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THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS
PREFACE

The translator wishes to record his indebtedness to many predecessors, from the author of the Sixe Idillia to the late Andrew Lang. His thanks are also due, among other friends, to Mr. A. S. F. Gow for allowing him access to the unpublished results of his investigations into the "Bucolic Masquerade" and the Pattern-Poems.

24, Halifax Road, Cambridge.
8 October, 1912.
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vii
Λόρα δή σοι καὶ κιθάρα λείπεται ὡς κατὰ πάλιν χρήσιμα καὶ ἀδ ἀγρύνε τοῖς νομεύσι σύριγγας ἂν τις εἶπ.

PLATO, Republic 399 d.
INTRODUCTION

I.—The Life of Theocritus

The external evidence for the life of Theocritus is scanty enough. Beyond a brief statement in Suidas, a casual phrase in Choeroboscus, the epigram "Ἀλλος ὁ Χῖος, and a comment upon a passage of Ovid, we have only a few short and not always consistent notes in the commentaries which are contained in the manuscripts. His poems tell us plainly that he was a native of Syracuse, and was familiar also with the districts of Croton and Thurii in Italy, with the island of Cos, with Miletus, and with Alexandria, and that he wrote certain of his works about the twelfth year of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The inscriptions he composed for the statues of Gods and poets connect him, or at least his fame, also with Teos, Paros, Ephesus, and Camirus. The rest—and that means much of the following account—is conjecture.

His parents were Praxagoras and Philinna, both possibly of Coan birth or extraction. His early manhood was spent in the Aegean. He seems to have studied medicine,¹ probably at Samos, under the

¹ In the Argument to XI read προσδιαλέγεται ὁ θ. ἰατρῷ Νικῆς Μιλησίων τὸ γένος, ὥ (πιθ. ἰ. τ. ἱ. συμφωνητὴς γέγονεν Ἡρακλειδίου ἱατρὸν καὶ αὐτὸν (πιθ. ἰατρῷ διὸς καὶ αὐτοῦ): otherwise both σως and καὶ αὐτ. are unintelligible.
famous physician Erasistratus, along with the Milesian Nicias to whom he dedicates the Cyclops and the Hylas. Theocritus is also said to have been a pupil of the Samian poet Asclepiades, whose epigrams we know in the Anthology. He certainly spent some years at Cos, sitting at the feet of the great poet and critic Philitas, who numbered among his pupils Zenodotus the grammarian, Hermesianax the elegist, and the young man who was afterwards Ptolemy II. This happy period of our author’s life is almost certainly recalled in a poem written at a later time, the Harvest-home. Philitas probably died about the year 283. Ten years later we find Theocritus at Syracuse, seeking the favour of the young officer who in 274 had been elected general-in-chief after the troubles of Pyrrhus’ régime and was soon to be known as Hiero II. The poem we know as Charites or The Graces probably appeared as epistle-dedication to a collection of poems, Charites being really the title of the whole book.\(^1\) Such fancy titles were the fashion of the day. Alexander of Aetolia, for instance, published a collection called The Muses; the “nightingales” of Callimachus’ famous little poem on Hearer-leitus are best explained as the name of his old friend’s collected poems; and Aratus published a collection actually called by this name, for Helladius\(^2\)

\(^1\) The scholion on ήμετέρας χάριτας (l. 6) is τὰ οἰκεία ταχύματα. The phrase σταρσὶς παρὰ in Artemidorus’ introductory poem does not, of course, necessarily imply that hitherto each poem of the three authors had existed separately. There were no magazines. \(^2\) ap. Phot. Bibl. p. 531 b 14, cf. 532 a 36.
writes "As Aratus says in the first of his Charites," ἐν Χαρίτων πρώτη. Whether Theocritus' little book contained any of the extant poems we cannot say. It very possibly contained the Cyclops and the Beloved, and from the title it may be judged to have comprised no more than three pieces. One biographical point should be noted here; Theocritus was newly come to Syracuse. We gather from the Charites that Hiero was by no means the first great man to whom Theocritus had gone for patronage, and it is to be remarked that the poet ascribes the indifference with which he had hitherto been received, not to the disturbed state of the country, but to the commercial spirit of the age. There were no doubt other possible patrons than Hiero in Sicily, but peace and tranquillity had not been known there for many years. The same argument may be used to show that his sojourn in Magna Graecia was not during the decade preceding the publication of the Charites. The poem apparently failed like its predecessors; for Theocritus, like his own Aeschinas, was fain to go overseas and seek his fortune at Alexandria.†

The voyage to Egypt lay by way of the southern Aegean, and we are credibly informed that he now spent some time at Cos. He doubtless had many old friends to see. It was probably on this voyage that he wrote the Distaff, to accompany the gift he was taking from Syracuse to the wife of his old friend

† Beloch and others put the Ptolemy before the Charites; but when the latter was written Hiero cannot have been king. See the introduction to the poem.
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Nicias, who was now settled in practice at Miletus. The Cyclops is generally regarded as a consolation addressed to the lovesick Nicias. If this is true, it would follow on this placing of the Distaff that the Cyclops was written before the Charites; for it implies that Nicias, to whom it was doubtless sent as a letter, was then unmarried. The probable age of the two friends in 273 points, as we shall see, the same way. If on the other hand we may regard the Cyclops as an outpouring of soul on the part of the lovesick Theocritus, the author likening himself, and not Nicias, to Polyphemus, the two lines—all that has been preserved—of Nicias' reply ¹ may be interpreted with more point: "Love has, it seems, made you a poet," a compliment upon the first serious piece of work of his friend's that he had seen. This interpretation puts the Cyclops long before the Charites, independently of the dating of the Distaff. In any case, the Cyclops is certainly an early poem. The same visit to Nicias may have been the occasion of the eighth epigram, an inscription for the base of the new statue of Asclepius with which the doctor had adorned his consulting-room. We may well imagine that Nicias employed his friend in order to put a little money in his pocket; for his own epigrams in the Anthology show clearly that he could have written an excellent inscription himself.

The Love of Cynisca, with its hint of autobiography

¹ ἄν ἄρ' ἄληθὲς τούτο, Θεοκρίτη, οἷς γὰρ Ἐρωτεῖς πολλοὺς τοιχῶν ἐδίδαξας τοὺς πρὶν ἁμοῦσος.
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and its friendly flattery of Philadelphus, was in all probability written about this time. There is no doubt as to the approximate dates of the Ptolemy and the Women at the Adonis Festival. They must both have been written at Alexandria between the king's marriage with his sister Arsinoë—this took place sometime between 278 and 273—and her death in 270. The Ptolemy cannot be much later than 273; for it is clear that the Syrian war was in its early days, and this began in 274.

At this point it becomes necessary to discuss a question of great importance not only to the biographer of Theocritus but to the historian of the Pastoral. Does the Harvest-home deal with real persons? The scene of the poem is Cos. We have the characters Simichidas and Lycidas and the dumb characters Eueritus and Amyntas; the two songs mention in connexion with one or other of these persons Ageanax, Tityrus, Aratus, Aristis, Philinus, and two unnamed shepherds of Acharnae and Lyceopè; in another part of the poem—though these are not necessarily to be reckoned as friends of the others—we have Philitas, and S.HEIDAS of Samos. Of these, Philitas certainly, and Aratus possibly, are the well-known poets; Philinus may or may not be the Coan Philinus who won at Olympia in 264 and 260 and who is probably the Philinus of the Spell; Aristis is a clip-form of some compound like Aristodamus; Amyntas is also called Amyntichus. The Tityrus, to whom, in the guise of a goatherd,
Theocritus dedicates the *Serenade*, is almost certainly a real person, and as certainly, Tityrus was not his real name; Tityrus here may or may not be the same person. Sicelidas, on external grounds, is certainly to be identified with the poet Asolepiades; it is to be noted that he is called Sicelidas elsewhere than in Theocritus; but he and Philitas are in a sense outside this discussion. Lastly, Amyntas bears a royal name. We know Ptolemy Philadelphus to have been taught by Philitas; and though his father was reputed the son of Lagus, the Macedonians were proud to believe him to be actually the son of Philip of Macedon, whose father was Amyntas. It is generally thought that Philitas went to Philadelphus; but in view both of the climate of Egypt and of the great probability that from 301 Cos was a vassal either of Ptolemy I or of his son-in-law Lysimachus, it is at least as likely that Philadelphus went to Philitas. Cos, moreover, was Philadelphus' birthplace.¹

If these were the only facts before us, sufficient evidence would be still to seek; for there is unfortunately some doubt as to the identity of Aratus. But there are other considerations which, taken with these, bring us near to certainty. If Lycidas is not a real person, why does the poet insist upon his characteristic laugh, and emphasise the

¹ It is worth noting here that Vergil in his *Bucolics* uses the royal Macedonian name Iollas. Did Theocritus in a lost poem use this for some great Macedonian of the family of Antipater?
excellence of his pastoral get-up? If Aristis is not a real person, why is he so carefully described, and what business has he in the poem? It is Aratus' love, not Aristis' knowledge of it, that is important to the narrative. Lastly, there is the tradition of the scholia that the narrator is either Theocritus or one of his friends, of which alternatives the former is far the more probable. The conclusion we must come to is that we are dealing throughout with real persons, some of whom have their ordinary names and others not. This does not mean, of course, that the "other-names" were invented for the occasion by the poet. Rather should they be considered pet-names by which these persons were known to their friends. There can be no certain identification.

A further question arises. Whence did Theocritus derive the notion of staging himself and his friends as herdsmen? The answer is not far to seek. First, the Greek mind associated poetry directly with music; and secondly, Greek herdsmen were then, as they are still, players and singers. The poets of his day, some of whom dealt like him with country life, would naturally appear, to a country-loving poet like Theocritus, the literary counterparts, so to speak, of the herdsmen, and their poetry in some sense the art-form of the herdsman's folk-music. It is not perhaps without ulterior motive that Lycidas the poet-goatherd is made to claim fellowship with Comatas the goatherd-poet. The accident that combined this staging with the use of pet-names in
this poem, is responsible, through Vergil's imitations, for the modern notion of the Pastoral.

Let us now return to the life of Theocritus. If, as is generally believed, the Harvest-home is autobiographical, it was written after the author had won some measure of fame—he makes himself say that he is "no match yet anhile for the excellent Siclelidas"—, and the passage about the "strutting cocks of the Muses' yard" is a reference to Apollonius of Rhodes and his famous controversy with Callimachus, Theocritus declaring his allegiance to the latter, who maintained that the long epic poem was out of date. This controversy in all probability began upon the publication of the first edition of Apollonius' Argonautica. The date of this is unfortunately disputed, but it can hardly have been earlier than 260. A further shred of biography may perhaps be derived from a consideration of the story of Comatus in relation to the cruel death of Sotades.¹ This brave outspoken poet denounced Ptolemy's incestuous marriage, and was thrown into prison. After languishing there for a long time he made good his escape, but falling eventually into the hands of an admiral of the Egyptian fleet, was shut up in a leaden vessel and drowned in the sea. This strange method of execution calls for some explanation. One is tempted to think that Sotades was a friend of Theocritus—he was a writer of love-poems of the type of XII, XXIX, and XXX—, and that after his friend

¹ Plut. de Puer. Educ. 15, Athen. 14. 621.
had been some years in prison Theocritus wrote the
Harvest-home, hinting that Sotades had suffered long
enough, and sheltering himself under a reminder of
his own early acquaintance with the king and a
declaration of his allegiance to the great court-poet
Callimachus. On the unfortunate man’s escape, we
may imagine, the story of the frustration of the my-
thical king’s cruel purpose became directly applicable
to the situation; the phrase κακαίοιν ἀγαθαλιασιν
ἀνακτοῖς was now genuine censure and the particle
θὺρ real sarcasm; and when the admiral sent word
of the recapture, Ptolemy with a grim irony ordered
that the modern Comatas should be shut up in a
modern chest and put beyond reach of the assistance
of the bees. Here again we can arrive at no date.
All we know is that Sotades’ offence must have been
committed about 275 and that he lay a long time in
prison.

We do not know for certain where Theocritus
spent the rest of his life. Perhaps after the protest
of the Harvest-home and its tragic sequel he found it
prudent to retire from Alexandria. But whether he
now left Egypt or not, it is more than probable that
he spent some time during his later years in Cos.
There was close intercourse during this period be-
tween Cos and Alexandria, and if he did not make
the island his home, he may well have paid long
summer visits there. Besides the Harvest-home, there
are two certainly Colian poems, the Thyrsis and the
Spell, and these would seem to belong rather to this
than to an earlier period. Apart altogether from the question of actual impersonation, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that when speaking of the Sicilian Thyrsis and the song he sang at Cos, Theocritus had himself at the back of his mind, and that when he wrote of Thyrsis' victory over the Libyan, he was thinking of some contest of his own—perhaps one of the Dionysiac contests mentioned in the Ptolemy—with Callimachus of Cyrenæ. And it can hardly be a mere coincidence that in the Spell Theocritus makes the athlete boast of having "outrun the fair Philinus," and that a Coan named Philinus won at Olympia in 264 and 260; it is only reasonable to suppose that Theocritus wrote these words when Philinus' name was on every Coan lip.

Except that in XXX the poet speaks of the first appearance of grey hairs upon his head, and that in the Beloved the comparison of the maid to the thrice-wed wife, which could not fail to offend the thrice-wed Arsinoë, must have been written before the author's sojourn at Alexandria, there is nothing to indicate to what period of his life the remaining poems belong.

The list of Theocritus' works given by Suidas tells us that we possess by no means all of the works once ascribed to him. His Bucolic Poems, ἔπη or δράματα βουκολικά were in the time of Suidas, or rather of the writers upon whom he drew, his chief title to fame. Of the Epigrams or Inscriptions we have some, if not all, known as his in antiquity. The Hymns are now xviii
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represented by the Ptolemy, the Dioscuri, the Berenice fragment, and perhaps the Charites. The Lyric Poems must have included the Distaff and XXIX and XXX, and perhaps also the Beloved and the Epithalamy. The books known as Elegies, Iambics, Funeral Laments, and The Heroines, and the single poem called The Daughters of Proetus—perhaps known to Virgil,—all these are lost without a trace. It is strange that Suidas' list apparently omits all mention of the non-pastoral mimes, the Love of Cynisca, the Spell, and the Women at the Adonis Festival, and of the little epics Hylas and The Little Heracles. The Spell may have been included among the Lyric Poems, its claim to be so classed lying in the peculiar way in which, though it is a personal narrative, the refrain is used throughout as if it were a song. We may perhaps guess that the four other poems belonged to the remaining book of Suidas' list, the Hopes, and that this was a collection published by Theocritus soon after his arrival in Egypt, with the Love of Cynisca standing first as a sort of dedication to his friend Ptolemy and echoing the title's veiled request for his patronage.

The name ἴδιολλία, idyls, as applied to the poems of Theocritus, is certainly as old as the commentaries which accompany the text, and some of these probably go back to the first century before Christ. It was known to Pliny the Younger as a collective

1 A book of the same title is ascribed by Suidas to Callimachus.
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title for a volume of short poems; there is a collection bearing this name among the works of Ausonius. But it was apparently unknown as the title of Theocritus’ poems to Suidas and his predecessors. The meaning of it is “little poems.” We are told that Pindar’s Epinician Odes were known as ἐδη, and Suidas uses the same word in describing the works of Sotades. There is no warrant for the interpretation “little pictures.”

If we may accept the identification of the “pretty little Amyntas” with Philadelphus, we can get a very close approximation to the date of Theocritus’ birth. Philadelphus was born in 309. At the time described in the Harvest-home he is obviously about fifteen. In the same poem Theocritus has already attained something of a reputation, but is still a young man. We shall not be far wrong if we put his age at twenty-two or three. He was born then about the year 316, and when he wrote the Charites he was about forty-three. This would suit admirably the autobiographical hint in the Love of Cynisca that the poet’s hair at the time of writing was just beginning to go grey. If the Berenice of the fragment preserved by Athenaeus is the wife, not of Soter, but of Euergetes, it would follow that Theocritus was at the Alexandrian court in his seventieth year. It is at any rate certain that he did not die young; for Statius calls him Siculus senex.¹

¹ Silv. 5. 3. 151.
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A scholiast on Ovid's Ibis I. 549

Utve Syracosio præstricta sauce poetae,
Sic animae laqueo sit via clausa tuæ,
tells us that this is "the Syracusan poet Theocritus, who was arrested by king Hiero for making an attack upon his son, the king's object being merely to make him think that he was going to be put to death. But when Hiero asked him if he would avoid abusing his son in future, he began to abuse him all the more, and not only the son but the father too. Whereat the king in indignation ordered him to be put to death in real earnest, and according to some authorities he was strangled and according to others beheaded." There is nothing improbable in this story. When Theocritus was sixty-five Hiero's son Gelo would be nineteen; we know of no other Syracusan poet who met such a fate; and Antigonus' treatment of Theocritus of Chios and Ptolemy's of Sotades show how the most enlightened rulers of the day could deal with adverse criticism. But whether we believe it or no, the story is evidence for a tradition that Theocritus' last days were spent in Sicily; and we may well imagine that he died at Syracuse, that birthplace, as he calls it, of good men and true, where his fellow-citizens long afterwards pointed out to the collector of inscriptions the statue of his great forerunner Epicharmus, and the words which he once wrote for its base, little thinking perhaps that the time would
come when his eulogy would apply as truly to himself: "They that have their habitation in the most mighty city of Syracuse have set him up here, as became fellow-townsmen, in bronze in the stead of the flesh, and thus have remembered to pay him his wages for the great heap of words he hath builted; for many are the things he hath told their children profitable unto life. He hath their hearty thanks."

II.—The Life of Moschus

The evidence for the life of Moschus is contained in a notice in Suidas and a note appended to the Runaway Love in the Anthology. These tell us that he was of Syracuse, a grammarian and a pupil of Aristarchus, and that he was accounted the second Bucolic poet after Theocritus. Aristarchus taught at Alexandria from 180 to about 144. The year 150 will then be about the middle of Moschus' life. He is almost certainly to be identified with the Moschus who is mentioned by Athenaeus as the author of a work on the Rhodian dialect, in which he explained that λεπαπτή was an earthenware vessel like those called πτωματίδες but wider in the mouth. None of Moschus' extant works are really Bucolic; for the Lament for Bion is certainly by another hand.

III.—The Life of Bion

All we know of Bion is gathered from references in Suidas and Diogenes Laertius, from the above-mentioned note in the Anthology, and from the poem
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upon his death written by a pupil who was a native of Magna Graecia. The third of the Bucolic poets, as he was apparently reckoned in antiquity, was born at a little place called Phlossa near Smyrna. His pupil calls his poetry Dorian and connects him with Syracuse and the Muses of Sicily. But this may be no more biographical than his phrase "Bion the neatherd." According to his pupil he was the leading Bucolic poet of his day, and it is unfortunate that most of the poems that have come down to us under his name, though all quoted as extracts from his Bucolica, are really not pastorals at all. It is noteworthy that Diogenes calls him μελικὸς ποιητής, a lyric poet. The description lyric poems would apply—in Alexandrian times—to the Adonis and perhaps to some of the smaller poems too. Either Diogenes knew the collection by the title of μέλη βουκολικά, or there were two collections of which he knew only one.

If we may take his pupil literally, Bion was murdered by means of poison. There is really nothing to settle his date. Suidas' order, Theocritus, Moschus, Bion, is probably to be regarded as chronological, and a comparison of the styles of the two last poets points to Bion having been the later. In the present state of our knowledge it would be unwise to draw a contrary conclusion from the omission of Moschus' name from the autobiographical passage of the Lament.

1 The Adonis has been ascribed to him on the authority of the Lament for Bion.
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IV.—The Text

The text of this edition is based upon Ahrens and Ziegler. It owes much also to von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff. To the last scholar's excellent edition, as also to his various books and articles, particularly the brilliant Textgeschichte der griechischen Bukoliker, I am deeply indebted throughout the volume. In many passages, as is well known, the text of the Bucolic poets is by no means settled. In most of these I have adopted the emendations of other scholars, giving my acknowledgments, where the change is important, at the foot of the page. In some cases—those marked E in the notes—I have preferred my own. Most editors of the classics will be human enough, I hope, to sympathise with my lack of modesty in this respect. There has not always been room for more than the merest indication of my reasons. These will shortly be given, by the kindness of the editors, in the Classical Review.1

There is much to be said for Professor von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff's re-arrangement of the order of the poems. The usual position of the Spelē is particularly unfortunate; for it leads the student to reckon it as a pastoral, which it is not. But the post-Renaissance order has been too long established, I think, to be upset now without great inconvenience; and so I have ventured to retain it.

1 In a few important cases the full references to the C.R. are now (1910) given in the notes.
INTRODUCTION

V.—The Translation

In translating the Bucolic Poets my aim has been briefly this: to translate not so much the words as their meaning, to observe not merely the obvious English idioms of syntax but the more evasive but equally important ones of stress, word-order, and balance, and to create an atmosphere of association in some sense akin to the atmosphere of the original. The present fashion, set by Mr. Myers in his Pindar, of translating classical verse into archaic prose, has much in its favour, and in rendering the songs of Theocritus' shepherds into verse I have not discarded it without due consideration. In Theocritus' day there was a convention which made it possible for him, without violating literary propriety, to represent the folk-song of a shepherd in the metre of the Epic. Some generations before, this would have been out of the question. A song in hexameters would have been a contradiction in terms. A somewhat similar convention nowadays makes prose the suitable literary vehicle of dialogue or narrative, but there is no firmly-established convention of using prose to represent song. A literary folk-song, if one may use the term, would now be impossible in blank verse, let alone prose.

So I have chosen to render the songs of Theocritus' shepherds in rhyme, and used with only two exceptions the common ballad-metre written long, with seven, or where there is a medial pause, six, stresses
to the line, employing occasional archaisms of word or rhythm not alien, I hope, to a metre which has for us associations of simple living and unsophisticated modes of thought.

In the prose parts of my translation of the pastorals I have adopted an archaic style partly because the shepherd in modern literature does not talk the only modern dialect I know, that of the upper middle-class, and partly in an endeavour to create in them an atmosphere similar to that of the songs. I have extended archaism to two of the three non-pastoral mimes for kindred reasons, to the Love-Poems because they are so Elizabethan in spirit, to the Epic poems because the Epic is necessarily, under modern conditions, archaic, and to the rest because it is the fashion of the day. The Women at the Adonis Festival is on a separate footing. It is so entirely modern in spirit, and the chief characters so closely resemble the average educated Englishwoman, that the only thing to do is to disregard the few anachronisms of name and custom and render it into Colloquial Suburban.

1 Verse-translations of the Distaff will be found in the Cambridge Review for Dec. 8, 1910, and of XXIX and XXX in the Classical Review for March and May, 1911.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Editiones Principes:

Theocritus was first printed with the Works and Days of Hesiod at Milan about the year 1480, but the edition contains only I—XVIII. The Aldine edition of 1495 contains Theocritus I—XXVIII and lines 1-24 of XXIX, Bion I, Moschus I—III, Megara, The Dead Adonis, and the Pipe. The Juntine edition of 1515 added the Inscriptions, and the Wings and Axe of Simias. The Altar of Dosidas first appeared in the edition of Calliergus in 1516. The rest of Bion and Moschus as well as the Egg of Simias were added in the editions of Mekerchus (1565), Stephannus (1568), or Ursinus (1568); but the poems and fragments of Bion and Moschus quoted by Stobaeus in his Florilegium had already been printed in the early editions of that work, the first of which was published by Victor Trincavellus in 1536. The latter half of Theocritus XXIX was first edited by Casaubon on page 75 of his Commentary to Diogenes Laertius published at Morges in 1583. The Second Altar was first commented on by Scaliger in his Letters (Opera Posthuma, Paris, 1610, p. 469), and first edited by Salmasius in his Inscriptionum Herodis Attici Explicatio (Paris, 1619). Theocritus XXX, which occurs only in the Ambrosian MS. known as B 75, was long overlooked, but was discovered by Ziegler in 1864, and first published by Bergk in 1865.


The Best English Commentary, which, however, contains...
only Theocritus and the _Megara_, is that of Cholmeley (London, 1900, etc).

Among Other Books Helpful to the Student may be mentioned—

Ahrens: _Bucolicorum Reliquiae_ (Leipzig, 1855), an edition with Latin critical notes and copious introduction dealing with the MSS, early printed editions and versions, etc.

Fritzsche: _Theocriti Idyllia_ (Leipzig, 1870), an edition with Latin notes critical and exegetical.

Ziegler: _Theocriti Carmina_ (Tübingen, 1870) and _Bionis et Moschi Carmina_ (Tübingen, 1888), texts with Latin critical notes.

von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf: _Textgeschichte der griechischen Bukoliker_ (Berlin, 1906), a history of the text, accompanied by a series of articles dealing with certain poems and passages and discussing various questions, such as the proper names used by Theocritus and the dates of the composition of his various works; and _Binos von Smyrna_ (Berlin, 1900), an edition of the _Lament for Adonis_ with notes, introductory, critical and exegetical, accompanied by a verse translation in German.

Legrand: _Étude sur Théocrite_ (Paris, 1898), a series of essays upon such questions as the authenticity of the various poems, the life of Theocritus, and his style and vocabulary.

Lang: _Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus_ (London, 1880, etc.), an English prose translation with an introduction on Theocritus and his Age.

Kerlin: _Theocritus in English Literature_ (Lynchburg, Virginia, 1910), an exhaustive account of the English translations of Theocritus and the imitations of him and references to him in English literature.

Haeberlin: _Carmina Figurata Graeca_ (Hanover, 1887), a text of the Pattern-Poems with Latin notes, introductory, critical and exegetical.

Wendel: _Scholia in Theocritum Veterum_ (Lipsiae, 1914).
THE BUCOLIC POETS
ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΑ

Βουκολικαί Μοίσαι σποράδες ποκά, νῦν δ' ἀμα
πάσαι
ἐντὶ μᾶς μάνδρας, ἐντὶ μᾶς ἀγέλας.

"Ἀλλος ο Χῖος ἔγω δὲ Θεόκριτος, ὃς τάδ' ἐγραψα
eis ἀπὸ τῶν πολλῶν εἰμὶ Συρακοσίων,
νίδις Πραξιγόραο περικλειτής τε Φιλάνης:
Μούσαν δ' θυνείην οὕτω εὐελκυσάμην."
THE BUCOLIC POETS

INTRODUCTORY POEMS

The Muses of the country, scattered abroad ere this, are now of one fold and of one flock.

The Chian is another man; the Theocritus who wrote this book is one of the many that are of Syracuse, the son of Praxagoras and the famed Philina, and his Muse is the Muse of his native land.

The first of the above poems would appear to have been written for the title-page of the first collected edition of the Bucolic poets, published by the grammarian Artemidorus early in the first century before Christ; the second is thought to have stood upon the title-page of a separate edition of Theocritus, published by Artemidorus' son Theon. "The Chian" is believed by some to be Homer, but is more probably the orator and epigrammatist Theocritus of Chios.
THE POEMS OF THEOCRITUS
I.—THYRSIS

A shepherd and a goatherd meet in the pastures one
noontide, and compliment each other upon their piping.
The shepherd, Thyrsis by name, is persuaded by the
other—for a cup which he describes but does not at first
show—to sing him The Affliction of Daphnis, a ballad
which tells how the ideal shepherd, friend not only of
Nymph and Muse, but of all the wild creatures, having
vowed to his first love that she should be his last, pined
and died for the love of another. The ballad is divided
into three parts marked by changes in the refrain. The
first part, after a complaint to the Nymphs of their
neglect, tells how the herds and the herdsmen gathered
about the dying man, and Hermes his father, and
Priapus the country-god of fertility whom he had flouted,
came and spoke and got no answer. In the second
part, the slighted Love-Goddess comes, and gently
upbraids him, whereat he breaks silence with a threat of
vengeance after death. The lines of his speech which
follow tell in veiled ironic terms what the vengeance of
this friend of wild things will be; for Anchises was
THEOCRITUS I

afterwards blinded by bees, Adonis slain by a boar, and Cypris herself wounded by Diomed. The speech is continued with a farewell to the wild creatures, and to the wells and rivers of Syracuse. In the third part he bequeaths his pipe to Pan, ends his dying speech with an address to all Nature, and is overwhelmed at last in the river of Death. The scene of the mime is Cos, but Thyrsis comes from Sicily, and Sicily is the scene of his song.
ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

I.—ΘΡΣΙΣ

ΘΡΣΙΣ

'Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἄ πίτυς αἰπόλε τῆνα
ἀ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαισὶ μελίσδεται, ἀδύ δὲ καὶ τὸ
συρίσδες· μετὰ Πάνα τὸ δεύτερον ἄθλον ἀποισή.
αἰκα τήνος ἐλη κεραδὸν τράγου, αἰγα τὸ λαψῆ·
αἰκα δ' ἀιγα λάβη τήνος γέρας, ἐς τὲ καταρρεῖ
ἀ χίμαρος· χιμάρω δὲ καλὸν κρέας, ἐςτε κ'
ἀμέλξης.

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ

ἀδιον ὁ ποιμὴν τὸ τεῦν μέλος ἢ τὸ καταχῆς
τῆν' ἀπὸ τὰς πέτρας καταλείβεται ὑψόθεν ὑδωρ.
αἰκα τὴν Μοῦσαι τὰν οἶδα δόρον ἁγώνται,
ἀρνα τὸ σακίταν λαψῆ γέρας· αἰ δὲ κ' ἄρεσκῃ
τήνας ἀρνα λαβεῖν, τὸ δὲ τὰν ὄψιν ὅστερον ἄξη.

ΘΡΣΙΣ

λῆς ποτὶ τὰν Νυμφᾶν, λῆς αἰπόλε τείδε καθίζας,
ὡς τὸ κάταντες τοῦτο γεώλοφον αἱ τὲ μυρίκαι,
συρίσδεν; τᾶς δ' αἰγας ἐγὼν ἐν τῷ δε νομευσώ.
THE POEMS OF THEOCRITUS

I.—THYRSIS

THYRSIS

Something sweet is the whisper of the pine that makes her music by yonder springs, and sweet no less, master Goatherd, the melody of your pipe. Pan only shall take place and prize afore you; and if they give him a horny he-goat, then a she shall be yours; and if a she be for him, why, you shall have her kid; and kid’s meat’s good eating till your kids be milch-goats.

GOATHERD

As sweetly, good Shepherd, falls your music as the resounding water that gushes down from the top o’ yonder rock. If the Muses get the ewe-lamb to their meed, you shall carry off the cosset; and if so be they choose the cosset, the ewe-lamb shall come to you.

THYRSIS

Fore the Nymphs I pray you, master Goatherd, come now and sit ye down here by this shelving bank and these brush tamarisks and play me a tune. I’ll keep your goats the while.

"cosset"; a pet lamb.
ΑΙΠΟΛΟΧ
οὐ θέμες ὁ ποίμην τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν οὐ θέμες
ἀμμὼν
συρίσθεν, τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμεσ· ἡ γὰρ ἀπ’ ἀγρα
tανίκα κεκμακῶς ἀμπαύεται· ἔστι δὲ πικρός,
καὶ οἱ ἅελ δριμεία χολὰ ποτὶ βίνα κάθηται,
ἀλλὰ τὸ γὰρ δὴ Θύρσει τὰ Δάφνιδος ἀλγεῖ ἰείδες
καὶ τὰς βουκολικὰς ἐπὶ τὸ πλέον ἴκεο Μοῦσας,
δεῦρ’ ὑπὸ τὰν πτελέαν ἐσδώμεθα τὸ τε Πριῆπω
καὶ τὰν κραναίαν κατεναντίον, ἀπερ ο θάκος
τήνος ὁ ποιμηνίκος καὶ ταὶ δρύες. αἱ δὲ κ’ ἰείσης,
ὡς ὡκα τὸν Διβύαθε ποτὶ Χρόμων ἀσας σρίσδων,
ἀλγά τε τοι δωσῳ διδυματόκον ἐς τρίς ἀμέλξαι,
ἀ δὴ ἐχοῖσ’ ἐρίφως ποταμέλγεται ἐς δύο πέλλας,
καὶ βαθὺς κυσσύβιον κεκλυσμένον ἀδεὶ κηρφ,
ἀμφῶς, νεοτευγὲς, ἕτι γλυφάνοικο ποτόσδον.

τὸ περὶ 1 μὲν χεῖλῃ μαρύεται ὑφόθι κισσόσ,
κισσόσ ἐλιχρύσφ κεκοιμένος· ἀ δὲ κατ’ αὐτὸν
καρπῷ ἐλίξ εἰλεῖται ἀγαλλιμένα κροκόεντι. 2
ἐντοσθεν δὲ γυνὴ τι θεῶν δαίδαλμα τέτυκται,
ἄσκητα πέπλῳ τε καὶ ἀμπυκε. παρ δὲ οἱ ἀνδρῖς
καλὸν ἑθεράζουτες ἀμοιβάδες ἀλλοθεν ἀλλὸς
νεικείουσ’ ἐπέσεσε. τὰ δ’ οὐ φρενὸς ἀπτεται αὐταῖς·
ἀλλ’ ὡκα μὲν τήνον ποτιδέρκεται ἀνδρὰ γελάσα,
ἀλλόκα δ’ αὐ ποτὶ τὸν ῥιπτεῖ νόον. οὐ δ’ ὕπ’
ἐρωτος
δηθὰ κυλοιδιώμωτες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντε.

1 mes also τῷ περὶ  2 & δὲ in ἐλιχρύσφος and ἐλίξ an
adjective E: others & δὲ ἐλίξ “the ivy-tendril”

GOATHERD

No, no, man; there's no piping for me at high noon. I go in too great dread of Pan for that. I wot high noon's his time for taking rest after the swink o' the chase; and he's one o' the tetchy sort; his nostril's ever sour wrath's abiding-place. But for singing, you, Thyrsis, used to sing The Affliction of Daphnis as well as any man; you are no 'prentice in the art of country-music. So let's come and sit yonder beneath the elm, this way, over against Priapus and the fountain-goddesses, where that shepherd's seat is and those oak-trees. And if you but sing as you sang that day in the match with Chromis of Libya, I'll not only grant you three milkings of a twinner goat that for all her two young yields two pailfuls, but I'll give you a fine great mazer to boot, well scoured with sweet beeswax, and of two lugs, bran-span-new and the smack of the graver upon it yet.

The lip of it is hanged about with curling ivy, ivy freaked with a cassidony which goes twisting and twining among the leaves in the pride of her saffron fruitage. And within this bordure there's a woman, fashioned as a God might fashion her, lapped in a robe and a snood about her head. And either side the woman a swain with fair and flowing locks, and they bandy words the one with the other. Yet her heart is not touched by aught they say; for-now 'tis a laughing glance to this, and anon a handful of regard to that, and for all their eyes have been so long hollow for love of

τοῖς δὲ μετὰ γριπεύσως τε γέρων πέτρα τε τέτυκται
λεπρᾶς, ἐφ᾽ ᾧ σπεύδων μέγα δίκτυον ἐς βόλον
ἐλκεῖ
ὁ πρέσβυς κάμνοντι τὸ καρτερὸν ἄνδρι ἐοικὸς.
φαίης καὶ γυίων νυν ὅσουν σθένος ἐλλοπιεύειν'
ὁδὲ οἱ φίδικαντε κατ᾽ αὐχένα πάντοθεν ἔνες
καὶ πολίφορες ἐπὶ ἐνυτί, τὸ δὲ σθένος ἄξιον ἁβας.
τυτθὸν δ᾽ ὅσον ἀπωθεῖν ἀλητρύτου γέροντος
πυρναῖοις σταφυλαίσι καλὸν βέβριθεν ἀλωά,
τάν ὀλίγος τοὺς κόρους ἐφ᾽ αἰμασίαις φυλάσσει
ἡμεῖσι; ἀμφὶ δὲ τυν δυὰ ἄλωπεκες, ἄ μὲν ἄν ὁρχως
φωνὴ συνομένα τάν τρόξιμον, ὃ δ᾽ ἐπὶ πίθα
πάντα δόλωνε τεῦχουσα τὸ παιδίον ὑπ᾽ ὅριν ἄνησι
φατὶ πρὶν ἡ 'κρατισδόν' ἐπὶ ἔποιος καθῆς.
αὐτὰρ ὅγο ἀνθερίκοισι καλὰν πλέκει ἀκριβοθήραν
σχοἴνῳ ἐφαρμόσσον μέλεται δὲ οἱ ὅτε τι
πήρας
ὅτε φυτῶν τοσσῆνον, ὅσον περὶ πλέγματι γαθεῖ.
παντὶ δ᾽ ἀμφὶ δέτας περιπέπτεται ὕγρος ἁκανθος,
αιολίχον τάμα 2· τέρας κε τι ὅρμον ἀτύξαι.
τῶ μὲν ἐγὼ πορθμῆς Καλυδνίῳ 3· αἰγά τ᾽ ἐδωκα
δόνον καὶ τυρόεντα μέγαν λευκοῖο γάλακτος.

1 ὁ (ἅ)κρατισδόν E, cf. Suidas ἀκρατίζω: mss ἀκράτιστον
(scholia also ἀκρατισμόν), which some editors explain
"till he have wrecked (or safely docked) the breakfast."
2 aielión schol., cf. aiólos, πυρρός, πυρρίχος (4. 20): schol.
also with Hesychius aielikōn: mss αἰελικόν  θάμα
14. 33, Hesych. : mss τι θάμα 3 πορθμῆς Καλυδνίῳ schol.,
schol. also with mss πορθμῆς Καλυδνίῳ.
her, they spend their labour in vain. Besides these there’s an old fisher wrought on’t and a rugged rock, and there stands gaffer gathering up his great net for a cast with a right good will like one that toils might and main. You would say that man went about his fishing with all the strength o’s limbs, so stands every sinew in his neck, for all his grey hairs, puffed and swollen; for his strength is the strength of youth.

And but a little removed from master Weatherbeat there’s a vineyard well laden with clusters red to the ripening, and a little lad seated watching upon the hedge. And on either side of him two foxes; this ranges to and fro along the rows and pilfers all such grapes as be ready for eating, while that setteth all his cunning at the lad’s wallet, and vows he will not let him be till he have set him breaking his fast with but poor victuals to his drink. And all the time the urchin’s got starflower-stalks a-platting to a reed for to make him a pretty gin for locusts, and cares never so much, not he, for his wallet or his vines as he takes pleasure in his platting. And for an end, mark you, spread all about the cup goes the lissom bear’s-foot, a sight worth the seeing with its writhen leaves; ’tis a marvellous work, ’twill amaze your heart.

Now for that cup a ferryman of Calymnus had a goat and a gallant great cheese-loaf of me, and never

"Breaking his fast": the chief feature of a Greek breakfast, as the word ἄρεστι shows, was unmixed wine; this, being in a bottle, the fox, even if he wished it, could not expect to get at. Calymnus is an island near Cos.
οὐδὲ τί πω ποτὶ χείλος ἐμὸν θέγεν, ἀλλ' ἐτὶ κεῖται ἀχραντον. τῷ κά τι μάλα πρόφρων ἀρεσαίμαν, 
ἀίκα μοι τῷ φίλοις τὸν ἐφίμερον ὄμνυν ἀείσης. 
κοῦ τί τυ κερτομέω. πόταγ' ὡγαθέ· ταύ γὰρ ἀοιδάν 
οὐ τί πα ἐις 'Αιδαν γε τὸν ἐκκλελάθοντα φυλαζείς;

ΘΥΡΣΙΣ

'Αρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς. 
Θύρσις ὅδ' ὃς Λίτνας, καὶ Θύρσιδος ἀδέα φωνά. 
πᾶ ποκ' ἀρ' ἱσθ', ὅκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο, πᾶ ποκα 
Νύμφαι;

ἡ κατὰ Πηνειῶ καλὰ τέμπεα, ἡ κατὰ Πίνδω; 
οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμοῖο μέγαν ρόουν εἰ' ἄρχετ' Ἀμάπω, 
οὐδ' Λίτνας σκοπίαν, οὐδ' Ἀκιδος ἱερὸν ύδωρ.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς. 70 
τήνων μᾶν θῶες, τήνων λύκου ὄρυσαντο, 
τήνων χῶκ δρυμοῖο λέων ἐκλαυσεθανόντα.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς. 
πολλαὶ οἱ πάρ ποσὶ βῶες, πολλοὶ δὲ τε ταῦροι, 
πολλαὶ δὲ δαμάλαι καὶ πάρτιες ὀδύραντο.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς. 
ἡθ' Ἐρμᾶς πράτιστος ἀπ' ὄρεσσ, εἰπε δὲ· 'Δάφνι, 
τὶς τυ κατατρύχει; τίνος ὡγαθὲ τόσσον ἔρασαι;'

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
yet hath it touched my lip; it still lies unhandselled by. Yet right welcome to it art thou, if like a good fellow thou'lt sing me that pleasing and delightful song. Nay, not so; I am in right earnest. To't, good friend; sure thou wilt not be hoarding that song against thou be'st come where all's forgot?

**THYRSIS (sings)**

*COUNTRY SONG, SING COUNTRY SONG, SWEET MUSES.*

'Tis Thyrsis sings, of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined? ye Nymphs, O where were ye?

Was it Peneius' pretty vale, or Pindus' glens? 'twas never

Anapus' flood nor Etna's pike nor Acis' holy river.

*COUNTRY SONG, SING COUNTRY SONG, SWEET MUSES.*

When Daphnis died the foxes wailed and the wolves they wailed full sore,

The lion from the greenwood wept when Daphnis was no more.

*COUNTRY SONG, SING COUNTRY SONG, SWEET MUSES.*

O many the lusty steers at his feet, and many the heifers slim,

Many the calves and many the kine that made their moan for him.

*COUNTRY SONG, SING COUNTRY SONG, SWEET MUSES.*

Came Hermes first, from the hills away, and said "O Daphnis, tell,

"Who is't that fretteth thee, my son? whom loveth thou so well?"

*COUNTRY SONG, SING COUNTRY SONG, SWEET MUSES.*

"Peneius, Pindus": a river and a mountain in Thessaly.

"Anapus, Acis": rivers of Sicily.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

 Homer τοί βουταί, τοί ποιμένες, φύτολοι ἤνθουν
πάντες ἀνηρώτενν, τί πάθοι κακὸν. ὦ Πρῆπος
κῆφα: 'Δάφνι τάλαν, τί νυ τάκεαι; α' δὲ τε
κόρα1

πάσας ἀνὰ κράνας, πάντ' ἀλσεα ποσσι' φορεῖται—
άρχετε βουκολικὰς Μοίσαι φιλαι ἄρχετ' άοιδάς—
ζάτειο2 α' δύσερως τις ἁγαν καὶ ἀμήχανος ἔσσι.
βούτας μὲν ἔλεγεν, νῦν δ' αὐτόλο ἀνδρὶ ἔοικας:
ὡπόλος δεκ' ἐσορῆ τὰς μηκὰς οἷα βατεῦνται,
tάκεται ὀφθαλμῶς, ότι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγειτο,—
άρχετε βουκολικὰς Μοίσαι φιλαι ἄρχετ' άοιδάς—
καὶ τοῦ δ' ἔπει κ' ἐσορῆ τὰς παρθένοις οἶα γελάντι,
tάκεται ὀφθαλμῶς, ὅτι οὐ μετὰ ταῖσι χορεύεις;
tῶς δ' οὐδὲν ποτελέξαθ' ὁ βουκόλος, ἄλλα τὸν
ἀυτὸ
ἀνυε τικρὸν ἑρωτα, καὶ ἔς τέλως ἀνυε Μοίρας.

άρχετε βουκολικὰς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' άοιδάς.

1 τί Wil from Laur. 32. 16 and Paria. 2832: other manuscripts τί

2
The neatherds came, the shepherds came, and the
goatherds him beside,
All fain to hear what ail'd him; Priapus came and
cried
"Why peak and pine, unhappy wight, when thou
mightest bed a bride?
"For there's nor wood nor water but hath seen her
footsteps flee—
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses—
"In search o' thee. O a fool-in-love and a feeble is
here, perdye!
"Neatherd, forsooth? 'tis goatherd now, or 'faith, 'tis
like to be;
"When goatherd in the rutting-time the skipping
kids doth scan,
"His eye grows soft, his eye grows sad, because he's
born a man;—
Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses—
"So you, when ye see the lasses laughing in gay riot,
"Your eye grows soft, your eye grows sad, because
you share it not."
But never a word said the poor neatherd, for a
bitter love bare he;
And he bare it well, as I shall tell, to the end that
was to be.

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
But and the Cyprian came him to, and smiled on
him full sweetly—
For though she fain would foster wrath, she coul'f not
choose but smile—
And cried "Ah, braggart Daphnis, that wouldst
throw Love so fealty!
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ηρ' οὖν αὐτὸς Ἕρωτος ὑπ' ἀργαλέων ἐλυγίχθης:
ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
tαν δ' ἄρα χῶ Δάφνις ποταμεῖβετο. 'Κύπρι
βαρεία,
Κύπρι νεμεσσατά, Κύπρι θυνατοίσιν ἀπεχθῆς,
ἡδη γὰρ φράσδη πάνθ' ἄλιον ἀμιν δεδυκεῖν;
Δάφνις κῆν Ἀίδα κακὸν ἔσσεται ἄλγος Ἐρωτών—
ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς—
oú' λέγεται τὰν Κύπριν ὦ βουκόλος; ἔρπε ποτ' Ἰδαν,
ἔρπε ποτ' Ἀγχίσαν. τηνεὶ δρὺς ἒδε 'κύπερος,
αι δὲ καλὸν βομβεύντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσί μέλισσαί.
ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς,
ὡραιος χώδωνις, ἐπεῖ καὶ μῆλα νομεύει καὶ πτὸκας βάλλει καὶ θηρία πάντα διώκει.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς,
αὐτὴς ὅπως στασῇ Διομήδεος ἄσσον ἱοίσα,
καὶ λέγε: τὸν βοῦταν νυκτὶ Δάφνιν, ἄλλα μάχειν μοι.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς,
ὁ λύκοι, ὁ θῶες, ὁ ἄν' ὅρεα φωλάδες ἄρκτοι,
χαίρεθ'. ὁ βουκόλος ύμμιν ἐγὼ Δάφνις οὐκέτ' ἂν ἴλαν,

1 εὗ Graefe: mas and schol. εὗ against the dialect 2 ἓδε Wil from Plutarch: mas ἓδε 3 αἰ ἴτ Wil from Plutarch: mas ἓδε
"Thou'rt thrown, methinks, thyself of Love's so grievous guile."

Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

Then out he spake; "O Cypris cruel, Cypris vengeful yet,
Cypris hated of all flesh! think'st all my sun be set?
I tell thee even 'mong the dead Daphnis shall work thee ill:—
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses—
Men talk of Cypris and the hind; begone to Ida hill,
Begone to hind Anchises; sure bedstraw there doth thrive
And fine oak-trees and pretty bees all humming at the hive.
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

"Adonis too is ripe to woo, for a' tends his sheep o' the lea
And shoots the hare and a-hunting goes of all the beasts there be.
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
And then I'd have thee take thy stand by Diomed, and say
"'I slew the neatherd Daphnis; fight me thou to-day.'
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.
"But 'tis wolf farewell and fox farewell and bear o' the mountain den,
Your neatherd fere, your Daphnis dear, ye'll never see agen,
THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὐκέτ’ ἀνὰ δρυμῶς, οὐκ ἄλσσα. χαῖρ’ Ἀρέθουσα καὶ ποταμοί, τοῦ χείτω καλὸν κατὰ Θυμβρίδος ὕδωρ.

ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ’ ἀοιδᾶς.

Δάφνις ἐγὼν ὃδε τήνος ὁ τὰς βόας ὃδε νομεύων,

Δάφνις ὁ τῶς ταύρως καὶ πόρτιας ὃδε ποτίσδων.

ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἄρχετ’ ἀοιδᾶς.

ὁ Πᾶν Πᾶν, εἰτ’ ἐσσὶ κατ’ ὀρεα μακρὰ Δυκαίω,

εἰτε τόγ’ ἀμφιπολεῖς μέγα Μαίναλου, ἐνθ’ ἐπὶ νᾶσου

τὰν Σικελάν, Ἑλίκας δὲ λίπε ρίον αἰτύ τε σάμα τήνο Δυκαοινίδαο, τὸ καὶ μακάρεσσιν ἄρητον.

λήγητε βουκολικᾶς Μοίσαι ἐτε λήγετ’ ἀοιδᾶς.

ἐνθ’ ὄναξ καὶ τάνδε φέρευ πακτοῖο 1 μελάπνουν ἐκ κηρῶ σύριγγα καλάν περὶ χεῖλος ἐλικτάν

ἡ γὰρ ἐγὼν ὑπ’ ἔρωτος ἔσ’ Ἀδῶς ἔλκομαι ἡδὴ.

λήγητε βουκολικᾶς Μοίσαι ἐτε λήγετ’ ἀοιδᾶς.

νῦν ἰὰ μὲν φορέοιτε βάτοι, φορέοιτε ὃ ἄκανθαι,

ἀ δὲ καλὰ νάρκισσος ἐπ’ ἀρκεύθοισι κομάσαι πάντα ὃ ἐναλλα γένοιτο, καὶ ὁ πίτυς ὄχνας ἐνείκαι,

Δάφνις ἐπεὶ θυάσκει, καὶ τὰς κύνας ὀλαφος ἐλκοί,

1 φέρευ πακτοῖο: schol. also φέρ’ εὐνάκτοισ
"By glen no more, by glade no more. And 'tis
O farewell to thee,
Sweet Arethuse, and all pretty waters down
Thymbris vale that flee;
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses;
"For this, O this is that Daphnis, your kine to field
did bring,
"This Daphnis he, led stirk and steer to you
a-watering.
Country-song, more country-song, ye Muses.

"And Pan, O Pan, whether at this hour by Lycece's
mountain-pile
"Or Maenal steep thy watch thou keep, come away
to the Sicil isle,
"Come away from the knoll of Helicé and the howe
lift high i' the lea,
"The howe of Lycaon's child, the howe that Gods in
heav'n envye;
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses;
"Come, Master, and take this pretty pipe, this pipe
of honey breath,
"Of wax well knit round lips to fit; for Love hales
mé to my death.
Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses.
"Bear violets now ye briers, ye thistles violets
too;
"Daffodilly may hang o the juniper, and all things
go askew;
"Pines may grow figs now Daphnis dies, and hind
tear hound if she will,

"Arethusa": the fountain of Syracuse. "Helicé, Lycaon's
child": the tombs of Helicé and her son Arcas were famous
sights of Arcadia.
κής ὅρεων τοι ταῖς σκώπες ἀκόμη δηρίσαντο. 
λήγετε βοικολικάς Μοίσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς. 
χ'ὸ μὲν τόσο' εἰπών ἀπεπαύσατο τὸν δ' Ἀφροδίτα 
ἡθε' ἀναρθώσαι τά γε μᾶν λύνα πάντα λελοίπε 
ἐκ Μοιρᾶν, χ' Ὅδεις έβα τόσον. ἔκλυσε δίνα 
τὸν Μοίσαις φίλοιν ἄνδρα, τὸν οὖ Νύμφαισιν 
ἀπεχθή.

λήγετε βοικολικάς Μοίσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

καὶ τὸ δίδου τὰν αἴγα τὸ τε σκύφος, ὅς κενὶ 
ἀμέλξας 
σπείρω ταῖς Μοίσαις. ὦ χαίρετε πολλάκι Μοίσαι, 
χαίρετ' ἔγω δ' ὑμίν καὶ ἑς ὑστερον ἄδιον ἀσώ.

Αἵπολος 
πλήρες τοι κέλιτος τὸ καλὸν στόμα Θύροι γένοιτο, 
πλήρες δ' ἑς σχαδόνων, καὶ ἀπ' Ἀγίλῳ ἀσχάδα 
κράγοις 
ἀδεῖαν, τέττυγος ἐπεὶ τῇ γὰ ρέρτερον ἄδεις. 
ἡμίδε ποτὸ δέπασ' βάσαι φίλος, ὡς καλὸν ὅσδει 
'Ωρᾶν πεπλύσθαι νῦν ἐπὶ κράναισι δοκησεῖς. 
δ' ἵπτε Κυσσάιθα, τὸ δ' ἀμελγὲ νῦν. αἱ δ' ἱμαίραι, 
οὐ μὴ σκιρτασέητε, μὴ ὁ τράγος ὑμῖν ἀναστῇ.

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1 δηρίσαντε Scaliger from Verg. Ecl. 8. 55 : mss. γαρφαίσαντε
2 κεν' : mss. also νιπ
3 mss. σκιρτασέητε
"And the sweet nightingale be outsung i’ the dale
by the scritch-owl from the hill."

Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses.

Such words spake he, and he stayed him still;
and O, the Love-Ladys,
She would fain have raised him where he lay, but
that could never be.

For the thread was spun and the days were done
and Daphnis gone to the River,
And the Nymphs’ good friend and the Muses’ fere
was whelmed i’ the whirl for ever.

Country-song, leave country-song, ye Muses.

There; give me the goat and the tankard, man;
and the Muses shall have a libation of her milk.
Fare you well, ye Muses, and again fare you well,
and I’ll e’en sing you a sweeter song another day.

GOATHERD

Be your fair mouth filled with honey and the
honeycomb, good Thyrsis; be your eating of the
sweet figs of Aegilus; for sure your singing’s as
delightful as the cricket’s chirping in spring.
Here’s the cup (taking it from his wallet). Pray mark
how good it smells; you’ll be thinking it hath been
washed at the well o’ the Seasons. Hither, Brown-
ing; and milk her, you. A truce to your skip-
ing, ye kids yonder, or the buckgoat will be after
you.

"The River": Acheron, the river of Death.
II.—THE SPELL

This monologue, which preserves the dialogue-form by a dumb character, consists of two parts: in the first a Coan girl named Simaetha\(^1\) lays a fire-spell upon her neglectful lover, the young athlete Delphis, and in the second, when her maid goes off to smear the ashes upon his lintel, she tells the Moon how his love was won and lost. The scene lies not far from the sea, at a place where three roads meet without the city, the roads being bordered with tombs. The Moon shines in the background, and in the foreground is a wayside shrine and statue of Hecate with a little altar before it. Upon this altar, in the first part of the rite, the poor girl burns successively barley-meal, bay-leaves, a waxen puppet, and some bran; next, the coming of the Goddess having been heralded by the distant barking of dogs and welcomed with the beating of brass, amid the holy silence that betokens her presence Simaetha pours the libation and puts up her chief prayer; lastly she burns the herb hippomanes and a piece of the fringe of her lover's cloak. The incantation which begins and ends

\(^{1}\) She is not a professional sorceress, see l. 91.
the four-line stanza devoted to the burning of each of these things, as well as the two central stanzas belonging to the holy silence and the libation, is addressed to the magic four-spoked wheel which still bears the name of the bird that was originally bound to such wheels, and which is kept turning by Simaetha throughout the rite. When Thestyris withdraws with the collected ashes in the libation-bowl, her mistress begins her soliloquy. This consists of two halves, the first of which is divided, by a refrain addressed to the listening Moon, into stanzas, all, except the last, of five lines; then instead of the refrain comes the climax of the story, put briefly in two lines, and the second half begins, with its tale of desertion. In the latter half the absence of the refrain with its lyric and romantic associations is intended to heighten the contrast between then and now, between the fulness of joy and the emptiness of despair. Towards the end both of the first and of the second parts of the poem there is a suggestion that Simaetha only half believes in the efficacy of her spell; for she threatens that if it fails to bring back Delphis' love to her, poison shall prevent his bestowing it elsewhere.
Πά μοι ταλ δάφναι; φέρε Θέστυλι. πᾶ δὲ τὰ φίλτρα;
στέψον τὰν κελέβαν φωικέφ οἶς ἀότῳ,
ὡς τὸν ἐμὸν βαρὺν εὐντα φίλον καταθύσομαι
ἀνδρα,
ὁς μοι δωδεκατάιος ἀφ’ ὦ τάλας οὐδὲ ποθίκει,
οὐδὲ ἐγνω, πότερον τεθνάκαμες ἢ ξοολ εἶμες,
οὐδὲ θύρας ἀραξεῖν ἀνάρησιος. ἥρα οἱ ἀλλὰ
οἶχετ’ ἐχων ὢ τ’ Ἐρως ταχινὸς φρένας ἀ τ’ Ἀφροδίτα;
βασεύμαι ποτὶ τὰν Τιμαχῆτοι παλαίστραν
ἀύριον, ὁς νῦν ἰδο ρ καὶ μέμψομαι οἶα με ποιεῖ.
νῦν δὲ νῦν ἐκ θυεὼν καταθύσομαι. ἀλλὰ Σελάνα
φαίνει καλὸν’ τῶν γὰρ ποταείσομαι, ἀσυχε’
δαίμον,
τὰ χθονία θ’ Ἐκάτα, τὰν καὶ σκύλακες τρομεόντι
ἐρχομέναν νεκὺν ἀνὰ τῆρια καὶ μέλαν αἴμα.
χαιρ’ Ἐκάτα δασπλήτη, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἀμιν όπάδει
φάρμακα ταύτ’ ἐρδοίσα χερείονα μὴτε τι Κύρκας
μήτε τι Μηδείας μήτε ξανθᾶς Περιμήδας.

Ἰνυξ, ἐλκε τὺ τίνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.
ἀλφιτά τοι πράτον πυρὶ τάκεται: ἀλλ’ ἐπιπασσε
Θέστυλι. δειλαία, πὰ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπότασαι;

1 οἶχετ’ E: mss οἶχετ’ 2 καταθύσομαι. Toup: mss καταθύσομαι, from l. 3 2 ἀσυχε Kiessling: mss. ἀσυχε, from l. 100?
II.—THE SPELL

Where are my bay-leaves? Come, Thestyliis; where are my love-charms? Come crown me the bowl with the crimson flower o' wool; I would fain have the fire-spell to my cruel dear that for twelve days hath not so much as come anigh me, the wretch, nor knows not whether I be alive or dead, nay nor even hath knocked upon my door, implacable man. I warrant ye Love and the Lady be gone away with his feat fancy. In the morning I'll to Timagetus' school and see him, and ask what he means to use me so; but, for to-night, I'll put the spell o' fire upon him.

So shine me fair, sweet Moon; for to thee, still Goddess, is my song, to thee and that Hecat infernal who makes e'en the whelps to shiver on her goings to and fro where these tombs be and the red blood lies. All hail to thee, dread and awful Hecat! I prithee so bear me company that this medicine of my making prove potent as any of Circe's or Medea's or Perimed's of the golden hair.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

First barley-meal to the burning. Come, Thestyliis; throw it on. Alack, poor fool! whither are thy wits gone wandering? Lord! am I become a thing
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ηρά γέ τοι μυσαρά καὶ τιν ἐπίχαρμα τέτυγμαι;
πάσο’ ἀμα καὶ λέγε. 'ταῦτα τὰ Δέλφιδος ὀστία πάσσω.

theses, ἐλκε τῷ τίμου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.
Δέλφις ἐμ’ ἀνίασεν ἐγὼ ὑ ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
αἰθὼ: ἥως αὕτα λακεῖ μέγα κάππυρίσασα
ἐξαπίνας ἀφθη κούδε σποῦδον εἴδομες αὐτὰς,
οὔτω τοι καὶ Δέλφις ἐνὶ φλογὶ σάρκ’ ἀμαθίνοι.

theses, ἐλκε τῷ τίμου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.
ὡς τοῦτον τὸν κώρον ἐγὼ σὺν δαίμονι τάκω,
ὡς τάκου ὑπ’ ἐρωτος ὁ Μύνδιος αὐτίκα Δέλφις.
ὡς δινεῖθ’ ὠδε ρόμβος ὁ χάλκεος ἐξ Ἀφροδίτας,
ὡς τίνος δινοῖτο ποθ’ ἀμπεραισθε ὧραισιν.

theses, ἐλκε τῷ τίμου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.
νῦν θυσώ τὰ πίνυρα. τῷ ὅ Ἀρτεμι καὶ τὸν ἐν

"Αἶδα
κινήσαις ἄδάμαντα καὶ εἰ τί περ ἀσφαλεῖς ἄλλο.
Θεστυλι, ταί κύνες ἄμμων ἀνὰ πτολίν ὄρυνοντα.
ἀ θεὸς ἐν τριόδοις: τὸ χαλκέον ὡς τάχος ἀχει.
theses, ἐλκε τῷ τίμου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.
ἡνίδε σιγῆ μὲν πῶντος, συγώσται δ’ ἀπηθα: ως τίνω πᾶσα καταίθομαι, οὐ με τάλαιναν
ἀντὶ γυναικὸς ἐθηκε κακὰν καὶ ἀπάρθενον εἶμεν.
theses, ἐλκε τῷ τίμου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.
ἐς τρις ἀποσπένω καὶ τρις τάδε, πότων, φωνόδ’
ἐείτε γυνὰ τίνη παρακέκλιται εἰτε καὶ ἀνήρ.

Ital. Filol. cl. 1907): μας κάππυρίσασα (οι κάππυρ.) κάταπίνας
2 κώρον E, cf. Verg. Ecl. 8, Hor. Epod. 17, Ov. Her. 6. 91;
Soph. fr. 481a κώρον ἀποτῶσας τυπλ; 15. 120: μας κήρον, from
a gloss
a filthy drab like thee may crow over? On, on with the meal, and say "These be Delphis’ bones I throw."

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

As Delphis hath brought me pain, so I burn the bay against Delphis. And as it crackles and then lo! is burnt suddenly to nought and we see not so much as the ash of it, e’en so be Delphis’ body whelmed in another flame.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

As this puppet melts for me before Hecat, so melt with love, e’en so speedily, Delphis of Myndus. And as this wheel of brass turns by grace of Aphrodite, so turn he and turn again before my threshold.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Now to the flames with the bran. O Artemis, as thou movest the adamant that is at the door of Death, so mayst thou move all else that is unmovable. Hark, Thestyris, where the dogs howl in the town. Sure the Goddess is at these cross-roads. Quick, beat the pan.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Lo there! now wave is still and wind is still, though never still the pain that is in my breast; for I am all afire for him, afire alas! for him that hath made me no wife and left me to my shame no maid.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither.

Thrice this libation I pour, thrice, Lady, this prayer I say: be woman at this hour or man his

Myndus: a town of Caria, opposite Cos. "Turn and turn again before my threshold": waiting to be let in; cf. 7. 122.
τόσον ἔχοι λάθας, ὦσσον ποκὰ Θησέα φαντὶ ἐν Δία λασθήμεν ἐνυπλοκάμω 'Αρμάδνας.

1

Ἰογξ, έλκε τὶ τίρων ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.

Ἰογξ, έλκε τὶ τίρων ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.

τοῦτ ἀπὸ τὰς χλαίνας τὸ κράσπεδον ἄλεσε

Δέλφις,

ἀγὼ νῦν τίλλοισα κατ’ ἀγρίῳ ἐν πυρὶ βάλλω.

αἰαὶ Ἕρως ἀναρέ, τὶ μεν μέλαν ἐκ χρώσ σίμα

ἐμβύς ὡς λιμνάτις ἀπαν ἐκ βδέλλα πέπωκας;

Ἰογξ, έλκε τὶ τίρων ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.

σαύραν τοι τρίφασα κακῶν ποτὸν αὐριον οἰσὼν;

Ὡστυλί, νῦν δὲ λαβοίσα τὸ τὰ βρόνα ταῦθ’

ὑπόμαξον

τὰς τίνων φλιάς καθ’ ὑπέρτερον ἃς ἐτι καὶ νῦξ,

καὶ λέγῃ ἐπιφθύξοισα· ‘τὰ Δέλφιδος ὁστια μάσσων.’

Ἰογξ, έλκε τὶ τίρων ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.

νῦν δὴ μῶνα ἑσίσα πόθεν τὸν ἔρωτα δακρύσω;

τηνῶθ’ ἄρξεῦμα, τὶς μοι κακῶν ἀγαγε τοῦτο.

ἡνθ’ ἀ τιμβούλοι καναφόρος ἁμμὶν Ἀναξίω

ἀλσος ἐς Ἀρτέμιδος, τὰ δὴ τύκα ἐνα ἀλλα

θηρία πομπεύεσκε περισταδον, ἐν δὲ λέανα.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὀθεν ἑκετο, πόταν Σελάνα.

1 νῦξ Buecheler: mss νῦν

2 μάσσω Ahlwardt: mss πάσσω, from L. 21

3 τηνῶθ’ ἄρξεῦμαι Wil: mss ἐκ τὴν ὅ’ ἄρξω or ἐκ τινος ἄρξεύμαι (and ἀρξομαι)

4 τύκα Th. Friztche: mss τοὺα

51 ἐκ τωμὸ δίδομαι, δὲ μὲν λάγον οὐδένα ποιεῖ, not in the best
mss
love-mate, O be that mate forgotten even as old Theseus once forgot the fair-tressed damsel in Dia.

_Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither._

Horse-madness is a herb grows in Arcady, and makes every filly, every flying mare run a-raving in the hills. In like case Delphis may I see, aye, coming to my door from the oil and the wrestling-place like one that is raving mad.

_Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither._

This fringe hath Delphis lost from his cloak, and this now pluck I in pieces and fling away into the ravening flame. Woe's me, remorseless Love! why hast clung to me thus, thou muddy leech, and drained my flesh of the red blood every drop?

_Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither._

I'll bray thee an eft to-morrow, and an ill drink thou shalt find it. But for to-night take thou these ashes, Thestylis, while 'tis yet dark, and smear them privily upon his lintel above, and spit for what thou doest and say "Delphis' bones I smear."

_Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither._

Now I am alone. Where shall I begin the lament of my love? Here be 't begun; I'll tell who 'twas brought me to this pass.

One day came Anaxo daughter of Eubulus our way, came a-basket-bearing in procession to the temple of Artemis, with a ring of many beasts about her, a lioness one.

_List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving_

"Dia": Naxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne. "Spit for what thou doest": to avert ill-luck.
καὶ μ’ ἀ Ἡθυμαρίδα Θρᾶσα τροφός, ἀ μακαρίτις, 70 ἀγχίθυρος ναίοισα, κατεύξατο καὶ λειτάνεισε τῶν πομπῶν θάσασθαι· ἐγὼ δὲ οἱ ἀ μεγάλοιτος ὠμάρτεν βύσσοιο καλὸν σύροισα χιτόνα, κάμφαστελιαμένα τὰν ξυστίδα τὰν Ἐκλειστάς.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ θεὸν ἰκετό, πότνα Σελάνα. ἤδη δ’ εὐσα μέσαν κατ’ ἀμαζιτόν, ἀ τὰ Δύκωνος,

εἶδον Δέλφην ὅμοιο τε καὶ Εὐδάμιππον ιὸντας, τοῖς δ’ ἦς ξανθοτέρα μὲν ἐλιχρόσοιο γενειάς, στήθεα δὲ στήλβοντα πολὺ πλέον ἢ τὰ Σελάνα, ὥς ἀπὸ γυμνασίοιο καλὸν πόνον ἄρτι λιπότονοι.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ θεὸν ἰκετό, πότνα Σελάνα.

γῶς ἵδον, ὃς ἐμάντην, ὃς μοι περὶ θυμος ἱάβθη δειλαίας· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ἐτάκετο, κοῦδε τι πομπᾶς τῆς ἐφρασμάν’ ὦδ’ ὃς πάλιν οἰκαὶ ἀπῆθον ἐγὼν ἀλλὰ μὲ τις κατυπαρόν ἐξαλάπαξε2 κείμαν δ’ ἐν κλειτήρι δέκ’ ἀμάτα καὶ δέκα νύκτας.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ θεὸν ἰκετό, πότνα Σελάνα.

καὶ μεν χρῶς μὲν ὁμοῖος ἐγίνετο πολλακὶ θάψον,

ἐρρευν δ’ ἐκ κεφαλάς πᾶσαι τρίχες, αὐτὰ δὲ λουτά

ὁστὶ ἐτ’ ἦς καὶ δέρμα. καὶ ἐς τῖνος οὐκ ἐπέρασα, 90 ἢ ποίας ἐλεπον γραίας δόμου, ἀτις ἐπάλειν; ἀλλ’ ἦς οὐδὲν ἔλαβρον’ ὅ δὲ χρόνος ἀντο φεύγων.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ θεὸν ἰκετό, πότνα Σελάνα.

χοῦτω τὰ δούλα τῶν ἀλαθέα μῦθον ἔλεβα·

εὶ δ’ ἄγε Θεστυλί μοι χαλεπάς νόσω εὑρέτε τι μῆχος.

πᾶσαι ἔχει με τάλαλαναν ὁ Μύνδιος· ἀλλὰ μολοίσα

1 ἀγχίθυρος: E: mss ἀγχ.
2 Schol. also ἐξαλάξε
Now Theumaridas' Thracian nurse that dwelt next door, gone ere this to her rest, had begged and prayed me to go out and see the pageant, and so—ill was my luck—I followed her, in a long gown of fine silk, with Clearista's cloak over it.

*List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.*

I was halfway o' the road, beside Lycon's, when lo! I espied walking together Delphis and Eudamippus, the hair o' their chins as golden as cassidony, and the breasts of them, for they were on their way from their pretty labour at the school, shone full as fair as thou, great Moon.

*List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.*

And O the pity of it! in a moment I looked and was lost, lost and smit i' the heart; the colour went from my cheek; of that brave pageant I bethought me no more. How I got me home I know not; but this I know, a parching fever laid me waste and I was ten days and ten nights abed.

*List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.*

And I would go as wan and pale as any dyer's-boxwood; the hairs o' my head began to fall; I was nought but skin and bone. There's not a charmer in the town to whom I resorted not, nor witch's navel whither I went not for a spell. But 'twas no easy thing to cure a malady like that, and time sped on apace.

*List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.*

At last I told my woman all the truth. "Go to, good Thestylis," cried I, "go find me some remedy for a sore distemper. The Myndian, alack! he possesseth me altogether. Go thou, pray, and watch

"Clearista"; perhaps her sister. "Cassidony": the Everlasting or Golden-Tufta.
τῆρησον ποτὲ τὰν Τιμαγήτοιο παλαίστραν,
τηρεὶ γὰρ φοιτή, τηρεὶ δὲ οἱ ἄδυ καθησαί.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἐρωθ' οθεν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα:
κητεί κα' νύν ἐόντα μάθης μόνον, ἀσυχα νεύσον
κειφ' ὅτι Σιμαιθα τυ καλεί, καλ ἰφαγέο τάδε.'

ὡς ἐφάμαν: ἂ δ' ἤμθε καὶ ἀγαγε τὸν λιπαρόχρον
eos εμὰ δώματα Δέλφιν: εγὼ δ' νῦν ὡς ἐνόησα
ἀρτι θύρας ὑπὲρ οὐδὸν ἀμειβόμενον ποδὶ κοῦφο.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἐρωθ' οθεν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα—
pása μὲν ἔψυχθην χίονος πλέουν, ἐκ δὲ μετώπω
ίδρως μεν κοχύδεσκεν ἵσον νοταίσων ἐέρσας,
οὐδὲ τι φωνὴσαι δυνάμαι, οὐδ' ὀσον ἐν ὑπνῷ
κνιξώται φωνεύτα φίλαι ποτὶ ματέρα τέκνα:

ἀλλ' ἐπάγην δαγνίδι καλὸν χρόα πάντοθεν ἱσα.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἐρωθ' οθεν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα,
καὶ μ' ἐσιδοῖν οὐστοργος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄμματα πάξας
ἐξετ' ἐπὶ κλαντήρι καὶ ἐξόμενος φάτο μύθοιν,

ηρὰ με Σιμαιθα τόσον ἐφθασας, ὀσον ἐγὼ θὴν
πρᾶν ποκα τὸν χαρίεντα τρέχων ἐφθασας Φιλίνων,
ἐς το τεὼν καλέσασα τὸδε στέγος ἡ με παρείμεν.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἐρωθ' οθεν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

ηθον γὰρ κεν ἐγὼν, ναι τὸν γλυκιν ἢνθον Ἐρωτα

ἡ ττίτος ἡ ττέατος ἐων φίλος αὐτικα νυκτόσ,

μᾶλα μὲν ἐν κόλποι Διανύσσου φυλάσσων,
κρατὶ δ' ἔχων λεύκαν, Ἡρακλέος ἱερὸν ἐρνος,

πάντοθε πορφυρέασι περὶ ζώστρασιν ἐλικτάν.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἐρωθ' οθεν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
for him by Timagetus' wrestling-place: 'tis thither he resorts, 'tis there he loves well to sit.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

"And when so be thou be'st sure he's alone, give him a gentle nod o' the head and say Simaetha would see him, and bring him hither." So bidden she went her ways and brought him that was so sleek and gay to my dwelling. And no sooner was I ware of the light fall o's foot across my threshold,—

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving—

than I went cold as ice my body over, and the sweat dripped like dewdrops from my brow; aye, and for speaking I could not so much as the whimper of a child that calls on's mother in his sleep; for my fair flesh was gone all stiff and stark like a puppet's.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

When he beheld me, heartless man! he fixed his gaze on the ground, sat him upon the bed, and sitting thus spake: "Why, Simaetha, when thou had'st me hither to this thy roof, marry, thou didst no further outrun my own coming than I once outran the pretty young Philinus.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

"For I had come of myself, by sweet Love I had, of myself the very first hour of night, with comrades twain or more, some of Dionysus' own apples in my pocket, and about my brow the holy aspen sprig of Heracles with gay purple ribbons wound in and out.

List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving.

"Heartless man": to behave so and then desert me. "Philinus": of Cos, here spoken of as a youth; he won at Olympia in 264 and 260.
καὶ κ’ εἰ μὲν μ’ ἐδέχεσθε, τὰ δ’ ἦς φίλα· καὶ γὰρ ἐλαφρῶς
καὶ καλὸς πάντεσσι μετ’ ἥδεοισι καλεῦμαι,
εὔαδε¹ τ’ εἰ μόνον τὸ καλὸν στόμα τεῦς ἑφίλησα·
ἐι δὲ ἀλλὰ μ’ ὥθειτε καὶ ἃ θύρα εἵξετο μοχλὸ,
πάντως καὶ πελέκεις καὶ λαμπάδες ἤθενον ἐφ’ ὑμέας.

φράξεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ οθεν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα,
νῦν δὲ χάριν μὲν ἐφαν τὰ Κύπριδι πράτουν οφείλειν, 130
καὶ μετὰ τὰν Κύπριν τύ με δευτέρα ἐκ πυρὸς εἶλεν
ὁ γὰρ ἐσκαλέσασα τεὸν ποτὶ τοῦτο μέλαθρον
ἀυτῶσ ἡμύληστον. Ἐρως δ’ ἀρα καὶ Λυτπαραίω
πολλάκις Ἀφαίστοιο σέλας φλογερότερον αἴθει—
φράξεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ οθεν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα—
σὺν δὲ κακαὶς μανίας καὶ παρθένον ἐκ θαλάμου
καὶ νύμφαιν ἐσόβης² εἰνὶ δεμία θερμὰ λυπώσαν
ἀνέρος. ὡς δ’ μὲν εἰπεν ἐγὼ δὲ οἱ ἄ ταχυτεθῆς
χερὸς ἐφαμενα μαλακῶν ἐκλιν’ ἐπὶ λέκτρων
καὶ ταχύ χρὸς ἐπὶ χρωτὶ πεπαίνετο, καὶ τὰ
πρόσωπα
θερμότερ’ ἂν ἡ πρόσθε, και ἐφιθυρίσδομες ἅδυ.
ὡς καὶ ³ τοι μὴ μακρὰ φιλα θιολεοίμι Σελάνα,
ἔπραξθ’ τὰ μέγιστα, καὶ ἐς πόθουν ήποθομες ἀμφο.
κοῦτε τι τῆνος ἐμίν ἐπεμέμψατο μέσφα το ἦ
ἐχθές,
οὔτ’ ἐγὼ αὐ τὴν. ἀλλ’ ἤθεν μοι ἂ τε Φιλίστας
μάτηρ τὰς ἀμάς αὐλητρίδοις ἄ τε Μελίξους
σάμερον, ἀνίκα πέρ τε ποτ’ ὄρανον ἐτραχον ὑπ’ εἰοι
Ἄω τὰν ῥοδόπαχυν ἀπ’ Ὡκεανοίο φέροισαι.

¹ εὗρον L. Schmidt: mss εὕρον ² ἐσόβης Jacobs from schol., cf. 13. 48: mss ἐσόβης ³ καὶ Wil from Vat. 915 and Laur. 32. 16: other mss κά
"And had ye received me so, it had been joy; for I have a name as well for beauty of shape as speed of foot with all the bachelry o' the town, and I had been content so I had only kissed thy pretty lips. But and if ye had sent me packing with bolt and bar, then I warrant ye axes and torches had come against you.

_List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving._

"But, seeing thou hadst sent for me, I vowed my thanks to the Cyprian first—but after the Cyprian 'tis thou, in calling me to this roof, sweet maid, didst snatch the brand from a burning that was all but done; for i' faith, Cupid's flare oft will outblaze the God o' Lipara himself,—

_List, good Moon, where I learnt my loving._

"And with the dire frenzy of him bride is driven from groom ere his marriage-bed be cold, much more a maid from the bower of her virginity." So he ended, and I, that was so easy to win, took him by the hand and made him to lie along the bed. Soon cheek upon cheek grew ripe, our faces waxed hotter, and lo! sweet whispers went and came. My prating shall not keep thee too long, good Moon: enough that all was done, enough that both desires were sped.

And till 'twas but yesterday, he found never a fault in me nor I in him. But lo! to-day, when She o' the Rose-red Arms began her swift charioting from sea to sky, comes me the mother of Melixo and of our once flute-girl Philista, and

"I have a name": the self-complimentary details of Delphis' speech are due to the reporter. "God of Lipara": the Liparasean Islands contain volcanoes. "Our flute-girl": the girl who used to play to him and me; the
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κείτε μοι ἄλλα τε πολλὰ καὶ ὡς ἄρα Δέλφις ἐραται. κεῖτε νῦν αὑτὲ γυναικὸς ἐχει πόθος εἶτε καὶ ἀνδρός, 150 οὐκ ἐφατ ἀτρεκές ἵδεμν, ἀτὰρ τόσον 'αἰὲν "Ερωτὸς ἀκράτω ἐπεχείτο καὶ ἐς τέλος ὅχετο φεύγων, καὶ φάτοι οἱ στεφάνοις τὰ δώματα τῆνα πυκαζέων.1 ταῦτα μοι ἡ ξείνα μυθήσατο, ἐστι ό ἀλαθῆς. ἡ γὰρ μοι καὶ τρὶς καὶ τετράκις ἄλλοκ ἐφοίτη, καὶ παρ' ἐμὲ ἐτίθη τὰν Δωρίδα πολλάκις δόταν, νῦν ἐν δυσδεκατάιος 2 ἀφ' ὑπὲρ νῦν οὐδὲ ποτείδον. ἴπτ' οὐκ ἄλλο τί τερπνὸν ἐχει, ἀμων δὲ λέλασται: νῦν μάν τοῖς φίλτροις καταβύσσομαι: αἱ δ' ἔτι κά με 3

λυτῇ, τάν Ἄιδαο πῦλαν, ναὶ Μοίρας, ἀραξεῖ: τοῖα οἱ ἐν κίστα κακὰ φάρμακα φαμὶ φυλάσσειν 'Ἀσυνρίῳ, δέσποινα, παρὰ ξείνοιο μαθοῦσα. ἄλλα τύ μὲν χαῖροσια ποτ' ὁκεανὸν τρέπε πῶλως, ποτν ἐγὼ δ' οἰσώ τὸν ἐμὸν πόθον ὡσπερ ὑπέσταιν.4 χαϊρε Σελαναία λιπαρόχροε, χαϊρετε τῶλλοι 5 αὐτέρες εὐκάλοιο κατ' ἀντυγα Νυκτος ὅπαδοι.

1 πυκαζέω E: mis πυκάσσεω 2 δυσδ. Wil: mis τε δαδ. 3 κά με Ahrens: mis κάμε 4 Of. Cl. Rev. 1911, p. 68 5 τῶλλοι E: mis δ' (or κ') ἄλλοι
among divers other talk would have me believe Delphis was in love. And she knew not for sure, so she said, whether this new love were of maid or of man, only "he was ever drinking" quoth she "to the name of Love, and went off in haste at the last saying his love-garlands were for such-and-such a house." So ran my gossip's story, and sure 'tis true; for ah! though time was, i' faith, when he would come thrice and four times a day, and often left his Dorian flask with me to fetch again, now 'tis twelve days since I so much as set eyes upon him. I am forgot, for sure; his joy doth lie otherways.

To-night these my fire-philtres shall lay a spell upon him; but if so be they make not an end of my trouble, then, so help me Fate, he shall be found knocking at the gate of Death; for I tell thee, good Mistress, I have in my press medicines evil enough, that one out of Assyria told me of. So fare thee well, great Lady; to Ocean with thy team. And I, I will bear my love as best I may. Farewell sweet Lady o' the Shining Face, and all ye starry followers in the train of drowsy Night, farewell, farewell.

same is still employed by Delphis, and it is through her mother that Simaetha learns that he loves another, a second daughter of the same woman being one of Simaetha's serving-maids. "Assyria": the land of magic herbs.
III.—THE SERENADE

The poet appears to personate a young goatherd, who after five lines dedicatory to a friend whom he calls Tityrus, serenades his mistress Amaryllis. The poem is a monologue, but, like II, preserves the dialogue-form of the mime by means of a dumb character. The appeal to Amaryllis may be regarded as consisting of three parts each ending with the offer of a gift—apples, garland, goat—and a fourth part containing a love-song of four stanzas. The reciter would doubtless make a slight pause to mark the rejection of each gift and the failure of the song before the renewal of the cry of despair.
Κωμάσδω ποτί τὰν Ἀμαρυλλίδα, ταῖ δὲ μοι αἵγες βόσκονται κατ’ ὄρος, καὶ ὁ Τίτυρος αὐτὰς ἐλαύνει. Τίτυρι' ἔμιν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλημένε, βόσκε τὰς αἵγας, καὶ ποτὶ τὰν κράναν ἄγε Τίτυρε, καὶ τὸν ἐνόρχαι, τὸν Δίβυκον κνάκωνα, φυλάσσει μή τι κορυφῆ.

ὁ χαρίσσο' Ἀμαρυλλί, τι μ' οὐκέτι τούτο κατ' ἀντρον παρκύπτοισα καλεῖς; τὸν ἔρωτόν ἦρα με μυσέις; ἦρα γέ τοι σιμώς καταφαινομαι ἐγγύθεν ἦμεν, νύμφα, καὶ προγένεος; ἀπάγξαθαι με ποησείς. ἦνδε τοι δέκα μάλα φέρω. τηνώθε καθεῖλον, ὁ μ' ἐκέλευν καθελεῖν τῷ καὶ αὔριον ἄλλα τοι οἶσθω.

θάσαι μᾶν θυμαλγές ἐμῖν ἄχος. αἰθε γενοίμα, ἂ βομβεύσα μέλισσα καὶ ἔσ τεον ἀντρον ἵκοίμαν τὸν κισσόν διαδε καὶ τὰν πτέριν, ἀ τὺ πυκάσδεις. νῦν ἐγνων τὸν Ἐρωτα. θεὸς ἡρα κελίνας μαξ' ἐθῆλαζε 1, δρυμῷ τὸ ν επίτατε σάρματο 2, με κατασμένον καὶ ὡς στριφτον ἀχρί ιάττει. ἵ τὸ καλὸν ποθοῦσα, τὸ πῶς λίθος: ὡ κυνόφρον νύμφα, πρόσπτεβαι με τὸν αἰπόλον, ὡς τυ φῶς. ἐστι καὶ εν κενεοίς φιλήμασιν ἀδέα τέρψει. τὸν στέφανον τίλαι με κατ' αὐτίκα λεπτὰ ποησεῖς, τὸν τοι ἐγὼν Ἀμαρυλλή χίλα κίσσοιο φυλάσσω ἀμπλέξας καλύκεσται καὶ εὑόδμοις σελίνοις.

1 ἐθῆλαζε Stobaeus: μαξ' -αγε 2 εἰ E cf. 25. 53 : μαξ' ἰΔ
III.—THE SERENADE

I go a-courting of Amaryllis, and my goats they go browsing on along the hill with Tityrus to drive them on. My well-beloved Tityrus, pray feed me my goats; pray lead them to watering, good Tityrus, and beware or the buckgoat, the yellow Libyan yonder, will be butting you.

Beautiful Amaryllis, why peep you no more from your cave and call me in? Hate you your sweet-heart? Can it be a near view hath shown him snub-nosed, Nymph, and over-bearded? I dare swear you'll be the death of me. See, here have I brought you half a score of apples plucked yonder where you bade me pluck them, and to-morrow I'll bring you as many again.

Look, ah! look upon me; my heart is torn with pain. I wish I were you humming bee to thread my way through the ivy and the fern you do prink your cave withal and enter in! O now know I well what Love is. 'Tis a cruel god. I warrant you a she-lion's dugs it was he sucked and in a forest was reared, so doth he slow-burn me, aye, pierce me to the very bone. O Nymph of the pretty glance, but all stone; O Nymph of the dark dark eyebrow, come clasp thy goatherd that is so fain to be kissing thee. E'en in an empty kiss there's a sweet delight. You'll make me tear in pieces the ivy-wreath I have for you, dear Amaryllis; of rosebuds twined it is, and of fragrant parsley leaves...
ἐμοὶ ἐγὼν, τί πάθω, τί ὁ δύσοσος; οὐ χ ὑπα-κούεις.

τὰν βαίταιν ἀποδύς εἰς κύματα τηρῶ ἀλέημαι,

ὁπερ τῶς βύνως σκοπείαζεται "Ὀλπις ὁ γριπεύς·

καίκα μὴ 'ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὼν ἀδύ τέτυκται.

ἐγὼν πρὰν, ὦκ' ἐμὲν μεμναμένω, εἰ φιλεῖς με,

οὐδὲ τὸ τηλέφιλον ποτεμάξατο τὸ πλατάγημα,

ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἀπαλῶ ποτὶ πάχεος ἐξεμαράνθη·

εἰπὲ καὶ Ἀγροιῶ τάλαθέα κοσκινώμαντις,

ἀ πρὰν ποιολογεῦσα παραιβάτις, ὃνεκ' ἐγὼ μὲν

τίν ὅλος εγκειμαί, τῷ δὲ μεν λόγον οὐδένα ποιῆ.

ἡ μὰν τοι λευκὰν διδυματόκον αἶγα φυλάσσω,

τὰν μὲ καὶ ἡ Μέρμυννος ἑριθαῖς ἀ μελανόχρως

αἰτεῖ, καὶ δωσώ οί, ἐπεὶ τῷ μοι ἐνδιαθρύπτῃ.

ἀλλεται ὀφθαλμὸς μὲν ὁ δεξιός· ἥρα γ' ἴδησῳ

αὔτάν; ἀσεῦμαι ποτὶ τᾶν πίτιν ὥδ' ἀποκλινθεῖς·

καὶ κε μ' ἵσος ποτίδοι, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄδαμαντίνα ἐστίν·

'Ἰππομένης ὁκα δὴ τὰν παρβένον ἤθελε γὰμαι,

μᾶλ' ἐν χερσίν ἔλοιν δρόμον ἁννεν ἀ δ' Ἄταλάντα

ὡς ἰδεν, ὡς ἐμάνη, ὡς ἐς βαθὺν ἁλατ' ἐρωτα.

1 ἀπαλῶ ποτὶ πάχεος, cf. 12. 24
Alas and well-a-day! what's to become of me? Ay me! you will not answer. I'll doff my plaid and go to Olpis' watching-place for tunnies and leap from it into the waves; and if I die not, 'twill be through no fault of yours. I found it out t'other day; my thoughts were of you and whether or no you loved me, and when I played slap to see, the love-in-absence that should have stuck on, shrivelled up forthwith against the soft of my arm. Agroeo too, the sieve-witch that was out the other day a-simping beside the harvesters, she spoke me true when she said you made me of none account, though I was all wrapt up in you. Marry, a white twinner-goat have I to give you, which that nut-brown little handmaiden of Mermnon's is fain to get of me—and get her she shall, seeing you choose to play me the dainty therein...

Lo there! a twitch o' my right eye. Shall I be seeing her? I'll go lean me against yon pine-tree and sing awhile. It may be she'll look upon me then, being she's no woman of adamant.

(sings) When Schoenus' bride-race was begun,
    Apples fell from one that run;
    She looks, she's lost, and lost doth leap
    Into love so dark and deep.

"Through no fault of yours": the Greek is "at any rate as far as you are concerned it has (i.e. will have) been done as you wished." "Love-in-absence: a flower. The Greek is "stuck not on at the slapping-game." "A twitch o' my right eye": a good omen. "Schoenus' bride-race": Hippomenes won Atalanta the fleet-footed daughter of Schoenus by throwing an apple in the race for her hand: the
τὰν ἀγέλαιαν χῶ μάντις ἀπ' Ὀθρυνος ἄγε Μελάμπους ἐς Πύλων ἄ τε Βίαντος ἐν ἀγκούναισιν ἐκλίνθη μάτηρ ἀ χαρίεσσα περίφρονος Ἀλφεσιβοίας.

