The Greek bucolic poets

Theocritus
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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 A. S. F. Gow for allowing him access to the unpublished results of his investigations into the "Bucolic Masquerade" and the Pattern-Poems.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.
CONTENTS

PREFACE ........................................... V
INTRODUCTION ...................................... ix
BIBLIOGRAPHY ......................................... xxvii
INTRODUCTORY POEMS .............................. 2
THEOCRITUS I–XXX ................................. 5

"Inscriptions" .................................. 363

BION ..................................................... 383
MOSCHUS ........................................... 419
Megara ............................................... 463
The Dead Adonis ................................... 477
THE PATTERN-POEMS ............................. 485
INDEX OF PROPER NAMES ....................... 512
Λύρα δὴ σοι καὶ κιθάρα λείπεται ὡς κατὰ πόλιν χρήσιμα· καὶ αὖ κατ’ ἀγροὺς τοῖς νομεύσι σύριγξ ἥν τις ἔδει.

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 Ἄλλος 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. ἱατρὸς Νικιάς Μιλησίως τὸ γένος, ὡς (mss δσ, δ) συμφωνητὴς γέγονεν Ἐφασιστράτου ἱατρὸς ὃν καὶ αὐτὸς (mss ἱατρῶν ὅντος καὶ αὐτοῦ): otherwise both συν- and καὶ αὑτ. are unintelligible.
INTRODUCTION

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-dedictory 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 Heracleitus are best explained as the name of his old friend's collected poems; and Aratus published a collection actually called by this name, for Helladius²

¹ The scholion on ἡμετέρας χάριτας (l. 6) is τὰ ολκεῖα ποιῆματα. The phrase σπόραδες ποικά 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.
INTRODUCTION

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.¹

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

¹ 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.
INTRODUCTION

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

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1 ἵν ἄρ' ἀληθὲς τοῦτο, Θεόκριτε· οἱ γὰρ Ἕρωτες | πολλοὺς ποιητὰς ἐδίδαξαν τοὺς πρὶν ἄμοιβους.
INTRODUCTION

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 Eucritus 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 Lycopè; in another part of the poem—though these are not necessarily to be reckoned as friends of the others—we have Philitas, and Sicelidas 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,
INTRODUCTION

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 Asclepiades; 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?
INTRODUCTION

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
INTRODUCTION

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 awhile 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 Comatas 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,
INTRODUCTION

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 mythical king's cruel purpose became directly applicable to the situation; the phrase *κακαίως ἀλαλάισμων ἀνακτος* was now genuine censure and the particle *θέν* 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 between 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 Coan poems, the *Thyrsis* and the *Spell*, and these would seem to belong rather to this
INTRODUCTION

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 Cyrenè. 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, ἐπὶ or δράματα βουκολικὰ 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
INTRODUCTION

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 Vergil,—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,¹ 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 ἦδυλλια, 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.
INTRODUCTION

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 δώνη, 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 Siculo senex.1

1 Silv. 5. 3. 151.
INTRODUCTION

A scholiast on Ovid’s Ibis l. 549

_Utve Syracosio praesticta fauce poetae,
Sic animae laqueo sit via clausa tuae,_

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 Epi-

charmus, and the words which he once wrote for its base, little thinking perhaps that the time would
INTRODUCTION

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 builded; 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 λεπαστή 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
INTRODUCTION

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,¹ 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.

xxiii
INTRODUCTION

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. 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 Spell 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.
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 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

xxv
INTRODUCTION

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.
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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 1555 added the Inscriptions, and the Wings and Axe of Simias. The Altar of Dosiadas 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), Stephanus (1566), 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
BIBLIOGRAPHY

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, 1879) and Bionis et Moschi Carmina (Tübingen, 1868), 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 Bion 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.

xxviii
THE BUCOLIC POETS
ΒΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΑ

Βουκολικαὶ Μοῖσαι σποράδες ποκά, νῦν δ’ ἂμα
πᾶσαι
ἐντὶ μιᾶς μάνδρας, ἐντὶ μιᾶς ἀγέλας.

"Αλλος ὁ Χῖος· ἔγω δὲ Θεόκριτος, δὴ τᾶς ἔγραψα
εἰς ἀπὸ τῶν πολλῶν εἰμὶ Συρακοσίων,
νῦν· Πραξαγόρας περικλειτὴς τε Φιλίνης·
Μούσαν δ’ ὀθνεῖν οὕτω ἐφελκυσάμην."
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.
I

THE POEMS OF THEOCRITUS
I.—THYRSIS

A shepherd and a goatherd meet in the pastures one noontide, and compliment each other upon their pipings. 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 6
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.
ΘΕΟΚΡΙΣΤΟΥ

I.—ΘΤΡΕΙΣ

ΘΤΡΕΙΣ

'Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἀ πίτυς αἰπόλε τήνα ἄ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι μελίσδεται, ἀδύ δὲ καὶ τῷ συρίςδες· μετὰ Πάνα τὸ δεύτερον ἄθλον ἀποισῆ. αἰκα τήνος ἔλη κεραὸν τράγον, αἴγα τῷ λαψῇ: αἰκα δὲ αἴγα λάβῃ τῆνος γέρας, ἐς τὲ καταρρεῖ ἀ χίμαρος· χιμάρῳ δὲ καλὸν κρέας, ἔστε κ' ἀμέλξης.

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ

ἀδιον οἷ ποιμὴν τὸ τεὸν μέλος ἢ τὸ καταχές τήν' ἀπὸ τὰς πέτρας καταλείβεται υψόθεν ὕδωρ: αἰκα ταῖ Μοίσαι τὰν οἴδα δῷρου ἄγωνται, ἀρνα τῷ σακίταν λαψῇ γέρας· αἰ δὲ κ' ἀρέσκῃ τήνας ἀρνα λαβεῖν, τυ δὲ τὰν οἶν υστερον ἄξη.

ΘΤΡΕΙΣ

λῆς ποτὶ τὰν Νυμφὰν, λῆς αἰπόλε τείδε καθίξας, ὡς τὸ κάταντες τοῦτο γεώλοφον αἱ τε μυρίκαι, συρίσδεν; τὰς δ' αἰγάς ἐγών ἐν τῷ δὲ νομενσώ.
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.
ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ

οὐ θέμις ὁ ποιμὴν τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν ὦ θέμις ἁμμιν
συνίσδειν. τὸν Πάνα δεδοίκαμες· ἣ γὰρ ἀπ’ ἄγρας
ταύκα κεκμακόως ἀμπαύεται· ἦστι δὲ πικρός,
καὶ οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖαι χολὰ ποτὶ ρίνα κάθηται.

Ἤλλα τὸ γὰρ δὴ Θύρση τὰ Δάφνιδος ἀλγεῖ ἀείδες
καὶ τὰς βουκολικὰς ἐπὶ τὸ πλέον ἱκεο Μοῖσας,
δεύρ’ ὑπὸ τὰν πτελέαν ἐσδώμεθα τῷ τε Πριῆτῳ
καὶ τὰν κραναίαν κατεναντίον, ἄπερ ο θόκος
τήνος ὁ πομμενικὸς καὶ τὰς δρύες. αἱ δὲ κ’ ἁείσης,
ὡς ὅκα τὸν Διβύαθε ποτὶ Χρόμων ἁσας ἐρίσδον,
αὐγά τε τοι δωσῶ διδυματόκον ἐς τρὶς ἀμέλξαι,
ἀ δυ’ ἔχοισ’ ἐρίφως ποταμέλγηται ἐς δύο πέλλας,
καὶ βαθὺ κισσύβιον κεκλυσμένον ἀδεὶ κηρῷ,
ἀμφώες, νεοτευχές, ἐτι γλυφάνωι ποτόσδον.

τῷ περί 1 μὲν χείλη μαρύεται ύψωθι κισσὸς,
κισσὸς ἐλιχρύσω φεκομιμένος· ἀ δὲ κατ’ αὐτὸν
καρπῷ ἐλιξ ἐελεῖται ἁγαλλομένα κροκόευτι. 2
ἐντοσθεν δὲ γυναί τοι θεῶν δαίδαλμα τέτυκται,
ἀσκητὰ πέπλω τε καὶ ἀμπυκι. παρ’ δὲ οἱ ἄνδρες
καλὸν ἑθειράζοντες ἄμοιβαδις ἀλλοθεν ἄλλος
νεικείουσ’ ἐπέεσσι. τὰ δ’ οὐ φρένος ἀπτεται αὐτὰς.
ἄλλ’ ὅκα μὲν τήνον ποτιδέρκεται ἄνδρα γελάσα,
ἀλλοκα δ’ αὐρ ποτὶ τὸν ῥιπτεῖ νόου. οὐ δ’ ύπ’
ἐρωτὸς

δηθὰ κυλοιδιώνυντες ἐτῶσια μοχθίζουντι.

1 mss also τῷ ποτὶ
2 & δὲ ἐλιχρύσως and ἐλιξ an adjective ἔ: others & ἐλιξ “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, Thyris, 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 paifuls, 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

THE BUCOLIC POETS

toĩs δὲ μετὰ γριπτεύς τε γέρων πέτρα τε τέτυκται 
λεπράς, ἐφ᾿ ᾧ σπεύδων μέγα δίκτυν τό βόλου 
ἐλκεί

ὁ πρέσβυς κάμνοντι τὸ καρτερὸν ἀνδρὶ ἑοικώς. 
φαίης καὶ γυνῶν μν ὅσον σθένος ἔλλοπτειν. 1

ωδὲ οἰ ψῆκαντι κατ᾿ αὐχένα πάντοθεν ἵνε 
καὶ πολώφ περ ἐόντε, τὸ δὲ σθένος ἄξιον ἄβασ.

τυτθῶν δ᾿ ὀσὺν ἀπωθεὶ ἀλητρύτου γέροντος 
πυρναίας σταφυλαίσι καλῶν βέβριθεν ἀλώά, 
τὰν ὀλίγος τις κόρος ἐφ᾿ αἷμασιαῖσι φυλάσσει 
ἡμενος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νῦν δῦ ἀλώπεκες, ἄ μὲν ἀν ῥόκως 
φοιτή σινομένα τὰν τρώξιμον, δ᾿ ἐπὶ πῆρα 
πάντα δόλου τεῦχοσα τὸ παιδίον οὐ πρὶν ἀνησεῖν 50 
φατὶ πρὶν ἡ ἱερήσδον ἐπὶ ξηροῖσα καθῆξ. 

αὐτὰρ οὐ ἀνθερίκοισι καλὰν πλέκει ἀκριδισθήραν 
σχοίνῳ ἐφαρμόσδων· μέλεται δὲ οἱ οὕτε τι 
πῆρας 

οὕτε φυτῶν τοσσῆνου, ὅσον περὶ πλέγματι γαθεί. 
παντὰ δ᾿ ἀμφὶ δέπας περιπέπταται ῥγός ἀκανθος, 
αιολίχον θάμα 2· τέρας κε τυ θυμὸν ἀτύξαι. 

τῶ μὲν ἐγὼ πορθμῆι Καλυνδίφ 3 αἰγά ἐδώκα 
ἀπον καὶ τυρόεντα μέγαν λευκοῖο γάλακτος.

1 ἡ (ἀ)κράτισδον E, cf. Suidas ἀκρατίζω: mss ἀκράτιστον 
(scholia also ἀκρατισμὸν), which some editors explain 
"till he have wrecked (or safely docked) the breakfast."

2 αιολίχον schol., cf. αἰόλος, πυρρός, πυρρίχος (4. 20): schol. 
also with Hesychius αἰολικόν: mss αἰολικῶν 
14. 33, Hesych.: mss τι θάμα 3 πορθμῆι Καλυνδίφ schol.: 
schol. also with mss πορθμῆι Καλυνδίφ.
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 Weather-beat 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 ἀπερτάκω 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ούδε τι πω ποτὶ χείλος ἐμὸν θίγεν, ἀλλ’ ἐτὶ κείται ἄχραντον. τῷ κά τι μάλα πρόφρων ἀρεσαίμαν, αἰκὰ μοι τῷ φίλος τὸν ἐφίμερον ὑμνὸν ἀείσης.
κοῦ τί τι κερτομέω. πόταγ’ ὤγαθέ· τὰν γὰρ ἀοιδὰν οὐ τί πα εἰς ’Αἰδαν γε τὸν ἐκλεκλάθοντα φυλαξεῖς;

ΘΤΡΕΙΣ

"Αρχετε βουκολικάς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ’ ἀοιδᾶς. Ὁυρσίς ὃ’ ὧξ Αἰτνας, καὶ Θυρσίδος ἀδέα φωνά.
πὰ ποκ’ ἂρ’ ἰσθ’, ὅκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο, πα’ ποκα Νύμφαι;
ἡ κατὰ Πηνείω καλα τέμπεα, ἡ κατὰ Πίνδω;
οὗ γὰρ δῆ ποταμοῖο μέγαν ρόον εἶχετ’ Ἀνάτω,
οὖ Ἄινας σκοπιάν, οὖ’ Ἄκιδος ιερὸν ὑδωρ.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ’ ἀοιδᾶς. 70
τήνον μᾶν θῶες, τῆνον λύκοι ώρυσαντο,
τήνον χώκ δρυμοίο λέων ἔκλαυσε θανόντα.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ’ ἀοιδᾶς.
πολλαὶ οἴ παρ ποσσὶ βόες, πολλοὶ δὲ τε ταῦροι,
πολλαὶ δὲ δαμάλαι καὶ πόρτις ὦδυράντο.

ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ’ ἀοιδᾶς.
ἡνθ’ Ἐρμᾶς πράτιστος ἀπ’ ὀρεος, εἰπε δὲ: ’Δάφνι,
τίς τι κατατρύχει; τίνος ὄγαθε τόσον ἔρασαι;
ἀρχετε βουκολικάς Μοῖσαι φίλαι ἄρχετ’ ἀοιδᾶς.
THEOCRITUS I, 59-79

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
Anápus’ 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 lovest thou so well?”

Country-song, sing country-song, sweet Muses.
“Peneius, Pindus”: a river and a mountain in Thessaly.
“Anapus, Acis”: rivers of Sicily.
ΤΗΣ ΜΠΟΥΚΟΛΙΚΑΣ ΠΟΙΗΣΕΩΝ

ἡμθον τοί βούται, τοί ποιμένες, φυτόλογον·
πάντες ἀνηρώτευν, τί πάθοι κακὸν. ἤμθο
ὁ Πρίηνος
kήφα: 'Δάφνι τάλαν, τί νυ τάκεαι; ἃ δὲ τέ
kώρα 1
πάσας ἀνὰ κράνας, πάντ' ἄλσεα ποσσὶ φορεῖται—
ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοίσαι φίλαι ἀρχετ'
ἀοιδᾶς—
ζάτειο: ἃ δύσερφος τις ἄγαν καὶ ἀμήχανος ἑσσί.
βούται μὲν ἔλεγεν, νῦν δ' αἰτόλφ ἀνδρὶ ἑοίκας·
φυτόλογον ὅκκ' ἔσορη τὰς μηκάδας οἷα βατεύνται,
tάκεαι ὀφθαλμῶς, ὅτι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο,—
ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοίσαι φίλαι ἀρχετ'
ἀοιδᾶς—
καὶ τῦ δ' ἐπεί κ' ἔσορῆς τὰς παρθένους οἷα γελᾶντι,
τάκεαι ὀφθαλμῶς, ὅτι οὐ μετὰ ταῖς χορεύεις·
tῶς δ' οὐδὲν ποτελέξαθ' ὁ βουκόλος, ἀλλὰ τὸν
ἀυτῷ
ἀνυ πικρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἀνυ Μοίρας.

ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοίσαι πάλιν ἀρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
ἡμθέ γε μὰν ἀδεία καὶ ἀ Κύπρις γελάοισα,
λάθρη μὲν γελάοισα, βαρῶν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔχοισα,
κείπε: 'τῦ θην τὸν 'Ερωτα κατεύχεο Δάφνι
λυγιζείν'

1 τῇ Wil from Laur. 32. 16 and Paris. 2832: other mss
γε, τοι, τι
16
THEOCRITUS I, 80–97

The neatherds came, the shepherds came, and the goatherds him beside,
All fain to hear what aild'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, perdy!
"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 could not choose but smile—
And cried "Ah, braggart Daphnis, that wouldst throw Love so featly!"
THE BUCOLIC POETS

τὸν οὖν αὐτὸς Ἐρωτοὺς ὑπ’ ἀργαλέως ἐλυγίχθης;
ἀρχεῖ τε βουκολικὰς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἀρχεῖ τοῦ ἀοιδᾶς.
τὰν δὲ ἀρα χῶ Δάφνις: ποταμεῖβετο "Κύπρι
βαρεία,
Κύπρι νεμεσσατά, Κύπρι θνατοῖσιν ἀπεχθής,
ἡδη γὰρ θάρσης πάνθ' ἀλοιν ἄμμι δεδυκεῖν;
Δάφνις κῦν 'Αίδα κακὸν ἔσσεται ἄλγος "Ἐρωτί·—
ἀρχεῖ τε βουκολικὰς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἀρχεῖ
ἀοιδᾶς—
οὐ̔  λέγεται τὰν Κύπριν ὅ βουκόλος; ἔρπε ποτ' "Ἰδαν,
ἔρπε ποτ' "Αγχίσαν. τηνεῖ δρύες ἡδὲ 2 κύπειρος,
αἱ δὲ 3 καλὸν βομβεύντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαί.
ἀρχεῖ τε βουκολικὰς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἀρχεῖ τοῦ ἀοιδᾶς.
ὁραίος χώδωνις, ἐπεὶ καὶ μήλα νομεύει
καὶ πτῶκας βάλλει καὶ θηρία πάντα διάκει.
ἀρχεῖ τε βουκολικὰς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἀρχεῖ τοῦ ἀοιδᾶς.
αὐτὶς ὅπως στασὶ Ἰοσμήδεος ἀσον ηοίσα,
καὶ λέγε. τὸν βούταν νικῶ Δάφνιν, ἄλλα μάχευ
μοι.
ἀρχεῖ τε βουκολικὰς Μοῖσαι πάλιν ἀρχεῖ τοῦ ἀοιδᾶς.
ὁ λύκοι, ὁ θώςες, ὁ ἄν' ὥρεα φωλάδες ἄρκτοι,
χαίρεθ'. ὁ βουκόλος ὕμμιν ἐγὼ Δάφνις οὐκέτ' ἂν
ὑλᾶν,

1 οὐ Graef: mss and schol. ὅ against the dialect 2 ἡδὲ Wil from Plutarch: mss δὲ 3 αἱ δὲ Wil from Plutarch: mss δὲ

18
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

οὐκ ἐν ἀνὰ δρυμῶς, οὐκ ἄλσεα. χαῖρ Ἅρεθοισά
καὶ ποταμοί, τοί χεῖτε καλὸν κατὰ Θυμβρίδος
ὔδωρ.

ἀρχέτε βουκολικᾶς Μοῦσαι πάλιν ἁρχετ᾽ ἄοιδᾶς.
Δάφνις ἔγων ὅδε τῆνος ὁ τὰς βόας ὅδε νομεύων,
Δάφνις ὁ τὰς ταύρως καὶ πόρτιας ὅδε ποτίσδων.
ἀρχετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῦσαι πάλιν ἁρχετ᾽ ἄοιδᾶς.

ὁ Πᾶν Πᾶν, εἴτε ἐσσι κατ᾽ ὀρεά μακρὰ Λυκαίων,
εἴτε τῦγ᾽ ἀμφιπολεῖσ μέγα Μαιναλοῦ, ἐνθ᾽ ἔπὶ

νάσον
tὰν Σικελάν, Ἐλίκας δὲ λίπε βίον αἰτύ τε σάμα
τήνυ Λυκαιοῦδαο, τὸ καὶ μακάρεσσιν ἀγητόν.

λήγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῦσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἄοιδᾶς.
ἐνθ᾽ ὤναξ καὶ τάνδε φέρευ πακτοίο 1 μελίπνουν
ἐκ κηρῶ σύριγγα καλὰν περὶ χεῖλος ἐλικτάν.

η γὰρ ἐγὼν ὑπ᾽ ἔρωτος ἐς Ἁϊδος ἐλκομαὶ ἥδη.

λήγετε βουκολικᾶς Μοῦσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἄοιδᾶς.


νῦν ἵνα μὲν φορέοιτε βάτοι, φορέοιτε δ᾽ ἀκανθαί,

ἀ δὲ καλὰ νάρκισσος ἐπ᾽ ἀρκεύθοισι κομάσαι:

πάντα δ᾽ ἐναλλα γένοιτο, καὶ ἃ πίτυς ὦχνας

ἐνεῖκα,

Δάφνις ἐπεὶ θυάσκει, καὶ τὰς κύνας ὄλαφος

ἐλκοὶ,


1 φέρευ πακτοίο : schol. also φέρευ εὐπάκτοιο

20
THEOCRITUS I, 117-135

"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 Lycee's
mountain-pile
"Or Maenal steep thy watch thou keep, come away
to the Sicil isle,
"Come away from the knoll of Helice 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. "Helice, Lycaon's
child": the tombs of Helice and her son Arcas were famous
sights of Arcadia.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κῆς ὄρεων τοῖς σκῶποις ἀηδόσις δηρίσαιντο. \(^1\)

λήγετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
χώ μὲν τόσο εἰπών ἀπεπαύσατο τὸν δ᾽ Ἀφροδίτα ἦθελ' ἀνορθώσαι· τά τε μὰν λίνα πάντα λειοίπει ἐκ Μοιρᾶν, χώ Δάνυς ἔβα ῥόον. ἐκλυσε δίνα τὸν Μοίσαις φίλον ἀνδρά, τὸν οὗ, Νύμφασιν ἀπεχθή.

λήγετε βουκολικάς Μοίσαι ἵτε λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

καὶ τὸ δίδον τὰν αἰγὰ τὸ τε σκύφος, ὡς κευ\(^2\) ἀμέλξας
σπείσω ταῖς Μοίσαις. ὡς χαίρετε πολλάκι Μοίσαι, χαίρετ'· ἐγὼ δ' ὑμίν καὶ ἐς ὑστερον ἄδιον ἀσώ.

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΧ

πληρές τοι μέλιτος τὸ καλὸν στόμα Θύρσι γένοιτο, πληρές δὲ σχαδόνων, καὶ ἀπ' Αἰγίλω ἵσχάδα τρώγοις
ἀδείαν, τέττιγος ἐπεὶ τύγα φέρτερον ἄδεις.

ἡμῖδε τοι τὸ δέπας· θᾶσαι φίλος, ός καλὸν ὁσδεὶ· Ὄμραν πεπλύσθαι νῦν ἐπὶ κράναις δοκησεῖς. \(^1\)

ὅδ' ἦθι Κισσαίθα, τὸ δ' ἀμελγέ νῦν. αἱ δὲ χίμαιραι. οὐ μὴ σκιρτασείτε\(^3\), μὴ ὁ τράγος υμίν ἀναστή.

\(^1\) δηρίσαιντο Scaliger from Verg. Ecl. 8. 55: mss. γαρύσαιντο
\(^2\) κευ: mss also νιν
\(^3\) mss σκιρτασήτε
THEOCRITUS I, 136–152

"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-Ladye,
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, Browning;
and milk her, you. A truce to your skipping, 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 Simaetha1 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 hippocamas 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.
THEOCRITUS II

the four-liners tanzas 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 Thestylis 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.
II.—ΦΑΡΜΑΚΕΤΤΡΙΑΙ

Πά μοι ταί δάφναι; φέρε Θέστυλη. πᾶ δὲ τὰ
φίλτρα;
στεῖνον τὰν κελέβαν φοινικέω σοίς ἀόρῳ,
ὡς τὸν ἐμὸν βαρὺν εὐντα φίλον καταδύσομαι
ἀνδρα,
ὁς μοι δωδεκαταιός ἀφ’ ὁ τάλασ σοίδε ποθίκει,
οὐδ’ ἔγινον, πότερον τεθνάκαμες ἡ ξοιλ εἰμές,
οὐδὲ θύρας ἀραξεν ἀνάρσιοι. ἦρα οἱ ἀλλα
οἴχετ’ ἐχων ὁ τ’ Ἐρως ταχυνάς φρένας ἀ τ’
Ἀφροδίτα;
βασεύμαί ποτ’ ο以人民为 σοίς Καλείστραν
ἀφριν, ὡς νῦν ἔδω καὶ μέμψομαι οἶα με ποιεῖ.
νῦν δὲ νῦν ἐκ θυέων καταδήσομαι. ἂλλα Σελάνα
φαίνε νεκρόν τιν γὰρ ποταεύσομαι, Ἀσυχε 
δαίμον,
τὰ χθόνια θ’ Ἐκάτα, τὰν καὶ σκύλακες τρομεύοντι
ἐρχομέναν νεκρῶν ἄνα τῆρια καὶ μέλαν αἴμα.
χαὶρ’ Ἐκάτα δασπλῆτι, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄμμῳν ὑπάδει
φάρμακα ταῦτ’ ἐρδώσα χερείνα μὴτε τι Κίρκας
μὴτε τι Μηδείας μὴτε ξανθὰς Περιμήδας.

Ἰνγξ, ἔλκε τῷ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτ’ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.
Ἀλφιτά τοι πράτων πυρ’ τάκεταν. ἀλλ’ ἐπίπασσε
Θεστυλῆ. δειλαία, πᾶ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπότασαι;

1 οἴχετ’ Ε: mss φχετ’ 2 καταδήσομαι Toup: mss καταδύσομαι, from l. 3 3 Ἀσυχε Kiessling: mss. Ἀσυχα, from l. 100?
II.—THE SPELL

WHERE are my bay-leaves? Come, Thestyris; 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, Thestyris; throw it on. Alack, poor fool! whither are thy wits gone wandering? Lord! am I become a thing
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ηρά γε τοι μυσαρά και τιν ἐπίχαρμα τέτυγμαι;
πάσσῳ ᾧμα καὶ λέγε. 'ταῦτα τὰ Δέλφιδος ὡστια
πάσσω.

ινυξ, ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.  
Δέλφις ἐμ' ἀνίασεν· ἔγω δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
ἀθλω· χῶς αὐτὰ λακεῖ μέγα κάκτυρισασα
ἐξαπίνας 1 ἀφθη κοῦδε σποδοῦν εἴδομες αὐτᾶς,
οὕτω τοι καὶ Δέλφις ἐνη φλογί σάρκι ἀμαθύνοι.

ινυξ, ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.  
ἀς ταῦτον τὸν κῶρον 2 ἔγω σὺν δαίμονι τάκω,
δις τάκοιθυ ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁ Μύνδιος αὐτικὰ Δέλφις.
χῶς δινείθθ' ὁδε ῥόμβος ὁ χάλκεος ἔξ 'Αφροδίτας,
δις τήνος δινοῖτο ποθ' ἀμετέρασθι θύρασιν.

ινυξ, ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.  

νῦν θυσῶ τὰ πίτυρα. τὸ δ' "Ἀρτεμι καὶ τὸν ἐν
"Αἰδα

κινήσαις ἀδάμαντα καὶ εἰ τὶ περ ἁπαλαῖς ἄλλο.
Θεστυλή, ταὶ κῦνες ἀμμιν ἄνα πτόλυν ὁρύνονται.
ἀ θεὸς ἐν τριόδουσι· τὸ χαλκεόν ὡς τάχος ἄχει.

ινυξ, ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.

ἱνίδε σιγῇ μὲν πῶντος, σιγῶντι δ' ἀήται;
ἀ δ' ἐμα  οὐ σιγῇ στέρνων ἐντοσθεν ἀνία,
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τῆνο πᾶσα καταῖθομαι, ὡς με τάλαιναν
ἀντὶ γυναικὸς ἔθηκε κακὰν καὶ ἀπάρθενον εἴμεν.

ινυξ, ἐλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.

ἐς τρίς ἀποστέπειδο καὶ τρίς τάδε, πῶτιναι, φοινώ.

ητε γυνὰ τῆνο παρακέκλιται εἰτε καὶ ἀνήρ,

Ital. Filol. cl. 1907); mss κακτυρισασα (or κατυρ.) κηταπίνας
2 κώρον E., of. Verg. Ecl. 8, Hor. Epod. 17, Ov. Her. 6. 91; 
Soph. fr. 481a κώρον αὐστώσας νυπλ; 15. 120: mss' νηρόν, from 
a glossa

28
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 welmed 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, Thestylis, 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 asfire for him, asfire 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

τόσον ἔχοι λάθας, ὅσον ποκά Θησέα φαντι ἐν Δία λασθὲμεν εὐπλοκάμω Ἀριάδνας.

Ἰνύξ, ἐλκε τῦ τήνου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα. ἰππομανῖς φυτόν ἔστι παρ’ Ἀρκάσι, τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ τᾶσαι καὶ πῶλοι μαίνονται ἀν’ ὄρεα καὶ θοαὶ ἵπποι. ὃς καὶ Δέλφιν ἰδομι, καὶ ἐς τόδε δῶμα περάσαι μαίνομένω ἰκελὸς λιπαράς ἐκτοσθε παλαίστρας.

Ἰνύξ, ἐλκε τῦ τήνου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα. τοῦτ ἀπὸ τᾶς χλαίνας τὸ κράσπεδου ὠλεσε Δέλφις,

ὡγὼ νῦν τίλλοισα κατ’ ἀγρίῳ ἐν πυρὶ βάλλω.

ἀιαὶ Ἐρως ἀνιαρε, τί μεν μέλαν ἐκ χρόδες αἴμα ἐμφύς ὡς λυμναῖς ἀπαν ἐκ βθέλλα πέπωκας;

Ἰνύξ, ἐλκε τῦ τήνου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα. σαῦραν τοι τρύψασα κακὸν ποτὸν αὐριον οἰσώ.

Θεστυλί, νῦν δὲ λαβοίσα τῦ τὰ θρόνα ταῦθ’ ὑπόμαξον τᾶς τῆνο φλιάς καθ’ ὑπέρτερουν ἂς ἔτι καὶ νῦξ, καὶ λέγε ἐπιφθύζοισα: ‘τὰ Δέλφιδος ὅστια μάσσω.’

Ἰνύξ, ἐλκε τῦ τήνου ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἀνδρα.

νῦν δὴ μῶνα ἐοίσα πόθεν τὸν ἔρωτα δακρύσεω; τὴνδ’ ἀρξέμια, τὶς μοι κακὸν ἁγαγη τοῦτο.

ἡνθ’ ᾗ τοῦβοῦλοι καναφόροι ἅμμιν Ἀναξ’ ἀλσος ἐς Ἀρτέμιδος, τὰ δὴ πύκα πολλὰ μὲν ἀλλα θηρία πομπεῦσκε περισταδόν, ἐν δὲ λέαινα.

φράξεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

1 νῦξ Buecheler: mss νῦν 2 μάσσω Ahlwardt: mss πάσσω, from l. 21 3 τὴνδ’ ἀρξέμια Wil: mss ἐκ τῆνω δ’ ἀρξω or ἐκ τίνων ἀρξέμια (and ἀρξομαί) 4 πύκα Th. Fritzsche: mss ποκα 61 ἐκ θυμῶ δέδεμαι, ὃ δὲ μεν λόγον οὐδένα ποιεῖ, not in the best mss

30
THEOCRITUS II, 45-69

love-mate, O be that mate forgotten even as old Theseus once forgat 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, Thestyris, 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ μ’ ἀ Θευμαρίδα ὘ράσσα τροφός, ἀ μακαρίτις, 70 ἀγχίθυρος

ναίοισα, κατεύξατο καὶ λιγάνευσε
tὰν πομπὰν θάσασθαν. ἡγὼ δὲ οἱ ἀ μεγάλοιο

ὥμαρτεν βύσσοιο καλὸν σύροισα χετῶνα κάμφιστελαμένα τὰν ξυστίδα τὰν Κλεάριστας.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἐρωθ’ οθὲν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

ἡδη δ’ εὔσα μέσαν κατ’ ἀμαξίτον, ἀ τὰ Δύκωνος,

εἶδον Δέλφιν ὁμοῦ τε καὶ Ἐυδάμιππον ἱόντας,

τοῖς δ’ ἦς ξανθοτέρα μὲν ἐλιχρύσοιο γενείας,

στήθεα δὲ στήλβοντα πολὺ πλέον ἡ τ’ Σελάνα,

ὡς ἄπο γυμνασίοι καλὸν πόνον ἄρτι λιπόντων. 80

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἐρωθ’ οθὲν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

χώς ἵδιον, ὡς ἐμάνη, ὡς μοι περὶ θυμὸς ἱάφθη

δειλίας. τὸ δὲ κάλλος ἐτάκετο, κοῦδε τι πομπᾶς

tήνας ἐφρασάμαν· οὐδ’ ὡς πάλιν οἰκαδ’ ἀπήνθουν

ἐγγών. ἀλλὰ μὲ τις κατυρὰ νόσος ἐξαλάπαξε. 2

κείμαν δ’ ἐν κλιντήρι δέκ’ ἀματα καὶ δέκα

νύκτας.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἐρωθ’ οθὲν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

καὶ μεν χρῶς μὲν ὁμοίοις ἐγίνετο πολλάκι θάψῳ,

ἐρρεν δ’ ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πᾶσαι τρίχες, αὐτὰ δὲ

λυπά

ὀστὶ’ ἔτ’ ἦς καὶ δέρμα. καὶ ἐς τίνος οὐκ ἐπέρασα, 90

ἡ ποιάς ἐλιπον γραίας δόμον, ἀτίσ ἐπίδειν;

ἀλλ’ ἦς οὐδὲν ἐλαφρόν· ὅ δὲ χρόνος ἀνυτο φεύγων.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἐρωθ’ οθὲν ἱκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

χουτώ τὰ δούλα τὸν ἄλαθεα μῦθον ἐλεξά·

εἰ δ’ ἀγε Θεστυλὶ μοι χαλεπᾶς νόσῳ εὐρέ τι μῆχος.

πᾶσαν ἔχει με τάλαιναν ὁ Μύνδιος. ἀλλὰ μολοῦσα

1 ἀγχίθυρος Ε: mss ἀγχ

2 Schol. also ἐξεσάλαξε

32
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 hovel 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-Tufts.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

τήρησον ποτὶ τὰν Τιμαγήτου παλαιότραν·
tηνὲι γὰρ φοιτή, τηνὲὶ δὲ οἱ ἀδὴν καθῆσθαι.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὃθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα·
κηπεὶ κα νὶν ἐόντα μάθῃς μόνων, ἀσυχα νεῦσον·
κεῖφ’ ὃτι Σιμαῖθα τυ καλεὶ, καὶ ὕφαγε τὰδε.’

ὁς ἐφάμαν· ἂ δ’ ἴθι θεὶ καὶ ἀγαγε τὸν λυπαρόχρων
eῖς ἐμὰ δώματα Δέλφιν· ἐγὼ δὲ νἰν ὡς ἐπόησα
ἀρτὶ θύρας υπὲρ οὐδὸν ἀμεμβόμενον ποδὶ κοῦφῳ,

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὃθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα—
pᾶσα μὲν ἐφύχθην χίωνος πλέον, ἐκ δὲ μετώπω
ἱδρῶς μὲν κοχύδεσκεν ἵσων νοτίαισιν ἕρσαις,
οὐδὲ τὶ φωνῆσαι δυνάμαι, οὐδ’ ὅσον ἐν ὑπνῷ
κυνζόνται φωνεύντα φίλαν ποτὶ ματέρα τέκνα·

ἀλλ’ ἐπάγην δαγυδι καλὸν χρῶα πάντοθεν ἵσα.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὃθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
καὶ μ’ ἐσιδῶν ὡστὸργος ἐπὶ χθόνος ὃμματα πάξας
ἐξετ’ ἐπὶ κλιντήρι καὶ ἔσομενος φάτο μύθον

ζήρα με Σιμαῖθα τόσον ἐφθασας, ὅσον ἐγὼ θὴν
πράν ποκα τὸν χαρίεντα τρέχων ἐφθασα Φιλίνων,
ἐς τὸ τεὸν καλέσασα τὸδε στέγος ἢ μὲ παρείμεν.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὃθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

ζήθων γάρ κεν ἐγὼν, ναὶ τὸν γλυκὺν ζήθων ἑρωτα
ἡ τρίτος ἡ τέταρτος ἐὼν φίλος αὐτίκα νυκτός,
μᾶλα μὲν ἐν κόλποι Σιμώνίσου φυλάσσων,
κρατὶ δ’ ἐχὼν λεύκαν, Ἡρακλεὸς ιερὸν ἔρνος,
πάντοθε πορφυρέασι περὶ ζώστρασιν ἐλκτάν.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὃθεν ἵκετο, 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 bad'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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ κ’ εἰ μέν μ’ ἐδέχεσθε, τὰ δ’ ἦς φίλα· καὶ γὰρ ἐλαφρὸς
καὶ καλὸς πάντεσσι μετ’ ἥθελοις καλεῖμαι,
εὐδέθει τ’ εἰ μὼν τὸ καλὸν στόμα τεῦς ἐφίλησα·
ei δ’ ἀλλὰ μ’ ὥθειτε καὶ ἀ θύρα εἶχετο μοχλῷ,
pάντως καὶ πελέκεις καὶ λαμπάδες ἦθον ἐφ’ ὑμέας.

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ οθεν ἦκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.
νῦν δὲ χάριν μὲν ἐφαν τὰ Κύπριδι πράτον ὄφειλεν,
καὶ μετὰ τὰς Κύπριν τὰ με δευτέρα ἢ πυρὸς εἶλεν
ὁ γύναι ἐσκαλέσασα τεῦν ποτὶ τούτο μέλαθρον
αὐτὼς ἠμίφλεκτον Ἐρως δ’ ἄρα καὶ Λειπαρὼν
πολλάκις Ἀφαίστου τέλας φλογερώτερον αἴθει—

φράζεο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ’ οθεν ἦκετο, πότνα Σελάνα—
σὺν δὲ κακαὶς μανίας καὶ παρθένον ἐκ θαλάμου
καὶ νύμφαν ἐσόβησ’ ἐτι δέμνα θερμά λυπόσαις ἄνεροι.’
ὅς δ’ μὲν εἴπεν: ἐγώ δέ οἱ ἀ ταχυπεπθῆς
χειρὸς ἐφασμένα μαλακῶν ἐκλιν’ ἐπὶ λέκτρων·
καὶ ταχύ χρῶς ἐπὶ χρωτὶ πεπαίνετο, καὶ τὰ
πρόσωπα
θερμότερ’ ἂς ἡ πρόσθε, καὶ ἐγιθύρισθομεν ἀδύν.
ὡς καὶ 3 τοι μὴ μακρὰ φίλα θρυλεῖμι Σελάνα,
ἐπράχθη τὰ μέγιστα, καὶ ἐσ τὸθον ἦθομεν ἁμφω.
κούτε τι τήνος ἐμῖν ἐπεμέμψατο μέσφα τὸ γ’
ἐχθής,
οὔτ’ ἐγὼ αὐ τήνω. ἀλλ’ ἤθεν μοι ἀ τε Φιλίστας
μάθηρ τὰς ἀμάς αὐλητρίδος ἃ τε Μελιξών
σάμερον, ἀνίκα πέρ τε ποτ’ ὦρανδιν ἐτραχοὺ ἱπποι
Ἄω τὰς ῥοδόπαχυν ἱπτ’ Ἡκεανοῖ φέροισαι,

1 εὐδέθε L. Schmidt: mss εἴσον
schol., cf. 13. 48: mss ἐφόβησ’
and Laur. 32. 16: other mss κά

2 ἐσόβησ’ Jacobs from
kal Wil from Vat. 915

36
THEOCRITUS II, 124-148

"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 Liparaean Islands contain volcanoes. "Our flute-girl": the girl who used to play to him and me; the
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κεῖτε μοι ἀλλα τε πολλά καὶ ὡς ἀρα Δέλφις ἔραται. κεῖτε νῦν αὕτε γυναικὸς ἔχει πόθος εἴτε καὶ ἀνδρὸς, 150 οὐκ ἐφατ᾽ ἀτρεκῆς ἵδεν, ἀτὰρ τόσον 'αἰεν Ἐρωτος ἀκράτω ἐπεχεῖτο καὶ ἐς τέλος ἥχετο φεύγων, καὶ φάτο οἱ στεφάνοις τά δῶματα τῆνα πυκαζεῖν."1 ταύτα μοι ἀ ξείνα μυθήσατο, ἔστι δ' ἀλαθῆς. ἦ γάρ μοι καὶ τρίς καὶ τετράκις ἄλλοικ' ἐφοίτη, καὶ παρ' ἐμῖν ἐτίθει τὰν Δωρίδα πολλάκις ὀλπανν. νῦν δὲ δυσδεκαταῖος2 ἀφ' ὦτε νῦν οὐδὲ ποτείδουν. ἦρ' οὐκ ἄλλο τι τερπνὸν ἔχει, ἀμῶν δὲ λέλασται; νῦν μὰν τοῖς φίλτροις καταδύσομαι· αἰ δ' ἐτι καὶ με 3

λυπῆ, τὰν Ἀἶδον πῦλαν, ναὶ Μοῖρας, ἀραξίν· τοῖά οἱ ἐν κίστα κακὰ φαρμακα φωλεὶν Ἀσσυρίω, δέσποινα, παρὰ ξεινοῖο μαθοῖα. ἄλλα τὴν μὲν χαίροισα ποτ' ὀκεανὸν τρέπτε πῶλος, πότυν' ἐγὼ δ' οἰσῶ τὸν ἐμὸν πόθυν ὡστερ ὑπέσταν.4 χαίρε Σελαναία λαπαρόχροε, χαίρετε τῶλλοι 5 ἀστέρες εὐκάλου κατ' ἀντυγα Νυκτὸς ὅπαδοί.

1 πυκαζεῖν Ε: mss πυκάζειν 2 δυσδ. Wil: mss τε δυσ. 3 κα με Ahrens: mss κῆμε 4 Cf. Cl. Rev. 1911, p. 68 5 τῶλλοι Ε: mss δ' (or κ') ἄλλοι

38
THEOCRITUS II, 149-166

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 δέ μοι αἰγες βόσκονται κατ’ ὁρος, καὶ ὁ Τίτυρος αὐτὰς ἐλαύνει. Τίτυρ’ ἔμυν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλημένε, βόσκε τὰς αἰγας, καὶ ποτὶ τὰν κράναν ἄγε Τίτυρε, καὶ τὸν ἐνόρχαν, τὸν Λιβυκὸν κνάκωνα, φυλάσσειν μή τι κορύψῃ.

ὁ χαρίεσσα Ἀμαρυλλί, τί μ’ οὐκέτι τοῦτο κατ’ ἀντρον
παρκύπτοισα καλεῖς; τὸν ἐρωτύλον ἦρα με μισεῖς; ἦρα γέ τοι σιμός καταφαινόμαι ἐγγύθεν ἦμεν, νῦμφα, καὶ προγένεος; ἀπαγξασθαί με ποησεῖς. ἦνίδε τοι δέκα καλὰ φέρω. τηρῶθε καθεῖλων,
ὁ μ’ ἐκέλευ καθελείν τύ καὶ αὐριον ἀλλα τοι οἴσω.

θάσαι μάν’ θυμαλγῆς ἔμυν ἄχος. αἰθὲ γενοίμαν
ι βομβεύσα μέλισσα καὶ ἐς τεῦν ἀντρον ἴκοίμαιν
tὸν κισσὸν διαῦς καὶ τὰν πτέρνιν, ὅ τι πυκάσδεις.
nῦν Ἐγνων τὸν Ἐρωτα: βαρὺς θεός: ἦρα λεαίνας
μαζὸν ἐθήλαξε 1, δρυμὸ τὲ νὺν ἔτραφε μάτηρ
ὡς 2 μὲ κατασμίχων καὶ ἐς ὅστιον ἄχρις ἱάπτει.
ὁ τὸ καλὸν ποθορώσα, τὸ πάν λίθος: ὁ κυνόφρυ
νῦμφα, πρόσπτυξαί με τὸν αἰπόλον, ὅς τι φιλῆσον.
ἔστι καὶ ἐν κενεοίς φιλήμασιν ἄδεα τέρψις.
τὸν στέφανον τίλαι με κατ’ αὐτίκα λεπτὰ ποησεῖς,
tὸν τοῖ ἐγνω Ἀμαρυλλί φίλα κίσσοιο φυλάσσω
ἀμπλέχας καλύκεσσι καὶ εὐδόμοις σελίνοις.

