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Item 5
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Volume I.
Christian Epigrams.
Christodorus of Thebes in Egypt.
The Cyzicene Epigrams.
The Proems of the Different Anthologies.
The Amatory Epigrams.
The Dedicatory Epigrams.

Volume III.
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Strato's Musa Puerilis.

Volume V.
Epigrams in Various Metres.
Arithmetical Problems, Riddles, Oracles.
Miscellanea.
Epigrams of the Planudean Anthology Not in the Palatine Manuscript.
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WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. R. RATON
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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK VII

SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

The genuine epitaphs (those actually engraved on tombstones) in this collection are comparatively few in number. It would be easy to draw up a list of them, but I refrain from this, as there are too many doubtful cases. Those on celebrities are of course all poetical exercises in the form of epitaphs, but a considerable number of those on unknown persons are doubtless the same. In order to appreciate the Greek sepulchral epigram as it was, we should have a selection of those actually preserved on stones. Cephalas has introduced a few copied from stones (330–335, 340, 346), but Meleager, Philippus, and Agathias drew, of course, from literary and not epigraphical sources in forming their anthologies.

Nothing can be less certain than the attributions to the elder poets (Anacreon, Simonides, etc.) in this book; we may be sure that, while they published their lyrics, they did not publish collections of occasional epigrams; so that the latter are attributed to them merely by hearsay and guesswork. The authorship of the few epigrams (some very beautiful) attributed to Plato is now a matter of dispute, but I think we have no right to deny it, as they are very short and would have survived in memory. The attributions to later writers are doubtless in the main correct—the epigrams of Theocritus being included in MSS. of his works, and derived from such a MS. and not from Meleager, who does not, curiously enough, mention him in his Proem.


1 All on animals, but in the alphabetical order of the first letters, like the fragments of Philippus' Wreath.

VOL. II.
ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

Ζ
ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΕΠΙΤΤΜΒΙΑ

1.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ηρώων τόν ἁοιδὸν "Ἰφ ἐν παῖδες" Ομηρον ἤκαχον, ἐκ Μουσέων γρίφον ύφηναμενοι
νέκταρι δ' εινάλαια Νηρηίδες ἐχρίσαντο,
καὶ νέκνω ἀκταίῃ θῆκαν ὑπὸ σπιλάδι,
ὅτι Θέτειν κύδηνε καὶ νίεα, καὶ μόθον ἄλλων
ήρωων, Ἱθακοῦ τ' ἐργαματα Λαρτιίδεω.
ἄλβιστη νήσουν πόντῳ Ἰος, ὅτι κέκευθε
βαίνῃ Μουσάων ἀστέρα καὶ Χαρίτων.

2.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὰν μερόπων Πειθώ, τὸ μέγα στόμα, τὰν ἵσα Μούσαις
φθεγξαμέναν κεφαλάν, ὃ ξένε, Μαιονίδεω
ἀδ' ἔλαχον νασίτις Ἰου σπιλάς· οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἄλλα
ιερόν, ἄλλ' ἐν ἐμοί, πνεῦμα θανὼν ἔλιπεν,

1 The riddle which Homer, according to the story, could
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK VII

SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

1.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE
   On Homer

In Ios the boys, weaving a riddle at the bidding of
the Muses, vexed to death Homer the singer of the
heroes. And the Nereids of the sea anointed him
with nectar and laid him dead under the rock on
the shore; because he glorified Thetis and her son
and the battle-din of the other heroes and the deeds
of Odysseus of Ithaca. Blessed among the islands
in the sea is Ios, for small though she be, she covers
the star of the Muses and Graces.

2.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON
   On the Same

O stranger, it is granted to me, this island rock
of Ios, to hold Maconides, the Persuader of men, the
mighty-voiced, who sang even as the Muses. For in
no other island but in me did he leave, when he died,
the holy breath with which he told of the almighty
not guess was: "What we caught we left, what we did not
catch we bring," i.e. lice.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ὁ νεῦμα Κρονίδαο τὸ παγκρατέος, ὦ καὶ Ὠλυμπον 5
καὶ τὰν Ἁιαντος ναῦμαχον εἶπε βίαν,
καὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλείοις Φαρσαλίσων Ἑκτορα πόλοις
ὀστέα Δαρδανικῷ δρυπτόμενου πεδίῳ.
eἰ δ᾽ ὅλγα κρύπτω τὸν ταλίκον, ἐσθ᾽ ὅτι κεῦθει
καὶ Θέτιδος γαμετάν ἀ βραχύβωλος Ἰκος. 10

2 Ὕ.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰ καὶ βαιὸς ὁ τύμβος, ὀδοιπόρε, μή με παρέλθῃς,
ἀλλὰ κατασπείσας, ἵσα θεοίς σέβους;
τὸν γὰρ Πιερίδεσσι τετειμένον ἔξοχα Μούσαις
ποιητὴν ἐπέων θείον Ὀμηρον ἔχω.

3.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐνθάδε τὴν ἑρῆν κεφαλὴν κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει,
ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων κοσμήτορα, θείον Ὀμηρον.

4.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἐνθάδε Πιερίδων τὸ σοφὸν στόμα, θείον Ὀμηρον,
κλεῖνος ἐπὶ ἀγχιάλῳ τύμβος ἔχει σκοπέλῳ.
eἰ δ᾽ ὅλγη γεγαυαί τόσον χάδει ἄνερα νήσος,
μὴ τόδε θαμβητής, ὦ ἔνευς, δερκόμενος;
καὶ γὰρ ἀλητεύουσα κασυγνήτη ποτὲ Δήλος
μητρὸς ἀπ᾽ ὁδίνων δέξατο Δητοῖδην. 5
nod of Zeus, and of Olympus, and of the strength of Ajax fighting for the ships, and of Hector his flesh stripped from his bones by the Thessalian horses of Achilles that dragged him over the plain of Troy. If thou marvelling that I who am so small cover so great a man, know that the spouse of Thetis likewise lies in Icos that hath but a few clods of earth.

2 b.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

WAYFAKER, though the tomb be small, pass me not by, but pour on me a libation, and venerate me as thou dost the gods. For I hold divine Homer the poet of the epic, honoured exceedingly by the Pierian Muses.

3.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

HERE the earth covereth the sacred man, divine Homer, the marshaller of the heroes.

4.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

On the Same

HERE the famous tomb on the rock by the sea holdeth divine Homer, the skilled mouth by which the Muses spoke. Wonder not, O stranger, as thou lookest, if so little an island can contain so great a man. For my sister Delos, while she wandered yet on the waves, received Apollo from his mother's womb.
5.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ φασίν ἉΛΚΑΙΟΤ
Οὐδ' ἐγεῖ με κρύσειον ἀπὸ ῥαιστήρας "Ομηρον
στήσητε φλογέαις ἐν Δίως ἀστεροπαῖς,
οὐκ εἰμ' οὐδ' ἔσομαι Σαλαμίνιος, οὐδ' ὁ Μέλητος
Δμησαγόροις μὴ ταῦτ' ὀμμασιν Ἐλλὰς ἰδοι.
ἀλλον ποιητὴν βασανίζετε τὰμὰ δὲ, Μοὺσαι
καὶ Χῖος, Ἐλλήνων παισίν ἀείσετ' ἐπη.

6.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ
'Ἡρώων κύρικ' ἀρετᾶς, μακάρων δὲ προφήται,
'Ἑλλάνων βιοτὰ δεύτερον ἀέλιον,
Μουσῶν φέγγος"Ομηρον, ἄγηραντον στόμα κόσμου
παντός, ἀληροθία, ξεῖνε, κέκευθε κόνις.

7.—ΑΛΛΟ
'Eυθάδε θείος"Ομηρος, δς Ἔλλαδα πᾶσαν ἀείσε,
Θήβης ἐκγεγαῖος τῆς ἐκατονταπύλου.

8.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ
Οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ἄρφεω, δρύας, οὐκέτι πέτρας
ἀξεῖς, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέλας:
οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἀνέμων βρόμου, οὐχὶ χάλαζαν,
οὐ πιφετῶν συμμούς, οὐ παταγεύσαν ἃλα.

¹ To call himself yours.
² This epigram is not meant to be sepulchral, but refers to
BOOK VII. 5-8

5.—Uncertain, by Some Attributed to Alcaeus

On the Same

No, not even if ye set me, Homer, up all of beaten gold in the burning lightning of Zeus, I am not and will not be a Salaminian, I the son of Meles will not be the son of Dmesagoras; let not Greece look on that. Tempt some other poet, but it is thou, Chios, who with the Muses shalt sing my verses to the sons of Hellas.

6.—Antipater of Sidon

On the Same

0 stranger, the sea-beat earth covers Homer, the herald of the heroes’ valour, the spokesman of the gods, a second sun to the life of the Greeks, the light of the Muses, the mouth that groweth not old of the whole world.

7.—Anonymous

On the Same

Here is divine Homer, who sang of all Hellas, born in Thebes of the hundred gates.

8.—Antipater of Sidon

On the poet Orpheus, son of Oeagrus and Calliope

No more, Orpheus, shalt thou lead the charmed oaks and rocks and the shepherdless herds of wild beasts. No more shalt thou lull to sleep the howling winds and the hail, and the drifting snow, and a statue of Homer at Salamis in Cyprus, one of the towns which claimed his parentage.

3 i.e. Egyptian Thebes, which also claimed to be his birthplace.
όλεο γάρ· σὲ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο θύγατρες
Μναμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.
τί φθιμένους στοναχεύμεν ἐφ' υἱόσιν, ἀνίκ' ἀλαλκεῖν
τῶν παίδων Ἄιδην οὖδὲ θεοῖς δύναμις;

9.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

'Ορφέα Θρηκίκηςι παρὰ προμολήσαιν Ὀλύμπου
τύμβος ἔχει, Μοῦσης νίεα Καλλιόπης,
ὅ δὲ δρύες οὐκ ὑπίθησαν, ἀτὸ ποῦ σὺν ἂμ' ἔσπετο πέτρη
ἀψυχος, θηρῶν θ' υλονόμων ἀγέλα,
δὲ ποτέ καὶ τελετὰς μυστηρίδας εὕρετο Βάκχου,
καὶ στίχον ἡρῴῳ λευκτὸν ἔτενξε ποδί,
δὲ καὶ ἀμειλλίκτωο βαρὺ Κλυμένιο νόμομα
καὶ τὸν ἀκήλητον θυμὸν ἔθελξε λύρα.

10.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Καλλιόπης Ὀρφῆα καὶ Οἰάγρουθανόντα
ἐκλαυσαν εὐαθαλ μυρία Βιστοῦδες·
στικτοῦ δ' ἡμάξαντο βραχίονας, ἀμφιμελαῖη
δευόμεναι σποδῆ Θρηκίκην πλόκαμον·
καὶ δ' αὐτάλ στοναχεύντες καὶ εὐφόρμηγι Λυκείῳ
ἐρήξαν Μοῦσαι δάκρυα Πειρίδες,
μυρώμεναι τὸν ἀοιδὸν· ἐπωδύραντο δὲ πέτραι
καὶ δρύες, ὡς ἐρατη τὸ πρὶν ἔθελγε λύρη.

11.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

'Ο γλυκὸς Ἡριῶνθο σῶτος πόνος, οὐχὶ πολύς μέν,
ὡς ἀν παρθενικὸς ἐννεακαίδεκετευς,
the roaring sea. For dead thou art; and the daughters of Mnemosyne bewailed thee much, and before all thy mother Calliope. Why sigh we for our dead sons, when not even the gods have power to protect their children from death?

9.—DAMAGETUS

On the Same

The tomb on the Thracian skirts of Olympus holds Orpheus, son of the Muse Calliope; whom the trees disobeyed not and the lifeless rocks followed, and the herds of the forest beasts; who discovered the mystic rites of Bacchus, and first linked verse in heroic feet; who charmed with his lyre even the heavy sense of the implacable Lord of Hell, and his unyielding wrath.

10.—Anonymous

On the Same

The fair-haired daughters of Bistonia shed a thousand tears for Orpheus dead, the son of Calliope and Oeagrus; they stained their tattooed arms with blood, and dyed their Thracian locks with black ashes. The very Muses of Pieria, with Apollo, the master of the lute, burst into tears mourning for the singer, and the rocks moaned, and the trees, that erst he charmed with his lovely lyre.

11.—ASCLEPIADES

On Erinna (inscribed on a Volume of her Poems)

This is the sweet work of Erinna, not great indeed in volume, as being that of a maiden of nineteen,
12.—ΑΔΙΛΩΝ

"Αρτι λοχευομένην σε μελισσοτόκων έαρ ύμνων,
ἀρτι δὲ κυκνείρ φθεγγομένην στόματι,
ήλασεν εἰς 'Αχέροντα διὰ πλατὺ κύμα καμόντων
Μοίρα, λυσιλκοστόν δεσπότες ἡλακίτης:
σὸς δ' ἐπένων, "Ἡρώνα, καλὸς πόνος οὐ σε γεγονεὶ
φθίσθαι, ἔχειν δὲ χρονός ἀμμυγα Πιερίσιν.

13.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ, οί δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Παρθενικὰν νεάοιδον ἐν ύμνοπολοίσι μέλισσαν
"Ἡρώνα, Μουσῶν ἀνθεα δρεπτομέναν,
"Αδας εἰς ύμέναιον ἀνάρπασαν. Ἡ ρα τόδ' ἐμφρων
ἐπ' ἐτύμως ἀ παῖς. "Βάσκανος ἔσο', 'Αίδα.

14.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Σαπφώ τοι κεύθεις, χθὼν Αἰολί, τὰν μετὰ Μούσαιας
ἀθανάταις θνατάν Μούσαιαν ἀειδομέναν,
ἀν Κύπρις καὶ 'Ερως συνάμεν' ἔτραφον, ὡς μέτα Πειθώ
ἐπλεκ' ἀείξων Πιερίδων στέφανον,
'Eλλάδι μὲν τέρψιν, σοι δὲ κλέος. ὁ τριέλικτον
Μοίραι δινεὺσαι νήμα κατ' ἡλακίτας,
πῶς οὐκ ἐκλάσασθε πανύφθιτον ήμαρ ἢοδοφ
ἀφθίτα μησαμένα δῶρ' Ελικωνιάδων;

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed 2, p 173.
BOOK VII. 11-14

but greater in power than that of many others. If Death had not come early to me, who would have had such a name?

12.—Anonymous

On the Same

Just as thou wast giving birth to the spring of thy honeyed hymns, and beginning to sing with thy swan-like voice, Fate, mistress of the distaff that spins the thread, bore thee over the wide lake of the dead to Acheron. But the beautiful work, Erinna, of thy verse cries aloud that thou art not dead, but joinest in the dance of the Muses.

13.—Leonidas on Meleager

On the Same

As Erinna, the maiden honey-bee, the new singer in the poets' quire, was gathering the flowers of the Muses, Hades carried her off to wed her. That was a true word, indeed, the girl spoke when she lived: "Hades, thou art an envious god."

14.—Antipater of Sidon

On Sappho

O Aeolian land, thou coverest Sappho, who with the immortal Muses is celebrated as the mortal Muse; whom Cypris and Eros together reared, with whom Peitho wove the undying wraith of song, a joy to Hellas and a glory to thee. O ye Fates twirling the triple thread on the spindle, why spun ye not an everlasting life for the singer who devised the deathless gifts of the Muses of Helicon?
15.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οὐνομά μεν Σαπφώ. τόσον δ’ ὑπερέσχον ἀοιδὰν θηλεῖαν, ἀνδρῶν δ’ σοσον ο’ Μαιονίδας.

16.—ΠΙΝΤΤΟΤ

'Οστέα μὲν καὶ κωφὸν ἔχει τάφος οὐνομά Σαπφοῦς· αἱ δὲ σοφαὶ κεῖνης ρήσιες ἄθανατοι.

17.—ΤΥΛΙΟΤ ΛΑΤΡΕΑ

Ἀλολικὸν παρὰ τύμβον ἢών, ξένε, μὴ με θανοῦσαν τὰν Μυτηληναίαν ἔννεπ’ ἀοιδοπόλον· τόνδε γὰρ ἀνθρώπων ἔκαμον χέρες· ἔργα δὲ φωτῶν ἐς ταχινὴν ἐρρεῖ τοιάδε ληθεδόνα.

ἡν δὲ με Μουσάων ἐτάσσῃς χάριν, δόν ἄφ’ ἐκάστης δ’ ἀνθρώπος ἠμὴθηκα παρ’ ἐννεάδι,

ημώσεαι ὡς 'Αἰδέω σκότον ἐκφυγούν οὔδε τις ἐσται τῆς λυρικῆς Σαπφοῦς νόμυμοι ἥλιος.

18.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

'Ἄνερα μὴ πέτρη τεκμαίρεο. λυτὸς δ' τύμβος ὀφθήναι, μεγάλον δ’ ὀστεά φωτὸς ἔχει.

εἰδήσεις 'Αλκμάνα, λύρης ἐλατῆρα Δακαίνης ἔξοχον, δὸν Μουσέων ἐννε’ ἀριθμός ἔχει·

κεῖται δ’ ἡπείρους διδύμους ἔρις, εἰθ’ ὤγε Λυδός, εἴτε Δάκων· πολλαὶ μητέρες ὕμνοπόλων.
BOOK VII. 15-18

15.—ANTIPATER

On the Same

My name is Sappho, and I excelled all women in song as much as Maeonides excelled men.

16.—PINYTUS

On the Same

The tomb holds the bones and the dumb name of Sappho, but her skilled words are immortal.

17.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

On the Same

When thou passest, O stranger, by the Aeolian tomb, say not that I, the Lesbian poetess, am dead. This tomb was built by the hands of men, and such works of mortals are lost in swift oblivion. But if thou enquirest about me for the sake of the Muses, from each of whom I took a flower to lay beside my nine flowers of song,1 thou shalt find that I escaped the darkness of death, and that no sun shall dawn and set without memory of lyric Sappho.

18.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On Alcman

Do not judge the man by the stone. Simple is the tomb to look on, but holds the bones of a great man. Thou shalt know Alcman the supreme striker of the Laconian lyre, possessed by the nine Muses. Here resteth he, a cause of dispute to two continents, if he be a Lydian or a Spartan. Minstrels have many mothers.

1 i.e. books of verse.
19.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τὸν χαρίεντ' Ἀλκμᾶνα, τὸν ύπνητηρ' ὑμεναίον κύκνον, τὸν Μούσαν ἀξία μελψύμενον, τύμβος ἔχει, Σπάρτας μεγάλαις χάριν, ἀεὶθ' ὁ γε λοιώθος ἅχθος ἀπορρίψας οἴχεται εἰς 'Αίδαν.

20.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Εσβέσθης, γηραιὲ Σοφόκλεες, ἄνθος ἀοιδῶν, οἰνωπόν Βάκχου βότρυν ἐρεπτόμενος.

21.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Τὸν σὲ χοροὺς μέλψαντα Σοφοκλέα, παῖδα Σοφ.:λλον, τὸν τραγικῆς Μούσης ἀστέρα Κεκρόπιον, πολλάκις δυνθυμέλησοι καὶ ἐν σκηνῆσι τεθηλὼς βλασισὸς 'Αχαρνίτης κισσός ἐρεψε κόμην, τύμβος ἔχει καὶ γῆς ὀλύγοις μέρος· ἀλλ' ὁ περισσός 5 αἰῶν ἀθανάτως δέρκεται ἐν σελίσιν.

22.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ηρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἡρέμα, κισσέ, ἑρπτύζουσ', χλοεροῖς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους, καὶ πέταλον πάντη θάλλοι ρόδου, ἢ τε φιλορριξ ἀμπελοῦ, ὑγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χευαμένη, εἶνεκεν ἐνεπτὴς πινυτόφρονος, ἢν ὁ μελίχρος ἦσκησ' ἐκ Μουσέων ἀμμυγα καὶ Χαρίτων.
BOOK VII. 19-22

19.—LEONIDAS (OF ALEXANDRIA?)

On the Same

Alcman the graceful, the swan-singer of wedding hymns, who made music worthy of the Muses, lieth in this tomb, a great ornament to Sparta, or perhaps at the last he threw off his burden and went to Hades.

(The last couplet is quite obscure as it stands.)

20.—Anonymous

On Sophocles

Thy light is out, aged Sophocles, flower of poets, crowned with the purple clusters of Bacchus.

21.—Simias

On the Same

O Sophocles, son of Sophillus, singer of choral odes, Attic star of the tragic Muse, whose locks the curving ivy of Acharnae often crowned in the orchestra and on the stage, a tomb and a little portion of earth hold thee; but thy exquisite life shines yet in thy immortal pages.

22.—By the Same

On the Same

Gently over the tomb of Sophocles, gently creep, O ivy, flinging forth thy green curls, and all about let the petals of the rose bloom, and the vine that loves her fruit shed her pliant tendrils around, for the sake of that wise-hearted beauty of diction that the Muses and Graces in common bestowed on the sweet singer.
23.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος, Ἀνάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσὸς, ἀβρὰ τε λειμάνων πορφυρέων πέταλα·
πηγαί δ’ ύρμηνόντος ἀναθλίβοντο γάλακτοι,
εὖδες δ’ ἀπὸ γῆς ἣδ’ χέοιτο μέθυ,
όφρα κε τοι σποδή τε καὶ ὀστέα τέρψιν ἄρηται,
εἰ δὴ τις φθιμένοις χρύμπτεται εὐφροσύνα. 5

23 b.—ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ

'Ω τὸ φίλον στέρξας, φίλε, βάρβιτον, ὡ σὺν ἀοιδῇ
πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βίον.

24.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ημερὶ πανθέλκτειρα, μεθυτρόφε, μήτερ ὑπώρας,
οὐλης ἢ σκολιῶν πλέγμα φυεις ἐλικος,
Τηλοῦ ἡβῆσειας Ἀνακρέοιοντος ἐπ’ ἀκρή
στήλη καὶ λεπτῷ χώματι τοῦδε τάφου,
ὡς ὁ φιλάκρητος τε καὶ οἴνωβαρῆς φιλοκόμωις
πανυχίσιν κρούσιν τὴν φιλοπαιδα χέλων,
κιν χθονὶ πεπτηθῶς, κεφαλής ἐφύπερθε φέροιτο
ἀγγαν ὀραίων βότρυν ἀπ’ ἀκρεμώνων,
καὶ μιν ἂεὶ τέγγοι νοτερη δρόσους, ἢς ὁ γεραιὸς
λαρότερον μαλακῶν ἐπνεεν ἐκ στομάτων. 5

25.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὗτος Ἀνακρέοιοντα, τὸν ἀφθιτον εἴνεκα Μουσέων
ὕμνοπόλον, πάτρης τύμβος ἐδεκτο Τέω,
BOOK VII. 23-25

23.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Anacreon

Let the four-clustered ivy, Anacreon, flourish around thee, and the tender flowers of the purple meadows, and let fountains of white milk bubble up, and sweet-smelling wine gush from the earth, so that thy ashes and bones may have joy, if indeed any delight toucheth the dead.

23 b.—Anonymous

On the Same

O beloved who didst love the clear lute, O thou who didst sail through thy whole life with song and with love.

24.—SIMONIDES (?)

On the Same

O vine who soothest all, nurse of wine, mother of the grape, thou who dost put forth thy web of curling tendrils, flourish green in the fine soil and climb up the pillar of the grave of Teian Anacreon; that he, the reveller heavy with wine, playing all through the night on his lad-loving lyre, may even as he lies low in earth have the glorious ripe clusters hanging from the branches over his head, and that he may be ever steeped in the dew that scented the old man's tender lips so sweetly.

25.—By the Same (?)

On the Same

In this tomb of Teos, his home, was Anacreon laid, the singer whom the Muses made deathless, who
ός Χαρίτων πνεύοντα μέλη, πνεύοντα δ' Ἐρώτων,
τὸν γλυκόν ἐς παιδῶν ἱμερον ἠμόσατο.
μοῦνος δ' εἰν 'Αχέροντι βαρύνεται, οὐχ ὅτι λείπων
ήλιον, Δήθης εὐθαὸν ἐκύρωσε δόμων·
ἀλλ' ὅτι τὸν χαρίεντα μετ' ἥξεσοις Μεγιστέα,
καὶ τὸν Σμερδέων Ὠρῆκα λέουσε πόθων.
μολὴς δ' ὃς λήγει μελιτερπέος, ἀλλ' ἐτ' ἐκεῖνον
βάρβιτον οὐδὲ θανῶν εὐνασεν εἰν Ἀιδή.

26.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Εἰδίνε, τάφων παρὰ λυτὸν Ἀνακρείοντος ἀμείβων,
εἰ τί τοι ἐκ βίβλων ἦλθεν ἐμῶν ὀφελος,
σπείσον ἐμὴ σποδὴ σπείσον γάνων, ὅφρα κεν ὄνυφ
ὀστέα γηθήσῃ τὰμὰ νοτιζόμενα,
ὡς ὁ Διονύσου μεμελημένος εὐάσι κόμωι,
ὡς ὁ φιλακρήτων σύντροφος ἀρμονίης
μηδὲ καταφθίμενος Βάκχου δίχα τοῦτον ὑποίσω
τὸν γενεὴ μερόπων χώρον ὀφειλόμενον.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴης ἐν μακάρεσσι, Ἀνάκρεον, εὐχὸς Ἡώνων,
μήτ᾽ ἐρατῶν κόμων ἄνδιχα, μὴτε λύρης·
ὕγρα δὲ δερκομένοισιν ἐν ὑμμασιν οὐλον ἀείδοισ,
ἀεθύσιον λυπαρῆς ἀνθος ὑπερθε κόμης,
ἡ πρὸς Εὐρυπολὴν τετραμένος, ἡ Ἔρατοτὴ,
ἡ Κίκλων Ὀρ⇌κος Σμερδίεων πλάκαμον,
ἡδὺ μέθυν βλύζων, ἀμφίβροχος εἴματα Βάκχῳ,
ἀκρητον λεἴβων νέκταρ ἀπὸ στολίδων.
τρισσοῖς γάρ, Μοῦσαις, Διονύσῳ καὶ Ἔρωτι,
πρέσβυν, κατεσπείσθη πᾶς ὁ τεὸς βίοτος.
set to the sweet love of lads measures breathing of
the Graces, breathing of Love. Alone in Acheron he
grieves not that he has left the sun and dwelleth
there in the house of Lethe, but that he has left
Megisteus, graceful above all the youth, and his
passion for Thracian Smerdies. Yet never doth he
desist from song delightful as honey, and even in
Hades he hath not laid that lute to rest.

26.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

Stranger who passest by the simple tomb of Ana-
acreon, if any profit came to thee from my books,
pour on my ashes, pour some drops, that my bones
may rejoice refreshed with wine, that I who de-
lighted in the loud-voiced revels of Dionysus, I who
dwelt amid such music as loveth wine, even in death
may not suffer without Bacchus my sojourn in this
land to which all the sons of men must come.

27.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

Anacreon, glory of Ionia, mayest thou among the
dead be not without thy beloved revels, or without
thy lyre, and still mayest thou sing with swimming
eyes, shaking the entwined flowers that rest on thy
essenced hair, turned towards Eurypyle, or Megisteus,
or the locks of Thracian Smerdies, spouting sweet
wine, thy robe drenched with the juice of the grape,
wringing untempered nectar from its folds. For all
thy life, O old man, was poured out as an offering to
these three, the Muses, Bacchus, and Love.
'Ω ξένε, τόνδε τάφον τὸν Ἀνακρεόντος ἀμείβων, σπείσον μοι παριῶν· εἶµι γὰρ οἶνοπότης.

29.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Εὖδεις ἐν φθιμένοισιν, Ἀνάκρεον, ἐσθλὰ πονήσας, εὖδει δ' ἢ γλυκερὴ νυκτιλάλος κιθάρη· εὐδεὶ καὶ Σμέρδις, τὸ Πόδων ἔαρ, ὃ σὺ μελίσδων βάρβιτ' ἀνεκρούν νέκταρ ἐναρμόνιον. ἡδέων γὰρ Ἕρωτος ἐφυς σκοπός· εἰς δὲ σὲ μοῦνον τόξα τε καὶ σκολιὰς εἶχεν ἐκηβολίας.

30.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τύμβος Ἀνακρεόντος· ὁ Τῆιος ἐνθάδε κύκνος εὖδει, χὴ παιδῶν ζωροτάτη μανίη. ἀκριβὴν ὁι λυρόν τι μελίζεται ἀμφὶ Βαθύλλω τίμερα, καὶ κισσοῦν λευκὸς ὀδώδε λίθος. οὐδ' Ἀἴδης σοι ἐρωτας ἀπέσβεσεν, ἐν δ' Ἀχέροντος δὲ ὅλος ὀδύνεις Κύπριδι θερμοτέρῃ.

31.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Σμερδίς ὁ ἐπὶ Ὑρηκί τακεῖς καὶ ἐπ' ἑσχατον ὀστεῦν, κῶμου καὶ πάσης κοίρανε παννυχίδος,
BOOK VII. 28-31

28.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

O stranger, who passest this tomb of Anacreon, pour a libation to me in going by, for I am a wine-bibber.

29.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

Thou sleepest among the dead, Anacreon, thy good day's labour done; thy sweet lyre that talked all through the night sleeppeth too. And Smerdies sleeps, the spring-tide of the Loves, to whom, striking the lyre, thou madest music like unto nectar. For thou wast the target of Love, the Love of lads, and to shoot thee alone he had a bow and subtle archer craft.

30.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

This is Anacreon's tomb; here sleeps the Teian swan and the untempered madness of his passion for lads. Still singeth he some song of longing to the lyre about Bathyllus, and the white marble is perfumed with ivy. Not even death has quenched thy loves, and in the house of Acheron thou sufferest all through thee the pangs of the fever of Cypris.

31.—DIOSCORIDES

On the Same

O Anacreon, delight of the Muses, lord of all revels of the night, thou who wast melted to the
τερπνοτάτε Μούσησιν Ἄνακρεον, ὁ πε Βαθύλλωφ
χλωρὸν ὑπὲρ κυλίκων πολλάκι δάκρυ χέας,
αὐτόμαται τοι κρῆμαν ἀναβλύζοιεν ἀκρήτου,
κήκ μακάρων προχοαί νέκταρος ἀμβροσίαν·
αὐτόματοι δὲ φέροιεν ἵον, τὸ φιλέσπερον ἄνθος,
κηποὶ, καὶ μαλακῇ μύρτα τρέφοιτο δρόσῳ·
οφρα καὶ ἐν Δηοὺς οἰνωμένος ἀβρὰ χορεύσῃς·
βεβληκὸς χρυσένθε χεῖρας ἐπὶ Εὐρυπύλην.

32.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΤΠΟΤ

Πολλάκι μὲν τὸδ' ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω·
"Πίνετε, πρὶν ταῦτην ἀμφιβάλησθε κόνων."

33.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Πολλὰ πιὼν τέθηκας, Ἄνακρεον. β. Ἀλλὰ
τρυφήσας·
καὶ σὺ δὲ μὴ πίνων ἤξεαι εἰς Ἀίδην.

34.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Πιερικὰς σάλπυγγα, τὸν εὐαγέων βαρὺν ὑμων
χαλκευτὰν, κατέχει Πίνδαρον ἄδε κόνις,
οὐ μέλος εἰσαίων φθέγξαιο κεν, ὡς ἀπὸ Μούσων
ἐν Κάδμου θαλάμοις σμήνος ἀπεπλάσατο.
marrow of thy bones for Thracian Smerdies, O thou
who often bending o'er the cup didst shed warm tears
for Bathyllus, may founts of wine bubble up for thee
unbidden, and streams of ambrosial nectar from the
gods; unbidden may the gardens bring thee violets,
the flowers that love the evening, and myrtles grow
for thee nourished by tender dew, so that even in
the house of Demeter thou mayest dance delicately in thy cups, holding golden Eurypyle in thy arms.

32.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On the Same

Often I sung this, and I will cry it from the tomb,
"Drink ere ye put on this garment of the dust."

33.—By the Same

On the Same

A. "You died of drinking too much, Anacreon."
B. "Yes, but I enjoyed it, and you who do not drink
will come to Hades too."

34.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Pindar

This earth holds Pindar, the Pierian trumpet, the
heavily smiting smith of well-outlined hymns, whose
melody when thou hearest thou wouldst exclaim that
a swarm of bees from the Muses fashioned it in the
bridal chamber of Cadmus.
ΛΑΜΒΡΕΙ ΗΝ ΞΕΙΝΟΙΣΙΝ ἩΝΗΡ ΩΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΦΙΛΟΣ ΥΓΕΙΤΟΙΣ,
ΠΛΥΝΔΑΡΟΣ, ΕΥΦΟΝΩΝ ΠΙΕΡΙΔΩΝ ΤΡΟΠΟΛΟΣ.

36.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

ΑΙΕΙ ΤΟΙ ΛΙΠΑΡΟΙ ἙΠΙ ΣΗΜΑΤΙ, ΔΙΕ ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΙΣ,
ΣΚΗΝΗΤΗΣ ΜΑΛΑΚΟΥΣ ΚΙΣΣΟΣ ἈΛΟΙΤΟ ΠΟΔΑΙ,
ΑΙΕΙ ΤΟΙ ΒΟΥΠΑΙΣΙ ΠΕΡΙΣΤΑΞΟΙΤΟ ΜΕΛΙΣΣΑΙΣ
ΤΥΜΒΟΣ, ΤΡΗΤΤΕΙΟΙ ΛΕΙΒΟΜΕΝΟΙ ΜΕΛΙΤΙ,
ΩΣ ἂΝ ΤΟΙ ΒΕΙΤΗ ΜΕΝ ΕΙΕΙ ΓΑΝΟΣ ἈΤΘΙΔΙ ΔΕΛΤΩ
ΚΗΡΟΣ, ὩΠΟΙΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΙΣ Δ ΑΙΕΙΝ ἘΧΙΣ ΠΛΟΚΙΜΟΥΣ.

37.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

α. ΤΥΜΒΟΣ ὩΔ’ ἙΣΤ’, ὙΝΘΡΩΠΕ, ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΣ, ὙΝ ΠΑΡΑ
ΜΟΥΣΕΩΝ
ΙΡΗΝ ΠΑΡΘΕΣΙΝ, ΙΕΡΟΣ ΩΝ, ἘΛΑΧΟΥ
ΩΣ ΜΕ ΤΟΝ ἘΚ ΦΛΩΟΝΤΟΣ, ΕΙΤΙ ΤΡΙΒΟΛΟΝ ΠΑΤΕΟΝΤΑ,
ΠΡΙΝΙΝΟΝ, ΕΙΣ ΧΡΥΣΟΝ ΣΧΗΜΑ ΜΕΘΗΡΜΟΣΑΤΟ,
ΚΑΙ ΛΕΠΤῈΝ ΕΝΕΔΥΣΕΝ ἈΛΟΥΡΓΙΔΑ· ΤΟΥ ΔΕ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΟΣ Δ
ΕΥΘΕΤΟΝ ΘΡΗΣΤῈΝ ΤΗῈ ἈΝΕΠΑΥΣΑ ΠΟΔΑ.

1 A machine for threshing, like a harrow.
BOOK VII. 35-37

35.—LEONIDAS

On the Same

Congenial to strangers and dear to his countrymen was this man, Pindar, the servant of the sweet-voiced Muses.

36.—ERYCIAS

On Sophocles

Euen, O divine Sophocles, may the ivy that adorns the stage dance with soft feet over thy polished monument. Ever may the tomb be encompassed by bees that bedew it, the children of the ox, and drip with honey of Hymettus, that there be ever store of wax flowing for thee to spread on thy Attic writing tablets, and that thy locks may never want a wreath.

37.—DIOSCORIDES

On the Same

(A statue of a Satyr is supposed to speak)

A. "This is the tomb of Sophocles which I, his holy servant, received from the Muses as a holy trust to guard. It was he who, taking me from Philius where I was carved of holly-oak and still trod the tribulum,¹ wrought me into a creature of gold and clothed me in fine purple.² On his death I ceased from the dance and rested my light foot here."

² i.e. from the rude Satyric drama he evolved Attic tragedy—a very exaggerated statement.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

β. Ὅλβιος, ὡς ἄγνην ἔλαχες στάσιν· ἢ δ’ ἐνὶ χερσὶν κούριμος, ἐκ ποίης ἦδε διδασκαλίας;
a. Εἶτε σοι Ἀντιγόνην εἰπεῖν φίλον, οὐκ ἄν ἀμάρτους, εἶτε καὶ Ἡλέκτραν· ἀμφότεραι γὰρ ἄκρουν. 10

38.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Θείος Ἀριστοφάνεις ὑπ’ ἐμοὶ νέκυς· εἰ τίνα πεύθη, κωμικός, ἄρχαίης μνᾶμα χοροστασίας.

39.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ὁ τραγικὸν φῶνημα καὶ ὁφρυόσσαν ἀοίδὴν πυργώσας στιβαρῆς πρῶτος ἐν εὐεπίη, Ἀισχύλος Εὐφορίωνος, Ἕλευσινῆς ἐκὰς αἷς κεῖται, κυδαίων σήματι Τρινακρίην.

40.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Ἀισχύλον ἦδε λέγει ταφίνη λίθος ἐνθάδε κεῖσθαι τὸν μέγαν, οἰκείης τῆς ἀπὸ Κεκροπίης, λευκὰ Γέλα Σικελοῦ παρ’ ύδατα· τὸς φθόνος, αἷς, Θησείδας ἀγαθῶν ἐγκοτος αἰὲν ἔχει;

41.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἄ μάκαρ ἀμβροσίης συνέστιε·φίλτατε Μούσαις, χαῖρε καὶ εἰν Ἀἴδεω δώμασι, Καλλίμαχε.
BOOK VII. 37-41

B. "Blessed art thou, how excellent thy post! And the mask of a girl in thy hand with shaven hair as of a mourner, from what play is she?" A. "Say Antigone if thou wilt, or say Electra; in either case thou art not wrong, for both are supreme." ¹

38.—DIODORUS

On Aristophanes

Divine Aristophanes lies dead beneath me. If thou askest which, it is the comic poet who keeps the memory of the old stage alive.

39.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On Aeschylus

Here, far from the Attic land, making Sicily glorious by his tomb, lies Aeschylus, son of Euphorion, who first built high with massive eloquence the diction of tragedy and its beetling song.

40.—DIODORUS

On the Same

This tombstone says that Aeschylus the great lies here, far from his own Attica, by the white waters of Sicilian Gelas. What spiteful grudge against the good is this, alas, that ever besets the sons of Theseus?

41.—ANONYMOUS

On Callimachus

Hail blessed one, even in the house of Hades, Callimachus, dearest companion of the divine Muses.

¹ The Satyr would have carried the mask of Sophocles' best creation.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

42.—ΑΛΔΟ

'Α μέγα Βαττιάδαο σοφοῦ περίπτυστον ὄνειαρ,
᾿η ῥ’ ἐτεοῦ κεράων, οὐδ’ ἔλεφαντος ἔης.
τοῖα γὰρ ἄμμιν ἐφηνας, ἀτ’ οὐ πάρος ἀνέρες ἵδμεν,
ἀμφί τε ἀθανάτους, ἀμφί τε ἡμιθέους,
εὐτέ μιν ἐκ Λιβύης ἀναείρας εἰς Ἑλλάδα
ἡγαγες ἐν μέσσαις Πιερίδεσσι φέρων
αἰ δὲ οἱ εἰρομένοι ἀμφ’ ὠγιγήνων ἡρώων
Αἴτια καὶ μακάρων εἶρον ἀμειβόμεναι.

43.—ΙΩΝΟΣ

Χαϊρε μελαμπτάλοις, Εὐριπίδη, ἐν γυάλοισι
Πιερίας τὸν ἄει νυκτὸς ἔχων θάλαμον,
ἔσθι δ’ ὑπὸ χθονὸς ὅν, ὅτι σοι κλέος ἀφθιτον ἔσται
ἴσον ‘Ὁμηρέας ἀενάοις χάρισιν.

J. A. Symonds, the younger, Studies of the Greek Poets, ii. 302.

44.—ΙΩΝΟΣ

Εἴ καὶ δακρυόεις, Εὐριπίδη, εἶλέ σε πότμος,
καὶ σε λυκορραίσται δείπνου ἐθεντο κύνες,
τὸν σκηνή μελάγηριν ἁγδόνα, κόσμον Ἀθηνῶν,
τὸν σοφῆ Μουσέων μιξάμενον χάριτα,
ἀλλ’ ἐμολες Πελλαίων ὑπ’ ἥριον, ὡς ἂν ὁ λάτρις
Πιερίδων ναῆς ἀγχόθη Πιερίδων.
BOOK VII. 42–44

42.—ANONYMOUS

On the Aetia (Origins) of the Same

Ah! great and renowned dream of the skilled son of Battus,¹ verily thou wast of horn, not of ivory; for thou didst reveal things to us touching the gods and demigods which never man knew before, then when catching him up thou didst bear him from Libya to Helicon, and didst set him down in the midst of the Muses. And there as he wove the Origins of primeval heroes they in turn wove for him the Origins also of the gods.

43.—ION

On Euripides

Hail, Euripides, dwelling in the chamber of eternal night in the dark-robed valleys of Pieria! Know, though thou art under earth, that thy renown shall be everlasting, equal to the perennial charm of Homer.

44.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

Though a tearful fate befel thee, O Euripides, devoured by wolf-hounds, thou, the honey-voiced nightingale of the stage, the ornament of Athens, who didst mingle the grace of the Muses with wisdom, yet thou wast laid in the tomb at Pella, that the servant of the Pierian Muses should dwell near the home of his mistresses.

¹ Callimachus claimed that the Muses revealed the matter of the poem to him in a dream.
45.—ΘΩΤΚΤΔΙΔΟΤ
Μνήμα μὲν Ἐλλὰς ἀπασ’ Ἐυριπίδου. ὡστέα δ’ ἰσχεὶ
γῇ Μακεδών: ἢ γὰρ δέξατο τέρμα βίου.
πατρὶς δ’ Ἐλλάδος Ἐλλάς, Ἀθήναι πλέιστα δὲ
Μοῦσαι
tέρψας, ἐκ πολλῶν καὶ τὸν ἐπαινὸν ἔχει.

46.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ
Οὐ σον μνήμα τόδ’ ἐστ’, Ἐυριπίδη, ἀλλὰ σοῦ τοῦτε’
tῇ σῇ γὰρ δόξῃ μνήμα τόδ’ ἀμπέχεται.

47.—ἈΛΛΟ
‘Ἀπασ’ Ἀχαϊς μνήμα σον, Ἐυριπίδη’
οὐκουν ἄφωνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ λαλητέος.

48.—ἈΛΛΟ
Ἀθαλέοιο πυρὸς σάρκες ριπῆσι τρυφηλαὶ
ληφθεῖσαι, νοτὶν ὄσαν ἄπ’ αἰθόμεναι
μοῦνα δ’ ἔνεστι τάφῳ πολυδακρύφ ὡστέα κωφί,
καὶ πόνος εἰνοδίοις τῇς παρερχομένοις.

49.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ
‘Α Μακετὶς σε κέκευθε τάφου κόνις· ἀλλὰ πυρωθέλις
Ζανὶ κεραυνεῖ, γαῖαν ἀπημφίασας.
τρὶς γὰρ ἐπαστράψας, Ἐυριπίδη, ἐκ Διὸς αἰθήρ
ήγυσε τὰν θνατὰν σώματος ἱστορίαν.1

1 Bury suggests ἀρμονίαν in v. 4, and I render so.
BOOK VII. 45-49

45.—THUCYDIDES THE HISTORIAN

On the Same

All Hellas is the monument of Euripides, but the Macedonian land holds his bones, for it sheltered the end of his life. His country was Athens, the Hellas of Hellas, and as by his verse he gave exceeding delight, so from many he receiveth praise.

46.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

This is not thy monument, Euripides, but thou art the memorial of it, for by thy glory is this monument encompassed.

47.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

All Greece is thy tomb, O Euripides; so thou art not dumb, but even vocal.

48.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

Thy delicate flesh encompassed by the blast of glowing fire yielded up its moisture and burnt away. In the much-wept tomb is naught but dumb bones, and sorrow for the wayfarers who pass this way.

49.—BIANOR OF BITHYNIA

On the Same

The Macedonian dust of the tomb covers thee, Euripides, but ere thou didst put on this cloak of earth thou wast scorched by the bolts of Zeus. For thrice the heaven lightened at his word and purified thy mortal frame.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

50.—ΑΡΧΙΜΗΔΟΤΣ

Τὴν Εὐριπίδεω μὴν ἐρχεο, μὴν ἑπιβάλλου,
δύσβατον ἄνθρωποις οίμον, ἀοιδοθέτα.
λείη μὲν γὰρ ἱδεῖν καὶ ἐπίρροθος 1 ἢν δὲ τις αὐτὴν
εἰσβαίνῃ, χαλεποῦ τρηχυτέρῃ σκόλοπος.
ἡν δὲ τὰ Μηδείης Αἰτίδου ἀκρὰ χαράξῃς,
ἀμνήμων κείσῃ νέρθεν. ἔα στεφάνους.

51.—ΑΔΑΙΟΤ

Οὐ σε κυνῶν γένος εἶλ, Εὐριπίδη οὐδὲ γυναικὸς
ὁίστρος, τῶν σκοτίης Κύπριδος ἄλλοτρον,
ἀλλ’ Ἀίδης καὶ γῆρας: ὑπαὶ Μακέτῃ δ’ Ἄρεθούσῃ
κείσαι, ἐταρείῃ τίμως Ἀρχέλεω.
σὸν δ’ οὐ τούτον ἐγὼ τίθεμαι τάφον, ἄλλα τὰ
Βάκχου
βῆματα καὶ σκηνᾶς ἐμβάδ’ 2 ἐρειδομένας.

52.—ΔΗΜΙΟΤΡΓΟΤ

Ἐλλάδος εὐρυχόρον στέφανον καὶ κόσμον ὠιδῆς,
’Ασκραίου γενεῦ Πιοδον κατέχω.

53.—ΑΔΗΔΟΝ

’Ησίοδος Μοῦσαι ’Ελικωνίσι τόνδ’ ἀνέθηκα,
ὕμνῳ νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θείον Ὀμηρον.

1 I suggest ἐπίκροτος and render so.
2 v. 4 ἐμβάλε MS.: I correct (ἐμβάδι πείθομ. Hermann).
BOOK VII. 50–53

50.—ARCHIMEDES

On the Same

Tread not, O poet, the path of Euripides, neither essay it, for it is hard for man to walk therein. Smooth it is to look on, and well beaten, but if one sets his foot on it it is rougher than if set with cruel stakes. Scratch but the surface of Medea,¹ Aetes’ daughter, and thou shalt lie below forgotten. Hands off his crowns.

51.—ADAEUS

On the Same

Neither dogs slew thee, Euripides, nor the rage of women, thou enemy of the secrets of Cypris, but Death and old age, and under Macedonian Arethusa thou liest, honoured by the friendship of Archelaus. Yet it is not this that I account thy tomb, but the altar of Bacchus and the buskin-trodden stage.

52.—DEMIURGUS

On Hesiod

I hold Hesiod of Ascra the glory of spacious Hellas and the ornament of Poesy.

53.—ANONYMOUS

On an ex-voto dedicated by Hesiod

Hesiod dedicated this to the Heliconian Muses, having conquered divine Homer in the hymn contest at Chalcis.

¹ By retouching.
54.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

'Ασκρή μὲν πατρὶς πολυλήσιος, ἄλλα θανόντος
οστέα πληξίππων γῇ Μινώῳ κατέχει
'Ήσιόδου, τοῦ πλείστου ἐν ἀνθρώποις κλέος ἐστὶν
ἀνδρῶν κρινομένων ἐν βασάνῳ σοφίς.

55.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

Δοκρίδος ἐν νέμει σκιερῷ νέκυν Ἡσιόδου
Νύμφαι κρηνίδων λούσαν ἀπὸ σφετέρων,
καὶ τάφον ὑψώσαντο· γάλακτι δὲ ποιμένες αἰγῶν
ἐρραναν, ξανθῷ μιξόμενοι μέλιτιν
τοῖς γὰρ καὶ γήρων ἀπέτυνεν ἐννέα Μουσέων
ὁ πρέσβης καθαρῶν γευσάμενος λιβάδων.

56.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ην ἄρα Δημοκρίτοιο γέλως τόδε, καὶ τάχα λέειν:
"Οὐκ ἔλεγον γελώσων, Πάντα πέλουσι γέλως;
καὶ γὰρ ἑγὼ σοφῆν μετ' ἀπείρονα, καὶ στίχα βιβλίων
tοσσατίων, κεῖμαι νέρθε τάφοι γέλως."

57.—ΑΛΔΟ

Καὶ τίς ἦφι σοφὸς ὃδε; τίς ἔργον ἔρρηξε τοσσοῦτον,
ὅσον ὁ παντοδαῖς ἦνυσε Δημόκριτος;
BOOK VII. 54-57

54.—MNASALCAS

On the Same

Ascra, the land of broad corn-fields, was my country, but the land of the charioteer Minyæ holds my bones now I am dead. I am Hesiod, the most glorious in the eyes of the world of men who are judged by the test of wisdom.

55.—ALCAEUS (OF MYTILENE OR MESSENE)

On the Same

In a shady grove of Laos the Nymphs washed the body of Hesiod with water from their springs and raised a tomb to him. And on it the goat-herds poured libations of milk mixed with golden honey. For even such was the song the old man breathed who had tasted the pure fountains of the nine Muses.

56.—ANONYMOUS

On Democritus of Abdera

So this was the cause of Democritus’ laughter, and perchance he will say, “Did I not say, laughing, that all is laughter? For even I, after my limitless wisdom and the long series of my works, lie beneath the tomb a laughing-stock.”

57.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

Who was ever so wise, who wrought such a deed as omniscient Democritus, who had Death for three

1 Orchomenus.
2 For these epigrams of Diogenes see note to No. 83.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

δς Θάνατον παρεόντα τρι' ήματα δόμασιν ἔσχεν,
καὶ θερμοῖς ἄρτων ἄσθμασιν ἐξένεσέν.

58.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΤΙΤΩΤ

Εἰ καὶ ἀμειδήτων νεκύων ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἀνάσσεις,
Φερσεφόνη, ψυχὴν δέχονσο Δημοκρίτου
εὐμενέως γελώσαν, ἐπεὶ καὶ σεῖο τεκούσαν
ἀχυμένην ἐπὶ σοὶ μοῦνος ἔκαμψε γέλως.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλούτων δέξο μάκαρ Δημοκρίτου, ὡς κεν ἀνάσσων
αἰεν ἀμειδήτων καὶ γελώστα σάχοις.

60.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Σωφροσύνη προφέρων θυητῶν ἦσει τε δικαίω
ἐνθάδε κεῖται ἀνήρ θείος Ἀριστοκλῆς
εἰ δὲ τις ἐκ πάντων σοφίς μέγαν ἔσχεν ἔπαινον,
οὗτος ἔχει πλεῖστον, καὶ φθόνον οὐ φέρεται.

61.—ΑΔΕΣΠΙΟΤΟΝ

Γαῖα μὲν ἐν κόλποις κρύπτει τόδε σῶμα Πλάτωνος,
ψυχὴ δ' ἄθανατον τάξιν ἔχει μακάρων

1 Democritus, on the point of death but wishing for his sister’s sake to live out the three days of the feast of Demeter, which it was her duty to attend, ordered her to
BOOK VII. 57–61

... days in his house and entertained him with the hot steam of bread? ¹

58.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On the Same

Though, Persephone, thou rulest over the unsmiling dead beneath the earth, receive the shade of Democritus with his kindly laugh; for only laughter turned away from sorrow thy mother when she was sore-hearted for thy loss.

59.—By the Same

On the Same

Receive Democritus, O blessed Pluto, so that thou, the ruler of the laughterless people, mayest have one subject who laughs.

60.—SIMIAS

On Plato

Here lieth the divine Aristocles,² who excelled all mortals in temperance and the ways of justice. If any one gained from all men much praise for wisdom it was he, and no envy therewith.

61.—Anonymous

On the Same

The earth in her bosom hides here the body of Plato, but his soul has its immortal station among the supply him every day with hot loaves, and by putting the steaming bread to his nose kept himself alive until the feast was over. ² Plato's original name
νιόν Ἀριστωνος, τόν τίς καὶ τηλόθι ναῖων
tιμᾶ ἀνήρ ἄγαθός, θείου ἰδόντα βίον.

62.—ἌΛΛΟ

α. Αιστέ, τίπτε βέβηκας ύπερ τάφον; ἡ τίνος, εἰπέ,
ἄστερέντα θεῶν οἶκον ἀποσκοπεῖς;
β. Ψυχής εἰμι Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐς Ὁλυμπον
εἰκῶν· σῶμα δὲ γῆ γηγενές Ἀθηνᾶς ἔχει.

P. B. Shelley, “Eagle, why soarest thou?...”, Works

63.—ἌΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸν κύνα Διογένη, νεκυοστόλε, δέξο με, πορθμεῦ,
γυμνόσαντα βίου παντὸς ἐπισκυνιού.

64.—ἌΔΗΛΟΝ

α. Εἰπέ, κύον, τίνος ἀνδρὸς ἐφεστῶς σήμα φυλάσ-
σεις;
β. Τοῦ Κυνὸς. α. Ἀλλὰ τίς ήν οὗτος ἀνήρ ὁ
Κύων;
β. Διογένης. α. Γένος εἰπέ. β. Σιωπεύσῃ. α. Ὁς
πίθον ὕκει;
β. Καὶ μάλα· νῦν δὲ θανῶν ἀστέρας οἰκον ἔχει.

J. A. Symonds, M.D., in his son’s Studies of the Greek
Poets, ii. p. 304.

65.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Διογένευς τόδε σήμα, σοφοῦ κυνὸς, ὃς ποτε θυμῷ
ἀρσενι γυμνήτην ἐξεπόνη βιοτον,
blest, the soul of Ariston’s son, whom every good man, even if he dwell in a far land, honours in that he saw the divine life.

62.—Anonymous

On the Same

A. “Eagle, why standest thou on the tomb, and on whose, tell me, and why gazest thou at the starry home of the gods?” B. “I am the image of the soul of Plato that hath flown away to Olympus, but his earth-born body rests here in Attic earth.”

63.—Anonymous

On Diogenes

O ferryman of the dead, receive the Dog Diogenes, who laid bare the whole pretentiousness of life.

64.—Anonymous

On the Same

A. “Tell me, dog, who was the man on whose tomb thou standest keeping guard?” B. “The Dog.” A. “But what man was that, the Dog?” B. “Diogenes.” A. “Of what country?” B. “Of Sinope.” A. “He who lived in a jar?” B. “Yes, and now he is dead, the stars are his home.”

65.—Antipater

On the Same

This is the tomb of Diogenes, the wise Dog who of old, with manly spirit, endured a life of self-denial.

1 Literally “eye-brow” used like the Latin supercilium for “affectation.”
ΓΕΡΙΚΟ ΑΝΤΟΛΟΓΙΟ

φιμα τις πῆρα, μία διπλοίς, εἰς ἀμή' ἐφοίτα
σκέπων, αὐτάρκους ὁπλα σαρφροσύνας.
ἀλλὰ τάφον τοῦτ’ ἐκτὸς ἵτ’, ἄφρονες, ὡς ὁ Σινωπεὺς 5
ἐχθαίρει φαύλον πάντα καὶ εἰν ’Αἴδη.

66.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΣ

Βάκτρον καὶ πῆρη καὶ διπλόν εἴμαι σοφοίον
Διογένειος βιότον φόρτος ὁ κουφότατος.
πάντα φέρω πορθμῆτ: λέλοιπα γὰρ οὐδὲν ὑπὲρ γῆς: 10
ἀλλὰ κύον σαίνους Κέρβερε τῶν μὲ κύνα.

67.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

’Αἴδεω λυπηρε διηκόνε, τοῦτ’ Ἀχέρωνος
ὑδώρ ὅς πλάωεις πορθμίδι κυανῆς,
δέξαι μ’, εἰ καὶ σοι μέγα βρίθηται ὀκρυόσεσα 15
βάρις ἀποθημεμένων, τὸν κύνα Διογένην.
ὅπη μοι καὶ πῆρη ἐφόλκια, καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν
ἐσθος, ὅ τι φθιμένους ναυστολέων ὄβολος.
πάνθ’ ὅσα κὴν ζωῖς ἑπεταμῆθα, ταῦτα παρ’ Ἄδαν
ἐρχομ’ ἑχουν ‘λεῖπω δ’ οὐδὲν ὑπ’ ἥλιῳ.

68.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

”Αἴδως ὁ νεκυηγή, κεχαριμένε δάκρυσι πάντων,
ὅς βαθὺ πορθμεύεις τοῦτ’ Ἀχέρωνος ὑδώρ,
εἰ καὶ σοι βέβριθεν ὑπ’ εἰδόλοις καμόντων
ὅλκας, μὴ προλίπης Διογένη με κύνα.
BOOK VII. 65-68

One wallet he carried with him, one cloak, one staff, the weapons of self-sufficient sobriety. But turn aside from this tomb, all ye fools; for he of Sinope, even in Hades, hates every mean man.

66.—HONESTUS

On the Same

The staff, and wallet, and thick cloak, were the very light burden of wise Diogenes in life. I bring all to the ferryman, for I left nothing on earth. But you, Cerberus dog, fawn on me, the Dog.

67.—LEONIDAS

On the Same

Mournful minister of Hades, who dost traverse in thy dark boat this water of Acheron, receive me, Diogenes the Dog, even though thy gruesome bark is overloaded with spirits of the dead. My luggage is but a flask, and a wallet, and my old cloak, and the obol that pays the passage of the departed. All that was mine in life I bring with me to Hades, and have left nothing beneath the sun.

68.—ARCHIAS

On the Same

O boatman of Hades, conveyor of the dead, delighting in the tears of all, who dost ply the ferry o'er this deep water of Acheron, though thy boat be heavy beneath its load of shades, leave me not behind, Diogenes the Dog. I have with me but a flask, and
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ὁλπην καὶ σκίπωνα φέρω, καὶ δυπλόον εἶμα,
καὶ πήρην, καὶ σοι ναυτιλής ὀβολόν.
καὶ ζωὸς τάδε μοῦνον, ἃ καὶ νέκυς ὡδε κομῆς,
εἶχον ὑπ' ἥλιον δ' οὐ τι λέλουπα φάει.

69.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΡΑΧΩΝ
ΛΙΓΓΙΤΟΤ

Κέρβερε δειμαλέην ὑλακὴν νεκύεσσιν ἰάλλων,
ἡδη φρικαλέον δείδιθι καὶ σὺ νέκυν
Ἄρχιλόχος τέθυηκε· φυλάσσεο θυμῶν ὑίμβων
δριμών, πικροχόλου τικτόμενον στόματος.
οίσθα βοϊς κείνου μέγα σθένος, εὔτε Δυκάμββω
ιής μία σοι δισσάς ἤγαγε θυγατέρας.

70.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν πλέον ἢ τὸ πάροιθε πύλας κρατερῷ βερέθρου
ὀμμασιν ἄγρυπνοις τρισεῖ φύλασσε κυν.
εἰ γὰρ φέγγος ἔλειπον ἀλυσκάξουσαι ἱάμβων
ἄγριον Ἀρχιλόχου φλέγμα Δυκαμββίδες,
πῶς οὐκ ἄν προλυτοι σκοτίων πυλεόνας ἐναύλων
νεκρὸς ἄπας, φεύγων τάρβος ἐπεσβολής;

71.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

Σήμα τόδ' Ἀρχιλόχου παραπόντειον, ὃς ποτε πικρὴν
Μοῦσαν ἐχειδναῖρ πρῶτός ἔβαψε χόλῳ,
a staff, and a cloak, and a wallet, and the obol thy fare. These things that I carry with me now I am dead are all I had when alive, and I left nothing in the daylight.

69.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On Archilochus

Cerberus, whose bark strikes terror into the dead, there comes a terrible shade before whom even thou must tremble. Archilochus is dead. Beware the acrid iambic wrath engendered by his bitter mouth. Thou knowest the might of his words ever since one boat brought thee the two daughters of Lycambes.¹

70.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

Now, three-headed dog, better than ever with thy sleepless eyes guard the gate of thy fortress, the pit. For if the daughters of Lycambes to avoid the savage bile of Archilochus’ iambics left the light, will not every soul leave the portals of this dusky dwelling, flying from the terror of his slanderous tongue?

71.—GAETULICUS

On the Same

This tomb by the sea is that of Archilochus, who first made the Muse bitter dipping her in vipers’

¹ They hanged themselves owing to Archilochus’ bitter verses on them.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

αἵμαξας Ἐλικώνα τῶν ἡμερον. οἶδε Λυκάμβης,
μυρόμενος τρισσῶν ἄμματα θυγατέρων.
ἡρέμα δὴ παράμειψον, οὐδοἴπορε, μὴ ποτὲ τοῦτε
κινήσῃς τύμβῳ σφήκας ἐφεξομένους.

72.—MENANDROROT ΚΩΜΙΚΟΤ

Χαῖρε, Νεοκλείδα, δίδυμοι γένος, δῶν ὃ μὲν ὕμῶν
πατρίδα δουλοσύνας ρύσαθ', ὃ δ' ἀφροσύνας.

73.—GEMINOT

Ἀντὶ τάφου λιτοῦ θές Ἐλλάδα, θές δ' ἐπὶ ταῦταν
dούρατα, βαρβαρικὰς σύμβολα ναυφθορίας,
καὶ τύμβῳ κρητίδα περίγραφε Περσικὸν Ἀρη
cαὶ Ξέρξην τούτοις θάπτε Θεμιστοκλέα.
στάλα δ' ἃ Σαλαμίς ἐπικείσεται, ἔργα λέγουσα
τάμα: τί με σμικροίς τὸν μέγαν ἐντίθετε;

A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 58.

74.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Τοῦτο Θεμιστοκλέει ξένοις ἦριον εἴσατο Μάγνης
λαός, ὥστε Μήδιον πατρίδα ρυσάμενος
ὀθνείν ὑπεδὺ χθόνα καὶ λίθου. ἦ θέλεν σουτος
ὁ φθόνος: αἱ δ' ἀρεταὶ μεῖον ἔχουσι γέρας.
gall, staining mild Helicon with blood. Lycambe
knows it, mourning for his three daughters hanged.
Pass quietly by, O way-farer, lest haply thou arouse
the wasps that are settled on his tomb.

72.—MENANDER

On Epicurus and Themistocles

Hail, ye twin-born sons of Neocles, of whom the
one saved his country from slavery the other from
folly.

73.—GEMINUS

On Themistocles

In place of a simple tomb put Hellas, and on her
put ships significant of the destroyed barbaric fleets,
and round the frieze of the tomb paint the Persian
host and Xerxes—thus bury Themistocles. And
Salamis shall stand thereon, a pillar telling of my
deeds. Why lay you so great a man in a little
space?

74.—DIODORUS

On the Same

The people of Magnesia raised to Themistocles
this monument in a land not his own, when after
saving his country from the Medes, he was laid in
foreign earth under a foreign stone. Verily Envy
so willed, and deeds of valour have less privilege
than she.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

75.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Στασίχορον, ξαπλθές υμέτρητον στόμα Μούσης,
ἐκτέρισεν Κατάνας αἰθαλόν δάπεδον,
οὗ, κατὰ Πυθαγόρον φυσικάν φύτων, ἀ πρὶν Ὄμηροι
ψυχὰ ἐνὶ στέρνοις δεύτερον ὑκίσατο.

76.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Ἐμπρός ς λήσαντα Φιλόκριτον, ἄρτι δ' ἀρότρου
γενόμενον, ξέινω Μέμφις ἔκρυψες τάφῳ,
ἐνθά δραμὼν Νεῖλοιο πολὺς ρόσος ύδατι λάβρῳ
ταῦνδρος τὴν ὄλγην βάζων ἀπημφίασε.
καὶ ζωὸς μὲν ἐφευγε πικρὴν ἀλα: νῦν δὲ καλυφθεὶς 5
κύμασι ναυνηγὸν σχέτλοις ἕσχε τάφον.

77.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὗτος ὁ τοῦ Κείλου Σιμωνίδεω ἐστὶ σαωτήρ,
δς καὶ τεθνηῶς ξῶντ᾽ ἀπέδωκε χάριν.

78.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΩΤ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

Πρήπερον γηρᾶς σε, καὶ οὗ κατὰ νοῦσος ἀμαυρὴ
ἔσβεσεν· εὐνήθης δ' ὑπνὸν ὀφειλόμενον,
ἀκρα μεριμνήσας, Ἐρατόσθενες: οὐδὲ Κυρήνη
μαία σε πατρίδων ἐντὸς ἔδεκτο τάφων,

1 This epigram is out of place here, as Philocritus is a person unknown to history.
2 This lemma is wrong. The couplet is said to have been
BOOK VII. 75–78

75.—ANTIPATER (OF SIDON?)

On Stesichorus

Stesichorus, the vast immeasurable voice of the Muse, was buried in Catana's fiery land, he in whose breast, as telleth the philosopher Pythagoras, Homer's soul lodged again.

76.—DIOSCORIDES

Philoctetus, his trading over and yet a novice at the plough, lay buried at Memphis in a foreign land. And there the Nile running in high flood stripped him of the scanty earth that covered him. So in his life he escaped from the salt sea, but now covered by the waves hath, poor wretch, a ship-wrecked mariner's tomb.

77.—SIMONIDES

On Simonides (?)

The saviour of the Ceian Simonides is this man, who even in death requited him who lived.

78.—DIONYSIUS OF CYZICUS

On Eratosthenes

A mild old age, no darkening disease, put out thy light, Eratosthenes son of Aglaus, and, thy high studies over, thou sleepest the appointed sleep. Cyrene thy mother did not receive thee into the written by Simonides on the tomb of a man whose corpse he found on the shore and buried, and whose ghost appeared and forbade him to sail in a ship which was wrecked on her voyage.
ʹΑγλαοῦν υἱὲ: φίλος δὲ καὶ ἐν ξείνῃ κεκάλυψαι
πάρ τόδε Πρωτής κράσπεδον αἴγιαλον.

79.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

a. 'Ωνθρωπ', 'Ηράκλειτος ἐγὼ σοφά μοῦνος ἀνευρεῖν
φαμί· τὰ δ' ἐσ πάτραν κρέσσονα καὶ σοφίς:
λᾶξ γὰρ καὶ τοκέωνας, ἰὼ ξένε, δύσφρονας ἀνδράς
ὑλάκτενυ. β. Λαμπρὰ θρεψαμένοισι χάρις.
a. Οὖκ ἀπ' ἐμεῖ; β. Μὴ τρηχύσ. α. 'Ἐπεὶ τάχα
καὶ σὺ τι πευχή
tρηχύτερον πάτρας. β. Χαίρε. α. 'Σὺ δ' ἐξ
'Εφέσου.

80.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εἰπέ τις, 'Ηράκλειτε, τεῦν μόρον, ἐς δὲ με δάκρυ
ἡγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὀσσάκως ἀμφότεροι
ﻩλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν ποὺ,
ξεῖν 'Ἀλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδὴν,
αἱ δὲ τεῖλ ἡμοῦν ἁγδόνες, ἦσιν οἱ πάντων
ἀρπακτὴς 'Ατής σὺν ἐπὶ χείρα βαλεῖ.

W. Johnson Cory, Ionica, ed. 1905, p. 7.

81.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Επτὰ σοφῶν, Κλεόβουλε, σὲ μὲν τεκνώσατο Λύνδος:
φατὶ δὲ Σισυφία χθῶν Περιανδρον ἔχειν.

1 i.e. at Alexandria.
BOOK VII. 78–81

tombs of thy fathers, but thou art buried on this fringe of Proteus' shore, 1 beloved even in a strange land.

79.—MELEAGER

On Heraclitus of Ephesus

A. "Sir, I am Heraclitus, and assert that I alone discovered wisdom, and my services to my country were better than wisdom. Ay Sir; for I assailed even my own parents, evil-minded folks, with contumely." B. "A fine return for thy bringing up!" A. "Be off!" B. "Don't be rough." A. "Because you may soon hear something rougher than my people heard from me." B. "Farewell." A. "And you get out of Ephesus." 2

80.—CALLIMACHUS

On Heraclitus of Halicarnassus, the Elegiac Poet

One told me of thy death, Heraclitus, and it moved me to tears, when I remembered how often the sun set on our talking. And thou, my Halicarnassian friend, liest somewhere, gone long long ago to dust; but they live, thy Nightingales, 3 on which Hades who seizeth all shall not lay his hand.

81.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Seven Sages

Of the seven sages Lindus bore thee, O Cleobulus, and the land of Sisyphus 4 says that Periander is

2 The epigram is obscure and the arrangement of the dialogue doubtful. I follow Headlam (Class. Rev. xv. p. 401).
3 The title of a book of poems.
4 Corinth.

49

VOL. II.
Πιττακὸν ἀδ Μιτυλήνα. Βλάντα δὲ δία Πριήνης·
Μίλητος δὲ Θαλήν, ἀκρον ἐρεισμα Δίκας·
ἀ Σπάρτα Χίλωνα. Σόλωνα δὲ Κεκροπίδις αἰα,
πάντας ἀριξάλου σωφροσύνας φύλακας.

82.—ΑΔΙΛΩΝ

Δωρίδος ἐκ Μούσης κεκορυθμένου ἀνέρα Βάκχῳ
καὶ Σατύρως Σικελδὸν τὴν Ἐπίχαρμον ἔχω.

83.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τόνδε Θαλήν Μίλητος 'Ιας θρέψας' ἀνέδειξεν,
ἀστρολόγων πάντων πρεσβύτατον σοφία.

84.—ΑΛΛΟ

*Η ὄλγον τόδε σάμα, τὸ δὲ κλέος οὐρανόμηκεν
tοῦ πολυφροντίστου τοῦτο Θάλητος ὄρη.

85. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Γυμνικόν αὐτ ποτ’ ἀγώνα θεώμενον, ἥελε Ζεῦ,
tὸν σοφὸν ἄνδρα Θαλῆν ἔρπασας ἐκ σταδίου,
aἰνεὼ διὸ μὲν ἐγγὺς ἀπήγαγες· ἦ γὰρ ὁ πρέσβυς
οὐκέθ’ ὃρᾶν ἀπὸ γῆς ἀστέρας ἕδυνατο.

1 Nos. 83–133 are all derived from Diogenes Laertius’
Lives of the Philosophers. Those of his own composition
are not only very poor work (perhaps the worst verses ever
published), but are often unintelligible apart from the silly
hers. Mytilene bore Pittacus and fair Priene Bias, and Miletus Thales, best support of Justice, Sparta Chilon, and Attica Solon—all guardians of admirable Prudence.

82.—Anonymous
On Epicharmus

I hold Sicilian Epicharmus, a man armed by the Doric Muse for the service of Bacchus and the Satyrs.

83.—Anonymous
On Thales

Ionian Miletus nourished and revealed this Thales, first in wisdom of all astronomers.

84.—Anonymous
On the Same

Small is the tomb, but see how the fame of the deep thinker Thales reaches to the heavens.

85.—Diogenes Laertius
On the Same

Once, Zeus the Sun, didst thou carry off from the stadion, as he was viewing the games, Thales the sage. I praise thee for taking him away to be near thee, for in truth the old man could no longer see the stars from earth.™

anecdotes to which they refer. These I give in such cases in the briefest possible form.

™ Thales died from the effect of heat and thirst while watching the games.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

86.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

’Η Μήδων ἀδικον παύσασ’ ὑβριν ἦδε Σόλωνα
tόνδε τεκνοὶ Σαλαμίς θεσμοθέτην ιερόν.

87. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Σῶμα μὲν ἢρε Σόλωνος ἐν ἄλλοδατη Κύπριον πῦρ,
όστα δ' ἐχει Σαλαμίς, ὅν κόνις ἀστάχυνες
ψυχὴν δ' ἄξονες εὐθὺς ἐς οὐρανὸν ἤγαγον· εὖ γὰρ
θῆκε νόμοις ἀστοῖς ἄχθεα κοιφότατα.

88. <ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ>

Φωσφόρε σοι Πολύδευκες ἔχω χάριν, οὐνεκεν νῦς
Χίλανος πυγμὴ χλωρὸν ἔλεεν κότινον·
eἰ δ' ὁ πατὴρ στεφανοῦχον ἴδὼν <τέκνου> ἤμυσεν
ἥσθείς,
οὐ νεμεσητῶν· ἐμοὶ τοῖος ἵτω ϑάνατος.

89. <ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ>

Ἑϊνος Ἀταρνεύτης τις ἀνείρετο Πιττακὸν οὕτω
tὸν Μυτιληναῖον, παίδα τὸν Ἐρράδιον·
"Ἄττα γέρον, δοιὸς με καλεῖ γάμος· ἢ μία μὲν δὴ
νῦμφη καὶ πλοῦτῳ καὶ γενεῇ κατ' ἐμὲ'
BOOK VII. 86–89

86.—ANONYMOUS

On Solon

This island of Salamis which once put an end to the unrighteous insolence of the Medes, gave birth to this Solon the holy law-giver.

87.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

In a strange land, a Cyprian fire consumed the body of Solon, but Salamis holds his bones, whose dust becomes corn. But his tables of the law carried his soul at once to heaven, for by his good laws he lightened the burdens of his countrymen.

88.—BY THE SAME

On Chilon

O Pollux, giver of light, I give thee thanks in that the son of Chilon gained by boxing the green olive-crown. And if his father seeing his son crowned, died of joy, why should we complain? May such a death be mine.¹

89.—CALLIMACHUS

On Pittacus (not Sepulchral)

A guest from Atarne thus questioned Pittacus of Mytilene, the son of Hyrrha. "Daddy grey-beard! a two-fold marriage invites me. The one bride is suitable to me in fortune and family, but

¹ This explains itself. Castor and Pollux were the patrons of boxing and were also stars.
ἡ δὲ ἑτέρη προβέβηκε. τί λῶιν; εἰ δὲ ἄγε σὺν μοι
βουλευσον, ποτέρην εἰς ὑμέναιν ἄγω."  
ἐπεν· ὁ δὲ σκίπτωνα, γεροντικὸν ὄπλον, ἀείρας,
"'Ἠνιώ', ἐκείνοι σοι πᾶν ἔρεονσιν ἔπος."  
(οἱ δὲ ἄρω πληγῆσι θοᾶς βεμβίκας ἕχοντες
ἐστρεφον εὐρεῖα παῖδες ἐν τριάδῳ.)  
"κεῖνων ἔρχεο," φησί, "μετ' ἤχυια." ἡ τε μὲν ἐπέστη
πλησίον· οἱ δὲ ἔλεγον· "Τὴν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἔλα.
ταῦτ' ἠλὼν ὁ ξεῖνος ἐφείσατο μείζονος οἰκον
δράξασθαι, παῖδων κληδόνα συνθέμενος.
τὴν δ' ὀλύνην ὡς κεῖνος ἐς οἰκον ἔπηγετο νύμφην,
oῦτω καὶ σὺ γ' ἰὼν τὴν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἔλα.  

90.—ἈΛΛΟ

Κλεινοῖς ἐν δαπέδουσι Πριήνης φύντα καλύπτει
ἡδε Βίαντα πέτρη, κόσμον Ἰωσε μέγαν.

91. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Τῇδε Βίαντα κέκευθα, τῶν ἀτρέμας ἤγαγεν Ἐρμής
εἰς Ἀἰδην, πολυφ χήραι νιφόμενον·
ἐπὶ γάρ, ἐπὶ δίκην ἄταρον τινὸς· εἰτ ἀποκλινθεὶς
παιδὸς ἐς ἀγκαλίδας μακρὸν ἐτεινε κῦπνον.

1 The boys were saying, each to his own top, "Drive the
way that suits you" ("Go the way you like"). The same
phrase means "Drive her that suits you." "Drive" in
Greek often has a coarse meaning.
BOOK VII. 89-91

the other is my better. Which is best? Come, advise me which to take to wife." So spoke he and Pittacus raising his staff, the weapon of his old age, said "Look! they will tell you all you need know"—The boys at the broad cross-roads were whipping their swift tops—"Go after them," he said, and the man went and stood close to them, and they were saying, "Drive the way that suits you." The stranger, hearing this, refrained from catching at a match with a greater home, understanding the oracle of the boys' words. Therefore as he brought home the bride of low estate, so do thou, go and "drive her that suits you." 1

90.—Anonymous

On Bias

This stone covers Bias the great ornament of Ionia born on the famous soil of Priene.

91.—Diogenes Laertius

On the Same

Here I cover Bias, whom Hermes led gently to Hades, his head white with the snows of age. He spoke for a friend in court and then sinking into the boy's arms he continued to sleep a long sleep. 2

2 Bias, after having made a speech in court on behalf of some one, was fatigued and rested his head on his nephew's breast. His client won the case, but at its close Bias was found to be dead.
'Εσ Σκύθην Α'νάχαρσις οτ' ἦλυθε πολλὰ μογῆσας,
πάντας ἐπειδή βιοῦν ἦθεσιν ἐλλαδικὸς.
τὸν δ' ἔτι μῦθον ἀκραυγόν ἔνι στομάτεσσιν ἔχοντα
πτηνὸς ἐς ἀθανάτους ἤρπασεν ὅκα δόναξ.

93.—ΑΔΔΟ

Εἰς Φερεκύδην

Τῆς σοφῆς πάσης ἐν ἐμοὶ τέλος; ἢν δὲ τι πάσχω,
Πυθαγόρη τῷ 'μῷ λέγει ταῦθ', ὅτι πρῶτος ἀπάντων
ἐστίν ἂν 'Ελλάδα γῆν. οὐ ψεῦδομαι ὡδ' ἀγορεύων.

94.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐνθάδε, πλεῖστον ἀληθείας ἐπὶ τέρμα περίσσας
ουρανίον κόσμου, κεῖται 'Αναξαγόρας.

95.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

'Ἡλιον πυρόντα μῦθον ποτὲ φάσκειν ὑπάρχειν,
καὶ διὰ τούτο θανεῖν μέλλειν Ἀναξαγόρας.
ἀλλ' ὁ φίλος Περικλῆς μὲν ἔρύσατο τούτον· ὁ δ' αὐτὸν
ἐξάγαγαν βιότον μαλθακὴν σοφίης.
BOOK VII. 92-95

92.—BY THE SAME

On Anacharsis

When Anacharsis went to Scythia after many toils he was persuading them all to live in the Greek manner. His unfinished speech was still on his lips, when a winged reed carried him off swiftly to the immortals.¹

93.—ANONYMOUS

On Pherecydes

The end of all wisdom is in me. If aught befall me, tell my Pythagoras that he is the first of all in the land of Hellas. In speaking thus I do not lie.

94.—ANONYMOUS

On Anaxagoras

Here lies Anaxagoras who advanced furthest towards the goal of truth concerning the heavenly universe.

95.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

Anaxagoras once said that the sun was a red-hot mass, and for this was about to be killed. His friend Pericles saved him, but he ended his own life owing to the sensitiveness of his wise mind.

¹ Anacharsis was shot by his brother for trying to introduce Greek religious rites.
96. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>
Πῶνε νυν ἐν Δίως ὁν, δὲ Σῶκρατες; ἢ σε γὰρ ὄντως
cal σοφὸν εἰπε θεός, καὶ θεὸς ἢ σοφία.
πρὸς γὰρ Ἀθηναίων κώνειον ἀπλῶς σὺ ἐδέξω,
aυτοὶ δὲ ἐξέπιον τοῦτο τερ στόματι.

97. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>
Οὐ μόνον ἐς Πέρσας ἀνέβη Ξενοφῶν διὰ Κύρου,
ἀλλ’ ἀνοδον ἔρτων ἐς Δίως ἦτος ἄγοι:
pαιδείας γὰρ ἔης Ἑλληνικὰ πράγματα δείξας,
ὡς καλὸν ἢ σοφία μνήσατο Σωκράτεος.

98. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>
Εἰ καὶ σὲ, Ξενοφῶν, Κραναοῦ Κέκροπός τε πολῖται
φεύγειν κατέγνων τοῦ φίλου χάριν Κύρου,
ἀλλὰ Κόρινθος ἐδεκτὸ φιλόξενος, ἢ σὺ φιληδῶν
οὕτως ἀρέσκῃ κεῖθε καὶ μένειν ἑγγώς.

99.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΣ
Δάκρυα μὲν Ἐκάβη τε καὶ Ἰλιάδεσσι γυναῖξι
Μοίραι ἐπέκλωσαν δὴ ποτε γεινομέναις:
sburg δὲ, Δίων, ἥξαντι καλῶν ἐπινίκιον ἔργων
δαίμονες ευρείας ἐλπίδας ἐξέχεαν.
BOOK VII. 96–99

96.—BY THE SAME

On Socrates

Drink now, O Socrates, in the house of Zeus. Of a truth a god called thee wise and Wisdom is a goddess. From the Athenians thou didst receive simply hemlock, but they themselves drank it by thy mouth.

97.—BY THE SAME

On Xenophon

Xenophon not only went up country to the Persians for Cyrus' sake, but seeking a way up to the house of Zeus. For after showing that the affairs of Greece belonged to his education, he recorded how beautiful was the wisdom of Socrates.¹

98.—BY THE SAME

If the citizens of Cranaus and Cecrops² condemned you, Xenophon, to exile because of your friend Cyrus, yet hospitable Corinth received you, with which you were so pleased and content, and decided to remain there.

99.—PLATO

On Dio

The Fates decreed tears for Hecuba and the Trojan women even at the hour of their birth; and after thou, Dio, hadst triumphed in the accomplishment of noble deeds, the gods spilt all thy far-

¹ Little sense can be made of line 3. I think there is an attempt to allude to both the Cyropædia and the Hellenica.
² Both legendary kings of Athens.
κείσαι δ' εὐρυχόρφ ἐν πατρίδι τίμιος ἀστοῖς,
ὅ ἐμὸν ἐκμήνας θυμὸν ἔρωτι Δίων.

100.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Νῦν ὁτε μηδέν, Ἀλέξις, ὅσον μόνον εἴφ', ὅτι καλός,
ὅπται, καὶ πάντῃ πᾶσι περιβλέπεται.
θυμε, τί μηνύεις κυσίν ὀστέον, εἰπ' ἄνυσθει
ὕστερον; οὐχ οὕτω Φαίδρου ἀπωλέσαμεν;

101. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

'Αλλ' εἰ μὴ Σπεύσιππον ἐμάνθισον οὐδὲ θανεῖσθαί,
οὐκ ἂν ἔπεισέ με τις τόδε λέξαι,
ὡς ἦν οὐχὶ Πλάτωνι πρὸς ἀώματος: οὐ γὰρ ἄθυμῳ
κάθανεν ἄν διὰ τι σφόδρα μικρόν.

102. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>

Χαλκὴ προσκόψας λεκάνη ποτέ, καὶ τὸ μέτωπον
πλῆξας, ἵσχεν 'Ω σύντονον, εἰτ' ἔθανεν,
ο πάντα πάντῃ Ἐνοκράτης ἀνὴρ γεγώς.

1 Speusippus was Plato's nephew. Diogenes Laertius does not as a fact deny this. He committed suicide, according to
reaching hopes. But thou liest in thy spacious city, honoured by thy countrymen, Dio, who didst madden my soul with love.

100.—By the Same

On Alexis and Phaedrus (not an epitaph)

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

101.—Diogenes Laertius

On Speusippus

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

102.—By the Same

On Xenocrates

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

the story referred to, owing to being insulted by the cynic Diogenes.
<Μνήματι τούδε Κράτητα θεουδέα καὶ Πολέμωνα ἐννεπε κρύπτεσθαι, ξεῖνε, παρερχόμενος,> ἁνδρᾶς ὀμοφροσύνη μεγαλήτορας, δὲν ἀπὸ μῦθος Ιερὸς ἤισσεν δαίμονιον στόματος, καὶ βίοτος καθαρὸς σοφίας ἐπὶ θείον ἐκόσμει αἰῶν᾽ ἀστρέπτως δόγμασι πειθόμενος.

104. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

'Αρκεσίλα, τί μοι τί τοσοῦτον ἀκρητον ἀφείδως ἔσπασας, ὅστε φρενῶν ἐκτὸς ὀλισθές ἔδω; οἰκτείρω σ᾿ οὐ τόσον ἐπελ θάνες, ἀλλ᾿ ὅτι Μοῦσας ὑβρίσας, οὐ μετρή χρησάμενος κύλικι.

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σέο, Δακύδη, φάτιν ἔκλυνον, ὡς ἄρα καὶ σε Βάκχος ἔλων ἀίδην τοσοῦν ἐσυρεν ἀκροις.

ἡ σαφὲς ἦν. Διόνυσος ὅτ᾿ ἂν πολὺς ἐς δέμας ἐλθῃ, λῦσε μέλη. διὸ δὴ μῆτι Λυκίος ἐφυ;

106.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Χαίρετε καὶ μέμνησθε τὰ δόγματα." τὸν Ἑπίκουρος ὑστατον ἐπὶ πλοῖοι οἷσιν ἀποφθίμενος;

θερμὴν ἐς πύελον γὰρ ἐσήλυθε, καὶ τὸν ἀκρητὸν ἔσπασεν, εἰτ᾿ ἀίδην ψυχρὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.

1 "Life" in the Greek, but English will not bear the repetition.
103.—ANTAGORAS

On Polemo and Crates

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

104.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS\(^2\)

On Arcesilaus

Arcesilaus, why did you drink so much wine, and so unsparingly as to slip out of your senses? I am not so sorry for you because you died as because you did violence to the Muses by using immoderate cups.\(^3\)

105.—On Lacydes

And about you too, Lacydes, I heard that Bacchus took hold of you by the toes and dragged you to Hades. It is clear; when Bacchus enters the body in force he paralyses the limbs. Is that not why he is called Lyaeus?\(^4\)

106.—On Epicurus

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

\(^1\) 104–116 are all by him.
\(^2\) Lacydes died of paralysis caused by intemperance.
\(^3\) i.e. Loosener.
107.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μέλλων Εὐρυμέδων ποτ’ Ἀριστοτέλην ἀσεβείας γράψασθαι, Δηοῦς μύστιδος ὁ ἄντικος, ἀλλὰ πιθὸν ἀκόντιον ὑπέκφυγε· τούτ’ ἀκονιτὶ ἢν ἄρα νικήσαι συνοφάσεις ἀδίκους.

108.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ πῶς εἰ μὴ Φοίβος ἀν’ Ἕλλαδα φῦσε Πλάτωνα, ψυχὰς ἀνθρώπων γράμμασιν ἥκεσατο; καὶ γὰρ ὁ τοῦδε γεγούς Ἀσκληπιίδος ἐστιν ἐτήρ σῶματος, ὡς ψυχῆς ἀθανάτου Πλάτων.

109.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φοίβος ἐφυσε βροτοῖς Ἀσκληπιίδον ἣδε Πλάτωνα, τὸν μὲν ἵνα ψυχὴν, τὸν δ’ ἵνα σῶμα σάου· δαισάμενος δὴ γάμον, πόλιν θλυθεν ἢν ποθ’ ἑαυτῷ ἔκτισε, καὶ δαπέδω Ζηνὸς ἐνυδρύσατο.

110.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἄρα τούτῳ μάταιον ἔτος μερόπων τινὶ λέξῃ, ῥήγνυσθαι σοφίᾶς τόξον ἀκόμην· δὴ γὰρ καὶ Ἡθοφραστὸς ἐως ἐπόνει μὲν ἄπερος ἢν δέμας, εἶτ’ ἄνεθεις κάθανε πηρομελῆς.

1 There is a bad pun which cannot be rendered.
2 The first couplet is not Diogenes’ own, but is stated by Olympiodorus to have actually been inscribed on Plato’s
BOOK VII. 107–110

107.—On Aristotle

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

108.—On Plato

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

109.—On the Same

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

110.—On Theophrastus

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

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

 VOL. II.  

F
111.—TOY AYTOY

Δεπτός ἀνὴρ δέμας ἦν—εἰ μὴ προσέχῃς, ἀποχρῇ μοι
Στράτωνια τούτι οὖν φημὶ γε,
Δαμψακὸς ὃν ποτ' ἔφυσεν· ἠεὶ δὲ νόσοις παλαίων
θυήσκει λαθὼν, οὔδ' ἤσθετο.

112.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ μὰ τὸν, οὐδὲ Λύκωνα παρήσσομεν, ὡσπερ ποδαλγήσ
κάθανε· θαυμάζω τοῦτο μάλιστα δ' ἐγώ,
τὴν οὔτως ἄιδαο μακρὴν ὀδὸν εἰ πρὶν ὁ ποσσιν
ἀλλοτρίοις βαδίσας ἔδραμε νυκτὶ μὴ.

113.—TOY AYTOY

'Ανεῖλεν ἀστίς τὸν σοφὸν Δημήτριον
ιὸν ἔχουσα πολὺν
ἀσμηκτον, οὐ στίλβουσα φῶς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων,
ἀλλ' ἄιδην μέλανα.

114.—TOY AYTOY

'Ἡθέλες ἀνθρώποις λυπεῖν φάτιν, Ἡρακλείδη,
ὅς ὅταν ἐγένος ἡμὸς ἀπασὶ δράκων
ἄλλα διεφεύσθης σεσοφισμένε· δῆ γὰρ ὁ μὲν θήρ
ἡ δράκων, σὺ δὲ θήρ, οὐ σοφὸς ὡν, εάλως.

1 Strato grew so thin that he died without feeling it.
2 Heraclides begged his friends to hide his body when he
BOOK VII. iii-114

111.—On Strato

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

112.—On Lyco

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

113.—On Demetrius Phalereus

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

114.—On Heraclides Ponticus

Heraclides, you wished to leave a report among men that when you died you became a live serpent in the eyes of all. But you were taken in, cunning wise man, for the beast was indeed a serpent, but you, being no wise man, were shown to be a beast.² died and put a serpent on his bed that it might be supposed to be his spirit. The stratagem however was discovered.

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115.—TOY AYTOY

Τὸν βίον ἦσθα Κύων, Ἀντίσθενες, ὦδε πεφυκὼς, ὃστε δακεῖν κραδὴν ρήμασιν, οὐ στόμασιν. ἀλλ' ἔθανε φθισικός, τάχ' ἔρει τις ἱμως· τί δὲ τοῦτο; πάντως εἰς αἴδην δεῖ τιν' ὀδηγὸν ἔχειν.

116.—TOY AYTOY

Διόγενες, ἀγε λέγε, τίς ἔλαβε σε μύρος ἐς Ἀίδος; ἔλαβε με κυνὸς ἄγριον ὀδὰξ.

117. <ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΤ>

Ἐκτισσας αὐτάρκειαν, ἄφεις κενεαυχέα πλοῦτον, Ζήνων, σὺν πολιῷ σεμνὸς ἐπισκυνίῳ ἂρσενα γὰρ λόγον εὔρες, ἐνηθλήσω δὲ προνοίᾳ, αἰρεσιν ἀτρέστου μητέρ' ἐλευθερίης. εἰ δὲ πάτρα Φάονισσα, τίς ὁ φθόνος; ἦν καὶ ὁ Κάδμος 5 κεῖνος, ἀφ' οὗ γραπτὰν 'Ελλάς ἔχει σελίδα.

