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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
IV
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

VOLUME I.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT.
THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS.
THE PROMS OF THE DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS.

VOLUME II.
SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS.
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THE DECLAMATORY EPIGRAMS.
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. R. PATON

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IN FIVE VOLUMES

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BOOK X

THE HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

The first seventeen epigrams in this book, some very pretty, are chiefly addresses to harbour gods derived from all three of the main sources of the Anthology. We have next, with some epigrams from Agathias’ Cycle and some others inserted, a large collection of the epigrams of Palladas of Alexandria, a versifier as to whose merit there is much difference of opinion, but who is at least interesting as the sole poetical representative of his time and surroundings (Nos. 18–99). Then we have (100–103) a short fragment of Philippus’ Stephanus, and then a miscellany mostly not of epigrams but of verse extracts from literary sources.
ΑΝΘΟΛΟΓΙΑ

1

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΠΡΟΤΡΕΠΤΙΚΑ

1.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

‘Ο πλόος ὁράιος· καὶ γὰρ λαλαγεύσα χελιδῶν
ἡδη μέμβλωκεν, καὶ χαρίεις Ζέφυρος·
λειμώνες δ’ ἀνθέυσι, σεσύγκεκεν δὲ θάλασσα
κύμασι καὶ τρηχεῖ πνεύματι βρασσομένη.
ἀγκύρας ἀνέλοιο, καὶ ἐκλύσαιο γύναια,
ναυτίλε, καὶ πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐφές ὀθόνην.
ταῦθ’ ὁ Πρίηπος ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι ὁ λιμενίτας,
ἀνθρώπ’, ὥς πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐπ’ ἐμπορίην.

Goldwin Smith in Wellesley’s Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 49; J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 32; H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 96.

2.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

‘Ακμαῖος ὁθῖη νη’ δρόμος, οὐδὲ θάλασσα
πορφύρει τρομερῆ φρικὶ χαρασσομένη.
ἡδη δὲ πλάσσει μὲν ύπώροφα γυμνὰ χελιδῶν
οἰκία, λειμώνων δ’ ἀβρὰ γελά πέταλα.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK X

THE HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

1.—LEONIDAS

It is the season for sailing; already the chattering swallow has come, and the pleasant Zephyr, and the meadows bloom, and the sea with its boiling waves lashed by the rough winds has sunk to silence. Weigh the anchors and loose the hawsers, mariner, and sail with every stitch of canvas set. This, O man, I, Priapus, the god of the harbour, bid thee do that thou mayst sail for all kinds of merchandise.

2.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

It is the season for the ship to travel tearing through the waves; no longer does the sea toss, furrowed by dreadful fret. Already the swallow is building her round houses under the roof, and the tender leaves of the meadows smile. Therefore, ye
τοῦνεκα μηρύσασθε διάβροχα πείσματα ναῦται, ἔλκετε δ' ἀγκύρας φωλάδας ἐκ λιμένων. λαίφεα δ' εὐυφέα προτούζετε. ταῦθ' ὁ Πρίηπος ὑμμιν ἐνορμίται παῖς ἐνέπω Βρομίου.

3.—ἈΔΗΛΩΝ
Εἰς ἀίδην ἰδεῖα κατῆλυσις, εἶτ' ἀπ' Ἀθηνῶν στείχοις, εἴτε νέκυς νύσεαι ἐκ Μερόης. μὴ σὲ γ' ἀνιάτῳ πάτρῃς ἀποτῆλε βανόντα: πάντοθεν εἰς ὁ φέρων εἰς ἀίδην ἀνεμος.

J. A. Symonds, M.D., Miscellanea.

4.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Δύσον ἀπ' εὐόρμων δολιχὰ πρυμνήσια νηῶν, εὐτροχα δ' ἐκπετάσας λαίφεα ποντοπόρει, ἐμπόρει: χειμῶνες γὰρ ἀπέδραμον, ἀρτὶ δὲ κύμα γυλακὸν θηλύνει πρηνήγελως Ζέφυρος: ἡδὴ καὶ φιλότεκνος ὑπὸ τραυλοῖσι χειλιδῶν χεῖλεσι καρφῖτην πηλοδομεῖ θάλαμον: ἀνθέα δ' ἀντέλλουσι κατὰ χθόνα: τῷ σὺ Πριήπῳ πειθόμενος πάσης ἀπτεο ναυτιλίας.

5.—ΘΤΙΛΩΤ
"Ηδὴ πηλοδομεύσι χειλιδόνες, ἡδὴ ἀν' οἴδιμα κολποῦται μαλακὰς εἰς ὀθόνας Ζέφυρος: ἡδὴ καὶ λειμῶνες ύπὲρ πετάλων ἐχέαντο ἀνθέα, καὶ τρηχὺς σύγα μέμυκε πόρος. σχοίνους μηρύσεθε, ἐφ' ὀλκάδα φορτίζεσθε ἀγκύρας, καὶ πάν ψαίφος ἐφεσθε κάλοις. ταῦτ' ὑμίν πλώουσιν ἔπ' ἐμπορίην ὁ Πρίηπος ὁ λιμενορμίτης ναυτιλίαν γράφομαι."
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

sailors, coil your wet hawsers and drag the anchors from their nests in the harbour. Haul up your well-woven sails. This is the bidding of me, Priapus of the harbour, the son of Bromius.

3.—ANONYMOUS

The way down to Hades is straight, whether you start from Athens or whether you betake yourself there, when dead, from Meroe. Let it not vex thee to die far from thy country. One fair wind to Hades blows from all lands. ¹

4.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Loose the long hawsers from your well-moored ships, and spreading your easily-hoisted sails set to sea, merchant captain. For the storms have taken flight and tenderly laughing Zephyr now makes the blue wave gentle as a girl. Already the swallow, fond parent, is building with its lisping lips its chamber out of mud and straw, and flowers spring up in the land; therefore listen to Priapus and undertake any kind of navigation.

5.—THYILLUS

Already the swallows build their mud houses, already on the flood Zephyr is bosomed in the soft sails. Already the meadows shed flowers over their green leaves, and the rough strait closes its lips in silence. Wind up your hawsers and stow the anchors on shipboard, and give all your canvas to the sheets. This is the advice that Priapus of the harbour writes for you who sail the seas seeking merchandise.

¹ Probably an epitaph on an Athenian who died at Meroe.
6.—ΣΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ήδη μὲν Ζεφύροιον ποητόκου ύγρον ἄμμα ἥρέμα λειμῶνας πίτνει ἐπ' ἄνθοκόμους. Κεκροπίδες δ' ἤχευσιν γαληναὶ δὲ θάλασσα μειδάει, κρυερῶν ἄτρομοι ἐξ ἀνέμων. ἀλλ' ἦτε θαρσαλέοι, πρυμνήσια λύστε, ναῦται, πίτνατε δὲ πτερύγων λεπταλέας στολίδας. ὦ ἦτ' ἐπ' ἐμπορίην πῖσυνοι χαρίεντε Πρήπτρ, ὦ ἦτε δὴ λιμένων δαίμονι πειθόμενοι.

7.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Τούδε μὲ κυμοπλήγιος ἐπὶ σκοτέλοιο Πρήπτον ναῦται Θρηκίκου θέντο πόρου φύλακα, πολλάκις οἱς ἥξια ταχὺς καλέουσιν ἄρωγός, ξεῖνε, κατὰ πρύμνης ἠδύν ἀγων Ζέφυρον. τούνεκεν ὦτ' ἄκνισον, ὅπερ θέμες, ὄουτ' ἐπιδευὴ ἐλαρὸς ἄθροσεις βιωμὸν ἐμὸν στεφάνων, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ θυώντα καὶ ἐμπυρον' οὐδ' ἐκατόμβη τόσσον ὄσον τιμὴ δαίμοσιν ἀνδάνεται.

8.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βαῦς ἰδεῖν ὁ Πρήπτος ἐπαιγμαλίτιδα ναῦῳ χηλῆν, αἰθνίας οὔποτε ἀντιβίας, φοβῶς, ἀποσ, οἷον κεν ἐρημαίησιν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς ἐξεσειαν μογερῶν νιές ἱχθυβόλων. ἀλλ' ἦν τις γριπτεύς με βοηθόν ἡ καλαμενῆς φωνήση, πυνηθῆς ἔμαι ἄξυτεροις. λεύσσω καὶ τὰ θέοντα καθ' ὕδατος· ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐργῶν δαίμονες, οὐ μορφᾶς γνωστὸν ἔχουσι τύπον.

1 Perhaps aithulais συντρόφος ἀμφίβλοις, which I render.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

6.—SATYRUS

Already the moist breath of Zephyr, who giveth birth to the grass, falls gently on the flowery meads. The daughters of Cecrops⁠¹ call, the becalmed sea smiles, untroubled by the cold winds. Be of good heart, ye sailors, loose your hawsers and spread out the delicate folds of your ships' wings. Go to trade trusting in gracious Priapus, go obedient to the harbour god.

7.—ARCHIAS

 Stranger, I, Priapus, was set up on this sea-beaten rock to guard the Thracian strait,⁠² by the sailors, whom I had often rushed to help when they called upon me, bringing from astern the sweet Zephyr. Therefore, as is meet and right, thou shalt never see my altar lacking the fat of beasts or crowns in the spring, but ever smoking with incense and alight. Yet not even a hecatomb is so pleasing to the gods as due honour.

8.—BY THE SAME

Little am I to look on, Priapus, who dwell on this spur by the beach, companion of the gulls, denizens of land and sea, with a peaked head and no feet, just such as the sons of toiling fishermen would carve on the desert shore. But if any netsman or rod-fisher call on me for help, I hie me to him quicker than the wind. I see, too, the creatures that move under the water, and indeed the character of us gods is known rather from our actions than from our shapes.

¹ i.e. the swallows. ² The Bosporus.
9.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τὸν βραχὺν, ἰχθυβολῆς, ὑπὸ σχίνῳ μὲ Πρίηπον
στειλάμενοι κόπαις τὰν ὀλύγαν ἄκατον,
(δίκτυ ἢ γ' ἀπλώσασθε,) πολλὸν δ' ἄλινηχέα βῶκα
καὶ σκάρουν, οὗ θρίσσης νόσφιν, ἀρυσάμενοι,
γλαυκὸν ἑνιδρυνθέντα νάπτῃ σημάντορα θήρης
τίτ', ἀπ' οὐκ ὀλύγων βαίον ἀπαρχόμενοι.

10.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΤ
Πάνα μὲ τὸν ἰερῆς ἐπὶ λισσάδος, αἰγιαλότην
Πάνα, τὸν εὐόρμων τῆν ἐφορον λιμένων,
οἱ γρυτῆς ἔθεντο· μέλω δ' ἐγὼ ἄλλοτε κύρτοις,
ἄλλοτε δ' αἰγιαλὸν τούδε σαγηνοβόλοις.
ἀλλὰ παράπλει, ξείνε σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ οὐνεκά ταύτης
ἐυποτής πέμψω πρηθύν ὅπεσθε νότον.

11.—ΣΑΤΤΡΟΤ
Εἴτε σύ γ' ὀρνεόφοιτον ὑπὲρ καλαμίδα παλύνας
ἰξὸ ὀρειβατέεσ, εἴτε λαγοκτονέεσ,
Πάνα κάλει. κυνὶ Πὰν λασίου ποδὸς ἤχυνα φαίνει·
σύνθεσιν ἄκλινεον Πὰν ἀνάγει καλάμων.

12.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Τῆδ' ὑπὸ τὰν ἀρκευθόν ἢτ' ἀμπαύοντες, ὀδίται,
γυνα παρ' Ἐρμεῖα σμικρὸν ὀδοὺ φύλακι,

1 Still called so; rather like a herring and goes in shoals.
9.—Anonymous

Ye fishermen, who pulled your little boat ashore here (Go, hang out your nets to dry) having had a haul of many sea-swimming gurnard (?) and scarus, not without thrissa,¹ honour me with slender first-fruits of a copious catch, the little Priapus under the lentisc bush, the sea-blue god, the revealer of the fish your prey, established in this grove.

10.—Archias The Younger

The fishermen dedicated me, Pan, here on this holy cliff, Pan of the shore, the guardian of this secure haven. Sometimes I care for the weels, and sometimes for the fishers who draw their seine on this beach. But, stranger, sail past, and in return for this beneficence I will send a gentle south-west wind at thy back.

11.—Satyrus

Whether thou walkest over the hills with bird-lime spread on the reeds to which the birds resort, or whether thou killest hares, call on Pan. Pan shows the hound the track of velvet-paw, and Pan guides higher and higher, unbent, the jointed reeden rod.²

12.—Anonymous

Come and rest your limbs awhile, travellers, here under the juniper by Hermes, the guardian of the

² There was a means of gradually lengthening the limed rod so as to reach the birds high up in the trees. I suppose it was put together like a fishing-rod.
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μὴ φύρδαν, ὅσοι δὲ βαρεῖ γόνιν κάμνετε μόχθω καὶ δίψα, δολιχὰν οἴμον ἀνυσσάμενοι.
πνοὴ γὰρ καὶ θόκος ἔυσκιος, α ἦ ὑπὸ πέτρα
πίδαξ εὐνήσει γυιοβαρῆ κάματον.
ἐνδιον δὲ φυγόντες ὀπτωρινὸ κυνὸς ἅσθμα,
ὡς θέμις, Ἡρμείην εἰνόδιον ἔπετε.

13.—ΣΑΤΤΡΟΤ

'Ἡ καλὸν αἱ δάφναι, καλὸν δ’ ὑπὸ πυθμέοις ὕδωρ
πιδύει, πυκνὸν δ’ ἀλὸς ύποσκιάει
τηλεθάον, ξεφυροῖς ἐπίδρομον, ἀλκαρ ὀδίταις
δίψης καὶ καμάτου καὶ φλογὸς ἕλλον.

14.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εὐδίᾳ μὲν πόντος πορφύρεται· οὐ γὰρ ἁίτης
κάματα λευκαίνει φρικὰ χαρασώμενα.
οὐκέτι δὲ σπιλάδεσσι περικλασθεῖσα θάλασσα
ἐμπαλὶν ἀντωπὸς πρὸς βάθος εἰσάγεται.
οί ξέφυροι πνεύονσι, ἐπιτρύης ἐς χελίδων
κάρφεσι κολλητὸν πηχαμένη θάλαμον.
θάρσει, ναυτίλις ἐμπείραμε, καν παρὰ Σύρτων,
καὶ παρὰ Σικελικῆν ποντόπορῆς κροκάλη
μοῦνον ἐνορμίταο παραλ βωμοῖς Πρυήπου
ὁ σκάρον ὡ βῶκας φλέξων ἐρευθομένους.

15.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ήδη μὲν ξεφυροὶς μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀνοίγει
εἰάρος εὐλείμων θελξινόοι χάρις·
ἀρτι δὲ δουματέοις ἐπωλύσθησε κυλύνδρος
όλκας ἀπ’ ἡδῶν ἐς βυθὸν ἐλκομένη.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

road—not a mixed crowd, but those of you whose knees ache from heavy toil and who thirst after accomplishing a long day's journey. There is a breeze and a shady seat, and the fountain under the rock will still the weariness that weighs on your limbs. Escaping the midday breath of Autumn's dog-star, honour Hermes of the wayside as is meet.

13.—SATYRUS

How lovely are the laurels and the spring that gushes at their feet, while the dense grove gives shade, luxuriant, traversed by Zephyrs, a protection to wayfarers from thirst and toil and the burning sun!

14.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

The deep lies becalmed and blue; for no gale whitens the waves, ruffling them to a ripple, and no longer do the seas break round the rocks, retiring again to be absorbed in the depth. The Zephyrs blow and the swallow twitters round the straw-glued chamber she has built. Take courage, thou sailor of experience, whether thou journeyest to the Syrtis or to the beach of Sicily. Only by the altar of Priapus of the harbour burn a scarus or ruddy gurnards.

15.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Now the heart-entrancing spring in all the beauty of her meadows opens the closed folds of her bosom to the Zephyrs; now the ship slides down the wooden rollers, pulled from the beach into the deep. Go
λαίφεα κυρτώσαντες ἀταρβέες ἔξετε, ναῦται, πρηνὺν ἀμοιβαίας φόρτων ἐς ἐμπορίας. πιστὸς νυσὶν Πρῖμπος, ἔπει Θέτιν εὐχομαι εἶναι ἰμετέρου πατρὸς ξεινοδόκοιον Βρομίου.

16.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Ηδη καλλιπέτηλον ἐπ᾿ εὐκάρποισι λοχείαις λήιον ἐκ ῥοδέων ἀνθοφορεῖ καλύκων· ἢδη ἐπ᾿ ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἱσοζυγεῶν κυπαρίσσων μουσομανχὴς τέττιξ θέλγει ἀμαλλοδέτην· καὶ φιλόταις ὑπὸ γείσα δόμους τεύξασα χελιδῶν ἔκγονα πηλοχῦτοις ξεινοδοκεῖ θαλάμοις. ὑπνώει δὲ θάλασσα, φιλοζεφύροιο γαλήνης νηφόροις νότοις εὔδια πεπταμένης, οὐκ ἔπι πρυμναῖοισι κατανεξοῦσα κορύμβοις, οὐκ ἔπι βρημίων ἀφρόν ἐρευνομένη.

ναυτὶς, πολυμέδοντι καὶ ὀρμοδοτήρι Πριήπῳ τευθίδος ἡ τρύγης ἀνθεμόδεσσαν ἵτυν, ἡ σκάρον αὐθήνατα παραὶ βωμοῖσι πυρόσας, ἀτρομος Ἰονίου τέρμα θαλασσοπόρει.

17.—ἈΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

'Αρχέλεω, λεμενίτα, σὺ μὲν, μάκαρ, ἢπιφ αὐρη πέμπε κατὰ σταθερῆς οἰχομένην ὄθωνην ἄχρις ἐπὶ Τρύτωνα· σὺ δ᾿ ἡγόνος ἄκρα λελογχῶς τὴν ἐπὶ Πυθείου ρύεο ναυστόλιν· κείθεν δ᾿, εἰ Φοίβῳ μεμελήμεθα πάντες ἄοιδοι, πλεύσομαι εὐαἰεὶ θαρσαλέως Ζεφύρῳ.
forth fearlessly, ye sailors, your sails strutting with the wind, to the gentle task of loading the merchandise ye gain by barter. I, Priapus, am faithful to ships, since I boast that Thetis was the hostess of my father Bromius.¹

16.—THEAETETUS SCHOLASTICUS

Already the fair-foliaged field, at her fruitful birth-tide, is aflorer with roses bursting from their buds; already on the branches of the alloyed cypresses the cicada, mad for music, soothes the sheaf-binder, and the swallow, loving parent, has made her house under the eaves and shelters her brood in the mud-plastered chamber. The sea sleeps, the calm dear to the Zephyrs spreads tranquilly over the expanse that bears the ships. No longer do the waters rage against the high-built poops, or belch forth spray on the shore. Mariner, roast first by his altar to Priapus, the lord of the deep and the giver of good havens, a slice of a cuttle-fish or of lustred red mullet, or a vocal scarus, and then go fearlessly on thy voyage to the bounds of the Ionian Sea.

17.—ANTIPHILUS

Blest god of the harbour, accompany with gentle breeze the departing sails of Archelaus through the undisturbed water as far as the open sea, and thou who rulest over the extreme point of the beach,² save him on his voyage as far as the Pythian shrine. From thence, if all we singers are dear to Phoebus, I will sail trusting in the fair western gale.

¹ Hom. II. v. 135. ² Another god.
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18.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΩΤ
Γώβρυ, Διώνυσός σε καὶ ἡ φιλεράστρια Κύπρις
tέρποι, καὶ γλυκεραὶ γράμμασί Πειρίδες.
ὁμ μὲν γὰρ σοφίην ἀποδρέπτεο· τῆς δ’ ἐσ ἔρωτας
ἐρχεο· τοῦ δὲ φίλας λαβροπότει κύλικας.

19.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΩΤ
Ἄδυν παρειάων πρώτον θέρος ἡματι τούτῳ
κείρεο, καὶ γενύων ἡδέον ἐλικας,
Γάει· συν δὲ πατήρ χερὶ δέξεται εὐκτὸν ἱουλον
Δεύκιος, αὐξομένου ποιλὴν ἐς ἡλιον.
διωρεῦται χρυσεόσιν, ἐκὼ δ’ ἰλαροῖς ἐλέγοισιν
οὐ γὰρ δὴ πλοῦτον Μοῦσα χεριστέρῃ.

20.—ΑΔΔΑΙΩΤ
Ἠν τινα καλῶν ἐδῆς, εὐθὺς τὸ πρῆγμα κροτείσθω
βάς’ ἄ φρονείς· ὅρχεων δράσσεο χερσὶν ὀλαῖς.
ἡν δ’ εὔπης, “Τίω σε, καὶ ἔσσομαι οία τ’ ἀδελφός,”
αἰδῶς σου κλείσει τὴν ἐπὶ τούργον ὀδόν.

21.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Κύπρι οἱ λαληναῖη, φιλονύμφιε, Κύπρι δικαίων
σύμμαχε, Κύπρι Πόθων μήτερ ἀελλοπόδων,
Κύπρι, τὸν ἡμίσπαστον ἀπὸ κροκέων ἐμὲ παστῶν,
τὸν χιόσι ψυχὴν Ἐκλτίσι νυφόμενον,
Κύπρι, τὸν ἡσύχιον με, τὸν οὐδειν κοὐφα λαλεύντα,
τὸν σέο πορφυρέω κλυξόμενον πελάγει,
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

18.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Gobrys, let Dionysus and Aphrodite, who loves dalliance, delight thee, and the sweet Muses too with their letters. Their wisdom thou hast plucked; but enter now on her loves and drain his dear bowls.

19.—APOLLONIDES

Shear on this day, Gaius, the first sweet harvest of thy cheeks and the young curls on thy chin. Thy father Lucius will take in his hand what he had prayed to see, the down of thee who shalt grow to look on many suns. Others give golden presents, but I joyful verses; for indeed the Muse is not the inferior of wealth.

20.—ADDÆUS

If you see a beauty, strike while the iron is hot. Say what you mean, testiculos manibus totis attracta. But if you say "I reverence you and will be like a brother," shame will close your road to accomplishment.

21.—PHILODEMUS

Cypris of the Calm, lover of bridegrooms; Cypris, ally of the just; Cypris, mother of the tempest-footed Loves; save me, Cypris, a man but half torn away from my saffron bridal chamber, and chilled now to the soul by the snows of Gaul. Save me, Cypris, thy peaceful servant, who utters no vain words to any, tossed as I am now on thy deep blue
Κύπρι, φιλομίστειρα, φιλόργυο, σώζε με, Κύπρι, 
Ναιάκους ἥδη, δεσπότη, πρὸς λιμένας.

22.—BIANORΟΣ
Μὴ πόδα γυμνοῦ ἔρεσσε δι’ υλάσσαν ἀταρτῶν
Ἀγώντων· χαροπών φεύγε διέξ ὁφίων,
ἀγρεύ δοῦνακοδίφα· τὸν ἐκ χέρσου δὲ φύλαξαι
ἰόν, ὅ τοξεύειν ὄρνιν ἐπενυγόμενος.

23.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ
Νικήτης ὄλγοις μὲν ἐπὶ προτόνοισιν, ἀήτης
οἶατε, προεῖς ἀρχεται ἐκ μελέτης·
ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἐμπνεύσῃ, κατὰ δ’ ἱστιὰ πάντα φέρηται,
λαίφεα πακτῶσας, μέσα θέει πελάγη,
ναῦς ἀτε μυριόφορτος, ἐὼς ἐπὶ τέρματα μύθων
ἐλθῃ ἄκυμάντους ἐμπροσθεν εἰς λιμένας.

24.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Φρὴν ἱερὴ μεγάλον Ἐνοσίχθωνος, ἐσοσο καὶ ἄλλοις
ἡπὶ, Διόγαλῆν οἰ διέπονσιν ἁλα·
κῆμοι γὰρ Ὄρηκει διωκόμενο ὑπ’ ἀήτη
ἀφεξῆς πρῆει ἀσπασίω λιμένας.

25.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Φοῖβε, Κεφαλλήνων λιμενοσκόπος, θίνα Παιώμου
ναίων, τρηκείς ἀντιπέρην Ἰθάκης,

1 We may compare Book V. 17, and for Naias see Book V. 107. Although he talks as if she were his wife here, she was, of course, his mistress. It is a question if the cold of Gaul and the voyage are literal or metaphorical.
Hortatory and Admonitory Epigrams

sea! Cypris, who lovest to bring ships to port, who lovest the solemn rites of wedlock, save me now, my queen, and bring me to the haven of my Naias.¹

22.—Bianor

Fowler in search of reeds, move not with naked feet in the forest paths of Egypt, but fly far from the grey-eyed snakes; and hastening on thy way to shoot the birds of the air, beware of being poisoned by the earth.

23.—Automedon

Nicetes,² like the breeze, when a ship has little sail up, begins with gentle rhetoric, but when he blows strongly and all sails are let out, he stiffens the canvas and races across the middle of the ocean, like a ship of vast burden, till he reaches the end of his discourse in the unruffled harbour.

24.—Crinagoras

Holy spirit of the mighty Earth-shaker, be gracious to others, too, who cross the Ægean brine. For to me, driven swiftly by the Thracian breeze,³ gently hast thou granted the harbour I was fain to reach.

25.—Antipater of Thessalonica

Phoebus, guardian of the Cephalenians' harbour, dwelling on the beach of Panormus that faces rough

² i.e. the eloquence of Nicetes. He was a rhetor of the latter end of the first century A.D.
³ The north wind, the most favourable in summer.
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δός μὲ δι' εὐπλωτοῖο πρὸς Ἀσίδα κύματος ἔλθεῖν,
Πείσωνος δολιχῆ νηὶ συνεσπόμενον
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν βασιλῆα τὸν ἀλκίμον εὐ μὲν ἐκείνῳ
ἐὶ λαον, εὐ δ' ὑμνοὺς ἀρτισον ἡμετέρους.

26.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΣ

'Ως τεθνηξόμενος τῶν σῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀπόλαυε,
ὡς δὲ βιωσόμενος φείδεο σῶν κτεάνων.
ἐστι δ' ἀνήρ σοφὸς οὐτος, δε ἀμφο ταῦτα νοῆσας
φείδοί καὶ δαπάνη μέτρων ἐφηρμόσατο.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἀνθρώπους μὲν ἵσως λήσεις ἄτοπον τι πούισας,
οὐ λήσεις δὲ θεούς οὐδὲ λογιζόμενος.

28.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοῖς μὲν εὐ πράττοσιν πᾶς ὁ βίος βραχύς ἐστιν,
τοῖς δὲ κακῶς μία νῦς ἀπλετός ἐστι χρόνος.

29.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχ ὁ Ἐρως ἄδικεὶ μερότων γένος, ἀλλ' ἀκολάστοις
ψυχαῖς ἄνθρωπων ἔσθ' ὁ Ἐρως πρόφασις.

30.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ωκεῖας χάριτας γλυκερώτεραι ἦν δὲ βραδύνη,
pᾶσα χάρις κενεῖ, μηδὲ λέγοιτο χάρις.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

Ithaca, grant that I may sail to the Asian land through favouring waves in the wake of Piso's long ship. And attune my doughty emperor to be kind to him and kind to my verses.¹

26.—LUCIAN

Enjoy thy possessions as if about to die, and use thy goods sparingly as if about to live. That man is wise who understands both these commandments, and hath applied a measure both to thrift and un thrift.

27.—BY THE SAME

If thou doest any foul thing it may perchance be hidden from men, but from the gods it shall not be hidden, even if thou but thinkest of it.

28.—BY THE SAME

For men who are fortunate all life is short, but for those who fall into misfortune one night is infinite time.

29.—BY THE SAME

It is not Love that wrongs the race of men, but Love is an excuse for the souls of the dissolute.

30.—ANONYMOUS

Swift gratitude is sweetest; if it delays, all gratitude is empty and should not even be called gratitude.

¹ For Piso see indices to previous volumes. The date is probably A.D. 11, in which year Piso went to govern Pamphylia.
31.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Θνητὰ τὰ τῶν θυντῶν, καὶ πάντα παρέρχεται ἡμᾶς· ἢν δὲ μὴ, ἀλλ’ ἡμεῖς αὐτὰ παρερχόμεθα.

32.—[ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ]
Pολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κῦλικος, καὶ χείλεος ἄκρον.

33.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Ἐσθλὰ λέγειν αἰεὶ πάντας, καλὸν· αἰσχρὰ δὲ, δεινὸν, κἀν ὅσων τούτων ἄξιοι ὄν λέγομεν.

34.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Εἰ τὸ μέλειν δύναται τι, μερίμνα καὶ μελετῶ σου· εἰ δὲ μέλει περὶ σοῦ δαίμονι, σοὶ τι μέλει; οὔτε μεριμνήσεις δίχα δαίμονος, οὔτ’ ἀμελήσεις· ἀλλ’ ἵνα σοὶ τὶ μέλη, δαίμονι τούτῳ μέλει.
A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 73.

35.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Εὖ πράττων, φίλος εἰ θυντοῖς, φίλος εἰ μακάρεσσι, καὶ σεν ῥηιδίωσ ἐκλυον εὐξαμένου· ἢν πταῖσης, οὔδεις ἔτι σοι φίλος, ἀλλ’ ἀμα πάντα ἐχθρά, Τύχης ῥιπαῖς συμμεταβαλλόμενα.

36.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποις Φύσις χαλεπώτερον εὑρεν ἀνθρώπου καθαρὰν ψευδομένου φιλίην.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

31.—LUCIAN

All that belongs to mortals is mortal, and all things pass us by; or if not, we pass them by.

32.—[PALLADAS]¹

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

33.—Anonymous

It is good to speak ever well of all; but to speak ill is a shame, even if men merit what we say.

34.—PALLADAS

If concern avail aught, take thought and let things concern thee; but if God is concerned for thee, what does it concern thee? Without God thou shalt neither take thought nor be unconcerned; but that aught concern thee is the concern of God.

35.—LUCIAN

If thou art fortunate thou art dear to men and dear to gods, and readily they hear thy prayers; but if thou meetest with ill-fortune thou hast no longer any friend, but everything goes against thee, changing with the gusts of fortune.

36.—By the Same

Nothing more noxious hath Nature produced among men than the man who simulates pure

¹ A very ancient proverb, by some attributed to Homer.
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οὐ γὰρ ἐθ’ ὡς ἐχθρὸν προφυλασσόμεθ’, ἀλλ’ ἀγα-
pῶντες
ὡς φίλον, ἐν τούτῳ πλείονα βλαπτόμεθα.

37.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡ βραδύπος βουλή μέγ’ ἀμείνων· ἢ δὲ ταχεῖα
αἰεν ἐφελκομένη τὴν μετάνοιαν ἔχει.

38.—ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΤ

"Ὄρη ἔραν, ὀρη δὲ γαμεῖν, ὀρη δὲ πεπαύσθαι.

39.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Θησαυρὸς μέγας ἐστ’ ἀγαθὸς φίλος, Ἡλιόδωρε,
tῷ καὶ τηρήσαι τούτον ἐπισταμένῳ.

40.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Μὴ ποτε, τὸν παρεόντα παρεῖς φίλον, ἄλλον ἔρευνα,
δειλῶν ἀνθρώπων ῥήμασι πειθόμενος.

41.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Πλοῦτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλοῦτος μόνος ἐστὶν ἀληθῆς·
tάλλα δ’ ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων.
tόντε πολυκτέανον καὶ πλοῦσιον ἐστὶ δίκαιον
κλήζειν, ὃς χρήσθαι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς δύναται.
εἰ δὲ τις ἐν ψήφοις καταθήκεται, ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ
σωφρόνων ἀἰεὶ πλοῦτον ἐπειγόμενος,
οὕτως ὅποια μέλισσα πολυτρήτοις ἐν síμβλοις
μοχθῆσει, ἑτέρων δρεπτομένων τὸ μέλη.

1 As a fact said by Timon in speaking of Dionysius of Heraclea, a Stoic philosopher who deserted to the Epicureans
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

friendship; for we are no longer on our guard against him as an enemy, but love him as a friend, and thus suffer more injury.

37.—By the Same

Slow-footed counsel is much the best, for swift counsel ever drags repentance behind it.

38.—Dionysius

A time to love, and a time to wed, and a time to rest.¹

39.—Anonymous

A good friend, Heliodorus, is a great treasure to him who knows also how to keep him.

40.—Anonymous

Never give up the friend you have and seek another, listening to the words of worthless men.

41.—Lucian

The wealth of the soul is the only true wealth; the rest has more trouble than the possessions are worth. Him one may rightly call lord of many possessions and wealthy who is able to use his riches. But if a man wears himself out over accounts, ever eager to heap wealth on wealth, his labour shall be like that of the bee in its many-celled honeycomb, for others shall gather the honey.

in his old age. It was preceded by the punning line, ἥνικεν ἱκανὲν ὄνειρ, νῦν ἀρχεῖται ἡ ἀνέσθαι, "Now when it was time for him to set, he begins to seek pleasure."
42.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἀρρήτων ἐπέων γλώσση σφραγίς ἐπικείσθω κρείσσων γὰρ μύθων ἢ κτεάνων φυλακῆ.

43.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

"Εξ ὥραι μόχθοις ικανώτατας αἱ δὲ μετ᾽ αὐτῶς γράμμασί δεικνύμεναι θεϊ λέγουσι βρωτοῖς.

44.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

"Ἡν ο ὕλος τι λάβῃ, "Δόμινε φράτερ" εὐθὺς ἔγραψεν.

ἡν δ' αὖ μὴ τι λάβῃ, τὸ "Φράτερ" εἰπε μόνον ὁνειρѣ ὡνὶ γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ῥήματα. αὐτὰρ ἐγγὺς οὐκ ἔθελο Δόμινε, οὐ γὰρ ἔχω δόμεναι.

45.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ἀν μνήμην, ἄνθρωπε, λάβῃς, ὁ πατὴρ σε τὶ ποιῶν ἐσπειρεν, παὐσῃ τῆς μεγαλοφροσύνης.

ἀλλ' ὁ Πλάτων σοι τὺφον ὀνειρώσσων ἐνέφυσεν, ἀθάνατον σε λέγων καὶ φυτὸν οὐράνιον.

ἐκ πηλοῦ γέγοναις τὸ φρονεῖς μέγα; τοῦτο μὲν οὐτως

εἰπ' ἂν τις, κοσμῶν πλάσματι σεμνοτέρῳ.

εἰ δὲ λόγων ξητεῖς τὸν ἀληθινὸν, εἰς ἀκολάστον λαγνείας γέγονας καὶ μιαρᾶς βανίδος.
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42.—By the Same

Let a seal be set on the tongue concerning words that should not be spoken; for it is better to guard speech than to guard wealth.

43.—Anonymous

Six hours are most suitable for labour, and the four that follow, when set forth in letters,¹ say to men “Live.”

44.—Palladas

If a friend receives a present he at once writes beginning “Lord brother,” but if he gets nothing he only says “Brother.” For these words are to be bought and sold. I at least wish no “Lord,” for I have nothing to give.²

45.—By the Same

If thou rememberest, O man, how thy father sowed thee, thou shalt cease from thy proud thoughts. But dreaming Plato hath engendered pride in thee, calling thee immortal and a “heavenly plant.” “Of dust thou art made. Why dost thou think proudly?” So one might speak, clothing the fact in more grandiloquent fiction; but if thou seekest the truth, thou art sprung from incontinent lust and a filthy drop.

¹ The letters of the alphabet were used as figures: ΖΗΟΙ (meaning “Live”) is 7, 8, 9, 10.
² The pun is on Domine (the Latin for “Lord”) and deomenai (the Greek for “to give”).
46.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Η μεγάλη παιδευσίς ἐν ἀνθρώποις σιωπή·
μάρτυρα Πυθαγόραν τὸν σοφὸν αὐτὸν ἔχω,
ὅς, λαλεῖν εἰδὼς, ἑτέρους ἐδίδασκε σιωπᾶν,
φάρμακον ἡσυχίας ἐγκρατεῖς εὐρόμενος.

47.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Εσθιε, πῦνε, μύσας ἐπὶ πένθεσιν· οὗ γὰρ ἔοικεν
γαστέρι πενθῆσαι νεκρῶν. 'Ομήρος ἔφη:
καὶ γὰρ ὁμοῦ θάφασαν ὀλολότα δώδεκα τέκνα
σῖτου μυρσαμενὴ τὴν Νιόβην παράγει.

48.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ ποτε δουλεύσασα γυνὴ δέσποινα γένοιτο,
ἐστὶ παροιμιακόν. τὰ δὲ ὅμοιον ἔρωτα
μὴν δίκην δικάσειεν ἀνήρ γεγονός δικολέκτης,
μὴ δὲ οἶταν Ἰσοκράτους ῥήτορικότερος ἦ.
πῶς γὰρ ὁ μισθαρμεῖν εἰδισμένος οὐδὲν ἐταίρας
σεμνότερον, δικάσαι μὴ ῥυπαρῶς δύναται;

49.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ μύρμηκε χολήν καὶ σέρφω φασίν ἐνείναι:
ἔιτα χολήν μὲν ἔχει ξώα τὰ φαυλότατα,
ἐκκεῖσθαι δὲ ἐμὲ πᾶσι χολήν μὴ ἔχοντα κελεύεις,
ὅς μηδὲ ψιλοὶς ρήμασιν ἀνταδικεῖν
τοὺς ἔργους ἀδικοῦντας; ἀποφράξαντα δεῦσει
λοιπὸν ὀλοσχοῖνῳ τὸ στόμα, μηδὲ πνεεῖν.

¹ Hom. Π. xxiv. 691.
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46.—By the Same

Silence is men's chief learning. The sage Pythagoras himself is my witness. He, knowing himself how to speak, taught others to be silent, having discovered this potent drug to ensure tranquillity.

47.—By the Same

Eat and drink and keep silence in mourning; for we should not, as Homer said, mourn the dead with our belly. Yes, and he shows us Niobe, who buried her twelve dead children all together, taking thought for food.¹

48.—By the Same

It is a proverb, that no woman who has been a slave should ever become a mistress. I will tell you something similar. "Let no man who has been an advocate ever become a judge, not even if he be a greater orator than Isocrates. For how can a man who has served for hire in a fashion no more respectable than a whore judge a case otherwise than dirtily?"

49.—By the Same

They say that even ants and gnats have bile. So, while the most insignificant beasts have bile, do you bid me have no bile and lie exposed to the attacks of all the world, not even wrongdoing by mere words those who wrong me by deeds? I have for the rest of my life to stop up my mouth with a rush ² and not even breathe.

² A phrase borrowed from Aeschines, 31, 5, but there it is "to sew up," which is more intelligible.
50.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὴν Κήρκην οὖ φημὶ, καθὼς εὗρηκεν Ἅμηρος,
ἀντ’ ἀνδρῶν ποιεῖν ἡ σύμβας ἡ λύκους
τοὺς αὐτὴν προσιόντας· ἔταϊρα δ’ οὖσα πανούργος,
τοὺς δελεασθέντας πτωχοτάτους ἐποίει·
τῶν δ’ ἀνθρωπείων ἀποσυλήσασα λογισμῶν, 5
εἶπ’ ἀπὸ τῶν ἰδίων μηδὲν ἔχοντας ἔτι
ἐτρεφεν ἐνδόν ἔχουσα δίκην ξέων ἄλογίστων.
ἔμφρων δ’ ὤν Ὀδυσεύς, τὴν νεότητα φυγῶν,
οὐχ Ἑρμοῦ, φύσεως δ’ ἱδίας ἐμφύτευτα λογισμὸν
ἐίχε γοητείας φάρμακον ἀντίπαλον. 10

51.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁ φθόνος οἰκτιρμοῦ, κατὰ Πίνδαρον, ἐστίν ἀμείων
οἱ βασκαίνομενοι λαμπρὸν ἔχουσι βίων
τοὺς δὲ λίαν ἀτυχεῖσι οἰκτείρομεν. ἀλλὰ τις εἴην
μὴτ’ ἄγαν εὐδαίμων, μὴτ’ ἔλεεινός ἐγὼ.
ἡ μεσότης γὰρ ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ τὰ μὲν ἀκρα πέφυκεν
κινδύνους ἐπάγειν, ἔσχατα δ’ ὑβριν ἔχει. 5

52.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὗρεν λέγων, τὸν Καιρὸν ἐφης θεόν, εὗρε, Μένανδρε,
ὡς ἀνὴρ Μούσων καὶ Χαρίτων τρόφιμος·
pολλάκι γὰρ τοῦ σφόδρα μεριμνηθέντος ἄμεινον
προσπεσόν εὐκαίρως εὐρέ τι ταυτόματον.

53.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ τοὺς ἀνδροφόνους εὐδαίμονας ὄντας ὀρῶμεν,
oὐ πάνυ θαυμάζω· τοῦ Διὸς ἐστὶ γέρας.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

50.—By the Same

I deny that Circe, as Homer says, changed those who visited her from men into pigs or wolves. No! she was a cunning courtesan, and made them who took her bait poorest of the poor. Stripping them of their human sense, she now, when they could gain nothing for themselves, reared them in her house like senseless animals. But Ulysses, having his wits about him and avoiding the folly of youth, possessed a counter-charm to enchantment, his own nature, not Hermes,\(^1\) emplanting reason in him.

51.—By the Same

Envy, says Pindar, is better than pity.\(^2\) Those who are envied lead a splendid life, while our pity is for the excessively unfortunate. I would be neither too fortunate nor too badly off; for the mean is best, since the height of fortune is apt to bring danger, while the depth of misery exposes to insult.

52.—By the Same

Well didst thou say it, right well, Menander, and like a true nursling of the Muses and Graces, that Opportunity is a god; for often a thought that occurs opportunely of itself finds something better than much reflection.

53.—By the Same

That we see murderers blest by fortune does not surprise me much. It is the gift of Zeus. For he

\(^1\) As in Homer. \(^2\) Pyth. i. 85.
54.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ ποιεῖ θάνατον μόνον ἡ φθίσις· ἀλλὰ τὸν αὐτὸν καὶ πολλὴ παχύτης πολλάκις εἰργάσατο. τοῦδ’ ὁ τυραννὴς Διονύσιος Ἡρακλείας τῆς ἐν τῷ Πόντῳ μάρτυς, ὁ τούτῳ παθῶν.

55.—TOY AYTOY

"Ἀν πάνυ κομπάξης προστάγμασι μὴ ὑπακούειν τῆς γαμετῆς, ληρεῖς· οὗ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς εἰ, οὐδ’ ἀπὸ πέτρης, φησίν· οὐ δ’ οἱ πολλοὶ κατ’ ἀνάγκην πᾶσχομεν, ἢ πάντες, καὶ σὺ γυναικοκρατή· εἰ δ’, "Οὐ σανδαλίῳ," φής, "τύπτομαι, οὐδ’, ἀκολάστου

οὕσης μοι γαμετῆς, χρῆ με μούσαντα φέρειν," δουλεύειν σε λέγω μετριώτερον, εἰ γε πεπρασαί σῶρον δεσποίνη μηδὲ λίαν χαλεπῆ.

56.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδὲν σωφροσύνης τεκμήριον ἔστι πρόδηλον· τοῖς ἐμπαιζομένοις ἀνδράσι ταῦτα λέγω. οὔτε τὸ δύσμορφον πάντως ἀνύποπτον ὑπάρχει, οὔτ’ ἀκολασταῖνειν πᾶσα πέφυκε καλή.

καὶ γὰρ τις διὰ τὴν ὀραν τοῖς πολλὰ διδοὺσιν οὖχ ἐπεταίρ. πολλὰς δ’ ἐστὶ γυναῖκας ἕδειν
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

would have killed his father, whom he hated, had Cronos chanced to be mortal. Now, instead of killing him, he punishes him in the same place as the Titans, casting him bound like a robber into the pit.

54.—By the Same

Consumption is not the only cause of death, but extreme obesity often has the same result. Dionysius, tyrant of the Pontic Heraclea, testifies to this, for it is what befel him.

55.—By the Same

If you boast that you don't in any way obey your wife's orders, you are talking nonsense: for you are not made of tree or stone, as the saying is,¹ and you suffer what most or all of us suffer, you are ruled by a woman. But if you say, "She does not smack me with her slipper, nor have I an unchaste wife whom I must put up with and shut my eyes," I say your servitude is milder than that of others, as you have sold yourself to a chaste and not very severe mistress.

56.—By the Same

There is no manifest sign of chastity: this I tell husbands who are made fools of. Neither are ill-looks quite free from suspicion, nor is every pretty woman naturally vicious. For a woman may refuse to yield to those who are ready to pay a high price owing to her beauty, and we see many who are not

¹ Hom. Od. xix. 162.
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οὐχὶ καλὰς τὴν ὄψιν, ὅπισομένας ἀκορέστως,
καὶ τοῖς χρησαμένοις πολλὰ χαριζομένας.
οὐκ εἰ τις συνάγει τὰς ὀφρύας, οὐδὲ γελῶσα
φαίνεται, ὁφθηναὶ τ' ἀνδρᾶσιν ἐκτρέπεται,
σώφροσύνης τρόπος οὕτος ἐχέγγυος· ἀλλὰ τις εὕροι
μαχλάδα μὲν κρύβδῃν τὴν πάνω σεμνοτάτην,
τὰς δ' ἰλαρὰς καὶ πᾶσι φιλανθρώπως προσιούσας
σώφρονας, εἰ σώφρων ἐστὶ γυνὴ τις ὀλως.
ηλικία τοῖνυν τάδε κρίνεται; ἀλλ' Ἀφροδίτης
οἶστρων εἰρήνην οὐδὲ τὸ γῆρας ἐχει.
ὁρκοίς λοιπὸν ἁγεί τε πεποίθομεν· ἀλλὰ μεθ' ὁρκοῦ
ζητεῖν ἐστὶ θεοὺς δώδεκα καὶ ἱνερεοῦ.¹

57.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γαστέρα μισήσειε θεὸς καὶ βρώματα γαστρός·
ἐνεκα γὰρ τούτων σώφροσύνα λύεται.

58.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνός, γυμνός θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἀπειμι·
καὶ τὶ μάτην μοχθῶ, γυμνὸν ὄρῳν τὸ τέλος;
W. M. Hardinge, in The Nineteenth Century, Nov. 1878,
p. 886.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Προσδοκίηθανάτου πολυόδυνος ἐστίν ἀνὴ·
τοῦτο δὲ κερδάινει θυντὸς ἀπολλύμενος.
μὴ τοίνυν κλαύσης τὸν ἀπερχόμενου βιότοιο·
οὐδὲν γὰρ θανάτου δεύτερον ἐστὶ πάθος.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 108.

¹ In line 17 I write ἁγεί for αἰεί. I suggest at the end καινοτέρους, and render so. "After swearing by the old
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

good-looking never satisfied with amorous intercourse, and giving large presents to those who possess them. Nor if a woman is always frowning and is never seen to laugh, and avoids showing herself to men, is this behaviour a pledge of chastity. On the contrary, the most grave of them may turn out to be whores in secret, and the merry ones who are amiable to everyone may be virtuous, if any woman is entirely virtuous. Is age, then, a criterion? But not even old age has peace from the goad of Aphrodite. We trust then to oaths and her religious awe. But after her oath she can go and seek out twelve newer gods.

57.—BY THE SAME

MAY God look with hatred on the belly and its food; for it is owing to them that chastity breaks down.

58.—BY THE SAME

NAKED I alighted on the earth and naked shall I go beneath it. Why do I toil in vain, seeing the end is nakedness?

59.—BY THE SAME

The expectation of death is a trouble full of pain, and a mortal, when he dies, gains freedom from this. Weep not then for him who departs from life, for there is no suffering beyond death.

twelve gods, she can get twelve new gods to forgive her for her perjury," i.e. she can become a Christian and conciliate the Apostles.
Πλούτεις· καὶ τι τὸ λοιπὸν; ἀπερχόμενος μετὰ σαυτοῦ τὸν πλοῦτον σύρεις, εἰς σορὸν ἐλκόμενος;
τὸν πλοῦτον συνάγεις δαπανῶν χρόνον· οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
ζωῆς σωρεύσαι μέτρα περισσότερα.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 109.

Φεύγετε τοὺς πλουτούντας, ἀναιδεῖς, οἰκοτυράννους,
μισούντας πενίην μητέρα σωφροσύνας.

Οὐ λόγον, οὐ νόμον οἶδε Τύχη, μερότων δὲ τυραννεῖ,
τοῖς ἱδίοις ἀλόγως ἤρμασι συρομένη.
μάλλον τοῖς ἀδίκοισι ἑρέπει, μισεῖ δὲ δικαίους,
ὡς ἐπιδεικνυμένη τὴν ἄλογον δύναμιν.

Μηδὲ ποτὲ ξῆσαι ὁ πένης βροτὸς οὔτ' ἀποθνῄσκει
cαι ξῆν γὰρ δοκέων, ὡς νέκυι ἢν ὁ τάλας.
oi δὲ τύχας μεγάλας καὶ χρήματα πολλὰ λαχῶντες,
oυτοὶ τὸν θάνατον πτῶσιν ἐχουσί βίου.

ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ἘΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἡ ρά γε ποῦ τὸ φρύαγμα τὸ τηλίκου; οἱ δὲ περισσοὶ
πὴ ἔβαν ἐξαίφνης ἄγχυσποροι κόλακες;

¹ "Pulling them into the coffin" (Mackail); "pulled" in my rendering would mean "driven in a hearse." If σορὸς is
Hortatory and Admonitory Epigrams

60.—By the Same

You are wealthy. And what is the end of it? When you depart do you trail your riches after you as you are being pulled to your tomb? You gather wealth spending time, but you cannot pile up a heavier measure of life.

61.—By the Same

Avoid the rich; they are shameless, domestic tyrants, hating poverty, the mother of temperance.

62.—By the Same

Fortune knows neither reason nor law, but rules men despotically, carried along without reason by her own current. She is rather inclined to favour the wicked, and hates the just, as if making a display of her unreasoning force.

63.—By the Same

A poor man has never lived, and does not even die, for when he seemed to be alive the unfortunate wretch was like a corpse. But for those who enjoy great prosperity and much wealth death is the ruin of life.

64.—Agathias Scholasticus

On a former Magistrate

Where, I ask, is that vast insolence? And where have they suddenly departed, the crowds of flatterers who used to walk by your side? Now you are gone a portable coffin and not, as I suppose, a stone one, M. is right.
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65.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πλοῦς σφαλερός τὸ ζῆν· χειμαζόμενοι γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ πολλάκις ναυηγῶν πταίομεν οἰκτρότερα.
τὴν δὲ Τύχην βιότοιο κυβερνήτειραν ἔχοντες,
ὡς ἐπὶ τοῦ πελάγους, ἀμφὶ βολοὶ πλέομεν,
oi mèn ép' eúplοeiν, oi ð' émpalain. ἀλλ' ἁμα πάντες 5
eis éna tòv kata γῆs ὄρμον ἀπερχόμεθα.

66.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἴτε τις ék πενίης πλούτου τὺχοι ἥδε καὶ ἄρχης,
oúkéti gínωςκεi, tis pèle to próteron.
τὴν ποτὲ γὰρ φιλίην ἀπαναίνεται· ἀφρονέων δὲ
térphn ólισθηρῆς oú dédáke Tύχηs.
ηs pote γὰρ πτωχὸς ταλαπείριος· ouk étēleis de, 5
aiτίζων ἀκόλους, νῦν étérōs παρέχειν.
pánτa, φίλοs, μερόπεσσi παρέρχεται· ei ð' ἀπιθήςεις,
émpalain aiτίζων μάρτυρα σαυτὸν ἔχοιs.

67.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Μνήμη καὶ Δήθη, μέγα χαίρετον· ἢ μὲν ἐπ' ἔργοις
Μνήμη τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς, ἢ δ' ἐπὶ λευγαλέοις.
R. Bland, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1813,
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

to exile far from the city, and Fortune has made those whom you formerly pitied judges to condemn you. Great thanks to thee, Fortune, performer of glorious deeds, for that thou ever mockest all alike, and we have that to amuse us.

65.—PALLADAS

Life is a perilous voyage; for often we are tempest-tossed in it and are in a worse case than shipwrecked men. With Fortune at Life's helm we sail uncertainly as on the open sea, some on a fair voyage, others the reverse: but all alike reach one harbour under the earth.

66.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

When a man rises from poverty to wealth and office, he no longer recognizes what he once was. For he repudiates his former friendships, and in his folly learns not how playful slippery fortune is. You were once a miserable pauper, and now you who used to "beg for a pittance" refuse it to others. My friend, everything that is man's passes away, and if you will not believe it, you will go begging again and testify to it yourself.

67.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Memory and Oblivion, all hail! Memory I say in the case of good things, and Oblivion in the case of evil.

1 The phrase is Homeric (Od. xvii. 222).
68.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ

Καλὸν μὲν στυγόδεμνον ἔχειν νόον· εἳ δ’ ἄρ’ ἀνάγκη, ἄρσενικῆ φιλότητι μὴ ποτὲ σε κλονέοι. θηλυτέρας φιλέειν ὀλίγον κακόν, οὐνεκα κείναις κυπριδίους ὁρᾶους πότνα δέδωκε φύσις. δέρκεο τῶν ἀλόγων ζίζων γένος; ἥ γάρ ἐκείνων ὀνδὲν ἀτιμάζει θέσμα συζυγίας· ἀρσενί γὰρ θῆλεια συνάπτεται· οἱ δ’ ἀλεγεινοὶ ἄνδρες ἐς ἀλλήλους ξεῖνον ἁγοῦσι γάμον.

69.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν θάνατον τὶ φοβεῖσθε, τὸν ἡσυχίας γενετῆρα, τὸν παῦοντα νόσους καὶ πενίς ὀδύνας; μοῦν ἀπαξ θυντῶς παραγίνεται, οὐδὲ ποτ’ αὐτὸν εἰδέν τις θυντῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον· αἱ δὲ νόσοι πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἄλλοτ’ ἐπ’ ἄλλουν ἐρχόμεναι θυντῶν, καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι·

70.—ΜΑΧΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ

Εἰ βλοῦν ἐν μερόπεσσι Τύχης παῖζουσιν ἔταιραι Ἔλπιδες ἀμβολάδην πάντα χαριζόμεναι, παῖζομαι, εἰ βροτὸς εἰμι. βροτὸς δ’ εὗ οἴδα καὶ αὐτὸς θυμῶς εὼν· δολιχαί δ’ ἐπιλείποι παιζόμενος, αὐτὸς ἔκοιντι γέγηθα πλανώμενος, οὐδὲ γενοῖμην ἐς κρίσιν ἡμετέρυν πικρός Ἀριστοτέλης. τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρείοντος ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσι φυλάσσω παρφασίην, ὅτι δεὶ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχεων.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

68.—AGATHIAS

It is good to have a mind that hates sexual intercourse, but if you must, let not the love of males ever disturb you. It is a small evil to love women, for gracious Nature gave them the gift of amorous dalliance. Look at the race of beasts; not one of them dishonours the laws of intercourse, for the female couples with the male. But wretched men introduce a strange union between each other.

69.—BY THE SAME

Why fear death, the mother of rest, death that puts an end to sickness and the pains of poverty? It happens but once to mortals, and no man ever saw it come twice. But diseases are many and various, coming first to this man, then to that, and ever changing.

70.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

If the Hopes, the companions of Fortune, make sport of human life, delaying to grant every favour, I am their plaything if I am human, and being mortal, I well know I am human. But being the sport of long-deferred hopes, I am willing and pleased to be deceived, and would not in judging myself be as severe as Aristotle,¹ for I bear in mind Anacreon’s advice² that we should not let care abide with us.

¹ A Roman would have said “Cato.”
² The reference is to Anacreonta xli.
71.—TOY AYTOY

Πανδώρης ὁρῶν γελῶν πίθουν, οὐδὲ γυναῖκα
μέμφομαι, ἀλλ' αὐτῶν τὰ πτερὰ τῶν Ἀγαθῶν.
ὡς γὰρ ἐπ' Οὐλύμπου ποιεῖ χθονὸς ἤθεα πάσης
πυτώνται, πίπτειν καὶ κατὰ γῆν ὄφελον.
ἡ δὲ γυνὴ μετὰ πῶμα κατωχρήσασα παρεῖς
ὁλεσεν ἀγάλματι διὸ ἐφερεν χαρίτων.
ἀμφοτέρων δ' ἦμαρτεν ὁ νῦν βίος, ὁτι καὶ αὐτὴν
γηράσκουσαν ἔχει, καὶ πίθους οὐδὲν ἔχει.

72.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Σκηνὴ πάς ὁ βίος καὶ παίγνιον· ἡ μάθε παίζειν,
τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἡ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1813, p. 110; John Hall Stevenson, Crazy Tales, title-motto; J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 106.

73.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ τὸ φέρον σε φέρει, φέρει καὶ φέρον· εἰ δ' ἀγανακτεῖς
καὶ σαυτὸν λυπεῖς, καὶ τὸ φέρον σε φέρει.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 105.

74.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μὴτε βαθυκτέανοι τύχης κοψιζίεσ φόλζω,
μὴτε σέο γνάμψη φροντίς ἐλευθερίην.
πᾶς γὰρ υπ' ἀσταθέσσι βίος πελεμίζεται αὖραις,
τῇ καὶ τῇ θαμινῶς ἀντιμεθελκόμενος.
ἡ δ' ἄρετή σταθερὸν τι καὶ ἄτροπον, ἥς ἐπὶ μούνης
κύματα θαρσαλέως ποντοπόρει βίοτον.

1 i.e. the escape of the Goods of life. In the older and more usual story it is the Evils of life that were in Pandora's jar and escaped. Macedonius seems in the last lines to make
71.—By the Same

I smile when I look on the picture of Pandora’s jar, and do not find it was the woman’s fault, but is due to the Goods having wings.¹ For as they flutter to Olympus after visiting every region of the world, they ought to fall on the earth too. The woman after taking off the lid grew pale-faced, and has lost the splendour of her former charm. Our present life has suffered two losses; woman is grown old and the jar has nothing in it.

72.—PALLADAS

All life is a stage and a play: either learn to play laying your gravity aside, or bear with life’s pains.

73.—By the Same

If the gale of Fortune bear thee, bear with it and be borne; but if thou rebellest and tormentest thyself, even so the gale bears thee.

74.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Neither be lifted up by the strong blast of opulent fortune, nor let care bend thy freedom. For all thy life is shaken by inconstant breezes and is constantly dragged this way and that; but virtue is the steadfast and constant support on which alone thou canst travel boldly over the waves of life.

Pandora symbolise womankind in general. The second couplet seems to mean that Pandora thought the Goods would light on earth, but that, instead, they all flew up to the sky.
75.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

'Ήéra λεπταλέου μικτηρόθεν ἀμπνείοντες
ζώομεν, ἥελιον λαμπτάδα δερκόμενοι,
pάντες ὅσοι ζώομεν κατὰ τὸν βίον· ὅργανα δὲ ἔσμεν,
aὐραίς ζωογόνοις πνεύματα δεχνύμενοι.
eἰ δὲ τὸς οὖς ὅληγην παλάμη σφίγξεις αὐτήν,
ψυχήν συλήσας εἰς ἀίδην κατάγει.
οὕτως οὖδεν ἐόντες, ἀγνορή τρεφόμεσθα,
pνοήσεις εἰς ὅληγης ἡέρα βοσκόμενοι.

76.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Οὖ τὸ ξῆν χαρίσσαν ἔχει φύσιν, ἀλλὰ τὸ βίψαι
φρονίδας ἐκ στέρνων τὰς πολιοκροτάφους.
πλούτουν ἔχειν ἐθέλον τὸν ἐπάρκιον· ἢ δὲ περισσὴ
θυμὸν αἰεὶ κατέδει χρυσομανῆς μελέτη.
ἐνθὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄρελονα πολλάκι δήεις
καὶ πενίην πλούτου, καὶ βιότον θάνατον.
ταῦτα σὺ γινώσκων κραδίς ἢθυνε κελεύθους,
eἰς μίαν εἰσορόπων ἐλπίδα, τὴν σοφίην.

77.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τίπτε μάτῃν, ἀνθρωπε, πονεῖς καὶ πάντα ταράσσεις,
κλήρῳ δουλεύουν τῷ κατὰ τὴν γένεσιν;
tούτῳ σαυτοῦ ἀφες, τῷ δαίμονι μὴ φιλονείκεις·
σὴν δὲ τύχην στέργων, ἤσυχίην ἀγάπτα·
μᾶλλον ἐπ' εὐφροσύνην δὲ βιαίζεο, καὶ παρὰ μοίρην,
eἰ δυνατόν, ψυχὴν τερπομένην μετάγειν.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

75.—PALLADAS

We live—all who live as this life is—and gaze on the flame of the sun, breathing through our nostrils delicate air; we are organs which receive health as a gift from the life-creating breezes. But if anyone with his hand presses tightly a little of our breath, he robs us of our life and brings us down to Hades. So being nothing we are fed with vanity, pasturing on air drawn from a breath of wind.

76.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

There is no natural pleasure in life itself, but in casting off from our mind anxieties that whiten the temples. I wish for sufficient wealth, but mad lust for gold is a superfluous care that ever devours the heart. Therefore among men thou shalt often find poverty better than wealth, and death than life. Knowing this, make straight the ways of thy heart, looking to one hope, even to wisdom.

77.—PALLADAS

Why dost thou labour in vain, O man, and disturb everything, being, as thou art, the slave of the lot that fell to thee at birth? Resign thyself to this, and struggle not against Fate, but content with thy fortune, love tranquillity. Yet strive thou rather, even against Fate, to lead thy delighted spirit to mirth.
78.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ῥίπτε γόους, μὴ κάμνε, πόσον χρόνον ἐνθάδε μίμων,
ὡς πρὸς ἐκείνον ὅλου τὸν μετὰ ταῦτα βίον.
πρὶν τοίνυν σκόληκα βαλείν τύμβοις τε ῥιφῆναι,
μὴ δαμάσης ψυχήν ζῶν ἐτι κρινομένην.

79.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νυκτὸς ἀπερχομένης γεννώμεθα ἡμαρ ἐπ’ ἡμαρ,
τοῦ προτέρου βιότου μηδὲν ἔχοντες ἔτι,
ἀλλοτριωθέντες τῆς ἐχθεσινῆς διαγωγῆς,
τοῦ λοιποῦ δὲ βίου σήμερον ἀρχόμενοι.
μὴ τοίνυν λέγε σαντού ἐτῶν, πρεσβύτα, περισσῶν
tῶν γὰρ ἀπελθόντων σήμερον οὐ μετέχεις.

80.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παλγιόν ἐστὶ Τύχης μερόπων βίος, ὁδικτρός, ἀλήτης,
πλουτὸν καὶ πενήθη μεσσόθε βεβοθόμενος.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατάγουσα πάλιν σφαιρήδου ἀείρει,
tοὺς δ᾿ ἀπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν εἰς ἄιδην κατάγει.

81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ὡς τῆς βραχείας ἡδονῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου·
τὴν ὄξυτητα τοῦ χρόνου πενθήσατε.
ἡμεῖς καθεξόμεσθα καὶ κοιμώμεθα,
μοχθοῦντες ἢ τρυφῶντες· ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρέχει,
τρέχει καθ’ ἡμῶν τῶν ταλαιπώρων βροτῶν,
φέρων ἐκάστοτε τῷ βίῳ καταστροφῆν."
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

78.—By the Same

Cast away complaint and be not troubled, for how brief is the time thou dwellest here compared with all the life that follows this! Ere thou breest worms and art cast into the tomb torment not thy soul, as if it were damned while thou still livest.

79.—By the Same

We are born day by day when night departs, retaining nothing of our former life, estranged from the doings of yesterday and beginning to-day the remainder of our life. Do not then, old man, say thy years are too many, for to-day thou hast no part in those that have gone by.

80.—By the Same

The life of men is the plaything of Fortune, a wretched life and a vagrant, tossed between riches and poverty. Some whom she had cast down she casteth on high again like a ball, and others she brings down from the clouds to Hades.

81.—By the Same

Alas for the brevity of life's pleasure! Mourn the swiftness of time. We sit and we sleep, toiling or taking our delight, and time is advancing, advancing against us wretched men, bringing to each the end of life.
82.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Αρα μὴ θανάτους τῷ δοκεῖν ζῶμεν μόνον,
'Ελληνες άνδρες, συμφορά πεπτωκότες
όνειρον εἰκάζοντες εἶναι τὸν βίον;
ἡ ζῶμεν ἡμεῖς, τοῦ βίου τεθυγκότος;

83.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ τὸ φρονεῖν πλούτευντι περίστασις, ὄχλος,
ἀνάγκη . . .
†ζώνη ποικίλη καὶ κολάκων ἀνάγκη.

84.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δακρυχέων γενόμην, καὶ δακρύσας ἀποθνῄσκω.
δάκρυσι δ' ἐν πολλοῖς τὸν βίον εὑρὼν ὅλων.
ὡ γένος ἀνθρώπων πολυδάκρυτον, ἀσθενές, οἰκτρόν,
φαινόμενον 1 κατὰ γῆς, καὶ διαλυόμενον.

85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες τῷ θανάτῳ τηρούμεθα, καὶ τρεφόμεσθα
ὡς ἀγέλη χοίρων σφαζομένων ἄλγως.

86.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ δαψιλώς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως κἀγὼ τρέφω
παίδας, γυναῖκα, δοῦλον, ὄρνιθας, κύκνα;
κόλαξ γὰρ οὐδεὶς τοὺς ἐμοὺς πατεῖ δόμους.

87.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ἄν μὴ γελόμεν τὸν βίον τὸν δραπέτην,
Τύχην τε πόρην ῥεύμασιν κινουμένην,
ὁδύνην εαυτοῖς προξενούμεν πάντωτε,
ἀναξίους ὀρῶντες εὐτυχεστέρους.

HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

82.—By the Same

Is it not true that we are dead and only seem to live, we Greeks,\(^1\) fallen into misfortune, fancying that a dream is life? Or are we alive and is life dead? \(^2\)

83.—By the Same

Even wisdom to the wealthy is a difficulty, a trouble, a necessity . . . .

84.—By the Same

In tears I was born and after tears I die, finding the whole of life a place of many tears. O race of men tearful, weak, pitiful, scarce seen on earth and straight dissolved!

85.—By the Same

We are all kept and fed for death, like a herd of swine to be slain without reason.

86.—By the Same

I too rear, not sumptuously, but still I rear children, a wife, a slave, poultry and a dog—for no flatterer sets foot in my house.

87.—By the Same

If we do not laugh at life the runaway, and Fortune the strumpet shifting with the current, we cause ourselves constant pain seeing the unworthy luckier than ourselves.

\(^1\) i.e. Pagans. \(^2\) cp. No. 90.
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88.—TOY AYTOY

Σώμα, πάθος ψυχῆς, ἅδης, μοῖρ', ἄχθος, ἀνάγκη, καὶ δεσμὸς κρατερός, καὶ κόλασις βασάνων. ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐξελθῇ τοῦ σώματος, ὡς ἀπὸ δεσμῶν τοῦ θανάτου, φεύγει πρὸς θεὸν ἀθάνατον.

89.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ θεὸς ἡ Φήμη, κεχολωμένη ἐστὶ καὶ αὐτὴ Ἔλλησι, σφαλεροῖς ἐξαπατῶσα λόγοις. Φήμη δ', ἂν τι πάθης, ἀναφαίνεται εὐθὺς ἀληθῆς· πολλάκι καὶ Φήμην ἔφθασεν ἡ ταχυτῆς.

90.—TOY AYTOY

"Ω τῆς μεγίστης τοῦ φθόνου πονηρίας· τὸν εὐτυχῆ μισεῖ τις, δὴ θεὸς φιλεῖ. οὕτως ἀνόητοι τῷ φθόνῳ πλανῶμεθα, οὕτως ἑτοῖμος μορία δουλεύομεν. Ἐλληνεσ ἐσμεν ἄνδρες ἐσποδωμένοι, νεκρῶν ἔχουσες ἐλπίδας τεθαμμένας· ἀνεστράφη γὰρ γάρ πάντα νῦν τὰ πράγματα.

91.—TOY AYTOY

"Ωταν στυγή τις ἄνδρα, τὸν θεὸς φιλεῖ, οὕτως μεγίστην μορίαν κατεισάγει· φανερῶς γὰρ αὐτῷ τῷ θεῷ κορύσσεται, χόλον μεγίστον ἐκ φθόνου δεδεγμένος, δεῖ γὰρ φιλεῖν ἔκεινον, δὴ θεὸς φιλεῖ.

1 No doubt this and No. 89 refer to the contemporary persecution of the Pagans by the Christians under Theodosius. Greek here means non-Christian, as Palladas was himself.
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88.—By the Same

The body is an affliction of the soul, it is Hell, Fate, a burden, a necessity, a strong chain and a tormenting punishment. But when the soul issues from the body as from the bonds of death, it flies to the immortal God.

89.—By the Same

If Rumour be a goddess, she too as well as the other gods is wroth with the Greeks and cozens them with deceptive words. Rumour, if any evil befall thee, at once is proved to be true, and often the rapidity of events anticipates her.

90.—By the Same

Alas for the extreme malice of envy! A man hates the fortunate whom God loves. So senselessly are we led astray by envy; so ready are we to be the slaves of folly. We Greeks are men reduced to ashes, having the buried hopes of the dead; for to-day everything is turned upside down.¹

91.—By the Same

He who detests a man whom God loves, is guilty of the greatest folly, for he manifestly takes up arms against God himself, being gifted by envy with excessive spite. One should rather love him whom God loves.

It is hard, however, to find any connexion in thought between lines 1–4 and what follows, and I quite fail to see any point in No. 89.
92.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς ἀρχοντα
ʹΕπεὶ δικάζεις καὶ σοφιστεύεις λόγους,
κάγῳ φέρω σοι τῆς ἐμῆς ἁγδόνος
ἐπίγραμμα σεμνόν, ἂξιον παρρησίας:
ὁ γὰρ σὲ μέλπων τῆς Δίκης ὤμους χέει.1

93.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Βέλτερον ἐστι τύχης καὶ θλιβομένης ἀνέχεσθαι
ἡ τῶν πλουτοῦντων τῆς υπερηφανίας.

94.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἶναι νομίζω φιλόσοφον καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ,
βλασφημών τῶν εὐθύς οὐ θυμοῦμενον,
χρόνῳ δὲ ἐπαυξάνοντα τὰς τιμωρίας
τὰς τῶν πονηρῶν καὶ ταλαντώρων βροτῶν.

95.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μεσὸ τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν διπλοῦν πεφυκότα,
χρηστὸν λόγοισι, πολέμιον δὲ τοῖς τρόποις.