1 ἐθήλαξε Stobaeus: mss -αζέ 2 ὁς E cf. 25. 53: mss ὁς

42
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 yon 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 dug 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. . .
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ομοι ἐγὼν, τί πάθω, τί ὁ δύσσος; οὐχ ὑπα-
kουνει.
tάν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τηνῶ ἀλεῦμαι,
ὡπερ τῶς θύννως σκοπίαζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γριπτεύς-
καίκα μη 'ποθάνω, τὸ γε μᾶν τεῦν ἀδὴ τέτυκται.
ἐγὼν πρᾶν, ὦκ' ἐμεῦ μεμναμένω, εἰ φιλεῖς με,
οὐδὲ τὸ τηλέφιλον ποτεμάξατο τὸ πλατάγημα,
ἀλλ' αὐτως ἀπαλῶ ποτὶ πάχεος τομεμαράνθην
εἰπε καὶ Ἄγροιω τάλαθεα κοσκινόμαντις,
ἀ πρᾶν ποιολογεύσα παραβάτις, ὦνεκ' ἐγὼ μὲν
τὴν ἀλος ἐγκειμαι, τὸ δὲ μεν λόγου ὀνεδέα πονή.
ἡ μᾶν τοι λευκὰν διδυματόκον αἶγα φυλάσσω,
tάν με καὶ Ἀρμήνωνος ἔριθακίς ἀ μελανόχρως
αἰτεὶ, καὶ ὁσῶ οἴ, ἐπεὶ τῷ μοι ἐνδιαθρύπτη.

ἀλλεταὶ ὀφθαλμὸς μεν ὁ δεξιῶς· ἡρά γ' ἱδησώ
αὐτάν; ἀσεῦμαι ποτὶ τὰν πίτυν ὅδ' ἀποκλεινθεῖς·
kαὶ κέ μ' ἱςως ποτίδοι, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἀδαμαντίνα ἔστιν.

Ἰππομένης ὃκα δὴ τὰν παρθένον ἦθελε γάμαι,
μᾶλ' ἐν χερσὶν ἐλῶν ὄρμον ἀνυνεν· ἀ δ' Ἀταλάντα
ὡς ἢδεν, ὡς ἐμάνῃ, ὡς ἐς βαθὺν ἄλατ' ἐρωτα.

1 ἀπαλῶ ποτὶ πάχεος, cf. 12. 24
THEOCRITUS III, 24-42

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-simpling 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

τὰν ἀγέλαιν χῶ μάντις ὡπ' Ὄθρνος ἄγε Μελάμπτος
ἐς Πύλον. ἀ δὲ Βιάντος ἐν ἀγκοίναισιν ἐκλῖνθη
μάτηρ ἀ χαρίεσσα περίφρονος 'Αλφεσίβοιας.
τὰν δὲ καλὰν Κυθέρειαν ἐν ὠρεσὶ μῆλα νομεύων
οὐχ ὀύτως Ὑδωνίσ ἐπὶ πλέον ἄγαγε λύσσας,
Ὡς' οὐδὲ φθίμενόν νυν ἄτερ μαξοῖο τίθητι;
ξαλωτὸς μὲν ἐμῖν ὁ τὸν ἄτροπον ὑπνὸν ἱαύων
'Ενδυμίων, ξαλὼ δὲ φίλα γύναι 'Ιασίωνα,
ὅς τοσσήν ἐκύρησεν, ὅσ' οὐ πευσεῖσθε βέβαλοι.

ἀλγέω τὰν κεφαλάν, τὼν δ' οὖ μέλει. οὐκέτ'
ἀείδοι,
κεισεύμαι δὲ πεσών, καὶ τοὶ λύκοι ὥδε μ' ἔδουνται.
ὡς μέλι τοι γλυκὰ τοῦτο κατὰ βρόχθοιο γένοιτο.
THEOCRITUS III, 43-54

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 profane 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 oxherd 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 Glaucè 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 Crotona 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
Εἶπέ μοι ὁ Κορύδων, τίνος αἱ βόες; ἥρα Φιλώνδα;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
οὐκ, ἀλλ' Ἀξίωνος· βόσκειν δὲ μοι αὐτὰς ἔδωκεν.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
ἡ πά ψε κρύβδαιν τὰ ποθέσπερα πάσας ἀμέλγεις;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
ἀλλ' ὁ γέρων υφίητι τὰ μοσχία κήμε φυλάσσει.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
αὐτὸς δ' ἐς τίν' ἀφαντὸς ὁ βουκόλος φχετο χώραν;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
οὐκ ἄκουσας; ἄγων νιν ἐπ' Ἀλφεδν φχετο Μίλων.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
καὶ πόκα τίνος ἐλαιον ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοίσιν ὀπώπει;

ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ
φαντὶ νιν Ἡρακλῆ βίην καὶ κάρτος ἐρίσδειν.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
κήμ' ἐφαθ' ἢ μάτηρ Πολυδεύκεος ἥμεν ἀμείων.

50
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.

"Oil": used by athletes upon their bodies.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ
κρυχετ' ἔχων σκαπάναν τε καὶ εἰκατε τούτοθε μήλα. 10

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
πείσαι καὶ Μίλων καὶ τῶς λύκος αὐτίκα λυσθῆν.

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ
ταὶ δαμάλαι δ᾽ αὐτῶν μυκώμεναι αἴδε ποθεύντι.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
dειλαιάι γ᾽ αὐταί, τὸν βουκόλον ὡς κακὸν εὔρον.

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ
ἡ μὰν δειλαιάι γε, καὶ οὐκέτι λῶντι νέμεσθαι.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
tῆνας μὲν δή τοι τὰς πόρτιος αὐτὰ λέλευπται
τῶστια. μὴ πρώκας σιτίζεται ὅσπερ ὁ τέττιξ;

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ
οῦ Δάν, ἄλλ᾽ ὅκα μὲν νυν ἐπ᾽ Ἀἰσάροιο νομεύω
καὶ μαλακῶ χόρτοιο καλὰν κόμυθα δίδωμι,
ἄλλοκα δὲ σκαίρει τὸ βαθύσκιον ἀμφὶ Λάτυμνον.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
λεπτὸς μὰν χῶ ταῦρος ὁ πυρρίχος. αἰθὲ
λάχαιεν

1 κα Ahrens: mss κε, τοι, τι

52
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 Latymnus.

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.”
THE BUCOLIC POETS

toi to δαμπριάδα, to δαμόται ὧκα θύωντι
tâ"Ηρα, τοιώνδε· κακοχράσμων γὰρ ὁ δᾶμος.

ΚΟΡΥΔΑΝ
kai µὰν ἐς στομάλαιµων ἐλαύνεται ἐς τε τὰ
Φύσκων 1,
kai ποτὶ τὸν Νήαιθον, ὅπα καλὰ πάντα φύοντι,
aígîpuros kai kνύζa kai eúwðhs melîteia.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
feî feî ßaseîntai kai tais bâes o tâlâv Aîgôn
eîs "Aîdâv, óka kai tî kâkas ἡράσσαι νîkás,
χâ sûrîgîx eûrîtoî pahlûnetai, ãn poî épâxa.

ΚΟΡΥΔΑΝ
ou tînâ γ', ou Nûmîfass, ëpêi potoî Pîsâv aîfêîpov
ðôrov êmîn nîn ëlêîpteîn· ëgyô de tîs eîmî melîktâs,
ekêv mên tâ Γlaukâs aîgkroûmâî, ev de tâ Pûrrrov.

Aînêw tân te Krôtâwâ kâlân pôlîn ãte Zaî-
kûnîwov 2
kai to potofôv to Ëlânînôv, ãper o púktas
Mîlîwov 3 ògôwçovta mônos katedâîsato máçâs.
tîneî kai tîn tâðrov âp' ãrêos âgne piâxas
tâs ôplâs kîðôk' Ômarvllîdî, tâl de gunâîkes
mâkron ânâûsan, ãw boûkîlôs ëxegêlâsseaen.

1 Φύσκων âo Palat. 330, cf. Philologus, 1908, p. 466: other
mss Φύσκω 2 kâlân pôlîn ãte Zákûnîwov E, cf. a Làoîon
inscription I. A. 79 tautâ âte = oûtwos ãs, and a modern folk-
saying, ἡ Zákûnîwos, ἡ Zákûnîwos, tâ ãvpos tîs Ἄnâtolîs: mss
kâlân pôlîs âte (or â te) Zákûnîwos 3 Mîlîw Naber, cf. l. 7:
mss and schol. Aîgôn

54
THEOCRITUS IV, 21–37

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 Lacinia,
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

BATTOS

ὁ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμαρυλλή, μόνας σέθεν οὐδὲ θανοῖσας
λασεύμεσθ' ὡσον αἰγες ἐμν φίλαι, ὡσον ἀπέσβησ.
αἰαὶ τῷ σκληρῷ μάλα δαιμόνος, ὡς με λελόγχει.

KORTAQN

θαρσεῖν χρὴ φίλε Βάττε: τάχ' αὐριον ἔσσετ' ἀμεινον.
ἐλπίδες ἐν ἥσανοιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.
χῶ Ζεύς ἄλλοκα μὲν πέλει αἰθριος, ἄλλοκα δ' ὑει.

BATTOS

θαρσέω. βάλλε κάτωθε, τὰ μοσχία. 1 τὰς γὰρ
ἐλαίας
τὸν θαλλὸν τρώγοντι τὰ δύσσοα.

KORTAQN

σίτοι' ὁ Δέπαργος,
σίτο' ἂ Κυμαίθα ποτὶ τὸν λόφον. ὀὐκ ἐσακούεις;
ἡξω ναὶ τὸν Πάνα κακὸν τέλος αὐτίκα δωσῶν,
εἰ μὴ ἀπει τουτὸθεν. ἵδ' αὖ πάλιν ἄδε ποθέρπτει.
εἴθ' ἢς μοι ῥοικὸν τὸ² λαγωβόλον, ὡς τὸ πάταξα.

BATTOS

θᾶσαί μ' ὃ Κορόδων ποττῷ Διός: ἀ γὰρ ἀκανθὰ
ἀρμοὶ μ' ὅδ' ἐπάταξ' ὑπὸ τὸ σφυρόν. ὡς δὲ
βαθεῖα
tάτρακτυλλίδες ἑντί. κακῶς ἂ πόρτις οἴοιτο·
eἰς ταῦταν ἐτύπην χασμεμενος. ἥρα γε λεύσσεις;

KORTAQN

ναι ναι, τοῖς ὄνυχεσσιν ἔχω τέ νυν' ἀδε καὶ ἀυτά.

1 βάλλε κάτωθε, τὰ μ. Ἐ, cf. βάλλη' ἐς κόρακας: others βάλλε
κάτωθε τὰ μ. 2 ροικὸν τὶ Hermann: miss ρ. τὸ or τυ
56
THEOCRITUS IV, 38–55

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 ἐστὶ τὸ τύμμα καὶ ἀλίκον ἀνδρὰ δαμάζει.

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ
eἰς ὅρος ὅκχ' ἑρπῆς, μὴ νήλιπος ἔρχεο Βάττε-
eῖν γὰρ ὅρει ῥάμνοι τε καὶ ἀσπάλαθοι κομέονται.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
eἰπ' ἀγε μ' ὃ Κορύδων, τὸ γερόντιον ἥρ' ἐτὶ μύλλει
τήναν τὰν κυάνοφρυν ἐρωτίδα, τὰς ποκ' ἐκνίσθη;

ΚΟΡΤΔΩΝ
ἀκμὰν γ' ὃ δειλαίε· πρόον γὲ μεν αὐτὸς ἐπενθῶν
καὶ ποτὶ τὰ μάνδρα κατελάμβανον ἄμος ἐνήργει.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ
eὐ γ' ἀνθρωπε φιλοίφα· τὸ τοι γένος Ἡ Σατυρίσκοις
ἐγγύθεν Ἡ Πάνεσι κακοκνάμοισιν ἐρίσδεις.
THEOCRITUS IV, 56–63

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.—ΑΙΠΟΛΙΚΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΠΟΙΜΕΝΙΚΩΝ

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
Αἴγες ἐμαί, τήνον τὸν ποιμένα τὸν Συβαρίταν
φεύγετε τὸν Λάκωνα· τὸ μευ νάκος ἐχθὲς ἔκλεψεν.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
οὐκ ἀπὸ τὰς κράνας σίττ' ἀμνίδες; οὐκ ἐσορήτε
τὸν μευ τὰν σύρυγγα πρόαν κλέψαντα Κομάταν;

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
τὰν ποίαν σύρυγγα; τὴ γάρ ποκα δῶλε Σιβύρτα
ἐκτάσα σύρυγγα; τὸ δ’ οὐκέτι σὺν Κορύδωνι
ἀρκεῖ τοι καλάμας αὐλὸν ποππύσδεν ἔχοντι;

ΛΑΚΩΝ
τὰν μοι ἔδωκε Λάκων ἤλευθερε. τὴν δὲ τὸ ποιοῦν
Λάκων ἀγκλέψας ποκ’ ἔβαν νάκος; εἰπὲ Κομάτα·
οὐδὲ γὰρ Εὐμάρα τῷ δεσπότῳ ἢς τι ἐνεῦδεν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
τὸ Κροκύλος μοι ἔδωκε, τὸ ποικίλον, ἀνίκ’ ἔθυσε
ταῖς Νύμφαις τὰν αἴγα· τὴ δ’ ὁ κακεὶ καὶ τὸκ’
ἐτάκευν
βασκαίνων, καὶ νῦν με τὰ λοίσθια γυμνὸν ἔθηκας.

62
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 Croculus 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 μαῦτον τὸν Πάνα τὸν ἄκτιον, οὐ τέ γε Λάκων
tὰν βαίταν ἀπέδυσ' ὁ Κυλαίθιδος, ἤ κατὰ τήνας
tὰς πέτρας ὄνθρωπε μανείς εἰς Κράθιν ἀλοίμαν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐ μᾶν οὐ ταύτας τὰς λιμνάδας ὡγαθὲ Νύμφας,
αιτε μοι ὦλαοὶ τε καὶ εὐμενέες τελέθοιεν,
οὐ τεν τὰν σύριγγα λαθὼν ἐκλεψα Κομάτας.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

αἲ τοι πιστεύσαιμι, τὰ Δάφνιδος ἀλγε' ἀροίμαν. 2
ἀλλ' ὃν αἶκα λής ἐρίφων θέμεν, ἔστι μὲν οὐδὲν
ἰερόν, ἀλλ' ἄγε τοι διαείσομαι, ἔστε κ' ἀπείτης.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ὑς ποτ' Ἀθαναίαν ἔριν ἰρίσεν. ἤνειδε κεῖται
ἐρίφως: ἀλλ' ἄγε καὶ τοῦ τὸν εὐβοτον ἅμων ἔριστε. 2

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ὡ κιναδεῦ τάδ' ἐρίσσεται 3 ἐξ ἴσω ἅμμων;
τις τρίχας ἄντ' ἐρίνων ἐποκιξατο; τις δὲ παρεύσας
αἰγὸς πρατοτόκοιο κακὰν κύνα δήλητ' ἀμέλγειν;

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ὅστις νικασεῖν τὸν πλατίον ως τοι πεποίθει, 4
σφαξ βομβέων τεττυγος ἐναντίον. ἀλλὰ γάρ
οὐ τι
ἐρίφως ἰσοπαλής του, 5 ἢ' ὁ τράγος οὕτος· ἔριστε. 5

1 Κυλαίθιδος Bechtel from Herodas 6. 50: mss Καλ. 2 ἔριστε accus. of stake : mss also ἐφείδε
3 τάδ' ἐρίσσεται (passive) Ε: mss τάδ' (τάδ', τάδε γ') ἐσσεται 4 πεποίθει Heinsius : mss πεποίθει 5 τοι Ahrens : mss την
64
THEOCRITUS V, 14–30

-LACON-
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.

-LACON-
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.

-LACON-
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ
μὴ σπεύδῃ· οὐ γάρ τοι πυγι θάλπεαι· ἀδιον ἀσῆ τείδ᾽ ὑπὸ τὰν κότινον καὶ τάλσα ταύτα καθίζασ. ψυχρῶν ὦδωρ τηνεὶ καταλείβεται· ὥδε πεφύκει ποία χα στιβᾶς ἀδε, καὶ ἀκρίδες ὥδε λαλεῖντι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
ἀλλ’ οὐ τι σπεύδω· μέγα δ’ ἄχθομαι, εἰ τ’ με τολμῇς ὀμμασί τοῖσδ’ ὀρθοίς ποτιβλέπεν, ὅν ποκ’ ἑόντα παϊδ’ ἔτ’ ἐγών ἐδίδασκον. ἴδ’ ἀ χάρις εἰς τὶ ποθέρπει.

θρέψαι τοι λυκίδεσ, θρέψαι κυνᾶς, ὡς τυ φάγωντι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
καὶ πόκ̄ ἐγών παρὰ τεῖς τι μαθὼν καλὸν ἢ καὶ ἀκούσας μέμναμ; ὡ φθονερόν τυ καὶ ἀπρεπὲς ἀνδρίον αὐτως.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
ἀνίκ’ ἐπτύγιζον τυ, τυ δ’ ἄλγες· αἰ δὲ χίμαιραι αἰδε κατεβληχῶντο, καὶ ὁ τράγος αὐτάς ἐτρύπη.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
μὴ βάθιον τίνω πυγίσματος ὦβε ταφείς. ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔρφ’, ὡδ’ ἔρπε, καὶ ὑστατα βουκολικῆ.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
οὐχ ἔρψω τηνεὶ· τουτεὶ δρύες, ὥδε κύπειρος, ὥδε καλὸν βομβεύντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι· ἐνθ’ ὕδατος ψυχρῶ κράναι δύο· ταὶ δ’ ἐπὶ δενδρεῖ ὄρνιξες λαλαγεῦντι· καὶ ἀ σκιά ὀυδὲν ὀμοία τὰ παρὰ τίν· βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἀ πίτυς ἤψεθε κώνοις.

1 ὀμμασί τοῖσδ’ Hermann: mss δ. τοῖς
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 εὖρια τείδε πατησεῖς,
αἰκ’ ἐνθής, ὑπ’νω μαλακῶτερα. ταῖ δὲ τραγεῖαι
ταῖ παρὰ τῖν ὀσὸντι κακώτερον ἡ τὺ περ ὀσδεῖς.
στασὼ δὲ κρατήρα μέγαν λευκοῦ γάλακτος
ταῖς Νύμφαις, στασὼ δὲ καὶ άδεος ἄλλον ἐλαιόω.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

αἱ δὲ κε καὶ τὸ μόλης, ἀπαλάν πτέριν ὁδ’ πατησεῖς
καὶ γλάχων’ ἀνθεύσαν. ὑπεσσεῖται δὲ χιμαιράν
δέρματα τὰν παρὰ τῖν μαλακῶτερα τετράκις
ἀρνών.
στασὼ δ’ ὁκτὼ μὲν γαυλὼς τῷ Πανὶ γάλακτος,
ὁκτὼ δὲ σκαφίδας μέλιτος πλέα κηρ’ ἐχοίςασ.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

αὐτόθε μοι ποτέρισε καὶ αὐτόθε βουκολιάσδευν.
τὰν σαυτῷ πατέων ἔχε τὰς δρύας. ἀλλὰ τίς ἄμμε,
tίς κρίνει; αἰθ’ ἐνθοὶ ποχ’ ὁ βουκόλος ὃδ’ ὁ
Λυκώπας.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

οὐδὲν ἐγὼ τήνω ποτιδεύσμαι. ἀλλὰ τὸν ἀνδρα,
αἱ λῆς, τὸν δρυτόμοι βωστρήσομε, ὅς τὰς ἔρείκας
τήνας τὰς παρὰ τὰς ξυλοχίζεται: ἔστι δὲ Μόρσων.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

βωστρέωμες.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

τῷ κάλει νῦν.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

ἰὼ ξένε μικὸν ἄκουσον
τείδ’ ἐνθών’ ἄμμες γὰρ ἔρισδομε, ὅστις ἀρέιῶν
βουκολιαστάς ἐστί. τῷ δ’ ὦγαθε μήτ’ ἐμὲ Μόρσων
ἐν χάριτι κρίνης, μήτ’ ὁν τῦγα τούτων ὀνάσης.
THEOCRITUS V, 50–69

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 Lycopas 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. (Morson 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 Νυμφᾶν Μόρσων φίλε μῆτε Κομάτα 70
tὸ πλέον εὐθύνης, μῆτ’ ὁν τῦγα τῆδε χαρίξῃ.
ἀδε τοι ὁ ποίμνα τῶ Θουρίῳ ἔστι Σιβύρτα.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

μῆ τὺ τὶς ἡρώτη ποτὶ Ὁδός, αἴτε Σιβύρτα 74
αἴτ’ ἐμὸν ἐστὶ κάκιστε τὸ ποίμνιον; ὡς λάλος ἐσσί.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

βέντισθ’ οὕτως, ἐγὼ μὲν ἀλαθέα πάντ’ ἀγορεύω
κοῦδεν καυχῶμαι· τὰ δ’ ἄγαν φιλοκέρτομος ἐσσί.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

εἶα λέγ’, εἰ τὶ λέγεις, καὶ τὸν ξένον ἐς πόλιν
ἀθις
ξῶντ’ ἀφες· ὦ Παῖαν, ἡ στωμύλος ἡσθα Κομάτα.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

Ταὶ Μοῖσαι με φιλεύντι πολὺ πλέον ἡ τὸν ἀοιδὸν 80
Δάφνιν· ἐγὼ δ’ αὐταῖς χιμάρως δύο πρὰν ποικ’
ἐθυσα.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ ἐμ’ Ὀπόλλων φιλεῖε μέγα, καὶ καλὸν
αὐτῷ
κριόν ἐγὼ βόσκω. τὰ δὲ Κάρνεα καὶ δὴ ἐφέρπει.

73 Ἐυμάρα δὲ τὰς αἶγας ὃρῆς φίλε τῶ Συβαρίτα. Wil.
rightly omits.
70
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
πλαν δύο τάς λοιπάς διδυμάτοκος αίγας ἀμέλγω,
καὶ μ’ ἀ παῖς ποθορέυσα ‘τίλαν’ λέγει ‘αὐτῶς
ἀμέλγεις;’

ΛΑΚΩΝ
φεῦ φεῦ· Λάκων τοι ταλάρως σχεδὸν εἰκατε πληροὶ
tυρῶ καὶ τὸν ἀναβοὺν ἐν ἀνθεσὶ παῖδα μολύνει.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
βάλλει καὶ μάλοισι τὸν αἰπόλον ἂ Κλεαρίστα
τάς αίγας παρελᾶντα καὶ ἀδύ τι ποππυλεύσει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
κῆμε γὰρ ὁ Κρατίδας τὸν ποιμένα λεῖος ὑπαυντῶν ἐκμαίνει· λυπαρὰ δὲ παρ’ αὐχένα σεῖτ’ ἕθειρά.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
ἀλλ’ οὐ σύμβλητ’ ἐστὶ κυνόσβατος οὐδ’ ἀνεμώνα
πρὸς ρόδα, τῶν ἀνδηρά παρ’ αἴμασιαίσι πεφύκει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ’ ἀκύλοις ὁρομαλίδες· αἰ μὲν ἔχοντι
λεπτὸν ἀπὸ πρίνου λεπύριον, αἰ δὲ μελιχραί.

1 λεπτόν: of taste
THEOCRITUS V, 84–95

COMATAS
Nigh all my goats have twins at teat; there’s only
two with one;
And the damsels sees and the damsels 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
κήγω μὲν δωσῶ τὰ παρθένῳ αὐτίκα φάσσαν
ἐκ τῶν ἀρκεύθω καθελῶν· τηνεὶ γὰρ ἐφίσεδει.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ ἐς χαλάναν μαλακῶν πόκον, ὄππόκα πέξω
τὰν οἶν τὰν πέλλαν, Κρατίδα δωρήσομαι αὐτός.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
σίττ' ἀπὸ τὰς κοτίνω ταῖς μηκάδες· ὡδε νέμεσθε,
ὡς τὸ κάταντες τοῦτο γεώλοφον αἳ τε μυρίκαι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
οὐκ ἀπὸ τὰς δρυὸς οὔτος ὁ Κώναρος ἀ τε Κυναίθα;
tουτεὶ βοσκησεῖσθε ποτ' ἀντολάς,1 ὡς ὁ Φάλαρος.

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

ΛΑΚΩΝ
χάμιν ἐστὶ κύων φιλοποίμνοις, δς λύκος ἄγχει,
ὅπ τῷ παιδὶ δίδωμι τὰ θηρία πάντα διώκειν.

1 ποτ' ἀντολάς "uphill" Ε, cf. 4. 44 and ἀνατέλλω Αρ. Ρθ. 2.1247: others "towards the east"

74
THEOCRITUS V, 96–107

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

άκριδες, αἰ τοῦ φραγμοῦ υπερπαθήτω τὸν ἁμόν, μὴ μεν λωβάσησθε τὰς ἀμπέλους· ἐντὶ γὰρ ἄβαι. 1

ΛΑΚΩΝ

tοι τέττυνες ὀρῆτε, τὸν αἰτῶλον ὡς ἐρεβίξω· οὐτως κύμμες θην ἐρεβίξετε τῶς καλαμεντάς.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

μισέω τὰς δασυκέρικας ἀλώπεκας, αἰεὶ τὰ Μίκωνος aἰεὶ φοιτῶσαι τὰ ποθέσπερα ραγίζοντι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ μισέω τῶς κανθάρος, οἰ τὰ Φιλώνδα σύκα κατατρώγοντες ὑπανέμιοι φορέονται.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἡ οὐ μέμνας', ὅκε ἐγώ το τατήλαςα, καὶ τὸ σεσαρῶς εὔ ποτεκυκλίζει καὶ τὰς δρυὸς εἶχεο τήνας;

ΛΑΚΩΝ

tοῦτο μὲν οὐ μέμναμ' ὅκα μὰν τοὶ 2 τεῖδε τὸ δήσας Ἐυμάρας ἐκάθαρε, καλῶς μὰλα τοῦτο γ' ἵσαμι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ

ἡδῆ τις Μόρσων πικραίνεται· ἠ οὐχὶ παράσθενον; σκίλλας ἰὸν γραίας ἀπὸ σάματος αὐτίκα τίλλειν.

1 ἅβαι: mss ἃβαι, ἃβαι, ἃβαι, schol. ἃβαι, ἃαι, ἃταῖ: probably special name of a choice sort of vine, cf. Hesych. ἅβη: ἄμπελος: some take it as "youths," i.e. young vines 2 μὰν τοὶ Wil mss μὰν ποικε 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 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΛΑΚΩΝ
κῆρῳ μὰν κνίζω Μόρσων τινά' καὶ τὺ δὲ λεύσσεις.
ἐνθών τὰν κυκλάμμουν ὄρυσσέ νυν ἐς τὸν' Ἀλεντα.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
 Ῥμέρα ἄνθ' ὑδατος ἰείτω γάλα, καὶ τῷ δὲ Κράθι
οίνῳ πορφύρωις, τὰ δὲ τοι σία καρπὸν ἐνέκαι.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
 Ῥεῖτω χὰ Συβαρίτις ἐμὲν μέλι, καὶ τὸ πότορθρον
ἀ παῖς ἄνθ' ὑδατος τὰ καλπίδι κηρία βάψαι.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
 ταὶ μὲν ἐμαὶ κύτισον τε καὶ αὐγίλον αἰγες ἔδουτι,
καὶ σχῖνον πατέοντι καὶ ἐν κομάροις κέονται.

ΛΑΚΩΝ
 ταῖς δ' ἐμαῖς ὀδέσσι πάρεστι μὲν ἀ' μελίτεια
φέρβεσθαι, πολλὸς δὲ καὶ ὡς ῥόδα κίσθος ἔπανθει.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
οὐκ ἔραμ' Ἀλκίττας, ὅτι με πρὰν οὐκ ἐφίλησε
τῶν ὁτῶν καθελοῖσ', ὥκα οἱ τὰν φάσσαν ἐδώκα.
THEOCRITUS V, 122–133

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
Browse 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΚΩΝ
άλλ' ἐγὼ Ἕμηδεμος ἔραμαι μέγα· καὶ γὰρ ὁκ' 
αὐτῷ 
tὰν σύριγγ' ὥρεξα, καλὸν τί με κάρτ' ἐφίλησεν.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
οὐ θεμιτὸν Δάκων ποτ' ἀγδόνα κάσσας ἑρίσδειν,
οὐδ' ἔτοπας κύκνοις· τῷ ὁ τάλαν ἐσσὶ 
' φιλεχῆς.

ΜΟΡΣΩΝ
παῦσασθαί κέλομαι τὸν ποιμένα. τὸν δὲ Κομάτα 
δωρεῖται Μόρσων τὰν ἀμφίδα· καὶ τῷ δὲ θύσας 
tαις Νύμφαις Μόρσωνι καλὸν κρέας αὐτίκα 
pέμψον.

ΚΟΜΑΤΑΣ
πεμψῶν γαὶ τὸν Πάνα. φριμάσσεο πᾶσα τραγίσκων 
nῦν ἄγελα· κηγών γὰρ ἰδ' ὡς μέγα τοῦτο κακάσδω 
καττῶ Δάκωνος τῷ ποιμένος, ὅττι ποι' ἦδη 
ἀνυσάμαν τὰν ἀμφίδα· ἐς ωρανὸν ὑμμίν ἀλευμαί. 
ἀγές ἐμαὶ θαρσείτε κερούτίδεσ· αὐρίον ὑμμὲ 
pάσας ἐγὼ λουσώ Συβαρίτιδος ἐνδοθι λίμνας. 
οὕτος ὁ λευκίτας ὁ κορυπτίλος, εἴ τιν' ὁχεύσεις 
tὰν αἰγὼν, φλάσσω τυ, πρὶν ἡ ἐμὲ καλλιερήσαι 
tαις Νύμφαις τὰν ἀμφίδ. ὃ δ' αὖ πάλιν. ἀλλὰ 
γενοῦμαι, 
αἰ μὴ τυ φλάσσαιμι, Μελάνθιος ἀντὶ Κομάτα.

1 κακάσδοι Ἔ, cf. 2. 153, 23. 46: mss κακάσδω 
2 κερούτίδες: Ahrens: mss κερουχίδες, schol. also κερουλίδες, κερουλκίδες

80
THEOCRITUS V, 134-150

LACon
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

Δαμοίταις χώ Δάφνις ο βουκόλος εἰς ἕνα χῶρον
tὰν ἀγέλαν πόκ', Ἀρατε, συνάγαγον· ἦς δ' ὁ μὲν
αὐτῶν
πυρρός, δ' ἡμυγένειος· ἐπὶ κράναν δὲ τιν' ἄμφω
ἐσοδόμενοι θέρεος μέσφ ἄματι τοιάδ' ἀειδον.
πρᾶτος δ' ἀρξατο Δάφνις, ἐπεὶ καὶ πρᾶτος ἐρισδε-

Βάλλει τοι Πολύφαμε τὸ ποίμνιον ἀ Γαλάτεια
μάλοισιν, δυσέρωτα τὸν αἰπόλον ἀνδρα καλέσα-
καὶ τὺ νῦν οὐ ποθόρησθα τάλαν τάλαν 1, ἄλλα
κάθησαι
ἄδεα συρίσδων. πάλιν ἄδ' ἑδε τὰν κύνα βάλλει,
ἀ τοι τὰν ὀών ἐπεταί σκοπός· ἄ δὲ βαύσδει
εἰς ἄλα δερκομένα, τὰ δὲ νῦν καλὰ κύματα
φαίνει 2

ἀσυχα καχλάζοντος ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο θέοισαν.
φράζει μὴ τὰς παιδὸς ἐπὶ κνάμαισιν ὀρούση
ἐξ ἄλος ἐρχομένας, κατὰ δὲ χρόα καλὸν ἄμυξη.
ἀ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸθε τοι διαθρύπτεται· ως ἀπ' ἀκάνθας
tαὶ κατυραὶ χαῖται, τὸ καλὸν θέρος ἀνίκα
φρύγει,
καὶ φεύγει φιλέοντα καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διόκει,
1 τάλαν E accus. neut. cf. Men. Ἐρ. 217 : others voc. masc.
2 φαίνει : schol. also ραίνει

84
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. "glassed": there is an ancient variant "splashed."
καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμᾶς κινεῖ λίθον· ἢ γὰρ ἔρωτι πολλάκις ὦ Πολύφαμε τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ πέφανται.

τῷ δ’ ἐπὶ Δαμοῖτας ἀνεβάλλετο καὶ τάδ’ ἀείδεν·

Εἶδον γαῖ τὸν Πᾶνα, τὸ ποίμνιον ἀνίκ’ ἔβαλλε,
κοῦ μ’ ἐλαθ’, οὐ τὸν ἐμὸν τὸν ἐνα γυνικόν, ὡς ποθορᾷμι
ἐς τέλος, αὐτὰρ ὁ μάντις ὁ Τῆλεμος ἔχθρ’ ἀγορεύων ἔχθρα φέροι ποτὶ σίκον, ὅπως τεκέεσσι φυλάσσοι.
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐγὼ κυίζων πάλιν οὐ ποθόρημι,
ἀλλ’ ἄλλαν τινὰ φαμί γυναῖκ’ ἔχεν· ὡς δ’ ἀτοίσα ξαλοὶ μ’ ὧ Παιὰν καὶ τάκεται, ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσας οἰστρεῖ παπταίνωσα ποτ’ ἀντρα τε καὶ ποτὶ ποίμνας.

σίξα 1 δ’ ὑλακτεῖν νῦν καὶ τὰ κυνί. καὶ γὰρ ὅκ’ ἦρων αὐτὰς, ἐκνυξῆτο ποτ’ ἱσχία ῥύγχος ἔχοισα.

ταῦτα δ’ ἵσως ἐσορῶσα ποευτά με πολλάκι, πεμψεὶ ἄγγελον. αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κλαξῶθ θύρας, ἔστε κ’ ὁμόση 
αὐτά μοι στορεσεῖν καλὰ δέμνια τᾶς δ’ ἐπὶ νάσω.

1 σίξα Ruhnken : mss σίγα, σίγα, σιγα, σιγα
THEOCRITUS VI, 18–33

But cease to woo and she'll pursue, aye, then the king's the move;
For oft the foul, good Polypheme, 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 Télémus 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'd 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. "Télémus": prophesied the blinding of Polyphemus by Odysseus.
καὶ γὰρ θην οὖδ’ εἴδος ἔχω κακὸν, ὡς με λέγοντες.
ἡ γὰρ πρᾶν ἐς πόντον ἐσέβλεπον, ἃς δὲ γαλάνα, καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια, καλὰ δὲ μεν ἀ μία κάρα, ὡς παρ’ ἐμὴν κέκριται, κατεφαίνετο, τῶν δὲ τ’ ὄδυντων
λευκότερα αὐγὰ ¹ Παρίας ὑπέχαινε ² λίθοιο,
ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ δέ, τρὶς εἰς ἐμὸν ἔπτυσα κόλπον,
ταῦτα γὰρ ἡ γραία με Κοτυτταρίς ἐξεδίδαξε.

τὸσο’ εἰπὼν τὸν Δάφνιν ὁ Δαμώιτας ἐφίλησε,
χὼ μὲν τῷ σύριγγ’ ὁ δὲ τῷ καλὸν αὐλὸν ἔδωκεν.
αὐλεὶ Δαμώιτας, σύρισθε δὲ Δάφνις ὁ βούτας,
ὡρχεύντ’ ἐν μαλακᾶ ταῖ πόρτιες αὐτίκα ποίᾳ.
νικη μὰν οὐδάλλος, ἀνήσσατο δ’ ἐγένοντο.

¹ λευκότερα αὐγὰ Meineke, cf. e.g. 2.152, 10. 30, 11. 12: mss λευκότέραν αὐγάν ² ὑπέχαινε E: mss ὑπέφαινε from κατεφαίνετο above
41 ἃ πρᾶν ἀμάντεσσι παρ’ Ἰπποκλῶνι ποταύλει. 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 gaped whiter than marble." "O'erkock
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 Mitylenë, 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

Ἡ χρόνος ἀνίκ' ἐγώ τε καὶ Εὐκριτος εἰς τὸν Ἀλευτα
εὐρπομες ἐκ πόλιος, σὺν καὶ τρίτος ἀμμων Ἀμύντας.
τὰ Δηοὶ γὰρ ἔτευχε θαλύσια καὶ Φρασίδαμος
κ' Ἀντιγένης, δύο τέκνα Δυκώπεος, εἳ τί περ ἔσθλον
χαών τῶν ἑπάνωθεν ἀπὸ Κλυτίας τε καὶ αὐτῶ
Χάλκωνος, Βοῦριναν δὲ ἐκ ποδὸς ἀνε βράναν
εὔ ἐνερεισάμενος πέτρα γόνυ, ταῖ δὲ παρ' αὐτῶν
αιγειροὶ πτελέα τε ἐνεκίον ἄλοσ δοὺ αἰφαῖνον
χλωροίσιν πτελάοισι κατηρφεῖς κομώσασι.
κούπω τὰν μεσάταν ὅδὸν ἀνυμέας, οὔδὲ τὸ σάμα
ἀμίν τὸ Βρασίλα κατεφαίνετο, καὶ τιν' ὅδιταν
ἔσθλον σὺν Μοίσαισι Κυδωνίκων εὐρομες ἄνδρα,
οὐνομα μὲν Δυκίδαι, ἦς δ' αἰπόλος, οὔδε κὲ τὸν
ηγούησεν ἵδων, ἐπεὶ αἰπόλῳ έξοχ' ἐφλεῖ
ἐκ μὲν γὰρ λασίοιο δασύτριχος εἴχε τράγοιον
κνακὸν δὲμ' ἀμοισί νέας ταμίσιοι ποτόσδον,
ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ στήθεσσι γέρων ἔσφιγγετο πέπλος
ξωστήρι πλακερῷ, ῥοικὰν δ' ἔχειν ἀγριειλαῖο
δεξιτέρα κορίναν. καὶ μ' ἀτρέμας εἴπε σεσαρῶς
ὁματι μειδιώντι, γέλως δὲ οἱ εὐχετο χείλενσι
' Συμιχίδα, πά' δὴ τὸ μεσαμέριον πόδας ἐλκεῖς,

1 ἑπάνωθεν Reiske, cf. Ep. 22. 3 : mss ἔτ' ἑνωθεν
2 εὖ Hermann : mss ἔν γ' 3 ἄφαινον Heinsius from Verg.
Erl. 9. 42 : mss. ἄφαινον 4 Schol. also πλακέρφ

92
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 Phrasisdamus and Antigenes the two sons of Lycopeus, sons to wit of a fine piece of the good old stuff that came of Clytia, of Clytia and of that very Chalcon 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 Chalcon": legendary queen and king of Cos. "Burina": the fountain still bears this name.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

άνικα δὴ καὶ σάυρος ἐν αἰμασιαῖσι καθεύδει,
oῦδ' ἐπιτυμβίδιαι κορυδαλλίδες ἥλαίνουτι;
ἤ μετὰ δαίτα κλητὸς ἐπείγεαι; ἢ τυνὸς ἀστῶν
λανόν ἔπι θρόφοις; ὡς τευ ποσὶ νυσσομένου
πᾶσα λίθος πταίοισα ποτ' ἄρβυλίδεσσιν ἀείδει
tὸν δ' ἐγώ ἀμείφθην ' Δυκίδα φίλε, φαντὶ τυ
πάντες

ἡμεν συρικτὰν μέγ' ὕπειροχον ἐν τε νομεύσιν
ἐν τ' ἀματήρεσσι. τὸ δὴ μάλα θυμὸν ιαίνει
ἀμέτεροι. καίτοι κατ' ἐμὸν νόον ἐσοφαιρίζειν
ἐλπομαι. ἀ δ' ὅδος ἀδὲ θαλύσιαδιν. ἡ γὰρ ἔταιροι
ἀνέρες ὑπέτειλαν δαίτα τελεύτη
ὀλβω ἀπαρχόμενοι. μάλα γὰρ σφίσι πίον μέτρφ
ἀ δαίμων εὐκριθον ἀνεπληρώσεαν ἀλώαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δή, ξυνά γὰρ ὅδος ξυνὰ δὲ καὶ ἄις
βουκολιασδόμεσθα. τἀχ' ὁτέρος ἄλλον ὁνασεί
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ Μοισάν κατυρὸν στόμα, κήμε λέγοντι
πάντες ἀοδὸν ἀριστον. ἐγὼ δὲ τις υ ταχυπειθής,
οὐ Δᾶν. οὐ γὰρ πω κατ' ἐμὸν νόον οὔτε τὸν ἐσθὸν
Σικελίδαν νίκημι τὸν ἐκ Σάμῳ οὔτε Φιλίταν
ἀείδων, βάταρχος δὲ ποτ' ἀκρίβας ὡς τις ἐρίσδω

ὡς ἐφάμαν ἐπίταδεσ. ὁ δ' αἰτόλος ἀδύ γελάσσας
κοροῦναν δωρύττομαι, οὔνεκεν ἐςιν
πᾶν ἐπ' ἀλάθεια πεπλασμένον ἐκ Δίος ἔρνους.
ὡς μοι καὶ τέκτων μέγ' ἀπέχθεται, οὔτις ἐρευνή
ἰς οὐν ὀρευς κορυφᾶ τελέσαι δόμου 'Ωρομέδοντος

1 θαλυσιάδιο ν Ε: mss θαλυσιάς
2 Φιλίταν Crönert: mss Φιλήταν
3 Schol. also εὐρυμέδοντος

94
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-robed 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 Sicelidias 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 Cos.
καὶ Μοισάν ὄρνιχες, ὡσι τοῖς Χίον ἀγδών
ἀντία κοκκύζοντες ἑτώσια μοχθίζοντι.
ἀλλ’ ἀγε βουκολικᾶς ταχέως ἀρξῷ μεθ’ ἀοιδᾶς,
Σιμιχίδα: κήγω μὲν, ὡρὴ φίλος, εἰ τοι ἄρεσκει
τοῦθ’ ὅτι πρᾶν ἐν ὅρει τὸ μελύδριον ἐξεπόνασα.

Ἐσσεται Ἀγεάνακτι καλὸς πλόος εἰς Μιτυλήναν,
χὼκκεν ἡ σπερίοις Ἐρίφοις νότος ὑγρὰ διώκῃ
cύματα, χ’ ὕπερ ὄκεανῳ πόδας ἴσχυς,
α’ κεν τὸν Δυκίδαν ὀπτεύμενον ἐξ’ Ἀφροδίτας
ῥύσηται: θερμὸς γὰρ ἔρως αὐτῶ με καταίθει.
χάλκυνες στορεσσεύτω τὰ κύματα τὰν τε θάλασ-
σαν τόν τε νότον τόν τ’ ἐνρον, ὅς ἐσχατα φυκία
κινεῖ,
ἀλκυνές, γλαυκαῖς Νηρηῆσι ταὶ τὰ μάλιστα
ὀρνίχων ἐφιληθέν, ὡσις τέ περ εἴ’ ἀλὸς ἄγρα.
Ἀγεάνακτι πλόοι διδημένοι εἰς Μιτυλήναν
ἄρια πάντα γένοιτο, καὶ εὐπλοος ὄρμου ἴκοιτο.
κήγω τῆν κατ’ ἀμαρ ἀνήτινον ἢ ῥοδόεντα
ἡ καὶ λευκοῖνοι στέφανον περὶ κρατὶ φυλάσσων
τὸν πτελεατικὸν οἶνον ἀπὸ κρατῆρος ἄφυξ’
παρ πυρὶ κεκλιμένος, κύμων δὲ τῖς ἐν πυρὶ
φρυξεῖ.

