἐβιάζετο χαλκῷ, πλημμύρων νοερῇς μεληδόσιν· ὡς γὰρ ὅδω, οὐρανὸν ἀχράντοις ἐμέτρεε μοῦνον ὀπωπαῖς.

Στησίχορον δ' ἐνόησα λυγύθροον, οὐν ποτε γαία Σικελικῇ μὲν ἐφερβε, λύρης δ' ἐδίδαξεν Ἀπόλλων ἀρμονίην, ἔτι μητρὸς ἐνι σπλάγχνοις ἐόντα· τοῦ γὰρ τικτομένου καὶ ἐς φάος ἀρτὶ μολύντος ἐκποθεν ἱερόφοιτος ἐπι στομάτεσσιν ἁγίδων λάθρῃ ἐφεξομένῃ λυγυρήν ἀνεβάλλετο μολπήν.

Χαῖρε μοι Ἀβδήρων Δημόκριτε κῦδος ἀρούρης, ὡς τι σὺ καλλιτόκοιον φυῆς ἐφράσασας θεσμοῦς, λεπτὰ διακρίνων πολυάδμονος ὄρμα Μοῦσης· αἰεὶ δὲ σφαλερὰς ἐγέλας βιότοιο κελεύθους, εὖ εἷδὼς ὅτι πάντα γέρων παραμεῖβεται αἰῶν.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Terpander

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

Pericles and Pythagoras

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

Stesichorus

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

Democritus

Hail, Democritus, glory of the land of Abdera; for thou didst explore the laws of Nature, the mother of beautiful children, discerning the subtle mysteries of the Muse of Science: and ever didst thou laugh at the slippery paths of life, well aware that ancient Time outstrippeth all.
Ἡρακλέης δ’ ἀνίουλον ἐδείκνυε κύκλον ύπήνης,
μῆλα λειωτοφόνῳ παλάμῃ χρύσεια κομίξων,
γαῖς ὠλβια δώρα Λιβυστίδος. ἐγγύθι δ’ αὐτοῦ
Παλλάδος ἀρίτειρα παρίστατο, παρθένος Αὔγης,
φάρος ἐπιστείλασα κατωμαδόν· οὐ γὰρ ἑθείρας
κρηδέμφρο συνέεργεν· εὰς δ’ ἀνετείνετο χεῖρας,
οἷς τε κυκλήσκουσα Δίως γλαυκώπιδα κούρην,
Ἀρκαδικῆς Τεγέης ὑπὸ δειράδος. Ἰλαθι, γαῖς
Τρῳάδος βλάστημα σακεστήλον, Ἰλαθι, λάμπων
Αἰνεία Τρῴων βουληφόρε· σαῖς γὰρ ὅπωπαῖς
ἰγκλαίης πνεύουσα σοφῆ περιλείβεται αἰδώς,
θέσκελον ἰγγέλλουσα γένος χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.

Ἡγασάμην δὲ Κρέουςαν ἰδῶν πενθήμονι κόσμῳ,
σύγγαμον Αἰνείαο κατάσκιον· ἀμφὶ γὰρ αὐταῖς
ἀμφοτέρας κρηδέμφρον ἐφελκύσσασα παρειάς,
pάντα πέρες ἐκάλυψε ποδηνεκεῖ χρόα πέπληρ,
οἷς τε μυρομένη· τὰ δὲ χάλκεα δάκρυα νύμφης
"Ἀρεῖ δουρίκτητον ἐμαυτεύοντο τιθήνην,
"Πλον Ἀργείουσι εἰλμένου ἀσπιδιώταις.

Οὐθ’ Ἔλενος κοτέων ἀπεπαύετο· πατρίδι νηλῆς
φαίνετο δινέυών ἔτι ποὺ χόλον· ἢν μὲν ἄειρων
dεξιτερῆς φιάλην ἐπιλοίβιον· ὡς δοκεώ δὲ,
ἐσθλὰ μὲν Ἀργείους μαυτέυετο, καδὴ τιθήνης
ἀθανάτος ἦρατο πανύστατα πῆματα φαίνειν.

Ἀνδρομάχη δ’ ἐστηκε ῥοδόσφυρος Ἁτείώνη,
οὔτι γόον σταλάσσα σολύστονον· ὡς γὰρ ὄτω,
οὔπω ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ κορυθαίολος ἦρετεν Ἔκτωρ,
οὔδὲ φερεσσακέαν ὑπερήνορες ὑπὲρ Ἀχαίων
Δαρδανίην ξύμπασαν ἐληφθαντο τιθήνην.

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CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Heracles, Auge and Aeneas

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

Creusa

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

Helenus

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

Andromache

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

1 Athene.
"Ἡν δ' ἐσιδεῖν Μενέλαον ἀρήμων, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ νίκη
γηθόσυνον· σχεδόθεν γὰρ ἑθάλπετο χάρματι πολλῷ
derkόμενος ῥοδόπτηχυν ὀμόφρονα Τυνδαρεώνην.
ηγασάμην δ' Ἑλένης ἐρατῶν τύπου, ὅτι καὶ αὐτῷ
χαλκῷ κόσμον ἐδωκε πανίμερον· ἀγλαίῃ γὰρ
ἐπνεε θερμὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἀψύχῳ ἐν τέχνῃ.

Πυκναῖς δὲ πραπίδεσσίν ἠγάλλετο δῖος 'Οδυσσεύς·
oὐ γὰρ ἔχει ἀπαύνευθε πολυστρέπτοι μενοῦθς,
ἀλλ' ἐτι κόσμον ἔφαινε σοφῆς φρενός· ἦν δ' ἐν τυμῷ
καγχαλῶν· Τροίην γὰρ ἐγίθθεε πάσαν ὀλέοσας
ἡσι δολοφροσύνης. σὺ δ' Ἑκτόρος ἔννεπε μῆτερ,
tίς σε, πολυτλήμων Ἑκάβη, τίς δάκρυα λείβειν
ἀβανάτων ἐδίδαξεν ἀφωνήτῳ ἐν κόσμῳ;
οὐδὲ σε χαλκὸς ἐπαυσεν οἰδύος, οὐδὲ σε τέχνη
ἀπνους οἰκτείρασα δυσαλθέος ἔσχεθε λύσσης·
ἀλλ' ἐτι δακρυχέουσα παρίστασαι· ὡς δὲ δοκεύω,
oὐκέτι δυστήμου μόρου Ἑκτόρος, οὐδὲ ταλαίνης
Ἀνδρομάχης βαρὺ πένθος ὄδυρεαι, ἀλλὰ πεσοῦσαν
πατρίδα σήν· φάρος γὰρ ἐπικρεμέσ αἱμφὶ προσώπῳ
πῆματα μὲν δείκνυσιν, ἀπαγγέλλουσι δὲ πέπλοι
πένθος ὑποβρύχιον κεχαλασμένοι ἄχρι πεδίλων
ἀλγείς γὰρ πυμάτῳ δέδεσαι φρένα, καδὲ παρεῖς
δάκρυα μὲν σταλάεις, τὸ δὲ δάκρυον ἐσβατε τέχνη,
ἀπλετον ἀγγέλλουσα δυσαλθέος αὐχμὸν ἀνίσης.

Κασσάνδρην δ' ἐνόησα θεοπρότον, ἀλλ' ἐνι συγῇ
μεμφομένῃ γενετήρα, σοφῆς ἀνεπίμπλατο λύσσης,
oἰα τε θεσπίζουσα πανύστατα πῆματα πάτρης.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

*Menelaus and Helen*

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

*Ulysses and Hecuba*

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

*Cassandra*

There saw I the prophetess Cassandra, who, blaming her father in silence, seemed filled with prescient fury as if prophesying the last woes of her city.
Πύρρος δ’ ἄλλος ἦν πτολιπόρθιος· οὐκ ἐπὶ χαίτης ἰππόκομον τρυφάλαιαν ἔχων, οὐκ ἔγχος ἐλίσσων, ἀλλ’ ἄρα γυμνὸς ἔλαμπτε, καὶ ἄχυρον ἐχεῖν ὑπήνην· δεξιτερῆ ἔτι ἀνέτεινεν ἔην, ἐπιμάρτυρα νῖκης, λοξά Πολυξείνην βαρυδίκρυνον ὁμματι λευσσών. εἰπέ, Πολυξείνη δυσπάρθενε, τίς τοι ἁνάγκη χαλκῷ ἐν ἀφθόνισι κεκρυμμένα δάκρυα λείβειν; πῶς δὲ τεῖ κρηδεμνον ἐπειρύσσασα προσώπω ἱστασαι, αἰδομένη μὲν ἄλιγκιος, ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ θυμῷ πένθος ἔχεις; μὴ δὴ σε τεὸν πτολίθηθρον ὀλέσσας ληίδα Πύρρος ἐχοι Φθιώτιος; οὔδε σε μορφῇ ρύσατο τοξεύσασα Νεοπτολέμοιο μενοινὴ, ἦ ποτε θρεύσασα τεοῦ γεινείρα φονίος εἰς λίνων αὐτοκέλευστον ἀλέπεος ὑγεμ ὄλεθρον. ναὶ μὰ τὸν ἐν χαλκῷ νοορὸν τύπου, εἰ νῦ τε τοῖην ἐδρακε Πύρρος ἄναξ, τάχα κεν ἕυφονα λέκτρων ἡγετο, πατρώθης προλιπῶν μνημὴν μοίρης.

Ἡγασάμην δ’ Ἀλαντα, τὸν ὀβριμόθυμον Ὀἰλεὺς Δοκρίδος ἐσπέρμηνε πελώριον ἔρκος ἀροῦρης. φαῖνετο μὲν νεότητι κεκασμένος· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἦν ἀνθεὶ λαχυσεντι γενειάδος ἄκρα χαράζας· γυμνὸν δ’ ἐχεῖν ἄπαν στιβαρὸν δέμας· ἥνορέη δὲ βεβριθὼς ἐλέλυξε μαχήμονος οἴστρον Ἥνυνοι.

Οἰνώνῃ δὲ χόλῳ φρένας ἐξεεν, ἐξεε πικρῷ ξῆλῳ θυμὸν ἐδυσσα, Πάρυν δὲ ἐδόκευε ναδούσα ὁμματι μαινομένοι κρυφῆν δ’ ἱγγειλεν ἀπειλήν, δεξιτερῆ βαρύποτμον ἀναινομένη παρακαίτην. αἰδομένῳ μὲν ἐοικεν ὁ βουκόλος, εἰῳ δ’ ὀπωτήν.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Pyrrhus and Polyxena

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

Locrian Ajax

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

Oenone and Paris

Oenone was boiling over with anger—boiling, eating out her heart with bitter jealousy. She was slyly watching Paris with her wild eyes and conveyed to him secret threats, spurning her ill-fated lord with her right hand. The cowherd seemed
Αναλέον δὲ Δάρης έξωνυτο χείρας ίμάντι,
πυγμαχίης κήρυκα φέρων χόλου· ἤνορής δὲ
ἐπνεε θερμῶν ἄμμα πολυστρέπτουσιν ὁπωπαῖς.
'Εντελλος δὲ, Δάρητος έναντίον ὁμμα τιταίνων,
γυιστόρους μύρμηκας ἐμαίνετο χερσίν ἐλίσσων
πυγμαχίης δ' ὄδινε φόνου διψώσαν ἀπειλήν.

'Ην δὲ παλαισμοσύνην δεδαμένος ὁβριμος Ῥώση
eὶ δὲ Φίλουν ἤκουε πελώριος, εἱτε Φιλάμμων,
eἰτε Μίλων Σικελής ἔρυμα χθονός, οἶδεν Ἀπόλλων·
ὁ γαρ ἐγὼ δεδάκη καὶ ἀκριβῶς
οὕνωμα ὑλαστήρος κλυτόν ἄνερος, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐμπῆς
ἐπνεευ ἤνορές· λάσιος δὲ οἱ εἴλκετο πώγων,
καὶ φόβων ἦκοντιζον ἀεθνητήρα παρειαλ,
καὶ κεφαλῆς ἐφρυσον ἐθειράδες· ἀμφὶ δὲ πυκνοῖς
μυὸν χειρὸς μελέσασιν ἀνοιδαίοντο ταθέντες
τρηχαλέοι, δοιοὶ δὲ, συνισταμένων παλαμάων,
ὑρίες ἐσφηκὼν ἐβρυόντι, ἤμυτε πέτραι,
καὶ παχύς ἀλκήνεοι τένων ἐπανίστατα νότι,
αὐχεῖος εὐγυνάμπτοι περὶ πλατύν αὐλὸν ἀνέρπτων.

Δέρκεό μοι Χαρίδημου, ὦ Ατθίδος ἦγεμονεύων
Κεκροπίδην στρατὸν ἐξεῖν ἔδιψ πειθήμων βουλῆς.

'Η κεν ἰδὼν ἀγάσαιο Μελάμμποδα· μαντιπόλον
μὲν
ἰερῶν εἴδος ἐφαινεν, ἐοίκε δὲ θέσπιδος ὁμφῆς
συγκλοις στομάτεσσι θεοπρόπον ἅσθημα τιταίνον.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

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

Dares, Entellus

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

A Wrestler

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

Charidemas

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

Melampus

And thou wouldst marvel looking on Melampus: he bore the holy semblance of a prophet, and with his silent lips he seemed to be breathing intensely the divine breath of inspiration.
Πάνθος ἢν Τρῶων βουληθόρος, ἀλλ' ἐτὶ δεινὴν οὔτω μῆτιν ἔπαυσε κατ' Ἀργείων στρατιάων, δημογέρων δὲ νόμα πολύπλοκον εἶχε Θυμοίτης ἀμφασίης πελάγεσσιν ἑξελμένος· ἢ γὰρ ἔσκει σκεπτομένῳ τινὰ μῆτιν ἔτι Τρώεσσιν υφαίνειν. 250

Λάμπων δ' ἀχυμισμένον ἐναλήγκιον ἦν ἰδέσθαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτι φρεσίν εἶχε κυλινδομένου κυδομοῦ τειρομένους Τρώεσσι τεκεῖν παιήνα βουλῆν, εἰστήκει Κλυτίος μὲν ἀμήχανος· εἶχε δὲ δοῖας χεῖρας ὀμοπλεκέας, κρυφὴς κήρυκας ἀνίψης.

Χαίρε φάος ῥήτρις Ἰσόκρατε, ὅτι σὺ χαλκῷ κόσμον ἀγείς· δοκεῖς γὰρ ἐπίφρονα μήδεα φαίνειν, εἰ καὶ ἀφωνήτω σε πόνῳ χαλκεύσατο τέχνη.

"Εστενε δ' Ἀμφιάρης ἔχων πυριλαμπέα χαίτην στέμματι δαφνιώ· κρυφήν δ' ἐλέλιξεν ἀνίψη, 260

θεσπίζων, ὅτι πᾶσι βοόκτετοι ἀνδράσι Θηβη 

ἀνδράσιων Ἀργείουσιν ὑπότροπον ἦμαρ ὀλέσσει.

"Αγηλαος εἰστήκει χρησμηγύρος, ὅτενα φασίν 265

μαντιπόλου γενετήρα θεοφραδέος Πολυέδουν·

εὐπετάλῳ δὲ κόμας ἐστεμμένωσ ἐπρεπε δάφνη.

Εἶδον ἀκερσεκόμην "Εκατον θεόν, εἶδον ἀοιδῆς κοίρανον, ἀδημήτουσι κεκασμένον ἀνθεσι χαίτην· εἶχε γὰρ ἀμφιτέρους κόμης μεμερισμένον ὑμοῖς 270

βόστρυχοιν αὐτοέλικτον· ἔλασε δὲ μάντειν ὕπωπην, οἷα τε μαντοσύνη μεροπήια πήματα λύων.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Panthous, Thymoetes, Lampon, and Clytius

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

Isocrates

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

Amphiaraus

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

Aglaus

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

Apollo

There I saw the far-shooter with unshorn hair, I saw the lord of song, his head adorned with locks that bloomed in freedom: for a naturally-curling tress hung on each shoulder. He rolled his prophetic eyes as if he were freeing men from trouble by his oracular power.
Γυμνὸς δ’ ὀβριμόθυμος ἦν Τελαμώνιος Αἰας, μήπω πρῶτον ἴουλον ἔχων’ ἐκέκαστο δὲ μορφῆς ἀνθεσι πατρᾶς’ πλοκίμους δ’ ἐσφίγγετο μέτρη’ οὐ γὰρ ἦν τρυφάλειαν ἔχων, οὐκ ἔγχος ἐλίσσων, οὐ σάκος ἐπταβέειον ἐπωμαδόν, ἀλλὰ τοκῆς θαρσαλέην ἀνέφαινεν ἄγηνορίην Τελαμώνος.

"Ἰστατὸ Σαρπιδών, Ἀνκίων πρόμοσ’ ἤνωρεγ μὲν φρεκτὸς ἦν’ ὑπαλώκ δὲ νεοτρεφέσσιν ίουλους οἴνοπος ἀκρα χάρασσε γενειάδος’ ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίταις εἶχε κόρυν’ γυμνὸς μὲν ἦν δέμας, ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ μορφῇ στέρμα Διὸς σήμαινεν’ ἀπ’ ἀμφοτέρης γὰρ ὀπωτῆς μαρμαρυγίην ἀπέπεμπεν ἐλευθερίου γενετηρός.

Καὶ τρῖτος εὐχαίτης τριποδηλάλος ἦν’ Ἀπόλλων, καλὸς ἰδεῖν’ πλοκάμος γὰρ ἐλιξ ἐπιδεδρομεν ὄμοις ἀμφοτέρους’ ἐρατή δὲ θεοῦ διεφαινετο μορφῆ, χαλκῷ κόσμῳ ἀγουσα’ θεὸς δ’ ἐτίταινεν ὀπωτῆν, οἷά τε μαντιπόλοισιν ἐπὶ τριπόδεσσι δοκεύων.

Καὶ τριτάτην θάμβησα πάλιν χυρσῆν Ἀφροδίτην, φάρει κόλπουν ἔχουσαν ἐπίσκιον’ ἀμφὶ δὲ μαξῶς κεστὸς ἐλιξ κεχάλαστο, χάρις δ’ ἐνενήχετο κεστῷ.

Αἰχμητής δ’ ἀνίουλος ἐλάμπετο διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς, γυμνὸς ἐδών σαγέων’ ἐδόκευε μὲν ἔγχος ἐλίσσειν δεξιερῆ, σκαίῃ δὲ σάκος χαλκεῖον ἀείρειν, σχήματα τεχνητῶ’ μόθου δ’ ἀπέπεμπεν ἀπειλήν θάρσει τολμήντι τεθηγμένος’ αἱ γὰρ ὄπωταὶ γνήσιον ἦθος ἐφαινον ἀρήνιον Αιακιδῶν.
CHRISTODORUS, OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Ajax

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

Sarpedon

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

Apollo

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

Aphrodite

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

Achilles

Divine Achilles was beardless and not clothed in armour, but the artist had given him the gesture of brandishing a spear in his right hand and of holding a shield in his left. Whetted by daring courage he seemed to be scattering the threatening cloud of battle, for his eyes shone with the genuine light of a son of Aeacus.
"Ην δὲ καὶ Ἐρμείας χρυσόρραπης· ἱστάμενος δὲ ἐξετερῆ πτερόεντος ἀνέφυε δεσμὰ πεδίλου, εἰς ὁδὸν ἀιόπαι λελημένος· εἰχε γὰρ ἢδη δεξιῶν ὀκλάξοντα θοῦν πόδα, τῷ ἐπὶ λαῖν τεῖρα ταθείς ἀνέπεμπεν ἐς αἴθερα κύκλων ὑπωτῆς, οἷα τε πατρὸς ἀνακτος ἐπιτρωπῶντος ἀκούων.

Καὶ νοερῆς ἄφθεγκτα Δατνίδος ὄργα Μοῦσης ἄξετο παπταίνων Ἀπολλῆς, ὄντωνα μύσην Ἀὐσονίς ἀρρήτου σοφίς ἐθρέψατο Σειρῆν.

Φοίβου δ’ ὀυρεσίφοιτος ὀμόγνιος ἱστατος κούρη Ἀρτεμίς, ἀλλ’ οὐ τόξου ἕκηβόλων, οὐδὲ φαρέτρην ἱδόκετι ἀνέχουσα κατωμαδόν· ἡ δ’ ἐπὶ γούναν παρθένον λεγνωτὸν ἀναξωσθείσα χιτῶνα, καὶ τριχὸς ἀκρήδεμου ἀνιεμένη πλόκον αὖραις.

"Εμφρονα χαλκῶν" Ὀμηρος ἐδείκνυεν, οὐτε μενοινῆς ἄμμορον, οὐτε νόου κεχρημένον, ἀλλ’ ἄρα μούνης φωνῆς ἀμβροσίας, ἀνέφαινε δ’ θυιάδα τέχνην. ἦ καὶ χαλκῶν ἑχευσεν ὁμὴ θεὸς εἰδεὶ μορφῆς· οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ κατὰ θυμὸν φίλοις ὄντι μιν ἀνὴρ ἐργοπόνος χάλκευσε παρ’ ἐσχαρεῖ σα αἰῶνος, ἀλλ’ αὐτὴ πολυμητις ἀνέπλασε χειρὶς Ἀθήνη ἐιδὸς ἐπισταμένη τόπερ φίλειν· εν γὰρ Ἡμῆρος αὐτῇ ναετάουσα σοφὴν ἐφθέγγετο μολπῆν. σύννομος Ἀπόλλωνι πατὴρ ἔμος, ἱσόθεος φῶς ἱστατο θεῖος Ὀμηρος· εἰκτο μὲν ἀνδρὶ νοῆσαι γηραλέω· τὸ δὲ γηρᾶς ἐν γλυκὺ· τοῦτο γὰρ αὐτῷ

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CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Hermes

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

Apuleius

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

Artemis

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

Homer

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

¹ See Reinach, Répertoire, i. p. 157, 1, n. 3.
πλειοτέρην ἐσταζε χάριν κεκέραστο δε κόσμῳ
αἰδοίῳ τε φίλῳ τε σέβας δ' ἀπελάμππετο μορφής.
αὐχένι μὲν κύπτοντι γέρων ἐπεσύρετο βότρυς
χαίτης, εἰσοπίσω πεφορημένοι, ἀμφὶ δ' ἀκονάς
πλαξόμενος κεχάλαστον κάτω δ' εὐρύνετο πώγων
ἀμφιταθεῖς, μαλακός δὲ καὶ εὔτροχος: οὐδὲ γὰρ ἤὲν
ἀξιονής, ἀλλ' εὐρὺς ἐπέπτατο, κάλλος υφαίνων
στήθει γυμνωθέντι καὶ ἱμερόντι προσώπῳ.
γυμνὸν δ' εἰσε μέτωπον, ἐπὶ ἀπλοκάμῳ δε μετώπῳ
ἡστο σαφοφροσύνη κουροτρόφος: ἀμφὶ δ' ἀρ' ὀφρὺς
ἀμφιτέρας προβλήτας ἐὔσκοπος ἔπλασε τέχνη,
οὐτὶ μύτην φαεών γὰρ ἑρημάδες ἦσαν ὀπωτπαί.
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἦν ἀλαφό εναλάγκιος ἀνδρὶ νοήσαι.
ἐξετο γὰρ κενεώς χάρις ἀμμασιν' ὥς δὲ δοκεύω
τέχνη τούτο τέλεσεν, ὅτις πάντες ἐπήλει
φεγγος ὕπο κραδήν σοφίας ἀσβεστον ἀείρων.
δοσι μὲν ποτὶ βαιὸν ἐκοιλαίνοντο παρειαί,
γνῆραι ἐκκυνῆντι κατάσχετοι: ἀλλ' ἐνὶ κεῖναις
αὐτογενῆς, Χαρίτεσσι συνέστιος, ἔχανεν Λιδώς.
Πιερικὴ δὲ μέλισσα περὶ στόμα θείων ἀλάτῳ,
κηρῖον ἀδίνουσα μελισταγές. ἀμφιτέρας δὲ σεὶρας
ἐπὶ ἀλλήλαισι τιθέλαι ἐπερεῖδετο βίβδῳ,
οὶ περ ἐν ξωσίν' ἐνὴ δ' ἐκλίνειν ἀκονίαν
dεξιτερήν, δόκεες δὲ καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ἀκούειν,
ἡ καὶ Πιερίδων τυός ἐγγύθεν. ἐν δ' ἀρα θυμῷ
σκεπτομένῳ μὲν ἐκκυτο, νόος δὲ οἱ ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα
ἐξ ἀδύτων πεφόρητο πολυστρέπτου μενοινής,
Πιερικῆς Σειρῆνος ἀρήιον ἐργον υφαίνων.

Καὶ Σύριος σελάγιςε σαφοφροσύνη Φερεκύνης
ιστάμενος: σοφίς δὲ θεοῦδα κέντρα νομεύων,
οὐρανὸν ἐσκόπιαζε, μετάρσιον ὁμμα οἶταινων.
84
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

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

Pherecydes

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

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Καὶ σοφὸς Ἡράκλειτος ἔην, θεοείκελος ἀνήρ, ἔνθεον ἀρχαῖς Ἐφέσου κλέος, ὃς ποτε μόνος ἀνδρομένης ἐκλαίειν ἀνάλκιδος ἔργα γενέθλης.

Καὶ τύπος ἄβρος ἐλαμπεν ἀριστονόσιο Κρατίνου, ὃς ποτε δημοβόροισι πολισσούχοισιν Ἰώνων θυμοδακεῖς ἐθόωσεν ἀκοντιστήρας ἰάμβους, κῶμον ἰεζήςας, φιλοπαϊγμονος ἔργον ἀοιδῆς.

Εἰστήκει δὲ Μένανδρος, ὃς εὐπύργωσιν Ἀθήναις ὀπλοτέρου κῶμου σελασφόρος ἔπρεπεν ἀστήρ πολλάων γὰρ ἔρωτας ἀνέπλασε παρθενικάων, καὶ Χαρίτων θεράποντας ἐγείνατο παῖδας ἰάμβους, ἀρπαγας οἰστρήνητας ἀδενώτοιο κορεῖς, μίξας σεμνὸν ἔρωτι μελίφρονος ἀνθος ἀοιδῆς.

'Αμφιστύρων δ' ἦσπραπτεν, ἀπειρογάμῳ τρίχα δάφνη στεψάμενος. πᾶσιν μὲν εὖσκοπος εἶδετο μάντις· ἄλλις οὖ μάντις ἔην· Ταφίς δ' ἐπὶ σήματι νίκης στέμμα πολυστρέπτοισιν ἐπάρμενον εἴχεν ἑθείρας, Ἀλκμήνης μενέχαρμος ἀριστοτόκου παρακοίτης.

Θουκυδίδης δ' ἔλελεξεν ἐὼν νόσου· ἦν δὲ νοησα τολὰ περ ἱστορίας δημηγόρον ἱθὸς υφαίνων· δεξιτερὴν γὰρ ἀνέσχε μετάρσιον, ὡς πρὶν ἀείδων Σπάρτης πικρὸν Ἀρην καὶ αὐτῶν Κεκροπιδῶν, Ἐλλάδος ἀμητήρα πολυθρέπτου τιθηνης.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

Heraclitus

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

Cratinus

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

Menander

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

Amphitryon

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

Thucydides

Thucydides was wielding his intellect, weaving, as it seemed, one of the speeches of his history. His right hand was raised to signify that he once sang the bitter struggle of Sparta and Athens, that cut down so many of the sons of populous Greece.
Οὐδ’ Ἄλικαρνησσοῦ με παρέδραμε θέσπις ἄηδών, Ἡρώδοτος πολύιδρις, ὃς ὠγνητίων κλέα φωτῶν, ὀσσα περ ἥπειρων δυάς ἦγαγεν, ὀσσα περ αἰών ἑδρακεν ἐρπτύζων, ἐνάταις ἀνεθήκατο Μουσαις, μίξας εὐπεπήγην Ἰωνίδος ἄνθεα φωνῆς.

Θήβης δ’ ὸγνητίς Ἐλικώνος ἱστατο κύκως, Πίνδαρος ἰμερόφωνος, ὃν ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων ἐτρεφε Βοιωτοῖο παρὰ σκοπιήν Ἐλικώνος, καὶ μέλος ἀρμονίας ἐδιδάξατο· τικτομένου γὰρ ἐξόμεναι λυγυροῖς ἐπὶ στομάτεσσι μέλισσαι κηρὸν ἀνεπλάσσαντο, σοφῆς ἐπιμάρτυρα μολῆς.

Ἐυνοφόρων δ’ ἡστραπτε, φεράσπιδος ὡστὸς Ἀθηνῆς, ὃς πρὶν Ἀχαμενίδας μένος Κύροιο λγαίνων, εἴπετο φωνῆσαντε Πλατωνίδος ἡθεῖ Μοῦσης, ἱστορίης φιλάθλου ἀριστώδινος ὁπόρην συγκεράσας ῥαθάμηγει φιλαγρύπνοιο μελίσσης.

"Ἱστατο δ’ Ἀλκμάων κεκλημένος σύνομα μάντις· ἀλλ’ οὐ μάντις ἔην ὁ βοώμενος, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ χαίτης δάφνης εἰχε κόρυμβον· ἐγὼ δ’ Ἀλκμάνα δοκεύω, ὃς πρὶν εὐθήνιγγοι λύρης ἰσακήσατο τέχνην, Δώριον εὐκελάδοις μέλος χορδῆσιν ὑφαίνων.

Καὶ πρόμος εὐκαμάτων Πομπηίδος Ἀὐσονίων, φαιδρὸν ἰσαυροφόνων κειμῆλιον ἱνορεάων, στειβομένας υπὸ ποσσίν Ἰσαυρίδας εἰχε μαχαίρας, 400
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

_Herodotus_

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

_Pindar_

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

_Xenophon._

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

_Alcaeus, or Alcman_

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

_Pompey_

Pompey, the leader of the successful Romans in their campaign against the Isaurians, was treading under foot the Isaurian swords, signifying that he
σημαινών ὅτι δούλον ὑπὸ ξυγὸν αὐχένα Ταύρου εἴρυσεν, ἄρρηκτῷ πεπεδημένον ἄμματι Νίκης.
κεῖνος ἂν ὅρ, ὃς πᾶσιν ἔην φῶς, ὃς βασιλῆς ἡγαθέντος ἐφύτευσεν Ἀναστασίου γενέθλην.
tούτῳ δὲ πᾶσιν ἔδειξεν ἐμὸς σκηπτοῦχος ἄμμων,
δηώσας σακέςσιν Ἰσαυρίδος ἐθνεα γαῖς.

"Ἰστατο δὲ ἄλλος Ὀμηρος, διὸ ὅις πρόμοι εὐεπτίων
θέσκελον ὑπὸ Μέλητος ἐὑρρείοντος ὁδῷ,
ἄλλῳ δὲ Θρηκίκησι παρ᾿ ἕσσι γείνατο μήτηρ
Μοιρᾶ κυδαλίμη Βυζαντίας, ἢν ἔτει παιδυνὴν
ἐτρέφουν εὐεπίς ἡρώδος ἰδμονα Μοῦσαι.
κεῖνος γὰρ τραγικῆς πινυτῆς ἕνκησατο τέχνην,
κοσμήσας ἐπέεσσιν ἑνὴ Βυζαντίδα πάτρην.

Καὶ φίλος Αὐσονίοις λυγυβρος ἔτρεπε κύκνος
πνείων εὐεπίς Βεργίλλιος, ὃν ποτὲ Ῥώμης
Θυμβρίας ἄλλου Ὀμηροῦ ἀνέτρεψε πάτριος Ἦχω.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT

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

_Homer_

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

_Virgil_

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

¹ Who had been formerly overcome by Pompey.
BOOK III

THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

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

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΕΝ ΚΤΖΙΚΩ

'Εν τῇ Κυζίκῳ εἰς τὸν ναὸν Ἀπολλωνίδος, τῆς μητέρας Ἀττάλου καὶ Εὐμένους, Επιγράμματα, καὶ εἰς τὰ στυλωπινάκια ἐγγέγραπτα, περιέχοντα ἄναγλυφος ἱστορίας, ὡς ὑποτεύκται.

1.—Εἰς Διόνυσον, Σεμέλην τὴν μητέρα εἰς οὐρανών ἀναγοντα, προηγομένου Ἕρμου, Σατύρων δὲ καὶ Σεληνῶν μετὰ λαμπάδων προπεμπόντων αὐτούς.

Τάνδε Δίος διμαθείσαν ἐν ᾠδίνεσσι κεραυνῷ, καλλίκομον Κάδμου παιδᾶ καὶ Ἄρμονίης, ματέρα θυρσοχαρῆς ἀνάγει γόνος ἢξ Ἄχέρουντος, τὰν ἄθεον Πενθέως ὦβριν ἀμειβόμενος.

2.—'Ο Βίων ἔχει Τήλεφον ἀνεγνωρισμένον τῇ οὐσίᾳ μητρί.

Τὸν βαθὺν Ἄρκαδίης προλυπῶν πάτων εἶνεα ματρὸς Ἀύγης, τάσδ' ἐπέβην γὰς Τεῦραντιάδος, Τήλεφος, Ἡρακλέους φίλος γόνος αὐτὸς ὑπάρχων, ὀφρα μιν ἂψ ἀγάγω ἢς πέδου Ἄρκαδίης.

3.—'Ο Γ έχει τυφλούμενον Φοίνικα ὑπὸ πατρός Ἀμύντωρος, καὶ κωλύοντας Ἀλκιμέδην τὸν οἰκείον ἄνδρα.

'Αλκιμέδη ξύνευνον Ἀμύντωρα παιδῶν ἔρκει, Φοίνικος δ' ἔθελε παῦσαι χόλον γενέτου,
BOOK III
THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

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

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

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

2.—Telephus recognised by his Mother.

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

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

Alcimede is holding back her husband Amyntor from their son Phoenix, wishing to appease his
δότι περ ἥχθετο πατρὶ σαύρφονος ἐφεικα μητρὸς, παλλακίδος δουλῆς λέκτρα προσιεμένῳ· κεῖνος δ’ αὐ δολίως ψυχυρίσμασιν ἥχθετο κοῦρῳ, ἤγε δ’ ἐσ ὀφθαλμοὺς λαμπάδα παιδολέτων.

4.—Ὁ Δ ἔχει Πολυμήδην καὶ Κλυτίων τοὺς υἱοὺς Φινέως τοῦ Θρηκός, οἵτινες τὴν Φρυγίαν γυναῖκα τοῦ πατρὸς ἐφόνευσαν, ὅτι τῇ μητρὶ αὐτῶν Κλεοπάτρᾳ αὐτὴν ἐπεισῆγεν.

Μητριαῖος Κλυτίων καὶ κλυτῶνοις Πολυμήδης κτείνουσι Φρυγίῃν, ματρὸς ὑπὲρ σφετέρας.
Κλεοπάτρῃ δὲ ἔπι τοῖς ἁγάλλεται, ἥ πρὶν ἐπείδειν τὰς Φινέως γαμετὰν δαμναμένην ὀσίως.

5.—Ὁ Ε ἔχει Κρεσφόντην ἀναιροῦντα Πολυφόντην τοῦ πατρὸς τοῦ φονέα· ἔστι δὲ καὶ Μερόπῃ βάκτρον κατέχουσα καὶ συνεργοῦσα τῷ νῷ πρὸς τὴν τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐκδημίαν.
Κρεσφόντου γενέτην πέφυς τὸ πάρος, Πολυφόντα, κουριδής ἀλόχον λέκτρα θέλων μιᾶναι· ὡς δὲ σοι παῖς ἤκε φόνῳ γενέτη γροσαμύνων, καὶ σὲ κατακτεῖν ματρὸς ὑπὲρ Μερόπας.
τούκεκα καὶ δόρυ πῆξε μεταφρένῳ, ἀ δ’ ἐπαρήγει, βριθὺ κατὰ κροτάφων βάκτρον ἑρειδομένα.

6.—Ὁ Ζ ἔχει Πυθώνα ὑπὸ Ἀπόλλωνος καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος ἀναίροιμενον, καθοτι τὴν Δητῶ πορευομένην εἰς Δελφοὺς ἐπὶ τὸ κατασχεῖν [τὸ] μαντεῖον ἐπιφανεῖς διεκόλυτεν.
Γγγενέα Πυθώνα, μεμιμμένον ἐρπτετον ὀλκοῖς, ἐκνευεὶ Δατῶ, πάγχυ μυσσαττομένη.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leto in utter loathing is turning away from the earthborn Pytho, a creeping thing, all confusedly
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σκυλάν γὰρ ἐθέλει πινυτὰν θεόν· ἀλλὰ γε τὸξφ θῆρα καθαιμάσσει Φοῖβος ἀπὸ σκοτητῆς. Δελφὸν δ’ αὐθήσει τρύπον ἑνθεον· ἐκ δ’ öδ’ ὀδόντων πικρὸν ἀποπνεύσει ροῦζον ὀδυρόμενος.

7.—’Ο Ζ ἔχει, περὶ τὰ ἀρκτῆρα μέρη, Ἀμφίωνος καὶ Ζήθον ἱστορίαν προσάπτοντες ταύρῳ τὴν Δίρκην, ὅτι τὴν μητέρα αὐτῶν Ἀντιόπην, διὰ τὴν φθορὰν Λύκων ἄνδρει αὐτῆς ὑπὸ Νικτέως τοῦ πατρὸς αὐτῆς <παραδοθέσαν>, ὁργῇ ζηλοτύπω ἀνοχεθείσα, ἀμέτρωσ ἐτύμωρηστα.

Ἀμφίων καὶ Ζήθει, Δίδος σκυλακεύματα, Δίρκην κτείνατε τάνδ’ ὄλετιν ματέρος Ἀντιόπας, δέσμων ἡν πάρος εἶχε διὰ ζηλήμονα μῆμιν· νῦν δ’ ἱκέτες αὐτῇ λίσσετ’ ὀδυρόμενη.

ἡ γε καὶ ἐκ ταύρου καθάππτετε διπλακα σειρήν, ὅφρα δέμας σύρῃ τῆςδε κατὰ ξυλόχου.

8.—’Εν τῷ Ἡ ἡ τοῦ Ὀδυσσέως νεκρομαντεία· καθέστηκε τὴν ἱδίαν μητέρα Ἀντίκλειαν περὶ τῶν κατὰ τῶν ὁκων ἀνακρίνων. 

Ματέρ Ὀδυσσής πινυτόφρονος Ἀντίκλεια, ζώσα μὲν εἰς Ἰθάκην οὐχ ὑπέδεξο πάιν· ἀλλὰ σε νῦν Ἀχέροντος ἐπὶ ῥημισὶ γεγοθαν θαμβεῖ, ἀνὰ γλυκερὰν ματέρα δερκόμενος.

9.—’Εν τῷ Θ Πελίας καὶ Νηλεὺς ἐνλελάξεντα, οἱ Ποσειδώνοι παΐδεσ, ἐκ δεσμῶν τὴν ἑαυτῶν μητέρα ῥυόμενοι, ἦν πρόκην ὁ πατήρ μὲν Σαλμωνεῖς διὰ τὴν φθορὰν ἐδησεν’ ἡ δὲ μητριὰ αὐτῆς Σιδηρῶ τὰς βασάνους αὐτῇ ἐπέτεινεν. 

Μὴ Τυρῶ τρύχοι σε περίσπειρήμα 1 Σιδηροῦς Σαλμωνεῖ γενέτα τῶν ὑποπτησομένην.

1 To make a verse, I wrote περίσπειρήμα for ἐτι σπ.
THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

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

7.—On the North Side

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

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

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

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

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

Let not the bonds of Sidero torment thee any longer, Tyro, crouching before this thy father,
οὐκέτι γὰρ δουλώσει ἐν ἑρκεσίᾳ, ἐγγύθει λεύσσων Ἡηλέα καὶ Πελίαν τοῦδε καθεξομένους.

10.—'Εν δὲ τῷ κατὰ δύσιν πλευρᾷ ἐστὶν ἐν ἀρχῇ τοῦ Πίνακος Εὐνοος γεγυμμένος καὶ Θόας, οὐς ἐγέννησεν Υψιτόλη, ἀναγνωριζόμενοι τῇ μητρί, καὶ τῆν χρυσῆν δεικνύτητε ἁμπελοῦν, ὅπερ ἦν αὐτῶς τοῦ γένους σύμβολον, καὶ Ῥοόμενοι αὐτὴν τῇ διᾷ τὸν Ἀρχεμᾶρον βάριόν τοῦ Εὐρυδίκη τιμωρίας.

'Αφιε, Θόαν, Βάκχοις φυτὸν τόδε· ματέρα γὰρ σου ρύση τοῦ θανάτου, οἰκέτων 'Υψιτόλαι
ἀ τόν ἄπτ. Εὐρυδίκας ἐτλη χόλον, ἢμοι ἀφοθαρ ὕδρος ὁ γαγενέτας ὀλέσεν Ἀρχέμορον.
στείχε δὲ καὶ σὺ λυπῶν Ἀσωπίδος Εὐνοε ἄκουραν, γειναμένην ἄξων Δήμουν ἐς ἡγαθέν.

11.—'Εν τῷ ΙΑ Πολυδήκτης ὁ Σερίφων βασιλεὺς ἀπολυθοῦμενος ὑπὸ Περσέως τῇ τῆς Γοργώνος κεφαλῆ, διὰ τὸν τῆς μητρὸς αὐτοῦ γάμου ἐκτέμυσας τοῦτον ἐπὶ τὴ τῆς Γοργώνος κεφαλῆν, καὶ ὃν καθ’ ἑτέρου θάνατον ἑπενόει γενέσθαι, τοῦτον αὐτὸς κατὰ τὴν πρόνοιαν τῆς Δίκης ἐδέξατο.

'Ετλης καὶ σὺ λέχη Δανάης, Πολυδέκτα, μαίνειν, δυσφήμως εἰναῖς τὸν Δίς ἀμενίσμενος:
ἀνθ’ δὲ ὄμματ’ ἔλυσε τὰ Γοργώνος ἐνθάδε Περσέως,
γυνὴ λαθουργήσας, ματρὶ χαριζόμενος.

12.—'Εν τῷ ΙΒ 'Ιξιών Φόρβαντα καὶ Πολύμηλον ἀναιρῶν διὰ τὸν εἰς τὴν μητέρα τὴν ἴδιαν Μέγαραν γεγενημένον φόνον μηδοπότερον γὰρ αὐτῶν προελομένη γῆμαι, ἀγανακτήσαντες ἑπὶ τούτῳ ἐφόνευσαν.
Φόρβας καὶ Πολύμηλον δὲ 'Ιξιών βάλε γαῖη,
ποινὰν τὰς ἴδιας ματρῶς ἀμυνόμενος.
THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

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

10.—On the West Side

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

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

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

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

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

Ixion, whom you see, laid low Phorbas and Polymelus, taking vengeance on them for their vengeance on his mother.
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13.—"Ο δὲ Περακλέα ἔγοντα τὴν μητέρα αὐτοῦ Ἀλκμήνην εἰς τὸ Ἡλύσιον πέδιον, συνοικίζοντα αὐτήν Ἀδαμάνθιν, αὐτὸν δὲ εἰς θεοὺς δήθεν ἐγκρινόμενον.

'Αλκίδας ο θρασῦς 'Ραδαμάνθινι ματέρα τίνδε, 'Αλκμήναν, ὁσιον πρὸς λέχος ἐξέδωτο.

14.—'Εν δὲ τῷ Πέττυος ὑπὸ Ἀπόλλωνος καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος τοξευόμενοι, ἐπειδὴ τὴν μητέρα αὐτῶν Αρτών ἔτολμησεν ὑβρίσαη.

Μάργη καὶ ἀφροσύνη μεμεθυσμένε, τίπτε Βιαίως εἰς εὐνάς ἐτράπης τὰς Δίος εὐνέτιδος; ὃς σε δὴ αἵματι φύρσε κατάξια, θηροὶ δὲ βορρᾶν καὶ πτανοῖς ἐπὶ γῆ ἔλασε νῦν ὅσιος.

15.—'Εν δὲ τῷ Πέττυ Βελλερόφοντης ὑπὸ τοῦ παιδὸς Γλαύκου σωζόμενος, ἤνικα κατενεχθεὶς ἀπὸ τοῦ Πηγάσου εἰς τὸ Ἀλήσιον πέδιον, ἐμελλεν ὑπὸ Μεγαπένθους τοῦ Προϊτοῦ φονεύσθαι.

Οὐκέτι Προποτάδου φόνον ἔσχεθε Βελλερόφοντης, οὐδ' ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς ἡτερομένου θάνατον.

Γλαύκ' ἀκραντα ἤγενους <δόλον> Ἰοβάτου δ' ὑπαλύξει,

οὕτως γὰρ Μοιρῶν . . ἐπέκλωσε λίνα.

καὶ σὺ πατρὸς φόνον αὐτὸς ὑπήλασας ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν,

καὶ μόθων ἐσθλῶν μάρτυς ἐπεφράσαι.

1 I write 'οδ' ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς for 'οδ' ἐκ τοῦ παιδός, and Γλαύκ' ἀκραντα ἤγενους for Γλαύκου κρανταγένους. The epigram however remains very corrupt and obscure.
13.—Heracles leading his mother Alcmene to the Elysian Plains to wed her to Rhadamanthys, and his own reception into the number of the gods.

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

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

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

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

No longer could Bellerophon stay the murderous hand of this son of Proetus, nor the death designed for him by his father. Glaucus, in vain thou fearest for him (?); he shall escape the plot of Iobates, for thus the Destinies decreed. Thyself, too, then didst shield thy father from death, standing near him, and wast an observant witness to the truth of the glorious story.
16.—Κατὰ δὲ τὰς θύρας τοῦ ναοῦ προσιόντων ἐστὶν Αἴολος καὶ Βοιωτός, Ποσειδώνος παιδεῖς, ῥυόμενοι ἐκ δεσμῶν τὴν μητέρα Μελανίππην τῶν περιπεθέντων αὐτῆς διὰ τὴν φθορὰν ὑπὸ τοῦ πατρὸς αὐτῆς.

Αἴολε καὶ Βοιωτέ, σοφὸν φιλομήτορα μόχθον πρῆξατε, μητέρ' ἐγὼ ῥυόμενοι θανάτου τούνεκα γὰρ καὶ <κάρτα> πεφήματε ἀλκιμοι ἀνδρεῖς, ὡς μὲν ἀπ' Αἰολίς, ὡς δ' ἀπὸ Βοιωτίας.

17.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ ἸΩ Ἀναπεῖ καὶ Ἀμφύνομος, οὐ ἐκραγέντων τῶν κατὰ Σικελίαν κρατήρων διὰ τοῦ πυρὸς οὐδὲν ἔτερον ἡ τοὺς ἑαυτῶν γονεῖς βαστάσαντες ἔσωσαν.

Πυρὸς καὶ γαῖης * * *

18.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ ΗΛι Κλέοβις ἐστὶ καὶ Βίτων, οὗ τὴν ἑαυτῶν μητέρα Κυδίππην ἱερωμένην ἐν "Αργεί "Ηρας, αὐτοὶ ὑποσχόντες τοὺς αὐχένας τῷ ξυγῷ διὰ τὸ βραδύναι τὸ σκεῦος τῶν βοῶν, ἱερουργήσατε ἐποίησαν, καὶ ἱσθεῖσα, φασίν, ἐπὶ τούτῳ ἔκεινη ἡμέρα τῇ θεῷ ἐξεῖ τι ἐστὶ καλώστην ἐν ἀνθρώποις, τούτῳ τοῖς παίσιν αὐτῆς ὑπαντήσατε καὶ τούτῳ αὐτῆς εὐξαμένης ἔκείνου αὐτονυκτὶ θνήσκουσιν.

Οὐ̣ πευδὴς ὁδε μῦθος, ἀληθεία δὲ κέκασται, Κυδίππης παῖδων εὐσεβίας θ' ὀσίης, ἦδυχαρῆς γὰρ ἐγὼ κόπος ἀνδράσι χ' ὀρίος οὕτως, μητρὸς ἐπ' εὐσεβίας κλεινὸν ἔθευτο πόνον. χαῖροιτ' εἰν ενέροσιν ἐπ' εὐσεβίᾳ κλειτοὶ ἀνδρεῖς καὶ τὸν ἀπ' αἰώνων μῦθον ἔχοιτε μόνοι.

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THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

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

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

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

The epigram has perished.

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

This story of Cydippe and her sons’ piety is not false, but has the beauty of truth. A delightful labour and a seasonable for men was theirs; they undertook a glorious task out of piety to their mother. Rejoice even among the dead ye men famous for your piety and may you alone have age-long story.
19.—Ἐν δὲ τῷ ἸΘ Ῥῆμος καὶ Ῥωμύλος ἐκ τῆς Ἀμολίου κολάσεως ὑπόμενοι τὴν μητέρα Σερβιλίαν ὄνοματης ταύτην γὰρ ὁ "Ἀρης φθείρας ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐγέννησεν, καὶ ἐκτεθέντας αὐτοὺς λύκαια ἔθραψεν. Ἀνδρωθέντες δὲν τὴν μητέρα τῶν δεσμῶν ἔλυσαν, Ῥώμην δὲ κτύσαντες Νομήτωρι τὴν βασιλείαν ἀπεκατέστησαν.

Τόνδε σὺ μὲν παίδων κρύφιον γόνον "Ἀρεῖ τίκτεις, Ῥῆμον τε ξυνων καὶ Ῥωμύλον λεχέων, θὴρ δὲ λύκαιαν ἀνδρωθέντες ὑπὸ σπηλαγγυ τιθηνός, οἶ σε δυσηκέστων ἡρπασαν ἐκ καμάτων."
THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS

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

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

THE PROEMS OF THE DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES
Δ

ΤΑ ΠΡΟΟΙΜΙΑ ΤΩΝ ΔΙΑΦΟΡΩΝ ΑΝΘΟΔΟΓΙΩΝ

1.—ΜΕΛΕΛΑΓΡΟΤ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ

Μοῦσα φίλα, τίνι τάνδε φέρεις πάγκαρπον ἀσιδίαν; ἢ τίς οὐ καὶ τεύχες ὑμνοθετῶν στέφανοι; ἄνυσε μὲν Μελέλαγρος, ἀριζάλλω δὲ Διοκλεὶ
μναμόσυνον ταῦταν ἐξεπόνησε χάριν,
πολλὰ μὲν ἐμπλέξας Ἀνύτης κρίνα, πολλὰ δὲ
Μοιροῦς
λείρια, καὶ Σαπφοῦς βαιὰ μὲν, ἀλλὰ ρόδα:
νάρκισσόν τε τορὰν Μελανύπτίδου ἐγκυόν ὑμνων,
καὶ νέον οἰνάνθης κλῆμα Σιμωνίδεως.
σὺν δὲ ἀναμίξει πλέξας μυρόπυνον εὐάνθεμον ἵνα
Νοσσίδος, ὃς δέλτοις κηρὸν ἐτηξεν "Ερως·
τῇ δ’ ἀμα καὶ σάμψυχον ἀφ’ ἡδυπνὸν τὸ Ριανοῦ,
καὶ γλυκὴν Ἡρίνης παρθενόχρωτα κρόκον,
Ἀλκαῖον τε λάληθρον ἐν ὑμνοπόλοις ύκινθον,
καὶ Σαμίου δάφνης κλώνα μελαμπέταλον.
ἐν δὲ Δεσείδω θαλεροῦς κισσοῦ κορύμβους,
Μνασάλκου τε κόμας ἅξυτὸρου πίτυος
βλασίσῃ τε πλατάνιστον ἀπέθρισε Παμφίλου
οἶμης,
σύμπλεκτον καρύς ἔρνεσε Παγκράτεος,
BOOK IV

THE PROEMS OF THE DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES

1.—THE STEPHANUS OF MELEAGER

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

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

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

2 The word means handy-legged, and I think refers to the shape of the leaves.
Τύμνεώ τε ευπέταλον λεύκην, χλοερόν τε σίσυμβρον Νικίου, Ευθήμου τ’ ἀμμότροφον πάραλον.  
ἐν δ’ ἄρα Δαμάγητον, ἵον μέλαν, ἥδυ τε μύρτον  
Καλλιμάχου, στυφελοῦ μεστόν ἄει μέλιτος,  
λυχνία τ’ Εὐφορίωνος, ἵδ’ ἐν Μοῦσαις κυκλάμινον,  
δ’ Διὸς ἐκ κουρῶν ἔσχεν ἐπωνυμὴν.  
τήσι δ’ ἀμ’ Ἡγήσισσιν ἐνέπλεκε, μαινάδα βότρυν,  
Πέρσου τ’ εὐώδῃ σχοῖνον ἀμησάμενον,  
σὺν δ’ ἁμα καὶ γλυκὺ μῆλον ἀπ’ ἀκρεμώνων  
Διοτίμου,  
καὶ ροιῆς ἀνθῇ πρότα Μενεκράτεος,  
σμυρναίους τε κλάδους Νικαινέτου, ἥδε Φαέννου  
τέρμινθου, θλωθρῆν τ’ ἀχράδα Σιδηρίδων.  
ἐν δὲ καὶ ἐκ λευκόν ἀμωμίτου σελίνου  
βαιά διακυλζον ἁνθεὰ Παρθενίδος,  
λείψανα τ’ εὐκαρπεύντα μελισσάκτων ἀπὸ Μου-  
σέων,  
ζαυθοῦς ἐκ καλάμης Βακχυλίδεω στάχυνας:  
ἐν δ’ ἁρ’ Ἀνακρείοντα, τὸ μὲν γλυκὺ κεῖνο μέλισμα,  
νέκταρος, εἰς δ’ ἐλέγοις ἄσπορον ἀνθέμιον  
ἐν δὲ καὶ ἐκ φορβῆς σκολιότερος ἄκης ἀκάνθης  
’Ἀρχιλόχου, μικρὰς στράγγας ἀπ’ ὠκεανοῦ:  
τοῖς δ’ ἁμ’ Ἀλεξάνδρου νέους ὀρπηκάς ἤλαις,  
ἡδε Πολυκλείδου πορφυρέχν κύανον.  
ἐν δ’ ἁρ’ ἁμάρακον ἥκε, Πολύστρατον, ἄνθος  
ἀοίδων,  
φοίνισσάν τε νέην κύπρον ἀπ’ Ἀντιπάτρου:  
καὶ μήν καὶ Συρίαν σταχυότρυχα θήκατο νάρδον,  
ὑμνοθέταν, Ἑρμοῦ δῶρον ἀειδόμενον:  
ἐν δὲ Ποσείδισσι τε καὶ Ἡδύλου, ἄγρι’ ἀρούρης,  
Σικελίδεω τ’ ἀνέμοις ἀνθεὰ φυόμενα.
and the graceful poplar leaves of Tymnes, the green serpolet of Nicias and the spurge of Euphemus that grows on the sands; Damagetus, the dark violet, too, and the sweet myrtle of Callimachus, ever full of harsh honey: and Euphorion's lychnis and the Muses' cyclamen which takes its name from the twin sons of Zeus.¹

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

³⁵ He plaited in too Anacreon's sweet lyric song, and a bloom that may not be sown in verse ²; and the flower of Archilochus' crisp-haired cardoon—a few drops from the ocean; and therewith young shoots of Alexander's olive and the blue corn-flower of Polyclitus; the amaracus of Polyastratus, too, he inwove, the poet's flower, and a fresh scarlet gopher from Antipater, and the Syrian spikenard of Hermodorus; he added the wild field-flowers of Posidippus and Hedylus, and the anemones of Sicelides³; yea,

¹ i.e. Dioscorides.
² The name would not go into elegiac metre. We are left to guess what it was.
³ A nickname given by Theocritus to Asclepiades.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ναὶ μὴν καὶ χρύσειον ἄεὶ θείου Πλάτωνος
κλώνα, τὸν ἔξι ἀρετῆς πάντοθι λαμπόμενον
ἀστρων τ’ ἵδρυ translate "Ἀρατοῦ ὁμοῦ βάλεν, οὐρανομάκεως
φοῖνικος κείρας προτογόνους ἐλικας,
λωτον τ’ εὐχαίτην Χαιρήμονος, ἐν φλογὶ μίξας
Φαιδίμου, Ἄνταγόρου τ’ εὐστροφόν ὄμμα βοὸς,
tὰν τε φιλάκρητον Θεοδωρίδεω νεοθαλή
ἐρυπλλον, κυάμων τ’ ἀνθεὰ Φανίεω,
ἂλλων τ’ ἔρνεα πολλὰ νεόγραφα: τοῖς δ’ ἄμα
Μοῦσης
καὶ σφετέρης ἔτι που πρῶὶμα λευκοία.
ἂλλα φίλοις μὲν ἐμοίσι φέρω χάριν: ἔστι δὲ μύσταις
κοίνος ὑ τῶν Μουσέων ἡδύετης στέφανος.

2.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ

"Ἀνθεὰ σοι δρέψας Ἐλικάντια, καὶ κλυτοδένδρου
Πυρίς κείρας προτοφύτων κάλυκας,
καὶ σέλιδος νεαρῆς θερίσας στάχυν, ἀντανέπλεξα
tοῖς Μελεαγρείοις ὡς ἱκελον στεφάνοις.
ἂλλα παλαιοτέρων εἴδους κλέος, ἐσθλὲ Κάμιλλε,
γυώθη καὶ ὀπλοτέρων τὴν ὀλυγοστιχίην.
"Ἀντίπατρος πρέψει στεφάνῳ στάχυς: ὡς δὲ
κόρυμβος
Κριναγόρας· λάμψει δ’ ὡς βότρυς Ἀντίφilos,
Τύλλιος ὡς μελίλωτον, ἀμάρακον δὲ Φιλόδημος·
μύρτα δ’ ὁ Παρμευλίων· ὡς ῥόδου Ἀντιφάνης·
κισσὸς δ’ Ἀὐτομέδων· Ζωνᾶς κρίνα· ὅδις δὲ
Βιάνωρ·
"Ἀντίγονος δ’ ἐλάῃ, καὶ Διόδωρος ἰὸν;
Εὐηνοῦ δάφνῃ, συνεπιπλεκτοὺς δὲ περισσοὺς
ἐἰκασοῦν ὡς ἐθέλεις ἀνθεὰν ἀρτιφύτους.
verily, and the golden bough of Plato, ever divine, all asheen with virtue; and Aratus therewith did he set on, wise in starlore, cutting the first-born branches from a heaven-seeking palm; and the fair-tressed lotus of Chaeremon mingled with Phaedimus' phlox,¹ and Antagoras' sweetly-turning oxeye, and Theodoridas' newly flowered thyme that loveth wine, and the blossom of Phanias' bean and the newly written buds of many others, and with all these the still early white violets of his own Muse.

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

2.—THE STEPHANUS OF PHILIPPUS

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

¹ Not the plant now called so; its flower must have been flame-coloured.
3.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΑΣΙΑΝΟΤ ΜΤΡΙΝΑΙΟΤ

Συλλογή νέων ἐπιγραμμάτων ἐκτεθέεσα ἐν Κωνσταντίνῳ πόλει πρὸς Θεόδωρον Δεκουρίων τὸν Κοσμάν εἰρηται δὲ τὰ προοίμια μετὰ τὰς συνεχεῖς ἀκροάσεις τὰς κατ’ ἐκεῖνο καίρον γενομένας.

Οἴμαι μὲν ὑμᾶς, ἀνδρεῖς, ἐμπεπλησμένους ἐκ τῆς τοσαύτης τῶν λόγων πανδαισίας, ἔτι ποιν τὰ σιτία προσκόροις ἐρυγγάνειν καὶ δὴ κάθησθε τῇ τρυφῇ σεσαγμένοι λόγων γὰρ ἡμῖν πολυτελῶν καὶ ποικίλων πολλοὶ προθέντες παμμυγεῖς εὐωχίας, περιφροσυῖν πεῖθουσι τῶν εἰθισμένων. τὶ δὲ νῦν ποιήσω; μὴ τὰ προούξειργασμένα οὕτως ἐάσω συντετήχθαι κείμενα; ἦ καὶ προθῶμαι τῆς ἄγορᾶς ἐν τῷ μέσῳ, παλυγκατῆλοις εὐτελῶς ἄπεμπτολῶν; καὶ τὸς μετασχεῖν τῶν ἐμῶν ἀνέξεται; τὸς δ’ ἄν πρόκειτο τοὺς λόγους τριῳβόλου, εἰ μὴ φέροι πως ὡτα μὴ τετρημένα; ἀλλ’ ἐστὶν ἐλπὶς εὐμενῶς τῶν δρωμένων ὑμᾶς μεταλαβεῖν, καὶ κατεβλακευμένως ἐθος γὰρ ὑμῖν τῇ προθυμίᾳ μόνη τῇ τῶν καλοῦντων ἐμμετρεῖν τὰ σιτία. καὶ πρὸς γε τούτῳ δείπνου ἡρανισμένον ἰκω προβήσων ἐκ νέων ἡδυσμάτων. ἐπεὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἐνεστιν ἐξ ἔμοι μόνον υμᾶς μεταλαβεῖν, ἀνδρεῖς, ἀξίας τροφῆς, πολλοὺς ἔπεισα συλλαβεῖν μοι τοῦ πόνου, καὶ συγκαταβαλεῖν καὶ συνεστίαν πλέον.

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3.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS OF MYRINA

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

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

Besides, I am going to serve you a meal to which many new flavourings contribute. For since it is not possible for you to enjoy food worthy of you by my own exertions alone, I have persuaded many to share the trouble and expense and join with me in feasting you more sumptuously. Indeed
καὶ δὴ παρέσχου ἀφθόνως οἱ πλούσιοι
ex ὀν τρυφώσι. καὶ παραλαβῶν γνησίως
ἐν τοῖς ἐκείνων πέμμασι φρυάττομαι.
tούτο δὲ τὶς αὐτῶν προσφόρως, δεικνύοις ἐμὲ,
ἰσωσ ἐρεῖ πρὸς ἀλλον. “Ἀρτίως ἐμὸν
μᾶζαν μεμαχότοις μουσικὴν τὲ καὶ νέαν,
οὕτος παρέθηκεν τὴν ὑπ’ ἐμὸν μεμαγμένην.”
tαυτὶ μὲν οὐν ἐρεῖ τις, ἠνδὲ τῶν σοφωτάτων,
tῶν ὀφοποιῶν, ἀν χάριν δοκῶ μόνος
εἶναι τοσαύτης ῥγεμων πανδαισίας.
θαρρῶν γὰρ αὐτῶι λιτὸν οἴκοθεν μέρος
καυτὸς παρέμβα, τοῦ δοκεῖν μὴ παντελῶς
ξένος τις εἶναι τῶν ὑπ’ ἐμὸν συνηγμένων.
ἀλλ’ εἰς ἐκάστοι σμικρῶν εἰσάγω μέρος,
ὅσον ἀπογεύσαι: τῶν δὲ λοιπῶν εἰ θέλοι
τυχεῖν τις ἀπάντων καὶ μετασχεῖν εἰς κόρον,
ἰστον γε ταῦτα κατ’ ἄγοραν ξητητέα.
κόσμον δὲ προσθείς τοῖς ἐμόις πονήμασι,
ἐκ τοῦ βασιλέως τους προλόγους ποιήσομαι.
ἀπαντα γὰρ μοι δεξιῶς προβησται.
καὶ μοι μεγίστων πραγμάτων ὰμνουμένων
ἐυρεῖν γένοιτο καὶ λόγους ἐπηρμένους.

Μὴ τὶς ὑπαυχενίοιο λυπῶν ζωστῆρα λεπάδινον
βάρβαρος ἐς βασιλῆα βιημάχον ὄμμα ταυύσῃ.
μηδ’ ἔτι Περσίς ἁνάλκος ἀναστείλασα καλύπτρην
ὁριον ἀθρῆσειν: ἐποκλάξουσα δὲ γαϊς,
καὶ λόφον αὐχήνετα καταγνάμπτουσα τενόντων,
Ἀὐσονίοις ἀκλητοὶ ὑποκλάσνοι ταλάντως.
Ἑσπερὴθ᾽ θεράπαινα, σύ δ᾿ ἐς κρηπίδα Γαδείρων,
καὶ παρὰ πορθμὼν Θῆρα καὶ Ὀκεανίτιδα Θήλην,
ὕπτων ἀμπνεύσειας, ἀμοβαίων δὲ τυράννων
the rich gave me abundantly of their affluence, and accepting this I take quite sincere pride in their dainties. And one of them pointing at me may say aptly to another, "I recently kneaded fresh poetical dough, and what he serves is of my kneading." Thus one but not the wisest of those skilled cooks may say, thanks to whom I alone am thought to be the lord of such a rich feast. For I myself have had the courage to make a slender contribution from my own resources so as not to seem an entire stranger to my guests. I introduce a small portion of each poet, just to taste; but if anyone wishes to have all the rest and take his fill of it, he must seek it in the market.

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

(In Praise of Justinian)

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

^1 Britain.
κράστα μετρήσασα τετή κρυφθέντα κονίη, 
θαρσαλέας παλάμησι φίλην ἀγκάζει "Ρώμη", 
Καύκασιος δὲ τένοντι καὶ ἐν ῥηγμών Κυται, ὁππόθε ταυρείοι ποδὸς δουπήτορι χαλκὸς 
σκληρὰ σιδηρείς ἐλακίζετο νάτα κονίῆς, 
σύννομου Ἀδρνάδεσσιν ἀναπλέξασα χορείην 
Φασιάς εἰλίσσοιτο φίλῳ σκηρτήματι υψίκη, 
καὶ καμάτους μέλψεις πολυσκήπτρον βασιλῆς, 
μόχθον ἀπορρίφασα γιγαντείου τοκετοῦ. 

μηδὲ γὰρ αὐχήκειεν Ἰωλκίδος ἐμβύλον Ἀργοῦς, 
ὁτι πόνους ἡρώος ἀγασσαμένη Παγασαλοῦ 
οὐκέτι Κολχίς ἄρουρα, γονὴν πληθείσα Θυγαντῶν, 
εὕπτολέμοις σταυάθεσσι μαχῆμον βῶλον ἀνοίγει. 
κεῖνα γὰρ ἢ μύθοις τις ἀνέπλασεν, ἢ διὰ τέχνης 
οὐχ ὀσίας τετέλεστο, πόθων ὅτε λύσαν ἑλοῦσα 
παρθενική δολόεσσα μάγου κίνησεν ἀνάγκην, 
ἀλλὰ δόλων ἐκτοσθέ καὶ ὀρφναίου κυκεῶνος 
Βάκτριος ἢμετέροις Γῆγας δούπησε βελέμνωις. 
οὐκέτι μοι χώρος τις ἀνέμβατος, ἀλλ᾽ εἰνὶ πόντῳ 
Τροκανίου κόλπου καὶ ἐς βυθὸν Ἀιθιοτῆ.
heads of the successive tyrants that are buried in thy dust, embrace thy beloved Rome with trustful arms. By the ridge of the Caucasus and on the Colchian shore, where once the hard back of the iron soil was broken by the resounding hoofs of the brazen bulls, let the Phasian bride, weaving a measure in company with the Hamadryads, wheel in the dance she loves, and casting away her dread of the race of giants, sing the labours of our many-sceptred prince.

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

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

\(^1\) Jason. \(^2\) Medea.
εὐχατιὴν δὲ Δίβυσσαν ἔπιστείβων Νασαμῶνον ἔρχεο καὶ παρὰ Σύρτιν, ὅπῃ νοτήσεις θυέλλαις ἐς κλίσιν ἀντίπρωπον ἀνακλασθείσα Βορῆς, καὶ ψαφαρῆν ἀμπωτῶν ὑπερ, ῥημαίῳ ἁλίπλυρ ἀνδράτι διὰ ταξασσα πόρον χερσαίον ἀνοίγει. οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀθνείςς σε δεδέξεται ἦθελα γαῖς, ἄλλα σοφοῦ κτείνοις σμελήσεις βασιλῆς, ἑῦθα κεν ἀρχειας, ἐπεὶ κυκλώσατο κόσμον κοιρανή. Τάναϊς δὲ μάτην ἤπειρον ὅριζων ἐς Σκυθίην πλάζοιτο καὶ ἐς Μαίαστιδα λίμνην. τοῦνεκεν, ὅπποτε πάντα φίλης πεπληθε γαλήνης, ὅπποτε καὶ ξείνοιο καὶ ἐνδαπίοιο κυδομοῦ ἐλπίδες ἐθραύσθησαν ὅφ' ἠμετέρῳ βασιλῆι, δεύο, μάκαρ Θεόδωρε, σοφόν στῆσαντες ἀγώνα παίγνια κινήσωμεν αὐθιστόλοιχ χορεύς. σοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν ἀεθλον ἐμόχθεον· εἰς σὲ δὲ μύθων ἐργασίην ἥσκησα, μη δ' ὑπὸ σύξυνι βίβλῳ ἐμπορίην ἢθροισα πολυζέινοι μελίςσης, καὶ τόσον εξ ἔλεγχοι πολυσπερῆς ἄνθος ἀγείρας, στέμμα σοι εὐμύθου καθήμοσα Καλλισπείς, ὡς φηγὼν Κρονίων ν καὶ ὄλκάδας Ἐνυσιναίρω, ὡς Ἀρεί ἡσστήρα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι φαρέτρην, ὡς ἥλυν Ἐρμάωνι καὶ ἱμερίδας Διονύσῳ, οἴδα γὰρ ὃς ἄλληκτον ἐμῆς ἱδρῶτι μερίμνης εὐθος ἐπιστάξειν ἐπονυμή Θεοδώροι. 

Πρῶτα δὲ σοι λέξαμι, παλαιγενέσσων ἐρίζων, ὀσσαπερ ἐγράψαντο νέης γενετήρες ἀοίδῆς ὡς προτέρους μακάρεσσιν ἀνειμένα· καὶ γὰρ ἐφεκέν γράμματος ἀρχαίοιο σοφὸν μῦθημα φυλάξαι. Ἄλλα πάλιν μετ’ ἐκεῖνα ὑπολαίτερον εὐχος ἄγείρει ὀσσαπερ ἡ γραφίδεσι χαράξαμεν ἡ τιν χώρῳ,
PROEMS OF DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES

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

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

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

After those again comes a more ambitious collection of all our pens wrote either in places or on well-
ei'te kai euspoi'ton epit' bre'tas, ei'te kai allh's
texhvs e'rgoponovio poluvse're'sein av'ebhlois.
Kai trit'at'he bale'bida nev'midos el'la'he bibe'lon
os'sa the'mis, t'ymbo'osi t'aper the'se en 'men aoidh'
ektele'ein neus'hein, en 'uterke'i de di'okhe.
"Os'sa de' kai bii'toio poluvse're'sei kelevbh'oi
grafa'men, is'the'o de' t'uxh's sfa'lere'oiso tal'ain-
tois,
depke'i mou bibe'loio par'a krhe'pida te'tar'thn.
Nai ta'xa kai pe'mp'toio xar'is the'khevei av'ebhlon,
op'th'i ker'tome'o'ntes e'pesb'bolon 'ho'chou aoidh'
grafa'men. ektau'on de' melos kl'ep'tou'sa Kiv'h're
ei's o'arou's el'egyio para'tre'fei poro'he
kai yl'ke'rous es' er'w'tas. en 'eb'dom'at'h de' mele's'sh
eu'phro'sun'as Ba'kchoio, fil'ak're'tous te' xore'ias,
kai me'bu, kai kreu'the, kai dlb'i'a de'ipna no'isei.'

4.—TOY AITOY
Sth'lia kai gra'fides kai ky'rebies, eu'phro'sun'as me'n
a'tia tois ta'uta kth'sam'enois meg'alh's,
all' es's ou'son xo'ousu' t'a ga'rho ke-na kux'de fow'tou
psi'khas oix'om'ewon ou' mal'a su'mfre'tai.
'he d' ar'et'he sofh'he te xar'is kai kei'bi su'vre'tei,
kaun'hade mu'mnaxe'i mu'hestin efekkom'ene.
ou'tos ou'te Pla'tou'v brenu'yte'i ou't [a'p'] "Omu'ro
xrho'mas'w he sth'liai, all'a mou'he sofh'he.
dlb'i'o ou'v mu'nei pwnu'tou en te'uxhe'i bibe'lon,
all' ouk es' ke'neais eik'onas en'diaei.
PROEMS OF DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES

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

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

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

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

4.—By the Same

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

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

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

1.

Νέοις ἀνάπτων καρδίας σοφὴν ξέσω, ἀρχήν Ἑρωτα τῶν λόγων ποιήσομαι πυρσον γάρ οὕτως ἐξανάπτει τοῖς νέοις.

2.—ΑΔΕΞΙΩΤΟΝ

Τὴν καταφλεξίπολιν Σθενελαίδα, τὴν βαρύμισθον, τὴν τοῖς βουλομένους χρυσὸν ἐρευγομένην, γυμνὴν μοι διὰ νυκτός ὅλης παρέκλινεν ὁνειρον ἀψτεί φίλης ἦλος προίκα χαριζομένην. οὐκέτι γονυάσομαι τὴν βαρβαρον, οὐδ' ἐπ’ ἐμαντῷ κλαύσομαι, ὑπνον ἕχων κεῖνα χαριζόμενον.

3.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

"Ορθος ἔβη, Χρύσιλλα, πάλαι δὲ ἤφος ἀλέκτωρ κηρύσσων φθονερὴν Ἡρογένειαν ἄγει. ὄρνιθων ἔρροις φθονερῶτατος, ὡς μὲ διώκεις οἰκοθέν εἰς πολλοὺς ἥδεων δόρους. γηράσκεις, Τιθωνέ, τί γὰρ σὴν εὐνέτων Ὑώ ὑπότως ὀρθριδίνη ἡλπάτος ἐκ λεχέων;"
BOOK V

THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

1.—PROOEMION OF CONSTANTINE CEPHALAS

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

2.—ANONYMOUS

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

3.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

The day has broken, Chrysilla, and for long early-rising chanticleer is crowing to summon envious Dawn. A curse on thee, most jealous of fowls, who drivest me from home to the tireless chatter of the young men. Thou art growing old, Tithonus, or why dost thou chase thy consort Aurora so early from thy bed?
4.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Τὸν συγώντα, Φιλαινί, συνίστορα τῶν ἀλαλήτων
λύχνων ἐλαιηρῆς ἐκμεθύσασα δρόσου,
ἐξίθεν μαρτυρίην γὰρ Ἐρως μόνος οὐκ ἐφίλησεν
ἐμπνευσά: καὶ πηκτὴν κλείει, Φιλαινί, θύρην.
καὶ σὺ, φίλη Ἑανθώ, με σὺ δ', ὁ φιλεράστρια
κοίτῃ,
ἡδη τῆς Παφίς ἵσθι τὰ λειπόμενα.

5.—ΣΤΑΣΥΛΛΙΟΤ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ
'Αργύρεου νυχίων με συνιστόρα πιστῶν ἔρωτων
οὐ πιστῇ λύχνῳ Φλάκκος ἐδωκε Νάπην,
ἡς παρὰ νῦν λεχέεσσι μαραίνομαι, εἰς ἐπιόρκουν
παντοπαθῆ κούρης ἀίσχεα δερκόμενος.
Φλάκκε, σὲ δ' ἀγρυπνον χαλεπάλ τείρουσι μέρι-
μαίναι:
ἀμφῶ δ' ἀλλήλων ἀνδίχα κατίμεθα.

6.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
'Ομοσε Καλλίγνωτος Ἰωνίδι, μήποτε κεῖνης
ἐξεῖν μήτε φίλον κρέσσονα μήτε φίλην.
ὁμοσει ἀλλὰ λέγουσιν ἀληθέα, τοὺς ἐν ἐρωτὶ
ὀρκοὺς μὴ δύνειν οὐατ' ἐς ἀθανάτων.
νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν ἄρσενικὸν θέρεται πυρί: τῆς δὲ
tαλαινῆς
νύμφης, ὡς Μεγαρέων, οὐ λόγος οὐδ' ἄριθμόσ.

7.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Δύχετο, σὲ γὰρ παρεούσα τρὶς ὁμοσεί Ἡράκλεια
ἡξειν, κούχ ἤκει· λύχνε, σὺ δ', εἰ θεὸς εἰ,
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

4.—PHILODEMUS

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

5.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

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

6.—CALLIMACHUS

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

7.—ASCLEPIADES

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

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

τὴν δολὴν ἀπάμουνον· ὅταν φίλου ἔμου ἔχουσα παῖζῃ, ἀποσβεσθεὶς μηκέτι φῶς πάρεχε.

8.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Νῦξ ἵερη καὶ λύχνε, συνίστορας οὕτως ἄλλον ὁρκοῦσι, ἀλλὰ ὑμέας, εἰλόμεθ' ἀμφότερον.
χώ μὲν ἐμὲ στέρζειν, κεῖνον δ' ἐγὼ οὐ ποτὲ λείψειν ἀμόσαμεν· κοινὴν δ' εἰχέτε μαρτυρήν.
νῦν δ' ὦ μὲν ὀρκία φησίν ἐν ὕδατι κεῖνα φέρεσθαι, λύχνε, σὺ δ' ἐν κόλποις αὐτὸν ὀρᾶς ἐτέρων.