96.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Εταίνον λογισμοῖς καταμάθω τὰ πράγματα,
καὶ τὰς ἀκάλοος μεταβολὰς τὰς τοῦ βίου,
καὶ ῥεῖν ἀπίστον τῆς ἀνωμάλου Τύχης,
πῶς τοὺς πένητας πλουσίους ἑργάζεσθαι,
καὶ τοὺς ἐχοντας χρημάτων ἀποστερεῖν,

1 So Jacobs: οὐ γὰρ σὲ μέλπων τῆς Δίκης ὤμους ἵχε; MS. This would mean, if anything, “For he who sings not of thee is asleep to Justice.”
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92.—By the Same

To a Magistrate

Since thou givest judgments and art a subtle speaker, I bring thee too this grave epigram of my nightingale worthy of one who speaks freely; for he who sings of thee pours forth the praises of Justice.

93.—By the Same

It is better to endure even straitened Fortune rather than the arrogance of the wealthy.

94.—By the Same

I think God is a philosopher too, as he does not wax wroth at once with blasphemy, but with the advance of time increases the punishment of wicked and miserable men.

95.—By the Same

I hate the man who is double-minded, kind in words, but a foe in his conduct.

96.—By the Same

When I think over things, observing the inopportune changes of life and the fickle current of unfair Fortune, how she makes the poor rich and deprives its possessors of wealth, then blinded in my own

1 Referring of course to another epigram or collection of epigrams he is sending.
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τότε κατ’ ἐμαυτὸν τῇ πλάνῃ σκοτούμενος μισῶ τὰ πάντα, τῆς ἄδηλης χάριν.
ποίῳ τρόπῳ γὰρ περιγένομαι τῆς Τύχης, τῆς ἐξ ἀδῆλου φαινομένης ἐν τῷ βίῳ,
πόρνης γυναικὸς τοὺς τρόπους κεκτημένης;

97.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Διότι δὲ τῶν ἔσσας μετὰ γραμματικῆς βραχυμόχθου, βουλευτὴς νεκύων πέμπομαί εἰς ἄιδην.

98.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶς τις ἀπαίδευτος φρουμώτατος ἐστὶ σιωπῶν,
τὸν λόγον ἐγκρύπτων, ὥσ πάθος αἰσχρότατον.

99.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλάκι, Σέξτ', ἔστησα τὴν φιλότητα καὶ υβρίς,
καὶ πολὺ κοῦφοτέρη ἡν τὴν φιλότητα μαθών,
λοιδορίην δὲ ρέτουσαν, ἐχορήσθην φιλότητος,
μηκέτι βαστάζων υβρίς ἀτιμωτάτην.

100.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΣ

Ἀνθρώποις διήγης μὲν ὁ πᾶς χρόνος, ὥσ ποτε δειλὸι
ξώμεν, κήν πολιδόν γῆρας ἀπασι μένη
τῆς δ' ἀκμῆς καὶ μάλλον. ὅτ' οὖν χρόνος ὀρίος ἡμῶν,
πάντα χύσῃ ἐστω, ψαλμός, ἔρως, προπόσεις.
χειμῶν τούπτευθεν γῆρως βαρύς: οὐδὲ δέκα μνῶν
στύσεις: τοιαύτη σ' ἐκδέχετ' ὀρχυτέδη.

1 i.e. 72 years, there were 72 solidi in the pound. He means that he had sought a seat in the Senate of some town but in vain.
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mind by the error I hate everything owing to the obscurity of all. For how shall I get the better of
Fortune, who keeps on appearing in life from no one
knows where, behaving like a harlot.

97.—By the Same

Having lived a pound of years¹ with toiling
Grammar I am sent to Hell to be senator of the
dead.

98.—By the Same

Every uneducated man is wisest if he remains
silent, hiding his speech like a disgraceful disease.

99.—By the Same

I often, Sextus, weighed on the balance your
kindness and insolence, and finding your kindness
much the lightest and your abusive speech ever
sinking the scale, I abandoned your friendship,
unable to support any longer your most dishonouring
insults.

100.—Antiphanes

Brief would be the whole span of life that we
wretched men live, even if grey old age awaited us
all, and briefer yet is the space of our prime. There-
fore, while the season is ours, let all be in plenty,
song, love, carousal. Henceforth is the winter of heavy
eld. Thou wouldst give ten minae ² to be a man,
but no! such fetters shall be set on thy manhood.

² About fifty pounds.
101.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

'Ηνίδε καὶ χέρσον τὸ γεωτόμον ὅπλον ἔρεσει
καὶ τὸν ὑποθατίαν μόσχον ἅγει δάμαλις,
βοῦταν μὲν τρομέουσα διόκτορα, τὸν δὲ μένουσα
νῆπιον, ἀμφοτέρων εὐστόχα φειδομένην.
ἲσχες, ἀροτροδίαυλε, πεδώρυχε, μηδὲ διώξῃς
τὰν διπλοῖς ἔργοις διπλὰ βαρυνομέναν.

5

102.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Μήτε μὲ χεῖματι πόντως ἅγοι θρασύς, οὐδὲ γαλήνης
ἀργής ἐσπασάμην τὴν πάλι ηνεμών.
αἱ μεσότητες ἀρισταῖ̂ ὄπη δὲ τε πρήξες ἀνδρῶν,
καὶ πάλι μέτρον ἐγώ τάρκιον ἐσπασάμην.
τοῦτ᾽ ἀγάπα, φίλε Δάμπτι, κακᾶς δ᾽ ἔχθαίρε θυέλλας:
εἰσὶ τινὲς πρηκεὶς καὶ βιότον Ζέφυροι.

5

103.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Τὴν γ’ προτερον θυμέλην μὴτ’ ἐμβλεπε, μήτε παρέλθης:
νῦν ἀπαγε δραχμῆς εἰς κολοκορδόκολα.
καὶ σύκον δραχμῆς ἐν γίνεται· ἢν δ’ ἀναμείνῃς,
χλία. τοῖς πτωχοῖς ὁ χρόνος ἐστὶ θεός.

104.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΣ

Χαίρε θεὰ δέσποιν’, ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγάπημα,
Εὔτελή, κλεινῆς ἔγγονε Σωφροσύνης.
οῖς ἄρετὴν τιμῶσιν ὅσοι τὰ δίκαι’ ἀσκοῦσιν.

1 Lines 1 and 2 are hopeless.
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101.—BIANOR

Look, the heifer draws the instrument that cuts the earth, and is followed by the calf she is suckling! She dreads the husbandman at her heels, and waits for her little one, sagaciously careful of both. Thou who followest the plough up and down the field, who turnest up the soil, hold thy hand, nor drive her who bears the double burden of two labours.

102.—BASSUS

I would not have the fierce sea drive me in storm, nor do I welcome the dull windless calm that follows. The mean is best, and so likewise where men do their business, I welcome the sufficient measure. Love this, dear Lampis, and hate evil tempests; there are gentle Zephyrs in life too.

103.—PHILODEMUS

Neither look into nor pass by (the place where they sell scarce delicacies?). Now be off to the tripe-stall to spend a drachma.¹ One fig too at times may cost a drachma, but if you wait, it will buy you a thousand. Time is the poor man’s god.

104.—CRATES THE PHILOSOPHER

Hail! divine lady Simplicity, child of glorious Temperance, beloved by good men. All who practise righteousness venerate thy virtue.²

² An extract from Crates’ Hymn to Simplicity, the whole of which we have.

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105.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Χαίρει θεός Θεόδωρος, ἐπεὶ θάνων ἄλλος ἐπ’ αὐτῷ χαιρήσει. Θανάτῳ πάντες ὁφειλόμεθα.

106.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ
Πολλοὶ τοι ναρβηκοφόροι, πάντοι δὲ τε βάκχοι.

107.—ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΟΤ
Θεοῦ μὲν οὐδεὶς ἐκτὸς εὐτυχεῖ βροτός.
φεῦ τῶν βροτείων ὡς ἀνώμαλοι τύχαι
οἱ μὲν γὰρ εὖ πράσσουσι, τοῖς δὲ συμφοραὶ
σκληρὰ πάρεισι εὐσεβοῦσι πρὸς θεοὺς.

108.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ
Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ
ἀνεύκτοις ἀμμὶ δίδου, τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις.

109.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ
Πᾶς λόγος ἔστι μάταιος ὁ μὴ τετελεσμένος ἔργῳ
καὶ πᾶσα πράξις τὸν λόγον ἄρχον ἔχει.¹

110.—ΑΙΣΧΤΑΟΤ
Οὐ χρὴ λέοντος σκύμνου ἐν πόλει τρέφειν
μᾶλιστα μὲν λέοντα μὴ πόλει τρέφειν
ἡν δ’ ἐκτραφῆ τις, τοῖς τρόποις ὑπηρετεῖν.

¹ ἔργον ἔχει MS.: corr. Jacobs.

¹ cp. Horace’s “Debemur morti nos nostraque.”
² A well-known proverb quoted by Plato in the Phaedo (69c).
³ Fragments 684 and 1025.
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105.—SIMONIDES

A certain Theodorus rejoices because I am dead. Another shall rejoice at his death. We are all owed to death.¹

106.—ANONYMOUS

Many are the thyrsus-bearers but few the initiated.²

107.—EURIPIDES ³

No man is fortunate unless God will it. Alas! how unequal is the lot of men. Some are prosperous and on others who reverence the gods fall cruel misfortunes.

108.—ANONYMOUS ⁴

Zeus the king, give us good things whether we pray for them or not, and keep evil things away from us even if we pray for them.

109.—ANONYMOUS

Every word is vain that is not completed by deed, and let every deed spring from reason.⁵

110.—AESCHYLUS

A lion cub should not be reared in the city. First and foremost bring up no lion in the city, but if one be reared, submit to his ways.⁶

¹ Quoted as such by Plato, Alcib. ii. p. 142 c.
² The play on the two senses of Logos, speech and reason, cannot be rendered.
³ Spoken by Aeschylus in Aristophanes, Frogs 1425, with reference to Alcibiades.
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111.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Ο φθόνος αυτὸς ἐαυτὸν ἑῴς βελέεσσι δαμάζει.

112.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οἶνος καὶ τὰ λοετρὰ καὶ ἡ περὶ Κύπριν ἐρωθ ὀξυτέρην πέμπει τὴν ὀδὸν εἰς ἀλὴν.

113.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οὐκ ἐθέλω πλουτεῖν, οὐκ εὐχομαι· ἀλλὰ μοι εἴη ξῆν ἐκ τῶν ὀλίγων μηδὲν ἔχοντα κακὸν.

114.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Η κρίσις ἐστὶ κάτω καὶ Τάνταλος· οὐδὲν ἀπιστῶ, τῇ πενίᾳ μελετῶν τὴν ὑπὸ γην κόλασιν.

115.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Ζήσον λογισμῷ, καὶ μενεῖς ἀνενδέης.

116.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

"Οὐκ ἔστι γῆμας, ὡστε οὐ χειμάζεται," λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

117.—ΦΩΚΤΑΙΔΟΤ

Γυνῆσιός εἰμι φίλος, καὶ τὸν φίλον ὡς φίλον οἶδα, τοὺς δὲ κακοὺς διόλου πάντας ἀποστρέφομαι· οὐδένα θωπεύω πρὸς ὑπόκρισιν· οὐς δ' ἀρα τιμῶ, τούτους εξ ἀρχὴς μέχρι τέλους ἀγαπῶ.

1 Found also engraved on a stone (Corp. Inscr. No. 1935).
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111.—Anonymous
Envy slays itself by its own arrows.

112.—Anonymous
Wine and baths and venerean indulgence make the road to Hades more precipitous.

113.—Anonymous
I do not wish or pray to be wealthy, but I would live on a little, suffering no evil.

114.—Anonymous
Below in Hell are judgment and Tantalus. I do not disbelieve it, realising by my poverty the infernal torments.

115.—Anonymous
Live by reason, and thou shalt not be in want.

116.—Anonymous
"No married man but is tempest-tossed" they all say and marry knowing it.

117.—Phocylides
I am a genuine friend, and I know a friend to be a friend, but I turn my back on all evil-doers. I flatter no one hypocritically, but those whom I honour I love from beginning to end.

2 From Theognis (v. 1155) with differences.
3 Doubtless from a comic poet.
118.—ΔΔΗΛΟΝ
Πῶς γενόμην; πόθεν εἰμὶ; τίνος χάριν ἥλθον; ἀπελθεῖν; πῶς δύναμαι τι μαθεῖν, μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος; οὐδὲν ἐὼν γενόμην' πάλιν ἔσσομαι ὡς πάρος ἦν ὁ οὐδὲν καὶ μηδὲν τῶν μερόπων τὸ γένος. ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι Βάκχοιο φιλήδονον ἐνυπε νᾶμα: τοῦτο γάρ ἐστι κακῶν φάρμακον ἀντίδοτον.
C. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833, p. 240.

119.—ΔΔΗΛΟΝ
Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πόλλ᾽ ἀνεγείρειν ἀτραπός εἰς πενήν ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότατη.
H. Wellesley, in Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 159.

120.—ΔΔΗΛΟΝ
Πᾶσα γυνὴ φιλέει πλέον ἀνέρος· αἰδομένη δὲ κεύθει κέντρον ἔρωτος, ἐρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτή.

121.—ΡΑΠΟΤ
Οὐχ οὔτω βλάπτει μισέων ὁ λέγων ἀναφανδόν, ὥσπερ ο τὴν καθαρὰν ψευδόμενος φιλίαν. τὸν μὲν γὰρ μισοῦντα προειδότες ἐκτρεπόμεσθα, τὸν δὲ λέγοντα φιλεῖν οὐ προφυλασσόμεθα. ἐχθρὸν ἔγῳ κρίνω κεῖνον βαρὺν, ὡς ποτε λάθρῃ τὴν ἀπὸ τῆς φιλίας πίστιν ἔχων ἄδικεῖ.

1 Mackail compares the paradox in Plato’s Euthydemus that it is impossible to learn what one does not know already, and hence impossible to learn at all.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

118.—Anonymous

How was I born? Whence am I? Why came I here? To depart again? How can I learn aught, knowing nothing? I was nothing and was born; again I shall be as at first. Nothing and of no worth is the race of men. But serve me the merry fountain of Bacchus; for this is the antidote of ills.

119.—Anonymous

To feed many slaves and erect many houses is the readiest road to poverty.

120.—Anonymous

Every woman loves more than a man loves; but out of shame she hides the sting of love, although she be mad for it.²

121.—RARUS

He who says openly that he hates us does not hurt us so much as the man who simulates pure friendship. For having previous knowledge of him who hates us, we avoid him, but we do not guard ourselves against him who says he loves us. Him I judge a grievous enemy, who, when we trust him as a friend, does us injury by stealth.

² From Nonnus, Dionys. xlii. 209.
122.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Πολλὰ τὸ δαιμόνιον δύναται, κἂν η ἡ παράδοξα:
τοὺς μικροὺς ἀνάγει, τοὺς μεγάλους κατάγει,
καὶ σοῦ τὴν ὀφρὺν καὶ τὸν τύφον καταπάυσει,
κἂν ποταμὸς χρυσοῦ νάματά σοι παρέχῃ.
οὐ θρύον, οὐ μαλάχην ἄνεμὸς ποτε, τὰς δὲ μεγίστας ὃ
ἡ δρύας ἡ πλατάνους οἴδε χαμαί κατάγειν.

123.—ΑΙΣΩΠΟΤ
Πῶς τις ἄνευ βανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε; μυρία γάρ σεν
λυγρά· καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὔμαρες, οὔτε φέρειν.
ἡδέα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλά, γαία, θάλασσα,
ἀστρα, σεληνaiκής κύκλα καὶ ἥμιλον·
τάλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κῆν τι πάθη
τις ἕσθλόν, ἀμοιβαλὴν ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.
A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 79; J. A. Pott,
Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 111.

124.—ΓΛΑΤΚΩΝΟΣ
Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
πάντα γὰρ εξ ἄλογων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

124α.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Φροντίδες οἱ παῖδες· μέγα μὲν κακὸν, εἴ τι πάθοιεν·
eἰς δὲ καὶ ζωντες φροντίδες οὐκ ὀλγαί.
ἡ γαμετή, χρηστή μὲν ἐχει τινὰ τέρψιν ἐν αὐτῇ,
ἡ δὲ κακή πικρὸν τὸν βίον ἀνδρὶ φέρει.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

122.—LUCILIUS

Heaven can do many things even though they be unlikely; it exalteth the little and casteth down the great. Thy lofty looks and pride it shall make to cease, even though a river bring thee streams of gold. The wind hurts not the rush or the mallow, but the greatest oaks and planes it can lay low on the ground.

123.—AESOP

Life, how shall one escape thee without death; for thou hast a myriad ills and neither to fly from them nor to bear them is easy. Sweet are thy natural beauties, the earth, the sea, the stars, the orbs of the sun and moon. But all the rest is fear and pain, and if some good befall a man, an answering Nemesis succeeds it.

124.—GLYCON

All is laughter, all is dust, all is nothing, for all that is cometh from unreason.

124a.—ANONYMOUS

Children are a trouble; it is a great evil if anything happens to them, and even if they live they are no small trouble. A wife if she be good hath something in her that delights, but a bad one brings a man a bitter life.
Πράγμα μέν ἐσθ' ὁ φίλος πάνυ δύσκολον· εἰσὶ δὲ πολλοὶ,
καὶ σχεδὸν οἱ πάντες, μέχρι προσηγορίας.

Χρησαμένωθεράπων ὁ χρήσιμός ἐστ' ἀγαθὸν τῷ
αὐτάρκης δὲ κακὸν τῶν ὅ πονηρότερος.¹

¹ κακῶν ἐστὶν ἀπειρότερος Brunck, and so I render.
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125.—Anonymous

A friend is a very difficult thing to find, but many or nearly all are friends only in name.

126.—Anonymous

A useful servant is a good thing for him who makes use of him, but a man who is self-sufficient experiences less evil.
BOOK XI

THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

This book is divided in the MS. into two sections, the Convivial Epigrams, Nos. 1–64, and the Satirical Epigrams, No. 65 to the end, the former section, not exclusively convivial, being in part at least derived from the *Stephanus* of Philippus (8–9, 23–46, 49–50) and the Cycle of Agathias (57–61, 63–64). The second section, the Satirical poems, while containing much of the work of Palladas, with whom readers became acquainted in the preceding Book, a very limited number of poems from the *Stephanus* of Philippus (158, 168, 318–322, 324–327, 346–348) and a few by Agathias and Macedonius, is largely the work of two writers much allied in style, Lucilius and Nicarchus (we may add Ammianus), whose contributions are not derived from the main sources of the *Anthology*. Lucilius lived in the time of Nero, and Nicarchus probably was contemporary. They both very much remind us of Martial, who probably had read them. There is plenty of evidence that Nicarchus wrote in Alexandria, and I think the same may be true of Lucilius (see No. 212). There are very few epigrams in this book (195, 218, 223, 362–3) from the *Stephanus* of Meleager.
IA

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΣΤΜΡΟΤΙΚΑ ΚΑΙ ΣΚΩΠΤΙΚΑ

1.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

 Ἐρμαίος ἦμιν Ἄφροδίσιος ἔξ χώας οἴνου ἀϊρων, προσκόψας πένθος ἔθηκε μέγα. ὁίνος καὶ Κένταυρον ἀπώλεσεν· ὡς ὄφελεν δὲ χήμᾶς· νῦν δὲ ἡμεῖς τούτων ἀπωλέσαμεν.

2.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ

Αἰσχυλίδα Θεόδωρε, τί μοι μεμάχηται ἅριστοι; οὐ διακωλύσεις; πάντες ἔχουσι λίθους.

3.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἡθελὼν ἄν πλούτειν, ὡς πλούσιος ἦν ποτὲ Κροίσος, καὶ βασιλεὺς εἶναι τῆς μεγάλης Ἀσίνης· ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἐμβλέψω Νικάνορα τὸν σεροτηγόν, καὶ γνῶ ἐνδρό τί ποίει ταῦτα τὰ γλωσσόκομα, ἀκτήν ποὺ πάνας καὶ ταῖς κοτύλαις ὑποβρέξας, τὴν Ἀσίνην πωλῶ πρὸς μύρα καὶ στεφάνους.

1 About nine gallons.
2 It was the cause of their fatal fight with the Lapithae.
3 Or "killed."
BOOK XI

THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

1.—NICARCHUS

At the feast of Hermes, Aphrodisius, as he was carrying six choes of wine, stumbled and threw us into deep mourning. "Wine was the death even of the Centaurs." Would it had been ours; but now it is it we have lost.3

2.—CALLICTER

Theodorus, son of Aeschylus, why do the leaders fight with me? Won't you stop them? They all have stones.4

3.—ANONYMOUS

I would have liked to be as rich as Croesus once was, and to be king of great Asia. But when I look at Nicanor the coffin-maker and learn what these flute-cases he is making are meant for, I sprinkle my flour no matter where, and moistening it with my pint of wine I sell Asia for scent and garlands.

4 We cannot tell the occasion of this epigram, but Theodorus seems to be a doctor and the joke turns on "stones."
5 So he facetiously calls the coffins.
6 Flour kneaded and soaked in wine was a common drink.
4.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ
Αυτῷ τὶς γῆμας πιθανὴν τὸ γείτονι, βέγχει καὶ τρέφεται· τοῦτ’ ἦν εὐκολὸς ἐργασία, μὴ πλεῖν, μὴ σκάπτειν, ἀλλ’ εὐστομάχως ἀπορέγχειν, ἄλλοτρία δαπάνη πλούσια βοσκόμενον.

5.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ ΜΑΝΤΙΣΙΩΤΟΣ
"Οστις ἔσω πυρὸς καταλαμβάνει οὐκ ἁγοράζων, κεῖνον Ἀμαλθείας ἀ γυνά ἐστι κέρας.

6.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πτωχοῦ ἐστι γάμος κυνέα μάχα, εὐθὺ κυνοίμος, λοιδορίαι, πλαγίαι, ζημία, ἐργα, δίκαι.

7.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Οὐδεὶς τὴν ἱδίην συνεχῶς, Χαρίδημε, γυναῖκα βινεῖν ἕκ φυχῆς τερπόμενος δύναται· οὕτως ἡ φύσις ἐστὶ φιλόκυνισος, ἄλλοτριόχρως, καὶ ξητέι διόλου τὴν ξενοκυσθαπάτην.

8.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Μὴ μύρα, μὴ στεφάνους λιθίναις στῆλαιες χαρίζον, μηδὲ τὸ πῦρ φλέξης· ἐς κενὸν ἡ δαπάνη. ξωτί μοι, εἰ τι θέλεις, χάρισαι· τέφρην δὲ μεθύσκων πηλὸν ποιήσεις, κοῦχ ὁ θάνων πιέται.

1 It is unknown what this means.
2 I write ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ: Νικάνδρου MS.
3 κινεῖν MS.: I correct.

1 In late and modern Greek, horns have the sense familiar from Shakespeare. cp. No. 278 below.
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

4.—PARMENION

A certain man, having married a woman who is complaisant to his neighbour only, snores and feeds. That was the way to get a living easily—not to go to sea, not to dig, but to snore off one's dinner with a comfortable stomach, fattened richly at the expense of another.

5.—CALLICTER

He who finds corn at home without buying it has a wife who is "a horn" of plenty.

6.—BY THE SAME

A poor man's marriage is a dog-fight, at once the roar of battle, abuse, blows, damage, trouble and law-suits.

7.—NICARCHUS

No one, Charidemus, can constantly sleep with his own wife and take heart-felt pleasure in it. Our nature is so fond of titillation, such a luster after foreign flesh, that it persists in seeking the illusion of a strange caze.

8.—ANONYMOUS

Bestow not scent and crowns on stone columns, nor set the fire ablaze; the outlay is in vain. Give me gifts, if thou wilt, when I am alive, but by steeping ashes in wine thou wilt make mud, and the dead shall not drink thereof.

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2 By pouring ointments on it. The fire is the funeral fire.
3 These striking verses were found also engraved (with a few unimportant variants) on the tomb of Cerellia Fortunata near Rome.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

9.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Μὴ πάλι μοι μετὰ δόρπον, ὅτ’ οὐκέτι γαστέρα πείθω, οὔδετα καὶ χοίρων ἀντα τίθει τεμάχη. οὔδὲ γὰρ ἐργοτόνοισι μετὰ στάχνην ὄμβρος ἄκαιρος χρήσιμος, οὐ ναύταις ἐν λυμένι Ζεφυρος.

10.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τὸν τοῦ δειπναρίου νόμον οὐδατε’ σήμερον ύμᾶς, Ἀυλε, καλῷ καυνοὶς δόγμασι συμποσίου. οὐ μελαποῖος ἐρεῖ κατακείμενος. οὔτε παρέξεις οὔθ’ ἔξεις αὐτὸς πράγματα γραμματικά.

11.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐκ ἦδειν σε τραγῳδόν, Ἐπίκρατε, οὐδὲ χοραύλην, οὔθ’ ἄλλῳ οὔδὲν ὄλως, ὅν χορὸν ἔστιν ἔχειν. ἀλλ’ ἐκάλουν σε μόνον. σὺ δ’ ἔχων χορὸν οἶκοθεν ἥκεις οἰρχηστῶν, αὐτοῖς πάντα δίδοος ὁπίσω. εἰ δ’ οὕτω τοῦτ’ ἔστι, σὺ τοὺς δούλους κατάκλινον, ἥμεις δ’ αὖ τούτοις πρὸς πόδας ἐρχόμεθα.

12.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ
Οἶνος καὶ Κένταυρον, Ἐπίκρατε, οὐχὶ σὲ μοῦνον, ὀλέσειν, ἦδ’ ἐρατὴν Καλλίου ἠλικίνην. ὄντως οἰνοχάρων ὁ μονόμματος, ὅ σὺ τάχιστα τὴν αὐτὴν πέμψαι εξ Ἀἰδεω πρόποσιν.

1 By “dancing” he means only “very active in their attendance on you.”  
2 See No. 1 above.  
3 Epicrates the comic poet and Callias the tragic poet.
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

9.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Set not before me after supper, when I can no longer persuade my belly, udders and slices of pork. For neither to labourers after harvest is rain out of season useful, nor the Zephyr to mariners in port.

10.—LUCILIUS

You know the rule of my little banquets. To-day, Aulus, I invite you under new convivial laws. No lyric poet shall sit there and recite, and you yourself shall neither trouble us nor be troubled with literary discussions.

11.—BY THE SAME

I never knew, Epicrates, that you were a tragedian or a choral flute-player or any other sort of person whose business it is to have a chorus with them. But I invited you alone; you, however, came bringing with you from home a chorus of dancing slaves,\(^1\) to whom you hand all the dishes over your shoulder as a gift. If this is to be so, make the slaves sit down at table and we will come and stand at their feet to serve.

12.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

"Wine slew the Centaur"\(^2\) too, Epicrates,\(^3\) not yourself alone and Callias in his lovely prime. Truly the one-eyed monster is the Charon of the wine-cup. Send him right quickly from Hades the same draught.

were both said to have been poisoned by King Philip, son of Demetrius: This Philip was not, like Philip II, one-eyed, but Alcaeus means that he was a Cyclops in his cruelty.
13.—AMMIANOT

'Ηδες εξ ἡοὺς παραπέμπεται, εἰτ’, ἀμελοῦντων ἡμῶν, ἐξαιρήσες ήξες ὁ πορφύρεος, καὶ τοὺς μὲν τῆςας, τοὺς δ’ ὑπτῆςας, εὖνοις δὲ φυσήσας, ἄξει πάντας ἐς ἐν βάραθρον.

14.—TOY AYTOY

'Εχθές ἐπὶ ξενίαι κληθείς, ὅτε καιρὸς ὑπνοῦ μοι, τύλη ἐπεκλίθην Γοργόνως ἡ Νιόβης, ἡν οὐδεὶς ὑφηνεν, ἀπέπρεσε δ’, ἡ πελεκήσας ἐκ τῶν λατομῶν ἡγαγεν εἰς τὰ Πρόκλου. εξ ἦς εἰ μὴ θάττων ἐπηγέρθην, Πρόκλος ἀν μοι τὴν τύλην στήλην ἡ σορὼν εἰργάσατο.

15.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ μὲν τοὺς ἀπὸ ἀλφα μόνους κέκρικας κατορύσσειν, Δούκιε, βουλευτάς καὶ τὸν ἀδελφὸν ἔχεις; εἰ δ’, ὅπερ εὐλογοῦν ἔστι, κατὰ στοιχεῖον ὔδευεις, ἡδη, σοὶ προλέγων, Ὤρυγένης λέγομαι.

16. <TOY AYTOY>

Κύλλος καὶ Δεύρος, δύο Θεσσαλοὶ ἐγχεσίμωροι· Κύλλος δ’ ἐκ τούτων ἐγχεσίμωρότερος.

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1 i.e. killing us by consumption, fever or dropsy.
2 The Gorgon turned to stone, Niobe was turned to stone herself.
3 I take Lucius to be the brother of the author and probably a doctor. Several senators whose names began with A had by chance died under his treatment, and Ammi-
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

13.—AMMIANUS

Dawn after dawn goes by, and then, when we take no heed shall come the Dark One. Melting some of us, roasting some and puffing out others, ᾨ he shall bring us all to the same pit.

14.—By the Same

Invited to dinner yesterday, when it was time for my siesta, I rested my head on the Gorgon's pillow or Niobe's, a pillow which none wove, but someone sawed or hacked out of the quarry and brought to Proclus' house. If I had not woke up very soon and left it, Proclus would have made his pillow into a grave-stone or coffin for me.

15.—By the Same

Lucius, if you have decided to bury only the senators whose names begin with Alpha, you have your brother (Ammianus) too. But if, as is reasonable to suppose, you proceed in alphabetical order, my name, I beg to state, is now Origenes.

16.—By the Same

Cyllus and Leurus, two Thessalian bounders with the spear, and Cyllus the bigger bounder of the two. Ἀ anus says that if he is going to confine himself to the A's it is his own turn; otherwise if Lucius adopts alphabetical order, he changes his name to one beginning with Omega, the last letter.

4 He treats the Homeric word ἵγχεσιμωρός, which is laudatory, as if derived from μωρός—a fool.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

17.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

'Ων Στέφανος πτωχὸς κηπεύς θ' ἀμα: νῦν δὲ προ-
κόψας
πλούτε, καὶ γεγένητ' εὐθὺ Φιλοστέφανος,
tέσσαρα τῷ πρώτῳ Στεφάνῳ καλὰ γράμματα
προσθείσ.
ἐσται δ' εἰς ὥρας Ἰπποκρατιππιάδης,
ἡ διὰ τὴν σπατάλην Διονυσιοπηγανόδωρος;
ἐν δ' ἀγορανομίῳ παντὶ μένει Στέφανος.

18.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐν γαστρὶ λαβοῦσα Φιλαιάνιον Ἡλιοδώρῳ
θῆλειν τίκτει παῖδ' ἀπὸ ταυτομάτου.
τοῦ δ' ἑπὶ θήλεια λυπομένου, ἔξει διάλειπει
ἡματα, καὶ τίκτειν ἄρσενα παῖδ' ἐφατο.
οὗτος Βούβαστις καταλύεται· εἰ γὰρ ἐκάστη
τέξεται ὅς αὐτὴ, τῆς θεοῦ ἐστὶ λόγος;

19.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Καὶ πίε νῦν καὶ ἔρα, Δαμόκρατε· οὐ γὰρ ἐς αἰεὶ
πιόμεθ', οὐδ' αἰεὶ παισὶ συνεσώμεθα.
καὶ στεφάνοις κεφαλᾶς πυκασώμεθα, καὶ μυρίσωμεν
αὕτούς, πρὶν τύμβους ταύτα φέρειν ἐτέρους.
νῦν ἐν ἐμὸ δίπτω μέθυ τὸ πλέον ὀστεά τὰμά·
νεκρὰ δὲ Δευκαλίων αὐτὰ κατακλυσάτω.

1 Hippocratippiades is a comic name invented by the author as indicative of great wealth and position owing to its very horsey sound. Dionysiodorus is another name of very aristocratic sound, spoilt however by the malicious introduction
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

17.—NICARCHUS

Stephanus was poor and a gardener, but now having got on well and become rich, he has suddenly turned into Philostephanus, adding four fine letters to the original Stephanus, and in due time he will be Hippocratippiades or, owing to his extravagance, Dionysiopeganodorus.¹ But in all the market he is still Stephanus.

18.—BY THE SAME

Philaeenis without conceiving bore a girl child to Heliodorus spontaneously, and when he was vexed at its being a girl she let six days pass and said she had borne a boy. So it is all over with Bubastis;² for if every woman is brought to bed like Philaeenis, who will pay any attention to the goddess?

19.—STRATO

Drink and love now, Damocrates, for we shall not drink for ever or be for ever with the lads. Let us bind our heads with garlands and scent ourselves before others bear flowers and scent to our tombs. Now may my bones inside me drink all the more wine, and when they are dead let Deucalion’s flood ³ cover them.

¹ Of “pegano” (rue, a common pot-herb) in allusion to Stephanus’ former profession.
² The Egyptian representative of Diana presiding over childbirth.
³ We should say “Noah’s flood.”
20.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Φεύγεθ' ὅσοι λόκκας ἢ λοφύδας ἢ καμασήνας ἀδετε, ποιητῶν φύλον ἀκανθολόγων, οἱ τ' ἐπέων κόσμον λελυγμένον ἀσκήσαντες, κρήνης ἐξ ἱερῆς πίνετε λιτῶν ὕδωρ. σήμερον Ἄρχιλόχοιο καὶ ἀρσενὸς ἤμαρ Ὄμηρον σπένδομεν· ὁ κρητὴρ οὗ δέχεθ' ὕδροπότας.

21.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πρόην τὴν σαύραν Ἄγαθῳ ποδοδάκτυλον εἶχεν· νῦν δ' αὐτὴν ἡδὴ καὶ ποδόπηχυν ἔχει.

22.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Εστι Δράκων τις ἐφῆβος, ἀγαν καλὸς· ἀλλά, δράκων ὅν, πῶς εἰς τὴν τρώγλην ἄλλον ὄφιν δέχεται;

23.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ωκύμορον με λέγουσι δαήμονες ἀνέρες ἀστρων· εἰμὶ μὲν, ἀλλ' οὐ μοι τοῦτο, Σέλευκε, μέλει. εἰς αἵδην μία πᾶσι καταίβασις· εἰ δὲ ταχιών ἡμετέρη, Μίνω θάσσον ἐποψόμεθα. πώνομεν· καὶ δὴ γὰρ ἐπήτυμον, εἰς ὁδὸν ἵππος οἶνος, ἐπεὶ πεζός ἀτραπὸς εἰς αἴδην.

1 All obsolete words, such as those used by Lycophron and other affected poets.
2 The pretty Homeric adjectives are made to minister to a
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

20.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Away with you who sing of loccae¹ (cloaks) or lophnides¹ (torches) or camasenes¹ (fish), race of thorn-gathering poets; and you who practising effeminately decorative verse drink only simple water from the holy fount. To-day we pour the wine in honour of the birthday of Archilochus and virile Homer. Our bowl receives no water-drinkers.

21.—STRATO

Agathon’s lizard was rosy-fingered the other day; now it is already even rosy-armed.²

22.—BY THE SAME

Est Draco quidam ephebus, pulcherrimus; sed cum draco sit, quomodo in foramen alium serpentem recipit?

23.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Men learned in the stars say I am short-lived. I am, Seleucus, but I care not. There is one road down to Hades for all, and if mine is quicker, I shall see Minos all the sooner. Let us drink, for this is very truth, that wine is a horse for the road, while foot-travellers take a by-path to Hades.³

vile joke, the reference being to the relative length of the finger’s breadth and cubit (length of the fore-arm), both well-known measures.
³ He will go by the royal road and mounted (on wine); the pedestrians are those who do not drink.
24.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

*Ω Ἐλικδών Βοιωτέ, σὺ μὲν ποτὲ πολλάκις ὕδωρ ἐνεπτὲς ἐκ πηγέων ἐβλυσας Ἡσιόδορ'

νῦν δ’ ἡμῖν ἔθ’ ὁ κοῦρος ὁμόνυμος Αὐσονα Βάκχου

οἶνοχοι εἰ κρήνης ἐξ ἀμεριμνότερης.

βουλοίμην δ’ ἄν ἐγώγε πιεῖν παρὰ τοῦτε κύπελλον 5

ἐν μόνον, ἡ παρὰ σεῦ χίλια Πηγασίδος.

25.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Χτυνώεις, ο’ ταῖρε· τὸ δὲ σκύφος αὐτὸ βοᾷ σε’

ἐγρεω, μὴ τέρπου μοιριδῆ μελέτη.

μὴ φείση, Διόδωρε· λάβρος δ’ εἰς Βάκχου ὄλυσθών,

ἄχρις ἐπὶ σφαλεροῦ ξωροπότει γόνατος.

ἔσσεθ’ ὡτ’ οὐ πιόμεσθα, πολὺς πολὺς· ἀλλ’ ἄγ’

ἐπείγον·

ἡ συνετὴ κροτάφων ἀπτεται ἡμετέρων.

26.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Σφάλλομαι ἀκρήτῳ μεμεθυσμένος· ἀλλὰ τῆς ἀρα

σώσει μ’ ἐκ Βρομίου γυνία σαλενόμενον;

ὡς ἄδικον θεῶν εὐροῦν, οἴθεινεκεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σε’,

Βάκχε, φέρων ὑπὸ σοῦ τάμπαλι παρφέρομαι.

27.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ

Συμμέτοιο τρηχεία μυρίπυνος, χαίρε, κοινή,

καὶ Πολλεντίων γαίᾳ μελιχροτάτηθ.

'Αστὴ θ’ ἦ τριπόθητος, ἀφ’ ἡς βρομιώδεα πηλὸν

φύρησαν Βάκχῳ τριζυγίας Χάριτες,
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24.—By the Same

On a cup-bearer named Helicon

O Boeotian Helicon, once didst thou often shed from thy springs the water of sweet speech for Hesiod. But still for us does the boy who bears thy name pour out Italian wine from a fountain that causes less care. Rather would I drink one cup only from his hand than a thousand of Castalia from thine.

25.—APOLLONIDES

Thou art asleep, my friend, but the cup itself is calling to thee: "Awake, and entertain not thyself with this meditation on death." Spare not, Diodorus, but slipping greedily into wine, drink it unmixed until thy knees give way. The time shall come when we shall not drink—a long, long time; but come, haste thee; the age of wisdom is beginning to tint our temples.

26.—ARGENTARIUS

I reel drunk with wine; but who shall save me from Bacchus who makes my limbs totter? How unjust a god have I encountered, since while I carry thee, Bacchus, by thee, in return, I am carried astray.

27.—MACEDONIUS

Rough, sweet-scented dust of Sorrento, hail, and hail, thou earth of Pollenza most honied and Asta's soil thrice desired from which the triple band of Graces knead for Bacchus the clay that is akin to

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πλούτου καὶ πενήνης κοινῶν κτέαρ· οἷς μὲν ἀνάγκης
σκεῦος, τοῖς δὲ τρυφῆς χρῆσι περισσοτέρη.

28.—ἈΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Πέντε θανῶν κεῖσθαν κατέχων πόδας, οὐδὲ τὰ τερπνὰ
ζωῆς, οὐδ’ αὐγὰς ὄψεις ἥλιον·
ὡς τε λαβὼν Βάκχος ξωρόν δέπας ἔλκε γεγηθώς,
Κληκίε, καλλίστην ἀγκάς ἔχων ἄλοχον.
εὶ δὲ σοι ἀθανάτου σοφίας νόος, ἰσθι Κλεάνθης
καὶ Ζήνων ἀίδην τὸν βαθῦν ὡς ἐμολοῦν.

29.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ
Πέμπε, κάλει· πάντ’ ἐστὶν ἐτοιμά σοι. ἦν δὲ τις
ἐλθῆ,
tί πρῆξεις; σαυτῷ δὸς λόγον, Αὐτόμεδον.
αὕτη γὰρ λαχάνου σισαρωτέρη, ἢ πρὶν ἀκαμπῆς
ξώσα, νεκρά μηρῶν πᾶσα δέδυκεν ἔσω.
πόλλ’ ἐπὶ σοι γελάσουσιν, ἀνάρμενος ἄν παρα-
βάλῃ
πλώειν, τὴν κόπτην μηκέτ’ ἔχων ἐρέτης.

30.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
’Ο πρὶν ἐγὼ καὶ πέντε καὶ ἐννέα, νῦν, Ἀφροδίτη,
ἐν μόλις ἐκ πρώτης νυκτὸς ἐς ἥλιον·
οίμοι καὶ .. τοῦτο κατὰ βραχὺ (πολλάκι δ’ ἦδη
ἡμιθανές) θυνήσκει· τοῦτο τὸ τερμέριον.
ὁ γῆρας, γῆρας, τί ποθ’ ύστερον, ἦν ἀφίκηαν,
pouήσεις, ὅτε νῦν ὡδὲ μαραίνομεθα;

1 He addresses the different soils from which the clay considered most suitable for wine-jars came.
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

wine! Hail, common possession of wealth and poverty, to the poor a necessary vessel, to the rich a more superfluous instrument of luxury!¹

28.—ARGENTARIUS

Dead, five feet of earth shall be thine and thou shalt not look on the delights of life or on the rays of the sun. So take the cup of unmixed wine and drain it rejoicing, Cincius, with thy arm round thy lovely wife. But if thou deemest wisdom to be immortal, know that Cleanthes and Zeno went to deep Hades.

29.—AUTOMEDON

Send and summon her; you have everything ready. But if she comes, what will you do? Think over that, Automedon. Haec enim sisere laxior, quae olim dum vivebat rigida erat, mortua intra femora tota se condit. They will laugh at you much if you venture to put to sea without any tackle, an oarsman who no longer has his oar.

30.—PHILODEMUS

Qui prius ego et quinque et novem fututiones agebam, nunc, O Venus, vix unam possum ab prima nocte ad solem. And alas, this thing (it has often been half-dead) is gradually dying outright. This is the calamity of Termerus² that I suffer. Old age, old age, what shalt thou do later, if thou comest, since already I am thus languid?

² A proverbial expression for an appropriate punishment. The robber Termerus used to kill his victims by butting them with his head, and Heracles broke his head.
31.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οὐ μοι Πληθάδων φοβηρή δύσις, οὐδὲ θαλάσσης ἄρον στυφελῷ κῦμα περὶ σκοπέλῳ, οὐδ’ ὄταν ἀστράπτῃ μέγας οὐρανός, ὡς κακὸν ἄνδρα ταρβέω, καὶ μύθων μνήμονας ὑδροπότας.

32.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΤ

Μούσης νουθεσίην φιλοπαίγμονος εὔρετο Βάκχος, ὁ Σικυών, ἐν σοὶ κῶμον ἀγων Χαρίτων· δὴ γὰρ ἔλεγχον ἔχει γλυκερώτατον, ἐν τε γέλωτι κέντρον. Χῶ μεθύων ἀστὸν ἐσωφρόνισεν.

33.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Λάθριον ἑρπηστὴν σκολιῶν πόδα, κισσά, χορεύσας, ἀγχεις τὴν Βρομίου βοτρυόπαιδα χάρων· δεσμεῖς δ’ οὐχ ἤμᾶς, ὅλεκεις δὲ σέ· τίς γὰρ ἔλοιπ’ ἄν κισσάδι ἐπὶ κροτάφοις, μὴ κεράσας Βρόμιον;

34.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Δευκολινον πάλι δὴ καὶ ψάλματα, καὶ πάλι Χίους οἶνους, καὶ πάλι δὴ σμύρναν ἔχειν Συρίνη, καὶ πάλι κομάξειν, καὶ ἔχειν πάλι διψάδα πόρνην οὐκ ἐθέλω· μισῶ ταῦτα τὰ πρὸς μανίην. ἅλλα μὲ ναρκίσσοις ἀναδήσατε, καὶ πλαγιαύλων γεύσατε, καὶ κροκίνοις χρήσατε νυία μύροις, καὶ Μυτιληναῖῳ τὸν πνευμόνα τέγξατε Βάκχρω, καὶ συζεύξατε μοι φωλάδα παρθενικήν.

1 A season unfavourable for navigation.
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31.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I dread not the setting of the Pleiads, nor the waves of the sea that roar round the stubborn rock, nor the lightning of great heaven so much as I dread a wicked man and water-drinkers who remember all our words.  

32.—HONESTUS

Bacchus, leading the rout of the Graces, instituted in thee, Sicyon, the sermons of the jolly Muse. Indeed, very sweet are his rebukes and in laughter is his sting. A man in his cups teaches wisdom to a clever man of the town.

33.—PHILIPPUS

Secretly advancing, O ivy, thy twisted creeping foot, thou throttlest me, the vine, sweet gift of Bacchus, mother of clusters. But thou dost not so much fetter me as thou dost destroy thine own honour; for who would set ivy on his brows without pouring out wine?

34.—PHILODEMUS

I wish no garlands of white violets again, no lyre-playing again, no Chian wine again, no Syrian myrrh again, no revelling again, no thirsty whore with me again. I hate these things that lead to madness. But bind my head with narcissus and let me taste the crooked flute, and anoint my limbs with saffron ointment, wet my gullet with wine of Mytilene and mate me with a virgin who will love her nest.

2 cp. the proverb μεσῶ μνάμωνα συμπόταν, "I hate a boon-companion with a good memory."

3 i.e. the Satyrlic drama. See Book VII. 707.
35.—TOY AYTOY

Κράμβην Ἀρτεμίδωρος, Ἀρίσταρχος δὲ τάριχον, 
βολβίσκους δὴ ἥμιν δῶκεν Ἀθηναγόρας, 
ἡπάτιον Φιλόδημος, Ἀπολλοφάνης δὲ δύο μνᾶς 
χοιρείου, καὶ τρεῖς ἤσαν ἀπ’ ἐχθές ἐτη. 
φῶν, καὶ στεφάνους, καὶ σάμβαλα, καὶ μύρου ἥμιν 5 
λάμβανε, καὶ δεκάτης εὐθὺ θέλω παράγειν.

36.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

’Ηνίκα μὲν καλὸς ἦς, Ἀρχέστρατε, κάμφι παρειάδος 
οἰνωπαῖς ψυχάς ἐφλεγες ἱδέων, 
ἡμέτερης φιλίης οὐδεὶς λόγος. ἅλλα μετ’ ἄλλων 
παῖζων, τὴν ἀκμὴν ὡς ρόδον ἡφάνισας. 
ὡς δ’ ἐπιπερκάζεις μιαρῆ τριχῇ, νῦν φίλοι ἔλκων, 5 
τὴν καλάμην δωρῆ, δοὺς ἐτέρους τὸ θέρος.

37.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

’Ηδη τοι φθινόπτωρον, Ἐπίκλεες, ἐκ δὲ Βοώτου 
ξώνης Ἀρκτούρου λαμπρὸν δρωρε σέλας. 
ἡδη καὶ σταφυλαὶ δρεπάνης ἐπιμιμήσκονται, 
καὶ τις χειμερινῆς ἀμφερέφει καλύβην. 
σοὶ δ’ οὔτε χλαίνης θεμή κροκύς, οὔτε χυτῶν 
ἐνδον ἀποσκλήσῃ δ’ ἀστέρα μεμφόμενος. 5

38.—ΠΟΔΕΜΩΝΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

’Η πτωχῶν χαρίσσον πανοπλίη ἄρτολάγυνος 
αὐτή, καὶ δροσερῶν ἐκ πετάλων στέφανος,
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35.—By the Same

Artemidorus gave us a cabbage, Aristarchus caviare, Athenagoras little onions, Philodemus a small liver, and Apollonophanes two pounds of pork, and there were three pounds still over from yesterday. Go and buy us an egg and garlands and sandals and scent, and I wish them to be here at four o'clock sharp.

36.—PHILIPPUS

When you were pretty, Archestratus, and the hearts of the young men were burnt for your wine-red cheeks, there was no talk of friendship with me, but sporting with others you spoilt your prime like a rose. Now, however, when you begin to blacken with horrid hair, you would force me to be your friend, offering me the straw after giving the harvest to others.

37.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

It is already autumn, Epicles, and from the girdle of Bootes springs the bright flame of Arcturus. Already the vines bethink them of the pruning-hook and men build winter huts to shelter them. But you have no warm woollen cloak nor tunic indoors, and you will grow stiff, blaming the star.

38.—KING POLEMO

On a relief representing a jar, a loaf, a crown, and a skull

This is the poor man's welcome armour against hunger—a jar and a loaf, here is a crown of dewy

1 Worn especially at table by the Romans. cp. Hor. Ep. i. 13. 15.
καὶ τοῦτο θυμένων προάστιον ἱερὸν ὡστεῖν ἐγκεφάλου, ἴσχυς φρούριοι ἀκρότατοι.

"Πίνε," λέγει τὸ γλύμμα, "καὶ ἔσθιε καὶ περίκεισο ἰάθεα· τοιούτοι γινόμεθ' ἐξαπίνης."

39.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἐχθές μοι συνέπινε γυνὴ, περὶ ᾗς λόγος ἔρρει οὐχ ύμής. παῖδες, θραύσατε τὰς κύλικας.

40.—ΑΝΤΙΣΤΙΟΤ

Εὐμένεος Κλεόδημος ἐτὶ βραχύς· ἀλλὰ χορεύει σὺν παισὶν βαιῶν μικρῶς ἐτ' ἐν θιάσῳ ἤριδε καὶ στικτῶν δορῆν ἔξωσατο νεβροῦ, καὶ σεῖει ξανθῆς κισσῶν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς· ὅνα σὺ μιν Καδμείε τίθει μέγαν, ὡς ἂν ὁ μύστης ὁ βραχὺς ἠβήτας αὖθις ἁγοι θιάσους.

41.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Ἔπτα τριηκόντεσσιν ἐπέρχονται λυκάβαντες, ἢδη μοι βιότον σχεζόμεναι σελίδες· ἢδη καὶ λευκαὶ μὲ κατασπείρουσιν θεειραῖ,

Ἐναυῇπη, συνετής ἄγγελοι ἡλικίης. ἀλλ' ἐτί μοι ψαλμὸς τε λάλος κώμοι τε μέλονται, καὶ πῦρ ἀπλῆστρ τύφετ' ἐνί κραδίῃ. ἀὐθὴν ἀλλὰ τάχιστα κορωνίδα γράφατε, Μοῦσαι, ταύτην ἡμετέρης, δεσπότιδες, μανίς.

42.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ σοι ἐδραῖος ἂει βίος, οὔδὲ θάλασσαν ἔπλως, χερσαίας τ' οὐκ ἐπάτησας ὀδοὺς,

1 Not of course that technically called os sacrum, but a skull.
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leaves, and this is the holy bone,\(^1\) outwork of a dead brain, the highest citadel of the soul. "Drink," says the sculpture, "and eat, and surround thee with flowers, for like to this we suddenly become."\(^2\)

39.—MACEDONIUS OF THESSALONICA

Yesterday a woman was drinking with me about whom an unpleasant story is current. Break the cups, slaves.

40.—ANTISTIUS

CLEODEMUS, Eumenes' boy, is still small, but tiny as he is, he dances with the boys in a little company of worshippers. Look! he has even girt on the skin of a dappled fawn and he shakes the ivy on his yellow hair. Make him big, Theban King,\(^3\) so that thy little servant may soon lead holy dances of young men.

41.—PHILODEMUS

Seven years added to thirty are gone already like so many pages torn out of my life; already, Xanthippe, my head is sprinkled with grey hairs, messengers of the age of wisdom. But still I care for the speaking music of the lyre and for revelling, and in my insatiate heart the fire is alive. But ye Muses, my mistresses, bring it to a close at once with the words "Xanthippe is the end of my madness."

42.—CRINAGORAS

Though thy life be always sedentary, and thou hast never sailed on the sea or traversed the high

\(^2\) The distich has been found engraved on a gem beneath a skull and table spread with food. (Boeckh. C.I.G. 7298.)

\(^3\) i.e. Bacchus.
ἐμπνευσέκροπτις ἐπιβιθήμεναι, ὅφεὶ ἀν ἐκεῖνας
Δήμητρος μεγάλας νύκτας ἴδης ἱερῶν,
tῶν ἀπὸ κήν ζωοῖς ἀκηδεὰ, κεῦτ' ἀν ἴκηαι
ἐς πλεόνων, ἐξεῖς θυμὸν ἐλαφρότερον.

43.—ΖΩΝΑ
Δός μοι τούκ γαίης πεπονημένου ἀδὴ κύπελλον,
ἀς γενόμην, καὶ ύφ' ἃ κεῖσομ' ἀποφθίμενος.

44.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Αὐριον εἰς λιτῆς σε καλιάδα, φίλτατε Πείσων,
εξ ένάτης ἐλκεὶ μουσοφιλῆς έταρος,
εἰκάδα δειπνίζων ἐνιαύσιον· εἰ δ' ἀπολείφεις
οὐθατα καὶ Βρομίου χυογενῆ πρόποσιν,
ἀλλ' έτάρουσ ὁψει παναληθέας, ἀλλ' ἐπακούσῃ
Φανήκων γαίης πουλὶ μελιχρότερα·
ἡν δὲ ποτε στρέψης καὶ ἐς ἧμεας ὅμματα, Πείσων,
ἀξομεν ἐκ λιτῆς εἰκάδα πιστέρην.

45.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΤ
Αὐτοθελῆς ἥδιστος ἂεὶ πότος· ὅς δὲ κ' ἀνάγκη,
υβριστής οἶνῳ τ' ἐστὶ καὶ οἰνοπότη.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ γαίη προχεῖ πρόφα· τὸν δ' ύπὸ γαίη
πολλάκι πρὸς Δήθης ἤγαγε πικρὸν ὕδωρ.
πουλυμεθεὶς χαίροιτε· τὸ δ' ὅππόσον ἤδυ ποδήμαι,
μέτρον ἐμοὶ πάσης ἄρκιον εὐφροσύνης.

1 L. Cornelius Piso, Cicero’s adversary. It is in the villa of the Pisos at Herculaneum that all Philodemus’ works were found.
2 The birthday of Epicurus, to whose sect Philodemus and Piso belonged.

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roads of the land, yet set thy foot on the Attic soil, that thou mayest see those long nights of Demeter's holy rites, whereby while thou art among the living thy mind shall be free from care, and when thou goest to join the greater number it shall be lighter.

43.—ZONAS

Give me the sweet beaker wrought of earth, earth from which I was born, and under which I shall lie when dead.

44.—PHILODEMUS

To-morrow, dearest Piso,¹ your friend, beloved by the Muses, who keeps our annual feast of the twentieth invites you to come after the ninth hour to his simple cottage. If you miss udders and draughts of Chian wine, you will see at least sincere friends and you will hear things far sweeter than the land of the Phaeacians.² But if you ever cast your eyes on me,³ Piso, we shall celebrate the twentieth richly instead of simply.

45.—HONESTUS

Drink which we wish ourselves is ever the sweetest; what is forced on us does outrage to the wine as well as to the drinker. The drinker will spill the wine on the earth secretly, and, if he drink it, it will often take him under the earth to the bitter water of Lethe. Farewell, ye topers; as much as I like to drink is to me the sufficient measure of all enjoyment.

³ i.e. sweeter discourse than the story of Ulysses which he told in Phaeacia.
⁴ He seeks his patronage and support.
46.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

"Ανθρωποι δείλης, ὦτε πίνομεν· ἢν δὲ γένηται ὁρθρός, ἐπὶ ἀλλήλους θῆρες ἐγειρόμεθα.

47.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγεω, τοῦ Σαρδίων ἀνακτος, οὔθ' αἰρέει με χρυσός, οὔκ αἰνέω τυράννους· εἷοι μέλει μύροισι καταβρέχειν ὑπήνην· εἷοι μέλει ρόδουσι καταστέφειν κάρπηνα. τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι· τὸ δ' αὐριόν τῆς οἴδεν;

48.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύσας "Ηφαιστεῖ μοι ποίησον πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί, ποτήριον δὲ κοίλον ὁσον δύνη βάθυνον. πολεῖ δὲ μοι κατ' αὐτοῦ μηδ' ἄστρα, μηδ' ἀμάξιας, μηδ' στυγνὸν 'Ωρίωνα, ἀλλ' ἀμπέλους χλωσός, καὶ βότρυνας γελῶντας, σὺν τῷ καλῷ Δυναίῳ.
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46.—AUTOMEDON OF CYZICUS

We are men in the evening when we drink together, but when day-break comes, we get up wild beasts preying on each other.

47.—ANACREON

I care not for the wealth of Gyges the King of Sardis, nor does gold take me captive, and I praise not tyrants. I care to drench my beard with scent and crown my head with roses. I care for to-day; who knows to-morrow?

48.—BY THE SAME

Moulding the silver make me, Hephaestus, no suit of armour, but fashion as deep as thou canst a hollow cup, and work on it neither stars nor chariots nor hateful Orion,1 but blooming vines and laughing clusters with lovely Bacchus.

1 Alluding to the shield of Achilles described by Homer.
49.—ΕΘΝΟΤ

Βάκχου μέτρον ἁριστον, ὁ μὴ πολὺ, μὴν ἐλάχιστον·
ἐστι γὰρ ἡ λύπης αἰτίος ἡ μανίς.
χαίρει κιννάμενος δὲ τρισὶν Νymphαισι τέταρτος·
tήμος καὶ θαλάμοις ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότατος·
ei δὲ πολὺς πνεύσειεν, ἀπέστραπται μὲν Ἐρωτας,
βαπτίζει δ’ ὑπνῷ γεῖτον τοῦ θανάτου.

50.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Εὐδαίμων, πρῶτον μὲν ὁ μηδενὶ μηδὲν ὀφείλων·
eίτα δ’ ὁ μὴ γῆμας· τὸ τρίτον, ὡστὶς ἀπαίσις.
ἡν δὲ μανεὶς γῆμῃ τις, ἔχει χάριν, ἢν κατορύξῃ
eὐθὺς τὴν γαμετὴν, προῖκα λαβὼν μεγάλην.
ταῦτ’ εἶδὼς σοφὸς ἱσθι· μάτην δ’ Ἐπίκουρου ἔσασον
ποῦ τὸ κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνες αἱ μονάδες.

51.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τῆς ὀρας ἀπόλαυε· παρακμάξει ταχὺ πάντα·
ἐν θέρος ἐξ ἐρίφου τρηχὼν ἔθηκε τράγον.

52.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παιδέω, Ὀρασύβουλε, σαγηνευθεὶς ὑπ’ ἔρωτι
ἀσθμαίνεις, δελφίς ὡς τις ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῦ
κύματος ἱμείρων· δρέπανον δὲ σοι οὐδὲ τὸ Περσέως
ἀρκεῖ ἀποτρήξαι δίκτυον οὔ δέδεσαι.

i.e. to be mixed in the proportion of one quarter to three of water.

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49.—EVENUS

The best measure of wine is neither much nor very little; for it is the cause of either grief or madness. It pleases the wine to be the fourth, mixed with three Nymphs.¹ Then it is most suited for the bridal chamber too, but if it breathe too fiercely, it puts the Loves to flight and plunges us in a sleep which is neighbour to death.

50.—AUTOMEDON

Blest is he first who owes naught to anyone, next he who never married, and thirdly he who is childless. But if a man be mad enough to marry, it is a blessing for him if he buries his wife at once after getting a handsome dowry. Knowing this, be wise, and leave Epicurus to enquire in vain where is the void and what are the atoms.

51.—ANONYMOUS

Enjoy the season of thy prime; all things soon decline: one summer turns a kid into a shaggy he-goat.

52.—ANONYMOUS

Caught, Thrasybulus, in the net of a boy’s love, thou gaspeth like a dolphin on the beach, longing for the waves, and not even Perseus’ sickle² is sharp enough to cut through the net that binds thee.

² The sickle-shaped knife with which he was armed and with which he liberated Andromeda.
53.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τὸ ρόδον ἀκμάξει βαίνων χρόνον ἤν δὲ παρέλθη,
ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ρόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτων.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 141.

54.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Γηραλέων με γυναίκες ἀποσκῶπτουσι, λέγουσαι
εἰς τὸ κάτοπτρον ὅραν λείψανον ἥλκινας.
ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ εἰ λευκὰς φορέω τρίχας, εἴτε μελαίνας,
οὐκ ἄλεγω, βιότου πρὸς τέλος ἐρχόμενος.
εὐόδμοις δὲ μύροισι καὶ εὐπετάλοις στεφάνοισι
καὶ Βρομίῳ παῦν φροντίδας ἀγραλέας.

55.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Δὸς πιέειν, ἵνα Βάκχος ἀποσκεδάσει μερίμνας,
ἀψ ἀναθερμαίνων ψυχομένην κραδίνην.

56.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Πῦνε καὶ εὐφραίνου· τί γὰρ αὕριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον,
οὐδέσις γινώσκει. μὴ τρέχε, μὴ κοπία,
ὡς δύνασαι, χάρισαι, μετάδοσι, φάγε, θυνᾷ λογίζου·
tὸ ζῆν τοῦ μὴ ζῆν οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀπέχει.
πᾶς ὁ βίος τοιόσδε, ῥοπὴ μόνον· ἄν προλάβης, σοῦ,
ἀν δὲ θάνης, ἐτέρου πάντα, σὺ δ’ οὐδὲν ἔχεις.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 128.

57.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Γαστέρα μὲν σεσάλακτο γέρων εὐώδεῖ Βάκχῳ
Οἰνοπίων, ἔμπης δ’ οὐκ ἀπέθηκε δέπας.
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53.—Anonymous

The rose blooms for a little season, and when that goes by thou shalt find, if thou seekest, no rose, but a briar.¹

54.—PALLADAS

The women mock me for being old, bidding me look at the wreck of my years in the mirror. But I, as I approach the end of my life, care not whether I have white hair or black, and with sweet-scented ointments and crowns of lovely flowers and wine I make heavy care to cease.

55.—By the Same

Give me to drink, that wine may scatter my troubles, warming again my chilled heart.

56.—Anonymous

Drink and take thy delight; for none knows what is to-morrow or what is the future. Hasten not and toil not; be generous and give according to thy power, eat and let thy thoughts befit a mortal: there is no difference between living and not living. All life is such, a mere turn of the scale; all things are thine if thou art beforehand, but if thou diest, another’s, and thou hast nothing.

57.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Old Oenopion had loaded his belly with sweet-scented wine, but yet he did not lay aside the cup,

¹ This distich also occurs annexed to another in Book XII. No. 29, q.v.
ΑΛΛ` ΕΤΙ ΔΙΨΩΝ ΙΔΗ ΚΑΤΕΜΕΜΦΕΤΟ ΧΕΙΡΙ,
ΩΣ ΑΠΟ ΚΡΗΤΗΡΟΣ ΜΗΔΕΝ ΆΦΥΣΟΜΕΝΗ.
ΟΙ ΔΕ ΝΕΟΙ ΡΕΓΧΟΥΣΙ, ΚΑΙ ΟΥ ΣΘΕΝΟΣ ΟΥΙΔ' ΑΠ' ΆΡΙΘΜΟΥ 5
ΤΑΣ ΚΥΛΙΚΑΣ ΓΡΑΝΑΙ ΤΑΣ ΕΤΙ ΠΙΝΟΜΕΝΑΣ.
ΠΙΝΕ, ΓΕΡΟΝ, ΚΑΙ ΖΗΘΥ· ΜΑΤΗΝ Δ' ΆΡΑ ΘΕΙΟΣ "ΟΜΗΡΟΣ
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΘΑΙ ΠΟΛΙΗΝ ΕΚ ΝΕΟΤΗΤΟΣ ΕΦΗ.

58.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

ΗΘΕΛΟΝ ΟΥ ΧΡΥΣΟΝ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΑΣΤΕΑ ΜΥΡΙΑ ΓΑΙΣ,
ΟΥΔ' ΌΣΑ ΤΑΣ ΘΗΒΑΣ ΕΙΠΕΝ "ΟΜΗΡΟΣ ΕΧΕΙΝ·
ΑΛΛ' ΊΝΑ ΜΟΙ ΤΡΟΧΟΣΣΑ ΚΥΛΙΣ ΒΛΥΣΣΕΙ ΛΥΝΑΙ,
ΧΕΙΛΕΟΣ ΑΝΕΑΡ ΝΑΜΑΤΙ ΛΟΥΝΟΜΕΝΟΥ,
ΚΑΙ ΓΕΡΑΡΩΝ ΣΥΝΕΠΙΝΕ ΛΑΛΟΧ ΧΟΡΟΣ, ΟΙ ΔΕ ΠΕΡΙΣΣΟΙ 5
ΑΝΕΡΕΣ ΕΡΓΑΤΙΝΑΙ ΚΆΜΝΟΝ ΕΦ' ΗΜΕΡΙΟΝ.
ΟΥΤΟΣ ΕΜΟΙ ΠΟΛΙΣ ΔΛΒΟΣ, ΑΕΙ ΦΙΛΟΣ· ΟΥΔ' ΑΛΕΓΙΖΩ
ΤΩΝ ΧΡΥΣΕΩΝ ΥΠΑΤΩΝ, ΤΗΝ ΦΙΑΛΗΝ ΚΑΤΕΧΩΝ.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

ΧΑΝΟΝΤΑΙ, ΒΑΣΙΛΗΣ ΑΕΘΛΗΤΗΡΕΣ ΙΑΚΧΟΥ,
ΕΡΓΑ ΚΥΠΕΛΛΟΜΑΧΟΥ ΣΤΗΣΟΜΕΝ ΕΙΛΑΠΙΝΗΣ,
'ΙΚΑΡΙΟΝ ΣΠΕΝΔΟΝΤΕΣ ΑΦΕΙΔΕΑ ΔΩΡΑ ΔΥΑΪΟΥ·
ΑΛΛΟΙΣΙΝ ΜΕΛΕΤΩ ΤΡΙΠΠΟΛΕΜΟΙΟ ΓΕΡΑ,
ΞΗΧΙ ΒΟΣ, ΚΑΙ ΆΡΟΤΡΑ, ΚΑΙ ΙΣΤΟΒΟΕΥΣ, ΚΑΙ ΕΧΕΤΛΗ, 5
ΚΑΙ ΣΤΑΧΥΣ, ΑΡΡΑΜΕΝΗΣ ΙΧΝΙΑ ΦΕΡΣΕΦΟΝΗΣ.
ΕΙ ΠΟΤΕ ΔΕ ΣΤΟΜΑΤΕΣΣΙ ΒΑΛΕΙΝ ΤΙΝΑ ΒΡΩΣΙΝ ΑΝΑΓΚΗ,
ΑΣΤΑΦΙΣ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΙΣ ΑΡΚΙΟΣ Η ΒΡΟΜΙΟΝ.

60.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

ΣΠΕΙΡΟΜΕΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΗΡΕΣ ΕΓΕΡΝΟΥΝΕΙΛΟΤΙ ΑΔΑΙΩ·
ΩΣΟΜΕΝ ΑΝΔΡΟΦΟΝΟΥ ΦΡΟΝΤΙΔΑ ΤΑΙΣ ΦΙΑΛΑΙΣ,
still thirsty and blaming his own hand for not having ladled anything out of the crater. But the young men are snoring, and none has strength to reckon the number of the cups he goes on drinking. Drink, old man, and live. It was a vain saying of divine Homer's that grey hairs are hard pressed by youth.

58.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

I wish not for gold, nor for the myriad cities of the world, nor for all that Homer said Thebes contained, but I would have the rounded bowl overflow with wine and my lips be bathed by a perpetual stream. I would have the gossiping company of those I revere drink with me while over-industrious folk labour at the vines. That for me is the great wealth ever dear to me, and when I hold the bowl I care naught for consuls resplendent with gold.

59.—BY THE SAME

We deep drinkers, champions of Bacchus the king, will initiate the exploits of our banquet, the war of cups, pouring out copiously the gift of the Icarian god. Let the rites of Triptolemus be the concern of others, there where the oxen are and the ploughs and the pole and the share and the corn-ears, relics of the rape of Persephone. But if we are ever forced to put any food in our mouths, the raisins of Bacchus suffice for wine-bibbers.

60.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

We wine-drinkers will pour a libation to Bacchus the awakener of laughter, with the cups we will expel
σιτοδόκω δ' ἀγράνλος ἀνήρ βαρύμοχθος ιάλλοι
γαστρὶ μελαμπέπλον μητέρα Φερσεφόνης;
ταυροφόνων δ' ἀμέγαρτα καὶ αἴμαλέα κρέα δόρτων 5
θηρὸς καὶ οἶνων οἷς λείψομεν ὁμοβόρους;
ὀστέα δ' αὖ νεπόδων ταμεσίχροα χείλεσι φωτῶν
eἰξάτω οἷς Ἄιδης φίλτερος ἡλίου·
ἥμιν δ' ὀλβιόδωρον ἄει μέθυ καὶ βάσις ἔστω
καὶ ποτόν· ἀμβροσίην δ' ἀλλὸς ἐχειν ἑθέλοι. 10

61.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
Χθιζέν ἐμοὶ νοσέοντι παρίστατο δήιος ἄνηρ
ιητρός, δεῦάων νέκταρ ἀπειπάμενος.
ἐιπὲ δ' ὑδὼρ πίνειν· ἀνεμόλιος, οὐδ' ἐδιδάχθη,
ὅτι μένος μερότων οἶνον "Ὅμηρος ἐφη.

62.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Πᾶσι θανείν μερόπεσων ὀφείλεται, οὐδὲ τις ἐστὶ
αὐριον εἰ ξῆσει θυητὸς ἐπιστάμενος.
τοῦτο σαφῶς, ἀνθρωπε, μαθὼν εὐφραίνει σεαυτὸν,
λήθην τοῦ θανάτου τοῦ Βρόμιου κατέχων.
τέρπεο καὶ Παφίη, τὸν ἐφημέριον βίον ἐλκὼν· 5
ταλλὰ δὲ πάντα Τύχη πράγματα δὸς διέπειν.

63.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
'Ανέρες, οἰσι μέμηλεν ἀπήμονος ὀργια Βάκχου,
ἐλπίσων ἥμεριδῶν βίγατε τὴν πενίην.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ κρητηρίᾳ μὲν ἔοι δέπας, ἀγχι δὲ ληνὸς
ἀντὶ πίθου, λιπαρῆς ἐνδίον εὐφροσύνης.
man-killing care. Let toiling rustics supply their bread-tolerating bellies with the mother of black-robbed Persephone,¹ and we will leave to wild beasts and birds that feed on raw flesh the copious and bloody banquets of meat of slain bulls. Let us surrender the bones of fish that cut the skin to the lips of men to whom Hades is dearer than the sun. But for us let wine the bountiful be ever food and drink, and let others long for ambrosia.

61.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

A PHYSICIAN, a foeman, stood by me yesterday when I was ill, forbidding me the nectar of the cups, and told me to drink water, an empty-headed fellow who had never learnt that Homer calls wine the strength of men.²

62.—PALLADAS

DEATH is a debt due by all men and no mortal knows if he shall be alive to-morrow. Take this well to heart, O man, and make thee merry, since thou possessest wine that is oblivion of death. Take joy too in Aphrodite whilst thou leadest this fleeting life, and give up all else to the control of Fortune.