118.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Τὸν Κυτιέα Ζήνωνα θανεῖν λόγος ὃς ὑπὸ γῆρως πολλὰ καμῶν ἐλύθῃ μένων ἄσιτος. <οἱ δ' ὅτι προσκόψας ποτ' ἔφη χερὶ γὰν ἀλοίπας, "Ερχομαι αὐτόματος· τί δὴ καλεῖς με;”>

1 Ἡ. Cynic.
2 Zeno stumbled and broke his finger: striking his hand.
BOOK VII. 115–118

115.—On Antisthenes

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

116.—On Diogenes

"Diogenes, tell what fate took you to Hades?" 
"A dog's fierce bite."

117.—ZENODOTUS

On Zeno

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

118.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

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

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

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119.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ἡνίκα Πυθαγόρης τὸ περικλεὲς εὖρετο γράμμα κεῖν', ἐφ’ ὅτῳ κλεινὴν ἤγαγε βούθυσίν.

120.—ΞΕΝΟΦΑΝΟΤΣ

Καὶ ποτὲ μιν στυφελιζομένου σκύλακος παριώντα φασὶν ἐποικτεῖραι, καὶ τόδε φάσθαι ἔπος:
'Παῦσαι, μηδὲ ῥάπτις', ἐπειδὴ φίλου ἁνέρου ἐστὶν ψυχή, τὴν ἔγνων, φθεγξαμένης ἄιων.'

121.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Οὐ μόνος ἐμψύχων ἀπεχεῖς χέρας, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς·
tις γὰρ ὅς ἐμψύχων ἡψατο, Πυθαγόρης;
ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἐφηθῇ τι καὶ ὀπτηθῇ καὶ ἀλισθῇ
dὴ τότε καὶ ψυχὴν οὐκ ἔχον ἐσθίομεν.

122.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰαὶ, Πυθαγόρης τί τόσον κυάμος ἐσεβάσθη,
καὶ θάνε ψυχηταῖς ἄμμωγα τοῖς ἰδίοις;
χωρίων ἢν κυάμων ἦν μὴ τοῦτος δὲ πατήσῃ
eξ Ἀκραγαντίων κάθαν' ἐνὶ τριόδῳ.
BOOK VII. 119–122

119.—Anonymous

On Pythagoras

Dedicated when Pythagoras discovered that famous figure ¹ to celebrate which he made a grand sacrifice of an ox.

120.—Xenophanes

On the Same

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

121.—Diogenes Laertius

On the Same

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

122.—By the Same

On the Same

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

¹ i.e. what is now called the Forty-seventh Proposition of Euclid, Book I.
123.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σὺ ποτ’ Ἕμπεδοκλεῖς, διερὴ φλογὶ σῶμα καθήρας
πῦρ ὑπὸ κρητῆρων ἐκπεσε ἀθάνατον·
οὐκ ἔρεω δ’ ὅτι σαυτὸν ἐκὼν βύλες ἐς ρὸν Αἴτνης,
ἀλλὰ λαθεῖν ἐθέλων ἐμπτεσες οὐκ ἐθέλων.

124.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναι μὴν Ἕμπεδοκλῆς θανεῖν λόγος ὡς ποτ’ ἀμάξης ἐκπέσες, καὶ μηρὸν κλάσσατο δεξιτερῶν
ἐὰν δὲ πυρὸς κρητῆρας ἐσήλατο καὶ πίε τὸ ξῆν,
πῶς ἄν ἔτ’ ἐν Μεγάροις δείκνυτο τοῦθε τάφος;

125.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ τι παραλλάσσει φαέθων μέγας ἄλιος ἀστρῶν,
καὶ πόντοσ ποταμῶν μείζον’ ἔχει δύναμιν,
φαμὶ τοσοῦτον ἐγὼ σοφία προέχειν Ἐπίχαρμον,
ἐν πατρίς ἐστεφάνως’ ἄδε Συρακοσίων.

126. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Τὴν ὑπόνοιαν πάσι μᾶλλον λέγω θεραπεύειν
εἰ γὰρ καὶ μὴ δρᾶς, ἀλλὰ δοκεῖς, ἀτυχεῖς.
οὕτω καὶ Φιλόλαον ἀνείλε Κρότων ποτὲ πάτρη,
ὡς μν ἐδοξει θέλειν δῶμα τύραννον ἔχειν.
BOOK VII. 123-126

123.—By the Same

On Empedocles

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

124.—By the Same

On the Same

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

125.—Anonymous

On Epicharmus

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

126.—Diogenes Laertius

On Philolaus

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

¹ With a play on the other meaning “bowl.”
127.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλάκις ὁ Ἡράκλειτος ἐθαύμασα, πῶς ποτὲ τὸ ζῆν ὁδε ἀντλήσας δύσμορος, εἰτ' ἔθανεν· σῶμα γὰρ ἀρδεύουσα κακὴ νόσος ὕδατι, φέγγος ἔσβεσεν ἐκ βλεφάρων καὶ σκότον ἡγάγετο.

128.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

ὁ Ἡράκλειτος ἔγω· τι μ' ἄνω κάτω ἐλκετ' ἁμουσοι; οὐχ ὑμῖν ἐπόνουν, τοῖς δ' ἐμ' ἐπισταμένους. εἰς ἐμοὶ ἀνθρώπος τρισμύριοι, οἱ δ' ἀνάριθμοι οὐδείς. ταῦτ' αὐτῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνη.

129. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

'Ἡθελες, ὦ Ζήνων, καλὸν ἥθελες, ἄνδρα τύραννον κτείνας ἐκλύσαι δουλοσύνης Ἔλεαν· ἀλλ' ἐθάμης· δὴ γὰρ σε λαβὼν ὁ τύραννος ἐν οἵμῳ κόψε· τι τούτω λέγω; σῶμα γὰρ, οὐχὶ δὲ σέ.

130.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σεῦ, Πρωταγόρη, φάτιν ἐκλυνο, ὡς ἂρ' Ἀθηνῶν ἐκ ποτ' ἰδὼν καθ' ὅδον πρέσβυς ἐδὼν ἔθανες· εἴλετο γὰρ σε φυγεῖν Κέκροπος πόλις· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν ποι
Παλλάδος ἀστυ φύγες, Πλούτεα δ' οὐκ ἔφυγες.
127.—By the Same

On Heraclitus

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

128.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

129.—Diogenes Laertius

On Zeno the Eleatic

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

130.—By the Same

On Protagoras

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

¹ The same saying is attributed to Democritus by Seneca, and both philosophers no doubt shared this contempt for the many.
131.—ΑΛΛΟ
Πρωταγόρην λόγος ὀδε θανεῖν φέρειν· ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἄφτι ἢκατο σῶμα γαῖαν, ψυχὰ δὲ ἀλτο σοφοῖς.

132.—ΑΛΛΟ
Καὶ σέο, Πρωταγόρη, σοφίς ἔδμεν βέλος ὄξυν, ἀλλ' ὦ τιτρῶσκοιν, ἄφτι δὲ γλυκύν ἄκριμα.¹

133. <ΔΙΟΙΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΛΕΡΤΙΟΤ>
Πτίσσετε, Νικοκρέων, ἔτι καὶ μάλα, θύλακός ἐστιν πτίσσετ'. Ἀνάξαρχος δ' ἐν Διός ἐστι πάλαν καὶ σὲ διαστείλασα γνάφοις ὀλόγον τάδε λέξει ρήματα Περσεφόνη. "Ἐρρε μυλωθρὲ κακὲ."

134.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Ἐνθάδε Γοργίου ἡ κεφαλὴ κυνικοῦ κατάκειμαι, οὐκέτι χρεμπτομένη, οὐτ' ἀπομυσσομένη.

135.—ΑΛΛΟ
Θεσσαλὸς Ἰπποκράτης, Κῆφος γένως, ἐνθάδε κεῖται, Φοίβου ἀπὸ ρίζης ἀθανάτου γεγαώσ,

χρίμα has been suggested by Boissonade and I render so.
BOOK VII. 131–135

131.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

132.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

133.—Diogenes Laertius

On Anaxarchus

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

134.—Anonymous

On Gorgias

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

135.—Anonymous

On Hippocrates of Cos, the Physician

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

¹ Nicoereon, the Cyprian tyrant, is said to have pounded Anaxarchus to death. Anaxarchus exclaimed, "Pound this bag (my body), but you do not pound Anaxarchus himself." This is a well-attested story.
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πλεῖστα τρόπαια νόσων στήσας ὄπλοις Ὁγιείς, δόξαν ἐλών πολλῶν ὦ τύχα, ἀλλὰ τέχνα.

136.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ἡρωὸς Πριάμου βαίδος τάφος. οὐχ ὅτι τοῖον ἴξιος, ἀλλ' ἐχθρῶν χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.

137.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΩΝ

Μη με τάφω σύγκρινε τὸν Ἕκτορα, μηδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ μέτρει τὸν πάσης Ἑλλάδος ἀντίπαλον. Ἰλιάς, αὐτὸς ὁμηρὸς ἐμοὶ τάφος, Ἑλλᾶς, Ἀχαιοὶ φεύγωντες—τούτων πάσιν ἐχωννύμεθα. [ei δ' ὀλγην ἄθρεις επ' ἐμοὶ κόνιν, οὐκ ἐμοὶ ἀλγκος. Ἑλλήνων ἐχθραῖς χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.]

138.—ΑΚΗΡΑΤΩΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΩΤ

"Εκτὸς ὁμηρείησιν ἄει βεβοημένε βιβλοῖς, θεοδόμου τείχεισι ἵρκος ἐρυμνότατον, ἐν σοι Μαυνίδης ἀνεπαύσατο. σοῦ δὲ θανόντος, "Εκτὸς, ἐσυγήθῃ καὶ σελλὶ Ἰλιάδος.

139.—ΑΔΔΟ

"Εκτορι μὲν Τροίη συγκάτθανεν, οὐδ' ἐτὶ χεῖρας ἀντήρεν Δαναῶν παισίν ἐπερχομένοις. Πέλλα δ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ συναπώλετο. πατρίδες ἄρα ἀνδρῶσιν, οὐ πάτραις ἄνδρες ἀγαλλόμεθα.
BOOK VII. 135-139

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

136.—ANTIPATER

On Priam

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

137.—ANONYMOUS

On Hector

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

138.—ACERATUS GRAMMATICUS

On the Same

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

139.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same and on Alexander of Macedon

With Hector perished Troy and no longer raised her hand to resist the attack of the Danai. And Pella, too, perished with Alexander. So fatherlands glory in men, their sons, not men in their fatherlands.
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140.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ
Καὶ γενέται τοῦ νέρθε καὶ οὖνομα καὶ χθόνα φόνει, στάλα, καὶ ποία κηρὶ δαμεῖς ἔδανε.—πατὴρ μὲν Πρίαμος, γὰρ δ’ Ἰλιον, οὖνομα δ’ Ἐκτώρ, ἄνερ, ὑπὲρ πτάρας δ’ ὁλετο μαρνάμενος.

141.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ
Θεσσαλὲ Πρωτεσίλαε, σὲ μὲν πολὺς ἂστει αἰῶν, Τροίᾳ ὀφειλομένου πτώματος ὀρξάμενον· σῆμα δὲ τοι πτελέσας συνηρεφὲς ἀμφικομεῦσι Νύμφαι, ἀπεχθομένης Ἰλίου ἀντιπέρας· δένδρα δὲ δυσμῆνα, καὶ ἂν ποτὲ τεῖχος ἑδωσι Τρόιον, αναλέαν φυλλοχοεῦντι κόμην, ὁσσος ἐν ἡρώεσοι τὸτ’ ἢν χόλος, εἰ μέρος ἀκμὴν ἐχθρὸν ἐν ἀψύχοις σώζεται ἀκρεμόσων;

142.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τύμβος ’Αχιλλῆος ῥηχήνορος, ὅν ποτ’ ’Αχαιοὶ δώμησαν, Τρώων δείμα καὶ ἐσσομένων· αἰγαλῷ δὲ νέευκεν, ἵνα στοναχῇ θαλάσσῃ κυδαίνουτο πάντα τῆς ἀλίας Θέτιδος.
W. M. Hardinge, in The Nineteenth Century, Nov. 1878, p. 873.

143.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
'Ανδρε δύω φιλότητι καὶ ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἀρίστῳ, χαϊρετον, Αἰακίδη, καὶ σὺ, Μενοιτιάδη.
140.—ARCHIAS OF MACEDON

On Hector

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

141.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

On Protesilaus

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

142.—ANONYMOUS

On Achilles

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

143.—ANONYMOUS

On Achilles and Patroclus

Hail Aecacides and Menoetiades, ye twain supreme in Love and Arms.
'Ηδυετής Νέστωρ Πύλιος Νηλήϊος ἤρως ἐν Πύλω ἡγαθή τύμβον ἔχει τριγέρων.

"Αδ' ἑγὼ ὁ τλάμων 'Αρετὰ παρὰ τὰδε κάθημαι Ἀιάντος τύμβῳ κειραμένα πλοκάμους, θυμὸν ἄχει μεγάλῳ βεβολημένα, εἰ παρ' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄ δολόφρον Ἁπάτα κρέσσον ἔμεν ὑμαται.

Σῆμα παρ' Ἀιάντειον ἐπὶ 'Ῥοιτησίων ἀκταίς θυμοβαρῆς Ἀρετὰ μύρομαι ἐξομένα, ἀπλόκαμος, πινόεσσα, διὰ κρίσιν ὁτι Πελασγῶν οὐκ ἀρετὰ νικῶν ἐλλαχεν, ἄλλα δόλος. τεῦχα δ' ἀν λέξειεν Ἀχιλλέεος. ""Ἀρσενος ἄκμᾶς, ὅ οὐ σκολιῶν μῦθον ἀμμες ἐφικέμεθα."

Μοῦνος ἑναιρεμένουσιν ὑπέρμαχος ἁσπίδα τείνας, νηυσὶ βαρῶν Τρώων, Ἀλαν, ἐμεινας ἄρην· οὐδὲ σε χερμαδίων ὅσεν κτύπω, οὐ νέφος ὕδων, οὐ πῦρ, οὐ δοράτων, οὐ ξεφεών πάταγος· ἀλλ' αὔτως προβλῆσ τε καὶ ἐμπεδος, ὡς τις ἔρπταν ἕδρυθείς, ἐτλῆς λαίλαπα δυσμενέων.
BOOK VII. 144–147

144.—Anonymous

On Nestor

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

145.—Asclepiades

On Ajax

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

146.—Antipater of Sidon

On the Same

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

147.—Archias

On the Same

Alone in defence of the routed host, with extended shield didst thou, Ajax, await the Trojan host that threatened the ships. Neither the crashing stones moved thee, nor the cloud of arrows, nor the clash of spears and swords; but even so, like some crag, standing out and firmly planted thou didst face the hurricane of the foes. If Hellas did
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ei δὲ σε μὴ τεύχεσοιν Ἀχιλλέας ὀπλίσειν Ἑλλάς, ἄξιον ἀντ᾽ ἀρετᾶς ὀπλα ποροῦσα γέρας, Μοιρῶν βουλήσῃ τάδ᾽ ἡμπλακεν, ὡς ἄν ὑπ᾽ ἐχθρῶν μὴ τινός, ἀλλὰ σὺ σὴ πότμον ἔλης παλάμη.

148.—ΑΔΕΣΙΟΤΟΝ

Σῆμα τόδ᾽ Αἰαντος Τελαμώνιου, ὅν κτάνε Μοίρα, αὐτοῦ χρησαμένα καὶ χερὶ καὶ ξίφει. οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν θυτοῖς δυνήσατο καὶ μεμανία εὑρέμεναι Κλωθώ τῷ δ᾽ ἑτερον φονέα.

149.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Κεῖται ἐν Ἰορκ Τελαμώνιος, οὐ τινὶ δ᾽ ἐμπες ἀντιβίων ὅπασας εὐχος ἑοῦ θανάτου τόσης γὰρ χρόνος ἄλλων ἐπάξιον ἄνερα τόλμης οὐχ εὐρών, παλάμη θῆκεν ὑπ᾽ αὐτοφόνω.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀξιας ἐν Ἰορκ μετὰ μυρίων εὐχος ἄεθλων μεμφεται οὐκ ἐχθροῖς κείμενος, ἀλλὰ φίλοις.

151.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Εκτωρ Αἰαντι ξίφος ὀπασεν, "Εκτορι δ' Αἰας ζωστήρ ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εἰς θάνατος.
not give thee the arms of Achilles to wear, a worthy reward of thy valour, it was by the counsel of the Fates that she erred, in order that thou shouldst meet with doom from no foe, but at thine own hand.

148.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

149.—Leontius Scholasticus

On the Same

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

150.—By the Same

On the Same

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

151.—Anonymous

On Ajax and Hector

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

Πικρὴν ἀκλήλοις ἔκτωρ χάριν ἥδε φέρασπις Ἀθανάτῳ την δὲ χάριν δώρων πείρασαν ἐν θανάτῳ τὸ εἴδω τοῖς εἴλ. Αἶναις μεμηνότα, καὶ πάλι ζωστήρ εἰλίκωσε Πριαμίδην δύσφιν συρόμενον, οὕτως ἢ ἐχθρῶν αὐτοκτόνα πέμπτετο δῶρα, ἐν χάριτος προφάσει μοὴραν ἑχοντα μύρον.

153.—ΟΜΗΡΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΚΛΕΟΒΟΤΑΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΛΙΝΔΙΟΤ

Χαλκὴν παρθένος εἰμὶ, Μίδα δ' ἐπὶ σήματι κείμαι. ἐστ' ἀν υἱὸν τε ναῆ, καὶ δένδρα μακρὰ τεβηλη, αὐτοῦ τῆς μένουσα πολυκλαύτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ, ἀγγελέω παρισύσι, Μίδας ὦ γε τῆς τεβαπται.

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

154.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Κοροβοῦν

Κοινὸν ἐγὼ Μεγαρέως καὶ Ἰναγήδαισιν ἄθυμα ἰδρυμαι, Ψαμάθης ἐκδικον οὐλομένης εἰμὶ δὲ Κήρ τυμβούχος· ὁ δὲ κτεῖνας με Κόροβος· κεῖται δ' ὁδ' ὑπὶ ἐμοῖς ποσόν διὰ τρίποδα· Δελφᾶς γὰρ φάμα τὸδ' ἰθέσπισεν, ὁφρα γενοίμαν τὰς κείνου νῦμφας σῆμα καὶ ἱστορίης.

1 Apollo, to avenge the death of the child which Psamathe the Argive princess bore him, sent a female demon (Ποιή) which carried off babies. This demon was killed by Coroebus.
BOOK VII. 152-154

152.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

153.—Homer or Cleobulus of Lindus

On Midas

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

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

154.—Anonymous

On Coroebus

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

He was pardoned by Apollo and ordered to settle wherever a tripod he carried fell. This was near Megara, and on his tomb at Megara he was represented killing the Πωμ. ¹
155.—ΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Φιλιστίωνα τὸν Νικαέα γελωτοποιῶν
Ο τῶν πολυστενακτῶν ἀνθρώπων βίον
γέλωτι κεράσας Νικαέως Φιλιστίων
ἐνταῦθα κείμαι, λείψανον παντὸς βίου,
πολλάκις ὑποθανόν, ὥδε δ’ οὔδεπώποτε.

156.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΛΟΤΟΤ

Ἰξῶ καὶ καλάμουσιν ἄτ’ ἱέρος αὐτὸν ἐφερβεν
Βύμηλος, λυτῶς, ἂλλ’ ἐν ἐλευθερίᾳ.
οὐποτε δ’ ὀθνείην ἐκυσεν χέρα γαστρὸς ἐκητή:
τοῦτο τρυφήν κεῖνῳ, τοῦτ’ ἐφερ’ εὐφροσύνην.
τρίς δὲ τριήκοστὸν ζῆσας ἐτος ἐνθάδ’ ἰαύει,
παισὶ λυπῶν ἵξον καὶ πτερὰ καὶ καλάμους.

157.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τρεῖς ἐτέων δεκάδας, τριάδας δύο, μέτρον ἔθηκαν
ἡμετέρης βιοτῆς μάντιες αἰθέριοι.
ἀρκοῦμα τοῦτοισιν’ ὁ γὰρ χρόνος ἄνθος ἀριστον
ἡλικίας: ἔθανεν χῶ τριγέρων Πύλιος.

158.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Μάρκελλον τὸν Σιδήτην ἰατρόν
Μαρκέλλον τόδε σήμα περικλυτοῦ ἱητήρος,
φωτὸς κυδίστοιο τετιμένου ἅθανάτωισιν,
οὐ βίβλους ἀνέθηκεν ἐὐκτειμένη ἐνὶ Ῥώμῃ
'Αδριανὸς προτέρων προφερέστερος ἡγεμονίαν,
καὶ παῖς 'Αδριανοῦ μέγ’ ἐξοχός 'Αντωνίνος.
BOOK VII. 155–158

155.—ANONYMOUS

On Philistion the Actor of Nicaea

I, Philistion of Nicaea, who tempered with laughter the miserable life of men, lie here, the remains of all life; I often died, but never yet just in this way.

156.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

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

157.—ANONYMOUS

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

158.—ANONYMOUS

On Marcellus the Physician of Side

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

1 i.e. he had represented all kinds of life on the stage.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ὀφρα καὶ ἐσσομένουσι μετ’ ἀνδράσι κύδος ἄροιτο ἑώνεκεν ἐνεπτής, τὴν οἴ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἄπόλλων, ἣρωφ μέλες αντὶ μέτρωθεραπήτης νοῦσαν Ἐβίδωθος ἐν πιννικαῖς Χειρωνίπῃ τεσσαράκοντα.

159.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Ὀρφεῦς μὲν κυθάρα πλείστον γέρας εἰλετεο θυητῶν, Νέστωρ δὲ γλώσσης ἑυλόγγου σφῆ, τεκτοσύνης δ’ ἐπέων πολυνύστωρ θείως Ἄμερος, Τηλεφάνης δ’ αὐλοῖς, οὐ τάφος ἐστιν ὁδὲ.

160.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Καρτερὸς ἐν πολέμωσι Τιμόκριτος, οὐ τόδε σάμα: Ἄρης δ’ οὐκ ἀγαθῶν φείδεται, ἀλλὰ κακῶν.

161.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

α. Ὀρνή, Δίδας Χρονίδαν διάκτορε, τεῦχαραν ἐστας ἄγογος ὑπὲρ μεγάλου τύμβου Ἀριστομένους;

β. Ἀγγέλλω μερόπεσσιν ὃθ’ οὐνεκεν ὀσσον ἄριστος οἰωνῶν γενόμαν, τόσσον ὃδ’ ἦθελον.

δειλαί τοι διελώσασεν ἐφεδρήσασον πέλειαι: ἀμμες δ’ ἑπέρεστοι ἄνδρας τερπόμεθα.

162.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Εὐφράτην μὴ καῖε, Φιλόνυμμε, μηδὲ μυήνης πῦρ ἐπ’ ἐμοί. Πέρσης εἰμι καὶ ἐκ πατέρων, Πέρσης αὐθυγενῆς, ναὶ δέσποτα: πῦρ δὲ μὴν ἥμων τοῦ χαλεποῦ πικρότερον θανάτου.

ἧλλα περιστείλασ με δίδου χθονί: μηδ’ ἐπὶ νεκρῷ λουτρὰ χέρις: σέβομαι, δέσποτα, καὶ ποταμοῦς.
Hadrian's son; so that among men in after years he might win renown for his eloquence, the gift of Phoebus Apollo. He sung of the treatment of diseases in forty skilled books of heroic verse called the Chironides.

159.—NICARCHUS

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

160.—ANACREON

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

161.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Aristomenes, on whose Tomb stood an Eagle

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

162.—DIOSCORIDES

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

¹ The slave's name.
163.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

a. Τίς τίνος εὕσα, γύναι, Παρίην ὑπὸ κλόνα κεῖσαι;
β. Πρηξὼ Καλλιτέλευς. α. Καλ ποδαπή;
β. Σαμίη.

α. Τίς δὲ σε καὶ κτερείξε; β. Θεόκριτος, ὃ με γονής εξέδοσαν. α. Θυήσκευς δ’ ἐκ τίνος; β. Ἐκ
tοκετοῦ.

α. Εὕσα πόσων ἔτέων; β. Δύο κεῖκοσιν. α. Ἡ
ῥά γ’ ἀτεκνος;
β. Οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τριετὴ Καλλιτέλην ἐλιπτον.

α. Ζώοι σοι κεῖνός γε, καὶ ἐς βαθὺ γῆρας ἵκοιτο.
β. Καὶ σοί, ξείνε, πόροι πάντα Τύχη τὰ καλά.

164.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

α. Φράξε, γύναι, γενεήν, óνομα, χθόνα. β. Καλλιτέλης μὲν
ὁ σπείρας, Πρηξὼ δ’ οὖνομα, γῆ δὲ Σάμως.

α. Σῆμα δὲ τίς τόδ’ ἔχωσε; β. Θεόκριτος, ὃ πρὶν
ἀδικτα
ἡμετέρας λύσας ἄμματα παρθενίς.

α. Πῶς δ’ ἔθανες; β. Δοχλίσσων ἐν ἄλγεσιν. α. Εἰπὲ
dὲ ποίην
ἡλθεὶς ἐς ἡλικίην. β. Δισσάκες ἐνδεκέτις.

α. Ἡ καὶ ἄπας; β. Οὐ, ξείνε, λέλουτα γὰρ ἐν νεότητι
Καλλιτέλη, τριετή παιδ’ ἐτε νηπίαχον.

α. Ἐλθοὺς ἐς ὀλβισθὴν πολιήν τρίχα. β. Καὶ σὸν,
ὀδίτα,
oυριον ἐθύνου πάντα Τύχη βιοτον.
BOOK VII. 163-164

163.—LEONIDAS

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

164.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

A Variant of the Last

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

a. Εἰπὲ γύναι τῆς ἐφυς. β. Πρηξώ. α. Τίνος ἔπλεο

πατρός;

β. Καλλιτέλευς. α. Πάτρας δ’ ἐκ τίνος ἔσσι;

β. Σάμου.

a. Μνᾶμα δὲ σοι τῆς ἔτευξε; β. Θεόκρτος, ὡς μὲ

σύνευνον

ήγετο. α. Πῶς δ’ ἐδύμης; β. Ἀλγεσιν ἐν λο-

χίοις.

α. Εἶν ἔτεευξιν τίσιν εὐσα; β. Δίς εὔνεκα. α. Παίδα

δὲ λεύπεις;

β. Νηπίαχον τρισσῶν Καλλιτέλην ἕτεον.

a. Ὁσὶς τέρμαθ’ ἱκοιτο μετ’ ἀνδράσι. β. Καὶ σέο δοή

παντὶ Τύχῃ βιότῳ τερπνόν, ὁδία, τέλος.

166.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ, οί δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Τὴν γοερὰς πνεύσασαν ἐν ὀδίνεσσι Δαμίσκην

ὐστατα, Νικαρέτης παίδα καὶ Εὐπόλιδος,

σὺν βρέφεσιν διδύμοις, Σαμίην γένος, αἱ παρὰ Νείλῳ

κρυπτούσιν Διβύθης ἡόνες εἰκοσέτιν.

ἀλλὰ, κόραι, τῇ παιδί λεχυία δὸρα φέρουσαι,

θερμὰ κατὰ ψυχροῦ δάκρυν χεῖτε τάφου.

167.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, οί δὲ ΕΚΑΤΑΙΟΤ ΘΑΣΙΟΤ

Ἀρχέλεω μὲ δάμαρτα Πολυξείνην, Θεοδέκτον

παίδα καὶ αἰνοπάθοις ἔννεπε Δημαρέτης,

ὅσον ἔπ’ ὀδύσων καὶ μητέρα· παίδα δὲ δαίμων

ἐφθασεν οὐδ’ αὐτῶν εἰκοσιν ἱελών.

οἴκτωκαιδεκέτις δ’ αὐτὴ θάνον, ἄρτι τεκοῦσα,

ἄρτι δὲ καὶ νύμφη, πάντ’ ὀλυγοχρόνιος.
BOOK VII. 165-167

165.—By the Same, or by ARCHIAS

Another Variant


166.—DIOSCORIDES or NICARCHUS

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

167.—By the Same, or by HECATAEUS OF THASOS

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

"Εὐχέσθω τις ἔπειτα γυνὴ τόκον," ἐιπὲ Πολυξέων, γαστέρ', ὑπὸ τρισσῶν ῥηγυμμένη τεκέων μαίης δ' ἐν παλάμμησι χύθη νέκυς. οἱ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ὠλισθοῦν κοίλων ἀρρένες ἐκ λαγώνων, μητέρος ἐκ νεκρῆς ζωὸς γόνος: εἰς ἄρα δαΐμων τῆς μὲν ἀπὸ ζωῆς εἴλετο, τοὺς δ' ἐπορευ.

169.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν δάμαλιν τὴν ἱσταμένην πέραν Βυζαντίου ἐν Χρυσσόπολει

'Ἰναχίης οὖκ εἰμὶ βοῶς τύπος, οὐδ' ἂπ' ἐμεῖο κλήζεται ἀντωπὸν Βοστόριον πέλαγος. κείνην γὰρ τὸ πάρουθε βαρὺς χόλος ἡλάσεν Ἡρης ἐς Φάρουν Ἦδε δ' ἐγὼ Κεκροπίς εἰμὶ νέκυς. εὐνέτις ἦν δὲ Χάρητος. ἐπλαύν δ' ὧτ' ἐπλωεν εκεῖνος τῆς, Φιλιππείων ἀντιπαλὸς σκαφέων. Βούδιον δὲ καλεύμαί ἐγὼ τότε· νῦν δὲ Χάρητος εὐνέτις ἥπεροις τέρπομαι ἀμφοτέραις.

170.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ, Ἡ ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τὸν τριετῆ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀρχιάνακτα εἰδώλων μορφὰς καὶ φοῦν ἐπεσπάσατο· ἐκ δ' ὑδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἠρπασε· μάτηρ σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἰ τινα μοῦραν ἔχει· Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίλημεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων ματρὸς κοιμάθεις τὸν βαθὺν ὑπ' ὑπνον ἔχει.
BOOK VII. 168–170

168.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

169.—Anonymous

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

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

170.—POSEIDIPPUUS or CALLIMACHUS

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

¹ B.C. 340.
171.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ ΣΙΚΤΩΝΙΟΤ

'Αμπαύσει καὶ τῇδε θῶν πτερὸν ἱερὸς ὤριμα,
tάσδοϋ ὑπὲρ ἀδέλας ἔξομενος πλατάνου
οὐληθὸ γὰρ Ποιμάνδρος ὁ Μάλιος, οὐδ’ ἐτὶ νεῖται
ideographic characters

172.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ὁ πρὶν ἐγὼ καὶ ψῆφα καὶ ἀρπάκτεραν ἐρύκων
σπέρματος, ὑψιπετή Βιστονίαν γέρανον,
ῥινοῦ χερμαστήρος ἑστροφα κόλα τυταῖνων,
Ἀλκιμένης, πτανῆν ἐφρον ἀποθε νέφος
καὶ με τις οὐτήτειρα παρὰ σφυρὰ δηψὶς ἔχιδνα
σαρκὶ τὸν ἐκ γενόν τικρὸν ἔνεισα χόλον
ἡλίου χρήσεν. ἦδ’ ὡς τὰ κατ’ αἰθέρα λεύσον
τούμ ποσὶν οὐκ ἔδημν πῆμα κυλινδόμενον.

173.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Αὐτόμαται δείλη ποτὶ ταύλιον αἰ βόες ἠλθον
ἐξ ὄρεος, πολλὴ νιφόμεναι χιώνι.
αἰαὶ, Θερίμαχος δὲ παρὰ δρυὶ τὸν μακρὸν εὔδει
ὑπνοῦ ἐκοιμῆθη δ’ ἐκ πυρὸς οὐρανίου.

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 100.

174.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι συρίγγων νόμιον μέλος ἀγχόθι ταύτας
ἀμοῦζῃ βλωθρᾶς, Θερίμαχε, πλατάνον
οὐδὲ σεῦ ἐκ καλάμων κεραὶ βόες ἄδυ μέλισμα
δέξονται, σκιερὰ πὰρ δρυὶ κεκλιμένον.
ὡλεσε γὰρ πρηστήρ σε κεραύνιοι. αἱ δ’ ἐπὶ μάνδραν
ὄψε βόες νιφετῷ σπερχόμεναι κατέβαν.
BOOK VII. 171–174

171.—MNASALCAS OF SICYON.

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

172.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

173.—DIOTIMUS or LEONIDAS

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

174.—ERYCIAS

On the Same

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

175.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Οὗτος πᾶς ἀπόλολε, γεωπόνε, βῶλος ἀρότροις, ἡδὴ καὶ τύμβους νωτοβατοῦσι βόες, ἢ δ' ὤνις ἐν νεκύεσσι; τί τοι πλέον; ἢ πόσος οὗτος πυρός, ὃν ἐκ τέφρης, κοῦ χθόνος ἀρπάσετε; οὐκ αἰεὶ ζήσεσθε, καὶ ὑμέας ἄλλος ἀρώσει, τοῖς ἀρξαμένους πᾶσι κακοσπορίης.

176.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχ ὅτι με φθίμενον κῆδος λύπεν, ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι γυμνὸς ὑπὲρ γαίης πυροφόρου νέκυς· ταρχύθην γὰρ ἐγώ τὸ πρὶν ποτε, νῦν δ' ἀροτήρος χερσὶ σιδηρεῖν μ' ἐξεκύλισεν ὤνις.

ἡ ρὰ κακῶν θάνατον τὸς ἐρεί λύσων, ὅπποτ' ἐμεῖο, ξεῖνε, πέλει παθέων ὑστατον οὐδὲ τάφος;

177.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Σάμα τόδε Σπίνθηρι πατήρ ἐπέθηκε θανόντι.

178.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΙΤΟΤ

Λυδὸς ἐγώ, ναὶ Λυδός, ἐλευθερίῳ δὲ με τύμβῳ, δέσποτα, Τιμάνθη τὸν σὸν ἔθεν τροφέα.

εὐαίων ἀσινή τείνοις βίον· ἢν δ' ὑπὸ γῆρως πρός με μόλης, σὸς ἐγώ, δέσποτα, κῆν 'Αἰδη.

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

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BOOK VII. 175-178

175.—ANTIPHILUS

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

176.—BY THE SAME

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

177.—SIMONIDES

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

178.—DIOSCORIDES OF NICOPOLIS

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

¹ The verses are supposed to be spoken by the dead man whose grave the ploughman has disturbed.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

179.—ΔΑΗΛΟΝ

Σοὶ καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ γῆν, ναὶ, δέσποτα, πιστὸς ὑπάρχω, ὡς πάρος, εὕνοις οὐκ ἐπιληπθόμενος, ὡς μὲ τὸτ’ ἐκ νοῦσου τρὶς ἐπ’ ἀσφαλὲς ἤγαγες ἱχνος, καὶ νῦν ἀρκοῦσῃ τῇ ὑπέθου καλύβῃ, Μάνην ἀγγείλας, Πέρσην γένοι. εὖ δὲ μὲ βέλας 5 ἔξεις ἐν χρείᾳ δμῶς ἐτοιμοτέρους.

180.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ἡλλάχθη θανάτου τεὸς μόρος, ἀντὶ δὲ σεῖδ, δέσποτα, δουλὸς ἐγὼ στυγνὸν ἔπλησα τάφον ἡμίκα σεῦ δακρυτὰ κατὰ χονοὺς ἡρία τεῦχων, ὡς ἂν ἀποθανοῦν πεῖδοι δέμας κτερίσων ἀμφὶ· ἐμ’ ὀλισθεῖν γυρῆ κόνως. οὐ βαρὺς ἦμῖν 5 ἐστ’ Ἀθῆναι. ζήσω τοῦ σὸν ὑπ’ ἡμῖν.

181.—ΑΝΔΡΩΝΙΚΟΤ

Οἰκτρὰ δὴ διωφερὸν δόμον ἠλυθε εἰς Ἀχέροντος, Δαμοκράτεια φίλα, ματρὶ λεποῦσα γόους. ἢ δὲ, σέθεν φθιμένας, πολυὸν νεοθῆγι σιδάρφι κεῖται γηραλέας ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πλοκάμους.

182.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐ γάμον, ἀλλ’ Ἀθῆναι ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα δέξατο, παρθενίας ἄμματα λυμένα. ἂρτι γὰρ ἐσπέριοι νῦμφαι ἐπὶ δικλίσσων ἄχεν λωτοῖ, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπιπαταγεῦντο θύραι.

1 I write so: ἀμφὶ δ’ MS.
179.—Anonymous

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

180.—Apollonides

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

181.—Andronicus

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

182.—Meleager

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

\(^1\) i.e. as long as you think kindly of me. Hades will be sunlit to me.
183.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

"Αδης τὴν Κροκάλης ἐφθασε παρθενίνην·
eis de γόους Ὁμέναιος ἐπαύσατο· τὰς δὲ γαμπαιντῶν
ἐλπίδας οὐ θάλαμος κοίμησεν, ἀλλὰ τάφος.

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παρθενικῆς τάφος εἵμα τῆς Ἑλένης, πενθεῖ δὲ ἐπὶ ἄδελφον
προφθιμένου διπλὰ μητρὸς ἔχω δάκρυα·
μνηστήριον ὅ ἐλιπον κοίν ἀλγεῖα· τὴν γὰρ ἔτε οὕπω
οὐδενός ἡ πάντων ἐλπὶς ἐκλαυσθεν ἰσως.

185.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἀυστοῖς μὲ Λέβυσσαν ἔχει κόνις, ἄγχι δὲ Ὁμῆς
κεῖμαι παρθενικὴ τῇδε παρὰ ψαμάθῳ·
ἢ δὲ με θρεψιμένη Πομπηίη ἀντὶ θυγατρός,
κλαυσμένη τίμεμφ θήκες ἐλευθερίῳ,
πῦρ ἔτερον σπεύδουσα· τὸ δ’ ἐφθασεν, οὐδὲ κατ’
eὔχην
ἡμετέραν ἦσεν λαμπάδα Περσεφόνη.
echoed to knocking hands. And at morn the death wail was loud, the bridal song was hushed and changed to a voice of wailing. The same torches that flamed round her marriage bed lighted her dead on her downward way to Hades.

183.—PARMENION

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

184.—By the Same

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

185.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

The Italian earth holds me an African, and near to Rome I lie, a virgin yet, by these sands. Pompeia who reared me wept for me as for a daughter and laid me in a freewoman's grave. Another light¹ she hoped for, but this came earlier, and the torch was lit not as we prayed, but by Persephone.

¹ i.e. that of the bridal chamber, not of my funeral pyre.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

186.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

'Αρτι μὲν ἐν θαλάμωις Νικιππίδος ἦδος ἐπήχει λωτός, καὶ γαμικοὶς ἄμονοις ἱέχαιρε κρότους· θρήνος ὦ εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐκώμασεν ἢ δὲ τάλαινα, οὔτω πίνατα γυνη, καὶ νέκυς ἐβλέπετο. δακρυόεις 'Αἰδη, τί πόσιν νύμφης διέλυσας, αὐτὸς ἐφ' ἀρπαγήμοις τερπόμενος λέχεσιν;

187.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ γηῆς Νικὼ Μελότης τάφον ἐστεφάνωσε παρθενικῆς. 'Αἰδη, τοῦθ' ὀσίως κέκρικας;

188.—ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΤ ΘΑΛΛΟΤ

Δύσδαιμον Κλεάνασσα, σὺ μὲν γιμώρ ἐπλεο, κοῦρη, ὁριος, ἀκμαίης οἰά τ' ἐφ' ἡλικίης· ἀλλὰ τεοῖς θαλάμωισι γαμοστόλος οὐχ 'Τρέναιος, οὐδ' Ἡρης ξυγής λαμπάδες ἡκτησαν, πένθιμος ἀλλ' 'Αἰδης ἐπεκώμασεν, ἀμφὶ δ' Ἐρυνὼς φοίνιος ἐκ στομάτων μόρσιμον ἤκεν ὡπα· ἠματὶ δ' φ νυμφεῖος ἀνὴπτυκτο λαμπάδι παστάς, τοῦτῳ πυρκαίης, οὐ θαλάμου ἐτυχε.

189.—ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ σε λύγεια κατ' ἀφενδὸν 'Ἀλκίδος οἶκον ἀκρὶ μελιξομέναν ὡφεται ἄελιος· ἦδη γὰρ λειμῶνας ἐπὶ Κλυμένου πεπότησαι καὶ ἄνθεα δροσερὰ χρυσέας ἄνθεα Περσέφωνας.

1 Jacobs suggests οἶκος and I render so.
BOOK VII. 186-189

186.—PHILIPPUS

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

187.—BY THE SAME

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

188.—ANTONIUS THALLUS

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

189.—ARISTODICUS OF RHODES

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

190.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ, οἱ δὲ ΑΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ακρίδη τὰ κατ' ἀρουραν ἁγδων, καὶ δρυνοκοίτα
tέττυγι ξυνὸν τύμβον ἔτευξε Μυρώ,
παρθένιον στυγάσα κόρα δάκρυν· διῄσα γὰρ αὐτῶς
παῖγιν ἐ ὀ δυσπειθής φῶτε' ἔχων 'Αιδας.

191.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

'Α πάρος ἀντίφθογγον ἀποκλάγξασα νομεύσι
πολλάκι καὶ δρυτῦμοις κίσσα καὶ ἱχθυβόλοις,
πολλάκι δὲ κρέξασα πολῦθρον, οἷα τις ἁχώ,
κέρτομον ἀντώδοις χείλεσιν ἀρμονίαν,
νῦν εἰς γὰν ἀγλώσσος ἀναύδητος τε πεσοῦσα
κείμαι, μμητᾶν ξάλον ἀνημαμένα.

192.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πτερύγεσσι λυγυφθογγοισιν ἀείσεις,
ἀκρι, κατ' εὐκάρπους αἵλακας ἐξομένα,
οὐδὲ μὲ κεκλιμένοι σκιερᾶν ὑπὸ φυλλάδα τέρψεις,
ξουθὰν ἐκ πτερύγων ἀδὺ κρέκουσα μέλος.

193.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Τάνδε κατ' εὐδενδρον στείβων δρίος εὕρυσα χειρὶ
πτῶσσονσαν βρομῆς οἰνάδος ἐν πετάλοις,
ὡφρα μοι εὐερκεὶ καναχαὶ δόμῳ ἐνδοθεθεὶ θεὶ,
τερπνὰ δὲ ἀγλάσσου φθεγγομένα στόματος.
BOOK VII. 190–193

190.—ANYTE or LEONIDAS

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

191.—ARCHIAS

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

192.—MNASALCAS

On a Locust

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

193.—SIMIAS

(Not an Epitaph)

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

194.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

'Ακρίδα Δημοκρίτου μελεσίπτερον ἀδεθ' θανόνσαν ἀργίλος δολιχαῖς ἀμφὶ κέλευθον ἔχει, ἂς καὶ, ὅτ' ιδοὺει πανέμπτερον ὕμνον ἄλθειν, πὰν μέλαθρον μολπᾶς ἱαχ' ὑπ' εὐκελάδον.

195.—ΜΕΛΕΛΙΡΩΤ

'Ακρίς, ἐμὸν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὑπ' οὐν, ἀκρίς, ἠρουραῖή Μοῦσα, λυγυπτέρυγη, αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοὶ τι ποθεινόν, ἐγκρούσσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλουσ πτέρυγας, ὡς μὲ πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνιο Μερίμνης, ἀκρί, μετωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνον. δῶρα δὲ σοι γῆτειον ἄειθαλῆς ὅρθρινα δῶσω, καὶ δροσερὰς στόματι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αχήες τέττιξ, δροσερὰς σταγώνεσσι μεθυσθεῖς, ἀγρονόμαν μέλπεις μουσαν ἔρημολάλων ἀκρα δ' ἐφεξόμενον πετάλοις, πριονώδεσι κόλοις αἰθίπτι κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρας. ἀλλα, φίλοις, φθέγγον τι νέον δευδρόδεσσι Νύμφαις σταγάνοι, ἀντωδόν Παῦλ κρέκων κέλαδον, ὅφρα φυγὼν τὸν Ἕρωα, μεσημβρινὸν ὑπὸν ἄγρευσω εὐθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερὰ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

1 According to others, Argilos is a town.
2 Literally “divided by my mouth.” He means water.
BOOK VII. 194-196

194.—MNASALCAS

This clay vessel\(^1\) set beside the far-reaching road holds the body of Democritus' locust that made music with its wings. When it started to sing its long evening hymn, all the house rang with the melodious song.

195.—MELEAGER

(This and 196 are not epitaphs but amatory poems)

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

196.—By the Same

On a Cicada

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

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

Δαμοκρίτω μὲν ἐγὼ, λυγυραν ὁκα μούσαν ἐνείην ἀκρίς ἀπὸ πτερύγων, τὸν βαθὺν ἄγον ὑπνοῦν·
Δαμόκριτος δ᾿ ἐπ᾿ ἐμὸν τὸν ἐοικότα τύμβου, ὀδῖτα, ἐγγύθεν Ωρωποῦ κεφεν ἀποφθιμένα.

198.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΑΡΕΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ μικρὸς ἰδεῖν καὶ ἐπ᾿ οὐδεος, ὃ παροδίτα,
λᾶς ὁ τυμβίτης ἀμμιν ἐπικρέμαται,
ἀινοῖς, ὀνθρωπε, Φιλαμίδα· τὴν γὰρ ἁοιδὸν
ἀκρίδα, τὴν εἴθεα τὸ πρὶν ἀκανθοβάτων,
διπλοὺς ἐσ λυκάβαντας ἐφίλατο τὴν καλαμίτιν,
κάμφλεφ ὑμινίῳ χρησμενήν πατάγως.
καὶ μ᾿ οὐδὲ φθιμένην ἀπανήματο· τοῦτο δ᾿ ἐφ᾿ ἡμῖν
tῶλγον ὀρθώσεν σάμα πολυστροφής.

199.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Ὅρνεον ὃ Χάρισιν μεμελημένον, ὃ παρόμοιον
ἀλκυσίων τὸν σὸν φθόγγον ἰσωσἄμενον,
ἥρπασθης, φίλ᾿ ἐλαίε· σὰ δ᾿ ἥθεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ὦδυ
πνεύμα σωπηράλ νυκτὸς ἔχουσιν ὀδοί.

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

200.—ΝΙΚΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτοι δὴ τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ ἕκλακα κλωνὸς ἐλιχθεῖς
tέργομι ἀπὸ ραδινῶν φθόγγον ἰείς πτερύγων·
χειρὰ γὰρ εἰς ἕκλαταν παιδὸς πέσον, ὥς με λαθραίως
μάρψεσ, ἐπὶ χλωρῶν ἐξόμενον πετάλων.
BOOK VII. 197–200

197.—PHAENNUS

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

198.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

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

199.—TYMNES

On an unknown bird called elaeus

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

200.—NICIAS

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

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201.—ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ χλωροφιν ἐφεξόμενος πετάλοισιν ἄδειαν μέλπων ἐκπροχέεις ἵαχαν· ἀλλὰ σὲ γηρύοντα κατήναρεν, ἥχετα τέττιξ, παιδὸς ἀπ’ ἡλιθίον χείρ ἀναπτεπταμένα.

202.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ

Οὐκέτι μ’ ὡς τὸ πάρος πυκναῖς πτερύγεσσιν ἔρεσσων ὅρσεις ἕξ εὐνής ὀρθρίως ἐγρόμενος· ἥ γάρ σ’ ὑπνώοντα σίνις λαδρηδόν ἐπελθῶν ἕκτεινεν λαμφὸς ρίμφα καθεῖς ὄνυχα.

203.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτ’ ἀν’ ὑλήεν δρόος εὐσκιον, ἀγρότα πέρδιξ, ἥχησσαν ἕς γῆρυν ἀπὸ στομάτων, θηρεύων βαλλόν ποσυμήλικας ἐν νομῷ ὕλης· φίχεο γάρ πυμάτων εἰς Ἀχέροντος ὄδὸν.

204.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐκέτι ποῦ, τλῆμον, σκοτελών μετανάστρια πέρδιξ, πλεκτὸς λεπταλέας οἶκος ἔχει σε λύγοις, οὐδ’ ὑπὸ μαρμαρυγὴ θαλερώπιδος Ἡμυγενείας ἀκρα παραπλέυσεις θαλπομένων πτερύγων. σὴν κεφαλὴν αἰλουροῖς ἀπέθρισε, τάλλα ἰ ο ἰ ντα 5 ἔρπασα, καὶ φθογερήν οὐκ ἐκόρεσσε γέννων. νῦν δὲ σὲ μὴ κουφὴ κρυπτῶν κῶνς, ἀλλὰ βαρεῖα, μὴ τὸ τεῦν κείνη λείψανον ἐξερύσῃ.
201.—PAMPILUS

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

202.—ANYTH

On a Cock

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

203.—SIMIAS

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

204.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

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

\(^1\) Presumably a fox.
205.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἰκγενῆς αἰλουρος ἐμὴν πέρδικα φαγοῦσα
ζώειν ἡμετέροις ἔλπεται ἐν μεγίροις;
οὐ σε, φίλη πέρδιξ, φθιμένην ἁγέραστον ἐάσω,
ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ σοὶ κτείνω τὴν σέθεν ἀντιβίην.
ψυχὴ γὰρ σέο μάλλον ὄρνεται, εἰσόκε ἰέξω
οὐσ’ ἐπὶ Ἀχιλλῆος Πύρρος ἐτευχὲ τάφῳ.

206.—ΔΑΜΟΧΑΡΙΔΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ
ΚΑΙ ΜΑΘΗΤΟΤ ΛΤΤΟΤ

'Ανδροβόρων ὀμότεχνε κυνῶν, αἰλουρε κακίστη,
τῶν 'Ακταίονίδων ἐσοὶ μία σκυλάκων.
κτήτορος Ἀγαθίαο τεοὶ πέρδικα φαγοῦσα,
λυπεῖς, ὡς αὐτὸν κτήτορα δασσαμένη.
καὶ σοὶ μὲν ἐν πέρδιξιν ἔχεις νόον· ὰι δὲ μῦς νῦν
ὄρχοιται, τῆς σῆς δραξάμενοι σπατάλης.

207.—ΜΕΔΕΛΑΓΡΟΤ

Τὸν ταχύπουν, ἐτὶ παιδα συναρπασθέντα τεκούσης
ἀρτί μ’ ἀπὸ στέρνων, οὐδότεντα λαγόν
ἐν κόλποις στέργουσα διέτρεψεν ἀ γλυκερόχρωσ
Φανίων, εἰαρινοὶς ἀνθεσί βοσκόμενοι.
οὐδὲ με μητρὸς ἐτ’ εἰχε πόθοις· θυμήσκω δ’ ὑπὸ θολῆς
ἀπλήστου, πολλῆ δαίτη παχυνόμενος.
καὶ μοι πρὸς κλισίαις κρύψεαν νέκων, ὦς ἐν ὑνείρωι
αἰὲν ὀραῖν κοίτης γειτονέοντα τάφον.

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BOOK VII. 205-207

205.—BY THE SAME

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

206.—DAMOCHARIS THE GRAMMARIAN, PUPIL OF AGATHIAS

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

207.—MELEAGER

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

¹ The sacrifice of Polyxena.
208.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΑΤΡΙΚΗΣ
Μυᾶμα τόδε φθιμένου μενεδαύου εἴσατο Δᾶμις ἵππου, ἐπεὶ στέρνον τοῦδε δαφοινὸς Ἀρης τύφε: μέλαν δὲ οἱ αἶμα ταλαυρίνου διὰ χρωτὸς ξέσσ', ἐπὶ δ' ἀργαλέα βῶλον ἔδευσε φονᾶ.

209.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Αὐτοῦ σοὶ παρ' ἄλωνι, δυσπαθὲς ἐργάται μύρμηξ, ἦριον ἐκ βῶλου διψάδος ἐκτισάμαιν, ὁφρα σε καὶ φθιμενοῦ Δηνοὺς σταχυντρόφος αὐλαξ θέλγη, ἀροτραὶ κεῖμενον ἐν θαλάμη.

210.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ἀρτι νεηγενέων σε, χελιδονί, μητέρα τέκνων, ἄρτι σε θάλπουσαν παιδας ύπ' πτέρυγι, ἀξας ἐντοσθε νεοσσωκόμοιο καλής νόσφισεν ωδίνων τετραέλικτος οφις, καὶ σὲ κινυρομέναν ὅπωτ' ἀθρόος ἥλθε δαξων, ἥρπεν ἐσχαρίον λαβρόν ἐπ' ἀσθμα πυρός. ὡς θάνεν ἢλιτοεργός; ιδ' ὡς "Ἦφαιστος ἀμύντωρ τὰν ἀπ' Ἑριχθονίου παιδὸς ἔσωσε γονάν.

211.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ
Τῆδε τὸν ἐκ Μελίθης ἀργὸν κύονα φηςιν ὁ πέτρος ἱσχειν, Εὐμήλου πιστότατον φυλακη. Ταῦρον μεν καλέσκουν, ὡς' ἢν ἐτν' νῦν δὲ τὸ κεῖνου φθέγμα σιωπηραὶ νυκτὸς ἔχουσιν ὁδοὶ.
BOOK VII. 208-211

208.—ANYTE

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

209.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

210.—BY THE SAME

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

211.—TYMNES

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

¹ Proone, who was changed into a swallow, was the daughter of Erichthonius.
212.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Αἴθυλας, ἔνε, τόνδε ποδηνέμου ἐννεπε τύμβου, τὰς ποτ’ ἐλαφρότατον χέρσος ἐθρεψε γώνι
πολλάκι 1 γὰρ νάεσσιν ἵσοδρομον ἁνυσὶ μᾶκος, ὥρνη ὅπως δολιχὰν ἐκπονέουσα τρίβον.

213.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Πρὶν μὲν ἐπὶ χλωροῖς ἐρυθηλέος ἔρνεσι πεύκας
ήμενος, ἢ σκερᾶς ἄκροκόμου πίτυνος,
ἐκρεκες εὐτύρσοι δι’ ἰζύσ ιχέτα μολπὰν
tέττιξ, οἰονύμοις τερπνότερον χέλνους.

νῦν δὲ σε, μυρμάκεσσιν ὑπ’ εἰνοδίοις δαμέντα,
’Αἴδος ἀπροϊδής ἀμφεκάλυψε μυχός.
eἰ δ’ ἐώλωσ, συγγνωστόν, ἐπεὶ καὶ κοίρανος ὑμνὼν
Μαιονίδας γρίφως ἵχθυβόλων ἔθανεν.

214.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὅκετι παφλάξωτα διαίσσων βυθὸν ἄλμης
dελφὶς, πτοιήσεις εἰναλίων ἄγελας,

οὐδὲ πολυτρήτου μέλος καλάμου χορεύων
ὑγρὸν ἀναρρίψεις ἄλμα παρὰ σκαφίσιν.

οὐδὲ σύ γ’, ἀφρήστα, Νηρηίδας ὡς πρὶν ἄείρων

νάτοις πορθμεύσεις Τηθῦος εἰς πέρατα.

ἡ γὰρ ἵσον πρηώνι Μαλείης ὡς ἐκυκήθη,

κῦμα πολυψάμμους ὅσε σ’ ἔπι ψαμάθους.

1 I write so: πολλάῖς MS.
212.—MNASALCAS

On a Mare

Stranger, say that this is the tomb of wind-footed Athlyia, a child of the dry land, lightest of limb; often toiling over the long course, she, like a bird,\(^1\) travelled as far as do the ships.

213.—ARCHIAS

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

214.—By the Same

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

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\(^1\) i.e. like the sea-bird (albula) whose name she bore.

\(^2\) Pinus maritima.

\(^3\) See note to No. 1.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

215.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πλωτοῖσιν ἀγαλλόμενος πελάγεσσιν ἀυχένι ἀναρρίψω βυσσάθεν ὄρνυμενος,
οὔδὲ περὶ ἀσκαλάμοισι νεὼς περικαλλέα χείλῃ ποιφύσσω, τἀμά τερπόμενος προτομά:
ἀλλὰ με πορφυρά πόντου νοτὶς ὡς ἐπὶ χέρσου,
κεῖμαι δὲ ἱμαδινὰν τάνδε παρ' ἤιόνα.

5

216.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Κύματα καὶ τρηχύς μὲ κλύδων ἐπὶ χέρσου ἔσπερεν 
δελφίνα, ξένων κοινὸν ὄραμα τύχης.
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν γαῖς ἐλέφ τόπος· οἱ γὰρ ἰδόντες 
εὐθὺ μὲ πρὸς τύμβους ἄστεφον εὐσεβεῖς
νῦν δὲ τεκούσα θάλασσα διώλεσε. τὸς παρὰ πόντῳ
πίστις, ὃς οὐδ' ἱδής φείσατο συντροφίης;

5

217.—ΔΣΚΛΗΡΙΑΔΟΤ

Ἀρχεάνασσαν ἔχω, τὰν ἐκ Κολοφώνος ἔταραν,
ἀς καὶ ἐπὶ ρυτίδων ὁ γλυκὺς ἔξετ' Ἑρως.
ἀ νεὼν ἡβής ἄνθος ἀποδέρψαντες ἐραστάλ
πρωτοβόλου, δι' ὅσης ἠλθετε πυρκαίης.

218.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὴν καὶ ἅμα χρυσῷ καὶ ἀλουργίδι καὶ σὺν Ἐρωτι
θρυπτομένην, ἀπαλῆς Κύπριδος ἀβροτέαν
Δαῦδ' ἔχω, πολιήτιν ἀλιξώνοιο Κορίνθου,
Πειρήνης λευκῶν φαιδροτέαν λιβάδων,
BOOK VII. 215–218

215.—ANYTE

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

216.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

217.—ASCLEPIADES

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

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

218.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I contain her who in Love’s company luxuriated in gold and purple, more delicate than tender Cypris, Lais the citizen of sea-girt Corinth, brighter than the white waters of Pirene; that mortal Cytherea
219.—ΠΟΜΠΗΙΟΤ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΤ

Ἡ τὸ καλὸν καὶ πᾶσιν ἐράσμον ἀνθήσασα,
ἡ μούνη Ἑκάτων λείρια δρεψαμένη,
οὐκέτι χρυσοχάλιον ὅρα ὁδόμου ἰδιόοι
Λαΐς, ἐκοιμήθη δ᾽ ὑπνοῦ ὀφειλόμενον,
κόμους, καὶ τὰ νέων ξηλώματα, καὶ τὰ ποθεύτων
κυόματα, καὶ μύστην λύχνον ἀπειπαμένη.

220.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Ερπων εἰς Ἐφύρην τάφον ἐδρακὼν ἀμφὶ κέλευθον
Δαῖδος ἀρχαίνς, ὡς τὸ χάραγμα λέγει.
δάκρυ δ᾽ ἐπιστείσας, "Χαῖροι, γάρ, ἐκ γὰρ ἀκουῆς
οἰκτείρω σὲ γ'" ἐφην, "ἡν πάρος οὐκ ἱδόμην.
ἂ πόσον ἱδέον νόον ἥκαχες: ἀλλ' ἵνα, Λήθην
ναίεις, ἀγαλαίην ἐν χθονι κατθεμένη."
who had more noble suitors than the daughter of Tyndareus, all plucking her mercenary favours. Her very tomb smells of sweet-scented saffron; her bones are still soaked with fragrant ointment, and her anointed locks still breathe a perfume as of frankincense. For her Aphrodite tore her lovely cheeks, and sobbing Love groaned and wailed. Had she not made her bed the public slave of gain, Greece would have battled for her as for Helen.

219.—POMPEIUS THE YOUNGER

Lais, whose bloom was so lovely and delightful in the eyes of all, she who alone culled the lilies of the Graces, no longer looks on the course of the Sun’s golden-bitted steeds, but sleeps the appointed sleep, having bid farewell to revelling and young men’s rivalries and lovers’ torments and the lamp her confidant.

220.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On my way to Corinth I saw by the roadside the tomb of Lais of old time, so said the inscription; and shedding a tributary tear, I said “Hail, woman, for from report I pity thee whom I never saw. Ah, how didst thou vex the young men’s minds! but look, thou dwellest in Lethe, having laid thy beauty in the earth.”
221.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Ακμαίη πρὸς ἑρωτα καὶ ἱδέα Κύπριδος ἔργα,
Πατροφίλα, κανθοῦς τοὺς γλυκεροὺς ἔμυνας·
ἐσβέσθη δὲ τὰ φίλτρα τὰ κωτίλα, χω μετ’ ἀοιδῆς
ψαλμός, καὶ κυλίκων αἱ λαμπραὶ προσόπεις.
"Ἀδη δυσκίνητε, τί τὴν ἐπέραστον ἔταρην
ἡρπασας; ἢ καὶ σήν Κύπρις ἐμηνε φρένα;"

222.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

'Ωνθάδε τῆς τρυφερῆς μαλακοῦν ρέθου, ἐνθάδε κεῖται
Τρυγώνιον, σαβακῶν ἀνθέμα σάλμακιδῶν·
ἡ καλύβη καὶ δοῦπος ἐνέπρεπεν, ἡ φιλοπαίγμων
στομυλία. Μήτηρ ἡν ἐφίλησε θεῶν·
ἡ μούνη στέρξασα τὰ Κύπριδος ἡμιγυναῖκων
ἀργα, καὶ φίλτρων Δαιδός ἠψαμένη.
φῦε κατὰ στῆλης, ἵερη κόνι, τῇ φιλοβάκχῳ
μῆ βάτον, ἀλλ’ ἀπαλάς λευκοῖων κάλυκας.

223.—ΘΤΙΛΛΟΤ

Ἡ κροτάλους ὀρχηστρὶς Ἅριστιον, ἡ περὶ πεύκας
τῇ Κυβέλῃ πλοκάμους ῥύψαται ἐπισταμένῃ,
ἡ λωτὸδ κερέντι φορομένη, ἡ τρὶς ἐφεξῆς
εἰδρί, ἀκρήτου χειλοποτεῖν κύλικας,
ἐνθάδ’ ύπὸ πτελεὰς ἀναπαύσαι, οὐκέτ’ ἔρωτι,
οὐκέτι παννυχίδων τερπομένη καμάτοις.
κώμοι καὶ μανίαι, μέγα χαίρετε. κεῖθ’ ἤ <ἰερὰ θρίξ> 2
ἡ τὸ πρὶν στεφάνων ἀνθέσι κρυπτομένη.

1 I write so: ἄμφι γυναικῶν MS. See Class. Rev. 1916, p. 48.
2 I supply so. The verse is imperfect in the MS.
BOOK VII. 221-223

221.—ANONYMOUS

PATROPHILA, ripe for love and the sweet works of Cypris, thou hast closed thy gentle eyes; gone is the charm of thy prattle, gone thy singing and playing, and thy eager pledging of the cup. Inexorable Hades, why didst thou steal our loveable companion? Hath Cypris maddened thee too?

222.—PHILODEMUS

Here lies the tender body of the tender being; here lies Trygonion the ornament of the wanton band of the emasculated, he who was at home by the holy shrine of Rhea, amid the noise of music and the gay prattling throng, the darling of the Mother of the gods, he who alone among his effeminate fellows really loved the rites of Cypris, and whose charms came near those of Lais. Give birth, thou holy soil, round the grave-stone of the maenad not to brambles but to the soft petals of white violets.

223.—THYILLUS

The castanet dancer Aristion, who used to toss her hair among the pines in honour of Cybele, carried away by the music of the horned flute; she who could empty one upon the other three cups of untempered wine, rests here beneath the poplars, no more taking delight in love and the fatigue of the night-festivals. A long farewell to revels and frenzy! It lies low, the holy head that was covered erst by garlands of flowers.

1 Little dove.
224.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Είκοσι Καλλικράτεια καὶ ἐννέα τέκνα τεκώνσα, οὐδ’ ἐνός οὐδὲ μῆς ἐδρακόμην θάνατον· ἄλλ’ ἐκατὸν καὶ πέντε διήγησάμην ἐναιαυτοῦς, σκίτσων τρομερὰν οὐκ ἐπιθεῖσα χέρα.

225.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Ψήχει καὶ πέτρην ὁ πολὺς χρόνος, οὐδὲ σιδήρου φείδεται, ἄλλα μὴ πάντ’ ολέκει δρεπάνη· ὡς καὶ Λαέρταο τὸδ’ ἥριον, ὁ σχεδὸν ἀκτῆς βαιών ἀπο, ψυχρῶν λείβεται εἰς ὑετῶν. οὔνομα μὴν ἥρως ἂεi νέον· οὐ γὰρ ἁοιδᾶς ἀμβλύνειν αἰών, κῆν ἔθελη, δύναται.

226.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΘΗΙΟΤ
Ἀβδήρων προθανόντα τὸν αἰνοβιῆν Ἀγάθωνα πᾶς ἐπὶ πυρκαίης ἤδ’ ἐβόησε πόλεις. οὐ τινα γὰρ τοιόνδε νέον ὁ φιλαίματος Ἀρης ἤναρισεν στυγερῆς ἐν στροφάλιγγι μάχης.

227.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ
Οὐδὲ λέων δς δεινὸς ἐν οὐρεσιν, ὡς ὁ Μίκανος νίος Κριναγόρης ἐν σακέων πατάγρῃ. εἰ δὲ κάλυμμ’ ὠλύγον, μὴ μέμφει· μικρὸς ὁ χῶρος, ἄλλ’ ἄνδρας πολέμου τιλήμονας οἴδε φέρειν.

228.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Αὐτῷ καὶ τεκέσσι γυναικὶ τε τύμβον ἔδειμεν Ἀνδροτίων· οὔπω δ’ οὐδενός εἰμι τάφος. οὔτω καὶ μείναιμι πολύν χρόνον· εἰ δ’ ἄρα καὶ δεί, δεξαίμην ἐν ἐμὸ τοὺς προτέρους προτέρους.

Rendered by Ausonius, Epit. 37.
BOOK VII. 224-228

224.—Anonymous

I, Callicratia, bore nine and twenty children and
did not witness the death of one, boy or girl; I
lived to the age of a hundred and five without ever
resting my trembling hand on a staff.

225.—Anonymous

Time wears stone away and spares not iron, but
with one sickle destroys all things that are. So this
grave-mound of Laertes that is near the shore is
being melted away by the cold rain. But the hero’s
name is ever young, for Time cannot, even if he will,
make poesy dim.

226.—Anacreon of Teos

This whole city acclaimed Agathon, the doughty
warrior, as he lay on the pyre after dying for
Abdera; for Ares greedy of blood slew no other
young man like to him in the whirlwind of the
dreadful fight.

227.—Diotimus

Not even a lion is as terrible in the mountains, as
was Mico's son Crinagoras in the clash of the shields.
If this his covering be little, find no fault thereat;
little is this land, but it bears men brave in war.

228.—Anonymous

Androton built me for himself, his children and
his wife. As yet I am no one’s grave and so may I
remain for long; but if it must be so, may I give
earlier welcome to the earlier born.

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229.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τά Πιτάνα Θρασύβουλος ἐπ’ ἀσπίδος ἦλθεν ἄπνους, ἐπτὰ πρὸς Ἀργείων τραύματα δεξάμενος, δεικνύς ἀντία πάντα: τὸν αἴματοντα δ’ ὁ πρέσβυς παῖδ’ ἐπὶ πυρκαΐην Τύννιχος ἐπε τιθεὶς.

"Δειλοὶ κλαιέσθωσαν ἐγὼ δὲ σέ, τέκνον, ἅδακρυς ἤθαύς, τὸν καὶ ἐμὸν καὶ Λακεδαιμόνιον."

230.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

'Ανίκ αὐτὸ πτολέμου τρέσσαντα σε δέξατο μάτηρ, πάντα τὸν ὀπλιστὰν κόσμων ὀλωκλητά, αὐτὰ τοι φωνίαν, Δαμάτριε, αὐτίκα λόγχαν ἐπε διὰ πλατέων ὡσμένα λαγόνων.

"Καθθανε, μηδ’ ἔχετω Σπάρτα ψόγον: σὺ γὰρ ἐκεῖνα ἠμπλακεν, εἰ δειλοὺς τούμον ἔθρεψε γάλα."  

231.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΝΟΤ

"Ωδ’ ὑπὲρ 'Αμβρακίας ὁ Βοαδρόμος ἀσπίδ’ ἀείρας τεθνάμεν ἦ φεύγειν ἐλετ’ Ἀρισταγόρας, νίδος ὁ Θευτόμπου. μὴ θαύμ’ ἔχε. Δωρίκος ἀνῆρ πατρίδος, σὺν ἦβας ὀλλυμένας ἀλέγει.

232.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Δύινον οὐδας ἔχει τὸν 'Αμμύτωρα, παῖδα Φιλίππου, πολλὰ σιδηρεῖς χερσὶ θυγόντα μάχης: οὐδὲ μιν ἀλγιώσεσα νόσος δόμον ἁγαγε Νυκτός, ἀλλ’ ὀλετ’ ἀμφ’ ἐτάρω σχὼν κυκλώσεσαν ἵτυν.
BOOK VII. 229—232

229.—DIOSCORIDES

Dead on his shield to Pitana came Thrasybulus, having received seven wounds from the Argives, exposing his whole front to them; and old Tynnichus, as he laid his son's blood-stained body on the pyre, said "Let cowards weep, but I will bury thee, my son, without a tear, thee who art both mine and Sparta's."

230.—ERYCIUS OF CYZICUS

Demetrius, when thy mother received thee after thy flight from the battle, all thy fine arms lost, herself she straightway drove the death-dealing spear through thy sturdy side, and said "Die and let Sparta bear no blame; it was no fault of hers if my milk reared cowards."

231.—DAMAGETUS

Thus for Ambracia's sake the warrior Aristagoras, son of Theopompus, holding his shield on high, chose death rather than flight. Wonder not thereat: a Dorian cares for his country, not for the loss of his young life.

232.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This Lydian land holds Amyntor, Philip's son, whose hands were often busied with iron war. Him no painful disease led to the house of Night, but he perished holding his round shield over his comrade.
233.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Δίως, διόσον η ἡγεμόνις στρατηγὸς πρόμος, ὁ χρυσεόσις στέμμασι σωρεύσας αὐχένας ὁπλοφόρους, νόοσον ὁτ’ εἰς ὑπάτην ὁλίσθανε τέρμα τ’ ἄφυκτον εἰδεν, ἀριστεῖν τὲμφαινε εἰς ἰδίην·

τῆς δ’ ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοισιν εὖν ξίφος, εἰπὲ τε 

thalassos.

“Ἄυτὸς ἐκὼν ἐδίψω, μὴ νόσος εὐχός ἔχῃ.”

234.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Δίως ὁ θρασύχειρ Ἄρεος πρόμος, ὁ φηλιώσας αὐχένα χρυσοδέτοις ἐκ πολέμου στεφάνωις, τηξιμελεῖ νοῦσω κεκολουμένοις, ἔδραμε θυμός ἐς προτέρην ἔργων ἀρσενα μαρτυρίην,

δὲ ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοις πλατὺ φάσγανον, δὲν μόνον 

εἰπὼν.

“Ἄνδρας Ἄρης κτείνει, δειλοτέρον δὲ νόσος.”

235.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΤΑΡΣΕΩΣ

Μὴ μέτρει Μάγνηττι τὸ πηλίκον οὖνομα τύμβῳ, 

μηδὲ Θεμιστοκλέους ἔργα σε λαυθανάτω.

τεκμαίρου Σαλαμών καὶ ὀλκάσι τὸν φιλόπατριν·

γνώση δ’ ἐκ τούτων μείζονα Κεκροπίης.

236.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Oὐχὶ Θεμιστοκλέους Μάγνητας τάφος· ἀλλὰ κέχωσμαι 

Εὐλήνους φθονερῆς σῆμα κακοκρισίας.

1 That this is the sense required is shown by the next epigram.
BOOK VII. 233-236

233.—APOLLONIDES

Aelius, the Roman captain, whose armed neck was loaded with golden torques, when he fell into his last illness and saw the end was inevitable, was minded of his own valour and driving his sword into his vitals, said as he was dying "I am vanquished of my own will, lest Disease boast of the deed."

234.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Aelius, the bold captain, whose neck was hung with the golden torques he had won in the wars, when crippled by wasting disease, ran back in his mind to the history of his past deeds of valour, and drove his sword into his vitals, saying but this: "Men perish by the sword, cowards by disease."

235.—DIODORUS OF TARSUS

Measure not by this Magnesian tomb the greatness of the name, nor forget the deeds of Themistocles. Judge of the patriot by Salamis and the ships, and thereby shalt thou find him greater than Athens herself.

236.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I, this Magnesian tomb, am not that of Themistocles, but I was built as a record of the envious misjudgment of the Greeks.²

² The ashes of Themistocles were transferred from Magnesia to Athens. The lines are, however, somewhat obscure.
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237.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΑΛΗΝΑΙΟΤ
Οὔρεά μεν καὶ πόντον ὑπὲρ τύμβου χάρασσε,
kai μέσον ἀμφοτέρων μάρτυρα Δητοΐδην,
ἀνεών τε βαθὺν ποταμῶν ρόον, οὐ̣ ποτὲ ῥεῖθροις
Ξέρξου μυρίόναυν οὐ̣χ ὑπέμειναν Ἀρην.
ἐγγράφε καὶ Σαλαμίνα, Θερμιστοκλέους οἷα σήμα
κηρύσσει Μάγνης δήμος ἀποφθιμένου.

238.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ
Ἡμαθίην δὲ πρῶτος ἐς Ὁρεα βῆσα Φιλιττοὺς,
Λιγαίην κείμαι βόλου ἐφεσσάμενος,
ῥέξας οἷς οὔτω βασιλεὺς τὸ πρῶτος 
εἰ δὲ τις αὐχεῖ
μεῖξαν ἐμεῦ, καὶ τοῦθεν ἀλμάτος ἕμετέρου.

239.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ
Φθίσθαι Ἀλεξάνδρου ψευδής φάτις, εὑπερ ἄληθῆς
Φοίβος. ἀνικήτων ἀπτεται οὖθ᾿ Ἀἰδῆς.

240.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ
Τύμβου Ἀλεξάνδρου Μακεδόνος ἦν τις ἁείδη,
ἡπείρους κείμου σήμα λέγ’ ἀμφοτέρας.

241.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΩΝΙΟΤ
Μυρία σοι, Πτολεμαῖε, πατήρ ἐπὶ, μυρία μάτηρ
τειρομένα θαλεροὺς γκίσατο πλοκάμους,
pολλὰ τιθηνητήρ ὀλοφύρατο, χερσὶν ἀμήσας
ἀνδρομάχους δυνοφερὰν κρατός ὑπερθε κόνιν.

1 The last line does not seem to me to have much meaning, if any, as it stands. We expect "that the Magnesians may duly honour the tomb."
BOOK VII. 237–241

237.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

Carve on my tomb the mountains and the sea, and midmost of both the sun as witness; yea, and the deep currents of the ever-flowing rivers, whose streams sufficed not for Xerxes' host of the thousand ships. Carve Salamis too, here where the Magnesian people proclaim the tomb of dead Themistocles.¹

238.—ADDÆEUS

I, Philip, who first set the steps of Macedonia in the path of war, lie here clothed in the earth of Aegae. No king before me did such deeds, and if any have greater to boast of, it is because he is of my blood.²

239.—PARMENION

It is a lying report that Alexander is dead if Phoebus be true. Not even Hades can lay hand on the invincible.³

240.—ADDÆEUS

If one would sing of the tomb of Alexander of Macedon, let him say that both continents are his monument.

241.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Again and again did thy father and mother, Ptolemy,⁴ defile their hair in their grief for thee; and long did thy tutor lament thee, gathering in his warlike hands the dark dust to scatter on his head

¹ This refers to Alexander.
² Philon had proclaimed him invincible.
³ It is not certain which of the Egyptian princes this is.

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242.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Ο‟ιδε πάτραν, πολύδακρυν ἐπʼ αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἔχυνσαν, ῥύμοι ουδὲν, δυνοφερὰν ἴμφεβάλοιτο κόινων· ἀρνυνται δ‟ ἀρετάς αἶνον μέγαν. ἀλλά τις ἀστῶν τοῦσ‟ ἐσιδων θνάσκειν τλάτω ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.

243.—ΔΟΛΔΙΟΤ ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Φωκίδη πἄρ πέτρη δέρκευ τάφου· εἰμὶ δ‟ ἐκείνων τῶν ποτῇ Μηδοφόνων μνᾶμα τριηκοσίων, ο‟ Σπάρτας ἀπό γᾶς τηλοῦ πέσου, ἀμβλύναντες „Ἀρεα καὶ Μῆδον καὶ Δακεδαιμόνιον. ἦν δ‟ ἐσορῆ ἐπ‟ ἐμεῖο ἃβοστρυχον εἰκόνα θηρῶς, 5 ἐννεπτε· „Τοῦ ταγοῦ μνᾶμα Δεωνίδω."

244.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

Δισσὰ τριηκοσίων τάδε φάσγανα θούριος „Ἀρης ἐσπασεν „Ἀργείων καὶ Δακεδαιμονίων, ἐνθα μάχην ἐτλήμεν ἀνάγγελον, ἄλλος ἐπ‟ ἄλλῳ πῖπτοντες. Θυρέας δ‟ ἥσαν ἄεθλα δορός.

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1 Sidon. 2 i.e. a lion. 3 On the celebrated fight for Thyreae between three

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Great Egypt tore her hair and the broad home of Europa\(^1\) groaned aloud. The very moon was darkened by mourning and deserted the stars and her heavenly path. For thou didst perish by a pestilence that devastated all the land, before thou couldst grasp in thy young hand the sceptre of thy fathers. Yet night did not receive thee from night; for such princes are not led by Hades to his house, but by Zeus to Olympus.

242.—MNASALCAS

These men delivering their country from the tearful yoke that rested on her neck, clothed themselves in the dark dust. High praise win they by their valour, and let each citizen looking on them dare to die for his country.

243.—LOLLIUS BASSUS

Look on this tomb beside the Phocian rock. I am the monument of those three hundred who were slain by the Persians, who died far from Sparta, having dimmed the might of Media and Lacedaemon alike. As for the image of an ox-slaying (?) beast\(^2\) say “It is the monument of the commander Leonidas.”

244.—GAETULICUS

Fierce Ares drew these our swords, the three hundred from Argos and as many from Sparta, there where we fought out the fight from which no messenger returned, falling dead one upon another. Thryaeæ was the prize of the battle.\(^3\)

hundred Argives and as many Spartans. See Herod. i. 82, and Nos. 431, 432, below.

\(^1\) Europa
\(^2\) ox-slaying
\(^3\) Thryaeæ
245.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ω Χρόνε, παντοίον θυταίος πανεπίσκοπε σαΐμων,
ἀγγελός ἥμετέρων πᾶς γενοῦ παθέων·
ὡς ἵεραν σώζων πειρόμενοι Ἑλλάδα χάρην,
Βοιωτῶν κλεινός θυσίκομεν ἐν δαπέδοις.

246.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ισσοῦ ἐπὶ προμολῆσιν ἕλος παρὰ κύμα Κιλίσης
ἀγριον αἱ Περαδῶν κείμεθα μυριάδες,
ἐργον Ἀλεξινδροῦ Μακηδόνος, οὗ ποτ’ ἀνακτὶ
Δαρείω πυμάτην οἴμον ἐφεσπόμεθα.

247.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

"Ακλαυστοί καὶ ἄθαπτοι, ὀδουπόρε, τῶδ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Θεσσαλίας τρισαλ κείμεθα μυριάδες,
'Ήμαθη μέγα πῆμα: τὸ δὲ βρασῦ κείνο Φιλίτπου
πνεῦμα θοῶν ἐλάφῳ ὡχεῖ ἐλαφρότερον.

248.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Μυριάσιον ποτὲ τήδε τριηκοσίας ἐμάχοντο
ἐκ Πελοποννάσου χιλιάδες τέτορες.

249.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ω ξεῖν’, ἀγγείλοιν Δακεδαμονίων ὅτι τήδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κεῖσθεν ρήμασι πειθόμενοι.


1 Probably on the Greeks who fell at the battle of Chaeronea (B.C. 338).
2 On the Macedonians slain at the battle of Cynoscephalae
BOOK VII. 245-249

245.—BY THE SAME (?)

O Time, god who lookest upon all that befalls mortals, announce our fate to all, how striving to save the holy land of Hellas, we fell in the glorious Boeotian field.¹

246.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the promontory of Issus by the wild waves of the Cilician sea we lie, the many myriads of Persians who followed our King Darius on our last journey. Alexander's the Macedonian is the deed.

247.—ALCAEUS

Unwert, O wayfarer, unburied we lie on this Thessalian hillock, the thirty thousand, a great woe to Macedonia; and nimbler than fleet-footed deer, fled that dauntless spirit of Philip.²

248.—SIMONIDES

Four thousand from Peloponnesus once fought here with three millions.³

249.—BY THE SAME

Stranger, bear this message to the Spartans, that we lie here obedient to their laws.

(b.c. 197), where Philip V. was defeated by Flamininus. For the king's bitter retort see Book XVI. No. 26**.

² On the general monument of all the Greeks who fell at Thermopylae, No. 249 being on that of the Spartans.
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250.—TOY AYTOY

'Ακμᾶς ἐστακυίαν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ Ἔλλαδα πᾶσαν τὰς αὐτῶν ψυχὰς κείμεθα ῥυσίμενοι.

251.—TOY AYTOY

'Ασβεστον κλέος οἴδε φίλη περὶ πατρίδι θέντες κυάνεον θανίτου ἀμφεβαίλουτο νέφος. οὐδὲ τεθυάσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετή καθύπερθε κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δόματος ἑξ 'Αἰδεω.

252.—ANTEDPATROT

Οἶδ' ᾿Αἰδαν στερξαντες ἐνόπλιοι, οὐχ, ἀπερ ἄλλοι, στάλαν, ἄλλ' ἀρετὰν ἀντ' ἀρετᾶς ἠλαχον.

253.—ΣΙΜΟΝΙΔΟΤ

Εἴ τὸ καλὸς θυμίσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον, ἢμων ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη: Ἔλλαδι γὰρ σπεῦδοντες ἐλευθερήν περιδεῖναι κείμεθ' ἀγηράτω χρώμενοι εὐλογίᾳ.

254.—TOY AYTOY

Χαίρετ' ἀριστῆς πολέμου μέγα κύδος ἔχοντες, κοῦροι ᾿Αθηναῖων, ἔξοχοι ἱπποσύνη, οἳ ποτὲ καλλιχόροι περὶ πατρίδος ὀλέσαθ' ἣ βην πλεῖστοις ᾿Ελληνῶν ἀντία μαρνάμενοι.
BOOK VII. 250–254

250.—By the Same

We lie here, having given our lives to save all Hellas when she stood on a razor's edge.¹

251.—By the Same

These men having clothed their dear country in inextinguishable glory, donned the dark cloud of death; and having died, yet they are not dead, for their valour's renown brings them up from the house of Hades.²

252.—Antipater

These men who loved death in battle, got them no grave-stone like others, but valour for their valour.³

253.—Simonides

If to die well be the chief part of virtue, Fortune granted this to us above all others; for striving to endue Hellas with freedom, we lie here possessed of praise that groweth not old.

254.—By the Same

Hail, ye champions who won great glory in war, ye sons of Athens, excellent horsemen; who once for your country of fair dancing-floors lost your young lives, fighting against a great part of the Greeks.

¹ On the tomb of the Corinthians who fell at Salamis. The stone has been found.
² This is probably on the Spartan dead at Plataea, No. 253 being on the Athenian dead.
³ Possibly a statue of Virtue.
254a.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Κρής γενεάν Βρόταχος Γορτύμιος ένθάδε κείμαι,
οù κατά τούτ’ ἐλθὼν, ἀλλὰ κατ’ ἐμπορίην.

255.—ΑΙΣΧΤΑΟΤ
Κυνεγή καλ τούσδε μενέγχεας ὀλεσεν ἄνδρας
Μοῖρα, πολύρρηθνον πατρίδα ῥυμομένους.
ξων δὲ φθιμένων πέλεται κλέος, οillez γυνίως
τλήμονες Ὀσσαίαν ἀμφιέσαντο κόινω.
C. Merivale, Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833,
p. 94.

256.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Οἶδε ποτ’ Ἀιγαλίου βαρύβρομον οἴδμα λιπόντες
'Εκβατάνων πεδίῳ κείμεθ’ ἐνὶ μεσάτω.
χαῖρε, κλυτὴ ποτὲ πατρὶς 'Ερέτρια· χαῖρετ’, Ἀθήναι
γείτονες Εὐβοίης' χαῖρε, θάλασσα φίλη.
J. A. Symonds, the younger, Studies of the Greek Poets,
vol. ii. p. 294.

257.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Παιδες Ἀθηναίων Περσῶν στρατόν ἔξολέσαντες
ήρκεσαν ἀργαλέην πατρίδι δούλοσύνην.

258.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Οἶδε παρ’ Εὐρυμέδοντά ποτ’ ἄγαλαν ὀλεσαν ἢβην
μαρνάμενοι Μήδων τοξοφόρων προμάχοις
αἰχμηταὶ πεῖοι τε καὶ ὄκυπτρων ἐπὶ νηδίαν·
cάλλιστον δ’ ἀρετὴς μυὴμ’ ἐλιπον φθιμένοι.
J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology,
1833, p. 66.

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BOOK VII. 254A–258

254A.—BY THE SAME

I, Brotachos, a Gortynian of Crete, lie here, where I came not for this end, but to trade.

255.—AESCHYLUS

Dark Fate likewise slew these staunch spearmen, defending their country rich in flocks. Living is the fame of the dead, who steadfast to the last lie clothed in the earth of Ossa.

256.—PLATO

Leaving behind the sounding surge of the Aegean we lie on the midmost of the plains of Ecbatana. Farewell, Eretria, once our glorious country; farewell, Athens, the neighbour of Euboea; farewell, dear Sea.¹

257.—ANONYMOUS

The sons of Athens utterly destroying the army of the Persians repelled sore slavery from their country.

258.—SIMONIDES

These men once by the Eurymedon² lost their bright youth, fighting with the front ranks of the Median bowmen, both on foot and from the swift ships; and dying they left behind them the glorious record of their courage.

¹ On the Eretrians settled in Persia by Darius. See Herod. vi. 119.
² In this battle Cimon defeated the Persians, B.C. 466.
Εὐθωνίς γένος ἐσμέν Ἐρετρικόν, ἄγχι δὲ Σούσων κείμεθα· φεῦ, γαίης ὄσουν ἀφ’ ἱμετέρης.

L. Campbell, in G. R. Thomson’s Selections from the Greek Anthology, p. 231.

Μὴ μέμψῃ παρὰν τὰ μνήματά μου, παροδίτα· οὐδὲν ἥχω θρήνων ἄξιον οὐδὲ θανόν.

260.—ΚΑΡΦΥΛΛΙΔΟΤ

tέκνων τέκνα λέλοιπα· μὴς ἀπέλαυσα γυναικὸς συγγήρου· τρισσοῦς παιδὸν ἔδωκα γάμους,

εξ ὧν πολλάκις παῖδας ἐμοῦ ἐνεκοίμησα κόλποις, οὐδένος οἰμώξας οὐ νόσον, οὐ θάνατον,

οἳ κατασπείσαντες ἀπῆμονα, τὸν γλυκὺν ὕπνον κοιμᾶσθαι, χώρῃ πέμψαν ἐπ’ εὐσεβέων.

261.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ

Τί πλέον εἰς ὠδίνα πονεῖν, τί δὲ τέκνα τεκέσθαι,

262.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΚΟΤ

Αὔδησει τὸ γράμμα τί σαμά τε καὶ τίς ὑπ’ αὐτῷ.

263.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΘΙΙΟΤ

Καὶ σέ, Κλευνορίδη, πόθος ὀλέσε πατρίδος αἰῆς

ὁρθῇ γὰρ σε πέδησεν ἀνέγγυος· ὑγρὰ δὲ τὴν σὴν

κύματ’ ἀφ’ ἵμερην ἐκλύσεν ἡλικίην.
BOOK VII. 259-263

259.—PLATO

We are Eretrians from Euboea and we lie near Susa, alas! how far from our own land.¹

260.—CARPHYLLIDES

Find no fault with my fate, traveller, in passing my tomb; not even in death have I aught that calls for mourning. I left children's children, I enjoyed the company of one wife who grew old together with me. I married my three children, and many children sprung from these unions I lulled to sleep on my lap, never grieving for the illness or loss of one. They all, pouring their libations on my grave, sent me off on a painless journey to the home of the pious dead to sleep the sweet sleep.

261.—DIOTIMUS

What profiteth it to labour in childbirth and bring forth children if she who bears them is to see them dead! So his mother built the tomb for her little Bianor, while he should have done this for his mother.

262.—THEOCRITUS

The writing will tell what tomb-stone is this and who lies under it. I am the tomb of famous Glaucus.

263.—ANACREON

And thee too, Clenorides, homesickness drove to death when thou didst entrust thyself to the wintry blasts of the south wind. That faithless weather stayed thy journey and the wet seas washed out thy lovely youth.

¹ See No. 256.
264.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Εὖ θευτοπόρῳ πλόσις οὐριός· ὅν δ' ἄρ' ἀήτης,
ὡς ἐμέ, τόσο Άδεως προσπελάσῃ λιμέσιν,
μεμφέσθω μὴ λαίτμα κακόξενον, ἀλλ' ἐο τόλμαν,
ὅσις ἂρ' ἣμετέρου πείσματ' ἔλυε τάφου.

265.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Ναυγγοῦ τάφος εἰμί· ὁ δ' ἀντίον ἐστὶ γεωργοῦ,
ὡς ἅλλ' καὶ γαίης ξυνὸς ὑπεστ' Ἄιδης.

266.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Ναυγγοῦ τάφος εἰμί Διοκλέος· οἱ δ' ἀνάγονται,
φεῦ τόλμης, ἀμ' ἐμοῦ πείσματα λυσάμενοι.

267.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Ναυτίλου, ἐγγύς ἅλος τί με θάπτετε; πολλὸν ἀνευθε
χώσαι ναυγγοῦ τλήμονα τύμβον ἐδει.
φρίσοι κύματος ἥχου, ἐμὸν μόρον. ἅλλα καὶ οὕτως
χαίρετε, Νικήτην οὕτως οἰκτίρετε.

268.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Ναυγγοῦ με δέδορκας· διν οἰκτείρασα θάλασσα
γυμνῶσαι πυμάτου φύρεος ἤδεσατο,
ἀνθρωπὸς παλάμησιν ἀταρβητῶς μ' ἀπέδυσε,
τόσον ἄγος τόσον κέρδεος ἀράμενοι.
κεῖνο καὶ ἐνδύσαιτο, καὶ εἰς 'Αίδαο φέροιτο,
καὶ μν ἰδοὶ Μίνως τούμον ἔχοντα βάκος.
BOOK VII. 264-268

264.—LEONIDAS

A good voyage to all who travel on the sea; but let him who looses his cable from my tomb, if the storm carries him like me to the haven of Hades, blame not the inhospitable deep, but his own daring.

265.—PLATO

I am the tomb of a shipwrecked man, and that opposite is the tomb of a husbandman. So death lies in wait for us alike on sea and land.