9.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

'Ρουφίνος τῇ μη γλυκερωτάτῃ Ἑλπίδι πολλὰ χαίρειν, εἰ χαίρειν χωρὶς ἐμὸν δύναται.
οὐκέτι βαστάζω, μὰ τὰ σ' ὁματα, τὴν φιλέρημον καὶ τὴν μονολεξή σεῖο διαζυγίην.
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ δακρύσωσι πεφυρμένοις ἢ πτὶ Κορησόν ἐρχομαι ἢ μεγάλης νηόν ἐς Ἀρτέμιδος.
ἀυριον ἀλλὰ πάτρῃ με δεδέξαται· ἐς δὲ σὸν ὤμα πτήσομαι, ἐρρῶσθαι μυρία σ' εὐχόμενος.

10.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

'Εχθαϊρῳ τὸν Ἑρωτα· τί γὰρ βαρὺς οὐκ ἐπὶ θῆρας ὅρνυται, ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἐμὴν ἰοβολεὶ κραδίην;
τὶ πλέον, εἰ θεὸς ἄνδρα καταφλέγει; ἢ τὶ τὸ σεμνὸν δηώσας ἀπ' ἐμὴς ἄθλουν ἔχει κεφαλῆς;

11.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰ τοὺς ἐν πελάγει σῶζεις, Κύπρι, κἀκεῖ τὸν ἐν γὰρ ναναγόν, φιλή, σῶσον ἀπολλύμενον.

H. Wellesley, in Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 140.
a god, take vengeance on the deceitful girl. When she has a friend at home and is sporting with him, go out, and give them no more light.

8.—MELEAGER

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

9.—RUFINUS

Written from Ephesus in the form of a letter

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

10.—ALCAEUS

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

11.—ANONYMOUS

Cypris, if thou savest those at sea, save me, beloved goddess, who perish ship-wrecked on land.
12.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Δουσάμενοι, Προδίκη, πυκνασώμεθα, καὶ τὸν ἄκρατον ἐλκώμεν, κύλικας μείζονας αἰρόμενοι.
βαῖος ὁ χαίροντων ἐστίν βίος· ἐίτα τὰ λοιπὰ γῆρας κολύσει, καὶ τὸ τέλος θάνατος.

13.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

'Εξήκοντα τελεῖ Χαρίτω λυκαβαντίδας ὀρας,
ἀλλ’ ἐτί κυναγεὶν σύρμα μένει πλοκάμων,
κην στέρνοις ἐτί κείνα τὰ λύγδια κώνια μαστῶν
ἐστηκεν, μίτρης γυμνᾶ περιδρομάδος,
καὶ χρός ἀρρυτίδωτος ἐτ’ ἀμβροσίην, ἐτὶ πειθὼ
πᾶσαν, ἐτὶ στάξει μυριάδας χαρίτων.
ἀλλὰ πόθους ὁργώντας ὅσοι μὴ φεύγατ’ ἐρασταί,
δεῦρ’ ἱε, τῆς ἐτέων ληθόμενοι δεκάδος.

14.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Εὑρώτης τὸ φίλημα, καὶ ἦν ἄχρι χείλεος ἔλθη,
ἡδύ γε, κἂν ψαύσῃ μοῦνον ἄκρον στόματος
ψαυεὶ δ’ οὐκ ἄκροις τοῖς χείλεσιν, ἀλλ’ ἐρίσασα
tὸ στόμα τὴν ψυχήν ἐξ ὄνῡχων ἀνάγιε.

15.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ποῦ νὺν Πραξιτέλης; ποῦ δ’ αἱ χεῖρες αἱ Πολυκλέιτου,
αἱ ταῖς πρὸςθε τέχναις πνεῦμα χαριζόμεναι;
tὶς πλοκάμους Μελίτης εὐώδεας, ἦ πυρόεντα
ὄμματο καὶ δειρῆς φέγγος ἀποπλάσσεται;
pοῦ πλάσται; ποῦ δ’ εἰσὶ νεθοξόι; ἐπρεπε τοῦτ’
μορφὴ νην ἔχειν, ὡς μακάρων ξοάνφ.

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12.—RUFINUS

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

13.—PHILODEMUS

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

14.—RUFINUS

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

15.—BY THE SAME

Where is now Praxiteles? Where are the hands of Polycleitus, that gave life to the works of ancient art? Who shall mould Melite's scented ringlets, or her fiery eyes and the splendour of her neck? Where are the modellers, the carvers in stone? Such beauty, like the image of a god, deserved a temple.
16.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Μήνη χρυσόκερως, δέρκειν τάδε, καὶ περιλαμπτεῖς ἀστέρες, οὐκ κόλποις Ὄκεανος δέχεται, ὥς μὲ μόνον προλιπόντοσα μυρόπνοος ὁχεῖτ 'Ἀρίστη· ἐκταῖρη δ' εὑρεῖν τὴν μάγον οὐ δύναμαι. ἀλλ' ἐμπθα αὐτὴν ἵωρισομεν, ἵνα ἐπιπέμψω Κύπριος ἵχνευτας ἀργυρέους σκύλακας.

17.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ
'Αγχιάλον ῥημιῶν ἐπίσκοπε, σοὶ τάδε πέμπω ὑστερία καὶ λυτής δῶρα θυητολίθης· αὐριον Ἰουνίου γὰρ ἐπὶ πλατὺ κῦμα περῆσω, σπεύδων ἡμετέρης κόλπον ἐς Εἰδοθένης· οὔριος ἄλλ' ἐπίλαμψον ἐμῶ καὶ ἔρωτι καὶ ἱστῷ, δεσπότι καὶ θαλάμων, Κύπρι, καὶ ἱδύων.

18.—ΡΩΤΦΙΝΟΤ
Μᾶλλον τῶν σοβαρῶν τὰς δουλίας ἐκλεγόμεσθα, οἰ μὴ τοῖς σπατάλοις κλέμμασι τερτόμενοι· ταῖς μὲν χρῶς ἀπόδωδε μῦρον, σοβαρον τε φρύαγμα, καὶ μέχρι Αἰκίνυνου ἐσπομένη σύνοδος· ταῖς δὲ χάρις καὶ χρὸς ἵδιος, καὶ λέκτρον ἐτοίμουν, δάρους ἐκ σπατάλης οὐκ ἀλεγιζόμενον. μιμούμαι Πύρρον τὸν Ἀχιλλέας, ὥς προέκρινεν Ἐρμιώνης ἀλόχου τὴν λάτριν Ἀνδρομάχην.

19.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐκέτι παιδομανῆς ὡς πρίν ποτε, νῦν δὲ καλοῦμαι θηλυμανῆς, καὶ νῦν δίσκος ἐμοὶ κρόταλον.
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16.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

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

17.—GAETULICUS

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

18.—RUFINUS

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

19.—BY THE SAME

I am not said to rave about boys as before, but now they say I am mad about women, and my quoit
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ἀντὶ δὲ μοι παίδων ἀδόλου χρόδος ἦρεσε γύψου
χρώματα, καὶ φύκους ἀνθὸς ἐπεισόδιον.
βοσκήσει δελφίνας ὁ δευνοκόμης 'Ερύμανθος,
καὶ πολιόν πόντου κῦμα θοᾶς ἐλίψους.

20.—ONEΣΤΟΤ

Οὔτε με παρθενικής τέρπει γάμος, οὔτε γεραίης,
τὴν μὲν ἑποικτείρω, τὴν δὲ καταιδέομαι.
eὖν μὴ ὁμφαᾷ, μὴ’ ἱσταφίς’ ἢ δὲ πέπειρος
ἐς Κύπριδος θαλάμους ὀρία καλλοσύνη.

21.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Οὔκ ἔλεγον, Προδίκη, “γηράσκομεν”; ὦ προε-
φώνουν’
“ἡξουσίων ταχέως αἱ διαλυσίφιλοι”;
νῦν ῥυτίδες καὶ ὦριξ πολιή καὶ σῶμα ῥακώδες,
καὶ σῶμα τὰς προτέρας οὐκέτ’ ἔχον χάριτας.
μὴ τίς σοί, μετέώρε, προσέρχεται, ἡ κολακεύων
λίσσεται; ὅς δὲ τάφον νῦν σε παρερχόμεθα.

22.—ΤΟΥ ἈΤΟΥ

Σοί με λάτριν γυλοκύδωρος "Ερως παρέδωκε,
Βοώπτι,
ταῦρον ὑποξεύξας εἰς πόθον αὐτόμολον,
αὐτοθελή, πάνδουλον, ἐκούσιον, αὐτοκέλευστον,
αὐτήσοντα πικρῆν μῆποτ’ ἐλευθερήν
ἄχρι, φίλη, πολίης καὶ γήρασον’ ὁμμα βάλοι δὲ
μῆποτ’ ἐφ’ ἡμετέραις ἐλπίσι βασκανίη.

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

20.—HONESTUS

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

21.—RUFINUS

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

22.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ Discus puerorum ludicrum est, crepitaculum puellarum; sed latet spurci aliquid.
23.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ
Οὗτως ὑπνώσας, Κωνώπιον, ὡς ἐμὲ ποιεῖς κοιμᾶσθαι ψυχροίς τοῖς ἁρματά μακρῷ
οὕτως ὑπνώσας, ἀδικωτάτη, ὡς τὸν ἑραστὴν κοιμᾶσθης ἐλέους δ᾿ οὐδ’ ὅναρ ἡπτίσασαι.
γείτονες οἰκτείρουσιν σὺ δ᾿ οὐδ’ ὅναρ. ἡ πολιή δὲ αὐτήν ἀναμνήσει ταύτα σε πάντα κόμη.

24.—[ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΣ]
Ψυχή μοι προλέγει φεύγειν πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας,
δάκρυα καὶ ξίλων τοὺς πρὶν ἐπισταμένη.
φησὶ μὲν ἀλλὰ φυγεῖν οὐ μοι σθένος; ἡ γὰρ ἀναιδής
αὐτή καὶ προλέγει, καὶ προλέγουσα φιλεῖ.

25.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
‘Οσσάκι Κυδίλλης ὑποκόλπιος, εἴτε κατ’ ἡμαρ,
εἴτε ἀποτολμήσας ἡλυθον ἐσπέριος,
οἷδ’ ὅτι πάρ κρημνὸν τέμνων πόρου, οἷδ’ ὅτι ῥυπτῷ
πάντα κύβουν κεφαλῆς αἰὲν ὑπερθεὶν ἐμῆς.
ἀλλὰ τί μοι πλέον ἐστί; ὥστε θρασύς, ἢδ’ ὅταν ἐλκῇ 5
πάντωτ’ Ἑρως, ἀρχὴν οὐδ’ ὅναρ οἷδε φόβου.

26.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἴτε σε κυνέησιν ἀποστίλβουσαν ἑθεῖρας,
εἴτε πάλιν ἵππαῖς εἶδον, ἀνασσα, κόμαις,
ἐσθὶ ἀπ᾿ ἀμφότεροι λάμπει χάρις. ἡ ρά γε ταῦτας
θριξὶ συνοικήσει καὶ πολείσιν Ἑρως.

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 163.
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23.—CALLIMACHUS

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

24.—[PHILODEMUS]

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

25.—BY THE SAME

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

26.—ANONYMOUS

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

1 Probably by Melcager, and so too No. 25.
27.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ
Ποῦ σοι κεῖνα, Μέλισσα, τὰ χρύσαε καὶ περίσπτα
tῆς πολυθρυλήτου κάλλεα φαντασίης;
ποῦ δ' ὄφρες, καὶ γαύρα φρονήματα, καὶ μέγας
ἀυχήν,
καὶ σοβαρῶν ταρσῶν χρυσοφόρος σπατάλη;
νῦν πενιχρὴ ψαφαρή τε κόμη, παρὰ ποσσὶ τε
τρύχη:
tαῦτα τὰ τῶν σπαταλῶν τέρματα παλλακίδων.

28.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Νῦν μοι "χαϊρε" λέγεις, ὦτε σου τὸ πρόσωπον
ἀπῆλθεν
κεῖνο, τὸ τῆς λύγου, βάσκανε, λειότερον;
νῦν μοι προσπαιξεῖς, ὦτε τὰς τρίχας ἡφαίστικὰς σου,
tὰς ἐπὶ τοῖς σοβαροῖς αὐχέσι πλαζομένας.
μηκέτι μοι, μετέωρε, προσέρχεο, μηδὲ συνάντα:
ἀντὶ ρόδου γὰρ ἐγὼ τὴν βάτον οὐ δέχομαι.

29.—ΚΙΛΛΑΚΤΟΡΟΣ
'Αδῦ τὸ βινεῖν ἐστὶ τῷ οὐ λέγει; ἀλλ' ὦταν αἰτῇ
χαλκὸν, πικρότερον γίνεται ἐλλεβόρου.

30.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Πάντα καλῶς, τὸ γε μὴν, χρυσῆν ὄτι τὴν
'Αφροδίτην,
ἐξοχά καὶ πάντων ἐλπεν ὁ Μαυρώνιδας.
ἡν μὲν γὰρ τὸ χάραγμα φέρης, φίλοσ, οὔτε τυρωρὸς
ἐν ποσίν, οὔτε κύων ἐν προθύρω τινάκα
ἡν δ' ἐτέρως ἔλθης, καὶ ὁ Κέρβερος. ὁ πλεονεκταί,
oi πλούτου, πενήν ὡς ἀδικεῖτε νόμοι.
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27.—RUFINUS

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

28.—By the Same

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

29.—CILLACTOR

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

30.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

Χρύσεος ἦν γενεὴ καὶ χάλκεος ἀργυρός τε πρόσθεν· παντοῖγα δ' ἢ Κυθέρεια ταῦταν, καὶ χρυσοὺς τίει, καὶ χάλκεον ἄνδρ' ἐφίλησεν, καὶ τοὺς ἀργυρέους οὐ ποτ' ἀποστρέφεται.
Νέστωρ ἐ Παφίν. δοκέω δ' ὅτι καὶ Δανάη Ζεὺς 5 οὐ χρυσός, χρυσοῦς δ' ἦλθε φέρων ἐκατόν.

32.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ποιεῖς πάντα, Μέλισσα, φιλανθέος ἔργα μελίσσης· οἴδα καὶ ἐς κραδίνην τοῦτο, γύναι, τίθεμαι. καὶ μέλι μὲν στάζεις ὑπὸ χείλεσιν ἕνων φιλεύσα· ἦν δ' αἰτῆς, κέντρῳ τύμμα φέρεις ἀδικον.

33.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

'Ες Δανάην ἔφευγας, Ὀλύμπιε, χρυσός, ἵν' ἡ παῖς ὡς δώρῳ πεισθῇ, μὴ τρέσῃ ὡς Κρονίδην.

34.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

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

35.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Πυγάς αὐτὸς ἐκρινα τριῶν· εἴλοντο γὰρ αὐταῖ, δεῖξασαι γυμνήν ἀστερωπὴν μελέων. καὶ ἤ μὲν τροχαλοίς σφραγιζομένη γελασίνοις λευκὴ ἀπὸ ἀλογουτῶν ἤμθεεν εὐαφίῃ.
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31.—BY THE SAME

Formerly there were three ages, a golden, a silver, and a brazen, but Cytherea is now all three. She honours the man of gold, and she kisses the brazen man\(^1\) and she never turns her back on the silver men.\(^2\) She is a very Nestor\(^3\); I even think that Zeus came to Danae, not turned to gold, but bringing a hundred gold sovereigns.

32.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

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

33.—PARMENION

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

34.—BY THE SAME

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

35.—RUFINUS

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

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\(^1\) The soldier.

\(^2\) Bankers, etc.

\(^3\) She is to the three ages or sorts of men what Nestor was to the three generations in which he lived.
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tής δὲ διαιρομένης φοινίσσετο χιονή σάρξ,
porfuρεῖον ρόδου μᾶλλον ἐρυθροτέρη
tῇ δὲ γαλαηνώσα χαράσσετο κύματι κωφῶ,
αὐτομάτη τρυφερῷ χρωτὶ σαλευμένη.
eι ταύτας ὁ κρίτης ὁ θεόν ἔθεισατο πυγάς,
οὐκέτ'/ ἀν οὖδ' ἐσιδεῖν ἦθελε τὰς προτέρας.

36.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡρισαν ἀλλήλαις 'Ροδότη, Μελήτη, 'Ροδόκλεια,
tῶν τρισάρχων τὰς ἐχεῖ κραίσσουσα Μηπρόνην,
καὶ με κρίτην εἰλοντό· καὶ ὡς θεᾶι αἱ περίβλεπτοι
ἐστησάν γυμνὰι, νέκταρι λειβόμεναι.
kαὶ 'Ροδότης μὲν ἔλαμπε μέσος μηρῶν Πολύφημος
οἰα ρώδων πολίῳ σχιζόμενος Ζεφύρῳ . . . .
tῆς δὲ 'Ροδοκλείης χάλῳ ἴσος, ιγρομέτωτος,
oia καὶ ἐν νηὸ πρωτογυμνές ξυόμον.
ἀλλὰ σαφῶς ἀ πέπουθε Πάρις διὰ τὴν κρίσιν εἰδῶς,
tὰς τρεῖς ἄθανάτας εὐθὺ συνεστεφάνουν.

37.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴτ ἵσχυνῃ λῦν περιλάμβανε, μήτε παχείαν
tούτων δ' ἀμφοτέρων τὴν μεσότητα θέλε.
tή μὲν γὰρ λείπει σαρκῶν χύσις, ἡ δὲ περισσή
κέκτηται· λειποῦν μὴ θέλε, μηδὲ πλέον.

38.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Εὐμεγέθης πείθει με καλὴ γυνῆ, ἄν τε καὶ ἄκμης
ἀπτῆτ', ἄν τε καὶ ἡ, Σιμύλε, πρεσβυτέρη.
ἡ μὲν γὰρ μὲ νέα περιλήψεται, ἡ δὲ παλαιὴ
gραία με καὶ ῥυσῆ, Σιμύλε, λειχάσεται.

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

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

36.—By the Same

Rhodope, Melita, and Rhodoclea strove with each other, quaenam habeat potiorem Merionem,¹ and chose me as judge, and like those goddesses famous for their beauty, stood naked, dipped in nectar. Et Rhodopes quidem inter femora fulgebatur Polyphemus velut rosarium cano scissum amne.² . . . Rhodocleae vero feminal vitro simile erat, uadeque ejus superficies velut in templo statuae recens sculptae. But as I knew well what Paris suffered owing to his judgment, I at once gave the prize to all the three goddesses.

37.—By the Same

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

38.—NICARCHUS

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

¹ i.e. feminal. ² A couplet on Melite wanting.
39.—TOY AYTÖY

Οὐκ ἀποθυνήσκειν δεῖ με; τί μοι μέλει, ἵνα τε ποδαγρὸς
ἠν τε δρομεύς γεγονός εἰς Ἀἴδην ὑπάγω;
πολλοὶ γάρ μ’ ἀροῦσιν. ἔα χωλὸν με γενέσθαι:
τῶν ἐνεκέν γὰρ ἵδ’ ὡς οὕτως ἐὼ θιάσους.

40.—TOY AYTÖY

Τῆς μητρὸς μὴ ἀκοῦε, Φιλούμενή· ἵνα γὰρ ἅπέλθω
καὶ θῶ ἀπαξ ἔξω τὸν πόδα τῆς πόλεως,
τῶν καταπαίζοντων μὴ σχῆς λόγον, ἀλλὰ γ’ ἐκείνων
ἐμπαίξασ’, ἀρξάι πλεῖον ἐμοῦ τι ποιῶν:
πάντα λίθον κίνει. σαντὶν τρέψε, καὶ γράφε
πρὸς με
εἰς ποίησιν ἀκτὴν εὐφρόσυνον γέγονας,
εὐτάκτειν πειρῶ· τὸ δ’ ἐνοίκιον, ἥν τι περισσόν
γίνηται, καὶ ἐμοὶ φρόντισον ἰμάτιον.
ἡν ἐν γαστρὶ λύβης, τέκε, ναὶ τέκε· μὴ θορυβηθῆς,
ἐυρήσει πόθεν ἔστ’, ἐλθὼν ἐς ἡλικίαν.

41.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΩΤ

Τῆς γυμνῆς σύνω σε καὶ ἔξεβαλεν καὶ ἔδειρεν;
τῆς ψυχῆς λιθίνην εἰχε, καὶ σὺν ἐβλεπε; δὲ
μοιχὸν ἵσως ηὐρηκεν ἀκαίρως κείνος ἐσελθὼν.
γινόμενοι· πάσαι τοῦτο ποιοῦσι, τέκνων.
πλὴν ἀπὸ νῦν, ὅταν ἴ τις ἕσω, κείνος δ’ ὅταν ἔξω,
τὸ πρόθυρον σφῆνος, μὴ πάλι ταυτὸ πάθης.

42.—TOY AYTÖY

Μισῶ τὴν ἀφελῆ, μισῶ τὴν σώφρονα λίαν·
ἡ μὲν γὰρ βραδέως, ἡ δὲ βέλει ταχέως.

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

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39.—By the Same

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

40.—By the Same

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

41.—RUFINUS

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

42.—By the Same

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

43.—TOY AYTOY

'Ekβάλλει γυμνήν τις, ἐπὴν εὕρη ποτὲ μοιχόν, ὡς μὴ μοιχεύσας, ὡς ἀπὸ Πυθαγόρου; εἶτα, τέκνου, κλαίοντα κατατρίψεις τὸ πρόσωπον, καὶ παραριγώσεις μαυνομένου προθύροις; εἴκοσι, μὴ κλαίει, τέκνου: χευρήσομεν ἄλλου, τὸν μὴ καὶ τὸ βλέπειν εἰδότα καὶ τὸ δέρειν.

44.—TOY AYTOY

Δέμβιον, ἡ δ' ἔτερα Κερκούριον, αἴ δυ' ἑταῖραι αἰέν ἐφορμούσιν τῷ Σαμίων λιμένι. ἄλλα, νέοι, παυνήμε τὰ ληστρικὰ τῆς 'Αφροδίτης φεύγεθ'. ὅ συμμίξας καὶ καταδυσ σίεται.

45.—ΚΙΛΛΑΚΤΟΡΟΣ

Παρθενικὰ κούρα τὰ ἁ κέρματα πλείονα ποιεῖ, οὐκ ἀπὸ τὰς τέχνας, ἄλλ' ἀπὸ τὰς φύσιος.

46.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

a. Χαῖρε σύ. β. Καὶ σὺ γε χαῖρε. α. Τί δεῖ σε καλεῖν; β. Σὲ δέ; α. Μὴ πω τοῦτο φιλόσπουδος. β. Μηδὲ σὺ' α. Μὴ τιν' ἔχεις; β. 'Αει τὸν φιλέοντα. α. Θέλεις ἀμα σήμερον ἦμιν δειπνεῖν; β. Εἰ σὺ θέλεις. α. Εὖγε: πόσου παρέσῃ; β. Μηδέν μοι προδίδου. α. Τοῦτο ξένον. β. 'Αλλ' ὅσον ἂν σοι κοιμηθέντι δοκῇ, τοῦτο δόσ. α. Οὐκ ἀδικεῖσ.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

43.—By the Same

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

44.—By the Same

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

45.—Cillactor

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

46.—Philedemus

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

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

2 = loca naturalia.
47.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Πολλάκις ἤρασάμην σε λαβῶν ἐν νυκτί, Θάλεια,
πληρώσαι θαλερῆ θυμόν ἐρωμανήν.
νῦν δ’ ὅτε <μοι> γυμνῆ γλυκεροῖς μελέσσωι πέπλησαι,
ἐκλυτὸς ὑπναλέῳ γυία κέκμηκα κόπῳ.
θυμὲ τίλαν, τί πέπουδας; ἀνέγρεο, μηδ’ ἀπόκαμεν.
ζητήσεις ταύτην τὴν ὑπερευτυχήν.

48.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ομματα μὲν χρύσεια, καὶ υαλόεσσα παρειή,
καὶ στόμα πορφυρές τερπνότερον κάλυκος,
δειρή λυγδινή, καὶ στήθεα μαρμαίροντα,
καὶ πόδες ἀργυρές λευκότεροι Θέτιδος.
εἰ δὲ τὶ καὶ πλοκαμῖσι διαστίλβουσιν ἀκανθαὶ,
τῆς λευκῆς καλάμης οὐδὲν ἐπιστρέφουμαι.

49.—ΓΑΛΛΟΤ

'Η τρισὶ λευτουργοῦσα πρὸς ἐν τάχος ἀνδράσι Λύδη,
τῷ μὲν ύπὲρ νηδύν, τῷ δ’ ύπό, τῷ δ’ ὀπίθεν,
εἰσδέχομαι φιλόπαιδα, γυναικομανῆ, φιλυβριστήν.
εἰ σπεύδεις, ἐλθῶν σὺν δυσί, μή κατέχου.

50.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Καὶ πενίῃ καὶ ἔρως δύο μοι κακὰ· καὶ τὸ μὲν οίσω
κούφως· πῦρ δὲ φέρειν Κύπριδος οὐ δύναμαι.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

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

47.—RUFINUS

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

48.—BY THE SAME

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

49.—GALLUS

Lyde, quae tribus viris caderit inservit, huic supra ventrem, illi subter, alii a postico. “Admitto” inquit “paediconem, mulierosum, irrumatorem. Si festinas, etiam si cum duobus ingressus sis, ne te cohibeas.”

50.—ANONYMOUS

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

1 Alluding to her Homeric epithet “silver-footed.”
51.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

'Ἡράσθην, ἐφίλουν, ἔτυχον, κατέπραξ', ὑγαπῶμαι, τίς δὲ, καὶ ἦς, καὶ πῶς, ἢ θεὸς οἶδε μόνη.

52.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

"Ορκον κοινὸν Ἐρωτ ἀνεθήκαμεν· ὅρκος ὁ πιστὴν Ἀρσινόης θέμενος Σωσιπάτρῳ φιλήν.
ἀλλ' ἦ μὲν ψευδής κενὰ δ' ὀρκία, τῷ δ' ἐφυλάχθη ἴμερος· ἤ δὲ θεῶν οὐ φανερὴ δύναμις.
θρήνους, ὦ Ἵμεναίε, παρὰ κλησίων ἄυσαις Ἀρσινόης, παστῷ μεμψάμενος προδότη.

53.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡ πιθανὴ μ' ἔτρωσεν Ἀριστονόη, φίλ' Ἀδωνι, κοφαμένη τῇ σῇ στήθεα πάρ καλύβῃ.
εἰ δῶσει ταύτην καὶ ἐμοὶ χάριν, ἥν ἀποπνεύσω, μὴ πρόφασις, σύμπλουν σὺμ με λαβῶν ἀπάγου.

54.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴποτε γαστροβαρῆ πρὸς σὸν λέχος ἀντιπρόσωπον παιδογόνῳ κλίνῃς Κύπριδι τερπόμενοσ.
μεσσόθι γὰρ μέγα κύμα καὶ οὐκ ὀλίγος πόνος ἔσται, τῆς μὲν ἔρεσσομένης, σοῦ δὲ σαλευμένου.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν στρέφας ῥοδοειδέi τέρπεο πυγῇ, τὴν ἄλοχον νομίσας ἀρσενόπαιδα Κύπριω.

55.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δωρίδα τὴν ῥοδότυνων ὑπὲρ λεχέων διατείνας ἀψειν ἐν χλοεροῖς ἄθανατος γέγονα.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

51.—Anonymous

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

52.—Dioscorides

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

53.—By the Same

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

54.—By the Same

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

55.—By the Same

Doride roseis natibus puella super grabatulum distenta in floribus roscidis immortalis factus sum.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἡ γὰρ ὑπερφυέεσσι μέσον διαβάσα με ποσσίν,
ἡμνοςεν ἀκινέως τὸν Κύπριδος δόλιχον,
ὁμμασι νωθρὰ βλέπουσα· τὰ δ’ ἦντε πνεύματι
φύλλα,
ἀμφισαλευμένης, ἔτρεμε πορφύρα,
μέχρις ἀπεσπείσθη λευκὸν μένος ἀμφιτέροισιν,
καὶ Δωρὶς παρέτοις ἐξεχύθη μέλεσι.

56.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκμαίνει χείλη με ροδόχρωα, ποικιλόμυθα,
ψυχοτακὴ στόματος νεκταρέου πρόθυρα,
καὶ γλύραι λασίαισιν ὑπ’ ὕφρυσιν ἀστράπτουσαι,
σπλάγχνων ἤμετέρων δίκτυα καὶ παγίδες,
καὶ μαζί ἡλαγόεντες, εὐφυεῖς, ἔμεροεντες,
εὐφυεῖς, πάσης πετπνότεροι κάλυκοι.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μηνύῳ κυσίν ὀστέα; μάρτυρες εἰς
τῆς ἄθυροστομίης οἱ Μίδεοι κάλαμοι.

57.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Τὴν περιφρυγομένην ψυχὴν ἄν πολλάκι καίης,
φεύξετν ὡς Ἐρως· καὐτῆ, σχέτλι, ἔχει πτέρυγας.

58.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Νῦν ὡς, πορθεῖς μὲ τὸ κρήσυνον· εἰς μὲ κένωσον
πάν σὺ βέλος, λοιπὴν μηκὴν ἀφεῖς γλυφίδα,
ὡς ἄν μοῦνον ἐλοις ἵοις ἐμέ, καὶ τινα χρήσον
ἀλλον διστεῦσαι, μηκεῖ ἔχοις ἀκίδα.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Φεύγειν δεῦτον Ἐρωτα" κεῦσ τὸν οὐ γὰρ ἀλύζω
πεξὸς ὑπὸ πτημοῖν πυκνὰ διακόμενοι.

Lilla C. Perry, From the Garden of Hellas, p. 109.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

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

56.—BY THE SAME

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

57.—MELEAGER

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

58.—ARCHIAS

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

59.—BY THE SAME

You say "one should fly from Love." It is labour lost; how shall I on foot escape from a winged creature that pursues me close?
60.—ΡΩΤΦΙΝΟΤ
Παρθένος ἄργυρωπεζος ἀλούτος, χρύσεα μαζῶν
χρωτὶ γαλακτοπαγεῖ μῆλα διαινομένη·
pυγαί δ' ἀλκήλαις περιηγεῖς εἰλήσοντο,
ὑδατος ὕγροτέρῳ χρωτὶ σαλευμέναι.
tὸν δ' ὑπεροίδαιοντα κατέσκεπε πεπταμένη χελρ
οὐχ ὀλον ἰὐρώταν, ἀλλ' ὀσον ἥδύνατο.

61.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τῇ κυκνοβλεφάρῳ παίζων κώνδακα Φιλίππη,
ἐξ αὐτῆς κραδίσης ἴδυ γελάν ἐπόουν·
"Δώδεκά σοι βέβληκα, καὶ αὐριον ἄλλα βαλῶ σοι,
ἡ πλέον, ἥ πάλιν δώδεκ' ἐπιστάμενος."
εἶτα κελευμένη † ἤλθεν· γελάσας δὲ πρῶς αὐτῆς·
"Εἴθε σε καὶ νυκτωρ ἐρχομένην ἐκάλουν."

62.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὖτω σου τὸ κάλλον χρόνου ἐσβεσεν, ἀλλ' ἐτι πολλὰ
κλείσανα τῆς προτέρης σώζεται ἡλικίας,
και χάριτες μίμνουσιν ἀγήραιοι, οὐδὲ τὸ κάλλος
τῶν ἱλαρῶν μήλων ἢ ῥόδου ἐξέφυγεν.
ὁ πόσσος κατέφλεξε τὸ πρῶν θεοεἰκελον ἅνθος.

63.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Ἀντιγόνη, Σικελῆ πάρος ῥοθᾶ μον ὡς δ' ἐγενήθης
Ἀλτωλῆ, καγώ Μῆδος ἰδοὺ γέγονα.

64.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Νῦνε, χαλαξοβόλει, ποιει σκότος, αἴθε, κεραύνου,
πάντα τὰ πορφύροιτ' ἐν χθενὶ σεῖε νέφη.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

60.—RUFINUS

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

61.—BY THE SAME

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

62.—BY THE SAME

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

63.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Antigone, I used to think you were Sicilian, but now you have become an Aetolian I have become a Mede.

64.—ASCLEPIADES

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

1 We do not know what the game was, and the jokes in the epigram are quite unintelligible. 2 The last line is lost. 3 A beggar, from alréa. 4 i.e. μὴ δος, don’t give.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἡν γάρ με κτείνης, τότε παύσομαι: ἣν δὲ μ’ ἀφῆς ζῆν,
καὶ διαδύς τούτων χείρονα, κομάσομαι:
ἐλκει γάρ μ’ ὁ κρατῶν καὶ σοῦ θεός, φ’ ποτε ὅ
πεισθεῖς,
Ζεῦ, διὰ χαλκείων χρυσὸς ἔδυς θαλάμων.

65.—ΑΔΕΣΙΩΤΟΝ

Αἰετὸς ὁ Ζεὺς ἤλθεν ἐπ’ ἀντίθεον Γανυμήδην,
κύκνος ἐπὶ ξανθῆν μητέρα τὴν Ἐλένης.
οὕτως ἀμφότερ’ ἐστὶν ἀσύγκριτα: τῶν δύο δ’ αὐτῶν
ἄλλοις ἄλλο δοκεῖ κρείσσουν, ἐμοὶ τά δύο.

66.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

Εὐκαίρως μονάσασαν ἰδῶν Προδίκην ἱκέτευον,
καὶ τῶν ἀμβροσίων ἀψάμενοι γονάτων,
“Σῶσον,” ἔφην, “ἀνθρωπον ἀπολλυμένον παρὰ μικρόν,
καὶ φεῦγον ζωῆς πνεῦμα σύ μου χάρισαι.”
ταῦτα λέγοντος ἐκλαύσεων ἀποψησάσα δὲ δάκρυ, 5
ταῖς τρυφεραῖς ἡμᾶς χρείων ὑπεξεβαλεν.

67.—ΚΑΠΙΤΩΝΟΣ

Κάλλος ἄνευ χαρίτων τέρπει μόνον, οὐ κατέχει δὲ,
ὡς ἄτερ ἀγκίστρου νηχόμενον δέλεαρ.

68.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΠΟΔΕΜΩΝΟΣ
ΤΟΤ ΠΟΝΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἡ τὸ φιλεῖν περίγραψον, Ἐρως, ὦλον, ἤ τὸ φιλεῖσθαι
πρὸσθες, ἵνα ἤ λύσῃ τὸν πόθου, ἥ κεράσης.
R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, liii.
slayest me, then I shall cease, but if thou lettest me live, though I pass through worse than this, I will go with music to her doors; for the god compels me who is thy master too, Zeus, he at whose bidding thou, turned to gold, didst pierce the brazen chamber.

65.—Anonymous

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

66.— Rufinus

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

67.— Capito

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

68.— Lucilius or Polemo of Pontus

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

¹ Leda.
69.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ
Παλλάς ἐσαθρήσασα καὶ "Ἡρη χρυσοπέδιλος Μαινιόδ, ἐκ κραδίης ίαχον ἀμφότεραι.
"Οὔκετί γυμνούμεθα· κρίσις μία ποιμένος ἀρκεῖ·
οὐ καλὸν ἠττᾶσθαι δίς περὶ καλλοσύνης."

70.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Κάλλος ἔχεις Κύπριδος, Πειθοῦς στόμα, σῶμα καὶ
ἀκμὴν
εἰλαμών Ὠρῶν, φθέγμα δὲ Καλλιόπης,
νοῦν καὶ σωφροσύνην Θέμιδος, καὶ χείρας Ἀθηνῆς·
σὺν σοι δ’ αἱ Χάριτες τέσσαρες εἰσι, φίλη.

71.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
οἱ δὲ ΠΑΛΑΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ
Πρωτομάχου πατρὸς καὶ Νικομάχης γεγαμηκὸς
θυγατέρα, Ζήνων, εὐδοκὴ ἔχεις πόλεμον.
ζήτει Λυσίμαχον μοιχὸν φίλον, ὡς σ’ ἐλεήσας
ἐκ τῆς Πρωτομάχου λύσεται Ἀνδρομάχης.

72.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τούτο βίος, τούτ’ αὐτό· τρουφή βίος. ἔρρετ’ ἀνίαι
ζωῆς ἀνθρώποις ὀλίγοις χρόνοις. ἄρτι Λύαρος,
ἄρτι χοροί, στέφανοι τε φιλανθέες, ἄρτι γυναῖκες·
σήμερον ἐσθλὰ πάθω· τὸ γὰρ αὐριον οὔδενι δήλον.

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69.—RUFINUS

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

70.—By the Same

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

71.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

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

72.—By the Same

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

Δαίμονες, οὐκ ἥδειν ὅτι λούεται ἡ Κουθέρεια,
χερσὶ καταυχεῖνος λυσαμένη πλοκάμους.
ιλήκοις, δέσποινα, καὶ ὁμμασιν ἡμετέρουσι
μήποτε μυρίσις, θείον ἰδοῦσι τύπον.
νῦν ἔγνων Ἄρδοκλεια, καὶ οὗ Κύπρια. εἶτα τὸ 5
κάλλος
tοῦτο πόθεν; σὺ, δοκῶ, τὴν θεοῦ ἐκδέδυκας.

74.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πέμπω σοί, Ἄρδοκλεια, τὸδε στέφος, ἀνεθεὶ καλοῖς
αὐτὸς ὑφ’ ἡμετέραις πλεξάμενος παλάμαις.
ἐστὶ κρίνων, ὑδέη τε κάλυξ, νοτερή τ’ ἄνεμων,
καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρός, καὶ κανανυγὲς ίον.
tαῦτα στεφαμένη, λήξων μεγάλαυχος ἐνύσια:
ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.

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

75.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γείτονα παρθένον εἶχον Ἀμμόμονθ, Ἀφροδίτη,
ἡ μου τὴν ψυχὴν ἐφλεγέν οὐκ ὁλίγον.
αὕτη μοι προσέπαιξε, καὶ, εἰ ποτὲ καιρὸς, ἐτόλμω
ἡρωρία. τὶ πλέου; τὸν πόνον ἔσθανετο
ήμυσα πολλὰ καμῶν. παρακήκτοι νῦν ὅτι τίκτει; 5
ὡστε τὶ ποιοῦμεν; φεύγομεν ἡ μένομεν;

76.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὕτη πρόσθεν ἔην ἐратόχροος, εἰαρώμασθος,
eὑσφυρος, εὐμῆκης, εὐφρυς, εὐπλόκαμος.

1 I suggest προσέπαιξε.
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73.—RUFINUS

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

74.—BY THE SAME

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

75.—BY THE SAME

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

76.—BY THE SAME

Once her complexion was lovely, her breasts like the spring-tide; all were good, her ankles, her
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ηλλάξθη δὲ χρόνῳ καὶ γήραι καὶ πολιάσθι,
καὶ νῦν τῶν προτέρων οὐδ' ἄναρ οὐδὲν ἔχει,
ἀλλοτρίας δὲ τρίχας, καὶ ῥυσώδες τὸ πρόσωπον,
oioun γηράσας οὐδὲ πίθηκος ἔχει.

77.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ τοίνυν χάριν εἴχε γυνὴ μετὰ Κύπριδος εὐνήν,
osκ ἂν τοι κόρον ἐσχεν ἀνήρ ἀλόχοιου ὀμιλῶν.
pᾶσαι γὰρ μετὰ Κύπριν ἀτερπέες εἰσὶ γυναικεῖς.

78.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τὴν ψυχὴν, 'Αγάθωνα φιλῶν, ἐπὶ χείλεσιν ἔσχον·
ἥλθε γὰρ ἡ τλήμων ὡς διαβησομένη.

79.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ μῆλῳ βάλλω σε· σοῦ δ' εἰ μὲν ἐκοῦσα φιλεῖς με,
δεξαμένη, τῆς σῆς παρθενίας μετάδος·
ei δ' ἀρ' δ' μὴ γίγνοιτο νοεῖς, τοῦτ' αὐτὸ λαβοῦσα
σκέψαι τὴν ἄρην ὡς ὀλυγοχρόνος.

80.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μῆλον ἐγὼ βάλλει με φιλῶν σὲ τίς. ἄλλ' ἐπίνευσον,
Ἐανθίππη· κἀγώ καὶ σὺ μαρανόμεθα.

81.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΥ ΣΟΦΙΣΤΟΤ

'Η τὰ ρόδα, ροδόεσσαν ἔχεις χάριν· ἄλλα τί
πωλεῖς;
σαυτήν, ἢ τὰ ρόδα; ἥ συναμφότερα;

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

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

77.—By the Same

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

78.—PLATO

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

79.—By the Same

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

80.—By the Same

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

81.—DIONYSIUS THE SOPHIST

You with the roses, rosy is your charm; but what do you sell, yourself or the roses, or both?
82.—ἈΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

"Ω σοβαρῆ βαλάνισσα, τί δὴ ποτὲ μ’ ἐκπυρα
λούεις; πρὶν μ’ ἀποδύσασθαι, τοῦ πυρὸς αἰσθάνομαι.

83.—ἈΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἶθ’ ἀνεμος γενόμην, σὺ δ’ ἐπιστείχουσα παρ’
ἀγάς στήθεα γυμνώσασις, καὶ με πνέοντα λάβοις.

84.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἶθε βόδου γενόμην ὑποπόρφυρον, ὃφρα με χερσὶν
ἀρσαμένη χαρίσῃ στήθει χυμούοις.

85.—ΑΣΚΑΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Φείδη παρθενίς· καὶ τι πλέον; σὺ γὰρ ἐσ”, Άθην
ἐλθοῦσ’, ἐυρήσεις τὸν φιλέοντα, κόρη.
ἐν ξωοίσι τὰ τερπνὰ τὰ Κύπριδος· ἐν δ’ Ἀχέροντι
ὅστα καὶ σπεδιή, παρθένε, κεισόμεθα.
A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 171.

86.—ΚΛΑΤΔΙΑΝΟΤ

"Ιλαβί μοι, φίλε Φοῖβε· σὺ γὰρ θοὰ τὸξα τυταίνων
ἐβλήθης ὑπ’ Ἐρωτός ὑπ’ ἀκυπόροισιν ὀδύστοις.

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82.—Anonymous

Proud waitress of the bath, why dost thou bathe me so fiercely? Before I have stripped I feel the fire.

83.—Anonymous

Oh, would I were the wind, that walking on the shore thou mightest bare thy bosom and take me to thee as I blow.

84.—Anonymous

Oh, would I were a pink rose, that thy hand might pluck me to give to thy snowy breasts.

85.—Asclepiades

Thou grudgest thy maidenhead? What avails it? When thou goest to Hades thou shalt find none to love thee there. The joys of Love are in the land of the living, but in Acheron, dear virgin, we shall lie dust and ashes.

86.—Claudianus

Have mercy on me, dear Phoebus; for thou, drawer of the swift bow, wast wounded by the swift arrows of Love.
87.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ

'Αρνεῖται τὸν ἔρωτα Μελισσιάς, ἄλλα τὸ σῶμα κέκραγ' ὡς βελέων δεξάμενον φαρέτρην,
kai βάσις ἀστατέουσα, καὶ ἄστατος ἀσθματος ὅρμη,
kai κοϊλαὶ βλεφάρων ὀστυπεῖσ βάσιες.
ἀλλά, Πόθοι, πρὸς μητρὸς ἐὔστεφάνου Κυθερείης,
φλέξατε τὴν ἀπιθη, μέχρις ἐρεὶ "Φλέγομαι."

88.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ δυσὶν οὐκ ἵσχυσας ἵσιν φλόγα, πυρφόρε, καῦσαι,
tὴν εἰν καιομένην ἢ σβέσου ἢ μετάθες.

89.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Οὐκ ἔσθι οὐτὸς ἔρως, εἰ τις καλὸν εἴδος ἔχουσαν
βούλετ' ἔχειν, φρονίμους ὦμμασι πειθόμενος,
ἀλλ' ὡστὶς κακόμορφον ἰδιόν, τετορημένος ὦν
στέργει, μαυσομένης ἐκ φρενὸς αἰθόμενος,
οὕτως ἔρως, πῦρ τούτο· τὰ γὰρ καλὰ πάντας ὄμοιος
τέρπει τοὺς κρίνειν εἴδος ἐπισταμένους.

90.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Πέμπω σοι μύρον ἡδύ, μύρῳ τὸ μύρον θεραπεύων,
ὡς Βρομίῳ σπένδων νάμα τὸ τοῦ Βρομίου.

91.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Πέμπω σοι μύρον ἡδύ, μύρῳ παρέχων χάριν, οὐ σοί:
αὐτῇ γὰρ μυρίσαι καὶ τὸ μύρον δύνασαι.
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87.—RUFINUS

Melissias denies she is in love, but her body cries aloud that it has received a whole quiverful of arrows. Unsteady is her step and she takes her breath in snatches, and there are dark purple hollows under her eyes. But, ye Loves, by your mother, fair-wreathed Cytherea, burn the rebellious maid, till she cry, “I am burning.”

88.—BY THE SAME

Linkman Love, if thou canst not set two equally alight, put out or transfer the flame that burns in one.

89.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

That is not love if one, trusting his judicious eyes, wishes to possess a beauty. But he who seeing a homely face is pierced by the arrows and loves, set alight by fury of the heart—that is love, that is fire; for beauty delights equally all who are good judges of form.

90.—ANONYMOUS

I send thee sweet perfume, ministering to scent with scent, even as one who to Bacchus offers the flowing gift of Bacchus.

91.—ANONYMOUS

I send thee sweet perfume, not so much honouring thee as it; for thou canst perfume the perfume.
92.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ
Τυφώται Ῥοδόπη τῷ κάλλει· κἂν ποτὲ “χαίρε” εὕπω, ταῖς σοβαραῖς ὀφρύσιν ἁσπάσατο.
ην ποτὲ καὶ στεφάνους προθύρων ὑπὲρ ἐκκρε-μάσωμαι,
οργισθέσα πατεῖ τοῖς σοβαροῖς ἱχνεσιν.
ὁ ὑπόδεις, καὶ γῆρας ἀνηλείς, ἔλθετε θάσσουν,
σπεύσατε· κἂν ὑμεῖς πείσατε τὴν Ῥοδόπην.

93.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ωπλισμαὶ πρὸς “Ερωτα περὶ στέρνουσι λογισμόν,
ούδὲ με νικήσει, μοῦνος ἐδών πρὸς ἑνα’
θανῶς δ’ ἀθανάτω συστήσομαι· ἦν δὲ βοηθὸν
Βάκχου ἑχῃ, τὶ μόνος πρὸς δὺ ἐγὼ δύναμαι;
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 124.

94.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ομματ’ ἔχεις“ Ἡρης, Μελητη, τὰς χεῖρας Ἀθηνῆς,
τοὺς μαζοὺς Παφίης, τὰ σφυρὰ τῆς Θέτιδος.
εὐδαιμόν ό βλέπων σε· τρισδέκατος ὡς τοις ἀκούει·
ἡμῖθεος δ’ ὁ φιλῶν· ἀθάνατος δ’ ὁ γαμοῦ.

95.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα
Μοῦσαι·
Δερκυλῆς ἐν πάσαις Μοῦσα, Χάρις, Παφίη.

96.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Ἰξὼν ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα, τὰ δ’ ὄμματα, Τιμάριον,
πῦρ·
ἡμ ἐσίδης, καλεῖς· ἦν δὲ θύγης, δέδεκας.
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92.—RUFINUS

Rhodope is exalted by her beauty, and if I chance to say "Good day," salutes me only with her proud eyebrows. If I ever hang garlands over her door, she crushes them under her haughty heels in her wrath. Come quicker, wrinkles and pitiless old age; make haste. Do you at least unbend Rhodope.

93.—BY THE SAME

I have armed my breast with wisdom against Love; nor will he conquer, if it be a single combat. I, a mortal, will stand up against an immortal. But if he has Bacchus to help him, what can I alone against two?

94.—BY THE SAME

Thou hast Hera’s eyes, Melite, and Athene’s hands, the breasts of Aphrodite, and the feet of Thetis. Blessed is he who looks on thee, thrice blessed he who hears thee talk, a demigod he who kisses thee, and a god he who takes thee to wife.

95.—ANONYMOUS

Four are the Graces, there are two Aphrodites and ten Muses. Dercylis is one of all, a Grace, an Aphrodite, and a Muse.

96.—MELEAGER

Timarion, thy kiss is bird-lime, thy eyes are fire. If thou lookest at me, thou burnest, if thou touchest me, thou hast caught me fast.
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97.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ
Εἰ μὲν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρους, Ἐρως, ἵσα τόξα τυταίνεις,
eἰ θεός· εἰ δὲ δέπεις πρὸς μέρος, οὐ θεὸς εἰ.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 126.

98.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΧΙΟΤ
Ὀπλίζειν, Κύπρι, τόξα, καὶ εἰς σκοπὸν ἦσυχος ἔλθε
ἄλλον· ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔχω τραύματος οὐδὲ τόπον.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 151.

99.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Ἡθελον, ὡς κιθαρίζεις, παραστάς, ὡς κιθαρίζεις,
tὴν ὑπάτην κρούσαι, τὴν τε μέσην χαλάσαι.

100.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Εἰ μοι τις μέμφοιτο, δαείς ὅτι λάτρις Ἐρωτος
φοιτῶ, θηρευτὴν δρμασίν ἤδειν ἔχων,
eἰδείη καὶ Ζήνα, καὶ Ἀιδα, τὸν τε θαλάσσης
σκηπτούχον, μαλερῶν δούλου ἐόντα πόδων.
eἰ δὲ θεοὶ τοιοῦδε, θεοὶ δὲ ἐνέποτοις ἐπεσθαί
ἀνθρώπους, τί θεῶν ἔργα μαθὼν ἀδικῶ;

101.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
a. Χαίρε κόρη. β. Καὶ δὴ σύ. a. Τίς ἡ προϊόνσα;
β. Τί πρὸς σέ;
a. Οὐκ ἄλγος ζητῶ. β. Δεσπότις ἡμετέρη.
a. Ἐπιλίζειν ἔστι; β. Ζητεῖς δὲ τί; a. Νύκτα.
b. Φέρεις τι;
a. Χρυσόν. β. Εὐθύμει. a. Καὶ τόσον. β. Οὐ
dύνασαι.
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97.—RUFINUS

Love, if thou aimest thy bow at both of us impartially thou art a god, but if thou favourest one, no god art thou.

98.—ARCHIAS or ANONYMOUS

Prepare thy bow, Cypris, and find at thy leisure another target; for I have no room at all left for a wound.

99.—ANONYMOUS

Vellem, O citharoede, adstans tibi lyram pulsanti summam pulsare, medium vero laxare.

100.—ANONYMOUS

If anyone blame me because, a skilled servant of Love, I go to the chase, my eyes armed with bird-lime to catch ladies, let him know that Zeus and Hades and the Lord of the Sea were slaves of violent desire. If the gods are such and they bid men follow their example, what wrong do I do in learning their deeds?

101.—ANONYMOUS

He. Good day, my dear. She. Good day. He. Who is she who is walking in front of you? She. What is that to you? He. I have a reason for asking. She. My mistress. He. May I hope? She. What do you want? He. A night. She. What have you for her? He. Gold. She. Then take heart. He. So much (shewing the amount). She. You can’t.
102.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Τὴν ἅγιὰν Διόκλειαν, ἀσαρκοτὲρην Ἀφροδίτην, ὤγει, ἀλλὰ καλοῖς ἤθεσι τερπομένην. οὐ πολὺ μοι τὸ μεταξὺ γενήσεται· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ λεπτὰ στέρνα πεσών, ὕψιθεν κείσομαι ἐγγυτάτω.

103.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ
Μέχρι τίνος, Προδίκη, παρακλαύσομαι; ἄχρι τίνος σε γοννάσομαι, στερεῇ, μηδὲν ἀκούόμενος; ήδη καὶ λευκάλ σοι ἐπισκιρτῶσιν ἔθεραι, καὶ τάχα μοι δώσεις ὡς Ἑκάβη Πριάμῳ.

104.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Αἴρε τὰ δίκτυα ταύτα, κακόσχολε, μηδ' ἐπιτηδές ἱσχίον ἐρχομένη σύστρεφε, Δυσδίκη.
εὖ¹ σε περισφύγγει λεπτὸς στολιδώμασι πέπλος, πάντα δέ σου βλέπεται γυμνά, καὶ οὐ βλέπεται. εἰ τόδε σοι χαρίν καταφαίνεται, αὐτὸς ὁμοίως ὀρθὸν ἔχων βύσσῳ τοῦτο περισκεπάσω.

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Αλλος ὁ Μηνοφίλας λέγεται παρὰ μαχλάσι κόσμος, ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ πάσης γεύσεις ἀκρασίας.
ἀλλ' ἢ τε Χαλδαῖαν κείνης πέλας· ἢ γὰρ ὁ ταύτης οὐρανὸς ἐντὸς ἐχει καὶ κύνα καὶ διδύμους.

106.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΤ
Γραία, φίλη θρέπτειρα, τί μου προσιόντος ὥλακτεῖς, καὶ χαλεπᾶς βάλλεις δις τόσον εἰς ὁδύνας;

¹ I write ἐὖ: of MS.
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102.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

"You will see Dioclea, a rather slim little Venus, but blessed with a sweet disposition." "Then there won't be much between us, but falling on her thin bosom I will lie all the nearer to her heart."

103.—RUFINUS

For how long, Prodice, shall I weep at thy door? Till when shall thy hard heart be deaf to my prayers? Already the grey hairs begin to invade thee, and soon thou shalt give thyself to me as Hecuba to Priam.

104.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Take off these nets, Lysidice, you tease, and don't roll your hips on purpose, as you walk. The folds of your thin dress cling well to you, and all your charms are visible as if naked, and yet are invisible. If this seems amusing to you, I myself will dress in gauze too (hoc erectum bysso velabo.)

105.—BY THE SAME

Alius Menophilae qui dicitur inter reliquam scorta mundus (vel decentia), alius ubi omnem adhibet impudicitiam. At vos Chaldaei accedite ad hanc; caelum (vel palatum) enim eis et Canem et Geminos intus habet.

106.—DIOTIMUS OF MILETUS

Granny, dear nurse, why do you bark at me when I approach, and cast me into torments twice
παρθενικήν γὰρ ἀγείς περικάλλεα, τῆς ἐπιβαίνων ἑχθείς τὴν ἴδικήν οἴμοι ἵδι ὡς φέρομαι, εἰδὸς ἐσαυγάζων μοῦνον γλυκύ, τῆς φθόνος ὅσσον, δύσμορε; καὶ μορφάς ἄθανάτων βλέπομεν.

107.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

"Γριφάκω, χαρίεσσα, φιλεῖν πάνυ τὸν φιλέοντα, καὶ πάλι γριφάκω τὸν μὲ δακόντα δακεῖν· μὴ λύπει με λίπη στέργοντά σε, μηδ’ ἔρεθίζεων τὰς βαρυρογύτους σοι θέλει Πιερίδας.”

τοῦτ’ ἐβόων αἰεὶ καὶ προύλεγον· ἀλλ’ ἵσα πόντῳ Ἰουνίοι μῦθοι ἐκλυεῖς ἱμετέροις.
τόναρ νῦν σὺ μὲν ὅπε μέγα κλαίουσα βαύζεις· ἡμεῖς δὲ ἐν κόλποις ἠμέθα Ναϊάδος.

108.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Δειλαίη, τί σε πρῶτον ἔπος, τί δὲ δεύτερον εἴπω; δειλαίη· τοῦτ’ ἐν παντὶ κακῷ ἐτυμον.
οἶχες, ὦ χαρίεσσα γύναι, καὶ ἐς εἰδεός ὅρην ἀκρα καὶ εἰς ψυχῆς ἱθος ἐνεγκαμένη.
Πρώτη σοι ὄνομ’ ἑσκεν ἐντήμουν· ἦν γὰρ ἄπαντα 5
dεύτερ’ ἀμιμήτων τῶν ἐπὶ σοι χαρίτων.

109.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ <ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ>

Δραχμῆς Εὔρωπην τὴν Ἀτθίδα, μήτε φοβηθεῖς μηδένα, μήτ’ ἀλλος ἀντιλέγουσαν, ἔχε, καὶ στρωμνὴν παρέχουσαν ἀμεμφέα, χοπότε χειμών, ἀνθρακας. ἡ ῥα μάτην, Ζεὺς φίλε, θοὺς ἐγένου.
as cruel. You accompany a lovely girl, and look how treading in her steps I go my own way, only gazing at her sweet form. Why be jealous of eyes, ill-fated nurse? We are allowed to look on the forms of even the immortals.

107.—PHILODEMUS

"I know, charming lady, how to love him who loves me, and again I know right well how to bite him who bites me. Do not vex too much one who loves thee, or try to provoke the heavy wrath of the Muses." So I ever cried to thee and warned, but thou didst hearken to my words no more than the Ionian Sea. So now thou sobbest sorely and complainest, while I sit in Naias' lap.

108.—CRINAGORAS

*(Epitaph on a lady called Prote)*

Unhappy! what first shall I say, what last? Unhappy! that is the essence of all woe. Thou art gone, O lovely lady, excelling in the beauty of thy body, in the sweetness of thy soul. Rightly they named thee Prote (First): for all was second to the peerless charm that was thine.

109.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

You can have the Attic Europa for a drachma with none to fear and no opposition on her part, and she has perfectly clean sheets and a fire in winter. It was quite superfluous for you, dear Zeus, to turn into a bull.
110.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

"Εγερει Δυσιδίκης κυάθους δέκα, τής δὲ ποθενῆς Ἕνφραντης ἕνα μου, λατρεὶς, δίδου κύαθον.
φίλεις Δυσιδίκην με φιλεῖν πλέον. οὐ μὰ τὸν ἥδυν
Βάκχον, ὅπεν ταῦτη λαβροποτῶ κύλικι
ἀλλὰ μου Ἕνφραντη μία πρὸς δέκα: καὶ γὰρ 5
ἀπεῖρους
ιστέρας ἐν μήνης φέγγος ὑπερτίθεται.

111.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Εἰπὼν ἐγὼ καὶ πρόσθεν, ὅτι ἦν ἐντεῖ φίλτρα Τερείνης
νῆπια, "Συμφλέξει πάντας άεξομένη." 5
οἱ δὲ ἐγέλων τῶν μάντων. ἤδε, ὁ χρόνος ὃν ποτ' ἐφώνουν,
οὕτως: ἐγὼ δὲ πάλαι τραύματος ἡσθανόμην.
καὶ τί πάθω; λεύσσειν μὲν, ὅλαι φλόγες: ἦν δὲ 5
ἀπονεύσω,
φροντίδες: ἢν δὲ αἰτῶ, "παρθένος." οἰχόμεθα.

112.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

'Ἡράσθην: τὶς δ' οὐχὶ; κεκώμακα: τὶς δ' ἁμύντωσ
κόμων; ἀλλ' ἐμάνηων ἐκ τίνος; οὐχὶ θεοῦ;
ἐρρίφθω: πολίτη γὰρ ἐπείγεται ἀντὶ μελαίνης
θρίξ ἡδη, συνετῆς ἀγγελος ἡλικίας.
καὶ παῖξειν ὅτε καιρὸς, ἐπαιξαμεν: ἴνικα καὶ νῦν 5
οὐκέτι, λωτέρης φροντίδος ἄψομεθα.

113.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ἡράσθης πλούτων, Σωσίκρατες: ἀλλὰ πένης ὃν
οὐκέτ' ἔρας: λιμὸς φάρμακον ὅτως ἔχει.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

110.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Pour in ten ladles of Lysidice,¹ cup-bearer, and of charming Euphrante give me one ladle. You will say I love Lysidice best. No! I swear by sweet Bacchus, whom I drain from this cup. But Euphrante is as one to ten. Doth not the light of the moon that is single overcome that of countless stars?

111.—ANTIPHILUS

I said even formerly, when Tereina’s charms were yet infantile, “She will consume us all when she grows up.” They laughed at my prophecy: but lo! the time I once foretold is come, and for long I suffer myself from the wound. What am I to do? To look on her is pure fire, and to look away is trouble of heart, and if I pay my suit to her, it is “I am a maid.” All is over with me.

112.—PHILODEMUS

I loved. Who hath not? I made revels in her honour. Who is uninitiated in those mysteries? But I was distraught. By whom? Was it not by a god?—Good-bye to it; for already the grey locks hurry on to replace the black, and tell me I have reached the age of discretion. While it was playtime I played; now it is over I will turn to more worthy thoughts.

113.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

You fell in love, Sosicrates, when rich; now you are poor, you are in love no longer. What an

¹ It was customary, when the cup-bearer ladled the wine into the cup, to pronounce the name of the lady one wished to toast.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

"ἳ δὲ πάρος σε καλεῦσα μύρον καὶ τερπνὸν Ἄδωνιν Μηνοφίλα, νῦν σου τούνομα πυνθάνεται,
"Τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, πόθι τοι πτόλις;" ἡ μόλις ἔγνως
tοῦτ' ἔπος, ὡς οὐδεὶς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι φίλος. 5

W. Cowper, Works (Globe ed.), p. 504.

114.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ

"Ἡ χαλεπὴ κατὰ πάντα Φιλίστιου, ἡ τοῦ ἐραστὴν
μηδέποτ' ἀργυρίου χωρὶς ἀνασχομένη,
φαίνετ' ἀνεκτοτέρη νῦν ἡ πάρος. οὐ μέγα θαῦμα
φαίνεσθ', ἥλιαχθαι τῷ φύσιν οὐ δοκέω.
καὶ γὰρ πρηνύτερη πότε γίνεται ἄσπις ἀναιδής;
δάκνει δ' οὐκ ἄλλως ἡ θανατηφορίην. 5

115.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

"Ἡράσθην Δημοῦς Παφίς γένος· οὐ μέγα θαῦμα·
καὶ Σαμίης Δημοῦς δεύτερον· οὐχὶ μέγα·
kαὶ πάλι Ναξιακῆς Δημοῦς τρίτον· οὐκέτι ταῦτα
παίγνια· καὶ Δημοῦς τέτρατον Ἀργολίδου.
αὐταὶ που Μοῖραι με κατωνόμασαν Φιλόδημον,
ὡς αἰεὶ Δημοῦς θερμὸς ἔχει με πόθος. 5

116.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Θῆλυς ἔρως καλλιστος ἐνὶ θυητοίς τέτυκται,
δοσοὶς ἐς φιλίην σεμνὸς ἐνεστὶ νόσος.
eἰ δὲ καὶ ἄρσενικὸν στέργεις πόθουν, οἶδα διδάξαι
φάρμακα, ὃ παύσεις τὴν δυσέρωτα νόσον.
στρέψας Μηνοφίλαν εὐσχίου, ἐν φρεσὶν ἐξπον
αὐτὸν ἔχειν κόλποις ἀρσενα Μηνόφιλον. 5
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

admirable cure is hunger! And Menophila, who used to call you her sweety and her darling Adonis, now asks your name. "What man art thou, and whence, thy city where?" ¹ You have perforce learnt the meaning of the saying, "None is the friend of him who has nothing."

114.—MAECIUS

That persistently cruel Philistion, who never tolerated an admirer unless he had money, seems less insufferable now than formerly. It is not a great miracle her seeming so, but I don't believe her nature is changed. The merciless aspic grows tamer at times, but when it bites, it always means death.

115.—PHILODEMUS

I fell in love with Demo of Paphos—nothing surprising in that: and again with Demo of Samos—well that was not so remarkable: and thirdly with Demo of Naxos—then the matter ceased to be a joke: and in the fourth place with Demo of Argos. The Fates themselves seem to have christened me Philodeme ²; as I always feel ardent desire for some Demo.

116.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

The love of women is best for those men who are serious in their attachments. Si vero et masculus amor tibi placet, scio remedium, quo sedabis pravum istum morbum. Invertens Menophilam pulchriclunem crede masculum Menophilum amplecti.

¹ Homer.
² The name means of course "Lover of the people."

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117.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ
Θερμαίνει μ’ ὁ καλὸς Κορνήλιος· ἄλλα φοβοῦμαι
tούτο τὸ φῶς, ἢδη πῦρ μέγα γυγυμόμενον.

118.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Ἰσιὼς ἐδύπνευστε, καὶ εἰ δεκάκις μύρον ὀσῶς,
ἐγρευ καὶ δέξαι χερσὶ φίλαις στέφανον,
ὅν τὸν μὲν θάλλοντα, μαραμόμενον δὲ πρὸς ἡδὲ
ὀψει, ὑμετέρησε σύμβολον ἡλικίης.
Α. Εμλαίλε, Poems and Translations, p. 49.

119.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Κῆν ρίψης ἐπὶ λαϊ, καὶ ἂν ἐπὶ δεξιά ρίψης,
Κριναγόρη, κενεοῦ σαυτὸν ὑπερθε λέχους,
εἰ μὴ σοι χαρίσσα σαρκίνοντο Γέμελλα,
γνώσῃ κοιμηθεῖς οὐχ ὑπνον, ἄλλῃ κόπον.

120.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Καὶ νυκτὸς μεσάτης τὸν ἐμὸν κλέψασα σύνενυνον
ἡλθον, καὶ πυκνῆ τεγγομένη ψακάδη.
τοῦτε ἐν ἀπήκτοισι καθήμεθα, κούχὶ λαλεύντες
εὐδομεν, ὡς εὐδειν τὸς φιλέουσι βῆμας;

121.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μικῆ καὶ μελανεῦσα Φιλαίνιον, ἄλλα σελίων
οὐλοτέρη, καὶ μνὸ χρῶτα τερεινοτέρη,
καὶ κεστὸ φωνεῦσα μαγώτερα, καὶ παρέχουσα
πάντα, καὶ αὐτήσαι πολλάκι φειδομένη.
τοιαύτης στέργομι Φιλαίνιον, ἄχρις ἄν εὐρω
ἄλλην, ὁ χρυσή Κύπρι, τελειοτέρην.
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117.—MAECIUS

Cornelius' beauty melts me; but I fear this flame, which is already becoming a fierce fire.

118.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Isias, though thy perfumed breath be ten times sweeter than spikenard, awake, and take this garland in thy dear hands. Now it is blooming, but as dawn approaches thou wilt see it fading, a symbol of thine own fresh youth.

119.—CRINAGORAS

Crinagoras, though thou tosest now to the left, now to the right on thy empty bed, unless lovely Gemella lie by thee, thy rest will bring thee no sleep, but only weariness.

120.—PHILODEMUS

By midnight, eluding my husband, and drenched by the heavy rain, I came. And do we then sit idle, not talking and sleeping, as lovers ought to sleep?

121.—BY THE SAME

Philaeonium is short and rather too dark, but her hair is more curled than parsley, and her skin is more tender than down; there is more magic in her voice than in the cestus of Venus, and she never refuses me anything and often refrains from begging for a present. Such a Philaeonium grant me, golden Cypris, to love, until I find another more perfect.

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122.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Μὴ σὺ γε, μηδ' εἰ τοι πολὺ φέρτερος εἶδεται ὀσσῶν
ἀμφοτέρων, κλεινοὶ κοῦρε Megistokleous,
kῆν στήλβη Ἱαρίτεσσι λελουμένος, ἀμφιδονοίης
tὸν καλόν· οὐ γὰρ ὁ παῖς ἢπιος οὐδ' ἄκακος,
ἄλλα μέλων πολλοῖς, καὶ οὐκ ἀδίδακτος ἔρωτων. 5
tὴν φλόγα ῥυπίζειν δείδιθι, δαμόνιε.

123.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Νυκτερινή, δίκερος, φιλοπάννυχε, φαίνε, Σελήνη,
φαίνε, δε' εὐτρήτων βαλλομένη θυρίδων
ἀναγάζει χρυσένιον Καλλίστην ο' τά φιλεύντων
ἔρημα κατοπτεύειν οὐ φθόνος ἄθανάτη.
ὀλβίζεις καὶ τήνδε καὶ ἡμέας, οἴδα, Σελήνη·
καὶ γὰρ σὴν ψυχὴν ἐφλέγειν Ἐυδυμίων. 5

124.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὡς καὶ καλύκων γυμνὸν θέρος, οὐδὲ μελαίνει
βότρυς ὁ παρθενίως πρωτοβολῶν χάριτας·
ἀλλ' ἣδη θοὰ τὸξα νέοι θήγουσιν Ἑρωτεῖς,
Λυσιδίκη, καὶ πῦρ τύφεται ἐγκρύφιον.
φεύγωμεν, δυσέρωτες, ἐως βέλος οὐκ ἐπὶ νευρῇ·
mάντεσ ἐγὼ μεγάλης αὐτίκα πυρκαίης. 5

125.—ΒΑΣΣΩΤ

Ὁ μέλλων ἤμοισίν χρυσός ποτε· βοῦς δὲ γένοιτο ἄλλος,
χω μελίθρον κύκνος ἐπθόνιος.
Ζηνὶ φυλασσέσθω τάδε παίγνια· τῇ δὲ Κορίνη
tοὺς ὀβολοὺς δῶσω τοὺς δύο, κοῦ πέτομαι.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

122.—DIODORUS

Son of illustrious Megistocles, I beseech thee, not even though he seem to thee more precious than thy two eyes, though he be glowing from the bath of the Graces, hum not around the lovely boy. Neither gentle nor simple-hearted is he, but courted by many, and no novice in love. Beware, my friend, and fan not the flame.

123.—PHILODEMOS

Shine, Moon of the night, horned Moon, who lovest to look on revels, shine through the lattice and let thy light fall on golden Callistion. It is no offence for an immortal to pry into the secrets of lovers. Thou dost bless her and me, I know, O Moon; for did not Endymion set thy soul afire?

124.—BY THE SAME

Thy summer’s flower hath not yet burst from the bud, the grape that puts forth its first virgin charm is yet green, but already the young Loves sharpen their swift arrows, Lysidice, and a hidden fire is smouldering. Let us fly, we unlucky lovers, before the arrow is on the string. I foretell right soon a vast conflagration.

125.—BASSUS

I am never going to turn into gold, and let some one else become a bull or the melodious swan of the shore. Such tricks I leave to Zeus, and instead of becoming a bird I will give Corinna my two obols.
126.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Πέντε δίδωσιν ἐνώς τῇ δείμα ὁ δείμα τάλαντα, 5
καὶ βινεῖ φρύσσων, καὶ μὰ τὸν οὐδὲ καλὴν—
πέντε δ’ ἐγὼ δραχμὰς τῶν δώδεκα Λυσιανάσσης,
καὶ βινὸ πρὸς τὸ κρείσσωνα καὶ φανερῶς.
πάντωσ ῥτοὶ ἐγὼ φρένας οὐκ ἔχω, ἢ τὸ γε λουπὸν
τοὺς κείνου πελέκει δεὶ διδύμους ἄφελεῖν.

127.—ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Παρθένον Ἀλκίττην ἐφίλουν μέγα, καὶ ποτε
πέσας
αὐτὴν λαθριδίως εἶχον ἐπὶ κλισίῃ.
ἀμφοτέρων δὲ στέρνου ἐπάλλετο, μὴ τις ἐπέλθῃ,
μὴ τις ἵδη τὰ πόθων κρυπτὰ περισσοτέρων.
μητέρα δ’ οὐκ ἔλαθεν κεῖνης λάλοιν ἀλλ’ ἐσιδοῦσα
ἐξαπίνης, “Ἐρμῆς κοινός,” ἔφη, “θύγατερ.”

128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στέρνα περὶ στέρνους, μαστῷ δ’ ἐπὶ μαστῶν ἐρείσας,
χεῖλεά τε γλυκερῶς χεῖλεσι συμπιέσας 5
Ἀντιγόνης, καὶ χρώτα λαβῶν πρὸς χρώτα, τὰ
λοιπὰ
συγῶ, μάρτυς ἐφ’ οἷς λύχνοι ἐπεγράφετο.

129.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Τὴν ἃπὸ τῆς Ἀσίης ὀρχηστρίδα, τῆν κακοτέχνους
σχήμασιν ἐξ ἀπαλῶν κινυμένην ὁνύχων,
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

126.—PHILODEMUS

So-and-so gives so-and-so five talents for once, and possesses her in fear and trembling, and, by Heaven, she is not even pretty. I give Lysianassa five drachmas for twelve times, and she is better looking, and there is no secret about it. Either I have lost my wits, or he ought to be rendered incapable of such conduct for the future.

127.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

I was very fond of a young girl called Alcippe, and once, having succeeded in persuading her, I brought her secretly to my room. Both our hearts were beating, lest any superfluous person should surprise us and witness our secret love. But her mother overheard her talk, and looking in suddenly, said, "We go shares, my daughter." ¹

128.—BY THE SAME

Breast to breast supporting my bosom on hers, and pressing her sweet lips to mine I clasped Antigone close with naught between us. Touching the rest, of which the lamp was entered as witness, I am silent.

129.—AUTOMEDON

The dancing-girl from Asia who executes those lascivious postures, quivering from her tender finger-

¹ Treasure-trove was supposed to come from Hermes. Hence the proverb.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

αἰνέω, οὐχ οτι πάντα παθαίνεται, οὐδ' οτι βάλλει
tὰς ἀπαλὰς ἀπαλῶς ὠδε καὶ ὠδε χέρας·
ἀλλ' οτι καὶ τριβάκων περὶ πάσσαλον ὀρχήσασθαι
οἶδε, καὶ οὐ φεύγει γηραλέας ρυτίδας.
γλωττίζει, κυίζει, περιλαμβάνει· ἢν δ' ἐπιρύη
τὸ σκέλος, ἔξ ἄδου τὴν κορύφην ἀνάγει.

130.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ

Τῇ στυγνῇ; τὶ δὲ ταῦτα κόμης εἰκαία, Φιλαινί,
σκύλματα, καὶ νυτερῶν σύγχυσις ὄμματίων;
μὴ τὸν ἑραστὴν εἶδες ἄγουθ' ὑποκόλπιον ἄλλην;
εἴπον ἐμοί· λύπης φάρμακ' ἐπιστάμεθα.
δακρύεις, οὐ φῆς δὲ· μάτην ἀρνεῖσθ' ἐπιβάλλην;
ὅφθαλμοι γλώσσης ἄξιοπιστότεροι.

131.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Ψαλμὸς, καὶ λαλή, καὶ κωτίλον ὁμμα, καὶ φάν
Ἴανθηπης, καὶ πῦρ ἄρτι καταρχόμενον,
δ' ψυχή, φλέξει σε' τὸ δ' ἐκ τίνος, ἢ πότε, καὶ
πῶς,
οὐκ οἶδα· γνώση, δύσμορε, τυφομένη.

132.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

'Ω ποδός, δ' κυήμης, δ' τῶν ἀπόλολα δικαίως
μηρῶν, δ' γλυτιῶν, δ' κτενός, δ' λαγόνων,
δ' ὀμοίων, δ' μαστῶν, δ' τῶν ῥαδίνων τραχήλων,
δ' χειρῶν, δ' τῶν μαίνομαι ὄμματίων,
δ' κατατεχνοτάτου κυήματος, δ' περιάλλων
γλωττισμῶν, δ' τῶν θ' ἐμὲ φωναρίων.
εἰ δ' Ὄπική καὶ Φλώρα καὶ οὐκ ἄδουσα τὰ Σαπφοῦς,
καὶ Περσεῦς Ἰνδῆς ἤραστ' Ἀνδρομέδης.
tips, I praise not because she can express all variations of passion, or because she moves her pliant arms so softly this way and that, sed quod et pannosum super clavum saltare novit et non fugit seniles rugas. Lingua basiatur, vellicat, amplexit tur; si vero femur superponat clavum vel ex orco reducit.

130.—MAECIUS

Why so gloomy, and what do these untidy ruffled locks mean, Philaenitis, and those eyes suffused with tears? Did you see your lover with a rival on his lap? Tell me; I know a cure for sorrow. You cry, but don’t confess; in vain you seek to deny; eyes are more to be trusted than the tongue.

131.—PHILODEMUS

Xanthippe’s touch on the lyre, and her talk, and her speaking eyes, and her singing, and the fire that is just alight, will burn thee, my heart, but from what beginning or when or how I know not. Thou, unhappy heart, shalt know when thou art smouldering.

132.—BY THE SAME

O feet, O legs, O thighs for which I justly died, O nates, O pectinem, O flanks, O shoulders, O breasts, O slender neck, O arms, O eyes I am mad for, O accomplished movement, O admirable kisses, O exclamations that excite! If she is Italian and her name is Flora and she does not sing Sappho, yet Perseus was in love with Indian Andromeda.
133.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ

"Ωμος' εγώ, δύο νύκτας ἀφ' Ἡδυλίου, Κυθέρεια, σὸν κράτος, ἡσυχάσειν· ὡς δοκέω δ', ἐγέλας, τούμον ἐπισταμένη τάλανος κακὸν· οὐ γὰρ ὑποίσω τὴν ἐτέρην, ὄρκους δ' εἰς ἀνέμους τίθεμαι. αἱροῦμαι δ' ἀσεβεῖν κεῖνης χάριν, ἢ τὰ σὰ τηρῶν ὅρκι' ἀποθυνῆσειν, πότιν', ὑπ' εὐσεβίης.

134.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ

Κεκροπὶ ῥαϊνε λάγυνε πολύδροσον ἴκμαδα Βάκχοι, ῥαϊνε· δροσιζέσθω συμβολικὴ πρότοσις. συγάσθω Ζήρων ὁ σοφὸς κύκνος, ἢ τε Κλεάνθους μοῦσα· μέλοι δ' ἡμῶν ὁ γυλυκύππικρος ἔρως.

135.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Στρογγύλη, εὐτόρηντε, μονοῦπτε, μακροτράχηλε, ἔψαυχην, στεινῷ φθεγγομένῃ στόματι, Βάκχου καὶ Μουσέων ἰλαρή λάτρι καὶ Κυθέρεις, ἡδύγελως, τερπνῇ συμβολικῶν ταμή, τίφθ' ὀπόταν νήφω, μεθύεις σὺ μοι, ἢν δὲ μεθυσθὼ, ἐκνήψεις; ἀδικεῖς συμποτικήν φιλήν.