63.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

YE men who care for the rites of harmless Bacchus, cast away poverty by the hope the vine inspires. Let me have a punch-bowl for a cup, and instead of a cask a wine-vat at hand, the home of bright jollity. Then

¹ i.e. Demeter, and hence bread. ² Il. xi. 706.
64.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

'Ήμείς μὲν πατέοντες ἀπείρονα καρπὸν Ἰάκχου ἀμμυγα βακχευτὴν ρυθμὸν ἀνεπλέκομεν. ἡδὴ δὲ ἀσπετον οἴδιμα κατέρρεεν· οὐ δὲ λέμβοι κισσοῦβια γλυκερῶν νήχεθ' ὑπὲρ ῥοθίων, οἷς ἀρνυσάμενοι σχέδιον ποτὸν ἰχνοεῖν ἡδῆ, θερμῶν Νηῖάδων οὐ μάλα δευνόμενοι. ἡ δὲ καλὴ ποτὶ ληνὸν υπερκύπτουσα Ῥοδάνθη μαρμαρυγῆς κάλλους νάμα κατηγλαίσεν. πάντων δ' ἐκδεδόνητο θοαὶ φρένες, οὐδὲ τις ἦμεων ἤεν, ὅς οὖν Βάκχῳ δάμνατο καὶ Παφή. τλήμονες, ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν εἰρπε παραὶ ποσίν ἀφθονος ἦμιν· τῆς δ' ἀρ' ὑπ' ἔλπωρῇ μοῦνον ἐπαιξόμεθα.

Love in Idleness, p. 175.

<Eis γραίας>

65.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Διμοῦ καὶ γραίας χαλεπὴ κρίσις. ἀργαλέου μὲν πεινῆν, ἡ κοίτῃ δ' ἐστ' ὀδυνηροτέρα. πεινῶν εὐχετὸ γραίν· κοιμόμενος εὐχετὸ λιμὸν Φίλλις· ἵδ' ἀκλήρου παιδὸς ἀνωμαλίην.

1 A promontory on the borders of Macedonia and Thrace, said to have been the home of the giants.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

straight when I have drunk a bowl of my wine I will fight with the giants, the sons of Canastra,\(^1\) if thou wilt. I dread not the ruthless sea nor the thunderbolt, having the sure courage of fearless Bacchus.

64.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

We treading the plenteous fruit of Bacchus were weaving in a band the rythmic revellers' dance. Already a vast flood was running down, and the cups like boats were swimming on the sweet surges. Dipping therewith we soon had improvised a carouse in no great need of the hot Naiads.\(^2\) But pretty Rhodanthe stooping over the vat made the stream glorious with the radiance of her beauty. The alert spirits of all were shaken from their seat, nor was there one who was not conquered by Bacchus and the Paphian. Poor wretches, his stream flowed at our feet in abundance, but we were mocked by hope alone of her.

There is here a space with a line of asterisks in the MS. indicating the conclusion of the strictly convivial epigrams.

On Old Women (65–74)

65.—PARMENION

It is difficult to choose between famine and an old woman. To hunger is terrible, but her bed is still more painful. Phillis when starving prayed to have an elderly wife, but when he slept with her he prayed for famine. Lo the inconstancy of a portionless son!

\(^1\) i.e. hot water to mix with the wine.
66.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΩΤ
Κην τείνης βακόεντα πολυτμήτων παρείης
χρώτα, καὶ ἀβλεφάρους ὠπας ἐπανθρακίσης,
καὶ λευκὴν βάψης μέλαινε τρίχα, καὶ πυρίφλεκτα
βοστρύχια κροτάφους οὐλα περικρεμάσης,
οὐδὲν ταῦτα, γελοια, καὶ ἦν ἔτι πλείωνα βέξης,
* * * *

67.—ΜΤΡΙΝΟΤ
Τριετηκόσι’ ἐστίν· ἔχεις δὲ σὺ τοὺς ἐμαυτοὺς
διὸς τόσους, τρυφερὴ Δαι κορωνεκάβη,
Σισύφον ὃ μάμμη, καὶ Δευκαλίωνος ἀδελφή.
βάπτε δὲ τὰς λευκάς, καὶ λέγε πάσι ταῦτα.

68.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τὰς τρίχας, ὦ Νίκυλλα, τινὲς βάπτειν σε λέγοσιν,
ἀς σὺ μελαινοτάτας ἐξ ἀγόρας ἐπρίω.

69.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὰς πολλὰς βάψασα Θεμιστοκόλη τρικόρωνοι
γίνεται ἐξαπίνης σον νέα, ἀλλὰ Ἡρᾶ.

70.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ
Γρήγορον ἐγήμε Φιλίνος, ὦτ’ ἦν νεός· Ἰνίκα πρέσβυς,
δωδεκάτων Παφία δ’ ὀρίων οὐδέποτε.
τοιγαρ ἀπαὶς διεμείνε ποτὲ σπείρων ἐς ἄκαρπα·
νῦν δ’ ἑτέρως γῆμας, ἀμφοτέρων στέρεται.

1 The point of this is not obvious.
2 The crow was supposed to live nine times as long as a man, and Hecuba is often cited as an example of a very old woman.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

66.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Even if you smoothen the wrinkled skin of your many-trenched cheeks, and blacken with coal your lidless eyes, and dye your white hair black, and hang round your temples curly ringlets crisped by fire, this is useless and even ridiculous, and even if you go further . . .

67.—MYRINUS

The letter υ signifies four hundred,¹ but your years are twice as much, my tender Lais, as old as a crow and Hecuba put together,² grandmother of Sisyphus and sister of Deucalion. But dye your white hair and say "tata"³ to everyone.

68.—LUCILIUS

Some say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair, but you bought it as black as coal in the market.

69.—BY THE SAME

Themistonoe, three times a crow's age, when she dyes her grey hair becomes suddenly not young (nea) but Rhea.⁴

70.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Philinus when he was young married an old woman, in his old age he married a girl of twelve, but he never knew Venus at the right season. Therefore sowing formerly in barren land he remained childless, and now has married a wife for others to enjoy and is deprived of both blessings.

³ A child's word, "papa." cp. Mart. i. 101.
⁴ The mother of the gods.
71.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

"Ηκμασε Νικονόη· καγώ λέγω· ήκμασε δ’ αυτή
ηνίκα Δευκαλίων ἀπλετον εἰδεν ὕδωρ.
tαύτα μὲν οὖν ήμεῖς οὐκ οἴδαμεν, ἀλλ’ ὁτι ταύτην
ουκ ἄνδρα ξητείν νῦν ἔδει, ἀλλὰ τάφον.

72.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΣΜΤΡΝΑΙΟΤ

'Η πολιή κροτάφοισι Κυτώταρις, ἡ πολύμυθος
γραῖα, δι’ Ἰν Νέστωρ οὐκέτι πρεσβύτατος,
ἡ φάος ἀδρήσασ’ ἐλάφου πλέον, ἡ χερὶ λαϊῇ
γῆρας ἀριθμεῖσθαι δεύτερον ἀρξαμένη,
ζῶει καὶ λεύσουσα καὶ ἀρτίπος, οἴα τε νύμφη,
ὥστε με διστάζειν, μὴ τι πέπονθ’ Ἀίδης.

73.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Γραῖα καλὴ (τι γάρ;) οἴσθας ὅτ’ ἦν νέα· ἀλλὰ τὸτ’
ήτει,
νῦν δ’ ἐθέλει δοῦναι μισθὸν ἐλαυνομένη.
εὐρήσεις τεχνών· ὅταν δὲ πιῆ, τότε μᾶλλον
εἰς δ’ θέλεις αὐτὴν εὐεπίτακτον ἔχεις. .
πίνει γάρ καὶ τρεῖς καὶ τέσσαρας, ἢν ἐθελήσῃς,
ζέστας, κὰκ τούτον γίνετ’ ἄνω τὰ κάτω·
kολλάται, κνίζει, παθικεύεται· ἢν τι διδῶ τοῖς,
λαμβανεῖ· ἢν μὴ δῶ, μισθὸν ἔχει τὸ πάθος.

1 Stags were supposed to live four times as long as crows.
2 The fingers of the right hand were used for counting hundreds and thousands, those of the left for decades and
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

71.—NICARCHUS

Niconoe was once in her prime, I admit that, but her prime was when Deucalion looked on the vast waters. Of those times we have no knowledge, but of her now we know that she should seek not a husband, but a tomb.

72.—BASSUS OF SMYRNA

Cytotaritis with her grey temples, the garrulous old woman, who makes Nestor no longer the oldest of men, she who has looked on the light longer than a stag\(^1\) and has begun to reckon her second old age on her left hand,\(^2\) is alive and sharp-sighted and firm on her legs like a bride, so that I wonder if something has not befallen Death.

73.—NICARCHUS

A handsome old woman (why deny it?) you know she was, when she was young; but then she asked for money while now she is ready to pay her mount. You will find her an artist, and when she has had something to drink then all the more you will have her submissive to whatever you want. For she drinks, if you consent, three or four pints, and then things are all topsy-turvy with her; she clings, she scratches, she plays the pathetic; and if one gives her anything, she accepts, if not, the pleasure is her payment.

units. The meaning then, I suppose, is that she has reached a thousand and is now counting the years of the first century of her next thousand which he calls her second old age.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

74.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν δύσκωφον γραίαν, Ὁυήσιμε, πρὸς Δίος, ἔξω ἔκβαλε· πολλὰ λίθν πράγματά μοι παρέχειν. ἢν αὐτὴ τυροῦς ἀπαλοῦς εὔπωμεν ἐνέγκαι, οὗ τυροῦς, τυροῦς δ᾽ ἔρχετ' ἔχουσα νέους. πρόην τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐπόνουν, καὶ πήγανον αὐτὴν ἦτον· ἢ δ᾽ ἐφερεν τήγανον ὀστράκινον. ἀν ὧπον αἰτήσω, δοκὸν εἰσφέρει· ἄν, "Δάχαινόν μοι." εἴπω "δὸς" πεινῶν, εὐθὺ φέρει λάσανον. ὅξος εὰν αἰτῶ, τόξον φέρει· ἄν δὲ γε τόξον, ὅξος· ὅλως δ᾽ ὁ λέγως οὔποτ' ἐπαίσθανεται. αἰσχρὸν τῆς γραίας με χάριν κήρυκα γενέσθαι, καὶ μελετῶν ἔξω, νυκτὸς ἐγειρόμενον.

Eis πύκτας

75.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΔΙΟΤ

Οὗτος ὁ νῦν τοιοῦτος Ὕλυμπικὸς εἶχε, Σεβαστὲ, ῥίνα, γένειον, ὄφρυν, ὀτάρια, βλέφαρα· εἶτ᾽ ἀπογραψάμενος πύκτης ἀπολόλεκε πάντα, ὡστ' ἐκ τῶν πατρικῶν μηδὲ λαβείν τὸ μέρος· εἰκόνιον γὰρ ἀδελφὸς ἔχων προενήμορεν αὐτοῦ, καὶ κέκριτ᾽ ἄλλοτριος, μηδὲν ὁμοιόν ἔχων.

76.—TOY AYTOY

Ῥύγχος ἔχων τοιοῦτον, Ὕλυμπικέ, μὴ τ' ἐπὶ κρήνην ἔλθῃς, μὴ τ' ἐνόρα πρὸς τι διανγές ὤδωρ. καὶ σὺ γὰρ, ὡς Νάρκισσος, ἢδιν τὸ πρόσωπον ἐναργές, τεθυησί, μισῶν σαυτὸν ἔως θανάτου.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

74.—By the Same

Turn out that stone-deaf old woman, Onesimus, for God’s sake, she is such a nuisance to me. If we tell her to bring soft cheeses (turoi), she comes not with cheeses, but with fresh grains of wheat (puroi). The other day I had a headache and asked her for rue (peganon) and she brought me an earthenware frying-pan (teganon); if I ask her for —— she brings me a rafter; if I say when I am hungry, “Give me some greens” (lachanon), she at once brings a night-stool (lasanon). If I ask for vinegar (oxon), she brings me a bow (toxon), and if I ask for a bow, she brings vinegar; in fact she does not comprehend a word I say. It would disgrace me to become a crier all for the sake of the old woman, and to get up at night and practise outside the town.

On Prizefighters (75–81)

75.—LUCILIUS

This Olympicus who is now such as you see him, Augustus, once had a nose, a chin, a forehead, ears and eyelids. Then becoming a professional boxer he lost all, not even getting his share of his father’s inheritance; for his brother presented a likeness of him he had and he was pronounced to be a stranger, as he bore no resemblance to it.

76.—By the Same

Having such a mug, Olympicus, go not to a fountain nor look into any transparent water, for you, like Narcissus, seeing your face clearly, will die, hating yourself to the death.
77.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰκοσέτους σωθέντος Ὦδυσσέος εἰς τὰ πατρῷα ἔγνω τὴν μορφὴν Ὀργος ἰδὼν ὁ κύων. ἄλλα σὺ πυκτεύσας, Στρατοφῶν, ἐπὶ τέσσαρας ὥρας, οὐ κυσὶν ἀγνωστὸς, τῇ δὲ πόλει γέγονας. ἢν θέλης τὸ πρόσωπον ἰδεῖν ἐς ἐσοπτρον ἑαυτοῦ, "Οὐκ εἰμί Στρατοφῶν," αὐτὸς ἔρεις ὀμόσας.

78.—TOY AYTOY

Κόσκινον ἢ κεφαλή σου, Ἀπολλόφανες, γεγένηται, ἢ τῶν σητοκόπτων βιβλαρίων τὰ κάτω· ὁντως μυρμήκων τρυπήματα λοξὰ καὶ ορθὰ, γράμματα τῶν λυρικῶν Λύδια καὶ Φρύγια. πλὴν ἀφόβως πῦκτενε· καὶ ἢν πρῳθῆς γὰρ ἀνωθεν, τὰῦθ' ὁσ' ἐχεῖς, ἐξεῖς· πλείονα δ' οὐ δύνασαι.

79.—TOY AYTOY

Πύκτης ὃν κατέλυσε Κλεόμβροτος· εἰτα γαμήσας ἔνδον ἔχει πληγῶν Ἰσμια καὶ Νέμεα, γράνυ μαχίμην, τύπτουσαν Ὀλύμπια, καὶ τὰ παρ' αὐτῷ μᾶλλον ἰδεῖν φρίσσων ἢ ποτὲ τὸ στάδιον. ἀν γὰρ ἀναπνεύσῃ, δέρεται τὰς παντὸς ἀγώνος πληγάς, ως ἀποδοῦ· καὶ ἀποδῷ, δέρεται.

80.—TOY AYTOY

Οἱ σύναγωνισταί τὸν πυγμάχου ἐνθάδ' ἔθηκαν Ἀπιν' οὐδένα γὰρ πῶποτ ἐτραυμάτισεν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

77.—By the Same

When Ulysses after twenty years came safe to his home, Argos the dog recognised his appearance when he saw him, but you, Stratophon, after boxing for four hours, have become not only unrecognisable to dogs but to the city. If you will trouble to look at your face in a glass, you will say on your oath, "I am not Stratophon."

78.—By the Same

Your head, Apollophanes, has become a sieve, or the lower edge of a worm-eaten book, all exactly like ant-holes, crooked and straight, or musical notes Lydian and Phrygian. But go on boxing without fear; for even if you are struck on the head you will have the marks you have—you can't have more.

79.—By the Same

Cleombrotus ceased to be a pugilist, but afterwards married and now has at home all the blows of the Isthmian and Nemean games, a pugnacious old woman hitting as hard as in the Olympian fights, and he dreads his own house more than he ever dreaded the ring. Whenever he gets his wind, he is beaten with all the strokes known in every match to make him pay her his debt; and if he pays it, he is beaten again.

80.—By the Same

His competitors set up here the statue of Apis the boxer, for he never hurt anyone.

1 i.e. his marital devoir.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

81.—TOY AYTOY

Πᾶσαν ὅσαν "Ελληνες ἀγωνοθετοῦσιν ἀμιλλαν
πυγμῆς, Ἀνδρόλεως πᾶσαν ἀγωνισάμαν
ἐσχον δ' ἐν Πίση μὲν ἐν ὀτίον, ἐν δὲ Πλαταιαῖς
ἐν βλέφαρον. Πυθοὶ δ' ἄπνους ἐκφέρομαι;
Δαμοτέλης δ' ὁ πατήρ καρύσσετο σὺν πολιήταις
ἀραὶ μὲ σταδίων ἡ νεκρὸν ἡ κολοβόν.

Εἰς δρομέας

82.—NIKAPXOT

Πέντε μετ' ἄλλων Χάρμος ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ δολικεύων,
θαύμα μὲν, ἄλλως ὀντως ἐβδομός ἐξέπεσεν.
"Εξ ὀντων," τάχ' ἐρεῖς, "πῶς ἐβδομός"; εἰς
φίλος αὐτοῦ,
"Θάρσει, Χάρμε," λέγων, ἤλθεν ἐν ἰματίῳ.
ἐβδομός οὖν ὦτῳ παραγίνεται εἰ δ' ἐτι πέντε
εἰχε φίλους, ἤλθ' ἀν, Ζωίλε, δωδέκατος.

83.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Τὸν σταδίῃ πρώην Ἑρασίστρατον ἡ μεγάλῃ γη,
πάντων σειομένων, οὐκ ἐσάλευσε μόνων.

84.—TOY AYTOY

Οὕτε τάχιον ἐμοῦ τις ἐν ἀντιπάλοισιν ἐπιπτεν,
οὕτε βράδιον ὅλως ἐδραμε τὸ στάδιον,
δίσκῳ μὲν γὰρ ὅλως οὐδ' ἡγησά, τούς δὲ πόδας μου
ἐξάραν πηδῶν ἵσχυον οὐδέποτε;
κυλλὸς δ' ἥκοντιξεν ἀμείνονα: πέντε δ' ἀπ' ἄθλων
πρῶτος ἐκηρύχθην πεντετριαζόμενος.

1 As was done after a battle.
2 He is ridiculing of course the runner’s extreme slowness.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

81.—By the Same

I, Androleos, took part in every boxing contest that the Greeks preside over, every single one. At Pisa I saved one ear, and in Plataea one eyelid, but at Delphi I was carried out insensible. Damoteles, my father, and my fellow-townsmen had been summoned by herald to bear me out of the stadion either dead or mutilated.

On Runners (82–86)

82.—Nicarchus

Charmus in Arcadia in the long race with five others came in (wonderful to say, but it is a fact) seventh. "As there were six," you will probably say, "how seventh?" A friend of his came in his overcoat calling out "Go it, Charmus," so that thus he ran in seventh and if he had had five more friends, Zoilus, he would have come in twelfth.

83.—Lucilius

Of late the great earth made everything quake, but only the runner Erasistratus it did not move from his place.2

84.—By the Same

None among the competitors was thrown quicker than myself and none ran the race slower. With the quoit I never came near the rest, I never was able to lift my legs for a jump and a cripple could throw the javelin better than I. I am the first who out of the five events was proclaimed beaten in all five.3

3 He pretends that this athlete had entered for the pentathlon, which consisted of wrestling, running, quoit throwing, jumping, and throwing the javelin.
85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Νύκτα μέσην ἐποίησε τρέχων ποτὲ Μάρκος ὀπλίτης, ὃς τ’ ἀποκλεισθῆναι πάντοθε τὸ στάδιον. οἱ γὰρ δημόσιοι κείσθαί τινα πάντες ἔδοξαν ὀπλίτην τιμῆς εἶνεκα τὸν λιθίνων. καὶ τί γὰρ; εἰς ὁρασ ἡνοίγητο· καὶ τότε Μάρκος ἠλθε, προσελλείτων τῷ σταδίῳ στάδιον.

86.—ΑΔΗΔΩΝ
Τὸ στάδιον Περικλῆς εἰτ’ ἐδραμεν, εἰτ’ ἐκάθητο, οὐδεὶς οἶδεν ὅλως· δαίμονις βραδυτῆς. ὁ ψόφος ἦν ύσπληγγος ἐν οὐαί, καὶ στεφανοῦτο ἄλλος, καὶ Περικλῆς δάκτυλον οὐ προέβη.

87.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τιμόμαχον τὸν μακρὸν ὁ πεντόργυιος ἐχώρει οἰκος, ὑπὲρ γαῖς πάντοτε κεκλημένον’ στήναι δ’ εἰ ποτ’ ἔχρηζεν, ἐδει τοὺς παῖδας ἀπ’ ὁρθοῦ τὴν ὄροφὴν τρῆσαι πέντε ἐπὶ πέντε πόδας.

88.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὴν μικρὴν παίζουσαν Ἐρωτίου ἠρπασε κώνῳς· ἦ δὲ· “Τί,” φησί, “πάθω; Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἢ μ’ ἔθελεις”;  

89.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ὀ βραχὺς Ἐρμογένη, ὅταν ἐκβάλῃ εἰς τὸ χαμαί τι, ἔλκει πρὸς τὰ κάτω τοῦτο δορυδρεπάνῳ.

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1 i.e. the whole length of the course. He had not moved at all.
2 This phrase, meaning that the signal for the start had long been given, is quoted from an older epigram (Book XVI. 53).
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

85.—By the Same

Marcus once running in armour, went on until it was midnight, so that the course was closed on all sides; for the public servants all thought that he was one of the honorary stone statues of men in armour set up there. What happened? Why next year they opened, and Marcus came in, but a whole stadion behind.

86.—Anonymous

No one knows if Pericles ran or sat in the stadion race. Marvellous slowness! "The noise of the barrier's fall was in our ears" and another was receiving the crown and Pericles had not advanced an inch.

Chiefly on Defects of Stature (87–111)

87.—Lucilius

The house five fathoms long had room for tall Timomachus if he always lay on the floor; but if he ever wanted to stand, his slaves had to bore a hole in the roof in the morning five feet by five.

88.—By the Same

A gnat carried off little Erotion as she was playing. "What is going to happen to me?" she said, "Dost thou want me, father Zeus?"

89.—By the Same

Short Hermogenes when he lets anything fall on the ground pulls it down with a halbert.

1 Alluding to the story of Ganymede, who was carried off by an eagle to serve Zeus.

4 An absurd hyperbole. Even things on the ground are too high for him to get at.
90.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸ πατρὶ θυμωθεῖς, Διονύσιε, Μάρκος ὁ μικρός, 
uπηρήμα στήσας, αὐτὸν ἀπηγχώνισεν.

91.—TOY AYTOY
Ἐν καλάμῳ πτέξας ἀθέρα Στρατονικὸς ὁ λεπτός, 
καὶ τριχὸς ἐκδήσας, αὐτὸν ἀπηγχώνισεν
καὶ τὶ γὰρ; οὐχὶ κάτω βρισεῖν βαρύς; ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν, 
ὑνεμίας οὐσῆς, νεκρὸς ἄνω πέταται.

92.—TOY AYTOY
Γαῖος ἐκπνεύσας τὸ πανύστατον ἔχθες ὁ λεπτὸς
εἰς τὴν ἐκκομιδήν οὐδὲν ἀφήκεν ὄλως.
καὶ πέρας εἰς Αἴδην καταβὰς οἴσσπερ ὅτ' ἔξη,
τῶν ὑπὸ γῆν σκελετῶν λεπτότατος πέταται.
τὴν δὲ κενὴν κλάνην οἱ φράτορες ἦραν ἐπ' ὄμων,
ἔγγράψαντες ἄνω. "Γάιος ἐκφέρεται."

93.—TOY AYTOY
Τῶν Ἐπικουρείων ἀτόμων ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ λεπτός,
τῇ κεφαλῇ τρήσας, εἰς τὸ μέσον διέβη.

94.—TOY AYTOY
Σαλπίζων ἐπνεύσασον ὅσον βραχὺ Μάρκος ὁ λεπτός,
καὶ κατὰ τῆς κεφαλῆς ὅρθος ἀπῆλθε κάτω.

95.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸν μικρὸν Μάκρωνα θέρους κοιμώμενον εὐρῶν
εἰς τρώγλην μικρὸς τοῦ ποδὸς εἶλκυσε μῦς.
ἐς δ' ἐν τῇ τρώγλῃ ψυλὸς τὸν μῦν ἀποπνίξας,
"Ζεῦ πάτερ," εἶπεν, "ἐχεῖς δεύτερον Ἡρακλέα."
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

90.—BY THE SAME

Do you know, Dionysius, that little Marcus, being angry with his father, set on end a probe and hanged himself on it.

91.—BY THE SAME

Thin Stratonicus fixed on a reed a spike of corn and attaching himself to it by a hair hanged himself. And what happened? He was not heavy enough to hang down, but his dead body flies in the air above his gallows, although there is no wind.

92.—BY THE SAME

Lean Gaius, when he breathed his last yesterday, left absolutely nothing to be carried to the grave, and finally going down to Hades just as he was when alive flutters there the thinnest of the skeletons under earth. His kinsmen bore on their shoulders his empty bier, writing above it “This is the funeral of Gaius.”

93.—BY THE SAME

Lean Marcus once made a hole with his head in one of Epicurus’ atoms and went through the middle of it.

94.—BY THE SAME

Lean Marcus sounding a trumpet just blew into it and went straight headforemost down it.

95.—BY THE SAME

A small mouse finding little Macron asleep one summer’s day dragged him into its hole by his foot. But he in the hole, though unarmed, strangled the mouse and said, “Father Zeus, thou hast a second Heracles.”
96.—NIKARPHTO

'Αρκάδας οὖν οὖτω Στυμφαλίδης, ός ἔμε κίχλαι
 αἱ νέκνες Ξηρὸς ἥκαχον ὁσταρίους,
"Ἀρπνίαι, δραχμῆς Ξηρῆ δεκάς. ὡ ἐλεεινάλ
 λειμώνων ἑτύμωσ, ἔρρετε, νυκτέριδες.

97.—AMMIANOT

Τῷ Στρατονικείῳ πόλιν ἄλλην οἰκοδομεῖτε,
 ἡ τούτος ἄλλην οἰκοδομεῖτε πόλιν.

98.—TOY AYTOY

"Εστω μητρόπολις πρῶτον πόλις, εἶτα λεγέσθω
 μητρόπολις: μή νῦν, ἡνίκα μηδὲ πόλις.

99.—AOTKILAIOT

Τὸν λεπτὸν φυσῶντα τὸ πῦρ Πρόκλου ἦρεν ὁ καπνός,
 καὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων ἐνθεν ἀπήλθεν ἔχων.
 ἄλλα μόλις νεφέλη προσενῆσατο, καὶ δὲ ἐκείνης
 προσκατέβη προθείς μυρία ταῖς ἀτόμοις.

100.—TOY AYTOY

Ωὗτω κονφότατος πέλε Γάιος, ὥστ' ἐκολύμβα
 τοῦ ποδὸς ἐκκρεμάσας ἡ λίθον ἡ μόλιβον.

101.—TOY AYTOY

Ριπίκων ἐν ὑπνοις Δημήτριος Ἀρτεμιδώραν
 τὴν λεπτήν, ἐκ τοῦ δώματος ἐξέβαλεν.

1 Presumably this ridicules the man's arrogance and the airs he gave himself.

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96.—NICARCHUS

The birds of Stymphalus vexed not so the Arcadians, as those dead thrushes vexed me with their dry bones, very harpies, ten of them, a dry drachma’s-worth. Out on you, wretched creatures, true bats of the fields.

97.—AMMIANUS

Build another city for the man from Stratonicea, or build another for the inhabitants of this one.¹

98.—BY THE SAME

Let a city first be a metropolis and then be called so, but not now when it is not even a city.

99.—LUCILIUS

As thin little Proclus was blowing the fire the smoke took him up and went off with him from here through the window. With difficulty he swum to a cloud and came down through it wounded in a thousand places by the atomies.

100.—BY THE SAME

Gaius was so very light that he used to dive with a stone or lead hung from his foot.

101.—BY THE SAME

Demetrius, fanning slight little Artemidora in her sleep, fanned her off the roof.²

² i.e. the flat roof on which people sleep in the East.
102.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

'Εξαίρων ποτ’ ἀκανθαν ὁ λεπτακινὸς Διόδωρος
αὐτὸς ἐτρύπησεν τῷ ποδὶ τῇ βελόνῃ.

103.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΙΙΟΤ

'Εξ ἀτόμων Ἐπίκουρος ὁλον τὸν κόσμον ἔγραψεν
εἶναι, τούτῳ δοκῶν, "Ἀλκίμη, λεπτότατον.
εἰ δὲ τὸ τ’ ἦν Διοφάντου, ἐγραφεῖν ἄν ἐκ Διοφάντου,
τοῦ καὶ τῶν ἀτόμων πουλύ τι λεπτότερον,
ἡ τὰ μὲν ἄλλ’ ἐγραφεῖ συνεστάναι ἐξ ἀτόμων ἄν,
ἐκ τούτου δ’ αὐτὰς, "Ἀλκίμη, τὰς ἀτόμους.

104.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἰππεύων μύρμηκι Μενέστρατος, ὡς ἐλέφαντι,
dύσμορος ἐξαπίνησ ὑπτιος ἐξετάθη, λακτισθεὶς δ’ ὡς εἶχε τὸ καίριον, ""Ω φθόνε,” φησίν, "οὕτως ἤπειρον ὀλετο καὶ Πάεθων.

Rendered by Ausonius, Ep. 122.

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν μέγαν ἐξήτουν Εὐμήκιον· ὃς δ’ ἐκάθευδεν
μικρὸ ὑπ’ ἰζυβάφῳ τὰς χέρας ἑκτανύσας.

106.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀρθεὶς ἐξ αὐρης λεπτῆς ἐποτάτο δι’ αὐθρῆς
Χαιρῆμων, ἀχύρου πολλῶν ἐλαφρότερος.
102.—AMMIANUS OR NICARCHUS

Thin little Diodorus once in taking a thorn out made a hole in the needle with his foot.\(^1\)

103.—LUCILIUS

Epicurus wrote that all the world consisted of atoms, thinking, Alcimus, that an atom was the most minute thing. But if Diophantus had existed then he would have written that it consisted of Diophantus, who is much more minute than the atoms. Or he would have written that other things were composed of atoms, but the atoms themselves, Alcimus, of Diophantus.

104.—BY THE SAME

Poor Menestratus once, riding on an ant as if it were an elephant, was suddenly stretched on his back. When it trod on him and he was breathing his last, "O Envy!" he exclaimed, "thus riding perished Phaethon too."

105.—BY THE SAME

I was looking for great Eumecius, and he was asleep with his arms stretched out under a small saucer.

106.—BY THE SAME

Chaeremon caught by a slight breeze was floating in the air, much lighter than a straw. He would

\(^{1}\) i.e. instead of piercing his foot with the needle.
καὶ τάχ’ ἀν ἔρροίζητο δι’ αἰθέρος, εἰ μὴ ἀράχνη
toûs πόδας ἐμπλεχθεῖς ὑπτίοις ἐκρέματο.
αὐτοῦ δὴ νῦκτας τε καὶ ἦματα πέντε κρεμασθεῖς
ἐκταῖος κατέβη νῆματι τῆς ἀράχνης.

107.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Αἰγείρου φύλλῳ πεφορημένῳ ἔξ ἀνέμου
tηληγεὶς Χαιρήμων ὑπτίοις ἐξετάθη.
κεῖται δὴ ἡ Τετυφῶν ἐναλόγκιος, ἡ πάλι κάμπη,
ἀπλώσας κατὰ γῆς σῶμα τὸ καννάβινον.

108.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Κόνων δίπηχυς, ἡ γυνὴ δὲ τεσσάρων:
ἐν τῇ κλίνῃ δὲ τῶν ποδῶν ἱσομένων,
σκόπει Κόνωνος ποῦ τὸ χεῖλος ἔρχεται.

109.—ΑΛΛΟ
Οὖδ’ ἐπικύψαι ἔχει Δημήτριος οὐδὲν ὁ μικρός:
ἀλλ’ ἔρριπται χαμαι πάντω ἐπαιρόμενος.

110.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Τρεῖς λεπτοὶ πρώην περὶ λεπτοσύνης ἐμάχοντο,
tίς προκριθεὶς εἰὴ λεπτεπιλεπτότερος.
ὅν ὁ μὲν εἰς, ᾿Ερμῶν, μεγάλην ἐνεδείξατο τέχνην,
cαὶ διέθυ ραφίδος τρῆμα, λίνον κατέχων:
Δημᾶς δ’ ἐκ τρώγυλης βαίνων ἐς ἀράχνιον ἔστη,
ἡ δ’ ἀράχνη νῆθουσ’ αὐτὸν ἀπεκρέμασεν.
Σωσίπατρος δ’ ἐβόησεν: "Εμὲ στεφανώσατ’· ἐγὼ
gὰρ
eἰ βλέπωμ’, ἦττημαι· πνεῦμα γάρ εἰμι μόνον."

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soon have been swept away through the air, if he had not caught his feet in a spider's web and hung there on his back. Here he hung for five days and nights, and on the sixth day came down by a thread of the web.

107.—BY THE SAME

CHAEREMON fell flat on his back, struck by a poplar leaf carried by the wind, and he lies on the ground like Tityus or rather like a caterpillar, stretching on the ground his skeleton body.

108.—ANONYMOUS

(By some attributed to Julian the Apostate)

Conon is two cubits tall, his wife four. In bed, then, with their feet on a level, reckon where Conon's face is.

109.—ANONYMOUS

Little Demetrius has not wherewith to stoop, but always lies flat on the ground trying to get up.

110.—NICARCHUS

Three thin men were competing the other day about thinness, to see which of them would be adjudged the very thinnest. The one, Hermon, exhibited great skill and went through the eye of a needle holding the thread. But Demas coming out of a hole stopped at a spider's web, and the spider spinning hung him from it. But Sospater exclaimed, "Give me the prize, for I lose it if I am seen, since I am nothing but air."

1 The word canabos means the block round which a sculptor moulds his clay.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

111. <TOY AYTOY>

Βουλόμενος πωθ’ ὃ λεπτὸς ἀπάγξασθαι Διόφαντος, 
νήμα λαβῶν ἀράχνης αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνισεν.

Eis iatros

112.—TOY AYTOY

Πρὶν σ’ ἐναλείψασθαι, Δημόστρατε, “Χαῖρ’, ἱερὸν 
φῶς,”
εἰπὲ τάλας’ οὖτως εὐσκοπῶς ἔστι Δίων.
οὐ μόνον ἔξετυφλωσέν ὁ Ὁλυμπικόν, ἀλλὰ δι’ αὐτοῦ 
eἰκόνος ἢς εἶχεν τὰ βλέφαρ’ ἐξέβαλεν.

113.—TOY AYTOY

Τοῦ λιθίνου Διὸς ἐχθὲς ὁ κλινικὸς ἤψατο Μάρκος· 
καὶ λίθος δὲν καὶ Ζεύς, σήμερον ἐκφέρεται.

114.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐρμογένην τὸν ἰατρὸν ὁ ἀστρολόγος Διόφαντος 
εἶπε μόνον Ἰωῆς ἐννέα μήνας ἔχειν.
κάκεινος γελάσας, “Τί μὲν ὁ Κρόνος ἐννέα μηνῶν,”
φησὶ, “λέγει, σὺ νοεῖς τὰμὰ δὲ σύντομά σοι.”
εἰπὲ, καὶ ἐκτείνας μόνον ἤψατο· καὶ Διόφαντος 
ἀλλὸν ἀπελπίζων, αὐτὸς ἀπεσκάρισεν.

cp. Ausonius, Ep. 73.

115.—TOY AYTOY

“Ἡν τὰν ἐχθὺς ἐχθρόν, Διονύσιε, μὴ καταράζῃ 
τὴν Ἰσίων τούτω, μηδὲ τὸν Ἀρτοκράτην, 
μηδ’ εἰ τις τυφλοὺς ποιεῖ θεός, ἀλλὰ Σίμωνα· 
καὶ γνώσῃ, τί θεός, καὶ τί Σίμων δύναται.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

111.—By the Same

Lean Diophantus once wishing to hang himself took a thread from a spider’s web and did so.

On Physicians (112-126)

112.—By the Same

Before he anoints your eyes, Demostratus, say “Adieu dear light,” so successful is Dion. Not only did he blind Olympicus, but through his treatment of him put out the eyes of the portrait of himself he had.

113.—By the Same

The physician Marcus laid his hand yesterday on the stone Zeus, and though he is of stone and Zeus he is to be buried to-day.

114.—By the Same

The astrologer Diophantus told Hermogenes the doctor that he had only nine months to live, and he, smiling, said, “You understand what Saturn says will happen in nine months, but my treatment is more expeditious for you.” Having said so he reached out his hand and only touched him, and Diophantus, trying to drive another to despair, himself gave his last gasp.

115.—By the Same

If you have an enemy, Dionysius, call not down on him the curse of Isis or Harpocrates or of any god who blinds men, but call on Simon and you will see what a god’s power is and what Simon’s is.
116.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς Ἀϊδὸς κατέπεμψε πάλαι ποτὲ, δέσποτα Καίσαρ, ὃς λόγος, Εὐρυσθένης τὸν μέγαν Ἡρακλέα· νῦν δ' ἐμὲ Μηνοφάνης ὁ κλημικὸς· ὥστε λεγέσθω κλημικὸς Εὐρυσθένης, μηκέτι Μηνοφάνης.

117.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἱητρὸς Καπίτων Χρύσην ἐνέχρισεν, ὁρῶντα ὅκτω μὲν μακρὸν πύργον ἀπὸ σταδίων, ἄνδρα δὲ ἀπὸ σταδίου, διὰ δώδεκα δ' ὄρτυγα πηχῶν, φθείρα δ' ἀπὸ σπιθαμῶν καὶ δύο δερκόμενον. νῦν δ' ἀπὸ μὲν σταδίου πόλιν οὐ βλέπει, ἐκ δὲ δι'-πλέθρου καὶ ὄρνημην κατιδεῖν τὸν φάρον οὐ δύναται· ἵππον ἀπὸ σπιθαμῆς δὲ μόλις βλέπει, ἀντὶ δὲ τοῦ πρὶν ὄρτυγος οὐδὲ μέγαν στροβυθὸν ἰδεῖν δύναται. ἂν δὲ προσεγχρίσασ αὐτὸν φθάσῃ, οὐδ' ἐλέφαντα οὐκέτι μῆπος ἵδη πλησίον ἔσταστα.

118.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΘΡΟΣ

Οὕτ' ἐκλυσεν Φείδων μ', οὐθ' ἠψατο· ἀλλα πυρέξας ἐμνήσθην αὐτοῦ τούνομα, καπέθανον.

119.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἱητρὸς τὴν γραυν εἶτ' ἐκλυσεν, εἶτ' ἀπέπνιξεν, οὐδεὶς γνώσκειν· δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος. ὁ ψόφος ἢν κλυστήρος ἐν οὐσί, καὶ στεφανοῦτο ἡ σορός, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι τὸν φακὸν ἡτρέπτισαν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

116.—BY THE SAME

Lord Caesar, as they tell, Eurystheus once sent down great Heracles to the house of Hades; but now Menophanes the physician has sent me. So let him be called Doctor Eurystheus and no longer Doctor Menophanes.

117.—STRATO

The physician Capito anointed Chryses' eyes then when he could see a high tower from a mile off and a man from a furlong and a quail from ten yards and a louse even from a foot. Now from a furlong he cannot see the town and from two hundred feet cannot see that the lighthouse is alight; he scarcely sees a horse from half a foot off and as for the quail he once saw, he can't even see a large ostrich. If he manages to give him another dose, he won't ever after be able to see even an elephant standing close to him.

118.—CALLICTER

Phidon did not purge me with a clyster or even feel me, but feeling feverish I remembered his name and died.

119.—BY THE SAME

Whether the doctor purged or strangled the old woman no one knows, but it was terribly sudden. The noise of the clyster was in our ears¹ and her bier was being crowned and the rest prepared the pease-pudding.²

¹ cp. No. 86 which this parodies. ² A funeral dish.
120.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ορθώσαι τον κυρτὸν υποσχόμενος Διόδωρον
Σωκλῆς τετραπέδους τρεῖς ἐπέθηκε λίθους
τοῦ κυρτοῦ στιβαροὺς ἐπὶ τὴν ράχιν· ἀλλὰ πιεσθεὶς
tέθυηκεν, γέγονεν δ’ ὀρθότερος κανόνος.

121.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χειρουργῶν ἔσφαξεν 'Ἀκεστορίδην 'Αγέλαιος:
"Ζών γὰρ χωλεύειν," φησίν, "ἐμελλε τάλας."

122.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πέντ' ἵπτρος "Ἀλέξις ἄμ' ἐκλυσε, πέντ' ἐκάθηρε,
pέντ' ἰδεν ἀρρώστους, πέντ' ἐνέχρισε πάλιν·
καὶ πᾶσιν μία νύξ, ἐν φάρμακον, εἰς σοροπηγός,
eἰς τάφος, εἰς 'Αἰδής, εἰς κοπετὸς γέγονεν.

123.—ΗΔΥΛΟΤ

"Ἀγις 'Ἀρισταγορῆν οὔτ' ἐκλυσεν, οὔτ' έθηγ' αὐτοῦ·
ἀλλ' ὡσον εἰσήλθεν, κὼχετ 'Ἀρισταγόρης.
ποῦ τοῖν ἀκόντος ἔχει φύσιν; ὁ σοροπηγὸι,
"Ἀγιν καὶ μίτραις βάλλετε καὶ στεφάνοις.

124.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

a. Ἰδεῖνε, τί μὰν πεύθη; β. Τίνες ἐν χθονὶ τοῖσ' ὑπὸ τύμβοις;
α. Οὐς γῆλυκεροῦ φέγγοις Ζώπυρος ἐστέρωσεν,
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

120.—By the Same

Socles, promising to set Diodorus' crooked back straight, piled three solid stones, each four feet square, on the hunchback's spine. He was crushed and died, but he has become straighter than a ruler.

121.—By the Same

Agelaus by operating killed Acestorides, for he said, "If he had lived the poor fellow would have been lame."

122.—By the Same

Alexis the physician purged by a clyster five patients at one time and five others by drugs; he visited five, and again he rubbed five with ointment. And for all there was one night, one medicine, one coffin-maker, one tomb, one Hades, one lamentation.

123.—HEDYLU S

Agis neither purged Aristagoras, nor touched him, but no sooner had he come in than Aristagoras was gone. What aconite has such natural virtue? Ye coffin-makers, throw chaplets and garlands on Agis.

124.—NICARCHUS

A. Stranger, what dost thou seek to know? B. Who are here in earth under these tombs? A. All those whom Zopyrus robbed of the sweet day-
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Δάμις, Ἀριστοτέλης, Δημήτριος, Ἀρκεσίλαος, Σώστρατος, οὗ τὸ ὅπλον μέχρι Παραιτούνοι. Κηρύκιοι γὰρ ἔχων ξύλινον, καὶ πλαστὰ πέδιλα, ὡς Ἔρμης, κατάγει τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

125.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἰητρὸς Κρατέας καὶ Δάμων ἐνταφιαστῆς κοινῆν ἀλλήλοις θέντο συνομοσίην. καὶ ὁ μὲν οὓς κλέπτεσκεν ἀπ’ ἐνταφίων τελαμῶνας εἰς ἐπιδεσμεύειν πέμπε φίλω Κρατέας τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος Κρατέας εἰς ἐνταφιάζειν πέμπεν ὅλους αὐτῷ τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

W. Shepherd, in Wellesley’s Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 21.

126.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ μὴν, τριόδοντι δ’ ἐνήλευψέν με Χαρῖνοι, σπόγγον ἔχων καίνυν τῶν γραφικῶν πινάκων τὴν μὴλην δ’ ἐλκὼν, ἐξέσπασε τὸ βλέφαρόν μου ῥευσθέν· ἡ μήλη δ’ ἐνδοὺ ἔμεινεν ὅλη. ἄν δὲ δὲς ἐγκρίσῃ με, ποινῶν πάλιν οὐκ ἐνοχλήσω ὅφθαλμον, αὐτῷ· πῶς γὰρ ὁ μηκέτ’ ἔχων;

Εἰς ποιητὰς

127.—ΠΟΔΙΑΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν Μοῦσῃς Ἐρινύες, αἳ σε ποιοῦσιν ποιητῆν, ἀνθ’ ὁ πολλὰ γράφεις ἄκριτῶς. τοῖνυν, σοῦ δέομαι, γράφε πλείονα· μεῖζονα γὰρ σοι εὐξασθαι ταύτης οὐ δύναμαι μανίαν.

1 On the Egyptian coast a considerable distance west of Alexandria. The cemetery of Alexandria did not of course extend so far.
light, Damis, Aristoteles, Demetrius, Arcesilaus, Sos-tratus, and the next ones so far as Paraetonium.¹ For with a wooden herald's staff and counterfeit sandals,² like Hermes, he leads down his patients to Hell.

125.—Anonymous

The physician Crateas and the sexton Damon made a joint conspiracy. Damon sent the wrappings he stole from the grave-clothes to his dear Crateas to use as bandages and Crateas in return sent him all his patients to bury.

126.—Anonymous

Charinus anointed my eye not with a spatula, but with a three-pronged fork, and he had a new sponge like those used for paintings. In pulling out the spatula he tore out my eye from the roots and the whole spatula remained inside. But if he anoints me twice, I shall not trouble him any more by suffering from sore eyes; for how can a man who no longer has eyes do so?

On Poets (127–137)

127.—Pollianus

There are among the Muses too Avengers, who make you a poet, and therefore you write much and without judgment. Now, I entreat you, write still more, for no greater madness can I beseech the gods to give you than that.

² Attributes of Hermes Psychopompus; but there is some point here which eludes us.
128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰ μὴ χαίρω, Φλώρε, γενοίμην δάκτυλος ἡ ποὺς
εἰς τὸν σῶν τούτων τῶν κατατεινομένων.
χαίρω, νὴ τὸν κλήρον, δὲν εὐκλήρησας ἐν ἄθλοις,
ὡς περὶ χοιρείας τοῦ στεφάνου μερίδος.
τοιγάρθ' θάρσει, Φλώρε, καὶ εὐθυμος πάλι γίνο
οὕτω νικήσαι καὶ δόλιχον δύνασαι.

129.—ΚΕΡΕΑΛΙΟΤ
Ποιητὴς ἐλθὼν εἰς Ἰσθμια πρὸς τὸν ἀγώνα,
εὐρὼν ποιητάς, εἶπε παρίσθμι' ἔχειν.
μέλλει δ' ἐξορμᾶν εἰς Πύθια· κἂν πάλιν εὐρή,
εἰπεῖν οὐ δύναται, "Καὶ παραπύθι' ἔχω."

130.—ΠΩΛΛΙΑΝΟΤ
Τοὺς κυκλίους τούτους, τοὺς αὐτὰρ ἐπειτὰ λέγοντας,
μισῶ, λωποδύτας ἀλλοτρίων ἔπειων.
καὶ διὰ τὸν ἐλέγοις προσέχω πλέον· οὐδὲν ἔχω γὰρ
Παρθενίου κλέπτειν ἡ πάλι Καλλιμάχου.
θηρὶ μὲν οὐατόεντι γενοίμην, εἰ ποτε γράψω, 5
εἶκελος, ἐκ ποταμῶν χλωρὰ χελιδόνια.
οἱ δ' οὕτως τὸν"Ομήρου ἀναίðως λωποδυτοῦσιν,
ἀπε τε γράφειν ἥδη μῆνιν ἁεὶδέ, θεα.

1 On a bad poet who won a prize owing to the incapacity of the other competitors, and who expected congratulations.
2 "Parapythia" of course has no meaning.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

128.—By the same

If I am not pleased, Florus, may I become a dactyl or a foot, one of those that you torture. Yes, I swear by the happy lot you drew in the contest, I am as pleased at your crown as if it were a joint of pork. Therefore be of good heart, Florus, and become cheerful again; in this fashion you can win the long race as well.

129.—Cerealius

A poet coming to the Isthmian games to the contest, when he found other poets there said he had paristhmia (mumps). He is going to start off for the Pythian games, and if he finds poets there again he can’t say he has parapythia as well.

130.—Pollianus

I hate these cyclic poets who say “nathless eftsoon,” filchers of the verses of others, and so I pay more attention to elegies, for there is nothing I want to steal from Callimachus or Parthenius. Let me become like an “eared beast” if ever I write “from the rivers sallow celandine.” But these epic poets strip Homer so shamelessly that they already write “Sing, O Goddess, the wrath.”

3 Contemporary writers of epic poems.
4 So Callimachus calls a donkey.
5 Probably a quotation from Parthenius. He like Callimachus, wrote elegies.
6 i.e. the very first words of his poem.
131.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Οὔτ’ ἐπὶ Δευκαλίωνος ὤδωρ, ὅτε πάντ’ ἐγενήθη, οὖθ’ ὁ καταπρήσας τοὺς ἐπὶ γῆς Φαέθων, ἀνθρώπους ἐκτεινεὶς ὅσους Ποτάμων ὁ ποιητής, καὶ χειρουργήσας ὠλεσέν Ἐρμογένης. ὥστ’ ἐξ αἰῶνος κακὰ τέσσαρα ταῦτ’ ἐγενήθη, Δευκαλίων, Φαέθων, Ἐρμογένης, Ποτάμων.

132.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μισῶ, δέσποτα Καῖσαρ, ὅσοις νέος οὐδέποτ’ οὐδεὶς ἤρεσε, κἂν εἴπη, μὴνιν ἄειδε θεά, ἄλλ’ ἂν μὴ Πριάμου τις ἔχῃ χρόνον ἡμιφάλακρος, ἣ καὶ κυρτός ἄγαν, οὐ δύνατ’ ἀλφα γράφειν. εἰ δ’ ὄντως οὕτως τοῦτ’ ἕστ’ ἔχον, ὃ ὑπατε Ἴζευ, εἰς τοὺς κηλήτας ἔρχεται ἡ σοφία.

133.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τέθνηκ’ Εὐτυχίδης ὁ μελογράφος. οἱ κατὰ γαῖαν φεύγετ’ ἔχων ὀδᾶς ἔρχεται Εὐτυχίδης. καὶ κιθάρας αὐτῷ διετάξατο συγκατακαύσαι δόδεκα, καὶ κίστας εἰκοσιπέντε νόμων. νῦν ὑμῖν ὁ Χάρων ἐπελήλυθε: ποῦ τις ἀπέλθη λοιπόν, ἐπεὶ χάδην Εὐτυχίδης κατέχει;

134.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αρχόμεθ', Ἡλιόδωρε; ποιήματα παίζομεν οὕτω ταῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους; 'Ἡλιόδωρε, θέλεις; ἄσσον ἦ', ὃς κεν θάσσον ὀλέθρου... καὶ γὰρ ἐμ’ ὧνει μακροφλυαρητὴν Ἡλιοδωρότερον.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

131.—LUCILIUS

Nor water in Deucalion’s day when all became water, nor Phaethon who burned up the inhabitants of the earth, slew so many men as Potamon the poet and Hermogenes by his surgery killed. So from the beginning of the ages there have been these four curses, Deucalion, Phaethon, Hermogenes and Potamon.

132.—By the Same

I hate, Lord Caesar, those who are never pleased with any young writer, even if he says “Sing, O Goddess, the wrath,” but if a man is not as old as Priam, if he is not half bald and not so very much bent, they say he can’t write a b c. But, Zeus most high, if this really be so, wisdom visits but the ruptured.

133.—By the Same

Eutychides the lyric poet is dead. Fly, ye people who dwell under earth; Eutychides is coming with odes, and he ordered them to burn with him twelve lyres and twenty-five cases of music. Now indeed Charon has got hold of you. Where can one depart to in future, since Eutychides is established in Hades too?

134.—By the Same

Shall we begin, Heliodorus? Shall we play thus at these poems together? Do you wish it, Heliodorus? “Come near, that swifter thou mayst reach Death’s goal”;¹ for you will see in me a master of tedious twaddle more Heliodorian than yourself.

¹ From Iliad vi. 143.
135.—TOY AYTOY

Μηκέτι, μηκέτι, Μάρκε, τὸ παιδίον, ἄλλ' ἐμὲ κόπτου τὸν πολὺ τοῦ παρὰ σοι νεκρότερον τεκνίον. εἰς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐλέγουσι ποιεῖ πάλιν, εἰς ἐμὲ θρήνους, δήμε, τὸν στιχίνον σφαζόμενον θανάτῳ. τοῦ σοῦ γὰρ πάσχω νεκροῦ χάριν, οί πάθοιεν οἱ καταδείξαντες βιβλία καὶ καλάμους.

136.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐχ οὖτω κακοεργοῦν ἐχαλκεύσαντο μάχαιραν ἀνθρωποί, διὰ τὰς έξαπίνης ἐνέδρας, οἶον ἀκήρυκτον, Καλλήστρατο, καὶ σὺ προσελθὼν ποιεῖς μοι φονικὸν ἐξαμέτρων πόλεμον. σάλπυξιν ταχέως ἀνακλητικὸν εἰς ἀνοχὰς γὰρ καὶ Πρίαμος κλαύσας ἡμερίων ἔτυχεν.

137.—TOY AYTOY

Ὡμοβοείου μοι παραθεὶς τόμον, Ἡλιόδωρε, καὶ τρία μοι κεράσας ὡμοβοειότερα, εὐθὺ κατακλύζεις ἐπιγράμμασιν. εἰ δὲ ἁσεβήσας βεβρόκειν τινὰ βοῶν τῶν ἀπὸ Τρινακρίας, βούλομαι ἀπαξ πρὸς κύμα χανεῖν ... εἰ δ' ἐστὶ τὸ κύμα ἔνθε μακράν, ἀρας εἰς τὸ φρέαρ με βάλε.

1 This and the following two are skits on versifiers who insisted on reciting to their friends.
2 A parody of Aratus, Phaen. 131
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

135.—By the Same

No longer, Marcus, no longer lament the boy, but me, who am much more dead than that child of yours. Make elegies, hangman, now for me, make dirges for me who am slain by this versy death. For all for the sake of that dead child of yours I suffer what I would the inventors of books and pens might suffer.¹

136.—By the Same

No sword so maleficent was ever forged by man for sudden treacherous attack as is the undeclared war of murderous hexameters, Callistratus, that you come to wage with me. Sound the retreat on the bugle at once, for even Priam by his tears gained his foes’ consent (?) to an armistice.²

137.—By the Same

You serve me a slice of raw beef, Heliodorus, and pour me out three cups of wine rawer than the beef, and then you wash me out at once with epigrams. If sinning against heaven I have eaten one of the oxen from Trinacria, I would like to gulp down the sea at once ³—but if the sea is too far from here, take me up and throw me into a well.

³ To drown like the companions of Ulysses in punishment for eating the oxen of the Sun in the island Trinacria.
Εἰς γραμματικούς
138.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

* Ἀν τοῦ γραμματικοῦ μνησθῶ μόνον Ἡλιοδόρου,
 εὐθὺ σολοικίζων τὸ στόμα μου δέδεται.

139.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γραμματικοῦ Ζηνωνίς ἔχει πώγωνα Μένανδρον,
 τὸν δ’ νῦν τούτῳ φησὶ συνεστακέναι.
 τὰς νῦκτας δ’ αὐτῆς μελετῶν οὐ παύεται οὗτος
 πτώσεις, συνδέσμους, σχήματα, συζυγίας.

140.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τούτων τοῖς παρὰ δείπνων ἀοιδομάχοις λογολέ-
σχαίς,
 τοῖς ἀπ’ Ἀριστάρχου γραμματολικρίσισιν,
 οἷς οὐ σκόμμα λέγειν, οὐ πείν φίλον, ἀλλ’ ἀνά-
 κεινται
 νηπτυγνώμονεοι Νέστωρι καὶ Πριάμῳ,
 μὴ μὲ βάλης κατὰ λέξιν ἐλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι. 5
 σήμερον οὐ δείπνοι μὴν ἔκοι ἀεὶ δε θεά.

Εἰς ῥήτορας
141.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χοιρίδιον καὶ βοῦν ἀπολόλεκα, καὶ μίαν αἰγα,
 δὸν χάριν εἰληφας μισθάριον, Μενέκλεις.

1 cp. No. 148 below. 2 Literally “falls.” 2 Quoted from Odyssey iii. 271.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

On Grammarians (138–140)

138.—By the Same

If I only think of the grammarian Heliodorus, my tongue at once commits solecisms and I suffer from impediment of speech.¹

139.—By the Same

Zenon the bearded grammar-teacher, and says she has entrusted her son to him; but he never stops at night making her practise cases,² conjunctions, figures, and conjugations.

140.—By the Same

To these praters, these verse-fighters of the supper table, these slippery dominies of Aristarchus' school who care not for making a joke or drinking, but lie there playing infantile games with Nestor and Priam, cast me not literally "to be their prey and spoil."³ To-day I don't sup on "Sing, O Goddess, the wrath."

On Rhetors (141–152)

141.—By the Same⁴

I lost a little pig and a cow and one nanny-goat, and on account of them you received your little fee,

⁴ He is ridiculing lawyers who were fond of dragging classical allusions into their speeches. Martial vi. 19 should be compared.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὔτε δὲ μοι κοινῶν τι πρὸς ’Οθρυνάδαν γεγένηται, οὔτ' ἀπάγω κλέπτας τοὺς ἀπὸ Θερμοπυλῶν· ἀλλὰ πρὸς Εὐτυχίδην ἔχομεν κρίσιν· ὡστε τί ποιεῖ ἐνθάδε μοι Ἐρέξεις καὶ Δακεδαιμόνιοι; πλὴν καμοῦ μυήσθητι νόμου χάριν, ἡ μέγα κράξω· "Ἀλλα λέγει Μενεκλῆς, ἀλλα τὸ χοιρίδιον."

142.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ


143.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ δέχεται Μάρκον τὸν ρήτορα νεκρὸν ὦ Πλοῦτων, εἰπὼν, “’Αρκεῖτω Κέρβερος ὅδε κύων. εἰ δ’ ἐθέλεις πάντως, Ἰξίον καὶ Μελίτωνι τῷ μελοποιητῇ, καὶ Τιτυφῳ μελέτα. οὔδὲν γὰρ σοῦ χείρον ἐχῶ κακῶν, ἀχρὶς ἰν ἠλθὼν ὁ δὲ σολοκίζῃ ’Ροῦφος ὁ γραμματικός.”

144.—ΚΕΡΕΑΛΙΟΤ

Οὐ τὸ λέγειν παράσημα καὶ ’Αττικὰ ρήματα πέντε, εὐξήλως ἑστίν καὶ φρονίμως μελετᾶν.

¹ He is here ridiculing rhetors who ornamented their speeches with phrases from Demosthenes and the old orators.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

Menecles. I never had anything in common with Othryades nor do I prosecute the three hundred from Thermopylae for theft; my suit is against Eutychides, so that here how do Xerxes and the Spartans help me? I beg you just to mention me for form's sake, or I will call out loud "One thing says Menecles, and another thing says the piggie."

142.—BY THE SAME

After having studied "Far be it," and sphin\(^2\) and thrice in each period, "Gentlemen of the jury," and "Here, usher, repeat the law for me," and "This way," and "I put it to you," and "two score," and "certain alleged," and indeed "By heaven," and "'Sdeath," Crito is an orator and teaches numbers of children, and to these phrases he will add gru,\(^3\) phath,\(^2\) and min.\(^2\)

143.—BY THE SAME

Pluto will not receive the rhetor Marcus when dead, saying, "Let our one dog Cerberus be enough here; but if thou wilt come in at any cost, declaim to Ixion, Melito\(^4\) the lyric poet, and Tityus. For I have no evil worse than thee, until the day when Rufus the grammarian shall come here with his solecisms."

144.—CEREALIUS

To use magniloquent words and four or five Attic ones is not to study with proper fervour and wisdom.

\(^2\) Obsolete forms.
\(^3\) \(\text{o}i\delta\varepsilon\ \gamma\rho\upsilon\), "not a word," used by Demosthenes.
\(^4\) See No. 246.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐδὲ γὰρ εἰ "κάρκαιρε," ¹ καὶ εἰ "κοναβεῖ" τὸ τε "σίζει"
καὶ "κελάρυζε" λέγεις, εὐθὺς "Ομηρός ἔση.
νοῦν ὑποκεῖσθαι δεῖ τοῖς γράμμασι, καὶ φράσιν ἀυτῶν
ἐλναι κοινοτέραν, ὡστε νοεῖν ἄ λέγεις.

145.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰκὼν ἡ Σέξστος μελετᾶ, Σέξστος δὲ σιωπᾶ.
εἰκὼν ἢν ρήτωρ, ὁ δὲ ρήτωρ εἰκόνος εἰκῶν.

146.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

'Επτὰ σολοικισμοῦς Φλάκκῳ τῷ ρήτωρι δῶρον
πέμψας, ἀντέλαβον πεντάκι διακοσίους.
καὶ "Νῦν μὲν," φησίν, "τούτους ἀριθμοὺς σει
ἐπεμψά,
τοὺ λοιποῦ δὲ μέτρῳ, πρὸς Κύπρον ἐρχόμενος."

147.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ρήτωρ ἐξαιτίης Ἀσιατικὸς, οὐδὲν ἀπιστοῦν.
καὶ τοῦτ' ἐν Θῆβαις νῦν γέγονεν τὸ τέρας.

148.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Μηδὲ λαλῶν πρῷην ἐςολοικισε Φλάκκος ὁ ρήτωρ,
καὶ μέλλων χαίνειν, εὐθὺς ἐβαρβάρισεν,
καὶ τῇ χειρὶ τὰ λοιπὰ σολοικίζει διανεύων,
καὶ γω ὁ αὐτῶν ἴδων—τὸ στόμα μου δέδεται.

¹ Π. xx. 157, only used here. The other words cited are more common in Homer.

¹ cp. No. 151. The point is that though Sextus can assume a rhetorical attitude as in the picture, he finds nothing to say.

² His home, where much worse Greek was talked.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

For not even if you say "quaked," and "clangs," and "hisses," and "gurgled," will you be a Homer at once. Sense should underlie literature, and its phraseology be more vulgar so that people may understand what you say.

145.—ANONYMOUS

Sextus' picture declaims, but Sextus is silent. The picture is a rhetor and the rhetor the image of his picture.¹

146.—AMMIANUS

I sent Flaccus the rhetor a present of seven solecisms and received back five times two hundred. And "Now," he says, "I send you these by the hundred, but in future when I get to Cyprus I will send them by the bushel."

147.—BY THE SAME

Asiaticus has suddenly become an orator. Nothing incredible in that! It is only another miracle in Thebes.²

148.—LUCILIUS

Flaccus the rhetor made solecisms the other day without even speaking, and when he was about to yawn at once was guilty of a barbarism, and now goes on making solecisms by signs with his hand, and I, seeing him, am tongue-tied.³

³ Where so many marvels had occurred. He was presumably a Theban.
⁴ cp. No. 138, where the same phrase is used. In both cases it means "I dare not open my mouth for fear of making a solecism."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

149.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Αὐτὸν ὅρῳ σέ, Μέδον, τὸν ῥήτορα. φεῦ, τί τὸ θαῦμα;
στειλάμενος συγάς: οὐδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

150.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
"Αρκαδικὸν πῖλον κατ’ ἐνύπνιον Ἀρκάδι δῶρον
Ἐρμῆς ῥήτωρ θήκεν Ἀθηναγόρας."
ei μὲν καὶ ῥήτωρ κατ’ ἐνύπνιον, οἴσομεν Ἐρμῆ.
ei δ’ ὕπαρ, ἀρκεῖτο. "Θήκεν Ἀθηναγόρας."

151.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Ῥήτορος ἂδ’ εἰκόνος· ὁ δὲ ῥήτωρ, εἰκόνος εἰκών.
καὶ πῶς; οὐ λαλεῖ εἰ, οὐδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

152.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
Εἶ βούλει τὸν παῖδα διδάξαι ῥήτορα, Παύλε,
ὡς οὕτω πάντες, γράμματα μὴ μαθέτω.

Εἰς φιλοσόφους
153.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΙΩΤ
Εἶναι μὲν Κυνικὸν σε, Μενέστρατε, κάνυπόδητον,
καὶ ῥυγοῦν οὐδεὶς ἀντιλέγει καθόλου·
ἀν δὲ παραρτάξης ἄρτος καὶ κλάσματ’ ἀναιδῶς,
καὶ ῥάβδον ἔχω, καὶ σὲ λέγουσι κύνα.

1 The meaning, I think, is simply that if Athenagoras is a real orator, he need not announce that he is one.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

149.—ANONYMOUS

I see the very image of you, Medon the rhetor. Well, what is there surprising in that? You have arranged your dress effectively and you are silent. Nothing could be more like.

150.—AMMIANUS

"The rhetor Athenagoras in consequence of a dream dedicated an Arcadian hat to Arcadian Hermes." If he is a rhetor, too, in a dream only, we will take it so inscribed to Hermes, but if he is a real one, let "Athenagoras dedicated this" suffice.\(^1\)

151.—ANONYMOUS

This is the image of a rhetor, but the rhetor is the image of his image. How is that? He does not speak. Nothing could be more life-like.\(^2\)

152.—AMMIANUS

If you want, Paulus, to teach your son to be a rhetor like all these, don’t let him learn his letters.

On Philosophers (153–158)

153.—LUCILIUS

No one at all denies, Menestra\text{t}us, that you are a cynic and bare-footed and that you are shivering. But if you shamelessly steal loaves and broken pieces on the sly, I have a stick, and they call you a dog.\(^3\)

\(^{2}\) cp. No. 145.
\(^{3}\) i.e. as you are a dog (i.e. a cynic) I will beat you.
154.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πᾶς ὁς ἂν ἦ πτωχὸς καὶ ἀγράμματος, οὐκέτ’ ἀλήθει, ὥς τὸ πρίν, σὺν’ αὐτῷ φορτία μισθαρίου· ἀλλὰ τρέφει πόνονα, καὶ, ἐκ τριόδου ξύλου ἀρας, τῆς ἁρετῆς εἶναι φησίν ὁ πρωτοκύων. Ἐρμοδότου τόδε δόγμα τὸ πάνσοφον· εἶ τις ἀχαλκεί, μηκέτι πεινάτω, θείς τὸ χυτωνάριον.

155.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὗτος ο τῆς ἁρετῆς ἀδάμας βαρύς, οὕτως ο πάντῃ πᾶσιν ἐπιπλήσσων, οὕτως ο ρυγομάχος, καὶ πώγωνα τρέφων, ἐάλω. Τί γὰρ; Ἀπρεπῶς εἰπεῖν· ἀλλ’ εάλω ποιῶν ἔργα κακοστομάτων.

156.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

Ὅει τῶν πώγωνα φρενῶν ποιητικῶν εἶναι, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο τρέφεις, φίλτατε, μυσοσύβην. κεῖρον ἐμὸν πεισθεῖς ταχέως· οὕτως γὰρ ὁ πώγων φθειρῶν ποιητῆς, οὐχί φρενῶν γέγονεν.

157.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Ώ γαθέ” καὶ “μῶν οὖν” καὶ “ποῖ δή καὶ πόθεν ὃ τάν” καὶ “θαμά” καὶ “φέρε δή” καὶ “κομιδῆ” καὶ “ἐθι,” καὶ στόλου, μάλιον, πωγώνιου, ὥμοιον ἔξω, ἐκ τούτων ἢ νῦν εὐδοκιμεῖ σοφία.

1 The cynics went without tunics.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

154.—BY THE SAME

Everyone who is poor and illiterate does not grind corn as formerly or carry burdens for small pay, but grows a beard and picking up a stick from the cross-roads, calls himself the chief dog of virtue. This is the sage pronouncement of Hermodotus, "If anyone is penniless, let him throw off his shirt¹ and no longer starve."

155.—BY THE SAME

"This solid adamant of virtue, this rebuker of everyone, this fighter with the cold, with his long beard, has been caught." "At what?" "It is not proper to say at what, but he was caught doing things that foul-mouthed people do."

156.—AMMIANUS

Do you suppose that your beard creates brains and therefore you grow that fly-flapper? Take my advice and shave it off at once; for that beard is a creator of lice and not of brains.

157.—BY THE SAME

"Good Sir" and "Can it be?" and "Whence, sirrah, and whither?" and "Right off" and "Go to" and "Quite so" and "Hie ye" and cloakie and little lock and beardie, and "Keep your little shoulder bare" —that is what present-day philosophy flourishes on.²

² He is ridiculing two affectations of the philosophers of his day, the use of archaic forms of speech and that of diminutives. The cynics went bare-shouldered.
158.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Αἰάξει πῆρη τε, καὶ Ἡράκλειον ἄριστον
βριθὺ Σινωπίτου Διογένευς ῥόπαλον,
καὶ τὸ χύδην ῥυτόεντι πῦνῳ πεπαλαχμένον ἔσθος
διπλάδιον, κρυνέρων ἀντίπαλον νυφάδων,
ὅτι τεοῖς ὅμοιοι μιαίνεται. ἢ γὰρ ὁ μὲν που
οὐράνιος, σὺ δ' ἔφυς οὐν σποδιῆσι κύων.
ἄλλα μέθες, μέθες ὀπλα τὰ μὴ σέθεν· ἄλλο λεόντων,
ἄλλο γενειτῶν ἔργον ὅρωρε τράγων.

Εἰς μάντεις

159.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τῷ πατρὶ μου τὸν ἄδελφον οἱ ἀστρολόγοι μακρό-
γηρῶν
πάντες ἐμαντεύσανθ' ὡς ἀφ' ἐνὸς στόματος·
ἀλλ' Ἐρμοκλέιδης αὐτὸν μόνος εἰπε πρόμοιρον·
eἰπε δ', ὅτ' αὐτὸν ἐσω νεκρὸν ἐκοπτόμεθα.


160.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πάντες ὅσοι τὸν Ἀρην καὶ τὸν Κρόνον ὁροθετοῦσιν,
ἀξιοὶ εἰσί τυχεῖν πάντες ἐνὸς τυπάνου.
ὁφομαι οὐ μακράν αὐτοῦς τυχὸν εἰδότας ὄντως
καὶ τί ποιεῖ ταῦρος, καὶ τί λέων δύναται.

161.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πρὸς τὸν μάντιν ὁλυμπόπολος ἤλθεν ὁ
πῦκτης,
εἰ μέλλει γηρᾶν βουλόμενος προμαθεῖν.
κάκεινος, "Ναι," φησίν, "ἐὰν ἡδὲ καταλύσῃς·
ἀν δὲ γε πυκτεύῃς, ὁροθετεῖ σε Κρόνος."
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

158.—ANTIPATER

The wallet laments, and the fine sturdy Heracles club of Sinopian Diogenes and the double coat, foe of the cold clouds, befouled all over with encrusted dirt, lament likewise because they are polluted by thy shoulders. Verily I take Diogenes himself to be the dog of heaven, but thou art the dog that lies in the ashes. Put off, put off the arms that are not thine. The work of lions is one thing, and that of bearded goats another.

On Prophets (159–164)

159.—LUCILIUS

All the astrologers as it were with one voice prophesied to my father a ripe old age for his brother. Hermoclides alone foretold his premature death, but he foretold it when we were lamenting over his corpse in the house.