1 ἀγδών E, cf. 1. 136, 5. 136 and Bergk Poet. Lyr. 4 III p. 140; mss ἀοιδῶν 2 χὼκκεν E: mss χάται 3 ἡ E: mss ὅτ’

96
strutting cocks o' the Muses' yard whose crowing makes so pitiful contention against the Chian nightingale. But enough; let's begin our country-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 Mitylenè 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-tossing East,
And lay for him wide Ocean and his waves along to rest.
Ageanax 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 Ætelea."
THE BUCOLIC POETS

χὰ στιβᾶς ἐσσεῖται πεπυκασμένα ἐστ’ ἐπὶ πάχυν
cnύξα τ’ ἀσφοδέλῳ τε πολυγνάμπτῳ τε σελίνῳ,
cαὶ πίομαι μαλακῶς μεμυμένος Ἀγεάνακτος
αὐταῖσιν κυλίκεσοι καὶ ἐς τρύγα χείλος ἐρείδων.

αὐλησέντι δὲ μοι δύο ποιμένες, εἰς μὲν
’Αχαρνεύς,
εἰς δὲ Δυσκυπεῖτας· ὁ δὲ Τίτυρος ἐγγύθεν ἄσεῖ,
ὡς ποκα τὰς Ξενέας ἡράσσατο Δάφνις ὁ βοῦτας,
χῶς ὁρος ἀμφεπονεῖτο, καὶ ὡς δρύες αὐτῶν ἐθρή-

νευν,
’Ιμέρα αἶτε φύοντι παρ’ ὀχθαίσιν ποταμοῖο,
c᾽εὔτε χιῶν ὡς τις κατετάκετο μακρόν υφ’ Αἶμον
ἡ Ἁθω ἡ Ὀρδόπαυ ἡ Καύκασσον ἐσχάτωντα.

ἄσεῖ ὅ’ ὡς ποκ’ ἔδεκτο τὸν ἀιτόλον εὐρέα

λάρναξ

ξωδν ἐόντα κακαίσιν ἀτασβαλίασιν ἄνακτος,
ὡς τέ νυν οἰ σιμαὶ λειμωνοθε φέρβον ἱοῖσαι
κέδρον ἐς ἅδειαν μαλακοῖς ἀνθέσσι μέλισσαι,
οὔνεκα οἱ γλυκὸ Μοῖσα κατὰ στόματος χὲ νέκταρ.
ὁ μακαριστὲ Ὀμάτα, τὺ θην τάδε τερπώνα πεπόν-

θείς,

καὶ τὸ κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τὸ

μελισσῶν

98
THEOCRITUS VII, 67–84

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 Lykopè; singer shall Tityrus be,
And sing beside me of Xenea 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 coffers all alive the goatherd-poet pent,
And the snub bees came from the meadow to the coffers 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,

"His lip was free of the Muses' wine": the Greek has "nectar," and the meaning is that he was a poet.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κηρία φερβόμενος ἐτος ὁριον ἔξεπόνασας.
αἰθ’ ἐπ’ ἐμεῦ ζωὸς ἐναρίθμιος ὤφελες ἦμεν,
ὡς τοι ἐγὼν ἐνόμενον ἀν’ ὀρεα τὰς καλὰς αἰγας
φωνὰς εἰσαίων, τῷ δ’ ὑπὸ δρυσίν ἦ ὑπὸ πεύκαις
ἀδ’ μελισδόμενος κατεκέκλισο θείε Κομάτα.’

χῶ μὲν τόσο’ εἰπὼν ἀπεπαύσατο· τὸν δὲ μετ’
ἀυτίς 1
κήγῳ τοι’ ἐφάμαν· ‘Δυκίδα φίλε, πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα
Νύμφαι κήμε δίδαξαν ἀν’ ὀρεα βουκολέουντα
ἐσθλά, τὰ ποι καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐπὶ θρόνον ἄγαγε φάμα·
ἄλλα τόγ’ ἐκ πάντων μέγ’ ὑπείροχον, ὥ τι γεραίρειν
ἀρξεύμ’ ἄλλ’ ὑπάκουσον, ἐπεῖ φίλος ἐπλεο Μοί-
σαις.’

‘Σιμιχίδα μὲν ’Ερωτες ἐπέπταρον· ἢ γὰρ ὁ
dειλὸς
tόσσον ἔρα Μυρτοῦς, ὅσον εἰαρος αἰγες ἔραντι.
’Ὸρατος δ’ ὁ τὰ πάντα φιλαίτατος ἀνέρι τήφ
παιδὸς ὑπὸ σπλάγχνουσιν ἐχει πόθον ὑδεν’Ἀρισ-
tις,
ἐσθλὸς ἀνήρ, μέγ’ ἀριστος, ὅν οὐδὲ κεν αὐτὸς
ἀείδειν
Φοῖβος σὺν φόρμυγγι παρὰ τριπόδεσσι μεγαῖροι,
ὡς ἐκ παιδὸς’’Ἀρατος ὑπ’ ὡστεν αἴθετ’ ἔρωτι.
tὸν μοι Πάν’ Ὠμόλας ἐρατον πέδον ὡστε λέογχας,
ἀκλήτου κείνου φίλας ἐς χείρας ἐρείσασις,

1 αὐτίς Ahr: mss aδθίς
THEOCRITUS VII, 85–104

Till thou didst thole, right happy soul, thy twelve months' prisons.
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, Comatasthe 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'st 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 unbidd'to's
fere,

"Have sneezed": a sneeze meant good luck, and a man
deply in love was said to have been sneezed upon by the
Loves. "Lord of the Lyre": the Greek has "Apollo."
THE BUCOLIC POETS

εἰτ' ἔστ' ἄρα Φιλίνος ὁ μαλθαῖος εἰτε τις ἄλλος.
κεὶ μὲν ταύτ' ἔρδοις ὁ Πᾶν φίλε, μή τι τὺ παιδές
'Αρκαδίκοι σκίλλασιν ὑπὸ πλευράς τε καὶ ὁμως
tανίκα μαστίσδοιεν, ὅτε κρέα τυθὰ παρείη'
eἰ δ' ἄλλως νεύσαις, κατὰ μὲν χρόα πάντ' ὁνύχεσσι
ἄκνομενος κνάσαιο καὶ ἐν κνίδαιςι καθεύδουις,
εἰς β' Ηδωνῶν μὲν ἐν ὁρεσι χείματι μέσοςω
'Εβρον πάρ ποταμὸν τετραμμένον ἐγγύθεν Ἀρκτώ,
ἐν δὲ θέρει πυμάτοισι παρ' Αἰθίοπεσσι νομεύοις
πέτρα ὑπὸ βλεμών, ὅθεν σφικά τε Νείλος ὀρατός.
ὑμμες β' Τετίδας καὶ Βυβλίδας ἀδὴ λιπόντες
νὰμα καὶ Οἰκεύντα, ἕαυθὰς ἔδος αἰτὰ Διώνας,
ὡ μάλοισιν Ἐρωτες ἐρευθομένοις ὄμοιοι,
βάλλετε μοι τὸξοις τὸν ἱμερόντα Φιλίνον,
βάλλετ', ἐπεὶ τὸν ξείνον ὁ δύσμορος οὐκ ἑλεεὶ
μεν.
καὶ δὴ μὰν1 ἀπίοιο πεπαίτερος, αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
'αἰαὶ' φαντ' Φιλίνε, τὸ τοι καλὸν ἄνθος ἀπορρεῖ.'
μηκέτι τοι φουρεώμες ἐπὶ προθύροις ὁ Ἀρατε,
μηδὲ πόδας τρίβωμες· ὁ δ' ὀρθρίος ἄλλον ἀλέκτωρ

1 δὴ μὰν: μᾶς also δὴ μάλ
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 Blemýan rock beyond Nile's earliest spring.
O come ye away, ye little Loves like apples red-blushing,
From Byblis' fount and Ocean's 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": Diône 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 ἀνιαραῖσι διδοῖς,
eἰς δ’ ἀπὸ τάσδε φέριστε μολῶν ἄγχοιτο παλαιστρας.¹

αὖμμιν δ’ ἄνυχια τε μέλοι γραία τε παρεῖθ,
ἀτις ἐπιθύμοισα τὰ μὴ καλὸς νόσφιν ἐρύκοι.

tόσο’ ἐφάμαν’ δ’ δέ μοι τὸ λαγωβόλον, ἀδύ γελάσσας

ψὸς πάρος, ἐκ Μοισάν ξεινηῶν ὀπασεν ἦμεν.
χὼ μεν ἀποκλίνας ἐπ’ ἀριστερὰ τὰν ἐπὶ Πύξας

εἴρφ’ ὠδόν, αὐτάρ ἐγὼ τε καὶ Εὐκριτος ἐς Φρα-

σιδάμω

στραφθέντες χῶ καλὸς Ἀμύντιχος ὑπὲν τε βαθείας

ἀδείας σχοίνου χαμενύσισιν ἐκλίνθημες

ἐν τε νεοτμάτοις γεγαθὸτες οὐναρέασί.

πολλαὶ δ’ ἀμμίν ὑπερθε κατὰ κρατὸς δονέοντο

αἰγειροὶ πτελέαι τε’ τὸ δ’ ἐγγύθεν ἱερὸν ὑδὼρ

Νυμφᾶν ἔξ ἀντροιο κατειβόμενον κελάρυξε.

τοὶ δὲ ποτὶ σκιαραῖς ὀροδαμνίσιν αἰθαλίων

τέτυγες λαλαγεῖντες ἦχον πόνον’ ἀ δ’ ὀλολυγὼν

τηλόθεν ἐν πυκναίσι βάτων τρύζεσκεν ἀκάνθαις.

ἀείδον κόρυδοι καὶ ἀκανθίδες, ἔστενε τρυγῶν,

πωτῶντο ξουθαὶ περὶ πίδακας ἀμφὶ μέλισσαι.

πάντ’ ὅσθεν θέρες μάλα πόνος, ὡςδε δ’ ὁπόρας.

ἄχναι μὲν παρ’ ποσσί, περὶ πλευραῖσι δὲ μάλα

δαψιλέως ἀμῖν ἐκυλύνδετο’ τοὶ δ’ ἐκέχυντο

ὄρπακες βραβίλοις καταβρίθουντες ἔφαξε.

τετράενες δὲ πίθων ἀπελύετο κρατὸς ἄλειφαρ’

Νῦμφαι Κασταλίδες Παρνάσσιον αἵπος ἔχοισαι,

¹ Cf. Plat. Gorg. 439 D ἀλλὴν σοι εἰκόνα λέγω ἐκ τοῦ αὐτοῦ γυμνασίου τῇ νυν, and Ar. Vesp. 526
THEOCRITUS VII, 124-148

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 rejoicing 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

ἡρά γέ πα τοιόνδε Φόλω κατὰ λάϊνον ἀντρον
κρατήρ' Ἡρακλῆι γέρων ἐστάσατο Χείρων;
ἡρά γέ πα τήνον τὸν ποιμένα τὸν ποτ' Ἀνάπφε,
τὸν κρατερὸν Πολύφαμον, δς ὥρεσι νᾶας ἕβαλλε,
τοῖον νέκταρ ἐπεισε κατ' αὐλιά ποσοὶ χορεῦσαι,
οἴον δὴ τόκα πῶμα διεκρανάσατε Νύμφαι
βωμὸ πάρ Δάματρος ἀλώδος; ὁς ἐπὶ σερφὶ
αὐτὶς ἐγὼ πάξαιμ μέγα πτύον, ἄ δὲ γελάσσαι
δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέραις ἔχωσα.

1 νᾶας Heinsius: mss λᾶας

106
THEOCRITUS VII, 149–157

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 wheatsheaves 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.
VIII.—ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΑΣΤΑΙ

Δάφνιδι τῷ χαρίεντι συνήντετο βουκολέουτι μᾶλα νέμων, ὡς φαντί, κατ' ὁρέα μακρὰ Μενάλκας. ἀμφω τῶν ἠστην πυρροτρίχω, ἀμφω ἀνήβω, ἀμφω συρίσδεν δεδαμένω, ἀμφω ἀείδεν. πράτος δὲ ὅπτι Δάφνιν ἰδὼν ἀγόρευε Μενάλκας "μυκηταῖν ἐπίουρι βοῶν Δάφνι, λῆς μοι ἀείσαι; φαμὶ τι νικασεῖν ὄσον θέλω, αὐτὸς ἀείδων.' τὸν δ' ἄρα χῶ Δάφνις τοιῷ ἀπαμείβετο μύθῳ, 'ποιμὴν εἰροπόκων ὅτιν συρικτὰ Μενάλκα, οὐπότε νικασείς μ', οὔδ' εἰ τι πάθοις τύγ' ἀείδων.'

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ
χρήσδεις ὁν ἐσιδεῖν; χρήσδεις καταθεῖναι ἀεθλον;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
χρήσδω τοῦτ' ἐσιδεῖν, χρήσδω καταθεῖναι ἀεθλον.

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ
καὶ τίνα θησεύμεσθ', ὅτις ἄμιν ἄρκιος εἴη;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μόσχον ἐγὼ θησῶ· τῷ δὲ θέσ ἱσομάτωρ τὴνον. ¹

¹ τὴνον Ε: mss ἄμνιν (with unlikely hiatus) from gloss 110
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

MENALKAX
οὐ θησῶ ποκα τῆνον, ἐπεὶ χαλεπῶς ὁ πατήρ μεν χὰ μάτηρ, τὰ δὲ μάλα ποθέσπερα πάντ' ἀριθμεῖντι.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλὰ τί μὰν θησεῖς; τί δὲ τὸ πλέον ἔξει ὁ νικῶν;

MENALKAX
σύριγγα δὲ ἐπόησα καλὰν ἐγὼ ἐνεάφωνον,
λευκὸν κηρὸν ἑχοισαν ἵσον κάτω ἵσον ἀνωθεν
ταῦταν κα θείην, τὰ δὲ τὼ πατρὸς οὐ καταθησῶν.

20

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἡ μὰν τοι κῆνω σύριγγα ἑχω ἐνεάφωνον,
λευκὸν κηρὸν ἑχοισαν ἵσον κάτω ἵσον ἀνωθεν.
πρώαν νῦν συνέταξον: ἔτι καὶ τὸν δάκτυλον ἀλγέω
τοῦτον, ἐπεὶ κάλαμος μὲ διασχισθεῖς νῦν ἔτμαξεν.

MENALKAX
ἀλλὰ τίς ἀμμὲ κρίνει; τίς ἔπακος ἔσσεται ἕμεων;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
τῆνον πως ἐνταῦθα τὸν αἰτόλον, ἂν καλέσωμες,
ὁ ποτὲ ταῖς ἔριφοις ὁ κύων ὁ φαλάρδες ὑλακτεῖ.

χοί μὲν παῖδες ἄυσαν, ὁ δ' αἰτόλος ἦνθ' ἐπα-
κοῦσαι,
οἱ3 μὲν παῖδες ἄειδον, ὁ δ' αἰτόλος ἦθελε κρίνεων.
πράτος δ' ἄν ἀείδε λαχῶν ἴνατὰ Μενάλκας,
εἰτα δ' ἀμοιβαίαν ὑπελάμβανε Δάφνις ἀοιδὰν
βουκολικάν: οὖτω δὲ Μενάλκας ἄρξατο πράτος.

30

1 ποκα τῆνον E: mss ποκα ἄμνιν, cf. 14
Meineke: mss διετμάξε

2 νῦν ἔτμαξεν

3 οἱ E: mss χοί

112
THEOCRITUS VIII, 15–32

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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

"Ἀγκεα καὶ ποταμοὶ, θείον γένος, αἰ τι Μενάλκας πηποχ' ὁ συμπλαταὶ προσφιλέσ ὁ ὁ μέλος, βόσκοιτ' ἐκ ψυχάς τὰς ἀμώνας. ἦν δὲ ποκ' ἐνθή Δάφνες ἐξων δαμάλας, μηδὲν ἔλασσον ἔξοι.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

κράναι καὶ βοτάναι, γλυκερὸν φυτὸν, αἴπερ ὁμοῖον μουσικὸς ημεροὶ Δάφνης ταῖσιν ἀγωνίσιν, τοῦτο τὸ βουκόλιον πιαίνεται. κῄν τι Μενάλκας τεῖδ' ἀγάγη, χαίρων ἀφθονα πάντα νέμοι.

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

ἐνθ' ὄίς, ἐνθ' αἰγες διδυμάτωκοι, ἐνθα μέλισσαι σμάνεα πληροῦσιν, καὶ δρῦες ὑψίτεραι, ἐνθ' ὁ καλὸς Μίλων βαίνει ποσίν αἰ δ' ἀν ἀφέρπη, χω ποιμήν ἕρμης τηροὶ καὶ ροτάναι.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

παντὰ ἐαρ, παντὰ δὲ νομοὶ, παντὰ δὲ γάλακτος ὀὕθατα πιδώσιν, καὶ τὰ νέα τρέψεται, ἐνθα καλὰ Νάις ἐπινύσεται αἰ δ' ἀν ἀφέρπη, χω τὰς βῶς βόσκων χαὶ βόες αὐτέραι.

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

ὡ τράγε, ταν λευκὰν αἰγῶν ἀνερ, ὡ βάθος ὡ λύας μυρίον (αι σμαί) δεῖν' ἐφ' ὑδωρ ἐρυφοῖ.
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.

115
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἐν τὴν γὰρ τήνος· ἦθ' ὁ καλέ ἦ καὶ λέγε, ἌΜίλων,
ὄ Πρωτεῦς φώκας καὶ θεὸς ὁν ἐνεμε.'

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

* * * * * * * * *

ΜΕΝΑΛΚΑΣ

μὴ μοι γὰρ Πέλοπος, μὴ μοι Κροίσεια τάλαντα
eιὴ ἔχειν, μηδὲ πρὸσθεθείες ἀνέμων.
ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τὰ πέτρα τάδ' ἀσομαί ἄγκας ἔχων τυ,
σύννομε κάλ, ἐσορῶν τῶν Σικελάν ἐς ἀλα.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

dένδρεσ μὲν χειμῶν φοβερὸν κακόν, ὃδασι δ' αὐχμῶς,
ὄρνησίν δ' ὑπολαίγξ, ἀγροτέροις δὲ λίνα,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ παρθενικᾶς ἀπαλάς πόθος. ὦ πάτερ ὦ Ζεῦ,
oῦ μόνος ἤρασθην καὶ τῷ γυναικοφίλας.

ταῦτα μὲν ὄν, δ' ἀμοιβαίων οἱ παιδεῖς ἀεισαν,
tῶν πυματῶν δ' ὀδαν ὀτῶς ἐξιάρχη Μενάλκας.

Φείδευ τῶν ἔριφων, φείδευ λύκε τῶν τοκάδων μεν,
μηδ' ἀδίκει μ', ὅτι μικκὸς ἐὼν πολλαίσιν ὀμαρτέω.
ὡ Δάμπουρε κύον, οὔτω βαθὺς ὑπνος ἔχει τυ;
oὐ χρή κοιμᾶσθαι βαθέως σὺν παιδὶ νέμοντα.
tαῖ δ' δίες, μηδ' ὑμμες ὀκνεῖθ' ἀπαλάς κορέσασθαι
ποίαις: οὕ τι καμείσθ,' ὁκκα πάλιν ἀδε φύηται.

¹ καλέ schol. : mss and schol. κολέ
² ὁν Mein : mss ὁς
³ Κροίσεια Jortin : mss χρύσεια
⁴ σύννομε Graefe : mss
⁵ κάλ' Mein : mss μᾶλ.
THEOCRITUS VIII, 51-68

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.'
THE BUCOLIC POETS

σίτα νέμεσθε νέμεσθε, τὰ δ᾽ οὐθατα πλήσατε πᾶσαι,
ὡς τὸ μὲν ὄρνες ἔχωντι, τὸ δ᾽ ἐσ ταλάρως ἀποθώμαι. 76

dεύτερος αὖ Δάφνις λυγυρῶς ἀνεβᾶλλετ' αἰέδεν

Κήμεκ σπῆλυγγος1 σύνοφρυς κόρα ἐχθές ἱδοῖσα
tὰς δαμάλας παρελάντα καλὸν καλὸν ἦμεν
ἐφασκεν.
οὐ μὰν οὐδὲ λέγων ἐκρίθην ἀπὸ τὸν πικρὸν αὐτᾶς; 79
ἀλλὰ κάτω βλέψας τὰν ἀμέτέραν ὁδὸν εἴρπον.
ἀδεὶ' ἅ φωνα τὰς πόρτις, ἀδὺ τὸ πνεῦμα: 80
ἀδὺ δὲ τῷ θέρεως παρ’ ὕδωρ ρέον αἰθρικοκουτεῖν.
tὰ δρυὶ ταῖ βάλανοι κόσμος, τὰ μαλίδι μᾶλα,
tὰ βοῖ δ᾽ ἁ μόσχος, τῷ βονκόλῳ αἱ βόες αὐταί.

ὡς οἱ παῖδες ἄεισαν, ὁ δ᾽ αἰπόλος ὀ燠 ἀγόρευεν,
ἀδὺ τῷ τὸ στόμα τοι καὶ ἐφίμερος ὁ Δάφνις φωνά.
κρέσσων μελπομένω τεν ἀκουέμεν ἡ μέλι λείχειν.
λάξεο τὰς σύριγγας. 3 ἐνίκασας γὰρ αἰείδων.
αἱ δὲ τι λῆσ με καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμ᾽ αἰπολέοντα διδάξαι,
tήναν τὰν μιτύλαν 4 δωσώ τὰ δίδακτρά τοι αἵγα,
ἄτις ὑπὲρ κεφαλᾶς αἰεὶ τὸν ἀμολυγέα πληροί.'

1 σπῆλυγγος E, cf. 16. 53: mss τῷ ἀντω
2 λέγων and αὐτᾶς E, taking ἀπεκρίθην as 'parted from,' supplying λόγον:
mss λόγων or λόγιων and αὐτᾶ
3 τὰς σύριγγας Scaliger: mss τᾶς σύριγγας
4 μιτύλαν 'youngest and smallest' E: others as Lat. mutilus 'that has lost her horns': mss mutálan, μιτύλαν

77 ἀδὺ δὲ χῷ μόσχος γαρύσαται, ἀδὺ δὲ χὰ βῶς. From 9. 7; Valckenæer rightly omits.
118
THEOCRITUS VIII, 69-87

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

ὡς μὲν ὁ παῖς ἔχαρη καὶ ἀνάλατο καὶ πλατάγησε νικάσας, οὕτως ἐπὶ ματέρι νεβρὸς ἀλοιτο.
ὡς δὲ κατεσμύχη καὶ ἀνετράπετο φρένα λύπα ὀτερος, οὕτω καὶ νύμφα δμαθεῖο' ἀκάχοιτο.
κήκ τούτω πρᾶτος παρὰ ποιμέσι Δάφνις ἔγεντο, καὶ Νύμφαν ἀκρηβὸς ἐὼν ἔτι Ναιδὰ γάμεν.

1 δμαθεῖο' Ahrens: mss γαμεθεῖο', γαμηθεῖο'
THEOCRITUS VIII, 88–93

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 Naĩs of whom he sang.

"Naĩs": 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 neatherds, Daphnis and Menalcas, 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

Βουκολιάζεο Δάφνη, τὸ δ' φῶς ἀρχεο πρᾶτος, φῶς ἀρχεο πρᾶτος, ἐφεψάσθω δὲ Μενάλκας, μόσχος βουσίν ἀφέντες ἐπὶ, στείραισι δὲ ταύρωσ. χοί μὲν ἀμὰ βόσκοιντο καὶ ἐν φύλλοις πλανφυτὸ μηδὲν ἀτμιαγελεῦντες. ἐμὶ δὲ τῷ βουκολιάζεον ἐκ τόθεν, ἄλλωθεν δὲ πωτικρύνοιτο Μενάλκας.

ΔΛΦΝΙΣ

'Αδυ μὲν ἀ μόσχος γαρύεται, ἀδυ δὲ χὰ βῶς, ἀδυ δὲ χὰ σύρυγξ χῶ βουκολός, ἀδυ δὲ κηγών. ἔστι δὲ μοι παρ’ ὕδωρ ψυχρῶν στιβάς, ἐν δὲ νέασται λευκάν ἐκ δαμαλάν καλὰ δέρματα, τὰς μοι ἀπάσας. λης κόμαρον τρωγοίσας ἀπὸ σκοπιάς ἐτίναξε. τώ δὲ θέρευς φρύγοντος ἐγὼ τόσσον μελεδαίνω, ὅσσον ἔρων τὸ πατρὸς μῦθων καὶ ματρὸς ἀκούειν.

οὕτως Δάφνης ἀείσεν ἐμῖν, οὕτως δὲ Μενάλκας.

Αἰτνα μάτερ ἐμά, κηγῶ καλὸν ἀντρον ἐννοικέω κοῖλαις ἐν πέτραισιν. ἔχω δὲ τοι, ὅσσ’ ἐν ὀνείρῳ φαίνονται, πολλὰς μὲν δῖς, πολλὰς δὲ χιμαίρας, ὅν μοι πρὸς κεφαλὰ καὶ πρὸς ποσὶ κόεα κεῖται.

1 ἀφέντες ἐπὶ Ε: mss ἀφέντες ύπό (Vat. 915 ἐπὶ) from 4. 4?
2 ἐκ τόθεν Cholmeley from Ap. Rhod. 2. 531 (of time): mss and Schol. ἐμποθὲν and ἐν ποθ’ ἐν

I24
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 enow;
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 browning on the height
And hurled them all below:
And as much reck 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,
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἐν πυρὶ δὲ δρυίνῳ χώρια ζεῖ, ἐν πυρὶ δ’ αὖνι
φαγοὶ χειμαίνοντος. ἔχω δὲ τοι οὖδ’ ὅσον ὅραν
χείματος ἢ νωδὸς καρύων ἀμύλοιο παρόντος.

tοὺς μὲν ἐπεπλατάγησα καὶ αὐτίκα δῶρον ἔδωκα,
Δάφνιδι μὲν κορύναν, τάν μοι πατρὸς ἔτραφεν
ἀγρός,
αὐτοφυῆ, τάν δ’ οὖδ’ ἄν ἵσως μιμάσατο t tέκτων,
τήν ψὲ στρόμβω καλὸν ὀστρακὸν, δ’ κρέας αὐτὸς
σιτήθην πέτραισιν ἐν’ Ἰκαρίαιι δοκεύσας
πέντε ταμὼν πέντ’ οὖσιν’ δ’ ἐγκαναχήσατο
κόχλῳ.

βουκολικάι Μοῦσαι μάλα χαίρετε, φαίνετε δ’
φῶδαν,2
τάν τόκ’ ἐγὼ τήνοις παρῶν ἀείσα νομεύσιν’
μηκέτ’ ἐπὶ γλώσσας ἀκρας ὀλοφυγγόνα φύσῃ.3

Τέττιξ μὲν τέττινι φίλος, μύρμακι δὲ μύρμαξι,
ίρηκες δ’ ίρηξιν, ἐμίν δ’ ἡ Μοῦσα καὶ φῶδα.
τάς μοι πᾶς εἰπ’ πλεῖος δόμος. οὐτε γὰρ ὅπνοι
οὔτ’ έαρ έξαπίνας 4 γλυκερωτέρον, οὔτε μελίσσαις
άνθεαι τόσσον ἐμίν Μοῦσαι φίλαι’ οὔσ γὰρ5
ὁρεύντι6
γαθεῦσαι,7 τοῦσ’ οὐ τι ποτὶ δαλήσατο Κίρκα.

1 μιμάσατο Adert: mss μιμάσατο 2 mss also φῶδας τάς
3 φύσῃ Wil: mss φύσης 4 Perhaps εξάπινον adj., cf. Hipp
de Aff. 517. 19 (adv.) and εξάπινα adv. LXX, N.T., and
Byzant. 5 mss also οὐς μὲν 6 Schol. also ὅριτε, δρώσαι
7 γαθεῦσαι: mss and Schol. γαθεῦσιν(ν)

126
THEOCRITUS IX, 19–36

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:

(\textit{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.

127
X.—THE REAPERS

The characters of this pastoral mime are two reapers, Milon, the man of experience, and Bucaeus, 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 Lityeresa he is using a generic term. There was at least one traditional reaping-song which told how Lityeresa, 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.
Χ.—ΕΡΓΑΤΙΝΑΙ Η ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ

ΜΙΛΩΝ

Ἐργατίνα Βουκαίε, τί νῦν φζυρὲ πεπόνθεις; οὔτε τὸν ὁγμὸν ἄγειν ὀρθῶν δύνα, ὡς τὸ πρὶν ἄγεις, οὔθ' ἀμα λῃστομεῖς τῷ πλατίον, ἀλλ' ἀπολείπη ὥσπερ διὸς ποίμνας, ὡς τὸν πόδα κάκτος ἔτυψε. ποίος τις δείλαν τῷ καὶ ἐκ μέσῳ ἄματος ἑσσῆ, δι νῦν ἀρχόμενος τὰς αὐλάκες οὐκ ἀποτρώγεις;

ΒΟΤΚΑΙΟΣ

Μίλων ὄψαμᾶτα, πέτρας ἀπόκομμ' ἀτεράμων, οὐδαμά τοι συνέβα ποθέσαι τινὰ τῶν ἀπεόντων;

ΜΙΛΩΝ

οὐδαμά. τίς δὲ πόθος τῶν ἐκτοθεῖν ἐργάτα ἀνδρί;

ΒΟΤΚΑΙΟΣ

οὐδαμὰ νυν συνέβα τοι ἀγρυπνῆσαι δι' ἔρωτα;

ΜΙΛΩΝ

μηδὲ γε συμβαιν' χαλεπὸν χορίω κύνα γεῦσαι.

ΒΟΤΚΑΙΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ ὡ Μίλων ἑραμαί σχεδὸν ἐνδεκαταίος.

130
X.—THE REAPERS

MILON

HUSBANDMAN Bucaeus, 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 wan, if thus early you make not a clean bite o' your furrow?

BUCAEUS

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?

BUCAEUS

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.

BUCAEUS

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

ΜΙΛΩΝ
ἐκ πίθω ἀντλεῖς δῆλον, ἐγὼ δ' ἔχω οὐδ' ἄλις ὄξος.

ΒΟΤΚΑΙΟΣ
τοιγὰρ τὰ πρὸ θυρᾶν μοι ἀπὸ σπόρω ἄσκαλα πάντα.

ΜΙΛΩΝ
τῖς δὲ τῶν παιδῶν λυμαίνεται;

ΒΟΤΚΑΙΟΣ
ἀ Πολυβώτα, ἢ πρᾶν ἀμώντεσσι παρ' Ἰπποκίωνι ποταύλει.

ΜΙΛΩΝ
εὑρεθεῖς τὸν ἀλιτρών· ἔχεις πάλαι ὡν ἐπεθύμεις. μάντις τοι τὰν νύκτα χροίζειθ' ἀ καλαμαία.

ΒΟΤΚΑΙΟΣ
μωμᾶσθαι μ' ἀρχὴ τοῦ τυφλὸς δ' οὐκ αὐτὸς ὁ Πλοῦτος, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁφρόντιστος Ἑρως. μὴ δὴ μέγα μυθεῦ.

ΜΙΛΩΝ
οὐ μέγα μυθεῦμαι· τοῦ μόνου κατάβαλλε τὸ λαὸν, καὶ τι κόρας φιλικὸν μέλος ἀμβάλευ. ἅδιον οὔτως ἐργαζήτη καὶ μᾶν πρῶτον ποκα μουσικὸς ἦσθα.

ΒΟΤΚΑΙΟΣ
Μῶσαι Πιερίδες, συναείσατε τὰν ῥαδινῶν μοι παῖδ'. ὅν γάρ χ' ἀψηθεὶς θεαί, καλὰ πάντα ποιεῖτε.
THEOCRITUS X, 13-25

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 τι πάντες, ἵσχυναν ἀλάκοιαστον, ἐγώ δὲ μόνος μελίχλωρον, καὶ τὸ ἱον μέλαν ἑστὶ καὶ ἀ γραπτὰ ὑάκινθος, ἀλλ’ ἔμπας ἐν τοῖς στεφάνοις τὰ πράτα λέγονται. ἀ αἰὲ τὰν κύτισον, ὁ λύκος τὰν ἀίγα διώκει, ἀ γέρανος τόροτρον, ἐγώ δ’ ἐπὶ τιν μεμάνημαι. αἰθὲ μοι ᾧ, ὅσα Κροίσον ποκα φαντὶ πεπᾶσθαι, χρύσεοι ἀμφότεροι κ’ ἀνεκείμεθα τὰ ’Αφροδίτα, τῶς αὐλῶς μὲν ἔχοισα καὶ ἦ ρόδον ἢ τύγα μᾶλον, σχῆμα δ’ ἐγὼ καὶ καῖνας ἐπ’ ἀμφότεροιῳ ἀμύκλας. Βομβύκα χαρίεσσ’’ οἱ μὲν πόδες ἀστράγαλοι τευ ἀ φωνὰ δὲ τρύχνος’ τὸν μᾶν τρόπον οὐκ ἔχω εἰπεῖν.

ΜΙΛΩΝ

ἡ καλὰς ἀμμεν ποὶων ἐλελάθει Βοῦκος ἁοιδάς. ὡς εὖ τὰν ἱδέαν τὰς ἀρμονίας ἐμέτρησεν. ὁμοίω τὸ πόγωνος, ὅν ἀλιθίως ἀνέφυσα. θάσαι δὴ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ τῶθεών Διτνέρσα.

Δάματερ πολύκαρπε πολύσταχυ, τοῦτο τὸ λάον

1 ἀμμε : mss also ἀμμι

134
THEOCRITUS X, 26-42

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.
Bombýca 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”:
Bombýca 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!’

135
THE BUCOLIC POETS

eυεργόν τ' εἰη καὶ κάρπιμον ὁττι μάλιστα.
σφίγγετ' ἀμαλλοδέται τὰ δράγματα, μὴ παριών

τις
eἰπηιν.swap ωνδρες.1 ἀπόλετο χοῦτος ὁ μισθός.
ἐσ βορεάν ἀνέμου τὰς κόρθυνος ἀ τομά ὕμμιν
καὶ ξέφυρον2 βλεπέτω πιαίνεται ὁ στάχυς οὔτως.
σῖτον ἀλοιώντας φεύγειν τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν ὑπνον.
ἐκ καλάμας ἅχυρον τελέθει τημόσδε μάλιστα.
ἄρχεσθαι δ' ἀμώντας ἐγερομένω κορυδαλλῷ,
καὶ λήγειν εὐδοντος, ἐλινύσαι δὲ τὸ καῦμα.
eὐκτὸς ὁ τὸ βατράχω, παίδες, βίος· οὐ μελεδαίνει
τὸν τὸ πιεῖν ἐγχεύντα· πάρεστι γὰρ ἁφθονον

αὐτῷ.
καλλίον3 ὁ 'πιμελητὰ φιλάργυρε τὸν φακὸν
ἐψειν.
μὴ 'πιτάμης τὰν χείρα καταπρίων τὸ κύμινον.

ταῦτα χρὴ μοχθεύντας εὖ ἄλῳ ἄνδρας ἀείδειν,
tὸν δὲ τεὸν Βουκαλὲ πρέπει λυμηρὸν ἔρωτα
μυθίσειν τὰ ματρὶ κατ' εὐνὰν ὁρθευοίσα.

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, Bucæus, 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,¹ 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

Οὐδὲν ποτὶν ἐρωτᾷ πεφύκει φάρμακον ἄλλο, Νικία, οὔτ' ἐγχριστον, ἐμίν δοκεῖ, οὔτ' ἐπίπαστον, ἢ ταῖς Πειρίδες· κοῦφον δὲ τι τούτο καὶ ἄδυ γίνετ' ἐπ' ἄνθρώπωι, εὖρειν δ' οὐ βάδιόν ἔστιν. γινώσκειν δ' οἴμαι τι καλῶς ἵατρον ἑόντα καὶ ταῖς ἐννέα δὴ πεφιλημένον ἔξοχα Μοίσαις. οὔτω γοῦν ράϊστα διὰ γ' ὁ Κύκλωψ ὁ παρ' ἅμιν, ὕρχαιος Πολύφαμος, οὐκ' ἦρατο τὰς Γαλατείας, ἀρτὶ γενειάσδυν περὶ τὸ στόμα τῶς κροτάφως τε. ἦρατο δ' οὐ μάλας οὐδέ ρόδῳ οὐδὲ κικίννοις, ἄλλ' ὀρθαῖς μανίαις, ἀγείτο δὲ πάντα πάρεργα. πολλάκι ταῖς διες ποτὶ τωῦλιον αὐτἀ ληφθοὺ χλωρᾶς ἔκ βοτάνας· ὁ δὲ τὰν Γαλάτειαν ἀείδων αὐτὸς ἐπ' αἰόνοις κατετάκετο φυκιόεσσας εὖ αὖθ', ἐχθιστον ἔχων ὑποκάρδιον ἐλκός, Κύπριδος ἐκ μεγάλας τὸ οἴ ἦπατι πᾶξε βέλεμνον. ἄλλα τὸ φάρμακον εὖρε, καθεξόμενος δ' ἐπὶ πέτρας ὑψηλὰς ἐς πόντων ὅρῳν αἰείδε τοιαῦτα·

'Ω λευκὰ Γαλάτεια, τί τὸν φιλέουν ἀποβάλλῃ, λευκοτέρα πακτάς ποτιδεῖν, ἀπαλωτέρα ἄρνος, μόσχω γαυροτέρα, φιαρωτέρα 1 ὅμφακος ὤμᾶς;

1 Mss φιαρωτέρα: Schol. also σφιγγανωτέρα (i.e. σφιγγανωτέρα)

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 spite-ful 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 curds 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 διαθ' ὁυτως, ὄκκα γλυκὺς ὑπνος ἔχῃ με, ὁίχῃ δ' εὐθὺς ιοίσ', ὄκκα γλυκὺς ὑπνος ἀνή με, φεύγεις δ' ὠστερ δις πολιῶν λύκον ἀθρήσασα. ἡράσθην μὲν ἔγενα τεοὺς κόρα, ἀνίκα πράτον ἦνθες ἐμᾶ σὺν ματρὶ θέλῳσ' ὑκίνθινα φῦλλα ἔξ ὄρεος δρέψασθαι, ἐγὼ δ' ὀδὸν ἀγεμόνευον. παύσασθαι δ' ἐσιδών τυ καὶ ὠστερον οὐδ' ἔτι τα νῦν ἐκ τῆνω δύναμαι τίν δ' οὐ μέλει, οὐ μὰ Δι' οὐδέν.

γινώσκω χαρίεσσα κόρα, τίνος ὄνεκα φεύγεις: ὄνεκά μοι λασία μὲν ὀφρὺς ἐπὶ παντὶ μετώπῳ ἔξ ὄτος τέταται ποτὶ θῶτερον ὡς μία μακρά, εἰς δ' ὀφθαλμὸς ὑπεστὶ, πλατεῖα δὲ βίς ἐπὶ χείλει.

ἀλλ' οὐτος τοιοῦτος ἐδὼν βοτὰ χίλια βόσκω, κή τούτων τὸ κράτιστον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα πίνω.

τυρός δ' οὐ λείπει μ' οὐτ' ἐν θέρει οὐτ' ἐν ὁπόρᾳ, οὐ χειμώνος ἄκρων: ταρσοὶ δ' ὑπεραχθὲς αἰεί. συρίσθεν δ' ὡς οὕτως ἐπισταμαι ὦδε Κυκλώπων, τίν τε φίλον γλυκύμαλον ἀμὰ κήματον ἀείδω 3 πολλάκι νυκτὸς ἀωρί. τρέφω δὲ τοι ἐνδεκα νεβρώς πάσας μαννοφώρος 4 καὶ σκύμνως τέσσαρας ἄρκτων.

1 διαθ' E “hither,” cf. Alc. fr. 19 δεῖτο, New Frag. 2, 6 διαθ', Sappho New Frag. 1, 15 διαθ': mss διαθ' 2 ὑπεστὶ Winsem: mss ὑπεστὶ 3 τε and ἀείδω E; he could not not play and sing at the same time: mss τὸ and ἀείδω 4 μαννοφώρος Schol. v. 1: mss ἄμμοφώρος

142
THEOCRITUS XI, 22-41

O soon enow thou'rt here, I trow, when sweet sleep
comes me over,
But up and gone when sleeping's done—O never
flees 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 also;
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’ ἀφίκευσο ποθ’ ἀμέ, καὶ ἔξεις οὔδὲν ἔλασσον, τὰν γλαυκὰν δὲ θάλασσαν ἐὰ ποτὶ χέρσον ὅρεχ-θείν.

ἀδίον’ ἐν τῶντρῳ παρ’ ἐμίν τὰν νῦκτα διαξεῖς· ἐντὶ δάφναι τηνεῖ, ἐντὶ ῥαδιναὶ κυπάρισσοι, ἐστὶ μέλας κισσός, ἐστὶ ἀμπελος ἡ γλυκύκαρ-

πος,

ἐστὶ ψυχρὸν ύδωρ, τὸ μοι ἄ πολυδένδρος Αἰτνα

λευκᾶς ἐκ χιόνοι ποτὸν ἀμβρόσιον προῆτη,

τὸς καὶ τόνδε θάλασσαν ἔχειν καὶ κύμαθ’ ἐλοιτο;

αἱ δὲ τοῖς ἐγὼν δοκέω λασιώτερος ἤμεν, ἐντὶ δρυὸς εὐλα μοι καὶ ὑπὸ σποδὸ ἀκάματον πῦρ.

καίμενος δ’ ὑπὸ τεῦς καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ἀνεχοῦμαι

καὶ τὸν ἐν’ ὀφθαλμὸν, τῶ μοι γλυκερωτέρον

οὔδεν.

ὁμοί, ὅτι οὐκ ἔτεκέν μ’ ἀ μάτηρ βράγχι’ ἔχοντα,

ὡς κατέδυν ποτὶ τιν καὶ τὰν χέρα τεῦς ἐφί-

λησα,

αἱ μὴ τὸ στόμα λῆς, ἔφερον δὲ τοι ἡ κρίνα

λευκά

ἡ μάκων’ ἀπαλὰν ἑρυθρὰ πλαταγών’ ἔχουσαν.

ὐνὸν μαῖν ὡ κόριον, ὑνὸν αὐ τὸ γα νεῖν μασεῦμαι; εἰ καὶ τὸς σύν ναὶ πλέων ξένος ὡδ’ ἀφίκηται,

ὡς εἰδὼ, τὶ πόχ’ ἀδύ κατοικεῖν τὸν βυθὸν ὑμῖν.

1 ἀδίον’ Ε. cf. 10. 54: mss ἀδίον 2 καὶ κύμαθ’ Ahrens from Schol. : mss ἡ κύμ. 3 αὐ τὸ γα νεῖν μασεῦμαι (i.e. μαθῆσομαι, which occurs in the Scholiast’s paraphrase) Ahr : mss αὐτὸ γα νεῖν μεμαθῆμαι (γα μαθῆμαι)

58 ἀλλ’ τὰ μὲν θέρεος, τὰ δὲ γίνεται ἐν χειμῶν,

ἄστ’ οὐκ ἀν τοι τάυτα φέρειν ἀμα πάντ’ ἐδυνάθην.

The reasons for rejecting these lines against the mss are too long to be given here. See Class. Rev.
THEOCRITUS XI, 42–62

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 sweet-fruit vine,
And for thy drinking the cool water woody Etna pours so free
For my delight from his snow so white, and a heav'nly 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 shoulders 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 sweeting
Wherefore it be ye folk o' the sea are so lief to be living below.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἐξένθος, Γαλάτεια, καὶ ἐξενθοῦσα λάθοιο
ὡσπερ ἐγὼν νῦν ὥδε καθήμενος οἴκαδ' ὑπενθεῖν,
ποιμάνειν δ' θέλοις σὺν ἐμῶν ἁμα καὶ γάλ' ἀμέλγειν
καὶ τυρὸν πάξαι τάμισον δριμέαν ἐνείσα.
ἀ μάτηρ ἀδίκει με μόνα, καὶ μέμφομαι αὐτῇ;
οὐδὲν πήποχ' ὄλως ποτὲ τίν πίλον εἶπεν ὑπὲρ
μεν,
καὶ ταύτ' ἀμαρ ἐπ' ἀμαρ ὀρεῦσα με λεπτύνοντα.¹
φασῶ² τὰν κεφαλᾶν καὶ τῶς πόδας ἀμφοτέρως
μεν
σφύζειν, ὡς ἀνιαθῇ, ἐπεὶ κηγών ἀνιῶμαι.