266.—LEONIDAS

I am the tomb of the shipwrecked Diocles. Out on the daring of those who start from here, loosing their cable from me!

267.—POSIDIPPOS

Sailors, why do you bury me near the sea? Far away from it ye should have built the poor tomb of the shipwrecked man. I shudder at the noise of the waves my destroyers. Yet even so I wish you well for taking pity on Nicetas.

268.—PLATO

I whom ye look upon am a shipwrecked man. The sea pitied me, and was ashamed to bare me of my last vesture. It was a man who with fearless hands stripped me, burdening himself with so heavy a crime for so light a gain. Let him put it on and take it with him to Hades, and let Minos see him wearing my old coat.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

269.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πλωτήρας, σώζοισθε καὶ εἰν ἄλλα καὶ κατὰ γαῖαν·
ιστε δὲ ναυηγοῦ σῆμα παρερχόμενοι.

270.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Τούσδε ποτ' ἐκ Σπάρτας ἀκροβίνια Φοῖβῳ ἄγοντας
ἐν πέλαγος, μία νύξ, ἐν σκάφος ἐκτέρισεν.

271.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ
"Ωφελε μηδ' ἐγένοντο θαλιν νέες· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἦμεῖς
παῖδα Διοκλείδου Σώπολιν ἐστένομεν
νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν εἰν ἄλλη ποὺ φέρεται νέκυς· ἀντὶ δ' ἐκείνου
οὖνομα καὶ κενεῦν σῆμα παρερχόμεθα.
H. O. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 95.

272.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Νάξιος οὖν ἐπὶ γῆς ἔθανεν Δύκας, ἄλλ' ἐνὶ ποντῳ
ναῦν ἄμα καὶ πυρψὴν ἐδεεν ἀπολλυμένην,
ἐμπορος Αἰγύπτων ὡτ' ἐπλεε· χὼ μὲν ἐν ὑγρῇ
νεκρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἄλλῳ σοῦμομα τύμβος ἔχων,
κηρύσσω πανάληθες ἐπος τοῦτο: "Φεύγει διάλάσσῃ συμμίσθην Ἐρίφων, ναύτη, δυομένων."

273.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Εὗρον με τρηχεία καὶ αἰτήσεσα καταλήψις,
καὶ νύξ, καὶ δυσφερῆς κύματα πανδυσίης

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BOOK VII. 269—273

269.—By the Same

Mariners, may ye be safe on sea and land; but know that this tomb ye are passing is a shipwrecked man's.

270.—Simonides

These men, when bringing the firstfruits from Sparta to Phoebus, one sea, one night, one ship brought to the grave.

271.—Callimachus

Would that swift ships had never been, for then we should not be lamenting Sopolis the son of Dioclides. Now somewhere on the sea his corpse is tossing, and what we pass by here is not himself, but a name and an empty grave.

272.—By the Same

Lycus of Naxos died not on land, but in the sea he saw his ship and his life lost together, as he sailed from Aegina to trade. Now he is somewhere in the sea, a corpse, and I, his tomb, bearing his idle name, proclaim this word of truth "Sailor, foregather not with the sea when the Kids are setting." 1

273. — Leonidas

The fierce and sudden squall of the south-east wind, and the night and the waves that Orion at his dark

1 i.e. Middle of November.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐβλαψ' Ὀρίωνος· ἀπώλισθον δὲ βίοιο
Κάλλαισχρος, Διβυκοῦ μέσα θέων πελάγευς.
κάγὼ μὲν πόντῳ δινεύμενος, ἵχθυσι κύρμα,
ὁίχημαι· ψεῦσθης δ' οὗτος ἔπεστι λίθος.

274.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ
Οὖνομα κηρύσσω Τιμοκλέους, εἰς ἄλα πικρὴν
πάντῃ σκεπτομένῃ ποὺ ποτ' ἀρ' ἐστι νέκυς.
αἰαι· τὸν δ' ἡδὴ φάγων ἵχθυες· ἢ δὲ περίσσῃ
πέτρος ἐγώ τὸ μάτην γράμμα τορευθέν ἔχω.

275.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΛΙΚΟΤ
'Α Πέλοπος νάσος καὶ δύσπλοος ὠλέσει Κρήτα, 5
καὶ Μαλέον τυφλαί καμπτὸμένου σπηλαίδες 5
Δίμιδος Ἀστυδάμαντα Κυδώνιον. ἄλλ' ὁ μὲν ἡδὴ
ἐπλήσεν θηρῶν νηδύας ειναλίων,
τὸν ψεύσταν δὲ με τύμβον ἐπὶ χθονὶ θέντο. τί
θαῦμα;
Κρήτες ὅπου ψεύσται, καὶ Διὸς ἐστὶ τάφος.

276.—ΗΡΗΣΙΠΠΟΤ
Ἐξ ἀλὸς ἡμιβρωτον ἀνηνέγκαντο σαγηνείς
ἀνδρα, πολύκλαυτον ναυτιλίας σκυβαλων
κέρδεα δ' οὐκ ἐδιώξαν καὶ μῆθες· ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖς
ἵχθυσι τῇ' ὀλγῇ θήκαν ὑπὸ ψαμάθω.
ὁ χθῶν, τὸν ναυγοὺν ἔχεις ὀλον· ἀντὶ δὲ λοιπῆς
σαρκὸς τοὺς σαρκῶν γευσαμένους ἐπέχεις.
BOOK VII. 273–276

setting\(^1\) arouses were my ruin, and I, Callaeschrus, glided out of life as I sailed the middle of the Libyan deep. I myself am lost, whirled hither and thither in the sea a prey to fishes, and it is a liar, this stone that rests on my grave.

274.—HONESTUS OF BYZANTIUM

I announce the name of Timocles and look round in every direction over the salt sea, wondering where his corpse may be. Alas! the fishes have devoured him ere this, and I, this useless stone, bear this idle writing carved on me.

275.—GAETULICUS

The Peloponnesus and the perilous sea of Crete and the blind cliffs of Cape Malea when he was turning it were fatal to Astydamas son of Damis the Cydonian. Ere this he has gorged the bellies of sea monsters. But on the land they raised me his lying tomb. What wonder! since “Cretans are liars,” and even Zeus has a tomb there.\(^2\)

276.—HEGESIPPUS

The fishermen brought up from the sea in their net a half eaten man, a most mournful relic of some sea-voyage. They sought not for unholy gain, but him and the fishes too they buried under this light coat of sand. Thou hast, O land, the whole of the ship-wrecked man, but instead of the rest of his flesh thou hast the fishes who fed on it.

\(^1\) Early in November.

\(^2\) He refers to some verses of Callimachus in his Hymn to Zeus (v. 8). “Cretans are always liars” was a proverb found also in the verse quoted by St. Paul (Titus, i. 12).
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

277.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τῆς, ξένους δὲ ναυηγεῖ; Δεόντιχος εὖθαδε λεκρὸν εὑρέ σ’ ἐπ’ άγιαλοῦ, χῶσε δὲ τῶδε τάφῳ, δακρύσας ἐπίκηρον ἐὼν βίον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς ἥσυχος, αἰθυγῆ δ’ ἵσα θαλασσοπορεῖ.

278.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Οὐδὲ νέκυς, ναυηγοῦς ἐπὶ χθόνα Θήρις ἑλασθεὶς κύμασιν, ἀγρύπνου λήσομαι ἥιόνων. ἢ γὰρ ἀλεθίκτοις ὑπὸ δειράσιν, ἄγχοθε πόντου δυσμενέος, ξεῖνου χερσίν ἐκυρσα τάφον· αἰεὶ δὲ βρομέοντα καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσι θαλάσσης ὁ τλήμων ἀτο δούτων ἀπεξθόμενον· μόχθων οὖδ’ Ἀδῆς με κατεύνασεν, ἦνικα μοῦνος οὐδὲ θανῶν λείψ κέκλιμαι ἥσυχή.

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 155.

279.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παῦσαι νῆς ἐρεμᾶ καὶ ἐμβολα τόδ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ αἶεν ἐπὶ ψυχρῇ ξωγραφέων σποδίῃ. ναυηγοῦ τὸ μνήμα. τὶ τῆς ἐνι κύμασι λῶβης αὖθις ἀναμνήσαι τὸν κατὰ γῆς ἐθέλεις;

280.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

Τὸ χώμα τύμβος ἐστίν· ἀλλὰ τὼ βὸε ἐπίσχες οὕτος, τὰν ὄνειν τ’ ἀνάσπασον· κινεῖς σποδὸν γὰρ. ἐς δὲ τοιαύταν κὸνιν μὴ σπέρμα πυρῶν, ἀλλὰ χεῖε δάκρυα.
BOOK VII. 277–280

277.—CALLIMACHUS

Who art thou, shipwrecked stranger? Leontichus found thee here dead on the beach, and buried thee in this tomb, weeping for his own uncertain life; for he also rests not, but travels over the sea like a gull.

278.—ARCHIAS OF BYZANTIUM

Not even now I am dead shall I, shipwrecked Theris, cast up on land by the waves, forget the sleepless surges. For here under the brine-beaten hill, near the sea my foe, a stranger made my grave; and, ever wretched that I am, even among the dead the hateful roar of the billows sounds in my ears. Not even Hades gave me rest from trouble, since I alone even in death cannot lie in unbroken repose.

279.—ANONYMOUS

Cease to paint ever on this tomb oars and the beaks of ships over my cold ashes. The tomb is a shipwrecked man’s. Why wouldst thou remind him who is under earth of his disfigurement by the waves.

280.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

This hummock is a tomb; you there! hold in your oxen and pull up the ploughshare, for you are disturbing ashes. On such earth shed no seed of corn, but tears.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

281.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΤ

'Ἀπισχ', ἀπισχε χεῖρας, ὃ γεωτόνε, μηδ' ἀμφίταμε τὰν ἐν ἡρίῳ κόνιν. αὐτὰ κέκλανται βῶλος, ἐκ κεκλαμμέναις δ' οὐτοί κομάτας ἀναθάλησται στάχυς.

282.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΟΤ

Ναυγγοῦ τάφος εἰμί· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὁθ' ἱμεῖς ἀλλύμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοτόρουν.

H. Wellesley, in Anthologiae Polyglotta, p. 300.

283.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τετρηχυνία θάλασσα, τί μ' οὐκ οἰζυρὰ παθόντα τηλὸς' ἀπὸ ψυλῆς ἐπτυσας ἡμόνοις; ὡς σεῦ μηδ' Ἀλδαο κακὶν ἐπιειμένος ἀχλίνν Φυλένς, Ἀμφιμένευς ἀσσον ἐγειτόνεον.

284.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

'Οκτώ μεν πήχεις ἀπεχε, τρηχεία θάλασσα, καὶ κύμαινε, βὸς θ' ἡλίκα σοι δύναμις; ἦν δὲ τὸν Εὐμάρεω καθέλης τάφον, ἄλλο μὲν οὐδὲν κρῆγνου, εὐρήσεις δ' ὅστεα καὶ σποδιήν.

R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, cx.

285.—ΓΛΑΤΚΟΤ ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΙΤΟΤ

Οὐ κόνις οὐδ' ὀλίγον πέτρης βάρος, ἀλλ' Ἐρασίππου ἦν ἐσορᾶς αὐτὴ πᾶσα θάλασσα τάφος; ὁλετο γὰρ σὺν νητ' τὰ δ' ὅστεα ποῦ ποτ' ἐκεῖνον πύθεται, αἰθυίαις γνωστὰ μόναις ἐνέπειν.

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BOOK VII. 281–285

281.—HERACLIDES

Hands off, hands off, labourer! and cut not through this earth of the tomb. This clod is soaked with tears, and from earth thus soaked no bearded ear shall spring.

282.—THEODORIDAS

I am the tomb of a shipwrecked man; but set sail, stranger; for when we were lost, the other ships voyaged on.

283.—LEONIDAS

Why, roaring sea, didst thou not cast me up, Phyleus, son of Amphimenes, when I came to a sad end, far away from the bare beach, so that even wrapped in the evil mist of Hades I might not be near to thee?

284.—ASCLEPIADES

Keep off from me, thou fierce sea, eight cubits' space and swell and roar with all thy might. But if thou dost destroy the tomb of Eumares, naught shall it profit thee, for naught shalt thou find but bones and ashes.

285.—GLAUCUS OF NICOPOLIS

Not this earth or this light stone that rests thereon is the tomb of Erasippus, but all this sea whereon thou lookest. For he perished along with his ship, and his bones are rotting somewhere, but where only the gulls can tell.
286.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΟΤ

Δύσμορε Νικάνωρ, πολιμό μεμαραμένε πόντω, κείσαι δὴ ξείνη γυμνός ἐπὶ ἥδιν, ἢ σύ γε πρὸς πέτρησιν τὰ δὲ ὅλβια κείνα μελαθρα φρούδα ἐκαὶ ἤ πάσης ἐλπίς ὅλωλε Τύρου. οὔ δέ τι σε κτείνων ἐρρύσατο· φεῦ, ἐλεεινέ, ὀλεο μοχθήσας ἵχθυσι καὶ πελάγει.

287.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Καὶ νέκων ἄπρηύντος ἀνήσθει μεθ' ἄλασσα
 Δύσιν, ἐρημαίη κρυπτοῦ ὑπὸ σπειράδι,
 στρηνεῖς ἄει φωνεύσα παρ' ὁυάτι, καὶ παρὰ κωφὸν σήμα. τί μ', ὀνθρώποι, τῇδε παρφκισάτε,
 ἢ πνονῆς χάρωσε τοῦ οὐκ ἐπὶ φορτίδι νηθ
 ἔμπορον, ἀλλ' ὀλύνης ναυτίλου εἰρεσίης
 θηκαμένη ναυηγόν; ὃ δ' ἐκ πόντων ματέων
 ξωήν, ἐκ πόντου καὶ μόρον εἰλκυσάμην.

288.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδετέρης ὅλος εἰμὶ θανὼν νέκως, ἀλλὰ θάλασσα
 καὶ χθὼν τὴν ἀπ' ἐμεῦ μοῖραιν ἔχουσιν ἢθην.
 σάρκα γὰρ ἐν πόντῳ φάγον ἵχθυες· ὅστεα δ' αὐτὲ
 βέβρασται ψυχρῇ τῇδε παρ' ἡδίν.

289.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

'Ανθέα τὸν ναυηγόν ἐπὶ στόμα Πενελώο
 νυκτὸς ὑπὲρ βαῖνης νηξάμενον σανίδος,
 μοῦνιος ἐκ θάμνου θορὼν λύκος, ἄσκοπον ἄνδρα,
 ἔκτανεν. ὧ γαίης κύματα πιστότερα.

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286.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Unhappy Nicanor, wasted by the grey sea, thou liest naked on a strange beach or perchance near the rocks; gone from thee are thy rich halls, and the hope of all Tyre has perished. None of thy possessions saved thee; alas, poor wight, thou art dead and hast laboured but for the fishes and the sea.

287.—ANTIPATER

Even in death shall the unappeased sea vex me, Lysis, buried as I am beneath this desert rock, sounding ever harshly in my ears close to my deaf tomb. Why, O men, did ye lay me next to her who reft me of breath, who wrecked me not trading on a merchantman, but embarked on a little rowing-boat? From the sea I sought to gain my living, and from the sea I drew forth death.

288.—BY THE SAME

I belong entirely to neither now I am dead, but sea and land possess an equal portion of me. My flesh the fishes ate in the sea, but my bones have been washed up on this cold beach.

289.—ANTIPATER OF MACEDONIA

When shipwrecked Antheus had swum ashore at night on a small plank to the mouth of the Peneus, a solitary wolf rushing from the thicket slew him off his guard. O waves less treacherous than the land!
290.—ΣΤΑΤΤΛΑΙΟΤ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ
Λαίλαπα καὶ μανίν ὀλοίς προφυγόντα βαλάσσεις
ναυηγόν, Διβυκαῖς κείμενον ἐν ψαμάθοις,
οὐχ ἐκάς ἐκάς, πυμάτῳ βεβαρημένου ὑπνῷ,
γυμνόν, ἀπὸ στυγηρῆς ὡς κάμεναυφθορίης,
ἐκτανελυγός ἐχίς. τί μίθην πρὸς κύματ' ἐμόχθει,
τὴν ἐπὶ γῆς φεύγων μοῖραν ὀφειλομένην;

291.—ΣΕΝΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ
Χαῦταί σου σταῦξουσιν ἔθε ὑλμυρὰ, δύσμορε κούρη,
ναυηγῆ, φθυμένης εἰν ἄλλη Ὀυσιδίκῃ.
ἡ γὰρ, ὀριομενέου πόντου, δείσασα βαλάσσῃς
ὑβριν ὑπὲρ κοίλου δούρατος ἐξέπτεσα.
καὶ σὸν μὲν φωνεῖ τάφος οὖνομα, καὶ χόνα Κύμην,
οστέα δὲ ψυχρῷ κλύζετ' ἐπ' αἰγιαλῷ,
πικρὸν Ἀριστομάχῳ γενέτη κακῶν, ὡς σε κομίζων
ἐς γάμον, οὕτε κόρην ἶγαγεν οὕτε νέκυν.

292.—ΘΕΩΝΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ
Ἀλκυόσιν, Δηναίε, μέλεις τάχα· κωφὰ δὲ μήτηρ
μύρεθ' ὑπὲρ κρυστοῦ δυρομένη σε τάφον.

293.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΛΑΤΟΤ
Οὐ χεῖμα Νικόφημον, οὐκ ἀστρῶν δύσις
ἄλος Διβύσσης κύμασιν κατέκλυσεν.
ἀλλ' ἐν γαλήνῃ, φεῦ τάλας, ἀνηνέμῳ
πλῆρος πεδηθεὶς, ἐφρύγη δίψεως ὑπὸ.
καὶ τοῦτ' ἀβέθεων ἔργον' ἀ πόσον κακὸν
ναύταισίν ἤ πνέοντες ἤ μεμυκότες.
290.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

The shipwrecked mariner had escaped the whirlwind and the fury of the deadly sea, and as he was lying on the Libyan sand not far from the beach, deep in his last sleep, naked and exhausted by the unhappy wreck, a baneful viper slew him. Why did he struggle with the waves in vain, escaping then the fate that was his lot on the land?

291.—XENOCRITUS OF RHODES

The salt sea still drips from thy locks, Lysidice, unhappy girl, shipwrecked and drowned. When the sea began to be disturbed, fearing its violence, thou didst fall from the hollow ship. The tomb proclaims thy name and that of thy land, Cyme, but thy bones are wave-washed on the cold beach. A bitter sorrow it was to thy father Aristomachus, who, escorting thee to thy marriage, brought there neither his daughter nor her corpse.

292.—THEON OF ALEXANDRIA

The haleyons, perchance, care for thee, Lenaeus, but thy mother mourns for thee dumbly over thy cold tomb.

293.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

No tempest, no stormy setting of a constellation overwhelmed Nicophemus in the waters of the Libyan Sea. But alas, unhappy man! stayed by a calm he was burnt up by thirst. This too was the work of the winds. Ah, what a curse are they to sailors, whether they blow or be silent!
294.—ΤΤΑΔΙΟΤ ΛΑΤΡΕΑ
Γρυνέα τὸν πρέσβιν, τὸν ἀλητρύτου ὀπὸ κύμβης
ζῶντα, τὸν ἄγκιστρος καὶ μογέοντα λύνος,
ἐκ δεινοῦ τρηχεία Νότου κατέδυσε θάλασσα,
ἐβρασε δ' ἐς κροκάλην πρώοιν ἦιόνα,
χεῖρας ἀποβραδέντα. τὸς οὖ νόον ἰχθύσιν ἐῖποι 5
ἐμμεναι, οἱ μοῦνας, αἷς ὀλέκοντο, φάγον;

295.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΕΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Θῆριν τὸν τριγέροντα, τὸν εὐάγραυν ἀπὸ κύρτων
ζῶντα, τὸν αἰθυνὴς πλείονα νηξίμενον,
ἰχθυσιλήιστήρα, σαγηνέα, χηραμοδύτην,
οὐχὶ πολυσκάλῳν πλώτορα ναυτιλίης,
ἐμπης οὖτ' Ἀρκτοὺρος ἀπώλεσεν, οὔτε κατανυῖς 5
ἡλασε τὰς πολλὰς τῶν ἐτέων δεκάδας.
ἀλλ' ἔθαν' ἐν καλύβῃ σχοινίτιδι, λύγνος ὅποια,
τῷ μακρῷ σβεσθεῖσ ἐν χρόνῳ αὐτόματος,
σήμα δὲ τοῦτ' οὐ παῖδες ἐφήρμοσαν, οὐδ' ὀμόλεκτος,
ἀλλὰ συνεργατικῆς ἰχθυβόλων θλασος. 10


296.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΚΗΙΟΤ
Ἐξ οὐ γ' Εὐρώτην Ἀσίας δίχα πόντος ἔνειμε,
καὶ πόλεμον λαῶν θυρὸς Ἅρης ἐφέπει,
οὐδαμά τι κάλλιον ἑπιχθούνων γένετ' ἄνδρῶν
ἐργον ἐν ἡπείρῳ καὶ κατὰ πόντον ἄμα.
oиде γὰρ ἐν Κύπρῳ Μήδων πόλλους ὀλέσαντες, 5
Φοινίκων ἐκατόν ναῦς ἐλοὺν ἐν πελάγει
ἀνδρῶν πληθοῦσας· μέγα δ' ἐστενεὶ Ἀσίας ὑπ' αὐτῶν
πληγείας ἀμφοτέραις χερσὶ κράτει πολέμου.

1 i.e. the season of Arcturus' setting, September.

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BOOK VII. 294-296

294.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

Gryneus, the old man who got his living by his sea-worn wherry, busyng himself with lines and hooks, the sea, roused to fury by a terrible southerly gale, swamped and washed up in the morning on the beach, his hands eaten off. Who would say that they had no sense, the fish who ate just those parts of him by which they used to perish?

295.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Theris, the old man who got his living from his lucky weels, who rode on the sea more than a gull, the prayer on fishes, the seine-hauler, the prober of crevices in the rocks, who sailed on no many-oared ship, in spite of all owed not his end to Arcturus,¹ nor did any tempest drive to death his many decades, but he died in his reed hut, going out like a lamp of his own accord owing to his length of years. This tomb was not set up by his children or wife, but by the guild of his fellow fishermen.

296.—SIMONIDES

Since the sea parted Europe from Asia, since fierce Ares directs the battles of nations, never was a more splendid deed of arms performed by mortals on land and on the sea at once. For these men after slaying many Medes in Cyprus, took a hundred Phoenician ships at sea with their crews. Asia groaned aloud, smitten with both hands by their triumphant might.²

² This is the epitaph of those who fell in Cimon's last campaign in Cyprus (B.C. 449).

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297.—ΠΟΛΤΣΤΡΑΤΟΤ
Τὸν μέγαν Ἀκροκύρινθον Ἀχαϊκόν, Ἑλλάδος ἀστρον, καὶ διπλῆν Ἰσθμοῦ σύνδρομον ἥιόνα
Λεύκιος ἐστυφέλεξε· δοριπτοϊήτα δὲ νεκρῶν
ὅστεά σωρευθεῖς εἷς ἐπέχει σκόπελος.
τοὺς δὲ δόμουν Πριάμιοι πυρὶ πρίσαντας Ἀχαιόυς 5
ἀκλαύστους κτερέων νόσφισαν Λινείδαι.

298.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΤΟΝ
Ἄιαὶ, τοῦτο κάκιστον, ὅταν κλαίωσι θανόντα
νυμφίον ἢ νύμφην· ἧνίκα δ' ἀμφοτέρους,
Εὐπόλιον ὡς ἄγαθὴν τε Δυκαινων, ὃν ὑμέναιον
ἐσβῆσεν εἰς πρώτη νυκτὶ πεσόν τάλαμος,
οὐκ ἄλλῳ τόδε κῆδος ἱσάρροποιν, ὅ σὺ μὲν νῦν,
Νίκη, σὺ δ' ἐκλαυσάς, Θεύδικε, θυγατέρα.

299.—ΝΙΚΟΜΑΧΟΤ
"Ἄδ' ἐσθ'—ἄδει Πλάταια τί τοι λέγω;—ἀν ποτε
σεισμὸς
ἐλθὼν ἐξαπίνας κάββαλε πανσυδήρ.
λείφθη δ' αὐτ' μοῦνον τυτθὸν γένος· οἱ δὲ θανόντες
σάμ' ἐρατὰν πάτραν κείμεθ' ἐφεσσάμενοι.

300.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Ἐνθάδε Πυθώνακτα κασίγνητον τε κέκευθεν
γαῖ', ἔρατῆς ἦβης πρὶν τέλος ἄκρον ἰδεῖν.
μνήμα δ' ἀποφθιμένοιοι πατήρ Μεγάριστος ἔθηκεν
ἀθάνατον ὑμητοῖς πασί χαριζόμενος.

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BOOK VII. 297–300

297.—POLYSTRATUS

Lucius¹ has smitten sore the great Achaean Acrocorinth, the star of Hellas, and the twin parallel shores of the Isthmus. One heap of stones covers the bones of those slain in the rout; and the sons of Aeneas left unwept and unhallowed by funeral rites the Achaean who burnt the house of Priam.

298.—ANONYMOUS

Woe is me! this is the worst of all, when men weep for a bride or bridegroom dead; but worse when it is for both, as for Eupolis and good Lycaenion, whose chamber falling in on the first night extinguished their wedlock. There is no other mourning to equal this by which you, Nicis, bewailed your son, and you, Theodicus, your daughter.

299.—NICOMACHUS

This (why say I "this?") is that Plataea which a sudden earthquake tumbled down utterly: only a little remnant was left, and we, the dead, lie here with our beloved city laid on us for a monument.

300.—SIMONIDES

Here the earth covers Pythonax and his brother, before they saw the prime of their lovely youth. Their father, Megaristus, set up this monument to them dead, an immortal gift to his mortal sons.

¹ Mummius, who sacked Corinth 146 B.C.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

301.—TOY AYTOY

Εὐκλέας αἶα κέκευθε, Δεωνίδα, οἳ μετὰ σεῖο
τῇδ' ἔθανον, Σπάρτης εὐρυχόρον βασιλεύ,
πλεῖστων δὴ τόξων τε καὶ ὠκυπόδων σθένος ὕππων
Μηδείων ἀνδρῶν δεξάμενοι πολέμῳ.

302.—TOY AYTOY

Τῶν αὐτῶν τις ἑκαστὸς ὑπολλυμένων ἀνιάται.
Νικόδικων δὲ φίλων καὶ πόλεως ἥδε ἤπολη.

303.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΩΤ

Τὸν μικρὸν Κλεόδημον ἔτι ξώντα γάλακτι,
ἔχος ὑπὲρ τοξών νηδὸς ἐρεισάμενον,
ὁ Θρήτης ἑτύμως Βορέθης βάλεν εἰς ἀλὸς οἶδιμα,
κῦμα δ' ὅπο θυρεῖ ἔσβεσε νηπιάχου.
"Ἰνοί, ἀνοικτήριων τίς ἐφυς θεός, ἡ Μελικέρτεω
ἡλικος οὐκ Ἀἴδην πικρὸν ἀπηλάσαο.

304.—ΠΕΙΣΑΝΔΡΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

'Ανδρὶ μὲν 'Ἱππαίμων ὄνομα' ἦν, Ἰππίρας ἐκ Πόδαργος,
καὶ κυνὶ Λήθαργος, καὶ θεράποντι Βάβης,
Θεσσαλός, ἐκ Κρήτης, Μάγνης γένος, Ἀἴμυνος νίος·
ἀλετό δ' ἐν προμάχως ἔξων Ἀρχαὶν ὁμάνων.

1 This, on the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae, is doubtless not Simonides', but a later production.
2 i.e. savage.
3 A real epitaph, it seems to me, very naively expressed.
301.—BY THE SAME

LEONIDAS, King of spacious Sparta, illustrious are they who died with thee and are buried here. They faced in battle with the Medes the force of multitudinous bows and of steeds fleet of foot.

302.—BY THE SAME

EVERY man grieves at the death of those near to him, but his friends and the city regret (?) Nicodiceus.

303.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

WHEN little Cleodemus, still living on milk, set his foot outside the edge of the ship, the truly Thracian Boreas cast him into the swelling sea, and the waves put out the light of the baby’s life. Ino, thou art a goddess who knowest not pity, since thou didst not avert bitter death from this child of the same age as thy Melicertes.

304.—PISANDER OF RHODES

THE man’s name was Hippaemon, the horse’s Podargos, the dog’s Lethargos, and the serving-man’s Babes, a Thessalian, from Crete, of Magnesian race, the son of Haemon. He perished fighting in the front ranks.°

Much fun was made of it in Antiquity, as the complicated description of the “état civil” of Hippaemon was maliciously interpreted as comprising the “état civil” of the animals.
305.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

'Ὁ γριπεύς Διότιμος, ὁ κήμασιν ὀλκάδα πιστὴν
κῆν χθονὶ τὴν αὐτὴν οἰκὸν ἔχων πεινής,
νήγρετον ὑπνώσας Ἀλδαν τὸν ἀμείλιχον ἱκτὸ
αὐτερέτης, ἰδίῃ νητ κομιξόμενος:
ἡν γὰρ ἔχε ζωῆς παραμύθιον, ἔσχεν ὁ πρέσβυς
καὶ φθίμενος πῦματον πυρκαίῃς ὄφελος.

306.—ΑΔΕΣΙΙΟΤΟΝ

'Αβρότονοι Θρήσσα συνῇ πέλου ἀλλὰ τεκέσθαι
τὸν μέγαν Ἡλλησιν φημὶ Θεμιστοκλέα.

307.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

α. Οὐνομά μοι. β. Τί δὲ τοῦτο; α. Πατρίς δὲ μοι.
β. Ἐσ τί δὲ τοῦτο;
α. Κλεινοῦ δ' εἰμὶ γένους. β. Εἰ γὰρ ὡφαιροτάτου;
α. Ζῆσας δ' ἐνδόξως ἔλυσον βίον. β. Εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως;
α. Κεῖμαι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν. β. Τίς τίνι παύτα λέγεις;


308.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Παιδά με πενταέτηρον, ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα,
νηλείης Ἀλίθης ἠρπασε Καλλίμαχον.
ἀλλὰ με μὴ κλαίοις καὶ γὰρ βιότοιο μετέσχοι
παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιότου κακῶν.

W. Headlam, A Book of Greek Verse, p. 259.
BOOK VII. 305-308

305.—ADDAEAUS OF MITYLENE

The fisherman, Diotimus, whose boat, one and the same, was his faithful bearer at sea and on land the abode of his penury, fell into the sleep from which there is no awakening, and rowing himself, came to relentless Hades in his own ship; for the boat that had supported the old man in life paid him its last service in death too by being the wood for his pyre.

306.—ANONYMOUS

I was Abrotonon, a Thracian woman; but I say that I bare for Greece her great Themistocles.

307.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

A. "My name is ——" B. "What does it matter?" A. "My country is ——" B. "And what does that matter?" A. "I am of noble race." B. "And if you were of the very dregs?" A. "I quitted life with a good reputation." B. "And had it been a bad one?" A. "And I now lie here." B. "Who are you and to whom are you telling this?"

308.—LUCIANUS

My name is Callimachus, and pitiless Hades carried me off when I was five years old and knew not care. Yet weep not for me; but a small share of life was mine and a small share of life's evil.
309.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

'Εξηκοντούτης Διονύσιος ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι,
Ταρσεύς, μὴ γῆμας, αὐθε δὲ μηδ’ ὁ πατήρ.

Alma Strettell, in G. R. Thomson, Selections from the Greek Anthology, p. 48.

310.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Θάψεν δ’ με κτείνας κρύπτων φόνου· εἰ δὲ με τύμβῳ
δωρεῖται, τοῖς ἀντιτύχοι χάριτος.

311.—ΑΡΑΘΙΩΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰς τὴν γυναῖκα Λῶτ

'Ο τύμβος οὔτος ἐνδον οὐκ ἔχει νεκρόν,
ὁ νεκρὸς οὖτος ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τάφον,
ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ νεκρός ἐστι καὶ τάφος.

312.—ΑΣΙΝΙΟΤ ΚΟΤΑΔΡΑΤΟΤ

Εἰς τοὺς ἀναρεθέντας ὑπὸ τοῦ τῶν Ῥωμαίων ὑπάτου Σύλα

Οἱ πρὸς Ῥωμαίοις δεινὸν στήσαντες 'Αρηα
κεῖνται, ἀριστείς σύμβολα δεικνύμενοι
οὐ γὰρ τις μετὰ νότα τυπεῖς θάνειν, ἀλλ’ ἀμα πάντες
ὡλοντο κρυφίῳ καὶ δολερῷ θανάτῳ.

313.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Τήμωνα τὸν μισάνθρωπον

'Ενθάδ’ ἀπορρήξας ψυχὴν βαρυδαίμονα κεῖμαι·
tοῦνομα δ’ οὐ πεύσεσθε, κακοὶ δὲ κακῶς ἀπόλοισθε.
BOOK VII. 309–313

309.—Anonymous

I, Dionysius, lie here, sixty years old. I am of Tarsus; I never married and I wish my father never had.

310.—Anonymous

My murderer buried me, hiding his crime: since he gives me a tomb, may he meet with the same kindness as he shewed me.

311.—Agathias Scholasticus

On Lot's Wife

This tomb has no corpse inside it; this corpse has no tomb outside it, but it is its own corpse and tomb.

312.—Asinius Quadratus

On those slain by Sulla

They who took up arms against the Romans lie exhibiting the tokens of their valour. Not one died wounded in the back, but all alike perished by a secret treacherous death.

313.—Anonymous

On Timon the Misanthrope

Here I lie; having broken away from my luckless soul. My name ye shall not learn, and may ye come, bad men, to a bad end.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

314.—ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα
Μὴ πόθεν εἰμὶ μάθης, μηδ’ οὖνομα: πλὴν ὁτι
θυνήσκειν
τοὺς παρ’ ἐμὴν στῆλην ἐρχομένους ἔθελω.

315.—ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΠΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα
Τρηχεῖαν κατ’ ἐμεῖ, ψαφαρη κόνι, βάμμου ἐλίσσοσιν
πάντοθεν, ἡ σκολιής ἄγρια κῶλα βάτου,
ὡς ἐπ’ ἐμοὶ μηδ’ ὀρνις ἐν εἰαρι κούφου ἐρείδοι
ἀχνος, ἐρημάξω δ’ ἢσυχα κεκλημένος.
ἡ γὰρ ὁ μυσάμαθρος, ὁ μηδ’ ἀστοίσι φιλήθεις
Τίμων οὖδ’ Ἀίδη γνῆσιός εἰμι νέκυς.

316.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ Ἡ ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ὁμοίως
Τὴν ἐπ’ ἐμεῦ στῆλην παραμεῖβεο, μήτε με χαίρειν
εἰπὼν, μηθ’ ὅστις, μὴ τίνος ἐξετάσας·
ἡ μὴ τὴν ἀνύεις τελέσαις ὁδὸν· ἢν δὲ παρέλθης
συγή, μηδ’ οὖτος ἢν ἀνύεις τελέσαις.

317.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα

α. Τίμων (οὐ γὰρ ἔτ’ ἐςεῖ), τί τοι, σκότος ἡ φάος,
ἐχθρόν;

β. Τὸ σκότος· ύμεῶν γὰρ πλείονες εἰν Ἀἴδη.
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BOOK VII. 314-317

(314—320 are on the Same)

314.—PTOLEMAEUS

Learn not whence I am nor my name; know only that I wish those who pass my monument to die.

315.—ZENODOTUS or RHIANUS

Dry earth, grow a prickly thorn to twine all round me, or the wild branches of a twisting bramble, that not even a bird in spring may rest its light foot on me, but that I may repose in peace and solitude. For I, the misanthrope, Timon, who was not even beloved by my countrymen, am no genuine dead man even in Hades.¹

316.—LEONIDAS or ANTIPATER

Pass by my monument, neither greeting me, nor asking who I am and whose son. Otherwise mayst thou never reach the end of the journey thou art on, and if thou passest by in silence, not even then mayst thou reach the journey's end.

317.—CALLIMACHUS

"Timon—for thou art no more—which is most hateful to thee, darkness or light?" "Darkness; there are more of you in Hades."

¹ I cannot be regarded as a real citizen of Hades, being the enemy of my fellow ghosts.
318.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα
Μὴ χαίρειν εἰπης με, κακὸν κέαρ, ἅλλα πάρελθε Ισον ἐμοὶ χαίρειν ἐστὶ τὸ μή σὲ πελάν.

319.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ
Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα
Καὶ νέκυς ὁν Τίμων ἄγριος· σὺ δὲ γ', ὁ πυλαωρὲ Πλούτωνος, τάρβει, Κέρβερε, μή σε δάκη.

320.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΩΤ
Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα μυσέλληνα
Ὁξεῖα πάντη περὶ τὸν τάφον εἰςὶν ἀκανθαί καὶ σκόλοπες· βλάψεις τοὺς πόδας, ἥν προσίης; Τίμων μυσάνθρωπος ἐνοικέω· ἅλλα πάρελθε, οἰμώξειν εἰπᾶς πολλά, πάρελθε μόνον.

321.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Γαῖα φίλη, τὸν πρέσβυν Ἀμύντιχον ἐνθεο κόλποις, πολλῶν μυσαμένη τῶν ἐπὶ σοὶ καμάτων. καὶ γὰρ ἀειπτέταλον σοὶ ἐνεστήριξεν ἐλαίην πολλάκι, καὶ Βρομίων κλήμασιν ἤγαλίσειν, καὶ Δηνίς ἔπλησε, καὶ ὕδατος αὐλακας ἐλκων θῆκε μὲν εὐλάχανον, θῆκε δ' ὅπωροφόρον. ἀνθ' ὁν σὺ πρηνία κατὰ κροτάφου πολυοῖο κείσο, καὶ εἰαρινὰς ἀνθοκόμει βοτάνας.

322.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Κυνοτού Ἰδομενῆς ὃντα τάφον· αὐτὸρ ἔγω τοι πλησίον ἴδρυμαι Μηριώνης ὁ Μόλου.
BOOK VII. 318-322

318.—By the Same (?)

Wish me not well, thou evil-hearted, but pass on. It is the same as if it were well with me if I get rid of thy company.

319.—Anonymous

Timon is savage even now he is dead. Cerberus, door-keeper of Pluto, take care he doesn’t bite you.

320.—HEGESIPPUS

All around the tomb are sharp thorns and stakes; you will hurt your feet if you go near. I, Timon the misanthrope, dwell in it. But pass on—wish me all evil if you like, only pass on.

321.—Anonymous

Dear Earth, receive old Amyntichus in thy bosom, mindful of all his toil for thee. Many an evergreen olive he planted in thee and with the vines of Bacchus he decked thee; he caused thee to abound in corn, and guiding the water in channels he made thee rich in pot-herbs and fruit. Therefore lie gently on his grey temples and clothe thee with many flowers in spring.

322.—Anonymous

Look on the tomb of Cnossian Idomeneus, and I, Meriones the son of Molos, have mine hard by.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

323.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς δύ αδελφεῖς ἔπέχει τύφος· ἐν γὰρ ἐπέσχον ἡμὰρ καὶ γενεής οἱ δύο καὶ θανάτου.

324.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

"Αδ' ἐγὼ ἄ περίβωτος ὑπὸ πλακι τῆς τέθαμμα, μοῦνο ἐν ἥδαι νὰν ἀνέρι λυσαμένα.

325.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὸν Σαρδανάπαλλον

Τόσο' ἐχὼ ὁ σο' ἐφαγον καὶ ἐπιον, καὶ μετ' ἑρώτων τέρπν' ἐδάνην· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ καὶ ὅλβια πάντα λέεισται.

326.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΤ

Ταῦτ' ἐχὼ ὁ σο' ἐμαθον καὶ ἐφρόντισα, καὶ μετὰ Μοῦσῶν.

σέμν' ἐδάνη· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ καὶ ὅλβια τύφος ἐμαρψεν.


327.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Κάσανδρον τὸν ὅραῖον ἐν Δαρίσσῃ κεῖμενον

Μὴ σύγε θυντὸς ἐδώ ως ἄθανατός τι λογίζουν

οὐδὲν γὰρ βιότον πιστὸν ἐφημερίον,

εἰ καὶ τόνδε Κάσανδρον ἔχει σορὸς ἦδε θανόντα,

ἀνθρωπον φύσεως ἄξιον ἄθανάτου.

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BOOK VII. 323-327

323.—ANONYMOUS

One tomb holds two brothers, for both were born and died on the same day.

324.—ANONYMOUS

Beneath this stone I lie, the celebrated woman who loosed my zone to one man alone.

325.—ANONYMOUS

On Sardanapallus

I have all I ate and drank and the delightful things I learnt with the Loves, but all my many and rich possessions I left behind.

326.—CRATES OF THEBES

I have all I got by study and by thought and the grave things I learnt with the Muses, but all my many and rich possessions Vanity seized on.

327.—ANONYMOUS

On Casandros the beautiful, buried at Larissa

Do not thou, being mortal, reckon on anything as if thou wert immortal, for nothing in life is certain for men, the children of a day. See how this sarco-phagus holds Casandros dead, a man worthy of an immortal nature.
328.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῆς λίθος οὖν ἐδάκρυσε, σέθεν φθιμένου, Κάσσανδρε; τίς πέτρος, ὃς τής σῆς λήστεαι ἁγιαίης; ἀλλὰ σὲ νηλεύῃς καὶ βάσκανος ὠλεσε δαίμων ἥλικινην ὥλγην εἴκοσιν ἕξ ἐτῶν, ὃς χήρην ἄλοχον θήκεν, μογεροῦσ τε τοκῆς γηραλέους, στυγερῷ πένθεὶ τειρομένους.

329.—ΑΛΛΟ

Μυρτάδα τῆν ἱεραῖς με Διωνύσου παρὰ ληνοῖς ἀφθονον ἀκρήτου σπασσαμένην κύλικα, οὐ κεύθει φθιμένην βαίνη κόνις· ἀλλὰ πίθος μοι, σύμβολον εὐφροσύνης, τερπνός ἐπεστὶ τάφος.

330.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐν τῷ Δορυλαῖῳ

Τὴν σορῶν, ἢν ἐσοφᾶς, ζῶν Μάξιμος αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ θήκεν, ὡπως ναὴ παυσάμενος βιότου· σύν τε, γυναικὶ Καληποδίῃ τεῦξεν τόδε σήμα, ὃς ἦνα τὴν στοργὴν κῆν φθιμένουσιν ἕχοι.

331.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ὄρακα ἐν Φρυγίᾳ

Τύμβου ἐμοὶ τούτου γαμέτης δωρήσατο Φρούρης, ἄξιον ἡμετέρης εὐσέβης στέφανον· λείπω δ’ ἐν θαλάμως γαμέτου χορὸν εὐκλέα παιδῶν, πιστῶν ἐμοῦ βιότου μάρτυρα σῳφροσύνης. μονονόγαμος θυήσκω, δέκα δ’ ἐν ξοοῖσιν ἐτὶ ζῶ, νυμφικὸν εὐτεκνίας καρπὸν ἀειραμένη.
328.—Anonymous

On the Same

What stone did not shed tears at thy death, Casandros, what rock shall forget thy beauty? But the merciless and envious demon slew thee aged only six and twenty, widowing thy wife and thy afflicted old parents, worn by hateful mourning.

329.—Anonymous

I am Myrtas who quaffed many a generous cup of unwatered wine beside the holy vats of Dionysus, and no light layer of earth covers me, but a wine-jar, the token of my merrymaking, rests on me, a pleasant tomb.

330.—Anonymous

In Dorylaeum

The sarcophagus that you see was set here by Maximus during his life for himself to inhabit after his death. He made this monument too for his wife Calepodia, that thus among the dead too he might have her love.

331.—Anonymous

At Oraca in Phrygia

This tomb was given me by my husband Phroures, a reward worthy of my piety. In my husband’s house I leave a fair-famed company of children, to bear faithful testimony to my virtue. I die the wife of one husband, and still live in ten living beings, having enjoyed the fruit of prolific wedlock.
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332.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἀκμονίαν

Αἰνόμορον Βάκχῃ με κατέκτανε θηροτρόφον πρὶν, οὐ κρίσει ἐν στάδιοις, γυμνασίαις δὲ κλυταῖς.

333.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἀδριανοῦ ἐν Φρυγίᾳ

Μηδὲ καταχθονίως μετὰ δαίμονιν ἄμμορος εἶχς ἡμετέρων δόρων, ὥστε ἐπέοικε τυχεῖν, ἀμμία, οὖνεκα Νικόμαχος θυγάτηρ τῇ Διώνῃ τύμβῳ καὶ στήλῃ σὺν ἔθεμεσθα χάριν.

334.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εὐρέθη ἐν Κυζίκῳ

Νηλεῖς ὃ δαίμον, τί δὲ μοι καὶ φένγγος ἔδειξας εἰς ὁλίγων ἑτέων μέτρα μινυθάδια; ἡ ἦναι λυπήσης δι' ἐμῆν βιότοιο τελευτήν μητέρα δειλαῖν δάκρυσι καὶ στοναχαίς, ἡ μ' ἐτεχ', ἡ μ' ἀτίπηλε, καὶ ἡ πολὺ μείζονα πατρὸς φροντίδα παιδείας ἦνυσεν ἡμετέρης; δέ μὲν γὰρ τυθὸν τε καὶ ὀρφανὸν ἐν μεγάρουι καλλιπεν. ἡ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πάντας ἐτῇ καμάτους. ἡ μὲν ἐμοὶ φίλου ἤεν ἐφ' ἀγρῶν ἤγεμονῆν ἐμπρετέμεν μόθοις ἀμφὶ δικαστολίας. ἀλλὰ μοι οὐ γενύσων ὑπεδέξατο κούρμον ἅνθος ἡλικίας ἔρατής, οὐ γάμον, οὐ δαίδας.
332.—ANONYMOUS

At Acmonia

I had an unhappy end, for I was a rearer of animals and Bacche slew me, not in a race on the course, but during the training for which I was renowned.¹

333.—ANONYMOUS

At Hadriani in Phrygia

Mother, not even there with the infernal deities shouldest thou be without a share of the gifts it is meet we should give thee. Therefore have I, Niconachus, and thy daughter Dione erected this tomb and pillar for thy sake.

334.—ANONYMOUS

Found at Cysicus

Cruel fate, why didst thou show me the light for the brief measure of a few years? Was it to vex my unhappy mother with tears and lamentations owing to my death? She it was who bore me and reared me and took much more pains than my father in my education. For he left me an orphan in his house when I was but a tiny child, but she toiled all she could for my sake. My desire was to distinguish myself in speaking in the courts before our righteous magistrates, but it did not fall to her to welcome the first down on my chin, herald of lovely prime, nor my marriage torches; she never sang the solemn bridal hymn for

¹ Bacche must have been a mare which somehow killed him while being trained.
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οὐχ ᾿ημέναιον ᾰεισε περικλυτόν, οὗ τέκος εἶδε, δύσποτοιος, ἐκ γενεῆς λείψανον ἡμετέρης, τῆς πολυθρηνήτου· λυπεῖ δὲ με καὶ τεθνεώτα μητρὸς Πωλίτης πένθος ἀεξόμενον, Φρόντωνος γοεραῖς ἐπὶ φροντίσων, ἢ τέκε παῖδα ὀκύμορον, κενεδὸν χάρμα φίλης πατρίδος.

335.—ΑΛΛΟ

a. Πωλίττα, τλῆθι πένθος, εὐνασον δάκρυ. πολλαὶ βανόντας εἶδον νεῖς μητέρες.
β. Ἄλλῳ οὐ τοιούτῳ τὸν τρόπον καὶ τὸν βίον, οὐ μητέρων σέβοντας ἥδιστην θέαν.
a. Τί περισσὰ βρηνεῖς; τί δὲ μάτην ὄδυρεαι; εἰς κοινὸν Ἀδην πάντες ἥξουσι βροτοί.

336.—ΑΛΛΟ

Γῆραι καὶ πενή τετρυμένος, οὐδ’ ὀρέγοντος οὐδενὸς ἀνθρώπου δυστυχής ἔραν, τοῖς τρομεροῖς κόλουσιν ὑπήλυθον ἥρέμα τύμβον, εὐρῶν οἴκηροι τέρμα μόλις βιότον. ἡλλάχθη δ’ ἐπ’ ἔμοι νεκύων νόμος· οὐ γὰρ ἐθνησκον πρῶτον, ἐπετ’ ἐτάφην· ἀλλὰ ταφεὶς ἔθανον.

337.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μὴ με θῶς, κύδιστε, παρέρχεο τύμβον, ὀδίτα, σοῦσιν ἀκοίμητοι ποσσί, κελευθοτόρε· δερκόμενος δ’ ἔρεεινε, τίς ἡ πόθεν; Ἀρμονίαν γὰρ γνώσεαι, ἡς γενεὴ λάμπεται ἐν Μεγάροις.
me, nor looked, poor woman, upon a child of mine who would keep the memory of our lamented race alive. Yea, even in death it grieves me sore, the ever-growing sorrow of my mother Politta as she mourns and thinks of her Fronto, she who bore him short-lived, an empty delight of our dear country.

335.—Anonymous

A. "Politta, support thy grief and still thy tears; many mothers have seen their sons dead." B. "But not such as he was in character and life, not so reverencing their mother's dearest face." A. "Why mourn in vain, why this idle lamentation? All men shall come to Hades."

336.—Anonymous

Worn by age and poverty, no one stretching out his hand to relieve my misery, on my tottering legs I went slowly to my grave, scarce able to reach the end of my wretched life. In my case the law of death was reversed, for I did not die first to be then buried, but I died after my burial.

337.—Anonymous

Do not, most noble wayfarer, pass by the tomb hurrying on thy way with tireless feet, but look on it, and ask "Who art thou, and whence?" So shalt thou know Harmonia whose family is illustrious in Megara. For in her one could observe
πάντα γάρ, ὅσσα βροτοῖσι φέρει κλέος, ἦν ἰδέοθαι, 5
εὐγενεῖν ἐρατῆν, θεοῖ, σωφροσύνην.
tολής τυμβον ἀθρησον' ἐς οὐρανίας γάρ ἀταρπον
ψυχὴ παπταινει σῶμ ἀποδυσαμένη.

338.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

"Αδε τοι, 'Αρχίου εἰς Περίκλεες, ο λαῖνα 'γω
ἐστακα στάλα, μινάμα κυναγεσίας;
πάντα δε τοι περὶ σάμα τετεῦχατι, ἱπποι, ἀκόντες,
αὶ κίνες, αἱ στάλκες, δίκτυ ὑπὲρ σταλίκων,
αἰαὶ, λαΐνα πάντα· περιτροχάουσι δὲ θήρες:
αὐτὸς δ' εἰκοσέτας νῆγρετον ὑπνον ἕχεις.

339.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐδὲν ἀμαρτήσας γενόμην παρὰ τῶν με τεκόντων
γεννηθεὶς δ' ὁ τάλας ἔρχομαι εἰς 'Αἰδην.
ὁ μιξὶς γονέων θανατηφόρος· ὁ μοι ἀνάγκης,
ἡ με προσπελάσει τῷ στυγγερῷ θανάτῳ.
οὐδὲν ἐὼς γενόμην· πάλαι ἔσσομαι, ὡς πάρος,
οὐδὲν·
οὐδὲν καὶ μηδὲν τῶν μερόπων τὸ γένος·
λοιπὸν μοι τὸ κύπελλον ἀποστιλβόσων, ἐταῖρε,
καὶ λύπης ἀδύνην τὸν Βρόμομ πάρεχε.

340.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εὐρέθη ἐν Θεσσαλονίκη

Νικόπολιν Μαράθωνας ἑθήκατο τῇδ' ἐνὶ πέτρῃ,
ὁμβρήσας δακρύους λάρνακα μαρμαρένην.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν πλέον ἔσχε· τί γαρ πλέον ἀνέρι.κήδενς
μοῦνω ὑπὲρ γαῖης, οἰχομένης ἀλόχου;
Α. Esdaile, Lux Juventutis, p. 79.

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all things which bring fame to men, a loveable nobility, a gentle character and virtue. Such was she whose tomb you look on; her soul putting off the body strives to gain the paths of heaven.

338.—Anonymous

Here stand I, O Pericles, son of Archias, the stone stele, a record of thy chase. All are carved about thy monument; thy horses, darts, dogs, stakes and the nets on them. Alas! they are all of stone; the wild creatures run about free, but thou aged only twenty sleepeest the sleep from which there is no awakening.

339.—Anonymous

(Not Sepulchral)

It was not for any sin of mine that I was born of my parents. I was born, poor wretch, and I journey towards Hades. Oh death-dealing union of my parents! Oh for the necessity which will lead me to dismal death! From nothing I was born, and again I shall be nothing as at first. Nothing, nothing is the race of mortals. Therefore make the cup bright, my friend, and give me wine the consoler of sorrow.

340.—Anonymous

Found in Thessalonica

Marathonis laid Nicopolis in this sarcophagus, bedewing the marble chest with tears. But it profited him naught. What is left but sorrow for a man alone in the world, his wife gone?
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341.—ΠΡΟΚΛΟΤ

Πρόκλος ἐγὼ Δύκιος γενόμην γένος, διν Συριανὸς ἐνθάδ' ἀμοιβὰν ἔης θρέψει διδασκαλίας.
ξυνὸς δ' ἀμφοτέρων δόθε σώματα δέξατο τύμβος,
αἰθὲ δὲ καὶ ψυχὰς χῶρος ἔεις λελάχοι.

342.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κάθανον, ἀλλὰ μένω σε' μενεῖς δὲ τε καὶ σὺ τῶν ἄλλων.
πάντας ὁμῶς θυντοὺς εἰς 'Αἴδης δέχεται.
W. H. D. Rouse, An Echo of Greek Song, p. 41.

343.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πατέριον λαγύμνυθον, ἐπήρατον, ἐλλαχε τύμβος,
Μιλτιάδου φίλον νῦν καὶ 'Ἀττικὴς βαρυτλήτων,
Κεκροπίης βλάστημα, κλυτὸν γένος Αιακίδαων,
ἐμπλέον Αὐσονίων θεσμῶν σοφίς τ' ἀναπάσης,
τῶν πισύρων ἁρετῶν ἀμαρύγματα πάντα φέροντα: 5
ὁθεον χαρίεντα, τὸν ἤρπασε μόρσιμος αἰσθα, 
οὐ τε ἀγλαόμορφον ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἔρνος ἄντης,
εἰκοσαικτέρατον βιότον λυκάβαντα περῶντα:
λεύψει φίλοις δὲ τοκεύσι γόνω καὶ πένθος ἀλαστον.

344A.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Θηρῶν μὲν κάρτιστος ἐγώ, θνατῶν δ' διν ἐγὼ νῦν
φρουρῶ, τῷ δὲ τάφῳ λαίνω ἐμβεβαιῶς.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 6.

344B.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

'Αλλ' εἰ μὴ θυμόν γε Δέων ἐμὸν οὖνομά τ' εἰχεν,
οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ τύμβῳ τῷ' ἐπέθηκα πόδας.
BOOK VII. 341-344B

341.—PROCLUS

I am Proclus of Lycia, whom Syrianus educated here to be his successor in the school. This our common tomb received the bodies of both, and would that one place might receive our spirits too.

342.—ANONYMOUS

I am dead, but await thee, and thou too shalt await another. One Hades receives all mortals alike.

343.—ANONYMOUS

The tomb possesses Paterius, sweet-spoken and loveable, the dear son of Miltiades and sorrowing Atticia, a child of Athens of the noble race of the Aeacidae, full of knowledge of Roman law and of all wisdom, endowed with the brilliance of all the four virtues, a young man of charm, whom Fate carried off, even as the whirlwind uproots a beautiful sapling. He was in his twenty-fourth year and left to his dear parents undying lament and mourning.

344A.—SIMONIDES

I am the most valiant of beasts, and most valiant of men is he whom I guard standing on this stone tomb.¹

344B.—CALLIMACHUS

Never, unless Leo had had my courage and strength would I have set foot on this tomb.²

¹ Probably on the tomb of Leonidas, on which stood a lion, alluding to his name.
² On the tomb of one Leo, on which stood a lion. 185
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345.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Εγώ Φιλανις ἡ πῖβωτος ἀνθρώπως ἐνταῦθα γήρα τῷ μακρῷ κεκοίμημαι. μή μ', ὦ μάταιε ναῦτα, τὴν ἀκραν κάμπτων, χλεύην τε ποιεῖ καὶ γέλωτα καὶ λάσθην. οὐ γὰρ, μᾶ τῶν Ζην' οὔδε τοὺς κάτω Κούρους, οὐκ ἦν ἐς ἀνδρας μάχλος οὔδε δημόδης. Πολυκράτης δὲ τὴν γονὴν 'Αθηναίως, λόγων τι παιπάλημα καὶ κακὴ γλώσσα, ἐγραφεν οὖ' ἐγραψ', ἐγώ γὰρ οὐκ οἶδα.

346.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τούτῳ τοι ήμετέρης μνημήιον, ἐσθλὲ Σαβίνε, ἡ λίθος ἡ μυκρή, τῆς μεγάλης φιλής. αἰεὶ ξητήσω σε' σὺ δ', εἰ θέμοι, ἐν φθιμένοισι τοῦ Δήθης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὴ τι πέρις θύατος.

Goldwin Smith, in The Greek Anthology (Bohn), xliv.

347.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οὗτος Ἀδεμάντων κείνου τάφος, οὐ διὰ βουλὰς Ἐλλάς ελευθερίης ἀμφέθετο στέφανον.

A. Endáile, Lux Juventutis, p. 80.

348.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Πολλὰ πιῶν καὶ πολλὰ φαγὼν, καὶ πολλὰ κάκ' εἰπὼν ἀνθρώπους, κείμαι Τιμοκρέαν 'Ρόδιος.

W. Peter, in his Specimens, p. 53; W. H. D. Rouse, An Echo of Greek Song, p. 72.

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BOOK VII. 345–348

345.—Anonymous

I Philaenis, celebrated among men, have been laid to rest here, by extreme old age. Thou silly sailor, as thou roundest the cape, make no sport and mockery of me; insult me not. For by Zeus I swear and the Infernal Lords I was not lascivious with men or a public woman; but Polycrates the Athenian, a cozener in speech and an evil tongue, wrote whatever he wrote; for I know not what it was.¹

346.—Anonymous

In Corinth

This little stone, good Sabinus, is a memorial of our great friendship. I shall ever miss thee; and if so it may be, when with the dead thou drinkest of Lethe, drink not thou forgetfulness of me.

347.—Anonymous

This is the tomb of that Adeimantus through whose counsel Greece put on the crown of freedom.²

348.—Simonides

Here I lie, Timocreon of Rhodes, after drinking much and eating much and speaking much ill of men.

¹ A certain obscene book was attributed to Philaenis.
² The Corinthian admiral at the battle of Salamis.
349.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Βαία φαγών καὶ βαία πιών καὶ πολλὰ νυσθῆσας,
ὄψε μὲν, ἄλλα ἔθανον. ἔρρετε πάντες ὁμοὶ.

350.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ναυτίλε, μὴ πεῦθου τίνος ἐνθάδε τύμβος ὃδ' εἰμι,
ἄλλ' αὐτὸς πόντου τύγχανε χρηστοτέρον.

351.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Οὐ μὰ τὸ δε φθιμένων σέβας ὅρκιων, αἰ̑δὲ Λυκάμβεω,
αἰ̑ λάχομεν στυγερὴν κληδόνα, θυγατέρεσ,
οὔτε τι παρθενίην ἀσχύναμεν, οὔτε τοκησ,
οὔτε Πάρου νήσων αἰπυτάτην ἱερῶν.
ἄλλα καθ' ἡμετέρης γενεῆς ῥυγιλ反腐 ὀνειδὸς
φήμην τε στυγερὴν ἔβλυσεν Ἀρχιλοχος.
"Ἀρχιλοχοι, μὰ θεοῦς καὶ δαίμονας, οὐτ' ἐν ἀγνιαίς
εἴδομεν, οὐθ' " Ἡρης ἐν μεγάλῳ τεμένει,
eὶ δ' ἤμεν μάχλοι καὶ ἀτάσθαλοι, οὐκ ἂν ἐκεῖνος
ἥθελεν ἐξ ἡμέων γνήσια τέκνα τεκεῖν.

352.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΙΓΡΟΤ

Δεξιερῆν Ἀἰδαοθεοῦ χέρα καὶ τὰ κελανὰ
δύμναμεν ἀρρήτοι δέμων Περσεβόνης,
παρθένοι ὡς ἐτυμοῦν καὶ ὑπὸ χθονὶ πολλὰ δ' ὁ
πικρὸς
αἰσχρὰ καθ' ἡμετέρης ἔβλυσε παρθενίης

1 i.e. this our tomb.
2 Archilochus had accused them of disgraceful conduct in these public places.
349.—Anonymous

After eating little and drinking little and suffering much sickness I lasted long, but at length I did die. A curse on you all!

350.—Anonymous

Ask not, sea-farer, whose tomb I am, but thyself chance upon a kinder sea.

351.—Dioscorides

Not, by this, the solemn oath of the dead, did we daughters of Lycamnes, who have gotten such an evil name, ever disgrace our maidenhead or our parents or Paros, queen of the holy islands; but Archilochos poured on our family a flood of horrible reproach and evil report. By the gods and demons we swear that we never set eyes on Archilochos, either in the streets or in Hera's great precinct. If we had been wanton and wicked, he would never have wished lawful children born to him by us.

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Anonymous, by some attributed to Meleager

We swear by the right hand of Hades and the dark couch of Persephone whom none may name, that we are truly virgins even here under ground; but bitter Archilochos poured floods of abuse on

3 Archilochos is only said to have married one of them.
4 i.e. whose mystic name it was not allowed to utter.
'Αρχίλοχος: ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἔπι καλὰ ἄργα, γυναικεῖον δ’ ἐτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον.
Πιερίδες, τι κόρησιν ἐφ’ ὑβριστήρας ἱάμβους ἐτράπετ᾽, οὗχ ὅσιο φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι;

353.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΩΤ

Τῆς πολείς τόδε σήμα Μαρωνίδος, ἦς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἀλυπτήν ἐκ πέτρης αὐτὸς ὀρθὸς κύλικα.
ἡ δὲ φιλάκρητος καὶ εἰδαλὸς οὐκ ἐπὶ τέκνους μύρεται, οὗ τεκέων ἀκτεάω φατέρ᾽
ἐν δὲ τόδ’ αἰάζει καὶ ὑπ’ ἤριον, ὅτε τὸ Βάκχου ἄρμενον οὗ βάκχου πλήρες ἔπεστι τάφῳ.

354.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

Πάιδων Μηδείης υἱὸς τάφος, οὗς ὁ πυρίπνους ξάλος τῶν Γλαύκης θῦμ᾽ ἐποίησε νῦμων,
οἷς αἰεὶ πέμπει μειλίγματα Σισυφῖς αἰα, μητρὸς ἀμείλικτον θυμὸν Ἰλασκομένα.

355.—ΔΑΜΑΡΗΤΟΤ

Τῆν Ἰλαρᾶν φωνήν καὶ τίμιον, ὁ παριόντες,
τῷ χρηστῷ "χαίρειν" εἶπατε Πραξίτέλευ:
ἡν ὁ ὀνήρ Μουσέων ἰκανῆ μερίς, ὑδὲ παρ᾽ οὕνως κρήγυνος. ὁ χαίρως Ἀνδρεὶς Πραξίτελες.

356.—ΑΔΗΔΩΝ

Εἰς τινὰ ὑπὸ λῃστῶν ἀναμφιέντα καὶ ὑπ’ αὐτὸν πάλιν
θαπτόμενον
Ζωῆν συλήσας, δωρῆ τάφον ἀλλὰ μὲ κρύπτεις,
οὗ θάπτεις. τοιοῦ καυτὸς ὁνεῖο τάφον.
our maidenhood, directing to no noble end but to war with women the noble language of his verse. Ye Muses, why to do favour to an impious man, did ye turn upon girls those scandalous iambics?

353.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This is the monument of grey-haired Maronis, on whose tomb you see a wine cup carved in stone. She the wine-bibber and chatterer, is not sorry for her children or her children’s destitute father, but one thing she laments even in her grave, that the device of the wine-god on the tomb is not full of wine.

354.—GAETULICUS

This is the tomb of Medea’s children, whom her burning jealousy made the victims of Glauce’s wed- ding. To them the Corinthian land ever sends peace-offerings, propitiating their mother’s implacable soul.

355.—DAMAGETUS

But good Praxiteles “hail,” ye passers-by, that cheering and honouring word. He was well gifted by the Muses and a jolly after-dinner companion. Hail, Praxiteles of Andros!

356.—ANONYMOUS

On one who was killed by a robber and then buried by him

You robbed me of my life, and then you give me a tomb. But you hide me, you don’t bury me. May you have the benefit of such a tomb yourself!

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357.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Κἂν με κατακρύπτης, ὡς οὐδενὸς ἀνδρὸς ὀρῶντος,
ὅμα Δίκης καθορᾶ πάντα τὰ γινόμενα.

358.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
"Εκτανε, εἰτά μ’ ἔθαπτες, ἀτάσθαλε, χερσίν ἐκείνας,
αἰς μὲ διεχρῆσιν, μή σε λάθοι Νέμεσις.

359.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Εἰ με νέκυιν κατέθαπτες ἴδων οἰκτίρμοιν θυμῷ,
εἶχες ἃν ἐκ μακάρων μισθὸν ἐπ’ ἐυσεβίᾳ,
νῦν δ’ ὦτε δὴ τύμβῳ με κατακρύπτεις ὁ φονεύσας,
τῶν αὐτῶν μετέχοις δωπερ ἐμοὶ παρέχεις.

360.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Χερσὶ κατακτείνας τάφον ἐκτίσας, οὐχ ἤνα θάψῃς,
ἀλλ’ ἤνα με κρύψῃς: ταυτὸ δὲ καὶ σὺ πάθοις.

361.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τῇ πατήρ τόδε σῆμα: τὸ δ’ ἐμπαλών ἢν τὸ δίκαιον,
ήν δὲ δίκαιοσύνης ὁ φθόνος ὃς υπότερος.

362.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
'Ενθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν σορὸς ἦδε κεκευθεν
'Αετίου χρηστοῦ, ῥήτορος ἐκπρεπεός.
BOOK VII. 357–362

(357–360 are anonymous variants on the same theme)

357

Though you hide me as if no one saw you, the eye of Justice sees all that happens.

358

Wretch! you killed and then buried me with those hands that slew me. May you not escape Nemesis.

359

If you had found me dead and buried me out of pity, the gods would have rewarded you for your piety. But now that you who slew me hide me in a tomb, may you meet with the same treatment that I met with at your hands.

360

Having killed me with your hands you build me a tomb, not to bury me, but to hide me. May you meet with the same fate!

361.—Anonymous

The father erects this tomb to his son. The reverse had been just, but Envy was quicker than Justice.

362.—Philippus of Thessalonica

Here the sarcophagus holds the holy head of good Aetius, the distinguished orator. To the house of
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绿城 ἤθεν δ' εἰς 'Αίδαο δέμας, ψυχῇ δ' ἐν 'Ολύμπῳ
tέρπεθ' ἀμα Ζηνὶ καὶ ἄλλοισιν μακάρεσσι

363.—ΑΔΕΣΙΩΤΟΝ

†Τετμενάνης ὅδε τύμβος ἐὐγλύπτοιο μεταλλον
ήρως μεγάλον νέκυνος κατὰ σῶμα καλύπτει
Ζηνοδότουν ψυχῇ δὲ κατ' οὐρανόν, ἥχι περ 'Ὀρφεὺς,
ἥχι Πλάτων, ἰερὸν θεοδέγμων θάκον ἐφεὗρεν.
Ὑπενδ' ὅν γὰρ ἐνυ βασιλῆιοι ἄλκιμος οὕτος,
κύδιμος, ἀρτιετής, θεοεἰκέλος· ἐν δ' ἄρα μῦθοις
Σωκράτεοι μίμημα παρ' Ἀισινίωισιν ἐτύχθη·
παῖσι δὲ καλλείψας πατρώιον ἄισιον ὃλβον,
ὁμογέρων τέθυκε, λυπῶν ἀπερείσιον ἄλγος
ἐυγενέσσι φίλοισι καὶ ἀστεῖ καὶ πολιήταις.

364.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ακρίδι καὶ τέττυγι Μυρὼ τόδε θήκατο σήμα,
λυτὴν ἀμφοτέρους χεριν' Βαλύσα κόνιν,
ζιμαι δικρύσσας πυρῆς ἐπί· τὸν γὰρ ἄοιδὸν
'Ἀδης, τὴν δ' ἐτέρην ἢρπασε Περσεφόνη.

365.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΤ, τοῦ καὶ ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

'Αἰδὴ δς ταύτης καλαμώδεος ὀδατι λίμνης
κωπεύεις νεκύων βάριν, ἥλων ὀδύνη,
τῷ Κινύρου τὴν χεῖρα βατηρίδος ἐμβαίνοντι
κλίμακος ἐκτείνας, δέξο, κελαινὲ Χάρων
πλάξει γὰρ τὸν παῖδα τὰ σάνδαλα· γυμνὰ δὲ θεῖαι
ἔχυια δειμαίνει ψάμμον ἐπ' ἦονην.
BOOK VII. 362-365

Hades went his body, but his soul in Olympus rejoices with Zeus and the other gods . . . . . , but neither eloquence nor God can make man immortal.

363.—ANONYMOUS

This tomb of polished metal covers the body of the great hero Zenodotus; but his soul has found in heaven, where Orpheus and Plato are, a holy seat fit to receive a god. He was a valiant knight in the Emperor’s service, famous, eloquent, god-like; in his speech he was a Latin copy of Socrates. Bequeathing to his children a handsome fortune, he died while still a vigorous old man, leaving infinite sorrow to his noble friends, city and citizens.

364.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Myro made this tomb for her grasshopper and cicada, sprinkling a little dust over them both and weeping regretfully over their pyre; for the songster was seized by Hades and the other by Persephone.

365

ZONAS OF SARDIS, ALSO CALLED DIODORUS

Dark Charon, who through the water of this reedy lake rowest the boat of the dead to Hades . . . reach out thy hand from the mounting-ladder to the son of Cinyras as he embarks, and receive him; for the boy cannot walk steadily in his sandals,¹ and he fears to set his bare feet on the sand of the beach.

¹ The meaning is that he died at an age when he had not yet begun to wear sandals, so these were his first pair.

195
366.—ΑΝΤΙΣΤΙΟΤ

'Αφόυ προχοαί σέ, Μενέστρατε, καὶ σέ, Μένανδρε,
λαίλαψ Καρπαθίη, καὶ σέ πόρος Σικέλδος
οἶλεσεν ἐν πόντῳ, Διονύσιε· φεῦ πόσον ἄλγος
'Ελλάδι· τοὺς πίνων κρέσσονας ἀθλοφόρων.

367.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Αὐσονος Ἦγερίον με λέγειν νέκιν, ὦ μετίοντι
νύμφην ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀμβλύ κατέσχε νέφος,
ὁμοιαὶ δὲ πυρὸν συναπέσεσε μοῦνον ἵδοντος
κούρην. φεῦ κεῖνης,"Ηλιε, θεομορῆς·
ἐρροι δὴ κεῖνο φθονερὸν σέλας, εἶδ' 'Τρέναιος
ἡψέ μιν οὖν ἐθέλων, εἴτ' 'Αἰδῆς ἐθέλων.

368.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

'Αθήνης ἔγω· κεῖνη γὰρ ἐμὴ πόλις· ἔκ δὲ μ' 'Αθηνῶν
λογίων Ἀργὸς Ἰταλῶν πρὸν ποτ' ἐληθεῖσατο,
καὶ θέτο ῆρμαίων πολιτεία· νῦν δὲ θανούσις
ὀστέα νησαῖχ Κύκλως ἠμφιάσε.
χάροις ἢ θρέφασα, καὶ ἢ μετεπείτε λαχωῦσα
χθῶν με, καὶ ἢ κόλποις ὅστατα δεξαμένη.

369.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ἀντιπάτρου ῥητῆρος ἐγώ τάφος· ἥλικα δ' ἔπνει
ἐργα, Πανελλήνων πεῦθεο μαρτυρίης.
κεῖται δ' ἀμφόριστος, 'Αθηνόθεν, εἴτ' ἀπὸ Νεῖλου
ἡν γένος· ἡπείρων δ' ἀξίων ἀμφοτέρων.
ἀστεα καὶ δ' ἄλλως ἐνὸς αἰματως, ὁς λόγος "Ἐλλήν.
κλήροι δ' ἢ μὲν ἂει Παλλάδος, ἢ δὲ Δίος.
366.—ANTISTIUS

To thee, Menestratus, the mouth of the Aous was fatal; to thee, Menander, the tempest of the Carpathian Sea; and thou, Dionysius, didst perish at sea in the Sicilian Strait. Alas, what grief to Hellas! the best of all her winners in the games gone.

367.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Say that I am the corpse of Italian Egerius whose eyes when he went to meet his bride were veiled by a dim cloud, which extinguished his life together with his eyesight, after he had but seen the girl. Alas, O Sun, that heaven allotted him such a fate! Cursed be that envious wedding torch, whether unwilling Hymen lit or willing Hades.

368.—ERYCIUS

I am a woman of Athens, for that is my birthplace, but the destroying sword of the Italians long ago took me captive at Athens and made me a citizen of Rome, and now that I am dead island Cyzicus covers my bones. Hail ye three lands, thou which didst nourish me, thou to which my lot took me afterwards and thou that didst finally receive me in thy bosom.

369.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I am the tomb of the orator Antipater. Ask all Greece to testify to his inspiration. He lies here, and men dispute whether his birth was from Athens or from Egypt; but he was worthy of both continents. For the matter of that, the lands are of one blood, as Greek legend says, but the one is ever allotted to Pallas and the other to Zeus.
370.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Βάκχρο καὶ Μούσησι μεμηλότα, τὸν Διοπείδους,
Κεκροπίδην ὑπ᾿ ἐμοῖ, ξείνε, Μένανδρον ἔχω,
ἐν πυρὶ τὴν ὀλύγην δὲ ἔχει κόνιν· εἶ δὲ Μένανδρον
dίζησαι, δήεις ἐν Δίος ἡ μακάρων.

371.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Γῇ μεν καὶ μὴν κυκλήσκετο· γῇ μὲ καλύπτει
καὶ νέκνυν. οὐ κείσθη σήδε χερειστερή;
ἐσσομαί ἐν ταῖνῃ δηρὸν χρόνον· ἐκ δὲ με μητρὸς
ἡπασεν ἤλιου καύμα τὸ θερμότατον.
κείμαι δὲ ἐν ξείνῃ, ὑπὸ χερμάδι, μακρὰ γοηθεῖς,
Ἅιαχός, εὐπειθῆς Κριναγόρου θεράπων.

372.—ΔΟΛΙΟΤ ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Γαία Ταραντίνων, ἔχε μείλχοις ἀνέροις ἐσθλοῦ
τόνδε νέκνυν. ψεῦσται δαίμονες ἀμερίων·
ἡ γὰρ ἐδών Θηβῆθεν Ἀτύμνως οὐκέτι πρόσω
ημυσεν, ἀλλὰ τεὶν βώλων ὑποκείσατο·
ὀρφανικῷ δὲ ἐπὶ παιδὶ λιπὼν βίον, εὕνων ἔθηκεν
ὀφθαλμῶν. κείνῳ 1 μὴ βαρύς ἐσσο τάφος.

373.—ΘΑΛΛΟΤ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΤ

Δισσά φάνη, Μίλητε, τεὶς βλαστήματα γαῖς,
᾿Ιταλις ὁκυμόρους ἀμφεκάλυψε κοῖς·
pένθεα δὲ στεφάνων ἠλλάξας· λείψανα δ’, αἰαῖ,
ἐδρακες ἐν βαλὴ κάλπιδι κευθόμενα.
φεῦ, πάτρα τριτάλαινα· πόθεν πάλιν ἡ πότε τοιοῦτος
ἀστέρας αὐχηθεῖς Ἑλλάδι λαμπρομένους;

1 Stadtmmüller suggests ξείνη, and I render so.
370.—DIODORUS

Menander of Athens, the son of Diopeithes, the friend of Bacchus and the Muses, rests beneath me, or at least the little dust he shed in the funeral fire. But if thou seest Menander himself thou shalt find him in the abode of Zeus or in the Islands of the Blest.

371.—CRINAGORAS

Earth was my mother’s name,¹ and earth too covers me now I am dead. No worse is this earth than the other: in this I shall lie for long, but from my mother the violent heat of the sun snatched me away and in a strange earth I lie under a stone, Inachus, the much bewept and the obedient servant of Crinagoras.

372.—LOLLIUS BASSUS

Earth of Tarentum, keep gently this body of a good man. How false are the guardian divinities of mortal men! Atymnius, coming from Thebes,² got no further, but settled under thy soil. He left an orphan son, whom his death deprived, as it were, of his eyes. Lie not heavy upon the stranger.

373.—THALLUS OF MILETUS

Two shining lights, Miletus, sprung from thee, doth the Italian earth cover, dead each ere his prime. Thou hast put on mourning instead of garlands, and thou seest, alas, their remains hidden in a little urn. Alack, thrice unhappy country! Whence and when shalt thou have again two such stars to boast of, shedding their light on Greece?

¹ I take this literally. The name of the slave’s mother was Ἑ (Earth).
² A place in Italy not far from Tarentum.
374.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Δύσμορος ἐκρύφθην πόντῳ νέκυς, ὃν παρὰ κύμα ἐκλαυσεν μήτηρ μυρία Λυσιδίκη, ψεύστην αὕγαζουσα κενὸν τάφον· ἀλλὰ με δαίμων ἀπνοὺν αἰθνίας θήκεν ὁμορρόθιον Πυταγόρην· ἔσχον δὲ κατ’ Αὐγαίην ἄλα πότμον, πρυμνούχους στέλλων ἐκ Βορέας κάλους· ἀλλ’ οὔδ’ ὅς ναύτην ἔλιπον δρόμουν, ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ νῆς ἄλλην πάρ φθιμένοις εἰσανέβην ἀκατον.

375.—ἈΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Δώματά μοι σευσθέντα κατήρπεν· ἀλλ’ ἐμὸς ἀπτῶς ἴν θάλαμος, τοῖχων ὄρθα τιναξαμένων, οἷς ὑποφελεύουσαν ὑπήλιθον αἱ κακομοιριώδεις· σεισμῷ δ’ ἄλλον ἐμίξα φόβων. μαία δὲ μοι λοχίων αὐτῇ φύσις· ἁμφότεροι δὲ κοινὸν ὑπὲρ γαϊῆς εἴδομεν ἰέλιον.

376.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Δείκνυς, τί κεναίσιν ἀλώμεθα θαρσήσαντες ἐλπίσαιν, ἀτηροῦ ληθόμενοι θανάτου; ἢν δὲ καὶ μύθοις καὶ ἤθεσι πάντα Σέλευκος ἀρτιος, ἀλλ’ ἢβης βαιῶν ἐπαυρόμενος, ὑποτιθοῦν ἐν Ἴβηρισι, τόσον δίχα τηλάθει Δέσβου, κεῖται ἀμετρήτων ζείνοις ἐπὶ αὐγιαλῶν.

377.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ ὑπὸ χθονὶ κεῖται, ὃμως ἐτὶ καὶ κατὰ πίσσαν τοῦ μιαρογλώσσου χέυατε Παρθενίου,
BOOK VII. 374–377

374.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

My ill-fated body was covered by the sea, and beside the waves my mother, Lysidice, wept for me much, gazing at my false and empty tomb, while my evil genius sent my lifeless corpse to be tossed with the sea-gulls on the deep. My name was Pnytagoras and I met my fate on the Aegean, when taking in the stern cables because of the north-wind. Yet not even so did I end my voyage, but from my ship I embarked on another boat among the dead.¹

375.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

(Not Sepulchral)

My house collapsed with the earthquake; yet my chamber remained erect, as its walls stood the shock. There while I lay, as if hiding in a cave, the unhappy labour-pains overtook me, and another dread was mingled with that of the earthquake. Nature herself was the midwife, and the child and I both together saw the sun above the earth.

376.—CRINAGORAS

Unhappy men! why do we wander confiding in empty hopes, oblivious of painful death? Here was this Seleucus so perfect in speech and character; but after enjoying his prime but for a season, in Spain, at the end of the world, so far from Lesbos, he lies a stranger on that uncharted coast.

377.—ERYCIUS

Even though he lies under earth, still pour pitch on foul-mouthed Parthenius, because he vomited on the

¹ i.e. Charon's.
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οὖνεκα Πιερίδεσσιν ἐνήμεσε μυρία κείνα
φλέγματα καὶ μυσαρῶν ἀπλυσίν ἐλέγων.
ηλασε καὶ μανίς ἐπὶ δὴ τόσον, ὡστ' ἀγορεύσαι
πηλὸν Ὀδυσσείην καὶ βάτων Ἰλιάδα.
τοιγὰρ ὑπὸ ξοφίαισιν Ἐρινύσιν ἀμμέσων ἦπται
Κωκυτοῦ κλοιῷ λαιμῶν ἀπαγχόμενος.

378.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

"Εφθανεν Ἡλιόδωρος, ἐφέσπετο δ', οὐδ' ὅσον ὁρῆ
ὑστερον, ἀνδρὶ φίλῳ Διογένεια δήμαρ.
ἀμφοτ' δ', ὡς ἀμ' ἔναιον, ὑπὸ πλακὶ τυμβεύονται,
ξύνον ἀγαλλόμενοι καὶ τάφον ὡς θάλαμον.
A. Esdaile, Lux Juventutis, p. 81.

379.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΔΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

α. Εἰπέ, Δικαιάρχεια, τί σοι τόσον εῖς ἄλα χῶμα
βέβληται, μέσου γενόμενον πελάγους;
Κυκλώτων τάδε χεὶρες ἐνδρύσαντο θαλάσση
τείχεα· μέχρι τόσου, Γαία, βιαζόμεθα;
β. Κόσμου νητήν δέχομαι στόλων εἴσιδε Ἡράκλην
ἔγγυθεν, εἰ ταύτης μέτρου ἕχω λιμένα.

380.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ τὸ σήμα λυγίδνης ἀπὸ πλακὸς
καὶ ξενοῦν ὀρθῇ λαστέκτους στάθμην,
οὐκ ἀνδρὸς ἔσθλον. μὴ λίθῳ τεκμαίρεσθο,
Muses those floods of bile, and the filth of his repulsive elegies. So far gone was he in madness that he called the Odyssey mud and the Iliad a bramble. Therefore he is bound by the dark Furies in the middle of Coeptus, with a dog-collar that chokes him round his neck.¹

378.—APOLLONIDES

Heliadorus went first, and in even less than an hour his wife, Diogenia, followed her dear husband. Both, even as they dwelt together, are interred under one stone, happy to share one tomb, as erst to share one chamber

379.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM
(Not Sepulchral)

A. "Tell me, Dicaearchia,² why thou hast built thee so vast a mole in the sea, reaching out to the middle of the deep? They were Cyclopes' hands that planted such walls in the sea. How long, O Land, shalt thou do violence to us?" B. "I can receive the navies of the world. Look at Rome hard by; is not my harbour as great as she?"

380.—CRINAGORAS

Though the monument be of Parian marble, and polished by the mason's straight rule, it is not a good man's. Do not, good sir, estimate the dead by the

¹ This Parthenius, who lived in the time of Hadrian, was known as the "scourge of Homer."
² Puteoli. The sea is supposed to be addressing the town.
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δ λῶστε, τὸν θανόντα. κωφῶν ἡ λίθος, τῇ καὶ ξοφώδης ἀμφιέννυται νέκυς.
κεῖται δὲ τῇδε τῶλυγηπελῆς ράκος
Εὐνικίδαιο, σῆμεται δ' ὑπὸ σποδῆ.

381.—ΕΤΡΟΤΣΚΟΤ ΛΠΟ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΗΣ

'Η μία καὶ βιότοιο καὶ 'Αἴδος ἦγαγεν εἰσο ναύς Ἱεροκλείδην, κοινὰ λαχοὺσα τέλη.
ἐτρέφεν ἰχθυβολεύντα, κατέφλεγε τεθνεώτα,
σύμπλος εἰς ἄγρην, σύμπλος εἰς 'Αἴδην.
ὁλβιος ὁ γριπεύεις ἰδίῃ καὶ πόντου ἐπέπλευ
νη, καὶ εἴ ἰδίῃς ἐδραμεν εἰς 'Αἴδην.

382.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

'Ηπειρῷ μ' ἀποδούσα νέκυν, τρηχεία θάλασσα,
σύρεις καὶ τέφρης λοιπὸν έτι σκύβαλον.
κὴν 'Αἴδη ναυηγὸς ἐγὼ μόνος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ χέρσου
εἰρήμην ἐξω φρικαλέξης σπιλάδος.
ἡ τύμβευε κενοῦσα καθ' ὕδατος, ἡ παραδούσα
γαή, τὸν κείνης μηκέτι κλέπτε νέκυν.

383.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ηνῴου τόδε σῶμα βροτοῦ παντλήμονος ἄθρει
σπαρτῶν, ἀλλαγεῶν ἐκχύμενον σκοτέλων.
τῇ μὲν ἐρημοκόμης κεῖται καὶ χήρος ἀδόντων
κόρσῃ. τῇ δὲ χερῶν πενταφυεῖς δύνασα,
πλευρά τε σαρκολιπῆ, ταρσὸι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀμοιροι
νευρῶν, καὶ κώλων ἐκλυτος ἁρμονίη.
οὕτως ὁ πουλυμερῆς εἰς ἡν ποτε. φεῦ μακαριστοῖ,
δοσιν ἀπ' ἀρδύων οὐκ ἵδον ἥλιν.
stone. The stone is senseless and can cover a foul black corpse as well as any other. Here lies that weak rag the body of Eunicides and rots under the ashes.

381.—ETRUSCUS OF MESSENE

The same boat, a double task exacted of it, carried Hieroclides to his living and into Hades. It fed him by his fishing, and it burnt him dead, travelling with him to the chase and travelling with him to Hades. Indeed the fisherman was very well off, as he sailed the seas in his own ship and raced to Hades by means of his own ship.

382.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Thou gavest me up dead to the land, cruel sea, and now thou carriest off the little remnant of my ashes. I alone am shipwrecked even in Hades, and not even on land shall I cease to be dashed on the dreadful rocks. Either bury me, hiding (?) me in thy waters, or if thou givest me up to the land, steal not a corpse that now belongs to the land.

383.—BY THE SAME

Look on this corpse of a most unhappy man scattered on the beach shredded by the sea-dashed rocks. Here lies the hairless and toothless head and here the five fingers of a hand, here the fleshless ribs, the feet without their sinews and the disjointed legs. This man of many parts once was one. Blest indeed are those who were never born to see the sun!
384.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

'Η Βρόμιον στέρξασα πολὺ πλέον ἡ τροφὸς Ἰνώ, ἡ λαίλος ἀμπελίνη γρηγὺς 'Αριστομάχῃ, ἤνικα τὴν ἱερὴν ὑπέδυ χθώνα, πᾶν τ' ἐμαράνθη πνεύμα πάρος κυλίκων πλεῖστον ἐπαυρομένη, εἶπε ταῦτα· "'Ω Μινώ, πήλαι, φέρε, κάλπων ἐλαφρὴν 5 οἶνῳ κυάνεον τοὺς 'Αχέρους ὕδωρ· καύτη παρθένου γὰρ ἀπώλεσα." τούτο δ' ἔλεξε φευδές, ἵν' αὐγαξῆ κην' φθημένοις πίθουν.

385.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

"Ηρως Πρωτεσίλαα, σὺ γὰρ πρώτην ἐμυνηγας "Ιλιον Ἑλλαδικοῦ θυμὸν ἰδεῖν δόρατος, καὶ περὶ σοῖς τύμβοις ὡςα δενδρεα μακρὰ τέθηλε, πάντα τὸν εἰς Τροίην ἐγκεκύκη θὸλον· "Ιλιον ἢν ἐσίδη γὰρ ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων κορυφαίων, καρφοῦται, πετάλων κόσμον ἀνανομενα. θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τροίη πόσον ἔξεσας, ἤνικα τὴν σῆν σώζει καὶ στελέχη μὴν ἐπ' ἀντιπάλους.

386.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΔΟΛΛΙΟΤ

"Ἡδ' ἐγὼ ἡ τοσάκις Νιόβη λίθος, ὁσᾶκι μήτηρ· δύσμορος ἡ μαστῶν [θερμὸν] ἐπηξα γάλα· 'Αδεω πολὺς ὄλβος ἐμῆς ὄδινος ἀριθμός, ὁ τέκον. ὧ μεγάλης λεύψαν πυρκαίης.

387.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Θειονόης ἐκλαιον ἐμῆς μόρον, ἀλλ' ἑπὶ παιδὸς ἐλπίς ιουφτέρας ἐστενον εἰς ὀδύνας.

1 i.e. condemn me. cp. Virg. Aen. vi. 492.
BOOK VII. 384-387

384.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Old Aristomache the talkative friend of the vine, who loved Bacchus much more than did his nurse Ino, when she went under holy earth, and the spirit of her who had enjoyed so many a cup had utterly faded, said "Shake, Minos, the light urn.¹ I will fetch the dark water from Acheron; for I too slew a young husband."² This falsehood she told in order that even among the dead she should be able to look at a jar.

385.—PHILIPPUS

Hiero Protesilaus, for that thou didst first initiate Ilion into looking on the wrath of Grecian spears, the tall trees also that grow round thy tomb are all big with hatred of Troy. If from their topmost branches they see Ilion, they wither and cast off the beauty of their foliage. How great was thy boiling wrath against Troy, if tree-trunks preserve the spite thou didst bear thy foes.³

386.—BASSUS LOLLIUS

Here am I, Niobe, as many times a stone (sic) as I was a mother; so unhappy was I that the milk in my breast grew hard. Great wealth for Hades was the number of my children—to Hades for whom I brought them forth. Oh relics of that great pyre ¹

387.—BIANOR

I wept the death of my Theonoe, but the hopes I had of our child lightened my grief. But now

¹ i.e. like the daughters of Danaus, who were compelled to carry water in hell. ² cp. No. 141.
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νῦν δὲ με καὶ παιδὸς φθονερὴ γ' ἀπενόσφισε Μοιρα
φευ· βρέφος ἐψευσθήν καὶ σε τὸ λειπόμενον.
Περσεφόην, τόδε πατρὸς ἐπὶ θρήνουσιν ἁκουσοῦν
θῆς βρέφος ἐς κόλπους μητρὸς ἀποχομένης.

388.—TOY AYTOUT

'Ιχθύσι καὶ ποταμῷ Κλειτώνυμον ἔχρος ὅμλος
ἀσεν, ὅτ' εἶς ἄκρην ἤλθε τυραννοφόνος.
ἀλλὰ Δίκα μιν ἔθαψεν· ἀποσπασθείσα γὰρ ὅχθα
πᾶν δέμας ἐς κορυφὴν ἐκ ποδὸς ἐκτέρισεν·
κεῖται δ' υπὸ ύδατεσσι διάβροχος· αἰδομένα δὲ
Γ' α κεύθει τὸν ἐὰς ὅρμον ἐλευθερίας.