136.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

"Ἐγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπὲ, πάλιν, πάλιν "Ἑλιοδώρας" εἰπὲ, σὺν ἀκρήτω τὸ γυλυκό μίση· ὁνομα· καὶ μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζόν ἐόντα, μναμόσυνον κείνας, ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον. δακρυέι φιλέραστον ἱδον ῥόδον, οὐνεκα κεῖναν ἀλλοθι, κού κόλπως ἀμετέρους ἐσορᾶ. 5

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 187; H. C. Beecling, In a Garden, p. 98.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

133.—MAECIUS

By thy majesty, Cytherea, I swore to keep away two nights from Hedylion, and knowing the complaint of my poor heart, methinks thou didst smile. For I will not support the second, and I cast my oath to the winds. I choose rather to be impious to thee for her sake than by keeping my oath to thee to die of piety.

134.—POSEIDIPPUS

Shower on us, O Attic jug, the dewy rain of Bacchus; shower it and refresh our merry picnic. Let Zeno, the learned swan, be kept silent, and Cleanthes' Muse,¹ and let our converse be of Love the bitter-sweet.

135.—ANONYMOUS

To his Jug

Round, well-moulded, one-eared, long-necked, babbling with thy little mouth, merry waitress of Bacchus and the Muses and Cytherea, sweetly-laughing treasurress of our club, why when I am sober are you full and when I get tipsy do you become sober? You don't keep the laws of conviviality.

136.—MELEAGER

To the Cup-bearer

Fill up the cup and say again, again, again, "Heliodora's."² Speak the sweet name, temper the wine with but that alone. And give me, though it be yesternight's, the garland dripping with scent to wear in memory of her. Look how the rose that favours Love is weeping, because it sees her elsewhere and not in my bosom.

¹ He did write poems, but "Muse" refers to his writings in general. ² For this custom see above, No. 110.
137.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Εγχει τάς Πειθούς καὶ Κύπριδος Ἡλεοδώρας, καὶ πάλι τάς αὐτάς ἀδυλόγω Χάριτος. αὐτὰ γὰρ μι’ ἐμοὶ γράφεται θεός, ἃς τὸ ποθεινὸν οὖνομ’ ἐν ἄκρητῳ συγκεράσας πίσομαι.

138.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

*Ἰππον Ἀθηνιόν ἔσεν ἐμοὶ κακόν· ἐν πυρὶ πᾶσα Ἰλιος ἢν, καγώ κεῖνη ἀμ’ ἐφλεγόμαι, οὐ δεῖσας Δαναὸν δεκήτη πόνον· ἐν δ᾿ ἐνὶ φέγγει τῷ τότε καὶ Τρώες καγὼ ἀπωλόμεθα.

139.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

*Αδὸν μέλος, ναὶ Πᾶνα τὸν Ἀρκάδα, πηκτίδι μέλπεις, Ζηνοφίλα, ναὶ Πᾶν’, ἀδὸν κρέκεις τι μέλος. ποὶ σε φύγω; πάντη με περιστείχουσιν Ἐρωτες, οὐδ’ ὅσου ἀμπυνέοιτε βαιὸν ἐώσει χρόνου. ἡ γάρ μοι μορφὰ βάλλει πόθον, ἡ πάλι μοῦσα, ἡ χάρις, ἡ . . . τί λέγω; πάντα πυρὶ φλέγομαι.

140.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ηδυμελείς Μοῦσαι σὺν πηκτίδι, καὶ λόγος ἐμφρων σὺν Πειθοῖ, καὶ Ἐρως κάλλος ὑφηνιοχῶν, Ζηνοφίλα, σοι σκῆπτρα Πόθων ἀπένειμαν, ἔπει σοι αἱ τρισσαὶ Χάριτες τρεῖς ἐδοσαν χάριτας.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

137.—By the Same

To the Cup-bearer

One ladle for Heliodora Peitho and one for Heliodora Cypris and one for Heliodora, the Grace sweet of speech. For I describe her as one goddess, whose beloved name I mix in the wine to drink.

138.—DIOSSCORIDES

Athenion sang "The Horse," an evil horse for me. All Troy was in flames and I burning with it. I had braved the ten years' effort of the Greeks, but in that one blaze the Trojans and I perished.

139.—MELEAGER

Sweet is the melody, by Pan of Arcady, that thou strikest from thy lyre, Zenophila; yea, by Pan, passing sweet is thy touch. Whither shall I fly from thee? The Loves encompass me about, and give me not even a little time to take breath; for either Beauty throws desire at me, or the Muse, or the Grace or—what shall I say? All of these! I burn with fire.

140.—By the Same

The melodious Muses, giving skill to thy touch, and Peitho endowing thy speech with wisdom, and Eros guiding thy beauty aright, invested thee, Zenophila, with the sovereignty of the Loves, since the Graces three gave thee three graces.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

141.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ναὶ τὸν Ἕρωτα, θέλω τὸ παρ’ οὐασιν Ἡλιοδώρας
φθέγμα κλύειν ἣ τὰς Δατοῦδεω κιβάρας.

142.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τίς, ρόδων ὁ στέφανος Διονυσίου, ἢ ρόδων αὐτὸς
τοῦ στέφανου; δοκεῖω, λείπεται ὁ στέφανος.

143.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραίνεται Ἡλιοδώρας.
αὐτῇ δ’ ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στέφανου στέφανος.

144.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἡ δὲ λευκόιοιν θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος
νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ’ οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα.
ἤδη δ’ ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἀνθεσιν ἄρμιον ἄνθος,
Ζηνοφίλα Πειθοῦς ἥδυ τέθηλε ρόδον.
λειμώνει, τί μάταια κόμαις ἐπὶ φαιδρὰ γελάτε;
ἀγρ’ παῖς κρέσσων ἀδυπνῶν στέφανον.

H. C. Beecning, In a Garren, p. 100; A. Lang, in G. R.
Thomson's Selections from the Greek Anthology, p. 151; Alma
Streitell, ιδ. p. 152; J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Ερι-
grams, ii. p. 66.

145.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Αὐτοῦ μοι στέφανοι παρὰ δικλίσι ταῖσδε κρεμάστοι
μέμνετε, μὴ προπετῶς φύλλα τινασσόμενοι,
οὐς δακρύοις κατέβρεξα· κατομβρα γὰρ ὃμματ’
ἔρωτων.
ἀλλ’, ὅταν οὐγομένης αὐτοῦ ἰδήτε θύρης,
στάξαθ’ ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς ἐμὸν ἔτούν, ὡς ἄν ἡμειὼν,
ἡ ξανθὴ γε κόμη τὰμὰ πλὴ δάκρυα.
5
1 The corrupt ἡμειὼν has probably taken the place of a
proper name.

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141.—By the Same

By Love I swear, I had rather hear Heliodora's whisper in my ear than the harp of the son of Leto.

142.—Anonymous

Which is it? is the garland the rose of Dionysius, or is he the garland's rose? I think the garland is less lovely.

143.—Meleager

The flowers are fading that crown Heliodora's brow, but she glows brighter and crowns the wreath.

144.—By the Same

Already the white violet is in flower and narcissus that loves the rain, and the lilies that haunt the hillside, and already she is in bloom, Zenophila, love's darling, the sweet rose of Persuasion, flower of the flowers of spring. Why laugh ye joyously, ye meadows, vainglorious for your bright tresses? More to be preferred than all sweet-smelling posies is she.

145.—Asclepiades

Abide here, my garlands, where I hang ye by this door, nor shake off your leaves in haste, for I have watered you with my tears—rainy are the eyes of lovers. But when the door opens and ye see him, shed my rain on his head, that at least his fair hair may drink my tears.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

146.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΩΤ
Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες· ποτὲ γὰρ μία ταῖς τρισὶ
κείναις
ἀρτὶ ποτεπλάσθη, κῇτι μῦροισι νοτεῖ
εὐαιῶν ἐν πᾶσιν ἀρίξαλος Βερενίκα,
ὡς ἀπὸ ὦδ’ αὐταῖ ταῖς Χάριτες Χάριτες.

147.—ΜΕΛΕΛΙΡΡΟΤ
Πλέξω λευκοῖον, πλέξω δ’ ἀπαλὴν ἀμα μῦρτοις
νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα,
πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἕδυν· ἐπιπλέξω δ’ ὑάκινθον
πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα,
ὡς ἄν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἡλιοδώρας
εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἄνθοβολῇ στέφανος.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 75; H. C.
Beeching, In a Garden, p. 98.

148.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Φαμί ποτ’ ἐν μῦθοις τὰν εὐλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
νικάσεων αὐτᾶς τὰς Χάριτας χάρισιν.

149.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὰς μοι Ζηνοφίλαν λαλιὰν παρέδειξεν ἑταίραν;
τὰς μίαν ἐκ τρισὶν ἔγαγε μοι Χάριτα;
ἡ δ’ ἐτύμως ἀυὴρ κεχαρισμένον ἄνυσεν ἔργον,
δώρα διδούσ, καὐτὰν τὰν Χάριν ἐν χάριτι.

150.—ΑΣΚΑΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
‘Ωμολογησ’ ἥξειν εἰς νύκτα μοι ἡ ’πιβύττος
Νικώ, καὶ σεμνὴν ὀμοσε Θεσμοφόρων.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

146.—CALLIMACHUS

The Graces are four, for beside those three standeth a new-erected one, still dripping with scent, blessed Berenice,¹ envied by all, and without whom not even the Graces are Graces.

147.—MELEAGER

I will plait in white violets and tender narcissus mid myrtle berries, I will plait laughing lilies too and sweet crocus and purple hyacinths and the roses that take joy in love, so that the wreath set on Heliodora's brow, Heliodora with the scented curls, may scatter flowers on her lovely hair.

148.—BY THE SAME

I foretell that one day in story sweet-spoken Heliodora will surpass by her graces the Graces themselves.

149.—BY THE SAME

Who pointed Zenophila out to me, my talkative mistress? Who brought to me one of the three Graces? He really did a graceful deed, giving me a present and throwing in the Grace herself gratis.

150.—ASCLEPIADES

The celebrated Nico promised to come to me for to-night and swore by solemn Demeter. She

¹ Berenice II, Queen of Egypt.
κοῦχ ἦκει, φυλακῇ δὲ παροίχεται. ἀρ' ἐπιορκεῖν ἦθελε; τὸν λύκνον, παιδεῖ, ἀποσβέσατε.

151.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ὅξυβόαι κόνωτες, ἀναιδέες, αἴματος ἀνδρῶν σίφωνες, νυκτὸς κυώδαλα διπτέρυγα, βαιῶν Ζηνοφίλαν, λίτομαι, πάρεθ' ἦσυχον ὑπνον εὔδειν, τὰμὰ δ' ἴδοι σαρκοφαγεῖτε μέλη.
καύτοι πρὸς τί μάτην αὐδῶ; καὶ θῆρες ἄτεγκται τέρπονται τρυφερὸ χρωτὶ χλαίνουμενοι.
ἀλλ' ἔτι νῦν προλέγω, κακὰ θρέμματα, λήγετε τόλμης,
ἡ γυνώσεσθε χερῶν ξηλοτύπων δύναμιν.

152.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πταῖς μοι, κόνωψ, ταχὺς ἀγγελός, οὐασι δ' ἄκροις
Ζηνοφίλας ψαύσας προσψηθύριζε τάδε:
"Ἀγρυπνος μίμανε σε' σὺ δ', ὦ λήθαργε φιλούπτων,
eὔδεις." ἔλα, πέτευν ναὶ, φιλόμουσε, πέτευ
ἡςυχα δὲ φθέγχαι, μή καὶ σύγκοιτον ἐγείρας
κινήσεις ἐπ' ἐμοὶ ξηλοτύπως ὀδύνας.
ἂν δ' ἀγάγης τὴν παῖδα, δορὰ στέψω σε λέοντος,
κόνωψ, καὶ δῶσο χειρὶ φέρειν ῥόπαλον.

153.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Νικάρετης τὸ Πόθοις βεβαμμένον ἢδυ πρόσωπον,
πυκνὰ δ' ὑψορόφων φαινόμενον θυρίδων,
αἱ χαροπαῖ Κλεοφόντος ἐπὶ προθύρους ἐμάραναν,
Κύπρε φίλη, γλυκεροῦ βλέμματος ἀστεροπαῖ.

1 βεβαμμένον Wilamowitz: βεβλημμένον MS.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

comes not and the first watch of night is past. Did she mean then to forswear herself? Servants, put out the light.

151.—MELEAGER

Yea shrill-voiced mosquitoes, ye shameless pack, suckers of men's blood, Night's winged beasts of prey, let Zenophila, I beseech ye, sleep a little in peace, and come and devour these my limbs. But why do I supplicate in vain? Even pitiless wild beasts rejoice in the warmth of her tender body. But I give ye early warning, cursed creatures: no more of this audacity, or ye shall feel the strength of jealous hands.

152.—BY THE SAME

Fly for me, mosquito, swiftly on my message, and lighting on the rim of Zenophila's ear whisper thus into it: "He lies awake expecting thee, and thou sleepest, O thou sluggard, who forgettest those who love thee." Whrr! away! yea, sweet piper, away! But speak lowly to her, lest thou awake her companion of the night and arouse jealousy of me to pain her. But if thou bringest me the girl, I will hood thy head, mosquito, with the lion's skin and give thee a club to carry in thy hand.¹

153.—ASCLEPIADES

Nicaretè's sweet face, bathed by the Loves, peeping often from her high casement, was blasted, dear Cypris, by the flame that lightened from the sweet blue eyes of Cleophon, standing by her door.

¹ i.e. I will give you the attributes of Heracles.
154.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Ναὶ τὰν νηξαμέναν χαροποῖς ἐνὶ κύμαισιν Κύπριν, ἔστι καὶ ἐκ μορφᾶς ἂν Τρυφέρα τρυφερά.

155.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἔντος ἐμῆς κραδίης τὴν εὐλαλοῦν Ὡλιοδόραν ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτῶς ἐπλασάσθεν Ἐρως.

156.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἀ Φίλεως χαροποῖς Ἀσκληπιάς ὅλα γαλήνης ὡμμασί συμπείθει πάντας ἐρωτοπλοεῖν.

157.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τρηχὺς ὄνυξ ὑπ’ Ἐρωτος ἀνέτραφες Ὡλιοδώρας· ταύτης γὰρ δύνει κυνίσμα καὶ ἐς κραδίην.

158.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Ἑρμιόνη πιθανῇ ποτ’ ἐγὼ συνέπαξον, ἔχουσῃ ξανίον ἐξ ἀνθέων ποικίλον, ὅ Παφίη, χρύσεα γράμματ’ ἔχου” διόλου ὃ ἐγέγραπτο, “Φίλει με· καὶ μὴ λυπηθῆς, ἤν τις ἔχῃ μ’ ἔτερος.”
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 28.

159.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Βοίδιον πύλητρις καὶ Πυθίας, αἵ ποτ’ ἔρασταί, σοί, Κύπρι, τὰς ζώνας τὰς τε γραφᾶς ἔθεσαν. ἐμπορε καὶ φορτηγὲ, τὸ σὸν βαλλάντιον οἶδεν καὶ πόθεν αἰ ζῶναι καὶ πόθεν οἱ πίνακες.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

154.—MELEAGER

By Cypris, swimming through the blue waves, Tryphera is truly by right of her beauty tryphera (delicate).

155.—BY THE SAME

Within my heart Love himself fashioned sweet-spoken Heliodora, soul of my soul.

156.—BY THE SAME

Love-loving Asclepias, with her clear blue eyes, like summer seas, persuadeth all to make the love-voyage.

157.—BY THE SAME

Love made it grow and sharpened it, Heliodora’s finger-nail; for her light scratching reaches to the heart.

158.—ASCLEPIADES

I played once with captivating Hermione, and she wore, O Paphian Queen, a zone of many colours bearing letters of gold; all round it was written, "Love me and be not sore at heart if I am another’s.”

159.—SIMONIDES

Boidion, the flute-player, and Pythias, both most lovable once upon a time, dedicate to thee, Cypris, these zones and pictures. Merchant and skipper, thy purse knows whence the zones and whence the pictures.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

160.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Δημώ λευκοπάρειε, σε μέν τις ἕχων ὑπόχρωτα
tέρπτεαι: ἀ δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ νῦν στενάχει κραδία.
eἰ δὲ σαββατικός κατέχει πόθος, οὐ μέγα θαύμα·
ἔστι καὶ ἐν ψυχροῖς σάββασι θερμὸς Ἑρως.

161.—ἩΔΑΛΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Εὐφρώ καὶ Θαῖς καὶ Βοϊδίου, αἱ Διομήδους
grαίαι, ναυκλήρων ὄλκάδες εἰκόσοροι,
'Αγιν καὶ Κλεοφώντα καὶ 'Ανταγόρην, ἐν ἐκάστῃ,
γυμνοῖς, ναυηγῶν ἡσσονάς, ἐξέβαλον.
ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐταῖς μνημὶ τὰ λιστρικὰ τῆς 'Αφροδίτης
φεύγετε: Σειρήνων αἴδε γὰρ ἐχθρότεραι.

162.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

'Ἡ λαμυρή μ' ἔτρωσε Φιλαίνιον· εἰ δὲ τὸ τραίμα
μὴ σαφές, ἀλλ' ὁ πόνος δύσεαι εἰς ὄνυχα.
οὐχόμενυ: Ἐρωτεῖς, ὀλωλά, διοίκομαι: εἰς γὰρ ἐταίραν
νυστάζων ἐπέβην, οἶδ', ἔθυγαν τ' Ἀιδα.

163.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ἀνθοδίατε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ὁλυνδώρας
ψαύεις, ἐκπρολιποῦσ' εἰαρινᾶς κάλυκας;
ἡ σύ γε μηνύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺ καὶ δυσύποιστον,
πικρὸν ἂν κραδία, κέντρον Ὁρωτος ἔχει;
ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἴπασ. Ἰῶ, φιλέραστε, παλάμπουσ 5
στείχε: πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἴδαμεν ἄγγελήν.

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160.—MELEAGER

White-cheeked Demo, some one hath thee naked next him and is taking his delight, but my own heart groans within me. If thy lover is some Sabbath-keeper 1 no great wonder! Love burns hot even on cold Sabbaths.

161.—HEDYLUS OR ASCLEPIADES

Euphros, Thais and Boidion, Diomedes’s old women, the twenty-oared transports of ship-captains, have cast ashore, one apiece, naked and worse off than shipwrecked mariners, Agis, Cleophon and Antagoras. But fly from Aphrodite’s corsairs and their ships; they are worse foes than the Sirens.

162.—ASCLEPIADES

Cruel Philaeonion has bitten me; though the bite does not show, the pain reaches to my finger-tips. Dear Loves, I am gone, ’tis over with me, I am past hope; for half-asleep I trod upon a whore, 2 I know it, and her touch was death.

163.—MELEAGER

O flower-nurtured bee, why dost thou desert the buds of spring and light on Heliodora’s skin? Is it that thou wouldst signify that she hath both sweets and the sting of Love, ill to bear and ever bitter to the heart? Yea, meseems, this is what thou sayest. “Off with thee back to thy flowers, thou flirt! It is stale news thou bringest me.”

1 i.e. a Jew.
2 έγραϕα γαίρ “a whore” is put contra expectationem for έχισων “a viper.”
164.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Νῦξ· σὲ γὰρ ὀψ ἄλλην μαρτύρομαι, οἷά μ᾽ ὑβρίζει
Πνειας ἢ Νικοὺς, οὕσα φιλεξαπάτης·
κληθείς, ὀψ ἄκλητος, ἐλήλυθα. ταῦτα παθοῦσα
σοι μέμψαι· ἐτῶ ἐμοῖς στᾶσα παρὰ προθύροις.

165.—ΜΕΔΕΛΑΡΩΤ

'Ἐν τόδε, παμμήτειρα θεῶν, λίτομαι σε, φίλη Νῦξ,
ναί λίτομαι, κώμων σύμπλανε, τότινα Νῦξ,
εἰ τις ὑπὸ χλαίνη βεβλημένος Ἡλιοδώρας
θάλπεται, ὑπναπάτη χρωτὶ χλαινόμενος,
κοιμᾶσθω μὲν λύχνος· ὅ δὲ ἐν κυλποίσιν ἐκεῖνης
ῥιπτασθεὶς κεῖσθω δεύτερος 'Ἐνδυμίων.

166.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ω νῦξ, ὁ φιλάγρυπνος ἐμοὶ πόθος Ἡλιοδώρας,
καὶ ἀσκολιῶν ὀρθροὺν κυνόματα δακρυχαρῆ,
ἀρα μὲνει στοργῆς ἐμὰ λείψανα, καὶ τὸ φίλημα
μημόσυνου ψυχρᾶ θάλπετ' ἐν εἰκασία;
ἀρα γὰρ ἔχει σύγκουτα τὰ δάκρυα, κάμον δὲνειρον
ψυχαπάτην στέρνοις ἀμφιβαλοῦσα φιλεῖ;
ἡ νέος ἄλλος ἔρως, νέα παίγνια; Μήποτε, λύχνε,
tαῦτ' ἐσίδης, εἰς δ' ἃς παρέδωκα φύλαξ.

167.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Τετὸς ἂν καὶ νῦξ, καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἄλγος ἔρωτι,
οἶνος· καὶ βορεῖς ψυχρὰς, ἐγὼ δὲ μόνος.

¹ The first hand in MS. has ὀρθῶν.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

164.—ASCLEPIADES

Night, for I call thee alone to witness, look how shamefully Nico's Pythias, ever loving to deceive, treats me. I came at her call and not uninvited. May she one day stand at my door and complain to thee that she suffered the like at my hands.

165.—MELEAGER.

Mother of all the gods, dear Night, one thing I beg, yea I pray to thee, holy Night, companion of my revels. If some one lies cosy beneath Heliodora's mantle, warmed by her body's touch that cheateth sleep, let the lamp close its eyes and let him, cradled on her bosom, lie there a second Endymion.¹

166.—BY THE SAME

O night, O longing for Heliodora that keepest me awake, O tormenting visions of the dawn full of tears and joy,² is there any relic left of her love for me? Is the memory of my kiss still warm in the cold ashes of fancy? Has she no bed-fellow but her tears and does she clasp to her bosom and kiss the cheating dream of me? Or is there another new love, new dalliance? Mayst thou never look on this, dear lamp; but guard her well whom I committed to thy care.

167.—ASCLEPIADES

It was night, it was raining, and, love's third burden, I was in wine; the north wind blew cold

¹ i.e. sound asleep.
² The text is corrupt here, and no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. The rendering is therefore quite conjectural.
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αλλ' ὁ καλὸς Μόσχος πλέον ἱσχυεν. "Αἱ σὺ γὰρ οὕτως
ἡλικε, οὔδὲ θύρην πρὸς μιὰν ἤσυχάσας."
τῇ δὲ τοσαύτῃ ἐβοήσα ς βεβηρεγμένος: "Ἀχρὶ τίνος,
Ζεῦ; Ζεῦ φίλε, σίγησον καῦτος ἐρὰν ἐμαθες."

168.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Καὶ πυρὶ καὶ νιφετῷ με καὶ, εἰ βούλοιο, κεραυνῷ
βάλλε, καὶ εἰς κρημνοὺς ἐλκε καὶ εἰς πελάγη
τὸν γὰρ ἀπανδήσαντα πόθος καὶ Ἔρωτι δαμέντα
οὐδὲ Δίος τρύχει πῦρ ἐπιβαλλόμενον.

169.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Ἡδὲ θέρους διψῶντι χιὼν ποτῶν. ἢδὲ δὲ ναύταις
ἐκ χειμῶνος ἱδεῖν εἰαρινῶν ἐφύρον.
ἠδιον δὲ ὅποταν κρύψῃ μία τοὺς φιλέοντας
χλαῖνα, καὶ αἰνήται Κύπρις ὑπ’ ἀμφοτέρων.


170.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

"Ἀδιον οὐδὲν ἔρωτος, ἀ δ’ ὀλβια, δεύτερα πάντα
ἐστίν’ ἀπὸ στόματος δ’ ἐπτυσα καὶ τὸ μέλι."
τούτῳ λέγει Νοσσίς: τῖνα δ’ ἀ Κύπρις οὐκ
ἐφίλασεν,
οὐκ οἶδεν κῆμα γ’ ἁνθεὰ ποιὰ ρόδα.


1. γ' Reitzenstein; τ' MS.
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and I was alone. But lovely Moschus overpowered all. "Would thou didst wander so, and didst not rest at one door." So much I exclaimed there, drenched through. "How long Zeus? Peace, dear Zeus! Thou too didst learn to love." ¹

168.—Anonymous

Hurl fire and snow upon me, and if thou wilt, strike me with thy bolt, or sweep me to the cliffs or to the deep. For he who is worn out by battle with Desire and utterly overcome by Love, feels not even the blast of Jove's fire.

169. ASCLEPIADES

Sweet in summer a draught of snow to him who thirsts, and sweet for sailors after winter's storms to feel the Zephyr of the spring. But sweeter still when one cloak doth cover two lovers and Cypris hath honour from both.

170. NOSSIS

"Nothing is sweeter than love; all delightful things are second to it, and even the honey I spat from my mouth." Thus saith Nossis, but if there be one whom Cypris hath not kissed, she at least knows not what flowers roses are.

¹ The epigram is very obscure and probably corrupt. The last words are addressed to Zeus as the weather god, but it is not evident who "thou" in line 3 is. The MS. there, it should be mentioned, has καὶ σὺ — ἄλφη, "And thou didst come."
171.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Τὸ σκύφος ἀδὺ γέγειθε, λέγει δ' ὅτι τὰς φιλέρωτος
Ζηνοφίλας ψαύει τοῦ λαλοῦ στόματος.
ὁλβιον· εἰθ' ὑπ' ἐμοῖς νῦν χεῖλεσι χείλεα θείσα
ἀπνευστὶ ψυχῶν τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ προτίοι.

172.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ορθρε, τι μοι, δυσέραστε, ταχὺς περὶ κοῖτον
ἐπέστης
ἀρτὶ φίλας Δημοὺς χρωτὶ χλαιωμένω;
εἰθὲ πάλιν στρέψας ταχινὸν δρόμον" Ἐστερος εἶης,
ὅ γυμνὸς βάλλων εἰς ἐμὲ πικρότατον.
ἡδη γὰρ καὶ πρόσθεν ἐπ' Ἀλκμήνῃ Δίος ἥλθες
ἀντίοις. οὐκ ἄδας ἐσσί παλινδρομίς.

173.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ορθρε, τι νῦν, δυσέραστε, βραδὺς περὶ κόσμουν
ἐλίσσῃ,
ἄλλος ἐπεὶ Δημοὺς θάλπεθ' ὑπὸ χλανίδι,
ἀλλ' ὅτε τὰν ραβδινὰν κόλπον χαλών, ὡς ἐπέστης,
ὡς βάλλων ἐπ' ἐμοὶ φῶς ἑπιχαρεκακον.
Α. Κεδαιλ, Poetry Review, Sept. 1913.

174.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εὐθεὶς, Ζηνοφίλα, τρυφερὸν θάλος. εἰθ' ἐπὶ σοι νῦν
ἀπτερος εἰσῆλθεν" Ῥπνοσ ἐπὶ βλεφάρος,
ὡς ἐπὶ σοι μὴν οὐτόσ, ὁ καὶ Διὸς ὀμματα θέλγων,
φωτίσαι, κάτεχον δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σε μόνος.

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171.—MELEAGER

The wine-cup feels sweet joy and tells me how it touches the prattling mouth of Zenophila the friend of love. Happy cup! Would she would set her lips to mine and drink up my soul at one draught.

172.—By the Same

Why dost thou, Morning Star, the foe of love, look down on my bed so early, just as I lie warm in dear Demo's arms? Would that thou couldst reverse thy swift course and be the Star of Eve again, thou whose sweet rays fall on me most bitter. Once of old, when he lay with Alcmena, thou didst turn back in sight of Zeus; thou art not unpractised in returning on thy track.

173.—By the Same

O Morning-star, the foe of love, slowly dost thou revolve around the world, now that another lies warm beneath Demo's mantle. But when my slender love lay in my bosom, quickly thou camest to stand over us, as if shedding on me a light that rejoiced at my grief.

174.—By the Same

Thou sleepest, Zenophila, tender flower. Would I were Sleep, though wingless, to creep under thy lashes, so that not even he who lulls the eyes of Zeus, might visit thee, but I might have thee all to myself.
175.—TOY AYTOY

Οδε οτι μοι κενός ορκος, ἐπεί σε γε τὴν φιλάσωτον μηνύει μυρόπνους ἀρτιβρεχης πλόκαμος, μηνύει δ' ἀγρυπνον ἰδοὺ βεβαρημένον ὁμμα, και σφιγκτὸς στεφάνων ἀμφὶ κόμαις μέτος· ἐσκύλται δ' ἀκόλαστα πεφυρμένοι ἀρτι κίκιννος, πάντα δ' ὑπ' ἀκρήτου γυία σαλευτὰ φορεῖς. ἔρρε, γύναι πάγκοινε· καλεῖ σε γὰρ ἡ φιλόκωμος πηκτὸς καὶ κροτάλων χειροτυπῆς πάταγος.

176.—TOY AYTOY

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός. τί δὲ τὸ πλέον, ἢν πάλιν εἴτω, καὶ πάλιν, οἰμώξων πολλάκι, "δεινὸς Ἔρως"; ἡ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοις γελᾶ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεῖς ἤδεται· ἢν δ' εἴτω λοίδορα, καὶ τρέφεται. θαύμα δὲ μοι, πῶς ἀρα διὰ γαλακτοφάνεισα κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

177.—TOY AYTOY

Κηρύσσω τὸν Ἔρωτα, τὸν ἄγριον· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄρτι ὀρθοῦν ἢ καίτις ἔχετ' ἀποπτάμενος. ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς γλυκύδακρος, ἀείλαλος, ὁκύς, ἀθαμβής, σιμὰ γελῶν, πτερόεις νῶτα, φαρέτροφορος. πατρὸς δ' οὐκέτ' ἔχω φράξειν τίνος· οὔτε γὰρ Ἁἰθήρ, ou Χθὸν φησὶ τεκεῖν τὸν θρασὺν, οὐ Πέλαγος· πάντῃ γὰρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἀπέχθεται. ἀλλ' ἐσοράτε μή που νῦν ψυχαῖς ἀλλα τίθεσι λίνα. καίτοι κείνος, ἰδοὺ, περὶ φωλεόν. Οὔ με λέληθας, τοξότα, Ζηνοφίλας ὁμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 101.
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175.—By the Same

I know thy oath is void, for they betray thy wantonness, these locks still moist with scented essences. They betray thee, thy eyes all heavy for want of sleep, and the garland’s track all round thy head. Thy ringlets are in unchaste disorder all freshly touzled, and all thy limbs are tottering with the wine. Away from me, public woman; they are calling thee, the lyre that loves the revel and the clatter of the castanets rattled by the fingers.

176.—By the Same

Dreadful is Love, dreadful! But what avails it though I say it again and yet again and with many a sigh, “Love is dreadful”? For verily the boy laughs at this, and delights in being ever reproached, and if I curse, he even grows apace. It is a wonder to me, Cypris, how thou, who didst rise from the green sea, didst bring forth fire from water.

177.—By the Same

The town-crier is supposed to speak

Lost! Love, wild Love! Even now at dawn he went his way, taking wing from his bed. The boy is thus,—sweetly-tearful, ever chattering, quick and impudent, laughing with a sneer, with wings on his back, and a quiver slung on it. As for his father’s name I can’t give it you; for neither Sky nor Earth nor Sea confess to the rascal’s parentage. For everywhere and by all he is hated; but look to it in case he is setting now new springes for hearts. But wait! there he is near his nest! Ah! little archer, so you thought to hide from me there in Zenophila’s eyes!
178.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πωλείσθω, καὶ ματρὸς ἐτ' ἐν κόλποις καθεύδων, πωλείσθω. τί δέ μοι τὸ βρασὺ τούτο τρέφειι; καὶ γὰρ σιμὸν ἔφυ καὶ ὑπόπτερον, ἀκρα δ' ὀνυξίων κυίζει, καὶ κλαίον πολλὰ μεταξὺ γελάτη· πρὸς δ' ἐτὶ λοιπὸν ἄθρεπτον, ἀείλαλον, ὄξυ δεδορκός, ἄγριον, οὐδ' αὐτῇ μητρὶ φίλῃ τιθασὸν πάντα τέρας, τογαρ πεπρώσται. εἰ τις ἀπόπλους ἐμπόρος ὄνυσθαι παῖδα θέλει, προσίτω. καίτοι λίσσετ', ἵδου, δεδακρυμένος. οὗ σ' ἐτὶ πωλῶ· θάρσει. Ζηνοφίλα σύντροφος ὅδε μένε.

179.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, Ἕρως, φλέξω τὰ σὰ πάντα πυρώσας, τόξα τε καὶ Σκυθικὴν ἱδόκον φαρέτρην φλέξω, ναῦ. τί μάταια γελάτη, καὶ σιμὰ σεσηρὸς μυχθίζεις; τάχα που σαρδάνιον γελάσεις. ἡ γὰρ σεν τὰ ποδηγὰ Πόθων ὀδύπτερα κόψας, χαλκόδετον φλίγξω σοῖς περὶ ποστὶ πέδην. καίτοι Καδμεῖον κράτος οὐσομεν, εἰ σε πάροικον ψυχὴ συζεύξω, λύγκα παρ' αἰπολίοις. ἀλλ' ἔθι, δυσνίκητε, λαβὼν δ' ἐπὶ κούφα πέδιλα ἐκπέτασον ταχεύνας εἰς ἐτέρους πτέρυγας.

180.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τί ξένον, εἰ βροτολογός Ἕρως τὰ πυρῖπνοα τόξα βάλλει, καὶ λαμυρῶς ὁμμασί πικρὰ γελά;
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178.—By the Same

Sell it! though it is still sleeping on its mother's breast. Sell it! why should I bring up such a little devil? For it is snub-nosed, and has little wings, and scratches lightly with its nails, and while it is crying often begins to laugh. Besides, it is impossible to suckle it; it is always chattering and has the keenest of eyes, and it is savage and even its dear mother can't tame it. It is a monster all round; so it shall be sold. If any trader who is just leaving wants to buy a baby, let him come hither. But look! it is supplicating, all in tears. Well! I will not sell thee then. Be not afraid; thou shalt stay here to keep Zenophila company.

179.—By the Same

By Cypris, Love, I will throw them all in the fire, thy bow and Scythian quiver charged with arrows. Yea, I will burn them, by—. Why laugh so silly and snicker, turning up thy nose? I will soon make thee laugh to another tune. I will cut those rapid wings that show Desire the way, and chain thy feet with brazen fetters. But a sorry victory shall I gain if I chain thee next my heart, like a wolf by a sheep-fold.¹ No! be off! thou art ill to conquer; take besides these light, winged shoes, and spreading thy swift wings go visit others.

180.—By the Same

What wonder if murderous Love shoots those arrows that breathe fire, and laughs bitterly with

¹ Literally "a lynx by a goat-fold."

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οὐ μάτηρ στέργει μὲν Ἄρη, γαμετῖς δὲ τέτυκται Ἀφαίστου, κοινᾷ καὶ πυρὶ καὶ ξίφεσιν;
ματρὸς δ’ οὐ μάτηρ ἀνέρων μάστιξι Θάλασσα τραχῳ βοᾶ; γενέται δ’ οὗτε τις οὗτε τινὸς. 
τούνεκεν Ἀφαίστου μὲν ἔγει φλόγα, κύμασι δ’ ὄργαν στέρξεν Ἴσαν, Ἀρεως δ’ αἰματόφυρτα βέλη.

181.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Τῶν ἄκριτων ἥμιν λάβε ἄκολακας (ἄλλα πόθ᾽ ἤξει),
καὶ πέντε στεφάνους τῶν ροδίων. τί τὸ πάξ;
οὐ φῆς κέρματ’ ἔχειν; διολόλαμεν. οὐ τροχεῖ τις
τῶν Δαπίθην; ληστήν, οὐθερόποντ’ ἔχομεν.
οὐκ ἀδικεῖς; οὐδέν; φέρε τὸν λόγον ἐλθὲ λαβοῦσα, 
Φρύνη, τὰς ψῆφους. ὁ μεγάλου κινάδους.
pεντ’ ὅνος δραχμῶν ἄλλας δύο...
ὡτα λέγεις σκόμβροι θέσμικες σχάδονες.
aύριον αυτὰ καλῶς λογιουμέθα; νῦν δὲ πρὸς
Αἰσχραν
τὴν μυρόπωλοιν ἵων, πέντε λάβῃ ἀργυρέας.
eἰπὲ δὲ σημείον, Βάκχων οτι πέντ’ ἐφίλησεν
ἐξῆς, οὐν κλίνῃ μάρτυς ἐπεγράφετο.

182.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
"Ἀγγείλου τἄδε, Δορκάς. ίδοι πάλι δεύτερον αὐτῇ
καὶ τρίτον ἀγγείλου, Δορκάς, ἀπαντα. τρέχει:
μηκέτι μέλλε, πέτου—βραχύ μοι, βραχύ, Δορκάς,
ἐπίσχες.
Δορκάς, ποῖ σπεύδεις, πρίν σε τὰ πάντα μαθεῖν;
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cruel eyes! Is not Ares his mother's lover, and Hephaestus her lord, the fire and the sword sharing her? And his mother's mother the Sea, does she not roar savagely flogged by the winds? And his father has neither name nor pedigree. So hath he Hephaestus' fire, and yearns for anger like the waves, and loveth Ares' shafts dipped in blood.

181.—ASCLEPIADES

Buy us some . . . (but when will he come?) and five rose wreaths.—Why do you say "pax" 1? You say you have no change! We are ruined; won't someone string up the Lapith beast! I have a brigand not a servant. So you are not at fault! Not at all! Bring your account. Phryne, fetch me my reckoning counters. Oh the rascal! Wine, five drachmae! Sausage, two! ormers you say, mackerel . . . honeycombs! We will reckon them up correctly to-morrow; now go to Aeschra's perfumery and get five silver bottles (?) Tell her as a token that Bacchon kissed her five times right off, of which fact her bed was entered as a witness. 2

182.—MELEAGER

Give her this message, Dorcas; look! tell her it twice and repeat the whole a third time. Off with you! don't delay, fly!—just wait a moment, Dorcas! Dorcas, where are you off to before I've told you all?

1 i.e. that will do.
2 The epigram is exceedingly corrupt. The point seems to lie as in No. 185 in his giving an expensive order after all his complaint about charges.
πρόσθες δ’ οίς εἴρηκα πάλαι—μάλλον δέ (τί ληρῶ); 5
μηδὲν άλως εἴπης—ἀλλ’ ὤτι—πάντα λέγεις.
μὴ φείδου τὰ ἀπαντα λέγειν. καίτοι τί σε, Δορκάς,
ἐκπέμπω, σὺν σοὶ καύτος, ἵδού, προάγων;

J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833, p. 220; J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. 67.

183.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Τέσσαρες οί πίνοντες· ἐρωμένη ἔρχεθ' ἐκάστῳ·
ὄκτω γινομένοις ἐν Χίον οὐχ ἴκανον.
παιδάριον, βαδίσας πρὸς Ἀρίστιον, εἰπὲ τὸ πρῶτον
ἡμεῖς πέμψαι: χοῦς γὰρ ἀπεισὶ δύο
ἀσφαλέως: οἴμαι δ’ ὅτι καὶ πλέον. ἀλλὰ τρόχαξί· 5
ὁρᾶς γὰρ πέμπτης πάντες άθροιζόμεθα.

184.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
"Εγνων, οὐ μ’ ἔλαθες· τί θεοῦς; οὐ γὰρ με λέληθας·
ἔγνων· μηκέτι νῦν ὁμνε· πάντ’ ἐμαθον.
ταῦτ’ ἢν, ταῦτ’, ἐπίορκε; μόνη σὺ πάλιν, μόνη
ὑπνοῖς;
ἐν τί λίμης: καὶ νῦν, νῦν ἔτι φησί, μόνη.
οὐχ οἱ περὶβλεπτὸς σε Κλέων; κὰν μὴ . . . τί δ’
ἀπειλῶ;
ἐρρε, κακὸν κοίτης θηρίων, ἔρρε τάχος.
καίτοι σοι δώσω τερπνὴν χάριν· οἴδ’ ὦτι βούλει
κείνον ὅραν· αὐτοῦ δέσμιος ὄδε μένε.

185.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Εἰς ἄγορὰν βαδίσας, Δημήτριε, τρεῖς παρ’ Ἀμύντου
γλανκίσκους αἴτει, καὶ δέκα φυκίδια.
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Just add to what I told you before—or rather (what a fool I am!) don’t say anything at all—only that—Tell her everything, don’t hesitate to say everything. But why am I sending you, Dorcas? Don’t you see I am going with you—in front of you?

183.—POSIDIPPUS

We are four at the party, and each brings his mistress; since that makes eight, one jar of Chian is not enough. Go, my lad, to Aristius and tell him the first he sent was only half full; it is two gallons short certainly; I think more. But look sharp, for we all meet at five.¹

184.—MELEAGER

I know it; you did not take me in; why call on the gods? I have found you out; I am certain; don’t go on swearing you didn’t; I know all about it. That was what it was then, you perjured girl! Once more you sleep alone, do you, alone? Oh her brazen impudence! still she continues to say “Alone.” Did not that fine gallant Cleon, eh?—and if not he—but why threaten? Away with you, get out double quick, you evil beast of my bed! Nay but I shall do just what will please you best; I know you long to see him; so stay where you are my prisoner.

185.—ASCLEPIADES

Go to the market, Demetrius, and get from Amyntas three small herrings and ten little lemon-

¹ About 11 a.m.
καὶ κυφὰς καρίδας (ἀριθμήσει δὲ σοι αὐτὸς)
εἰκοσι καὶ τέτορας δεύρο λαβῶν ἄπιθι.
καὶ παρὰ Θαυβορίου ῥοδίνους ἐξ πρόσλαβε . . . 5
καὶ Τρυφέραν ταχέως ἐν παρόδῳ κάλεσον.

186.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΣ
Μή με δόκει πιθανοῖς ἀπατᾶν δάκρυσσι, Φιλαινί.
οἶδα: φιλεῖς γὰρ ὅλως οὐδένα μείζον ἐμοῦ,
tούτοις ὅσον παρ’ ἐμοὶ κέκλησαι χρόνον’ εἰ δ’
ἐτερός σε εἰχε, φιλεῖν ἃν ἐφης μείζον ἐκείνου ἐμοῦ.

187.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΣ
Εἰπὲ Δυκαώδη, Δορκάς: “Ἰδ’ ὡς ἐπίτηκτα φιλοῦσα
�新: οὐ κρύπτει πλαστὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος.”

188.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Οὐκ ἄδικεώ τὸν Ἔρωτα. γυλικύς, μαρτύρομαι
αὐτήν
Κύπριων βέβλημαι δ’ ἐκ δολίων κέρασι,
καὶ πᾶς τεφροῦμαι: θερμὸν δ’ ἐπὶ θερμῶν ἴαλλει
ἀπρακτον, λωφά δ’ οὐδ’ ὅσον ἱσοβολῶν.
χῶ θυγνὸς τὸν ἄλτρον ἔγω, κεὶ πτηνὸς ὁ δαίμων, 5
τίσομαι: ἐγκληματὶ δ’ ἔσσομι αἱλεῖμενος;

189.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΣ
Νῦς μακρὴ καὶ χεῖμα, μέσην δ’ ἐπὶ Πλειάδα
dύνειν
κἄγῳ π᾽ ἐρ ροθύροις νίσσομαι ὑμένος,
soles	extsuperscript{1}; and get two dozen fresh prawns (he will count them for you) and come straight back. And from Thaiborius get six rose-wreaths—and, as it is on your way, just look in and invite Tryphera.\textsuperscript{2}

186.—POSIDIPPUSS

Don't think to deceive me, Philaenis, with your plausible tears. I know; you love absolutely no one more than me, as long as you are lying beside me; but if you were with someone else, you would say you loved him more than me.

187.—MELEAGER

Tell to Lycaenis, Dorcas, "See how thy kisses are proved to be false coin. Time will ever reveal a counterfeit love."

188.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

It is not I who wrong Love. I am gentle, I call Cypris to witness; but he shot me from a treacherous bow, and I am all being consumed to ashes. One burning arrow after another he speeds at me and not for a moment does his fire slacken. Now I, a mortal, shall avenge myself on the transgressor though the god be winged. Can I be blamed for self-defence?

189.—ASCLEPIADES

The night is long, and it is winter weather, and night sets when the Pleiads are half-way up the sky. I pass and repass her door, drenched by the rain,

\textsuperscript{1} I give these names of fish \textit{verbi gratia}, only as being cheap. \textsuperscript{2} The joke lies in the \textit{crescendo}.
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τρωθείς τής δολίης κείνης πόθως οὐ γὰρ ἔρωτα
Κύπρις, ἀνηρὸν δ’ ἐκ πυρὸς ἦκε βέλος.

190.—ΜΕΔΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Κύμα τὸ πικρὸν Ἕρωτος, ἀκολούθιοι τε πνεοντες
Ζῆλοι, καὶ κόμων χειμέριου πέλαγος,
ποῖ φέρομαι; πάντη δὲ φρενῶν οὐακες ἀφεῖνται.
ἡ πάλι τὴν τρυφερὴν Σκύλλαν ἐποψόμεθα;

191.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀστρα, καὶ ἡ φιλέρωσι καλόν φαίνουσα Σελήνη,
καὶ Νύξ, καὶ κόμων σύμπλανον ὄργανον,
ἀρά γε τὴν φιλάσωτον ἔτ΄ ἐν κοίταισιν ἄθρησω
ἀγρυπνον, λύχνυρ πόλλα ἀποκλαμομένην;
ἡ τῶν ἕχει σύγκοιτον; ἐπὶ προθύροισι μαράνας
δάκρυσιν ἔκδησω τούς ἰκέτας στεφάνους,
ἐν τὸι ἐπιγράφας: “Κύπρι, σοὶ Μελέαγρος, ὁ
μύστης
σῶν κόμων, στοργῆς σκῦλα τάδ’ ἐκρέμασεν.”

192.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γυμνὴν ἢν ἐσίδης Καλλίστιον, ὥ δὲνε, φήσεις:
“"Ηλλακται διπλοῦν γράμμα Συρηκοσίων.”

193.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Ἡ τρυφερὴ μ’ ἤγρευσε Κλεώ τὰ γαλάκτιν’,
Ἀδωνι,
τῇ σῇ κοψαμένη στῆθεα πανυχίδι.
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smitten by desire of her, the deceiver. It is not love
that Cypris smote me with, but a tormenting arrow
red-hot from the fire.

190.—MELEAGER

O briny wave of Love, and sleepless gales of
Jealousy, and wintry sea of song and wine, whither
am I borne? This way and that shifts the abandoned
rudder of my judgement. Shall we ever set eyes
again on tender Scylla?

191.—BY THE SAME

O stars, and moon, that lightest well Love's friends
on their way, and Night, and thou, my little mandol-
line, companion of my serenades, shall I see her, the
wanter one, yet lying awake and crying much to
her lamp; or has she some companion of the night?
Then will I hang at her door my suppliant gar-
lands, all wilted with my tears, and inscribe thereon
but these words, "Cypris, to thee doth Meleager,
he to whom thou hast revealed the secrets of thy
revels, suspend these spoils of his love."

192.—BY THE SAME

STRANGER, were you to see Callistion naked, you
would say that the double letter of the Syracusans\(^1\)
has been changed into T.\(^2\)

193.—DIOSCORIDES

TENDER Cleo took me captive, Adonis, as she
beat her breasts white as milk at thy night funeral

\(^1\) i.e. the Greek X, said to be the invention of Epicharmus.
\(^2\) She should have been called Callischion, "with beautiful
flanks."

223.
εἰ δῶσει κάμοι ταύτην χάριν, ἢν ἀποπνεύσω, μὴ πρόφασις, σύμπλουν σύν με λαβῶν ἀπάγουν.

194.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ Ὡ ΛΣΚΛΗΠΙΔΟΤ

Αὐτοὶ τὴν ἀπαλὴν Ἑιρήνην ἤγουν ἔρωτες, Κύπριδος ἐκ χρυσέων ἐρχομένης θαλάμων, ἐκ τριχῶς άχρι ποδῶν ἱερὸν θάλος, ὥστε τῇ λύγδου γλυπτήν, παρθενῶν βραδομένην χαρίτων· καὶ πόλλοις τότε χερσίν ἐπ' ἡθέοις ὀνίστους τόξου πορφυρῆς ἦκαν ἀφ' ἀρπεδόνης.

195.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Αἱ τρισσαλὶ Χάριτες τρισσὸν στεφάνωμα συνείραν Ζηνοφίλα, τρισσάς σύμβολα καλλοσύνας· ἀ μὲν ἐπὶ χρωτὸς θεμένα πόθον, ἀ δ' ἐπὶ μορφᾶς ἰμερον, ἀ δὲ λόγοις τὸ γλυκύμυθον ἔτος. τρισσάκεις εὐδάιμων, ἂς καὶ Κύπρις ὀψίσεν εὐνάν, καὶ Πειθώ μύθους, καὶ γλυκῷ κάλλος ἕρως.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζηνοφίλα κάλλος μὲν ἔρως, σύγκοιτά δὲ φίλτρα Κύπρις ἐδωκεν ἐχειν, ἂ Χάριτες δὲ χάριν.

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ μὰ τὸν εὐπλόκαμον Τιμόδως φιλέρωτα κίκινυν, ναὶ μυρόπνουν Δημοῦς χρώτα τὸν ὑπναπάτην, ναὶ πάλιν Ἡλιάδος φίλα παύρυα, ναὶ φιλάγρυπνου λύχνου, ἐμὸν κώμων πολλ' ἐπιδόντα τέλη,
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feast. Will she but do me the same honour, if I die, I hesitate not; take me with thee on thy voyage. 1

194.—POSEIDIPPUSS OR ASCLEPIADES

The Loves themselves escorted soft Irene as she issued from the golden chamber of Cypris, a holy flower of beauty from head to foot, as though carved of white marble, laden with virgin graces. Full many an arrow to a young man's heart did they let fly from their purple bow-strings.

195.—MELEAGER

The Graces three wove a triple crown for Zenophila, a badge of her triple beauty. One laid desire on her skin and one gave love-longing to her shape, and one to her speech sweetness of words. Thrice blessed she, whose bed Cypris made, whose words were wrought by Peitho (Persuasion) and her sweet beauty by Love.

196.—BY THE SAME

Zenophila's beauty is Love's gift, Cypris charmed her bed, and the Graces gave her grace.

197.—BY THE SAME

Yea! by Timo's fair-curling love-loving ringlets, by Demo's fragrant skin that cheateth sleep, by the dear dalliance of Ilias, and my wakeful lamp, that looked often on the mysteries of my love-revels, I

1 The bier of Adonis was committed to the sea. cp. No. 53 above.
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βαιών ἔχω· τὸ γε λειφθὲν, Ἐρως, ἕπι χείλεσιν πνεύμα·
εἶ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ τοῦτ', εἶπέ, καὶ ἐκπτύσσομαι.

198.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ πλόκαμον Τιμοῦς, οὐ σάνδαλον Ἡλιοδώρας,
οὐ τὸ μυρόρρατον Δημαρίου πρόθυρον,
οὐ τρυφερὸν μεϊδῆμα βοώπιδος Ἀντικλείας,
οὐ τοὺς ἀρτιβαλεῖς Δωροθέας στεφάνους·
οὐκέτι σοι φαρέτρῃ . . . . πτερόεντας δίστοις
κρύπτει, Ἐρως· ἐν ἐμοὶ πάντα γὰρ ἔστι βέλη.

199.—ἩΔΤΩΤ

Οἶνος καὶ προπόσεις κατεκοίμησαν Ἀγλαονίκην
αἰ δόλιαν, καὶ Ἐρως ἤδυς ὁ Νικαγόρεως,
ἡς πάρα Κύπριδι ταύτα μύροις ἔτι πάντα μυδῶντα
κεῖται, παρθενίων ἑγραμά ἱσφυρα πόθων,
σάνδαλα, καὶ μαλακαὶ, μαστῶν ένυδύματα, μύτραι,
ὅπως καὶ σκυλμῶν τῶν τότε μαρτύρια.

200.—ἌΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὄ κρόκος, οὐ τε μύροισιν ἔτι πνεύοντες Ἀλέξοὺς
σὺν μύτραις κισσοῖς κυάνουι στέφανοι
τῷ γλυκερῷ καὶ θῆλυ κατιλλάβετοι Πρύπω
κεῖται, τῆς ἱερῆς ἕξωμα παννυχίδος.

201.—ἌΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἡγρύπτυσε Λεοντίς ἔως πρὸς καλὸν ἔφοιν
ἀστέρα, τῷ χρυσέῳ τερπομένῃ Σθενίῳ.
ἡς πάρα Κύπριδι τοῦτο τὸ σὺν Μοῦσαίοι μελισθέν
βάρβητον ἐκ κείνης κεῖτ' ἐτὶ παννυχίδος.

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swear to thee, Love, I have but a little breath left on my lips, and if thou wouldst have this too, speak but the word and I will spit it forth.

198.—By the Same

No, by Timo’s locks, by Heliodora’s sandal, by Demo’s door that drips with scent, by great-eyed Anticlea’s gentle smile, by the fresh garlands on Dorothea’s brow, I swear it, Love, thy quiver hath no winged arrows left hidden; for all thy shafts are fixed in me.

199.—HEDYLUS

Wine and treacherous toasts and the sweet love of Nicagoras sent Aglaonicé to sleep; and here hath she dedicated to Cypris these spoils of her maiden love still all dripping with scent, her sandals and the soft band that held her bosom, witnesses to her sleep and his violence then.

200.—Anonymous

The saffron robe of Alexo, and her dark green ivy crown, still smelling of myrrh, with her snood she dedicates to sweet Priapus with the effeminate melting eyes, in memory of his holy night-festival.

201.—Anonymous

Leontis lay awake till the lovely star of morn, taking her delight with golden Sthenius, and ever since that vigil it hangs here in the shrine of Cypris, the lyre the Muses helped her then to play.
202.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ Ἡ ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΝΙΠΟΤ

Πορφυρένη μάστυγα, καὶ ἡνία συγαλόεντα
Πλαγγών εὔππων θήκεν ἐπὶ προβύρων,
νικήσασα κέλητι Φιλαινίδα τὴν πολύχαρμον,
ἐσπερινῶν πώλων ἀρτι φρυνασσομένων.
Κύπρι φίλη, σὺ δὲ τῇδε πόροις νημερτέα νίκης
dόξαν, ἀείμυστον τῇδε τιθεῖσα χάρων.

203.—ΑΣΚΗΛΙΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Αυσιδίκη σοι, Κύπρι, τὸν ἱππαστήρα μύστα,
χρύσεον εὐκυνήμου κέντρου ἔθηκε ποδός,
φαινόν ψπιτον ἵππων ἐγύμνασεν· οὐ δέ ποτ' αὐτῆς
μηρὸς ἐφοινίχθη κούφα τινασσομένης·
ἡν γὰρ ἀκέντητος τελεοδρόμος· σοῦκεκεν ὄπλον
σοὶ κατὰ μεσσαπύλης χρύσεου ἐκρέμασεν.

204.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐκέτι, Τιμάριον, τὸ πρὶν ἡλαφυροῦ κέλητος
πήγαμα φέρει πλωτῶν Κύπριδος εἰρεσίην·
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν νώτοισι μετάφρενον, ὡς κέρας ἱστῷ,
κυρτοῦται, πολίδος δ' ἐκλελυται πρότονος·
ιστία δ' αἰωρητὰ χαλᾶ σπαδονύσματα μαστῶν·
ἐκ δὲ σάλου στρεπτᾶς γαστρὸς ἐχει ρυτίδας·
νέρθε δὲ πάνθ' ὑπέραντλα νεόσ, κοίλῃ δὲ θάλασσα
πλημμύρει, γόνασιν δ' ἐντρομός ἐστι σάλος.
δύστανὸς τοι ζωός ἔτ' ὅν 'Ἀχερονσίδα λίμνην
πλεύσετ' ἀνωθ' ἐπιβάς ἤρας ἐπ' εἰκοσόρφ.
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202.—ASCLEPIADES or POSEIDIPPUSS

Plango dedicated on the portals of the equestrian god her purple whip and her polished reins, after winning as a jockey her race with Philaenis, her practised rival, when the horses of the evening had just begun to neigh. Dear Cypris, give her unquestioned glory for her victory, stablishing for her this favour not to be forgotten. 1

203.—ASCLEPIADES

Lysidice dedicated to thee, Cypris, her spur, the golden goad of her shapely leg, with which she trained many a horse on its back, while her own thighs were never reddened, so lightly did she ride; for she ever finished the race without a touch of the spur, and therefore hung on the great gate of thy temple this her weapon of gold.

204.—MELEAGER

No longer, Timo, do the timbers of your spruce corsair hold out against the strokes of Cypris’ oarsmen, but your back is bent like a yard-arm lowered, and your grey forestays are slack, and your relaxed breasts are like flapping sails, and the belly of your ship is wrinkled by the tossing of the waves, and below she is all full of bilge-water and flooded with the sea, and her joints are shaky. Unhappy he who has to sail still alive across the lake of Acheron on this old coffin-galley. 2

1 In hoc epigr. et seq. de schemate veneren κέλαγε: jocatur.
2 In eadem re ludit, sed hic κέλαγε navigium est.
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205.—ΔΗΛΩΝ

"Ιὔγξ ἡ Νικοῦς, ἡ καὶ διαπόντιον ἐλκειν ἄνδρα καὶ ἐκ θαλάμων παῖδας ἐπισταμένη, χρυσῷ ποικιλθεῖσα, διανυγός εξ ἁμεθύστου γλυπτή, σοὶ κεῖται, Κύπρι, φίλον κτέανον, πορφυρῆς ὕμνῳ μαλακῇ τριχῇ μέσσα δεθεῖσα, τῆς Δαρισσαίης ξείνας φαρμακίδος.

206.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Μηλῶ καὶ Σατύρῃ ταυνήλικες, 'Αντιγενείδεω παῖδες, ταὶ Μουσῶν εὐκολοί ἐργάτιδες:
Μηλῶ μὲν Μούσαις Πιμπληκὸς τοὺς ταχυχειλεῖς αὐλοὺς καὶ ταύτην πῦξινον αὐλοδόκην ἡ φίλερως Σατύρῃ δὲ τὸν ἔσπερον οἰνοποτήρων σύγκωμοι, κηρῷ ζευξαμένη, δόνακα,
ηδὰν συριστήρα, σὺν ὧν πανεπόρφυος ἡ δὴν γιάζειν αὐλείοις οὐ κοτέουσα θύραις.

207.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Αἱ Σάμμαι Βιττῶ καὶ Νάννιον εἰς 'Αφροδίτης φοιτῶν τοῖς αὐτῆς οὐκ ἑθέλουσι νόμοις,
eἰς δὲ ἔτερ' αὐτομολούσιν, ἅ μὴ καλά. Δεσπότι Κύπρι,
μίσει τὰς κοίτης τῆς παρὰ σοὶ φυγάδας.

208.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐ μοι παιδομανής κραδία· τί δὲ τερπνὸν, Ἐρώτης, ἀνδροβατεῖν, εἰ μὴ δοὺς τι λαβεῖν ἑθέλεις; ἀ χεῖρ γὰρ τὰν χεῖρα. καλὰ μὲ μένει παράκοιτις· ἔρροι πᾶς ἡρὸν ἀρσενικάς λαβίσων.

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205.—Anonymous

Nico's love-charm, that can compel a man to come from oversea and boys from their rooms, carved of transparent amethyst, set in gold and hung upon a soft thread of purple wool, she, the witch of Larissa presents to thee Cypris, to possess and treasure.

206.—Leonidas

Meló and Satyra, the daughters of Antigenides, now advanced in age, the willing work-women of the Muses, dedicate to the Pimpleian Muses, the one her swift-lipped flute and this its box-wood case, and Satyra, the friend of love, her pipe that she joined with wax, the evening companion of banqueters, the sweet whistler, with which all night long she waited to see the day dawn, fretting not because the portals would not open.¹

207.—Asclepiades

Brrro and Nannion of Samus will not go to the house of Cypris by the road the goddess ordains, but desert to other things which are not seemly. O Lady Cypris, look with hate on the truants from thy bed.

208.—Meleager

Cor meum non furit in pueros; quid incundum, Amores, virum inscendere, si non vis dando sumere? Manus enim manum lavat. Pulcra me manet uxor. Fascessant mares cum masculis forcipibus.

¹ I suppose this is the meaning. She was hired by time and gained by the exclusion of the man who hired her.
209.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ Ἡ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Ση, Παφίη Κυθέρεια, παρ' ἡγόνι εἰδε Κλέανδρος
Νικοῦν ἐν χαρωτοῖς κύμασι νηχομένη
καιόμενος δ' ὑπ' Ἑρωτοῦ ἐνι φρεσίν ἀνθρακας ὑψηρ
Ξηροῦ δ' ἐκ νοτηρῆς παιδὸς ἐπεσπάσατο.
χῶ μὲν ἐνανάγει γαίης ἐπι· τὴν δὲ, θαλάσσης
ψαύνουσαι, πρησὺς εἰχοσαν αἰγιαλοὶ.
νῦν δ' ἵσος ἵμφοτέρους φίλης πόθος· οὐκ ἀτελεῖς γὰρ
ἐνυχαί, τὰς κείνης εὔξατ' ἐπ' ἥιόνοις.

210.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Τῷ θαλλῳ Διδύμη με συνήρτασεν· ὦ μοι. ἐγὼ δὲ
τῇκομαι, ὡς κηρὸς πάρ πυρί, κάλλος ὄρων.
εἴ δὲ μέλαια, τὶ τοῦτο; καὶ ἄνθρακες· ἀλλ' ὅτ'
ἐκέινους
θαλψωμεν, λάμπουσ᾽ ὡς ῥόδεαι κάλυκες.

211.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ

Δάκρυα καὶ κῶμοι, τὶ μ' ἐγείρετε, πρὶν πόδας ἀραι
ἐκ πυρός, εἰς ἑτέρην Κύπριδος ἀνθρακίην;
λήγω δ' οὐποτ' ἑρωτοῦ· ἂει δὲ μοί ἔξ' Ἀφροδίτης
ἄλγος ὁ μὴ ὁ'κρίνων ἕ καινὸν ἄγει τὶ πόθος.

212.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Αἰεὶ μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἥχος· Ἑρωτοῦ,
ὄμμα δὲ σύγα Πόθους τὸ γλυκύ δάκρυν φέρει·
οὐδ' ἢ νῦξ, οὐ φέγγους ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων
ἡδη που κραδία γνωστός ἐνεστὶ τύπος.
ὅ πτανοὶ, μῆ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίππασθαι μὲν, Ἐρωτες,
οἴδατ', ἀποττῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὡσον ἰσχύετε;

1 μὴ κρίνων must be wrong. I render as if it were μὴ κάμινων.
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209.—POSEIDIPPUΣ or ASCLEPIADES

By thy strand, O Paphian Cytherea, Cleander saw Nico swimming in the blue sea, and burning with love he took to his heart dry coals from the wet maiden. He, standing on the land, was shipwrecked, but she in the sea was received gently by the beach. Now they are both equally in love, for the prayers were not in vain that he breathed on that strand.

210.—ASCLEPIADES

Didyme by the branch she waved at me has carried me clean away, alas! and looking on her beauty, I melt like wax before the fire. And if she is dusky, what is that to me? So are the coals, but when we light them, they shine as bright as roses.

211.—POSEIDIPPUΣ

Tears and revel, why do you incite me before my feet are out of the flame to rush into another of Cypris’ fires? Never do I cease from love, and tireless desire ever brings me some new pain from Aphrodite.

212.—MELEAGER

The noise of Love is ever in my ears, and my eyes in silence bring their tribute of sweet tears to Desire. Nor night nor daylight lays love to rest, and already the spell has set its well-known stamp on my heart. O winged Loves, is it that ye are able to fly to us, but have no strength at all to fly away?

1 of Plato, Phaedr. 230 ν.
213.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Πυθιάς, εἰ μὲν ἔχει τιν’, ἀπέρχομαι· εἰ δὲ καθεύδει ὅδε μόνη, μικρόν, πρὸς Δίος, ἐσκαλέσαις. εἰπὲ δὲ σημεῖον, μεθύων ὦτι καὶ διὰ κλωπῶν ἤλθον, Ἕρωτι θρασεὶ χρώμενοι ἤγεμόνι.

214.—ΜΕΔΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Σφαιριστᾶν τὸν Ἕρωτα τρέφω· σοὶ δ’, Ἡλιοδώρα, βάλλει τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ παλλομέναν κραδίαν. ἀλλ’ ἄγα συμπαίκταιν δέξαι Πόθον· εἰ δ’ ἀπὸ σεῦ με ρίψαις, οὐκ οἴσει τὰν ἀπάλαιστρον ὑβριν.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Λίσσομ’, Ἕρως, τὸν ἀγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας κοίμησον, αἰδεσθεῖς Μοῦσαν ἐμὴν ἱκτίνω. ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεξιαγιμένα βάλλειν ἄλλον, ἄει δ’ ἔπ’ ἐμοὶ πτημά χέοντα βέλη, εἰ καὶ με κτείναις, λείψιον φωνῆν προϊέντα γράμματ’. ’’Ἐρωτός ὅρα, ξείνε, μαίνοντίχη.”

216.—ΑΓΑΘΟΙΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Εἰ φιλέεις, μὴ πάμπαν ὑποκλασθέντα χαλάσῃς θυμὸν ὀλοσθηρῆς ἐμπλεον ἱκεσίας. ἀλλά τι καὶ φρονέοις στεγανῶτερον, ὄσσον ἐρύσσαι ὀφρύας, ὄσσον ὅδειν βλέμματι φειδομένῳ. ἔργον γὰρ τι γυναιξιν ὑπερφιάλους ἀθερίζειν καὶ κατακαγχάξειν τῶν ἀγαν οἰκτροτάτων. κεῖνος δ’ ἐστὶν ἄριστος ἐρωτικός, δὲ τάδε μίξει οἰκτον ἐχων ὄλυγη ξυνόν ἀγηνορίη.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

213.—POSEIDIPPUSS

If anyone is with Pythias, I am off, but if she sleeps alone, for God's sake admit me for a little, and say for a token that drunk, and through thieves, I came with daring Love for my guide.

214.—MELEAGER

This Love that dwells with me is fond of playing at ball, and to thee, Heliodora, he throws the heart that quivers in me. But come, consent to play with him, for if thou throwest me away from thee he will not brook this wanton transgression of the courtesies of sport.

215.—BY THE SAME

I pray thee, Love, reverence the Muse who intercedes for me and lull to rest this my sleepless passion for Heliodora. I swear it by thy bow that hath learnt to shoot none else, but ever pours the winged shafts upon me, even if thou slayest me I will leave letters speaking thus: "Look, O stranger, on the murderous work of Love."

216.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

If you love, do not wholly let your spirit bend the knee and cringe full of oily supplication, but be a little proof against approaches, so far at least as to draw up your eyebrows and look on her with a scanting air. For it is more or less the business of women to slight the proud, and to make fun of those who are too exceedingly pitiful. He is the best lover who mixes the two, tempering piteousness with just a little manly pride.
217.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Χρύσεος ἀψαυστοι διέτμαγεν ἀμμα κορείας
Ζεύς, διαδύς Δανάας χαλκελάτους θαλάμους.
φαμὶ λέγειν τὸν μύθον ἐγὼ τάδε: "Χάλκεα μικὰ
tείχεα καὶ δεσμοὺς χρυσὸς ὁ πανδαμάτωρ."
χρυσὸς ὅλους ῥυτῆρας, ὅλας κληδᾶς ἐλέγχει,
χρυσὸς ἐπιγυμνύμπτει τὰς σοβαροβλεφάρους·
kai Δανάας ἑλύγωσεν ἑδὲ φρένα. μὴ τις ἐραστῆς
λισσέσθω Παφίαν, ἀργύριον παρέχων.

218.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὸν σοβαρὸν Πολέμωνα, τὸν ἐν θυμέλησι Μενάνδρου
κείραντα γλυκερούς τῆς ἀλόχον πλοκάμους,
ὀπλότερος Πολέμων μιμήσατο, καὶ τὰ Ῥοδάνθης
βόστρυχα παντόλμως χερσὶν ἐληίσατο,
kai τραγικὸς ἀχέεσε τὸ κωμικὸν ἔργον ἀμεῖψας,
μᾶστικεῖν ῥαδίνης ἅψεα θηλυτέρης.
ζηλομανεῖ τὸ κόλασμα: τί γὰρ τὸσον ἥλιτε κούρη,
eἰ με κατοικτείρειν ἥθελε τειρόμενον;
Σχέτλιος: ἀμφοτέρους δὲ διέτμαγε, μέχρι καὶ αὐτοῦ
βλέμματος ἐνστῆσας αὔθοπα βασκανίων,
ἀλλ’ ἐμπίς τελέθει Μισούμενος· αὐτὰρ ἐγωγε
Δύσκολος, οὔχ ὀρῶν τὴν Περικειρομένην.

219.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Κλέψωμεν, Ῥοδόπη, τὰ φιλήματα, τὴν τ’ ἐρατείνην
καὶ περιδήριτον Κύπριδος ἐργασίην.
ἤδ’ λαθείν, φυλάκων τε παναγρέα κανθὼν ἀλύξαι·
φώρια δ’ ἁμφαδίων λέκτρα μελιχρότερα.
217.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Zeus, turned to gold, piercing the brazen chamber of Danae, cut the knot of intact virginity. I think the meaning of the story is this, "Gold, the subduer of all things, gets the better of brazen walls and fetters; gold loosens all reins and opens every lock, gold makes the ladies with scornful eyes bend the knee. It was gold that bent the will of Danae. No need for a lover to pray to Aphrodite, if he brings money to offer."

218.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

The arrogant Polemo, who in Menander's drama cut off his wife's sweet locks, has found an imitator in a younger Polemo, who with audacious hands despoiled Rhodanthe of her locks, and even turning the comic punishment into a tragic one flogged the limbs of the slender girl. It was an act of jealous madness, for what great wrong did she do if she chose to take pity on my affliction? The villain! and he has separated us, his burning jealousy going so far as to prevent us even looking at each other. Well, at any rate, he is "The Hated Man" and I am "The Ill-Tempered Man," as I don't see "The Clipped Lady."  

219.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Let us steal our kisses, Rhodope, and the lovely and precious work of Cypris. It is sweet not to be found out, and to avoid the all-entrapping eyes of guardians: furtive amours are more honied than open ones.

1 The allusions are to the titles of three pieces of Menander. We now possess part of the last.
230.—ΔΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ νῦν πολιῇ σε κατεύνασε, καὶ τὸ θαλυκρὸν κείνο κατημβλύνθη κέντρον ἐρωμαίνης, ὃφελες, ὁ Κλεόβουλος, πόθοις νεότητος ἐπιγυνοῦς, νῦν καὶ ἐποικτέρειν ὀπλοτέρων ὠδύνας, μηδὲ ἐπὶ τοὺς εὐνοίας κοταίειν μέγα, μηδὲ κομῶν τὴν ῥαδικὴν κούρην πάμπαν ἀπαγλαίσαι. ἀντὶ πατρὸς τῇ παιδί πάρος μεμέλησο ταλαίνῃ, καὶ νῦν ἐξαπίνης ἀντίπαλος γέγονας.

221.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΛΡΙΟΤ

Μέχρι τίνος φλογόεσσαν ὑποκλέπτοντες ὅπως ὑπὸ φῶροιν ἀλλήλων βλέμμα τυποσκόμεθα; λεκτέον ἀμφαίδην μελεδήματα· κήν τις ἐρύχη μαλθακὰ λυσιπόνου πλέγματα συζυγίης, φάρμακον ἀμφοτέροις ξίφος ἐσσεται· ἥδιον ἧμιν ξύνθων ἅει μεθέπειν ἢ βίον ἢ θάνατον.

222.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ

Εἰς Ἀριάδνην κιθαριστίδα

Εἰ ποτε μὲν κιθάρης ἐπαφήσατο πλήκτρον ἐλούσα κούρη, Τερψιχόρης ἀντεμέλιξε μύτως· εἰ ποτε δὲ τραγικῷ βροιζήματι βῆξατο φωνήν, αὐτὸς Μελπομένης βόμβον ἀπεπλάσατο· εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀγλαίας κρύσος ἱκτιστο, μᾶλλον ἄν αὐτῇ Κύπρις ἐνικήθη, κἀκεῖδιαξε Πάρις. συγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείσσι, ἢν μὴ Δίωνυσος ἀκούσας τῶν Ἀριάδνειών ζῆλον ἐχοι λεχέων.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

220.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

If grey hairs now have lulled your desires, Cleobulus, and that glowing goad of love-madness is blunted, you should, when you reflect on the passions of your youth, take pity now on the pains of younger people, and not be so very wroth at weaknesses common to all mankind, robbing the slender girl of all the glory of her hair. The poor child formerly looked upon you as a father, (anti patros), and now all at once you have become a foe (antipalos).

221.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

How long shall we continue to exchange stolen glances, endeavouring to veil their fire. We must speak out and reveal our suffering, and if anyone hinders that tender union which will end our pain, the sword shall be the cure for both of us; for sweeter for us, if we cannot live ever together, to go together to death.

222.—AGATHIAS

To a harp-player and tragic actress called Ariadne

Whenever she strikes her harp with the plectrum, it seems to be the echo of Terpsichore's strings, and if she tunes her voice to the high tragic strain, it is the hum of Melpomene that she reproduces. Were there a new contest for beauty too, Cypris herself were more likely to lose the prize than she, and Paris would revise his judgement. But hush! let us keep it to our own selves, lest Bacchus overhear and long for the embraces of this Ariadne too.

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223.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ

Φωσφόρε, μή τὸν Ἐρωτα βιάζειο, μηδὲ διδάσκουν,
Ἄρει γειτονέων, νηλεές ἢτορ ἕχειν,
ὅς δὲ πάρος, Κλυμένης ὤρον Φαέθοντα μελάθρφω,
οὗ δρόμου ὦκυπόδην εἰχες ἐπι ἀντολής,
οὔτω μοι περὶ νῦκτα, μόνις ποθέοντι φανεῖσαν,
ἐρχεο δηθύνων, ὡς παρὰ Κιμμερίους.

224.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἵξον, Ἕρως, κραδής τε καὶ ἦπατος· εἰ δ’ ἐπιθυμεῖς
βάλλειν, ἄλλο τί μου τῶν μελέων μετάβα.

225.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"ἔλκος ἐχὼ τῶν ἔρωτα· ρέει δὲ μοι ἔλκεσα ἰχώρ,
δάκρυνον, ὀτελής οὕποτε τερσομένης.
εἰμὶ γὰρ ἐκ κακότητος ἄμχανος, οὔδε Μαχάων
(REGI) μοι πάσσει φάρμακα δευομένῳ.
Τῆλεφός εἰμί, κόρη, σὺ δὲ γίνεις πιστὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,
κάλλει σφ’ παῦσον τὸν πόθου, ὡς ἐβαλες.

226.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΑΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Οφθαλμοί, τέο μέχρις ἄφυσετε νέκταρ Ἐρώτων,
κάλλεος ἄκριτον ξωροτόται θρασεῖς;
τῆλε διαθρέξωμεν ὡς πασθεός· ἐν δὲ γαλήνῃ
νηφάλωι στείνῳ Κύπριδι Μελεικῆς.
εἰ δ’ ἄρα που καὶ κείθι κατάσχετος ἐσσομαι οὐστρωφ, ἔ
γίνεσθε κρενεὺσι δάκρυσι μυδαλέου,
ἐνδικον ὀτλησοντες αἰεὶ πόνον· ἐξ ὑμέων ἀρ,
φεῦ, πυρὸς ἐς τόσσην ἡλθομεν ἐργασίην.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 120.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

223.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

O star of the morning, press not hard on Love, nor because thou movest near to Mars learn from him to be pitiless. But as once when thou sawest the Sun in Clymene's chamber, thou wentest more slowly down to the west, so on this night that I longed for, scarce hoping, tarry in thy coming, as in the Cimmerian land.

224.—BY THE SAME

Cease Love to aim at my heart and liver, and if thou must shoot, let it be at some other part of me.

225.—BY THE SAME

My love is a running sore that ever discharges tears for the wound stancheth not; I am in evil case and find no cure, nor have I any Machaon to apply the gentle salve that I need. I am Telephus, my child; be thou faithful Achilles and staunch with thy beauty the desire wherewith thy beauty smote me.¹

226.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

How long, O eyes, quaffing boldly beauty's untempered wine, will ye drain the nectar of the Loves! Let us flee far away, far as we have the strength, and in the calm to a milder Cypris I will pour a sober offering. But if haply even there the fury possesses me, I will bid ye be wet with icy tears, and suffer for ever the pain ye deserve; for it was you alas! who cast me into such a fiery furnace.