160.—BY THE SAME

All those who take horoscopes from observing Mars and Saturn are deserving of one cudgelling. I shall see them perhaps at no distant date really learning what a bull can do and how strong a lion is.¹

161.—BY THE SAME

Onesimus the boxer came to the prophet Olympus wishing to learn if he were going to live to old age. And he said, “Yes, if you give up the ring now, but if you go on boxing, Saturn ² is your horoscope.”

¹ i.e. exposed to beasts in the theatre.
² The most unlucky of the planets.
162.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Εἰς Ρόδον εἶ πλεύσει τις Ὄλυμπικῶν ἠλθεν ἐρωτῶν τὸν μάντιν, καὶ πῶς πλεύσεται ἀσφαλέως. χώ μᾶντις, “Πρῶτον μέν,” ἐφη, “καίνην ἔχε τὴν ναῦν, καὶ μή χειμώνος, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀνάγου. τούτο γὰρ ᾧν ποιήσῃ, ἥξεις κάκεισε καὶ ὅδε, ἄν μή πειρατῆς ἐν πελάγει σε λάβῃ.”

163.—ΛΟΤΚΙΔΙΟΤ
Πρὸς τὸν μάντιν Ὅλυμπον Ὅνησίμος ἠλθ’ ὁ παλαιστής, καὶ πέντεθλος “Τλας, καὶ σταδιεῖς Μενεκλῆς, τίς μέλλει νικᾶν αὐτῶν τὸν ἀγῶνα θέλοντες γνῶναι. κάκεινος τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἑιδῶν, “Πάντες,” ἐφη, “νικᾶτε, μόνον μὴ τις σὲ παρέλθῃ, καὶ σὲ καταστρέψῃ, καὶ σὲ παρατροχάσῃ.”

οπ. Αυσόνιος, Ἑρ. 91.

164.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἴπεν ἐληλυθέναι τὸ πεπρωμένον, αὐτὸς ἕαυτοῦ τὴν γένεσιν διαθεῖς Αὔλος ὁ ἀστρολόγος, καὶ ξήσεις ὥρας ἐτί τέσσαρας: ὃς δὲ παρῆλθεν εἰς πέμπτην, καὶ ξῆν εἰδότα μηδὲν ἔδει, αἰσχυνθεὶς Πετόσιμων ἀπῆγγει τὸ καὶ μετέωρος θυσίσκει μέν, θυσίσκει δ’ οὐδέν ἐπιστάμενοι.

Εἰς μικρολόγους

165.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐ γλήξωνι Κρίτων ὁ φιλάργυρος, ἀλλὰ διχάλκῳ αὐτῶν ἀποσφραίνει, θλιβομένοι στομάχου.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

162.—NICARCHUS

One came to ask the prophet Olympus if he should take ship for Rhodes and how to sail there safely. And the prophet said, "First have a new ship and don't start in winter, but in summer. If you do this you will go there and back, unless a pirate catches you at sea."

163.—LUCILIUS

Onesimus the wrestler and the pentathlist Hylas and the runner Menecles came to the prophet Olympus wishing to know which of them was going to win at the games, and he, after inspecting the sacrifice, said, "You will all win—unless anyone passes you, Sir, or unless anyone throws you, Sir, or unless anyone runs past you, Sir."

164.—By the Same

Aulus the astrologer, after making out his own nativity, said that the fatal hour had come and that he had still four hours to live. When it reached the fifth hour and he had to go on living convicted of ignorance, he grew ashamed of Petosiris¹ and hanged himself, and there up in the air he is dying, but he is dying ignorant.

On Misers (165–173)

165.—By the Same

Crito the miser, when he has a pain in his stomach refreshes himself by smelling not mint, but a penny piece.

¹ An astrological writer.
166.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πλούτειν φασὶ σε πάντες, ἐγὼ δὲ σε φημὶ πένεσθαι·
χρῆσις γὰρ πλούτου μάρτυς, Ἀπολλόφανεσ·
ἀν μετέχησ αὐτῶν σὺ, σὰ γίνεται· ἀν δὲ φυλάττῃς
κληρονόμοις, ἀπὸ νῦν γίνεται ἄλλοτρια.

167.—ΠΩΛΑΙΑΝΟΤ

Χαλκὸν ἔχων, πῶς οὐδὲν ἔχεις μάθει. πάντα δανείζεις·
οὕτως οὐδὲν ἔχεις αὐτός, ἵν’ ἄλλος ἔχῃ.

168.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΤΣ

Ψηφίζεις, κακόδαιμον· ὅ δὲ χρόνος, ὡς τόκον, οὕτω
καὶ πολιῶν τίκτει γῆρας ἐπερχόμενος·
κούτε πίων, οὕτ’ άνθος ἐπὶ κροτάφως ἀναδήσας,
οὐ μῦρον, οὐ γλαφυρὸν γνοὺς ποτ’ ἐρωμένου,
τεθνῆγη, πλουτοῦσαι ἀφεῖς μεγάλην διαθήκην,
ἐκ πολλῶν ὀβολῶν μούνον ἐνεγκάμενος.

169.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Ἐχθὲς ἀπάγχεσθαι μέλλων Δείναρχος ὁ φείδων,
Πλαύκε, δι’ ἐξ χαλκοὺς δύσμορος οὐκ ἔθανεν·
ἐξ χαλκῶν ἦν γὰρ τὸ σχοινίον· ἀλλ’ ἐδυσώνει,
εἴσων ξητῶν ἄλλου ὦσως θάνατον.
τοῦτο φιλαργυρίας δεινῆς ὕρος, ὃς γ’ ἀποθνήσκων,
Πλαύκε, δι’ ἐξ χαλκοὺς δύσμορος οὐκ ἔθανεν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

166.—ANONYMOUS

All say you are rich, but I say you are poor, for, Apollopbanes, their use is the proof of riches. If you take your share of them, they are yours, but if you keep them for your heirs, they are already someone else’s.

167.—POLLIANUS

You have money, but I will tell you how it is you have nothing. You lend all; so that in order that another may have some, you have none yourself.

168.—ANTIPHANES.

Thou reckonest up thy money, poor wretch; but Time, just as it breeds interest, so, as it overtakes thee, gives birth to grey old age. And so having neither drunk wine, nor bound thy temples with flowers, having never known sweet ointment or a delicate little love, thou shalt die, leaving a great and wealthy testament, and of all thy riches carrying away with thee but one obol.¹

169.—NICARCHUS

Yesterday, Glaucus, Dinarchus the miser being about to hang himself, did not die, poor fellow, all for the sake of sixpence; for the rope cost sixpence, but he tried to drive a hard bargain, seeking perhaps some other cheap death. This is the very height of wretched avarice, for a man to be dying, Glaucus, and not able to die, poor fellow, all for the sake of sixpence.

¹ That which it was customary to put in the corpse’s mouth.
170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Δακρύει Φείδων ὁ φιλάργυρος, οὐχ ὅτι θυήσκει, ἀλλ' ὅτι πέντε μνῆμα την σορὸν ἐπρέποιτο. τούτ' αὐτῷ χαρίσασθε, καὶ, ὡς τότος ἐστίν ἐν αὐτῇ, τῶν πολλῶν τεκνίων ἐν τῷ προσεμβάλετε.

171.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΩΤ
Θυήσκων Ἐρμοκράτης ὁ φιλάργυρος ἐν διαθήκαις αὐτοῦ τῶν ἱδίων ἔγραφε κληρονόμον. ψηφίζων δ' ἀνέκειτο πόσον δώσει διεγερθεὶς ἱστροῖς μισθοῦ, καὶ τῷ νοσῶν δαπανᾷ· ὥς δ' εὕρε πλεῖω δραχμὴν μιᾶν, ἤν διασωθῇ, "Αυστελλεὶ θυήσκειν," εἴπε, καὶ ἔξετάθη. κεῖται δ' σὺν ἕχων ὁ βολοῦ πλέον· οἴ δὲ τὰ κείνου <χρήματα κληρονόμοι ἦρπασαν ἄσπασίως>.

172.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Γεννηθέν τέκνον κατεπόντισεν Αὐλος ὁ κυπρός, ψηφίζων αὐτοῦ σωζομένου δαπάνας.

173.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ
Εἰ τὸ μὲν ἐκδιδάνεικας, ὃ δ' ἀρτὶ δίδως, ὃ δὲ μέλλεις, σώδεποτ' εἰ τοῦ σοῦ κύριος ἄργυρίον.

Εἰς κλέπτας

174.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΩΤ
Τὰν ἀναδυομέναν ἀπὸ ματέρος ἀρτὶ θαλάσσας Κύπρῳ δὴν χρυσῆν ἔχθης ἐκλεψε Δίων.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

170.—BY THE SAME

Phido the miser weeps not because he is dying, but because he paid thirty pounds for his coffin. Let him off this, and as there is room in it, put one of his many little children into it besides.

171.—LUCILIUS

Hermocrates the miser when he was dying wrote himself his own heir in his will, and he lay there reckoning what fee he must pay the doctors if he leaves his bed and how much his illness costs him. But when he found it cost one drachma more if he were saved, “It pays,” he said, “to die,” and stiffened himself out. Thus he lies, having nothing but an obol, and his heirs were glad to seize on his wealth.

172.—BY THE SAME

Aulus the miser drowned in the sea a child that was born to him, reckoning how much it would cost him if he kept it.

173.—PHILIPPUS

If you have lent out some of it, and give some now, and are going to give some more, you are never master of your money.

On Thieves (174–184)

174.—LUCILIUS

Dio yesterday stole Cypris all of gold, just risen from her mother sea, and he also pulled down with
καὶ χερὶ προσκατέσυρεν ὀλοσφύρητον Ἀδωνίν, 
καὶ τὸ παρεστηκὸς μικρὸν Ἑρωτάριον. 
αὐτὸι νῦν ἔρεοσιν ὅσοι ποτὲ φῶρες ᾠριστοὶ. 
“Οὐκέτι σοι χειρῶν εἰς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα.”

175.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸν θεὸν αὐτὸν ἐκλεψεν, ὃν ὀρκίζεσθαι ἐμελλεν 
Εὐτυχίδης, εἰπὼν: “Οὐ δύναμαι σ’ ὁμόσαι.”

176.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸν πτανὸν Ἐρμᾶν, τὸν θεῶν ὑπηρέταιν, 
τὸν Ἀρκάδων ἀνακτα, τὸν βωλάταιν, 
ἐστῶτα τῶν ἔγχυμας ἐπισκοπον, 
ὁ νυκτικλέπτας Ἀχιλλος εἰπε βαστάσας: 
“Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσονες διδασκάλων.”

177.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸν τῶν κλεπτῶντων μανύτορα Φοῖβον ἐκλεψεν 
Εὐτυχίδης, εἰπὼν, “Μὴ πάνυ πολλὰ λάλει, 
σύγκρινον δὲ τέχνην τέχνη, καὶ χείρεσι χρησμοὺς, 
καὶ μάντιν κλέπτῃ, καὶ θεῶν Ἐυτυχίδης: 
tῶν δ’ ἀγαλινώτων στομάτων χάριν αὐτίκα πραθεῖς, 5 
tοῖς ὁνήσαμένοις πᾶν δ’ θέλεις με λέγε.”

178.—TOY AYTOY
Βουκόλη, τὰν ἄγελαν πόρρω νέμε, μη’ σε Περικλῆς 
ὁ κλέπτης αὐταῖς βουσὶ συνεξελάσῃ.

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1 This epigram is a parody of a subsequent one, App. Plan. 178, which should be read with it.

156
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

his hand Adonis of beaten gold and the little Love
that stood by. Even the best thieves that ever were
will now say, "No longer do we enter into a contest
of dexterity with you." ¹

175.—By the Same

Eutychides stole the god himself by whom he was
about to swear, saying, "I can't swear by you." ²

176.—By the Same

As he carried off the winged Hermes, the servant
of the gods, the Lord of the Arcadians, the cattle-
raider, who stood here as curator of this gymnasium,
Aulus the night-thief said, "Many pupils are cleverer
than their teachers."

177.—By the Same

Eutychides stole Phoebus the detector of thieves,
saying, "Speak not too much, but compare thy art
with mine and thy oracles with my hands and a
prophet with a thief and a god with Eutychides.
And because of thy unbridled tongue thou shalt be
sold at once, and then say of me what thou wilt to
thy purchasers."

178.—By the Same

Herdsman, feed thy flock far away, lest Pericles
the thief drive thee and thy cattle off together.

² I suppose the point is, "I can't well swear by you that
I did not steal you and thus get into trouble with you for
perjury."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

179.—TOY AYTOY

Ει πόδας εἶχε Δίων οἷας χέρας, οὐκέτι ἂν Ἦρμης
πτηνός εἶν αὐθρώπος, ἀλλὰ Δίων ἐκρίθη.

180.—AMMIANOT

Εἴδουσ οὐ κρίνει Πολέμων, νόεις κατακρίνει
καν δος, καν μὴ δος, ἔστιν οὐε Πολέμων.

181.—TOY AYTOY

"Ἡδείμεν, Πολέμων, Ἄντωνιον οὖντα σε πάντες
ἐξαπίνης τρία σοι γράμματα πῶς ἔλιπεν;

182.—DIONTΣΙΟΤ

χοιρὶ μέν, οὐκ ιδίον δὲ με θύετε ι ἡ με καλεῖτε
χοιρίδιον, φανερῶς εἶδότες οὐκ ἰδίον.

183.—ΔΟΤΧΙΔΙΟΤ

Τῇ γένεσιν λυποῦντα μαθῶν Κρόνον Ἡλιόδωρος,
νῦκτωρ ἐκ ναοῦ χρύσεων ἦρε Κρόνον,
"Τίς πρῶτος κακοποίος ἐλήλυθε πείρασον," εἴπον,
"δέσποτα, καλ χνῶσῃ τίς τίνος ἐστὶ Κρόνος·
δς δ ἄλλῳ κἀκα τεύχει, ἐφι κακον ἦπατε τεύχει·
εὐρόν μοι τιμήν, πᾶν ἀνάτελλῃ δ θέλεις."

1 cp. Book XII. 75. 2 The play is on the Latin non.
3 i.e. his character never changes. This Antonius Polemon
the sophist, whose life by Philostratus we have, held office in
Smyrna, where, as we see, he had enemies.
179.—By the Same

If Dio had feet like his hands, Dio, and Hermes no longer, would be distinguished among men as winged.¹

180.—AMMIANUS

On the Ides (or “if you give”) Polemon does not decide the suit, on the Nones (or “if you say ‘No’”) he condemns you. Whether you give or don’t give, he is always Polemon.³

181.—By the Same

We all knew, Polemon, that your name was Antonius. How is it that three letters are suddenly missing?⁴

182.—DIONYSIUS

You are killing me, a pig but not your own, and you call me “piggie” (or “our own pig”), knowing well that I am not your own.⁵

183.—LUCILIUS

Heliodorus, hearing that Saturn troubles nativities, carried off the golden Saturn at night from the temple, saying: “Experience by fact, my Lord, which of us anticipated the other in working evil, and thou shalt know which of us is the Saturn of which. ‘Who works evil for another, works it for his own heart.’ ⁶ Fetch me a good price and portend what thou wilt by thy rising.”

¹ How is it that instead of Antonius you have become “onios,” which in Greek means “venal”?
² The pig was a stolen one.
³ A line of Callimachus.
184.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐκ τῶν Ἑσπερίδων τῶν τοῦ Διός ἦρε Μενίσκος, ὡς τὸ πρὶν Ἡρακλέης, χρύσεα μῆλα τρία. καὶ τὶ γάρ; ὡς ἐάλω, γέγονεν μέγα πᾶσι θέαμα, ὡς τὸ πρὶν Ἡρακλέης ζῶν κατακαίομενος.

Εἰς κιθαρῳδοὺς ἄλλα μὴν καὶ τραγῳδοὺς καὶ κωμῳδοὺς

185.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐλλήνων ἀπέλυε πόλιν ποτέ, δέσποτα Καίσαρ, εἰσελθὼν ἄσαι Ναύπλιον Ἡγέλογος. Ναύπλιος Ἐλλήνεσσιν ἄει κακόν· ἡ μέγα κύμα <νυσίν ἐπεμβάλλων,> ἡ κιθαρῳδόν ἔχων.

186.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Νυκτικόραξ ἄθεε θανατηφόρον· ἄλλ' ὅταν ἄση Δημόφιλος, θυήσκει καῦτος ὁ νυκτικόραξ.

187.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Σιμύλος ὁ ψάλτης τοὺς γείτονας ἔκτανε πάντας νυκτὸς ὅλης ψάλλων, πλὴν ἔνως 'Ὠρυγένους· κωφὸν γὰρ φύσις αὐτὸν ἐθήκατο· τούνεκεν αὐτῷ ζωὴν ἀντ' ἀκοής δῶκε περισσοτέρην.

188.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

Νικήτης ἄδων τῶν φόδων ἐστὶν 'Απόλλων· ἀν δ' ιατρεύῃ, τῶν θεραπευομένων.

1 He probably means “from the Emperor’s garden.”
184.—By the Same

From the Hesperides’ Garden of Zeus,¹ Meniscus, as Heracles did formerly, carried off three golden apples. Well, what happened? When he was caught he became a famous spectacle for all, burning alive, like Heracles of old.

On Singers and Actors (185–189)

185.—By the Same

Hegelochus, my Lord Caesar, once emptied a Greek city by appearing to sing the part of Nauplius.² Nauplius is ever an evil to the Greeks, either sending a great wave on their ships or having a lyre-singer to play his part.

186.—Nicarchus

The night-raven’s song bodes death, but when Demophilus sings the night-raven itself dies.

187.—Leonidas of Alexandria

Simylus the lyre-player killed all his neighbours by playing the whole night, except only Origenes, whom Nature had made deaf, and therefore gave him longer life in the place of hearing.

188.—Ammianus

Nicetas when he sings is the Apollo³ of the songs, and when he doctors, of the patients.

² Nauplius caused the destruction of the Greek fleet on its return from Troy by exhibiting deceptive beacons.
³ i.e. perdition. The god’s name is often interpreted as Destroyer.
189.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΙΟΤ
Πέντ’ ὁ βολών πέπρακεν 'Απολλοφάνης ὁ τραγωδὸς πέντε θεῶν σκευῆν, Ἡρακλέους ῥόπαλον, Τισιφόνης τὰ φόβητρα, Ποσειδώνος τριόδοντα, ὅπλον Ἀθηναίης, Ἀρτέμιδος φαρέτρην. οἱ δὲ θεοὶ πάρ Ζηνί καθήμενοι ἐξεδύθησαν εἰς βραχὺ σταρίου κέρμα καὶ οἰναρίον.

Εἰς κουρέας

190.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν δασὺν Ἐρμογένην ἦστεὶ πόθεν ἄρξεθ' ὁ κουρεὺς κείρειν τὴν κεφαλὴν, ὡνθ’ ὄλον ὡς κεφαλὴν.

191.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἀρείς Ἀρείς βροτολογεῖ, μιαιφόνε, παύεο, κουρεῦ, τέμνων· οὐ γὰρ ἔχεις οὐκέτι ποῦ με τεμεῖς· ἀλλ’ ἥδη μεταβὰς ἐπὶ τοὺς μύας ἢ τὰ κάτωθεν τῶν γονάτων, οὕτω τέμνε με, καὶ παρέχω. νῦν μὲν γὰρ μυιῶν ὁ τόπος γέμει· ἢν δ’ ἐπιμείνῃ, ὅψει καὶ γυπτῶν ἐθνεά καὶ κοράκων.

Εἰς φθονεροῦς

192.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μακροτέρῳ σταυρῷ σταυροῦμενον ἄλλων ἑαυτοῦ ὁ φθονερὸς Διοφῶν ἔγγυς ἦδων ἐτάκη.

193.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Ὁ φθόνος ὡς κακὸν ἔστιν· ἔχει δὲ τι καλὸν ἐν αὐτῷ· τήκει γὰρ φθονερῶν ὄμματα καὶ κραδῆν.

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189.—LUCILIUS

Apollonias the tragedian sold for five obols the stage property of five gods, the club of Heracles, Tisiphone's instruments of terror, the trident of Poseidon, the shield of Athena, and the quiver of Artemis. "And the gods that sit beside Zeus"\(^1\) were stripped to get a few coppers to buy a little bread and wine.

On Barbers (190–191)

190.—By the Same

The barber is puzzled to know where to begin to shave the head of hairy Hermogenes, as he seems to be all head.

191.—By the Same

"Ares, Ares, destroyer of men, blood-fiend,"\(^2\) cease, barber, from cutting me, for you have no place left in which to cut me. But change now to my muscles and my legs below the knees, and cut me there, and I will let you. For even now the shop is full of flies, and if you persist, you will see the tribes of vultures and ravens here.

On Envy (192–193)

192.—By the Same

Envious Diophon, seeing another man near him crucified on a higher cross than himself, fell into a decline.

193.—Anonymous

What an evil is Envy! but it has something good in it; for it wastes away the eyes and heart of the envious.

\(^1\) From Hom. II. iv. 1.\(^2\) Hom. II. v. 455.
Παντός, φίλοσφήλην, καὶ οὐρεοφοιτάσι Νύμφαιος, καὶ Σατύροις, ἱεραὶς τ᾽ ἔνδον Ἀμαδρυάσων, σὺν κυσὶ καὶ λόγχαις συνοφόντεισι Μάρκος . . . μηδὲν ἐλών, αὐτοὺς τοὺς κύνας ἐκρέμασεν.

195.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Γάλλων Ἀρισταγόρης ὑρχήσατο· τοὺς δὲ φιλόπλους Τημενίδας ὁ καμῶν πολλὰ διήλθον ἐγώ. χὼ μὲν τιμηθεῖς ἀπεπέμπτετο· τὴν δὲ τάλαιναν Τρυνθῶ κροτάλων εἰς ψόφος ἐξέβαλεν. εἰς πῦρ ἦρων ἢτε πρόξιες· ἐν γὰρ ἁμοῦσοις καὶ κόρυδος κύκνου φθέγξετ’ ἀοιδότερον.

Εἰς αἰσχρός

196.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ


197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡθελε δριμύς ἄγαν τὸ πρόσθ’ Ἱερώνυμος εἶναι· νῦν δὲ τὸ ΔΡΙ μὲν ἔχει, δος δὲ τὸ μῖς γέγονεν.

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1. A eunuch priest of Rhea.
2. The Temenidae of Euripides dealt with the jealousy of their sister Hynmetho on the part of King Temenos’ sons.
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194.—LUCILIUS

To Pan who loves the cave, and the Nymphs that haunt the hills, and to the Satyrs and to the holy Hamadryads within the cave, Marcus . . ., having killed nothing with his dogs and boar-spears, hung up the dogs themselves.

195.—DIOSCORIDES

Aristagoras danced the part of a Gallus,\(^1\) while I, with great labour, went through the story of the warlike Temenidae. He was dismissed with honour, but one unceasing storm of rattles sent poor Hynntho off the boards.\(^2\) Into the fire with you, ye exploits of the heroes! for among the illiterate even a lark sings more musically than a swan.

On Ugly People (196–204)

196.—LUCILIUS

Bito, with a face three times worse than a monkey's, enough to make even Hecate hang herself for envy if she saw it, says, “I am chaste, Lucilius, and sleep alone;” for perhaps she is ashamed of saying “I am a virgin.” But may whoever hates me marry such a horror and have children of similar chastity.

197.—BY THE SAME

Hieronymus formerly wanted to be too drimys (strict); now he has the dri, but the mys has turned into los.\(^3\)

The complainant here had been dancing in the pantomime the part of Hynntho.

\(^3\) He has become drilos (i.e. verpus), the opposite of what he wished.
198.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΤ

'Ερμοκράτης τὰς ρινὸς· ἐπεῖ, τὰν ρίνα λέγοντες
'Ερμοκράτους, μικρὸς μακρὰ χαριζόμεθα.

199.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

'Iχθύν ὁ γρυπὸς Σωσίπτωλος οὐκ ἰγοράζει,
προῖκα δ' ἔχει πολλὴν ἐξ ἄλος εὐβοσίνην,
οὐ λίνον, οὐ κάλαμον προσύγων, τῇ ρίνᾳ δὲ προσθεὶς
ἀγκιστρον, σύρει πάντα τὰ νηχόμενα.

200.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζηνογένους οἶκος κατεκαίετο, πολλὰ δ' ἐμόχθει
ἐκ θυρίδος ξητῶν αὐτῶν ὑπεκχαλάσαι;
ικρία συμπῆξας οὐκ ἐφθανεν· ὅψε δ' ἐπιγνοῦσ,
τὴν ρίν' Ἀντιμάχου κλῖμακα θεὶς ἐφυγεν.

201.—ΑΜΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Αντιπάτραν γυμνήν εἰ τις Πάρθοισιν ἔδειξεν,
ἐκτοθέν ἄν στῆλῶν Ἡρακλέους ἐφυγον.

202.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὴν γραῦν ἐκκομίσασα, φρονίμως πάνυ Μόσχος ἐγγεμε
παρθένον· ἡ φερνῇ δ' ἐνδον ἐμεινεν ὄλη.
ἀξιον αἰνήσαι Μόσχου φρένας, ὅς μόνος οἴδε
καὶ τίνα δεῖ κυνεῖν καὶ τίνα κληρονομεῖν.
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198.—THEODORUS

"The nose's Hermocrates"—for if we say "Hermocrates' nose," we give long things to little ones.¹

199.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Hook-nosed Sosipolis does not buy fish, but gets plenty of good fare from the sea for nothing; bringing no line and rod, but attaching a hook to his nose, he pulls out everything that swims.

200.—BY THE SAME

Zenogenes' house was on fire, and he was toiling sore in his efforts to let himself down from a window. By fixing planks together he could not reach far enough, but at length, when it struck him, he set Antimachus' nose as a ladder and escaped.

201.—AMMONIDES

If anyone had shown Antipatra naked to the Parthians, they would have fled outside the Pillars of Heracles.

202.—ANONYMOUS

After burying his old woman, Moschus very sensibly married a young girl, his first wife's whole dowry remaining intact in his house. Moschus deserves to be praised for his good sense, in that he alone knows whom to sleep with and from whom to inherit.

¹ Probably a proverbial phrase.
'Η ρίς Κάστορός ἔστιν, ὅταν σκάπη τι, δίκελλα·
σάλπυγξ δ', ἀν ῥέγχη τῇ δὲ τρύγῃ, δρέπανον·
ἐν πλοίοις ἀγκυρα· κατασπείροντι δ' ἄρτρον·
ἀγκυστρον ναύταις· ψυφάγοις κρεάγρα·
nαυτηνοῖς σχένυλα· γεωργοῖς δὲ πρασόκουρον·
tέκτοσιν ἄξινη· τοῖς δὲ πυλώσι κόραξ·
οὕτως εὐχρήστου σκεύοις Κάστωρ τετύχηκε,
ῥίνα φέρων πάσης ἀρμενον ἔργασίσης.

204.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ῥήτορα Μαῦρον ἰδὼν ἐτεθήπτεα, ῥυγχελέφαντα,
χείλεσι λυτραίοις φθόγγοι ιέντα φόνον.

Εἰς ἀπλήστους

205.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Οὐδὲν ἀφῆκεν ὅλως, Διονύσιε, λείψανον Αὔλῃ
Εὐτυχίδης δειπνῶν, ἢρε δὲ πάντ' ὀπίσω·
καὶ νῦν Εὐτυχίδης μὲν ἔχει μέγα δειπνὸν ἐν σίκῳ,
μὴ κληθεῖς δ' Αὔλος ξηροφαγεῖ καθίσας.

206.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὕτω σοι πέφαται, Διονύσιε, ταῦτα γένοιτο
πάντα· νόμον δὲ χάριν, δός τι καί ὁδε φαγεῖν·
κἀγὼ κέκλημαι, κάμοι παρέθηκέ τι τούτων
γεύσασθαι Πόπλιος, κάμον ἔπεστι μέρος·
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203.—Anonymous

Castor’s nose is a hoe for him when he digs anything, a trumpet when he snores and a grape-sickle at vintage time, an anchor on board ship, a plough when he is sowing, a fishing-hook for sailors, a flesh-hook for feasters, a pair of tongs for ship-builders, and for farmers a leek-slicer, an axe for carpenters and a handle for his door. Such a serviceable implement has Castor the luck to possess, wearing a nose adaptable for any work.

204.—PALLADAS

I was thunderstruck when I saw the rhetor Maurus, with a snout like an elephant, emitting a voice that murders one from lips weighing a pound each.

On Gluttons (205–209)

205.—LUCILIUS

Eutychides when he came to supper, Dionysius, did not leave Aulus¹ a single scrap, but handed everything to his servant behind him, and now Eutychides has a great supper in his house, and Aulus, not invited, sits eating dry bread.²

206.—By the Same

So may you be able, Dionysius, to digest all these things you are eating, but for custom’s sake give us something to eat here too. I was invited also, and Publius served some of these things for me too to taste, and my portion too is on the board. Unless,

¹ His host. ² cp. Martial ii. 37.
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εἰ μὴ λεπτὸν ἴδων με δοκεῖσ κατακεῖσθαι ἄρωστον, ἦ ἐιθ' οὖτως τηρεῖσ, μὴ σε λαθὼν τι φάγω.

207.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ τρώγεις ὅσα πέντε λύκων, Γάμε, καὶ τὰ περισσά, οὐ τὰ σά, τῶν δὲ πέριξ, πάντα δίδως ὅπισώ. 
πλὴν μετὰ τοῦ κοφίνου τοῦ πρὸς πόδας αὐριον ἕρχου, 
πρίσματα καὶ σπόγγου καὶ σαρόν εὐθὺς ἔχων.

208.—TOY AYTOY

ʼΗν βραδὺς Εὐτυχίδας σταδιοδρόμοις ἄλλο ἐπὶ 
δείπνων 
ἐτρέχεσ, ὥστε λέγειν: "Εὐτυχίδας πέταται."

209.—AMMIANOT

Καὶ μέχρις Ἡρακλέους στηλῶν ἐλθῆς παρορίξων,
γῆς μέρος ἀνθρώπως πᾶσιν ἱσον σε μένει,
κείσῃ δ’ Ἰρω ὄμοιος, ἐχὼν ὁβολοῦ πλέον οὐδέν,
εἰς τὴν οὐκέτι σὴν γῆν ἀναλυόμενον.

Eis deuloús

210.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

"Ανθρακα καὶ δάφνην παραβύπται ὁ στρατιώτης 
Ἄξλος, ἀποσφίγξας μῆλινα λωμάτια.

1 It looks a little as if Dionysius, the greedy guest he 
addresses, were a doctor.
2 So it appears we should understand "the man who 
stands at your feet."

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seeing that I am thin, you think I was ill when I sat
down to table, and so watch me thus in case I eat
something unnoticed by you.¹

207.—BY THE SAME

You eat as much as five wolves, Gamus, and you
hand to your slave behind you all that is over, not
only your own portion, but that of those round you.
But come to-morrow with your slave’s ² basket, and
bring sawdust and a sponge and a broom.³

208.—BY THE SAME

As a racer Eutychides was slow, but he ran to
supper so quickly that they said, “Eutychides is
flying.”

209.—AMMIANUS

Even if thou removest thy neighbour’s boundaries
till thou reachest the Pillars of Heracles, a portion
of earth equal to that of all men awaits thee, and
thou shalt lie like Írus,⁴ with no more than an obol
on thee,⁵ dissolving into the earth that is no more
thine.

On Cowards (210–211)

210.—LUCILIUS

Aulus the soldier stops his ears when he sees
charcoal or laurel, wrapping his yellow duds tight
³ i.e. to sweep up all the fragments; he is even told to
bring the sawdust which it was customary to sprinkle
before sweeping. ⁴ The beggar in the Odyssey.
⁵ The obol it was customary to place in the mouth of the
corpse.
φράσει καὶ τὸ μάτην ἵδιον ξίφος. ἦν δὲ ποτ’ εἶπης, "Ερχοντ’," ἐξαπίνης ὑπτιος ἐκτέταται. οὐδενὶ δ’ οὐ Πολέμων προσέρχεται, οὐ Στρατοκλείδη: ἀλλὰ φίλῳ χρῆται πάντως Λυσιμάχῳ.

211. — ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Γραφήν ἐν τοῖχῳ Καλπούρνιος ὁ στρατιώτης, ὡς ἔθος ἑστίν, ἰδὼν τὴν ἐπὶ ναοὶ μάχην, ἀσφυκτος καὶ χλωρὸς ὁ θεόριος ἐξετανύσῃ, "Ζωγρεῖτε," κριέξας, "Τρῶες ὑμηθίφιλοι." καὶ μὴ τέτρωται κατεμάνθανε, καὶ μόλις ἔγνω ζῆν, ὅτε τοῖς τοίχοις ὁμολόγησε λύτρα.

Εἰς ζωγράφου

212.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
<Τεκνίον εὔμορφον, Διόδωρον, γράφειν σ’ ἐκέλευσα> ἀλλὰ σὺ μοι προφερέως τεκνίον ἀλλότριον, τὴν πρωτομὴν αὐτῷ περιθέεις κυνός; ὡσε με κλαίειν πῶς μοι Ζωπυρίων ἐξ Ἔκαβης γεγονεν. καὶ πέρας ἐς δραχμόν Ἐρασίστρατος ὁ κρεσπώλης ἐκ τῶν Ἰσείων νῦν Λυμνίν ἔχω.

213.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Εἰκόνα Μηνοδότου γράφας Διόδωρος ἔθηκεν πλῆν τοῦ Μηνοδότου πᾶσιν ὁμοιοτάτην.

1 This is the only meaning I can elicit from this possibly corrupt couplet. The soldier is supposed to be afraid of the crackling of charcoal or laurel when lighted. Yellow was a military colour.

2 He wants no friend whose name suggests war (polemos) or
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round his head, and he shudders at his own useless sword; and if you ever say, "They are coming," he falls flat on his back. No Polemo or Stratoctides will he approach, but always has Lysimachus for a friend.²

211.—By the Same

When Calpurnius the soldier saw the battle by the ships painted on a wall, as is the custom, the warrior lay stretched out pulseless and pale, calling out, "Quarter, ye Trojans dear to Ares." Then he enquired if he had been wounded, and with difficulty believed he was alive when he had agreed to pay ransom to the wall.

On Painters (212–215)

212.—By the Same

I ordered you, Diodorus, to paint a pretty child, but you produce a child strange to me, putting a dog's head on his shoulders, so that I weep to think how my Zopyrion was born to me by Hecuba.⁴ And finally I, Erasistratus the butcher, have got for six drachmae a son Anubis⁵ from the shrines of Isis.

213.—Leonidas of Alexandria

Diodorus, painting Menodotus' portrait, made it very like everyone except Menodotus.

armies (stratos), but associates with Lysimachus (deliverer from battle). ³ At Troy.

⁴ Said to have been changed into a dog.

⁵ The dog-headed god worshipped together with Isis. In ίνελεον there is probably a pun on the Latin insicia, "sausage-meat."

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214.—ΛΟΤΧΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Γράφας Δευκαλίωνα, Μενέστρατε, καὶ Φαέθοντα,
ζητεῖς τὶς τούτων ἄξιός ἐστὶ τίνος.
τοῖς ἰδίοις αὐτοὺς τιμήσομεν: ἄξιος ὁ ὅντως
εστὶ πυρὸς Φαέθων, Δευκαλίων δὲ ὕδατος.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἶκοσι γεννήσας ὁ ξωγράφος Εὐτυχος νιούς,
οὐδ’ ἀπὸ τῶν τέκνων οὐδὲν ὁμοίον ἔχει.

Εἰς ἀσελγεῖς

216.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν φιλόπαιδα Κράτιππον ἁκούσατε: θαῦμα γὰρ
ὕμῖν
καὶ ποιῶν ἀπαγγέλλω: πλὴν μεγάλαι Νεμέσεις.
τὸν φιλόπαιδα Κράτιππον ἀνεύρομεν ἄλλο γένος τι
τῶν ἐτεροξήλων. ἦλπισα τούτ’ ἂν ἔγω;
ἠλπίσα τούτο, Κράτιππε· μανήσομαι εἰ, λύκος εἶναι ὃ
πᾶσι λέγων, ἐφάνης ἐξαπίνης ἔριφος;

217.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Φεύγων τὴν ὑπόνοιαν Ἄπολλοσφάνης ἐγάμησεν,
καὶ διὰ τῆς ἀγορᾶς νυμφίος ἠλθε μέσης,
“Αὖριον εὐθὺ,” λέγων, “ἐξ ὁ τέκνον.” εἶτα προῆλθεν
αὖριον, ἀντὶ τέκνου τὴν ὑπόνοιαν ἔχων.
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214.—LUCILIUS

Having painted Deucalion and Phaethon, Menestra tus, you enquire which of them is worth anything. We will appraise them according to their own fate. Phaethon is truly worthy of the fire and Deucalion of the water.

215.—By the Same

Eutychius the painter was the father of twenty sons, but never got a likeness even among his children.

On Lewd Livers (216–223)

216.—By the Same

You have heard of Cratippus as a lover of boys. It is a great marvel I have to tell you, but great goddesses are the Avengers. We discovered that Cratippus, the lover of boys, belongs now to another variety of those persons whose tastes lie in an inverse direction. Would I ever have expected this? I expected it, Cratippus. Shall I go mad because, while you told everyone you were a wolf, you suddenly turned out to be a kid?

217.—By the Same

To avoid suspicion, Apollophonas married and walked as a bridegroom through the middle of the market, saying, "To-morrow at once I will have a child." Then when to-morrow came he appeared carrying the suspicion instead of a child.
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218.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ
Χοίριλος Ἀντιμάχου πολὺ λείπεται. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πᾶσιν
Χοίριλον Εὐφορίων ἔχε διὰ στόματος,
καὶ κατάγλυσσο' ἔποιε τὰ ποιήματα, καὶ τὰ Φίλητὰ
ἀτρεκέως ἤδει· καὶ γὰρ Ὀμηρικὸς ἦν.

219.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Οὐ προσέχω, καίτοι πιστοῖ τίνες· ἄλλα μεταξύ,
πρὸς Δίως, εἰ με φιλεῖς, Πάμφιλε, μή με φιλεί.

220.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
'Αλφειοῦ στόμα φεύγε· φιλεῖ κόλπους Ἀρεθούσης,
πρηνῆς ἐμπίπτων ἀλμυρὸν ἐς πέλαγος.

221.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
Οὔχ ὅτι τὸν κάλαμον λείχεις, διὰ τοῦτό σε μισῶ,
ἀλλ' ὅτι τοῦτο ποιεῖς καὶ δίχα τοῦ καλάμου.

222.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Χείλων καὶ λείχων ἐσα γράμματα. ἐς τί δὲ τοῦτο;
λέιχει γὰρ χείλων, κἂν ἐσα, κἂν ἀνισα.

1 Choerilus of Samos, epic poet of the fifth century B.C.
2 Obscure words.
3 Such is the meaning the epigram bears on its face, but several somewhat improper puns give it the following one, reflecting not on the style but on the morals of Euphorion: Sed semper et ubique porcum (i.e. pudendum mulierem)
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

218.—CRATES

CHOERILUS\(^1\) is far inferior to Antimachus, but on all occasions Euphorion would ever talk of Choerilus and made his poems full of glosses,\(^2\) and knew those of Philetai well, for he was indeed a follower of Homer.\(^3\)

219.—ANTIPATER

I don’t pay any attention, although some people are to be trusted; but in the meantime, for God’s sake, if you love me, Pamphilus, don’t kiss me.

220.—ANONYMOUS

Avoid the mouth of Alphæus; he loves the bosom of Arethusa, falling headlong into the salt sea.\(^4\)

221.—AMMIANUS

I don’t dislike you because you lick the sugar cane, but because you do this, too, without the cane.

222.—ANONYMOUS

ΧΕΙΛΩΝ (Chilon) and ΔΕΙΧΩΝ (licking) have the same letters. But what does that matter? For Chilon licks whether they are the same or not.

Euphorion habebat in ore, et poemata sua ut linguas lascivientes faciebat, et artem basiandi accurate novit, erat enim femorum amator.

\(^4\) Alluding to the story of the love of the river for the fountain Arethusa; but this epigram has also a scandalous meaning.
223.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Εἰ βινεῖ Φαβορίνος ἀπιστεῖς· μηκέτ' ἀπίστει·
αὐτός μοι βινεῖν εἴπ' ἱδίῳ στόματι.

224.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
'Εστηκός τὸ Κίμωνος ἵδων πέος, εἴφ' ὁ Πρίηπος·
"Οἶμοι, ὑπὸ θυντοῦ λείπομαι ἀθάνατος."

225.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Ἡ κλίνη πάσχοντας ἔχει δύο, καὶ δύο δρόντας,
οὐς σὺ δοκεῖς πάντας τέσσαρας· εἰσὶ δὲ τρεῖς.
ἡ δὲ πύθη, πῶς τούτο; τὸν ἐν μέσῳ δῖς ἀρίθμει,
κοινὰ πρὸς ἀμφοτέρους ἔργα σαλεύομενον.

226.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
Εἰή σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις, οἰκτρὲ Νέαρχε,
ὀφρα σε ῥηϊδίως ἐξερύσωσι κόνες.

227.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Θάττον ποιήσει μέλι κάνθαρος ἢ γάλα κόνωψ,
ἢ σὺ τι ποιήσεις, σκορπίος ὡν, ἁγαθόν.
οὔτε γὰρ αὐτός ἐκοιντὶ ποιεῖς, οὔτ' ἄλλον ἀφίης,
ὡς ἀστὴρ Κρονικὸς πᾶσιν ἀπεχθόμενος.

228.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μητέρα τις, πατέρ' ἄλλος ἀπέκτανεν, ἄλλος ἄδελφον·
Πωλιανὸς τοὺς τρεῖς, πρῶτος ἀπ' Οἰδίποδος.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

223.—MELEAGER

Utrum futuit Favorinus ambigis; ne jam ambigas; ipse mihi dixit se futuere proprio ore.

224.—ANTIPATER

Viso erecto Cimonis pene dixit Priapus, “Hei mihi! a mortali superior immortalis.”

225.—STRATO

Lectus patientes duos habet et duos agentes, quos tu putas quattuor esse; et sunt tres. Si vero interrogaris, qui hoc? bis numera illum qui medius est communia utrisque opera agitantem.

226.—AMMIANUS

May the dust lie light on thee when under earth, wretched Nearchus, so that the dogs may easily drag thee out.

227.—BY THE SAME

Sooner shall a beetle make honey or a mosquito milk than thou, being a scorpion, shalt do any good. For neither dost thou do good willingly thyself, nor dost thou allow another to do it, hated as thou art by all like Saturn’s star.

228.—BY THE SAME

One man killed his mother, another his father, a third his brother, but Polianus all three, the first since Oedipus.
229.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
'Οψε ποθ' ή ποδάγρα τὸν ἑαυτῆς ἀξιον εὑρεν, 
ὅν ποδαγράν πρὸ ἐτῶν ἀξιον ἦν ἐκατόν.

230.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μασταύρων ἀφελῶν δύο γράμματα, Μάρκε. τὰ 
πρῶτα, 
ἀξιός εἰ πολλῶν τῶν ὑπολειπομένων.

231.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Θηρίον εἰ παρὰ γράμμα, καὶ ἀνθρώπος διὰ γράμμα- 
ἀξιός εἰ πολλῶν, διὸν παρὰ γράμμα γράφῃ.

232.—ΚΑΛΛΙΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΙΟΤ
Αἰεὶ χρυσίον ἦσθα, Πολύκριτε· ὑνὶ δὲ πεπωκώς, 
ἐξαπίνης ἐγένου λυσσομανεῖς τι κακόν· 
αἰεὶ μοι δοκεῖς κακὸς ἔμμεναι. οἶνος ἐλέγχει 
τὸν τρόπον· οὐκ ἐγένου νῦν κακός, ἀλλ' ἔφανης.

233.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΙΟΤ
Φαίδρος πραγματικὸς καὶ ξωγράφος ἦρισε 'Ῥοῦφος 
τῆς θάσσου γράψει καὶ τῆς ὁμοιότερον. 
ἀλλ' ἐν ὅσῳ 'Ῥοῦφος τρίβειν τὰ χρώματ' ἔμελλεν, 
Φαίδρος ἔγραψε λαβὼν εἰκονικὴν ἀποχήν.

1 i.e. many crosses (stauroi).
2 Addressed to Marcos. Take M away and it becomes
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

229.—By the Same

Late in the day has the gout found him who deserved it, him who deserved to be gouty a hundred years ago.

230.—By the Same

Take away, Marcus, the two first letters from Mastauron, and you deserve many of what is left.\(^1\)

231.—By the Same

You are a wild beast all but a letter and a man by a letter, and you deserve many of the beasts that you are all but a letter.\(^2\)

232.—CALLIAS OF ARGOS

You were always, Polycritus, as good as gold, but now after drinking you have suddenly become a sort of rabid curse. I believe you are always wicked; wine is the test of character; it is not now that you become wicked, but now you have been shown to be so.

233.—LUCILIUS

Phaedrus the man of business and the painter Rufus contended as to which of them would copy quickest and most truly. But while Rufus was about to mix his paints Phaedrus took and wrote out a renouncement of Rufus' claim faithful as a picture.\(^3\) arcos, a late form of the word arctos, "bear." He deserves many bears to tear him in pieces.

\(^8\) i.e. admirably forged. Phaedrus owed Rufus money.
234.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοὺς πόδας εἰ Κρατερὸς καὶ τὰς χέρας εἶχ’ ὀλοκλήρους,
οὐκ αὖ τὴν κεφαλὴν εἶχε, τοιαῦτα γράφων.

235.—ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΤ

Καὶ τόδε Δημοδόκου· Χὶοι κακοὶ· οὐχ ὁ μὲν, δὲ δ’ οὖν
πάντες, πλὴν Προκλέους· καὶ Προκλέης δὲ Χῖος.

236.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες μὲν Κίλικες κακοὶ ἀνέρες· ἐν δὲ Κίλιξιν
εἰς ἄγαθὸς Κυνύρης, καὶ Κυνύρης δὲ Κίλιξ.

237.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καππαδόκην ποτ’ ἔχιδνα κακὴ δάκεν· ἄλλα καὶ αὐτὴ
cάτθανε, γευσαμένη αἷματος ιοβόλου.

238.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καππαδόκαι φαύλοι μὲν ἄει, ξώνης δὲ τυχόντες
φαυλότεροι, κέρδους δ’ εἶνεκα φαυλότατοι.
ἡν δ’ ἄρα δίς καὶ τρίς μεγάλης δράξωνται ἀπήνης,
δὴ ρα τότ’ εἰς ὃρας φαυλεπιφαυλότατοι.
μὴ, λάτομαι, βασίλει, μὴ τετράκις, ὁφρα μὴ αὐτὸς 5
κόσμος ὀλισθήσῃ καππαδοκιζόμενος.

1 Demodocus of Leros lived previously to Aristotle who mentions him. There is another couplet identical with this except that the Lerians are substituted for the Chians and that the saying is attributed to Phoecylides. Bentley’s para-
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

234.—By the Same

If Craterus' feet and hands were sound, his head
was not, when he wrote such stuff.

235.—DEMODOCUS

This, too, is by Demodocus: "The Chians are bad,
ot one bad and another not, but all bad except
Procles, and Procles is a Chian."¹

236.—By the Same

All Cilicians are bad men, but among the Cilicians
the only good man is Cinyras, and Cinyras is a
Cilician.

237.—By the Same

An evil viper once bit a Cappadocian, but it died
itself, having tasted the venomous blood.

238.—By the Same

The Cappadocians are always bad, but when they
get a belt² they are worse, and for the sake of gain
they are the worst of all, and if once or twice they
get hold of a large carriage³ they are as bad as bad
can be for a year. I implore thee, 0 King, let it
not be four times, lest the whole world slide to ruin,
becoming cappadocianized.⁴

phrase, "The Germans in Greek are sadly to seek, Except
only Hermann, and Hermann's a German," is well known.
² When they became soldiers.
³ When they hold high office.
⁴ The epigram must refer to some Cappadocian who looked
forward to a fourth term of office.
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239.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΔΙΟΤ
Οὔτε Χίμαιρα τοιοῦτον ἔπνεει κακῶν ἢ καθ’ Ὄμηρον, 5
οὐκ ἀγέλη ταύρων, ὡς ὁ λόγος, πυρίπνους,
οὔ Δήμνος σύμπασα, καὶ Ἀρτυών τὰ περισσά,
οὔδ’ ὁ Φιλοκτήτων ποὺς ἀποσηπτόμενος.
ὡστε σε παμψηφεὶ νικάν, Τελέσιλλα, Χίμαιρας,
ηπεδόνας, ταύρους, ὄρνεα, Λημνιάδας.

240.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Οὐ μόνον αὐτὴ πνεῖ Δημοστρατίς, ἀλλὰ δὴ αὐτῆς
τοὺς ὀσμήσαμένους πνεῖν πεποίηκε τράγον.

241.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Τὸ στόμα χω πρωκτὸς ταύτων, Θεόδωρε, σοῦ ὅξει,
ὡστε διαγνώσαι τοῖς φυσικοῖς καλῶν ἂν.
ἡ γράψαι σε ἔδει ποιον στόμα, ποιον ὁ πρωκτός.
νῦν δὲ λαλοῦντός σου <βδεῖν σ’ εὐόμιζον ἐγώ>.

242.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Οὐ δύναμαι γνῶναι, πότερον χαίνει Διόδωρος,
ἡ βδῆς’ ἐν γὰρ ἔχει πνεῦμα κάτω καὶ ἄνω.

243.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Δοῦσασθαι πεπόρευται Ὀυήσιμος εἰς βαλανείων
δωδεκάτη δύστρου μηνός, ἐπ’ Ἀντιφίλου,
παιδα λυπῶν οἴκοις ἐπετίθειον, ὁν δύο τέκνων
ἀλλων εὐρήσει λουσάμενος πατέρα.

* * * * *

ἤξειν δ’ εἰς ὁρας ἡμῖν γράφει: οἱ βαλανείς γὰρ
εἰς τότε τάσσονται τὴν πυρίαν καθελεῖν.

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1 The women of Lemnos, who had killed their husbands, were afflicted by Venus with an evil odour,
2 See Vergil, Aen. iii. 244.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

239.—LUCILIUS

Nor Homer’s Chimaera breathed such foul breath, not the fire-breathing herd of bulls of which they tell, not all Lemnos¹ nor the excrements of the Harpies,² nor Philoctetes’ putrefying foot. So that in universal estimation, Telesilla, you surpass Chimerae, rotting sores, bulls, birds, and the women of Lemnos.

240.—BY THE SAME

Demostratis not only breathes herself the stink of a he-goat, but makes those who smell her breathe the same.

241.—NICARCHUS

Your mouth and your breech, Theodorus, smell the same, so that it would be a famous task for men of science to distinguish them. You ought really to write on a label which is your mouth and which your breech, but now when you speak I think you break wind.

242.—BY THE SAME

I can’t tell whether Diodorus is yawning or has broken wind, for he has one breath above and below.

243.—BY THE SAME

Onesimus went to the bath to bathe on the twelfth of the month Dystrus in the year of Antiphilus, leaving at home a child at the breast, whom when he has finished bathing he will find to be the father of two other children. . . . He writes us to say he will go again next year, for the bath-men promise to take off the heat then.³

³ The joke is evidently about a bath which it took an enormous time to heat. There appears to be something missing after the second couplet.
'Ηγόρασας χαλκοῦν μυλαίριον, Ἡλίοδωρε, 
tοῦ περὶ τὴν Ὀράκην ψυχρότερον Βορέου. 
μὴ φύσα, μὴ κάμνε· μάτην τὸν καπνὸν ἐγείρεις·
eἰς τὸ θέρος χαλκῆν βαύκαλιν ἡγόρασας.

245.—ἈΟΤΚΙΛΙΙΟΤ
Οἱ τοῖχοι, Διόφαντε, τὰ κύματα πάντα δέχονται, 
kαὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων Ὀκεανὸς ςφέρεται·
δελφίνων δὲ ἁγέλαι καὶ Νηρέος ἁγλαὰ τέκνα 
ἐν τῷ πλοίῳ σου νηχόμενα βλέπεται.
ἂν δὲ ἀναμείνωμεν, πλεύσει τάχα καὶ τὶς ἐν ἡμῖν·
oὐ γὰρ ἐνεστὶν ὕδωρ οὐκέτι τῷ πελάγει.

246.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἐκ ποίων ἐτάμες, Διονύσιε, τὰ ξύλα ταῦτα 
λατομῶν; ποίων τὸ σκάφος ἔστι μύλων;
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸ νῦ, μωλίβου γένος, οὐ δρυὸς ἐστιν,
oὐδ' ἐλάτης, μικρὸν ρίζοβολεῖ τὰ κάτω·
kαὶ τυχὸν ἐξαπίνησ αὐτοῦ λίθος· εἰτὰ, τὸ χεῖρον,
γράψει μ' ὡς Νιόβην δράμα σαπρὸν Μελίτων.

247.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
'Ἡ πέλαγος πλέομεν, Διονύσιε, καὶ γεγέμισται 
tὸ πλοίον παντὸς πανταχόθεν πελάγους.

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244.—Anonymous

You bought a brass boiler, Heliodorus, colder than Thracian Boreas. Don't blow the fire, don't put yourself out; it is in vain you stir up the smoke. What you bought was a brass wine-cooler for summer.

245.—Lucilius

The sides of the ship, Diophantes, let in all the waves, and through the ports ocean enters; and we see swimming in your ship herds of dolphins and the bright children of Nereus. But if we wait longer someone will soon be sailing inside this our ship, for there is no more water left in the sea.

246.—By the Same

From what quarry, Dionysius, did you hew these timbers? Of what mill-stones is the ship built? For if I know anything about it, it is a kind of lead, not oak or pine, and the lower part of me is nearly taking root. Perhaps I shall suddenly become a stone, and then the worst of it is Melito will write a rotten drama about me as if I were Niobe.

247.—By the Same

Of a truth, Dionysius, we the seas sail, and the ship is full of every sea from all parts. The Adriatic,

2 Like the Phaeacian ship in the Odyssey (xiii. 162) which Poseidon changed into a rock.

3 πέλαγος may be taken either as accusative or nominative. In the former case the meaning is "we sail the seas," in the latter "we, the seas, are sailing."
248.—ΜΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ
Τὸ σκάφος οὐ βυθὸς εἶλε (πόθεν βυθὸς; οὐ γὰρ ἔπλωσεν),
oυδὲ Νότος, πρὸ Νότου δ᾿ ἁλέτο καὶ πελάγευς.
ἐδή γὰρ μιν ἀπασαν ἐπὶ ξυγὰ γομφωθεῖσαν
ἡλειφον πεῦκης τῇ λυπαρῇ νοτίδι.
πίσσα δ᾿ ὑπερβρασθεῖσα πυρὸς φλογὶ τὴν ἄλλη πιστὴν
teυχομένην γαίῃ δείξεν ἀπιστοτέρην.

249.—ΔΟΤΚΙΔΙΟΤ
Ἀγρὸν Μηνοφάνης ὀνήσατο, καὶ διὰ λιμὸν
ἐκ δρυὸς ἀλλοτριάς αὐτὸν ἀπηχόνωσεν.
γῆν δ᾿ αὐτῷ τεθνεῶτι βαλεῖν οὐκ ἔσχον ἀνωθεν,
ἀλλ᾿ ἔταφη μισθοῦ πρὸς τινα τῶν ὁμόρων.
εἰ δ᾿ ἔγνω τὸν ἁγρὸν τὸν Mηνοφάνους Ἐπίκουρος,
πάντα γέμειν ἁγρῶν εἶπεν ἄν, οὐκ ἄτόμων.

250.—ΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Τὸν παχῦν εὐ ἔγαρψ᾽ ὁ ξωγράφος· ἀλλ᾽ ἀπόλοιτο,
eὶ δύο μισητοὺς ἀνθ᾽ ἐνὸσ ὁψόμεθα.

251.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Δυσκώφω δύσκωφος ἐκρίνετο· καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον
ἡμ ὁ κριτῆς τούτων τῶν δύο κωφότερος.
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the Tyrrhene Sea, the Gulf of Issa, the Aegean, are running dry. This is no ship, but a wooden fountain of ocean. To arms, Caesar! Dionysius begins already not to command a ship, but to command the seas.

248.—BIANOR

It was not the depths that took the ship (how the depths, when she had never sailed?) nor the south wind, but she perished before encountering south wind and sea. Already completely built, even as far as the benches, they were anointing her with the fat juice of the pine; and the pitch, overboiling with the flame of the fire, showed that she, who was being built to serve the sea faithfully, was less faithful to the land.¹

249.—LUCILIUS

Menophanes bought a field, and from hunger hanged himself on another man's oak. When he was dead they had no earth to throw over him from above, but he was buried for payment in the ground of one of his neighbours. If Epicurus had known of Menophanes' field he would have said that everything is full of fields, not of atoms.

250.—ANONYMOUS

The artist painted the fat man well, but to Hell with him if we shall look on two guzzlers instead of one.

251.—NICARCHUS

A stone-deaf man went to law with another stone-deaf man, and the judge was much deafer than the

¹ i.e. deceived the expectations of those on the land who were building her.
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διν ὁ μὲν ἀντέλεγεν τὸ ἐνοίκιον αὐτὸν ὀφείλειν μηνῶν πένθος. ὁ δὲ ἔφη νυκτὸς ἀληκέκναι. ἐμβλέψας δὲ αὐτοῖς ὁ κριτὴς λέγει, "Ἐσ τι μάχεσθε; 5 μήτηρ ἐσθ’ ὕμων ἀμφότεροι τρέφετε."


252.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ με φίλεις, μισεῖς με. καὶ εἰ μισεῖς, σὺ φίλεις με· εἰ δὲ με μή μισεῖς, φιλτατε, μή με φίλει.

253.—ΑΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Ἐκ ποίων ὁ πατήρ σε δρυῶν τέτμηκεν, Ἀρίστων, ἢ ποίων σε μύλον κόψατο λατομῶν; ἢ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυῶν ἔσοι παλαιφάτου ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρης ὀρχηστής, Νιόβης ἔμπνεον ἀρχέτυπον ἄστε με θαυμάζοντα λέγειν, ὅτι "Καὶ σὺ τι Δητοῖ 5 ἡρίσας· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἦς αὐτομάτως λίθων."

254.—TOY AYTOY

Πάντα καθ’ ἱστορίην ὀρχούμενος, ἐν τὸ μέγιστον τῶν ἔργων παριδῶν ἡνίασας μεγάλως. τὴν μὲν γὰρ Νιόβην ὀρχούμενος, ὡς λίθος ἔστης, καὶ πάλιν ὅν Ὀτανεῖς, ἐξαπίνης ἔπεσες· ἄλλη ἐπὶ τῆς Κανάκης ἀφυός, ὦτι καὶ ξίφος ἦν σοι 5 καὶ ξόν ἐξηλθες· τοῦτο παρ’ ἱστορίην.

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1 Probably to avoid certain dues.
2 There is a play which cannot be rendered on the two meanings of philein, to love and to kiss.
3 Hom. Od. xix. 163.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

pair of them. One of them contended that the other owed him five months’ rent, and the other said that his opponent had ground corn at night.\(^1\) Says the judge, looking at them: “Why are you quarrelling? She is your mother; you must both maintain her.”

252.—BY THE SAME

If you kiss me you hate me, and if you hate me you kiss me. But if you don’t hate me, dear friend, don’t kiss me!\(^2\)

253.—LUCILIUS

From what oak-trees did your father cut you, Aristo, or from what mill-stone quarry did he hew you? For indeed you are a dancer “made of a venerable tree or of stone,”\(^3\) the living original of Niobe; so that I wonder and say: “You, too, must have had some quarrel with Leto, or else you would not have been naturally made of stone.”

254.—BY THE SAME

You played in the ballet everything according to the story, but by overlooking one very important action you highly displeased us. Dancing the part of Niobe you stood like a stone, and again when you were Capaneus,\(^4\) you suddenly fell down. But in the case of Canace,\(^5\) you were not clever, for you had a sword, but yet left the stage alive; that was not according to the story.

\(^4\) Who fell from the scaling-ladder struck by lightning at the siege of Thebes.

\(^5\) She killed herself when her incestuous attachment to her brother, Macareus, was discovered.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

255.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Δάφνην καὶ Νιόβην ὁρχήσατο Μέμφις ὁ σιμός, ὡς ξύλινος Δάφνην, ὡς λίθινος Νιόβην.
R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, oxxxii.

256.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Δούσθαι σε λέγουσι πολὺν χρόνον, Ἦλιοδώρα, γραίαν ἐτών ἐκατόν μη καταλυμένην. πλὴν ἤγνωκα τίνος ποιεῖς χάριν· ὡς ὁ παλαιὸς ἐπίτεις Πελίας ἐψομένη νεάσαι.

257.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ερμογένη τὸν ἰατρὸν ἴδων Διόφαντος ἐν ὑπνοῖς σούκτετ' ἀνηγέρθη, καὶ περίαμμα φέρων.
op. Martial vi. 53.

258.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ Πίσῆς μεδέοντι τὸ κρανίον Ἀδλος ὁ πῦκτις, ἐν καθ' ἐν ἀθροίσας ὁστέον, ἀντίθεταῖ. σωθεὶς δ' ἐκ Νεμέας, Ζεὺς δέσποτα, σοὶ τάχα θήσει καὶ τοὺς ἀστραγάλους τοὺς ἔτι λειπομένους.

259.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θεσσαλὸν ὑπον ἔχεις, 'Ερασίστράτο, ἄλλα σαλεύσαι οὗ δύνατ' αὐτὸν ὅλης φάρμακα Θεσσαλίης, δυτῶς δούριον ὑπον, δὲν εἰ Φρύγες εἶλκον ἀπαντεῖ σὺν Δαναοῖς, Σκαῖρας ὁὐκ ἂν ἐσῆλθε πύλας· δὲν στῆσας ἀνάθημα θεοῦ τίνος, εἰ προσέχεις μοι, ὃ τὰς κριθὰς ποιεῖ τοῖς ἑκάτους πτισάνην.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

255.—PALLADAS

Snub-nosed Memphis danced the parts of Daphne\(^1\) and Niobe, Daphne as if he were wooden, and Niobe as if he were of stone.

256.—LUCILIUS

They say you spend a long time in the bath, Heliodora, an old woman of a hundred not yet retired from the profession. But I know why you do it. You hope to grow young, like old Pelias, by being boiled.

257.—By the Same

Diophantus saw Hermogenes the doctor in his sleep and never woke up again, although he was wearing an amulet.

258.—By the Same

Aulus the boxer dedicates to the Lord of Pisa\(^2\) his skull, having collected the bones one by one. And if he escapes from Nemea, Lord Zeus, he will perchance dedicate to thee also the vertebrae he still has left.

259.—By the Same

You have a Thessalian horse, Erasistratus, but all the magic of Thessaly cannot make him stir; truly a wooden horse which would never have got through the Scaean gates, if all the Trojans and Greeks together had dragged it. If you take my advice, put him up as a votive statue to some god and make his barley into gruel for your children.

\(^1\) Changed into a laurel tree.  \(^2\) The Olympian Zeus.
260.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τούτο τὸ “οὐλεύειν” ἔχεις πάλαι, ἀλλὰ τὸ Βῆτα οὐκ ἐπιγευσόσκω. Δέλτα γὰρ ἐγράφετο.

261.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τίδος Πατρικίου μάλα κόσμιος, διὰ διὰ Κύπρων οὖχ ὁσίην ἐτάρους πάντας ἀποστρέφεται.

262.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Αἰθέριν διὰ νῦκτα νέοι κατάγοντοι Ζελήνην ἡθεοὶ Φαρίςεις ἀνδρικα τεμνομένην.

263.—ΠΑΛΑΛΑΔΑ
Παύλῳ κωμῳδῷ κατ᾽ ὄναρ στὰς εἶπε Μένανδρος· “Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ κατὰ σοῦ, καὶ σὺ κακῶς με λέγεις.”

264.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΙΟΤ
Ποιήσας δαπάνην ἐν ὑπνοῖς ὁ φιλάργυρος Ἔρμων ἐκ περιοδυνίας αὐτὸν ἀπηγχώνισεν.

265.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰ μὲν ἐπ᾽ ἀττελάσους ἀγεταὶ στρατός, ἡ κυνομνίας, ἡ μύας, ἡ ψυλλῶι ὅππικοι ἡ βατράχων,
 Γάιε, καὶ σὺ φοβοῦ μὴ καὶ σὲ τις ἐγκαταλέξῃ, ὡς ἄν τῆς τούτων ἀξίου ὀντα μάχης.
 εἰ δ᾽ ἀρετής ἀνδρῶν ἀγεταὶ στρατός, ἄλλο τι παῖζε· δ᾽ Ῥωμαίοις δ᾽ οὐδεὶς πρὸς γεράνους πόλεμος.

1 ορ. Νο. 337.
2 Selene (Moon) was the name of a courtesan. The words may mean “bring down the half-moon by magic,” but as applied to Selene they have an improper meaning.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

260.—Anonymous

This Ouleuein you had long ago, but I don’t recognise the “b” (bouleuein, to be a senator), for it used to be written “d” (douleuein, to be a slave).

261.—Anonymous

Patricius’ son is very well behaved, as he avoids all his fellows because of impure indulgence.

262.—Anonymous

The young men of Alexandria bring down Selene divided in two in the ethereal night.

263.—Palladas

Menander, standing over the comedian Paulus in his sleep, said: “I never did you any harm, and you speak me ill.”

264.—Lucilius

Hermon the miser, having spent money in his sleep, hanged himself from vexation.

265.—By the Same

If an army is being led against locusts, or dog-flies, or mice, or the cavalry of fleas or frogs, you too should be afraid, Gaius, of someone enrolling you as being worthy of fighting with such foes. But if an army of brave men is being despatched, amuse yourself with something else; but the Romans do not fight against cranes.3

3 i.e. the Romans are not like the Pygmies, who made war on cranes, so there is no chance of their requiring your services.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

266.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψευδὲς ἔσοπτρον ἔχει Δημοσθενής· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθὲς ἐβλέπεν, οὐκ ἢν ὅλως ἦθελεν αὐτὸ βλέπειν.

267.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κερκίδος οὖ χρήζεις ὁ λογιστικός, οὐδὲ μέλει σοι· καὶ γὰρ ἀβασκάντως ῥίνα τρίπηχυν ἔχεις.

268.—ΑΛΛΟ

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλους τὴν ῥῖν’ ἀπομύσσειν· τῆς ῥινὸς γὰρ ἔχει τὴν χέρα μικροτέρην· οὐδὲ λέγει Ζεὺς ὁ σῶσον ἐὰν πταρῆ· οὐ γὰρ ἀκούει τῆς ῥινὸς· πολὺ γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπέχει.

269.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

‘Ο τοῦ Διὸς παῖς καλλίνικος Ἡρακλῆς οὐκ εἰμὶ Δοῦκιος, ἀλλ’ ἀναγκάζουσι με.

270.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς εἰκόνα Ἀναστασίου βασιλέως ἐν τῷ Εὐρίπῳ
Εἰκόνα σοι, βασιλεῦ κοσμοθέρος, τήνδε σιδήρου ἀνθεσαν, ὡς χαλκοῦ πολλῶν ἀτιμοτέρην, ἀντὶ φόνου, πενίς τ’ ὀλοῆς, λιμοῦ τε, καὶ ὀργῆς, ὅς πάντα φθείρεις ἐκ φιλοχρημοσύνης.

1 A lampoon on a statue of Hercules from which Commodus had removed the head and substituted his own, inscribing it “Lucius Commodus Hercules.”
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

266.—BY THE SAME

Demosthenis has a lying mirror, for if she saw the truth she would not want to look into it at all.

267.—ANONYMOUS

You, Mathematician, don’t require a measuring rod, and it is no concern of yours, for you have a nose three cubits long which no one grudges you.

268.—ANONYMOUS

Proclus cannot wipe his nose with his hand, for his arm is shorter than his nose; nor does he say “God preserve us” when he sneezes, for he can’t hear his nose, it is so far away from his ears.

269.—ANONYMOUS

I “victorious Heracles the son of Zeus” am not Lucius but they compel me to be so.¹

270.—ANONYMOUS

On a Statue of the Emperor Anastasius on the Euripus.²

King, destroyer of the world, they set up this iron statue of thee as being much less precious than bronze, in return for the bloodshed, the fatal poverty and famine and wrath, by which thou destroyest all things owing to thy avarice.

¹ A place in the Circus at Constantinople so called.

²
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

271.—ΑΛΛΟ

'Εγγύθη τῆς Σκύλλης χαλεπὴν στήσαντο Χάρυβδιν, ἀγριον ὀμηστὴν τὸῦτον Ἀναστάσιον. δείδηθι καὶ σὺ, Σκύλλα, τεαῖς φρεσὶ, μὴ σὲ καὶ αὐτὴν βρώξῃ, χαλκεῖν δαίμονα κερματίσας.

272.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς κυνάδους

'Ανέρας ἤρισαντο, καὶ οὐκ ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες· οὔτ' ἄνδρες γεγάσωσι, ἐπει πάθον ἔργα γυναικῶν· οὔτε γυναῖκες ἔσωσι, ἐπει φύσιν ἐλλαχον ἄνδρῶν. ἄνερες εἰσὶ γυναῖξι, καὶ ἄνδράσιν εἰσὶ γυναῖκες.

273.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Χωλὸν ἔχεις τὸν νοῦν, ός τὸν πόδα· καὶ γὰρ ἀληθῶς εἰκόνα τῶν ἐντὸς σὴ φύσις ἐκτὸς ἔχει.

274.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΣ

Εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένοι, Κυλλήνιε, πῶς κατέβαινεν Δολλιανοῦ πυχὴ δῶμα τὸ Φερσεφόνης; θαύμα μέν, εἰ συγγίοσα· τυχόν δὲ τι καὶ σὲ διδάσκειν ἥθελε. φεῦ, κεῖνον καὶ νέκυν ἀντιάσαι.

275.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΩΤ

Καλλίμαχος τὸ κάθαρμα, τὸ παίγνιον, ὁ χύλινος νοῦς· αἰτίος ὁ γράφας Ἀτία Καλλίμαχος.

1 There must have actually been a statue of Scylla at the place.
2 Callimachus' chief poem, of which we now possess portions, was so called. I think this distich was very pro-
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

271.—AnonymouS

NIGH to Scylla¹ they set up cruel Charybdis, this savage ogre Anastasius. Fear in thy heart, Scylla, lest he devour thee too, turning a brazen goddess into small change.

272.—AnonymouS

On Cinaedi

They denied their manhood and did not become women, nor were they born men, as they have suffered what women do; nor are they women, since a man’s nature was theirs. They are men to women and women to men.

273.—AnonymouS

Your mind is as lame as your foot, for truly your nature bears outside the image of what is inside.