389.—AΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Καὶ τὰς δς οὐκ ἔτηλῃ κακὸν ἐσχάτων νεὰ κλαύσας;
ἀλλ' ὁ Ποσειδίππου πάντας ἔθαψε δόμος
τέσσαρας, οὐς ἊΔεαν συνηρίθμον ἤρπασεν ἡμαρ,
τὴν πολλὴν παιδῶν ἐπίδια κειραμένου.
πατρὸς δ' ὅμματα λυγρὰ κατομβηθέντα γόοισιν
ώλετο· κοινῇ που νῦξ μία πάντας ἔχει.

390.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Κυλλήνην ὄρος Ἀρκάδων ἀκούεις·
αὕτη σῆμ' ἐπίκειτ 'Ἀπολλοδώρῳ.
Πάσηθεν μιν ἱόντα νυκτὸς ὅρη
ἐκτευνεν Διόθεν πεσὼν κεραυνός.
τηλοῦ δ' Αἰλανής τε καὶ Βεροῖς
νυκηθεῖς Δίος ὁ δρομεῖς καθεύδει.
envious fate has bereft me of the boy too. Alas my child, all that was left to me, I am cheated of thee! Persephone, give ear to the prayer of a mourning father, and lay the child in the bosom of its dead mother.

388.—By the Same

The hostile crowd threw Clitonymus to the fish and the river when he came to the castle to kill the tyrant. But Justice buried him, for the bank falling in honoured with funeral his whole body from head to foot, and he lies unwetted by the water, the earth in reverence covering him, her haven of freedom.

389.—APOLLONIDES

Who is there that has not suffered the extremity of woe, weeping for a son? But the house of Posidippus buried all four, taken from him in four days by death, that cut short all his hopes of them. The father’s mourning eyes drenched with tears have lost their sight, and one may say that a common night now holds them all.

390.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

You have heard of Cyllene the Arcadian mountain. That is the monument that covers Apollodorus. As he journeyed from Pisa by night the thunderbolt from Zeus killed him; and far from Aeanae and Beroea the racer sleeps, conquered by Zeus.

1 i.e. the protector of her freedom.
2 Towns in Macedonia.
391.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΛΟΛΛΙΟΤ
Κλειδούχοι νεκύων, πάσας Ἀίδαο κελεύθους
φράγματε· καὶ στομίως κλείθρα δέχοισθε, πύλαι.
αὐτὸς ἐγὼν Ἀίδας ἐνέπω· Γερμανικὸς ἄστρων,
οὐκ ἐμός· οὐ χωρεῖ νῆα τόσην Ἀχέρων.

392.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΤ ΣΙΝΩΠΕΩΣ
Δαίλαψ καὶ πολὺ κῦμα καὶ ἄντολαι Ἀρκτούριοι,
καὶ σκύτους, Λιγαίου τ’ οἶδ’ κακὸν πελάγευς,
ταῦθ’ ἀμα πάνθ’ ἐκύκησεν ἐμὴν νέα· τριχθὰ δὲ
κλασθεῖς
ιστὸς ὦ μοῦ φύρτῳ κὰμὲ κάλυψε βυθό.
ναυγὸν κλαίοιτε παρ’ αἰγιαλοῖς, γονίες,
Τλησιμένη, κωφὴν στησάμενοι λίθακα.

393.—ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΤΣ ΚΑΡΤΣΤΙΩΤ
Μὴ με κώνι κρύψητε, τί γάρ; πάλι, μηδ’ ἔτι ταῦτης
ἡόνος οὐκ ὀνοτῆρ γαῖαν ἐμοὶ τίθετε.
μαίνεται εἰς με θάλασσα, καὶ ἐν χέρσοιῳ με δειλὸν
εὐρίσκει βαχίαις· οἴδε με κῆρ Ἀίδη.
χέρσῳ ἔπεκβαινεν εἰ ἐμεῦ χάριν ὦδατι θυμός,
†πάρκειμαι σταθερῇ μιμνέμεν ὃς ἄταφος.

394.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Μυλεργάτας ἀνήρ με κῆρ ζωᾶς χρόνους
βαρυβρομήταν εἰχὲ δινητόν πέτρου,

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1 By Germanicus we should understand Tiberius’ nephew. The connection between the two couplets is not obvious, and something seems to be missing.
391.—BASSUS LOLLIUS

Ye janitors of the dead, block all the roads of Hades, and be bolted, ye entrance doors. I myself, Hades, order it. Germanicus belongs to the stars, not to me; Acheron has no room for so great a ship.\(^1\)

392.—HERACLIDES OF SINOPLE

The gale and great waves and the tempestuous rising of Arcturus\(^2\) and the darkness and the evil swell of the Aegean, all these dashed my ship to pieces, and the mast broken in three plunged me in the depths together with my cargo. Weep on the shore, parents, for your shipwrecked Tlesimenes, erecting a cenotaph.

393.—DIOCLES OF CARYSTUS

Cover me not with dust again. What avails it? Nor continue to put on me the guiltless earth of this strand. The sea is furious with me and discovers me, wretched man, even on the surf-beaten land: even in Hades it knows me. If it is the will of the waves to mount on the land for my sake, I prefer\(^3\) to remain on the firm land thus unburied.

394.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The miller possessed me also during his life, the deep-voiced revolving stone, the wheat-crushing

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\(^1\) In the middle of September.
\(^2\) Some such sense is required. Jacobs suggested ἀρκοὶμαι, "I am content."

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πυρηφάτον Δάματρος ευκάρπου λάτριν,
καὶ καταβαίνων στάλωσε τῶδε ἐπὶ ἡρίων,
σύνθημα τέγνασ᾽ ὑδ' ἔχει μ' αἰεὶ βαρῶν,
καὶ ζών ἐν ἔργοις, καὶ θανὼν ἐπὶ ὀστέοις.

395.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Οὐτος ὁ Καλλαίσχρον κενεὸς τάφος, ὃν βαθὺ χεῦμα
ἔσφηλεν Διβυϰών ἐνδρομέοντα πόρων,
συμμόδος οτ' Ὄριώων ἀνεστρώφησε βαλάσας
βένθος ὑπὸ στυγερῆς οἴδματα πανδυσίης.
καὶ τὸν μὲν διάσαυτο κυκώμενον εἰν ἂλλ ἠήρες,
κατὰ δὲ στῆλη γράμμα λέογγχε τοῦδε.

396.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ ΒΙΩΤΝΟΤ
Οἰδίπόδος παίδων Θῆβη τάφος· ἄλλ' ὁ πανώλης
τύμβος ἐτὰ ζώντων αἰσθάνεται πολέμων.
κεῖνος οὖτ' Ἀίδης ἐδαμάσσατο, κην' Ἀχέροντι
μάρναται· κεῖνῳ χω τάφος ἀντίπαλος,
καὶ πυρὶ πῦρ ἡλεγξαν ἐναυτίον. ὁ ἐλεεινοὶ
παῖδες, ἄκομμήτων ἀψάμενοι δοράτων.

397.—ΕΡΣΚΙΟΤ ΘΕΤΑΛΟΤ
Οὐχ ὅδε δειλαῖοι Σατύροιπ τάφος, οὐδ' ὑπὸ ταύτη,
ὡς λόγος, εὖνητα πυρκαῖ Ἁστυροῖς·
ἀλλ' εἰ που τινὰ πόντου ἀκούετε, πικρῶν ἐκείνων,
τὸν πέλας αἰγουόμοι κλυξόμενον Μυκάλας,
κεῖνῳ δινήσετε καὶ ἀτρυγήτῳ ἐτὶ κεῖμαι
ὑδατι, μαινομένῳ μεμφόμενος Βορέῃ.

1 Literally “at the season of the swelling.”
servant of fertile Demeter, and on his death he set
me up on this tomb, an emblem of his calling. So
he finds me ever heavy, in his work while he lived,
and now he is dead, on his bones.

395.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

This is the cenotaph of Callaesiumus, whom the
deep undid as he was crossing the Libyan main, then
when the force of Orion at the stormy season ¹ of his
baneful setting ² stirred the sea from its depths. The
sea-monsters devoured his wave-tossed corpse, and
the stone bears but this empty inscription.

396.—BIANOR OF BITHYNIA

Thebes is the tomb of the sons of Oedipus, but the
all-destroying tomb feels their still living quarrel.
Not even Hades subdued them, and by Acheron they
still fight; even their tombs are foes and they
dispute still on their funeral pyres. ³ O children
much to be pitied, who grasped spears never to be
laid to rest.

397.—ERYCIUS OF THESSALY

This is not the tomb of poor Satyrus; Satyrus
sleeps not, as they tell, under the ashes of this
pyre. But perchance ye have heard of a sea some-
where, the bitter sea that beats on the shore near
Mycale where the wild-goats feed, and in that
eddying and desert water yet I lie, reproaching
furious Boreas.

² Early in November.
³ See No. 399 for the meaning of this.
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398.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οὐκ οἶδ᾽ εἰ Διόνυσου ὁνόμασμα, ἡ Δίος ὁμβρον μέμψωμ’. ὡς χηθηροὶ δ᾽ εἰς τόδες ἀμφότεροι, ἀγρόθε γὰρ κατίοντα Πολύξενον ἐκ ποτὲ δαιτὸς τύμβος ἔχει γλύσχρων ἐξεριπτόντα λόφον· κεῖται δ᾽ Αἰσλίδος Ὁμήρης ἐκάς. ἀλλὰ τις ὥρφυνς δείμαινοι μεθύον ἀτραπόν ὑπετίνα.

399.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Τηλοτάτω χεῦσθαι ἐδει τάφον Οἰδιπόδαο παισίν ἅπ᾽ ἄλληλων, οἷς πέρας οὐδ᾽ Ἀίδας· ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰς Ἀχέρουντος ἐνα πλῦον ἑρυθραντο, χω στυγερὸς ζωεὶ κὴν φθιμένοισιν Ἀρης. ἦνδε πυρκαίης ἀνίσου φλόγα· δαιομένα γὰρ ἐξ ἐνός εἰς δισσάν δήριν ἀποστρέφεται.

400.—ΣΕΡΑΠΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Τούτ᾽ ὅστεν φωτὸς πολυγρέσεος· ἢ ρά τὸς ἦσθα ἔμπορος, ἢ τυφλού κύματος ἱχθυβόλος. ἀγγειλον θητοῦσιν ὅτι σπεῦδοντες ἅλλας ἐλπίδας εἰς τόιν ἐλπίδα λύσμεθα.

401.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Τήνδ᾽ ὑπὸ δύσβωλων θλίβει χθόνα φωτὸς ἀλτροῦ ὀστέα μιοτηῆς τύμβος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς, στέρνα τ᾽ ἐποκριόντα, καὶ οὐκ εὐδομον ὀδόντων πρίονα, καὶ κόλων δούλων οἰσπέδην,
398.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I know not whether to blame Bacchus or the rain; both are treacherous for the feet. For this tomb holds Polyxenus who once, returning from the country after a banquet, fell from the slippery hill-side. Far from Aeolian Smyrna he lies. Let everyone at night when drunk dread the rain-soaked path.

399.—ANTIPHILUS

Far from each other should the tombs of Oedipus' sons have been built, for even Hades ends not their strife. They refused even to travel in one boat to the house of Acheron, and hateful Ares lives in them even now they are dead. Look at the uneven flame of their pyre, how it separates from one into two quarrelling tongues.

400.—SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA

This bone is that of some man who laboured much. Either wast thou a merchant or a fisher in the blind, uncertain sea. Tell to mortals that eagerly pursuing other hopes we all rest at the end in the haven of such a hope.

401.—CRINAGORAS

The tomb above his odious head crushes the bones of the scoundrel who lies in this unhappy earth; it crushes the protruding breast and the unsavoury sawlike teeth and the servilely fettered legs and
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άτριχα καὶ κόρσην, Ἕνωκίδου ἡμυπύρωτα
λειψαν', ἔτι χλωρίης ἐμπλέα τηκεδόνος.
χθῶν ὁ δυσυμφέντε, κακοσκήνευς ἔπε τέφρης
ἀνδρὸς μὴ κούφη κέκλισο, μηδ' ὀλύη.

402.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Χειμερίου νυφετοῦ περὶ θρυγκοῖς τακέντος
dῶμα πεσόν τὴν γραύν ἐκτανε Λυσιδίκην
σήμα δὲ οἱ καμηταὶ ὀμόλακες οὐκ ἀπ' ὀρυκτῆς
gαίης, ἀλλ' αὐτὸν πύργον ἔθεντο τάφου.

403.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ψύλλος, ὁ τὰς ποθινὰς ἐπιμισθίδας αἰεὶν ἐταίρας
πέμπτων ἐς τὰ νεῶν ἤδεα συμπόσια,
οὐτὸς ὁ θηρεύων ἀταλόφρονας, ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
αἰσχρόν ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων μισθὸν ἐνεγκάμενον.
ἀλλὰ λίθους ἐπὶ τῦμβον, ὀδουτόρε, μήτε σὺ βάλλε, 5
μήτ' ἄλλον πείσῃς· σήμα λέλογχε νέκυς.
φεῖσαι δ' οὐχ ὅτι κέρδος ἐπῆμεσεν, ἀλλ' ὅτι κοινὰς
θρέψας, μοιχεῦειν οὐκ ἐδίδαξε νέους.

404.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΤ

Ψυχράν σεν κεφαλᾶς ἐπαμήσομαι αἰγιαλῆτιν
θῖνα κατὰ κρυερὸν χευάμενον νέκυνος·
οὐ γὰρ σεν μήτηρ ἐπιτύμβια κωκύουσα
εἰδεν ἀλέξαντον σὸν μόρον εἰνάλιον·
ἀλλὰ σ' ἐρημαῖοι τε καὶ ἄξεινοι πλαταμώνες 5
δέξαντ' Ἀιγαίης γείτονες ἥιόνος·
ὁστ' ἐχε μὲν ψαμάθου μόριον βραχύ, πουλῦ δὲ δάκρυν,
ζεῖν', ἐπεὶ εἰς ὀλόην ἐδράμες ἐμπορήν.
hairless head, the half consumed remains of Eunicides still full of green putrescence. O earth, who hast espoused an evil bridegroom, rest not light or thinly-sprinkled on the ashes of the deformed being.¹

402.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On the winter snow melting at the top of her house it fell in and killed old Lysidice. Her neighbours of the village did not make her a tomb of earth dug up for the purpose, but put her house itself over her as a tomb.

403.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Psyllus, who used to take to the pleasant banquets of the young men the venal ladies that they desired, that hunter of weak girls, who earned a disgraceful wage by dealing in human flesh, lies here. But cast not thou stones at his tomb, wayfarer, nor bid another do so. He is dead and buried. Spare him, not because he was content to gain his living so, but because as keeper of common women he dissuaded young men from adultery.

404.—ZONAS OF SARDIS

On thy head I will heap the cold shingle of the beach, shedding it on thy cold corpse. For never did thy mother wail over thy tomb or see the seabattered body of her shipwrecked son. But the desert and inhospitable strand of the Aegean shore received thee. So take this little portion of sand, stranger, and many a tear; for fated was the journey on which thou didst set out to trade.

¹ cp. No. 380, an imitation of this.
405.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

"Ω ἐξεύε, φεύγε τὸν χαλαζεπὴ τάφον τὸν φρικτὸν Ἰππώνακτος, οὔτε χά τέφρα 
ιαμβιώξει Βουντάλειον ἐς στύγος,
μὴ πως ἐγείρης σφήκα τὸν κοιμώμενον,
δὲ οὕτ' ἐν ἁθὴ νῦν κεκοίμηκεν χόλον,
σκάξουσι μέτροις ὅρθα τοξεύσας ἕπτη.

406.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Εὐφορίων, ὁ περισσόν ἐπιστάμενός τι ποίησαι,
Πειραῖκοις κεῖται τοῖσδε παρὰ σκέλεσιν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τό μόστη ῥοίην ἢ μῆλον ἀπαρξάι,
ἡ μύρτον. καὶ γὰρ ξώδες ἐὼν ἐφίλει.

407.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

"Ηδιστον φιλέουσι νέοις προσανάκλιμ' ἑρῶτων,
Σαπφώ, σὺν Μοῦσας ἢ ρά σε Πιερίη
ἡ Ἐλικών εὐκισσος, ἢσα πυεόουσαν ἐκείναις,
κοσμεῖ, τὴν Ἐρέσφο Μοῦσαν ἐν Αἰολίδε,
ἡ καὶ Τιμῆν Ὁμέναιος ἔχων εὐφεγγέα πεύκην
σὺν σοὶ νυμφιδῶν ἵσταθ' ὑπὲρ βαλάμων·
ἡ Κινύρεω νέον ἔρνος ὁδυρομένη Ἀφροδίτη
σύνθρησιν, μακάρων ἱερὸν ἄλας ὀρῆς·
πάντη, πόντια, χαῖρε θεοῖς ἴσα: σὰς γὰρ ἀοιδὰς
ἀθανάτων ἀγομεν νῦν ἐτι θυγατέρας.

1 He wrote in iambics called "lame" because ending in a spondee.
BOOK VII. 405-407

405.—PHILIPPUS

Avoid, O stranger, this terrible tomb of Hipponax, which hails forth verses, Hipponax whose very ashes cry in iambics his hatred of Bupalus, lest thou wake the sleeping wasp, who not even in Hades has lulled his spite to rest, but in a halting measure launcheth straight shafts of song.

406.—THEODORIDAS

Euphorion, the exquisite writer of verse, lies by these long walls of the Piracus. Offer to the initiated singer a pomegranate or apple, or myrtle-berries, for in his life he loved them.

407.—DIOSCORIDES

Sappho, who dost most sweetly pillow the loves of young men, thee verily Pieria or ivied Helicon honour together with the Muses; for thy breath is like to theirs, thou Muse of Aeolian Eresus. Either Hymen Hymenaeus bearing his bright torch stands with thee over the bridal couch; or thou lookest on the holy grove of the Blessed, mourning in company with Aphrodite the fair young son of Cinyras. Wherever thou be, I salute thee, my queen, as divine, for we still deem thy songs to be daughters of the gods.

2 They were all used in the mysteries.
3 Adonis.
408.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ατρέμα τὸν τύμβον παραμεῖβετε, μὴ τὸν ἐν ὑπνῷ πικρὸν ἑγείρῃ τε σφῆνα ἀναπαυόμενον.
ἀρτι γὰρ Ἰππόνακτος ὁ καὶ τοκέωνε βαύξας ἄρτε κεκοίμηται θυμὸς ἐν ἰσυχίᾳ.
ἀλλὰ προμηθήσασθε τὰ γὰρ πεπυρωμένα κεῖνον ῥήματα πημαινεῖν ὀδὲ καὶ εἰν Ἀιδη.

409.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ [ΘΕΣΣΑΛΩΝΙΚΕΩΣ]

"Οβριμον ἀκαμάτων στίχων αἰνεσον Ἀντιμάχοιο, ἀξίον ἀρχαιών ὀφρύος ἡμιθέων,
Περίδων χαλκευτών ἐπ᾽ ἀκμοσιν, εἰ τορὸν όνας ἔλλαγες, εἰ ξαλοῖς τὰν ἀγέλαστον ὅπα,
εἰ τὰν ἄτριπτον καὶ ἀνέμβατον ἁτραπὸν ἄλλως μαίεαι. εἰ δ᾽ ὕμνων σκάπτρον Ὀμηρος ἔχει,
καὶ Ζεὺς τοις κρέσσοις Ἐνοσίχθουνς ἀλλ᾽ Ἐνοσίχθων τὸν μὲν ἔφυ μείων, ἀθανάτων δ᾽ ὑπατος·
καὶ ναετήρ Κολοφῶνος ὑπέξευκται μὲν Ὄμηρο, ἀγείται δ᾽ ἄλλων πλάθεος ὑμνοπόλων.

410.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Θέσπις οδὲ, τραγικήν δὲ ἀνέπλασε πρῶτος αἰοίδὴν κωμήτας νεαρὰς καινοτομών χαριτας,
Βάκχος ὦτε τριετῆς χαράς, ὁ τράγος ἄθλων χώττικος ἐν σύκων ἀρρίχος ἄθλοιν ἔτε.
οἱ δὲ μεταπλάσσοντι νέοι τάδε· μυρίος αἰών
πολλὰ προσευρήσει χάτερα· τάμα δ᾽ ἐμα.

1 Wilamowitz: τριθῶν MS.
408.—LEONIDAS

Go quietly by the tomb, lest ye awake the malignant wasp that lies asleep; for only just has it been laid to rest, the spite of Hipponax that snarled even at his parents. Have a care then; for his verses, red from the fire, have power to hurt even in Hades.

409.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Praise the sturdy verse of tireless Antimachus, worthy of the majesty of the demigods of old, beaten on the anvil of the Muses, if thou art gifted with a keen car, if thou aspirest to gravity of words, if thou wouldst pursue a path untrodden and unapproached by others. If Homer holds the sceptre of song, yet, though Zeus is greater than Poseidon, Poseidon his inferior is the chief of the immortals; so the Colophonian bows before Homer, but leads the crowd of other singers.

410.—DIOSCORIDES

I am Thespis, who first modelled tragic song, inventing a new diversion for the villagers, at the season when Bacchus led in the triennial chorus whose prize was still a goat and a basket of Attic figs. Now my juniors remodel all this; countless ages will beget many new inventions, but my own is mine.
411.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θέσπιδος εὑρέμα τούτο, τά τ´ ἀγριωτίν ἄν ὑλαι πάγνια, καὶ κόμους τούσδε, τελειοτέρους Ἀισχύλος εξύψωσε, ὁ μὴ σμιλευτὰ χαράξας γράμματα, χειμάρρῳ δ᾿ οία καταρδόμενα, καὶ τά κατὰ σκηνὴν μετεκαίνισεν. ὁ στόμα πάντη 5 δεξίων, ἀρχαῖον ἦσθα τις ἡμιθέων.

412.—ΑΔΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

Πάσα τοι οἰχομένῳ, Πυλάδη, κωκύται Ἕλλας, ἀπλεκτον χαίταν ἐν χροτ κειραμένα· αὐτὸς δ᾿ ἄτριγχω τό κόμας ἀπεθήκατο δάφνας Φοῖβος, ἐδώ τιμῶν ὑ θέμις ὑμνοτόλοι. Μοῦσαι δ᾿ ἐκλαύσαντο· ῥόον δ᾿ ἔστησεν ἀκούων Ἀσωπὸς γοερῶν ἦχοι ἀπὸ στομάτων ἐλληξεν δὲ μέλαθρα Διονύσιον χορείης, εὑπτε σιδηρείην οἶμον ἀβῆς Ἀίδεω.

413.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οὐχὶ βαθυστόλμων Ἰππαρχία ἐργα γυναικῶν, τῶν δὲ Κυνῶν ἐλόμαυ ρωμαλέων βίοτον. οὐδὲ μοι ἀμπεχόναι περονήτειδες, οὐ βαθύπελμος εὑμαρίς, οὐ λιπόν εὐαδε κεκρύφαλος· οὐλάς δὲ σκίπωτοι συνέμπορος, ἀ τε συνύφδες δίπλαξι, καὶ κοίτας βλήμα χαμαλεχέος. ἄμμω δὲ Μαύναλλας κάρρων ἃμων Ἄταλάντας τόσσουν, ὅσον σοφία κρέσσουσιν ὀριδρομίας.

1 Hecker suggests χάμω and I render so.
BOOK VII. 411–413

411.—BY THE SAME

This invention of Thespis and the greenwood games and revels were raised to greater perfection by Aeschylus who carved letters not neatly chiselled, but as if water-worn by a torrent. In matters of the stage he was also an innovator. O mouth in every respect accomplished, thou wast one of the demigods of old!

412.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

Pyliades,¹ now thou art gone, all Hellas wails shearing her loosened hair, and Phoebus himself took off the laurels from his flowing locks, honouring his singer as is meet. The Muses wept and Asopus stayed his stream when he heard the voice of mourning. The dance of Dionysus ceased in the halls, when thou didst go down the iron road of Hades.

413.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I, Hipparchia,² chose not the tasks of amply-robed woman, but the manly life of the Cynics. Nor do tunics fastened with brooches and thick-soled slippers, and the hair-caul wet with ointment please me, but rather the wallet and its fellow-traveller the staff and the course double mantle suited to them, and a bed strewn on the ground. I shall have a greater name than that of Arcadian Atalanta by so much as wisdom is better than racing over the mountains.

¹ A celebrated actor. ² Wife of the Cynic Crates.
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414.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
Καὶ κατυρῶν γελάσας παραμείβεο, καὶ φίλον εἰπὼν ῥῆμ' ἐπ' ἐμοί. 'Ῥίνθων εἰμ' ὁ Συρακόσιος, Μουσάων ὀλύγη τις ἀγηδονίς· ἀλλὰ φλυάκων ἐκ τραγικῶν ἴδιον κισσὸν ἐδρεψάμεθα.

415.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
Βαττιάδεω παρὰ σήμα φέρεις πόδας, εὐ μὲν ἀοιδὴν εἰδότος, εὐ δ' οὖν καίρια συγγελάσαι.

416.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρον ἔχω, ξένε, τὸν σὺν ᾽Ερωτὶ καὶ Μοῦσας χεράσανθ’ ἡνυλόγους Χάριτας.

417.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Νάσος ἐμα θρήπτειρα Τύρος· πάτρα δὲ με τεκνοὶ Ἀτθὶς ἐν Ἀσσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα.
Εὐκράτεω δ' ἐβλαστοῦν ὁ σὺν Μοῦσαις Μελέαγρος πρῶτα Μενυππείοις συντροχάσας Χάρισιν.
ei de Σύρος, τι τὸ θαύμα; μίαν, ξένε, πατρίδα κόσμου ναιομεν' ἐν θνατοὺς πάντας ἑτικτα Χάος.
pουλυνῆς δ' ἐχάραξα τάδ’ ἐν δέλτοισι πρὸ τύμβου γῆρος γὰρ γείτων ἐγγύθεν Ὄιδεω.
ἀλλὰ μὲ τὸν λαλῶν καὶ πρεσβύτην προτειωτὸν χαίρειν, εἰς γῆρας καυτὸς ἰκοιο λάλουν.
BOOK VII. 414-417

414.—NOSSIS

Laugh frankly as thou passest by and speak a kind word over me. I am the Syracusan Rintho, one of the lesser nightingales of the Muses; but from my tragic burlesques I plucked for myself a special wreath of ivy.

415.—CALLIMACHUS.

This is the tomb of Callimachus that thou art passing. He could sing well, and laugh well at the right time over the wine.

416.—ANONYMOUS

I hold, stranger, Meleager, son of Eucrates, who mixed the sweet-spoken Graces with Love and the Muses.

417.—MELEAGER

Island Tyre was my nurse, and Gadara, which is Attic, but lies in Syria, gave birth to me. From Eucrates I sprung, Meleager, who first by the help of the Muses ran abreast of the Graces of Menippus. If I am a Syrian, what wonder? Stranger, we dwell in one country, the world; one Chaos gave birth to all mortals. In my old age I wrote these lines in my tablets before my burial; for eld and death are near neighbours. Speak a word to wish me, the loquacious old man, well, and mayst thou reach a loquacious old age thyself.

1 As regards culture.
2 He wrote besides his epigrams satires in which he imitated Menippus.
418.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρώτα μοι Γαδάρων κλεινά πόλις ἐπλετο πάτρα, ἴνα δρωσεν ὥς ἰερὰ δεξαμένα με Τύρος·
eis γῆρας ὧν ἑβην, ὥς καὶ Δία θρεψαιμένα Κώς
car be tov Méropow astow égprorófey.
Μούσαι δε εἰν ὀλύγοις με, τὸν Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρον
paída, Méittpieiois ἤγλαίσαν Χάρισιν.

419.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ατρέμας, ὁ ξένε, βαινε' παρ' εὐσεβεῖσιν γὰρ ὁ
prêsbvus
eiđeis, koiμrhzeis ὑπνον ὀφειλόμενον,
Eukráteov Meléagron, ó tov γλυκύδακρυν Ἐρωτα
kai Móusas ἑλαραίσ συστολίσας Χάρισιν:
ǒn theópais ἴνα δρωσε Τύρος Γαδάρων θ' ἰερὰ χθὼν·
Kós δ' ἐρατη Méropow prêsbvnu égprorófey.
ALL' eî mevn Sýros ésoi, Sálam: eî δ' oðn sv γε Φοῖνιξ,
Naí̂dios: eî δ' Ἐλλην, Χαϊρε· tò δ' autó frrasov.

420.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΤ

'Eptides ἀνθρώπων, ἀλαφραί θεαί—οὐ γὰρ ἄν ὅδε
Lésotho' ó λυσιμελὴς ἀμφεκάλυψ', 'Aitho,
ôs pote kai basîlîi synedraume,—ναὶ met' Ἐρώτων
χαίρετε κοινόταται δαιμονες άθανάτων.
aúlo δ' ἀφθεγκτοι καὶ ἀπευθεῖς, ois én epitheose,
keis', épēi oú thíasous ... oîd' Ἀχέρων.

1 Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was brought up in Cos; cf.
Theocr. 17. 58.
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BOOK VII. 418-420

418.—By the Same

My first country was famous Gadara; then Tyre received me and brought me up to manhood. When I reached old age, Cos, which nurtured Zeus, made me one of her Meropian citizens and cared for my declining years. But the Muses adorned me, Meleager, son of Eustates, more than most men with the Graces of Menippus.

419.—By the Same

Go noiselessly by, stranger; the old man sleeps among the pious dead, wrapped in the slumber that is the lot of all. This is Meleager, the son of Eucrates, who linked sweet tearful Love and the Muses with the merry Graces. Heavenborn Tyre and Gadara's holy soil reared him to manhood, and beloved Cos of the Meropes tended his old age. If you are a Syrian, Salam! if you are a Phoenician, Naidius! if you are a Greek, Chaire! (Hail) and say the same yourself.

420.—DIOTIMUS OF ATHENS

Ye Hopes of men, light goddesses—for never, were ye not so, had Hades, who bringeth our strength to naught, covered Leshon, once as blest as the Great King—yea, ye Hopes and ye Loves too, lightest of all deities, farewell! And ye, the flutes he once breathed in, must lie dumb and unheard; for Acheron knoweth no troops of musicians.

2 The city of Cos, to distinguish it from an earlier capital of the island, was known as Cos Meropia.

3 This Phoenician word for "Hail" is uncertain. Plautus gives it as "handoni."
421.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Αίνηματάδες
Πτανέ, τί σοι σιβύνης, τί δὲ καὶ συνὸς εὑαδε δέρμα; καὶ τίς ἔδων στάλας σύμβολον ἐσσι τίνος; οὔ γὰρ Ἐρωτ' ἐνέπω σε—τί γὰρ; νεκύεσσι πάροικος ἵμερος; αἰάζεων ὁ θρασύς ὦκ ἔμαθεν—οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ' αὐτὸν ταχύπουν Κρόνον· ἐμπαλι γὰρ δὴ κεῖνος μὲν τρυγέρων, σοι δὲ τέθηλε μέλη.
ἀλλ' ἄρα, ναι δοκεῖς γὰρ, ὁ γὰς ὑπὲνερθει σοφιστᾶς ἐστί· συ δ' ὁ πτερώεις, τούνομα τούδε, λόγος. Λατφας δ' ἀμφίκες ἔχεις γέρας, ἐς τε γέλωτα καὶ σπουδάν, καὶ ποῦ μέτρον ἑρωτογράφουν. ναι μὲν δὴ Μελέαγρον ὄρμωνυμον Ολύνεος νίφ σύμβολα σημαίνει ταῦτα συνκτασίης.
χαῖρε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν, ἐπεὶ καὶ Μοῦσαν Ἐρωτὶ καὶ Χάριτας σοφίαν εἰς μίαν ἤρμοσα.

422.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Τι στοχασώμεθα σου, Πεισίστρατε, χίον ὀρῶτες γλυπτῶν ὑπὲρ τύμβου κείμενον ἀστράγαλον; ζέρα γε μὴ ὅτι Χίος; ἐσοκε γάρ· ζεί δ' ὅτι παίκτας ἕσσα σις, οὐ λίθν δ', ὦ γαθέ, πλειστοβόλος; ζε τὰ μὲν οὐδὲ σύνεγγυς, ἐν ἀκρήτω δὲ κατέσβης Χίω; ναι δοκεῖς, τὸ δὲ προσηγγίσαμεν.

423.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΡΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ
Τὰν μὲν ἄει πολύμυθον, ἄει λάλον, ὦ ξένε, κίσσα φάσει, τὰν δὲ μέθας σύντροφον ἄδε κύλιξ.
BOOK VII. 421—423

421.—MELEAGER
An enigmatic epitaph on himself
Thou with the wings, what pleasure hast thou in
the hunting spear and boar-skin? Who art thou,
and the emblem of whose tomb? For Love I
cannot call thee. What! doth Desire dwell next the
dead? No! the bold boy never learnt to wail. Nor
yet art thou swift-footed Cronos; on the contrary,
he is as old as old can be, and thy limbs are in the
bloom of youth. Then—yes, I think I am right—
he beneath the earth was a sophist, and thou art the
winged word for which he was famed. The double-
edged attribute of Artemis1 thou bearest in allusion
to his laughter mixed with gravity and perhaps to the
metre of his love verses. Yea, in truth, these symbols
of boar-slaying point to his name-sake, Meleager, son
of Oeneus. Hail, even among the dead, thou who
didst fit together into one work of wisdom, Love,
the Muses and the Graces.

422.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM
What shall we conjecture about you, Pisistratus,
when we see a Chian die carved on your tomb?2
Shall we not say that you were a Chian? That
seems probable. Or shall we say that you were a
gamester and not a particularly lucky one, my friend?
Or are we still far from the truth, and was your life’s
light put out by Chian wine? Yes, I think now we
are near it.

423.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON
The jay, stranger, will tell you I was ever a
woman of many words, ever talkative, and the cup
1 The hunting spear.
2 The worst cast of the dice was called Chian.
τάν Κρήτησαν δὲ τὰ τόξα, τὰ δ' εὑρια τὰν φιλοεργόν, ἀνδεμα δ' αὐ μύτρας τὰν πολιοκρόταφον τοιάνδε σταλοῦχος δ' ἐκρυφε Βιττίδα τύμβος τιμελάχραντον νυμφίδιαν ἀλοχον. ἀλλ', άνερ, καὶ χαίρε, καὶ οἴχομένοισιν ἐς ἄδαν τὰν αὐτὰν μῦθων αὖθις ὅπαξε χάριν.

424.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Μαστεύω τι σευ Ἀγις ἐπὶ σταλίτιδι πέτρα, Ἀυσίδικα, γλυπτόν τόνδ' ἐχάραξε νόσουν ἀνία γάρ καὶ κημός, τ' εὐρύνθη Τανάγρα οἰωνὸς βλαστών, θοῦρος ἑγερσιμάχας, οὐχ ἄδειν οὖν ἐπέοικεν ὑποροφίαισι γυναιξίν, ἀλλὰ τὰ τ' ἡλακάτας ἔργα τὰ θ' ἱστοπόδων.

β. Τὰν μὲν ἀνεγρομέναν με ποτ' εὑρια νύκτερος ὅρνες, ἀνία δ' αὐνάσει δώματος ἀνίοχου, ἵππαστήρ δ' οδε κημός ἀείσεται οὐ πολύμυθον, οὐ λάλου, ἀλλὰ καλὰς ἐμπλευόν ἁσυχίας.

425.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ θάμβει, μάστυγα Μυροὺς ἐπὶ σάματι λεύσων, γυλαύκα, βιόν, χαροπάν χάνα, θοὰν σκύλακα. τόξα μὲν αὐνάσει με πανεύσων ἅγετιν οἶκο, ἅ δὲ κύων τέκνων γνήσια καδομένων: μάστιξ δ' οὐκ ὅλον, ξένε, δεσπότων, οὐδ' ἄγέρωχον δ' δμωσί, κολάστειραν δ' ἐνδικον ἀμπλακίας: χαν δὲ δόμων φυλακᾶς μελεδήμωνα: τὰν δ' ά<ρ' ἄγρυπνον>

γυλαύξ ἀδε γυλαυκᾶς Παλλάδος ἀμφίπολον. τοιοῦτο' ἄμφ' ἐργοισίν ἐγάθεουν ἐνθεν ὄμευνος τοιάδ' εμᾶ στάλα σύμβολα τεῦξε Βίτων.
that I was of a convivial habit. The bow proclaims me Cretan, the wool a good workwoman, and the snood that tied up my hair shows that I was grey-headed. Such was the Bittis that this tomb with its stele covers, the wedded wife of . . . . But, hail, good sir, and do us who are gone to Hades the favour to bid us hail likewise in return.

424.—By the Same

A. "I seek to discover what the meaning of these carvings is that Agis made upon your stele, Lysidice. For the reins and muzzle and the bird who comes from Tanagra celebrated for its fowls, the bold awaker of battles, such are not things that please or become sedentary women, but rather the works of the spindle and the loom." B. "The bird of the night proclaims me one who rises in the night to work, the reins tell that I directed my house, and this horse's muzzle that I was not fond of many words and talkative, but full of admirable silence."

425.—By the Same

Do not wonder at seeing on Myro's tomb a whip, an owl, a bow, a grey goose and a swift bitch. The bow proclaims that I was the strict well-strung directress of my house, the bitch that I took true care of my children, the whip that I was no cruel or overbearing mistress, but a just chastiser of faults, the goose that I was a careful guardian of the house, and this owl that I was a faithful servant of owl-eyed Pallas. Such were the things in which I took delight, wherefore my husband Biton carved these emblems on my grave-stone.
426.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Εἶπε, λέων, φθιμένου τίνος τάφων ἀμφιβέβηκας,
    βουφάγε; τίς τάς σάς ἄξιος ἐγὼ ἄρετας;
β. Τίδος Θευδώρου Τελευτίας, δς μέγα πάντων
    φέρτερος ἐγὼ, θηρῶν ὡσον ἐγὼ κέκριμαι.
    οὐχὶ μᾶταν ἔστακα, χέρω δὲ τι σύμβολον ἀλκᾶς ἤ
    αὐνέρος· ἤγαρ δὴ δυσμενέεσσι λέων.

427.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Α στάλα, χέρ' ἵδω, τίν' ἔχει νέκυν. ἀλλὰ δέδορκα
    γράμμα μὲν οὐδὲν πω τμαθὲν ὑπερθε λίθου,
ἐννέα δ' ἀστραγάλους πεπτηότας· ὄν πίσυρες μὲν
    πρᾶτοι Ἀλεξάνδρου μαρτυρέονσι βόλον,
οἱ δὲ τὸ τᾶς νεώτατος ἐφήλικος ἄυθος, Ἐφηβον,
    εἰς δ' ὂ γε μανύει Χιῶν ἀφαυρότερον.
ἡ δὲ τὸν ἀγγέλλοντι, καὶ οὐ σκάπτροισι μεγαυχὴς
    χῶθα θάλλων ἦβα τέρμα τὸ μηδὲν ἔχει;
ἡ τὸ μὲν οὖ· δοκέω δὲ ποτὶ σκοπόν ἵθιν ἐλάσσειν
    ἱὸν, Κρηταιεὺς ὃς τις οἴστοπόλος.
ἡς δ' θαυμὸς Χιῶς μὲν, Ἀλεξάνδρου δὲ λελογχὼς
    οὖνομ', ἐφηβαιη δ' ὀλετέ εὖ ἀλκια.
ὡς εὖ τὸν φθλημον νέον ἄκριτα καὶ τὸ κυβευθὲν
    πνεῦμα δὲ αὐθεντικων εἰπὲ τις ἀστραγάλων.

428.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰς Ἀντιπατρόν τὸν Ξίδωνιον

'Α στάλα, σύνθημα τὶ σοι γοργωπὸς ἀλέκτωρ
    ἔστα, καλλαϊνα σκαπτόφορος πτέρυγα,
ποσσίων ὑφαρπάζων Νικᾶς κλάδου; ἀκρα δ' ἑτ' αὐτᾶς
    βαθμίδος προπεσῶν κέκλιται ἀστράγαλος.

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426.—By the Same

A. "Tell, lion, thou slayer of kine, on whose tomb thou standest there and who was worthy of thy valour." B. "Teleutias, the son of Theodorus, who was far the most valiant of men, as I am judged to be of beasts. Not in vain stand I here, but I emblem the prowess of the man, for he was indeed a lion to his enemies."

427.—By the Same

Come let us see who lies under this stone. But I see no inscription cut on it, only nine cast dice, of which the first four represent the throw called Alexander, the next four that called Ephebus—the bloom of youthful maturity—and the one the more unlucky throw called Chian. Is their message this, that both the proud sceptred potentate and the young man in his flower end in nothing, or is that not so?—I think now like a Cretan archer I shall shoot straight at the mark. The dead man was a Chian, his name was Alexander and he died in youth. How well one told through dumb dice of the young man dead by ill-chance and the life staked and lost!

428.—Mel. Eager

On Antipater of Sidon

Tell me, thou stone, why does this bright-eyed cock stand on thee as an emblem, bearing a sceptre in his lustred wing and seizing in his claws the branch of victory, while cast at the very edge of the
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ἡ ῥά γε νικάεντα μάχα σκαπτοῦχον ἀνακτα
κρύπτεις; ἀλλὰ τὶ σοι παύγνιον ἀστράγαλος;
πρὸς δὲ, τὶ λατὸς ὁ τύμβος; ἐπιπρέπει ἀνδρὶ πενι-
χρῷ,
ὁμιθὸς κλαγγαίς νυκτὸς ἀνεγρομένῳ.
oὐ δοκεῖσκαπτρον γὰρ ἀναίνεται. ἀλλὰ ὁ κεῦθεις
ἀβλοφόρου, νικαν ποσσὶν ἀειράμενον.
oὐ ψαυὸ καὶ τῇδε τὶ γὰρ ταχύς εἰκελος ἀνήρ
ἀστραγάλῳ; νῦν δὴ τῶτρεκές ἑφρασάμας
φοίνιξ οὐ νῖκαν ἐνεπει, πάτραν δὲ μεγαὐχῇ
ματέρα Φουνίκων, τὰν πολύπαιδα Τύρον,
ὁρυς δ', ὅττι θεσμοὶς ἀνήρ, καὶ ποιεῖ Κυπρὶ
πρᾶτος κην Μουσαίς ποικίλος ὑμνοθέτας.
σκαπτρα δ' ἔχει σύνθημα λόγουν θνάσκειν δὲ
πεσόντα
οὐνοβρεχῇ, προπετῆς ἐνεπεὶ ἀστράγαλος.
καὶ δὴ σύμβολα τάουτα: τὸ δ' οὖνομα πέτρος ἀείδει,
Ἀντίπατρον, προγόνων φύτ' ἀπ' ἐρισθενέων.

429.—ἈΔΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Δίξημα κατὰ θυμὸν ὅτου χάριν ἀ παροδίτις
diσσάκε φῆ μούνον γράμμα λέγογχε πέτρος,
λαοτύπους σμίλαις κεκολαμμένου. ἀρα γυναικὶ
tά χθονι κευθομένα Χιλιᾶς ἦν ὄνομα;
τούτω γὰρ ἀγγέλλει κορυφούμενος εἰς ἐν ἀριθμό.
ἡ τὸ μὲν εἴς ὁρθὰν ἀτραπὸν οὐκ ἐμολεν,
ἄ δ' οἰκτρὸν ναίουσα τὸ ἃ ἤριον ἐπλετο Φιδίς;
νῦν σφεγγός γρίφους Οἰδίπος ἑφρασάμην.
αἴνετὸς οὐκ δισσοῦ καμῶν αἴνεμα τύποιο,
φέγγος μὲν ἐνενετός, ἀξινετοῖς δ' ἔρεβος.
base lies a die? Dost thou cover some sceptred
king victorious in battle? But why the die thy
plaything? And besides, why is the tomb so
simple? It would suit a poor man woke up o’ nights
by the crowing of the cock. But I don’t think
that is right, for the sceptre tells against it. Then
you cover an athlete, a winner in the foot-race?
No, I don’t hit it off so either, for what resemblance
does a swift-footed man bear to a die? Now I
have it: the palm does not mean victory, but
prolific Tyre, the proud mother of palms, was the
dead man’s birthplace; the cock signifies that he
was a man who made himself heard, a champion too
I suppose in love matters and a versatile songster.
The sceptre he holds is emblematic of his speech
and the die cast wide means that in his cups he fell
and died. Well, these are symbols, but the stone
tells us his name, Antipater, descended from most
puissant ancestors.

429.—ALCAEUS OF MITYLENE

I ask myself why this road-side stone has only
two phi chiselled on it. Was the name of the
woman who is buried here Chilias? ¹ The number
which is the sum of the two letters points to this.
Or am I astray in this guess and was the name
of her who dwells in this mournful tomb Phidis? ²
Now am I the Oedipus who has solved the sphinx’s
riddle. He deserves praise, the man who made this
puzzle out of two letters, a light to the intelligent
and darkness to the unintelligent.

¹ φ stands for 500. ² i.e. φ χις, twice φ.
430.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τίς τὰ νεοσκύλευτα ποτὶ δρυὶ τάδε καθάψεν ἐντεα; τῷ πέλτα Δωρίς ἀναγράφεται; πλάθει γὰρ Θυρεάτις ύψ’ αἵματος ἄδε λοχίσειν, χάμες ὧπ’ Ἀργείων τοι δύο λευτόμεθα. πάντα νέκυιν μάστευε δεδομένα, μῆ τε, ἕτ’ ἐμπνεοὺς λευτόμενος, Σπάρτα κύδος ἐλαμψε νόθον. ἴσχε βάσιν. νίκα γὰρ ἐπ’ ἀσπίδος ὅδε Λακώνων φωνεῖται θρόμβος αἵματος ‘Οθρυάδα, χω τόδε μοχθήσας σπαίρει πέλας. ἀ πρόσατορ Ζεὺς, στύξου αὐκικάτω σύμβολα φιλόπιδος.

431.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οἶδε τριήκοσιοι, Σπάρτα πατρί, τοῖς συναρίθμοις Ἰναχίδαις Θυρεάν ἀμφὶ μαχεσάμενοι, αὐχένας οὐ στρέψαντες, ὅπα πόδας ἵχυα πρὰτον ἀρμόσαμεν, ταῦτα καὶ λίπομεν βιοτάν. ἄρσεν ὡ ’Οθρυάδα οὐκότο κεκαλυμμένον ὀπλοὺ καρύσσει. “Θυρεά, Ζεὺς, Λακεδαιμονίων.” αἰ δὲ τις Ἀργείων ἔφυγεν μόρον, ὁς ἄπτε Ἀδράστον. Σπάρτα δ’ οὐ τὸ θανεῖν, ἄλλα φυγεῖν θάνατος.

432.—ΔΑΜΑΡΗΣΤΟΤ

Ὄ Λακεδαιμώνιοι, τὸν ἀρχήν ἵμμαν ὁ τύμβος
Γύλλων ὑπὲρ Θυρεάς οὕτος ἔχει φθίμενον,
ἄνδρας δὲ Αργείων τρεῖς ἐκτάνε, καὶ τὸν ἐπεξεν. “Τεθναῖν Σπάρτας ἄξια μησάμενος.”

1 This refers to the celebrated light at Thyreae between three hundred Argives and as many Spartans. Two Argives survived at the end, who, thinking all the Spartans dead, went off to announce the victory; but the Spartan Othryadas
BOOK VII. 430-432

430.—DIOSCORIDES

Who hung the newly-striped arms on this oak? By whom is the Dorian shield inscribed? For this land of Thyrea is soaked with the blood of champions and we are the only two left of the Argives. Seek out every fallen corpse, lest any left alive illuminate Sparta in spurious glory. Nay! stay thy steps, for here on the shield the victory of the Spartans is announced by the clots of Othryadas’ blood, and he who wrought this still gasps hard by. O Zeus our ancestor, look with loathing on those tokens of a victory that was not won.¹

431.—ANONYMOUS, SOME SAY BY SIMONIDES

We the three hundred, O Spartan fatherland, fighting for Thyrea with as many Argives, never turning our necks, died there where we first planted our feet. The shield, covered with the brave blood of Othryadas proclaims “Thyrea, O Zeus, is the Lacedemonians”. But if any Argive escaped death he was of the race of Adrastus.² For a Spartan to fly, not to die, is death.

432.—DAMAGETUS

O SPARTANS, the tomb holds your martial Gyllis who fell for Thyrea. He killed three Argives, and exclaimed, “Let me die having wrought a deed worthy of Sparta.”

remained on the field and, according at least to this epigram, the next, and No. 526, erected a trophy and inscribed it with his blood.

¹ The only one of the seven Argive leaders who returned from Thebes.
433.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Τὸν παραβάντα νόμον Δαμάτριον ἐκτανε μάτηρ ἀ Δακεδαιμονία τῶν Δακεδαιμόνων. θηκτόν δ' ἐν προβολῇ θεμένα ξίφος, εἶπεν, ὅδοντα ἄξιων ἐπιβρύκουσ', οἵα Δάκαινα γυναίκα. "Ἐρρε κακὸν σκυλάκευμα, κακὰ μερίς, ἔρρε ποθ' ἤδαν, ἔρρε τὸν οὐ Σπάρτας ἄξιον οὐδ' ἔτεκον." 5

434.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Εἰς δηῆν πέμψασα λόχους Δημαινέτη ὁκτὼ παιδαῖς, ὑπὸ στήλης πάντας ἔθαπτε μιᾶ. δάκρυα δ' οὐκ ἐρρήξ' ἐπὶ πένθεσιν ἀλλὰ τὸδ' εἶπεν μοῦνον "Ἰω, Σπάρτα, σοὶ τέκνα ταῦτ' ἔτεκον.

435.—ΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΤ

Εὐπυλλίδας, Ἕρατων, Χαῖρις, Δύκος, Ἀγιαῖ, Ἀλέξων, ἐξ Ἰφικράτida παιδεῖς, ἀπωλόμεθα
Μεσσαναῖς ὑπὸ τέχνοις. οδ' ἐβδομος ἀμμε Γύλαιττος ἐν πυρὶ θεῖς μεγάλαν ἦλθε φόρων σποδίαιν, Σπάρτα μὲν μέγα κύδος, Ἀλεξίππα δὲ μάγ' ἄχθος 5 ματρι' τὸ δ' ἐν πάντων καὶ καλὸν ἐντάφιον.

436.—ΗΓΕΜΟΝΟΣ

Εἴποι τις παρὰ τύμβῳ ἰδὼν ἀγέλαστος ὡδίτας τοῦτ' ἐπος. "Ὁγδώκοντ' ἐνθάδε μυριάδας Σπάρτας χέλιοι ἄνδρες ἐπέσχον λήματι Περσῶν, καὶ θάνων ἀστρεπτεί. Δώριοι ἄ μελέτα." 238
433.—TYMNES

His Spartan mother slew the Spartan Demetrius for transgressing the law. Bringing her sharp sword to the guard, she said, gnashing her teeth, like a Laconian woman as she was: “Perish, craven whelp, evil piece, to Hell with thee! He who is not worthy of Sparta is not my son.”

434.—DIOSCORIDES

Demarepta sent eight sons to encounter the phalanx of the foes, and she buried them all beneath one stone. No tear did she shed in her mourning, but said this only: “Ho! Sparta, I bore these children for thee.”

435.—NICANDER

We the six sons of Iphicratides, Eupylidas, Eraton, Chaeris, Lycus, Agis, and Alexon fell before the wall of Messene, and our seventh brother Gyliippus having burnt our bodies came home with a heavy load of ashes, a great glory to Sparta, but a great grief to Alexippa our mother. One glorious shroud wrapped us all.

436.—HEGEMON

Some stranger passing gravely by the tomb might say, “Here a thousand Spartans arrested by their valour the advance of eighty myriads of Persians, and died without turning their backs. That is Dorian discipline.”
437.—ΦΑΕΝΝΟΤ
Οὐκ ἔτλας, ὀριστε Λεωνίδα, αὐτὶς ἰκέσθαι
Εὐρώταν, χαλεπῶς σπερχόμενος πόλεμῷ
ἲλλ’ ἐπὶ Θερμοπύλαισι τὸ Περσικὸν ἔθνος ἀμύνων ἔδμάθης, πατέρων ἀζύμενος νόμιμα.

438.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ
"Ὡλεο δὴ πατέρων περὶ λημῖδα καὶ σύ, Μαχάτα,
δριμὺν ἐπ’ Αἰτωλοὺς ἀντιφέρων πόλεμον,
πρωθήβας· χαλεπὸν γὰρ Ἀχαίκον ἄνδρα νοῆσαι ἄλκιμον, εἰς πολλὰν ὅστις ἐμεῖνε τρίχα.

439.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Οὗτῳ δὴ Πύλιον τὸν Ἀγήνορος, ἀκριτε Μοῖρα,
πρώιον ἐξ ἥβας ἔθρισας Αἰολέων,
Κῆρας ἐπισεύρασα βίον κύνας. οὖ πότιοι, ἀνήρ ὁ οἶος ἀμειδήτῳ κεῖται ἐλῳρ Ἁἰδη.

440.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Ἡρὸν, οἶον νυκτὶ καταφθιμένου καλύπτεις ὅστεον, οὖν, γαῖ, ἀμφέχανες κεφαλῆν,
πολλὸν μὲν ξανθαῖσιν ἄρεσκομένου Χαρίτεσσι,
πολλοῦ δ’ ἐν μνήμῃ πᾶσιν Ἀριστοκράτεις.
ζῆδε Ἄριστοκράτης καὶ μείλιχα δημολογῆσαι,
[στρεβλὴν οὖκ ὁφρὺν ἑσθόλος ἐφελκόμενος,
ζῆδε καὶ Βάκχῳ παρὰ κρητήρος ἄδηριν]
ἰδῶναι κείνην εὐκύλικα καλιῶν,
ζῆδε καὶ ξείνουσι καὶ ἐνδήμουσι προσηνέα ἔρδεων. γαῖ ἔρατή, τοῖον ἔχεις φθίμενον.
BOOK VII. 437-440

437.—PHAENNUS

Leonidas, bravest of men, thou couldst not endure
to return to the Eurotas when sore pressed by
the war, but in Thermopylae resisting the Persians
thou didst fall reverencing the usage of thy fathers.

438.—DAMAGETUS

In thy first youth thou didst perish too, Machatas,
grimly facing the Actolians in the portion of thy
fathers. It is hard to find a brave Achaean who
hath survived till his hairs are grey.

439.—THEODORIDAS

Undiscerning Fate, hounding on thy pack of
demons that hunt life, thus thou hast cut off from
the Aeolian youth before his time Pylius the son of
Agenor. Ye gods, what a man lies low, the spoil of
sombre Hades!

440.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O tomb, what a man was he, the dead whose bones
thou dost hide in the night: O earth, what a head
thou hast engulphed! Very pleasing was Aristocrates
to the flaxen-haired Graces; much is his memory
treasured by all. Aristocrates could converse sweetly,
without a frown, and over the wine he could guide
well the convivial flow of talk; and well he knew
how to confer kindness on compatriots and strangers.
Such, beloved earth, is the dead who is thine.

1 The bracketed verses which I render only summarily are
supplied by Planudes and probably not genuine.
441.—ΑΡΧΙΔΟΧΟΤ
Τηληλοῦς Μεγάλιμον Ἀριστοφάωντα τε Νάξου κίνοναι, ὁ μεγάλη γαί, ὑπένεβθεν ἔχεις.

442.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Εὐθυρίχοις ἄνδρῶν μυησώμεθα, τῶν ὁδε τύμβοι, οἰ θάνατο εὐμηλον ῥυόμενοι Τεγέαν, αἰχμηταὶ πρὸ τόλμης, ὅνα σφίσι μὴ καθέληται Ἑλλᾶς ἀποφθιμένων κρατῶς ἐλευθερίαν.

443.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τῶνδε ποτὲ στέρνουσι ταυγυλώχινας δἰστοὺς λούσεν φοινίσσα θούρος Ἀρης θακάδι. ἀντὶ δὲ ἀκοντοδόκων ἄνδρῶν μυημεία θανόντων, ἄψυχος ἐμψύχων, ἄδε κέκευθε κόνις.

444.—ΘΕΑΙΤΙΤΟΤ
Χείματος οἰνωθέντα τὸν Ἀνταγόρεω μέγαν οἰκον ἐκ νυκτῶν ἐλαθεν πῦρ ὑπονειμαμενον ὅγδοκοιτα δὲ ἀριμβὸν ἐλεύθεροι ἠμμυγα δούλοις τῆς ἐχθρῆς ταύτης πυρκαίης ἑτυχον. ὅντι εἰχον διελεῖν προσκηδεσσι οὐσία χωρίς ἐκυπή δὲ καλπῆς, ἔνων τὰ κτέρεα· εἰς καὶ τύμβοις ἀνέστη· ἀτὰρ τὸν ἔκαστον ἐκείνων οἶδε καὶ ἐν τέφρῃ ῥηδίῳς Ἀἰδης.

445.—ΩΡΣΟΤ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΤ
Μαντιάδας, ὁ ξεῖνε, καὶ Εὐστρατος, ὑλὲ Ἐχέλλου, Δυμαῖοι, κραναῖ ἱεμεθ' εἰς ξυλόχω, ἀγραυλοι γενεῆθεν ὄρουτυποι. οἱ δὲ ἐπὶ τύμβοι, μανυταὶ τέχνας, δουροτόμοι πελέκεις.
BOOK VII. 441-445

441.—ARCHILOCHUS

Great earth, thou hast beneath thee the tall pillars of Naxos, Megatimus and Aristophon.

442.—SIMONIDES

Let us ever remember the men whose tomb this is, who turned not from the battle but fell in arms before their city, defending Tegca rich in flocks, that Greece should never strip from their dead heads the crown of freedom.

443.—BY THE SAME

Once in the breasts of these men did Ares wash with red rain his long-barbed arrows. Instead of men who stood and faced the shafts this earth covers memorials of the dead, lifeless memorials of their living selves.

444.—THEAETETUS

The secretly creeping flames, on a winter night, when all were heavy with wine, consumed the great house of Antagoras. Free men and slaves together, eighty in all, perished on this fatal pyre. Their kinsmen could not separate their bones, but one common urn, one common funeral was theirs, and one tomb was erected over them. Yet readily can Hades distinguish each of them in the ashes.

445.—PERSES OF THEBES

We lie, stranger, in the rough woodland, Mantiades and Eustratus of Dyme, the sons of Echellus, rustic wood-cutters as our fathers were; and to shew our calling the woodman’s axes stand on our tomb.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

446.—ΗΡΗΣΙΙΠΠΟΤ

'Ερμιουνεύς ὁ ξείνος, ἐν ἀλλοδαπῶν δὲ τέθαται,
Ζωίλος, Ἀργείαιαν γαῖαν ἐφεσσάμενος,
ἂν ἐπὶ οἱ βαθύκολποι ἀμάσατο δάκρυσι νύμφα
λειβομένα, παΐδες τ' εἰς χρόα κειράμενοι.

447.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Σύντομος ἦν ὁ ξείνος· ὁ καὶ στίχος· ὃυ μακρὰ λέξω·
"Θήρις Ἀρισταίον, Κρῆς" ἐπ' ἐμοὶ δόλιχος.

448.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Πραταλίδα τὸ μνάμα Λυκαστίω, ἄκρων ἐρώτων
εἰδότος, ἄκρα μάχας, ἄκρα λινοστασίας,
ἄκρα χοροτυπίας. χθόνιοι, <Μίνωτ> τὸν ἄνδρα>
τοῦτον, Κρηταῖεῖς Κρήτα, παρφιάσατε.

449.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πραταλίδα παιδείων Ἑρως πόθου, Ἀρτεμις ἄγραν,
Μοῦσα χοροῦ. Ἀρης ἐγγυάλιξε μάχαν.
πῶς οὐκ εὐσίων ὁ Λυκάστιος, ὃς καὶ ἔρωτι
ἄρχε καὶ ἐν μολῇ, καὶ δορὶ καὶ στάλκι;

450.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τῆς Σαμίης τὸ μνήμα Φιλαινίδος· ἀλλὰ προσεπεὶν
τλῆθί με, καὶ στήλης πλησίον, ὁνερ, ἵδι.
οὐκ εἶμι ἢ τὰ γυναιξίν ἀναγράψασα προσάντη
ἐργα, καὶ Διαχόνθην οὐ νομίζασα θεόν.
BOOK VII. 446–450

446.—HEGESIPPUS

The stranger is Zoilus of Hermione, but he lies buried in a foreign land, clothed in this Argive earth, which his deep-bosomed wife, her cheeks bedewed with tears, and his children, their hair close cut, heaped on him.

447.—CALLIMACHUS

The stranger was brief; so shall the verse be. I will not tell a long story "Theris Aristaeus' son, a Cretan."—For me it is too long.

448.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The tomb is that of Protalidas of Lycastus who was supreme in love, war, the chase and the dance. Ye judges of the under-world, yourselves Cretans, ye have taken the Cretan to your company.

449.—ANONYMOUS

Love gave to Protalidas success in the pursuit of his boy loves, Artemis in the chase, the Muse in the dance and Ares in war. Must we not call him blest, the Lycastian supreme in love and song, with the spear and the hunting-net?

450.—DIOSCORIDES

The tomb is that of Samian Philaenis; but be not ashamed, Sir, to speak to me and to approach the stone. I am not she who wrote those works offensive to ladies, and who did not acknowledge Modesty to
451.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τάδε Σάων ὁ Δίκωνος Ἀκάνθιος ἱερὸν ὑπὸν κοιμᾶται. θυάσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 36.

452.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μεμνησθ’ Εὐβούλιοι σαόφρονοι, ὃ παριόντες. πίνωμεν κοινὸς πᾶσι λαμήν Ἀθήνης.

453.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Δωδεκάτη τὸν παιδὰ πατὴρ ἀπέθηκε Φίλιππος ἐνθάδε, τὴν πολλὴν ἐλπίδα, Νικοτέλην.

454.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν βαθὺν οἰνοπότην Ἐρασίζενον ἡ δέ ἐφεξῆς ἀκρίτου προποθεῖσκ’ ὡχεῖ ἔχουσα κύλιξ.

455.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μαρωνίς ἡ φίλοινος, ἡ πίθων σποδός, ἐνταῦθα κεῖται γρηγορός, ὡς ὑπὲρ τάφου γνωστοῦ πρόκειται πᾶσιν Ἀττικὴ κύλιξ. στένει δὲ καὶ γὰς νέρθεν, οὕς ὑπὲρ τέκνων, οὕς ἄνδρός, οὕς λέλοιπον ἐνδεεῖς βλέψτε ἐν ὃ ἄντι πάντων, σύνεχ’ ἡ κύλιξ κενή.
be a goddess. But I was of a chaste disposition, I swear it by my tomb, and if anyone, to shame me, composed a wanton treatise, may Time reveal his name and may my bones rejoice that I am rid of the abominable report.  

451.—CALLIMACHUS

Here Saon, son of Dicon of Acanthus, sleeps the holy sleep. Say not that the good are dead.

452.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Remember temperate Eubulus, ye passers-by. Let us drink, we all end in the haven of Hades.

453.—CALLIMACHUS

Here Philippus laid his twelve-year-old son, Nicoteles, his great hope.

454.—BY THE SAME

The cup of unmixed wine drained twice straight off has run away with Erasixenus the deep drinker.

455.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Wine-bibbing old Maronis, the jar-drier, lies here, and on her tomb, significant to all, stands an Attic cup. She laments beneath the earth not for her husband and children whom she left in indigence, but solely because the cup is empty.

1 cp. No. 345.
456.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τὴν τιτθῆν 'Ιέρων Σειληνίδα, τὴν, οτε πίνοι 
ξωρόν, ὑπ' οὐδεμής θλιβομένην κύλικος, 
ἀγρῶν ἐντὸς ἔθηκεν, ἵν' ἡ φιλάκρητος ἐκείνη 
καὶ φθιμένη ληνῶν γείτονα τύμβον ἔχοι.

457.—ΑΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ

'Αμπελῆς ἡ φιλάκρητος ἐπὶ σκῆπτωνος ὀδηγοῦ 
ἡδη τὸ σφαλερὸν γήρας ἐρειδομένην, 
καθριδίη Βάκχοιο νεοθλίβες ἤρ' ἀπὸ ληνῶν 
πώμα Κυκλωπείην πλησιμένη κύλικα: 
πρὶν δ' ἀρύσαι μογερὰν ἐκάμεν χέρα: γραῦς δὲ 
παλαιῆ, 
ναίς ἄθ' ὑποβρύχιοις ξωρὸν ἐδυ πέλαγος. 
Εὐτέρπη δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἀποφθιμένης θέτο σήμα 
λάϊνον, οἰνηρῶν γείτονα θειοπέδων.

458.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τὴν Φρυγίνην Αἴσχρην, ἀγαθὸν γάλα, πᾶσιν ἐν ἑσθλοῖς 
Μίκκος καὶ ξωὴν οὕσαν ἑγηρικόμει, 
καὶ φθιμένην ἀνέθηκεν, ἑπεσσομένοις ὀρᾶσθαι 
ἡ γρήγορας μαστῶν ὡς ἀπέχει χάριτας.

459.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Κριθίδα τὴν πολύμυθον, ἐπισταμένην καλὰ παίζειν, 
δίξηνται Σαμίων πολλάκις θυγατέρες, 
ἦδιστην συνέρθουν, ἀείλαλον· ἡ δ' ἀποβρίζει 
ἐνθάδε τὸν πάσας ὑπνον ὀφειλόμενον.

R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, ὀν.
456.—DIOSCORIDES

Here lies Hiero's nurse Silenis, who when she began to drink untempered wine never made a grievance of being offered one cup more. He laid her to rest in his fields, that she who was so fond of wine should even dead and buried be near to vats.

457.—ARISTO

The tippler Ampelis, already supporting her tottering old age on a guiding staff, was covertly abstracting from the vat the newly pressed juice of Bacchus, and about to fill a cup of Cyclopean size, but before she could draw it out her feeble hand failed her and the old woman, like a ship submerged by the waves, disappeared in the sea of wine. Euterpe erected this stone monument on her tomb near the pressing-floor of the vineyard.

458.—CALLIMACHUS

On Phrygian Aeschra, his good nurse, did Micus while she lived bestow every comfort that soothes old age, and when she died he erected her statue, that future generations may see how he rewarded the old woman for her milk.

459.—BY THE SAME

Often do the daughters of Samos miss prattling Crethis who could sport so well, their sweetest workmate, never silent; but she sleeps here the sleep that is the portion of all.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

460.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἶχον ἀπὸ σμικρῶν ὀλίγου βίου, οὔτε τι δεινὸν ῥέξων, οὔτ' ἀδικῶν οὐδένα. γαῖα φίλη,
Μικύλως εἰ τι ποιηρὸν ἐπῆνεσα, μήτε σὺ κούφη γίνεο, μήτ' ἄλλων δαίμονες, οὐ μ' ἔχετε.

461.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Παμμήτορ γῆ, χαῖρε· σὺ τὸν πάρον οὐ βιαρὺν εἰς σὲ Λισυγένην καυτὴ νῦν ἐπέχοις ἄβαρις.

462.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ
"Αγχιτόκων Σατύραν Ἀίδας λάχε, Σιδυόνια δὲ κρύψε κόνις, πάτρα δ' ἐστονάχησε Τύρος.

463.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Αὔτα Τιμόκλει', αὔτα Φιλώ, αὗτα Ἄριστώ, αὔτα Τιμαιθώ, παῖδες Ἀριστοδίκου,
πᾶσαι ὑπ' ἀδίνως πεφονευμέναι: αἷς ἐπὶ τοῦτο σάμα πατήρ στάσας κάθαν' Ἀριστοδίκος.

464.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
"Ἡποὺ σὲ χθονίας, Ἀρετημᾶς, εἶ ἁκόταιοι
Κοκυτοῦ θεμέναν ἱχνος ἐπ' αἴδοιν,
οιχόμενον βρέφος ἀρτὶ νέω φορέουσαν ἄγοστῳ
ὡκτειράν θαλεραὶ Δωρίδες εἰν ἀίδα,
πενθόμεναι τέο κῆρα· σὺ δὲ ραίνουσα παρείδας
δάκρυσιν, ἀγγειλας κεῖν' ἀναρδόν ἐπος·
"Διπλόν ὀδύνασα, φίλαι, τέκος, ἄλλο μὲν ἄνδρι
Εὐφρονι καλλιπόμαν, ἄλλο δ' ἄγω φημένοις."

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460.—BY THE SAME

I got a little living from my possessions, never doing any wickedness or injuring any one. Dear earth, if Micylus ever consented to any evil may neither thou be light to me nor the other powers who hold me.

461.—MELEAGER

Hail earth, Mother of all! Aesigenes was never a burden to thee, and do thou too hold him without weighing heavy on him.

462.—DIONYSIUS

Satyrus with child and near her time has been taken by Hades. The earth of Sidon covers her, and Tyre her country bewails her.

463.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

This is Timoclea, this is Philo, this is Aristo, this is Timaeotho, the daughters of Aristodicus, all dead in childbirth. Their father Aristodicus died after erecting this monument to them.

464.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Of a surety, Arctemias, when descending from the boat, thou didst set thy foot on the beach of Cocytus, carrying in thy young arms thy babe newly dead, the fair daughters of the Dorian land pitied thee in Hades and questioned thee concerning thy death; and thou, thy cheeks bedewed with tears, didst give them these mournful tidings “My dears, I brought forth twin children; one I left with Euphran my husband, and the other I bring to the dead.”

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465.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΤΟΣ

"Α κόνις ἀρτίσκαττος, ἔπι στάλας δὲ μετώπων
σείωται φύλλων ἡμιβαλεῖς στέφανοι;
γράμμα διακρίναντες, ὅδουόρε, πέτρον ἱδώμεν,
λευρὰ περιστέλλειν ὅστεα φατὶ τίνος.—
"Εἰεῖ, Ἀρετημίως εἰμι πάτρα Κνίδος Εὐφρονος
ήλθον
εἰς λέχος· ὠδίνων οὐκ ἁμορος γενόμαν
δισσὰ δ’ ὁμοῦ τίκτουσα, τὸ μὲν λίπτον ἀνδρὶ ποδηγὸν
γήρως· ὅν δ’ ἀπάγῳ μναμόσυνον πόσιος."

466.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

"Ἀ δεῖλ᾽ Ἀντίκλεις, δεῖλῃ δ’ ἐγώ ἣ τών ἐν ἡβης
ἀκμῇ καὶ μοῦνον παιδα πυρωσαμένη,
ὀκτωκαιδεκάτης δς ἀπόλεος, τέκνου· ἐγὼ δὲ
ὀφαίνοιν κλαίων γῆρας ὄδυρετίκην.
βαλὴν εἰς Ἀίδος σκιερὸν δόμον· οὐτε μοι ἡδὸς
ἡδεῖ, οὐτ’ ἀκτίς ὀκέος ἡ σάλιον.
ἀ δεῖλ’ Ἀντίκλεις, μεμορημένε, πένθεος εἰς
ἠτήρ, ξοῆς ἐκ με κομισσάμενος.

467.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Τοῦτῷ τοι, Ἀρτεμίδωρε, τεῦ ἐπὶ σάματι μάτηρ
ἰαχε, δωδεκέτη σού γοῦν σα χρόνον·
"Ὡλετ’ ἐμὰς ὁδῖνος ὅ πᾶς πόνον εἰς σπόδον εἰς πῦρ,
ολεθ’ ὁ παμμέλεος γεναμένου κάματος·
ὡλετο χὰ ποθινὰ τέρψεις σεθεν· ἐσ γὰρ ἀκαμπτον, 5
ἐς τὸν ἀνόστητον χὼρον ἔβης ἐνέρων·
οὐδ’ ἐς ἐφηβείαν ἡλθες, τέκος· ἀντὶ δὲ σεῖο
στάλα καὶ κωφὰ λείπεται ἄμμα κόνις."
465.—HERACLITUS

The earth is newly dug and on the faces of the tomb-stone wave the half-withered garlands of leaves. Let us decipher the letters, wayfarer, and learn whose smooth bones the stone says it covers. "Stranger, I am Aretemias, my country Cnidus. I was the wife of Euphro and I did not escape travail, but bringing forth twins, I left one child to guide my husband's steps in his old age, and I took the other with me to remind me of him."

466.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O unhappy Anticles, and I most unhappy who have laid on the pyre my only son in the bloom of his youth! At eighteen didst thou perish, my child, and I weep and bewail my old age bereft of thee. Would I could go to the shadowy house of Hades! Nor dawn nor the rays of the swift sun are sweet to me. Unhappy Anticles, gone to thy doom, be thou healer of my mourning by taking me away from life to thee.

467.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This is the lament thy mother, Artemidorus, uttered over thy tomb, bewailing thy death at twelve years of age. "All the fruit of my travail hath perished in fire and ashes, it hath perished all thy miserable father's toil for thee, and it hath perished all the winsome delight of thee; for thou art gone to the land of the departed, from which there is no turning back or home-coming. Nor didst thou reach thy prime, my child, and in thy stead naught is left us but thy grave-stone and dumb dust."
468.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οικτρότατον μάτηρ σε, Χαρίζενε, δώρον ἢ ἄδαν,
ὅτωκαιδεκέταν ἐστόλισεν χλαμύδι.
ἣ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἀνέστενεν, ἀνίκ᾽ ἀπ᾽ οἶκων
ἄλικες οἴμωγι, σὸν νέκνων ἥχοθόφορεν.
πένθος δ᾽, οὖν ὑμέναιον ἀνωρύουσι γονής·
ἀλα, τὰς μαστῶν ψευδομένας χάριτας,
καὶ κενεὰς ὀδῶνας: ἵω κακοπάρθενε Μοῖρα,
στειρα γονᾶς στοργάν ἐπτυσάς εἰς ἀνέμους.
τοῖς μὲν ὀμιλίσασι ποθεῖν πάρα, τοῖς δὲ τοκεῦσι
πενθεῖν, οίς δ᾽ ἀγνώς, πενθομένους ἑλεῖν.

W. G. Headlam, Fifty Poems of Meleager, xxxiv.

469.—ΧΑΙΡΗΜΟΝΟΣ

Εὐβουλον τέκνωσεν Ἀθηναγόρης περὶ πάντων
ἡσσονα μὲν μοίρα, κρέσσονα δ᾽ εὐλογία.

470.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

α. Εἶπον ἀνειρομένῳ τὸς καὶ τίνος ἔσσει. β. Φίλαυλος
Εὐκρατίδεω. α. Ποίαντος δ᾽ εὐχεῖαι . .
α. Ἐξησας δὲ τίνα στέργων βίου; β. Οὐ τὸν ἀρότρου,
oύδε τὸν ἐκ νηών, τὸν δὲ σοφοῖς ἔταρον.
a. Γῆραι δ᾽ ἡ νοῦσφ βίου ἐλλιπές; β. Ἡλυθον

(Αδαν
αὐτοθελεί, Κείων γενοντέμενος κυλίκων.)

1 The short cloak worn by ephbebi.
468.—MELEAGER

At eighteen, Charixenus, did thy mother dress thee in thy chlamys to offer thee, a woeful gift, to Hades. Even the very stones groaned aloud, when the young men thy mates bore thy corpse with wailing from the house. No wedding hymn, but a song of mourning did thy parents chant. Alack for the breasts that suckled thee cheated of their guerdon, alack for the travail endured in vain! O Fate, thou evil maiden, barren thou art and hast spat to the winds a mother's love for her child. What remains but for thy companions to regret thee, for thy parents to mourn thee, and for those to whom thou wast unknown to pity when they are told of thee.

469.—CHAEREMON

Athénégres begot Eubulus, excelled by all in fate, excelling all in good report.

470.—MELEAGER

A. "Tell him who enquires, who and whose son thou art." B. "Philaulus, son of Eucretides." A. "And from whence dost thou say?" B. "..." A. "What livelihood didst thou choose when alive?" B. "Not that from the plough nor that from ships, but that which is gained in the society of sages." A. "Didst thou depart this life from old age or from sickness?" B. "Of my own will I came to Hades, having drunk of the Cean cup." 2 A. "Wast thou

2 In Ceos old men, when incapable of work, are said to have been compelled to drink poison.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

a. Ἡ πρέσβυς; β. Καὶ κάρτα. α. Δάχοι νῦ σε βόλος ἐλαφρὴ
sύμφωνον πινυτῷ σχόντα λόγῳ βίοτον.

471.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Εἶπας "ἡλικ, χαϊρε" Κλεόμβροτος ὀμβρακιώτης
ἡλιατ' ἀφ' ύψηλοῦ τείχεος εἰς αἶδαν,
ἄξιον οὖδὲν ἰδὼν θανάτου κακών, ἀλλὰ Πλάτωνος
ἐν τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς γράμμα ἰναλεξάμενος.

472.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μυρίος ἦν, ἀνθρωπε, χρόνος προτοῦ, ἄχρι πρὸς ἦδο
ἡλθες, χω λοιπὸς μυρίος εἰς αἰθν.
τίς μοῖρα ζωῆς ύπολείπεται, ἢ ὅσον ὅσον
στιγμὴ καὶ στιγμῆς εἰ τι χαμηλότερον;
μικρὴ σεν ζωὴ τεθλιμμένη· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὴ
ἡδεί', ἀλλ' ἐχθροῦ στυγνοτέρη θανάτων.
ἐκ τούτης ἀνθρωποὶ ἀπηκριβωμένοι ὀστῶν
ἀρμονίας, ἡψιστ' ἱέρα καὶ νεφέλας·
ἀνερ, ἵδ' ὡς ἄχρειον, ἐπεὶ περὶ νήματος ἄκρον
εὐλὴ ἀκέρκιστον λῶπος ἐφεξομένη'
οἶον τὸ ἄφαλα, θρῖον ἀπεψιλωμένον οἶον,
tύλλου ἀραχναῖου στυγνότερον σκελέτον.
ἤοιν ἐξ ἰδοὺς ὅσον σθένος, ἄνερ, ἑρευνῶν
ἐῆς ἐν λυτῇ κεκλαμένος βιοτῇ
ἀλὴν τούτο νόῳ μεμνημένος ἄχρις ὀμιλῆ
ζωῆς, ἐξ οὗς ἢμονίσαι καλάμης.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 30 (part only).
BOOK VII. 470-472

old?"  B. "Yea, very old."  A. "May the earth that rests on thee be light, for the life thou didst lead was in accordance with wisdom and reason."

471.—CALLIMACHUS

Cleombrotus the Ambracian saying, "Farewell, O Sun," leapt from a high wall to Hades, not that he saw any evil worthy of death, but that he had read one treatise of Plato, that on the soul.

472.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O man, infinite was the time ere thou camest to the light, and infinite will be the time to come in Hades. What is the portion of life that remains to thee, but a pin-prick, or if there be aught tinier than a pin-prick? A little life and a sorrowful is thine; for even that little is not sweet, but more odious than death the enemy. Men built as ye are, of such a frame of bones, do ye lift yourselves up to the air and the clouds? See, man, how little use it is; for at the end of the thread a worm seated on the loosely woven vesture reduces it to a thing like a skeleton leaf, a thing more loathly than a cobweb. Enquire of thyself at the dawn of every day, O man, what thy strength is and learn to lie low, content with a simple life; ever remembering in thy heart, as long as thou dwellest among the living, from what stalks of straw thou art pieced together.1

1 i.e. of life.  2 The flesh.  3 The epigram was doubtless written under a figure of a skeleton. Lines 11, 12 are corrupt and the sense uncertain.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

472b.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Χειμέριον ζωὴν ὑπαλεύει, νείο δ’ ἐς ὄρμον,
ὡς κηγὼ Φείδων ὁ Κρίτον εἰς ἀίδην.

473.—ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΤ
Δαμὼ καὶ Μάθυμα τὸν ἐν τριετηρίσιν Ἡρας
Εὐφρονα λυσσατὰν ὡς ἑπτάοιοτο βέκυν,
ζωὰν ἀρνήσαντο, ταυτπλέκτων δ’ ἀπ’ οὐτὸ μιτρὰν
χέρσι δεραιούχοις ἐκρεμάσαντο βρόχους.

474.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Εἰς ὅπε Νικάνδρον τέκνων τάφος: ἐν φάος ἂς ὧς
ἀνυσε τὰν ἱερὰν Δυσιδίκας γενεὰν.

475.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ
Νυμφίον Εὐαγόρην ποτὲ πενθερὸν ἡ Πολυαῖνον
Σκυλλίς ἀν’ εὐρείας ἤλθε βοῶσα πύλας,
πάιδα τὸν Ἡγεμάχειον ἐφέστιον οὐδ’ ἀρ’ ἐκεῖνη
χήρη πατρίδους αὐθίς ἐσῆλθε δόμους,
δαιμονίη τριτάτῳ δὲ κατέφθιον μηρὶ δυσαίων
οὐλομένῃ ψυχῇς δύσφροι τηκεδόνι.
τούτῳ δ’ ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέροις πολύκλαυτον φιλότητος
ἐστηκεν λείψι μνήμα παρὰ τρίδῳ.

476.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Δάκρυά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδώρα,
δωροῦμαι, στοργὰς λείψανοι, εἰς ἀίδαν,
δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα: πολυκλαύτῳ δ’ ἐπ’ τύμβῳ
σπένδω μνάμα πόθων, μνάμα φιλοφροσύνας.
BOOK VII. 472B–476

472B.—BY THE SAME

Avoid the storms of life and hie ye to the haven, to Hades, as I, Pheidon the son of Critas, did.

473.—ARISTODICUS

Demo and Methymna when they heard that Euphron, the frenzied devotee at the triennial festivals of Hera, was dead, refused to live longer, and made of their long knitted girdles nooses for their necks to hang themselves.

474.—ANONYMOUS

This single tomb holds all Nicander’s children; the dawn of one day made an end of the holy offspring of Lysidice.

475.—DIOTIMUS

Scyllis the daughter of Polyaenus went to her father-in-law’s, lamenting, as she entered the wide gates, the death of her bridegroom, Evagoras the son of Hegemachus, who dwelt there. She came not back, poor widowed girl, to her father’s house, but within three months she perished, her spirit wasted by deadly melancholy. This tearful memorial of their love stands on the tomb of both beside the smooth high-way.

476.—MELEAGER

Tears, the last gift of my love, even down through the earth I send to thee in Hades, Heliodora—tears ill to shed, and on thy much-wept tomb I pour them in memory of longing, in memory of affection.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οίκτρα γὰρ οίκτρα φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένους
Μελέαγρος
αἰάζω, κενεάν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.
αἰαὶ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἀρπάσεν Ἄδας,
ἀρπάσεν· ἄκμαῖον δ' ἄνθος ἐφυρέ κόνις.
ἀλλὰ σε γουνοῦμαι, Γὰ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον
ηρέμα σοίς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.

H. C. Breeching, In a Garden, p. 90; A. Lang, Grass of
Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 180; J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and
Epigrams, i. p. 76.

477.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ
Μὴ σοι τοῦτο, Φιλαίνι, λήν ἐπικάρδιον ἔστω,
eἰ μὴ πρὸς Νείληφ γῆς μορίης ἐτυχεῖ,
ἀλλὰ σ' Ἐλευθέρνης ὄδ' ἔχει τάφος. ἐστι γὰρ ἴση
πάντοθεν εἰς ἀκίνη ἐρχομένουην ὁδός.

478.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Τις ποτ' ἄρ' εἰ; τίνος ἀρα παρὰ τρίβον ὀστέα ταῦτα
πλήμον' εἴν ἡμιφαιή λάμβακι γυμνὰ μένει;
μνήμα δὲ καὶ τάφος αἰεὼν ἀμαξεύοντος ὀδίτεω
ἄξων καὶ τροχυῆ λιτά παραξέεται.
ἡδὴ σοῦ καὶ πλευρὰ παρατρίψουσιν ἀμαξαὶ,
σχέτλιε, σολ δ' οὐδεὶς οὐδ' ἐπὶ δάκρυ βαλει.

479.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Πέτρος ἐγὼ τὸ πάλαι γυρὴ καὶ ἄτριπτος ἐπιβλής
τὴν Ἰρακλείτου ἐνδον ἔχω κεφαλήν
αἰών μ' ἐτρυφεν κροκάλαις ἐσον· ἐν γὰρ ἀμάξῃ
παμφόρῳ αἰζηῶν εἰνοδίη τέταμαι.
ἄγγελλω δὲ βροτοῖς, καὶ ἀστηλὸς περ ἐουσα,
θεῖον ὑλακτηθῆν δήμου ἐχοῦσα κύνα.

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Piteously, piteously doth Meleager lament for thee who art still dear to him in death, paying a vain tribute to Acheron. Alas! Alas! Where is my beautiful one, my heart's desire? Death has taken her, has taken her, and the flower in full bloom is defiled by the dust. But Earth my mother, nurturer of all, I beseech thee, clasp her gently to thy bosom, her whom all bewail.

477.—TYMNES

Let not this, Philaenitis, weigh on thy heart, that the earth in which it was thy fate to lie is not beside the Nile, but that thou art laid in this tomb at Eleutherna. From no matter where the road is the same to Hades.

478.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Who ever canst thou be? Whose poor bones are these that remain exposed beside the road in a coffin half open to the light, the mean tomb and monument ever scraped by the axle and wheel of the traveller's coach? Soon the carriages will crush thy ribs, poor wretch, and none to shed a tear for thee.

479.—THEODORIDES

I, the stone coffin that contain the head of Heraclitus, was once a rounded and unworn cylinder, but Time has worn me like the shingle, for I lie in the road, the highway for all sorts and conditions of men. I announce to mortals, although I have no stele, that I hold the divine dog who used to bark at the commons.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

480.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

"Ηδη μεν τέτριπταί ὑπεκκεκαλυμμένου ὅστεϊν ἄρμονή τ', ὄνερ, πλάξ ἐπικεκλυμένη· ἥδη καὶ σκώληκες ὑπὲκ σοροῦ αὐγὰζονται ἡμετέρης· τί πλέον γῆν ἐπιεινύμεθα; ἡ γάρ την οὔπω πρὶν ἢτην ὀδὸν ἐτμῆξαντο ἀνθρώποι, κατ' ἐμῆς νισσόμενοι κεφαλῆς. ἦλλα πρὸς ἐγγαίων, 'Αἰδώνεος 'Ὑμεία τε καὶ Νυκτός, ταύτης ἐκτὸς ἢτ' ἀπραπτοῦ.

481.—ΦΙΛΗΤΑ ΣΑΜΙΟΤ

Α στάλα βαρύθουσα λέγει τάδε· "Τὰν μινύωρον, τὰν μικκάν 'Αίδας ἀρπασε Θειόδοταν." χά μικκά τάδε πατρί λέγει πάλιν· "Ἰσχεο λύπασ, Θειόδοτε· θνατοὶ πολλάκι δυστυχεές."

482.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Οὔπω τοι πλόκαροι τετμημένοι, οὐδὲ σελάνας τοι τριετείς μηνῶν ἄνιοχεύντο δρόμοι, Κλεύδικε, Νικαίς ὅτε σὰν περὶ λάρμακα μάτηρ, τλῆμον, ἐπ' αἰακτὰ πόλλ' ἐβόα στεφάνα, καὶ γενέτας Περίκλειτος· ἐπ' ἀγνότῳ δ' Ἀχέροντι ὃ ἡβάσεις ἡβαν, Κλεύδικ', ἀνοστοτάταν.

483.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Αἰδη ἀλλιτάνευτε καὶ ἀτροπε, τίπτε τοι οὔτω Κάλλαισχρόν ἐξάρυ νήπιοι ὁφάνεσας; ἔσται μὰν ὅ γε παῖς ἐν δώμασι Φερσεφονείοις παϊγνιον· ὥλλ' οὐκοι λυγρὰ λέλουτε πάθη.
BOOK VII. 480-483

480.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Already, Sirrah, my bones and the slab that lies on my skeleton are exposed and crushed, already the worms are visible, looking out of my coffin. What avails it to clothe ourselves with earth; for men travelling over my head have opened here a road untrodden before. But I conjure you by the infernal powers, Pluto, Hermes and Night, keep clear of this path.

481.—PHILETAS OF SAMOS

The grave-stone heavy with grief says "Death has carried away short-lived little Theodota," and the little one says again to her father, "Theodotus, cease to grieve; mortals are often unfortunate."

482.—ANONYMOUS

Not yet had thy hair been cut, Cleodicus, nor had the moon yet driven her chariot for thrice twelve periods across the heaven, when Nicasis thy mother and thy father Pericles, on the brink of thy lamented tomb, poor child, wailed much over thy coffin. In unknown Acheron, Cleodicus, shalt thou bloom in a youth that never, never may return here.

483.—ANONYMOUS

Hades, inexorable and unbending, why hast thou robbed baby Callaeschron of life? In the house of Persephone the boy shall be her plaything, but at home he leaves bitter suffering.

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484.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Πέντε κόρας καὶ πέντε Βιῶ Διδύμων τεκοῦσα ἀρσενας, οὔδὲ μᾶς οὐδ’ ἐνὸς ὀνόματο· ἦ μέγ’ ἀρίστη ἐσοῦσα καὶ εὐτεκνος οὐχ ὑπὸ παῖδων, ὀθυνειαυ δ’ ἐτύφη χερσὶ θανοῦσα Βιῶ.

485.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Βάλλεθ’ ύπερ τύμβου πολιά κρίνα, καὶ τὰ συνήθη τύμπαν’ ἐπὶ στήλη ρήσατε Αλεξιμένους, καὶ περιδινύσασθε μακρῆς ἀνελίγματα χαίτης Στρυμωνίην ἄφετοι Θυαίδες ἄμψς πόλιν, ἦ γλυκερὰ πνεύσαντος ἐφ’ ὑμετέρους ἔρτησαν πολλάκι πρὸς μαλακοὺς τοῦδ’ ἐχόμεν νόμους.

486.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
Πολλάκι τῷ δ’ ὀλοφυρνά κόρας ἐπὶ σάματι Κλείνα μάτηρ ὀκύμορον παιδ’ ἐβόασε φίλαν, ἤναν ἀγκαλέουσα Φιλαινίδος, ἀ πρὸ γάμου χλωρὸν ύπερ ποταμοῦ χεῦ μ’ Ἀχέροντος ἔβα.

487.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ
"Ὡλεο δὴ πρὸ γάμου, Φιλαινίδο, οὔδέ σε μάτηρ Πυθίας ὁραίους ἠγαγεν εἰς θαλάμους νυμφίου· ἀλλ’ ἐλεεινὰ καταδρύψασα παρεῖας τεσσαρακαίδεκτιν τῷ δ’ ἐκάλυψε τάφῳ.

488.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ
Αἰαὶ Ἀριστοκράτεια, σὺ μὲν βαθὺν εἰς Ἀχέροντα οὐχεῖν ὁραῖον κεκλιμένα πρὸ γάμου· ματρὶ δὲ δάκρυα σὰ καταλείπεται, ἄ σ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ πολλάκι κεκλιμένα κωκύει ἐκ ἱ κεφαλάς.
BOOK VII. 484-488

484.—DIOSCORIDES

Five daughters and five sons did Bio bear to Didymon, but she got no joy from one of either. Bio herself so excellent and a mother of such fine babes, was not buried by her children, but by strange hands.