ἀ Κύκλωψ Κύκλωψ, τάς φρένας ἐκπεπό-
tασαί;
ἀικ³ ἐνθῶν ταλάρωσ τε πλέκοις καὶ θαλλὸν
ἀμάσας
ταῖς ἀρνεσι φέροις, τάχα καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχοι
νῶν.

τὰν παρεισάν ἀμελγε' τί τὸν φεύγοντα διώκεις;
εὐρησεῖς Γαλάτειαν ἵσως καὶ καλλιόν' ἄλλαν.
πολλαὶ συμπαίσδεν με κόρας τὰν νύκτα κέλουντα,
κικλίζοντι δὲ πάσαι, ἐπεὶ κ' αὐταῖς ὑπακούσω.
δῆλον ὅτ' ἐν τῇ γὰρ κηγών τις φαίνομαι ἥμεν.

οὕτω τοι Πολύφαμος ἔποιμαινεν τὸν ἔρωτα
μουσίσδων, ράον δὲ διάγ' ἢ εἰ χρυσὸν ἐδωκεν.

¹ λεπτύνοντα Meineke: mss λεπτόν ἑόντα  ² Mss φασω or
φασάω, Schol. φασώ. ³ aik (i.e. ai, cf. ov ὀβ) Wil, cf.
Epicharmus and Oracle in Hdt. i. 174: mss aik'

146
THEOCRITUS XI, 63-81

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.

147

I. 2
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.'
ΧΙΙ.—ΑΙΤΗΣ

'Ηλυθες ὁ φίλε κοῦρε· τρίτη σὺν νυκτί καὶ ἡοὶ ἤλυθες. 1 οἱ δὲ ποθεύνετε ἐν ἡματι γηράσκουσιν. ὅσον ἐαρ χειμώνος, ὅσον μῆλον βραβίλοιο ἠδιον, ὅσον οἷς σφετέρης λασιωτέρη ἄρνος, ὅσον παρθενικὴ προφέρει τριγάμοιο γυναικός, ὅσον ἑλαφροτέρη μόσχου νεβρός, ὅσον ἄηδῶν συμπάντων λυγύφων ἀοιδότάτῃ πετεφυν, τόσον ἐμ' εὐφρηνας σὺ φανεῖς, σκιερήν δ' ὑπὸ φηγον

ἡμλίου φρύγοντος ὕδαιπόρος ἐδραμον ὡς τις.
εἰθ' ὁμαλοὶ πνεύσειαν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροιον 2 Ἕρωτες νῶιν, ἑπεσσομένοις δὲ γενοὶμεθα πᾶσιν ἀοιδήν.

' δίω 3 δὴ τινε τῶδε μετὰ προτέροισι 4 γενέσθην φῶθ', δὲ μὲν εἰσπνηλος, φαίη χ' 'Ωμυκλαίαξων,
tὸν δ' ἔτερον 5 πάλιν, ὡς κεν ὁ Θεσσαλὸς εἰποι,

ἀλλήλους δ' ἐφίλησαν ἵσῳ ξυγφ. ἡρὰ τότ' ἦσαν

χρύσειοι πάλιν ἀνδρες, ὅτ' ἀντεφίλησ' ὁ φιληθεῖς.'

1 For punctuation cf. Sappho in Julian Epist. 59 p. 379
Hercher 2 ἀμφοτέροιον Ἔ: mss -οισιν 3 διῶ Ahrens:
mss and schol. δολὼ 4 μετὰ προτέροισι Taylor from schol.:
mss μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι 5 τὸν ἔτερον attracted for ὁ ἔτερος

150
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 gladdened 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 Ínspirant hight
I' th' Amyclaean tongue,
The t'other Fere would be
In speech of Thessalye;
Each lov'd each, even-peise:
O other golden days,
Whenas love—I love-you
All men did hold for true!
εἰ γὰρ τούτο, πάτερ Κρονίδη, πέλοι, εἰ γὰρ, ἀγήρφι ἄθάνατοι, γενέης δὲ διηκοσίησιν ἐπείτα ἀγγείειν ἐμοὶ τις ἀνέξοδον εἰς Ἀχέροντα· ἡ σὺ νῦν φιλότης καὶ τοῦ χαρίεστος ἄτεων πᾶσι διὰ στόματος, μετὰ δ’ ἥθελοις μάλιστα· ἀλλ’ ἦτοι τούτων μὲν ὑπέρτεροι Οὐρανίωνες· ἔσσονθ’ ὡς ἔθελοις· ἐγὼ δὲ σε τὸν καλὸν αἰνέων ψεύδεα ρινὸς ὑπερθεν ἀραίης οὐκ ἀναφύσω. ἢν γὰρ καὶ τι δάκης τὸ μὲν ἄβλαβες εὐθὺς ἐθηκας, διπλάσιον δ’ ὄνυσας, ἔχων δ’ ἐπιμετρον ἀπήλθοιν.

Νισαίοι Μεγαρῆς ἀριστεύοντες ἑρημοῖς, ὄλβιοι οἰκείοιτε, τὸν Ἀττικὸν ὡς περίαλλα ξείνων ἐτυμῆσασθε Διοκλέα τὸν φιλόταιδα. αἰεὶ οἱ περὶ τύμβον ἀολλίες εἰαρι πρῶτοι κούροι ἐριδμαίνουσι φιλήματος ἄκρα φέρεσθαι. ὅς δὲ κε προσμάξῃ γλυκερῶτατα¹ χείλεις χείλη, βριθόμενοι στεφάνοις ἐν ἐς μυτὲρ ἀπήλθεν. ὄλβιος, ὡς τις παισὶ φιλήματα κείνα διαιτά· ἣ ποι τὸν χαροτὸν Γαυμήθεα πόλλ’ ἐπιβώται ταῦτα τὸν ἢσον ἔχειν πέτρη στόμα, χρυσόν ὅποιῃ πεύδονται μὴ φαύλος ἐτήτυμον ἀργυραμοιβοί.

¹ ἔσσονθ’ Ε, cf. ἐσσαμένων Thuc., ἔσσατο Pind. Fr. Oxyrh. 3. 408, ἔσσατο Euphorion 99; mss ἔσσονθ’ ² γλυκερῶτατα E, cf. 15. 139: mss -τερα
THEOCRITUS XII, 17-37

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 over-measure.

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 laden 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 Ἔρωτα μόνοις ἔτεχ', ὡς ἐδοκεῖμες,

Νικία, ἄτιν τοῦτο θεῶν ποκα τέκνον ἔγεντο·
οὐχ ἀμὴν τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φαίνεται ἥμεν,
οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα τὸ δ' αὐριον οὐκ ἐσοφρίμες·
ἀλλὰ καὶ Ἀμφιτρύώνος ὁ χαλκεοκάρδιος νιός,
ὅς τὸν λίν ὑπὲμεινε τὸν ἄγριον, Ἧρατο παιδός,
τοῦ χαρλεντος' Τλα, τοῦ ταν πλοκαμίδα φορεύντως,
καὶ νιν πάντ' ἐδίδαξε πατὴρ ὅσει φίλον νιέα,
ὅσα μαθών ἀγαθός καὶ ἀόιδιμος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο—
χωρίς δ' οὐδέποκ' ἤς, οὔτε ἐι μέσον ἄμαρ ἀροιτο,
οὐδ' ὅκχ' ἀ λεύκιππος ἀνατρέχοι 1 ἐς Δίδος 'Αώς,
οὔδ' ὅτοκ' ὀρτάλιχωι μνυροὶ ποτὶ κοίτον ὄροιεν 2
σεισαμένας πτερὰ ματρός ἐπ' αἰθαλόευτι πτετύρφω,
ὡς αὐτῷ κατά θυμὸν ὁ παῖς πεποναμένος εἰη,
αὐτῷ 3 δ' εὔ ἐλκων ἐς ἀλαθινὸν ἀνδρ' ἀποβαίη.

αλλ' ὅτε τὸ χύρσειον ἔπλει μετὰ κῶς ἱάσων
Αἰσθοῦς, οἱ δ' αὐτῷ ἀριστής συνέπτου
πασῶν ἐκ πολίων προλεγέμενοι, ὅν ὄφελός τι,

1 ὡς ἐδοκεῖμες, like ἣν ἄρα, 'as it seems we think,' cf. ὡς
δοκεῖ ι. 11. 2 ἄρα 1. 66 and 18. 1, νῦ Bion 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 ἄρσω οἰ, 
 cf. 1. 12: mss ὄρατο 3 ἀνατρέχοι Schaefer: mss ὄρατο
τρέχων Ε, cf. Hes. Scut. 437: mss ὄρατον 5 ἀντώ = ἀντόθεν,
so schol.

156
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

\[ \text{\textsuperscript{1} \textsc{κετο \ χω \ ταλαεργος \ ανηρ \ ες \ αφυειων \ 'Ιωλκόν,} }
\[ 'Αλκμήνας \ νιὸς \ Μιδεάτιδος \ ἦρωινας, }
\[ σὺν \ δ' \ αὐτῷ \ κατεβαίνετ' \ Τλας \ εὐεδρον \ ες \ 'Αργώ, }
\[ ἀτις \ κυανεὰν \ οὐχ \ ἦπατο \ Συνδρομᾶδων \ ναῦς, }
\[ ἀλλὰ \ διεξαίξε, \ βαθὺν \ δ' \ εἰσέδραμε \ Φᾶσιν }
\[ αἰετὸς \ δὲς \ μέγα \ λαίτμα \ αφ' \ οὗ \ τὸ \ τὸ \ χοιράδες \ ξεσταν. }
\[ ἀμος \ δ' \ ἀντέλλουτι \ Πελειάδες, \ ἐσχατιαί \ δὲ }
\[ ἄρνα \ νεὸν \ βόσκοντι, \ τετραμμένου \ εἰαρος \ ἡδη, }
\[ τάμος \ ναυτιλίας \ μμυνάσκενο \ θείος \ ἀωτὸς }
\[ ἦρωων, \ κολλαν \ δὲ \ καθίδρωσκες \ ἐς \ 'Αργώ }
\[ 'Ελλάσπονταν \ ἱκουτο \ νότω \ τρίτω \ ἀμαρ \ ἄεντι, }
\[ εἰσω δ' \ ὀρμον \ εθεντο \ Προποντίδος, \ ευθα \ Κιανῶν }
\[ αὐλακας \ εὐρύνουτι \ βοες \ τρύβοντες \ ἀροτρα. }
\[ ἐκβάντες \ δ' \ ἐπὶ \ θίνα \ κατὰ \ ζυγὰ \ δαίτα \ πένοντο }
\[ δειλινάν, \ πολλοί \ δὲ \ μίαν \ στορέσαντο \ χαμεύναν }
\[ λειμών \ γὰρ \ σφιν \ ἐκεῖτο, \ μέγα \ στιβάδεσσιν \ ὀνειαρ, }
\[ ἐνθεν \ βοῦτομον \ ὃς \ βαθὺν \ τ' \ ἐτάμοντο \ κύπειρον. }
\[ \text{\textsuperscript{2} \κ' \ ξεθετ' \ Τλας \ ο \ ξανθὸς \ υδωρ \ επιδόρπιον \ οἰσων }
\[ αὐτῷ \ θ' \ 'Ἡρακλῆι \ καὶ \ ἀστεμφεῖ \ Τελαμῶν, }
\[ οῇ \ μίαν \ ἀμφω \ ἐταῖρου \ αἰς \ δαίνυντο \ τράπεζαν, }
\[ χάλκεον \ ἀγγος \ ἔχων. \ τάχα \ δὲ \ κράναν \ ἐνόησεν }
\[ ἥμενω \ ἐν \ χώρῃ \ περι \ δὲ \ θρύα \ πολλὰ \ πεφύκει }
\[ κυάνεον \ τε \ χελιδόνιον \ χλωρῶν \ τ' \ ἀδίαντω }
\[ καὶ \ θάλλουτα \ σέλνα \ καὶ \ εἴλετε \ ἀγρωστίς. }
\[ ύδατι \ δ' \ ἐν \ μέσῳ \ Νύμφαι \ χορὸν \ ἀρτίζουντο, }
\[ Νύμφαι \ ἄκοιμητοι, \ δεινα \ θεά \ ἀγροιώταις, }
\[ \text{\textsuperscript{1} τόθι "there," E: mas τότε} }

158
THEOCRITUS XIII, 19-44

the land, then came there with them to the rich Iolcus
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,
rane 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 of 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 deerglass. 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

Εὐνίκα καὶ Μαλίς ἔαρ θ’ ὀρῶσα Νύχεια.

ητοι ο’ κουρος ἐπείχε ποτῷ πολυχανδέα κρωσόν
βάψαι ἐπειγόμενος. ταῖ δ’ ἐν χερὶ πᾶσαι ἔφυσαν
πασάων γὰρ ἔρως ἀπαλὰς φρένας ἐξεσοβήσεν' 1
’Ἀργεῖω ἐπὶ παιδὶ. κατήρπε τ’ ἐς ἑλαν ὑδωρ
ἀθρόος, ὡς δ’ ὄντε πυρσός ἀπ’ οὐρανοῦ ἤριπεν ἀστήρ
ἀθρόος ἐν πόντῳ, ναῦταις δ’ τις ἐδέν ἐτάιροις
’κοινοτερ’ ὠ παῖδες ποιεῖσθ’ ὀπλα. πλευστικός
νῦρος. 2

Νύμφαι μὲν σφετέροις ἐπὶ γούνας κοῦρον ἔχουσαι
δακρυνόεντ’ ἀγανοίσα παρεψύχοντ’ ἐπέέσοσιν.

’Ἀμφιτρυνιάδας δ’ ταρασσόμενοι περὶ παιδὶ
ψχετο, Μαιωτιστὶ λαβὼν εὐκαμπέα τὸξα
καὶ ῥόπαλον, τὸ ο’ αἰεν ἐχάνδανε δεξιερὰ χεῖρ.
τρίς μὲν’’Τλαν ἄυσεν, ὡςον βαθὺς ἤρυχε λαιμός.
τρίς δ’ ἅρ’ ο’ παῖς ὑπάκουσεν, ἄραι δ’ ἰκετο φωνὰ
ἐξ ὑδατος, παρεῶν δὲ μᾶλα σχεδὸν εἶδετο πόρρω.

νεβροῦ φησηγαμένας τις ἐν οὐρεσιν ὤμοφάγος λῖς
ἐξ εὐνάς ἔσπευσεν ἐτοιμοτάται ἐπὶ δαίτα.

’Ηρακλέης τοιοῦτος ἐν ἀτρίπτουσιν ἀκάνθαις
παῖδα ποΰδων δεδόνητο, πολίν δ’ ἐπελάμβανε χώρον.

σχέτλιοι ο’ φιλέωντες, ἀλώμενος ὡς’ ἐμόγησεν
οὐρεα καὶ δρυμοὺς, τὰ δ’ Ἰάσωνος υστερα πάντ’ ἡς.

ναῦς γέμεν’ ἄρμεν’ ἔχουσα μετάρσια τὼν παρεόντων;

1 ἐξεσοβήσεν Jacobs, cf. 2. 137: mss ἐξεφόβησεν ο’ ἀμφε-

κάλυψεν 2 πλευστικός: mss also πνευστικός ὀδρος Ε:

mss ὀδρος 3 γέμεν Hermann: mss μὲν

61 ὡςδ’ ὑπὸ τ’ ἤγενειος ἀπόρποθι λίς ἐσακόσας

Omitted by the best ms and by the schol.; for asyndetic

160
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, for that 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 ravening 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὐρὸν
d’ ἡμίθεοι μεσονύκτιον ἐξεκάθαιρον
Ἡρακλῆα μένοντες. ὅ δ’ ἂ πόδες ἀγον ἐχώρει
μανόμενος. χαλεπὸς γὰρ ἐσω θεός ἡπαρ ἀμυσσεν.

οὗτω μὲν κάλλιστος"Τλας μακάρων ἀριθμεῖται.
Ἡρακλῆην ἄ ἡρωες ἐκερτόμεον λιποναύταν,
οὔνεκεν ἡρώησε τριακοντάξυνον 'Ἀργώ.

νεξά δ’ eis Kόλχους τε καὶ αξένου ἴκετο·Φάσιν.

1 οὐρὸν E, cf. II. 2. 153: mss ἱστία a correction of οδρὸν

162
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.
ΧΑΙΡΕΙΝ ΠΟΛΛᾲ ΤΟΝ ΆΝΔΡΑ ΘΥΩΝΙΧΟΝ.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ άλλα τοιαύτα

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

ΩΣ ΧΡΟΝΙΟΣ.

ΩΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ χρόνιος; τί δέ τοι τὸ μέλημα;

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ πρᾶσσομες οὖχ ὡς λύστα Θυώνιχε.

ΩΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ ταῦτ' ἄρα λεπτός,

ΧΩ μῦστάξ πολὺς οὖτος, ἀὐσταλέοι δὲ κίκιννοι.

ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΣ ΠΡΩΑΝ ΤΙΣ ἈΦΙΚΕΤΟ ΠΥΒΑΓΟΡΙΚΤΑΣ,

ὨΧΡΟΣ ΚΑΝΥΠΤΟΔΗΤΟΣ. ἈΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ δ' ἔφατ' ἦμεν.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ ἦρατο μᾶν καὶ τήνος;

ΩΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ ἐμίν δοκεῖ, ὅπτὼ ἀλεύρω.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

ΠΑΙΣΘΕΙΣ ὜ΓΑΘ' ἘΧΩΝ ἘΜΕ Δ' ἌΧΑΡΙΕΣΣΑ ΚΥΝΙΣΚΑ

ΥΒΡΙΣΘΕΙ; ΛΑΣΩ δὲ μανεῖς ποκα, θρίξ ἀνὰ

μέσσον.
XIV.—THE LOVE OF CYNISCA

AESCHINAS
A very good day to master Thyonlychus.

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, Thyonlychus.

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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΘΩΝΙΧΟΣ
τοιοῦτος μὲν ἂεὶ τῷ φίλ’ Αἰσχίνα, ἀσυνχαὶ ὅξυς,
pάντ’ ἐθέλων κατὰ καιρὸν’ ἠμῶς δ’ ἔποιον, τί τὸ
καινόν;

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ
'Ωργεῖος κῆγὼν καὶ ὁ Θεσσαλὸς ἵπποδιώκτας
'Αγιςἰ καὶ Κλεύνικος ἐπίνομες ὁ σтратιῶτας
ἐν χώρῳ παρ’ ἐμῖν. δύο μὲν κατέκουψα νεοσσῶς
θηλάζοντα τε χοῖρον, ἀνφοξα δὲ Βιβλινον αὐτοῖς
εὐώδη, τετόρων ἐτέων, σχεδόν ὡς ἀπὸ λανὼ
βολβοτίνα,3 κοχλίας ἐξαρέθη. ἦς πότος ἄδυς.

ἡδὴ δὲ προίοντος, ἐδοξὶ ἐπιχεισθαι ἀκρατον
ἐτίνος ἡθελ ἐκαστος. ἐδεί μόνου ὅτινος εἴπειν.
ἀμμος μὲν φωνεύντες ἐπίνομες, ὥς ἐδέδοκτο
ἀδ’ οὐδὲν παρεόντος ἔμει. τίν’ ἔχειν με δοκεῖς

νόμον;
‘οὐ φθεγξῇ; λύκον εἰδες,’ ἐπαιξὲ τις. ‘ὡς σοφὸς’
eίπε,
κῆφαπτ4. εὐμαρέως κεν ἀπ’ αὐτᾶς καὶ λύχνον
ἀφα.

ἐστι Λύκος, Λύκος ἔστι, Λάβα τῷ γείτονος νήσος,
eυμάκη, ἀπαλός, πολλοῖς δοκεών καλὸς ἠμὲν
τούτω τὸν κλύμενον κατετάκετο τῆνον ἑρωτα.
χάμων τούτο δι’ ὅτος ἐγεντό ποχ’ ἀσυχαὶ οὕτως
οὐ μᾶν ἔξηταξα μάταις εἰς ἄνδρα γενείων.

ἡδὴ δ’ ὃν πόσιος τὸν τέσσαρες ἐν βάθει ἒμες,
κὼ Λαρισαῖος, τὸν ἠμὸν λύκον’ ἁδεν ἀπ’ ἄρχας.

2 *Αγις Wil: mss *Αγις
3 βολβοτίνα E: cf. Athen. 318e
bolβotίνη changed by editors to bolβοτινη: mss bolβον τις
from bolβόν τινα
4 κῆφαπτ(o) schol: mss κῆφατ

168
THEOCRITUS XIV, 10-30

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 along o' me. 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 pining 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,
THE BUCOLIC POETS

Θεσσαλικόν τι μέλισμα, κακαλ φρένες· ἀ δὲ
Κυνίσκα
ἐκλαεν ἐξαπίνας θαλερότερον ἡ παρὰ ματρὶ
παρθένος ἐξαέτης κόλπω ἐπιθυμήσασα.
τάμος ἐγὼν, τὸν ἵσαις τῷ Θυώνυχε, πῦξ ἐπὶ κόρρας
ηλασα, καλλαν αὐθίς. ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ πέπλωσ
ἐξω ἀπώχετο θάσσον ἐμὸν κακών, οὐ τοι ἀρέσκω;
ἀλλος τοι γυλικῶν ὑποκόλπιος; ἀλλον ἰοίσα
θάλπε φίλον. τὐνῷ τελ 1 δάκρυνα μᾶλα ῥέοντι.
μάστακα δούσα 2 τέκνωσιν ὑπωροφόροιοι χελιδόνων
ἀφορρον ταχινὰ πέτεται βίον ἀλλον ἀγείρειν
ωκυτέρα μαλακᾶς ἀπὸ δίφρακος ἔδραμε τήνα
ιθὺ δὶ ἀμφιθύρῳ καὶ δικλίδῳ, ἂ πόδες ἄγουν
αἰνός θην λέγεται τις ἐβα καὶ ταύρος 3 ἀν’ ὑλαν.’
eἰκάδι 4 ταὶ δ’ ὅκτῳ, ταὶ δ’ ἐννέα, ταὶ δὲ δέκ’
ἀλλαί,
σάμερον ἐνδεκάτα. ποτίθεσ δέκα, καὶ δύο 5 μῆνες,
ἐξ ό ἀπ’ ἀλλάλων. οὐδ’ εἰ Θρακιστὶ κέκαρμαι,
οἴδε. Δύκως νῦν πάντα, Δύκῳ καὶ νυκτὸς ἀνύκεται.
ἀμμες δ’ οὔτε λόγῳ τινὸς ἀξιοὶ οὔτ’ ἀριθμητοί,
δύστηνοι Μεγαρῆς ἀτιμοτάτη ἐνι μοῖρῃ.
κεὶ μὲν ἀποστέρξαιμι, τὰ πάντα κεν εἰς δέον
ἔρποι.

1 τελ’ Ahrens: mss τα or τα σά μᾶλα cf. Mevagia 56
2 δούσα Schol: mss δ’ οία 3 ἐβα καὶ ταύρος some mss and
Schol: others ἐβακεν ταύρος or ἐβα κένταυρος 4 εἰκάδι Ε:
mss εἰκατι 5 δέκα καὶ δύο Ε: mss δύο καὶ δέκα or δύο καὶ
δύο (following the corruption εἰκατι above): with the passage

170
THEOCRITUS XIV, 31-50

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, Thyonichus,—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. Yon's he thou weep'st apples over.' Now a swallow, mark you, that bringeth her young eaves-dwellers their pap, gives 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. σχηδασμός 10. 12. The carouse took place, say, on the 20th April; in another 'week' it will be the 20th June. "Thracian-cropped": cf. I. 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.

171
THE BUCOLIC POETS

νῦν δὲ πόθεν; μῦς, φαντὶ, Θυώπιχε, γεύμεθα πίσσας.
χωτὶ τὸ φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἀμηχανέοντος ἔρωτος,
οὐκ οἶδα. πλαύν Σίμως ὁ τὰς ἐπιχάλκω ἔρασθεὶς
ἐκπλεύσας ὑγίης ἐπανήθη, ἐμὸς ὑλικωτάς.
πλευσθοῦμαι κηγῶν διαπόντιος· οὔτε κάκιστος
οὔτε πρᾶτος ἵςως, ὠμαλὸς δὲ τις ὁ στρατιώτας.

ΟΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ

ὡθελε μεν χωρείν κατὰ νὸν τεῦν, ὃν ἐπεθύμεις
Αἰσχίνα. εἰ δ’ οὔτως ἄρα τοι δοκεῖ ὡστ’ ἀποδαμεῖν,
μυσθοδότας Πτολεμαῖος ἐλευθέρφ όλος ἀριστος.

ΑΙΣΧΙΝΑΣ

τάλλα δ’ ἀνήρ ποῖος τις ἐλευθέρφ όλος ἀριστος;

ΟΤΩΝΙΧΟΣ

εὐγνώμων, φιλόμουσσας, ἔρωτικός, εἰς ἄκρον ἅδυς,
eἰδὼς τὸν φιλέουτα, τὸν ὦ φιλέουτ’ ἐτι μᾶλλον,
πολλοὶς πολλὰ διδούς, αἰτεύμενος οὐκ ἀνανεόων,
οία χρῆ βασιλή’. αἰτεῖν δὲ δεῖ οὐκ ἔπει παντὶ
Αἰσχίνα. ὡστ’ εἰ τοι κατὰ δεξιόν ὠμον ἀρέσκει
ἄριτος ἄκρον περονᾶσθαι, ἐπ’ ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
βεβακὼς
tολμασεῖς ἐπιοῦντα μένειν θρασὺν ἀσπιδιώταν,
ἀ τάχος εἰς Λεγυππον. ἀπὸ κροτάφων πελόμεσθα
πάντες γηραλέοι, καὶ ἐπισχερὼ ἢ γέννη ἔρπει
λευκάινων ὁ χρόνος· ποιεῖν τι δεῖ, ὅς γόνυ χλωρόν.
mouse tastes pitch, Thyonicus—; 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.

**THYONICUS**

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 paymaster a freeman can have; King Ptolemy.

**AESCHINAS**

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

**THYONICUS**

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 noffles we’re all waxing old, and old Time comes us grizzling line by line down the cheek. 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.
ΧV.—ΣΤΡΑΚΟΣΙΑΙ Ἡ ἈΔΩΝΙΑΖΟΤΣΑΙ

ΓΟΡΓΩ

"Ἐνδοι Πραξινόα;

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ

Γοργόι φίλα, ὡς χρόνω· ἐνδοι. θαῦμ’ ὡτι καὶ νῦν ἡνθες. ὡρη δίφρον Ἐννοα αὐτᾶ. ἔμβαλε καὶ ποτίκρανον.

ΓΟΡΓΩ

ἔχει κάλλιστα.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ

καθίζειν.

ΓΟΡΓΩ

ὁ τὰς ἀλεμάτων ¹ ψυχὰς· μόλις ὑμῖν ἐσώθην, Πραξινόα, πολλῶ μὲν ὄχλω, πολλῶν δὲ τεθρίπτων· παντὰ κρητίδες, παντὰ χαλαμυδηφόροι ἄνδρες· ἀ δ’ ὁδὸς ἀτρυτος· τὸ δ’ ἐκαστάτω ὡς ἑναποικεῖς.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ

ταῦθ’ ὁ πάραρος τῆνος· ἐπ’ ἐσχατα γᾶς ἑλαβ’ ἐνθῶν ἔλεον, οὐκ ὁικησιν, ὅπως μὴ γείτονες ὡμες ἀλλάλαις, ποτ’ ἔριν, φθοιρον κακόν, αἰεν ὁμοίος.

¹ ἀλεμάτω Stephanus: mss ἀθεμάτω (so Greg. Cor.), ἀθεματῶν, ἀθαμάτων ² ἐκαστάτω ὡς ἑναποικεῖς E, cf. 1. 45 τυθὶν δὲ δόσον ἀπόθεν and ὡς ‘where’ 1. 13: mss ἐκαστέρω (ἐκαστοτέρω) ἐμ’ ἀποικεῖς

176
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.

GORGO (refusing the cushion)

No, thank you, really.

PRAXINOA

Do sit down.

GORGO (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 like that.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΩ
μὴ λέγε τὸν τεὸν ἀνδρα, φίλα, Δίνωνα τοιαῦτα
tῷ μικκῷ παρεύντος· δρη γύναι, ὡς ποθορῇ τιν.
θάρσει Ζωπυρίουν, γλυκερὸν τέκος· οὔ λέγει ἀπφύν.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ
αἰσθάνεται τὸ βρέφος, ναὶ τὰν πότιμον.

ΓΟΡΓΩ
καλὸς ἀπφύς.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ
ἀπφύς μὰν τήν τα πρόαν—λέγομες δὲ πρόαν θην
'πάππα, βιτρον καὶ φύκος ἀπὸ σκανᾶς ἀγορασ-
δειν'—
ηῦθε φέρων ἀλας ἀμμιν, ἀνὴρ τρισκαίδεκάπαχυς.

ΓΟΡΓΩ
χῶμος ταύτά ἐξει, φθόρος ἀργυρίω, Διοκλείδας
ἐπταδράχμως κυνάδας, γραιαν ἀποτίλιματα πηρᾶν,
pέντε πόκως ἔλαβε ἐχθές, ἀπαν ῥύπον, ἔργον ἐπ'
ἔργῳ.
ἀλλ' ἰθι τῷμπέχονον καὶ τὰν περονατρίδα λάζειν.
βαμες τῷ βασιλῆς ἐς ἀφνειὼν Πτολεμαίω
θασόμεναι τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀκοῦ χρήμα καλὸν τι
κοσμεῖν τὰν βασιλισσαν.

ΠΡΑΕΙΝΟΑ
ἐν ὀλβίῳ ὀλβία πάντα.

1 Ζωπύριον Buecheler: mss -ίων λέγει: mss also λέγα
2 πάππα Wil from Et. Mag.: mss πάπτα ἀγοράσδειν
Ahrens; baby-language, cf. Theophr. Char. 7. 10: mss
ἀγοράσδων 3 ταύτα Ahrens: mss ταύτ' or ταύτα 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΟΡΓΩ

δὲν ἴδες, δὲν εἶπες καὶ ἵδοισα τὸ τῆς μὴ ἴδοντι. ἔρπεν ὀρα κ’ εἰη.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

ἀεργοῖς αἱ ἔορτά.

Εὐνόα, αἶρε τὸ νῆμα καὶ ἐς μέσον αἰνόθρυπτε θές πάλιν αἱ γαλέαι μαλακῶς χρήζουντι καθευ. δεῖν. δινεῖ δὴ, φέρε θάσσουν ὑδρωρ. ὑδατος πρότερον δεῖν,

ἀ δὲ σμάμα ¹ φέρει. δὸς ὅμως. μὴ δὴ πολί, λαστρ.

ἔγχει ὕδωρ. ὑπόσταινε, τί μεν τὸ χιτώνιον ἀρδεύς; παῦε̄ ὀκολά θεοῖς ἐδόκει, τοιαῦτα νέμομαι.

ἀ κλάξ τᾶς μεγάλας πᾶ λάρνακος. ὁδε φέρ’ αὐτάν.

ΓΟΡΓΩ

Πραξινώα, μάλα τοι τὸ καταπτυχὲς ἐμπερόναμα τοῦτο πρέπει: λέγε μοι, πόσον κατέβα τοι ἀφ’ ἰστώ; 

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

μὴ μνάσης Γοργοὶ! πλέον ἀργυρίω καθαρῷ μνᾶν ἢ δῦν. τοῖς δ’ ἐργοῖς καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ποτέθηκα.


180
THEOCRITUS XV, 25-37

GORGO

Yes; but sight seen 's tale told, 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, Eunooa, 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 Eunooa) 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 Eunooa) 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 Eunooa'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

ΓΟΡΓΙΟ

άλλα κατά γνώμαν ἀπέβα τοι.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ

τούτο κάλ' εἶπες.

τῷ μπέχονον φέρε μοι καὶ τὰν θολεὰν κατὰ κόσμον ἀμφίθες. οὐκ ἀξῶ τὸν τέκνον. μορμῶ δάκνει ἵππος.

δάκρυ' ὅσσα θέλεις, χωλὸν ὃ ὦ δεῖ τὸν γενέσθαι ἔρπωμες. Φρυγία, τὸν μικρὸν παίσδε λαβοίσα, τὰν κύν' ἑσω κάλεσον, τὰν αὐλείαν ἀπόκλαξον.

ὁ θεὸς, ὅσσος ὄχλος· πῶς καὶ πόκα τοῦτο περάσαι

χρῆ τὸ κακὸν; μύρμακες ἀνάριθμοι καὶ ἄμετροι. πολλὰ τοι ὁ Πτολεμαῖς πεποιήται καλὰ ἐργα, ἔξ ὦ ἐν ἄθανάτοις ὁ τεκὼν· οὐδεὶς κακοεργῶς δαλεῖται τὸν ἰόντα παρέρπων Αἰγυπτιστὶ, οία πρὶν ἔξ ἀπάτας κεκροτημένοι ἄνδρες ἐπαισδον ἀλλάκοι ὄμαλοι κακὰ παίγνια πάντες ἐρειοί. ¹

ἀδίστα Γοργοί, τί γενοίμεθα; τοι πολεμώσται ἵπποι τῷ βασιλῆς. ἀνερ φίλε, μὴ με πατήσῃς. ὁρθὸς ἀνέστα ὁ πυρρός· ἵδ' ὡς ἄγριος. κυνοθαρσῆς Εὐνόα, ὦ φευξῆ; διαχρησεῖται τὸν ἄγοντα. ὀνάθην μεγάλως, ὅτι μοι τὸ βρέφος μένει ἐνδοι. ²

¹ ἐρειοί: mss ἐρειοί, explained by Hesych. as καυόι
² ἐνδοι Ahrens: mss ἐνδον
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 anthheap! (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!
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΓΩΡΓΩ
θάρσει Πραξινόα· καὶ δὴ γεγενήμεθ' ὀπισθεν,
tοῖ δ' ἔβαν ἐς χώραν.¹

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
καύτα συναγείρομαι ἤδη.
ἔππον καὶ τὸν ψυχρὸν ὅφιν τὰ μάλιστα δεδοίκω
ἐκ παιδός. σπεύδωμες· ὥχλος πολὺς ἄμμων
ἐπίρρει.

ΓΩΡΓΩ
ἐξ αὐλᾶς ὡ μᾶτερ;

ΓΡΑΤΣ
ἐγὼν, τέκνα.

ΓΩΡΓΩ
ἐίτα παρευθείν

εὐμαρές;

ΓΡΑΤΣ
ἐς Τροίαν πειρώμενοι ἤνθον Ἀχαιοῖ,
καλλίστα παίδων· πείρα θην πάντα τελεῖται.

ΓΩΡΓΩ
χρησίμως ἀ πρεσβύτης ἀπόχετο θεσπίξασα.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
πάντα γυναῖκες ἴσαντι, καὶ ὡς Ζεὺς ἡγάγεθ' ὃ Ἡραν.

ΓΩΡΓΩ
θᾶσαι Πραξινόα, περὶ τὰς θύρας ὅσος ὅμιλος.

¹ Cf. Xen. Cyr. 4. 5. 37, where ἀσύντακτα εἶναι is opposed
to χώραν λαβεῖν, ibid. 8. 6. 19 συναγείρειν στρατιάν, Plat.
Prot. 328d ἐμαυτὸν ὄσπερζε συναγείρας
184.
GORGON

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

PRAXINOA (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.

GORGON (to an Old Woman)

Have you come from the palace, mother?

OLD WOMAN

Yes, my dears.

GORGON

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?

GORGON

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

PRAXINOA (mock-sententiously)

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

GORGON

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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
θεσπέσιος. Γοργοῖ, δὸς τὰν χέρα μοι· λαβὲ καὶ τῇ Εὐνόα Εὐτυχίδος· πότεχ' αὐτὰ, μὴ τι πλαναθῆς. πᾶσαι ἃμ' εἰσένθωμες· ἀπρίξ ἔχεν Εὐνόα ἁμῶν. οἷμοι δειλαία, δίχα μεν τὸ θερίστριον ἕδη ἔσχισται, Γοργοῖ. ποττῷ Διός, εἰ τι γένοιο εὐδαίμων ἀνθρωπε, φυλάσσει τῷμπέχονόν μεν.

ἙΝΟΣ
ὅκε ἐπ' ἐμῖν μὲν, ὅμως δὲ φυλαξεῖμαι.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
ὁχλος ἄθρως.

ἙΝΟΣ
θάρσει γυνai· ἐν καλῷ εἰμές.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
κεῖς ὀρας κῆπετα, φίλ' ἄνδρῶν, ἐν καλῷ εἰς ἁμμε περιστέλλων. χρηστῷ κοικίρμουν ἁμμὸς· φλίβεται Εὐνόα ἁμμῶν· ἄγ' ὁ δειλὰ τῷ βιάζεν.

κάλλιστ'. 'ἐνδοι πᾶσαι' ὁ τὰν νυν' εἰπ' ἀπο- κλάζας.

ΓΟΡΓΟ
Πραξινόα, πόταγ' ὀδε. τὰ ποικίλα πρᾶτον ἄθρη- σουν,
λεπτὰ καὶ ὅς χαρίεντα· θεῶν περονάματα φασεῖς.
THEOCRITUS XV, 66–79

PRAXINOEA

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.

PRAXINOEA

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

FIRST STRANGER

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

PRAXINOEA

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.

GORG0 (referring, as they move forward towards the daïs, to the draperies which hang between the pillars)

Praxinoea, 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
πότιν 'Αθαναία: ποιαί σφ' ἐπόνασαν ἐριθοὶ,
ποίοι ξυγιειφὸ τάκριβεα γράμματ’ έγραψαν.
ὡς έτυμ’ ἐστάκαντι, καὶ ὡς έτυμ’ ἐνυδεύντι:
ἐμψυχ’, οὐκ ἐνυφαντά. σοφον τοι 1 χρήμ’ ἀνθρωπος.
αὐτὸς δ’ ὡς θαητὸς ἐπ’ ἀργυρέας κατάκειται
άρμοι 2 πρᾶτον ἱουλον ἀπὸ κροτάφων κατα-
βάλλων—
ὁ τριφίλητος 'Αδωνις, δ’ ἑην 'Ἀχέρωντι φιλεῖται.

ΕΤΕΡΟΣ ΞΕΝΟΣ
παύσασθ’ ὦ δύστανοι, ἀνάνυτα κωτίλλουσαι
τρυγόνες: ἐκκνασεύντι πλατειάσδουσαι ἀπαντα.

ΠΡΑΞΙΝΟΑ
μα, πόθεν ἀνθρωπος; τί δὲ τίν, εἰ κωτίλαι εἰμές;
πασάμενος ἐπίτασσε. Συρακοσίαις ἐπιτάσσεις.
ὡς εἰδῆς καὶ τούτο, Κορίνθαις εἰμές ἀνοθεν,
ὡς καὶ ο Βέλλεροφῶν. Πελοποννασιστὶ λαλεύμες.
Δωρίσθεν δ’ ἐξεστὶ δοκῶ τοῖς Δωριέσσιν.
μῇ φύη, Μελιτώδες, ὃς ἀμῶν καρτέρος εῦη,
πλάν ἐνός. οὐκ ἀλέγω. μή μοι κενεὰν ἀπομάξῃς.

ΓΟΡΓΟ
συγὰ Πραξινόα: μέλλει τὸν 'Αδωνιν ἀείδειν
ἀ τὰς 'Ἀργείας θυγάτηρ, πολύφροις ἁ ooδός,
ἀτις καὶ πέρυτιν 3 τὸν ἰδεμέον ἀρίστευσε.

1 τοι schol. to Soph. Ant. 343: mss τι
2 ἀρμοί Kailbel,
3 πέρυτιν Reiske: mss πέρχην or σπέρχην
188.
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. 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

φθεγχείται τι, σάφ' οίδα, καλὸν διαθρύπτεται ἥδη.

ΓΥΝΗ ΛΟΙΔΟΣ

Δέσποιν', ἄ Γολγός τε καὶ Ἰδάλιον ἐφίλησας, ἀπεινόν τ' Ἕρυκα, χρυσωπίζωσί ¹ 'Αφροδίτα, οἶνον τοῦ τὸν Αἴδωνιν ἀπ' ἀενάω Ἀχέροντος μηνὶ δυωδεκάτῳ μαλακάποδες ἀγαγον Ὡραι, βάρδισται μακάρων Ὡραι φίλαι, ἀλλὰ ποθειναὶ ἐρχονται πάντεσσι βροτοῖς αἰεὶ τι φορεῦσαι.

Κύπρι Διώνα, τῷ μὲν ἀθανάται ἀπὸ θνατᾶς, ἀνθρώπων ὡς μῦθος, ἐποίησας Βερευκιαν ἀμβροσίαν ἐς στήθος ἀποστάξασα γυναικὸς· τιν δὲ χαριζομένα, πολυνυμε καὶ πολύναε, ἀ Βερευκεία θυγάτηρ Ἐλένα εἰκνία Ἄρσινα πάντεσσι καλοῖς ἀὐτόταλλοι Ἀδωνιν. πάρ οἰ ² ὀρια κεῖται, ὃσα ἄρθη ἀκρα φέρονται, πάρ δ' ἀπαλοὶ κατοὶ πεφυλαγμένοι ἐν ταλαρίσκοις ἀργυρέους, Συρίω δὲ μῦρω χρύσει ἀλάβαστρα· εἶδατα θ' ὅσα γυναίκες ἐπὶ πλαθάνω πονέονται ἀνθεα μύσουσαι λευκῷ παντοῦα μαλεύρῳ, ὅσα τ' ἀπὸ γλυκερῷ μέλιτος τά τ' ἐν υγρῷ ἐλαῖῳ,

πάντ' αὐτῷ πετεννὰ καὶ ἔρπτετα τείδε πάρεστι.

¹ χρυσωπίζωσίσα Ludwig, cf καλλωπίζω and χρυσώπηση: mss χρυσω' παίζωσα  ² Mss also μαλακαὶ πόδας  ³ πάρ οἰ E: mss πάρ μὲν οἱ

190
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-footéd 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 daughtér, 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.'
THE BUCOLIC POETS

χλωρὰ δὲ σκιάδε μαλακῷ βρίθοντ' ἀννήθφον ἔμεθ'· οἱ δὲ τὸ κῶροι ὑπερποτώνται Ἕρωτες, οἱοὶ ἀδηλευοῦσιν ἀλεξομενᾶν ἐπὶ δένδρῳ· πωτῶνται πτερύγων πειρόμενοι ὃζων ἀπ' ὃζω. ὃς ἔβενος, ὃς χρυσός, ὃς ἐκ λευκῶ ἑλεφαντὸς αἰετῶ· εἰς Ὀνοχὸν Κρονίδα Διὸ παῖδα φέροντες· πορφύρων δὲ τάπητες ἄνω μαλακώτεροι ὑπνώ· ἄ Μίλατος ἔρει χῶ τὰν Σαμίαν καταβόσκον· ἐστρωται κλίνα τρόμονι τῷ καλῷ ἀμά· τὸν μὲν Κύπριον ἔχει, τὸν δ' ὁ ῥοδόπαχυς Ἀδωνις.