τὰν δὲ καλὰν Κυθέρειαν ἐν ὀρέσι μῆλα νομεύων οὐχ οὕτως Ὀδώνις ἐπὶ πλέον ἄγαγε λύσσας, ὡστ' οὐδὲ φθίμενον νῦν ἄτερ μαξοῦ τίθητι; ξαλωτὸς μὲν ἐμὲ ὅ τον ἀτροπον ύπνον ἰαύων Ἐνυμώων, ξαλῶ δὲ φίλα γῦναι Ἰασίωνα, ὅς τοσσὴν ἐκύρησεν, ὅσ' οὐ πευσεῖσθε βέβαλοι.

ἀλγεὼ τὰν κεφαλὰν, τὰν δ' οὐ μέλει. οὐκέτ' ἀείδων,
κεισεύμαι δὲ πεσῶν, καὶ τοι λύκοι οὐδὲ μ' ἑδονται.
ὡς μέλι τοι γλυκὸ τούτο κατὰ βρόχθοιο γένοιτο.
When the seer in's brother's name
With those kine to Pylus came,
Bias to the joy-bed hies
Whence sprang Alphesibee the wise.
When Adonis o'er the sheep
In the hills his watch did keep,
The Love-Dame proved so wild a wooer,
E'en in death she clips him to her.
O would I were Endymion
That sleeps the unchanging slumber on,
Or, Lady, knew thy Jason's glee
Which prófane eyes may never see! . . .

My head aches sore, but 'tis nought to you. I'll
make an end, and throw me down, aye, and stir not
if the wolves devour me—the which I pray be as
sweet honey in the throat to you.

seer Melampus by bringing to the king of Pylus the oxen of
Iphiclus won the king's daughter Pero for his brother Bias;
although he was slain long ago, Aphrodite Cytherea loves
her Adonis so dearly that she still clasps him—at the Adonis
festival—to her breast: Endymion was loved by the Moon,
and Jason—as in the Eleusinian mysteries—by Demeter.
IV.—THE HERDSMEN

A conversation between a goatherd named Battus and his fellow goatherd Corydon, who is acting oxbird in place of a certain Aegon who has been persuaded by one Milon son of Lampriadas to go and compete in a boxing-match at Olympia. Corydon’s temporary rise in rank gives occasion for some friendly banter—which the sententious fellow does not always understand—varied with bitter references to Milon’s having supplanted Battus in the favours of Amaryllis. The reference to Glauce fixes the imaginary date as contemporary with Theocritus. This is not the great Milon, but a fictitious strong man of the same town called, suitably enough, by his name.¹ The poem, like all the other genuine shepherd-mimes, contains a song. Zacynthus is still called the flower of the Levant. The scene is near Crotone in Southern Italy.

¹ The identification of Milon with the great athlete is incorrect. The great Milon flourished B.C. 510; the scholiast knows of no such feats in connexion with him; and the feats ascribed to him by authors ap. Athen. 10. 412 e, f, are by no means identical with these.
IV.—ΝΟΜΕΙΣ

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
Εἴπε μοι ὁ Κορύδων, τίνος αἱ βόες; ἦρα Φιλώνδα:

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
οὐκ, ἀλλ' Αἰγώνος βόσκειν δὲ μοι αὐτὰς ἔδωκεν.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
ἥ πάρ ὑμὶν κρύβδαν τὰ ποθέσπερα πάσας ἄμελγεις;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
ἀλλ' ὁ γέρων ὑφίτη τὰ μοσχία κήρε φυλάσσει.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
αὐτὸς δ' ἐσ τίν' ἄφαντος ὁ βουκόλος ὅχετο χώραν;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
οὐκ ἀκούσας; ἀγων νυν ἐπ᾽ Ἀλφεών ὅχετο Μίλων.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
καὶ πόκα τίνος ἐλαιον ἐπ᾽ ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁπώπει;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
φαντὶ νυν Ἡρακλῆι βίνυ καὶ κάρτος ἐρίσδειν.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
κήμε ἐφαθ' ἀ μάτηρ Πολυδεύκεος ἦμεν ἀμείνω.
IV.—THE HERDSMEN

BATTUS (in a bantering tone)

What, Corydon man; whose may your cows be? Philondas's?

CORYDON

Nay, Aegon's; he hath given me the feeding of them in his stead.

BATTUS

And I suppose, come evening, you give them all a milking hugger-mugger?

CORYDON

Not so; the old master sees me to that; he puts the calves to suck, himself.

BATTUS

But whither so far was their own proper herdsman gone?

CORYDON

Did you never hear? Milon carried him off with him to the Alpheus.

BATTUS

Lord! When had the likes of him ever so much as set eyes upon a flask of oil?

CORYDON (sententiously)

Men say he rivals Heracles in might.

BATTUS (scoffing)

And mammy says I'm another Polydeuces.

"Hugger-mugger": on the sly. "Oil": used by athletes upon their bodies.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
κρύχετ' ἔχων σκαπάναν τε καὶ εἰκατι τοιτόθε μὴλα. 10

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
πείσαι καὶ Ἔλων καὶ τῶς λύκος αὐτίκα λυσήν.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
ταῖ δαμάλαι δ' αὐτῶν μυκῶμεναι αἰδὲ ποθεῦντι.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
δειλαίαί γ' αὕται, τὸν βουκόλον ὡς κακὸν εὐρον.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
ἡ μὰν δειλαίαι γε, καὶ οὐκέτι λῶντι νέμεσθαι.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
τήνας μὲν δὴ τοι τάς πόρτις αὐτὰ λέλειπται τώστια. μὴ πρώκας συτίζεται ὑσπερ ὁ τέττιξ;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
οὐ Δῶν, ἀλλ' ὅκα μὲν νῦν ἐπ' Αἰσάροιο νομεύω καὶ μαλακῷ χόρτοιο καλὰν κὼμθα δίδωμι, ἄλλοκα δὲ σκαίρει τὸ βαθύσκιον ἀμφὶ Δάτυμνον.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
λεπτὸς μὰν χῶ ταῦρος ὁ πυρρίχος. αἴδε λάχοιεν

20

1 κα Ahrens: μὲν ἔκε, τοι, τι
THEOCRITUS IV, 10-20

CORYDON
Well, he took a score of sheep and a spade with him, when he went.

BATTUS (*with a momentary bitterness*)
Ah, that Milon! he'd persuade a wolf to run mad for the asking.

CORYDON
And his heifers miss him sore; hark to their lowing.

BATTUS (*resuming his banter*)
Aye; 'twas an ill day for the kine; how sorry a herdsman it brought them!

CORYDON (*misunderstanding*)
Marry, an ill day it was, and they are off their feed now.

BATTUS
Look you now, yonder beast, she's nought but skin and bone. Pray, doth she feed on dewdrops like the cricket?

CORYDON
Zeus! no. Why, sometimes I graze her along the Aesarus and give her a brave bottle of the tenderest green grass, and oftentimes her playground's in the deep shade of Latumnus.

BATTUS
Aye, and the red-poll bull, he's lean as can be. (*bitterly again*) I only would to God, when there's a

"A score of sheep": athletes when training fed largely upon meat, and kept themselves in condition by shovelling sand. "Persuade a wolf": i.e. "he beguiled Aegon to compete at Olympia though he is but a poor hand at boxing (cf. I. 7) just as he beguiled Amaryllis away from me though she never really loved him."

53
καὶ μᾶν ἐς στομάλμιων ἐλαινεται ἐς τὲ τὰ
Φύσκων ¹,
καὶ ποτὲ τὸν Ἡμαθόν, ὅτα καλὰ πάντα φύοντι,
αὐγίτυρος καὶ κυνία καὶ εὐώδης μελίτεια.

βαττος
φεῦ φεῦ βασεύνται καὶ ταῖ βόες ὁ τάλαιν Ἀγών
εἰς Ἀίδαν, ὅκι καὶ τὸ κακᾶς ἥρασσαο νῖκαις,
χὰ σύριγξ εὑρῶτι παλύνεται, ἀν ποκ' ἑπάζα.

κορτάων
οὐ τίνα γ', οὖ Νύμφας, ἐπεὶ ποτὲ Πίσαν ἀφέρπον
dόρον ἐμῖν νῦν ἔλειπεν', ἔγω δὲ τις εἰμὶ μελικτάς,
κεῦ μὲν τὰ Γλαύκας ἀγκρούμαι, εὖ δὲ τὰ Πύρρω.

Αἰνεὼ τάν τε Κρότωνα καλὰν πόλιν ἀτε Ζά-
κυνθον ²
καὶ τὸ ποταῖνον τὸ Δακίνιον, ἄπερ ὁ πύκτας
Μίλων ³ ὀγδόκοντα μόνος κατεδαίπτατο μάζας.
τηρεὶ καὶ τὸν ταῦρον ἀπ' ὄρεος ἁγε πιάζας
tὰς ὀπλὰς κηδίκε, Ἀμαρυλλίδι, ταὶ δὲ γυναῖκες
μακρὸν ἀνάρραν, χὼ βουκόλος ἐξεγέλασθεν.

¹ Φύσκων so Palat. 330, cf. Philologiae, 1908, p. 466: other
mss Φύσκων
² καλὰν πόλιν ἀτε Ζάκυνθον E, cf. a Laconian
inscription I. A. 79 ταῦτα ἀτε = οὕτως ὡς, and a modern folk-
saying, ἦ Ζάκυνθος, ἦ Ζάκυνθος, τὸ ἄρθος τῆς Ἀκτολῆς: mss
καλὰ πόλις ἀτε (or ἅ τε) Ζάκυνθος
³ Mílων Nuber, cf. L 7: mss and schol. Αγῶν
sacrifice to Hera in their ward, the sons of Lampriadas might get such another as he: they are a foul mixen sort, they o' that ward.

**CORYDON**

All the same that bull's driven to the sea-lake and the Physician border, and to that garden of good things, goat-flower, mullet, sweet odorous balsam, to wit Neaethus.

**BATTUS (sympathising as with another of Milon's victims)**

Heigho, poor Aegon! thy very kine must needs meet their death because thou art gone a-whoring after vainglory, and the herdsman's pipe thou once didst make thyself is all one mildew.

**CORYDON**

Nay, by the Nymphs, not it. He bequeathed it to me when he set out for Pisa. I too am something of a musician. Mark you, I'm a dabster at Glauce's snatches and those ditties Pyrrhus makes: *(sings)*

O Croton is a bonny town as Zacynth by the sea,  
And a bonny sight on her eastward height is the fane of Lacy,  
Where boxer Milon one fine morn made fourscore loaves his meal,  
And down the hill another day,  
While lasses holla'd by the way,  
To Amaryllis, laughing gay  
Led the bull by the heel.

"Might get such another": the greater part of a sacrificed animal was eaten by the sacrificers. "Mullet": sometimes called 'fleabane.'
ΚΟΡΤΔΝ
θαρσείν χρή φίλε Βάττε τάχ: αύριον ἐσσετ' ἀμεινων.
ἐλπίδες ἐν ξωσίν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.
χώ Ζεὺς ἄλλοκα μὲν πέλει αἴθριος, ἄλλοκα δ' ὤει.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
θαρσέω. βάλλε κάτωθε, τά μοσχία· τάς γὰρ
ἐλαιας
tὸν θαλλόν τρόγγοντι τὰ δύσσοα.

ΚΟΡΤΔΝ
σιτθ' ὁ Δέπαργος,
σιτθ' ἀ Κυμαίθα ποτὶ τὸν λόφον. οὐκ ἔσακονεις;
ἡξῶ ναι τὸν Πάνα κακόν τέλος αὐτίκα διωσὸν,
éi μή ἀπει τοῦτῳθεν. ἱδ' αὖ πάλιν ἀδε ποθέρπει.
eἰθ' ἂς μοι ροικόν τι ἡ λαγωβόλου, ὡς τυ πάταξα.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
θάσαι μ' ὁ Κορύδων ποτὶ τῷ Δίος· ἀ γὰρ ἄκανθα
ἀρμοῖ μ' ὡδ' ἐπάταξ' ὑπὸ τὸ σφυρόν. ὡς δὲ
βαθείαι
tάτρακτυλλίδες ἐντί. κακῶς ἀ πόρτις δολιοτο·
eῖς ταῦταν ἐτύπην χασμεύμενον. ἦρα γε λεύσσεις;

ΚΟΡΤΔΝ
ναι ναί, τοῖς ὀνύχεσσιν ἔχω τέ νυν ἀδε καὶ αὐτά.

1 βάλλε κάτωθε, τά μ. E, cf. βάλλε κόρακας: others βάλλε
κάτωθε τά μ. 2 ῥοικόν τι Hermann: mss b. τὸ ὁτ το
BATTUS (not proof against the tactless reference; apostrophising)
O beautiful Amaryllis, though you be dead, I am true, and I'll never forget you. My pretty goats are dear to me, but dear no less a maiden that is no more. O well-a-day that my luck turned so ill!

CORYDON
Soft you, good Battus; be comforted. Good luck comes with another morn; while there's life there's hope; rain one day, shine the next.

BATTUS
Let be! 'tis well. (changing the subject) Up with you, ye calves; up the hill! They are at the green of those olives, the varlets.

CORYDON
Hey up, Snowdrop! hey up, Goodbody! to the hill wi' ye! Art thou deaf? 'Fore Pan I'll presently come thee an evil end if thou stay there. Look ye there; back she comes again. Would there were but a hurl-bat in my hand! I had had at thee.

BATTUS
Zeus save thee, Corydon; see here! It had at me as thou saidst the word, this thorn, here under my ankle. And how deep the spindle-thorns go! A plague o' thy heifer! It all came o' my gaping after her. (Corydon comes to help him) Dost see him, lad?

CORYDON
Aye, aye, and have got him 'twixt my nails; and lo! here he is.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

όσσιχον ἔστι τὸ τύμμα καὶ ἀλίκον ἀνδρα δαμάζει.

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

εἰς ὅρος ὅκχ' ἐρπης, μὴ νηλιπτος ἐρχεο Βάττε
ἐν γὰρ ὅρει πάμνοι τε καὶ ἀσπάλαθοι κομέονται.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

εἶπ' ἄγε μ' ὁ Κορύδων, τὸ γερόντιον ἢρ' ἔτι μῦλλει
τήναν τὰν κυάνοφρυν ἐρωτίδα, τὰς ποκ' ἐκνισθῆ; 60

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ

ἀκμάν γ' ὁ δειλαῖς' πρόαι γ' μεν αὐτὸς ἐπενθών
καὶ ποτὲ τὰ μάνδρα κατελάμβανον ἄμως ἐνήργηει.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ

εὖ γ' ὁνθρωπε φιλοίφα' τὸ τοῦ γένος ἡ Σατυρισκοῖς
ἐργύθεν ἡ Πάνεσσι κακοκνάμοισιν ἐρίσθεισ.
BATTUS (in mock-heroic strain)

O what a little tiny wound to overmaster so mighty a man!

CORYDON (pointing the moral)

Thou should'st put on thy shoes when thou goest into the hills, Battus; 'tis rare ground for thorns and gorse, the hills.

BATTUS

Pray tell me, Corydon, comes gaffer yet the gallant with that dark-browed piece o' love he was smitten of?

CORYDON

Aye, that does he, ill's his luck. I happened of them but two days agone, and near by the byre, too, and faith, gallant was the word.

BATTUS (apostrophising)

Well done, goodman Light-o'-love. 'Tis plain thou comest not far below the old Satyrs and ill-shanked Pans o' the country-side for lineage.

"Old Satyrs": effigies of Pan and the Satyrs were a feature of the country-side.
V.—THE GOATHERD AND THE SHEPHERD

The scene of this shepherd-mime is laid in the wooded pastures near the mouth of the river Crathis in the district of Sybaris and Thurii in Southern Italy. The foreground is the shore of a lagoon near which stand effigies of the Nymphs who preside over it, and there is close by a rustic statue of Pan of the seaside. The characters are a goatherd named Comatas and a young shepherd named Lacon who are watching their flocks. Having seated themselves some little distance apart, they proceed to converse in no very friendly spirit, and the talk gradually leads to a contest of song with a woodcutter named Morson for the judge and a lamb and a goat for the stakes. The contest is a spirited, not to say a bitter, one, and consists of a series of alternate couplets, the elder man first singing his couplet and the younger then trying to better him at the same theme. The themes Comatas chooses are various, but the dominant note, as often in Theocritus, is love. In some of the lines there is more meaning than appears on the surface. After fourteen pairs of couplets, Morson breaks in before Lacon has replied and awards his lamb to Comatas.
V.—ΑΙΠΟΔΙΚΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΠΟΙΜΕΝΙΚΟΝ

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
Λήγες ἐμαί, τήν ου τὸν ποιμένα τὸν Συβαρίταν
φεύγετε τὸν Λάκωνα· τὸ μεν νάκος ἑχθὲς ἔκλεψεν.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
οὐκ ἀπὸ τὰς κράνας σίττ' ἀμνίδες; οὐκ ἔσοριτε
τὸν μεν τὰν σύρμηγα πρόαιν κλέψαντα Κομάταν;

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
τὰν ποίαν σύρμηγα; τῷ γὰρ ποκα δόλε Σεξώρτα
ἐκτάσα σύρμηγα; τί δ' οὐκέτι σὺν Κορύδωνι
ἀρκεῖ τοι καλάμας αὐλὸν ποππύσδεν ἔχοντι;

ΛΑΚΩΝ
τὰν μοι ἔδωκε Λάκων ὄλευθερο. τῖν δὲ τὸ ποῖον
Λάκων ἀγκλέψας πόκ' ἔβαν νάκος; εἰπὲ Κομάταν.
οὐδὲ γὰρ Εὐμάρα τῷ δεσπότῳ ἦς τι ἓνεύδειν. 10

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
τὸ Κροκύλος μοι ἔδωκε, τὸ ποικίλον, ἀν' ἔθυσε
ταῖς Νύμφαις τὰν αἰγά· τῷ δ' ὁ κακῆ καὶ τόκι
ἐτάκευ
βασκαίνων, καὶ νῦν με τὰ λοίσθια γυμνὸν ἔθηκας.
V.—THE GOATHERD AND THE SHEPHERD

COMATAS

Beware, good my goats, of yonder shepherd from Sybaris, beware of Lacon; he stole my skin-coat yesterday.

LACON

Hey up! my pretty lambkins; away from the spring. See you not Comatas that stole my pipe two days ago?

COMATAS

Pipe? Sibyrtas' bondman possessed of a pipe? he that was content to sit with Corydon and toot upon a parcel o' straws?

LACON

Yes, master freeman, the pipe Lycon gave me. And as for your skin-coat, what skin-coat and when has ever Lacon carried off o' yours? Tell me that, Comatas; why, your lord Eumaras, let alone his bondman, never had one even to sleep in.

COMATAS

'Tis that Crocylus gave me, the dapple skin, after that he sacrificed that she-goat to the Nymphs. And as your foul envious eyes watered for it then, so your foul envious hands have bid me go hence-forth naked now.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ
οὐ μαύτον τὸν Πάνα τὸν ἄκτιον, οὐ τε γε Λάκων
ταῦ βαίταν ἀπέδνυ’ ὁ Κυλαιθίδος, ἥ κατὰ τήνας
τὰς πέτρας ὀνθροπε μανεῖς εἰς Κράτιν ἀλοίμαν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
οὐ μὰν οὐ ταῦτας τὰς λαμνάδας ὑγαθὲ Νύμφας,
αἰτε μοι Ἰλαιοί τε καὶ εὑμενέες τελέθουεν,
οὐ τεν τὰν σύρνγγα λαθῶν ἐκλεφα Κομάτας.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
αἰ τοι πιστευσαίμι, τὰ Δάφνιδος ἀλγε' ἀροίμαν.
ἀλλ' ὃν αἰκὰ λῆς ἐριφον θέμεν, ἐστι μὲν οὗδεν
ἰερόν, ἀλλ' ἀγε τοι διαείσομαι, ἐστε κ' ἀπείνης.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
ὑς ποτ' Ἡθαναλάν ἔριν ἢμισεν. ἤμιδε κεῖται
ἀριφος: ἀλλ' ἀγε καὶ τὸν εὐβοτον ἀμνὸν ἐρίσεδε. 2

ΛΑΚΩΝ
καὶ πώσα ὁ κιναδεῖ τάδ' ἐρίσεται εξ ἵσω ἀμμων;
τίς τρίχας ἀντ' ἐρίων ἐποκίζειτο; τίς δὲ παρεύσας
ἀγός πρατοτόκοι κακὰν κύνα δήλετ' ἀμέλγειν;

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
οὔς τις νικασεῖν τὸν πλατίον ὡς τὸ πεπολθεί· 4
σφαξ βομβέων τέττυγος ἐναντίον. ἀλλὰ γὰρ
οὖ τιν
ἀριφος ἰσοπάλης τοι, 5 ἵδ' ὁ τράγος οὐτος ἐρίσεδε. 30

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1 Κυλαιθίδος Bechtel from Herodas 6. 50: ms Kal. 2 ἐρίσεδε with accusa. of stake: ms also ἐρέσει. 
3 τάδ' ἐρίσεται (passive) Ε: ms ὁμοιό (tā', ὁμοίο γ') ἐσται 4 pεπολθεί Heinsius: ms pεπολθεί 5 τοι Ahrens: ms το

64
LAON

Nay, nay, by Pan o' the Shore; Lacon son of Cylaethis never filched coat of thine, fellow, may I run raving mad else and leap into the Crathis from yonder rock.

COMATAS

No, no, by these Nymphs o' the lake, man; so surely as I wish 'em kind and propitious, Comatas never laid sneaking hand on pipe o' thine.

LAON

Heaven send me the affliction of Daphnis if e'er I believe that tale. But enough of this; if thou'lt wage me a kid—'tis not worth the candle, but nevertheless come on; I'll have a contention o' song with thee till thou cry hold.

COMATAS

'Tis the old story—teach thy grandam. There; my wage is laid. And thou, for thine, lay me thy fine fat lamb against it.

LAON

Thou fox! prithee how shall such laying fadge? As well might one shear himself hair when a' might have wool, as well choose to milk a foul bitch before a young milch-goat.

COMATAS

He that's as sure as thou that he'll vanquish his neighbour is like the wasp buzzing against the cricket's song. But 'tis all one; my kid it seems is no fair stake. So look, I lay thee this full-grown he-goat; and now begin.

"Teach thy grandam": the Greek is "the sow contended against Athena." "Fadge": be suitable.
ΛΑΚΩΝ
μὴ σπεύδω· οὐ γὰρ τοι πυρὶ θάλπεαι. ἀδιον ἄση
tειδ’ ὑπὸ τὰν κότινον καὶ τάλσεα ταύτα καθίζασ.
ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ τηνεῖ καταλείβεται· ὃδε πεφύκει
ποιὰ χὰ στιβάς ἄδε, καὶ ἄκριδες ὃδε λαλεύντι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
ἀλλ’ οὐ τι σπεύδω. μέγα δ’ ἁχθομαι, εἰ τὸ με τολμῆσ
ὁμμασῖ τοῖο οὖν ὡρθόει ποτιβλέπεν, ὅν ποκ’ ἐόντα
παιδ’ ἐτ’ ἐγὼν ἐδίδασκον. Ἰδ’ ἀ χάρις εἰς τὶ
ποθέρπει.
θρέψαι τοι λυκιδεῖς, θρέψαι κυνᾶς, ὃς τὰ φάγωντι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
καὶ πόκ’ ἐγὼν παρὰ τεῦς τι μαθὼν καλὸν ἥ καὶ
ἀκόισας
μέμναμ’; ὃ φθονερὸν τὸ καὶ ἄπρεπες ἀνδρίον
ἀυτὸς.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
ἀνίκ’ ἐπύγιζον τυ, τὸ δ’ ἀλγεῖς· αἱ δὲ χίμαιραι
ἀδε κατεβληχῶντο, καὶ ὁ τράγος αὐτὰς ἑτρύπη.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
μὴ βάδιον τὴν πυγύματος ὅβε ταφεῖς.
ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔρφ’, ὅδ’ ἔρπε, καὶ ὑστατὰ βουκο-
λιαξῆ.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
οὐχ ἔρψῳ τηνεῖ· τούτει ὁρ, ὃδε κύπειρος,
ὅδε καλὸν βομβεύστι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι;
ἐνθ’ ὡδατος ψυχρῶ κράναι δῦο· ταλ δ’ ἐπὶ δενδρε
ὁρνιχες λαλαγεύντι· καὶ ἀ σκιὰ ὀυδὲν ὅμοια
τὰ παρὰ τίν· βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἀ πῖτις ἰψόθε κόνοις.

1 ὁμαστοῖοι Hermann; ms ο. τεῖς
THEOCRITUS V, 31-49

LACON

Soft, soft; no fire's burning thee. You'll sing better sitting under the wild olive and this coppice. There's cool water falling yonder, and here's grass and a greenbed, and the locusts at their Prattling.

COMATAS

I'm in no haste, not I, but in sorrow rather that you dare look me in the face, I that had the teaching of you when you were but a child. Lord! look where kindness goes. Nurse a wolf-cub,—nay rather, nurse a puppy-dog—to be eaten for't.

LACON

And when, pray, do I mind me to have learnt or heard aught of good from thee? Fie upon thee for a mere envious and churlish piece of a man!

COMATAS

Cum ego te paedicabam, tuque dolebas et capellae balabant et caper eas terebrabat.

LACON

Utinam ne ista paedicatione, gibber, profundius sepeliaris! But a truce, man; hither, come thou hither, and thou shalt sing thy country-song for the last time.

COMATAS

Thither will I never come. Here I have oaks and bedstraw, and bees humming bravely at the hives; here's two springs of cool water to thy one, and birds, not locusts, a-babbling upon the tree, and, for shade, thine's not half so good; and what's more the pine overhead is casting her nuts.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ἡ μὰν ἄρνακίδας τε καὶ εἴρια τεῖδε πατησεῖς,
αἰε' ἐνθῆς, ὅπως μαλακότερα· ταῖς ἐν ἐνθησια
tαι παρὰ τιν ὀσῶντι κακῶτερον ἢ τοῦ περ ὄσδεις.
στασῶ δὲ κρατήρα μέγαν λευκοῦ γάλακτος
ταῖς Νύμφαις, στασῶ δὲ καὶ ἄδεος ἅλλον ἑλαίῳ.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἀι δὲ κε καὶ τῷ μόλης, ἀπαλαν πτέρυν ὁδὲ πατησεῖς
καὶ γλάχων' ἀνθεῦσαν· ὑπεσσεῖται δὲ χιμαιρᾶν
dέρματα τὰν παρὰ τιν μαλακότερα τετράκις
ἀρνῶν.
στασῶ δ' οκτὼ μὲν γαυλῶς τῷ Πανὶ γάλακτος,
οκτὼ δὲ σκαφίδας μέλιτον πλέα κηρ' ἑχοῖσας.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

αὐτόθε μοι ποτέρισδε καὶ αὐτὸθε βουκολιάσδεν
τὰν σαυτὸν πατέων ἐχε τὰς ὅρυας. ἀλλὰ τὶς ἁμμε,
tis κρινεῖ; αἴθ' ἐνθοὶ ποχ' ὃ βουκόλος ὁδ' ὁ
Λυκώτας.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐδέν ἐγὼ τὴν ποτιδεύομαι· ἀλλὰ τὸν ἄνδρα,
αἰ λῆς, τὸν δρυτόμοιν βωστρήσουμε, ὃς τὰς ἐρείκασ
tῆνας τὰς παρὰ τιν ἀνιλοχίζεται· ἐστι δὲ Μόρσων.

Βωστρέωμες.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

τῷ κάλει νῦν.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

Ἰὼ ἕξεν μικκὸν ἄκουσον
τεῖδ' ἐνθόν· ἁμμες γὰρ ἐρίσδομε, ὅστις ἁρείων
βουκολιαστάς ἐστι. τῷ δ' ὁγαθὲ μήτ' ἐμὲ Μόρσων
ἐν χάριτι κρίνης, μήτ' ὃν τύγχα τούτου ὃνάσης.
LACON

An you'll come here, I'll lay you shall tread lambskins and sheep's wool as soft as sleep. Those buckgoat-pelts of thine smell e'en ranker than thou. And I'll set up a great bowl of whitest milk to the Nymphs, and eke I'll set up another of sweetest oil.

COMATAS

If come you do, you shall tread here taper fern and organy all a-blowing, and for your lying down there's she-goat-skins four times as soft as those lambskins of thine. And I'll set up to Pan eight pails of milk and eke eight pots of full honey-combs.

LACON

Go to; be where you will for me for the match o' country-song. Go your own gate; you're welcome to your oaks. But who's to be our judge, say who? Would God neatherd Lyeopas might come this way along.

COMATAS

I suffer no want of him. We'll holla rather, an't please ye, on yon woodcutter that is after fuel in the heather near where you be. Morson it is.

LACON

We will.

COMATAS

Call him, you.

LACON

Ho, friend! hither and lend us your ears awhile. We two have a match toward, to see who's the better man at a country-song. (Monson approaches) Be you fair, good Morson; neither judge me out of favour nor yet be too kind to him.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ναὶ ποτὶ τὰν Νυμφάν Μόρσων φίλε μήτε Κομάτα  70
τὸ πλέον εὐθύνης, μήτ' ὃν τύχα τὸῦ δὲ καρίξη.
ἀδε τοι ἀ ποίμνα τῷ Θουρίῳ ἐστὶ Σιβύρτα.  72

ΛΑΚΩΝ

μή τυ τις ἡρώτῃ ποτὶ τὸ Δίος, αἰτε Σιβύρτα  74
αἰτ' ἐμὸν ἄστι κάκιστε τὸ ποίμνιον; ὡς λάλος ἐσοί.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

βέντισθ' οὖτος, ἐγὼ μὲν ἀλαθέα πάντ' ἀγορευόν
κουδὲν καυχώμαι. τὸ δ' ἀγαν φιλοκέρτομος ἐσοί.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

eια λέγῃ, εἰ τι λέγεις, καὶ τὸν ξένον ἐς πόλιν
αὖθις
ζῶντ' ἀφεῖς: ὦ Παιάν, ἡ στωμύλος ἦσσα Κομάτα.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

Ταῦ Μοῖσαι με φιλείντι πολὺ πλέον ἢ τὸν ἄοιδόν  80
Δάφνιν: ἐγὼ δ' αὐταὶς χιμάρως δύο πρᾷν ποκ' ἑθυσα.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ ἐμ' Ὑπόλλων φιλέει μέγα, καὶ καλὸν
αὖθ'  
κριὸν ἐγὼ βόσκω. τὰ δὲ Κάρνεα καὶ ἐφέρπει.

73 Εὐμάρα δὲ ταῖς αἵγαι διῆτ' φίλε τῷ Σοβαρίτα. Wil
rightly omits.
THEOCRITUS V, 70–83

COMATAS

'Fore the Nymphs, sweet Morson, pray you neither rule unto Comatas more than his due nor yet give your favour to Lacon. This flock o' sheep, look you, is Sibyrtas' of Thurii.

LACON

Zeus! and who asked thee, foul knave, whether the flock was mine or Sibyrtas'? Lord, what a babbler is here!

COMATAS

Most excellent blockhead, all I say, I, is true, though for my part, I'm no braggart; but Lord! what a railer is here!

LACON

Come, come; say thy say and be done, and let's suffer friend Morson to come off with his life. Apollo save us, Comatas! thou hast the gift o' the gab.

(The Singing Match)

COMATAS

The Muses bear me greater love than Daphnis ere did see;
And well they may, for t'other day they had two goats of me.

LACON

But Apollo loves me all as well, and an offering too have I,
A fine fat ram a-batt'ning; for Apollo's feast draws nigh.

"Foul knave": Comatas' apparently innocent remark implies the taunt of slavery; cf. ll. 5 and 8. "Daphnis": the Greek has "the poet Daphnis."
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
πλάν δύο τάς λοιπάς διδυματόκος αίγας ἀμέλγω, καὶ μ’ ἀ παῖς ποθορέυσα ‘τάλαν’ λέγει ‘αὐτὸς ἀμέλγεις;’

ΛΑΚΩΝ
φεῦ φεῦ. Λάκων τοι ταλάρως σχεδὸν εἶκατι πληροῖ τυρῶ καὶ τὸν ἄναβον ἐν ἀνθεσι παῖδα μολύνει.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
βάλλει καὶ μάλιστα τὸν αἰπόλον ἀ Κλεαρίστα τὰς αίγας παρελάντα καὶ ἀδὺ τι ποππυλώσδει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
κῆμε γὰρ ὁ Κρατίδας τὸν ποιμένα λείος ὑπαντῶν 90 ἐκμαίνει· λιπαρὰ δὲ παρ’ αὐχένα σείετ’ ἔθειρα.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
ἄλλ’ οὖ σύμβλητ’ ἐστὶ κυνόσβατος οὐδ’ ἰνεμώνα πρὸς ῥόδα, τῶν ἄνθρα παρ’ αἰμασιαίοι πεφύκει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
οὔδ’ γὰρ οὐδ’ ἀκύλως ὀρομαλίδες· αἱ μὲν ἔχοντι λεπτὸν ἀπὸ πρίνοιο λεπύριον, αἱ δὲ μελιχραί.

1 λεπτὸν: of taste
THEOCRITUS V, 84-95

COMATAS
Nigh all my goats have twins at teat; there's only two with one;
And the damsel sees and the damsel says 'Poor lad, dost milk alone?'

LACON
O tale of woe! here's Lacon, though, fills cheese-racks well-nigh twenty
And lies, good hap! in his leman's lap mid flowers that blow so plenty.

COMATAS
But when her goatherd boy goes by you should see my Cleärist
Fling apples, and her pretty lips call pouting to be kissed.

LACON
But madness 'tis for the shepherd to meet the shepherd's love,
So brown and bright are the tresses light that toss that shoulder above.

COMATAS
Ah! but there's no comparing windflower with rose at all,
Nor wild dog-rose with her that blows beside the trim orchard's wall.

LACON
There's no better likeness, neither, 'twixt fruit of pear and holm;
The acorn savours flat and stale, the pear's like honeycomb.

"Pear": in the Greek, a sweet kind of wild apple.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

κήρω μὲν δωσὼ τὰ παρθένῳ αὐτικα φάσσαν ἐκ τὰς ἀρκεύθω καθελών τηνεῖ γὰρ ἐφίσδει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ ἐς χλαίναν μαλακὸν πόκον, ὡπόκα πέξω τάν οίν τάν πέλλαν, Κρατίδα δωρήσομαι αὐτός.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

σίττ’ ἀπὸ τάς κοτίνω ταῖς μηκάδες· ὄδε νέμεσθε, οὕς τὸ κάταντες τοῦτο γεώλοφον αἳ τε μυρίκαι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

οὐκ ἀπὸ τὰς δρυὸς οὗτος ὁ Κώναρος ἐκ Κιναίθα; τούτει βοσκησεῖσθε ποτ’ ἀντολάς, ὧς ὁ Φάλαρος.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἐστὶ δὲ μοι γαυλὸς κυπαρίσσινοι, ἐστὶ δὲ κρατήρ, ἔργον Πραξιτέλεως· τὰ παιδὶ δὲ ταῦτα φυλάσσω.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

χάμιν ἐστὶ κῶν φιλοτομίνοις, ὃς λύκος ἄγχει, ὅν τὸ παιδὶ δίδωμι τὰ θηρία πάντα διώκειν.

1 ποτ’ ἀντολάς “uphill” E, cf. 4. 44 and ἀντεῖλλαν Ap. Rhod. 2.1247: others “towards the east”
COMATAS
In yonder juniper-thicket a cushat sits on her nest;
I'll go this day and fetch her away for the maiden I love best.

LACON
So soon as e'er my sheep I shear, a rare fine gift I'll take;
I'll give yon black ewe's pretty coat my darling's cloak to make.

COMATAS
Hey, bleaters! away from the olive; where would be grazing then?
Your pasture's where the tamarisk grows and the slope hill drops to the glen.

LACON
Where are ye browsing, Crumple? and, Browning, where are ye?
Graze up the hill as Piebald will, and let the oak-leaves be.

COMATAS
I've laid up a piggin of cypress-wood and a bowl for mixing wine,
The work of great Praxiteles, both for that lass of mine.

LACON
And I, I have a flock-dog, a wolver of good fame,
Shall go a gift to my dearest and hunt him all manner of game.

"Great Praxiteles"; not the sculptor.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἀκρίδες, αἴ τὸν φραγμὸν ὑπερπαδίτε τὸν ἀμῶν,
μὴ μεν λοβάσησθε τὰς ἀμπέλοις· ἐντὸ γὰρ ἄβαι.1

ΛΑΚΩΝ

tοῖ τέττυγες ὀρίτε, τὸν αἰπόλον ὡς ἑρεβίζω·
οὕτως κύμμες θὴν ἑρεβίζετε τῶς καλαμεντᾶς.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

μισέω τὰς δασυκέρκος ἀλώπεκας, αἴ τὰ Μίκωνος
αιεὶ φοιτῶσαι τὰ ποθέσπερα ῥαγίζοντι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ μισέω τῶς κανθάρος, οὐ τὰ Φιλόνδα
σῶκα κατατρώγοντες ἕπανέμιοι φορέονται.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἡ ὁβ μέμνασ', ὅκε ἐγὼ τούς κατηλασα, καὶ τού σσεαρώς
ἐν ποτεκευκλίζειν καὶ τᾶς δρυὸς εἴχεο τῆνας;

ΛΑΚΩΝ

tοῦτο μὲν οὐ μέμναμ' ὅκα μᾶν τοῖς2 τείδε τού δήσας
Εὐμάρας ἐκάθαρε, καλῶς μάλα τοῦτό γ' ἵσαμι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἡδη τις Μόρσων πικραῖνεται· ἡ σουχὶ παράσθεν;
σκίλλας ἰὸν γραίας ἀπὸ σάματος αὐτίκα τιλλεῖν.

1 ἄβαι: mis ađai, ἄβαι, ἄβαι, schol. ađai, ἀζαι, aștai: probably special name of a choice sort of vine, cf. Hesych. ἄβην αμπελοὶ: some take it as "youths," i.e. young vines
2 μᾶν τοι Wil: mis μᾶν ποκα or μᾶν.
COMATAS
Avaunt, avaunt, ye locusts o'er master's fence that spring;
These be none of your common vines; have done your ravaging.

LACON
See, crickets, see how vexed he be! see master Goatherd boiling!
'Tis even so you vex, I trow, the reapers at their toiling.

COMATAS
I hate the brush-tail foxes, that soon as day declines
Come creeping to their vintaging mid goodman Micon's vines.

LACON
So too I hate the beetles come riding on the breeze,
Guttle Philondas' choicest figs, and off as quick as you please.

COMATAS
Num oblitus es tum, cum ego te percutiebam,
quam pulchre mihi tu tuam caudam iactaveris ringens
et quercui illi adhaerens?

LACON
Istud quidem non ego memini; at tum, cum hic te Eumaras alligatum depectebat, quid acciderit probe
scio.

COMATAS
Somebody's waxing wild, Morson; see you not what is plain?
Go pluck him squills from an oldwife's grave to cool his heated brain.
ΛΑΚΩΝ
κήργω μᾶν κνίζω Μόρσων τινά· καὶ τῷ δὲ λεύσσεις.
ἐνθών τὰν κυκλάμμον όρυσσέ πως ὡς τὸν Ἀλευτά.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΞ
'Ημέρα ἀνθ' ὕδατος ῥείτω γάλα, καὶ τῷ δὲ Κράθι
οἴνῳ πορφύροις, τὰ δὲ τοι σῖα καρπῶν ἐνείκαι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
ῥείτω χά Συβαρῖτις ἐμίν μέλι, καὶ τὸ πότορθρον
ἀ παῖς ἀνθ' ὕδατος τὰ καλπίδι κηρία βάφαι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΞ
ταὶ μὲν ἐμαί κύτισον τε καὶ αἴγιλον αἴγες ἔδωντι,
καὶ σχίνου πατέοντι καὶ ἐν κομάροις κέονται.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
ταῖσι ὡς ἐμαῖς οἴέσσι πάρεστι μὲν ἡ μελίτεια
φέρβεσθαι, πολλὸς δὲ καὶ ὁς ἐόθα κέσθος ἐπανθεὶ.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΞ
οὐκ ἔραμ' Ἅλκιππασ, ὦτι μὲ πρᾶν οὐκ ἐφίλησε
τῶν ὡτῶν καθελοῖσ', ὡκα οἱ τῶν φάσσαν ἐδωκα.
LACON
Nay, I be nettling somebody; what needs it you to tell?
Be off to Haleis' bank, Morson, and dig him an earth-apple.

COMATAS
Let Himera's stream run white with cream, and Crathis, as for thine,
Mid apple-bearing beds of reed may it run red with wine.

LACON
Let Sybaris' well spring honey for me, and ere the sun is up
May the wench that goes for water draw honeycombs for my cup.

COMATAS
My goats eat goat-grass, mine, and browse upon the clover,
Tread mastich green and lie between the arbutes waving over.

LACON
It may be so, but I'd have ye know these pretty sheep of mine
Browze rock-roses in plenty and sweet as eglantine.

COMATAS
When I brought the cushat 'tother night 'tis true Alcippa kissed me,
But alack! she forgot to kiss by the pot, and since, poor wench, she's missed me.

"Kiss by the pot": to kiss taking hold of both ears.
ΔΑΚΩΝ

άλλ' ἐγὼ Εὐμήδειος ἔραμαι μέγα· καὶ γὰρ ὅκ' αὐτῷ τὰν σύριγγ' ὄρεξα, καλὸν τί με κάρτε ἐφίλησεν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐ θεμιτῶν Δάκων ποτ' ἀγάδονα κίσσας ἔρισδειν, οὐδ' ἐποπας κύκνοισιν τὸ δ' ὃ τάλαν ἔσσι φιλεχθής.

ΜΟΡΣΩΝ

παύσασθαι κέλομαι τὸν ποιμένα. τίνι δὲ Κομάτα δωρεῖται Μόρσων τὰν ἀμνίδα· καὶ τῶν δὲ θύσας ταῖς Νύμφαις Μόρσων καλὸν κρέας αὐτίκα πέμψον.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

πεμψῶ ναὶ τὸν Πᾶνα. φριμάσσεο πᾶσα τραγίσκων νῦν ἀγέλα: κηρύγγα τὸ ἓδ' ὡς μέγα τοῦτο κακάσδω 1 κατῶ Δάκωνος τὸν ποιμένος, ὅτι ποτὲ ἦδη ἀνυσάμαν τὰν ἀμνόν· ἐς ὥρανον ὑμμὶν ἀλέυματε, αἱγές ἐμαὶ θαρσεῖτε κερουτίδες 2. αὔριον ὑμεῖς πάσας ἐγὼ λονσῶ Συβαρίτιδος ἐνδοθι λίμνας. οὕτος ὁ λευκίτας ὁ κορυπτίλος, εἶ τιν' ὀχυροῖσις τὰν αἰγόν, φλασσό τυ, πρὶν ἥ ἐμὲ καλλιερήσαι ταῖς Νύμφαις τὰν ἀμνόν. δ' αὐτὶ πάλιν. ἀλλὰ γενοίμαν, αἱ μὴ τὺν φλάσσαιμι, Μελάνθιος ἀντὶ Κομάτα.

1 κακάσδω Ε, cf. 2. 153, 23. 46: μᾶς κακάσδω  2 κερούτιδες Ahrens: μᾶς κερουχίδες, schol. also κερουλίδες, κερουληνίδες
LAON
When fair Eumédes took the pipe that was his lover’s token
He kissed him sweet as sweet could be; his lover’s love’s unbroken.

COMATAS
’Tis nature’s law that no jackdaw with nightingale shall bicker,
Nor owl with swan, but poor Lacón was born a quarrel-picker.

MORSON
I bid the shepherd cease. You, Comatas, may take the lamb; and when you offer her to the Nymphs be sure you presently send poor Morson a well-laden platter.

COMATAS
That will I, ’fore Pan. Come, snort ye, my merry buck-goats all. Look you how great a laugh I have of shepherd Lacon for that I have at last achieved the lamb. Troth, I’ll caper you to the welkin, Good she-goats mine, frisk it and be merry; to-morrow I’ll wash you one and all in Sybaris lake. What, Whitecoat, thou wanton! if thou leave not meddling with the she’s, before ever I sacrifice the lamb to the Nymphs I’ll break every bone in thy body. Lo there! he’s at it again. If I break thee not, be my last end the end of Melanthius.

"owl": the Greek has "hoopoe." "Melanthius": the goatherd mutilated by Odysseus and Telemachus in the twenty-second book of the Odyssey.
VI.—A COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Theocritus dedicates the poem to the Aratus of whom he speaks in the Harvest-Home. The scene is a spring in the pastures, and the time a summer noon. The theme is a friendly contest between a certain Damoetas and ‘the neatherd Daphnis.’ This is probably the Daphnis of the Thyrsis. If so, the two singers are meant to be contemporary with the persons of whom they sing, as are the singers of IV, V, and X. Each sings one song. Daphnis, apostrophising Polyphemus, asks why he is blind to the love of the sea-nymph Galatea. Damoetas, personating him, declares that his apathy is all put on, to make her love secure.
VI.—ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΑΣΤΑΙ

Δαμόίτας χωρὶς Δάφνις ο βουκόλος εἰς ἑνα χώρον τὰν ἀγέλαιν πόκι, Ὄρατε, συνάγαγον. Ὑς ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν πυρρός, ὁ δὲ ἡμιγένειος· ἐπὶ κράναν δὲ τιν' ἀμφοῦ ἐσόδομεν θέρεος μέσῳ ἁματί τοιάδ' ἄειδον. πράτος δὲ ἀρξάτο Δάφνις, ἐπεὶ καὶ πράτος ἐρυθε'·

Βάλλει τοι Πολύφαμε τὸ ποίμνιον ἃ Γαλάτεια μάλοισιν, δυσέρωτα τῶν αὐτόλοι ποταμάρα καλεύσα·
καὶ τὸ νῦν οὐ ποθόρησθα τάλαν τάλαν ἱ, ἀλλὰ κάθησαι
ἀδέα συρίσδων. πάλιν ἀδ' ἵδε τὰν κύνα βάλλει,
α ὡς τῶν ὀλων ἐπεται σκοπὸς· ἀ δὲ βαῦδει ἐἰς ἅλα δερκομένα, τὰ δὲ νῦν καλὰ κύματα
φαίνει 2

άσυχα καχλάζοντος ἐπὶ αὐγιαλοὶοι θέοισαν.

φράξει μή τὰς παιδὸς ἐπὶ κεκμαίσιν ὑποῦσῃ
ἐξ ἀλῶς ἐρχομένας, κατὰ δὲ χρῶα καλὸν ἁμύζῃ.

ἀ δὲ καὶ αὐτόθε τοι διαθρύπτεται ὡς ἀπ' ἀκάνθας
tαι καπυραὶ χαῖται, τὸ καλὸν θέρος ἄνικα

φρύγει,

καὶ φεύγει φιλέοντα καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διώκει,

1 τάλαν E accus. neut. cf. Men. ἔρ. 217: others voc. masc.
2 φαίνει: schol. also φαίνει
VI.—A COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Damoetas and neatherd Daphnis, Aratus, half-bearded the one, the other's chin ruddy with the down, had driven each his herd together to a single spot at noon of a summer's day, and sitting them down side by side at a water-spring began to sing. Daphnis sang first, for from him came the challenge:

See, Cyclops! Galatéa's at thy flock with apples, see!
The apples fly, and she doth cry 'A fool's-in-love are ye';
But with never a look to the maid, poor heart, thou sit'st and pipest so fine.
Lo yonder again she flings them amain at that good flock-dog o' thine!
See how he looks to seaward and bays her from the land!
See how he's glassed where he runs so fast i' the pretty wee waves o' the strand!
Beware or he'll leap as she comes from the deep, leap on her legs so bonny,
And towse her sweet pretty flesh—But lo where e'en now she wantons upon ye!
O the high thistle-down and the dry thistle-down i' the heat o' the pretty summer O!
She'll fly ye and deny ye if ye'll a-wooing go,

"Apples": a love-gift, cf. 2. 120, 3. 10. "gossed": there is an ancient variant "splashed."
καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμὰς κινεῖ λίθον· ἦ γὰρ ἔρωτι
πολλάκις ὁ Πολύφαμε τὰ μῆ καλὰ καλὰ
πέφανται.

τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Δαμοίτας ἀνεβάλλετο καὶ τάδ’ ἀείδεν. 20

Εἶδον ναὶ τὸν Πάνα, τὸ ποίμνιον ἀνίκ’ ἔβαλλε,
κοῦ μ’ ἐλαθ’, οὐ τὸν ἐμὸν τὸν ἐνα γλυκύν, ὁ
ποθορόμι
ἐς τέλος, αὐτάρ ὁ μάντις ὁ Τήλεμος ἔχθρ’ ἄγορεύων
ἔχθρα φέροι ποτὶ οἶκον, ὅπως τεκέεσσι φυλάσσοι.
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐγὼ κυίξων πάλιν οὐ ποθόρημι,
ἀλλ’ ἄλλων τινὰ φαμί γυναῖκ’ ἔχειν· ὁ δ’ ἄλωσα
ζαλοὶ μ’ ὁ Παῖαν καὶ τάκεται, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσας
οἰστρεῖ παπταῖνοισα ποτ’ ἀντρα τε καὶ ποτὶ
ποίμνας.

σίξα¹ δ’ ὕλακτείν νῦν καὶ τὰ κυνί· καὶ γὰρ ὁκ’ ἦρων
αὐτῶς, ἐκνυξῆτο ποτ’ ἰσχία ρύγχος ἔχοισα. 30
ταῦτα δ’ ἰσως ἐσφρώσα ποεῦντά με πολλάκι,
πεμψεῖ
ἀγγελόν. αὐτάρ ἐγὼ κλαξῶ θύρας, ἔστε κ’ ὀμόσῃ
αὐτὰ μοι στορεσεῖν καλὰ δέμνα τὰσδ’ ἐπὶ νάσῳ.

¹ σίξα Ruhnken: μεσ σίγα, σίγα, σιγά, σιγά
But cease to woo and she'll pursue, aye, then the
king's the move:
For oft the foul, good Polyphemus, is fair i' the eyes
of love.

Then Damoetas in answer lifted up his voice,
singing:

I saw, I saw her fling them, Lord Pan my witness
be;
I was not blind, I vow, by this my one sweet—this
Wherewith Heav'n send I see to the end, and
Téléméous when he
Foretells me woe, then be it so, but woe for him
and his!—;
'Tis tit for tat, to tease her on I look not on the jade
And say there's other wives to wed, and lo! she's
jealous made,
Jealous for me, Lord save us! and 'gins to pine for
me
And glowers from the deep on the cave and the
sheep like a want-wit lass o' the sea.
And the dog that bayed, I hissed him on; for when
'twas I to woo
He'ld lay his snout to her lap, her lap, and whine
her friendly to.
Maybe she'll send me messages if long I go this
gate;
But I'll bar the door till she swear o' this shore to
be my wedded mate.

"The king": moved as a last resource in some game like
draughts or backgammon. "Téléméous": prophesied the
blinding of Polyphemus by Odysseus.
καὶ γὰρ θὴν οὐδ’ εἶδος ἔχω κακῶν, ὡς με λέγοντι.
ἡ γὰρ πρᾶν ἐσ πόντου ἐσέβθετον, ἦς δὲ γαλάνα,
kai kalα mēn tā γένεια, kalα dē mev ā μία κόρα,
ὡς παρ’ ἐμῖν κεκριταὶ, κατεφαίνετο, τῶν δὲ τ’ ὁδόντων
λευκότερα αὐγὰ. 1 Παρίας ὑπέχανε 2 λίθοιο.
ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ δὲ, τρὶς εἰς ἐμὸν ἐπτυσα κόλπον,
tauta gar a γραία με Κοτυτταρίς ἔξεδίδαξε.

tòs’ εἰπὼν τὸν Δάφνιν ὁ Δαμοίτας ἔφίλησε,
ὡς μὲν τῷ σύρμῃ’ ὃ δὲ τῷ καλὸν αὐλὸν ἐδωκεν.
αὐλεί Δαμοίτας, σύρισθ’ ὃ Δάφνις ὁ Βούτας,
ὦρχευντ’ ἐν μαλακᾷ ταὶ πόρτιες αὐτίκα ποία.
νικὴ μὰν οὐδάλλος, ἀνήσσατο δ’ ἐγένοντο.

1 λευκότερα αὐγά Meineke, cf. e.g. 2.152, 10. 30, 11. 12: mss λευκότερα αὐγά
2 ὑπέχανε Ε: mss ὑπέφανε from kateφαίνετο abovē

41 ἄ πρῶν ἀμαστησί παρ’ Ἰπποκάμπι ποτάλει. Not in the best ms, after 42 in another.
THEOCRITUS VI, 34-46

Ill-favoured? nay, for all they say; I have looked i' the glassy sea,
And, for aught I could spy, both beard and eye were pretty as well could be,
And the teeth all a-row like marble below,—and that none should o'erlook me of it,
As Goody Cotyttaris taught me, thrice in my breast I spit.

So far Damoetas, and kissed Daphnis, and that to this gave a pipe and this to that a pretty flute. Then lo! the piper was neatherd Daphnis and the flute-player Damoetas, and the dancers were the heifers who forthwith began to bound mid the tender grass. And as for the victory, that fell to neither one, being they both stood unvanquished in the match.

"And the teeth all a-row": the Greek has "of my teeth below, the sheen gaping whiter than marble." "O'erlook me": to see one's reflexion made one liable to the effects of the evil eye; spitting averted this.
VII.—THE HARVEST-HOME

The poet tells in the first person how three friends went out from Cos to join in a harvest-home at a farm in the country. On the way they overtake a Cretan goatherd named Lycidas, and the conversation leads to a friendly singing-match between him and the narrator Simichidas. Lycidas' song, which was apparently composed the previous November, is primarily a song of good wishes for the safe passage of his beloved Ageanax to Mitylenè, but the greater part of it is concerned with the merrymaking which will celebrate his safe arrival, and includes an address to the mythical goatherd-poet Comatas, whose story is to be sung by Tityrus on the festive occasion. Simichidas replies with a prayer to Pan and the Loves to bring the fair Philinus to his lover Aratus, a prayer which passes, however, into an appeal to Aratus to cease such youthful follies. Lycidas now bestows the crook which he had laughingly offered as a stake, and leaves the three friends at the entrance to the farm. The rest of the poem is a description of the feast. The scholia preserve a tradition that Simichidas is Theocritus himself, and indeed there is great probability that we are dealing throughout the poem with real persons. A discussion of this question will be found in the Introduction.
VII.—ΘΑΛΤΣΙΑ

"Ης χρόνος ἀνίκ' ἐγώ τε καὶ Εὐκριτος εἰς τὸν Ἀλευτα
εἰρπομες ἐκ πόλιος, σὺν καὶ τρίτος ἁμμιν Ἀμύντας.
τὰ Δηοὶ γὰρ ἐτευχε θαλύσσα καὶ Φρασίδαμος
κ’ Αντιγένης, δύο τεκνα Ἀνκώπεος, εἰ τὶ περ ἐσθλὸν
χαῖν τῶν ἐπάνωθεν ἀπὸ Κλυτίας τε καὶ αὐτῷ
Χάλκωνα, Βούρμιαν ὃς ἐκ ποδός ἀνυνε κράναν
ἐν ἐνερεισάμενος πέτρα γόνυ, ταῖς δὲ παρ’ αὐτῶν
ἀγειροί πτελέα τε εὐσκιον ἀλσος ψαῖνουν
χλωρούσιν πετάλοις κατηρφέες κομώσσαι.
κοῦπω τὰν μεσάταν ὄδον ἄνιμος, οὐδὲ τὸ σάμα
ἀμιν τὸ Βρασίλα κατεφαίνετο, καὶ τιν’ ὄδιταν
ἐσθλὸν σὺν Μοίσαις Κυδωνικον εὐρομες ἁνδρα,
οὐνομα μὲν Λυκίδαν, ἂς ὅ σαμος, οὐδὲ κε τὶς νιν
γροίησεν ὄδον, ἐπε ἀπόλοφ ἐγο’ ἐφεκε.
ἐκ μὲν γὰρ λασίοι δασύτριχος εἶχε τράγοιο
κνακὸν δέρμ’ ἁμοιει νέας ταμίσοιο ποτόσδουν,
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ στίθεσαν γέρων ἐσφίγγετο πέπλος
ξωστήρε πλακερῶ, ἤοικαν δ’ ἔχεν ἀγριελαῖω
δεξιτερὰ κορώναν. καὶ μ’ ἀπρεμᾶς εἰπε σεσαρῶς
δίματε μειδιόωντι, γέλων δὲ οἱ εἰχετο χείλενς
Σιμιχίδα, πά δὲ τὸ μεσαμέρουν πόδας ἑλκεις,

1 ἐπάνωθεν Reiske, cf. Ep. 22. 3: mss ἐπ’ ἀνωθεν
2 ὡδ’ Hermann: mss ἐπ’ ὡδ’
3 ψαῖνον Heinsius from Verg. Ecl. 9. 42: mss. ψαῖνον
4 Schol. also πλακερῶ
VII.—THE HARVEST-HOME

Once upon a time went Eucritus and I, and for a third, Amyntas, from the town to the Haleis. 'Twas to a harvest-feast holden that day unto Deo by Phrasedamus and Antigenes the two sons of Lycepeus, sons to wit of a fine piece of the good old stuff that came of Clytia, of Clytia and of that very Chaloon whose sturdy knee planted once against the rock both made Burina fount to gush forth at his feet and caused elm and aspen to weave above it a waving canopy of green leaves and about it a precinct of shade. Ere we were halfway thither, ere we saw the tomb of Brasilas, by grace of the Muses we overtook a fine fellow of Cydonia, by name Lycidas and by profession a goatherd, which indeed any that saw him must have known him for, seeing liker could not be. For upon his shoulders there hung, rank of new rennet, a shag-haired buck-goat's tawny fleece, across his breast a broad belt did gird an ancient shirt, and in's hand he held a crook of wild olive. Gently, broadly, and with a twinkling eye he smiled upon me, and with laughter possessing his lip, "What, Simichidas," says he; "whither away this sultry

"Deo": Demeter. "Clytia and Chaloon": legendary queen and king of Coa. "Burina": the fountain still bears this name.
Τον δ' ἐγὼ ἀμέίβην. Ἀυκίδα φίλε, φαντὶ τι πάντες

ημεν συρικταν μεγ' υπειροχον εν τε νομεύσιν
ἐν τ' ἀματηρεσι. τὸ δὴ μίλα θυμὸν ιαίνει
ἀμέτερον καίτοι κατ᾽ ἐμον νόον ἰσοφαρίζειν
ἐλπομαι. ἢ δ' ὅδος ἄδει θαλυσίαδ1. ἡ γὰρ ἑταῖροι
ἀνέρες εὐπέπλορον Δαμάτερε δαίτα τελεύντη
ὄλβον ἀπαρχόμενον. μίλα γὰρ σφιξί πίον μέτρῳ
ἀ δαίμων εὐκριθον ἀνεπλήρωσεν ἀλώαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δή, ξυνά γὰρ ὅδος ξυνά δὲ καὶ αὐς,
βουκολιασδώμεσθα. τάχ' οὐτερος ἄλλον ονασεῖ.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ Μοισάν κατυρρόν στόμα, κήμε λέγοντι
πάντες αὐοδὸν ἀριστον. ἐγὼ δὲ τις οὐ ταχυπειθής,
οὐ Δᾶν οὐ γὰρ πω κατ᾽ ἐμον νόον οὐτε τὸν ἑσθλὸν
Σκελίδαν νίκημι τὸν ἐκ Σάμω οὔτε Φιλίταν2
ἀείδων, βάτραχος δὲ ποτ' ἀκρίδας ὡς τις ἐρίσδων.
ὡς ἐφάμαν ἔπιτάδες. ὡ δ' αἰπόλος ἀδι γελάσσας
τάν τοι' ἔφα', κορύναν δωρύττομαι, οὐνεκεν ἔσσι
πἀν ἐπ' ἀλαθεία πεπλασμένον ἐκ Δίως ἔρνος.
ὡς μοι καὶ τέκτων μέγ' ἀπέχθεται, ὅστις ἑρευνή
ἰσον ὀρευς κορυφά τελέσαι δόμον Ὄρομέδουντος2.

1 θαλυσίας(ε) 2 Φιλίτας Crönert: mss
Φιλίτας 3 Schol. also ἐνρυμέδουντος

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noontide, when e'en the lizard will be sleeping i' th' hedge and the crested larks go not afield? Is 't even a dinner you be bidden to or a fellow-townsmen's vintage-rout that makes you scurry so? for 'faith, every stone i' the road strikes singing against your hastening brogues."

"'Tis said, dear Lycidas," answered I, "you beat all comers, herdsman or harvester, at the pipe. So 'tis said, and right glad am I it should be said; howbeit to my thinking I'm as good a man as you. This our journey is to a harvest-home; some friends of ours make holyday to the fair-robbed Demeter with first-fruits of their increase, because the Goddess hath filled their threshing-floor in measure so full and fat. So come, I pray you, since the way and the day be yours as well as ours, and let you and me make country-music. And each from the other may well take some profit, seeing I, like you, am a clear-voiced mouthpiece of the Muses, and, like you, am accounted best of musicians everywhere,—albeit I am not so quick, Zeus knows, to believe what I'm told, being to my thinking no match in music yet awhile for the excellent Sicelidas of Samos nor again for Philitas, but I am even as a frog that is fain to outvie the pretty crickets."

So said I of set purpose, and master Goatherd with a merry laugh "I offer you this crook," says he, "as to a sprig of great Zeus that is made to the pattern of truth. Even as I hate your mason who will be striving to rear his house high as the peak of Mount Oromedon, so hate I likewise your

"The pipe" : here it implies music generally. "Sprig of great Zeus": Truth was daughter of Zeus. Oromedon is probably the highest mountain in Cosa.
καὶ Μοισᾶν ὀρνίχες, ὅσοι ποτὲ Χίον ἄγδοι·
ἀντία κοκκύζοντες ἐτόσια μοχθίζοντι.
ἀλλ' ἂγε Βουκολικᾶς ταχέως ἀρξόμεθ' ἀοιδάς,
Σιμιχίδα· κήγῳ μὲν, ὅρη φίλος, εἰ τοι ἄρεσκεi
tοῦθ' ὅτι πρᾶν ἐν ὅρει τὸ μελῳδριον ἔξεπόνασα·

"Εσσεται Ἀγεάνακτι καλὸς πλόος εἰς Μιτυλήνα,
χάκκεν ἐφ' ἐσπερίοις Ἐρίφους νότος ἰγρὰ διόκη
κόματα, χ'Ωρίων ὁκ' ἐπ' ὀκεανῷ πόδας ἐσχύ,
ἀι κεν τὸν Δυκίδαν ὀπτεύμενον ἐξ' 'Αφροδίτας
ῥύσηται· θερμὸς γὰρ ἔρως αὐτῷ με καταίθει.
χάλκονες στορεσεύντες τὰ κόματα τάν τε δάλας-

σαν
τόν τε νότον τόν τ' εὖρον, ὅσ ἐσχατα φυκία
κενεί.

ἄλκυονες, γλαυκαῖς Νηρήσατ τα τὰ μάλιστα
ὄρνίχων ἐφίληθεν, ὅσαις τὲ περ ἐξ ἄλος ἀγρα.

'Αγεάνακτι πλόον διεζημένῳ εἰς Μιτυλήναν
ὄρει πάντα γένοιτο, καὶ εὐπλοῦσ ὄρμου ἴκοιτο.
κήγῳ τίμῳ κατ' ἀμαρ ἀνήτινον ἡ ῥοδόεντα
ἡ καὶ λευκοῖος στέφανον περὶ κρατὶ φυλάσσων
τὸν πτελεατικὸν οἶνον ἀπὸ κρατῆρος ἀφυξὺ
πάρ πυρὶ κεκλιμένος, κύαμον δὲ τις ἐν πυρὶ
φρυξεί.

1 ἄγδο E, cf. 1. 136, 5, 136, Bacch. 3. 98, and Bergk Poet.
Lyr. 3 III p. 140: msx ἄγδον
2 χάκκεν E: msx χάταν
3 ὁτ' E: msx ὁτ'
strutting cocks o' the Muses' yard whose crowing
makes so pitiful contention against the Chian
nightingale. But enough; let's begin our coun-
songs, Simichidas. First will I—pray look if you
approve the ditty I made in the hills 'tother
day: (sings)

What though the Kids above the flight of wave
before the wind
Hang westward, and Orion's foot is e'en upon the sea?
Fair voyage to Mitylene town Agéanax shall find,
Once from the furnace of his love his Lycidas be free.
The halcyons—and of all the birds whose living's of
the seas
The sweet green Daughters of the Deep love none
so well as these—
O they shall still the Southwind and the tangle-toss-
ing East,
And lay for him wide Ocean and his waves along to
rest.
Agéanax late though he be for Mitylene bound
Heav'n bring him blest wi' the season's best to haven
safe and sound;
And that day I'll make merry, and bind about my brow
The anise sweet or snowflake neat or rosebuds all a-
row,
And there by the hearth I'll lay me down beside the
cheerful cup,
And hot roast beans shall make my bite and elmy
wine my sup;

"The Chian nightingale": Homer. "The Kids": the
time of the year indicated is at the end of November.
"The halcyons": said to command a calm for their nesting
about the winter-solstice. "Elmy wine": wine flavoured
with elm-catkins, or else "wine of Ptelea."
χά στιβάς ἐσσεῖται πεπυκασμένα ἐστ' ἐπὶ πάχυν
κυύζα τ' ἀσφοδέλῳ τε πολυγράμμῳ τε σελίνῳ,
καὶ πώμαι μαλακῶς μεμναμένος Ἀγεάνακτος
αὐταίςιν κυλίκεσσι καὶ ἐς τρύγα χεῖλος ἐρείδων.

ἀψευντὶ δὲ μοι δύο ποιμένες, εἰς μὲν
Ἀχαρνεύν,
eἰς δὲ Δυκαπείτας: ὁ δὲ Τίτυρος ἔγγυθεν ἁσεί,
ὅς ποικὰ τὰς Ἐνεάς ἱφάσατο Δάφνις ὁ βουτας,
χώς ὅρος ἀμφεπονεῖτο, καὶ ὅς δρύες αὐτὸν ἐθρήνειν,

' Ἰμέρα αὖτε φύστι παρ' ὀχθαίσιν ποταμοῖο,
ἐότε χιῶν ὅς τις κατετάκετο μακρὸν ὑφ' Λίμον
ἡ' Λθω ἡ' Ροδόπαν ἡ' Καύκασον ἐσχατῶντα.

ἀσεῖ ὅτ' ὃς ποι' ἐδεκτὸ τὸν αὐτόλον εὐρέα

λάρνακ

ζωὸν ἐντα κακαίς ἀτασθαλίαισιν ἀνακτοσ,
ὁς τῇ νυν αἰ σιμῖ κειμονόθε φέρβον ἵδοιςai
κέδρον ἐς ἄδειαν μαλακοῖς ἀνθρεσι μέλισσαι,
οὐνέκα οἱ γλυκα Μούσα κατὰ στόματος χεὲ νέκταρ.

ὁ μακαριστὲ Κομᾶτα, τῦ θην τάδε τερπνὰ πεπόνθεις,

καὶ τῦ κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τῦ
μελισσῶν

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And soft I'll lie, for elbow-high my bed strown thick
and well
Shall be of crinkled parsley, mullet, and asphodel;
And so t' Ageanax I'll drink, drink wi' my dear in
mind,
Drink wine and wine-cup at a draught and leave no
lees behind.
My pipers shall be two shepherds, a man of
Acharnae he,
And he a man of Lycopè; singer shall Tityrus be,
And sing beside me of Xenaea and neatherd Daphnis'
love,
How the hills were troubled around him and the
oaks sang dirges above,
Sang where they stood by Himeras flood, when he
a-wasting lay
Like snow on Haemus or Athos or Caucasus far far
away.
And I' ll have him sing how once a king, of wilful
malice bent,
In the great coffer all alive the goatherd-poet
pent,
And the snub bees came from the meadow to the
coffer of sweet cedar-tree,
And fed him there o' the flowerets fair, because his
lip was free
O' the Muses' wine; Comátas! 'twas joy, all joy to
thee;
Though thou wast hid 'neath cedarn lid, the bees thy
meat did bring,

"Mullet": sometimes called 'fleabane.' "His lip was
free of the Muses' wine": the Greek has "nectar," and the
meaning is that he was a poet.
κηρία φερβόμενος ἔτος ὄριον ἐξεπόνασας. αἰθ' ἐπ' ἐμεύ ζωοῖς ἐναρίθμιος ὕφελες ἦμεν, ὡς τοι ἐγὼν ἐνόμενον ἄν' ὀρέα τὰς καλὰς αἰγας φωνάς εἰσαίων, τῷ δ' ὑπὸ ὁρυσίν ἦ ὑπὸ πεύκαις ἀδύ μελισδόμενος κατεκέκλισο θείε Κομάτα.

χῶ μὲν τόσο' εἰπὼν ἀπεπαύσατο· τὸν δὲ μὲτ' αὐτίς

κηρῷ τοῖς ἐφάμαν· 'Δυκίδα φίλε, πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα Νῦμφαι κῆμε δίδαξαν ἄν' ὀρέα βουκολέοντα ἔσβλα, τὰ ποι καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐπὶ θρόνον ἄγαγε φάμα· ἄλλα τὸ γ' ἐκ πάντων μέγ' ὑπειροχοῦ, δ' τὸν γεραιῶν ἀρξευμ'. ἀλλ' ὑπάκουσον, ἐπεὶ φίλος ἐπλεῳ Μοί-

σαις.

'Συμιχίδα μὲν 'Ερωτεσ ἐπέπταρον ἦ γὰρ ὁ δειλὸς τόσον ἐρὰ Μυρτοῦς, ὅσον εἰάρος αἴγες ἔραντι.

"Ὡρατος δ' ὅ τὰ πάντα φιλαίτατος ἀνέρι τῆς

παιδὸς ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοισιν ἐχεὶ πόθον· οἴδει Λρισ-

τις, ἔσβλος ἄνήρ, μέγ' ἀριστος, ὃν οὐδὲ κεν αὐτὸς

ἀείδειν

Φοίβος σὺν φόρμωγι παρὰ τριπόδοσι μεγαῖροι,

ὡς ἐκ παιδὸς "Ἀρατος ὑπ' ὀστέον αἰθεὶ ἔρωτι.

tὸν μοι Πᾶν, Ὀμόλας ἐρατον πέδου ὅστε κελογχας,

ἀκλητὸν κείνοιο φίλας ἐς χεῖρας ἐρέισαις,

1 αὕτης Ahr: μακ αὐτίς
Till thou didst thole, right happy soul, thy twelve months' prisoning.
And O of the quick thou wert this day! How gladly then with mine
I had kept thy pretty goats i' the hills, the while 'neath oak or pine
Thou 'dst lain along and sung me a song, Comatas the divine!

So much sang Lycidas and ended; and thereupon "Dear Lycidas" said I, "asfield with my herds on the hills I also have learnt of the Nymphs, and there's many a good song of mine which Rumour may well have carried up to the throne of Zeus. But this of all is far the choicest, this which I will sing now for your delight. Pray give ear, as one should whom the Muses love: (sings)

The Loves have sneezed, for sure they have, on poor Simichidas:
For he loves maid Myrto as goats the spring: but where he loves a lass
His dear'est Aratus sighs for a lad. Aristis, dear good man—
And best in fame as best in name, the Lord o' the Lyre on high
Beside his holy tripod would let him make melody—
Aristis knows Aratus' woes. O bring the lad, sweet Pan,
Sweet Lord of lovely Homolè, bring him unbid to 's fere,

"Have sneezed": a sneeze meant good luck, and a man deeply in love was said to have been sneezed upon by the Loves. "Lord of the Lyre": the Greek has "Apollo."
eîτ' ἔστ' ἀρα Φιλίνος ὁ μαλθακός εἴτε τις ἄλλος. κεῖ μὲν ταύτ' ἐρδοῖς ὃ Πάν ϕίλε, μὴ τί τυ παιδεῖς
Ἀρκαδικοὶ σκίλλασιν ὕπ' πλευράς τε καὶ ὄμως ταύτα μαστίσδοιες, ὅτε κρέα τυτθα παρεῖν' εἰ δ' ἄλλος νεῦσαις, κατὰ μὲν χρόα πάντ' ὀνύχεσσι
δακνόμενος κνάσαι καὶ ἐν κνίδαις καθεύδοις, εἰς δ' Ἡδωνῶν μὲν ἐν ὄρεσι χεὶματι μέσσος
"Εβρον πάρ ποταμόν τετραμμένον ἐργύθεν" Ἄρκτω, ἐν δὲ θέρει πυμάτοι ταρ' Ἀλθύπεσσῃ νομεύοις πέτρα ὑπὸ Βλεμών, ὅθεν σκέτη Νείλος ὀρατός.
ὔμες δ' Ἰετίδος καὶ Βυβλίδος ἀδύ λιτόντες νάμα καὶ Οἰκεύντα, ξανθᾶς ἔδος αἰτύ Διώνας, ὁ μάλοισιν "Ἐρωτε ἐρευθομένοισιν ὁμοίοι, βάλλετε μοι τόξοι τὸν ἰμερόντα Φιλίνον, βάλλετ', ἐπεὶ τὸν ξεῖνον ὁ δύσμορος οὐκ ἔλεει μεν.
καὶ δὴ μὰν ἁπίου πεπαίτερος, αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες "αἰαὶ" φαντὶ "Φιλίνε, τὸ τοῦ καλὸν ἄνθος ἀπορρεῖ." μηκέτι τοι τροφόμεθα ἐπι προθύρωσιν "Ἀρατε, μηδὲ πόδας τρίβωμεν" ὃ δ' ὀρθρίος ἄλλον ἀλέκτωρ

1 δὴ μὰν: miss also δὴ μᾶλ
THEOCRITUS VII, 105-123

Whether Philinus, sooth to say, or other be his dear.
This do, sweet Pan, and never, when slices be too few,
May the leeks o' the lads of Arcady beat thee black
and blue;
But O if othergates thou go, may nettles make thy bed
And set thee scratching tooth and nail, scratching
from heel to head,
And be thy winter-lodging nigh the Bear up Hebrus way
I' the hills of Thrace; when summer's in, mid
furthest Africa
Mayst feed thy flock by the Blemian rock beyond
Nile's earliest spring.
O come ye away, ye little Loves like apples red-
blushing,
From Byblis' fount and Oecus' mount that is fair-
haired Dion's joy,
Come shoot the fair Philinus, shoot me the silly boy
That flouts my friend! Yet after all, the pear's o'er-
ripe to taste,
And the damsels sigh and the damsels say 'Thy
bloom, child, fails thee fast';
So let's watch no more his gate before, Aratus, o'
this gear,
But ease our aching feet, my friend, and let old chanticleer

"Leeks": the sea-leek had purificatory uses; the poet
refers here to what was apparently the current explanation
of a flogging rite—the choristers flogged the statue of Pan at
the feast because they had once received short commons.
"Dion": Dione is Aphrodite or her mother; the Loves are
summoned from the district of Miletus. "O' this gear": in
this way. "Aching feet": from standing about at the
door, one of the conventional signs of being in love.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κοκκύζων νάρκαισιν ἀναραϊσι διδοῖν,
εἰς δ’ ἀπὸ τάσδε φερίστε μολὼν ἀγχοιτο παλαίστρας.¹
ἀμμιν δ’ ἀσυχία τε μέλοι γραία τε παρείη,
ἀτις ἐπιφθύξοισα τὰ μή καλὰ νόσφιν ἑρύκοι.

τόσο’ ἐφάμαν: δ’ δέ μοι τὸ λαγῳβόλον, ἀδύ
γελάσσας
ὡς πάρος, ἐκ Μοισάν ξεινήιον ὅπασεν ἕμεν.
χῶ μὲν ἀποκλιναὶ ἐπ’ ἀριστερὰ τὰν ἐπὶ Πύξας
εἰρφ’ ὄδόν, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τε καὶ Εὐκρίτος ἐς Φρα-
σίδωμο
στραβθέντες χῶ καλὸς Ἀμύστιχος ἐν τε βαθείαις
ἀδείας σχοίνοιο χαμενίσιν ἐκλώθημες
ἐν τε νεστμάτοισι γεγαθότες οἰναρεάσι.

πολλαὶ δ’ ἀμμιν ὑπερθε κατὰ κρατός δονέοντο
ἀγγειροὶ πτελέαι τε· τὸ δ’ ἐγγύθεν ἱερὸν ὑδόρ
Νυμφάν ἐξ ἀντροίο κατεβόμενον κελάρυξε.

τοῖ δὲ ςκιαραῖς ὀροδαμνίσιν αἰθαλίων Maher-
τέπτυχες λαλαγεύτες ἐχον πόνον· ἀ δ’ ὀλολυγὸν
τηλόθεν ἐν πυκναῖσι βατόν τρύζεσκεν ἀκάνθαις
ἀείδου κόρυδοι καὶ ἀκανθίδες, ἔστενε τρυγῶν,
πωτῶντο ξοῦθαλ περὶ πίθακας ἀμφὶ μέλισσαι,
πάντ’ ὕσθεν θέρεος μάλα πίνου, ὡς ἔ δ’ ὁπώρας.

ἄρα μὲν πάρ ποσσί, περὶ πλευραία δὲ μάλα
dαψιλέως ἀμῖν ἐκυλώδετο· τοῖ δ’ ἐκέχυντο
ὄρπακες βραβίλοις καταβρίθοντες ἐραζέ.

τετράενες δὲ πίθων ἀπελύετο κρατὸς ἀλειφαρ.

¹ Cf. Plat. Gorg. 439 δ ἄλλην σοι εἰκόνα λέγω ἐκ τοῦ αὐτοῦ
γυμνασίου τῇ ἑν, and Ar. Vesp. 526

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Cry 'shiver' to some other when he the dawn shall sing;
One scholar o' that school's enough to have met his death i' the ring.
'Tis peace of mind, lad, we must find, and have a beldame nigh
To sit for us and spit for us and bid all ill go by."

So far my song; and Lycidas, with a merry laugh as before, bestowed the crook upon me to be the Muses' pledge of friendship, and so bent his way to the left-hand and went down the Pyxa road; and Eucritus and I and pretty little Amyntas turned in at Phrasidamus's and in deep greenbeds of fragrant reeds and fresh-cut vine-strippings laid us joying down.

Many an aspen, many an elm bowed and rustled overhead, and hard by, the hallowed water welled purling forth of a cave of the Nymphs, while the brown cricket chirped busily amid the shady leafage, and the tree-frog murmured aloof in the dense thornbrake. Lark and goldfinch sang and turtle moaned, and about the spring the bees hummed and hovered to and fro. All nature smelt of the opulent summer-time, smelt of the season of fruit. Pears lay at our feet, apples on either side, rolling abundantly, and the young branches lay splayed upon the ground because of the weight of their damsons.

Meanwhile we broke the four-year-old seal from off the lips of the jars, and O ye Castalian Nymphs that dwell on Parnassus' height, did ever the aged

"One scholar o' that school"; one dallier with such follies. "Castalian Nymphs"; all nymphs were Castalian.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ηρά γέ πα τοιόντε Φόλω κατὰ λαίνων ἀντρον κρατήρ' Ἡρακλῆι γέρων ἐστάσατο Χείρων;
ηρά γέ πα τίνον τον ποιμένα τὸν ποτ' Ἀνάπω, τὸν κρατερὸν Πολύφαμον, δε ὀρεσὶ νάαις ἐβαλλε, τοῖον νέκταρ ἔπεισε κατ' αὐλία ποσσί χορεύσαι, οἶον ὅτε τόκα πῶμα διεκαράβατε Νύμφαι βωμῷ πάρ Δάματρος ἀλώδως; ἂς ἐπὶ σωρῷ αὐτίς ἐγὼ πάξαιμι μέγα πτύου, ἀ δὲ γελάσσαι δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέραισιν ἔχοισα.

1 νάαις Hœnæus : μεσα λαῖας
Cheiron in Pholus' rocky cave set before Heracles such a bowlful as that? And the mighty Polyphemus who kept sheep beside the Anapus and had at ships with mountains, was it for such nectar he footed it around his steading—such a draught as ye Nymphs gave us that day of your spring by the altar of Demeter o' the Threshing-floor? of her, to wit, upon whose cornheap I pray I may yet again plant the great purging-fan while she stands smiling by with wicketsheaves and poppies in either hand.

"Of your spring": the wine was drunk mixed with water. "Demeter": a harvest-effigy.
VIII.—THE SECOND COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

The characters of this shepherd-mime are the mythical personages Daphnis the neatherd and Menalcas the shepherd, and an unnamed goatherd who plays umpire in their contest of song. After four lines by way of stage-direction, the conversation opens with mutual banter between the two young countrymen, and leads to a singing-match with pipes for the stakes. Each sings four alternate elegiac quatrains and an envoy of eight hexameters. In the first three pairs of quatrains Menalcas sets the theme and Daphnis takes it up. The first pair is addressed to the landscape, and contains mutual compliments; the remainder deal with love. The last pair of quatrains and the two envoys do not correspond in theme. The resemblance of most of the competing stanzas has caused both loss and transposition in the manuscripts. From metrical and linguistic considerations the poem is clearly not the work of Theocritus.
Δάφνιδι τῷ χαρίεντι συνήντετο βουκολέοντι μᾶλα νέμων, ὡς φαντὶ, κατ' ὀρεα μακρὰ Μενάλκας.

Μην συνθήκη τὶς μακρὰ τοιαύτα τῆς πυρροτρίχης, ἀμφοὶ ἄνήβω, ἀμφοὶ συνθῆκαν δεδημένω, ἀμφοὶ ἀείδεν.

πρᾶτος δ' ὅν ποτὶ Δάφνιν ἱδὼν ἀγόρευε Μενάλκας:

'mυκητάν ἑπίουρε βοῶν Δάφνι, λῆς μοι ἀείσαι;

φαμί τυ νικάσειν ὅσον θέλω, αὐτὸς ἀείδων.'

τὸν δ' ἄρα χῶ Δάφνις τοιαύτῳ ἀπαμείβετο μύθῳ

'ποιμὴν εἰροπόκων ὁινον συρίκτα Μενάλκα,

ὁποτε νικάσεις μ', οὐδ' εἶ τι πάθος τυγχ' ἀείδων.'

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

χρήσδεις ὅν ἐσιδεῖν: χρήσδεις καταβείναι ἄεθλον;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

χρήσδω τούτῳ ἐσιδεῖν, χρήσδω καταβείναι ἄεθλον.

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

καὶ τίνα θησεύμεσθ', ὅτις ἀμῖν ἄρκιος εἶνη;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

μόσχον ἐγὼ θησῶ· τυ δὲ θές ἱσομάτωρα τῆς.

1 τῆς E: mss ἀμὲν (with unlikely hiatus) from gloss
VIII.—THE SECOND COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Once on a day the fair Daphnis, out upon the long hills with his cattle, met Menalcas keeping his sheep. Both had ruddy heads, both were striplings grown, both were players of music, and both knew how to sing. Looking now towards Daphnis, Menalcas first 'What, Daphnis,' cries he, 'thou watchman o' bellowing kine, art thou willing to sing me somewhat? I'll warrant, come my turn, I shall have as much the better of thee as I choose.' And this was Daphnis' answer: 'Thou shepherd o' woolly sheep, thou mere piper Menalcas, never shall the likes of thee have the better of me in a song, strive he never so hard.'

MENALCAS

Then will 't please you look hither? Will 't please you lay a wage?

DAPHNIS

Aye, that it will; I'll both look you and lay you, too.

MENALCAS

And what shall our wage be? what shall be sufficient for us?

DAPHNIS

Mine shall be a calf, only let yours be that mother-tall fellow yonder.
ΤΟΙΟΤΟ ΕΚΔΟΣΙΑ ΣΩΤΗΡΙΑ ΚΑΛΑΝΤΖΙΔΗ ΑΓΙΑ ΠΑΡΟΣ 1999

THE BUCOLIC POETS

MENALAKS
οὐ θησῶ ποκά τίνος, ἐπεὶ χαλέπος ὁ πατήρ μεν χά μάτηρ, τὰ δὲ μᾶλα ποθέστερα πάντ᾽ ἀριθμεύντε.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλά τί μὰν θησεῖς; τί δὲ τὸ πλέον ἐξεῖ ὁ νικῶν;

MENALAKS
σύριγγ̣ὸν ἀν ἐπόθεσα καλὰν ἐγὼ ἐννεάφωνον, λευκὸν κηρόν ἔχοισαν ἵσον κατὸ ἵσον ἀνωθὲν ταῦταν καθεῖμ, τὰ δὲ τὸν πατρὸς οὐ καταθησώ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἡ μὰν τοι κηρὸν σύριγγ̣ὸν ἔχω ἐννεάφωνον, λευκὸν κηρὸν ἔχοισαν ἵσον κατὸ ἵσον ἀνωθὲν. πρῶαν νῦν συνέπαξ̣. ἐτί καὶ τὸν δάκτυλον ἀλγέω τούτον, ἐπεὶ κάλαμος με διασχισθεῖς νῦν ἐτμαξέν.2

MENALAKS
ἀλλὰ τίς άμιμε κρίνει; τίς ἐπάκοος ἐσσεται ἄμεων;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
τίνος πως ἐνταύθα τὸν αἰπόλον, ἡν καλέσσωμες, ὦ ποτὶ ταῖς ἐρίφοις ὦ κύων ὦ φαλαρὸς ύλακτεί.

χοὶ μὲν παῖδες ἄυσαν, ὦ δὲ αἰπόλος ἣνθ᾽ ἐπακούσαι,
oīς μὲν παῖδες ἁεῖδον, ὦ δὲ αἰπόλος ἥβελε κρίνειν. πράτος δ᾽ ὁν ἁεὶδε λαχῶν ἵνκτα Μενάλκας,

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἐγέτα δ᾽ ἀμοιβαίαν ὑπελάμβανε Δάφνης ἀοιδᾶν βουκολικάν ὥστω ἰε Μενάλκας ἀρξατο πράτος.

1 ποκά τίνων Ε: mss ποκά ἄμυνων, cf. 14
2 νῦν ἐτμαξέν Meineke: mss διετμαζέ

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MENALCAS

He shall be no wage of mine. Father and mother are both sour as can be, and tell the flock to a head every night.

DAPHNIS

Well, but what is't to be? and what's the winner to get for's pains?

MENALCAS

Here's a gallant nine-stop pipe I have made, with good white beeswax the same top and bottom; this I'm willing to lay, but I'll not stake what is my father's.

DAPHNIS

Marry, I have a nine-stop pipe likewise, and it like yours hath good white beeswax the same top and bottom. I made it t'other day, and my finger here sore yet where a split reed cut it for me. (each stakes a pipe)

MENALCAS

But who's to be our judge? who's to do the hearing for us?

DAPHNIS

Peradventure that goatherd yonder, if we call him; him wi' that spotted flock-dog a-barking near by the kids.

So the lads holla'd, and the goatherd came to hear them, the lads sang and the goatherd was fain to be their judge. Lots were cast, and 'twas Menalcas Loud-o'-voice to begin the country-song and Daphnis to take him up by course. Menalcas thus began:

"By course": stanza by stanza.
"Αγκαέα καὶ ποταμοὶ, θείων ὑένος, αἱ τι Μενάλκας πῆποι· ὁ συρικτᾶς προσφιλὴς ἁσε μέλος, βόσκοιν ἐκ ψυχᾶς τὰς ἀμνάδας· ἥν δὲ ποκ' ἐνθ' Δάφνις ἐχων δαμάλας, μηδὲν ἐλασσον ἔχοι.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
κράναι καὶ βοτάναι, γλυκερὸν φυτὸν, αἰτπερ ὁμοῖον μοισίδει Δάφνις ταῖσιν ἀδοικίας, τούτω τὸ βουκόλιον πιαίνετε· κῆν τι Μενάλκας τεῖδ' ἀγάγη, χαίρων ἀθονα πάντα νέμοι. 40

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ
ἐνθ' ὁις, ἐνθ' αἴγες διδυματόκοι, ἐνθὰ μέλισσαι 1
σμάνεα πληρούσιν, καὶ ὄρνες ὑφίτεραι,
ἐνθ' ἀ βαλὸς Μίλων βαινέι ποσίν αὶ δ' ἂν ἀφέρπη, 47
χὼ ποιμῆν ἕρος τηνοθε χαί βοτάναι. 44

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
παντά ἐαρ, παντὰ δὲ νομοὶ, παντὰ δὲ γάλακτος
οὐθατα πιδώσιν, καὶ τὰ νέα τρέφεται,
ἐνθα καλὰ Νάις ἑπινίσσεται αὶ δ' ἂν ἀφέρπη, 43
χὼ τὰς βῶς βόσκων χαί βῶς αὐτεραι.