274.—Lucian

Tell me, I ask you, Hermes, how did the soul of Lollianus go down to the house of Persephone? If in silence, it was a marvel, and very likely he wanted to teach you also something. Heavens, to think of meeting that man even when one is dead!

275.—Apollonius (Rhodius)

Callimachus the outcast, the butt, the wooden head! The origin is Callimachus who wrote the Origins.²

bably written by Apollonius in the margin of an alphabetical dictionary in which stood καλλυνμα, το καθαρμα, κ... το παλμιον. καλόπους, ὁ ξύλινος ποὺς. This gives it more point.
276.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΙΟΤ
Εἰς φυλακὴν βληθεῖσι ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργὸς, ἐκούτι, ὁκνῶν ἐξελθεῖν, ὀμολόγησε φόνον.

277.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τῆς νυκτὸς τροχάσας ἐν ὕπνοις ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργὸς, οὐκέτ’ ἐκοιμηθῆ μὴ πάλι που τροχάσῃ.

278.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς γραμματικὸν κερασφόρον
"Εξω παιδεύεις Πάριδος κακὰ καὶ Μενελάον, ἕνδον ἔχων πολλοὺς σὴς Ἔλενης Πάριδας.

279.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐδεὶς γραμματικὸν δύναται ποτὲ <ἀρτιος> εἶναι, ὄργην, καὶ μῆνιν, καὶ χόλον εὐθὺς ἔχων.

280.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Βέλτερον Ὑγέμονος ληστοκτόνου ἐς κρίσιν ἐλθεῖν, ἢ τοῦ χειρουργοῦ Γενναδίου παλάμας.
ὅς μὲν γὰρ φονέας ὁσίως στυγέων κατατεμνεῖ· ὅς δὲ λαβῶν μυσθοῦς εἰς αἰδην κατάγει.

281.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς Μάγνον ἱατροσοφιστὴν
Μάγνος ὁτ’ εἰς ’Αϊδην κατέβη, τρομεὼν ’Αἰδωνεὺς εἶπεν: "’Αναστήσων ἠλυθε καὶ νέκυας."
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

276.—LUCILIUS

Indolent Marcus once, when cast into prison, confessed to a murder of his own accord, being too lazy to come out.

277.—By the Same

Lazy Marcus, having once run in his sleep, never went to sleep again lest he should chance to run once more.

278.—By the Same

On a Cuckold Grammarian

Outside you teach the woes of Paris and Menelaus, having at home plenty of Parises for your Helen.

279.—By the Same

None of the grammarians can ever be moderate, as from the very beginning he has wrath, and spite, and bile.¹

280.—PALLADAS

Better to be judged by Hegemon, the slayer of robbers, than to fall into the hands of the surgeon Gennadius. For he executes murderers in just hatred, but Gennadius takes a fee for sending you down to Hades.

281.—By the Same

On Magnus the Expert Physician

When Magnus went down to Hades, Pluto trembled and said: "He has come to set the dead, too, on their legs."

¹ Alluding to the opening of the Iliad.
GREEK AnthOLOGY

282.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τοὺς καταλείψαντας γλυκερῶν φάος οὐκέτι θρηνῶ, τοὺς δ’ ἐπὶ προσδοκίᾳ ξῶντας ἄει θανάτου.


283.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰς Δαμόνικον ὑπαρχόν

Πολλοὶ πολλὰ λέγονσιν, ὅμως δ’ οὐ πάντα δύνανται ῥήμασιν ἐξειπεῖν ἰεύματα σῶν παθέων ἐν δ’ ἐπὶ σοῦ παράδοξον ἐθαυμάσαμεν καὶ ἀπιστον, δάκρυα πῶς κλέπτων έχεις ἐτοιμότατα. Χαλκίδος ἐκ γαίης ἀπεχάλκισε τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν, κλέπτων, καὶ κλέπτων δάκρυσι κερδαλέους.

284.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Εκ γῆς Δωτοφάγων μέγας ὀρχαμός ἦλθε Δυκάων Χαλκίδος ἐκ γαίης ἀντιοχενόμενος.

285.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θηλυφανές παράδοξον ἐθαυμάσαμεν πάθος ἀλλότερον κελπείν κλέπτων, κλεπτομένους ἔλεεν, δὲς κλέπτων ἤγγευε, καὶ ἅγγευων ἀπεσύλα, μηδὲν ἔχων καθαρὸν, μηδὲ τὸ σώμα ρύπου.

¹ Chalcis in Euboea. Here it probably only means the Brazen land or the land of Avarice, for which the Chalcidians were famous. We need not suppose that this magistrate was a native of Chalcis. In the next epigram he is said to
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

282.—Anonymous

I lament no longer those who have left the sweet daylight, but those who ever live in expectation of death.

283.—PALLADAS

On Demonicus the Prefect

Many people say many things, but yet they cannot express in words all the currents of your vices. But there is one strange and incredible thing I marvelled at in you: how, while you were stealing, you had tears ready to hand. Coming from the land of Chalcis¹ he deprived our city of brass, stealing and stealing with profitable tears.

284.—By the Same

On the Same

From the land of the Lotophagi came the great leader Lycaon, from the land of Chalcis contrario more fututus.²

285.—By the Same

On the Same

We marvelled at another strange, effeminate characteristic. He wept while stealing, pitying those he was robbing; he who, while robbing, observed ceremonial purity, and while thus affecting purity went on despoiling, a man with nothing clean about him, not even his person free of dirt.

come also from the Lotos-eaters' land, which was placed in North Africa.

² In the last word there is a play on Antioch. The prefect is here, I suppose, called Lycaon as being wolfish.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

286.—TOY AYTOY
Οὐδὲν γυναικὸς χείρον, οὐδὲ τῆς καλῆς·
douλου δὲ χείρον οὐδέν, οὐδὲ τοῦ καλού·
χρήζεις ὅμως οὖν τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν.
eυνον νομίζεις δουλον εἶναι δεσπότη; καλὸς δ’ ἂν εἰη δουλὸς ὦ τὰ σκέλη κλάσας.

287.—TOY AYTOY
‘Ο τὴν γυναίκα τὴν ἀμορφον δυστυχῶν,
λύχνους ἀνάγας ἐσπέρας σκότος βλέπει.

288.—TOY AYTOY
Κουρεὺς καὶ ῥαφίδευς κατεναντίον ἦλθον ἡγώνος,
καὶ τάχα νικῶσιν τὸ ξυρὸν αἱ ῥαφίδες.

289.—TOY AYTOY
*Ω τῆς ταχύτης ἀρπαγῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου·
ἀνήρ δανειστής, τῶν χρόνων γλύφων τόκους,
tέθηκεν εὐθὺς ἐν ῥοπής καιρῷ βραχεῖ,
ἐν δακτύλοισι τοὺς τόκους σφίγγων ἐτι.

290.—TOY AYTOY
Δακτυλικὴν ψηφῶν τις ἔχων πέρι δάκτυλα χειρῶν
ψήφω τοῦ θανάτου προῦλαβεν εἰς αἴδην.
ζῆ δ’ ἡ ψηφῶν νῦν τοῦ ψηφίζοντος ἔρημη,
ψυχῆς ἀρπαγήμης ἐνθεῦ ἐλαυνομένης.

1 A verse of Menander’s.
2 And consequently was incapable of doing any mischief.
3 He seems to be ridiculing a barber whose razors were blunt.
4 He must have been counting out the money with his left hand and marking down the amount with his right.

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THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

286.—BY THE SAME

"Nothing is worse than a woman, even a good one"; and nothing is worse than a slave, even a good one. But still one requires necessary evils. Do you suppose a slave bears his master affection? A good slave would be he who broke both his legs.²

287.—BY THE SAME

He who is cursed with an ugly wife sees darkness when he lights the lamps in the evening.

288.—BY THE SAME

A barber and a tailor came to blows with each other; and soon the needles got the better of the razor.³

289.—BY THE SAME

O swiftest ravishment of life! A money-lender, while marking down on his tablets the interest of years, died instantly in the space of a moment, still grasping his interest in his fingers.⁴

290.—BY THE SAME

One holding in his fingers a reckoning counter for the fingers went by the counter-vote⁵ of death in double-quick time to Hades. The counter now lives bereaved of the reckoner, whose soul is rapidly driven from hence.⁶

⁵ There is a play on the two senses of psephos, "vote" and "counter."

⁶ This epigram seems to refer to the same incident as the preceding, but is very obscure. Palladas evidently uses δακτυλικὴ ψῆφος in some sense that eludes us. What, again, is the point of his saying that the counter (or vote) is alive?
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

291.—TOY AYTOY

Τι ὠφέλησας τὴν πόλιν στίχους γράφων, χρυσὸν τοσοῦτον λαμβάνων βλασφημίας, πολῶν λάμβουν, ὡς ἐλαιον ἐμπορος;

292.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς τινα φιλόσοφον γενόμενον ὑπάρχον πόλεως ἐπὶ Βαλεντιανοῦ καὶ Βάλεντος

"Ἀντυγος οὐρανίης ὑπερήμενος, ἐσ πόθον ἡλθες ἀντυγος ἀρχηγεύς, αἰσχος ἀπειρέσιον. ἦσθα ποτε κρείσσων. αὐθις δ’ ἐγένου πολὺ χείρων. δεύρ’ ἀνάβηθι κάτω νῦν γὰρ ἀνω κατέβης.

293.—TOY AYTOY

Ἰππον ὑποσχόμενος μοι Ὁλύμπιος ἤγαγεν οὐράν, ἢς ὀλυγοδρανέων ἦππος ἀπεκρέματο.

294.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Πλοῦτον μὲν πλουτοῦντος ἔχεις, ψυχὴν δὲ πένητος, ὡς κληρονόμοις πλοῦσις, σοὶ δὲ πένης.

295.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ τιν’ ἔχεις Διόνυσον ἐν μεγάροις τεοίς, τὸν κισσὸν ἀφελῶν, θριάκων φύλλως στεφάνωσον.

1 i.e. the official carriage.
2 The last line is merely a very frigid repetition of the opinion that the philosopher (by some said to be Themistius) demeaned himself by accepting office.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

291.—By the Same

What good do you do to the city by writing verses, getting so much gold for your slanders, selling iambic verses as a shopman sells oil?

292.—By the Same

On a certain Philosopher who became Prefect of Constantinople in the reign of Valentinian and Valens

Thou, seated above the heavenly wheel, hast desired a silver wheel. Oh, infinite shame! Erst thou wast of higher station and hast straight become much lower. Ascend hither to the depths; for now thou hast descended to the heights.

293.—By the Same

Olympius promised me a horse, but brought me a tail from which hung a horse at its last gasp.

294.—Lucilius

Thou hast the wealth of a rich man, but the soul of a pauper, thou who art rich for thy heirs and poor for thyself.

295.—By the Same

If thou hast any Dionysus in thy house, take off the ivy from his head and crown him with lettuce leaves.  

* Addressed to a man who had given him bad wine. Lettuce, I suppose, because the wine was like vinegar. op. No. 396.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

296.—ΤΙΜΟΝΟΣ

Εἰς Κλεάνθην
Τής δ' οὖτος κτίλος ὃς ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν; μωλύτης, ἐπέων λίθος Ἀσσίως, ὅλμος ἀτολμός.

297.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς γυναίκα μεθυστίδα

α. Πῶς φιλέεις, ὃ μήτερ, ἔμοι πλέον νίεός οἶνον;
δὸς πτέειν οἶνοιο, ἐπεὶ γάλα τὸ πρὶν ἔδωκας.

β. Ὄ παῖ, σήν μὲν δίψαν ἔμοι γάλα τὸ πρὶν ἔπαυσεν;

νῦν ἵθι πίνε ὑδρι, καὶ παύει δίψαν ἑοῖο.

298.—ΑΛΔΟ

Δέρκεο πῶς διψῶν νίες χέρα μητέρι τεῖνει:
ἡ δὲ γυνὴ, ἀτε πᾶσα γυνὴ, κεκρατημένη οἶνοφ,
ἐν λαγύνῳ πίνουσα, τοῦτ' ἐνεπε λοξὸν ἰδούσα:
"Ἐκ βροχθοῦ δλίγου τί σοι δῶ, τέκνον ἐμεῖο;
ξέστασ γὰρ τριάκοντα μόνους λάγυνός γ' ὅδε χωρεῖ." 5

"Μήτερ, μητρυής χαλεπῶν τρόπων ἀντικρατοῦσα,
ἀμπέλου ἱδυτάτης τάδε δάκρυα δός μοι ἀφύσειν."

"Μήτερ ἐμῆ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέα θυμοῦ ἔχουσα,
εἰ φιλέεις με τὸν νία, δίδου μέ τι τυτθὼν ἀφύσειν."

299.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἐβρίζεις· τί τὸ θαῦμα; τι δυσχερές; ἀλλὰ φέρω σε
tῶν γὰρ ὑβριζόντων ἡ θρασύτης κόλασις.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

296.—TIMON
On Cleanthes the Philosopher

Who is this who like a ram stalks through the ranks of men, a slow-coach, an Assian mill-stone of words, a spiritless block?

297.—ANONYMOUS
On a Tippling Old Woman

A. How is it, mother, that thou lovest wine more than me, thy son? Give me wine to drink since once thou didst give me milk. B. My son, my milk once stilled thy thirst, but now drink water and still thy own thirst.

298.—ANONYMOUS

See how the son athirst reaches out his hand to his mother, and the woman, being a thorough woman, overcome by wine, drinking from a jar, spoke thus, looking askance: “How shall I give thee to drink, my son, from a little droppie, for this jar holds but thirty pints.”

“Mother, who hast rather the harsh nature of a step-mother, give me to quaff these tears of the sweetest vine.”

“Mother, evil mother, pitiless at heart, if thou lovest me, thy son, give me but a little to quaff.”

299.—PALLADAS

Thou waxest wanton! What wonder? Does it distress me? No, I bear with thee. For the boldness of the wanton is their punishment.

1 These and the following verses (No. 298) seem to have been inspired by a picture.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

300.—TOY AYTOY
Πολλά λαλεῖς, ἄνθρωπε, χαμαί δὲ τίθη μετὰ μικρόν. σύγα, καὶ μελέτα ξῶν ἐτὶ τῶν θάνατον.

301.—TOY AYTOY
Ἡλιος ἄνθρωποις αὐγῆς θεός· εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὕβριζεν φαίνων, οὔδὲ τὸ φῶς ἐπόθουν.

302.—TOY AYTOY
Οὐκ ἔμε, τὴν πενήν δὲ καθύβρισας· εἰ δὲ καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς ἦν ἐπὶ γῆς πτωχός, καύτος ἐπασχεν ὕβριν.

303.—TOY AYTOY
Εἰ πένομαι, τί πάθω; τί με μισεῖς οὐκ ἅδικοῦντα; πταῖσμα τόδ' ἐστὶ Τύχης, οὐκ ἅδικημα τρόπων.

304.—TOY AYTOY
Πάντες μὲν δειλοὶ καὶ ἀλαζόνες εἰσί, καὶ εἰ τι ἐν τοῖς ἄνθρωποις ἄλλο πέφυκε πάθος· ἀλλ' ὁ λογισμὸν ἔχων τῷ πλησίον οὐκ ἀναφαίνει, ένδον ἀποκρυπτῶν τῇ συνέσει τὸ πάθος. σῆς δὲ θύρα ψυχῆς ἀναπέτταται· οὐδένα λήθεις οὔτε καταπτήσωσιν, οὔτε θρασυμόμενοι.

305.—TOY AYTOY
Τέκνοιν ἀναιδεῖς, ἄμαθεστατε, θρέμμα μορίης, εἰπὲ, τί βρεθῇ μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος;
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

300.—By the Same

Thou speakest much, o man, but in a little thou shalt be laid on the ground. Silence! and while thou yet livest meditate on death.

301.—By the Same

The Sun to men is the god of light, but if he too were insolent to them in his shining, they would not desire even light.

302.—By the Same

Thou hast not insulted me, but my poverty; but if Zeus dwelt on earth in poverty, he himself also would have suffered insult.

303.—By the Same

If I am poor, what shall it harm me? Why dost thou hate me who do no wrong? This is the fault of Fortune, not a vice of character.

304.—By the Same

All are cowards and braggarts and whatever other fault there may be among men, yet he who has reason does not expose his fault to his neighbour, but in his wisdom hides it within. But thy soul’s door is flung wide open, and it is evident to all when thou crouchest in terror or art too brazen.

305.—By the Same

Child of shamelessness, most ignorant of men, nursling of folly, tell why dost thou hold thy head high, knowing nothing? Among the grammarians
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐν μὲν γραμματικῶς ὁ πλατωνικὸς· ἀν δὲ Πλά-
τωνος
dόγματα τις ἤτη, γραμματικὸς σὺ πάλιν.
ἐξ ἑτέρου φεύγεις ἐπὶ θάτερων· οὔτε δὲ τέχνη
οἴσθα γραμματικήν, οὔτε πλατωνικὸς εἰ.

306.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

"Ἀν μετ᾽ Ἀλεξάνδρειαν ἐσ᾽ Ἀντιόχειαν ὀπέλθης,
καὶ μετὰ τὴν Συρίην Ἰταλίας ἐπὶβῆς,
τῶν δυνατῶν οὐδές σε γαμήσει· τοῦτο γὰρ αἰεὶ
οἰσμένη πτηδᾶς εἰς πόλιν ἐκ πόλεως.

307.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Τίνν ἔχεις τὸν Ἕρωτα, γυναῖκα δὲ τὴν Ἀφροδίτην
οὐκ ἄδικος, χαλκεῦ, τὸν πόδα χωλὸν ἔχεις.

308.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Τὸν πόδα τῇ βελόνῃ τρυπῶν Κλεόνικος ὁ λεπτός,
αὐτὸς ἐτρύμησεν τῷ ποδὶ τὴν βελόνην.

309.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Θαρσύμαχε, πλοῦτον πολὺν ὠλεσας ἐξ ἐπιβουλῆς,
eἰς οὐδὲν δ᾽ ἥκεις ἄθλιος ἐξαπίνης,
φεισάμενος, δανίσας, τοκίσας τόκον, ὑδροποτήσας,
pολλάκι μηδὲ φαγόν, ὡστε τι πλεῖον ἔχειν.
ἀλλ' εἴ μοι λογίσαο τὸ πεινήν καὶ τότε καὶ νῦν,
οὐδὲν ἐλαττον ἔχεις ὃν τότ' ἐδοξάς ἔχειν.

310.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Ἡγόρασας πλοκάμους, φύκος, μέλι, κηρόν, ὀδόντας·
tῆς αὐτῆς δαπάνης ὅψιν ἂν ἡγόρασας.

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thou art the Platonist, and if anyone enquire as to Plato's doctrines thou art again a grammarian. From one thing thou takest refuge in another, and thou neither knowest the Art of Grammar nor art thou a Platonist.

306.—By the Same

Though you leave Alexandria for Antioch, and after Syria land in Italy, no man in power will ever wed you. The fact is you always are fancying that some one will, and therefore skip from city to city.

307.—By the Same

Your son is called Eros and your wife Aphrodite, and so, blacksmith, it is quite fair you should have a lame leg.¹

308.—Lucilius

Lean Cleonicus, making a hole in his foot with the needle, himself made a hole in the needle with his foot.²

309.—By the Same

Thrasymachus, you lost great wealth by a plot, and, poor fellow, you have suddenly come to naught after all your economising, lending, exacting interest, drinking water, often not even eating, so as to have a little more money. But if you calculate what starvation was then and what it is now, you have no less now than you then seemed to have.

310.—By the Same

You bought hair, rouge, honey, wax, and teeth. For the same outlay you might have bought a face.

¹ i.e. like Hephaestus. ² cp. No. 102.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

311.—TOY AYTOY
Οὗτως ἐστ' ἄργος Πανταίνετος, ὡστε πυρέξας
μηκέτ' ἀναστήναι παντὸς ἐδείτο θεοῦ.
καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἔθελον μὲν ἐγείρεται, ἐν δὲ οἱ αὐτῷ
κωφὰ θεῶν ἀδίκων οὕτα μεμφόμενος.

312.—TOY AYTOY
Οὐδενὸς ἐνθάδε νῦν τεθηκότος, ὡ παροδίτα,
Μάρκος ὁ ποιητὴς ὄκοδόμηκε τάφον,
καὶ γράψας ἑπίγραμμα μονόστιχον, ὅδε ἐχάραξε·
"Κλαύσατε δοδεκάτη Μάξιμον ἐξ Ἐφέσου."
οὐδὲ γὰρ εἴδον ἐγὼ τινα Μάξιμον· εἰς δὲ ἐπίδειξιν
ποιητοῦ κλαίειν τοῖς παρισοῦσι λέγω.

313.—TOY AYTOY
Ἀργυρέη λιμῷ τις, ἂς εἰλαπίνην με καλέσσας,
ἐκτανε, πειναλέους τοὺς πίνακας προφέρων.
ὄχθησας δὲ ἀρ' ἐστεπον ἐν ἀργυροφεγγεί λιμῷ.
"Ποῦ μοι χορτασίη ὀστρακίνων πινάκων;"

314.—TOY AYTOY
Ἐζήτουν πινάκων πόθεν οὖνομα τοῦτο καλέσσω,
καὶ παρὰ σοι κληθεῖς, εὗρον οθεν λέγεται.
πείνης γὰρ μεγάλης μεγάλους πίνακας παρέθηκας,
ὀργανα τοῦ λιμοῦ πειναλέους πίνακας.

315.—TOY AYTOY
Εἶσοδεν Ἀντίοχος τὴν Δυσιμάχου ποτὲ τύλην,
κούκετι τὴν τύλην εἰσίδε Δυσίμαχος.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

311.—By the Same

Pantaenetus is so lazy that when he fell sick of a fever he prayed to every god never to get up again. And now he leaves his bed unwillingly, and in his heart blames the deaf ears of the unjust gods.

312.—By the Same

Though there is no one dead here now, O passer-by, Marcus the poet built a tomb here, and writing an inscription of one line as follows, engraved it: “Weep for twelve year old Maximus from Ephesus.” I (says the tomb) never even saw any Maximus, but to show off the poet’s talent I bid the passer-by weep.¹

313.—By the Same

One, bidding me to a banquet, killed me with silver hunger, serving famished dishes. And in wrath I spoke amid the silver sheen of hunger: “Where is the plenty of my earthenware dishes?”

314.—By the Same

I sought whence I should say the word pinakes (dishes) was derived, and on being invited by you I found out why they are so called. For you placed before me great pinakes of great peina (hunger), famished dishes, instruments of famine.

315.—By the Same

Antiochus once set eyes on Lysimachus’ cushion, and Lysimachus never set eyes on it again.

¹ This phrase in Greek has also the sense of “to send to the deuce.”
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

316.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς ἱερὸν ποτ’ ἄγωνα Μίλων μόνος ἤλθ’ ὁ παλαιστής·
τὸν δ’ εὐθὺς στεφανοῦν ἀθλοθέτης ἐκάλει.
προσβαίνων δ’ ὠλισθεν ἐπ’ ἵσχίον· οἱ δ’ ἐβόησαν
τοῦτον μὴ στεφανοῦν, εἰ μόνος ὃν ἐπέσεν.
ἀντάς δ’ ἐν μέσσοις ἀντέκραγεν. “Οὐχὶ τρὶς ἐστίν·
ἐν κείμαι· λοιπὸν τάλλα μὲ τὸς βαλέτω.”

317.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

'Αντίσπαστον ἐμοὶ τίς ὄνον μακρόθυμον ἔδωκεν,
τῶν βασταζομένων ὄρμον ὀδοιπορίης,
νίσαι τῆς βραδυτῆτος ὄνον, πόνον, ὄκνον, ὄνειρον,
τῶν ἀνακαμπτόντων ὑστάτων πρότερον.

318.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

'Αντικράτης ἦδει τὰ σφαιρικὰ μᾶλλον Ἀράτου
πολλὰ, τὴν ἱδίην δ’ οὐκ ἐνόει γένεσιν·
διστάξειν γὰρ ἐφη, πότερ’ ἐν κριῷ γεγένηται
ἡ διδύμοις, ἡ τοῖς ἰχθύσιν ἄμφοτέρους.
εὐρηταὶ δὲ σαφῶς ἐν τοῖς τρισί· καὶ γὰρ ὀχευτῆς
καὶ μωρὸς μαλακὸς τ’ ἐστὶ καὶ ὀψοφάγος.

319.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

'Ανθρακίων δέκα μέτρα φέρων, ἔσο καὶ σὺ πολίτης·
ἡν δὲ καὶ ὃν ἄγάγης, αὐτὸς ὁ Τριπτόλεμος.

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1 To win the match one had to throw one's adversary three times.
2 The metrical foot antispastus was so called because it was composed of an iambus and a trochee, which have opposite movements.

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316.—Anonymous

Milo the wrestler was once the only one who came to the sacred games, and the steward of the games called him to crown him at once. But as he was approaching he slipped and fell on his back, and the people called out: “Do not crown this man, as he got a fall when he was alone!” But he, standing up in their midst, shouted back: “Are there not three falls? I fell once; now let someone give me the other two.”

317.—Palladas

Someone gave me a long-suffering donkey that moves backwards as much as forward their journey’s haven to those who ride on it; a donkey, the son of slowness, a labour, a delay, a dream, but first instead of last for those who are retiring.

318.—Philodemus

Anticrates knew the constellations much better than Aratus, but could not tell his own nativity; for he said he was in doubt whether he was born in the Ram or the Twins, or in both the Fishes. But it was clearly found to be in all three, for he is a tupper and a fool, and effeminiate, and fond of fish.

319.—Automedon

If you bring ten sacks of charcoal you, too, will be a citizen, and if you bring a pig, also, you will be

3 These are puns that cannot be reproduced.
4 Here there is a play on the figure of speech hysteron-proteron, or inversion of words.
5 As μαλακός certainly refers to δίδυμοι (= Gemini vel testiculi) I think both ἄχευτης and μωρός must refer to the Ram.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

dei de kai 'Hrapkleidh 'phηγητηρι dothinnai
η kauilous krambhs, h fakon, h koxtlias.
taut' 'exe, kai lege sauntou 'Erechthea, Kekropa,
Kodron,
on k' eboleis' oudeis oudeen epistrefetai.

320.—ARGENTAPIOT

'Avtunynhνν e'osterge Philostratos: oun de palaiastaiws
ο tlamowν 'Irou penite peinxhrutoros.
euere δ' upo krumoũ γlykũ φαρμακon: antia gar schon
gounat' ekomiethē, xeine, met' 'Avtunynhs.

321.—PHILOPHIOT

Grammatikoi Mōmov stygion tekna, stetes akathōn,1
telchines bibloun, Zηνodoton skulpakes,
Kallemakhov stratiodtai, on ow oplon ektauvsautes,
oυδ' auton keivou glaossan apostrefete,
sundesmov lymorow theritores, ois to "mou" ἢ "sphin" 5
euvade, kai xhetein ei kynas eixe Kukloun,
triboisoth' eis ailouna katapruxontes alltrap
allov: eis δ' hmais loun apoxbēsate.

322.—ANTIFANOTΣ

Grammatikouν periērhoa genh, rιzwvruca mousoh
allotrhς, antchēis stetes akathobatai,  


1 Ancient Athenian heroes.

2 He is satirizing the facility with which the Athenians granted citizenship.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

Triptolemus himself, and to Heraclides your introducer must be given either some cabbage castocks, or lentils, or snails. Have these with you and call yourself Erechtheus, Cecrops, Codrus,\(^1\) whoever you like; no one minds a rap about it.\(^2\)

320.—ARGENTARIUS

Philostratus loved Antigone. He was poorer by five cubits, poor fellow, than Irus. The cold, however, taught him a sweet remedy; for tucking up his knees (with antia gonata) he slept so, stranger, with Antigone.

321.—PHILIPPUSS

Grammarians, ye children of Stygian Momus, ye book-worms feeding on thorns,\(^3\) demon foes of books, dogs of Zenodotus,\(^4\) soldiers of Callimachus\(^5\) from whom, though you hold him out as a shield, you do not refrain your tongue, hunters of melancholy conjunctions who take delight in min\(^6\) and sphin\(^6\) and in enquiring if the Cyclops had dogs, may ye wear yourselves away for all eternity, ye wretches, muttering abuse of others; then come and quench your venom in me.

322.—ANTIPHANES

Idly curious race of grammarians, ye who dig up by the roots the poetry of others; unhappy book-worms that walk on thorns, defilers of the great,

\(^3\) On thorny passages of authors, as we should say.

\(^4\) The celebrated grammarian.

\(^5\) Callimachus is a difficult poet, owing to his recondite learning.

\(^6\) Obsolete pronouns.
τῶν μεγάλων κηλίδες, ἐπ’ Ἡρίνην δὲ κομῶντες,
πικροὶ καὶ ξηροὶ Καλλιμάχου πρόκυνες,
ποιητῶν λύβαι, παισὶ σκότος ἀρχαμένοισιν,
ἐρροιτ’, εὐφώνων λαθροδάκναι κόριες.

323.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Ῥῶ καὶ Λάμβδα μόνου κόρακας κολάκων διορίζειν
λοιπὸν ταυτὸ κόραξ βωμολόγος τε κόλαξ.
τούνεκά μοι, βέλτιστε, τόδε ξόνων πεφύλαξο,
eἰδὼς καὶ ξόντων τοὺς κόλακας κόρακας.

324.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ
a. Δέξαι, Φοῖβε, τὸ δεῖπνον, ὅ σοι φέρω. β. Ἰν τις
ἐάσῃ,
dέξομαι. a. Εἴτε φοβῆ καὶ σὺ τι, Δητοῖδη;
β. Οὐδένα τῶν ἄλλων, πλὴν Ἀρρίον· οὗτος ἔχει
γὰρ
ἀρπαγος ἐκτίνου χεῖρα κραταοτέρην,
ἀκνίσου βωμοῖο νεοκόρος· ἢν τελέσῃ δὲ
τὴν πομπὴν, ἄρας ὀχεθ’ ἀπαντά πάλιν.
ἐν Δίος Ἀμβροσίη πολλῆς χάρις· εἰς γὰρ ἤν ὑμέων
ἡμᾶς, εἱ λιμοῦ καὶ θεοῦ ἤσθάνετο.

325.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
'Εχθὲς δειπνήσας τράγεον πόδα, καὶ δεκαταίον
κανναβίνης κράμβης μήλινου ἀσπάραγον,
eἰπεῖν τὸν καλέσαντα φυλάσσομαι· ἐστι γὰρ ὄξυς,
καὶ φόβος οὐχ ὁ τυχῶν μή με πάλιν καλέσῃ.

¹ She was reckoned among the Alexandrian poets, and hence is mentioned here together with Callimachus.
² i.e. not, like other crows, the dead.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

proud of your Erinna,¹ bitter and dry dogs set on by Callimachus, bane of poets, darkness to little begin-
ners, away with you, bugs that secretly bite the eloquent.

323.—PALLADAS

Corakes (crows) and colakes (flatterers) are only distinguished by Rho and Lambda. Therefore a crow and a lick-spittle flatterer are the same thing. So, my good sir, beware of this beast, knowing that flatterers are crows that pick the living too.²

324.—AUTOMEDON

A. Accept, Phoebus, the supper I bring thee. B. I will accept it if someone lets me. A. Then, Son of Leto, is there something that thou too dost fear? B. No one else but only Arrius, for he, that minis-
trant of an altar that smells not of fat,³ has a more powerful claw than a robber-hawk, and once he has celebrated the procession⁴ he walks back carrying off everything. There is great virtue in Jove’s ambrosia, for I should be one of you⁵ if a god, too, could feel hunger.

325.—BY THE SAME

Having supped yesterday on a leg of an old goat and the yellow stalk, ten days old, of a cabbage like hemp, I am shy of mentioning the man who invited me; for he is short-tempered, and I am not a little afraid of his asking me again.

³ Because he carries all the meat away and never lets the altar smell of fat.
⁴ A procession accompanying a victim for sacrifice.
⁵ A mortal and liable to die of starvation.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

326.—TOY AYTOY

Πώγων, καὶ λάσια μηρών τρίχες, ός ταχὺ πάντα
ὸ χρόνος ἄλλασσει· Κόνυσχε, τοῦτ’ ἐγένον.
οὐκ ἔλεγον; “Μὴ πάντα βαρὺς θέλε μηδὲ βάναυσος
εἶναι· καὶ κάλλους εἰσὶ τινες Νεμέσεις.”
ἥλθες ἐσω μάνδρης, ὑπερήφανε· νῦν ὦτι βούλει
οἶδαμεν· ἀλλ’ ἐξῆν καὶ τὸτ’ ἔχειν σε φρένας.

327.—ANTIPATROPΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Τὴν ἕρημὴν ἔπε νώτα Δυκαλώδα, τὴν Ἁφροδίτης
λάβην, τὴν ἐλάφου παντὸς ἀπυγοτέρην,
αἰπόλοις ἃ μεθύων οὐκ ἀν ποτε, φασὶ, συνόκει,
γοί, γοί. τοιαῦται Σιδονίων ἄλοχοι.

328.—NIKAPХΟΤ

Τὴν μίαν Ἐρμογένης κάγω ποτε καὶ Κλεόβουλος
ήγομεν εἰς κοινὴν κύπριαν Ἀριστοδίκην.
ἡς ἔλαχον μὲν ἐγὼ πολήν ἀλα ναιέμεν αὐτός·
eis γὰρ ἐν, οὐ πάντες πάντα, διειλόμεθα.
Ἐρμογένης δὲ ἔλαχε στυγερὸν δόμον εὐρώεντα,
ὐστατον, εἰς ἀφανῆ χώρον ὑπερχόμενος,
ἐνθ’ ἀκταὶ νεκύων, καὶ ἐρίνεοι ἦνεμόεως
dινέωνται πυοῖς δυσκελάδων ἀνέμων.
Ζῆνα δὲ ἑδά Κλεόβουλον, ὃς οὐρανὸν εἰσαναβαίνειν,
τὸ ψολῶν κατέχων ἐν χερὶ πῦρ, ἔλαχεν.
γῇ δ’ ἔμενε ξυνὴ πάντων· ψύαθον γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ
στρώσαντες, τὴν γραῦν ὄδε διειλόμεθα.
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326.—By the Same

Beard and rough hair on the thighs, how quickly time changes all! Connichus, is this what you have become? Did I not say, "Be not in all things harsh and discourteous; Beauty has its own Avenging Deities"? So you have come into the pen,¹ proud youth; we know that you wish for it now; but then, too, you might have had sense.

327.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA (?)²

Lycaenis with the dry back, the disgrace of Aphrodite, with less haunches than any deer, with whom, as the saying is, a drunken goatherd would not live. G-r-r, g-r-r! such are the wives of the Sidonians.

328.—NICARCHUS

Unam Aristodicean quondam Hermogenes et ego et Cleobulus adhibuimus ad communem venerem. Hujus sortitus sum ego canum mare habitare, unus enim unum non omnia omnes divisimus; Hermogenes vero obscurum locum subiens domum ultimam situ plenam sortitus est, ubi mortuorum ripae sunt et ficus aeriae volvuntur flatu raucorum ventorum. Jovem vero pone Cleobulum cui caelum (palatum) ascendere contigit ardentem in manu ignem tenentem. Terra autem mansit communis omnium, storea enim insuper illam strata, vetulam ita divisimus.

¹ i.e. as I think, "You have become tame." Commentators interpret, "You have become like a goat."
² Surely by the Sidonian.
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329.—TOY AYTOY

Δημώναξ, μὴ πάντα κάτω βλέπε, μηδὲ χαρίζον τῇ γλώσσῃ δεινὴν χοίρος ἀκανθαν ἔχει.
καὶ σὺ ζήσ ἡμῖν, ἐν Φοινίκῃ δὲ καθεύδεις,
κούκ ὃν ἐκ Σεμέλης μηροτραφῆς γέγονας.

330.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐκλήθην ἔχθες, Δημήτριε, σήμερον ἠλθον δειπνεῖν. μὴ μέμψῃ, κλίμακ' ἔχεις μεγάλην.
ἐν ταύτῃ πεποίηκα πολὺν χρόνου. οὐδ' ἂν ἐσώθην
σήμερον, ἄλλ' ἀνέβην κέρκον ὄνοι κατέχον.
ἡμαί τῶν ἀστρων. Ζεὺς ἡμίκα τὸν Γαυμαθὴν
ἡρπασε, τῆ' αὐτῶν, φαίνετ', ἔχων ἀνέβη.
ἐνθὲν δ' εἰς 'Αἰδην πότ' ἀφίζεαι; οὐκ ἄφυης εἰ
eὐρηκας τέχνην πῶς ἔσῃ ἄθάνατος.

331.—TOY AYTOY

Εἶχε Φίλων λέμβον Σωτῆριχον. ἄλλ' ἐν ἐκείνῳ
σωθῇ' οὐδὲ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἵσως δύναται.
οὖνομα γὰρ μόνον ἦν Σωτῆριχος, οἱ δ' ἐπιβάντες
ἐπλευν ἦ παρὰ γῆν, ἦ παρὰ Φερσεφόνην.

332.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ πλεῖν, ἄλλ' ἀντλεῖν ἡμᾶς Εἰκανδρὸς ὁ πρωτεὺς
eἰς τὴν εἰκόσορον φαίνεται ἐμβιβάσας.
οὐκ ὀλύγον γὰρ ἐνεστὶν ὕδωρ ἔσω, ἄλλ' ὁ Ποσειδῶν
ἐν ταύτῃ διαπλεῖν φαίνεται εἰς τὸ πέραν.

1 = pudendum muliebre. For the reference to Phoenicia
see Φοινίκις in L. and S.

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329.—By the Same

Demonax, do not always turn down your eyes, nor indulge your tongue; the pig has a formidable thorn. And you live . . . and sleep in Phoenicia, and though not Semele’s son, art nourished by a thigh.

330.—By the Same

I was invited yesterday, Demetrius, and came to supper to-day. Don’t find fault with me; you have a long staircase. I spent an age on it, and I should not have got safe up it to-day only I came up holding on to a donkey’s tail. You touch the stars: Zeus, it seems, when he ran away with Ganymede, went up with him by this route. But from here how long will it take you to reach Hades? You are not wanting in cleverness; you have hit on a trick for being immortal.

331.—By the Same

Philo had a boat called the “Saviour,” but in it perhaps not even Zeus himself can be saved. Its name only was Saviour, but the passengers sailed either close to land or to Persephone.

332.—By the Same

Icander the captain embarked us, it seems, on his twenty-oarer, not for a sail, but to bale her out. For the water in her is not little, but Poseidon seems to sail over in her to the opposite shore. It is

2 Dionysus, who was said to have come to maturity as a baby in the thigh of Zeus.
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νῦν πρῶτον ναῦς ὁπταὶ ὑδρωπικῆ, ἀλλὰ γε [δείδω] 5
μὴ σορὸν σοῦσαν ἰδῆς τὴν πάλαι εἰκόσορον.

333.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ

Φαρμακίας ὁ Ρόδων λέπραν καὶ χοιράδας αἰρεὶ
tάλλα δὲ πάντ' αἰρεὶ καὶ δίχα φαρμακίων.

334.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Δαμαγόραν καὶ λοιμὸν ἵσοψηφον τις ἁκούσας
ἐστησ’ ἀμφοτέρων τὸν τρόπον ἐκ κανόνος:
eἰς τὸ μέρος δὲ καθεῖλκεν ἁνελκυσθεὶν τὸ τάλαντον
Δαμαγόρου, λοιμὸν δ’ εὐθεῖα ἀλαφρότερον.

335.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὡς τλῆμον Κυνέγειρε, καὶ ἐν ἄπωὶς καὶ ἀπελθὼν,
ὡς αἰεὶ κόπτῃ ἁμάσι καὶ κοπίσων.
πρόσθε μὲν ἐν πολέμοισι τῇ πέσε μαρναμένη χειρ.
νῦν δὲ σ’ ὁ γραμματικὸς καὶ ποδὸς ἐστέρισεν.

336.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῆς Ἀσίας τὰ λάφυρα λαβὼν ἔπλευσε Καρίνος
ἡματι χειμερίῳ, δυομένων ἐρίφων:
εἴδε καὶ Ἀδράστεια τὸ φορτίον. δὸς δ’ ἐφορῶσης
ὀχετο, καὶ πελάγους δαίμοσιν ἐγγελάσασ.

1 There is a play on eikosoros and soros (coffin).
2 i.e. he is a thief.
3 Reckoning the letters as numbers, each comes to 420.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

the first time a ship with the dropsy has been seen. But I, at least, fear lest you may see what was once a long boat turn into our long home.\textsuperscript{1}

333.—CALLICTER

Rhodo removes leprosy and scrofula by drugs, but he removes everything else even without drugs.\textsuperscript{2}

334.—Anonymous

Somewhere, hearing that “Damagoras” and “pestilence” were numerical equivalents,\textsuperscript{3} weighed the character of both from the beam of the balance. But the scale, when raised, was pulled down on Damagoras’ side, and he found pestilence lighter.

335.—Anonymous

O unhappy Cynegirus,\textsuperscript{4} how among the living and in death art thou hacked by words and axes! Formerly thy hand fell fighting in the war, and now the grammarian has deprived thee of a foot.

336.—Anonymous

Carinus,\textsuperscript{5} after receiving the spoils of Asia, set sail on a winter’s day at the setting of the Kids. Nemesis, too, saw the cargo, but he departed in her sight and laughing at the gods of the sea.

\textsuperscript{4} A famous fighter at the battle of Marathon. The correct form of the name is Cynaegirus, the second syllable being long. The grammarian had misspelt it and made it short.

\textsuperscript{5} If he be the emperor of this name, nothing is known of the circumstance to which this epigram alludes.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

337.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Βουλεύεις, 'Αγαθίνε: το βήτα δέ τούτ' ἐπρίω νῦν, εἰπέ, πόσης τιμῆς; δέλτα γὰρ ἡν πρότερον.

338.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὴν φωνὴν ἐνοπῆν σε λέγειν ἐδίδαξεν Ὀμηρος: τὴν γλῶσσαν δ' ἐνοπῆν τίς σ' ἐδίδαξεν ἔχειν;

339.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὴν κεφαλὴν σείεις, καὶ τὴν πυγήν ἀνασέεις: ἐν μὲν μαυρομένου, ἐν δὲ περαινομένου.

340.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

'Ωμοσα μυριάκις ἐπιγράμματα μηκέτι ποιεῖν πολλῶν γὰρ μωρῶν ἐχθραν ἐπεσπασάμην. ἄλλα ὄποταν κατίδω τοῦ Παφλαγόνος τὸ πρόσωπον Πανταγάθου, στέξαι τὴν νόσου οὐ δύναμαι.

341.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰνίζειν μὲν ἀριστον, ὁ δὲ φόγος ἐχθεος ἀρχὴ: ἄλλα κακῶς εἰπεῖν, 'Αττικῶν ἐστι μέλι.

342.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Κήλην κηλήτον μὴ φαινομένου προτέθεικας. μὴ μοι τὴν κήλην: αὐτὸν ιδεῖν δέομαι.
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337.—Anonymous

You are a senator, Agathinus, but tell me how much you paid now for the Beta, for formerly it was Delta.¹

338.—Anonymous

Homer taught you to call the voice enope, but who taught you to have your tongue enope (i.e. in foramina)?

339.—Anonymous

Caput moves, et clunem agitas; unum furentis est, alterum vero perforati.

340.—Palladas

I swore ten thousand times to make no more epigrams, for I had brought on my head the enmity of many fools, but when I set eyes on the face of the Paphlagonian Pentagathus I can’t repress the malady.

341.—By the Same

It is best to praise, and blaming is the cause of enmity, but yet to speak ill of others is Attic honey.

342.—Anonymous

You put the ruptured man’s rupture in front of him, he himself not being visible. Don’t present me to the rupture; I want to see the man himself.

¹ See note to the similar epigram, No. 260.
343.—ΑΛΛΟ
Σιλβανὸς δύο παιδας ἔχων, Οἶνον τε καὶ Ἱππον, οὐκέτι τὰς Μούσας, οὔδὲ φίλους φιλέειν ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐκ λεχέων νυν ἐὕρρος ἐσ φρένα θέλγει, ἄλλος δ' ἐς θαλάμους ἰθήκομενον κατέχει.

344.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εἰς Μητρόδοτον Βένετον ἔχοντα πρασίνην τράπεζαν Μητρόδοτος στυγέων πρασίνων αἰώνιον ἄχθος, μυθομοσύνην μίσους τήμεδε τράπεζαν ἔχει.

345.—ΑΛΛΟ
Μητρόφανες, κύκνοψι, δασύθρις, δὶε πελαργῷ, τῇ καὶ τῇ κραδάων κεφαλὴν γεράνοισιν ὀμοῖν, μηκεδανὸν καράκαλλον ὑπὲκ δαπέδου κομίζεις.

346.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ
Μέχρι τίνος, Πολύκαρπε, κενής παράσιτε τραπέζης, λῆσθι κερματίοις χρώμενος ἄλληρίως; οὐ γὰρ ἔτεν ἐν ἄγορῇ σε βλέπω πολύν. ἄλλ' ὑποκάμπτεις ἢδη, καὶ ξητεῖς ποὶ σε φέρωσι πόδες. πᾶσιν ἐπαγγέλλῃν "Κόμψαι τὸ σοῦ αὐριον έρχον 5 καὶ λάβε" κοῦδ' ὄμοσας, οὐκέτι πίστιν ἐχεῖς. Κυζικόθεν σε φέρων ἄνεμος Σαμόθραξι πέλασσεν τοῦτο σε τοῦ λοιποῦ τέρμα μένει βιότον.

1 The Veneti, or Blues, were one of the factions of the Circus, the others being the Greens and Whites.
343.—Anonymous

Silvanus has two servants, Wine and Sleep; he no longer loves either the Muses or his friends, but the one flowing copiously into his head charms him from bed, and the other keeps him in his bedroom snoring.

344.—Anonymous

On Metrodotus, one of the Veneti who had a Green Table

Metrodotus, detesting the eternal burden of the Greens, has this table to keep him mindful of his hatred.

345.—Anonymous

Metrophanes, swan-faced, shock-headed, lovely stork, shaking your head this way and that like a crane’s, you drag your long hood over the ground.

346.—Automedon

How long, Polycarpus, sitting to feast at an empty table, shall you live undetected on the savings of others? I no longer see you much in the marketplace, but you now turn up side streets and try to think where your feet shall carry you. You promise all, “Come, take yours to-morrow. Come and get it”: but not even if you take your oath do you continue to keep faith. “The wind bearing thee from Cyzicus brought thee to Samothrace”: this is the goal that awaits you for the rest of your life.

2 There is no point appreciable by us in these derisive lines addressed to an unknown person.
3 i.e. his bank. The allusion in l. 7, which is partly a parody of Homer, is quite obscure.
347.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Χαίρομαι οί πελακόν ἂεὶ πεπλανηκότες ὦμμα,
οῖ γὰρ ἠμοὶ ζητεῖν, τίνας ἔδραμεν ἡλίος οἶμος,
καὶ τίνος ἦν Πρωτεύς, καὶ τίς οἱ Πυγμαλίων;
γινόμενοι ὃσα λευκὰ ἔχει στίχον· ἣ δὲ μέλαινα
ἰστορίᾳ τῆς τοῦ Περικαλλιμάχου.

348.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΣ

Ωθηρών βροτὲ μᾶλλον ἀνίμερε, πάντα σε μισεῖ,
patroletaw: πάντη δ' ἐκδέχεται σε μόρος.
ην ἐπὶ γῆς φεύγης, ἥγχοι λύκος: ἦν δὲ πρὸς ὕψος
δενδροβατῆς, ἀστίς δεῖμ' ὑπὲρ ἀκρεμόνων.
πειράζεις καὶ Νείλον; ὃ δ' ἐν δίναις κροκόδειλον
ἐπεφέν, εἰς ἀσεβείς θῆρα δικαιότατον.

349.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰπὲ πόθεν σὺ μετρείς κόσμον καὶ πείρατα γαῖς
ἐξ ὀλύγης γαῖς σῶμα φέρων ὀλύγον.
σαυτόν ἀρίθμησον πρότερον καὶ γνώθι σεαυτόν,
καὶ τότ' ἀριθμῆσεις γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην.
εἰ δ' ὀλύγον πηλὸν τοῦ σώματος οὐ καταριθμεῖς,
pῶς δύνασαι γρῶναι τῶν ἄμετρων τὰ μέτρα;

350.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰς δικολόγον ἀδικοῦντα

Νήπιε, πῶς σε λέληθε Δίκης ξυνόν, οὐ νοεῖς δὲ
ἀνδράσιν οὐχ ὅσίος ψήφου ὀφειλομένην;

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347.—PHILIPPUS

Farewell ye whose eyes ever range over the universe, and ye thorn-gathering book-worms of Aristarchus’ school. What serves it me to enquire what path the Sun has run, and whose son was Proteus and who Pygmalion? Let me know works whose lines are clear,¹ but let dark lore waste away the devotees of Callimachus.

348.—ANTIPHANES

O parricide, man more savage than the beasts, all things hate thee, everywhere thy fate awaits thee. If thou fliest on the land, the wolf is near; and if thou climbest high on trees, the asp on the branches is a terror. Thou makest trial of the Nile, too, but he nourishes in his eddies the crocodile, a brute most just to the impious.

349.—PALLADAS

Tell me whence comes it that thou measurest the Universe and the limits of the Earth, thou who bearest a little body made of a little earth? Count² thyself first and know thyself, and then shalt thou count this infinite Earth. And if thou canst not reckon thy body’s little store of clay, how canst thou know the measures of the immeasurable?

350.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Lawyer guilty of Malpractice

Fool, how hast thou failed to notice the balance of Justice and dost not know the sentence due to

¹ Lit. “white.” ² We should say “measure.”
351.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Τὸ πτισάνη θρόνοι πωλοῦντε τὸ κελλίον ἐχθὲς ἐδώκα, 
καὶ φοβερὸν πῦκτην σήμερον ἐφύνεν ἐσώ.
ὡς δ’ ἔλεγον, “Ṣυ τὶς εἶ; πόθεν ἥλυθες ἥμετέρον δῶ,”
πυγμαχίας καὶ ἐμοῦ χειρας ἁνέσχεν ἄνω.
ψύτα δ’ ἐγὼ κατέτεινα, φοβεύμενος ἀγριον ἄνδρα, 
τὸν πτιστὴν πῦκτην ἐξαπίνης ὀρῶν.
ἀλλὰ σε, πρὸς πῦκτου Πολυδεύκεσος ἤδε καὶ αὐτὸν 
Κάστορος, ἰκνοῦμαι, καὶ Δίος ἰκεῖσον,
τὸν πῦκτην ἀπόκρουσον, ἐμὸν χόλου· οὐ δύναμαι γὰρ
πυκτεῦειν καθάπαξ μηνὸς ἐπερχομένου.

352.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν κιθάρῃ, τὸν μουσικὸν Ἀνδροτίωνα 
eireto tis toihn kroumatikihn sofihn.
“Δεξιερῆν ὑπάτην ὅποτε πλήκτροις δόνησας,
ἡ λαῖη νήτη πάλλειται αὐτομάτως
λεπτὸν ὑποτρίξουσα, καὶ ἀντίτυπον τερέτισμα 
pάσχει, τῆς ἰδίης πλησσμομένης ὑπάτης.
ἂντε με θαυμάζειν πῶς ἀπνοα νεῦρα ταθέντα
ἡ φύσις ἄλληλοις θήκατο συμπαθέα.”
δε δὲ τὸν ἐν πλήκτροισιν Ἀριστοξείνου ἀγητόν
ὸμοιεῖ μὴ γνῶναι τῇρδε θεμοσύνην.
“Εστι δ’,” ἐφη, “ἀλῖσις ἣδε; τὰ νευρία πάντα τέ
τυκται
eῖ δῖος χολάδων ἀμμυγα τερσομένων’
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impious men! Thou trustest in thy subtle rhetoric and thy trained mind, which knows how to utter a fallacious argument. Thou mayest hope if thou wilt, but the play of thy vain fancy cannot change Themis.

351.—PALLADAS

I let the cell yesterday to a barley-water maker, and to-day I found a formidable pugilist in it. And when I said, “Who art thou? Whence didst thou invade my house?” he up with his hands to box with me. I went off at the double, afraid of the savage man, on seeing the brewer suddenly turned into a bruiser. But by the boxer Pollux and Castor himself, and Zeus who hearkens to suppliants, keep the boxer, my aversion, off me; for I can’t have a stand-up fight at the beginning of every month.¹

352.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Some one questioned the musician Androtion, skilled in what concerns the lyre, on a curious piece of instrumental lore. “When you set the highest string on the right in motion with the plectron, the lowest on the left quivers of its own accord with a slight twang, and is made to whisper reciprocally when its own highest string is struck; so that I marvel how nature made sympathetic to each other lifeless strings in a state of tension.” But he swore that Aristoxenus,² with his admirable knowledge of plectra, did not know the theoretical explanation of this. “The solution,” he said, “is as follows. The strings are all made of sheep’s gut dried all together.

¹ i.e. every time I call for the rent.
² A celebrated writer on music.
τούνεκεν εἰσὶν ἀδελφά, καὶ ὡς ἕξιμφυλα συνηχεῖ,
ἐνγγενῆς ἀλλήλων φθέγμα μεριξόμενα.
γυνία ἡρά τάδε πάντα, μηὺς ᾧτε γαστρὸς ἕόντα,
καὶ τῶν ἀντιτύπων κληρονομεῖ πατάγων.
καὶ ἡρὰ δεξίων ὄμμα κακούμενον ὄμματι λαίῳ
πολλάκι τοὺς ἱδίους ἀντιδίδωσι πόνους." 

353.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

'Ερμολύκου θυγάτηρ μεγάλοι παρέλεκτο πιθήκων
ἡ δ' ἐτεκεν πόλλους Ἡρμοπιθηκιάδας.
ἐι δ' Ἐλένην ὥ Ζεὺς καὶ Κάστορα καὶ Πολυδεύκην
ἐκ Δήδης ἐτεκεν, κύκνου ἀμεθύμενος,
'Ερμούνη γε κόρας παρελέξατο· ἡ δὲ τώλαινα
φρικτῶν δαιμονίων ἐρμαγέλην ἐτεκεν.

354.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

'Αλλον 'Αριστοτέλην, Νικόστρατον, ἵσοπλάτωνα,
σκινδαλομοφράσθην αἰπνυτάτης σοφίς,
τοῖα περὶ ψυχῆς τις ἀνείρετο· "Πῶς θέμις εἰπεῖν
τὴν ψυχήν; θυνητήν, ἢ πάλιν ἄθανατον;
σῶμα δὲ δεῖ καλέειν, ἢ ἄσωματον; ἐν δὲ νοητῷ
τακτέου, ἢ ληπτοῖς, ἢ τὸ συναμφότερον;"
αὐτάρ δ' τάς βιβλίοις ἀνελέξατο τῶν μετεώρων,
καὶ τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς ἔργον Ἀριστοτέλους,
καὶ παρὰ τῷ Φαίδωνι Πλατωνικόν ύψος ἐπιγνοῦς,
πᾶσαν ἐνησκήθη πάντοθεν ἀτρεκίην.
ἐίτα περιστέλλων τὸ τριβώνιον, ἐίτα γενείου
ἀκρα καταψήχων, τῇν λύσιν ἑξέφερεν.

1 i.e. an ape-like man.
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So they are sisters and sound together as if related, sharing each other's family voice. For they are all legitimate children, being the issue of one belly, and they inherit those reciprocal noises. Just so does the right eye, when injured, often convey its own pain to the left eye."

353.—PALLADAS

Hermolyclus' daughter slept with a great ape¹ and she gave birth to many little ape-Hermeses. If Zeus, transformed into a swan, got him from Leda Helen, Castor, and Pollux, with Hermione at least a crow lay, and, poor woman, she gave birth to a Hermes-crowd of horrible demons.²

354.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

One enquired as follows about the soul from Nicostratus, that second Aristotle, that equal of Plato, the straw-splitter of the loftiest philosophy. "How should we describe the soul, as mortal or rather immortal? Must we call it a body or incorporeal? Is it to be classed among intelligible or apprehensible things, or is it both?" But he perused again his books of metaphysic and Aristotle's work on the Soul, and having renewed his acquaintance with Plato's sublimity in the Phaedo, armed himself from every source with the complete truth. Then, wrapping his cloak about him and stroking down the end of his beard, he gave utter-

¹ The epigram seems very confused. Is Hermione the same as Hermolyclus' daughter, and how did she manage to have such a variety of husbands?
“Εἰπερ ὅλως ἔστι ψυχῆς φύσις (οὐδὲ γὰρ οἶδα), ἡ θυτὴ πάντως ἔστιν ἡ ἀθάνατος, στεγνοφυὴς ἢ ἄψως· ὅταν δὲ Ἀχέροντα περήσης, κεῖθι τὸ νημερτὲς γυνώσεαι ὡς ὁ Πλάτων. εἰ δὲ ἐθέλεις, τὸν παῖδα Κλεόμβροτον Ἀμβρακιώτην μνημόνευ τέορων δὲν δέμασι ἐκχάλασον καὶ κεν ἐπιγυνώθη δίχα σώματος αὐτίκα σαυτόν, μοῦνον ὅπερ ξητὲδες τοῦθ' ὑπολειπόμενος.”

355.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Πάντα μὲν οἶδα, λέγεις· ἀτελῆς δὲ ἐν πᾶσιν ὑπάρχεισ, γενόμενος πάντων, οὐδὲν ἐχεῖς ἰδίον.

356.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἰς σὲ καὶ ἄγευδθς ἐγεῦσατο βίβλος Ὀμήρου, ὄπλοτέρων ἐνέπουσα μετήθαρα δὴνεα φωτῶν.

357.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Τίδος καὶ γενετὴρ ὅρων φιλόνεικον ἐθέντο, τίς πλέον ἐκδαπανῶν κληρον ἀπαντὰ φάγης. καὶ μετὰ τὴν βρῶσιν τὴν χρηματικὴν μάλα πᾶσαν, ὅστατον ἀλλήλους λοιπὸν ἔχουσι φαγεῖν.

358.—ἈΛΛΟ
'Ρουφινιανός, Ῥούφος ὅν δισύλλαβος, συνεζήτεων τοῖς κακοῖς τὰς συλλαβάς· οὐ λανθάνει δὲ τὴν δισύλλαβον Δίκην. κληθῆσεται γὰρ καὶ δισύλλαβος πάλιν, Ῥούφος κακούργος καὶ γόης, ὡς ἦν ποτέ.
ANCE TO THE SOLUTION: “IF THE SOUL HAS IN TRUTH ANY
NATURE (FOR EVEN THAT I DON’T KNOW) IT IS IN ANY CASE
EITHER MORTAL OR IMMORTAL, EITHER OF A SOLID NATURE OR
IMMATERIAL; BUT WHEN YOU HAVE PASSED OVER ACHERON,
THERE YOU SHALL LEARN THE PRECISE TRUTH LIKE PLATO.
OR, IF YOU WILL, Imitate the boy Cleombrotus of Am-
bracia,¹ and let your body drop from the roof. THEN
YOU WOULD AT ONCE RECOGNISE WHAT YOU ARE, BEING
WITHOUT A BODY, AND WITH NOTHING LEFT YOU BUT THE
THING YOU ARE ENQUIRING INTO.”

355.—PALLADAS

YOU SAY “I KNOW ALL THINGS,” BUT YOU ARE IMPER-
FECT IN ALL THINGS. TASTING OF EVERYTHING, YOU HAVE
NOTHING THAT IS YOUR OWN.

356.—ANONYMOUS

THE BOOK OF HOMER, WHICH NEVER LIES, LIED ABOUT
THEE, SAYING THE MINDS OF YOUNG MEN ARE VOLATILE.

357.—PALLADAS

A SON AND FATHER STARTED A COMPETITIVE CONTEST AS
TO WHICH COULD EAT UP ALL THE PROPERTY BY SPENDING
MOST, AND AFTER DEVOURING ABSOLUTELY ALL THE MONEY
THEY HAVE AT LAST EACH OTHER TO EAT UP.

358.—ANONYMOUS

RUFINIANUS WAS ONCE RUFUS IN TWO SYLLABLES, BUT
EXTENDED HIS SYLLABLES SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH HIS CRIMES;
BUT HE DOES NOT ESCAPE THE EYE OF TWO-SYLLABED
JUSTICE, FOR HE SHALL AGAIN BE CALLED IN TWO SYLLABLES
RUFUS THE SCOUNDREL AND RASCAL, AS HE WAS BEFORE.

¹ See Callimachus’ epigram, Bk. VII. 471.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

359.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Ω τῆς ἀπάσης δυνάμεως ὑπέρτατε, σῶσόν με τὸν δύστην ἐκ παντὸς φθόνου. θέλεις ἀκούσαι, βούλομαι κἀγὼ λέγειν· τὸ γὰρ θέλημα τὴν χάριν τίκτει διπλῆν, διπλοῦν τε κάλλος τῷ λόγῳ χαρίζεται λέγοντι κόσμος, καὶ κλύοντι σεμνότης. φωστὴρ γὰρ εἰ σὺ καὶ λόγων καὶ τῶν νόμων, νόμοις δικαίων καὶ λόγοις ἐκπρέπων. αὐλουρον εἶδον χρυσίου τῶν πρίγκιπα, ἥ βδέλλαν ὄμην, χρυσοκόλλητον χόλον.

360.—ΑΛΛΟ

Νῦν ὁ στρατηγὸς Ἔρμανοῦβης ἐγένετο κύων, ἀδελφοὺς συλλαβῶν Ἐρμᾶς δύο ἀσημοκλέπτας, συνδεθέντας σχοινίω, ψυχροὺς ἀφόρους Ταρταρίους τε δαίμονας. οὐκ οἶδα χῶρον τοῦ τρόπου κατήγορον· τρόπον δὲ χῶρον τοῦ κατήγορον λέγω.

361.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

'Ημόνοι σύγγηροι ἐμὴν κομέοσιν ἀπήνην, ταῖσιν Ὀμηρείους πάντα Δυταῖς ἤκελαι, χωλαί τε, ῥυσαὶ τε, παραβλώπες τ' ὀφθαλμῷ, Ἡφαίστου πομπῇ, σκῦτων δαίμονα, οὗ ποτε γενοῦσανεί, μὰ τὸν"ἲλιον, οοῦ ἐν ὀνείρῳ, οὗ θέρεος κριθήν, οὐκ ἔρας ὀπτάνην. τοῦνεκ' ἐμεῖν μὲν ἔκητι βίον ζώοιτε κορώνης <ἡ ἐλάφου,> κενηθ' ἥρα βοσκόμεναι.

1 If the whole really forms one epigram, the first eight lines are, of course, ironical.

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THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

359.—Anonymous

O thou who art higher than all power, save my wretched self from all envy. Thou wouldest hear and I, too, would speak; for the wish gives birth to double pleasure, while elegance on the speaker's part and gravity on the hearer's bestow double beauty on the speech. Thou art the luminary of speech and of laws, judging by law and excelling in speech.

I saw in this prince a cat-like gold-grabber or a cruel leech, a mass of bile set in gold.  

360.—Anonymous

Now the general has become Hermanubis the dog, taking with him two brother Hermeses, stealers of silver, tied together with a rope, cold, prematurely dead demons of Tartarus.  
I know no place that accuses morals, but I say that morals accuse the place.

361.—Automedon

Two mules, equally advanced in years, adorn my carriage, in all things resembling Homer's Prayers: lame, wrinkled, with squinting eyes, the escort of Hephaestus, leather demons who never tasted, I swear it by the Sun, even in a dream, either barley in summer or grass in spring. Therefore, as far as I am concerned, may you live as long as a crow or stag, feeding on empty air.

² This obscure vituperation conveys very little to us. Were the two brothers members of the general's staff? That they are all called Hermeses implies that they were thieves.
³ H. i. 502.  
⁴ Who was lame.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

362.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Εὐδαίμων ὑπὶ τὰλλα μανεῖς ὤρχαιος Ὄρεστας,
Λεύκαρε, τὰν ἀμὰν ὁυκ ἐμάνῃ μανῆν,
οὐδ' ἐλαβ' ἐξέτασιν τὸ Ἐφέσσος, ἀτὶς ἑλέγχει
τὸν φίλον, ἀλλ' ἤαῖχ' ἐν ὅρμι ἐδίδαξε μόνον. 5
ἡ τάχα καὶ τὸν ἐταίρον ἀπώλεσε τοῦτο ποίσας:
κἄγῳ τοὺς πολλοὺς οὐκέτ' ἔχω Πυλάδας.

363.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ

Οὐκέτ' Ἀλεξανδρεύσι τὰ τίμια, χῶ Πτολεμαίου
Μόσχος ἐν ἑδεόσι λαμπάδι κύδος ἔχειν:
ὁ Πτολεμαίου Μόσχος, ἰδω πόλιν: ποῦ δὲ τὰ μητρὸς
αἴσχεα, πάνθημοι τ' ἐργασίαι τέγεος;
ποὺ δὲ . . . συφόρβια; τίκτετε, πόρναι,
tίκτετε, τῷ Μόσχου πειθόμεναι στεφάνῳ. 5

364.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Οὗτος ὁ μηδεν, ὁ λιτός, ὁ καὶ λάτρις, οὗτος, ὁράτε,
ἐστὶ τινὸς ψυχῆς κύριος ἀλλοτρίης.
Lilla C. Perry, From the Garden of Hellas, p. 106.

365.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Καλλιγένης ἀγροῖκος, ὅτε σπόρον ἐμβάλε γαῖῃ,
οἶκον Ἀριστοφάνοις ἦλθεν ἐς ἀστρολόγον,

1 Pylades, the friend of Orestes.
2 The point of the whole has not been explained, and it is unfortunate that line 4 is corrupt. The “one drama” must, I think, mean the Choeophori. Orestes then would have offended Pylades had he introduced him into the Eumenides.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

362.—CALLIMACHUS

Orestes of old, Leucarus, was happy in this, that, mad in other matters, he was not mad with my madness, nor did he have to apply the test to the Phocian,¹ which is the trial of a friend, but taught him a part in one drama only. Perchance had he done this he would have lost his companion, and, as a fact, I no longer have most of my Pyladeses.²

363.—DIOSCORIDES

Gone is the honour of the Alexandrians and Moschus, Ptolemaeus'³ son, has won glory among the young men in the torch-race, Moschus, Ptolemaeus' son! Woe for my city! And where are his mother's deeds of shame and her public prostitution?⁴ Where are the . . .? Where are the pigsties? Bring forth, ye whores, bring forth, persuaded by Moschus' crown.

364.—BIANOR

This man, a cypher, mean, yes a slave, this man look ye, is lord of some other's soul.

365.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Calligenes the husbandman, when he had cast the seed into the land, came to the house of Aristophanes also, and Callimachus had offended his friends in some like manner.

¹ It is scarcely probable that he means the King. The name, of course, is fairly common.

² Literally, "work on the roof." The calling of a prostitute is still called "work" in Greece.
366.—ΜΑΚΗΔΩΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Φειδωλός τις ἀνήρ ἀφόων θησαυρὸν ὁνείρῳ,
ἡθελ᾽ ἀποθνήσκειν, πλοῦσιον ὑπνοῦ ἔχων·
ὡς δ᾽ ἰδε τὴν προτέρην, σκίδεν μετὰ κέρδος ὁνείρον,
ἐξ ὑπνοῦ πενήν, ἀντικάθευδε πάλιν.

367.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ

"Οψιν ἐχεις στροφῆν πανομοίουν. Ἡ ρά σε Κιρκή
ἐς πτηνὴν μετέθηκε φύσιν, κυκεῶνα πιόντα;

368.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αμητὸς πολὺς ἐστὶ τεην κατὰ δάσκιον ὅψιν·
τὸ σε χρή δρεπάνοις, καὶ οὐ ψαλίδεσσι καρῆναι.

369.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ασφαλέως οἰκησον ἐν ἀστεί, μὴ σε κολάψῃ
αἴματι Πυγμαίων ἡδομένη γέρανος.

H. Wellesley, in Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 264.
the astrologer and begged him to tell him if he would have a favourable harvest and great abundance of corn. Taking his counters and spreading them on a tray, and bending his fingers, he said to Calligenes: “If your bit of land receives sufficient rain and produces no crop of wild flowers, if the frost does not break the furrows, if the hail does not nip off the tops of the sprouting ears, if no goat browses on the corn, and if it meet with no other injury by air or earth, I prophesy that your harvest will be excellent and you will cut the ears with success; only look out for the locusts.”

366.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

A parsimonious man, laying hands on a treasure in a dream, wished to die enjoying a rich sleep. But when after the shadowy gain of the dream he awoke and saw his poverty as it was, he went to sleep again.

367.—JULIAN ANTECESSOR

You have a face just like an ostrich. Did Circe give you a potion to drink and change your nature into that of a bird?

368.—BY THE SAME

You have such a heavy crop on your hairy face that you ought to have it cut with scythes and not with scissors.

369.—BY THE SAME

To a Dwarf

Live in safety in the town, lest the stork who delights in the blood of Pygmies peck you.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

370.—ΜΑΧΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
Οὐ λαλεῖ τὸ κάτοπτρον ἐγὼ δὲ σε ἕπάλιν ἐλέγξω τὴν νοθοκαλλοσύνην φύκει χρισμένην.
tούτο καὶ ἢδυλύρησ ποτὲ Πίνδαρος . . . ἐλέγχων,
ἐπεν ἀριστον ὕδωρ, φύκεος ἔχθροτατον.

371.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Μὴ με κάλει δίσκων ἐπιστορὰ λιμοφορήνιν,
βρωτών μοι φορέων τὴν κολοκυνθιάδα.
ἀργυρέην ὤλην οὐ τρόγγομεν, ἂν παραβάλλεις,
λιμῷ κρητίζων τοὺς μελέους πίνακας.
ζῆτε νηστεύοντας ἐς ἀργυρένν 1 ἐπίδειξιν,
καὶ τότε θαυμάζῃ, κούφον ἄσημον ἔχων.

372.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΩΤ
Σῶμα φέρων σκιοειδές, ἀδερκεί σύμπνοον αὐρή,
μὴ ποτε θαρσήσῃς ἀγχίς τίνος πελάσαι,
μὴ τὶς ἐσώ μυκτήρως ἀναπνεύων σε κομίσῃ
ἀσθματος ἥριον πολλῶν ἀφαυρότερον.
οὐ σὺ μόρον τρομεῖς: τότε γὰρ πάλιν οὐδὲν ἄμελψας
ἔσσεαι ὄσσαντος φάσμα, τόπερ τελέθεις.

373.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Εἰς ποητὴν κυβεῖοντα
Πάντως μουσόπολων ἡ Καλλιόπη θεὸς ἔστιν
ἡ σῇ Καλλιόπῃ Ταβλιόπῃ λέγεται.

1 So Scaliger: ἀργαλέην MS.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

370.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

The mirror does not speak, but I will expose you who daub your counterfeit beauty with rouge. Sweet-lyred Pindar, too, once censuring this, said that "Water is best,"¹ water the greatest enemy of rouge.