¹ See note to No. 291.
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227.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

'Ημερίδας τρυγώσων ἐτήσιων, οὐδὲ τις αὐτῶν
touς ἔλικας, κόπτων βότρυν, ἀποστρέφεται.
Ἀλλὰ σε τὴν ροδόπτηχυν, ἐμὴς ἀνάθημα μερίμνης,
ὕγρων ἐνπλέξας ἁμματί δεσμον, ἔχω,
καὶ τρυγῶ τὸν ἐρωτα· καὶ οὐ θέρος, οὐκ ἔσαι ἄλλο
οἴδα μένειν, ὅτι μοι πᾶσα γέμεις χαρίτων.
ὡς καὶ ἡβήσεις ὅλον χρόνον· εἰ δὲ τις ἔλθῃ
λοξὸς ἔλιξ ὑμῖν, πλήσομαι ὡς φιλέων.

228.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Εἰπὲ τίνι πλέξεις ἐτι βόστρυχον, ἡ τίνι χεῖρας
φανδρυνέεις, ὅνυχον ἀμφιτεμῶ ἁκίδα;
ἐς τί δὲ κοσμήσεις ἀλλανθεῖ φόρας κόχλω,
μηκέτι τῆς καλῆς ἐγγύς ἐδών Ῥοδόπης;
ὁμομασιν οἷς Ῥοδότην οὐ δέρκομαι, οὐδὲ φαεινῆς
φέγγος ἰδεὶν ἐθέλω χρύσεου Ῥυπόλης.

229.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Τὴν Νιόβην κλαίονταν ἰδών ποτε βουκόλος ἀνὴρ
θάμβευεν, εἰ λείβειν δάκρυνον οἴδε λίθος·
αὐτὰρ ἔμε στενάχοντα τόσης κατὰ νυκτὸς ὀμίχλην
ἐμπυγοῦς Εὐνυπῆς οὐκ ἐλέαιρῃ λίθος.
αὖτις ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔρως, ὧχετηγὸς ἀνής
tῇ Νιόβῃ τεκέων, αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ παθέων.

230.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Χρυσῆς εἰρύοσασα μίαν τρίχα Δωρίδοις ἑθείρης,
ολα δορικτήτους δήσεν ἐμεῖν παλάμας.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

227.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Every year is the vintage, and none in gathering
the grapes looks with reluctance on the curling
tendrils. But thee, the rosy-armed, the crown of
my devotion, I hold enchained in the gentle knot
of my arms, and gather the vintage of love. No
other summer, no spring do I hope to see, for thou
art entirely full of delight. So may thy prime
endure for ever, and if some crooked tendril of a
wrinkle comes, I will suffer it, for that I love thee.

228.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Tell me for whose sake shalt thou still tire thy
hair, and make thy hands bright, paring thy finger
nails? Why shalt thou adorn thy raiment with the
purple bloom of the sea, now that no longer thou art
near lovely Rhodope? With eyes that look not on
Rhodope I do not even care to watch bright Aurora
dawn in gold.

229.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

A herdsman, looking on Niobe weeping, wondered
how a rock could shed tears. But Éuippe’s heart,
the living stone, takes no pity on me lamenting
through the misty darkness of so long a night. In
both cases the fault is Love’s, who brought pain
to Niobe for her children and to me the pain of
passion.

230.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Doris pulled one thread from her golden hair and
bound my hands with it, as if I were her prisoner.
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἐκάγχασα, δεσμὰ τινάξαι
Δωρίδος ἰμερτῆς εὐμαρῆς οἰόμενος·
ὡς δὲ διαρρήξαι σθένους οὐκ ἔχον, ἔστενον ἡδῇ,
ολὰ τε χαλκεῖν σφυγκτὸς ἵλυκτοπέδῃ,
καὶ νῦν ὁ τρισάποτμος ἀπὸ τριχὸς ἡρτημαί,
δεσπότις ἐνθ' ἑρύσῃ, πυκνὰ μεθελκόμενος.

231.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ.
Τὸ στόμα ταῖς Χαρίτεσσι, προσώπατα δ' ἀνθέσι
θάλλει,
ὅμματα τῇ Παφίῃ, τὸ χέρε τῇ κυθάρῃ.
συλεύεις βλεφάρων φάος ὁμμασίν, οὐαὶ ἄοιδῇ·
πάντοθεν ἀγρεύεις τλήμονας ἡθέους.

232.—ΠΑΤΑΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Ἰπτομένην φιλέουσα, νόον προσέρεισα Λεάνδρῳ·
ἐν δὲ Λεάνδρείοις κείλεσι πηγυμενή,
εἰκόνα τὴν Ξάνθοιο φέρω φρεσὶ· πλεξαμένη δὲ
Ξάνθου, ἐσ 'Ἰπτομένην νόστιμον ἢτορ ἄγω.
πάντα τὸν ἐν παλάμησιν ἀναίνομαι· ἄλλοτε δ' ἄλλον 5
αἰὲν ἀμοιβαῖοις πῆχεσι δεχυμένη,
ἀφνεὶν Κυθέρειαν ὑπέρχομαι. ἐε δὲ τις ἡμῶν
μέμφεται, ἐν πενίῃ μυμνέτω οἰσγάμῳ.

233.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
"Αὔριον ἄθρησο σε." τὸ δ' οὐ ποτε γίνεται ἡμῖν,
ἡθάδος ἀμβολίης αἰὲν ἀεξομενής.
ταῦτα μοι ἰμείροντι χαρίζειι· ἄλλα δ' ἐς ἄλλους
δώρα φέρεις, ἐμέθεν πίστιν ἀπευπαμένη.
"ὁψομαι ἐσπερίη σε." τὶ δ' ἐσπερός ἐστι γυναικῶν; 5
γῆρας ἀμετρήτῃ πληθόμενον ῥυτίδι.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

At first I laughed, thinking it easy to shake off charming Doris' fetters. But finding I had not strength to break them, I presently began to moan, as one held tight by galling irons. And now most ill-fated of men, I am hung on a hair and must ever follow where my mistress chooses to drag me.

231.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Thy mouth blossoms with grace and thy cheeks bloom with flowers, thy eyes are bright with Love, and thy hands aglow with music. Thou takest captive eyes with eyes and ears with song; with thy every part thou trappest unhappy young men.

232.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Kissing Hippomenes, my heart was fixed on Leander; clinging to Leander's lips, I bear the image of Xanthus in my mind; and embracing Xanthus my heart goes back to Hippomenes. Thus ever I refuse him I have in my grasp, and receiving one after another in my ever shifting arms, I court wealth of Love. Let whoso blames me remain in single poverty.

233.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

"To-morrow I will see thee." Yet to-morrow never comes, but ever, as thy way is, deferment is heaped upon deferment. That is all thou grantest to me who love thee; for others thou hast many gifts, for me but perfidy. "I will see thee in the evening." But what is the evening of women? Old age full of countless wrinkles.
234.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ο πρὶν ἀμαλθάκτοισιν ὑπὸ φρεαὶν ἦδυν ἐν ἥβην ὀἰστροφόρου Παφής θεσμοῦ ἀπευπάμενοι, γυμνοβόροις βελέσσισιν ἀνέμβατος ὁ πρὶν Ἑρώτων, αὐχένα σοὶ κλίνω, Κύπρε, μεσαίπόλιος.
δέξο με καγχαλώσα, σοφήν ὅτι Παλλάδα νικᾶς νῦν πλέον ἢ τὸ πάρος μήλῳ ἔφ’ Ἐσπερίδων.

235.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Ἠλθες ἐμὸν ποθέοντι παρ’ ἐλπίδα: τὴν δ’ ἐνὶ θυμῷ ἐξεσάλαξες ὅλην θάμβεί φαντασίην,
καὶ τρομέω, κραδίη τε βυθὸ πελεμίζεται οἰστρῷ,
ψυχής πνυγομένης κύματι κυπρίδωφ.
ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ τὸν ναυηγὸν ἐπ’ ἥπειροι φανέντα
σῶε, τεῦχω λεμένων ἐνδοθι δεξιμένη.

236.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ναὶ τάχα Ῥαταλέης ’Αχερόντια πῆματα ποινῆς ἡμετέρων ἁχέων ἔστιν ἐλαφρότερα.
οὐ γὰρ ἰδὼν σὲν κάλλος, ἀπειργετο χείλεα μίξαι χείλει σῷ, ῥοδεῶν ἄβροτέρῳ καλύκων,
Ῥαταλός ἀκριτόδακρος, ὑπερτέλλοντα δὲ πέτρων
deίδιεν: ἀλλὰ θανεὶν δεύτερον οὐ δύναται.
αὐτὰρ ἔγω ζωὸς μὲν ἐὼν κατατήκομαι οἰστρῷ,
ἐκ δ’ ὀλυγοδρανίης καὶ μόρον ἑγγὺς ἔχω.

237.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΜΤΡΙΝΑΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣ-

ΤΙΚΟΤ

Πᾶσαν ἔγω τὴν νύκτα κινύρωμαι· εἴπτε δ’ ἐπέλθῃ ὀρθρὸς ἐλινύσαι μικρὰ χαριζόμενος,
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

234.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

I who formerly in my youth with stubborn heart refused to yield to the sweet empire of Cypris, wielder of the goad, I who was proof against the consuming arrows of the Loves, now grown half grey, bend the neck to thee, O Paphian queen. Receive me and laugh elate that thou conquerest wise Pallas now even more than when ye contended for the apple of the Hesperides.

235.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Against my hope thou art come to me, who longed for thee, and by the shock of wonder didst empty my soul of all its vain imagining. I tremble, and my heart in its depths quivers with passion; my soul is drowned by the wave of Love. But save me, the shipwrecked mariner, now near come to land, receiving me into thy harbour.

236.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Yea, maybe it is lighter than mine, the pain that Tantalus suffers in hell. Never did he see thy beauty and never was denied the touch of thy lips, more tender than an opening rose—Tantalus ever in tears. He dreads the rock over his head but he cannot die a second time. But I, not yet dead, am wasted away by passion, and am enfeebled even unto death.

237.—AGATHIAS MYRINAEUS

SCOLASTICUS

All the night long I complain, and when dawn comes to give me a little rest, the swallows twitter

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Ἀμφίπετεριτρύζουσι χελιδόνες, ἐς δὲ μὲ δάκρυν
βάλλουσιν, γλυκερὸν κόμμα παρωσάμεναι.
ὁμοίως ὅσα Οὐ λάοντα φυλάσσεται: ἡ δὲ Ῥοδανθής
αὐθίς ἐμοῖς στέρνοις φροντὶς ἀναστρέφεται.
ὁ δὲ θυγατέρας παύσασθε λαλητρίδες: οὐ γὰρ ἐγωγε
τὴν Ψιλομηλείην γλῶσσαν ἀπεθρισάμην.
ἀλλ’ Ἰτυλοῦν κλαίοντες κατ’ οὐρέα, καὶ γοάουτε
εἰς ἔποπος κραναχή αὐλιν ἐφεζομεναί,
βαιὸν ἴνα κνώσομεν: ἵσως δὲ τὰς ἤξει ὡνειρος,
ὅς με Ῥοδανθείοις πήχεσιν ἀμφιβαλὸι.


238.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ
Τὸ ξύφος ἐκ κολεοίῳ τι σύρεται; οὐ μᾶ σὲ, κούρη,
οὔχ ἵνα τι πρῆξῳ Κύπριδος ἀλλότριον,
ἀλλ’ ἵνα σοι τὸν Ἄρηα, καὶ ἄξαλεον περ ἑόντα,
δεῖξῳ τῇ μαλακῇ Κύπριδι πειθόμενον.
οὕτως ἐμὸι ποθέοντι συνεμπορος, οὐδὲ κατόπτρον
δεύομαι, ἐν δ’ αὐτῷ δέρκομαι αὐτόν ἐγώ,
κάλαδος ὡς ἐν ἔρωτι. σοὶ δ’ ἦν ἀπ’ ἐμείο λάθηαι,
τὸ ξύφος ἴμετέρην δύσεται ἐς λαγόνα.

239.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ.
Ἐσβέσθη φλογεροῖο πυρὸς μένος: οὐκέτι κάμνων,
ἀλλὰ καταβνήσκω ψυχόμενον, Παφίη.
ἡδ’ γὰρ μετὰ σάρκα δι’ ὀστέα καὶ φρένας ἐρπεῖ
παμφάγων αὐθίμαϊνοι οὕτως ὁ πικρὸς Ἐρως.
καὶ φλόξ ἐν τελεταῖς ὅτε θύματα πάντα λαφύξῃ,
φορβης ἴημαι ψυχεῖται αὐτομάτως.

1 I write with some hesitation κάλαδος: καλάδος MS.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

around and move me again to tears chasing sweet slumber away. I keep my eyes sightless, but again the thought of Rhodanthe haunts my heart. Hush ye spiteful babblers! It was not I who shore the tongue of Philomela. Go weep for Itylus on the hills, and lament sitting by the hoopoe's nest amid the crags; that I may sleep for a little season, and per-chance some dream may come and cast Rhodanthe's arms about me.

238.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Why do I draw my sword from the scabbard? It is not, dear, I swear it by thyself, to do aught foreign to Love's service, but to show thee that Ares ¹ though he be of stubborn steel yields to soft Cypris. This is the companion of my love, and I need no mirror, but look at myself in it, though, being in love, I am blind. But if thou forgettest me, the sword shall pierce my flank.

239.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

The raging flame is extinct; I suffer no longer, O Cypris; but I am dying of cold. For after having devoured my flesh, this bitter love, panting hard in his greed, creeps through my bones and vitals. So the altar fire, when it hath lapped up all the sacrifice, cools down of its own accord for lack of fuel to feed it.

¹ i.e. the sword.
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240.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
Τὸ χρυσὸς τὸν ἔρωτα μετέρχομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἀρότρω ἔργα μελισσάων γίνεται ἢ σκαπάνη, ἀλλ' ἔαρι δροσηρῷ· μέλιτός γε μὲν 'Αφρογενείης ὁ χρυσὸς τελέθει ποικίλος ἐργατίνης.

241.—ΠΑΤΑΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
"Σώζεο" σοι μέλλων ἐνέπειεν, παλινορσοῦν ἰωὴν ἄψ ἀνασειράξα, καὶ πάλιν ἄγχι μένω· σὴν γὰρ ἔγω δασπλῆτα διάστασιν οἰα τε πικρὴν νῦκτα καταπτήσασθο τὴν 'Αχεροντιάδα· ἡματι γὰρ σέο φέγγος ὁμοίουν· ἀλλὰ τὸ μέν ποῦ ἄφθογγον· σὺ δὲ μοι καὶ τὸ λάλημα φέρεις, κείνο τὸ Σειρήνων γῆμουμεῖτο, ὦ ἐπὶ πᾶσαι εἰσὶν ἐμής ψυχῆς ἐλπίδες ἐκκρεμές.

242.—ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΤΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Ὡς εἰδον Μελίτην, ὅχρος μ' ἔλε· καὶ γὰρ ἀκοίνης κεῖνη ἐφωμάρτει· τοῖα δ' ἔλεξα τρέμων·
"Τοῦ σοῦ ἀνακρουσάι δύναμαι πυλεώνος ὀχῆας, δικλίδος ὑμετέρης τὴν βάλανον χαλάσας, καὶ δις σὸν προθύρων πλαδαρήν κρήπιδα περῆσαι, ἄκρον ἐπιβλήτος μεσότι πηξάμενος;" ἡ δὲ λέγει γελάσασα, καὶ ἀνέρα λοξὸν ἱδούσα·
"Τῶν προθύρων ἀπέχου, μὴ σε κύων ὀλέσῃ."

243.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
Τὴν φιλοποιυνθέλωτα κόρην ἐπὶ νυκτός ὀνείρου εἶχον, ἐπισφύξας πῆχεσιν ἡμετέρους.
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240.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I pursue Love with gold; for bees do not work with spade or plough, but with the fresh flowers of spring. Gold, however, is the resourceful toiler that wins Aphrodite's honey.

241.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

"Farewell" is on my tongue, but I hold in the word with a wrench and still abide near thee. For I shudder at this horrid parting as at the bitter night of hell. Indeed thy light is like the daylight; but that is mute, while thou bringest me that talk, sweeter than the Sirens, on which all my soul's hopes hang.

242.—ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS

When I saw Melite, I grew pale, for her husband was with her, but I said to her trembling, "May I push back the bolts of your door, loosening the bolt-pin, and fixing in the middle the tip of my key pierce the damp base of the folding door?" But she, laughing and glancing at her husband, said, "You had better keep away from my door, or the dog may worry you."

243.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I held the laughter-loving girl clasped in my arms in a dream. She yielded herself entirely to
244.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μακρὰ φίλει Γαλάτεια καὶ ἐμψυχφα, μαλθακὰ Δημώ, Δωρὶς ὀδακτάζει. τὶς πλέον ἐξερέθει;
οὔτα μὴ κρίνωσί φιλήματα: γενούσινει δὲ τριχαδίων στομάτων, ψῆφον ἔποισόμεθα.
ἐπιλάγχθης, κραδιής τὰ φιλήματα μαλθακὰ Δημοὺς ἕγνως καὶ δροσερών ἥδυ μέλι στομάτων;
μέν’ ἐπὶ τοῖς· ἀδέκαστον ἔχει στέφος. εἰ δέ τις ἄλλη τέρπεται, ἐκ Δημοὺς ἡμέας οὐκ ἐρύσει.

245.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Κιχλίζεις, χρεμέτισμα γάμου προκέλευθον ἰείσα· ἄσυχά μοι νεύεις· πάντα μάτην ἔρεθεις.
ὁμοσα τὴν δυσέρωτα κόρην, τρισῶν ὄμοσα πέτραις, μῆποτε μειλιχίοις ὄμμασιν εἰσιδέειν.
παίξε μόνη τὸ φιλήμα. μάτην πόππυτζε σεαυτῇ
χείλεσι γυμνοτάτοις, οὗ τινὶ μυσγομένωις.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐτέρην ὀδὸν ἔρχομαι· εἰσὶ γὰρ ἄλλαι
κρέσσονες εὐλέκτρου Κυπρίδος ἐργάτιδες.

246.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μαλθακὰ μὲν Σαπφοῦς τὰ φιλήματα, μαλθακὰ γυνῶν
πλέγματα χιονέων, μαλθακὰ πάντα μέλη.
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me and offered no protest to any of my caprices. But some jealous Love lay in ambush for me even at night, and frightening sleep away spilt my cup of bliss. So even in the dreams of my sleep Love envies me the sweet attainment of my desire.

244.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Galatea's kisses are long and smack, Demo's are soft, and Doris bites one. Which excites most? Let not ears be judges of kisses; but I will taste the three and vote. My heart, thou wert wrong; thou knewest already Demo's soft kiss and the sweet honey of her fresh mouth. Cleave to that; she wins without a bribe; if any take pleasure in another, he will not tear me away from Demo.

245.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

You titter and neigh like a mare that courts the male; you make quiet signs to me; you do everything to excite me, but in vain. I swore, I swore with three stones in my hand¹ that I would never look with kindly eyes on the hard-hearted girl. Practise kissing by yourself and smack your lips, that pout in naked shamelessness, but are linked to no man's. But I go another way, for there are other better partners in the sports of Cypris.

246.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Soft are Sappho's kisses, soft the clasp of her snowy limbs, every part of her is soft. But her heart

¹ Or possibly "to the three stones." The matter is obscure.
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ψυχή δ' εἶξ ἀδάμαντος ὑπειθεός· ἄχρι γὰρ οἶων ἔστιν ἔρως στομάτων, τάλλα δὲ παρθενίης.
καὶ τίς ὑποτλαίη; τάχα τις τάχα τοῦτο ταλάσσας δίψαν Τανταλένη τλήσεται εὐμαρέως.

247.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ
Παρμενίς οὐκ ἔργω· τὸ μὲν σύνομα καλὸν ἱκουσάς ὁἰσόμην· σὺ δὲ μοι πικροτέρη θανάτου
καὶ φεύγεις φιλέοντα, καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διώκεις,
ὅφρα πάλιν κείμον καὶ φιλέοντα φύγης.
κεντρομανές δ’ ἀγκιστρον ἐφυ στόμα, καὶ με δακύντα 5 εὐθὺς ἔχει βοδέον χείλεος εἰκρεμέα.

248.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Ω παλάμη πάντολμε, σὺ τὸν παγχρύσεον ἔτης ἀπρίξ δραξαμένη βόστρυχον αὐερύσαι·
ἐτης· οὐκ ἐμάλαξε τεὸν βράσος αἰλίνως αὐθή,
σκύλμα κόμης, αὐχήν μαλθακά κεκλιμένος.
νῦν θαμνοῖς πατάγουσι μάτην τὸ μέτωπον ἁράσσεις· 5 οὐκέτι γὰρ μαζοὺς σὸν θεναρ ἐμπελάσει.
μή, λίτομαι, δέσποινα, τόσην μὴ λάμβανε ποινήν
μᾶλλον ἐγὼ τλαίην φάςγανον ἀπασίώς.

249.—ΕΙΡΗΝΑΙΟΤ ΡΕΦΕΡΕΝΔΑΡΙΟΤ
"Ω σοβαρῇ ῾Ροδότῃ, Παφίης εἴξασα βελέμνοις καὶ τὸν ὑπερφίάλον κόμπον ἀπωσαμένη,
ἀγκάς ἐλούσά μ’ ἔχεις παρὰ σὸν λέχος· ἐν δ’ ἄρα
δέσμοις
κείμαι, ἐλευθερίη σοῦ ἐπιδειμένον.
οὗτῳ γὰρ ψυχή τε καὶ ἐκχυτα σώματα φωτῶν
συμφέρεται, φιλεῖς ῥείμασι μυγνύμενα.

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is of unyielding adamant. Her love reaches but to her lips, the rest is forbidden fruit. Who can support this? Perhaps, perhaps he who has borne it will find it easy to support the thirst of Tantalus.

247.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Constance (Parmenis) in name but not in deed! When I heard your pretty name I thought you might be, but to me you are more cruel than death. You fly from him who loves you and you pursue him who loves you not, that when he loves you, you may fly from him too in turn. Your mouth is a hook with madness in its tip: I bit, and straight it holds me hanging from its rosy lips.

248.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

O all-daring hand, how could you seize her tightly by her all-golden hair and drag her about? How could you? Did not her piteous cries soften you, her torn hair, her meekly bent neck? Now in vain you beat my forehead again and again. Nevermore shall your palm be allowed to touch her breasts. Nay, I pray thee, my lady, punish me not so cruelly: rather than that I would gladly die by the sword.

249.—IRENAEUS REFERENDARIUS

O haughty Rhodope, now yielding to the arrows of Cypris, and forsaking thy insufferable pride, you hold me in your arms by your bed, and I lie, it seems, in chains with no desire for liberty. Thus do souls and languid bodies meet, mingled by the streams of love.
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250.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ηδύ, φίλου, μείδημα τὸ Δαίδος· ἦδύ κατ' αὐ τῶν ἡπιοδιωνητῶν δάκρυ χέει βλεφάρων.
χθεία μοι ἀπροφάσιστον ἐπέστενεν, ἐγκλιδὸν ὤμο
ἡμιστέροφ κεφαλῆς ἐπὶ πνα ἐρεισάμενη·
μυρομένην δ' ἐφίλησα· τὰ δ' ὡς δροσερῆ ὑπὸ πηγῆς δ
δάκρυνα μυγυμένων πῆπτε κατὰ στομάτων.
εἰπε δ' ἀνευρομένῳ, "Τίνος εἶνεκα δάκρυνα λείβεις;"
"Δείδια μή με λίπης· ἐστῄ γὰρ ὀρκαπάται.

251.—ΕΙΡΗΝΑΙΟΤ ΡΕΦΕΡΕΝΔΑΡΙΟΤ

"Ομματα δινεύεις κρυφίων ἱνδάλματα πυρσῶν,
χεῖλεα δ' ἀκροβαφή λοξὰ παρεκτάνυεις,
καὶ πολὺ κιχλίζουσα σοβεῖς εὐβόστρυχον αὐγῆν,
ἐκχυμένας δ' ὄρος τὰς σοβαρὰς παλάμας.
ἀλλ' οὐ σῆς κραδίσας ὑψαύχεος ὄκλασεν ὁγκός·
οὔπω ἑθηλύνθης, οὐδὲ μαραινομένη.

252.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

"Ρίψωμεν, χαρίεσσα, τὰ φάρεα· γυμνὰ δὲ γυμνοῖς
ἐμπελάσει γυνίως γυναῖκα περιπλοκάδην·
μηδὲν οἴο τὸ μεταξὺ. Σεμιράμιδος γὰρ ἐκεῖνο
τεῖχος ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ καὶ πεπών ὕφασμα σέθεν·
στήθεα δ' ἐξεύχθω, τὰ [τε] χεῖλεα· τὰλλα δὲ συγγ
κρυπτέον· ἐχθαίρω τὴν ἀθυροστομίαν.

253.—ΕΙΡΗΝΑΙΟΤ ΡΕΦΕΡΕΝΔΑΡΙΟΤ

Τίππε πέδουν, Χρύσελλα, κάτω νεόουσα δοκεύεις,
καὶ ξώνην παλάμαις οἴα περ ἄκρολωτοῖς;
αιδῶς νόσφι πέλει τῆς Κύπροδος· εἰ δ' ἁρὰ συγγάς,
νεύματι τὴν Παφίην δεῖξον ὑπερχομένη.
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250.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Sweet, my friends, is Lais' smile, and sweet again the tears she sheds from her gently waving eyes. Yesterday, after long resting her head on my shoulder, she sighed without a cause. She wept as I kissed her, and the tears flowing as from a cool fountain fell on our united lips. When I questioned her, “Why are you crying?” She said, “I am afraid of your leaving me, for all you men are forsworn.”

251.—IRENAEUS REFERENDARIUS

You roll your eyes to express hidden fires and you grimace, twisting and protruding your reddened lips; you giggle constantly and shake the glory of your curls, and your haughty hands, I see, are stretched out in despair. But your disdainful heart is not bent, and even in your decline you are not softened.

252.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Let us throw off these cloaks, my pretty one, and lie naked, knotted in each other's embrace. Let nothing be between us; even that thin tissue you wear seems thick to me as the wall of Babylon. Let our breasts and our lips be linked; the rest must be veiled in silence. I hate a babbling tongue.

253.—IRENAEUS REFERENDARIUS

Why, Chrysilla, do you bend your head and gaze at the floor, and why do your fingers trifle with your girdle's knot? Shame mates not with Cypris, and if you must be silent, by some sign at least tell me that you submit to the Paphian goddess.
254.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ωμοσα μμνάξειν σέο τηλόδεν, ἀργέτι κούρη, ἄχροι δυωδεκάτης, ὅ πότοι, ἱρυπόλησι.
οὔ δ' ἠτλήν ὁ τάλας. τὸ γὰρ αὐριον ἀμμίν φαάνθη
τηλοτέρῳ μήνης, ναὶ μὰ σέ, δωδεκάτης.
ἀλλὰ θεοὺς ἱκέτευε, φίλη, μὴ ταῦτα χαράξαι
ὁρκία ποιναῖς νῦτον ὑπὲρ σελίδος.
θέλγη δὲ σαίς χαρίτεσσιν ἐμὴν φρένα: μὴ δὲ μὲ μάστιξ,
pόντα, κατασμύξη καὶ σέο καὶ μακάρων.

255.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Εἶδον ἐγὼ ποθέοντας· ὑπ’ ἀτλήτοιο δὲ λύσσης
δηρὸν ἐν ἀλλήλοις χείλεα πηξάμενοι,
οὐ κόρον εἶχον ἔρωτος ἀφειδέος· ίἐμενοι δέ,
εἰ θέμις, ἀλλήλων δύμεναι ἐς κραδίνη,
ἀμφασίας ὅσον ὄσον ὑπεπρήνυν ἀνάγκην,
ἀλλήλων μαλακοῖς φάρεσιν ἔσσαμενοι.
καὶ ρ’ ὁ μὲν ἦν Ἀχιλῆπι πανείκελος, οἷος ἔκεινος
τῶν Δυκομηδείων ἔνδοι ἔνθα θαλάμων-
κούρη δ’ ἀργυφέρῃς ἐπιγονύνδος ἀχρὶ χιτῶνα
ζωσαμένη, Φοίβης εἶδος ἀπεπλάστατο.
καὶ πάλιν ἥρηρεστο τὰ χείλεα· γυνοβόρον γὰρ
εἶχον ἀλωφήτου λυμὸν ἐρωμαίνης.
ῥεῖα τις ἡμερίδος στελέχη δύο σύμπλοκα λύσει,
στρεπτά, πολυχρονίῳ πλέγματι συμφυέα,
ἡ κεῖνος φιλέοντας, ὑπ’ ἀντιπόροις τ’ ἀγοστοῖς
ὔγρα περιπλέγδοσν ἄγεα δησαμένους.
τρις μάκαρ, ὃς τοίοις, φίλη, δεσμοίσιν ἔλεχθη,
τρις μάκαρ· ἀλλ’ ἡμεῖς ἄνδικα καἰόμεθα.

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254.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Ye gods! I swore to stay away from thee, bright maiden, till the twelfth day dawnded, but I, the long-enduring, could not endure it. Yea, by thyself I swear, the morrow seemed more than a twelvemonth. But pray to the gods, dear, not to engrave this oath of mine on the surface of the page that records my sins, and comfort my heart, too, with thy charm. Let not thy burning scourge, gracious lady, as well as the immortals' flay me.

255.—BY THE SAME

I saw the lovers. In the ungovernable fury of their passion they glued their lips together in a long kiss; but that did not sate the infinite thirst of love. Longing, if it could be, to enter into each other's hearts, they sought to appease to a little extent the torment of the impossible by interchanging their soft raiment. Then he was just like Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, and she, her tunic girt up to her silver knee, counterfeited the form of Artemis. Again their lips met close, for the inappeasable hunger of passion yet devoured them. 'Twere easier to tear apart two vine stems that have grown round each other for years than to separate them as they kiss and with their opposed arms knot their pliant limbs in a close embrace. Thrice blessed he, my love, who is entwined by such fetters, thrice blessed! but we must burn far from each other.
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256.—TOY AYTOY

Δικλίδας ἀμφετίναξεν ἐμοῖς Γαλάτεια προσώποις ἑσπέρος, υβριστήν μῶθον ἐπευξαμενή.
"Τῷρις ἐρωτας ἐλυσε." μάτην ὃδε μῦθος ἀλάταιν ὑβρις ἐμίην ἔρεθει μᾶλλον ἐρωμανίην.
ὡς ὁ μοσα γὰρ λυκάβαντα μένειν ἀπάνευθεν ἐκεῖνης ὥ πότοι. ἂλλ' ἱκέτης πρώοις εὐθὺς ἔβην.

257.—ΠΑΛΑΔΑΔΑ

Νῦν καταγνωσκώ καὶ τοῦ Διὸς ὡς ἀνεράστου, μη μεταβαλλομένου τῆς σοβαρᾶς ἕνεκα οὔτε γὰρ Εὐρώπης, οὐ τῆς Δανάης περὶ κάλλος, οὐδ' ἀπαλής Λήδης ἐστ' ἀπολευτομένη· εἰ μὴ τὰς πόρνας παραπέμπεται σῶδα γὰρ αὐτὸν τῶν βασιλευοῦσῶν παρθενικῶν φθορέα.

258.—ΠΑΛΑΩΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Πρόκριτος ἔστι, Φίλινα, τεθ' ῥυτίς ἢ ὡπὸς ἡβης πάσης. ἰμείρῳ δ' ἀμφίς ἐχειν παλάμαις μᾶλλον ἔγω σέο μῆλα καρηβαρέοντα κορύμβοις, ἢ μαξον νεαρῆς ὀρθίων ἡλικίας.
σῶν γὰρ ἔτι φθινόπωρον ὑπέρτερον εἴαρος ἄλλης, χείμα σῶν ἀλλοτρίου θερμότερον θέρεος.

259.—TOY AYTOY

"Ομματά σεν βαρύθουσι, πόθου πυείοντα, Χαρικλοῖ, οἰάπερ ἐκ λέκτρων ἄρτι διεγρομένης· ἐσκυλται δὲ κόμη, ῥοδένς δ' ἀμάρυνγα παρειῆς ὄχρος ἔχει λευκός, καὶ δέμας ἐκλέλυται.

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256.—By the Same

Galatea last evening slammed her door in my face, and added this insulting phrase: "Scorn breaks up love." A foolish phrase that idly goes from mouth to mouth! Scorn but inflames my passion all the more. I swore to remain a year away from her, but ye gods! in the morning I went straightway to supplicate at her door.

257.—PALLADAS

Now I condemn Zeus as a tepid lover, since he did not transform himself for this haughty fair's sake. She is not second in beauty to Europa or Danae or tender Leda. But perhaps he disdains courtesans, for I know they were maiden princesses he used to seduce.

258.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Your wrinkles, Philinna, are preferable to the juice of all youthful prime, and I desire more to clasp in my hands your apples nodding with the weight of their clusters, than the firm breasts of a young girl. Your autumn excels another's spring, and your winter is warmer than another's summer.

259.—By the Same

Thy eyes, Chariclo, that breathe love, are heavy, as if thou hadst just risen from bed, thy hair is dishevelled, thy cheeks, wont to be so bright and rosy, are pale, and thy whole body is relaxed.
κεί μὲν παννυχίσαν ὀμιλήσασα παλαίστρας ταύτα φέρεσι, ὀλβοὺ παντὸς ὑπερπέτεται ὁς σε περιπλέγθην ἔχε πήχεσιν· εἰ δὲ σε τήκει θερμὸς ἔρως, εὑρὴς εἰς ἐμὲ τηκομένη.

260.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κεκρύφαλοι σφίγγουσι τείν τρίχα; τίκομαι οὐστρφ ὶ θεῖς πυργοφόρου δείκελοι εἰσοροών. ἀσκεπές ἐστι κάρην; ἐγὼ ξανθίσμασί χαίτης ἔκχυτον ἐκ στέρμον ἐξεσώβησα νύνον. ἀργευναῖς ὁθύμησι κατήμα βοστρυχα κεύθεις; οὐδέν ἐλαφροτέρη φλόξ κατέχει κραδίνη. μορφὴν τριχθαδίνην Χαρίτων τριάς ἁμφιπολεύειν πάσα δέ μοι μορφὴ πῦρ ἔδιον προχέει.

261.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰμι μὲν οὐ φιλόσωφος· ὅταν δὲ ἐθέλησε με μεθύσσαι, πρῶτα σὺ γενομένη πρόσφερε, καὶ δέχομαι. εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψάυσεις τοῖς χείλεσιν, οὐκέτι νῦφειν εὔμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκόν οἰνοχόον· πορθμεύει γὰρ ἐμούνε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα, καὶ μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν ἡν ἔλαβεν.

262.—ΠΑΤΑΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Φεῦ φεῦ, καὶ τὸ λάλημα τὸ μελίχου ὁ φθόνος εὑρείς, βλέμμα τε λαθριδίως φθεγγομένων βλεφάρων· ἰσταμένης δὲ ἀγχιστα τεθήπαμεν ὅμμα γεραίης, οία πολύγλυθνον βουκόλου ἰναχίης. ἰστατο, καὶ σκοπίαζε, μάτην δὲ σον ἦτορ ἀμύσος· οὐ γὰρ ἐπὶ ψυχῆς ὅμμα τεῦ ταυτύσεις.
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If all this is a sign of thy having spent the night in Love's arena, then the bliss of him who held thee clasped in his arms transcends all other, but if it is burning love that wastes thee, may thy wasting be for me.

260.—BY THE SAME

Does a caul confine your hair, I waste away with passion, as I look on the image of turreted Cybele. Do you wear nothing on your head, its flaxen locks make me scare my mind from its throne in my bosom. Is your hair let down and covered by a white kerchief, the fire burns just as fierce in my heart. The three Graces dwell in the three aspects of your beauty, and each aspect sheds for me its particular flame.

261.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

I care not for wine, but if thou wouldst make me drunk, taste the cup first and I will receive it when thou offerest it. For, once thou wilt touch it with thy lips, it is no longer easy to abstain or to fly from the sweet cup-bearer. The cup ferries thy kiss to me, and tells me what joy it tasted.

262.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Alack, alack! envy forbids even thy sweet speech and the secret language of thy eyes. I am in dread of the eye of thy old nurse, who stands close to thee like the many-eyed herdsman \(^1\) of the Argive maiden. “Stand there and keep watch; but you gnaw your heart in vain, for your eye cannot reach to the soul.”

\(^1\) i.e. Argus set to keep watch over Io.
263.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Μήποτε, λύχνε, μύκητα φέρους, μηδ’ ὀμβρον ἐγείροις, μὴ τὸν ἐμὸν παύσῃς νυμφίον ἐρχόμενον. αἰεὶ σὺ φθονείς τῇ Κύπριδι, καὶ γὰρ ὃθ᾽ Ἡρὼ ἤρμοσε Δελιάνδρῳ... Θυμέ, τὸ λοιπὸν ἡα.
Ἥφαιστον τελέθεις· καὶ πείθομαι, ὅτι χαλέπτων 5 Κύπριδα, θωπεύεις δεσποτικὴν ὁδύνην.

264.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Βόστρυχον ὀμογέρουν τί μέμφεαι, ὁμματά θ’ ὑγρὰ δάκρυσιν; ὑμετέρων παίγνια ταῦτα πόθων· φροντίδες ἀπρήκτοιο πόθου τάδε, ταῦτα βελέμυνων σύμβολα, καὶ δολιχὰς ἐργα νυχερεσίης. καὶ γὰρ ποι λαγόνεσσι ῥυτίς παναύριος ἡδη, 5 καὶ λαγαρὸν δειρὴ δέρμα περικρέμαται. ὁππόσον ἥβασκει φλογὸς ἄνθεα, τόσσον ἐμεῦ ἀψεα γηράσκει φροντίδι γυιοβόρῳ. ἄλλα κατοικτέρασα δίδου χάριν· αὐτίκα γάρ μοι χρῶς ἀναθηλήσει κρατὶ μελανωμένῳ. 10

265.—ΚΟΜΗΤΑ ΧΑΡΤΟΤΛΑΡΙΟΤ
"Ομματα Φυλλὸς ἐπεμπε κατὰ πλόουν ὀρκος ἀλῆτης πλάξετο, Δημοφόρων δ’ ἦν ἀπιστος ἀνήρ. νῦν δέ, φίλη, πιστὸς μὲν ἔγω παρὰ θίνα θαλάσσης Δημοφόρων· σὺ δὲ πῶς, Φυλλὸς, ἀπιστος ἐφυς;
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263.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Never, my lamp, mayest thou wear a snuff\(^1\) or arouse the rain, lest thou hold my bridegroom from coming. Ever dost thou grudge Cypris; for when Hero was plighted to Leander—no more, my heart, no more! Thou art Hephaestus's, and I believe that, by vexing Cypris, thou fawnest on her suffering lord.

264.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Why find fault with my locks grown grey so early and my eyes wet with tears? These are the pranks my love for thee plays; these are the care-marks of unfulfilled desire; these are the traces the arrows left; these are the work of many sleepless nights. Yes, and my sides are already wrinkled all before their time, and the skin hangs loose upon my neck. The more fresh and young the flame is, the older grows my body devoured by care. But take pity on me, and grant me thy favour, and at once it will recover its freshness and my locks their raven tint.

265.—COMETAS CHARTULARIUS

Phyllis sent her eyes to sea to seek Demophoon, but his oath he had flung to the winds and he was false to her. Now, dear, I thy Demophoon keep my tryst to thee on the sea-shore; but how is it, Phyllis, that thou are false?

\(^1\) A sign of rain; \textit{cp.} Verg. \textit{G.} i. 392.
266.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ανέρα λυσσητήρι κυνὸς βεβολημένον ἵφυδασι θηρείνη εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν. Λυσσώων τάχα πικρὸν Ἐρως ἐνέπθηξεν ὅθοντα εἰς ἐμὲ, καὶ μανίας θυμὸν ἐληίσατο· σήν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ τὸντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει, καὶ ποταμῶν δίναι, καὶ δέπας οἰνοχόον.

267.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

a. Τί στενάχεις; β. Φιλέω. α. Τίνα; β. Παρνένον.
a. Ὕπα γε καλήν;
b. Καλὴν ἡμετέρους ὀμμασὶ φαινομένην.
a. Ποῦ δὲ μιν εἰσενόησας; β. ἢκεῖ ποτὶ δεῖπνον ἐπελθὼν
ξυνὴ κεκλιμένην ἐδρακον ἐν στιβάδι.
a. Ἐλπίζεις δὲ τυχεῖν; β. Ναὶ, ναὶ, φίλος· ἄμφιθιν δὲ
οὐ ζητῶ φιλήν, ἀλλ' ὑποκλεπτομένην.
a. Τὸν νόμιμον μᾶλλον φεύγεις γάμον. β. Ἀτρεκῆς ἔγνων,
ὅττι γε τῶν κτεάνων ποιλὺ τὸ λειτόμενον.
a. Ἐγνως; οὐ φιλέεις, ἐψεύτασο· πῶς δῦναται γὰρ
ψυχὴ ἐρωμανέειν ὁρθὰ λογιζομένη;

268.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μηκέτι τις πτηξεῖει πόθου βέλος· Ιοδόκην γὰρ εἰς ἐμὲ λάβρος Ἐρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὅλην.
μὴ πτερύγων τρομέοι τις ἐπήλυσον· ἐξότε γὰρ μοι λαξ ἐπιβὰς στέρνοις πικρὸν ἐπήξε πόδα,
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266.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

They say a man bitten by a mad dog sees the brute’s image in the water. I ask myself, “Did Love go rabid, and fix his bitter fangs in me, and lay my heart waste with madness? For thy beloved image meets my eyes in the sea and in the eddying stream and in the wine-cup.

267.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

A. Why do you sigh? B. I am in love. A. With whom? B. A girl. A. Is she pretty? B. In my eyes. A. Where did you notice her? B. There, where I went to dinner, I saw her reclining with the rest. A. Do you hope to succeed? B. Yes, yes, my friend, but I want a secret affair and not an open one. A. You are averse then from lawful wedlock? B. I learnt for certain that she is very poorly off. A. You learnt! you lie, you are not in love; how can a heart that reckons correctly be touched with love’s madness?

268.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Let none fear any more the darts of desire; for raging Love has emptied his whole quiver on me. Let none dread the coming of his wings; for ever since he hath set his cruel feet on me, trampling on my heart,
269.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Δισσών θηλυτέρων μούνος ποτε μέσσος ἐκείμην, τῆς μὲν ἐφιμείρων, τῇ δὲ χαριζομένος· εἶλκε δὲ μ' ἡ φιλέουσα· πάλιν δ' ἔγω, οἷτε τὶς φώρ, χεῖλει φειδομένω τὴν ἔτερην ἐφίλουν, ξῆλον ὑποκλέπτων τῆς γείτονος, ἢς τὸν ἔλεγχον καὶ τὰς λυσιπλόδους ἐτρεμον ἀγγελίας.

οὐκήσας δ' ἀρ' ἔειπον· "Ἑμοὶ τάχα καὶ τὸ φιλεῖσθαι ὡς τὸ φιλεῖν χαλεπὸν, δισσᾶ κολαζομένῳ."

270.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Οὗτε ῥόδου στεφάνων ἐπιδεύεται, οὗτε σὺ πέπλων, οὗτε λιθοβλήτων, πότνια, κεκρυφάλων.

μάργαρα σής χροίης ἀπολείπεται, οὐδὲ κομίζει χρυσὸς ἀπεκτήτου σής τριχὸς ἀγλαίνη.

Ἰνδάθη δ' ὑάκινθος ἔχει χάριν αἰθοπος αὐγής, ἀλλὰ τεῦν λογάδων πολλῶν ἀφαυρότητην· χεῖλεα δὲ δροσόεντα, καὶ ἡ μελίφυρτος ἐκείνη στῆθεος ἀρμονίη, κεστὸς ἐφυ Παφίης.

Τούτων πᾶσιν ἔγω καταδάμαναι· ὀμμασί μούνος θέλγομαι, οἷς ἐλπὶς μειλίχος ἐνδιάει.

271.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὴν ποτὲ βακχεύουσαν ἐν εἰδεῖ θηλυτεράων, τὴν χρυσέωρ κροτάλωρ σειομένην σπατάλην, γήρας ἔχει καὶ νοῦσος ἀμείλιχος· οἴ δὲ φιληταί, οἴ ποτε τριλλάτως ἀντίον ἐρχόμενοι,
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there he remains unmoved and unshaken and departs not, for on me he hath shed the feathers of his two wings.

269.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

I once sat between two ladies, of one of whom I was fond, while to the other I did it as a favour. She who loved me drew me towards her but I, like a thief, kissed the other, with lips that seemed to grudge the kisses, thus deceiving the jealous fears of the first one, whose reproach, and the reports she might make to sever us, I dreaded. Sighing I said, “It seems that I suffer double pain, in that both loving and being loved are a torture to me.”

270.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

A nose requires no wreath, and thou, my lady, no robes, nor hair-cauls set with gems. Pearls yield in beauty to thy skin, and gold has not the glory of thy uncombed hair. Indian Jacynth has the charm of sparkling splendour, but far surpassed by that of thy eyes. Thy dewy lips and the honeyed harmony of thy breasts are the magic cestus of Venus itself. By all those I am utterly vanquished, and am comforted only by thy eyes which kind hope makes his home.

271.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

She who once frolicked among the fairest of her sex, dancing with her golden castanettes and displaying her finery, is now worn by old age and pitiless disease. Her lovers, who once ran to welcome her,
νῦν μέγα πεφρίκασιν· τὸ δ' αὐξοσέληνον ἐκεῖνο ἐξέλιψεν, συνόδου μηκέτι γινομένης.

272.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Μαξόνες χερσὶν ἔχω, στόματι στόμα, καὶ περὶ δειρὴν ἀσχετα λυσσῶν βόσκομαι ἀργυφέν, οὕτω δ' 'Αφρογένειαν ὀλὴν ἔλαυν· ἀλλ' ἐτε κάμνω, παρθένων ἄμφιποις λέκτρων ἀναινομένην.
ἠμοῦ γὰρ Παφίη, τὸ δ' ἅρ' ἠμοῦ δῶκεν 'Ἀθήνη· 5
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μέσος τῆκομαι ἀμφοτέρων.

273.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
ἳ πάροις ἀγλαίησι μετάρσιος, ἢ πλοκαμίδας σειομένη πλεκτάς, καὶ σοβαρευμένη, 5
ἡ μεγαλαυχήσασα καθ' ἡμετέρης μελεδώνης,
γὰρι βίκινώδης, τὴν πρὶν ἄφηκε χάριν.
μαξὸς ύπεκλώθη, πέσου ὀφρύς, ὁμα τέτηκει,
χείλεα βαμβαίνει φθέγματι γηραλέω.
τὴν πολιήν καλέως Νέμεσιν Πόθου, ὅτι δικάζει 5
ἐννομα, ταῖς σοβαραῖς θάσσον ἐπερχομένη.

274.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Τὴν πρὶν ἐνεσφηγίσεσθε 'Ερως <θρασύς> εἰκόνα 5
μορφῆς
ἡμετέρης θερμῶ βένθει σῆς κραδῆς,
φεῦ φεῦ, νῦν ἀδόκητος ἀπέπτυσας· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τοι
γραπτὸν ἔχω ψυχή σῆς τύπων ἀγλαίης.
τοῦτόν καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ 'Λιδί, βάρβαρε, δεῖξω, 5
Κρῆσαν ἐπισπέρχον εἰς σὲ δικασπολήν.
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the eagerly desired, now shudder at her, and that waxing moon has waned away, since it never comes into conjunction.

272.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

I press her breasts, our mouths are joined, and I feed in unrestrained fury round her silver neck, but not yet is my conquest complete; I still toil wooing a maiden who refuses me her bed. Half of herself she has given to Aphrodite and half to Pallas, and I waste away between the two.

273.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

She who once held herself so high in her beauty, and used to shake her plaited tresses in her pride, she who used to vaunt herself proof against my doleful passion, is now old and wrinkled and her charm is gone. Her breasts are pendent and her eyebrows are fallen, the fire of her eyes is dead and her speech is trembling and senile. I call grey hairs the Nemesis of Love, because they judge justly, coming soonest to those who are proudest.

274.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

The image of me that Love stamped in the hot depths of thy heart, thou dost now, alas! as I never dreamt, disown; but I have the picture of thy beauty engraved on my soul. That, O cruel one, I will show to the Sun, and show to the Lord of Hell, that the judgement of Minos may fall quicker on thy head.
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275.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δειελινῷ χαρίεσσα Μενεκρατίς ἐκχυτος ὑπνω κεῖτο περὶ κροτάφους πῆχυν ἐλιξαμένην· τολμήσας δ' ἐπέβην λεχέων ὑπερ. ὡς δὲ κελεύθου ἤμισυ κυπρείδης ὕμων ἀσπασίως, ἥ παϊς ἐξ ὑπνοίου διέγρετο, χερσὶ δὲ λευκαῖς 5 κράτος ήμετέρου πᾶσαν ἐτιλλε κόμην· μαρναμένης δὲ τὸ λουπὸν ἀνύσαμεν ἐργον ἐρωτός. ἦ δ' ὑποτιμπλαμένη διάκρυσε εἴπε τάδε· «Σχέτλε, νῦν μὲν ἔρεξας ὁ τοι φίλον, ὃ ἐπὶ πουλὺν πολλάκις σῆς παλάμης χρυσὸν ἀπωμοσάμην· οἰχόμενος δ' ἄλλην ὑποκόλπιον εὐθὺς ἐλίξεις· ἐστὶ γὰρ ἀπλήστου Κύπριδος ἐργατίνη».

276.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Σοὶ τόδε τὸ κρήδεμνον, ἐμὴ μνήστειρα, κομίζω, χρυσεοπηνήτω λαμπὸμενον γραφίδι· βάλλε δὲ σοῖς πλοκάμουσιν· ἐφεσσαμένη δ' ὑπὲρ ὅμων στὴθεὶ παλλεύκω τήνδε δὸς ἀμπεχὸν· ναὶ ναὶ στὴθεὶ μᾶλλον, ὅπως ἐπικαμίζου εἰς ἀμφιπερπλέγηθην εἰς σὲ κεδανύμενον. 5 καὶ τόδε μὲν φορέως ἀπε παρθένος· ἄλλα καὶ εὐθὺν λεύσσοις καὶ τεκέων εὐσταχὺν ἀνθαυσίνην, ὃφρα σοι ἐκτελέσαιμι καὶ ἀργυφένη ἀναδέσμην καὶ λυθοκολλητῶν πλέγματα κεκρυφάλων.

277.—ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΤΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Ἄρσενας ἄλλος ἔχων· φιλέειν δ' ἐγὼ οἶδα γυναῖκας, ἐς χρονίην φιλίην οἷα φυλασσομένας. οὐ καλὸν ἡβητήρες· ἀπεχθαίρω ὡρ᾽ ἐκείνην τὴν τρίχα, τὴν φθονερήν, τὴν ταχὺ φυμένην.

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275.—By the Same

One afternoon pretty Menecratis lay outstretched in sleep with her arm twined round her head. Boldly I entered her bed and had to my delight accomplished half the journey of love, when she woke up, and with her white hands set to tearing out all my hair. She struggled till all was over, and then said, her eyes filled with tears: “Wretch, you have had your will, and taken that for which I often refused your gold; and now you will leave me and take another to your breast; for you all are servants of insatiable Cypris.”

276.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

This coif, bright with patterns worked in gold, I bring for thee, my bride to be. Set it on thy hair, and putting this tucker over thy shoulders, draw it round thy white bosom. Yea, pin it lower, that it may cincture thy breasts, wound close around thee. These wear as a maiden, but mayest thou soon be a matron with fair fruit of offspring, that I may get thee a silver head-band, and a hair-caul set with precious stones.

277.—ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS

Let males be for others. I can love but women, whose charms are more enduring. There is no beauty in youths at the age of puberty; I hate the unkind hair that begins to grow too soon.
278.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Αὐτῆ μοι Κυθέρεια καὶ ἰμερόντες Ἑρωτε 
τὴξουσιν κενένι εὐθόμενοι κραδίνης, 
ἀρσενας εἰ σπεύσω φιλεῖεν ποτέ· μήτε τυχήσω, 
μήτε ἐπολισθῆσοι μεῖξοσιν ἄμπλακίας. 
ἀρκία θηλυτέρων ἀλιτηματα· κεῖνα κομίσοσω, 
καλλεύψω δὲ νέους ἀφροὺ πετταλάκιν.

279.—ΠΑΤΛΩΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Δηθύνει Κλεόφαντις· ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἁρχεται ἂν 
λύχνος ὑποκλάζειν ἃκα μαρανόμενος. 
αὐθὲ δὲ καὶ κραδίς πυρσώς συναπέσβετο λύχνω, 
μηδὲ μ' ὑπ' ἄγρυπνοις ἕρων ἑκαὶ πόθοις. 
ἀ πόσα τὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐπώμοσεν ἐσπεροῦ ἐξειν, 
ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἀνθρώπων φείδεται, οὔτε θεῶν.

280.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Ἡ ρὰ γε καὶ σὺ, Φίλιννα, φέρεις πόνων; ἡ ρὰ καὶ αὐτὴ 
κάμνεις, αὐβλέοις ομμασὶ τηκομένη; 
ἡ σὺ μὲν ὑπνὸν ἔχεις γλυκερώτατον, ἤμετέρης δὲ 
φροντίδος οὔτε λόγος γίνεται οὔτ' ἄριθμός; 
εὐρήσεις τὰ ὄμοια, τεῦν δ', ἀμέγαρτε, παρείη 
ἀθρίσω θαμνοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγομένην. 
Κύπρις γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἀλλα παλύγκοτος· ἐν δὲ τὰ καλὸν 
ἐλλαχεν, ἐχθαῖρειν τὰς σοβαρευομένας.

281.—ΠΑΤΛΩΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Χθιξά μοι Ἑρμώνασσα φιλακρήτους μετὰ κώμους 
στέμμασιν αὐλείας ἀμφιπλέκοντι θύρας
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278.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

MAY Aphrodite herself and the darling Loves melt my empty heart for hate of me, if I ever am inclined to love males. May I never make such conquests or fall into the graver sin. It is enough to sin with women. This I will indulge in, but leave young men to foolish Pittalacus.¹

279.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

CLEOPHANTIS delays, and for the third time the wick of the lamp begins to droop and rapidly fade. Would that the flame in my heart would sink with the lamp and did not this long while burn me with sleepless desire. Ah! how often she swore to Cytherea to come in the evening, but she scruples not to offend men and gods alike.

280.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Art thou too in pain, Philinna, art thou too sick, and dost thou waste away, with burning eyes? Or dost thou enjoy sweetest sleep, with no thought, no count of my suffering? The same shall be one day thy lot, and I shall see thy cheeks, wretched girl, drenched with floods of tears. Cypris is in all else a malignant goddess, but one virtue is hers, that she hates a prude.

281.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

YESTERDAY Hermonassa, as after a carouse I was hanging a wreath on her outer door, poured a jug of

¹ A notorious bad character at Athens, mentioned by Aeschines.
282.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

'Ἡ βαδινὴ Μελίτη τανασσοὶ ἐπὶ γῆρας οὖν ὁ δὲ καί τὴν ἀπὸ τῆς ἤβης οὖν ἀπέθηκε χάριν,
ἀλλὰ ἔτι μαρμαροῦσι παρηδεῖς, ὤμω δὲ θέλειν
οὗ λάθεν τῶν δ᾽ ἐτέων ἡ δεκαὶ οὖν ὁλύγη
μέμνει καὶ τὸ φρύγαμα τὸ παιδικὸν. ἐνθάδε δ᾽ ἐγνων 5
ὅτι φύσιν ηικάν ὁ χρόνος οὗ δύναται.

283.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Δάκρυα μοι στενδουσαν ἐπήρατον οἴκτρὰ Θεανῳ
ἐίχον ὑπὲρ λέκτρων πάνων ήμετέρων
ἐξότε γὰρ πρὸς Ὠλυμπον ἀνέδραμεν ἐσπερος ἅστηρ,
μέμφετο μελλούσης ἄγγελον ἡμιπόλης.
οὔδεν ἐφημερίοις καταθύμοιν· εἰ τις Ἑρώτων
λάτρης, νῦκτας ἐχειν ὄφελε Κιμμερίων.

284.—ΡΟΤΦΙΝΟΤ ΔΟΜΕΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Πάντα σέθεν φιλέω· µοῦνον δὲ σὸν ἄκηρτον ὄμμα
ἐχθαίρω, στυγηροῖς ἀνδράσι τερπόμενον.

285.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰργομένη φιλέειν µε κατὰ στόµα διὰ Ἱοδάνθη
ξώνην παρθενικὴν ἐξετάνυσε µέσην,
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water on me, and flattened my hair, which I had taken such pains to curl that it would have lasted three days. But the water set me all the more aglow, for the hidden fire of her sweet lips was in the jug.

282.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Slender Melite, though now on the threshold of old age, has not lost the grace of youth; still her cheeks are polished, and her eye has not forgotten to charm. Yet her decades are not few. Her girlish high spirit survives too. This taught me that time cannot subdue nature.

283.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

I had loveable Theano all night with me, but she never ceased from weeping piteously. From the hour when the evening star began to mount the heaven, she cursed it for being herald of the morrow's dawn. Nothing is just as mortals would have it; a servant of Love requires Cimmerian nights.

284.—RUFINUS DOMESTICUS

I love everything in you. I hate only your undiscerning eye which is pleased by odious men.

285.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Divine Rhodanthe, being prevented from kissing me, held her maiden girdle stretched out between
καὶ κείμην φιλέσεκεν· ἐγὼ δὲ τις ὡς ὀχετηγὸς ἀρχὴν εἰς ἐπέτην εἰλκον ἔρωτος ὕψωρ,
αὐερῦν ὁ̣ discourage φίλημα· περὶ δεικτῆρα δὲ κοῦρης 
μάστακι ποπτύζων, τηλοθεὶν ἀντεφίλουν.
ην δὲ πόνου καὶ τοῦτο παραίφασι· ἢ γλυκερὴ γάρ 
ζώνη πορθμὸς ἐν χείλεος ἀμφότερον.

286.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Φράζεο μοι, Κλεοφάντης, ὡς χάρις, ὁππότε δοιος ἡλίθρον ἐπαιγύζων ἵσος ὕρως κλονεῖε.
ποῖοι ἁρης, ἢ τάρβας ἀπείρουσι, ἢς τὸς αἰδώς 
tούς ἔρωτις διακρίνει, πλέγματα βαλλομένους;
εἴν μοι μελέσσαι τὰ Δήμυσι ζῆσοσεν ἀκμῶν 
δειμά, καὶ Ἡφαίστου πάσα δολορραφίη 
μοῦν ἐγὼ, χαρίεσσα, τεῦν δέμως ἀγκάς ἐλίξας 
θελγούμην ἐπὶ σοὶς ἄψεσι βοσκόμενος.
δὴ τότε καὶ ξεινὸς με καὶ ἐνθάπιος καὶ ὀδύνης, 
πότνα, καὶ ἀρητήρ, χή παράκοιτις ἰδοι.

287.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Σπεύδων εἰ φιλέει με μαθεϊν εὐώπις Ἠρευθῶ,
πειραζόν κραδήν πλάσματι κερδαλέον.
"Βῆσομαι ἐς ξεινὴν τινά που χθόνα· μίμευ δε, κοῦρη,
ἀρτόπος, ἥμετερον μνήστιν ἔχουσα πόθουν."
η δὲ μέγα στονάχησε καὶ ἠλατο, καὶ τὸ πρόσωπον 
πλήξε, καὶ εὐπλέκτου βότρυν ἔρηξε κόμης,
καὶ μὲ μένειν ἱκέτευεν· ἐγὼ δὲ τις ὡς βραδυπειθής 
ομματί θρυπτομένῳ συγκατένευσα μόνον.
ὁλβιος ἐς πόθον εἰμι· τὸ ἦαρ μενεάυνον ἀνύσαι 
πάντως, εἰς μεγάλην τοῦτο δέδωκα χάριν.
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us, and kept kissing it, while I, like a gardener, diverted the stream of love to another point, sucking up the kiss, and so returned it from a distance, smacking with my lips on her girdle. Even this a little eased my pain, for the sweet girdle was like a ferry plying from lip to lip.

286.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

THINK, Cleophas, what joy it is when the storm of love descends with fury on two hearts equally, to toss them. What war, or extremity of fear, or what shame shall sunder them as they entwine their limbs? Would mine were the fetters that the Lemnian smith, Hephaestus, cunningly forged. Let me only clasp thee to me, my sweet, and feed on thy limbs to my heart's content. Then, for all I care, let a stranger see me or my own countryman, or a traveller, dear, or a clergyman, or even my wife.

287.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Curious to find out if lovely Ereutho were fond of me, I tested her heart by a subtle falsehood. I said, "I am going abroad, but remain, my dear, faithful and ever mindful of my love." But she gave a great cry, and leapt up, and beat her face with her hands, and tore the clusters of her braided hair, begging me to remain. Then, as one not easily persuaded and with a dissatisfied expression, I just consented. I am happy in my love, for what I wished to do in any case, that I granted as a great favour.
288.—ΠΑΤΛΩΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἐξότε μοι πίνοντι συνεψιμάονσα Χαρικλῶ
λάθρη τοὺς ἵδιους ἀμφέβαλε στεφάνους,
pῦρ ὅλουν δὰ ἵπτε με· τὸ γὰρ στέφος, ὡς δοκεῖ, τι ἐίχεν, ὦ καὶ Γλαύκην φλέξε Κρεοντιάδα.

289.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἡ γραῖς ἡ τρικάρωνος, ἡ ἕμετέρους διὰ μόχθους
μοῖρης ἡμβολίην πολλάκις δεξαμένην,
ἀγριον ἦτορ ἔχει, καὶ θέλγεται οὐτ’ ἐπὶ χρυσῷ,
οὔτε ζωοτέρῳ μεῖζονι κισσυβίῳ.
τὴν κούρην δ’ αἰεὶ περιδέρκεται· εἰ δὲ ποτ’ αὐτὴν
ἀθρῆσει κρυφίοις ὅμμασι ῥεμβομένην,
ἀ μέγα τολμήσεσα ραπίσμασιν ἀμφὶ πρόσωπα
πλήσσει τὴν ἀπαλήν οἰκτρὰ κινυρομένην.
εἰ δ’ ἔτειν τὸν ᾽Αδωνὶν ἐφίλαο, Περσεφόνεια,
οἴκτειροι ἐνηνῆ ἀλγεία τηκεδόνος.
ἔστω δ’ ἀμφοτέροις χάρις μία· τῆς δὲ γεραιῆς
ῥύοι τὴν κούρην, πρίν τι κάκον παθέων.

290.—ΠΑΤΛΩΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ομμα πολυπτολητον ὕποκλεπτουσα τεκούσης,
συζηγηῆς μῆλων δῶκεν ἐμοὶ ῥοδέων
θηλυτέρη χαρίεσσα. μάγον τάχα πυρσον ἔρωτων
λαβρίδως μῆλος μίξεν ἔρευθομένοις.
εἰμὶ γὰρ ὁ τλῆμων φλογὶ σύμπλοκος· ἀντὶ δε μαξῶν, 5
ὁ πόποι, ἀπρήκτους μῆλα φέρω παλάμαις.

291.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ ποτ’ ἐμοὶ, χαρίεσσα, τεῦχν τάδε σύμβολα μαξῶν
ἅπασας, ὀλβίζω τὴν χάριν ὡς μεγάλην.

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288.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Ever since Chariklo, playing with me at the feast, put her wreath slyly on my head, a deadly fire devours me; for the wreath, it seems, had in it something of the poison that burnt Glauce, the daughter of Creon.

289.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

The old hag, thrice as old as the oldest crow, who has often for my sorrow got a new lease of life, has a savage heart, and will not be softened either by gold or by greater and stronger cups, but is watching all round the girl. If she ever sees her eyes wandering to me furtively, she actually dares to slap the tender darling’s face and make her cry piteously. If it be true, Persephone, that thou didst love Adonis, pity the pain of our mutual passion and grant us both one favour. Deliver the girl from the old woman before she meets with some mischance.

290.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Eluding her mother’s apprehensive eyes, the charming girl gave me a pair of rosy apples. I think she had secretly ensorcelled those red apples with the torch of love, for I, alack! am wrapped in flame, and instead of two breasts, ye gods, my purposeless hands grasp two apples.

291.—BY THE SAME

If, my sweet, you gave me these two apples as tokens of your breasts, I bless you for your great
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ei δ' ἐπὶ τοὺς μέμνεις, ἀδικεῖς, ὅτι λάβρον ἀνήψας πυρσόν, ὑποσβέσσαι τοῦτον ἀναινομένην. Τήλεφον ὁ τρώσας καὶ ἀκέσσατο· μὴ σύγε, κούρη, εἰς ἔμε δυσμενέων γίνεο πικροτέρη.

292.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
πέραν τῆς πύλεως διάγοντος διὰ τὰ λίγημα τῶν νόμων ὑπομνηστικῶν πεμφθὲν πρὸς Παύλου Σιλεντιάριον

Ἐνθάδε μὲν χλοϊόουσα τεθηλότη βῶλος ὅραμνος φυλλάδος εὐκάρπου πᾶσαν ἔδειξε χάριν· ἐνθάδε δὲ κλάζουσιν ὑπὸ σκιερᾶς κυπαρίσσοις ὀρνιθῶς δροσερῶν μητέρες ὀρταλίχων· καὶ λυγυρὸν βομβεῦσιν ἀκαυθίδες· ἢ δ' ὀλολυγὸν τρύζει, τρηχαλέαις ἐνδιάουσα βύτοις.

ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἡδῶν, ἐπεὶ σέο μῦθον ἁκοῦειν ἡθελον ἢ κιθάρης κρούσματα Δηλιάδος;

καὶ μοι δισσὸς ἔρως περικύδιναι· εἰσορᾶς γὰρ καὶ σὲ, μάκαρ, ποθέω, καὶ γλυκερὴν δάμαλιν,

ἡς μὲ περισσύχουσα μεληδώνες· ἀλλὰ με θεσμοὶ εἰργουσιν ῥαδινής τηλόθει δορκαλίδος.

293.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

ἀντίγραφον ἐπὶ τῇ αὐτῇ ὑποθέσει πρὸς τὸν φίλον Ἀγαθίαν

Θεσμοῦ· Ἐρως οὐκ οἶδε βιημάχος, οὐδὲ τίς ἄλλη ἀνέρα νοσφάζει πρήξεις ἐρωμανής.
ei δὲ σε θεσμοπολῖοι μεληδόνοις ἔργοιν ἐρύκει, οὐκ ἄρα σοις στέρνοις λάβροις ἐνεστὶν ἔρως.

ποῖος ἔρως, ὅτε βαίως ἅλος πόρος οἶδε μερίζειν σὸν χρόνα παρθενικὴς τηλόθεν ὑμετέρης;
favour; but if your gift does not go beyond the apples, you do me wrong in refusing to quench the fierce fire you lit. Telephus was healed by him who hurt him; do not, dear, be crueler than an enemy to me.

292.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Lines written to Paulus Silentarius by Agathias while staying on the opposite bank of the Bosporus for the purpose of studying law

Here the land, clothing itself in greenery, has revealed the full beauty of the rich foliage, and here warble under shady cypresses the birds, now mothers of tender chicks. The gold-finchs sing shrilly, and the turtle-dove moans from its home in the thorny thicket. But what joy have I in all this, I who would rather hear your voice than the notes of Apollo's harp? Two loves beset me; I long to see you, my happy friend, and to see the sweet heifer, the thoughts of whom consume me; but the Law keeps me here far from that slender fawn.

293.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Reply on the same subject to his friend Agathias

Love, the violent, knows not Law, nor does any other work tear a man away from true passion. If the labour of your law studies holds you back, then fierce love dwells not in your breast. What love is that, when a narrow strait of the sea can keep you apart from your beloved? Leander showed the

1 Nothing would cure Telephus' wound, but iron of the spear that inflicted it.
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υηχόμενος Λειανδρός ὁςον κράτος ἐστὶν ἐρώτων
deίκουσιν, ἐννυχίου κύματος οὐκ ἄλγων·
σοι δὲ, φίλος, παρέσαι καὶ ὀλκίδες· ἀλλὰ θαμίζεις
μᾶλλον Ἀθηναίη, Κύπριν ἀπωσάμενος.

θεσμοὺς Παλλὰς ἔχει, Παφίη πόθον, εἰπὲ· τίς ἀνὴρ
eῖν ἐνὶ θητεύει Παλλάδι καὶ Παφίη;

294.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Η γραδὴ ἡ φθονερὴ παρεκέκλιτο γείτοιν κούρη
dόχμιον ἐν λέκτρῳ νότον ἀρείσαμένην,
προβλήσας ὡς τις ἐπάλξεις ἀνέμβατος· οἷα δὲ πύργος
ἐσκεπτε τὴν κούρην ἀπλοῖς ἐκτάδιν·
καὶ σοβαρῇ θεράπαινα πύλας σφίγξασα μελάθρου
κεῖτο χαλικρήτῳ νάματι βριθομένη.

ἐμπηθε τοι μ’ ἐφόβησαν· ἐπεὶ στρεπτήρα θυρέτρου
χέρσον ἀδουπήτοις βαιῶν ἀειράμενος,
φρυκτοὺς αἰθαλόεντας ἐμῆς ῥυπίσμασι λόπης
ἐσβέσα· καὶ διαδός λέχριος ἐν θαλάμῳ
τὴν φύλακα κνώσσουσαν ὑπέκφυγον· ἥκα δὲ λέκτρου
νέρθεν ὑπὸ σχοῖνοις γαστέρι συρόμενος,
ἀφθοῦρη κατὰ βαιῶν, ὅτι βατῶν ἐπλετο τεῖχος·
ἀγχὶ δὲ τῆς κούρης στῦρνου ἀρείσαμένος,
μαξὺς μὲν κρατέσκον· ὑπεθρύψθην δὲ προσώπῳ,

μάστακα πιαίώνω χείλεις εὐαφίη.

ἡν δ’ ἄρα μοι τὰ λάφυρα καλὸν στῶμα, καὶ τὸ φίλημα
σύμβολον ἐνυχίς ἐιχὸν ἄθλοσύνης.
οὕπο δ’ ἐξαλάπταξα φίλης πύργωμα κορεῖσις,
ἀλλ’ ἐτ’ ἄδηρίτῳ σφύγγεται ἀμβολίη.

ἐμπῆς ἢν ἐτέροιο μόθου στήσωμεν ἄγωνα,
ναὶ τάχα πορθῆσω τείχεα παρθενίς,
οὐ δ’ ἔτι με σχῆσουσιν ἐπάλξεις. ἦν δὲ τυχήσω,
στέμματα σοι πλέξω, Κύπρι τροπαίοφόρε.
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power of love by swimming fearless of the billows and the night. And you, my friend, can take the ferry; but the fact is you have renounced Cypris, and pay more attention to Athene. To Pallas belongs law, to Cypris desire. Tell me! what man can serve both at once?

294.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

The envious old woman slept next the girl, lying athwart the bed like an insurmountable projecting rampart, and like a tower an ample blanket covered the girl. The pretentious waiting woman had closed the door of the room, and lay asleep heavy with untempered wine. But I was not afraid of them. I slightly raised with noiseless hands the latch of the door, and blowing out the blazing torch ¹ by waving my cloak, I made my way sideways across the room avoiding the sleeping sentry. Then crawling softly on my belly under the girths of the bed, I gradually raised myself, there where the wall was surmountable, and resting my chest near the girl I clapped her breasts and wantoned on her face, feeding my lips on the softness of hers. So her lovely mouth was my sole trophy and her kiss the sole token of my night assault. I have not yet stormed the tower of her virginity, but it is still firmly closed, the assault delayed. Yet, if I deliver another attack, perchance I may carry the walls of her maidenhead, and no longer be held back by the ramparts. If I succeed I will weave a wreath for thee, Cypris the Conqueror.

¹ i.e. the lamp.
295.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ
Ψαῦε μελισταγέων στομάτων, δέπας: εὑρες, ἀμελγε,
οὐ φθονέω, τὴν σὴν δ’ ἤθελον αἰσαν ἔχειν.

296.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
'Εξότε τηλεφίλου πλαταγῆματος ἡχέτα βόμβος
γαστέρα μαντφού μάξατο κισσυβίου,
ἐγνων ὡς φιλεέεις με’ τὸ δ’ ἀτρεκές αὐτίκα πείσεις
εὐνής ἡμετέρης πάννυχος ἀπτομένη.
τούτῳ σε γὰρ δείξει παναληθέα: τοὺς δὲ μεθυστὰς
καλλείψω λατάγων πλήγμασι τερπομένους.

297.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
'Ἡθέοις οὖκ ἔστι τόσος πόνος, ὁππόσος ἡμῖν
ταῖς ἀταλαφύχοις ἕχρας θηλυτέραις.
τοῖς μὲν γὰρ παρέασιν ὀμῆλικες, οἷς τὰ μερίμνης
ἄλγεα μυθεῦνται φθέγματι θαρσαλέω,
παίγνια τ’ ἀμφίεπουσι παρήγορα, καὶ κατ’ ἄγνιάς
πλάξονται γραφίδων χρώμασι ῥεμβόμενοι.
ἡμῖν δ’ οὐδὲ φάσος λεύσεις θέμις, ἂλλὰ μελάθροις
κρυπτόμεθα, ξοφεραὶς φροντίσι τηκόμεναι.
W. M. Hardinge, in The Nineteenth Century, Nov. 1878, p. 887.

298.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΤΠΙΤΙΟΤ
'Ἰμερτή Μαρίη μεγαλίζεται· ἄλλα μετέλθους
κεῖνης, πότνα Δίκη, κόμπον ἀγηνορῆς.

1 The τηλέφιλον (far-away love) mentioned by Theocritus is the πλαταγήmin (cracker), a poppy-leaf from the cracking of which, when held in the palm and struck, love omens were
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295.—LEONTIUS

Touch, O cup, the lips that drop honey, suck now thou hast the chance. I envy not, but would thy luck were mine.

296.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Ever since the prophetic bowl pealed aloud in response to the touch of the far-away love-splash, I know that you love me, but you will convince me completely by passing the night with me. This will show that you are wholly sincere, and I will leave the tipplers to enjoy the strokes of the wine-dregs.¹

297.—BY THE SAME

Young men have not so much suffering as is the lot of us poor tender-hearted girls. They have friends of their own age to whom they confidently tell their cares and sorrows, and they have games to cheer them, and they can stroll in the streets and let their eyes wander from one picture to another. We on the contrary are not even allowed to see the daylight, but are kept hidden in our chambers, the prey of dismal thoughts.

298.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Charming Maria is too exalted: but do thou, holy Justice, punish her arrogance, yet not by death, my taken. Agathias wrongly supposes it to refer to the stream of wine which, in the long obsolete game of cottabos, was aimed at a brazen bowl.
μὴ θανάτῳ, βασίλεια· τὸ δ’ ἐμπαλίν, ἐς τρίχας ἤξοι
γήρασι, ἐς ὑπόπτας σκληροῦ ἱκοντο βέθοσ·
tίσειαν πολιαί τάδε διάκρινα· κάλλος ὑπόσχοι
ψυχής ὑμπλακίνη, αὐτίον ὑμπλακίνη.

299.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Μηδὲν ἀγαν," σοφὸς εἶπεν ἐγὼ δὲ τίς ἐπέραστος,
ὡς καλὸς, ἥρθην ταῖς μεγαλοφροσύναις,
καὶ ψυχήν δοκέουσκον ὅλην ἐπὶ χεραῖν ἐμεῖο
κεῖσθαι τῆς κούρης, τῆς τάχα κερδαλέης;
ἡ δ’ ὑπερηρήθη, σοβαρῆ τ’ ὑπερέσχεθεν ὅφρυν,
Ἀστερ τοῖς προτέρους ἠθεσί μεμφομένη.
καὶ νῦν ὁ βλοσυμπότος, ὁ χάλκεος, ὁ βραδυπειθῆς,
ὁ πρὶν ἀεροπότης, ἤριπον ἑξαπτής;
πάντα δ’ ἐναλλα γένους· πεσόν ἐπὶ γούνας κούρη
ἴαχον· "‘Ὑλῆκοις, ἤλατεν ἡ νεότης."

300.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ὁ θρασὺς ύψαύχην τε, καὶ ὁ φρύας εἰς ἐν ἀγείρων
κεῖται παρθενικῆς παιγνίων ἄδρανέος·
ὁ πρὶν ὑπερβαίνῃ δοκεῶν τὴν παιδα χαλέπτειν,
αὐτὸς ὑποδμηθεὶς ἐπίπτοις ἀκτὸς ἐβη.
καὶ ρ’ ὁ μὲν ἰκεσίοισι πεσὼν θηλύνεται αἰκτοίς;
ἡ δὲ κατ’ ὀφθαλμῶν ἄρσενα μῆνιν ἔχει.
παρθένε θυμολέανα, καὶ εἰ χόλου ἐνδικοῦ αἶθες,
σβέσσον άγνορήν, ἐγγὺς ιδεῖς Νέμησιν.

301.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ καὶ τηλοτέρῳ Μερόπῃ τεῦν ἵχνος ἐρείςεις,
πτηνὸς Ἐρως πτηνὸ κεῖσε μένει με φέρει.
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Queen, but on the contrary may she reach grey old age, may her hard face grow wrinkled. May the grey hairs avenge these tears, and beauty, the cause of her soul's transgression, suffer for it.