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ
ὁ τράγε, τὰν λευκὰν αἴγουν ἄνερ, ὁ βάθος 4 ὕλας
μυρίον (αἱ σμαί 5 δεὺτ' ἐφ' ὦδορ ἐριφοί) 50

1 41-47 transposed by Anon. Ephem. Goth. 1803. 22
2 πιδώσιν Ahrens; mss πιδώσιν, schol. also πληθοῦσιν 3 Naïs Mein: mss παῖς 4 ὁ βάθος schol.: mss ὃ ἡ. 5 αἱ σμαί Wil: mss ἤ σ.
THEOCRITUS VIII, 33-50

Ye woods and waters, wondrous race,
Lith and listen of your grace;
If e'er my song was your delight
Feed my lambs with all your might;
And if Daphnis wend this way,
Make his calves as fat as they.

DAPHNIS

Ye darling wells and meadows dear,
Sweets o' the earth, come lend an ear;
If like the nightingales I sing,
Give my cows good pasturing;
And if Menalcas e'er you see,
Fill his flock and make him glee.

MENALCAS

Where sweet Milon trips the leas
There's fuller hives and loftier trees;
Where'er those pretty footings fall
Goats and sheep come twinners all;
If otherwhere those feet be gone,
Pasture's lean and shepherd lone.

DAPHNIS

Where sweet Naïs comes a-straying
There the green meads go a-maying;
Where'er her pathway lies along,
There's springing teats and growing young;
If otherwhere her gate be gone,
Cows are dry and herd fordone.

MENALCAS

Buck-goat, husband of the she's,
Hie to th' wood's infinities—
Nay, snubbies, hither to the spring;
This errand's not for your running;—

"Snubbies"; kids.
ἐν τίνος γὰρ τίνος. ἦδ' ὁ καλὸς καὶ λέγε, ὁ Μίλων, ὁ Πρωτεύς φῶκας καὶ θέσι ὁν̄ ἔνεμεν.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

* * * * *

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

μὴ μοι γὰν Πέλοπος, μὴ μοι Κροίσεια τάλαντα εἰς ἔχειν, μηδὲ πρόσθε θέειν ἄνεμων ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τὰ πέτρα τὰς ἀσομαί αἰκάς ἔχων τυ, σύννομε κάλ', ἔσορον τὰν Σικέλιαν ἐς ἀλα.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

δένδρεσι μὲν χειμῶν φοβερὸν κακὸν, ὕδασι δ' αὐχμός, ὀρνισσών δ' ὑπελαγξ, ἀγροτέρως δὲ λίνα, ἀνδρὶ δὲ παρθενικάς ἀπαλᾶς πόθος. ὁ πάτερ ὁ Ζεὺς, οὗ μόνος ἡράσθην καὶ τὺ γυναικοφίλας.

ταῦτα μὲν ὦν, δὴ ἀμοιβαίων οἱ παῖδες ἀείσαν τὰν πυρματὰν δ' φόδαν οὕτως ἐξάρχη Μενάλκας.

Φείδεν τὰν ἐρίφων, φείδεν λύκε τὰν τοκάδων μεν, μὴ ἀδίκητα μ', οἱ πολλαίς ὁμαρτέων. ὁ Λάμπουρε κύων, οὕτω βαθὺς ὑπνὸς ἔχει τυ; οὗ χρῆ κομμᾶθαι βαθέως σὺν παιδὶ νέμοντα. ταῖ δ' δἰες, μὴ ὑμεῖς ὅκιεθ' ἀπαλὰς κορέσασθαι ποίας, οὗ τι καμεῖσθ', ὅκκα πάλιν ἄδε φύηται.

1 καλ' schol.: mss and schol. κολ' 2 ἦν Mein : mss ὄν 3 Κροίσεια Jortin : mss χροίσεια 4 σύννομε Graefe : mss σύννομα 5 κάλ' Mein : mss μάλι'
Go, buck, and "Fairest Milon" say,  
"A God kept seals once on a day."

[Daphnis' reply is lost]

MENALCAS
I would not Pelops' tilth untold  
Nor all Croesus' coffered gold,  
Nor yet t' outfoot the storm-wind's breath,  
So I may sit this rock beneath,  
Pretty pasture-mate, wi' thee,  
And gaze on the Sicilian sea.

DAPHNIS
Wood doth fear the tempest's ire,  
Water summer's drouthy fire,  
Beasts the net and birds the snare,  
Man the love of maiden fair;  
Not I alone lie under ban;  
Zeus himself 's a woman's man.

So far went the lads' songs by course. Now 'twas the envoy, and Menalcas thus began:

Spare, good Wolf, the goats you see,  
Spare them dam and kid for me;  
If flock is great and flockman small,  
Is't reason you should wrong us all?  
Come, White-tail, why so sound asleep?  
Good dogs wake when boys tend sheep.  
Fear not, ewes, your fill to eat;  
For when the new blade sprouteth sweet,  
Then ye shall no losers be;

"A God kept seals": Proteus; the message means 'Do not despise your lover because he keeps sheep.'  
"Lie under ban": the Greek has 'have fallen in love.'
σίττα νέμεσθε νέμεσθε, τὰ δ’ οὖθατα πλήσατε
πᾶσαι,
ός τὸ μὲν ὄρνες ἔχωντι, τὸ δ’ ἐς ταλάρως ἀποθώμαι. 70

deúteros αὐ Δάφνις λεγορῶς ἀνεβάλλετ’ ἀείδεν

Κημ’ ἐκ σπήλαινγοις ὁσοφρυς κόρα ἐχθεῖς ἱδοῖσα
tὰς δαμάλας παρελάντα καλὸν καλὸν ἤμεν
ἐφασκεν:
oῦ μᾶν οὐδὲ λέγων ἐκρίθην ἀπὸ τὸν πικρὸν αὐτῶς,
ἀλλὰ κάτω βλέψας τὰν ἀμετέραν ὄδὸν εἰρπον.
ἀδεῖ’ ἀ φωνὰ τὰς πόρτιος, ἀδύ τὸ πνεύμα: 76
ἀδύ δὲ τὸ βέρεος παρ’ ὕδωρ ῥέον αἰθρικοίτειν.
τὰ δρυὶ ταῖ βάλανοι κόσμος, τὰ μαλαδὶ μάλα,
τὰ βοῦτ δ’ ἀ μόσχος, τὸ βουκόλορ αἰ βόες αὐταί. 80

ὅς οἱ παῖδες ἄεισαν, ὃ δ’ αἰπόλος ὃδ’ ἰγόρευεν
‘ἀδύ τι τὸ στόμα τοι καὶ ἐφίμερος ὃ Δάφυι φωνά.
κρέσσον μελημένον τεν ἄκονεμεν ἡ μὲλε λείχειν.
λάζεο τὰς σύριγγοις: ἐνίκασας γάρ ἄείδων.
αἰ δὲ τι λῆς με καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμ’ αἰπολεόντα διδάξαι,
τήναν τὰν μετύλαν δοσῶ τὰ δίδακτρα τοι αἶγα,
ἀτις ὑπὲρ κεφαλᾶς αἰεὶ τὸν ἀμολγέα πληροί.’

1 σπήλαινγος E, cf. 16. 53: μαὶ τῷ ἀντρῳ
2 λέγων and
3 αὐτῶς E, taking ἀπεκρίθην as ‘parted from,’ supplying λόγον:
4 μέλες Scaliger; μαὶ τὰς σύριγγας
5 μετύλαν ‘youngest and smallest’ E; others as Lat. mutulus ‘that has lost her horns’: μαὶ μιτύλαν,

77 ἀδύ δὲ χα μόσχοι γαρυτεται, ἀδύ δὲ χα βῶτ. From 9. 7;
Valekenaer rightly omits.
To 't, and feed you every she,
Feed till every udder teem
Store for lambs and store for cream.

Then Daphnis, for his envoy, lifted up his tuneful voice, singing—

Yestermorn a long-browed maid,
Spying from a rocky shade
Neat and neatherd passing by,
Cries "What a pretty boy am I!"
Did pretty boy the jape repay?
Nay, bent his head and went his way.
Sweet to hear and sweet to smell,
God wot I love a heifer well,
And sweet also 'neath summer sky
To sit where brooks go babbling by;
But 'tis berry and bush, 'tis fruit and tree,
'Tis calf and cow, wi' my kine and me.

So sang those two lads, and this is what the goat-herd said of their songs: "You, good Daphnis, have a sweet and delightful voice. Your singing is to the ear as honey to the lip. Here's the pipe; take it; your song has fairly won it you. And if you are willing to teach me how to sing as you sing while I share pasture with you, you shall have the little she-goat yonder to your school-money, and I warrant you she'll fill your pail up to the brim and further."

"Long-browed": the Greek is 'with meeting eye-brows.'
"'Tis berry and bush": the Greek is 'acorn adorns oak, apple apple-tree, calf cow, and cows cowherd.'
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ός μὲν ὁ παῖς ἐχάρη καὶ ἀνάλατο καὶ πλατάγησε
νικάσας, οὔτως ἐπὶ ματέρι νεβρὸς ἄλοιπο.
ός δὲ κατεσμύχθη καὶ ἀνετράπητο φρένα λύπα
וחרος, οὔτω καὶ νύμφα δμαθείσ' ἀκάχοιτο.
κήκ τούτω πράτος παρὰ ποιμέσι Δάφνις ἔγεντο,
καὶ Νύμφαν ἀκρηβοὶ ἐὼν ἐτὶ Ναίδα γάμεν.

1 δμαθείσ' Ahrens: mss γαμαθείσ', γαμμηθείσ'
At that the lad was transported, and capered and clapped hands for joy of his victory; so capers a fawn at the sight of his dam. At that, too, the other's fire was utterly extinct, and his heart turned upside-down for grief; so mourns a maiden that is wed against her will.

From that day forth Daphnis had the pre-eminence of the shepherds, insomuch that he was scarce come to man's estate ere he had to wife that Naïs of whom he sang.

"Naïs": apparently the nymph to whom Daphnis afterwards swore the oath which, when he fell in love with Xenea, he died rather than break.
IX.—THE THIRD COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

This poem would seem to be merely a poor imitation of the last. The characters are two shepherds, Daphnis and Menalces, and the writer himself. We are to imagine the cattle to have just been driven out to pasture. There is no challenge and no stake. At the request of the writer that they shall compete in song before him, each of the herdsmen sings seven lines, Daphnis setting the theme; and then the writer, leaving it to be implied that he judged them equal, tells us how he gave them each a gift and what it was. The writer now appeals to the Muses to tell him the song he himself sang on the occasion, and he sings a six-line song in their praise.
IX.—ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΑΣΤΑΙ

Βοικολιάζει Δάφνη, τῷ δ’ ἐφέσει ἀρχεω πρᾶτος, ἐφέσει ἀρχεω πρᾶτος, ἐφεσάδω ἀνεττες ἐπὶ, στείραισι δὲ ταύρων. χωλ μὲν ἀμα βοσκοίντο καὶ ἐν φύλλοισι πλαγώντο μηδεν ἀτίμαγελεύντες· ἐμίν δὲ τῷ βοικολιάζειν ἐκ τόθεν, ἀλλωθεν δὲ ποτικρίνοιτο Μενάλκας.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

'Αδυ μὲν ἀ μόσχος γαρύεται, ἀδυ δὲ χὰ βως, ἀδυ δὲ χὰ σύριγξ χω βοικόλος, ἀδυ δὲ κηρίων. ἐστι δὲ μοι παρ' ὤδωρ ψυχρὸν στιβάς, ἐν δὲ νένασαι λευκῶν ἐκ δαμαλίας καλὰ δέρματα, τάς μοι ἀπάσας 10 λυσι κόμαρον τρωγοῖς ἀπὸ σκοπιάς ἐτίναξε. τῶ δὲ θέρευς οἰκίονος ἐγὼ τόσσον μελεδαίνω, ὀσσον ἐρῶ τὸ πατρός μύθοι καὶ ματρός άκούειν.

οὔτως Δάφνις ἀείσεων ἐμίν, οὔτως δὲ Μενάλκας.

Αἴτια μάτηρ ἐμί, κηρίω καλὸν ἀντρὸν ἐνοικεῖν κόλλαις ἐν πέτασιν· ἐχω δὲ τοι, ὀσώ εἴν οἰνείρῳ φαίνονται, πολλὰς μὲν δῖς, πολλὰς δὲ χιμαῖρας, ὅν μοι πρὸς κεφαλὰ καὶ πρὸς ποσὶ κῶσα κεῖται.

1 ἀφέντες ἐπὶ E: mas ἀφέντες ὅπο (Vat. 915 ἐπὶ) from 4. 47
2 ἐκ τόθεν Cholmeley from Ap. Rhod. 2. 531 (of time): mas and Schol. ἐμπόθεν and ἐν τοθ ἐν

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IX.—THE THIRD COUNTRY SINGING-MATCH

Sing a country-song, Daphnis. Be you the first and Menalcas follow when you have let out the calves to run with the cows and the bulls with the barren heifers. As for the cattle, may they feed together and wander together among the leaves and never stray alone, but do you come and sing me your song on this side and Menalcas stand for judgment against you on that.

DAPHNIS (sings)

O sweet the cry o' the calf, and sweet the cry o' the cow,
And sweet the tune o' the neatherd's pipe, and I sing sweet e'now;
And a greenbed's mine by the cool brook-side
Piled thick and thick with many a hide
From the pretty heifers wi' skin so white
Which the storm found browzing on the height
And hurred them all below:
And as much reek I o' the scorching heat
As a love-struck lad of his father's threat.

So sang me Daphnis, and then Menalcas thus:—
Etna, mother o' mine! my shelter it is a grot,
A pretty rift in a hollow clift, and for skins to my bed, God wot,
Head and foot 'tis goats and sheep
As many as be in a vision o' sleep,
ἐν πυρὶ δὲ ὀρνίθῳ χόρια ζεῖ, ἐν πυρὶ δ’ αὖθι
παγοὶ χειμαίνοντος· ἐχὼ δὲ τοι οὐδ’ ὅσον ὁραν
χεῖματος ἡ νωὸς καρύων ἀμύλοιο παρόντος.

toῖς μὲν ἐπεπλατάγησα καὶ ἀυτίκα δῷδον ἑδωκα,
Δάφνιδι μὲν κορύναι, τάν μοι πατρὸς ἔτραφεν ἀγρός,
αὐτοφυῆ, τάν δ’ οὐδ’ ἄν ἵσως μμάσατο
τέκτων, τήνω δὲ στρόμβω καλὸν ὀστρακον, ὁ κρέας αὐτὸς
συνήθησα πέτραισιν ἐν Ἰκαρίαις θοδεύεις
πέντε ταμῶν πέντε οὖσιν δ’ δ’ ἐγκαναχήσατο
κόχλῳ.

Βουκολικαὶ Μοίσαι μάλα χαίρετε, φαίνετε δ’
φιδάν, 2
τάν τόκ’ ἐγὼ τήμοροι παρὼν ἄεισα νομεύσιν
μηκέτ’ ἐπὶ γλώσσας ἄκρας ὀλοφυγηνόνα φύσιν. 3

Τέττιξ μὲν τέττιγι φίλος, μῦρμακι δὲ μῦρμαξ,
ἰρῆκες δ’ ἵρηξιν, ἐμῖν δ’ ἀ Μοίσα καὶ φιδά.
τάς μοι πᾶς εἰς πλεῖος δόμοι. οὔτε γάρ ὑπνος
οὔτ’ ἔπριξεν ἐξαιτίαν 4 γλυκερότερον, οὔτε μελίσ-
σαις
ἀνθρε’ τόσσον ἐμῖν Μοίσαι φίλαι: οὖσ γάρ
ὀρεῦντι
γαθεύσαι, 5 τοῦσ’ οὐ τι ποτὸ δαλήσατο Κῦρκα.

1 μμάσατο Adert: mss μμάσατο 2 mss also φιδάς τάς
de Aff. 517. 19 (adv.) and ἐξαίτια adv. IXX. N.T., and
Byzant. 5 mss also ὅπος μὲν 6 Schol. also ὄρητε, ὄρωσι
7 γαθεύσαι: mss and Schol. γαθῖσιν(ν)
And an oaken fire i' the winter days
With chestnuts roasting at the blaze
And puddings in the pot:
And as little care I for the wintry sky
As the toothless for nuts when porridge is by.

Then clapped I the lads both, and then and there
gave them each a gift, Daphnis a club which grew
upon my father's farm and e'en the same as it grew—
albeit an artificer could not make one to match it—,
and Menalcas a passing fine conch, of which the fish
when I took it among the Icarian rocks furnished
five portions for five mouths,—and he blew a blast
upon the shell.

All hail, good Muses o' the countryside! and the
song I did sing that day before those herdsmen, let
it no longer raise pushes on the tip o' my tongue,
but show it me you:

*(the song)*

O cricket is to cricket dear, and ant for ant doth
long,
The hawk's the darling of his fere, and o' me the
Muse and her song:
Of songs be my house the home alway,
For neither sleep, nor a sudden spring-day,
Nor flowers to the bees, are as sweet as they;
    I love the Muse and her song:
For any the Muses be glad to see,
Is proof agen Circe's witcherye.

"Pushes": pimples on the tongue, the scholiast tells us,
were a sign that one refuses to give up what another has
entrusted to him.
X.—THE REAPERS

The characters of this pastoral mime are two reapers, Milon, the man of experience, and Bucæus, called also Bucus, the lovesick youth. The conversation takes place in the course of their reaping, and leads to a love-song from the lover and a reaping-song from his kindly mentor. When Milon calls his song the song of the divine Lytterses he is using a generic term. There was at least one traditional reaping-song which told how Lytterses, son of Midas, of Celaenae in Phrygia, after entertaining strangers hospitably, made them reap with him till evening, when he cut off their heads and hid their bodies in the sheaves. This apparently gave the name to all reaping-songs. Milon's song, after a prayer to Demeter, addresses itself in succession to binders, threshers, and reapers, and lastly to the steward. Both songs are supposed to be impromptu, and sung as the men reap on.
X.—ΕΡΓΑΤΙΝΑΙ Η ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ

ΜΙΑΩΝ

'Εργατίνα Βουκαίε, τί νῦν φίξυρή πεπόνθεις; οὔτε τὸν ὄγμον ἀγειν ὅρθον δύνα, ὡς τὸ πρὶν ἀγεῖ, οὐθ' ἄμα λαστομεῖς τῷ πλατίων, ἀλλ' ἀπολείπη ὅσπερ δ' ὑπι ποίμνας, ὡς τὸν πόδα κάκτος ἔτυψε. ποίος τις δεῖλαν τῷ καὶ ἐκ μέσῳ ἀματος ἐσσῆ, ὡς νῦν ἀρχόμενος τᾶς αὐλακος οὐκ ἀποτρώγεις;

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

Μίλων οὐφαμάτα, πέτρας ἀπόκομμ' ἀτεράμνω, οὔδαμά τοι συνέβα ποθέσαι τινὰ τῶν ἀπεόντων;

ΜΙΑΩΝ

οὔδαμά. τὶς δὲ πόθος τῶν ἐκτοθεν ἐργάτα ἄνδρι;

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

οὔδαμά νυν συνέβα τοι ἀγρυπνήσαι δι' ἔρωτα;

ΜΙΑΩΝ

μηδὲ γε συμβαίη' χαλεπὸν χορίῳ κύνα γεύσαι.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ δ' Μίλων ἔραμαι σχεδὸν ἐνδεκατάιος.
X.—THREE APERS

MILON

Husbandman Buceaeus, what ails ye now, good drudge? you neither can cut your swath straight as once you did, nor keep time in your reaping with your neighbour. You’re left behind by the flock like a ewe with a thorn in her foot. How will it be wi’ you when noon is past and day o’ the wane, if thus early you make not a clean bite o’ your furrow?

BUCEAEUS

Good master early-and-late-wi’-sickle, good Sir chip-o’-the-flint, good Milon, hath it never befallen thee to wish for one that is away?

MILON

Never, i’ faith; what has a clown like me to do with wishing where there’s no getting?

BUCEAEUS

Then hath it never befallen thee to lie awake o’ nights for love?

MILON

Nay, and God forbid it should. ’Tis ill letting the dog taste pudding.

BUCEAEUS

But I’ve been in love, Milon, the better part of ten days;—
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΜΙΑΩΝ
ἐκ πίθω ἀντλεῖς δῆλον, ἐγὼ δὲ ἐχω σύν ἅλις ὀξος.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ
τογαρ τὰ πρὸ θυρᾶν μοι ἀπο σπόρω ἄσκαλα πάντα.

ΜΙΑΩΝ
τὶς δὲ τὰ παιδῶν λυμαίνεται;

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ
ἀ Πολυβώτα,
ἀ πρᾶν ἀμώντεσσι παρ’ Ἱπποκίων ποταύλει.

ΜΙΑΩΝ
eὑρεθεὶς τὸν ἀλτρών ἔχεις πάλαι ὃν ἐπεθύμεις.
μάντις τοι τὰν νύκτα χροίζειθ’ ἄ καλαμαία.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ
μωμάσθαι μ’ ἀρχῇ τὸν τυφλὸς δ’ οὐκ αὐτὸς ὃ
Πλοῦτος,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὀφρόντιστος Ἔρως. μὴ δὴ μέγα μυθεῖ. 20

ΜΙΑΩΝ
οὐ μέγα μυθεύματ’ τὸ μόνον κατάβαλλε τὸ λάμον,
καὶ τὶ κόρας φιλικὸν μέλος ἀμβάλειν. ἀδιόν οὐτὸς
ἐργαξή’ καὶ μᾶν πρότερον ποκα μουσικὸς ἡσθα.

ΒΟΥΚΑΙΟΣ
Μῶσαι Πιερίδε, συναίστασε τὰν ῥαδινῶν μοι
παῖδ’ ὃν γάρ χ’ ἀψηθεῖ σθε, καλὰ πάντα ποεῖτε.
MILON
Then 'tis manifest thou draw'st thy wine from the hogshead the while I am short of vinegar-water.

BUCAEUS
—And so it is that the land at my very door since was seed-time hath not felt hoe.

MILON
And which o' the lasses is thy undoing?

BUCAEUS
'Tis Polybotas' daughter, she that was at Hippocion's t'other day a-piping to the reapers.

MILON
Lord! thy sin hath found thee out. Thou'dst wished and wished, and now, 'faith, thou'st won. There'll be a locust to clasp thee all night long.

BUCAEUS
Thou bid'st fair to play me fault-finder. But there's blind men in heaven besides Him o' the Money-bags, fool Cupid for one. So prithee talk not so big.

MILON
I talk not big, not I; pray be content, go thou on wi' thy laying o' the field, and strike up a song o' love to thy leman. 'Twill sweeten thy toil. Marry, I know thou wast a singer once.

BUCAEUS (sings)
Pierian Muses, join with me a slender lass to sing; For all ye Ladies take in hand ye make a pretty thing.

"Since was seed-time": a proverbial exaggeration; for he has been in love only ten days, and this is harvest-time.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

Βομβύκα χαρίεσσα, Σύραν καλέοντι τυ πάντες, ἰσχυρὸν ἀλικάνυστον, ἑγὼ δὲ μόνοις μελίχλωροι, καὶ τὸ ἵνα μέλλειν ἑστὶ καὶ ἀ ἕραπτα νῦκινθος, ἀλλ’ ἔμπας ἐν τοῖς στεφάνοις τὰ πρῶτα λέγονται. ἀ αἰξ τὰν κύτισον, ὁ λύκος τὰν ἀνα διώκει, ἀ γέρανος τῷροτρον, ἑγὼ δ’ ἐπὶ τίν μεμάνημαι. αἰθε μοι ᾦς, ὅσσα Κροῖσόν ποκα φαντὶ πεπάσθαι. χρύσει ἀμφότεροι κ’ ἀνεκείμεθα τὰ Ἀφροδίτα, τῶς αὐλώς μὲν ἕχουσα καὶ ἡ ῥόδον ἡ τύλιμα μᾶλιν, σχῆμα δ’ ἐγὼ καὶ κανὰς ἕπ’ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀμύκλας.
Βομβύκα χαρίεσσ’, οἱ μὲν πόδες ἀστράγαλοι τεν ἀ φωνὰ δὲ τρύχνος’ τόν μᾶν τρόπον οὐκ ἔχω εἰπεῖν.

ΜΙΛΩΝ

ἡ καλὰς ἀμμεὶ ποῦν ἐλελάθει Βούκος ἀοιδᾶς. ὅς εὖ τὰν ἱδέαν τὰς ἀρμονίας ἐμέτρησεν.
ὁμοι τὸ πώγωνος, ὃν ἀληθίως ἀνέφυσα.
θάσαι δὴ καὶ ταύτα τὰ τῶ θεῖω Διτνέρσα.

Δάματερ πολύκαρπε πολύσταχυ, τούτο τὸ λαὸν

ἄρμει : μὲα also ἄμμι

%34
Bombýca fair, to other folk you may a Gipsy be; Sunburnt and lean they call you; you're honey-brown to me. Of flowers the violet's dark, and dark the lettered flag-flower tall, But when there's nosegays making they choose them first of all. Dame Goat pursues the clover, Gray Wolf doth goat pursue, Sir Stork' pursues the plough; and I—O! I am wild for you. Would all old Croesus had were mine! O then we'd figured be In good red gold for offerings rare before the Love-Ladye, You with your pipes, a rose in hand or apple, I bedight Above with mantle fine, below, new buskins left and right. Bombyca fair, your pretty feet are knucklebones, and O! Your voice is poppy, but your ways—they pass my power to show.

MILON

Marry, 'twas no prentice hand after all. Mark how cunningly he shaped his tune! Alackaday, what a dolt was I to get me a beard! But come hear this of the divine Lityerses: (sings) Demeter, Queen of fruit and ear, bless O. bless our field;

"Gipsy": the Greek is 'Syrian," "Knucklebones": Bombyca pipes, dances, and sings by profession (cf. ll. 16 and 34); she flings her feet about as a player tosses the knucklebones, lightly and easily, and her singing soothes the listener like a narcotic. "What a dolt was I": 'what a thing it is to be young!"
ευεργόν τ' εἰς καὶ κάρπιμον ὄτι μᾶλιστα.
σφίγγετ' ἀμαλλοδέται τὰ δράγματα, μὴ παριῶν τις
εἰπης 'σύκινοι ὄνδρες: ἀπόλελο τοῦτο τὸ μοσθός.
ἐς βορέαν ἀνεμον τὰς κόρθνοι ἀ τομὰ ὄμων
καὶ ζέφυρον βλεπέτω: πιαίνεται ὁ στάχυς οὕτως.
σῖτον ἀλοιώντας φεύγειν τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν ὕπνον
ἐκ καλάμας ἀχυρον τελέθει τημόψε χάλιστα.
ἀρχεσθαι δ' ἀμώντας ἑγειρομένω κορυδαλλῷ,
καὶ λήγειν εὐδοντος, ἐλινύσαι δὲ τὸ καῦμα.
εὐκτὸς ὁ τῶ βατράχω, παίδες, βίος: οὐ μελεδαίρει
tὸν τὸ πιεῖν ἐγχεύντα· πάρεστι γὰρ ἀφθονον
αὐτῷ.
καλλίον, ὁ 'πιμελητὰ φιλάργυρε τὸν φακὸν
ἐφειν·
μὴ 'πιτάμης τὰν χείρα καταπρίὼν τὸ κύμιον.

ταύτα χρῆ μοχθεῦνται ἐν ἄλλῳ ἄνδρας ἀείδειν,
tὸν δὲ τῶν Βούκακε πρέπει λημψὸν ἔρωτα
μυθίσθεν τὰ ματρὶ κατ' εὐναν ὀρθρευόλεσα.


136
THEOCRITUS X, 43-58

Grant our increase greatest be that toil therein may yield.
Grip tight your sheaves, good Binders all, or passers-by will say
'These be men of elder-wood; more wages thrown away.'
'Twixt Northwind and Westwind let straws endlong be laid;
The breeze runs up the hollow and the ear is plumper made.
For Threshers, lads, the noontide nap's a nap beside the law,
For noontide's the best tide for making chaff of straw;
But Reapers they are up wi' the lark, and with the lark to bed;
To rest the heat o' the day, stands Reapers in good stead.
And 'tis O to be a frog, my lads, and live aloof from care!
He needs no drawer to his drink; 'tis plenty everywhere.
Fie, fie, Sir Steward! better beans, an't please ye, another day;
Thou'lt cut thy finger, niggard, a-splitting caraway.

That's the sort o' song for such as work i' the sun; but that starveling love-ditty o' thine, Bucaeus, would make brave telling to thy mammy abed of a morning.

"Elder-wood": the Greek has "figwood," which was useless; cf. Shaks. Merry Wives 2.3.30 'My heart of elder.'
"'Tis O to be a frog": the steward is stingy with the drink as with the lentils.
XI.—THE CYCLOPS

Theocritus offers a consolatio amoris to his friend the poet-physician Nicias of Miletus, with whom he studied under the physician Erasistratus. After a brief introduction by way of stage-direction, he tells him the song the Cyclops sang to his love the sea-nymph. Metrical and grammatical considerations make it probable that the poem was an early one; it may well be anterior to The Distaff. There is 'tragic irony' in the Cyclops' reference to his eye when speaking of singeing his beard, and also in his mention of the possible advent of a stranger from overseas.

¹ For another interpretation see the Introduction.
XI.—ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

Οὔδὲν ποτὸν ἔρωτα πεφύκει φάρμακον ἄλλο, Νικία, οὔτ' ἐγχριστὸν, εὕμων δοκεῖ, οὔτ' ἐπίπαστον, ἢ ταῖς Πιερίδες· κοῦφον δὲ τι τούτο καὶ ἄδυνετ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποις, εὐρεῖν δ' οὐ ράδιόν ἐστι. γινόσκειν δ' οἷμαι τι καλῶς ιατρὸν ἠόντα καὶ ταῖς ἐννέα δὴ πεφιλημένον ἔξωπα Μοίσαις. οὗτο γούν ράϊστα διᾶγ' ὁ Κύκλωψ ὁ παρ' ἄμιν, ὁρχαῖος Πολύφαμος, ὃκ' ἤρατο τὰς Γαλατείας, ἄρτι γενειάδων περὶ τὸ στόμα τῶν κροτάφως τε. ἤρατο δ' οὐ μάλως οὐδὲ ρόδῳ οὐδὲ κικίννους, ἀλλ' ὅρθαις μανίαις, ἀγεῖτο δὲ πάντα πάρεργα. πολλάκις ταῖς οἰς ποτὶ τωῒλιον αὐταὶ ἀπήμθουν χλωρᾶς ἐκ βοτάνας· ὃ δὲ τὰν Γαλάτειαν ἀείδων αὐτὸς ἐπ' αἴόνος κατετάκετο φυιώεσσας εἰς ἀούς, ἐχθριστὸν ἐχων ὑποκάρδιοι ἔλκος, Κύπριδος ἐκ μεγάλας τὸ οἴ ἦπατι παξε βέλεμνον. ἀλλὰ τὸ φάρμακον εὑρε, καθεξόμενος δ' ἐπὶ πέτρας ὑψηλάς ἐς ποιτὸν ὅρων ἄειδε τοιαῦτα:

'Ω λευκὰ Γαλάτεια, τί τοῦ φιλέοντ' ἀποβάλλῃ, λευκότέρα πακτᾶς ποτιδεῖν, ἀπαλωτέρα ἄρνος, μόσχῳ γαυροτέρα, φιαρωτέρα ἰδιφακός ὁμαῖς;

1 Miss φιαρωτέρα: Schol. also σφιγγανετέρα (i.e. σφυγγανετέρα)

140
XI.—THE CYCLOPS

It seems there's no medicine for love, Nicias, neither salve nor plaster, but only the Pierian Maids. And a gentle medicine it is and sweet for to use upon the world, but very hard to find, as indeed one like you must know, being both physician and well-belov'd likewise of the Nine. 'Twas this, at least, gave best comfort to my countryman the Cyclops, old Polyphemus, when he was first showing beard upon cheek and chin and Galatea was his love. His love was no matter of apples, neither, nor of rose-buds nor locks of hair, but a flat frenzy which recked nought of all else. Time and again his sheep would leave the fresh green pasturage and come back unbidden to fold, while their master must peak and pine alone upon the wrack-strown shore a-singing all the day long of Galatea, sick at heart of the spiteful wound the shaft of the great Cyprian had dealt him. Nevertheless he found the medicine for it, and sitting him down upon an upstanding rock looked seawards and sang:

O Galatea fair and white, white as cards in whey,
Dapper as lamb a-frisking, wanton as calf at play,
And plump o' shape as ruddying grape, O why deny thy lover?
THE BUCOLIC POETS

φοιτής δαῦδ' 1 οὕτως, ὅκκα γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἔχῃ με, ὀ谢谢你 δ' εὐθὺς ἵοις', ὅκκα γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἀνή με, ἑφύτευε δ' ὄσπερ δίς πολίων λύκου ἀδρήσασα. ἡράμθην μὲν ἐγώνα τεοὺς κόρα, ἀνίκα πρᾶτον ἡνδας ἐμῇ σὺν ματρὲ θέλωσ' ἦκινθινα φύλλα εξ ὀρεοὺς ὑπέγασθαι, ἐγὼ δ' ὀδὸν ἀγεμόνευον. παύσασθαι δ' ἐσιδών τυ καὶ ὑστερον οὐδ' ἐτὶ πα νῦν ἐκ τὴν ὄντως ἄνωμαι τίνι δ' οὐ μέλει, οὐ μὰ Δι' οὐδὲν.

γινώσκω χαρίεσσα κόρα, τίνος ὅνεκα φεύγεις: 30 ὅνεκά μοι λασία μὲν ὀφρὺς ἐπὶ παντὶ μετόπῳ ἐκ ὄτως τέταται ποτὶ θόστερον ὅς μια μακρα, εἰς δ' ὀφθαλμὸς ὑπεστί; 2 πλατεία δὲ βίς ἐπὶ χέλει.

ἀλλ' οὕτως τοιοῦτος ἐῶν ὑβοτὰ χίλια βόσκω, κηκε τούτων τὸ κράτιστον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα πίνων.

tυρῶς δ' οὐ λείπει μ' οὕτ' ἐν θέρει οὕτ' ἐν ὑπώρα, οὐ χειμῶνος ἄκρων ταρσολ δ' ὑπεραχθὲς αἰεί. συρίσδεν δ' ὁς οὕτος ἐπίσταμαι ὧδε Κυκλώπων, τίν τε φίλον γλυκύμαλον ἀμὰ κήμαυτον ἄείδων 3 πολλάκιν νυκτὸς ἀωρί. τρέφῳ δὲ τοι ἐνδεκα νεβρῶς πάσας μαννοφόρας 4 καὶ σκύμνως τέσσαρας ἅρκτων.

1 δαúdo (or δαῦδ') E "hither," cf. Alc. fr. 19 δαῦτε, New Frag. 2, 6 δάυτ', Sappho New Frag. 1, 15 δαῦτ': mss δ' αὐθ'

2 ὑπεστί Winsem; mss ἑπεστί. 3 τε and ἀείδω E; he could not play and sing at the same time: mss τὸ and ἀείδων

4 μαννοφόρα Schol. v. 1: mss ἀμνοφόρες

142
O soon enow thou'rt here, I trow, when sweet sleep comes me over,
But up and gone when sleeping's done—O never flies so fast
Ewe that doth spy gray wolf anigh, as thou when slumber's past.
My love of thee began, sweeting, when thou—I mind it well—
Wast come a-pulling luces wi' my mother on the fell;
I showed ye where to look for them, and from that hour to this
I've loved ye true; but Lord! to you my love as nothing is.
O well I wot pretty maid, pretty maid, for why thou shun'st me so,
One long shag eyebrow ear to ear my forehead o'er doth go,
And but one eye beneath doth lie, and the nose stands wide on the lip;
Yet be as I may, still this I say, I feed full a thousand sheep,
And the milk to my hand's the best i' the land, and my cheese 'tis plenty alsó;
Come summer mild, come winter wild, my cheese-racks ever o'erflow.
And, for piping, none o' my kin hereby can pipe like my piping,
And of thee and me, dear sweet-apple, in one song oft I sing,
Often at dead of night. And O, there's gifts in store for thee,
Eleven fawns, all white-collárs, and cosset bear's cubs four for thee.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἀλλ’ ἀφίκενσο ποθ’ ἀμέ, καὶ ἔξεις οὐδὲν ἔλασσον, τὰν γλαυκὰν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐὰ ποτὶ χέρσον ὅρεχ-θεῖν.

ἀδίον η’ ἐν τὸντρῳ παρ’ ἐμ’ τὰν νῦκτα διαξεῖς· ἐντ’ δὰφναι τῆνε, ἐντ’ ραδιναὶ κυπάρισσοι, ἐστὶ μέλας κισσός, ἐστ’ ἀμπελος ἀ γλυκύκαρ-πος,

ἔστι ζυγρὸν θωρ, τὸ μοι ἀ πολυδένδροις Λίκνα λευκὰς ἐκ χίόνως ποτὸν ἀμβρόσιον προίητη.

τὸς κα τῶνθε δαλασσαν ἔχειν καὶ κύμαθ’ ἔλουτο;

αἰ δὲ τοι αὐτοὶ ἔγον δοκεώ λασιώτερος ἤμεν, ἐντ’ ἰδίους ξύλα μοι καὶ ὑπὸ σποδῶ ἀκάματον πῦρ;

κα ὀμενος δ’ ὑπὸ τεὺς καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ἀνεχοίμαν καὶ τὸν ἐν’ ὀφθαλμὸν, τῶν μοι γλυκερῶτερον οὐδὲν.

ὁμι, ὅτ’ οὐκ ἠτεκέν μ’ ἀ μάτηρ βράγχι’ ἐχοντα, ὡς κατέδυν ποτὶ τιν καὶ τὰν χέρα τεῦς ἐφὶ-λησα,

αἰ μή τὸ στόμα λῆς, ἐφερον δὲ τοι ἡ κρίνα λευκὰ

ἡ μάκκων ἀπαλὰν ἐρυθρὰ πλαταγώνι’ ἔχουσαν.

νῦν μὰν ὁ κόριον, νῦν αὐ τὸ γα νείν μασεΰμαι, κα ὡς εἰδώ, τὸ πόχ’ ἀδ’ κατοικεῖν τὸν βυθὸν ὑμμῖν.

1 ἀδίον’ E. cf. 10. 54: mss ἀδιον’ Ahrens from Schol.: mss ἐ ν ᾨρεν’ 2 καὶ κύμαθ’ Ahrens, which occurs in the Scholiast’s paraphrase) Ahr: mss αὐτὸ γα νείν μεσαεύμαι (γα μεσαεύμαι)

58 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν όνεσ, τὰ δὲ γίνεται ἐν χειμώνι,

ὡστ’ ὁκ’ ἐν τοι ταῦτα φέρειν ἄμα πάντ’ ἐκνάδην.

The reasons for rejecting these lines against the mss are too long to be given here. See Class. Rev. 1912, p. 246.

144
O leave it be, the blue blue sea, to gasp an 't will o' the shore,
And come ye away to me, to me; I'll lay ye'll find no ill store,
A sweeter night thou'lt pass i' the cave with me than away i' the brine;
There's laurel and taper cypress, swart ivy and sweetfruit vine,
And for thy drinking the cool water woody Etna pours so free
For my delight from his snow so white, and a heav'ly draught it be.
Now who would choose the sea and his waves, and a home like this forgo?
But if so be the master o' t too shag to thy deeming show,
There's wood in store, and on the floor a fire that smoulders still,
And if thou would'st be burning, mayst burn my soul an thou will,
Yea, and the dear'st of all my goods, my one dear eye. O me!
That I was not born with fins to be diving down to thee,
To kiss, if not thy lips, at least thy hand, and give thee posies
Of poppies trim with scarlet rim or snow-white winter-roses!
And if a stranger a-shipboard come, e'en now, my little sweeting,
E'en now to swim I'll learn of him, and then shall I be weeting
Wherefore it be ye folk o' the sea are so lief to be living below.
εξένθοις, Γαλάτεια, καὶ ἐξενθοῦσα λάθοιο ὀσπερ ἐγὼν νῦν ὅπε καθήμενος οίκαδ' ἀπενθείων, ποιμαίνει εἰς ἐθελος σὺν ἐμῖν ἀμα καὶ γάλ' ἀμέλγειν καὶ τυρόν πᾶξαι τάμισσον δριμείαν ἐνείσα. ἀ μάτηρ ἄδικη με μόνα, καὶ μέμφομαι αὐτῇ: οὐδὲν πῆποχ' ὀλωσ ποτὲ τίνοιν εἶπεν ὑπέρ μεν, καὶ ταῦτ' ἄμαρ ἑπ' ἄμαρ ὀρευσά με λεπτύνοντα.\(^1\) φασῶ\(^2\) τὰν κεφαλὰν καὶ τῶς πόδας ἄμφοτέρως μεν σφύζειν, ὡς ἀνιαθῆ, ἐπεὶ κηργῷ ἀνιῶμαι.

ὅ Κύκλωψ Κύκλωψ, πᾶ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπό-τασαί; αἰκ\(^3\) ἐνθῶν ταλάρως τε πλέκοις καὶ θαλλόν ἀμάσσας ταῖς ἄρνεσσι φέροις, τάχα κα πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχοις νῦν. τὰν παρειώσαν ἀμελησε' τί τὸν φεύγοντα διώκεις; εὐρησεῖς Γαλάτειαν ἱσως καὶ καλλίον' ἄλλαν. πολλαὶ συμπαύσαν με κόραι τὰν νύκτα κέλονται, κιχλίζοντι δὲ πάσαι, ἐπεὶ κ' αὐταῖς ὑπακούσω. δήλον ὅτ' ἐν τὰ γὰ κηργῷ τίς φαῖνομαι ἦμεν.

οὔτω τοι Πολύφαμος ἐποίμαινεν τὸν ἑρωτα μουσίσδων, ῥάφων δὲ διάγ' ἡ εἰ χρυσὸν ἔδωκεν.

\(^1\) λεπτύνοντα Meineke: mss λεπτῶν ἵστα. \(^2\) Mss φασῶ or φλασῶ, Schol. φασῶ. \(^3\) αἰκ (i.e. αἰ, cf. ὅ ὁ εἰς) Wil, cf. Epicharmus and Oracle in Hdt. i. 174: mss αἰε
Come forth and away, my pretty fay, and when thou comest, O
Forget, as he that sitteth here, thy ways again to go;
Feed flock wi' me, draw milk wi' me, and if 't my
darling please,
Pour rennet tart the curds to part and set the good
white cheese.
'Tis all my mother's doing; she sore to blame hath
bin;
Never good word hath spoke you o' me, though she
sees me waxing so thin.
I'll tell her of throbbing feet, I'll tell her of aching
eyne;
I am fain that misery be hers sith misery be mine.

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where be your wits gone flying?
Up, fetch you loppings for your lambs, or go a withy-
plying;
The wearier's oft the wiser man, and that there's no
denying.
Milk the staying, leave the straying, chase not them
that shy;
Mayhap you'll find e'en sweeter Galateas by and by.
There's many a jill says 'Come an you will and play
all night wi' me,'
And the laugh I hear when I give ear is soft and
sweet as can be;
E'en I, 'tis plain, be somebody, ashore, if not i' the sea.

Thus did Polyphemus tend his love-sickness with
music, and got more comfort thereout than he
could have had for any gold.

"Throbbing feet": headache and footache—the latter
from waiting on the beloved's threshold—were conventional
signs of being in love.
XII.—THE BELOVED

The Greeks sometimes exalted friendship to a passion, and such a friendship doubtless inspired this fine poem. Theocritus acknowledges his indebtedness to the Ionian lyricists and elegists by using their dialect. The passage rendered here in verse contains what at first sight looks like a mere display of learning, but has simply this intention: 'Our love will be famous among so remote a posterity that the very words for it will be matter for learned comment.'
Χ.ΙΙ.—ΑΙΤΗΣ

"Ηλιθες δι' φίλε κούρε τρίτη σύν νυκτί καὶ ἥν ἡλιθες"· οἵ δὲ ποθεύτες ἐν ἡματί γηράσκουσιν. ὡςον ἐαρ χειμῶνος, ὡςον μήλοιν βραβίλοιο ἡδιοῦ, ὡςον δίς σφετέρῃς λασιωτέρη ἄρνος, ὡςον παρθενική προφέρει τριγάμου γυναῖκός, ὡςον ἑλαφρότερη μόσχου νεβρός, ὡςον ἀδών συμπάντων λυγύφωνος αὐιδοτάτη πετενον, τόσον ἐμ' εὐθρηνας σὺ φανεῖσ, σκιερήν δ' ὑπὸ φηγον ἰδέλιον φρύγοντος ὀδούπαρος ἐδραμον ὡς τις. εἰδ' ὁμαλοὶ πνεύσειαν ἐπ' ἀμφότεροιν Ἑρωτευσ νόϊν, ἐπεσομένους δὲ γενοὶμεθα πάσιν ἀοιδή.

"διὸ 2 δὴ τινε τῶδε μετὰ πρωτέρους 4 γενέθηνεν φῶθ', ὃ μὲν εἰσπηλος, φαίη χ' Ὄμυκλαιάζων, τὸν δ' ἐτερον 5 πάλιν, ὡς κεν ὁ Θεσσαλὸς εἴποι, ἀίτην.

ἀλλιῆλους δ' ἐφίλησαν ἵσῳ χυγῆ. ἧρα τὸτ' ἤσαν χρύσειοι πάλιν ἄνδρες, ὃτ' ἀντεφίλησ' ὁ φιληθείς."

1 For punctuation cf. Sappho in Julian Epist. 59 p. 379
2 ἠμφότεροιν Ἑ: mss -οιων
3 διῶ Ahrens: mss and schol. διὸ
4 μετὰ πρωτέρους: Taylor from schol.
5 τὸν ἐτερον attracted for ὁ ἐτερος

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XII.—THE BELOVED

Thou'rt come, dear heart; thou'rt come after two
days and nights, albeit one will turn a lover gray.
As spring is sweeter than winter, and pippin than
damson-plum; as mother-ewe is shaggier than her
lambkin, and maiden more to be desired than a
thrice-wed wife; as the fawn is nimbler-footed than
the calf, and the nightingale clearest-tongued of all
the wingèd songsters; so am I gladded above all at
the sight of thee, and run to thee as a wayfarer
runneth to the shady oak when the sun is burning
hot. And 'tis O that equal Loves might inspire thee
and me, and we become this song and saying unto
all them that follow after:

Here were two men of might
The antique years among,
The one Inspirant hight
I th' Amyclaean tongue,
The other Fere would be
In speech of Thessalye;
Each lov'd each, even-peise:
O other golden days,
Whereas love-I love-you
All men did hold for true!
ei γὰρ τούτο, πάτερ Κρονίδη, πέλοι, εἰ γάρ, ἀγήρφι
ἀθάνατοι, γενεὺς δὲ διηκοσίσσιν ἐπεῖτα
ἀγγείλεσιν ἐμοὶ τις ἀνέξοδον εἶς Ἀχέροντα:
ἡ σή νῦν φιλότης καὶ τοῦ χαριεύτος ἀτέω
πάσι διὰ στόματος, μετὰ δ’ ἡθέωσι μάλιστα.
ἀλλ’ ἦτοι τούτων μὲν ὑπέρτεροι Οὐρανίων,
ἐσσονθ’ ὡς ἐθέλουσιν· ἐγὼ δὲ σε τὸν καλὸν αἰνέων
ψεύδεα μιν ὑπερθεν ἁραίης οὐκ ἀναφύσω.
ἡ γὰρ καὶ τι δάκης τὸ μὲν ἄβλαβες εὐθύς
ἐθηκας,
διπλάσιον δ’ ὀνησις, ἔχων δ’ ἐπὶμετρον ἀπήλθον.
Νιτσαδί Μεγαρῆς ἀριστεύοντες ἐρετοῖς,
ὁλβιοι οἰκείους, τὸν ’Αττικὸν ὡς περίαλλα
ξεῖνον ἐτιμήσασθε Διοκλέα τὸν φιλοπαῖδα.
αἰεὶ οἱ περὶ τύμβον ἀολλεῖς εἰαρι πρῶτῳ
κοῦροι ἐριδμαίνουσι φιλήματος ἀκρα φέρεσθαι.
ὡς δὲ κε προσμάξῃ γλυκερώτατα ἁγίεις ἁγίη,
Βριθόμενοι στεφάνουσιν ἔνω ἐς μητέρ’ ἀπῆλθον.
ὁλβιος, ὡς τις παῖσι φιλήματα κεῖνα διαντά,
ἡ ποῦ τὸν χαροπόν Γανυμήδεα πόλιν ἐπιβάται,
Δυνή ἵναι ἐγει πέτρη στόμα, χρυσὸν ὑπὸ
ἰούνται μὴ φαύλος ἐτήτυμον ἀργυραμοβολ.

1 ἑσσον’ E, cf. ἑσσαμένων Thuc., ἑσσάτο Pind. Fr. Oxyrh. 3. 408, ἑσσάτο Euphorion 99: mss ἑσσον’
2 γλυκερώτατα
E, cf. 15. 139: mss περα

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O would to thee, Father Zeus, and to you, unaging Host of Heaven, that when a hundred hundred years shall be passed away, one bring me word upon the prisoning bank of Acheron our love is yet upon every lip, upon the young men's most of all! Be that or no the People of Heaven shall stablish as they will; for theirs is the dominion; now, when I sing thy praises, there shall no push-o'-leasing rise upon the tip of this tongue; for if e'er thou giv'st me torment, thou healest the wound out of hand, and I am better off than before, seeing I come away with overmeasure.

Heaven rest you glad, Nisaean masters o' the oar, for that you have done such exceeding honour unto an Attic stranger that was among you, to wit unto Diocles; about whose grave, so surely as Spring cometh round, your children vie in a kissing-match, and whosoever presseth lip sweetliest upon lip, cometh away to's mother loaden with garlands. Happy the justicer holdeth that court of kissing! God wot he prays beamy Ganymed, and prays indeed, to make his lips like the touchstones which show the money-changer whether the gold be gold or dross.

"Push-o'-leasing": in the Greek the tell-tale pimples, themselves called 'lies,' rise, not upon the tongue, but upon the tip of the nose. "Diocles": an Athenian who, while living in exile at Megara, died in battle to save the youth he loved.
XIII.—HYLAS

Theocritus tells his friend Nicias in epic shape the tale of the Apotheosis of Hylas, the beloved of Heracles. If, as is probable, the words 'as we seem to think' are a delicate way of saying 'as you seem to think,' the poem may well be an answer to a friendly rebuke of the author of XII, XXIX, and XXX.
XIII.—ΤΛΑΣ

Οὐχ ἀμὴν τὸν 'Ερωτα μόνοις ἐσεξ', ὡς ἐδοκεῖμεν;
Νικία, ὡτινι τούτῳ θεῶν ποικα τέκνων ἔγεντο:
οὐχ ἀμὴν τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φαίνεται ἐμὲν,
οἱ δὲνατοὶ πελόμεσθα τὸ δ' αὐριον ὦκε ἐσοφομες;
ἀλλὰ καὶ 'Αμφιτρύωνος ὁ χαλκεοκάρδιος νῦν,
ὁς τὸν λίν ὑπὲμευε τὸν ἁγριον, ἣρατο παιδός,
τοῦ χαρίεντος 'Τλα, τότε ταῦ πλοκαμίδα φορεύντος,
καὶ νιν πάντ' ἐδίδαξε πατὴρ ὥσει φίλον νύεα,
ὅσσοι μαθὼν ἀγαθὸς καὶ αἰώνιμος αὐτὸς ἐγεντο:
χωρὶς δ' οὐδέποτ' ἦς, οὔτ' εἰ μέσον ἀμαρ ἄροιτο,
οὐδ' ὅκυρ' ἀ λεύκιππος ἀνατρέχοι εἴς Διὸς 'Αδώς,
οὐδ' ὅποκ' ὀρτάλικοι μινυροὶ ποτὶ κοίτον ὅροιν
σεισαμέναις πηρᾶ ματρὸς ἐπ' αἰθαλοείτ δετεύροι,
ὡς αὐτῷ κατὰ θυμον ὁ παῖς πεποναμένος εἰς,
ἑαυτῷ δ' ἐν ἔλεκων ἐς ἀλαθινὸν ἀνδρ' ἀποβάαι.

ἀλλ' ὅτε τὸ χρύσειον ἐπλεισ μετὰ κῶσας Ιάσων
Αἰσονίδας, οἱ δ' αὐτῷ ἀριστῆς συνέποντο
πασαν ἐκ πολίων προλεπεγμένοι, ἔν ὀφελὸς τι,

1 ὡς ἐδοκεῖμεν, like ἐν ἀρα, 'as it seems we think,' cf. ἐν ἀρα 11. 2, ἀρα 1. 66 and 18. 1, ὃν Βιόν 2. 1 and ergo or igitur
Propert. 4. 6. 1, 8. 3. 5, Ovid Trist. 3. 2, 3. 9, Am. 2. 7; and for the first person cf. Pindar P. 3. 107 ἀρετό E,
cf. 1. 12; μεν ἀρετό 2 ἀνατρέχοι: Schaefer: μεν -τρέχει
δροιν E, cf. Hes. Scut. 437: μεν ὄρφεν 3 αὐτῷ = αὐτάδεν,
so schol.

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XIII.—HYLAS

From what God soever sprung, Nicias, Love was not, as we seem to think, born for us alone; nor first unto us of mortal flesh that cannot see the morrow, look things of beauty beautiful. For Amphitryon's brazen-heart son that braved the roaring lion, he too once loved a lad, to wit the beauteous Hylas of the curly locks, and, even as father his son, had taught him all the lore that made himself a good man and brought him fame; and would never leave him, neither if Day had risen to the noon, nor when Dawn's white steeds first galloped up into the home of Zeus, nor yet when the twittering chickens went scurrying at the flapping of their mother's wings to their bed upon the smoky hen-roost. This did he that he might have the lad fashioned to his mind, and that pulling a straight furrow from the outset the same might come to be a true man.

Now when Jason son of Aeson was to go to fetch the Golden Fleece with his following of champions that were chosen of the best out of all the cities in
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ικετο χω ταλαεργός ἀνήρ ἐς ἀφνειόν Ἰωλκόν,
'Αλκμήνας νίδος Μιδεάτιδος ἡρωίνας,
σὺν δ᾿ αὐτῷ κατέβαινεν"Τλας εὐεδρὸν ἐς 'Αργό,
ἀτις κυανεῖν οὐχ ἱππατο Συνδρομάδων ναῦς,
ἀλλὰ διεξάγε, βαθὺν δ᾿ εἰσέδραμε Φάσιν
αἰετὸς ὡς μέγα λαίτμα: ἀφ᾿ οὗ τόδε νιφάδες ἔσταν.
ἀμος δ᾿ ἀντέλλοντι Πελειάδες, ἐσχαταί δὲ
ἀρνα νέον βόσκουτι, τετραμμένου εἴαρος Ἴδη,
τάμος ναυτελίας μυνάσκετο θείος ἀστος
ἵρωων, κοίλαν δὲ καθιδρυθέντες ἐς 'Αργό
'Ελλάσποντον ἴκοντο νότῳ τρίτον ἄμαρ ἄεντι,
eἰσω δ᾿ ὅρμον ἔθεντο Προποντίδος, ἐνθα Κιανῶν
αὐλακας εὐρύνοντι βόες τρίβοντες ἄροτα.
ἐκβάντες δ᾿ ἐπὶ θῆνα κατὰ ξυγὰ δαίτα πένοντο
δειλινῶν, πολλοὶ δὲ μίαν στορέσαντο χαμεύναν
λειμών γάρ σφιν ἐκείτο, μέγα στιβάδεσσιν ὅνειαρ,
ἐνθεν βούτομον ὧδ᾿ βαθὺν τ᾿ ἐτάμοντο κόπειρον.
καρθε"Τλας ὁ ξανθὸς ὅδωρ ἐπιδόρπιον οἰσων
αὐτῷ θ᾿ Ἡρακλῆι καὶ ἀστεμφεὶ Τελαμών,
οἱ μίαν ἀμφω ἐταιροὶ ἀεὶ δαίνυντο τράπεζαν,
χάλκεον ἁγγός ἔχων. τάχα δὲ κράναν ἐνόπειρον
ἡμένῃ ἐν χώρῳ· περὶ δὲ θρία πολλὰ πεφύκει,
κυάνεον τε χελιδόνων χλωρὸν τ᾿ ἀδίαντον
καὶ θάλλοντα σέλινα καὶ εἰλιτενής ἀγρωστῖς.
ὐδατι δ᾿ ἐν μέσῳ Νῦμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζοντο,
Νῦμφαι ἀκοιμητοί, δεινὰι θεαὶ ἀγροιώταις,

1 τόδε "there," E: μεσ τότε
the land, then came there with them to the rich Ioleus
the great man of toil who was son of the high-born
Alemena of Midea, and went down with Hylas at his
side to that good ship Argo, even to her that
speeding ungrazed clean through the blue Clappers,
ran into Phasis bay as an eagle into a great gulf,
whereafter those Clappers have stood still, reefs ever-
more.

And at the rising of the Pleiads, what time of
the waning spring the young lambs find pasture
in the uplands, then it was that that divine
flower of hero-folk was minded of its voyaging, and
taking seat in the Argo's hull came after two
days' blowing of the Southwind to the Hellespont,
and made haven within Propontis at the spot where
furrow is broadened and share brightened by the
oxen of the Cianians. Being gone forth upon the
strand, as for their supper they were making it
ready thwart by thwart; but one couch was strown
them for all, for they found to their hand a meadow
that furnished good store of litter, and thence did
cut them taper rushes and tall bedstraw.

Meanwhile the golden-haired Hylas was gone to
bring water against supper for his own Heracles and
for the valiant Telamon—for they two did ever eat
together at a common board—gone with a brazen ewer.
Ere long he espied a spring; in a hollow it lay,
whereabout there grew many herbs, as well blue
swallow-wort and fresh green maidenhair as blooming
parsley and tangling deergrass. Now in the midst
of the water there was a dance of the Nymphs afoot,
of those Nymphs who, like the water, take no rest,
those Nymphs who are the dread Goddesses of the
Εύνικα καὶ Μαλίς ἔσπερ θ’ ὀρόσας Νύχεια.

ητοί ὁ κοῦρος ἐπείχε ποτῇ πολυχανδέα κρωσόν
βάψαι ἐπειγόμενος; ταλ δ’ ἐν χερὶ πάσαις ἐφυσᾶν
πασῶν γὰρ ἔρως ἀπαλὰς φρέναις ἔξεσόβησεν;

Ἀργείῳ ἐπὶ παιδί. κατήρπε δ’ ἐς μέλαιν ὠδῷρ
ἀδρός, ὅσ ὁτε πυρᾶς ἀπ’ οὐρανοῦ ἔριπεν ἀστήρ
ἀδρός ἐν τόντω, ναύταις δὲ τις εἶπεν ἑταῖροις
‘κοὐφότερ’ ὁ παιδες ποιεῖσθ’ ὅπλα: πλευστικὸς
ὦρος’.2

Νῦμφαι μὲν σφετέροις ἐπὶ γούνασι κοῦρον ἔχοισαι
δακρυέστ’ ἀγανοίσι παρεψύχοντ’ ἐπέεσσιν.

Ἀμφιτυνώιάδας δὲ ταρασσόμενος περὶ παιδὶ
φίλετο, Μαιωτιστὶ λαβὼν εὐκαμπέα τόξα
καὶ ὑπάλον, τὸ ὁ αἷν ἑχάνδαν ἐξειτερᾶ χειρ.

τρίς μὲν ’’Τλαν ἀὐσεν, ὡσον βαθὺς ἦργη λαιμὸς’
τρίς δ’ ἄρ’ ὁ παις ὑπάκουσεν, ἀραιὰ δ’ ἅκετο φωνὰ
ἐξ ὑδατὸς, παρεῦ δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν εἰδετο πόρρω.


1 ἔξεσόβησεν Jacobs, cf. 2. 137 ; μας ἔξεσόβησεν or ἂμφε-
καλύφηστε 2 πλευστικὴς ; μας also πλευστικὸς ὅρος Ε:
μας ὅρος 3 γέμεν Hermann : μας μὲν
61 ὁ ἄρ’ ὁπὸ τ’ ἐν οὐρανοῖς ἀπόρρει λίς ἐπικῦσις
Omitted by the best ms and by the schol. ; for asyndetic

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country-folk, Eunica to wit and Malis and Nycheia with the springtime eyes. And these, when the lad put forth the capacious pitcher in haste to dip it in, lo! with one accord they all clung fast to his arm, because love of the young Argive had fluttered all their tender breasts. And down he sank into the black water headlong, as when a falling star will sink headlong in the main and a mariner cry to his shipmates 'Hoist away, my lads; the breeze freshens.' Then took the Nymphs the weeping lad upon their knees and offered him comfort of gentle speech.

Meantime the son of Amphitryon was grown troubled for the child, and gone forth with that bow of his that was bent Scythian-wise and the cudgel that was ever in the grasp of his right hand. Thrice cried he on Hylas as loud as his deep throttle could belch sound; thrice likewise did the child make answer, albeit his voice came thin from the water and he that was hard by seemed very far away. When a fawn cries in the hills, some raving lion will speed from his lair to get him a meal so ready; and even so went Heracles wildly to and fro amid the pathless brake, and covered much country because of his longing for the child. As lovers know no flinching, so endless was the toil of his wandering by wood and wold, and all Jason's business was but a by-end. And all the while the ship stood tackle aloft, and so far as might be, laden, and the heroes

"Tackle aloft": with the sail hoisted but not yet turned to the wind, cf. Alcaeus N.F. 1. 15.
νορών ὤμθεοι μεσονύκτιον ἑξεκαθαίρουν
Ἡράκλη μένοντες. ὃ δ' ἄποδε ἄγον ἐχώρει
μαϊνόμενος· χαλεπὸς γὰρ ἔσω θεὸς ἦπαρ ἁμυσσεν.

οὕτω μὲν κάλλιστος Ἡλías μακάρων ἀριθμεῖται:
Ἡρακλῆν δ' ἡρώες ἐκερτόμενον λιπονιόταν,
οὔνεκεν ἡρώησε τριακοντάζυγον Ἀργῶν
πεζὰ δ' εἰς Κόλχους τε καὶ ἄζειν ικετὸ Φάσεων.

1 νορῶν E, cf. II. 2. 153: μησίστα a correction of νορων
passed the night a-clearing of the channel, waiting upon Heracles. But he alas! was running whithersoever his feet might carry him, in a frenzy, the God did rend so cruelly the heart within him.

Thus came fairest Hylas to be numbered of the Blest, and the heroes to gird at Heracles for a deserter because he wandered and left the good ship of the thirty thwarts. Nevertheless he made the inhospitable land of the Colchians afoot.

"The channel": the hollow in the sand down which the ship would be launched.
XIV.—THE LOVE OF CYNISCA

The Love of Cynisca is a dialogue of common life. The scene is neither Egypt nor Sicily, perhaps Cos. The characters, middle-aged men, one of whom has been crossed in love, meet in the road, and in the ensuing conversation the lover tells the story of his quarrel with Cynisca, and ends with expressing his intention of going for a soldier abroad. His friend suggests that he should enlist in the army of Ptolemy, and gives that monarch a flattering testimonial, which betrays the hand of the rising poet who seeks for recognition at court.
Χαίρειν πολλά τὸν ἄνδρα Θυώνιχον.

Ἀιξίνας

Ἀιξίνας̄

ὡς χρόνιοῑς.

Ἀιξίνας̄

τὰ ἑκάτερα τοῖς ἔλεγμα τοῖς ἑλέγματα;̄

Ἀιξίνας̄

πράσσομεν οὖς ὡς ἠδύτα Θυώνιχε.

Ἀιξίνας̄

ταῦτ᾽ ἀρα λεπτῶς,

χῶ μῦσταξ πολὺς οὖτος, ἄνεισταλέοι δὲ κάκιννοι.

Ἀιξίνας̄

τοιοῦτος πρῶν τὸις ἀφίκετο Πυθαγορικτός,

Ἀιξίνας̄

ὦχρος κανυπόδητος Ἀθηναῖος δ᾽ ἐφιέετ ἦμεν.

Ἀιξίνας̄

ἡρατο μᾶν καὶ τῆνος;

Ἀιξίνας̄

ἐμίν δοκεῖ, ὡπτῶ ἀλεύρω.

Ἀιξίνας̄

παίσσεις ὑγάθ᾽ ἔχων ἐμὲ ὅ ἀ χαρίεσα Κυνίσκα

Ἀιξίνας̄

ὑβρίσσει λασώ δὲ μανεῖς ποκα, ὑρίξ ἀνἀ

μέσεσον.
XIV.—THE LOVE OF CYNISCA

AESCHINAS
A very good day to master Thyonicus.

THYONICHUS
To Aeschinas the same.

AESCHINAS
Well met!

THYONICHUS
Well met it is; but what ails ye?

AESCHINAS
Luck's way's not my way, Thyonicus.

THYONICHUS
Ah! that's for why thou'rt so lean and the hair o' thy lip so lank, and thy love-locks all-to-bemoiled. Thou'rt like one of your Pythagoreaners that came t'other day, pale-faced and never a shoe to's foot; hailed from Athens, he said.

AESCHINAS
And was he, too, in love?

THYONICHUS
Aye, marry, was he—with a dish o' porridge.

AESCHINAS
Thou'lt be ever at thy quips, good lad. With me 'tis the pretty Cynisca, and she's playing the jade. And I doubt 'tis but a hair's-breadth betwixt me and a madman.
ΘΥΝΙΧΟΣ

tοιοῦτος μὲν ἂεὶ τῷ φίλῳ Αἰσχίνα, ἀσυνχάρει ἕξως.
pάντ' ἐθέλων κατὰ καίρόν· ὅμως δ' εἶπον, τὶ τὸ
kαινόν;

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

'Ωργεῖος κήρων καὶ ὁ Θεσσαλὸς ἱπποδιώκτας
'Αγίς καὶ Κλεονικός επίνομες ὁ στρατιώτας
ἐν χῶρῳ παρ' ἐμί. δύο μὲν κατέκοψα νεοσσως
θηλάζων τῇ χοίρῳ, ἀνὼξα δὲ Βιβλίνων αὐτοῖς
εὐώδη, τετόρων ἑτέων, σχεδὸν ὡς ἀπὸ λανό·
βολβοτίνα, κοχλίας ἔξαρεθη. ἦς πότος ὁδός.

ἡδὶ δὲ προϊόντος, ἐδοξείσθαι ἀκρατον
ὡτίνος ἤθελ' ἐκαστος· ἐδει μόνον ὡτίνος εἰπεῖν.
ἀμμες μὲν φωνεῦσες επίνομες, ὡς ἐδέδοκτο.

ἀ δ' οὐδέν παρεόντος ἐμεῖ, τίν' ἔχειν με δοκεῖς

νῦν;

'οὐ φθεγξῆ; λύκου εἶδες;' ἐπαιξὲ τις. 'ὡς σοφός'
ἐἶπε,
κῆφαπτέ: εὐμαρεώς κεν ἄπ' αὐτᾶς καὶ λύχνων
ἀγας.

ἐστὶ Δύκος, Δύκος ἐστὶ, Λάβα τῷ γείτονος νῖος,
εὐμάκης, ἀπαλός, πολλοῖς δοκέων καλὸς ἦμεν
τούτῳ τὸν κλύμενον κατετάκετο τίνος ἔρωτα.
χάμην τούτο δ' ὠτὸς ἐγεντό ποχ' ἀσυχάροντος·
οὗ μὰν ἐξήταξα μᾶταιν εἰς ἄνδρα γενείων.

ἡδὴ δ' ὃν πόσιον τοι τέσσαρες ἐν βάθει ἡμές,
χῶ Δαριστάοι τὸν ἐμὸν λύκον ἄδειν ἄπ' ἂρχας,

2 Ἀγίς Wil: μαίν 3 Βολβοτίνα E: cf. Athen. 318e
where Βολβοτίνα is changed by editors to Βολβοτίνη: mss
Βολβόν tis from Βολβόν tina 4 ἐφαπτός schol: mss ἐφατ'
THYONICHUS

"Faith, that's ever my Aeschinas; something hastier than might be; will have all his own way. But come, what is it?"

AESCHINAS

There was the Argive and I and Agis the jockey out o' Thessaly, and Cleunicus the man-at-arms a-drinking at my farm. I'd killed a pair of pullets, look you, and a sucking-pig, and broached 'em a hogshead of Bibline fine and fragrant—four years in the cask, mark you, and yet, where new's best, as good as new—and on the board a cuttlefish and cockles to boot; i'faith, a jolly bout.

To't we went, and when things waxed warmer 'twas agreed we should toast every man his fancy; only we should give the name. But when we came to drink, the wench would not keep to the bond like the rest of us, for all I was there. How, think you, I liked of that? 'Wilt be mum?' says one, and in jest, 'Hast met a wolf?' 'O well said!' cries she, and falls a-blushing like fire; Lord! you might have lit a candle at her face. One Wolf there is, look you, master Wolf the son of neighbour Labas, one of your tall and sleek sort, in some folks' eyes a proper man. 'Twas he she made so brave a show of pineing for out o' love. And I'd had wind o't too, mind you, softly, somehow, and so-to-speak; but there! I never raised inquiry for all my beard's so long.

Be that as it may, we four good men were well in, when he of Larissa, like the mischief he was, fell

"Hast met a wolf?" the sight of a wolf was said proverbially to make a man dumb.
ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΣΑΛΙΚΟΥ ΤΩ ΜΕΛΙΣΜΑ, ΚΑΚΑΙ ΦΡΕΝΕΣ· Ἄ ΔΕ
ΚΥΝΙΣΚΑ
ἐκλαεν ἐξατίνας βαλερώτερον Ἦ παρὰ ματρὶ
παρθένος ἐξαέτης κόλπω ἐπιθυμήσασα.
τάμος ἑγὼν, τὸν ἱσαις τῷ Θηύνιε, πῦξ ἐπὶ κόρρας
ήλασα, κάλλαν αὐθις. ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ πέπλως
ἐξω ἀπόχετο βάσσον ἐμὸν κακὸν, οὐ τοι ἀρέσκω;
ἀλλος τοι γλυκύς ὑποκόλπνος; ἀλλον ἰοίσα
θάλπε φίλον. τῆς τεάν 1 δάκρυα μαλὰ ρέοντι;
μάστακα δούσα 2 τέκνοισιν ὑποροφοοίαι χελίδων
ἀφορρον ταξίνα πέτεται βίον ἀλλον ἀγερεῖν
ὡκυτέρα μαλακᾶς ἀπὸ δύφρακος ἐδραμε τῆνα
ἰδὺ δὲ ἀμφιθύρῳ καὶ δικλίδος, ἀ πόδες ἀγο
ἀινὸς θην λέγεται τῆς ἡβα καὶ ταῦρος 3 ἃν ὑλαν.
εἰκαδι 4 ταῖ δ’ ὁκτὼ, ταῖ δ’ ἐννέα, ταὶ δὲ δέκ’
ἀλλαί,
σάμερον εἰνδεκάτα: ποτίθες δέκα, καὶ δύο 5 μήνες,
ἐξ ὧν ἀπ’ ἀλλάλων οὐδ’ εἰ Ἡρακλῆι κέκαρμαι,
οίδε. Δύκος νῦν πάντα, Δύκῳ καὶ νυκτὸς ἀνόκται
ἀμμες δ’ οὐτε λόγῳ τινὸς ἄξιοι οὐτ’ ἀριθμητοὶ,
ἵστημοι Μεγαρῆς ἀτιμοτάτη ἐνι μοιρῇ.
κεῖ μὲν ἀποστέρζαμι, τὰ πάντα κεῖν εἰς δεὸν
ἔρποι.

1 τέα Ahrens: miss τά or τά σά μᾶλα cf. Μεγαρά 56
2 δοίσα Schol: miss ἰ’ ἰ’ 3 ἡβα καὶ ταῦρος some ms and
Schol: others ἡθανε ταῦρος or ἥβα κάνταρος 4 εἰκαδι: E:
miss εἰκατ 5 δέκα καὶ δύο E: miss δύο καὶ δέκα or δύο καὶ
δε (following the corruption εἰκατ. above): with the passage
of Ἀρ. Νυμ. 1116.
a-singing a Thessalian catch beginning 'My friend the Wolf'; whereupon Cynisca bursts out a-weeping and a-wailing like a six-year-old maiden in want of a lap. Then—you know me, Thyonicus,—I up and fetched her a clout o' the ear, and again a clout. Whereat she caught up her skirts and was gone in a twink. 'Am I not good enough, my sweet mischief? Hast ever a better in thy lap? Go to, pack, and be clipping another. You's he thou weep'st apples over.' Now a swallow, mark you, that bringeth her young eaves-dwellers their pap, giveth and is gone again to get her more; so quickly that piece was up from her cushions and off through door-place and through door, howsoever her feet would carry her. Aye, 'tis an old story how the bull went through the wood.

Let me see, 'twas the twentieth o' the month. Eight, nine, ten; to-day's the eleventh. You've only to add ten days and 'twill be two months since we parted; and I may be Thracian-cropped for aught she knows. Ah! 'tis all Wolf nowadays; Wolf hath the door left open for him o' nights; as for me, I forsooth am altogether beside the reckoning, like miserable Megara, last i' the list. 'Tis true, if I would but take my love off the wench, all would go well. But alack! how can that be? When

"Add ten days and 'twill be two months": the meaning is 'in another week it will be the 20th of the next month but one'; ten is a round number, for in Greece the weeks were of ten days, cf. σχήσις 10. 12. The carouse took place, say, on the 20th April; in another 'week' it will be the 20th June. "Thracian-cropped": cf. l. 4: the Thracian barbarians wore their hair long. "Megara": the Megarians, upon asking the oracle which was the finest people in Greece, were told that Thrace had fine horses, Sparta fine women, and Syracuse fine men, but Argos surpassed them all; and as for Megara, she was out of the reckoning altogether.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

νῦν δὲ πόθεν; μῦς, φαντὶ, Θυώνιχε, γεύμεθα πίσσας.
χῶτι τὸ φάρμακον ἐστὶν ἀμηχανέοντος ἔρωτος,
οὐκ οἶδα. πλάνοι Σίμος ὁ τὰς ἐπιχάλκω ἐρασθείς
ἐκπλεύσας ἔγνης ἐπανήνθ', ἐμὸς ἀλκιώτας,
πλευσόμαι κήγῳ διαπόντιοι; οὔτε κάκιστος
οὔτε πρῶτος ἴσως, ὀμαλὸς δὲ τις ὁ στρατιώτας.

ΘΥΝΙΧΟΣ

ὁφελε μὲν χωρεῖν κατὰ νῦν τεῦν, ὀν ἐπεβύμεις
Αἰσχίνα. εἰ δ' οὕτως ἀρὰ τοι δοκεῖ ὑ στ' ἀποδαμεῖν,
μυσθούσης Πτολεμαίος ἐλευθέρῳ οἶος ἄριστος.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

τᾶλλα δ' ἀνὴρ ποῖος τις ἐλευθέρῳ οἶος ἄριστος;

ΘΥΝΙΧΟΣ

εὐγνώμων, φιλόμουσος, ἐρωτικός, εἰς ἄκρον ἁδύς,
εἰδὼς τὸν φιλέοντα, τὸν οὐ φιλεόντ' ἐτι μᾶλλον,
πολλοῖσ πολλὰ διδοὺς, αἰτεύμενος οὐκ ἀνανεύων,
οία χρή βασιλῆ' αἰτεῖν δὲ δεῖ οὐκ ἐπὶ παντὶ
Αἰσχίνα. ὡστ' εἰ τοι κατὰ δεξιῶν ἦμον ἄρεσκει
λῶτος ἄκρον περονάσθαι, ἐπ' ἀμφότεροις δὲ
βεβακῶς

tολμασεῖς ἐπίοντα μενεὶς θρασύν ἀσπιδιώτας,
ἀ τάχος εἰς Αἰγυπτον. ἀπὸ κροτάφων πελόμεσθα
πάντες γηραλέως, καὶ ἐπισχέρω ἐς γέννῃ ἐρπεῖ
λευκαινῶν ὁ χρόνος· ποιεῖν τι δεῖ, ἃς γόνυ χλωρόν. 70

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mouse tastes pitch, Thyonichus—; and what may be the medicine for a love there's no getting away from, 'faith, I know not—save that Simus that fell in love, as the saying is, with Mistress Brassbound and went overseas, he came home whole; a mate of mine he was. Suppose I cross the water, like him; your soldier's life, as 'tis not maybe o' the highest, so is it not o' the lowest, but 'tis e'en as good as another.

THYONICHUS

I would indeed thy desire had run smooth, Aeschinas. But if so be thy mind is made up to go thy ways abroad, I'll e'en tell thee the best pay-master a freeman can have; King Ptolemy.

AESCHINAS

And what sort of man, pray, is this that is the best a freeman can have?

THYONICHUS

A kind heart, a man of parts, a true gallant, and the top o' good-fellowship; knows well the colour of a friend, and still better the look of a foe; like a true king, gives far and wide and says no man nay—albeit 'tis true one should not be for ever asking alms, Aeschinas. (in mock-heroic strain) So an thou be'st minded to clasp the warrior's cloak about thee, and legs astride to abide the onset of the hardy foe-man, to Egypt with thee. To judge by our noddles we're all waxing old, and old Time comes us grizzaling line by line down the check. We must fain be up and doing while there's sap in our legs.

"When mouse tastes pitch": the mouse that fell into the caldron of pitch was proverbial of those who find themselves in difficulties through their own folly. "Mistress Brassbound": contemporary slang for the soldier's shield.
XV.—THE WOMEN AT THE ADONIS-FESTIVAL

The scene of this mime is Alexandria, and the chief characters are two fellow-countrywomen of the author. Gorgo, paying a morning call, finds Praxinoa, with her two-year-old child, superintending the spinning of her maids, and asks her to come with her to the Festival of Adonis at the palace of Ptolemy II. Praxinoa makes some demur, but at last washes and dresses and sallies forth with her visitor and their two maids. After sundry encounters in the crowded streets, they enter the palace, and soon after, the prima donna begins the Dirge—which is really a wedding-song containing a forecast of a dirge—with an address to the bride Aphrodite and a reference to the deification of the queen of Ptolemy I. The song describes the scene—the offerings displayed about the marriage-bed, the two canopies of greenery above it, the bedstead with its representation of the Rape of Ganymede, the coverlets which enwrap the effigies of Adonis and Aphrodite, the image of the holy bridegroom himself—and ends with an anticipation of the choral dirge to be sung on the morrow at the funeral of Adonis.
χρόνων· ἔνδοι. θαυμάζ̄τε καὶ νῦν ἵνθες. ὃρη δὴ φήμην Εὔνοια αὐτἀ, ἐμβαλέ καὶ ποτίκρανον.

Γοργόν ἔχει κάλλιστα. Πραξίνων καθίζειν.

Γοργόν ὁ τὰς ἀλεμάτων ἴσθας μόλις ὅμων ἔσώδην, Πραξίνων, πολλῶν μὲν ὅχλω, πολλῶν δὲ τεθρίπτων παντὰ κρηπίδες, παντὰ κραμυδηφόροι ἄνδρες· ὃ δ’ ὅδος ἀτρυπος· τὸ δ’ ἑκαστάτῳ ὡς ἑναποκεισί.

Πραξίνων ταῦθ’ ὁ πάραρος τήνος· ἔπ’ ἐσχάτα γὰς ἔλαβ’ ἔνθων ἰλεόν, οὐκ οἰκησίν, ὃπως μὴ γείτονες ὅμες ἀλλάλαις, ποτ’ ἔρων, φθονερὸν κακὸν, αἰεν ῥώμοιον.

1 ἀλεμάτω Stephanus: mss ἀδεμάτω (so Greg. Cor.), ἀδεί-
μάλ(ν)του, ἀδαμά(τ)ου 2 ἑκαστάτῳ ὡς ἑναποκεισί E, cf. 1. 45 τοῖς ὅπως ἔποιεν ἐκτὸς ἐν τῷ ὅπου· where’ 1. 13: mss ἑκαστέρῳ ἐν’ ἑποκεισί.
XV.—THE WOMEN AT THE ADONIS-FESTIVAL

gorgo (with her maid Eutychis at the door, as the maid Eunoa opens it)

Praxinoa at home?

PRAXINOA (running forward)

Dear Gorgo! at last! she is at home. I quite thought you'd forgotten me. (to the maid) Here, Eunoa, a chair for the lady, and a cushion in it.

GORG0 (refusing the cushion)

No, thank you, really.

PRAXINOA

Do sit down.

GORG0 (sitting)

O what a silly I was to come! What with the crush and the horses, Praxinoa, I've scarcely got here alive. It's all big boots and people in uniform. And the street was never-ending, and you can't think how far your house is along it.

PRAXINOA

That's my lunatic; came and took one at the end of the world, and more an animal's den, too, than a place for a human being to live in, just to prevent you and me being neighbours, out of sheer spite, the jealous old wretch! He's always the same.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΩ
μὴ λέγε τόν τεύν ἀνδρα, φίλα, Δίνωνα τοιαύτα τῷ μικκῷ παρεόντος· ὅρη γύναι, ὡς ποδορῆ τυ. θάρσει ζωπυρίου, γλυκερὸν τέκος· οὐ λέγει ἀπφύν.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ
αἰσθάνεται τὸ βρέφος, ναὶ τὰν πότνιαν.

ΓΟΡΓΩ
καλὸς ἀπφύς.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ
ἀπφύς μὰν τῆς τὰ πρών—λέγομες δὲ πρῶν θην 'πάππα,' νῖτρον καὶ φῦκος ἀπὸ σκανάς ἀγοράδειν— ἤμηθε φέρων ἀλας ἁμιν, ἀνὴρ τρισκαίδεκάπαχυς.

ΓΟΡΓΩ
χῶμος ταῦτα ἔχει, φθόρος ἀργυρίῳ, Διοκλείδας· ἐπταδράχμως κυνάδας, γραιάν ἀποτίλματα πηρᾶν, πέντε πόκως ἐλαβ' ἐχθές, ἀπαν ρύπον, ἔργον ἐπ' ἔργῳ· ἀλλ' ἶθι τὸμπέχονον καὶ τὰν περονατρίδα λάζειν, βάμες τῷ βασιλῆς ἐς ἀφνείῳ Πτολεμαίῳ θασόμεναι τὸν Ἀδωνίων· ἀκοῦν χρῆμα καλῶν τι κοσμεῖν τὰν βασιλισσαν.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ
ἐν ὀλβίῳ ὀλβία πάντα.

1 Ζωτόροις (diminutive of Ζωτόρος) Buecheler: mss -ίων
λέγει: mss also λέγε 2 πάππα Wil from Et. Mag.: mss πάπτα ἀγοράδειν Ahrens: baby-language, cf. Theophr. Char. 7. 10: mss ἀγοράδειν 2 θαυταί Ahrens: mss θαυτ' or θαύτα γ'
GORGO

My dear, pray don't call your good Dinon such names before Baby. See how he's staring at you. (to the child) It's all right, Zopy, my pet. It's not dad-dad she's talking about.

PRAXINOA

Upon my word, the child understands.

GORGO

Nice dad-dad.

PRAXINOA

And yet that dad-dad of his the other day—the other day, now, I tell him 'Daddy, get mother some soap and rouge from the shop,' and, would you believe it? back he came with a packet of salt, the great six feet of folly!

GORGO

Mine's just the same. Diocleidas is a perfect spendthrift. Yesterday he gave seven shillings apiece for mere bits of dog's hair, mere pluckings of old handbags, five of them, all filth, all work to be done over again. But come, my dear, get your cloak and gown. I want you to come with me (grandly) to call on our high and mighty Prince Ptolemy to see the Adonis. I hear the Queen's getting up something quite splendid this year.

PRAXINOA (hesitating)

Fine folks, fine ways.
ΓΟΡΓΑ

ὦν ἴδες, ὦν εἶπες καὶ ἰδοῦσα τῷ τῷ μὴ ἴδοντι.
ἐρπείν ὠρα κε εἰη.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

ἀεργοῖς αἰεν ἐορτά.
Εὐνόα, αἴρε τὸ νῆμα καὶ ἐς μέσον αἰνόδρυπτε
θές πάλιν αἳ γαλέαι μαλακῶς χρήζοντι καθεύ
deiv.
κινεῦ δή, φέρε θάσσον ὕδωρ. ὑδάτως πρότερον
dei,
ἀ δὲ σμάμα φέρει, δός ὅμως. μὴ δὴ πολύ,
λαστρί.
ἔχει ὕδωρ. δύστανε, τι μεν τὸ χιτώνιον ἀρδεῖς;
παῦε ὁκοία θεοῖς ἐδόκει, τοιαύτα νέπιμμαι.
ἀ κλαξ τὰς μεγάλας πᾶ λάρνακος; ὀδε φέρ
αὐτάν.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

Πραξινῶα, μάλα τοι τὸ καταπτυχὲς ἐμπερόναμα
τοῦτο πρέπει· λέγε μοι, πόσοσ κατέβα τοι ἀφ
ιστώ;

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

μὴ μνάσης Γοργοί· πλέον ἄργυρῳ καθαρῷ μνᾶν
ἡ δύο· τοῖς δ' ἐργοῖς καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ποτέμηκα.

1 δὲ σμάμα G. Hermann: mss δ' εἴ φάμα λαστρί E.
Schwartz, cf. Herodas 6. 10: mss ἀπληστε
GORGO

Yes; but sightseers make good gossips, you know, if you've been and other people haven't. It's time we were on the move.

PRAXINOA (still hesitating)

It's always holidays with people who've nothing to do. (suddenly making up her mind) Here, Eunoa, you scratch-face, take up the spinning and put it away with the rest. Cats always will lie soft. Come, bestir yourself. Quick, some water! (to Gorgo) Water's wanted first, and she brings the soap. (to Eunoa) Never mind; give it me. (E. pours out the powdered soap) Not all that, you wicked waste! Pour out the water. (E. washes her mistress's hands and face) Oh, you wretch! What do you mean by wetting my bodice like that? That's enough. (to Gorgo) I've got myself washed somehow, thank goodness. (to Eunoa) Now where's the key of the big cupboard? Bring it here. (Takes out a Dorian pinner—a gown fastened with pins or brooches to the shoulders and reaching to the ground, with an overfold coming to the waist—and puts it on with Eunoa's aid over the inner garment with short sleeves which she wears indoors)

GORGO (referring to the style of the overfold)

Praxinoa, that full gathering suits you really well. Do tell me what you gave for the material.

PRAXINOA

Don't speak of it, Gorgo; it was more than eight golden sovereigns, and I can tell you I put my very soul into making it up.

"Wicked waste": the Greek is "pirate-vessel."
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΩ

ἀλλὰ κατὰ γνώμαν ἀπέβα τοι.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ

tοῦτο κάλ' εἶπες.

τὸ μπέχονον φέρε μοι καὶ τὰν θολίαν κατὰ κόσμον ἄμφιθεσ. οὐκ ἄξω τὸ τέκνον. μορμῳ δάκνει ἵπποι.

δάκρυ, ὅσα θέλεις, χωλὸν ὡς οὐ δεῖ τι γενέσθαι. ἐρπομε. Φρυγία, τὸν μικκὸν παῖςδε λαβοῖσα, τὰν κύν ἐσω κάλεσον, τὰν αὐλεῖαν ἀπόκλαξον.

ὁ θεοί, ὅσος ἄχλος: πῶς καὶ πόκα τοῦτο περάσαι

χρὴ τὸ κακόν; μῦρμακες ἀνάριθμοι καὶ ἀμετροί. πολλά τοι Ὁ Πτολεμαῖε πεποίηται καλὰ ἐργα, ἐξ ὃ ἐν ἄθανάτωι ὁ τεκὼν οὐδεὶς κακοεργὸς δαλεῖται τὸν ὅντα παρέρπων Αἰγυπτιστὶ, οἷα πρὶν ἐξ ἀπάτας κεκροτημένοι ἄνδρες ἐπαισδοὺν ἀλλάλωις ὁμαλοί κακὰ παίγνια πάντες ἔρειοι.1

ἀδίστα Γοργοὶ, τὴ γενομέθα; τοὶ πολεμοῦσα ἵπποι τῷ βασιλῆσ. ἀνερ φίλε, μὴ με πατήσῃς. ὁρθὸς ἀνέστα ὁ πυρρός ἠδ' ὡς ἄγριος. κυνοθαρσῆς Εὐνόα, οὐ φευξῇ; διαχρησεῖται τὸν ἄγοντα. ἀνάθηνη μεγάλος, δτὶ μοι τὸ βρέφος μένει ἐνδοι.2

1 ἔρειοι: miss ἔρειοι, explained by Hesych. as καυν
2 ἐνδοι̃: Ahrens: miss ἐνδοι̃
THEOCRITUS XV, 38-55

GORGO
Well, all I can say is, it's most successful.