485.—BY THE SAME

Cast white lilies on the tomb and beat by the stele of Aleximenes the drums he used to love; whirl your long flowing locks, ye Thyiades, in freedom by the city on the Strymon, whose people often danced to the tender strains of his flute that breathed sweetly on your———

486.—ANYTE

Often on this her daughter's tomb did Cleina call on her dear short-lived child in wailing tones, summoning back the soul of Philaesis, who ere her wedding passed across the pale stream of Acheron.

487.—PERSSES OF MACEDONIA

Thou didst die before thy marriage, Philaeinion, nor did thy mother Pythias conduct thee to the chamber of the bridegroom who awaited thy prime: but wretchedly tearing her cheeks, she laid thee in this tomb at the age of fourteen.

488.—MNASALCAS

Alas! Aristocrateia, thou art gone to deep Acheron, gone to rest before thy prime, before thy marriage; and naught but tears is left for thy mother, who reclining on thy tomb often bewails thee.
489.—ΣΑΠΦΟΣ
Τιμάδος άδε κόνις, τὰν δή πρὸ γάμμων θανοῦσαν
dέξατο Φερσεφόνης θανάσεις θάλαμος,
ἀς καὶ ἀποφθειμένας πᾶσαι νεοθάγη σιδάρφ
άλικες ἤμερταν κρατῶς ἐθεντο κόμαν.

490.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ
Παρθένων Ἀντιβίαθι καταδύρομαι, ὡς ἐπὶ πολλοὶ
νυμφίοι ἐκεῖ βραδός ἔκοντο δόμοιν,
κάλλευς καὶ πινυτάτος ἀνὰ κλέος: ἀλλ᾿ ἐπὶ πάντων
ἐλπίδας οὐλομένα Μοῖρ᾿ ἐκύλισε πρόσω.

491.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ
Αἰαὶ παρθενίας ὀλοφρόνοις, ὡς ἀπο φαιδρών
ἐκλασας ἀλκίαια, ἤμεροεσσα Κλεοῦς,
καὶ δε σ᾿ ἀμυξάμενα περιδάκρυν αἰθὶ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
λαῖες Σειρήνων ἐσταμες εἰδάλμοι.

492.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΙΤΤΗΝΑΙΑΣ
"Ομόμεθι", ὁ Μίλητε, φίλη πατρί, τῶν ἀθρόιστων
τὰν ἄνομον Γαλατάν κύπριων ἀναγνώρις,
παρθενικαὶ τρισσαὶ πολυτίδες, ὡς ὁ βιατὰς
Κελτῶν εἰς ταύτην μοῦραν ἔτρεψεν "Ἄρης,
οὐ γὰρ ἐμείναμεν ἀμματὸ δυσσεβῆς οὐδ᾿ ὅμαιοιον ὅ
νυμφίον, ἀλλ᾿ Ἀἴδην κηδεμον᾿ εὐρόμεθα.

1 This seems to be on a girl who killed herself to preserve her virginity.

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BOOK VII. 489-492

489.—SAPPHO

This is the dust of Timas, whom, dead before her marriage, the dark chamber of Persephone received. When she died, all her girl companions with newly sharpened steel shore their lovely locks.

490.—ANYTE

I bewail virgin Antibia, eager to wed whom came many suitors to her father's house, led by the report of her beauty and discretion; but destroying Fate, in the case of all, sent their hopes rolling far away.

491.—MNASALCAS

Woe worth baleful virginity, for which, delightful Cleo, thou didst cut short thy bright youth! We stones in the semblance of Sirens stand on thy tomb tearing our cheeks for thee and weeping.¹

492.—ANYTE OF MITYLENE (?)

We leave thee, Miletus, dear fatherland, refusing the lawless love of the impious Gauls, three maidens, thy citizens, whom the sword of the Celts forced to this fate. We brooked not the unholy union nor such a wedding, but we put ourselves in the wardship of Hades.²

¹ This tale seems to be derived from some romance. According to Jerome (Adv. Jovianum, Lib. I., p. 186) the maidens were seven in number.
²
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493.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὐ νοῦσῳ Ἡρόπτα τε καὶ ἀ γενέτειρα Βοῖσκα
οὐδ’ ὑπὸ δυσμενέων δούρατι κεκλίμεθα:
ἀλλ’ αὐταί, πάτρας ὁπότ’ ἐφλεγεν ἄστυ Κορίνθου
γοργὸς Ἀρης, ἰδιὰν ἀλκιμον εἰλόμεθα.
ἐκτανε γὰρ μάτηρ με διασφακτήρι σιδάρῳ,
οὐδ’ ἱδίον φειδῶ δύσμορος ἐσχε βίου,
ὦψε δ’ ἐναυχείω τειχάν βρόχῳ· ἦς γὰρ ὑμείνων
δουλοσύνας ἀμίν πότμος ἐλευθέριος.

494.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

‘Ἐν πόντῳ Σώδαμος ὁ Κρῆς θάνεν, ὃ φίλα, Νηρεύ,
δικτυα καὶ τὸ σῶν ἡν κείνο σύνθες ὕδωρ,
ἰχθυβολεύς ὁ περισσὸς ἐν ἀνδράσιν. ἀλλὰ θάλασσα
οὗ τὶ διακρίνει χείματος οὐδ’ ἄλιε ὑς.

495.—ἈΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

Στυγνὸς ἐπ’ Ἀρκτούρῳ ναῦταις πλόος· ἐκ δὲ βορείης
λαῖλαπος Ἀσπάσιος πυρὸν ἐτευξα μόρον,
οὐ στείχεως παρὰ τύμβου, ὃ δοιπόρε· σῶμα δὲ πόντος
ἐκρυψ’ Ἀιγαῖο ραυνόμενον πελάγει.
ἡθέων δακρυτὸς ἄπας μόρος· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
πλείστα πολυκλαύτου κῆδεα ναυτιλίης.

496.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

‘Ηρήη Γεράνεια, κακὸν λέπας, ὃφελεν Ἡστρον
τῆλε καὶ ἐκ Σκυθέων μακρὸν ὀρᾶν Τάναϊν,
BOOK VII. 493-496

493.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I, Rhodope, and my mother Boisca neither died of sickness, nor fell by the sword of the foes, but ourselves, when dreadful Ares burnt the city of Corinth our country, chose a brave death. My mother slew me with the slaughtering knife, nor did she, unhappy woman, spare her own life, but tied the noose round her neck; for it was better than slavery to die in freedom.

494.—ANONYMOUS

In the sea, Nereus, died Sodamus the Cretan who loved thy nets and was at home on these thy waters. He excelled all men in his skill as a fisher, but the sea in a storm makes no distinction between fishermen and others.

495.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

Arcturus’ rising ¹ is an ill season for sailors to sail at, and I, Aspasiaus, whose tomb thou passest, traveller, met my bitter fate by the blast of Boreas. My body, washed by the waters of the Aegaean main, is lost at sea. Lamentable ever is the death of young men, but most mournful of all is the fate of travellers who perish in the sea.

496.—SIMONIDES

Lofty Gerania, ² evil cliff, would that from the far Scythian land thou didst look down on the Danube and the long course of the Tanais, and didst not

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¹ Middle of September. ² North of the Isthmus of Corinth.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

μηδε πέλας ναίειν Σκειρωνικοῦ οίδμα θαλάσσης,
ἄγκεα μυθομένης ἀμφὶ Μεθουριάδος.

"νῦν δ' ὦ μέν ἐν πόντῳ κρυβοῦσ' νέκυς: οἱ δὲ βαρεῖαν
ναυτιλίην κενεοὶ τῇδε βοῶσι τάφοι.

497.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΩΤ

Καὶ ποτε Θυμώδης, τὰ παρ' ἐλπίδα κίθεα κλαίων,
παιδὶ Λύκῳ κενεῦν τοῦτον ἔχενε τάφον,
οὔδὲ γὰρ ὄθνειν ἐλαχεὶ κόνιν, ἄλλῳ τις ἢκτῃ
Θυνίας ἣ νήσων Πουτιάδων τις ἔχει.

"ἐνθ' ὕγε ποινὶ πάντων κτερεῖν ἀτερ ὦστεα φαίνει
γυμνὸς ἐπ' ἀξείνου κείμενος αἰγιαλοῦ.

498.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Δὰμις ὁ Νυσσαίης ἑλαχῦ σκάφος ἐκ ποτε πόντου
Ἰονίου ποτὶ γὰν ναυστολέων Πέλοπος,
φορτίδα μὲν καὶ πάντα νεῶς ἐπιβίτορα λαῦν,
κύματι καὶ συρμῷ πλαζομένους ἀνέμων,
ἀσκηθεὶς ἐσάωσεν καθιμεμένης δὲ ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἀγκύρῃς, ψυχρῶν κάθανεν ἐκ νιφᾶδων
ημύσας ὁ πρέσβυς. ἦδ' ὡς οἰκιν χιλαχύν ἄλλως
dοῦς, ἔχενε, τὸν Λήθης αὐτὸς ἔδυ λιμένα.

499.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΩΤ

Ναυτίλοι δ' πλώοντες, ὁ Κυρηναῖος Ἀρίστων
πάντας ὑπὲρ Ἕβενον λίσσεται ὑμμὲ Δίος,
εἰπεῖν πατρὶ Μένωνι, παρ' Ἰκαρίας ὅτι πέτραις
κεῖται, ἐν Αἰγαίῳ θυμὸν ἀφεῖς πελάγει.
dwell near the waves of the Scironian sea and by the ravines of snowy Methurias.¹ Now he is in the sea, a cold corpse, and the empty tomb here laments his unhappy voyage.

497.—DAMAGETUS

Thymodes too,² on a time, weeping for his unexpected sorrow built this empty tomb for his son Lycus; for not even does he lie under foreign earth, but some Bithynian strand, some island of the Black Sea holds him. There he lies, without funeral, showing his bare bones on the inhospitable shore.

498.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Damis of Nysa once navigating a small vessel from the Ionian Sea to the Peloponnesus, brought safe and sound to land the ship with all on board, which the waves and winds had swept out of its course; but just as they were casting anchor on the rocks the old man died from the chilling snow-storm, having fallen asleep. Mark, stranger, how having found a sweet haven for others, he himself entered the haven of Lethe.

499.—THEAETETUS

Ye sailors on the sea, Aristo of Cyrene prays you all by Zeus the Protector of strangers to tell his father Meno that he lost his life in the Aegaean main, and lies by the rocks of Icaria.

¹ The only Methuriades known are small islands near Troezen.
² Because there were other similar tombs close by.
500.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΣ

'Ω παρ' ἐμὸν στείχων κενὸν ήριον, εἶπον, ὀδῖτα, 
εἰς Χίον εὕτ' ἄν ἱκη, πατρὶ Μελησαγόρῃ, 
ὁς ἐμὲ μὲν καὶ νῆα καὶ ἐμπορίῃν κακὸς Εὐρος 
ὁλεσεν, Ἡδύπου δ' αὐτὸ λέλειπτ' ὄνομα.

501.—ΠΕΡΣΩΤ

Εὖρον χειμέριαί σε κατανύδες ἔξεκύλισαν, 
Φίλλε, πολυκλύστω γυμνὸν ἐπ' ἱόνι, 
οἰνηρῆς Δέσβοιο παρὰ σφυρῶν' αὐγῆλιτος δὲ 
πέτρου ἀλβρέκτῳ κείσαι ὑπὸ πρόποδι.

502.—ΝΙΚΑΙΝΕΤΟΤ

'Ἡριόν εἰμι Βίτωνος, ὀδοιπόρε· εἰ δὲ Τορώνην 
λεῖτων εἰς ἡμὺν ἔρχεσθι Ἀμφίπολιν, 
εἰπείν Νικαγόρα, παῖδων ὅτι τῶν μόνων αὐτῷ 
Στρυμνόνης ἐρίφων ὀλεσε πανδυσίη.

503.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

α. Ἀρχαῖς ὁ θινὸς ἐπεστηλωμένον ἄχθος, 
εἴποις δυτιῶν ἔχεις, ἡ τίνος, ἡ ποδατόν. 
β. Φίντων' Ἐρμιονία Βαθυκλέος, δυν πολὺ κύμα 
ὁλεσεν, Δρυκτούρον λαῖλαπτ' χρησάμενον.

504.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάρμις ὁ Καλλιγνώτον ἐπακταίος καλαμευτής, 
ἀκρος καὶ κίχλης καὶ σκάρου ἴχθυβολεύς,
BOOK VII. 500-504

500.—ASCLEPIADES

Wayfarer who passest by my empty tomb, when thou comest to Chios tell my father Melesagoras that the evil south-caster destroyed me, my ship, and my merchandise, and naught but the name of Euippus is left.

501.—PERSES

The wintry blasts of the east wind cast thee out naked, Phillis, on the surf-beaten shore beside a spur of Lesbos rich in wine, and thou liest on the sea-bathed foot of the lofty cliff.

502.—NICAENETUS

I am the tomb, traveller, of Bito, and if leaving Torone thou comest to Amphipolis, tell Nicagoras that the Strymonian wind at the setting of the Kids was the death of his only son.

503.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

A. "O stone standing a burden on the ancient beach, tell me whom thou holdest, whose son and whence."  B. "Phinto the son of Bathycles of Hermione, who perished in the heavy sea, encountering the blast of Arcturus." 1

504.—BY THE SAME

Parmis, Callignotus’ son, the shore-fisher, a first class hand at catching wrasse and scaros and the

1 i.e. a September gale.
καὶ λάβρου πέρκης δελεάρπαγος, ὅσσα τε κοίλας
σήραγγας πέτρας τ' ἐμβυθίους νέμεται,
ἀγρης ἐκ πρῶτης ποτ' ἱουλίδα πετρήσσαν
δακνάξων, ὤλοι ἔξ ἀλὸς ἀράμενοι,
ἐφθεί' ὁλισθηρὴ γὰρ ὑπ' ἐκ χερὸς ἀδίσακα
φιχεί' ἐπὶ στεινὸν παλλομένη φάρυγα.
χῶ μὲν μηρίνθων καὶ δούνακος ἀγκίστρων τε
ἐγγυς ἀπὸ πυκνήν ἤκε κυλίνδομενος,
νήματ' ἀναπλήσσας ἐπιμοιρία: τοῦ δὲ θανόντος
Γρίπων ὁ γρυπεῖν τοῦτον ἔχωσε τάφον.

505.—ΣΑΠΦΟΤΣ

Τῷ γρυπεῖ Πελάγωνι πατὴρ ἔπέθηκε Μενίσκος
κύρτον καὶ κόπταν, μνᾶμα κακοζοίας.
Sir O. A. Elton, Specimens of the Classic Poets, i. p. 108.

506.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Κὴν γῇ καὶ πόντῳ κεκρύμμεθα: τοῦτο περισσόν
ἐκ Μοιρέων Θάρσου Χαρμίδου ἡμύσατο.
ἡ γὰρ ἐπ' ἀγκύρης ἐνοχοὺ βάρος εἰς ἀλὰ δύναν,
Ἰονίον θ' ὑγρὸν κῦμα κατερχόμενος,
τὴν μὲν ἔσωσ', αὐτὸς δὲ μετάτροπος ἐκ βυθοῦ ἔρρων ὃ
ἡδὴ καὶ ναύταις χείρας ὀρεγνύμενος,
ἐβρῶθην: τοῖν μοι ἐπ' ἀγριον εὗ μέγα κῆτος
ἠλθεν, ἀπεβροζέν ὃ ἄχρις ἐπὶ ὀμφαλίου.
χήμοσι μὲν ναύται, ψυχρὸν βάρος, εὖ ἀλὸς ἡμῶν
ἡμαθ', ἡμεῖς δὲ πρῶτος ἀπεκλάσατο,
ὁνὶ δ' ἐν ταύτῃ κακὰ λείψανα Θάρσους, ὅνερ,
ἐκρυφαν' πάτρην δ' οὐ πάλιν ἴκομεθα.
perch, greedy seizer of the bait, and all fish that live
in crevices and on rocky bottoms, met his death by
biting a rock-dwelling iulis from his first catch of
the day, a fish he lifted from the sea for his
destruction; for slipping from his fingers, it went
wriggling down his narrow gullet. So breathed he
his last, rolling over in agony, near his lines, rod, and
hooks, fulfilling the doom the destinies spun for him,
and Gripo the fisherman built him this tomb.

505.—SAPPHO

His father, Meniscus, placed on Pelagon's tomb
a weel and oar, a memorial of the indigent life he
led.

506.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

I am buried both on land and in the sea; this is
the exceptional fate of Tharsys, son of Charmides.
For diving to loosen the anchor, which had become
fixed, I descended into the Ionian sea; the anchor I
saved, but as I was returning from the depths and
already reaching out my hands to the sailors, I was
eaten; so terrible and great a monster of the deep
came and gulped me down as far as the navel.
The half of me, a cold burden, the sailors drew from
the sea, but the shark bit off the other half. On
this beach, good Sir, they buried the vile remains of
Tharsys, and I never came home to my country.

1 To kill it.
2 Now called "yilos," not a wrasse (as L. and S.), but a
small, rather prickly rock-fish.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

507α.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

'Ανθρωπ', οὐ Κροίσου λεύσεις τάφον, ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἄνδρος
χερνήτεω μικρὸς τύμβος, ἐμοὶ δ' ἴκανός.

507β.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐπιδῶν νῦμφεια λέξη κατέβην τῶν ἀφυκτῶν
Γόργυπτοι ξανθῆς Φερσεφόνης θάλαμον.

508.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Παυσανίων Ἰητρόν ἐπώνυμον, 'Αγχίτεω νιόν,
tόνδ', 'Ασκληπιάδην, πατρίς ἐθαψε Γέλα,
δς πλείστους κρυπαράζε μαραίνονες ὑπὸ νοῦςοις
φῶτας ἀπέστρεψεν Φερσεφόνης θαλάμων.

509.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Σῆμα Θεόγνιδος εἰμὶ Σιμωπέος, ὃ μ' ἐπέθηκεν
Γλαύκος ἑταρείης αὐτῇ πολυχρόνιον.

510.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Σῶμα μὲν ἀλλοδαπῆ κεύθει κόνις· ἐν δὲ σε πόντῳ,
Κλείσθενες, Εὐξείνῳ μοῦρ' ἐκίχεον θανάτον
πλαζόμενοι· γλυκεροῦ δὲ μελίφρονος οὐκάδε νόστου
ἡμπλακες, οὐδ' ἰκευ Χίον ἐπ' ἀμφιρύτην.


511.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Σῆμα καταφθιμένου Μεγακλέος εὗτ' ἄν ἰδωμαι,
οἰκτεῖρω σε, τάλαν Κυλλία, οἶ' ἔπαθες.
BOOK VII. 507A—511

507A.—SIMONIDES

Thou seest not the grave of Croesus, but a poor labourer’s tomb is this, yet sufficient for me.

507B.—BY THE SAME

I, Gorgippus, without having looked on the bridal bed, descended to the chamber that none may escape of fair-haired Persephone.

508.—BY THE SAME

His city Gela buried here Pausanias, son of Anchites, a physician of the race of Asclepius, bearing a name expressive of his calling, who turned aside from the chambers of Persephone many men wasted by chilling disease.

509.—BY THE SAME

I am the monument of Theognis of Sinope, erected over him by Glaucus for the sake of their long companionship.

510.—BY THE SAME

The earth of a strange land lies on thy body, Cleisthenes, but the doom of death overtook thee wandering on the Euxine sea. Thou wast cheated of sweet, honied home-coming, nor ever didst thou return to sea-girt Chios.

511.—BY THE SAME

When I look on the tomb of Megacles dead, I pity thee, poor Callias, for what thou hast suffered.

1 Still of pain.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

512.—TOY AYTOY

Τῶνδε δι’ ἄνθρωπων ἁρετὰν οὔχ ἱκετο καπνὸς
αἴθερα δαιμόνιοι εὐρυχόροι Τεγέας,
oi βούλοντο πόλειν μὲν ἔλευθερία τεθαλώιιν
παιζὶ λυπεῖν, αὐτὸι δ’ ἐν προμάχοισι θανεῖν.

513.—TOY AYTOY

Φῇ ποτε Πρωτόμαχος, πατρὸς περὶ χείρας ἔχοντος,
ημίκ’ ἄφ’ έμερτήν ἐπνεεν ἕλκιην.
“Ω Τιμηνώριτη, παιδὸς φίλοι δι’ ποτε λήξεις
οὐτ’ ἁρετήν ποθέων οὔτε σαοφροσύνην.”

514.—TOY AYTOY

Αἰδώς καὶ Κλεόδημου ἐπὶ προχῆσι Θεαῖρου
ἀενὰν οὔτοεντ’ ἠγαγεν εἰς θάνατον, Θρηκίων κύροσαντα λόχων πατρὸς δὲ κλεευνὸν
Διφίλου αἵρητην νῖος ἔθηκ’ ονόμα.

515.—TOY AYTOY

Αἰαῖ, νοῦσε θαρεία: τί δὴ ψυχαῖα μεγαῖρες
ἀνθρώπων ἐρατῇ πάρ νεότητι μένειν;
ἡ καὶ Τιμαρχὸν γλυκερῆς αἰῶνος ἀμέρσας
ἡθεου, πρὶν ἰδεῖν κοουρίδην ἀλοχον.

516.—TOY AYTOY

Οἱ μὲν ἐμὲ κτείναντες ὁμοίων ἀντιτύχοιεσ,
Ζεὺς Ξένιο: οἱ δ’ ὑπὸ γὰρ θέντες ὁμαίντο βλου.
512.—By the Same

Through the valour of these men the smoke of spacious Tegea in flames never went up to heaven. They resolved to leave to their children their city prospering in freedom and to die themselves in the forefront of the fight.

513.—By the Same

Protomachus said, when his father was holding him in his arms as he breathed forth his lovely youth, "Timenorides, never shalt thou cease to regret thy dear son's valour and virtue."

514.—By the Same

Shame of retreat led Cleodemus, too, to mournful death when on the banks of ever-flowing Thaerus he engaged the Thracian troop, and his warrior son made the name of his father, Diphilus, famous.

515.—By the Same

Alas, cruel sickness, why dost thou grudge the souls of men their sojourn with lovely youth? Timarchus, too, in his youth thou hast robbed of his sweet life ere he looked on a wedded wife.

516.—By the Same

Zeus, Protector of strangers, let them who slew me meet with the same fate, but may they who laid me in earth live and prosper.¹

¹ On the grave of one slain by robbers. *op. Nos. 310, 581.*
517.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

'Ηνωι Μελάνιππον ἐθάπτημεν, ἥελιον δὲ 
δυομένου Βασιλῶ κάτθανε παρθενικῇ 
αὐτοχερῇ. ζώειν γάρ, ἀδελφεῖν ἐν πυρὶ θείσα, 
οὐκ ἔτηλ. δίδυμον δ’ οὐκος ἐσείδε κακὸν 
πατρὸς 'Αριστίπποιοι κατήφησεν ἰε Κυρήνην 
πάσα, τῶν εὐτεκνῶν χήρων ἰδοῦσα δόμου.

518.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αστακίδην τὸν Κρήτην, τὸν αἰτόλον, ἱρπασε Νύμφη 
ἐξ ὀρεσί. καὶ νῦν ἰερὸς 'Αστακίδης. 
οὐκέτι Δικταίησιν ὑπὸ δρυσίν, οὐκέτι Δάφνων 
ποιμένες, 'Αστακίδην δ’ αἰὲν ἀεισόμεθα.

519.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δαίμονα τῆς δ’ εὖ οἴδε τῶν αὐρίον, ἀνίκα καὶ σέ, 
Χάρμη, τὸν ὀφθαλμὸτε κληζόν ἐν ἀμετέροις, 
τὰ ἐτέρα κλαύσαντες ἐθάπτομεν; οὐδὲν εἴκειν 
εἰδε πατὴρ Διοφῶν χρήμ’ ἀνιαρότερον.

520.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡν δίξης Τιμαρχοῦ εὖ "Αἴδος, ὀφρα πύθηαι 
ἡ τι περὶ ψυχῆς, ἡ πάλι πῶς ἔσεαι, 
δίξεσθαι φυλῆς Πτολεμαίδος, νύεα πατρὸς 
Παυσανίου. δήεις δ’ αὐτὸν ἐν εὐσεβέων.

521.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κύδικον ἦν ἐλθης, ὀλγόσ πόνος 'Ιππακοῦ εὐρείων 
καὶ Διδύμης. ἀφανῆς οὕτω γὰρ ἡ γενεί, 
καὶ σφιν ἀμηρὸν μὲν ἐρείς ἐπος, ἑμπα δὲ λέξαι 
τοῦθ, ὅτι τῶν κείνων ὁδ’ ἐπέχω Κριτήν.
BOOK VII. 517-521

517.—CALLIMACHUS

It was morning when we buried Melanippus, and at sunset the maiden Basilo died by her own hand; for after laying her brother on the pyre she could not abide to live. The house of their father Aristippus witnessed a double woe, and all Cyrene stood with downcast eyes, seeing the home bereft of its lovely children.

518.—BY THE SAME

A nymph from the mountains carried off Astacides the Cretan goat-herd, and now Astacides is holy. No more, ye shepherds, beneath the oaks of Dicte shall we sing of Daphnis, but ever of Astacides.

519.—BY THE SAME

Who knows well to-morrow's fate, when thee, Charmis, who wast yesterday in our eyes, we bewailed and buried next day. Thy father Diophon never looked upon any more grievous thing.

520.—BY THE SAME

If thou wouldst seek Timarchus in Hades to enquire anything about the soul, or about how it shall be with thee hereafter, ask for Pausanias' son of the tribe Ptolemais, and it is in the abode of the pious that thou shalt find him.

521.—BY THE SAME

If thou comest to Cyzicus, it will be little trouble to find Hippacus and Didyme; for the family is by no means obscure. Then give them this message, grievous indeed, but fail not to give it, that I hold their Critias.
522.—TOY AYTOY

Τιμονόη, τής δ' ἐσσὶ; μὰ δαίμονας, οὗ σ' ἄν ἐπέγυνον,
ei μὴ Τιμοθέου πατρὸς ἐπὶν ὄνομα
στήλη, καὶ Μῆθυμινα τεῇ πόλις. ἰ μέγα φημὶ
χήρον ἄνισθαι σὸν πόσιν Εὐθυμένη.

523.—TOY AYTOY

Οἵτινες 'Ἀλείουο παρέρππητε σάμα Κίμωνος
ὕστε τὸν Ἰππαίου παϊδὰ παρερχόμενοι.

524.—TOY AYTOY

a. Ἡ ῥ' ὑπὸ σοὶ Χαρίδας ἀναπαύεται; β. Εἰ τὸν
Ἀρίμμα
τοῦ Κυρηναίου παῖδα λέγεις, ὑπ' ἐμοὶ.
a. Ὡ Χαρίδα, τί τὰ νέρθε; γ. Πολὺς σκότος.
a. Αἴ δ' ἁνοδοι τί;
γ. Ψεῦδος. a. Ὅ δ' ἔφειτο; γ. Μῦθος.
a. Ἀπωλομέθα.
γ. Οὕτως ἐμὸς λόγος ὑμίν ἀληθινὸς; εἰ δ' τὸν ἴδιν ὅ
βουλεῖ, πελλαίου βοῦς μέγας εἰν ἀίδη.

525.—TOY AYTOY

"Ὁστὶς ἐμὸν παρὰ σῆμα φέρεις πόδα, Καλλιμάχου με
Ἴσθι Κυρηναίου παῖδα τε καὶ γενέτην.
eἰδείης δ' ἀμφω κεν· ὁ μὲν κοτὲ πατρίδος ὁπλων
$header' ὁ δ' ἠμείῃ κρέσσονα βασκανίης.
οὐ νέμεσις; Μοῦσαι γὰρ ὅσους ἦδον ὁμοματι παῖδας ὅ
μὴ λοξῷ πολιοῦς οὐκ ἄπεθεντο φίλους.
522.—By the Same

Timonee! But who art thou? By heaven I would not have recognised thee, had not thy father’s name Timotheus and thy city’s Methymna stood on the grave-stone. I know of a truth that thy widowed husband Euthymenes is in sore distress.

523.—By the Same

Ye who pass by the monument of Cimon of Elis, know that it is Hippaeus’ son whom ye pass by.

524.—By the Same

A. “Doth Charidas rest beneath thee?” B. “If it is the son of Arimmas of Cyrene that you mean, he does.” A. “What is it like below, Charidas?” C. “Very dark.” A. “And what about return?” C. “All lies.” A. “And Pluto?” C. “A myth.” A. “I am done for.” 1 C. “This is the truth that I tell you, but if you want to hear something agreeable, a large ox in Hades costs a shilling.” (?)

525.—By the Same

Know thou who passest my monument that I am the son and father of Callimachus of Cyrene. Thou wilt have heard of both; the one once held the office of general in his city and the other sang songs which overcame envy. No marvel, for those on whom the Muses did not look askance in boyhood they do not cast off when they are grey.

1 i.e. all my hopes are gone.
526.—ΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΤ ΚΟΛΟΦΩΝΙΟΤ
Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ὄθρυναδα τίνα φέρτερον ἐδρακες ἀλλον, ὃς μόνος ἐκ Θυρέας οὐκ ἐθέλησε μολεῖν πατριδ’ ἐπὶ Σπάρταν, διὰ δὲ ξίφος ἠλασε πλευρᾶν, δούλα καταγράφας σκῦλα κατ’ Ἰναχιδάν;

527.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Θεύδοτε, κηδεμόνων μέγα δάκρυνσ, ο’ σε θανόντα κώκυςαν, μέλεον πυρὸν ἀναψάμενοι, αὐνόλινε, τρισάρατε. σὺ δ’ ἀντὶ γάμου τε καὶ ἡβης κάλλιτες ἡδίστη ματρὶ γόους καὶ ἄχη.

528.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εὐρύσωρον περὶ σήμα τὸ Φαναρέτης ποτὲ κοῦραι κέρσαυτο ἄγθους Θεσσαλίδες πλοκάμους, πρωτοτόκον καὶ ἀποτμόν ἀνυξόμεναι περὶ νύμφην. Λάρισαν δὲ φίλην ἰκαχε καὶ τοκεάς.

529.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τόλμα καὶ εἰς ἀίδαν καὶ ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄνδρα κομίζει, δι καὶ Σωσάνδρου παιδ’ ἐπέβασε πυρᾶς, Δωρόθεου; Φθία γὰρ ἑλεύθερον ἡμαρ λάλλων ἐρραῖσθη Σηκῶν μεσσόθι καὶ Χιμέρας.

530.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Μούναν σὺν τέκνοις νεκυοστόλε δέξο με πορθμεῦ τὰν λάλον ἄρκει σοι φόρτος ὁ Ταυταλίδης; πληρώσει γαστήρ μία σὺν σκάρος; εἰςίδε κοῦρους καὶ κοῦρας, Φοῖβου σκῦλα καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος.
BOOK VII. 526-530

526.—NICANDER OF COLOPHON

O father Zeus, didst thou ever see a braver than Othryadas, who would not return alone from Thyrea to Sparta his country, but transfixed himself with his sword after having inscribed the trophy signifying the subjection of the Argives.¹

527.—THEODORIDAS

Theodotus, cause of many tears to thy kinsmen, who lamented thee dead, lighting the mournful pyre, ill-fated, dead all too early, instead of joy in thy marriage and thy youth, to thy sweet mother is left but groaning and grief.

528.—By the Same

The daughters of Thessaly sheared their yellow locks at the spacious tomb of Phaenarete, distraught with grief for the luckless bride dead in her first childbed, and her dear Larissa and her parents were stricken with sorrow.

529.—By the Same

Daring leads a man to Hades and to heaven; daring laid Dorotheus, Sosander’s son, on the pyre; for winning freedom for Phthia he was smitten midway between Sekoi and Chimera.

530.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On Niobe and her children

Thou ferry-man of the dead, receive me, who could not hold my tongue, alone with my children; a boat-load from the house of Tantalus is sufficient for thee. One womb shall fill thy boat; look on my boys and girls, the spoils of Phoebus and Artemis.

¹ cp. Nos. 430, 431.
531.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λύτα του, τρέσσαντι παρὰ χρέος, ὄπασεν ἄδαν,
βαφαμένα κοίλουν ἐντὸς ἀρη λαγόνων,
μάτηρ ὑγείεν ἐπέκεεν, Δαμάτριε· φᾶ δὲ σίδαρον
παιδὸς ἐοὺ φύρδαν μεστῶν ἐχοῦσα φόνου,
ὑφριῶν κομαθηδὸν ἐπιπρόουσα γένειον,
δερκομένα λοξαῖς, οἰα Δάκαινα, κόραις·
"Λείπε τοῦ Ἐυρώταν, ἢδε Γάμταρον· ἄνικα δείλαν
οὐδα μυγάν, τελέθεισιν οὔτε ἐμὸς οὔτε Δάκων."

532.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

"Ἐκ μὲ γεωμορρίς Ἔτεοκλέα πόντιος ἐλπίς
ἐύκυσεν, ὕδνεις ἐμπορον ἐργασίας·
νῶτα δὲ Τυρσηνῆς ἐπάτευν ἀλὸς· ἀλλ' ἀμα νη
προμιχθεὶς κείνης ὑδασιν ἐγκατέδυν,
ἀθρόου ἐμβρίσαντος ἀήματος. οὐκ ἄρ' ἀλώας
αὐτὸς ἐπιπυνεῖει κεῖς ὅθονας ἄνεμος.

533.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΑΝΔΡΙΟΤ

Καὶ Διὸ καὶ Βρομίῳ με διάβροχον οὐ μέγ' ὀλισθεῖν,
καὶ μόνον ἐκ δοῦν, καὶ βροτόν ἐκ μακάρων.

534.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΙΤΩΛΟΤ

Ἀνθρωπε, ζωῆς περιφείδεο, μηδὲ παρ' ἄρην
μαντίλος ἴσθι· καὶ ὅσ οὐ πολὺς ἄνδρι βίος.
δείλαι κλεάνικε, σὺ δ' εἰς λιπαρὴν Θάσον ἐλθεῖν
ήπειγεν, Κολικς ἐμπορος ἐκ Συρίης,
ἐμπορος, ὃ Κλεάνικε· δύσιν δ' ὑπὸ Πλειάδος αὐτὴν 5
ποντοπορῶν, αὐτῇ Πλειάδι συγκατέδυν.

H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 97.
BOOK VII. 531-534

531.—By the Same

The very mother who bore thee, Demetrius, gave thee death when forgetful of thy duty thou didst fly, driving the sword into thy flanks. Holding the steel that reeked with her son’s blood, gnashing her teeth, foaming at the mouth, and looking askance like a Spartan woman as she was, she exclaimed “Leave the Eurotas; go to Tartarus. Since thou couldst fly like a coward, thou art neither mine nor Sparta’s.”

532.—Isidorus of Aegae

I am Etcocles whom the hopes of the sea drew from husbandry and made a merchant in place of what I was by nature. I was travelling on the surface of the Tyrrhenian Sea, but with my ship I sunk headlong into its depths in a sudden fierce squall. It is not then the same wind that blows on the threshing-floor and fills the sails.

533.—Dionysius of Andros

It is no great marvel that I slipped when soaked by Zeus and Bacchus. It was two to one, and gods against a mortal.

534.—Automedon of Aetolia

Man, spare thy life, and go not to sea in ill season. Even as it is, man’s life is not long. Unhappy Cleonicus, thou wast hastening to reach bright Thasos, trading from Coele Syria—trading, O Cleonicus; but on thy voyage at the very setting of the Pleiads, with the Pleiads thou didst set.

1 i.e. rain. 2 Beginning of November.
535.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐκέθ' ὁμοὶ χιμάροισιν ἐχεῖν βίων, οὐκέτι ναίειν
ὸ τραγῳδοὺς ὃρεών Πᾶν ἔθελω κορυφάς.
tί γλυκὺ μοι, τί ποθεινὸν ἐν οὐρεσίν; ὁλετο Δάφνις,
Δάφνις δὲ ἤμετέρη πῦρ ἔτεκε κραδίῃν.
ἀστυ τὸδ' οἰκίσσω· θηρῶν δὲ τις ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄγρην
stilelēσθω· τὰ πάροιθ' οὐκέτι Παῦλοι φίλα.

536.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ [ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ]

Οὐδὲ θανὼν ὁ πρέσβυς ἐμ ἠπετέτροφε τύμβων
βότρυν ἀπ' σινάρθης ἤμερου, ἄλλα βάτον,
καὶ πνυγόσσον ἀχέρδου, ἀποστύφουσαν ὀδιτῶν
χείλεα καὶ δύσει καρφαλέοι φάρυγα.
ἀλλά τις Ἰππόνακτος ἐπήν παρὰ σήμα νέηται,
εὐχέσθω κνώσσειν εὐμενέοντα νέκυν.

537.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ [ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ]

Ἡρίων οὐκ ἐπὶ πατρὶ, πολυκλαύτου δ' ἐπὶ παιδὸς
Δυσίς ἄχει κενεῖν τὴ δ' ἀνέχωσε κόσιν,
οὐνομα ταρχύσας, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ὑπὸ χείρα τοκήν
 iotaθε δυστήνου λέιψανα Μαντιθέου.

538.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ

Μανῆς οὐτος ἄνὴρ ἢν ζῶν ποτὲ· νῦν δὲ τεθνηκὼς
ἰσον Δαρείῳ τῷ μεγάλῳ δύναται.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 24.

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BOOK VII. 535-538

535.—MELEAGER

No longer do I, goat-footed Pan, desire to dwell among the goats or on the hill-tops. What pleasure, what delight have I in mountains? Daphnis is dead, Daphnis who begot a fire in my heart. Here in the city will I dwell; let some one else set forth to hunt the wild beasts; Pan no longer loves his old life.

536.—ALCAEUS

Not even now the old man is dead, do clusters of the cultivated vine grow on his tomb, but brambles and the astringent wild pear that contracts the traveller’s lips and his throat parched with thirst. But he who passes by the tomb of Hipponax should pray his corpse to rest in sleep.

537.—PHANIAS

No monument for his father, but in mournful memory of his lamented son did Lysis build this empty mound of earth, burying but his name, since the remains of unhappy Mantisheus never came into his parents’ hands.

538.—ANYTE

This man when alive was Manes, but now he is dead he is as great as great Darius.

1 Probably the Messenian.  
2 A slave’s name.
539.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ

Οὐ προϊκὼν, Θεότιμε, κακὴν δύσιν ὑετίοιο
'Αρκτούρον, κρυερῆς ἡψαο ναυτιλῆς,
ἡ σε, δὴ Λιγαίοιο πολυκλῆιδι θέουντα
νηῷ, σὺν οἷς ἐτάροις ἠγαγεν εἰς ἁίδην.
αιαὶ, Ἀριστοδίκη δὲ καὶ Ἐὔπολις, οἵ σε ἐτέκοιτο,
μύρονται, κενεὸν σήμα περισχόμενοι.

540. ΔΑΜΑΓΙΤΟΤ

Πρὸς σὲ Δίον Ἐσεῖνον γουνούμεθα, πατρὶ Χαρίῳ
ἀγγειλον Θήξην, ὄνερ, ἐπ' Λιολίδα
Μῆνιν καὶ Πολυνικον ὀλόλοτε, καὶ τὸ ἄμφι φαίης,
ὡς ὦ τὸν δόλιον κλαίομεν ἀμμὶ μόρον,
καίπερ ὑπὸ Θηρικῶν φθίμενοι χερὸς, ἀλλὰ τὸ κεῖνον
γῆρας ἐν ἀργαλέῃ κείμενον οργανίᾳ.

541.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Εστὶς εὖ προμάχοις, Χαϊρωνίδη, ὃδ' ἀγορεύσας,
"'Ἡ μόρον, ἡ νίκαι, Ζεύ, πολέμων δίδουν,"
νικα τοι περὶ Τάφρον Ἀχαϊδα τῇ τότε νυκτὶ
dυσμενεῖς θρασεώς δῆρεν ἔθεντο πόλον.
ναὶ μὴν ἀντ' ἀρετῆς σε διακριδόν Ἀλις ἀείδει,
θερμὸν ἀνὰ ξείων αἴμα χέαντα κόνιν.

542.—ΦΛΑΚΚΚΟΤ

'Εβρον χειμερίως ἀταλὸς κρυμμοῖσι δεθέντος
κόυρος ὀλισθηροῖς ποσσιῶν ἔθραυσε πάγον,

1 In November.
2 The scene of a battle in which the Spartans defeated the
BOOK VII. 539-542

539.—PERSES

Heedless, Theotimus, of the coming evil setting of rainy Arcturus¹ didst thou set out on thy perilous voyage, which carried thee and thy companions, racing over the Aegaean in the many-oared galley, to Hades. Alas for Aristodice and Eupolis, thy parents, who mourn thee, embracing thy empty tomb.

540.—DAMAGETES

By Zeus, the Protector of strangers, we adjure thee, Sir, tell our father Charinus, in Aeolian Thebes, that Menis and Polynicus are no more; and say this, that though we perished at the hands of the Thracians, we do not lament our treacherous murder, but his old age left in bereavement ill to bear.

541.—BY THE SAME

Standing in the forefront of the battle, Chaeronidas, so spokest thou, "Zeus, grant me death or victory," on that night when by Achaean Taphros² the foe made thee meet him in stubborn battle strife: verily doth Elis sing of thee above all men for thy valour, who didst then shed thy warm blood on the foreign earth.

542.—FLACCUS

The tender boy, slipping, broke the ice of the Hebrus frozen by the winter cold, and as he was Messenians, but this epigram must refer to some later combat on the same spot.

²
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

tou parasvromenou periparrayes avxen' ekouven
thiagalou potamou Histoniaiou tryphos.
kai to mev iropas the dinais meros. h' de tekoisa
leibhion uperithi toufou mouvnon ethike kara.
muromeni dei tulaiwa, "Tekos, tekos," elpe, "to
mev sou
pukkaibi, to de sou pukro ambaivev apor.

543.—ADESIPOTON

Panta tis aristaio fygiew plous, opsote kai sy,
theugenes, en Libuko tumbou ethen pelagei,
hnika sou kakhmos ethpentato fortide vhe
oulou anepithmon keino vefos gerywou.

544.—ADESIPOTON

Eipe, pote Phian evamptelon eni pov' ikhai
kai poulw arxaian, o' xene, Thauyakiai.
ws douvnon Malakeion anasteibou pot' erhimou
eides Lamptonos tound' elpe paidi taphou
Dereia, on pote mouvnon elen dobro, oud' anafandou, 5
klopes elpe Spartan dian epieugamou.

545.—HIGSIGIPOT

Tn anp pukkaibi evedeia fasli kelenbouv
'Eromin tous agathous eli' Radamaibnen agei,
'kal Aristonous, Xairestratou ouk adakrutos
paics, hagiileiou doun' Aidos katebhi.

1 opr. Bk. IX. No. 56.
carried away by the current, a sharp fragment of the Bistonian river breaking away cut through his neck. Part of him was carried away by the flood, but his mother laid in the tomb all that was left to her above the ice, his head alone. And, wailing, she cried, "My child, my child, part of thee hath the pyre buried and part the cruel water." ¹

543.—Anonymous

One should pray to be spared sea-voyages altogether, Theogenes, since thou, too, didst make thy grave in the Libyan Sea, when that tired close-packed flock of countless cranes descended like a cloud on thy loaded ship.²

544.—Anonymous

Tell, stranger, if ever thou dost come to Phthia, the land of vines, and to the ancient city of Thaumacia that, mounting once through the lonely woodland of Malea, thou didst see this tomb of Derxias the son of Lampo, whom once, as he hastened on his way to glorious Sparta, the bandits slew by treachery and not in open fight.

545.—HEGESIPPOS

They say that Hermes leads the just from the pyre to Rhadamantius by the right-hand path, the path by which Aristonous, the not unwpt son of Chaerestratus, descended to the house of Hades, the gatherer of peoples.

² Pliny (N.H. x. 13) tells of ships being similarly sunk by flocks of quails alighting on them at night.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

546.—ΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἴχε κορωνοβόλον πενίης λιμηρὸν Αρίστων ὀργανον, ὃ πτηνᾶς ἦκροβολίζε χένας, ἥκα παραστείχων δολὴν ὀδὸν, οἶος ἐκεῖνας ψεύσασθαι λοξῶν ὁμμασι φερβομένας.

547.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Τὰν στάλαι ἐχάραξε Βιάνωρ οὐκ ἐπὶ ματρί, οὐδ' ἐπὶ τῷ γενέτα, πότμον ὁφειλόμενον, παρθενικ' δ' ἐπὶ παιδί· κατέστενε δ', οὐχ Ῥμεναῖφ, ἀλλ' Αἰδη νῦμφαν δωδεκάετων κατάγων.

548.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Τὸς Δαίμων Ἄργειδος ἐπὶ ἡρῴῳ; ἀρα σύναιμος ἐστὶ Δικαιοτέλους. β. Ἐστὶ Δικαιοτέλους.

α. Ἦχῳ τούτ' ἐλάλησε πανύστατον, ἢ τὸδ' ἀληθεῖς, κεῖνος οἴδ' ἐστίν ἀνήρ; β. Κεῖνος οἴδ' ἐστίν ἀνήρ.

549.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πέτρος ἐτ' ἐν Συπύλῳ Νιόβη θρήνους ἀναλύζει ἐπτά δις ὁδίων δυρομένη θάνατον· λήξει δ' οὐδ' αἰώνι γόου. τί δ' ἀλαζόνα μῦθον φθέγξατο, τὸν ζωῆς ἄρταγα καὶ τεκεων;
BOOK VII. 546-549

546.—Anonymous

Aristo had his sling, a weapon procuring him a scanty living, with which he was wont to shoot the winged geese, stealing softly upon them so as to elude them as they fed with sidelong-glancing eyes. Now he is in Hades and the sling noiseless and idle with no hand to whirl it, and the game fly over his tomb.

547-550 are by Leonidas of Alexandria and are isopsepha, like Book VI. Nos. 321–329.

547

Bianor engraved the stone, not for his mother or father, as had been their meet fate, but for his unmarried daughter, and he groaned as he led the bride of twelve years not to Hymenaeus but to Hades.

548

"Who is the Argive Daemon on the tomb? Is he a brother of Dicacoteles?" (Echo) "A brother of Dicacoteles." "Did Echo speak the last words, or is it true that this is the man?" (Echo) "This is the man."

549

Niobe, a rock in Sipylus, still sobs and wails, mourning for the death of twice seven children, and never during the ages shall she cease from her plaint. Why did she speak the boastful words that robbed her of her life and her children?
550.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναυηγὸς γλαυκοῖο φυγὼν Τρίτωνος ἀπειλᾶς
‘Ἀνθεὺς Φθιώτην οὐ φύγεν αἰνόλυκον’
Πηνειοῦ παρὰ χῦμα γὰρ ὢλετο. φεῦ τάλαν ὅστις
Νηρείδων Νῦμφας ἔσχεν ἀπιστοτέρας.

551.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Αιτώλιος καὶ Παῦλος ἀδελφεῖο ἀμφω ἐόντε
ξυνὴν μὲν βιότου συζυγίαν ἐχέτην,
ξυνά δὲ καὶ Μοίρης λαχέτην λίνα, καὶ παρὰ θίνα
Βοσπορίην ξυνὴν ἀμφεβάλουντο κόσιν.
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀλλήλοις ξέων ἀπάνευθε δυνάσθην,
ἀλλὰ συνετρεχέτην καὶ παρὰ Φερσεφόνην.
χαίρετον δ ὀ γλυκερὸ καὶ ὁμόφρονες: σήματι δ’ ὑμέων
ὡφελεν ἰδρύσθαι βωμὸς Ὀμοφροσύνης.

552.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Ἡ ζένε, τῷ κλαίεις; β. Διὰ σὸν μόρον. α. Οἰσθα
τίς εἰμι;

β. Οὐ μὰ τῶν ἀλλ’ ἐμπῆς οὐκτρόν ὠρῶ τὸ τέλος.
ἔσοι δὲ τίς; α. Περίκλεια. β. Γυνὴ τίνος; α. Ἀν-
δρὸς ἄριστου,
ὑπτόρος, ἐξ Ἀσίης, οὖνομα Μεμνονίου.

β. Πῶς δὲ σε Βοσπορίη κατέχει κόσις; α. Εὐρέο
Μοϊραν,
ἡ μοι τήλε πάτρης ξείων ἐδωκε τάφον.

β. Παῖδα λίπες; α. Τριτέρην, δς ἐν μεγάροισιν
ἀλῶν
ἐκδέχεται μαζῶν ἠμετέρων σταγόνα.

β. Αἴθε καλῶς ζῷοι. α. Ναί, ναί, φίλος, εὔχεο κείνο,
ὄφρα μοι ἡβήσας δάκρυ φίλον σταλάσι.
BOOK VII. 550-552

550

ANTHEUS, who escaped the threats of sea-green Triton, escaped not the terrible Phthian wolf. For by the stream of Peneus he perished. Unfortunate! to whom the Nymphs were more treacherous than the Nereids.1

551.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

LETORUS and Paulus, being two brothers, were united in life, and united in the predestined hour of their death, they lie by the Bosporus clothed in one shroud of dust. For they could not live apart from each other, but ran together to Persephone. Hail, sweet pair, ever of one mind; on your tomb should stand an altar of Concord.

552.—BY THE SAME

A. “STRANGER, why mournest thou?” B. “For thy fate.” A. “Dost know who I am?” B. “No, by——! but still I see thy end was wretched, and who art thou?” A. “Periclea.” B. “Whose wife?” A. “The wife of a noble man, an orator from Asia, by name Memnonius.” B. “And how is it that thou liest by the Bosporus?” A. “Ask Fate who gave me a tomb in a strange land far from my own country.” B. “Didst thou leave a son?” A. “One of three years old, who wanders up and down the house seeking the milk of my breasts.” B. “May he live and prosper.” A. “Yea, yea, my friend, pray for him, that he may grow up and shed sweet tears for me.”

1 cp. No. 289.
553.—ΔΑΜΑΣΚΙΟΤ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΤ
Ζωσίμη, ἡ πρὶν ἔσυσα μόνῳ τῷ σώματι δούλη, καὶ τῷ σώματι νῦν εὐρεν ἐλευθερίην.

554.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Λατύπος Ἀρχιτέλης Ἀγαθιάνορ παιδὶ θανόντι χερσὶν ὀξύραϊς ἤμιολογησε τάφον, 
αἰαῖ, πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὃν οὐκ ἐκόλαψε σίδηρος, 
ἀλλ' ἐτάκη πυκνοὶς δάκρυσι τεγγύμενοις.
φεῦ, στήλη φθιμένῳ κούφῃ μένε, κεῖνος ὲν εἴπη:
"Ουτὼς πατρίφη χελρ ἐπέθηκε λίθον."

555.—ΙΩΑΝΝΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ
'Ες πόσιν ὑθρήσασα παρ' ἐσχατίνης λίνα μοίρης ήνεσα καὶ χθονίους, ήνεσα καὶ ξυγλίους:
tους μέν, ὃτι ξωδὸν λίπον ἀνέφα: τους ὅρ, ὃτι τοῖον. 
ἀλλὰ πατὴρ μίμνου παισίν ἐφ' ἡμετέροις.

555B.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Τούτῳ σαφροσύνας ἀντάξιον εὑρεο, Νοστών 
δάκτυλά σοι γαμέτας σπείσε καταφθιμένα.

556.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΑΝΘΟΠΑΤΟΤ
Νηλευής Ἀϊδης· ἔτι σοι ὅ' ἐγέλασσε θανόντι, 
Τίτυρε, καὶ νεκώνθι δήκε σε μμολόγου.

557.—ΚΤΡΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ
Τρεῖς ἔτεων δεκάδες, Μαῖνσ χρόνος· ἐς τρία δ' ἅλλα 
ἐτρεχεν, ἀλλ' Ἀϊδης παρείρον ἐπεμψε βέλος: 
θηλυτέρρη δ' ἡρπάξε πόδων καλύκεσσιν ὑμοίην, 
πάντ' ἀπομαξαμένην ἔργα τὰ Πηνελόπης.
553.—DAMASCIUS THE PHILOSOPHER

Zosime who was never a slave but in body, has now gained freedom for her body too.

554.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The mason Architecles with mourning hands constructed a tomb for Agathanor his son. Alas! alas! this stone no chisel cut, but drenched by many tears it crumbled. Thou, tablet, rest lightly on the dead, that he may say "Of a truth it was my father's hand which placed this stone on me."

555.—JOANNES THE POET

Looking at my husband, as my life was ebbing away, I praised the infernal gods, and those of wedlock, the former because I left my husband alive, the latter that he was so good a husband. But may their father live to bring up our children.

555b.—BY THE SAME

This, Nosto, was the reward thy virtue gained, that thy husband shed tears for thee at thy death.

556.—THEODORUS PROCONSUL

On a mime

Hades is grim, but he laughed at thy death, Tityrus, and made thee the mime of the dead.

557.—CYRUS THE POET

Maia had passed her thirtieth year and was approaching her thirty-third, when Hades cast at her his cruel dart and carried off the woman who was like a rosebud, a very counterpart of Penelope in her work.
558.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Αδης μὲν σύλησεν ἐμῆς νεότητος ὅπωριν, κρύφε δὲ παππούφοι μνήματι τῶδε λίθος. οὕνεκα Ροφίνοις γενόμην, παῖς Αἰθερίοιο, μητρὸς δ' ἔξι ἀγαθῆς· ἀλλὰ μάτην γενόμην. ἐς γὰρ ἀκρον μούσης τε καὶ ἡβης ἤκον ἑλάσσας, 5 φεῦ, σοφὸς εἰς αἰδήν, καὶ νέος εἰς ἔρεβος. κόκυκε καὶ σὺ βλέπων τάδε γράμματα μακρόν, ὠδίτα· δὴ γὰρ ἐφὺς ζωῶν ἢ παῖς ἢ πατὴρ.

559.—ΘΕΟΣΕΒΕΙΑΣ

Εἴδεν 'Ακεστορίη τρία πένθεα· κείρατο χαίτην πρῶτον ἐψ' Ἰπποκράτει, καὶ δεύτερον ὑμβλ. Γαλήνῳ· καὶ νῦν Ἀβλαβίου γοερὸ περὶ σήματι κείται, αἰδομένη μετὰ κεῖνον εὖ ἀνθρώποισι φανῆναι.

560.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ ἐπὶ ξείνησι σε, Λεόντιε, γαία καλύπτει, εἰ καὶ ἐρικλαύτων τῆλ' ἐθανεῖ γονέων, πολλά σοι ἐκ βλεφάρων ἑχύθη περιτύμβια φωτῶν δάκρυα, δυστλήτω πενθεὶ δαπτομένων. πάσι γὰρ ήσθα λίνη πεφιλημένος, οἶα τε πάντων ἵνως ἑδ' Κουρος, ἵνως ἑδ' ἐταρος. αἰαί, λευγαλέη καὶ ἀμελλιχος ἐπλετο Μοῖρα, μηδὲ τεῆς ἡβης, δύσμορε, φεισαμένη.

561.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ἈΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΤΠΙΟΤ

'Η Φύσει ὅδηνασα πολὺν χρόνον ἀνέρ' ἔτικτεν ἄξιον εἰς ἄρετήν τῶν προτέρων ἐτέων,
558.—ANONYMOUS

Hades spoiled the ripe fruit of my youth and the stone hid me in this ancestral tomb. My name was Rufinus, the son of Aetherius and I was born of a noble mother, but in vain was I born; for after reaching the perfection of education and youth, I carried, alas! my learning to Hades and my youth to Erebus. Lament long, O traveller, when thou readest these lines, for without doubt thou art either the father or the son of living men.

559.—THEOSEBEIA

Three sorrows Medicine met with. First she shore her hair for Hippocrates, and next for Galen, and now she lies on the tearful tomb of Ablabius, ashamed, now he is gone, to shew herself among men.

560.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Though the earth cover thee in a strange land, Leontius, though thou didst die far from thy afflicted parents, yet many funeral tears were shed for thee by mortals consumed by insufferable sorrow. For thou wert greatly beloved by all and it was just as if thou wert the common child, the common companion of every one. Ah! direful and merciless was Fate that spared not even thy youth.

561.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Nature after long labour gave birth to a man whose virtue was worthy of former years, Craterus

1 Ἀκεστωρία is the same as Ἀκέσω daughter of Aesculapius.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τὸν Κρατερὸν σοφίην τε καὶ οὖνομα, τὸν καὶ ἀνυγροῖς
κινήσαντα γάρ διάκρυνον ἀντιπάλοις.
εἰ δὲ νέος τέθυηκεν, ὑπέρτερα νήματα Μοίρης
μέμφεο, βουλομένης κόσμον ἁκοσμον ἐχειν.

562.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ω φθέγμα Κρατεροίῳ, τί σοι πλέον εἰ γε καὶ αὐθής
ἐπλεο καὶ σιγῆς αἵτιον ἀντιπάλοις;
ζώντος μὲν γὰρ ἅπαντες ἥφωνεν· ἐκ δὲ τελευτῆς
ὑμετέρης ἰδίην αὐθής ἔδησαν ὁπα.
οὕτως γὰρ μετὰ σεἰο μόρον τέτληκε τανύσσαι
ὀντα λόγοις· Κρατερῷ δὲ ἐν τέλος ἢδὲ λόγοις.

563.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Συγὰς Χρυσεσάμαλλε τὸ χάλκεον, οὐκέτι δ᾿ ἡμῖν
εἰκόνας ἐρχεγόνων ἐκτελέεις μερόπων
νεώμασιν ἀφθόγγοις· τει δ᾿, ὀλβίστε, σιωπῇ
νῦν στυγερῇ τελέθει, τῇ πρὶν ἐθελγόμεθα.

564.—ΑΔΕΞΙΩΤΟΝ

Τῇδε ποτ’ ἀκτερέίστον ἐδέξατο γαῖα χανοῦσα
Δαοδίκην, δητῶν ὑβριν ἀλευμένην.
σήμα δ᾿ ἀμαλδύναντος ἀναίστοιο χρόνου,
Μάξιμος ἐκδηλὸν θῆκε· Ἀσίης ὑπατος,
καὶ κούρης χάλκεον ἐπεὶ τύπον ἐφράσατ’ ἄλλη
κείμενον ἀκλειῶς, τὸδ᾿ ἐπέθηκε κύκλῳ.
(strong) in name and in wisdom, whose death moved to tears even his grievous opponents. If he died young, blame the supreme decree of Fate who willed that the world should be despoiled of its ornament.\footnote{1}

562.—BY THE SAME

O eloquence of Craterus, what profits it thee if thou wast a cause of speech or of silence to thy adversaries? When thou didst live, all cried out in applause; but after thy death the mouths of all are sealed; for none any more would lend an ear to speeches. The art of speaking perished with Craterus.

563.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Thou art bound in brazen silence, Chryseomallus, and no longer dost thou figure to us the men of old time in dumb show.\footnote{2} Now, most gifted man, is thy silence, in which we once took delight, grievous to us

564.—ANONYMOUS

Here on a time the earth opened to receive Laodice,\footnote{3} not duly laid to rest, but flying from the violence of the enemy. Unreckonable Time having effaced the monument, Maximus the Proconsul of Asia brought it again to light, and having noticed the girl’s bronze statue lying elsewhere unhonoured, he set it up on this circular barrow.

\footnote{1} The play on the two senses of "cosmos" cannot be reproduced.  
\footnote{2} He was a mime.  
\footnote{3} The daughter of Priam.
565.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΙΤΠΙΤΙΟΤ
Αὐτὴν Θειοδότην ὁ ζωγράφος. αἵθε δὲ τέχνης ἡμβροτε, καὶ λήθην δῶκεν ὀδυρομένως.

566.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ
Γαία, καὶ Εἴλειβνια, σὺ μὲν τέκες, ἢ δὲ καλύπτεις: χαίρετον ἀμφοτέρας ἦνυσα τὸ στάδιον.
εἰμὶ δὲ, μὴ νοέων πόθι νύσομαι: σὺδὲ γὰρ ὑμέας ἢ τίνος ἢ τίς ἐὼν οἴδα πόθεν μετέβην.

567.—ΑΙΓΆΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Κανδαύλου τὸδε σήμαν: δίκη δὲ ἐμὸν οἶτον ἰδοῦσα οὐδὲν ἀλητραίνειν τὴν παράκοιτων ἐφή.
 rencont καὶ διασοίζων ὑπ’ ἀνδρῶσι μηδὲ φανήμαι, ἀλλ’ ἢ τὸν πρίν ἔχειν, ἢ τὸν ἐπιστάμενον.
χρην ἀρα Κανδαύλην παθὲειν κακόν· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ἐτλη 5 δεῖξαι τὴν ἰδίην ὀμμασίν ἀλλοτρίοις.

568.—TOY AYTOY
Ἐπά τα μὲ δις λυκάβαντας ἐχοῦσαν ἀφήρπασε δαίμων, ἢ μοῦνην Διδύμῳ πατρὶ Θάλεια τέκεν.
ἀ Μοίραι, τί τοσοῦτον ἀπηνέες, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ παστοῦς ἤγαγεν οὐδ’ ἐρατῆς ἔργα τεκνοσπορίς;
οἱ μὲν γὰρ γονεῖς με γαμῆλιον εἰς Ἰμέναιον μέλλουν ἄγειν· στυγεροῦ δ’ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἔβην.
ἀλλὰ θεοὶ, λίτομαι, μητρός γε γόος πατέρος τε παύσατε, τηκομένων εἶνεκ’ ἐμεῖ φθιμένης.
565.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

The painter limned Theodote just as she was. Would his art had failed him and he had given forgetfulness to us who mourn her.

566.—MACEDONIUS CONSUL

Earth and Ilithyia, one of you brought me to birth, the other covers me. Farewell! I have run the race of each.¹ I depart, not knowing whither I go, for neither do I know who I was or whose or from whence when I came to you.

567.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

This is the monument of Candaules,² and Justice seeing my fate said that my wife committed no crime; for she wished not to be seen by two men, but wished either her first husband or him who knew her charms to possess her. It was fated for Candaules to come to an evil end; otherwise he would never have ventured to show his own wife to strange eyes.

568.—BY THE SAME

Fate carried me off but fourteen years old, the only child that Thalia bore to Didymus. Ah, ye Destinies, why were ye so hard-hearted, never bringing me to the bridal chamber or the sweet task of conceiving children? My parents were on the point of leading me to Hymen, but I went to loathed Acheron. But, ye gods, still, I pray, the plaints of my father and mother who wither away because of my death.

¹ What he means is "the race of life and death."
² See Herod. i. 11.
569.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ λίτομαι, παροδίτα, φίλω κατάλεξου ἀκοίτη, εὐτ’ ἂν ἐμὴν λεύσοσθι πατρίδα Θεσσαλίην.
"Κάθανε σῇ παράκοιτις, ἔχει δὲ μὲν ἐν χθονὶ τῦμβος, αἰαὶ, Βοσπόρῳς ἔγγυθεν ἡμῖν.
ἀλλὰ μοι αὐτόθι τεῦχε κενήρων ἐγγύθη σεῖο, ὃφ’ ἀναμμύνησκῃ τῆς ποτὲ κουριδής."

570.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΤΟΝ

Δουλκίτιον μὲν ἀνακτεὶς ἄκρον βιότου πρὸς ὅλβον ἡγαγον εἴ ἀρετής καὶ κλέος ἀνθυπάτων.
ὡς δὲ φύσις μὴν ἐλυσεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς, ἀθάνατοι μὲν αὐτὸν ἑχουσι θεοὶ, σῶμα δὲ σηκὸς ὅδε.

571.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

'Ορφέος οἰχομένου, τάχα τις τότε λεύτερο Μοῦσα.
σεῦ δὲ, Πλάτων, φθιμένου, παύσατο καὶ κιθάρη.
ἡν γὰρ ἔτι προτέρων μελέων ὀλγή τις ἀπορρόξη
ἐν σαίς σωζομένη καὶ φρεσκα καὶ παλάμαις.

572.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐχ ὅσιος λεχέσσοιν ἐτέρπετο λάθμος ἀνήρ,
λέκτρον ὑποκλέπτων ἀλλοτρίας ἀλόχου,
ἐξατίνης δὲ δόμων ὀροφή πέσε, τοὺς δὲ κακούργους
ἐσκεπτεν, ἀλλήλοις εἰσέτι μισομένους.
Ξυνη δ’ ἄμφοτέρους κατέχει παγίς: εἰν ἐνὶ δ’ ἄμφω ἤ
κείνται, συζυγίης οὐκέτι πανόμενοι.
569.—By the Same

Yea, I pray thee, traveller, tell my dear husband, when thou seest my country Thessaly, "Thy wife is dead and rests in her tomb, alas, near the shore of the Bosporus. But build me at home a cenotaph near thee, so that thou mayest be reminded of her who was once thy spouse."

570.—Anonymous

Our princes, owing to his virtues, promoted Dulcitius to great wealth and proconsular rank; and now that Nature has released him from earth, the immortal gods possess himself, but this enclosure his body.

571.—Leontius Scholasticus

When Orpheus departed, perchance some Muse survived, but at thy death, Plato, the lyre ceased to sound. For in thy mind and in thy fingers there yet survived some little fragment at least of ancient music.

572.—Agathias Scholasticus

A certain man secretly took his pleasure in unholy intercourse, stealing the embraces of another man's wife; but of a sudden the roof fell in and buried the sinners still coupled. One trap holds both, and together they lie in an embrace that never ceases.

1 A contemporary musician.
573.—ΔΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Χειρεδίου τόδε σήμα, τὸν ἐτρεφεν Ὁτθὶς ἁρουρα
eἰκόνα ῥητήρων τῆς προτέρης δεκάδος,
ῥηθῆς πείθουσα δικασπόλοι· ἀλλὰ δικάζων
οὔποτε τῆς ὀρθῆς οὐδ' ὅσον ἐτράπετο.

574.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Θεσμοὶ μὲν μεμέλημεν συνήθεσ 'Ἀγαθονίκω'
Μοῖρα δὲ δειμαίνειν οὐ δεδήκη νόμους,
ἀλλὰ μιν ἁρπάξασα σοφῶν ἡμέρσε θεμίστων,
οὔπω τῆς νομίμης ἐμπλέους ἡλικίας.
οἰκτρὰ δ' ὑπὲρ τῷμβοιο κατεστονάχησαν ἐταῖροι
κείμενον, οὐ θιάσου κόσμον ὀδυρόμενον.
ἡ δὲ κόμην τίλλουσα γόφ πληκτίζετο μήτηρ,
αιαί, τὸν λαγώνων μόχθουν ἐπισταμένη.
ἐμπὴς ὀλβίοσ οὖτος, ὃς ἐν νεότητι μαρανθεὶς
ἐκφυγε τὴν βιότοις θάσσου ἀλτροσύνην.

575.—ΔΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Σήμα 'Ῥόδης· Τυρίη δὲ γυνη πέλεν· ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
ἐκεί τὴν πόλιν, κηδομένη τεκέων.
αὐτὴ ἀειμνήστοιο λέχος κόσμησε Γεμέλλου,
ὅσ πάρος εὐνομίης ἱδύμοια θήκε πόλιν.
γρηγὺς μὲν μόρον εὐρεν, ὀφέλλε δὲ μυρία κύκλα
ζώειν· τῶν ἁγαθῶν οὐ δεχόμεσθα κόρον.

576.—ΙΟΤΔΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΠΤΙΤΙΟΤ
α. Κάτθανε, ὁ Πύρρων; β. Ἐπέχω. α. Πυμάτην
μετὰ μοῖραν
φῆς ἐπέχειν; β. Ἐπέχω. α. Σκέψω ἐπαυσε
τάφος.
573.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

This is the tomb of Cheiredius whom the Attic land nourished, an orator the image of the ancient ten,\(^1\) ever easily convincing the judge, but when himself a judge never swerving a hair’s breadth from the straight path.

574.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Agathonicus had diligently studied jurisprudence, but Fate has not learnt to fear the laws, and laying hands on him tore him from his learning in it, before he was of lawful age to practise. His fellow-students bitterly lamented over his tomb, mourning for the ornament of their company, and his mother tearing her hair in her mourning beat herself, remembering, alas, the labour of her womb. Yet blest was he in fading young and escaping early the iniquity of life.

575.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

The tomb is Rhode’s. She was a Tyrian woman, and quitting her country came to this city for the sake of her children. She adorned the bed of Gemellus of eternal memory, who formerly was a professor of law in this city. She died in old age, but should have lived for thousands of years: we never feel we have enough of the good.

576.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. “Are you dead, Pyrrho? ”  
B. “I doubt it.”

A. “Even after your final dissolution, do you say you doubt?”  
B. “I doubt.”  
A. “The tomb has put an end to doubt.”

\(^1\) The celebrated ten Attic orators.
\(^2\) The Sceptic philosopher.
577.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Οστις με τριώδοις μέσαις τάρχυσε θανόντα, λυγρά παθών τύμβου μηδ’ ολύγοιο τύχοι, πάντες ἐπεὶ Τίμωνα νέκυιν πατέουσιν οδίται, καὶ μόροι ἄμμι μόνοις ἀμμορος ἰσυχίης.

578.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὸν κρατερὸν Πανοπῆα, τὸν ἄγρευτηρα λεόντων, τὸν λασιοστέρνων κέντορα παρδαλίων, τύμβος ἔχει γλαφυρῆς γάρ ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἐκτανε δεινὸς σκορπίος, οὐτήςας παρσὶν ὁρεσσιβάτην. αἰγανέθ δὲ τάλανα σίγυνα τε πάρ χθονί κεῖται, αἰαὶ, θαρσαλέων παίγνια δορκαλίδων.

579.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Πέτρου ὁρᾶς ῶτηρος ἀεὶ γελώσαν ὀπωσὶν, ἔξοχου εἰν ἁγοραῖς, ἔξοχου ἐν φιλίη. ἐν δὲ Διωνύσου θηεύμενος ὀλετο μοῦνος, ὑψόθεν ἐκ τέγεοι σὺν πλείωσι σεβὸν, βαιῶν ἐπιζήσας, ὅσον ἴρκεσε. τοῦτον ἐγώγε ἄγριον οὐ καλέω, τὸν δὲ φύσει θάνατον.

580.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΤΙΤΙΟΤ

Οὐποτέ με κρύφεις ὑπὸ πυθμένα νελατου αὖθις τόσου, ὅσον κρύψαι πάνθκοπον ὄμμι Δίκης.

581.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αντὶ φόνου τάφου ἄμμι χαρίζει, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἵσων ἀντιτύχους οὔρανοθεν χαρίτων.

1 i.e. long enough to set his affairs in order.
BOOK VII. 577-581

577.—By the Same

May he who buried me at the cross-roads come to an ill end and get no burial at all; since all the travellers tread on Timon and in death, the portion of all, I alone have no portion of repose.

578.—Agathias Scholasticus

In this tomb rests strong Panopeus the lion-hunter, the piercer of shaggy-breasted panthers; for a terrible scorpion issuing from a hole in the earth smote his heel as he walked on the hills and slew him. On the ground, alas, lie his poor javelin and spear, to be the playthings of impudent deer.

579.—Leontias Scholasticus

Thou seest the ever-smiling face of Peter the orator, excellent in debate, excellent in friendship. In the theatre whilst looking at the performance he fell from the roof with others and was the only one who died, after surviving a short time, sufficient for his needs. I call this no violent death, but a natural one.

580.—Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

Never shalt thou hide me even in the very bottom of the earth in a manner that shall hide the all-seeing eye of Justice.

581.—By the Same

Thou givest me a tomb in return for murdering me, but may heaven grant thee in return the same kindness.

2 This and the following are supposed to be addressed to his murderers by a man killed by robbers. cp. No. 310.

311
582.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χαίρε μοι, ὦ ναυηγέ, καὶ εἰς Ἀἴδαο περήσας
μέμφεο μὴ πόντου κύμασιν, ἀλλ’ ἄνεμοις.
κεῖνοι μὲν σ’ ἐδάμασσαν ἄλος δὲ σε μείλιχον ὑδώρ
ἐσ χθόνα καὶ πατέρων ἐξεκύλισε τάφους.

583.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἀβάλε μηδ’ ἐγένοντο γάμοι, μὴ νύμφια λέκτρας
οὐ γὰρ ἂν ὄδινων ἐξεφάνη πρόφασις.

υἱὸς δ’ ἡ μὲν τριτάλαινα γυνὴ τίκτουσα κάθηταί,
γαστρὶ δὲ δυσκόλπῳ νεκρὸν ἐνεστὶ τέκος·
τρισθ’ δ’ ἀμφιλύκη δρόμον ἤνυσεν, ἔξοτε μίμην
tο βρέφος ἀπρήκτους ἔπλεσε πετόμενον.
κούθη σοὶ τελέθει γαστήρ, τέκος, ἀντὶ κοῦνης·
αὕτη γὰρ σε φέρει, καὶ χθόνος οὐ χατέεις.

584.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΡΤΠΙΙΟΤ

Πλώεις ναυηγόν με λαβὼν καὶ σήματι χώσας·
πλώε, Μαλείαων ἀκρα φυλασσόμενοι·
αἴει δ’ εὐπλοίην μεθέποις φίλος· ἦν δὲ τε ρέξη
ἄλλο Τύχη, τούτων ἀντιάσαις χαρίτων.

585.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μύγδων τέρμα βίοιο λαχῶν, αὐτόστολος ἤλθεν
εἰς αἴδην, νεκύων πορθμίδος οὐ χατέων.

ἣν γὰρ ἐχε φώνων βιοδώτορα, μάρτυρα μόχθων,
ἄγραις εἰναλίαις πολλάκι βριθομένην,
582.—BY THE SAME

Hail! thou ship-wrecked man, and when thou landest in Hades, blame not the waves of the sea, but the winds. It was they who overcame thee, but the kindly water of the sea cast thee out on the land by the tombs of thy fathers.

583.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

O would that marriage and bridal beds had never been, for then there would have been no occasion for child-bed. But now the poor woman sat in labour and in the unhappy recess of her womb lay the dead child. Three days passed and ever the babe remained with unfulfilled hope of its being born. The womb, O babe, instead of the dust rests lightly on thee, for it enwraps thee and thou hast no need of earth.

584.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Dost thou travel on the sea, thou who didst take up my ship-wrecked body and bury it in a tomb? Travel, but avoid Cape Malea, and mayst thou ever, my friend, find fair weather. But if Fortune be adverse, mayst thou meet with the same kindness.

585.—BY THE SAME

Mygdon, the span of his life finished, went to Hades in his own boat, not requiring the ferry-boat of the dead. For she who was in life his support and the witness of his toil, often loaded with his
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tήνυδε καὶ ἐν θανάτῳ λάχες σύνδρομον, εὐτε τελευτήν ὁ
eὐρετο συλλήξας ὀλκάδε καιομένη.
oὕτω πιστῶν ἀνακτὶ πέλευ σκάφος, οἶκον ἄξον
Μύγδοιν, καὶ σύμπλουν ἐς βίον, ἐς θάνατον.

586.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὕτι σε πόντος ὀλεσσε καὶ οὐ πνείουτες ἀῆται,
ἀλλ' ἀκόρητος ἔρως φοιτάδος ἐμπορίης.
eἰ ἡ μοι γαϊὴς ὀλίγος βίος· ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης
ἀλλοισιν μελέτων κέρδος ἀελλομάχον.

587.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς Πάμφιλον φιλόσοφον
Χθών σε τέκειν, πόντος δὲ διώλεσε, δέκτο δὲ θώκος
Πλοῦτης· κεῖθεν δ' οὐρανὸν εἰσανέβης.
οὐχ ὡς ναυηγὸς δὲ βυθῶθ θάνεις, ἀλλ' ἵνα πάντων
κλήρων θανάτων, Πάμφιλε, κόσμον ἄγης.

588.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Δαμόχαρις Μοίρης πυμάτην ὑπεδύσατο συγήν.
φεῦ· τὸ καλὸν Μούσης βάρβιτον ἤρεμεῖν·
ἀλετο Γραμματικῆς ἱερῆ βάσις· ἀμφίρυτη Κῶς,
καὶ πάλι πένθος ἔχεις οἶον ἐφ' Ἰπποκράτει.

589.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Μηδὲν ἀπαγγείλειας ἐς 'Αντιόχειαν, ὀδίτα,
μὴ πάλιν οἰμώξῃ χεύματα Κασταλίης,
prey from the sea, was his fellow-traveller in death too, when he came to his end in company with the burning boat; so faithful to her master was she, increasing his substance and travelling with him to life and to death.

586.—By the Same

It was not the sea which was thy end, and the gales, but insatiable love of that commerce which turned thee mad. Give me a little living from the land; let others pursue profit from the sea gained by fighting the storms.

587.—By the Same

On Pamphilus the Philosopher

The earth bore thee, the sea destroyed thee, and Pluto's seat received thee, and thence thou didst ascend to heaven. Thou didst not perish in the deep, Pamphilus, as one shipwrecked, but in order to add an ornament to the domains of all the immortals.

588.—Paulus Silentiarius

Damocharis passed into the final silence of Fate; alas! the Muses' lovely lyre is silent; the holy foundation of Grammar has perished. Sea-girt Cos, thou art again in mourning as for Hippocrates.

589.—Agathias Scholasticus

Bear not the message, traveller, to Antioch, lest again the streamlets of Castalia lament, because of a

\[1\] i.e. to get his living. See No. 381 of which this is an imitation.
οὐνεκεν ἔξαπτήνης Ἐυστόργιος ἔλλυπτε μοῦσαν,
θεσμῶν τ’ Αὐσονίων ἐλπίδα μαφιδένν,
ἐβδόματον δέκατον τε λαχῶν ἑτος· ἐς δὲ κοινήν
ἡμείφθη κενεήν εὐσταχίας ἤλικην.
καὶ τὸν μὲν κατέχει χθόνιος τάφος· ἀντὶ δ’ ἡκείνου
οὖνομα καὶ γραφίδων χρώματα δερκόμεθα.

590.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΛΙΓΓΙΠΙΙΟΤ

α. Κλεινὸς Ἰωάννης. β. Θυητός, λέγε. α. Γαμ-
βρός ἰώσσης.
β. Θυητός ὁμώς. α. Γενεῆς ἀνθός Ἀναστασίου.
β. Θυητοῦ κάκείνου. α. Βίον ἐνδικος. β. Οὐκέτι
tοῦτο
θυντον ἐφης· ἀρεταί κρεῖσσονές εἰσι μόρου.

591.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

‘Τπατίον τάφος εἰμί· νέκυν δ’ οὐ φημι καλύπτειν
τόσσον τόσσος ἐὼν Αὐσονίων προμάχου.
γαία γὰρ αἰδομένη λυτῷ μέγαν ἀνέρα χῶσαι
σήματι, τῷ πόντῳ μᾶλλον ἐδώκεν ἐχειν.

592.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὐτὸς ἀναξ νεμέσσῃς πολυφλοίσθοις θαλάσσης
κύμασιν, ‘Τπατίον σώμα καλυψαμένοις.
ἤθελε γὰρ μιν ἐχειν γέρας ὑστατον, οἰα θανόντα,
καὶ μεγαλοφροσύνης κρύφεθα θάλασσα χάριν.
ἐνθεν, πρηνύνου κραδίς μέγα δείγμα, φαεινοῦν
tίμησεν κενεφ σήματι τὸδε νέκυν.

1 One of Justinian’s generals.
2 The poet in these epigrams does not mention that Jus-
sudden at the age of seventeen Eustorgius left
the Muse and his unfulfilled hope of learning in
Roman Law, and to empty dust was changed the
bloom of his youth. He lies in the tomb and
instead of him we see his name and the colours of
the brush.

590.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. “Famous was Ioannes.” B. “Mortal, say.”
A. “The son-in-law of an empress.” B. “Yes, but
mortal.” A. “The flower of the family of Anas-
tasius.” B. “And mortal too was he.” A. “Right-
eous in his life.” B. “That is no longer mortal.
Virtue is stronger than death.”

591.—BY THE SAME

I am the tomb of Hypatius¹ and I do not say that
I contain in this little space the remains of the great
Roman general. For the earth, ashamed of burying
so great a man in so small a tomb, preferred to give
him to the sea to keep.

592.—BY THE SAME

The emperor himself was wrath with the roaring
sea for covering the body of Hypatius; for now he
was dead he wished the last honours to be paid to
him, and the sea hid him from the favour of his
magnanimity. Hence, a great proof of the mildness
of his heart, he honoured the distinguished dead
with this cenotaph.²

tinian had Hypatius strangled and thrown into the sea as
an indignity; but perhaps the poems are sarcastic rather
than courtly.

317
593.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Τὰν πάρος ἀνθήσασαν ἐν ἄγλαια καὶ ἀοιδᾶ,
τὰν πολυκυδίστου μνάμονα θεσμοσύνας, Εὐγενίαν κρύπτει χθονία κόνις· αἱ δ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
κειραντο πλοκάμους Μοῦσα, Θέμις, Παφίη.

594.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΤΙΠΙΟΤ
Μνήμα σῶν, ὁ Θεόδωρε, πανατρεκές, οὐκ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ, ἀλλ’ ἐνὶ βιβλιακῶν μυριάσιν σελίδων,
αἰσιῶν ἀνεξόγρησας ἀπολλυμένων, ἀπὸ λύθης
ἀρπάξας, νοερῶν μόχθων ἀοιδοπόλων.

595.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Κάθανε μὲν Θεόδωρος· ἀοιδοπόλων δὲ παλαιῶν
πληθὺς οἰχομένῃ νῦν θάνεν ἀτρεκέως.
πᾶσα γὰρ ἐμπνεύστησε συνέπνεε, πᾶσα δ’ ἀπέσβη
σβεννυμένου· κρύφθη δ’ εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα τάφῳ.

596.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Ναὶ μᾶ τὸν ἐν γαίῃ πύματον δρόμουν, οὔτε μ’ ἀκούτις
ἐστυγεν, οὔτ’ αὐτὸς Θεόδωτος Εὐγενίς
ἐχθρὸς ἐκὼν γενόμην· ἀλλὰ φθόνος ἦ τις ἄτη
ημέας ἐς τόσσην ἠγαγεν ἀμπλακίην.
νῦν δ’ ἐπὶ Μινώθῃ καθαρῆν κρητίδα μολόντες
ἀμφότεροι λευκῆν ψήφον ἔδεξάμεθα.
BOOK VII. 593–596

593.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On Eugenia his Sister

The earth covers Eugenia who once bloomed in beauty and poesy, who was learned in the revered science of the law. On her tomb the Muse, Themis, and Aphrodite all shore their hair.

594.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Thy truest monument, Theodorus,¹ is not on thy tomb, but in the many thousand pages of thy books, in which, snatching them from oblivion, thou didst recall to life the labours of thoughtful poets.

595.—BY THE SAME

Theodorus died, and now the crowd of ancient poets is really dead and gone; for all breathed as long as he breathed, and the light of all is quenched with his; all are hidden in one tomb.

596.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On Theodotus his brother-in-law

Nay! by this our last journey in the earth, neither did my wife hate me nor did I, Theodotus, willingly become Eugenia’s enemy; but some envy or fatality led us into that great error. Now, having come to the pure bench of Minos, we were both pronounced not guilty.

¹ Seemingly a grammarian.
597.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΩΠΤΙΟΥ

'Η γλυκερὸν μέλψασα καὶ ἄλκιμον, ἡ θρόον αὐθῆς μοῦνη θηλυτέρης στήθεσι βηξαμένη, κεῖται συγαλέῃ τόσον ἔσθενε νήματα Μοίρης, ὡς λεγοῦρα κλείσαι χείλεα Καλλιόπης.

598.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐτε φύσις θῆλεια, καὶ οὐ πολιοῦ καρῆμου ἀδρανὶς φωνῆς σῆς κατέλυσε βίγνη; ἄλλα μόλις ξυνοίσε νῦμοι εἵξασαι τελευτῆς, φεῦ, φεῦ, Καλλιόπη, σὴν κατέλυσας ὅπα.

599.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐνομα μὲν καλῆ, φρεσὶ δὲ πλέον ἡ προσώπῳ, κάτθανε· φεῦ, Χαρίτων ἕξαπόδωλεν ἐαρ. καὶ γὰρ ἐν Παφίᾳ πανομοίοις, ἄλλα συνεύφω μοῦνῳ· τοῖς δ᾽ ἐτέροις Παλλᾶς ἑρμυνοτάτη. τίς λόθος οὐκ ἐγόησεν, ὅτ᾽ ἐξηρτάζειν ἐκείνην εὐρυβίθης 'Αἰδῆς ἀνδρὸς ἀπ᾽ ἀγκαλίδων;

600.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ὅριος εἰχὲ σε παστᾶς, ἀώριος εἶλε σε τύμβος, εὐθαλέων Χαρίτων ἀνθός, Ἀναστασία. σοὶ γενέτης, σοὶ πικρὰ πόσις κατὰ δάκρυνα λείβει, σοὶ τάχα καὶ πορθμεὺς δακρυχεῖν νεκύων οὐ γὰρ ὅλων λυκάβαντα διήνυσας ἀγχι συνεύνου, ἄλλ᾽ ἐκκαλέσκετιν, φεῦ, κατέχει σε τύφος."
597.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Silent she lies, whose voice was sweet and brave, from whose bosom alone of women burst the fulness of song; so strong were the threads of Fate that they closed the tuneful lips of Calliope.

598.—BY THE SAME

Neither the weakness of thy sex, Calliope, nor that of old age, relaxed the strength of thy voice, but yielding with a hard struggle to the common law of death thou didst relax it, alas, alas!

599.—BY THE SAME

She is dead, Kale (Beautiful) by name and more so in mind than in face. Alas! the spring of the Graces has perished utterly. For very like was she to Aphrodite, but only for her lord; for others she was an unassailable Pallas. What stone did not mourn when the strong hand of Hades tore her from her husband’s arms.

600.—BY THE SAME

Anastasia, flower of the blooming Graces, the marriage bed received thee in due season and the tomb before thy season. Both thy father and husband shed bitter tears for thee, and perchance even the ferry-man of the dead weeps for thee. For not even a whole year didst thou pass with thy husband, but the tomb holds thee aged alas! but sixteen.
601.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Φεῦ, φεῦ, ἀμετρήτων χαρίτων ἕαρ ἢδυ μαραίνει ἀμφὶ σοι ἀμοφάγων χείμα τὸ νερτερίων. καὶ σὲ μὲν ἤρπασε τύμβοις ἀπ’ ἰδιωτίδος αἴγυλής, πέμπτον ἐφ’ ἐνδεκάτῳ πικρῶν ἀγουσαν ἔτος, σὸν δὲ πόσιν γενέτην τε κακαὶς ἐλάωσεν ἀνίαις, οἷς πλέον ἰέλιον λάμπες, Ἀναστάσις.

602.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Εὐστάθιος, γλυκερὸν μὲν ἔχεις τύπουν ἀλλὰ σε κηρὸν δέρκομαι, οὐδ’ ἦτι σοι κείνο τὸ λαρὸν ἔτος ἐξέται ἐν στομάτεσσιν τείη δ’ εὐάνθεμοι ἡβη, αἰαὶ, μαφιδὴ νῦν χθονὸς ἐστὶ κόνις. πέμπτον καὶ δεκάτου γὰρ ἐπιψαύσας ἐνιαυτοῦ τετράκις ἐξ μοῦνον ἔδρακες ἱέλους; οὐδὲ τεσσ’ πάππου θρόνος ἤρκεσεν, οὐ γενετήρος ὀλβος. πᾶς δὲ τεὶην εἰκόνα δερκόμενος τὴν ἄδικον Μοίραν καταμέμφεται, οὐνεκα τοιην, ἀ μέγα νηλεινῆς, ἐσβεσεν ύγλαθν.

603.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΤΙΤΙΟΤ
α. Ἁγριός ἔστι Ἡκαρων. β. Πλέον ἦπιος. α. Ἡρ- πασεν ἡδη τὸν νέον. β. Ἀλλὰ νῷ τοῖς πολιοῖσιν ἵσον. α. Τερπωλῆς δ’ ἀπέπαυσεν. β. Ἀπεστυφέλξε δὲ μόχθων. α. Οὐκ ἐνόησε γάμους. β. Οὐδὲ γάμων ὀδύνας.
601.—By the same

Alas! Alas! the winter of savage Hell nips the spring of thy countless charms; the tomb has torn thee from the light of the sun at the sad age of sixteen years, and has blinded with evil grief thy husband and thy father, for whom, Anastasia, thou didst shine brighter than the sun.

602.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Eustathius, sweet is thy image, but I see thee in wax, and no longer doth that pleasant speech dwell in thy mouth. Alas, thy blooming youth is now futile dust of earth. For after reaching thy fifteenth year thou didst look only on twenty-four suns. Neither thy grandfather's high office helped thee, nor the riches of thy father. All who look on thy image blame unjust Fate, ah! so merciless, for quenching the light of such beauty.

603.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. "Charon is savage." B. "Kind rather." A. "He carried off the young man so soon." B. "But in mind he was the equal of greybeards." A. "He cut him off from pleasure." B. "But he thrust him out of the way of trouble." A. "He knew not wedlock." B. "Nor the pains of wedlock."
604.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Δέκτρα σοι ἀντὶ γάμων ἐπιτύμβια, παρθένε κούρη,
ἔστορεσαν παλάμαις πενθαλέαις γενέται.
καὶ σὺ μὲν ἄμπλακιας βιότου καὶ μόχθον Ἐλευθοῦς
ἐκφύγεσθ᾽ οἷ ὁ γόνῳ πικρῶν ἔχουσι νέφος.
διδεκέτων γὰρ μοῖρα, Μακηδονίη, σε καλύπτεις,
κάλλεσιν ὀπλοτέρην, ἤθεσι γηραλέην.

605.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΤΙΤΙΟΤ

Σοι σορὸν εὐλάβγγα, Ὄροδῷ, καὶ τῷ μβον ἐγείρειν,
ῥύσιά τε ψυχῆς δῶρα πένησι νέμει,
ἀντ᾽ εὐεργεσίας γλυκερὸς πόσις: ὅτι θανοῦσα
ἀκύμορος κείνῳ δῶκας ἐλευθερίην.

606.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Πρῆσις, ἐλευθερίην ἐπιειμένος, ἥδυς ἰδέσθαι,
ἐν βιότῳ προλυπῶν υἱὰς γηροκόμου,
τῷ μβον ἔχει Θεόδωρος ἐπ᾽ ἐλπίδι κρέσσου μοίρης,
ἄλβιος ἐν καμάτοις, ἄλβιος ἐν θανάτῳ.

607.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΔΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Ψυλλῶ πρεσβυγενῆς τοῖς κληρονόμοις φθονέσασα,
αὐτὴ κληρονόμος τῶν ἰδίων γέγονεν·
ἀλλομένη δὲ τάξις κατέβη δόμον εἰς Ἄιδαο,
ταῖς δαπάναις τὸ ἱψιν σύμμετρον εὐρομένη.
πάντα μαχοῦσα βλον συναπώλετο ταῖς δαπάναισιν·
ὅλα τοῦ δ᾽ εἰς ἀιδήν, ὡς ἀπεκερμάτισεν.
604.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Maiden, thy parents with sorrowing hands made thy funeral, not thy wedding bed. The errors of life and the labour of childbirth thou hast escaped, but a bitter cloud of mourning sits on them. For Fate hath hidden thee, Macedonia, aged but twelve, young in beauty, old in behaviour.