371.—PALLADAS

Do not invite me to witness your hunger-laden dishes, bringing me pumpkin pie to feast on. We don't eat the solid silver you set before us, defrauding with famine fare the poor trenchers. Seek those who are keeping their fast for your display of silver, and then you will be admired for your lightly loaded plate.

372.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

As you have a body like a shadow, made of breath like the invisible wind, you should never venture to come near anyone, lest in drawing his breath he carry you into his nostrils, more feeble as you are than a breath of air. You have no fear of death, for then, without changing at all, you will again be just as you are, a ghost.

373.—PALLADAS

On a Poet playing at Dice

Calliope is the goddess of all poets: your Calliope is called Tabliope.²

¹ Ol. i. 1.    ² Tabla is a draught-board.
374.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ

Τῷ ψυμύθῳ μὲν ἄιει λυποσαρκέα τεῖνε παρεῖν,  
Δαιδίκη, λαοῖς ἕνθεκα τινυμένη·  
μὴ ποτε δ' εὐρύήνης σέο χείλεα· τὸς γὰρ ὀδόντων  
ὄρχατον ἐμπήξει φαρμακότεντι δόλῳ·  
τὴν χάριν ἐξέρρευσας ὅσην ὕχει· οὐκ ὑπὸ πηγῆς  
ἀγλαΐη μελέων ἐλκεται ἀεινόου.  
ὡς δὲ ρόδων θαλέθοςκες ἐν εἰαρι· νῦν δ' ἐμαράνθης,  
γῆρας οὐχιμηρὸς καρφομένη θέρει.

375.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

"Επταρον ἄγχι τάφοιο, καὶ ἦθελον αὐτὸθ' ἀκούσαι  
οῖα περ ὀδύσμην, μοίραν ἐμῆς ἀλοχοῦ.  
ἐπταρον εἰς ἀνέμους· ἀλοχον δὲ μοι οὗ τὶ κιχάνει  
λυγρὸν ἐν ἀνθρώπωσ, οὐ νόσος, οὐ θάνατος.

376.—ἈΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ῥητορα πρὸς Διόδωρον ἀνὴρ δείλαιος ἀπελθὼν  
eἰρετὸ μὴν τοίης ἀμφὶ δικαστικῆς·  
"Ἡμετέρης θεράπαινα φύγεν ποτέ· τὴν δὲ τὶς εὐρῶν,  
ἀλλοτρήν τ' εἶναι λάτρων ἑπιστάμενος,  
ζεῦξεν ἓφθαράτουν· τέκεν δ' ὑπὸ παῖδας ἐκεῖν:  
καὶ τίνι δουλεύειν εἰς δικαίοτεροι;"  
ὅς δ' ὅτε μεμηρμῆξε, καὶ ἔδρακε βίβλον ἑκάστην,  
eἰπεν ἑπιστρέψας γυρὸν ἑπισκύνην·  
"Ἡ σοί, ἢ τῷ ἐλόντι τείνῃ θεράπαιναν ἀνάγκη  
dουλεύειν κείνους, ὅν χάριν ἐξερεύεις·  
δίξεο δ' εὐμενέοντα δικαστόλον, ἀλήθ᾽ δ' ἀποίηῃ  
ψήφου ἀρειοτέρην, εἴ γε δίκαια λέγεις."  

1 ἀπὸ γαλης MS.: corr. Scaliger.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

374.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Make your fleshless cheeks always smooth with white lead, Laodice (just, indeed, is the penalty you pay the people), but never open your lips wide, for who by cosmetic fraud shall fix a row of teeth in it? You have shed all the beauty you had; loveliness of limb cannot be drawn from a perennial fountain. Like a rose you flourished in the spring; now you are withered, dried by the parching summer of old age.

375.—BY THE SAME

I sneezed near a tomb and wished to hear of what I hoped, the death of my wife. I sneezed to the winds, but my wife meets with none of the misfortunes of mankind, neither illness nor death.

376.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

An unhappy man, going to the rhetor Diodorus, consulted him about the following case. "My slave-girl ran away once and a certain man found her, and knowing her to be another man's servant married her to his own slave. She bore him children, and I wish to know whose slaves they legally are." When he had considered and looked up every book, he said, twisting his eyebrows into a semi-circle: "Those about whom you enquire must either be your slaves or those of the man who took your slave-girl. Seek a well-disposed judge and you will at once get a more favourable decision, at least if what you say is just."

1 He puns on her name, Laos, people, and dike, justice.
377.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

"Ορνευν ἡσθιόμενεν κεκλημένοι ἄθλιον ἄνδρες ἄλλων ὁρνύθων βρώματα γινόμενοι· καὶ τὸν μὲν Τιτυνὸν κατὰ γῆς δύο γύπτες ἔδουσιν, ἦμᾶς δὲ ξῶντας τέσσαρες αἰγυπτιοί.

378.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ δύναμαι γαμετῆς καὶ γραμματικῆς ἀνέχεσθαι, γραμματικῆς ἀπόρου, καὶ γαμετῆς ἀδίκου. ἀμφοτέρων τὰ πάθη θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται. τὴν οὖν γραμματικὴν νῦν μόλις ἔξεφυγον· οὐ δύναμαι δὲ ἀλόχον τῆς ἀνδρομάχης ἀναχωρεῖν· εἰργεί γὰρ χάρτης καὶ νόμοις Αὐσόνιος.

379.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐ τις ἀλοιπηθῆρας ἴδειν τέτληκεν ὁδόντας ύμετέρους, ἢν σοῖς ἐν μεγάρως πελάσῃ· εἴ γὰρ αἰὲ βούβρωστιν ἔχεις Ἐρυσίχθονος αὐτοῦ, ναὶ τάχα δαρδάγεις καὶ φίλον ὅν καλέεις. ἀλλ’ οὐ σείο μέλαθρα μὲ δέξεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε βῆσομαι ύμετέρη γαστρὶ φυλαξόμενος. εἴ δὲ ποτ’ ἐς τεῦν ὅλον ἔλευσομαι, οὐ μέγ’ ἄνωσεν Δαρτιάδης Σκύλλης χάσμασιν ἀντιάσας· ἀλλ’ ἔσομαι πολύτλας τις ἐγὼ πλέον, εἰ σὲ περήσω, Κύκλωπος κρυνεροῦ μηδὲν ἐλαφρότερον.

380.—ΜΑΧΗΔΩΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Παρθένος εὐπατέρεια Δίκη, πρέσβειρα πολῇον, οὐ τὸν ἐν εὐσεβίῃ χρυσῷ ἀποστρέφεται·
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

377.—PALLADAS

We guests had a miserable fowl to eat and were ourselves devoured by other birds. Two vultures eat Tityus under earth and four vultures eat us alive.¹

378.—BY THE SAME

I cannot put up with a wife and with Grammar too, Grammar that is penniless and a wife who is injurious. What I suffer from both is Death and Fate. Now I have just with difficulty escaped from Grammar, but I cannot escape from this shrewish wife, for our contract and Roman law prevent it.

379.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

No one has the courage to look on your grinders so that none approach your house, for if you always have the famine of Erysichthon ² himself you will even perhaps devour the friend you invite. Your halls will never see me enter them, for I am not going there to be kept for your belly. But if I ever do go to your house it was no great prowess of Ulysses to face the jaws of Scylla. Rather shall I be much more "all-daring" than he, if I manage to get past you who are no less fearful than the heart-chilling Cyclops.

380.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

(A Reply to App. Plan. No. 314, which should be read first)

The high-born virgin Justice, patroness of cities, does not turn her face away from gold that is asso-

¹ It is not clear whom he means by the other birds.
² See Ovid, Met. viii. 738.
381.—ΠΑΛΑΔΑΔΑ

Πᾶσα γυνὴ χόλος ἐστίν· ἔχει δ’ ἤγαθὰς δύω ὀρᾶς,
τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ.

382.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Κεῖτο μὲν Ἀλκιμένης κεκακωμένος ἐκ πυρετοῦ,
καὶ περὶ λαυκανίην βραγχὰ λαρυγγίων,
νυσσόμενος τὸ πλευρὸν ἀτε ξιφέσσιν ἠμυχθέν,
καὶ θαμὰ δυσκελάδοις ἀσθμασὶ πνευστίων
ηλθε δὲ Καλλίγνωτος ὁ Κάιος, ὁ πλατυλέσχης,
τῆς παιωνιάδος πληθόμενος σοφῆς,
πᾶσαν ἔχων πρόγνωσιν ἐν ἀλγεσίν, οὕτι περιττὸν
ἄλλο προαγγέλλων ἢ τὸ γενησόμενον.
Ἀλκιμένους δ’ ἐδόκειν ἀνάκλισιν, ἐκ τὸ προσώπου
φράζετο, καὶ παλάμης ψαύες ἐπισταμένους,
καὶ τὸ περὶ κρισίμων φαέων ἐλογίζετο γράμμα,
πάντ’ ἀναπεμπτάξων υἱὸν ἐκάσ Ἰπποκράτους.
καὶ τότε τὴν πρόγνωσιν ἐς Ἀλκιμένην ἀνεφώνει
σεμνοπροσωπήσας καὶ σοβαρεύμενος;
"Εἴ γε φάρμαξ βομβεῦσα, καὶ ἄγρια τύμματα
πλευροῦ,
καὶ πυρετὸ λήξει πνεῦμα δασυνόμενον,
οὐκέτι τεθυνῆσι πλευρότιδι· τοῦτο γὰρ ἡμῖν
σύμβολον ἐσσομένης ἐστίν ἀπημοσύνης."
associated with piety, but the very scales of Zeus with which he weighs every law of life are of solid gold. "Then did the Father hold out the scales of gold," 1 if thou hast not forgotten the beauties of Homer.

381.—PALLADAS

Every woman is a source of annoyance, but she has two good seasons, the one in her bridal chamber and the other when she is dead.

382.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Alcimenes lay in bed sore sick of a fever and giving vent to hoarse wheezings from his wind-pipe, his side pricking him as if he had been pierced by a sword, and his breath coming short in ill-sounding gasps. Then came Callignotus of Cos, with his never-ending jaw, full of the wisdom of the healing art, whose prognosis of pains was complete, and he never foretold anything but what came to pass. He inspected Alcimenes' position in bed and drew conclusions from his face, and felt his pulse scientifically. Then he reckoned up from the treatise on critical days, calculating everything not without his Hippocrates, and finally he gave utterance to Alcimenes of his prognosis, making his face very solemn and looking most serious: "If your throat stops roaring and the fierce attacks of pain in your side cease, and your breathing is no longer made thick by the fever, you will not die in that case of pleurisy, for this is to us a sign of coming freedom

1 II. ix. 69.
θάρσει τὸν νομικὸν δὲ κάλει, καὶ χρήματα σαυτοῦ εὐ διαθεὶς, βιότον ήγε μεριμνοτόκου, καὶ με τὸν ἵπτρόν, προρρήησιος εἶνεκεν ἐσθλῆς, ἐν τριτάτῃ μοίρῃ κάλλιπε κληρονόμου.

383.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἡν ἄρα καὶ κάνθωσι Τύχη χαλεπῆ τε καὶ ἔσθλη, καὶ Κρόνος ὄρονομεῖ τετραπόδων γένεσιν. ἔξοτε γὰρ καὶ τοῦτον ὄνον χαλεπὸς χρόνος ἔσχεν, ἢ ἀλαβαρχεῖς γραμματικὸς γέγονεν. τλῆθι φέρειν λοιπὸν, κανθῆλιε γραμματικὸς γὰρ 5 οὐδὲ τέλος κριθῆ, κρὶ δὲ μόνον λέγεται.

384.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μοναχοὶ, τί τοσοῖδε; τοσοῖδε δὲ, πῶς πάλι μοῦνοι; ὁ πληθὺς μοναχῶν ψευσαμένη μονάδα.

385.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλαστὸν ἔχεις τὸν ἔρωτα, φόβῳ δὲ φιλεῖς καὶ ἀνάγκη τοῦ δὲ φιλεῖν οὕτως οὐδὲν ἀπιστότερον.

386.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στυγνὴν τὴν Νίκην τις ἓδων κατὰ τὴν πόλιν ἔχθες εἶπε: "Θεά Νίκη, τίπτε πέπονθας ἄρα;" ἢ ὡς ἀποδυρομένη καὶ μεμφομένη κρίσιν, εἶπεν: "Οὐκ ἑγνως σὺ μόνος; Πατρικίῳ δέδομαι."

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1 There is a play on Oronos (Saturn) and Chronos (Time).
from pain. Cheer up, and summoning your lawyer, dispose well of your property and depart from this life, the mother of care, leaving to me, your doctor, in return for my good prognostic, the third part of your inheritance."

383.—PALLADAS

So for mokes, too, there is sinister and good Fortune, and Saturn rules the nativities of beasts also; for ever since evil time¹ befel this donkey, it has become a grammarian’s instead of being in the alabarch’s² palace. But bear it patiently henceforth, donkey; for grammarians crithe (barley) has no end, but is called only cri.³

384.—By the Same

If solitaries (monks), why so many? And if so many, how again are they solitary? O crowd of solitaries who give the lie to solitude!

385.—By the Same

Thy love is counterfeit and thou lovest from fear and by force. But nothing is more treacherous than such love.

386.—By the Same

Yesterday a certain man seeing Victory in town sour-faced, said: "Goddess Victory, what has befallen thee, then?" But she, lamenting and finding fault with the decision, said: "Dost thou alone not know it? I have been given to Patricius." So

¹ The chief magistrate of the Alexandrian Jews.
² Ori is an epic form of crithe.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἡν ἄρα καὶ Νίκη πολυώδυνος, ἦν παρὰ θεσμὸν
Πατρίκιος ναύτης ἦρπασεν ὡς ἄνεμον.

387.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες ἀπαξ τρώγονσιν· ὅταν δὲ τρέφῃ Σαλαμῖνος,
οἰκαδ' ἀριστῶμεν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενοι.

388.—ΔΟΤΚΩΛΙΟΤ

"Αχρις ἂν ᾦς ἄγαμος, Νουμήνιε, πάντα δοκεῖ σοι
ἐν τῷ ξῆν εἶναι τῶν ἁγαθῶν ἁγαθά.·
eiθ' ὅταν εἰσέλθῃ γαμετῆ, πάλιν εὐθὺ δοκεῖ σοι
ἐν τῷ ξῆν εἶναι πάντα κακῶν τὰ κακά.
ἀλλὰ χάριν τεκνίων — ἔζεις, Νουμήνιε, τέκνα,
χαλκὸν ἔχων· πτωχὸς δ' οὐδὲ τὰ τέκνα φιλεῖ.

389.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ξῆς ἐλάφου ταναῦχον χρόνον, ἢ κορώνης,
συγγνώμη πλεῖστον πλοῦτον ἁγειρομένῳ·
ei δέ τις ἔσοι βροτῶν, οὕτω αὐτίκα γῆρας ἱάπτει,
μή σὲ γ' ἀπειρεσίων οἴστρος ἐλη κτείνων·
μὴ σὺ μὲν ἀτλήτουσιν ἐν ἀλγεσι βυμὸν ὀλέσσης,
χρήσωται δ' ἄλλοι σοῖς ἁγαθοῖς ἄπόνως.

390.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲ φίλεις, ἔργῳ με φίλει, καὶ μή μ' ἀδικήσῃς,
ἀρχὴν τοῦ βλάπτειν τὴν φιλίαν θέμενος.

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1 A statue of Victory had been adjudged to this Patricius.
2 The meaning seems to be: If rich and unmarried you
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

Victory, too, was in deep grief at being illegally caught by the sailor Patricius as if she were a breeze.¹

387.—By the Same

Everyone takes but one meal, but when Salaminus feasts us we go home and breakfast a second time.

388.—Lucilius

As long as you are unmarried, Numenius, everything in life seems to you the best of the best, but when a wife enters the house everything again in life seems to you at once the worst of the worst. “But I marry for the sake of having children,” says he. You will have children, Numenius, if you have money, but a poor man does not even love his children.²

389.—By the Same

If thou livest the long years of a stag or crow thou mayest be pardoned for amassing vast wealth, but if thou art one of mortal men, whom old age right soon assails, let not the furious desire of immeasurable possessions beset thee, lest thou destroy thy soul in insufferable torture and others use thy goods without toiling for them.

390.—By the Same

If thou lovest me, love me indeed, and do me no evil, making friendship the beginning of injury. For will have children—people running after your money and wishing you to adopt them; but if poor and married, your children will be a source of trouble.
πάσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐγὼ πολὺ κρέσσονα φημὶ τὴν φανερὰν ἔχθραν τῆς δολερῆς φίλλας. 
φασὶ δὲ καὶ νήσσων ἀληπλανέσσοι χερείους 
τὰς υφάλους πέτρας τῶν φανερῶν σπιλάδων.

391.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οίκῳ, 
καὶ "Τι ποιεῖς, φησίν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;" 
ηδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, "Μηδὲν, φίλε, φησί, φοβηθῆς, 
σὺχι τροφῆς παρὰ σοι χρῆζομεν, ἀλλὰ μονῆς."

392.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μύρμηκος πτερόεντος ὑπὲρ νότου καθεσθεῖς 
"Αδραστος ρήτωρ τοῖς ἔλεξεν ἔπος: "
"Ιππασος τὸν σὸν ἔχεις, ὦ Πήγασε, Βελλεροφόντην," 
φέρτατον ἣρων, ἡμιθανὴ σκελετόν.

393.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἔστιν θυγατρὸς μεῖζον βάρος· εἰ δὲ δοκεῖ σοι, 
Εὐκτήμων, εἶναι κούφων, ἁκούσουν ἐμοῦ. 
ἔστιν σοι κήλη, κάμοι θυγάτηρ· λάβε ταύτην, 
καὶ δόσ μοι κήλας ἀντὶ μιᾶς ἐκατόν.

394.—ἈΛΛΟ

Ποιητῆς πανάριστος ἄληθῶς ἔστιν ἐκεῖνος, 
ὅστις δειπνιζεῖ τοὺς ἀκροασαμένους. 
ἡν δ' ἀναγινώσκῃ, καὶ νήστιας οἰκαδε πέμπῃ, 
eἰς αὐτὸν τρεπτέω τὴν ἰδίαν μανίν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

I say that for all men open enmity is much better than deceptive friendship. They say, too, that for seafaring ships sunken reefs are worse than visible rocks.

391.—By the Same

Asclepiades the miser saw a mouse in his house and said: "My dearest mouse, what business have you here with me?" And the mouse said, smiling sweetly: "Fear nothing, my friend, I do not seek board with you, but residence."

392.—By the Same

Adrastus the rhetor, seating himself on the back of a winged ant, spoke as follows: "Fly, O Pegasus, thou hast thy Bellerophon." Yes indeed the most doughty of heroes, a half-dead skeleton.¹

393.—By the Same

There is no greater burden than a daughter, and if, Euctemon, you think it is a light one, listen to me. You have a hydrocele and I have a daughter; take her and give me a hundred hydroceles instead of one.

394.—By the Same

He is really the most excellent of poets who gives supper to those who have listened to his recitation. But if he reads to them and sends them home fasting, let him turn his own madness² on his own head.

¹ cp. No. 104.
² i.e. his passion for making and reciting verse.
395.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Πορδὴ ἀποκτέννει πολλοὺς ἀδιέξοδος οὐσα·
πορδὴ καὶ σῶζει τραυλὸν ίείσα μέλος.
οὐκοῦν εἰ σῶζει, καὶ ἀποκτέννει πάλι πορδὴ,
tοὺς βασιλεύσιν ἵσην πορδὴ ἔχει δύναμιν.

396.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Πολλάκις οἶνον ἔπεμψας ἐμοί, καὶ πολλάκις ἔγνων
σοὶ χάριν, ἡδυπότῳ νέκταρι τερπόμενος.
νῦν δὲ εἴπερ με φιλεῖς, μὴ πέμψῃς· οὐ δέομαι γὰρ
οｲνὸν τοιοῦτον, μηκέτι ἔχουν θρίδακας.

397.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πολλὰς μυριάδας ψηφίζων Ἀρτεμίδωρος,
καὶ μηδὲν δαπανῶν, ζῇ βίον ἡμιώνων,
πολλάκις αἱ χρυσοῦ τιμαλφέα φόρτον ἔχουσαι
πολλὸν ὑπὲρ νῶτον, χόρτον ἐδουσι μόνον.

398.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτων τις ἀπώλεσε τὰς τρίχας αὐτᾶς,
καὶ δασὺς ὅπως λίαν, φὸν ἀπας γέγονεν.
τοῦτο βαφεῖς ἐπόησε, τὸ μηκέτι κουρέα τέμνειν
μήτε κόμην λευκὴν μήτε μελαινομένην.

399.—ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΤ
Γραμματικὸς ποτ’ ὄνομ ἐποχούμενος ἐξεκύλληθη,
καὶ τῆς γραμματικῆς, ὡς λόγος, ἐξέπεσεν·
eἰθ’ ἔγιν ἐβίον κοινὸν βίον, ὡς ἰδιώτης,
ὅν ἐδίδασκεν ἀεὶ μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

395.—NICARCHUS

A t which cannot find an outlet kills many a man; a t also saves, sending forth its lisping music. Therefore if a t saves, and on the other hand kills, a t has the same power as kings.

396.—LUCIAN

You often sent me wine and I was often grateful to you, enjoying the draught of sweet nectar. But now if you love me, don’t send any, for I don’t wish for such wine, not having now any lettuces.¹

397.—BY THE SAME

Artemidorus, reckoning his fortune at many times ten thousand, and spending nothing, leads the life of mules, who often, carrying on their backs a heavy and precious load of gold, only eat hay.

398.—NICARCHUS

A man, by dyeing his head, destroyed the hair itself, and his head from being very hairy became all like an egg. The dyer attained this result, that no barber now ever cuts his hair be it white or dark.

399.—APOLLINARIUS

A grammarian riding on a donkey fell off it, and, they say, lost his memory of grammar; then afterwards he led an ordinary life without any profession, not knowing a word of what he had always been

¹ i.e. to make into salad with the vinegar.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλὰ Γλύκων ἐπαδεύ τούναντίον· ὅν γὰρ ἄπειρος
καὶ κοινὴς γλώττης, οὐχ ὅτι γραμματικὴς,
νῦν Δισύκοις κάνθωνας ὁχύμενος, εἶτ' ἀποστίπτων
πολλάκις, ἐξαίφνης γραμματικὸς γέγονεν.

400—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

"Ἰλαθε, Γραμματική φυσίζε, Ἴλαθι λιμοῦ
φάρμακον εὐρομένη "Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεά."
ηὸν ἔχρην καὶ σοι περικαλλέα δωμήσασθαι,
καὶ βοῶνθυνέων μὴ ποτε δενόμενον.
καὶ γὰρ σοῦ μεσταὶ μὲν ὄδοι, μεστὴ δὲ θάλασσα
καὶ λιμένες, πάντων δέκτημα Γραμματική.

401.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἰητήρ τις ἐμοί τὸν ἐδὸν φίλον υἱὸν ἐπεμψεν,
ὁστε μαθεῖν παρ' ἐμοὶ ταύτα τὰ γραμματικά.
ὡς δὲ τὸ "Μῆνιν ἄειδε" καὶ "ἀλγεὰ μυρὶ ἑθηκεν"
ἐγνω, καὶ τὸ τρίτον τοῖσ' ἀκόλουθον ἔποσ
"πολλὰς δ' ἰθίμους ψυχὰς "Αἰδί προίασεν,"
ουκέτι μιν πέμπει πρὸς με μαθησόμενον.
ἀλλὰ μ' ἱδὼν ὁ πατήρ, "Σοῖ μὲν χάρις," εἴπεν,
"ἐταίρε.
αὐτὰρ ὁ παῖς παρ' ἐμοὶ ταύτα μαθεῖν δύναται,
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ πολλὰς ψυχὰς "Αἰδί προἰάπτω,
καὶ πρὸς τοῦτ' οὐδὲν γραμματικὸν δέομαι."

R. Bland, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1813, p. 447; Translations, chiefly from the Greek Anthology, p. 58.

402.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μηδείς μοι ταύτην, Ἕρασίστρατε, τὴν σπατάλην σου
ποιήσεις θεῶν, ἡ σὺ κατασπατάλας,
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

teaching. But just the opposite happened to Glycon; for, having been ignorant of the vulgar tongue, not to speak of grammar, now, by riding on Libyan donkeys and often falling off them, he has suddenly become a grammarian.¹

400.—LUCIAN

Hail, Grammar, giver of life! Hail, thou whose cure for famine is “Sing, O goddess, the wrath”! Men should build a splendid temple to thee, too, and an altar never lacking sacrifice. “For the ways are full of thee, and the sea and its harbours are full of thee,” ² Grammar, the hostess of all.

401.—By the Same

A physician sent me his dear son to be taught by me those elementary lessons. And when he had read “Sing the Wrath” and “imposed a thousand woes,” and the third verse that follows these, “Many strong souls he sped to Hades,” his father no longer sends him to learn from me, but on seeing me said: “All thanks to you, my friend, but the boy can learn that at home, for I speed down many souls to Hades, and for that I have no need of a grammarian.”

402.—By the Same

May none of the gods, Erasistratus, create for me that luxury in which you riot, monstrously eating

¹ A development of the well-known pun, ἀν' ὄνομ (ἀνόμοι) πεσέων.
² Parodied from the outset of Aratus’ Phaenomena.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἔσθων ἐκτραπέλως στομάχων κακά, χείρονα λεμώ, ολα φάγοιεν ἐμῶν ἀντιδίκων τεκνία.
πεινάσαι μι γὰρ αὖθις ἐπὶ πλέον, ἢ πρὸν ἐπείνων,
ἡ χορτασθεὶς τῆς παρὰ σοι σπατάλης.

403.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς Ποδάγραν

Μισόπτωχε θεά, μοῦνη πλούτου δαμάτειρα,
ἡ τὸ καλὸς ζήσαι πάντοτ' ἐπισταμένη,
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἀλλοτρίως ἐπιτόξομένη ποσὶ χαίρεις,
πελοφορεῖν 1 τ' οίδας, καὶ μῦρα σοι μέλεται,
τέρπει καὶ στέφανός σε, καὶ Αὐσονίου πόμα Βάκχου. 5
ταῦτα παρὰ πτωχοῖς γίνεται οὐδέποτε.
τούνεκα νῦν φεύγεις πενίης τὸν ἀχάλκεου οὐδόν,
τέρπῃ δ' αὖ πλούτου πρὸς πόδας ἐρχομένη.

404.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδέποτ' εἰς πορθμεῖον ὃ κηλήτης Διόφαντος
ἐμβαίνει μέλλον εἰς τὸ πέραν ἀπίναι:
τῆς κῆλης δ' ἐπάνωθε τὰ φορτία πάντα τεθεικὼς
καὶ τὸν οὖν, διαπλεὶ σινδόν' ἐπαράμενος.
ὡςτε μάτην Τρίτωνες ἐν ὑδασὶ δόξαν ἐχουσίων,
εἰ καὶ κηλήτης ταῦτα ποιεῖν δύναται.

405.—TOY AYTOY

Ὁ γρυπὸς Νίκων ὀσφράεσεται οἷνον ἄριστα,
οὐ δύναται δ' εἰπεῖν οἷος ἂν ἦ ταχέως.

1 So Jacobs: ὀπλοφορεῖν MS.

1 i.e. felt bandages, but with an allusion to the felt cap of office of the Roman flamines.
2 The point lies in these things being remedies for the gout.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

plagues of the stomach worse than famine, such as I wish the children of my enemies might eat. I would starve again even more than I used to starve rather than gorge myself with the luxuries of your table.

403.—By the Same

To the Gout

Goddess who hatest the poor, sole vanquisher of wealth, who ever knowest to live well, even though it is thy joy to sit on the feet of others, thou knowest how to wear felt,¹ and thou art fond of ointments. A garland delights thee and draughts of Italian wine.² These things are never found among the poor. Therefore thou fliest the brassless threshold ³ of poverty, and delightest to come to the feet ⁴ of wealth.

404.—By the Same

Diophantes with the hydrocele, when he wants to cross to the other side, never gets into the ferryboat, but putting all his packages and his donkey on the hydrocele, sails across hoisting a sheet. So that in vain have the Tritons glory in the waters if a man with a hydrocele can do the same.

405.—By the Same ⁵

Crook-nosed Nicon has an admirable nose for wine, but he can't tell quickly what it is like, for scarcely as well as luxuries, but I have no idea what is the “garland” alluded to.

² The threshold of the gods in Homer is brazen; brassless here of course means penniless.

⁴ The phrase means also “to serve,” and the point of 1. 3 also seems to depend on the same double meaning.

⁵ More probably by Nicarchus.
ἐν τρισὶν ὤραις γὰρ θερινὰς μόλις αἰσθάνετ' αὐτός,
ὡς ἄν ἔχων πηχῶν ρίνα διακοσίων.
δ' μεγάλου μυκτήρος· ὅταν ποταμὸν διαβαίνῃ,
θηρεύει τούτῳ πολλάκις ἵχθυδια.

406.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Τοῦ γρυποῦ Νίκωνος ὄρῳ τὴν ρίνα, Μένυππε·
αὐτὸς δ' οὗ μακρὰν φαίνεται εἶναι ἑτερ.
πλὴν ἦξει, μείναμεν ὁμος· εἰ γὰρ πολὺ, πέντε
τῆς ρωσίς σταδίους, οἴομαι, οὐκ ἄπέξει.
ἀλλ' αὐτή μὲν, ὅρας, προπορεύεται· ἢν δ' ἐπὶ
βουνὸν
ὕψηλον στῶμεν, καυτὸν ἐσοψόμεθα.

407.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν λεπτὸν θακεῖντα Μενέστρατον εἴαρος ὁρη
μύρμηξ ἐξελθὼν εἶλκυσεν εἰς ῥαγάδα·
μνίᾳ δ' ἐπιπτᾶσ' αὐτὸν ἀνήρτησεν, ὡς Γανυμήδη
αιτῶς εἰς θαλάμους οὐρανίους Κρονίδεω.
πίπτει δ' ἐκ χειρῶν μυίς, κοῦδ' ὡς θύγα γαίης,
ἐκ δ' ἀράχης ἰστοῦ τῶν βλεφάρων κρέμαται.

408.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτεις, τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὕποτε βάψεις,
οὐδὲ παρειάων ἐκτανύσεις ῥυτίδας.
μὴ τοῦν τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπαν ψυμίθῳ κατάπλαττε,
ἀστε προσωπείου, κοὐχὶ πρόσωπον ἔχειν.
οὐδὲν γὰρ πλέον ἔστι· τὸ μαίνεαι· οὕποτε φῦκος
καὶ ψίμυθος τεύξει τὴν Ἐκάβην Ἐλένην.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

in three summer hours¹ does he smell it himself, since his nose is two hundred cubits long. O what a huge nose! When he crosses a river he often catches little fish with it.

406.—NICARCHUS

I see Nicon's hooked nose, Menippus, and it is evident that he himself is not far off. Well, he will come; let us wait all the same, for at most he is not, I suppose, more than half a mile from his nose. But it, as you see, comes on in front of him, and if we stand on a high hill we shall get a view of him too.

407.—BY THE SAME

As lean Menestratus was sitting in spring-time an ant came out and pulled him into a crevice; but a fly flew up and carried him off, just as the eagle carried Ganymede to the heavenly chamber of Zeus. He fell from the fly's hands, but not even so did he light on the earth, but is hanging by his eyelids from a spider's web.

408.—LUCIAN

You dye your hair, but you will never dye your old age, or smooth out the wrinkles of your cheeks. Then don't plaster all your face with white lead, so that you have not a face, but a mask; for it serves no purpose. Why are you out of your wits? Rouge and paste will never turn Hecuba into Helen.

¹ As twelve hours were counted from sunrise to sunset, summer hours were longest.
Τετράκις ἀμφορέως περὶ χείλεσι τείλεα θείσα
Σειληνὺς πάσας ἐξερόφησε τρύγας.
εὐχαίτα Διὸνυσε, σὲ δ’ ὑδασὶν οὐκ ἐμίηνεν·
ἀλλ’ οἶος πρώτης ἦλθες ἀπ’ οἰνοπέδης,
τοῖον σὲ προούπινων ἄφειδες, ἄγγος ἔχουσα
εἰσότε καὶ νεκών ἦλθεν ἐπὶ ψάμαθον.

410.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Του πωγωνοφοροῦ Κυνικοῦ, τοῦ βακτροπροσαίτου,
εἴδομεν ἐν δείπνῳ τὴν μεγάλην σοφίαν.
θέρμων μὲν γὰρ πρῶτον ἀτέσχετο καὶ ῥαφανίδων,
μὴ δεῖν δουλεύειν γαστρὶ λέγων ἀρετήν.
εὔτε δ’ ἐν ὠφθαλμοίσιν ἑδὲν χιονώδεα βόλβαν
στρυφήν, ἢ πινυτὸν ἢδ’ ἐκελπετε νόον,
ὕτησεν παρὰ προσδοκίαν, καὶ ἔτρωγεν ἀληθῶς,
κούδὲν ἐφ’ βόλβαν τὴν ἀρετὴν ἀδικεῖν.

411.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἶς βαλανεῖον ἐκπύρωτον
Τοῦτο πυρὰν μᾶλλον κλήζειν δεῖ, καὶ βαλανεῖον,
ἡμ ποθ’ ὁ Πηλείδης ἦσε Μενοτιάδη,
ἡ τοῦ Μηδείης στέφανον, τὸν ἔγειτον Ἔρινυς
ἐν θαλάμωι Γλαύκης εἴνεκεν Αἰσσονίδου.
φεῖσαι μου, βαλανεῦ, πρὸς τοῦ Δίος· εἰ μὲ γὰρ ἄνηρ ὅ
tάντα γράφων τὰ βροτῶν ἔργα καὶ ἀθανατῶν,
eἰ δὲ πρόκειται σοι πολλοὺς ξῴτας κατακαλεῖν.
ἀπτε πυρὰν ξυλίνην, δήμε, μὴ λιθίνην.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

409.—GAETULICUS

Four times putting her lips to the lips of the jar Silenis drank up the last dregs. Fair-haired Dionysus, she defiled thee not with water, but even as thou first didst come from the vineyard she used to quaff thee generously, holding a cup even until she went to the sands of the dead.

410.—LUCIAN

We saw at supper the great wisdom of the Cynic, that bearded beggar with the staff. To begin with he abstained from pulse and radishes, saying that virtue should not be the belly’s slave. But when he saw before his eyes a snow-white sow’s womb with sharp sauce, a dish that soon stole away his prudent mind, he asked for some unexpectedly, and really started eating, saying that a sow’s womb does no harm to virtue.

411.—Anonymous

On an overheated Bath

You should call this not a bath but rather a funeral pyre such as Achilles lit for Patroclus, or Medea’s crown that the Fury set afire (?) in the bridal chamber of Glaucce because of Jason. Spare me, bathman, for God’s sake, for I am a man who write all the deeds of men and gods. But if it is your purpose to burn numbers of us alive, light a wooden pyre, executioner, and not a stone one.
412.—ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΤ
Ψυχήν μὲν γράψαι χαλεπόν, μορφήν δὲ χαράξαι ράδιον· ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ σοι τούμπαλιν ἀμφότερον.
τῆς μὲν γὰρ ψυχῆς τὸ διάστροφον ἐξὼ ἄγουσα ἐν τοῖς φαινομένοις ἡ Φύσις εἰργάσατο·
τὸν δ’ ἐπὶ τῆς μορφῆς θόρυβον καὶ σώματος ύβριν ἐν τὶς γράψαι, μηδ’ ἐσιδεῖν ἐθέλων;

413.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
'Ως κήπου τεθυκός, δείπνου παρέθηκεν Ἀπελλῆς,
οἶμενος βόσκειν ἀντὶ φίλων πρόβατα.
ἂν ῥαφαίς, σέρις ἂν, τῆλις, θρίδακες, πράσα,
βολβοῖ,
ἂκιμον, ἕδυσσομον, πήγανον, ἀσπάραγος·
ἀείσας δ’ ἐκ τούτων μή καὶ χόρτον παραθῇ μοι,
ἀειπυήσας θέρμους ἡμιβρέχεις, ἐφυγον.

414.—ΗΔΑΛΟΤ
Δυσιμελοῦς Βάκχου καὶ λυσιμελοῦς Ἀφροδίτης
gεννᾶται θυγάτηρ λυσιμελῆς ποδάγρα.

415.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ Ὅ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Τίς σοῦ, Μεντορίδη, προφανῶς οὕτως μετέθηκεν
τὴν πυγήν, οὕπερ τὸ στόμ’ ἐκείτο πρὸ τοῦ;
βδεῖς γάρ, κούκ ἀναπνεῖς, φθέγγῃ δ’ ἐκ τῶν καταγείων,
θαυμά μ’ ἔχει τὰ κάτω πῶς σου ἀνω γέγονεν.

416.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Χρῆματα καὶ πόρναις παραγίνεται· οὐκ ἄλεγίξω,
μισεῖτο με τάλας χρυσὸς ὧ πορνοφίλας.

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412.—ANTIOCHUS

To paint the soul is difficult, to sketch the outward shape is easy, but in your case both are just the opposite. For Nature, bringing outside the perversity of your soul, has wrought so that it is a visible object; but as for the tumult of your person and the offensiveness of your body, how could one paint it when one does not even wish to look on it?

413.—AMMIANUS

Apelles gave us a supper as if he had butchered a garden, thinking he was feeding sheep and not friends. There were radishes, chicory, fenugreek, lettuces, leeks, onions, basil, mint, rue, and asparagus. I was afraid that after all these things he would serve me with hay, so when I had eaten some half-soaked lupins I went off.

414.—HEDYLUS

The daughter of limb-relaxing Bacchus and limb-relaxing Aphrodite is limb-relaxing Gout.

415.—ANTIPATER or NICARCHUS

Who, Mentorides, so obviously transferred your breech to the place where your mouth formerly was? For you break wind and do not breathe, and you speak from the lower storey. I wonder how your lower parts became your upper!

416.—ANONYMOUS

Money comes into the hands of whores too. I care not. Let wretched gold that loves whores hate me.
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417.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Επὶ γυναικὶ πρεσβυτέρα νέω ἐνοχλησάσῃ
'Αλλην δρῦν βαλάνιζε, Μενέσθιον· οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼνε ἐκκαίρον μῆλων προσδέχομαι ῥυτίδα·
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ πεπόθηκα συνακμάζουσαν ὑπώρην.
ὡστε τί πειράζεις λευκὸν ἰδεῖν κόρακα;

418.—ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

'Αντίον ἥλιον στήσας ρίνα καὶ στόμα χάσκων,
δείξεις τὰς ὥρας πᾶσι παρερχομένοις.

419.—ΦΙΛΩΝΟΣ

Αἱ πολιαὶ σὺν νῷ γεραρώτεραι· αἱ γὰρ ἄτερ νοῦ
μᾶλλον τῶν πολλῶν εἰσὶν ὁνείδος ἑτῶν.

420.—ΑΛΛΟ

Αἱ τρίχες, ἢν συγὰς, εἰσὶ φρένες· ἢν δὲ λαλήσῃς,
ὡς αἱ τῆς ἡβης, οὐ φρένες, ἀλλὰ τρίχες.

421.—ΑΠΟΛΑΙΝΑΡΙΟΤ

'Αν μὲν ἀπόντα λέγης με κακῶς, οὐδὲν ἀδικεῖς με,
ἀν δὲ παρόντα καλὸς, ἵσθι κακῶς με λέγων.

422.—ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΤ

Εἰς ἀπαίδευτον ἐπιδειξάμενον
Βῆσας, εἰ φρένας εἶχεν, ἀπήγγλετο· νῦν δὲ ὑπ' ἀνοίας
καὶ ζῇ καὶ πλουτεῖ, καὶ μετὰ τὴν πάροδον.

1 i.e. it is as difficult to get hold of me as to meet with a white crow.

272.
417.—Anonymous

On an Elderly Woman annoying a Young Man

Shake the acorns off another oak, Menesthion; for I do not accept wrinkled apples past their season, but have ever desired fruit in its prime like myself; so why try to see a white crow?¹

418.—The Emperor Trajan

If you put your nose pointing to the sun and open your mouth wide, you will show all passers-by the time of day.²

419.—Philo

Grey hairs are more venerable together with good sense, for when they are not accompanied by sense they are rather a reproach to advanced age.

420.—Anonymous

Your grey hairs, if you keep silent, are wisdom, but if you speak they are not wisdom but hairs, like those of youth.

421.—Apollinaris

If you speak ill of me in my absence you do me no injury; but if you speak well of me in my presence, know that you are speaking ill of me.

422.—Antiochus

On an Illiterate Man speaking in Public

Besas, if he had any sense, would have hanged himself, but now, being such a fool, he both lives and grows rich even after his appearance in public.

² Your nose would act as the index of a sun-dial. In πυξιον the emperor has been guilty of a false quantity.
423.—ΕΛΛΑΔΙΟΤ
Βάπτων πάντα, βαφεύ, καὶ χρωματίοις μεταβάλλων, καὶ πενήν βάψας, πλούσιος ἐξεφάνης.

424.—ΠΙΣΩΝΟΣ
Γαῖς ἐκ Γαλατῶν μηδ' ἀνθεὰ, Ἦς ἀπὸ κόλπων ἀνθρώπων ὀλέτειρα Ἐρινύες ἐβλάστησαν.

425.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Γινώσκειν σε θέλω, Πλακιανέ, σαφῶς, ὅτι πᾶσα ἐγχαλκὸς γραία πλουσία ἐστὶ σορός.

426.—ΑΛΔΟ
Εἰς Ὄπιανὸν ἡγεμόνα πότην
Γράμμα περισσόν ἔχεις τὸ προκείμενον· ἢν ἄφελη τις τοῦτο σοι, οἰκεῖον κτήσῃ ἅπλῶς ὀνόμα.

427.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Δαιμόνα πολλὰ λαλῶν ὄξοστομος ἐξορκιστὴς ἐξέβαλ', οὐχ ὄρκων, ἄλλα κόπρων δυνάμει.

428.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς τῇ μάτην νῦπτεις δέμας Ἰνδικῶν; Ἰσχεο τέχνης· οὐ δύνασαι δυνοφερὴν νύκτα καθηλάσαι.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

423.—HELLADIUS
Dyer who dyest all things and changest them with thy colours, thou hast dyed thy poverty too, and turned out a rich man.

424.—PISO
Don't expect flowers from the land of Galatia, from whose bosom sprang the Furies, destroyers of men.¹

425.—ANONYMOUS
I would have you know, Placianus, that every old woman with money is a rich coffin.

426.—ANONYMOUS
On Opianus, a hard-drinking Governor
The first letter of your name is superfluous; if one takes it away you will acquire by simple means a name that suits you.²

427.—LUCIAN
The exorcist with the stinking mouth cast out many devils by speaking, not by the virtue of his exorcisms, but by that of dung.

428.—BY THE SAME
Why do you wash in vain your Indian body? Give up that device. You cannot shed the sunlight on dark night.

¹ There was no legend of the Galatian origin of the Furies; he must mean the natives. ² i.e. Pianus (pino, I drink).
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429.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐν πᾶσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκινδύνος ἤθελε νῆφειν, τοῦνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὐτὸς ἔδοξε μόνος.

430.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ τὸ τρέφειν πώγωνα δοκεῖς σοφίαν περιποιεῖν, καὶ τράγος εὐπώγων αἰ̱ψ' ὅλος ἡστὶ Πλάτων.

431.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ ταχὺς εἰς τὸ φαγεῖν καὶ πρὸς ὅρμον ἁμβλὺς ὑπάρχει, τοῖς ποσὶ σου τρῶγε, καὶ τρέχε τῷ στόματί.

432.—TOY AYTOY

"Εσβεσε τὸν λύχνον μῶρος, ψυλλῶν ὑπὸ πολλῶν δακνόμενος, λέξας: "Οὐκέτι με βλέπετε."

433.—TOY AYTOY

Ζωγράφε, τὰς μορφὰς κλέπτεις μόνον; οὐ δύνασαι δὲ φωνήν συλῆσαι χρῶματι πειθόμενος.

434.—TOY AYTOY

"Ἡν ἐσίδης κεφαλὴν μαδαράν, καὶ στέρνα, καὶ ὄμοις, μηδὲν ἐρωτήσῃς: μῶρον ὀρᾶς φαλακρόν.

435.—TOY AYTOY

Θαυμάζειν μοι ἐπεισιν, ὅπως Βύτος ἔστι σοφιστῆς, οὔτε λόγον κοινόν, οὔτε λογισμὸν ἔχων.

1 ἀπὸς MS.: corr. Unger.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

429.—By the Same

Acindynus wished to keep sober when all the others were drunk; therefore he was the only man who was thought to be drunk.

430.—By the Same

If you think that to grow a beard is to acquire wisdom, a goat with a fine beard is at once a complete Plato.

431.—By the Same

If you are quick at eating and tardy in running, eat with your feet and run with your mouth.

432.—By the Same

A fool put out the lamp when he was bitten by many fleas, saying: “You can’t see me any longer.”

433.—By the Same

Painter, thou stealest the form only, and canst not, trusting in thy colours, capture the voice.

434.—By the Same

If you see a hairless head, breast, and shoulders, make no enquiries; it is a bald fool that you see.¹

435.—By the Same

It strikes me as wonderful how Bytus is a sophist, since he has neither common speech nor reason.

¹ This possibly refers to a Cynic, as they used to go about with bare breasts and shoulders.
436.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Θάττον ἐν τούτῳ κόρακας πτηνάς τε κελώνας εὑρεῖν, ἢ δόκιμον ῥήτορα Καππαδόκην.

437.—ΑΡΑΤΟΤ
Αιάζω Διότιμου, ὃς ἐν πέτραισι κάθηται,
Γαργαρέων παισίν βήτα καὶ ἀλφὰ λέγων.

438.—ΜΕΝΑΝΔΡΟΤ
Κορινθίῳ πίστευε, καὶ μὴ χρῶ φίλῳ.

439.—ΔΙΦΙΛΟΤ
Τὸ μὲν Ὄργος ὑππιον, οἱ δὲ ἐνοικοῦντες λύκοι.

440.—ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΤ
Μεγαρεῖς δὲ φεύγε πάντας· εἰσὶ γὰρ πικροὶ.

441.—ΦΙΛΙΣΚΟΤ
Ὁ Πειραύς κάρυνον μέγ’ ἐστὶ καὶ κενόν.

442.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Τρίς με τυραννήσαντα τοσαυτάκις ἐξεδίωξεν
dῆμος Ὑπερχῆς, καὶ τρίς ἐπηγάγετο,
tὸν μέγαν ἐν Βουλῇ Πεισίστρατου, ὃς τὸν Ὁμηρον
ἡθροῦσα, σπορᾶσθαι τὸ πρὶν ἀειδομενον’
ἡμέτερος γὰρ κεῖνος ὁ χρύσεος ἤ πολιτης,
eἰπερ Ἀθηναίοι Σμύρνιοι ἀποκόσσαμεν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

436.—By the Same
You will sooner find white crows and winged tortoises than a Cappadocian who is an accomplished orator.

437.—ARATUS
I lament for Diotimus,¹ who sits on stones repeating Alpha and Beta to the children of Gargarus.

438.—MENANDER
Trust in (?) a Corinthian and don’t make him a friend.

439.—DIPHILUS
Argos is the land of horses, but the inhabitants are wolves.

440.—PITTACUS (?)²
Avoid all Megarians, for they are bitter.

441.—PHILISCUS
The Piraeus is a big nut and empty.

442.—Anonymous
Thrice I reigned as tyrant, and as many times did the people of Erechtheus expel me and thrice recall me, Pisistratus, great in council, who collected the works of Homer formerly sung in fragments. For that man of gold was our fellow-citizen, if we Athenians colonized Smyrna.

¹ The epigram is not meant to be satirical. Diotimus was a poet obliged to gain his living by teaching in an obscure town. ² We expect the name of a comic poet.
BOOK XII

STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

Strato, whose name this book bears, lived probably in the reign of Hadrian. It has generally been supposed that the whole book is an anthology of poems on this peculiar subject made by him, but it seems more probable to me that Strato published merely a collection of his own poems, and that it was Cephalas or some other Byzantine who inserted into it all the poems of this nature he found in the older Anthologies. The final epigram (No. 257), which was obviously placed by Strato at the end of his collection, certainly refers only to poems by Strato himself, and the same is true of the words prefixed to the book by Cephalas. He must have derived the statement, unless it is a mere excuse for the immorality of the poems, from some one who had personal knowledge of Strato. Again, among the poems by Meleager included are eight relating to women, six of them being on women whose names end in the diminutive form (Phanion, Callistion, Thermion, Timarion, Dorcion), which has evidently been mistaken for a masculine name. A more ludicrous blunder is the inclusion here of the pretty verses of Asclepiades (No. 50) addressed to himself. Strato himself could never have made such blunders, and they can only be attributed to a Byzantine. Of the poems thus inserted only a very few (12, 18, 24–28, 34, 35, 173) are from the Stephanus of Philippus, the remainder consisting of a large block of poems from Meleager's Stephanus and a few isolated ones from the same source (14, 22, 23, 29–33, 36–172, 230, 256–7). The arrangement under motives is very marked in these. We cannot suppose that Meleager separated the love-poems relating to boys in his Stephanus from those relating to women, as the Stephanus was not arranged under subjects at all, and we must attribute both the selection and the arrangement under motives to the Byzantines.

These homosexual attachments were a notable feature of Greek and Roman life and were spoken of frankly, since
they were not then regarded as disgraceful, being indeed rather fashionable. Readers must take this into consideration, and especially in estimating Meleager, so much of whose personal work is comprised in this book. It is noteworthy that among the most beautiful of his poems are just some of those I have mentioned addressed to girls and included by mistake here. In the rest, if I err not, we miss the distinguishing note of passion, which his other love-poems so often have. The elements of his imagery of love are all here—Love and His mother, burning arrows and stormy seas—but somewhat devoid of soul and at times disfigured by a coarseness foreign to his gentle spirit. These attachments were in his case rather a matter of fashion than of passion.¹

Strato himself is frankly homosexual. He writes good and at times pretty verse, but he is, as a rule, quite terre à terre and often very gross.

¹ There was no reason for putting No. 132 (perhaps the most exquisite of all his poems) and No. 133 in this Book.
ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΜΟΤΣΑ ΠΑΙΔΙΚΗ

Καὶ τίς ἂν εἶχην εἰ πάντων σοι τῶν εἰρημένων τῆς γνώσεως ἐκτε-μενος τῇ Στράτωνος τοῦ Χαρδιανοῦ Παιδικῆς Μοῦσαν ἀπεκρυψάμην, ἢν αὐτὸς παλέων πρὸς τοὺς πλησίον ἀπεθανόντο, τέρψιν οἰκεῖαν τῇ ἀπαγγελλαίᾳ τῶν ἑπιγραμμάτων, οὐ τῶν νοῦν, ποιούμενος. ἔχου τοίνυν τῶν ἐξῆς ἐν χορελαίς γὰρ ἢ γε σάφρων, κατὰ τῶν τραγικῶν, οὐ διαφθαρῆσθαι.

1.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐκ Δίος ἀρχώμεσθα, καθὼς εἴρηκεν Ἦρατος· ὑμῖν δ', ὅ Μοῦσα, σήμερον οὐκ ἐνοχλῶ.
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ παῖδας τε φιλῶ καὶ παιδῶν ὡμίλω,
tοῦτο τί πρὸς Μοῦσας τὰς Ἐλικωνιάδας;

2.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ ἐχθεὶ δέλτοισιν ἐμαῖς Πρίαμον παρὰ βωμοῖς,
μηδὲ τὰ Μηδεῖς πένθεα καὶ Νιώβης,
μηδ’ Ἰτυν ἐν θαλάμωις, καὶ ἀγδόνας ἐν πετάλουσιν
tαῦτα γὰρ οἱ πρῶτοι πάντα χῦδην ἔγραφον·
ἀλλ’ ἰλαραῖς Χαρίτεσσι μεμυγμένον ἦδυν Ἕρωτα,
καὶ Βρόμιον τούτοις δ’ ὀφρύες οὐκ ἔπρεπον.

3.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῶν παῖδων, Διόδωρε, τὰ προσθέματ’ εἶς τρία πίπτει
σχῆματα, καὶ τούτων μάνθαν’ ἐπωνυμίας.
BOOK XII

STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

And what kind of man should I be, reader, if after setting forth all that precedes for thee to study, I were to conceal the Puerile Muse of Strato of Sardis, which he used to recite to those about him in sport, taking personal delight in the diction of the epigrams, not in their meaning. Apply thyself then to what follows, for "in dances," as the tragic poet says, "a chaste woman will not be corrupted."

1.—STRATO

"Let us begin from Zeus," as Aratus said, and you, O Muses, I trouble not to-day. For if I love boys and associate with boys, what is that to the Muses of Helicon?

2.—By the Same

Look not in my pages for Priam by the altar, nor for the woes of Medea and Niobe, nor for Itys in his chamber and the nightingales amid the leaves; for earlier poets wrote of all these things in profusion. But look for sweet Love mingled with the jolly Graces, and for Bacchus. No grave face suits them.

3.—By the Same

Puerorum, O Diodore, vascula in tres formas cadunt, quarum disce cognomenta. Adhuc enim intactam
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τὴν ἔτι μὲν γὰρ ἀδικτον ἀκμὴν λάλον ὄνομαζε,
κακῶδ τὴν φυσάν ἄρτι καταρχομένην.
τὴν δ' ἦδη πρὸς χειρα σαλευμένην, λέγε σαῦραν·
τὴν δὲ τελειοτέρην, οἶδας ἄ χρη σε καλεῖν.

4.—TOY AYTOY

'Ακμὴ δωδεκέτους ἐπιτέρπομαι· ἔστι δὲ τούτων
χό τρισκαϊδεκάτης πουλὺ ποθεινότερος·
χό τὰ δὲ ἐπτὰ νέμων, γλυκερώτερον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων·
tερπνότερος δ' ὁ τρίτης πεντάδος ἀρχόμενος·
ἐξεπικαιδέκατον δὲ θεῶν ἐτός· ἐβδόματον δὲ
καὶ δεκατον ζητεῖν οὐκ ἔμοι, ἄλλα Διός.
εἰ δ' ἐπὶ προσβυτέρους τις ἐχει πόθου, οὐκέτι παίξει,
ἄλλ' ἡδη ζητεῖ· "τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος."

5.—TOY AYTOY

Τοὺς λευκοὺς ἀγαπῶ, φιλέω δ' ἂμα τοὺς μεληχρώδεις
καὶ ξανθούς, στέργω δ' ἐμπαλι τοὺς μέλανας.
oυδὲ κόρας ξανθὰς παραπέμπομαι· ἄλλα περισσῶς
τοὺς μελανοφθάλμους αἰγλοφανεῖς τε φιλῶ.

6.—TOY AYTOY

Πρωκτὸς καὶ χρυσὸς τὴν αὐτὴν ψήφον ἐχουσιν·
ψηφίζων δ' ἀφελῶς τοῦτο ποθ' εὗρον ἐγώ.

7.—TOY AYTOY

Σφυγκτῆροι οὐκ ἔστιν παρὰ παρθένῳ, οὐδὲ φίλημα
ἀπλοῦν, οὐ φυσικὴ χρωτὸς εὐπνοή,
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

lalu nuncupa, eam quae turgescere modo incipit coco, quae vero jam ad manum agitatur, dic lacertam; perfectior autem scis quomodo appellanda sit.

4.—By the Same

I delight in the prime of a boy of twelve, but one of thirteen is much more desirable. He who is fourteen is a still sweeter flower of the Loves, and one who is just beginning his fifteenth year is yet more delightful. The sixteenth year is that of the gods, and as for the seventeenth it is not for me, but for Zeus, to seek it. But if one has a desire for those still older, he no longer plays, but now seeks "And answering him back." ¹

5.—By the Same

I like them pale, and I also love those with a skin the colour of honey, and the fair too; and on the other hand I am taken by the black-haired. Nor do I dismiss brown eyes; but above all I love sparkling black eyes.

6.—By the Same

The numerical value of the letters in πρωκτὸς (podex) and χρυσὸς (gold) is the same.² I once found this out reckoning up casually.

7.—By the Same

Apud virginem non est sphincter, non suavium simplex, non nativa cutis fragrantia, non sermo ille

¹ Common in Homer. ² Making 1570.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐ λόγος ἥδες ἐκείνος ὁ πορνικός, οὐδ' ἀκέραιον
βλέμμα, διδακτομένη δ' ἐστὶ κακιοτέρα.
ψυχρούνται δ' ὁπλευ Πάσαν: τὸ δὲ μείζον ἐκείνο, 5
οὐκ ἔστιν ποῦ θῆς τὴν χέρα πλαζομένην.

8.—TOY AYTOY

Εἶδον ἑγὼ τινα παῖδα ἡπαυθοπλοκοῦντα κόρυμβου,
ἀρτι παρερχόμενος τὰ στεφανηπλόκια:
οὐδ' ἄτρωτα παρήλθον εἰπτστάς δ' ἦσυχος αὕτῳ
φησὶ "Πόσου πωλεῖς τὸν σὸν ἐμοὶ στέφανον;"
μᾶλλον τῶν καλύκων δ' ἐρυθαιντο, καὶ κατακύψας 5
φησὶ "Μακρὰν χώρει, μή σε πατήρ ἐσίδη."  ἀνοῦμαι προφάσει στεφάνους, καὶ οἴκαδ' ἀπελθῶν ἑστεφάνωσα θεοῦς, κείνον ἑπευξάμενος.

9.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀρτι καλός, Διόδωρε, σὺ, καὶ φιλέουσι πέπειρος·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἦν γῆμης, οὐκ ἀπολευψόμεθα.

10.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ καὶ σοι τριχόφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ἵουλος,
καὶ τρυφεραι κροτάφων ξανθοφυεῖς ἐλικές,
οὐδ' οὕτω φεύγω τὸν ἑρῶμενον· ἀλλὰ τὸ κάλλος
τοῦτον, κἂν πώγων, κἂν τρίχες, ἡμέτερον.

11.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐχθὲς ἐχων ἀνὰ νύκτα Φιλόστρατον, οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,
κείνου, τῶς εἴπω; πάντα παρασχομένου.
ἀλλ' ἔμε μηκέτ' ἔχοιτε φίλοι φίλου, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ
πύργου
ῥίψατ', ἐπεὶ λίην 'Αστυάναξ γέγονα.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

dulcis lascivus, nec ingenuus obtutus; quae autem eruditur est pejor. Frigent vero a tergo cunctae, et, quod majoris momenti est, non est ubi ponas manum errantem.

8.—By the Same

Just now, as I was passing the place where they make garlands, I saw a boy interweaving flowers with a bunch of berries. Nor did I pass by unwounded, but standing by him I said quietly, “For how much will you sell me your garland?” He grew redder than his roses, and turning down his head said, “Go right away in case my father sees you.” I bought some wreaths as a pretence, and when I reached home crowned the gods, beseeching them to grant me him.

9.—By the Same

Now thou art fair, Diodorus, and ripe for lovers, but even if thou dost marry, we shall not abandon thee.

10.—By the Same

Even though the invading down and the delicate auburn curls of thy temples have leapt upon thee, that does not make me shun my beloved, but his beauty is mine, even if there be a beard and hairs.

11.—By the Same

Yesterday I had Philostratus for the night, but was incapable, though he (how shall I say it?) was quite complaisant. No longer, my friends, count me your friend, but throw me off a tower as I have become too much of an Astyanax.¹

¹ The son of Hector, thrown from a tower by the Greeks. The pun is on Asty, a privative and στειω (erigere).
12.—ΦЛАΚΚΩΤ

"Αρτι γενειάξων ὁ καλὸς καὶ στερρὸς ἑρασταῖς
παιδὸς ἔρα Δάδων. σύντομος ἡ Νέμεσις.

13.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

'Ηπτροῦς εὐρὸν ποτ' ἐγὼ λείους δυσέρωτας,
τρίβοντας φυσικῆς φάρμακοι ἀντιδότουν.
οἱ δὲ γε φωραθέντες, "'Ἐχ' ἥσυχήν" ἐδέοντο:
κἀγὼ ἐφην "Συγώ, καὶ θεραπεύσετέ με."

14.—ΔΙΟΣΚΩΡΙΔΟΤ

Δημόφιλος τοιοῦτος φιλήματιν εἴ πρὸς ἑραστὰς
χρήσεται ἀκμαίνην, Κύπρι, καθ' ἡλικίαν,
ὡς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐφίλησεν ὁ νήπιος, οὐκέτι νῦκτωρ
ἡσυχα τῇ κείνῃ μητρί μενεῖ πρόθυρα.

15.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἴ Γραφικὸν πυγαία σανὶς δέδαχ' ἐν βαλανείῳ,
ἀνθρωπὸς τὶ πάθω; καὶ ξύλον αἰσθάνεται.

16.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ κρύπτης τὸν ἑρωτά, Φιλόκρατείς· αὐτὸς ὁ δαίμων
λακτίζειν κραδίην ἡμετέρην ἰκανὸς;
ἀλλ' ἑλαροῦ μετὰδὸς τι φιλήματος. ἔσθ' ὅτε καὶ σὺ
αιτήσεις τοιάνδο ἐξ ἑτέρων χάριτα.

17.—ἌΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ μοι θῆλυς ἔρως ἑγκάρδιος, ἀλλὰ με πυρσοὶ
ἀρσενες ἀσβέστω θῆκαν ὑπ' ἀνθρακιᾷ.
πλειώτερον τὸδε θάλπος· ὅσον δυσατώτερος ἄρσην
θηλυτέρης, τόσον χῶ πόθος δεξύτερος.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

12.—FLACCUS

Just as he is getting his beard, Lado, the fair youth, cruel to lovers, is in love with a boy. Nemesis is swift.

13.—STRATO

I once found some beardless doctors, not prone to love, grinding a natural antidote for it. They, on being surprised, besought me to keep it quiet, and I said, "I am mum, but you must cure me."

14.—DIOSCORIDES

If Demophilus, when he reaches his prime, gives such kisses to his lovers as he gives me now he is a child, no longer shall his mother's door remain quiet at night.

15.—STRATO

If a plank pinched Graphicus in the bath, what will become of me, a man? Even wood feels.

16.—BY THE SAME

Seek not to hide our love, Philocrates; the god himself without that hath sufficient power to trample on my heart. But give me a taste of a blithe kiss. The time shall come when thou shalt beg such favour from others.

17.—ANONYMOUS

The love of women touches not my heart, but male brands have heaped unquenchable coals of fire on me. Greater is this heat; by as much as a man is stronger than a woman, by so much is this desire sharper.
18.—ΑΔΦΕΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Τλήμονες, οϊς ἀνέραστος ἔφυ βίος: οὔτε γὰρ ἔρξαι εὔμαρες, οὔτ' εἴπειν ἐστὶ τι νόσφι πόθων. καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ νῦν εἰμὶ λίνη βραδὺς: εἴ δ' ἐπίδοιμι Ξεινόφιλον, στεροπής πτήσομαι ὄξυτερος. τούνεκεν οὖν φεῦγεν γλυκὰν ἵμερον, ἀλλὰ διώκειν, πᾶσι λέγω. ψυχής ἐστίν Ἐρως ἄκονη.

19.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ δύναμαι σε θέλων θέσθαι φίλον: οὔτε γὰρ αἰτεῖς, οὔτ' αιτοῦντι δίδως, οὖθ' ἂ δίδωμι δέχῃ.

20.—ΙΟΤΛΙΟΤ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ὁ Ζεὺς Αἰθιότων πάλι τέρπεται εἰλατίναισιν, ἢ χρυσὸς Δανάης εἰρπυφεν εἰς θαλάμους: θαύμα γὰρ εἰ Περίανδρον ἵδον οὐχ ἠρπασε γάϊς τὸν καλὸν: ἢ φιλόπαις οὐκέτι νῦν ὁ θεός.

21.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Κλέφσομεν ἄχρον τίνος τὰ φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ λαθραία νεῦσομεν ἄλληλοις δμμασί φειδομένοις; μέχρι τίνος δ' ἀτέλεστα λαλήσομεν, ἀμβολίασι ξενικάντες κεναίς ἐμπαλίν ἀμβολίαις; μέλλοντες τὸ καλὸν δαπανήσομεν: ἄλλα πρὶν ἐλθεῖν ὅ τὰς φθονερᾶς, Φείδων, θῶμεν ἐπ' ἔργα λόγοις.

22.—ΣΚΤΘΙΟΤ

"Ἡλθέν μοι μέγα πῆμα, μέγας πόλεμος, μέγα μοι πῦρ,
"Ἡλισσος πλήρης τῶν ἐς ἐρωτ' ἐτέων,
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

18.—ALPHEIUS OF MYTILENE

Unhappy they whose life is loveless; for without love it is not easy to do aught or to say aught. I, for example, am now all too slow, but were I to catch sight of Xenophilus I would fly swifter than lightning. Therefore I bid all men not to shun but to pursue sweet desire; Love is the whetstone of the soul.

19.—Anonymous

Though I would, I cannot make thee my friend; for neither dost thou ask, nor give to me when I ask, nor accept what I give.

20.—JULIUS LEONIDAS

Zeus is again rejoicing in the banquets of the Ethiopians, or, turned to gold, hath stolen to Danae's chamber; for it is a marvel that, seeing Periander, he did not carry off from Earth the lovely youth; or is the god no longer a lover of boys?

21.—STRATO

How long shall we steal kisses and covertly signal to each other with chary eyes? How long shall we talk without coming to a conclusion, linking again and again idle deferment to deferment? If we tarry we shall waste the good; but before the envious ones come, Phidon, let us add deeds to words.

22.—SCYTHINUS

There has come to me a great woe, a great war, a great fire. Elissus, full of the years ripe for love,

1 Homer, H. i. 423. 2 Hairs.
αὐτὰ τὰ καὶρὶ ἐχὼν ἐκκαίδεκα, καὶ μετὰ τοῦτων πάσας καὶ μικρὰς καὶ μεγάλας χάριτας, καὶ πρὸς ἀναγινώσκει φωνὴν μέλι, καὶ τὸ φιλήσαι χείλεα, καὶ τὸ λαβεῖν ἔνδον, ἀμεμπτότατον. καὶ τὶ πάθω; φησὶν γὰρ ὅραν μόνον ᾗ ἡ ἀγρυπνήσω πολλάκι, τῇ κενῇ κύπριδι χειρομαχῶν.

23.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ἡγρεύθην ὁ πρόσθεν ἐγὼ ποτε τοῖς δυσέροσι κάμοις ἥδεον πολλάκις ἐγγελάσας· καὶ μὲ ἐπὶ σοις ὁ πτανὸς "Ἐρως προθύροισι, Μυσίκε, στήσεν ἐπιγράψας "Σκῦλ ὕπτο Σκυφροσύνης."

24.—ΔΑΤΡΕΑ

Εἰ μοι χαρτὸς ἔμοις Πολέμων καὶ σῶς ἀνέλθοι, οἶος α<...> Δήλου> κοίρανε, πεμπόμενος, ρέξειν οὐκ ἀπόφημι τὸν ὅρθροβοτήν παρὰ βωμοῖς ὅρων, δὲν εὐχωλαῖς ὀμολόγησα τεαῖς· εἰ δὲ τοῖς δυτῶν τότε οἱ πλέον ἢ καὶ ἔλασσον ἐλθοῦν ἕχων, λέλυται τούμον ὑποσχέσιον. ἦλθε δὲ σὺν πώγωνι. τὸδ' εἰ φίλον αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ εὑξατο, τὴν θυσίν πρᾶσσε τὸν εὐξάμενον.

25.—ΣΤΑΤΤΑΛΙΟΤ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ

Σῶν μοι Πολέμωνα μολεῖν, ὅτ' ἔπεμπον, Ἀπόλλω ητούμην, θυσίν πρὸς ὑποσχέσιον. ἦλθε δὲ μοι Πολέμων λάσιος γένων. οὐ μὰ σέ, Φοῖβε, ἦλθεν ἐμοὶ, πικρῷ δ' ἐξεφυγένε με τάχει. οὐκέτι σοι θύω τὸν ἀλέκτορα. μὴ με σοφίζοι, κωφὴν μοι σταχύνω ἀντιδίδοις καλάμην.
just at that fatal age of sixteen, and having withal
every charm, small and great, a voice which is honey
when he reads and lips that are honey to kiss, et ad
capiendum intus rem inculpatissimam. What will
become of me? He bids me look only. Verily I
shall often lie awake fighting with my hands against
this empty love.

23.—MELEAGER

I am caught, I who once laughed often at the seren-
ades of young men crossed in love. And at thy gate,
Myiscus, winged Love has fixed me, inscribing on
me “Spoils won from Chastity.”

24.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

If my Polemo return welcome and safe, as he was,
Lord of Delos, when we sent him on his way, I do
not refuse to sacrifice by thy altar the bird, herald of
the dawn, that I promised in my prayers to thee.
But if he come possessing either more or less of
anything than he had then, I am released from my
promise.—But he came with a beard. If he himself
prayed for this as a thing dear to him, exact the
sacrifice from him who made the prayer.

25.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

When I bade farewell to Polemo I prayed for him
to return safe and sound to me, Apollo, promising a
sacrifice of a fowl. But Polemo came to me with a
hairy chin. No, Phoebus, I swear it by thyself, he
came not to me, but fled from me with cruel fleetness.
I no longer sacrifice the cock to thee. Think not to
cheat me, returning me for full ears empty chaff.
26.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἶ μοι σωζόμενος Πολέμων ὑπὸ ἑπεμποῦ ἀνέλθοι
<φοινίξεως βωμοῦς ὁμολόγησα τεοῦς>.
νῦν θ' αὐτῷ Πολέμων ἀνασώζεται: οὐκέτι ἄφικται,
Φοίβε, δασύς δ' ἥκων οὐκέτι σώος ἐμοι.
αὐτὸς ἵσως σκιάσαι γέννῃ εὔξατο: θυντώ αὐτός,
ἀντία ταίσιν ἐμαῖς ἐλπίσιν εὐξάμενος.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Σαῖς ἵκελον προὔπεμπον ἑγὼ Πολέμωνα παρεῖαίς,
ἡμέρηθη, θύσεων ὅρμων ὑποσχόμενος:
οὐ δέχομαι φθονεροῖς, Παιῶν, φρίσσοντα γενείοις,
τοιοῦτον τλήμων εἶνεκεν εὐξάμενος.
οὐδὲ μάτην τίλλεσθαι ἀναίτιον ὅρμων ἐοικεν,
ἡ συντιλλέσθω, Δήλε, καὶ Πολέμων.

28.—ΝΟΤΜΗΝΙΟΤ ΤΑΡΣΕΩΣ
Κύρος κύριος ἐστι· τί μοι μέλει, εἰ παρὰ γράμμα;  
οὐκ ἀναγινώσκω τὸν καλὸν, ἀλλὰ βλέπω.