PRAXINOA
It's very good of you to say so. (to Eunoa) Come, put on my cloak and hat for me, and mind you do it properly. (Eunoa puts her cloak about her head and shoulders and pins the straw sun-hat to it). (taking up the child) No; I'm not going to take you, Baby. Horse-bogey bites little boys. (the child cries) You may cry as much as you like; I'm not going to have you lamed for life. (to Gorgo, giving the child to the nurse) Come along. Take Baby and amuse him, Phrygia, and call the dog indoors and lock the front-door.

(in the street) Heavens, what a crowd! How we're to get through this awful crush and how long it's going to take us, I can't imagine. Talk of an antheap! (apostrophising) I must say, you've done us many a good turn, my good Ptolemy, since your father went to heaven. We have no villains sneaking up to murder us in the streets nowadays in the good old Egyptian style. They don't play those awful games now—the thorough-paced rogues, every one of them the same, all queer!

Gorgo dearest! what shall we do? The Royal Horse! Don't run me down, my good man. That bay's rearing. Look, what temper! Stand back, Eunoa, you reckless girl! He'll be the death of that man. Thank goodness I left Baby at home!
θάρσει Πραξινόας καὶ δὴ γεγενήμεθ’ ὀπισθεν, 
τοι δ’ ἔβαν ἐς χῶραν. 1

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
καὶ τὰ συναγείρομαι ἡδή. 
ἐπον καὶ τὸν ψυχρὸν ὅφιν τὰ μάλιστα δεδοίκω 
ἐκ παιδός. σπεύδωμες ὁχλὸς πολὺς ἄμμιν 
ἐπιρρέῃ.

ἐξ αὐλᾶς ὁ μάτερ;

ΓΡΑΤΣ
έγών, τέκνα.

ΓΟΡΓΗ
ἐὶτα παρενθεῖν 
εὕμαρεῖς;

ΓΡΑΤΣ
ἐς Τροιαν πειρόμενοι ἦνθον Ἀχαιοί, 
καλλίστα παιδών πείρα θην πάντα τελεύτα.

ΓΟΡΓΗ
χρησμὸς ἀ πρεσβύτες ἀπώχετο θεσπίξασα.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
πάντα γυναῖκες ἵσαντι, καὶ ὁς Ζεὺς ἔγαγεθ’ Ἡραν.

ΓΟΡΓΗ
θᾶσαι Πραξινόα, περὶ τὰς θύρας ὅσος ὅμιλος.

1 Cf. Xen. Cyr. 4. 5. 37, where ἄστρατα Ἦρας is opposed to χάραν λαβέιν, ibid. 8. 6. 19 συναγείρειν στρατιάν, Plat. 
Prot. 328d ἐμαυτῶν ἔσπερει συναγείραι

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GORGΟ

It's all right, Praxinoa. We've got well behind them, you see. They're all where they ought to be, now.

PRAXINΟΑ (recovering)

And fortunately I can say the same of my poor wits. Ever since I was a girl, two things have frightened me more than anything else, a horrid slimy snake and a horse. Let's get on. Here's ever such a crowd pouring after us.

GORGΟ (to an Old Woman)

Have you come from the palace, mother?

OLD WOMAN

Yes, my dears.

GORGΟ

Then we can get there all right, can we?

OLD WOMAN

Trying took Troy, my pretty; don't they say where there's a will there's a way?

GORGΟ

That old lady gave us some oracles, didn't she?

PRAXINΟΑ (mock-sententiously)

My dear, women know everything. They know all about Zeus marrying Hera.

GORGΟ

Do look, Praxinoa; what a crowd there is at the door!

"I can say the same": the Greek has a pun on 'assembling' troops and 'collecting' one's wits. "Gave us some oracles": i.e. her sententious remarks were about as useful as oracles generally are.
ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

θεσπέσιος. Γοργοὶ, δος ταν χερα μου· λαβε κατ τυ
Εινοα Ευτυχιδος· ποτεχ' αυτα, μη τι πλαναθης.
pασαι αμ' εισενθωμες· απριξ' εχεν Εινοα αμων.
ομοι δειλαια, διχα μεν το θεριστριον ηοη
εσχισται, Γοργοι. ποττω Διος, ει τι γενοιο
eυδαιμων ονθρωπε, φυλασσεσ τωμπεχονον μεν.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ουκ επ' εμιν μεν, ομως δε φυλαξεμαι.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

οχλος άθρως·

ωθενθ' οσπερ υες.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

θαρσει γυναι· εν καλω ειμεσ.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

κεις ορας κηπειτα, φιλ' ανδρων, εν καλω εις
αμμε περιστελλων. χρητω κοικηρμονος ανδρος.
φλιβεται Εινοα αμμων· αγ' ο δειλα τυ βιαξεν.

καλλιστ'. 'ενδοι πασαι' ο ταν νυον ειπ' απο-

κλαξας.

ΓΟΡΓΑ

Πραξινοα, ποταγ' οδε. τα ποικιλα πρατον άθρη-
σον,

λεπτα και ως χαριεντα· θεων περοναματα φασεις.
THEOCRITUS XV, 66–79

**PRAXINOA**
Marvellous. Give me your arm, Gorgo; and you take hold of Eutychis' arm, Eunoa; and you hold on tight, Eutychis, or you'll be separated. We'll all go in together. Mind you keep hold of me, Eunoa. Oh dear, oh dear, Gorgo! my summer cloak's torn right in two. *(to a stranger)* For Heaven's sake, as you wish to be saved, mind my cloak, sir.

**FIRST STRANGER**
I really can't help what happens; but I'll do my best.

**PRAXINOA**
The crowd's simply enormous; they're pushing like a drove of pigs.

**FIRST STRANGER**
Don't be alarmed, madam; we're all right.

**PRAXINOA**
You deserve to be all right to the end of your days, my dear sir, for the care you've been taking of us. *(to Gorgo)* What a kind considerate man! Poor Eunoa's getting squeezed. *(to Eunoa)* Push, you coward, can't you? *(they pass in)*

That's all right. All inside, as the bridegroom said when he shut the door.

gorgo *(referring, as they move forward towards the dais, to the draperies which hang between the pillars)*

Praxinoa, do come here. Before you do anything else I insist upon your looking at the embroideries. How delicate they are! and in such good taste! They're really hardly human, are they?

"Summer cloak": the festival was probably held upon the longest day.

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πότιν' Ἀθανάια. ποιαὶ σφ' ἐπόνασαν ἔριθοι, 
ποιοὶ ζωογράφοι τάκριβεα γράμματ' ἔγραψαν. 
ὡς ἔτυμ' ἐστάκαντι, καὶ ὡς ἔτυμ' ἐνδινεύτι 
ἐμφύη, οὐκ ἐνυφαντά. σοφὸν τοι1 χρήμ' ἀνθρωπος. 
αὐτὸς δ' ὃς θαγτός ἐπ' ἀργυρέας κατάκειται 
ἀρμοὶ2 πράτον ἱοῦλον ἀπὸ κροτάφων κατα- 
βάλλων—
ὁ τριφίλητος Ἄδωνις, ὃ κήν Ἀχέροντι φιλεῖται.

ΕΤΕΡΟΧ ΞΕΝΟΣ

παῦσασθ' ὃ δύστανοι, ἀνάνυτα κωτίλλοισαι 
τρυγόνες· ἐκκανασεύντι πλατειάσδουισαι ἀπαντα.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ

μᾶ, πόθεν ὀνθρωπος; τί δὲ τίν, εἰ κωτίλαι εἰμές; 
πασάμενος ἐπίτασσε. Συρακοσίαις ἐπιτάσσεισ. 
ὡς εἴδης καὶ τοῦτο, Κορίνθιαι εἰμὲς ἄνωθεν, 
ὡς καὶ ὁ Βελλεροφῶν· Πελοποννασσιτὶ λαλεύμες. 
Δωρίσδεν δ' ἔξεστι δοκῶ τοῖς Δωρίδεσσι. 
μὴ φύρ, Μελιτῶδες, ὃς ἀρμῶν καρτερὸς εἰη, 
πλὴν ἐνὸς. οὐκ ἄλεγω. μὴ μοι κενεαν ἀπομάξησ.

ΓΟΡΓΩ

σύγα Πραξινόα· μέλλει τὸν Ἄδωνιν ἀείδειν 
ά ταῖς Ἀργείαις θυγάτηρ, πολύδρις ἀοιδός, 
ἄτις καὶ πέρυτιν2 τὸν ἰάλεμου ἀριστεύσε.

1 τοι schol. to Soph. Ant. 343: mss τι
2 ἀρμοὶ Kaibel,
 with ἀφγυρίας supply κλίσαι
3 πέρυτιν Reiske: mss πέρχον or σπέρχω

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THEOCRITUS XV, 80-98

PRAXINOA

Huswife Athena! the weavers that made that material and the embroiderers who did that close detailed work are simply marvels. How realistically the things all stand and move about in it! they're living! It is wonderful what people can do. And then the Holy Boy; how perfectly beautiful he looks lying on his silver couch, with the down of manhood just showing on his cheeks,—(religioso) the thrice-beloved Adonis, beloved even down below!

SECOND STRANGER

Oh dear, oh dear, ladies! do stop that eternal cooing. (to the bystanders) They'll weary me to death with their ah-ah-ah-ing.

PRAXINOA

My word! where does that person come from? What business is it of yours if we do coo? Buy your slaves before you order them about, pray. You're giving your orders to Syracusans. If you must know, we're Corinthians by extraction, like Bellerophon himself. What we talk's Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorians may speak Doric, mayn't they? Persephone! let's have no more masters than the one we've got. I shall do just as I like. Pray don't waste your breath.

GORGO

Be quiet, Praxinoa. She's just going to begin the song, that Argive person's daughter, you know, the "accomplished vocalist" that was chosen to sing "Don't waste your breath": the Greek has 'don't scrape the top of an empty measure.' "Accomplished vocalist": the Greek phrase is Epic, perhaps a quotation from an advertisement or the like.
φθεγχεῖται τι, σάφ' οἶδα, καλόν· διαθρυπτεῖται ἤδη.

ΓΥΝΗ ΑΟΙΔΟΣ

Δέςποιν', ἥ Γολγός τε καὶ Ἰδαλίων ἐφιλησας, αἰτεῖν νὰ Ἁρμικα, χρυσωπίζουσιν' Ἁφροδίτα, οἷόν τοῖς Ἄδωνιν ἀπ' ἀειμό Ἀχέροντος μηνὶ δυσδεκάτῳ μαλακάποδες ἁγαγον Ὡραι, βάρδισται μακάρων Ὡραι φίλαι, ἀλλὰ ποθεῖναι ἔρχονται πάντεσσι βροτοῖς αἰεὶ τι φορεῦσαι.

Κύπρι Διοννία, τὸ μὲν ἀβανάταν ἀπὸ θνατᾶς, ἀνθρώπων ὡς μῦθος, ἑποίησας Βερενίκαν ἀμβροσίαν ἐς στήθος ἀποστάξασα γυναικός, τίν ὡς χαριζομένα, πολυόνυμε καὶ πολύνας, ἀ Βερενικεῖα θυγάτηρ Ἑλέαν εἰκύνια Ἀρσινόα πάντεσσι καλοῖς ἀτιτάλλει Ἀδωνιν. πάρ οἱ ὡρια κεῖται, ὡς ὁρισ ἀκρα φέρονται, πάρ δ' ἀπαλοι κάποι τεφυλαμένοι ἐν ταλα-ρίσκοις

ἀργυρέοις, Συρίῳ δὲ μύρῳ χρύσει ἀλάβαστρα' εἰδοτά θ' ὡσα γυναίκες ἐπὶ πλαθάνῳ ποιεοῦνται ἀνθεα μίσογοι καὶ μελίτος τά τ' ἐν ἔγρο ἐλαιῷ, πάντ' αὐτῷ πετενᾶ καὶ ἔρπετα τείδε πάρεστι.

1 χρυσωπίζουσα Ludwig, cf. καλλωπίζω and χρυσώτις: mss χρυσῆ ταίσισα 2 Mss also μαλακαὶ τόδας 3 πάρ οἱ Ἐ: mss πάρ μὲν οἱ

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the dirge last year. You may be sure she'll give us something good. Look, she's making her bow.

The Dirge

Lover of Golgi and Idaly and Eryx' steepy hold,
O Lady Aphrodite with the face that beams like gold,
Twelve months are sped and soft-footed Heav'n's pretty laggards, see,
Bring o'er the never-tarrying stream Adonis back to thee.
The Seasons, the Seasons, full slow they go and come,
But some sweet thing for all they bring, and so they are welcome home.
O Cypris, Dion's daughter, of thee anealed, 'tis said,
Our Queen that was born of woman is e'en immortal made;
And now, sweet Lady of many names, of many shrines Ladye,
Thy guerdon's giv'n; for the Queen's daughter, as Helen fair to see,
Thy lad doth dight with all delight upon this holyday;
For there's not a fruit the orchard bears but is here for his hand to take,
And cresses trim all kept for him in many a silver tray,
And Syrian balm in vials of gold; and O, there's every cake
That ever woman kneaded of bolted meal so fair
With blossoms blent of every scent or oil or honey rare—
Here's all outlaid in semblance made of every bird and beast.

"Last year": the day of the festival was apparently regarded as the first day of Adonis' six months' stay upon the earth, the other six being spent in Hades. "Anealed": 'anointed.'
χλωρά δὲ σκιάδε μαλακῷ βριθοντ’ ἀνήθῳ ἔδεμανθ’. οἱ δὲ τε κῶροι ὑπερποτόνται Ἐρωτεῖς, οὐοι ἀθροιδῆς ἀεξομεναν ἐτὶ δὲνδρῳ ποτῶνται πτερύγων πειράμενοι θ’ν ἀπ’ θ’ω. ὁ ἔβενος, ὁ χρυσός, ὁ ἐκ λευκῶ εἰλεφαντος αἰετοῖ δι’ οἴνοχον Κρονίδα Δῷ παίδα φέροντες. πορφύρεοι δὲ τάπητες ἀνῳ μαλακότεροι ὑπνώ ἁ Μίλατος ἑρεί χω τὰν Σαμίαν καταβόσκων ‘ἐστρωται κλίνα τοθθ’νιδι τῷ καλῷ ἁμά’. τὸν μὲν Κύπρις ἐχει, τὸν δ’ ὁ ῥοδόπαχυς Ἀδωνι.

ὀκτωκαιδεκτὴς Ἡ ἐννεακαίδεξι ο γαμβρός’ οἱ κεντεῖ τό φίλημ’, ἐτι οἱ περὶ χείλεα πυρρά. νῦν μὰν Κύπρις ἔχοισα τὸν ηὐτᾶς χαρέτω ἀνδρά:

ἀῳθὲν δ’ ἄμμες νιν ἀμα δρόσῳ ἀθροίν ξ’ ν οἰσεύμες ποτὶ κύματ’ ἐτ οἰόνι πτύοντα, λύσασι δὲ κόμαν καὶ ἐπὶ σφυρὰ κόλπων ἀνείσαι στήθεσι φαινομένους λυθρᾶς ἀρξεύμεθ’ ἀοιδάς: ‘ἐρπεις, ὁ φίλ’ Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐνθάδε κεῖσ ’Ἀχέροντα

1 χλωρά δὲ σκιάδε μαλακῷ βριθοντ’ (dual) ἀνήθῳ E, cf. 1. 75, 18. 5, and Jebb on Soph. O.C. 1676: mss χλωραλ δε σκιαιδε μαλακοβ βριθωντες ἀνηθω. ἀεξομεναν (gen. pl.) ἐτι δενδρω Ahrens: mss -νων ἐτι δενδρων. αἰετοι: mss also aiετω 4 ἁμα Ahrens: mss ἀλλα 4 τὸν μὲν and τὸν δ’ E (there were two coverlets, but one wedding-couch): mss ταρ μὲν and ταρ δ’ ἀρξειμεθ’ G. Kiessling: mss ἀρξωμεθ’
Two testers green they have plight ye, with dainty
dill well dressed,
Whereon, like puny nightingales that flit from bough
to bough
Trying their waxing wings to spread, the Love-babes
hovering go.
How fair the ebony and the gold, the ivory white
how fair,
And eagles twain to Zeus on high bringing his cup-
bearer!
Aye, and the coverlets spread for ye are softer spread
than sleep—
Forsooth Miletus town may say, or the master of
Samian sheep,
"The bridal bed for Adonis spread of my own
making is;
Cypris hath this for her wrapping, Adonis that for
his."
Of eighteen years or nineteen is turned the rose-
limbed groom;
His pretty lip is smooth to sip, for it bears but flaxen
bloom.
And now she's in her husband's arms, and so we'll
say good-night;
But to-morrow we'll come wi' the dew, the dew, and
take hands and bear him away
Where plashing wave the shore doth lave, and there
with locks undight
And bosoms bare all shining fair will raise this
shrilling lay:
"O sweet Adonis, none but thee of the children of
Gods and men

"Miletus, Samian sheep"; Milesian and Samian wool was
famous.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἡμιδέων, ὡς φαντὶ, μονώτατος. οὐτ' Ἀγαμέμνων
tοῦτ' ἑπαθ', οὔτ' Ἀιας ὁ μέγας, βαρυμάνιος ἦρως,
oθ' Ἐκτωρ Ἑκάβας ὁ γεραίτατος 1 εἰκατὶ
pαιδῶν,
oὐ Πατροκλῆς, οὐ Πύρρος ἀπὸ Τροίας πάλιν
eνθῶν,
oθ' οἱ ἐτὶ πρῶτον Δαπίθαι καὶ Δευκαλίωνες,
oὐ Πελοπηνᾶδαι τε καὶ Ἀργεοὶ ἀκρὰ Πελασγοῦ,
ἰλαθε νῦν, φίλ' Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐς νέον 2. εὐθυμίσαις
καὶ νῦν ἡνθες Ἀδωνι, καὶ ὅκκ' ἀφίκη, φίλος
ήξεις.'

ΓΟΡΓΗ

Πραξινώα, τὸ χρῆμα σοφώτατον ἀ θήλεια: 3
ὁλβία ὅσσα ἱσατι, πανολβία ὡς γλυκὸ φωνεῖ.
ὁρα ὅμως κεῖς ὁλκον. ἀνάριστοι Διοκλείδας.
χώνηρ δέσις ἅπαν, πεινάντι δὲ μηδὲ ποτένθης.
χαῖρε Ἀδων ἀγαπατε καὶ ἐς χαίροντας ἀφικνεῦ. 4

1 Μss also γεραίτερος  2 Μss also νιστα and νέο  3 ἀ θήλεια = τὸ θῆλυ; there is the common confusion in 146 between
general and particular.  4 Μss ἀφικεύ and ἀφικνεῦ
'Twixt overworld and underworld doth pass and pass agen;
That cannot Agamemnon, nor the Lord o' the Woeful Spleen,
Nor the first of the twice-ten children that came of the Troyan queen,
Nor Patroclus brave, nor Pyrrhus bold that home from the war did win,
Nor none o' the kith o' the old Lapith nor of them of Deucalion's kin—
E'en Pelops line lacks fate so fine, and Pelasgian Argos' pride.
Adonis sweet, Adonis dear,
Be gracious for another year;
Thou'rt welcome to thine own alway,
And welcome we'll both cry to-day
And next Adonis-tide.'

GORGOS
O Praxinoa! what clever things we women are!
I do envy her knowing all that, and still more having such a lovely voice. But I must be getting back. It's Diocleidas' dinner-time, and that man's all pepper; I wouldn't advise anyone to come near him even, when he's kept waiting for his food. Good-by, Adonis darling; and I only trust you may find us all thriving when you come next year.

"The Lord o' the Woeful Spleen": Ajax. "The first of the twice-ten children": Hector. "All pepper": in the Greek 'all vinegar.'
XVI.—THE CHARITES

The traditional name of this poem, The Charites or Graces, may have been really the title Theocritus had given to the whole volume of a small collection of poems, for which this poem was now written as a special dedication. In it he bewails the indifference of a money-loving age, and asks for the patronage of Hiero, then general-in-chief, afterwards king, of Syracuse, even as Simonides had the patronage—not of the first Hiero, as he would have said had this Hiero then been king, but—of the great lords of Thessaly.
ΧΩΡΙΣ Η ΙΕΡΩΝ

Αἰεὶ τούτο Δίως κούραις μέλει, αἰεὶν ἀοίδοίς,
ὑμνεὶν ἄθανάτους, ὑμνεὶν ἁγαθῶν κλέα ἄνδρῶν.
Μοῦσαι μὲν θεαὶ ἑντὶ, θεοὺς θεαὶ ἀείδοντι
ἀμμές δὲ βροτοί οἴδε, βροτοῖς βροτόλ ἀείδομεν.

τίς γὰρ τῶν ὁπόσοι ἦλακνὰς καλοῦσιν ὑπ’ ἀοί,
ήμετέρας Χάριτας ἑπτάσας ὑποδέχεται οἰκῷ
ἀσπασίσως, οὐδ’ ἀοίθις ἄδωρήτους ἀποπέμψει,
αἱ δὲ σκυλόμεναι γυμνοῖς ποσὶν οἰκᾶδ’ ἵσει,
pολλὰ με τωθάξουσι, ὅτ’ ἄλθιαν ὤδον ἡμθοῦ,
ὄκηραὶ δὲ πάλιν κενέας ἐν πυθμένει χηλοῦ
ψυχροῖς ἐν γονάτεσσι κάρῃ μίμνουτι βαλοῦσαι,
ἐνθ’ αἰεὶ σφισιν ἔθραί, ἐπ’ ἄπρακτοι ἱκώται;
τίς τῶν νῦν τοιόσδε; τίς εὖ εἰπόντα φιλήσει;
οὐκ οἶδ’ οὐ γὰρ ἐτ’ ἄνδρες ἐπ’ ἐργασιν ὡς πῶς
ἐσθλοῖς
ἀνείῳθαί σπεῦδοντι, νενίκηται δ’ ὑπὸ κερδέων
πᾶς δ’ ὑπὸ κόλπῳ χεῖρας ἔχων πόθεν οἴσεται ἀλλ’ ἄργυρον,
οὐδὲ κεν ἂν ἄπορτίσας τιλ δοινή,
ἀλλ’ εὐθὺς μυθεῖται: ἴ ἀποτέρω ἡ γόνυ κυμα:
αὐτῷ μοι τί γένοιτο; θεοὶ τιμῶσιν αὐτοίς.

1 ἡμετέρας Χάριτας: schol. τὰ αἰεῖα ποιήματα
2 τι γένοιτο; E, cf. Theophr. Char. 14. 2 ἐλεγοῦσαν ταῖς ψήφοις καὶ κεφάλαιον ποιήσας ὑμῖν τὸν παρακαθημένον τί γίνεται;
*what does it come to?* : mss τί or τι

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'Tis ever the care of Zeus' daughters and ever of the poets to magnify the Immortal Gods and eke to magnify the achievements of great men. But the Muses are Gods, and being Gods do sing of Gods, while as for us we are men, and being men let us sing of men.

Now who of all that dwell beneath the gray dawn, say who, will open his door to receive my pretty Graces gladly, and not rather send them away empty-handed, so that they get them home frowning and barefoot, there to fleer at me for sending them a fool's errand, there to shrink once again into the bottom of an empty press, and sinking their heads upon their chill knees to abide where they ever lodge when they return unsuccessful from abroad? Who, I say, in this present world will let them in, and who in the present days will love one that hath spoke him well? I cannot tell. The praise once sought for noble acts is sought no more; pelf reigns conqueror of every heart; and every man looks hand in pocket where he may get him silver; nay, he would not give another so much as the off-scrapings of the rust of it, but straightway cries "Charity begins at home. What comes thereout for "Charity begins at home": in the Greek 'the shin lies further than the knee.'
tls de kenv allon akousai; allis pantessin' Omarmos. odtos aoidon lysatos, de ej emeu oisetai ouden.

daimonioi, ti de kerdos o muryos endodi xrysos keimenos; oux adev plouton froyousin onasios, alla to mev psuxa, to de poa tina doynai aoidon pollous1 ev erzai padoi, pollous de kai allon antropon, aiei de theois epibomia rizein, mnde xeyndokon kakan emenei, alla trapeza meilxant' apotempya epi zeylon ti vesei.

Mousaw de malista tiein ierous upofigtas, ophra kai evn 'Aiidao kekriymenos esblos akousis, mndi aklesis muryei epi psuxrou 'Akreontos, ose tiis makela tetulomemos endodi xeiras akyn ek pateron peneian akthimoa klaioin.

pollloi ev 'Antiochou domois kai anaktos 'Aleuna armiali emypnou emetriasanto penestaipollloi de Skopadaiosin elanymenoi poti sakois moschoi sun kepairiis emuksiastato boesso, muryia de am pedion Kranwoniwm enidiaskon poimeneis ekkrite mela filoxeinoi Krewndaiws: alla ou sfyn ton zidos, epeiel ylykwn ezkekwnowan thymon eis euriein schesian sthoro géréontos,2 amnastoi de ta polla kai dhlia tina lipontes

1 pollous Wil: mas pollous 2 Msh eilaston 3 sthynouo gérontos Henmsterhuys from Propert. 3. 18. 24: mas sthynou akreontos 200.
me? "Tis the Gods that honour poets. Homer is enough for all. Him rank I best of poets, who of me shall get nothing."

Poor simple fools! what profits it a man that he have thousands of gold laid by? To the wise the enjoyment of riches is not that, but rather to give first somewhat to his own soul, and then something, methinks, to one of the poets; to wit, it is first to do much good as well to other men as to his kinsfolk, to make offering of sacrifice unceasingly upon the altars of the Gods, and, like one hospitably minded, to send his guests, when go they will, kindly entreated away; and secondly and more than all, it is to bestow honour upon the holy interpreters of the Muses, that so you may rather be well spoken of even when you lie hid in Death, than, like some horny-handed delving son of a poor father bewailing his empty penury, make your moan beside chill Acheron's brink without either name or fame.

Many indeed were the bondmen earned their monthly meed in the houses of Antiochus and King Aleuas, many the calves that went lowing with the horned kine home to the byres of the Scopads, and ten thousand were the fine sheep that the shepherds of the plain of Crannon watched all night for the hospitable Creondae; but once all the sweet wine of their life was in the great cup, once they were embarked in the barge of the old man loathsome, the joyance and pleasure of those things was theirs no more: and though they left behind
δειλοῖς ἐν νεκύεσσι μακροὺς αἰώνας ἔκειντο,
εἰ μὴ θείος ἁοιδὸς ὁ Κῆιος αἴόλα φωνέων
βάρβητον ἐς πολύχορδον ἐν ἀνδράσι θηκ' ὁνο-
μαστῶν
ὀπλοτέροις, τιμᾶς δὲ καὶ ὁκεῖς ἐλλαχοῦ ἅπτοι,
o οἴ σφισίν ἔξ ἱερῶν στεφανηφόροι ἤρθον ἁγώνων.
τίς δ' ἀν ἀριστῆς Δυκίων ποτὲ, τίς κομῶντας
Πριαμίδας ἢ θῆλυν ἀπὸ χροῖς Κύκνων ἔγνως,
eἰ μὴ φυλόπιδας προτέρων ὑμνησαν ἁοιδοῖς;
oὐδ' Ὅδυσσεός ἐκατόν τε καὶ ἐξοσι μήνας ἀλαθεῖς
πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώποις, Ἀἴδαν τ' ἐσ' ἐσχατοῦ ἐνθῶν
ζωὸς καὶ στήλυγμα φυγῶν ὀλοίοι Κύκλωπων
δηναίον κλέος ἐσχεν, ἐσφιγάθη δ' ἀν ὑφορβᾶς
Εὐμαίων καὶ βουσὶ Φιλότιτος ἁμὴ ἀγελαίαις
ἔργων ἐχων, αὐτὸς τε περίπλαγχυνος Λαέρτης,
eἰ μή σφεας ἄνασαν Ἰάουνος ἀνδρὸς ἁοίδαι.
ἐκ Μοῖσαν ἄγαθον κλέος ἐρχεται ἀνθρώποισι,
χρήματα δὲ ξώοντες ἀμαλδύνουντι θανόντων.
ἀλλ' ἰσος γὰρ ὁ μόχθος ἐπ' ἁόνι κύματα μετρεῖν,
ὅσο' ἀνεμος χέρσουδε κατὰ 1 γλαυκᾶς ἀλὸς άθεὶ,
ἡ ὑδατι νίζειν βολερᾶν διαειδεῖ πλύθων,
καὶ φιλοκερδεία βεβλαμμένον ἀνδρα παρειπέειν 2
χαιρέτω ὡστος τοῖς, ἀνάρμινος δὲ οἱ ἔη
ἀγνυμίσει, αἰεὶ δὲ πλεόνων ἔχοι ἰμερος αὐτῶν.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τιμᾶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων φιλώτατα
πολλῶν ἡμῶν τε καὶ ἅπτοι πρόσθεν ἐλοίμαν.

1 κατὰ Buecheler: μετὰ 2 παρειπέειν: μετὰ also παρελθεῖν

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them all that great and noble wealth, they had lain among the vile dead long ages unremembered, had not the great Ceian cried sweet varied lays to the strings and famoused them in posterity, and had not the coursers that came home to them victorious out of the Games achieved the honour and glory which called the poet to his task.

Then too the lords of the old Lycians, then the long-haired children of Priam or that Cycnus that was wan as a woman,—say who had known aught of them, had not poets hymned the battle-cries of an elder day? Moreover Odysseus had wandered his hundred months and twenty through all the world, come to uttermost Hades alive, and gone safe from out the cave of the fell Cyclops, and then had never enjoyed the long and lasting glory of it all; and as well great-heart Laertes himself as Eumaeus the hog-ward and Philoctetus the keeper of herded kine, all alike had been under silence had it not profited them of the lays of a man of Ionia.

Yes; good fame men may get of the Muses, but riches be wasted of their posterity after they are dead. But seeing one may as well strive to wash clean in clear water a sun-dried brick, as well stand on the beach and number the waves driven shoreward of the wind from the blue sea, as seek to win by words one whose heart is wounded with the love of gain, I bid all such a very good day, and wish them silver beyond counting and long life to their craving for more. For myself, I would rather the esteem and friendship of my fellow-men than hundreds of mules and horses.

δίξημαι δ', οτιν θνατων κεχαρισμένος ένθω σύν Μοίσαι: χαλεπαί γάρ ὁδοί τελέθουσιν ἀοιδοῖς κουράων ἀπάνευθε Διός μέγα βουλεύοντος. οὕτω μήνας ἁγιον ἐκαί' οὐρανός οὐδ' ἐνιαυτοὺς πολλοὶ κινήσουσιν ἐτὶ τροχὸν ἀματος 1 ἵπποι. ἔσσεται οὕτως ἁμήρ, δε ἐμεθε κεχρήσετ' ἀοιδοῦ μέξας ἢ Ἀχιλέως ὀσσον μέγας ἡ βαρύς Λιας ἐν πεδίῳ Σιμώνεντος, οἴει Φρυγός ἠμίον Ἰλου.

ἡδη ων Φολικες ἢτ' αελίω δύνυντι οἰκεύντει Λιλύβας 2 ἄκρον σφυρον ἑρρίγασιν. ἡδη βαστάζουσιν Συρακοσίου μέσα δούρα ἄχθουμεν σακέσσει βραχίωνας ἰτελοισιν. ἐν δ' αὐτοῖς Ίέρων προτέρους ἵσος ἱρώεσσι ζωνυνται, ἅπειαι δὲ κόρους σκιάους 3 ἔθειαι. αἰ γάρ Ζεύς κύδιστε πάτερ καὶ πότνι Ἀθανά κόρα θ', ἢ σύν ματρὶ πολυκλάρων Ἐφυράων εἰληχας μέγα ἀστυ παρ' ὕδασι Λυσιμελείας, ἔχθρος ἐκ νάσοιο κακαὶ πεμψειαν ἀνάγκαι Σαρδόνιοι κατὰ κύμα φίλων μόρον ἀγγελούντας τέκνους ἤτο ἀλώχουσιν ἀριθμητοὺς ἀπὸ πολλῶν ἀστεα δὲ προτέροισι πάλιν ναιότο πολῖταις, δυσμενέων ὃσα χεῖρες ἐλοβήσαντο κατ' ἄκρας, ἄγροι δ' ἐργάζοντο τεθαλότες, αἱ δ' ἀνάριθμοι μάλων χιλίαδες βοτάνα διαπιανθεῖσαι ἀμ πεδίον βλαχώντο, βόες δ' ἀγελαδὸν ἐς αὐλιν

1 ἀματος Wil: mss ἀματος 2 Λιλύβας Kuiper: mss Λυβίδας 3 σκιάους: mss also σκεπάους 4 ἄγροι δ' ἐργάζοντο (passive) τεθαλότες E: mss ἄγρεος δ' ἐργ. τεθαλότατι 204
And so now I am on my way to seek to whom in all the world I with the Muses may come and be welcome;—with the Muses, for 'tis ill travelling for your poet if he have not with him the Daughters of the Great Counsellor. Not yet are the heavens wearied of bringing round the months nor the years; many the horses yet will roll the wheel of the day; and I shall yet find the man who therefore shall need me for his poet because he shall have done as doughtily as ever did great Achilles or dread Aias by the grave of Phrygian Ilus in Simoeis vale.

For lo! the Phoenician dweller in the foot of Lilybê in the west shudders already and shakes; the Syracusan hath already his spear by the middle and his wicker targe upon his arm; and there like one of the olden heroes stands Hiero girding his loins among his men, a horse-hair plume waving on his crest. And I would to thee, renowned Father, and to thee, Lady Athena, I would to thee, Maiden who with thy Mother dost possess by Lysimeleia's side the great city of the rich Ephyreans, I would that evil necessities may clear our island of hostile folk and send them down the Sardinian wave with tidings of death to wives and children, a remnant easy to number of a mighty host; and I pray that all the towns the hands of enemies have laid so utterly waste, may be inhabited again of their ancient peoples, and their fields laboured and made to bring forth abundantly, their lowlands filled with the bleating of fat flocks in their tens of thousands, and the twilight

"Lilybê": the western angle of Sicily, the promontory of Lilybaenum. The reference to the coming campaign against the Carthaginians dates the poem in the year 274. "The Maiden": the maiden is Persephone, the mother Demeter, and the city Syracuse.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

έρχόμεναι σκνιφαίον ἐπισπεύδοιεν ὀδίταν νεοὶ δ' ἐκπολέωιτο 1 ποτὶ σπόρου, ἀνίκα τέττιξ ποιμένας ἐνδίους πεφυλαγμένος ὑψόθε δένδρων ἀχεῖ ἐν ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἀράχνια δ' εἰς ὅπλ' ἀράχναι λεπτὰ διαστάσαντο, βοῶς δ' ἐτὶ μηδ' ὄνομ' εἵη ὑψηλῶν δ' Ἰέρωνι κλέος φορέοιεν ἀοίδοι καὶ πόντου Σκυθικοῦ πέραν καὶ ὁθι πλατὺ τεῖχος ἀσφάλτῳ δήσασα Σεμίραμις ἐμβασίλευσεν.

εἰς μὲν ἐγώ, πολλοὺς δὲ Διὸς φιλέοντι καὶ ἄλλους θυγατέρες, τοῖς πάσι μέλοι Σικελῶν 'Αρέθοισον ὑμνεῖν σὺν λαοῖσι καὶ αἰχμητὰν Ιέρωνα.

ὁ Ἐτεόκλειος Χάριτες θεαὶ, ὁ Μινύειον Ὀρχομενὸν φιλέοσαι ἀπεχθόμενον ποτε Ῥῆβαις, ἀκλητοῖς μὲν ἐγώγε μένοιμὶ κεν, ἐς δὲ καλεύσων ϑαρσῆσας Μοίσαισι σὺν ἀμετέραισιν ἱοίμ' ἄν.; καλλεύσω δ' οὐδ' ὑμεῖς τί γὰρ Χάριτων ἀγαπατοὺς ἀνθρώποις ἀπάνευθεν; ἀεὶ Χάριτεσσιν ἄμ' εἶχν.

1 ἐκπολέωιτο E, 'be ploughed not here and there only but throughout the landscape'; ms ικπολέωιτο, ἐκπλέωιτο, ἐκτελέωιτο

2 ἱοίμ' ἐν Wil: ms ιοίμαν, ιοίμαν

"Eteocles": this early king of Orchomenus in Boeotia, was said to have been the first to offer sacrifice to the Graces, and Thebes had reason to hate the same Orchomenus because a
traveller warned to hasten his steps by the home-going of innumerable herds; and I pray likewise that against the time when the cricket is fain to sing high in the twigs overhead because of the noontide-resting shepherds, against that time, the time of sowing, none of the fallows be left unturned of the plough, and as for the weapons of war, may spiders weave over them their slender webs, and of the war-cry the very name be forgot. And the glory of Hiero, that may poets waft high both over the Scythian main and eke where Semiramis reigned within that broad wall she made with mortar of pitch; and of these poets I am one, one of the many beloved by the daughters of Zeus, which are concerned all of them to magnify Sicilian Arethusa with her people and her mighty man of war.

O holy Graces first adored of Eteocles, O lovers of that Minyan Orchomenus which Thebes had cause to hate of old, as, if I be called not, I will abide at home, so, if I be called, I will take heart and go with our Muses to the house of any that call. And you shall come too; for mortal man possesseth nothing desirable if he have not the Graces, and 'tis my prayer the Graces be with me evermore.

certain Erginus in revenge for the murder of his father had made Thebes tributary to Orchomenus; Theocritus hints at a wish that Hiero may follow the example of Eteocles in the matter of patronage, and Syracuse prevail over Carthage as Orchomenus did over Thebes. "The Graces": he plays on two meanings of the word Charites, thanks or gratitude or favour, and the Graces who were the spirits of beauty and excellence and handmaidens of the Muses.
XVII — THE PANEGYRIC OF PTOLEMY

A PANEGYRIC of Ptolemy II, Philadelphus, who reigned from 285 to 247. The references to historical personages and events, coupled with a comparison with XVI, point to 273 as the date of the poem. The Ptolemies, like Alexander, traced their descent from Heracles. Ptolemy I, son of Lagus, was deified about 283, and his queen Berenice between 279 and 275.
XVII.—ΕΓΚΩΜΙΟΝ Εἰς ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΝ

'Εκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα καὶ ἐς Δία λήγετε Μοῖσαι, ἀθανάτων τὸν ἀριστον ἐπὶν αἰδώμεθ' ἅ ἀοιδαίς: ἄνδρῶν δ' αὐτὸς Πτολεμαῖος ἐνὶ πρώτοις λεγέσθω καὶ πύματος καὶ μέσον: ὁ γὰρ προφερέστατος ἄνδρῶν.

ἡρωες, τοῖς πρόσθεν ἀφ' ἡμιθέων ἐγένοντο, ἰέζαντες καλὰ ἔργα σοφῶν ἐκύρησαν ἀοιδῶν· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Πτολεμαῖον ἐπιστάμενος καλὰ εἰπεῖν ὑμνήσαιμ' ὑμνοὶ δὲ καὶ ἀθανάτων γέρας αὐτῶν. Ἰδαν ἐς πολυφθερον ἄνηρ ὑλατόμος ἐλθὼν παπταίνει, παρεύντος ἅθην, πόθεν ἄρξεται ἔργον· τί πρῶτον καταλέξω; ἐπεὶ πάρα μυρία εἰπεῖν, οἰσι θεοῖ τὸν ἀριστον ἐτίμησαν βασιλῆς.

ἐκ πατέρων ὅιος μὲν ἔνι τελέσαι μέγα ἔργον Δαγείδας Πτολεμαίος, ὅκα φρεσίν ἐγκατάθοιτο βουλάν, ἄν οὐκ ἄλλος ἄνηρ ὅιος τε νοῆσαι. τῇν τι καὶ μακάρεσσι πατὴρ ἐμότιμου ἔθηκεν ἀθανάτος, καὶ οἱ χρύσεως ὄμος εἰς Διὸς οἰκῳ δέδημηται· παρὰ δ' αὐτῶν Ἀλέξανδρος φίλα εἰδῶς ἐδριάει, Πέρσαις βαρύς θεοῖς αἰολομέτρας.

1 αἰδώμεθ' Ἡ: πας ἀοιδάμεν οὐ ἢλόμεν.
XVII.—THE PANEGYRIC OF PTOLEMY

With Zeus let us begin, Muses, and with Zeus I pray you end when the greatest of Gods is shown honour in our song: but for men first, midst and last be the name of Ptolemy; for he is of men the chiefest.

The heroes that came of demigods of yore found skilful singers of the glorious deeds which they did; and in like manner a cunning teller of praises shall raise the hymn to Ptolemy, seeing hymns make the need even of the Gods above.

Now when the feller goes up to thick woody Ida he looks about him where to begin in all that plenty; and so I, where now shall I take up my tale when I might tell of ten thousand ways wherein the Gods have done honour to the greatest of kings?

"Twas in the blood. First what an achiever of mighty exploits was Ptolemy Lagid when his mind conceived a device such as no other mind could come by! Whom now the Father hath made of equal honour with the Blessed; a golden mansion is builded him in the house of Zeus, and seated friendly beside him is the Lord of the Glancing Baldrich, that God of woe to the Persians, Alexander,

"Twas in the blood": the Greek is "twas from his fathers," fathers meaning parents, as in Longus 4. 33; Theocritus deals first with his father Ptolemy Lagid and then with his mother Berenice.
ἐπὶ Ἡρακλῆς ἑδρὰ κενταυροφόρου 1 ἱδρυται στερεοὶ τετυμέναι ἐξ ἀδάμαντος, ἕνθα σὺν ἄλλοισιν θαλάσσα ἔχει Οὐρανίδαισι, χαῖρον υἱῶν τοῖς περισσοῖς υἱῶνσιν, ὅτι σφεν Κρονίδας μελέων ἔζειλετο γῆρας, ἀθάνατοι δὲ καλεῦνται ἐόι 2 νέποδες γεγαώτες. ἀμφοὶ γὰρ πρόγονὸς σφιν ὁ καρτερὸς Ἡρακλείδας, ἀμφότεροι δὲ ἀριστεῦνται ἐς ἐσχατον Ἡρακλῆα.

τοῦ καὶ ἐπεὶ δαίτηθην ἔοι κεκορημένος ἣδη νέκταρος εὐόδῳ φίλας ἐς δῶμ' ἀλόχοιο, τὸ μὲν τόξον ἐδωκεν ὑπωλείνον τε φαρέτραν, τὸ δὲ σιδάρειον σκόταλου κεχαραγμένον ὅζοις. ο.LogInformation about the image cannot be determined from the text provided.
while over against him is set the stark adamantine seat of Centaur-slayer Heracles, who taketh his meat with the other Sons of Heaven, rejoicing exceedingly that by grace of Zeus the children of his children’s children have old age now lift from their limbs and they that were born his posterity are named and known of the Immortals. For unto either king the valiant founder of his race was a son of Heracles; both in the long last reckon Heracles of their line. And therefore now when the same Heracles hath had enough of the fragrant nectar and goes from table to seek the house of the wife he loves, he gives the one his bow and hanging quiver and the other his knaggy iron-hard club, to carry beside him as he goes, this bush-bearded son of Zeus, to the ambrosial chamber of the white-ankle Hebê.

Then secondly for his mother; how bright among dames discreet shone the fame of Berenice, what a boon to her progeny was she! Of whom the lady possessor of Cyprus that is daughter of Dionê laid taper fingers upon the sweet soft bosom, and such, they say, did make her that never woman gave man so great delight as Ptolemy took in his love of that his wife. Aye, he got all as much as he gave and more; for while the wife that loves not sets her heart ever upon things alien, and has offspring indeed at her desire albeit the children favour not the father, ’tis when the love of the marriage-bed is each to each that with good courage one may leave, like Ptolemy, all his house to be ordered of his children. O Lady

"'The wife that loves not": this refers to no definite woman, which would be not only in the worst taste but certain to defeat the object of the poem, the winning of Ptolemy’s
κάλλει ἀριστεύονσα θεάων πότιν Ἄφροςίτα, σοὶ τίνα μεμέλητος σέθεν ὦ ἐνεκεν Βερενίκα
eυειδῆς Ἀχέροντα πολύστονον οὐκ ἐπέρασεν, ἀλλὰ μιν ἀρπάξασα, πάροιμθ' ἐπὶ νάα κατελθεῖν
κυνάεαν καὶ στυγνὸν ἰδίς πορθμής καμόντων, ἐς ναὸν κατέδηκας, ἐὰς δ' ἀπεδάσσατο τιμάς
πᾶσιν ὦ ἡπίων ἄδε βροτοῖς μαλακοὺς μὲν ἐρωτας
προσπνεῖς, κούφας δὲ διδοὺ ποθεόντι μερίμνας.
Ἅργεία κυάνοφρυ, σὺ λαοφόνον Διομήδεα
μυστομένα Τυδήτι τέκες, Καλυδώνιον ἄνδρα,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις βαθύκολπος ἀκοντιστὰν Ἀχιλῆς
Ἀιακίδα Πηλῆ, σὲ δ' αἰχμητὰ Πτολεμαῖε
αἰχμητὰ Πτολεμαῖω ἀρίξηλος Βερενίκα.

καὶ σε Κόως ἀτίταλε βρέφοις νεογηλλὸν ἐόντα,
δεξαμένα παρὰ ματρός, ὅτε πρῶτον ἱδὲς ἄω.
ἐνθα γὰρ Εἰλείθυναν ἐβῶσατο Λυσίκχωνον
'Αντιγόνας θυγάτηρ βεβαρημένα ὁδίνεσσιν
ὁ δὲ οἱ εὐμενεύσασα παρίστατο, καὶ δ' ἁρὰ πάντων
νωδυνίαν κατέχευε μελῶν' ὦ δὲ πατρὶ ἐοικὸς
παῖς ἀγαπατός ἐγεντο. Κόως δ' ὀδόλυξεν ἱδοίςα,
φά δὲ καθαπτομένα βρέφος χείρεσσι φιλαῖσιν
ὁλῇς κούρε γένοιο, τίοις δὲ με τόσον, ὅσον περ
Δᾶλον ἐτίμασεν κυνάμπυκα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἐν δὲ μιᾶ τιμᾶ Τρίσσον' καταθείο κολώναν

1 Τρίσσον so mm: Stephanus perhaps rightly Τρίσσο
Aphrodite, chiefest beauty of the Goddesses, as 'twas thou that hadst made her to be such, so 'twas of thee that the fair Berenice passed not, sad lamentable Acheron, but or e'er she reached the murky ship and that ever-sullen shipman the ferrier of the departed, was rapt away to be a Goddess in a temple, where now participating in thy great prerogatives, with a gentle breath she both inspires all mankind unto soft desires and lightens the cares of him that hath loved and lost.

Even as the dark-browed Argive maid did bear unto Tydeus Diomed of Calydon the slayer of peoples, but and even as deep-bosom'd Thetis bare unto Peleus Aeacid javelineer Achilles, in like manner, O my liege, did renowned Berenice bear to warrior Ptolemy another warrior Ptolemy.

And when thou first saw'st the dawn, she that took thee from thy mother and dandled thee, poor babe, on her lap, was the good lady Cos; for there in Cos island had the daughter of Antigone cried aloud to the Girdle-Looper in the oppression of pain, there had the Goddess stood by to comfort her and to shed immunity from grief upon all her limbs, and there was born in the likeness of his father the beloved son. And when she beheld him, good Cos broke into a cry of joy, and clasping the babe in her loving arms 'Heaven bless thee, boy,' said she, 'and grant I may have all as much honour of thee as blue-snoooded Delos had of Phoebus Apollo; and not I only, but Heaven send thou assign equal privilege to

patronage. The phrase is simply a foil. Theocritus means that Ptolemy I would not have abdicated had he not had his wife's love and all that that entails. "the Argive maid": Deipylè.
ἐσον Δωρίεσσι νέμων γέρας ἐγχύς ἐσύσιν
ἐσον καὶ Ἡράναιαν ἀναξ ἐφίλησεν Ἀπόλλων.
ὅς ἄρα νάσος ἐειπεν ὃ δ ὑψόθεν ἐκλαγε φωνῇ
ἐς τρις ἀπὸ νεφέων μέγας αἰετὸς αἰσιός ὅρνις.
Ζηρός που τόδε σάμα. Διὸ Κρονίων μέλοντι
αἴδοιοι βασιλῆς ὃ δ ἐξοχος ὃν κε φιλήσῃ
γεινόμενον τὰ πρῶτα πολὺς δὲ οἱ ὅλβοι ὀπαδεῖ,
πολλὰς δὲ κρατεῖ γαῖας, πολλὰς δὲ βαλάσσας.

μυρία ἀπειρά τε καὶ ἔθνεα μυρία φωτῶν
λήιον ἀλοήσκουσιν ὀφελλόμεναι Διὸς ὄμβρῳ
ἀλλ' ὁυτὶς τόσα φύει ὤσα χθαμαλὰ Αἰγυπτος,
Νεῖλος ἀναβλύζων διερᾶν ὅτε βάλακα βρύπτει,
οὐδὲ τις ἀστεα τόσα βροτῶν ἔχει ἐργα δαέντων,
τρεῖσ μὲν οἱ πολῖων ἐκατοντάδες ἐνδέδημηται,
τρεῖσ δ' ἄρα χυλιάδες τρισαίας ἐπὶ μυριάδες,
ὅσαλ δὲ τριάδες, μετὰ δὲ σφισιν ἐννεάδες τρεῖς,
τῶν πάντων Πτολεμαίου ἀγήνωρ ἐμβασιλεύει,
καὶ μὰν Φοινίκας ἀποτέμεναι Ἀρραβίας τε
καὶ Συρίας Λεβύας τε κελαυνῶν τ' Ἀλθισῆων
Παμφύλοισι 1 τε πᾶσι καὶ αἰχμηταῖς Κιλίκεσι σεμαίνει,
Ἀνκίας τε φιλοπτολέμοισι τε Καρσί, καὶ
νάσοις Κυκλάδεσσι ἐπεὶ οἱ νᾶες ἀρισταὶ 2
πάντων ἐπιπλῶστοι, θάλασσα δὲ πᾶσα καὶ αἰα
καὶ ποταμὸι κελάδοντος ἀνάσσονται Πτολεμαίῳ,

1 Παμφύλοισι Schrader: μαζ Παμφυλίωισι. 2 ἀρισταὶ Stephanus: μαζ ἀρισταὶ through misunderstanding of
all the neighbour Dorian cities in the joint honour of the Triopian Hill; for Apollo gave Rheneia equal love with Delos. Thus far the Island; and lo! from the clouds above came thrice over the boding croak of a great eagle. And 'faith, 'twas of Zeus that sign; for Zeus Cronion, as he watches over all reverend kings, so especially careth he for a king that he hath loved from his earliest hour. Such an one is attended of great good-fortune, and wins himself the mastery of much land and of many seas.

Ten thousand are the lands and ten thousand the nations that make the crops to spring under aid of the rain of Zeus, but there's no country so fruitful as the low-country of Egypt when Nile comes gushing up to soak the soil and break it, nor no country, neither, possessed of so many cities of men learned in labour. The cities builded therein are three hundreds and three thousands and three tens of thousands, and threes twain and nines three, and in them the lord and master of all is proud Ptolemy. Aye, and of Phoenicia and Arabia he taketh to him a hantle, and eke of Syria and Libya and of the swart Aethiop's country; and he giveth the word to all them of Pamphylia and all the warriors of Cilicia; and to the people of Lycia and warlike Caria and to the Cyclad Isles he giveth it; and this because he hath a noble navy sailing the main, so that all the sea, every land, and each of the sounding rivers doth acknowledge his dominion, and full many are the mighty warriors

"Rheneia" : an island near Delos; Triopum is a promontory of Caria where the Dorian Pentapolis of Cos and the neighbouring cities celebrated a common worship of Apollo and other Gods. The Pentapolis was apparently asking Ptolemy for some privilege at this time.
πολλοὶ δ' ἵππης, πολλοὶ δὲ μὲν ἀσπιδῆται χαλκῷ μαρμαροῦται σεσαγμένοι ἀμφαγέρονται. 

οὐ βοῦ μὲν πάντας κε καταβρίθοι βασιλῆς τόσσον ἐπ' ἀμαρ ἐκαστον ἐς ἀφνεὺν ἐρχεται ὡκοῡ 

πάντοθε. λαοὶ δ' ἔργα περιστέλλονταί ἐκηλοί. 

οὐ γὰρ τις ὁμίων πολυκήτεα Νείλου ὑπερβᾶς πεζὸς ἐν ἀλλοτρίαις βοῶν ἐστάσατο κόμαις, 

οὐδὲ τις αἰγιαλόνδε θοᾶς ἐξάλατο νᾶος 

θωρηχθεῖς ἐπὶ βουνῶν ἀνάρσιοι Λιγυπτίαισιν τοῖος ἀνήρ πλατέσσων ἐνδρυται πεδίοισι 

ξανθοκόμας Πτολεμαῖοι, ἐπιστάμενοι δόρυ 

πάλλειν, 

ὁ ἐπίπαγχυ μέλει πατρώια πάντα φυλάσσειν 

οὐ ἀγαθῷ βασιλῆ, τὰ δὲ κτεατίζεται ἄυτος. 

οὐ μὰν ἄχρείος γε δόμῳ εἰπ' πίον χρυσὸς 

μυρμάκων ἀτε πλοῦτος ἄει κέχυται μογεόντων 

ἀλλα πολὺν μὲν ἔχοντε θέουν ἐρίκυδεες οῖκοι, 

αἰὲν ἀπαρχομένοι σὺν ἀλλοισιν χεράσσι 

πολλὸν δ' ἱβθίμοισι διδώρηται βασιλεύσι 

πολλὸν δὲ πτολίσσι, πολὺν δ' ἀγαθοῖσιν ἑταῖροις. 

οὐδὲ Διωνύσου τις ἀνήρ ἱεροῦ κατ' ἀγῶνας ἱκέτ' ἐπιστάμενος λυγυρῶν ἀναμέλψαι ἀοιδῶν, 

οὗ οὔ δοτίναν ἀντάξιον ὁπασε τέχνας. 

Μουσὰων δ' ὑποφηταί ἀείδοντι Πτολεμαῖον 

ἰμτ' εὐνεργεσίας. τὶ δὲ κάλλιον ἀνδρὶ κεν εἶν 

ὁλβίῳ ἡ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποιοιν ἀρέσθαι; 

τοῦτο καὶ Ἀτρείδαις μένει· τὰ δὲ μυρία τῆς,

1 περιστέλλονταί; nnav also περιστέλλονταί.
a-horseback and full many the burnished brass-clad targeteers afoot that rally for the battle around his standard.

For wealth, his would outweigh the wealth of all the princes of the earth together,—so much comes into his rich habitation both day by day and from every quarter. And as for his peoples, they occupy their business without let or hindrance, seeing that no foeman hath crossed afoot that river of monsters to set up a cry in alien townships, nor none leapt from swift ship upon that beach all mailed to make havoc of the Egyptian kine,—of such noble sort is the flaxen-haired prince that is throned in these level plains, a prince who not only hath cunning to wield the spear, but, as a good king should, makes it his chiefest care both to keep all that he hath of his father and to add somewhat for himself. But not to no purpose doth his gold lie, like so much riches of the still-toiling emmet, in his opulent house; much of it—for never makes he offerings of firstfruits but gold is one—is spent upon the splendid dwellings of the Gods, and much of it again is given in presents to cities, to stalwart kings, or to the good friends that bear him company. Nay, no cunning singer of tuneful song that hath sought part in Dionysus’ holy contests but hath received of him a gift to the full worth of his skill.

But ’tis not for his wealth that the interpreters of the Muses sing praise of Ptolemy; rather is it for his well-doing. And what can be finer for a wealthy and prosperous man than to earn a fair fame among his fellow-men? This it is which endureth even to the sons of Atreus, albeit all those ten thousand
ὅσσα μέγαν Πριάμοιο δόμον κτεάτισαν ἐλώντες ἀέρι πα κέκρυπται, ὅθεν πάλιν οὐκέτι νόστος. 120
μοῦνος ὁδε προτέρων τε καὶ ὃν ἕτε θερμὰ κοινὰ στειβομένα καθύπερθε ποδῶν ἐκμάσσεται ἱγνή,
ματρὶ φίλα καὶ πατρὶ θυώδεας εἴσατο ναοὺς: ἐν δ’ αὐτοῖς χρυσῷ περικαλλέας ἥ’ ἔλεφαντι ἱδρυται πάντεσσιν ἐπιχθυνόσιοιν ἄρωγοις.
πολλὰ δὲ πιανθέντα βοῶν ὅνε μηρία καίει μυσὶ περιπλομένοισιν ἐρευνομένων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
αὐτὸς τ’ ἱφθίμα τ’ ἀλοχος, τὰς οὕτις ἀρείων νυμφίον ἐν μεγάροις ἄρνα περιβάλλετ’ ἀγοστῷ,
ἐκ θυμοῦ στέργοισα κασίγμητον τε πόσιν τε.
130 ὁδὲ καὶ ἀθανάτων ἱερὸς γάμος ἔξετελέσθη,
οὐς τέκετο κρείουσα 'Ρέα βασιλῆς Ὀλύμπου
ἐν δὲ λέξος 2 στόρνυσιν ιαύειν Ζαυλ καὶ "Ηρα
χεῖρας φοιβήσασα μύροις ἐτὶ 3 παρθένοις Ἰρις.
χαῖρε ἄναξ Πτολεμαῖε σέθεν δ’ ἐγὼ ἵσα καὶ
ἀλλοι
μνάσομαι ἡμιθέων, δοκέω δ’ ἔπος οὐκ ἀπόβλητον
φθέγχομαι ἐσσομένοις: ἀρετάν γε μὲν ἐκ Διὸς
αἴτευ. 4

1 τε καὶ ὃν Briggs: μαῖς τεκέων ὀγ τοκέων 2 εἰν δὲ λέξος:
μαίς also ἀγοῦν δὲ (Ahr. ἀγοῦν δὲ) 3 ἐτὶ = ἄει as in Epig. 20
and Ep. Bion. 92 4 αἴτευ: μαῖς also ἐκεῖ
possessions that fell to them when they took Priam's great house, they lie hid somewhere in that mist whence no return can be evermore. And this man hath done that which none before hath done, be he of them of old, be he of those whose footmarks are yet warm in the dust they trod; he hath builded incense-fragrant temples to his mother and father dear, and hath set therein images of them in gold and ivory, very beautiful, to be the aid of all that live upon the earth. And many are the thighs of fatted oxen that as the months go round he consumes upon the reddening altars, he and that his fine noble spouse, who maketh him a better wife than ever clasped bridegroom under any roof, seeing that she loveth with her whole heart brother and husband in one. So too in heaven was the holy wedlock accomplished of those whom august Rhea bare to be rulers of Olympus, so too the myrrh-cleansed hands of the ever-maiden Iris lay but one couch for the slumbering of Zeus and Hera.

And now farewell, Lord Ptolemy; and I will speak of thee as of other demi-gods, and methinks what I shall say will not be lost upon posterity; 'tis this—excellence ask from none but Zeus.
XVIII.—THE EPITHALAMY OF HELEN

This is a short Epic piece of the same type as XIII. Both begin, as do XXV and Bion II, with a phrase suggesting that they are consequent upon something previous; but this, like the ergo or igitur of Propertius and Ovid, is no more than a recognised way of beginning a short poem. The introduction, unlike that of XIII, contains no dedication. The scholia tell us Theocritus here imitates certain passages of Stesichorus' first Epithalamy of Helen. He seems also to have had Sappho's book of Wedding-Songs before him.
'Εν ποκ' ἀρα Σπάρτη ξανθότριχη πάρ Μενελάω παρθενικαί θάλλοντα κόμαις ύκινθουν ἐχοίσαι πρόσθε νεογράπτω θαλάμω χορδόν ἑστάσαντο, δώδεκα ταί πράται πόλιος, μέγα χρήμα Δακαίαν, ἀνίκα Τυνδαρίδα κατεκλάζετο ταῦ ἅγαπατὰν μναστεύσας Ἐλεναν ὁ νεώτερος Ατρέων νιὼν. ἄειδων δ' ἀρα πάσαι ἐς ἐν μέλος ἐγκροτεύοισαι ποσὶ περιπλεκτοῖς, ὑπὸ δ' Ἦαχε δῶμ' ύμεναιω. 1

Οὕτω δὴ πρόκα κατεδράθες ὁ φίλε γαμβρέ; ἡρά τις ἐσαὶ λίαν βαρυγόνατος, ἡρα φίλυπνος, ἡρα πολύν τιν' ἑπινεσ, ὁκ' εἰς εὐνὰν κατεβάλλειν; εὐδειν μᾶν σπεύδοντα καθ' ὅραν αὐτον ἑχρὴν τυ, παιδα δ' ἐὰν σὺν παισὶ φιλοστῶργῳ παρὰ ματρι' παῖσειν ἐς βαθὼν ὄρθρον, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἕνας καὶ ἐς ἀῶ χεὶς ἐτος ἐξ ἐτεος, Μενέλα, τεὰ ἄν νυός ἀδε.

1 ὧκ' Wil: μας ἄντ' 2 Μενέλα τεὰ ἄ Meineke: μας Μενέλας τεά

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XVIII.—THE EPITHALAMY OF HELEN

It seems that once upon a time at the house of flaxen-haired Menelaus in Sparta, the first twelve maidens of the town, fine pieces all of Laconian womanhood, came crowned with fresh flowering laces, and before a new-painted chamber took up the dance, when the younger child of Atreus shut the wedding door upon the girl of his wooing, upon the daughter of Tyndareüs, to wit the beloved Helen. There with their pretty feet criss-crossing all to the time of one tune they sang till the palace rang again with the echoes of this wedding-song:—

What Bridegroom! dear Bridegroom! thus early abed and asleep?
    Wast born a man of sluggardye,
    Or is thy pillow sweet to thee,
    Or ere thou cam'st to bed maybe
        Didst drink a little deep?
If thou wert so fain to sleep betimes, 'twere better sleep alone,
    And leave a maid with maids to play
By a fond mother's side till dawn of day,
    Sith for the morrow and its morn,
For this and all the years unborn,
    This sweet bride is thine own.
δι λευ γάμβρ', ἀγαθός τις ἐπέπταρεν ἐρχομένη
toi
ἑς Σπάρταν ἀπερ ὀλλοι ἀριστεῖς ὡς ἀνύσαιο. 20
μόνοις ἔν ἡμιθέους Κρονίδαν Δία πενθερὸν ἐξεῖς:
Ζανός τοι θυγάτηρ ὑπὸ τὰν μίαν ἱκετο χλαῖναν,
οἵ 'Αχαιάδων ηαίαν πατεῖ οὐδεμις ἀλλα.
η μέγα κα τε κοιντ', εἰ ματέρι τίκτοι ὁμοῖον
ἀμμες ταῖ 1 πᾶσαι συνομάλικες, ἄις δρόμος ὁυτῶς
χρισαμέναις ἀνδριστὶ παρ' Εὐρώταο λοετρόις,
τετράκις ἔξήκοντα κόραι, θήλυς νεολαία—
tὰν οὐδ' ἕν 2 τις ἁμομος, ἐπεὶ χ' 'Ελένη παρι-
σωθῇ.

ἀδ' ἀντέλλοισα καλὸν διέφανε 3 πρόσωπον,
πότινα Νῦξ, ἀτε λευκὸν ἔαρ χειμῶνος ἀνέντος;
ὡδε καὶ ἀ χρυσά 'Ελένα διαφαίνετ' ἐὰν ἀμῖν.
πιείρα μέγα λάον 4 ἀνέδραμε κόσμοι ἄροιρα
ἡ κάπη κυπάρισσος ἡ ἀρμάτε Θεσσαλὸς ἵππος;
ὡδε καὶ ἄ ῥόδόχρως Ἐλένα Λακεδαιμονί κόσμος.

1 ταὶ E : mess δ' άλ ψαρ 2 ἕν E : mess άν, a correction of
the corruption ἕν 3 διέφανε Ahrensz : mess διέφανε 4 μέγα
λάον Eichstaedt : mess μεγάλα άτ'.
When thou like others of high degree cam'st here
thy suit a-pressing,
Sure some good body, well is thee, sneezed thee a
proper blessing;
For of all these lordings there's but one shall be son
of the High Godhead,
    Aye, 'neath one coverlet with thee
Great Zeus his daughter is come to be,
    A lady whose like is not to see
    Where Grecian women tread.
And if she bring a mother's bairn 'twill be of a
wondrous grace;
For sure all we which her fellows be, that ran with
her the race,
Anointed lasses like the lads, Eurótas' pools beside—
O' the four-times threescore maidens that were
Sparta's flower and pride
There was none so fair as might compare with
Menelaüs' bride.

O Lady Night, 'tis passing bright the face o' the
rising day;
    Tis like the white spring o' the year
When winter is no longer here;
    But so shines golden Helen clear
    Among our meinie so gay.
And the crops that upstand in a fat ploughland do
make it fair to see,
    And a cypress the garden where she grows,
    And a Thessaly steed the chariot he knows;
But so doth Helen red as the rose
    Make fair her dear countrye.

"The white spring": white with flowers.  "Meinie":
company.
οὔτε τις ἐκ ταλάρῳ πανίσχυται ἔργα τοιαῦτα, οὔτ' ἐν δαιδαλεῷ πυκνιώτερον ἁτριον ἵστῳ κερκίδι συμπλέξασα μακρὸν ἑταμ' ἐκ κελεύντων οὐ μάν οὐδὲ λύραν¹ τις ἐπίσταται ὡδὲ κροτήσαι Ἀρτεμίῳ ἀείδουσα καὶ εὐρύστερον Ἀθάναν, ὡς Ἔλενα, τὰς πάντες ἐπ' ὁμασιν ἵμεροι ἐντι. ὁ καλὰ ὁ χαρίεσσα κόρα, τὸ μὲν οἰκέτις ἠδη, ἄμμες δ' ἐς δρόμον ἦρι καὶ ἐς λειμώνια φύλλα ἐρφεύμεσι στεφάνως δρεφεύμεναι ἀδύν πνεόντας, πολλὰ τεοῦς Ἔλενα μεμναμέναι ὡς γαλαθηναὶ ἄρνες γειναμένας ὦς μαστὸν ποθεούσαι. πράτα² τοι στεφανον λωτῶ χαμαί αὐξομένῳ πλέξασαι σκιερὰν καταθήσομες ἐς πλατάνιστον, πράτα² δ' ἀργυρέας ἐξ ὀλπιδος ύγρὸν ἀλειφαρ λαξύμεναι σταξεύμεσι ὑπὸ σκιερὰν πλατάνιστον γράμματα δ' ἐν φλοιῷ γεγράψεται, ὡς παριῶν τις ἁννείμη, Δωριστὶ: 'σέβευ μ', Ἔλενας φυτῶν ἐμμί.³

χαίροις ὡ νύμφα, χαίροις εὐπένθερε γαμβρέ. Λατῶ μὲν δοίῃ, Λατῶ κουροτρόφος ὑμμίν

¹ οὐδὲ λύραν: mss also οὐ κωδαρᾶν ² πράτα Reiske: mss πράται ³ σέβευ and ἐμμί Hermann: mss σέβου and ἐμυ
And never doth woman on bobbin wind such thread as her baskets teem,
Nor shuttlework so close and fine cuts from the weaver's beam,
Nor none hath skill to ply the quill to the Gods of Women above
As the maiden wise in whose bright eyes dwells all desire and love.

O maid of beauty, maid of grace, thou art a huswife now;
But we shall betimes to the running-place i' the meads where flowers do blow,
And cropping garlands sweet and sweet about our brows to do,
Like lambs athirst for the mother's teat shall long, dear Helen, for you.
For you afore all shall a coronal of the gay ground-ling trefoil
Hang to a shady platan-tree, and a vial of running oil
His offering drip from a silver lip beneath the same platan-tree,
    And a Doric rede be writ i' the bark
For him that passeth by to mark,
    'I am Helen's; worship me.'

And 'tis Bride farewell, and Groom farewell, that be son of a mighty sire,
And Leto, great Nurse Leto, grant children at your desire,

"Quill": the plectrum of the lyre. "The Gods of Women": the Greek has 'Artemis and Athena.'
ἐν τε κενίαν, Κύπρις δὲ, θεὰ Κύπρις ἵσου ἔρασθαι ἄλλαλων, Ζεὺς δὲ, Κρονίδας Ζεὺς ἀφθιτον ὄλθον,
ἰὼς ἐξ εὐπατριδῶν εἰς εὐπατριδὰς πάλιν ἔνθη.
εὐδὲτ’ ἐς ἄλλαλων στέρνον φιλότατα πνέοντες
καὶ πόθον ἔγρεσθαι δὲ πρὸς ἀδῷ μητηλάθησθε.
νεύμεθα κάμμες ἐς ὅρθρον, ἐπεὶ καὶ πρῶτος
ἀοιδὸς
ἐξ εὐνᾶς κελαθήσῃ ἀνασχῶν εὐτριχα δειράν.
Τμὴν ὁ Τμένας, γάμῳ ἐπὶ τὸδε χαρεῖς.
And Cypris, holy Cypris, an equal love alway,
   And Zeus, high Zeus, prosperity
That drawn of parents of high degree
Shall pass to a noble progenye
   For ever and a day.
Sleep on and rest, and on either breast may the
love-breath playing go;
Sleep now, but when the day shall break
Forget not from your sleep to wake;
For we shall come wi' the dawn along
Soon as the first-waked master o' song
Lift feathery neck to crow.

_Sing Hey for the Wedding, sing Ho for the Wedder,
and thanks to him that made it!_
XIX.—THE HONEY-STEALER

This little poem probably belongs to a later date than the Bucolic writers, and was brought into the collection merely owing to its resemblance to the Runaway Love of Moschus.
ΧΙΧ.—ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ

Τὸν κλέπταιν ποτ’ Ἐρωτα κακὰ κέντασε μέλισσα κηρίον ἐκ σίμβλων συλεύμενον, ἀκρα δὲ χειρῶν δάκτυλα πάνθ’ ὑπένυξεν. ὃς ὥς ἄλγε τῇ κῆρ’ ἐφύση καὶ τὰν γὰν ἐπάταξε καὶ ἀλατο, τὰ δ’ Ἀφροδίτα δεῖξεν ἐὰν ὁδύναν καὶ μέμφετο, ὅτι γε τυπθὸν θηρίον ἐστὶ μέλισσα καὶ ἀλίκα τραύματα ποιεῖ. Χά μάτηρ γελάσασα: 'τί δ’; οὐκ ἔσος ἔσσει μελίσσαις, ὅς τυπθὸς μὲν ἔεις, τὰ δὲ τραύματα ταλίκα ποιεῖς;

1 ἐὰν Wil: mss τὰν 2 ἔ Valckenaer: mss χ’ ἔεις Wil thinks probable: mss ἔης 3 ταλίκα Porson: mss ἀλίκα
XIX.—THE HONEY-STEALER

When the thievish Love one day was stealing honeycomb from the hive, a wicked bee stung him, and made all his finger-tips to smart. In pain and grief he blew on his hand and stamped and leapt upon the ground, and went and showed his hurt to Aphrodite, and made complaint that so a little a beast as a bee could make so great a wound. Whereat his mother laughing, 'What?' cries she, 'art not a match for a bee, and thou so little and yet able to make wounds so great?'
XX.—THE YOUNG COUNTRYMAN

A neatherd, chafing because a city wench disdains him, protests that he is a handsome fellow, and that Gods have been known to make love to country-folk, and calls down upon her the curse of perpetual celibacy. This spirited poem is a monologue, but preserves the mime-form by means of dumb characters, the shepherds of line 19. Stylistic considerations belie the tradition which ascribes it to Theocritus.
ΧΧ.—ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΣΚΟΣ

Εἰνὶκα μ᾽ ἐγέλαξε θέλοντά μιν ἀδὸν φιλήσαι, καὶ μ´ ἐπικέρτομεοίσθα τάδ᾽ ἐννεπεν ἔρρα ἀπ᾽ ἐμείο. βοῦκόλος ὁν ἔθελες με κύσαι τάλαν; οὐ μεμάθηκα ἀγροῖκοις φιλεῖν, ἀλλ᾽ ἀστικὰ χείλεα θλίβειν. μη τύγχα μεν κύσος το καλόν στόμα μηδ᾽ ἐν ὑνείροις.

ολα βλέπεις, ὀπποία λαλεῖς, ὡς ἀστικὰ παιόδεις, χείλεα τοι νοτέοντι, χέρες δέ τοι ἐντι μελαιναι, καὶ κακὸν ἔξοδεις. ἀπ᾽ ἐμεύ φύγε, μη με μολύνῃς.

τοιάδε μυθίζοισα τρῖς εἰς ἑδν ἐπτυσά κόλπον, καὶ μ´ ἀπό τᾶς κεφαλᾶς ποτὶ τὸ πόδε συνεχῆς εῖδε. χείλεσι μυθίζοισα καὶ ὁμμασὶ λοξὰ βλέποισα, καὶ πολὺ τὰ μορφὰ θηλύνετο, καὶ τι σεσαρος καὶ σοβαρὸν μ´ ἐγέλαξεν. ἐμοὶ δ᾽ ἀφαρ ἔξεσεν αἶμα,

καὶ χρόα φοινίχθην ὑπὸ τούλγεος ὡς ῥόδον ἔρσα. χά μὲν ἔβα με λιποίσα. φέρω δ᾽ ὑποκάρδιον ὀργάνων, ὅττι με τὸν χαρίεντα κακὰ μοβήσαθ' ἐταῖρα.

1 νοτέοντι Sauppe : μη νοτέοντι

7 ἃς τρυφέρον καλέεις, ὃς κατὰ λῆματα φράσθεις. ἃς μαλακόν τὸ γένειον Ἰχεῖς, ὃς ἀδέα χαίταν.

As Wil sees, these lines cannot belong here.
XX.—THE YOUNG COUNTRYMAN

When I would have kissed her sweetly, Eunice leered at me and flouted me saying, 'Go with a mischief! What? kiss me a miserable clown-like thee? I never learned your countrified bussing; my kissing is in the fashion o' the town. I will not have such as thee to kiss my pretty lips, nay, not in his dreams. Lord, how you look! Lord, how you talk! Lord, how you antic! Your lips are wet and your hands black, and you smell rank. Hold off and begone, or you'll befoul me!' Telling this tale she spit thrice in her bosom, and all the while eyed me from top to toe, and mowed at me and leered at me and played the jade at me, and anon did right broadly, scornfully, and disdainfully laugh at me. Trust me, my blood boiled up in a moment, and my face went as red with the anguish of it as the rose with the dewdrops. And so she up and left me, but it rankles in my heart that such a filthy drab should cavil at a well-favoured fellow like me.
ποιμένες, εἴπατέ μοι τὸ κρήγμον; οὔ καλὸς ἐμιᾷ; ἀρά τις ἐξατίνας με θέσι βροτον ἄλλον ἐτευξε; καὶ γὰρ ἔμοι τὸ πάροιθεν ἐπάνθεεν ἀδύ τι κάλλος ὡς κισσὸς ποτὶ πρέμνου, ἐμὶν δ’ ἐπύκαζεν ὑπῆναν, χαῖται δ’ ήλα σέλινα περὶ κροτάφοις κέχυντο, καὶ λευκὸν τὸ μέτωπον ἐπ’ ὄφρυσι λάμπε μελαιναῖς:

ὀμματά μοι γλαυκὰς χαροπότερα πολλὸν Ἀθάνας, καὶ στόματ’ αὐτ πακτάς γιλαφυρότερα, κῆκ’ 1 στομάτων δὲ ἐρεεὲ μοι φωνὰ γιλικερωτέρα ἡ μελίκηρον; 2 ἀδύ δέ μοι τὸ μέλισμα, καὶ ἧν σύριγγι μελίσδω, κην αὐξὸ λαλέω, κήν δῶναι, κήν πλαγιαύλω. καὶ πάσαι καλὸν με κατ’ ὥραι φαιντ’ γυναίκες, καὶ πάσαι με φιλεύντι; τὰ δ’ ἀστικὰ μ’ οὐκ ἐφίλησεν, ἀλλ’ ὅτι βουκόλος ἐμὶ, παρέδραμε κοῦ ποτάκουε. 3

οὗ καλὸς Διόνυσος ἐν ἄγκεσι ταύρον 4 ἐλάνους; οὐκ ἐγὼ δ’, ὅτι Κύπρις ἐπ’ ἀνέρι μήνατο βοῦτα καὶ Φρυγίων ἐνομευσέν ἐν ὄρεσιν; οὐ τὸν 5 Ἀδώνιν ἐν δρυμοῖς φίλησε καὶ ἐν δρυμοῖς ἐκλαυσέν; Ἔνυμιλῶν δὲ τῆς ἑν; οὐ βουκόλος; ὅν γε Σελάνα βουκολεόντα φίλησεν, ἀπ’ Οὐρίμπω δὲ μολοῦσα σελῆμον ἄν νάπος ἤλθε καὶ εἰς ἐὰν παιδικά νεῦσε 6; καὶ τὸ Ἐρείπιος τὸν βουκόλον. οὔχ δὲ καὶ τὸν 4

1 στόματ’ αὐτ πακτάς E; miss στόμα δ’ αὐ τὸ στόμα ἢ καὶ ὅπ’ ἀκτάς γιλαφυρότερα Wil (but -rov) Miss γιλικερωτέρον from below κῆκ E; miss ἐκ 2 μελίκηρον E; miss μελικῆρον οὐ μέλι κηρψ 3 ποτάκουε Ζιόγλε; miss -ακούει 5 ν’ οὐ E; miss ὅ ὁ στὸ ταύρον E, cf. e.g. Gerhard Auser-
Tell me true, master Shepherds; see you not here a proper man, or hath some power taken and transmewed him? Marry, 'twas a sweet piece of ivy bloomed ere now on this tree, and a sweet piece of beauty put fringe to this lip; the hair o' these temples lay lush as the parsley; this forehead did shine me white above and these eyebrows black below; these eyes were beamy as the Grey-eyed Lady's, this mouth trim as a cream-cheese; and the voice which came forth o' this mouth was even as honeycomb. Sweet also is the music I make, be it o' the pipe, be it o' the babbling hautboy, be it o' the flute or the crossflute. And there's not a lass in the uplands but says I am good to look to, not one but kisses me, neither; but your city pieces, look you, never a kiss got I o' them, but they ran me by and would not listen because I herd cows.

Doth not the beautiful Dionysus ride a bull i' the dells? Wist she not Cypris ran mad after a neatherd and tended cattle i' th' Phrygian hills? And the same Cypris, loved she not Adonis in the woods and in the woods bewailed him? And what of Endymion? Was it not a neatherd the Lady Moon loved when he was at his labour, and came down from Olympus into Latmos vale to bow herself over him of her choice? Thou too, great Rhea, dost bewail a neatherd; and didst not e'en thou, thou Son of Cronus, become a
ὁ Κρονίδα διὰ παΐδα βοηνόμον ὄρνις ἐπλάγχθης; Εὐνίκα δὲ μόνα τὸν βουκόλον οὐκ ἐφίλασεν, ἀ Κυβέλας κρέσσων καὶ Κύπριδος ἴδε Σελάνας. μηκέτοι μηδ' ἄ, Ἀρης, τὸν ἄδεα μήτε κατ' ἀστυ μήτ' ἐν ὀρεί φιλέοι, μόνα δ' ἀνὰ νῦκτα καθεῦδοι.\[2\]

1 μηδ' ἄ Wil; μηδ' ἄ or μηδὲ Ahrens; μηδ' φιλέοι and καθεῦδοι
2 φιλέοι and καθεῦδοι
wandering bird for the sake of a lad o' the kine? Nay, 'twas left to mistress Eunica to deny a neatherd her love, this piece that is a greater than Cybelê and Cypris and the Lady Moon! Wherfore I beseech thee, sweet Cypris, the same may never more whether in upland or in lowland come at the love of her leman, but may lie lone and sleep sole for the rest of her days.
XXI.—THE FISHERMEN

The poet begins with a dedication in the manner of XI, and passes quickly to his story. Two fishermen lie awake at night in their cabin on the shore, and one of them tells a dream he has just had of the catching of a golden fish. He asks his friend what the dream may mean, for he fears he may have to break his dream-oath that he would be a fisherman no longer. To this the friend replies that it was no oath he took, and that the moral of the dream is that his only wealth is of the sea. Many considerations go to show that the traditional ascription of the poem to Theocritus is mistaken.
XXI.—ΑΛΙΕΙΣ

'Α πενία Διώραντε μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἐγείρει
αυτά τῷ μόνῳ διδάσκαλος· οὐδὲ γὰρ εὐδειν
ἀνδράς ἐργατίναις κακαὶ παρέχωτε μέριμναν,
καὶ ὁλῖγον νυκτὸς τις ἐπιβρίσσῃ; τὸν ὑπὸν
αιφνίδιον θορυβεύων ἐφιστάμασι μελεδώναι.

ιχθύος ἀγρευτήρες ὀρῶς δύο κεῖτο γέροντες
στρωσάμενοι βρύων αὐν ὑπὸ πλεκταῖς καλύβαισιν,
κεκλιμένοι κοίτῳ πολὺ φυλλίσσων ἐγγύθι δ᾽ αὐτοῖς
κεῖτο τὰ τῶν χειρῶν ἀθλήματα, τοῖς καλαθίσκοις,
τοῖς κάλαμοι, τὰ γκιστρα, τὰ φυκίσεντα τὴν λίνα,
ὄρμια κύρτοι τε καὶ ἐκ σχοίνων λαβῷρωθεί.

μήρινθοι κόπα τε γέρου τ᾽ ἔπ᾽ ἐρείσμασι λέμβοι
νέρθεν τὰς κεφαλὰς φορμὸς βραχὺς εἶματα
πῦσσοι.

οὕτος τοῖς ἀλιεύσεϊν ὁ πᾶς πόρος, ὁ ὦτος ὁ πλοῦτος,
οὐ κλείδ᾽, οὐχὶ θύραν ἔχον, οὐ κύνα· πάντα περισσά
ταῦτ ἐδόκει τίνος· ἂ γὰρ πενία σφας ἐτήρει.

οὐδείς δ᾽ ἐν μέσῳ γείτων πέλεν· ἄ ἔπὶ παρ᾽ αὐτῶν
θλιβομένα καλύβαν τρυφερὸν προσέναχι
θάλασσα.

1 ἐπιβρίσσῃ: Reiske: mss -βρήσεις. 2 τῶν χειρῶν
Munsen: mss τὰ ὑς (ὁ τοῖς) χερῶν (ὁ τοῖς χερῶν) 3 λίνα
E (already suspected by Wil), cf. Mosch. fr. 3, 7, Headlam
Journ. of Philol. 1907, p. 315: others δέλτα: mss λίγα
4 κόπα Stroth-Kieseling: mss κόπα 5 πῦσσοι 'thick
(costs)', cf. πυνός, πόρα, ἄθυμα, βόθος E: Fritzschhe πῦσοι,
XXI.—THE FISHERMEN

There's but one stirrer-up of the crafts, Diophantus, and her name is Poverty. She is the true teacher of labour; for a man of toil may not so much as sleep for the disquietude of his heart. Nay, if he nod ever so little o' nights, then is his slumber broke suddenly short by the cares that beset him.

One night against the leafy wall of a wattled cabin there lay together upon a bed of dry tangle two old catchers of fish. Beside them were laid the instruments of their calling: their creels, their rods, their hooks, their weedy nets and lines, their weels and rush-woven lobster-pots, some net-ropes, a pair of oars, and upon its props an aged coble. Beneath their heads lay a little mat, and for coverlets they had their jackets of frieze. This was all the means and all the riches of these poor fishermen. Key, door, watchdog, had they none; all such things were ill-store to the likes of them, seeing in that house kept Poverty watch and ward; neither dwelt there any neighbour at their gates, but the very cabin-walls were hemmed by the soft and delicate up-flowing of the sea.


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κούπω τόν μέσατον δρόμον ἀνυνεν ἄρμα Σελάνως,
tous δ' ἀλείες ἤγειρε φίλος πόνος, ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ 20
ὑπνον ἀπωσάμενος σφετέραις φρεσίν ἤρθεν αὐτῶν.1

ἈΣΦΑΛΙΩΝ

ψευδον' ὁ φίλε πάντες, ὅσοι τὰς νύκτας ἔφασκον
tὸν θέρεος μινύθειν, ὅτε τάματα μακρὰ φέρουσιν.
ηδὴ μυρὶ ἐσείδον ὑνείρατα, κουδέπω ἄσω.
ἡ λαβόμαν, τί τὸ χρῆμα χρώνου ταῖς νύκτες ἔχοντι:

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

'Ἀσφαλίων, μέμφθη τὸ καλὸν θέρος· οὐ γὰρ ὁ καιρὸς

automátos παρέβα τὸν ἐδώρον· ἀλλὰ τὸν ὑπνον

ἀ φροντὶς κόπτοισα μακρὰν τὰς νύκτας ποιεῖ τοι.3

ἈΣΦΑΛΙΩΝ

ἀρ' ἐμαθεῖς κρίνειν τὸκ' ἐνύπνια; χρηστά γὰρ εἶδον,

οὐ σε θέλω τόμῳ φαντάσματος ἥμεν ἄμοιρον.

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

ὡς καὶ τὰν ἄγραν, τὸν εἴρατα πάντα μερίζειν.

οὐ γὰρ σ' εἰκάξω κατὰ τὸν λόγον,4 οὕτως ἄριστος

ἐστὶν ὑνειροκρίτας, ὁ διδάσκαλος ἐστὶ παρ' ὃ φνούς;

ἀλλως5 καὶ σχολά ἐντε· τί γὰρ ποιεῖν ἂν ἔχοι τις

κείμενος ἐν φύλλοις ποτὲ κύματι μηδὲ καθεύδων;

ἀλλ' ὄνος ἐν ράμφῳ τὸ τε λόγιον ἐν πρυτανείᾳ

φαντὶ γὰρ ἄγρυπνίαν6 τάδ' ἔχειν. λέγε· ὅπποτε


νυκτὸς

ὀψιν πᾶς τις ἐν' Ἐν ὃς φιλεῖ;7 μανύειν ἔταϊρῳ.

1 ἀπωσάμενος and ἤρθεν E: mss ἀπωσάμενοι and ἤρθεν

αὐτῶν I. H. Voss; mss φίλα

2 ἐν E: mss μὴ χρώνου ταῖς

Martini; mss χρώνου ταῖς

3' al τοίς τοι Hermann: mss
tοιεύστη
tοιεύστη E: mss νεάξη, a correction following

on the corruption of λόγον

4' mss νεάξη, originally

an incorrect gloss on λόγος

5 ἀλλως Musurus: mss ἀλλος

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Now or ever the chariot of the Moon was halfway of its course, the fishermen's labour and trouble did rouse them, and thrusting slumber from their eyelids stirred up speech in their hearts.

**Asphalion**

It seems they speak not true, friend, that say the summer nights grow less when they bring us the long days. Already I have had a thousand dreams, and the dawn is not yet. Or am I wrong when I say how long the watches of these nights are?

**Friend**

Asphalion, the pretty summer deserves not thy fault-finding. 'Tis not that Time hath truly and in himself over-run his course, but Care makes thy night long by curtailing thy slumber.

**Asphalion**

Hast ever learnt to interpret a dream? I've had a good one this night, and am fain thou go shares in't.

**Friend**

Aye, we share our catch, and e'en let's share all our dreams. For shall I not be making conjecture of thee according to the saying, the best interpreter of dreams is he that learns of understanding? And what's more, we have time and to spare, for there's little enough for a man to do lying sleepless in a greenbed beside the sea. 'Faith,'tis the ass in the thorns and the lamp in the town-hall, and they are the morals for waking. Come, thy dream; for a friend, look you, is always told a man's dreams.