299.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

"Naught in excess" said the sage; and I, believing myself to be comely and loveable, was puffed up by pride, and fancied that this, it would seem, crafty girl's heart lay entirely in my hands. But she now holds herself very high and her brow looks down on me with scorn, as if she found fault with her previous lenity. Now I, formerly so fierce-looking, so brazen, so obdurate, I who flew so high have had a sudden fall. Everything is reversed, and throwing myself on my knees I cried to her: "Forgive me, my youth was at fault."

300.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

He who was so confident and held his head so high and gathered his brow, lies low now, the plaything of a feeble girl; he who thought formerly to crush the child with his overbearing manner, is himself subdued and has lost his hope. He now falls on his knees and supplicates and laments like a girl, while she has the angry look of a man. Lion-hearted maid, though thou burnest with just anger, quench thy pride; so near hast thou looked on Nemesis.

301.—BY THE SAME

Though thou settest thy foot far beyond Meroe, winged love shall carry me there with winged power,
ei kal eis antolihnu prōs dhmoschooon ízeai Ἦω,  
tēs dhmetrētous éγγομαι en stadioun.  
ei de tis sou stēllou būthion gēras, ílai δι, kouρη.  
es se thalassaih touto fērei Paphi,  
kalllei nikheisata teou chroos i merōntos,  
to prin ép anlaih tharso anpsamēnη.

302.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ποίην τις πρός Ἐρωτος ἵνα τρίβον; ἐν μὲν ἀγυιαῖς  
μαχλάδος σιμώξεις χρυσομανεῖ σπατάλην·  
ei δ' ἐπὶ παρθενικής πελάσεις λέχος, ἐς γάμου ήξεις  
ἐννομου, ἡ ποινὰς τὰς περὶ τῶν φθορέων.  
κούριδιαιδε γυναιξιν ἄτερπέα κύπριν ἐγείρειν  
tίς κεν ὑποτλαίη, πρός χρέος ἐλκόμενος;  
μοῖξια λέκτρα κάκιστα, καὶ ἐκτοθεν εἰσίν ἐρώτων,  
δ' ὁ ὑπετραπέζων ἀλλάγη ἀλτροσύνην.  
χήρη δ', ἡ μὲν ἀκοσμος ἔχει πάνθημον ἐραστήν,  
καὶ πάντα φρονεῖ δήνεα μαχλοσύνης·  
ἡ δὲ σαοφοροεύουσα μόλις φιλοτητίς μυγεῖσα  
δέχυται ἀστόργον κέντρα παλιμβολῆς,  
καὶ στυγγεί τὸ τελεσθέν. ἔχουσα δὲ λείψανον αἰδοῦς,  
ἀν χαί τοίνυν γινόμενοι χάζεται ἀγγελίας.  
ἂν δὲ μυγῆς ἰδίῃς θεραταινίδι, τλῆθι καὶ αὐτῶς  
δούλος ἐπαιλαγὴν ἀμοίῳ γυνόμενος·  
ei de kal ἰθνείη, τότε σοι νόμος αἰσχος ἀνάψει,  
ὑβριν ἀνιχνεύων σώματος ἀλλοτρίου.  
παντ' ἄρα Διογένης ἐφυγεν τάδε, τὸν δ' 'Θμέναιον  
ηειδεν παλάμη, Λαῖδος οὐ χατέων.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

though thou hiest to the dawn as rose-red as thyself, I will follow thee on foot a myriad miles. If I send thee now this gift from the deep, 1 forgive me, my lady. It is Aphrodite of the sea who offers it to thee, vanquished by the loveliness of thy fair body and abandoning her old confidence in her beauty.

302.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS 2

By what road shall one go to the Land of Love? If you seek him in the streets, you will repent the courtesan’s greed for gold and luxury. If you approach a maiden’s bed, it must end in lawful wedlock or punishment for seduction. Who would endure to awake reluctant desire for his lawful wife, forced to do a duty? Adulterous intercourse is the worst of all and has no part in love, and unnatural sin should be ranked with it. As for widows, if one of them is ill-conducted, she is anyone’s mistress, and knows all the arts of harlotry, while if she is chaste she with difficulty consents, she is pricked by loveless remorse, hates what she has done, and having a remnant of shame shrinks from the union till she is disposed to announce its end. If you associate with your own servant, you must make up your mind to change places and become hers, and if with someone else’s, the law which prosecutes for outrage on slaves not one’s own will mark you with infamy. Omnia haec effugit Diogenes et palma hymenaeum cantabat, Laide non egens.

1 A pearl.
2 An imitation of ix. 359.
303.—ΔΗΛΩΝ

Κλαγής πέμπται ἡχὸς εἰς οὐδατα, καὶ θόρυβος δὲ ἀσπετος ἐν τριόδοις, οὐδ’ ἀλέγεις, Παφή; ἐνθάδε γὰρ σέο κούρον ὀδοιπορέοντα κατέσχον ὁσσοι εἰνὶ κραδίῃ πυρσοῦ ἐξονισι πόθοι.

304.—ΔΗΛΩΝ

"Ομφαξ οὐκ ἐπένευσας· οτ’ ἦς σταφυλῆ, παρεπέμψω. μὴ φθονέσης δοῦναι κὰν βραχῦ τῆς σταφίδος.

305.—ΔΗΛΩΝ

Κοῦρη τὸς μ’ ἐφίλησεν ύφεσπερὰ χεῖλεσιν ύγροῖς. νέκταρ ἔχει τὸ φίλημα· τὸ γὰρ στόμα νέκταρος ἔπνευ. καὶ μεθὺ τὸ φίλημα, πολὺν τὸν ἐρωτα πεπωκῶς.

306.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΣ

Δακρύεις, ἐλεεινὰ λαλεῖς, περιέργη θεωρεῖς, ἥπλοτυπεῖς, ἄπτῃ πολλάκι, πυκνὰ φίλεις. ταῦτα μὲν ἐστὶν ἐρώτος· ὅταν δ’ εἶπο “παράκειμαι,” καὶ μέλλης, ἀπλῶς οὐδὲν ἐρώτος ἐχεις.

307.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΣ

Χεῦμα μὲν Ἐνυρώταυ Δακωνικῶν· ἄ δ’ ἀκάλυπτος. Λήδα· χῶ κύκνῳ κρυπτόμενος Κρονίδας. οὐ δὲ μὲ τὸν δυσέρωτα καταίθετε, καὶ τὶ γένωμαι ὃρνεον; εἰ γὰρ Ζεὺς κύκνος, ἐγὼ κόρυδος.

1 i write καὶ μέλλης: καὶ σὺ μένεις MS.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

303.—Anonymous

There is a noise of loud shouting and great tumult in the street, and why takest thou no heed, Cypris? It is thy boy arrested on his way by all who have the fire of love in their hearts.

304.—Anonymous

When you were a green grape you refused me, when you were ripe you bade me be off, at least grudge me not a little of your raisin.

305.—Anonymous

A girl kissed me in the evening with wet lips. The kiss was nectar, for her mouth smelt sweet of nectar; and I am drunk with the kiss, I have drunk love in abundance.

306.—Philodemus

(Addressed by a Girl to a Man)

You weep, you speak in piteous accents, you look strangely at me, you are jealous, you touch me often and go on kissing me. That is like a lover; but when I say "Here I am next you" and you dawdle, you have absolutely nothing of the lover in you.

307.—Antiphilus

(On a Picture of Zeus and Leda)

This is the Laconian river Eurotas, and that is Leda with nothing on, and he who is hidden in the swan is Zeus. And you little Cupids, who are luring me so little disposed to love, what bird am I to become? If Zeus is a swan, I suppose I must be a lark.¹

¹ We should say "a goose."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

308.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ἦ μᾶλλον ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Ἡ κομψὴ, μείνον με. τι σοι καλὸν οὖνομα; ποῦ σε ἔστιν ἰδεῖν; ὁ θέλεις δώσομεν. οὐδὲ λαλεῖς.
ποῦ γίνη; πέμψω μετὰ σοῦ τινά. μὴ τις ἔχει σε;
ὁ σοφαρή, ἰγιαίω. οὔδ᾿ "ἰγίαινε" λέγεις;
καὶ πάλι καὶ πάλι σοὶ προσελεύσομαι οἶδα μα-
λάσσειν
καὶ σοῦ σκληροτέρας. νῦν ὃ ἰγίαινε, γύναι.

309.—ΔΙΟΦΑΝΟΤΣ ΜΤΡΙΝΑΙΟΤ

Τρίς ληστής ο Ὅρως καλοῖτ οὖν ὄντως οὐρνυπνεῖ, θρασύς ἔστιν, ἐκδιδύσκει.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 139.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS

308.—ANTIPHILUS or PHILODEMUS

O you pretty creature, wait for me. What is your name? Where can I see you? I will give what you choose. You don't even speak. Where do you live? I will send someone with you. Do you possibly belong to anyone? Well, you stuck-up thing, goodbye. You won't even say "goodbye." But again and again I will accost you. I know how to soften even more hard-hearted beauties; and for the present, "goodbye, madam!"

309.—DIOPHANES OF MYRINA

Love may justly be called thrice a brigand. He is wakeful, reckless, and he strips us bare.
BOOK VI

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS


I add a classification of the dedicants.

Public Dedications:—50, 131-132, 142, 171, 342-3.

*Historical Personages* :—Alexander, 97; Arsinoe, 277; Demaratus' daughter, 266; Gelo and Hiero, 214; Mandrocles, 341; Pausanias, 197; Philip, son of Demetrius, 114-16; Pyrrhus, 130; Seleucus, 10; Sophocles, 145.

*Men or Women* :—in thanks for cures: 146, 148, 150, 189, 203, 240, 330; offerings of hair by, 155, 156, 198, 242, 277, 278, 279; offerings after shipwreck, 164, 166.

*Men* :—Archer, 118; Bee-keeper, 239; Boy (on growing up), 282; Carpenter, 103, 204, 205; Cinaedus, 254; Cook, 101, 306; Farmer, 31, 36-7, 40-1, 44-5, 63, 55-6, 72, 79, 95, 98, 104, 154, 157-8, 169, 198, 225, 298, 258, 297; Fisherman, 4, 5, 11-16, 23, 25-30, 33, 38, 89, 90, 105, 107, 179-187, 192, 196, 223, 230; Gardener, 21, 22, 42, 102; Goldsmith, 92; Herald, 143; Hunter or Fowler, 34-5, 57, 75, 93, 106-7, 109-12, 118, 121, 152, 167-8, 175-6, 179-188, 253, 268, 296, 326; Musician, 46, 54, 83, 118, 338; Physician, 337; Priest of Cybele, 51, 94, 217-20, 237; Sailor, 69, 222, 245, 251; Schoolmaster, 294; Schoolboy, 308, 310; Scribe, 63, 64-8, 295; Shepherd, 73, 96, 99, 108, 177, 221, 262-3; Smith, 117; Traveller, 199; Trumpeter, 151, 159, 194-5; Victor in games, etc. 7, 100, 140, 149, 213, 233, 246, 256, 259, 311, 339, 350; Warrior, 2, 9, 52, 81, 84, 91, 122-129, 141, 161, 178, 215, 264, 344.

*Women* :—before or after marriage, 60, 133, 206-9, 275, 276, 280-1; after childbirth, 59, 146, 200-2, 270-4; Priestess, 173, 269, 356; Spinster, 39, 136, 160, 174, 247, 286-9; Courtesan, 1, 18-20, 210, 290, 292.

Many of the epigrams are mere poetical exercises, but in this list I have not tried to distinguish these from real dedications, although I have omitted mere *jeux d'esprit*. Also, some of the best epigrams in which neither the calling of the dedicant nor the cause of the dedication is mentioned are of course not included.
ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΑΝΑΘΗΜΑΤΙΚΑ

1α
Εἰς λίθος ἀστράπτει τελετὴν πολύμορφον Ἰάκχου καὶ πτημῶν τρυγῶντα χορὸν καθ᾽ὑπέρθειν Ἐρώτων.

1.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

‘Ἡ σοβαρὰν γελάσασα καθ’ Ἐλλάδος, ἡ ποτ’ ἔραστὼν
ἔσμον ἐπὶ προθύροις Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων,
tῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτωπτρον, ἐπεὶ τοῖς μὲν ὀρᾶσθαι
οὐκ ἐθέλω, οὐθ’ δ’ ἐμὸν πάρος οὐ δύναμαι.

Orlando Gibbons, First Set of Madrigals, 1612, and Prior’s “Venus take my looking-glass.”

2.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Τόξα τάδε πτολέμοιο πεπαυμένα δακρυόντος

νηφ Ἀθηναίης κεῖται ύπορρόφια,

πολλάκις δὴ στονόεντα κατὰ κλόνον ἐν δαί φωτῶν

Περσῶν ἰππομάχων ἁματι λουσάμενα.
BOOK VI

THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

1a

From one stone lighten the varied rites of Bacchus' worship and above the company of winged Cupids plucking grapes.
(This should perhaps be transferred to the end of the previous book. It refers no doubt to a carved gem.)

1.—PLATO

I, Lais, whose haughty beauty made mock of Greece, I who once had a swarm of young lovers at my doors, dedicate my mirror to Aphrodite, since I wish not to look on myself as I am, and cannot look on myself as I once was.

2.—SIMONIDES

This bow, resting from tearful war, hangs here under the roof of Athene's temple. Often mid the roar of battle, in the struggle of men, was it washed in the blood of Persian cavaliers.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

3.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ
‘Ἡράκλεις, Τρηχώνα πολύλλιθου ὡς τε καὶ Ὀξύν
καὶ βαθὺν εὐβενῆρου πρῶνα πατεῖς Φολόης,
tούτο σοι ἄγροτερης Διονύσίου αὐτὸς ἐλαίης
χλωρόν ἀπὸ δρεπάνῳ θήκε ταμών ῥοπάλου.

4.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Εὐκαπῆς ἁγκιστρών, καὶ δούρατα δουλιχόεντα,
χαρμιήν, καὶ τὸς ἰχθυδόκους σπυρίδας,
kai τοῦτον νηκτοίς ἐν ἰχθύσι τεχνασθέντα
κύρτων, ἀλυπλάγκτων εὔρεμα δικτυβόλων,
τρηχόν τε τριόδοντα, Ποσειδαώνιον ἐγχως,
kai τοὺς ἐξ ἀκάτων διχθαδίους ἔρετας,
ὁ γρυπεύς Διόφαντος ἀνάκτορι θήκατο τέχνας,
ὡς θέμις, ἀρχαίας λείψανα τεχνοσύνας.

5.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Δούνακας ἄκροδέτους, καὶ τὴν ἀλινηχέα κώπην,
γυρῶν τ’ ἁγκιστρῶν λαμδαδεῖσι ἀκίδας,
kai λίνον ἄκρομολιβδον, ἀπαγγελτήρα τε κύρτων
φελλόν, καὶ δισσᾶς σχοινοπλέκεις σπυρίδας,
kai τὸν ἐγεροσφαίρῃ πυρὸς ἐγκυνὸν ἐμφλογα πέτρων,
ἄγκυραίν τε, νεῶν πλαξομένων παγίδα.
Πελάτων ὁ γρυπεύς Ἔρμη πόρεν, ἐντρομος ἡ ἡ
dεξιτερής, πολλοῖς βριθόμενος καμάτοις.

6.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
‘Αμφιτρύων μ’ ἄνέθηκεν ἐλὰν ἀπὸ Τηλεβοάων.

1 εὐκαπῆς Salmasius: εὐκαμπῆς MS.

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THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

3.—DIONYSIUS

Heracles, who treadest stony Trachis and Oeta and the headland of Pholoe clothed in deep forest, to thee Dionysius offers this club yet green, which he cut himself with his sickle from a wild olive-tree.

4.—LEONIDAS

Diophantus the fisherman, as is fit, dedicates to the patron of his craft these relics of his old calling, his hook, easily gulped down, his long poles, his line, his creels, this weel, device of sea-faring netsmen for trapping fishes, his sharp trident, weapon of Poseidon, and the two oars of his boat.

5.—PHILIPPUIS OF THESSALONICA

Piso the fisherman, weighed down by long toil and his right hand already shaky, gives to Hermes these his rods with the lines hanging from their tips, his oar that swam through the sea, his curved hooks whose points bite the fishes’ throats, his net fringed with lead, the float that announced where his weel lay, his two wicker creels, the flint pregnant with fire that sets the tinder alight, and his anchor, the trap that holds fast wandering ships.

6.—On a Caldron in Delphi

Amphitryon dedicated me, having won me from the Teleboi.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

7.—ΑΛΛΟ
Σκαῖος πυγμαχέων με ἐκηβόλοι Ἀπόλλωνι νικήσας ἀνέθηκε τείν περικαλλῆς ἄγαλμα.

8.—ΑΛΛΟ
Δαιδάμας τρίποδ’ αὐτὸς ἐὕσκοποφ Ἀπόλλωνι μοναρχέων ἀνέθηκε τείν περικαλλῆς ἄγαλμα.

9.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ
Σοὶ μὲν καμπύλα τόξα, καὶ ὑπέκαιρα φαρέτρη, δῶρα παρὰ Προμάχου, Φοῖβε, τάδε κρέμαται ίνος δὲ πτερόεντας ἀνὰ κλόνου ἄνδρες ἔχουσιν ἐν κραδίαίς, ὅλοὰ ξείνια δυσμενέων.

10.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Τριτογενές, Σώτειρα, Δίὸς φυγοδέμμει κούρα, Παλλᾶς, ἀπειροτόκου δεσπότι παρθενίς, βωμὸν τοῦ κεραυχὸν ἐδείματο τόνδε Σέλευκος, Φοῖβειαν ἵαχαν φθεγγομένου στόματος.

11.—ΣΑΤΡΙΟΤ
Θηρευτὴς δολιχὸν τόδε δίκτυον ἀνθετο Δάμως· Πίγρης δ’ ὀρνίθων λεπτόμετον νεφέλην, τρυγλοφόρους δὲ χυτῶνας ὁ νυκτερέτης θέτο Κλείτωρ τῷ Παντὶ, τρισσῶν ἐργάτιναι καμάτων. Ἰλαος εὐσεβεστὶ σιν ἀδελφεῖοις ἐπίνευσον πτηνά, καὶ ἀγροτέρων κέρδεα καὶ νεπόδων.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

7.—On Another

Scaeus, having conquered in the boxing contest, dedicated me a beautiful ornament to thee, Apollo the Far-shooter.

8.—On Another

Laodamas himself during his reign dedicated to thee, Apollo the Archer, this tripod as a beautiful ornament.

9.—MNASALCAS

Here hang as gifts from Promachus to thee, Phoebus, his crooked bow and quiver that delights in arrows; but his winged shafts, the deadly gifts he sent his foes, are in the hearts of men on the field of battle.

10.—ANTIPATER

Trito-born, Saviour, daughter of Zeus, who hatest wedlock, Pallas, queen of childless virginity, Seleucus built thee this horned altar at the bidding of Apollo (?).¹

11.—SATYRIUS

(This and the following five epigrams, as well as Nos 179–187, are all on the same subject.)

The three brothers, skilled in three crafts, dedicate to Pan, Damis the huntsman this long net, Pigres his light-meshed fowling net, and Clitor, the nightrower, his tunic for red mullet. Look kindly on the pious brethren, O Pan, and grant them gain from fowl, fish and venison.

¹ The last line is unintelligible as it stands, and it looks as if two lines were missing.
12.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΩΝΙΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΛΡΧΩΝ

Γνωτῶν τρισσατίων ἐκ τρισσατίης λίνα θήρης
dέχυσο, Πάν. Πύργης σοι γὰρ ἀπὸ πτερύγων
tαύτα φέρει, θηρῶν Δάμις, Κλείτωρ δὲ θαλάσσης.
καὶ σφι δός εὐαγρεῖν ἡρὰ, γαῖαν, ὕδωρ.

13.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οἱ τρισσοὶ τοι ταύτα τὰ δίκτυα θήκαν ὅμαιμοι,
ἀγρότα Πάν, ἀλλὰς ἄλλοις ἰπ' ἀγρεσίης.
ὅν ἀπὸ μὲν πτηνῶν Πύργης τάδε, ταύτα δὲ Δάμις
τετραπόδων, Κλείτωρ δ' ὁ τρίτος εἰναλίων.
ἀνθ' ὅν τῷ μὲν πέμπε δι' ἡρὸς εὐστοχον ἄγρην,
τῷ δὲ διὰ δρυμῶν, τῷ δὲ δι' ἰδίωνων.

14.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Πανὶ τάδ' αὐθαίρετοι τρισσοὶ βέσαν ἁρμενα τέχνας.
Δάμις μὲν θηρῶν ἁρκον ὄρειονόμοι,
Κλείτωρ δὲ πλωτῶν τάδε δίκτυα, τὰν δὲ πτηνῶν
ἀρρηκτον Πύργης τάνδε δεραίοπεδαν.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ ἔλοχοι, τὸν δ' ἡρός, ὅν δ' ἀπὸ λίμνας
οὓ ποτε σὺν κενεόις οἰκὸς ἐδεκτο λίνοις.

15.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΖΩΣΙΜΟΤ

Εἰναλίων Κλείτωρ τάδε δίκτυα, τετραπόδων δὲ
Δάμις, καὶ Πύργης θήκευν ἀπ' ἡρίων
Πανί, κασυγνήτων ἵπτῃ τριάς· ἀλλὰ σὺ θήρην
ηέρι κήν πόντῳ κήν χθονὶ τοίωδε νέμε.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

12.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Receive, Pan, the nets of the three brothers for three kinds of chase. Pigres brings his from fowl, Damis from beast, and Clitor from sea. Grant them good sport from air, earth, and water.

13.—LEONIDAS

Huntsman Pan, the three brothers dedicated these nets to thee, each from a different chase: Pigres these from fowl, Damis these from beast, and Clitor his from the denizens of the deep. In return for which send them easily caught game, to the first through the air, to the second through the woods, and to the third through the shore-water.

14.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

The three brothers dedicated to Pan these implements of their craft: Damis his net for trapping the beasts of the mountain, Clitor this net for fish, and Pigres this untearable net that fetters birds' necks. For they never returned home with empty nets, the one from the copses, the second from the air, the third from the sea.

15.—BY THE SAME OR BY ZOSIMUS

The blessed triad of brothers dedicated these nets to Pan: Clitor his fishing nets, Damis his hunting nets, Pigres his fowling nets. But do thou grant them sport in air, sea, and land.
16.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Σοι τάδε, Πάν σκοπούτα, παναίσλα δώρα σύναιμοι τρίζυγες ἐκ τρισσῆς θέντο λυσσασίης· δίκτυα μὲν Δάμες θηρῶν, Πύγρης δὲ πετηνῶν λαμποπέδας, Κλείτωρ δὲ εἰναλίφται κλίνα· ὃν τὸν μὲν καὶ ἐσαύθις ἐν ἥρι, τὸν δὲ ἔτει θείης εὐστοχον ἐν πύντω, τὸν δὲ κατὰ δρυόχως.

17.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Ἀι τρισσαὶ τοι ταῦτα τὰ παλύμια θήκαν ἔταϊραι, Κύπρι μάκαιρ', ἄλλης ἄλλη ἀπ' ἐργασίης· ὅν ἀπὸ μὲν πυγῆς Ἐυφρῶ τάδε, ταῦτα δὲ Κλειδὼ ὡς θέμις, ἡ τριτάτη δ' Ἀθῆς ἀπ' οὔρανίων. ἄνθρωπῇ μὲν πέμπε τὰ παιδικά, δεσπότι, κέρδη, τῇ δὲ τὰ θηλείας, τῇ δὲ τὰ μηδετέρης.

18.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤῊΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΤΠΙΙΟΤ

Δαις ἀμαλδυνθείσα χρόνῳ περικαλλέα μορφήν, ἦπαρλέων στυγγέει μαρτυρίην ὅτι δώρων· ἐνθευ πικρῶν ἐλεγχον ἀπεκηθήρασα κατόπτρου, ἀνθετό δεσποινή τῆς πάρος ἀγγαθή.
"Ἀλλὰ σὺ μοι, Κυθέρεια, δέχου νέοττος ἐταίρου δίσκου, ἐπεὶ μορφὴ σῇ χρόνον οὐ τρομέει." 5

19.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κάλλος μὲν, Κυθέρεια, χαρίζεις· ἀλλὰ μαραίνει ὁ χρόνος ἐρπύζων σήν, βασίλεια, χάριν. δώρου δὲ ὑμετέρου παραπταμένου με, Κυθήρη, δέχθυσο καὶ δώρου, πότινα, μαρτυρίην.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

16.—ARCHIAS

To thee, Pan the scout, the three brothers from three kinds of netting gave these manifold gifts: Damis his net for beasts, Pigres his neck-fetters for birds, Clitor his drift-nets. Make the first again successful in the air, the second in the sea, and the third in the thickets.

17.—LUCIAN

(A Skit on the above Exercises.)

Tres tibi, Venus, ludicra haec dedicaverunt meretrices alio alia ab opificio. Haec Euphro a clunibus, ista vero Clio qua fas est, Atthis autem ab ore.¹ Pro quibus illi mitte lucrum puerilis operis, huic vero feminei, tertiae autem neutrius.

18.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On Lais' Mirror

Lais, her loveliness laid low by time, hates whatever witnesses to her wrinkled age. Therefore, detesting the cruel evidence of her mirror, she dedicates it to the queen of her former glory. "Receive, Cytherea, the circle,² the companion of youth, since thy beauty dreads not time."

19.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

Thou grantest beauty, Cytherea, but creeping time withers thy gift, my Queen. Now since thy gift has passed me by and flown away, receive, gracious goddess, this mirror that bore witness to it.

¹ vel a cælestibus.
² Ancient mirrors made of bronze were always circular.
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20.—TOY AYTOY

`Ελλάδα νικήσασαν ὑπέρβιον ἀστίδα Μήδων
Δαῖς θήκεν ἐνώ κάλλει ληδίην,
μοῦνο ἐνικήθη δ’ ὑπὸ γῆραι, καὶ τὸν ἐλεγχὸν
ἀνθετο σοί, Παφίη, τὸν νεότητι φίλον·
ἡς γὰρ ἴδεῖν στυγέει πολεῖς παναληθέα μορφῆν,
τήσδε συνεχθαίρει καὶ σκιόντα τύπον.

21.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Σκάπτειραν κήποιο φιλυδρήλοιο δίκελλαν,
καὶ δρεπάνην καυλῶν ἀγκυλον ἐκτεμίδα,
τὴν τ’ ἐπινωτίδιον βροχετῶν ῥακόεσσαν ἄρωγόν,
καὶ τὰς ἀρρήκτους ἐμβάδας ὁμοβοεῖς,
τὸν τε δ’ εὐτρήτοιο πέδου δύνοντα κατ’ ἰθὺ
ἀρτιφυνῶν κράμβης πάσσαλον ἐμβολέα,
καὶ σκάρφος ἐξ ὁχητῶν πρασινὴν διψεύσαν ἐγείρειν
ἀυχμηροῖο θέρεις οὐ ποτὲ παυσάμενον,
σοὶ τῷ κηπουρῷ Ποτάμων ἀνέθηκε, Πρήπει,
κησάμενος ταῦτης ὅλβου ἀπ’ ἐργασίας.

22.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀρτιχανὴ ῥοιάν τε, καὶ ἀρτίχυνον τὸδε μῆλον,
καὶ ῥυτίδόφλοιον σύκον ἐπομφύλουν,
πορφύρεαν τε βότρυν μεθυπίδακα, πυκνορράγα,
καὶ κάρυν χλωρῆς ἀρτίδορον λεπίδος,
ἀγροπότη τὸδε μονοστόρθυγμι Πρήπο
θῆκεν ὁ καρποφυλάξ, δενδριακὴν θυσίν.

23.—ἈΛΔΟ

Ἐρμεία, σήραγγος ἀλίκτυπου ὡς τὸδε νάεις
εὐστιβῆς αἰθνίαις ἵχθυβόλοισι λέπας,
**THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS**

20.—**By the Same**

*On the Same*

Lais took captive by her beauty Greece, which had laid in the dust the proud shield of Persia. Only old age conquered her, and the proof of her fall, the friend of her youth, she dedicates to thee, Cypris. She hates to see even the shadowy image of those grey hairs, whose actual sight she cannot bear.

21.—**Anonymous**

To thee, Priapus the gardener, did Potamon, who gained wealth by this calling, dedicate the hoe that dug his thirsty garden, and his curved sickle for cutting vegetables, the ragged cloak that kept the rain off his back, his strong boots of untanned hide, the dibble for planting out young cabbages going straight into the easily pierced soil, and his mattock that never ceased during the dry summer to refresh the thirsty beds with draughts from the channels.

22.—**Anonymous**

The fruit-watcher dedicated to rustic Priapus, carved out of a trunk, this sacrifice from the trees, a newly split pomegranate, this quince covered with fresh down, a navelled fig with wrinkled skin, a purple cluster of thick-set grapes, fountain of wine, and a walnut just out of its green rind.

23.—**Anonymous**

Hermes, who dwellest in this wave-beaten rock-cave, that gives good footing to fisher gulls, accept
24.—ΑΛΔΟ

Δαίμονι τῇ Συρίᾳ τὸ μάτην τριβέν Ἕλλοδωρος δίκτυν έν νηού τοῦ ἑθετο προπύλως.

Αγρον ἅπ’ ίχθυβόλου θήρας τόδε πολλὰ δ’ ἐν αὐτῷ φυκὶ ἑπ’ εὐόρμους εἶλκυσεν αἰγιαλῶν.

25.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΝΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΡΤΙΟΤ

Κεκμηδό χρονία πεπονηκότα δίκτυα θήρη ἀνθέτο ταῖς Νύμφαις ταῦτα γέρων Κινύρης οὐ γὰρ ἔτι τρομερὴ παλάμη περιηγέα κόλπων εἶχεν ἀκοντίσειν οὐγομένου λίνου.

εἰ δ’ ὀλίγου δῶρου τελέθει δόσις, οὐ τόδε, Νύμφαι, μέμψις, ἐπεὶ Κινύρου ταῦθ’ ὀλος ἐσκε βίος.

26.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ταῖς Νύμφαις Κινύρης τόδε δίκτυν· οὐ γὰρ ἄειρει γῆρας ἀκοντιστὴν μόχθου ἐκηβολίη.

ἰχθύες ἀλλὰ νέμουσθε γεγηθότες, ὅτι θαλάσσῃ δῶκεν ἔχεις Κινύρου γῆρας ἐλευθερίην.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

this fragment of the great seine worn by the sea and scraped often by the rough beach; this little purse-seine, the round weel that entraps fishes, the float whose task it is to mark where the weels are concealed, and the long cane rod, the child of the marsh, with its horse-hair line, not unfurnished with hooks, wound round it.

24.—Anonymous

Heliodorus dedicates to the Syrian Goddess\(^1\) in the porch of this temple his net worn out in vain. It is untainted by any catch of fish, but he hauled out plenty of sea-weed in it on the spacious beach of the anchorage.

25.—Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

Old Cinyras, weary of long fishing, dedicates to the Nymphs this worn sweep-net; for no longer could his trembling hand cast it freely to open in an enfolding circle.\(^2\) If the gift is but a small one, it is not his fault, ye Nymphs, for this was all Cinyras had to live on.

26.—By the Same

Cinyras dedicates to the nymphs this net, for his old age cannot support the labour of casting it. Feed, ye fish, happily, since Cinyras' old age has given freedom to the sea.

\(^1\) Astarte.

\(^2\) These words apply only to a sweep-net (\textit{épervier}), strictly \textit{ἀμφίβληστρον}.\n
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27.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἰχθυβόλον πολυσφεὶς ὑπ’ εὐθήρου λίνου ἄγρης,
τῶν τ’ ἀγκιστροδέτων συζυγίην δονάκων,
καὶ πιστῶν βυθίων παγίδων σημάντωρα φελλῶν,
καὶ λίθου ἀντιτύπῳ κρούσματι πυρσοτόκου,
ἀγκυράν τ’ ἐπὶ τοῖς ἐχευνίδαι, δεσμῶν ἀέλλης,
στρεπτῶν τ’ ἀγκίστρων ἱχθυπαγη στόματα,
δαίμοσιν ἀγροδάτησι θαλασσοπόρος πόρε Βαίτων,
γῆραι νουσοφόρῳ βριθομένης παλάμης.

28.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΤ

Καμπτομένους δόνακας, κώπην θ’ ἀμα, νηδὸς ἴμασθην,
γυρῶν τ’ ἀγκίστρων καμπυλόδεσσαν ιτνυ,
εὐκόλου τε λίνου περὶπλεα κύκλα μολύβδῳ,
καὶ φελλοὺς κύρτων μάρτυρας εὐναλίων,
ξενηγὸς τ’ εὐπλεκέων στυρίδων, καὶ μητέρα πυρσῶν
τήνδε λίθου, νηδὸν θ’ ἔδρανον ἀστάθεόν
ἀγκυραν, γριπεύς, Ἐρινώνε, σοι τάδε Βαίτων
dῶρα φέρει, τρομεροὶ γῆραος ἀντιάσας.

29.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐρεμίη Βαίτων ἁλινηχέος ὄργανα τέχνης
ἀνθετο, δειμαίνων γῆραος ἄδρανήν·
ἀγκυραν, γυρῶν τε λίθου, στυρίδας θ’ ἀμα φελλῷ,
ἀγκιστρον, κώπην, καὶ λίνα καὶ δόνακας.

30.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Δίκτυον ἀκρομόλιβδον Ἀμύντιχος ἁμβρὶ τριάνη
dήσε γέρων, ἅλιων πανσάμενος καμάτων,
27.—THEAETETUS SCHOLASTICUS

(This and the next two are Exercises on the Theme of No. 5)

Baeto the fisherman, now his hand is heavy with ailing old age, gives to the gods who grant good catches his many-eyed net that caught him many a fish, his pair of rods with their hooks, his float, the faithful indicator of the weels set in the depths, his flint that gives birth to fire when struck, the anchor besides, fetter of the storm, that held his boat fast, and the jaws of his curved hooks that pierce fishes.

28.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Baeto the fisherman, having reached trembling old age, offers thee, Hermes, these gifts, his pliant rods, his oar, whip of his boat, his curved, pointed hooks, his encompassing circular net weighted with lead, the floats that testify to where the weels lie in the sea, a pair of well-woven creels, this stone, the mother of fire, and his anchor, the stay of his unstable boat.

29.—By the Same

To Hermes Baeto, fearing the weakness of old age, gives the implements of his sea-faring craft, his anchor, his round flint, his creel and float, his hook, oar, nets and rods.

30.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL (after No. 38)

Old Amyntichus, his toil on the deep over, bound his lead-weighted net round his fishing spear, and
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ἐς δὲ Ποσειδάωνα καὶ ἀλμυρὸν οἶδμα θαλάσσης ἐπεν, ἀποσπένδων δάκρυν ν ἐπὶ βλεφάροιν·
"Ὅσθα, μάκαρ· κέκμηκα· κακοῦ δ᾽ ἐπὶ γῆρας ἥμιν 5 ἀλλωτος ἤβασκει γυνοτακής πενή.
θρέψον ἐτι σπαίρων τὸ γερόντιον, ἀλλ᾽ ἀπὸ γαίης,
ὡς ἔθελει, μεδεὺν κὰν χθονὶ κὰν πελάγει·"

31.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ, οἰ δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ

Αἰγυβάτη τόδε Παῦλι, καὶ εὐκάρπῳ Διονύσῳ,
καὶ Δηοὶ Χθονίη ξυνοῦ ἑθηκα γέρας.
αὐτέρμα οί αὐτοῦς καλὰ πῶς καὶ καλὸν οἶνον,
καὶ καλὸν ἀμήσαι καρπὸν ἀπ᾽ ἄσταχὼν.

32.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΔΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Δικραίρῳ δικέρωτα, δασυκνάμῳ δασυχαίταιν,
ἐξαλοῦ εὐσκάρθῳ, λόχιμον ὑλοβάτα,
Παῦλος φιλοσκοπέλῳ λάσιον παρὰ πρῶνα Χαρικλῆς
κνακὸν ὑπηνήταν τόνδ᾽ ἀνέθηκε τράγον.

33.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ

Αἰγιαλῆτα Πρίηπε, σαγηνευτήρες ἑθηκαν
δῶρα παρακταίης σοὶ τάε ἐπωφελίης,
θύμων εὐκλόστου λίνου βυσσώμασι βόμβοι
φράξαντες γλαυκαίς ἐν παρόδοις πελάγευς,
φηγίνου κρητήρα, καὶ αὐτοῦργητον ἑρείκη
βάθρου, ἕδ᾽ ὀλέθνην οἰνοδόκοι κύκλικα,
ὡς ἀν ὑπ᾽ ὀρχισμῶν λελυγισμένου ἐγκοπον ἱχνας
ἀμπαύσης, ἕρην δίψαν ἐλαιόμενος.
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to Poseidon and the salt sea wave said, shedding tears,
"Thou knowest, Lord, that I am weary with toil,
and now in my evil old age wasting Poverty, from
whom there is no release, is in her youthful prime.
Feed the old man while he yet breathes, but from
the land as he wishes, thou who art Lord over both
land and sea."

31.—NICARCHUS (?)

I have offered this as a common gift to Pan the goat-
treader, to Dionysus the giver of good fruit, and to
Demeter the Earth-goddess, and I beg from them
fine flocks, good wine and to gather good grain from
the ears.

32.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Charicles by the wooded hill offered to Pan who
loves the rock this yellow, bearded goat, a horned
creature to the horned, a hairy one to the hairy-
legged, a bounding one to the deft leaper, a denizen
of the woods to the forest god.

33.—MAECIUS

Priapus of the beach, the fishermen, after
surrounding with their deep-sunk net the circling
shoal of tunnies in the green narrows of the sea,
dedicated to thee these gifts out of the profits of the
rich catch they made on this strand—a bowl of beech
wood, a stool roughly carved of heath, and a glass
wine-cup, so that when thy weary limbs are broken
by the dance thou mayest rest them and drive away
dry thirst.
34.—ΠΙΑΝΟΤ
Τὸ ῥόπαλον τῷ Πανὶ καὶ ἱοβόλου Πολύαινος
τόξον καὶ κάπρου τοῦσδε καθώσε πόδας,
καὶ ταῦταν γωρυτῶν, ἐπαυχεῖν τον κυνάγχαν
θήκεν ὀρειάρχα δῶρα συγγρεσίης.
ἀλλ' ὦ Πανὶ σκοπήτα, καὶ εἰσοπτέω Πολύαινον
εὐαγρον πέμπτοις, νίεα Σιμύλεω.

35.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Τοῦτο χιμαιροβάτα Τελέσων ἀγώνυχι Πανὶ
tὸ σκύλος ἀγρείας τείνε κατὰ πλατάγου·
kαὶ τὰν ραβδόκρανον ἑυστόρθυγγα κορύναν,
ἄ πάρος αἵματος ἐστυφελίξε λύκους,
γαυλοῦς τε γλαγοπήγας, ἀγωγαίον τε κυνάγχαν,
kαὶ τὰν εὐρίνων λαμποπέδαν σκυλάκων.

36.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Δράγματά σοι χώρου μικραύλακος, ὥ ϕιλόπυρε
Δηοῖ, Σωσικλέης θήκεν ἀρουροπόνος,
ἐὐσταχυν ἀμήσας τὸν νῦν στόρον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὶς
ἐκ καλαμητομίς ἀμβλύν ψέροι δρέπανον.

37.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Γῆραϊ δὴ καὶ τόνδε κεκυφῶτα φήγμον ὄξον
οὐρεσιν ἀγρόται βουκόλοι εἰξέταμον·
Πανὶ δὲ μιν ξέποιματε ὁδὸν ἐπὶ καλὸν ἀθυρμα
κάτθεσαν, ὄραῖον ῥυτορὶ βουκολίων.
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34.—RHIANUS

Polyaenus hung here as a gift to Pan the club, the bow and these boar's feet. Also to the Lord of the hills he dedicated this quiver and the dog-collar, gifts of thanks for his success in boar-hunting. But do thou, O Pan the scout, send home Polyaenus, the son of Symilas, in future, too, laden with spoils of the chase.

35.—LEONIDAS

This skin did Teleso stretch on the woodland plane-tree, an offering to goat-hoofed Pan the goat-treader, and the crutched, well-pointed staff, with which he used to bring down red-eyed wolves, the cheese-pails, too, and the leash and collars of his keen-scented hounds.

36.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

These trusses from the furrows of his little field did Sosicles the husbandman dedicate to thee, Demeter, who loveth the corn; for this is a rich harvest of grain he hath gathered. But another time, too, may he bring back his sickle blunted by reaping.

37.—ANONYMOUS

The rustic herdsmen cut on the mountain this beech-branch which old age had bent as it bends us, and having trimmed it, set it up by the road, a pretty toy for Pan who protects the glossy cattle.
38.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ
Δίκτυά σοι μολύβδος στεφανούμενα, δυσιθάλασσα,
καὶ κύπησι, ἄλμησ τὴν μεθύουσαν ἑτί,
κητοφόνον τε τρίαιμαν, ἐν ὑδασὶ καρτέρον ἔγχος,
καὶ τὸν ἅει φέλλοις κύρτον ἑλεγχόμενον,
ἀγκυράν τε, νεῶν στιβαρὴν χέρα, καὶ φιλοναύτην
σπέρμα πυρὸς σάξειν πέτρον ἐπιστάμενον,
ἀρχαίας Ἁρκείδον Ἀμφίτιχος ὑστατα δῶρα
θήκατ', ἐπεὶ μοφερῆς παῦσαθ' ἀλιπλανής.

39.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ
Αἰ τρισσαῖ, Σατύρη τε, καὶ Ἡράκλεια, καὶ Εὐφρῶ,
θυγατέρες Εὐθύνυ καὶ Μελίτης, Σάμιαί·
ἀ μέν, ἀραχναῖοι μίτου πολυδίνεα λάτριν,
ἄτρακτον, δολιχάς οὐκ ἀτερ ἀλακάτας·
ἀ δὲ πολυσπαθέων μελεδήμονα κερκίδα πέπλων
εὐθροον· ἀ τριτάτα δ' εἱροχαρὴ τάλαρον·
οἷς ἔσχον χερνῆτα βίον δηναιόν, Ἄθανα
πότνια, ταῦθ' αἰ σαί σοι θέσαι ἐργάτιδες.

40.—ΜΑΧΗΔΟΝΙΟς
Τὸ βῶς μοι· σίτον δὲ τετεύχατον Ἰλαθώ, Δηοὶ,
δέχυσο δ' ἐκ μάζης, οὐκ ἀπὸ βουκολίων·
δὸς δὲ βῶς ζῶειν ἑτύμω, καὶ πλῆσον ἀρούρας
δράγματος, ὀλβίσθην ἀντιδιδούσα χάριν.
σφ' γὰρ ἀρουροπόσῳ φιλαληθεῖ τέτρατος ἡδη
κτάδος ἐνδεκάτης ἐστὶ φίλος λυκάβας,
οὐδέποτ' ἀμήσαντι Κορυνθίκοι, οὐ ποτε πικρᾶς
τῆς ἀφιλοσταχών γευσαμένῳ πενής.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

38.—PHILIPPUS (cp. No. 30)

To thee Poseidon, Lord of the sea, did Amyntichus give these his last gifts, when he ceased from his toil on the deep—his nets edged with lead that plunge into the sea, his oar still drunk with the brine, his spear for killing sea-monsters, strong lance of the waters, his weel ever betrayed by floats, his anchor, firm hand of his boat, and the flint, dear to sailors, that has the art of guarding the seed of fire.

39.—ARCHIAS

The three Samian sisters Satyra, Heraclea, and Euphro, daughters of Xuthus and Melite, dedicate to thee, Lady Athene, whose workwomen they were, the implements with which they long supported themselves in their poverty, the first her spindle, twirling servant of the spidery thread, together with its long distaff, the other her musical comb,¹ busy maker of close-woven cloth, and the third the basket that loved to hold her wool.

40.—MACEDONIUS

The two oxen are mine and they helped to grow the corn. Be kind, Demeter, and receive them, though they be of dough and not from the herd. Grant that my real oxen may live, and fill thou my fields with sheaves, returning me richest thanks. For the years of thy husbandman, who loves the truth, are already four-score and four. He never reaped rich Corinthian² harvests, but never tasted bitter poverty, stranger to corn.

¹ See note to No. 160.
² The land between Corinth and Sicyon was famous for its richness.
41.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Χαλκὸν ἀροτρητήν, κλασιβόλακα, νειστομῆ, καὶ τὴν ταυροδέτιν βύρσαν ύπαυχενίν, καὶ βούτφηλκτρον ἀκαίναν, ἐχετλήνετι τε γόμφον. Δηοὶ Καλλιμένης ἄνθετο γειοπόνοις, τμῆξας εὐαρότου ῥάχιν ὅργανος: εἰ δ᾿ ἐπιμεύσεις τὸν στάχυν ἀμῆσαι, καὶ δρεπάνην κομίσω.

42.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Ἀλκιμένης ὁ πενιχρὸς ἐπὶ σμικρῷ των κηπῶν τοῦ φιλοκαρποφόρου γευσάμενος θέρεος, ἰσχάδα καὶ μήλον καὶ ύδωρ γέρα Πανὶ κομίζον, εἰπε: "Σὺ μοι βιότον τῶν ἀγαθῶν ταμώς: δὲν τὰ μὲν ἐκ κῆποι, τὰ δ᾿ ὑμετέρης ὑπὸ πέτρης δέξο, καὶ ἀντιδίδους δὸς πλέον ὅλιν ἑλαβεῖς."

43.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Τὸν Νυμφῶν θεράποντα, φιλόμβριον, ὑγρὸν ᾠιδῶν, τὸν λιβάσιν κούφαις τερπόμενον βάτραχον χαλκῷ μορφῶσας τῆς ὀδοπόρος εὐχὸς ἔθηκε, καῦματος ἔχθροτάτην δίψαν ἀκεσάμενος: πλαξομένῳ γὰρ ἐδείξειν ὕδωρ, εὐκαίρων ἀέσας κοιλάδος ἐκ δροσερῆς ἀμφιβίω στόματι. φωνὴν δ᾿ ἡγῆτειραν ὀδοπόρος σώκ ἄπολειπτῶν εὔρε πόσιν γλυκερῶν δὲν ἐπόθει ναμάτων.¹

44.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ
Γλευκοπόταις Σατύροισι καὶ ἀμπελοφύτορι Βάκχῳ Ἡρώναξ πρώτης δράγματα φυταλῆς,

¹ The last line, added in a later hand, is evidently a supplement by a bad versifier.
THE DEDICATORY ÉPIGRAMS

41.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

His brazen share that breaks the clods and cuts the fallows, the leather thong that passes under the neck of the ox, the goad with which he pricks it, and his plough-bolt doth the husbandman Callimenes dedicate to thee, Demeter, after cutting the back of his well-ploughed field. Grant me to reap the corn, and I will bring thee a sickle, too.

42.—ANONYMOUS

Poon Alcimenes, having tasted the gifts of fruitful summer in a little garden, when he brought to Pan as a present an apple, a fig, and some water, said: "Thou givest me from thy treasury the good things of life; so accept these, the fruits from the garden and the water from thy rock, and give me in return more than thou hast received."

43.—PLATO (?)

Some traveller, who stilled here his tormenting thirst in the heat, moulded in bronze and dedicated ex voto this servant of the Nymphs, the damp songster who loves the rain, the frog who takes joy in light fountains; for it guided him to the water, as he wandered, singing opportunely with its amphibious mouth from the damp hollow. Then, not deserting the guiding voice, he found the drink he longed for.

44.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (?)

To the must-bibbing Satyrs and to Bacchus the planter of the vine did Heronax consecrate these
τρισσῶν οἶνοπέδων τρισσοῦς ἱερώσατο τούσδε, ἐμπλήσας οἴουν πρωτοχύτοιο, κάδους; δὲν ἡμεῖς σπείσαντες, ὅσον θέμς, οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ καὶ Σατύροις, Σατύρων πλείονα πιόμεθα.

45.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Οξέω λαχυήνετα δέμας κέντροσιν ἔχινου ῥαγολόγου, ἡλκερῶν σίντορα θειοπέδων, σφαιρηδῶν σταφυλῆσιν ἐπιτροχώντα δοκεύσας, Κώμαυλος Βρομίῳ ζων ἀνεκρέμασεν.

46.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὰν πρὶν Ἑνυαλλόιο καὶ Εἰράνας ὑποφάτων, μέλπουσαν κλαγγάν βάρβαρον ἐκ στομάτων, χαλκοπαγή σάλπυγγα, γέρας Φερένικος Ἀθάνα, λῆξας καὶ πολέμου καὶ θυμέλας, ἔθετο.

47.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κερκίδα τὴν φιλαοιδὸν ἈθηναίηθέτοΒιττώ ἀνθεμα, λυμηρῆς ἀρμενον ἐργασίης, εἰπε δὲ. "Χαϊρε, θεά, καὶ τήνδε ἐχες χήρη ἐγὼ γὰρ τέσσαρας εἰς ἐτέων ἐργομένη δεκάδας, ἀρνεύμαι τὰ σὰ δῶρα; τὰ δ᾽ ἐμπαλι Κύπριδος ἐργῶν ἀπτομαί. ὅρης γὰρ κρεῖσσον ὁρῶ τὸ θέλειν."

48.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κερκίδα τὴν φιλοσφοῖν ἈθηναίηθέτοΒιττώ ἀνθεμα, λυμηρῆς ἀρμενον ἐργασίης,
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three casks of fresh wine filled from three vineyards, the first-fruits of his planting. We, having first poured what is right from them to purple Bacchus and the Satyrs, will drink more than the Satyrs.

45.—Anonymous

Comaulus hung up alive to Bacchus this hedgehog, its body bristling with sharp spines, the grapegatherer, the spoiler of the sweet vineyards, having caught it curled up in a ball and rolling on the grapes.

46.—Antipater of Sidon

Pherenicus, having quitted the wars and the altar, presented to Athene his brazen trumpet, erst the spokesman of peace and war, sending forth a barbarous clamour from its mouth.

47.—By the Same

Bitto dedicated to Athene her melodious loomcomb, implement of the work that was her scanty livelihood, saying, "Hail, goddess, and take this; for I, a widow in my fortieth year, forswear thy gifts and on the contrary take to the works of Cypris; I see that the wish is stronger than age."

48.—Anonymous

Bitto dedicated to Athene her industrious loomcomb, the implement of her scanty livelihood, for then

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1 The trumpet was used at sacrifices.
2 Because an Etruscan invention.  3 See note to No. 160.
πάντας ἀποστύξασα γυνὴ τότε τοὺς ἐν ἐρίθοις
μόχθους καὶ στυγερὰς φροντίδας ἱστοπόνων
εἰπε δ’ Ἀθηναίη: “Τῶν Κύπριδος ἀψομαί ἐργων, 5
τὴν Πάριδος κατὰ σοῦ ψῆφον ἐνεγκαμένη.”

49.—ἈΛΛΟ

Χάλκεος εἰμὶ τρίστους. Πυθοὶ δ’ ἀνάκειμαι ἀγαλμα,
καὶ μ’ ἐπὶ Πατρόκλος θῆκεν πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
Τυδείδης δ’ ἀνέθηκε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
νικήσας ἐπποιεῖν ἐπὶ πλατὺν Ἐλλήσποντον.

50.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Τόνδε ποθ’ Ἐλληνες ῥώμη χερός, ἐργω Ἀρης,
εὐτόλμω ψυχῆς λήματι πειθόμενοι,
Πέρσας ἐξελάσαντες, ἐλεύθερον Ἐλλάδι κόσμου
ιδρύσαντο Διὸς βωμὸν Ἐλευθερίον.

51.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Μήτερ ἐμῇ Ῥείη, Φρυγίων θρέπτειρα λεόντων,
Δίνδυμον ὡς μύσταις οὐκ ἀπάτητον ὄρος,
σοὶ τάδε θῆλυς Ἀλεξίς ἐς οἰστορήματα λύσος
ἀνθετο, χαλκοτύποι παυσάμενος μανῆς,
κύμβαλα τ’ ὀξύφθογγα, βαρυφθόγγων τ’ ἀλαλητὸν
αὐλῶν, οὐς μόσχου λοξῶν ἐκαμψὲ κέρας,
τυμπανά τ’ ἤχησεν, καὶ αἵματι φοισιχθέντα
φάσομα, καὶ ξανθᾶς, τὰς πρὶν ἔσεισε, κόμας.
Ἰλαος, ὁ δέσποινα, τὸν ἐν νεότητι μανέντα
γηραλέον προτέρης παῦσον ἀγριοσύνης.
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she conceived a hatred for all toil among workfolk, and for the weaver's wretched cares. To Athene she said, "I will take to the works of Cypris, voting like Paris against thee."

49.—ON A TRIPOD AT DELPHI

I am a bronze tripod, dedicated at Delphi to adorn the shrine; swift-footed Achilles offered me as a prize at Patroclus' funeral feast, and Diomed the warlike son of Tydeus dedicated me, having conquered in the horse-race by the broad Hellespont.

50.—SIMONIDES

On the Altar at Plataea commemorating the Battle

This altar of Zeus the Liberator did the Hellenes erect, an ornament for Hellas such as becomes a free land, after that, obeying their brave hearts' impulse, they had driven out the Persians by the might of their hands and by the toil of battle.

51.—ANONYMOUS

To thee, my mother Rhea, nurse of Phrygian lions, whose devotees tread the heights of Dindymus, did womanish Alexis, ceasing from furious clashing of the brass, dedicate these stimulants of his madness—his shrill-toned cymbals, the noise of his deep-voiced flute, to which the crooked horn of a young steer gave a curved form,¹ his echoing tambourines, his knives reddened with blood, and the yellow hair which once tossed on his shoulders. Be kind, O Queen, and give rest in his old age from his former wildness to him who went mad in his youth.

¹ For this shape of the double Phrygian flute see article "Tibia" in Daremberg and Saglio's Dict. des Antiquités.
52.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Οὕτω τοι, μελία ταναίη, ποτὶ κίονα μακρὸν ἦσο, Πανομφαίῳ Ζηὴν μένουσ’ ἱερά.
ηδη γὰρ χαλκὸς τε γέρων, αὐτά τε τέτρυσαι
πυκνὰ κραδαίνομενα δαῖφο ἐν πολέμῳ.

53.—ΒΑΚΧΤΑΙΔΟΤ
Εὐδήμως τὸν νηὸν ἐπ’ ἄγροι τόνδ’ ἀνέθηκεν
τῷ πάντων ἀνέμων πιοτάτῳ Ζεφύρῳ.
εὐξαμένῳ γὰρ οἱ ἦλθε βοαθός, ὀφρὰ τάχιστα
λιμήσῃ πεπόνων καρπὸν ἀπ’ ἀσταχύνω.

54.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙ∆ΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Τὸν χαλκοῦν τέττυγα Δυκωρεῖ Δοκρᾶς ἀνάπτει
Εὐνομος, ἀθλοσύνας μνάμα φιλοστεφάνου.
ἡν γὰρ ἅγιων φόρμυγγος· ὃ δ’ ἀντίος ἵστατο Πάρθις·
ἀλλ’ ὅκα δὴ πλάκτρῳ Δοκρᾶς ἔκρεξε χέλυς,
βραγχῶν τετρυγυία λύρας ἀπεκόμπασε χορδά·
πρὶν δὲ μέλος σκάξει εὐποδος ἀρμονίας,
ἄβρον ἐπιτρύξων κιθάρας ὑπὲρ ἔξετο τέττιξ,
καὶ τὸν ἀποιχομένου φθόγγον ὑπῆλθη μίτου,
τὰν δὲ πάρος λαλαγεύσαν ἐν ἀλσειν ἀγρότιν ἄχω
πρὸς νόμον ἀμετέρας τρέψει λυροκτυπίας.
τῷ σὲ, μάκαρ Δητὰς, τεῦ τέττυγι γεραίρει,
χάλκεουν ἰδρύσας ὀθὸν ὑπὲρ κιθάρας.

55.—ΙΩΑΝΝΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΒΑΡΒΟΚΑΛΛΩΤ
Πειθοὶ καὶ Παφία πακτὰν καὶ κηρία σίμβλων,
τὰς καλυκοστεφάνου νυμφίος Εὐρυνόμας
Ἐρμοφίλας ἀνέθηκεν ὁ βωκόλος· ἀλλὰ δέχεσθε
ἀντ’ αὐτᾶς πακτὰν, ἀντ’ ἐμέθεν τὸ μέλι.

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52.—SIMONIDES

Rest, my long lance, thus against the high column and remain sacred to Panomphaean Zeus. For now thy point is old, and thou art worn by long brandishing in the battle.

53.—BACCHYLIDES

Eudemus dedicated this temple in his field to Zephyr the richest of all winds; for he came in answer to his prayer to help him winnow quickly the grain from the ripe ears.

54.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

To Lycorean Apollo doth Locrian Eunomus dedicate the brazen cicada, in memory of his contest for the crown. The contest was in lyre-playing, and opposite him stood his competitor, Parthis. But when the Locrian shell rang to the stroke of the plectrum, the string cracked with a hoarse cry. But before the running melody could go lame, a cicada lighted on the lyre chirping tenderly and caught up the vanishing note of the chord, adapting to the fashion of our playing its wild music that used to echo in the woods. Therefore, divine Son of Leto, doth he honour thee with the gift of thy cicada, perching the brazen songster upon thy lyre.

55.—JOHANNES BARBOCALLUS

I, Hermophiles the herdsman, the bridegroom of rosy-wreathed Eurynome, dedicate curdled milk and honey-combs to Peitho and Aphrodite. Receive the curds in place of her, the honey in place of me.
56.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΙΚΟΤ
Κισσοκόμαν Βρομίφ Σάτυρον σεσαλαγμένον οὖν
ἀμπελοεργός ἄνηρ ἀνθέτο Δημαγόρας;
τῷ δὲ καρηπαρέοντι δορῆν, τρίχα, κισσόν, ὑπόπτην,
pάντα λέγοις μεθύειν, πάντα συνεκλέπτων καὶ
φύσιν αφθόγγοισι τύποις μμῆσωτο τέχνη,
ὐλῆς ἀντιλέγειν μηδὲν ἀνασχομένης.

57.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Σοὶ τόδε πενταίχμοισι ποδῶν ὠπλισμένων ἀκμαῖς,
ἀκροχανέσι, φοινῷ κρατὶ συνεξερύσαι,
ἀνθέτο δέρμα λέοντος ὑπὲρ πίτυν, αἰγιπόδῃ Πάν,
Τεύκρος Ἄραγ, καυτὰν ἀγρότων αἰγανέαν.
αἰχμηθ' ὡς ἡμιβρωτί τύποι μίμνουσιν ὀδόντων,
ἄἐπι βρυχητῶν θήρ ἐκένωσε χόλων.
ὑδριάδες Νύμφαι δὲ σὺν ὄλονόμοισι χορείαν
στᾶσαι, ἐπεὶ καυτὰς πολλάκις ἐξεφόβει.

58.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΒΟΛΒΤΟΤ-
ΘΙΩΤΟΤ
Δέκτρα μάτην μίμνουντα καὶ ἀπρηκτον σκέπασ εὐνής
ἀνθέτο σοί, Μήνῃ, σὸς φίλος Ἐνυδμίων,
αἰδόμενος οἰκον γὰρ ὅλον κρατέοντα καρήνου
οὐ σώζει προτέρης ἦλην ἀγλαίης.

59.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Τῇ Παφίᾳ στεφάνους, τῇ Παλλάδι τὴν πλοκαμίδα,
Ἀρτέμιδι ζώνην ἀνθέτο Καλλιρόη'
eὕρετο γὰρ μνηστήρα τὸν ἤθελε, καὶ λάχεν ἡβην
σῶφρονα, καὶ τεκέων ἄρσεν ἔτικτε γένος,
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56.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Lenagoras, a vine-dresser, dedicated to Bacchus an ivy-crowned Satyr overloaded with wine. His head is nodding and you would say that everything in him is drunk, everything is unsteady, the fawn-skin, his hair, the ivy, his eyes. Art with her mute moulding imitates even Nature, and Matter does not venture to oppose her.

57.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

To thine, goat-footed Pan, did Teucer, the Arab, dedicate on the pine-tree this lion’s skin, armed with five-pointed claws, flensed with its tawny, gaping head, and the very lance he slew it with. On the half-eaten lance-head on which the brute vented its roaring anger, remain the marks of its teeth. But the Nymphs of the streams and woods celebrated its death by a dance, since it often used to terrify them too.

58.—ISIDORUS SCHOLASTICUS OF BOLBYTINE (?)

Thy friend Endymion, O Moon, dedicates to thee, ashamed, his bed that survives in vain and its futile cover; for grey hair reigns over his whole head and no trace of his former beauty is left.

59.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Callirrhoe dedicates to Aphrodite her garland, to Pallas her tress and to Artemis her girdle; for she found the husband she wanted, she grew up in virtue and she gave birth to boys.
60.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

'Αντί βοῶς χρυσέου τ' ἀναθήματος Ἰσιδί τούσδε θήκατο τοὺς λιπαροὺς Παμφίλιου πλοκάμους· ἢ δὲ θεὸς τούτους γάνυται πλέον, ἤπερ Ἀπόλλων χρυσῷ, ὃν ἐκ Λυδῶν Κροῖσος ἐπεμψε θεῷ.

61.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

'Ω ξυρὸν οὐράνιον, ξυρὸν ὀλβιόν, ὃ πλοκαμίδας κεφαμένη πλεκτὰς ἀνθετο Παμφίλιον, οὐ ςε τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ χαλκεύσατο̣· πάρ δὲ καμίνῳ Ἡφαίστου, χρυσέῃ σφύραν ἀειραμένη ἢ λιπαροκρήδεμον, ἢ εἶπομεν καθ' Ὀμηρον, χερσὶ σε ταῖς ἰδίαις ἐξεπόνησε Χάρις.

62.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Κυκλοτερή μόλιβον,¹ σελίδων σημώντορα πλευρῆς, καὶ σμίλαν, δονάκων ἀκροβελῶν γλυφίδα, καὶ κανονίδι ὑπάτην, καὶ τὴν παρὰ θία κίσηριν, αὐχμηρόν πόντου τρηματόεντα λίθον, Καλλιμένης Μοῦσας, ἀποπαυσάμενος καμάτοιο, 5 θηκεν, ἐπεὶ γῆς καυθᾶς ἐπεσκέπετο.

63.—ΔΑΜΟΧΑΡΙΔΟΣ

Γραμμοτόκῳ πλήθοντα μελάσματι κυκλομόλιβδου καὶ κανόνα γραφίδων ἰθυτάτων φύλακα, καὶ γραφικοῦ δοχεία κελαινοτάτου βέθρου, ἀκρα τε μεσσοτόμους εὐγλυφέας καλάμους,

¹ The conclusion imposed by the phraseology is that the lead (for which we now use a pencil) was a thin disc of lead

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60.—PALLADAS

Pamphile, in place of an ox and a golden offering, dedicated to Isis these glossy locks; and the goddess takes more pleasure in them than Apollo in the gold that Croesus sent him from Lydia.

61.—BY THE SAME

O heavenly razor, happy razor with which Pamphile shore her plaited tresses to dedicate them. It was no human smith that wrought thee, but beside the forge of Hephaestus the bright-snooded Grace (to use Homer’s words) took up the golden hammer and fashioned thee with her own hands.

62.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Callimenes, on giving up his work, now old age has veiled his eyes, dedicates to the Muses his circular lead which marks off the margin of the pages, and the knife that sharpens his pointed pens, his longest ruler, and the pumice from the beach, the dry porous stone of the sea.

63.—DAMOCHARIS

Weary Menedemus, his old eyes misty, dedicates to thee, Hermes (and feed ever thy labourer), these implements of his calling, the round lead full of black matter giving birth to lines, the ruler that with a sharp edge, rotating on its axis, and fixed to a holder held in the hand.
τρηχαλένη τε λίθον, δονάκων εὐθηγέα κόσμον,
ένθα περιτριβέων ὃξῳ χάραγμα πέλει,
καὶ γλύφαινον καλάμου, πλατέος γλωχίνα σιδήρου,
ὅπλα σοὶ ἐμπορίῆς αὐθετο τῆς ἴδιῆς
κεκμηθὼς Μενέδημος ὑπʼ ἀρχύος ὡμμα παλαιόν,
Ἐρμεία· σὺ δ’ ἀεὶ φέρβε σὸν ἐργατίνην.

64.—ΠΑΤΔΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Γυρὸν κανανέας μόλιβδον σημαντόρα γραμμῆς,
καὶ σκληρῶν ἀκόνην τρηχαλένην καλάμων,
καὶ πλατῶν ὁξινήθρα μεσοσχιδέων δονακῶν,
καὶ κανόνα γραμμῆς θυσίαν τιμήν,
καὶ χρόνιον γλυπτότισι μέλαν πεφυλαγμένον ἀντροις,
καὶ γλυφίδας καλάμων ἀκρα μελαινομένων,
Ἐρμείης Φιλόδημος, ἐπεὶ χρόνῳ ἐκκρεμεῖ ἡδη
ἴλθε κατ’ ὀφθαλμῶν ῥυσὸν ἐπισκύνου.

65.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν τροχόεντα μόλιβδον, ὡς ἀτραπὸν οἶδε χαράσσειν
ὀρθὰ παραξύνων θυντεύη κανόνα,
καὶ χάλυβα σκληρὸν καλαμηφάγον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸν
ἡγεμόνα γραμμῆς ἀπλανέος κανόνα,
καὶ λίθον ὄκριοεντα, δόναξ ὁθι δισσόν ὀδόντα
θύγεται ἀμβλυνθεῖς ἐκ δολιχογραφίᾳ,
καὶ θυμίης Τρίτωνος ἀλιπλάγκτοιο χαμεύνην,
σπόγγον, ἀκεστορίης πλαξομένης γραφίδος,
καὶ κίστην πολύντα μελαινόκον, εἰν ἔνι πάντα
εὐγραφέος τέχνης ὀργανὰ βυβλίαν,
Ἐρμην. Καλλιμένης, τρομερῆν ὑπὸ γῆρας ὦκνῳ
χεῖρα καθαρμόζων ἐκ δολιχῶν καμάτων.
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keeps the pens very straight, the receptacle of the black writing fluid, his well-cut reed-pens split at the top, the rough stone that sharpens and improves the pens when they are worn and the writing is too scratchy, and the flat steel penknife with sharp point.

64.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Philodemus, now that his wrinkled brows owing to old age come to hang over his eyes, dedicates to Hermes the round lead that draws dark lines, the pumice, rough whet-stone of hard pens, the knife, flat sharpener of the split reed-pens, the ruler that takes charge of the straightness of lines, the ink long kept in hollowed caverns and the notched pens blackened at the point.

65.—BY THE SAME

Callimenes, resting from its long labour his sluggish hand that trembles with age, dedicates to Hermes his disc of lead that running correctly close to the straight ruler can deftly mark its track, the hard steel that eats the pens, the ruler itself, too, guide of the undeviating line, the rough stone on which the double-tooth of the pen is sharpened when blunted by long use, the sponge, wandering Triton's couch in the deep, healer of the pen's errors, and the ink-box with many cavities that holds in one all the implements of calligraphy.
66.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀβροχον ἀπλανέος μόλιβδον γραπτήρα κελεύθου, ἢς ἐπὶ ρίζονται γράμματος ἄρμονίη, καὶ κανόνα τροχαλοῖο κυβερνητήρα μολίβδου, καὶ λίθακα τρήτην σπόγγον ἔειδομένην, καὶ μέλανος σταθερὸ δοχήμιον, ἄλλα καὶ αὐτῶν εὑραφέων καλάμων ἀκροβαφέως ἀκίδας, σπόγγον, ἀλὸς βλάστημα, χυτῆς λειμώνα θαλάσσης, καὶ χαλκὸν δονάκων τέκτωνα λεπταλέων, ἐνθάδε Καλλιμένης φιλομειδέσιν ἄνθετο Μούσαις, γῆραϊ κεκμηδὸς ὄμματα καὶ παλάμην.

67.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΓΠΙΤΙΟΤ

Ἀκλινέας γραφίδεσσιν ἀπειθύνοντα πορείας τόνδε μολίβδου ἄγων, καὶ μολίβδου κανόνα σύνδρομον ἡμιοχή, πολυτρήτου τ' ἀπὸ πέτρης λαον, ὡς ἀμβλείαν θηγε γέννων καλάμου, σὺν δ' αὐτῶς καλάμωι μέλαν, μυστήρια φωνῆς ἀνδρομέης, σμύλης τ' ὀξυτάμοι κοπίδα, Ἐρμειὴ Φιλόδημος, ἐπεὶ χρόνος ὄμματος αὐγῆς ἀμβλύνας παλάμη δύκειν ἐλευθερίην.

68.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὐλακος ἴδυπόρων γραφίδων κύκλωσι χαράσσων ἀνθεμά σοι τροχόεις οὔτος ἐμὸς μολίβδος, καὶ μολίβδῳ χρωστῆρι κανόν τύπον ὡρθὸν ὁπάξων, καὶ λίθος εὐχικδεῖν θηγαλέη καλάμων, σύν καλάμοις ἄγγος τε μελανδόκων, οἴσι φυλάσσει αἴδων ἐσομένῳς γῆρου ἀποιχομένων.
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66.—By the Same

Here Callimenes, his eye and hand enfeebled by age, dedicates to the laughter-loving Muses the never-moistened lead which draws that undeviating line on which is based the regularity of the script, the ruler which guides the course of this revolving lead, the porous stone like a sponge, the receptacle of the permanent ink, the pens themselves, too, their tips dyed black, the sponge, flower of the sea, forming the meadows of the liquid deep, and the knife, brazen artificer of slender pens.

67.—Julian Prefect of Egypt

Philodemus, now that Time has dulled his eyesight and set his hand at liberty, dedicates to Hermes this lead, that keeps straight for pens their undeviating path, the ruler, the lead’s companion and guide, the porous stone which sharpens the blunt lip of the pen, the pens and ink, mystic implements of the human voice, and the pen-knife sharp as a chopper.

68.—By the Same

I dedicate to thee this lead disc that, by its revolutions, marks the furrows for the straight-travelling pen to run in, the ruler which assures that the mark of the staining lead shall be straight, the stone that sharpens the deftly split pens, the inkstand and pens, by which Time guards for future generations the voice
69.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ

Νήμα Ποσειδάωνι πολύπλανος ἀνθετο Κράντας, ἔμπεδον ἐς νηοὺ πέζαν ἐρεισάμενοι, αὐρης οὐκ ἀλέγουσαν ἔπι χθονός· ἦς ἐπὶ Κράντας εὐρὺς ἀνακλυθεὶς ἄτρομον ὑπνοῦ ἔχει.

70.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νήμα σοι, ὁ πόντου βασιλεὺ καὶ κοίρανε γαῖς, ἀντίθεμαι Κράντας, μηκέτι τεχνομένην, νῆα, πολυπλανέων ἀνέμων πτερόν, ἦς ἐπὶ δειλὸς πολλάκις ὁισάμην εἰσελάαμ Ἀϊδῆ: πάντα δ’ ἀπειπάμενοι, φόβον, ἐλπίδα, πόντου, ἀέλλας, πιστὸν ὑπὲρ γαῖς ἐχνιον ἕδρασάμην.

71.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Σοὶ τὰ λυποστεφάνων διατίλματα μυρία φύλλων, σοὶ τὰ νοστικτοῦ κλαστὰ κύπελλα μέθης, βόστρυχα σοὶ τὰ μύροις δεδεμένα, τῆδε κοινὴ σκύλα ποθοβλήτου κεῖται Ἀναξαγόρα, σοὶ τάδε, Δαις, ἀπαντᾶ: παρὰ προθύρωις γὰρ ὁ δειλὸς τοῖσδε σὺν ἀκρίβαις πολλάκι πανυχίσας, οὐκ ἔπος, οὐ χαρίεσαν ὑπόσχεσιν, οὐδὲ μεληχρῆς ἐλπίδος υβριστὴν μόθον ἔπεσπασάτο.
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of the departed. Receive, too, the steel chisel, to which bold Ares and the Muses assigned its proper task.¹ These all, Hermes, are thy tools, and do thou set straight the life of feeble Philodemus, whose livelihood is failing him.

69.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Crantas, after his many voyages, dedicates his ship to Poseidon, fixing it firmly on the floor of the temple. It cares not for the winds now it is on the earth, the earth on which Crantas, stretching himself at his case, sleeps a fearless sleep.

70.—BY THE SAME

O King of the sea and lord of the land, I, Crantas, dedicate to thee this my ship, no longer immersed in the sea—my ship, bird blown by the wandering winds, in which I, poor wretch, often thought I was being driven to Hades. Now, having renounced them all, fear, hope, sea, storms, I plant my steps confidently on dry land.

71.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Here in the dust lie dedicated to thee, Lais, all these spoils of love-smitten Anaxagoras. To thee he gives the leaves of his wreaths torn into a thousand pieces, to thee the shattered cups from which he quaffed the maddening wine, to thee his locks dripping with scent. For at these doors, poor wretch, full oft he passed the night with the young men his companions, but could never draw from thee one word, one sweet promise, not even a word of scorn for honeyed hope. Alas!

¹ Engraving letters on stone.
72.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἶδον ἐγὼ τὸν πτώκα καθήμενον ἐγγὺς ὅπώρης
βακχιάδος, πουλῶν βότρυν ἀμεργόμενον·
ἀγρονόμῳ δ’ ἀγόρευσα, καὶ ἔδρακεν· ἀπροϊδῆς δὲ
ἐγκέφαλον πλήξας ἐξεκύλησε λίθῳ.
εἰπὲ δὲ καὶ χαῖρων ὁ γεωπόνος· "Ἄ τάχα Βάκχῳ
λοιβής καὶ θυέων μικτὸν ἔδωκα γέρας."

73.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΛΑΤΟΤ

Δάφνις οὐ συμπαθεῖ τρομερῷ περὶ γήραι κάμνων,
χειρὸς ἀεργήλας τάνδε βαρυνομένας
Παῦλος φιλαγραύλῳ νομίζων ἀνέθηκε κορύναν,
γήραι ποιμενίων παυσάμενος καμάτων.
εἰσέτε γὰρ σύρυγγι μελίσσομαι, εἰσέτε φωνὰ
ἄτρομος ἐν τρομερῷ σώματι ναιετάει.
ἀλλὰ λύκοις σύντησιν ἀν’ οὐρεά μῆ τις ἐμεῖο
αἰτώλος ἀγγείλη γῆρας ἄδρανήν.

74.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Βασσαρίς Εὐρυνόμη σκοπελοδρόμος, ἥ ποτε ταύρων
πολλὰ ταυνκραίρων στέρνα χαραξαμένῃ,
ἡ μέγα καγχάζουσα λεοντοφόνως ἐπὶ νίκαις,
παύγνιον ἀτλήτου θηρὸς ἔχουσα κάρη,
ἰλήκοις, Διόνυσε, τεῆς ἀμέλησα χορείης,
Κύριριν βακχεύειν μᾶλλον ἐπευγομένη.
θῆκα δὲ σοὶ τάδε ρόπτρα· παραρρύψασα δὲ κισσόν,
χεῖρα περισφύγων χρυσοδέτῳ σπατάλη.
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Alas! all wasted away he leaves here these tokens of his love-revelling, and curses the beauty of the unbending fair.

72.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

I saw the hare sitting near the vine, nibbling off many grapes. I called the farmer, who saw it, and surprising it he knocked out its brains with a stone. He said in triumph, “It seems I have given a double gift to Bacchus, a libation and a sacrifice.”

73.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I, Daphnis the piper, in my shaky old age, my idle hand now heavy, dedicate, now I have ceased from the labours of the fold, my shepherd’s crook to rustic Pan. For still I play on the pipes, still in my trembling body my voice dwells unshaken. But let no goatherd tell the ravenous wolves in the mountains of the feebleness of my old years.

74.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

I, Eurynome the Bacchant, who used to race over the rocks, who formerly tore the breasts of many long-horned bulls, who boasted of the lions I had overcome and slain, and made toys of the heads of irresistible beasts, have now (and pardon me), Dionysus, abandoned thy dance, and am eager rather to join the revels of Cypris. This club I dedicate to thee, and throwing aside my ivy crown, I will clasp rich gold bracelets round my wrists.
75.—ΠΑΣΟΣ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

"Ανδροκλός, ὁπολλον, τόδε σοι κέρας, ὥ σπειρ ρουλιν
θήρα βαλόν, ἄγρας εὐσκοπον εἴχε τύχην.
οὐποτε γάρ πλαγκτός γυρᾶς ἔξαλτο κεραίας
IOS ἐπ' ἱλεμάτω χειρὸς ἐκμπολα.
όσσακι γάρ τόξοιο παναγρετὶς ιαχὲ νευρά,
tοσσάκις ἢν ἄγρευς ἄροσ ἢ ξυλόχου.
αὖθι δὲν σοι τόδε, Φοίβη, τὸ Δάφνιον ὅπλον ἄγινει,
χρυσείας πλέξας μείλιον ἀμφὶδέας.

76.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Σὸς πόσις Ἀγαίσης, τοῦ εἶνεκα πολλάκι, Κύπρι,
τὸ πρὶν ἐς Ἰδαιν ἔτρεχες ἱόνα,
νῦν μόλις εὑρε μέλαιναν ἀπὸ κροτάφων τρίχα κόψαι,
θῆκε δὲ σοὶ προτέρης λείψανον ἠλικῆς.
ἀλλὰ, θεά, δύνασαι γὰρ, ὃ ἡβητηρά με τεῦξον,
ἡ καὶ τὴν πολιήν ὡς νεότητα δέχου.