ὀκτωκαϊδεκέτης ἡ ἐννεακαϊάδεχ' ὁ γαμβρὸς· οὐ κεντεῖ τὸ φίλημ, ἐτί οἱ περὶ χείλεα πυρρά. νῦν μὰν Κύπριος ἔχοσα τὸν αὐτὰς χαιρέτω ἀνδρα· ἀλθεὶν δ' ἄμμες νῦν ἄμα δρόσῳ ύθροι ἔξω οἰσεῖμες ποτὶ κύματ' ἐπ' αἰώνι πτύουνα, λύσασαι δὲ κόμαν καὶ ἐπὶ σφυρὰ κόλπον ἀνείσαι στήθεσι φαινομένοις λυγρᾶς ἀρξεύμεθ' ἀοίδᾶς· ἑρπείς, ὁ φίλ' ὁ Ἀδωνις, καὶ ἐνθάδε κεῖς Ἀχέροντα

1 χλωρὰ δὲ σκιάδε μαλακῷ βρίθοντ' (dual) ἀννήθφο Ε, cf. 1. 75, 18. 5, and Jebb on Soph. O.C. 1676: mss χλωρὰ δὲ σκιάδες μαλακῷ βρίθοντες ἀνήθφω 2 ἀλεξομέναν (gen. pl.) ἐπὶ δένδρῳ Ahrens: mss -νῶν ἐπὶ δένδρων 3 αἰετῶ· mss also aietów 4 ἄμα Ahrens: mss ἄλλα 5 τὸν μὲν and τὸν δ' E (there were two coverlets, but one wedding-couch): mss τὰν μὲν and τὰν δ' 6 ἀρξεύμεθ' G. Kiessling: mss ἀρξόμεθ' 192
THEOCRITUS XV, 119-136

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.

193
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἡμιθέων, ὡς φαντί, μονώτατος. οὔτ' Ἀγαμέμνων
toùτ' επαθ', οὔτ' Αιας ὁ μέγας, βαρυμάνιος ἤρως,
oὐθ' Ἐκτωρ Ἐκάβας ὁ γεραιτάτος
eἰκατι
παίδων,
oὐ Πατροκλῆς, οὗ Πύρρος ἀπὸ Τροίας πάλιν
ἐνθών,
oὐθ' οἱ ἔτος πρῶτον Δαμίθαι καὶ Δευκαλίωνες,
oὗ Πελοπηδάδαι τε καὶ Ἄργεως ἄκρα Πελασγοί.
ἲλαθι νῦν, φίλ' Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐς νέον ἐνθυμήσαις
καὶ νῦν ἴνθες Ἀδωνι, καὶ ὅκκ' ἀφίκῃ, φίλος
ήξεῖς.'

ΓΟΡΓΩ

Πραξινόα, το χρήμα σοφωτάτον ὁ θῆλεια. 3
ὁλβία ὠσσα ίσατι, πανολβία ὡς γλυκύ φωνεῖ.
ὥρα ὠμως κεῖς οἶκον. ἀναριστος Διοκλείδας.
χώνηρ ὄξος ἄπαν, πεινάντι δὲ μηδὲ ποτένθης.
χαίρε Ἀδων ἀγαπατε καὶ ἐς χαίροντας ἀφίκειν.

1 Μss also γεραιτέρος 2 Μss also νέωτα and νέω 3 ἀ θῆλεια
= τὸ θῆλυ; there is the common confusion in 146 between
general and particular.

194
THEOCRITUS XV, 137–149

'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.

GORGEO

O Praxinoe! 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. Goodbye, 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.
XVI.—ΧΑΡΙΤΕΣ Η ΙΕΡΩΝ

Αἰεὶ τούτῳ Δίως κούραις μέλει, αἰὲν ἀοιδοῖς, ὑμνεῖν ἄθανάτους, ὑμνεῖν ἀγαθῶν κλέα ἀνδρῶν. Μοῦσαι μὲν θεαὶ ἑντὶ, θεοὶς θεαὶ ἀείδοιτε, ἄμμες δὲ βροτοὶ οἴδε, βροτοὺς βροτοὶ ἀείδομεν.

τις γὰρ τῶν ὁπόσοι γλαυκὰν ναίον οὐ υπ᾿ ἀῳ, ἡμετέρας Χάριτας ¹ πετάσας ὑποδέξεται οἰκφ ἀσπασίως, ὡδ’ αὖθις ἀδωρήτους ἀποπέμψει, αἱ δὲ σκυζόμεναι γυμνοὶς ποσὶν οἰκαδ’ ἵκισι, πολλά με τωθάζωσι, ὥσ’ ἀλλῆλαι ὁδὸν ἤθουν, ὁκνηραὶ δὲ πάλιν κενεᾶς ἐν πυθμένι χηλοῦ ψυχροῖς ἐν γονάτεσσι κάρῃ μίμνοντι βάλοισι, ἐνθ’ αἰεὶ σφισον ἔδραι, ἐπὶ θν ἀπρακτοὶ ἰκωνται; τις τῶν νῦν τοιόσδε; τις εὖ εἰπόντα πιθήσει; οὐκ οἴδ’ οὐ γὰρ ἐτ’ ἄνδρες ἐπ’ ἔργασιν ὡς πάρος ἐςθλοῖς αἰνεῖσθαι σπεύδοντι, νενίκηται δ’ ὑπὸ κερδέων πᾶς δ’ ὑπὸ κόλπῳ χεῖρας ἐχὼν πόθεν οἰσται ἄθρεῖ ἀργυροῦ, οὐδέ κεν ἰὸν ἀποτρίγας τινὶ δολῃ, ἀλλ’ εὖθις μυθεῖται; ἀπωτέρῳ ἡ γόνι κνάμα; αὐτῷ μοι τὶ γένοιτο; ² θεοὶ τιμῶσιν ἀοιδοῖς.

XVI.—THE CHARITES

'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.'
THE BUCOLIC POETS

tis de kev allon akousai; alis pantesewin" O mepros. oytos aoidow liosto, de e' emeiv oisetai ouden.'
daimonoi, ti de kerdos o mupios evthoi xuris od
keimenos; oux ade plouton froneousin dnavis,
allla to mev yuva, to de pou tini doinai aoidon
pollovs 1 ev erxiai paow, pollovs de kai allon
anthetaow, aie de theois epibwima rexein,
mhde xevnodokon kakov emenai, allla trapeza
meilxant' aptopempsai, etn evthei

dousan de malista tiein ierous upofitas,
ofra kai eiv 'Aidao ekpamvenos esbolos akousihs, 3
mu'd aklepsis murein eti yuvarou 'Akerontos,
wshei tis makela tetu lamenos evthi cheiras
akhn ek pateron peinai aktimona klaivon.
polloi en 'Antiochou domois kai anakto 'Aleia
armaion emnion emetrisanto peneista.
polloi de Skopadaiwn elanvomevoi poti sakoid
moskoi syn keraisow emukhasanto boasou,
muria de am pedion Kranwoun evdiaaskon
poimenis ekkreta mhla filoixeinoi Krewndaai:
all' ou sphiw ton iwm, etpe iulikiai exeknwsan
thymon es evreian schediai stynov yerontos, 3
amnastoi de ta polla kai olbna tyma lipontes

1 pollovs Wil: mss pollovs de' 2 Mss ethloventi
3 stynov yerontos Hemsterhuys from Propert. 3. 18. 24:
mss stynov akérworos
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 Creonidae; 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

δείλοις ἐν νεκύεσσι μακροὺς αἰώνας ἔκειντο,
ei μὴ θείος ἄοιδος ὁ Κήιος αἰῶνα φωνέων
βάρβιτον ἐς πολύχορον ἐν ἀνδράσι τῆς ὀνο-
μαστοῦς

ἐπειδοριν, τιμᾶς δὲ καὶ ὠκεῖς ἔλλαχον Ἱπποὺ,
oi σφισων ἐς ἱερῶν στεφάνηφοροι ᾿Ηνθον ἀγῶνων.

τίς δ' ἂν ἀριστής Λυκίων ποτέ, τίς κομόωντας
Πριαμίδας η ἡθῆν ἀπὸ χροῖς Κύκνων ἔγνω,
ei μὴ φυλόπιδας προτέρων ὑμησαν ἄοιδοί;
οὐδ' Ὄδυσεὺς ἐκατόν τε καὶ ἐκκοσί μήνας ἀλαθεῖς
πάντας ἐπ' ἄνθρωποις, Ἀιδαν τ' εἰς ἔσχατον ἐνθῶν
ξῶν καὶ σπήλαια φυγών ὠλοίοι Κύκλωπος
δημαῖον κλέος ἐσχεν, ἐνηγάθη δ' ἂν ὑφορῆς
Εὐμαιος καὶ βοοῖ Φιλοτίνος ἀμφ' ἀγελαίαις
ἐργον ἔχων, αὐτὸς τε περίσπλαγχος Λαέρτης,
ei μή σφεας ἄνασαν ᾿Ιάονος ἄνδρος ἄοιδαί.

ἐκ Μοισάν ἄγαθον κλέος ἔρχεται ἄνθρωποι,
χρήματα δὲ ξώοντες ἀμαλδύνουσι θανόντων.

ἀλλ' ἰσος γὰρ ὁ μόχθος ἐπ' ἀλον κύματα μετρεῖν, ὁ
ὀς οὖν ἄνεμος χέρουδε κατὰ γλαυκᾶς ἄλοσ σωθεῖ,
η ύδατι νίξειν θολερὰν διαειδεί πλύνων,
καὶ φιλοκερδεῖα βεβλαμμένον ἄνδρα παρειπεῖν. 2
χαρέτω ὡστις τοῦς, ἀνάριθμος δὲ ὡς εἰς
ἀργυρος, αἰεὶ δὲ πλεύονον ἔχου ἵμερος αὐτὸν.
αὐτὰρ ἔγω τιμᾶν τε καὶ ἄνθρωπον φιλότατα
πολλῶν ἡμών τε καὶ ἱππῶν πρὸσθεν ἐλοίμαν.

1 κατὰ Buecheler: mss μετὰ 2 παρειπεῖν: mss also
παρεθεῖν

202
THEOCRITUS XVI, 43-67

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 Philoetius 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.

THE BUCOLIC POETS

δίξημαι δ’, ὅτινι θνατῶν κεχαρισμένος εὖθω
σὺν Μοῖσαις: χαλεπά γὰρ ὁδὸι τελέσουσιν ἀοιδοῖς
κουράων ἀπάνευθε Διὸς μέγα βουλεύοντος.
οὕτω μήνας ἄγων ἔκαμ’ οὐρανὸς οὐδ᾽ ἐνιαυτούς
πολλοὶ κινήσουσιν ἔτη τροχὸν ἄματος. Ὠποῖος
ἐσσεται οὐτος ἁνήρ, ὃς ἐμεῖ κεχρήσετ’ ἀοιδοῦ
ῥέξας ἡ Ἀχιλέως ὅσον μέγας ἡ βαρὸς Ἀἴας
ἐν πεδίω Σιμόνετος, ὥθη Φρυγὸς ἦριον "Ἰλιοῦ.

ἡδη νῦν Φοίνικες ἔπτ’ ἀελίῳ δύνοντι
οἰκεύντες Διλύβας ἀκρον σφυρὸν ἐρρύγασιν.
ἡδη βαστάζουσι Συρακόσιοι μέσα δυόρα
ἀχθόμενοι σακέσσι βραχίων ἰτετυνοῦσι
ἐν δ’ αὐτοῖς Ἰέρων προτέρως ἵσος ἣρωσσι
ζώνυται, ὑπειρά ἐν κόρων σκιάσουν ἢθειραι.
αἰ γὰρ Ζεὺς κύδιστε πάτερ καὶ πότνυ’ Ἀθάνα
κόρα θ’, ἡ σὺν ματρὶ πολυκλάρων Ἐφυραιών
εἴληχας μέγα ἀστυ παρ’ ὕδαι Δυσμελείας,
ἐχθροὺς ἐκ νάσου κακαὶ πέμψειαν ἀνάγκαι
Σαρδόνιον κατὰ κύμα φίλων μόρον ἀγγέλλουτας
τέκνοις ἢδ’ ἀλόχοσιν ἀριθμητοὺς ἀπὸ πολλῶν
ἄστεα δὲ προτέρωμεν πάλιν ναόιτο πολίταις,
δυσμενέων ὡσα χεῖρες ἐλωβήσαντο κατ’ ἄκρας,
ἀγροὶ δ’ ἐργάζομεν τεθαλότες, αἱ δ’ ἀνάριμοι
μάλων χιλιάδες βοτάνα διαπιστοῦσα
ἀμ πεδίον βλαχώμον, βόες δ’ ἀγελαδὸν ἐς αὐλιν

1 ἄματος Wil : mss ἄματος 2 Διλύβας Kuiper : mss Διλύβας
3 σκιάσουσι : mss also σκεπάσουσι 4 ἄγροι δ’ ἐργάζομεν (passive) τεθαλότες E : mss ἄγροις δ’ ἐργ. τεθαλότας
204
THEOCRITUS XVI, 68-92

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 Simois's vale.

For lo! the Phoenician dweller in the foot of Lilybè 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 Ephyrans, 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

"Lilybè": the western angle of Sicily, the promontory of Lilybaeum. 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

\[\vspace{1em}\]

ερχόμεναι σκιφαιοῦν ἐπισπεύδοιεν ὀδίταν·
νεοὶ δ' ἐκπολέουστοι 1 ποτὶ σπόρον, ἀνίκα τεττιξ
ποιμένας ἐνδίους πεφυλαγμένος ὑψόθι δένδρων
ἀχεὶ ἐν ἀκρεμόνεσσιν· ἀράχναι δ' εἰς ὅπλ' ἀράχναι
λεπτὰ διαστάσαιντο, θοᾶς δ' ἐτι μηδ' ὄνομ' εἶη·
ὑψηλῶν δ' Ἱέρωνι κλέος φορέουσιν ἀοίδοι
καὶ πόντου Σκυθικοῦ πέραν καὶ θι πλατὺ τεῖχος
ἀσφάλτῳ δήσασα Σεμίραμις ἐμβασίλευσεν.

εἰς μὲν ἔγο, πολλοὺς δὲ Διὸς φιλέουτι καὶ ἄλλους
θυγατέρες, τοὺς πᾶσι μέλοι Σικελαν Ὁρέθοισαν
ὑμνεῖν σὺν λαοῖς καὶ αἰχμητὰν Ἱέρωνα.

ὁ Ἑτεόκλειοι Χάριτες θεαί, ὁ Μινύειον

Ὀρχομενὸν φιλέοισαι ἀπεχθόμενον ποτὲ Θῆβαις,
ἀκλήτος μὲν ἔγογχε μένοιμι κεν, ἐς δὲ καλεῦντων
θαρσήσας Μοίσαιοι σὺν ἀμετέραισιν ἵοιμ' ἄν. 2
καλλεῖψε δ' οὐδ' ὑμεῖ· τί γὰρ Χάριτων ἄγαπατῶν
ἀνθρώποις ἀπάνευθεν; ἀεὶ Χαρίτεσσιν ἁμ' εἶην.

1 ἐκπολέουστο E, 'be ploughed not here and there only
but throughout the landscape': mss ἐκπολέουστο, ἐκτελέουστο,
ἐκτελεύστο 2 ήοιμ' ἄν Wil: mss ήοιμαν, ήκοιμαν

"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 of the daughters of Zeus, which are concerned all of them to magnify Sicilian Arethuse 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 ΕΙΣ ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΝ

Ἐκ Διὸς ἄρχωμεσθα καὶ ἐς Δία λήγετε Μοίσαι, ἀθανάτων τὸν ἀριστον ἔπην αἰδῶμεθ' ἕνος ἀνδρῶν δ' αὐτὸν Πτολεμαῖον ἐν πρώτοις λεγέσθω καὶ πύματος καὶ μέσων· ὅ γάρ προφερέστατος ἀνδρῶν. ἢρωες, τοι πρόσθεν ἄφ' ἠμιθέων ἐγένοντο, ἰέρας καὶ ἐργα σοφῶν ἐκύρησαν ἀοιδῶν· αὐτῶ πέμπειν Πτολεμαῖον ἐπιστάμενος καὶ ἐτύπων ἰμνήσαμεν· ὃνοι δὲ καὶ ἀθανάτων γέρας αὐτῶν. Ἡδυν ἐσι πολύνδειρον ἀνὴρ ὑπάτων ἐλθὼν παπτάθει τοι πρώτον καταλέξω; ἐπεὶ πάρα μυρία εἰπεῖν ὅσοι θεοὶ τὸν ἀριστον ἐτύμησαν βασιλῆν.

ἐκ πατέρων· ὅιοι μὲν ἔντω τελέσαι μέγα ἐργον Δαγείδας Πτολεμαίοις, ὅκα φρεάτειν ἐγκατάθοιτο βουλάν, ἀν οὐκ ἄλλος ἀνήρ οἶος τε νοήσαι. τὴν καὶ μακάρεσσι πατὴρ ὁμότιμον ἐθηκεν ἀθανάτοις, καὶ οἱ χρύσεως δόμος ἐν Δίος ὁικῷ δέδημναι· παρὰ δ' αὐτὸν Ἄλεξανδρος φίλα εἰδὼς ἔδριαε, Πέρσαι θεὸς αἰολομήτρας.

1 αἰδῶμεθ' Ε: mss ἰειδῶμεν or ἰειδῶμεν
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 skilly 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 meed 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 Baldrick, 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἀντίλα δ' Ἡρακλῆσ ἔδρα κενταυροφόνου 1
 ἵδρυται οἰστρείο τετυγμένα ἐξ ἀδάμαντος,
 ἐνθα σὺν ἀλλοισὶν θαλίας ἔχει Οὐρανίαισι,
 χαῖρον νῷων περίωσιν νῷωσιν,
 ὁτι σφεων Κρονίδας μελέων ἔξειλετο γῆρας,
 ἀθάνατοι δὲ καλεῖνται έδο 2 νέποδες γεγαώτες.
 ἀμφώ γὰρ πρόγονός σφιν ὁ καρτερὸς Ἡρακλείδας,
 ἀμφότεροι δ' ἀρίθμευνται ἐς ἐσχατον Ἡρακλῆσ.
 τῷ καὶ ἐπεὶ δαίτηθεν ἵοι κεκορημένος ἦδη
 νέκταρος εὐόδμοι φίλας ἐς δῶμ' ἀλόχοιο,
 τῷ μὲν τόξων ἐδωκεν ὑπωλεύμα τε φαρέτραν,
 τῷ δὲ σιδάρειον σκύταλον κεχαραγμένον ὕζους.
 οὗ δ' εἰς ἀμβρόσιον θάλαμον λευκοσφύροις Ἡβας
 ὀπλα καὶ αὐτὸν ἁγοῦσι γενείηταν Διὸς νίων.

οἷα δ' ἐν πινυταίσι περικλειτᾶ Βερενίκα
 ἐπτρεπε θηλυτέρας, ὦφελος μέγα γεινομένοισι.
 τῷ μὲν Κύπρον ἔχοισα Διώνασ πότνια κοῦρα
 κόλπουν ἐς εὐώδη βαδινᾶς ἐσεμάξατο χεῖρας.
 τῷ οὐπω τινα φαντὶ ἀδεὶν τόσον ἀνδρὶ γυνακῶν,
 ὄσον περ Πτολεμαίοις ἐὰν ἐφίλησεν ἄκοιτων.
 ἦ μὰν ἀντεφίλειτο πολὺ πλέον ὥδε κε παισὶ
 θαρσήσας σφετέροισιν ἐπιτρέπτοι οἶκον ἀπαντά,
 ὀππότε κεν φιλέων βαινη λέχος ἐς φιλεοίσας,
 ἀστόργου δὲ γυναίκος ἐπ' ἀλλοτρῷ νόσος αἰεὶ,
 παθίδωι δὲ γοναί, τέκνα δ' οὐ ποτεοικότα πατρὶ.

1 ἔδρα κενταυροφόνου G; Kiessling: mss ἔδρακε ταυροφ.
2 έδο Heinsius: mss θεόι 3 γεινομένοισι E, generalising
plural: mss γειναμέναισι

212
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 Berenicè! what a boon to her progeny was she! Of whom the lady possessor of Cyprus that is daughter of Dionè 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κάλλει ἀριστεύουσα θεάων πότιν Ἄφροδιτα, 
σοὶ τήνα μεμέλητο· σέθεν δ' ἐνεκεν Βερενίκα 
εὐειδὴς Ἀχέροντα πολύστονοι οὐκ ἐπέρασεν, 
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀρπάξασα, πάροιθ' ἐπὶ νᾶα κατελθεῖν 
κυναέαν καὶ στυγνὸν ἀεὶ πορθμήα καμόντων, 
ἐς νάδιν κατέθηκας, ἐὰς δ' ἀπεδάσσαο τιμᾶς· 
πάσιν δ' ἥπιος ἄδε βροτοῖς μαλακοὺς μὲν ἔρωτας 
προσπνεῖει, κούφας δὲ διδοὶ ποθέοντι μερίμνας.

Ἄργειά κυάνοφρυ, σὺ λαοφόνοι Διομήδεα 
μυσγομένα Τυρῇ τέκες, Καλυδώνιον ἄνδρα, 
ἀλλὰ Θέτις βαθύκολπος ἀκούτισταν Ἀχιλῆ 
Ἀιακίδα Πηλῆ, σὲ δ' αἰχμητὰ Πτολεμαῖε 
αἰχμητὰ Πτολεμαῖῳ ἀρίζηλος Βερενίκα.

καὶ σὲ Κώς ἀτίταλλε βρέφος νεογίλλων ἐόντα 
δεξαμένα παρὰ ματρός, ὅτε πρῶταν ἰδεῖς ἀδ. 
ἐνθα γὰρ Εἰλείθυιαν ἐβώσατο λυσίζωνον 
Ἀντιγόνας θυγάτηρ βεβαρημένα ὥδινεσσιν· 
ἀδει δὲ οἱ εὐμενεύσασα παρίστατο, καὶ δ' ἀρα πάντα 
νωδυνίαν κατέχευε μελῶν· δὲ πατρὶ ἐοίκως 
παῖς ἀγαπᾶτος ἔγεντο. Κὼς δ' ὀλολυξέων ἰδοῖσι 
φαὶ δὲ καθαππομένα βρέφος χείρουσι φίλαςιν· 
οἰδὲ κοῦρε γένοιο, τίοις δὲ μὲ τόσον, ὅσον πεν 
Δᾶλον ἐπίμασεν κυναμπτυκα Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων· 
ἐν δὲ μᾶ τιμᾶ Τρίσσον 1 καταθεῖο κολόνων

1 Τρίσσον so mss: Stephanus perhaps rightly Τρίσσος

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214
THEOCRITUS XVII, 45–68

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 Aeneid 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 Antigonè cried aloud to the Girdle-Looser 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-snooded 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": Deïpylè.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ισον Δωριέσσι νέμων γέρας ἐγγύς ἔοισιν:
ισον καὶ Ῥήμαιαν ἀναξ ἐφίλησεν Ἀπόλλων.
ὡς ἄρα νάσος ἔειπεν· ὃ δ’ ὐψόθεν ἐκλαγεν φωνὰ
ἔς τρίς ἀπὸ νεφέων μέγας αἰετὸς αἰσίων ὄρνις.
Σηνός ποι τόδε σάμα. Διὶ Κρόνιων μέλοντι
αἰδοῖοι βασιλῆς· ὃ δ’ ἔξοχος, ὅν κε φιλήση
γεινόμενον τὰ πρῶτα· πολὺς δὲ οἱ ὀλβοὶ ὑπάδει,
πολλὰς δὲ κράτεις γαῖας, πολλὰς δὲ θαλάσσας.
μυρίαι ἀπειροὶ τε καὶ ἐθνεά μυρία φωτῶν
λήιον ἀληθικοῦσιν ὀφελλόμεναι Διὸς ὀμβροφ’
ἀλλ’ οὕτω τόσα φύει ὅσα χθαμαλὰ Ἀἰγυπτῶς,
Νεῖλος ἀναβλύζων διερὰν ὅτε βόλακα θρύπτει,
οὐδὲ τις ἀστεα τόσα βροτῶν ἔχει ἐργα δαέντων.
τρεῖς μὲν οἱ πολίων ἐκατοντάδες ἐνδέμηνται,
τρεῖς δ’ ἄρα χιλιάδες τρισαύδες ἐπὶ μυριάδεσσι,
διοιδ’ τριάδες, μετὰ δὲ σφισίν ἑνεάδες τρεῖς·
tῶν πάντων Πτολεμαίος ἀγήνωρ ἐμβασιλεύει.
καὶ μᾶν Φοινίκας ἀποτέμνεται Ἀρραβίας τε
cαὶ. Συρίας Διβύσας τε κελανῶν τ’ Ὀἰδιπόθων.
Παμφύλοισι 1 τε πᾶσι καὶ αἰχμηταῖς Κιλίκεσσι
σαμαίνει, Δυκίως τε φιλοπτολέμοισι τε Καρσί,
καὶ νάσοις Κυκλάδεσσιν· ἐπεὶ οἱ νάσει ἄρισται 2
πόντων ἐπιπλώντι, θάλασσα δὲ πᾶσα καὶ αἷα
καὶ ποταμοὶ κελάδοντες ἀνάσσονται Πτολεμαίῳ.

1 Παμφύλοισι Schrader: mss Παμφυλίοισι 2 ἄρισται
Stephanus: mss ἄριστοι through misunderstanding of

216
THEOCRITUS XVII, 69-92

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 promon-
tory 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

πολλοὶ δ’ ἱππηκὲς, πολλοὶ δὲ μνὸ ἀσπιδίωται
χαλκὸς μαρμαίροντι σεσαγμένοι ἀμφαγέρονται.

οὐδὲ μὲν πάντας κε καταβρίθοι βασιλῆς;
τόσον ἐπ’ ἀμαρ ἐκαστὸν ἐς ἀφίεν ἔρχεται
οἴκον
πάντοθε. λαοὶ δ’ ἐργα περιστέλλονται ἕκηλοι.
οὐ γάρ τις δηλῶν πολυκήτεα Νεῖλον ὑπερβᾶς
πεζὸς ἐν ἀλλοτρίασι βοῶν ἐστάσατο κόμαις;
οὐδὲ τις αὐγαλόνδε θοᾶς ἐξάλατο ναὸς

θαρηχθεῖς ἐπὶ βουσίν ἀνάρσιος Αἰγυπτίασιοι;
τοίος ἀνήρ πλατέεσσιν ἐνίδρυται πεδίοισι
ξανθόκόμας Πτολεμαῖος, ἐπιστάμενος δόρυ
πάλλειν,

φ’ ἐπίπαγχυ μέλει πατρώια πάντα φυλάσσειν
οὐ’ ἀγαθῷ βασιλῆς, τὰ δὲ κτεατίζεται αὐτός.
οὐ μὰν ἄχρεῖος γε δόμῳ ἐνὶ πλοῦν χρυσὸς
μυρμάκων ἄτε πλοῦτος ἀεὶ κέχυται μογεώντων
ἀλλὰ πολὺν μὲν ἔχοντὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδεῖς οἴκοι,
αἰὲν ἀπαρχομένοιο σὺν ἀλλοισιν γεραίσσεις,
πολλὸν δ’ ἰφθῖμοις δεδώρηται βασιλεῖς,
πολλὸν δὲ πτολίεσσι, πολῶν δ’ ἀγαθοὶς ἐταῖροις.

οὐδὲ Διωνύσου τις ἀνήρ ἱεροῦ κατ’ ἀγώνας
ἰκετ’ ἐπιστάμενος λυγυράν ἀναμέλησαι ἀοίδαν,
φ’ οὐ δωτίναν ἀντάξιον ὅπασε τέχνας.

Μούσας δ’ ὑποφῆται αἰείδουτι Πτολεμαῖον
ἀντ’ ἐυεργεσίας. τί δὲ κάλλιον ἄνδρι κεν εἰη
ὁλβίῳ ἢ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄρεσθαι;
τοῦτο καὶ Ἀτρείδαις μένει· τὰ δὲ μυρία τῆς,

1 περιστέλλονται: mss also περιστέλλουσιν

218
THEOCRITUS XVII, 93-118

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 chiehest 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ὁσσα μέγαν Πριήμοιο δόμον κτεάτισσαν ἐλόντε
άερι πα κέκρυππαι, ὅθεν πάλιν οὐκέτι νόστος.
μοῦνος ὁδε προτέρων τε καὶ ὃν ἔτη θερμὰ κοινά
στειβομένα καθύπερθε ποδῶν ἐκμάσσεται ἵχνη,
ματρὶ φίλα καὶ πατρὶ θυώδεας ἐίσατο ναιοὺς·
ἐν δ' αὐτοῖς χρυσῷ περικαλλέας ἥδ' ἐλέφαντι
ιδρυτι πάντεσσιν ἐπιχοθούσιν ἀρωγοὺς.
πολλὰ δὲ πιανθέντα βοῶν ὅγε μηρία καὶ εἰ
μησὶ περιπλομένωσιν ἐρευθομένων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
αὐτὸς τ' ἱφθίμα τ' ἀλοχος, τάσ σύμπαν ἀρείων
νυμφίον ἐν μεγάροις γυνὰ περιβάλλετ' ἀγοστῷ,
ἐκ θυμοῦ στέργοισα κασίγνητον τε πόσιν τε.
ὅδε καὶ ἀθανάτων ἵππος γάμος ἔξετελεσθη,
οὐς τέκετο κρείουσα Ῥέα βασιλῆς Ὀλύμπου
ἐν δὲ λέχοςς στόρυσιν ιαύειν Ζαυρ καὶ Ἡρᾷ
χείρας φοιβήσασα μύροις ἔτι παρθένος Ἴρις.
χαῖρε ἀναξ Πτολεμαϊς, σέθεν δ' ἐγὼ ἵσα καὶ
ἀλλων
μνάσομαι ἡμιθέων, δοκεῖς δ' ἐπος οὐκ ἀπόβλητων
φθέγξομαι ἐσσομένοις, ἀρετάν γε μὲν ἐκ Δίος
αἴτευ.⁴

¹ τε καὶ ὃν Briggs: mss τεκέων or τοκέων  ² ἐν δὲ λέχοςς:
mss also ἀγνῖν ὃ (Ahr. ἀγνον ὃ)  ³ ἔτι = ἄει as in Epig. 20
and Ep. Bion. 92  ⁴ αἴτευ: mss also ἐξεῖσ

220
THEOCRITUS XVII, 119-137

...possessions that fell to them when they took Priam's great house, they lie hid somewhere in hat mist whence no return can be evermore. And his 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 builted 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 augst 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.—ΕΛΕΝΗΣ ΕΠΙΘΑΛΑΜΙΟΣ

"Εν ποκ’ ἀρα Σπάρτα ξανθότριχι πάρ Μενελάω
παρθενικαὶ θάλλοντα κόμαις ύακινθον ἔχοισαι
πρόσθε νεογράπτω θαλάμω χορὸν ἐστάσαντο,
δώδεκα ταῖ πράται πόλιοσ, μέγα χρήμα Δακαινάν.
ἀνίκα Τυνδαρίδα κατεκλάξετο τὰν ἀγαπάταν
μναστέυσας Ἐλέναν ὁ νεώτερος Ἀτρέος νεόν.
ἀειδον ὦ ἂρα πᾶσαι ἐς ἐν μέλος ἐγκροτεοίσαι
ποσοὶ περιπλικτοῖς, ὑπὸ δ' ἱαχε δῶμ' ὕμεναῖωι.

Οὕτω δὴ πρώιζα κατέδραθες ὡ φίλε γαμβρέε;
ἡρὰ τει ἐσοὶ λίαν βαρυγώνατος, ἢρα φίλυπνος,
ἡρὰ πολύν τιν' ἐπίνεις, ὅκ' ἕις εὐνᾶν κατεβάλλεν:
εὔδειν μὰν σπεύδοντα καθ' ὅραν αὐτὸν ἐχρῆ
τυ,
παῖδα ὦ ἑαν σὺν παισὶ φιλοστόργῳ παρὰ ματρὶ
pαῖσδειν ἐς βαθὺν ὀρθρὸν, ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐνας καὶ ἐς
ἀώ
κείς ἐτος ἕξ ἐτεος, Μενέλα, τελά ἀν νυόι ἂδε.

1  ὅκ' Wil: mss δτ'  2 Μενέλα τελά ἀ Meineke: mss
Μενέλαια τελά
224
XVIII.—THE EPISTALAMY 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 luces, 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.

225
THE BUCOLIC POETS

δλβιε γάμβρ', ἀγαθὸς τις ἐπέπταρεν ἐρχομένῳ τοῖς Σπάρταν ἄπερ ὄλλοι ἀριστεῖς ὡς ἀνύσαιον.

μοῦνος ἐν ἡμιθεοὶς Κρονίδαιν Δία πενθερὸν ἐξεῖσθαι Ζανός τοῦ θυγάτηρ ὑπὸ τὰν μίαν ἱκετο χαλαῖναν, ὀλὴ Ἀχαιάδων γαῖαν πατεῖν οὐδεμιᾶ ἄλλα.

ἢ μέγα κά τι τέκοιτ', εἰ ματέρι τίκτοι ὅμοιον ἄμμες ταῦτα πᾶσαι συνομαλίκες, αἷς δρόμος ὁτὸς χρυσαμέναις ἀνδριστὶ παρ' Εὐφρώταο λοετροῖς τετράκις ἐξήκοντα κόραι, θῆλυς νεολαῖα—

τὰν οὐδὲ ἢν τις ἄμμος, ἐπεὶ χ' Ἐλένα παρισσοθῇ.

ἀδώς ἀντέλλοισα καλὸν διέφανεν πρὸσωπον, πότνια Νύξ, ἀτε λευκὸν ἐαυ χειμῶνος ἄνέντος· ὅδε καὶ ἀ χρυσέα Ἐλένα διέφαινεν ἐν ἁμῖν.

πιείρα μέγα λὰθον ἀνέδραμε κόσμος ἄρούρα

ἣ κάπῳ κυπάρισσος ἡ ἀρματι Θεσσαλὸς ἠπίπος· ὅδε καὶ ἀ ῥοδόχρως Ἐλένα Δακεδαίμονι κόσμος.

1 ταὶ Ἔ: mss ἐ' at or γάρ 2 ἢν Ἔ: mss ἄτ, a correction of the corruption ἢν 3 διέφανε Ahrens: mss διέφανε 4 μέγα λὰθον Eichstaedt: mss μεγάλα ἄτ'

226
THEOCRITUS XVIII, 16–31

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 ploughländ 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὔτε τις ἐκ ταλάρω ρανίσδεται ἔργα τοιαύτα, οὔτε ἔνα δαιδαλεψ τυκιώτερον ἄτηρον ἵστροι κερκίδι συμπλέξασα μακρὰν ἔταμ’ ἐκ κελεόντων οὐ μᾶν οὔδε λύραν ¹ τις ἐπίσταται ἐδε κροτήσαι Ἀρτεμίν αείδοισα καὶ εὐρύστερον Ἀθάναν, ὡς Ἕλενα, τὰς πάντες ἐπ’ θρύμασιν ἠμέροι ἑντὶ.

ὅ καλὰ ὁ χαρίσσα κόρα, τῷ μὲν οἰκέτις ἦδη, ἀμμες δ’ ἐσ δρόμον ἦρι καὶ ἐσ λειμώνια φύλλα ἐρφεύμεστε στεφάνως δρεφεύμεναι ἄδι πνεόντας, πολλὰ τεοῖς Ἕλενα μεμαμέναι ὡς γαλαθηναὶ ἄρνες γειναμέναι οἴος μαστόν ποθεοίσαι. πράτα ² τοι στεφανοῦ λωτῷ χαμαὶ αὐξομένου πλέξασαι σκιερὰν καταθήσομες ἐς πλατάνιστον, πράτα ² δ’ ἀργυρεάς ἐς ὀλπίδος ύγρὸν ἀλειφαρ λαξύμεναι σταξεύμεστε ὑπὸ σκιερὰν πλατάνιστον γράμματα δ’ ἐν φλοιῷ γεγράψεται, ὡς παριῶν τις ἀννείμη, Δωριστὶ. ‘σέβευ μ’, Ἕλενας φυτὸν ἐμμί.’ ³

χαίροις ὁ νύμφα, χαίροις εὐπένθερε γαμβρέ. λατῷ μὲν δοῦ, λατῶ κουροτρόφος ὑμμιν

¹ οὔδε λύραν: mss also οὔ κιθάραν ἐπὶ ² πράτα Reiske: mss πράται ³ σέβευ and ἐμμί Hermann: mss σέβου and eiμι

228
THEOCRITUS XVIII, 32-50

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 groundling 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.'
ΤΗΣ ΒΥΟΛΙΚΗΣ ΠΟΙΗΣ

εὐτεκνίαν, Κύπρις δὲ, θεὰ Κύπρις ἵσον ἔρασθαι ἀλλάλων, Ζεὺς δὲ, Κρονίδας Ζεὺς ἀφθιτον ὀλβοῦν,

ὡς ἡ εὐπατριδᾶν εἰς εὐπατρίδας πάλιν ἔνθη. εὐδετ' ἢς ἀλλάλων στέρνον φιλότατα πνέουντες καὶ πόθον ἔγρασθαι δὲ πρὸς ἄνω μηπιλάθησθε. νεύμεθα κάμμες ἢς ὀρθον, ἐπεὶ καὶ πρᾶτος ἁοιδὸς ἡ εὐνᾶς κελαδήσῃ ἀνασχῶν εὐτριχα δειράν.

Τῳ Ῥωμἰν ᾗ Ῥωμεναῖε, γάμῳ ἐπὶ τῷ δε Χαρείης.
And Cypris, holy Cypris, an equal love alway,
   And Zeus, high Zeus, prosperitye
That drawn of parents of high degree
Shall pass to a noble progeny
   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.
ΧΙΘ.—ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ

Τόν κλέπταν ποτ’ Ἕρωτα κακὰ κέντασε μέλισσα κηρίον ἐκ σίμβλων συλεύμενον, ἀκρὰ δὲ χειρῶν δάκτυλα πάνθ’ ὑπένυξεν. ὃ δ’ ἀλγεὶ καὶ χέρ’ ἐφύσῃ καὶ τὰν γὰν ἐπάταξε καὶ ἀλατο, τὰ δ’ Ἀφροδίτῃ δεῖξεν ἐὰν ¹ ὀδύναν καὶ μέμφετο, ὡστε γε τυτθὸν θηρίον ἐστὶ μέλισσα καὶ ἄλικα τραύματα ποιεῖ. χά μάτηρ γελάσασα· 'τί δ’; οὐκ ἵσος ἐστὶ μελίσσαις, δὲ τυτθὸς μὲν ἔεις,² τὰ δὲ τραύματα ταλίκαν ποιεῖς;'

¹ εἀν Wil: mss τὰν ² δι Valckenaeer: mss χὼ ἔεις Wil thinks probable: mss ἔης ³ ταλίκα Porson: mss ἄλικα

234
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.
Εινίκα μ’ ἐγέλαξε θέλουτά μην ἀδύναται,
καὶ μ’ ἐπικερτουμένουσα τάδ’ ἐννεπεν ἔρρι ἀπ’ ἐμεῖο.
βουκόλος δὲν ἐθέλεις με κύσαι τάλαν; οὐ μεμάθηκα
αγροίκως φιλέειν, ἀλλ’ ἀστικά χείλεα θλίβειν.
μή τύγε μεν κύσσης τὸ καλὸν στόμα μηδ’ ἐ
ὄνειροις.
οἷς βλέπεις, ὅποια λαλεῖς, ὡς ἀστικὰ παῖσεῖν.
χεῖλεά τοι νοσέοντι, 1 χέρες δὲ τοι ἐντὶ μέλαιναι,
καὶ κακὸν ἐξόσεις. ἀπ’ ἐμεῦ φύγε, μή μ’
μολύνης.
τοιὰδε μυθίζοισα τρίς εἰς ὣν ἐπτυσσὲ κόλπουν,
καὶ μ’ ἀπὸ τᾶς κεφαλᾶς ποτὶ τὸ πόδε συνεχὴ
εἰδέ
χεῖλεας μυθίζοισα καὶ ὑμμασί λοξὰ βλέποισα,
καὶ πολὺ τὰ μορφὰ θηλύνετο, καὶ τι σεσαρῶσ
καὶ σοβαρὸν μ’ ἐγέλαξεν. ἐμοὶ δ’ ἀφαρ ἔξεσεν
ἀίμα,
καὶ χρόα φοινίχθην ὑπὸ τῶλγεος ὡς ῥόδον ἔρσα.
χὰ μὲν ἐβα μὲ κατοῖσα: φέρω δ’ ὑποκάρδων
ὀργάν,
ὅττι με τὸν χαρίεντα κακὰ μωμήσαθ’ ἑταῖρα.

1 νοσεόντι Sauppe: μεν νοσεόντι

7 ὡς τρυφερὸν καλέεις, ὡς κυρίλα ῥήματα φράσεις:
ὡς μαλακὸν τὸ γένειον ἔχεις, ὡς ἀδέα χαίταν.
As Wil sees, these lines cannot belong here.
XX.—THE YOUNG COUNTRYMAN

When I would have kissed her sweetly, Eunica fleered 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ποιμένες, εἴπατε μοι τὰ κρῆγμαν. οὐ καλὸς ἔμμη
ἀρὰ τὶς ἔξαπινας μεθ’οδος βροτὸν ἄλλον ἔτευξε;
καὶ γὰρ ἔμοι τὸ πάροιχεν ἔπαυθεν άδυ τὶ κάλλος
ὡς κισσός ποτὶ πρέμυν, ἐμὰν δ’ ἐπύκαζε
ὑπῆραν,
χαῖται δ’ οἷα σέλινα περὶ κροτάφοις κέχυντο,
καὶ λευκὸν τὸ μέτωπον ἐπ’ ὀφρύσι λάμπε μελαναῖς:
ὅμματά μοι γλαυκᾶς χαροπώτερα πολλὸν Ἄθανας,
καὶ στόματ’ αὖ πακτάς γλαυφρώτερα, κῆς ἅτομα
τοὺν δὲ ἔρρεε μοι φωνὰ γλυκερωτέρα ἢ μελάκηρον.
ἀδύ δέ μοι τὸ μέλισμα, καὶ ἂν σύριγγε μελίσδω,
κῆν αὐλῷ λαλέω, κῆν δόνακι, κῆν πλαγιαύλῳ.
καὶ πᾶσαι καλὸν με κατ’ ὀρεά φαντὶ γυναῖκες,
καὶ πᾶσαι με φιλεύντε τὰ δ’ ἀστικά µ’ οὐκ
ἐφίλησεν,
ἀλλ’ ὅτι θουκόλος ἐμμί, παρέδραμε κοῦ ποτάκουν;
οὐ καλὸς Διόνυσος ἐν ἄγκεσι ταύρον ἐλαύνει;
οὐκ ἐγγὺς δ’, ὦτι Κύπρις ἐπ’ ἀνέρι μήνατο βοῦτα
καὶ Φρυγίοις ἐνομευσέν ἐν ὀρεσιῖν; οὐ τὸν ἄδων
ἐν δρυμοὶς φίλησε καὶ ἐν δρυμοίσι ἐκλαυσέν;
Ἐνδυμάλων δὲ τὸς ἰν; οὐ θουκόλος; ὃν γε Σελάνα
βουκόλουτα φίλησεν, ἀπ’ Οἰλύμπου δὲ μολόισα
λάτμον ἀν νάπος ἤλθε καὶ εἰς ἡ παιδικὰ νεῖτε;
καὶ τῷ Ρέα κλαίεις τὸν θουκόλον. οὐχὶ δὲ καὶ τῷ

1 στόματ’ αὖ πακτάς E: mss στόμα δ’ αὖ π. οὐ στόμα ἢ καὶ οὔ
ἀκτάς γλαυφρώτερα Wil (but -rov): mss γλυκερωτέρων
from below kῆς E: mss ἅκ τ’ μελάκηρον E: mss μελί
κήρῳ or μέλι κήρῳ 3 ποτάκου Ziegler: mss -ακούει
4 οὐ E: mss ὄ or χῷ ταύρον E, cf. e.g. Gerhard Auer-
THEOCRITUS XX, 19-40

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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ὦ Κρονίδα διὰ παιδα βοηθόμου δρυς ἐπιλαγχθης; Εὐνίκα δὲ μόνα τὸν βουκόλον οὐκ ἐφίλασεν, ἀ Κυβέλας κρέσσων καὶ Κύπριδος ἦδε Σελάνας. μηκέτι μηδ’ ἂ, ἂ Κύπρι, τὸν ἀδέα μὴτε κατ’ ἀστυ μήτ’ ἐν ὅρει φιλέοι, μόνα δ’ ἀνὰ νύκτα καθεύδοι.  