σχόλια ἄντι Reiske: mss σχόλιοντι  ἀγρυπνίαν Reiske: mss ἀγρυπνίαν ἅπαντες E, of. 15. 32 and 24. 130: mss λέγει (οὐ λέγω) ποτε  ἑπεξε τις ἡφ γε φίλαι E: mss τὰ τις ἑσού δὲ λέγει (from λέγειν originally a gloss on μάνων)

"The morals for waking"; i.e. "proverbial for keeping awake."
ΑΣΦΑΛΙΩΝ

dειλινόν ὡς κατέδαρθον ἐπ' εἰναλίουσι πόνουσι
(οὐκ ἦν μᾶν πολύσιτος, ἐπεὶ δειπνεύντες ἐν ὀρᾷ,
εἰ μέμην, τὰς γαστρὸς ἐφειδομεθ' ἐλίθον ἐμαυτῷ
ἐν πέτρᾳ μεμαωτὰ, καθεξόμενος δ' ἐδόκειν
ἰχθύας, ἐκ καλάμων ἐπὶ πλάνον κατέσευον ἐδώδαν.
καὶ τις τῶν τραφερῶν άρέξατο· καὶ γὰρ ἐν ὑπνοις
πᾶσα κῦνων ἀρκον ὑπετεύνεται, ἰχθύα κῆγών.
χῶ μὲν τάγκιστρῳ ποτεφύτῳ, καὶ ἰδίων αἴμα,
τὸν καλάμον δ' ὑπὸ τὸ κινήματος ἀγκύλου ἐλίχον
τὰ χερὶ πεινόμενον, περικλώμενον, εὐρὺν ἀγόναν,
πῶς μελετῶ μέγαν ἰχθὺν ἀφαυροτέροις σιδάροις.
εἶθ' ὑπομουμάζου τὸ τρόμματος ἡρέμ' ἐνυξά,
καὶ νύξας ἐχάλαξα, καὶ οὐ φεύγοντος ἔτεινα.
ἡμεσα δ' ὧν τὸν ἄεθλον. ἀνειλκυσα χρύσεον ἰχθύν,
pάντα τοι χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένον εἰχὲ μὲ δείμα,
μήτε Ἀσσειδώνι πέλει πεφιλημένος ἰχθὺς
ἡ τάχα τὰς γλαυκὰς κειμήλιον Ἀμφετρίτης.
ἡρέμα δ' αὐτῶν ἐγὼν ἐκ τόγκιστρῳ ἀπέλυσα,
μή ποτε τὸ στόματος τάγκιστρια χρυσὸν ἐχοεῖν.1
τὸν μὲν ἐπιστᾶς ἁσα καλάγρετον ἀπειρώταιν,2
ὁμοσα δ' οὐκέτι λοιπὸν ὑπὲρ πελάγους πόδα θεῖαι,
ἄλλα μενεῖν ἐπὶ γῆς καὶ τῷ χρυσῷ βασιλεύσειν.3

1 καλάμω Valckenaer : mss - wr  2 ἀρκον = ἀρτεόν E, cf.
Herwerden Lex. Suppl. : mss ἀρτον or ἀρτω  3 τῇ χέρι E :
mss τῷ χέρε For asyndeton cf. Longus 3. 34 : εὐρὺν ἄγγεια:
cf. 26. 274 and II. 23. 253  4 μελετῶ E, cf. Hipp. e.g. 554.
31 to 'treat' a patient : mss μὲν ἄλω  5 ἀρ' ἐμε ἐπὶ Mus : mss δὲ or σε  δείμα Mus : mss σῆμα
THEOCRITUS XXI, 39-60

ASPHALION

When I fell asleep last night after my labours o' the sea—and faith, 'twas not for fulness, if you mind, seeing we supped early to give our bellies short commons—I dreamt I was hard at my work upon a rock, seated watching for the fish and dangling my piece of deception from my rod's end, when there rose me a right gallant fellow—for mark you, I surmise a fish as a sleeping dog will a bear—, well hooked too, for 'a showed blood, and my rod all bended wi' the pull of him, bended straining and bowing in my hand, insomuch that I questioned me sore how I was to deal with so great a fish with so weak tools to my hand. Howbeit I gently pricked him to mind him o' the hook, and pricking let him have line, and when he ran not away showed him the butt. Now was the prize mine. I drew up a golden fish, a fish smothered in gold, such indeed that I feared me lest he were a fish favoured of Poseidon, or mayhap a treasured possession of sea-green Amphitrite; aye, and unhooked him very carefully and slow lest ever the tackle should come away with gold from his mouth. Then, standing over, I sang the praises of that my glorious catch, my seaman made landsman, and sware I'd nevermore set foot o' the sea, but I would rest ashore rather and king it there with my gold. And


"Let him have line": not, of course, from a reel.

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ταύτα με καξήγειρε, τυ δ’ ο ξένε λοιπόν ἔρειδε
tαυν γνώμαν: ὄρκον γαρ ἐγὼ τὸν ἐπώμοσα—

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

θάρρει,1
καὶ σύγε μὴ 2 τρέσσης: οὐκ ὁμοσα: οὐδὲ γαρ

ιχθύν

χρύσεοι ὡς ἔδει εἴδες: ἵσα δ’ ἐν ψεύδεσι νῶσις: 3

εἴ γαρ μὴ κνώσασθα τὸ τὰ χώρια ταύτα 4 ματεύεις,

ἐπὶ τῶν ἐπινων: ξάτει τὸν σάρκινον ἱχθύν,

μὴ σὺ θάνης λιμῷ καὶ χρυσείουσιν 5 ὑνειρόις.

1 θάρρει. E: others, giving it to Asph., ταρβῶ: mss θαρρόω
2 σύγε μὴ Mus; cf. 10. 34: mss σύγε
3 ἔδει εἴδες E: mss εἴδες εἴδες ἐν ψεύδεσι νῶσις E, cf. 25. 263 and 17. 60: others ἐν (or ἐν) ψεύδεσι νῆσι: mss ἐν ψεύδεσι νῆσι: 4 γαρ

μὴ E: mss μὲ γαρ τὸ τὰ Mus: mss τοῦτο οτ τοῦτο

5 καὶ χρυσείουσιν E: mss κατοι χρυσείουσιν
with that I awoke. And now, good friend, it remains for you to lend me your understanding; for troth, that oath I sware—

FRIEND

Be of good cheer; never you fear that. "Twas no swearing when you sware that oath any more than 'twas seeing when you saw the golden fish. Howbeit there's wisdom to be had of empty shows; for if you will make real and waking search in these places there's hope of your sleep and your dreams. Go seek the fish of flesh and blood, or you'll die of hunger and golden visions.

"There's hope of your dreams"; 'hope of your getting some advantage from them."
XXII.—THE DIOSCURI

This hymn to Castor and Polydeuces consists, first, of a prelude common to both, and secondly, of two main parts concerned one with Polydeuces and the other with Castor. The first of these, in a combination of the Epic style with the dialogue, tells how Polydeuces fought fisticuffs with Amycus on his way to Colchis, and the second how, when the brothers carried off the daughters of Leucippus, Castor fought Lyuceus with spear and sword.
Τμνέομεν Δήδας τε καὶ αἰγιόχον Διὸς νόμο,
Κάστορα καὶ φοβερὰν Πολυδεύκεα πυὲ ἐρεθίζειν
χεῖρας ἐπιζεύζαντα μέσας βοέοισιν ἵμασιν.
ὑμνέομεν καὶ δις καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἄρσενα τέκνα
κόρης Θεστιάδος, Δακεδαιμονίους δὺ σοίδεος,
ἀνθρώπων σωτήρας ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἡδὴ ἐδυντων,
ἲππων δ' αἰματόντα ταρασσομένων καθ' ὁμίλοιν,
νηών δ', αἱ δύνοντα καὶ οὔρανον εἰσανίντα
ἀστρα βιαζόμεναι χαλεποῖς ἐνεκυρσαν ἀνήταις:
οἱ δὲ σφεών κατὰ πρύμναν ἀείραντες μέγα κύραι
ἡ' καὶ ἐκ πρόφηθεν ἡ ὑπηθυ θυμὸς ἐκάστου
ἐς κοίλην ἐρρίψαν, ἀνερρήσαν δ' ἀρὰ τοῖχοι
ἀμφοτέρους: κρέμαται δὲ σὺν ἱστίῳ ἀρμένα πάντα
εἰκῇ ἀποκλασθέντα: πολὺς δ' ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ὁμβρος
νυκτὸς ἐφερποῦσης: παταγεὶ δ' εὐρεία θάλασσα,
κοπτομένη πνοιαίς τε καὶ ἀρρήκτοις χαλάζαις.
ἀλλ' ἐμπιθ' ὑμεῖς γε καὶ ἐκ βυθοῦ ἐλκτε νήας
αὐτοῖσιν ναύτησιν ὀιόμενοι δανέσθαι:
αἴσα δ' ἀπολήγοντ' ἄνεμοι, λιπαρὴ δ' γαλήνη
ἀμ πέλαγος: νεφέλαι δὲ διέδραμον ἀλλυδίς ἄλλαις
ἐκ δ' ἀρκτοί τ' ἐφάνησαν, Ὡνων τ' ἀνὰ μέσσον
ἀμαυρὴ
Φάτνη σημαίνουσα τὰ πρὸς πλόου εὕοια πάντα.
ὁ ἀμφωθικτοῦσι βοηθοῦ, ὁ φίλοι ἀμφωθισ.

1 οὐρανὸν εἰσανίντα Meineke: μὲν οὐρανὸν ἐξανίντα
XXII.—THE HYMN TO THE DIOSCURI

Our song is of the sons of Leda and the Aegis-Bearer, Castor to wit and with him Polydeuces, that dire wielder of the fist and of the wrist-harness of the leathern throng. Twice is our song and thrice of the boys of Thestius' daughter, the two Spartan brethren which wont to save both men that are come upon the brink and horses that are beset in the bloody press; aye, and ships also, that because they sail in despite of rise or set of the stars do fall upon evil gales, which, or fore or aft or where they list, upraise a great surge, and both hurl it into the hold and rive with it their timbers whether on this side or on that. Then hang sail and shroud by the board; and night comes, and with it a great storm from the sky, and the broad sea rattles and plashes with the battery of the blast and of the irresistible hail. But for all that, ye, even ye, do draw both ship and despairing shipmen from out the hell; the winds abate, the sea puts on a shining calm, the clouds run asunder this way and that way; till out come the Bears peeping, and betwixt the Asses lo! that Manger so dim, which betokens all fair for voyaging on the sea. O helpers twain of men, O friends both of mortals, O horseman harpers, O
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ιππής κιθαρισταί, ἀεθλητήρες ἀοιδοὶ:
Κάστορος ἦ πρῶτον Πολυδύκεος ἀρξομ' ἀείδειν;
ἀμφοτέρους ὑμνέων Πολυδύκεα πρῶτον ἀείσω.

ἡ μὲν ἀρὰ προφυγούσα πέτρας εἰς ἐν ξυνούσας
'Αργῷ καὶ νυφόντος ἀπαρτηροῦ στόμα Πάντου,
Βεβρικες εἰσαφίκανε θεῶν φίλα τέκνα φέροντα.
ἐνθα μής πολλοὶ κατὰ κλίμακος ἀμφοτέρων ἐξ
τούχων ἄνδρες ἐβαινὸν Ἰησοῦν ἀπὸ νήσος,
εὐκόνες δ' ἐπὶ θύη βαθὺν καὶ ύπνεμον ἁκτήν
ἐννάς τ' ἐστόρυμυντο πυρεία τε χερσὶν ἐνώμων.
Κάστωρ δ' αἰολόπωλος ὁ τ' οἰνοπός Πολυδύκης
ἀμφώ ἐρμαξέσκον ἀποτλαχήης ἐταῖρων,
παντοίην ἐν ὅρει θενεύμενοι ἄγριον υλῆν. 30
ἐυρὸν δ' ἀέναιον κρήνην υπὸ λισαδὶ πέτρη
ὕδατι πεπληθυίαι ἄκηρατο. αἱ δ' ὑπένερθεν
λάλλα:1 κρυστάλλῳ ὡδ' ἀργύρῳ ἱνδαλλοῦντο
ἐκ βυθῶν ὑψηλαὶ ὑπεύκεισαν ἀρχόθι πεῦκαι
λεύκαι τε πλάτανοι τε καὶ ἀκρόκομοι κυπάρισσοι,
ἀνθέα τ' εὐόδῃ, λασίαις φίλα ἐργα μελίσσαις,
ὅσσ' ἑαρὸς λήγοντος ἐπιβρύη ἄλειμονας. 40
ἐνθά δ' ἀνὴρ ὑπέροπλος ἐνίμηνος ἐνδιάσκε,
ἀείνος ίδειν, σκληρῆςι τεθλασμένος οὐατα πυγ-
μαῖς:
στήθεα δ' ἐσφαίρωτο πελώρια καὶ πλατὺ νότον
σαρκὸς σιδηρεῖ τυφρῆλατος οἰα κολοσσός.
ἐν δὲ μόνες στερεοῖσι βραχίονισιν ἀκρόν ὑπ' ὅμοιον
ἔστασαν ἕντε πέτροι ὀλοίροι, οὕτω κυλίνδρων
χειμώρρους ποταμὸς μεγάλαις περιέξεσθε δίναις:
αὐτῶν ὑπὲρ νότοι καὶ αὐχένος ἱψοτεῖτο
ἀκρῶν δέρμα λέοντος ἀφημμένον ἐκ ποδεῖνον.

1 λάλλα: Ruhnken: mss ἀλλα
boxer bards, whether of Castor first or Polydeuces shall I sing? Be my song of both, and yet the beginning of it of Polydeuces.

The Together-coming Rocks were safely passed and the baleful mouth of the snowy Pontic entered, and Argo with the dear children of the Gods aboard her had made the country of the Bebrycians. Down the ladders on either side went crowding the men of Jason’s ship, and soon as they were out upon the soft deep sand of that lee shore, set to making them greenbeds and rubbing fire-sticks for fire. Then went Castor of the nimble coursers and Polydeuces ruddy as the wine together wandering afield from the rest, for to see the wild woodland of all manner of trees among the hills. Now beneath a certain slabby rock they did find a freshly brimming ever with water pure and clear. The pebbles at the bottom of it were like to silver and crystal, and long and tall there grew beside it, as well firs and poplars and planes and spiry cypress, as all fragrant flowers which abound in the meadows of outgoing spring to be loved and laboured of the shag bee. In that place there sat taking the air a man both huge and terrible. His ears were crushed shapeless by the hard fist, and his giant breast and great broad back were orbed with iron flesh like a sledge-wrought effigy; moreover the sinews upon his brawny arms upstood beside the shoulder like the boulder-stones some torrent hath rolled and rounded in his swirling eddies; and, to end all, over his neck and about his back there was hung by the claws a swinging lion-skin.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

τὸν πρῶτον προσέειπεν ἀεθλοφόρος Πολυδεύκης:
Χαίρε ξεῖν', ὅτις ἐσσι. τίνες βροτοί, ὃν ὁδὲ
χώρος;

ἈΜΤΚΟΣ

χαίρω πῶς, ὅτε τ' ἀνδρας ὅρω, τοὺς μὴ πρὶν
ὅπως;

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΥΚΗΣ

θάρσει. μὴν ἄδικος μὴν ἐξ ἄδικων φάθει λεύσειν.

ἈΜΤΚΟΣ

θαρσέω, κοῦκ ἐκ σεῦ με διδάσκεσθαι τὸν ἔοικεν.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΥΚΗΣ

ἀγριος εἴ πρὸς πάντα παλάγκοτος ἦν ὑπερόπτης;

ἈΜΤΚΟΣ

τοιόσον οἶον ὅφας τῆς σῆς γέ μεν οὐκ ἐπιβαίνω.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΥΚΗΣ

ἐλθοις, καὶ ξενίων κε τυχῶν πάλιν οἰκαὶ ἰκάνοις. 60

ἈΜΤΚΟΣ

μήτε σύ με ξεῖνιζε, τά τ' ἐξ ἐμεῦ οὐκ ἐν ἐτοίμῳ.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΥΚΗΣ

δαιμόνι', οὖν ἂν τοῦδε πιείν ὑδατός σύγχρε δολης;

ἈΜΤΚΟΣ

γρῶσεαι, εὔτε σε δύσφος ἀνειμένα χείλεα τέρσῃ. 3

1 ἦν' Hemsterhuyss: masc ἦν 2 κα' Ahrens: masc γε 3 εὔτε

se Wil: masc εἴ σου τέρσῃ Wil: masc τέρσει

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First spoke the champion Polydeuces. 'Whoever you may be, Sir,' says he, 'I bid you good morrow. Pray tell me what people possesseth this country.'

**AMYCUS**

Is it good-morrow, quotha, when I see strangers before me?

**POLYDEUCES**

Be of good cheer. Trust me, we be no evil men nor come we of evil stock.

**AMYCUS**

Of right good cheer am I, and knew it or ever I learnt it of you.

**POLYDEUCES**

Pray are you a man o' the wilds, a churl come what may, a mere piece of disdain?

**AMYCUS**

I am what you see; and that's no goer uponother's ground, when all's said.

**POLYDEUCES**

Come you upon my ground and welcome; you shall not go away empty.

**AMYCUS**

I'll none of your welcomes and you shall none of mine.

**POLYDEUCES**

Lord, man! would you have me denied even a drink of this water?

**AMYCUS**

That shall you know when there comes you the parching languor o' thirst on the lips.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

ἀργυρός η τις ο μισθὸς; ἔρεις, ὦ κέν σε πίθοιμεν.

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ

eis éni cheirás ἤειρου ἐναντίον ἀνδρὶ καταστάσ.

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

πυγμάχος, ἡ καὶ ποσσὶ θένω σκέλος; ὀμματα δ' ὀρθά.1

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ

πῦς διατεινόμενος σφετέρης μὴ φείδεο τέχνης.

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

tis γάρ, ὅτω χειρας καὶ ἐμοὺς συνερείσω ιμάντας;

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ

ἐγγὺς ὀρᾶς οὐ γόνις ἐών 2 κεκλήσεθ' ὁ πύκτης.

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

ἡ καὶ ἄελθων ἐτοίμων, ἐφ' ὦ δηρισόμεθ' ἀμφώ;

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ

σὸς μὲν ἐγώ, σὺ δ' ἐμὸς κεκλήσεαι, αἱ κε κρατήσω.

ΠΟΛΤΔΕΤΚΗΣ

ὄφνιθων φοινικολόφων τοιοίδε κυδοίμοι.

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ

eiτ' οἶν ὀρνίθεσσιν ἔοικότες εἰτὲ λέουσιν γυνόμεθ', οὐκ ἂλλω κε μαχεσαίμεθ' ἐπ' ἀέθλορ.

ἡ Ῥ”Αμυκος, καὶ κόχλον ἐλῶν μυκήσατο κοῖλην. οὐ δὲ θεός συνάγερθην ὑπὸ σκιερὰς πλατανίστους

1 thērē Wil; mes thērē or thēn; mes also ὀρθὰ: the meaning is doubtful 2 γόνις ἐών: mes also σὺ με ἀμός
Polydeuces
Would you silver or aught else for price? Say what you'll take.

Amycus
Up hands and fight me man against man.

Polydeuces
Fisticuffs is 't? or feet and all? mind you, I have a good eye.

Amycus
Fists be it, and you may do all your best and cunningest.

Polydeuces
But who is he for whom I am to bind thong to arm?

Amycus
You see him nigh; the man that shall fight you may be called a woman, but 'faith, shall not deserve the name.

Polydeuces
And pray is there a prize we may contend for in this our match?

Amycus
Whethersoever shall win shall have the other to his possession.

Polydeuces
But such be the mellays of the red-crested game-cock.

Amycus
Whether we be like cock or lion there shall be no fight betwixt us on any other stake.

With these words Amycus took and blared upon his hollow shell, and quickly in answer to his call
κοχλου φυσηθέντος ἀλεί1 Βέβρυκες κομώντεσ.

δ' αὐτώσ ἡρωσ οἷων ἑκαλέσσατο πάντας

Μαγνήσης ἀπὸ νῆσο ὑπείροχος ἐν δαὶ Κάστωρ.

οἶ δ' ἐπεὶ οὐν σπείρησιν ἐκαρτύναντο βοεῖας

χείρας καὶ περὶ γυία μακροὺς εἰλιξαν ἰμάντας,

ἐς μέσουν συναγον φόνου ἀλλήλοισι πνεόντες.

ἐνθα πολύς σφιαὶ μόχθος ἐπετυγμένους ἑτύχη,

ὅποτερος κατὰ νὸτα λάβοι φῶς ἑλίουν

ιδρείη μέγαν άνδρα παρῆλθες ὦ Πολυδευκες,

βάλλετο δ' ἀκτίνας σιν ἀπαν Ἄμυκοιον πρόσωπον.

αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἐν θυμῷ κεχόλομένος λετο πρόσωπο,

χερὶ τιτυσκόμενοι. τοῦ δ' ἀκρον τύψε γένειον

Τυνδαρίδης ἐπίαντος ὀρίψη δὲ πλέον ἡ πρίν,

σὺν δὲ μάχην ἐτάραξε,2 πολύς δ' ἐπέκειτο νευκώς.

ἐς γαίαν. Βέβρυκες δ' ἑπαύτεον, οἶ δ' ἐτέρωθεν

ἡρωες κρατερὸν Πολυδεύκεα βαρσύνεσκον,

ἀεὶ κυρότας μὴ πῶς μὴ ἐπιβρίσας δαμάσειε

χόρῳ ἐνι στεινῷ Τιτυρῷ ἐναλάγκιος ἀνήρ.

ὕτοι ὅγ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα παριστάμενος.3 Διὸς νιὸς

ἀμφοτέρησιν ἐνυσσεν ἀμοιβαδίς, ἐσχεθε δ' ὀρμής

παῦσα Ποσειδαώνοι ὑμερφιάλοιν περ ἐόντα.

ἐστι δὲ πληγαῖς μεθύσων, ἐκ δ' ἐπτυσεν αἷμα

φώινων. οἶ δ' ἕμα πάντες ἀριστῆς κελάδησαν,

ὡς ἰδον ἐλκεα λυγρὰ περὶ στόμα τε γνάθοις τε

ὁμάτα δ' ὀδήσαντος ἀπεπείνωτο προσώπου.

τὸν μὲν ἀναξ ἐτάρασσεν ἑτόσια χερὶ προδεικνύν.

1 ἀλεί 'thickly' E, see Class. Rev. 1913, p. 5; mas άει

2 mas also ἐτύψε. 3 mas also περιστ. 4 ἐνυσσεν Herwer-

den: mas ἐμοσσεν or ἐτύψεν

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came the thick-haired Bebrycians and gathered themselves together beneath the shady platans. And in like manner all the heroes of the ship of Magnesia were fetched by Castor the peerless man-o'-war. And so the twain braced their hands with the leathern coils and twined the long straps about their arms, and forth and entered the ring breathing slaughter each against the other.

Now was there much ado which should have the sunshine at his back; but the cunning of my Polydeuces outwent a mighty man, and those beams did fall full in Amycus his face. So goes master Amycus in high dudgeon forward with many outs and levellings o's fists. But the child of Tyndareüs was ready, and caught him a blow on the point o' the chin; the which did the more prick him on and make him to betumble his fighting, so that he went in head-down and full-tilt. At that the Bebrycians holla'd him on, and they of the other part cried cheerly unto the stalwart Polydeuces for fear this Tityus of a man should haply overpeise him and so bear him down in that narrow room. But the son of Zeus stood up to him first on this side and then on that, and touched him left and right and left again; and for all his puissance the child of Poseidon was stayed in 's onset, insomuch that he stood all drunken with his drubbing and spit out the crimson blood. Whereat all the mighty men gave joyful tongue together by reason of the grievous bruises he had both by cheek and jowl; for his eyes were all-straitened with the puffing of their sockets. Next did my lord maze his man awhile with sundry feints and
πάντας ἐλλ' οτε ὅτι μια ἀμηχανεύσει ἐνόσε, 
μέσης μιν ὑπέρθε κατ' ὀφρύν ἤλασε πυγμή, τὰν ὃν ἀπέσυρε μέτωπον ἐς ὀστέον. αὐτὰρ ὄ 
πληγεῖς
ὑπεῖσ ἐν φύλλοισι τεθηλόσιν ἐβετανοῦσθη.

ἐνθα μάχῃ δριμεία πάλιν γένετ' ὀρθωδέντος:
ἀλλήλους δ' ὅλεκον στερεοίς θείνουτες ἰμᾶσιν.
ἀλλ' ὃ μεν ἐς στήθος τε καὶ ἔξω χείρας ἐνώμα
ἀυχένος ἀρχηγὸς Βεβρύκων; ὃ δ' ἀπεκέστη πληγαῖς 110
πάν συνέφυρε πρόσωπον ἀνίκτητος Πολυδεύκης.
σάρκες τά' μὲν ἰδρώτε συνίζανον, ἐκ μεγάλου δὲ
αἵν' ὅλεγος γένετ' ἀνδρός: ὃ δ' αἰεὶ πάσσονα ἁμία
αὐξομένου 4 φορέεσκε πόνον καὶ χροῆ ἀμείνω.

πώς γὰρ ὅτι Δίος νῖος ἀδηψάμεν ἀνδρὰ καθείλεν;
εἰπὲ θεά, σὺ γὰρ ὀλσθα: ἐγὼ δ' ἐτέρων ὑποφήτης,
φθείξομαι ὅσο' ἐθέλεις σὺ, καὶ ὅππως τοι φίλουν
αὐτῇ.

ἠτοι ὅγε, ῥέξαι τι λιλαιόμενον μέγα ἔργον
σκαίη μὲν σκαίην Πολυδεύκειος ἔλλαβε χείρα,
δοξόμος ὧπο προβολῆς κλωνθείς, ἐτέρη δ' ἐπιβαίνων 120 
δεξιτέρης ἤνεγκεν ὧπο λαγόνος πλατὺ γυνίον.
καὶ κε τυχῶν ἔβλαψεν Ἀμυκλαίου βασιλῆ: ἀλλ' ὅγ' ὑπεξανεδύν κεφαλή, στιβαρὴ δ' ἀμα χειρὶ 
πλήξει ὧπο σκαιῶν κροτάφου καὶ ἐπέμπεσεν ὀμορ.
ἐκ δ' ἐχύθη μελάν ἄμα ὅδος κροτάφου χανότος:
λαίη δ' στόμα κόψε, πυκνοὶ δ' ἀράβησαν ὄδώντες:

1 mss also πυγμή 2 mss also μέτωπον 3 τῷ β. 
mss. al. or. β' εἶ 4 αὐξομένου Mein: mss. ἀντ. ἀμείνω 
Toup: mss. -μεν 5 ὅσο: mss also ἄτο 6 mss also κεφαλῆ
divers passes all about, and then, so soon as he had him all abroad, let drive at the very middle of his nose, flattened the face of him to the bone, and laid him flatlong amid the springing flowers.

His rising was the renewing of the fray, and a bitter one; aye, now were those swingeing iron gloves to fight unto death. The high lord of Bebrycia, he was all for the chest and none for the head; but as for the never-to-be-beaten Polydeuces, he was for pounding and braving the face with ugly shameful blows: and lo! the flesh of the one began to shrink with the sweating, and eftsoons was a great man made a little; but even as the other's labour increased, so waxed his limbs ever more full and round and his colour ever better.

Now Muse, I pray thee tell—for thou knowest it—how the child of Zeus destroyed that glutton; and he that plays thy interpreter will say what thou willest and even as thou choosest.

Then did Amycus, as who should achieve some great thing, come from his ward and with his left hand grasp Polydeuces' left, and going in with the other, drive the flat of his hand from his right flank. And had the blow come home, he had wrought harm to the king of Amyclae. But lo! my lord slips his head aside and the same moment struck out forth-right from the shoulder and smote him under the left temple; and from that gaping temple the red blood came spirting. Then his left hand did beat him in the mouth, so that the rows of teeth in 't

"The flat of the hand": or "his great fist."
aiē d’ ὀξυτέρῳ πιτύλῳ δηλεῖτο πρόσωπον, μέχρι συνηλοίσθε παρῆια. πᾶς δ’ ἐπὶ γαῖῇ ʰ
κεῖτ’ ἀλλοφρονέων, καὶ ἀνέσχεσθε νείκος ἀπανδῶν ἀμφότερα ἀμα χείρας, ἐπεὶ θανάτου σχεδὸν ἦν.
τὸν μὲν ἀρά κρατέων περ ἀτάσθαλον οὐδὲν ἔρεξας, ὁ τύκτη Πολυδευκεῖς ὄμοσσε δὲ τοῖς μέγαν ὅρκοι,
ὅν πατέρ’ ἐκ πώντοιο Ποσειδάωνα κικλῆσκοι,
μῆποτ’ ἐτὶ ξένοισιν ἐκὼν ἀνιηρὸς ἔσεσθαι.
καὶ σὺ μὲν ὑμνήσαι μοι ἀναξ. σὲ δὲ Κάστορ
ἀέσω, Τυνδαρίδη ταχύπωλε δορυσσόει χαλκεοθώρης.
τῶ μὲν ἀναρπάξαντε δῶν φερέτην Δίος νῦν
dοιας Λευκίπποιο κόρας: δισσῶ δ’ ἀρα τάγε
ἐσυμένωσ ἐδίωκον ἀδελφεῖν υἱ’ Ἀφαρῆς,
γαμβρῶ μελλογάμω, Λυγκεύς καὶ ὁ καρτερὸς Ἰδας.
ἀλλ’ ὁτε τύμβου ἢκανον ἀποφθεγμένου Ἀφαρῆς,
ἐκ δίφρον ἄρα βάντες ἔπ’ ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν,
ἐγχεσι καὶ κοῖλοις βαρυνόμενοι σακέσσας.
Λυγκεύς δ’ αὐ μετείπτευ ὑπὲκ κόρυθος μέγ’ αὔσας:
‘δαιμόνιοι, τί μάχης ἰμεῖρετε; πῶς δ’ ἐπὶ
νύμφαις
ἀλλοτρίαις χαλεποῖ, γυμναί δ’ ἐν χερσὶ μάχαιρας;
ἡμῖν τοις Λευκίπποις ἑας ἐδύνοσθε θυγατρας
τάσσε πολὺ προτέρως: ἡμῖν γάμος οὕτος ἐν ὅρκος
ὑμεῖς δ’ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐπ’ ἀλλοτρίοισι λέχεσσε
βουλή καὶ ἡμιόνοισι καὶ ἀλλοσί κτεάτεσσιν

1 ἐπὶ γαῖῃ Ἀθρέω: μὲν ἐνι γαῖῃ οτ ἐπὶ γαῖαν

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crackled again; aye, and an ever livelier patter o' the fists did maul the face of him till his visage was all one mash. Then down went he in a heap and lay like to swoon upon the ground; and up with both his hands for to cry the battle off, because he was nigh unto death. But thou, good boxer Polydeuces, for all thy victory didst nothing presumptuous. Only wouldst thou have him swear a great oath by the name of his father Poseidon in the sea, that he would nevermore do annoyance unto strangers.

The tale of thy praise, great Lord, is told; and now of thee, good my Castor, will I sing, Castor the Tyndarid, lord of coursers, wielder of spears, knight of the corslet of brass.

The twin children of Zeus were up and away with the daughters twain of Leucippus, and the two sons of Aphareus were hotfoot upon their track, Lyuceus to wit and doughty Idas, the bridegrooms that were to be. But when they were got to the grave of Aphareus dead, they lighted all from their chariots together and made at one another in the accoutrement of spear and shield. Then up spake Lyuceus and cried aloud from beneath his casque, saying: 'Sirs, why so desirous of battle? How come you so unkind concerning other men's brides? and wherefore these naked weapons in your hands? These daughters of Leucippus were plighted to us, to us long ere you came; we have his oath to it. But as for you, you have prevailed on him unseemly for other men's wives with cattle and mules and what
τὸν πόλεµον ἡμῶν ἀναρρήξατος ὡς ἐπέκεινσα
τὸν σώλον τὸν τάδ’ ἐστὶ παῖς πέπτωκεν,
ὑς ὑπὸ τὸν τῶν ἐνδύκιον ἀλονοῦ,
οῖς ὑπὸ τῶν πολιτῶν ἡ ἐστὶν
ἡμᾶς ἡμῶν ἀναρρήξατος ἔκλείπτητε
ὡς ἐπέκεινσα τὸν σώλον τὸν τάδ’.
not; ye be stealing bridal with a gift. Yet time and again, God wot, albeit I am no man of many words, I have myself spoke to your face and said: "It ill becometh princes, good friends, to go a-wooing such as be betrothed already. Sparta is wide, and so is Elis o' the courser; wide likewise the sheep-walks of Arcady and the holds of Achaea; Messenë also and Argos and all the seaboard of Sisyphus: there's ten thousand maidens do dwell in them at the houses of their fathers, wanting nothing in beauty or in parts, of the which you may take whomso you will to your wives. For many there he would fain be made wife's father unto a good man and true, and you are men of mark among all heroes, you and your fathers and all your fathers' blood of yore. Nay then, my friends, suffer us to bring this marriage to fulfilment, and we'll all devise other espousal for you." Such was my often rede, but the wind's breath was ever away with it unto the wet sea-wave, and no favour followed upon my words; for ye are hard men both and relentless. Yet even at this hour I pray you give heed, seeing ye be our kin by the father.

(The beginning of Castor's reply is lost)

"... But and if your heart would have war, if kindred strife must needs break forth and hate make an end in blood, then shall Idas and my doughty Polydences stand aside from the abhorred fray, and let you and me, Lynceus, that are the younger men, fight this matter out. So shall we leave our fathers the less sorrow, seeing one is enough dead of one household,

"The seaboard of Sisyphus": the district of Corinth.
eis' atar olloi pantas 1 eisphranousin etairous
nuvfoi an ti nekrōn, imeanistousi de koūras
τάσδ· oligw toi eokie kakh' megai neikos anairpein. 180
eipe, ta' the oke ar' emelle theos metamównia thesiai.
tō mēn hōr poti gaiai ap' ormon teuthi 'thenteo,
ō geveni profrēskevōn' de d' es meson ηλυθε Λυγκευς,
seiu karteron egoxos up' astipōs antyμa πρωτην.
ō γ' autous akras etináxato douvatos akmas
Kαστωρ: amfotēros de lofōn epēnevev 'theirai.
egxeisi mēn prōtistata titeitokomenei pōnoi 2 eixon
allhlos, ei poú ti chrōss γυμνωθεν 'idiein.
All' ἦτοι τα' mēn akra pāros tīna deklēsasthai
doūr' éaghi, sakēesin evi deinoi sw pagneta.
tō de aor ek koloeio erυssamēno fōno autis
teuχon ep' allhloisi: máχh' d' ou γίνετ' erwē.
poll' mēn es sakois eury kai iptōkomen trufa-
leian
Kαστωρ, poll' d' enuzech akribēs ομμασι Lυγκευς
τoio sakois, foimika d' osou lofou 'ικετ' akokh.
tōu mēn akhēn ekolousven ep' skaiōn gōnu xeiρa
fásγanov oxe fereutox upēzanaβas podi Kαστωρ
skaiw' d' de plēgeis xifos ekβalεn, αίψa de
feugein
φρυμ'θη poti sēma patrōs, tōthi karteros 'Idas
keklμēνos theitō makh' emfυλiai anđrōn.
all' metaiξas plαtui fásγanov wse diapρo
Tυνδαρίδηs λαγόνos te kai óμβαλoν' éγkata d' eiςw
chalkos afar diégxen d' d' es stōma 3 keitō nevenwkois
Lυγκευς, kād' d' āra oi blefαρων varei edramen
upnos.

1 mss also παντες
2 πόνοι; mss also πάθος
3 στόμα; mss also χέφωνα

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and the two that be left shall glad all their friends as bridegrooms instead of men slain, and their wedding-song shall be of these maidens. And in such sort, I ween, a great strife is like to end in but little loss.'

So he spake and, it seems, God was not to make his speaking vain. For the two that were the elder did off their armour and laid it upon the ground; but Lyneceus, he stepped forth with his stout lance a-quiver hard beneath the target's rim, and Castor, he levelled the point of his spear even in the same manner as Lyneceus, the plumes nodding the while upon either's crest. First made they play with the tilting of the lance, if haply they might spy a naked spot; but or ever one of them was wounded the lance-point stuck fast in the trusty buckler and was knapped in twain. Then drew they sword to make havoc of each other; for there was no surcease of battle. Many a time did Castor prick the broad buckler or horse-haired casque; many a time did the quick-eyed Lyneceus come at the other's targe or graze with the blade his scarlet crest. But soon, Lyneceus making at his left knee, Castor back with his left foot and had off his fingers, so that his falchion dropped to the ground and he went scurrying towards his father's grave, where stout Idas lay watching the kindred fray. Howbeit the son of Tyndareus was after him in a trice and drave his good sword clean through flank and navel, so that the bowels were presently scattered of the brass, and Lyneceus bowed himself and fell upon his face, and lo! there sped down upon his eyelids profoundest sleep.
οὐ μὲν οὖν τὸν ἄλλον ἐφ᾽ ἐστὶν εἰδε πατρῴῃ
παῖδων Λασκόωσα φίλον γάμον ἐκτελέσαντα.
ἡ γὰρ ὅγε στήλην Ἀφαρήου ἐξανέχουσαι
τύμβου ἀναρπάξας ὁ ταχέως Μεσσήνιος Ἰδας
μέλλε κασιγνήτου βαλεὶν σφετέροιο φοιήμα
ἄλλα Ζεὺς ἐπάμυνε, χερῶν δὲ οἱ ἐκβαλε τυκτὴν
μάρμαρον, αὐτὸν δὲ φλογέοι συνέφλεξε κεραυνῷ,
οὕτω Τυνδαρίδαις πολέμιζεμεν οὐκ ἐν ἐλαφρῷ
αὐτοὶ τε κρατέουσι καὶ ἐκ κράτειν τοῖς ἐφυσάν.

χαίρετε Δίδας τέκνα, καὶ ἡμετέρως κλέος ὑμνοῖς
ἐσθλὸν ἀεὶ πέμποντε. φίλοι δὲ τε πάντες ἀοίδοι
Τυνδαρίδαις Ἔλενη τε καὶ ἄλλος ἡρώεσαι,
"Ἰλιον οἱ διέπερσαν ἀρῆγοιτε Μενελάῳ,
ὑμῶν κύδος ἀνακτε ἐμήσατο Χίως ἀοίδος,
ὑμὴς Πριάμοι πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
Ἰλιάδας τε μᾶχας Ἀχιλῆα τε πῦρρον ἀὐτῆς.
ὑμῖν αὐτὸ παρέχουσι καὶ ὡς ἐμὸς οἶκος ὑπάρχει,
τοῖα φέρω. γεράων ἐν θεοῖς κάλλιστον ἀοίδαι." 1

1 ἀναρπάξας Ε, cf. Pind. Ν. 10. 60: μὲν ἀναρρήξατ 2 μὲν
also ἀλήθη
But neither was the other of Laocoön's children to be seen of his mother a wedded man at the hearth of his fathers. For Idas of Messenē, he up with the standing stone from the grave of Aphaereus and would have hurled it upon the slayer of his brother, but Zeus was Castor's defence, and made the wrought marble to fall from his enemy's hands; for he consumed him with the flame of his levīn-bolt. Ah! 'tis no child's-play to fight with the sons of Tyndareus; they prevail even as he that begat them prevai leth.

Fare you well, ye children of Leda; we pray you may ever send our hymns a goodly fame. For all singers are dear unto the sons of Tyndareus and unto Helen and unto other the heroes who were Menelaüs' helpfellows at the sacking of Troy. Your renown, O ye princes, is the work of the singer of Chios, when he sang of Priam's town and of the Achaean ships, of Trojan frays and of that tower of the war-cry Achilles; and here do I also bring your souls such offerings of propitiation as the melodious Muses do provide and my household is able to afford. And of all a God's prerogatives song is the fairest.
XXIII.—THE LOVER

This poem, known to the Latin poets, cannot be ascribed to Theocritus. It was apparently sent by a lover to his neglectful beloved. The author tells how in a like case unrequited friendship led to the suicide of the one, and to the death of the other at the hands of an effigy of Love. The actual death of a boy through the accidental falling of a statue probably gave rise to a folk-tale which is here put into literary shape.
XXIII.—ΕΡΑΣΤΗΣ

'Ανήρ τις πολυφύλτρος ἀπηνέος ἦρατ' ἐφάβω τὰν μορφὰν ἁγαθῷ, τὸν δὲ τρόπον οὐκέθ' ὀμοιῶν μέσει τὸν φιλέουτα καὶ οὐδὲ ἐν ἀμερον εἶχε, καὶ ἤδει τὸν 'Εραστα, τις ὄν 1 θέος ἀλίκα τὸξα χερσὶ κρατεῖ, πῶς πικρά βέλη ποτὶ παῖνημα 2 βάλλει;

πάντα δὲ καὶ μύθοις καὶ ἐν προσόδοσιν ἀτειρίως. οὐδὲ τι τῶν πυρσῶν πυραμίθιον, οὐκ ἀμάρυγμα χείλεος, οὐκ ὀσσων λιπαρὸν σέλας, οὐ ροδόμαλον, οὐ λόγος, οὐχι φίλαμα τὸ κούφιζον 3 τὸν ἔρωτα. οια δὲ θῆρ ἑλαίος ὑποπτεύησε κυνάγως, οὕτως πάντ᾽ ἐποπώπαι ἐτὶ 4 βροτον ἀγρια δ' αὐτῷ χείλεα καὶ κώραι δεινὸν βλέπος εἴχον ἀνώγκας; 5 τὰ δὲ χολὴ τὸ πρόσωπον ἀμείβετο, φεύγε δ' ἀπὸ χρῶς. ὁ πρὶν ταῖς ὀργαῖς περικείμενον. 6 ἀλλὰ καὶ οὕτως ἢν καλὸς ἐξ ὀργᾶς 7 ἐρεθίζετο μᾶλλον ἐραστάς.

λοίσθιον οὐκ ἢνεικε τῶς τῶν φλόγα τὰς 8 Κυθερείας, ἀλλ' ἐλθὼν ἐκλαίει ποτὶ στυγνοίς μελάθρους.

1 ἐν Ε.: mess ἕν 2 ποτὶ παῖνημα E, the saecus iōcos of Hor. C. 1. 33. 12, cf. πρὸς ἡδονήν and Mosch. 1. 11: Steph. πυραμίθιον, Ahr. ποτὶ καὶ Δία (see C.R. 1913, p. 5): mess ποτὶ παιδία 3 κούφιζον E: mess -ον, -είν, -οι, -ει 4 ἐποπώπαι ἐτὶ E: cf. 4. 7: mess ἐποπώπαι ποτὶ τὸν 5 βλέπος ε. ἀνώγκας
There was once a heart-sick swain had a cruel fere, the face of the fere goodly but his ways not like to it; for he hated him that loved him, and had for him never a whit of kindness, and as for Love, what manner of God he might be or what manner of bow and arrows carry, or how keen and bitter were the shafts he shot for his delectation, these things wist he not at all, but both in his talk and conversation knew no yielding. And he gave no comfort against those burning fires, not a twist of his lip, not a flash of his eye, not the gift of a hip from the hedge-row, not a word, not a kiss, to lighten the load of desire. But he eyed every man even as a beast of the field that suspects the hunter, and his lips were hard and cruel and his eyes looked the dread look of fate. Indeed his angry humour made change of his face, and the colour of his cheeks fled away because he was a prey to wrathful imaginings. But even so he was fair to view; his wrath served only to prick his lover the more.

At last the poor man would bear no more so fierce a flame of the Cytherean, but went and wept before

Meineke: μας ἰδέαν πληρησεν ἡμέραν ἐφ' αὐτῷ Αhrn: μας καθιστήθηκεν καὶ ἐπιστήθηκεν Wakefield: μας περιπετεύεσθαι Steph.: μας ἰδέαν πληρήσας  Ἔλδικ: μας παραστατεῖν 279
καὶ κύσε τὰν φλιάν, οὔτω δ' ἀντέλλετο φωνῆς: 1
"ἄγριε παί καὶ στυγνέ, κακὰς ἀνάδρεμμα
λειανας,
λάινε παί καὶ ἔρωτος ἀνάξιε, δῶρὰ τοι ἠλθον
λοίσθια ταύτα φέρων, τὸν ἐμὸν βρόχον οὐκετε
γάρ σε
κῶρε θέλω λυπεῖν ποθοφόμενος, 2 ἀλλὰ βαδίζω,
ἐνθά τῷ μεν κατέκρινας, ὅτι λόγος ἦμεν ἀταρπὸν
ἐξαν̓α τοῦτο ἐρωτεῖ, τὸ φάρμακον ἐνθά τὸ λάθος. 4
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἢν ὅλον αὐτὸ λαβὼν ποτὶ χείλος
ἀμέλεξα,
οὐδ' οὔτως σβέσασθν τὸν ἐμὸν πόθον. 5
ἀρτὶ δὲ χαίρειν
toῖσι τεοὶς προθύρωις ἐπιτέλλομαι. 6 οἶδα τὸ μέλ-
λον:
καὶ τὸ ρόδον καλὸν ἐστι, καὶ ὁ χρόνος αὐτὸ
μαραίνει:
καὶ τὸ ἀγνὸν καλὸν ἐστιν ἐν εἰαρι, καὶ ταχῦ γηρᾶ:
λευκὸν τὸ κρίνον ἐστὶ, μαραίνεται ἄνικ' ἀπαρθεὶ: 3
ἀ δὲ χιόνι λευκά, κατατάκεται ἄνικ' ἐπιπνεῖ: 8
καὶ καλλὸς καλὸν ἐστι τὸ παιδίκου, ἀλλ' ὅλων
ζῇ.

ηξεὶ καιρὸς ἑκείνως, ὀπανίκα καὶ τῷ φιλάσεις,
ἀνικὰ τὰν κραδίαν ὄπτεύμενος ἀλμυρὰ κλαύσεις.
ἀλλὰ τῷ παί καὶ τούτο πανυστατον ἀδύ τε μεξου
ὀππόταν ἐξελθὼν ἤρτημενὸν ἐν προθύροις
toῖσι τεοῖσιν ὅθης τὸν τλάμον, μή με παρέλθης,
στάθι δὲ καὶ βραχὺ κλαύσου, ἐπισπείσας δὲ τὸ
δάκρυ

1 ἀντέλλετο φωνῆς Ἐ: μεντ ἀντελεστο φωνῆς 2 ποθοφόμενος Ἐ: μεν ποιολοκόμοις(Λ cor., τὸ π) 3 ἀταρπὸν ἐξανὴν Τουρ: μεν ἀταρπὸν ἐξανὴν 4 λάθος Ἐ: μεν λάθος 5 πόθον Μου: 280
that sullen house, and kissed the doorpost of it, and
lifted up his voice saying "O cruel, O sullen child,
that wast nursed of an evil she-lion; O boy of stone
which art all unworthy to be loved; lo! here am I
come with the last of my gifts, even this my halter.
No longer will I vex you with the sight of me; but
here go I whither you have condemned me, where
they say the path lies all lovers must travel, where
is the sweet physic of oblivion. Yet if so be I take
and drink that physic up, every drop, yet shall I not
quench the fever of my desire.

And lo! now I bid this thy door farewell or ever
I go. I know what is to be. The rose is fair
and Time withers it, the violet is fair in the year's
spring and it quickly groweth old; the lily is
white,—it fades when its flowering's done; and
white the snow,—it melts all away when the wind
blows warm: and even so, the beauty of a child
is beautiful indeed, but it liveth not for long. The
day will come when you shall love like me, when
your heart shall burn like mine, and your eyes weep
brinish tears. So I pray you, child, do me this one
last courtesy: when you shall come and find a poor
man hanging at your door, pass him not by; but
stay you first and weep awhile for a libation upon
λύσον τὰς σχοινίας με καὶ ἀμφίθες ἐκ ῥεθέων σῶν εἴματα καὶ κρύφον με, τὸ δ’ αὐτοὶ πῦματόν με φίλασον.
κἂν νεκρῷ χαρίσαι τὰ σὰ χείλεα, μὴ με φοβαθής
ου δύναμαι σίνειν" σε διαλλάξεις με φιλάσας.
χώμα δὲ μοι κοίλον τι, δ’ τὸ μεν κρύψει τὸν ἐρωτα,
χωτ’ ἀπίης, τὸδε μοι τρίς ἐπάυσον τὸ φίλε κείσο." 
Ἡν δὲ θέλῃς, καὶ τοῦτο: 'καλὸς δὲ μοι ὀλεθ'
ἐταίρος.'
γράψον καὶ τόδε γράμμα, τὸ σοῖς τοίχοισι
χαράσσω.
'τοῦτον ἔρως ἑκτείνειν, ὀδοιπόρε, μὴ παροδεύσῃς,
ἀλλὰ στὰς τόδε λέξον ἀπηνέα εἰχεν ἔταίρον.'"
ὦ δ’ εἰπὼν λίθον εἶλεν, ἐρεισάμενος δ’ ἐπὶ τοῖχῳ 50
ἀχρὶ μέσων οὐδ’ φοβηρὸν λίθον ἀπτετ’ ἀπ’
αὐτῶν
τὰν λεπτὰν σχοινίδα, βρόχον δ’ ἐνέβαλλε τραχῆλω,
τὰν ἑδραν δ’ ἐκύλισεν ἀπαῖ ποδός, ἦδ’ ἐκρεμάσθη
νεκρός.
δ’ δ’ αὐτ’ διξε θύρας καὶ τὸν νεκρὸν εἶδεν
αἰλᾶς εἰς ἱδίας ἡρτημέουν, οὐδ’ ἐλυγίζῃ
τὰν ψυχὰν οὐ κλαύσε νέον φόνον, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
eἴματα πάντε ἐμαίνειν ἐφαβικά, βαίνε δ’ ἐς ἄθλα
γυμναστῶν, καὶ ἐκηλα 9 φίλων ἐπεμαίετο λουτρῶν.
καὶ ποτὶ τὸν θεὸν ἡλθε, τὸν ύβρισε. λαίνειος 10 δὲ

1 σίνειν Ahrens: mss εἶν  2 ματ (Mus.) καλου τι E: mss
μεν κοῖλον τι or τὸ  3 χωτ’ E: mss καὶ corr. from χῶμ
due to confusion with l. 44  κείσο E: mss κείσαι  χαράσσω
Wil: mss χαράξω  4 ἀπτετ’ Mus: mss ἄπτετ’ αὐτῶν Mus:

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him, and then loosing him from the rope, put about him some covering from your own shoulders; and give him one last kiss, for your lips will be welcome even to the dead. And never fear me; I cannot do thee any mischief; thou shalt kiss and there an end. Then pray thee make a hole in some earthy bank for to hide all my love of thee; and ere thou turn thee to go thy ways, cry over me three times 'Rest, my friend,' and if it seem thee good cry also 'My fair companion's dead.' And for epitaph write the words I here inscribe upon thy wall:

*Here's one that died of love; good wayfarer, Stay thee and say: his was a cruel fire.*

This said, he took a stone and set it up, that dreadful stone, against the wall in the midst of the doorway; then tied that slender string unto the porch above, put the noose about his neck, rolled that footing from beneath his feet, and lo! he hung a corpse.

Soon that other, he opened the door and espied the dead hanging to his own doorway; and his stubborn heart was not bended. The new-done murder moved him not unto tears, nor would he be defiling all his young lad's garments with a dead corpse; but went his ways to the wrestling-bouts and betook himself light of heart to his beloved bath. And so came he unto the God he had slighted. For
"ιστατ' ἀπὸ κρηπίδος ἐς ὑδατα: τῷ δ' ἐφύπερθεν ἄλατο καὶ τῶγαλμα, κακόν δ' ἐκτεινεν ἐφαβον. νάμα 1 δ' ἐφοινίχθη: παιδὸς δ' ἐπενάχετο φωνά: "χαίρετε τοι φιλέοντες: ὃ γὰρ μισῶν ἐφονεύθη, στέργετε δ' οἱ μισεῦντες: ὃ γὰρ θεὸς οἶδε δικάζειν."

1 νάμα Reiske: mas ἀμα
there stood an image of him upon the margin looking towards the water. And lo! even the graven image leapt down upon him and slew that wicked lad; and the water went all red, and on the water floated the voice of a child saying "Rejoice ye that love, for he that did hate is slain; and love ye that hate, for the God knoweth how to judge."
XXIV.—THE LITTLE HERACLES

This Epic poem, unlike the Hylas, is not an artistic whole. It tells first how the infant Heracles killed the two snakes sent by the outraged Hera to devour him, and next of the rites which the seer Teiresias advised his mother Alcmena to perform in order to avert her wrath. We are then told of the education of Heracles, and the poem breaks off abruptly after an account of his diet and clothing. Such a poem, however, would doubtless be acceptable at the Alexandrian court in the early years of the child who was afterwards Ptolemy III. For the Ptolemies claimed descent from Heracles.
'Ηρακλέα δεκάμηνον ἐόντα πόχ' ἀ Μιδεάτις
'Αλκμήνα καὶ νυκτὶ νεώτερον Ἰφικλῆα
ἀμφοτέρους λούσασα καὶ ἐμπλήσασα γάλακτος,
χαλκεῖαν κατέθηκεν ἐς ἁσπίδα, τὸν Πτερελάον
Ἀμφιτρύων καλὸν ὅπλον ἀτεσκύλευσε πεσόντως.
ἀπτομένα δὲ γυνὰ κεφαλᾶς μυθήσατο παΐδων:
"εὐδετ' ἐμ' βρέφεα γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὑπνον,
eὐδετ' ἐμ' ψυχά, οὗ ἀδελφεῖ, εὔσσα τέκνα:
ὁλβιοι εὐνάξιοις καὶ ὀλβιοι ἀὼ ἰκοισθε." ¹
ὡς φαμένα διένασε σάκος μέγα· τοὺς δ' ἔλαβ' ὑπνος.
ἀμός δὲ στρέφεται μεσονύκτιον ὑπὶ δύσιν." Άρκτος
'Ωρίωνα κατ' αὐτὸν, δ' ἀμφαίνει μέγαν ὅμοιν,
tάμος ἀρ' αἰνᾶ πέλωρα δύο πολυμήχανον." Ηρη
κυνέας φρίσσουτας ὑπὸ σπείραις δράκοντας
ὁρσεν ἐπὶ πλατύν οὐδόν, ὃ ὁ πολυμήχαυον ὅποιον,
ἀπειλήσασα φαγεὶν βρέφος Ἦρακλῆα.
τὸ δὲ ἐξειλυσθέντες ἐπὶ χθονὶ γαστέρας ἀμφώ
ἀμοβόρος ἐκύλιον· ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν δὲ κακοῦ πῦρ
ἐρχομένοις λάμπεσκε, βαρὺν δ' ἐξέπτυνον ἵον.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ παῖδων λιχμώμενοι ἐγρύθεν ἰλθοῦν,
καὶ τὸτ' ἄρ' ἐξέγροντο, Διὸς νοέοντος ἀπαντα,
'Αλκμήνας φίλα τέκνα, φάος δ' ἀνὰ ὅποιον ἐτύχθη.
ἡτοὶ δὲ εὔθὺς ἀυίσε, ὅπως κακὰ θηρί' ἀνέγρω

¹ Ικοισθε: non also Ιδοτε.
XXIV.—THE LITTLE HERACLES

Once upon a time when the little Heracles was ten months old, Alcmena of Midea took him and Iphicles that was his younger by a night, and laid them, washed both and suckled full, in the fine brazen buckler Amphitryon had gotten in spoil of Pteryclus, and setting her hand upon their heads said "Sleep my babes, sleep sweetly and light; sleep, sweethearts, brothers twain, goodly children. Heaven prosper your slumbering now and your awakening to-morrow." And as she spake, she rocked the great targe till they fell asleep.

But what time the Bear swings low towards her midnight place over against the uplifted shoulder of mighty Orion, then sent the wily Hera two dire monsters of serpents, bridling and bristling and with azure coils, to go upon the broad threshold of the hollow doorway of the house, with intent they should devour the child Heracles. And there on the ground they both untwined their ravening bellies and went writhing forward, while an evil fire shined forth of their eyes and a grievous venom was spued out of their mouth. But when with tongues flickering they were come where the children lay, on a sudden Alcmena's little ones (for Zeus knew all) awoke, and there was made a light in the house. Iphicles, he straightway cried out when he espied the evil beasts and their pitiless fangs
κοίλου ὑπὲρ σάκεος καὶ ἀναίδεας εἶδεν ὄδόντας, Ἰφικλέης, οὐλαν δὲ ποσὶν διελάκτισε χλαίναν, φευγόμεν ὀρμαίων· ὁ δὲ ἐναντίος ἦτοι 1 χερσίν Ἡρακλέης, ἄμφω δὲ βαρεὶ ἐνεδήσατο δεσμῷ, ὃμοιομενός φάρυγος, τὸθι φάρμακαλκυρα γετυκταί 2 ὑλομένοις ὀφλεσθιν, ὁ καὶ θεοὶ ἑχθαῖροντι. τῷ δ' αὖτε σπείρασιν ἐλισσέσθην περὶ παιδα ὕψιγουν γαλαθηνὸν ὑπὸ τροφῷ αἰεν ἀδακρυν ἄφι δὲ πάλιν διέλυν, ἔτει μογέων ἀκάθιας, δεσμοῦ ἀναγκαῖον πειρόμενοι ἐκλυσιν εὑρεῖν.

'Αλκεμήνα δ' ἐσάκουσε βοῶς καὶ ἑπέγρετο 3 πράτα: "ἄνσταθ' Ἀμφιτρύων ἔμε ὅρα δεσὶ ὄσχει ὀκηρών ἀντα, μηδὲ πόδεσσι τεοὺς ὑπὸ σάνδαλα θείας. οὐκ αἴεις, παῖδων ὁ νεώτερος ὄσσον ἀντεῖ; ἢ οὐ νοεῖς, ὅτι νυκτὸς ἀορί που, οἱ δὲ τε τοῖχοι πάντες ἀριφραδεῖς καθαρᾶς ἄπερ 4 ἤργενείας; ἐστὶ τί μοι κατὰ δῶμα νεώτερον, ἐστί φίλ' ἀνδρόν." 40 δε φάθ'. ὁ δ' ἐξ εὐνᾶς ἀλόγῳ κατέβαυε πιθήσας· δαιδάλεον δ' ὄρμασε μετὰ ξίφος, ὁ οἱ ὑπερθεν κλυτήρος κεφρίνου περὶ πασσάλω αἰεν ἀορτο. ἤτοι ὅγ' ὀργνάτο νεοκλώστον τελαμώνοι, κοψίζων ἐτέρα κολεῖν, μέγα λάτινον ἑργον, ἀμφιλαφῆς δ' ἁρα παστὰς ἐνεπληθῆ πάλιν ὄρφιας· ὄμως δὴ τότ' ἀυσεν ὑπὸν βαρῦν ἐκφυσώντας· "οἴστε πῦρ, ὅτι θάσσον ἀπ' ἐσχαρεὼν νοῦς ἐλόντες, ὄμως ἔμοι" στιβαροῖς δὲ θυρᾶν ἀνεκούσατ' 5 ὄχιας.

1 ἦτο Meinecke: mss εἶχετο 2 ἑπέγρετο: mss also ἑπέδραμε 3 mss also κέκρυπτα 4 ἀπερ Briggs: mss ἄτερ 5 ἀνεκούσατ' Blass: mss ἄνακ.
above the target's rim, and kicked away the woollen coverlet in an agony to flee; but Heracles made against them with his hands, and griping them where lies a baneful snake's fell poison hated even of the Gods, held them both fast bound in a sure bondage by the throat. For a while they sent they two wound their coils about that young child, that suckling babe at nurse which never knew tears; but soon they relaxed their knots and loosed their weary spines and only strove to find enlargement from out those irresistible bonds.

Alcmena was the first to hear the cry and awake. "Arise, Amphitryon," quoth she; "for as for me I cannot arise for fear. Up then you, and tarry not even till you be shod. Hear you not how the little one cries? and mark you not that all the chamber-walls are bright as at the pure day-spring hour, though sure 'tis the dead of night? Troth, something, dear lord, is amiss with us." At these her words he up and got him down from the bed, and leapt for the damasked brand which ever hung to a peg above his cedarn couch, and so reached out after his new-spun baldrick even as with the other hand he took up his great scabbard of lotus-wood. Now was the ample bower filled full again of darkness, and the master cried upon his bond-servants that lay breathing slumber so deep and loud, saying "Quick, my bondservants! bring lights, bring lights from the brazier," and so thrust his stout door-pins back. Then "Rouse ye," quoth the
"άνοστατε δμόδες ταλασίφρονες. αυτός αύτει."  

η' μα γινά Φοίνισσα μύλαις ἐπὶ κοίτου έχουσα.  
ο' δ' αἰγα προγένυντο λύχνους ἀμα δαιμόνοις  
δμόδες- ἐνεπλήσθη δὲ δόμος σπεύδοντος ἐκάστου.  
ητοι α' ἄρ' ὃς εἴδοντ' ἐπιτίθιον Ἡρακλῆα  
θήρε δοὺς χεῖρεσσιν ἀπρίξ ἀπαλαίσιν ἐχουσα,  
συμπλήγην ιάχησαν δ' ἕς πατέρ' Ἀμφιτρώνα  
ἐρπετὰ δεικναύσκεν, ἐπάλλετο δ' ὑψόθι χαίρων  
kουρσόνα, γελάσας δὲ πάρος κατέθηκε ποδοῦν  
pατρὸς ἐνθ θανάτῳ κεκαρομένα δεινὰ πέλαρα.  
'Αλκμήνα μὲν ἐπείτα ποτὶ σφέτερον βάλε κόλπον 60  
ξηρὸν ὑπαί δείσων ἀκρόχλουν 'Ιφικλῆα.  
'Αμφιτρώνοι δὲ τὸν ἄλλον ὑπ' ἀμνείαν θέτο χλαίναν  
πάδα, πάλιν δ' ἐς λέκτρον ἦν ἐμφάσατο κοίτου.  

ὁμοίως τριτον ἄρτι τὸν έσχατον ὅθρον ἀειδόν,  
Τειρεσίαν τόκα μάντιν ἀλαθέα πάντα λέγοντα  
'Αλκμήνα καλέσασα χρέος  
καὶ νῦν ὑποκρίνοντα, ὅπως τελέσωθαι ἐμελλεν,  
ηονγεί: "μη' εἰ τι θεοὶ νοεόντι ποιηρὸν,  
ἀιδόμενος ἐμ' κρύπτε, καὶ δς οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀλύζαι  
ἀνθρώπως, ότι Μοῖρα κατὰ κλωστήρας ἐπέγει.  

ἀλλ' Εὐνηρίδα μάλα σε φρονέστα τιδάσκο,  
τόσο' ἔλεγεν βασίλεια: δ' ἄνταμειβετο τοίοις.  
"θάρσει ἀριστοτόκεια γύναι, Περσήνιον ἀλμ.  
θάρσει μελλόντων δὲ τὸ λώιν ἐν φρεσθε λέγον,  
ναὶ γὰρ ἔμων' ἑλκυφός ἀποιχομένου πάλαι  
δόσων.  

1 χρέος: mss also τέρας  
2 ἀλλ' Ahrens: mss μάρτι or μάντιν  
3 τοίοι Briggs: mss τοίοι or τοῖος  
4 θέσθο E, cf. Sappho 78 and Nicias A.P. 9. 564: mss θίσθαι or omit  
5 ἐμών E: mss ἐμών  

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Phoenician woman that had her sleeping over the mill, "rouse ye, strong-heart bondservants; the master cries:" and quickly forth came those bondservants with lamps burning every one, and lo! all the house was filled full of their bustling. And when they espied the suckling Heracles with the two beasts in the clutch of his soft little fingers, they clapped their hands and shouted aloud. There he was, showing the creeping things to his father Amphitryon and capering in his pretty childish glee; then laughing laid the dire monsters before his father's feet all sunken in the slumber of death. Then was Iphicles clipped aghast and palsied with fright to Alemena's bosom, and the other child did Amphitryon lay again beneath the lamb's-wool coverlet, and so gat him back to bed and took up his rest.

The cocks at third crow were carolling the break of day, when he that never lied, the seer Teiresias, was called of Alemena and all the strange thing told him. And she bade him give answer how it should turn out, and said "Even though the Gods devise us ill, I pray you hide it not from me in pity; for not even thus may man escape what the spindle of Fate drives upon him. But enough, son of Eueres; verily I teach the wise." At that he made the queen this answer: "Be of good cheer, O seed of Perseus, thou mother of noblest offspring; be of good cheer and lay up in thy heart the best hope of that which is to come. For I swear to you by the dear sweet light that is so long gone from my eyes, many the
πολλαὶ Ἀχαιάδων μαλακῶν περὶ ἄρενατι γῆς κεφάλαι κατατρύφουσιν ἄκραστερον ἀείδουσαι Ἀλκμήναν ὀρόμαστι, σέβας δ᾿ ἐσθ Ἀργείαις. τοῖς ἄνθρῳ δὲ μέλλει εἰς οὐρανόν ἄστρα φέροντα ἀμβαίνειν τεῦς νῖος, ἀπὸ στέρνων πλατὺς ἡφώς, οὗ καὶ θηρία πάντα καὶ ἀνέρες ἡσσόνες ἄλλοι. δόδεκά οἱ τελέσαντι πεπρωμένον ἐν Δίῳς οἰκεῖν ἀξόθους, θυητὰ δὲ πάντα πυρὰ Τραχίνους ἐξηγαμβρὸς δ’ ἀδανάτων κεκλῆσθαι, οἳ τάδ’ ἐπώροσαν κνώδαλα φωλεύοντα βρέφος διαδηλήσασθαι. ἀλλὰ γύναι πῦρ μὲν τοι ὑπὸ σποδοῦ εὐτυκὸν ἔστω, κάγκανα δ’ ἄσπαλάθου ἐξὶ ἐτοιμᾶσατ’ ἡ παλιόνου ἡ Βάτου ἡ ἀνέμῳ δεδομημένον αὐν ἄχρεδον καί ἐς τάδ’ ἀχρίασιν ἐπὶ σχίζαις δράκοντε ὑκτὶ μέσῃ, ὅκα παίδα κανείν τεῦν ἱθελον αὐτοῖ. ἦρι δὲ συλλέξασα κόνιν πυρὸς ἁμφίπολων τις ροφάτῳ εὐ μάλα πᾶσαν ὑπὲρ ποταμοῦ φέρονσα ῥωγάδας ἐς πέτρας ὑπερούριον, ᾿ἄγις ὑπὲροῦρος καθαρῷ δὲ πυρόσατε δύμα θείῳ πρώτον, ἐπειτα δ’ ἀλεσοὶ μεμυγμένον, ὡς νεόμυστα, θαλάϑο ἐπιρραϊνειν ἐστεμένῳ ἢ βλαβῆς ὑδωρ. Ζηνὶ δ’ ἐπιρρέξαι καθυπερτέρος ἀρεσεία χοῖρον, δυσμενέων αἰεὶ καθυπερτέρειοι ὡς τελέσχοι.”

1 oikeῖν Mus; mes eikῆ 2 νεόσθω Hermann; mes νεόσθω
3 ἐστεμένῳ Schaefer: mes -ον
Achaean women that as they card the soft wool about their knees at even, shall sing hereafter of the name of Alcmena, and the dames of Argos shall do her honour of worship. So mighty a man shall in this your son rise to the star-laden heavens, to wit a Hero broad of breast, that shall surpass all flesh, be they man or be they beast. And 'tis decreed that having accomplished labours twelve, albeit all his mortal part shall fall to a pyre of Trachis, he shall go to dwell with Zeus, and shall be called in his marriage a son of the Immortals, even of them who despatched those venomous beasts of the earth to make an end of him in his cradle. But now, my lady, let there be fire ready for thee beneath the embers, and prepare ye dry sticks of bramble, brier, or thorn, or else of the wind-fallen twigs of the wild pear-tree; and with that fuel of wild wood consume thou this pair of serpents at midnight, even at the hour they chose themselves for to slay thy son. And betimes in the morning let one of thy handmaids gather up the dust of the fire and take it to the river-cliff, and cast it, every whit and very carefully, out upon the river to be beyond your borders; and on her homeward way look she never behind her: next, for the cleansing of your house, first burn ye therein sulphur pure, and then sprinkle about it with a wool-wound branch innocent water mingled, as the custom is, with salt: and for an end offer ye a boar pig to Zeus pre-eminent, that so ye may ever remain pre-eminent above your enemies."

86 ἦσσε δὴ τούτ' ἄμαρ, ἐπεκέκληθαι νεβόδην ἐν εὐνῷ
καρχαρόδων σιέσεται ἰδιὰν λύκος ὁ ἔθελης.

These lines were rightly omitted by Briggs as due to a Christian interpolator.
Φά, καὶ ἑρωῆσας ἔλεφαντινον ὁχετο δίφρον
Τειρεσίας πολλοῖσι βαρύς περ ἐων ἐνιαυτοῖς.

'Ἡρακλέης δ' ὑπὸ ματρὶ νέον φυτὸν ὄς ἐν ἀλωὰ
ἐτρέφετ 'Ἀργείου κεκλημένος 'Αμφιτρύωνος,
γράμματα μὲν τὸν παῖδα γέρων Δίνος ἐξεδίδαξεν,
μός 'Ἀπόλλωνος μελεδωνεύς ἄγρυπνος ἦρως,
τόξον δ' ἔντανύσαι καὶ ἐπὶ σκοπὸν εἶναι ὄιστὸν
Εὐρυτὸς ἐκ πατέρων μεγάλαις ἀφνείος ἀροῦραις.

αὐτὰρ ἀοίδον ἔθηκε καὶ ἄμφω χείρας ἐπλασσε
πυξίνα ἐν φορμώνη Φιλαμμονίδας Εὐμολπος,
ὁσσα δ' ἀπὸ σκελέων ἐδροστρόφου 'Αργόθεν ἄνδρες
ἀλλὰς σφάλλουσι παλαίσμασιν, ὁσσά τε
πύκται

δεινοὶ ἐν ἰμὰντεσιν, ἀ τ' ἐς γαϊαν προπεσόντες
πάμμαχοι ἔξεύροντο σοφίσματα 1 σύμφορα τέχνα,
πάντ' ἐμαθ' 'Ερμείαο διδασκόμενος παρὰ παῖδι
'Αρπαλύκοφ Φαιστῆ, τὸν οὐδ' ἀν τηλάθε λεύσων
θαρσάλως τις ἔμεινεν ἀεθλεύστ' ἐν ἀγών,
τοῖον ἐπισκύπνοι βλοσυρῷ ἐπέκειτο προσώπῳ.

ἵππους δ' ἐξελάσασθαι ύφ' ἄρματι, καὶ περὶ
νύσσαν

ἀσφαλέως κάμπτοντα προχοῦ σύρμγγα φυλάξαι,
'Αμφιτρύων ὃν παίδα φίλα φρονεῖν ἐδίδαξεν
αὐτὸς, ἐπεὶ μᾶλα πολλὰ θόαν ἐξ ἡρατ' ἄγονων
"Ἀργεὶ ἐν ἱπποβότῳ κειμήλια, καὶ οἱ ἄγεις
δίφροι, ἐφ' ὃν ἐπέβαινε, χρόνῳ διέλυσαν ἰμάντας
δοῦμετε ἐς προβολαίῳ ὑπ' ἀσπίδι κότον ἐχοῦτα
ἀνδρὸς ὀρέξασθαι ξιφέων τ' ἀνέγεσθαι ἀμυχόν,
κοσμήσαι τε φάλαγγα λόχου τ' ἀναμετρήσασθαι
δυσμενέων ἐπίοντα καὶ ἵππησει κελεύσαι

1. σοφίσματα Meineke: mas παλαίσματα
So spake Teiresias, and despite the weight of his many years, pushed back the ivory chair and was gone.

And Heracles, called now the son of Amphitryon of Argos, waxed under his mother’s eye like a sapling set in a vineyard. Letters learned he of a sleepless guardian, a Hero, son of Apollo, aged Linus; and to bend a bow and shoot arrows at the mark, of one that was born to wealth of great domains, Eurytus; and he that made of him a singer and shaped his hand to the box-wood lyre, was Eumolpus, the son of Philammon, Aye, and all the tricks and falls both of the cross-buttockers of Argos, and of boxers skilfully with the hand-strap, and eke all the cunning inventions of the catch-as-catch-can men that roll upon the ground, all these things learnt he at the feet of a son of Hermes, Harpalyceus of Phanotê, whom no man could abide confidently in the ring even so much as to look upon him from aloof, so dread and horrible was the frown that sat on his grim visage.

But to drive horses in a chariot and guide the nave of his wheel safely about the turnpost, that did Amphitryon in all kindness teach his son himself; for he had carried off a multitude of precious things from swift races in the Argive grazing-land of steeds, and Time alone had loosed the harness from his chariots, seeing he kept them ever unbroken. And how to abide the cut and thrust of the sword or to lunge lance in rest and shield swung over back, how to marshal a company, measure an advancing squadron of the foe, or give the word to a troop of
Κάστωρ ἰππελάτας ἔδεαεν, φυγαῖς Ἀργεος Ἔλθον, ὀπτὼκα κλάρον ἀπαντα καὶ οἴνοπεδον μέγα Τυδεὺς ναῖε, παρ' Ἀδρήστου Λαβδών ἰππηλατον Ἀργος. Κάστορι δ' οὕτις ὁμοίος ἐν ἡμιθεόις πολεμιστῆς ἀλλος ἐπὶ πρὶν γῆρας ἀποτρίψαι νεότητα.

οδε μὲν Ἡρακλῆς φίλα παιδεύσατο μάτηρ.
εὖνα δ' ἢς τῷ παιδὶ τετυγμένα ἀγχόθι πατρὸς δέρμα λεόντειον μάλα οἱ κεχαρισμένοι αὐτῷ, δεῖπνον δὲ κρέατ' ὑπτά, καὶ ἐν κανέῳ μέγας ἀρτὸς Δωρῖκος: ἀσφαλέως κε φυτοσκάφοιν ἀνδρα κορέσαι.

αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἀματὶ τυννόν ἀνεν πυρὸς αἴνυτο δόρπον.
εἴματα δ' οὐκ ἁσκητὰ μέσας ὑπὲρ ἐνυτὸ κνάμας.  

1 ἰππελάτας Ε: ποι ἰππαλίδας  2 κρέατ' Ε: cf. II. 12. 311; ποι κρέας τ'
horse—all such lore had he of horseman Castor, when he came an outlaw from Argos because Tydeus had received that land of horsemen from Adrastus and held all Castor’s estate and his great vineyard. And till such time as age had worn away his youth, Castor had no equal in war among all the demigods.

While Heracles’ dear mother thus ordered his upbringing, the lad’s bed was made him hard by his father’s, and a lion-skin it was and gave him great delight; for meals, his breakfast was roast flesh, and in his basket he carried a great Dorian loaf such as might surely satisfy a delving man, but after the day’s work he would make his supper sparsely and without fire; and for his clothing he wore plain and simple attire that fell but a little below the knee.
XXV.—HOW HERACLES SLEW THE LION

This Epic poem comprises three distinct parts, one of which still bears its separate title. It is not really a fragment, but pretends by a literary convention to be three "books" taken from an Odyssey, or rather Heracleia, in little. The first part, which bears the traditional stage-direction Heracles to the Husbandman, is concerned first with a description of the great farm of Augeias or Augeas, king of the Epeians of Elis—the same whose stables Heracles at another time cleaned out—put into the mouth of a garrulous old ploughman of whom Heracles has asked where he can find the king; then the old man undertakes to show the mysterious stranger the way, and as they draw near the homestead they have a Homeric meeting with the barking dogs. The second part bears the title The Visitation. In it we are told how the enormous herd of cattle given by the Sun to his child Augeas returned in the evening from pasture, how the king and his son Phyleus took Heracles to see the busy scene in the farmyard, and how Heracles encountered
the finest bull in the whole herd. In the third part, which has no traditional title, Heracles, accompanied by the king's son, is on his way to the town, and their conversation leads to Heracles' telling how he slew the Nemean lion. There is no ancient authority for ascribing the poem to Theocritus.
Γὸν δ’ ὁ γέρων προσέειπε βοῶν ἐπίουρος ἀρτρεύς παυσάμενος ἔργῳ, τὸ οἴ μετὰ χερσίν ἔκειτο· Ἐρμέω ἄξιομενος δεινὴν ὅπιν εἰνοδίοιο· τὸν γὰρ φασὶ μέγιστον ἐπουρανίων κεχολόσθαι, εἰ κεν ὁδὸν ξαχρεῖον ἀνήνηται τις ὀδύτην.

ποῖμναι μὲν βασιλῆς ἐντρῖχες Λυγεῖας οὐ πᾶσα βοῦκονται ἵππον βοῦς ἐνὸς ἕνα χόρον ἅλλα· αἰ μὲν ρὰ νέμονται ἔπα όχθαι Ἐιλίσσωντος, αἰ δ’ ἱερὸν θείοιο παρὰ ρόδον Ἀλφείοιο, αἰ δ’ ἐπὶ ὑπερασίου πολυβότρυας, αἰ δὲ καὶ ὅδε χωρὶς δὲ σηκοὶ σφι τετυγμένοι εἰσὶν ἐκάσταις. αὐτὰρ βουκολικόν περιπληθοῦσι περ ἔμπης πάντεσσιν νομοὶ ὅδε τεθηλότες αἴεν ἑαυτὶ Μηνίου ἀμ μέγα τίφος, ἐπεὶ μεληδέα ποίην λειμώνες θαλάθουσιν ὑπόδροσοι εἰμέναι τε εἰς ἄλος, ἣ ἡ βόσσαι μένος κεραίας ἀέξει. αὖλις δέ σφισιν ἡς τεῆς ἐπὶ δεξιὰ χεῖρος φαίνεται εὐ μάλα πᾶσα πέρην ποταμῶν ἰένων κεῖς, ὅτι πλατάνιστοι ἐπηταναὶ πεφύσι χλωρὸς τ’ ἀγριελαιος, Ἀπόκλωνος νομίου ἱεροῦ ἀγνῶν, ξεῖνε, τελειοτάτῳ θεοῖ. εὖθεν δὲ σταθμοὶ περιμήκες ἀγροοίωται.
XXV.—[HOW HERACLES SLEW THE LION]

And the old ploughman that was set over the kine ceased from the work he had in hand, and answered him, saying: "Sir, I will gladly tell you all you ask of me. Trust me, I hold the vengeance of Hermes o' the Ways in mickle awe and dread; for they say he be the wrathfullest God in Heaven an you deny a traveller guidance that hath true need of it.

King Augeas' fleecy flocks, good Sir, feed not all of one pasture nor all upon one spot, but some of them be tended along Heilisson, others beside divine Alpheüs' sacred stream, others again by the fair vineyards of Buprasium, and yet others, look you, hereabout; and each flock hath his several fold builded. But the herds, mark you, for all their exceeding number, find all of them their fodder sprouting ever around this great mere of river Menius; for your watery leas and fenny flats furnish honey-sweet grass in plenty, and that is it which swells the strength of the horned kine. Their steading is all one, and 'tis there upon your right hand beyond where the river goes running again; there where the outspreading platans and the fresh green wild-olive, Sir, make a right pure and holy sanctuary of one that is graciousest of all Gods, Apollo o' the Pastures. Hard by that spot there are builded rare and roomy quarters for us swains that

'goes running again': after leaving the mere.
δέδηνθ', οἱ βασιλῆι πολῶν καὶ ἀδεσφατον ἀλβον ῥυμεθ' ἐνδυκέως, τριπόλοις σπόρον ἐν νεοίοιν ἔσθ' ὅτε βάλλοντες καὶ τετραπόλοισιν ὀμοίως.

οὖροις μὴν ἵσασι φυτοσκάφοι ἀμπελοεργαί, ἐς λῆνοι δ' ἰκνεῦνται, ἐπίνην θέρος ὄριον ἐλθῃ. πᾶν γὰρ δὴ πεδίον τὸν ἐπίφρονος Ἀγαία, πυροφόροι τε γύαι καὶ ἀλωνι δενδρήσσατι, μέχρις ἐπ' ἐσχατίας πολυπίδακος Ἀκρωπεῖς, ἀς ἰμεῖς ἐργοὶσιν ἐποιχόμεθα πρόταν ἡμαρ, ἢ δίκη οἰκήμων, οἴσιν βίος ἐπλετ' ἐπ' ἄγρῳ. 

ἀλλ' σὺ πέρ μοι ἐνιστε, τὸ τοι καὶ κέρδιον αὐτῷ ἐσσεται, οὔτενος ὁδίς κεχρημένοις εἰληλουθας. 

ἡ τε Ἀγαίην ἢ καὶ ὁμών τινα κείνου δίζαι, οἱ οἱ έσαν; ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι σάφα εἴδος πάντα μάλ' ἐξείπημι, ἔπει οὐ σέγε φημα κακῶν ἐξ ἐμμεναι οὐδὲ κακοίσιν ἐσικότα φύμεναι αὐτόν, οἷον τοι μέγα εἴδος ἐπιπρέπει. ἥρα νυ παῖδες ἀθανάτων τοιοῦτο ὑπάρκησεν ἔστι.' 

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Διὸς ὃς κείμοι νιός: 

'ναὶ γέρον Ἀγαίην ἐθέλομι κεν ἄρχον Ἐπειδῶν εἰσιδεειν' τοῦ γάρ με καὶ ἡγαγεν ἐνθάδε χρείῳ. 

εἰ δ' δὲ μὲν ἀρ κατὰ ἀστω μὲνει παρὰ οἰςε πολίτας δήμου κυδόμενος, διὰ δὲ κρίνοις θέμιστας, 

δμώνι δὴ τινα πρέσβυ σὺ μοι φράσου ἤγεμονεύσας, ὡςτις ἐπ' ἀγρῶν τούνῃ γεραιτερὸς αἰσυμνήτης, 

ὅ κε τὸ μὲν εἰπομι, τὸ δ' ἐκ φαμένου πυθομην. 

ἀλλοῦ δ' ἄλλον ἐθηκε θεὸς ἐπιδενεά φωτῶν. 

τον δ' ὃ γέρον ἐξαύτες ἀμείβετο διός ἀρτρεύς, 

ἀθανάτων ὡμεῖν ψαλῆ ἄγνος ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνεις,

1 ἀμπελοεργαί Wil: mss al πολέσεργαi 2 mss also ἀτρεκέως εἴριθα
keep close watch over the king's so much and so marvellous prosperity; aye, we often turn the same fallows for the sowing three and four times in the year.

And as for the skirts of this domain, they are the familiar place of the busy vine-planters, who come hither to the vintage-home when the summer draweth to its end. Yea, the whole plain belongeth unto sapient Augeas, alike fat wheatfield and bosky vineyard, until thou come to the uplands of Acroeria and all his fountains; and in this plain we go to and fro about our labour all the day long as behoveth bondsmen whose life is upon the glebe.

But now pray tell me you, Sir,—as 'faith, it shall be to your profit—what it is hath brought you hither. Is your suit of Augeas himself, or of one of the bondsmen that serve him? I may tell you, even I, all you be fain to know, seeing none, I trow, can be of ill seeming or come of ill stock that makes so fine a figure of a man as you. Marry, the children of the Immortals are of such sort among mortal men."

To this the stalwart child of Zeus answered, saying: "Yea verily, gaffer, I would look upon Augeas the king of the Epeians; that which brings me hither is need of him. And so, if so be that caring for his people he abideth with them at the town to give judgment there, pray, father, carry me to one of the bondsmen that is elder and set in authority over these estates, unto whom I may tell what my suit is and have my answer of him. For 'tis God's will that one man have need of another."

And the gallant old ploughman answered him again: "Sure one of the Immortals, Sir," saith he,
ός τοι πάν τὸ θέλεις αἶσα χρέος ἐκτετέλεσται.
οἴδε γὰρ Αὐγείης, νῦν φίλος Ἡλίοιο,
σφωτέρῳ σὺν παιδί, βίη Φυλῆς ἄγανον.
χθιζός ἦ εἰλημοῦθεν ἀπ' ἀστεοῦ, ἦμαι πολλοῖς
κτῆσιν ἐποσφόμενος, ἢ οἱ νῆριθμος ἐπ' ἀγρών
ὅς που καὶ βασιλεύσαι εἰδήται ἐν φρεσίν ἃς
αὐτοῖς κηδομένοις σαώτερος ἐμμεναι οἶκος.

ἀλλ' ἴσομεν μάλα πρὸς μίν ἐγὼ δὲ τοι ἡγεμονεύοις
ἀυλίν ἐφ' ἠμετέρην, ἱνα κεν τέτμοιμεν ἀνακτά.

ὡς εἴτων ἡγεῖτο, νόρ δ' ὅγε πόλλ' ἐμενοίμα,
δέρμα τε θηρός ὀρῶν χειροπληθῇ τε κορύνῃ,
ὀππόθεν ὁ ξείνος' μεμόνει 1 δὲ μιν αἰὲν ἔρεσθαι.
ἀψ' δ' ὅκωρ ποτὶ χεῖλος ἑλάμβανε μῦθον ίόντα,
μῆ τι οἱ οὐ κατὰ καἰρὸν ἐπος προτιμοθήσατο
σπερχομένου χαλεπόν δ' ἔτερον νόσου ἱδομαί
ἀνδρός.

τοὺς δὲ κύνες προσίόντας ἀπόπροθεν αἰγ'
ἐνόθησαν,
ἀμφότερον ὕδμη τε χροδὸς δοὺπι τε ποδοῦν.
θεσπέσιον δ' ὅλαοντες ἑπέδραμον ἁλλοθεν ἁλλος
'Ἀμφιτρυνιάδη Ἦρακλεῖ· τὸν δὲ γέροντα
ἀχρείων κλάζον τε περίσσαινον θ' ἐτερωθεν.

τοὺς μὲν ὅγε λάεσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς θεσόν ἀείρων
φενγέμεν ἄψ ὀπίσω δειδίσετο, τρηχὲ δὲ φωνῇ
ἡπείλει μάλα πᾶςίν, ἐρητύσασκε δ' ὑλαγμοῦ,
χαίρων ἐν φρεσίν ἃς, οὐδοὺνεκεν αὐλίν ἐρνυτο
αὐτοῦ η' οὐ παρεόντος' ἐπος δ' ὅγε τοῖον ἕειτεν.

1 μεμόνει Buttmann: μεσ μέμονε, μέμωνε, μέμανεν
"hath sent you this way, so quickly come you by all you would. Augeas child of the Sun is here, and that piece of strength, his son the noble Phyleus, with him. 'Twas only yesterday he came from the town for to view after many days the possessions he hath without number upon the land. For in their hearts, 'faith, your kings are like to other men; they wot well their substance be surer if they see to it themselves. But enough; go we along to him. I will show you the way to our steadying, and there it is like we find him."

With this he led on, musing as well he might concerning the skin of a beast he saw the stranger clad in, and the great club that filled his grasp, and whence he might be come; aye, and was minded and minded again to ask him right out, but ever took back the words that were even upon his tongue, for fear he should say him somewhat out of season, he being in that haste; for 'tis ill reading the mind of another man.

Now or ever they were come nigh, the dogs were quickly aware of their coming, as well by the scent of them as by the sound of their footfalls, and made at Hercules Amphitryoniad from this, that, and every side with a marvellous great clamour; and the old man, they bayed him likewise, but 'twas for baying's sake, and they fawned him about on the further side. Then did gaffer with the mere lifting stones from off the ground fray them back again and bespake them roughly and threateningly, every one, to make them give over their clamour, howbeit rejoicing in his heart that the steadying should have so good defenders when he was away; and so upspake and
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'ο πότοι, οίον τούτο θεοί ποίησαν ἀνακτε
θηρίον ἀνθρώποις μετέμμεναι, ὡς ἐπιμηθές; εἰ οἱ καὶ φρένες ὀδε νοήμονες ἐνδοθεῖ ἤσαν,
ηδεῖ δ', φ' τε χρῆ χαλεπαίνευμεν ϕ' τε καὶ οὐκ,
οὐκ ἂν οἱ θηρῶν τις ἐδήμεσεν περὶ τιμῆς·
νῦν δὲ λίθον ξάκωτον τε καὶ ἄρρητος γένετ' αὐτοῖς·
ἡ ῥα, καὶ ἐσυμμένος ποτὲ τωῦλιον ἦσον ἱόντες.

ΕΠΙΠΛΑΛΗΧΙΩΝ

'Ηέλιος μὲν ἔπειτα ποτὲ ζόφον ἑτέραπον ἐπποινος
δείελον ἴμαρ ἄγον· τά δ' ἐπηλθεῖ πίονα μῆλα
ἐκ βοτάνης ἀνόιντα μετ' αὐλία τε σηκοὺς τε,
αὐτάρ ἐπεῖτα βόες μάλα μυρίαι ἅλλαι ἐπ' ἅλλαις
ἐρχόμεναι φαίνουθ' ὥσει νέφη ὑδατόειν,
ἀσσα τ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἔδοι ἑλαυνόμενα προτέρωσε
ἡ νότοιο βίη ἡ Ἐρηκὸς βορέα·
tῶν μὲν τ' οὕτως ἀριθμὸς ἐν ἥρη γίνετ' ἱόντων,
οὐδ' ἁνυσις· τόσα γάρ τε μέγα προτέρους κυλίνδει
ἰς ἄνέμου, τά δὲ τ' ἅλλα κορύσσεται αὐτίς ἐπ'
Ἅλλοις·
tόσα' αἰεὶ μετόπισθε βοῦν ἐπὶ βουκόλι· ἤει,
πάν δ' ἄρ' ἐνεπλήσθη πεδίου, πάσαι δὲ κέλευθοι
κηδὸς ἐρχομένης, στείνωτο δὲ πλοὺν ἄγρα
μυκηθμός· σηκοῖ δὲ βοῦν ρεῖα πλήθησαν
ἐλιπόδων, διες δὲ κατ' αὐλίας ἤμιζοντο.

ἔνθα μὲν οὕτως ἐκήλος ἀπειρεσίων περ ἓοντων
εἰστήκει παρὰ βουσίν ἀνὴρ κεχρημένος ἐργον·

1 ἐπιμηθές Musurus: μεν θεός 2 ἑτέραπεν Mus: μεν ἑγατεν

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said: "Lord! what a fiery inconsiderate beast is here made of the high Gods to be with man! If there were but as great understanding within him, and he knew with whom to be angered and whom to forbear, there's no brute thing might claim such honour as he; but it may not be, and he's nought but a blusterer, wild and uncouth." This said, they quickened their steps and passed on and came to the steading.