605.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Your sweet husband, Rhodo, builds a sarcophagus of fine marble and a tomb for you and gives alms to the poor to redeem your soul, in return for your kindness in dying early and giving him freedom.

606.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Gentle, clothed in freedom, sweet of aspect, leaving alive a son who tended his old age, Theodorus rests here in hope of better things than death, happy in his labour and happy in his death.

607.—PALLADAS OF ALÈXANDRIA

Old Psyllo, grudging her heirs, made herself her own heir and with a quick leap went down to the house of Hades, contriving to end her life and her outlay at the same time. Having eaten up all her fortune, she perished together with her spending power, and jumped to Hades when her last penny was gone.
608.—ΕΤΤΟΔΜΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΙΔΛΟΤΣΤΡΙΟΤ
Τίκος ἀκυμόρου θάνατον πενθοῦσα Μενίππη
cωκυτῷ μεγάλῳ πνεύμα συνεξεχεεν,
oῦδ' ἐσχεν παλίνορσον ἀναπνεύσασα γοήσαη
ἀλλ' ἄμα καὶ θρήνου παύσατο καὶ βιότου.

609.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ
Ἄττικὸς ἐς ξυνήν με παναγρέος ἐλπίδα μοῖρης
θυμῷ θαρσαλέῳ ζῶν ἐλάχηνε τάφον,
pαῖξου ἔξ ἄρετῆς θανάτου φόβου. ἀλλ' ἑτὶ δηρὸν
ηέλιος σοφίης μιμνέτω ἥελιο.

610.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΙΟΤ
Ἡ ῥπασε τις νύμφῃ, καὶ τὸν γάμον ἤρπασε δαίμων,
ψυχῶν συλήσας τερπομένῃ ἄγελῃ.
eἰς γάμον εἰκοσιπέντε τάφους ἐπλησε θανόντων.
pάνδημος δὲ νεκρῶν εἰς γέγονεν θάλαμος.
nύμφῃ Πενθεσίλεια πολύστονε, νυμφίε Πενθεῦ,
ἀμφιτέρων ὁ γάμος πλούσιος ἐν θανάτοις.

611.—ΕΤΤΟΔΜΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΙΔΛΟΤΣΤΡΙΟΤ
Παρθενικὴν 'Ελένην μετ' ἀδελφὲν ἅρτι θανόντα
dειλαίη μήτηρ κόψατο διπλασίως.
μνηστὴρες δ' ἐγόησαν ἵσον γόνων. ἦν γὰρ ἐκάστῳ
θρηνεῖν τὴν μήτρας μηδενὸς ὡς ἱδίην.

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608.—EUTOLMIUS SCHOLASTICUS, ILLUSTRIS

Menippe, mourning the early death of her son, sent forth her spirit together with her loud dirge, nor could she recover it to utter another wail, but at the same moment ceased from lament and from life.

609.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Atticus with a bold heart dug me this tomb in his life-time, in anticipation of the common fate that overtakes all men, mocking the fear of death owing to his virtue. But long may the sun of wisdom remain beneath the sun.

610.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

One carried off a bride and Fate carried off the wedding party, despoiling of life the merry company. One wedding sent four and twenty corpses to their graves, and one chamber became their common mortuary. Penthesilea, unhappy bride, Pentheus bridegroom of sorrow, rich in deaths was your marriage!

611.—EUTOLMIUS SCHOLASTICUS, ILLUSTRIS

In double grief her wretched mother bewailed maiden Helen dead just after her brother. Her suitors too lamented her equally, for each could mourn for her as his own who was yet no one's.

¹ Both names derived from ponthos, "mourning," and of course fictitious.
612.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Φευ, φευ, τὴν δεκάτην Ἑλικωνίδα, τὴν λυραοιδῶν Ἄρωμα καὶ Φαρίς, ἦδε κέκευθε κόνις.
ὡλετο φορμίγγων τερετίσματα, λῆξαν ἀοιδαὶ,
ὡσπερ ἦσσαν κάτω τάντα συνολλύμενα.
καὶ τάχα θεσμὸν ἔθηκαν ἐπάξιον ἐννέα Μοῦσαι,
tύμβον ἦσσαν ἀνθ' Ἑλικώνος ἔχειν.

613.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΤ ΑΜΙΣΩΤ

Ἐπὶ Διογένα ἀδελφόπαιδι

Σοι τόδε, Διόγενις, θαλερὴς μυημὴν ἡβῆς
Πῶντὼ ἐν Εὐχέων θῇκατο Φρύξ γενέτης,
φευ, πάτρης ἐκάς ὅσον. Ἄγεν δὲ σε νεῦμα θεοῦ,
πατρός ἀδελφειῶ πένθος ὁφειλόμενον,
ὁς σε περιστέλλας ἰηρὴ παλάμη τε καὶ εὐχὴ
gέφυνα τῆς μακάρων θήκε χοροστασίης.

614.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

'Ελλανῆς τριμάκαιρα καὶ ἀ χαρέοισα Δάμαξις
ἡστὴν μὲν πάτρας φέγγεα Δεσβιάδος.
ὅκκα δ' 'Αθηναῖοι σὺν ὅλκασιν ἐνθάδε κέλσας
τὰς Μυτιληναίων γὰν ἀλάπαξε Πάχης,
tῶν κουραν ἀδίκως ἡράσαστο, τῶς δὲ συνεύνως
ἐκτανευ, <ὡς> τήνας τῇδε βιησόμενοι.
ταλ δὲ κατ' Ἀλγαίοιο ρόου πλατὺ λαῖτμα φερέσθην,
καὶ ποτὲ τῶν κραναλῶν Μοψοπίαν δραμέτην.
δάμος δ' ἀγγελέτην ἀλητήμονον ἔργα Πάχητος,
μέσφα μιν εἰς ὀλοὴν κῆρα συνηλασάτην.

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612.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Alas! alas! this earth covers the tenth Muse, the lyric chanter of Rome and Alexandria. They have perished, the notes of the lyre; song hath perished as if dying together with Joanna. Perchance the nine Muses have imposed on themselves a law worthy of them—to dwell in Joanna's tomb instead of on Helicon.

613.—DIOGENES, BISHOP OF AMISUS

On his nephew Diogenes

This monument of thy radiant youth, Diogenes, did thy Phrygian father erect to thee on the Euxine Sea—alas! how far from thy home. The decree of God brought thee here to die, a sorrow fore-doomed for me, thy father's brother, who having laid thee out with my consecrated hand and with prayer, put thee to rest here beside the dancing-place of the blest. ¹

614.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Thrice blessed Hellanis and lovely Lamaxis were the stars of their Lesbian home; and when Paches, sailing here with the Athenian ships, ravaged the territory of Mytilene, he conceived a guilty passion for the young matrons and killed their husbands, thinking thus to force them. They, taking ship across the wide Aegean main, hurried to steep Mopsopia ² and complained to the people of the actions of wicked Paches, until they drove him to an evil

¹ i.e. the church. ² Athens.
τοία μὲν, ὡ κοῦρα, πεπονήκατον· ἄψ δ' ἐπὶ πάτραν ἤκετον, ἐν δ' αὐτὴ κείσθον ἀποφθιμένα·
εὐ δὲ πόνων ἀπόνασθον, ἐπεὶ ποτὲ σάμα συνεύνων εὐδετον, ἐς κλεινὰς μνάμα σαοφροσύνας·
ὑμνεύσειν δ' ἔτι πάντες ὀμόφρονας ἡρωίνας,
πάτρας καὶ ποσίων πήματα τισαμένας.

615.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εὐμόλπου φίλον ὕδων ἔχει τὸ Φαληρικὸν σῶδας
Μουσαίον, φθίμενον σῶμ' ὑπὸ τόδε τάφῳ.

616.—ΑΛΛΟ

'Οδὲ Λίνων Θηβαίον ἐδέξατο γαίᾳ θανόντα,
Μοῦσης Ὄὐρανής ὕδων ἐὐστεφάνου.

617.—ΑΛΛΟ

Θρήνικα χρυσολύρην τηδ' Ὄρφεα Μοῦσαι ἔθαψαν,
ὅν κτάνεν ύψιμέδων Ζεὺς ψολόεντι βέλει.

618.—ΑΛΛΟ

'Ανδρα σοφὸν Κλεόβουλον ἀποφθιμενον καταπενθεὶ
ἡδε πάτρα Λίνδος πόντῳ ἀγαλλομένη.

619.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πλούτου καὶ σοφίς πρύτανιν πατρὶς ἢδε Κόρινθος
κόλποις ἀγχίαλος γῆ Περίανδρον ἔχει.
BOOK VII. 614—619

doom. This, ladies, ye accomplished, and returning to your country lie in it dead. And a good guerdon ye have for your pains, since ye sleep hard by your husbands, a monument of glorious virtue, and all still sing the praises of the heroines, one in heart, who avenged the sufferings of their country and of their lords.¹

615.—AnonymouS

The earth of Phaleron holds Musaeus, Eumolpus’ dear son, dead under this tomb.

616.—AnonymouS

Here the earth received at his death Linus of Thebes, son of the fair-wreathed Muse Urania.

617.—AnonymouS

Here the Muses buried Thracian Orpheus of the golden lyre, whom Zeus, who reigneth on high, slew with his smoking bolt.

618.—AnonymouS

This, his country Lindos, that glories in the sea, mourns wise Cleobulus dead.

619.—AnonymouS

This, his country Corinth, that lies near the sea, holds in her bosom Periander, supreme in wealth and wisdom.

¹ This incident, like that in No. 492, is probably derived from a romance.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

620.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Μήπως αντίστροφο σε τὸ μὴ σε τυχεῖν τινος, ἀλλὰ τέρπει πάσιν ὁμοῖοι οὐσὶ δίδωσι θεὸς·
καὶ γὰρ ἀθυμίας ὁ σοφὸς Περίανδρος ἀπέσβη, ὦνεκεν οὐκ ἐτυχεῖν πρήξιον ἢς ἔθελεν.

621.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΤΟΝ

Ἐναδίδ' ἔγω Σοφοκλῆς στυγερῶν δόμουν "Αἰδοὶς ἐσβην κάμμορος, εἰδατι Σαρδώνος σελίνου γελάσκων.
ὡς μὲν ἐγών, ἑτεροὶ δ' ἀλλως· πάντες δέ τε πάντως.

622.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Βόρξος ὁ βουποίμην δτ' ἐπὶ γλυκὸ κηρίον εἰρπεν,
αὐγίλιπτα σχοίνῳ πέτρον ἐπερχόμενοι,
εἰπετὸ οἱ σκυλάκων τις ὡ καὶ βοσίν, ὃς φύγε λεπτή
σχοίνον ἀνελκομένῳ χραινομένην μέλιτι·
κάππεσε δ' εἰς 'Αἴδαο· τὸ δ' ἄτρυγες ἀνδράσιν ἄλλοις ἄ
κεῖνο μέλι ψυχῆς ὄμιον εἰρύσατο.

623.—AIMILIANOT

"Ελκε, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρὸς δν οὔκετε μαστὸν ἀμέλξεις,
ἐλκυσον ὑστάτιον νάμα καταφθίμενης·
ηδὴ γὰρ ξιφέεσοι λιπότπνοος· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς
filtρα καὶ εἶν ἀϊδὴ παιδοκομεῖν ἐμαθεν.

1 This poisonous herb contracted the muscles, so as to give
the appearance of grinning. We do not know who this
Sophocles was.

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BOOK VII. 620–623

620.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

Never be vexed at not getting anything, but rejoice in all the gifts of God. For wise Periander died of disappointment at not attaining the thing he wished.

621.—ANONYMOUS

Here I, unhappy Sopliocles, entered the house of Hades, laughing, because I ate Sardinian celery.\(^1\) So perished I, and others otherwise, but all in some way or other.

622.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

When Borchus the neat-herd went to get the sweet honey-comb, climbing the steep rock by a rope, one of his dogs who used to follow the herd followed him, and, as he was pulling himself up, bit through the thin rope which was trickling with honey. He fell into Hades, grasping, at the cost of his life, that honey which no other man could harvest.

623.—AEMILIANUS

Suck, poor child, at the breast whereat thy mother will never more suckle thee; drain the last drops from the dead. She hath already rendered up her spirit, pierced by the sword, but a mother’s love can cherish her child even in death.\(^2\)

\(^2\) This probably refers to a picture by Aristides of Thebes.
624.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

"Ερροις, Ἰονίοιοι πολυπτούητε θάλασσα, νηλὴς, Ἀἰδεω πορθμὲ κελαυνοτάτου, ἢ τόσους κατέδεξο. τίς ἂν τεά, κάμμορε, λέξαι αἰσυλα, δυστήμων αἰσαν ὀπιξόμενος; Ἀιγέα καὶ Δαβέωνα σὺν ὁκυμόροισιν ἐταύροις νητ ὑ ὑ ὑ ὑ ὑ μὲν πᾶσῃ βρύξας ἀλευρόθη.

625.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Εἰδότα κήπ" Ἀτλαντα τεμεῖν πόρον, εἰδότα Κρήτης κύματα καὶ πόντου ναυτιλήν μέλανος, Καλλιγένευς Διόδωρον Ὀλύνθιον ἰσθι θανόντα ἐν λιμένι, πρόφητη νύκτερον ἐκχύμενον, δαιτὸς ἐκεῖ τοῦ περισσόν ὅτρ ἡμεῦ. ᾧ πόσον ὑδωρ ὡλεσε τὸν τόσοφ κεκριμένον πελάγει.

626.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

῾Εσχατιαὶ Διβύων Νασαμωνίδες, οὐκέτι θηρῶν ἐθνεων ἦπείρου νῦτα βαρυνόμεναι, ἤχοι ἐρημαλαίους ἐπηπύσεσθε λεόντων ὀρνυαῖς ψαμάθους ἀχρίς ὑπὲρ Νομάδων, φύλοι ἐπεὶ νήριθμον ἐν ἰχυστέαιοι ἀγρευθέν ἐς μᾶν αἰχμηταῖς Καῖσαρ ἔθηκεν ὁ παῖς· αἱ δὲ πρὸν ἀγραύλων ἐγκοιτάδες ἀκρόρειαι θηρῶν, νῦν ἄνδρῶν εἰσὶ βοηλασίαι.

1 Not the Euxine, but a part of the Thracian Sea.
BOOK VII. 624–626

624.—Diodorus

Oft on thee, dreaded Ionian Sea, pitiless water, ferrier of men to blackest Hades, thou who hast engulfed so many. Who, with the fate of the unfortunate before his eyes, shall tell all thy crimes, ill-starred sea? Thou hast swallowed in thy surges Aegeus and Labeo, with their short-lived companions and their whole ship.

625.—Antipater of Sidon

Know that Diodorus, the son of Calligenes of Olynthus, who could make his way even as far as Atlas, and knew the Cretan waters and the navigation of the Black Sea, 1 died in port, falling off the prow at night, while he was spewing out the excess of the feast. Ah, how small a bit of water was fatal to him who had been proved in so vast an expanse of ocean!

626.—Anonymous

(Not Sepulchral)

Ye furthest Nasamonian wilds of Libya, no longer, your expanse vexed by the hordes of wild beasts of the continent, shall ye ring in echo, even beyond the sands of the Nomads, to the voice of lions roaring in the desert, since Caesar the son has trapped the countless tribe and brought it face to face with his fighters. 2 Now the heights once full of the lairs of prowling beasts are pasturage for the cattle of men.

2 i.e. the bestiarii in the circus.
627.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

"Ημιτελήθ θάλαμον τε καὶ ἐγγύθι νυμφικά λέκτρα, κοῦρε, λυπῶν ὀλοίν οἴμου ἐβης 'Δίδων.
Θύμιον 'Αστακίν δὲ μάλι ἦκαχες, ἢ σε μάλιστα οἰκτρὰ τὸν ἤβητήν κόκκυν ἥθεον,
Ἰππάρχου κλαίουσα κακῶν μόρον, εἰκοσὶ πολαὶ μοῦνον ἐπεὶ βιότου πλήσαο καὶ πίσυρας.

628.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

"Ἡμήσαντο καὶ ἂλλαι ἐδώ πάρος οὐνομα νήσοι ἀκλεές, ἐς δ' ἀνδρῶν ἦλθον ὀμωνυμήν.
κληθείτε καὶ ᾿ὑμεῖς ᾿Ερωτίδες ὥν νέμεσίς τοι,
Οἶειαί, ταύτην κλήσιν ἀμελημέναις.
παιδὶ γάρ, ὃν τύμβῳ Δής ὑπεθήκατο βόλου,
οὐνομα καὶ μορφὴν αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν ᾿Ερως.
ὡς χθὼν σηματόσεσα, καὶ ὅ παρὰ θυιν θάλασσα,
παιδὶ σὺ μὲν κούφη κείσο, σὺ δ' ἄσυχή.

629.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

"Η καθαρλήν ὑπέδυς ὁ τόσος κόνων; εἰς σὲ τις ἄβρῶν,
Σώκρατε, ᾿Ελλήνων μέμψεται ἀκρισίην
νηλέας, οὐ τὸν ἄριστον ἀπώλεσαν, οὐδὲ ἐν αἰδοὶ
dόντες. τοιοῦτοι πολλάκι Κεκροπίδαι.

630.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

"Ἡδὴ που πάτρης πελάσας σχεδόν, "Αὔριον," εἶπον,
"ἡ μακρὴ κατ᾽ ἐμοὶ δυσπλοῦ ἄπαστε." ὁπως ἕλεός ἔμυσε, καὶ ἢν ἰσος "Ἀδὶ πῶντος,
καὶ με κατέτρυχεν καῖνο τὸ κούφον ἐπος.
πάντα λόγον πεφύλαξο τὸν αὔριον ὁ τοῦ ἀὐρίου, οὐδὲ τὰ μικρά
λήθει τὴν γλώσσης ἀντίπαλον Νέμεσιν.
627.—Diodorus

Leaving thy bridal-chamber half prepared, thy wedding close at hand, thou hast gone, young man, down the baneful road of Hades; and sorely hast thou afflicted Thynion of Astacus, who most piteously of all lamented for thee, dead in thy prime, weeping for the evil fate of her Hipparchus, seeing thou didst complete but twenty-four years.

628.—Crinagoras

Other islands ere this have rejected their inglorious names and named themselves after men. Be called Erotides (Love islands), ye Oxeiai (Sharp islands); it is no shame for you to change; for Eros himself gave both his name and his beauty to the boy whom Dies laid here beneath a heap of clods. Ò earth, crowded with tombs, and sea that washest on the shore, do thou lie light on the boy, and thou lie hushed for his sake.

629.—Antipater of Thessalonica

Dost thou who art so great rest in so shallow a soil? He who looks at thee, Socrates, must blame the unwisdom of the Greeks. Merciless judges! who slew the best of men, nor shamed them one jot. Such often are the Athenians.

630.—Antiphilus of Byzantium

Now nearing my country I said, "To-morrow shall this wind that blew so long against me abate." Scarce had I closed my lips when the sea became like hell, and that light word I spoke was my destruction. Beware ever of that word "to-morrow"; not even little things are unnoticed by the Nemesis that is the foe of our tongues.
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631.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

*Ην ἡρα Μιλήτου Φοιβήιου <ὁρμοῦ> ἵκησθε,
λέξατε Διογένει πένθιμον ἀγγελήν,
παῖς ὅτι οἱ ναυηγοὶ ὑπὸ χθονὶ κεῦθεται Ἄρουρο
Δίφιλος, Αλγαίον κύμα πλών πελάγευς.

632.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΣ

Κλήμακος ἐξ ὁλυγη ὀλύγων βρέφος ἐν Διοδώρου
κάππεσεν, ἐκ δὲ εὐγη καλρων ἀστράγαλον,
διωθεῖσ προκάρηνος. ἐπεὶ δὲ ἰδε θείον ἄνακτα
ἀντόμενου, παιδίνας αὐτίκ' ἐτεινε χέρας.
ἀλλὰ σὲ νηπιάχου δεμώδος, κόνι, μήποτε βρίθειν
ὀστέα, τοῦ διετοῦς φειδομένη Κόρακος.

633.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΣ

Καὶ αὐτὴ ἦχλυσεν ἀκρέσπερος ἀντέλλουσα
μήνῃ, πένθος ἐδώ νυκτὶ καλυψαμένη,
οὐνεκα τὴν ἤρωσαν ὀμόνυμον εἴδε Σελήνην
ἀπνον εἰς ξοφερὸν δυναμένην ἄδην.
κείνη γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἐοῦ κοινόσατο φωτός,
καὶ θάνατον κείνης μίξεν ἐφ' κνέφει.

634.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Νεκροδόκον κλινηρα Φίλων ὁ πρέσβις αἰείρων
ἐγκλεδόν, ὥφρα λάβοι μισθοῦ ἐφημέριον,
σφάλματος ἐξ ὀλύγοιο πεσὼν θάνεν. ἦν γὰρ ἐτοιμός
εἰς ἄδην, ἐκάλει δὲ ἡ πολυή πρόφασιν.
δὲ ἄλλως ἐφόρει νεκυστόλου, αὐτὸς ἐφ' αὐτῷ
ἀσκάντην ὁ γέρων ἀχθοφόρων ἔλαθεν.
631.—APOLLONIDES

If thou comest to Apollo’s harbour at Miletus, give to Diogenes the mournful message that his shipwrecked son Diphilus lies in Andrian earth, having drunk the water of the Aegean Sea.

632.—DIODORUS

A little child in Diodorus’ house fell from a little ladder, but falling head first broke the vertebra of its neck, to break which is fatal. But when it saw its revered master running up, it at once stretched out its baby arms to him. Earth, never lie heavy on the bones of the little slave child, but be kind to two-year-old Corax.

633.—CRINAGORAS

The moon herself, rising at early eve, dimmed her light, veiling her mourning in night, because she saw her namesake, pretty Selene, going down dead to murky Hades. On her she had bestowed the beauty of her light, and with her death she mingled her own darkness.

634.—ANTIPhilUS

Old Philo, stooping to lift the bier to gain his daily wage, stumbled slightly, but fell and was killed; for he was ripe for Hades, and old age was on the look out for an opportunity; and so all unawares he lifted for himself that bier on which he used to carry the corpses of others.
635.—TOY AYTOY

Ναῦν Ἰεροκλείδης ἔσχεν σύγγηρον, ὠμόπλουν, τὴν αὐτὴν ξωῆς καὶ θανάτου σύνοδον, πιστὴν ἱχθυβολεύτη συνέμπορον. οὕτως ἐκεῖνης τῶν ἐπέπλωσεν κῦμα δικαιοσέρην γῆρας ἄχρις ἔβοσκε πονεμένη εἶτα θανόντα ἐκτέρισεν συνέπλω δ’ ἄχρι καὶ Ἀἴδεων.

636.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Ποιμὴν ὁ μάκαρ, εἶθε κατ’ ούρεος ἐπροβάτευον κηγώ, ποιηρὸν τοῦτ’ ἀνὰ λευκόλοφον, κριώσ ἀγητήρι ποτ’ ἐβληθημένα βάξων, ἢ πικρὴ βάψαι νήσχα πηδάλια ἄλμη. τουγὰρ ἔδων ὑποβένθιος ἅμφι δὲ ταῦτην θινὰ με ροιβδῆσας Εὔρος ἐφωρμίσατο.

637.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Πύρρος ὁ μουνερέτης ὀλιγή νη’ λεπτὰ ματεύων φυκία καὶ τριχίνης μαυνίδας ἐκ καθέτης, ηδόνων ἀποτήλε τυπεῖς κατέδουπε κεραυνῆ, ἡδὸνος δὲ πρὸς αἰγιαλοὺς ἔδραμεν αὐτομάτη ἀγγελίην θεῖο καὶ λυγνῷ μηνύουσα, καὶ φράσαι Αργοῦν οὐκ ἐπόθησε τρόπιν.

638.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Παίδων ἀλλαχθέντε μόρφ ἐπὶ τοῦτ’ ἐλεεινή μήτηρ ἀμφοτέρους ἐῖπε περισχομένην. "Καὶ νέκουν οὐ σέο, τέκνου, ἐπ’ ἡματι τὸδε γοήσειν ἥλπισα, καὶ ξοῦσ τ’ ὑμεῖς ὅσ’ ἑστι μετεσφόμενον ὁψεσθαι νῦν δ’ οἱ μὲν ἐς ὑμέας ἡμείσθησαν δαιμόνες, ἀψευστον δ’ ἵκετο πένθος ἐμοί.”
635.—By the Same

Hierocles’ boat grew old with him, always travelled with him, and accompanied him in life and in death. It was his faithful fishing partner, and no juster boat ever sailed the waves. It laboured to keep him until his old age, and then it buried him when he was dead, and travelled with him to Hades.¹

636.—Crinagoras

O happy shepherd, would that I, too, had led my sheep down this grassy white knoll, answering the bleatings of the rams that lead the flock, rather than dipped in the bitter brine the rudder to guide my ship. Therefore I sunk to the depths, and the whistling east wind brought me to rest on this beach.

637.—Antipater of Thessalonica

Pyrrhus the solitary oarsman, fishing with his hair-line for small hakes and sprats from his little boat, fell, struck by a thunderbolt, far away from the shore. The boat came ashore of itself, bearing the message by sulphur and smoke, and had no need of a speaking keel like that of Argo.

638.—Crinagoras

The poor mother, when the expected fate of her two sons was reversed, spoke thus, clasping both of them: “Neither did I hope, my child, to weep for thee to-day, nor, my child, to see thee yet among the living. Now your fates have been interchanged, but sorrow undeniable has come to me.”

¹ op. Nos. 305, 381, 585, above.
639.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Πάσα θάλασσα θάλασσα· τί Κυκλάδας ἡ στενὸς Ἕλλης
cύμα καὶ Ὄξειας ἠλεά μεμφόμεθα;
ἀλλως τούνομ' ἔχουσιν' ἐπεὶ τί με, τὸν προφυγόντα
κείνα, Σκαρφαίεις ἀμφεκάλυψε λυμήν;
νόστιμον εὐπλοίην ἀρώτῳ τις· ὥς τά γε πόντου
πόντος, ὁ τυμβευθεὶς οἶδεν Ἀρισταγόρης.

640.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ῥυγηλή ναύταις ἐρήφων δύσις, ἀλλά Πύρωνι
ποιλὺ γαληναίη χέιματος ἐχθροτέρη.
νὴα γὰρ ἀποψή πεπεδημένου ἐθάσασε ναύταις
ληστέων ταχυὴ δίκροτος ἐσσυμένη.
χεῖμα δὲ μιν προφυγόντα γαληναίῳ ἐπ’ ὀλέθρῳ
ἐκτανοῦ· ᾧ λυρήθη δεῖλε καχορμισίης.

641.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ
Σῆμα δυσδεκάμορφον ἀφεγγέος ἰέλιοιο,
tοσσάκιας ἀγλώσσῳ φθεγγόμενον στόματι,
εὐτ’ ἄν τιθομένου ποτὶ στενὸν ὑδατὸς ἀρρ
αύλον ἀποστείλῃ πνεῦμα διωλύγιον,
θήκεν Ἀθηναῖοι δήμῳ χάριν, ὡς ἄν ἐναργῆς
eἰὴ κὴν φθονεραῖς ἰέλιοι νεφέλαις.

642.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Σύρων καὶ Δήλοιο κλύδων μέσος νῦν Μενοίτην
σὺν φόρτῳ Σαμίου κρύψε Διαφανέος,
eἰς ὅσιον στεφάνου πλόον τάχος· ἀλλὰ θάλασσα
ἐχθρὴ καὶ νοῦσφ πατρὸς ἐπενιγμένοις.
639.—ANTIPATER OF TESSALONICA

Every sea is sea. Why do we foolishly blame the Cyclades, or the Hellespont, and the Sharp Isles?¹ They merit not their evil fame; for why, when I had escaped them, did the harbour of Scarpheae² drown me? Let who will pray for fair weather to bring him home; Aristagoras, who is buried here, knows that the sea is the sea.

640.—BY THE SAME

Fearsome for sailors is the setting of the Kids, but for Pyro calm was far more adverse than storm. For his ship, stayed by calm, was overtaken by a swift double-oared pirate galley. He was slain by them, having escaped the storm but to perish in the calm. Alas, in what an evil harbour ended his voyage!

641.—ANTIPHILUS

(Not Sepulchral, but on a Water-clock)

This recorder of the invisible sun, divided into twelve parts, and as often speaking with tongueless mouth, each time that, the water being compressed in the narrow pipe, the air sends forth a sonorous blast, was erected by Athenaeus for the public, so that the sun might be visible even when covered by envious clouds.

642.—APOLLONIDES

Between Syrus and Delos the waves engulfed Menoetes of Samos, son of Diaphanes, together with his cargo. For a pious purpose was he hurrying home, but the sea is the enemy even of those who are hastening to be with their fathers in sickness.

¹ See No. 628. ² A harbour of Locris,
643.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

'Τμνίδα τὴν Ευάνδρου, ἔρασμον αἰὲν ἁθυμα
iscopeνεσ, κούρην αἰμύλον εἰναέτιν,
ήρπασας, ὃ ἄλλωτ' Ἁἵθη, τί πρόωρον ἐφίεις
μούραν τῇ πάντως σεῖο ποτ' ἐσσομένῃ;

644.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

"Τστατον ἐθρήνησε τὸν ὠκύμορον Κλεαρίστῃ
παίδα, καὶ ἀμφι τάφῳ πτικρὸν ἐπανυ βίον;
cωκύσας γὰρ ὄσον ἐχάνανε μητρὸς ἀνή,
οὐκέτ' ἐπιστρέψαι πνεύματος ἐσχε τόνους.
θηλύτεραι, τί τοσοῦτον ἐμετρήσασθε τάλαιναι
θρήνοιν, ἦνα κλαύσητ’ ἄχρα καί Ἁϊδεω;

645.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

'Ω δύστην' ὄλβου Φιλόστρατε, ποῦ σοι ἐκεῖνα
σκήπτρα καὶ αἱ βασιλείων ἁφθονοι ἐντυχίαι, ¹
αἰσίων ἐπηρήσας αἰὲ βίον; ἢ ἐπὶ Νέλω
.... δαῖσος ὁν περιόπτος ὅροις;
ὥθεοι καμάτους τοὺς σοὺς διεμορήσαντο,
σος δὲ νέκυς ψαφαρῆ κεῖοετ' ἐν 'Οστρακίνη.

646.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Αὐσθία δὴ τάδε πατρὶ φίλῳ περὶ χεῦρε βαλοῦσα
eἰπ' Ἐρατώ, χλωροῖς δάκρυσι λειβομένα:
"'Ω πάτερ, σοῦ τοι ἔτ' εἰμί, μέλας δ' ἐμὸν ὄμμα
καλύπτει
ηδὴ ἀποφθιμένης κυάνεος θάνατος."

¹ εὐτυχίαι MS. : Ι correct.
643.—CRINAGORAS

O Hades the inexorable, thou hast carried off Hymnis, Evander's daughter, ever the loveable pet of his house, the coaxing nine-year-old girl. Why didst thou send such early death to her who must one day in any case be thine?

644.—BIANOR THE GRAMMARIAN

Cleariste mourned her last for the early death of her son, and on the tomb ended her embittered life. For, wailing with all the force a mother's sorrow could give her, she could not recover force to draw her breath. Women, why give ye such ample measure to your grief as to wail even till it brings you to Hades?

645.—CRINAGORAS

O Philostratus, unhappy for all thy wealth, where are those sceptres and constant intercourse with princes on which thy fortune ever depended? Shall thy tomb be (?) by the Nile conspicuous in the region of . . . . ? Foreigners have shared among them the fruit of thy toil, and thy corpse shall lie in sandy Ostracine.

646.—ANYTE

These were the last words that Erato spoke, throwing her arms round her dear father's neck, her cheeks wet with fresh tears: "Father, I am thine no longer; I am gone, and sombre death casts already his black veil over my eyes."

1 An Academic philosopher, a favourite of Anthony and Cleopatra. 2 Between Egypt and Palestine. By "foreigners" he means probably Roman soldiers.
647.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

"Τοστατὰ δὴ τὰδ’ ἐξευτε φίλην ποτὶ μητέρα Γοργῶ 
δακρυόσεσα, δέρης χερσίν ἐφαιττομένην. 
"Ἀλλ’ μένοις παρὰ πατρί, τέκους δ’ ἔπι λαζόει μοίρᾳ 
ἀλλαν, σφ’ πολεῖ φηραϊ καδεμόνα.’

648.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Ἐσθλὸς Ἀριστοκράτης ὅτ’ ἀπέπλεευ εἰς Ἀχέροντα, 
εἰπ’ ὀλυγοχρονής ἀψάμενος κεφαλῆς: 
"Παίδων τις μυήσατο, καλ’ ἐκνώσατο γυναίκα, 
εὶ καὶ μιν δάκνου δυσβίοτος πενίνης. 
ζωὴν στυλῶσατο· κακός δ’ ἄστυλος ἱδέσθαι 
οίκος: δ’ δ’ αὐ λάστον, 1 τάνερος ἐσχαρεδῶν 
eὐκλίων φαίνοιτο, καλ’ ἐν πολυκαέτι ὅγκω 
ἐμπρέποι, 2 αὐ γαζόν δαλὸν ἐπεσχάρμουν.” 

Ἱδεῖ Ἀριστοκράτης τὸ κρήγμον ἀλλὰ γυναικῶν, 
ἀνθρωπ’, ἡχοϊρεν τὴν ἄλτοφροσύνην.

649.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Ἀντὶ τοι εὐλεχέος θαλάμου σεμυνόν θ’ υμεναιῶν 
μάτηρ στήσε τάφῳ τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ μαρμαρίνῳ 
παρθενικών, μέτρον τε τεῦν καὶ κάλλος ἠχοῖσαν, 
Θερσί’ ποτιφθεγκτὰ δ’ ἐπλεο καὶ φθιμένα.

650.—[ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ ἡ] ΦΑΛΑΙΚΟΤ

Φεύγε θαλάσσει έργα, βοῶν δ’ ἐπιβάλλεν ἐχέτη, 
εἰ τ’ τοι ἥδυ μακρῆς πειρατ’ ἰδεῖν βιοτῆς: 
ηπείρῳ γὰρ ἐνεστὶ μακρὸς βίος: εἶν ἀλλ’ δ’ οὐ πως 
eὐμαρές εἰς πολιήν ἀνδρὸς ἰδεῖν κεφαλῆς.

1 άφαστος MS.: Ι correct.
2 Ι write so: ἐνοτὴ MS.
647.—SIMONIDES OR SIMIAS

These were the very last words that Gorgo spoke to her dear mother, in tears throwing her hands round her neck: "Stay here with father and mayest thou bear another daughter, more fortunate than I was, to tend thy grey old age."

648.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Good Aristocrates, as he was taking ship for Acheron, resting his doomed head on his hand, said: "Let every man seek to have children and get him a wife, even if miserable poverty pinch him. Let him support his life with pillars; a house without pillars is ill to look on. Nay! what is best, may the room where his hearth is have many fair columns, and shining with the luxury of many lights, illumine the log that burns on the hearth."¹ Aristocrates knew what was best, but, O man, he hated the evil-mindedness of women.

649.—ANYTE

Thy mother, Thersis, instead of a bridal chamber and solemn wedding rites, gave thee to stand on this thy marble tomb a maiden like to thee in stature and beauty, and even now thou art dead we may speak to thee.

650.—PHALAECUS

Avoid busying thee with the sea, and put thy mind to the plough that the oxen draw, if it is any joy for thee to see the end of a long life. For on land there is length of days, but on the sea it is not easy to find a man with grey hair.

¹ Lines 6–8 are somewhat obscure. Children seem to be meant by the lights as well as by the pillars or columns.
651.—ΕΤΦΟΡΙΩΝΟΣ

Οὐχ ὁ τρητιχὸς Ἑλαιὸς ἔπ' ὀστέα κεῖνα καλύπτει,
οὐδ' ἡ κυάνεον γράμμα λαλοῦσα πέτρη·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν Δολίχης τε καὶ αἰσπείνης Δρακάνωο
Ὑκάριον ῥήσσει κύμα περὶ κροκάλαις·
ἲντὶ δ' ἐγὼ ἐξενίς Πολυνίδεος ἢ κενῇ χθῶν
ἀγκάθην Δρυόπων διψάσων ἐν βοτάναις.

652.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

'Ἡχήσσα θάλασσα, τί τὸν Τιμάρεος οὔτως
πλώουσ' οὐ πολλῇ νη' Τελευταγόρην,
ἀγρία χειμήνασα, κατεπρηνάσασο πόντῳ
σὺν φόρτῳ, λάβρον κύμ' ἐπιχευμαθῇ;
χῶ μὲν ποι καῦῆξιν ἡ ἱχθυβόροις λαρίδεσσιν
τεθρήμητ' ἄπνους εὕρει ἐπ' αἰγαλάδ.
Τιμάρης δὲ κενὸν τέκνου κεκλαµένον ἀθρῶν
τύµβοι, δακρύει παίδα Τελευταγόρην.

653.—ΠΑΓΚΡΑΤΟΤΣ

'Ωλεσεν Αἰγαίον διὰ κύματος ἄγριος ἄρθεις
Διψ' Ἔπειρείθην Ἐλάσι δυομέναις,
αὐτὸν ἐν σοῦ νη' καὶ ἀνδρᾶσιν· ὃ τὸδε σῆμα
δακρύσας κενὸν παιδὶ πατὴρ ἐκαµεν.

654.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Αἰεὶ λησταῖ καὶ ἀλιφθόροι, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι
Κρῆτες· τῆς Κρητῶν οίδε δικαιοσύνην;
ὡς καὶ ἐμὲ πλῶντας σὺν οὐκ εὐπίοιν φόρτῳ
Κρηταιεῖς ὅσαν Τιμόλυτον καθ' ἀλός,
δεῖλαυν. κηρῷ μὲν ἀλιγόως λαρίδεσσι
κέκλαµαι, τύµβῳ δ' οὐχ ὑπὸ Τιμόλυτος.
651.—EUPHORION

Craggy Elaeus doth not cover those thy bones, nor this stone that speaks in blue letters. They are broken by the Icarian sea on the shingly beach of Dolicho\(^1\) and lofty Dracanon,\(^2\) and I, this empty mound of earth, am heaped up here in the thirsty herbage of the Dryopes\(^3\) for the sake of old friendship with Polymedes.

652.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Thou booming sea, why didst thou rise in angry storm, and striking with a huge wave send headlong to the deep, cargo and all, Teleutagaras, son of Timares, as he sailed in his little ship? He, lying somewhere dead on the broad beach, is bewailed over by terns and fish-eating gulls, and Timares, looking on his son’s empty tear-bedewed tomb, weeps for his child Teleutagaras.

653.—PANCRATES

At the setting of the Hyades the fierce Sirocco rose and destroyed Epierides in the Aegean Sea, himself, his ship and crew; and for him his father in tears made this empty tomb.

654.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The Cretans are ever brigands and pirates, and never just; who ever heard of the justice of a Cretan? So they were Cretans who threw me unhappy Timolytus into the sea, when I was travelling with no very rich cargo. I am bewailed by the sea-gulls, and there is no Timolytus in this tomb.

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\(^1\) Another name of the island Icaria.
\(^2\) A cape on this island.
\(^3\) The inhabitants of Doris.
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655.—TOY AYTOY

'Αρκεῖ μοι γαϊής μικρῆ κόνις· ἢ δὲ περισσῇ ἄλλον ἐπιθλῆβοι πλοῦσια κεκλιμένον στήλη, τὸ σκληρὸν νεκρῶν βάρος· εἰ με θανόντα γνώσοντι, 'Αλκάνδρῳ τούτῳ τί Καλλιτέλευς;

656.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν ὀλγήν βῶλον καὶ τούτ᾽ ὀλγήριον, ὅνερ, σήμα ποτίθηκεξί εἰλίμων 'Αλκιμένευς, εἰ καὶ πάν κέκρυπται ὑπ᾽ ὀξείς παλιοῦρον καὶ βάτου, ἢν ποτ' ἐγὼ δῆιον 'Αλκιμένης.

657.—TOY AYTOY

Ποιμένες οὐ ταύτην ὅρεος ράχιν οἰσπολείτε ἀγας κεκελόρους ἐμβοτέοντες δέ, 
Κλευταγόρη, πρὸς Γῆς, ὀλγήν χάρων, ἀλλὰ προσηνή τίνοιτε, χθονὶς εἰνεκα Φερσεφόνης. 
βληχῆσαιντ' διές μοι, ἔπ' ἀξέστοιο δὲ ποιμῆν 
πέτρης συρίζοι πρηνέα βοσκομέναις' 
εἰρεῖ δὲ πρῶτω λειμώνιον ἄνθος ἀμέρσας 
χωρίτης στεφέτω τύμβου ἐμὸν στεφάνῳ, 
καὶ τις ἄπ᾽ εὐάρνοιο καταχραίνοιτο γάλακτι 
οῖς, ἄμολγαιον μαστὸν ἀνασχύμενος, 
κρηπιδ' ὑγραίνων ἐπιτύμβουν· εἰσὶ θανόντων 
ἐἰσιν ὠμοιθάλαι καὶ φθιμένοις χάριτες.

658.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ 
TAPANTINOT

Γνώσομαι εἰ τι νέμεις ἀγαθοῖς πλέον, ἢ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς ἐκ σέθεν ὁσαύτως ἵσον, ὓδοιπόρ', ἔχει.
"Χαίρετω οὗτος ὁ τύμβος," ἔρεις, "ἐπεί Εὐρυμέδουντος 
κεῖται τῆς ἱερῆς κούφος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς."
655.—By the Same

A little dust of the earth is enough for me, and may a rich and useless monument, a weight ill for the dead to bear, crush some other man in his rest. What is that to Alexander, son of Calliteles, if they know who I am or not, now that I am dead?

656.—By the Same

Salute, Sir, this little mound and modest monument of hapless Alcimenes, though it be all overgrown by the sharp buckthorn and brambles on which I, Alcimenes, once waged war.

657.—By the Same

Ye shepherds who roam over this mountain ridge feeding your goats and fleecy sheep, do, in the name of Earth, a little kindness, but a pleasant one, to Cleitagoras, for the sake of Persephone underground. May the sheep bleat to me, and the shepherd seated on the unhewn rock pipe soft notes to them as they feed, and may the villager in early spring gather meadow flowers and lay a garland on my grave. May one of you bedew it with the milk of a ewe, mother of pretty lambs, holding her udder up and wetting the edge of the tomb. There are ways, I assure you, even among the dead of returning a favour done to the departed.

658.—Theocritus or Leonidas of Tarentum

I shall discover, wayfarer, if thou honourest more the good, or if a worthless man hath as much of thy esteem. In the first case thou wilt say, "All hail to this tomb because it lies light on the holy head of Eurymedon."
659. <ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ>

Νήπιον ὑίων ἔλευσε· ἐν ἡλικίᾳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς,
Εὐρύμεδον, τύμβου τοῦδε θανῶν ἐτυχεῖσ.
σει μὲν ἔδρη θείοισι παρ’ ἀνδράσι· τὸν δὲ πολίται
tιμησεύντι, πατρὸς μνώμενοι ὃς ἀγαθὸν.

660.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΩΤ

Ωἰνε, Συρακοσίος τοι ἀνήρ τόδ’ ἐφίεταί Ὅρθων,
“Χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἦς.”
καὶ γὰρ ἔγω τοιοῦτον ἔχω μόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ ἀπολλῆς
πατρίδος ὑθνείαν κεῖμαι ἐφεσάμενος.

661.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Εὐσθένεος τὸ μνήμα· φυσιγνώμων ὁ σοφιστής,
δεινός ἀπ’ ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ τὸ νόημα μαθεῖν.
ἐν μὲν ἔθαψαν ἐταίροι ἐπὶ ξείνῃς ξένου ὄντα,
χυμοθέτης ἐν τοῖς δαιμονίως φίλοις ὄν.
πάντων ὄν ἐπέοικεν ἔχειν τεθνεῶθ’ ὁ σοφιστής,
καὶ περ ἄκικνος ἔὼν, εἰ γ’ ἀρα κηδεμόνας.

662.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ἡ παῖς ψχετ’ ἄνωρος ἐν ἐξεδόμῳ ἦδ’ ἐνιαυτῷ
εἰς ἀίδην, πολλῆς ἡλικίας προτέρη,
δειλαίη, ποθέουσα τὸν εἰκοσάμηνον ἄδελφον,
νῆπιον ἀστόργου γενοσάμενον θανάτου.
αἰαί, λυγρὰ παθόντα Περιστέρη, ὡς ἐν ἔτοιμῳ
ἀνθρώπως δαίμων βῆκε τὰ δεινότατα.
659.—THEOCRITUS
(On the same Tomb)
Thou hast left an infant son, but thyself, Eurymedon, didst die in thy prime and liest in this tomb. Thy abode is with the divine among men, but him the citizens will honour, mindful of his father's goodness.

660.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM
Stranger, a Syracusan named Orthon enjoins this upon thee: "Never go out drunk on a winter night." For that was what caused my death, and instead of resting in my ample country I lie clothed in foreign soil.

661.—By the Same
The tomb is that of Eusthenes the sophist, who was a reader of character, skilled in discovering our thought from our eyes. Well did his companions bury him, a stranger in a strange land, and among them was a poet marvellously dear to him. So the sophist, although he was feeble, had those who took care that he should have on his death all proper honour.

662.—By the Same
The girl is gone to Hades before her time in her seventh year, before all her many playmates, hapless child, longing for her little brother, who twenty months old tasted of loveless death. Alas Peristera for thy sad fate! How hath Heaven decreed that the very path of men should be sown with calamities!

1 Little dove.
663.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
'Ο μικκός τόδ' ἔτευξε τα Ἡραίσσα
Μήδειος τὸ μῦμ' ἐπὶ τα ὦδο, κηπεγραψε Κλείτας.
ἐξεὶ τὰν ἥριν ἀ γυγνᾶ ἀντ' ἐκείνων
ὅν τὸν κώρον ἔθρεψε. τί μᾶν; ἐτι χρησίμα καλεῖται.

664.—ΑΛΛΟ
Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στάθη καὶ εἰσίδε τῶν πάλαι ποιητῶν,
τῶν τῶν ζάμβων, οὗ τὸ μύριον κλέος
διήλθε κηπη π νύκτα καὶ ποτ' αὖ.
ἡρὰν αἰ νἱὸν Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἡγάπτευν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἕγεντο κηπεδέξios
ἐπεά τε ποιεῖν, πρὸς λύραν τ' ἀείδειν.

665.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ ΑΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Μῆτε μακρῆ θαρσέων ναυτίλλεο μήτε βαθείη
νη�' κρατεὶ παντὸς δούρατος εἰς ἀνεμος,
όλεσε καὶ Πρόμαχον πνοιῇ μία, κῦμα δ' ἐν αὐτῶς
ἀθρόυν ὡς κοίλην ἐστυφέλεξεν ἄλα.
οὐ μήν οἱ δαιμών πάντη κακός· ἄλλ' ἐνι γαῖη
πατρίδι καὶ τύμβω καὶ κτερέω ἐλαξεν
κηδεμόνων ἐν χερσίν, ἐπεὶ τρηχεία θάλασσα
νεκρὸν πεπταμένους θηκεν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῦ.

666.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Οὔτος οἱ Δειλάνδρων διάπλοος, οὔτος ο πόντου
πορθμός, ο μή μοῦνο τῷ φιλέοντι βαρύς·
tαὐθ' Ἡρῴς τὰ πάροιθεν ἐπαύλα, τοῦτο τὸ πύργου
λείψανον, ο προδότης ὅδ' ἐπέκειτο λύκνοις.
κοινὸς δ' ἀμφοτέρους ὅδ' ἔχει τάφος, εἰσέτε καὶ νῦν 5
κεῖνῳ τῷ θδονερῷ μεμφομένους ἀνέμῳ.
663.—By the Same

Little Medeus made this tomb by the wayside for his Thracian nurse, and inscribed it with the name of Clita. She will have her reward for nursing the boy. Why? She is still called "useful".1

664.—Anonymous

Stand and look on Archilochus, the iambic poet of old times, whose vast renown reached to the night and to the dawn. Verily did the Muses and Delian Apollo love him; so full of melody was he, so skilled to write verse and to sing it to the lyre.

665.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Trust not in the length or depth of the ship thou voyagest in; one wind lords it over every keel. One blast destroyed Promachus, and one huge wave dashed him into the trough of the sea. Yet Heaven was not entirely unkind to him, but he got funeral and a tomb in his own country by the hands of his own people, since the rude sea cast out his body on the expanse of the beach.

666.—Antipater of Thessalonica

This is the place where Leander crossed, these are the straits, unkind not only to one lover. This is where Hero once dwelt, here are the ruins of the tower, the treacherous lamp rested here. In this tomb they both repose, still reproaching that envious wind.

1 This epithet is occasionally found on the tombs of slaves.
667.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν τῷ ναῷ τῆς ἁγίας Ἀναστασίας ἐν Θεσσαλονίκῃ
Τίπτε μάτην γούνοιντες ἐμῷ παραμίμπετε τύμβῳ;
οὐδὲν ἐχω θρήνων ἀξιον ἐν φθιμένοις.
λήγε γόων καὶ παίδε, πόσις, καὶ παῖδες ἐμῖο
χαίρετε, καὶ μνήμην σώζετ Ἁμαζονίης.

668.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὐδ' εἰ μοι γελώσα καταστορέσειε Γαλήνη
cύματα, καὶ μαλακὴν φρίκα φέροι Ζέφυρος,
νησοβίνθη δψεσθε. δέδοικα γὰρ ὦν πάρος ἔτλην
cινδύνοις ἀνέμοις ἀντικορυσόμενος.

669.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΤΟΤ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥΤ

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστήρ ἐμός. εἴθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοὶς ὁμμασίν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.
A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 14; A. Esdaile,
Poems and Translations, p. 48.

670.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Ἀστήρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπσε ἐνὶ ξωοίσιν Ἐφός;
νῦν δὲ θανῶν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.
P. B. Shelley, “Thou wert the morning-star . . .,” Works

671.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Πάντα Χάρων ἀπληστε, τὶ τὸν νέον ἱρπασας αὐτως
Ἀτταλον; οὗ σὸς ἔην, κἂν θάνε γηραλέος;
667.—Anonymous

In the Church of St. Anastasia in Thessalonica

Why, lamenting in vain, do you stay beside my tomb? I, among the dead, suffer naught worthy of tears. Cease from lament, my husband, and ye, my children, rejoice and preserve the memory of Amazonia.

668.—Leonidas of Alexandria

Not even if smiling calm were to smooth the waves for me, and gently rippling Zephyr were to blow, shall ye see me take ship; for I dread the perils I encountered formerly battling with the winds.

669.—Plato

Thou lookest on the stars, my Star. Would I were heaven, to look on thee with many eyes.

670.—By the Same

Of old among the living thou didst shine the Star of morn; now shinest thou in death the Star of eve.

671.—By Some Attributed to Bionor

Ever insatiable Charon, why didst thou wantonly take young Attalus? Was he not thine even had he died old?

1 Aster (Star) is said to have been the name of a youth whom Plato admired.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

672.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν Κορίνθω γέγραπται
Χθὼν μὲν ἔχει δέμας ἑσθλόν, ἔχει κλυτὸν σύρανὸς ἦτορ
Ἄνδρέω, ὅς Δαναοίς καὶ Ἰλλυριοῖς δικάσσας,
οὐχ ὀσίων κτείνων καθαρὰς ἐφυλάξατο χεῖρας.

673.—ΑΔΙΠΛΟΝ

Εἰ γένος εὐσεβῶν ζῶει μετὰ τέρμα βίοιο,
ναιετάν κατὰ θεσμὸν ἀνὰ στόμα φωτὸς ἐκάστου,
Ἄνδρέα, σὺ ζῶεις, σὺ κάθανες· ἄλλα σε χώρος
ἄμβροτος ἀθανάτων ἁγίων ὑπέδεκτο καυμόντα.

674.—ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΤ

Ἀρχελόχου τὸδε σήμα, τὸν ἐς λυσσωντας βιάμους
ήγαγε Μαιονίδη Μοῦσα χαριζομένη.

675.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

"Ἄτρομος ἐκ τῦμβου λύε πεῖσματα ναυγηγοῦ·
χήμων ὀλλυμένων ἄλλος ἐνησπόρει.

676.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Δούλος Ἐπίκτητος γενόμην, καὶ σῶμ' ἀνάπτυρος,
καὶ πενίην Ἰρος, καὶ φίλος ἀθανάτοις.

1 i.e. otherwise he would have excelled Homer in epic verse.
BOOK VII. 672–676

672.—Anonymous

Inscribed at Corinth

The earth holds the comely body, heaven the glorious spirit of Andreas, who, administering justice in Greece and Illyria, kept his hands clean of ill-gotten gain.

673.—Anonymous

If pious folk live after the end of this life, dwelling, as is fit, in the mouths of all men, thou, Andreas, livest and art not dead, but the divine place of the immortal holy ones has received thee after life's labour.

674.—Adrianus

This is the tomb of Archilochus, whom the Muse, out of kindness to Homer,\(^1\) guided to furious iambics.

675.—Leonidas of Alexandria

Isopsephon

Tremble not in loosing thy cable from the tomb of the shipwrecked man. While I was perishing another was travelling unhurt.\(^2\)

676.—Anonymous

I, Epictetus,\(^3\) was a slave, and not sound in all my limbs, and poor as Iris,\(^4\) and beloved by the gods.

\(^1\) Imitated from No. 282.  \(^2\) The celebrated philosopher.  \(^3\) The beggar in the Odyssey.
677.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Μνήμα τόδε κλεινοῦ Μεγιστίου, ὃν ποτε Μήδοι
Σπερχείων ποταμῶν κτείναν ἀμειψάμενοι,
μάντιος, ὃς τότε κῆρας ἐπερχομένας σάφα εἰδὼς
οὐκ ἔτη Σπάρτης ἤγεμόνας προλιπεῖν.

678.—ΑΔΕΣΙΟΤΟΝ
Πληρώσας στρατηγῷ Σωτῆριχος ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι,
ὅλβον ἐμῶν καμάτων γλυκεροῖς τεκέσσων εάσας,
ὥρα δ’ ἐν ἱππήσσι, Γερήνιος οἰάτε Νέστωρ
ἐξ ἀδίκων τε πόνων κειμήλιον οὔδεν ἐτευξα.
τούνεκα καὶ μετὰ πότμον ὅρῳ φάος Ὁυλύμποιο.

679.—ΤΟΤ ΑΓΙΟΤ ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΤ ΠΑΤΡΙ-
ΑΡΧΟΤ
α. Τύμβε, τίς ἡ πόθεν, ἢν δ’ ἔτι παις τίνος, ἔργα
καὶ ὅλβον,
νεκρός, ὃν ἐνδον ἤχεις, ἐννεπε, κευθόμενον.
β. Οὖτος Ἰωάννης, Κύπριος γένος, νίος ἐτύχθη
εὔγενεός Στεφάνου· ἢν δὲ νομεῖς Φαρίς.
κτήμασι μὲν πολύσολος ὅλων πλέον ὃν τρέφε
Κύπρος,
ἐκ πατέρος πατέρων, ἔξ ὅσιων τε πόνων.
ἔργα δὲ θέσκελα πάντα λέγειν, ἀπέρ ἐν χθονὶ τεῦξεν,
οὐδ’ ἐμοῦ ἐστὶ νόου, οὐδ’ ἐτέρων στομάτων.
πάντα γὰρ ἄνδρα παρῆλθε φαινοτάταις ἄρτησι
δόξαντα κρατεέιν ταῖς ἀρεταῖς ἐτέρων.
τοῦ καὶ κάλλεια πάντα, τάπερ πτόλεις ἐλλαχεῖν αὐτή,
εἰσὶ φιλοφροσύνης κόσμος ἀρειοτάτης.
677.—SIMONIDES

This is the tomb of famous Megistias the prophet, whom the Persians slew after crossing the Spercheius. Though he well knew then the impending fate, he disdained to desert the Spartan leaders.

678.—ANONYMOUS

Having accomplished my military service, I, Soterichus, lie here, leaving to my sweet children the wealth I gained by my labours. I commanded in the cavalry, like Gerenian Nestor, and I never amassed any treasure from unjust actions. Therefore after death too I see the light of Olympus.

679.—SAINT SOPHRONIUS THE PATRIARCH

A. "Tell me, tomb, of him whom thou hast hidden within thee, who and whence he was, whose son, his profession, and substance." B. "This man was Joannes of Cyprus, the son of noble Stephanus, and he was the pastor of Alexandria. He was wealthiest of all the Cyprians by inheritance and by his holy labours; and to tell all the divine deeds he did on earth is beyond my understanding or the tongue of others; for he surpassed in most brilliant virtues even men who seemed to surpass others. All the beautiful public works which this city possesses are ornaments due to his most praiseworthy munificence."

The prophet who was with the Spartans at Thermopylae. Leonidas wished to send him home, but he refused to go.
680.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αρχὸς Ἰωάννης Φαρίς άρετῶν ἱερῶν ἐνθάδε νῦν μετὰ τέρμα φίλη παρὰ πατρίδι κεῖται·
θυντὸν γὰρ λάχε σῶμα, καὶ εἰ βίον ἀφθιτον ἔξει,
ἀθανάτους πρήξεις τε κατὰ χόνα ῥέξειν ἀπείρους.

681.—ΠΑΛΑΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Οὐκ ἀπεδήμησας τιμῆς χάριν, ἀλλὰ τελευτής· καὶ χολός περ ἐων ἔδραμες εἰς αἰῶνην,
Γέσσιε Μοιράων τροχαλώτερε· ἐκ προκοπῆς γὰρ
ἡς εἶχες κατὰ νοῦν, ἐξεκόπης βιότου.

682.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γέσσιος οὗ τέθηκεν ἐπενγόμενος παρὰ Μοίρῃς·
αὐτὸς τὴν Μοίραν προύλαβεν εἰς αἰῶνην.

683.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Μηδὲν ἄγαν" τῶν ἐπτὰ σοφῶν ὁ σοφώτατος εἶπεν·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ πεισθεῖς, Γέσσιε, ταῦτ' ἔπαθες· καὶ λόγιος περ ἐων ἀλογώτατον ἔσχες ὄνειδος,
ὡς ἐπιθυμήσας οὐρανίης ἀνόδου.
οὗτον Πήγασος Ἰππος ἀπώλεσε Βελλεροφόντην,
βουληθέντα μαθεῖν ἀστροβετοῦς κανόνας: ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν Ἰππον ἔχων καὶ θαρσαλέου σθένος ἦβης,
Γέσσιος οὐδὲ χέσειν εὐτοινον ἄτορ ἔχων.

362
680.—By the same

Joannes, both chief in virtue and chief priest of Alexandria, lies here after his death in his dear country. For his body was mortal, although he shall have immortal life and did countless immortal works on earth.

681–688 are by Palladas of Alexandria, and all on the same subject

681

You did not go abroad for the sake of honour, but of death, and although lame you ran to Hades, Gessius, swifter than the Fates. For you retreated from life owing to the advancement of which you were dreaming.

682

Gessius did not die hurried by Fate, but arrived in Hades before Fate.

683

The wisest of the Seven Sages said “Naught in excess,” but you, Gessius, were not convinced of it, and came to this end. Though erudite, you incurred the reproach of the greatest lack of reason in desiring to ascend to heaven. Thus it was that Pegasus was fatal to Bellerophon, because he wished to learn the rules of motion of the stars. But he had a horse and the confident strength of youth, whereas Gessius could not screw his courage up enough even to ease himself.

1 They are all of course facetious. It is insinuated that Gessius’ disappointment at not getting the consulate promised him by astrologers hastened his end.
684.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μηδεὶς ξητήσῃ μερόπων ποτὲ καὶ θεὸς εἶναι, μηδ’ ἀρχὴν μεγάλην, κόμπου ύπερφίαλον. 
Γέσσιος αὐτὸς ἔδειξε· κατηνέχθη γὰρ ἐπαρθεῖς, 
θυιτής εὐτυχίας μηκέτ’ ἀνασχόμενος.

685.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ζητῶν ἔξευρες βιοτοῦ τέλος εὐτυχίας τε, 
ἀρχὴν ξητήσας πρὸς τέλος ἐρχομένην. 
ἀλλ’ ἔτυχες τιμῆς, ὦ Γέσσιε, καὶ μετὰ μοῖραν 
σύμβολα τῆς ἀρχῆς ὑστατα δεξάμενος.

686.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Γέσσιον ὡς ἐνόησεν ὁ Βαύκαλος ἅρτι θανόντα 
χωλεύοντα πλέον, τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἔπος: 
“Γέσσιε, πῶς, τί παθῶν κατέβης δόμου “Αἴδος εἰσω 
γυμνός, ἀχήδεστός, σχήματι καινοτάφῳ ;” 
τὸν δὲ μὲγ’ ὁχθήσας προσέφη καὶ Γέσσιος εὐθὺς: 
“Βαύκαλε, τὸ στρήνος καὶ θανατοῦ παρέξει.”

687.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὴν Ἀμμωνιακὴν ἀπάτην ὅτε Γέσσιος ἐγνὼ 
τοῦ ξενικοῦ θανάτου ἐγγύθεν ἐρχόμενος, 
τὴν ἱδίαν γνώμην κατεμέρψατο, καὶ τὸ μάθημα, 
καὶ τοὺς πειθομένους ἀστρολόγοις ἀλόγοις.

688.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οἱ δύο Κάλχαντες τὸν Γέσσιον ὠλεσαν ὅρκοις, 
τῶν μεγάλων ὑπάτων θάκου ὑποσχόμενοι. 
ὁ γένος ἀνθρώπων ἀνεμώλιον, αὐτοχάλωτον, 
ἀχρὶ τέλους βιοτοῦ μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενον.

364
684

Let no mortal even seek to be a god also, nor pursue the pride of high office. Gessius is the proof of it, for he was first of all puffed up and then collapsed, not content with mortal felicity.

685

You sought and found the end of life and happiness, seeking an office\(^1\) tending to the highest end. But you obtained the honour, Gessius, receiving after your death the insignia of office.

686

When Baucalus saw Gessius just after his death, and lamer than ever, he spoke thus: "Gessius, what made thee descend into Hell, naked, without funeral, in new burial guise?" And to him in great wrath Gessius at once replied: "Baucalus, the pride of wealth may cause death."

687

When Gessius discovered the fraud of the oracle of Ammon not long before his death in a strange land, he blamed his own belief and that science, and those who trust in silly astrologers.

688

The two soothsayers brought death on Gessius by their oaths, promising him the consular chair. O race of men vain minded, angry with themselves, knowing nothing even until the end of life.

\(^1\) The word also means "beginning."
689.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
'Ενθάδε σῶμα λέοιτεν 'Απελλιανὸς μέγ' ἄριστος·
ψυχὴν δ' ἐν χείρεσιν ἔην παρακάτθετο Χριστὸ.

690.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Οὐδὲ θανὸν κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀπώλεσας ἐς χθὸνα πᾶσαν,
ἀλλ' ἐτι σής ψυχής ἀγλαδ πάντα μένει,
ἀν' ἐλαχῆς τ' ἐμαθές τε, φύσει μήτιν πανάριστε·
tῷ Ῥᾳ καὶ ἐς μακάρων νήσον ἐβης, Πυθέα.

691.—ΑΔΕΣΙΩΤΟΝ
"Ἀλκηστίς νεὰ εἰμί· θάνον δ' ύπὲρ ἀνέρος ἑσθλοῦ,
Ζήνωνος, τὸν μοῦν ἐνι στέρνοις εἰδέγμην,
ὅν φωτὸς ὑλικερὸν τε τέκνων προὐκριν' ἐμὸν ἱτορ,
οὐνομα Καλλικράτεια, βροτοῖς πάντεσσιν ἁγαστή.

692.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ
ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Γλύκων, τὸ Περγαμηνὸν Ἀσίδι κλέος,
ὁ παμμάχων κεραυνός, ὁ πλατὺς πόδας,
ὁ καινὸς Ἀτλας, αἱ τ' ἀνίκατοι χέρες
ἐρροντι' τὸν δὲ πρόσθεν οὔτ' ἐν Ἰταλοῖς,
οὔθ' Ἐλλάδι προσστόν, οὔτ' ἐν Ἀσίδι,
ὁ πάντα νικῶν Ἀἰθής ἀνέτραπεν.

693.—ΑΠΟΔΑΛΩΝΙΟΤ
Γλύκων παρρονίτις ἀμφέχω χερμάς,
πικρῇ κατασπασθέντα κύματος δίνη,
ὁτ' ἱχθυάζετ' ἐξ ἀκρης ἀπορρῶγος·
χώσαν δὲ μ' ὅσος λαὸς ἐν συνεργήτης,
Πάσειδου, οὔς σὺ σώζε, καὶ γαληναίῃν
αἰέν διδοίης ὀρμηθόλοις θίνα.
689.—ANONYMOUS
Here Apellianus, most excellent of men, left his body, depositing his soul in the hands of Christ.

690.—ANONYMOUS
Not even in death hast thou lost on the earth all thy good fame, but the splendid gifts of thy mind all survive, all thy talent and learning, Pytheas, most highly endowed by nature. Therefore art thou gone to the islands of the blest.

691.—ANONYMOUS
I am a new Alcestis, and died for my good husband Zeno, whom alone I had taken to my bosom. My heart preferred him to the light of day and my sweet children. My name was Callicratia, and all men reverenced me.

692.—ANTIPATER OR PHILIP OF THESSALONICA
Glyco of Pergamus, the glory of Asia, the thunderbolt of the pancration,¹ the broad-footed, the new Atlas, has perished; they have perished, those unvanquished hands, and Hades, who conquers all, has thrown him who never before met with a fall in Italy, Greece, or Asia.

693.—APOLLONIDES
I, the heap of stones by the shore, cover Glenis, who was swept away by the cruel swirl of a wave as he was angling from a steep projecting rock. All his fellow fishermen raised me. Save them, Poseidon, and grant ever to all casters of the line a calm shore.

¹ A combination of wrestling and boxing.
694.—ΑΔΑΙΟΤ

Ἡ παρίς ἦρωα, Φιλοπρήγμων δὲ καλεῖται, πρόσθε Ποτιδαίης κείμενον ἐν τριόδῳ, εἰπεῖν οἶνον ἐπ᾽ ἐργον ἁγίεις πόδας, εὐθὺς ἐκείνος εὑρίσει σὺν σοὶ πρήξιος εὐκολίην.

695.—ΑДЕΞΙΟΤΟΝ

Ὀμᾶς πρόσωπον Κασσίας τῆς σώφρονος. εἶ καὶ τέθυκε, ταῖς ἀρεταῖς γνωρίζεται ψυχῆς τὸ κάλλος μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ σῶματος.

696.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Αἰωρῇ θήρειον ἱμασσόμενον δέμας αὐραίς τλάμον, ἀορτηθεῖς ἐκ λασίας πίτυος, αἰωρῇ. Φοίβῳ γὰρ ἀνάρσιον εἰς ἔριν ἐστής, πρῶνα Κελαινίτην ναιετάων, Σάτυρε. σεῦ δὲ βοᾶν αὐλοῖο μελίβρόμον οὐκέτι Νύμφαι, ὡς πάρος, ἐν Φρυγίοις οὔρεσι πενσόμεθα.

697.—ΧΡΙΣΤΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Οὗτος Ἰωάννης κρύπτει τάφος, ὅς ὅ Ἐπιδάμμου ἄστρον ἔχει, ἦν πρὶν παῖδες ἀμπυρεσίες ἐκτίσαν Ἡρακλῆος. θεῖον καὶ μέρμερος ἠρώς αἰεὶ τῶν ἀδίκων σκληρῶν ἔκοπτε μένος. εἴχε δ᾽ ἄπ᾽ εὐσεβέων προγόνων ἐρυκυδέα πάτρην Λυχνιδών, ἦν Φοίνιξ Κάδμος ἐδείμε πόλιν.

1 The name means "busybody."  2 Marsyas.
BOOK VII. 694-697

694.—ADAEUS
(Not Sepulchral)

If thou passest by the shrine of the hero (his name is Philopragmon)¹ that is at the cross-roads outside Potidaea, tell him on what task thou journeyest, and he at once will help thee to find a means of accomplishing it.

695.—ANONYMOUS

Thou seest the face of virtuous Cassis. Though she be dead, the beauty of her soul rather than of her visage is made manifest by her virtues.

696.—ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE

Poor Satyr² who didst dwell on the hills of Celaenae, thou hangest from a leafy pine, thy beast-like body flogged by the winds, because thou didst enter on fatal strife with Phoebus; and no longer, as of old, shall we Nymphs hear on the Phrygian hills the honeyed notes of thy flute.

697.—CHRISTODORUS

This tomb covers Joannes, who was the star of Epidamnus, the city founded by the famous sons of Heracles,³ whence it was brought about that this active hero ever reduced the stubborn strength of the unrighteous. The renowned fatherland of his pious parents and himself was Lychnidus, a city built by Phoenician Cadmus. Thence sprung this Heli-

¹ It was founded by a certain Phalias who claimed descent from the Heraclidae.
698.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὐτὸς Ἰωάννης Ἐπιδάμμιος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
τηλεφανής ὑπάτων κόσμος ἀειφανέων,
ὁ γλυκὸς μοι Μουσέων πετάσας φάος, ὁ πλέον ἄλλων
εὐρύνας ἕξειον δαίμονος ἐργασίας,
παμφόρβην παλάμην κεκτημένοιν, ἥντινα μούνην
οὐκ ἦδε δωτίνης μέτρον ὀριζόμενον.
αἰπυτάτην δὲ ἥνξησε [νόμοις πα]τρίοισιν ἀπήνην,
φαιδρύνας καθαρῆς ἐργα δικαιοσύνης.
ὦ πόποι, οὐκ ἦξησε πολὺν χρόνων, ἀλλ’ ἐναυτοὺς
μοὐνὸν ἀναπλήσας τεσσαράκοντα δύο,
φέκτο μουσοπόλοισι ποθὴν πάντεσσοιν ἔισας,
οὐς ἐπόθει πατέρων φέρτερα γειαμένων.

699.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἰκάρου δὲ νεόφοιτον ἐς ἡέρα πωτηθέντος
Ἰκαρίη πικρῆς τύμβε κακοδρομίας,
ἀβάλε μῆτε σε κεῖνος ἰδεῖν, μὴτ’ αὐτὸς ἀνεῖναι
Τρῖτων Αἰγαλέον νῦντον ὑπὲρ πελάγευς.
οὐ γὰρ σοι σκεπανν ἄγνομοις, οὔτε βόρειον
ἐς κλῖτος, οὔτ’ ἄγην κύματος ἐς νυτήν.
ἔρροις, δὲ δύσπλωτε, κακόξενε. σείον δὲ τηλοῦ
πλάσιμε, στυγεροῦ δοςον ἀπ’ Ἀιδεω.

700.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἰστῳ νυκτὸς ἐμῆς, ἦ μ’ ἐκρυφεν, οἰκία ταῦτα
λάινα, Κωκυτοῦ τ’ ἀμφιγόητον ὑδῷρ,
conian lamp,¹ because Cadmus first taught the Greeks letters. He attained the consulate, and administering justice in Illyria, crowned the Muses and pure Justice.

698.—By the Same

Here lies Joannes of Epidamnus, the far-shining ornament of ever brilliant consuls, who spread abroad the sweet light of the Muses, and more than others amplified the work of hospitality, having a hand that fed all, and alone among men knew not any measure to limit its gifts. He ornamented his lofty consular car with the laws of his country, making bright the works of pure justice. Ye gods! he did not live long, but at the age of only forty-two departed this life, regretted by all poets, whom he loved more than his own parents.

699.—Anonymous

Icaria, memorial of the disastrous journey of Icarus flying through the newly-trodden air, would he too had never seen thee, would that Triton had never sent thee up above the expanse of the Aegean Sea. For thou hast no sheltered anchorage, either on the northern side nor where the sea breaks on thee from the south. A curse on thee, inhospitable foe of mariners! May I voyage as far from thee as from loathly Hell.

700.—Diodorus Grammaticus

Know, thou stone palace of the Night that hides me, and thou, flood of Cocytus, where wailing is loud, it

¹ "Lychnus." There is a poor pun on Lychnidus.
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οὔτε μ’ ἀνήρ, δ’ λέγουσι, κατέκτανεν ἡς γάμον ἄλλης παπταίνων· τί μάτην οὖνομα Ῥουφιανός; ἄλλα με Κῆρες ἀγοῦσι μεμορμέναι. οὐ μία δὴ πον 5 Παῦλα Ταραντίνη κάθθανεν ὁκύμορος.

701.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

'Ιφθίμω τόδ’ ἐπ’ ἄνδρι φίλη πόλις ἡ νυσ’ Ἀχαιὸς γράμμα παρ’ εὐβοῦν νάμασιν Ἀσκανίας. κλαύσε δὲ μῖν Νίκαια: πατὴρ δ’ ἐπὶ οἱ Διομήδης λαῖνον ύψιφαθ’ τὸν’ ἀνέτεινα τάφον, δύσμορος, αἰαῖζων ὀλοθρόν κακῶν. ἡ γὰρ ἐφ’ ἤκει νιέα οἱ τίνει ταύτα κατοιχομένῳ.

702.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ιχθυοθηρητήρα Μενέστρατον ὀλεσεν ἄρη δοῦνακος, ἔξαμίτης ἐκ τριχὸς ἐλκομένης, εἰδὼς ὅτ’ ἀγκίστρον φοινίου πλάνου ἀμφιχανοῦσα ὀξείην ἔρωθεν φυκις ἐβρυᾶξε πάγην: ἀγνυμένη δ’ ὑπ’ ὀδόντι κατέκτανεν, ἀλματι λάβρῳ 5 ἐντὸς ὀλισθηρῶν δυσαμένη φαρύγων.

703.—ΜΥΡΙΝΟΤ

Θύρσις ἦ κωμήτης, ὁ τὰ νυμφικὰ μῆλα νομεύων, Θύρσις ὁ συρίξων Παῦλος ἵσον δόνακε, ἐνδος ὀλυντοτής σκιερὰν ὑπὸ τὰς πίτους εὐδεὶ φρουρεῖ δ’ αὐτὸς ἐλῶν ποίμνια βάκτρον Ἐρως. 5 ἡ Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι, διεγείρατε τὸν λυκοθαρσῆ βοσκόν, μη θηρῶν κύρμα γένηται Ἐρως.
was not my husband, as they say, who, contemplating another marriage, slew me. Why should Rufinus have that evil name for naught? But the fatal Destinies brought me here. Paula of Tarentum is not the only woman who has died before her time.

701.—By the Same

His dear city set up this inscription by the beautiful waters of Ascania¹ to the strong man Achaeus. Nicaea wept for him, and his father Diomedes erected to him this tall and glittering stone monument, lamenting; for it had been meeter for his son to pay him these honours when he died himself.

702.—APOLLONIDES

The capture of his rod, pulled out of the sea by the six-stranded hair line, was fatal to the fisherman Menestratus; then, when the red phycis, gaping at the errant bait of the murderous hook, swallowed greedily the sharp fraud, as he was cracking its skull with its teeth, it slew him, taking a violent leap and slipping down his throat.²

703.—MYRINUS

(Not Sepulchral)

Thyrsis the villager who feeds the Nymphs' flocks, Thyrsis whose piping is equal to Pan's, sleeps under the shady pine tree having drunk wine at midday, and Love takes his crook and keeps the flock himself. Ye Nymphs! ye Nymphs! awake the shepherd who fears no wolf, lest Love become the prey of wild beasts.

¹ A lake near Nicaea. ² cp. No. 504.
704.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Εμοι θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί·
οὐδὲν μέλει μοι· τάμα γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει.

705.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Στρυμῶν καὶ μεγάλων πεποτισμένων Ἐλλησπόντῳ
ηρίων Ἡδωνῆς Φιλλίδος, Ἀμφίπολι,
λοιπά τοι Ἀἰθωπίης Βραυρωνίδος ἑχει γην ὑπὸ
μένει, καὶ ποταμῶν τάμφιμάχητον ὕδωρ,
τήν δὲ ποτὶ Ἀιγείδαις μεγάλην ἄριν ὡς ἄλιανθες
τρύχος ἐπὶ ἀμφοτέρας δερκόμεθ' ἡδόσιν.

706.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ

'Ιλιγγίασε Βάκχον ἐκπιδὼν χαυδὸν
Χρῦσυπτος, οὐδ' ἐφείσατο
οὐ τῆς στοᾶς, οὐχ ἦς πάτρας, οὐ τῆς ψυχῆς,
ἀλλ' ἠλθε δῶμ' ἐς 'Αίδεω.

707.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ

Κήγῳ Σωσιθέου κομέω νέκυν, ὅσον ἐν ἄστει
ἀλλος ἀπ' αὐθαίρων ἡμετέρων Σοφοκλῆς,
Σκίρτος ὁ πυρρογέειος. ἐκισισφόρησε γὰρ ὄνηρ
ἀξίω Φιλασίων, ναὶ μὰ χοροῦς, Σαῦρων·
κῆρυ τὸν ἐν καινώς τεθραμμένον ἢθεσιν ἡδή
ἠγαγεν εἰς μνήμην πατρίδ' ἀναρχαῖας.

1 Said to have been a favourite quotation of both Tiberius
and Nero.
704.—Anonymous

When I am dead may earth be mingled with fire. It matters not to me, for with me all is well.¹

705.—Antipater of Thessalonica

(Not Sepulchral)

Amphipolis, tomb of Edonian Phyllis, washed by the Strymon and great Hellespont, all that is left of thee is the ruin of the temple of Brauronian Artemis and the disputed² water of thy river. We see her for whom the Athenians strove so long now lying like a torn rag of precious purple on either bank.

706.—Diogenes Laertius

Chrysippus became dizzy when he had drunk up the wine at a gulp, and sparing neither the Stoa, nor his country, nor his life, went to the house of Hades.³

707.—Dioscorides

I, too, red-bearded Scirtus the Satyr, guard the body of Sositheus as one of my brothers guards Sophocles on the Acropolis. For he wielded the ivy-bough, yea by the dance I swear it, in a manner worthy of the Satyrs of Phlius, and restoring ancient usage, led me, who had been reared in new-fangled fashions, back to the tradition of our fathers. Once

² The Athenian possession of Amphipolis was disputed by the Spartans and later by the Macedonians.
³ Chrysippus was said to have died in consequence of drinking too much at a banquet given him by his disciples.
καὶ πάλιν εἰσώρμησα τὸν ἀρσενα Δωρίδη Μοῦσῃ ῥυθμόν, πρὸς τ’ αἰδὴν ἐλκόμενος μεγάλην ἔπτα δὲ μοι ἔρσων τύποσ ὦ χερὶ κανονομηθεὶς τῇ φιλοκινδύνῳ προντίδι Σωσιδέου.

708.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τῷ κωμῳδογρύφῳ, κούφῃ κόνι, τὸν φιλάγωνα κυσσὸν ὑπὲρ τύμβου ζῶντα Μάχωνι φέροις· οὐ γὰρ ἔχεις κηφήνα παλιμπλυτον, ἀλλὰ τι τέχνης ἄξιον ἀρχαῖης λείψανον ἡμφύειας. τοῦτο δ’ ο’ πρέσβυς ἐρεῖ: “Κέκροπος πόλι, καὶ παρὰ Νεῖλῳ ἔστιν ὥτ’ ἐν Μοῦσαις δριμὺ πέφυκε θύμον.”

709.—ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΤ
Σάρδιες ἀρχαίαι, πατέρων νομὸς, εἰ μὲν ἐν υἱῶν ἐμφόμαν, κερναὶ ἢ τις ἢν ἡ βακελας χρυσοφόρος, ρήσων καλὰ τύμπανα· νῦν δὲ μοι Ἄλκμαν οὖνομα, καὶ Σπάρτας εἰμὶ πολυτρῆποδος, καὶ Μοῦσας ἔδαίν Ἔλικωνίδας, αἱ με τυράννων θήκαν Δασκύλεω μείζονα καὶ Γύγεω.

710.—ΗΡΙΝΝΗΣ [ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΗΣ]
Στὰλαι, καὶ Σειρήνες ἔμαι, καὶ πένθιμε κρωσσά, ὅστις ἔχεις Ἀίδα τὰν ὀλίγαν σποδιάν, τοὺς ἐμὸν ἐρχομένους παρ’ ἥριον εἴπατε χαίρειν, αἴτ’ ἄστοι τελέθωντ’, αἴθ’ ἐτέρας πόλυς·

1 Sositheus was a tragic poet of the 4th century. His Satyric dramas, of which we have some fragments, were especially celebrated. The Satyric drama is said to have originated at Phlius.
2 Macho is known to us chiefly as the author of scandalous
more I forced the virile rhythm on the Doric Muse, and drawn to magniloquence . . . a daring innovation introduced by Sositheus.¹

708.—By the Same

Light earth, give birth to ivy that loves the stage to flourish on the tomb of Macho ² the writer of comedies. For thou holdest no re-dyed drone, but he whom thou clothest is a worthy remnant of ancient art. This shall the old man say: "O city of Cecrops, sometimes on the banks of the Nile, too, the strong-scented thyme of poesy grows."

709.—Alexander

Ancient Sardis, home of my fathers, had I been reared in thee I would have been a cernus-bearer ³ or eunuch, wearing ornaments of gold and beating pretty tambourines; but now my name is Aleman, and I am a citizen of Sparta of the many tripods, and have learnt to know the Heliconian Muses who made me greater than the tyrants Dascyles and Gyges.⁴

710.—Erinna

Ye columnus and my Sirens,⁵ and thou, mournful pitcher that holdest the little ash of death, bid them who pass by my tomb hail, be they citizens or from another town; and tell this, too; that I was anecdotes in verse, many of which are quoted by Athenaeus. This epigram was actually engraved on his tomb at Alexandria where he spent most of his life.

³ The cernus was a vessel used in the rites of Cybele.
⁴ Kings of Lydia.
⁵ Figures of Sirens that stood on the tomb.
GReeK anTheLogy

χώτι με νύμφαν εὕσαν ἔχει τάφος, εἴπατε καὶ τό· 5
χώτι πατήρ μ’ ἐκάλει Βαυκίδα, χώτι γένος
Τηνία, ὡς εἰδώντι· καὶ ὅτι μοι ἀ συνεταιρίς
’Ηριν’ ἐν τύμβῳ γράμμῳ ἐξάραξε τόδε.

711.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ηδη μὲν κροκόεις Πιτανάτιδε πίτυνατο νύμφα
Κλειναρέτα χρυσέων παστὸς ἐσω θαλάμων,
καδεμόνες δ’ ἦλποντο διωλένιον φλόγα πεύκας
άψειν ἀμφότεραις ἀνσχόμενοι παλάμαις,
Δημῶ καὶ Νίκιττπος· ἀφαρπάξασα δὲ νοῦσος
παρθενικὰν Δᾶβας ἀγαγεν ἐς πέλαγος·
ἀλγειναὶ δ’ ἐκάμοντο συνάλλικες, οὐχὶ θυρέτρων,
ἀλλὰ τὸν ’Αἶδεω στερνοτυπῆ πάταγον.

712.—ΗΡΙΝΝΗΣ

Νύμφας Βαυκίδους ἐμις· πολυκλαυταν δὲ παρέρπων
στάλαν τῷ κατὰ γὰς τοῦτο λέγοις ’Αἴδα·
’Βάσκανος ἐσσ’, ’Αἴδα’· τὰ δὲ τοι καλὰ σάμαθ’
όρωντι
ὡμοτάταν Βαυκοῦς ἀγγελέοντι τύχαν,
ὡς τὰν παῖδ’, ’Τμένανος ἐφ’ αἰς ἀείδετο πεύκαις,
ταῖσδ’ ἐπὶ καδεστὰς ἐφλεγε πυρκαία· 5
καὶ σὺ μὲν, ὃ ’Τμέναιε, γάμων μολπαίον ἄοιδαν
ἐς θρήνων γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθηρμόσαο.

713.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Παυροετὴς ’Ηριννα, καὶ οὐ πολύμυδος ἄοιδαῖς·
ἀλλ’ ἔλαχεν Μούσας τοῦτο τὸ βαιῶν ἔπος.
buried here a bride, and that my father called me Baucis, and that my country was Tenos, that they may know. Say, likewise, that my friend and companion Erinna engraved these lines on my tomb.

711.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Already her saffron couch inside the golden wedding-chamber had been laid for Clinareta the bride of Pitana. Already her parents Demo and Nicippus were looking forward to raising on high in both hands the blazing pine-torch, when sickness carried the girl away and took her to the sea of Lethe. All sadly her girl companions instead of beating at her door beat their breasts, as is the rite of death.

712.—ERINNA

I am the tomb of Baucis the bride, and as thou passest the much bewept pillar, say to Hades who dwells below "Hades, thou art envious." To thee the fair letters thou seest on the stone will tell the most cruel fate of Bauco, how her bridegroom's father lighted her pyre with those very torches that had burnt while they sang the marriage hymn. And thou, Hymenaeus, didst change the tuneful song of wedding to the dismal voice of lamentation.

713.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

(Not Sepulchral)

Few are Erinna's verses nor is she wordy in her songs, but this her little work is inspired. Therefore
714.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Ρήγιον Ἴταλῆς τεναγώδεος ἀκρόν ἀείδω, 5
ἀεί Θορικῖον γενομένην ὕδατος,
oúνεκα τὸν φιλέοντα λύρην φιλέοντά τε παιδάς
'Iβυκον εὐφύλλω θηκεν υπὸ πτελέην,
ὁδέα πολλὰ παθόντα: πολὺν δ᾽ ἐπὶ σήματι κυσόν 5
χεύατο καὶ λευκοῦ φυταλίην καλάμου.

715.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Πολλῶν ἀπ' Ἴταλῆς κείμαι χθονὸς, ἐκ τε Τάραντος 5
πάτρης: τοῦτο δὲ μοι πικρότερον βανάτου.
tοιοῦτος πλανίων ἄβιος βίος: ἀλλὰ μὲ Μοῦσαι
ἐστεριξάν, λυγρῶν δ᾽ ἀντὶ μελιχρὸν ἔχω.
oúνομα δ᾽ οὐκ ἦμυσε Λεωνίδου: αὐτὰ μὲ δώρα 5
κηρύσσει Μουσέων πάντας ἐπ' ἦλίους.

716.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΩΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

Πρῴος, ἀλλὰ ποθεινὸς ὅσοι πόλιν Ἴολύσοιο 5
ναιομεν, εἰς λήθης πικρὸν ἔδως πέλαγος,
dρεψάμενοι σοφήν ὁλὺν χρόνον: ἄμφι δὲ τύμβω
σείο καὶ ἀκλαυτοι γυλακεῖς ἔθεντο γύουν,
Φαινόκριτος: οὐδὲν ἐμοιον ἐπεσομένουισιν ἄοιδος 5
φθέγγεται, ἀνθρώπους ἄχρι φέρωσι πόδες.
fails she not to be remembered, and is not held hidden under the shadowy wing of black night. But we, stranger, the countless myriads of later singers, lie in heaps withering from oblivion. The low song of the swan is better than the cawing of jackdaws echoing far and wide through the clouds of spring.

714.—Anonymous

I sing of Rhegium, that at the point of the shoaly coast of Italy tastes ever of the Sicilian sea, because under the leafy poplar she laid Ibycus the lover of the lyre, the lover of boys, who had tasted many pleasures; and over his tomb she shed in abundance ivy and white reeds.

715.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Far from the Italian land I lie, far from my country Tarentum, and this is bitterer to me than death. Such is the life of wanderers, ill to live; but the Muses loved me and instead of sourness sweets are mine. The name of Leonidas hath not sunk into oblivion, but the gifts of the Muses proclaim it to the end of days.

716.—Dionysius of Rhodes

Too early and missed by all us who dwell in the city of Ialysus, hast thou sunk, Phaenocritus, into the sea of oblivion, after plucking for a brief time the flowers of wisdom; and round thy tomb the very owls that never shed tears lamented. No singer shall ever sing as thou didst to future generations as long as men walk upon their feet.
717.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Νηιάδες καὶ ψυχρὰ βοαύλια ταύτα μελίσσας
οἴμον ἑπ’ ειαρινήν λέξατε νισσομέναις,
ὡς ὁ γέρων Λεύκιππος ἐπ’ ἀρσιπώδεσι λαγωνῖς
ἐφθιτο χειμερίη νυκτὶ λοχησάμενος.
σμήνεα δ’ οὐκέτι οἱ κομέειν φίλοιν· αἰ δὲ τὸν ἄκρης ἡ
γειτόνα ποιμένια πολλὰ ποθούσι νάπαι.

A. Lang, Graces of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 185.

718.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

"Ω βεῖν", εἰ τὺ γε πλεῖς ποτὲ καλλίχορον Μυτιλᾶναν,
τὰν Σαπφῶ χαρίτων ἀνθὸς ἐναυσαμέναν,
εἰπεῖν, ὥς Μοῦσαιοι φίλαιν τήνα τε Δοκρίς γὰ
τίκτεν ἵσαν ὅτι θ’ οἱ τούνομα Νοσσίς· ίθι.

719.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Τέλληνος οὖδε τύμβος· ἔχω δ’ ὑποβολέα πρέσβεων
τὴν τον πράτων γνώτα γελοιομελεῖν.

720.—ΧΑΙΡΗΜΟΝΟΣ

Κλεῖσας οὐτυμοκλεῖος, ὑπὲρ Θυρεὰν δόρυ τείνας,
κάτθανες ἀμφίλογον γὰν ἀποτεμνόμενος.

721.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Τοῖς ὉΡχεῖ Σπάρτηθεν ἵσαν χέρες, ἵσα δὲ τεῦχῃ
συμβάλομεν· Θυρέαι δ’ ἤσαν ἄεθλα δορῶσ.
ἀμφῶ δ’ ἀπροφάσιτα τὸν οἶκαδε νόστον ἀφέντες
οἰωνοὺς θανάτου λείπομεν ἀγγελίαν.

1 Unfortunately this version of the epigram is quite uncertain, as it involves considerable departures from the MS. text, itself unintelligible.
BOOK VII. 717-721

717.—ANONYMOUS

Ye Naiads, and ye cool pastures, tell the bees that
start for their spring journeys that old Lysippus
perished lying in ambush for the fleet-footed hares
on a winter night. No longer does he take joy in
tending the swarms, and the dells where feed the
flocks miss much their neighbour of the hill.(?)

718.—NOSSIS

Stranger, if thou sailest to Mitylene, the city of
lovely dances which kindled (?) Sappho, the flower of
the Graces, say that the Locrian land bore one dear
to the Muses and equal to her and that her name was
Nossis. Go! 1

719.—LEONIDAS

I am the tomb of Tellen, 2 and under ground I hold
the old man, who was the first to learn how to com-
pose comic songs.

720.—CHAEREMON

Cleuas, the son of Etymocles, who didst wield the
spear for Thyreae, thou didst die allotting to thyself
the disputed land.

721.—BY THE SAME

We from Sparta engaged the Argives equal in
number and in arms, Thyreac being the prize of the
spear, and both abandoning without seeking for
pretexts our hope of return home, we leave the birds
to tell of our death.