1 μηδ’ ἂ Wil : mss μηδ’ ἂ or μηδὲ  
2 φιλέοι and καθεύδοι  
Ahrens : mss φιλέοις and καθεύδοις
THEOCRITUS XX, 41-45

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 Cybelē and Cypris and the Lady Moon! Wherefore 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 Διόφαντε μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἐγείρει·
αὕτα τῷ μόχθοιο διδάσκαλος: οὐδὲ γὰρ εὑδειν
ἀνδρᾶσιν ἐργατινᾶςι τὰ κακὰ παρέχοντι μέριμναι.
κἂν ὀλίγον νυκτὸς τις ἐπιβρίσσῃ, τὸν ὤπνον
αἰφνιδίων θορυβεύσῃ ἐφιστάμεναι μελεδῶναι.

ἰχθύος ἀγρευτήρες ὁμῶς δῦο κεῖτο γέροντες
στρωσάμενοι βρύον αὖν ὑπὸ πλεκτάς καλύβαιοι,
κεκλιμένοι κοῦτῳ ποτὶ φυλλίνοι· ἐγγύθι δ’ αὐτῶν
κεῖτο τὰ τῶν χειρῶν ἀθλήματα, τοῖς καλαθίσκοι,
τοῖς κάλμοι, τάγκιστα, τὰ φυκίδευτα τὰ λίνα,

ὄρμια κύρτοι τε καὶ ἐκ σχοινῶν λαβύρινθοι,
μήρινθοι κόπτα τε γέρων τ’ ἐπ’ ἐρείσμασι λεμβόνοι
νέρθεν τὰς κεφαλὰς φορμὸς βραχὺς· εἰμάτα
πύσσαι. πέτων τοῖς ἀλιεύσων ὁ πᾶς πόρος,
οὕτως ὁ πλοῦτος. οὐ κλεῖδ’, οὐχὶ θύραν ἔχον,
οὐ κύνα: πάντα περισσὰ
ταὐτ’ ἐδόκει τῆνοι: ἀ γὰρ πενία σφαξ ἐτήρει.

οὐδεὶς δ’ ἐν μέσῳ γείτων πέλευν· ἀ ὅπερ αὐτὸν
θλιβομένα καλύβαν τρυφερὸν προσέναχε
θάλασσα.

1 ἐπιβρίσσῃ | Reiske: mss -βησέσαι
2 τῶν χειρῶν
Musurus: mss ταῖν (or ταῖς) κεροῖν or ταῖς χείρεσσιν
3 λίνα
E (already suspected by Wil), cf. Mosch. fr. 3. 7, Headlam
Journ. of Philol. 1907, p. 315: others δελτία: mss λήγα
4 κάτα Stroth-Kiessling: mss κῶα
5 πύσσαι ‘thick
(coats),’ cf. πυκός, πύκα, θυμισσός, βύθος E: Fritzsche πύσσαι.

246
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 wattle'd 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.


247
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κοῦπω τῶν μέσατον δρόμον ἀνευ ἀρμα Σελάνας.
touς δ’ ἄλλεις ἤγειρε φίλος πόνος, ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
ὕπνον ἀπωσάμενοι σφετέρας φρεσν ἤρεθον αὐδάν.1

ΑΣΦΑΛΙΩΝ

ψεύδοντ’ ὁ φίλε πάντες, ὡσοι τὰς νύκτας ἐφασκον
tῶ θέρεος μινύθειν, ὅτε τάματα μακρὰ φέρουσιν.
ἡδη μυρὶ ἐσείδον ὅνειρατα, κοῦδεπω ἀώς.
ἡ λαθόμαν, τι τὸ χρήμα χρόνου ταί2 νύκτες ἔχοντι.

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

'Ασφαλίων, μέμφη τὸ καλὸν θέρος: οὐ γὰρ ὁ καιρὸς
αὐτομάτως παρέβα τὸν ἐον δρόμον· ἄλλα τὸν ὕπνον
ἀ φροντὶς κόπτοισα μακρὰν τὰς νύκτας ποιεῖ τοι.3

ΑΣΦΑΛΙΩΝ

ἄρ’ ἐμαθεὶς κρίνειν πόκ’ ἐνύπνια; χρηστὰ γὰρ εἰδον.
οὐ σε θέλω τῶμοι φαντάσματος ἧμεν ἀμοιρον. 3

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

ὡς καὶ τὰν ἁγραν, τὸνείρατα πάντα μερίζειν.
οὐ γὰρ σ’ εἰκάξω κατὰ τὸν λόγον,4 οὕτος ἀριστος
ἐστὶν ὑνειροκρίτας, ὁ διδάσκαλος ἐστὶ παρ’ ὁ νοῦς.
ἀλλως5 καὶ σχολά ἐντι: τι γὰρ ποιεῖν ἀν ἔχοι τις
κείμενος ἐν φύλλοις ποτὶ κύματι μηδὲ καθεύδων;
ἀλλ’ ὅνος ἐν ράμνωι τὸ τε λύχνιον ἐν πρυτανείᾳ:
φαντὶ γὰρ ἀγρυπνίαιν6 τάδ’ ἐχεῖν. λέγε: ὅπποτε
νυκτὸς

ὑσιν πᾶς τις ἕφι γε φίλει7 μανύνεν ἐταίρῳ.

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1 ἀπωσάμενος and ἤρεθον E: mss ἀπωσάμενοι and ἤρεθον
αὐδάν I. H. Voss: mss αὐδάν 2 ἔ E: mss μὴ χρόνου ταί
Martin: mss χρόνου δ’ αἰ 3 ποιεῖ τοι Hermann: mss
ποιεύντι 4 σ’ εἰκάξω E: mss νικάξῃ, a correction following
on the corruption of λόγον λόγον E: mss νόσων, originally
an incorrect gloss on λόγον 5 ἀλλως Musurus: mss ἀλλος
248
THEOCRITUS XXI, 19–38

Now or ever the chariot of the Moon was half-way 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.

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σχολά ἐντι Reiske: mss σχόλοντι  ἀγριππυλαν Reiske: mss ἀγραν λέγει δπποτε E, cf. 15. 32 and 24. 130: mss λέγεω (or λέγω) ποτε  πᾶς τις ἐφ' ψ νεφιλεi E: mss τά τις ἡσοε δε λέγει (from λέγειν originally a gloss on μανεν)

"The morals for waking": i.e. ‘proverbial for keeping awake.'
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ἈΦΑΛΙΩΝ

deiλινὸν ὡς κατέδαρθον ἔπ' εἰναλίοισι πόνοισιν
(οὐκ ἦν μᾶν πολύσιτος, ἐπεὶ δειπνεύτες ἐν ὀρᾷ,
eἰ μὲνη, τᾶς γαστρὸς ἐφειδόμεθ') εἴδον ἐμαυτὸν
ἐν πέτρᾳ μεμαώτα, καθεξόμενος δ' ἐδόκευον
ἰχθύας, ἐκ καλάμων ἐκ πλάνην κατέσειον ἐδωδάν.
kαὶ τις τῶν τραφερῶν ὑρέξατο· καὶ γὰρ ἐν ὑπνοῖς
πᾶσα κύων ἄρκον μαντευεται, ἱχθύα κηγών.

χῶ μὲν τῶγκιστρῳ ποτεφύτετο, καὶ βέεν ἄιμα,
tὸν κάλαμον δ' ὑπὸ τὸ κινήματος ἀγκύλον εἶχον
τὰ χερὶ τεινόμενον, περικλώμενον, εὐρύν ἀγώνα,
πῶς μελετῶ 4 μέγαν ἵθυν ἀφαυροτέρουσι σιδάροις,
eἰθ’ ὑπομιμνάσκων τὸ τρώματος ἥρεμ’ 5 ἔνυξα,
kαὶ νύξας ἐχάλαξα, καὶ οὐ φεύγοντος ἑτευνα.

ηνυσα δ' ὅν τὸν ἄεθλον. ἀνείλκυσα χρύσον ἵθων,
pάντα τοι χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένον: εἰχὲ με δεῖμα, 6
μὴ Ποσειδάωνι πέλει πεφιλημένοι ἵθωσ
ἡ τάχα τὰς γλαυκὰς κειμήλιου Ἀμφιτρίτης.

ηρέμα δ' αὐτὸν ἔγων ἐκ τῶγκιστρῳ ἀπέλυσα,
μὴ ποτὲ τὸ στόματος τῶγκιστρία χρυσὸν ἔχοιεν. 7
tὸν μὲν ἐπιστὰς ἁσα καλάγρετον ἀπειρῶταν, 8
ὁμοσα δ' οὐκέτι λοιπὸν ὑπὲρ πελάγους πόδα θεῖαι,
ἀλλὰ μενεῖν ἔπὶ γᾶς καὶ τῷ χρυσῷ βασιλεύσειν. 9

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1 καλάμω Valckenaer: mss - ἡν
2 ἄρκον = ἄρκτον E, cf. Herwerden Lex. Suppl: mss ἄρον or ἄρτω
3 τὰ χερὶ E: mss. τὸ χέρε For asyndeton cf. Longus 3. 34
4 μελετῶ E, cf. Hipp. c.g. 554. 31 to 'treat' a patient: mss μὲν ἠλ
5 ἥρεμα Eldik: mss ἄρ' ἐμὲ
6 μὲ Mus: mss δὲ or σε
7 ἔχοιεν Mus: mss ἐχοντι or ἔχω
8 250.
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.

251
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ταῦτα με καξήγειρε, τυ δ' ὡ ξένε λοιπὸν ἤρειδε
tαύν γνώμαν ὃρκουν γὰρ ἤγο τὸν ἐπώμοσα—

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ

θάρρει, ¹
καὶ σύγγε μη Ῥεάσης: οὐκ ὤμοσας: συūδὲ γὰρ
ιχθύν
χρύσεον ὡς ἰδὲ εἴδες ἵσα δ' ἐν ψεῦδει νῶσις. ³
εὶ γὰρ μὴ κνώσων τὐ τὰ χώρια ταῦτα ⁴ ματεῦεις,
ἔλπις τῶν ὑπων. ζάτει τὸν σάρκινον ιχθύν,
μὴ σὺ θάνης λιμῷ καὶ χρυσείωσιν ⁵ ὅνειροις.

¹ θάρρει Ε: others, giving it to Asph., ταρρῆ: mss θαρρῶ
² σύγγε μη Mus; cf. 10. 34: mss σύγγε
³ ἰδὲ εἴδες E: mss εἴδες εἰδές ἐν ψεῦδει νῶσις E, cf. 25. 263 and 17. 60: others ἦν (or ἵν) ψεῦδειν ὑψίς: mss ἐν ψεῦδειν ὑψίς
⁴ γὰρ μὴ E: mss μὲ γὰρ τὺ τὰ Mus: mss τοῦτο or τούτου
⁵ καὶ χρυσείωσιν E: mss καίτοι χρυσοῦσιν
THEOCRITUS XXI, 61–67

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 swared 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.'
THE BUCOLIC

ταῦτα με καξίνω
τὰν γνώμαι

καὶ σί

χρί

εἰ
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 Lynceus with spear and sword.
Τμνόμεν τὰ διὰ τέλος τε καὶ αἰγιόχου Διὸς νιῶν, ἡμέρας τῷ ἔρεθίζειν χείρας ἑπτευτέκνα μέσας βούλησιν ἱμάσιν. ὑμνόμεν καὶ δεικτεῖ καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἄρσενα τέκνα ὑπὲρ τῆς Θεσπιάδος, Λακεδαιμονίων δυνατοῦ, ἀνθρώπων σωτήρας ἐπὶ ξύρου ἡδὴ ἑόπτων, ἵππων θ' αἰματώντα ταρασσομένων καθ' ὀμιλον, νηῶν θ', αἰ δύνοντα καὶ οὐρανοῦ εἰςανίόντα ἀστρα βιαζόμεναι χαλεποῖς ἑνικυροῖς ἄρτας. οἱ δὲ σφεών κατὰ πρόμυλα ἀείραντες μέγα κύμα ή' καὶ ἐκ πρόφηθην ἡ ὀππηθ' θυμός ἐκάσι', ἔσ κοίλην ἔρρυσαν, ἀνερρήξων δ' ἀρα τοίχους ἀμφότερος· κρέμαται δὲ σύν ἱστιών ἀραμένα πάντα εἰκή ἀποκλασθέντα· πολὺς δ' ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ὅμβρος νυκτὸς ἐφερποτέσσαρα· παταγεὶ δ' εὐρέα θάλασσα, κοπτομένη πυνοίᾳ τε καὶ ἀρρήκτοις σαλέζαις. ἄλλ' ἐμπτιμηθ' ὑμεῖς γε καὶ ἐκ βυθοῦ ἐλκέτε νήσας αὐτοῦσιν ναύτησιν αἰομένους θανέσσαθαι· αὐγα δ' ἀπολίγγοντ' ἄνεμοι, λυπαρὴ δ' ἡ γαλήνῃ ἀμ τέλαγος· νεφέλαι δὲ διέδραμον ἀλλιδις ἀλλαί. ἐκ δ' 'Ἀρκτοι τ' ἐφάνησαν, 'Ονων τ' ἄνα μέσσου ἀμανρή Γάτη σημαίνουσα τὰ πρὸς πλήθον εὐδία πάντα. ὁ αἱμφω θυντοῖσι βοηθόοι, ὡ φίλοι αἱμφ',

1 οὐρανὸν εἰςανίόντα Meineke: mss οὐρανοῦ ἕξανίόντα

256
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 ἀοιδοί:
Κάστορος ἢ πρῶτον Πολυδεύκεος ἄρξομ' ἀείδειν;
ἀμφοτέρους ύμνέων Πολυδεύκεα πρῶτον ἀείσω.

ἡ μὲν ἀρὰ προφυγοῦσα πέτρας εἰς ἐν ἔνυσσας
'Αργώ καὶ νυφόεντος ἀταρτηρὼν στόμα Πόντου,
Βέβρυκας εἰσαφίκαυε θεῶν φίλα τέκνα φέρουσα.
ἐνθα μῆς πολλοὶ κατὰ κλίμακας ἀμφοτέρων ἔξ
τοῖχων ἄνδρες ἔβαινον Ἡσπονίδης ἀπὸ νῆσος,
ἐκβάντες δ' ὅπι θίνα βαθύν καὶ ὑπήγεμον ἀκτὴν
εὐνάς τ' ἐστόρυμυτο πυρεῖα τε χερσῖν ἐνώμων.
Κάστωρ δ' ἀιολόσωλος ὃ τ' οἴνωπος Πολυδεύκης
ἄμφω ἐρημάζεσκον ἀποπλαγχθέντες ἐταίρων,
παντοίην ἐν ὅρει θεσύμενοι ἀγρίων ὕλην.

ἐν ὅροι δ' ἄναυον κρήνην ὑπὸ λυσσάδι πέτρῃ
ὑδατὶ πεπληθυνάν ἀκράτωξ· αἰ δ' ὑπενερθὲν
λάλλαι 1 κρυστάλλωρ ἢδ' ἀργύρῳ ἰδαλλούντο
ἐκ βυθοῦ· ὑψηλαὶ δὲ πεφύκεσαν ἀγχόθι πεῦκαι

λεύκαι τε πλάταιοι τε καὶ ἀκρόκομοι κυπάρισσοι,
ἀνθεά τ' εὐόδη, λασίαις φίλα ἐργα μελίσσαις,
ὅσσ' ἔσρους λήγοντο ἐπιβροῦεν ἀν λειμῶνας.
ἐνθα δ' ὑψήρ ὑπέροπλος ἐνήμενος ἐνδιάσκεσε,
δεινὸς ἰδεῖν, σκληρῆσι τεθλασμένος οὔτα πυγ-

μαῖς·

στήθεα δ' ἐσφαίρωτο πελώρια καὶ πλατὺ νῶτων
σαρκὶ σιδηρεῖ τη φυργεῖ ὁλοκλήρους ὁλὰ κολοσσός.
ἐν δὲ μῆς στερεῦσί βραχύσων ἄκρων ὑπ' ὅμοι
ἐστασάν ἡπτε πέτρων ὀλοίτροχοι, οὐστε κυλίνδων
χειμάρρους ποταμῶς μεγάλαις περεῖξεσθε δίναις·
αὐτὰρ ὑπὲρ νῶτοι καὶ αὐχένος ἑωρεῖτο
ἀκρων δέρμα λέοντος ἀφημμένον εκ ποδεώνων.

1 ἀλλαί Ruhnken: mss ἀλλαί

258
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 feshet 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 cypresses, 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 of 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 πρώτερον προσέειπεν ἀεθλοφόρος Πολυδεύκης. Χαίρε ξεῖν', ὤτις ἔσσι. τίνες βροτοί, ὃν ὁδὲ χῶρος;

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
χαίρω πῶς, ὅτε τ' ἀνδρας ὀρῶ, τοὺς μὴ πρὶν ὅπωπα;

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ
θάρσει. μήτ' ἄδικους μήτ' ἐξ ἄδικων φάθι λευσ- σειν.

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
θαρσέω, κοῦκ ἐκ σεῦ με διδάσκεσθαι τὸδ' ἔοικεν.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ
ἄγριοσ εἰ πρὸς πάντα παλίγκοτος ἥδ' ὑπερώπτης;

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
τοιόσῳ οἶνον ὀρᾶς; τῆς σῆς γέ μεν οὐκ ἑπιβαίνω.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ
ἐλθοίς, καὶ ξεῖνων κε τυχῶν πάλιν οἰκαδ' ἰκάνοις. 6)

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
μήτε σύ με ξείνιζε, τά τ' ἐξ ἐμεῦ οὐκ ἐν ἐτοίμῳ.

ΠΟΛΥΔΕΤΚΗΣ
δαιμόνι', οὐδ' ἄν τοῦδε πιεῖν ὑδατος σύγε δοῖς ;

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
γνώσεαι, εὕτε σε δίψοις ἀνειμένα χείλεα τέρση. 3

1 ἥδ' Hemsterhuys: mss ἥ 2 κε Ahrens: mss γέ 3 εὕτε se Wil: mss εἲ σου. τέρση Wil: mss τέρσει

260
THEOCRITUS XXII, 53–63

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 upon other’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

ΠΟΛΛΑΔΕΤΚΗΣ
άργυρος ἡ τίς ὁ μισθὸς; ἔρεις, ὃ κέν σε πίθοιμεν.

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
εἰς ἐνὶ χείρας ἀειρον ἐναντίον ἀνδρὶ καταστάς.

ΠΟΛΛΑΔΕΤΚΗΣ
πυγμάχος, ἢ καὶ ποσιὶ θένω σκέλος; ὄμματα δ᾽ ὀρθά.¹

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
πῦξ διατεινάμενος σφετέρης μὴ φείδεο τέχνης.

ΠΟΛΛΑΔΕΤΚΗΣ
τίς γάρ, ὅτω χείρας καὶ ἐμοῦς συνερείσω ἵμανται;

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
ἐγγύς ὀρᾶς· οὐ γύννις ἐων ἐκελησεθ’ ὁ πύκτης.

ΠΟΛΛΑΔΕΤΚΗΣ
ἡ καὶ ἄελθοι ἐτοῖμον, ἐφ’ ὃ δηρισόμεθ’ ἀμφώ;

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
σοῦ μὲν ἑγὼ, σὺ δ’ ἐμὸς κεκλήσεαι, αἰ κε κρατήσω.

ΠΟΛΛΑΔΕΤΚΗΣ
ὁρνίθων φοινικολόφων τοιοίδε κυδοιμοὶ.

ΑΜΤΚΟΣ
εἴτ’ οὐν ὁρνίθεσσιν ἐοικότες εἴτε λέουσιν
γνώμεθ’, οὐκ ἄλλῳ κε μαχεσσάιμεθ’ ἐπ’ ἀέθλῳ.

ἡ ἠ’ Ἀμνυκος, καὶ κόχλον ἐλὼν μυκῆσατο κοῦλην.
οἴ δὲ θοῶς συνάγερθεν ὑπὸ σκιερᾶς πλατάνιστους

¹ θένω Wil: mss θένων or θέων mss also ὀρθὸς: the meaning is doubtful ² γύννις ἐων: mss also σὺ μὲ ἀμοῖς

262
THEOCRITUS XXII, 64–76

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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κόχλου φυσηθέντος ἀλεί¹ Βέβρυκες κομώντες. ὅς δ' αὐτῶς ἥρως ἰδών ἐκαλέσσατο πάντας
Μαγνήσσης ὑπὸ νηὸς ὑπείροχος ἐν δαὶ Κάστωρ.
οἳ δ' ἐπεὶ οὐν σπείρησιν ἐκατρύναντο βοεῖαις
χείρας καὶ περὶ γυνια μακροὺς εἶλεξαν ἰμάντας,
ἐς μέσσον σύναγον φῶνον ἀλλήλοις πνέοντες.

ἔνθα πολὺς σφισὶ μόχθος ἐπενυγμένοις ἐτύχη,
ὀπτότερος κατὰ νῦτα λάβοι φῶς ἥλιον.
ἰδρείη μέγαν ἄνδρα παρήλυθες ὡς Πολυδευκεις,
βάλλετο δ' ἀκτίνηςσιν ἀπαν 'Αμύκοιο πρόσωπον.
αὐτὰρ ήγ' ἐν θυμῷ κεχολωμένος ἠτο πρόσωπον,
χερὶ τιτυσκόμενος. τοῦ δ' ἀκρον τύψε γένειον
Τυνδαρίδης ἐπιόντος· ὥρινθη δὲ πλέον ἢ πρίν,
σὺν δὲ μάχην ἐτάραξε,² πολὺς δ' ἐπέκειτο νευεκώς 90
ἐς γαϊάν. Βέβρυκες δ' ἐπαύτεοι, οἳ δ' ἐτέρωθεν
ήρως κρατερὸν Πολυδεύκεα θαρσύνεσκον,
deidótes μή πώς μιν ἐπιβρίσας δαμάσειe
χώρῳ ἐνι στεινῷ ΤιτυφΈναληχιός ἁνήρ.
ἡτοι ήγ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παριστάμενος ³ Διὸς νῦς
ἀμφότεροιν ἐνυσσεν ⁴ ἀμοιβαδίς, ἐσχεθε δ' ὀρμής
παῖδα Ποσειδάνων ὑμερφιάλον περ ἑότα.
ἐστὶ δὲ πληγαῖς μεθύσων, ἐκ δ' ἐπτυσσεν αἶμα
φοίνυν οἳ δ' ἁμα πάντες ἀριστῆς κελάδησαν,
ὡς ἴδον ἔλκεα λυγρὰ περὶ στόμα τε γναθμοὺς τε.
ὁμματα δ' οἰδήσαντος ἀπεστεῖνωτο προσώπον.
τὸν μὲν ἀναξ ἐτάρασςεν ἑτώσια χερὶ προδεικνύς

¹ ἀλεί 'thickly' E, see Class. Rev.: mss ἀλεί ² mss also ἐτύναξε ³ mss also περιστ. ⁴ ἐνυσσεν Herwerden: mss ἀμοιβαδίς οἳ ἐπτυσσεν

264
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 of 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 too straitened with the puffing of their sockets. Next did my lord maze his man awhile with sundry feints and
THE BUCOLIC POETS

πάντοθεν· ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ μιν ἀμηχανέοντ’ ἐνώπιον, μέσσης ρύνος ὑπερθε κατ’ ὀφρύος ἣλασε πυγμή,¹ πάν δ’ ἀπέσυρε μέτωπον ἐς ὀστέον. αὐτὰρ ὁ πληγεὶς

ὑπτιος ἐν φύλλοις τεθηλόσιν ἐξετανύσθη.

ἔνθα μάχη δριμεῖα πάλιν γένετ’ ὀρθωθέντος· ἀλλήλους δ’ ὀλεκον στερεοῖς θείνουτες ἴμασιν. ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἐς στήθος τε καὶ ἐξω χειράς ἐνώμα αὐχένος ἀρχηγὸς Βεβρύκων· ὁ δ’ ἀεικείασ πληγαῖς πάν συνέφυρε πρόσωπον² ἀνίκητος Πολυδεύκης.

σάρκες τὸν μὲν ἰδρώτι συνίζανον, ἐκ μεγάλου δὲ αἰχ’ ὀλίγους γένετ’ ἀνδρός· ὁ δ’ αἰεὶ πᾶσσονα γυῖα αὐχομένου ³ ̕ ὑφέσκεσκε πῦνον καὶ χροὶ ἀμείνῳ.

πῶς γὰρ δὴ Διὸς νῦς ἀδηφάγον ἀνδρα καθείλειν; εἰπὲ θεά, ς’ γὰρ οἶσθα· ἐγὼ δ’ ἑτέρων ὑποφήτης φθέγξομαι ὅσο ἔθελες σὺ, καὶ ὑππως τοι φίλον αὐτῇ.

ὕτω δ’ οὐ κε ῥέξαι τι λιλαιόμενοι μέγα ἐργον σκαῖὴ μὲν σκαῖην Πολυδεύκεος ἔλλαβε χεῖρα, δοχϊῶς ἀπὸ προβολῆς κλινθεῖς, ἑτέρη δ’ ἐπιβαίνων δεξιπερής ἤγεικεν ἀπὸ λαγόνος πλατὺ γυῖον. καὶ κε τυχόν ἐβλάσφεν Ὁμυκλαιῶν βασιλῆα· ἀλλ’ ὅγ’ ὑπεξανένυν κεφαλῆ, ⁶ στιβαρῆ δ’ ἀμα χειρὶ πλήξεν ὑπὸ σκαἰον κρόταφον καὶ ἐπέμψεσεν ὁμφ. ἐκ δ’ ἐχύθη μέλαν αἱμα θοῶς κροτάφοι χανόντος· λαίῃ δὲ στόμα κόψε, πυκνοὶ δ’ ἀράβησαν ὀδόντες·

¹ mss also πυγμή ² mss also μέτωπον ³ τῷ Meineke: mss ὅ’ αἰ or ἕ’ ῦ ⁴ αὐχομένου Mein: mss ἀπτ. ἀμείνω Toup: mss ὀν ⁵ ὅσο’: mss also ὡς ⁶ mss also κεφαλῆν 266
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 braying 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 forthright 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 BUCOLIC POETS

αἰεὶ δ’ ὀξυτέρω πιτύλῳ δηλεῖτο πρόσωπον,
μέχρι συνηλύσει παρῆια. πᾶς δ’ ἐπὶ γαῖη
κεῖτ’ ἀλλοφρονέων, καὶ ἀνέσχεθε νεῖκος ἀπαυνῶν
ἀμφοτέρας ἄμα χεῖρας, ἔτει θανάτου σχεδὸν ἦν.
130
τὸν μὲν ἄρα κρατέων περ ἀτάσθαλον οὐδὲν ἔρεξας,
ὡ πῦκτῃ Πολύδευκες ὁμοσσε δὲ τὸ μέγαν ὄρκον,
ὅν πατέρ’ ἐκ πόντοιο Ποσειδάωνα κικλήσκων,
μέπτ’ ἔτι ξείνοισιν ἐκὼν ἀνυηρὸς ἔσσεσθαι.

καὶ σὺ μὲν ὑμνησάι μοι ἄναξ. σὲ δὲ Κάστορ
ἀέίσω,
Τυνδαρίδη ταχύπωλε δορυσσόε χαλκεοθήρης.

τὸ μὲν ἀναρπάξαντε δύω φερέτην Δίως νῦὼ
δοιάς Λευκίππωι κόρας. διεσώ δ’ ἄρα τόγε
ἐσσυμένως ἐδίωκον ἄδελφεω ν’ Ἀφαρῆος,
γαμβρῷ μελλογάμῳ, Λυγκεῦς καὶ ὁ καρτερὸς Ἰδας. 140
ἀλλ’ ὅτε τύμβου ἱκανὸν ἀποφθιμένον Ἀφαρῆος,
ἐκ δίφρον ἄρα βάντες ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν,
ἔγχεσι καὶ κοίλοις βαρβύμενοι σακέσσας.
Λυγκεῦς δ’ αὐ ὑμἐείτιν ὑπὲκ κόρυθος μέγ’ ἀύσας·
‘δαμόνιοι, τί μάχης ἵμείρετε; πῶς δ’ ἐπὶ
νύμφαις
ἀλλοτρίαις χαλεποί, γυμναὶ δ’ ἐν χερσὶ μάχαιρα;
ἡμῖν τοιο Δεύκιππος ἐὰς ἐδύνωσε θύγατρας
τάσθε πολὺ προτέρος. ἡμῖν γάμος οὕτος ἐν ὀρκῷ
ὑμεῖς δ’ οὐ κατὰ κόσμων ἐπ’ ἀλλοτρίοις λέχεσσι
βοῦσι καὶ ἡμίνοισι καὶ ἀλλοισι κτεάτεσσιν
150
ἐπὶ γαῖη Ahrens: mss ἐπὶ γαῖῃ or ἐπὶ γαῖαν

268
THEOCRITUS XXII, 127-150

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, Lynceus to wit and doughty Ida, 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 Lynceus 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

άνδρα παρετρέψασθε, γάμον δ' ἐκκλέπτετε ἃδικοι. 
ἡ μὴν πολλάκις ὑμμών ἐνώπιον ἄμφοτέροισιν 
αὐτὸς ἑγὼ τάδ' ἔειπα καὶ οὐ πολύμυθος ἐών περ." 
"οὖχ οὖτω, φίλοι ἄνδρες, ἀριστήσεσθιν έοικε 
μηστεύειν ἀλόχους, αἷς νυμφίοι θηδὴ ἔτοιμοι. 
πολλὴ τοι Σπάρτη, πολλὴ δ' ἐπτἐλατος Ἡλις, 
'Αρκαδίη τ' εὔμηλος 'Αχαῖων τε πτολεόθρα, 
Μεσσήνῃ τε καὶ 'Αργος ἀπασά τε Σισυφίς ἀκτή· 
ἐνθα κόραι τοκέσσιν ὑπὸ σφητέροιτα τρέφονται 
μυρίαι οὕτε φυῆς ἐπιδεενείς οὕτε νόοιο, 
τάων εὔμαρες ὑμμών ὅπνεμεν ὡς κ' ἐθέλητε· 
ὡς ἀγαθοῖς πολεῖσ βουλοιντό κε πενθεροί εἶναι, 
ὑμεῖς δ' ἐν πάντεσσι διάκριτοι ἤρωσσιν, 
καὶ πατέρες καὶ ἀνωθέν ἀπαν πατρώοιον 
ἀλμα. ἀλλὰ φίλοι τοῦτον μὲν εάσατε πρὸς τέλος ἐλθείν 
ἀμμὶ γάμον· σφῶν δ' ἄλλον ἑπιφραζόμεθα πάντες." 
Ἅσκον τοιάδε πολλά, τὰ δ' εἰς νυρὸν φχετο κύμα 
πνοῆ ἔχουσαν ἀνέμοιο, χάρις δ' οὖχ ἐστέτο μύθοις· 
σφῶ γὰρ ἀκηλῆτω καὶ ἀπηνεές. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν 
πείθεσθο· ἀμφώ δ' ἄμμῳ ἀνεψιω ἐκ πατρῶς ἔστον." 

1 ἐκκλέπτετε Ε: mss ἐκκλέπτετε or ὡς ἐκλέψατε 
2 ὅπνεμεν Wil: mss ὅπνειν 
3 πατρώοιον: mss also μητρώοιον 
4 mss also ἱγχεα λωύσαι 
5 Λυγκεύς: mss also Κάστωρ

270
THEOCRITUS XXII, 151-177

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 coursers; wide likewise the sheep-walks of Arcady and the holds of Achaea; Messenè 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 be 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 Polydeuces 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 is the district of Corinth.

271
THE BUCOLIC POETS

eis' at'ar' olloi pantas ἐνυφρανέουσιν ἔταιρους
νυμφίοι, ἀντὶ νεκρῶν, ὑμεναιώσουσι δὲ κούρας
tásd'. ὀλγοὶ τοι ἐουκε κακῷ μέγα νεῖκος ἄναιρειν. 180
εἶπε, τὰ δ' οὐκ ἄρ' ἐμελλὲ θεὸς μεταμόνια θήσειν.
tω μὲν γὰρ ποτὶ γαλαν ἐπ' ὀμῶν τεύχε δὲθεντο,
ὅ γενεὶ προφέρεσκον. ὃ δ' ἐς μέσων ᾤλυθε Δυνκεύς,
σεῖων καρπερόν ἐγχος ὑπ' ἀστίδος ἀντυγα πρώτην
ὅς δ' αὐτῶς ἀκρας ἐτινάξατο δούρατος ἀκμᾶς
Κάστωρ. ἀμφοτεροῖς δὲ λόφων ἐπένευον ἐθειραι.
ἔγχεσι μὲν πρώτιστα τιτυσκόμενοι πόνον 2 εἰχον
ἀλλήλων, εἴ πο τι χροὸς γυμνωθὲν ἱδοιεν.
ἀλλ' ἤτοι τά μὲν ἀκρα πάροι τῶν δηλήσασθαι
δοῦρ' ἐάγη, σακεέσσιν ἐνε δεινοῖσι παγέντα.
τό δ' ἄορ ἐκ κολεοῖν ἐρυσσαμένοι φόνου αὐτίς
tεῦχον ἐπ' ἀλλήλουσι' μάχης δ' οὐ γίνετ' ἔρωθ.
pολλὰ μὲν ἐς σάκος εὐρύ καὶ ἰππόκομου τρυφά-
λειαν
Κάστωρ, πολλὰ δ' ἐνυξεν ἀκριβῆς ὄμμασι Δυνκεύς
τοῖο σάκος, φοίνικα δ' ὅσον λόφων ἱκετ' ἀκωκή.
tοῦ μὲν ἀκρῆν ἐκόλουσεν ἐπὶ σκαίδον γόνυ χεῖρα
φάσγανον ὡς, ϕέροντος υπεξανάβας τοῦ Κάστωρ
σκαίδω.  ὃ δ' δὲ πληγεῖς ξίφος ἐκβαλεν, ἀῤῥα δὲ
φεύγειν
ὁμήθη ποτὶ σῆμα πατρός, τόθι καρπερὸς Ἰδας
κεκλιμένοις θηεῖτο μάχην ἐμφύλιον ἀνδρῶν.
ἀλλὰ μεταίξας πλατὺ φάσγανον ὅσε διαπρὸ
Τυνδαρίδης λαγόνος τε καὶ ὁμφαλοῦ. ἐγκατα δ' εἰςω
χαλκὸς αφρώ δέχειν. ὃ δ' ἐς στόμα 3 κείτο ηενεκὼς
Δυνκεύς, κάδ δ' ἀρα οἱ βλεφάρων βαρὺς ἐδραμεν
ὕπνος.

1 mss also πάντες 2 πόνον; mss also πόθον 3 στόμα : mss also χθόνα

272
THEOCRITUS XXII, 178–204

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 Lynceus, 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 Lynceus, 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 Lynceus come at the other's targe or graze with the blade his scarlet crest. But soon, Lynceus 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 Tyndareüs was after him in a trice and drave his sword clean through flank and navel, so that the bowels were presently scattered of the brass, and Lynceus bowed himself and fell upon his face, and lo! there sped down upon his eyelids profoundest sleep.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὐ μᾶν οὐδὲ τὸν ἄλλον ἐφ’ ἐστίη εἶδε πατρὸς
παιδῶν Δασκόωσα φίλου γάμων ἐκτελέσαντα.
ἡ γὰρ ὁγε στῆλην Ἀφαρηίου ἔξανεχοῦσαν
τύμβου ἀναρπάξας ταχέως Μεσσήνιος Ἰδας
μέλλε κασιγνήτου βαλεῖν σφετέροιο φοιῆς.
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς ἐπάμμυνε, χερῶν δὲ οἱ ἐκβαλε τυκτὴν
μάρμαρον, αὐτὸν δὲ φλογέω συνεφλεξε κεραυνῷ.
οὔτω Τυνδαρίδαις πολεμιζέμενον οὐκ ἐν ἐλαφρῷ,
αὐτοὶ τε κρατέουσι καὶ ἐκ κρατέοντος ἐφύσαν.

χαίρετε Δήδας τέκνα, καὶ ἡμετέρως κλέος ὑμνοῖς
ἐσθλὸν ἢι πέμποιτε. φίλοι δὲ τε πάντες ἀοίδοι
Τυνδαρίδαις Ἐλένη τε καὶ ἄλλοις ἡρώεσσιν,
Ἰλιον οὐ διέπερσαν ἀρήγοντες Μενελάῳ.
ὑμῶν κύδος ἀνακτεῖ εἵμησατο Χῖος ἀοίδος,
ὑμνῆσας Πριάμοιο πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
Ἰλιάδας τε μάχας Ἀχιλῆα τε πύργου ἀυτῆς.
ὑμὸν οὐ καὶ ἐγὼ λυγεών μειλίγματα Μουσέων,
οῖ αὐταὶ παρέχουσι καὶ ὁς ἐμὸς οἴκος ὑπάρχει,
τοῖα φέρω. γεράων δὲ θεοῖς κάλλιστον ἀοιδαί.²

¹ ἀναρπάξας Ε, cf. Pind. N. 10. 60: mss ἀναρρήξας
² mss also ἀοίδη
THEOCRITUS XXII, 205-223

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 Messenê, he up with the standing stone from the grave of Aphaeas 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 levin-bolt. Ah! 'tis no child's-play to fight with the sons of Tyndareus; they prevail even as he that begat them prevaleth.

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 Menelaus' 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 Troyan 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 πολύφιλτρος ἀπηνέος ἠρατ' ἐφάβω
tὰν μορφὰν ἀγαθῶ, τὸν δὲ τρόπον οὐκέθ' ὀμοίω.
μίσει τὸν φιλέοντα καὶ οὐδὲ ἐν ἄμερον εἶχε,
κοῦκ ἦδει τὸν Ἐρωτα, τὸς ὂν θεός ἀλήκα τόξα
χερσὶ κρατεῖ, πῶς πικρά βέλη ποτὶ παίγνια

βάλλει.

πάντα δὲ κάν μύθοις καὶ ἐν προσόδοισιν ἀτειρῆς.
οὐδὲ τὶ τῶν πυρσών πυραμύθιον, οὐκ ἀμάρυγμα
χείλεος, οὐκ ὅσων λιπαρὸν σέλας, οὐ ῥοδόμαλον,
οὐ λόγος, οὐ χὶ φίλαμα τὸ κοινίζον τὸν ἐρωτα.
οία δὲ θηρ ἢλαῖος ὑποπτεύησε κυνάγως,
οὖτως πάντ᾽ ἐποπώπει ἐπὶ βροτὸν ἄγρια δ᾽

αὐτῷ

χείλεα καὶ κώραι δεινῶν βλέπωσι εἰχὸν ἀνάγκασ.

τὰ δὲ χολα τὸ πρόσωπον ἀμείβετο, φεύγε δ᾽ ἀπὸ

χρῶς

ὁ πρὶν ταῖς ὄργαις περικείμενον. ἀλλὰ καὶ οὖτως

ἡν καλὸς. ἔξ ὀργᾶς ἐρεθίζετο μᾶλλον ἐραστὰς.

λοίσθενοι οὐκ ἦνεικε τόσαν φλόγα τὰς

Κυθερείας,

ἀλλ᾽ ἐλθὼν ἐκλαίει ποτὶ στυγνοίσι μελάθροισ,

1 ἃν Ε: mss ἢν 2 ποτὶ παίγνια Ε, cf. πρὸς Ἰδονήν: Stephanus ποτικάρδια: mss ποτὶ παίδα 3 κοινίζον Ε: mss ἢν, -ευ, -ει, -ει 4 ἐποπώπει ἐπὶ Ε: cf. 4. 7: mss ἐποιέει ποτὶ τὸν 5 βλέπως Ε. ἀνάγκασ Meineke: mss βλέπον ο. 278
XXIII.—THE LOVER

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 pric 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

ἀνδρακαν ὁ πρὶν Ἀθρες; mss ὥθριν ταῖς ὀργαῖς Ε: mss τᾶς ὀργᾶς περικείμενον Wakefield: mss ποτικείμενος

7 ἥν Ἔινσις: mss ἡ εἰ ὀργᾶς Stephanus: mss δ' ἐξορπασ'

8 φλόγα τᾶς Eldik: mss φαστατος

279
THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ κύσε τὰν φλιάν, οὖτω δ᾽ ἀντέλλετο φωνᾶ. 1
'
ἀγρίε παῖ καὶ στυγνε, κακᾶς ἀνάθρεμμα

λεαινας,

λάινε παῖ καὶ ἔρωτος ἀνάξει, δῶρα τοι ᾧλθον

λοίσθια τὰντα φέρων, τὸν ἐμὸν βρόχον. οὐκέτι

γάρ σε

κῶρε θέλω λυπεῖν ποθορώμενος, ἀλλὰ βαδίζω,

ἐνθα τῷ μεν κατέκρινας, ὅτη λόγος ἦμεν ἀταρπὸν

ξυνάν 3 τοῖσιν ἐρώτη, τὸ φάρμακον ἐνθα τὸ λάθος. 4

ἀλλὰ καὶ ἧν ὅλον αὐτὸ λαβὼν ποτὶ χεῖλος

ἀμέλξω,

οὐδ' οὖτως σβέσω τὸν ἐμὸν πόθου. 5

ἀρτὶ δὲ χαίρειν
toῖσι τεοῖς προθύρωις ἐπιτέλλομαι. 6 οἴδα τὸ μέλ-

λον:

καὶ τὸ ῥόδον καλὸν ἐστὶ, καὶ ὁ χρόνος αὐτὸ

μαραίνει:

καὶ τὸ ἰον καλὸν ἔστιν ἐν εἴαρι, καὶ ταχὺ γηρᾶ.

λευκὸν τὸ κρίνον ἐστὶ, μαραίνεται ἀνίκ' ἀπαυθεῖ. 7

ἀ δὲ χιὼν λευκά, κατατάκεται ἀνίκ' ἐπιτυνεῖ. 8

καὶ κάλλος καλὸν ἐστὶ τὸ παιδικὸν, ἀλλ' ὅλον

ζῇ.

ἡξει καυρὸς ἐκεῖνος, ὅπανίκα καὶ τὸ φιλάσεις,

ἀνίκα τὰν κραδίαν ὑπεύμενος ἀλμυρὰ κλαύσεις.

ἀλλὰ τῷ παῖ καὶ τούτῳ πανύστατον ἀδύ τι ἐκύμο

ὅπωταν ἐξελθὼν ἠρτημένον ἐν προθύρωι
toῖσι τεοἰσιν ἐδῆς τὸν τλάμανα, μὴ με παρέλθης,

στάθι δὲ καὶ βραχὺ κλαύσον, ἐπισπείσας δὲ τὸ

dάκρυ

1 ἀντέλετο φωνᾶ E: mss ἀντέλλοντο φωνα 2 ποθορώμενος

Ε: mss ποχολόμενος (λ corr. to ρ) 3 ἀταρπὸν ξυνάν Toup: mss

ἀταρπῶν ξυνάν 4 λάθους E: mss λάθος 5 πόθον Mus: 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 warn: 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...
ΤΗΣ ΒΥΣΙΚΗΣ ΠΟΙΗΣΗΣ

λύσον τάς σχοινών με καὶ ἀμφίθες ἐκ ἐρημίων σὸν εἶματα καὶ κρύψων με, τὸ δ’ αὐτ πῦματόν με φίλασον.

καὶ νεκρῷ χαρίσαι τὰ σὰ χείλεα. μὴ με φοβαθήσῃ σὺ δύναμαι σῖνειν ἕκαστος με φιλάσαι.

χῶμα δὲ μοι κοίλου τι, τὸ μεν κρύψῃ τὸν ἑρωτα, χωτ’ ἀπίστης, τόδε μοι τρίς ἐπάυσον ὁ φίλε κείσο. τὴν δὲ θέλης, καὶ τοῦτο: ‘καλὸς δέ μοι ἀλέθ’ ἐταῖρος.

γράψον καὶ τόδε γράμμα, τὸ σοῖς τοίχοισι χαράσσω. τοῦτον ἔρως ἐκτείνων. ὅδουπόρε, μὴ παροδεύσῃς, ἀλλὰ στὰς τὸδε λέξον: ἀπηνέα εἰχεν ἐταίροιν.”