The Visitation

Now had the sun turned his steeds westward and brought evening on, and the fat flocks had left the pastures and were come up among the farmyards and folds. Then it was that the cows came thousand upon thousand, came even as the watery clouds which, be it of the Southwind or the Northwind out of Thrace, come driving forward through the welkin, till there's no numbering them aloft nor no end to their coming on, so many new doth the power of the wind roll up to join the old, row after row rearing crest ever upon crest—in like multitude now came those herds of kine still up and on, up and on. Aye, all the plain was filled, and all the paths of it, with the moving cattle; the fat fields were thronged and choked with their lowing, and right readily were the byres made full of shambling kine, while the sheep settled themselves for the night in the yards.

Then of a truth, for all there were hinds without number, stood there no man beside those cattle idle for want of aught to do; but here was one took

"fiery inconsiderate": the Greek word means 'one that acts first and thinks afterwards; see Class. Rev.
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άλλοι δὲ μὲν ἄμφι πόδεσθαι εὐτυμήτωσιν ἵμασι καλοπέδιλῳ ἀράρισκε παρασταδόν ἔγγις ἄμελγειν, ἀλλος δ’ αὖ νέα τέκνα φίλας ὑπὸ μητέρας1 ἵει πινέμεναι λαρῶν μεμαῦτα πάγχω γάλακτος, ἀλλος ἀμόλγην εἶχ’, ἀλλος τρέφε πίνανα τυρόν, ἀλλος ἑσῆγεν ἔσω ταύρους δίχα θηλεᾶσι. Ἀὐρείσες δ’ ἐπὶ πάντας ἰὸν θηέτο βοαίλους, ἤμενά οἱ κτεάνοι κομίδην ἐτίθεντο νομῆς, σὺν δ’ νῦός τε βίη τε βαρύφρονος Ἡρακλής ἰώμαρτεν βασιλὴ βασιλῆς διερχομένῳ μέγαν ὀλβὸν. ἤνθα καὶ ἀρρήκτον περ ἔχων ἐν στήθεσι θυμὸν Ἀμφιτρουνίδης καὶ ἀρρήτα νολεμές αἰεὶ ἐκπάγλως θαῦμαξε θεοῦ2 τόγε μυριόν ἔδων εἰσορῶν. οὐ γὰρ κεν ἐφασκὲ τὶς ὠδὲ ἐὼλπει ἀνδρὸς λαίδ’ ἐνὸς τόσην ἔμεν ὠδὲ δέκ’ ἄλλων, οἱτε πολύφρηνες πάντων ἐσαν ἐκ βασιλῆς. Ἡέλιος δ’ φ’ παιδί τόγ’ ἔξοχον ὡπασε δόρων, ἄφνειον μήλοις περὶ πάντων ἐμεναι ἀνδρῶν, καὶ ρά οἱ αὐτὸς ὀθέλλε διαμπερέως βοτὰ πάντα ἐς τέλος. οὐ μὲν γὰρ τὶς ἐπῆλυθε νοῦς ἐκεῖνον θουκλίοις, α‟ ἔργα καταφθείρουσιν3 νομῆν, αἰεὶ δὲ πλέονες κεραὶ βόες, αἰεὶν ἁμείνους ἔξ ἔτεος ἴτοντο μᾶλ’ εἰς ἔτος. ἦ γὰρ ἀπασαι ζωτόκοι τ’ ἤσαν περιώσια θηλτόκοι τε. ταῦτ’ δὲ τριηκόσιοι ταῦροι συνάμ’ ἐστιχόντο κυμάρηγου θ’ ἐλικές τε, διηκόσιοι γέ μεν ἄλλοι

1 thus Mus : μας φιλαί ὑπὸ μητέρας  
2 θεοῦ Wil : μας 
3 καταφθείρουσι Mus : μας -φθίνουσι
thongs cut straight and true and had their feet to the hobbles for to come at the milking; here was another took thirsty yearlings and put them to drink of their dams' sweet warm milk; this again held the milking-pail, and that did curd the milk for a good fat cheese, and yonder was one a-bringing in the bulls apart from the heifers. Meanwhile King Augeas went his rounds of the byres to see what care his herdsmen might have of his goods; and through all that great wealth of his there went with him his son also, and deeply pondering, Heracles in his might.

And now, albeit he was possessed within him of a heart of iron ever and without ceasing unmoved, the child of Amphitryon fell marvellously a-wondering, as well he might, when he saw the unnumbered bride-gift of the God. Indeed, no man would have said, nay, nor thought, that so many cattle could belong to ten men, let alone one; and those ten must needs have been rich in sheep and oxen beyond any kings. For the Sun did give him that was his child a most excellent gift, to wit to be the greatest master of flocks in the world; and what is more, himself did make them all to thrive and prosper unceasingly without end, for of all the distempers that destroy the labours of a keeper of oxen never came there one upon that man's herds, but rather did his horned dams wax ever year in year out both more in number and better in kind, being never known to cast their young and all passing good bringers of cow-calves.

Moreover there went with them three hundred bulls, white-shanked and crump-horned, and other
φοίνικες· πάντες δ' ἐπιβήτορες οὖν ἔσαν ἦδη. ἄλλοι δ' αὖ μετὰ τούτοις δυνώθηκα λουκολέόντο ἱεροὶ Ἡνίαν· χρόνιν δ' ἔσαν ἦτε κύκνοι ἀργησταί, πᾶσιν δὲ μετέπρεπον εἰλιπώδεσσιν οἴ καὶ ἀτιμαγέλαι βόσκοντ' ἐριθηλέα ποίην ἐν νομῷ, ὥδ' ἐκπαγλον ἐπὶ σφίσει γαυρίωντο. καὶ β' ὁπότ' ἐκ λασίῳ θοι προγενοῖατο θήρες ἐς πεδίον δρυμοῦ βοῶν ἔνεκ' ἀγρομενῶν, πρώτοι τοίχες μάχινας κατὰ χροος ἦσαν ὁδῷν, δεινον δ' ἐβρυχόντο φώνον λεύσον τε προσώπω. τῶν μὲν τε προφέρεσκε βίης τε καὶ σθένει ὁ ἤδ' ὑπεροπλίη Φαέθων μέγας, ὅν ρα βοτηρεῖς ἀστέρι πάντες εἰςκόν, ὀδονεκα πολλοῖς ἐν ἄλλοις βουων ἱὸν λάμπεσκεν, ἀρίζηλος δ' ἔτετυκτο. ὃς δ' τοι σκύλος αὐτον ἱδῶν χαρπτοῖο λέοντος αὐτῷ ἔπειτ' ἐπόροουσεν ἐυσκόπω Ηρακλῆι χρίσασθαι ποτὶ πλευρὰ κάρη στιβαρὸν τε μέτωπον.

τοῦ μὲν ἀναξ προσώπων ἐδράξατο χειρὶ παχεῖς σκαμνὸν ἀφαρ κέραος, κατὰ δ' αὐχένα νέρθ' ἐπὶ γαίης κλάσσε βαρὺν περὶ ἕόντα, πάλιν δὲ μιν ὅσει ὀπίσω ὁμο ἐπιβρίσας. ὃ δ' οἱ περὶ νεῦρα ταυνυθεὶς μνων ἐξ ὑπάτων βραχίων ὀρθὸς ἀνέστη. θαύμαζεν δ' αὐτὸς τε ἀναξ νύς τε δαίφρων Φυλεύς οἷς τ' ἐπὶ βουαὶ κορωνίσθησι βουκόλοι ἄνδρες, Ἀμφυτρυονίαδαυ βίην ὑπεροπλον ἱδόντες.

Τὸ δ' εἰς ἄστυ λιπόντε κατ' αὐτάθι πίονας ἄγρους ἐστεχέτην, Φυλεύς τε βίη θ' Ἡρακλῆι.

1 ma also γαυρίωντες 2 ἀγρομενῶν E, opposed to ἀτιμαγέλαι (l. 152); cf. Od. 16. 3 which the writer had before
two hundred dun, and all leapers grown; and over and above these, there was a herd of twelve sacred to the Sun, and the colour of them glistening white like a swan, so that they did outshine all shambling things; and what is more, they were lone-grazers all in the springing pastures, so marvellous proud were they and haughty; and the same, when swift beasts of the field came forth of the shag forest after the kine that went in herds, ever at the smell of them would out the first to battle, bellowing dreadfully and glancing death.

Now of these twelve the highest and mightiest both for strength and mettle was the great Lucifer, whom all the herdsmen likened to that star, for that going among the other cattle he shined exceeding bright and conspicuous; and this fellow, when he espied that tanned skin of a grim lion, came at the watchful wearer of it for to have at his sides with his great sturdy front. But my lord up with a strong hand and clutched him by the left horn and bowed that his heavy neck suddenly downward, and putting his shoulder to't had him back again; and the muscle of his upper arm was drawn above the sinews till it stood on a heap. And the king marvelled, both he and his son the warlike Phyleus, and the hinds also that were set over the crump-horned kine, when they beheld the mettlesome might of the child of Amphitryon.

Then did Phyleus and Heracles the mighty leave the fat fields behind them and set out for the town.
λαοφόρου δ’ ἐπέβησαν ὁδι πρώτιστα κελεύθου, λεπτήν καρπαλίμωσι τρίβον ποσὶν ἐξανύσαντες, ἡρὰ δὲ ἀμπελέωνος ἀπὸ σταθμῶν τετάνυστο ὑπὶ λίνη ἀρίσημος ἐν ὑλὴ χλωρὰ ηοῦσα, τῇ μν ἄρα προσέεπτε Διὸς γόνων υψίστοιο Ἀργείων φίλος νῦν ἔθεν μετόπισθεν ηούτα, ἡκα παρακλίνας κεφαλῆς κατὰ δεξιῶν ὅμοιον ἡξεῖνε, πάλαι τινὰ πάγχυ σέθεν πέρι μύθου ἀκούσας

ὡς, εἰπέρ, ἀφετέρουσι εὐν φρεσκι βάλλομαι ἀρτι. ἦλυθε γὰρ στείχων τις ἀπ’ Ἄργεωσ ὡς νέον ἄκμην ἐνθάδ’ Ἀχαῖος ἄνὴρ Ἐλκήσης ἔξ αγχιάλου, ὅς ἄρ’ τοι μυθεῖτο καὶ ἐν πλεονεσσι Ἑπειῶν, όνεκεν Ἀργείων τις ἔθεν παρεώτος ὅλεσε θηρίον, αἰνολέοντα, κακὸν τέρας ἀγροιώταις, κοιλὴν αὐλὴν ἔχοντα Διὸς Νεμέοιο παρ’ ἄλσος—οὐκ οἶδ’ ἀτρεκέως ἂν Ἀργείως ἔξ ἔρεοι αὐτόθεν ἢ Τίρυνθα νέμων πόλιν ἕξ Ἔνυπνην. ὡς κεῖνος γ’ ἀγόρευε’ γένος δὲ μν εἰναι ἐφασκεν, εἰ ἐτείον περ ἐγώ μιμησκομαί, ἐκ Περσηῆς. ἔπομαν οὐχ’ ἐτερων τόδε τλῆμεναι αἰγιαλῆς ἢ σὲ, δέρμα δὲ θηρίος, ὅ τοι περὶ πλευρὰ καλυπτεὶ, χειρὸν καρτερὸν ἔργων ἀμφράδεως ἀγορεύει. εἰπ’ ἄγε νῦν μοι πρῶτον, ἢ γάρ κατὰ θυμὸν, ἦρως, εἰτ’ ἐτύμως μαντεύομαι εἰτε καὶ οὐκι, εἰ σὺν’ ἐκεῖνος, ὃν ἦμιν ἀκοινοτεσσιν ἔειπεν οὐξ Ἐλκήθεν Ἁχαῖος, ἐγὼ δὲ σε φραζόμαι ορθῶς: εἰπέ δ’ ὅπως ὅλον τόδε θηρίον αὐτὸς ἐπεφνε.
Their swift feet were gotten to the end of the little path which stretched from the farmsteads through the vineyard and ran not over-clearly in the midst of the fresh greenery, and they were just come to the people’s highway, when the dear son of Augeas up and spake to the child of most high Zeus that was following behind him, and with a little turn of his head over his right shoulder, “Sir,” says he, “there’s somewhat I had heard of you, and O how late am I, if of you it were, to bethink me on’t but now! ’Tis not long since there came hither from Argos an Achaean of Helice-by-the-sea, who told a tale, look you, unto more than one of us Epeians, how that he had seen an Argive slay a beast of the field, to wit a lion dire that was the dread of the countryside and had the den of his lying beside the grove of Zeus of Nemea—yet he knew not for sure, he said, whether the man was truly of sacred Argos itself or was a dweller in Tiryns town or in Mycenae. Howbeit, such was his tale, and he said also, if I remember true, that for his lineage the man was of Perseus.

Now methinks there is but one of those men-o’-the-shore could do a deed like that, and you are he; moreover the wild-beast-skin your frame is clad in signifieth clearly enough the prowess of your hands. Come on, my lord, have me well to wit, first whether my boding be true or no, whether you be he the Achaean of Helice told us of, and I know you for what you are; and then tell me, pray, how yourself destroyed that same pestilent beast and how

Hom.), i.e. it is a thing that can be still called recent: mas νέος ἀρμήν or μέος ἀρμήν  
* Meineke thus transposes the latter halves of 175 and 176.
ΤΟΙΟ ΠΟΙΟ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙΟΝ ΠΟΙΟΥΝ" ΟΥ ΜΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΚΕ ΤΟΣΟΝΔΕ ΚΑΤ' ΑΠΙΔΑ ΚΙΝΘΙΑΛΟΥ ΕΥΡΟΙΣ ΙΜΕΙΡΟΝ ΙΔΕΙΝ, ΕΠΕΙ ΟΥ ΜΑΛΑ ΤΗΛΙΚΑ ΒΟΣΚΕ, ΑΛΛ' ΑΡΚΟΤΟΙΣ ΤΕ ΣΥΑΣ ΤΕ ΛΙΚΩΝ Τ' ΟΛΟΦΩΙΟΝ ΕΘΝΟΣ. ΤΩ ΚΑΙ ΘΑΥΜΑΞΕΣΚΟΝ ΑΚΟΥΝΤΕΣ ΤΟΤΕ ΜΥΘΟΝ ΟΙ ΔΕ ΝΙ ΚΑΙ ΨΕΥΔΕΣΘΑΙ ΟΔΟΙΠΟΡΟΝ ΜΝΕΡ' ΕΦΑΝΤΟ ΓΛΩΣΣΗΣ ΜΑΨΙΔΙΟΝ ΧΑΡΙΖΟΜΕΝΟΝ ΠΑΡΕΟΥΙΝ;" ΩΣ ΕΙΠΩΝ ΜΕΣΣΗΣ ΕΞΕΡΩΘΗΚΕ ΚΕΛΕΙΘΟΝ ΦΥΛΕΩΣ, ΩΦΡΑ ΚΙΟΥΣΙΝ ΑΜΑ ΣΦΙΣΙΝ ΑΡΧΙΟΣ ΕΙΝ, ΚΑΙ ΜΑ ΤΕ ΡΗΤΕΡΟΝ ΦΑΜΕΝΟΝ ΚΛΛΟΙ 'ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ: ΩΣ ΜΗΝ ΟΜΑΡΤΗΣΑΣ ΤΟΙΟ ΠΡΟΣΕΛΕΞΑΙ ΜΥΘΟΝ 'ΟΙ ΛΥΓΗΜΑΘΗ, ΤΟ ΜΕΝ ΟΤΤΙ ΜΕ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ ΑΝΗΡΕΥ, ΑΥΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΑΛΑ ΡΕΙΑ ΚΑΤΑ ΣΤΑΘΜΗΝ ΕΝΟΣΑΣ. ΑΜΦΙ ΔΕ ΣΟΙ ΤΑ ΔΕΚΑΣΤΑ ΛΕΓΟΙΜΙ ΚΕ ΤΟΥΒΕ ΠΕΛΑΡΟΝ ΟΣΠΟΣ ΕΚΡΑΘΕΝΕΙ, ΕΠΕΙ ΛΕΛΙΘΕΙΣΙ ΑΚΟΥΕΙΝ, ΝΟΣΦΙΝ Γ' Η ΘΕΒΗΝ ΗΛΘΕ: ΤΟ ΓΑΡ ΠΟΛΕΩΝ ΠΕΡ ΕΟΝΤΟΝ 'ΑΡΓΕΙΩΝ ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΚΕΝ ΕΓΧΙΟ ΜΥΘΗΣΑΣΘΑΙ ΟΙΟΝ Δ' ΑΘΑΝΑΤΩΝ ΤΙΝ' ΕΙΣΚΟΜΕΝ ΑΝΘΡΑΣΙ ΠΗΜΑ ΙΡΩΝ ΜΗΝΙΣΑΝΤΑ ΦΟΡΟΝΗΣΕΙΝ ΕΦΕΙΝΑΙ. ΠΑΝΤΑΣ ΓΑΡ ΠΙΣΗΣΑ ΕΠΙΚΛΥΣΩΝ ΠΟΤΑΜΟΣ ΔΩΣ ΛΗΣ ΑΜΟΤΟΝ ΚΕΡΑΙΖΕ, ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ ΔΕ ΒΕΜΒΙΑΙΟΣ ΟΙ ΕΘΕΝ ΑΝΧΟΜΟΡΟΙ ΠΡΟΣΝΑΙΟΝ ΆΤΛΗΤΟΠΑΘΕΥΣΤΕς.1 ΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΕΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΙΣΤΑ ΤΕΛΕΙΒ ΕΠΕΤΑΣΧΕΝ ΑΕΘΛΟΝ ΕΥΡΥΣΘΕΥΣ, ΚΤΕΙΝΕΙ ΔΕ Μ' ΕΦΙΕΤΟ ΘΗΡΙΟΝ ΑΙΝΩΝ. ΑΥΤΑΡ ΕΓΙΟ ΚΕΡΑΣ ΥΓΡΟΝ ΕΛΙΟΝ ΚΟΙΛΗΝ ΤΕ ΦΑΡΕΤΡΗΝ ΙΩΝ ΕΜΠΛΕΙΝ ΝΕΟΜΗΝ, ΕΤΕΡΗΦΙ ΔΕ ΒΑΚΤΡΟΝ ΕΥΠΑΓΕΣ ΑΥΤΟΦΛΟΙΟΝ ΕΠΗΡΕΦΕΟΣ ΚΟΤΙΝΟΙΟ ΕΜΜΗΤΡΟΝ, ΤΟ ΜΕΝ ΑΥΤΟΣ ΥΠΟ ΖΕΘΕΡΟ 'ΕΛΙΚΩΝ

1 προσναίον: mss also ναιον άτλητοπαθεύτες E: mss ἄτλητα παθόντες or παθόντες

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he came to be dwelling in the well-watered vale of Nemea; for I ween you shall not find such a creature as that if you would, the Apian lands around, seeing they breed not anything so huge, but only the bear and the boar and the fell wolf. Therefore, also did they wonder that heard that tale; indeed they said the traveller lied with intent to pleasure the company with an idle tongue."

With these words Phyleus bent him sidelong from the midst of the road both to make room enough for them twain to go together, and that he might the easier hear what Heracles had to say. Who now came abreast of him, and "Son of Augeas" quoth he, "your former question you have answered yourself, readily and aright; but of this monster, being you so desire it, I will tell you how it all fell out every whit, save whence he came; for not one man in all Argos can speak certainly to that; only were we persuaded it was some God sent him to vex the children of Phoroneus because he was wroth concerning some sacrifices. For all the lowlanders were whelmed with him as he had been a river in flood; he plundered them all without cloy or surfeit, but most of all the people of Bembina, whose borders to their very great and intolerable misfortune marched with his.

Now this did Eurystheus make my very first task; he charged me to slay that direful beast. So I took with me my supple bow and a good quiverful of arrows, and in the other hand a stout cudgel, made, without peeling or pithing, of a shady wild-olive which myself had found under holy Helicon and torn up

"the Apian lands"; the Peloponnese.
ΤΟΙΤΩ Δ’ ἘΓΝΩ ἈΛΛΟΝ ΟΙΣΤΟΝ ἈΠΟ ΝΕΥΡΗΣ ΠΡΟΙΑΛΛΟΝ ἈΣΧΑΛΩΝ, Ο ΜΟΙ Ο ΕΠΙ ΕΤΩΣΙΟΝ ἘΚΦΥΓΕ ΧΕΙΡΟΣ ΜΕΣΘΥΝΑ ἘΞΕΒΑΛΟΝ ΣΤΗΘΕΩΝ, ΟΘΙ ΠΝΕΥΜΟΝΟΣ ΕΘΡΗ.

1 οὐδέπη Cholmeley: μας οὐδ’ δὲρ or οὐδὲν μας also τοια
2 δι Hermann: μας οὐ, ἡ, δε added by Hermann

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whole and complete with all her branching roots; and so forth and made for those parts where the lion was. Whither when I was come, I took and tipped my string, and straightway notched a bearer of pain and grief, and fell a-looking this way and that way after the pestilent monster, if so be I might espy him ere he should espy me. 'Twas midday now, yet could I nowhere mark his track nor hear his roaring; neither was there any man set over a plough-team and the toil of the seed-furrow that I could see and ask of him, seeing pale wan fear kept every man at the farmstead. Howbeit, I never gave over to search the leafy uplands till I should behold him and put my strength speedily to the test.

Now towards evening he came his ways unto his den full fed both of flesh and gore, his tangled mane, his grim visage and all his chest spattered with blood, and his tongue licking his chaps. To waylay him I hid myself quickly in a brake beside the woody path, and when he came near let fly at his left flank. But it availed me not; the barbed shaft could not pass the flesh, but glanced and fell on the fresh green sword. Astonied, the beast lift suddenly up his gory head, and looked about him and about, opening his mouth and showing his glutinous teeth; whereupon I sped another shaft from the string (for I took it ill that the first had left my hand to no purpose), and smote him clean in the middle of the chest where
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ὡς ὅπο βύρσαν ἐδώ πολυωδόνος ἦς,
ἀλλ’ ἔπεσε προπάροιθε ποδῶν ἀκμῶλφος αὐτώς.
τὸ τρίτον αὖ μέλλεσκοι ἄσώμενος ἐν φρεατί
αἰνῶς
αὐερύειν ο’ δὲ μ’ εἴδε περιγληψόμενος ὅσσοις
θήρ ἄμοτος, μακρὴν δὲ περ’ ἱψύσαιν ἐλιξε
κέρκον, ἄφαρ δὲ μάχης ἐμνήσατο· πᾶς δὲ οἱ αὐχήν
θυμὸν ἐνεπλήσθη, πυρσαὶ δ’ ἐφρίξαν ἔθειραι
σκυρζομένῳ, κυρτὴ δὲ ράχις γένετ’ ἴμιε τὸξον,
πάντωθεν εἰλυθέντος ὑπὸ λαγόνας τε καὶ ἵζων.
ὡς δ’ ὅταν ἀρματοπηγὸς ἄνήρ πολέων ἱδρῖς ἐργῶν
ὁρπηκας κάμπτῃσιν ἐρνεού εὐκεάτοιο, 2
θάλφας εὖ πυρὶ πρῶτον, ἐπαξονίῳ κύκλα δίφρω,
τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲκ χειρὸν ἐφυγεν ταυῦφλοιος ἐρνεοῦς
καμπτόμενος, τηλοῦ δὲ μῆ πήδησε σὺν ὀρμῇ.
ὡς ἔπ’ ἐμοὶ λῖς αἰνῶς ἀπόπροθεν ἀθρόος ἀλτὸ
μαίμων χροὸς ἁσαί· ἐγὼ δ’ ἐτέρησθε βέλεμα
χειρὶ προεσχέδομεν καὶ ἀπ’ ὦμου διπλακα λώπην,
τῇ δ’ ἐτέρη ῥόπαλου κόρος ὑπὲρ ἀδοὺ ἀείρας
_AURA κάκ’ κεφαλῆς, διὰ δ’ ἀνδίχα τρηχῶν ἐὰζα
αὐτοῦ ἐπί λασίον καρῆσας ἀγριελαοῦν
θηρὸς ἀμαμακέτοιο· πέσει δ’ ὅγε πρὶν ἐμ’ ἰκέσθαι
ὑψόθεν ἐν γαίῃ, καὶ ἐπὶ τρομεροῖς ποσίν ἐστὶ
νευστάξαυν κεφαλῆ· περὶ γὰρ σκότος ὅσσε οἱ ἄμφω
ὴλθε, βῆ σεισθέντος ἐν ὀστέω ἐγκεφάλῳ.

τὸν μὲν ἔγων οὖν ὁδύνης παραρθουνεόντα βαρεῖας
νοσάμενος, πρὶν αὐτῶς ὑπότροπον ἀμπυνυθήναι,
ἀυχήνος ἀρρήκτου παρ’ ἱνὸν ἡλασα 2 προφθάσις,
ῥίψας τὸξον ἔραζε πολύρραπτον τε φαρέτρην.

1 mss also εὐκαμπτοῦ 2 ἡλασα: mss also ἠφθασα

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the lungs do lie. But nay; not even so was the hide of him to be pierced by the sore grievous arrow; there it fell vain and frustrate at his feet.

At this I waxed exceeding distempered and made to draw for the third time. But, ere that, the ravening beast rolled around his eyes and beheld me, and lashing all his tail about his hinder parts betheought him quickly of battle. Now was his neck brimming with ire, his tawny tresses an-end for wrath, his chine arched like a bow, as he gathered him up all together unto flank and loin. Then even as, when a wainwright, cunning man, takes the seasoned wild-fig boughs he hath warmed at the fire and bends them into wheels for an axled chariot, the thin-rinded figwood escapes at the bending from his grasp and leaps at one bound afar, even so did that direful lion from a great way off spring upon me, panting to be at my flesh. Then it was that with the one hand I thrust before me the cloak from my shoulders folded about my bunched arrows, and with the other lift my good sound staff above my head and down with it on his crown, and lo! my hard wild-olive was broke clean in twain on the mere shaggy pate of that unvanquishable beast. Yet as for him, or ever he could reach me he was fallen from the midst of his spring, and so stood with trembling feet and wagging head, his two eyes being covered in darkness because the brains were all-to-shaken in the skull of him.

Perceiving now that he was all abroad with the pain and grief of it, ere he might recover his wits I cast my bow and my broidered quiver upon the ground and let drive at the nape of that massy
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ηχον δ' ἐγκράτεις στιβαρὰς σὺν χειρας ἐρείσας
ἐξόπιθεν, μὴ σάρκας ἀποδρύψῃ ὄνυχεσσι,
pρὸς δ' οὖνδας πτέρυμησε πόδας στερεῶς ἐπὶ τέκνον
οὐραίοις 1 ἐπιβᾶς, πλευρῆσι τε μὴρ ἑφύλασσον,
μέχρις οὐ ἐξετάνυσα βραχίονος 2 ὀρθῶν ἁείρας
ἀπευστού, ψυχῆν δὲ πελώριος ἔλλαβεν 3 "Αίδης.
καὶ τότε δὴ βούλευον, ὅπως λασιαύχενα βύρσαν
θηρὸς τεθνεώτος ἀπὸ μελέων ἐρυσαίμην,
ἀργαλέων μάλα μόχθου, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἦν οὔτε 4 σιδηρώ
οὔτε λίθοις τριπτὴ 5 πειρωμένοι οὐδὲ μεν ὑλή.
ἐνθα μοι ἀθανάτων τις ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε νοῆσαι
αὐτοῖς δέρμα λέοντος ἀνασχίζειν ὄνυχεσσι.
τόσι βῶς ἀπέδειρα, καὶ ἀμφεθέμην μελέεσσων
ἐρκος ἐνυάλιον ταμεσίχροος ἰωχυίοι.

οὔτος τοι Νεμέου γένετ' ὁ φίλε θηρὸς ὀλέθρος,
πολλὰ πάρος μήλοις τε καὶ ἀνθράςι κηδεα θέντος." 280

1 mss also ὀφραίον and ὀφραίη
2 mss also μέχρι of E:
mss of mss and Musurus also βραχίονας and -να
3 mss also ἔλλαβεν
4 ὅποι Wil: mss ἦς χε
5 thus Meineke:
mss τριπτὴ οὐδὲ Αίδης
neck. Then from the rear, lest he should tear me with his talons, I gat my arms about his throat, and treading his hind-paws hard into the ground for to keep the legs of them from my sides, held on with might and main till at length I could rear him backward by the foreleg, and so stretched him strangled on the ground, and vasty Hades received his spirit.

That done, I fell a-pondering how I might flay me off the dead beast's shag-neck'd skin. 'What a task!' thought I; for there was no cutting that, neither with wood nor with stone nor yet with iron. At that moment one of the Immortals did mind me I should cut up the lion's skin with the lion's talons. So I to it, and had him flayed in a trice, and cast the skin about me for a defence against the havoc of gashing war.

Such, good friend, was the slaying of the Lion of Nemea, that had brought so much and sore trouble both upon man and beast.'
XXVI.—THE BACCHANALS

This poem was probably written in honour of the initiation of a boy of nine into the mysteries of Dionysus by a mock slaying-rite. That young children were initiated into these mysteries is clear from a poem of Antistius in the Anthology, which may have been written for a similar occasion; and in Callimachus Artemis asks that her maiden attendants shall be nine years old.¹ In this poem the father describes the slaying of Pentheus by his mother, and takes credit to himself for following her example. The slaying of the boy is the bringing of him to Dionysus, even as the eagles made Ganymede immortal by bringing him to Zeus. The poem is almost certainly not by Theocritus, but such poems may well have figured in the competitions mentioned in line 112 of the Ptolemy.

¹ Antist. Anth. Pal. 11. 40, Callim. 3. 14, quoted by Cholmeley.
XXVI.—ΔΗΝΑΙ Η ΒΑΚΧΑΙ

'Ἰνὼ κ' Αὐτονόα χὰ μαλοπάρανος Ἀγαῖα τρεῖς θιάσως ἐς ὅρος τρεῖς ἄγαγον αὐτὰ ἐοίσαι. χαὶ μὲν ἀμερξάμεναι λασίας ὄρνος ἁγρια φύλλα κισσόν τε ξόοντα καὶ ἀσφόδελον τὸν ὑπὲρ γὰς ἐν καθαρῷ λειμών κάμον δυνακάδεκα βωμώς, τῶς τρεῖς τὰ Σεμέλα, τῶς ἐνυέα τῷ Διονύσῳ. ἴερὰ δ' ἐκ κιστάς πεποναμένα χερσὶν ἔλοίσαι εὐφώμως κατέθευτο νεοδρέπτων ἐπὶ βωμών, ὡς ἐδίδασχ', ὡς αὐτὸς ἐθυμάρει Διονύσος. Πενθεῦς δ' ἀλιβάτων πέτρας ἀπὸ πάντ' ἐδεώρει, σχίνων ἐς ἀρχαίαν καταδύς, ἐπιχώριον ἔρνος. Αὐτονόα πράτα νιν ἀνέκραγε δεινὸν ἰδίοσα, σὺν δ' ἐτάραξε ποσίν μανιώδεος ὄργια Βάκχω, ἐξαπίνας ἐπιοίσα: τὰ δ' οὐν ὄρεοντι βέβηλοι. μαίνετο μὲν θ' αὐτὰ, μαίνοντο δ' ἀρ εὐθὺ καὶ ἄλλαι. 1

Πενθεῦς μὲν φεύγεν πεφοβημένος, αὖ δ' ἐδίωκον, πέπλως ἐκ ξωστήρως ἐς ἑγύναι ἐρύσαισαι. Πενθεῦς μὲν τὸδ' ἐεῖπε 'τίνος κέχρησθε γυναῖκες; Αὐτονόα τὸδ' ἐεῖπε 'τάχα γνώση πρὶν ἀκούσαι.' μάτηρ τὰν κεφαλὰν μυκήσατο παιδὸς ἐλοίσα, ὅσον περ τοκάδος τελέθει μύκημα λειάνας; 'Ἰνὼ δ' ἐξέρρηξέ σὺν ὀμοπλάτα μέγαν ὁμον

1 ἄλλαι Ahrens: μὲν ἄλλαι.
XXVI.—THE BACCHANALS

Three dames led three meinies to the mountain, Ino, Autonoë, and apple-cheeked Agavê, and gathering there wild leaves of the shag-haired oak, and living ivy and groundling asphodel, wrought in a lawn of the forest twelve altars, unto Semelê three and unto Dionysus nine. Then took they from a box offerings made of their hands and laid them in holy silence upon those altars of their gathering, as was at once the precept and the pleasure of the great Dionysus. Meanwhile Pentheus spied upon all they did from a steepy crag, being crept into an ancient mastic-tree such as grow in that country. Autonoë saw him first and gave a horrible shriek, and made quick confusion of the sacred things of the maddening Bacchus with her feet, for these things are not to be seen of the profane. Mad was she now, and the others were straightway mad also. Pentheus, he fled afraid, and the women, girding their kirtles up about their thighs, they went in hot pursuit. Pentheus, he cried "What would you, ye women?" Autonoë, she cried "That shall you know ere you hear it." Then took off the mother the head of her child and roared even as the roar of a milch lioness, while Ino setting foot upon his belly wrenched shoulder and shoulder-blade from the one side of

"meinies": companies. "apple-cheeked": the Greek may also mean 'white-faced.'
λὰξ ἐπὶ γαστέρα βάσα, καὶ Αὐτονόας ἐρυθμὸς
ώτος:
aἱ δὲ ἄλλαι τὰ περισσὰ κρεανομέοντο γυναῖκες.
ἔς Θήβας δὲ ἀφίκοντο πεφυρμέναι ἄματε πᾶσαι,
ἐξ ὀρεισ πένθημα καὶ οὐ Πενθήμα фέρονται.
οὐκ ἀλέγω· μηδ’ ἄλλος ἀπεχθομένων 1 Διονύσῳ
φροντίζοι, μηδ’ εἰ χαλεπώτερα τῶν ἔριζες;
εἰς δὲ εὐναίεις ἢ καὶ δεκάτῳ ἐπιβαίνοι
αὐτὸς δὲ εὐαγέσιμο καὶ εὐαγέσσων ἀδοίμι.
ἐκ Δίως αἰγιόχῳ τιμᾶν ἔχει αἰετῶς ὦτως.
ἐὐσεβεῖων πᾶλινει τὰ λοία, δυσεσβεῖων δ’ οὐ.
χαῖροι μὲν Διόνυσος, ὃς ἐν Δρακάνῳ νυφεῖτι
Ζεὺς ὑπάτου μεγάλαν ἐπιγονίδα κάτθετο λύσας;
χαῖροι δ’ εὐεὐδὴς Σεμέδα καὶ ἀδελφεῖς αὐτῶς
Καδμεῖαι πολλοῖς μεμελημέναι ἤρωιναι; 3
ἀλά ἑργον ἑρεξαν ὀρίαντος Διονύσου
οὐκ ἐπιμορματῶν. μηδεῖς τὰ θεῶν ὀνόσαιτο.

1 ἀπεχθομένω Bergk: mss - νοι 2 δὲ μογῆσαι Ahr: mss
3 ἡμάργησε 3 thus Graefe: mss πολλαῖς ἄριστον ἤρωιναι.
him, and Autonoe made the other side like unto it; and the other women wrought out the rest of the butchery. And so bedabbled all with blood they carried with them into Thebes in the stead of a kindred wight a kindred woe.

And I care not if they did, and pray no other may take thought for any that is hated of Dionysus, nay, not if such an one suffer a worse fate than Pentheus and be but a child nine years old or going ten years. As for me, may I be pure and do the will of them that are pure. Thus hath the eagle honour of the Aegis-Bearer. To the children of pious fathers belong the good things rather than to those that come of impious men.

All hail to Dionysus, whom most high Zeus took forth from his mighty thigh and laid down in snowy Dracanus; and all hail to beauteous Semele and her heroic sisters, the far-honoured daughters of Cadmus who did at Dionysus' bidding this deed that none may blame. Where 'tis a God's will let no man cavil.

"Made the other side like unto it": the Greek is 'Autonoe's rhythm was the same,' i.e. 'Autonoe followed suit.' "Kindred wight": the Greek has a grim pun upon Pentheus and pentêma (woe).
XXVII.—THE LOVERS' TALK

This poem in its complete form was a match between a shepherd and another whom he had challenged, the stake being the shepherd's pipe. The missing part comprised the lines introducing the match, the whole of the rival's piece, and the prelude of the shepherd's piece. What is left is the main part of the shepherd's piece, its epilogue, and the award of the umpire. The umpire returns the shepherd his pipe, and adds a compliment in the form of a request that now he will play him another of his tunes, as, not having lost his pipe in the match, he will still be able to do. In the dialogue supposed to be recited, or perhaps to be sung, by the shepherd, one speaker answers the other speaker line for line except in two places where the same speaker has two lines. These exceptions, necessary in order to shift the rôle of answerer, have brought about a wrong arrangement of lines 9 and 19 in the manuscripts. The poem may be ascribed to an imitator of Theocritus. Line 4 he has taken bodily from him.
Τὰν πινυτὰν Ἐλέναν Πάρις ἤρπασε βουκόλος ἄλλος.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μᾶλλον ἐκοίσ᾽ Ἐλένα τοῦ βουκόλου ἔσσι1 φιλεύσα.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
μὴ2 καυχῶ σατυρίσκε: κενὸν τὸ φίλαμα λέγουσιν.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἐστι καὶ ἐν κενεοῖσι φιλάμασιν ἅδεα τέρψις.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
τὸ στόμα μεν πλύνω καὶ ἀποττῶ τὸ φίλαμα.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
πλύνεις χείλεα σεῖο; δίδου πάλιν, ὅφρα φιλόσω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
καλὸν σοι δαμάλας φιλέειν, οὐκ ἄξυνα κώραν.

1 ἐκοίσ᾽ Ahrens: mss. ἐκοίσ᾽ ἔσσι E: mss. ἔστι
2 μὴ Musurus: mss. omit
XXVII.—[THE LOVERS' TALK]

(The Shepherd tells of the conversation between Daphnis and Acrotimé)

ACROTIMÉ
'Twas a neatherd like you carried off the wise Helen.

DAPHNIS
Helen is more willing now, for she kisses her neatherd.

ACROTIMÉ
Soft, my satyr-boy, be not so sure; there's a saying "nought goes to a kiss."

DAPHNIS
Even in an empty kiss there's a sweet delight.

ACROTIMÉ
Look ye, I wipe my mouth o' your kiss and spit it from me.

DAPHNIS
Wipe thy lips, quotha? then give them hither again and have thee another.

ACROTIMÉ
'Twere rather becoming you to kiss your heifers than a maiden woman like me.
ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μὴ καυχῶ τάχα γάρ σε παρέρχεται ὡς ὀναρ ἡβη.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἀ σταφυλίς σταφίς ἐστὶ καὶ οὐ ρόδον αὖν ὀλέιταί. 10

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἡδὲ τί γηράσκη; τόδε που μέλι καὶ γάλα πίνω.1 9
dεῦρ’ ὑπὸ τὰς κοτῖνους, ἵνα σοὶ τίνα μύθουν ἐνέψω. 11

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
οὐκ ἐθέλω· καὶ πρίν με παρῆπαφες ἁδεῖ μύθῳ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
δεῦρ’ ὑπὸ τὰς πτελέας, ἵν’ ἐμὰς σύρυγγος ἀκούσῃ.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
τὴν σαυτοῦ φρένα τέρψου· οἴζουν οὐδὲν ἀρέσκει.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
φεῦ φεῦ τὰς Παφίας χόλον ἀξεο καὶ σύγε κώρα.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
χαιρέτω ᾧ Παφία· μόνον Ἰλαος Ἀρτέμις εἰς.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μὴ λέγε, μὴ βάλλῃ σε καὶ ἐς λίνον ἄλλυτον2 ἐνθῆς.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
βαλλέτω ὡς ἐθέλη· πάλιν Ἀρτέμις ἀμμιν ἀρῆξε.3 18

1 this line is omitted in some mss: γηράσκη Ε: mss -σκω
2 ἄλλυτον Mss (?): mss ἀκλίτον 3 ἐθέλη Ε: mss ἐθέλης
ἀρῆξε Ε: mss ἀρήγη

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DAPHNIS
Soft you, be not so sure; your youth passes you by like a dream.

ACROTOME
But the grape's in the raisin, and dry rose-leaves may live.

DAPHNIS \textit{(kissing her cheek)}
Shall \textit{this} be suffered to grow old, that is my milk and honey? Pray you come hither under those wild-olives; I would fain tell you a tale.

ACROTOME
Nay, I thank you; you beguiled me before with your pretty tales.

DAPHNIS
Then pray you come hither under those elms and let me play you my pipe.

ACROTOME
Nay; that way you may pleasure yourself; scant joy comes of a sorry thing.

DAPHNIS
Alackaday! you likewise, honey, must e'en fear the wrath of Dame Paphian.

ACROTOME
Dame Paphian may go hang for me; my prayers are to Artemis.

DAPHNIS
Hist! or she'll have at thee, and then thou'll be in the trap.

ACROTOME
Let her have at me; Artemis will help me out.
ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
οὐ φεύγεις τὸν Ἔρωτα, τὸν οὐ φύγε παρθένος ἄλλη. 20

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
φεύγων ναὶ τὸν Πάνα. ὥδ' ἔναει ἄειραις.1 μὴ πιθάλης τὴν χεῖρα· καὶ εἰσέτζη χεῖλος ἀμύξω.² 19

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
dειμαίνω, μὴ δὴ σε κακωτέρῳ ἀνέρι δῶσω. 22

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
πολλοὶ μὲ ἐμνώοντο, νόμῳ δ' ἐμῷ οὕτως ἔαδε.³

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἐλι καὶ ἐγὼ πολλῶν μυστήρι τεὸς ἐνθάδ' ἰκάνω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
καὶ τί φίλοις ἰδομαὶ; γάρ οἱ πληθουσίν ἀνίασ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
οὐκ οὐδόνην, οὐκ ἄλγος ἔχει γάμος, ἄλλα χορείηην.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ναὶ μὰν ζασι γυναικας ἐοὺς τρομέειν παρακοίτας.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μᾶλλον ἄει κρατέουσι· τί καὶ ἑ τρομέουσι γυναῖκες;

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἀδίνειν τρομέω· χαλεπὸν βέλος Εἰλειθύης.

¹ ἀείραι Ahr: ms ἀεῖρει ² this line is before 18 in some ms, after it in others ³ ἔαδε (perf.) Fritzsch: ms ἔαδε, Mus. ἔαδὲ ⁴ τί καὶ Wil: ms τίνα
DAPHNIS

No other maiden escapes Love, nor dost thou escape him.

ACROTIME

'Fore Pan, that do I; as for you, I only pray you may ever bear his yoke. (he puts his arm about her and makes to kiss her again) Unhand me, man; I'll bite thy lip yet.

DAPHNIS

But I fear if I let thee go a worser man will have thee.

ACROTIME

Many the wooers have been after me, but never a one have I had to my mind.

DAPHNIS

Well, here am I come to add one more to those many.

ACROTIME

O friend, what is to do? marriage is all woe.

DAPHNIS

Nay; a marriage is a thing neither of pain nor grief but rather of dancing.

ACROTIME

Aye, but I'm told the wives do fear their bedfellows.

DAPHNIS

Nay; rather have they ever the upper hand; what should wives fear?

ACROTIME

'Tis the throes I fear; the stroke of Eileithyia is hard to bear.
ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἀλλὰ τεῇ βασίλειᾳ μογοστόκοις Ἀρτεμίς ἐστιν.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ἀλλὰ τεκείν τρομεώ, μή καὶ χρόα καλὸν ὀλέσσω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἡν δὲ τέκης φίλα τέκνα, νέου φῶς ὄψεαι νίας.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

καὶ τί μοι ἔδων ἄγεις ἡμῶν ἄξιον, ἡν ἐπινεώσω;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

πᾶσαν τὰν ἀγέλαν, πάντ' ἄλσεα καὶ νομὸν ἔξεις.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ὁμνυε μὴ μετὰ λέκτρα λιπῶν ἄκουσαν ἀπενθείν. ¹

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

οὐ μαυτὸν τὸν Πάνα, καὶ ἡν ἐθέλησ με διώξαι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

τεύχεις μοι βαλάμους, τεύχεις καὶ δῶμα καὶ αὐλάς;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

τεύχω σοι βαλάμους· τὰ δὲ πῶςα καλὰ νομεύω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

πατρὶ δὲ γηραλέω τίνα μᾶν, ² τίνα μῦθον ἐνέψω;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἀινήσει σεό λέκτρον, ἐπὴν ἐμὸν οὔνομ' ἀκούσῃ.

¹ ἀπενθείν Reiske: μεα ἀπένθησ ² οὖν Ahr: μα κεύ
THEOCRITUS XXVII, 30-40

DAPHNIS
But thou hast Artemis to thy queen, and she lightens the labour.

ACROTIME
Ah! but I fear lest the childbirth lose me my pretty face.

DAPHNIS
But if thou bear sweet children, thou'lt see a new light in thy sons.

ACROTIME
And if I say thee yea, what gift bring'st thou with thee worthy the marriage?

DAPHNIS
Thou shalt have all my herd and all the planting and pasture I possess.

ACROTIME
Swear thou'lt never thereafter leave me 4" forlorn.

DAPHNIS
Before great Pan I swear it, even if thou choose to send me packing.

ACROTIME
Buildest me a bower and a house and a farmstead?

DAPHNIS
Yea, I build thee a house, and the flocks I feed are fine flocks.

ACROTIME
But then my gray-headed father, O what can I say to him?

DAPHNIS
He'll think well o' thy wedlock when he hears my name.
ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
Δάφνις ἐγώ, Λυκίδας δὲ πατήρ, μήτηρ δὲ Νομαίη.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἐξ εὐηγενέων· ἢλλ’ οὐ σέθεν εἰμὶ χερεῖων.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
οἶδ’ Ἀκροτίμη ἐσοί, τὸν ἐστὶ Μενάλκας.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
δεῖξον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ἀλσοῦ, ὅπῃ σέθεν ἵσταται αὐλά.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
δεῦρ’ ἵδε, πῶς ἂνθεῦσιν ἐμαύραδινα κυπάρισσοι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
αἰγοὺς ἐμαύρα βόσκεσθε, τὰ βουκόλω ἐργα νοῆσο.

ΑΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ταῦται καλὰ νέμεσθ’, ἵνα παρθενῷ ἀλσεα δεῖξω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
τί σεῖες σατυρίσκε; τί δ’ ἐνδοθεν ἄψαυ μαξῶν;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μᾶλα τεὰ πράτιστα τάδε χροόνυτα διδάξω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ναρκῶ ναὶ τὸν Πάνα. τεὴν πάλιν ἐξελε χείρα.

1 ἀδ’ Jacobs: μὲς ἀδ’. Ἀκροτίμη ἐσοί E: μὲς ἀκρα τιμῆσι, Mus. d. τιμήσασα 2 τεὸν Wil: μὲς ζεῶν, Mus. ζεῶν αὐλά E: μὲς a or αια, Mus. αὐλα
ACROTIME
Then tell me that name o' thine; there's often joy in a name.

DAPHNIS
'Tis Daphnis, mine, and my father's Lycidas and my mother's Nomacé.

ACROTIME
Thou com'st of good stock; and yet methinks I am as good as thou.

DAPHNIS
Aye, I know it; thou art Acrotimè and thy father Menalcas.

ACROTIME
Come, show me thy planting, show me where thy farmstead is.

DAPHNIS
Lo! this way it is; look how tall and slender my cypress-trees spring!

ACROTIME
Graze on, my goats; I go to see the neatherd's labours.

DAPHNIS
Feed you well, my bulls; I would fain show the maid my planting.

ACROTIME
What art thou at, satyr-boy? why hast put thy hand in my bosom?

DAPHNIS
I am fain to give thy ripe pippins their first lesson.

ACROTIME
'Fore Pan, I shall swoon; take back thy hand.
ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
θάρσει κώρα φίλα. τί μοι ἐτρεμεῖς; ὡς μάλα δειλά.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
βάλλεις εἰς ἀμάραν μὲ καὶ εἶματα καλὰ μιανεῖς.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλ' ὑπὸ σοὺς πέπλους ἀπαλὸν νάκος ἦν ἰδε βάλλω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
φεῦ φεῦ καὶ τὰν μύταν ἀπέσχισας; 1 ἐς τὶ δ' ἐλυσας;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
τὰ Παφία πράτιστον ἐγὼ τόδε δώρον ὅπασσο. 2

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
μέμνε τάλαν· τάχα τίς τοι ἐπέρχεται· ἦχον ἄκοινο.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλήλαις λαλέουσι τεὸν γάμον αἱ κυπάρισσαι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἀμπεχόνην ποίησας ἐμὴν ράκος. 3 εἰμὶ δὲ γυμνά.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλην ἀμπεχόνην τῆς σῆς τοι μείζονα δώσω. 60

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
φῆς μοι πάντα δόμεν· τάχα δ' ὅστερον οὕδ' ἀλα δοίης.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
αἰθ' αὐτὰν δυνάμαν καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ἐπιβάλλειν.

1 μύτα το λαμπροστειακίτες Winsem: μεσ μικράν ἀπέσχισας Scaliger: μεσ ἀπέστιχε 2 ὅτασσο E, cf. l. 64; he cannot be said to give it on the spot: μεσ ὅτασ 3 ἀμπεχόνης Ahr: μεσ

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DAPHNIS

Never thou mind, sweet; what hadst thou to fear, little coward?

ACROTOME

Thou thrustest me into the water-conduit and soilest my pretty clothes.

DAPHNIS

Nay; look ye there! I cast my soft sheepskin under thy cloak.

ACROTOME

Out, alack! thou hast torn off my girdle, too. Why didst loose that?

DAPHNIS

This shall be my firstlings to our Lady of Paphos.

ACROTOME

Hold, ah hold! sure somebody's e'en coming. There's a noise.

DAPHNIS

Aye, the cypress-trees talking together of thy bridal.

ACROTOME

Thou hast torn my mantle and left me in my shift.

DAPHNIS

I'll give thee another mantle, and an ampler.

ACROTOME

You say you'll give me anything I may ask, who soon mayhap will deny me salt.

DAPHNIS

Would I could give thee my very soul to boot!

\[\text{\small \text{t}\text{\ae}m\text{pe}x\text{on}\text{e}, Mus. t\text{\ae}mu\text{p}h\text{on}e, Hermann: \text{mss} \text{\delta}\text{\alpha}\text{\eta}}\]

\[\text{\text{\beta}akos Mus (?): mss \text{\beta}a\nu\text{\eta}}\]
THE BUCOLIC POETS

AKROTIMH

"Αρτεμί, μη νεμέσα σοῖς ρήμασιν1 οὐκέτι πιστῇ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ῥέξω2 πόρτιν "Ερωτὶ καὶ αὐτῇ βῶν Ἀφροδίτα.

AKROTIMH

παρθένος ἐνθὰ βέβηκα, γυνὴ δ' εἰς οἶκον ἀφέρτω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἀλλὰ γυνὴ μήτηρ τεκέων τροφός, οὐκέτι κόρα.

ὡς οἶ μὲν χλοεροῖσιν ιαίνομενοι μελέσασιν ἀλλήλους ψιθυρίζου. ἀνιστάτο φώριος εἰνή.
χῇ μὲν ἀνεγρομένη πάλιν ἐστίχε2 μάλα νομεύειν ῥήμασιν αἰδομένοις,4 κραδίη δὲ οἶ ἐνδον ιάνθη,
δὲ δ' ἐπὶ ταυρείας ἁγέλας κεχαρημένοις εἰνάς.

ΚΡΙΤΗΣ

δέχυσο τὰν σύριγγα τελ' πάλιν, ὄλβετε ποίμαν5 τὰ καλ' ποιμναγών6 ἔτεραν σκεψώμεθα μολπάν.

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1 σοῖς ρήμασιν Ahr: mss сοὶ ῥήμασ 2 ῥέξω Mus: mss ῥέξω 3 πάλιν ἐστίχε Wil: mss τ' θείσετ 4 αἰδομένοις Herm: mss 'οι, Mus. 'η 5 Lines 72-3 are omitted by Mus. τελ' Ahr: mss τελ' 6 τοιμναγών E, cf. κυναγὲ: mss τοιμαγγινων
ACRÓTIME

O Artemis, be not wroth with a transgressor of thy word.

DAPHNIS

Love shall have a heifer of me, and great Aphrodite a cow.

ACRÓTIME

Lo, I came hither a maid and I go home a woman.

DAPHNIS

Aye, a mother and a nursing-mother, maiden no more.

Thus they prattled in the joy of their fresh young limbs. The secret bridal over, she rose and went her ways for to feed her sheep, her look shamefast but her heart glad within her; while as for him, he betook himself to his herds of bulls rejoicing in his wedlock.

THE UMPIRE

Here, take the pipe, thou happy shepherd; 'tis thine once more; and so let's hear and consider another of the tunes of the leaders o' sheep.
XXVIII.—THE DISTAFF

The Distaff is an occasional poem in the Aeolic dialect and the Asclepiad metre, and was almost certainly modelled upon Sappho or Alcaeus. It was written by Theocritus before or during a voyage from Syracuse to Miletus, and presented with the gift of a carved ivory distaff to the wife of his friend the poet-physician Nicias.
Γλαύκας ὁ φιλέρυθ' ἀλακάτα δῶρον Ἀθανάς γύναιξιν, νόος οἰκοφελίας αἰσιν ἐπάσβολος, θάρσεισ' ἅμμιν ὑμάρτη πόλιν ἐς Νεήλεος ἀγλάαιν, ὀπτπνι Κύπριδος Ἰρον καλάμωρ χλόρου ὑπ' ἄπάλφ. τυίδε γὰρ πλόον εὐάνεμον αἰτήμεθα πὰρ Δίος, ὀπτπος ξέννον ἔμον τέρψομ' ἵδων κάντιφιλήσωμαιΝικίαν, Χαρίτων ἰμεροφώνων ἱερον φύτων, καὶ σὲ τὰν ἔλεφαντος πολυμόχθω γεγεννημέναν δῶρον Νικίας εἰς ἀλόχω ἐφέρας ὑπάφορας, σὺν τὰ τόλλα μὲν ἔρρ' ἐκτελέσεις ἀνδρεῖοις πέπλοις, τόλλα δ' ὅλα γύναικες φορέοισ' ὑδάτινα βράχη. δις γὰρ μάτερες ἄρρην μαλάκοις ἐν βοτάνα πόκοις πέξαιντ' αὐτοτέει, Θευγένειδος γ' ἐννεκ' εὐσφύρων οὕτως ἀνυσλέγος, φιλεῖ δ' ὄσσα σαφόροις. οὗ γὰρ εἰς ἀκίρας οὔτ' ἐς ἄργην κεν ἐβολλόμαν ὑπάσσαι σε δόμως ἀμμετέρας ὑπάν ἀπὸ χθόνος.

The Aeolic forms and accents are in many cases the restoration of Ahrens, but a few undoubted traces of them remain in the mss 1 κάντιφιλήσωμαι Musurus; mss ἔρρ' 2 ἀλόχω: mss also ἀλόχω perhaps rightly 3 ἔρρ(α) = ἔρρ Buecheler; mss ἔρρ'
XXVIII.—THE DISTAFF

Distaff, friend of them that weave and spin, gift of the Grey-eyed Huswife above to all good huswifes here below, come away, come away to Neleus’ town so bright and fair, where the Cyprian’s precinct lies fresh and green among the tall soft reeds; for ’tis thither bound I ask of Zeus fair passage, with intent both to glad my eyes with the sight and my heart with the love of a dear good child of the Ladies o’ the Voice of Delight, by name Nicias, and to give you, my pretty offspring of laboured ivory, into the hands of the goodwife of the same, to be her helpmate in the making of much wool into clothes, whether the coats of men or those translucent robes the women do wear. For the fleecy mothers o’ flocks might well get them shorn afield twice in one year for aught Mistress Pretty-toes would care, so busy a little body is she and enamoured of all that delighteth the discreet. Trust me, I would never have given a fellow-countryman into the house of a do-nought or a sloven. And fellow-countryman it is, seeing you

"Neleus' town": Miletus was founded by Neleus, and a temple of Aphrodite-in-the-Marsh seems to have been one of its outstanding features.
καὶ γάρ τοι πάτρις, ἂν ὡξ Ἐφύρας κτίσσει ποτ' Ἀρχίας
νάσω Τρινακρίας μέλου, ἀνδρῶν δοκίμων πόλιν,
νῦν μὰν ὁικον ἐχοις ἀνερος, ὃς πόλις ἐδάν σόφα ἄνθρωποις νόσοις φάρμακα λύγραις ἀπαλάλκεμεν, 20
οἰκήσεις κατὰ Μίλλατον ἔρμαναν πεδ' Ἰαόνων,
ὡς εὐαλάκατος Θευγενις ἐν δαμότισιν πέλη,
καὶ οἱ μνᾶστιν ἀεὶ τῷ φιλαοίδῳ παρέχης ἔσων
κῆνο γὰρ τις ἐρει τῶπος ἰδοὺν σ'- ἡ μεγάλα χάρις
dορφι σὺν ὀλίγω· πάντα δὲ τίματα τὰ πάρ φιλῶν·
hail from the town old Archias founded out of Ephyra, the sap and savour of the Isle o' Three Capes, the birthplace of good men and true.

But now you are to lodge at a wiseacre's deep-learned in the lore of such spells as defend us of the flesh from woeful ills; now you are to dwell among an Ionian people in Miletus the delectable, to the end that Theugenis' neighbours may be jealous of her and her distaff, and so you may serve always to mind her of her friend the lover of song. For at the sight of you it shall be said, "Great love goes here with a little gift, and all is precious that comes of a friend."

"Ephyra": an old name for Corinth, the mother city of Syracuse.
XXIX-XXX. —THE AEOLIC LOVE-POEMS

These two poems are inspired, like XII, by a passionate friendship. The first line of No. 1 contains a quotation from Alcaeus, and in both poems metre and dialect point to him or Sappho as the model. The metre in the one case is the fourteen-syllable Sapphic Pentameter, and in the other the Greater Asclepiad. As in XII, there is much here that is reminiscent to us of some of the Elizabethan love-poetry.
Οἶνος ὁ φίλε παῖ λέγεται 'καὶ ἀλάθεα' κάμμε, χρή μεθύοντας ἀλαθεᾶς ἐξεμεναι. κηγῶν μὲν ἐρέω τὰ φρένων κέατ' ἐν μῦχῳ ὀυκ ὀλας σε φίλην μεθέλεσθ' ἀπὶ καρδίας γινώσκω. τὸ γὰρ αἴμου τὰς ζωίας ἔχω ἃ τὰν σὰν ἱδέαν, τὸ δὲ λοίπον ἀπώλετο, κώτα μὲν σὺ θέλεις, μακάρεσσιν ἵπαν ἀγῶ ἀμέραν ὅτα δ' οὐκε θέλεις τῦ, μάλ' ἐν σκότῳ πῶς ταῦτ' ἁμενα, τὸν φιλέοντ' ὁνίας δίδων; ἀλλ' εἴ μοι τι πόθιο νέος προγενεστέρω, τὸ κε λώιον αὐτος ἐχων ἐμ' ἐπανέσαις, ποίησον καλιάν μίαν ἔνν ἐν δενδρίῳ, ὀπνεῖ μηδὲν ἀπίστευτον ἄγριον ὄρπετον. νῦν δὲ τῶδε μὲν ἀματος ἀλλον ἐχεις κλάδον, ἀλλον δ' αὔριον, εξ' ετέρω δ' ἐτερον μάθης. καὶ κέν σευ τὸ κάλον τις ἰδων ῥέθος αἰνέσαι, τὸ δ' εὖθυς πλέον ἥ τρίετθης ἐγενευ φίλοις, τὸν πρώτον δὲ φιλέοντα τρίταιον ἑθήκαι ἀνδρών, τὸν ὑπερ ἀνορέαν δοκεεις πνήμα φίλη δ', ἀς κε ζοης, τὸν ὑμοιον ἐχειν ἂι. αἰ γὰρ ὅδε πόρης, ἀγάθος μὲν ἀκούσει εξ' ἀστών. δ' δὲ τοι κ' Ερος οὐ χαλέπως ἐχοι, ὃς ἀνδρών φρένας εὐμαρέως ὑποδάμαται, κήμε μάλακον εξ' ἐπόησε σιδαρίω.

1 κάμμε Brunck: mss κάμμεs 2 thus E: mss order τὰ φρένων ἐρέω κέατ' 3 se φίλην E: mss φιλέεια 4 ἐν Wil: mss eir 5 ὅτποι Wil: mss ἦπι οὗ ὅτη 6 φιλέοντα E: 

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In sack, out sooth goes the saying, lad, and now that you and I are a-drinking we must fain be men of truth. I for one will tell what doth lie in my mind's hold, and it is that you will not that I should love you with my whole heart. I know it; for such is the power of your beauty that there's but half a living left me to love you withal, seeing my day is spent like as a God's or in very darkness according as you do choose. What righteousness is here, to deliver one that loves you over unto woe? Trust me, if you 'ld only hearken to your elder 'twould be profit unto you and thanks unto me. Listen then: one tree should hold one nest, and that where no noisome beast may come at it; but you, you do possess one bough to-day and another to-morrow, seeking ever from this unto that; and if one but see and praise your fair face, straightway are you more than a three years' friend to him, and as for him that first loved you, in three days, lad, you reckon him of those men whose very manhood you seem to disdain. Choose rather to be friends with the same body so long as you shall live; for if so you do, you will have both honour of the world and kindness of that Love who doth so easily vanquish the mind of man and hath melted in me a heart of very iron.

mss φαλέωτα 7 mss ὑπερμαχίαν 8 τὸν εἶχον = the same,
cf. Meg. 33

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THE BUCOLIC POETS

'άλλα πέρρι ἀπάλω στύματος σε πεδέρχομαι ομνάσθην, ὅτι πέρρυσιν ἴσθα νεώτερος,
kωτὶ γηραλείς πέλομεν πρὶν ἀπόσπυσαι καὶ ῥύσοι, νεότατα δ᾽ ἔχην παλινώρετον
οὐκ ἐστὶν πτέρυγας γὰρ ἑπομμαδίαις φόρη,
κάμμες βαρδύτεροι τὰ προτήμενα συλλάβων.
30 ταῦτα χρὴ σε νόεστα πέλην προτιμόστερον 2,
καὶ μοι τῶραμένω συνέραν ἁδόλως σέθεν,
οππως, ἀνικα τὰν γένων ἄνδρεαν ἑχης,
Ἀλλάλοισι πελώμεθα 3 Ἀχιλλείοι φίλοι.
αἱ δὲ ταῦτα φέρην ἀνέμοισιν ἐπιτρέπης,
ἐν θύμῳ δὲ λέγης 'τι με δαιμόνι ἐννόχλης;
νῦν μὲν κηπὶ τὰ χρύσεα μᾶλ' ἐνεκεν σέθεν
βαίνη καὶ φύλακον νεκύων πεδὰ Κέρβερον,
τότα δ᾽ ὁδὲ κάλεντος 4 ἐπ᾽ αὐτείας θύραις
προμόλοιμι κε παυσάμενος χαλέπω μόνω. 4

1 πέρρι Wil: Αἱρ πέρ: mss περι 2 σε νόεστα Buccheler: mss νόεστα mss προτιμόστερον and ποτιμόστερον: = kinder E 3 κάλεντος E: mss καλεῖντος 4 μόνω E = madness: mss τάθω and μανής (?)
THEOCRITUS XXIX, 25-49

O by those soft lips I beseech you remember that you were younger a year ago, and as we men wax old and wrinkled sooner than one may spit, so there's no re-taking of Youth once she be fled, seeing she hath wings to her shoulders, and for us 'tis ill catching winged beasts. Come then, think on these things and be the kinder for't, and give love for love where true loving is; and so when Time shall bring thee a beard we'll be Achilles and his friend. But if so be you cast me these words to the winds, and say, and say in your heart, "Peace, man; begone," then, for all I would go now for your sake and get the Golden Apples or fetch you the Watch-dog o' the Dead, I would not come forth, no, not if you should stand at my very door and call me, for the pain of my woodness would be overpast.

"Achilles and his friend": Patroclus. "Golden Apples": of the Hesperides; the fetching of these and of Cerberus were two of the Labours of Heracles. "woodness": madness.
XXX.—ΠΑΙΔΙΚΟΝ ΑΙΟΛΙΚΟΝ β'

'Ωνια τῶν χαλέπων καινομόρω τῶδε νοσήματος·
tetόρταιος ἔχει παιδὸς ἔρως μὴν μὲν ἐν δεύτερον,
kαλῷ μὲν μετρίως, ἀλλ' ὅποσον τῷ πόδι περρέχει
tάς γὰς, τούτῳ χάρις, ταῖς δὲ παραύθας ὄλυκν 5
meidία.2
καὶ νῦν μὲν τὸ κάκων ταῖς μὲν ἔχει, ταῖς δὲ μενύκ
ἐχεί.3
τάξιν δ' οὐδ' ὡςον ἐπυνω 'πιτύχην ἐσσετ' ἐρωτια,
ἐχθεῖς γὰρ παρίων ἔδρακε λέπτ' ἀμμε δ' ὀφρύγων 4
aideσθεις προτίθης 5 ἀντίος, ἢρευθέτο δὲ χρόα,
ἐμεθεν δὲ πλέον τὰς κραδίας ὅρος ἐδράξατο·
eῖς οἰκον δ' ἀπέβαν ἐλκος ἔχων καὶ τὸ <κέαρ
δάκων> 6
πόλλα δ' εἰσκαλέσαις θύμων ἐμαύτῳ διελεξάμαν,
'τι δὴ ταύτ' ἐπόης; ἀλοχύνας τι ἐσχατον ἐσσεται;
λευκὰς οὐκί ἔδαισθ' ὅτι φορής ἐν κροτάφοις
τρίας 8;
ὁρι τοι φρονεῖν, μὴ οὐκί 9 νέος τὰν ἱδέαν πέλη
πάντ' ἐρδή ὁσσαπερ οἱ τῶν ἐτέων ἀρτια γεύμενοι.10
καὶ μᾶν ἄλλα σε λάθει τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἦν λαόιν, ἐμμεναι

1 μὴν αὐτὸν Bergk: μα μηνα
4, 5 transposed by Fritzche
2 paraφαις (εφ' Ε') ὄλυκον meidία Bgk: μα paraφάις γαλ. meidi-
 Theyn Bgk: μα tais μὲν ἔχει tais δ' οὔ 4 λέπ-
 ἀμμε Schwabe: δι' ὀφρύς Bgk-Herwerden: μα λέπτα
 meliophyses 5 προτίθημε Ε: μα προτίθης 6 kēar dákow Bg-
XXX.—The Second Love-Poem

Aye me, the pain and the grief of it! I have been sick of Love’s quartan now a month and more. He’s not so fair, I own, but all the ground his pretty foot covers is grace, and the smile of his face is very sweetness. ’Tis true the ague takes me now but day on day off, but soon there’ll be no respite, no not for a wink of sleep. When we met yesterday he gave me a sidelong glance, afeared to look me in the face, and blushed crimson; at that, Love gripped my reins still the more, till I gat me wounded and heartsore home, there to arraign my soul at bar and hold with myself this parlance: “What wast after, doing so? whither away this fond folly? know’st thou not there’s three gray hairs on thy brow? Be wise in time, or one that is no youth in’s looks shall play new-taster o’ the years. Other toys thou forgettest; ’twere better, sure, at thy time o’ life to know no

plied by Fritzche

7 ἀνέλξασθαι Bgk: μᾶς ἀνέλξασθαι
8 οὐκ
9 ἔπιθης θ’ φόρης and τρίας Bgk: μᾶς φόροις and τρία
10 φρονέσθη Bgk: μᾶς φρονέσθη μὴ ὥσπερ νέος E: μᾶς μὴ... μέοι: see Class. Rev. 1911 p. 37
11 γέγονεν Κreissler: μα γέγονεν.
ζένυν τῶν χαλέπων παίδος <ἔρων ἢ τόν ἐντ>' ἔραν.
τῶ μὲν γὰρ βίος ἔρπει Ἡσα γόννοις ἐλάφῳ θόας
tελάσσαι δ' ἀτέρα ποντοπόρην ἄ αὐριον ἀμέραν; 2
οὖν αὐτῷ γλυκέρας ἀνθεμόν ὠβαις πεδ' ὑμαλίκῳ
μένει: τῷ δ' ὁ πόθος καὶ τὸν ἐσώ μύελον ἐσθίει
ομμμιμασκομένω, πόλλα δ' ὁρή νύκτος ἐνύπνια,
παύσασθαι δ' ἐνιαυτὸς χαλέπας οὐκ ἵ<κονος
δύας—> 3
ταύτα κατέρα πόλλα προτ' ἐμον 4 θῦμον ἐμεμ-
ψάμαν
ὅ δὲ τούτ' ἐφατ': 4 ὅτις δοκίμοι 5 τὸν δολομάχαν
νικάσην Ἔρων, οὕτος δοκίμοι τοῖς ὑπὲρ ἀμμέων
εὔρην βραδίως ἀστερας, ὀππόσσακιν ἐννεα:
καὶ νῦν, εἰτε θέλω, χρῆ με μάκρον σχόντα τὸν
ἀμφένα
ἐλκην τοῦ ξυγοῦν, εἰτ' οὐκι θέλω ταύτα γάρ, ὅγαθε,
βόλλεται θέος ὡς καὶ Δίος ἔσφαλε μέγαν νῶν
καύτας Κυπρογενής: ἐμε μᾶν, φύλλον ἅ ἐπάμερον
σμίκρας ἐδύμενον αὐρας, ὀνέλων ἂ κε φόρη φόρη. 7

1 ἔρων ἢ τόν ἐντ' supplied by E  ἔρπει: Ησα E: ms
ἔρπε ρωτα: 2 τελάσσαι = τολμάσκει E from Hesych: ms
δλάσκει: 3 αὐριον ἀμέραν = ταύτη τῶν ἡμερῶν ἢ αὐριον ἐστι E:
ms αὐριον ἀμ.  4 χαλέπας Bγκ: ms χαλεπαί οὐκ ἱκονος
dύας supplied by E: ms σωκλ for ἀποσιοποιεῖσα cf. II. 23.
more such loves as this. For whom Life carries
swift and easy as hoof doth hind, and might endure
to cross and cross the sea every day’s morrow that is,
can he and the flower o’ sweet Youth abide ever of
one date? How much less he that hath yearnful
remembrance gnawing at his heart’s core, and dreams
often o’ nights and taketh whole years to cure his
lovesickness!"

Such lesson and more read I unto my soul,
and thus she answered me again: “Whoso
thinketh to outvie yon cozening Love, as soon might
he think to tell how-many-times-nine stars be i’ th’
skies above us; and so I too, willy-nilly, must fain
stretch my neck beneath the yoke and pull, seeing
such, my lord, is the will of a God that hath betrayed
ev’n the mickle mind of Zeus, and beguiled ev’n the
Cyprus-born, and catcheth up and carrieth whither-
soever he list (as well he may) a poor mortal leaf
like me that needs but a puff of air to lift it.”

319 ff.  * προτέριον E: ms προτέριον Bgk: ms προτέριον μοι,
φύλλον Fritzche: ms φύλλον η δεύτερον Bgk: ms δεύτερον
όντειλων Ahr: ms ὁ μελλόν: η μελλόν Wil: ms απεθανεν φόρη
φόρη E: cf. Stob. Flor. T. 28. 18 ff. οἱ ἐπιστημονικοὶ ὑπήκοοι (ms
ὑπήκοοι) παραει ὑπεκα ὑπεκα (ms) πετυμασις αἰωνουμενη, and
see Class. Rev. 1911, p. 65. ms φόρη
THE INSCRIPTIONS

These little poems are all, with the exception of IV, actual inscriptions, and would seem to have been collected from the works of art upon which they were inscribed. XII and XXIII are in all probability by other hands, and there is some doubt of the genuineness of XXIV; but the rest are not only ascribed to Theocritus in the best manuscripts, but are fully worthy of him.
ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ

I

Τὰ ρόδα τὰ δροσόεντα καὶ ἀ κατάπυκνος ἐκεῖνα ἔρπυλλος κεῖται ταῖς Ἑλικονιάσι,
ταῖ δὲ μελάμφυλλαί δάφναι τῖν Πάντε Παιάν,
Δέλφις ἐπεὶ πέτρα τοῦτο τοῖς ἄγλαίσεις
βομβὸν ὃ αἰμάξει κεραῖς τράγος οὖν ὁ μαλὸς,
τερμίνθου τρόφων ἔσχατον ἄκρεμόνα.

II

Δάφνης ὁ λευκόχρως, ὁ καλὰ σύρυγμα μελίσσων
βουκολικὸς ὄμπους, ἀνθετο Πανὶ τάδε,
τούς τρητοὺς δόνακας, τὸ λαγῷβόλον, ὁξὺν ἄκοντα,
νεβρίδα, τὰν πήραν, ἃ ποκε ἐμαλοφόρει.

III

Εἴδεις φυλλοστρῶτα πέδιον Δάφνη σῶμα κεκμακὸς
ἀμπαύνω, στάλικες δ’ ἀρτιπαγεῖς αὐ’ ὀρή
ἀγρεύει δέ τι Πάν καὶ ὁ τὸν κροκόεντα Πρύγνος
κισσόν ἐφ’ ἰμερτῷ κρατὶ καθαπτόμενος,
ἀντοῦν ἐσε στείχοντες ὁμόρροβοι. ἂλλα τὰ φεῦγε,
φεῦγε μεθείς ὑπὸν κῶμα καταρρύμενον.1

1 καταρρύμενον Ὁ: cf. Sappho fr. 4 κῶμα κατάρρει, and
χόμενος: τοις καταγρόμισον τοι καταγόμενον

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THE INSCRIPTIONS

I.—[AN INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE]

Those dewy roses and that thick bushy thyme are an offering to the Ladies of Helicon, and since 'tis the Delphian Rock hath made it honoured, the dark-leaved bay, Pythian Healer, is for thee; and yon horny white he-goat that crops the outmost sprays of the terebinth-tree is to be the blood-offering upon the altar.

II.—[FOR A PICTURE]

These stopped reeds, this hurl-bat, this sharp javelin, this fawnskin, and this wallet he used to carry apples in, are an offering unto Pan from the fair-skinned Daphnis, who piped the music o' the country upon this pretty flute.

III.—[FOR A PICTURE]

You sleep there upon the leaf-strown earth, good Daphnis, and rest your weary frame, while your netting-stakes are left planted on the hillside. But Pan is after you, and Priapus also, with the yellow ivy about his jolly head; they are going side by side into your cave. Quick then, put off the lethargy that is shed of sleep, and up with you and away.
Τήναν τάν λαύραν, τόθι ταὶ δρύες, αἰπόλε κάμψας
σύκινον εὐρήσεις ἀρτιγλυφὲς ξόανον
ἀσκελές ἀὐτόφλοιον ἀνούατον, ἀλλὰ φάλητι
παιδογόμω δυνατὸν Κύπριδος ἔργα τελεῖν.

σακὸς δ’ εὐίρος περιδέρομεν, ἀέναιον ἰὲ
ῥεῖθρον ἀπὸ σπιλάδων πάντοτε τηλεθάει
δάφνας καὶ μύρτοις καὶ εὐώδει κυπαρίσσῳ,
ἐνθα πέριξ κέχυται βοτρύσπαις ἐλικί
ἀμπελοὺς, εἰαρινοὶ δὲ λυγυφθόγχοισιν ἀοιδαῖς
κόσμου ἄχεισιν ποικιλότραυλα μέλη,
ξονθαὶ δ’ ἀδούιδες μυνύρίσμασιν ἀνταχεύσιν
μέλπουσαι στόμασιν τὰν μελίγαρν ὅπα.

ἐξεο δὴ τηνεὶ καὶ τῷ χαρίεντι Πριήπῳ
ἐὐχέ’ ἀποστέρξαι τοὺς Δάφνιδος με πόθους,
κεῦθυς ἐπιρρέξειν χίμαρον καλόν. ἦν δ’ ἀνανεύσῃ,
τοῦτο τυχὸν ἐθέλω τρισά τῷ τῆς τελέσαι
ῥέξω γὰρ δαμάλαιν, λάσιον τράγουν, ἀρνα τὸν ἵσχα
σακίταν. ἀιοὶ δ’ εὐμνεῖνος ὁ θεός.

Δῆς ποτὶ τάν Νυμφάν διδύμοις αὐλοῖσιν ἀέισαι
ἀδύ τι μοι; κήρῳ πακτίδ’ ἀειράμενοι
ἀρξεύματι τι κρέκειν, ὁ δὲ βουκόλος ἁμμυγα θελχεῖ
Δάφνις, κηροδέτρῳ πνεύματι μελπόμενοι.

1 ἀσκελές Jahn, i.e. a herm, cf. Α.Ρ. 10. 8, 6. 20; mss
τρισκελές 2 ἀνταχεύσι Scaliger: mss ἀνταχεύσι.
IV.—[A LOVE-POEM IN THE FORM OF A WAYSIDE INSCRIPTION]

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

V.—[AN INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE]

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

έγγὺς δὲ στάντες λασίας δρυὸς ἄντρου ὀπίσθεν
Πάνα τὸν αἰγυβάταν ὀρφανίσωμες ὑπνὸν.

VI

'Α δείλαιε τῷ Θύρσι, τί τὸ πλέον, εἰ κατατάξεῖς
dákrous δυγλήνους ὁπας ὀδυρόμενος;
oixetai á xímarios, τὸ καλὸν τέκος, oixet' εἰς "Αίδαν
τραχὺς γὰρ χαλαῖς ἀμφεπίαξε λύκος.
aí ἰ ἰ κόνες κλαγγεῦντι· τί τὸ πλέον, ἀνίκα τίμας
ὅστιον οὐδὲ τέφρα λειτπεῖ οἰχομένας;

VII

Νῆπιον νίον ἔλειπες, ἐν ἀλκία ἰ ἰ καὶ αὐτὸς,
Εὐρύμεδον, τύμβου τοῦθε θανῶν ἑτυχες.
σοι μὲν ἐδρα θείοισι μετ' ἀνδράσι: τὸν ἰ ἰ πολῖται
τιμασεύντι, πατρὸς μνώμενοι ὡς ἀγαθῶ.

VIII

'Ἡλθε καὶ ἐς Μίλητον ὁ τοῦ Παιήνονος νίος,
ἰητήρι νόσων ἀνδρὶ συνοισόμενος
Νικία, ὅς μιν ἑπ' ἡμαρ ἀεὶ θυέοσιν ἴκνείται,
καὶ τὸδ' ἀπ' εὐώδους γλύψατ' ἀγαλμα κέδρου,
'Ηντίων χάριν γλαφυρᾶς χερὸς άκρον ὑποστὰς
μεσθόν' ὁ δ' εἰς ἐργον πᾶσαν ἀφηκε τέχνην.

1 mas also λασιάχενος ὄγγυθεν ἄντρου
THE INSCRIPTIONS, V–VIII

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

VI.—[FOR A PICTURE]

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

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

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

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

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

Ξείνε, Συρακόσιος τοι άνηρ τόδε ἐφίεται ο Ὀρθων
χειμεριάς μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἵοις.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τοιοῦτον ἔχων πότμον,1 ἀντὶ δὲ πολλὰς
πατρίδος ὀθνείαν κεῖμαι ἀφεστάμενος.2

X

Τμῖν τούτο θεάλ κεχαρισμένων ἐννέα πάσαις
tόγαλμα Ξενοκλής θὰ ἤκε τὸ μαρμάρινον,
μουσικὸς οὐκ ἔτερος τις ἑρεῖ. σοφίη δ' ἐπὶ τῆς
αἶνον ἔχουν Μουσέων οὐκ ἐπιλανθάνεται.

XI

Εὔσθενεως τὸ μνήμα, φυσιγράμμων ὃς ἄριστος,3
dεινὸς ἀπ' ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ τὸ νόημα μαθεῖν.
eὐ μιν ἐθαγαν ἔταρχοι ἐπὶ ἔξιν ἔχεν ὅντα,
χωρίουθήτης αὐτῷ δαίμονιος φίλος ἱπ.
πάντων ὃν ἐπεόικεν ἔχει τεθνεώς ὁ σοφιστὴς,
καίπερ ἄκικος ἐὼν εἰσ' ἀρα κηδεμόνας.

1 πότμον: ms also μόρον 2 ms also ὀθνείαν ἀφεστάμενος E, cf. ἀποστησάσθων C.I.A. 1. 32. 18: ms ἐφέσσ, and ἐφέσσ. 3 δ' ἄριστος E, for the more usual attributed form φυσιγράμμων ὃν (or οἶον) ἄρισταν, cf. xiv. 59: ms ὁ σοφιστής from below
IX.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A LANDED GENTLEMAN]

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

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

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

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

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

"Weakling wight": an Epic word to point the play upon the name.
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XII

Δημομέλης ὁ χορηγός, ὁ τὸν τρίποδ’ ὁ Διόνυσε καὶ σὲ τὸν ἱδιστὸν θεῶν μακάρων ἀναθεῖς, μέτριος ἦν ἐν πᾶσι, χορῆ ὡς ἐκτήσατο νίκην ἀνδρῶν, καὶ τὸ καλὸν καὶ τὸ προσήκον ὀρῶν.

XIII

Ἡ Κύπρις οὐ πάνθημος. Ἰλάσκεο τὴν θεόν εἰπὼν οὐρανίην, ἀγνής ἀνθεμα Χρυσογόνης οἴκῳ ἐν Ἀμφικλέους, ὃ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον ἔχε ξυνόν. ἄει δὲ σφιν λώιον εἰς ἑτος ἦν ἐκ σέθεν ἄρχομένου ὃ πότνια: κηδόμενοι γὰρ ἀθανάτων αὐτοί πλείον ἔχουσι βροτοί.

XIV

Ἀστοῖς καὶ ξείνοισιν ἵσον νέμει ἢδε τράπεζα: θείς ἀνελοῦ ψήφου πρὸς λόγον ἐλκομένης. ἀλλος τις προφάσει λεγέτω: τὰ δ' ὀθνεία Κάικος χρήματα καὶ νυκτὸς βουλομένοις ἀριθμεῖ.

1 Ἀμφικλέους: a Cyprian name
2 ἐλκομένη, cf. Ἡθελ. Papp. 1. p. 65, Theophr. Char. 24: mss also ἐρχομένη

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THE INSCRIPTIONS, XII-XIV

XII.—[FOR A PRIZE TRIPOD]

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

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

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

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

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

ΧV
Γνώσομαι, εἰ τι νέμεις ἀγαθόνς πλέον, ἢ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς
ἐκ σέθεν ὁσαύτως ἵνα, ὦ δειπόρ, ἔχει.
χαιρέτω οὖτος ὁ τύμβος, ἔρεις ἐπεὶ Εὐρυμέ-
δοντος
κεῖται τῆς ἱερῆς κούφος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς.

ΧVι
Ἡ παῖς οὐχέτ᾽ ἀφρός ἐν ἐβδόμῳ ἦδ' ἐνιαυτῷ
εἰς Ὁλην πολλῆς ἡμείς προτέρη,
δειλαίη, ποθεόυσα τὸν εἰκοτάμην ἀδελφὸν,
νήπιον ἀστόργην θευσάμενον θανάτου,
αιἀ δεινὰ παθοῦσα Περιστέρη, ὡς ἐν ἐτούμῳ
ἀνθρώποις δαίμονι βίκε τὰ λυγρότατα.

ΧVII
Θάσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον ὁ ξένε
σπουδᾶ, καὶ λέγῃ ἐπάν ἐς οἶκον ἐνθῆς.
Ἀνακρέοντος εἰκόν' εἴδον ἐν Τέρῳ
τῶν πρόσθ' εἰ τι περισσόν ὁδόποιον
προσθείς δε χωτὶ τοῖς νεωτινὶ ἁδετο,'
ἔρεις ἀτρεκέως ὄλον τὸν ἁνδρα.

ΧVIII
"Α τε φουν Ὄλυνος χώνηρ ὁ τῶν κωμῳδιῶν
εὐρῶν Ἑπίχαρμος.
ὁ Βάκχης χαλκεῖων νῦν ἀντ᾽ ἀλαθενοῦ
τιν ὁδ' ἀνέθηκαν,
τοῖς Συρακόσσιοις ἐνίδρυνται πελωριστά πόλει,
οῖ ανδρὶ πολιτῇ.
XV. — [FOR THE GRAVE OF A BRAVE MAN]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

σωροῦ τὸν ἐἰκε ῥημάτων μεμναμένου ¹
teleiōn ἐπίχειρα.
polla γὰρ ποταὶν ζῷαν τοῖς παισίν εἶπε χρήσιμα·
mégala χάρις αὐτῷ.

XIX

'Ὁ μονσοποίος ἐνθάδ' Ἰππόναξ κεῖται.
κεῖ μὲν πονηρός, μὴ ποτέρχει τῷ τύμβῳ,
ei δ' ἔσσι κρήνηνὸς τε καὶ παρὰ χρηστῶν,
θαρσέων καθίζει, κὴν θέλησ ἀπὸβριξον.

XX

'Ο μικκὸς τὸδ' ἔτενξε τᾶ Θραίσσα
Μήδειος τὸ μνῦμ᾽ ἐπὶ τὰ ὁδὸ κηπέγραψε Κλείτας.
ἐχε τὰν χάριν ἀδὴν ἀντὶ τῆς;
ὅν τον κοῦρον ἔθρεψε· τί μάν; ὦτι χρησίμα καλεῖται.

XXI

'Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στάθι καὶ εἴσιδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητὰν
τὸν τῶν ἱάμβων, οὐ τὸ μυρίον κλέος
διήλθε κῆπι νῦκτα καὶ ποτ' ἄω.
ἡρὰ νυν αἱ Μοῖσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἡγάπευν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἐγένετο κηπιδέξιος
ἐπεά τε ποιεῖν πρὸς λύραν τ' ἀείδειν.

¹ thus E, else from ἵω, of. Hom. ἵστα: mev σωρὴ (οτ ν.
γάρ) ἐλξε ρημάτων (οτ χρημάτων) μεμναμένου
the flesh; and thus have remembered to pay him his wages for the great heap of words he hath builded. For many are the things he hath told their children profitable unto life. He hath their hearty thanks.

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

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

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

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

XXI.—[FOR A STATUE OF ARCHILOCCHUS]

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

XXII

Τὸν τῶν Ζανὸς ὃς ὑμιν σιν ὁνήρ τὸν λεοντομάχαν, τὸν ὁξύχειρα, πράτος τῶν ἐπάνωθε μωσοποιῶν Πελασάδρος συνέγραψεν ὅκ Καμῖρω, χώσσους εἶξεπάνασεν εἰπ' ἄεθλους. τοῦτον ὁ αὐτὸν ὁ δάμος, ὡς σάφ' εἰδῆς, ἐστασ' ἐνθάδε χάλκεον ποῆσας πολλοῖς μησίν ὁπισθε κήνιαντοίς.

XXIII

Ἄνοίσει τὸ γράμμα, τὰ σῶμα τε καὶ τὰς ὑπ' αὐτῷ Πλαύκης εἰμί τάφος τῆς ὀνομαζομένης.

XXIV

Ἀρχαίᾳ τῶπολλων τῶναθόματα ὑπήρχεν πρὸ τοῦ μὲν εἰκοσι, τοῦ 1 ὁ ἐπτά, τοῦ 2 δὲ πέντε, τοῦ 3 δὲ δώδεκα, τοῦ 1 δὲ διηκοσίωσιν νεωτέρῃ ἕο ἐμποτὸς τοσσόσως ἕλπὶ τιν 2 ἔξέβη μετρούμενος.

1 here and below τῶ Wil: mss τοῖς 2 τίν E, supply ἀριθμὸν: mss ὑπ'
THE INSCRIPTIONS, XXII-XXIV

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

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

XXIII.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF ONE GLAUCÈ]

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

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

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

I

Eustath. ad Iliad. 5. 905, p. 620, 29 Ἄδελφη δὲ ἐστιν Ἀρεως Ἑβη, ὡς καὶ Θεόκριτος μυθολογεῖ.

II


III

Athen. 7, 284 Λ Θεόκριτος δ’ ὁ Συρακόσιος ἐν τῇ ἐπιγραφομένῃ Βερενίκῃ τὸν λευκὸν ἑπονόμαζόμενον ἱχθὺν ἱερὸν καλεῖ διὰ τούτων...

... καὶ τις ἀνὴρ αἰτεῖται ἐπαγροσύνην τε καὶ ὅλβουν,
ἐξ ἀλὸς ὡς ζωῆ, τὰ δὲ δίκτυα κεῖνα ἄροτρα,
σφάζων ἀκρόπυχος ταύτηθεν θεῷ ἱερὸν ἱχθὺν,
ὅν λεύκον καλέουσιν, ὅ γὰρ θ’ ἱερότατος ἄλλων,
καὶ κε λίνα στήσατο καὶ ἐξερύσατο θαλάσσης ἐμπλεα...