29.—ἈΛΚΑΙΟΤ
Πρώταρχος καλὸς ἐστι, καὶ οὐ θέλει· ἀλλὰ θελήσει
ὑστεροῦ· ἡ δ' ὥρη λαμπάδ' ἔχουσα τρέχει.

30.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἡ κυνῆ, Νίκανδρε, δασύνεται: ἀλλὰ φύλαξαι,
μὴ σε καὶ ἡ πυγὴ ταῦτα παθοῦσα λάθη;
καὶ γνώσῃ φιλέόντος δόῃ σπάνις. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
τῆς ἀμετακλήτου φρόντισον ἥλικής.
STRATOS MUSA Puerilis

26.—By the Same

If the Polemo I parted from came back to me in safety, I promised to sacrifice to thee. But now Polemo is saved for himself. It is no longer he who has come back to me, Phoebus, and arriving with a beard, he is no longer saved for me. He perhaps prayed himself for his chin to be darkened. Let him then make the sacrifice himself, as he prayed for what was contrary to all my hopes.

27.—By the Same

When I saw Polemo off, his cheeks like thine, Apollo, I promised to sacrifice a fowl if he came back. I do not accept him now his spiteful cheeks are bristly. Luckless wretch that I was to make a vow for the sake of such a man! It is not fair for the innocent fowl to be plucked in vain, or let Polemo be plucked, too, Lord of Delos.

28.—Numenius of Tarsus

Cyrus is Lord (cyrius). What does it matter to me if he lacks a letter? I do not read the fair, I look on him.

29.—Alcaeus

Protarchus is fair and does not wish it; but later he will, and his youth races on holding a torch.¹

30.—By the Same

Your leg, Nicander, is getting hairy, but take care ne clunibus idem accidat. Then shall you know how rare lovers are. But even now reflect that youth is irrevocable.

¹ As in the torch race the torch was handed on by one racer to another, so is it with the light of youthful beauty.
31.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ

Ναὶ Θέμων, ἀκρίτοιον καὶ τὸ σκύφος ὃ σεσαλεύμασι,
Πάμφιλε, βαιός ἔχει τὸν σοῦ ἐρωτα χρόνος:
ὕδη γὰρ καὶ μηρὸς υπὸ τρίχα, καὶ γένος ἤβα,
καὶ Πόθος εἰς ἑτέρην λοιπὸν ἄγει μανίην.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε <σοι> σπινθήρος ἐτ’ ἱχνα βαιὰ λέειπται,
φειδωλὴν ἀπόδου. Καιρὸς Ὄρωτι φίλος.

32.—ΘΤΜΟΚΛΕΩΤΣ

Μέμνη ποι, μέμνη, ὅτε τοι ἐποὺ ἱερὸν εἶπον:
"Ὀρη κάλλιστον, χ’ ὄρη ἐλαφρότατον
ὁρὴν οὐδ’ ὁ τάχιστος ἐν αἰθέρι παρθάσαι ὀρυσ.
νῦν ἵδε, πάντ’ ἐπὶ γῆς ἄνθεα σεῦ κέχυται.

33.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

"Ἡν καλὸς Ἡράκλειτος, ὅτ’ ἦν ποτὲ νῦν δὲ παρ’ ἦβην
κηρύσσει πόλεμον δέρροι ὁπισθοβάταις.
ἀλλὰ, Πολυζευνίδι, τάδ’ ὀρῶν, μὴ γαύρα φρυάσσου
ἔστι καὶ ἐν γλυτοῖς φυσμένη Νέμεσις.

34.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Πρὸς τὸν παιδωρίβην Δημήτριον ἔχθες ἐδείπνουν,
πάντων ἀνθρώπων τὸν μακαριστότατον.
εῖς αὐτοῦ κατέκειθ’ υποκόλπιος, εἰς ὑπὲρ ὁμον,
εἰς ἐφερεν τὸ φαγεῖν, εἰς δὲ πιεῖν ἐδίδουν:
ἡ τετράς ἡ περίβλεπτος. ἐγὼ παίξων δὲ πρὸς αὐτὸν
φημὶ "Σὺ καὶ νύκτωρ, φίλτατε, παιδωρίβεις;"

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31.—PHANIAS

By Themis and the bowl of wine that made me totter, thy love, Pamphilus, has but a little time to last. Already thy thigh has hair on it and thy cheeks are downy, and Desire leads thee henceforth to another kind of passion. But now that some little vestiges of the spark are still left thee, put away thy parsimony. Opportunity is the friend of Love.

32.—THYMOCLES

Thou rememberest, I trust, thou rememberest the time when I spoke to thee the holy verse, “Beauty is fairest and beauty is nimblest.” Not the fleetest bird in the sky shall outstrip beauty. Look, now, how all thy blossoms are shed on the earth.

33.—MELEAGER

Heraclitus was fair, when there was a Heraclitus, but now that his prime is past, a screen of hide declares war on those who would scale the fortress. But, son of Polyxenus, seeing this, be not insolently haughty. It is not only on the cheeks that Nemesis grows.

34.—AUTOMEDON

Yesterday I supped with the boys’ trainer, Demetrius, the most blessed of all men. One lay on his lap, one stooped over his shoulder, one brought him the dishes, and another served him with drink—the admirable quartette. I said to him in fun, “Do you, my dear friend, train the boys at night too?”

1 Such were used in war to defend walls.
35.—ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΣ

Χαίρε ποτ' οὐκ εἰπόντα προσεύπέ τις: "Ἀλλ' ὁ περισσός κάλλει νῦν Δάμων οὐδὲ τὸ χαίρε λέγει. ἦξει τις τούτου χρόνος ἐκδίκος; εἰτα δασυνθεῖσ ἄρξῃ χαίρε λέγεισ οὐκ ἄποκρινομένοις."

36.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ ΑΔΡΑΜΥΤΗΝΟΤ

Νῦν αἰτεῖς, ὅτε λεπτὸς ὑπὸ κροτάφοισιν ζούλος ἔρπει καὶ μηροὶς ὅξυς ἐπεστὶ χυός· εἰτα λέγεις ""Ἡδιον ἐμοὶ τόδε." καὶ τίς ἄν εἴποι κρείσσονας αὔχμηρας ἀσταχύων καλάμας;

37.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Πυγὴν Σωσάρχου διέπλασεν Ἀμφιπολίτεω μυελίνην παιζὼν ὁ βροτολογός Ἔρως, Ζῆνα θέλων ἔρθιξαι, ὥθομεν τῶν Γανυμήδους μηρῶν οἱ τούτου πουλῦ μελιχρότεροι.

38.—ΡΙΑΝΟΤ

"Οραί σοι Χάριτέσ τε κατὰ γλυκὺ χεῦαν ἐλαιον, ὁ πυγά· κνῶσσειν δ' οὐδὲ γέροντας εἶς. λέξον μοι τίνος ἐσολ μάκαιρα τύ, καὶ τίνα παιδῶν κοσμεῖσ; ὁ πυγὰ δ' εἶπε: "Μενεκράτεος."

39.—ΔΑΗΛΟΝ

Ἐσβέσθη Νίκαινδρος, ἀπέπτατο πάν ἀπὸ χροῆς ἀνθός, καὶ χαρίτων λοιπὸν ἔτ' οὐδ' ὄνομα, διν πρὶν ἐν ἀθανάτοις ἐνομίζομεν. ἄλλα φρονεῖτε μηδὲν ὑπὲρ θητούσ, ὁ νέοι' εἰσι τρίχες.
STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

35.—DIOCLES

One thus addressed a boy who did not say good-day: "And so Damon, who excels in beauty, does not even say good-day now! A time will come that will take vengeance for this. Then, grown all rough and hairy, you will give good-day first to those who do not give it you back.

36.—ASCLEPIADES OF ADRAMYTTIUM

Now you offer yourself, when the tender bloom is advancing under your temples and there is a prickly down on your thighs. And then you say, "I prefer this." But who would say that the dry stubble is better than the eared corn?

37.—DIOSCORIDES

Love, the murderer of men, moulded soft as marrow the body of Sosarchus of Amphipolis in fun, wishing to irritate Zeus because his thighs are much more honeyed than those of Ganymede.

38.—RHIANUS

The Hours and Graces shed sweet oil on thee, and thou lettest not even old men sleep. Tell me whose thou art and which of the boys thou adornest. And the answer was, "Menecrates."

39.—ANONYMOUS

Nicander's light is out. All the bloom has left his complexion, and not even the name of charm survives, Nicander whom we once counted among the immortals. But, ye young men, let not your thoughts mount higher than beseems a mortal; there are such things as hairs.
40.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μη ἱδύσης, ἀνθρωπε, τὸ χλαῖνιον, ἀλλὰ θεώρει οὔτως ἀκρολίθου κἀμὲ τρόπον ξοσάνου.
γυμνὴν Ἀντιφίλου ζητῶν χάριν, ὡς ἐπ’ ἀκάνθαις εὐρήσεις ῥοδέαν φυομένην κάλυκα.

41.—ΜΕΛΕΙΑΡΩΤ

Οὐκέτι μοι Θήρων γράφεται καλὸς, οὐδ’ ὁ πυρανγής πρὸν ποτε, νῦν δ’ ἣδη δαλός, Ἀπολλόδοτος.
στέργῳ θῆλυν ἔρωτα· δασυτρόπγλων δὲ πίεσμα λασταύρων μελέτω ποιμέσιν αἰγοβάταις.

42.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Βλέψων ἐς Ἕρμογένην πλήρει χερί, καὶ τάχα πρήξεις παιδοκόραξ δὲν σοι θυμὸς ὁνειροποιέι,
καὶ στυγνὴν ὀφρύων λύσεις τάσιν· ἢν δ’ ἄληευν ὀρφανὸν ἀγκίστρον κύματι δοὺς κάλαμον,
ἐλέξεις ἐκ λιμένος πολλὴν δρόσου· οὐδὲ γὰρ αἰδώς οὐδ’ ἔλεος δαπάνῳ κάλλοπτι συντρέφεται.

43.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Ἐχθαΐρω τὸ ποίημα τὸ κυκλικόν, οὐδὲ κελεύθρον χαῦρον τις πολλοῦς ὅδε καὶ ἄδε φέρειν.
μισῶ καὶ περίφοιτον ἐρώμενον, οὐδ’ ἀπὸ κρήνης πῖνω· σιγχαίνω πάντα τὰ δημόσια.
Δυσανίσε, σὺ δὲ ναίχι καλὸς καλὸς· ἀλλὰ πρὶν εἰπεῖν ὅ τοῦτο σαφῶς, ἦχῳ φησὶ τις “Αλλος ἔχει.”

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40.—Anonymous

Take not off my cloak, Sir, but look on me even as if I were a draped statue with the extremities only of marble. If you wish to see the naked beauty of Antiphilus you will find the rose growing as if on thorns.

41.—Meleager

I do not count Thero fair any longer, nor Apollo-dotus, once gleaming like fire, but now already a burnt-out torch. I care for the love of women. Let it be for goat-mounting herds to press in their arms hairy minions.

42.—Dioscorides

When you look on Hermogenes, boy-vulture, have your hands full, and perhaps you will succeed in getting that of which your heart dreams, and will relax the melancholy contraction of your brow. But if you fish for him, committing to the waves a line devoid of a hook, you will pull plenty of water out of the harbour; for neither pity nor shame dwells with an extravagant cinaedus.

43.—Callimachus

I detest poems all about the same trite stories, and do not love a road that carries many this way and that. I hate, too, a beloved who is in circulation, and I do not drink from a fountain. All public things disgust me. Lysanias, yes indeed thou art fair, fair. But before I can say this clearly an echo says, “He is another’s.”

1 Echo would of course have answered ἔχει ἄλος τοῦ παῖς καλὸς.
44.—ΓΛΑΤΚΟΤ

"Ην οτε παιδᾶς ἔπειθε πᾶλαι ποτὲ δῶρα φιλεύντας ὀρτυξ, καὶ ραπτῆ σφαῖρα, καὶ ἄστραγαλον· νῦν δὲ λοπᾶς καὶ κέρμα· τὰ παιγνια δ’ οὐδὲν ἐκεῖνα ἱσχύει. ζητεῖτ’ ἄλλο τι, παιδοφίλαι.

45.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ

Ναὶ ναὶ βάλλετ’, "Ερωτες· ἐγὼ σκοπὸς εἰς ἀμα πολλοῖς κεῖμαι. μὴ φείσησθ’, ἄφρονες· ἢν γὰρ ἐμὲ νυκήσῃτ’, ὁνομαστοί ἐν ἀθανάτουσιν ἐσεσθε τοξόται, ὡς μεγάλης δεσπόται ἱοδόκης.

46.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Οὐκ εἰμ’ οὖδ’ ἐτέων δύο κεῖκοσί, καὶ κοπιῶ ζῶν. "Ερωτες, τί κακὸν τούτο; τί με φλέγετε; ἢν γὰρ ἐγὼ τι πάθω, τί ποιήσετε; δῆλον, "Ερωτες, ὡς τὸ πάρος παῖξεσθ’ ἄφρονες ἀστραγάλοις.

47.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ματρὸς έτ’ ἐν κόλποισιν ῥ νήπιοι όρθρινα παῖζων ἀστραγάλοις τούμον πνεῦμ’ ἐκύβευσεν "Ερως.

48.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Κεῖμαι· λὰς ἐπίβαινε κατ’ αὐχένος, ἀγρίε δἀμων. οἶδα σε, ναὶ μὰ θεοὺς, ναὶ 1 Βαρῦν ὄντα φέρειν· οἶδα καὶ ἐμπυρα τόξα. Βαλὼν δ’ ἐπ’ ἐμὴν φρένα πυρσοῦς, οὐ φλέξεις. ἢ διὶ πᾶσα γὰρ ἐστὶ τέρη.

1 I write ναὶ βαρῦν: καὶ βαρῦν MS.
STRATO'S MUSAE PUERILIS

44.—GLAUCUS

There was a time long, long ago, when boys who like presents were won by a quail, or a sewn ball, or knuckle-bones, but now they want rich dishes or money, and those playthings have no power. Search for something else, ye lovers of boys.

45.—POSIDIPPUS

Yea, yea, ye Loves, shoot. I alone stand here a target for many all at once. Spare me not, silly children; for if ye conquer me ye shall be famous among the immortals for your archery, as masters of a mighty quiver.

46.—ASCLEPIADES

I am not yet two and twenty, and life is a burden to me. Ye Loves, why thus maltreat me; why set me afire? For if I perish, what will you do? Clearly, Loves, you will play, silly children, at your knuckle-bones as before.

47.—MELEAGER

Love, the baby still in his mother's lap, playing at dice in the morning, played my soul away.

48.—BY THE SAME

I am down; set thy foot on my neck, fierce demon. I know thee, yea by the gods, yea heavy art thou to bear: I know, too, thy fiery arrows. But if thou set thy torch to my heart, thou shalt no longer burn it; already it is all ash.
Ζωροπότει, δύσερως, καὶ σοῦ φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
κοιμάσει λάθας δωροδότας Βρόμιος:
ζωροπότει, καὶ πλήρες ᾠφυσσίμενοι σκύφοι οἶνας,
ἐκκρούσσον στυγερὰν ἐκ κραδίας ὀδύναν.

50.—ἈΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Πῶν', Ἀσκληπιάδη τί τὰ δάκρυα ταῦτα; τί πάσχεις;
οὐ σὲ μόνον χαλεπὴ Κύπρις ἐλήφατο,
οὐδ' ἐπὶ σοὶ μούνῳ κατεθῆκατο τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
πικρὸς Ἕρως. τί ξῶν ἐν σποδῇ τίθεσαι;
πίνωμεν Βάκχου ξωρόν πόμα. δάκτυλος οὖς:
ἡ πάλι κοιμιστὰν λύχνῳ ἀδεὶν μένομεν;
πίνωμεν, δύσερως: 1 μετά τοι χρόνων οὐκετί ποιλῶν,
σχέτλε, τὴν μακρὰν νῦκτ' ἀναπαυσόμεθα.

51.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, Διοκλέος. οὐδ' Ἀχελώος
κείνου τών ιερῶν αἰσθάνεται κυάθων.
καλὸς ο παῖς, Ἀχελῦς, λίην καλὸς: εἰ δὲ τις οὐχὶ
φησίν—ἐπισταῖμην μοῦνοι ἑγὼ τὰ καλὰ.

52.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὗριος ἐμπνεύσας ναυτάς Νότος, ὃ δυσέρωτες,
ἡμιοῦ μεν ψυχᾶς ἀρπασεν Ἀνδράγαθον.

1 πίνωμεν δύσερως Kaibel: πίνωμεν οὐ γὰρ ἐρως MS.

1 cp. Bk. V. 136, imitated from this.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

49.—By the Same

Drink strong wine, thou unhappy lover, and Bacchus, the giver of forgetfulness, shall send to sleep the flame of thy love for the lad. Drink, and draining the cup full of the vine-juice drive out abhorred pain from thy heart.

50.—Asclepiades

Drink, Asclepiades. Why these tears? What aileth thee? Not thee alone hath cruel Cypris taken captive; not for thee alone hath bitter Love sharpened his arrows. Why whilst yet alive dost thou lie in the dust? Let us quaff the unmixed drink of Bacchus. The day is but a finger's breadth. Shall we wait to see again the lamp that bids us to bed? Let us drink, woeful lover. It is not far away now, poor wretch, the time when we shall rest through the long night.

51.—Callimachus

To the Cup-bearer

Pour in the wine and again say “To Diocles,” nor does Achelous touch the ladlefuls hallowed to him. Beautiful is the boy, Achelous, passing beautiful; and if any say “Nay”—let me alone know what beauty is.

52.—Meleager

The South Wind, blowing fair for sailors, O ye who are sick for love, has carried off Andragathus, my

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2 The river, used for water in general; but I confess to not understanding the reference to Achelous in l. 3. Perhaps it means “Ye water-drinkers.”
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

53.—TOY AYTOY

Εὖφορτοι νἀσε πελαγιτίδες, αἳ πόρον Ἑλλῆς πλείτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι Βορέην, ήν που ἐπ᾽ ἱύωνων Κώαν κατὰ νάσων ἤδητε Φανίον εἰς χαροτὸν δερκομέναν πέλαγος, τοῦτ᾽ ἔπος ἀγγείλατε, καλαὶ νέες, ὡς μὲ κομίζει ἵμερος οὐ ναῦταν, ποσοὶ δὲ πεζόπορον. 
εἰ γὰρ τούτ᾽ εἴποιτ᾽, εὐάγγελοι, 1 αὐτῖκα καὶ Ζεὺς οὐρίος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς θόνας.

54.—TOY AYTOY

'Ἀρνεῖταί τὸν Ἔρωτα τεκεῖν ἡ Κύπρις, ἱδοὺ σα άλλον ἐν ἤθεοις Ἰμερον Ἀντίοχον. ἀλλά, νέοι, στέργνοτε νέον Πόδον. ἤ γὰρ ὁ κοῦρος εὐρηται κρείσσων οὔτος Ἐρωτος Ἔρως.

55.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἰ ὡς ΑΡΤΕΜΙΩΝΟΣ

Ἀκτοίδη, σὺ μὲν ἔσχες ἀλάρρυτον αὖχένα Δήλου, κοῦρε Δίως μεγάλου, θέσφατα πᾶσι λέγων. Κεκροπίαν δ᾽ Ἐχέδημος, ὁ δεύτερος Ἀτθίδι Φοῖβος, ὁ δ καλὸν ἀβροκόμης ἀνθος ἔλαμψεν Ἐρως. ἢ δ᾽ ἀνὰ κῆμ᾽ ἄρξασα καὶ ἐν χθονὶ πατρὶς Ἄθηνη νῦν κάλλει δούλην Ἑλλάδι ὑπηγάγετο. 5

1 εὐάγγελοι Piccolos: ὡ τέλοι MS. with a space after ὡ
soul's half. Thrice happy the ships, thrice fortunate
the waves of the sea, and four times blessed the
wind that bears the boy. Would I were a dolphin
that, carried on my shoulders, he could cross the
seas to look on Rhodes, the home of sweet lads.

53.—By the Same

Richly loaded ocean ships that sail down the
Hellespont, taking to your bosoms the good North
Wind, if haply ye see on the beach of Cos Phanion
gazing at the blue sea, give her this message, good
ships, that Desire carries me there not on shipboard,
but faring on my feet.¹ For if you tell her this, ye
bearers of good tidings, straight shall Zeus also
breathe the gale of his favour into your sails.

54.—By the Same

Cypris denies that she gave birth to Love now
that she sees Antiochus among the young men, a
second Love. But, ye young men, love this new
Love; for of a truth this boy has proved to be a
Love better than Love.

55.—Anonymous, or some say by Artemon

Child of Leto, son of Zeus the great, who utterest
oracles to all men, thou art lord of the sea-girt height
of Delos; but the lord of the land of Cecrops is
Echedemus, a second Attic Phoebus whom soft-haired
Love lit with lovely bloom. And his city Athens,
once mistress of the sea and land, now has made all
Greece her slave by beauty.

¹ I think we must understand that he actually contem-
plated coming to Cos (or rather to the coast opposite) by
land.
Εἰκόνα μὲν Παρὶς ἥωγλύφος ἅννος Ἰρωτὸς
Πραξίτελης, Κύπρεος παιδα τυπωσάμενος,
νῦν δ’ ὁ θεὸν κάλλιστος Ἰρως ἔμψυχον ἀγαλμα,
αὐτὸν ἀπεικονίσας, ἐπλασε Πραξίτελην
ὀρφ’ ὁ μὲν ἐν θνατοῖς, ὁ δὲ ἐν αἴθερι φίλτρα βραβεύῃ, ὅ
γῆς θ’ ἁμα καὶ μακάρων σκηντροφορῶσι πόθοι.
ὁμβίστη Μερόπων ἵερα πόλις, ἃ θεόπαιδα
καίνον Ἰρωτα νέων θρέψειν ύφαγεμόνα.

57.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πραξίτελης ὁ πάλαι ἥωγλύφος ἀβρόν ἀγαλμα
ἀψυχον, μορφάς κωφὸν ἐτευξε τύπον,
πέτρον ἐνειδοφορῶν· ὁ δὲ νῦν, ἐμψυχα μαγεύων,
τὸν τριπανούργον Ἰρωτ’ ἐπλασεν ἐν κραδία.
ἡ τάχα τούνομ’ ἔχει ταυτὸν μόνον, ἔργα δὲ κρέσσων,
οὐ λίθου, ἄλλα φρευνὸν πνεῦμα μεταρρυθμίας.
Ἰλαος πλάσσει τὸν ἐμὸν τρόπον, ὄφρα τυπώσας
ἐντὸς ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ναδῦ Ἐρωτος ἔχῃ.

58.—ΠΙΑΝΟΤ
‘Η Τροίζην ἀγαθῆ κουροτρόφος· οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτως
ἀνίσας παιδῶν οὐδὲ τὸν ὑστάτιον.
τόσσον δ’ Ἰμπεδοκλῆς φανερώτερος, ὄσσον ἐν ἄλλοις
ἀνθθεῖν εἰαρνοῖς καλὸν ἐλαμψε ρόδου.
56.—MELEAGER

Praxiteles the sculptor wrought a statue of Love in Parian marble, fashioning the son of Cypris. But now Love, the fairest of the gods, making his own image, hath moulded Praxiteles, a living statue, so that the one amid mortals and the other in heaven may be the dispenser of love-charms, and a Love may wield the sceptre on earth as among the immortals. Most blessed the holy city of the Meropes,¹ which nurtured a new Love, son of a god, to be the prince of the young men.

57.—BY THE SAME

Praxiteles the sculptor of old time wrought a delicate image, but lifeless, the dumb counterfeit of beauty, endowing the stone with form; but this Praxiteles of to-day, creator of living beings by his magic, hath moulded in my heart Love, the rogue of rogues. Perchance, indeed, his name only is the same, but his works are better, since he hath transformed no stone, but the spirit of the mind. Graciously may he mould my character, that when he has formed it he may have within me a temple of Love, even my soul.

58.—RHIANUS

Troæzen is a good nurse; thou shalt not err if thou praisest even the last of her boys. But Empe-docles excels all in brilliance as much as the lovely rose outshines the other flowers of spring.

¹ Cos.
59.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Αβρούς, ναὶ τὸν Ἐρωτα, τρέφει Τύρος: ἀλλὰ Μυτίκος ἔσβησεν ἐκλάμψας ἀστέρας ἥλιος.

60.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἡν ἐνίδω Θήρωνα, τὰ πάνθ' ὅρῳ· ἦν δὲ τὰ πάντα βλέψω, τόνδε δὲ μή, τάμπαλιν οὐδὲν ὅρῳ.

61.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Ἄθρευ· μὴ διὰ παντὸς ὅλων κατάτηκ'. Ἀρίβαζε, τὰν Κνίδου· ἃ πέτρα θρυπτομένα φέρεται.

62.—ΑΛΛΟ
Ματέρες αἱ Περσῶν, καλὰ μὲν καλὰ τέκνα τέκεσθε· ἀλλ' Ἀρίβαζος ἐμοὶ κάλλιον ἢ τὸ καλὸν.

63.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Συγὼν Ἡράκλειτος ἐν ὄμμασι τούτ' ἔπος αὐτά: "Καὶ Ζηνὸς φλέξω πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλον." ναὶ μὴν καὶ Διόδωρος ἐνὶ στέρνοις τὸδε φωνέι: "Καὶ πέτρον τῆκω χρωτὶ χλωινόμενον." δυστανος, παῖδων δὲ ἔδεξετο τοῦ μὲν ἀπ' ὅσσων λαμπάδα, τοῦ δὲ πόδως τυφόμενου γλυκὺ πῦρ.

64.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ
Ζεὺς Πλησὶς μεδέων, Πειθήνορα, δεύτερου νὰ Κύπριδος, αἰπεινῷ στέψου ὑπὸ Κρονίῳ.
59.—MELEAGER

Delicate children, so help me Love, doth Tyre nurture, but Myiscus is the sun that, when his light bursts forth, quenches the stars.

60.—By the Same

If I see Thero, I see everything, but if I see everything and no Thero, I again see nothing.

61.—Anonymous

Look! consume not all Cnidos utterly, Aribazus; the very stone is softened and is vanishing.

62.—Anonymous

Ye Persian mothers, beautiful, yea beautiful are the children ye bear, but Aribazus is to me a thing more beautiful than beauty.

63.—MELEAGER

Heraclitus in silence speaks thus from his eyes: "I shall set aflame even the fire of the bolts of Zeus." Yea, verily, and from the bosom of Diodorus comes this voice: "I melt even stone warmed by my body's touch." Unhappy he who has received a torch from the eyes of the one, and from the other a sweet fire smouldering with desire.

64.—ALCAEUS

Zeus, Lord of Pisa, crown under the steep hill of Cronos 1 Peithenor, the second son of Cypris. And,

1 At Olympia.
65.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰ Ζεὺς κεῖνος ἔτ᾿ ἐστίν, ὁ καὶ Γαυμύηδεσ ἀκμήν ἀρπάξας, ἢν ἔχῃ νέκταρος οἴνοχόν, κήμοι τὸν καλὸν ἐστὶν <ἐνί> σπλαγχνοις Μυίκου κρύπτειν, μη με λάθη παιδὶ βαλὸν πτέρυγας.

66.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κρίνατ', Ἐρωτες, ο παῖς τίνος ἄξιος. εἰ μὲν ἀληθῶς ἄθανάτων, ἐχέτω. Ζανὶ γὰρ οὐ μάχομαι. εἰ δὲ τι καὶ θνατοῖς ὑπολείπεται, εἴπατ', Ἐρωτες, Δωρόθεος τίνος ἤν, καὶ τίνι νῦν δέδοται. ἐν φανερῷ φωνεῖσθιν ἐμῇ χάρις.—ἄλλῃ ἀποχρεῖ. μὴ ἵματι πρὸς τὸ καλὸν καὶ σὺ μάταια φέρῃ.

67.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλὸν οὐχ ὀρῶ Διονύσιον. ἄρα γὰρ ἀναρθεῖς, Ζεῦ πάτερ, <ἀθανάτους> δεύτερος οἴνοχοι; αἰετέ, τὸν χαρίεντα, ποτὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ τινάξας, πῶς ἐφερες; μή που κυίσματ’ ὄνυξιν ἔχει;

68.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐκ ἐθέλω Χαρίδαμον· ὁ γὰρ καλὸς εἰς Δία λέσσετε, ὥσ ἂν ἐστι νέκταρ τῷ θεῷ οἴνοχον.

1 I take the last line to be addressed to the boy, Dorotheus, who would not abide by the verdict of the Loves, but this
Lord, I pray thee become no eagle on high to seize him for thy cup-bearer in place of the fair Trojan boy. If ever I have brought thee a gift from the Muses that was dear to thee, grant that the god-like boy may be of one mind with me.

65.—MELEAGER

If Zeus still be he who stole Ganymede in his prime that he might have a cup-bearer of the nectar, I, too, may hide lovely Myiscus in my heart, lest before I know it he swoop on the boy with his wings.

66.—ANONYMOUS

Judge, ye Loves, of whom the boy is worthy. If truly of the god, let him have him, for I do not contend with Zeus. But if there is something left for mortals too, say, Loves, whose was Dorotheus and to whom is he now given. Openly they call out that they are in my favour; but he departs. I trust that thou, too, mayst not be attracted to beauty in vain.¹

67.—ANONYMOUS

I see not lovely Dionysius. Has he been taken up to heaven, Father Zeus, to be the second cup-bearer of the immortals? Tell me, eagle, when thy wings beat rapidly over him, how didst thou carry the pretty boy? has he marks from thy claws?

68.—MELEAGER

I wish not Charidemus to be mine; for the fair boy looks to Zeus, as if already serving the god with line is corrupt, and the whole is rather obscure. There was evidently a terrestrial rival in addition to Zeus.
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οὐκ ἔθελω· τί δὲ μοι τὸν ἐπουρανίων βασιλῆα
ἀνταθλον νίκης τῆς εὖ ἐρωτὶ λαβεῖν;
ἀρκοῦμαι δ', ἢν μοῦνον ὁ παῖς ἀνίων ἐς "Ολυμπον,
ἐκ γῆς νῆπτα ποδῶν δάκρυα τὰμὰ λάβη,
μναμόσυνον στοργῆς· γλυκιν δ' ὀμμασι νεῦμα δύνχρον
dοῖη, καὶ τι φίλημ' ἀρπάσαι ἀκροθυγές.
tάλλα δὲ πάντ' ἑχέτω Ζεὺς, ὡς θέμις· εἰ δ' ἔθελήσωι,
ἡ τάχα που κήγῳ γεύσομαι ἀμβροσίας.

69.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζεὺς, προτέρω τέρπου Γανυμήδει; τὸν δ' ἐμὸν, ὀναξι,
Δέξανδρον δέρκειν τηλόθεν· οὐ φθονέω.
eἰ δὲ βίῃ τὸν καλὸν ἀποίσεαι, οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτῶς
dεσπόζεις; ἀπίτω καὶ τὸ βιοῦν ἐπὶ σοῦ.

70.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Στήσωμ' ἐγὼ καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐναντίον, εἰ σε, Μυῖσκε,
ἀρπάζειν θέλοι νέκταρος οἰνοχόου.
καίτου πολλάκις αὐτός ἐμοὶ τάδ' ἐλεξε: "Τί ταρβεῖς;
"οὐ σε βαλὼ ζήλους· οἴδα παθῶν ἐλεεῖν." 
χω μὲν δὴ τάδε φησίν· ἐγὼ δ', ἢν μνία παραπτῆ,
tαρβῶ μὴ ψεύστῃς Ζεὺς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ γέγονεν.

71.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Θεσσαλίκε Κλεώνικε τάλαν, τάλαν· οὐ μὰ τὸν ὄξυν
ἡλιον, οὐκ ἔγνων· σχέτλιε, ποῦ γέγονας;
ὀστέα σοι καὶ μοῦνον ἐτι τρίχες. ἦ ρά σε δαίμων
οὐμος ἔχει, χαλεπῆ δ' ἢντεο θευμορίη;
nectar. I wish it not. What profits it me to have
the king of heaven as a competitor for victory in
love? I am content if only the boy, as he mounts
to Olympus, take from earth my tears to wash his feet
in memory of my love; and could he but give me
one sweet, melting glance and let our lips just meet
as I snatch one kiss! Let Zeus have all the rest,
as is right; but yet, if he were willing, perchance I,
too, should taste ambrosia.

69.—Anonymous

Take thy delight, Zeus, with thy former Ganymede,
and look from afar, O King, on my Dexandrus. I
grudge it not. But if thou carriest away the fair boy
by force, no longer is thy tyranny supportable. Let
even life go if I must live under thy rule.

70.—Meleager

I will stand up even against Zeus if he would
snatch thee from me, Myiscus, to pour out the nectar
for him. And yet Zeus often told me himself, “What
dost thou dread? I will not smite thee with jealousy;
I have learnt to pity, for myself I have suffered.”
That is what he says, but I, if even a fly¹ buzz past,
am in dread lest Zeus prove a liar in my case.

71.—Callimachus

Thessalian Cleonicus, poor wretch, poor wretch!
By the piercing sun I did not know you, man. Where
have you been? You are nothing but hair and bone.
Can it be that my evil spirit besets you, and you
have met with a cruel stroke from heaven? I see it;
i.e. no eagle, but a fly.

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72.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

"Ἡδη μὲν γλυκὸς ὀρθρός: οὐ δὲ ἐν προβύρωσιν ἀὕπνωσ
Δάμως ἀποψύχει πνεῦμα τὸ λειφθὲν ἐτι,
σχέτλως, Ἡράκλειτον ἵδων: ἡςτή γὰρ ὑπ’ αὐγάς
ὀφθαλμῶν, βληθεὶς κηρὸς ἐς ἀνθρακινή.
αλλὰ μοι ἐγρευο, Δὰμω δυσόμορο: καῦτος Ἕρωτος
ἐλκοσ ἔχων ἐπὶ σοῖς διάκρυσι δακρυχέω.

73.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Ἡμισὺ μεν ψυχῆς ἐτι τὸ πνέον, ἦμισὺ δ’ οὐκ οἶδ’
ἐτ’ Ἐρως ἐτ’ Ἀίδης ἦρπας: πλὴν ἄφανες.
ἡ ρά τιν’ ἐσ παῖδων πάλιν φίλτο; καὶ μὲν ἀπείπον
πολλάκι: "Τὴν δρήστιν μὴ υποδέχεσθε, νέοι.”
Τ’ιικισω δίφησον’ ἐκεῖσε γὰρ ἡ λιθόλευστος
κείνη καὶ δύσερως οἶδ’ ὅτι που στρέφεται.

74.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ἡν τι πάθω, Κλεόβουλε, (τὸ γὰρ πλέον ἐν πυρὶ
παῖδων
βαλλόμενος κεῖμαι λείψανον ἐν σποδιῇ’)
λισσομαι, ἀκρήτῳ μέθυσον, πρὶν ὑπὸ χθόνα θέσθαι,
κάλπην, ἐπιγάρψας "Δῶρον Ἐρως Ἀίδη.”

75.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Εἰ πτερά σοι προσέκειτο, καὶ ἐν χερὶ τόξα καὶ ὅλι,
οὐκ ἀν Ἐρως ἐγράφη Κύπριδος, ἀλλὰ σὺ, παῖς.
1 δίφησον Schneider: νιφησον· MS. The remainder cannot be restored. A proper name must have stood here.
Euxitheus has run away with you. Yes, when you came here, you rascal, you were looking at the beauty with both eyes.

72.—MELEAGER

Sweet dawn has come, and lying sleepless in the porch Damis is breathing out the little breath he has left, poor wretch, all for having looked on Heraclitus; for he stood under the rays of his eyes like wax thrown on burning coals. But come, awake, all luckless Damis! I myself bear Love’s wound, and shed tears for thy tears.

73.—CALLIMACHUS

It is but the half of my soul that still breathes, and for the other half I know not if it be Love or Death that hath seized on it, only it is gone. Is it off again to one of the lads? And yet I told them often, “Receive not, ye young men, the runaway.” Seek for it at ***, for I know it is somewhere there that the gallows-bird,\(^1\) the love-lorn, is loitering.

74.—MELEAGER

If I perish, Cleobulus (for cast, nigh all of me, into the flame of lads’ love, I lie, a burnt remnant, in the ashes), I pray thee make the urn drunk with wine ere thou lay it in earth, writing thereon, “Love’s gift to Death.”

75.—ASCLEPIADES

If thou hadst wings on thy back, and a bow and arrows in thy hand, not Love but thou wouldst be described as the son of Cypris.

\(^1\) Literally, “who deserves to be stoned to death.”
76.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Εἰ μὴ τὸξον Ἐρως, μηδὲ πτερά, μηδὲ φαρέτραν, 
μηδὲ πυριβλήτους εἴχε πόθων ἀκίδας,
οὐκ, αὐτὸν τὸν πτανὸν ἑπόμνυμαι, αὖποτ' ἂν ἐγνως 
ἐκ μορφᾶς τὸν ἐφι Ζωίλος ἡ τίς Ἐρως.

77.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ Ἡ ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Εἰ καθύπερθε λάβοις χρύσεα πτερά, καὶ σεν ἀπ'
ἄμων 
teίνοιτ' ἀργυρῶν ἰοδόκος φαρέτρῃ,
καὶ σταῖς παρ' Ἐρωτα, φίλ', ἀγλαόν, οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἐρμῆν,
οὔδ' αὐτὴ Κύπρις γνώσεται ὅν τέτοκεν.

78.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Εἰ χλαμύδι εἴχεν Ἐρως, καὶ μὴ πτερά, μηδ' ἐπὶ νότων 
tόξα τε καλ.φαρέτραν, ἀλλ' ἐφόρει πέτασον, 
ναί, τὸν γαύρον ἐφηβοῦν ἑπόμνυμαι, Ἀντίοχος μὲν ἦν ἂν Ἐρως, ὁ δ' Ἐρως τάμπαλιν Ἀντίοχος.

79.—ΑΔΗΔΟΝ
Ἀντὶπατρὸς μ' ἐφίλησ' ἦδη λήγοντος ἔρωτος, 
kαὶ πάλιν ἐκ ψυχρῆς πῦρ ἀνέκαυσε τέφρης· 
dις δὲ μηδ' ἂκων ἑτυχὸν φλογός. ὁ δυσέρωτε, 
φεῦγετε, μὴ πρήσω τοὺς πέλας ἄψαμενος.

80.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε, τί σοι τὸ πεπανθὲν Ἐρωτός 
τραύμα διὰ σπλάγχνων αὐθίς ἀναφλέγεται;
STRATO’S MUSA Puerilis

76.—MELEAGER

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

77.—ASCLEPIADES or POSIDIPPUS

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

78.—MELEAGER

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

79.—ANONYMOUS

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

80.—MELEAGER

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

¹ The chlamys and petasus (a broad-brimmed hat) were the costume of the ephelbi (youths of seventeen to twenty).
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μή, μή, πρὸς σὲ Δίος, μή, πρὸς Δίος, ὁ φιλάθουλε,
κυνήγης τέφρη πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον.
αὐτίκα γὰρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἴ σε φυγοῦσαν ὅ
λήψετ' Ὁρώς, εὑρὼν δραπέτων αἰκίσεται.

81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψυχαπάται δυσέρωτες, ὅσοι φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
οὐδατε, τοῦ πικροῦ γευσάμενοι μέλιτος,
ψυχρὸν ὑδρόν ἄνηψαι, ὑψχρόν, τάχος, ἀρτι τακείσης
ἐκ χιόνων τῇ μὴ χείτε περὶ κραδίη.
ἡ γὰρ ἱδείν ἐτλην Διούσιον. ἀλλ', ὁμόδουλοι,
πρὶν ψαύσαι σπλάγχνων, πῦρ ἀπ' ἑμεῦ σβέσατε.

82.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Εσπευδὸν τὸν Ἡρώτα φυγεῖν' ὅ δὲ βαιῶν ἀνάψας
φανῖον ἐκ τέφρης, εὐρέ με κρυπτόμενον·
κυκλώσας δ' οὐ τόξα, χερὸς δ' ἀκρώνυχα δισόν,
κυίσμα πυρὸς θραύσας, εἰς μὲ λαθῶν ἐβαλεν·
ἐκ δὲ φλόγες πάντη μοι ἐπέδραμον. ὁ βραχῦ
φέγγος
λάμψαν ἐμοὶ μέγα πῦρ, Φανῖον, ἐν κραδίᾳ.

83.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μ' ἔστρωσεν Ἡρώς τοξοῖς, οὐ λαμπάδ' ἀνάψας,
ὡς πάρος, αἰδομένας θηκεν ὑπὸ κραδία·
σύγκωμον δὲ Πόθοισι φέρων Κύπριδος μυροφεγγῆς
φανῖον, ἀκρον ἐμοῖς ὀμμασὶ πῦρ ἐβαλεν·
ἐκ δὲ με φέγγος ἐγείση· τὸ δὲ βραχῦ φανῖον ὁθὴν ὅ
πῦρ ψυχῆς τῇ μὴ καιόμενον κραδίᾳ.

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

81.—By the Same

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

82.—By the Same

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

83.—By the Same

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

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

Ὁ νθρώποι, βοθείτε· τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀρτι μὲ πρωτόπλουν ἱχνος ἐρείδομεν 
ἐλκει τῷ δ' ὁ βίαιος Ἔρως· φλόγα δ' οἶα προφαινόν παιδὸς ἔπεστρέφετει κάλλος ἔραστον ἰδεῖν. 
βαίνω δ' ἱχνος ἐπ' ἱχνος, ἐν ἀέρι δ' ἦδυ τυπωθέν 
εἴδος αφαρπάξων κείλεσιν ἦδυ φιλῶ. 
ἀρά γε τὴν πικρὰν προφυγὼν ἅλα, πουλύ τι κεῖνης 
πικρότερον χέρσω κῦμα περῶ Κύπριδος.

85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἶνοπόται δέξασθε τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς, ἀμα πόντον 
καὶ κλώπας προφυγόντ', ἐν χθονὶ δ' ὀλλύμενον. 
ἀρτι γὰρ ἐκ κηνὸς μὲ μόνων πόδα θέντ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν 
ἀγρεύσας ἐλκει τῷ δ' ὁ βίαιος Ἔρως, 
ἐνθάδ' ὅπου τὸν παιδά διαστείχοντ' ἐνόησα: 
αὐτομάτοις δ' ἀκον ποσσὶ ταχὺς φέρομαι. 
κωμάξω δ' οὐκ οἶνον ὑπὸ φρένα, πῦρ δὲ γεμισθεῖσι. 
ἀλλὰ φίλοι, ξείνοι, βαιων ἐπαρκέσατε, 
ἀρκέσατ', δ' ξείνοι, κἀμε Ξείνου πρὸς Ἐρωτός 
δέξασθ' ὀλλύμενον τὸν φιλίας ἱκέτην.

86.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Α Κύπρις θήλεια γυναικομανή φλόγα βάλλει' 
ἀρσενα δ' αὐτὸς Ἔρως ἵμερον ἀνιοχεῖ. 
πο' δέξω; ποτὶ παῖδ' ἡ ματέρα; φαμι δὲ καῦταν 
Κύπριν ἐρείν. "Νικᾶ τὸ θρασὺ παιδάριον."

1 I conjecture ἐπιστρέψεν and render so.
84.—By the Same

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

85.—By the Same

Receive me, ye carousers, the newly landed, escaped from the sea and from robbers, but perishing on land. For now just as, leaving the ship, I had but set my foot on the earth, violent Love caught me and drags me here, here where I saw the boy go through the gate; and albeit I would not I am borne hither swiftly by my feet moving of their own will. I come thus as a reveller filled with fire about my spirit, not with wine. But, dear strangers, help me a little, help me, strangers, and for the sake of Love the Hospitable\(^1\) receive me who, nigh to death, supplicate for friendship.

86.—By the Same

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

\(^1\) The title \textit{Xenius} (Protector of strangers) was proper to Zeus. Meleager transfers it to Love.
87.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τλήμου Ἑρως, οὐ θῆλυν ἐμοὶ πόθον, ἀλλὰ τιν' αἰεὶ δινεύεις στεροπὴν καύματος ἀρσενικοῦ.
ἀλλ` οὔτε γὰρ Δήμων πυρούμενος, οὐκ οὖν λεύσσων Ἰσμηνῖν, δολίχοις αιεὶν ἔχω καμάτους.
οὐ μούνοις δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι δεδόρκαμεν ἀλλ' ἐπιπάντων ἄρκυςι ποιλμανὴν κανθὸν ἐφελκόμεθα.

88.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δισσαὶ μὲ τρύχουσι κατανύζοντες ἐρωτες,
Εὔμαχε, καὶ δισσαὶς ἐνδέδεμαι μανίαις.
ἡ μὲν ἔπ. Ἀσάνδρου κλίνω δέμας, ἢ δὲ πίλων μοι ὀφθαλμὸς νευεῖ Τηλέφου ὀξύτερος.
τρήσατ', ἐμοὶ τοῦθ' ἡδὺ, καὶ εἰς πλάστη γα δικαίην νειμάμενοι, κλήρῳ τὰμὰ φέρεσθε μέλη.

89.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κύπρι, τί μοι τρισσοῦς ἐφ' ἐνα σκοπὸν ἡλασάς ἱοὺς,
ἐν δὲ μὴ ψυχῇ τρισσά πέτηγε βέλη;
καὶ τῇ μὲν φλέγομαι, τῇ δ' ἐλκομαι. ἦ δ' ἀπονεύσω,
διστάζω, λάβρῳ δ' ἐν πυρὶ πᾶς φλέγομαι.

90.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐκ ἐρ. πεπάλαικα πόθοις τρισίν, εἰς μὲν ἐταίρης,
εῖς δὲ μὲ παρδευκῆς, εἰς δὲ μ' ἐκαυσε νέους καὶ κατὰ πᾶν ἱληγῆ. γεγύμνασμαι μὲν, ἐταίρης πείθων τὰς ἐχθρὰς ούδὲν ἔχοντι θύρας.
87.—Anonymous

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

88.—Anonymous

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

89.—Anonymous

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

90.—Anonymous

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

Δισσος Ἕρως αἰθεί ψυχήν μίαν. Ὡ τὰ περισσά ὀφθαλμοὶ πάντη πάντα κατοσσόμενοι, εἴδετε τὸν χρυσάριον περὶσκεπτὸν χαρίτεσσιν Ἀντίοχον, λυπαρῶν ἀνθειμον ηθέων. ἀρκείτω τί τὸν ἠδύν ἐπηνιγάσσασθε καὶ ἁβρὸν Στασικράτη, Παφίς ἐρνος ιοστεφάνου, καὶ εἴσθε, τρύχεσθε, καταφλέγχητε ποτ’ ἤδη οἱ δύο γὰρ ψυχῆν οὐκ ἂν ἔλοιπε μίαν.

92.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ω προδόται ψυχῆς, παῖδων κύνες, αἰὲν ἐν ἰξὺ Κύπριος ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέμματα χρῖμενοι, ἡμπόταστ' ἄλλου 'Ἐρωτ', ἀρνεῖς λύκου, οἰα κορώνη σκορπίον, ὡς τέφρη πῦρ ὑποθαλπόμενον. δραθ' οὐ καὶ βούλεσθε. τί μοι νεοντισμένα χείτε δάκρυα, πρὸς δ' 'Ικέτην αὐτομολεῖτε τάχος; ὁπτάσθ' ἐν κάλλει, τύφεσθ' ὑποκαύσει νῦν, ἀκρος ἐπεὶ ψυχῆς ἐστὶ μάγειρος Ἕρως.

93.—ΡΙΑΝΟΤ

Οἱ παῖδες λαβύρινθος ἀνέξοδος, ἢ γὰρ ἄν ὄμμα ῥίψης, ὡς ἰξὺ τούτο προσαμπέχεται.

1 This seems to be the meaning; had he wished to say he had kissed her once only he must have used the aorist.
him who has nothing, and again ever sleepless I make
my bed on the girl's couch, giving the child but one
thing and that most desirable, kisses. Alack! how
shall I tell of the third flame? For from that I have
gained naught but glances and empty hopes.

91.—POLYSTRATUS

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

92.—MELEAGER

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

93.—RHIANUS

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

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

Τερπνός μὲν Δίόδωρος, ἐν ὁμμασί δΓ ‘Ηράκλειτος, ἢδυετής δὲ Δίων, ὁσφύι δ’ Οὐλιάδης.

ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν ψαύοις ἀπαλόχροος, φ’ δὲ, Φιλόκλεις,

ἐμβλεπε, τῷ δὲ λάλει, τὸν δὲ . . . τὸ λειπόμενον

ὡς γυνὸς ὁίς ἐμὸς νόος ἄφθονος; ἤν δὲ Μυίσκη

λίχνος ἑπιβλέψῃς, μηκὸτ’ ἰδοις τὸ καλὸν.

95.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ σε Πόθοι στέργουσι, Φιλόκλεες, ἣ τε μυρόπνους

Πειθό, καὶ κάλλεος ἀνθολόγοι Χάριτες,

ἀγκάς ἐχοις Διόδωρον, ὃ δὲ γυλκύς ἀντίος ἄδοι

Δωρόθεος, κείσθω δ’ εἰς γόνυ Καλλικράτης,

ἰανοὶ δὲ Δίων τὸδ’ ἐυστοχοῦν ἐν χερὶ τεῖνον

σὸν κέρας, Οὐλιάδης δ’ αὐτὸ περισκυθίσαι,

δοῖν δ’ ἢδυ φίλημα Φιλῶν, Θήρων δὲ λαλήσαι,

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

94.—MELEAGER

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

95.—By the Same

Philocles, if thou art beloved by the Loves and sweet-breathed Peitho, and the Graces that gather a nosegay of beauty, mayst thou have thy arm round Diodorus, may sweet Dorotheus stand before thee and sing, may Callicrates lie on thy knee, istud jaculandi peritum cornu in manu tendens calefaciat Dio, decorticet Uliades, det dulce osculum Philo, Thero garriat, et premas Eudemi papillam sub chlamyde.
ei γάρ σοι τάδε τερπνά πόροι θεός, ὥ μάκαρ, οίαν ἄρτύσεις παιδών Ρωμαϊκὴν λοπάδα.

96.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Οὖτι μάταν θνατοῦσι φάτις τοιάδε βοῶται,
ὡς "οὐ πάντα θεοὶ πᾶσιν ἐδωκαν ἔχειν."
εἴδος μὲν γὰρ ἄμωμον, ἐπὶ ὄμμασι δ᾽ ἡ περίσσαμος
αιδώς, καὶ στέρμως ἀμφιτέθαλε χάρις,
οὐσι καὶ ἱδέοις ἐπιδιάμνασαι· ἀλλ᾽ ἐπὶ τοσοῦ
οὐκὲτι τὰν αὐτὰν δῶκαν ἔχειν σε χάριν.
πλὴν κρητὶς κρύψει ποδὸς ἵχμων, ὄγαθὲ Πύρρε,
κάλλει δὲ σφετέρῳ τέρψει ἀγαλλόμενον.

97.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Ἑυπάλαμος ἕανθὼν μὲν ἐρεύθεται, ἵσον Ἔρωτι,
μέσφα ποτὶ Κρητῶν ποιμένα Μηριόνην·
ἐκ δὲ νυ Μηριόνεω Ποδαλείριος οὐκὲτ' ἐσ Ἡώ
νεῖται· ἂδ ὡς φθονερὰ παγγενέτειρα φύσις.
εἰ γὰρ τῷ τά τ᾽ ἐνερθε τά θ᾽ ὑψόθεν ἵσα πέλοιτο,
ἡν ἂν Ἀχιλλῆος φέρτερος Αἰακίδεω.

98.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Τὸν Μουσῶν τέττυγα Πόθος δὴςας ἐπ᾽ ἀκάνθωις
κοιμίξειν ἑθέλει, πῦρ ὑπὸ πλευρὰ βαλὼν·
ἡ δὲ πρὶν ἐν βίβλοις πεπονημένη ἀλλ᾽ ἄθερίζει
ψυχή, ἀνιηρὸ δαίμονι μεμφομένη.

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

For if God were to grant thee all these delights, blessed man, what a Roman salad\(^1\) of boys wouldst thou dress.

96.—ANONYMOUS

Not in vain is this saying bruited among mortals, "The gods have not granted everything to everyone." Faultless is thy form, in thy eyes is illustrious modesty, and the bloom of grace is on thy bosom. And with all these gifts thou vanquishest the young men; but the gods did not grant to thee to have the same grace in thy feet. But, good Pyrrhus, this boot shall hide thy foot\(^2\) and give joy to thee, proud of its beauty.\(^3\)

97.—ANTIPATER

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

98.—POSIDIPPOS

Love, tying down the Muses' cicada\(^5\) on a bed of thorns, would lull it there, holding fire\(^6\) under its sides. But the Soul, sore tried of old amid books, makes light of other pain, yet upbraids the ruthless god.

\(^2\) Literally, "the step of thy foot," indicating that the malformation was in the actual foot, not, e.g. in the ankle.
\(^3\) The verses seem to have been sent with a present of a pair of ornamental boots.
\(^4\) He means his thighs (meros). In line 5 there is a play on Podaleirius, "lily-footed," and so pale and unlike the rosy dawn, but the joke is obscure.
\(^5\) The poet's soul.
\(^6\) i.e. a torch.
99.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ηγερεύθην ὑπ' "Ερωτός ὁ μηδ' ὄναρ, οὐδ' ἐμαθὼν πῦρ ἄρσεν¹ ποιμαίνειν θερμὸν ὑπὸ κραδίας, ἡγερεύθην. ἀλλ' οὐ με κακῶν πόθος, ἀλλ' ἀκέραιον σύντροφον αἰσχύνῃ βλέμμα κατηνθράκισεν. τηκέσθω Μουσέων ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν πυρὶ γὰρ νοῦς βέβληται, γλυκερῆς ἀχθος ἔχων ὀδύνης.

100.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς οἴνων με πόθων λυμένα ξένων, ὁ Κύπρι, θείσα οὐκ ἐλεεῖς, καυτή πεῖραν ἔχουσα πόνων; ἡ μ' ἐθέλεις ἄτλητα παθεῖν καὶ τοῦτ' ἔπως εἰπεῖν, "Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν Μουσαίων Κύπρεις ἔτρωσε μόνη";

101.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Τὸν με Πόθοις ἀτρωτὸν ὑπὸ στέρνοντι Μυῖσκος δῆμασι τοξεῦσας, τοῦτ' ἐβόησεν ἔπος· "Τὸν θρασύν εἶλον ἐγώ· τὸ δ' ἔπτε ὀφρύσι κεῖνο φρύαγμα σκηντροφόρου σοφίας ἴνιδε ποσσὶ πατῶ." τὸ δ', ὅσον ἀμπνεύσας, τόδ' ἔφην· "Φίλε κοῦρε, τί θαμβεῖς; καυτὸν ἄπτ' Οὐλύμπου Ζήνα καθείλεν "Ερως."

102.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

'Ογρευτῆς, 'Επίκυδες, ἐν οὐρεσί πάντα λαγών διφά, καὶ πάσης ἤχυα δορκαλίδος,

¹ I write πῦρ ἄρσεν: περ ἄρσενα MS.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

99.—Anonymous

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

100.—Anonymous

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

101.—Meleager

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

102.—Callimachus

The huntsman on the hills, Epicydes, tracks every hare and the slot of every hind through the frost
στίβη καὶ νιφετὸ κεχρημένος. ἦν δὲ τις εἴπῃ,
“Τῇ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον,” οὐκ ἔλαβεν.
χούμος ἔρως τοιόσδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν
οἴδε, τὰ δ’ ἐν μέσῳ κείμενα παρπέταται.

103.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Οἶδα φιλεῖν φιλέοντας· ἐπίσταμαι, ἦν μ’ ἀδική τις,
μισεῖν· ἀμφοτέρων εἰμὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἁδαῖς.

104.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Οὐμῶς ἔρως παρ’ ἐμοὶ μενέτω μόνον· ἦν δὲ πρὸς ἄλλους
φοιτήσῃ, μισῶ κοινὸν ἔρωτα, Κύπρι.

105.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Μικρὸς Ἕρως ἐκ μητρὸς ἐτ’ εὐθήρατος ὄποπτάς,
ἐξ οἰκῶν ὕψοι Δάμιδος οὐ πέτομαι·
ἀλλ’ αυτοῦ, φιλέων τε καὶ ἄζηλωτα φιληθεῖς,
οὐ πολλοῖς, εὐκρᾶς δ’ εἰς ἐνὶ συμφέρομαι.

106.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Εὖ καλὸν οἶδα τὸ πᾶν, ἐν μοι μόνον οἴδε τὸ λίχνον
ὅμμα, Μυῖσκον ὅραν· τάλλα δὲ τυφλὸς ἐγὼ.
πάντα δ’ ἐκεῖνος ἐμοὶ φαντάζεται· ἄρ’ ἐςορῶσιν
ὀφθαλμοὶ ψυχῆ πρὸς χάριν, οἱ κόλακες;

107.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τὸν καλὸν, ὁ Χάριτες, Διονύσιον, εἰ μὲν ἔλοιπο
τὰμά, καὶ εἰς ὥρας αὕθις ἅγοιτε καλὸν.
and snow. But if one say to him, "Look, here is a beast lying wounded," he will not take it. And even so is my love; it is wont to pursue the fleeing game,¹ but flies past what lies in its path.

103.—Anonymous

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

104.—Anonymous

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

105.—Asclepiades

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

106.—Meleager

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

107.—Anonymous

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

¹ Horace, Sat. i. 2, 105 seq.
Εἰ δ’ ἔτερον στέρξειε παρελθεὶς ἐμὲ, μύρτον ἔωλον ἐρρίφθω ξηροὶς φυρόμενοι σκυβάλοις.

108.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ
Εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ στέρξεις, εἰής ἰσόμοιρος, Ἀκρατε, Χίφω, καὶ Χίου ποιλῆ μελιχρότερος,
εἰ δ’ ἔτερον κρίναις ἐμέθεν πλέου, ἢ μφί σε βαίνῃ κώσωψ ὀξηρὸ τυφόμενος κεράμῳ.

109.—ΜΕΛΕΑΙΡΟΤ
Ὁ τρυφερὸς Διόδωρος ἐς ἡθέους φλόγα βᾶλλων ἦγρευται λαμψώρ δόμασι Τιμαρίου,
τὸ γλυκύττικρον Ἕρωτος ἔχων βέλος. ἦ τόδε καίνων θάμβος ὅρῳ: φλέγεται πῦρ πυρὶ καιόμενον.

110.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
"Ἡστραψε γλυκὺ κάλλος; ἴδου φλόγας ὀμμασί βάλλει, ἅρα κεραυνομάχαν παιδ’ ἀνέδειξεν Ἕρως;
χαῖρε Πόθων ἀκτίνα φέρων θνατοῖς, Μυίσκε, καὶ λάμποις ἐπὶ γὰρ πυρὸς ἐμοὶ φίλιος.

111.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Πτανὸς Ἕρως, σὺ δὲ ποσσὶ ταχὺς: τὸ δὲ κάλλος ὀμοίων ἀμφοτέρων. τόξοις, Εὐβίε, λειπόμεθα.

112.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Εὐφαμεῖτε νέοι: τὸν Ἕρωτ’ ἀγεὶ Ἀρκεσίλαος, πορφυρὴ δήσας Κύπριδος ἀρπεδόνη.
renewed beauty, but if, passing me over, he love another, let him be cast out like a stale myrtle-berry mixed with the dry sweepings.

108.—DIONYSIUS

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

109.—MELEAGER

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

110.—By the Same

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

111.—Anonymous

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

112.—Anonymous

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

¹ The name means "unwatered wine."

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Καῦτος Ἐρως ὁ πταιός ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἡλώ, ἀγρευθεῖς τοῖς σοῖς ὀμμασί, Τιμάριον.

114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡοὺς ἀγγελε, χαίρε, Φαεσφόρε, καὶ ταχὺς ἐλθοις Ἐσπερος, ἢν ἀπάγεις, λάβριος αὖθις ἄγων.

115.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ακρητον μανήν ἐπιον, μεθύον μέγα μῦθος ὁπλισμαί πολλήν εἰς ὅδον ἀφροσύναν. κωμάσομαι: τί δέ μοι βροντέων μέλει, ἢ τί κεραυνῶν; ἢν βάλλη, τὸν ἔρωθ' ὀπλον ἀτρωτον ἔχων.

116.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Κωμάσομαι: μεθύον γὰρ ὅλος μέγα. παί, λάβε τοῦτο τὸν στέφανον, τὸν ἐμοῖς δάκρυσι λουόμενον μακρὴν δ' οὐχὶ μάτην ὁδὸν ἰξομαί. ἐστι δ' ἀωρί καὶ σκότος: ἀλλὰ μέγας φανὸς ἐμοὶ Θεμίσων.

117.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἀπτε· πορεύομαι. Ἦνιδε, τόλμα, οἰνοβαρές. Τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα; κωμάσομαι. κωμάσομαι; Ποι, θυμέ, τρέπη; Τί δ' ἔρωτι λογισμός; ἀπτε τάχος. Ποῦ δ' ἡ πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη;

1 I slightly alter the received punctuation in this line.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

113.—MELEAGER

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

114.—By the Same

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

115.—Anonymous

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

116.—Anonymous

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

117.—MELEAGER

"Let the die be cast; light the torch; I will go."
"Just look! What daring, heavy with wine as thou art!" "What care besets thee? I will go revelling to her, I will go." "Whither dost thou stray, my mind?" "Doth love take thought? Light up at once." "And where is all thy old study of logic?"
'Ερρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολύς πόνος· ἐν μόνῳ οἶδα τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ἑρως λήμα καθείλεν ἔρως.

118.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Εἰ μὲν ἐκάν, Ἀρχίν, ἐπεκώμασα, μυρία μέμφου·
εἰ δὲ ἀέκων ἦκω, τὴν προπέτειαν ὁρα·
άκρητος καὶ ἔρως μ' ἤναγκασαν· ὅν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
eἰλκεν, ὁ δὲ οὐκ ἐία σώφρονα θυμὸν ἔχειν,
ἐλθὼν δ' οὐκ ἐβόησα, τίς ἡ τίνος, ἀλλ' ἐφίλησα
tὴν φλιήν· εἰ τούτ' ἔστ' ἀδίκημ', ἀδίκω.

119.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οἶσω, ναὶ μὰ σὲ, Βίκυχε, τὸ σὸν θρύσσος· ἄγεο, κάμων ἄρχε·
θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιόχει 1 κραδίαιν·
ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεῖς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἔρωτι,
καὶ με πάλιν δῆσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἰκέτην.
ἡ προδότας κάπιστος ἐφυ· τεὰ δ' ὁργα κρύπτειν ὅ
αὐδῶν, ἐκφάνειν τὰμὰ σὺ νῦν ἑθέλεις.

120.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΝΠΟΤ

Εὐσπλῆ, καὶ πρὸς σὲ μαχήσομαι, οὐδ' ἀπεροῦμαι
θυντὸς εῶν· σὺ δ', Ἐρως, μηκέτι μοι πρόσαγη.
ἡμ' με λάβῃς μεθύοντ' ἀπαγ' ἐκδοτον' ἄχρι δὲ νήφω,
tὸν παραταξάμενον πρὸς σὲ λογισμὸν ἔχω.

1 I write ἀνιόχει: ἀνισχεὶ MS.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

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

118.—CALLIMACHUS

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

119.—MELEAGER

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

120.—POSIDIPPUUS

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

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

121.—PIANOT

'Ἡ ρά νῦ τοι, Κλεόνικε, δι' ἀτραπιτοῖο κιόντι στεινῆς ἤντησαν ταῖ λυπαραί Χάριτες·
καὶ σε ποτὲ ῥοδέασιν ἐπηχύναντο χέρεσσιν,
κούρε; πεποίησαι δ' ἡλίκος ἐσσὶ χάρις.
τηλόθι μοι μάλα χαῖρε· πυρὸς δ' οὐκ ἅσφαλες ἄσσου 5
ἐρπεῖν αὐθρήν, ᾧ φίλος, ἀνθέρικα.

122.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ὠ Χάριτες, τὸν καλὸν Ἀρισταγόρην ἐσιδούσαι ἀντίον, εἰς τρυφερὰς ἡγκαλίσασθε χέρας·
οὖνεκα καὶ μορφὰ βάλλει φλόγα, καὶ γλυκυμυθεῖ
καίρια, καὶ συγὼν ὅμμασι τερπνὰ λαλεῖ.
τηλόθι μοι πλάξιντο. τὶ δὲ πλέον; ὃς γὰρ Ἄλμπου 5
Ζεὺς νέον οἴδεν ὁ πάις μακρὰ κεραυνοβολεῖν.

123.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πυγμῆ νυκήσαντα τὸν Ἀντικλέους Μενέχαρμον
λημνίσκοις μαλακοῖς ἐστεφάνωσα δέκα,
καὶ τρισσῶς ἐφίλησα πεφυρμένον αἵματι πολλῷ
ἀλλʼ ἐμοὶ ἡ σμύρνης κεῖνο μελιχρότερον.

124.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣ

Δάθρη παπταίνοντα παρὰ φλιᾷν Ἐχέδημον
λάθριος ἀκρήβην τὸν χαρίεντ' ἐκνεία,
δειμαῖνω.1 καὶ γὰρ μοι ἐνύπνιος ἢλθε φαρέτρην
αἰωρῶν,2 καὶ δοὺς φῶτε ἀλεκτρυώνας,

1 I write δειμαῖνω: δειμαίνω MS.
2 I write αἰωρῶν: αἰταίων MS.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

121.—RHIANUS

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

122.—MELEAGER

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

123.—ANO N YM OUS

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

124.—ARTEMON (?)

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

'Ήδυ τί μοι δίὰ νυκτός ἐνύπνιον ἀβρὰ γελῶντος
ὀκτωκαιδεκάτος παιδὸς ἔτ' ἐν χλαμύδι
ήγαγ Ἐρως ὑπὸ χλαῖναν· ἐγώ δ' ἀπαλφῇ περὶ χρωτὶ
stέρνα βαλῶν κενεὰς ἐλπίδας ἐδρπόμαν.
καὶ μ' ἔτεν νῦν θάλπει μνήμης πόθος· ὄμμασί δ' ὑπνὸν δ' ἀγρευτήν πτηνοῦ φάσματος αἰεν ἔχω.
ἀ δύσερως ψυχή, παῦσαι ποτε καὶ δι' ὀνείρων
eἰδώλους κάλλες κωφὰ χλαινομένη.

126.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡρκταί μεν κραδίας ψαύειν πόνος· ἢ γὰρ ἀλῶν
ἀκρονυχεῖ ταύταν ἐκνισ' ὁ θερμὸς Ἐρως.
ἐστε δὲ μειδήσας· "Εξείς πάλι τὸ γλυκὸ τραύμα, ἡ δύσερως, λάβρο κατόμενος μέλιτι."
ἐξ οὖ δὴ νέον ἔρνος ἐν ἕθεοις Διὸφαντον
λεύσσων οὔτε φυγεῖν οὔτε μένειν δύναμαι.

127.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰνόδιον στείχοντα μεσαμβρινὸν εἶδον Ἀλεξίῳ,
ἀρτι κόμαν καρπῶν κειρομένου θέρεως.
διπλαί δ' ἀκτίνες με κατέφλεγον· αἱ μὲν Ἐρωτος,
παιδὸς ἄπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, αἱ δὲ παρ' ἦλιον.
ἀλλ' αἱ μὲν νυὲς αὐθίς ἐκοίμησεν· ἄς δ' ἐν ὀνείροις
εἰδωλον μορφῆς μᾶλλον ἀνεφλόγησεν.

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

125.—MELEAGER

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

126.—By the Same

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

127.—By the Same

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

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

2 See note on No. 78.
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λυσίπονος δ' ἐτέροις ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πόνον ὑπνος ἐτευξεν ἐμπνουν πῦρ ψυχῆ κάλλος ἀπεικονίσας.

128.—TOY ΛΥΤΟΥ

Αἰπολικαὶ σύριγγες, ἐν οὐρεσί μηκέτι Δάφνιν φωνεῖτ', αἰγιβάτη Πανῖ χαριζόμεναι μηδὲ σὺ τὸν στεφθέντα, λύρη, Φοίβουο προφήτην, δάφυν παρθενία μέλφ 'Τάκινθον ἔτι. ἦν γὰρ ὅτ' ἦν Δάφνις μὲν 'Ορειάσι,1 σοι δ' 'Τάκινθος 5 τερπνός νῦν δὲ Πόθων σκηπτρα Δίων ἐχέτω.

129.—ΑΡΑΤΟΤ

'Ἀργείος Φιλοκλῆς Ἀργεί "καλός:" αἱ δὲ Κορίνθου στήλαι, καὶ Μεγαρέων ταῦτα 2 βοῶσι τάφοι γέγραπται καὶ μέχρι λοιετρῶν Ἀμφιαράου, ὡς καλός. ἂλλ' ὀλίγον 3 γραμμασι λειπόμεθα τάδ' οὐ γὰρ πέτραι ἐπιμάρτυρες, ἂλλὰ 'Ρηνός 4 αὐτὸς ἰδών ἐτέρου δ' ἐστὶ περισσότερος.

130.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἶπα, καὶ αὐ τάλιν εἶπα: "Καλός, καλός:" ἀλλ' ἐτι φήσω, ὡς καλός, ὡς χαρίεις ὁμμασι Δωσίθεος.

1 'Ορειάσι: Dilthey: ἐν οὖρεσι MS.
2 I write ταύτα (I think the correction has been previously made): ταυτα MS.
3 I write ὀλίγον: ὀλίγοι MS.
4 'Ρηνός Maas: Ρηνώς MS. cr. No, 93.
phantom of beauty. So night, who releases others
from toil, brought pain to me, imaging in my soul a
loveliness which is living fire.

128.—By the Same

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

129.—Aratus

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

130.—Anonymous

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

¹ It was the habit to write or cut the name of the beloved,
adding the word καλὸς (fair), on stones or trees. See the
following epigram.
² Near Oropus on the confines of Attica and Boeotia.
³ i.e. it is only the evidence of these inscriptions that is in
favour of Philocles of Argos. The evidence of our eyes is in
favour of the other.
οὐ δρυός, οὐδ’ ἐλάτης ἐχαράξαμεν, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ τοῖς τοῦτ’ ἔπος· ἀλλ’ ἐν ἐμῇ καῦσεν Ἐρως κραδία. εἰ δὲ τις οὐ φήσει, μὴ πείθεο. ναὶ μὰ σέ, δαίμον, 5 ψεῦδετ’· ἐγὼ δ’ ὅ λέγων τάτρεκες οἴδα μόνος.

131.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ

"Α Κύπρων, ἀ τε Κύθηρα, καὶ ἀ Μίλητον ἐποίχυεις, καὶ καλὸν Συρίς ἱπποκρότον δάπεδον, ἐλθοὺς Ἰλαος Καλλιστίῳ, ἦ τον ἐραστὴν ὀυδὲ ποτ’ οἰκείων ὤσεν ἀπὸ προθύρων.