77.—ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οἰνοπότας Πενοφῶν κενεῦν πίθον ἀνθετο, Βάκχε.
δέχυσο δ' εὐμενεῶς. ἀλλο γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔχει.

78.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸς τρητῶς δόνακας, τὸ νάκος τόδε, τὰν τε κορύναν
ἀνθετο Πανί φίλῳ, Δάφνι γυναικοφίλα.
ὁ Πάν, δέχυσο δῶρα τὰ Δάφνιδος. ἦσα γὰρ αὐτῷ
καὶ μολπὰν φιλέεις καὶ δύσερως τελέθεις.

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75.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Androclius, O Apollo, gives to thee this bow, with which, hunting successfully, he shot full many a beast. For never did the archer’s hand send the arrow to leap amiss, all in vain, from the curved horn, but as often as the string, fatal to every quarry, twanged, so often he slew some game in the air or in the wood. So now he brings thee, Phoebus, this Lyctian weapon, enclasping his gift with golden rings.

76.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Cypris, thy husband Anchises, for whose sake thou didst often hasten of old to the Trojan shore, now just managed to find a black hair to cut from his temple, and dedicates it to thee as a relic of his former beauty. But, goddess, (for thou canst), either make me young again, or accept my age as youth.

77.—ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS

Xenophon, the toper, dedicates his empty cask to thee, Bacchus. Receive it kindly, for it is all he has.

78.—BY THE SAME

Daphnis, lover of women, dedicates to dear Pan the pierced reed-pipe, and this skin and club. Accept O Pan, the gifts of Daphnis, for like him thou lovest music and art unhappy in love.

1 From Lyctus in Crete.
79.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Αστορα, Πάν λοφιήτα, τάδε Στρατόνικος ἀρστερός ἀντ' εὐεργεσίας ἄνθετό σοι τεμένη.

"Βόσκε δ'," ἐφη, "χαίρων τά σὰ πούμνια, καὶ σέο χώρῃ

dέρκεσί την χαλκῷ μηκέτι τεμνομένην.

αἴσιον εὐρήσεις τὸ ἐπαύλιον· ἐνθίδε γάρ σοι

'Ἡχῶ τερπομένη καὶ γάμον ἐκτελέσει.


80.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δαφνιακῶν βίβλων Ἀγαθία ἡ ἐννεάς εἰμὶ,

ἀλλὰ μ' ὁ τεκτήνας ἄνθετο σοὶ, Παφίης

οὐ γὰρ Πιερίδεσσι τόσον μέλῳ, ὦσσου Ἕρωτι,

ἀργία τοσσατίων ἄμφιπολοσα πόθων.

αἴτει δ' ἄντι πόνων, ἵνα οἱ διὰ σεῖο παρεῖ

ἡ τίνα μὴ φιλέειν, ἡ ταχὺ πειθομένη.

81.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ασπίδα ταυρείην, ἔρυμα χρόσ, ἀντιβίων τε

πολλάκις ἐγχείην γευσαμένην χολάδων,

καὶ τὸν ἀλεξιβέλεμον ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χαῖτον,

καὶ κόριν ἵππείας θρεῖ δασυνομένην

ἄνθετο Δυσίμαχος γέρας Ἀρεί, γηραλέον ὅν

ἀντὶ πανοπλῆς βάκτρον ἀμειψάμενος.

82.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

ἕλοὺς Παυλ Μελίσκος· ὥ δ' ἐννεπε μὴ γέρας

αἴρειν
tούτοις: "Εκ καλάμων οίστρου ἐπεσπασάμην."

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79.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

O Pan of the hills, Stratonicus the husbandman, in thanks for thy kindness, dedicates this unsown precinct and says, "Feed thy flocks here and be welcome, looking on thy plot of land, that the plough never more shall cut. Thy little country domain will bring thee luck, for Echo will be pleased with it, and will even celebrate here her marriage with thee."

80.—BY THE SAME

I am the nine books of Agathias' Daphniad, and he who composed me dedicates me to thee, Aphrodite. For I am not so dear to the Muses as to Love, since I treat of the mysteries of so many loves. In return for his pains he begs thee to grant him either not to love or to love one who soon consents.

81. — PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Lysimachus, who has now exchanged his armour for an old man's staff, presents to Ares his oxhide shield, the protector of his body, his spear that often tasted the entrails of his foes, his coat of mail that warded off missiles from his breast, and his helmet with thick horse-hair plume.

82.—BY THE SAME

Meliscus would dedicate his reed-flute to Pan, but Pan says he will not accept the gift in these words: "It was from the reeds I was infected with love-madness."¹

¹ Alluding to the tale of Pan's love for Syrinx.
83.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
Τὴν κιβάρην Εὐμολπὸς ἐπὶ τριπόδων ποτὲ Φοῖβῳ ἀνθετο, γηραλέην χειρ’ ἐπιμεμφόμενος, εἶπε δὲ: “Μὴ ψαύσαιμι λύρης ἔτι, μηδ’ ἐθελῆσο τῆς πάρος ἀρμονίης ἐμμελέτημα φέρειν. ἥθεοις μελέτω κιβάρης μέτος· ἀντὶ δὲ πληκτρον σκηπανίῳ τρομερᾶς χεῖρας ἐρεισάμεθα.”

84.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Ζητὶ τὸδ’ ὀμφάλιον σάκεος τρύφος, ὃ ἐπὶ λαιὰν ἐσχεν ἀριστεύων, ἀνθετο Νικαγόρας· πᾶν δὲ τὸ λοιπὸν ἄκοντες, ἰσηρίθμοι τε χαλάζη χερμᾶς καὶ ξιφέων ἐξεχώραν γένοις, ἅλλα καὶ ἀμφίδρυπον ἐδώ τόδε χειρὶ μεναίχμα σῶζετο Νικαγόρα, σῶζε δὲ Νικαγόραν. θεσμὸν τὸν Σπάρτας μεμφύλοτιν ἄμφὶ βοείᾳ τῆδε τις ἄθρησει πάντα φυλασσόμενον.

85.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
’Ανάθημα πεπαγμένον
Τὸν θῶ, καὶ τἀς κυή, τὰν τ’ ἀσπίδα, καὶ δόρυ, καὶ κρᾶ, Γορδιοπριλάριος ἀνθετο Τιμοθέω.

86.—ΕΤΤΟΛΜΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ИЛЛОΣΤΡΙΟΤ
eis τὸ παιχθέν ὑπὸ Παλλαδᾶ
Κυμῆδας, θόρηκα, σάκος, κόρυν, ἔγχος Ἀθήνῃ Ἐρυθείς Μεμμαίδης Γέλλιος ἐκρέμασεν.

1 He is making fun of the speech of the barbarian soldiers, chiefly Goths at this date (fifth century), of which the Byzant-
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83.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Eumolpus, finding fault with his aged hands, laid his lyre on the tripod as an offering to Phoebus. He said, “May I never touch a lyre again or carry the instrument of the music I made of old. Let young men love the lyre-string, but I, instead of holding the plectrum, support my shaky hands on a staff.”

84.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

This bossed fragment of his shield, which, when fighting gloriously, he held on his left arm, did Nicagoras dedicate to Zeus; but all the rest of it the darts and stones as thick as hail and the edge of the sword cut away. Yet though thus hacked all round in his martial hand it was preserved by Nicagoras and preserved Nicagoras. Looking on this shield one shall read the perfect observance of the Spartan law, “Meet undaunted the battle shock.”

85.—PALLADAS

His breaster and leggers and shield and spear and heller Captain Gordy dedicates to Timothy.¹

86.—EUTOLMIUS SCHOLASTICUS

(In allusion to the above)

Rufus Gellius, son of Memmias, suspended here to Athene his greaves, breastplate, shield, helmet and spear.

tine forces for the most part consisted. Τιμοθεῷ is a blunder for the name of some god. The officer was of rather high rank, a primipilarius.
87.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ανθετο σοι κορύνην καὶ νεβρίδας ύμέτερος Πάν,
Εὐεῖ, καλλεῖψας σὸν χορὸν ἐκ Παφίης.
'Ηχῶ γὰρ φιλέει, καὶ πλάζεται ἀλλὰ σὺ, Βάκχε, ἥλαθι τῷ ἐξυνὴν ἀμφιέπουτι τύχην.

88.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΣ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Αὐτῇ σοι Κυθέρεια τὸν ἰμερόειν ἀπὸ μαστῶν,
'Ἰνώ, λυσαμένη κεστὸν ἐδωκεν ἔχειν,
ὡς ἂν θελξινόοις ἀεὶ φιλτροις δαμάζγες ἀνέρας. ἔχρησο δ` εἰς ἐμὲ πᾶσι µόνον.

89.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ ΚΟΙΝΟΤΟΤ

'Ακταίης νησίδος ἀλιξάντωι, Πρήπε, 
χοιράσι καὶ τρηχεί τερπόμενε σκοτέλω,
σοι Πάρις ὀστρακόδερμον ὑπ` εὐθηροις δαμέντα ὁ γριπεὺς καλάμως κάραβον ἐκρέμασεν.
σάρκα μὲν ἐμπυρὸν αὐτὸς ὑφ` ἡμίβρωτον ὀδὸντα βελς μάκαρ, αὐτὸ δ` σοι τούτῳ πόρε σκύβαλον.
τῷ σὺ δίδου μὴ πολλά, δ` εὐάγρου δ` λύνοι, 
δαίμον, ὑλακτούσης νηδύος ἰσυχίην.

90.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

"Αγκυραν ἐμβρύοικον, ἐρυσινθίδα, 
κώπας τε δισσάς τὰς ἀπωσικυμάτους, 
καὶ δικτύοις μόλιβδον ἡγείωδεν, 
κύρτοις τε φελλοῖς τοὺς ἐπεσφραγισμένους, 
καὶ πῖλον ἀμφίκρομον ὑδασιστεγὴ, 
λίθου τε ναύταις ἐσπέρης πυρσητοίκον, 
ἀλὸς τύραννε, σοι, Πόσειδοιν, Ἀρχικλῆς ἔθηκε, λήξας τῆς ἐπ` ἥλιων ἀλῆς."
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87.—Anonymous

Thy Pan, Bacchus, dedicates to thee his fawn-skin and club, seduced away from thy dance by Venus; for he loves Echo and wanders up and down. But do thou, Bacchus, forgive him, for the like hath befallen thee.

88.—Antiphanes of Macedonia

Cytherea herself loosed from her breast her delightful cestus and gave it to thee, Ino, for thine own, so that ever with love-charms that melt the heart thou mayest subdue men; and surely thou hast spent them all on me alone.

89.—Maecius Quintus

Priapus, who dost delight in the sea-worn rocks of this island near the coast, and in its rugged peak, to thee doth Paris the fisherman dedicate this hard-shelled lobster which he overcame by his lucky rod. Its flesh he roasted and enjoyed munching with his half-decayed teeth, but this its shell he gave to thee. Therefore give him no great gift, kind god, but enough catch from his nets to still his barking belly.

90.—Philippus of Thessalonica

Poseidon, King of the sea, to thee doth Archides, now he hath ceased to wander along the beach, dedicate his anchor that rests in the seaweed and secures his boat, his two oars that repel the water, the leads over which his net forms a vault,¹ his weels marked by floats, his broad-brimmed rainproof hat, and the flint that generates light for mariners at even.

¹ Again referring to the ἄμφιβληστρον. See No. 25.
91.—ΘΑΛΛΟΤ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΤ

'Ασπίδα μὲν Πρόμαχος, τὰ δὲ δούρατα θήκεν
'Ακοντεύς,
τὸ ξίφος Εὐμίδης, τόξα δὲ ταῦτα Κύδων,
'Ιππομέδων τὰ χαλινά, κόρυν δ' άνέθηκε Μελίντας,
κυνηγίδας Νίκων, κοντὸν 'Αριστόμαχος,
τὸν θώρηκα Φιλίνος· ἀεὶ δ', 'Αρες βροτολογεῖ,
σκύλα φέρειν δόῃς πάσιν ἀπ' ἀντιπάλων.

92.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΩΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Δυσὸν καμινευτῆρα τὸν φιλήνεμον,
ρίγην τε κυνηγίρους δὲ ξυδήκτορα,
καὶ τὸν δίχυλον καρκίνον πυραγρέτην,
πτωκὸς πόδας τε τούσδε λευψαυνλόγους,
ὁ χρυσοτέκτων Δημοφών Κυλληνίω
ἐθηκε, γῆρα κανθῶν ἐξοφωμένος.

93.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Αρπαλίων ὁ πρέσβυς, ὁ πᾶς ῥυτίς, οὐπιλυνευτής,
τὸνδὲ παρ' Ἡρακλεὶ θηκέ με τὸν σιβύνην,
ἐκ πολλοῦ πλειώνος ἐπεὶ βάρος οὐκέτι χείρες
ἐσθενον, εἰς κεφαλὴν δ' ἤλυθε λευκότερην.

94.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΩΝΙΚΕΩΣ

'Αραξοχειρὰ ταυτά σοι τὰ τύμπανα,
καὶ κύμβαλ' ὀξύδουπα κοιλοχειλεά,
διδύμους τε λωτοὺς κεροβόας, ἐφ' οἷς ποτὲ
ἐπωλόλυζεν αὐχένα στροβιλίσας,
λυσιφλεβὴ τε σάγαριν ἀμφιθηγέα,
λεοντόδυφε, σοί, Ἱέν, Κλυτοσθένης
ἐθηκε, λυσσητήρα γηράσας πόδα.
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91.—THALLUS OF MILETUS

The shield is the offering of Promachus, the spears of Aconteus, the sword of Eumedes, and this bow is Cydon’s. Hippomedon offers the reins, Melantas the helmet, Nico the greaves, Aristomachus the pike, and Philinus the cuirass. Grant to them all, Ares, spoiler of men, ever to win trophies from the foemen.

92.—PHILIPPUSS OF THESSALONICA

Demophon the goldsmith, his eyes misty with age, dedicates to Hermes the windy bellows of his forge, the keen-biting file that scrapes the gold, the double-clawed fire-tongs, and these hare’s pads that gather up the shavings.

93.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Harpalion the huntsman, the old man nothing but wrinkles, offered me, this hunting spear, to Heracles; for by reason of many years his hands would no longer support my weight and his head is now grey.

94.—PHILIPPUSS OF THESSALONICA

Clytosthenes, his feet that raced in fury now enfeebled by age, dedicates to thee, Rhea of the lion-car, his tambourines beaten by the hand, his shrill hollow-rimmed cymbals, his double-flute that calls through its horn, on which he once made shrieking music, twisting his neck about, and the two-edged knife with which he opened his veins.
95.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Βουστρόφου, ἀκροσίδαρου, ἀπειλητήρα μύωτα,
καὶ πήραν μέτρουν σιτοδοκοῦν σπορίμουν,
γαμψὸν τε δρέπανον σταχυτόμουν, ὄπλον ἀροῦρης,
καὶ παλινουροφόρον, χείρα θέρευς τρίνακα,
καὶ τρήτοις ποδεώνας ὁ γατόμος ἀνθετο Δηοὶ.
Πάρμις, ἀνιηρῶν παυσάμενοι καμάτων.

96.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Γλαύκων καὶ Κορύδων, οἱ ἐν οὐρεσι βουκολέοντες,
Ἀρκάδες ἀμφότεροι, τὸν κεραύν δαμάλην
Πανί φιλωρεῖτα Κυλληνίῳ αὐερύσαντες
ἐρρεξαν, καὶ οἱ δωδεκάδωρα κέρα
ἄλφα μακρότενοντι ποτὶ πλατάνιστον ἐπαξαν
ἐυρεῖαν, νομίῳ καλὸν ἀγαλμα θεοῦ.

97.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Δοῦρας 'Αλεξάνδρου· λέγει δὲ σε γράμματ' ἐκεῖνον
ἐκ πολέμου θέσθαι σύμβολον Ἀρτέμιδι
ὅπλον ἀνικήτου βραχίονος. ἂ καλὸν ἕγχος,
ὅ πόντος καὶ χθόνι εἰκε κραδανομένῳ.
Ἤλαθε, δοῦρας ἀταρβέσε· ἂεὶ δὲ σε πᾶσι τις ἀθρήσεις
ταρβήσει, μεγάλης μνησάμενος παλάμης.

98.—ΖΩΝΑ

Δηοὶ λεκμαίη καὶ ἐνανλακοφοίτισσον 'Ωραῖς
Ἡρώναξ πενιχρής εξ ολυγροσίης
μοῦραι ἅλωτα στάξεις, πάνουςπερμά τε ταῦτα
ὀσπρι' ἐπὶ πλακίνου τοῦδ' ἔθετο τρόποδος,
ἐκ μικρῶν ολύμπιστα· πέπατο γὰρ οὐ μέγα τοῦτο
κληρίου ἐν λυτρῇ τῇδε γεωλοφή.
95.—ANTIPHILUS

Parmis the husbandman, resting from his sore toil, dedicates to Demeter his ox-turning iron-tipped, threatening goad, his bag, measure of the seed-corn, his curved sickle, husbandry's weapon, that cuts off the corn-ears, his winnowing fork, three-fingered hand of the harvest, that throws the corn up against the wind, and his laced boots.

96.—ERYCIUS

Glaucos and Corydon, who keep their cattle on the hills, Arcadians both, drawing back its neck slaughtered for Cyllenian Pan, the mountain-lover, a horned steer, and fixed by a long nail to the goodly plane-tree its horns, twelve palms long, a fair ornament for the pastoral god.

97.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

The spear of Alexander; the inscription on thee tells that after the war he dedicated thee to Artemis as a token thereof, the weapon of his invincible arm. O good spear, before the shaking of which earth and sea yielded! Hail, fearless spear! and ever all who look on thee will tremble, mindful of that mighty hand.

98.—ZONAS

To Demeter the Winnower and the Seasons that tread in the furrows Heronax from his scanty tilth offers a portion of the corn from his threshing-floor and these various vegetables on a wooden tripod—very little from a small store; for he owns but this little glebe on the barren hill-side.
99.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Κόψας ἐκ φηγοῦ σε τὸν αὐτόφλοιον ἔθηκεν
Πάνα Φιλοζενίδης, ὁ κλυτὸς αἰγελάτης,
θύσας αἰγιβατῆν πολιῶν τράγον, ἐν τε γαλακτὶ
πρωτογύρῳ βωμοῦς τοὺς ἱεροὺς μεθύσας.
ἀνθ’ ἐν ἑν σηκοῖς διδυμητόκοι αἴγες ἐσονται
γαστέρα, φεύγουσαι τρῆχων ὀδύντα λύκου.

100.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Λαμπάδα, τὴν κούροις ἱερὴν ἐριν, ὅκυς ἐνέγκας,
οία Προμηθείς μνῆμα πυροκλοπῆς,
νίκης κλείνων ἀεθλοῦ, ἐτ’ ἐκ χερὸς ἐμπυρον Ἐρμῇ
θῆκεν ἔμωυνμή παῖς πατρὸς Ἀντιφάνης.

101.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Ξίφη τὰ πολλὰ κυνόδαλων λαμητόμα
πυριτρόφους τε ῥυπίδας πορνέμους,
ἡμὸν τε πουλύτρητον, ἢδ’ τετράποιν
πυρὸς γέφυραν, ἐσχάρην κρεβδόκοιν,
ζωμήρυσιν τε τὴν λύτους ἀφρηλόγοιν,
ὁμοῦ κρεάγρη τῇ σιδηροδακτύλῳ,
βραδυσκελῆς Ἕφαιστε, σοι Τιμασίων
ἔθηκεν, ἀκμῆς γυίον ὀρφανωμένου.

102.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ῥοὴν ξανθοχίτωνα, γεραιόφλοιά τε σῶκα,
καὶ ῥοδέας σταφυλῆς ἡμὸν ἀποσπάδιον,
μῆλον θ’ ἥδυπνουν λεπτῇ πεποκωμένου ἄχυρη,
καὶ κάρυουν χλωρῶν ἐκφανές ἐκ λεπίδων,
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

99.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Philexenides the worthy goatherd dedicated thee, the Pan he carved from an unbarked beech trunk, after sacrificing an old he-goat and making thy holy altar drunk with the first milk of a she-goat. In reward for which the goats in his fold shall all bear twins in the womb and escape the sharp tooth of the wolf.

100.—CRINAGORAS

Antiphanes, whose father bore the same name, dedicated to Hermes, still burning in his hand, the torch, object of the young men’s holy strife, the glorious meed of victory, having run swiftly with it, as if mindful of how Prometheus stole the fire.

101.—PHILIPPUS

Timasion, whose limbs have now lost their lustiness, dedicated to thee, slow-footed Hephaestus, his knives that have slaughtered many beasts, his windy bellows that feed the fire, his pierced tammy and that four-footed bridge of fire, the charcoal pan on which the meat is set, his ladle that skims off the foaming fat, together with his iron-fingered flesh-hook.

102.—BY THE SAME

To thee, Priapus, who lovest the wayfarer, did the gardener Lamon, praying that his trees and his own limbs may flourish, dedicate a yellow-coated pomegranate, figs wrinkled like old men, half-ripe reddening

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καὶ σίκνουν χαοάντα, τὸν ἐν φύλλοις πεδοκοίτην, 5
καὶ πέρκην ἢδη χρυσοχίτων ἐλάνην,
σοὶ, φιλοδίτα Πρίγηπε, φυτοσκάφος ἀνθέτο Δάμων,
δένδρες καὶ γυώνες εὐξάμενος θαλέθειν.

103.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Στάθμην ἰδυτενὴ μολιβαχθέα, δουριτυπὴ τε
σφύραν, καὶ γυράς ἀμφιδέτους ἀρίδας,
καὶ στιβαρῶν πέλεκυν στελεχητόμον, ἱεύδρομον τε
πρίόνα, μιλτεῖῳ στάγματι πειθόμενον,
τρύπανα τῇ ἐλκεσίχειρα, τέρετρά τε, μιλτοφυρῇ τε
σχοῖνον, ὑπ' ἀκρονύχῳ ἀλλομένην κανὸν,
σοὶ, κούρη γλαυκώπτη, Δεόντιχος ὑπάσε δῶρον,
ἄνθος ἑπεὶ γυών πᾶν ἀπέδυσε χρόνος.

104.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Σπερμοφόρον πήρην ὀμαχθέα, κῶλεσίβωλον
σφύραν, καὶ γαμψάς πυρολόγους δρεπάνας,
καὶ τριβόλους ὀξεῖς ἀχυρότριβας, ἱστοβόην τε
σὺν γυρωὶς ἀρότροις, καὶ φιλόγαιον ὕνων,
κέντρα τῇ ὁπισθονυγῇ, καὶ βουστρόφα δεσμὰ τε
νότων,
καὶ τρίνακας ξυλίνας, χεῖρας ἀρουροποίων,
γαὶ ἀτε πηρωθεῖς Δυσίζευνος αὐλακὶ πολλῆ
ἐκρέμασεν Δηοὶ τῇ σταχυστεφάνῳ.
grapes plucked from a cluster, a sweet-scented quince with a fleece of fine down, a walnut peeping from its green outer skin, a cucumber wont to lie embedded in its leaves with the bloom on it, and a golden-smocked olive already ripe.

103.—By the Same
(Imitation of No. 205)

Leontichus, when time had stripped from his limbs all bloom, gave to thee, grey-eyed Athene, his taut plumb-line weighted with lead, his hammer that strikes planks, his curved bow-drill with its string attached to it at both ends, his sturdy axe for hewing tree-trunks, his straight-running saw that follows the drops of red ochre, his augers worked by the hand, his gimlets, and his taut ochre-stained line just touched by the extreme edge of the rule.

104.—By the Same

Lysixenus, deprived of the use of his limbs by much ploughing, suspends to Demeter with the wreath of corn, his seed-bag carried on the shoulder, his mallet for breaking clods, his curved sickle that gathers the corn, his sharp-toothed threshing "trebbia," his plough-tree with the curved plough and the share that loves the earth, his goad that pricks the oxen in the rear, the traces attached to their legs that make them turn, and his wooden winnowing-fork, the hand of the husbandman.

1 See Century Dictionary under "bow-drill" and "drill-bow."
2 A harrow-shaped threshing implement.
105.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Τρύγλαν ἀπ' ἄνθρακις καὶ φυκίδα σοι, λιμενίτι Ἀρτεμις, δωρεύματι Μήνις ὁ δικτυβόλος, καὶ ξωρόν, κεράσας ἰσοχειλέα, καὶ τρύφος ἀρτοῦ, αὖν ἐπιθραύσας, τὴν πενιχρὴν θυσίην· ἀνθ' ᾧ μοι πλησθέντα δίδου θηράμασιν αἷν δίκτυα· σοι δέδοται πάντα, μάκαιρα, λίνα.

106.—ΖΩΝΑ
Τούτο σοι, ὦληκοίτα, κατ' ἀγριάδος πλατάνου δέρμα λυκορραίστης ἐκρέμασεν Τελέσων, καὶ τὰν ἐκ κοτύνου καλαύροτα, τὰν ποκα τήνο πολλάκι ῥομβητὰν ἐκ χερὸς ἡκροβόλει. ἀλλὰ τύ, Πᾶν βουνῖτα, τὰ μὴ πολύολβα τε δέξαι δῶρα, καὶ εὐαγρεῖ τώδε πέτασσον ὄρος.

107.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ
Τλησκόπῳ με Παῦλ θηρευτῆς Γέλων ἐθήκε λόγχην, ἂς ἁπέθρισε χρόνος ἀκμῆν ἐν ἔργῳ, καὶ λίνων πολυστρόφων γεραιά τρύχη, καὶ πάγας δεραγχεάς, νευροπλεκέοις τε κυκάλων ἐπισφύρους ὥκεις ποδίστρας, καὶ τραχηλοδεσπότας κλοιοῦς κυνούχους· γνὰ ἵσταν δαμεῖς χρῶνω ἀπείπεν ἡδὴ τὴν ὀδεινόμου πλάνην.

108.—ΜΤΡΙΝΩΤ
Τψηλῶν ὀρέων ἑφοροῦ, κεραοὶ χοροπαῖκται, Πάνες, βουχίλου κράντορες Ἀρκαδίης, εὐάριστοι θείητε καὶ εὐχρίμαρον Διότιμον, δεξάμενοι λαμπρῆς δῶρα θυηπολής.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

105.—APOLLONIDES

I, Menis the net-fisher, give to thee, Artemis of the harbour, a grilled red-mullet and a hake, a cup of wine filled to the brim with a piece of dry bread broken into it, a poor sacrifice, in return for which grant that my nets may be always full of fish; for all nets, gracious goddess, are given to thy keeping.

106.—ZONAS

This skin, O woodland god, did Telamon, the slayer of wolves, suspend to thee on the plane-tree in the field, also his staff of wild olive wood which he often sent whirling from his hand. But do thou, Pan, god of the hills, receive these not very rich gifts, and open to him this mountain, thy domain, to hunt thereon with success.

107.—PHILIPPUS

The huntsman Gelo dedicates to Pan, the ranger of the forest, me, his spear, the edge of which time hath worn by use, also the old rags of his twisted hunting-nets, his nooses that throttle the neck, his foot-traps, made of sinews, quick to nip beasts by the leg, and the collars, masters of his dogs' necks; for Time has overcome his strength, and he has now renounced wandering over the hills.

108.—MYRINUS

Ye Pans, keepers of the high mountains, ye jolly horned dancers, lords of grassy Arcady, make Dio-

timus rich in sheep and goats, accepting the gifts of his splendid sacrifice.
109.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Γηραλέων νεφέλας τρύχος τόδε, καὶ τριέλκτον ἵχυσεῖδαν, καὶ τὰς νευροτενεῖς παγίδας,
κλωβοῦς τ’ ἀμφίρροωγας, ἀνασπαστοὺς τε δεράγχας,
καὶ πυρὶ θηγαλέους ὄξυπαγεῖς στάλικας,
καὶ τὰν ἐύκολλον δροῦς ἱκμάδα, τὸν τε πετνῦν
ἀγρευτὰν ἰξῆ μυδαλέον δύνακα,
καὶ κρυφόν τρίκλωστον ἐπισπαστήρα βόλοιο,
ἀρκιν τε κλαγερῶν λαμποτέδαν γεράνων,
σοί, Πᾶν ὁ σκοπιητά, γέρας θέτο παῖς Νεολάδα
Κραύγης ὁ θηρευτάς, Ἄρκας ὑπ’ Ὀρχομενοῦ. 10

110.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ, οἱ δὲ ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ
Τὰν ἔλαφον Κλεόλαος ὑπὸ κναμοίσι λοχήσας,
ἐκτανε Μαιάνδρου πάρ τριέλκτον ὕδωρ,
θηκτῷ σαυρωτήρι; τὰ δὲ οὐτάρριξα μετώπων
φράγμαθ’ ύπερ ταναλῶν ἄλος ἔπαξε πίτνων.

111.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Τὰν ἔλαφον, Λάδωνα καὶ ἀμφ’ Ἐρυμάνθιον ὕδωρ
νωτᾶ τε θηρονόμου φερβομέναν Φολόας,
παῖς ὁ Θεαρίδεω Λασιώνιος εἶλε Δυκόρμας,
πλῆξας ῥομβητῷ δούρατος οὐρίαχῴ.
δέρμα δὲ καὶ δικέρασιν ἀπὸ στόρθυγγα μετώπων
σπασσάμενος, κοῦρα θῆκε παρ’ ἀγρότιδι. 5

112.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ
Τρεῖς ἄφατοι κεράεσσιν ὑπ’ αἰθούσας τοι, Ἄπολλον,
ἀγκειναι κεφαλαί Μαυαλίων ἔλαφον,
ὅς ἐλον ἐξ ὑπποῦ Γύγεω χέρε Δαῖλοχός τε
καὶ Προμένης, ἀγαθοῦ τέκνα Δεοντιάδου.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

109.—ANTIPATER

Craugis the huntsman, son of Neolaidas, an Arcadian of Orchomenus, gives to thee, Pan the Scout, this scrap of his old fowling-net, his triple-twisted snare for the feet, his spring-traps made of sinews, his latticed cages, his nooses for the throat which one draws up, his sharp stakes hardened in the fire, the sticky moisture of the oak,¹ the cane wet with it that catches birds, the triple cord which is pulled to close the hidden spring-net, and the net for catching by the neck the clamorous cranes.

110.—LEONIDAS or MNASALCAS

Cleolaus killed with his sharp spear, from his ambush under the hill, this hind by the winding water of Maeander, and nailed to the lofty pine the eight-tyned defence of its forehead.

111.—ANTIPATER

Lycorenas, the son of Thearidas of Lasion, slew with the butt end of his whirled spear the hind that used to feed about the Ladon and the waters of Erymanthus and the heights of Pholoe, home of wild beasts. Its skin and two spiked horns he fleriched, and hung up by the shrine of Artemis the Huntress.

112.—PERSES

These three heads of Maenalian stags with vast antlers hang in thy portico, Apollo. They were shot from horseback by the hands of Gyges, Dailochos and Promenes, the children of valiant Leontiades.

¹ Bird-lime made from mistletoe.
113.—ΣΙΜΜΙΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Πρόσθε μὲν ἀγραύλου ὑπάυτικὸς ἵζαλον αἴγός
δοίου ὅπλου χλωροῖς ἑστεφόμαν πετάλους·
νῦν δὲ μὲ Νικομάχῳ κερασζόσι ήρμοσε τέκτων,
ἐντανύσας ἐλικος καρτερὰ νεῦρα βοῶς.

114.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Δέρμα καὶ ὅργυαια κέρα βοῶς ἐκ βασιλῆος
'Ἀμφιτρυωνιάδα κείμεθ' ἀνὰ πρόπυλον,
τεσσαρακαιδεκάδωρα, τὸν αὐχήσει Γελιπποῦ ἀντόμενον κατὰ γὰρ ἠλασε δεινῶς ἄκων,
βοῦβοτον 'Ορβηλοῦ παρὰ σφυρόν. ἄ πολυσόβος ὃ
'Ημαθίς, ἃ τοῖς κραίνεται ἀγεμώνι.

115.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Τὸν πάρος 'Ορβηλοῦ μεμυκότα δειράσι ταῦρον,
τὸν πρὶν ἐρήμωταν θῆρα Μακηδονίας,
Δαρδανέων ὀλεθήρ, ὁ κεραινός εἶλε Γελιπποῦ,
πλήξας αἰγανέα βρέγμα κυναγετίδοι·
καὶ τάδε σοὶ βριαρᾶς, 'Ἡράκλεες, οὐ δίχα βύρος 5
θῆκεν, ἀμαιμακέτου κρατὸς ἑρείσμα, κέρα.
σᾶς τοι ὃδ' ἐκ ρίξας ἀναδέδρομεν· οὐ οἱ ἄεικες
πατρίφου ξαλοῦν ἐργα βοοκτασίας.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

113.—SIMMIAS GRAMMATICUS

I was formerly one of the two horns of a wild long-haired ibex, and was garlanded with green leaves; but now the worker in horn has adapted me for Nicomachus, stretching on me the strong sinew of a crumple-horned ox.¹

114.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

We hang in the porch, a gift of the king to Heracles, the skin and mighty horns, fourteen palms long, of a wild bull, which when it confronted Philip,² glori­y­ing in its strength, his terrible spear brought to ground, on the spurs of Orbelus, the land of wild cattle. Blest indeed is Macedon, which is ruled by such a chief.

115.—ANTIPATER

The bull that bellowed erst on the heights of Orbelus, the brute that laid Macedonia waste, Philip, the wielder of the thunder-bolt, the destroyer of the Dardanians, hath slain, piercing its forehead with his hunting-spear; and to thee, Heracles, he hath dedicated with its strong hide these horns, the defence of its monstrous head. From thy race he sprung, and it well becomes him to emulate his ancestor’s prowess in slaying cattle.

¹ i.e. the horn was made into a bow; it seems to have served before as a hook on which to hang wreaths.
² Son of Demetrius II. and King of Macedon, B.C. 220–178.
116.—ΣΑΜΟΤ

Σολ γέρας, 'Αλκείδα Μινναμάχε, τούτο Φίλιππος
dέρμα ταναμύκου λευρὸν ἑθηκε βοὸς
αὐτὸς σὺν κεράσσει, τὸν ύβρεὶ κυδιῶντα
ἐσβεσεν Ὀρβηλοῦ τρηχὺν ὑπὸ πρόποδα.
ὁ φθόνος αὐαίνοιτο—τεῦν δ’ ἐτι κύδος ἀέξει
ῥίζα Βεροιαίου κράντορος Ἡμαθίασ.

117.—ΠΑΙΧΡΑΤΟΣ

Ἐκ πυρὸς ὁ ραιστήρ, καὶ ὁ καρκίνος, ὃ τε πυράγη
ἀγκεινθ’ Ἡφαίστω, δῶρα Πολυκράτεος,
ὁ πυκνῶν κροτῶν ὑπὲρ ἄκμονος εὔρετο παισὶν
ὁλβον, ὀξυρήν ὁσάμενος πενίην.

118.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Ἀ φόρμυξ, τά τε τόξα, καὶ ἄγκυλα δίκτυα φοῖβο
Σώσιδος, ἐκ τε Φίλας, ἐκ τε Πολυκράτεος.
χῶ μὲν ὀίστευτηρ κεραὶν βίον, ἀ δὲ λυρῳδὸς
tῶν κέλλων, ὀγρευτῆς ὁπάσης πλεκτὰ λίνα·
ἄλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἀκυβόλων ἰῶν κράτος, ἀ δὲ φέροιτο
ἀκρα λύρας, ὃ δ’ ἔχοι πρώτα κυναγεσίας.

119.—ΜΟΙΡΟΤΣ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΑΣ

Κεῖσαι δὴ χρυσέαν ὑπὸ παστάδα τὰν Ἀφροδίτας,
βότρυν, Διωνύσου πληθόμενος σταγόνοιν
οὐδ’ ἐτι τοι μάτηρ ἐρατὸν περὶ κλῆμα βαλοῦσα
φύσει ὑπὲρ κράτος νεκτάρεον πέταλον.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

116.—SAMUS

As a gift to thee, Heracles, sacker of Orchomenus, did Philip dedicate this, the smooth hide, with its horns, of the loud-bellowing bull, whose glorying insolence he quenched in the rough foot-hills of Orbelus. Let envy pine away; but thy glory is increased, in that from thy race sprang the Beroean lord of Macedon.

117.—PANCrates

The hammer from the fire, with the pliers and tongs, is consecrated to thee, Hephaestus, the gift of Polycrates, with which often beating on his anvil he gained substance for his children, driving away doleful poverty.

118.—ANTIPATER

The lyre, the bow, and the intricate nets are dedicated to Phoebus by Sosis, Phila and Polycrates. The archer dedicated the horn bow, she, the musician, the tortoise-shell lyre, the hunter his nets. Let the first be supreme in archery, let her be supreme in playing, and let the last be first among huntsmen.

119.—MOERO OF BYZANTIUM

Cluster, full of the juice of Dionysus, thou restest under the roof of Aphrodite's golden chamber: no longer shall the vine, thy mother, cast her lovely branch around thee, and put forth above thy head her sweet leaves.
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120.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Οὐ μόνον ύψηλοις ἐπὶ δένδρεσιν οἴδα καθίζων ἀείδεων, ξαθερεῖ καύματι θαλπόμενος,
προίκιος ἀνθρώποισι κελευθήτων ἀοιδός,
θηλείας ἔρσης ἱκμίδα γενόμενος: ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐὐτήληκος Ἀθηναίης ἐπὶ δουρὶ
tὸν τέττυν' ὄψει μ', οὐρῆ, ἐφεξόμενον.
όσσον γὰρ Μούσαις ἐστέργμεθα, τόσσον Ἀθήνη
ἐξ ἡμέων: ἡ γὰρ παρθένος αὐλοθετεῖ.

121.—ΚΑΔΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Κυνθιάδες, θαρσεῖτε: τὰ γὰρ τοῦ Κρητῶς Ἐχέμμα
dεῖται ἐν Ὀρτυγίν τόξα παρ' Ἀρτέμιδι,
οἷς ἔμεων ἐκένωσεν ὁ ῥός μέγα. νῦν δὲ πέπαυται,
aἰγὲς, ἐπεὶ σπονδάς ἡ θεὸς εἰργάσατο.

122.—ΝΙΚΙΟΤ

Μαινᾶς Ἐνυαλίου, πολεμαδόκε, θοῦρι κράνεια,
tίς νῦ σε θήκε θεαὶ δῶρον ἐγερσιμάχα:
"Μήνιος: ἡ γὰρ τοῦ παλάμας ἀπὸ ρίμφα 
θοροῦσα ἐν προμάχωσ Ὀδρύσας δῆμιον ἀμπεδίου."

123.—ΑΝΤΘΗΣ

"Εσταθε τείδε, κράνεια βροτοκτόνε, μηδ' ἐπὶ λυγρὸν
χάλκεων ἀμφ' οἴνῳα στάξε φόνον δαίων:
ἀλλ' ἀνα μαρμάριστον δόμον ἡμένα αἰτῶν Ἀθάνας,
ἀγγελλ' ἀνορέαν Κρητῶς Ἐχεκρατίδα.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

120.—LEONIDAS

Not only do I know how to sing perched in the high trees, warm in the midsummer heat, making music for the wayfarer without payment, and feasting on delicate dew, but thou shalt see me too, the cicada, seated on helmeted Athene’s spear. For as much as the Muses love me, I love Athene; she, the maiden, is the author of the flute.

121.—CALLIMACHUS

Ye denizens of Cynthus, be of good cheer; for the bow of Cretan Echemmas hangs in Ortygia in the house of Artemis, that bow with which he cleared a great mountain of you. Now he rests, ye goats, for the goddess has made him consent to a truce.

122.—NICIAS

Maenad of Ares, sustainer of war, impetuous spear, who now hath set thee here, a gift to the goddess who awakes the battle? "Menius; for springing lightly from his hand in the forefront of the fight I wrought havoc among the Odrysae on the plain."

123.—ANYTE

Stand here, thou murderous spear, no longer drip from thy brazen barb the dismal blood of foes; but resting in the high marble house of Athene, announce the bravery of Cretan Echecratidas.

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124.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΤ

'Ασπίδας ἀπὸ βροτέων ὦμων Τιμάνορος ἄμμαι
ναῷ ὑπορροφίᾳ Παλλάδος ἀλκιμάχας,
πολλὰ σιδαρείου κεκοιμέμενα ἐκ πολέμου,
τὸν με φέροντ' αἰὲὶ ῥυομένα θανάτου.

125.—ΜΝΑΣΛΑΚΟΤ

"Ηδη τὴδε μένων πολέμου δίχα, καλὸν ἄνακτος
στέρνον ἐμὸν νότῳ πολλάκι ῥυσαμένα.
καίπερ τηλεβόλους ἱοὺς καὶ χερμάδι, αἶνὰ
μυρία καὶ δολιχὰς δεξαμένα κάμακας,
οὐδέποτε Κλείτοιο λυπείν περιμάκεα πάχιν
φαμὶ κατὰ βλοσυρὸν φλοιὸσβον 'Ευναλίου.

126.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Σὰμα τὸδ' οὐχὶ μάταιον ἔπ' ἀσπίδι παῖς ὁ Πολύττων
"Τὸλος ἀπὸ Κρήτας θοῦρος ἄνηρ ἔθετο,
Γοργόνα τὰν λιθοεργόν ὦμοι καὶ τριπλώα γοῦνα
γραφάμενοι. δῆος τοῦτο δ' ἔοικε λέγειν
"'Ασπίδος δ' κατ' ἐμᾶς πάλλων δόρυ, μὴ κατίδης με, 5
καὶ φεύγῃς τρίσσοις τὸν παχὺν ἄνδρα ποσίν."

127.—ΝΙΚΙΟΤ

Μέλλον ἄρα στυγερὰν καγώ ποτὲ δὴριν Ἄρηος
ἐκπρολιποῦσα χορῶν παρθενίων ἀβείων
Ἀρτέμιδος περὶ ναὸν, Ἐπίξενος ἐνθα μ' ἔθηκεν,
λευκὸν ἐπεὶ κεῖνο γῆρας ἔτειρε μέλῃ.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

124.—HEGESIPPUS

I am fixed here under the roof of warrior Pallas’ temple, the shield from the mortal shoulders of Timanor, often befouled with the dust of iron war. Ever did I save my bearer from death.

125.—MNASALCAS

Now I rest here far from the battle, I who often saved my lord’s fair breast by my back. Though receiving far-flying arrows and dreadful stones in thousands and long lances, I aver I never quitted Cleitus’ long arm in the horrid din of battle.

126.—DIOSCORIDES

Nor idly did Hyllus the son of Polyttus, the stout Cretan warrior, blazon on his shield the Gorgon, that turns men to stone, and the three legs. ¹ This is what they seem to tell his foes: “O thou who brandishest thy spear against my shield, look not on me, and fly with three legs from the swift-footed man.”

127.—NICIAS

(A Shield speaks)

So one day I was fated to leave the hideous field of battle and listen to the song and dance of girls round the temple of Artemis, where Epixenus set me, when white old age began to wear out his limbs.

¹ The *triquetrā*, later the arms of Sicily and of the Isle of Man.
128.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

'Ήσο κατ' ἡγάθεου τὸδ' ἀνάκτορον, ἀσπὶ φαεννά, ἀνθέμα Δατόφα δήιον Ἀρτέμιδι. πολλάκι γὰρ κατὰ δήριν Ἀλεξάνδρου μετὰ χερσίν μαρναμένα χρυσέαν ἐν κεκόνισαι ἵτνων.

129.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Οκτώ τοι θυρεοὺς, ὁκτώ κράνη, ὁκτὼ ύσαντοις θώρηκας, τόσσας θ' αἱμαλέας κοπίδας, ταύτ' ἀπὸ Δευκανῶν Κορυφασίᾳ ἐντε' ᾿Αθάνα "Αγνων Εὐάνθευς θῆχ' ὁ βιασυμάχας.

130.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τοὺς θυρεοὺς ὁ Μολοσσός ᾿Ιτωνίδι δῶρον ᾿Αθάνα Πύρρος ἀπὸ θρασέων ἐκρέμασεν Γαλατῶν, πάντα τὸν Ἀντιγόνου καθελὼν στρατῶν· οὐ μέγα ταῦτα· αἰχμηταὶ καὶ νῦν καὶ πάρος Λιακίδαι.

131.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Αἱδ' ἀπὸ Δευκανῶν θυρεάσπιδες, οἱ δὲ χαλινοὶ στοιχηδόν, ξεσταὶ τ' ἀμφίβολοι κάμακες δέδημναι, ποθέουσαι ὁμοί ὑπτοὺς τε καὶ ἁνδρας, Παλλάδι· τοὺς δ' ὁ μέλας ἀμφέχανεν θάνατος.

132.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

'Εντεα Βρέττιοι ἁνδρεῖς ἀπ' αἰνομόρων βάλον ὄμων, θειομενοὶ Δοκρῶν χερσίν ὑπ' ὁκυμάχων,
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

128.—MNASALCAS

Rest in this holy house, bright shield, a gift from the wars to Artemis, Leto’s child. For oft in the battle, fighting on Alexander’s arm, thou didst in comely wise befoul with dust thy golden rim.

129.—LEONIDAS

Eight shields, eight helmets, eight woven coats of mail and as many blood-stained axes, these are the arms, spoil of the Lucanians, that Hagnon, son of Euanthes, the doughty fighter, dedicated to Coryphasian Athene.

130.—BY THE SAME

The shields, spoils of the brave Gauls, did Molossian Pyrrhus hang here as a gift to Itonian Athene, after destroying the whole army of Antigonus. ’Tis no great wonder! Now, as of old, the sons of Aeacus are warriors.

131.—LEONIDAS

These great shields won from the Lucanians, and the row of bridles, and the polished double-pointed spears are suspended here to Pallas, missing the horses and the men their masters; but them black death hath devoured.

132.—NOSSIS

These their shields the Bruttians threw from their doomed shoulders, smitten by the swiftly—

\[ \text{\textsuperscript{1} θυρεοί were long oblong shields.} \]

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δυν ἀρετῶν ὑμενύτα θεῶν ὑπ' ἀνάκτορα κεῖται,
oúde ποθεύντι κακῶν πάχεας, οὐς ἐλιπον.

133.—ΑΡΧΙΔΟΧΟΤ

"Ἀλκιβίδη πλοκάμων ἱερὴν ἀνέθηκε καλύπτρην
"Ἡρῆ, κουριδίων εὑτ' ἐκύρησε γάμων.

134.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

"Ἡ τον θύρσον ἔχουσ' Ἐλικώνιας, ἥ τε παρ' αὐτὴν
Εαυθίπτη, Γλαύκη τ', εἰς χορὸν ἐρχόμεναι,
ἐξ ὁρεσ πρωτεύσθ, Διωνύσῳ δὲ φέρουσι
κισσὸν καὶ σταφυλῆν, πίονα καὶ χίμαρον.

135.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὗτος Φειδόλα ἵππος ἀπ' εὐρυγόροιο Κορίνθον
ἀγκειται Κρονίδα, μνὰμα ποδῶν ἀρετᾶς.

136.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρηξίδικη μὲν ἔρεξεν, ἐβούλευσεν δὲ Δύσηρις
εἴμα τόδε· ξυνή δ' ἀμφοτέρων σοφίν.

137.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρόφρων, 'Αργυρότοξε, δίδου χάριν Λισχύλον υἱῷ
Ναυκράτει, εὐχαλάς τάσδ' ὑποδεξάμενος.

138.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρὶν μὲν Καλλιτέλης μ', ἵδρυσατο· τόνδε δ' ἐκείνου
ἐκγόνοι ἐστάσανθ', οἷς χάριν ἀντιδίδον.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

charging Locrians. Here they hang in the temple of the gods, praising them, the brave, and regretting not the clasp of the cowards they left.¹

133.—ARCHILOCHUS

Alcibia dedicated to Hera the holy veil of her hair, when she entered into lawful wedlock.

134–145 ATTRIBUTED TO ANACREON

134

Heliconias, she who holds the thyrsus, and Xanthippe next to her, and Glauce, are coming down the mountain on their way to the dance, and they are bringing for Dionysus ivy, grapes, and a fat goat.

135

This horse of Phidolas from spacious Corinth is dedicated to Zeus in memory of the might of its legs.

136

Praxidice worked and Dyseris designed this garment. It testifies to the skill of both.

137

Apollo of the silver bow, grant willingly thy grace to Naucrates, the son of Aeschylus, receiving these his vows.

138

Calliteles set me here of old, but this² his descendants erected, to whom grant thy grace in return.

¹ The exact date of the combats referred to in 129, 131, 132 is unknown. Pyrrhus' victory (130) was after his Italian war.
² An unknown object.
139.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πραξαγόρας τάδε δῶρα θεοῖς ἄνεθηκε, Δυκαίου νιός· ἐποίησεν δ' ἔργον Ἄναξαγόρας.

140.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Παιδὶ φιλοστεφάνῳ Σεμέλας [μ'] ἄνεθηκε Μέλανθος μνάμα χοροῦ νίκας, νιός Ἄρηφίλου.

141.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ῥυσαμένα Πύθωνα δυσαχέος ἐκ πολέμου, ἀσπὶς Ἀθηναίης ἐν τεμένει κρέμαται.

142.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Σάν τε χάριν, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἄγλαδν ἀστεὶ κόσμον Θεσσαλίας μ' ἄνεθηκ' ἀρχὸς Ἐχεκρατίδας.

143.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εὐχεο Τιμώνακτι θεῶν κήρυκα γενέσθαι ἥπτων, ὦς μ' ἐρατοῖς ἄγλαθν προθύρους Ἐρμῆ τε κρείοντε καθέσσατο· τῶν δ' ἐθέλοντα ἀστῶν καὶ ξείων γυμνασίῳ δέχομαι.

144.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Στροίβου παῖ, τόδ' ἀγαλμα, Δεώκρατες, εὑτ' ἄνεθηκας Ἐρμῆ, καλλικόμους οὐκ ἔλαθες Χάριτας, οὐδ' 'Ακαδημίαιν πολυγαθέα, τῆς ἐν ἄγοστῳ σὴν εὐεργεσίην τῷ προσίοντι λέγω.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

139

Praxagoras, son of Lycaeus, dedicated these gifts to the gods. Anaxagoras was the craftsman.

140

Melanthus, the son of Areiphilus, dedicated me to the wreath-loving son of Semele\(^1\) in memory of his victory in the dance.

141

The shield that saved Python from the dread battle din hangs in the precinct of Athene.

142

Echecratidas, the ruler of Thessaly, dedicated me in honour of Bacchus and as a splendid ornament for his city.

143

On a Statue of Hermes

Pray that the herald of the gods may be kind to Timonax, who placed me here to adorn this lovely porch, and as a gift to Hermes the Lord. In my gymnasiuim I receive whosoever wishes it, be he citizen or stranger.

144

Leocrates, son of Stroebus, when thou didst dedicate this statue to Hermes, neither the beautiful-haired Graces were heedless of it, nor joyous Academe, in whose bosom I tell of thy beneficence to all who approach.

\(^1\) i.e. Bacchus.
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145.—TOY AYTOY
Βωμοὺς τούσδε θεοὺς Σοφοκλῆς ἰδρύσατο πρῶτος, ὅς πλεῖστον Μούσης εἶλε κλέος τραγικῆς.

146.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
Καὶ πάλιν, Βιλείθυια, Λυκαινίδος ἔλθε καλεύσῃς, εὐλοχος, ὁδίων ὦδε σὺν εὐκολίην·
ἡς τόδε νῦν μὲν, ἀνασσά, κόρης ύπερ· ἀντὶ δὲ παιδὸς
ὕστερον εὐώδης ἀλλο τι νῦν ἐχοι.

147.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸ χρέος ὡς ἀπέχεις, Ἀσκληπιε, τὸ πρὸ γυναικὸς
Δημοδίκης Ἀκέσων ὁφελεν εὐξάμενοι,
γυνώσκεις· ἢν δ’ ἀρα λάθη καὶ ἡμι ἄπαιτης,
φησι παρέξεσθαι μαρτυρίην ὁ πίναξ.

148.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸ μὲ Κανωπίτα Καλλιστίου εἶκοσι μύξαις
πλούσιον, ἀ Κριτίου, λύχνου ἐθηκε θεῷ,
eὐξαμένα περὶ παιδὸς Ἀπελλίδος· ἐς δ’ ἐμὰ φέγγη
ἀδρήσας φήσεις· “Εσπερε, πῶς ἐπεσες.”

149.—TOY AYTOY
“Φησὶν ὦ με στήσας Ευαίνετος (οὐ γὰρ ἔγγυς
γυνώσκω) νίκης ἀντί με τῆς ἰδίης
ἀγκεῖσθαι χάλκειον ἀλέκτορα Τυνδαρίδηςιν·
Πιστεῦω Φαύδρου παιδὶ Φιλοξενίδεω.”
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

145

Sophocles, who won the highest glory of the tragic Muse, first dedicated these altars to the gods.

146.—CALLIMACHUS

Once more, Ilithya, come at Lycaenis' call, easing thus the pangs of labour. This, my Queen, she bestows on thee for a girl, but may thy perfumed temple afterwards receive from her something else for a boy.

147.—By the Same

Thou knowest, Asclepius, that thou hast been paid the debt that Akeson incurred to thee by the vow he made for his wife Demodicé; but if thou dost forget and claim it again, this tablet declares that it will bear witness.

148.—By the Same

Kallistion, the wife of Critios, dedicated me, the lamp rich in twenty wicks, to the god of Canopus, having made the vow for her daughter Apellis. When you see my lights you will cry, "Hesperus, how art thou fallen!"

149.—By the Same

"Euænetus, who set me up, says (for I don't know) that I, the bronze cock, am dedicated to the Twin Brethren in thanks for his own victory." I believe the son of Phaedrus son of Philoxenus.

1 i.e. Serapis.
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150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
'Ιναχής ἐστηκεν ἐν 'Ισίδως ἡ Θάλεω παῖς
Λισχυλίς, Εἰρήνης μητρὸς ὑποσχεσίη.

151.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ
Μίκκος ο Πελλαναίως 'Ενυλίων βαρὺν αὐλὸν
tόνδ' ἐσ 'Αθαναίας ἐκρέμασ' Ἰλιάδος,
Τυρσηνοῦ μελέδαμα, δι' οὗ ποκα πόλλ' ἐβόαςεν
ὦνὴ ἑἵράνας σύμβολα καὶ πολέμου.

152.—ΑΓΙΔΟΣ
Καὶ στάλικας καὶ πτηνὰ λαγωβόλα σοὶ τάδε Μείδων,
Φοίβε, σὺν ἠξενταῖς ἐκρέμασεν καλάμοις,
ἐργῶν ἐξ ὀλυγὸν ὀλυγὴν δόσων· ἢν δὲ τι μεῖζον
dωρήσῃ, τίσει τῶνδε πολυπλάσια.

153.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ
Βουχανδῆς ὁ λέβης· ὁ δὲ θεῖς 'Εριαστίδα νίδος
Κλεύβωτος· ἢ πάτρα δ' εὐρύχορος Τεγέας·
tαθάνα δὲ τὸ δώρον· 'Αριστοτέλης δ' ἐπόησεν
Κλειτόριος, γενέτα ταῦτο λαχῶν ὄνομα.

154.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ, οὐ δὲ
ΓΑΙΤΟΤΛΙΚΟΤ
'Αγρονόμοι τάδε Παντὶ καὶ εὐαστήρι Λαυάρω
πρέσβυς καὶ Νύμφαις 'Αρκάς ἔθηκε Βῖτων·
Παντὶ μὲν ἄρτητοκοινά浒αρῳ συμπαίστορα ματρός,
κισσοὺ δὲ Βρόμῳ κλάνα πολυπλανέος·

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150.—By the Same
Aeschylis, the daughter of Thales, according to the promise of her mother Irene stands in the temple of Argive Isis.

151.—Tymnus
Miccus of Pellene hung in the temple of Ilian Athene this deep-toned flute of Ares, the Tyrrhenian instrument by which he formerly uttered many a loud message of peace or war.

152.—Agis
Midon, O Phoebus, dedicated to thee his stakes and winged hare-staves, together with his fowling canes—a small gift from small earnings; but if thou give him something greater he will repay thee with far richer gifts than these.

153.—Anyte
The cauldron would hold an ox; the dedicator is Cleobotus, the son of Eriaspidas; his city is spacious Tegea. The gift is made to Athene; the artist is Aristoteles of Cleitor, who bears the same name as his father.

154.—Leonidas of Tarentum
or Gaetulicus
Old Biton of Arcady dedicated these things to rustic Pan, and Bacchus the reveller, and the Nymphs; to Pan a newly born kid, its mother’s play-fellow, to Bacchus a branch of vagrant ivy,

1 Because regarded as identical with Io. 2 i.e. a trumpet.
Νύμφαις δὲ σκιερῆς εὐποίκιλοι ἄνθος ὀπώρης,
φύλλα τε πεπταμένων αἰματόεντα ρόδων.
ἀνθ' ὁν εὐυδρον, Νύμφαι, τόδε δώμα γέροντος
αὐξεῖτε, Πᾶν γλαγερόν, Βάκχε πολυστάφυλον.

155.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

"Αλικες αἱ τε κόμαι καὶ ὁ Κρωβύλους, ἂς ἀπὸ Φοίβῳ
πέξατο μολπαστὰ κῶρος ὁ τετραετής.
αἰχμητὰν δὲ ἐπέθυσεν ἀλέκτορα, καὶ πλακόεντα
παῖς Ἡγησιδίκου πλονα τυροφόρον.
"Ωπολλοῦν, θείης τὸν Κρωβύλου εἰς τέλος ἄνδρα,
οἶκον καὶ κτεάνων χεῖρας ὑπερθεν ἐχων.

156.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καλῷ σὺν τέττυγη Χαρίζεωυσ τρίχα τήνδε
κουρόσυνου κοῦρας θῆκ’ Ἀμαρυνθιάσι
σὺν βοὶ χειρυφθέντα: παῖς δ’ ἔσον ἀστέρι λάμπει,
τολικὸν ὡς ἱππος χυνὸν ἀποσεισάμενος.

157.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Αρτεμις, ἡ Γόργοιο φύλαξ κτεάνων τε καὶ ἄγροι,
τόξῳ μὲν κλάπτας βάλλε, σάου δὲ φίλους·
καὶ σοι ἐπιρρέει Γόργος χιμάροιο νομαίης
ἀμα καὶ ὀραίους ἄρνας ἐπὶ προθύροις.

158.—ΣΑΒΙΝΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Παῦλ Βίτων χιμαρον, Νύμφαις ῥόδα, θύρσα Δανάω,
τρισοῦν ύπ’ εὐπετάλοιος δῶρον ἔθηκε φόβαις.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

to the Nymphs the varied bloom of shady Autumn
and blood-red roses in full flower. In return for
which, bless the old man's house with abundance—
ye Nymphs, of water, Pan, of milk, and Bacchus, of
grapes.

155.—THEODORIDAS

Of one age are the locks and Crobylus, the locks
that the four-year old boy shore for Apollo the
lyre-player, and therewith a fighting cock did
Hegesidicus' son sacrifice, and a rich march-pane.
Bring Crobylus up, O Phoebus, to perfect man-
hood, holding thy hands over his house and his
possessions.

156.—BY THE SAME

To the Amarynthian Nymphs did Charixenus dedi-
cate this shorn hair along with a beautiful hair-pin
shaped like a cicada, all purified by holy water, to-
gether with an ox. The boy shines like a star, like a
foal that has cast its first coat of down.

157.—BY THE SAME

Artemis, guardian of Gorgus' possessions and his
land, shoot the thieves with thy bow, and save thy
friends. Then Gorgus at thy porch will sacrifice
to thee the blood of a she-goat from his pastures
and full-grown lambs.

158.—SABINUS GRAMMATICUS

(An Exercise on the Theme of 154)

A triple gift did Biton dedicate under the green-
wood tree, to Pan a goat, roses to the Nymphs, and a
δαίμονες ἀλλὰ δέχοισθε κεχαρμένοι, αὔξετε δ' αἰεὶ
Πάν ἁγέλην, Νύμφαι πίδακα, Βάκχε γάνος.

159.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Α πάρος αἴματόεν πολέμου μέλος ἐν δαί σάλπιγχ
καὶ γλυκῶν εἰράνας ἐκπροχέωσα νόμον,
ἀγκειμαί, Φερένικε, τεδὸν Ἰριτωνίδι κοῦρα
δῶρον, ἐρυβρύχων πανσαμένα κελάδων.

160.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κερκίδα τὰν ὅρθρινα, χελιδονίδων ἀμα φωνά,
μελπομέναν, ἱστῶν Παλλάδος ἀλκυώνα,
τὸν τε καρηβαρέοντα πολυρροίβιθτον ἀτρακτόν,
κλωστήρα στρεπτάς εὐδρομον ἀρτέδώνας,
καὶ πίνας, καὶ τόνδε φιληλάκατον καλαθίσκον,
στάμμονος ἀσκητοῦ καὶ τολύπας φύλακα,
παῖς ἁγαθὸν Τέλεσιλλα Διοκλέος ἀ φιλοεργὸς
ἐφροκόμων Κοῦρα βήκατο δεσπότιδι.

161.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

'Εσπερίου Μάρκελλοις ἀνερχόμενος πολέμοιο
σκυλοφόρος κρανάθες τέλσα πάρ' Ἰταλίς,
ξανθῆν πρῶτον ἐκεῖρε γενεϊάδα: βούλετο πατρὸς
obufos, καὶ πέμψαι παῖδα καὶ ἄνδρα λαβεῖν.

1 i.e. Athene.
2 cp. No. 247 etc. The singing of the κερκίς is often mentioned. The κερκίς is the comb with which the threads of the woof are driven home in the upright loom. Its
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thyrsus to Bacchus. Receive with joy his gifts, ye gods, and increase, Pan, his flock, ye Nymphs his fountain, and Bacchus his cellar.

159.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I, the trumpet that once poured forth the bloody notes of war in the battle, and the sweet tune of peace, hang here, Pherenicus, thy gift to the Tritonian maid, resting from my clamorous music.

160.—BY THE SAME

INDUSTRIOUS Telesilla, the daughter of good Diocles, dedicates to the Maiden who presides over workers in wool her weaving-comb, the haleyon of Pallas' loom, that sings in the morning with the swallows, her twirling spindle nodding with the weight, the agile spinner of the twisted thread, her thread and this work-basket that loves the distaff, the guardian of her well-wrought clews and balls of wool.

161.—CRINAGORAS

Marcellus, returning from the western war, laden with spoil, to the boundaries of rocky Italy, first shaved his yellow beard. Such was his country's wish, to send him forth a boy and receive him back a man.

singing is the rhythmical tapping of it against the loom by the worker.

3 The nephew of Augustus familiar to us from Vergil's lines (Aen. vi. 863 seq.).
162.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΩΤ

"Ανθεμά σοι Μελεάγρος ἐδώ συμπαίστορα λύχνου,
Κύπρι φίλη, μύστην σῶν θέτο παννυχίδων.

163.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς τάδε μοι θυητῶν τὰ περὶ θριγκοῖσιν ἀνήψει
σκῦλα, παναισχίστην τέρψιν Ἐνυαλίου;
οὔτε γὰρ αἰγανέαι περιαγέες, οὔτε τι πήληξ
ἀλλοφος, οὔτε φόνῳ χραυθέν ἄρρητε σάκος.
ἀλλ’ αὐτῶς γανόωντα καὶ ἀστυφέλικτα σιδάρφ,
οία περ’ οὐκ ἐνοπᾶς, ἀλλὰ χρόνων ἑναρα,
οῖς θάλαμον κοσμεῖτε γαμήλιον· ὅπλα δὲ λύθρῳ
λειβόμενα βροτέρ φηγός Ἀρησος ἔχοι.

164.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Γλαύκῳ καὶ Νηρηῇ καὶ Ἰνώῳ Μελικέρτῃ,
καὶ βυθίῳ Κρονίδῃ, καὶ Σαμώθραξι θεῶς,
σωθείς ἐκ πελάγους Δοκιλίδης ὡδὲ κέκαρμαι
tὰς τρίχας ἐκ κεφαλῆς· ἀλλο γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔχω.

165.—ΦΑΛΑΙΚΟΤ

Στρεπτὸν Βασσαρικοῦ ὑμβου θιάσοιο μύσπα,
καὶ σκύλος ἀμφίδορον στικτὸν ἄχαινεω,
καὶ κορυβαντείων ἰαχύματα χάλκεα ὀπττρων,
καὶ θύρασαν χλοερὸν κονοφόρον κάμακα,
καὶ κοῦφοι βαρὼν τυπάνου βρόμου, ἡδὲ φορηθέν
πολλάκι μετροδέτου λίκνου ὑπερθε κόμης,
Εὐάνθῃ Βάκχῳ, τὴν ἐντρομοῦ ἀνίκα θύρασιʼ
ἀτρόμομεν εἰς προπόσεις χεῖρα μετημφίασεν.
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162.—MELEAGER

Meleager dedicates to thee, dear Cypris, the lamp
his play-fellow, that is initiated into the secrets of
thy night festival.

163.—By the Same

What mortal hung here on the wall these spoils
in which it were disgraceful for Ares to take
delight? Here are set no jagged spears, no plume-
less helmet, no shield stained with blood; but all
are so polished, so undinted by the steel, as they
were spoils of the dance and not of the battle. With
these adorn a bridal chamber, but let the precinct
of Ares contain arms dripping with the blood of
men.

164.—LUCIAN

To Glaucus, Nereus, and Melicertes, Ino’s son,
to the Lord of the Depths, the son of Cronos,
and to the Samothracian gods, do I, Lucilius, saved
from the deep, offer these locks clipped from my
head, for I have nothing else.

165.—PHALAECUS

Evantine, when she transferred her hand from
the unsteady service of the thyrsus to the steady
service of the wine-cup, dedicated to Bacchus her
whirling tambourine that stirs the rout of the
Bacchants to fury, this dappled spoil of a flayed
fawn, her clashing brass corybantic cymbals, her
green thyrsus surmounted by a pine-cone, her light,
but deeply-booming drum, and the winnowing-basket
she often carried raised above her snooded hair.
166.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Εἰκόνα τῆς κήλης Διονύσιος ἀνέθηκεν, ἵνα ναυτῶν τεσσαράκοντα μόνον τοῖς μηροῖς αὐτὴν γὰρ ὑπερδήσας ἐκολύμβα. ἔστι οὖν καὶ κήλης ἐν τισιν εὐτυχὶς.

167.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Σοὶ, μάκαρ αἰγίκναμε, παράκτιοι ἐσεπροταν τὸν τράγον, ὁ δισσᾶς ἅγετα θηροσύνας—
σοὶ γὰρ καστορίδων ἡλάκα καὶ τρίστομος αἰχμή εὔδαι, καὶ ταχυνής ἔργα λαγωσφαγίς,
δίκτυα τ' ἐν ὁδοίς ἀπλούμενα, καὶ καλαμεντάς κάμων, καὶ μογερῶν πείσμα σαγηνοβδολῶν—
ἀνθετο δὲ Κλεόνικος, ἐπει καὶ πόντιον ἄγραν ἀνυν, καὶ πτῶκας πολλάκις ἔξεσὸβει.

168.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Βοτρυίων ἀκάμαντα φυτῶν λαβῆτορα κάπρον, τὸν θρασὺν ύψικόμων ἐνυαίται δονάκων,
πολλάκις ἐξερυάςαντα θοῶν ἀκμαίοις ὀδότων δένδρεα, καὶ νομίους τρεψάμενον σκύλακας,
ἄντήςας ποταμόο πέλας, πεφρικότα χαίτας, ἀρτι καὶ ἐξ ὕλας πάγχυ λιπόντα βάθος,
χαλκῇ Ξεινόφιλος κατενήρατο, καὶ παρὰ φηγῷ θηρὸς ἄθωπεύτον Πανὶ καθῆψε δέρας.

169.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Κάμμαυλος τὸν ἐχῖνον ἱδὼν ἐπὶ νῦτα φέροντα ράγας, ἀπέκτεινεν τῷ ἔτει θειοπετέῳ ἀνήνας οὖ ἀνέθηκε φιλακρήτῳ Διονύσῳ τὸν τὰ Διωνύσου δῶρα λειξόμενον.

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166.—LUCILIUS

Dionysius, the only one saved out of forty sailors, dedicated here the image of his hydrocele, tying which close to his thighs he swam to shore. So even a hydrocele brings luck on some occasions.

167.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Thine, goat-legged god, for thy watch-tower by the sea, is the goat, thou who presidest over both kinds of sport. For to thee are dear both the cry of the Laconian hounds, the three-edged spear and the work of slaying the swift hare, and eke the nets spread on the waves and the toiling angler and the cable of the labouring seine-fishers. He who dedicated it was Cleonicus, since he both engaged in sea-fishing and often started hares from their forms.

168.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

The boar, the untiring spoiler of the vines, bold denizen of the reeds that toss their lofty heads, the brute that often tore up trees with its sharp tusks and put to flight the sheep-dogs, Xenophilus slew with the steel, encountering it near the river, its hair bristling, just fresh from its lair in the deep wood; and to Pan on the beech-tree he hung the hide of the grim beast.

169.—ANONYMOUS

Comaulus, seeing the porcupine carrying grapes on its spines, slew it in this vineyard, and having dried it, he dedicated to Dionysus, who loves untempered wine, the spoiler of Dionysus’ gift.
170.—ΘΤΙΛΛΟΤ
Λι πτελέαν τῷ Πανί, καὶ αἱ ταυμάκες αύται
ιτέαι, ἢ θ' ιερὰ καμφίλαφής πλάτανος,
χαὶ λιβάδες, καὶ ταύτα βοτηρικὰ Πανὶ κύπελλα
ἄγκειται, δίψης φάρμακ' ἀλεξίκακα.

171.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Λύτῳ σοι πρὸς 'Ολυμπον ἐμακύναντο κολοσσὸν
tόνδε Ῥόδου ναέται Δωρίδος, 'Αέλιε,
χάλκεον ἀνίκα κύμα κατευνάσαντες 'Ενυοῦς
ἐστέφαν πάτραν δυσμενέων ἐνάροις.
oὐ γὰρ ὑπὲρ πελάγους μόνου ἧκαθεσαν, ἀλλὰ
καὶ ἐν γὰ,
ἀβρόν ἀδουλώτον φέγγος ἐλευθερίας·
τοῖς γὰρ ἄφ'O Ηρακλῆος ἀείενεις γενέθλας
πάτριος ἐν πόντῳ κην χθονὶ κοιρανία.

172.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Πορφυρίς ὡς Κνιδίη τὰ στέρματα, καὶ τὸ δίθυρσον
τοῦτο τὸ λογχωτόν, καὶ τὸ περισφύριον,
oἰς ἀνέδην βάκχευεν, ὅτ' ἐσ' Δίονυσον ἐφοίτα
κισσωτῆς στέρνου νεβρίδ' ἀναπτομένη,
αὐτῷ σοὶ, Δίονυσε, πρὸ παστάδος ἡφόρησε
tαύτα τὰ <καὶ> κάλλεις κόσμια καὶ μανίης.

173.—'ΡΙΑΝΟΤ
'Αχρυλής ὡς Φρυγίη θαλαμηπόλος, ὡ περὶ πεύκας
πολλάκι τὰς ἱερὰς χευμένη πλοκάμους,
γαλλαίῳ Κυβέλης ὀλολύγατι πολλάκι δοῦσα
τὸν βαρὺν εἰς ἀκολὸς ἦχον ἀπὸ στομάτων,
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170.—THYILLUS

The elms, and these lofty willows, and the holy spreading plane, and the springs, and these shepherds' cups that cure fell thirst, are dedicate to Pan.

171.—Anonymous

To thy very self, O Sun, did the people of Dorian Rhodes raise high to heaven this colossus, then, when having laid to rest the brazen wave of war, they crowned their country with the spoils of their foes. Not only over the sea, but on the land, too, did they establish the lovely light of unfettered freedom. For to those who spring from the race of Heracles dominion is a heritage both on land and sea.

172.—Anonymous

Cnidian Porphyris suspends before thy chamber, Dionysus, these gauds of her beauty and her madness, her crowns, and this double thyrsus-spear, and her anklet, with all of which she raved her fill whenever she betook her to Dionysus, her ivy-decked fawn-skin knotted on her bosom.

173.—RHIANUS

Achrylis, Rhea's Phrygian lady-in-waiting, who often under the pines loosed her consecrated hair, who often uttered from her lips the sharp cry, painful to hear, that Cybele's votaries use, dedi-

1 It was erected in the time of Demetrius Poliorcetes, about 300 B.C.
174.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Παλλάδι ταί τρισσαί θέσαν ἀλίκες, ἵσον ἀράχνη
τεῦξαι λεπταλέον στάμον' ἐπιστάμεναι,
Δημῷ μὲν ταλαρίσκον ἔπιλοκον, 'Αρσιὼν δὲ
ἐργάτων εὐκλώστου νήματος ἥλακάταν
κερκίδα δ' εὑροῖτον, ἀγὸνα τὰς ἐν ἐρίθοις,
Βακχυλίς, εὐκρέκτους ὥ διέκρινε μίτους·
ζωὲν γὰρ δίχα παντὸς ὀνείδεος ἤθελ' ἐκάστα,
ζείνε, τὸν ἐκ χειρῶν ἀρνυμένα βλιτον.

175.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
Τὸν κύνα, τὸν πάσης κρατερῆς ἐπιύδμονα θήρης,
ἐξέσε μὲν Δεύκων, ἄνθετο δ' Ἀλκιμένης.
Ἀλκιμένης δ' οὐχ εὑρε τί μέμψεται· ὡς δ' ἧδ' ὤροιν
εἰκόνα παντοῖο σχήματι φαινομένην,
κλοῖον ἔχων πέλας ἠλθε, λέγων Δεύκων κελεύειν
τὸ κυνὶ καὶ βαίνειν· πείθε γὰρ ὡς ὑλῶν.

176.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν κύνα, τὰν πήραν τε καὶ ἀγκυλόδουτα σίγυνον,
Πανὶ τε καὶ Νύμφαις ἀντίθεμαι Δρυάσιν.
τὸν κύνα δὲ ζῶοντα πάλιν ποτὶ ταύλιον ἄξω,
ζηρᾶς εἰς ἀκόλους ξυνὸν ἕχειν ἑταρον.

177.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ
Δάφνις ὁ λευκόχρως, ὁ καλὰ σύρυγγι μελίσδων
βουκολικοῦς ὑμνοὺς, ἁνθετο Πανὶ τάδε·

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cated her hair here at the door of the mountain
goddess, where she rested her burning feet from
the mad race.

174.—ANTIPATER

The three girls all of an age, as clever as the spider
at weaving delicate webs, dedicated here to Pallas,
Demo her well-plaited basket, Arsinoe her spindle
that produces the fine thread, and Bacchylis her
well-wrought comb, the weaver’s nightingale, with
the skilled stroke of which she deftly parted the
threads. For each of them, stranger, willed to live
without reproach, gaining her living by her hands.

175.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

This dog, trained in every kind of hunting, was
carved by Leucon, and dedicated by Alcimenes.
Alcimenes had no fault to find, but when he saw the
statue resembling the dog in every feature he came
up to it with a collar, bidding Leucon order the dog
to walk, for as it looked to be barking, it persuaded
him it could walk too.

176.—By the Same

I dedicate to Pan and the Dryads this dog, this
bag, and this barbed hunting-spear, but I will take
the dog back alive to my stable to have a companion
to share my dry crusts.

177.—Anonymous

White-skinned Daphnis, who plays on his pretty
pipe rustic airs, dedicated to Pan his pierced reed-
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τοὺς τρητοὺς δόνακας, τὸ λαγωβόλον, ἰξὺν ἄκοντα, νεβρίδα, τὰν πήραν, ἣ ποτ’ ἐμαλοφόρει.

178.—ΗΡΗΣΙΠΠΟΣ

Δέξαι μ’, Ἰράκλεις, Ἀρχεστριάτου ίερὸν ὄπλον, ὀφρα, ποτ’ ξεστὰν παστάδα κεκλιμένα,
γηραλὲα τελέθοιμι, χορῶν ἅλουσα καὶ ὤμων· ἄρκειτω στυγηρὰ δήρις Ἐνυαλίον.

179.—ΑΡΧΙΟΣ

'Αγραύλῳ τάδε Παῦλι βιαρκέος ἄλλος ἀπ’ ἄλλης ἀὐθαναμοι τρισσοὶ δῶρα λινοστασις,
Πύργης μὲν δειραχθὲς εὐβροχον ἄμμα πετανὼν,
Δὰμις δ’ ὑλονόμων δίκτυα τετραπόδων,
ἄρκουν δ’ εὐναλίων Κλείτωρ πόρεν’ οἴς σὺ δι’ αἰθρας 5 καὶ πελάγεις καὶ γᾶς εὐστοχα πέμπε λίνα.

180.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ταῦτα σοι ἐκ τ’ ὄρεων, ἐκ τ’ αἰθέρος, ἐκ τε θαλάσσης τρεῖς γνωτοὶ τέχνης σύμβολα, Πάν, ἔθεσαν:
ταῦτα μὲν εὐναλίων Κλείτωρ λίνα, κεῖνα δὲ Πύργης
οἰωνῶν, Δὰμις τὰ τρίτα τετραπόδων
οῖς ἀμα χερσαίαισιν, ἵμ τ’ ἑρίαισιν ἐν ἄγραις, 5
’Αγρεῦ, ἀμ’ ἐν πλωταῖς, ὡς πρίν, ἄρωγος ἦθι.