380
THE FRAGMENTS

Three fragments of Theocritus have been preserved in quotations.

I

Eustathius commenting upon Iliad 5. 905 says:—

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

II

In the Etymologicum Magnum we read:—

To fight against two, as in Theocritus.

III

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

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

THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS OF BION
I.—THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

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

I.—ΑΔΩΝΙΔΟΣ ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ

Αλάξω τού "Αδωνιν" ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Αδώνις"
ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Αδώνις" ἐπαιάξουσιν "Ερωτες.
μηκέτι πορφυρέως ἐνὶ φάρσει Κύπρι κάθευδε·
ἐγρευ δειλαία, κυανόστολα ¹ καὶ πλατάγησον
στήθεα καὶ λέγε πάσιν ἀπώλετο καλὸς "Αδωνις;"
αἰαίξῳ τοῦ "Αδωνιν" ἐπαιάξουσιν "Ερωτες.

κεῖται καλὸς "Αδωνις ἐν ὀρεσὶ μηρὸν ὁδόντε,
λευκῷ λευκὸν ὁδόντε τυπεῖς, καὶ Κύπριν ἀνίη
λεπτὸν ἀποψίχων· τὸ δὲ οἱ μέλαιν εἰδέται αἴμα
χιονέας κατὰ σαρκός, ὑπ’ ὀφρύσι δ’ ὅμματα ναρκῆ.
καὶ τὸ ρόδον φέυγει τὸ χείλεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τὴν
θυάσκει καὶ τὸ φίλημα, τὸ μήποτε Κύπρις ἀνοίσει.
Κύπριδι μὲν τὸ φίλημα καὶ οὐ χώντος ἀρέσκει,
ἀλλ’ οὖν οἴδεν "Αδωνις, ὅ νῦν θυάσκοντ’ ἐφίλησεν.
αἰαίξῳ τοῦ "Αδωνιν" ἐπαιάξουσιν "Ερωτες.

ἄγριον ἄγριον ἑλκος ἔχει κατὰ μηρὸν "Αδωνις;”
μεῖξον δ’ ἀ Κυθέρεια φέρει ποτικάρδιον ἑλκος.

¹ κυανόστολα Wil: μέας κυανοστόλε
THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS OF BION

I.—THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

τήνον' μὲν περὶ παιδὰ φίλοι κῦνες ὀδύραντο καὶ Νύμφαι κλαίοντι ὀρειάδες· ἂ δ' Ἀφροδίτα λυσαμένα πλοκαμίδας ἀνὰ δρυμῶς ἀλάληται πενθαλέα νήπιοκτος ἁσάνδαλος· αἱ δὲ βάτοι νῦν ἐφρωμέναι κεῖροντι καὶ ἱερὸν αἷμα δρέπονται· ὥς ὑπὸ κοκύλους ὑπὸ ἀγκεφαλὰ μακρὰ φορεῖται Ἀσκύριοι ποϊῶσα πόσιν καὶ παιδὰ καλείσσα. ἀμφί δὲ νῦν μέλαιν αἷμα παρ’ ὀμφαλὸν ἀκρέατο, στήθεα δ’ ἐκ μηρῶν φοινίσσετο, τοι δ’ ὑπὸ μαζωχόντει πόροιζεν Ἀδὼνιδι πορφύροντο. ἀιαί τὰν Κυθέρειαν ἐπαιάζονσιν ἔρωτες. ὀλέσε τὸν καλὸν ἄνδρα, συνώλεσεν ἱερὸν εἴδος. Κύπριοι μὲν καλὸν εἴδος, ὅτε ξουσκὴν Ἀδωνις· κάθανε δ’ ἀ μορφὰ σὺν Ἀδωνίδι. τὰν Κύπριν αἰαί

ὅρεα πάντα λέγοντι, καὶ αἱ ὅρυκες ἀι τὸν Ἀδωνιν, καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίομεν τὰ πένθεα τὰς Ἀφροδίτας, καὶ παγαί τὸν Ἀδωνὶν ἐν ὀρείοι διακρύνοντε, ἄνθεα δ’ ἐξ ὀδύνας ἔφυγαντεν· ἀ δὲ Κυθῆρα πάντα ἀνὰ κναμός, ἀνὰ πᾶν νάπαν οἰκτρον αἰείδει· ἀιαί τὰν Κυθέρειαν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις. Ἀχόδ’ ἀντεβόαςεν ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις. Κύπριοις αἰώνων ἔρωτα τις οὐκ ἐκλαυσεν αὖ αἰαὶ; ὅσ ἰδεν, ὅσ ἐνόησεν Ἀδωνίδος ἄγχετον ἔλκος, ὅσ ἵδε φόνιον αἰμα μαραίνομεν περὶ μηροῦν, πάχαισ ἀμπετάσαςα κινύρετο; μείνων Ἀδωνι, ὄσποτε μείνων Ἀδωνι, πανύστατον ὅσ σε κιχείων, ὅσ σε περιπτύξω καὶ χειλε polish μέξων. έγρεο τυπθὸν Ἀδωνι, τὸ δ’ αὐ τύματον με φίλησον, τοσσοῦτον με φίλησον, ὅσον χώρῃ τὸ φίλημα.

1 τῆνον Bruck: mas κείρον 2 τοι δ’ Wil: mas εἰ δ’
wail his familiar hounds, and loud now weep the Nymphs of the hill; but Aphrodite, she unbraids her tresses and goes wandering distraught, unkempt, unslippered in the wild wood, and for all the briers may tear and rend her and cull her hallowed blood, she flies through the long glades shrieking amain, crying upon her Assyrian lord, calling upon the lad of her love. Meantime the red blood floated in a pool about his navel, his breast took on the purple that came of his thighs, and the paps thereof that had been as the snow waxed now incarnadine.

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

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

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

ἄχρις ἀποψύχης ἐς ἐμὸν στόμα κεῖς ἐμὸν ἦπαρ πνεῦμα τεῦν ῥεῦσθ, τὸ δὲ σεν γλυκῷ φίλτρον ἀμέλξω,

ἐκ δὲ πῶ τὸν ἔρωτα, φίλημα δὲ τοῦτο φυλάξω ὡς ἂντὸν τὸν Ἄδωνιν, ἐπεὶ σὺ με δύσμορε φεύγεις, 50

φεύγεις μακρὸν Ἄδωνι, καὶ ἔρχεσθαι εἰς 'Αχέροντα πάρ στυγνὸν βασιλῆα καὶ ἄγριον, ἀ δὲ τάλαινα

ξῶν καὶ θεὸς ἐμὺ καὶ ὑ δύναμαι σε διώκειν.

λάμβανε Περσεφόνα τὸν ἐμὸν πόσιν' ἐσοὶ γὰρ αὐτὰ πολλὸν ἐμὲν κρέσσουν, τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν ἐς σὲ

καταρρεῖ·

ἐμμὶ δ' ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἔχω δ' ἀκόρεστον ἀνίαν, καὶ κλαίω τὸν Ἄδωνιν, ὁ μοι θάνε, καὶ σε φοβεύμαι.

θυσίας ὁ τριπόθητε, πόθος δὲ μοι ὡς ὄνρα ἐπτα, χήρα δ' ἀν Κυθέρεια, κενοί δ' ἀνά δώματ' Ἕρωτες.

σοι δ' ἀρα κεστὸς ὅλωλε, τὸ γὰρ τολμηρὸ κυνάγεις; 60

καλὸς ἐὼν τοσσοῦτον ἐμὴναθ σηρὶ παλαίειν;

ἀλλ' ὀλοφύρατο Κύπρις' ἐπαιάξουσιν Ἕρωτες

' αἰαί τὰν Κυθέρειαν, ἀπὸλεσθε καλὸς Ἄδωνις.

δάκρυνον ἀ Παφία τόσσον χεῖς, ὅσσον Ἄδωνις

αἴμα χέει: τὰ δὲ πάντα ποτὶ χθονὶ γίνεται ἄιθη.

αἴμα ρόδον τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δάκρυα τὰν ἀνεμώναν.

αἰάξῳ τὸν Ἄδωνιν, ἀπὸλεσθε καλὸς Ἄδωνις.

μηκέτ' εὐ δρυμοῦσι τὸν ἀνέρα μύρεο Κύπρι.

οὐκ ἀγαθὰ στιβᾶς ἐστὶν 'Ἄδωνιδι φυλλᾶς ἐρήμα:

λέκτρον ἔχοι Κυθέρεια τὸ σοῦ καὶ 70

νεκρὸς Ἀδωνις.

1 ἂτ Mus: mss δὲ σ'. 2 καταρρεῖ Stephanus: mss καὶ

δρρεῖ 3 ἔχει Valckenaer: mss ἔχει; καὶ E: mss νῦν δὲ

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

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

\textit{I cry woe for Adonis, the beauteous Adonis is dead.}

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

"wood" mad.
καὶ νέκυς ὄν καλὸς ἐστὶ, καλὸς νέκυς, οἰα καθεῦδων.  
κάθεθο νῦν μαλακοῖς ἐνὶ φάρεσιν οίς ἔνιαεν,  
ὁ μετὰ τεῦς ἀνὰ νὔκτα τὸν ἱερὸν ὑπὸ νὸν ἐμόχθει  
pαγχρυσίῳ κλιντῆρι ποθεί καὶ στυμνὸν Ἀδωνιν.  
βάλλε δὲ νῦν στεφάνους καὶ ἄνθεσι πάντα σὺν  
αὐτῶ,  
ὡς τῆς καὶ ἔθνακε καὶ ἄνθεα πάντα θανόντων.  
ραίνε δὲ νῦν Συρίοσιν ἀλείφασι, ραίνε μύροις  
ἀλλὰνθο μῦρα πάντα τὸ σὸν μύρον ὄλετ Ἀδωνις.  
κέκλειται ἄβρος Ἀδωνις ἐν εἰμασὶ πορφυρέωσιν  
ἀμφι δὲ νῦν κλαίοντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἑρωτεῖς  
κειράμενοι χαίτας ἐπὶ Ἀδωνίδε ὄξω μὲν οἰστῶς,  
ὅς ὅ ἐπὶ τῶν ἐβαλλεν, ὅ ὅ δὲ πτερόν, ὅς ὅ δὲ φαρέ-  
τραν  
χώ μὲν ἔλυσε πέδιλον Ἀδωνίδος, οὐ δὲ λέβητι  
χρυσεῖῳ φορέουσιν ὕδωρ, ὅ δὲ μηρία λούει,  
ὅς ὅ ὁπίθεν πτερύγεος ἀναψύχει τὸν Ἀδωνιν.  
'αἰαί! τὰν Κυθερείαν ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἑρωτεῖς.  
ἐσβεσε λαμπάδα πᾶσαν ἐπὶ φλιαῖς 'Τμέναιος,  
καὶ στέφος ἐξεπετάσσε γαμήλιον οὐκέτι δ 'Τμήν,  
'Τμήν οὔκέτι αἰέιδε ἐνὸ μέλος, ἀλλ' ἐπαείδει Ἀ-  
'αἰαί καὶ τὸν Ἀδωνίν ἐπὶ πλέον ἦ 'Τμέναιον.  
αἱ Χάριτες κλαίοντες τὸν ὕεα τῷ Κινύραο,  
ὁλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις ἐν ἀλλαλαίσι λέγοισαι.  
'αἰαί δ' ὅξυ λέγοντες πολὺ πλέον ἦ Παιώνα.  
χαὶ Μοήραι τὸν Ἀδωνίν ἀνακλείουσιν Ἀδωνιν.  

1 εἰς Steph: mss αἱ 2 φ E: mss τῶν τεῖς Wil: mss στὸ 3 στυμνὸν E, see C.R. 1913, p. 76: mss στυμνὸν 4 πάντα θαράσσων E, cf. 78: mss πάντα ἐμπλακόθη emended from Epit. Bizoi. 69 after πάντα σὺν αὐτῆς had come in from above
lovely, lovely in death as he were asleep. Lay him down in the soft coverlets wherein he used to slumber, upon that couch of solid gold whereon he used to pass the nights in sacred sleep with thee; for the very couch longs for Adonis, Adonis all dishevelled. Fling garlands also and flowers upon him; now that he is dead let them die too, let every flower die. Pour out upon him unguents of Syria, perfumes of Syria; perish now all perfumes, for he that was thy perfume is perished and gone.

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

The Loves cry woe again saying "Woe for Cytherea."
The Wedding-God hath put out every torch before the door, and scattered the bridal garland upon the ground; the burden of his song is no more "Ho for the Wedding;" there's more of "Woe" and "Adonis" to it than ever there was of the wedding-cry. The Graces weep the son of Cinyras, saying one to another, The beauteous Adonis is dead, and when they cry woe 'tis a shriller cry than ever the cry of thanksgiving. Nay, even the Fates weep and wail for Adonis, calling upon his name; and more-
καὶ νῦν ἐπαιδεύσωσίν· ὥδέ σφισιν οὐχ ὑπακούειν·
οὐ μᾶν οὖκ ἔθελει· Κώρα δὲ νῦν οὐκ ἀπολύει.

λήγε γόων Κυθέρεια τὸ σάμερον, ἵσχεο κομμῶν
Debe σὲ πάλιν κλαῦσαι, πάλιν εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο
δακρύσαι. 100

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

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

This fragmentary shepherd-mime is probably to be ascribed to an imitator of Bion. At Myrson's request, Lycidas sings him the tale of Achilles at Scyros.
II.—[ΜΥΡΣΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΥΚΙΔΑΣ]

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Δής νῦ τι μοι Δυκίδα Σικελίων μέλος ἀδύ λυγαίνειν, ἰμερόεν γλυκόθυμον ἐρωτικόν, οἶον ὁ Κύκλωφ ἄεισεν Πολύφαμος ἑπαρίσιά 1 Γαλατεία;

ΑΥΚΙΔΑΣ

κήμοιρ 2 συνίστην, Μύρσων, φίλου ἀλλὰ τι μέλψω;

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Σκύροιον ὁ Δυκίδα ξαλόμενον 3 ἀδύν ἔρωτα, λάθρια Πηλείδαο φιλάματα, λάθριον εὖνάν, πῶς παῖς ἢσσατο φάρος, ὅπως δ' ἐφεύτατο 4 μορφὰν κην κώραισιν ὅπως 5 Λυκομηδίσιν ἀπαλέγοισα ήέδη κατὰ 6 παστὸν Ἀχιλλέα Δηνίδαμεια.

ΑΥΚΙΔΑΣ

"Ἀρπάσε τὰν Ἐλέναν πόθ᾽ ὁ βουκόλος, ἀγε δ' ἐς Ἰδαν,

Οἰνώνα κακόν ἀλγος. ἢχώσατο δ' ἀ Δακεδαίμων,

1 ἑπαρίσια E, cf. Theocr. 25. 249 : mss εἰ' ηέδη
2 κήμοιρ Bruck : mss κήν μοι
3 ξαλόμενον Wil : mss ξαλὼν μένος
4 ἢσσατο Canter, cf. Nonn. Dion. 44. 289 : mss ἐγεύσατο
5 thus Wil : mss κῆν ὅπως ἐν κώραις ἡέδη (from olda) κατὰ E, cf. Moero ap. Athen. 491 β : mss ἰδέηντα τά

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II.—[ACHILLES AMONG THE MAIDENS]

MYRSON

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

LYCIDAS

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

MYRSON

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

LYCIDAS (sings)

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

"The wife that loved him well": Oenône, wife of Paris.
πάντα δὲ λαὸν ἀγείρεν Ἄχαικόν, οὐδὲ τις Ἑλλην
οὐτε Μυκηναίων οὐτ' Ἡλίδος οὐτε Λακώνων,
μεῖνεν ἐον κατὰ δῶμα φυγὼν δύσστανον Ἀρηά. 1
λάνθανε δ' ἐν κόραις Δυκομηδίσει μοῦνος Ἄχιλλεος,
εἰρμα δ' ἁνθ' ὅπλων ἐδιδάσκετο, καὶ χερὶ λευκᾶ
παρθενικὸν κόπον 2 εἶχεν, ἐφαίνετο δ' ἱπτε κώρα:
καὶ γὰρ ἵππος τήναις θηλύνετο, καὶ τὸ ἄνθος
χυνείαις πόρφυρε παρῆισε, καὶ τὸ βάδισμα
παρθενικῆς ἐβάδιζε, κόμας δ' ἐπικαζῇ καλύπτρα.
θυμὸν δ' ἀνέρος 3 εἶχε, καὶ ἀνέρος εἶχεν ἐρωτα;
ἐξ ἀοὺς δ' ἐπὶ νύκτα παρίζετο 4 Δηδαμεία,
καὶ ποτὲ μὲν τήνας ἐφίλει χέρα, πολλάκις δ' αὐτῶς
στάμουνα καλὸν ἀειρε, τὰ δαίδαλα δ' ἀτρι 5 ἐπήνει:
ἡσθιε δ' οὐκ ἄλλα σὺν ὀμάλικε, πάντα δ' ἐποίει
οπεύδουν κοινὸν ἐς ὑπνὸν, ἔλεξεν καὶ λόγον αὐτὰ:
' ἄλλαι 6 μὲν κνώσσουσι σὺν ἄλλαλαις ἀδελφαῖς,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μόνα, μόνα 7 δὲ σὺ νύμφα καθεύδεις.
αἰ δύο παρθενικαί 8 συνομάλικες, αἰ δύο καλαι:
ἄλλα μόναι κατὰ 9 λέκτρα καθεύδομε: ἄ δὲ πονηρὰ 30
Νυσσά 10 δολία με κακοὺς ἀπὸ σείο μερίσδει,
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο . . . .
Sparta was wroth and roused to arms Achaea wide and far;
Mycenae, Elis, Sparta-land—
No Greek but scorned at home to stand
   For all the woes of war.
Yet one lay hid the maids amid, Achilles was he hight;
Instead of arms he learnt to spin
And with wan hand his rest to win,
His cheeks were snow-white freakt with red,
He wore a kerchief on his head,
And woman-lightsome was his tread,
   All maiden to the sight.
Yet man was he in his heart, and man was he in his love;
From dawn to dark he'd sit him by
A maid yclept Deidamy,
And oft would kiss her hand, and oft
Would set her weaver's-beam aloft
   And praise the web she wove.
Come dinner-time, he'd go to board that only may beside,
And do his best of deed and word to win her for his bride;
"The others share both board and bed," such wont his words to be,
"I sleep alone and you alone; though we be maidens free,
Maidens and fair maidens, we sleep on pallets two;
'Tis that cruel crafty Nysa that is parting me and you. . . ."

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

Salmastus: mss αi δ' ἐπὸ π. 9 κατὰ Scal: mss καί

16 Nysa Wil: mss Νύσα or Νύσα γάρ

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III-XVIII

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

Ειάρος ο Μύρσων ἡ χείματος ἡ φθινοπώροι.
ἡ θέρεις τι τοι ἀδύ; τι δὲ πλέον εὐχεία εἶλθεῖν;
ἡ θέρος, ἀνίκα πάντα τελείεται ὅσα μοιχεύμες;
ἡ γλυκερᾶν φθινόπωρον, ὅτι ἀνδράσιν λιμώς ἐλαφρά;
ἡ καὶ χείμα δύσεργον; ἐπεὶ καὶ χείματι πολλοὶ
θαλπόμενοι θέλγονται ¹ ἀεργεία τε καὶ ὀκνὸ:
ἡ τοι καλὸν ἐαρ πλέον εὐάδεν; εἰπέ, τι τοι φρήν
αἱρεῖται; λαλεῖν γὰρ ἐπέτραπεν ἡ σχολὰ ἀμοῖν.

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

κρίνειν οὐκ ἐπέοικε θεία ἔργα βροτοῖς:
πάντα γὰρ ιερὰ ταῦτα καὶ ἀδέα· σεῦ δὲ ἐκατι
ἐξερέω Κλεόδαμε, τὸ μοι πέλεν ἄδιον ἄλλων.
οὐκ ἔθελον θέρος ἤμεν, ἔπει τόκα μέ ἄλιος ὀπτή.
οὐκ ἔθελον φθινόπωρον, ἔπει νόσον ὅρμα τίκτει.
οὐλον χείμα φέρειν νιφτὸν κρυμῶς τε φοβεῦμαι.
εἰπέρ ἐμοὶ τριπόθητον ὅλῳ λυκάβαντι παρείη,
ἀνίκα μὴ κρύνος μὴ ἄλιος ἀμμε βαρύνει.
εἰαρπ πάντα κὺνε, πάντη ειάρος ἀδέα βλαστεῖ,
καὶ νῦς ἀνθρώποισιν ἵσα καὶ ὀμοίον ἀὼς..."
III.—[FROM A SHEPHERD-MIME]

CLEODAMUS

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

MYRSON

'Tis unseemly for mortal men to judge of the works of Heaven, and all these four are sacred, and every one of them sweet. But since you ask me, Cleodamus, I will tell you which I hold to be sweeter than the rest. I will not have your summer, for then the sun burns me; I will not have your autumn, neither, for that time o' year breeds disease; and as for your winter, he is intolerable; I cannot away with frost and snow. For my part, give me all the year round the dear delightful spring, when cold doth not chill nor sun burn. In the spring the world's a-breeding, in the spring the world's all sweet buds, and our days are as long as our nights and our nights as our days...
'Ιξεντάς ἐτὶ κόρος ἐν ἀλσεὶ δενδράεντι
ὅρνεα θηρεύων τὸν ἀπότροπον εἰδὲν Ἔρωτα
ἐσόδομεν πῦξιο ποτὶ κλάδοι. ὅς δ’ ἐνόμησε,
χαίρων ὅνεκα δὴ μέγα φαίνετο τῶρνεον αὐτῷ,
tῶς καλάμως ἁμα πάντας ἐπ’ ἀλλάλοισι συνῴπτων
tὰ καὶ τὰ τὸν Ἔρωτα μετάλμενον ἀμφεδόκευε.
χόν παῖς ἀσχαλάων, ὅκα 1 οἱ τέλος οὔδεν ἀπάντη,
tῶς καλάμως βίψας ποτ’ ἀροτρέα πρέσβιν ἴκανεν,
ὅς νῦν τὰνδε τέχναι εὐδίαξατο, καὶ λέγεν αὐτῷ,
καὶ οἱ δειξεν Ἔρωτα καθήμενον. αὐτάρ ὁ πρέσβυς
μεδίαων κίνησε κάρη καὶ ἀμείβετο παίδα:
'φείδει τὰς θήρας, μηδ’ ἐς τὸδε τῶρνεον ἐρχεν,
φεύγε μακράν. κακῶν ἐστὶ τὸ θηρίον. ὅλῳς ἐσῆ,
εἰσόκα μὴ νῦν ἐλης: ἤν δ’ ἀνέρος ἐς μέτρον ἐλθῆς,
οὗτος ὁ νῦν φεύγων καὶ ἀπάλμενος αὐτὸς ἀφ’ αὐτὸ
ἐλθὼν ἕξαπινας κεφαλᾶν ἐπὶ σεῖο καθίζει.”

V

'Α μεγάλα μοι Κύπρις ἔθ’ ὑπνώσωτι παρέστα,
νῃπίαχον τὸν Ἔρωτα καλὰς ἐκ χειρὸς ἁγιοία
ἐς χθονα νευστάξωντα, τόσον δὲ μοι ἐφράσε μῦθον
‘μελπεν μοι φίλε βούτα λαβῶν τὸν Ἔρωτα
dίδασκε.
ὡς λέγε: χά μὲν ἀπήνθεν, ἐγὼ δ’ ὅσα βοουκολίασθον,
νήπιος ὅς ἐθελοῦν μαθεῖν τὸν Ἔρωτα δίδασκον,
ὡς εὑρέ πλαγίαιλον ὁ Πάν, ὃς αὐλὸν Ἀθάνα,
ὡς χέλυν Ἕρμαίων, κίθαριν ὃς ἄδος Ἀπόλλων.

1 δια Porson: mei οὐκεκα
IV.—[LOVE AND THE FOWLER]

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

V.—[LOVE'S SCHOOLING]

I dreamed and lo! the great Cyprian stood before me. Her fair hand did lead, with head hanging, the little silly Love, and she said to me: "Pray you, sweet Shepherd, take and teach me this child to sing and play," and so was gone. So I fell to teaching master Love, fool that I was, as one willing to learn; and taught him all my lore of country-music, to wit how Pan did invent the cross-flute and Athena the flute, Hermes the lyre and sweet Apollo the harp.
ταύτα νυν ἐξεδίδασκον· δ' οὖν ἐμπάζετο μύθων, ἀλλὰ μοι αὐτοὺς άεὶδεν ἔρωτύλα, καὶ μ' ἐδίδασκε θνατῶν ἀθανάτων τε πόθως καὶ ματέρος ἔργα.
κήγον ἐκλαθόμεν μὲν ὅσων τὸν "Ερωτ' ἐδίδασκον, ὅσα δ' "Ερως μ' ἐδίδαξεν ἐρωτύλα πάντ' ἐδιδάχθην.

VI

Ταί Μοίσαι τὸν "Ερωτα τὸν ἀγριον οὐ φοβέονται ἕκ θυμῷ δὲ φιλεῖντι καὶ ἔκ ποδὸς αὐτῷ ἐπονται.
κήν μὲν ἄρα ψυχὰν τίς ἔχων ἀνέραστον άείδη, τίνον ὑπεκφεύγοντι καὶ οὖκ ἐθέλοντι διδάσκειν ἢν δὲ νόον τις "Ερωτε δονεύμενος ἀδικ' μελίδη,
ἐς τίνον μάλα πάσαι ἐπεγιόμεναι προρέοντι,
μάρτυς ἔγον, ὦτι μύθος οὗ ἐπλετο πάσιν ἀλαθῆς.
ἡν μὲν γὰρ βροτὸν ἄλλων ἡ ἀθανάτων τινὰ μέλπω, βαμβάλει μοι γλώσσα καὶ ὡς πάρος οὐκέτ' ἀείειν ἢν δ' αὐτ' ἐς τὸν "Ερωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκίδαν τι μελισσόμω, καὶ τόκα μοι χαίροισα διὰ στόματος ἰέει αὐνᾶ.

VII

... Οὐκ οἴδ', οὐδ' ἐπέοικεν δ' μή μάθομες πονε- εσθαί.
εἰ μοι καλὰ πέλει τὰ μελύδρια, καὶ τάδε μόνα κῦδος ἐμοὶ θύσοντι, τὰ μοι πάρος ὄπασε Μοῖρας·
εἰ δ' οὖν ἀδέα ταύτα, τί μοι ποτὲ πλείονα μοχθείν;
εἰ μὲν γὰρ βιότω διπλόον χρόνον ἄμμυν ἐδοκειν ἡ Κρονίδας ἡ Μοῖρα πολυτροπος, ὡστ' ἀνύεσθαί

1 ἔκ Brunck: mas στῷ 2 potl Ahr: mas τοιὸ
BION V–VII

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

VI.—[A LOVE POEM]

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

VII.—[THE POET’S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE]

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

tὸν μὲν ἐς εὐφροσύναν καὶ χάρματα, τὸν δὲ ἐπὶ μόχθω,
ἡν τάχα μοχθήσαντι ποθ' ὑστερον ἐσθλὰ δέχεσθαι,
ei de theoi katένευσαν ἃνα χρόνον ἐς βιον ὑθείν ἀνθρώποις, καὶ τόυτε βραχύν καὶ μείωνα πάντων, 10
ἐς πόσον ἄ δειλοι καμάτως κεῖσ ἐργα ποιέμες,
ψυχὰν δ' ἄχοι τίνος ποτὲ κέρδεα καὶ ποτὲ τέχνας
βιλλομες, ἰμείροντες μεὶ πολὺ πλείονος ὀλβω;
λαθόβεθ' ἡ ἁρα πάντες, ὡτι θυντό κενόμεσθα,
χὼς βραχύν ἐκ Μοίρας ἡλώμες χρόνου; . . .

VIII

"Ολβιοι οἱ φιλέοντες, ἐπὶν ἰσον ἀντεράωνται.
ὁλβιος ἡν Θησεύς τὸν Πειριθῶν παρεόντος,
ei καὶ ἀμειλίκτου κατήλυθεν εἰς 'Αδιαο.
ὁλβιος ἡν χαλεποίσων ἐν 'Αξέινοισιν Ὀρέστας,
ἀνεκά οἱ ξύνας Πυλάδας ἄρητο κελεύθως.
ἡν μάκαρ Διακίδας ἐτάρω ζώοντος 'Αχιλλεύς:
ὁλβιος ἡν θυασκόν, ὡτι οἱ μόρον αἰνον ἄμνεν.

IX

"Εσπερε, τάς ἐρατᾶς χρύσεον φάος 'Αφρογενείασ,
"Εσπερε κουνέας ιερὸν φίλη νυκτὸς ἄγαλμα,
τόσσον ἀφαυρότερος μήνας, ὅσον ἔξοχος ἄστρων,
χαίρε φίλος, καὶ μοι ποτὶ ποιμένα κώμον ἀγωντι
ἀντὶ σελαναία τὸ δίδου φάος, ὄνεκα τῆνα

1 ἐπὶ Wil: μεσ ἐπὶ 2 cf. Mosch. 2. 140 3 ἄρητο Grotius: μεσ ἄροιτο οὐ ἄρατο

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

VIII.—[REQUITED LOVE]

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

IX.—[TO HESPERUS]

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

"Inhospitable": the barbarous inhabitants of the shores of the Black Sea. "his dear comrade": Patroclus. "Child o' the Foam": Aphrodite.
σάμερον ἀργομένα τάχιον δύεν. οὐκ ἐπὶ φωρὰν ἑρχομαι, οὐδ' ἢν νυκτὸς ὀδοιπορέοντας ἐνοχλεῖ· ἀλλ' ἐράω· καλὸν δὲ τ' ἐρασσαμένον συναρέσθαι.

X

"Ἄμερε Κυπρογένεια, Διὸς τέκος τῇ θαλάσσᾳ, τίπτε τόσον θνατοῦσι καὶ ἀδιανάτουσι χάλεπτες; τυτθοὺν ἐφαν\(\text{\textsuperscript{1}}\) τι νυ τόσσον ἀπηχθεο καὶ τείαν\(\text{\textsuperscript{2}}\) αὐτά, ταλίκον ὡς πάντєσσι κακῶν τῶν Ἐρωτα τεκέσθαι, ἀγριον, ἀστοργον, μορφὰ νόσιν οὐδεν ὀμοίον; ἐς τι δὲ νιν πτανὼν καὶ ἐκαβόλων ἀπασας ἤμεν, ὡς μὴ πικρὸν ἑντα δυναίμεθα τήνυν ἀλύξαι;"

XI—ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΥΑΚΙΝΘΟΝ

...ἀμφασία τῶν Φοῖβον ἔλεν τὸ σὸν ἄλγος ὀρῶντα. διζηνο φάρμακα πάντα, σοφὰν δ' ἐπεμαίετο τέχναι, χριεν δ' ἀμβροσία καὶ νέκταρι, χρίειν ἀπασαν ὀτειλάν. Μοίραις δ' ἀναλθέα φάρμακα πάντα...

XII

...αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν βασεῦμαι ἐμὰν ὀδοῖν ἐς τὸ κάταντες τήνυ ποτὶ πάμαθον τε καὶ αἰῶνα ψιθυρίσον, λισόμενος Γαλάτειαν ἀπηνέα· τὰς δὲ γλυκείας ἐλπίδας ὑστατίον μέχρι γῆρας οὐκ ἄπολεψοι...\(\text{\textsuperscript{1}}\) χάλεπτες E = you were troublesome: mss χαλέπτες\(\text{\textsuperscript{1}}\) τείνον \(\text{\textsuperscript{2}}\) τεκέσθαι: Herm: mss τέκσαι
yesterday is too quickly set. I be no thief nor
highwayman—'tis not for that I'm abroad at night—,
but a lover; and lovers deserve all aid.

**X.—[TO APHRODITE]**

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

**XI.—OF HYACINTHUS**

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

**XII.—[GALATEA'S LOVER]**

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

*δρῶντα Usener: mss ἔχοντα  ἐπεμάλευτο Vulcainius:
ms ἐπέβαινετο or ἐπεβύσετο*
... οὐ καλὸν ὃ φίλε πάντα λόγον ποτὶ τέκτονα φοιτάν,
μηδὲ ἐπὶ πάντι ἄλλω χρέως ἴσχύειν ἄλλα καὶ
αυτὸς τεχνάσθαι σύρυγγα πέλει δὲ τοι εὐμαρέσ ἔργον ...

XIV

Μῶσας Ἔρως καλέοι, Μῶσαι τὸν Ἐρωτα φέροιεν.
μωλπαν ταῖ Μῶσαι μοι ἄει ποθέοντι διδοῖεν,
τὰν γλυκερὰν μωλπάν, τὰς φάρμακον ἁδιον
οὐδέν.

XV

... ἐκ θαμνᾶς ῥαθάμυγγος, ὅπως λόγος, αἰεὶ
ἰοίσας
χὰ λίθος ἐς ῥωχμὸν κοιλαῖνεται ... .

XVI

... μηδὲ λίπης μ’ ἀγέραστον, ἐπεὶ χω Φοῖβος
ἀείδων
μισθοδοκεῖ.² τιμὰ δὲ τὰ πράγματα κρέσσονα
ποιεῖ . . .

¹ μηδ’ ἐπὶ Grotius: μεσ. μηδ’ τοι ἄλλω Salmastius: μεσ.
ἀλλο ² ἀείδων μισθοδοκεῖ E: μεσ. ἀείδων μισθοδοκεῖ ἐθνικο
XIII.—[DO IT YOURSELF]

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

XIV.—[LOVE AND SONG]

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

XV.—[PERSISTENCE]

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

XVI.—[WORTHY OF HIS HIRE]

...I pray you leave me not without some reward; for even Phoebus is paid for his music, and a meed maketh things better...
...μορφα θηλυτέραισι τέλει καλόν, ἀνέρι δ' ἁλκά...

XVIII

πάντα θεοῦ γ' ἑθέλοντος ἀνύσιμα, πάντα βροτοῖσιν ἐκ μακάρων ράϊστα καὶ οὐκ ἀτέλεστα γένοντο.\(^1\)

\(^1\) ράϊστα Ahr: mss γὰρ ράντα γένοντο Ahr: mss γίνοντα
BION XVII-XVIII

XVII.—[AFTER THEIR KIND]
... The woman's glory is her beauty, the man's his strength ...

XVIII.—[GOD WILLING]
... All things may be achieved if Heav'n will; all is possible, nay, all is very easy if the Blessed make it so ...
III

THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS
I.—THE RUNAWAY LOVE

Cyrnus has lost her boy Love, and cries him in the streets.
ΜΟΣΧΟΥ ΣΙΚΕΛΙΩΤΟΥ

1. — ΕΡΩΣ ΔΡΑΠΕΤΗΣ

'Α Κύπρις τον Ἑρωτα τὸν νιέα μακρὸν ἐβάστρετ ὃστις ἐν τριόδουσι πλανόμενον εἶδεν Ἑρωτα, δραπετίδας ἐμὸς ἑστίν, ὁ μανύσας γέρας ἐξεῖν μισθόν τοῖς τὸ φίλημα τὸ Κύπριδος ἢν δ' ἀγάμη νιν, οὖ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλημα, τῷ δ' ὁ ξένε καὶ πλέον ἐξεῖς, ἐστὶ δ' ὁ παῖς περίσσας ἐν εἴκοσι παισὶ μάθεις νιν.

χρῶτα μὲν οὐ λεύκος, πυρὶ δ' εἴκελος, ὅμματα δ' αὐτῶν δριμύλα καὶ φλογόεντα, κακὰ φρένες, ἀδύν λάλημα, οὐ γὰρ ἴσον νοέει καὶ φθέγγεται, ὡς μέλῳ φωνῇ, ὡς δὲ χολὰ νόσος ἑστίν: ἀνάμερος, ἡπεροπευτάς, οὐδὲν ἀλαθεύων, δόλιον βρέφος, ἀγρία παίσδων, εὐπλόκαμον τὸ κάρανον, ἔχει δ' ἑταμὸν τὸ μέτωπον, μυκκύλα μὲν τήν τὰ χερύβρια, μακρὰ δὲ βάλλει, βάλλει κεῖς Ἀχέροντα καὶ εἰς Ἀἰδα βασίλεια. γυμνὸς οἶκος το ὑσσῶμα, νόσος δέ ὦ οὐ εὐπεπύκασται, καὶ πτέροεις ὡς ὅρνις εὑπότιστα ἄλλων ἐπ' ἄλλω, ἀνέρας ἴδε ὑμαίκας, ἐπὶ στελάγμαν ὀὐ κάθηται, τόξον ἔχει μάλα βαίνων, ὑπὲρ τὸ τόξῳ ὑπὲρ βελεμνον,
THE POEMS OF MOSCHUS

I.—THE RUNAWAY LOVE

Cypris one day made hue and cry after her son Love and said: "Whosoever hath seen one Love loitering at the street-corners, know that he is my runaway, and any that shall bring me word of him shall have a reward; and the reward shall be the kiss of Cypris; and if he bring her runaway with him, the kiss shall not be all. He is a notable lad; he shall be known among twenty; complexion not white but rather like to fire; eyes keen and beamy; of an ill disposition but fair spoken, for he means not what he says—'tis voice of honey, heart of gall; froward, cozening, a ne'er-say-truth; a wily brat; makes cruel play. His hair is plenty, his forehead bold; his baby hands tiny but can shoot a long way, aye, e'en across Acheron into the dominions of Death. All naked his body, but well covered his mind. He's winged like a bird and flies from one to another, women as well as men, and alights upon their hearts. He hath a very little bow and upon it an arrow; 'tis
τυτθῶν μὲν τὸ βέλεμνον, ἔσ αἰθέρα ὃ ἄχρι φορεῖται. καὶ χρύσεον περὶ νότα φαρέτριον, ἐνδοθί ὃ ἐντὶ
tοῦ πικροὶ κάλαμοι, τοῖς πολλάκι κάμε τιτρώσκει. πάντα μὲν ἄγρια ταῦτα: πολὺ πλέον ἀ δαὶς 1 αὐτῶν
βαιὰ λαμπάς ἐοίσα τὸν ἄλιον αὐτὸν ἀναίθει.

ἡν τὸ γ’ ἔλης τῆν, δῆσας ἄγη μηδ’ ἐλείσῃς.
κήν ποτίδης κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μή σε πλανάσῃ.
κήν γελάη, τῷ νῦν ἐλκε. καὶ ἦν ἔθέλη σε φιλῆσαι,
φεῦγε· ἐκάκον τὸ φίλημα, τὰ χείλεα φάρμακον ἐντὶ.
ἡν δὲ λέγη ἡ λάβες ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὃσα μοι ὅπλα;
μή τῷ βλέποις πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ πυρὶ πάντα
βέβαιαν ταῖοι.

1 πλέον ἄ δα即使是 Wil；men πλέον ἄ δε or πλεῖον ἄ δε οἱ
30 αἰαὶ καὶ τὸ σίδαρον, ὃ τὸν πυρὸν ἐκέει. This line,
which can hardly belong here, is omitted by some of the mss.
but a small arrow but carries even to the sky. And at his back is a little golden quiver, but in it lie the keen shafts with which he oft times woundeth e'en me. And cruel though all this equipage be, he hath something crueller far, his torch; 'tis a little light, but can set the very Sun afire.

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

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

Εὐρώπη ποτὲ Κύπρος ἐπὶ γλυκῶν ἦκεν ὅνειρον, νυκτὸς οτὲ τρίτατον ἅλαχος ἵσταται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἦσος, ὑπνὸς ὅτε γλυκίων μέλιτος βλεφάρισσιν ἐφένειιν λυσιμελῆς πεδάμα μαλακῷ κατὰ φάεα δεσμῷ, εὔτε καὶ ἀστρεκέων ποιμαίνεται ἐνὸς ὅνειρων τήμος ὑπωρφόισιν ἐνὶ κνώσσουσα δόμοισι. Φοίνικος θυγάτηρ ἔτι παρθένος Εὐρώπεια ὁίσατ' ἡπείρους δοιὰς περὶ εἰο μάχεσθαι, ἀσσίον 2 ἀντιπέρην τε' φυήν δ' ἔχον οἷα γυναῖκες. τῶν δ' ἡ μὲν ξείνης μορφήν ἔχειν, ἡ δ' ἀρ' ἐφ' ἐνδαπήν, καὶ μᾶλλον ἐτὸς περίστερο κοῦρης, φάσκει δ' ὡς μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ὡς ἀτίτηλε μιν αὐτη. ἡ δ' ἐτέρη κρατηρῆσι βιωμένη παλάμησιν εἴρνειν οὐκ ἄκονταν, ἐπει φάτο μόρσιμον εἰο 3 ἐκ Διὸς αἰγύπτου γέρας ἔμμεναι Εὐρώπειαν. ἡ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν στρωτῶν λεχέων θόρε δειμαίνουσα, παλλομένη κραδίνην τὸ γάρ ὡς ὑπάρ εἰδεν ὅνειρον. ἐξομένη δ' ἐπὶ δηρῶν ἀκὴν ἔχεν, ἀμφοτέρας δὲ εἰσέτι πεπταμένοισιν εὗν ὀμμασίν εἰχε γυναῖκας. ὥσκε δ' ἀνακλην ἀνενείκατο παρθένον 4 αὐδήν. τὸς μοι τοιάδε φάσματ' ἐπουρανίων προῆλεν;

1 τρίτατον Musurus: mēs τρίτον 2 ἀσσίον ὁ άσσος, called Doric by Eustath. 1643. 32; ἀντιπέρην cannot = τὴν ἀντ. Ἐ: 428
II.—EUROPA

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

ποίοι μὲ στρωτῶν λεχέων υπερ ἐν θαλάμοισιν ἥδυ μάλα κνώσσουσαν ἀνεπτολήσαν ὅνειροι, τίς δ' ἦν ἡ ξείνη, τὴν εἰσίδον ὑπνώουσα; ὡς μ' ἔλαβε κραδήν κείνης πόθος, ὡς μὲ καὶ αὐτή ἀσπασίως ὑπέδεκτο καὶ ὡς σφετέρην ἵδε παῖδα. ἀλλά μοι εἰς ἀγάθων μάκαρως κρήνειαν ὅνειρον. ὡς εἰποῦσ᾽ ἀνόρουσε, φίλας δ' ἐπεδίζεθ' ἐταίρας ἠμικας οἰέτεος θυμήρας εὔπατερείας, τήσιν ἀεὶ συνάθρου, ὦτ' ἐς χορὸν ἐντύνοιτο, ἡ ὤτε φαιδρύνοιτο χρόα προχόησιν ἀναύρων, ἡ ὁπτ' ἐκ λευμόνος ἐὑπνόα λείρι ἀμέργοι. αἰ ὅς οἱ αἰγά φίανθεν ἔχουν δ' ἐν χερσίν ἐκάστη αὐθοδόκου τάλαρον, ποτὶ δὲ λευμόνας ἐβαινον ἀγχάλους, ὅτι τ' αιέν ὀμίλαν ἰγρέθοντο τερπόμεναι ῥόδη τε φυή καὶ κύματος ἤχη.

αὐτὴ δὲ χρύσεου τάλαρον φέρεν Εὐρώπεια, θητῶν, μέγα θαύμα, μέγαν πόνον Ἡφαῖστοιο, ὅν Διήνῃ πόρε δῶρον, ὦτ' ἐς λέχος Ἐννοσιγαιον ἤιεν ἥ δὲ πόρεν περικαλλέει Τηλεφαίασση, ἔτεοι οἱ αἰματος ἐσκεν ἀνύμφοι δ' Εὐρώπεια 

μήτηρ Τηλεφάασσα περικλυτὸν ὀπάςε δῶρον. ἔν τῷ δαίδαλα πολλά τετευχατο μαρμαρωτα, ἔν μὲν ἐν χρυσόιο τετυγμενή Ἰναχίς Ἰω, εἰσέτι πόρτος εὕψα, φυή δ' οὐκ εἶχε γυναίκιν. φαυταλη τε πόδεσσιν ἐφ' ἀλμυρά βαίνε κέλευθα, υπχομένη ἰκέλην κυνή δ' ἐτέτυκτο θάλασσα. δωιοὶ δ' ἐστασαν ὕψοι ἐπ' ὀφρύς αἰγαλοῖο

1 κρήνειαν Wakefield: mss κρήνεια ; 2 ἐντύνοιτο Wil: mss -οτο, -ατο, -ατο 3 mss αλλο φαιδρύνοιτο
What meant the strange dreams that did affray me in that most sweet slumber I had upon the bed in my chamber? And who was the outland wife I did behold in my sleep? O how did desire possess my heart for her, and how gladly likewise did she take me to her arms and look upon me as I had been her child! I only pray the Blessed may send the dream turn out well.”

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

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

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

“daughter of Inachus” : Io.
φῶτες ἀολλήδην, θηνύτω ὑπὸ ποντοπόρων βοῦν. 50
ἐν δ’ ἦν Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἑπαφώμενος ἥρεμα χερσὶν
πόρτιος Ἰναχίης, τὴν δ’ ἐπταπόρῳ παρὰ Νείλω
ἐκ βωδε νεκράσιο πάλιν μετάμειβε γυναῖκα.
ἀργύρους μὲν ἐν Νείλου ρόσος, ἦ δ’ ἀρα πόρτις
χαλκεῖν, χρυσού δὲ τετυγμένος αὐτὸς ἐν Ζεῦς.
ἀμφὶ δὲ διωνύστου ὑπὸ στεφάνην ταλάροιο
'Ερμηνίης ἑσκητὸν πέλας δὲ οἱ ἐκτετάνυστο
"Ἀργος ἀκοιμήτοις κεκασμένος ὀβθαλμοῖς,
τοῖο δὲ φοινίκητος ἄφ’ ἄιματος ἐξανέτελλεν
ὅρνις ἀγαλλάμενος πτερύγων πολυναθὲς χροῖν,
ταρσὸν ἀναπλῶσας ὡσείτε τις ὁκύαλος νήσος:
χρυσέοιο ταλάροιο περίσκετε χείλεα ταρσός. 60
τοῖος ἐτν τάλαρος περικαλλέως Εὔρωπεῖσσι.
αἰ δ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν λειμώνας ἐς ἀνθεμένας ἱκανον,
ἀλλῃ ἐπ’ ἀλλοίας τὸτ’ ἀνθεζει θυμὸν ἔτερπον.
τῶν ἦ μὲν νάρκισσον ἐύπνοσον, ἦ δ’ ἵκεινθον,
ἡ δ’ ἵον, ἦ δ’ ἔρπυλλον ἀπαίνυτο πολλὰ δ’ ἐραζὲ
λειμῶνων ἐαρωτρεφέων θαλέθεσκε πέτηλα.
αἰ δ’ αὐτὲ ξανθῶο κρόκου θυόσον μεθειραν
δρεπτὸν ἐριδμαίονσαι, ἀτὰρ μεσσίστην ἀνασσὰ
ἀγηλαῖν πυρσοῖ βόδου χείρεσσι λέγουσα,
οία περ ἐν Χαρίτεσσι διέπρεπεν 'Αφρογένεια. 70
οὐ μὴν δηρὸν ἐμελλέντι εἰ' ἀνθεζει θυμὸν ἑανειν,
οὗ ἀρα παρθενός μήτηρν ἄχραντον ἐρνοῦσαι.
ἡ γὰρ δὴ Κρονίδης ὡς μὴν φράσαθ', ὡς ἑδήτερο

1 *mes sa also Z. ἐπ. ἵππ. χειρὶ θείῃ
2 'Ιναχίης τὴν Πιέρσον
*mes εἰναλίης τὴν οὐ εἶσαι λησθήν
3 *ταραύ Will: mes
4 *mes sa also ἔστιθον ἐνθεμένας
5 μεσσίστη E,
men together and watched the sea-going heifer. Therein for the second piece was the Son of Cronus gently touching the same heifer of Inachus beside the seven-streamed Nile, and so transfiguring the hornèd creature to a woman again; and the flowing Nile was of silver wrought, and the heifer of brass, and the great Zeus of gold. And beneath the rim of the rounded basket was Hermes fashioned, and beside him lay outstretched that Argus which surpassed all others in ever-waking eyes; and from the purple blood of him came a bird uprising in the pride of the flowery hues of his plumage, and unfolding his tail like the sails of a speeding ship till all the lip of the golden basket was covered with the same. Such was this basket of the fair beauteous Europa's.

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

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

\[\text{ct. \(\mu\varepsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\tau\varepsilon\sigma\upsilon\upsilon\sigma\upsilon\varepsilon\omega\nu\), \(\nu\varepsilon\alpha\tau\varepsilon\sigma\varsigma\), \(\tau\nu\zeta\alpha\tau\varepsilon\sigma\varsigma\): \text{ms } \mu\varepsilon\sigma\sigma\sigma\omega\sigma\omega\nu\mu, \mu\varepsilon\sigma\sigma\sigma\mu\sigma\mu, \mu\varepsilon\sigma\iota\sigma\nu\} \]
θυμόν ἀνωστοῖσιν ὑποδημθείς βελέεσσι.
Κύπριδος, ἢ μοῦνη δύναται καὶ Ζήμα δαμάσσαι,
δὴ γὰρ ἀλευμονός τε χόλου ἥπηλόνος Ἡρης
παρθενικῆς τ᾽ ἑθέλων ἀταλόν νόον ἐξαπατήσαι
κρύψε θεόν καὶ τρέψε δέμας καὶ γείνετο ταῦρος,
οὐχ οἷος σταθμός εὐνυφέρβεται, οὔδὲ μὲν οἶος
ὦλκα διατμήγει σὺρων εὐκαμπτεῖς ἄροτρον,
οὔδ᾽ οἷος ποίμνης ἐπιβόσκεται, οὔδὲ μὲν οἶος
ὁσιν ὑποδημθεῖς ἔρυε πολύφορτων ἀπήνην.
τοῦ δὴ τοῦ τὸ μὲν ἄλλο δέμας ξανθόχρους ἐσκε,
κύκλος δ᾽ ἀργύφεος μέσσῳ μάρμαρε μετάπφη,
ὁσε δ᾽ ὑπογλαυσσεκε καὶ ἵμερον ἀστράττεσκεν.
ἰσά τ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισι κέρα ἀνέτελλε καρῆν
ἀντύγος ἤμιτόμου κεραῖς τ᾽ αὐτό κύκλα σελήνης.

ἡλυθε δ᾽ ἐς λειμώνα καὶ οὐκ ἐφόβησε φανθεῖς
παρθενίκας, πάσῃς δ᾽ ἐρως γένετ ἐγνος ἱκέσθαι
ψαύσατι θ᾽ ἰμερτοῖο βοὸς, τοῦ δ᾽ ἀμβροτος οὐδή
tηλόθι καὶ λειμώνος ἐκαίνυτο λαρὸν ἀυτῆν.
ἐτή δὲ ποδῶν προπάροιθεν ἀμύμονος Ἑυρωπείης,
καὶ οἱ λειχμάζεσκε δέρην, κατέθελγε δὲ κούρην.
η δὲ μὲν ἀμφαφάασκε καὶ ἱρέμα χείρεσιν ἀφρον
πολλον ἀπὸ στομάτων ἀπομόρφυντο, καὶ κύσε
ταῦρον.

αὐτάρ δὲ μειλίχιου μυκήσατο· φαιὸ κεν αὐλοῦ
Μυγδονίου γλυκῶν ἥχου ἀνηπτύντος ἤκοειν.
ῴκλασε δὲ πρὸ ποδοῖν, ἐδέρκετο δ᾽ Ἑὐρώπειαν
αὐχεν ἐπιστρέψας καὶ οἱ πλατὶ δείκνυν νότων.
η δὲ βαθυπλοκάμοισι μετέννευσε παρθενικῆσιν.
Cronus espied her, than his heart was troubled and brought low of a sudden shaft of the Cyprian, that is the only vanquisher of Zeus. Willing at once to escape the jealous Hera's wrath and beguile the maiden's gentle heart, he put off the god and put on the bull, not such as feedeth in the stall, nor yet such as cleaveth the furrow with his train of the bended plough, neither one that grazeth at the head of the herd, nor again that draweth in harness the laden wagon. Nay, but all his body was of a yellow hue, save that a ring of gleaming white shined in the midst of his forehead and the eyes beneath it were grey and made lightnings of desire; and the horns of his head rose equal one against the other even as if one should cleave in two rounded cantles the rim of the horned Moon.

So came he into that meadow without affraying those maidens; and they were straightway taken with a desire to come near and touch the lovely ox, whose divine fragrance came so far and outdid even the delightsome odour of that breathing meadow. There went he then and stood afore the spotless may Europa, and for to cast his spell upon her began to lick her pretty neck. Whereat she fell to touching and toying, and did wipe gently away the foam that was thick upon his mouth, till at last there went a kiss from a maid unto a bull. Then he lowered, and so moving-softly you would deem it was the sweet cry of the flute of Mygdony, and kneeling at Europa's feet, turned about his head and beckoned her with a look to his great wide back.

At that she up and spake among those pretty

"Mygdony": Phrygia, whence the flute was supposed to have come with the worship of Dionysus.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

'deiv έταραί φίλιαι καὶ ὀμήλικες, ὥφρ' ἐπὶ τῶδε ἐξόμεναι ταῦρῳ τερπώμεθα: δὴ γὰρ ἀπάσας νότοιν ὑποστορέσας ἀναδέξεται, οἷά τε ἐνήθης τρῆμις τε εἰσεδέειν καὶ μείλιχος, οὐδὲ τι ταῦροις ἄλλοισι προσέοικε νόος δὲ οἱ ἥπετε φωτὸς αἰσιμος ἀμφιθεῖε, μοῦνῆς δὲ ἐπιδεύεται ἀνῆς.'

δις φαμένη νάοτοισιν ἐφίξανε μειδώνσα,

αἰ δ' ἄλλαι μέλλεσκον. ἁφαρ δ' ἀνεπίλατο ταῦρος,

ἡν θέλεν ἁρπάξας· ὥκυς δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ᾿Ικανεν. 110

ἡ δὲ μεταστρεφθεῖσα φίλας καλέσκευν ἐταῖρας

χεῖρας ὁρεγμυμένη, ταῖ δ' οὐκ ἐδώκατο κιχάειν,

ἀκτάων δ' ἐπιβᾶς πρόσσω βέεν ἥπετε δελφίς

χηλαίς ἄβρεκτοισιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα βαῖνων.

ἡ δὲ τότ' ἐρχομένου γαλημιάσκει βάλασσα,

κήτεα δ' ἀμφίς ἀταλλε Δίος προπάροιθε ποδοῖν,

γηθόσυνοι δ' ὑπὲρ οἴδαμα κυβίστεε βυσσάθε

δελφίς.'

Νηρείδες δ' ἀνέδουσαν ὑπὲξ ἁλὸς, αἰ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι

κητείοις νάοτοισιν ἐφήμεναι ἐστιχόωντο.

καὶ δ' αὐτὸς βαρύδοντος ὑπείραλος 1 'Ευροσίγαιος 120
κύμα κατιθύνων ἁλίς ἰγείτο κελεῦθουν

ἀὐτοκασυνήτοροι τοῦ δ' ἀμφί μιν ἡγερέθοντο

Τρίτωνες, πόντοιο βαρύθροοι 2 αὐλητήρες,

κοχλοισιν ταναιοῦς γαμίου μέλος ἡπύοντες.

ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐφεξομενή Ζηνὸς βοεῖας ἐπὶ νότοις

τη μὲν ἔχεν ταὐροῦ δολιοῦ κέρας, ἐν χερὶ δ' ἄλλη

ἐίρνε πορφυρῆν κολποῦ πτύχα, 3 οφρά κε μὴ μιν

δεύοι ἐφελκόμενον πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἀσπετούν ὕδωρ.

1 ὑπείραλος Ε, cf. ὑπείραχος and II. 23, 227 ὑπείρ ἀλλ': mes ὑπείρ ἀλλ': cf. ὑπείρ ἀλλ': 2 mes also βαθύθροοι αὐλ': mes also ἐνατήρες 3 mes also πορφυρίας and πτύχας.
curly-pates saying "Come away, dear my fellows and my feres; let's ride for a merry sport upon this bull. For sure he will take us all upon his bowed back, so meek he looks and mild, so kind and so gentle, nothing resembling other bulls; moreover an understanding moveth over him meet as a man's, and all he lacks is speech." So saying, she sat her down smiling upon his back; and the rest would have sate them likewise, but suddenly the bull, possessed of his desire, leapt up and made hot-foot for the sea. Then did the rapt Europa turn her about and stretch forth her hands and call upon her dear companions; but nay, they might not come at her, and the sea-shore reached, 'twas still forward, forward till he was faring over the wide waves with hooves as unharmed of the water as the fins of any dolphin.

And lo! the sea waxed calm, the sea-beasts frolicked afore great Zeus, the dolphins made joyful ups and tumblings over the surge, and the Nereids rose from the brine and mounting the sea-beasts rode all a-row. And before them all that great rumbling sea-lord the Earth-Shaker played pilot of the briny pathway to that his brother, and the Tritons gathering about him took their long taper shells and sounded the marriage-music like some clarioners of the main. Meanwhile Europa, seated on the back of Zeus the Bull, held with one hand to his great horn and caught up with the other the long purple fold of her robe, lest trailing it should be wet in the untold waters of the hoar brine; and the robe

"unharmed of the water": the salt water was supposed to rot the hoofs of oxen
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κολπώθη δ' ὠμοισι πέπλος βαθὺς Εὐρωπεῖς,
ιστιὸν οἷα τε νῆσος, ἑλαφρίζεσκε δέ κούρην.

η ὦ τὸν γαίης ἀπὸ πατρίδος ἦν ἀνευθέν,
φαινετο δ' οὐτ' ἀκτή τις ἀλλ' ορθὸς οὔτ' ὅροι αἰτύ,
ἀλλ' ἀρχὶ μὲν ἀνευθέν, ἐνερθὲ δὲ πόντος ἀπείρων,
ἀμφὶ ἐ παπτήνασα τόσην ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
πὴ μὲ φέρεις θεόταυρε; τὶς ἐπλεο; πῶς ὅ ἐκ-
κέλευθα

ἀργαλὲ εἰλιπόδεσσι; διέρχεαι, οὐδὲ θάλασσαν
δειμαίνεις; νυσσίν γὰρ ἐπιδρομὸς ἔστι θάλασσα
ὡκυάλοις, ταύροι δ' ἄλην τρομέουσιν ἀταρπόν.
ποίον τοι ποτὸν ἠδο; τίς ἐξ ἂλος ἔσσετ' ἐδωδῇ;
η ἄρα τις θεοὶ ἐσσὼν· θεοὶς γ' ἐπεικότα βέβεις.
οὐθ' ἄλοις δελφίνες ἐπὶ χθόνος οὔτε ταύροι
ἐν πόντῳ στειχώσι, σὺ δὲ χθονα καὶ κατὰ πόντον
ἀτρομος ἀυσσεῖς, χήλαι δὲ τοί εἰςιν ἐρετμα.
η τάχα καὶ γλαυκῆς ὑπὲρ ἡρός ὑψοῦ ἀερθεῖς
eἰκέλος αἰτρόροις πετῆσεις οἰωνοίςιν.
ομοὶ ἐγὼ μέγα δὴ το δυσάμμορος, ἦ ῥά τε δῶμα
πατρὸς ἀποπρολιποῦσα καὶ ἐσπομενή θοῖ τὸδὲ
ξείλην ραυτιλὴν ἐφέπω καὶ πλάξομαι οἰς.

ἀλλὰ σὺ μοι μεδεῶν πολιῆς ἄλος Ἕνυσίγαε
Ἰλαος ἀντίασεις, ὡν ἔλποιμα εἰσοράσθαι
tόνδε κατιβύνοντα πόρον προκέλευθον ἔμειο.
οὐκ ἀθεί ἦγαρ ταῦτα διέρχομαι ὕγρα κέλευθα·

ὡς φάτο· τὴν δ' ὤε διεσφεωνεν ἥκερως 1 βοῦς·
θάρσει παρθενικῇ, μὴ δείδιθι πόντιον σίδομα.
αὐτὸς τοι Ζεὺς εἰμι, κεῖ 2 ἐγγύθεν εἰδομαι εἶναι
tαῦρος· ἔπει δύναμαι γε φανήμεναι ὅττι θέλομι.

1 thus Ahr: μεσ κέλευθα γραλάνη (ορ. λέωσι) πόδεσσι
2 τ' Ἐ: μεσ δ' 3 μεσ also ἄβροχες, cf. 114 4 μεσ also εὐρήκερως 5 κεῖ Meineke: μεσ καὶ

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went bosoming deep at the shoulder like the sail of a ship, and made that fair burden light indeed.

When she was now far come from the land of her fathers, and could see neither wave-beat shore nor mountain-top, but only sky above and sea without end below, she gazed about her and lift up her voice saying: "Whither away with me, thou god-like bull? And who art thou, and how come undaunted where is so ill going for shambling oxen? Troth, 'tis for the speeding ship to course o' the sea, and bulls do shun the paths of the brine. What water is here thou canst drink? What food shalt thou get thee of the sea? Nay, 'tis plain thou art a God; only a God would do as thou doest. For bulls go no more on the sea than the dolphins of the wave on the land; but as for you, land and sea is all one for your travelling, your hooves are oars to you. It may well be you will soar above the the gray mists and fly like a bird on the wing. Alas and well-a-day that I left my home and followed this ox to go so strange a sea-faring and so lonesome! O be kind good Lord of the hoar sea—for methinks I see thee yonder piloting me on this way—, great Earth-Shaker, be kind and come hither to help me; for sure there's a divinity in this my journey upon the ways of the waters."

So far the maid, when the hornèd ox upspake and said: "Be of good cheer, sweet virgin, and never thou fear the billows. 'Tis Zeus himself that speaketh, though to the sight he seem a bull; for I can put on what semblance soever I will. And 'tis love of
σὸς δὲ πόθος μ' ἀνέηκε τόσην ἀλα μετρήσασθαι ταύρῳ ἐειδόμενον. Κρήτη δὲ σε δέξεται ἡδή, ἢ μ' ἔθρεψε καὶ αὐτόν, ὅπῃ νυμφήια σείο ἔσσεται: ἐξ ἐμέθεν δὲ κλυτοὺς φιτύσεαι νιᾶς, οἱ σκηπτούχοι ἀνακτεὶ ἐπὶ χθονίοιςιν ἔσονται.

ὡς φάτο: καὶ τετέλεστο τά περ φάτο. φαίνετο μὲν δὴ
Κρήτη, Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν σφετέρην ἀνελάξετο μορφήν, λύσε δὲ οἱ μύτην, καὶ οἱ λέχος ἐντυνον Ὀμαῖ. ἢ δὲ πάρος κοῦρῃ Ζηνός γένετ' αὐτίκα νύμφη, καὶ Κρονίδῃ τέκνα τίκτε καὶ αὐτίκα γίνετο μήτηρ.
thee hath brought me to make so far a sea-course
in a bull's likeness; and ere 'tis long thou shalt be
in Crete, that was my nurse when I was with her;
and there shall thy wedding be, whereof shall spring
famous children who shall all be kings among them
that are in the earth."

So spake he, and lo! what he spake was done;
for appear it did, the Cretan country, and Zeus
took on once more his own proper shape, and upon
a bed made him of the Seasons unloosed her
maiden girdle. And so it was that she that before
was a virgin became straightway the bride of Zeus,
and thereafter straightway too a mother of children
unto the Son of Cronus.
III.—THE LAMENT FOR BION

This poem seems to have been suggested by Bion's own Lament for Adonis; in form it closely resembles the Song of Thyrsis. The writer was a pupil of Bion, and hailed from Southern Italy, but is otherwise unknown.
III.—ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ ΒΙΩΝΟΣ

Αἶλινά μοι στοναχείτε νάτασι καὶ Δώριον ὕδωρ, καὶ ποταμόι κλαίοντε τὸν ἰμερόντα Βίωνα. νῦν φυτά μοι μύρεσθε, καὶ ἀλσεα νῦν γοάοσθε, ἀνθεα νῦν στυμνοίσιν 1 ἀποπνεοῦσιν κορύμβους, νῦν ῥόδα φοινίσσεσθε τὰ πένθιμα, νῦν ἀνεμώναι, νῦν ψάκινθε λάλει τὰ σὰ γράμματα καὶ πλέον αἰαὶ βάμβαςε 2 τοῖς πετάλοισι: καλὸς τέθνακε μελικτάς. ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοίσαι. ἀδῶνες αἰ πυκνοῖσιν ὀδυρόμεναι ποτὶ φύλλοις, νάμασι τοῖς Σικελοῖς ἀγγείλατε τὰς Ἀρεθοίσας, ὦττι Βίων τέθνακεν ὁ βουκόλος, ὦττι σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ τὸ μέλος τέθνακε καὶ ὅλετο Δωρίς αἰοῖδα. ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοίσαι. Στρυμώνοις μύρεσθε παρ’ ὕδασιν αἴλινα κύκνοι, καὶ γοεροῖς στομάτεσσι μελίσσετε πενθιμοὶ φωδάν, οἰαν ὑμετέρος ποτὶ χείλεσι γῆς αἰείδει. 3 εἰπάτε δ’ αὐ κούραι Οἰαγρίσιν, εἰπάτε πάσαις Βιστονίαις Νύμφαισιν ἀπόλετο Δώριος Ὀρφέως: ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοίσαι.

1 στυμνοίσιν E, cf. Bion i. 74: mss στυμν. 2 βάμβαςε, cf. Bion 6. 9: mss λάμβαςε 3 γήρατ αἰείδεi Wil: mss γήρατ αἰείδε

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III.—THE LAMENT FOR BION

Cry me waly upon him, you glades of the woods, and waly, sweet Dorian water; you rivers, weep I pray you for the lovely and delightful Bion. Lament you now, good orchards; gentle groves, make you your moan; be your breathing clusters, ye flowers, dishevelled for grief. Pray roses, now be your redness sorrow, and yours sorrow, windflowers; speak now thy writing, dear flower-de-luce, loud let thy blossoms babble ay; the beautiful musician is dead.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

You nightingales that complain in the thick leafage, tell to Arethusa's fountain of Sicily that neatherd Bion is dead, and with him dead is music, and gone with him likewise the Dorian poesy.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

Be it waly with you, Strymon swans, by the waterside, with voice of moaning uplift you such a song of sorrow as old age singeth from your throats, and say to the Oeagrian damsels and eke to all the Bistonian Nymphs "The Dorian Orpheus is dead."

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

"flower-de-luce": the petals of the iris were said to bear the letters Al, "alaa." "Strymon": a river of Thrace, where Orpheus lived and died; swans were said to sing before their death. "Oeagrian damsels": daughters of Oeagrus king of Thrace and sisters of Orpheus. "Bistonian": Thracian.
κεῖνος Ὄ ταῖς ἀγέλαισιν ἔρασμος οὐκέτι μέλπει, οὐκέτι ἐρμαίασιν ὑπὸ ὄρυσιν ἦμενος ἄδει, ἀλλὰ παρὰ Πλούτη ἡμέλος Δηθαιὸν αἰείδει. ὠρεα δ' ἐστὶν ἄφωνα, καὶ αἱ βóες αἱ ποτὶ ταύροις πλαξόμεναι γοάστι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλουτι νέμεσθαι.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μούσαι. σείο Βίων ἐκλαυσε ταχὺν μόρον αὐτὸς 'Απόλλων, καὶ Σάτυροι μύροντο μελάγχλαινοι τε Πρήποι: καὶ Πάνες στοναχεύτω ¹ τὸ σὸν μέλος, αἰ τε καθ' ὦλαιν.

Κρανίδες ὁδύραντο, καὶ ὦδατα δάκρυα γέντο. 'Αχιώ δ' ἐν πέτασιν ὄδυρεται, ὡτὶ σιωπῇ κούκετι μεμείται τὰ σὰ χείλεα. σφ' δ' ἐπ' ὀλέμαρν ὄνεορεα καρπὸν ἐριψε, τὰ δ' ἄνθεα πάντ' ἐμαράνθη. μάλιον οὐκ ἔρρευσε καλὸν γλάγος, οὐ μὲλε σίμβλων, κάθανε δ' ἐν κηρῷ λυπεύμενον· οὐκέτι γὰρ δεῖ τὸ μέλιτος τὸ σὸν τεθνακότος αὐτὸ τρυγάσθαι.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μούσαι. οὐ τόσον εἰναλλάσσει παρ' ἀστὶ μύρατο Σειρήν; ² οὔτε τόσον ποκ' ἀείσεν ἐνὶ σκοπέλουσιν 'Αρηόν, οὔτε τόσον θρήνησεν αὖ ὄρεα μακρὰ Χελιδών, 'Αλκυόνος δ' οὐ τόσον ἐπ' ἀλγεσίν ἰαχεῖ Κηρύξ; ³ οὔτε τόσον γλαυκός ἐνὶ κύμαις κηρύλος ᾖδεν,

¹ στοναχεύτω : mss - «ώτη ² Σειρήν Buecheler : mss se (36, 76) πρὶ ὁρ δελφίν ³ Κηρύξ Aldus : mss κηρύξ

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He that was lovely and pleasant unto the herds carols now no more, sits now no more and sings 'neath the desert oaks; but singeth in the house of Pluteus the song of Lethé, the song of oblivion. And so the hills are dumb, and the cows that wander with the bulls wail, and will none of their pasture.

_A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses._

Your sudden end, sweet Bion, was matter of weeping even unto Apollo; the Satyrs did lament you, and every Priapus made you his moan in sable garb. Not a Pan but cried woe for your music, not a Nymph o’ the spring but made her complaint of it in the wood; and all the waters became as tears. Echo, too, she mourns among the rocks that she is silent and can imitate your lips no more. For sorrow that you are lost the trees have cast their fruit on the ground, and all the flowers are withered away. The flocks have given none of their good milk, and the hives none of their honey; for the honey is perished in the comb for grief, seeing the honey of bees is no longer to be gathered now that honey of yours is done away.

_A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses._

Never so woeful was the lament of the Siren upon the beach, never so woeful the song of that Nightingale among the rocks, or the dirge of that Swallow amid the long hills, neither the wail of Ceýx for the woes of that Halyon, nor yet the Ceryl’s song among

"Pan, Priapus, Satyrs, Nymphs": the effigies of these deities which stood in the pastures. "the Sirens": these were represented as half bird, half woman, and bewailed the dead. lines 38-41: The references are to birds who once had human shape; see index.
οὐ τὸσον ἄφοιςιν ἐν ἀγκεσὶ παῖδα τὸν Ἀδωνις ἰπτάμενος περὶ σάμα κινύρατο Μέμωνος ὅρνις, ὅσον ἀποφθεϊμένοι κατωδύραντο Βίωνος.

ἀρχετε Σικελίκαι τῷ πένθεοσ ἀρχετε Μωίσαι. ἀδονίδες πᾶσας τε χελιδόνες, ἂς ποκ' ἔτερπεν, ἂς λαλεῖν ἐδίδασκε, καθεξ' ὑπερμενήτη πολύ πρέμυνοι ἀντίον ἀλλαίασιν ἐκώκινον ἀλ' ὅ ὑπεφώνειν ἀδριθεῖσθαι αἰ πενθάδες ἀλλὰ καὶ ἰμεῖς.  

ἀρχετε Σικελίκαι τῷ πένθεοσ ἀρχετε Μωίσαι. 

τὶς ποτὲ σabilia σύριγγω μελίζεται ὁ τριπόθητε; τὶς δ' ἐπὶ σῶς καλάμως θήσει σῶμα; τὶς θρασὺς ὀὔτωσ; 

eἰσέτε γὰρ πνέει τὰ σὰ χείλεα καὶ τὸ σῶν ἄσθμα, ἀχὰ δ' ἐν δονάκοσι τεὼ̂ς ἐτί βόσκετ' οὐδάς. 

Πανὶ φέρω τὸ μέλισμα; τάχ' ἂν καὶ κεῖνος ἐρεῖσαι τὸ σῶμα δειμαίνοι, μὴ δεύτερα σεῖο φέρηται. 

ἀρχετε Σικελίκαι τῷ πένθεοσ ἀρχετε Μωίσαι. 

κλαίει καὶ Γαλάτεια τὸ σῶν μέλος, ἂν ποκ' ἔτερπεν ἐξομένην μετὰ σεῖο παρ' ἀϊόνος σεῖο θαλάςσας. 

οὕ γὰρ ἵσον Κύκλωπε μέλισδεο' τὸν μὲν ἐφευγεν ἄλας Γαλάτεια, σὲ δ' ἄδιον ἐβλεπεν ἀλμάς. 

καὶ νῦν λασαμένα τὸ κύματος ἐν φαμάδοισιν ἐζετ' ἐρημαίαισι, βῶς δ' ἐπει σεῖο νομεῖσι. 

ἀρχετε Σικελίκαι τῷ πένθεοσ ἀρχετε Μωίσαι. 

πάντα τοι ὁ βουτα συγκάθανε ὁπὰ τὰ Μοῖσαν, παρθενικάν ἐρύσεντα φιλήματα, χείλεα παῖδων,
the blue waves, nay, not so woeful the hovering bird of Memnon over the tomb of the Son of the Morning in the dells of the Morning, as when they mourned for Bion dead.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

The nightingales and all the swallows, which once he delighted, which once he taught to speak, sat upon the branches and cried aloud in antiphons, and they that answered said "Lament, ye mourners, and so will we."

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

O thrice-beloved man! who will make music upon thy pipe? Who so bold as to set lip to thy reeds? For thy lips and thy breath live yet, and in those straws the sound of thy song is quick. Shall I take and give the pipe to Pan? Nay, mayhap even he will fear to put lip to it lest he come off second to thee.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

There's Galatea, too, weeps for your music, the music that was erst her delight sitting beside you upon the strand. For Cyclops' music was all another thing; she shunned him, the pretty Galatea, but she looked upon you more gladly than upon the sea. And lo! now the waves are forgotten while she sits upon the lone lone sands, but your cows she tends for you still.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

All the gifts that come of the Muses have perished, dear Neatherd, with you, the dear delightful kisses

"bird of Memnon": The tomb of Memnon, son of the Dawn and Tithonus, was visited every year by birds called Memnonidae. "Galatea": Bion seems to have written a first-person pastoral resembling the Serenade, in which a neatherd lover of Galatea sang to her on the beach. If so, Fragment XII would seem to belong to it.
καὶ στυμνοὶ 1 περὶ σῶμα τεῦν κλαίουσιν Ἐρωτεῖς. χὰ Κύπρις ποθεῖ 2 σε πολὺ πλέον ἢ τὸ φίλημα, τὸ πρῶτον τὸν Ἀδωνίν ἀποθνῄσκοντα φίλησεν. τοῦτο τοῦ ὁ ποταμών λυγρώτατε δεύτερον ἅλγος, 70 τοῦτο, Μέλη, νέον ἅλγος. ἀπόλετο πρᾶν τοι 3 Ὁμήρος, τήνυ τὸ Καλλιόπας γλυκερὸν σῶμα, καὶ σὲ λέγοντι μύρασθαι 4 καλῶν νίαι πολυκλαύτοιοι μεέθροις, πάσαν δ’ ἐπλησάς φωνᾶς ἅλα. νῦν πάλιν ἅλλον νιέα δακρύεις, καίνυ δ’ ἐπὶ πένθει τάχη, ἀμφότεροι παγαι σφείλησένιοι, ὡς μὲν ἔπινεν Παγασίδος κράνας, δ’ ἕχεν τόμα τᾶς Ἀρεθοίσας. χώ μὲν Τυνδαρέων καλῶν ἀείσε θύγατρα καὶ Θέκαδος μεγαὶ καὶ Ἀτρείδαν Μενέλαυν τήνυ δ’ οὐ πολέμους, οὐ δάκρυα, Πᾶνα δ’ ἐμελπε, καὶ βούτας ἐλγαίνε καὶ ἅλλων ἐνόμενε, καὶ σύρμης ἕτεν χε καὶ ἀδέα πόρτιν ἁμελγε, καὶ παίδων ἐδίδασκε φιλήσατα, καὶ τοῦ Ἐρωτα ἐτρέφεν ἐν κόλποις καὶ ἤρεθε τῶν Ἀφροδίτας. ἀρχετε Σικελίκακ τὸ πένθειος ἀρχετε Μοίσαι, πάσα Βίων θρηνεὶ σε κλυτὰ πόλις, ἀστεᾶ πάντα. Ἀσκρα μὲν γοαῖς σε πολὺ πλέον Ἡσιώδου. Πίνδαρον οὐ παθεῖς τός Βουιτίδες ἥλαιν οὐ τός Τοίκαις περιμυράτο Ἀδεβος ἐραννά. 5 οὐδὲ τός οὐν ἀοίδους ὀδύρατο 6 Τήν ώςτυ σὲ πλέον Ἀρχιλόχου ποθεὶ Πάρος ἄντι δὲ Σαπφῶς

1 στυμνοὶ E, cf. Bion i. 74: ms. στυμεῖν or -ήν 2 χὰ Wil: ms. ἐλα τοι: ms. ἐραννά 3 Ὁμήρος: ms. ἐραννά 4 μύρασθαι Mein: ms. -σθαί Wakefield: ms. τὸν ὀδύρατο 5 Τήν: ms. τῶν ὀδύρατο 6 Ὁμήρος: ms. ἐραννά 450
of the maidens, the sweet lips of the lads; round
your corse the Loves weep all dishevelled, and
Cypris, she's fainer far of you than the kiss she gave
Adonis when he died the other day.

O tunefullest of rivers, this makes thee a second
grief, this, good Meles, comes thee a new woe. One
melodious mouthpiece of Calliopē is long dead, and
that is Homer; that lovely son of thine was mourned,
'tis said, of thy tearful flood, and all the sea was filled
with the voice of thy lamentation: and lo! now
thou weepest for another son, and a new sorrow
melteth thee away. Both were beloved of a waterspring,
for the one drank at Pegasus' fountain and
the other got him drink of Arethusa; and the one
sang of the lovely daughter of Tyndareüs, and of the
great son of Thetis, and of Atreid Menelaüs; but this
other's singing was neither of wars nor tears but of
Pan; as a herdsman he chanted, and kept his cattle
with a song; he both fashioned pipes and milked the
gentle kine; he taught the lore of kisses, he made
a fosterling of Love, he roused and stirred the passion
of Aphrodite.

A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses.

O Bion! there's not a city, nay, not a humble
town but laments thee. Ascer makes far louder
moan than for her Hesiod, the woods of Boeotia long
not so for their Pindar; not so sore did lovely Lesbos
weep for Alcaeus, nor Teos town for the poet that
was hers; Paros yearns as she yearned not for Archi-

"the other day": The reference to Adonis' death is
doubtless to a recent Adonis-Festival. "Meles": the
river of Smyrna, birthplace of Bion and claiming to be the
birthplace of Homer. "the poet that was hers": Anacreon.
εἰς τι ἐστί σεῦ τὸ μέλισμα κινύρεται ἂ Μιτυλήνα.

αἰαί ταῖς μαλάχαι μὲν, ἐπάν κατὰ κάποι ὀλυνται,

καὶ ταὶ χλωρὰ σέλινα τὸ ἑυθαλὲς οὐλοῦ ἀνθοῦν,

ὑστερον αὖ ᾄσοντι καὶ άις έτος άλλῳ φύοντι

άμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροί, οί τοι σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,

ἐπότε πράτα θάνωμες, ανάκοι ἐν χούν κοίλα

εὐθάμοις εἰ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὑπνον,

καὶ σὺ μὲν ὑπ' εἰς τὴν πεπυκασμένος ἔσσεαι ἐν γής,

ταῖς Νύμφαισι δ' ἐδοξείν ἀεὶ τῶν βάτραχον ἄδειν.

ταῖς δ' ἔγω πολύν τοιν δοξούμιν τὸ γάρ μέλος οὐ καλὸν

ἀδει.

ἀρχετο Σικελικαὶ τὸν πένθειο ἄρχετε Μοίσαι.

φάρμακον ἤλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σον στόμα, φάρμακον

ἡδὲ—

τοιοῦτοις χείλεσι ποτέδραμε κοίνη ἐγκυκάνθη;

τις δὲ βροτὸς τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος ὡς κερᾶσαι τοι

ἡ δοῦναι καλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον;—ἐκψυχεῖν φοίά.

ἀρχετο Σικελικαὶ τὸν πένθειο ἄρχετε Μοίσαι.

ἀλλὰ Δίκα κίχε πάντας. ἔγω δ' ἐπὶ πένθει τῶδε
lochus, and Mitylenè bewails thy song evermore instead of Sappho's. To Syracuse thou art a Theocritus; and as for Ausonia's mourning, 'tis the song I sing thee now; and 'tis no stranger to the pastoral poesy that sings it, neither, but an inheritor of that Dorian minstrelsy which came of thy teaching and was my portion when thou leftest others thy wealth but me thy song.

_A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses._

Ay me! when the mallows and the fresh green parsley and the springing crumpled anise perish in the garden, they live yet again and grow another year; but we men that are so tall and strong and wise, soon as ever we be dead, unhearing there in a hole of the earth sleep we both sound and long a sleep that is without end or waking. And so it shall be that thou wilt lie in the earth beneath a covering of silence, albeit the little croaking frog o' the tree by ordinance of the Nymphs may sing for evermore. But they are welcome to his music for me; it is but poor music he makes.

_A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses._

There came poison, sweet Bion, to thy mouth, and poison thou didst eat—O how could it approach such lips as those and not turn to sweetness? And what mortal man so barbarous and wild as to mix it for thee or give it thee at thy call?—and Song went cold and still.

_A song of woe, of woe, Sicilian Muses._

Howbeit Justice overtaketh every man; and as for me, this song shall be my weeping sad lamentation.
δακρυχέων τεον οίτον ὀδύρομαι· εὶ δυνάμαι δέ, ὡς ὁΡφεὺς καταβάς ποτὶ Τάρταρον, ὡς ποκ' Ὄδυσσεύς,
ὡς πάρος Ἀλκείδας, κῆρῳ τάχ' ἄν ἐς δόμον ἦνθον Πλούτεος, ὡς κεν ἰδοὺμ, καὶ εἰ Πλούτηι μελίσσεις,
ὡς ἂν αἰκουσαίμαι, τί μελίσσεαι. ἄλλ' ἂγε. 1 Κύρα
Σικελικόν τι λήγανε καὶ ἄδυ τι βουκολιάζευν.
καὶ κεῖνα Σικελά, καὶ εἴν 2 Λιτναίαισιν ἐπαίζειν
δόσι, καὶ μέλος οἶδε τὸ Δώριον· οὐκ ἀγέραστος
ἐσσεϊθ' ἄ μολπα. χὸς Ὁρφεὶ πρόσθεν ἐδώκεν
ἀδέα φορμίζοντι παλίσσυτον Εὐρυδίκειαν,
καὶ σὲ Βίον πέμψει τοὺς ὀρεσίν. εἰ δὲ τὶ κήρων
συρίσδων δυνάμαιν, παρὰ Πλούτει κ' αὐτὸς ἁείδον.

1 ἄλλ' ἂγε Wil· μεκ ἄλλα πᾶσα, ἄλλ' ἐπι, καὶ πᾶσα, καὶ
παρὰ 2 καὶ: some text omit Σικελά, καὶ εἰν Τευχέρ: μεκ
σικελικά ἐν (οὐ καὶ ἐν), σικελικαίαν ἐν

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for thy decease. Could I but have gone down into Tartarus as Orpheus went and Odysseus of yore and Alcides long ago, then would I also have come mayhap to the house of Pluteus, that I might see thee, and if so be thou singest to Pluteus, hear what that thou singest may be. But all the same, I pray thee, chant some song of Sicily, some sweet melodious country-song, unto the Maid; for she too is of Sicily, she too once sported on Etna's shores; she knows the Dorian music; so thy melodies shall not go without reward. Even as once she granted Orpheus his Eurydice's return because he harped so sweetly, so likewise she shall give my Bion back unto the hills; and had but this my pipe the power of that his harp, I had played for this in the house of Pluteus myself.

"the Maid": Persephoné, who was carried off by Pluto—here called Pluteus—when she was playing in the fields of Sicily.
IV–VII

Of the remaining poems the first three are quoted by Stobaeus. The last is found in the Anthology (Anth. Plan., 4. 200), and was wrongly ascribed to Moschus owing to its mention of Europa's bull.
Τὰν ἄλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν ὄνεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλῃ, τὰν φρένα τὰν δειλὰν ἐρεθίζομαι, οὐδ' ἐτι μοι γὰρ ἐστὶν φίλα, ποθεὶ δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἀ μεγάλα μ' ἄλσ. ἀλλ' ὅταν ἀχίση πολιός βυθὸς, ἀ δὲ θάλασσα κυρτὸν ἐπαφρίζῃ, τὰ δὲ κύματα μακρὰ μεμήνη, ἐς χθόνα παπταῖνω καὶ δένδρεα, τὰν ὅ ἄλα φεύγω, γὰρ δὲ μοι ἀσπαστά, χα δάσκιος εὐάδεν ὡλα, ἐνθα καὶ ἢν πνεύση πολὺς ὄνεμος, ἀ πίτως άδει. ἦ κακὸν ὁ γρυπεύς ζωεί βίον, ὁ δόμος ἀ ναυς, καὶ πόνος ἐστὶν θάλασσα, καὶ ἵχθυς ἀ πλάνος ἀγρα. αὐτὰρ ἐμοί γλυκὺς υπνὸς ὑπὸ πλατάνῳ βαθύ- φύλλῳ, καὶ παγὰς φιλέοιμι τὸν ἑγνίθεν ἄχον ἀκούειν, ἀ τέρπει φοφέοις τὸν ἀγρικὸν, οὐχὶ ταράσσει.

V

Ἡρατο4 Παῦ Ἀχὼς τὰς γείτονος, Ἡρατο δ' Ἀχὼ σκειρτᾶ σατύρῳ, Σάτυρος δ' ἐπεμήνατο Λύδα. ὅς Ἀχώ τὸν Πάνα, τόσον Σάτυρος φλέγεν Ἀχὼ, καὶ Λύδα Σατυρίσκουν Ἐρώς δ' ἐσμύχετ' ἀμοίβα.

1 μοι γὰρ Βοσίνυ: μεσ μύσα 2 πλέον ἀ μεγάλα μ' ἄλσ Ε: μεσ πλέονα μεγάλαν ἄλα 3 ἀγρικὸν Στέφανυ: μεσ ἀγρικὸν

4 Ἡρατο Wakef: μεσ Ἰρα 458
IV.—[A COMPARISON]

When the wind strikes gently upon a sea that is blue, this craven heart is roused within me, and my love of the land yields to the desire of the great waters. But when the deep waxes grey and loud, and the sea begins to swell and to foam and the waves run long and wild, then look I unto the shore and its trees and depart from the brine, then welcome is the land to me and pleasant the shady greenwood, where, be the wind never so high, the pine-tree sings her song. O 'tis ill to be a fisher with a ship for his house and the sea for his labour and the fishes for his slippery prey. Rather is it sleep beneath the leafy plane for me, and the sound hard by of a bubbling spring such as delights and not disturbs the rustic ear.

V.—[A LESSON TO LOVERS]

Pan loved his neighbour Echo; Echo loved a frisking Satyr; and Satyr, he was head over ears for Lydè. As Echo was Pan's flame, so was Satyr Echo's, and Lydè master Satyr's. 'Twas Love re-
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όσον γὰρ τίμων τις ἐμίσει τὸν φιλέοντα,
tόσον ὁμός φιλέων ἐνθαίρετο, πάσχε δ' ἃ ποίει.
ταῦτα λέγω πάσιν τὰ διδάγματα τοῖς ἀνεράστοις;
ステχυετε τῶν φιλέοντας, ἵν' ἦν φιλέητε φιλήσθε.

VI

'Αλφείως μετὰ Πίσαν ἐπῆν κατὰ πόντου ὀδεὺς,
ἐρχεται εἰς Αρέθοισαν ἄγνων κοτιηφὸρον ὕδωρ,
ἐδνα φέρων καλὰ φίλλα καὶ ἀνθεα καὶ κόνιν
ιράν,
καὶ βαθὺς ἐμβαίνει τοὺς κύμασι, τὰν δὲ θάλασσαν
νέρθεν ὑποτροχέοις, κοῦ μηγενταὶ ὕδασιν ὕδωρ,
ἀδ' οὐκ ὀδὲ θάλασσα διερχομένω ποταμῷ.
κώρος λινοθέτας¹ κακομάχανος αἰνᾶ διδάσκον
καὶ ποταμὸν διὰ φίλτρον Ἐρώς ἐδίδαξε κολυμβήν.

VII—ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ ΑΡΟΤΡΙΩΝΤΑ

Λαμπάδα θεῖς καὶ τόξα βοηλάτιν εἰλετο ράβδον
οὐλος Ἐρως, πῆρην δ' εἰχε κατωμαδίνη,
καὶ ζεύξας ταλαεργὸν ὑπὸ ξυγὸν αὐχένα ταύρων
ἐσπειρεὶν Δηνός αὐλάκα πυροφόρον.
ἐπε δ' ἀνω βλέψας αὐτῷ Διί· 'πλήσον ἀροῦρας,
μὴ σε τὸν Εὐρώπης βοῦν ὑπ' ἄροτρα βάλω.'