δ’ εἰπὼν λίθον εἶλεν, ἐρείσαμενος δ’ ἐπὶ τοίχῳ 50 ἀχρι μέσων οὐδ’ φοβερὸν λίθον ἀπτετ’ ἀπ’ αὐτῶν

tὰν λεπτὰν σχοινίδα, βρόχον δ’ ἐνέβαλλε τραχήλα, τὰν ὡδραν δ’ ἐκύλισεν ἀπαὶ ποδὸς, ἢ ἐκρεμάσθη νεκρός.

δ’ αὐτ’ ὀξυεθύρας καὶ τὸν νεκρὸν εἶδεν αὐλάς ἐξ ἰδίας ἡρτημένον, οὐδ’ ἐλυγίχθη τὰν ψυχάν: οὐ κλαύον νέον φόνον, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ νεκρῷ εἶματα πάντ’ ἐμίαινεν ἐφαβικά, βαίνε δ’ ἐς ἀθλα γυμναστῶν, καὶ ἐκήλῃ φίλων ἐπεμαίετο λουτρῶν. καὶ ποτὶ τὸν θεόν ἤλθε, τὸν ὑβρίσει λαίνεσ 10 δὲ

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1 σῖνειν Ahrens: mss εἶν 2 μοι (Mus.) κοίλου τι E: mss μεν κοίλου τι or τι 3 χωτ’ E: mss καὶ corr. from χώμ’ due to confusion with l. 44 4 κείσο E: mss κείσαι 4 χαράσσω Wil: mss χαράζω 5 ἀπτετ’ Mus: mss ὀπότ’ αὐτών Mus: 282
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

mss αὐτοῦ 6 ἐνέβαλλεν οὐ κυμβαλλε Μυσ; mss ἐβαλλε
7 οὐδ' Ε: mss ἀλλ' 8 ἐμίλανεν Ε: mss ἐμίλανεν ἀθλα
Ahrens: mss ἄθλω 9 ἐκηλα Wil: mss λε 10 λατνέος Ε: mss λανέας

283
THE BUCOLIC POETS

''στατ' ἀπὸ κρηπίδος ἐς ὑδατα· τῷ δ' ἐφύπερθεν ἀλατο καὶ τῶγαλμα, κακόν δ' ἐκτεινεν ἐφαβον· νάμα 1 δ' ἐφοινίχθη· παιδὸς δ' ἐπενάχετο φωνά· "χαίρετε τοῖ φίλεοντες· ὁ γὰρ μισῶν ἐφονεύθη· στέργετε δ' οἱ μισεύντες· ὁ γὰρ θεὸς οἶδε δικάζειν."

1 νάμα Reiske: mss ἁμα
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.
ΧΧΙV.—ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣΚΟΣ

'Ηρακλέα δεκάμηνον ἐόντα πόχ' ἀ Μιδεάτις
'Αλκμήνα καὶ νυκτὶ νεώτερον Ἰφικλῆα
ἀμφοτέρους λούσασα καὶ ἐμπλήσασα γάλακτος,
χαλκείαν κατέθηκεν ἐς ἁσπίδα, τὰν Πτερελάον
'AMILYΤύνων καλὸν ὅπλον ἀπεσκύλευσε πεσόντος.
ἀπτομένα δὲ γυνὰ κεφαλὰς μυνθῆσατο παίδων·
"εὐδετ' ἐμὰ βρέφεα γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὑπνοὺν,
εὐδετ' ἐμὰ ψυχά, δὺ ἀδέλφεοι, εὐθαία τέκνα·
ὁλβιοι εὐνάξοισθε καὶ ὁλβιοὶ ἀὼ ἰκοισθε."
διὸς ἐνανταίον σάκος μέγα· τοὺς δ' ἔλαβ' ὑπνος.

ἀμος δὲ στρέφεται μεσονύκτιον ἐς δύσιν Ἀρκτος
'Ὁρίωνα κατ' αὐτὸν, δ' ἀμφαίνει μέγαν ὅμοιον,
τάμος ἀρ' αἰνὰ πέλωρα δύω πολυμήχανον Ὡρη
κυνέας φρίσσοντας ὑπὸ σπείραισι δράκοντας
ὁρσεν ἐπὶ πλατῶν οὐδόν, ὅθι σταθμὰ κοῖλα θυράων
οἰκοῦ, ἀπειλήσασα φαγείν βρέφος Ἡρακλῆα.
τὸ δ' ἐξειλυσθέντες ἐπὶ χθονὶ γαστέρας ἀμφω
ἀιμοβόρους ἐκύλιον· ἀπ' ὀθῶλαμών δὲ κακὸν πῦρ
ἐρχομένοις λάμπεσκε, βαρὺν δ' ἐξέπτυνον ἱόν.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ παίδων λιχμώμενοι ἐγγύθεν ἡλθοῦν,
καὶ τότ' ἀρ' ἐξέγρουτο, Διὸς νοέωτος ἀπαντά, ἐλευσίνων τέκνα, φάος δ' ἀνὰ οἰκον ἐτύχησι.

1 ἰκοισθε: mss also ἰδοὺς

288
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 Pterelaüs, 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κοίλου ὑπὲρ σάκεος καὶ ἀναιδεάς εἶδεν ὀδόντας,
'Ἰφικλέης, οὐλαν δὲ ποσὶν διελάκτσε χλαίναν,
φευγήμεν ὄρμαίνων δ' ἐναντίον ἵετο1 χερσὶν
'Ἡρακλέης, ἀμφώ δὲ βαρεὶ ἐνεδήσατο δεσμῷ,
δραξάμενοι φάρυγος, τόθι φάρμακα λυγρὰ τέτυκται2
οὐλομένοις ὁφίεσιν, ἄ καὶ θεοὶ ἔχθαιροντι.
τῷ δ' αὐτὲ στείρασιν ἐλισσέσθην περὶ παίδα
ψύγονον γαλαθηνόν ὑπὸ τροφῆν αἰεν ἀδακρυν.
ἀψ δὲ πάλιν διέλυν, ἑπεὶ μονεοιεν ἀκάνθας,
δεσμῷ ἀναγκαίον πειρώμενοι ἐκλυσεν εὐρεῖν.

'Ἀλκμήνα δ' ἐσάκουσε βοᾶς καὶ ἐπέγρετο3 πράτα:
"ἀνσταθ' Ἀμφιτρύων· ἔμε γαρ δέος ἵσχει ὀκνηρόν
ἀνστα, μηδὲ πόδεσσι τεοΐς ὑπὸ σάνδαλα θέης.
οὐκ ἀείς, παίδων ὁ νεώτερος ὁσσὸν ἄτει;
ἡ οὖ νοείς, ὅτι νυκτὸς ἀωρί που, οἱ δὲ τε τοῖχοι
πάντες ἀριφραδεῖς καθαρᾶς ἀπέρ4 ἦργυνείας;
ἔστι τί μοι κατὰ δῶμα νεώτερον, ἔστι φιλ' ἀνδρῶν."

δ' φάθ'. ὁ δ' εὖ εὖν ἀλόχρω κατέβανε πιθήσας:
δαιδάλεον δ' ὁρμασε μετὰ ξύφος, δ' ὅπληθεν
κλιντήρος κεδρίνου περὶ πασσάλῳ αἰεν ἀωρτο.

ητοι δ' ἤ ὠρυγνάτῳ νεοκλῶστον τελαμώνος,
κουφίζων ἐτέρα κολεόν, μέγα λώτινον ἔργον.
ἀμφιλαφής δ' ἀρα παστᾶς ἐνεπλήσθη πάλιν
ὄρφνας.

δμῶς δὴ τότ' ἀωσεὶ ὑπὸν χαρὶν ἐκφυσόντας:
"οἴστε πῦρ' ὑμιθα σασον ἀτ' ἐσχαρεώνοις ἔλοντες,
δμῶς ἐμοί·" στιβαροὺς δὲ θυραν ἀνεκόψατ'5 ὁχήας.

1 ἵετο Meineke: mss εἰχετο 2 mss also κέκρυπται
3 ἐπέγρετο: mss also ἐπέδραμε 4 ἀπερ Briggs: mss ἀτερ
5 ἀνεκόψατ Blass: mss ἀνακ.

290
THEOCRITUS XXIV, 25-49

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 thereat 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 baldric even as with the other hand he took up his great scabbard of lotuswood. Now was the ample bower filled full again of darkness, and the master cried upon his bondservants 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

"ἀντάτε δμῶς ταλασίφρονες, αὐτός ἀὑτεί."

ηρα γυνὰ Φοίνισσα μύλαις ἔτι κοῖτον ἔχουσα.
do' ἀλφα προγένοντο λύχνοις ἄμα δαιομένοις
dmôes' ἐνεπλήσθη δὲ δόμος σπευδόντος ἐκάστον.
ητοι ἀρ' ὡς εἶδον' ἐπιτίθιον Ἦρακλῆσα
θῷρε δῶν χεἰρεσσίων ἀπρίξ ἀπαλαίσιν ἔχοντι,
sυμπλήγδην ιάχνσαιν' ὁ δ' ἐσ πατέρ' Ἀμφιτρύώνα
ἐρπταὶ δεκανάσκεαι, ἐπάλλετο δ' ὑψωθι χάρων
κουρσύνα, γελάσας δὲ πάρος κατέθηκε ποδοῦν
πατρός ἐοὺ θανάτῳ κεκαρωμένα δεινὰ πέλωρα.
 Ἀλκμήνα μὲν ἔπειτα ποτὶ σφέτερον βάλε κόλπουν
ξηρὸν ύπαι δέουσα ἄκροχλον Ἰφικλῆς.
 Ἀμφιτρύων δὲ τὸν ἄλλον ὑπ' ἀμνείαν θέτο χάλασν
παῖδα, πάλιν δ' ἐσ λεκτρον ἰδν ἐμνάσατο κοῖτον.

ὅρνιδες τρίτων ἀρτι τὸν ἔσχατον ὅρθον ᾧδουν,
Τευτονίαν τόκα μάντων ἀλαθέα πάντα λέγοντα
 Ἀλκμήνα καλέσασα χρέος' κατέλεξε νεοχύρων,
καὶ νῦν ὑποκρίνεσθαι, ὅπως τελέσθαι ἐμελλεν,
ἡγωγε. "μηδ' εἰ τι θεοὶ νοεοίτε ποιητῶν,
αἴδόμενος ἐμὲ κρύπτε: καὶ ὡς οὐκ ἔστων ἀλύσει
ἀνθρώποις, ὃτι Μοῦρα κατὰ κλωστῆρος ἑπεῖγε.
ἀλλ' Ἕνηρείδα μάλα σε φρονέοντα διδάσκω.
τόσσ' ἔλεγεν βασίλεια: δ' ἀνταμείβετο τοῦσ'.
"θάρσει ἀριστοτόκεια γύναι, Περσηφών αἴμα,
θάρσει: μελλόντων δὲ τὸ λωῖον ἐν φρεάτι θέσπο.
ναὶ γὰρ ἐμῶν γλυκύ φέγγος ἀποιχόμενον πάλαι
δόσσων,  

1 χρέος: mss also τέρπαs 2 ἀλλ' Ahrens: mss μάντι or ἀμαντῖν 3 τοῖσ Briggs: mss τοῖωσ or τοῖος 4 θέσσο E, cf. Sappho 78: mss θέσθαι or omit 5 ἐμῶν E: mss ἐμὸν
THEOCRITUS XXIV, 50-75

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 Alcmena'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 Alcmena 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

πολλαὶ Ἀχαιάδων μαλακῶν περὶ γούνατι νήμα χειρὶ κατατρίψουσιν ἀκρέσπερον ἀείδουσαι Ἀλκούμην ὄνομαστὶ, σέβας δ’ ἔσσῃ Ἀργείασι.

τοῖς ἀνὴρ ὁδὲ μέλλει ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄστρα φέροντα ἀμβαίνειν τεῦς νῦόσ, ἀπὸ στέρνων πλάτυς ἠρώς, οὗ καὶ θηρία πάντα καὶ ἀνέρες ἕσσονες ἄλλοι.

δώδεκά οἱ τελέσαντι πεπρωμένον ἐν Δίος οἰκεῖν 1 μόχθους, θυνταὶ δὲ πάντα πυρὰ Τραχύνους ἐξει- γαμβρὸς δ’ ἀθανάτων κεκλήσεται, οἱ ταῦτ’ ἐπώρσαν κνώδαλα φωλεύοντα βρέφος διαδηλήσασθαι.

ἀλλὰ γύναι πῦρ μὲν τοι ὑπὸ σποδοῦ εὐτυκὸν ἐστώ, κάγκανα δ’ ἀσπαλάθου ξύλ’ ἐτοιμάσατ’ ἡ παλιοῦρον ἡ βάτου ἡ ἀνέμῳ δεδονημένον αὐνὸν ἄχερδον

καὶ δὲ τῶδ’ ἄγριαισιν ἐπὶ σχίζαισι δράκοντε νυκτὶ μέσας, ὥσα παῖδα κανεὶν τεῦν ἠθελον αὐτοὶ.

ηρὶ δὲ συλλέξασα κόμην πυρὸς ἀμφότερους τῆς ῥυμαίσας εὖ μάλα πᾶσαν ὑπὲρ ποταμίων φέρουσα ῥωγάδας ἐς πέτρας ὑπεροῦρον, ἄπε δὲ νεεσθὼ 2 ἀστρεπτος· καθαρῷ δὲ πυρῶσατε δῶμα θεείῳ πράτον, ἐπείτα δ’ ἄλεσσι μεμυγμένον, ὡς νενόμισται,

θαλάφῳ ἐπιρραίνειν ἐστεμμένῳ 3 ἄβλαβῆς ὕδωρ·

Ζηὴ δ’ ἐπιρρέξαι καθυπερτέρῳ ἄρσενα χοῖρον, δυσμενεῖν αἰεὶ καθυπέρτεροι ὡς τελέθοιτε.”

1 οἰκεῖν Mus: mss οἰκῆς 2 νεεσθὼ Hermann: mss νέεσθαι
3 ἐστεμμένῳ Schaefer: mss -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."

These lines were rightly omitted by Briggs as due to a Christian interpolator.
ΤΗΣ ΒΥΚΟΛΙΚΑΣ ΠΟΙΕΣ

φά, καὶ ἐρωθέσας ἑλεφάντινον ἤχετο δίφρον
tειρέσιας πολλοίσι βαρίς περ ἐὼν ἐνιαυτοῖς.

'Ἡρακλῆς δ' ὑπὸ ματρὶ νέον φυτὸν ὡς ἐν ἀλωά ἐτρέφετ' Ἀργείον κεκλημένος Ἀμφιτρύνος.

γράμματα μὲν τὸν παίδα γέρων Δίνος ἔξεδίδαξεν,

νῦν Ἀπόλλωνος μελεδωνεὺς ἀγρυτῆς ἤρως,

τόξον δ' ἐνταύσαι καὶ ἐπὶ σκοτὸν ἐναι ὦστὸν

Εὔρυτος ἐκ πατέρων μεγάλαις ἀφυείδῃ ἀρούραις.

αὐτὰρ ἀοιδὸν ἔθηκε καὶ ἀμφω χεῖρας ἐπλάσσε

πυξίνα ἐν φόρμῳν Φιλαμμονίδας Εὔμολπος.

δοσα δ' ἀπὸ σκελέων ἐδροστρόφοι Ἀργόθεν ἄνδρες

ἀλλάλους σφαλλοῦσι παλαίσμασιν, ὀσσά τε

πύκται
dευνὸν ἐν ἰμαντέσσων, ἀ τ' ἐς. γαῖαν προπεσόντες

πάμμαχοι ἐξεύροντο σοφάματά ἁ σύμφορα τέχνα, πάντ' ἐμαθ' Ἐρμεῖαο διδασκόμενος παρὰ παίδι

Ἀρταλύκῳ Φανοτῇ, τὸν οὗδ' ἀν τηλόθε λεύσσων

θαρσάλεως τις ἐμενεν ἀεθλέυντ' ἐν ἀγῶνι

tοὺν ἐπισκύννων βλοσύρῳ ἐπέκειτο προσώπῳ.

ἵππους δ' ἐξελάσασθαι ὑφ' ἄρματι, καὶ περὶ

νῦσσαι

ἀσφαλέως κάμπτοντα τροχοῦ σύρυγγα φυλάξαι,

Ἀμφιτρύων δι παίδα φῖλα φρονεῦν ἐδιδάξεν

αὐτὸς, ἐπεῖ μάλα πολλὰ θοῶν ἔξ ἡρατ' ἄγωνων

Ἀργεί εἶν ἵπποβότῳ κεμήλα, καὶ οὶ ἀγαῖες

dίφροι, ἐφ' ὅν ἐπέβαινε, χρόνῳ διέλυσαν ἰμάντας.

δούρατι δὲ προβολαίῳ ύπ' ἄσπιδι νῦτον ἐχοῦτα

ἀνδρός ὀρὲφερείαι ξιφέων τ' ἄνεχεσθαι ἀμυχμόν,

κομμῆσαι τε φάλαγγα λόχον τ' ἀναμετρήσασθαι

δυσμενεών ἐπιώντα καὶ ἰππίησον κελεύσαι

1 σοφάματα Meineke: mss παλαίσματα

296
THEOCRITUS XXIV, 101-128

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, Harpalycus of Phanotè, 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

Κάστωρ ἵππελάτας¹ δέδαεν, φυγᾶς Ἄργεος ἐλθὼν, ὀπτοκά κλάρον ἀπαντά καὶ οἰνόπεδον μέγα Τυδεύς ναῖε, παρ’ Ἀδρήστοιο λαβὼν ἵππηλατον Ἄργεος. Κάστορι δ’ οὕτως ὁμοίος ἐν ἡμιθέοις πολέμιστης ἀλλος ἦν πρὶν γῆρας ἀποτρίψαι νεότητα.

οδε μὲν Ἡρακλῆα φίλα παιδεύσατο μάτηρ. εὐνὰ δ’ ἦς τῷ παιδὶ τετυγμένα ἀγχόθι πατρὸς δέρμα λεόντειον μάλα οἱ κεχαρισμένοι αὐτῷ, δείπνον δὲ κρέατ’² ὁπτά, καὶ ἐν κανέω μέγας ἄρτος Δωρικός: ἀσφαλέως κε φυτοσκάφον ἄνδρα κορέσ-σαι.

αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ ἀματὶ τυννοῦ ἀνευ πυρὸς αἴνυτο δόρπον. εἴματα δ’ οὐκ ἄσκητα μέσας ὑπὲρ ἐννυτο κνᾶμας. ¹³⁰

¹ ἵππελατας Ε: mss ἰππαλῆς ² κρέατ’ Ε: cf. Π. 12. 311: mss κρέα 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 sparely 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
THEOCRITUS XXV

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.
Τὸν δ’ ὁ γέρων προσέειπε βοῶν ἐπίουρος ἀροτρεύς παυσάμενος ἔργῳ, τὸ οἰ μετὰ χερσὶν ἐκείτο.
'Εκ τοι ἤεινε πρόφρων μυθήσομαι ὅσο' ἔρεεινεις, Ἐρμέω ἀξόμενος δεινὴν ὅπις εἰνοδίοιο. 
τὸν γάρ φασι μέγιστον ἐπουρανίων κεχολῶσθαι, εἴ κεν ὤδοι θαχρεῖον ἀνήνηταί τις ὄδην.
ποίμνα μὲν βασιλῆς εὐτρίχες Αὐγελαο
οὐ πάσαι βόσκονται ἵνα βόσιν οὖν ἑνὰ χώρων
ἀλλ’ αἱ μὲν ῥὰ νέμονται ἐπ’ ὅχθαις Εἰλίσσοντος, ¹
αἱ δ’ ἱερὸν θείου παρὰ ρόον Ἀλφείου,
αἱ δ’ ἐπὶ Βουτρασίου πολυβότρυνος, αἱ δὲ καὶ ὅδε.
χωρὶς δὲ σκοῖ σφι τετυγμένοι εἰσιν ἐκάσταις.
αὐτὰρ βουκολικὸς περιπλήθουσι περ ἐκτῆσις
πάντες σιν νομοὶ ὅδε τεθηλότες αἱ ἔσοι
Μηνίου ἀμ μέγα τίφος, ἐπεὶ μελιθδέα ποίη
κειμὸνος θαλάθουσι ὑπόδροσοι εἰμεναι τε
εἰς ἀλίς, ἥ ῥα βόεσσι μένος κερασίν ἀέξει.
αὕλις δὲ σφίσιν ἢδε τεῆς ἐπὶ δεξία χειρὸς
φαίνεται εὐ μάλα πᾶσα πέρην ποταμοῦ ῥέοντος
κείνη, ὅθι πλατάνστοι ἐπηεταναι πεφύσι
χλωρὴ τ’ ἄγριελαο, Ἀπόλλωνος νομὸι
ἱερὸν ἄγνων, ἕεινε, τελειωτάτοιο θείοι.
εὐθὺς δὲ ὀσθμοὶ περιμήκεες ἄγριντωι
¹ Εἰλίσσοντος Meineke: mss ἀμφ’ ἐλισσοῦντος
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

dédmhnθ', oi' basiliθi polón kai ἀθέσφατον ὅλβον
ῥύμεθ' ἐνδυκέως, τριπόλοις σπόρον ἐν νεοίσιν
ἐσθ' ὅτε βάλλοντες καὶ τετραπόλοισιν ὅμοιως.

οὐροις μὴν ἴσασι φυτοσκάφοι ἀμπελοεργοί, 1
ἐς ληνοὺς δ' ἵκνεται, ἐπ' ἡνός ὄριον ἐλθή. 30
πάν γὰρ δὴ πεδίων τὸν ἐπίφρονος Ἀὐγείαο,
πυροφόροι τε γύαι καὶ ἀλωάι δενδρήσσει,
μέχρις ἐπ' ἐσχατίας πολυπίδακος Ἀκρωρείης,
ἀς ἡμεῖς ἐργοισίν ἐποίχόμεθα πρόπαν ἡμαρ,
ἡ δίκη οἰκήσων, οἶσιν βίος ἐπλείτε ἐπ' ἄγροι.

ἀλλὰ σὺ πέρ μοι ἔνιστε, τὸ τοῖς καὶ κέρδιον αὐτῷ
ἐσσεται, οὔτινοι ὃδε κεχρημένος εἰλήλουθας.

ἡ τι Ἀὐγείην ἢ καὶ δμών τινὰ κείνου
dίκεα, οἳ οἳ ἔσαιν; ἕγώ δὲ κέ τοι σάφα εἴδώς
πάντα μάλ' ἐξείποιμ', 2 ἐπει οὐ σέγε φῆμι κακῶν ἔξ
ἐμεναι οὔντε κακοίσιν οὐικότα φύμεναι αὐτόν,
οἶον τοί μέγα εἴδος ἐπιπρέπει. ἡρὰ νῦ παϊδὲς
ἀθανάτων τουοίδε μετὰ θυητοῖσιν ἔσαι. 40

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφῇ Δίος ἀλκίμων

νιός.

' ναὶ γέρον Ἀὐγείην ἑθέλοιμι κεῖν ἀρχὸν Ἐπειών
εἰσιδέειν. τοὺ γάρ με καὶ ἡγαγεν εὐθάδε χρειῶν.
ει δ' ο μὲν ἄρ κατὰ ἀστυ μένει παρὰ οἶσι πολίταις
δήμου κηδόμενος, διὰ δὲ κρίνουσιν θὲμιστας,
δμώον δὴ τινα πρέσβυν σύ μοι φράσον ἡγεμονεύσας,
οςτὶς ἐπ' ἄγρων τῶνδε γεραιτερος αἰσυμνήτης,
κε τὸ μὲν εἴπομι, τὸ δ' ἐκ φαμένου πυθοίμην.

ἀλλον δ' ἀλλον ἔθηκε θεός ἐπιδεενέα φωτῶν. 50

τὸν δ' ὦ γέρον ἐξαύτις ἀμείβετο δίος ἀρτοτεύς,
ἀθανάτων δ' ἔεινε φραδῇ τινος ἐνθάδ' ικάνεις;

1 ἀμπελοεργοῖ Wil: mss οἱ πολύεργοι 2 mss also ἀτρεκέως
εἴπομι
THEOCRITUS XXV, 24–52

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 Acroreia
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,
al 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, say-
ing: "Yea verily, gaffer, I would look upon Augeas
the king of the Épeians; 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,
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ὁς τοι πάν ὁ θέλεις αἴσχα χρέος ἐκτετέλεσται.
ἀδε γὰρ Αὐγεῖς, υἱὸς φίλος ᾿Ηλίουοι,
σφουτέρῳ σὺν παιδί, βίη Φυλῆς ἀγανοῦ.
χθιζός γὰρ εἰλήλουθεν ἀπ’ ἀστεος, ἦμασι πολλοῖς
κτῆσιν ἐπογήμων, ἢ οἱ νήριθμοι ἐπ’ ἀγρῶν.
ὡς ποι καὶ βασιλεύσιν ἐείδεται ἐν φρεσὶν ἰςιν
αὐτοῖς κηδομένους σαώτερος ἐμμεναι οἶκος.

ἀλλ’ ἵππεν μάλα πρὸς μιν ἐγὼ δὲ τοι ἡγεμονεύσω

αὐλιᾶν ἑφ’ ἠμετέρην, ὑνα κεν τέτμοιμεν ἀνακτα.’

ὡς εἰπὼν ἡγεῖτο, νόρῳ δ’ ὄγη πόλλα ἐμενοϊνα,
δέρμα τε θηρὸς ὅρων χειροπληθὴ τε κορύνην,
ὀππόθεν ὁ ξείνος. μεμονεῖ1 δὲ μιν αἴεν ἔρεσθαι.

ἀν δ’ ὅκνῳ ποτὶ χεῖνος ἐλάμβα νε μύθου ἰόντα,

μὴ τι οἱ ὅλοι κατὰ καιρὸν ἔπος προτιμοθήσαπτο
σπερχομένου. χαλεπῶν δ’ ἐτέρου νόου ἱδμεναι

αὖρος.

tοὺς δὲ κύνες προσιόντας ἀπὸ ὄροθεν αἴψ

ἐνόησαν,

ἀμφότερον ὅμη τε χρόος δούτῳ τε ποδοῖν.

θεσπέσιον δ’ ὕλαοντες ἐπέδραμον ἀλλοθεν ἀλλοσ

῾Αμφίτριωνιάδη ῾Ηρακλεῖ. τὸν δὲ γέροντα

ἀχρεῖον κλάξον τε περίσσαιν θ’ ἐτέρωθεν.

τοὺς μὲν ὅγε λάεσσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὄσσον ἀείρων

φευγόμεν αἴσχα ὑπίσω δειδίσεθο, τρηχῷ δὲ φωνῇ

ἡπείλει μάλα πᾶσιν, ἐρητύσασκε δ’ ὑλαγμοῦ,

χαῖρων ἐν φρεσὶν ἱςιν, ὀδούνεκεν αὐλιὰν ἐρυντο

αὐτοῦ γ’ οὐ παρεώντος, ἔπος δ’ ὅγε τοῦτο ἐειπὲν.

1 μεμονεῖ Buttmann: mss μέμοινε, μέμοινε, μέμαιεν

306
"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 steading, 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 Heracles 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 steading should have so good defenders when he was away; and so upspake and
THE BUCOLIC POETS

"ὁ πότοι, οἶον τοῦτο θεός ποίησαν ἀνακτεῖς
θηρίον ἀνθρώποισι μετέμειναι, ὡς ἐπιμηθέσει. 1
εἰ οἱ καὶ φρένες ὅλες νοήμονες ἐνδοθεν ἦσαν,
ἡδεῖ κ, ὁ τε χρή χαλεπανέμεν ὁ τε καὶ οὐκί,
οὐκ ἦν οἱ θηρίων τις ἐδήρισεν περὶ τιμῆς.
νῦν δὲ λίπην ξάκωτόν τε καὶ ἄρρηνες γένετ' αὐτῶς.
ἡ ρα, καὶ ἑσυμένως ποτὶ τωύλιον ἤσον ἱοντες.

ΕΠΙΠΟΛΗΣΙΣ

"Ηέλιος μὲν ἐπείτα ποτὶ ζόφυν ἐτραπεν 2 ἱπποὺς
δείελον ἴμαρ ἄγων. τὰ δ’ ἐπήλυθε πίονα μήλα
ἐκ βοτάνης ἀνώντα μετ’ αὐλία τε σηκούς τε.
αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα βόες μάλα μυρίαι ἄλλαι ἐπ’ ἄλλαις
ἐρχόμεναι φαῖνονθ’ ὥσει νέφη υδατόεντα,
ἀσσα τ’ ἐν οὐρανῷ εἴσιν ἐλαυνόμενα προτέρωσε
ἡ νότοιο βίθ’ ἣ Θρηκός βορέας.
τῶν μὲν τ’ οὕτις ἀρίθμος ἐν ἥρει γίνετ’ ἱοντον,
οὐδ’ ἄνυσες. τόσα γὰρ τε μέγα προτεροίσι κυλῶνδει
ις ἀνέμου, τὰ δὲ τ’ ἄλλα κορύσσεται αὕτις ἐπ’ ἄλλοις.
τόσα’ αἰεὶ μετόπισθε βοῦν ἐπὶ βουκολὶ’ ἤτε.
πάν δ’ ἄρ’ ἐνεπλήσθη πεδίον, πᾶσαι δὲ κέλευθοι
ληίδος ἐρχομένης, στείνοντο δὲ πίονες ἄγροι
μυκηθῶν. σηκοὶ δὲ βοῶν ρεῖα πλήσθησαν
εἰλιπόδους; οίες δὲ κατ’ αὐλάς ἡυλίζοντο.

ἐνθα μὲν οὕτις ἐκπλοσ ἀπειρεσίων περ εὸντων
εἰστήκει παρὰ βουσῶν ἄνηρ κεχρημένος ἔργου.

1 ἐπιμηθέσει Musurus: mss θεός 2 ἐτραπεν Mus: mss ἴθαγεν

308
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 uncoth." 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

άλλ' δ' μὲν ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἐὕτμητοισιν ἴμασι
καλοπέδιλ' ἀράρισκε παραστάδον ἐγγύς ἀμέλγειν,
ἀλλὸς δ' αὐ νέα τέκνα φίλας ὑπὸ μητέρας ἕι
πινέμεναι λαροῦμε μεμαότα πάγχυ γάλακτος,
ἀλλὸς ἀμόλγιον ἐλξ', ἀλλὸς τρέφε πίονα τυρόν,
ἀλλὸς ἐσήγιεν ἐσω ταύρους δίχα θηλειάων.
Αὔγεϊς δ' ἐπὶ πάντας ἰὼν θηεῖτο βοαύλους,
ἡμινά οἰ κτεάνων κομιδὴν ἑπίθεντο νομῆς,
σῦν δ' νίος τε βία τε βαρύφρονος Ἡρακλῆος
ὁμάρτευν βασιλῆι διερχομένον μέγαν θλιβον.

ἐνθά καὶ ἀρρηκτόν περ ἔχων ἐν στήθεσι θυμὸν
'Αμφίτρινωνάδης καὶ ἀρηρότα νολεμές αἰεὶ
ἐκπάγλως θαύμαζε θεοὺ 2 τόγε μυρίον ἐδον
εἰσορόων. οὐ γάρ κεν ἐφασκε τις οὐδὲ ἐώλπει
ἀνδρὸς ληίδ' ἔνδος τόσον ἔμεν οὐδὲ δεκ' ἀλλον,
οἶτε πολύρρηνες πάντων ἐσαν ἐκ βασιλῆων.
'Hέλιοις δ' ὡ παιδὶ τόγ' ἐξοχον ὅπασε δῷρον,
ἀφεινον μῆλοις περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
καὶ ρὰ οἱ αὐτὸς ὀφελλε διαμπερέως βοτὰ πάντα
ἐς τέλος. οὐ μὲν γάρ τις ἐπῆλυθε νοῦσος ἐκείνου
βουκολίους, αἰτ' ἐργα καταφθείρουσι 3 νομῆως,
αἰεὶ δὲ πλέονες κεραὶ βῶες, αἰεὶ ἀμείνους
ἐξ ἐτεος γίνοντο μάλ' εἰς ἐτος. ὡ γὰρ ἀπασαι
ζωτόκοι τῷ ἕσαν περιώστια θηλυτόκοι τε.

ταῦς δὲ τρικόσιοι ταύροι συνὰμ' ἐστιχώντο
κυψαργοὶ θ' ἐλκές τε, διηκόσιοι γέ μεν ἄλλοι

1 thus Mus: mss φίλας ὑπὸ μητράσιν 2 θεοῦ Wil: mss
θεῶν 3 καταφθείρουσι Mus: mss -φθίνουσι

310
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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

φοίνικες. πάντες δ’ ἐπιβήτορες οὖν ἔσαν ἢδη.
άλλοι δ’ αὖ μετὰ τοίς δυσδεκα βουκολέουντο
ιεροὶ Ἡλέασιοι. χρόνων δ’ ἔσαν ἦτε κύκνων
ἀργηστάι, πάσιν δὲ μετέπρεπον εἰλιπόδεσσιν
οί καὶ ἀτιμαγέλαι βόσκοντ’ ἐριθηλέα ποίη
ἐν νομῷ, ὅδ’ ἐκπαγιόν ἐπὶ σφίσι γαυριόωντο.¹
καὶ β’ ὅποτ’ ἐκ λασίου θοὶ προγενοίατο θήρες
ἐς πεδίον δρυμοῖ βωῶν ἕνεκ’ ἀγρομενᾶν,²
πρώτοι τούχε μάχηνε κατὰ χροὸς ἦσαν ὀδημήν.
δεινῶν δ’ ἐβρυμάθω φόνον λεύσον τε προσώπων.

τῶν μὲν τε προφέρεσκε βίνθι τε καὶ σθένει φι-
ηδ’ ὑπεροπλίη Φαέθων μέγας, ὃν ρα βοτηρὲς
ἀστέρι πάντες ἔίσκουν, ὀθούνεκα πολλὸν ἐν ἄλλοις
βουσίν ὅδ’ λάμπεσκεν, ἀρίξηλος δ’ ἐτέτυκτο.
δ’ δ’ τοι σκύλος αὖν ἰδὼν χαροτοῖο λέωντος
αὐτῷ ἐπεὶτ’ ἐπόρουσσαν ἐυσκόπῳ Ἡρακλῆι
χρίμψασθαι ποτὶ πλευρὰ κάρῃ στιβαρόν τε
μέτωπον.

τοῦ μὲν ἄναξ προσιόντος ἐδράξατο χειρὶ παχεὶς
σκιαιὸν ἀφαρ’ κέρασος, κατὰ δ’ αὖχενα νέρθ’ ἐπὶ γαῖς
κλάσσε βαρών περ ἔόντα, πάλιν δὲ μιν ὡσεὶν ὑπόσοι
ὁμοὶ ἐπιβρίσασ; ὁ δὲ οἱ περὶ νεῦρα ταυνοῦθες
μινὸν ἐξ υπάτου βραχίων ὑφὸς ἀνέστη.
θαύμαξεν δ’ αὐτὸς τε ἄναξ νίός τε δαίφρων
Φυλεῦς οὗ τ’ ἐπὶ βουσὶ κορωνίσι βουκολοὶ ἄνδρες,
‘Ἀμφιτρυνιάδαο βίην υπέροπλον ἰδόντες.

Τὸ δ’ εἰς ἄστυ λιπόντε κατ’ αὐτόθι πίνανα ἄγρους
ἐστιχέτην, Φυλεῦς τε βίη θ’ Ἡρακληή.

¹ mas also γαυριώντες ² ἀγρομενῶν E, opposed to ἀτι-
μαγέλαι (l. 132); 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 glistering 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 herdsman 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.

him at ll. 68 ff: mss ἀγροτερδὼν (or πρωτερδὼν), but the cattle
were not wild.

313
THE BUCOLIC POETS

λαοφόρον δ’ ἐπέβησαν ὧθι πρώτιστα κελεύθουν,
λεπτὴν καρπαλίμωσι τρίβον ποσὶν ἔξανύσαντες,
ἡ ῥα δι’ ἀμπελεώνος ἀπὸ σταθμῶν τετάνυστο
οὐτὶ λίνη ἄριστης ἐν ὕλῃ χλωρᾷ ἱόυσα,\(^1\)
tῇ μιν ἀρα προσέειπτε Δίως γόνον υψίστωι
Ἀνγείω φίλος νῦὸς ἔθεν μετόπισθέν τιντα,\(^2\)
ἕκα παρακλίνας κεφαλὴν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὄμων;
Ἐξειε, πάλαι τινὰ πάγχνυ σέθεν πέρι μῦθον
ἀκούσας
ὡς, ἐπερ,\(^3\) σφετέρῃσιν ἔνι φρέσι βάλλομαι ἄρτι.
ἡλυθε γὰρ στείχων τις ἅπ’ Ἀργεος ὡς νέον ἀκμήν\(^4\)
ἐνθάδε Ἀχαίος ἁνὴ Ἑλίκης ἐξ ἀγχϊλαιο,
ὁς δὴ τοι μυθέϊτο καὶ ἐν πλεύνεσιν Ἐπειδῆ,
οὔνεκεν Ἀργελων τις ἔθεν παρεύτως ὀλεσσε
θηρίον, αἰνολέοντα, κακὸν τέρας ἀγρούταις,
κοίλην αὔλιν ἔχοντα Δίως Νεμέοιο παρ’ ἄλσος—
oὐκ ὡδ’ ἀτρεκέως ἥ Ἀργεος ἐξ ἱερὸν
αὐτόθεν ἡ Τίρυνθα νέμων πόλιν ἡ Μυκήνην.
ὡς κεῖνὸς γ’ ἀγόρευε γένος δὲ μιν εἶναι ἐφάσκεν,
ei ἔτεον περ ἐγὼ μυμήσκομαι, ἐκ Περσῆς.
ἐλπομαι οὖν ἐτερον τόδε τλήμεναι αἰγιαλήνων
ἡ’ σε, δέρμα δὲ θηρός, ὃ τοι περὶ πλευρὰ καλύπτει,\(^5\)
χειρῶν καρτερὸν ἐργον ἀμφραδέως ἀγορεύει.
εἰπ’ ἄγε νῦν μοι πρῶτον, ἵνα γνῶν κατὰ θυμόν,
ἣνως, εἰτ’ ἐτύμως μαντεύομαι εἰτε καὶ οὐκί,
ei σύγ’ ἐκεῖνος, ὃν ἠμῖν ἀκούοντεσιν ἐστειν
οὐξ Ἐλίκηθεν Ἀχαίος, ἐγὼ δὲ σε φραξομαι ὀρθῶς.
ἐπεὶ δ’ ἵππος ὀλον τόδε θηρίον αὐτός ἐπεφνε,

\(^{1}\) ἱόυσα E: mss ἱόυσῃ by confusion with the corrupt end of 1. 160
\(^{2}\) mss also ἱόυτα
\(^{3}\) εἰπερ elliptical as in Plat. Rep. 497 e
\(^{4}\) νέον ἀκμήν E ‘still (cf. 4. 60) recently (cf. 314
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 Helicé-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 Helicé 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: mss ὑδος ἀκμῆν or μέσος ἀκμῆς 5 thus Meineke transposes the latter halves of these lines.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ὀππῶς τ’ εὐνόδρον Νεμέης εἰσῆλθε χῶρον,
ού μὲν γάρ κε τοσόνδε κατ’ Ἀπίδα κνώδαλον
εὔροις
ιμείρων ἱδέειν, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάλα τηλίκα βόσκε,
ἀλλ’ ἄρκτους τε σύας τε λύκων τ’ ὀλοφώιον ἔθνος.
τὸ καὶ θανμάξεσκον ἀκούντες τότε μῦθον
οἳ δὲ νῦ καὶ ἴερδεσθαί ὀδοιπόρον ἀνέρ’ ἔφαντο
γλώσσῃς μαψίδιοι χαριζομενον παρεούσιν.”

ὡς εἰπὼν μέσσης ἐξηρώθησε κελεύθουν
Φυλεύς, ὀφρα κιούσιν ἀμα σφισιν ἀρκιος εἷη,
καὶ ρὰ τε ῥητερον φαμένου κλύοι Ἡρακλῆος.
ὡς μυν ὀμαρτήσας τοίῳ προσελέξατο μῦθῳ.

“ὡ Αὐγημάδη, τὸ μὲν ὅτι με πρῶτον ἀνήρευ,
αὐτὸς καὶ μάλα ρεία κατὰ στάθμην ἐνόψας.
ἀμφὶ δὲ σοι τὰ ἔκαστα λέγομι κε τοῦδε πελώρου
ὀπποὺς ἐκράαυσεν, ἐπεὶ λελήσαι ἀκούειν,
νόσφιν γ’ ἢ ὅθεν ἦλθε τὸ γὰρ πολέων περ ἐντον
‘Ἀργείων οὐδείς κεν ἤχοι σάφα μυθήσασθαι
οίον ὁ ἄθανάτων τιν’ ἐλισκομεν ἀνδρασί πήμα
ἱρῶν μηνίσατα Φορωνήσσιν ἐφείναι.

πάντας γὰρ πισχὰς ἐπικλύζουν ποταμὸς ὅς
λίς ἀμοτον κεράζει, μάλιστα δὲ Βεμβιναίους
οἱ ἔθεν ἁγχόμοροι προσναίον ἀτλητοπαθεύντες. ¹

τὸν μὲν ἐμοὶ πρώτηστα τελεῖν ἐπέταξεν ἄεθλον
Εὐρυσθεὺς, κτείναι δὲ μ’ ἐφίετο θηρίον αἰών.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κέρας υγρὸν ἐλων κούλην τε φαρέτρην
ιῶν ἐμπλείην νεόμην, ἔτερηφι δὲ βάκτρον
ἐυπαγεὶς αὐτοφλοιον ἐπηρεφεός κοτίνου ἐμμητρον, τὸ μὲν αὐτὸς ὑπὸ ξαθέρ Ἐλκώνι

¹ προσναίον: mas also ναίον ἀτλητοπαθεύντες E: mas

316
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

εὖρὼν σὺν πυκνῇσιν ὀλοσχερῆς ἐσπασαρίζοις. 210
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τὸν χῶρον, οὗτος ἦν, ἤκανον,
δὴ τότε τόξον ἔλων στρεπτὴν ἐπέλασα κορώνη
νευρεῖν, περὶ δ' ἰόν ἐχέστονον εἴθαρ ἐβησα.
πάντη δ' ὃσσε φέρων ὄλων τέρας ἐσκοπίαζον,
εἰ μὴ ἐσαθρήσκαιμ πάρος τί με κείνων ἱδέασθαι.
ἵματος ἦν τὸ μεσηγύ, καὶ οὐδέπῃ ἱχνα τοῖο
φρασθήμα δυνάμην οὐδ' ὀρνυμοῖο πυθέσθαι.
οὖδὲ μὲν ἀνάσωπων τις ἦν ἐπὶ βουσὶν καὶ ἐργοὺς
φαινόμενος σπορίμωι δὲ αὐλάκος, ὄντων ἐρόμην
ἀλλὰ κατὰ σταθμὸς χλωρὸν δέος εἰχεῖν ἐκαστον. 220
οὐ μὴν πρὶν πόδας ἔσχον ὅρος ταῦτα ἐνυφλλον ἐρευνών,
πρὶν ἰδέειν ἀλκίς τε μεταυτικα περιήσθηναι.