2 Tellen (4th century B.C.) was by profession a flute-player.
Of his comic productions we know nothing.
722.—ΘΕΩΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Δηρίφατον κλαίω Τιμοσθένη, νία Μολόσσου, ξείνον ἐπὶ ξείνῃ Κεκροπίᾳ φθίμενον.

723.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
'A πάρος ἀδρίτος καλ ἀνέμβατος, ὁ Λακεδαιμόν, κατυνδ' ἐπὶ Εὐρώτη δέρκεαι Ὠλένιον, ἀσκίος· οἰνωνὶ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς οἰκία ἡεντες μύρονται· μῆλων δ' οὕκ ἀλονσι λύκοι.

724.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
'Ἡ ρά μένος σε, Πρόαρχ', ὀλεο' ἐν δατ', δῶμα τῇ πατρῷ
Φείδια ἐν δυοφερῷ πένθει έθου φθίμενος.
ἀλλὰ καλὸν τοι ὑπερθεν ἐπος ὑδε πέτρος ἀείδει,
ὡς έθανες πρὸ φίλας μαρνάμενος πατρίδος.

725.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
α. Αὐνε, καλ σὺ γὰρ ὅρα, Μενέκρατες, οὐκ ἐπὶ πολυν ἰσθα· τὶ σε, ξεινων λώστε, κατεργάσατο;
ἡ ρα τὸ καὶ Κένταυρον; β. "Ὁ μοι πεπρώμενος ὑπνός ἠλθεν, ο δὲ τλήμων οἶνος ἔχει πρόφασιν.

726.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
'Εσπέριου κήφου ἀπόσατο πολλάκης ὑπνῶν
ἡ γρήγος πενήν Πλατῆς ἀμυνομένη.
BOOK VII. 722-726

722.—THEODORIDAS

I weep for Timosthenes, the son of Molossus, slain in battle, dying a stranger on the strange Attic soil.

723.—ANONYMOUS
(Not Sepulchral)

Lacedaemon, formerly unconquered and uninvaded, thou seest the Olenian smoke on the banks of Eurotas. No shade of trees hast thou left; the birds nest on the ground and the wolves hear not the bleating of sheep.

724.—ANYTE

Thy valour, Proarchus, slew thee in the fight, and thou hast put in black mourning by thy death the house of thy father Phidias. But the stone above thee sings this good message, that thou didst fall fighting for thy dear fatherland.

725.—CALLIMACHUS

A. "Menocrates of Aenus, you too were not long on earth. Tell me, best of friends, what caused your death? Was it that which caused the Centaur's?" B. "The forc-ordained sleep came to me, and the unhappy wine is blamed."

726.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Old Platthis often repelled from her her evening and morning sleep, keeping poverty away, and near

1 Achaeans. This refers to the invasion of Lacedaemonia by the Achaeans in B.C. 189.
2 i.e. wine.
καὶ τι πρὸς ἡλακάτην καὶ τὸν συνέρηθον ἀτρακτον ἦσεν, πολυον γήρας ἀγχίθυρος,
κατὶ παριστίδιον δινεμένη ἄχρις ἐπ᾽ ἥον
κεῖνον Ἀθηναίης σὺν Χάρισιν δόλιχον,
ἡ δίκη ἰκνοῦ περὶ γούνατος ἄρκιον ἱστῷ
χείρι στρογγύλλουσ’ ἰμερόσσα κρόκην.
γυδώκονταέτις δ’ Ἀχερώσιον ἤγασεν ὕδωρ
ἡ καλὴ καλῶς Πλατῆς ύφηναμένη.

727.—ΘΕΛΙΤΗΤΟΤ

Τὰν γνώμαν ἐδόκει Φιλέας οὐ δεύτερος ἄλλου ἐίμεν· ὁ δὲ φθονερὸς κλαιέτω ἐστιν βάνῃ.
ἀλλ’ ἐμπας δόξας κενεὰ χάρις· εἰν ἄιδα γὰρ
Μίνω Θερσίτας οὐδὲν ἀτιμότερος.

728.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

'Ιερέη Δήμητρος ἐγὼ ποτὲ, καὶ πάλιν Καβείρων,
δὲνερ, καὶ μετέπειτα Διυδμήνης,
ἡ γρήγορα γενόμην, ἡ νῦν κώνις, ἵνο... 
πολλὰν προστασίαν νέων γυναικῶν.
καὶ μοι τέκν’ ἐγένοντο δυ’ ἄρσενα, κηπέμυσ’ ἐκεῖνων
ἐυγήρως ἐνὶ χερσίν. ἔρπε χαῖρων.

729.—ΤΥΜΝΕΩ

Εὐειδὴς Τριτώνς ἐπ’ οὐκ ἀγαθαῖς ἐλοχεύθη
κληρόσειν· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ὁδ’ ὀλετο δαιμονίη
ἀρτιτόκος· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ κατήγαγεν ἐν βρέφος ἄδην
σὺν κεῖνη· δεκάτην δ’ οὖχ ὑπερήρεν ἔω.
the door of gray old age used to sing a tune to her spindle and familiar distaff. Still by the loom until the dawn she revolved in company with the Graces that long task of Pallas, or, a loveable figure, smoothed with her wrinkled hand on her wrinkled knee the thread sufficient for the loom. Aged eighty years comely Platthis who wove so well set eyes on the lake of Acheron.

727.—THEAETETUS

Phileas seemed inferior to none in the gifts of his mind; let him who envies him go and cry himself to death.¹ Yet but empty pleasure hath a man in fame, for in Hades Thersites is as highly honoured as Minos.

728.—CALLIMACHUS

I, the old woman who am now dust was once the priestess of Demeter and again of the Cabiiri and afterwards of Cybele. I was the patroness of many young women. I had two male children and closed my eyes at a goodly old age in their arms. Go in peace.

729.—TYMNES

The omens were evil when fair Tritonis was brought to bed, for otherwise she would not have perished, unhappy girl, just after the child was born. With her this one babe brought down to Hades so much happiness, and it did not even live beyond the tenth dawn.

¹ A form of imprecation.
730.—ΠΕΡΣΟΣ

Δειλαία Μνάσυλλα, τί τοι καὶ ἐπ’ ἥριῳ οὗτος μυρομένα κούραν γραπτὸς ἔπεστι τύπος Νευτίμας; ὡς δὴ ποκ’ ἄπο ψυχαν ἐρύσαντο ὃδινες, κεῖται δ’ οία κατὰ βλεφάρων ἀχλύν πλημμύρουσα φίλας ὑπὸ ματρὸς ἀγοστοῦ αἰαὶ Ἀριστοτέλης δ’ οὐκ ἀπάνευθε πατήρ δεξιέρα κεφαλάν ἐπεμάσσετο. ὦ μέγα δειλοί, 5

οὐδὲ θανόντες ἔδων ἔξελίθθεςθ’ ἀχέων.

731.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

"Ἀμπελος ὃς ἢδη κάμακι στηρίζομαι αὐτῷ σκηπανίῳ καλέει μ’ εἰς άθιδην θάνατος. δυσκόψει μὴ Γόργε ο’ τοι χαριέστερον, ἡ τρεῖς ἡ πίσυρας ποίας θάλψαι ὑπ’ ἡλίῳ;" ὁδ’ εἶπας οὐ κόμπρω, ἀπό ξωῆν ὁ παλαιὸς ὦστατο, κῆς πλεόνων ἥλθε μετοικεσθήν.

732.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

"Οχεν ἔτ’ ἀσκίπων Κινησία, Ἐρμόλα νιὲ ἐκτίσον Αἰδη χρεῖος ὀφειλόμενοι, γῆρα ἔτ’ ἀρτία πάντα φέρων χρήστην δέ δίκαιον εὐρών σε στέρξει παντοβίης Ἀχέρων.

733.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΣ

†Αἰνόμενοι δύο γρηγεὶς ὀμηλίκες ἤμεν, Ἄναξὶ καὶ Κλημῶ, δίδυμοι παῖδες Ἐπικράτεως. Κλημῶ μὲν Χαρίτων ἱερῆ, Δήμητρι δ’ Ἄναξὶ ἐν ξώῃ προπολεύσα. ἐννέα δ’ ἡλίων

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BOOK VII. 730-733

730.—PERSES

Unhappy Mnasylla, why does it stand on thy tomb, this picture of thy daughter Neotima whom thou lamentest, her whose life was taken from her by the pangs of labour? She lies in her dear mother’s arms, as if a heavy cloud had gathered on her eyelids and, alas, not far away her father Aristoteles rests his head on his right hand.¹ O most miserable pair, not even in death have ye forgotten your grief.

731.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

"I am already supported only on a stick, like a vine on a stake; Death calls me to Hades. Stop not thy ears, Gorgus. What further pleasure hast thou in basking in the sun yet for three or four summers?" So speaking in no braggart strain the old man cast away his life and settled in the abode of the greater number.

732.—THEODORIDAS

Thou art gone, still without a staff, Cinesias, son of Hermolas, to pay the debt thou owest to Hades, in thy old age but bringing him thyself still complete. So all-subduing Acheron finding thee a just debtor shall love thee.

733.—DIOTIMUS

We two old women Anaxo and Cleno the twin daughters of Epicrates were ever together; Cleno was in life the priestess of the Graces and Anaxo served Demeter. We wanted nine days to complete

¹ An attitude of mourning.
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όγδωκονταέτεις ἐτὶ λειπόμεθ᾽ ἐς τὸδ᾽ ἰκέσθαι
tῆς μοίρης· ἐτέων δ᾽ οὐ φθόνος ἡσοσίη.
καὶ πόσιας καὶ τέκνα φιλήσαμεν· αἱ δὲ παλαιαὶ
πρῶθ᾽ ἡμεῖς Ἀἰδην πρὴν ἀνυσσάμεθα.

734.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

† Ἡξεν ὀλατιτυτείδεστι. τὶ γάρ; νέκυς οὐ ποιτο παῖδων
τῶν ἁγαθῶν ἤδε ἦν ἀρχιγέρων ὁ γέρων,
άλλα φίλος γ᾽ ὁ πρέσβυ, γενοιτο τεν ὅλβια τέκνα
ἐλθεῖν καὶ λευκῆς ἐς δρομον ἡλικίας.

735.—ΔΑΜΑΡΗΤΟΤ

Τστάτιον, Φάκαια, κλυτή πόλι, τούτο Θεανὸ
ἐλπεν ἐς ἀτρύγετον νύκτα κατερχομένην
"Οἷμοι ἔγω δύστηνος· Ἀπέλλιχε, ποιον, ὁμευνε,
ποιον ἐπʼ ὀκεῖη υπὲ περᾶς πέλαγος;
αὐτάρ ἐμὲν σχεδόθεν μόρος ἵσταται. ἥς ὅφελόν γε
χειρὶ φίλη τὴν σὴν χεῖρα λαβοῦσα θανεῖν."

736.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Μὴ φθείρευ, ὁνθρώπε, περιπλάνουν βίου ἐλκων,
ἀλλὰν ἐς ἀλλὴς εἰς χθόν ἀλυσόμενος,
μὴ φθείρευ, καὶ εἰ σὲ περιστέψαιτο καλῆ
ἡν θάλποι μικρὸν πῦρ ἀνακαιόμενων,
eἰ καὶ σοι λιτή τε καὶ οὐκ εὐάλφιτος εἰς
φύστη ἐνι γρώνῃ μασσομένῃ παλάμαι,
ἡ καὶ σοι γλήκχων, ἡ καὶ θύμων, ἡ καὶ ὁ πικρὸς
ἀδύμυγης εἰς χόνδρος ἐποψίδιος.

737.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

'Ἐνθάδ' ἐγὼ ληστήρος ὁ πρισχείλαιος ἀρη
ἐδμήθην· κεῖμαι δ' οὐδενὶ κλαιόμενος.
our eightieth year. . . . . We loved our husbands and children, and we, the old women, won gentle death before them.

734.—Anonymous

This corrupt epigram seems to be partly in Doric and is evidently a dialogue. Lines 1 and 2 are quite unintelligible. It ends thus:—

O old man, may thy blessed children too reach the road of gray age.

735.—Damagetus

Phocaea, glorious city, these were the last words Theano spoke as she descended into the vast night: “Alas unhappy that I am, Apellichus! What sea, my husband, art thou crossing in thy swift ship? But by me death stands close, and would I could die holding thy dear hand in mine.”

736.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Vex not thyself, O man, leading a vagrant life, rolled from one land to another. Vex not thyself if thou hast a little hut to cover thee, warmed by a little fire, if thou hast a poor cake of no fine meal kneaded by thy hands in a stone trough, if thou hast mint or thyme for a relish or even coarse salt not unsweetened.

737.—Anonymous

Here I thrice unfortunate was slain by an armed robber, and here I lie bewept by none.
738.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Κληίδες Κύπρου σε καὶ ἐσχατιᾷ Σαλαμίνως, ὶντιμαρχ', ὑβριστής τ' ἀλεσε Δίψ άνεμος, νὴ τε σὺν φόρτῳ τε· κόνιν δὲ σου ἄμφιμέλαιναι δέξαντ' οἴζυροί, σχέτλει, κηδεμώνες.

739.—ΦΑΙΔΙΜΟΤ

Αλάξω Πολύανθοι, ὃν εὐνέτις, ὃ παραμεῖβων, νυμφίον ἐν τῷ βίῳ θήκεν Ἀρισταγόρη, δεξαμενὴ σποδιήν τε καὶ ὅστεα (τὸν ὁδ' θυραῖς ἀλεσεν Λυγαίον κύμα πέρι Σκίαθον), δύσμορον ὑδρινοὶ μιν ἐπεὶ νέκυν ἱχυβολῆς, ξείνε, Τορωναίων έλκυσαν ἐς λιμένα.

740.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ἀύτα ἐπὶ Κρήθωνος ἐγὼ λίθος, οὐνομα κείνου δηλοῦσα: Κρήθων δ' ἐν χθονίαις σποδιά. ὁ πρὶν καὶ Γύγη παρισεύμενος ὀλβον, ὁ τὸ πρὶν βουπάμων, ὁ πρὶν πλούσιος αἰτιολόις, ὁ πρὶν—τὶ πλεῖον μυθεῦμαι; ὁ πᾶσι μακαρτός, φεῦ, γαϊῆς ὅσης ὅσον ἐχει μόριον.

741.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

'Οθρυάδην, Σπάρτης το μέγα κλέος, Ἡ Κυνέγειρον ναύμαχον, ἡ πάντων ἔργα κάλει πολέμων. Ἀρεος αἰχμητὴς Ἡταλὸς παρὰ χεύμασι Ρήνου κλῖνθεις, ἐκ πολλῶν ἡμιθανῆς βελέων, αἰτιόν ἀρπασθέντα φίλου στρατοῦ ὡς ἴδ' ὑπ' ἔχθροις,

αὐτὸς ἀρηθάτων ἀνθορεϊν ἐκ νεκύων
tελινας δ' ὃς σφ' ἐκόμιζεν, ἑοῖς ἀνεσώσατο ταγοῖς,

μοῦνος ἀήττητον δεξάμενος θάνατον.
BOOK VII. 738-741

738.—THEODORIDAS

The Keys of Cyprus\(^1\) and the promontory of Salamis and the rude south wind destroyed thee, Timarchus, with thy ship and cargo, and thy mourning kinsmen received but the black ashes of thee, ill-fated man.

739.—PHAEDIMUS

I mourn for Polyanthus, O passer by, whom his wife Aristagora laid in the tomb, her newly wedded lord, receiving his ashes and dust (in the stormy Aegean near Sciathus he had perished) after the fishermen in the early morn had towed his corpse into the harbour of Torone.

740.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

I am the stone that rests on Cretho and makes known his name, but Cretho is ashes underground, he who once vied with Gyges in wealth, who was lord of many herds and flocks, who was—why need I say more? he who was blessed by all. Alas, what a little share of his vast lands is his!

741.—CRINAGORAS

Cire Othryadas,\(^2\) the great glory of Sparta, or Cynegceirus,\(^3\) the sea-fighter, or all great deeds of arms. The Italian warrior who lay by the streams of the Rhine, half dead from many wounds, when he saw the eagle of his dear legion seized by the enemy, again arose from amid the corpses of the slain and killing him who carried it, recovered it for his leaders, alone winning for himself a death that knew not defeat.

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\(^1\) Some islands so called.  
\(^2\) See above, No. 431.  
\(^3\) The brother of Aeschylus. He fought at Marathon and Salamis.
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742.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Οὐκέτα Τιμόκλεια τεών φάος ὠλεσας δόσειν
κούροις δοιοτόκῳ νηδίῳ γειναμένη
δεμασί δ’ ἐν πλεόνεσσιν ἄθρείς πυριθαλπῆς ὀχήμα
ἡλίου, προτέρης οὕσα τελειοτέρη.

743.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Εἴκοσιν Ἐρμοκράτεια καὶ ἐννέα τέκνα τεκοῦσα
οὖθ’ ἐνὸς οὕτε μᾶς αὐγασάμην θάνατον.
οὐ γὰρ ἀπωιστευσεν ἔμοις νήμας Ἀπόλλων,
οὐ διαπενθήτους Ἀρτεμίς εἴλε κύρας:
ἐμπαλὶ δ’ ἀ μὲν ἐλυσεν ἐμὰν ὁδίνα μολοῦσα,
Φοῖβος δ’ εἰς ἦθαν ἀρσενας ἀγάμετο
ἀθλαθέας νοῦσοις. ἦδ’ ὡς νίκημι δικαῖως
παισίν καὶ γλώσσῃ σώφρονι Τανταλίδα.

744.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ
Ἐν Μέμφει λόγος ἐστὶ μαθεῖν ἱδίην ποτὲ μοῖρην
Εὐδοξοῦν παρὰ τοῦ καλλίκερω ταῖρου
κοὐδέν ἔλεξε: πόθεν; βοῦ γὰρ λόγον οὐ πόρε φύτλη,
οὐδὲ λάλον μόσχῳ Ἀπίδι στόμα:
ἐλλὰ παρ’ αὐτῶν λέχρους στὰς ἐλυγμηστάτο στύλου,
προφανῶς τούτῳ διδάσκων. “Ἀποδύησθι βιοτὴν
δόσον οὐπώ.” διὸ καὶ οἱ ταχέως ἦλθε μόρος, δεκάκις
πέντε καὶ τρεῖς εἰσιδόντα πολίς.

745.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ
"Ιβυκε, λησταὶ σε κατέκτανον ἐκ ποτὲ νηδός
βάντ’ ἐς ἐρημαίην ἀστίβοι ηήνα,
ἀλλ’ ἐπιβοσάμενον γεράνων νέφος, αἰ τοί ἱκοντο
μάρτυρες ἀληστοῦ ὁλυμένῳ θάνατον."
742.—APOLLONIDES
(Not Sepulchral)

No longer, Timoclea, hast thou lost the light of thy eyes, now thou hast given birth to twin boys, but thou art now more perfect than thou ever wast, looking with more than two eyes on the burning Chariot of the Sun.

743.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I, HERMOGRATEA, bore twenty-nine children and have not seen the death of one, either boy or girl. For far from Apollo having shot down my sons and Artemis my daughters for me to lament, Artemis came to relieve me in childbed and Phoebus brought my sons to man’s estate unhurt by sickness. See how I justly surpass Niobe both in my children and in restraint of speech.

744.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

They say that Eudoxus learnt his own fate in Memphis from the bull with beautiful horns. It spoke not, how could it? for nature has not given speech to cattle nor a talkative tongue to the calf Apis; but standing beside him it licked his cloak, evidently telling him this: “You will divest yourself of life.” So he died shortly after, having seen fifty-three summers.

745.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Ibycus, the robbers slew thee when from the ship thou didst land on the untrodden desert shore. But first didst thou call on the flock of cranes who came to witness that thou didst die a most cruel
οὖδε μάτην ἱάχησας, ἐπεὶ ποιήσεις Ἑρωνὸς
tῶνδε διὰ κλαγγὴν τίσατο σεῖο φόνον
Σισυφίην κατὰ γαῖαν. ἰὼ φιλοκερδέα φύλα
ληστέων, τί θεών οὐ πεφόβησθε χόλον;
οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ προπάροιθε κανὼν Ἀγισθὸς ἄοιδὸν
ὀμμα μελαμπέπλων ἐκφυγειν Ἐυμενίδων.

746.—ΠΤΩΛΕΟΡΩΤ
Εἰς τάφον τοῦ Διῶς ἐν Κρήτη
"Ωδὲ μέγας κεῖται Ζάν ὑπὶ Δία κικλήσκουσιν.

747.—ΔΙΒΑΝΙΟΤ
Ἰουλιανὸς μετὰ Τίγμων ἀγάρρουν ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
ἀμφότεροι, βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

748.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ
Τὸς τόδε μουνόγληνος ἀπαν δωμήσατο Κύκλωψ
λαίνον Ἀσσυρίας χώμα Σεμράμιος,
ἡ ποίοι χθονὸς ὕπε ἀνυψώσαντο Γίγαντες
κείμενον ἐπταπόρων ἄγχοθε Πλησίάδων
ἀκλείς, ἀστυφέλικτον, Ἀθωέος ἰσον ἐρίπνα
фυρηθὲν γαίης εὑρυπέδοιο βάρος;
δάμος ἀεὶ μακαριστός, ὡς ἀστεσιν Ἡρακλείης
ουρανίων [νεφέων τεύξειν ἐπ'] 1 εὐρυάλων.

1 The words in brackets are added in the MS. by a later hand. They give no sense.
death. And not in vain didst thou cry out, for through the calling of the cranes the Erinys avenged thy death in the land of Corinth. O ye race of robbers greedy of gain, why fear ye not the anger of the gods? Not even did Aegisthus, who of old slew the singer, escape the eyes of the dark-robed Furies.

746. PYTHAGORAS

Here lies great Zan whom they call Zeus.¹

747.—LIBANIUS

Julian² lies here on the further bank of the strong current of Tigris, “a good king and a valiant warrior.”³

748.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

What one-eyed Cyclops built all this vast stone mound of Assyrian Semiramis, or what giants, sons of earth, raised it to reach near to the seven Pleiads, inflexible, unshakable, a mass weighing on the broad earth like to the peak of Athos? Ever blessed people, who to the citizens of Heraclea . . .

¹ Supposed to have been written on the tomb of Zeus, in Crete.
² The emperor.
³ Homer, Iliad iii. 279.
BOOK VIII

THE EPIGRAMS OF SAINT GREGORY
THE THEOLOGIAN

I should personally have preferred to follow the Teubner edition in omitting this book, as it forms no part of Cephalus' Anthology and merely, because all the epigrams are in the form of epitaphs, occupies this place in the Palatine MS. It has, however, been included in the Didot edition, which still remains the standard text of the Anthology, and it is the rule of the Loeb Library to reproduce the standard text. The proper place for this collection of the Epigrams of St. Gregory would be in his very voluminous works.

Gregory of Nazianza was one of the great triad of Church Fathers of the fourth century (the Τρεῖς Ἐρημόχαι as they are styled in the Orthodox Calendar). The other two, Basil and Chrysostom, were his contemporaries and friends, as will be seen from some of these epigrams. Basil especially had been his friend from his youth up, and Gregory's wife was Basil's sister (see Epigr. 164). Gregory evidently enjoyed making verses, but the epigrams make somewhat tedious reading, as there are so many on the same subject.

1 Other epigrams of St. Gregory's which are found elsewhere in the Palatine MS. have not been included in the Didot edition.
ΕΚ ΤΩΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΟΥ ΑΡΙΟΤ ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΤ ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΤ

1.—'Επιτύμβιον εἰς Ἰωάννην καὶ Θεοδόσιον
Ἐνθάδε τύμβος ἔχει θεοειδέας ἁνέρας ἐσθλοῦς,
θείον Ἰωάννην, τὸν πάνω Θεοδόσιον,
ὅν ἀρετὴ πολύολβος ἐσ ὑφαγόν  ἁντιγιας ἠθε, καὶ φωτὸς μετόχους δεῖχεν ἀκηρασίου.

2.—Εἰς τὸν μέγαν Βασίλειον τὸν Καισαρείας ἐπίσκοπον τῆς ἐν Καππαδοκία
Σῶμα δίχα ψυχῆς ἄρεως πάρος ἡ ἐμὲ σεῖο,
Βασίλειε, Χριστοῦ ἔτρα, φίλ', ὦδομην:
ἀλλ' ἐτλην καὶ ἐμεινα. τὶ μέλλομεν; οὐ μ' ἀναείρας
θῆσεις ἐς μακάρων σήν τε χοροστασίην;
μή με λύπης, μή, τύμβον ἑπόμυνμι: οὐ ποτε σεῖο
λήσομαι, οὐδὲ θέλων. Γρηγορίου λόγος.

3.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Βασίλειον τὸν μέγαν
'Ηνίκα Βασιλίου θεόφρονος ἡπάπας πνεύμα
ἡ Τριάς ἀγαπάζως ἐνθεῖν ἐπεισχομένου,
πᾶσα μὲν ὑφαγόν στρατιὰ γῆθησεν ἱότι,
πᾶσα δὲ Καππαδοκῶν ἑστονάχησε πόλις
οὐκ οἴον κόσμος δὲ μέγ' ἀλχεν: ""Ωλετο κήρυξ,
ὁλετο εἰρήνης ἐδεμῶς ἀριστερέος."
BOOK VIII

THE EPIGRAMS OF SAINT GREGORY THE THEOLOGIAN

1.—For the tomb of the Emperor Theodosius and St. John Chrysostom

Here the tomb holds the good godlike men, divine Joannes and the most excellent Theodosius, whose rich virtue reached to the vault of heaven, and showed them partakers of the pure light.

2.—On St. Basil the Great, Bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia

Methought, dear Basil, servant of Christ, that a body could sooner live without a soul than myself without thee. But I bore it and remained. Why do we delay? Wilt thou not lift me up on high and set me in the company of thyself and the blessed ones? Desert me not, I supplicate by thy tomb. Never, even if I would, shall I forget thee. It is the word of Gregory.

3.—On the Same

When the Trinity carried away the spirit of godly Basil, who gladly hastened hence, all the host of Heaven rejoiced at his going, and not only the whole Cappadocian city\(^1\) groaned, but the world lamented loudly. He is gone, the herald, the bond of glorious peace\(^2\) is gone.

\(^1\) Caesarea. \(^2\) i.e. he who was a bond of peace among men.
4.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Κόσμος ὁλος μύθοισιν ὑπ’ ἀντιτάλοισιν ἅεικώς
σεϊται, ὁ Ἰρμίδος κλήρος ὁμοσθενέος·
αἰαὶ Βασιλίαν δὲ μεμυκότα χείλεα σιγῷ·
ἐγρευ’ καὶ στῇσι σοῦσι λόγιοις σάλος
σαῖς τε θυηπολήσιν· σῦ γὰρ μόνος ἵσον ἑφηνας
καὶ βίστον μῦθῳ καὶ βιότητι λόγον.

5.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Εἰς θεὸς υψιμέδων· ἐνα δ’ ἡξιον ἄρχειρη
ἡμετέρη γενεὴ εἰδέ σε, Βασίλειε,
ἀγγελον ἀτρεκίης ἐρυχέα, ὁμμα φαεινὸν
Χριστιανοῖς, ψυχῆς κάλλεσι λαμπόμενον,
Πόντου Καππαδοκῶν τε μέγα κλέος· εἰσετι καὶ νῦν,
λίσσομυ, ὑπὲρ κόσμου ἱστασο δῷρ’ ἁνάγων.

6.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Ἐνθάδε Βασιλίαν Βασιλίον ἄρχειρη
θέντο με Καυσαρίας, Γρηγορίοιο φίλου,
ὅν πέρι κήρι φιλήσα· θεὸς δὲ οἱ ὅλβια δοῖη
ἀλλα τε, καὶ ξωῆς ὡς τάχος ἀντιώσαι
ἡμετέρης· τί δ’ ἄνειαρ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δηθύνοντα
tήκεσθ’, οὕρανίης μνωόμενον φιλής;

7.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Τυτθὸν ἐτι πνειέσκες ἐπὶ χθονὶ, πάντα δὲ Χριστῷ
δῶκας ἁγιον, ψυχῆν, σῶμα, λόγον, παλάμας,
Βασίλειε, Χριστοῖο μέγα κλέος, ἔρμ’ ἱερήνων,
ἔρμα πολυσχιστὸν νῦν πλέον ἀτρεκίης.
BOOK VIII. 4–7

4.—On the Same

The whole world, the inheritance of the co-equal Trinity, is shaken in unseemly wise by strife of words. Alas, the lips of Basil are closed and silent. Awake, and by thy words and by thy ministry make the tossing to cease; for thou alone didst exhibit a life equal to thy words and words equal to thy life.

5.—On the Same

There is one God who ruleth on high, and our age saw but one worthy high-priest, thee, Basil, the deep-voiced messenger of truth, the Christians’ bright eye, shining with the beauty of the soul, the great glory of Pontus and Cappadocia. Continue, I implore thee, to stand offering up thy gifts for the world.

6.—On the Same

Here the Caesareans laid me their high-priest, Basil the son of Basil, the friend of Gregory, whom I loved with all my heart. May God grant him all blessings, and especially to attain right soon to this life that is mine. What profiteth it to linger on earth and waste away, longing for a celestial friendship?

7.—On the Same

A little time didst thou still breath on earth, but gavest all thou hadst to Christ, thy soul, thy body, thy speech, thy hands, Basil, the great glory of Christ, the bulwark of the priestly order, and now even more the bulwark of the truth so rent by schism.
8.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Ω μύθοι, ὥς ξυνὸς φιλίης δόμος, ὡς φίλ' Ἀθήναι, ὡς θείου βιώτου τηλόθε συνθεσία, ἵστε τὸδ', ὡς Βασίλειος ἐς οὐρανόν, ὡς ποθέεσκεν, Γρηγόριος δ' ἐπὶ γῆς χείλεσι δεσμὰ φέρων.

9.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Καισαρέων μέγ' ἄεισμα, φαύντατε ὡς Βασίλειε, βρυντὴ σεῖο λόγος, ἀστεροπῆ δὲ βίος. ἄλλα καὶ ὡς ἔδρην ἱερὴν λίπης: ἤθελεν οὖτω Χριστὸς, ὅπως μίξῃ σ' ὡς τάχος οὐρανίους.

10.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Βένθεα πάντ' ἐδάθη τὰ πνεύματος, ὅσσα τ' ἔσας τῆς χθονίης σοφίης: ἐμπυκνοῦ ἱρὸν ἔης.

10b.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

'Οκτάετες λαοῦθος θεόφρονος ἕνα τείνεις, τοῦτο μόνον τῶν σῶν, ὡς Βασίλειε', ὀλίγου.

11.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Χαῖρεις, ὡς Βασίλειε, καὶ εἰ λίπες ἧμέας, ἔμπης. Γρηγορίου τόδε σοι γράμμ' ἐπιτυμβίδιον, μῦθος δὲ δυν φιλέεσκες: ἔχοις χερός, ὡς Βασίλειε, τῆς φιλίης καὶ σοι δῶρον ἀπευκτότατον. Γρηγόριος, Βασίλειε, τετ' κώνι τίνδ' ἀνέδηκα τῶν ἐπιγραμματίων, θείε, δυσδεκάδα.
BOOK VIII. 8–11

8.—On the Same.

O converse, O friendship’s common home, O dear Athens, O distant covenant we made to lead the divine life, know that Basil, as he desired, is in Heaven, but Gregory on earth, his lips chained.

9.—On the Same

O most glorious Basil, the great vaunt of Caesarea, thy word was thunder and thy life lightning. But none the less thou hast left thy holy seat; for such was the will of Christ that he might join thee early to the heavenly ones.

10.—On the Same

Thou knewest all the depths of the spirit and all that pertains to earthly wisdom. Thou wast a living temple.

10b.—On the Same

For but eight years didst thou hold the reins of the pious people, and this was all pertaining to thee that was little.

11.—On the Same

Hail, Basil, yea even though thou hast left us. This is Gregory’s epitaph for thee, this is the voice thou didst love. Take from the hand that was dear to thee the gift though it be right grievous to give. Gregory dedicates to thee, divine Basil, this dozen of epigrams.
12.—Εἰς τὸν ἐαυτοῦ πατέρα

"Ἐνθ’ ἐκατονταέτης, ζωῆς βροτής καθύπερθε, πνεῦματι καὶ θώκῳ τεσσαρακονταέτης, μείλιχος, ἡπτετῆς, λαμπρὸς Τριάδος ὑποφήτης, νήδυμοι ὑπνοὶ ἕχω, Γρηγορίου δέμας· Ψυχή δὲ πτερόεσσα λάχεω θεόν. ἀλλ’ ἱερῆς ἀζόμενοι κεῖνον καὶ τάφον ἀμφέπτετε."

5

13.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Εκ μὲ πικρῆς ἐκάλεσσε θεὸς μέγας ἀγριελαίης, ποίμνης <δ’> ἤγεμόνα θήκε τὸν οὐδ’ ὄτων ἔσχατον· ἐκ πλευρῆς δὲ θεόφρονος ὁλῆσῃ ἐνειμένῃ γῆρας <δ’> ἐς λυπαρὸν ἰκόμεθ’ ἀμφότεροι. Ἴρος ἐμῶν τεκέων ἀγανώτατος· εἰ δὲ τελευτὴν ἔτηλη Γρηγόριος, οὐ μέγα· θυητὸς ἔνν.

5

14.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Εἴ τις ὅρους καθύπερθεν ἀγυνῆς ὅπος ἔπλετο μῦστης Μωσῆς, καὶ μεγάλου Γρηγορίου νόος, ὅσ ποτε τηλὸθ’ ἐοῦτα χάρις μέγαν ἀρχερῆς θηκατο· νῦν δ’ ἱερῆς ἐγγὺς ἔχει Τριάδος.

15.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Αὐτὸς ηὐδ’ ἔρεψα θεὸ, καὶ δῶξ’ ἱερῆ Γρηγορίου καθαρῆ λαμπόμενον Τριάδι, ἀγγελον ἀτρεκῆς ἐρηχεα, ποιμένα λαδών, ἡθεον σοφῆς ἀμφοτέρης πρύτανιν.
12.—On his own Father

Here I sleep the sweet sleep, the body of Gregory, the mild sweet-spoken glorious interpreter of the Trinity. I lived to a hundred years, more than the span of man’s life, and for forty years lived in the spirit and occupied the episcopal throne. But my winged soul is with God.—Ye priests, care reverently for his tomb too.

13.—On the Same

Great God called me from the bitter wild-olive, and made me, who was not even the last of the sheep, the shepherd of the flock. From my devout rib he gave me wealth of children, and both of us reached a prosperous old age. The mildest of my sons is a priest. If I Gregory suffered death, it is no marvel; I was mortal.

14.—On the Same

If there was one Moses privileged on the mountain to hear the pure voice, there was also the mind of great Gregory, whom once God’s grace called from afar and made a great high-priest. Now he dwells near the Holy Trinity.

15.—On the Same

I both built a temple to God and gave him a priest, Gregory illumined by the pure Trinity, the sonorous messenger of truth, the shepherd of the people, a youth excelling in holy and profane learning.

1 cp. Rom. xi. 17.  
2 i.e. wife.
16.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Τέκνον ἐμῶν, τὰ μὲν ἄλλα πατρὸς καὶ φέρτερος εἰς, 
τὴν δ’ ἀγανοφροσύνην ἄξιος (οὗ τι πλέον 
εὐξασθαι θέμις ἐστὶ): καὶ ἐς βαθὺ γῆρας ἰκοίο, 
τοῖον κηδεμόνος, ὃ μάκαρ, ἀντιάσας.

17.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οὐκ δὲς, εἰτ’ οὖν προφερέστατος: αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα 
ποιμῆν, εἴτα πατὴρ, καὶ νομέων νομέας, 
θυμοῦς ἀθάνατον τε θεοῦ μέγαν εἰς ἐν ἀγείρων, 
κείμαι Γρηγόριος Γρηγορίου γενέτης. 
όλβιος, εὐγήρως, εὐπαίς θάνων, ἄρχιερης 
ἀρχιερεύς τε πατήρ, Γρηγόριος: τί πλέον;

18.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οὕτω μὲν ἐς πολύκαρπον ἄλωθν οὐρίος ἔλθουν, 
ἔμπα δὲ τῶν πρωτέρων πλείονα μισθοῦν ἔχω 
Γρηγόριος, ποιμῆν τε καλὸς καὶ πλείονα ποίμνην 
Χριστῷ ἀναθρέψας θεσί μειλίχιοις.

19.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οὐχ ὁσίς ρίζης μὲν ἐγὼ θάλος, εὐαγέος δὲ 
συζυγίας κεφάλη καὶ τεκέων τριάδος: 
ποιμῆς ἤγεμόνευσα ὁμόφρονος: ἐνθεν ἀπήλθον 
πλῆρης καὶ χθονίων κουρανίων ἑτέων.

20.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Γρηγόριος, τὸ δὲ θαύμα, χάριν καὶ πνεύματος αἰγλήν 
ἐνθεν ἀειρόμενος ρήψ' ἐπὶ παιδὶ φίλῳ.

1 i.e. Bishop. 2 By the Eucharist. 3 cp. I. Cor. xi. 3.
BOOK VIII. 16-20

16.—On the Same

Mayest thou, my son, excel thy father in other things and in gentleness be worthy of him (we may not pray for more); and mayest thou reach a ripe old age, blessed man, whose lot it was to have such a guardian.

17.—On the Same

No sheep, then the first of the sheep and next their shepherd, then their father and the shepherd of the shepherds,¹ gathering in one mortals and the immortal God,² I lie here, Gregory the father of Gregory. Happy I died in hale old age, blessed in my offspring, I Gregory the high-priest and father of a high-priest. What more could I desire?

18.—On the Same

I, Gregory, came not early to the vineyard, but yet I have higher wage than those who came before me. I was a good shepherd and reared for Christ a greater flock by my gentle usage.

19.—On the Same

I am the scion of no holy root, but the head ³ of a pious wife and of three children. I ruled over a flock united in spirit, from which I departed full of earthly and heavenly years.⁴

20.—On the Same

Gregory, (marvellous it was) as he was taken up, cast on his dear son grace and the light of the Spirit.

¹ Years passed in the priesthood and previously.
21.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Τυτθῆ μάργαρος ἐστὶν, ἀτάρ λιθάκεσσιν ἀνάσσει, τυτθῆ καὶ Βηθλέεμ, ἐμπα δὲ χριστοφόρος· ὡς δὲ ὄλγην μὲν ἐγὼ ποίμνην λάχου, ἀλλὰ φερίστην Γρηγόριος, τὴν σὺ, παῖ φίλε, λίσσωμ', ἀγοίς.

22.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Ποιμενήν σύριγγα τεαὶς ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκα Γρηγόριος· σὺ δὲ μοι τέκνων ἐπισταμένως σημαίνεις· ξωῆς δὲ θύρας πετάσεις ἀπασίν, ἐς δὲ τάφον πατέρος ὄριος ἀντιάσαις.

23.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Στράψε μὲν οἷς τὸ πάροιθεν ἐν οὐρεῖ Χριστὸς ἀμείφθη, στράψε δὲ Γρηγορίου τοῦ καθαροῦ νόμῳ, τήμος δὲ εἰδώλων ἐφυγε ξόφον· ὡς δ' ἐκαθαρθῇ, ἤσι θυηπολίαις λαόν ὑπὲστ' ἄγει.

24.—Εἰς τὴν μητέρα ἐκ τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου προσληφθέοισιν
Παντὸς σοι μύθοιο καὶ ἔργατος ἦεν ἀριστον ἦμαρ κυριακῶν. πένθει πένθος ἄπαν, μὴτερ ἐμή, τίσουσα, μόναις ὑποεἰκες ἐπορταῖς. εὐφροσύνης, ἄχεων ἱστορα νην ἔχεις· χώρος ἀπας δάκρυσι δεος σφρηγγίζετο, μὴτερ· μοῦνω δὲ σταυρῷ πήγνυτο καὶ δάκρυα.

25.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν μητέρα Νόνναν
Οὐποτε σεῖο τράπεζα θυγόρος ἐδρακε νῦτα, οὔδὲ διὰ στομάτων ἤλθε βέβηλον ἔπος· οὔδὲ γέλας μαλακήσις ἐφίξασε, μύσι, παρειαῖς. σαρκὶς κρυφίους σεῖο. μάκαρα, πόνους. καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐνδοθι τοία, τὰ δὲ ἐκτοθι πᾶσι πέφανται· τούνεκα καὶ θείρ σῶμ· ἀπέλευπες ἑδει.
BOOK VIII. 21-25

21.—On the Same

Small is the pearl, but the queen of jewels; small is Bethlehem, but yet the mother of Christ; so a little flock was mine, Gregory's, but of the best; and I pray, my dear son, that thou mayest lead it.

22.—On the Same

I, Gregory, put into thy hands my shepherd's pipe. Rule over the flock skilfully my son. Open the gates of life to all, and ripe in years share thy father's tomb.

23.—On the Same

Christ shone in the eyes of those before whom he was transfigured on the mountain and he shone in the mind of pure Gregory when he escaped the darkness of idolatry. But since he was purified, he leads his people ever by his priestly ministrations.

24.—On his Mother who was taken to God from the Altar

The Lord's day was the crown of all thy words and deeds, my mother. Honouring as thou didst all mourning by mourning, thou didst yield thee to rejoicing but on holy days. The temple was the witness of thy joy and grief alike: all the place was sanctified by thy tears, and by the cross alone those tears were stayed.

25.—On the Same

The sacrificial table never saw thy back, nor did a profane word ever pass thy lips, nor did laughter ever sit, O God's initiated, on thy soft cheeks. I will say naught of thy secret troubles, O blessed woman. Such wast thou within, and what thou wast outwardly was manifest to all. Therefore didst thou take leave of thy body in the house of God.
26.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Πῶς ἐλύθη Νόννης καλὰ γούνατα; πῶς δὲ μέμυκεν χείλεα; πῶς ὅσσων οὐ προχείλει λιβάδας;

ἄλλοι δὲ αὖ βοῶσι παρ' ἱρίνον· ἢ δὲ τράπεζα οὐκέτ' ἔχει καρποὺς τῆς μεγάλης παλάμης.

χώρος δὲ ἔστιν ἔρημος ἁγνοῦ ποδός, οἱ δ' ἱερής οὐκέτ' ἐπὶ τρομερῆν κρατὶ βαλοῦσι χέρα.

χήρας δ' ὀρφανικοὶ τε, τί πέζετε; παρθενίη δὲ καὶ γάμος εὐξυγέων, κέρατ' ἀπὸ πλοκάμους,

τοῖσιν ἁγαλλομένη κρατῶς φέρε πάντα χαμάζε, τήμος ὅτ' ἐν νηὸ ῥικνὸν ἀφίκε δέμας.

27.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Σάρρα σοφὴ πλοῦσα φίλον πόσιν ἀλλὰ σὺ, μήτερ, πρώτα Χριστιανόν, εἰθ' ἱερὴ μέγαν,

σῶν πόσιν ἁθὸν ἔθηκας ἀπὸ προθε φωτὸς ἔόντα.

'Αννα, σὺ δ' ὑλα φίλον καὶ τέκες εὐχαμένην,

καὶ νηὸ μιν ἅθωκας ἁγνῶν θεράτοντα Σαμουὴλ.

ἡ δ' ἐτέρη κόλποις Χριστὸν ἔδεκτο μέγαν.

Νόννα δ' ἀμφοτέρων ἔλαχε κλέος· ὑστάτου δὲ

νηὸ λισσομένη πάρθενο σῶμα φίλον.

28.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

'Εμπεδόκλεις, σὲ μὲν αὐτίκ' ἐτῶσια φυσιώντα καὶ βροτὸν Αἰτναλοῖο πυρὸς κρητῆρες ἐδείξαν·

Νόννα δ' οὐ κρητῆρας ἑσύλατο, πρὸς δὲ τραπέζῃ τηδὲ ποτ' εὐχωμένη καθαρὸν θύος ἐνθεν ἅρθη,

καὶ νῦν θηλυτέρησι μεταπτρέπει εὐσεβεσσί,

Σουςάνη, Μαριάμ τε καὶ Ἀνναίς, ἔρμα γυναικῶν.
BOOK VIII. 26–28

26.—On the Same

How are Nonna's goodly knees relaxed, how are her lips closed, why sheds she not fountains from her eyes? Others cry aloud by her tomb, and the holy table no longer bears the gifts of her generous hands. The place misses her holy foot, and the priests no longer shall lay their trembling hands upon her head. Widows and orphans! what will ye do? Virgins and well mated couples! shear your hair... glorying in which she let fall on the ground all that was on her head, then when in the temple she quitted her wrinkled body.

27.—On the Same

Sarah was wise, honouring her dear husband, but thou, mother, didst make thy good husband, once far from the light, first a Christian and then a bishop. Thou Anna\(^1\) didst both bear the dear son for whom thou didst pray and gavest thy Samuel to be a holy servant in the temple; but the second Anna\(^2\) took to her bosom the great Christ. Nonna shared the fame of both, and at the end, praying in the church, she laid aside there her body.

28.—On the Same

Empedocles, the fiery crater of Etna received thee, a mortal puffed up with vanity. Nonna leapt into no crater, but praying by this table was taken up thence a pure victim, and now, one of the guardians of her sex, shares the glory of the pious women, Susanna, Mary and the two Annas.

\(^1\) i.e. Hannah. \(^2\) Luke ii. 36.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

29.—Eis tēn autēn

"Hρακλης, Ἐμπεδότιμε, Τροφώνιε, εἰξατε μῦθων, καὶ σὺ γ', Ἀρισταῖον κενεαυχέος ὥφρος ἀπιστε-ύμεισ μὲν θυτοὶ καὶ οὐ μάκαρες παθέσσεσιν, θυμό ὅ άρρενι Νόννα βίον τιμήσασα κέλευθον, Χριστοφόρος, σταυροῦ λάτρης, κόσμου περίφρον, 5 ἢλατ' ἐπουρανίην εἰς ἀντύγα ὡς ποθεέσσεν, τρίσμακαρ ἐν νηφὶ σῶμ' ἀποδυσαμένη.

30.—Eis τὴν αὐτὴν

Γρηγόριον βοόωσα παρ' ἀνθοκόμοισιν ἀλωάς ἦντεο, μύτερ ἐμὴ, ξείνης ἀπὸ ψυσομένοισιν, χείρας δ' ἀμπετάσασα φίλας τεκέσσει φιλοισί, Γρηγόριον βοόωσα: τὸ δ' ἔξευν αἱμα τεκοῦσης ἀμφώτεροις ἐπὶ παισί, μᾶλιστα δὲ θρέμματι θηλῆς: 5 τούνεκα καὶ σὲ τόσοις ἐπιγράμμασι, μύτερ, ἐτισία.

31.—Eis τὴν αὐτὴν

"Αλλη μὲν κλεινὴ τις ἐνοικίδιοις πόνοισιν, ἀλλη δ' ἐκ χαρίτων ἤδε σαφροσύνης, ἀλλη δ' εὐσέβθης ἑργος καὶ σαρκὸς ἀνίαις, δάκρυσιν, εὔχωλαις, χερσὶ πενητοκόμοις: Νόννα δ' ἐν πάντεσσιν ἀοίδιμος: εἰ δὲ τελευτήν τοῦτο θέμις καλείαν ψήθαι, κάθανεν εὐχομένη.

32.—Eis τὴν αὐτὴν

Τέκνον ἔμης θηλῆς, ιερὸν θύλον, ὡς ἔποδησα, οὐχομαι εἰς ζωῆν, Γρηγόρι', ὀυρανίην.

1 A curious choice of names. Empedotimus was an
29.—On the Same

Yield up your place in story, Heracles, Empe- 
dotimus, Trophonius and thou unbelieving pride of 
vainglorious Aristaeus.¹ Ye were mortal and not 
blessed in your affections; but Nonna the bearer of 
Christ, the servant of the cross, the despiser of the 
world, after travelling the path of life with virile 
spirit, leapt to the vault of heaven, even as she desired, 
 thrice blessed in having put off the vesture of her 
body in the temple.

30.—On the Same

Calling on Gregory, mother, thou didst meet us by 
the flowery fields on our return from a strange 
country, and didst reach out thy arms to thy dear 
children, calling ever on Gregory. The blood of the 
mother boiled for both her sons, but mostly for him 
whom she had suckled. Therefore have I honoured 
thee, mother, in so many epigrams.

31.—On the Same

One woman is famed for her domestic labours, 
another for grace and chastity, another for her pious 
deeds and the pains she inflicts on her body, her 
tears, her prayers, and her charity; but Nonna is 
renowned for everything, and, if we may call this 
death, she died while praying.

32.—On the Same

Child of my paps, holy sprout, Gregory, I go, as I 
longed, to the heavenly life. Much didst thou toil 
obscure Pythagorean Philosopher, Trophonius the builder of 
the Delphian temple, and Aristaeus a Cyrenaean seer.
καὶ γὰρ πόλλ' ἐμόγησας ἐμὸν κομέων πατέρος τε γῆρας, ἀ καὶ Χριστοῦ βιβλος ἐχει μεγάλη· ἀλλά, φίλος, τοκέσσιν ἐφέσπεο, καὶ σε τάχιστα δεξόμηθ' ἴμετέρως φάεσι προφρονέως.

33.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Ψυχὴ μὲν πτερόεσσα πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἠλυθε Νόμνης, σῶμα δ' ἀρ' ἐκ νηοῦ Μάρτυςι παρθέμεθα. Μάρτυρες, ἀλλ' ὑπόδεχθε θύος μέγα, τὴν πολύμοχθον σάρκα καὶ ἴμετέρως αἴμασιν ἐσπομένην, αἴμασιν ἴμετέρωσιν, ἔπει ζυχῶν ὀλέθρος δηναιοῦσι πόνοις κάρτος ἔπαυσε μέγα.

34.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Οὐ μόσχων θυσίην σκιοσέδεα, οὐδὲ χιμάρρων, οὐδὲ πρωτοτόκων Νόμν' ἀνέθηκε θεὸς ταῦτανόμος προτέροισιν, ὅτε εἰκόνες· ἡ δ' ἀρ' ἑαυτῆς δώκεν οἷῃ βιότῳ, μάνθανε, καὶ θανάτῳ.

35.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Εὐχομένη βοώσα παρ' ἄγνωτάτης θεοφιλείς Νόμνα λύθη· φωνὴ δ' ἐδέθη καὶ χείλεα καλὰ γηράλεις. τί τὸ θαῦμα; θεὸς θέλειν ὑμνήτειραν γλῶσσαν ἐπ' εὐφήμουσι λόγοις κληίδα βαλέσθαι καὶ νῦν οὐρανόθεν μέγ' ἐπεύχεται ἴμερίοισιν.

36.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Εὐχωλαῖς καὶ πόντων ἐκοίμησε Νόμνα θεοὐδής οἷς τεκέσσιν φίλοισι, καὶ ἐκ περάτων συνάγειρεν ἀντολίθης δύσιος τε, μέγα κλέος, οὐ δοκέοντας, μητρὸς ἔρως· νοῦσον τε πικρὴν ἀποέργαθεν ἀνδρὸς· λυσσομένη, τὸ δὲ θαῦμα, λίπεν βίον ἐνδοθε νηοῦ.
to tend my own and thy father's old age, and all this is written in the great book of Christ. But follow thy parents, dear, and we shall soon receive thee gladly to our splendour.

33.—On the Same

The winged soul of Nonna went to heaven, and from the temple we bore her body to lay it beside the martyrs. Receive, ye martyrs, this great victim, her suffering flesh that follows your blood—your blood I say, for by her long labours she broke the mighty strength of the destroyer of souls.

34.—On the Same

No shadowy sacrifice of calves or goats or first-born did Nonna offer to God. This the Law enjoined on men of old, when there were yet types, but learn that she sacrificed her whole self by her life and by her death.

35.—On the Same

Nonna was released as she was calling aloud in prayer by the most holy table; there the voice and the lovely lips of the aged woman were arrested. Why marvel thereat? God willed to put the lock on her hymning tongue as it was in the act of uttering words of happy omen, and now from heaven she prays aloud for mortals.

36.—On the Same

God-like Nonna stilled the sea by her prayers for her dear sons, and their mother's love gathered them from the extremes of east and west, when they thought not to return—a great glory to her. And by her prayers she dispelled her husband's grave illness, and (what a marvel!) she ended her life in the church.

1 Which is "a shadow of things to come." (Col. ii. 17).
37.—Eis tēn aitēn
Πολλάκις ἐκ μὲ νόσων τε καὶ ἀργαλέων ὀρυμαγδῶν, σεισμῶν τε κρυνέρων, καὶ ἄγρια κυμαίνοντος οἴδματος ἔξεσάσαις, ἐπεὶ θεὸν Ἰλαον εἰχες· ἀλλὰ σῶ καὶ νῦν με, πάτερ, μεγάλησι λυτῆσι, καὶ σύ, τεκούσα, μάκαιρα ἐν εὐχωλήσι θανούσα.

5

38.—Eis tēn aitēn
Νόμναν ἐπουρανίοισιν ἁγαλλομένην φαέσσι, καὶ ρίζης ιερῆς πτύρθον ἀειθαλέα,
Γρηγορίον ιερῆς ὁμόζυγα, καὶ πραπτεσσων εὐαγέων τεκέων μητέρα, τύμβοις ἑχω.

39.—Eis tēn aitēn
Εὐχαί τε στοναχαί τε φίλαι καὶ νύκτες ἄυπνου, καὶ νησίο πέδου δάκρυοι δευόμενοι,
σοί, Νόμνα ξαθή, τολὴν βιότοιο τελευτήν ὄπασαν, ἐν νηῷ ψῆφων ἐλεῖν θανάτων.

40.—Eis tēn aitēn
Μοῦνη σοὶ φωνῇ περιλεύπτες, Νόμνα φαεινή, πάνθ' ἀμυνίς ληπνοις ἐνθεμένη μεγάλοις,
ἐκ καθαρῆς κραδίς ἄγνοι θύος· ἀλλ' ἀρα καὶ τὴν ἱστατήν ψῆφο λείπες ἀειρομένη.

41.—Eis tēn aitēn
Οὐδὲ θάνειν νησίῳ θυώδεος ἐκτοθι Νόμνα,
φωνῃ δὲ προτήρην ἢρπασε Χριστὸς ἄναξ λισσομένης· πόθεν γὰρ ἐν εὐχωλήσι τελέσαι τόνδε βίον πάσης ἄγνοτερον θυσίης.
BOOK VIII. 37-41

37.—On the Same

Often from disease and grave disturbance, and dreadful earthquake, and the wild tossing of the waves hast thou saved me, as God inclined his ear to thee. But save me now, father, by thy prayers of might, and thou, mother, blessed in that thou didst die while praying.

38.—On the Same

I am the tomb which holds Nonna glorying in celestial splendour, the evergreen sapling of a holy root, the wife of the priest Gregory and mother of pious children.

39.—On the Same

Thy prayers and the groans thou didst love, and sleepless nights, and the floor of the church bedewéd with tears procured for thee, divine Nonna, such an end—to receive the doom of death in church.

40.—On the Same

Only thy voice was left to thee, shining Nonna, who didst cast all that was thine together into the great wine-vats, a pure offering from a pure heart; but at the end when thou wast taken thou didst leave that too in the church.

41.—On the Same

Nonna did not even die outside the incense-breathing church, but Christ took her voice first as she was praying. For she desired to finish in prayer this life purer than any sacrifice.

1 i.e. churches. The word was so interpreted in the heading to Ps. viii.
42.—Ἐἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Νόμων ἱερή, σὺ δὲ πίνατα θεῶ βίων ἀντείνασα
υστάτιοι ψυχῆς δόκασα ἀγνῆν θυσίην.
tῇδε γὰρ εὐχομένη ξωήν λίπες· ἢ δὲ τραπέζα,
μὴτερ ἐμή, τῷ σῷ δῶκε κλέος θανάτῳ.

43.—Ἐἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Τῇσδε πατήρ μὲν ἐμὸς λάτρευ μέγας ἵπ τραπέζησις,
μήτηρ δὲ εὐχομένη πᾶρ ποιλ λήξε βίου,
Γρηγόριος Νόμων τε μεγακλέες· εὐχομεν ἀνάκτι
τοῖαν ἐμοί ξωὴν καὶ τέλος ἀντιάσαι.

44.—Ἐἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
"Πολλά, τραπέζα φίλη, Νόμων καὶ δάκρυ ἐδεξω
δέχαισαι καὶ ψυχῆν, τὴν πυμάτην θυσίην."
eἰπε καὶ ἐκ μελέων κέαρ ἔπτατο· ἐν δὲ ἀρα μοῦνον,
παιδ ἐπόθει, τεκέων τὸν ἔτι λειπόμενον.

45.—Ἐἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
'Ενθα ποτ' εὐχομένης τόσσον νόσσο ἔπτατο Νόμων,
μέσφ' ὅτε καὶ ψυχή ἔσπετ, ἀειρομένων,
eὐχομένης δὲ νέκυς ἱερῆ παρέχειτο τραπέζη,
γράψατ' ἐπερχομένοις θαύμα τὸδ', εὐσεβέες.

46.—Ἐἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Τὰς θάνεν ὡς θάνε τόνον, παρ' εὐαγγελείσθη τραπέζαισις,
τῶν ἱερῶν σανίδων χερσίν ἐφαπτομένη;
tὸς λύσεσι εὐχομένης Νόμων τύπου; ὡς ἐπὶ δηρὸν
ὁθελεν ἐνθα μένειν καὶ νέκυς εὐσεβεῖν.
BOOK VIII. 42-46

42.—On the Same

Holy Nonna, thou who hadst offered all thy life to God, didst give him thy soul at the end as a pure sacrifice. For here thou didst depart this life in prayer, and the altar gave glory, my mother, to thy death.

43.—On the Same

My father Gregory was the distinguished servant of this table, and my mother Nonna died in prayer at its feet. I pray to the King that such a life and death may be mine.

44.—On the Same

"Many of Nonna's tears, dear table, didst thou receive; receive now her soul, her last sacrifice," so spake she, and her soul flew from her limbs. One thing alone did she lack, her son, her still surviving child.

45.—On the Same

Here the mind of Nonna in her prayers flew so often on high that at length her soul too followed it as it mounted. She fell a corpse even as she prayed at the foot of the holy table. Write this marvel, O holy men, for generations to come.

46.—On the Same

Who died as Nonna died by the pure table, touching with her hands the holy planks? Who dissolved the form of Nonna as she was praying? For she wished to tarry long here, pious even when she was a corpse.
47.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Ενθα ποτ’ εὐχομένη Νόννη θεὸς εἶπεν ἀνωθεν.
"Ἐρχεο." ἢ δ’ εὐλύθη σώματος ἀσπασίως,
χειρῶν ἀμφοτέρων τῇ μὲν κατέχουσα τράπεζαν,
τῇ δ’ ἐτὶ λισσομένη. ""]Iλαθί, Χριστὲ ἄναξ."

48.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Ρίζης εὐσεβέος γενόμην καὶ σάρξ ἱερὸς,
καὶ μήτηρ Χριστῷ σῶμα, βίον, δύκρνα,
πάντ’ ἐκένωσα φέρουσα: τὸ δ’ ἐσχάτον, ἐνθεν ἄερθη
ηῷ γηραλέον Νόννα λιπόσα δέμας.

49.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Πίστεις Ἕνωκ μετέθηκε καὶ Ἡλίαν, ἐν δὲ γυναιξι
μητέρ’ ἐμὴν πρώτην· οἴδε τράπεζα τόδε,
ἐνθεν ἀναιμάκτουσιν ὁμοῦ θυέσσων ἄερθη
εἰσείς λισσομένη σώματι Νόννα φίλη.

50.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Οὗ νόσος, οὐδε σε γῆρας ὁμοίων, οὐ σὲ γ’ ἀνίη,
καίτερ γηραλέην, μήτερ ἐμή, δάμασεν
ἀλλ’ ἄτρωτος, ἀκαμπτός ἄγνοις ὑπὸ ποσσαὶ τραπέζης,
εὐχομένη Χριστῷ, Νόνν’, ἀπέδωκας ὅπα.

51.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Δῶκε θεῷ θυσίην Ἀβραὰμ πάιν, ὡς δὲ θύγατρα
κλεινὼς Ἰεθάκε, ἀμφότεροι μεγάλην
μήτερ ἐμή, σὺ δ’ ἐδωκας ἄγνοι βίου, ὑστάτιον δὲ
ψυχῆν, εὐχωλῆς, Νόννα, φίλον σφάγιον.
BOOK VIII. 47-51

47.—On the Same

Here once God said from on high to Nonna as she was praying "Come," and gladly she was released from her body, holding the table with one hand and with the other praying "Lord Christ, have mercy upon us."

48.—On the Same

Springing from a pious root I was the flesh of and the mother of a priest. To Christ I brought my body, my life, my tears, emptying out my all; and last of all here in the church I Nonna was taken up, leaving my aged body.

49.—On the Same

Faith translated Enoch and Elias, but among women my mother first of all; the table knows this, whence dear Nonna still praying in the body was taken up together with the bloodless Sacrifice.

50.—On the Same

Neither sickness nor age, the common lot of all, nor grief subdued thee, my mother, old though thou wast, but unwounded, unbent, at the holy feet of the altar, in the act of praying, thou didst render up thy voice to Christ.

51.—On the Same

Abraham gave his son a sacrifice to God, and renowned Jephthah his daughter, a great sacrifice in each case, but thou, my mother, didst give thy holy life and finally thy soul, the dear victim of thy prayer.

1 i.e. wife.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

52.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Σάρρα φίλη, πῶς τὸν σὸν Ἰσαὰκ λίπες, ἥ ποθέουσα τὸν Ἀβραὰμ κόλπων ὡς τάχοσ ἀντιάσαι, Νόινα, Γρηγορίου θεόφρονος; ἢ μέγα θαῦμα μηδὲ θανεῖν ἡμῶν ἐκτοθι καὶ θυεῖν.

42b.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Μάρτυρες, ἵληκ, τε μόγοις γε μὲν οὕτι χερείων Νόινα φίλη, ἐμμπτῷ καμφαδῷ πολέμῳ τούνεκα καὶ τοῖς ἄφρειν βίοτοι τελευτῆς, εὐχής καὶ ζωής ἐν τέλος εὐφραμένη.

53.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Ἡ Τριάς ἵν ποθέσκεσ, ὅμον σέλας, ἐν τε σέβασμα, ἐκ υμοῦ μεγάλου σε πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἢρπασε, Νόινα, εὐχωμένην ζωῆς δὲ τέλος καθαρώτερον ἐὑρεσ. οὕτοτε χείλεα μίξας ἀνάγνοις χείλεσιν ἀγνά, οὐδ' ἀθεῶ παλάμη καθαρὰν χέρα μέχρις ἐδωδής, μήτερ ἐμής μισθὸς δὲ λατεῖν βίον ἐν θυεσσίω.

54.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
'Αγγελὸς αὐγλῆς σὲ φαλαντατο ἢρπασε, Νόινα, ἔνθα ποτ' εὐχωμένην, καθαρὴν μελέσσι νόρ ἐν τε καὶ τὸ μὲν ἢρπασε σεῖο, τὸ δ' ἐνθύδε κάλλυπτε νηο.

55.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Νηὸς ὁδ' (οὐ γὰρ ὅλην Νόινα ν θείς ἦν ἔρυξαι), ψυχῆς οἰχωμένης, μοῦνον ἐπέσχε δέμας, ὡς πάλιν εὐγραμένη καθαρώτερον ἐνθευ ἀερθη, σῶμα τῷ μογερῷ δόξαιν ἐφεσσομένη.
52.—On the Same

Dear Sarah, how didst thou leave thy Isaac? Was it, Nonna, that thou didst desire to come as quickly as might be to the bosom of Abraham, of pious Gregory?¹ Verily a great marvel was it that thou didst not even die outside the temple and the incense.

52n.—On the Same

Favour us, ye martyrs! Dear Nonna was not inferior to you in the pains she suffered in secret and open war. Therefore she met with such an end, finishing at once her prayer and her life.

53.—On the Same

The Trinity for which thou didst long, one light and one majesty, carried thee off, Nonna, from the great church to heaven, and a purer end was thine than the common one. Never, my mother, didst thou join thy pure lips to impure ones, nor thy clean hand to a godless one so far as to join in meals with the heathen. Thou wast rewarded by dying at the place of sacrifice.

54.—On the Same

An angel of dazzling lightness carried thee off, Nonna, whilst thou wert praying here, pure in body and spirit. Part of thee he carried off and part he left in the temple.

55.—On the Same

This temple (it was not allowed to keep the whole of Nonna) only retained her body when her soul departed, so that awaking again she may be taken up on high more purely, her suffering body clothed in glory.

¹ By Sarah he means Nonna, by Abraham his father, by Isaac himself.
56.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

"Ἀλλοις μὲν Νόννης τις ἁγνῶν ἐσθλοῖς ἐριζοῦ, εὐχωλῆς δὲ μέτροισιν ἐριζέμεν οὐ θέμεις ἐστίν· τέκμαρ καὶ βιότοιο τέλος λιτῆσι λυθέντος.

57.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

"Ὡς στοναχῶν ἀκρῶν τε καὶ ἐνυχίων μελεδώνων· ὥς Νόννης ζαθέχης τετρυμένα γυῖα πύνοισιν· ποῦ ποτ’ ἦν, νηὸς μόχθων λύσε γῆρας ἀκαμπτον.

58.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

a. Νόννη Φιλτατίου. β. Καὶ ποῦ θάνε; a. Τῷ δ’ ἐνι νηῷ.
    β. Καὶ πῶς; a. Εὐχωλῆν. β. Πηνίκα; a. Γηραλῆν.
    β. Ὡς καλοῦ βιότοιο καὶ εὐσαγεός θανάτου.

59.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

"Ἀρματε μὲν πυρὸντι πρὸς οὐρανὸν 'Ηλίας ἦλθεν·
Νόνναν δ’ εὐχωλῆν πνεύμ’ ὑπέδεκτο μέγα.

60.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

'Ἐνθάδε Νόννα φίλη κοιμήσατο τὸν βαθὺν ύπνον,
Ἰλαος ἐστομένη ἄ ποσι Γρηγορῖῳ.

61. <Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν>

Τάρβος ὁμοί καὶ χάρμα· πρὸς οὖραν ἔθεν ἄερθη
eὐχῆς ἐκ μεσάτης Νόννα λιποῦσα βίον.

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BOOK VIII. 56-61

56.—On the Same

Another of the saints might vie with the other good works of Nonna; let it be allowed to none to vie with the extent of her prayers. The end of her life which came while she was praying testifies to this.

57.—On the Same

O groans and tears and cares of the night, O limbs of holy Nonna worn with toil! Her unbent old-age was released from trouble by that temple in which she was.

58.—On the Same

A. "Nonna the daughter of Philtatius."  B. "And where died she?"  A. "In this church."  B. "And how?"  A. "Praying,"  B. "When?"  A. "In old age."  B. "O excellent life and pious death!"

59.—On the Same

Elias went to heaven in a fiery chariot, and the Great Spirit took to Itself Nonna while she was praying.

60.—On the Same

Here dear Nonna fell into the deep sleep, following gladly her husband Gregory.

61.—On the Same

Terror and joy together! Hence in the middle of her prayers Nonna quitted this life and was taken up to heaven.

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62. <Eis tìn autìn>
Εὐχής καὶ βιότου Νόννη τέλος: ἤ δὲ τράπεξα μάρτυς ἀφ′ ἡς ἦρθη ἀπὸνος ἐξαπίνης.

63.—Eis tìn autìn
Νόννης ἤριον εἰμὶ σαύρονος, ἢ ρα πύλησιν ἔχριμψι σύρανιας, πρὶν βιότοιο λυθῇ.

64. <Eis tìn autìn>
Δακρύετε θυντοῦς, θυητῶν γένος: εἰ δὲ τις οὗτως ὡς Νόνν' εὐχομένη κάθθανεν, οὐ δακρύω.

65.—Eis tìn autìn
Νόννης ἄξομενος ἁγιὸν βίου, ἄξεο μᾶλλον καὶ τέλος: εὖ νηφ κάθθανεν εὐχομένη.

66. <Eis tìn autìn>
"Ἐνθα ποτ' εὐχομένη προνήης θάνε Νόννα φαεινή· νῦν δ' ἄρ' εὖ εὐσεβέων λίσσεται ἰσταμένη.

67.—Eis tìn autìn
Στήλη σοι θανάτου μελιηδέος ἢ δε τράπεξα, Νόννα, παρ' ἦ λύθης εὐχομένη πύματα.

67b. <Eis tìn autìn>
Μικρὸν ἐτι ψυχῆς ἢν τὸ πνέον ἀλλ' ἀρα καὶ τὸ Νόνν' ἀπεδώκε θεῷ ἐνθα ποτ' εὐχομένη.
BOOK VIII. 62-67B

62.—On the Same

There was one end to Nonna's life and prayer. The table from which she was of a sudden taken lifeless testifies to it.

63.—On the Same

I am the tomb of chaste Nonna, who approached the gates of Heaven even while yet alive.

64.—On the Same

Ye mortals, weep for mortals, but for one who, like Nonna, died in prayer, I weep not.

65.—On the Same

Revering Nonna's pure life, revere even more her death. She died in the church while praying.

66.—On the Same

Here bright Nonna while praying fell prone in death, but now she stands and prays in the home of the blest.

67.—On the Same

This table is the monument of thy sweet death, Nonna, the table by which, while praying thy last, thou didst die.

67B.—On the Same

Only a little breath had her soul left, but that Nonna, praying here, rendered up to God.
68.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Πέμψατε ἐκ νηοῦ θεοειδεά Νόνναν ἀπαντεῖς,
πρέσβειραν μεγάλην πέμψατε ἱερομένην.

69.  <Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν>
"Εκ με θεὸς καθαροῦ πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἐρπασε νηοῦ
Νόνναν, ἐπευγομένην οὐρανίοις πελάσασι.

70.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Νόννα ἀπανισταμένη νηοῦ μεγάλου τὸδ’ ἔειπε:
"Τῶν πολλῶν καμάτων μείζονα μισθὸν ἔχω."

71.  <Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν>
Νόννα φίλης εὐχής ιερήν ένθάδε κεῖται:
Νόννα ποτ’ εὐχομένη τὴδ’ ἐλύθη βιώτου.

72.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
"Ενθα ποτ’ εὐχομένης ψυχῆς δέμας ἔλλυπε Νόννης;
ἐνθεν ἀνηέρθη Νόννα Λυπούσα δέμας.

73.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Εκ νηοῦ μεγάλου θυσίας μέγα Νόνν’ ἀπανέστη,
υἱῷ Νόνν’ ἐλύθη· χαίρετε, εὐσέβειες.

74.  <Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν>
"Ἡδὲ τράπεζα θεῷ θεοειδέα Νόνναν ἐπεμψεν.
BOOK VIII. 68–74

68.—On the Same

Escort divine Nonna from the church, all ye people, escort the grand old woman raised on high.

69.—On the Same

God from his pure temple took to heaven Nonna, eager to join the heavenly ones.

70.—On the Same

Nonna rising from the great church said "I have a reward greater than all my many labours."

71.—On the Same

Here lies Nonna, victim of a pure prayer. Here Nonna while praying was released from life.

72.—On the Same

Here Nonna's soul left her body while she was praying. Hence Nonna leaving her body was taken up.

73.—On the Same

Nonna rose, a great sacrifice, from the great church. In the church Nonna died. Rejoice all ye pious.

74.—On the Same

This altar sent God-like Nonna to God,
76.—Εὐχή παρὰ τῶν γονέων εἰς τὸν μέγαν Γρηγόριον
Εἰς σοι βλεψ ἐσθλὸς ἐπ’ εὐλογίσιν ἀπάσαις
ὁσσάταις τοκέων νέσι γηροκόμοις·
kαὶ κούφης βιότοιο τυχείν ὁσίης τε τελευτῆς,
οὐν ἡμετέρῳ γηραῖ δῶκεν ἁνᾶξ,
ἡδέων λογίων τὸ μέγα κράτος, ἡδ’ ἱερῆν,
kαὶ πολιτῆς σκῖπων, Γρηγόρι’, ἡμετέρης.

76.—Παρὰ τῶν γονέων
‘Ασπάσιοι χθόνα τῆνδε φίλαις ὑπὸ χείρεσι παιδὸς
ἐσσάμεθ’ εὐσεβέος Γρηγορίου τοκέας·
δὲ καὶ γῆρας ἔθηκεν ἐοῖς μόχθοισιν ἐλαφρὸν
ἡμετέρουν, καὶ νῦν ἀμφιέπει θυσίαις.
ἀμπνεε γηροκόμων καμάτων, μέγα δὲ φέρτατε παῖδως
Γρηγορί’, εὐαγγέας Μάρτυς οἰκονομος
σοῦ τοκέας· μισθὸς δὲ μέγαν πατέρ’ ἱλαον εἶναι,
pνευματικῶν τε τυχείν εὐσεβέων τεκέων.

77.—Εἰς τὸν πάντων αὐτῶν τάφον
Δᾶς ὁ μὲν γενέτην τε καὶ νέα κυδήντας
κεύθω Γρηγορίους, εἰς λίθος ἵσα φάρ,
ἀμφιτέρους ἱερήνα· ὁ δ’ εὐπατέρειαν ἐδέχμην
Νόμισαν σὺν μεγάλῳ νείι Καίσαρίῳ.
τῶς ἐδάσαντο τάφους τε καὶ νέας· ἢ δὲ πορείη,
pάντες ἄνω· ἥγης εἰς πόθος οὐρανίης.

78.—Τίς πρῶτος καὶ τίς μετέπειτα ἀπήρε
Πρῶτος Καίσαρίος ξυνὸν ἄχος· αὐτὰρ ἐπειτά
Γοργόνιον, μετέπειτα πατήρ φίλο., οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν
μὴτηρ. ὁ λυπρὴ παλάμη καὶ γράμματα λυπρὰ
Γρηγορίου· γράψω καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον ὑστατίου περ.
75.—Prayer of his Parents for Gregory the Great

Gregory, great champion of the learned youth and of the priesthood, staff of our grey years, may thy life be happy and enjoy all the blessings which fall to sons who tend their parents' old age and mayst thou meet with an easy and holy end, even as the Lord gave to our many years.

76.—Similar

By the dear hands of our son, the pious Gregory, we are clothed in this welcome earth. He it was also who lightened our old age by his toil, and now tends us with sacrifices. Gregory, best of sons, repose from thy labour of tending our old age, now that thou hast laid thy pious parents beside the martyrs. Thy reward is to be thyself a great and kind father and to have pious spiritual children.

77.—On the tomb of all of them

One stone encloses the renowned Gregories, father and son, two equal lights, both of them priests, the other received noble Nonna with her great son Caesarius. So they separated their tombs and sons, but the journey of all is on high; one desire of eternal life fills all.

78.—Who first and who last departed this life

First died Caesarius, a grief to all, next Gorgonion, then their beloved father and not long after their mother. O mournful hand and mournful writing of Gregory! But I will write my own death also, although I am the last to die.
79.—Εἰς ἑαυτὸν
Πρῶτα μὲν εὐξαμένη μηθεός πόρε μητρὶ φαενῇ·
δεύτερον, ἐκ μητρὸς δόρου ἐδεκτό φίλον·
tὸ πρῶτον αὕ, θυνήσκοντά μ’ ἀγνὴ ἐσάωσε τράπεζα·
tέταρτον, ἀμφὴκη μύθον ἔδωκε Λόγος·
πέμπτον, Παρθενίῃ με φίλους προσπτύξατ’ ἐνείροις· ὃ ἐκτον, Βασιλίω σύμπνοα ἵνα φέρον·
ἔβδομον, ἐκ βυθίων με φερέσθιος ἑρπασε κόλπων·
ὕδων εὐ νούσοις ἐξεκαθῆρα χέρας·
eῦνατον ὀπλοτέρη Τριάδ’ ἤγγαον, ὃ ἀνα, Ὁ ὘μὴ·
βέβλημαι δεκατον λάεσιν ἣδε φίλοις.

80.—Εἰς ἑαυτὸν
Εἴλας ἐμῆ, νεότης τε φίλη, καὶ ὅσα πεπάσμην,
καὶ δέμας, ὡς Χριστῷ ἐξατε προφρονέως.
εἰ δ’ ἱερὴ φίλου με θεῷ θέτο μητέρος εὐχὴν
καὶ πατρὸς παλάμη, τὸς φθόνος; ἀλλὰ, μάκαρ,
σοῖς με, Χριστὲ, χοροῦσι δέχου, καὶ κῦδος ὄπαξος
καὶ ἴεὶ Γρηγορίου σῷ λάτρῃ Γρηγορίῳ.

81.—'Επὶ τῷ ἰδίῳ τάφῳ
ΓρηγορίουΝόμως τε φίλον τέκος ἐνθάδε κεῖται
τῆς ἱερῆς Τριάδος Γρηγόριος θεράπων,
καὶ σοφία σοφίς δεδραγμένος, ἥθεος τε
ὅλον πλούτον ἐχων ἐλπίδ᾽ ἐπουρανίην.

82.—Εἰς ἑαυτὸν
Τυπθὸν ἐπὶ ζῶςεκεῖς ἐπὶ χθονί, πάντα δὲ Χριστῷ
δώκας ἐκών, σὺν τοῖς καὶ πτερίζεντα λόγον
νὸν ὃ ἱερὴ μέγαν σε καὶ οὐρανίου χορείς
οὐρανός ἐντὸς ἔχει, κῦδιμε Γρηγόριε.
79.—On Himself

Firstly, God gave me to my glorious mother in answer to her prayers; secondly, He received me a welcome gift from her; thirdly, the holy table saved me from death; fourthly, the Word gave me two-edged speech; fifthly, Virginity enfolded me in her dear dreams; sixthly, I entered the priesthood in union with Basil; seventhly, my father saved me from the deep; eighthly, I cleansed well my hands by disease (sic); ninthly, I brought the doctrine of the Trinity, O my Lord, to New Rome; tenthly, I was smitten by stones and by friends (sic).

80.—On Himself

My Greece, my dear youth, my possessions, my body, how gladly ye yielded to Christ! If my mother's vow and my father's hand made me a priest acceptable to God, why grudge me this? Blessed Christ receive me in thy choirs and give glory to thy servant Gregory son of Gregory.

81.—On his own Tomb

Here lies Gregory, the dear child of Gregory and Nonna, the servant of the Holy Trinity, who grasped wisdom by wisdom and as a youth had no riches but the hope of heaven.

82.—On Himself

A short time didst thou dwell on earth, but didst freely give all to Christ, the winged word too. But now, glorious Gregory, heaven holds thee a high priest in the celestial choir.

1 i.e. sacred and profane.  
2 Constantinople.
83.—Eis ἑαυτὸν
"Εκ με βρέφους ἐκάλεσε θεὸς νυχίοισιν ὀνείροις· ἦλυθον ἐς σοφίας πείρατα, σάρκα λόγῳ ἡγυσα καὶ κραδὴν κόσμου φλόγα γυμνός ἄλυξας, ἑστὶν σὺν Ἀραδῷ Γρηγορίῳ ἱενέτῃ.

84.—Eis ἑαυτὸν
Πατρὸς ἐγὼ ζαθέοιο καὶ οὖνομα καὶ θρόνον ἔσχον, καὶ τάφον· ἀλλὰ, φίλος, μνώει Γρηγορίου, Γρηγορίου, τὸν μητρὶ θεόσδοτον ὧπασε Χριστός φάσμασιν ἐννυχίοις, δῶκε δ’ ἔρον σοφίας.

85.—Eis Καισάριον τὸν ἑαυτὸν ἀδελφόν
Σχέτλιος ἑστὶν ὁ τύμβος. ἐγὼ γε μὲν οὕτωτ’ ἐώλπειν, ὅς ὅτα κατακρύψει τοὺς πυμάτους προτέρους αὐτὰρ δ’ Καισάριον, ἐρικυδέα νὰ τοκήνων, τῶν προτέρων πρότερον δεξατό· πολα δίκη;

85b.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν
Οὐκ ἔσθ‘ ὁ τύμβος αὐτίος· μὴ λοιδόρει. φθόνου τὸ ἐστὶν ἔργων· πῶς δ’ ἤνεγκεν ἄν νέον γερόντων εἰσορῶν σοφώτερον;

86.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν
Γρηγόριε, θυντῶν μὲν υπείροχον ἔλλαχες νὰ κάλλει καὶ σοφή, καὶ βασιλῆι φίλον· κρείσσονα δ’ οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἀπηλεγέος θανάτοιο. ἦ μὴν ἀϊόμην· ἄλλα τό φησι τάφος;
“Τέτλαθι· Καἰσάριος μὲν ἀπέφθειτο· ἄλλα μέγιστον ὁ νιέος εὐχὸς ἔχεις, νιέος ἀντὶ φίλου.”

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BOOK VIII. 83–86

83.—On Himself

God called me by dreams of the night from my childhood: I reached the limits of wisdom, I sanctified my flesh and heart by reason. Naked I escaped from the fire of the world and stood with Aaron my father Gregory.

84.—On Himself

Mine were the name, the throne, and the tomb of my holy father; but, friend, remember Gregory, whom Christ granted,¹ a gift from God, in visions of the night to his mother, and to whom He gave the love of wisdom.

85.—On Caesarius his Brother

The tomb is wicked. Never did I believe that it would cover the last first. But it received Caesarius, his parents’ distinguished son, before his elders. What justice!

85b.—On the Same

It is not the tomb’s fault. Rebuke it not. This is the work of envy. How could envy have supported seeing a young man wiser than the old.

86.—On the Same

Gregory, thou hadst a son, most excellent among mortals in beauty and wisdom and beloved by the Emperor; yet not stronger than ruthless death. I deemed it might be so indeed; but what saith the tomb? “Bear it. Caesarius is dead, but instead of your dear son you have great glory of his memory.”

¹ i.e. promised.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

87.—Εἰς τοὺς γονεῖς τοῦ μεγάλου Γρηγορίου καὶ Καϊσάριον

"Ωριοι εἰς τάφον ἦμεν, ὅτε ἐνθάδε τοῦτον ἔθηκαν λᾶνεν ἐφ' ἡμετέρῳ γῆραι λαοτόμοι· ἀλλ' ἤμιν μὲν ἔθηκαν· ἔχει δὲ μιν οὐ κατὰ κόσμου Καϊσάριοι, τεκέων ἡμετέρων πῦματος. ἐτλημεν πανάπτωτα, τέκος, τέκος· ἀλλ' τάχιστα δὲ δέξαι ἐσ' ὑμέτερον τύμβου ἐπενιγμόνοις.

88.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Καϊσάριον

Τόνδε λίθον τοκεῖς μὲν ἐον τάφον ἐστησαντο, ἐλπόμενοι ζωῆς μοῖραν ἔχειν ὅλην· Καϊσάριῳ δ' ὑιῇ πικρὴν χάριν οὐκ ἐθέλοντες δῶκαν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος τούδε λύθη βιότου.

89.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Γῆρας εἶμιν δὴθυνεν ἐπὶ χθονί· ἀντὶ δὲ πατρὸς λᾶες ἔχεις, τεκέων φιλτατε, Καϊσάριε. τίς νόμος; οία δίκη; βικτωτὸν ἀνα, πῶς τόδ' ἐνευσας; ὁ μακροῦ βιότου, ὁ σαχέος βανάτου.

90.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Οὐκ ἀγαμ', οὐκ ἀγαμαι δῶρον τόδε τύμβου ἐδέξω μοῦνον ἀφ' ἡμετέρων, Καϊσάριε, κτεάνων, γηραλέων τοκέων πικρὸν λίθον· ὁ φθόνος οὐτως ἠθέλει· ὁ δὲ χαῖς πήμασι μακροτέρης.

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87.—On the Parents of Gregory and Caesarius

We were ripe for the tomb, when the stonecutters laid this stone here for our old age. But they laid it for us, and Caesarius, the last of our children, occupies it, not as was meet. My child, my child, we have suffered the greatest of misfortunes, but as soon as may be receive in thy tomb us who hasten to depart.

88.—On Caesarius

This stone was erected to be their own sepulchre by the parents who expected that they had but a small portion of life over; but against their will they did a sad favour to their son Caesarius, since he departed this life before them.

89.—On the Same

My old age lingered long on earth, and thou dearest of sons, Caesarius, occupiest the stone tomb in thy father's place. What law is this, what justice? Lord of mortals, how didst thou consent thereto? O long life, O early death!

90.—On the Same

I do not esteem, I do not esteem this gift. Of all my possessions, Caesarius, thou hast got but a tomb, the melancholy stone tomb of thy old parents. Thus did envy will. O for our life rendered longer by sorrows!
91.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Πᾶσαν δὲν σοφία λεπτῆς φρενὸς ἐν μερόπεσσιν ἀμφὶ γεωμετρίην καὶ θέσιν οὐρανίων,
καὶ λογικῆς τέχνης τὰ παλαίσματα, γραμματικῆς τὴν ἴδι τὴν ἱστορίην, ῥητορικῆς τε μένος,
Καίσαρίου πτερόωντι νόμο μοῦνος καταμάρψας, 5
αἰαινίον ὅμως νῦν κόνις ἐστ’ ὀλύγη.

92.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Πάντα κασιγυνήτοισιν ἐοῖς λίπεσιν ἀντὶ δὲ πάντων τοῦμβου ἔχεις ἀλαγόν, κύδιμε Καίσαρίει
ἡ δὲ γεωμετρίη τε, καὶ ἀστέρες δὲν θέσιν ἔγνως,
ἡ τ’ ἱστορίη οὐδὲν ἀκοι θανάτου.

93.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Κάλλιμον ἐκ πατρίης σὲ μεγακλέα τηλόθ’ ἐδώτα,
ἀκρα φέροντα πάσης, Καίσαρίε, σοφίης,
πέμφαντες βασιλῆι τὸν ἔξοχον ἤθηρων,
φεῦ, κόνιν ἐκ Βιθυνῶν δεξάμεθ’ αὐ σε πέδου.

94.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Σεισμῶν μὲν κρυερῶν ἐφυγες στονόεσσαν ἀπειλήν,
ἡνίκα Νικαίης ἂστυ μίγη δαπέδῳ
νοῦσῳ δ’ ἀργαλεό δομῆ ζῷην λίπες. ὦ νεότητος
σώφρονος, ὦ σοφίης, κάλλιμε Καίσαρίε.

95.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Γρηγορίου Νόννης τε θεουδέος μιὰ φέριστον
τοῦμβος ὑδε εὐγενέτην Καίσαρίον κατέχω,
ἔξοχον ἐν λογίοισιν, ὑπείροχον ἐν βασιλῆιοις,
ἀστεροπῆι γαίης πείρασι λαμπρομένην.
BOOK VIII. 91–95

91.—On the Same

Caesarius, who alone by his winged mind grasped the whole wisdom of man's subtle thought concerning geometry and the position of the heavenly bodies, and also the falls of the art of Logic, and Grammar too and Medicine and powerful Rhetoric, is now, alas! like all the rest, a handful of dust.

92.—On the Same

Thou didst leave all to thy brothers, noble Caesarius, and in place of all thou hast a little tomb. Geometry and the Stars whose positions thou knewest, and Medicine were no cure for death.

93.—On the Same

Beautiful Caesarius, widely famous, who hadst attained to the height of all wisdom, we sent thee, the first of physicians from thy country to the King, but received only thy ashes back from the Bithynian land.

94.—On the Same

Thou escapedst the roaring menace of the cruel earthquake when Nicaea was levelled with the ground, and didst perish by painful disease. O for thy chaste youth, and thy wisdom, lovely Caesarius!

95.—On the Same

This tomb holds noble Caesarius, the best son of Gregory and divine Nonna. He was excellent among the learned and of highest station at Court, flashing like lightning to the ends of the earth.
96.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Καίσαρίον φθιμένου κατήφησαν βασιλῆς αὐλαῖ, Καππαδόκαι δ’ ἦμυσαν ἔξωπνης· καὶ καλὸν εἰ τὶ λέειπτο μετ’ ἀνθρώπους ὀλωλέν, οἱ δὲ λόγοι συγῆς ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος.

97.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Εἰ τινα δένδρον ἔθηκε γόος, καὶ εἰ τινα πέτρην, εἰ τις καὶ πηγὴ βεῦσεν ὀδυρομένη, πέτραι καὶ πτωταμοί καὶ δένδρα λυπρὰ πέλοισθε, πάντες Καίσαρίως γείτονες ἤδε φίλοι·
Καίσαρίως πάντες σοι τετιμένοι, εὐχος ἀνάκτων, (αιαὶ τῶν αχέων) ἠλυθεν εἰς αἴδην.

98.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Χειρ τάδε Γρηγορίου· κασίων ποθέων τὸν ἀριστον, κηρύσσω θυητοῖς τόνδε βίον στυγέειν.
Καίσαρίως τίς κάλλος ὁμοίος; ἢ τίς ἀπάντων τόσσος ἐὼν τόσσης εἶλε κλέος σοφίης; οὕτως ἐπισχονίων· ἀλλ’ ἐπτατο ἐκ βιότοιο ὃς ῥόδου ἐξ ἀνθέων, ὃς ὅροσος ἐκ πετάλων.

99.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Γείτονες εὐμενέοιτε καὶ ἐν κόλποις δέχοισθε, Μάρτυρες, υμετέρως αἶμα τὸ Γρηγορίου, Γρηγορίου Νόννης τε μεγακλέος, εὐσεβίη τε καὶ τύμβοις ἱεροῖς εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένους.
BOOK VIII. 96–99

96.—On the Same

When Caesarius died the Emperor's court was dejected and all Cappadocia bent her head straightway. If aught of good was left among men, it is gone, and learning is clouded in silence.

97.—On the Same

If mourning made any one into a tree or a stone, if any spring ever flowed as the result of lament, all Caesarius' friends and neighbours should be stones, rivers and mournful trees. Caesarius, honoured by all, the vaunt of princes ( alas for our grief!) is gone to Hades.

98.—On the Same

This is the hand of Gregory. Regretting my best of brothers, I proclaim to mortals to hate this life. Who was like Caesarius in beauty, or who was so great and so celebrated for wisdom? None among mortals; but he took wing from life, like a rose from the flowers, like dew from the leaves.

99.—On the Same

Ye neighbour martyrs, be kind and receive in your bosom the blood of Gregory, of Gregory and famous Nonna, gathered together by their piety in this holy tomb.

1 The allusions are to Niobe, to the daughters of Phaethon and to Byblis. 2 Presumably the children.
100.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν καὶ εἰς Φιλάγριον
Κλῦθε, Ἄλεξάνδρεια: Φιλάγριος ὀλεσε μορφὴν
τῆς λογικῆς ψυχῆς οὕτι χειρειστέρην,
Καισάριον δὲ νέον φθόνος ἤρπασεν· οὔποτε τοία
πέμψεις εὐπποιος ἄνθεα Καππαδόκαισ.

101.—Εἰς Γοργόνιον τὴν ἑαυτοῦ ἀδελφήν
Γρηγορίου Νόνινς τε φίλου τέκος εὐθάδε κεῖμαι
Γοργόνιον, ξώῃς μῦστις ἐπουρανίης.