¹ λινοθέτας Ε, cf. Theocr. 21. 10: nis δινοθέτας

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ciprocal; for by just course, even as each of those hearts did scorn its lover, so was it also scorned being such a lover itself. To all such as be heartwhole be this lesson read: If you would be loved where you be loving, then love them that love you.

VI.——[A RIVER IN LOVE]

When Alpheus leaves Pisa behind him and travels by the sea, he brings Arethusa the water that makes the wild olives grow; and with a bride-gift coming, of pretty leaves and pretty flowers and sacred dust, he goeth deep into the waves and runneth his course beneath the sea, and so runneth that the two waters mingle not and the sea never knows of the river's passing through. So is it that the spell of that impish setter of nets, that sly and crafty teacher of troubles, Love, hath e'en taught a river how to dive.

VII.——OF LOVE PLOUGHING

Love the Destroyer set down his torch and his bow, and slinging a wallet on his back, took an oxgoad in hand, yoked him a sturdy pair of steers, and fell to ploughing and sowing Demeter's cornland; and while he did so, he looked up unto great Zeus saying "Be sure thou make my harvest fat; for if thou fail me I'll have that bull of Europa's to my plough."

"sacred dust": the dust of the race-course at Olympia (Pisa).
MEGARA
MEGARA

The poem gives a picture of Heracles' wife and mother at home in his house at Tiryns while he is abroad about his Labours. The two women sit weeping. The wife bewails his mad murder of their children, and gently hints that the mother might give her more sympathy in her sorrow if she would not be for ever lamenting her own. To which the kind old Alcmena replies, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; but though her own anxiety for the safety of the labouring Heracles, increased now by an evil dream, is food enough, God knows, for lamentation, she feels, as indeed Megara must know full well, for her sorrowing daughter too. The poem bears a resemblance to [Theocritus] XXV, and is thought by some to belong to the same author.
ΜΗΤΕΡ ΕΜΗ, ΤΙΦΘ ΔΩΔΕ ΦΙΛΟΝ ΚΑΤΑ ΘΥΜΟΝ ΛΑΠΤΕΙΣ ΕΚΠΑΓΛΩΣ ΑΧΕΟΥΣΑ, ΤΟ ΠΡΙΝ ΔΕ ΤΟΙ ΟΥΚΕΤΕ ΕΡΕΥΘΟΣ ΣΗΓΩΣΕΤ ΕΠΙ ΒΕΘΕΣΟΙ; ΤΙ ΜΟΙ ΤΟΣΟΝ ΗΝΙΗΣΑΙ; ᾩΡ ΩΤΙ ΑΛΓΕΑ ΠΆΣΧΕΙ ΑΠΕΙΡΙΤΑ ΦΑΙΔΙΜΟΣ ΒΙΟΟ ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΥΠ’ ΟΥΤΙΔΑΝΟΙΟ, ΛΕΩΝ ΩΣΕΙΘΥ ΥΠ’ ΒΕΒΡΟΥ; ΩΜΟΙ ΕΓΟΥ, ΤΙ ΝΥ ΔΗ ΜΕ ΘΕΟΙ ΤΟΣΟΝ ΗΤΙΜΗΣΑΝ ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΙ; ΤΙ ΝΥ ΜΥ ΔΩΔΕ ΚΑΚΗ ΓΟΝΕΙΣ ΤΕΚΟΝ ΑΙΣΘΗ; ΔΥΣΜΟΡΟΣ, ΗΤ’ ΕΠΕΙ ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΑΜΥΜΟΝΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΛΕΧΟΣ ΗΛΘΟΝ, ΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΕΓΟ ΤΙΕΣΚΟΝ ΙΣΟΝ ΦΑΕΕΣΙΝ ΕΜΟΙΣΙΝ ΗΔ’ ΕΤΙ ΝΥΝ ΣΕΒΟΜΑΙ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΑΙΔΕΟΜΑΙ ΚΑΤΑ ΘΥΜΟΝ ΤΟΥ Δ’ ΟΥΤΙΣ ΓΕΝΕΤΗ ΑΛΛΟΣ ΑΠΟΤΜΟΤΕΡΟΣ ΖΩΟΝΤΩΝ, ΟΥΔΕ ΤΟΣΟΝ ΣΦΕΤΕΡΗΣΙΝ ΕΓΕΥΣΑΤΟ ΦΡΟΝΤΙΣΙ ΚΗΔΕΩΝ. ΣΧΕΤΛΙΟΣ, ΩΣ ΤΟΞΟΙΣΙΝ, ΑΙ ΟΙ ΠΟΡΕΝ ΑΥΤΟΣ ’ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ ΗΕ ΤΙΝΟΣ ΚΗΡΩΝ Η ΕΡΙΝΥΟΣ ΑΙΝΑ ΒΕΛΕΜΝΑ, ΠΑΙΔΑΣ ΕΟΥΣ ΚΑΤΕΠΕΦΝΕ ΚΑΙ ΕΚ ΦΙΛΟΝ ΕΙΛΕΤΟ ΘΥΜΟΝ ΜΑΙΝΟΜΕΝΟΣ ΚΑΤΑ ΟΙΚΟΝ, Ω Δ’ ΕΜΠΛΕΟΣ ΕΣΚΕ ΦΟΝΟΙΟ. ΤΟΥΣ ΜΕΝ ΕΓΟΙ ΔΥΣΤΗΡΟΣ ΕΜΟΙΣ ΙΔΟΝ ΟΦΘΑΛΜΟΙΣ ΒΑΛΛΟΜΕΝΟΥΣ ΥΠΟ ΠΑΤΡΙ, ΤΟ Δ’ ΟΥΔ’ ΟΝΑΡ ΗΛΙΘΕΝ ΑΛΛΟ. ΟΥΔΕ ΣΦΙΝ ΔΥΝΑΜΗΝ ΆΔΙΝΟΝ ΚΑΛΕΟΥΣΙΝ ΑΡΙΘΩΛ ΜΗΤΕΡ’ ΕἲΝ, ΕΠΕΙ ΘΡΓΥΣ ΑΝΙΚΗΤΟΝ ΚΑΚΟΝ ΗΕΝ. 1 ΕΙΛΕΤΟ: ΜΑΣ ΑΙΑΝΟ ΑΛΕΣΕ 466
MEGARA

Megara the wife of Heracles addresses his mother Alcmena.

"Mother dear, O why is thy heart cast down in this exceeding sorrow, and the rose o' thy cheek a-withering away? What is it, sweet, hath made thee so sad? Is it because thy doughty son be given troubles innumerable by a man of nought, as a lion might be given by a fawn? O well-a-day that the Gods should have sent me this dishonour! and alas that I should have been begotten unto such an evil lot! Woe's me that I that was bedded with a man above reproach, I that esteemed him as the light of my eyes and do render him heart's worship and honour to this day, should have lived to see him of all the world most miserable and best acquaint with the taste of woe! O misery that the bow and arrows given him of the great Apollo should prove to be the dire shafts of a Death-Spirit or a Fury, so that he should run stark mad in his own home and slay his own children withal, should reave them of dear life and fill the house with murder and blood!

Aye, with my own miserable eyes I saw my children smitten of the hand of their father, and that hath no other so much as dreamt of. And for all they cried and cried upon their mother I could not help them, so present and invincible was
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ός δ' ὄρνις δύρηται ἐπὶ σφετέρους νεοσσοῖς ὀλλυμένοις, οὐστ' αἰνός ὄφις ἔτη νηπιάξουσι τάμνοις ἐν πυκνοῖς κατέσθειν· ἢ δὲ κατ' αὐτοὺς πωτάται κλάξουσα μᾶλα λεγόν πότνια¹ μήτηρ, οὐδ' ἀρ' ἔχει τέκνοις ἐπαρκέσαι· ἢ γὰρ οἱ αὐτῇ ἅσσον ἰμεν μέγα τάρβος ἀμειλίκτωο πελώρον· ὅς ἔγοι αἴνοτοκεία φίλον γόνων αἰλάξουσα μανωμένους πόδεσι οἴομον κάτα πολλῶν ἐφότων· ὅς γ' ὀφελον μετὰ παισίν ἀμα θηνήκουσα καὶ αὐτή.

κεῖσθαι φαρμακόστα δι' ἦπατος ἰδὼν ἠχοῦσα, Ἀρτεμι θηλυτέρησι μέγα κρείουσα χυμαιζὶ. τὸ χ' ἡμέας κλαύσαντε φίλησ' ἐνι χερσὶ τοκίης πολλοῖς σὺν κτερέσσι πυρής ἐπέβησαν ὀμοῖς, καὶ κεν ἐνα χρύσειον ἐς ὥστεα κρωσισι ἀπαντῶν λέξαντες κατέθαψαν, ὅθι πρῶτον γενόμεσθα. ὅν ὅ' οῖ μὲν Θήβην ἱπποτρόφου ἐννάουσιν Ἀκρισίον πεδίον βαθεῖαν βόδλον ἀρώντες· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τήνθα κάτα κραναὶν τόλων Ἡρης πολλοίσιν δύστηνος ἱάστομαι ἀλγεσίν ἡτορ αἰεν ὦμος· δακρύων δέ παρεστὶ μοι οὐδ' ἑρωὶ. 40

ἀλλὰ πόσιν μὲν ὄρῳ παῦρον χρόνον ὀφθαλμοῦσιν ὅικον ἐν ἠμετέρῳ· πολέον γὰρ οἱ ἐργὸν ἐτοῖμον μόχῳν, τοὺς ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀλώμενος ἀδεθαλάσσαν μοχθίζει πέτρης ὅγ' ἐχὼν νόοι ἐς σιδήρου καρτεροῦν ἐν στήθεσιν· σὺ δ' ἴστε λείβεις ὡδῷρ, νύκτας τε κλαιόνυσα καὶ ἐκ Δίως ἡμαθ' ὀπότα. ἀλλος μὲν οὖν ἢ τις ἐνδύρναι με παραστάς κηδεμόνων· ὦ γὰρ σφε δόμοι κατὰ τείχος ἐδρεύει·

¹ τόνια = raving E, cf. Potniai, Potnías, Potniádai ² mais also leíthei
their evil hap. But even as a bird that waileth upon her young ones' perishing when her babes be devoured one by one of a dire serpent in the thicket, and flies to and fro, the poor raving mother, screaming above her children, and cannot go near to aid them for her own great terror of that remorseless monster; even so this unhappiest of mothers that's before thee did speed back and forth through all that house in a frenzy, crying woe upon her pretty brood. O would to thee kind Artemis, great Queen of us poor women, would I too had fallen with a poisoned arrow in my heart and so died also! Then had my parents taken and wept over us together, and laid us with several rites on one funeral pile, and so gathered all those ashes in one golden urn and buried them in the land of our birth. But alas! they dwell in the Theban country of steeds and do till the deep loam of the Aonian lowlands, while I be in the ancient Tirynthian hold of Hera, and my heart cast down with manifold pain ever and unceasingly, and never a moment's respite from tears.

For as for my husband, 'tis but a little of the time my eyes do look upon him in our home, seeing he hath so many labours to do abroad by land and sea with that brave heart of his so strong as stone or steel; and as for you, you are poured out like water, weeping the long of every day and night Zeus giveth to the world: and none other of my kindred can come and play me comforter; they be no next-door neighbours, they, seeing they dwell every one
καὶ ἀλην πάντες ἐγε πέρην πυτούδεος Ἰσθμοῦ ναίους, οὐδὲ μοই ἐστι πρὸς ὀψινα κε βλέψασιν ὁμοίω· νύσφη γε ὁς Πύρρης συνιδούμοιος· ἦ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ ἀμφί πόσει σφετέρρι πλέων ἄχρυτα Ἰφικλῆι, σῷ νίχ: πάντων γὰρ διαφύτου τέκνα γείνασθαι σε θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι θυντῷ ἔολπα.

ὁς ἀρ' ἐφη· τὰ δὲ οἱ θαλαρώτερα δάκρυα μὴλων ἀκόπον ἐς ἁμερῶντα κατὰ βλεφάρων ἐκέντο, μυθημένη τέκνον τε καὶ ὅν μετέπειτα τοκῆν. ὅς δ' αὐτῶς δακρύνοι φαρμία λευκ' ἐδιαινεν Ἀλκμήνη· βαρύ δ' ἦγε καὶ ἐκ θυμοῦ στενάχουσα μίθοισιν πυκνιοῦσι φίλην νῦν ὁδὲ μετηύδα·

′δαιμονία παίδων, τὰ νῦ τοι φρεσιν ἐμπεσε τοῦτο πενκάλιμαις; πῶς ἀμι νθέλεις ὀρθυνεμέν ἄμφω κυδε ἄλαςτα λέγουσα; τὰ δ' οὐ νῦν πρῶτα κέκλαυται.

ἡ οὖκ ἀλίς, οἷς ἐγώμεσθα τὸ δεύτατον αἰὲν ἐπ' ἡμαρ

gινομένοις; μάλα μὲν την ἕρωθην κἐ τις εἰν, ὅστις ἀριθμήσειν ἐφ' ἡμετέροις ἀχέεσσι.

θάρσει: ὅν τοι ἄρ' ἐκυρήσαμεν ἐκ θεοῦ αἰσθής.

καὶ δ' αὐτὴν ὀρῶν σε φίλου τέκνος ἀτρόποισιν ἀλγεσί μοχλίζουσαι. ἐπιγνώμων δὲ τοι εἰμὶ ἀσαλαμαν, ὅτε δὴ γε καὶ εὐφροσύνης κόρος ἐστὶ· καὶ σε μαλ' ἐκπάγως ὀλοφύρωμαι ἐδ' ἔλεαιρων, οὐνεκεν ἡμετέροιο λυγροῦ μετὰ δαιμονος ἐς χες, ὅσθ' ἦμιν ἐφυπερθε κάρης βαρὺς αἰωρεῖται.

1 cf. II. 17. 437  
2 εἰ ἡμαρ: cf. Theocr. Inscr. 8. 3
3 mss also φιλοθρηνή  
4 mss also ἐποδόρωμαι  

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of them away beyond the piny Isthmus, and so I have none to look to, such as a thrice-miserable woman needs to revive her heart—save only my sister Pyrrha, and she hath her own sorrow for her husband Iphicles, and he your son; for methinks never in all the world hath woman borne so ill-fated children as a God and a man did beget upon you."

So far spake Megara, the great tears falling so big as apples into her lovely bosom, first at the thought of her children and thereafter at the thought of her father and mother. And Alemena, she in like manner did bedew her pale wan cheeks with tears, and now fetching a deep deep sigh, spake words of wisdom unto her dear daughter:

"My poor girl," says she, "what is come over thy prudent heart? How is it thou wilt be disquieting us both with this talk of sorrows unforgettable? Thou hast bewept them so many times before; are not the misfortunes which possess us enough each day as they come? Sure he that should fall a-counting in the midst of miseries like ours would be a very fond lover of lamentation. Be of good cheer; Heaven hath not fashioned us of such stuff as that.

And what is more, I need no telling, dear child, of thy sadness; for I can see thee before me labouring of unabating woes, and God wot I know what 'tis to be sore vexed when the very joys of life are loathsome, and I am exceeding sad and sorry thou shoulddest have part in the baneful fortune that hangs us so heavy overhead. For before the Maid I swear

"the misfortunes which possess us": the Greek is 'Are not the woes which possess us, coming every latest day, enough?"
ISTO STO ΚΟΥΡΗ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΕΑΝΟΣ ΔΗΜΗΤΗΡ, 
ΑΣ ΚΕ ΜΕΓΑ ΒΛΑΦΘΕΙΣ ΤΙΣ ΕΚΩΝ ΕΠΙΟΡΚΟΝ ΟΜΟΣΑΙ 1
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1 ΜΑΣΩΣΑI Brunck : μειωσαμε
2 δυσμενεως participle
3 στεργεω syntax shifted owing to the intervention of
it, and before the robed Demeter—and any that willingly and of ill intent forswear eth these will rue it sore—I love thee no whit less than I had loved thee wert thou come of my womb and wert thou the dear only daughter of my house. And of this methinks thou thyself cannot be ignorant altogether. Wherefore never say thou, sweetheart, that I heed thee not, albeit I should weep faster than the fair-tressed Niobë herself. For even such laments as hers are no shame to be made of a mother for the ill hap of a child; why, I ailed for nine months big with him or ever I so much as beheld him, and he brought me nigh unto the Porter of the Gate o' Death, so ill-bested was I in the birthpangs of him; and now he is gone away unto a new labour, alone into a foreign land, nor can I tell, more's the woe, whether he will be given me again or no.

And what is more, there is come to disquiet my sweet slumber a direful dream, and the adverse vision makes me exceedingly afraid lest ever it work something untoward upon my children. There appeared unto me, a trusty mattock grasped in both hands, my son Heracles the mighty; and with that mattock, even as one hired to labour, he was digging of a ditch along the edge of a springing field, and was without either cloak or belted jerkin. And when his labouring of the strong fence of that place of vines was got all to its end, then would he stick his spade upon the pile of the earth he had digged and put on those clothes he wore before; but lo! there outshined above the deep trench a fire inextinguishable, and there rolled
πῦρ ἄμοτον, περὶ δ’ αὐτὸν ἀθέσφατος εἰλεῖτο φλόξ. 
αὐτάρ ὁγ’ αἰεὶν ὅπισθε θοῖς ἄνεμαξετο θοσσίν, 
ἐκφυγείν μεμάιοι ὅλοιν μένοι 1 Ἡφαίστοιο 
αἰεὶ δὲ προπάροιθεν ἐοὺ χροὸς ἑὔτε γέρρον 
νώμασκεν μακέλην, περὶ δ’ ὅμμασιν ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα 
πάπταιεν, μὴ δ’ μν ἑπιφλέξοι ὅμοιν πῦρ. 
τῷ μὲν ἀσσιὴσαι λελειμένος, ὡς μοι ἑκτο, 
'Ἰφικλέης μεγάθυμος ἐπ’ οὔδεὶ κάπτεος ὀλισθῶν 
πρὶν ἐλθεῖν, οὔδ’ ὀρθὸς ἀναστὴναι ὅνεατ’ αὐτις, 
ἀλλ’ ἀστεμφεῖς ἐκείνο, γέρων ὅσεῖτ’ ἀμενῆρος, 
ὅντε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα βιήσατο γῆρας ἀτερπῆς 
καππεσέειν, κεῖται δ’ ὅγ’ ἐπ’ χθονὸς ἐμπεδοῦ 
αὐτῶς, 
eἰσόκε τις χειρὸς μν ἀνειρύσσῃ παριότων 
αἰδεσθείς ὅπια προτέρῃν πολιοῦ ἰενείου. 
ὡς ἐν γῇ λελίαστο σακεσπάλος Ἰφικλείησ’ 
αὐτάρ ἐγὼ κλαίεσκον ἀμηχανέοντας ὀρῶσα 
παῖδας ἐμοὺς, μέχρι δ’ ἴοι ἀπέσουτο νήδυμος 
ὑπνος ὀφθαλμῶν, ἵος δὲ παραυτικὰ φαινόλις ἠλθε. 2 
τοῖς, φίλη, μοι ὅνειρα διὰ φρένας ἐπτοίησαν 
πανυχιῆς τὰ δὲ πάντα πρὸς Εὐρυσθῆ ἡ τρέποιτο 
οῖκον ἄφ’ ἡμετέροιο, γέγοιτο δὲ μάντις ἐκείνῳ 
θυμὸς ἐμοῖς, μηδ’ ἅλλο παρεκ τελέσειε τι δαιμον. 

1 μένοι: ms ης also βέλος   2 φαινόλις ἠλθε: ms also 
φαινότο διὰ
about him a marvellous great flame. At this he went quickly backward, and so ran with intent to escape the baleful might of the God o' Fire, with his mattock ever held before his body like a buckler and his eyes turned now this way and now that, lest the consuming fire should set him alight. Then methought the noble Iphicles, willing to aid him, slipped or ever he came at him, and fell to the earth, nor could not rise up again; nay, but lay there helpless, like some poor weak old man who constrained of joyless age to fall, lieth on the ground and needs must lie, till a passenger, for the sake of the more honour of his hoary beard, take him by the hand and raise him up. So then lay targeteer Iphicles along; and as for me, I wept to behold the parlous plight of my children, till sleep the delectable was gone from my eyes, and lo! there comes me the lightsome dawn.

Such are the dreams, dear heart, have disquieted me all the night long; and I only pray they all may turn from any hurt of our house to make mischief unto Eurystheus; against him be the prophecy of my soul, and Fate ordain that, and that only, for the fulfilment of it."
THE DEAD ADONIS

This piece of Anacreontean verse is shown both by style and metre to be of late date, and was probably incorporated in the Bucolic Collection only because of its connexion in subject with the Lament for Adonis.
ΕΙΣ ΝΕΚΡΟΝ ΑΔΩΝΙΝ

"Αδωνις ἡ Κυθήρη
ὡς εἶδε νεκρὸν ἦδη
στυμνᾶν ἔχοντα χαῖταν
ἀχράν τε τῶν παρεῖαν,
ἀγεων τὸν ὑπὸ πρὸς αὐτὰν
ἐταξε τῶς Ἐρωτας.
οἱ δ' εὐθέως ποτανοὶ
πᾶσαν δραμόντες ἓλαν
στυμνὸν τὸν ὑπὸ ἀνέῳρον,
δήσαν δὲ καὶ πέδασαν.
χῶ μὲν βρόχῳ καθάψας
ἐσυρεν αἰχμάλωτον,
δ' εὔπισθ' ἑλαίον
ἐτυπτε τοῖς τοῖς.
ὁ θήρ δ' ἐβαίνε ἔθελος,
φοβεῖτο γὰρ Κυθήρὴν.
τῷ δ' εἰπεν Ἀφροδίτα
'πάντων κάκιστε θηρῶν,
σὺ τόνδε μηρίν ἤσσο;
σύ μου τὸν ἀνδρὶ ἔτυψας;
ὁ θήρ δ' ἐλεξεν ὡδὲ
ὅμωμι σοι Κυθήρῃ

στυμνᾶς E, cf. Bion i. 74: mss στυμνᾶς
ἐν Wil: mss το
THE DEAD ADONIS

When the Cytherean saw Adonis dead, his hair dishevelled and his cheeks wan and pale, she bade the Loves go fetch her the boar, and they forthwith flew away and scoured the woods till they found the sullen boar. Then they shackled him both before and behind, and one did put a noose about the prisoner's neck and so drag him, and another belaboured him with his bow and so did drive, and the craven beast went along in abject dread of the Cytherean. Then up-spake Aphrodite, saying, "Vilest of all beasts, can it be thou that didst despite to this fair thigh, and thou that didst strike my husband?" To which the beast "I swear to thee,
αὐτὴν σε καὶ τὸν ἀνδρα καὶ ταῦτα μου τὰ δεσμὰ καὶ τόσδε τῶς κυναγῶς τὸν ἀνδρα τὸν καλὸν σεν οὐκ ἦθελον πατάξαι ἀλλ' ὡς ἁγαλμ' ἐσείδον, καὶ μὴ φέρων τὸ καῦμα γυμνὸν τὸν εἰχε μηρὸν ἐμαινόμαν φιλάσαι. καὶ μ' εὖ κατεκαίναζε· τοῦτος λαβοῦσα τέμνε, τοῦτος κόλαζε, Κύπρει τί γὰρ φέρων περισσῶς ἐρωτικοὺς ὀδόντας; εἰ δ' οὐχι σοι τάδ' ἀρκεῖ, καὶ ταῦτα μου τὰ χειλ'; τί γὰρ φιλεῖν ἐτὸλμων τὸν δ' ἡλέῃσε Κύπρις, εἰπέν τε τοῖς Ἑρωσι τὰ δεσμὰ οἱ πιλύσαι. ἐκ τῶν ἐπηκολούθει, καὶ ἄλαν οὐκ ἐβαίνε, καὶ τῷ πυρὶ προσελθών ἐκαίε τοὺς ὀδόντας. 1

THE DEAD ADONIS

Cytherean," answered he, "by thyself and by thy husband, and by these my bonds and these thy huntsmen, never would I have smitten thy pretty husband but that I saw him there beautiful as a statue, and could not withstand the burning mad desire to give his naked thigh a kiss. And now I pray thee make good havoc of me; pray take and cut off these tusks, pray take and punish them— for why should I possess teeth so passionate? And if they suffice thee not, then take my chaps also—for why durst they kiss?" Then had Cypris compassion and bade the Loves loose his bonds; and he went not to the woods, but from that day forth followed her, and more, went to the fire and burnt those his tusks away.
THE PATTERN-POEMS
SIMIAS

I.—THE AXE

This poem was probably written to be inscribed upon a votive copy of the ancient axe with which tradition said Epeius made the Wooden Horse and which was preserved in a temple of Athena. The lines are to be read according to the numbering. The metre is choriambic, and each pair of equal lines contains one foot less than the preceding. The unusual arrangement of lines is probably mystic. Simias of Rhodes flourished about B.C. 300.
ΤΕΧΝΟΠΑΙΓΝΙΑ
ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

I.—ΠΕΛΕΚΥΣ

1 'Ανδροθέα δῶρον ὁ Φωκείς κρατερᾶς μυδοσύνας ἦρα τίνων Ἀδάνας
3 τάμος, ἐπεὶ τὰν ιερὰν κηρὶ πυρίτινον πόλιν ἤθαλωσεν
5 σὺν ἕναριθμοις γεγαγεῖς εὐν προμάχοις Ἀχαίοις
7 νῦν ἦς Ὀμήρειον ἐβα καλέσθαιν
9 τρίς μάκαρ δυστύμιν
11 ὅδ' ἀλβος
12 αἰεὶ πνεῖ.
10 ἔλαος ἄμψιδερχος.

8 σὰν χάριν, ἀγνὰ πολύβουλε Πατάλας.
6 ἀλλ' ἀπὸ κρανάν ἰδαρὰν νάμα κόμιζε δυσκλεῖς
4 Δαρδανιδών, χρυσοβαφείς δ' ἐστυφέλεις ἐκ θεμέθλων ἀνακτας,
2 ὅπασ Ἐπειδ' ἐπεκνυν, τῷ ποτὲ πύργῳ θεοτεύκτων κατέριψεν ἀλτος

1 δυσκλεῖς = δυσκλεῖς E: μια δύσκλη, δυσκλεῖς, δυσκλῆς 2 μαίσμενος Wil: μια μοῦνα
13 Σμιάιας Βαίνων κλυτὸς ἵπτος θεοὶ ἂτ εἴρε Ῥοδόν γεγαγεῖ ὁ πολύτροπα μαίσμενος 3 μέτρα μαλεήτι.

This line, the handle of the Axe, is missing from some of the mss, and is in all probability an interpolation from the Ἑστ. I. 20.
THE PATTERN-POEMS

SIMIAS

I.—THE AXE

Epeius of Phoeis has given unto the man-goddess Athena, in requital of her doughty counsel, the axe with which he once overthrew the upstanding height of God-builted walls, in the day when with a fire-breath’d Doom he made ashes of the holy city of the Dardanids and thrust gold-broidered lords from their high seats, for all he was not numbered of the vanguard of the Achaeans, but drew off an obscure runnel from a clear shining fount. Aye, for all that, he is gone up now upon the road Homer made, thanks be unto thee, Pallas the pure, Pallas the wise. Thrice fortunate he on whom thou hast looked with very favour. This way happiness doth ever blow.
II.—THE WINGS

This poem seems to have been inscribed on the wings of a statue—perhaps a votive statue—representing Love as a bearded child. The metre is the same as that of the Axe with the difference that the lines are to be read in the usual order. The poem also differs from the Axe in making no reference, except by its shape, to the wings of Love. Moreover it contains no hint of dedication.
ΠΤΕΡΥΓΕΣ

Δεύστε με τὸν Γάς τε βαθυστέρνου ἀνακτ' Ἀκμονίδαν τ' ἀλλυδις ἐδράσαντα, μηδὲ τρέσης, εἰ τοσοὶ ὄν δᾶσκια βέβριδα λάχνα γένεια.

τᾶμος ἐγὼ γὰρ ηενόμαι, ἀνίκ' ἐκραυ' Ἀνάγκα

πάντα δ' ἐκας εἰχε φράδεσσι λυγραίς

ἐρπετά, πάνθ' ὃσ' εἰρπε ²

di' αἰθρας

Χάους τε:

οὕτη γε Κύπριδος παῖς

ὡκυπέτας Ἀρέιος ³ καλεῦμαι:

10 οὕτε γὰρ ἐκραυα βία, πραύνοι ⁴ δὲ πειδοί,

εἰκε τέ μοι γαία θαλάσσας τε μυχοὶ χαλκεος νυρανὸς τε

tων δ' ἐγὼ ἐκνοσφισάμαν ὅγυμον σκαπτρου, ἐκρινου ⁵ δὲ θεοῖς θέμιστας.

¹ ἐκας εἰχε φράδεσσι λυγραίς E, cf. Hesych. φραδεσι' βαλλεις; ² εἰρπε E: mev ἐρπε. ³ Ἀρέιος E, for ὃ cf. H. 2 767 and Ἀραβία Theoocr. 17. 86: mev δ' ἄριος, δ' ἄριος. ⁴ mev πραύνοι ⁵ mev ἐκραυνον
II.—THE WINGS

Behold the ruler of the deep-bosomed Earth, the turner upside-down of the Son of Aemon, and have no fear that so little a person should have so plentiful a crop of beard to his chin. For I was born when Necessity bare rule, and all creatures, moved they in Air or in Chaos, were kept through her dismal government far apart. Swift-flying son of Cypris and war-lord Ares—I am not that at all; for by no force came I into rule, but by gentle-willed persuasion, and yet all alike, Earth, deep Sea, and brazen Heaven, bowed to my behest, and I took to myself their olden sceptre and made me a judge among God's

III.—THE EGG

This piece would appear to have been actually inscribed upon an egg, and was probably composed merely as a tour-de-force. If so, it forms a link in the development of such pieces between the two preceding poems and Theocritus' Pipe. The lines, like those of the Axe, are to be read as they are numbered, and as there is no evidence here of dedication, the unusual order must have a different purpose; the poem must be of the nature of a puzzle or riddle. The piece is marked out from the Axe and the Wings on the one side, and from the Pipe on the other, by the variety of its metrical scheme. The lines gradually increase from a trochaic monometer catalectic to a complicated decimeter of spondees, anapaests, paeons, and dactyIs.

The "Dorian nightingale" is the poet and the "new weft" the poem itself.
Κωτίλας

1 τῇ τοῦ ἄτριου νέου
5 πρὸς φονί. δὲ θυμὸν δέξο. δὴ γὰρ ἀγνᾶς
7 τὸ μὲν θεῶν ἐρμίδας ἐκατεροῖς κάρυκ
9 ἀνωγε δὲ ἐκ μέτρου μονοβάμονος μέζω πάροιθ' ἀέξειν
11 θωρᾶ δ ὑπερθεὶν ὠκυλέχριον νεῦμα ποδῶν σποράδων πίασκεν
13 θυότι τ' αἰσθαλῆς νεβροῖς καλὴ ἀλλάσσων ὄραστῶν ἐλάφων τέκεσσιν
15 τηλεκραίπνως ὑπὲρ ἄκρων ἱμεναι ποσὶ λόφων κατ' ἀρχηγίας ἵχνος τιθήνας,
17 καὶ τις ὁμόθυμος ἀμφίπαλτον αἰφ' αὐδὰν θὴρ ἐν κόλπῳ δεξαμενὸς θαλαμᾶν πυκνώτατο  
19 καὶ ἦκα βοάς ἀκολὴν μεθέπων ὃς ἀφαρ λάσιον νιφοβόλων ἀν' ὅρεον ἐσσυναι ἄγκος
20 ταῖς δὴ δαίμων κλυτοῖς ἵσα θυοῦσι πόνον δονέων ποσὶ πολυπλοκα μεθεὶς μέτρα μολῆσ.
18 ῥίμφα πετρόκοιτον ἐκλεπτὸν ὅρουσ' εἰναὶ ματρὸς πλαγκτὸν μαίομενος βαλλᾶς ἔλειν τέκος
16 βλαχά δ' οἰὼν πολυβότοιν ἀν' ὅρεον νομον ἐβαν ταυνασφύρων τ' ἀν' ἀντρα ῥυμπόν.
14 ταῦ ἀμβρότω πόθῳ φίλαις ματρὸς ἱσμῖν μεθ' ἱμεροῦντα μαζῶν,
12 ἰχνει θεῶν τόνον παναίολον, Πιερίδων μονόδουτον αὐδάν,
10 ἄριθμὸν εἰς ἄκραν ἀκαδ' ἰχνίων, κύσμον νέμοντα ῥυμπῶν
8 φῦλ' ἐς βροτῶν ὑπὸ φίλας ἐλὸν πτεροίσι ματρὸς,
6 λειψαὶ νιν κάμ' ἀμφί ματρὸς ὁδίς
4 Δωρίας ἀγνοῖνος
2 ματέρος

For critical notes see p. 499.
III.—THE EGG

Lo here a new west of a twittering mother, a Dorian nightingale; receive it with a right good will, for pure was the mother whose shrilly throes did labour for it. The loud-voicèd herald of the Gods took it up from beneath its dear mother's wings, and cast it among the tribes of men and bade it increase its number onward more and more—that number keeping the while due order of rhythms—from a one-footed measure even unto a full ten measures: and quickly he made fat from above the swiftly-slanting slope of its vagrant feet, striking, as he went on, a motley strain indeed but a right concordant cry of the Pierians, and making exchange of limbs with the nimble fawns the swift children of the foot-stirring stag.—Now these fawns through immortal desire of their dear dam do rush apace after the belovèd teat, all passing with far-hasting feet over the hilltops in the track of that friendly nurse, and with a bleat they go by the mountain pastures of the thousand feeding sheep and the caves of the slender-ankled Nymphs, till all at once some cruel-hearted beast, receiving their echoing cry in the dense fold of his den, leaps speedily forth of the bed of his rocky lair with intent to catch one of the wandering progeny of that dappled mother, and then swiftly following the sound of their cry straightway darteth through the shaggy dell of the snow-clad hills.—Of feet as swift as theirs urged that renowned God the labour, as he sped the manifold measures of the song.
NOTES TO P. 496.

THEOCRITUS

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE

The lines of this puzzle-poem are arranged in pairs, each pair being a syllable shorter than the preceding, and the dactylic metre descending from a hexameter to a catalectic dimeter. The solution of it is a shepherd's pipe dedicated to Pan by Theocritus. The piece is so full of puns as to preclude accurate translation. The epithet Merops, as applied to Echo, is explained as sentence-curtailing, because she gives only the last syllables (?), but there is also a play on Merops "Thessalian." The strongest reason¹ for doubting the self-contained ascription of this remarkable tour-de-force to Theocritus is that the shepherd's pipe of Theocritus' time would seem to have been rectangular, the tubes being of equal apparent length, and the difference of tone secured by wax fillings. But to the riddle-maker and his

¹ Advanced by Mr. A. S. F. Gow in an unpublished paper which he has kindly allowed me to read.
public a poem was primarily something heard, not something seen, and the variation in the heard length of the lines would correspond naturally enough to the variation in note of the tubes of the pipe. Moreover, every musical person must have known that, effectively, the tubes were unequal. The doubling of the lines is to be explained as a mere evolutionary survival. The application of puzzles or riddles to this form of composition was new, but in giving himself the patronymic Simichidas the author is probably acknowledging his debt to his predecessor, Simichus being a pet-name form of Simias, as Amyntichus for Amyntas in VII. If so, the Pipe is anterior to the Harvest Home, and we have here the origin of the poet's nickname.
ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ.—ΣΤΡΙΓΕ

Οὐδενὸς εὐνάτειρα μακροποτόλεμοι δὲ μάτηρ μαίας ἀντιπέτροιο θοῦν τέκεν ἰθυντῆρα,
οὐχὶ κεράσταν, ὅν ποτε θρέψατο ταυροπάτωρ,
ἀλλ’ ὃ ἐπειλπέτες ἀλθε πάροι φρένα τέρμα σάκους,
ὁνομ’ ὄλον δίξων, ὃς τὰς Μέροπος πόθον κούρας γηρυγόνας ἔχε τὰς ἀνεμώκεος,
ὥς Μοῖσα λυγύ πάξεν ἰοστεφάνῳ
ἔλκος ἀγαλμα πόθοιο πυρισμαράγου,¹
ὡς σβέσεν ἀνορέαν ἰσαυάδα
παπποφόνου Τυρίας τ’ ἐξῆλθατεν²
落到实 τυφλοφόρων ἐρατον
πῆμα Πάρις θέτο Σιμεχίδας;
ψυχὰν ἁ³ βροτοβάμων
στήτας οἴστρε Σαέττας κλωποπάτωρ ἀπάτωρ
λαρνακόγυιε χαρείς⁴
ἀδὺ μελίσδοις
ἄλλοπι κούρᾳ,
Καλλιώπῃ νηλεύστωρ.

¹ mss also πυρισμαράγου
² so Haeb: mss ἀφείλετα or gap
³ ἁ Hecker: mss ἀσι or Ἰ
⁴ χαρείς Heck: mss χαρείς
Odysseus

The bedfere of nobody and mother of the wars-machus abiding brought forth a nimble director of that suckled one (Zeus) for whom a stone was substituted. Cerastæs, the nurse of the vice-stone, not the long-horned=Comastæs, long-haired bos, cf. 7. 50 and Virg. G. 4. 550 hornèd one who was once fed by the son of a bull, Pitys (Pîne)=P+îtys; itys=shield-rim: itys (old) but him whose heart was fired of old by the P-less spelling)=eyes, i.e. bosses lit. whole; pan=all goat-ine of bucklers, dish by name and double legged by nature, him that loved the wind-swift voice-born Echo lit. voice-dividing (of Man) Syrinx also=fistula maiden of mortal speech, him that fashioned a sore that shrilled with the violet-crowned Muse into a monument of the fiery furnace of his love, him that Persia at Marathon extinguished the manhood which was of equal sound Persæa Europa (Europe) was daughter with a grandsire-slayer and drove it out of a maid of of a Phœnicians Theo-critus=judge between Tyre, him, in short, to whom is set up by this Paris Gods¹ nickname of Theocritus wœ=possession, ref. to the that is son of Simichus this delectable piece of un-sure above i.e. moleskin wallet, lit. wearers of the blind; peaceful goods dear to the wearers of the blindman’s blind=wallet lit. man-treading; Prometheus made skin, with which heartily well pleased, thou clay-Man of clay beloved Omphalæ (cf. Ovid, Fast. 2. 205) son of treading gaüly of the Lydian keen, at once thief-Hermes, and, in a sense, son of Odysseus lit. box-legged begotten and none-begotten, whose pegs be legs, box=hoof whose legs be pegs, play sweetly I pray thee unto Echo cannot speak of herself a maiden who is mute indeed and yet is another =of beautiful voice Calliopê that is heard but not seen.

¹ Strictly the compound should mean ‘judged by God.’
DOSIADAS

THE FIRST ALTAR

This puzzle is written in the Iambic metre and composed of two pairs of complete lines, five pairs of half-lines, and two pairs of three-quarter lines, arranged in the form of an altar. Of the writer nothing is known; he was obviously acquainted with the Pipe and also with Lycophron's Alexandra. The poem is mentioned by Lucian (Lexiph. 25), but metrical considerations point to its being of considerably later date than the Pipe. Moreover, the idea of making an altar of verses presupposes a change in the conception of what a poem is. It was now a thing of ink and paper; and Dosiadas seems to have interpreted the Pipe in the light of the pipes of his own time, as representing the outward appearance of an actual pipe.
ΔΩΣΙΑΔΑ ΔΩΡΙΕΩΣ

ΒΩΜΟΣ

Εἰμάρσενός με στῆτας
πόσις, μέροψ δίσαβος,
tεῦξ', οὐ σποδεύως Ἰνις Ἐμπούσας μόρος
Τεῦκροιο βοῦτα καὶ κυνὸς τεκνώματος,
χρυσᾶς δ ¹ ἀίτας, ἀμος ἐψάνδρα
tὸν γυνόχαλκον οὐρον ἔρραισεν,
δὲ ἀπάτωρ δίσενυς
μόγησε ματρὸρπτος:
ἐμὸν δὲ τεῦγμι ἀθρήσας
Θεοκρῖτοι κτάτις
τρισπέριοι καύστας
θῶνξεν αἰν' ἵπξας ²
χάλεψε γάρ νιν ἰὸ
σύργαστρος ἐκδυγήρας ³
tὸν δ' αἰλινεύτ' ἐν ἀμφικλύστῳ
Πανὸς τε ματρὸς εὐνέτας φῶρ
δίξων Ἰνις τ' ἀνδροβρῶτως Ἰλοραιστᾶν ⁴
ἡρ' ἀρδίων ἐς Τευκρίδ' ἄγαγον τρίπορθον.

¹ χρυσᾶς E: μας χρυσᾶ, -οις, -οῖς. ²: added by Valekenaer ³ αἰν' ἵπξας Salm: μας ἀνίεξας ⁴ ἐκδυγήρας Salm: μας ἐκδύσας γῆρας ⁴ αἰλινεύτ' Hecker: μας ἀει
λινεύτ' ὁτ ἄλλινεύτ' ⁵ μας Ἰλοραλητὰς, Ἰλοραλῆτας, Ἰλο-ραλῆτας

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DOSIADAS

THE FIRST ALTAR

I am the work of the husband of a mannish-to fly into Medea rejuvenated in Medea's caldron this also = Thessalian mantled queen, of a twice-young mortal, not i.e. Thetis, who could Thetis put Achilles in active change her form like E. the fire to immortalise him and passive Empusa's cinder-bedded scion, who was the killing he was killed by Paris and killer of Hector son of Hecuba, who of a Teucerian neatherd and of the childing of a i.e. Jason, who built this altar to became a dog Chrysé (= Golden) on the way to Colchis bitch, but the leman of a golden woman; and he Medea made me when the husband-boiler smote down Tales the brazen man protected Crete also = guardian and other things Hephæastus the brazen-legged breeze wrought of the twice-wedded Aphrodite and Aglais, and was a virgin- birth of Hera who cast him from Olympus wed mother-hurtled virgin-born; and when the Philoctetes Paris, see the Pipe lighter of the pyre Heracles slaughterman of Theocritus and burner of the three- was begetten on three nights the Altar nighted gazed upon this wrought piece, a full dolorous shriek he shright, for a belly-creeping serpent poison = arrow shedder of age did him despite with enshafted venom; isle of Lemnos but when he was alackadaying in the wave-ywashen, Odysseus carried off the Penelope Palladium and came alive from Hades Pan's mother's thievish twy-lived bedfellow came Diomed, son of Tydeus who ate Melanippus' head with the scion of a cannibal, and carried him into by Heracles, the Amazons, the Greeks also = land of Troy the thrice-sacked daughter of Teucer for the the arrows of Heracles brought by Philoctetes caused (Troy's fall and) the destruction of the tomb (and corpse) of Ilus sake of Ilus-shivering arrow-heads.
VESTINUS

THE SECOND ALTAR

The Besantinus of the manuscripts is very probably a corruption of Bestinus, that is L. Julius Vestinus, who is described in an inscription as "High-priest of Alexandria and all Egypt, Curator of the Museum, Keeper of the Libraries both Greek and Roman at Rome, Supervisor of the Education of Hadrian, and Secretary to the same Emperor." The dedication to Hadrian is contained in the acrostic, which runs, "O Olympian, mayst thou sacrifice in many years." The Altar is composed of three Anacreontean lines, three trochaic tetrameters, three phalaecians, eleven iambic dimeters, three anapaestic dimeters, and three choriambic tetrameters. The poem is not a puzzle, except in so far as the acrostic furnishes this element; for, unlike its predecessors, it refers to itself in definite terms. The author has confined his imitation of Dosiadus to the shape of the poem and the use of out-of-the-way words and expressions.

1 Or perhaps "for," i.e. "in honour of."
ΒΗΣΤΙΝΟΣ

Ο λός οὗ με λεβρὸς ἱρῶν
ιβάδεσσιν οία κάλχης
ποφοινήσει τέγγιε,

αὔλιας δ' ὑπερθε πέτρῃ Ναζην θοούμεναί
ἀμάτων φείδουτο Πανός, οὐ στροβίλῳ λεγνῦ
ξὸς εὐώδης μελαίνει τρέχενοι μὲ Νυσίων

γὰρ βωμὸν ὁρὴ μὲ μίτῃ γήλοφρον
λύθοις μὴ "Αλύβης παρένετα ἐβάλοις,
ὡς ὅν Κυνθογενῆς ἐτευξε φύλη

αβόντε μηκάδοι κέρα,

λοιαῖσιν ἀμφὶ δερασίν
σακε νεμονται Κυνθίας,

σόρροπος πέλοτο μοι

ὑν ὑφαντο γὰρ ἐκτόνανοι
ἰνας μ' ἐτευξε γηγενής,

ὑν αἰείζουν τέχνην

νεανε πᾶλμνς αἱθῖτον.

σὺ δ', ὦ πιων κρνεθεν ἢ

μὺ κόλαφε Γοργόνοις,

ὑν τε ἐπισπένδους ἥ Hir

Ὑ μηττιάδου πολὺ λαρότερν

Πονδὴν ἀδῆν ἰδὶ ὅτι θαρσέων

εἰς ἐμὴν τεῦξαν, καθάρος γὰρ ἐγὼ

ὁν ἰέντων τεράων, ὁν κέκενθ' ἐκείνος,

Α μφι Νέαις Ἐρηκλίαις ὅν σχεδόθεν Μυρίνης

Σ οί, Τριπάτωρ, πορφυρεόν φῶρ ἀνέθηκε κριῳ.
VESTINUS

THE SECOND ALTAR

The murky flux of sacrifice bedews me not with ruddy trickles like the flux of a purple-fish, the whittles whetted upon Naxian stone spare over my head the possessions of Pan, and the fragrant oozo of Nysian boughs blackens me not with his twirling reek; for in me behold an altar knit neither of bricks aureate nor of nuggets Alybaean, nor yet that altar which the generation of two that was born upon Cynthius did build with the horns of such as bleat and browse over the smooth Cynthian ridges, be not that made my equal in the weighing: for I was builded with aid of certain offspring of Heaven by the Nine that were born of Earth, and the liege-lord of the deathless decreed their work should be eterne. And now, good drinker of the spring that was strucken of the scion of the Gorgon, I pray that thou mayst do sacrifice upon me and pour plentiful libation of far goodlier gust than the daughters of Hymettus; up and come boldly unto this wrought piece, for 'tis pure from venom-venting prodigies such as were hid in that other, which the thief who stole a purple ram set up unto the daughter of three sires in Thracian Neae over against Myrine.

"possessions of Pan": sheep and oxen. "fragrant oozo of Nysian boughs": frankincense. "nuggets Alybaean" explained by Iliad, 2. 857. "offspring of Heaven": the Graces. "the Nine": the Muses. "daughter of three sires": an etymological variation of Tritogeneia. The last few lines refer to the Altar of Dosidaeas, Myrine being another name for Lesbos.
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Note.—The references to Theocritus are by numbers only. Etc. means that there are other but unimportant occurrences of the word in the same poem.

ACHAEAN : XV. 61, XVIII. 20, XXII. 157, 219, XXIV. 76, XXV. 103, 180; Bion, II. 12; Aes, 5; from the N. part of the Peloponnesse; sometimes used generally for Greek.

Acharnae : VII. 71; a town of Attica.

Acheron : XII. 19, XV. 88, 102, 123, XVI. 31, XVII. 47; Bion, I. 51; Mosch., I. 14; the river of Death.

Achilles : XVI. 74, XVII. 55, XXII. 220, XXIX. 34; Bion, II. 9, 15, XVIII. 6; son of Pelus and the sea-nymph Thetis, the hero of the Iliad.

Acris : I. 69; a small river at the foot of Mt. Etna.

Acon : Wings, 1; Heaven.

Acroreta : XXV. 31; the upland district of Elis.

Acrotimé : XXVII. 44.

Abdn : I. 103, III. 47, XV. 23, 98, etc., XX. 35; Bion, I. etc.; Mosch., III. 69; Adon., 1; a youth beloved by Aphrodite; he was killed hunting by a boar, and afterwards spent half of every year with Aphrodite on earth, and half with Persephone in the lower world.

Aderius : XXIV. 131; mythical king of Argos, one of the "Seven against Thebes."

Ascalon (son of Aeneas) : XVIII. 56; Bion, VIII. 6; epithet of Achilles or of Pelus his father.

Aegillus : L. 147; a town of Attica.

Aegon : IV. 2, 28.

Aesculapi : IV. 17; a river near Croton in S. Italy.

Aeschines : XIV. 2, etc.

Aeson : XIII. 17; father of Jason.

Agamemnon : XV. 137; king of Mycenae and leader of the Greeks before Troy.

Agave : XXVI. 1; daughter of Cadmus, mythical king of Thebes.

Agean : VII. 52, 61, 69.

Agis : XIV. 13.


Ajax (Aias) : XVI. 74, XV. 138.

Alcatus : Mosch., III. 89; the great lyric poet of Lesbos; he flourished about 590 B.C.

Alcides : Mosch., III. 117; Heracles.

Alcippa : v. 132.

Alemena : XIII. 20, XXIV. 2, etc.; Meg. 60; mother by Zeus of Heracles and by Amphitryon of Iphicles.

Aleo : XVI. 34; a mythical king of Thessaly, founder of the noble house of Aleuadae.

Alexander : XVII. 18; king of Macedon, 336-323 B.C.

Alphesiboea : III. 45; daughter of Bias, brother of the seer Melampus, and of Perse daughter of Neleus, king of Pylius.

Alpheus : IV. 6, XXV. 10; Mosch., VI. 1; a river of Elis.

Alybe : Vest. 8; a mythical town of Asia Minor, famous for its silver-mines.

Amaryllis : III. 1, etc., IV. 36, 38.
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Amphictyes: Inscr., xiii. 3.
Amphitritye: xxii. 55; wife of Poseidon.
Amphitryon: xiii. 3, xxiv. 5, etc.; mythical prince of Tiryns; he lived at Thebes, where he became by Alcmena father of Iphicles; see Alcmena.
Amphitryonid (son of the above): xiii. 55, xxiv. 71, etc.; see Alcmena.
Amyclae: xii. 13, xxii. 122; a town of Laconia.
Amycus: xxii. 75, etc.; son of Poseidon and king of the Berycians.
Amyntas: vii. 2, 132; see Introduction, p. xii.
Anacreon: Inscr., xvii. 3; Mosch., iii. 90; the great lyric poet of Teos; he flourished at the court of Polycrates of Samos about 530 B.C.
Anapus: i. 68, vii. 151; the river of Syracuse.
Anaxo: ii. 66.
Anchises: i. 106; a princely cowherd of Mt. Ida in the Troad; he was the father by Aphrodite of Aeneas.
Antigone: vii. 4.
Antigonea: xvii. 61; niece of Antipater, regent of Macedon, wife of Lagus the father of Ptolemy P.
Antiochus: xvi. 34; a king of Thessaly.
Aonia: Mag., 37; part of Boeotia.
Aphareus: xxii. 139, etc.; a mythical prince of Messenia, father of Idas and Lyceus.
Aphrodite: i. 138, ii. 7, 80, vii. 55, x. 33, xv. 101, xvii. 45, xix. 4, xxvii. 64; Bion, l. 19; Mosch., iii. 84; Adon., 17.
Apian land, the: xxv. 183; the Peloponnesse, so called from Apis, a mythical king of the Peloponnesse.
Apollo: v. 82, xvii. 67, 70, xxiv. 106, xxv. 21; Inscr., xii. 4, xxiv. 1; Bion, v. 8; Mosch., iii. 20; Mag., 13.
Arabia: xvii. 86.
Aratus: vl. 2, vii. 93, etc.; see Introduction, p. xi.
Arcadia: ii. 48, vii. 107, xxii. 157; the central district of the Peloponnesse.
Archaia: xxviii. 17; of Corinth, founder of Syracuse about 740 B.C.
Archilochus: Inscr., xxii. 1; Mosch., iii. 91; the great Lyric and Iambic poet of Paros; he flourished about 670 B.C.
Ares: xii. 175; Bion, ii. 14; Winge, 9.
Aretusa: i. 117, xvi. 102; Mosch., iii. 10, 77, vi. 2; the fountain of Syracuse.
Argo: xiii. 21, etc., xxii. 28.
Argos: xiii. 49, xiv. 12, xv. 97, 142, xvii. 55, xxii. 158, xxiv. 78, etc., xxv. 164, etc.; a city of the Peloponnesse.
Argus: Mosch., ii. 57; the hundred-eyed, set by Hera to guard Io; when at Zeus' command he was slain by Hermes, Hera, according to Ovid, transferred his eyes to the tail of her bird the peacock; some writers make Hera turn him into the peacock.
Ariadne: ii. 46; daughter of Minos, mythical king of Crete; she was beloved by Theseus, but abandoned by him at Naxos on the voyage to Athens.
Arista: vii. 99; see Introduction, p. xi.
Aristōs: xv. 111; daughter of Ptolemy I, and wife successively of Lysimachus, Ptolemy Ceranitus, and her brother Ptolemy II.
Artémis: ii. 23, 67, xviii. 36, xxvii. 16, etc.; Mag., 31.
Asca: Mosch., iii. 87; a town of Boeotia, the birthplace of Hesiod.
Assyria: ii. 162; Bion, i. 24.
Atalanta: iii. 41, where see note.
Athēna: v. 23, xv. 80, xvi. 82, xviii. 30, xx. 25, xxvii. 1; Bion, v. 7; Azx., 1.
Athens: xii. 28, xiv. 6.
Athos: vii. 77; a mountain promontory of the N.W. Aegean.
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Atreus: xvii. 6, xvii. 118; Mosch., iii. 79; son of Pelops and father of Agamemnon and Menelaus.
Augeas: xxv. 7, etc.; son of the Sun, and king of the Epeians of Elia.
Austus: Mosch., iii. 94; S. Italy (Magna Graecia).
Autonoë: xxvi. 1, etc.; daughter of Cadmus mythical king of Thebes.
Bacchus: xxvi. 13, Inser., xviii. 3.
Battus: iv. 41, 56.
Bebrycians: xxii. 29, etc.; a people of Bithynia.
Bellerophon: xv. 92; son of a king of Corinth; riding the winged horse Pegasus, he killed the Chimera.
Bembina: xxv. 202; a town of the Peloponnesse near Nestea.
Berenice: xv. 107, 110, xvii. 34, etc.; wife of Ptolemy I.
Bina: iii. 44; see Melampus.
Biblis: xv. 15; a town of Phoenicia.
Bion: Mosch., iii. 3, etc.
Bistonian: Mosch., iii. 18; Thracian.
Blemyans: vii. 114; a people of Ethiopia, who lived at the source of the Nile.
Boeotia: Mosch., iii. 88; a district of central Greece.
Bombýcs: x. 26, 36.
Brasílas: vii. 11.
Bucæus: xi. etc.
Buprasium: xxv. 11; a city of Elis.
Burina: vii. 6; the fountain of Cos.
Byblos: vii. 115; a fountain of Miletus.
Cadmus: xxvi. 36; mythical king of Thebes.
Caicus: Inser., xiv. 3.
Callipó: Mosch., iii. 72; Pipe, 19; one of the Muses.
Calydon: xvii. 34; a town of Aetolia in Central Greece.
Calyxmas: i. 57; an island of the Aegean near Cos.
Camirus: Inser., xxii. 4; a Dorian city of Rhodes.
Cair: xxvii. 89; a district of S.W. Asia Minor.
Carnea: v. 83; the Dorian festival of Apollo.
Castalia: vii. 148; a fountain of Mt. Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.
Castor: xxix. 2, etc., xxiv. 129, 132; son of Zeus and Leda, the wife of Tyndareus king of Sparta; the twin-brother of Polydæus and brother of Helen.
Caucasus: vii. 77.
Ceos: xvi. 44; an island of the W. Aegean, birthplace of the great Lyric and Elegiac poet Simonides (556-467 B.C.)
Cerberus: xxxiv. 38; the watch-dog of the lower world.
Ceyx: Mosch., iii. 49, see Halycon.
Chalco: vii. 6, where see note.
Chaos: Wings, 7; according to Orphic notions, the Void which, with the Aether or Air, existed before the universe and was the child of Chronus or Time and Ananke or Necessity.
Charites (the Graceæ): xvi. 6, etc., 109, where see note, xxviii. 7; Bion, i. 91; Mosch., ii. 71.
Chios: vii. 47; xxix. 218; an island of the E. Aegean, one of the cities which boasted to be the birthplace of Homer.
Chiron: vii. 150; the Centaur; he lived in a cave on Mt. Pelion in Thessaly, where he taught Pelus and other heroes.
Chromis: i. 24.
Chrysa: Dos., 5, where see note.
Chrysogone: Inser., xiii. 2.
Cianians: xiii. 30; a mythical people of the Propontis.
Cilicia: xvii. 38; a district of S.E. Asia Minor.
Cineta: v. 102; the name of a sheep.
Clynyra: Bion, i. 91; king of Cyprus and father of Adonis.
Circé: ii. 15, ix. 36; a mythical sorceress who turned Odysseus' companions into pigs.
Cissaeta: i. 151; the name of a goat.
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Clearista : II. 74.
— v. 88.
Clelia : Inscr., XX. 2.
Cleodamus : Bion, III. 11.
Clemens : XIV. 13.
 Clytie : VII. 5; where see note.
Colchis : XIX. 75; the district at the E. end of the Black Sea, whence Jason brought the Golden Fleece.
Comatas : v. 9, etc.
— VII. 83, 89; Pipe, 3; a mythical goatherd.
Cephalus : v. 102; the name of a sheep.
Corinth : XV. 91.
Coridon : IV. 1, etc.
— v. 6.
Ces : XVII. 58, 64; an island of the S.E. Aegean.
Cetytares, VI. 40.
Cramon : XVI. 33; a town of Thessaly.
Crathis : v. 16, 124; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy.
Cratides : v. 90, 93.
Creoudae : XVI. 30; a noble house of Thessaly.
Crete : Mosch., II. 153, 163.
Croesus : v. 11.
Croesus : VIII. 53, X. 32; a wealthy king of Lydia, who flourished about 560 B.C.
Cronides and Cronion (son of Cronus) : XII. 17, XV. 124, XVII. 24, 73, XVIII. 18, 32, XX. 41; Bion, VII. 6; Mosch., II. 50, 74, 160; Zeus.
Croton : IV. 32, a Greek city of S. Italy.
Cybele : XX. 43; an Oriental deity identified with Rhea.
Cyclades : XVII. 90; a group of islands in the S. Aegean.
Cylopae : X. 7, etc., XVI. 53; Bion, II. 2; Mosch., III. 60; a race of one-eyed giants dwelling in the district of Syracuse in Sicily; the most famous was Polyphemus, who devoured some of the companions of Odysseus and was afterwards made drunk by him and then blinded by means of a heated stake.

Cycnaus (swan) : XVI. 49; a son of Poseidon, and king of Colone in the Troad, famous for the whiteness of his skin; he was slain by Achilles.
Cydonia : VII. 12; a city of Crete.
Cyrene : v. 15.
Cyramuda : IV. 46; the name of a calf.
Cyrisca : XIV. 8, 31.
Cythus : Vest., 9, 12; a mountain in the island of Delos, scene of the birth of Apollo and Artemis.
Cyprus (the Cyprian) : I. 95, etc., II. 130, 131, XI. 16, XV. 106 etc., XVIII. 51, XX. 34 etc., XXVIII. 4, XXX. 31, Inscr., IV. 4; Bion, I. 3, etc., VII. 1, X. 1; Mosch., I. 1, 4, II. 1, 76, III. 68; Adon., 34, 40; Wring, 8; Aphrodite; Cyprus was one of the original seats of her worship.
Cyprus : XVII. 56; the easternmost island of the Mediterranean, containing many Greek cities.
Cythera : III. 46, XXII. 16; Bion, I. 17, etc.; Adon., I, etc.; a name of Aphrodite anciently connected with the island of Cythera.
Cythera : Bion, I. 95; an island off the S.E. extremity of the Peloponnesus.

Damosch : VI. 1, etc.
Daphnis : I. 19, etc., where see Introduction, V. 20, 84, VI. 1, etc., VII. 73, VIII. 1, etc., IX. 1, etc., XXVIII. 12, Inscr., II. 1, III. 1, IV. 14, V. 4.
Dardania (sons of Dardanus) : Arie. 4; the Trojans.
Death-Spirit : Meg., 14.
Delilamela : Bion, II. 9, 22; daughter of Lycomedes, mythical king of Scyros.
Delos : XVII. 67, Inscr., XXI. 4; an island of the S. Aegean, the chief centre of the worship of Apollo.
Delphi : XII. 21, etc., Inscr., I. 4.
Demeter : VII. 32, 153, X. 42, Meg., 75.
Demeomèles : Inscr., XII. 1.
Deo: VII. 3; Mosch., VII. 4; Demeter.
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Deucalion: XV. 141; son of Prometheus; he and his wife Pyrrha were the only survivors of a flood which destroyed mankind.

Dios: II. 46; Naxos, an island of the S. Aegean.

Dion: XV. 11.

Diedeladas: Xv. 18, 147.

Diecles: XII. 29, where see note.

Dinomed: I. 112; mythical king of Argos, one of the greatest Greek warriors before Troy; he wounded Aphrodite.

Dionysus (Bacchus): H. II. 120, XVII. 112, Xx. 33, XXVI. 6 etc., Inscr., XII. 1.

Diophonatus: XXI. 1.

Dorian: H. II. 158, XV. 93, XVII. 69, XVIII. 48, XXIV. 138, Inscr., XVIII. 1; Mosch., Ill. 1, 12, 18, 96, 122; Egy. 4.

Drakus: XXVI. 33, an unknown mountain.


Echo: Mosch., Ill. 30, V. 1, 3; a nymph who was changed into the echo.

E狄on: Inscr., VIII. 5; perhaps the famous artist who painted the wedding of Alexander and Roxana (327 B.C.).


Elebêyia: XVII. 60, XXVII. 29; Goddess of birth.

Elos: XXI. 156; Ion, II. 13; the N.W. district of the Peloponnesse.

Euphras: Des. 3.

Endymion: II. 50, XX. 37; a youth beloved by the Moon, who sent him into a perpetual sleep on Mt. Latmus in Caria, so that he might remain always young and beautiful.

Epeius: XXV. 43,166; the mythical inhabitants of the N. district of Elos.

Epeius: Age. 2; the builder of the Wooden Horse by means of which the Greeks took Troy. He was said afterwards to have founded Metapontum in S. Italy, where in the temple of Athena the tools he used were preserved.

Ephyra: XVI. 83, XXVIII. 17; an old name of Corinth.

Epicharmus: Inscr., XVIII. 2; the great Dorian comic poet; he flourished at Syracuse about 470 B.C.

Eros: see Love.

Eryx: XV. 101; a mountain near the W. extremity of Sicily, a seat of the worship of Aphrodite.

Eteocles: XVI. 104, where see note.

Ethiopia: VII. 113, XVII. 87.

Etna: I. 65, 69, IX. 15, XI. 47; Mosch., Ill. 121.

Eleusis: II. 66.

Eucritus: VII. 1, 131.

Eudamippus: II. 77.

Euæres: XXVIII. 71; father of Telræus.

Eumæus: XVI. 55; the swineherd of Odysseus.

Eumæus: v. 10, 73, 119.

Eumèdes: v. 134.

Eumolpus: XXIV. 110; a pre-Homeric poet and musician of Thrace.

Eumolpus: Inscr. XIII. 45.

Eumolpus: XX. 1, 42.

Eunoa: XV. 2, etc.

Europa: Mosch., II. 1, etc., VII. 6; in the form of the myth followed by Moschus she seems to be the daughter of Phoenix king of Tyre, and to be carried off from Tyre by Zeus to Crete.

Europa: XVII. 23; the river of Sparta.

Eurydice: Mosch., Ill. 124; a nymph, the wife of Orpheus; after her death he went down to the lower world, and by the power of his music won her back on condition that he should not look upon her till they reached the upper world; but he failed to keep this condition, and lost her again.

Euryumedon: Inscr., VII. 2, XV. 3.

Euryonymus: XXV. 205; Meg., 128;
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king of Tityrus, taskmaster of Heracles.

Eurytus: xxiv. 108; a famous archer, king of Oechalia in Thessaly.

Eusthenes: Inscr., xi. 1.

Eutyche: xv. 67.

Evening Star (Hesperus): Bion, ix. 1.

Fate: i. 93, 140, H. 160, xxiv. 70; Bion, i. 94, vii. 3, 6, 15, xi. 4.

Eua, Child of the: Bion, ix. 1; Mosch., ii. 71; Aphrodite; according to one story, she was born of the sea-foam.

Fury (Eris): Meg., 14; the Furies were avenging deities who pursued wrong-doers.

Galatia: vi. 6, xi. 8, etc.; Bion, ii. 3, xii. 3; Mosch., iii. 58, 61; a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus.

Gaynmed: xii. 35; a beautiful youth carried off by eagles to be the cupbearer of Zeus.

Glaucus: iv. 31; a poet contemporary with Theocritus.

Inscr., xxiii. 2.

Goli: xv. 100; a town of Cyprus, a seat of the worship of Aphrodite.

Gorgo: xv. 1, etc.

Gorgon: Vest., 19; a woman-like monster with serpents for hair, every one that looked upon her became stone; when she was slain by Perseus the winged horse Pegasus sprang from her blood.

Greek: Bion, ii. 12.

Hades: i. 65, 103, 130, H. 33, 160, iv. 27, xvi. 30, 52, Inscr., vi. 3; Bion, i. 94, viii. 3; Mosch., ii. 14; Meg., 86.

Hermes: vii. 76; a mountain of Thrace.

Halyon (Alyon): Mosch., iii. 40, cf. also Theocr. vii. 59 and note; daughter of Aeolus and wife of Ceyx, king of Trachis; he perished at sea, and his body was found by his wife upon the shore; she threw herself into the sea and was changed into a kingfisher or halcyon.

Hales: v. 123; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy,

Harpalyce: xxiv. 116; a teacher of Heracles, called elsewhere Autolyceus.

Hebe: xvii. 32; Goddess of Youth, wife of Heracles in heaven.

Hebrus: vii. 112; a river of Thrace.

Hecate: H. 12, 14.

Hector: xv. 139; son of Priam and chief hero of the Trojan side.

Hecuba: xv. 139; wife of Priam, king of Troy.

Helisson: xxv. 9; a river of Arcadia and Elis.

Helen: xv. 110, xviii. 6, etc., xxii. 216, xxvii. 1, 2; Bion, ii. 10; daughter by Zeus of Leda, the wife of Tyndareus, king of Sparta. After she became the wife of Menelaus, she was carried off by Paris, and this gave rise to the Trojan War.

Helle: i. 125; Callisto, daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia; she was beloved by Zeus, and having been changed by the jealous Hera into a bear, was placed by him among the stars as the constellation of the Great Bear (Helle).

xxv. 165, 180; the chief city of Achaean.

Helicon: xxv. 209, Inscr., i. 2; a mountain of Boeotia sacred to the Muses.

Hellespont: xiii. 29.

Hephaestus: ii. 134; Mosch., ii. 38; Meg., 106.

Hera: iv. 22, xv. 64, xiv. 133, xxiv. 13; Mosch., ii. 77; Meg., 38.

Hercules (Hercules): ii. 121, iv. 8, vii. 150, xii. 37, 70, 73, xvii. 29, 26, 27, xxiv. 1, etc., xxv. 71, etc.; Meg., 95.

Hermes: i. 77, xxiv. 115, xxv. 4; Bion, v. 8; Mosch., ii. 56; Egg, 7.
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Hesiod, Mosch. III., 87; the early Epic poet; he was regarded as second to Homer.

Hesperus: Bion, IX. 1.

Hiero: xvi. 80, etc.; king of Syracuse, 270–216 B.C.

Himera: v. 124; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy.

Himera: vii. 75; a river near the town of Himera in N. Sicily.

Hippocoon: vi. 41, X. 16.

Hippomenes: III. 40, where see note.

Hippoponax: Inscr., xix. 1; the Iambic poet of Ephesus; he was famous for his lampoons, and flourished about 540 B.C., at Clazomenae in Asia Minor.

Homer: xvi. 20; Mosch., III. 71; Aet. 7.

Hômôle: vii. 103; a mountain of Thessaly, a seat of the worship of Pan.

Hyêtes: vii. 115; a spring near Miletus in Asia Minor.

Hylias: xiii. 7, etc.; a youth beloved by Heracles.

Hymen: xviii. 58; Bion, i. 87, 90.

Hyremus: Vest., 21; a mountain of Attica famous for its marble and its honey.

Iasus: see Iasus.

Icaria: ix. 28; an island of the E. Aegean.

Ida: i. 105, xvii. 9; Bion, ii. 10; a mountain of the Troad.

Idalium: xv. 100; a town of Cyprus, a seat of the worship of Aphrodite.

Idas: xxii. 140, etc.; son of Apaneus mythical king of Messenia.

Ilion: xxii. 217; Troy.

Ilus: xvi. 75; Dac., 17; grandfather of Priam and king of Troy.

Inachus: Mosch., ii. 44, 51; son of Oceanus and first king of Argos; he was the father of Io.

Inchos: Bion, viii. 4, where see note.

Iono: xxvi. 1, 22; daughter of Cadmus mythical king of Thebes.

Io: Mosch., ii. 44; an Argive princess beloved by Zeus; owing to Hera's jealousy he turned her into a cow, in which shape, pursued by a gadfly sent by Hera, she wandered over land and sea till she reached Egypt, where Zeus restored her to human form and she became by him mother of Epaphus king of Egypt.

Iolcus: xiii. 19; the city of Thessaly whence Jason set out in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Ionia: xvi. 57, xxviii. 21; the Greek cities of the mid-Aegean coast of Asia Minor.

Iphicles: xxiv., 2 etc.; Meg., 53, 111, 118; brother of Heracles; see Alcmena.

Iris: xvii. 134; messenger of the Gods.

Isthmus: Meg., 49; the neck of land joining the Peloponnesus to central Greece.

Jason (Iasus): iii. 50; a son of Zeus and Electra; he was beloved by Demeter.

Jason: xiii. 16, 67, xxii. 31; son of Aeson the rightful king of Iolcus, was sent by the usurper Pelias, who hoped thus to be rid of him, to fetch the Golden Fleece from Colchis.

Justice: Mosch., iii. 114.


Lacedaemon: see Sparta.

Lacedæmon: iv. 33; a promontory near Croton in S. Italy, a seat of the worship of Hera.

Laco: v. 2, etc.

Lachites: xvi. 56; father of Odysseus.

Laon (son of Lagus): xvii. 14; Ptolemy I., Soter, king of Egypt, 323–287 B.C.

Lampridias: iv. 21.

Lampérus (White-tail): viii. 65; the name of a dog.

Laocoön: xxii. 206; wife of Apaneus.

Laocoon: xv. 141; a Thessalian tribe who waged a famous war against the Centaurs.
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Larissa: XIV. 30; a city of Thessaly.
Latmus: XX. 39; a mountain of Caria in Asia Minor.
Latymnos: IV. 19; a mountain near Croton in S. Italy.
Leda: XXII. 1, 214; mother of Castor and Polydeuces; see Helen.
Lepeus (White-coat): IV. 45; the name of a calf.
Lesbos: Mosch., III. 89; an island of the E. Aegean, birthplace of Alcyone and Sappho.
Léth: Mosch., III. 22; a river of the lower world, from which the souls of the departed drank oblivion of life.
Léto: XVIII. 50; mother of Apollo and Artemia.
Lecippeus: XXII. 138, 147; brother of Aphaera, mythical king of Messenia.
Libya: I. 24, III. 5, XVII. 87; Mosch., II. 39.
Lilybœ: XVI. 77; the W. promontory of Sicily.
Lluna: XXIV. 104; a mythical singer, son of Apollo.
Lipara: II. 138; a group of islands N.E. of Sicily.
Lityerese: X. 41; see Introduction to X.
Lox: I. 37, 93, 97, 98, 103, 130, II. 29, 55, 64, 66, etc., 118, 133, 151, III. 15, 42, VI. 18, VII. 86, 90, 102, 117, X. 10, 20, 37, XI. 1, 80, XII. 10, XIII. 1, 48, XIV. 26, 52, XV. 123, XVII. 51, XIX. 1, XXII. 4, 9, 20, 43, XXVII. 20, XXIX. 22, XXX. 26; Bion, I. 2, etc., 39, 49, II. 5, v. 2, etc., IV. 1, 5, 10, X. 4, XIV. 1; Mosch., I. 1, 2, III. 67, 83, V. 4, VI. 8, VII. 2; Aión., 6, 41.
Lycaeus: I. 123; a mountain of Arcadia.
Lycaon: I. 123; a mythical king of Arcadia.
Lycaia: XVI. 45, XVII. 89; the most southerly district of W. Asia Minor.
Lycedes: VII. 13, etc., XXVII. 42; Bion, II. 1, 6, VI. 10.
Lycomides: Bion, II. 8, 15; a mythical king of Scyros.
Lycon: II. 76, v. 8.
Lykopis: v. 22.
Lykopis: VII. 4.
Lykos (Wolf): XIV. 24, 47.
Lykí: Mosch., v. 2; a nymph.
Lydia: XII. 39; the middle district of W. Asia Minor.
Lykeus (Son of Lykeus): II. 144; son of Aphaera, mythical king of Messenia.
Lykeus (Son of Aphaera): XVI. 84; a marsh near Syracuse.
Maenalus: I. 124; a mountain of Arcadia.
Macotian (Scythian): XIII. 56.
Magna: XXII. 29; the easternmost district of Thessaly.
Maid, The: see Persephoné.
Mallus: XIII. 45.
Medea: II. 16; a celebrated sorceress, daughter of Aëtes king of Colchis; falling in love with Jason she enabled him by her arts to win the Golden Fleece.
Medius: Iser., XX. 2.
Megara: XII. 27, XIV. 49; a famous city of the E. end of the Corinthian Gulf.
—Meg.: daughter of Creon king of Thebes, and wife of Heracles.
Melampus: III. 43; where see note.
Melanthius: v. 150; the faithless goatherd of Odysseus; he was slain by him for siding with the suitors of Penelope.
Méné: Mosch., III. 71; where see note.
Melitodes: XV. 94; an epithet of Persephoné.
Melisso: II. 146.
Menon: Mosch., III. 43; son of Thönus and the Dawn, and king of Ethiopia; he came to the help of Priam in the Trojan War and was slain by Achilles. The myth of the Birds of Menon appears in different forms; according to the form apparently followed here, Zeus, in order to comfort the sorrowing mother,
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Necessity: xxiii. 12; Who, 3; see
Chaos.

Néleus: xxviii. 3; son of Codrus:
mythical king of Athena; he
founded Milea.

Néméa: xxv. 169, etc.; a valley of
Argolis, in the Peloponnese.

Néródas: vii. 59; daughters of the
sea-God Nereus.

Néza: xii. 2, xii. 2, xxviii. 7, 9;
Inscr., viii. 8; see Introduct.,
P. X.

Nightingale (Aëdon): Mosch., iii.
33; wife of Zethus, king of
Thebes; she killed her son Hyllus
by mistake, and Zeus turned her
into the ever-mourning night-
gale.

Nile: vii. 114, xvii. 80, 98; Mosch.,
ii. 51, 53.

Nisbê: Meg., 82; wife of Amphiak,
king of Thebes; she boasted to
Leto of the number of her
children, whereupon they were
slain by Apollo and Artemis; her
lamentations for them were
proverbial.

Nisæan: xii. 27; descendants of
Nisus, mythical king of Megara.

Nomaé: xxvii. 42.

Nymphs: i. 12, 22, 66, 141, iv. 29;
v. 12, 17, 54, 70, 140, 149, vii. 82,
137, 148, 154, xiii. 43, 44, 63,
Inscr., v. 1, Blon., i. 19; Mosch.,
iii. 18, 29, 106.

Nysa: Vest., 6; the birthplace of
Dionysus.

— Blon., ii. 31.

Odysseus (Ulysses): xvi. 51,
Mosch., iii. 116; one of the chief
Greeks before Troy; his
wanderings on his return to
Greece are the subject of the
Odyssey.

Oeagrian: Mosch., iii. 17; where
see note.

Oedus: vii. 116; a high-perched
city of Ionia.

Oenône: Blon., ii. 11; wife of
Paris before he carried off Helen.

Olympus: XVL 132; the abode of the Gods.

Orchomenus: XVL 105; a town of Bocotia.

Orestes: Blond, viii. 4; son of Agamemnon; having slain his mother and her paramour in revenge for their murder of his father, he was henceforth pursued by the Furies, till upon Apollo’s advice he fetched the image of Artemis from the Tauric Chersonese.

Orion: vii. 54, xxiv. 12.

Oromedon: vii. 48; where see note.

Orpheus: Mosch., iii. 18, 116, 123; the mythical pre-Homeric poet, son of Oeagrus, king of Thrace, and Callope the Muse: see Eurydice.

Orthion: Inscr., ix. 1.

Othrys: iii. 43; a mountain of Thessaly.

Paean: v. 79, vi. 27, Inscr., i. 3, vii. 1; Apollo the Healer.

Pallas: Ass, 8.

Pamphylia: xvii. 88; a district of the south coast of Asia Minor.

Pan: i. 3, 16, 123, iv. 47, 63, v. 14, 58, 141, vi. 21, vii. 103, 106, xxvii. 50, 51, Inscr., ii. 2, iii. 3, v. 8; Blond, v. 7; Mosch., iii. 28, 35, 40, v. 1; Pape, 5; Dos., 15; Vest., 5; God of pastures, flocks, and shepherds.

Paphos: xxvii. 15, etc.; Blond, i. 64; a city of Cyprus; a famous seat of the worship of Aphrodite.

Parnassus: vii. 148; a mountain of Bocotia, sacred to the Muses.

Paris: xxvii. 1; Pape, 12; son of Priam, mythical king of Troy; he carried off Helen from the house of Menelaus at Sparta and thus gave rise to the Trojan War.

Paros: vi. 38; Mosch., iii. 91; an island of the S. Aegean, famous for its marble; the birthplace of Archilochus.

Patroclus: xv. 140; friend of Achilles, slain before Troy.

Pegasus: Mosch., iii. 77; the winged horse upon which Bellerophon slew the Chimæra; by a stroke of his hoof he made upon Mt. Helicon the spring Hippocrene, which became sacred to the Muses.

Perithoës: Blond, viii. 2; mythical king of the Lapiths and friend of Theseus, with whom he attempted to carry off Persephone from Hades.

Periander: Inscr., xii. 4; an Epic poet of Camirus in Rhodes; he flourished in the sixth century B.C.

Pelagians: xv. 142; an ancient people of Greece, connected by some traditions particularly with Argos.

Peleus: xvii. 56; Blond, ii. 6; king of the Myrmidons of Pithia in Thessaly, and father of Achilles.

Peloponnesian: xv. 92.

Pélops: viii. 53, xx. 142; mythical king of Elis in Elis, and father of Atreus; he gave his name to the Peloponnesian.

Pénéus: i. 67; where see note.

Penteus: xxxv. 10, etc.; son of Agave and grandson of Cadmus, mythical king of Thebes; he was killed by his mother in a Bacchic frenzy for resisting the introduction of the worship of Dionysus.

Peristérës: Inscr., xvi. 5.

Persephone (The Maid): xvi. 83; Blond, i. 54, 96; Mosch., iii. 119; where see note; Mey., 75.

Perseus: xxxiv. 73, xxv. 178; son of Zeus and Danaë, and grandfather of Alcmene.

Persians: xvii. 19.

Phaethon: xxv. 139; the planet Jupiter.

Phalarus (Piebald): v. 103; the name of a sheep.

Phanoté: xxiv. 116; a town of Phoci in central Greece.

Phlammon: xxiv. 110; a pre-Homeric poet and musician.

Philinus: ii. 115; where see note; vii. 105, etc.

Philistia: ii. 145.

Philistia (Philistias): vii. 40; see Introduction, p. xi.
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Philoctetus: XVI. 55; the oxherd of Odysseus.
Philonas: IV. 1, V. 114.
Phocis: Ane, 1; a district of central Greece.
Phoebus (Apollo): VII. 101, XVII. 87; Blon, XI. 1, XVI. 1.
Phoenician: XVII. 76, XVII. 86, XXIV, 51.
Phoenix: Mosch., II. 7; see Europa.
Phoebus: VII. 149; a Centaur who entertained Heracles.
Pherecydes: XXV. 200; a mythical king of Argos.
Phraialdus: VII. 5, 131.
Phrygia: XV. 42, XVI. 75, XX. 35; a district of central Asia Minor.
Phyleus: XXV. 55, etc.
Physician: XV. 22; a people dwelling near Croton in S. Italy.
Pierian: X. 24, XI. 3; Soph, 12; a name of the Muses, from Pieria in Thrace, an old seat of their worship.
Pindar: Mosch. III. 88; the great lyric poet of Boeotia; he lived from 518 to about 440.
Pindus: I. 67; see note.
Pisa: IV. 29; Mosch., VI. 1; a city of Elis, near Olympia, where the famous Games were held.
Pleiades: XIII. 25.
Plato (Flutus): Mosch., III. 22, 118, 126; God of the lower world.
Plutus: X. 10.
Polibias: X. 15.
Polydeuces (Pollux): IV. 9, XXII. 2, etc.; see Castor.
Polyphemus: VI. 6, 19, VII. 152, XI. 8, 80; Blon, II. 3; see Cyclopes.
PONTUS (or the Pontic): XXII. 28; the Black Sea.
Poseidon: XXI. 54, XXII. 97, 133.
Praxina: XV. 1, etc.
Praxiteles: V. 105; probably the sculptor mentioned in the will of the philosopher Theophrastus (who died in 287); he is thought to have been grandson of the great Praxiteles.
Priam: XVI. 40, XVII. 119, XXII. 219; mythical king of Troy.
Priapus: I. 21, 81; Inscr., III. 8, IV. 13; Mosch., III. 27; the rustic God of fertility.
Propontis: XIII. 30; the Sea of Marmora.
Protanis: VIII. 52; son of Poseidon and keeper of his flocks of seals.
Ptelenis: VII. 65; where see note.
Pterelæus: XXIV. 4; a son of Poseidon killed in war by Amphitryon.
Ptolemy (II. Philadelphia): XIV. 50, XV. 22, 46, XVII. 3, etc.; king of Egypt, 285-247 B.C.
Pylades: Blon, VIII. 5; son of Strophius, king of Phocis; he was the friend of Orestes and accompanied him on his journey to the Tauric Chersonese.
Pylus: III. 44; a city of the W. coast of the Peloponnesus.
Pyrrhus: Meg., 52; daughter of Creon king of Thebes, wife of Iphicles, and sister of Megara.
Pyrrhus: IV. 31; a lyric poet, XV. 140; son of Achilles and Dardania, called also Neoptolemus; he fought at Troy.
Pythagorean: XIV. 5; a philosopher of the ascetic school of Pythagoras.
Pythian: Inscr., I. 3; a name of Apollo.
Pyx: VII. 130; a town of Cos.
Rhes: XVII. 132, XX. 40; wife of Cronus.
Rhenea: XVII. 70; an island of the Aegean, near Delos.
Rhodope: VII. 77; a mountain of Thrace.
Samos: VII. 40, XV. 126; an island of the Eastern Aegean.
Sappho: Mosch., III. 91; the great poetess of Lesbos; she flourished about 500 B.C.
Sardinia: XVI. 86.
Satyr: IV. 62, XXVII. 3, 49; Mosch., III. 27, V. 2, 4; the half-bestial attendants of Dionysus.
Scouras: XVI. 36; a noble house of Thessaly.
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Scyros: Blon., II. 5; an island of the mid-Aegean.

Sceytha: XVI. 99.

Sceusa: I. 150, XV. 103, 104; Mosch., II. 164.

Sémaédé: XXVI. 6, 35; daughter of Cadmus king of Thebes, and mother by Zeus of Dionysus.

Semirâmis: XVI. 100; mythical queen of Nineveh.

Sibyttas: v. 5, etc.

Sicélias: VII. 40; see Introduction.

Sicily: I. 125, VIII. 50, XVI. 102; Blon., II. 1; Mosch., III. 8, etc., 10, 120, 121.

Simaetha: II. 106, 114;

Sínchichadas: VII. 21, etc.; Pipe, 12; see Introduction.

Simóeis: XVI. 75; a river of Troy.

Sinus: XIV. 53.

Siren: Mosch., III. 37; the Siren who in Homer is a birdlike Death-spirit luring sailors to their doom, appears in like form upon sepulchral monuments singing a dirge for the dead.

Slyphus: XXII. 153; the mythical founder of Ephyr or Corinth.

Sosy: IX. 32; Mosch., III. 112.

Sparta (Lacedaemon): XVIII. 1, etc., XXII. 3; Blon., II. 11, 13.

Strymon: Mosch., III. 14; a river of Macedonia.

Sun: XII. 9, XVI. 76, XXII. 84, XXV. 54, 83, 118, 130; Blon., XIII. 12, 16; Mosch., I. 23.

Swallow (Chelidon): Mosch., III. 39; daughter of Pandareus of Ephesus and sister of Aëdon; ravished by her brother-in-law Polytechnus, she was changed by Artemis into a swallow.

Sybaris: V. 1, etc., a Greek city of S. Italy.

Syracuse: XV. 90, XVI. 78, Inscr., IX. 1, XVIII. 5; Mosch., III. 93, the chief city of Sicily.

Syria: X. 26, XV. 114, XVII. 87; Blon., I. 77.

Tartarus: Mosch., III. 110; the lower world.

Teirásias: XXIV. 65, 102; a mythical blind seer of Thebes.

Télémachus: Pipe, 1; the son of Odysseus.

Téllamon: XIII. 37; son of Aeaus and brother of Peleus.

Télemés: VI. 28; a soothsayer among the Cyclopes.

Telephassa: Mosch., II. 40; mother of Europa.

Teos: Inscr., XVII. 2; Mosch., III. 90; a city of Ionia, the birthplace of Anacreon.

Teucrion: Des., 4, 18; Trojan, from Teucer first king of Troy.

Thalassa: VII. 3, 31.

Thèbes: XVI. 105, XXVI. 25; Meg., 38.

Theocritus: Mosch., III. 93; Des., 10.

Théseus: II. 45; Blon., VIII. 2; the great hero of Attica.

Thebês: XII. 14, XIV. 12, XVIII. 30; the chief district of N. Greece.

Thessali: XXII. 5; father of Laod.

Théstés: II. 1, etc.

Thétis: XVII. 55; Mosch., III. 79; a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus, and mother by Peleus of Achilles.

Theurgéa: XXVIII. 13, 22.

Theomérides: II. 70.

Thrâce: II. 70, XIV. 46, Inscr., XX. 1; Vest., 25; the barbarous N. part of the Greek peninsula.

Thûrî: V. 72, a Greek city of S. Italy.

Thûmbirs: I. 118; a district of Sicily.

Thûronichus: XIV. 1, etc.

Thûrys: I. 19, etc., Inscr., VI. 1.

Timagèteus: II. 8, 97.

Tiryns: XXV. 171; Meg., 38; a famous city near Argos.

Thûry: III. 2, etc., VII. 72.

Titèsus: XII. 94; an enormous giant who for offering violence to Artemis was cast into Tartarus.

Trachis: XXIV. 83; a town of Thessaly.

Trinacria (three-cornered): XXVIII. 18; Sicily.

Triopum: XVII. 68; where see note.

Triton: Mosch., II. 123; fish-like deity, son of Poseidon.

Troy: XV. 140.

Tydeus: XVII. 54, XXIV. 130; son of Oeneus, mythical king of Calydon, and father of Diomed; he
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was the friend of Adrastus and one of the "Seven against Thebes."

Tyndareus: XVIII. 5; Mosch., III. 78; see Helen.

Tyndarid (son of Tyndareus): XXII. 89, etc.

Tyre: Pipe, 10.

Wolf: XIV. 24, 47.

Xena: VII. 75, the nymph for love of whom Daphnis died by reason of his vow of celibacy.

Xenocrates: Inscr., X. 2.

Zacyntus: IV. 32; a city and island off the W. coast of the Peloponnes.

Zeus: IV. 17, 43, 50, v. 74, VII. 39, 44, 93, VIII. 59, XI. 29, XIII. 11, XV. 64, 70, 124, XVI. 1, 70, 101, XVII. 1, 17, 33, 73, 78, 133, 137, XVIII. 18, 19, 52, XXII. 1, 95, 115, 137, 210, XXIV. 21, 82, 99, XXV. 42, 150, 160, XXVI. 31, 34, XXVIII. 5, Inscr., XXII. 1; Ilon, X. 1; Mosch., II. 16, etc.; Mag., 46.

Zopyrion: XV. 13; a diminutive of the name Zopyrus.
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