181.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τρίζυγες, οὐρεσιόικε, κασὶγνητοὶ τάδε τέχνας ἄλλος ἀπ’ ἄλλοιας σοι λίνα, Πάν, ἔθεσαν,
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pipe, his hare-club, his sharp spear, his fawnskin and the leather bag in which he used to carry apples.

178.—HEGESIPPUS

Accept me, Heracles, the consecrated shield of Aschestratus, so that, resting against thy polished porch I may grow old listening to song and dance. Enough of the hateful battle!

179.—ARCHIAS

(179–187 are another set of tiresome variants on the theme of 11–16)

To rustic Pan three brothers dedicate these gifts each from a different kind of netting that provides sustenance—Pigres the fowling noose that catches by the neck, Damis his nets for the beasts of the forest, and Cleitor his for those of the sea. Send success to their nets by air, sea and land.

180.—BY THE SAME

The three brothers dedicate to thee, Pan, from mountain air and sea these tokens of their craft, Cleitor his net for fishes, Pigres his for birds, and Damis his for beasts. Help them as before, thou hunter god, in the chase by land, air, and sea.

181.—BY THE SAME

Pan, who dwellest in the mountains, the three brothers dedicated to thee these three nets, each
καὶ τὰ μὲν ὄρνιθων Πύγρης, τὰ δὲ δίκτυα θηρῶν
Δάμις, ὁ δὲ Κλείτωρ εἰναλίων ἐπορευ-
tῶν ὁ μὲν ἐν ξυλόχοισιν, ὁ δ' ἥρισσιν ἐν ἄγραις
αἰέν, ὁ δ' ἐν πελάγει εὐστοχοῦν ἄρκων ἔχει.

182.—ἈΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΤ ΜΑΙΡΗΤΟΣ
Πύγρης ὄρνιθων ἄπο δίκτυα, Δάμις ὄρείων,
Κλείτωρ δ' ἐκ βυθίων, σοὶ τάδε, Πάν, ἔθεσαν,
ξυνὸν ἀδελφεῖον θήρης γέρας, ἄλλος ὁπ' ἄλλης,
ἵνα τὰ καὶ γαῖς, ἵνα τὰ καὶ πελάγευς·
ἀνθ' ὁν τῷ μὲν ἄλος, τῷ δ' ἥρος, ὃ δ' ἀπὸ δρυμῶν
πέμπε κράτος ταύτη, δαίμον, ἐπ' εὐσεβίη.

183.—ΖΩΣΙΜΟΤ ΘΑΣΙΟΤ
Σοὶ τάδε, Πάν, θηρευτάλ ἀνηρτήσαντο σύναιμοι
δίκτυα, τρικθαδίς δόρα κυναγείης·
Πύγρης μὲν πτανῶν, Κλείτωρ ἄλος, δς δ' ἀπὸ χέρσου,
Δάμις, τετραπόδων ἀγκύλος ἱχνελάτης.
ἀλλὰ σὺ κήν δρυμοίσι, καὶ εἶν ἄλλ, καὶ διὰ μέσης
ἥρος εὐάγρων τοίῳ δίδου κάματον.

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τρισσὰ τάδε τρισσοὶ θηραγρέται, ἄλλος ὡπ' ἄλλης
tέχνης, πρὸς νηῷ Πανὸς ἐδεντο λίνα·
Πύγρης μὲν πτανοίσιν ἐφεῖς βόλου, ἐν δ' ἄλοισιν
Κλείτωρ, ἐν θηροῖν Δάμις ἔρημονομοισ.
tοῦνεκα, Πάν, τὸν μὲν γε δι' αὐθέροις, ὅν δ' ἀπὸ
λόχης,
tὸν δὲ δὴ αὐγιαλῶν θῆς πολυαγρότερον.
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from a different craft. Pigres gave his fowling nets, Damis his nets for beasts, and Cleitor his for fishes. Let the nets of the one be always lucky in the wood, those of the second in the air, and those of the third in the sea.

182.—ALEXANDER OF MAGNESIA

Pigres dedicates to thee, Pan, his nets for birds, Damis his for mountain beasts, and Cleitor his for those of the deep: a common gift from the brothers for their luck in the various kinds of chase to thee who art skilled in the things of sea and land alike. In return for which, and recognising their piety, give one dominion in the sea, the other in the air, the third in the woods.

183.—ZOSIMUS OF THASOS

The hunter brothers suspended these nets to thee, Pan, gifts from three sorts of chase; Pigres from fowls, Cleitor from the sea, and Damis, the crafty tracker, from the land. But do thou reward their toil with success in wood, sea, and air.

184.—BY THE SAME

The three huntsmen, each from a different craft, dedicated these nets in Pan's temple; Pigres who set his nets for birds, Cleitor who set his for sea-fishes, and Damis who set his for the beasts of the waste. Therefore, Pan, make them more successful, the one in the air, the other in the thicket, and the third on the beach.
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185.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βρεθ' μὲν ἄγραύλων τόδε δίκτυον ἀνθετο θηρῶν
Δάμως, καὶ Πύρης πτηνολέτων νεφέλην,
ἀπλότατοι δ' ἄλλο τούτο μυτορραφές ἄμφιβληστρον
Κλείτωρ, εὐθήρῳ Παῦλ προσευξάμενοι.
τούνεκα, Πάν, κρατερό πόρε Δάμωδι ληίδα θηρῶν,
Πύρη δ' οἰωνῶν, Κλείτορε δ' εἰναλίων.

186.—ΙΟΤΛΙΟΤ ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΤΣ

Δίκτυα σοι τάδε, Πάν, ἀνεθήκαμεν οἶκος ἀδελφῶν
οἱ τρεῖς, ἔξ ὀρέων, ἱέρος, ἐκ πολάγευς.
δικτυβόλει τούτῳ δὲ παρ' ἡτόνων κροκάλαισιν·
θηροβόλει τούτῳ δ' ἀγκεστὶ θηροτόκοις·
τὸν τρίτον ἐν πτηνοδίνω ἐπιβλέπει· τῆς γὰρ ἀπάν−
των,
 daemon, ἔχεις ἡμέων δώρα λινοστασίας.

187.—ἈΛΦΕΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Παῦλ κασυγνήτων ἱερὴ τριάς, ἄλλος ἀπ' ἄλλης,
ἀνθετ' ἀπ' οἰκείας σύμμοροιν ἐργασίας,
Πύρης ὄρνησθων, ἄλλων ἀπομοίρια Κλείτωρ,
ἐμπαλω ἱθυτόμων Δάμως ἀπὸ σταλάκων.
ἀνθ' ὄν εὐαγρίαν τῷ μὲν χρόνως, ὃ δὲ διδοῖς
ἐξ ἀλός, ὃ δὲ νέμοις ἱέρος ὀφελήν.

188.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

'Ὁ Κρής Θηρίμαχος τὰ λαγωβόλα Παῦλ Δυκαίῳ
ταῦτα πρὸς 'Αρκαδικοῖς ἐκρήμασε σκοπέλοις.
ἄλλα σὺ Θηρίμαχο Δόρων χάριν, ἄγροτα δαίμον,
χεῖρα κατιθύνοις τοξότων ἐν πολέμῳ,
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

185.—By the Same

This heavy net for forest beasts did Damis dedicate, Pigres his light net that brings death to birds, and Cleitor his simple sweep-net woven of thread for the sea, praying all three to Pan the hunter’s god. Therefore, Pan, grant to strong Damis good booty of beasts, to Pigres of fowls, and to Cleitor of fishes.

186.—JULIUS DIOCLES

We three brothers of one house have dedicated three nets to thee, Pan, from mountain, air, and sea. Cast his nets for this one by the shingly beach, strike the game for this one in the woods, the home of wild beasts, and look with favour on the third among the birds; for thou hast gifts, kind god, from all our netting.

187.—ALPHEIUS OF MYTILENE

The holy triad of brothers dedicate to Pan each a token of his own craft; Pigres a portion from his birds, Cleitor from his fish, and Damis from his straight-cut stakes. In return for which grant to the one success by land, to the second by sea, and let the third win profit from the air.

188.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Therimachus the Cretan suspended these his hare-staves to Lycaean Pan on the Arcadian cliff. But do thou, country god, in return for his gift, direct aright the archer’s hand in battle, and in the
189.—ΜΟΙΡΟΤΣ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΑΣ
Νύμφα τ' Ανιγριάδες, ποταμοῦ κόραι, αἱ τάδε βένθη
ὕμβροσιαί ροδέοις στείβετε ποσσιν ἂεί,
χαίρετε καὶ σώξοιτε Κλεώνυμον, ὡς τάδε καλὰ
eίσαθ' ὑπαὶ πιτόνῳ ὕμμι, θεαί, ξόανα.

190.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ
Δάξεο, τιμήσεσα Κυθηριάς, ὕμνοπόλου
λιτὰ τάδ' ἐκ λιτοῦ δῶρα Δεωνίδεω
πεντάδα τὴν σταφυλῆς εὐρώγεα, καὶ μελιηδές
πρώϊον εὐφύλλων σύκοιν ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
καὶ ταύτην ἀπέτηλον ἀλυκήτειραν ἐλαίην,
καὶ ψαυτῶν ὀλύγων δράγμα πενίχραλέων,
καὶ σταγόνα σπονδιτῆν, ἄεί θυέσσων ὑπηδόν,
τὴν κύλικος βαιὸ πυθμένει κενθομένην.
eἰ δ', ὡς εὐ βαρύνυιον ἀπόσαυ νοῦσον, ἐλίσσεσιο
καὶ πενίη, δῶσω πιαλέον χίμαρον.

191.—ΚΟΡΝΗΛΙΟΤ ΔΟΡΓΟΤ
Ἐκ πενίης, ὡς ὀίσθ', ἀκραίφνεος ἀλλὰ δίκαιης,
Κύπρος, ταύτα δέχεβ δῶρα Δεωνίδεω
πορφυρέην ταύτην ἐπιφυλλίδα, τὴν θ' ἀλίπαστον
δρύπετα, καὶ ψαυτῶν τὴν νομίμων θυσίην,
σπονδῆν θ', ἵν αὐαλευτον ἀφύλίσα, καὶ τὰ μελιχρὰ
σύκα. σὺ δ', ὡς νοῦσον, ῥέεο καὶ πενίης;
καὶ τότε βουθυτέοντά μ' ἐσώψεαι. ἀλλὰ σὺ, δαῖμον,
σπεύδως ἀντιλαβεῖν τὴν ἀπ' ἐμεῦ χάριτα.
forest dells stand beside him on his right hand, giving him supremacy in the chase and supremacy over his foes.

189.—MOERO OF BYZANTIUM

Ye Anigrian nymphs, daughters of the stream, ambrosial beings that ever tread these depths with your rosy feet, all hail, and cure Cleonymus, who set up for you under the pines these fair images.

190.—GAETULICUS

Take, honoured Cytherea, these poor gifts from poor Leonidas the poet, a bunch of five fine grapes, an early fig, sweet as honey, from the leafy branches, this leafless olive that swam in brine, a little handful of frugal barley-cake, and the libation that ever accompanies sacrifice, a wee drop of wine, lurking in the bottom of the tiny cup. But if, as thou hast driven away the disease that weighed sore on me, so thou dost drive away my poverty, I will give thee a fat goat.

191.—CORNELIUS LONGUS

Receive, Cypris, these gifts of Leonidas out of a poverty which is, as thou knowest, untempered but honest, these purple gleanings from the vine, this pickled olive, the prescribed sacrifice of barley-cake, a libation of wine which I strained off without shaking the vessel, and the sweet figs. Save me from want, as thou hast saved me from sickness, and then thou shalt see me sacrificing cattle. But hasten, goddess, to earn and receive my thanks.

1 This and the following are in imitation of Leonidas' own poem, No. 300.
192.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Ταῦτα σαγηναίοιο λίνον δηναιᾶ Πριήτρω
λεύψανα καὶ κύρτους Φινύλος ἐκρέμασεν,
καὶ γαμψῶν χαίτησιν ἔφ' ἵππεϊμεν ἑπεθὲν
ἀγκιστρὸν, κρυφίην εἰναλίουσι πάγην,
καὶ δάνακα τριτάνυστον, ἀβαπτιστίτον τε καθ' ὕδωρ
φελλόν, ἀεὶ κρυφίων σήμα λαχῶντα βόλων
οὐ γὰρ ἐτὰ στείβει πολ' χαοράδας, οὐδ' ἐπιαύει
ηώσιν, μογερῆ γηραί τειρόμενος.

193.—ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ

Πρίητ' αἰγιαλίτα, φυκόγειτον,
Δαμοίτας ἄλιεῦς, ὦ βυσσομέτρης,
tὸ πέτρης ἄλυπλήγος ἐκμαγεῖον,
ἡ βδέλλα σπιλάδων, ὦ ποντοθήρης,
σοὶ τὰ δίκτυα τὰμφιβλήστρα ταῦτα,
δαίμον, εἰσατο, τοῖς ἔθαλπε γῆρας.

194.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

eis σάλπιγγα

Σῶζε, θεὰ Τριτοῖ, τὰ τεθέντα [τε] τῶν τ' ἀναθέντα.

195.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Τρφάδι Παλλανάδος ἀνηέρτησεν 'Ajax
αὐλὸν ἐριβρεμέταν Μίκκος Ἐννυλίου,
ὅποτε καὶ θυμέλησι καὶ ἐν πολέμωσιν ἔμελλεν
πρόσθε, τὸ μὲν στοναχάς σήμα, τὸ δ' εὐνομίας.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

192.—ARCHIAS

Phintylus suspended to Priapus these old remains of his seine, his weels, the crooked hook attached to a horse-hair line, hidden trap for fishes, his very long cane-rod, his float that sinks not in the water, ever serving as the indicator of his hidden casts; for no longer does he walk on the rocks or sleep on the beach, now he is worn by troublesome old age.

193.—FLACCUS

Priapus of the beach, neighbour of the seaweed, Damoetas the fisherman, the fathomer of the deep, the very image of a sea-worn crag, the leech of the rocks, the sea-hunter, dedicates to thee this sweep-net, with which he comforted his old age.

194.—Anonymous

On a Trumpet.

Preserve, Tritonian goddess, the offerings and the offerer.

195.—ARCHIAS

To Athene of Troy Miccus of Pallene suspended the deep-toned trumpet of the War-God which formerly he sounded by the altars¹ and on the field of battle, here a sign of civic order, and there of the death-cry.

¹ See No. 46.
196.—ΣΤΑΤΣΑΛΙΟΤ ΦΙΛΑΚΚΟΤ

'Ραιβοσκέλη, δίχαλον, ἀμμοδύτορα ὁπισθοβάμον', ἀτράχηλον, ὀκτάπουν, νήκταν, τερεμνόνωτον, ὀστρακόχροα, τῷ Παντὶ τοῦ πάγουρον ὀρμοβόλος, ἀγρας ἀπαρχάν, ἀντίθησι Κώπασος.

197.—ΣΙΜΟΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ελλάνων ἄρχαγος ἐπεὶ στρατὸν ὀλέσα Μήδων Πανσανίας Φοίβω μνάμι ἀνέθηκα τόδε.

198.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

"Ωριον ἀνθήσαντας ὑπὸ κροτάφοισιν ιούλοις κειράμενος, γενύων ἐρσενας ἀγλάας,
Φοίβω δήκε Δύκων, πρῶτον γέρας· εὔξατο δ’ οὕτως καὶ πολιήν λευκῶν κείραι ἀπὸ κροτάφων.
τοῖς ἀλλ’ ἐπίνευε, τίθει δὲ μιν, ὡς πρὸ γε τοῖον, ὡς αὐτῖς πολικὸ γῆραϊ νιφόμενον.

199.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Εἰνοδὴν, σοι τόνδε φίλης ἀνεθήκατο κόρης πῖλον, ὀδουπορίς σύμβολον, 'Αντίφιλος· ἥσθα γὰρ εὐχωλῆσι κατήκους, ἥσθα κελεύθοις ἔλαος· οὐ πολλὴ δ’ ἡ χάρις, ἀλλ’ ὀσίη.
μὴ δὲ τις ἡμετέρου μάρψῃ χερὶ μάργυρος ὀδίθης ἀνθέματος· συλάν ἄσφαλες οὐδ’ ὀλγα.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS.

196.—STATYLIUS FLACCUS

The bandy-legged, two-clawed sand-diver, the retrograde, neckless, eight-footed, the solid-backed, hard-skinned swimmer, the crab, does Copasus the line-fisher offer to Pan, as the first-fruits of his catch.

197.—SIMONIDES

I, Pausanias, the leader of the Greeks, dedicated this monument to Phoebus, when I destroyed the army of the Medes.

198.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Lycon, having shaved the down that flowered in its season under his temples, the manly ornament of his cheeks, dedicated it to Phoebus, a first gift, and therewith prayed that so he might also shave the gray hairs from his temples. Grant him an old age such as his youth, and as thou hast made him now thus, may he remain thus when the snow of hoary eld falls on his head.

199.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Artemis, goddess of the road, Antiphilus dedicates to thee this hat from his head, a token of his wayfaring; for thou hast hearkened to his vows, thou hast blessed his paths. The gift is not great, but given in piety, and let no covetous traveller lay his hand on my offering; it is not safe to despoil a shrine of even little gifts.

1 At Delphi on the bronze tripod.
2 At the battle of Plataea.
200.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Έκ τόκου, Εἰλείθυια, πικράν ὀδίνα φυγοῦσα,
'Αμβροσίη κλειών θήκατό σοι πρὸ ποδῶν
dέσμα κόμας καὶ πέπλουν, ἐφ' ὦ δεκάτῳ ἐνὶ μὴν
dισόδῳ ἀπὸ ξώνης κῦμ' ἐλόχευσε τέκνων.

201.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Σάνδαλα καὶ μέτρην περικαλλέα, τὸν τε μυρόπνουν
βόστρυχον ὀραίων οὐλον ἀπὸ πλοκάμων,
kαὶ ξώνην, καὶ λεπτὸν ὑπένδυμα τοῦτο χιτώνος,
kαὶ τὰ περὶ στέρνου ἀγλαά μαστόδετα,
ἐμβρυον εὐώδινος ἐπεὶ φύγε νηδύος ὅγκου,
Εὐφράντη νηφὶ βήκεν ὑπ' Ἄρτέμιδος.

202.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Εὐθύσανον ξώνην τοι ὁμοῦ καὶ τόνδε κύπασσιν
'Ἀθής παρθενίων βήκεν ὑπερθεθε ϑυρῶν,
ἐκ τόκου, ὦ Δητωτ, βαρυνομένης ὦτε νηδύν
ξῶν αὐτ' ὀδίνων λύσαο τήςδε βρέφους.

203.—ΔΑΚΩΝΟΣ, οἱ δὲ ΦΙΛΙΠΝΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛ.

'Ἡ γρηγὺς ἡ χερνήτις, ἡ γυνὴ πόδας,
pύστιν καὶ ἐσθλὴν ὑδάτος παιωνίου
ὁθεν ποθερπύξουσα σὺν δρυὸς ξύλῳ,
tὸ μν ἀνεκκῆρυπτε τὴν τετρωμένην'
οἰκτός δὲ Νῦμφας ἔλευς, αὖτ' ἐρυθρὸμου
Αἰτνῆς παρωρείσι Συμαίδου πατρὸς
ἔχουσι διήνειτο ὑγρῶν οἰκίων.
καὶ τῆς μὲν ἀμφίχωλον ἀρτέμις σκέλος
τῆρη ἀνεκτῆριζεν Αἰτνᾶη λεβάς.
Νῦμφαις δ' ἔλευπε βάκτρον, αὖτ' ἔπτηνεσαν
πέμπτειν μν ἀστήρικτον, ἡσθείσαις δόσει.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

200.—LEONIDAS

Ilithyia, at thy glorious feet Ambrosia, saved from the bitter pangs of labour, laid her head-bands and her robe, because that in the tenth month she brought forth the double fruit of her womb.

201.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Euphrante, when she was happily delivered of the burden of her womb, dedicated in the temple of Artemis her sandals and beautiful head-band, and this scented curl cut from her lovely locks, her zone, too, and this fine under-vest, and the bright band that encompassed her bosom.

202.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Athis hung over thy virginal portals, O daughter of Leto, her tasselled zone and this her frock, when thou didst deliver her heavy womb of a live child.

203.—LACON OR PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The old lame serving-woman, hearing the good news of the healing water, came limping with an oaken staff that propped her stricken body. Pity seized the Nymphs who dwelt on the skirts of bellowing Etna in the watery house of their father, eddying Symaethus. The hot spring of Etna restored the strength of her lame legs, and to the Nymphs, who granted her prayer that they would send her back unsupported, she left her staff, and they rejoiced in the gift.
204.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Θήριο δ' ἰαίδαλόχειρ τὰ Παιλλίδη πήχων ἀκαμπῆ, καὶ τετανών νότῳ καμπτόμενον πρίωνα, καὶ πέλεκυν ῥυκάναν τ' εὐανγέα, καὶ περιαγές τρύπανον, ἐκ τέχνας ἀνθετο παυσάμενος.

205.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τέκτονος ἄρμενα ταῦτα Λεοντίχου, αἱ τε χαρακταί ῥίναι, καὶ κάλων οἱ ταχινοὶ βορέες, στάθμαι καὶ μιλτεία, καὶ αἱ σχεδὸν ἀμφιπλήγες σφυραί, καὶ μίλτῳ φυρόμενοι κανόνες, αἱ τ' ἀρίδες, ξυστήρ τε, καὶ ἐστελεωμένοι οὔτοι ἐμβριθής, τέχνας ὁ πρύτανις, πέλεκυς, τρύπανα τ' εὐδίνητα, καὶ ὠκήεντα τέρετρα, καὶ γόμφων οὔτοι τοὶ πίσυρες τορέες, ἀμφίξων τε σκέπαρνον· ἄ δ' ἅριεργῷ Ἀθάνα 

206.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΩΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ
Σάνδαλα μὲν τὰ ποδῶν θαλπτηρία ταῦτα Βίτινα, εὐτέχυνοι ἔρατον σκυτότομων κάματον· τὸν δὲ φιλοπλάγκτοιο κόμας σφυκτήρα Φιλανίς, βαπτὸν ἀλὸς πολιής ἀνθετε κεκρύφαλον· ῥιπίδα δ' Ἀντίκλεια· καλύπτειραι δὲ προσώπου, ἐργὼν ἀραχναίος νήμασιν ἱσόμορον, ἄ καλὰ Ἡράκλεια· τὸν εὐσπειρῆ δὲ δράκοντα, χρύσειον ῥαδινῶν κόσμον ἐπισφυρίων, πατρὸς Ἀριστοτέλους συνομώμυρος· αἱ συνομήθεις ἄλκες Οὐρανίη δῶρα Κυθηριάδι.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

204.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Thereis, the cunning worker, on abandoning his craft, dedicates to Pallas his straight cubit-rule, his stiff saw with curved handle, his bright axe and plane, and his revolving gimlet.

205.—BY THE SAME

These are the tools of the carpenter Leontichus, the grooved file, the plane, rapid devourer of wood, the line and ochre-box, the hammer lying next them that strikes with both ends, the rule stained with ochre, the drill-bow and rasp, and this heavy axe with its handle, the president of the craft; his revolving augers and quick gimlets too, and these four screw-drivers and his double-edged adze—all these on ceasing from his calling he dedicated to Athene who gives grace to work.

206.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

To Aphrodite the Heavenly we girl companions, all of one age, give these gifts: Bitinna these sandals, a comfort to her feet, the pretty work of skilled shoemakers, Philaenis the net, dyed with sea-purple, that confined her straying hair, Anticlea her fan, lovely Heraclea her veil, fine as a spider’s web, and the daughter of Aristotle, who bears her father’s name,¹ her coiled snake, the gold ornament of her slender ankles.

¹ Aristoteleia.
207.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Σάνδαλα ταύτα Βίτιννα· πολυπλάγκτου δὲ Φιλανίς
πορφύρεον χαίτας ρύτορα κεκρύφαλον·
ξανθὰ δ’ Ἀντίκλεια νόθον κεύθουσαν ἄημα
ῥυπίδα, τὰν μαλερὸν θάλπος ἀμυνομέναν·
λεπτὸν δ’ Ἡράκλεια τόδε προκάλυμμα προσώπου,
ἢ τευχθὲν ἀραχνάης εἰκελὼν ἀρπεδῶσιν·
ἀ δὲ καλὸν σπείραμα περισφυρίῳ δράκοντος
οὖνομ’ Ἀριστοτέλεω πατρὸς ἐνεγκαμένα·
ἀλκες ἀγλαὰ δῶρα, γαμοστόλε, σοι τάδε, Κύπρι,
ὡπασαν, αἱ γυάλων Ναυκράτιδος ναέται.

208.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Η τὰ πέδιλα φέρουσα, Μενεκράτις· ἢ δὲ τὸ φάρος,
Φημονῶν· Πρηξὼ δ’, ἢ τὸ κύπελλον ἔχειν.
τῆς Παφίης δ’ ὁ νεῶς καλ ὁ βρέτας· ἀνθεμα δ’
ἀυτῶν
ξυνόν: Στρυμονίου δ’ ἔργον Ἀριστομάχου.
πάσαι δ’ ἀσταλ ἔσαν καὶ ἑταοίδες· ἄλλα τυχόσαι
κύπριδος εὐκρήτου, τὼν ἐνός ἐσίν μία.

209.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βιθυνίας Κυθέρη με τῆς ἄνεθήκατο, Κύπρι,
μορφῆς εἰδωλον λύγδινον, εὐξαμένη.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τῇ μικκῇ μεγάλην χάριν ἀντιμερίζου,
ὡς ἠθος· ἀρκεῖται δ’ ἀνδρὸς ὀμοφροσύνη.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

207.—ARCHIAS

Bitinna gives these sandals, Philaenis the purple net that confines her vagrant hair, fair-haired Anticlea her fan in which lurks bastard wind, her defence against the violent heat, Heraclea this fine veil for her face, wrought like unto a spider's web, and Aristoteleia, who bears her father's name, the snake, her beautiful anklet. Girls all of one age, dwelling in low-lying Naucratis, they offer these rich gifts to thee, Aphrodite, who presidest over weddings.

208.—ANTIPATER

(It would seem on a Picture.)

She who brings the shoes is Menecratis, she with the cloak is Phemonoe, and Praxo she who holds the goblet. The temple and statue are Aphrodite's. The offering is their joint one and it is the work of Aristomachus of the Strymonian land. They were all free-born courtesans, but chancing on more temperate love are now each the wife of one.

209.—BY THE SAME

Bithynian Cythere dedicated me to thee, Cypris, according to her vow, the marble image of thy form. But do thou, as is thy wont, give her a great gift in return for this little one; she asks no more than that her husband may be of one heart and soul with her.
210.—ΦΙΛΗΤΑ ΣΑΜΙΟΤ
Пεντηκονταέτες καὶ ἐπὶ πλέον ἢ φιλέραστος
Νικιάς εἰς υἱὸν Κύπριδος ἐκρέμασεν
σάνδαλα καὶ χαίτης ἀνέλγματα, τὸν δὲ διανυῆ
χαλκὸν, ἀκριβείᾳς οὐκ ἀπολειπόμενον,
καὶ ξίων πολύτειμον, ἀ τ’ οὖ φωνητὰ πρὸς ἄνδρός· 5
ἀλλ’ ἐσθοτῆς πᾶσης Κύπριδος ὀπτασίη.

211.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Τὸν ἀργυρὸν Ἴροτα, καὶ περίσσυρον
πέζαν, τὸ πορφυρέων τε Δεσβίδος κόμης
ἐλιγμα, καὶ μηλοῦχον ὑαλόχροα,
τὸ χάλκεον τ’ ἐσοπτρον, ἢδὲ τὸν πλατὺν
τριχῶν σαγηνευτήρα, πύξιον κτένα, 5
ὅων ἦθελεν τυχοῦσα, γυναία Κύπρι,
ἐν σαῖς τίθηςι Καλλίκλεια παστᾶσιν.

212.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Εὔχεο τοῖς δῶροις, Κύτων, θεοῦ ὅωδε χαρῆναι
Λητοίδην ἤγορῆς καλλιχόρου πρύτανιν,
ὡστερ ὕπ’ ξείνων τε, καὶ οὐ ναίουσι Κόρινθου,
ἀλον ἔχεις χαρίτων μεστοτάτοις στεφάνοις.

213.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Ἔξ ἐπὶ πεντήκοντα, Σιμωνίδη, ἢραο ταῦρους
καὶ τρίποδας, πρὶν τόνδ’ ἄνθεμεναι πένακα·
τοσακί δ’ ἵμερέοντα διδαξάμενος χορὸν ἄνδρῶν,
εὐδίξου Νίκας ἀγλαὸν ἄμφ’ ἐπέβης.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

210.—PHILETAS OF SAMOS

Now past her fiftieth year doth amorous Nicias hang in the fane of Cypris her sandals, locks of her uncoiled hair, her bronze mirror that lacketh not accuracy, her precious zone, and the things of which a man may not speak. But here you see the whole pageant of Cypris.

211.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Calliclea, her wish having been granted, dedicates in thy porch, true Cypris, the silver statuette of Love, her anklet, the purple caul of her Lesbian hair,¹ her pale-blue bosom-band, her bronze mirror, and the broad box-wood comb that gathered in her locks.

212.—SIMONIDES

Pray, Cyton, that the god, the son of Leto, who presides over the market-place, scene of beautiful dances, may take joy in thy gifts as great as is the praise thou receivest by the gifts to thee of crowns loaded with gratitude from strangers and citizens of Corinth.

213.—BY THE SAME

Six and fifty bulls and as many tripods didst thou win, Simonides, ere thou didst dedicate this tablet. Even so many times, after teaching thy odes to the delightful chorus of men, didst thou mount the splendid chariot of glorious victory.

¹ She was presumably from Lesbos. Its women were celebrated for their hair.
214.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Φημὶ Γέλων', Ἱέρωνα, Πολυζήλον, Ὑρασύβουλον,
παῖδας Δειυμένενς, τὸν τρίποδὶ ἀνθέμεναι,
ἐξ ἐκατὸν λιτρῶν καὶ πεντήκοντα ταλάντων
Δαμαρέτου χρυσοῦ, τὰς δεκάτας δεκάταν.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ταῦτ' ὑπὸ δυσμενέων Μήδων ναὸταί Διοδόρου
ὄπλ' ἀνέθεν Λατοῖ μνάματα ναυμαχίας.

216.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Σῶσος καὶ Σωσῶ σωτήρια τόνδ' ἀνέθηκαν.
Σῶσος μὲν σωθεῖς, Σωσῶ δ' ὅτι Σῶσος ἐσώθη.

217.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Χειμερίην νυφετοῦ κατήλυσιν ἥνικ' ἀλύξασ
Γάλλος ἐρημαίην ἠλυθ' ὑπὸ σπιλάδα,
ὑετὸν ἄρτι κόμης ἀπομόρβατο· τοῦ δὲ κατ' ἱχνος
βουφάγος εἰς κοίλην ἄτρατον ἱκτο λέων.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πεπταμένη μέγα τύμπανον ὅ σχέθε χειρὶ
ἡραξεν, καλαχῇ δ' ἰαχεῖν ἀντρον ᾗπαν.
οὐδ' ἔτην Κυβέλης ἱερὸν βρόμου ὕλονος θήρ
μεῖναι, ἀν' ὑλῆν δ' ὁκνὸς ἐθύνει ὄρος,
δεῖσας ἠμυγώναικα θεῆς λάτριν, ὡς τάδε Ἡρία
ἐνυτὰ καὶ ξανθοῦς ἐκρέμασε πλοκάμους.

1 One of the most famous and precious offerings at Delphi, dedicated by the Sicilian princes after their victory over the Carthaginians, which was contemporary with the battle of Salamis.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

214.—By the Same

I say that Gelo, Hiero, Polyzelus, and Thrasybulus, the sons of Dinomenes, dedicated the tripod\(^1\) weighing fifty talents and six hundred litrae\(^2\) of Damarettian\(^3\) gold, a tithe of the tithe.\(^4\)

215.—By the Same

These shields, won from their foes the Medes, the sailors of Diodorus dedicated to Leto in memory of the sea-fight.\(^5\)

216.—By the Same

Sosus and Soso dedicated this (tripod) in thanks for being so saved, Sosus because he was so saved and Soso because Sosus was so saved.

217.—By the Same

The priest of Rhea, when taking shelter from the winter snow-storm he entered the lonely cave, had just wiped the snow off his hair, when following on his steps came a lion, devourer of cattle, into the hollow way. But he with outspread hand beat the great tambour he held and the whole cave rang with the sound. Nor did that woodland beast dare to support the holy boom of Cybele, but rushed straight up the forest-clad hill, in dread of the half-girlish servant of the goddess, who hath dedicated to her these robes and this his yellow hair.

\(^2\) The Sicilian litra weighed an insignificant amount.
\(^3\) A coin first struck by Damarete, wife of Gelo.
\(^4\) i.e. of the tithe which fell to the princes.
\(^5\) Of Salamis.
Κειράμενος γονύμην τις ἀπὸ φλέβα Μητρὸς ἀγύρτης Ἰδης εὐδένδρου πρώνας ἐβουνοβάτει·
ὅτι δὲ λέων ἦντησε πελώριος, ὡς ἐπὶ θοίνην ἄχασμα φέρουν χαλεπον πειναλέου φύρυγος.
δείσας δὲ ὀμποντείω θηρὸς μύρον ὡς αὐγαζε, τύμπανον ἐξ ἵερας ἐπλατάγγησε νύπησ.
χω μὲν ἐνέκλεισεν φοινάκι γένυν, ἐκ δὲ τενώτων ἐνθοὺς ῥομβητὴν ἐστροφάλξε φόβην·
κεῖνος δὲ ἐκεπροφυγὼν ὅλον μύρον, ἔισατο Ὄρηθα, τὸν ὀρχησμὸν αὐτομαθῆ Κυβέλης.

219.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Έκ ποτὲ τις φρυκτὸ δεῖς σεσοβημένος οὔστρῳ ῥομβητοῦ δονέων λυσσομανεῖς πλοκάμους,
θηλυχίτων, ἄσκητος ἐὑσπείροις κορύμβοις,
ἅβρῷ τε στρεπτῶν ἄμματι κεκρυφάλων,
ἴθρις ἀνήρ, κολὼπων ὅρειάδα δύσατο πέτραν,
Ζανός ἐλαστρήνθεις γυμνοπαιγει νυφάδε.
τὸν δὲ μετ᾽ ἀρρύγγητος ἐπείσθορε ταυροφόνοις θήρ,
εἰς τὸν ἐὸν προμολὼν φωλεόν ἐσπέριον·
ἀθρήσας δ᾽ εἰς φῶτα, καὶ εὐτρήτωσιν αὐτομάν
μυκτήρων βροτέας σαρκὸς ἐρυσσάμενος,
ἐστα μὲν βρισκόμεν ἐπ᾽ ἰχνοσφυγον ὄρμα δ᾽ ἐλίξας
βρυχάτῳ σφεδανῶν ὄβριμον ἐκ γενύων.
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ σμαράγγις μὲν ἐναυλιστήριον ἄντρον,
ἀχεὶ δ᾽ ὦλαεις ἀγχιστήριος σκόπελος.
αὐτὰρ δὲ θαμβήσας φθόγγον βαρύν, ἐκ μὲν ἀπαντὰ
ἐν στέρνοις ἐάγη θυμὸν ὀρινόμενον.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS

218.—ALCAEUS

A begging eunuch priest of Cybele was wandering through the upland forests of Ida, and there met him a huge lion, its hungry throat dreadfully gaping as though to devour him. Then in fear of the death that faced him in its ravening jaws, he beat his tambour from the holy grove. The lion shut its murderous mouth, and as if itself full of divine frenzy, began to toss and whirl its mane about its neck. But he thus escaping a dreadful death dedicated to Rhea the beast that had taught itself her dance.

219.—ANTIPATER

Goaded by the fury of the dreadful goddess, tossing his locks in wild frenzy, clothed in woman’s raiment with well-plaited tresses and a dainty netted hair-caul, a eunuch once took shelter in a mountain cavern, driven by the numbing snow of Zeus. But behind him rushed in unshivering a lion, slayer of bulls, returning to his den in the evening, who looking on the man, snuffing in his shapely nostrils the smell of human flesh, stood still on his sturdy feet, but rolling his eyes roared loudly from his greedy jaws. The cave, his den, thunders around him and the wooded peak that mounts nigh to the clouds echoes loud. But the priest startled by the deep voice felt all his stirred spirit broken in his
ἀλλ' ἔμπας ἐρίμυκον ἀπὸ στομάτων ὀλολυγὰν ἦκεν, ἐδώιησεν δ' εὐστροφάλλυγα κόμαν· χειρὶ δ' ἀνασχόμενος μέγα τύμπανον, ἐπλατάγησεν, διωντὸν Ἐρίας ὀπλὸν Ὄλυμπιάδος τὸ ξώας ἑπαρωγόν· ιύθεα γὰρ τότε βύρσης ταυρείου κενεὼν δοῦπον ἐδείσε λέων, ἐκ δὲ φυγῶν ὁροῦσεν. ὦδ' ὡς ἐδίδαξεν ἀνώγα πάνσοφος ἐξευρέιν ἐκλυσίων 'Λιδεω.

220.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Σύρδις Πεσσινόντος ἀπὸ Φρυγὸς ἤθελ' ίκέσθαι ἐκφρων, μαινομένην δοὺς ἀνέμοις τρίχα, ἀγνὸς Ἀτος, Κυβέλης θαλαμητόλος· ἀγρία δ' αὐτοῦ ἐψύχθη χαλεπῆς πνεύματα θευφορίς, ἐσπέριον στείχοντος ἀνά κνέφας· εἰς δὲ κάταντες ἀντρόν ἑδυ, νεύσας βαιὸν ἀπωθεῖν ὀδοῦ· τοῦ δὲ λέων ὄρουσε κατὰ στίβουν, ἀνδράσι δεῖμα βαρσαλέωις, Γάλλω δ' ὀυδ' ὄνομαστὸν ἄχος, ὃς τὸτ' ἀναυδὸς ἔμεινεν δέος ὑπὸ, καὶ τῶν ἀυρῆς δαιμονὸς ἐς στονοῦν τύμπανον ἢκε χέρας· οὗ βαρὺ μυκήσαντος, ὁ βαρσαλεότερος ἀλλῶν τετραπόδων, ἐλάφων ἐδραμεν ἐξύτερον, τῶν βαρύν ὡς μείνας ἄκοψις ψόφου· ἐκ δὲ βὼς ἐν "Μήτερ, Σαγγαρίου χείλεσι πᾶρ ποταμῷ ἱρῆν σοι θαλάμην, ζωάργια, καὶ θαλάγημα τοῦτο, τὸ θηρὶ φυγῆς αἴτιον, ἀντιθεῖαι."

221.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Χειμερῆν διὰ νύκτα, χαλαζήσετά τε συρμοῦν καὶ νυφετὸν φεύγων καὶ κρυόετα πάγον,
breast. Yet he uttered from his lips the piercing shriek they use, and tossed his whirling locks, and holding up his great tambour, the revolving instrument of Olympian Rhea, he beat it, and it was the saviour of his life; for the lion hearing the unaccustomed hollow boom of the bull’s hide was afraid and took to flight. See how all-wise necessity taught a means of escape from death!

220.—DIOSCORIDES

Chaste Atys, the gelded\(^1\) servant of Cybele, in frenzy giving his wild hair to the wind, wished to reach Sardis from Phrygian Pessinus; but when the dark of evening fell upon him in his course, the fierce fervour of his bitter ecstasy was cooled and he took shelter in a descending cavern, turning aside a little from the road. But a lion came swiftly on his track, a terror to brave men and to him an inexpressible woe. He stood speechless from fear and by some divine inspiration put his hand to his sounding tambour. At its deep roar the most courageous of beasts ran off quicker than a deer, unable to bear the deep note in its ears, and he cried out, “Great Mother, by the banks of the Sangarias I dedicate to thee, in thanks for my life, my holy thalame\(^2\) and this noisy instrument that caused the lion to fly.”

221.—LEONIDAS

Through the wintry night and driving hail, flying from the snow and bitter frost, a lion old and solitary

\(^1\) See next note.

\(^2\) These were receptacles in which the organs of these castrated priests were deposited.
μουνολέων, καὶ δὴ κεκακωμένος ἀθρόα γυῖα,
ἡλθε φιλοκρήμων αὖλιν ἐς αὐγινώμων.
oί δὲ οὐκ ἀμφ᾽ αὐγών μεμελημένοι, ἀλλὰ περὶ σφέων, 5
ἐκατο Σωτήρα Ζην ἐπικεκλόμενοι.
χεῖμα δὲ θὴρ μείνας, θὴρ νύκτιος, οὔτε τιν´ ἀνδρῶν
οὔτε βοτῶν βλάψας, φχετ´ ἀπαυλοῦνος.
oί δὲ πάθης ἔργου τόδ᾽ εὐγραφῆς ἀκρολοφίτα
Πανὶ παρ᾽ εὐπρέμῳ τᾶδ᾽ ἀνέθεντο δρυῖ.

222.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Μυριόστουν σκολόπενδραν ὑπ᾽ Ὦρισον κυκθείς
πόντος Ἱαπύγων ἐβρασ ἐπὶ σκοπέλους·
kai τόδ᾽ ἀπὸ βλοσυροῦ σελάχεις μέγα πλευρὸν
ἀνήψαν
δαιμοσὶ βουφόρτων κοίρανοι εἰκοσόρων.

223.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Δείψανον ἀμφίκλαστον ἀλιπλανέος σκολοπένδρης
τούτῳ κατ᾽ εὐρυσαμάθου κείμενον ἱώνος,
δισσάκε τετράργυροι, ἀπαυ πεφορογμένον ἀφρό,
πολλὰ θαλασσαῖς ἔμφεν ὑπὸ στπιλάδι,
Ἑρμώναξ ἐκίχανεν, ὅτε γρηπηδί τέχνη
εἶλκε τὸν ἐκ πελάγους ἱχθύσεντα βόλον·
eυρῶν δ᾽ ἥρπτησε Παλαίμονι παιδὶ καὶ Ἰνοὶ,
δαιμοσὶν εἰναλλὶς δοὺς τέρας εἰνάλιον.

224.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Εἰνάλλε λαβύρινθε, τύ μοι λέγε: τῆς σ᾽ ἀνέδηκεν
ἀγρέμιον πολιᾶς ἐξ ἄλος εὐρόμενος;—

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and indeed stricken in all its limbs came to the fold of the goat-herds who haunt the cliffs. They, no longer anxious for their goats, but for themselves, sat calling on Zeus the Saviour. But the beast, the beast of the night, waiting till the storm was past, went away from the fold without hurting man or beast. To Pan the god of the mountain peaks they dedicated on this thick-stemmed oak this well-limned picture of what befel them.

222.—THEODORIDAS

The sea disturbed under the rays of Orion washed ashore this thousand-footed scolopendra ¹ on the rocks of Iapygia, and the masters of the deep-laden twenty-oared galleys dedicated to the gods this vast rib of the hideous monster.

223.—ANTIPATER

This mutilated body of a sea-wandering scolopendra eight fathoms long, all foul with foam and torn by the rocks, was found lying on this sandy beach by Hermonax when, in pursuit of his calling as a fisherman, he was drawing in his haul of fish, and having found it he hung it up as a gift to Ino and her son Palaemon, offering to the deities of the sea a monster of the sea.

224.—THEODORIDAS

Shell, labyrinth of the deep, tell me who found thee, a booty won from the gray sea, and dedicated

¹ "Scolopendra" is now in Greek the bait-worm, but, unless this and the following epigram are facetious, it means here a marine monster.
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παίγνιον ἀντριάσιν Διονύσιος ἄνθετο Νύμφαις
(δῶρον δ’ ἐξ ἱερᾶς εἰμὶ Πελοριάδος,)
νίδος Πρωτάρχου σκολιὸς δ’ ἐξέπτυσε πορθμός,
ὅφρ’ εἰην λιπαρῶν παίγνιον Ἀντριάδων.

225.—NIKAINETOT

Ἡρφασσαι Λιβύων, ὁρὸς ἄκριτον αἴτε νέμεσθε,
αἰγίδι καὶ στρεπτοῖς ἵσσαμενα θυσίανας,
τέκνα θεών, δέξασθε Φιλήτιδος ἱερὰ ταύτα
dράγματα καὶ χλωροῦσ εκ καλάμης στεφάνους,
ἀσσ’ ἀπὸ λικρητοῦ δεκατεῦται: ἄλλα καὶ οὕτως
Ἡρφασσαι Λιβύων χαίρετε δεσπότιδες.

226.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Τούτ’ <ὀλύγον> Κλείτωνος ἐπαύλιον, ἡ τ’ ὀλυγώλαξ
στείρεσθαι, λιτὸς θ’ ὁ σχεδὸν ἀμπελέων,
tούτό τε ἄρπαγεύδιν ὀλυγέζυλου· ἄλλ’ ἐπὶ τούτοις
Κλείτων ὄγδοκοιν’ ἐξεπέρης’ ἔτεα.

227.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ ΜΤΙΛΗΝΗΝΟΤ

Ἀργύρειν σοι τόνδε, γενέθλιον ἐς τεῦν ἰμαρ,
Πρόκλε, νεόσμηκτον δουρατίνη κάλαμον,
εὗ μὲν ἐυσχίστουι διάγλυπτον κεράσσων,
εὗ δὲ ταχυνομένην εὔροον εἰς σελίδα,
πέμπτει Κριναγόρης, ὀλγήν δόσιν, ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ θυμοῦ
πλεῖονος, ἀρτιδαεὶ σύμπνυν εὐμαθής.
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Dionysius son of Protarchus dedicated me as a plaything for the Nymphs of the grotto. I am a gift from the holy Pelorian coast, and the waves of the winding channel cast me ashore to be the plaything of the sleek Nymphs of the grotto.

225.—NICAENETUS

Heroines of the Libyans, girt with tufted goat-skins, who haunt this mountain chain, daughters of the gods, accept from Philetis these consecrated sheaves and fresh garlands of straw, the full tithe of his threshing; but even so, all hail to ye, Heroines, sovereign ladies of the Libyans.

226.—LEONIDAS

This is Clito's little cottage, this his little strip of land to sow, and the scanty vineyard hard by, this is his patch of brushwood, but here Clito passed eighty years.

227.—CRINAGORAS OF MYTILENE

This silver pen-nib, with its newly polished holder, nicely moulded with two easily dividing tips, running glib with even flow over the rapidly written page, Crinagoras sends you, Proclus, for your birthday, a little token of great affection, which will sympathize with your newly acquired readiness in learning.¹

¹ I follow in line 2 Diels' emendation νεοσμήκτη δεύτα τον which, though not, I think, right, gives the required sense.
228.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Δύλακι καὶ γήρα τετρυμένον ἐργατίνην βοῦν
"Ἀλκων οὖν φοινίκῃ ἤγαγε πρὸς κοτίδα,
αιδεσθείς ἔργων· οὐ δὲ που βαθέῃ ἐνὶ ποίη
μυκημοίς αἵρετον τέρπτε· ἐλευθερή.


229.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Αἰετοῦ ὠγκυλοχείλου ἀκρόπτερον ὃς σιδήρῳ
γλυφθέν, καὶ βαπτῇ πορφύρεοι κνῶποι,
ὴν τι λάθη μίμουν μεταδότιοι ἐντὸς ὅδοντων,
κινῆσαι προεῖ κέντρῳ ἐπιστάμενον,
βαιῶν ἄπ' οὐκ ἀλήγης πέμπει φρενός, οἷα δὲ δαιτὸς
δόρον, ὃ πᾶς ἐπὶ σοὶ, Δεύκιε, Κριναγόρης.

230.—ΚΟΙΝΤΟΤ

'Ακρείτα Φοίβῳ, Βιθυνίδος ὃς τόδε χάρης
κράσπεδον αἰγιαλοῖς γειτονέοις συνέχεις,
Δάμως ὁ κυρτευτής, ψάμμῳ κέρας αἰεῖ ἐρείδων,
φρονητόν κήρυκ' αὐτοφυεῖ σκόλοπι
θήκε γέρας, λιτὸν μὲν, ἐπ' εὐσεβίη δ', ὁ γεραιός,
εὐχόμενος νοῦσων ἐκτὸς ἱδεῖν 'Αἴδην.

231.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Ἀγώπτου μεδέουσα μελαμβώλου, λινόπεπλε
δαίμον, ἐπ' εὐίρεους βῆθι βυπτολίας.
σοὶ γὰρ ὑπὲρ σχιδάκων λαγαρὸν ποτάνευμα
πρόκειται,
καὶ πολίδον χηνῶν ζεῦγος ἐνυδροβίων,

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228.—ADDAEUS OF MACEDON

Alcon did not lead to the bloody axe his labouring ox worn out by the furrows and old age, for he reverenced it for its service; and now somewhere in the deep meadow grass it lows rejoicing in its release from the plough.

229.—CRINAGORAS

This quill of a crooked-beaked eagle, sharpened to a point by the steel and dyed with purple lacquer, which skilfully removes with its gentle pick any fragments that may be concealed in the teeth after dinner, Crinagoras, your devoted friend, sends you, Lucius, a little token of no small affection, just a mere convivial gift.

230.—QUINTUS

To thee, Phoebus of the cape, who rulest this fringe of the Bithynian land near the beach, did Damis the fisherman who ever rests his horn\textsuperscript{1} on the sand give this well protected trumpet-shell with its natural spikes, a humble present from a pious heart. The old man prays to thee that he may see death without disease.

231.—PHILIPPUS

Queen of black-soiled Egypt, goddess with the linen robe,\textsuperscript{2} come to my well-appointed sacrifice. On the wood ashes a crumbling cake is laid for thee and there is a white pair of water-haunting geese, and

\textsuperscript{1} What this horn object can be I do not know. \textsuperscript{2} Isis.
232.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Βότρυνες οἰνοπέπαντοι, ἐῳσχίστοιο τε ροής θρύμματα, καὶ ξανθοί μελοί ἐκ στροβίλων, καὶ δειλαὶ δάκνεσθαι ἀμυγδάλαι, ἢ τε μελισσῶν ἀμβροσίη, πυκναὶ τ’ ἱπτινέαι ποτάδες, καὶ πότιμοι γέλγιθες, ἵδ’ ἱελακύκαδες ὅγχαι, δαψιλὴ οἰνοπόταις γαστρὸς ἐπεισόδια. Πανὶ φιλοσκήπων καὶ εὐστόρβυγγῃ Πριήπῳ ἀντίθεται λιτῆν δαίτα Φιλοζευνίδης.

233.—ΜΑΙΚΙΟΤ

Γομφίδουντα χαλινα, καὶ ἀμφίτρητων ὑπειρκτὰν κημόν, καὶ γενύων σφίγκτον ἐυρραφεά, τάνδε τ’ ἐπιπλήκτειραν ἀπορρηκτοῖο διωγμοῦ μάστυγα, σκιαὐο δῆγμα τ’ ἐπιπελίου, κέντρα τ’ ἐναιμίηντα διωξίππου μύωπος, καὶ πριστὸν ψήκτρας κυήσμα σιδηρόδετον, διπλοὶς αἰώνων ὁρύγμασιν, Ἰσθμε, τερφθείς, δώρα, Πόσειδον, ἔχεις ταῦτα παρὰ Στρατίου.

234.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Γάλλος ὁ χαρτάεως, ὁ νεότομος, ὁπὸ Τυμόλου Δάδιους ὀρχηστὰς μάκρ’ ὀλυνξόμενος,
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powdery nard round many-grained figs, and wrinkled
raisins and sweet-scented frankincense. But if, O
queen, thou savest Damis from poverty, as thou didst
from the deep, he will sacrifice a kid with gilded horns.

232.—CRINAGORAS

Philoxenides offers a modest feast to Pan with
the shepherd’s crook, and Priapus with the beautiful
horns. There are grapes ripe for wine-making, and
fragments of the pomegranate easily split, and the
yellow marrow of the pine cone, and almonds afraid
of being cracked, and the bees’ ambrosia, and short-
cakes of sesame, and relishing heads of garlic and
pears with shining pips, (?) abundant little diversions
for the stomach of the wine-drinker.

233.—MAECIUS

The bit that rattles in the teeth, the constraining
muzzle pierced on both sides, the well-sewn curb-
strap that presses on the jaw, also this correcting
whip which urges to violent speed, the crooked
biting “epipselion,” 1 the bloody pricks of the spur
and the scraping saw-like curry-comb iron-bound
—these, Isthmian Poseidon, who delightest in the
roar of the waves on both shores, are the gifts thou
hast from Stratus.

234.—ERYCIUS

The long-haired priest of Rhea, the newly gelded,
the dancer from Lydian Tmolus whose shrick is

1 I prefer to leave this word untranslated. It cannot be
“curb-chain” (L. and S.), as the curb-strap is evidently
meant above.
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τὰ παρὰ Σαγγαρίῳ τὰῦτε Ματέρι τύμπαν' ἀγανὰθήκατο, καὶ μάςτιν τὰν πολυατράγαλον, ταῦτὰ τ' ὦρειχάλκου λάλα κύμβαλα, καὶ μυρόεντα βόστρυχον, ἐκ λύσσας ἀρτία παυσάμενος.

235.—ΘΑΛΛΟΤ

Ἔσπερίοις μέγα χάρμα καὶ ἥμωις περάτεσσι,
Καῖσαρ, ἄνικάτων ἐκγονεῖ Ρωμυλίδων,
αἰθρείην γένεσιν σέο μέλπομεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ βωμοῖς
γηθοσύνους λοιβὰς σπεύδομεν ἰδιανάτοις.
ἀλλὰ σὺ παππόφοις ἐπὶ βῆμασιν ἐχνος ἰερίδων,
εὐχομένοις ἥμων πουλύ μένοις ἐπὶ ἐτός.

236.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Ἐμβολα χαλκογένεια, φιλόπλοα τεύχεα νηών,
Ἀκτιακοῦ πολέμου κείμενα μαρτύρια,
ἡνίδε σιμβλεύει κηρότροφα δώρα μελισσῶν,
ἐσμῷ βομβητῇ κυκλόσε βριθόμενα.
Καῖσαρος εὐνομίης χρηστή χώρις ὁπλα γὰρ ἐχθρῶν καρποὺς εἰρήνης ἀντεδίδαξε τρέφειν.

237.—ΑΝΤΙΣΤΙΟΤ

Ἐνδυτὰ καὶ πλοκάμους τούτους θέτο Γάλλος ὥρειῃ
Μητρὶ θεῶν, τοῖς εἰνεκα συντυχίας,
μοῦνῷ οἱ στείχοντι λέων ἀντασε καθ' ἕλαν
ἀργαλέους, ξώας δ' ἄθλος ἐπεκρέματο.
ἀλλὰ θεῇ Γάλλῳ μὲν ἐπὶ φρένας ἤκεν ἀράξαι
tύμπανον· ὁμιστάν δ' ἐτραπε φυξαλέου,
φθόγγον ὑποδείσατα πελώροιν· εἰνεκα τοῦτο
πλοχμοὶ συρίκταν κεῖνται ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
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heard afar, dedicates, now he rests from his frenzy, to the solemn Mother who dwells by the banks of Sangarius these tambourines, his scourge armed with bones, these noisy brazen cymbals, and a scented lock of his hair.

235.—THALLUS

Caesar,¹ offspring of the unconquered race of Romulus, joy of the farthest East and West, we sing thy divine birth, and round the altars pour glad libations to the gods. But mayest thou, treading in thy grandsire's steps, abide with us, even as we pray, for many years.

236.—PHILIPPUS

See how the brazen beaks, voyage-loving weapons of ships, here preserved as relics of the fight at Actium, shelter, like a hive, the waxy gift of the bees, weighted all round by the humming swarm. Beneficent indeed is the righteous rule of Caesar; he hath taught the arms of the enemy to bear the fruits of peace, not war.

237.—ANTISTIUS

(cp. Nos. 217-220)

The priest of Rhea dedicated to the mountain-Mother of the gods this raiment and these locks owing to an adventure such as this. As he was walking alone in the wood a savage lion met him and a struggle for his life was imminent. But the goddess put it in his mind to beat his tambourine and he made the ravening brute take flight, dreading the awful din. For this reason his locks hang from the whistling branches.

¹ Tiberius. By "grandsire" Julius must be meant.
Εὐφροῦν οὖ πεδίον πολυαύλακος εἰμὶ ὁ γεραιὸς
οὐδὲ πολυγλεύκου γειομόρος βότρυνος·
ἀλλ’ ἀρότρῳ βραχύβωλον ἐπικυνίζοντι χαράσσω
χέρσου, καὶ βαιοῦ πίδακα ῥαγὸς ἔχω.
εἰ δ’ ἐξ ὀλίγων ὀλίγη χάρις· εἰ δὲ διδοῖς
πλείονα, καὶ πολλῶν, δαίμων, ἀπαρξόμεθα.

Σμήνεος ἐκ με ταμῶν γλυκερῶν θέρων ἀντὶ νομαίων
γηραιῶς Κλείτων σπείσε μελισσότονος,
ἀμβροσίων ἔαρος κηρῶν μέλι πολλὸν ἀμέλξας,
ἀντὶ υπομάντου τηλεπέτευς ὑγέλης.
θείος δ’ ἐσμοτόκου χορὸν ἀπλετοῦ, εῦ δὲ μελιχροῦ
νέκταρος ἐμπλήσαις κηροπαγεῖς θαλάμας.

Ζηνὸς καὶ Δητοῦς θηροσκόπε τοξότε κούρη,
‘Ἀρτεμίς, ἡ θαλάμους τοὺς ὀρέων ἠλαχεῖς,
νοῦσον τὴν στυγερὴν αὐθημερὸν ἐκ βασιλῆς
ἐσθλοτάτου πέμψεις ἄχρις Ὀπερβορέων
σοι γὰρ ὑπὲρ βωμῶν ἀτμόν λιβάνοιο Φίλιππος
ρέξει, καλλιθυτῶν κάπροι δρειονύμον.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 240.

'Ἡ κόρυς ἀμφοτέρην ἠλαχον χάριν· εἰμὶ δ’ ὀρᾶσθαι
καὶ τερπνὴ φίλοις, καὶ φόβος ἀντιπάλοις.
ἐκ δὲ Πυλαιμένεος Πείσων μ’ ἔχει· ἐπιρρεπέν ἄλλας
οὔτε κόρυς χαίταις, οὔτε κόμη κόρυθι.
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238.—APOLLONIDAS

I, old Euphon, farm no many-furrowed plain or vineyard rich in wine, but I plough a little shallow soil just scraped by the share, and I get but the juice that flows from a few grapes. From my little my gift can be but little, but if, kind god, thou givest me more, thou shalt have the first fruits of my plenty likewise.

239.—BY THE SAME

Old Cliton, the bee-keeper, cut me out, the sweet harvest of his swarm, and instead of a victim from the herd offers me, pressing much honey from the ambrosial combs of the spring, the gift of his unshepherded far-flying flock. But make his swarm-bearing company innumerable and fill full the wax-built cells with sweetest nectar.

240.—PHILIPPUS

Archer daughter of Zeus and Leto, Artemis, watch of wild creatures, who dwellest in the recesses of the hills, this very day send the hated sickness from our best of emperors forth even unto the Hyperboreans. For Philippus will offer o'er thy altars smoke of frankincense, sacrificing a mountain boar.

241.—ANTIPATER

I, the helm, am graced by two gifts. I am lovely to look on for friends and a terror to foes. Piso hath me from Pylaemenes. No other helmet was fit to sit on his head, no other head fit to wear me.

1 One of the Caesars. 2 See note to No. 335. 3 Leader of the Paphlagonians in Homer.
242.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

'Ἡοὶ ἐπ᾿ εὐκταῖη ταδε ρέξομεν ἵρα Τελείῳ
Ζηνὶ καὶ ὠδίνων μειλίχῳ Ἀρτέμιδι.
τοῖς γὰρ οὐμὸς ὁμαιμος ἐτ' ἄχροος εὐξατο θήσειν
τὸ πρῶτον γενόμων ηθέσειαν ἔαρ.
δαιμόνες ἀλλά δέχοισθε καὶ αὐτίκα τῶν ἅπ᾿ ἰούλων
Εὐκλείδην πολεῖς ἄχρις ἀγοντε τριχός.

5

243.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

"Ἡ τε Σάμου μεδέουσα καὶ Ἦ λάχες Ἰμβρασον" Ἡρη,
δέξο γενεθλιδίους, πότνα, θυηπολίας,
μόσχων ίερά ταῦτα, τά σοι πολύ χείλτατα πάντων,
eί ὡςιοι μακάρων θεσμῶν ἐπιεὐκάμιθα.
ἐὔχετ' ἐπιστένδων τάδε Μάξιμους· ἢ δ' ἐπένευσεν
ἐμπεδα· Μοιράων δ' οὐκ ἐμέγηρε λίνα.

5

244.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

"Ἡρη, Ἐλειβυνῶν μήτηρ, Ἡρη τε τελείῃ,
καὶ Ζεῦ, γυνομένους ξυνός ἀπασί πατήρ,
ὡδίνας νεῦσαι" Ἀντωνίη ἦλαοι ἐλθεὶν
πρήλας, μαλακᾶς χερσὶ σὺν Ἡπιόνης,
ὁφρα κε γνηθήσειε πόσις, μήτηρ θ', ἐκυρά τε.
ハウス οἴκων αἰμα φέρει μεγάλων.

5

245.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Καρπαθίην ὅτε νυκτὸς ἄλα στρέψαντος ἅγιου
λαίλαπι Βορραίη κλασθέν ἔσειδε κέρας,
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242.—CRINAGORAS

On the long-desired morn we offer this sacrifice to Zeus Teleius \(^1\) and Artemis who soothes the pangs of child-bed. For to them did my brother while yet beardless vow to offer the first spring-bloom that clothes the cheeks of young men. Accept it, ye gods, and from this season of his tender beard lead Eucleides straight on to the season of grey hairs.

243.—DIODORUS

"Hera, who watchest over Samos and whose is Imbrasus, accept, gracious goddess, this birthday sacrifice, these heifer victims, dearest of all to thee, if we priests know the law of the blessed gods." Thus Maximus prayed as he poured the libation, and she granted his prayer without fail, nor did the spinning Fates grudge it.

244.—CRINAGORAS

Hera, mother of the Ilithyiae, and thou, Hera Perfectress, and Zeus, the common father of all who are born, hear my prayer and grant that gentle pangs may come to Antonia \(^2\) in the tender hands of Hepione, \(^3\) so that her husband may rejoice and her mother and her mother-in-law. Her womb bears the blood of great houses.

245.—DIODORUS

Diogenes, when he saw his yard-arm broken by the blast of Boreas, as the tempest lashed the

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\(^1\) The Perfecter. \(^2\) Wife of Drusus Germanicus. \(^3\) Wife of Aesculapius.
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eὐξατο κῆρα φυγών, Βοιώτιε, σοὶ με, Κάβειρε δέσποτα, χειμερής ἄνθεμα ναυτιλίης, ἀρτήσειν ἅγιοις τόδε λάτιοι ἐν προπυλαίοις Διογένης: ἀλέκοις δὲ ἄνερι καὶ πενίην.

246.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ, οῖ δὲ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Κέντρα διωξικέλευθα, φιλορρόθωνα τε κημῶν, τὸν τε περὶ στέρνοις κόσμον ὄδοντοφὸρον, κοιστύνην <ἔτι> ῥάβδον ἐπὶ προθύροις, Πόσειδον, ἀνθεῖο σοὶ νῖκης Χύρμως ἀπ᾽ Ἰσθμιάδος, καὶ ψήκτρην ὑπτων ἐρυστρίχα, τὴν τ᾽ ἐπὶ νάτων μάστιγα, ροίζου μητέρα καρχαλέν.¹

ἀλλὰ σὺ, Κυανοχαίτα, δέχειν τάδε, τὸν δὲ Λυκίνου νία καὶ εἰς μεγάλην στέψον Ὀλυμπιάδα.

247.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Κερκίδαις ὀρθρολάοις χελιδόσιν εἰκελοφόνους, Παλλάδος ἱστοπόνου λεωμάτους κάμακας, καὶ κτένα κοσμοκόμην, καὶ δακτυλότριπτον ἀτρακτον σφουνδυλοδινὴτρυ ὑματι νηχόμενον, καὶ τάλαρον σχοίνωις υφασμένον, ὅν ποτ᾽ ὄδυντι ἐπιλήρου τολύπη πᾶσα καθαιρομένη, σοὶ, φιλέριθε κόρῃ Παλλαντίας, ἡ βαθυγῆρως Αἰσιόνη, πενίης δῶρον, ἀνεκρέμασεν.

248.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Κύπρεδι κεῖσο, λάγυνε μεθυσφαλές, αὐτίκα δῶρον κεῖσο, κασυγνήτῃ νεκταρέης κύλκος, βακχιάς, ὑγρόφθογγε, συνέστιε δαιτὸς ἐτῆς, στειναύχην ψήφου συμβολικὴς θύγατερ,

¹ καρχαλέν Στάδμιλλερ (later than his edition): θαρσαλέν ΜΣ.
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Carpathian sea by night, vowed, if he escaped death, to hang me, this little cloak, in thy holy porch, Boeotian Cabirus, in memory of that stormy voyage; and I pray thee keep poverty too from his door.

246.—PHILODEMUS or ARGENTARIUS

CHARMUS from his Isthmian victory dedicates in thy porch, Poseidon, his spurs that urge the horse on its way, the muzzle that fits on its nose, its necklace of teeth,¹ and his willow wand, also the comb that drags the horse’s hair, the whip for its flanks, rough mother of smacking blows. Accept these gifts, god of the steel-blue locks, and crown the son of Lycinus in the great Olympian contest too.

247.—PHILIPPUS

PALLANTIAN Maid who lovest the loom,² Aesione, now bowed with age, suspends to thee the gift of her poverty, her weaving-comb that sings like the early-chattering swallows, with the prongs of which weaver Pallas smooths the thread, her comb for dressing the wool, her spindle worn by the fingers, swimming (?) with the twirling thread, and her wicker basket which the wool dressed by her teeth once filled.

248.—ARGENTARIUS

REST here, consecrated to Cypris henceforth, my tipsy flagon, sister of the sweet wine-cup, devotee of Bacchus, liquid-voiced, boon-companion in the “equal feast,”³ slim-necked daughter of our dining

¹ To protect from the evil eye.  ² Athene.  ³ Homeric.
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βητοίς αὐτοδίδακτε διήκονε, μόστι φιλούντων ἡδίστη, δείπνων ὅπλον ἐτοιμότατον ἐς ἑκ Μάρκου γέρας ἄγιλαον, ὅς σέ, φίλοινε, ἤνεσεν, ἀρχαῖν σύμπλανον ἀνθέμενον.

249.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΣ

Λαμπάδα κηροχίτωνα, Κρόνου τυφήρεα λύχνου, σχοίνῳ καὶ λεπτῇ σφιγγομένην παπύρῳ, Ἀντίπατρος Πείσωνι φέρει γέρας· ἢν δὲ μ' ἀνάψας εὐξηταί, λάμψω φέγγος ἄκουσίθεν.

250.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΣ

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251.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ

Δευκάδος αἰτῶν ἐχων ναύταις τηλέσκοπον ὅχθου, Φοίβη, τὸν 'Ἰονίῳ λονόμενον πελάγει, δέξαι πλωτήρων μάζης χεριφυρέα δαίτα, καὶ σπονδὴν ὀλύγη κερυμένην κύλικι,

1 No. 135 in Book V. should be compared.
2 The present was made according to custom at the Saturnalia.

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club, self-taught minister of men, sweetest confidant of lovers, ever ready to serve at the banquet; rest here, a lordly gift from Marcus who sang thy praises, thou tippler, when he dedicated thee, the old companion of his wanderings.¹

249.—ANTIPATER

This wax-robed candle, the rush lamp of Cronos,² formed of the pith held together by a strip of thin bark,³ Antipater brings as a present to Piso; if he lights me and prays, I will give a light signifying that the god hears.

250.—ANTIPHILUS

My circumstances are slender, madam, but I maintain that he who is yours from his heart looks down on the wealth of many. But accept this garment like the bright purple of a deep-piled carpet soft as moss, and this pink wool, and spikenard for your dark hair contained in a gray glass bottle, so that the tunic may cover you, the woollen work may testify to the skill of your hands, and the sweet vapour may pervade your hair.

251.—PHILIPPPUS

Phoebus, who dwellest on the sheer height of Leucas visible from afar to sailors, and washed by the Ionian sea, accept from the seamen a feast of barley cake kneaded by the hand, and a libation

² πάντορας means, it is evident, not papyrus proper, but the bark of the rush. Again, τυφήρης is loosely used for “made of rush,” not “made of Typha (cattail).”
καὶ βραχυφεγγίτου λύχνου σέλας ἐκ βιοφειδοῦς ὃλπης ἢμμεθεὶ πινομενον στόματι ἂνθ' ὄν ἰλήκοις, ἐπὶ δ' ἱστία πέμψιν ἥτην οὐριον Ἀκτιακοὺς σύνδρομον εἰς λιμένας.

252.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ
Μῆλου εγὼ στρούθειον ἀπὸ προτέρης ἔτι ποίης ὥριον ἐν νεαρῷ χρωτὶ φυλασσόμενοι, ἀσπίλου, ἀρρυτίδωτον, ἰσόχυον ἀρτεγώνοισιν, ἀκμὴν εὐπετάλῳς συμφυεῖς ἀκρομόσιν, ὤρης χειμερίης στάνιον γέρας· εἰς σὲ δ', ἀνασσα, τοῖν χῶ νυφόες κρυμός ὀπωροφορεῖ.

253.—ΚΡΙΝΑΙΟΡΟΤ
Σπήλαγγες Νυμφῶν εὐπίδακες, αἱ τόσον ὑδωρ εἴβουσαι σκολιοῦ τούδε κατὰ πρεόνος, Πανὸς τ' ἥχησσα πιτυστέπτοιο καλιή, τὴν ὑπὸ βησσαλὴς ποσσὶ λέλογχε πέτρης, ἵερά τ' ἀγρευταῖσι γερανδρύον ἀρκεύδου πρέμνα, λιθηλογέες θ' Ἑρμέω ἰδρύσεις, αὐταῖ τ' ἰλήκοιτε, καὶ εὐθήρῳ δέχεσθε Σωςάνδρου ταχινής σκῦλ' ἐλαφοσοβής.

254.—ΜΤΡΙΝΟΤ
Τὴν μαλακὴν Παφίης Στατύλλιον ἀνδρόγυνον δρῦν ἐλκείων εἰς 'Ἀιδήν ἠνίκ' ἐμελλε χρόνοις, τὰκ κόκκου βαφθέντα καὶ ὕσγινοι θέριστρα, καὶ τοὺς ναρδολυπεῖς ἀλλοτρίους πλοκάμους,
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mixed in a small cup, the poor light too of this lamp, imbied by its half-satisfied mouth from a par-
sonious oil-flask. In return for which be kind to us, and send to our sails a favourable breeze carrying us with it to the shore of Actium.

252.—ANTIPHILUS

I am a quince of last year kept fresh in my young skin, unspotted, unwrinkled, as downy as newly-born ones, still attached to my leafy stalk, a rare gift in the winter season; but for such as thou, my queen, even the cold and snow bear fruit.

253.—CRINAGORAS

Caves of the Nymphs with many springs, from which such abundance of water trickles down this winding slope; and thou, echoing shrine of Pan crowned with pine-leaves, the home that is his at the foot of the woodland rock; ye stumps of the ancient juniper, holy to hunters, and thou, stone-heap raised in Hermes' honour, be gracious unto us and accept the spoil of fortunate Sosander's swift chase of the deer.

254.—MYRINUS

When Time was about to drag down to Hades pathic Statylius, the effeminate old stump of Aphro-
dite, he dedicated in the porch of Priapus his light summer dresses dyed in scarlet and crimson, his false

1 A heap of stones on which every traveller would cast one. Such are still common in the East, and they had nothing to do essentially with Hermes.
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φαικίδα τ' εὐτάρσοισιν ἐπ' ἀστραγάλοισι γελώσαν, ὅτι τὴν γραπτοδόκην κοιτίδα παμβακίδων, αὐλοὺς ἔδωκεν πενήντας ἐταίρειοις ἐνὶ κώμοις, δώρα Πριγνεῖων θήκειν ἐπὶ προθύρων.

255.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Τοῦτο Σάων τὸ δίπαχον κόλον κέρας ὠμβρακιώτας βούμολγος ταύρου θάλασσαν ἀτιμαζότων, οππότε μιν κνήμονι τε κατὰ λασίους τε χαράδρας ἐξερέων ποταμοῦ φράσσατ' ἐπ' ἀιώνι τιμήν πυνχήμενον χτλάς τε καὶ ἱξύας: αὐτὰρ ὁ θεότεω ἀντίος ἐκ πλαγίων ἂθν̄ ὁ δὲ ῥοπολὸς γυνῶν ἀπεκράμιζε βοᾶς κέρας, ἐκ δὲ μιν αὐτᾶς ἄχριδος εὐμύκω πᾶξε παρὰ κλώσια.

256.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Ταύρου βαθὺν τένοντα, καὶ σιδαρέους 'Ἀτλαντος δῶμοι, καὶ κόμου Ἰρακλέους σεμ νάνθ' ὑπήναν, καὶ λέοντος ὅμματα Μιλησίου γίγαντος οὖν Ἀνάτης Ζεὺς ἀτρόμητος εἶδεν, ἄνδρας ἡνίκα πυγμανὶ ἠνίκα Νικοφῶν Ἀνάτης.

257.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Τῆς με, Διωνύσῳ πεπλασμένον ἀμφιφορῆα, τῆς με, τὸν 'Ἀδριακοῦ νέκταρος οἰνοδόκον, Δήθʼ ἐπιληροῦσε: τῆς ὁ φθόνος εἰς ἐμὲ Βάκχου, ἦ-σπάνις οἰκείου τεύχεος ἁσταχύς; ἀμφοτέρους ἠνίκη: σεισάληται μὲν ὁ Βάκχος, Δημήτηρ δὲ Μῆθην σύντροφον οὐ δέχεται.

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hair greasy with spikenard, his white shoes that shone on his shapely ankles, the chest in which reposed his bombasine frippery, and his flute that breathed sweet music in the revels of the harlot tribe.

255.—ERYCIUS

Saon of Ambraea, the herdsman, broke off this his straying bull's mutilated horn two cubits long, when, searching for him on the hill-side and leafy gullies, he spied him on the river-bank cooling his feet and sides. The bull rushed straight at him from one side, but he with his club knocked off his curving horn, and put it up on this wild pear-tree by the byre, musical with the lowing of the herd.

256.—ANTIPATER

The thick bull neck, the iron shoulders like Atlas, the hair and reverend beard like Heracles, and the lion-eyes of the Milesian giant not even Olympian Zeus saw without trembling, when Nico- phon won the men's boxing contest in the Olympian games.

257.—ANTIPHILUS

Who filled me with the gifts of Demeter, the amphora fashioned for Bacchus, the recipient of Adriatic wine sweet as nectar? Why should he grudge me to Bacchus, or what scarcity was there of proper vessels for corn? He insulted both divinities; Bacchus has been robbed, and Demeter does not receive Methé ¹ into her society.

¹ Drunkenness.
258.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ
Τὰν δὲν, δ' Δάματερ ἐπόγμε, τὰν τ' ἀκέρωτον μόσχον, καὶ προχιαν ἐν κανέοις φθοίδας, 
σοὶ ταύτας ἔφ᾽ ἄλως, ἔφ᾽ ἄ πολυν ἐβρασεν ἀντλον 
Κρήθων καὶ λυπαρὰν εἶδε γεωμορίαν, 
ἰρεύει, πολύσωρε' σὺ δὲ Κρήθωνος ἄρουραν 
pὰν ἐτος εὐκριθὸν καὶ πολύτυρον ἄγοις.

259.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ
Τῆς τὸν ἄχυνον 'Ερμῆνι σε παρ' ὑσπλήγχεσσιν ἕθηκεν;—
'Ερμογένης. — Τῖνος ὄω; — Δαίμενευς. — Πο-
δαπός; —
'Ἀντιοχεύς.—Τιμῶν σε χάριν τίνος;—'Ως συναρωγόν 
ἐν σταδίοις.—Πολίος;—'Ἰσθμόθι κήν Νεμέα.—
'Ετρεχε γάρ; — Καὶ πρῶτος. — 'Ελῶν τίνας;—
'Ἐννέα παῖδας:
ἐπτῇ δ' ὅσ ἂν ἔχων τοὺς πόδας ἰμετέρους.

260.—ΓΕΜΙΝΟΤ
Φρύνη τὸν πτερόεντα, τὸν εὐτέχιητον 'Ερωτα, 
μισθὸν ὑπὲρ λέκτρων, ἀνθέτο Θεσπιείσιν.
Κύπριδος ἡ τέχνη ξηλούμενον, οὐκ ἐπιμεμφὲς 
δῶρον· ἐσ' ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἔπρεπε μισθὸς 'Ερως. 
δοιῆς ἐκ τέχνης αἰνέω βροτον, ὡς γε καὶ ἄλλους 
dοὺς θεοῦ ἐν σπλάγχνοις εἰς τελειότερον.