132.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐ σοι ταῦτ’ ἐβόων, ψυχή; "Ναὶ Κύπρων, ἀλώσει, ὡ δύσερως, ἱξὼ πυκνὰ προσιπταμένη;" οὐκ ἐβόων; εἰλέν σε πάγη; τί μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς σπαίρεις; αὐτὸς Ἐρως τὰ πτερά σου δέδεκεν, καὶ σ’ ἑπὶ πῦρ ἐστησε, μῦραι δ’ ἔρρανε λιπότυνουν, 5 δῶκε δὲ διψώσῃ δάκρυα θερμὰ πιεῖν.

132a.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

"Α ψυχή βαρύμοχθε, σοὶ δ’ ἀρτὶ μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἴθη, ἄρτι δ’ ἀναψύχεις, πνεῦμ’ ἀναλεξαμένη. τί κλαῖεις; τὸν ἀτεγκτὸν ὅτ’ ἐν κόλποισιν Ἐρωτα ἐξερεθεῖ, οὐκ ἂδεις ὡς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο; οὐκ ἂδεις; νῦν γυνῇ καλὸν ἀλλαγμα τροφείων, 5 πῦρ ἁμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένῃ χίονα. αὐτῇ ταῦθ’ εἶλου: φέρε τὸν πόνον. ἄξια πάσχεις ὃν ἔδρας, ὅπποφ καιομένη μέλιτι.

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

131.—POSIDIPPUS

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

132.—MELEAGER

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

132A.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ The epigram is a prayer by the courtesan Callistion.
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133.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Διψῶν ὡς ἐφίλησα θέρευς ἀπαλόχροα παῖδα,
εἴπα τότε ἀνυμηρὰν δύσαν ἀποπροφυγόν
"Ζεὺ πάτερ, ἀρα φίλημα τὸ νεκτάρευον Γανυμήδεις
πίνεις, καὶ τόδε σοι χεῖλεσιν οἴνοχοεῖ;
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν καλὸν ἐν ἤθεοισι φιλήσας
'Ἀντίοχον, φυχής ἥδυ πέπωκα μέλι."

134.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

"Ελκοῦς ἐχὼν ὁ ξεῖνος ἐλάνθανεν· ὡς ἀνιηρὸν
πνεῦμα διὰ στηθέων, εἶδες, ἀνηγάγετο,
τὸ τρίτον ἕνικ' ἐπινε· τὰ δὲ ρόδα φυλλοβολεῖντα
τῶν ῥοδῶν ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ' ἐγένοντο χαμαί.
ὁππηται μέγα δὴ τι· μὰ δαίμονας, οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ
εἰκάζω· φωρὸς δ' ἵχνια φῶρ ἐμαθον.

135.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Οἶνος ἔρωτος ἐλεγχός· ἐράν ἀρνεύμενον ἥμιν
ἠτασαν αἱ πολλαὶ Νικαγόρην προπόσεις.
καὶ γὰρ ἐδάκρυσεν καὶ ἐνύστασε, καὶ τὴ κατηφὲς
ἐβλεπε, χῶ σφιγχθεὶς οὐκ ἔμενε στέφανος.

136.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

"Ορνιθες ψίθυροι, τὶ κεκράγατε; μὴ μ' ἀνίατε,
τὸν τρυφερὸν παιδὸς σαρκὶ χλωινόμενον,
ἐξόμεναι πετάλουοις ἄγδονες· εἰδε λάληθρον
θῆλυ γένος, δέομαι, μείνατ' ἐφ' ἡσυχίας.
133.—BY THE SAME

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

134.—CALLIMACHUS

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

135.—ASCLEPIADES

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

136.—Anonymous

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

¹ The nightingale was Philomela.
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137.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ορθροβόας, δυσέρωτι κακάγγελε, νῦν, τρισάλαστε, ἐννύχιος κράζεις πλευροτυπῆ κέλαδον, γαύρος ὑπὲρ κοίτας, ὅτε μοι βραχῦ τοῦτ' ἔτι νυκτὸς ζῆ τὸ¹ φίλειν, ἐπ' ἐμαῖς δ' ἀδή γελᾶς ὀδύναις. ἅδε φίλα θρεπτῆρι χάρις; ναί τὸν βαβύν ὄρθρον, 5 ἔσχατα γηρύσῃ ταῦτα τὰ πικρὰ μέλη.

138.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

"Ἀμπελε, μὴ ποτε φύλλα χαμαλ ὀπεύδουσα βαλέσθαι δείδιας ἐσπέριον Πλειάδα δυομέναι; μεῖνον ἐπ' Ἄντιλεόντι πεσεῖν υπὸ τὸν γλυκὺν ὑπνὸν, ἐς τότε, τοῖς καλοῖς πάντα χαριζομένα.

139.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Ἑστὶ τι, ναὶ τὸν Πάνα, κεκρυμμένον, ἔστι τι ταῦτῃ, ναὶ μὰ Διώνυσον, πῦρ υπὸ τῇ σποδίῃ οὐ θαρσέω. μὴ δὴ μὲ περίπλεκε: πολλάκις λήθει τοῖχον υποτρώγων ἡσύχιος ποταμός. τῷ καὶ νῦν δείδοικα, Μενέξενε, μὴ μὲ παρεισδύς 5 οὔτος ὁ ἁσευγαρνης² εἰς τὸν ἔρωτα βάλῃ.

140.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλὸν ὡς ἱδόμαν Ἀρχέστρατον, οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἐρμᾶν, οὐ καλὸν αὐτὸν ἑφαν' οὐ γὰρ ἄγαν ἐδόκει.

¹ I write ζῆ τὸ: καὶ τὸ MS.
² σιγέρπης Bentley, and I render so.
137.—MELEAGER

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

138.—MNASALCAS

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

139.—CALLIMACHUS

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

140.—ANONYMOUS

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

1 The season in Autumn at which the vines begin to lose their leaves.
ἔποικα, καὶ ἡ Νέμεσις με συνάρτησε, κεφάλος ἔκειμαν
ἐν πυρί, παῖς ὁ ἐπὶ ἑμοὶ Ζεὺς ἐκεραυνοβόλει.
τὸν παιδὸ ἰλασόμεσθ', ἢ τὰν θεὸν; ἀλλὰ θεοὶ μοι
ἐστιν ὁ παῖς κρέσσων: χαίρετω ἡ Νέμεσις.

141.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Εφθέγξω, ναὶ Κύπρῳ, ἢ μὴ θεοῖ, ὁ μέγα τολμάν
θυμὲ μαθῶν· Θήρων σοι καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνης,
σοι καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνη Θήρων· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ὑπέστης,
οὐδὲ Δίως πτήξας πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλον.
τοўγάρ, ἵδο, τὸν πρόσθε λάλοι προοθηκευν ἰδέσθαι
δείγμα θραυστομίης ὁ βαρύφρων Νέμεσις.

142.—ΠΙΑΝΟΤ

'Ιξώ Δεξιώνικος ὑπὸ χλωρῆ πλατανίστρῳ
κόσσυφον ἀγρεύσας, εἶλε κατὰ πτερύγων.
χῶ μεν ἀναστενάχων ἀπεκώκυνε τρεῖος ὅρνης.
ἀλλ' ἐγώ, ὁ φίλος 'Ερως, καὶ θαλαραῖ Χάριτες,
ἐχθν καὶ κίχλη καὶ κόσσυφος, ὦς ἄν ἐκείνου
ἐν χερὶ καὶ φθογγῆ καὶ γλυκύ δάκρυ βάλω.

143.—ΑΔΗΔΟΝ

'Ερμή, τοξευθές ἐξέσπασε πικρῶν <ὁδίστον>

ἐφήβῳ.

Κηγώ τὴν αὐτὴν, ξεινε, λέγοντα τύχην.
'Αλλὰ μ' Ἀπολλοφάνους τρύχει πόθος. Ὅ φιλάεθελε, ἐφθασας:
εἰς ἐν πῦρ οἱ ὀ ὑ ἐνηλάμεθα.

1 παῖς Pierson: πᾶς MS.
2 It seems certain that owing to an error by the copyist, a couplet has been lost, ἐφήβῳ being the last word of the missing line 3. I supply διστῶν at the end of line 1.

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

141.—MELEAGER

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

142.—RHIANUS

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

143.—Anonymous

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

\(^1\) Holy because it is a singing bird.

\(^2\) The verses seem to have been a dialogue between a statue of Hermes in the gymnasion and a stranger, but owing to their mutilation it is difficult to make sense of them. It is evident from the context of No. 144 (the poems here being arranged under motives) that the god was represented as being in love.
144.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Τί κλαίεις, φρενοληστά; τί δ' ἀγρια τόξα καὶ ἵον ἔρρυψας, διψὴν ταρσὸν ἀνέλθες πτερύγων; ἢ ρά γε καὶ σὲ Μύσκος ὁ δύσμαχος ὁμμασίων αἰθεί; ὡς μόλις οἳ ἔδρασ πρόσθε παθῶν ἐμαθεῖ.

145.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Παύετε, παιδοφίλαι, κενέον πόνου: ἱσχετε μόχθων, δύσφρονες· ἀπρήκτους ἐλπίσει μαινόμεθα.
Ἰσον ἐπὶ ψαφάρη ἀντλείν ἄλα, κάπῳ Διβύσσης ψάμμου ἀριθμητὴν ἀρτιάσαι ψεκάδα.
Ἰσον καὶ παίδων στέργειν πόθον, οἷς τὸ κενανχὲς κάλλος ἐνὶ θυνίοις ἢδυ τ' ἐν ἄθανάτων.
δέρκεσθ' εἰς ἐμὲ πάντες· ὁ γὰρ πάρος εἰς κενὸν ἡμῶν μόχθος ἐπὶ ξηροῖς ἐκκέχυτ' αἰγιαλοῖς.

146.—ΡΙΑΝΟΤ
Ἄγρεύσας τὸν νεβρὸν ἀπόλεσα, χω μὲν ἀνατλᾶς μυρία, καὶ στῆσας δίκτυα καὶ στάλικας,
σὺν κενεῖς χείρεσσιν ἀπέρχομαι· οἶ δ' ἀμόργητοι τάμα φέρουσιν, "Ερως· οἶς σὺ γένοιο βαρύς.

147.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
"Ἀρπασταί· τίς τόσον ἐναίχμασαι ἄγριος εἶ; τίς τόσον ἀντάραι καὶ πρὸς Ἕρωτα μάχην;
ἀπτε τάχος πεύκας. καίτοι κτύπος· Ἡλιοδώρας.
βαίνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμῶν, κραδίη.
STRATOS MUSA PUERILIS

144.—MELEAGER

To Love

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

145.—ANONYMOUS

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

146.—RHIANUS

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

147.—MELEAGER

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

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

148.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Οἴδ᾽ ὅτι μου πλούτου κενεῖα χέρες: ἀλλὰ, Μένιππε, μὴ λέγε, πρὸς Χαρίτων, τοῦμον ὄνειρον ἐμοί.
ἀλγέω τὴν διὰ παντὸς ἔπος τόδε πικρὸν ἀκούων: ναί, φίλε, τῶν παρὰ σοῦ τοῦτ᾽ ἀνεραστότατον.

149.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Δηφθήσῃ, περίφευγε, Μενέκρατες:" εἶπα Πανήμου εἰκάδι, καὶ Λώον τῇ—τίνι; τῇ δεκάτῃ
ἡλθεν ὁ βοῦς ὑπ᾽ ἀρτοτρόν ἐκούσιοι. εὐγ' ἐμὸς Ἑρμᾶς,
εὐγ' ἐμὸς οὐ παρὰ τὰς εἰκοσὶ μεμφόμεθα.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὡς ἀγαθὰν Πολύφαμος ἀνεύρατο τὰν ἐπαιδεῦν τῶραμένῳ ναὶ Γάν, οὐκ ἄμαθῆς ὁ Κύκλωψ.
αἱ Μοίσαι τὸν ἔρωτα κατισχυνόντι, Φιλιππεῖν
ἡ πανακές πάντων φάρμακον ἀ σοφία.
τοῦτο, δοκεώ, χὰ λιμὸς ἔχει μόνον ἐς τὰ ποιηρά
τῶγαθόν, ἐκκόπτει τὰν φιλόπαιδα νόσον.
ἐσθ' ἀμῖν ἧ κάκαστὰς ἀφειδέα πρὸς τὸν Ἔρωτα.
τοῦτ' εἰπαὶ "Κείρεν τὰ πτερά, παιδάριον:
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀπάραγον σε δεδοίκαμες": αἱ γὰρ ἐπιθαλι
ὀικοὶ τῶ ἁλεπῶ τραῦματος ἀμφότεραι.

151.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ τινὰ που παῖδων ἐρατῶτατον ἀνθὸς ἔχοντα
eîdes, ἀδιστάκτως eîdes Ἀπολλόδοτον.

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

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

149.—By the Same

"You will be caught, Menecrates, do all you can to escape," I said on the twentieth of Panemus; and in Lois\(^2\) on what day?—the tenth—the ox came of his own accord under the yoke of the plough. Well done, my Hermes!\(^3\) well done, my own! I don't complain of the twenty days' delay.

150.—By the Same

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

151.—Anonymous

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

\(^1\) The month following Panemus.
\(^2\) The month following Panemus.
\(^3\) Hermes was the giver of good luck.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

eἰ δ’ ἐσιδῶν, ὥ ἔσεινε, πυριφλέκτοισι πόθοισιν
οὐκ ἔδάμης, πάντως ἡ θεὸς ἡ λίθος εἰ.

152.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μάγνης Ἡράκλειτος, ἐμοὶ πόθος, οὕτω σίδηρουν
πέτρῳ, πνεῦμα δ’ ἐμὸν κάλλει ἐφελκόμενος.

153.—ἈΣΚΛΗΠΙΔΟΤ

Πρόσθε μοι Ἀρχεάδης έθλίβετο· νῦν δὲ τάλαναν
οὐδ’ ὤσον παλίκων εἰς ἐμ’ ἐπιστρέφεται.
οὐδ’ ὁ μελιχρὸς Ἐρως ἀεὶ γυλικός· ἀλλ’ ἀνιήσας
πολλάκις ἡδίων γίνετ’ ἐρώτι θεὸς.

154.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ἡδὺς ὁ παῖς, καὶ τοῦνομ’ ἐμοὶ γυλικός ἐστὶ Μυίσκος
καὶ χαρίεις· τίν’ ἔχω μὴ οὐχὶ φιλεῖν πρόφασιν;
καλὸς γὰρ, ναὶ Κύπριν, ὅλος καλὸς· εἰ δ’ ἀνιήσος,
οἴδε τὸ πικρόν Ἐρως συγκεράσσαι μέλιτι.

155.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

a. Μὴ μ’ εἴπης πάλιν δίδε. β. Τί δ’ αἴτιος; αὐτὸς
ἐπεμψε.

a. Δεύτερον οὖν φήσεις; β. Δεύτερον. εἴπεν ’Ἰθι.
ἀλλ’ ἔρχευ, μὴ μέλλε. μένουσι σε. a. Πρῶτον ἐκεῖνος,
εὐρήσω, χῇξω τὸ τρίτον οἴδα πάλαι.

1 I write ἐκεῖνος: ἐκεῖνον MS.

1 Meaning either a native of Magnesia (as the boy was) or
the Magnesian stone, the magnet.
2 A dialogue between a slave and a boy he is sent to invite.
thou sawest Apollodotus. And if, having seen him, thou wast not overcome by burning fiery desire, of a surety thou art either a god or a stone.

152.—ANONYMOUS

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

153.—ASCLEPIADES

(The Complaint of a Girl)

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

154.—MELEAGER

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

155.—ANONYMOUS

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

I take the point of it to be that the man pretends that there will be other guests to “chaperon” the boy. The boy refuses to believe this, and declines a tête-à-tête. The point of the last words, however, is obscure.
Εἰαρινῷ χειμῶνι πανείκελος, ὁ Διόδωρε,
όμος ἐρως, ἀσαφεῖ κρυνόμενος πελάγει
καὶ ποτὲ μὲν φαίνεις πολὺν ῥετόν, ἀλλοτε δ' αὐτε
εὐδίοσ, ἄβρα γελῶν δ' ὄμμασιν ἐκκέχυσαι.
τυφλὰ δ', ὅπως ναυηγός ἐν οἴδματι, κυματα μετρῶν 5
διενύμαι, μεγάλῳ χείματι πλαξόμενος.
ἀλλὰ μοι ἡ φιλίας ἐκθες σκοποῦν ἡ πάλι μίσους,
ὡς εἴδω ποτέρῳ κύματι νηχόμεθα.

157.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Κύπρις ἐμοὶ ναῦκληρος, Ἕρως δ' οἴακα φυλάσσει
ἄκρον ἐχθον ψυχῆς ἐν χερί πηδάλιον:
χειμάινει δ' ὁ βαρύς πνεύσας Πόθος, οὐνεκα δ' νῦν
παμφύλῳ παῖδων νήχομαι ἐν πελάγει.

158.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σοί με Πόθων δέσποινα θεῇ πόρε, σοί με, Θεόκλεις,
ἀβροπέδιλος Ἕρως γυμνῶν ὑπεστόρεσεν,
ζείνον ἐπὶ ζείνης, δαμάσας ἀλύτουσι χαλινοῖς;
ἀμέροι δὲ τυχεῖν ἄκλινέος φιλίας.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν στέργοντι ἀπαναίνεαι, οὐδὲ σε θέλγει 5
οὐ χρόνος, οὐ ξυνής σύμβολα σωφροσύνης.
ἐλαθ', ἀναξ, ἐληθί: σὲ γὰρ θεὸν ὅρισε Δαίμων:
ἐν σοί μοι ζωῆς πείρατα καὶ θανάτου.

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

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STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

156.—Anonymous

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

157.—Meleager

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

158.—By the Same

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

\(^2\) i.e. as I did when my passion made me abject.
159.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
’Εν σοι ταμά, Μυτίσκε, βίον προμνήσι’ ἀνήπταν· εὖ σοι καὶ ψυχής πνεῦμα τὸ λειψθεν ἔτι.
ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σά, κοῦρε, τὰ καὶ κωφοῖς λαλεῖντα ὄμματα, καὶ μὰ τὸ σὸν φαιδρόν ἐπισκύννοιν,
ἡν μοι συννεφὲς ὄμμα βάλησ ποτὲ, χεῖμα δέδορκα. 5 ἡν δ’ ἰλαρὸν βλέψῃς, ἥδυ τέθηλεν ἔαρ.

160.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Θαρσαλέως τρηχείαν ὑπὸ σπλάγχνωσιν ἀνὶναν ὁσῶ, καὶ χαλεπὴς δεσμὸν ἀλυκτοπέδης.
οὐ γὰρ πω, Νίκαιναρη, βολας ἐδάμεν Ἐρωτος
νῦν μόνον, ἀλλὰ πόθων πολλάκις ἤγαμεθα.
καὶ σὺ μὲν, Ἀδρήστεια, κακῆς ἀντάξια βουλῆς
τίςαι, καὶ μακάρων πικροτάτη Νέμεσις. 5

161.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Δόρκιον ἡ φιλέφηβος ἔπισταται, ὡς ἀπαλὸς παις,
ἔσθαι πανδήμου Κύπριδος ὥκυ βέλος,
ἐμερον ἀστράπτουσα κατ’ ὄμματος, ἡδ’ ὑπὲρ ὄμων

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.............................................................. 1 5

σὺν πετάσῳ γυμνον μηρὸν ἐφαίνε χλαμύς.

162.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὔτω τοξοφορῶν οὐδ’ ἄγριος, 2 ἀλλὰ νεογονὸς
οὐμός Ἐρως παρὰ τὴν Κύπριν ὑποστέφεται,
δέλτον ἔχων χρυσήν· τὰ Φιλοκράτεος δὲ Διαύλου
tραυλίζει ψυχῆς φίλτρα κατ’ Ἀντιγένους.

1 Two lines lost.  2 I write οὔδ’ ἄγριος : οὐδάριος MS.

1 The chlamys and petasus (hat) were the proper costume of the ephbei.
159.—By the Same

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

160.—Anonymous

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

161.—Asclepiades

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

162.—By the Same

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

¹ As the following poems show, this epigram relates to the loves of two young boys, both of whom seem to have been beloved by the poet.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

163.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εὔρεν "Ερως τι καλό μίξει καλόν, οὐχὶ μάραγδον χρυσῷ, ὁ μὴν ἄνθει, μήτε γένοιτ' εὖ ἴσω, οὖδ' ἐλέφαντ' ἐβένω, λευκῷ μέλαν, ἀλλὰ Κλέανδρον Εὔβιστον, Πειθοῦς ἄνθεα καὶ Φιλίς.

164.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
'Ἡδυ μὲν ἀκρήτω κεράσαι γλυκῷ νάμα μελισσῶν· ἡδὺ δὲ παιδοφιλεῖν καυτὸν ἑόρνα καλὸν, οἷα τὸν ἄβροκόμην στέργει Κλεόβουλον Ἀλεξίς· ἀθάνατον τούτων 1 Κύπριδος οἰνόμελι.

165.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Δευκανθῆς Κλεόβουλος· ὃ δ' ἄντια τούδε μελίχρους Ἀσώπολις, οἳ διςοὶ Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόροι· τοῦνεκά μοι παίδων ἐπεται πόθος· οἳ γὰρ "Ερωτες ἐκ λευκοῦ πλέξαι 2 φασί. με καὶ μέλανος.

166.—ἈΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ
Τοῦθ' ὃ τι μοι λοιπὸν ψυχῆς, ὃ τι δὴ ποτ' Ἔρωτες, τοῦτό γ' ἔχειν πρὸς θεῶν ἣνυχῶν ἀφετε· ἡ μὴ δὴ τὸξος ἐτι βάλλεστε μ', ἀλλὰ κεραυνοῖς· ναὶ πάντως τέφρην θέσθε με κάνθρακιν. ναὶ, ναὶ, βάλλετ', Ἔρωτες· ἐνεσκληκός γὰρ ἀνίαις, 5 ἐξ ὑμέων τούτ' οὖν, εἰ γέ τι, βούλομ' ἔχειν.

1 I write ἀθ. τοῦτω: θυατὶν ἄντως τὸ MS.
2 So Salmasius: πλέξειν ἐκ λευκοῦ ΜS.

1 There were priestesses of Aphrodite so entitled.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

163.—By the Same

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

164.—Meleager

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

165.—By the Same

Cleobulus is a white blossom, and Sopolis, who stands opposite him, is of honey tint—the two flower-bearers of Cypris\(^1\) . . . Therefrom comes my longing for the lads; for the Loves say they wove me of black and white.\(^2\)

166.—Asclepiades

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

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

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167.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Χειμέριον μὲν πνεύμα· φέρει δ' ἔπι σοί με, Μυτίσκε, ἀρπαστὸν κώμοις ὁ γλυκύδακρος Ὕρως. χειμαίνει δὲ βαρὺς πνεύμασι Πόδος, ἀλλὰ μ', ἐς ὁμον δέξαι, τὸν ναύτην Κῦπριδος ἐν πελάγει.

168.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Ναυνοὺς καὶ Λύδης ἐπίχει δύο, καὶ φιλεράστον Μιμνέρμου, καὶ τοῦ σώφρονος Ἀντιμάχου· συγκέρασον τὸν πέμπτον ἐμοῦ· τὸν δ' ἐκτον ἐκάστον, Ἡλιόδωρ', εἶπας, ὅστις έρων ἐτυχεν· ἔβδομον Ἡσιόδου, τὸν δ' ὄγδοου εἶπον Ὄμήρου, τὸν δ' ἐνατον Μουσών, Μημοσύνης δέκατον. μεστὸν ὑπὲρ χείλους πίομαι, Κῦπρι· τάλλα δ' Ἕρωτες νήφοντ' οἰνωθέντ' οὐχὶ λίθιν ἄχαριν.

169.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Ἐξέφυγον, Θεόδωρε, τὸ σὸν βάρος. ἀλλ' ὅσον εἶπας "Ἐξέφυγον τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμονα πικρότατον," πικρότερος με κατέσχεν. Ἀριστοκράτει δὲ λατρεύων μυρία, δεσπόζονον καὶ τρίτον ἐκδέχομαι.

170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Σπουδὴ καὶ λιβανωτὲ, καὶ οἱ κρητῆρι μυγέντες δαίμονες, οἱ φιλίνης τέρματ' ἐμῆς ἔχετε, ύμεας, ὃ σεμνολ, μαρτύρομαι, οὐς ὁ μελίχρως κοῦρος Ἀθήναιος πάντας ἐπωμόσατο.

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1 The lady-loves of whom Mimnermus and Antimachus sung.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

167.—MELEAGER

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

168.—POSIDIPPUS

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

169.—DIOSCORIDES

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

170.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ Jacobs is right, I think, in his opinion that this verse, which does not seem to be corrupt, is out of its place here.
171.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν καλὸν, ὡς ἔλαβες, κομίσαις πάλι πρὸς με θεωρῶν Ἐὐφραγόρην, ἀνέμου πρηνύτατε Ζέφυρε, εἰς ὀλίγων τείνας μηνῶν μέτρον· ὡς καὶ ὁ μικρὸς μυριετής κέκριται τῷ φιλέοντι χρόνος.

172.—ΕΘΝΩΤ
Εἰ μισεῖν πόνος ἔστι, φιλεῖν πόνος, ἐκ δύο λυγρῶν αἰροῦμαι χρηστῆς ἐλκος ἐχειν ὀδύνης.

173.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Δημῶ με κτείνει καὶ Θέρμιον· ἢ μὲν ἔταρη, 
Δημονόης ὁ οὐποῦ Κύπρων ἑπὶ σταμένη.
καὶ τῆς μὲν ψαυτῖ· τῆς δ' οὐ θέμις· οὐ μᾶ σέ, Κύπρι,
οὐκ οἴδα ἢν εἰπεῖν δεί με ποθεινότην.
Δημάριον λέξω τὴν παρθένον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτοιμα
βούλομαι, ἀλλὰ ποθῶ πᾶν τὸ φυλασσόμενον.

174.—ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ
Μέχρι τίνος πολεμεῖς μ', ὡ φίλτατε Κύρε; τί ποιεῖς;
τὸν σὺν Καμβύσην οὐκ ἔλεες; λέγε μοι.
μὴ γίνου Μῆδος· Σάκας γὰρ ἐσῃ μετὰ μικρὸν,
καὶ σε ποιήσουσιν ται τρίχες Ἀστυάγην.

175.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ
"Η μὴ χρειοτύπει δοῦλοις ἐπὶ παιοῦν ἑταῖρους,
ἡ μὴ θηλυπρεπεῖς οἴνοχόους πάρεχε.

1 So Kaibel: δημ. ἢ MS.

1 Me dos, "give not"; cp. Bk. VII. 63.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

171.—BY THE SAME

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

172.—EVENUS

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

173.—PHILODEMUS

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

174.—FRONTO

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

175.—STRATO

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

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

3 See No. 11.
tís γὰρ ἕνηρ ἐς ἑρωτ' ἀδαμάντινος; ἢ τὸς ἄτειρής
οὖν; τὸς δὲ καλοὺς οὐ περίεργα βλέπει;
ξώντων ἔργα τάδ' ἐστίν· ὅπου δ' οὐκ εἰδὼν ἑρωτεῖ
οὔδε μέθαι, Διοφῶν, ἢν ἑθέλησ, ἀπιθν
κάκει Τειρεσίην ἢ Τάνταλον ἐς πότον ἐλκε,
τὸν μὲν ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἰδεῖν, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ μοῦνον ἰδεῖν.

176.—TOY AYTOY
Στυγνός δὴ τί, Μένιππε, κατεσκέπασαι μέχρι πέζης,
ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' ἱγνύσις λῶπος ἀνελκόμενος;
ἡ τί κάτω κύψας με παρέδραμες, οὔδε προσεπών;
οίδα τί με κρύπτεις· ἢλυθον ὡς ἐλεγον.

177.—TOY AYTOY
'Εσπερίην Μοῖρας με, καθ' ἢν ἡγιαίνομεν ὁρη, οὖν ὀδ' εἰτε σαφῶς, εἰτ' ὄναρ, ἡσπάσατο.
ἡδη γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μᾶλ' ἀτρεκέως ἐνόησα,
χώκοσα μοι προσέφη, χώκος' ἐπυνθάνετο·
εἴ δὲ με καὶ πεφίληκε τεκμαίρομαι· εἰ γὰρ ἄληθες, ὅ
πῶς ἀποθεωθεῖς πλάζομ' ἐπιχθόνιος;

178.—TOY AYTOY
'Εξεφλέγην, ὅτε Θεῦδις ἐλάμπητο παισίν ἐν ἄλλοις,
οἶος ἐπαντέλλων ἄστρασιν θέλιος.
τούνεκ' ἔτι φλέγομαι καὶ νῦν, ὅτε νυκτὶ λαχυοῦται
δυόμενος γὰρ, ὃμως θλίος ἐστίν ἐτι.
bearers. For who is of adamant against love, or who succumbs not to wine, and who does not look curiously at pretty boys? This is the way of living men, but if you like, Diophon, go away to some place where there is no love and no drunkenness, and there induce Tiresias or Tantalus to drink with you, the one to see nothing and the other only to see.

176.—By the Same

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

177.—By the Same

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

178.—By the Same

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

"Ωμοσά σοι, Κρονίδη, μηπώποτε, μηδ' ἐμοί αὐτῷ ἐξειπεῖν ὅ τι μοι Θεῦδες ἔειπες λαβεῖν.
ψυχή δ' ἡ δυσάπτιστος ἀγαλλημένη πεπότηται ἥερι, καὶ στέξαι τἀγαθὸν οὐ δύναται·
ἄλλ' ἑρέω, σύγγυνωθί σὺ μοι, κεῖνος δὲ πέπεισται.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄγνωστοι τὸς χάρις εὐτυχίς;

180.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καῦμα μ' ἔχει μέγα δὴ τι· σὺ δ', ὃ παῖ, παῦεο λεπτὸν

ἥερι δινεύων ἐγγύς ἐμεῖο λίνον.
ἄλλο τι πῦρ ἐμὸν ἐνδον ἑχω κυάθοισιν ἀναφθέν,
καὶ περὶ σῆ ῥητή μᾶλλον ἐγειρόμενον.

181.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψευδέα μυθίζουσι, Θεόκλεες, ὡς ἀγαθαί μὲν

αἱ Χάριτες, τρισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶ κατ' Ἐρχομενόν·

πεντάκι γὰρ δέκα σείο περισκιρτῶσι πρόσωπα,

τοξοβόλοι, ψυχέων ἀρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων.

182.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ταῦτα με νῦν τὰ περισσὰ φιλεῖς, ὅτ' ἔρωτος ἀπέσβη

πυρσός, ὅτ' οὖδ' ἄλλωσ ἥδον ἑχοῦσα φίλου.

μέμνημαι γὰρ ἑκεῖνα τὰ δύσμαχα· πλὴν ἔτι, Δάφνι,

ὅτε μὲν, ἄλλ' ἑχέτω καὶ μετάνοια τόπον.

183.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὶς χάρις, Ἡλιόδωρε, φιλήμασιν, εἰ μὲ λάβροισιν

χείλεσι μὴ φιλέεις ἀντιβιαζόμενος,
STRATO'S *MUSA PUEBILIS*

179.—By the Same

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

180.—By the Same

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

181.—By the Same

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

182.—By the Same

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

183.—By the Same

What delight, Heliodorus, is there in kisses, if thou dost not kiss me, pressing against me with
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ἀλλ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἁκροῖς ἀσάλευτα μεμυκόσιν, οία κατ᾽ οἴκους καὶ δίχα σοῦ με φιλεὶ πλάσμα τὸ κηρόχυτον;

184.—TOY AYTOY

Μὴ σπεύσῃς Μενέδημον ἔλειν δόλω, ἀλλ᾽ ἐπίνευσον ὡφρύσι, καὶ φανέρως αὐτὸς ἔρει: "Πρόαγε." οὐ γὰρ ἀνάβλησις φθάνει δὲ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα· οὐδ᾽ ἀμάρης, ποταμοῦ δὲ ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότερος.

185.—TOY AYTOY

Τοὺς σοβαροὺς τούτους καὶ τοὺς περιπορφυροσήμους παῖδας, ὅσους ἡμεῖς οὐ προσεφιέμεθα, ὥσπερ σύκα πέτραισιν ἐπὶ ἀκρολόφουσι πέπειρα ἕσθουσιν γύπες, Δίφιλε, καὶ κόρακες.

186.—TOY AYTOY

Ἄχρι τίνος ταύτην τὴν ὀφρύα τὴν υπέροπτον, Μέντορ, τηρήσεις, μηδὲ τὸ χαὶρε λέγων, ὡς μέλλων αἰώνα μένειν νέοις, ἡ διὰ παντὸς ὀρχεῖσθαι πυρίχην; καὶ τὸ τέλος πρόβλεπε. ἦξεν σοι πώγων, κακὸν ἔσχατον, ἀλλὰ μέγιστον 5 καὶ τὸτ᾽ ἐπιγνώσῃ τί σπάνις ἐστὶ φίλων.

187.—TOY AYTOY

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

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

184.—By the Same

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

185.—By the Same

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

186.—By the Same

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

187.—By the Same

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

¹ Hom. II. xxi. 202. ² Ib. 259.
ἐκ νήτης μετέβης οὗτος ταχὺς εἰς βαρύχορδον φθόγγον, ἀπ' ἱσχυοτάτης εἰς τάσιν ὁγκοτάτην.
πλὴν οὐ βασκαίνω μελέτα μόνων ἀμφοτέρους δὲ κρούων, τοῖς φθονεροῖς Λάμβδα καὶ Ἀλφα λέγε.

188.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰ σε φιλῶν ἄδικώ καὶ τοῦτο δοκεῖς ὑβριν εἶναι,
τὴν αὐτὴν κόλασιν καὶ σοὶ φίλει με λαβῶν.

189.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τίς σε κατεστεφάνωσε ρόδους ὄλου; εἰ μὲν ἐραστής,
ἀ μάκαρε εἰ δ' ὁ πατὴρ, ὰμματα καῦτος ἔχει.

190.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ολβιος ο γράψας σε, καὶ ὁλβιος οὗτος ὁ κάλλει
τῷ σῷ νυκάσθαι κηρὸς ἐπιστάμενος.
θρυπτος ἤγο καὶ σύρμα τερηδόνος εἴθε γενοίμην,
ὡς ἀναπηδήσας τὰ ξύλα ταῦτα φάγω.

191.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐκ ἐχθὲς παῖς ἡσθα; καὶ οὐδ' ὄναρ οὗτος ὁ πώγων
ἥλυθε· πῶς ἀνέβη τοῦτο τὸ δαιμόνιον,
καὶ τριχὶ πάντ' ἐκάλυψε τὰ πρὶν καλά; φεῦ, τί
tὸ θαῦμα;
ἐχθὲς Τρωίλος ὁν, πῶς ἐγένου Πρίαμος;

1 Probably, as the commentators explain, equal to "paedicabo ego vos et irrumabo." There is double meaning in all the rest of the epigram, but it is somewhat obscure and had best remain so.
quickly from the highest note to a deep one, from the slightest rise to the most voluminous. Yet I bear you no grudge; only study, and striking both say Lambda and Alpha¹ to the envious.

188.—By the Same

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

189.—By the Same

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

190.—By the Same

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

191.—By the Same

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

¹ He mentions two kinds, but we cannot distinguish them.
² Priam's youngest son.
192.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ου τερποναι κομαι με, περισσοτεροι τε κικινου, τεχνης, ου φυσεως εργα διδασκομενοι· αλλα παλαιοστιτου παιδος ρυπος ο ψαφαριτης, και χροιη μελεων σαρκι λεπανομενη. ηδυς ακαλλωπιστοσ εμος ποθος· η δε γοητις μορφη θηλυτερης εργου εχει Παφης.

193.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ουδε Σμυρναίαι Νεμέσεις ο τι σοι πιλέγουσιν, 'Αρτεμίδωρε, νοεις· "Μηδεν υπερ το μετρον." αλλ' ουτως υπεροττα και αγρια κοιδε πρεποντα κωμαδιο φθεγγη, παυθυ υποκρινομενοι. μυθοση τουτων, υπερθανε· και σου φιλησεις, και κωμαδησεις την Αποκλειομενη.

194.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ει Ζευς εκ γαιης θυητου παιδας ες αιθρην ηρπαζεν, γελουερου νεκταρος οινοχως, αιετος αν περιγεσσων 'Αγριππαν τον καλον ημων ηδη προς μακαρων ηγε δυνκονιας. ναι μα σε γαρ, Κρονιδη, κοσμον πατερ, ην εσα-θρησης, τον Φρυγιου ψεξεις αυτικα Δαρδανιδην.

195.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ανθεσιν ου τοσοσι φιλοζευρι χλοαινουι λειμωνεσ, πυκναις ελαρος άγλαταις,

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

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

193.—By the same

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

194.—By the same

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

195.—By the same

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

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¹ The title of a play by Posidippus the comic poet.
² Ganymede.
δόσους εὐγενετὰς, Διονύσε, παῖδας ἀθρήσεις, χειρῶν Κυπρογενοὺς πλάσματα καὶ Χαρίτων. ἔξοχα δ’ εν τούτοις Μιλῆσιος ἦνὶδε θάλλει, ὡς ῥόδου εὐόδμοις λαμπόμενον πετάλοις. ἀλλ’ οὐκ οἶδεν ἔσως, ἐκ καύματος ὡς καλὸν ἄνθος, οὕτω τῇ ὑρῃ ἐκ τρίχος ὀλλυμένην.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ὁθαλμοὺς σπινθήρας ἔχεις, θεόμορφε Λυκίνε, μᾶλλον δ’ ἀκτίνας, δέσποτα, πυρσοβόλους. ἀντωπὸς βλέψαι βαιὸν χρόνον οὐ δύναμαι σοι οὕτως ἀστράπτεις ὄμμασιν ἀμφιτέρους.

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Καίρῶν γυνώθι" σοφῶν τῶν ἐπτά τις, ἔπε, Φιλίππε· πάντα γὰρ ἀκμάζουτ’ ἐστὶν ἑραστότερα· καὶ σίκυος πρῶτός που ἐπ’ ἀνδήροισιν ὀραθεὶς τίμιος, ἔτα συνὶ βρῶμα πεπαινόμενος.

198.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡλικίης φίλος εἰμὶ καὶ οὐδένα παῖδα προτάσσω, πρὸς τὸ καλὸν κρίνων· ἀλλο γὰρ ἄλλος ἔχει.

199.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ἀρκιον ἥδη μοι πόσιος μέτρον· εὐσταθίη γὰρ λύεται ἦ τε φρενῶν ἦ τε διὰ στόματος. χῶ λύχνος ἐσχίσται διδύμην φλόγα, καὶ δίς ἀριθμέων, πολλάκι πειράζων, τοὺς ἀνακεκλιμένους."
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spring-tide, as are the high-born boys thou shalt see, Dionysius, all moulded by Cypris and the Graces. And chief among them, look, flowers Milesius, like a rose shining with its sweet-scented petals. But perchance he knows not, that as a lovely flower is killed by the heat, so is beauty by a hair.

196.—*By the Same*

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

197.—*By the Same*

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

198.—*By the Same*

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

199.—*By the Same*

I have drunk already in sufficient measure, for both my mind's and my tongue's steadiness is relaxed. The flame of the lamp is torn into two, and I count the guests double, though I try over and
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ηδη δ’ ουκητι μοην οπ’ οινοχον σεσοβημαι,
αλλα παρωρα βλεπω κηπι τον ουδοχον.

200.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μισω δυσπεριληπτα φιληματα, και μαχιμωδεις
φωνας, και σθεναρην εκ χερος αντιθεοιν-
και μην και τον, δι’ εστιν εν αγκασιν, ενθυθελοντα
και παρεχοντα χυδην, ου παντι δη τι θελων
αλλ’ τον εκ ποτον αμφοιν μεσον, ολον εκεινον
τον και μη παρεχειν ειδοτα και παρεχειν.

201.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ει μη νυν Κλεονικος ελευσηται, ουκετ’ εκεινον
δεξομι εγω μελαροις, ου μα τον—ουκ ομοσω,
ει γαρ δνειρον ιδων ουκ ηλυθεν, ειτα παρειη
αυριον, ου παρα την σημερον ιλλυμεθα.

202.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πτηνος Ερως αγαγεν με δι’ ηρος, ηνικα, Δαμι,
ηραμμα σον ειδον, δ ’ ομοι δευρο μολειν σ’ ελεγεν
ρημφα δ’ απο Σμυρνης επι Σαρδιας; έδραμεν άν μον
υστερον ει Ζητης έπρεχεσ, η Καλαις.

203.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ουκ έθελοντα φιλεις με, φιλω δ’ εγω ουκ έθελοντα:
ευκολος ήν φευγω, δυσκολος ήν επαγω.

1 He means the constellation Aquarius, into which Gany-
medede was said to have been transformed.
over again. And now not only am I in a flutter for the wine-pourer, but I look, out of season, at the Water-pourer\(^1\) too.

200.—By the Same

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

201.—By the Same

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

202.—By the Same

Winged Love bore me through the air, Damis, when I saw your letter which told me you had arrived here; and swiftly I flew from Smyrna to Sardis; if Zetes or Calais\(^2\) had been racing me they would have been left behind.

203.—By the Same

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

\(^2\) The winged sons of Boreas.
204.—TOY AYTOY

"Χρύσεα χαλκεῖων" νῦν εἴπατε: "δόσ λάβε" παίξει
Σωσίάδας ὁ καλός, καὶ Διοκλῆς ὁ δασύς.
τίς κάλυκας συνέκρινε βάτῳ, τίς σύκα μύκησιν;
ἀρνα γαλακτοπαγή τίς συνέκρινε βοῖ;
οί δίδως, ἀλόγιστε, καὶ ἐμπαλίν οία κομίζῃ
οὗτος Τυδείδης Γλαύκον ἐδωροδόκει.

205.—TOY AYTOY

Παῖς τις ἡλίως ἀπαλὸς τοῦ γείτονος οὐκ ὀλίγως μὲ
κνίξει: πρὸς τὸ θέλειν δ᾽ οὐκ ἀμύητα γελᾶ.
οὗ πλεῦν δ᾽ ἐστὶν ἐτῶν δύο καὶ δέκα. νῦν ἄφυλακτοι
δύμφακες: ἦν δ᾽ ἀκμάσῃ, φρούρια καὶ σκόλοπες.

206.—TOY AYTOY

α. Ἡν τούτῳ ὑφωνῆς, τοῦ μέσου λάβε, καὶ κατακλίνας
ξεύγυνε, καὶ πρώσας πρόσπεσε, καὶ κάτεχε.
β. Οὐ φρονέεις, Διόφαντε: μόλις δύναμαι γὰρ ἕγωγε
ταῦτα ποιεῖν: παίδων δ᾽ ἡ πάλη ἔσθ᾽ ἔτερα.
μοχλοῦ καὶ μένε, Κύρι, καὶ ἐμβάλλοντος ἀνάσχον· ἓ
πρῶτον συμμελετάν ἡ μελετάν μαθέω.

207.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐχθὲς λοιμομενος Διοκλῆς ἀνεμήνοχε σαῦραν
ἐκ τῆς ἐμβάσεως τὴν Ἄναδυμένην.

1 Hom. Il. vi. 236.
2 The terms are all technical ones of the wrestling school,
many of them, of course, bearing a double meaning.
204.—By the Same

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

205.—By the Same

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

206.—By the Same

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

207.—By the Same

Yesterday Diocles in the bath brought up a lizard ³ from the tub, "Aphrodite rising from the waves." ⁴

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

¹ cp. No. 3.  ² Apelles' celebrated picture.
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ταύτην εἰ τις ἐδειξεν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τότ᾿ ἐν ἵδῃ, 
tὰς τρεῖς ἄν ταύτης προκατέκρινε θεάς.

208.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὔτυχές, οὐ φθονέω, βιβλιάζον; ἢ τά σ᾿ ἀναγνώση 
παῖς τις ἀναθλῆσαι, πρὸς τὰ γένεια τιθείς;
ἡ τρυφεροίς σφιγγεῖ περὶ χείλεσιν, ἢ κατὰ μηρῶν 
eἰλήσει δροσερών, ὃ μακαριστότατον
πολλάκις φοιτήσεις ὑποκόλπιον, ἢ παρὰ δίφρους 
βλήθην τολμήσεις κεῖνα θυγείν ἄφοβως.
πολλὰ δ᾿ ἐν ἠρεμίᾳ προλαλήσεις· ἀλλ᾿ ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν,
χαρτάριοι, δέομαι, πυκνότερον τι λάλει.

209.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μήτε λίαν στυγνός παρακέκλισο, μήτε κατηφύς, 
Δίφιλε, μηδ᾿ εἰς παίδιον εξ ἀγέλης.
ἔστω που προύνικα φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ πρὸ ἔργων 
παίγνια, πληκτισμοὶ, κνίσμα, φίλημα, λόγος.

210.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τρεῖς ἀρίθμες τοὺς πάντας ὑπὲρ λέχος, δὲν δύο δρῶσιν,
καὶ δύο πάσχουσιν. θαῦμα δοκῶ τι λέγειν.
καὶ μὴν οὐ φεύδοσι· δυσὶν εἰς μέσος γὰρ ὑπουργεῖ 
τέρπων ἐξόπιθεν, πρόσθε δὲ τερπόμενος.

211.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐφισ ἀμύητος ἄκμην ὑπὲρ οὐ σ᾿ ἤτι πείθω,
ὄρθως ἄν δείσας, δεινὸν ἰσος δοκέων.

1 I conjecture κνίσματα βλέμμα and render so.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

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

208.—By the Same

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

209.—By the Same

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

210.—By the Same

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

211.—By the Same

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

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

ei de se despotikē koītē pepoīneke tekhītēn,
tī fθonēveis doūnai, tauntō laβwōn, ētērф;
ds mēn γār kalēsas epī tō chrēs, eπ' āpolūsas,
eūdei kūrīos ōn, μιδē lōgōn metadoūς.

212.—TOY AYTOY

Aliai mou: tī pālin dedakrumeōn, h tī katphēs,
paidiōn; eipōn āplōs: μηδ' oδūnā: tī thēleis;
tīn xēra mou koīlhn proseuνhnoχas: ωs āpolōlα:
muθōn īsws aiteis: touτ' ēmatēs de pōthen;
oukēti soi koptēs fīλiain πlāκes ouδē melīhρā
sēsama, kai karūwos paīgnios ewstophē

213.—TOY AYTOY

Tō τοίχω kéklikas tīn ὀσφύα tīn periblēptον,
Kūrī: tī peirāzēis tōn līθou; ou dūnatai.

214.—TOY AYTOY

Dōs mou, kaláβhe xalkhōn. ēreis ὅτι "Πλούσιος eîμi"
.dwρηsai toīnyn tīn xhαρn, ωs basιlēus.

215.—TOY AYTOY

Nōn ēar eî, metēpeta thērōs: kápēta tī melλēis
Kūris; boūlēusai, kai kalāμη γār ēsη.
thing formidable. But if your master’s bed has made you proficient in it, why do you grudge granting the favour to another, receiving the same? For he, after summoning you to the business, dismisses you, and being your lord and master, goes to sleep without even addressing a word to you. But here you will have other enjoyments, playing on equal terms, talking together, and all else by invitation and not by order.

212.—By the Same

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

213.—By the Same

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

214.—By the Same

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

215.—By the Same

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

Νῦν ὁρθή, κατάρατε, καὶ εὐτονος, ἴνικα μηδὲν· ἴνικα δ’ ἴν εἰχῶς, οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀνέπνεεις.

217.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ηδη ἐπὶ στρατιής ὄρμας, ἐτι παῖς ἀδαχνὸν καὶ τρυφερὸς. τι ποιεῖς, σοὔτος, ὅρα: μετάθου. οἰμοῦ: τίς σ’ ἀνέπνεεσε λαβεῖν δόρυν· τίς χεῖρ πέλτην· τίς κρύψαι ταύτην τὴν κεφαλὴν κόρυθι; ὁ μακαριστὸς ἐκεῖνος, ὅτις ποτὲ, καὶνῦς Ἀχιλλεὺς ὃ τοῖο ἐνὶ κλισίῃ τερτόμενος Πατρόκλῳ.

218.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μέχρι τίνως σε γελώντα μόνου, μηδὲν δὲ λαλοῦντα οἴσομεν; εἶπον ἀπλῶς ταῦτα σὺ, Πασιφέλε. αἰτῶ, καὶ σὺ γελᾶς· πάλιν αἰτῶ, κοῦκ ἀποκρίνῃ· δακρύω, σὺ γελᾶς. βάρβαρε, τοῦτο γέλωσ;

219.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ μισθοῦς αἴτειτε, διδᾶσκαλοι; ὃς ἀχάριστοι ἔστε· τί γὰρ; τὸ βλέπειν παιδία μικρὸν ἴσως; καὶ τοῦτοι λαλεῖν, ἀσπαζομένους τε φιλήσαι; τοῦτο μόνον χρυσῶν ἄξιον οὐχ ἕκατον; πεμπέτω, εἰ τίς ἔχει καλὰ παιδία· κἀμὲ φιλεῖτω, 5 μισθὸν καὶ παρ’ ἐμοῦ λαμβανέτω τί θέλει.

220.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχὶ τὸ πῦρ κλέψας δέδεσαι, κακοβουλε Προμηθεῦ, ἀλλ’ ὅτι τὸν πηλὸν τοῦ Δίος ἡφάνσας.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

216.—By the Same

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

217.—By the Same

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

218.—By the Same

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

219.—By the Same

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

220.—By the Same

Thou art not in fetters for stealing the fire, ill-advised Prometheus, but because thou didst spoil
πλάττων ἀνθρώπων, ἔβαλες τρίχας· ἐνθεὺν ὁ δεινὸς πώγων, καὶ κυήμη παισὶ δασυνομένη. 5
εἶτά σε δαρδάπτει Δίος αἰετός, ὃς Γαυμμήδην ἠρπασε· ὁ γὰρ πώγων καὶ Δίος ἔστ ὀδύνη.

221.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Στείχε χρή πρὸς αἰθέρα δίον, ἀπέρχεο παῖδα κομίζων, aieτέ, τὰς διφυεῖς ἐκπετάσας πτερυγας, 5
στείχε τὸν ἀβρόν ἔχων Γαυμμήδεα, μηδὲ μεθείς τὸν Δίος ἡδίστων οἰνοχόν κυλίκων
φείδεο δ’ αἰμάζαι κοῦρον γαμψώνυχι ταρσῷ, μὴ Ζεὺς ἀλγήσῃ, τοῦτο βαρυνόμενος.

222.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εὐκαίρως ποτὲ παιδοτρίβης, λείον προδιάσκων, 5
 eius τὸ γόνυ γνάμφας, μέσον ἐπαιδοτρίβει, τῇ χερὶ τοὺς κόκκους ἐπαφώμενος. ἀλλὰ τυχαίος
tοῦ παιδὸς χρήζων, ἤθεν ὁ δεσπόσυνος. ὃς δὲ τάχος τοῖς ποσσὶν ὑποξώσας ἀνέκλινεν
ὑπτιον, ἐμπλέξας τῇ χερὶ τὴν φάρυγα.
ἀλλ’ οὐκ ὄν ἀπαλάιστος ὁ δεσπόσυνος προσέειπεν, 5
“Παῦσαι γυρίζεις,” φησί, “τὸ παιδάριον.”

223.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τερπνὸν δὲ λῶς τὸ πρόσωπον ἐμοὶ προσίοντος ἀπαρκεῖ·
ουκέτε δ’ ἐξόπιθεν καὶ παριόντα βλέπω·
οὕτω γὰρ καὶ ἀγαλμα θεοῦ καὶ νηὸν ὀρῶμεν
ἀντίοι, οὐ πάντως καὶ τὸν ὅπισθόδομον.
the clay of Zeus. In moulding men thou didst add hairs, and hence comes the horrible beard, and hence boys' legs grow rough. For this thou art devoured by Zeus' eagle, which carried off Ganymede; for the beard is a torment to Zeus, too.

221.—By the Same

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

222.—By the Same

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

223.—By the Same

His face as he approaches seems altogether delightful to me, and that suffices, and I turn not my head to look at him again as he passes. For thus do we look at the statue of a god and a temple, in front, but need not look at the back chamber too.
224.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς ἀγαθὴν συνέβημεν ἀταρπιτόν, ἢν ἀπὸ πρώτης
φράξει ὅπως ἐσταί, Δίφιλε, καὶ μονίμη.
ἄμφω γὰρ πτηνόν τι λελογχαμεν· ἔστι μὲν ἐν σοὶ
κάλλος, ἔρως δὲ ἐν ἐμοὶ· καίρια δ᾽ ἀμφότερα.
ἀρτι μὲν ἀρμοσθέντα μένει χρόνον· εἰ δ᾽ ἀφύλακτα δὲ
μίμνετον ἀλλήλων, ὦ χεῖτ' ἀποπτάμενα.

225.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐδέποτ' ἠλίου φάος ὀρθριοῦ ἀντέλλοντος
μύσγεσθαι ταῦρῳ χρῆ φλογόεντα κύνα,
μὴ ποτὲ καρπολόχου Δημήτερος ὑγραυθείσης,
βρέξῃ τὴν λασίην Ἡρακλέους ἀλοχον.

226.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πάνωνα μυδαλὸντα πεφυρμένοις ὀμματα κλαυθμὸ
ἀγρυπνον ἀμπαῦνον θυμόν ἀδημονίη,
ὦ με κατ' ὁν ἐδάμασεν ἀποξευχθέντος ἐταίρου,
μοῦνον ἐπεὶ μὲ λυπών εἰς ἴδιν Ἐφεσον
χθικὸς ἔβη Θεόδωρος· ὃς εἰ πάλι μὴ ταχὺς ἐλθον,
mayıκέτι μονολεχεῖς κοίτας ἀνεξόμεθα.

227.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ἡν τινα καὶ παριδεῖν ἑθέλω καλὸν ἀντισυναντῶν,
βαιῖν ὅσον παραβὰς εὐθὺ μεταστρέφομαι.

228.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Παῖδα μὲν ἠλιόμηνον ἐς ἀφρόνα καιρὸν ἀμαρτεῖν,
tῷ πείδουτι φέρει πλεῖον ὑβρισμα φίλω.
224.—By the Same

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

225.—By the Same

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

226.—By the Same

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

227.—By the Same

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

228.—By the Same

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

¹ Hebe = pubes.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἡδη δ' ἐν νεότητι παράλικα παιδικὰ πάσχειν,
τῷ παρέχοντι πάλιν τοῦτο δὲς αἰσχρότερον.
ἔστι δ' ὅτ' ἀμφοτέροις τὸ μὲν οὐκέτι, Μοῖρι, τὸ δ' ὁπω
ἀπρεπές, οἷον ἐγὼ καὶ σὺ τὸ νῦν ἔχομεν.

229.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ος ἀγαθὴ θεὸς ἐστὶ, δι' ἥν ὑπὸ κόλπον, Ἀλεξὶ,
πτύομεν, ὑστερόποιν ἀξόμενοι Νέμεσιν.
ἠν σὺ μετερχομένην οὐκ ἐβλεπες, ἀλλ' ἐνόμιζες
ἐξεῖν τὸ φθονερὸν κάλλος ἀειχρόνου.
νῦν δὲ τὸ μὲν διόλωλεν· ἐλήλυθε δ' ἡ τριχάλητος
δαίμων· χοι θέρατες νῦν σε παρερχόμεθα.

230.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τὸν τὸ καλὸν μελανεύντα Θεόκριτον, εἰ μὲν ἐμ' ἔχθει,
τετράκι μισοῖς· εἰ δὲ φιλεῖ, φιλέοις
ναίχι πρὸς εὐχαίτεω Γανυμήδεος, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ,
καὶ σὺ ποί ἡράσθης· οὐκέτι μακρὰ λέγω.

231.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐκλείδη φιλέοντι πατὴρ θάνειν· ἀ μάκαρ αἰεὶ,
καὶ πρὶν ἐς ὅτι θέλοι χρηστὸν ἔχον πατέρα
καὶ νῦν εὐφρονα νεκρόν. ἐγὼ δ' ἐτι λάθρα παίξω
φεῦ μοίρης τε κακῆς καὶ πατρὸς ἀθανάτου.

232.—ΣΚΤΘΙΝΟΤ

Ορθὸν νῦν ἑστηκας ἀνώνυμον οὐδὲ μαραίνῃ,
ἐντετασεῖ δ' ὡς ἃν μὴ ποτὲ παυσόμενον.
STRATO'S MUSA PUEWILIS

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

229.—BY THE SAME

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

230.—CALLIMACHUS

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

231.—STRATO

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

232.—SCYTHINUS

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

1 There is a pun on τριχα, hair.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀλλ' ότε μοι Νεμεσηνός ὀλον παρέκλινεν ἑαυτόν, πάντα διδοὺς δ' θέλων, νεκρὸν ἀπεκρέμασο. τείνεο, καὶ ῥήσσον, καὶ δάκρυε· πάντα ματαλώς, οὐχ ἔξεις ἔλεον χειρὸς αὖ ἤμετέρης.

233.—ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Τὴν ἀκμὴν Ὑσαυρὸν ἔχειν, κωμῳδέ, νομίζεις, οὐκ εἶδος αὐτὴν Φάσματος ὀξυτέρην. ποιήσει σ’ ὁ χρόνος Μισούμενον, εἶτα Γεωργόν, καὶ τὸτε μαστεύσεις τὴν Περικερομένην.

234.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἴ κάλλει καυχᾶ, γύνωσχ’ ὅτε καὶ ρόδου ἄνθει· ἀλλὰ μαρανθέν ἄφνω σὺν κοπρίοις ἐρίφῃ. ἀνθος γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἵσον χρόνον ἐστὶ λαχόντα· ταῦτα δ’ ὁμὴ φθονέων εξεμάρανε χρόνος.

235.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλὸν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ· εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβήστι τοῦθ’ ὁ μενεῖ διδόναι;

236.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐνοὺχὸς τις ἔχει καλὰ παιδία· πρὸς τίνα χρήσων; καὶ τούτοις βλάβην οὐχ ὁσίην παρέχει. ὅπως ὁ κύων φάτνη ῥόδα, μωρὰ δ’ ἡλακτῶν οὐθ’ αὐτῷ παρέχει τάγαθον, οὐθ’ ἐτέρῳ.

1 All these are titles of pieces by Menander. "The Countryman" seems to have dealt with marital jealousy, as 400
sis. Verum quando Nemesenus totum se mihi acclinavit, cuncta quae volo, dans, mortua pendebas. Tendaris, rumparis, lacrimeris; omnia incassum; manus mea tui non miserebitur.

233.—FRONTO

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

234.—STRATO

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

235.—BY THE SAME

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

236.—BY THE SAME

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

did “The Clipped Lady,” but I fail to see the exact point. cp. Agathias’ imitation of this, Bk. V. 218.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

237.—TOY AYTOY

Χαίρε σὺ, μισοπόνηρε πεπλασμένε, χαίρε, βάναυσε, ὁ πράγμην ὁμόσας μηκέτι μὴ διδόναι.
μηκέτι νῦν ὁμόσης. Ἐγνωκα γάρ, οὐδὲ με λήθεις:
oίδα τὸ ποῦ, καὶ πῶς, καὶ τίνι, καὶ τὸ πόσον.

238.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀλλήλως παρέχουσιν ἀμοιβαδίην ἀπολαυσιν
οἱ κύνεοι πῶλοι μειρακιενόμενοι:
ἀμφαλλᾶξ δὲ οἱ αὐτοὶ ἀπόστροφα νωτοβατοῦνται,
τὸ δρᾶν καὶ τὸ παθέιν ἀντιπεραιώμενοι.
οὐ πλεονεκτεῖται δὲ οὐδ᾽ ἄτερος· ἄλλοτε μὲν γάρ
ἐστιν ὁ προδίδος ἄλλοτ᾽ ὑπισθὲ πάλιν.
τοῦτ᾽ ἐστὶν πάντως τὸ προσίμιον· εἰς γὰρ ἀμοιβὴν,
ὥς λέγεται, κυήθειν οἴδεν ὅνος τὸν ὅνον.

239.—TOY AYTOY

Πέντε αἰτεῖς, δέκα δόσω· εἰκοσι d᾽ ἄντια ἔξεις.
ἀρκεῖ σοι χρυσοῦς; ἤρκεσε καὶ Δανάη.

240.—TOY AYTOY

Ἡδὴ μοι πολιαὶ μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισιν ἔθειραι,
καὶ πέος ἐν μηροῖς ἀργοῖν ἀποκρέμαται.
ὁρκεῖς δ᾽ ἀπρηκτοῖς, χαλεπῶν δὲ με γῆρας ἱκάνει.
oίμοι: πυγίζειν οἴδα, καὶ οὐ δύναμαι.

241.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀγκιστρον πεπόθκας, ἔχεις ἰχθῦν ἐμὲ, τέκνοι·
ἐλκε μ᾽ ὅπου βούλεις· μὴ τρέχε, μὴ σε φύγω.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

237.—By the Same

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

238.—By the Same

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

239.—By the Same

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

240.—By the Same

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

241.—By the Same

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

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

242.—TOY AYTOY

Πρώην τὴν σαύραν ῥωδοδάκτυλον, "Ἀλκιμή", ἔδειξας·

νῦν αὐτὴν ἥδη καὶ ῥοδόπηχυν ἔχεις.

243.—TOY AYTOY

Εἴ με τὸ πυγίζειν ἀπολώλεκε, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο

ἐκτρέφομαι ποδαγρῶν, Ζεῦ, κρεάγραν με πόει.

244.—TOY AYTOY

Ἡν ἐσίδω τινὰ λευκῶν, ἀπόλλυμαι· ἂν δὲ μελίχρουν,

καίομαι· ἂν ξανθὸν δ’, εὐθὺς ὅλος λέλυμαι.

245.—TOY AYTOY

Πᾶν ἄλογον ζῶον βινεῖ μόνον· οἱ λογικοὶ δὲ

τῶν ἄλλων ζώων τούτ’ ἔχομεν τὸ πλέον,

πυγίζειν εὑρόντες. Ὅσοι δὲ γυναιξὶ κρατοῦνται,

τῶν ἄλογων ζώων οὐδὲν ἔχουσι πλέον.

246.—TOY AYTOY

Ζεῦγος ἀδελφεῖῶν με φιλεῖ· οὐκ οἶδα τίν’ αὐτῶν

dεσπόσυνον κρίνω· τοὺς δύο γὰρ φιλεῖν.

χῶ μὲν ἀποσταλέχει, ὃ δ’ ἐπέρχεται· ἐστὶ δὲ τοῦ μὲν

cάλλιστον τὸ παρόν, τοῦ δὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.

247.—TOY AYTOY

Ὅλον ἐπὶ Τροίη ποτ’ ἀπὸ Κρήτης, Θεόδωρε,

Ἰδομενεὺς θεράπουν ἦγαγε Μηριόνην,
242.—By the Same

[See Bk. XI. No. 21.]

243.—By the Same

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

244.—By the Same

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

245.—By the Same

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

246.—By the Same

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

247.—By the Same

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

¹ The joke is obscure.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

toîon ἔχω σε φίλον περιδέξιον. ἦ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἀλλα μὲν ἦν θεράπων, ἀλλα δῆ ἐταϊρόσυνος· καὶ σὺ τὰ μὲν βιότοιο πανήμερος ἔργα τελεῖ μοι· νύκτα δὲ¹ πειρῶμεν, ναι Δία, Μηριώνη.

248.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τίς δύναται γνῶναι τὸν ἐρώμενον εἰ παρακμίζει, πάντα συνών αὐτῷ μηδὲ ἀπολειπόμενος; τίς δύνατ' οὐκ ἀρέσαι τὴν σήμερον, ἐχθὲς ἀρέσκων; εἰ δ' ἀρέσει, τί παθῶν αὐριον οὐκ ἀρέσει;

249.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βουποίητε μέλισσα, πόθεν μέλι τοῦμον ἴδούσα παιδὸς ἐφ' ὑαλέην ὄψιν ὑπερτέτασαι; οὔ πάυσῃ βομβεύσα, καὶ ἀνθολόγουσι θέλουσα ποσοῦν ἐφάψασθαι χρωτός ἀκηροτάτου; ἔρρ' ἐπὶ σοὺς μελίπαιδας ὅποι ποτέ, δραπέτι, σίμ-βλους,

μή σε δάκώ· κήγῳ κέντρον ἔρωτος ἔχω.

250.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νυκτερινῆν ἐπίκωμος ἰὼν μεταδορτίων ὅρην ἄρνα λύκος θυρέτρως εὖρον ἐφεσταότα, νῦν Ἀριστοδίκου τοῦ γείτονος· ὃν περιπλεχθεῖς ἐξεφίλουν ὅρκοις πολλὰ χαριζόμενοι. νῦν δ' αὐτῷ τί φέρων δωρήσομαι; οὔτ' ἀπάτης γὰρ 5 ἄξιος, Ἐσπερίης οὔτ' ἐπιορκοσύνης.

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

248.—By the Same

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

249.—By the Same

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

250.—By the Same

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

¹ For the pun on this name see No. 37.
251.—TOY AYTOY
Πρόσθε μὲν ἀντιπρόσωπα φιλήματα καὶ τὰ πρὸ πεῖρας
εἴχομεν· ἢ γὰρ ἀκμῆν, Δίφιλε, παιδάριον.
νῦν δὲ σε τῶν ὁπίθεν γοννάξομαι, οὕτως παρεόντων
ὑστερον· ἐστῶ γὰρ πάντα καθ’ ἡλικίαν.

252.—TOY AYTOY
'Εμπρήσω σε, θύρη, τῇ λαμπάδι, καὶ τὸν ἐνοικον
συμφλέξας μεθὺς, εὐθὺς ἀπειμί φυγάς,
καὶ πλώσας Ἀδριανὸν ἐπ' οἴνοπα πόντου, ἀλήτης
φωλήσω γε θύραις ψυκτὸς ἁνοιγομέναις.

253.—TOY AYTOY
Δεξιτερὴν ὁλγον δῶς ἐπὶ χρόνου, οὕτω ἱνα παῦς
(κεῖ μ' ὁ καλὸς χλεὺς ἐσχε) χοροιτυπής.
ἀλλ', εἰ μὴ πλευρῇ παρεκέκλητο πατρὸς ἀκαίρως,
οὐκ ἂν δὴ με μάτην εἴδε μεθυσκόμενον.

254.—TOY AYTOY
'Εκ ποίου ναοῦ, πόθεν ὁ στόλος οὗτος Ἑρώτων,
πάντα καταστήματι, ἄνδρες, ἀμαυρᾶ βλέπω.
τίς τούτων δοῦλος, τίς ἔλευθερος; οὔ δύνομαι εἰπεῖν.
ἀνθρώπος τούτων κύριος; ὁ δὲ κυρίου.
εἰ δ' ἐστίν, μειξὼν πολλοῖς Διὸς, δς Γαυμαβηθην
ἐσχε μόνως, θεὸς ὁν πηλίκος· ὃς δὲ πόσους;
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

251.—By the Same

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

252.—By the Same

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

253.—By the Same

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

254.—By the Same

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

¹ Hom. Od. xi. 66. Homeri verbis male abutitur.
255.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδ’ αυτή σ’ ἡ λέξεις, ἀκοινώνητε, διδάσκειν,
ἐξ ἐτύμου φωνῆς ῥήμασιν ἐλκομένην;
πᾶς φιλόπαίς λέγεται, Διονύσιε, κοῦ φιλοσοφούπαις.
πρὸς τοῦτ’ ἀντειπεῖν μή τι πάλιν δύνασαι;
Πύθι’ ἀγωνοθετῶ, σὺ δ’ Ὀλύμπια: χοῦς ὑποβάλλων ἐκκρίνω, τούτους εἰς τὸν ἄγωνα δέχῃ.

256.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Πάγκαρτόν σοι, Κύπρι, καθήμοσε, χειρὶ τρυγήσας
παῖδῶν ἄνθος, Ἕρως ψυχαπάτην στέφανον.
ἐν μὲν γὰρ κρίνον ἢδ’ κατεπλεξεν Διόδωρον,
ἐν δ’ Ἀσκληπιάδην, τὸ γλυκῷ λευκόῖον.
ναὶ μὴν Ἦρακλειτον ἐπτέπλεκεν, ὡς ἀπ’ ἀκάνθης
†εἰς ῥόδουν,1 οἰνάνθη δ’ ὡς της ξεθαλλε Δίων·
χρυσάνθη δὲ κόμαις κρόκου Θήρωνα συνήψεν·
ἐν δ’ ἐβαλ’ ἐρπύλλου κλωνίου Οὐλιάδην,
ἀβροκόμην δὲ Μυίσκον, ἀειθαλὲς ἐρως ἐλαίης·
ἴμερτος δ’ Ἀρέτου κλώνας ἀπεδρέπτετο.
 ὀλβίστη νήσων ἱερὰ Τύρος, ἢ τὸ μυρόπουν
ἀλσος ἔχει παῖδων Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόρον.

257.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

‘Α πῦματον καμπτήρα καταγέλλουσα κορωνίς,
ἐρκούρος γραπτὰς πιστοτάτα σελίσιν,
φαμι τὸν ἐκ πάντων ἠθροισμένον εἰς ἕνα μόχθον
ὑμνοθετῶν βύθλῳ τᾶδ’ ἐνελιξάμενον

1 I conjecture φῦ ῥόδων and render so, taking the first ἄσ as = δτε. The bloom of Heraclitus and Dion was contemporary.

1 Which were held later in the year.
255.—By the Same

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

256.—MELEAGER

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

257.—By the Same

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

This, being a list of the boys Meleager himself knew at Tyre, cannot, as has been supposed, be the proem to a section of his Stephanus. The following epigram, on the other hand (if by Meleager), certainly stood at the end of the whole Stephanus.
έκτελέσαι Μελέαγρου, ἡείμνηστον δὲ Διοκλεῖ
ἀνθεσί συμπλέξαι μουσοπόλον στέφανον.
oύλα δ' ἐγώ καμφθείσα δρακοντείοις ἱσα νώτοις,
σύνθρονος ἱδρυμαί τέρμασιν ευμαθίας.

258.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἡ τάχα τις μετόπισθε κλύων ἐμὰ παίγνια ταῦτα,
πάντας ἐμοὺς δόξει τούς ἐν ἔρωτί πόνους.
ἀλλα δ' ἐγών ἄλλοισιν ἀεὶ φιλόπαισι χαράσσω
γράμματ', ἐπει τὶς ἐμοὶ τοῦτ ἐνέδωκε θεὸς.
is Meleager, and that it was for Diocles he wove from flowers this wreath of verse, whose memory shall be evergreen. Curled in coils like the back of a snake, I am set here enthroned beside the last lines of his learned work.

258.—STRATO

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