102.—Εἰς Γοργόνιον
Οὐδὲν Γοργόνιον γαῖς λίπεν, ὅστεα μοῦνα·
πάντα δ’ ἔθηκεν ἄνω, Μάρτυρες ὀθλοφόροι.

103.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν καὶ εἰς Ἁλύπιον τὸν αὐτῆς ἄνδρα
Κτῆσιν ἐκν σάρκας τε καὶ ὅστεα πάντ’ ἀναθείσα
Γοργόνιον Χριστῷ, μοῦνον ἀφήκε πόσιν·
οὐ μᾶν οὐδὲ πόσιν δηρόν χρόνον· ἀλλ’ ἄρα καὶ τὸν
ὁρπασεν ἐξαπίνης κύδιμον Ἁλύπιον.
οἴλθε εἰδείστης ἀλόχον πόσιν· τοῖς βα λοετροῖς
λύματ’ ἀπωσάμενοι ξῆτε παλιγγενεές.

104.—Ἐπιτάφιον εἰς Μαρτυριανόν
Εἰ τις Τάνταλος ἐστιν ἐν ύδασιν αὐτὸς ἀπίστως,
εἰ τις ύπερ κεφαλῆς πέτρος ἀεὶ φοβέων,
δαπτόμενον τ’ ὀρνισιν ἄγηραον ἦπαρ ἄλτρον,
καὶ πυρρεῖς ποταμός, καὶ ἄφος ἀθάνατος,
ταρτάροι τε μυχοὶ καὶ δαίμονες ἄγριόθυμοι,
ἀλλαὶ τε φθιμένων τίσις εἰν ἁίδι·
ὅστις Μαρτυριανὸν ἀγακλέα δηλήσαιτο
τύμβοι αὐνοχλίζων, δείματα πάντα φέροι.
BOOK VIII. 100-104

100.—On the Same and Philagrius

Listen, Alexandria, Philagrius has lost his beauty, a beauty not inferior to his rational soul, and envy hath carried off Caesarius yet in his youth. Never again shalt thou send such flowers to Cappadocia, the land of beautiful horses.

101.—On his Sister Gorgonion

Here I lie Gorgonion the dear child of Gregory and Nonna, a partaker in the mysteries of life eternal.

102.—On the Same

Ye triumphant martyrs, Gorgonion left naught but her bones on earth. She dedicated all on high.

103.—On the Same and her Husband Alypius

Gorgonion having dedicated to Christ her possessions, her flesh, her bones, and everything, left her husband alone, yet not for long, but Christ carried off suddenly glorious Alypius too. Happy husband of a most happy wife, ye live born again, having washed off all filth in the baptismal bath.

104.—On Martinianus

If there be any Tantalus dry-throated in the deceitful waters, if any rock above his head ever frightening him, if any imperishable liver of a sinner that is a feast for birds, if there be a fiery river and eternal darkness and depths of Tartarus and savage demons, and other punishments of the dead in Hades, may whoever injures renowned Martinianus by disturbing his tomb, suffer every terror.
105.—Κατὰ τυμβωρίχον
Οὐρεά σοι καὶ πόντος, ἀτάσθαλε, καὶ πεδίοι σοι
tερπὴ πυροφόροις τετραπόδων τ' ἀγέλαις·
καὶ χρυσόι τάλαντα καὶ ἄργυρος, εὐγενεῖς τε
άνεσ καὶ σηρῶν νήματα λεπτολέα,
pάντα βλος ξωοίσιν λίθοι δ' ὀλίγοι τε φίλοι τε
τοῖς φθιμένοις. σὺ δὲ μοι κάνθαδε χείρα φέρεις,
οὐδὲ σῶν αἰδόμενοις, τλήμουν, τάφον, ὥν τις ὀλέσσει
ἀλλος σοισι νόμοις, χερσὶ δικαιοτέραις.

106.—Εἰς Μαρτινιανὸν
Ἡνίκα Μαρτινιανὸς ἐδυ χθόνα, μητέρα πάντων,
pάσα μὲν Αὐσονίων ἐστονάχχεσε πόλις·
pάσα δὲ Σικανίη τε, καὶ εὐρέα πείρατα γαῖς
κείρατ', ἀπ' ἄνθρωποι σχοιμένης Θέμιδος.
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀντί νυ σείο τάφον μέγαν ἀμφιέποντες,
αἱ ἐπερχομένοις δώσομεν ὡς τι σέβας.

107.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οἱ Χριστὸν φορέοντες ἀκούσατε, οὐ τε θέμιστας
eἰδότες ήμερίων καὶ φθιμένων ὅσην·
pάντα λυπῶν, βασιλῆα, πάτρην, γένους, εὐχος
ὑπάρχων,
αἰαί, πᾶσιν ὠμῶς νῦν κόνις εἰμι' ὀλγηγ,
Μαρτινιανὸς πᾶσι τετιμένος· ἄλλ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
βάλλειν ἠμετέρῳ δάκρυα, μὴ παλάμαις.
105.—Against the Violator of a Tomb

Impious man, thou hast the sea and the mountains and rejoicest in possession of fields rich in corn and herds of cattle, yea and talents of gold and silver and precious stones and the silk-worm’s delicate threads. To the living everything is valuable, but to the dead only their little but beloved grave-stones; and thou layest hold of them too, not even reverencing thine own tomb, which some other will destroy after thy example, but with juster hands.

106.—On Martinianus

When Martinianus went under Earth the mother of all, every city in Italy groaned and all Sicily and the broad boundaries of the land shore the head, for Themis had departed from among mortals. But we, tending on thy great tomb instead of thee, will hand it on an object of reverence to future generations.

107.—On the Same

Listen, ye who bear Christ, and ye who know the laws of living men and the respect due to the dead. Leaving all, King, country, family, I Martinianus, honoured by all, the pride of Prefects, am now, alas, like all mankind, but a handful of dust. But on my tomb shed tears and lay not hands on it.

1 As all the epitaphs on Martinianus imply that his tomb was in danger of violation, this one is probably likewise meant for him.
108.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Μουσοπόλον, ῥήτηρα, δικαστόλον, ἀκρον ἀπαντα, τύμβος ὅδε εὐγενέτην Μαρτινιανὸν ἔχω, ναύμαχον ἐν πελάγεσσιν, ἀρηίον ἐν πεδίοισιν, ἀλλ' ἀποτῆλε τάφοι, πρῶ τι κακὸν παθέειν.

109.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Μὴ πόλεμον ϑειμένοισιν—ἀλλ' ξώοντες, ἐλιτρὸι—μὴ πόλεμον ϑειμένοις: Μαρτινιανὸς ἐγὼ ταῦτα πάσιν ξώοις ἑπτῆλλομαι. οὐ θέμις ὡστὶν τῶν ὀλίγων φθονεῖν τοῖς ϑειμένοισι λίθων.

110.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
'Ω Θέμι, τῆς πολλοῖσιν ἐγώ νόμησα τάλαντα ὁ φοβερὰς ψυχὰς μάστυγες οὐχ ὀσίουν· οὗτος ἐμοῖς λίθοις φέρει στονάτα σίδηρον· οὗτος ἐμοί. φεῦ, φεῦ· ποῦ δὲ λίθος Σισύφου;

111.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
'Ολβιος, εὐχήρως, ἀνοσος θάνου, ἐν βασιλῆς πρῶτα φέρων, ἱερής ἄκρον ἔχων σοφίς· εἰ τινὰ Μαρτινιανὸν ἀκοῦστε· ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τύμβου, μηδὲ φέρειν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ δυσμενέας παλάμας.

112.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Χάζεο, χάζεο τῆλε· κακὸν τὸν ἁθλὸν ἐγείρεις, λᾶς ἀνοχλίξων καὶ τάφον ἥμετρον· χάζεο. Μαρτινιανὸς ἐγὼ, καὶ ξώοιν ὄνειαρ καὶ νέκυς οὐκ ὀλίγου ἐνθάδε κάρτος ἔχω.
108.—On the Same

This tomb holds noble Martinianus, an orator, a judge, excelling in everything, a brave warrior at sea, valiant on land. But keep far from his tomb, lest thou suffer some evil.¹

109.—On the Same

War not with the dead (the living are enough for you, ye evil-doers), war not with the dead. This I enjoin on all men. It is not right to grudge the dead their little stones.

110.—On the Same

O Themis, in whose scales I weighed justice for many, O dread scourgers of impious souls! This man attacks my grave-stones with wretched iron, this man dares do this to me! Alas! Alas¹ where is Sisyphus' rock?²

111.—On the Same

Blessed, in ripe old age, without disease I died. Heard ye never of Martinianus of high rank in the palace, supreme in sacred wisdom? But away from my tomb and lay not hostile hands on me.

112.—On the Same

Away, far away! It is an evil exploit ye attempt, heaving up the stones of my tomb. Away! I am Martinianus. The living I benefited and here dead I have no little power.

¹ He is addressing the man who contemplates violating the tomb.
² See Homer, Odyss. xi. 593.
Καππαδοκῶν μέγ’ άεισμα, φαντάζετε Μαρτυριανάκ, σείω, βροτών γενεθλίαν, καὶ τάφον αἰώνιοθέν ὅσ ποτ’ ἐγας βασιλῆς ἐν ἑρκεσι κάρτος ὑπάρχων, δουρὶ δὲ Σικανίην κτήσαο καὶ Διβύην.

"Ομοίουν Ἀθανάτου θεοῦ κράτος ὑψιμέδουσκα, καὶ ψυχὰς νεκύων, κύδιμε, σήμε σε κόμων, μήποτε, Μαρτυριανάκ, τεοῖς ἐπὶ χείρας ἐνέγκαι στήλη καὶ τύμβῳ· οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ’ ἱεροὶς.

Ῥώμη καὶ Βασιλῆς ἐμοὶ καὶ πείρατα γάλης στήλαι Μαρτυριανάκ, τὰς χρόνους οὐ δαμάσει· ἀλλ’ ἐμπνεῖ ὅλυνα περιδείδια, μὴ τι πάθησιν, τῶδε τάφῳ· πολλῶν οὐχ ὅσιαι παλάμαι.

Μαρτυριανοῦ σῆμα μεγακλέος, εἰ τὸν ἄκοινης Καππαδοκῶν Ῥώμης πρόθρονον εὐγενείων, παντόλαθι ἀρετήτοι κεκασμένον, ἄλλα κόμων περ ἀξίμανοι στήλην καὶ τάφον ἁμφιέπειν.

Οὐποτ’ ἐγὼ φθιμένουσιν ἐπέχραοι, οὐδ’ ἀπὸ τύμβων ἔργων ἐγείρα, δίκην ὅμων καὶ φθιμένουσι· τοῦσκα μηδ’ ἐπ’ ἐμοῖσιν φέρειν λάβοσι σίδηρον· εἰ δὲ φέροισ, τὴν σήν ἐς κεφαλὴν πεσέτω. Μαρτυριανὸς ἐγὼ τάδε λάσσομαι· εἰ τις ἐμεῖο κύδεος ἐστι χάρις, τύμβους ἂνε μενέτω.
BOOK VIII. 113-117

113.—On the Same

Most distinguished Martinianus, great vaunt of Cappadocia, we mortals reverence thy tomb too, who wert once in the King's citadel, strong among Prefects, and didst conquer Sicily and Libya by thy arms.

114.—On the Same

We swear, famous Martinianus, by the power of eternal God who ruleth on high and by the souls of the dead and thy dust, that we will never lay hands on thy monument and tomb. We never indeed lay hands on holy things.

115.—On the Same

Rome¹ and my princes and the limits of the earth are the monuments of Martinianus which time shall not destroy. But yet I fear lest this little tomb may meet with some evil. Many have impious hands.

116.—On the Same

The tomb of renowned Martinianus. Heard ye never of the president of the noble Cappadocians in Rome, adorned with every virtue? But reverence even his dust and tend his monument and tomb.

117.—On the Same

I never insulted the dead or used tomb-stones for building, I swear by justice and the dead. Therefore bring no more iron to attack my stones, or if thou dost, let it fall on thy own head. It is I, Martinianus, who request this. If there be any gratitude for my glory, let my tomb remain for ever.

¹ i.e. Constantinople, here and below.
118.—Εἰς διόμος, άλλα ὑπένερθε τάφος, καθύπερθε δὲ σηκός, τύμβος δειμμένοις, σηκός ἀεθλοφόρους· καὶ ρ' οἱ μὲν γλυκερὴν ἤδη κόνιν ἀμφεβάλουτο ὡς σὺ μάκαιρα δάμαρ Ἀμφίλοχου, Διβία, κάλλιμε θ' νυσσων, Εὐφήμως τοῦσδ' ὑπόδεχθε, μάρτυρες ἀτρεκίης, τοὺς ἐκτεινόμενους.

119.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
"Ωφελεῖς, δ' Διβία, ξώειν τεκέσσι φίλοισιν ὁφελεῖς ἄχρι πῦλης γῆρας ἐμπελάσαι· νῦν δὲ σε μοῦρ' ἐδάμασσεν ἁώριον, εἰσέτι καλήν, εἰσέτι κουριδίοις ἄνθεσε λαμπρόμενην. αἰαῖ· Ἀμφίλοχος δὲ τεὸς πόσις ἀντὶ δάμαρτος ἐσθλῆς καὶ πινυτῆς ἐλήμονα τύμβον ἔχει.

120.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν Διβίαν
Αἰαῖ· καὶ Διβίαν κατέχει κόνις. οὐποτ' ἑγώγε ὀισάμην θυητὴν ἐμεναί, εἰσορόων εἴδος, μειλιχιῶν τε σαοφροσύνην τε γυναικὸς, τοὺς φύλου πασέων καίνυτο θηλυτέρων· τοῦνεκα καὶ τοῖς σε τάφῳ κύδηνε θανοῦσαν σῶν τε τριάς τεκέων καὶ πόσις Ἀμφίλοχος.

121.—Εἰς Εὐφήμων καὶ Ἀμφίλοχον αὐταδέλφους
"Ἡν δυὰς ἦν ιερή, ψυχή μία, σώματα δισσά, πάντα κασυγνήτω, αἷμα, κλέος, σοφίαν, νίεσ Ἀμφίλοχου, Εὐφήμως Ἀμφίλοχος τε, πᾶσιν Καππαδόκαις ἀστέρες ἐκφανέες. δεινὸν δ' ἀμφιτέρους φθόνος ἔδρακε· τὸν μὲν ἀμερεῖ σε τοῦ καθ' τοῦ ἐλιπεν ἠμεσον Ἀμφίλοχον.
118.—On Livia, the Wife of Amphilochus

The building is one, but beneath is a tomb, above a chapel, the tomb for the builders, the chapel for the triumphant martyrs. And some of the builders have already put on sweet dust, like thee, Livia, blessed wife of Amphilochus, and thee, Euphemius loveliest of her sons. But, ye martyrs of truth, receive those who still survive.\(^1\)

119.—On the Same

Thou shouldest have lived for thy dear children, Livia, thou shouldest have reached the gate of old age, but now Fate has overcome thee before thy time, still beautiful, still shining with the flower of youth. Alas! thy husband Amphilochus in place of a good and wise wife has but a wretched tomb.

120.—On the Same

Alas! the earth holds Livia too. Never could I believe her to be mortal, when I looked on her beauty, her sweetness, her chastity, in all of which she surpassed the rest of her sex. Therefore on thy death thou hast been honoured by such a tomb at the hands of thy three children and thy husband Amphilochus.

121.—On the Brothers Euphemius and Amphilochus

It was a holy pair, one soul in two bodies, brothers in everything, blood, fame, wisdom, the sons of Amphilochus, Euphemius and Amphilochus, conspicuous in the eyes of all Cappadocia. But Envy cast a terrible glance on both and depriving one of life, left Amphilochus, but half himself, behind.

\(^1\) i.e. may they be buried in the same blessed place.
122.—Εἰς Εὐφήμουν
'Ῥήτωρ ἐν ῥήτηρισιν, ἀοιδοπόλος δ’ ἐν ἀοιδοῖς,
κῦδος ἕης πάτρης, κῦδος εὖν τοκέων,
ἀρτι γενειάσκων Εὐφήμιον, ἀρτι δ’ ἔρωτας
ἐς θαλάμους καλέων, ὄλετο· φεῦ παθέων·
ἀντι δὲ παρθενικής τύμβου λάχεων, ἢ’ ὑμεναιῶν
ἡματα νυμφιδίων ἡμαρ ἐπῆλθε γόων.

123.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Εἰκοσέτης πᾶσαν Εὐφήμιον, ὡς μιᾶν οὔτει,
'Ελλάδα κ’ Ἀὔσσονὴν μοῦσαν ἐφιππαμενος,
στράπτων ἀγλαϊή τε καὶ ἥθεσιν ἥλθ’ ύπὸ γαίαν.
ἀιαὶ· τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἡς μόρος ὁκύτερος.

124.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Χρυσεῖχης γενεῆς Εὐφήμιος ἦν ἔτι τυπθὸν
λείψανον, εὐγενεῖτης ἥθεα καὶ πραπίδας,
μείλιχος, ἡδυετής, εἰδος Χαρίτεσσιν ὀμολος·
τούνεκα καὶ θυντοῖς ὅυκ ἐπὶ δὴν ἐμίγη.

125.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Στράφε μέγ’ ἀνθρώποις Εὐφήμιος, ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ τυπθὸν·
καὶ γάρ καὶ στεροπῆς οὐ μακρὸν ἐστὶ σέλας·
στράψεν ὀμοῦ σοφίη τε καὶ εἴδει καὶ πραπίδεσσιν·
tὰ πρὶν Καππαδόκακας ἦν κλέα, νῦν δὲ γόος.

126.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Τὶς; τίνος;—’Ἀμφιλόχοι Εὐφήμιος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
οὔτος ὁ Καππαδόκακας πᾶσι διὰ στόματος·
οὔτος δὲν αἱ Χάριτες Μούσαις δόσαν· οἱ δ’ ὑμέναιοι
ἀμφὶ θύρας· ἠλθεν δ’ ὁ φθόνος ὁκύτερος.

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122.—On Euphemiuse

EUPHEMius, an orator among orators, a poet among poets, the glory of his country, the glory of his parents, is dead, but just bearded, but just beginning to call the loves to his chamber. Alas for the misfortune! Instead of a virgin bride he possesses a tomb, and the day of wailing overtook the days of the bridal song.

123.—On the Same

EUPHEMius, but twenty years old, gathering the honey of both the Greek and Latin muse, as none else gathered that of either, in all the splendour of his beauty and virtue, is gone under earth. Alas, how swift is the death of the good!

124.—On the Same

EUPHEMius was a little relic of the golden age, noble alike in character and intellect, gentle, sweet of speech, beautiful as the Graces. Therefore he dwelt not long among mortals.

125.—On the Same

EUPHEMius shone bright among men, but for a brief season; for the flash of the lightning too is not long. He shone alike in learning, beauty and intellect. His qualities were once the glory and are now the lament of Cappadocia.

126.—On the Same

Who, and whose son? Euphemiuseus the son of Amphilochus lies here, he who was the talk of all Cappadocia, he whom the Graces gave to the Muses. The chanters of the bridal song were at his gate, but Envy came quicker than they.
127.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
"Ερνος ἀμώμητον, Μουσῶν τέκος, ἐλαρ ἐταίρων,
kai χρύσεων Χαρίτων πλέγμα ἱστεφέων,
φέρετε ἐκ μερόπων Εὐφήμιος· οὐδ’ ἐτ’ ἀνίσχεν,
αἰαὶ, σοὶς θαλάμους πυρσὸς δὲν ἦσεν Ἕρως.

128.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Αἰ Χάριτες Μοῦσαις: "Τί ἰσώμεν; οὐκετ’ ἀγαλμα
χειρῶν ἡμετέρων Εὐφήμιος ἐν μερόπεσσιν."
χαί Μοῦσαι Χαρίτεσσαι: "Επει φθόνος ἐστὶν ἀλτρός,
τόσσον ἔχοι· ἡμῖν δὲ τόδ’ ὁρκιον ἕμπεδον ἐστώ,
μηκέτ’ ἀναστήσαι τοῖν μερόπεσσιν ἀγαλμα."

129.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Κρήναι καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ ἀλσεα, καὶ λαλαγεύντες
ὀρνιθὲς λυγυρὸι καλὸν ἐπ’ ἀκρεμόνων,
αὖραι τε μαλακὸν συρίγμασι κόμα φέρονται,
καὶ κήποι Χαρίτων εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένων,
κλαύσατε. ὁ χαρίεσσα Εὐφήμια· ὅς σε θανόν περ ὅ
Εὐφήμιος κλεινὴν θήκατ’ ἐπωνυμίην.

130.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Κάλλιμος ἱδθέων Εὐφήμιος, εἴποτ’ ἐρν γε·
kάλλιμος ἐν χώροις χώροις ὅδ’ ἡλύσιος·
tοινεκεν εἰς ἐν ἀγερθεν’ ἐπεὶ ξωὴν μὲν ἐλειψεν,
οὖνομα δ’ ἐν χώρῳ κάλλιτεν ἡγαθέω.

131.—Εἰς Ἀμφίλοχον
"Ἡλυθε κ’ Ἀμφιλόχου φίλον δέμας ἐς μέγα σήμα,
ψυχὴ δ’ ἐς μακάρων φόχετ’ ἀποταμένη.
127.—On the Same

Euphemius the faultless blossom, the son of the Muses, the spring of his comrades, the golden chaplet of the violet-crowned Graces, is gone from amongst men, and woe is me, the torch that love lit shone not on thy bridal chamber.

128.—On the Same

The Graces to the Muses: "What shall we do? Euphemius the statue moulded by our hands is no longer among the living." And the Muses to the Graces: "Since Envy is so wicked, let her have this much, but let us swear a sure oath, never again to raise such a statue among men."

129.—On the Same

Springs, rivers and groves, and singing birds that twitter sweetly on the branches, and breezes whose whistling brings soft sleep, and gardens of the linked Graces, weep. O charming Euphemias,¹ how Euphemius though dead has made thy name famous.

130.—On the Same

Euphemius was the most beautiful among the young men, if ever indeed there was such a one, and this Elysian place is most beautiful among places. Therefore were they united. He lost his life, but left his name to a lovely spot.

131.—On Amphilochus

Amphilochus' dear body has come too to the great tomb, but his soul flew away to the place of the

¹ The place where he was buried was called so.
πηοῖς πάντα πέπασσο, μακάρτατε· βιβλιόν εἴxml-as
πᾶσαν ὤσθηντών, κεῖ τις ἐπουρανίη.
γναλέος φιλίην ὑπέδυς χθόνα· τέκνα λέλοιπας
κρεῖςονα καὶ τοκέων· τὸ πλέον οὐ μερόπων.

132.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

'Ἄσμενος ὑ τε δάμαρτι καὶ νιεὶ πάρθετο σῶμα
'Ἀμφίλοχος, λυπαροῦ γήρας ἀντιάσας,
δοξιοιο, εὐγενετής, μύθων κράτος, ἀλκαρ ἀπάντων,
πηοὶ, εὐσεβέων, εὐγενεών, λογίων,
καὶ μύθως δοτῆρ περιώσιος. ἥμιδ' ἑταίρων
σῶν ἐνός, ὅ φιλότης, γράμμ' ἐπιτυμβίδιον.

133.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

'Ὡ μάκαρ', ὃ ξυνὸν πενίης ἄκος, ὃ πτερόεντες
μῦθου, καὶ πηγὴ πᾶσιν ἀρνομένη,
ἀσθματι πάντα λαπες πυμάτω· τὸ δ' ἅμ' ἑσπετεῖ μοῦνον
ἐνθεὶ ἀειρομένῳ κύδος ἂει θαλέθων.
Γρηγόριος τάδ' ἑγραψα, λόγῳ λόγου διν παρὰ σειο
'Ἀμφίλοχ', ἐξεδάνhic ἀντιχαριζόμενοι.

134.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

'Ἀμφίλοχος τέθυγκεν· ἀπόλευτο εἰ τε λέλειπτο
καλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποισ, ῥητορικὴς τε μένος,
καὶ Χάριτες Μοῦσαις μεμυγμέαν· ἐξοχα δ' αὐ σε
ἡ Διοκαισαρέων μύρατο πάτρα φίλη.

135.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Τυτθὸν μὲν πτολεμαίου, ἀτὰρ πολὺν ἀνέρα δῶκα
βήμασιν ἱδυδίκως ἡ Διοκαισαρέων,
'Ἀμφίλοχον· φθιμένω δὲ συνέφθιο καὶ πυρόεσσα
ῥήτης, καὶ πάτρῃς εὐχος ἀριστοτόκου.
blest. All thy possessions were thy kinsmen's, blessed among men. Thou didst leave no book human or divine unopened. In old age thou didst descend beneath the kind earth. Thou hast left children even better than their parents. More is not for mortals.

132.—On the Same

AMPHILÖCHUS in ripe old age gladly went to lie beside his wife and son. Happy he was, and noble, powerful of speech, the support of all—his relatives, the pious, the noble, the learned—lavish of excellent discourse. Lo, my friend, the epitaph written by one of thy comrades.

133.—On the Same

O blessed man, O universal healer of poverty, O winged words, O fountain from which all drew, with thy last breath thou didst leave all that was thine, and alone thy eternal good fame followed thee when thou wast taken. Gregory wrote this repaying thee by words for the skill of speech he learnt from thee.

134.—On the Same

AMPHILÖCHUS is dead: if aught good were left among men it is gone, the force of eloquence is gone, the Muses mingled with the Graces and above all did thy dear native city Diocaesarea mourn for thee.

135.—On the Same

I, DIOCÆSAREA, am a small town, but gave a great man, Amphilocho, to the Courts of Law. With him perished the fire of oratory and the boast of his native city which his birth ennobled.
ΓΕΕΚ ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΟ

136.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Τὸν ρήτρην πυρόςσαν ἐπὶ ἀντιπάλοις φέροντα, τὸν μέλιτος γλυκίῳ ἥθεα καὶ πραπίδας Ἀμφίλοχον κατέχω τυτθῇ κόνις, ἕκτοθε πάτρης, νιέα Φιλτάτιον Γοργονίας τε μέγαν.

137.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ῥητῆρες, φθέγγοισθε· μεμυκότα χείλεα συνή Ἀμφίλοχον μεγάλου τύμβος οὗ ἄμφις ἔχω.

138.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ἡρίων Ἀμφίλοχοιο μελίφρονος, ὡς ποτε ρήτρη πάντας Καππαδόκας καίνυτο καὶ πραπίσων.

139.—Εἰς Νικομήδην
Οὐχεῖα, ὁ Νικόμηδης, ἐμὸν κλέος· ἦ δε συνωρίς σῶν καθαρῆ τεκέων πῶς βλέν εξανύσει; τίς δὲ τέλος νηφὶ περικάλλει χειρ ἐπτιθήσει; τίς δὲ θερεί πέμψει φρὴν τελέην θυσίν, σείο, μάκαρ, μιχθέντος ἐπουρανίοισι τάχιστα; ὃ γενέη τλήμων, οὐα πάθες, μερόπων.

140.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Δέρκεο καὶ τύμβον Νικομήδεος, εἰ τιν’ ἄκουεις, ὃς νηὸν Χριστῷ δειμάμενος μεγάλως, αὐτὸν μὲν πρῶτιστον, ὡπείτα δὲ τὴν περίβωτον δῶκεν ἀγνῆν θυσίν παρθενίν τεκέων, φέρτερον οὐδὲν ἔχων, ἰερεύς, γενέτης τε φέριστος. τούνεκα καὶ μεγάλη ὡκα μῖγῃ Τριάδι.
136.—On the Same

A little dust covers far from his native place Amphilochochus the great son of Philtatius and Gorgonia, armed ever with fiery speech against his adversaries, but of a disposition and mind sweeter than honey.

137.—On the Same

Speak now, ye orators. This tomb contains the lips now closed of great Amphilochochus.

138.—On the Same

This is the tomb of sweet-souled Amphilochochus, who surpassed all Cappadocians in eloquence and intellect.

139.—On Nicomedes

Thou art gone, Nicomedes, my glory, and how shall the pure pair, thy children, pass their life? What hand shall finish the lovely church, and what mind shall render a perfect sacrifice to God, now that thou, blessed man, hast early joined the heavenly ones? O wretched race of mortals, what a misfortune is yours!

140.—On the Same

Look on the tomb of Nicomedes, if thou hast ever heard of him, who having built a temple to Great Christ, gave himself first and then the renowned virginity of his children a pure sacrifice to God, having no better to offer, the best of priests and fathers. Therefore he soon was united with the Great Trinity.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

141.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
"Τοστατὸς εἰς βίον ἦλθες ἀοίδιμον, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα ἔνθεν ἀνηέρθης. τις τάδ᾿ ἐνευσε δίκη; Χριστὸς ἀνάξ, Νικόμηδες, ὅπως σέο λαδν ἀνωθεν ἰδύνοις τεκέων σὺν ἴερῆ δυάδι.

142.—Εἰς Καρτέριον ἐταίρον τοῦ μεγάλου Γρηγορίου
Πη χειρὶ πολύμοχθον ἐπὶ χθονὶ, φίλταθ᾿ ἐταίρων, ἦλθες ἀρπαλέως, κύδιμε Καρτέριε; πη ποτ᾿ ἐβης νεότητος ἐμῆς οἰηία νωμῶν, ἦμος ἔτ᾿ ἀλλοδαπῆς μὴθον ἐμετρῶμην, δια βιότω μ᾿ ἐξησας ἀσαρκεῖ; ἢ ἤ ἐτεόν σοι Χριστὸς ἀναξ πάντων φίλτερος, δὸν νῦν ἔχεις. 5

143.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ἀστεροπῆ Χριστοίῳ μεγακλέος, ἔρκος ἀριστον ἡδέων, ζωής ἡνλοχ ημετέρης, μνώεο Γρηγορίου, τὸν ἐπλασας ἤθεσι κεδνοὺς, ἤν ὅτε ἦν, ἀρετῆς κοίρανε Καρτέριε.

144.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
"Ο πνεια δακρύων, δι' γούνατα, δι' θυέσιν ἀγνοτάτοις παλάμαι Χριστὸν ἀρεσσάμεναι Καρτέριον. πῶς λήξευ ὁμὸς πάντες βροτοίσιν; ἤθελεν ὑμνοπόλον κεΐθι χοροστασίη.

145.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
"Ἡρπασας, δι' Νικόμηδες, ἐμὸν κέαρ. ἥρπασάς ὡκα Καρτέριον, τῆς σῆς σύζυγον εὐσεβῆς.
BOOK VIII. 141-145

141.—On the Same

Late didst thou come to glorious life, but early wert thou taken thence. What justice so decreed? It was Christ the Lord, Nicomedes, so that from heaven thou mightest rule thy people together with the holy pair, thy children.

142.—To Carterius, the comrade of Gregory the Great

Dearest of comrades, noble Carterius, how hast thou suddenly departed, leaving me full of cares on earth? How hast thou departed, thou who didst direct the rudder of my youth, when in a strange land I was composing verse, thou who wert the cause of my spiritual life. Of a surety Christ the Lord, who now is thine, is dearer to thee than all.

143.—On the Same

Lightning of glorious Christ, best bulwark of youth, charioteer of my youth, remember Gregory whom thou didst mould in moral excellence once on a time, Carterius, lord of virtue.

144.—On the Same

O founts of tears, O knees, O hands of Carterius, that appeased Christ by most pure sacrifices. How like all mortals has he ceased to be? The choir there in heaven required a hymner.

145.—On the Same

Thou hast torn from me my heart, Nicomedes, thou hast carried off too soon Carterius, the partner of thy piety.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

146.—Eis tôn autôn

"Ω Ξώλων ξαθέων ἱερὸν πέδου, οἴον ἔρεισμα σταυροφόρων κόλποις Καρτέριοι κατέχεις.

147.—Eis Bάσσον τινὰ παρὰ ληστῶν ἀποκτανθέντα

Βάσσε φίλος, Χριστῷ μεμελημένος ἔξοχον ἄλλων, τήλε τεῆς πάτρης ληστορι χειρὶ δαμαίσθης, σκότε σε τύμβος ἔχει πατρώιος· ἄλλα καὶ ἐμπερὶ πάσιν Καππαδόκεσσι μέγα' ὀνομα σεῖο λέλειπται, καὶ στήλαι παγίων μέγ' ἀμείνονες, αἰς ἐνυγράφθης. 5 Γρηγορίου τόδε σοι μυμηῖον, δυν φιλέσκεσ.

148.—Eis tôn autôn

"Ως Ἀβραὰμ κόλποις τεθεῖς ὑποδέχετο, Βάσσε, σοῦ τέκος ἄηρεκέως πνεύματι Καρτέριοι· αὐτὰρ ἔγώ, εἰ καὶ σε τάφος σὺν πατρὶ καλύπτοι, ὀποτ' ἀφ' ὑμετέρῃς στήσομ' ὀμοζυγίης.

149.—Eis Φιλτάτιοι

Ἡθεον μεγάλοιο μέγαν κοσμίτορα λαοῦ χθῶν ἱερὴ κεύθω Φιλτάτιοι δέμας.

150.—Eis Εὐσέβειαν καὶ Βασίλισσαν

Εὐσέβιον, Βασίλισσα, μεγαλέες, ἐνθάδε κεῖνται, Ξώλων ἤγαθεν θρέμματα χριστοφόρα, καὶ Νόννης ξαθείς ἱερὸν δέμας. ὅστες ἀμείβεις τοῦσδε τάφους, ψυχῶν μνῆμε τῶν μεγάλων.
BOOK VIII. 146-150

146.—On the Same

O holy soil of divine Xola, how strong a support of the Christians was Carterius whom thou holdest in thy bosom.

147.—On Bassus who was slain by Robbers

Dear Bassus, the special darling of Christ, far from thy home thou hast fallen by the robber's hand; nor dost thou even rest in the tomb of thy fathers. But yet great is the name thou hast left in all Cappadocia. The columns\(^1\) in which thy name is written are far better than solid ones. This is the memorial made for thee by Gregory whom thou lovedst.

148.—On the Same

Receive, Bassus, as one lying in Abraham's bosom, Carterius, truly thy spiritual child. But I, though the tomb holds thee and thy father, will never desert your fellowship.

149.—On Philtatius

This holy earth covers the body of Philtatius, a youth who was the great ruler of a great people.

150.—On Eusebia and Basilissa

Here lie the most noble Eusebia and Basilissa, Christian nurslings of lovely Xola, and also Nonna's holy body. Thou who passest these tombs, remember the great souls.

\(^1\) The minds of men.
151.—Εἰς Ἐλλάδιον καὶ Ἐυλάλιον αὐταδέλφους
Αἰεὶ σοι νόσος ἤεν ἐς οὐρανόν, οὔτ᾽ ἐπὶ γαῖῃς
ἡρείδες χθαμαλῆς ἱχνιον οὐδ᾽ ὅλιγον·
tούθεν καὶ ὃς τάχος ἤλθες ἀπὸ χθονός· Εὐλάλιος δὲ
σὴν κόινην αὐμφίεπει σὸς κάσις, Ἐλλάδιε.

152.—Εἰς Ἐλλάδιον
Τὸν νεαρὸν, Χριστῷ δὲ μέγαν, πολιόν τε νόημα, ἡρος ὁδ᾽ ἀθλοφόρων Ἐλλάδιον κατέχω.
οὐ νέμεσις· κείνοις γὰρ ὁμολογὸν ἀλγὸς ἀνέτλη,
σβέννυς ἀντιπάλου τοῦ φθονεροῦ μόθου.

153.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Μικρὸν μὲν πνεύμασκε ἐπὶ χοῦν σαρκὸς ἀνάγκη,
πλεόνα δὲ ζωῆς ὑψόθι μοῖραν ἔχεις,
Ἀλλάδιε, Χριστῷ πέμπα κλέος· εἰ δὲ τάχιστα
δεσμῶν ἐξελύθης τοῦτο γέρας καμάτων.

154.—Εἰς Γεωργίον
Καὶ σὺ Γεωργίῳ φίλον δέμας, ἐνθάδε κεῖσαι,
ὅσ πολλὰς Χριστῷ πέμψας ἀγνας θυσίας·
σὺν δὲ κασιγνήτῃ σῶμα, φρένας, ἡ Βασίλισσα
ζυνόν ἔχει μεγάλη καὶ τάφον ὡς βιοτον.

155.—Εἰς Εὐπράξιον
Χώρης τῆς ιερῆς Εὐπράξιον ἀρχιερῆς
ἡ Ἀριανζαίη χθῶν μεγάλη κατέχω,
Γρηγορίοιο φίλον καὶ ἠλίκα, καὶ συνοδίην·
tοῦθεν καὶ τύμβου γείτονος ἡμίασεν.
151.—On the Brothers Helladius and Eulalius

Thy mind was ever in heaven, nor didst thou set foot at all on this low earth. Therefore very early hast thou gone from earth, and Eulalius thy brother tends thy dust, Helladius.

152.—On Helladius

This burial place of the martyrs holds Helladius young in years, but great in Christ and grey in thought. This is no profanation, for he suffered pains like theirs, extinguishing the attack of his envious adversary.

153.—On the Same

For a little season by the necessity of the flesh thou didst breathe on earth, but above a greater share of love is thine, Helladius, great glory of Christ. If thou wast early released from thy bonds, this was the reward of thy labours.

154.—On George

And thou dost lie here also, dear body of George, who didst render many pure sacrifices to Christ, and Basilissa the great, thy sister in body and spirit shares thy tomb as she shared thy life.

155.—On Eupraxius

This great land of Arianza contains the body of Eupraxius, high priest of the holy country, the friend and contemporary and fellow-traveller of Gregory. Therefore he lies buried near at hand.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

156.—Eis Naukrátion tòv ãdèlfôn tòv megálou Basileíou
'Ikhvubólon pot' ëlve líonv bùthís ãptò pètrhs
Naukrátios, ëivais èn potamoù bruxíais;
kai tà mèn ouk ánélusen: ò ð' ësgêto: pòs álìía
èrusoèn ãnd' álìhs díktuon, eìpì, lóge,
Naukrátion, katharoiô blîou vòmov, ãswper ëîskw,
kai õàrìn ëlðèmenai kai mòroû ëx údátwv.

157.—Eis tòn autòn
Naukrátios strophálughi ðâne ðhôneròu potamoû,
dèsmoiòwn bùthís árknos ènûchoménos;
òs ke màðhs sù, ðvntè, tà pàlynia toûde blîou,
èntheì ånthërrhì pòloû ãnd' âkra ðèwv.

158.—Eis tòn autòn
Naukrátios plèktoîo líonv dèsmoiòs ënûstheîs,
dèsmów toûde blîou ëx álìhs èlúthì.

159.—Eis Makéntion
Àìmatos èunýenéos gevómên, ðasìlêgos èn aûlaiûs
èsthn, òfrûn ãeiða kævôfrònà. ðànta kædísas,
Χrístòs èpêi me kàlèssse, blîou pòllalàis ãtârptois
ãxhos èreissa pòðoû tiânàmmiûs, ãxhos ãnèèòròn
tàv ñatàðèrhû. Χrístô ðhêa dèmas álgyeûì pòllalos;
kai ùûn koûfous ãnô Makéntios èntheì ånèppthû.

160.—Eis tòn autòn Makéntion
Pállleì ëmol kràdìh, Makéntie, seìo ãráphousa
oûnûma, òs stufèllh ðîlèhas ãdòn blîtòu,
ûmbrotôu, àipôseuán, àtêrpeà: seìo, fèrisète,
àtromos ãûdè tûfûo hristiânob pêlãi.
156.—On Naucratius, the Brother of Basil the Great

Naucratius was once freeing his fishing-net from a sunken rock in the roaring eddies of the river.\(^1\) The net he did not free, but was caught himself. Tell me, O Word, how the net landed the fisherman Naucratius, an example of pure life, instead of fish. As I conjecture, both grace and death came to him from the water.

157.—On the Same

Naucratius died in the eddy of the envious river, entangled in the toils of his sunken net, so that, mortal, thou mayst know the tricks of this life, from which this fleet-footed colt was removed.

158.—On the Same

Naucratius, caught in the fetters of his net, was released from the fetters of this life by fishing.

159.—On Maxentius

I, Maxentius, was born of noble blood; I stood in the Emperor’s Court, I was puffed up by vainglory. But when Christ called me, throwing all to the winds, I walked, stimulated by love for him, in many ways of life, until I found the steadfast one. I wasted my body for Christ by many hardships, and now flew up lightly from here.

160.—On the Same

My heart trembles as it writes thy name, Maxentius, who didst traverse a hard road of life, a lonely road, and steep and dismal. No Christian, O best of men, approaches even thy tomb without trembling.

\(^1\) The river Iris, as Gregory of Nyssa tells us. He was fishing to provide food for his aged parents.
161.—Εἰς Ἐμμελίαν τὴν μητέρα τοῦ ἁγίου Βασιλείου
'Ἐμμέλιον τέθυνε· τὶς ἔφρασεν; ἢ γε τοσούτων
καὶ τοῖς τεκέων δῶκε φάος βιότον,
νίεας ἦδε θύγατρας ὀμόξυγας ἀξυγέας τε,
ἐσπαίς καὶ πολύπαις ἦδε μόνη μερόπων.
τρεῖς μὲν τῇ ἁγία ἱερής ἀγακλήες, ἢ δ' ἱερής
σύζυγος· οἱ δὲ πέλας ὡς στρατὸς εὐαγέων.

162.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν 'Ἐμμελίαν
Θάμβος· ἔχειν μ' ὀρόσωντα τόσον γόνων 'Ἐμμελίου
καὶ τοῖς, μεγάλης νηδύος ὀλβοῦ ὅλον,
ὡς δ' αὐτὴν φρασάμην Χριστοῦ κτέαρ, εὐσεβῆς αἵμα,
'Ἐμμέλιον, τὸδ' ἔφην· Ὅμοιος· ἰδία τόση.
τοῦτο σοι εὐσεβῆς ἱερὸν γέρας, ὡς παναρίστη,
τιμή σῶν τεκέων, οἷς πόθον εἰχές ἐνα.

163.—Εἰς Μακρίναν τὴν ἀδελφήν τοῦ μεγάλου Βασιλείου
Παρθένου αἰγλήσσαν ἔχω κόνις, εἰ τῳ ἄκοινες
Μακρίναν, 'Ἐμμελίου πρωτότοκον μεγάλης·
ἡ πάντων ἄνδρων λάθεν ὄμματα· νῦν δ' ἐνὶ πάντων
γλώσσῃ καὶ πάντων φέρτερον εὐχος ἔχει.

164.—Εἰς Θεοσέβιον ἀδελφήν Βασιλείου
Καὶ σὺ Θεοσέβιον, κλεινῆς τέκος 'Ἐμμελίου,
Γρηγορίου μεγάλου σύζυγος ἄτρεκέως,
ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν υπέδυς χθόνα, ἔρμα γυναικῶν
εὐσεβέων· βιότον δ' ὁριος ἑξελύθης.
161.—On Emmelia, the Mother of St. Basil

Emmelia is dead; who would have thought it, she who gave to life the light of so many and such children, sons and daughters married and unmarried? She alone among mortals had both good children and many. Three of her sons were illustrious priests, and one daughter the wife of a priest, and the rest like an army of saints.

162.—On the Same

I marvelled when I looked on the great and goodly family of Emmelia, all the wealth of her mighty womb; but when I considered how she was Christ's cherished possession of pious blood I said this: “No marvel! The root is so great.” This is the holy recompense of thy piety, thou best of women, the honour of thy children, with whom thou hadst one desire.

163.—On Macrina, the Sister of St. Basil

The earth holds the glorious virgin Macrina, if ye ever heard her name, the first-born child of great Emmelia. She let herself be seen by no man, but is now on the tongues of all, and has glory greater than any.

164.—On Theosebia, the Sister of St. Basil

And thou, Theosebia, child of noble Emmelia, and in very truth spouse of great Gregory, liest here in holy soil, thou stay of pious women. Ripe in years didst thou depart this life.
165.—Εἰς Γρηγόριον τῆς μητρὸς ἀδελφὸν
Γρηγόριον μήτρως, ἵερευς μέγας, ἐνθάδ ζήτηκε
Γρηγόριος, καθαροῖς Μάρτυσι παρθέμενος,
ἡθεν, θαλάθοντα, νεόχυρον: αἱ δὲ πάροιδεν
τῆς γηροτροφίας ἐλπίδες ἦδε κόνις.

166.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν μαρτυρίοις τρυφῶντας
Εἰ φίλον ὁρχησταῖς ἀθλήματα, καὶ φίλον ἐστὼ
θρύψις ἀεθλοφόροις: ταῦτα γὰρ ἀντιθέτα.
εἰ δ᾿ οὐκ ὁρχησταῖς ἀθλήματα, οὐδὲ ἀθληταῖς
ἡ θρύψις, πῶς σὺ Μάρτυς δῶρα φέρεις
ἀργυρον, σῶνον, βρῶσιν, ἐρεύγματα; ἥρᾳ δίκαιος
ὅσ πληροὶ θυλάκους, ἀν ἀδικώτατος ἔσ;

167.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μάρτυρες, εἴπατε ἅμμιν ἀληθῶς, εἰ φίλον ὑμῖν
αἱ σύνοδοι: τί μὲν οὖν ἦδον; ἀντὶ τίνος;
τῆς ἀρετῆς: πολλοὶ γὰρ ἀμείνους ὤδε γένοιτ' ἂν,
εἰ τιμῶτ' ἀρετή. τοῦτο μὲν εὐ λέγετε.
ἡ δὲ μέθη, τὸ τε γαστρὸς ὑπάρχειν τοὺς θεραπευτὰς 5
ἀλλος: ἀθλοφόρων ἐκλυσις ἀλλοτρία.

168.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μὴ ψεύδεσθ' ὅτι γαστρὸς ἐπαινέται εἰςὶν ἀθληταλ
καιμὸν ὀδε νόμοι, ὦ γαθοὶ, ὑμετέρων
μάρτυς δ᾿ εἰς τιμὴν ἐν ἐπιστάμαντι: ὦ βρων ἐλαύνειν
ψυχῆς καὶ δαπανῶν δάκρυσι τῆς πιμελῆν.
165.—*On Gregory, his Mother’s Brother*

Gregory the high priest, laid here his nephew Gregory, yet in the first bloom of youth, entrusting him to the pure martyrs. His former hopes of being tended by him in his old age are here turned to dust.

166.—*On those who feast luxuriously in the Churches of the Martyrs*¹

If the pains of martyrdom are dear to dancers, then let luxury be dear to the martyrs, for these two things are opposite. But if neither these pains are dear to dancers, nor luxury to the martyrs, how is it thou bringest as gifts to the martyrs, silver, wine, food, belching? Is he who fills that bag his body just, even if he be most unjust?

167.—*On the Same*

“Tell me, martyrs, truly, if ye love the meetings?” “What could be dearer to us?” “For the sake of what?” “Virtue, for if virtue were honoured, many men would become better.” “Ye are right in this, but drunkenness and enslavement to the belly is for others. Dissipation is alien to the martyrs.”

168.—*On the Same*

Assert not falsely that martyrs are commenders of the belly. This is the law of your gullets, good people. But I know one way of honouring the martyrs, to drive away wantonness from the soul, and decrease thy fatness by weeping.

¹ These meetings had of course a religious character to celebrate the festivals of the martyrs. What Gregory complains of is that festivals degenerated into festivities.
169.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μαρτύρομ', ἀθλοφόροι καὶ μάρτυρες· ὡβριν ἔθηκαν
tιμᾶς ύμετέρας οἱ φιλογαστορίδαι.
οὐ ξητεῖτε τράπεζαν ἐπύπνουν, οὐδὲ μαγείρους·
οἱ δ' ἐρυγᾶς παρέχουσ' ἀντ' ἀρετῆς τὸ γέρας.

170.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Τρισθανέες, πρῶτον μὲν ἐμίξατε σώματ' ἀνάγνων
ἀθλοφόροις, τύμβοι δὲ θυτόδουν ἀμφίς ἔχουσιν·
διήτερον αὐτὲ τάφους τοὺς μὲν διεπέρσατ' ἀθέσμως,
αὐτόλ σήματ' ἔχοντες ὅμοια· τοὺς δ' ἀπέδουσθε,
πολλάκι καὶ τρῖς ἔκαστον· δὲ τρίτον, ἱεροσυλεῖς· ὅ
μάρτυρας οὐς φιλέεις· Σοδομίτιδες ἦξατε πηγαῖ.

171.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Παιδες Χριστιανῶν τὸ δ' ἀκούσατε· οὐδὲν ὁ τύμβος·
pῶς οὐν ύμετέρους χώννυτ' ἀριστρέπεας;
ἀλλ' ἔστω καὶ πάσι γέρας τόδε, μηδὲ τάφοισιν
βάλλειν ἀλλοτρίοις δυσμενέας παλάμαις.
εἰ δ' ὅτι μὴ νέκυς οἶδε τὰ ἐνθάδε, τοῦτ' ἄδικαστον, δ' ὅ
πείθομαι, ἢν σὺ φέρης πατρὸς ὡβριν φθιμένου.

172.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Τυμβολέται, γάστρωνες, ἔρευγόβιοι, πλατύνωτοι,
μέχρι τίνος τύμβοις Μάρτυρας ἀλλοτρίοις
tιμᾶτ', εὐσεβέοντες δ' μὴ θέμις; ἵσχετε λαμοῦς,
καὶ τότε πιστεύσω Μάρτυσυν ἡρα φέρειν.

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BOOK VIII. 169–172

169.—On the Same

I testifie, ye martyrs. The belly-lovers have made your worship into wantonness. Ye desire no sweet-smelling table, nor cooks. But they honour you with belching rather than righteousness.

170.—On the Same, and on Violators of Tombs

Thrice worthy of death, first ye laid beside the martyrs the bodies of impure men, and their tombs contain the bodies of pagan priests. Secondly, ye wickedly destroyed some tombs, ye who have tombs like unto them; and others ye sold, often each tomb thrice. In the third place, ye are guilty of sacrilege to those martyrs whom ye love. Come, ye fiery founts of Sodom!

171.—On the Same

Harken to this, ye sons of Christians. The tomb is nothing. Why, then, do ye make your tombs magnificent? But this reverence is due to all, not to lay hostile hands on the tombs of others. But if this should escape punishment, because the corpse does not feel what is done to it here, I agree, if thou canst put up with an outrage done to thy dead father.

172.—On the Same

Destroyers of tombs, gluttons who live but for belching, broad-backed, how long shall ye continue to honour the martyrs by the spoils of the tombs of others, with impious piety? Contain your greed, and then I will believe ye bring what is acceptable to the martyrs.
173.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἀπὸ τῶν ἐκ τάφων λίθων ναοὺς οἰκοδομοῦντας
Τιμὴ Μάρτυσιν ἐστὶν ἀεὶ θυσίκειν βιότητι,
αἰματος ὑπανίον μυσομένου μεγάλου,
τύμβων δὲ φθείρει: δὴ βήματα ὑμῖν ἐγείρει
ἀλλοτρίοισι λίθοις, μηδὲ τάφοι τύχοι.

174.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν μαρτυρίοις τρυφῶντας
Μάρτυρες, αἷμα θεοῦ μεγάλην ἐσπείρατε λοιβήν,
καὶ μέντοι θέοθεν ἄξια δῶρ' ἔχετε,
βήμαθ', ὕμνους, λαοὺς, εὐχῶν σέβας. ἀλλ' ἀπὸ
tύμβων
φεύγετε, νεκροκόμοι, Μάρτυσι πειθόμενοι.

175.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Δαίμοσιν εὐλαπίναζον, ὅσοις τὸ πάροιθε μεμηλεί
dαιμοσιν ἢρα φέρειν, οὐ καθαρὰς θαλλας·
tούτου Χριστιανοὶ λύσιν εὐρομεν, ἀθλοφόρουσι
στησάμεθ' ἁμετέρως πνευματικὰς συνόδους.
νῦν δὲ τι τάρβος ἔχει με· ἀκούσατε οἱ φιλόκωμοι·
πρὸς τοὺς δαίμονικοὺς αὐτομολεῖτε τύπους.

176.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Μηκέτι πηκτῶν ἄροτρον ἀνὴρ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλαύνοι,
μὴ πέλαγος πλάσοι, μὴ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχοι·
ἀλλὰ φέρων σκαπάνην τε καὶ ἄγριον ἐν φρεσὶ θυμόν,
ἐς τύμβων πατέρων χρυσὸν ἱοὶ ποθέων·
ὀππότε καὶ τοῦτον τις ἐμὸν περικαλλέα τύμβον
σκάψειν ἀτασθαλέων εἴνεκα κερδοσύνης.
173.—To those who build Churches out of Stones taken from Tombs

It is paying honour to the martyrs always to die to life, remembering the great heavenly blood; but tombs are an honour to the dead. Let him who erects shrines to us out of the stones belonging to others lack himself a tomb.

174.—On those who feast in Martyrs' Churches

Martyrs, ye poured your blood a great libation to God, and from God ye have fitting reward, shrines, hymns, congregations, the honour of prayers. But ye worshippers of the dead, do as the martyrs bid you, and keep away from tombs.

175.—On the Same

In honour of the demons those who wished formerly to gain the favour of the demons celebrated impure banquets. This we Christians abolished, and instituted spiritual meetings for our martyrs. But now I am in some dread. List to me, ye revellers: ye desert us for the rites of devils.

176.—On Violators of Tombs

(The remaining Epigrams are all on the same Subject)

Let no man any longer drive a sturdy plough into the land; let him not sail the sea, nor bear a threatening spear, but with pickaxe and savage heart go to seek gold in the tombs of his fathers, now that some wicked man has dug up, for the sake of gain, this beautiful tomb of mine.
177.—"Αλλο

'Επτά βλοιο πέλει τάδε θαύματα: τείχος, ἄγαλμα, κήποι, πυραμίδες, νησί, ἄγαλμα, τάφος:
οἴγδοον ἔσκοκν ἐγωγε πελόριος ἐνθάδε τύμβος,
ὑψιπαγής, σκοπέλων τῶν ἀποτήλε θέων
πρώτος δ' ἐν φθιμένοισιν αἰοίδίμοις, ἔργων ἀπληστον 5
tῆς σῆς, ἀνδροφόνε, μαίνομένης παλάμης.

178.—"Αλλο

'Ην οὖτε ἢν άτλακτός ἐγὼ τάφος οὐρεος άκρην
πουλύς ύπερτέλλων τηλεφανής σκόπελος:
νῦν δέ με θὰρ ἐτίναξεν ἐφέστιος εἶνεκα χρυσοῦ
ἀδεν ἐτινάχθην γείτονος ἐν παλάμαις.

179.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

Τὸν τύμβοιο τόσον ληστορα, ὅπερ πάντη
λάων τετραπέδων ἀμφιθείει στέφανος,
ἀξίου αὐτίκ' ἔθη, αὐτῷ ἐνι σήματι θέντας
αὕτης ἐπικλείσαι χάσματα δυσσεβεῖ.".

180.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

'Εργον ἀλιτρὸν ὅπωπα, κεχνύτα τύμβου, ὄδεύων
χρυσοῦ ταυτα πέλει ἐργαμα τοῦ δολίου
εἰ μὲν χρυσὸν ἔχεις, εὗρες κακον: εἰ δ' ἄρα κεινὸς
ἐνθεν ἔβης, κενεὶν μήσαι δυσσεβήν.

181.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς

'Οσσάτιον παράμενης βροτῶν βίον' οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐμελλὼν
ἐκφυγείν παλάμας γείτονος οὐλομένας,
ὅς με καὶ αἰπύν ἐόντα χαμαλ βάλε νηλεῖ θυμῷ,
οὔτε Θεων δεῖσας, οὔδ' ὁσίην φθιμένων.

1 (1) The wall of Babylon, (2) The statue of Zeus at
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BOOK VIII. 177-181

177

These are the seven wonders of the world: a wall, a statue, gardens, pyramids, a temple, another statue, a tomb.\(^1\) The eighth was I, this vast tomb rising high above these rocks; and among the dead I am most celebrated, owing to the greed of thy furious hand, murderer.

178

I was once an undisturbed tomb, like a rock rising high above the mountain summit, and conspicuous from afar; but now a beast of my own house has destroyed me for the sake of gold, and thus I was demolished by the hands of my neighbour.

179

For the spoiler of so fine a tomb, with a cornice of squared stones all round it, it were a fitting fate to put him in the tomb, and close on the impious wretch the gaps he made.

180

As I journeyed I saw an impious thing, a gaping tomb. This is the work of deceitful gold. If thou didst find gold, thou hast acquired an evil, but if thou wentest away empty thou hast got thee empty impiety.

181

How long did I outlive the life of man! Yet it was not my fate to escape the destructive hands of my neighbour, who relentlessly cast me down, high as I was, fearing neither God nor the respect due to the dead.

Olympia, (3) the hanging gardens of Babylon, (4) the pyramids, (5) the temple of Diana at Ephesus, (6) the Colossus of Rhodes, (7) the Mausoleum.
182.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τὸν τύμβων κακοεργῶν ἀλάστορα φεύγετε πάντες· ἡμεῖς δὲ σαρκωπήγης ῥήξατο ῥηίδώς· οὐ μὲν ῥηίδως ἐρρήξατο· ἀλλὰ ἀποτήλευται καθεσθε· φθιμένους δὲ ἂν ἀρεσσάμεθα.

183.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Αλάι δὲς τι κακὸν προτισσόμαι ἐγκύθει ἡδή τοῖς τε τυμβορύχοις, τοῖς τε περικτισίωι, σῆματος ψυθεόντος ὀλολότος· ἀλλὰ τὸν ἔχθρον οἴδε δίκη· δακρύειν δὲ ἡμέτερον φθιμένους.

184.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μανσόλου τάφος ἔστι τελώριος, ἀλλὰ Κάρεσσι τίμως· οὕτως ἔκει τυμβολέτης παλάμη· Καππαδόκεσσιν ἔγωγε μέγερεςς ἔξοχος, ἀλλὰ δέδορκας οία πάθουν· στήλη γράψατε νεκροφόνου.

185.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τοῦχος εὖ προπόδεσσι καὶ ὠρθῶς· ἐνθεύ ἐπείτα ὕπτιος, ἐκ λαγόνων εἰς ἐν ἀγερομένων τύμβος ἔρνη, καθύπερθε λόφου λόφου· ἀλλὰ τί ταῦτα; οὐδὲν χρυσοφίλας οἱ μ᾽ ἔτιναξαν ὅλου.

186.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Νεκρῶν νεκρά πέλων καὶ μυκήματα· ὅς δὲ ἀνεγείρει τύμβων ἀριστερεά τῇ κώλις, τοῖα πάθου· οὐ γὰρ ἂν οὔτος ἀνήρ τὸν ἔμοιν τάφον ἐξαλάπαξεν, εἰ μὴ χρυσόν ἔχειν ἥλπετο ἐκ νεκύων.
BOOK VIII. 182-186

182

Avoid, all men, the wicked profaner of tombs. Lo! what a high tower has he broken down with ease; but retire far from him, and thus shall we please the dead.

183

Woe is me! I foresee some evil about to befall the profaners of tombs and the neighbours, now the lofty tomb has been destroyed. But Justice knows the enemy, and it is ours but to weep for the dead.

184

The tomb of Mausolus is vast, but the Carians honour it; there are no desecrating hands there. I was chief among the Cappadocians, but you see what I have suffered. Write on the stele the name of the murderer of the dead.

185

The lower courses of the tomb were perpendicular, but above this it was composed of four inclined flanks meeting in one. It was like a hill surmounting a hill. But what use was all this? It was nothing to the gold-seekers who demolished it entirely.

186

Let the monuments of the dead be dead too, and let him who erects a magnificent tomb to the dust meet with this fate. For that man would never have pillaged my tomb if he had not expected to get gold from the dead.
187.—Eis toús aitóús
Τίς τίνος; Οὐκ ἔρεει στήλη πρὸ γὰρ ὡλετο τύμβου. 
Τίς χρόνος; Ὀρχαίης σῆμα τὸ δ' ἐργασίης. 
Τίς δὲ σ' ἐνήρατο; εἰπ'ε φόνος τόδε. Χεῖρες ἀλητράλ 
γελτονος. Ὄς τι λάβῃ Χρυσόν. Ἡχοι σκοτίην.

188.—Eis toús aitóús
"Ὅστις ἐμὸν παρὰ σῆμα φέρεις πόδα, ἵσθι με ταῦτα 
τοῦ νεοκληρονόμου χερσὶ παθὸντ' ἄδικως; 
οὐ γὰρ ἔχον χρυσὸν τε καὶ ἄργυρον, ἀλλ' ἐδοκίθην, 
κάλλει μαρμάρων τοσσατίων λαγόνων.

189.—Eis toús aitóús
Στῆθι τέλας, καὶ κλαῦσον ἰδὼν τόδε σῆμα θανόντος. 
εἰπτοτ' ἔνα, νῦν αὐτε τάφον δηλήμονος ἄνδρος. 
σῆμα τέλω μὴ τύμβου ἐγείρειε βροτὸς ἄλλος. 
τῷ πλέον, εἰ παλάμασει φιλοχρύσουσιν ὀλείται;

190.—Eis toús aitóús
Αἰδὼν καὶ κληθίδες ἀμειδήτου θανάτου, 
καὶ λήθη, σκοτίης βένθεα, καὶ νέκυες, 
πῶς ἔτη πυρ τύμβου τοὶ ἐμὸν ἐπὶ χειράς ἐνεγκείν; 
πῶς ἔτη; φθιμένων κηδεῖται οὐδ' ὀσίη;

191.—Eis toús aitóús
Τέτρωμαι πληγήσων ἀεικελήσσων ὁ τύμβος 
τέτρωμ', ὡς τις ἄνηρ ἐν δαί λευγαλέη. 
ταῦτα φίλα θυντοῦσί; τὸ δ' αἰτίον ὡς ἀθέμιστον 
τοῦ νεκρῶν οἶον ἔχων, χρυσὸν ἀποξέομαι.
BOOK VIII. 187–191

187

"Who and whose son?" "The slab will not tell you, for it perished before the tomb." "What is the date?" "This is a tomb of old workmanship." "And who slew thee, for this is murder?" "The criminal hands of my neighbour." "To get what?" "Gold." "May he dwell in darkness."

188

Let whoever passes by my tomb be aware that I was injuriously treated by the new heir. I contained no gold and silver, but I looked as if I did so, glistening as I was with the beauty of so many faces.

189

Stand hard by and weep as ye look on this tomb of some dead man, if ever he existed, but which is now the tomb of an evil-doer. I am a monument proclaiming that none else should erect a tomb; for what does it serve, if it is to perish by hands greedy of gold?

190

Ages eternal, and locked portals of solemn death, and river of forgetfulness, and abysses of darkness, and ye dead, how did any man dare to lay hands on my tomb? How did he dare? Even religion does not protect the dead.

191

I, the tomb, am wounded by shameful blows; I am wounded like a man in the fierce battle. Is this what pleases mortals? And how lawless the motive! I contain but a corpse, and am stripped of my gold.
192.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πρὸς σε θεοῦ ξενίου λιτάξομαι, ὅστις ἀμείβεις τύμβον ἐμὸν, φράζειν: “Τοία πάθοις ὁ δράσας.” οὐκ οἶδ’ δυτικα τύμβος ἐχει νέκυι; ἀλλ’ ἐρέω γε δάκρυ’ ἐπιστένδων: “Τοία πάθοις ὁ δράσας.”

193.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πάντα λυτῶν, γαϊῆς τε μυχοῦ καὶ πείρατα πόντου, ἦλθες ἐχειν ποθέων χρυσὸν ἐμοῦ νέκυνοι. νεκρὸν ἔχω καὶ μῆνιν ὀλολότος· ἢ τις ἐπέλθη, ταύτ’ εἰ λείξῃ, δάσομεν ἀσπασίως.

194.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Εἰ σοι χρυσὸν ἐδωκα μόνῳ μόνος, οὐκ ἐφύλασσες τοῦθ’ ὁπερ εἰλήφεις; ἢ κακὸς ἦσθ’ ἃν ἄγαν. εἰ δὲ τάφου σκάπτεις, τὴν αἰδέσιμον παραθήκην, καὶ τὸδ’ ἐπὶ χρυσῷ, ἄξιος, εἰπέ, τίνος;

195.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τοὺς ξώντας κατόρυσσε· τί γὰρ νεκροὺς κατορύσσεις; ἄξιοι εἰσὶ τάφων, οὐ σὲ ζῆν εἶασαν οὕτω, τὸν τὸν οἰχομένων ὑβρισθὴν καὶ φιλόχρυσον.

196.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Καὶ σὺ, τάλαν, παλάμησι τεαῖς ἡ μῦστιν ἐδώδην δέξῃ θαρσαλέως, ἡ θεὸν ἄγκαλέσεις χειρεσιν αἰς διόρυγας ἐμὸν τάφον; ἢ μὴ δίκαιοι οὐδὲν ἐχοῦσι πλέον, εἰ σὺ τάλαντα φύγωις.

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BOOK VIII. 192-196

192

"I beseech thee, who passest by my tomb, by that God who protects strangers to say, 'May the like befall thee who did it.'" "I know not who lies in the tomb, but shedding on it a tear I will say, 'May the like befall thee who did it.'"

193

Neglecting all else, the bowels of the earth and the uttermost seas, thou comest lusting to get gold from my corpse. I hold but a corpse and the wrath of the dead. If anyone attack me to rob me of these things I will give him them gladly.

194

If I had given thee gold without the cognisance of any, wouldest thou not have kept for me what thou didst receive? Otherwise thou wouldst have been very wicked. But if thou diggest up a tomb, a solemn trust, and this for the sake of gold, say of what art thou worthy?

195

Bury the living, for why dost thou bury the dead? They are worthy of burial, who thus allowed thee to live, insulter of the departed and luster after gold.

196

Wretch, shalt thou take boldly in thy hands the mystic food, or invoke God with those hands which broke into my tomb? The just, indeed, have no profit if thou dost escape the scales of Justice.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

197.—Eis touς αυτους
Φησι Δικη. “Τίς πίστις, ὃτ’ ὠλεσας διν λαγόνεσσιν σήσιν ἤδωκα, νέκυν, γαία φίλη, φθίμενον;”
“Οὐ γαίη μ’ ετώναξεν ἀτάσθαλος ὠλεσεν ἄνήρ, καὶ φιλοκερδέης εἶνεκα. τούτων ἔχε.”

198.—Eis touς αυτους
Πρόσθε τάδ’ ήεν ἄσυλα: θεός, νέκυν, ἀλλὰ θεὸς μὲν Ἰλαος: εἰ δὲ νέκυς, ὄψεθ’ ὁ τυμβολέτης.

199.—Eis touς αυτους
’Η ρά σε δινήσουσιν ’Ερμυνές: αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε κλαύσομ’ ἀποφθιμένους, κλαύσομ’ ἄγος παλάμης.

200.—Eis touς αυτους
Αῆξατε, τυμβοχόου, ναὶ λῆξατε βένθεσι γαῖης κεύθεν τους φθιμένους: εἰξατε τυμβολέταις. νεκρῶν καὶ τάδε γ’ ἐστὶ σοφίσματα, ὡς φιλόχρυσον εὐρώσιν παλάμην, σήματα τοῖα χέειν.

201.—Eis touς αυτους
Τίς σ’ ἀνένεκεν, ἀπληστε, τόσον κακὸν ἀντὶ τόσοι κέρδες ἀλλάξαι, μηδὲ παρεσταότος;

202.—Eis touς αυτους
Στῆλαι καὶ τύμβοι, μέγα χαίρετε, σήματα νεκρῶν οὐκέτι κηρύξεω μνήμασι τοὺς φθιμένους, ἥνικα τὸν περὶφαντον ἐμὸν τάφον ὠλεσε γείτον. Γαία φίλη, σὺ δὲ μοι δέχυσο τοὺς φθιμένους.
BOOK VIII. 197-202

197

Quoth Justice, "What faith is there, since thou, dear earth, hast destroyed him whom I entrusted to thy womb?" "It was not the earth that disturbed me; a wicked man destroyed me, and for the sake of gain. Lay hold on him."

198

Formerly these two were inviolate, God and the dead. God is merciful, but the destroyer of tombs will see if the dead is or not.

199

The Furies shall torture thee, but I will weep for the dead and for the guilt of thy hand.

200

Cease, ye builders of tombs; yea, cease to hide the dead in the depths of the earth. Give way before the destroyers of tombs. This is a device\(^1\) of the dead to erect such tombs in order that they may meet with a hand that lusts for gold.

201

Who prompted thee, insatiable man, to exchange such a crime for such a gain, and that gain non-existent?

202

Farewell ye gravestones and tombs, the monuments of the dead! I will no longer proclaim the names of the dead on their tombs now that my neighbour has destroyed my handsome tomb. Dear Earth, I pray thee to receive the dead.

\(^1\) The sense is obscure.
203.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Στῆλαι, καὶ πλακόεντες ἐν οὐρεσιν, ἐργα γυγάντων,
tύμβου, καὶ φθιμένων ἀφθιτε μυημοσύνη,
σειμὸς πάντα βράσεις, ἐμοῖς νεκύεσσιν ἀρήγων,
ois ἐπὶ χεῖρ ὀλοή ἦλθε σιδηροφόρος.

204.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Ἡνίκα τῶν περίβωτων ἐπ' οὐρεοῖς, ἄγριε Τιτάν,
tύμβου ἀνερρήξω, πῶς ἔσιδες νεκνας,
ὡς δ' ἔσιδες, πῶς χεῖρες ἐπ' ὀστέα; ἢ τάχα κέν σε
τῇ σχέσου, εἰ θέμις ἣν τοῖσ'd' ἐνα τύμβου ἔχειν.

205.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Σήματα, καὶ σποδῇ, καὶ ὀστεά, οἳ τε πάρεδροι
δαίμονες, οἳ φθιμένων ναίστε τόνδε λόφου,
tόνδ' ἀλητρὸν τίνωσθε, δς υμέας ἐξαλάπαξεν.
tῶν δὲ περικτίων δάκρυν ὕμμιν όσον.

206.—Κατά τυμβορόχων
Τύμβου, καὶ σκοπιαὶ, καὶ οὐρεὰ, καὶ παροδίται,
κλαύσατε τύμβον ἐμόν, κλαύσατε τυμβολέτην;
ἡχώ δ' ἐκ σκοπέλων πυματηγόρος ἀντιαχείτω
τῶνδε περικτίων· "Κλαύσατε τυμβολέτην."

207.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Κτείνετε, ληδεσθε, κακοι κακοκερδεῖς ἄνδρες;
οὕτις ἐπισχῆσει τὴν φιλοχρησμοσύνην.
εἰ τάδ' ἔτης, κακοεργῇ, κακόφρονος εἶνεκα χρυσοῦ,
pάσι τεὴν ἐπέχειν ἀρπαλέντι παλάμην.
BOOK VIII. 203-207

203

Ye gravestones and broad tombs in the hills, the work of giants, and thou eternal memory of the departed, may an earthquake shake you all to pieces, coming to the aid of my dead, whom the destructive hand, armed with the pick, attacks.

204

When, savage Titan, thou didst break into the famous tomb on the hill, how didst thou dare to look on the dead, and, looking on them, how to touch the bones? Verily they would have caught thee and kept thee there, if it were permitted to thee to share their tomb.

205

Tombs, and dust, and bones, and attendant spirits who dwell in this mound, take vengeance on the wicked man who pillaged you. How the neighbours weep for you!

206

Tombs, and summits, and hills, and passers by, weep for my tomb and weep for its destroyer. And may echo, that repeats the last words, cry from these neighbouring hills, "Weep for the destroyer."

207

Slay and plunder, ye evil men, lovers of filthy lucre; none will check your love of money. If thou hadst the courage to do this for the sake of evil-counselling gold, venture to lay thy rapacious hand on all things.
208.—Eis tòus autòús
Oútos ēpérse evi món filóu táfou élpídi koufí, óu mónon kteínav énthev ápílìvon ékhoi
kai tòutò tis álteros éaís palámai ólésiein, eík d' ólésas túmboi tìle báloai patérwos.

209.—Eis tòus autòús
Tis tòon émòn diépérse filóu táfou, ou'reos ákris
tès' ánaveirómenon ἱλίκον ὀσσάτης;
χρυσὸς ἔθηκε μάχαιραν ἐπ' ἀνδράς: χρυσὸς ἀπ-
ληστον
κύμασι χειμερίοις ωλεσε ναυσιβάτην,
καμὲ χρυσὸς ἐπέρσε μέγαν περικαλλέα τύμβον ἐλπισθείς: χρυσοῦ δεύτερα πάντ' ἀδίκους.

210.—Eis tòus autòús
Πολλάκι ναυηγοῦ δέμας κατέχωσεν ὀδίτης
κύμασι πλαξόμενον, πολλάκι θηρολέτου:
ἡ δη καὶ πολέμω τις δν ὀλέσεν: ἀλλ' ἐμὲ γεῖτων
χωσθέντ' ἀλλοτρίαις χεροὶν ἐπέρσε τάφον.

211.—Eis tòus autòús
'Ω χρυσοῦ δολόιο, πόσον κακὸν ἐπλεο θυρτοῖς:
ζώσιν καὶ φθιμένοις χείρα φέρεις ἀδικῶν
οῖς γὰρ ἐμὸν τύμβοι τε καὶ ὡστεα δόκα φυλάσσειν,
tóv' ὦπο ταῖς μιαραῖς ἔξολομην παλάμαις.

212.—Eis tòus autòús
Πάντ' ἔθανεν νεκύεσσι. τὶ παίξομεν; οὔτες ὑπὲ αἰδῶς
ἐκ ξόντων φθιμένοις. δέρκεο τόνδε τάφον,
ὅν γ' ἐπιλέ χρυσοίο διόλεσε. τόσον ἑόντα
θαῦμα παρερχομένους, θαῦμα περικτίσσων.
BOOK VIII. 208-212

208
This man, in vain hope, pillaged my dear tomb, the only one of my possessions I carried away with me. Let some other sinner's hands destroy him in turn, and afterwards cast him afar from the tombs of his fathers.

209
Who pillaged my dear tomb that rose so high above this mighty mountain summit? It is gold that sharpens the sword against the life of man, and gold makes the greedy navigator to perish in the wintry seas. I, too, this great and beautiful tomb, was pillaged in the hope of gold. All other things are second to gold in the eyes of the wicked.

210
Many a traveller has buried the body of a shipwrecked man found tossing on the waves, and many a one the body of a man slain by beasts. Often has an enemy buried him whom he slew in war, but my neighbour has pillaged this tomb not the work of his own hands.

211
O deceitful gold, what an evil thou art for man! Thou raisest the hand of the wicked against both dead and living. For I perished by the accursed hands of those into whose care I bequeathed my tomb and bones.

212
All is dead for the dead. Why do we trifle? There is no shame left among the living for the dead. Look at this tomb, that was such a wonder to travellers and the neighbours, destroyed for the hope of gold.

491
213.—Ἔις τοὺς αὐτούς
Δίσομαι ἢν γε θάνω, ποταμῷ δέμας ἢ κύνεσων ῥήψατε, ἡ πυρὶ δάψατε παντοφάγρι
λώιον ἢ παλάμησι φιλοχρύσουσιν ὀλέσθαι.
δείδια, τόνδε τάφον τοῖα παθόνθ' ὀρόων.

214.—"Ἀλλα
Δήστε Κύρος ἀναξ βασιλείου ὡς ἀνέφηκεν τῷμβον ἔπι χρυσῷ, γράμμα τὸδ' εὑρε μόνον.
"Οὐγεν ἀπλήστοιο τάφους χερός." ὡς δὲ σὺ τόσσον σῆμα τόδ' οὐχ ὀσίαις οἶξας, ἄνερ, παλάμαις.

215.—Ἔις τοὺς αὐτούς
"Ος κακὸς οὐ φθιμένουσι, τάχ' ἄν φθιμένουσιν ἁρήγου·
δι' οὐδὲ φθιμένουσι, οὕτωτ' ἄν οὐ φθιμένουσι.
ὡς δὲ σὺ τοὺς φθιμένουσιν ἐπεὶ τάφον ἐξαλάπαξας,
οὕτωτ' ἄν οὐ φθιμένους χεῖρα φέροις ὀσίην.

216.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μαρτύρωμ' οὐδὲν ἔχω· πτωχὸς νέκυς ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι·
μὴ με τεαῖς ἀτίσθῃς τῳμβοθοφόνοις παλάμαις·
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐτος ἔχει χρυσὸν τάφος, ἀλλ' ἐδαίχθη·
πάντα φιλοχρύσους ἐμβατα· φεῦγε Δίκη.

217.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οἳ τῷμβοι "Φθιμένουσιν ἁρήξατε" εἰπον ἀπαντες,
ἤνιχ' ὁ λυσθεῖς τὸν' ἐτίναςσε τάφον.
οἱ νέκνες τῷμβοισιν. "Τι ἰέξομεν; ἀνθὶς ἁέρθη
ὡς ἐπὶ βουκτασίῃ γαῖαν ἀφεῖσα Δίκη."
I beseech ye, if I die, throw my body into a river or to the dogs, or consume it in the all-devouring fire. That is better than to perish by hands greedy of gold. I am in dread as I look on this tomb which has met with this fate.

King Cyrus once, when he opened a royal tomb for the sake of gold, found only this inscription: "To open tombs is the work of an insatiable hand." So hast thou opened this great tomb with impious hands (and in vain).

He who is evil to the living might, perhaps, help the dead, but who helps not the dead would never help the living. So thou, since thou hast plundered the tomb of the dead, wouldst never reach out a pious hand to the living.

I aver I have nothing; it is a poor corpse that lies here. Do me no injury with thy tomb-slaying hands. This tomb next me never had any gold in it, but yet it was plundered. All is accessible to gold-seekers. Fly from hence, Justice.

The tombs all cried "Help the dead!" when the furious spoiler was breaking up this tomb. The dead cry to the tombs, "What shall we do? Justice has left the earth and flown up to heaven again, even as she did at the first slaying of oxen."
218.—"Ομοίως

"Ηλυθεν εἰς 'Αίδην τις: ὁ δὲ ἐπτατό: ἄλλος ὁλέσσε 
θήρας: ὁ δὲ πλεκτὸν νυεῖ τεῦξε δόμον.
τούτων οὗτος ἀνὴρ οὐ δεύτερον ἔργον ἔρεξεν,
τόνδε τάφον ῥήξας χείρεσιν οὐχ ὀσίας.

219.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς

Εἰ τόσον ἔργον ἴγειρας ὠλωλότι, οὐ μέγα θαύμα·
εἰ δὲ τόσον διέπερσας, ἀοίδιμος ἐςσομένοις
καὶ σὲ τις ἐν μεγάλοις ἀριθμησει κακοεργοῖς,
τύμβοιν ἀναρρῆξανθ', δι' ὁμαλοῦ φονῆς.

220.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς

Χρυσὸς μὲν 'Ροδίοισιν ἐπέκλυσε: σοι δ' ἀπὸ τύμβων
χρυσὸν φέρει σίδηρος, δὲς κακὸν φέρει·
δρυσα' ὀρυσσε πάντας: ἢ τάχ'/ αὖ σὲ τις
τύμβοις κ' ἐξολέσειε πεσόν, νεκύεσοι δ' ἄρηγοι.

221.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τύμβος ἔην· νῦν δ' εἰμὶ λίθων χύσις, οὐκέτι τύμβος.
ταῦτα φιλοχρύσου εὔαδε· ποία δίκη.

222.—'Άλλο

Αἰαὶ καὶ τέφρῃ γενόμην, καὶ χείρας ἀλτρῶν
οὐκ ἔφυγον· χρυσὸν τίπτε χερεῖότερον;

1 It is not known to whom he alludes.
2 In audacity.

494
BOOK VIII. 218–222

218

One (Orpheus) descended to Hades, a second (Daedalus) flew, another (Heracles) slew beasts, another made a woven house for his son.¹ Not second² to those was the work of the man who broke down this tomb with his unholy hands.

219

If thou didst erect such a structure to the dead it is naught to marvel at, but if thou didst destroy so great a work posterity shall celebrate thee, and thou shalt be reckoned among the great criminals in having broken down a tomb that made its very murderers tremble.

220

It once rained gold on Rhodes,³ and the iron that brings evil brings gold to thee from tombs. Dig them all up; perhaps some tomb will fall on thee and help the dead.

221

I was a tomb, but I am now a heap of stones no longer a tomb. Such was the pleasure of the violators. What justice is this!

222

Alas! I was burnt to ashes and escaped not the hand of the wicked. What is worse than gold?

² Pindar’s words (Ol. vii, 34) that Zeus “rained gold” on Rhodes were at least generally understood literally, whether he meant them to be so understood or not.
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223.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
"Ἄξομαι ἀνδρομένης γενείσ ὑπερ, εἰ σε τις ἔτη, ῥύμβης, χαμαί βαλέειν οὐχ ὀσίαις παλάμαις.

224.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τῦμβος ἑγὼ, σκοπή τις ἀπ' οὐρεος· ἀλλὰ μὲ χεῖρες
θήκαν ἵσον δαπέδω· τις τάδ' ἀνωξε νόμος;

225.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οὗτος ἐμὸς δόμος ἦν ὀλωλότος· ἀλλὰ σίδηρος
ἡλθ' ἐπ' ἐμῷ τῦμβῳ· σὸν δόμον ἄλλος ἔχει.

226.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τὴν σκαπάνην ἐπ' ἀρουραν, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπὶ σήματι
βάλλειν
δάκρυα, μὴ παλάμαις· ἤδε δίκη φθιμένων.

227.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τὴν σκαπάνην ἐπ' ἀρουραν· ἐμοῦ δ' ἀποχάζεο
τῦμβου,
χάζεο· οὐδὲν ἐχω πλὴν ξακότων νεκύων.

228.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Εἰ σ', ἀπληστε, τάφων δηλήμονα τοῖον ἐώλπειν,
πάσσαλος ἂν τήδε καὶ τροχὸς ἐκρέματο.

229.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τίπτε μ' ἀνοχλίζει κενεδον τάφον; ὅστεα μοῦρα
κεύθω καὶ σποδίην τοῖσιν ἐπερχομένους.

496
I am ashamed for the race of men if one ventured, O tomb, to cast thee down with unholy hands.

I was a tomb, a watch-tower on the mountain, but the hands of man laid me level with the ground. What law enjoined this?

This was my home after death, but iron attacked my tomb. May another possess thy home!

Use the mattock for husbandry, but on my tomb shed tears and lay no violent hands. That is justice to the dead.

Use the mattock for husbandry, but retire from my tomb. It contains naught but the wrathful dead.

If I had known, thou man of greed, that thou wert such a destroyer of tombs, a stake and a wheel had hung here.

Why dost thou disturb me, an empty tomb? I contain, nothing for those who attack me but bones and dust.
230.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τύμβος ἑγώ, τύμβων πανυπέρτατος· ἄλλ' ἐμὲ ὄξειν,
δις τινα τῶν πολλῶν, ἄνδροφόνος παλάμη·
ἄνδροφόνος παλάμη με διώλεσε· λήξατε τύμβων,
θητοί, καὶ κτερέων. δεῦτ' ἐπὶ νεκρά, κύνες·
δεῦτ' ἐπὶ νεκρά, κύνες. χρυσοῦ διφήτορος ἄνδρες 5
ἡδη καὶ νεκύων χρυσολόγουσι κόμιν.

231.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
"Ἀλλος τύμβον ἔγειρε, σὺ δὲ ὀλεσάς· ἄλλος ἐγείροι
σὸν τάφον, εὐγε θέμις· ἄλλος ἔβαλε βύλαιν.

232.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
"Ηδη καὶ νεκύεσσιν ἐπέχρασον οἱ φιλόχρυσοι·
φεύγετε ἐκ τύμβων, εἰ σθένος, οἰ φθιμέναι.

233.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τίπτε μὲ ἀνοχλίξεις; νεκύων ἁμενηνά κάρηνα
μοῦνα φέρω· τύμβων ὀστέα πλούτος ἄπασ.

234.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Δαιμόνας, οἳ μὲ ἑχοῦσιν, ἁλευεό· οὖτι γὰρ ἄλλο
τύμβοις ἔχω· τύμβων ὀστέα πλούτος ἄπασ.

235.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Εἰ χρυσοῦ δόμος ἦν ὅλος τάφος, ὁ φιλόχρυσε,
οὖποτ' ἔδει τοὴν χειρὰ φέρειν φθιμένοις.

498
BOOK VIII. 230-235

230

I am a tomb surpassing all other tombs in height, but murderous hands opened me as if I had been one of the many. Murderous hands destroyed me. Cease from building tombs and celebrating funerals, ye mortals. Come to the bodies, ye dogs! Come to the bodies, ye dogs! Seekers after gold gather gold now from the dust of the dead too.

231

Another man erected the tomb, and thou didst destroy it. Let another erect thy tomb, if Heaven permits it, and another lay it low.

232

Now the gold-seekers attack the dead, too. Fly from your tombs, ye dead, if ye have the strength.

233

Why dost thou heave up my stones? I contain naught but the feeble dead. The tomb's sole riches are bones.

234

Avoid the wrath of the spirits who haunt me, for I contain nothing else; the tomb's sole riches are bones.

235

If the whole tomb were built of gold, never, ye gold hunters, should ye thus have laid hands on the dead.
236.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Λήθη καὶ σογὴ νεκῶν γέρας· ὃς δ’ ἄλαπαξεν, οὐτος ἐμὸν πολλοῖς θήκεν ἀεισμα τάφον.

237.—‘Ομοίως
Πάντ’ ἔχετε ζώντες· ἐμὸλ δ’ ὀλύγοι τε φίλοι τε λαῖς τῷ φθιμένῳ· φείδεο τοῦ νέκνου.

238.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οὐ χρυσοῦ δόμος εἰμὶ· τί τέμνομαι; αὐτὸς ἔγωγα τύμβος, ὅν ὀχλίζεις· πλοῦτος ἐμὸν νέκνες.

239.—‘Ομοίως
Τύμβος ἐγὼ κλέος ἢ περικτιώνων ἀνθρώπων· μὴν δ’ εἰμὶ στήλη χειρὸς ἀλτροτάτης.

240.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Εἰ λίπην φιλόχρυσον ἔχεις κέαρ, ἄλλον ὀρύσσειν χρυσὸν· ἐμὸλ δ’ οὐδὲν πλὴν φθιμένων κτερέων.

241.—‘Ομοίως
Μὴ δείξης μερόπτεσσι γυμνὸν νέκνω, ἢ σε γυμνώσει ἄλλος· ὁ δὲ χρυσὸς πολλάκις ἐστὶν ὀναρ.

242.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Οὐχ ἄλις ἢ βροτοῖς βροτοὺς ἐπὶ χειρὰς ἰάλλειν, ἄλλα καὶ ἐκ νεκῶν οπεύδετε χρυσὸν ἔχειν;
BOOK VIII. 236–242

236

Forgetfulness and silence are the privileges of the dead. But he who despoiled me has made my tomb a theme of song for many.

237

Ye have all ye wish, ye living, but I, the dead, only my few dear stones. Spare the dead.

238

I am not a house of gold. Why am I broken? The tomb thou hackest to pieces is but a tomb. All my wealth consists of corpses.

239

This tomb was the glory of the neighbouring peoples, but is now the monument of a most wicked hand.

240

If thy hand lust too much for gold, dig up other gold. I contain nothing but the remains of the dead.

241

Show not to men the naked corpse, or another shall strip thee. Often gold is but a dream.

242

Was it not enough for men to lay hands on men, but from the dead, too, ye strive to get gold?
243.—'Ομοίως
Τιμέτερος τύμβοισιν ἀρήξατε, οἱ τῶδ᾿ ὤρωντες σῆμα δαίχθεν ὅσον. λεύσατε τυμβολέτην.

244.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τίς με τὸν ἐξ αἰώνος ἀκινήτους λίθοις κενθόμενον θυντοίς δεῖξε πένητα νέκυν;

245.—'Ομοίως
Τίππε τάφον διέκερσας ὅμοι, τάλαν; ὡς διακέρσαι σοὶ γε θεὸς βιοτήν, ὡς φιλόχρυσον ἄγος.

246.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μύθος Τάρταρος ἦεν, ἐπεὶ τάφον οὐκ ἂν ἔφεξεν οὗτος ἀνήρ· οἴμοι, ὥς βραδύπους σὺ, Δίκη.

247.—'Ομοίως
Ὡς βραδύπους σὺ, Δίκη, καὶ Τάρταρος οὐκέτι δεινός· οὗ γὰρ ἂν οὗτος ἀνήρ τόν ἂν ἐφέξε τάφον.

248.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
"Ομοσα τοὺς φθιμένους, καὶ ὅμοσα Τάρταρον αὐτοῦ, μήποτε τυμβολέταις εὐμενὲς ὅμμα φέρειν.

249.—'Ομοίως
Οὐρεα καὶ πρῶτες τὸν ἐμὸν τάφον ὡς τῶν ἔταἰρον κλαῦσατε· πᾶς δὲ πέσοι τῷ σφε τεμόντι λίθος.
Come to the help of your tomb, ye who see this great tomb laid waste. Stone the despoiler.

Who exhibited me to men, the poor corpse hidden for ages by undisturbed stones?

Why hast thou, wretch, despoiled my tomb? So may God despoil thy life, accursed hunter after gold!

Tartarus is, then, a myth, or this man would never have opened this tomb. Alas! Justice, how slow are thy feet!

How slow-footed art thou, Justice, and Tartarus is no longer a terror. Or else this man had not opened the tomb.

I swore by the dead, and by Tartarus itself, never to look with kind eyes on despoilers of tombs.

Mountains and hills, weep for my tomb as for a friend. Let every stone fall on him who broke into it.
250.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πλούσιος εἰμι πένης· τύμβῳ πολύς, ἐνδοὺ ἄχρυσος·
ἰσθι καθυβρίζων νεκρὸν ἀσυλότατον.

251.—'Ομοίως
Κἂν στήσ πυθμένος ἄχρις ἐμοὶς κενθμᾶνας ὀρύσσων,
μόχθος σοι τὸ πέρας ὡστέα μοῦνον ἔχει.

252.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τέμνετε, τέμνετε ἀδεὶ· πολύχρυσος γὰρ ὁ τύμβος
τοῖς ποθέοις λίθους· τὰλλα δὲ πάντα κόνις.

253.—'Ομοίως
Γαῖα φίλη, μὴ σοίς θανόνθ' ὑποδέχυσο κόλποις
τὸν τυμβωρυχίας κέρδεσι τερπόμενον.

254.—'Ομοίως
Τῇ βριστῇ ἐπ' ἐμ' ἦλθε τὸν οὗ ξώοντα σιδηρὸς·
καὶ χρυσὸν ποθέων εὑρε πένητα νέκυν.
BOOK VIII. 250–254

250

I am a rich poor man, rich in my tomb, but within lacking gold. Know that thou insultest a corpse that hath no booty at all for thee.

251

Even if thou stayest digging up my recesses from the bottom, the end of all thy labour will be to find but bones.

252

Break, break here; the tomb is rich in gold to them who seek stones. Otherwise it hath but dust.

253

Dear Earth, receive not in thy bosom, when dead, the man who rejoices in gain gotten from breaking into tombs.

254

The profaning steel attacked me, the dead, and seeking for gold, found but a needy corpse.
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