261.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Χάλκεον ἀργυρέῳ με πανείκελον, Ἦνδικον ἔργον,
δλπην, ἡδίστου ξείνιον εἰς ἐτάρου,
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258.—ADDAEUS

This ewe, Demeter, who presidest over the furrows, and this hornless heifer, and the round cake in a basket, upon this threshing-floor on which he winnowed a huge pile of sheaves and saw a goodly harvest, doth Crethon consecrate to thee, Lady of the many heaps. Every year make his field rich in wheat and barley.

259.—PHILIPPU S


260.—GEMINUS

Phryne dedicated to the Thespians the winged Love beautifully wrought, the price of her favours. The work is the gift of Cypris, a gift to envy, with which no fault can be found, and Love was a fitting payment for both. I praise for two forms of art the man who, giving a god to others, had a more perfect god in his soul.

261.—CRINAGORAS

Son of Simon, since this is your birthday, Crinagoras sends me with the rejoicings of his heart as a

1 i.e. the heaps of grain on the threshing-floor.
2 Phryne and Praxiteles.
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ήμαρ ἐπεὶ τὸδε σεῖο γενέθλιον, νυὲ Σίμωνος, πέμπει γηθομένη σὺν φρενὶ Κριναγόρης.

262.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Τὸν ποίμνην καὶ ἑπαυλὰ βοῶν καὶ βώτορας ἀνδρας σινόμενου, κλαγγάν τ’ οὐχὶ τρέσαντα κυνῶν, Ἔναλκης ὁ Κρῆς ἐπινύκτια μῆλα νομεύων πέφυνε, καὶ ἐκ ταύτης ἐκρέμασεν πῖτνος.

263.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Πυρσῶ τοῦτο λέοντος ἀπ’ ἀυ φλοιώσατο δέρμα
Σῶσος ὁ βουτάμων, δουρὶ φονευσάμενος,
ἀρτὶ καταβρύκοντα τὸν εὐθηλήμονα μόσχον,
οὐδὲ ἱκετ’ ἐκ μάνδρας αὐθίς ἐπὶ ξύλοχον.
μοσχεῖο ὅ’ ἀπέτισεν ὁ θηρ ἄνθ’ ἀίματος αἷμα,
βληθεῖς’ ἀχθεινὰν ὅ’ εἰδε βοοκτασίαν.

264.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ
’Ασπὶς ’Αλεξάνδρου τοῦ Φυλλέος ἱερὸν ἀδε
δῶρον ’Απόλλωνι χρυσοκόμῳ δέδομαι,
γηραλέα μὲν ἵτων πολέμων ὕπο, γηραλέα δὲ
ὁμφαλόν’ ἀλλ’ ἀρετὴ λάμπομαι, ἂν ἐκιχον
ἀνδρὶ κορυσσαμένα σὺν ἄριστεί, ὃς μ’ ἀνέβηκε.
ἐμιὶ δ’ ἀήσσατος πάμπαν ἀφ’ οὐ γενόμαν.

265.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ
”Ηρα τιμήσεσα, Δακάνιου ὁ τὸ θυόνοις
πολλάκις οὐρανόθεν νεισομένα καθορῆς,
δέξαι βύσσινοι ἐλώμα, τὸ τοῦ μετὰ παιδὸς ἀγανάς
Νοσσίδος υφανεν Θευφήλλᾳ ἀ Κλεόχας.
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gift to the house of his sweetest friend. I am a bronze flask, just like silver, of Indian workmankind.

262.—LEONIDAS

The beast which wrought havoc on the flock and the cattle-pen and the herdsmen, and feared not the loud noise of the dogs, Eualces the Cretan slew while shepherding his flock at night, and hung on this pine.

263.—BY THE SAME

Sosus, rich in cattle, slenched this tawny lion, which he slew with his spear just as it had begun to devour the suckling calf, nor went it back from the sheepfold to the wood. To the calf the brute transpierced paid blood for blood, and sorrowful to it was the murder it wrought.

264.—MNASALCAS

I am the shield of Alexander, Phylleus' son, and hang here a holy gift to golden-haired Apollo. My edge is old and war-worn, old and worn is my boss, but I shine by the valour I attained going forth to the battle with the bravest of men, him who dedicated me. From the day of my birth up I have remained unconquered.

265.—NOSSIS

Hera revered, who oft descending from heaven lookest on thy Lacinian shrine fragrant with frankincense, accept the linen garment which Theophilis, daughter of Cleocha, wove for thee with her noble daughter Nossis.
Τάνδε παρὰ τριῶδος τὰν Ἄρτεμιν Ἀγελόχεια, ἔτι ἐν πατρὸς μένουσα παρθένοις δόμοις, εἴσατο, Δαμαρέτου θυγάτηρ· ἐφάνη γὰρ οἱ αὐτὰ ἱστοῦ παρὰ κρόκαισιν ὡς αὐγὰ πυρὸς.

C. Merivale in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833, p. 147.

Φωσφόρος ὁ σώτερ', ἐπὶ Πόλλιδος ἔσταθι κλήρων, Ἄρτεμι, καὶ χαρίεν φῶς ἔδω ἀνδρὶ δίδου, αὐτῷ καὶ γενεῇ· τόπερ εὑμαρέσ· οὐ γὰρ υφαυρῶς ἐκ Διὸς θείης οἶδε τάλαντα δίκης.

ἀλσος δ', Ἄρτεμι, τοῦτο καὶ ἂν Χαρίτεσσι θεοῦσαι εἰῆ ἐπ' ἀνθεμίδων σύμβαλα κοῦφα βαλείν.

Τοῦτό σοι, Ἄρτεμι δία, Κλεόνυμος εἰσατ' ἄγαλμα, ἄτοτο· σὺ δ' εὐθήρου τοῦτ' ὑπερίσχε ρίου, εὖτε κατ' εὐνοσίφυλλον ὅρος ποσί, πότνια, βαϊνεις, δεινὸν μαμώσασι ἐγκονέουσα κυσίν.

Παῖδες, ἄφωνος εὐώσα τορ' ἐννέπω, α' τις ἄρηται, φωνὰν ἀκαμάται κατθεμένα πρὸ τοῦδων' «Αἰθοπία με κόρα Δατοὺς ἀνέθηκεν Ἄριστα α' Ἑρμοκλείδα τῶ Σαῦναϊάδα,

1 I write τορ': τετ MS.
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266.—HEGESIPPUS

This Artemis in the cross-ways did Hagelochia, the daughter of Damaretus,¹ erect while still a virgin in her father’s house; for the goddess herself appeared to her, by the west of her loom, like a flame of fire.

267.—DIOTIMUS

Stand here, Artemis the Saviour,² with thy torch on the land of Pollis,³ and give thy delightful light to him and to his children. The task is easy; for no feeble knowledge hath he from Zeus of the unerring scales of Justice. And, Artemis, let the Graces too race over this grove, treading on the flowers with their light sandals.

268.—MNASALCAS

This image, Holy Artemis, Cleonymus set up to thee. Bestow thy blessing on this upland chase when thy feet, our lady, tread the forest-clad mountain, as thou followest eagerly the dreadful panting of thy pack.

269.—SAID TO BE BY SAPPHO

Children, though I am a dumb stone, if any ask, then I answer clearly, having set down at my feet the words I am never weary of speaking: “Arista, daughter of Hermocides the son of Sauneus, dedi-

¹ The well-known king of Sparta (circa 500 B.C.).
² Not, I suppose, chosen as such; but the shrine was hers.
³ A man learned in the law, who begs that other graces of life too may be his.
σά πρόπολος, δέσποινα γυναικῶν ἦ σὺ χαρεῖσα πρόφρων ἀμετέραν εὐκλεόντων γενεάν."  

270.—ΝΙΚΙΟΤ

'Αμφαρέτας κρήθεμα καὶ ὑδατόεσσα καλύπτρα,  
Εἰλείθυια, τεᾶς κεῖται ὑπὲρ κεφαλᾶς,  
ἀς σε μετ' εὐχωλᾶς ἐκαλέσσατο λευγαλέας οἱ  
κήρας ἀπ' ὁδίνων τῆς βαλείν λοχίων.

271.—ΦΑΙΔΙΜΟΤ

'Αρτεμις, σοι τὰ πέδιλα Κεχρείου εἶσατο νίός,  
kai πέπλων ὄλγον πτύγμα Θεμιστοδίκη,  
οὖν εἰς τὸ προσέλεξα δισσᾶς ὑπερέσχες  
χεῖρας, ἀτέρ τόξου, πότνια, νισσομένη.  
'Αρτεμις, νηπίαχον δὲ καὶ εἰσέτε παῖδα Δέοντι  
νεῦσον ἱδεῖν κοῦρον γυν' ἐπαεξόμενον.

272.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ

Ζῶμα τοι, ὃ Δατωί, καὶ ἀνθυμόντεσα κύπασσων,  
kai μίτραν μαστοῖς σφυγκτὰ περιπλομέναν,  
θήκατο Τιμάεσσα, δυσουδίνω γενέθλας  
ἀργαλέου δεκάτῳ μηνὶ φυγοῦσα βάρος.

273.—ΩΣ ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

'Αρτεμις, Δάλον ἔχουσα καὶ Ὄρτυγίαν ἐροεσσαν,  
tόξα μὲν εἰς κύπτους ἀγι' ἀπόθουν Χαρίτων,  
λούσαι δ' Ἦυπτη καθαρὸν χρόα, βάθι δὲ Δοκροὺς  
λύσουσ' ὁδίνων Ἀλκέτην ἐκ χαλεπῶν.
cated me to Artemis Aethopia. Thy ministrant is she, sovereign lady of women; rejoice in this her gift of herself, and be willing to glorify our race."

270.—NICIAS

The head-kerchief and water-blue veil of Ampharetta rest on thy head, Ilithyia; for them she vowed to thee when she prayed thee to keep dreadful death far away from her in her labour.

271.—PHAEDIMUS

Artemis, the son of Cichesias dedicated the shoes to thee, and Themistodice the simple folds of her gown, because that coming in gentle guise without thy bow thou didst hold thy two hands over her in her labour. But Artemis, vouchsafe to see this baby boy of Leon's grow great and strong.

272.—PERSES

Her zone and flowered frock, and the band that clasps her breasts tight, did Timaessa dedicate, Artemis, to thee, when in the tenth month she was freed from the burden and pain of difficult travail.

273.—LIKE NOSSIS

Artemis, lady of Delos and lovely Ortygia, lay by thy stainless bow in the bosom of the Graces, wash thee clean in Inopus, and come to Locri to deliver Aleetis from the hard pangs of childbirth.

1 A Lesbian Artemis, dedications to whom we possess.
2 The statue was one of Arista herself.
274.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ
Πόνων κουροσός, ταύταν ἐπιπορτίδα νῦμφāν,
καὶ στεφάναν λιπαρῶν ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πλοκάμων,
ὄλβια Ἐιλείθυια, πολυμνάστοι φύλασσε
Τισίδος ὁδίνων ρύσια δεξαμένα.

275.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ
Χαίροισάν τοι ἐοικε κομᾶν ἀπὸ τὰν Ἀφροδίταν
ἀνθέμα κεκρύφαλον τῶνδε λαβεῖν Σαμύθας;
δαίδαλέος τε γάρ ἐστι, καὶ ἄδυ τι νέκταρος ὅσδει,
τοῦ, τῷ καὶ τῆνα καλὸν Ἀδωνα χρίει.

276.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
'Ἡ πολύθριξ οὔλας ἄνεδήσατο παρθένος "Ιπτη
χαίτας, εὐώδη συμχωμένα κρόταφουν
ἡδη γάρ οἱ ἐπήλθε γάμου τέλος· αἱ δ’ ἐπὶ κόρῃ
μέταρε παρθενίας αἰτέομεν χάριτας.
"_ARMEMI, σὴ δ’ ἱστητι γάμως τ’ ἀμα καὶ γένος εἴη
τῇ Δυκομηδείδου παιδὲ λιπαστραγάλη.

277.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ
"ΑΡΤΕΜΙ, τόξα λαχοῦσα καὶ ἀλκήνετας δίστούς,
σολ πλόκων οἰκείας τῶνδε λέλουπε κόμης
Ἀρσινόη ἂνυεν παρ’ ἀνάκτορον, ἢ Πτολεμαῖον
παρθένος, ιμερτοῦ κειραμένη πλοκάμου.
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274.—PERSES

Goddess, saviour of children, blest Ilithyia, receive and keep as thy fee for delivering Tisis, who well remembers, from her pangs, this bridal brooch and the diadem from her glossy hair.

275.—NOSSIS

With joy, methinks, Aphrodite will receive this offering from Symaetha, the caul that bound her hair; for it is delicately wrought and hath a certain sweet smell of nectar, that nectar with which she, too, anoints lovely Adonis.

276.—ANTIPATER

Hippe, the maiden, has put up her abundant curly hair, brushing it from her perfumed temples, for the solemn time when she must wed has come, and I the snood that used to rest there require in my wearer the grace of virginity. But, Artemis, in thy loving-kindness grant to Lycomedes' child, who has bidden farewell to her knuckle-bones, both a husband and children.

277.—DAMAGETUS

Artemis, who wieldest the bow and the arrows of might, by thy fragrant temple hath Arsinoe, the maiden daughter of Ptolemy, left this lock of her own hair, cutting it from her lovely tresses.

1 Ptolemy I.
278.—PIANOT
Παὼς Ἀσκληπιάδεω καλὸς καλὸν ἕισατο Φοῖβο
Γόργος ἀφ' ἰμερτᾶς τοῦτο γέρας κεφαλᾶς.
Φοῖβε, σὺ δ' ἦλασ, Δελφίνε, κούρον ἅρχοις
ἐὑμοιρὸν λευκὴν ἄχρις ἐφ' ἥλικίην.

279.—ΕΤΦΟΡΙΩΝΟΣ
Πρῶτας ὁππότ' ἐπέζε καλὰς Εὐδοξος ἐθεῖρας,
Φοῖβω παϊδείην ὄπασεν ἀγαλῆν.
ἀντὶ δὲ οἱ πλοκαρίδοις, Ἑκηβόλε, καλὸς ἐπειῇ
ἀχαρνηθεὶς ἦλει κισσὸς ἄεξομένω.

280.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τιμαίτα πρὸ γάμου τὰ τύμπανα, τὴν τ' ἐρατεινὴν
σφαίραν, τὸν τε κόμας ῥυτορα κεκρύφαλον,
tὰς τε κόρας, Δωμάτια, κόρα κόρα, ὡς ἐπιεικές,
ἀνθετο, καὶ τὰ κοράν ἐυδύματ', Ἀρτέμιδι.
Δατώα, τὴ δὲ παιδὸς ὑπὸρ χέρα Τιματεῖας
θηκαμένα, σώζοις τὰν ὀσίαν ὀσίως.

281.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Δίνδυμα καὶ Φρυγίας πυρικαῖος ἁμφιπολεῦσα
πρόνας, τὴν μικρὴν, μήτερ, Ἀριστοῦχην,
κούρην Σελήνης, παμπότνια, κεῖς ὑμέναιον
κεῖς γάμον ἀδρύναις, πεῖρατα κουροσύναις.
ἀνθ' ὄν πολ' κατὰ πολλὰ προνήια καὶ παρὰ βωμὸ
παρθενικῇ ἐτίναξ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα κόμην.

1 Acharnæ is near Athens. A crown of ivy was the prize in musical contests.

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278.—RHIANUS

Gorgus, son of Aselepiades, dedicates to Phoebus the fair this fair lock, a gift from his lovely head. But, Delphinian Phoebus, be gracious to the boy, and stablish him in good fortune till his hair be grey.

279.—EUPHORION

When Eudoxus first shone his beautiful hair, he gave to Phoebus the glory of his boyhood; and now vouchsafe, O Far-shooter, that instead of these tresses the ivy of Acharnae

280.—Anonymous

Timareta, the daughter of Timaretus, before her wedding, hath dedicated to thee, Artemis of the lake, her tambourine and her pretty ball, and the caul that kept up her hair, and her dolls, too, and their dresses; a virgin’s gift, as is fit, to virgin

281.—LEONIDAS

Great Mother, who watchest over Dindyma and the hills of Burnt Phrygia, bring, O sovereign lady, little Aristodike, Silene’s daughter, up to an age ripe for marriage and the hymn of Hymen, the due end of girlhood. For this, dancing at many a festival held in thy courts and before thy altar, she tossed this way and that her virgin hair.

2 In Greek the same word is used for “girl” and “doll.”

3 A part of Phrygia with many vestiges of volcanic action was so called.

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282.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Σοι τὸν πηλιθέντα δὲ εὐξάντου τριχὸς ὕμνοιν,
Τερμᾶ, Καλλιτέλης ἐκρέμασεν πέτασον,
καὶ δίβολον περόναν, καὶ στλεγήδα, κύποτανυσθὲν
tόξον, καὶ τριβάκην γλοιοπότιν χλαμύδα,
καὶ σχίζας, καὶ σφαῖραν ἀεῖβολον ἀλλὰ σὺ δέξαι, 5
κωροφίλ', εὐτάκτου δῷρον ἐφηβοσύνας.

283.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ἡ τὸ πρὶν αὐχήσασα πολυχρύσους ἐπ' ἔρασταις,
ἡ Νέμεσιν δεινὴν οὐχὶ κύσασα θεῶν,
μίσθια νῦν σπαθίσω πειρχροῖς πτηνόσματα κρουεῖ.
ὦψέ γ’ Ἀθηναίη Κυπρίν εὐλησατο.

284.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δώρη κοιμηθείσα Φιλαίνιον εἰς Ἀγαμήδους
κόλπον τὴν φαινὴν εἱργάσατο χλανίδα.
αὐτὴ Κυπρίν ἔριθος, ἐὐκλωστόν δὲ γυναικῶν
νῆμα καὶ ἡλακάτην ἄρχος ἔχοι τάλαρος.

285.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ δοκεῖ

'Ἡ πρὶν Ἀθηναίης ὑπὸ κερκίσι καὶ τὰ καθ’ ἱστῶν
νῆματα Νικαρέτῃ πολλὰ μιτωσαμένη,
Κυπρίδι τὸν κάλαθον τὰ τε πτηνὰ καὶ τὰ σὺν
αὐτοῖς
ἀρμεν’ ἐπὶ προδόμου πάντα πυρῆς ἔθετο,
"Ἔρρετε," φωνήσασα, "κακῶν λυμπρὰ γυναικῶν
έργα, νέον τήκειν ἄνθος ἐπιστάμενα." 5

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282.—THEODORUS

To thee, Hermes, did Calliteles suspend his felt hat made of well-carded sheep's wool, his double pin, his strigil, his unstrung bow, his worn chlamys soaked with sweat, his arrows (?), and the ball he never tired of throwing. Accept, I pray thee, friend of youth, these gifts, the souvenirs of a well-conducted adolescence.

283.—ANONYMOUS

She who formerly boasted of her wealthy lovers and never bowed the knee to Nemesis, the dread goddess, now weaves on a poor loom cloth she is paid for. Late in the day hath Athene despoiled Cypris.

284.—ANONYMOUS

Philaenion, by sleeping secretly in Agamedes' bosom, wrought for herself the grey robe. Cypris herself was the weaver; but may women's well-spun thread and spindles lie idle in the work-basket.

285.—BY NICARCHUS, IT WOULD SEEM

Nicarette, who formerly was in the service of Athene's shuttle, and stretched out many a warp on the loom, made in honour of Cypris a bonfire in front of her house of her work-basket and bobbins and her other gear, crying, "Away with ye, starving work of wretched women, that have power to waste away the bloom of youth." Instead the girl chose

1 In this, as in some other epigrams, obscure words are used purposely as by Lycophron.
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εἶλετο δὲ στεφάνους καὶ πηκτίδα καὶ μετὰ κωμών
ἡ παῖς τερπνῶν ἔχειν ἐν θαλίας βίοτον.
εἶπε δὲ: "Παντὸς σοὶ δεκάτην ὑπὸ λήμματος οἶσο, Κύπρι. σὺ δ' ἐργασίᾳ καὶ λάβε καὶ μετάδος."

286.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τῆς πέξης τὰ μὲν ἄκρα τὰ δεξιὰ μέχρι παλαιστῆς
καὶ σπιθαμῆς οὖλης Βίττιον εἰργάσατο,
θάτερα δ' Ἀντιάνειρα προσήρμασε· τῶν δὲ μεταξὺ
Μαίανδρου καὶ τὰς παρθενικὰς Βιτήν,
κουραν καλλίστη Διός, Ἀρτεμί, τοῦτο τὸ νῆμα
πρὸς ψυχῆς θείας, τὴν τρισπόνητον ἔρνω.

287.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Ἀρτεμί, σοι ταύταν, εὐπάρθενε, πότνα γυναικῶν,
τάν μίαν ἀι τρισσαλ πέξιν υψηλόμεθα.
καὶ Βιτῆ μὲν τάσσε δη χοροθαλάσσας κάμε κούρας,
λοξά τε Μαίανδρου ἔβαθρα παλιμπλανέοις,
ξανθά δ' Ἀντιάνειρα τὸν ἀγχόθη μήσατο κόσμον,
πρὸς λαία ποταμοῦ κεκλιμένον λαγόν·
τὸν δὲ νυ δέξιτερον νασμὸν πέλασ ἱσοπάλαιστον
tοῦτον ἐπὶ σπιθαμῆ Βίττιον ἑνύσατο.

288.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Αἱ Δυκομήδεως παῖδες, Αθηνω καὶ Μελίτεια
καὶ Φιντῶ Γληνής θ', αἱ φιλοσεργόταται,
ἔργον ἐκ δεκάτας ποτιβύμα, τὸν τε πρόσεργον
ἀτρακτον, καὶ τὰν ἄτρια κριναμέναν

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garlands and the lyre, and a gay life spent in revel and festivity. "Cypris," she said, "I will pay thee tithe of all my gains. Give me work and take from it thy due."

286.—LEONIDAS

The right end of the border, measuring a span and a whole palm,\(^1\) is the work of Bitto; the other extremity was added by Antianira, while Bitie worked the girls and the Maeander\(^2\) in the middle. Artemis, fairest of the daughters of Jove, take to thy heart this piece of woven work which the three vied in making.

287.—ANTIPATER

Artemis, fairest of virgins, sovereign lady of women, we three wove this border for thee. Bitie wrought the dancing girls and the crooked stream of winding Maeander. Blonde Antianira devised the decoration that lies on the left side of the river, and Bittion that on the right, measuring a span and a palm.

288.—LEONIDAS

We, the industrious daughters of Lycomedes, Atheno, Melitea, Phinto, and Glenis, offer from the tithe of our work, as a gift to please thee, a little part of the little we have in our poverty, the labori-

\(^1\) Altogether twelve finger's breadths.
\(^2\) The actual river, not the pattern so called. See the next epigram.
κερκίδα, τὰν ἵστον μολπάτιδα, καὶ τὰ τροχαία πανία, ἄκερταστὰς τούσδε ποτήρρωγέας, καὶ ἃσπάθας εὐβριθεῖς πολυάργυρα: τῶς δὲ πενεχραί εἴς ἡλίγων ἡλίγην μοῦραν ἀπαρχόμεθα, τῶν χέρας ἀιέν, Ἄθανα, ἐπιπλήσαις μὲν ὀπίσσω, θείης δ᾽ εὐσιπόνος εἰς ὅλγησινοιν.

289.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄυτονόμα, Μελίτεια, Βοϊσκιον, αἱ Φιλολιδεῖας καὶ Νικοῦς Κρῆσσαι τρεῖς, ξένε, θυγατέρες, ἀ μὲν τῶν μιτόεργων ἀειδίνητων ἀτρακτῶν, ἀ δὲ τῶν ὄρφων εἰροκόμων τίλαρον, ἀ δ᾽ ἀμα τῶν πέπλων εὐατριον ἐργάτων, ἰστῶν κερκίδα, τῶν λεχέων Πανελώτας φύλακα, δῶρον Ἅθανάια Πανίτιδι τῷ δ᾽ εἰλ ναῦ θήκαν, Ἄθανάιας παυσάμεναι καμάτων.

290.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Ῥωπίδα τὴν μαλακοῖσιν αἰεὶ πρησεῖαν ἁίταις Παρμενίς ἡδίστη θήκε παρ᾽ Οὐρανίῳ, εἰς εὐνύῃς δεκάτευμα: τὸ δ᾽ ἡλίον βαρὺ θύλπος ἡ δαίμων μαλακοῖς ἐκτρέπεται Ζεφύρωι.

291.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Βακχυλίς ἡ Βάκχου κυλίκων σποδός, ἐν ποτε νοῦσῳ κεκλιμένα, Δηοῦ τοῖον ἐλεξε λόγον.

"Ἡν ὀλοού διὰ κύμα φόγων πυρός, εἰς ἑκατόν σοι ἕλιον δροσερὰν πλόμαι ἐκ λιβάδων, ἄβρομως καὶ ἄοινος." ἐπεὶ δ᾽ ὑπάλυξεν ἀνίην, ἀντήμαρ τοῖον μήχος ἐπεφράζατο τρητὸν γὰρ θεμένα χερὶ κόσκινον, εὗ διὰ πυκνῶν σχοινῶν ἕλιον πλείονας ἡγάσατο.
ous spindle, the weaving-comb that passes between the threads of the warp, sweet songster of the loom, our round spools, our . . . , and our heavy weaving-blade. Fill our hands, Athene, ever after, and make us rich in meal instead of poor in meal.

289.—By the Same

Autonoma, Melite, and Boiscion, the three Cretan daughters of Philolaides and Nico, dedicated in this temple, O stranger, as a gift to Athene of the spool on ceasing from the labours of Athene, the first her thread-making ever-twirling spindle, the second her wool-basket that loves the night, and the third her weaving-comb, the industrious creator of raiment, that watched over the bed of Penelope.

290.—Dioscorides

With sweetest Urania¹ did Parmenis leave her fan, the ever gentle ministrant of soft breezes, a tithe from her bed; but now the goddess averts from her by tender zephyrs the heavy heat of the sun.

291.—Antipater

Bacchylis, the sponge of the cups of Bacchus, once when she fell sick addressed Demeter something in this way. "If I escape from the wave of this pernicious fever, for the space of a hundred suns I will drink but fresh spring water and avoid Bacchus and wine." But when she was quit of her illness, on the very first day she devised this dodge. She took a sieve, and looking through its close meshes, saw even more than a hundred suns.

¹ Aphrodite the Celestial.
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292.—ΗΔΤΛΟΤ
Αἰ μύτραι, τὸ θ' ἄλογρα ὑπένδυμα, τοῖ τε Δάκωνες πέπλοι, καὶ ληρῶν οἱ χρύσεοι κάλαμοι, πάνθ' ἀμα Νικονήν τούς κρέσπεινεν ἡ γὰρ Ἐρώτων καὶ Χαρίτων ἡ παῖς ἀμβρόσιον τι βάλος, τοὺς ὁ κρίναντι τὰ καλλιστεία Πριῆποι νεορίδα καὶ χρυσῆν τὴν ἐθετο προχόνην.

293.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Ὁ σκήπων καὶ ταῦτα τὰ βλαύτια, πότινα Κύπρι, ἀγκεκεῖ κυνικοῦ σκύλ' ἀπὸ Ἐωχάρεος, ὄλπη τε ὑπόδεσσα, πολυτρήτοι τε πήρας λείψανον, ἀρχαῖς πληθόμενον σοφίς· σοὶ δὲ Ῥόδων ὁ καλὸς, τὸν πάνσοφον Ἰνίκα πρέσβυν ἤγρευσεν, στεπτοῖς θήκατ' ἐπὶ προθύρωις.

294.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ
Σκήπωνα προποδαγόν, ἵμαντα τε, καὶ παρακοῖταν νάρθηκα, κροτάφων πλάκτορα νηπιάχων, κέρκου τε εὐμόλπαν φιλοκαμπέα, καὶ μονόπελμον συγχίδα, καὶ στεγάναν κρατός ἐρημοκόμου, Κάλλων Ἐρμεία θέτ' ἀνάκτορι, συμβολ' ἀγωγὰς παιδείου, πολιῷ γυνία δεθεις καμάτῳ.

295.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Σμίλαν Ἀσκόνδας δονακογύλφον, ὅν τ' ἐπὶ μισθῷ στόγγυν ἔχειν καλάμων ψαλτόρα τῶν Κυνίδων,

1 ex in this word is a correction of hand two, the reading of hand one being unfortunately lost. There is room for four or five letters.

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292.—HEDYLUS

The snood and purple vest, and the Laconian robes, and the gold piping for the tunic, all fell to (?)Niconoe, for the girl was an ambrosial blossom of the Loves and Graces. Therefore to Priapus, who was judge in the beauty-contest, she dedicates the fawn-skin and this golden jug.

293.—LEONIDAS

The staff and these slippers hang here, Cypris, the spoils won from Socharcs the cynic; his grimy oil-flask, too, and the remains of his wallet all in holes, stuffed full of ancient wisdom. They were dedicated here, on thy begarlanded porch, by comely Rhodon, when he caught the all-wise greybeard.

294.—PHANIAS

Callon, his limbs fettered by senile fatigue, dedicates to Hermes the Lord these tokens of his career as a schoolmaster: the staff that guided his feet, his tawse, and the fennel-rod that lay ever ready to his hand to tap little boys with on the head, his lithe whistling bull’s pizzle, his one-soled slipper, and the skull-cap of his hairless pate.

295.—BY THE SAME

Ascondas, when he came in for an exciseman’s lickerish sop,² hung up here to the Muses the

¹ This poet also uses obscure words on purpose, and much is conjecture. ² i.e. fat place.
καὶ σελίδων κανόνισμα φιλόρθιον, ἔργα τε λείας σαμοθέτον, καὶ τὰν εὐμέλανον βροχίδα, κάρκινα τε σπειροῦχα, λεαντειρᾶν τε κίσηριν,
καὶ τὰν ἀυθαφῆ πλυθίδα καλλαίναν,
μάζας ἁνίκ' ἐκυρσε τελωνιάδος φιλολίχνου,
Πιερίσων πενίας ἀρμεν' ἀνεκρέμασεν.

296.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Αστεμφῆ ποδάγρην, καὶ δούνακας ἀνδικτήρας,
καὶ λίνα, καὶ γυρὸν τοῦτο λαγωβόλου,
ισόκηρ, καὶ τοῦτον ἐπ' ὀρτυγι τετραβλέπτα
αὐλών, καὶ πλωτῶν εὐπλεκές ἀμφιβόλου,
'Ερμείη Σώσιππος, ἐπεὶ παρενήξατο τὸ πλεῦν
ἡβης, ἐκ γηρῶς ἀ' ἀδρανὴ δέδεται.

297.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ

"Ἀλκιμὸς ἀγρίφαν κευοδοντίδα, καὶ φιλοδούπου
φάρσος ἀμας, στελεοῦ χήρον ἐλαίνεον,
ἀρθροτέδαν ἵπτειμόν τε, καὶ ὀλεσίβωλον ἀροῦρης
σφύραν, καὶ δαπέδων μουμορχαν ὄρυγα,
καὶ κτένας ἑλκητήρας, ἀνὰ προπύλαιον Ἀθάνας
θήκατο, καὶ ῥαπτᾶς γειοφόρους σκαφίδας,
θησαυρῶν ὄτ' ἐκυρσεν, ἐπεὶ τὰς ἄν ἄ πολυκαμηθῆς
ἐξει κεῖς Ἀιάν φύετο κυφαλέα.

298.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Πήρην, καδέψητον ἀπεσκληρυμένον αἰγὸς
στέρφος, καὶ βάκτρον τοῦτο γ' ὀδουπορικόν,
κόλπαν ἀστελέγμιστον, ἀχάλκωτον τε κυνοῦχον,
καὶ πίλον κεφαλᾶς οὐχ ὀσίας σκέτανον
ταῦτα καταφθιμένον μυρικίνειον περὶ θάμνον
σκύλ' ἀπὸ τῶν Σωκάρεως Διμὸς ἀνεκρέμασεν.

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implements of his penury: his penknife, the sponge he used to hire to wipe his Cnidian pens, the ruler for marking off the margins, his paper-weight that marks the place (?), his ink-horn, his compasses that draw circles, his pumice for smoothing, and his blue spectacles (?) that give sweet light.

296.—LEONIDAS

Sosippus gives to Hermes, now that he has out-swum the greater part of his strength and the feebleness of old age betters him, his securely fixed trap, his cane springs, his nets, this curved hare-club, his quiver, this quail-call, and the well-woven net for throwing over wild fowl.

297.—PHANIAS

Alcimus hung up in Athene's porch, when he found a treasure (for otherwise his often-bent back would perhaps have gone down curved to Hades), his toothless rake, a piece of his noisy hoe wanting its olive-wood handle, his . . . ., his mallet that destroys the clods, his one-pronged pickaxe, his rake,¹ and his sewn baskets for carrying earth.

298.—LEONIDAS

A wallet, a hard untanned goat-skin, this walking-stick, an oil-flask never scraped clean, a dog-skin purse without a copper in it, and the hat, the covering of his impious head, these are the spoils of Socharis that Famine hung on a tamarisk bush when he died.

¹ It seems evident that two kinds of rake, which we cannot distinguish, are mentioned.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

299.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ

Φάρσος σοι γεραροῦ τόδε βότρυνος, εινόδι ΄Ερμᾶ, καὶ τρύφος ἐπινεύτα πιαλέου φθοῖος πάρκειται, σύκον τε μελαντραγές, ἀ τε φιλουλίς δρύππα, καὶ τυρῶν δρύψια κυκλιάδων, ἀκτὰ τε Κρηταῖς, ἕυτριβέος ἃ τε ἰόειπα θωμός, καὶ Βάκχου πῶμ' ἐπιδορπίδιον τοῖσιν ἀδοὶ καὶ Κύπρις, ἔμα θεός. ὡμμὶ δὲ ρέειν φημὶ παρὰ κροκάλαις ἀργυτόδαν χίμαρον.

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300.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Λαθρή, ἐκ πλανίου ταύτην χάριν ἐκ τε πενέστεω κῆς ὁλυγησιπύου δέξο Λεωνίδεω, ψαιστά τε πηνεντα καὶ εὐθῆσαυρον ἐλαίην, καὶ τοῦτο χλωρόν σύκον ἀποκράδιον, κενοῖνου σταφυλῆς ἔχ' ἀποσπάδα πεντάρραγον, πότνια, καὶ σπονδήν τὴν ὑποτυθμίδιον. ἢν δὲ μὲ γ', ὡς ἐκ νοὺσου ἄνειρύσῳ, ὅδε καὶ ἔχθρης ἐκ πενίης ρύσῃ, δέξο χιμαιροθύνη.

301.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τὴν ἀλήνην Εὐδήμους, ἀφ' ὅς ἀλα λετὸν ἐπέσθων χειμώνας μεγάλους ἐξέφυγεν δανέων, θῆκε θεῶις Σαμόθραξι, λέγων ὅτι τὴνδε, κατ' εὐχήν, ὡ μεγάλοι, σωθεῖς ἐξ ἀλός, ὡδ' ἔθετο.

5

302.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Φεύγεθ' ὑπὲκ καλύβης, σκότιοι μύς· οὕτι πενιχρὴ μὺς συπῆ βόσκειν οἶδε Λεωνίδεω.

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299.—PHANIAS

To thee, wayside Hermes, I offer this portion of a noble cluster of grapes, this piece of a rich cake from the oven, this black fig, this soft olive that does not hurt the gums, some scrapings of round cheeses, some Cretan meal, a heap of crumbling . . . ., and an after-dinner glass of wine. Let Cypris, my goddess, enjoy them too, and I promise to sacrifice to you both on the beach a white-footed kid.

300.—LEONIDAS (ep. Nos. 190, 191)

Lathrian goddess,¹ accept these offerings from Leonidas the wanderer, the pauper, the flour-less: rich barley-cakes, olives easy to store, and this green fig from the tree. Take, too, lady, these five grapes picked from a rich cluster, and this libation of the dregs of the cup. But if, as thou hast saved me from sickness so thou savest me from hateful penury, await a sacrifice of a kid.

301.—CALLIMACHUS

Eudemus dedicated to the Samothracian gods² his salt-cellar, by eating much plain salt out of which he escaped dreadful storms of debts. "O great gods," he said, "according to my vow I dedicate this here, saved from the brine."

302.—LEONIDAS

Out of my hut, ye mice that love the dark! Leonidas' poor meal-tub has not wherewith to feed

¹ Aphrodite is meant, as Nos. 190, 191 show, but the epithet is otherwise unknown. ² Cabiri.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

αὐτάρκης ὁ πρέσβης ἔχων ἀλα καὶ δύο κρίμνα
ἐκ πατέρων ταύτην ἴνεσαμεν βιοτήν.
tῷ τί μεταλλεύεις τούτων μυχῶν, ὃ φιλόλιχυν,
οὗδ’ ἀποδειπνίδου γευόμενος σκυβάλου;
σπεύδων εἰς ἀλλούς οἶκους ἰδί (τὰμὰ δὲ λιτά),
ὁν ἀπο πλειοτέρην οίσεαι ἀρμαλιήν.

303.—ἈΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ

’Ω μῦς, εἰ μὲν ἐπ’ ἄρτον ἐληλύθατ’, ἐς μυχῶν ἄλλοιν
στείχετ’ (ἐπεὶ λιτήν οἰκέομεν καλύβην),
οὔ καὶ πίονα τυρῶν ἀποδρέψεσθε καὶ αὐγὴν
ἰσχάδα, καὶ δεῖπνον συχνὸν ἀπὸ σκυβάλων.
eἰ δ’ ἐν ἐμαῖς βίβλοις πάλιν καταθήκητ’ ὄδύντα, 5
κλαύσεσθ’, οὐκ ἅγαθον κάδον ἑπερχόμενοι.

304.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ

’Ακτίτ’ ὁ καλαμεντά, ποτὲ ξερὸν Ἐλθ’ ἀπὸ πέτρας,
καὶ μὲ λάβ’ εὐάρχαν πρῶιον ἐμπολέα.
αἰτε σὺ γ’ ἐν κύρτῳ μελανουρίδας, αἰτε τιν’ ἀγρεῖς
μορμύρου, ἡ κίχλην, ἡ σπάρου, ἡ σμαρίδα,
αἰσιον αὐθάσεις με τὸν οὔ κρέας, ἀλλὰ θάλασσαν 5
τιμῶντα, ψαφαροῦ κλάσματος εἰς ἀπάταν.
χαλκίδας ἡν δὲ φέρης φιλακανθίδας, ἡ τίνα
θρίσσαν,
εὐάγρει· λιθίναν οὐ γὰρ ἔχω φάρυγα.

305.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Δαβροσύνα τάδε δώρα φιλευχύλῳ τε Δαφνυμῷ
θήκατο ἕδεισόζου Δωριέος κεφαλά·

\[1\] I am acquainted with these fish, which retain their names, but am unable to give their scientific names or nearest
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mice. The old man is contented if he has salt and two barley-cakes. This is the life I have learnt to acquiesce in from my fathers. So why dost thou dig for treasure in that corner, thou glutton, where thou shalt not taste even of the leavings of my dinner? Haste and be off to other houses (here is but scanty fare), where thou shalt win greater store.

303.—ARISTON

Mice, if you have come for bread, go to some other corner (my hut is ill-supplied), where ye shall nibble fat cheese and dried figs, and get a plentiful dinner from the scraps. But if ye sharpen your teeth again on my books ye shall suffer for it and find that ye come to no pleasant banquet.

304.—PHANIAS

Fisher of the beach, come from the rock on to the dry land and begin the day well with this early buyer. If you have caught in your weel black-tails or some mormyre, or wrasse, or sparus, or small fry, you will call me lucky, who prefer not flesh but the fruit of the sea to make me forget I am munching a dry crust. But if you bring me bony chalcides¹ or some thrissa,¹ good-bye and better luck! I have not got a throat made of stone.

305.—LEONIDAS

To Gluttony and Voracity, the deities who love well flavoured sauces, did Dorieus who stinks of... English equivalent. The thrissa is a fish that goes in shoals, a little like mackerel and not particularly bony; the chalkis is a kind of bream.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

tòς Λαρισσαίως βουγιώτσωρος ἑψητήρας,
kai χύτρως, kai tàn εὐρυχαδῆ κύλικα,
kai tàν εὐχάλκωτον ἐγγναμπτών τοὺς κρειάραν,
kai κυνήστων, kai tòn ἐτυνδόνων πορύναν.
Λαβροσύνα, σὺ δὲ τάυτα κακοὺ κακὰ δωρητήρος
dεξαμένα, νεύσαις μὴ ποκα σωφροσύναν.

306.—ἈΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ

Χύτρων τοι, ταύτην τε κρεαγρίδα, καὶ βαθυκαμψῆ
κλείδα συών, καὶ τὰν ἐτυνδόνων πορύναν,
καὶ πτερίναν σφιώδα, ταναίχαλκόν τε λέβητα,
σὺν πελέκει, καὶ τὰν λαμπτόμονον σφαγίδα,
ζωμοῦ τ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ ὄβελοισιν ἀριστρίδα, τόν τε μαγήα
σπόγγον ὑπὲ στιβαρά κεκλιμένον κοπίδι,
kαὶ τοῦτον δικάρανον ἀλοτρίβα, σὺν δὲ θυελαν
εὐπετρω, καὶ τὰν κρεινόδοκον σκαφίδα,
οὐψοπόνος Σπώνθηρ Ἐρμῆ τάδε σύμβολα τέχνας
θήκατο, δουλοσύνας ἀχθος ἀπωσάμενος.

307.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ

Εὐγάθης Δαπηθανδος ἐσοπτρίδα, καὶ φιλέθειρον
σινδώνα, καὶ πετάσου φάρσου ὑποξύριον,
καὶ ψήκτραν δοκαίτων ἀπεπτυσε, καὶ λυποκόπτους
φασγανίδας, καὶ τοὺς συλόνυχας στόνυχας.
ἐπτυσε δὲ ψαλίδας, ἴσωρα καὶ θρόνον, εἰς δ᾽
Ἑπικούρον,
kουρείδον προλιπών, ἀλατο κηπολόγος,
ἐνθα λύρας ἦκουεν ὅπως ὄνοσ· ὦλετο δ᾽ ἂν πον
λιμωσασσον, εἰ μὴ στέρξε παλινδρομίαν.

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dedicate these enormous Larissean boiling cauldrons, the pots and the wide-gaping cup, the well-wrought curved flesh-hook, the cheese-scaper, and the soup-stirrer. Gluttony, receive these evil gifts of an evil giver, and never grant him temperance.

306.—ARISTON

Spinther, the cook, when he shook off the burden of slavery, gave these tokens of his calling to Hermes: his pipkin, this flesh-hook, his highly-curved pork-spit (?), the stirrer for soup, his feather fan, and his bronze cauldron, together with his axe and slaughtering-knife, his soup-ladle beside the spits, his sponge for wiping, resting beneath the strong chopper, his two-headed pestle, and with it the stone mortar and the trough for holding meat.

307.—PHANIAS

Eugethes of Lapithe cast away with scorn his mirror, his sheet that loves hair, a fragment of his shaving-bowl, his reed scraper, his scissors that have deserted their work, and his pointed nail-file. He cast away, too, his scissors, razors, and barber's chair, and leaving his shop ran prancing off to Epicurus to be a garden-student. There he listened as a donkey listens to the lyre, and he would have died of hunger if he had not thought better of it and run home.

1 Two kinds of scissors seem to be mentioned.
2 Epicurus taught at Athens in "the Garden" as the Stoics did in "the Porch."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

308.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Νικήσας τοὺς παιδαίας, ἐπεὶ καλὰ γράμματ᾽ ἔγραψεν,
Κόνναρος ὁ γιδόκοντ᾽ ἀστραγάλους ἐλαβεν,
καὶ ἡμέραν Μούσαιος, τὸν κωμικὸν ὡδὲ Χάριτα
πρεσβύτην θορύβῳ θήκατο παιδαρίων.

309.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Εὔφημόν τοι σφαῖραν, εὐκράτεινον τε Φιλοκλῆς
Ερμείῃ παῦτην πυξινήν πλατάγην,
ἀστραγάλας θ' αῖς πόλλ' ἐπεμήνατο, καὶ τὸν ἐλικτὸν
ῥόμβον, κοινοσύνης παῦγνι ἀνεκρέματεν.

310.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Εὐμαθίην ἕτεκτο δίδονες ἐμὲ Σ网投 ὁ Μίκκου
ταῖς Μούσαιοις· αἰ δὲ, Γαύκος ὅκως, ἔδοσαν
ἀντ' ὀλίγον μέγα δῶρον· ἐγὼ δ' ἰνὰ τῆδε κεχυνὸς
κείμαι τοῦ Σαμίου διπλόσ· ὁ τραγικὸς
παιδαρίων Διόνυσος ἐπήκοος· οἰ δὲ λέγουσιν,
“ἱερὸς ὁ πλόκαμος,” τοῦμον ὀνειρ ἐμοί.

311.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῆς Ἀγαράνακτος με λέγε, ξένε, κωμικὸν ὄντως
ἄγκεισθαι νῖκης μάρτυρα τοῦ Ῥοδίου
Πάμφιλου, οὐ μὲν ἔρωτι δεδαγμένον, ήμισυ δ' ὀπτῇ
ἰσχάδι καὶ λύχνους Ἰσίδος εἰδόμενον.

1 Hom. II. vi. 236.
2 The letter Υ used by Pythagoras to symbolise the diverging paths, one narrow, the other broad, of right and wrong.
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308.—ASCLEPIADES

Connarus, on winning the boys' contest, since he wrote such a pretty hand, received eighty knuckle-bones, and in gratitude to the Muses he hung me up here, the comic mask of old Chares, amid the applause of the boys.

309.—LEONIDAS

To Hermes Philocles here hangs up these toys of his boyhood: his noiseless ball, this lively boxwood rattle, his knuckle-bones he had such a mania for, and his spinning-top.

310.—CALLIMACHUS

Simos, son of Micas, when he gave me to the Muses, prayed for learning, and they gave it him like Glaucus, a great gift in return for a little. I hang dedicated here (in the school), the tragic mask of Dionysus, yawning twice as much as the Samian's letter as I listen to the boys, and they go on saying "My hair is holy," telling me my own dream.

311.—BY THE SAME

Tell, stranger, that I, the mask of Pamphilus, am dedicated here as a truly comic witness of the victory of Agoranax the Rhodian in the theatre. I am not like Pamphilus, bitten by love, but one side of me is wrinkled like a roast fig and the colour of Isis' lamps.

3 Spoken by Dionysus in the Bueche of Euripides, line 494. This was evidently a favourite passage for recitation in schools. 4 i.e. a thing I already know.
312.—ΑΝΤΗΣ

'Ηνία δὴ τοι παιδες ἐνὶ, τρῶγε, φοινικόεντα
θέντες καὶ λασίω φιμὰ περὶ στόματι,
ἵππια παιδεύονσι θεοῦ περὶ ναιν ἄεθλα,
ὅφρ' ἀυτοῦς ἐφορῇ υῆπια τερπομένους.

313.—ΒΑΧΧΤΛΙΔΟΤ

Κοῦρα Πάλλαντος πολυώνυμε, πότνια Νίκα,
πρόφρον Καρθαῖων ἰμερόεντα χορὸν
αἰὲν ἐποπτεύοις, πολέας δ' ἐν ἀθύρμασι Μούσαν
Κηφ' ἀμφιτίθει βακχυλίδη στεφάνους.

314.—ΝΙΚΟΔΗΜΟΤ ἩΡΑΚΛΕΩΤΟΤ
ΑΝΑΣΤΡΕΦΟΝΤΑ

Πηνελόπη, τόδε σοι φήρος καὶ χλαίναν Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἤνεγκεν, δολιχὴν ἔξανύσας ἀτραπόν.

315.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν τραγοποῦν ἐμὲ Πάνα, φίλον Βρομίοιο καὶ νιὼν
Ἀρκάδος', ἀντ' ἀλκαὶ ἔγραφεν Ὡφελίων.

316.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αερόπης δύκρυν διερῆ, καὶ λαῖψανα δείπνων
δύσνομα, καὶ ποιήν ἔγραφεν Ὡφελίων.

1 One of the three independent towns of Ceos. Daughter of Crateus, king of Crete, and subsequently
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312.—ANYTE

The children, billy-goat, have put purple reins on you and a muzzle on your bearded face, and they train you to race like a horse round the god’s temple that he may look on their childish joy.

313.—BACCHYLIDES

Famous daughter of Pallas, holy Victory, look ever with good will on the beauteous chorus of the Carthacans,¹ and crown Cean Bacchylides with many wreaths at the sports of the Muses.

314

311–320.—COPLETS OF NICODEMUS OF HERACLAEA WHICH CAN BE READ BACKWARDS

Odysseus, his long road finished, brought thee this cloak and robe, Penelope.

315

In thanks for my help Ophelion painted me the goat-footed Pan, the friend of Bacchus and son of Arcadian Hermes.

316

Ophelion painted the tears of dripping Aerope,² the remains of the impious feast and the requital.³ wife of Atreus. Owing to an oracle she was cast into the sea by her father, but escaped.

¹ The feast of Thyestes by Atreus and murder of Agamemnon.
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317.—TOY AYTOY
Πραξιτέλης ἐπλάσε Δανάην καὶ φύρεα Νυμφὸν λύγδινα, καὶ πέτρης Πᾶν’ ἐμὲ Πεντελικῆς.

318.—TOY AYTOY
Κύπριδι κουροτρόφῳ δάμαλιν ῥέξαντες ἔφησοι χαίροντες νῦμφας ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγομεν.

319.—TOY AYTOY
Ἄθημέναις ὑπὸ δασὶν ἐν εὐρυχόρῳ πατρὸς οἰκῷ παρθένου ἐκ χειρῶν ἡγαγόμην Κύπριδος.

320.—TOY AYTOY
Ἄσκανίη μέγα χαῖρε καλῆ, καὶ χρύσεα Βάκχου ὄργα, καὶ μυσταὶ πρόκριτοι Εὐίεω.

321.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ ΙΣΟΥΗΦΑ
Θῦει σοι τόδε γράμμα γενεθλιακάισιν ἐν ὅραις,
Καῖσαρ, Νειλαῖή Μοῦσα Λεωνίδεω.
Καλλιότης γὰρ ἄκαπνον ὧε θύος. εἰς δὲ νέωτα,
ἡν ἐθέλησι, θύσει τούδε περισσότερα.

322.—TOY AYTOY
Τήνδε Λεωνίδεω θαλερὴν πάλι δέρκεο Μοῦσαν,
δίστιχον εὐθίκτον παῖγχινον εὐεπίης.
ἔσται δ' ἐν Κρονίοις Μάρκοι περικαλλές ἄθυμμα
tούτο, καὶ ἐν δεῖπνοις, καὶ παρὰ μουσοπόλοισ.
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317

Praxiteles carved of Parian marble Danae and the draped Nymphs, but me, Pan, he carved of Pentelic marble.

318

We young men, after sacrificing a calf to Aphrodite, the Nurser of youth, conduct the brides with joy from their chambers.

319

By the light of burning torches in her father’s spacious house I received the maiden from the hands of Cypris.

320

Hail, lovely Ascania, and the golden orgies of Bacchus, and the chief of his initiated.

321-329.—ISOPSEPHA¹ BY LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

321

On thy birthday, Caesar,² the Egyptian Muse of Leonidas offers thee these lines. The offering of Calliope³ is ever smokeless; but next year, if thou wilt, she will offer thee a larger sacrifice.

322

Behold again the work of Leonidas’ flourishing Muse, this playful distich, neat and well expressed. This will be a lovely plaything for Marcus at the Saturnalia, and at banquets, and among lovers of the Muses.

¹ i.e. poems in which the sum of the letters taken as numerical signs is identical in each couplet.
² Perhaps Nero.
³ i.e. of poets.
323.—TOY AYTOY

'Αναστρέφον ὡς 'Ανακυκλικόν
Οἰδιπόδης κάσις ἦν τεκέων, καὶ μητέρι πόσις
γίνετο, καὶ παλάμης ἦν τυφλὸς ἐκ σφετέρης.

324.—TOY AYTOY

Πέμματα τίς λιπόωντα, τίς Ἄρει τῷ πτολυπόρῳ
βότρυς, τίς δὲ ρόδων θήκεν ἐμοὶ κάλυκας;
Νύμφαις ταῦτα φέροι τις ἀναιμάκτων δὲ θυηλᾶς
οὐ δέχομαι βωμοῖς ὁ θρασύμητος ὁ Αρης.

325.—TOY AYTOY

'Αλλος ἀπὸ σταλάκων, ὁ δὲ ἄπ’ ἥρος, ὅς δὲ ἀπὸ πόντου,
Εὔπολις, σοὶ πέμπει δῶρα γενεθλίδια:
ἀλλ’ ἐμέθεν δέξαι Μουσῶν στίχον, ὡστὶς ἐς αἰεὶ
μίμης, καὶ φιλίς σῆμα καὶ εὐμαθίς.

326.—TOY AYTOY

Δύκτιον ἱδόκην καὶ καμπύλον, Ἀρτέμι, τόξον
Νίκης ὁ Λυσιμάχου παῖς ἀνέθηκε Λίβυς;
ἰοὺς γὰρ πλήθοντας ἄει λαγόνεσσι φαρέτρης
δορκάσι καὶ βαλλάις ἐξεκένωσε’ ἐλάφους.

327.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς πρὸς ἕνα ψῆφοις ἱσάζεται, οὐ δύο δοιοὶς:
οὐ γὰρ ἐτε στέργω τὴν δολιχογραφίν.

328.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν τριτάτην χαρίτων ἀν’ ἐμεῖ πάλι λάμβανε βύβλον,
Καῖσαρ, Ἰσηρίθμου σύμβολον εὐπνής,
Νεῖλος ὡτος καὶ τὴνδε δι’ Ἑλλάδος θυύπουσαν
tῇ χθονὶ σῇ πέμψει δῶρον ἀοιδότατον.
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323 (Not Isopsephon, but can be read backwards)

Oedipus was the brother of his parents and his mother's husband, and blinded himself by his own hands.

324

Who offered to me, Ares the sacker of cities, rich cakes, and grapes, and roses? Let them offer these to the Nymphs, but I, bold Ares, accept not bloodless sacrifices on my altars.

325

One sends you, Eupolis, birthday gifts from the hunting-net, another from the air, a third from the sea. From me accept a line of my Muse which will survive for ever, a token of friendship and of learned skill.

326

Nicis the Libyan, son of Lysimachus, dedicates his Cretan quiver and curved bow to thee, Artemis; for he had exhausted the arrows that filled the belly of the quiver by shooting at does and dappled hinds.

327

One verse here gives the same figures as the other, not a distich the same as a distich, for I no longer care to be lengthy.

328

Accept from me, Caesar, the third volume of my thankful gift to thee, this token of my skill in making "isopsepha," so that the Nile may despatch through Greece to thy land this most musical gift.

1 Probably Nero.
329.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

"Αλλος μὲν κρύσταλλον, ὃ δ' ἄργυρον, οἱ δὲ τοπάζους πέμψουσιν, πλούτον δώρα γενεθλίδια· ἀλλ ἵδ' Ἀγρειπτίνη δύο δίστιχα μούνον ἴσώσας, ἀρκοῦμαι δώροις, ἐὰν φθόνος οὐ δαμάσει.

330.—ΑΙΣΧΙΝΟΤ ΡΗΤΟΡΟΣ

Θυητῶν μὲν τέχναις ἀπορούμενος, εἰς δὲ τὸ θεῖον ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἔχων, προλιπῶν εὐπαιδᾶς Ἀθήνας, ἱάθην ἐλθὼν, Ἀσκληπτιέ, πρὸς τὸ σὸν ἄλσος, ἐλκος ἔχων κεφαλῆς ἐνιαύσιον, ἐν τρισὶ μησίν.

331.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

Παίδα πατήρ Ἀλκών ὁλοφ σφυγχθέντα δράκοντι ἀθρήσας, δειλὴ τόξον ἐκαμψε χεῖρι· ἥθρος δ' οὐκ ἀφάμαρτε· διὰ στόματος γὰρ διστός ἥξεν, τυπθοῦ βαιών ὑπέρθε βρέφους. παυσάμενος δὲ φόβου, παρὰ δρυὶ τῇδε φαρέτρην σήμα καὶ εὐνυχίης θήκε καὶ εὐστοχίης.

332.—ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΤ

Ζητι τὸδ' Αἰνεάδης Κασίων Ἀραίανδρος ἄγαλμα, κοϊρανός ἀνθρώπων κοϊράνῳ ἀθανάτων, ἄνθετο, δοῦτα δέπα πολυμαίδαλα, καὶ βοῦς οὐρον ἀσκητὸν χρυσῷ παμφανώντι κέρας, ἕξαυτα προτέρης ἀπὸ ληθός, ἡμος ἀτειρής πέρσευν ὑπερθύμους ὑπὸ δουρὶ Γέτας.
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329

One will send crystal, another silver, a third topazes, rich birthday gifts. But I, look, having merely made two "isopsephon" distiches for Agrippina, am content with this my gift that envy shall not damage.

330.—AESCHINES THE ORATOR

Despairing of human art, and placing all my hope in the Divinity, I left Athens, mother of beautiful children, and was cured in three months, Aesclepius, by coming to thy grove, of an ulcer on my head that had continued for a year.

331.—GAETULICUS

Alcon, seeing his child in the coils of a murderous serpent, bent his bow with trembling hand; yet he did not miss the monster, but the arrow pierced its jaws just a little above where the infant was. Re-lieved of his fear, he dedicated on this tree his quiver, the token of good luck and good aim.

332.—HADRIAN

To Casian Zeus\(^1\) did Trajan, the descendant of Aeneas, dedicate these ornaments, the king of men to the king of gods: two curiously fashioned cups and the horn of a urus\(^2\) mounted in shining gold, selected from his first booty when, tirelessly fighting, he had overthrown with his spear the insolent Getae. But,

\(^1\) i.e. it was at Antioch in Syria on his way to the Persian war (A.D. 106) that Trajan made this dedication.
\(^2\) The now extinct wild bull of Europe.

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ἀλλὰ σὺ οἱ καὶ τίμιε, Κελανεφές, ἐγγυάλιξον κρῆναι ἐξυκλεῖως δήριν Ἀχαιμενίην, ὀφρα τοι εἰσορόωντι διαύδιχα θυμὸν ἱαίνη δοιά, τὰ μὲν Γετέων σκῦλα, τὰ δ’ Ἄρσακιδεῶν. 10

333.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἡ δὴ, φίλτατε λύχνε, τρὶς ἐπταρες· ἢ τάχα τερπνὴν εἰς θαλάμους ἤξειν Ὀντιγόνην προλέγεις; εἰ γάρ, ἀναξ, εἰς τὸ δ’ ἐτήτυμον, οἷος Ἀπόλλων θυντοῖς μάντις ἔση καὶ σὺ παρὰ τρόποι.

334.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Αὖλια καὶ Νυμφέων ἱερὸς πάγος, αἰ τ’ ὕπο πέτρῃ πίδακες, ἢ θ’ υδασιν γειτονέουσα πίτυς, καὶ σὺ τετράγλωχιν, μηλοσσόε, Μαιώδος Ἐρμᾶ, ὃς τε τὸν αὐγιβότην, Πάν, κατέχεις σκόπελον, ἰλαοί τὰ ψαιστὰ τὸ τε σκύφος ἐμπλέον οὖν ἡ

dέξασθ’, Αἰακίδεω δῶρα Νεοπτολέμου.

J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833, p. 131.

335.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Καυσίη, ἢ τὸ πάροιθε Μακηδόσων εὐκολον ὀπλον, καὶ σκέπας ἐν νιφετῷ, καὶ κόρυς ἐν πολέμῳ, ἴδρῳ διψήσασα πιεῖν τεῦν, ἀλκίμε Πεῖσων, Ἡμαθὶς Ἀὐσονίους ἠλθον ἐπὶ κροτάφως. ἀλλὰ φίλος δέξαι με· τάχα κρόκες, αἰ ποτε Πέρσας τρεφόμενα, καὶ σοι Ὑρῆκας ὑπαξόμεθα.

1 One of the well-known images, consisting of a head on a rectangular base.

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Lord of the black clouds, entrust to him, too, the glorious accomplishment of this Persian war, that thy heart’s joy may be doubled as thou lookest on the spoils of both foes, the Getae and the Arsacidae.

333.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

(A Love Epigram misplaced)

Thrice hast thou sneezed, dear lamp! Is it, perchance, to tell me that delightful Antigone is coming to my chamber? For if, my lord, this be true, thou shalt stand by the tripod, like Apollo, and prophesy to men.

334.—LEONIDAS

Caves and holy hill of the Nymphs, and springs at the rock’s foot, and thou pine that standest by the water; thou square Hermes,1 son of Maia, guardian of the sheep, and thou, Pan, lord of the peak where the goats pasture, graciously receive these cakes and the cup full of wine, the gifts of Neoptolemus of the race of Aeacus.

335.—ANTIPATER

I, the causia,2 once a serviceable head-dress for the Macedonians, a covering in the snow-storm and a helmet in war, thirsting to drink thy sweat, brave Piso,3 have come from my Macedonian land to thy Italian brows. But receive me kindly; may-be the felt that once routed the Persians will help thee, too, to subdue the Thracians.

2 A broad-brimmed hat.
3 L. Calpurnius Piso, to whose sons Horace addressed the Ars Poetica.
336.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ

Τὰ ρόδα τὰ δροσόεντα, καὶ ἢ κατάπτυκνος ἐκεῖνα
ἐρπετλλος κεῖται ταῖς Ἐλικωνιάσιν
ταῖ δὲ μελάμφυλλοι δάφναι τῖν, Πύθει Παιάν,
Δελφὶς ἐπεὶ πέτρα τοῦτὸ τοι ἄγλαϊσεν.
βωμὸν δ’ αἰμαξεὶ κεραὸς τράγος οὗτος ὁ μάλος,
tερμίνθου τρώγων ἐσχατον ἀκρεμόνα.

337.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡλθε καὶ ἐς Μίλατον ὁ τῶ Παιήνονος νιός,
ητῆρι νύσσον ἀνδρὶ συνοισόμενος,
Νικία, ὡς μιν ἐπ’ ἀμαρ ἀεὶ θυέσσιν ικνεῖται,
καὶ τὸδ’ ἀπ’ εὐώδους γλύψατ’ ἄγαλμα κέδρου
Ἡτίων χάριν γλαφυρᾶς χερὸς ἀκρον ὕποστὰς
μυσθὸν’ ὁ δ’ εἰς ἐργον πᾶσαν ἀφίκε τέχναν.

338.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τμήν τοῦτο, Θεαί, κεχαρισμένον ἄνθετο πάσαις
τῶγαλμα Ξενοκλῆς τοῦτο τὸ μαρμάρινον,
μουσικός’ ὡς ἐτέρως τις ἔρει’ σοφία δ’ ἐπὶ τάδε
ἀινὸν ἔχων, Μουσέων οὐκ ἐπιλαμβάνεται.

339.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δαμομένης ὁ χοραγός, ὁ τὸν τρίποδ’, ὁ Διόνυσε,
καὶ σὲ τὸν ἀδιστον θεῶν μακάρων ἀναθείς,
μέτριος ἦν εἰν πᾶσι, χορὸ δ’ ἐκτήσατο νίκαι
ἀνδρῶν, καὶ τὸ κάλον καὶ τὸ προσήκον ὅρῶν.
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336.—THEOCRITUS

The fresh roses and this thick creeping-thyme are a gift to the Heliconian Muses; the dark-leaved laurel branches are for thee, Pythian Paean, since the rocks of Delphi gave thee this bright foliage to wear. But thy altar shall be reddened by the blood of this white horned goat that is nibbling the end of the terebinth branch.

337.—BY THE SAME

The son of Paean hath come to Miletus too, to visit the physician Nicias who every day approaches him with sacrifice, and ordered to be carved for him this statue of perfumed cedar-wood, promising the highest fee for the delicate labour of his hands to Eiction, who put all his skill into the work.

338.—BY THE SAME

A gift to please you all, O Muses, this marble statue was dedicated by Xenocles, a musician—who will gainsay it? and as he has gained fame by this art he does not forget the Muses.

339.—BY THE SAME

Damomenes the choregus, who dedicated the tripod, O Dionysus, and this image of thyself, sweetest of the blessed gods, was a man moderate in all things. He won the victory with his chorus of men, keeping before his eyes ever what was good and seemly.

1 Apollo.  2 i.e. Aesculapius.
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340.—TOY AYTOY

'A Kúpis ou pándamos: ἰλάσκεο τὰν θεόν, εἰπὼν
Οὐρανίαν, ἀγνᾶς ἀνθεμα Χρυσογόνας
οἶκῷ ἐν 'Αμφικλέους, ὥ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον ἔσχε
ζυνόν, ἀεὶ δὲ σφιν λόιον εἰς ἑτος ἤν
ἐκ σέθεν αρχομένοις, δὲ πότνια: κηδόμενοι γὰρ
ἀθανάτων αὐτοῖ πλεῖον ἔχουσι βροτοὶ.

341.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Βόσπορον ἱχθυόεντα γεφυρώσας ἄνέθηκε
Μανδροκλένας Ἡρη, μνημόσυνον σχεδίας,
αὐτῷ μὲν στέφανον περιθείς, Σαμίωσι δὲ κύδος,
<Δαρείου βασιλέως ἐκτελέσας κατὰ νοῦν>.

342.—ΑΛΛΟ

'Αθηνασον Χαρίτων ὑπὸ παστάδι τάδε τριήρους
στυλίδα: τᾶς πρώτας τοῦθ' ὑπόδευγμα τέχνας;
ταύταν γὰρ πρώταν ποτ' ἐμήσατο Παλλάς Ἀθάνα,
τάνδε πόλει καλάν ἀντιδιδοῦσα χάριν,
οὖνεκεν υψίστα Τριτωνίδι νηὸν ὑπεύθεν
Κύκικος ἄδ', ἵπ' πρῶτον ἐν Ἀσιάδι:
δείγμα <δὲ> καὶ πλινθῶν χρυσῆλατων ἤγαγεν ἄχθος
Δελφίδα γὰν, Φοῖβο τάνδε νέμουσα χάριν.

343.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ἐθνεά Βοιωτῶν καὶ Χαλκιδέων δαμάσαντες
παῖδες Ἀθηναίων ἐργασιν ἐν πολέμου,

1 = Vulgivaga.
2 From Herodotus iv. 88, to which refer.
3 On a mast preserved at Cyzicus, supposed to be a relic of the first ship ever built. In lines 7–8, to confirm the
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340.—By the Same

This Cypris is not Pandemus¹; would ye gain her favour, address as Celestial this her statue, the offering of chaste Chrysogona in the house of Amphicles. With him she dwelt in wedlock blessed with children, and each year it went better with them, since from thee they began, O sovereign Lady. Mortals who cherish the gods profit themselves thereby.

341.—Anonymous ²

Mandrocles, having bridged the fishy Bosporus, dedicated to Hera this memorial of the bridge. A crown for himself he gained and glory for Samos by executing the work as Darius the King desired.

342.—Anonymous ³

Look on this jigger-mast of a trireme in the porch of the Graces. This is a sample of the beginnings of ship-building; it was the first ship that Pallas Athene devised, well recompensing this city of Cyzicus, because it first raised a temple to her, the supreme Tritonian maid, in the holy Asian land. The ship carried to the Delphian shore, doing this service to Phoebus, a model of itself (?) and ingots of gold.

343.—Anonymous ⁴

The sons of Athens having subdued in the work of war the peoples of Bœotia and Chalcis, quenched veracity of the story, a story is told of the services this ship rendered.

⁴ For this inscription which stood in the Acropolis "on the left as you enter the Propylea" see Herod. 5. 77.
δεσμῷ ἐν ἀχυνόεντι σιδηρέῳ ἔσβεσαν ὑβριν·
tῶν ἱπποὺς, δεκάτην Παλλάδι, τῶσ'o ἔθεσαν.

344.—ΑΛΛO

(Ἐπὶ τῷ ἐν Θεσπιάς βωμῷ)
Θεσπιαλ εὐρύχοροι πέμψαν ποτὲ τούσδε σὺν ὀπλοῖς
τιμωροῦσ προγόνων βάρβαρον εἰς 'Ασίην,
οἳ μετ' Ἀλεξάνδρου Περσῶν ἄστη καθελόντες
στῆσαν Ἐριβρεμέτῃ δαιδάλεον τρίποδα.

345.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΩT

Εἰαρος ἤνθει κρέν το πρὶν ἑδα, νῦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσῳ
χεΙματι πορφυράς ἐσχάσαμεν κάλυκας,
σῇ ἐπιμειδήσαντα γενεθλίῳ ἄσμενα τήδε
ηοί, νυμφίδιων ἄσποτάτη λειχέων.
καλλιστῆς ὀφθήναι ἔπλε κροτάφοισι γυναικός
λώιον ἢ μίμνειν ἠρεύην ἡθλίον.

346.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Τέλλιδι ἰμερόεντα βίον πόρε, Μαίαδος νἱέ,
ἀντ' ἐρατῶν δόρων τῶν άρρην θέμενος·
δὸς δὲ μὲν εὐθυδίκων Ἑυσυνμένων ἕνὶ δήμῳ
ναίειν, αἰῶνος μοῖραν ἔχοντ' ἀγαθὴν.

347.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟT

"Ἀρτεμὶ, τὴν τόδ' ἀγαλμα Φιληρατῆς ἔστατο τήδε·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν δέξαι, πότνια, τὴν δὲ σάω.

348.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΩT

Ἀξίων δ' ὁκυμόρφῳ με λεχωδίδι τοῦτο κεκόφθαι
τῆς Διοδωρείου γράμμα λέγει σοφίης.
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their arrogance in sorrowful iron bondage. These statues of the horses of their foes, they dedicated to Pallas as a tithe of the ransom.

344.—Anonymous
(On the Altar in Thespiae)

Spacious Thespiae once sent these men-at-arms to barbarous Asia to avenge their ancestors, and having sacked with Alexander the cities of Persia, they set up to Zeus the Thunderer this curiously-wrought tripod.

345.—Crinagoras

Roses used to flower in spring, but we now in mid-winter burst scarlet from our buds, smiling gaily on this thy natal morn that falls so nigh to thy wedding. To be seen on the brow of the loveliest of women is better than to await the sun of spring.

346.—Anacreon

Give Tellis a pleasant life, O son of Maia, recompensing him for these sweet gifts; grant that he may dwell in the justly-ruled deme of Euonymea, enjoying good fortune all his days.

347.—Callimachus

Artemis, to thee did Phileratis erect this statue here. Accept it, sovereign Lady, and keep her safe.

348.—Diodorus

These mournful lines from the skilled pen of Diodorus tell that this tomb was carved for one who
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κούρον ἐπεὶ τίκτουσα κατέφθιτο. παῖδα δὲ Μήλας δεξάμενος θαλερὴν κλαίω Ἀθηναίδα, Λεσβιάδεσσιν ἄχος καὶ Ἡσσονι πατρὶ λιποῦσαν. Ἀρτέμι, σοι δὲ κυνὸν θηροφόρων ἔμελεν.

349.—ΦΙΛΟΔΙΜΟΤ

Ἰνοῦς ὁ Μελικέρτα, σὺ τε γλαυκὴ μεδέουσα Δευκοθή Πόιτου, δαῖμον ἀλεξίκακε, Νηρήδων τε χοροῖ, καὶ κύματα, καὶ σὺ, Πόσειδον, καὶ Ἐρήμι, ἀνέμου πριγύστατε, Ζέφυρε, ἔλαοι μὲ φέροιτε, διὰ πλατὺ κύμα φυγόντα, σῶν ἐπὶ γλυκέραν Ἰόνα Πειραέως.

350.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Ὑποσημῆς κελάδημα διαπρύσιον σάλπυγγος, πολλάκις Πισαίων στρηνὲς ὑπὲρ πεδίων φθείγξαμένης, ὁ πρὶν μὲν ἔχει χρόνον ἐν δυσὶ νίκαις· εἰ δὲ σὺ καὶ τρισσοῦς ἡγαγες εἰς στεφάνους ἀστὸν Μιλήτου Δημοσθένε, οὐ ποτὲ κῶδων χάλκεος ἥχυσε πλειοτέρῳ στόματι.

351.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

α. Τίν με, λεοντάγχρ ἄνα συκτόνε, φῆγινον ὄξουν β. Θῆκε τῖς; α. Αρχίνοι. β. Ποῖοι; α. Ὅλος. β. Δέχομαι.

352.—ΗΡΙΝΝΗΣ

Ἐξ ἀπαλαν χειρῶν τάδε γράμματα· λέοτε Προμαθεύ, ἐντι καὶ ἀνθρώποι τῶν ὀμαλοὶ σοφίαν.
died before her time in child-birth, in bearing a boy. I mourn her whom I received, blooming Athenais the daughter of Mela, who left sorrow to the ladies of Lesbos and to her father Jason. But thou hadst no care, then, Artemis, but for thy hounds deadly to beasts.

349.—PHILODEMUS

O Melicertes, son of Ino, and thou sea-blue queen of the sea, Leucothea, goddess that avertest evil, and ye Nereids linked in the dance, and ye waves, and thou, Poseidon, and Thracian Zephyr, gentlest of winds, be gracious unto me and bear me, escaping the broad billows, safe to the sweet beach of Piraeus.

350.—CRINAGORAS

To a Trumpet

The Tyrrhenian trumpet that often over the plain of Pisa hath uttered shrilly its piercing note, past time did limit to two prizes. But for that thou hast led Demosthenes of Miletus to three victories, no brazen bell shall ever peal with fuller tone than thine.

351.—CALLIMACHUS

A. I was dedicated, this beech branch, to thee, O King, the lion-throttler, the boar-slayer.—B. By whom? A. By Archinus. B. Which? A. The Cretan one. B. I accept.

352.—ERINNA

This picture is the work of delicate hands; so, good Prometheus, there are men whose skill is equal

¹ Heracles.
353.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

Αὐτομέλινα τέτυκαν· ἵδι ὡς ἄγανῶν τὸ πρόσωπον ἀμὲ ποτοπτάξειν μειλιχίως δοκεῖν· ὡς ἐτύμως θυγάτηρ τὰ ματέρι πάντα ποτάκει. ἦ καλὸν ὁκκα πέλη τέκνα γονεύσιν ἵσα.

354.—ΤΗΣ ΑΥΤΗΣ

Γνωτὰ καὶ τηνῶθε Σαβαθίδος εἴδεται ἐμμεν ἅδ' εἰκὼν μορφᾶ καὶ μεγαλειοσύνα. θάεο τὰν πινυτῶν· τὸ δὲ μείλιχον αὐτόθι τίμας ἐλπομ' ὀρῇν χαίροισ πολλά, μίκαιρα γύναι.

355.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Α μάτηρ ξύλον τὸν Μίκυθον, οἷα πενιχρὰ
Βάκχῳ δωρεῖται, ρωπικὰ γραψομένα.
Βάκχε, σὺ δ' ύψη ρ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θυ θу
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to thine. At least if he who painted this girl thus
to the life had but added speech, you would be,
Agatharchis, your complete self.

353.—NOSSIS

It is Melinna herself. See how her sweet face
seems to look kindly at me. How truly the daugh-
ter resembles her mother in everything! It is surely
a lovely thing when children are like their parents.

354.—BY THE SAME

Even from here this picture of Sabaethis is
to be known by its beauty and majesty. Look at
the wise house-wife. I hope to look soon from
nigh on her gentle self. All hail, blessed among
women!

355.—LEONIDAS

His mother, being poor, gives Micythus’ picture
to Bacchus, poorly painted indeed. Bacchus, I pray
thee, exalt Micythus; if the gift be trumpery, it is
all that simple poverty can offer.

356.—PANCRATES

Aristodice and Amino, the two Cretan four-year-
old daughters of Clio thy priestess, Artemis, are
dedicated here by their mother. See, O Queen,
what fair children she hath, and make thee two
priestesses instead of one.
357.—ΘΕΑΙΘΤΟΤ

α. Ἡλβια τέκνα γένοισθε· τύνος γένος ἐστέ; τί δ’ ὑμῖν
δοὺς καλοῖς χαρίεν κείμενόν ἐστ’ ὄνομα;

β. Νικάνωρ ἔγω εἰμι, πατήρ δέ μοι Λιπιώρητος,
μήτηρ δ’ Ἡγησώ, κείμι γένος Μακεδών.

γ. Καὶ μὲν ἐγὼ Φίλα εἰμί, καὶ ἐστί μοι οὗτος ἀδελφός· ὥς ἐκ δ’ εὐχής τοκέων ἐστάμες ὑμφότεροι.

358.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ

Χαϊρέ μοι, ὑβρὲ κύπασι, τὸν Ὦμφάλη ἥ ποτε Λυδὴ
λυσαμένη φιλότητ’ ἤλθεν ἐς Ἡρακλέους.

ὁλβιος ἢσθα, κύπασι, καὶ ἐς τότε καὶ πάλιν, ὡς νῦν
χρύσεων Ἀρτέμιδος τοῦτ’ ἐπέβης μέλαθρον.

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357.—THEAETETUS

_A._ May ye be blest, ye children. Who are your parents, and what pretty names did they give to their pretty ones? _B._ I am Nicanor, and my father is Aeporietus, and my mother Hegeso, and I am a Macedonian. _C._ And I am Phila and this is my brother. We are both dedicated here owing to a vow of our parents.

358.—DIOTIMUS

_Hail_ , dainty frock, that Lydian Omphale doffed to go to the bed of Heracles. Thou wert blessed then, _O_ frock, and blessed again art thou now that thou hast entered this golden house of Artemis.
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