ὁτι οὐ μὲν σήμαινα προδείκλος ἐστὶν ὡς ἦν,
βεβρωκὼς κρεινῶν τε καὶ αἴματος, ἀμφι δὲ χαίτας
αὐχμηράς πεπάλακτο φόνῳ χαρπον τε προσσωπον
στηθεά τε, γλώσσῃ δὲ περιλχιματό γένεων.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ θάμνοισιν ἀφαρ σκιεροῖσιν ἐκρύφθην
ἐν τριβῷ ὑλῆστε δεδεγμένοις ὀπποδ' ἴκοτο,
καὶ βάλον ἀσσον Ἰοντος ἀριστερὸν ἐς κενεῶν
τηνύσιως; οὐ γὰρ τι βῆλος διὰ σαρκὸς ὁμοθεν
ὁκρίων, χλωρῆ δὲ παλισιστον ἐμπέσει ποίη.
αὐτὰρ δ' κράτα δαφιοῦν ἀπὸ χθόνος ὦ ἐπάειρε
θαμβήσασ, πάντη δὲ δείδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖς
σκεπτόμενος, λαμύρους δὲ χανών ὑπεδειξεν ὀδόν-
tas. 230
τῷ δ' ἐγὼ ἄλλον ὀὐστόν ἀπὸ νευρῆς προῖαλλον
ἀσχαλόνων, οἷς ὁ μοι ὃ πρὶν ἐτῶσιον ἐκφυγε
χειρός μεσηγύς δ' ἐξβαλον στηθέων, ὃθι πνεύμονος ἔδρη.

1 οὐδέπῃ Cholmeley: mss οὐδ' ὅπῃ or οὐδενδ' mss also
τοία 2 mss also ὃτι ἄδεινας ἱφαίνε 3 ὁ Hermann: mss
δτι, ὃς, ὅς ὁ added by Hermann

318
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, being 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 sward. 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

ardless δικ, υπὸ βύρσαν ἐδών πολυώδυνος ἵος, ἀλλ’ ἐπεσε προτάροιθε ποδῶν ἀνεμόλιος αὐτως.

τὸ τρίτων αὐ μέλλεσκον ἀσώμενος ἐν φρεσὶν

αἰνῶς

αὐτῷ

δὲ δὲ μ’ εἴδε περιγληψῳμενος ὅσσος

κάρη ἀμοτος, μακρὴν δὲ περ’ ἵγυνησιν ἐλίξε

κέρκων, ἀφαρ δὲ μίχης ἐμιήσατο· πάς δὲ οἱ αὐχὴν

θυμοῦ ἐνεπλήσθη, πυρσαὶ δ’ ἐφρίξαν ἑθειραί

σκυζομένῳ, κυρτῇ δὲ ῥάχης γένετ’ ἦποτε τόξου,

πάντοθεν εἰλυθέντος ὑπὸ λαγόνας τε καὶ ἰξῶν.

ὡς δ’ ἄταν ἀρματοπήργος ἀνήρ πολέων ἱδρις ἔργων

ὅρκης καμπτῆσιν ἐρνεοῦ εὐκέατοιο,1

θάλασσας ἐν πυρὶ πρῶτον, ἐπαξοῖνῳ κύκλω δίβρω,

τοῦ μὲν ὑπὲκ χειρῶν ἐφυγεν ταυτόν ἀργαῖος ἐρινεὸς

καμπτόμενος, τηλού δὲ μὴ πῇδησε σὲν ὀρμᾷ.

ὡς ἤπ’ ἐμοὶ λῆς αἰνὸς ἀποπροθεὶν αἴβρός ἀλτὸ

μαιμώνων χρῶς ᾧσαι· ἐγὼ δ’ ἐτέρησι βέλεμνα

χειρὶ προσεχθόμην καὶ ἀπ’ ὁμιῶν δίπλακα λῶπην,

τῇ δ’ ἐτέρῃ ροτάλων κάρος ὑπὲρ αὐν ἀείρας

ήλασα κὰκ κεφαλῆς, διὰ δ’ ἄνδιχα τρηχῦν ἔαξα

αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ λασίου καρῆτος ἀγρελαίοιον

θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο· πέσεν δ’ ὁγε πρὶν ἔμ’ ἰκέσαι

ὑψόθεν ἐν γαίῃ, καὶ ἐπὶ τρομεροῖς ποσίν ἐστῇ

νευστάξων κεφαλῆς· περὶ γὰρ σκότος ὅσσε οἱ ἀμφώ 2

ήλθε, βῆ κεισθέντος ἐν ὀστὲοι ἐγκεφάλωκα.

τὸν μὲν ἔγον ὁδύνης παραφροικτα βαρείας

νωσάμενος, πρὶν αὕτης ὑπότροπον ἀμπυνυνθήναι,

ἀνχένος ἀρρήκτοιο παρ’ ἴλιν ήλασα2 προφθάσις,

ῥίψας τόξου ἐραζέ πολύρραπτον τε φαρέτρην·

1 mss also εὐκάμπτωι 2 ήλασα: mss also ἱφθασα
the lungs do lie. But nay; not even so was the
hide of him to be pierced of 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 bethought
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 dark-
ness 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

Ἑγχοῦ δ' ἐγκρατεῖς στιβαράς σὺν χειρας ἐρείσας ἐξόπιθεν, μὴ σάρκας ἀποδρύψῃ ὄνυχεσι, πρὸς δ' οὕδας πτέρυγας πόδας στερεῶς ἐπίεζον οὐραίον ἐπιβάς, πλευρῆσί τε μὴ π' εφύλασσον, μέχρις οὗ ἐξετάνυσσα βραχίονος ὁρθὸν ἀείρας ἀπνευστον, ψυχὴν δὲ πελώριος ἐλλαβεν ᾗ Αἰδης.

καὶ τότε δὴ βούλευον, ὅπως λασιαύχεα βύρσαν θηρὸς τεθνειότος ἀπὸ μελέων ἐρυσαίμην, ἀργαλέων μάλα μόχθον, ἐπειδ' οὐκ ἦν οὔτε σιδήρῳ οὗτε λίθοις τμητῇ πειρομένῳ οὔτε μεν ὕλη.

ἐνθα μοι ἀθανάτων τις ἐπὶ φρέσι θήκε νοήσαι αὐτοῖς δέρμα λέοντος ἀνασχίζειν ὄνυχεσι.

τοῖς θοῖς ἀπέδειρα, καὶ ἀμφεθέμην μελέσσαν ἔρκος ἐνυαλίου ταμεσίχροος ἰῶχμοί.

οὔτός τοι Νεμέου γένετ' ὦ φίλε θηρὸς ὀλέθρος, πολλὰ πάρος μήλοις τε καὶ ἀνδράσι κήδεα θέντος.

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1 mss also οὐραίον and οὐραίη
2 mss also μέχρι
3 mss also θαλασσεῖς
4 ἦν οὔτε Wil: mss ἦσθε
5 thus Meineke:
THEOCRITUS XXV, 266–281

neck. Then from the rear, lest he should tear me with his talons, I got 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-neckèd 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. 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.—ΑΗΝΑΙ Η ΒΑΚΧΑΙ

'Ἰνώ κα'Αὐτονόα χὰ μαλοπάρανος 'Αγαύα
treῖς θιάσως ἐς ὁρος τρεῖς ἄγαγον αὐτάλ ἐδίσαι.
χαὶ μὲν ἀμερξάμεναι λασίας δρυὸς ἄγρια φύλλα
κισσὸν τε ζώοντα καὶ ἄσφόδελον τὸν ὑπὲρ γάς
ἐν καθαρῷ λεμὺν κάμον δυσκαίδεκα βωμῶς,
tῶς τρεῖς τὰ Σεμέλα, τῶς ἐννέα τῷ Διονύσῳ.
ἵερὰ δὲ ἐκ κίστας πεποναμένα χεροὶν ἔλοιςαι
εὐφάμως κατέθεντο νεοδρέπτων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
ὡς ἐδίδασχ', ὡς αὐτὸς ἐθυμάρει Διόνυσος.
Πενθεῖς δ' ὡμιβάτου πέτρας ἀπὸ πάντ' ἐθεώρει,
σχίνου ἐς ἀρχαῖαν καταδὺς, ἐπιχώριον ἔρνος.
Αὐτονόα πράτα νῖν ἀνέκραγε δεινὸν ἴδοίσα,
σὺν δ' ἑτάραξε ποσίν μανιώδεος ὀργία Βάκχω,
ἐξαπίνας ἐπιοίσα· τὰ δ' οὐχ ὅρεοιτι βέβηλοι.
μαίνετο μὲν θ' αὐτά, μαίνοντο δ' ἀρ' εὐθὺ καὶ
ἀλλαί.1
Πενθεῖς μὲν φεύγειν πεφοβημένος, αἰ δ' ἐδίωκον,
pέπλως ἐκ ἡστήρος ἐς ἱγνύαν ἐρύσαισαι.
Πενθεῖς μὲν τὸδ' ἔειπε "τίνοσ κέχρησθε γυναῖκες;"
Αὐτονόα τὸδ' ἔειπε "τάχα γνώση πρίν ἀκοῦσαι."
μάτηρ τὰν κεφαλᾶν μυκῆσατο παιδὸς ἔλοιςα,
ὅσσον περὶ τοκάδος τελέθει μύκημα λεαίνας·
'Ἰνώ δ' ἐξέρρηξε σὺν ὠμοπλάτα μέγαν ὁμον

1 ἀλλαί Ahrens: μεσ ἀλλαί

326
XXVI.—THE BACCHANALS

Three dames led three meinies to the mountain, Ino, Autonoë, and apple-cheeked Agavè, 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 Semelè 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 mastich-tree such as grow in that country. Autonoe saw him first and gave a horrible shriek, and made quick confusion of the sacred things of the madding 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?” Autonoe, 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

“apple-cheeked”: the Greek may also mean ‘white-faced’
THE BUCOLIC POETS

λὰξ ἐπὶ γαστέρα βάσα, καὶ Αὐτονόας ῥυθμὸς
οὐτὸς.
αἱ δὲ ἄλλαι τὰ περισσὰ κρεανομέοντο γυναῖκες.
ἐς Θήβας δὲ ἀφίκοντο πεφυρμέναι αἴματι πᾶσαι,
ἐξ ὀρεοὺς πένθημα καὶ οὐ Πενθήμεροις.
οὐκ ἄλεγω· μηδ' ἄλλος ἀπεχθομένων¹ Διονύσῳ
φροντίζοι, μηδ' εἰ χαλεπώτερα τῶν δὲ μογῆσαι,²
eἰδ' ἐνυαίης ἦ καὶ δεκάτῳ ἐπιβείνοι·
αὐτὸς δ' ἐνυγέοιμι καὶ ἐναγέσσων ἀδοιμι.
ἐκ Δίδω αὐγιόχω τιμὰν ἔχει αἰετὸς οὕτως.
ἐυσεβέων παίδεσοι τὰ λῶια, δυσεσβέων δ' οὐ.

χαίροι μὲν Δίονυσος, δυ ἐν Δρακάνῳ νυφόεντι
Ζεὺς ύπατος μεγαλαν ἐπιγοννίδα κάτθετο λύσας·
χαίροι δὲ εὐείδης Σεμέλα καὶ ἀδελφεὰ αὐτᾶς
Καμεῖαι πολλαῖς μεμελημέναι ἡρωίναι,³
αἰ τὸδε ἔργον ἑρεξα όρίαντος Διονύσου
οὐκ ἐπιμωματῶν. μὴδεὶς τὰ θεῶν ὁνόσαιτο.

¹ ἀπεχθομένω Bergk: mss -ναι ² δὲ μογῆσαι Ahr: mss
δ' ἐμόγησε ³ thus Graefe: mss πολλαῖς and ἡρωίναι
THEOCRITUS XXVI, 23–38

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 heroine 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 penthēma (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.
XXVII.—[OAPISTTS]

AKROTIMH
Τὰν πινυτὰν Ἀελέναν Πάρις ἤρπασε βουκόλος ἄλλος.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μᾶλλον ἐκοὸς Ἀελένα τὸν βουκόλον ἐσσὶ¹ φιλεῖσα.

AKROTIMH
μὴ² καυχῶ σατυρίσκε. κενὸν τὸ φίλαμα λέγουσιν.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἔστι καὶ ἐν κενεοίσι φιλάμασιν ἄδεα τέρψις.

AKROTIMH
τὸ στόμα μεν πλύνω καὶ ἀποπτύω τὸ φίλαμα.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
πλύνεις χείλεα σεῖο; δίδου πάλιν, ὀφρὰ φιλάσω.

AKROTIMH
καλὸν σοι δαμάλας φιλέειν, οὐκ ἄζυγα κώραν.

¹ ἐκοὸς: Ahrens: mss ἐδοῖος ἐσσὶ Ε: mss ἐστὶ ² μὴ Musurus: mss omit

332
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 ἦβη.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἀ σταφυλίς σταφίς ἐστι καὶ οὐ ῥόδον αὖν ὀλεῖται.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ηδὲ τί γηράσκη; τόδε ποι σιμί καὶ γάλα πίνω. 1
dεῦρ' ὑπὸ τὰς κοτίνους, ἵνα σοὶ τίνα μῦθον ἐνέψω. 11

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
οὐκ ἐθέλω· καὶ πρὶν με παρήπαφες ἀδεὶ μῦθῳ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
dεῦρ' ὑπὸ τὰς πτελέας, ἵν' ἐμᾶς σύριγγος ἀκούσης.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
tὴν σαυτοῦ φρένα τέρψον· ὦ ἵζυων οὐδὲν ἀρέσκει.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
φεῦ φεῦ τὰς Παφίας χόλου ἄξεο καὶ σύγχε κώρα.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
χαιρέτω ἀ Παφία· μόνον ἴλαος Ἄρτεμις εἶη.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μὴ λέγε, μὴ βάλλῃ σε καὶ ἐς λίνου ἄλλυτον ἐνθῆς.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
βαλλέτω ὡς ἐθέλη· πάλιν Ἄρτεμις ἀμμιν ἀρῆξει. 3

1 this line is omitted in some mss: γηράσκη Ε: mss ὁσκω
2 ἄλλυτον Mus (?): mss ἄκλιτον
3 ἐθέλη Ε: mss ἐθέλης
ἀρῆξει Ε: mss ἀρῆγη

334
THEOCRITUS XXVII, 8–18

DAPHNIS
Soft you, be not so sure; your youth passes you by like a dream.

ACROTIME
But the grape's in the raisin, and dry rose-leaves may live.

DAPHNIS (*kissing her cheek*)
Shall *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.

ACROTIME
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.

ACROTIME
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.

ACROTIME
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.

ACROTIME
Let her have at me; Artemis will help me out.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
οὐ φεῦγεις τὸν Ἑρωτα, τὸν οὐ φύγε παρθένος ἄλλη. 20

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
φεῦγω ναὶ τὸν Πάνα· σὺ δὲ ξυγὸν αἰὲν ἀείραις.1
μηπιβάλης τὴν χεῦρα· καὶ εἰσέτι χεῖλος ἀμύξω.2 19

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
δειμαίνω, μὴ δὴ σε κακωτέρῳ ἀνέρι δώσω. 22

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
πολλοὶ μ’ ἐμνώοντο, νόῳ δ’ ἐμῷ οὕτις ἔαδε.3

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
εἰς καὶ ἐγὼ πολλῶν μνηστήρ τεὸς ἐνθάδ’ ἰκάνω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
καὶ τί φίλος ῥέξαιμι· γάμῳ πλήθουσιν ἀνίας.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
οὐκ ὄδύνην, οὐκ ἄλγος ἐχει γάμος, ἀλλὰ χορεῖν.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ναὶ μάν φασί γυναῖκας εὗς τρομέειν παρακοίτας.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μᾶλλον ἄεὶ κρατέουσι· τί καὶ 4 τρομέουσι γυναῖκες;

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἀδίνειν τρομέω· χαλεπὸν βέλος Εἰλευθύνης.

1 αἰείρας Ahr: mss αἰεῖρες 2 this line is before 18 in some mss, after it in others 3 ἔαδε (perf.) Fritzsche: mss ἔαιδει, Mss. ἔαδε 4 τί καὶ Wil: mss τίνα

336
THEOCRITUS XXVII, 19–29

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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
άλλα τεί βασίλεια μογοστόκος Ἀρτεμίς ἔστιν. 30

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
άλλα τεκεῖν τρομέω, μή καὶ χρόα καλὸν ὀλέσσω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἡν δὲ τέκης φίλα τέκνα, νέον φῶς ὀψεαί ύλας.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
καὶ τί μοι ἔδνον ἀγείς γάμον ἀξίων, ἢν ἐπινεύσω;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
πᾶσαν τὰν ἀγέλαν, πάντ' ἀλσεα καὶ νομὸν ἔξεις.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
δὲμνε μὴ μετὰ λέκτρα λιπὼν ἀέκουσαν ἀπενθεῖν.¹

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
οὐ μαῦτον τὸν Πάνα, καὶ ἢν ἐθέλης με διώξαι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
τεῦχεις μοι θαλάμους, τεῦχεις καὶ δῶμα καὶ αὐλᾶς;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
τεῦχω σοι θαλάμους· τὰ δὲ πώεα καλὰ νομεύω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
πατρὶ δὲ γηραλέῳ τίνα μᾶν,² τίνα μῦθον ἐνέψω;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀνήσει σέο λέκτρον, ἐπὶν ἐμὸν οὖνομ' ἀκούσῃ. 40

¹ ἀπενθεῖν Reiske: mss ἀπένθησιν ² μὰν Ahr: mss κεν

338
THEOCRITUS XXVII, 30-40

DAPHNIS
But thou hast Artemis to thy queen, and she lightens the labour.

ACROTIRE
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.

ACROTIRE
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.

ACROTIRE
Swear thou’lt never thereafter leave me all forlorn.

DAPHNIS
Before great Pan I swear it, even if thou choose to send me packing.

ACROTIRE
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.

ACROTIRE
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ούνομα σὸν λέγε τῆνο καὶ οὐνομα πολλάκι τέρπει.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
Δύφνις ἐγώ, Δυκίδας δὲ πατήρ, μήτηρ δὲ Νομαίη.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἐξ εὐηγενέων ἀλλ' οὐ σέθεν εἰμὶ χερεῖων.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
οἶδ', Ἀκροτίμη ἐσσί,1 πατήρ δὲ τοί ἔστι Μενάλκας.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
δείξων ἐμοὶ τεῦν ἄλσος, ὅπῃ σέθεν ἵσταται αὐλά.2

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
dεῦρ' ἵδε, πῶς ἀνθεύσω ἐμαί ραδιων κυπάρισσοι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἀγχυς ἐμαι βοσκεσθε τὰ βουκόλω ἔργα νοῆσω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ταῦροι καλὰ νέμεσθ', ίνα παρθένῳ ἄλσεα δείξω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
τί ρέζεις σατυρίσκε; τί δ' ἐνδοθεν ἄψαι μαζῶν;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
μᾶλα τεὰ πρώτιστα τάδε χροάοντα διδάξω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

ναρκῶ ναὶ τῶν Πάνα. τεῆν πάλιν ἐξελε χεῖρα.

1 oīd' Jacobs: mss oūd' 'Ακροτίμη ἐσσί Ε: mss ἁκρά τιμῆσσι, Mus. ἁ. τιμῆσσα 2 teūn Wil: mss ἔθον, Mus. ἔθεν αὐλά Ε: mss a or aia, Mus. ἀδλις

340
THEOCRITUS XXVII, 41-51

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 Nomaeë.

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 Menalca's.

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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
θάρσει κώρα φίλα. τί μοι ἐτρεμεῖς; ὡς μάλα δειλά.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
βάλλεις εἰς ἀμάραν με καὶ εἰμάτα καλὰ μιαίνεις.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλ’ ὑπὸ σοὺς πέπλους ἀπαλὸν νάκος ἧνίδε βάλλω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
φεύ φεύ καὶ τὰν μύτραν ἀπέσχισας· ἐς τὶ δ’ ἐλυσας;

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
τὰ Παφία πράτιστον ἐγὼ τόδε δῶρον ὑπάσσω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
μίμηνε τάλαν· τάχα τίς τοι ἐπέρχεται. ἥχον ἀκούω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλήλαις λαλέουσι τεδώ γάμου αἱ κυπάρισσοι.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
ἀμπεχόνην ποίησας ἐμὴν ῥάκον· εἰμὶ δὲ γυμνά.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
ἀλλην ἀμπεχόνην τῆς σῆς τοι μείζονα δῶσω.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ
φῆς μοι πάντα δόμεν· τάχα δ’ ύστερον οὖδ’ ἄλα
dοῖης.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ
αἰθ’ αὐτάν δυνάμαν καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ἐπιβάλλειν.

1 μύτραν Winsem: mss μικρὰν ἀπέσχισας Scaliger: mss ἀπέστιχες 2 ὑπάσσω E, cf l. 64; he cannot be said to give it on the spot 3 ἀμπεχόνην Ahr: mss τὰμπεχόνην,

342
THEOCRITUS XXVII, 52–62

DAPHNIS
Never thou mind, sweet; what hadst thou to fear, little coward?

ACROTIME
Thou thrustest me into the water-conduit and soillest my pretty clothes.

DAPHNIS
Nay; look ye there! I cast my soft sheepskin under thy cloak.

ACROTIME
Out, alack! thou hast torn off my girdle, too. Why didst loose that?

DAPHNIS
This shall be my firstlings to our Lady of Paphos.

ACROTIME
Hold, ah hold! sure somebody's e'en coming. There's a noise.

DAPHNIS
Aye, the cypress-trees talking together of thy bridal.

ACROTIME
Thou hast torn my mantle and left me in my shift.

DAPHNIS
I'll give thee another mantle, and an ampler.

ACROTIME
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!

Mus. τὰμπέχονον ἐμὴν Hermann: mss ἐμὸν ὁᾶκος Mus (?): mss ὁᾶγος

343
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

Ἀρτεμι, μὴ νεμέσα σοίς ῥήμασιν¹ οὐκέτι πιστῇ.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ῥέξω² πόρτιν Ἐρωτὶ καὶ αὐτὰ βῶν ἀφροδίτα.

ΑΚΡΟΤΙΜΗ

παρθένος ἐνθα βέβηκα, γυνῇ δ' εἰς οἶκον ἀφέρπω.

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ

ἀλλὰ γυνῇ μήτηρ τεκέων τροφὸς, οὐκέτι κώρα.

δ' ὦ μὲν χλοεροῖσιν ιαυόμενοι μελέεσσιν ἀλλήλοις ψιθύριζον. ἀνιστατο φώριος εὐνή.

χῇ μὲν ἀνεγρομένη πάλιν ἐστιχὲ³ μᾶλα νομεύειν ῥήμασιν αἰδομένοις,⁴ κραδίθι δὲ οἱ ἐνδοι ίανθη, ὡς δ' ἐπὶ ταυρείας ἀγέλας κεχαρημένος εὐνᾶς.

ΚΡΙΤΗΣ

δέχυμο σὰν σύριγγα τέαν⁵ πάλιν, ὄλβιε ποίμαν·

tά καὶ ποιμναγών⁶ ἑτέραν σκεψώμεθα μολπάν.


344
THEOCRITUS XXVII, 63–73

ACROTIME

O Artemis, be not wroth with a transgressor of thy word.

DAPHNIS

Love shall have a heifer of me, and great Aphrodite a cow.

ACROTIME

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 φιλέριθ᾽ ἀλακάτα δῶρον Ἀθανάας
gύναιξιν, νὸσοι οἰκωφελίας αἰσιν ἐπάβδος.
θάρσειοι ἄμμων ὑμάρτη πόλιν ἐς Ὁμήρους ἀγλάαν,
ὅππως Κύπριδος ἱρὸν καλάμῳ χλῶρον ὑπ᾽ ἄπτάλφρ.
tυίδε γὰρ πλόον εὐάνεμον αἰτήμεθα πάρ Δίος,
ὅππως ξένων ἔμοι τέρψου ἱδων κάντιφιλόσομαι 1
Νικίαν, Χαρίτων ἵμεροφώνων ἱερον φύτον,
καὶ σὲ τὰν ἐλέφαντος πολυμόχθῳ γεγενημέναν
dῶρον Νικίας εἰς ἀλόχω 2 χέρρας ὀπάσσομεν,
σὺν τὰ πόλλα μὲν ἐρρ 3 ἐκτελέσεις ἀνδρείοις
πέπλοις,
pόλλα δ᾽ οὐ γύναικες φορέοισ᾽ ὑδάτινα βράκη.
διὸς γὰρ μάτερες ἄρνων μαλάκοις ἐν βοτάνας πόκοις
πέξαιντ᾽ αὐτοῖς, Θευγένιδος γ᾽ ἑννεκ᾽ ἐὔσφυρων
οὕτως ἀνυσίεργοις, φιλεῖε δ᾽ ὀσσα σαῦρονες.
οὐ γὰρ εἰς ἄκιρας οὐδ᾽ ἐς ἄεργον κεν ἐβολλόμαν
ὀπασσαὶ σε δόμοις ἀμμετέρας ἔσσαν 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 κάντιφιλόσομαι Musurus: mss -ςω
2 ἀλόχω: mss also ἀλόχω perhaps rightly 3 ἐρρ(α) = ἐρια
Buecheler: mss ἔργον

348
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

Miletus was founded by Neleus, and a temple of Aphrodite-in-the-Marsh seems to have been one of its outstanding features.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ γὰρ τοι πάτρις, ἀν ὡξ Ἐφύρας κτίσσει ποτ' Ἀρχίας
νάσῳ Τρινακρίας μύελον, ἀνδρων δοκίμων πόλιν.

νῦν μὰν οίκον ἔχουσ' ἄνερος, ὁς πόλλ' ἐδάὴ σοφα ἀνθρώπουσι νόσοις φάρμακα λύγραις ἀπαλάλκεμεν, 20 οἰκήσεις κατὰ Μίλλατον ἑράνναν πεδ' Ἰαόνων,

ὡς εὐαλάκατος Θεύγενις ἐν δαμότισιν πέλη,
καὶ οἱ μνᾶστιν ἀεὶ τῷ φιλαοίδῳ παρέχης ἕνω·
κήνο γὰρ της ἔρει τῷ π᾽ ἓδων σ'. ἦ μεγάλα χάρις
dῷρο σὺν ὀλύγῳ πάντα δὲ τίματα τὰ πὰρ φίλων.'
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 is 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.
\\disc Contents\\n
\section{XXIX.—ΠΑΙΔΙΚΟΝ ΑΙΟΛΙΚΟΝ α'}

'Ονος ὁ θεός παῖ Λέγεται 'καὶ ἀλάθεα' κάμμε\footnote{1} χρὴ μεθύντας ἀλάθεας ἐξημείαν. κῆγγω μὲν ἐρέω τὰ φρένων κέατ\footnote{2} ἐν μύχῳ οὐκ ὅλας σε φίλην\footnote{3} με θέλεισθ' ἀπ' καρδίας γινόσκω. τὸ γάρ αἰμουν τὰς ζώιας ἔχω ζὰ τὰν σὰν ἰδέαν, τὸ δὲ λοίπου ἀπώλετο, κὼτα μὲν σὺ θέλεις, μακάρεσσιν ἵσαν ἁγω ἀμέραν ὑτα δ' οὐκ θέλεις τὸ, μάλ' ἐν σκότῳ. πῶς ταῦτ' ἁμενα, τὸν φιλέοντ' ὀνίας δίδων; ἀλλ' εἰ μοι τι πίθου νέος προγενεστέρῳ, τὸ κε λώιον αὐτος ἔχων ἐμ' ἐπαύσασις. ποίησον καλιὰν μάν ἐνν\footnote{4} ἐνι δενδρίῳ, ὅπποι\footnote{5} μηδὲν ἀπίξεται ἀγριόν ὀρπετον. νῦν δὲ τῶδε μὲν ἀματος ἀλλον ἔχεις κλάδων, ἀλλον δ' αὐρίον, ἔξ' ἐτέρω δ' ἐτερον μάτης. καὶ κέν σεν τὸ κάλων τὶς ἰδων ἰθός αἰνέσαι, τῷ δ' εὖθυς πλέον ἡ τριέτης ἐγένευ φίλος, τὸν πρώτον δὲ φίλεντα\footnote{6} τρίταιον ἐθήκαο ἀνδρῶν, τῶν ὑπέρ ἀνόρεαν\footnote{7} δοκεῖς πνέην φίλη δ', ἀς κε ζώης, τὸν ὑμοιον\footnote{8} ἔχην αἰ. αἰ γὰρ ωδε πόης, ἀγαθος μὲν ἀκούσει εξ' ἀντων. ὁ δ' τοι κ' Ἐρος οὐ χαλέπως ἐχοι, ὅς ἀνδρον φρένας εὐμάρεως ὑποδάμναται, κήμε μάλθακον ἐξ' ἐπότησε σιδαρι. 

\footnote{1} κάμμε Brunck: mss κάμμες \footnote{2} thus E: mss order τὰ φρένων ἐρέω κέατ \footnote{3} σε φίλην E: mss φιλείν \footnote{4} ἐνν Wil: mss εἰν \footnote{5} ὅπποι Wil: mss ὅπη or ὅπη \footnote{6} φίλεντα E: 

354
XXIX.—THE FIRST LOVE-POEM

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 φιλεύντα 7 mss ὑπερανορέων 8 τὸν ὄμοιον = the same,
cf. Meg. 33

355

A A 2
THE BUCOLIC POETS

...
THEOCRITUS XXIX, 25-40

O by those soft lips I beseech you remember that you were younger a year agone, 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 Hercules. "woodness": madness.
ΧΧΧ.—ΠΑΙΔΙΚΟΝ ΑΙΟΛΙΚΟΝ β’

"Ωνα ὡς χαλέπω καίνομόρῳ τῶδε νοσήματος·
tετόρταιος ἔχει παιδὸς ἔρος μὴνα μὲ ¹ δεύτερον,
κάλω μὲν μετρίως, ἀλλ’ ὀποσον τῷ πόδι περρέχει
tᾶς γᾶς, τοῦτο χάρις, ταῖς δὲ παράυφαις γλύκυ ⁵
μειδία.²
καὶ νῦν μὲν τὸ κάκον ταῖς μὲν ἔχει, ταῖσι δὲ ἰ’ουκ
ἔχει.³
τάχα δ’ οὖν ὅσον ὑπνο ἐπικύρων ἐσσετ’ ἐρωτία.
ἔχθεσ γὰρ παρίσων ἔδρακε λέπτ’ ἀμμε δ’ ὀφρύγων ⁴
αιδέσθεις προτίδην ⁵ ἀντίος, ἧρευθετο δὲ χρόα,
ἐμεθεν δὲ πλέον τὰς κραδίας ὅρος ἔδραξατο·
eις οἶκον δ’ ἀπέβαν ἐλκος ἐχω καὶ τὸ <κέαρ
δάκων>⁶
πόλλα δ’ εἰσκαλέσαις θύμον ἐμαύτῳ διελεξάμαν⁷
‘τι δὴ ταῦτ’ ἐπόης; ἀλοσύνας τὶ ἐσχατὸν ἐσσεται;
λευκὰς οὐκὶ ἰσαιοθ’ ὅτι φόρης ἐν κροτάφοις
τρίας ⁸,
ὁρά τοι φρονένη, μὴ ωὐκι ⁹ νέος τὰν ἰδέαν πέλῃ
πάντ’ ἐρθῆ ὅςσας περ ὅ τῶν ἐτέων ἀρτια γεύμενοι.¹⁰
καὶ μὰν ἄλλα σε λάθει: τὸ δ’ ἀρ’ ἦν λῶιν, ἐμμεναι

¹ μἐνα μὲ Bergk: ms μἐνα ⁴, ⁵ transposed by Fritzsche
² παραύφαις (so Ε) γλύκυ μειδία Bgk: ms παράυφαις γλ. μειδία
³ thus Bgk: ms ταῖς μὲν ἔχει ταῖς δ’ ὅν ⁴ λέπτ’
ἀμμε Schwabe: δ’ ὀφρύγων Bgk-Herwerden: ms λέπτα
μελιφρύγων ⁵ προτίδην Ε: ms ποτίδην ⁶ κέαρ δάκων sur.
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 heart sore 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 διελεξάµαν Bgk: ms διέλυξε 8 οὐκι Frisoth3 E: ms οὐκ ἐπίθες 8' φόρης and τρία Bgk: ms φόρεσις and τρία 9 φρονεῖν Bgk: ms φρονείσιν μὴ ὅπλι νέος E: ms μὴ . . . νέος: see Class. Rev. 1911 p. 37 10 γελημενοι Kreissler: ms γεγενήμ.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ξέννυν τῶν χαλέπων παίδος ἑρων ἢ τὸν ἐντ' ἔραν.

τῶ μὲν γὰρ βίος ἔρπει Φίσα γόννως ἐλάφω θόας
telάσσαι δ' ἀτέρα ποντοπόρην ἃ αὐριον ἀμέραν, ὁ
οῦ δ' αὐτῶ γλυκέρας ἀνθέμον ἀβας πεδ' ὑμαλίκω
μένει. τῷ δ' ὁ πόθος καὶ τὸν ἑσω μύέλον ἐσθίει
ὀμμιμνασκομένῳ, πόλλα δ' ὁρη νύκτος ἐνύπνια,
pαύσασθαι δ' ἐνιαυτὸς χαλέπας οὐς ἀκονοὺς
dύας—>.

ταῦτα κάτερα πόλλα προτὶ ἐμον ὑμοὺς ἐμεμ-
ψάμαν

ὁ δὲ τοῦτ' ἔφατ'- ὡτίς δοκίμοι τὸν 

νικάσῃ Ἑρων, ὡτός δοκίμοι τοῖς ὑπὲρ ἀμμεών

εὔρην βραίδιως ἀστεράς, ὀππόσακιν ἐννεα-

καὶ νῦν, εἴτε θέλω, χρῆ με μάκρον σχόντα τὸν

ἀμφενα

ἔλκην τὸν ξυγόν, εἴτ' οὐκὶ θέλω· ταῦτα γάρ, ὄγαθε,

βόλλεται θέος δς καὶ Δίος ἐσφαλε μέγαν νῦν

καῦτας Κυπρογενής· ἐμε μὰν, φύλλον ἐπάμερον

σμίκρας δεύμενον αὐρας, ὀνέλων ὅ κε φόρη φόρη.

1 ἑρων ἢ τὸν ἐντ' supplied by E ἐρπε Φίσα E : ms

ἐρπε ροῦςα. 2 telάσσαι = τολμάσαι E from Hesych : ms
dιάσει ἀβριον ἀμέραν = ταῦτη τῶν ᾁμερῶν ἃ αβριον ἔστι E :

ms αβριον ἀμ. 3 χαλέπας Bgk : ms χαλεπαί οὐκ ἱκονος
dύας supplied by E : ms οὐκί for aposiopesis cf. Ἱη. 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 whithersoever he list (as well he may) a poor mortal leaf like me that needs but a puff of air to lift it.”

319 ff. 4 προτή E: ms ποτ’ 5 δοκίμων Bgk: ms δοκεῖ μοι
6 φύλλον Fritzsch: ms φίλον 7 δεδεμένον Bgk: ms δεδέ-
μενον ὁνέλων Ahr: ms ὑμέλλων ἃ κε Wil: ms αἴκα φόρη
φόρη E: ms φορεῖ: see Class. Rev. 1911 p. 66
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 δόξα τὰ δροσόεντα καὶ ἀ κατάπυκνος ἐκεῖνα ἔρπυλλος κεῖται ταῖς Ἐλικωνιάσι,
ταῖ δὲ μελάμφυλλοι δάφναι τῶν Πύθει Παιάν,
Δελφὶς ἔπει πέτρα τοῦτο τοῦ ἄγλαίσει;
βωμὸν δ’ αἰμάξει κεραίς τράγος οὐτος ὁ μαλὸς,
τερμίνθοι τρώγων ἕσχατον ἀκρεμόνα.

II

Δάφνις ὁ λευκόχρως, ὁ καλὰ σύριγγι μελίσδων
βουκολικοῦς ὕμνους, ἀνθετὸ Παῦλ τάδε,
τοὺς τρητοὺς δόνακας, τὸ λαγῳδόλουν, ὃς ὡν ἄκοντα,
νεβρίδα, τὰν πήραν, ἄ ποκ’ ἐμαλοφόρει.

III

Εὐδεῖς φυλλοστρῶτι πέδων Δάφνι σῶμα κεκμακὸς
ἀμπαύων, στάλκες δ’ ἀρτιπαγεῖς ἀν’ ὄρη·
ἀγρεύει δέ τι τοῦ Πάν καὶ ὁ τὸν κροκόεντα Πρήπος
κισσόν ἐφ’ ἵμερτῷ κρατὶ καθαπτόμενοι,
ἀντροῦ ἐσῳ στείχοντες ὠμόρροθοι. ἀλλὰ τὸ φεύγε,
φεύγε μεθ’ οὐποῦ κῶμα καταρρύμενον.¹

¹ καταρρύμενον E: cf. Sappho fr. 4 κῶμα κατάρρει, and χῶμενος: mss καταγρύμενον or καταγόμενον
364
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

IV

Τήναν τὰν λαύραν, τόθι ταί δρύες, αἰπόλε κάμψας σύκινον εὐρήσεις ἀρτιγυλυφὲς ξύανον ἀσκελές ἀυτόφλοιον ἀνούατον, ἀλλὰ φάλητι παιδογόνῳ δυνατῶν Κύπριδος ἔργα τελεῖν. σακὸς δ’ εὐίερος περιδέδρομεν, ἀέναον δὲ ἰεθρὸν ἀπὸ σπιλάδων πάντοσε τηλεθαί δάφναις καὶ μύρτοισι καὶ εὐώδει κυπαρίσσις, ἐνθα πέριξ κέχυναι βοτρύόπαις ἐξικε ἀμπελοῖς, εἰαρινοὶ δὲ λυγυφθόγγοισιν ἀοίδαῖς κόσσυφοι ἀχεύσιν ποικιλότραυλα μέλη, ξουθαὶ δ’ ἀδονίδες μινυρίσμασιν ἀνταχεύσι ॥ μελπούσαι στόμασιν τὰν μελόγαρυν ὅπα. ἐξεῖ δὴ τηνεὶ καὶ τῷ χαρίεντι Πριήπῳ εὐχέ’ ἀποστέρξαι τοὺς Δάφνιδος μὲ πόθους, κεῦθος ἐπιρρέξειν χύμαρον καλὸν. ἦν δ’ ἀνανεύσῃ, τοῦδε τυχὼν ἔθελω τρισσὰ θύη τελέσαι ῥέξω γὰρ δαμάλων, λάσιον τράγων, ἄρνα τὸν ἰσχω σακίταν. ἄτοι δ’ εὐμενέως ὁ θεός.

V

Δῆς ποτὶ τὰν Νυμφὰν διδύμως αὐλοῦσιν ἀείσαι ἄδύ τι μοι; κηρὼ πακτίδ’ ἀειράμενος ἀρξεύμαλ τι κρέκεων, ὁ δὲ βουκόλος ἀμμυγα θελξεῖ Δάφνις, κηροδέτω πνεύματι μελπόμενος.

1 ἀσκελὲς Jahn, i.e. a herm, cf. A.P. 10. 8. 6. 20; mss τρισκελὲς  2 ἀνταχεύσι Scaliger: mss ἀνταχεύσι
366
THE INSCRIPTIONS, IV–V

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

When you turn the corner of yonder lane, sweet Goatherd, where the oak-trees are, you'll find a new-carved effigy of fig-wood, without legs or ears and the bark still upon it, but nevertheless an able servant of the Cyprian. There's a brave little sacrificial close runs round it, and a never-ceasing freshet that springs from the rocks there is greened all about with bays and myrtles and fragrant cypress, among which the mother o' grapes doth spread and twine, and in spring the blackbirds cry their 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

ἐγγύς δὲ στάντες λασίας δρυὸς ἀντρού ὀπισθὲν
Πάνα τὸν αἰγυβάταν ὄρφανίσωμες ὑπνοῦ.

VI

Ἀ δεῖλαιε τῷ Θύρσῃ, τί τὸ πλέον, εἰ καταταξεῖς
δάκρυσί διγλήνους ὅπας ὀδυρόμενος;
οἶχεται ἀ χίμαρος, τὸ καλὸν τέκος, οἶχετ ἐς Ἀιδαν-
τραχὺς γὰρ χαλαῖ τὰμφεπίαξε λύκος.
αἱ δὲ κύνες κλαγγεῦντι τι τὸ πλέον, ἀνίκα τήνας
ὀστιον οὖδὲ τέφρα λείπεται οἰχομέναις;

VII

Νῆπιον νῦν ἐλευπες, ἐν ἄλκισα δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς,
Εὐρύμεδον, τύμβου τοῦδε θανῶν ἐτυχες.
σοὶ μὲν ἑδρα θείοσι μετ᾽ ἀνδράσι τὸν δὲ πολῖται
τιμασεύντι, πατρὸς μνώμενοι ὡς ἀγαθῶ.

VIII

'Ἡλθε καὶ ἐς Μίλητον ὁ τοῦ Παιήνονος νίσς,
 iota ἱνόσον ἀνδρὶ συνοισόμενος
Νικία, ὃς μὲν ἐπ' ἥμαρ ἀεὶ θυεσσῖν ἱκνεῖται,
καὶ τόδ' ἀπ' εὐώδους γλύψατ' ἀγαλμα κέδρου,
'Ηντίων χώριν γλαφυρὰς χερὸς ἀκρον ὑποστὰς
μυθὸν· ὦ δ' εἰς ἑργὸν πᾶσαν ἀφῆκε τέχνην.

1 mss also λασιάκενος ἐγγύθεν ἀντρου

368
notes of his wax-bound breath; and so standing beside the shaggy oak behind the cave, let’s rob yon goat-foot Pan of his slumber.

VI.—[FOR A PICTURE]

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

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

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

VIII.—[FOR NICIAS’ NEW STATUE OF ASCLEPIUS]

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

IX

Ξείνε, Συρακόσιος τοι ἀνὴρ τόδε ἐφίσται Ὀρθῶν·
χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἱοῖς.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τοιοῦτον ἔχων πότμον, ἀντὶ δὲ πολλὰς
πατρίδος ὅθεν ἰαν χείμαι ἀφεστάμενος.

X

Τμῖν τούτῳ θεαὶ κεχαρισμένου ἐννέα πάσαις
τῶγαλμα Ξενοκλῆς θῆκε τὸ μαρμάρινον,
μουσικὸς· οὐχ ἐτέρως τις ἐρεῖ. σοφίη δ’ ἐπὶ τὴδε
ἀινὸν ἔχων Μοισέων οὐκ ἐπιλανθάνεται.

XI

Εὐσθένειος τὸ μνῆμα, φυσιγνώμων ὃς ἀριστος,
 deutschland άπ’ ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ τὸ νόημα μαθεῦν.
εῦ μιν ἐθαψαν ἐταῖροι ἐπὶ ξείνης ξένου οὐτα,
χωὔμνοθέτης αὐτῷ δαίμονίως φιλός ἦν.
πάντων ὃν ἐπεοίκειν ἔχει τεθνεῶς ὁ σοφιστής·
καὶ περ ἄκικος ἐδὼ εἰς ἀρα κηδεμόνας.

1 πότμον: mss also μόρον  
2 mss also ὅθεν ἰαν ἀφεστάμενος F, cf. ἄριστος E, C.I.A. 1. 32. 18: mss ἐφέσσος and ἐρέσσος.  
3 ὃς ἀριστος E, for the more usual attracted form φυσιγνώμων οὐ (or οίου) ἀριστος, cf. xiv. 59: mss ὁ σοφιστής from below

370
THE INSCRIPTIONS, IX–XI

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Weakling wight": an Epic word to point the play upon the name.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

XII

Δήμομέλης ο χορηγός, ο τόν τρίπτοθ τω Διόνυσε καὶ σε τὸν ἦδιστον θεῶν μακάρων ἀναθεῖς, μέτριος ἦν ἐν πᾶσι, χορῷ δ' ἐκτήσατο νίκην ἀνδρῶν, καὶ τὸ καλὸν καὶ τὸ προσήκον ὄρων.

XIII

Ἡ Κύπρις οὐ πάνδημος. Ἰλάσκεο τὴν θεῶν εἰπὼν οὐρανίην, ἀγνῆς ἀνθέμα Χρυσογόνης οἴκῳ ἐν Ἀμφικλέους, ὃ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον εἶχε ξυνόν. ἀεὶ δὲ σφιν λόιμον εἰς ἔτος ἦν ἐκ σέθεν ἀρχωμένους ὡς πότνιαι. κηδόμενοι γὰρ ἀθανάτων αὐτοῖ πλεῖον ἔχουσι βροτοὶ.

XIV

Ἄστοις καὶ ξείνωσιν ἵσον νέμει ἦδε τράπεζα. θεῖς ἄνελοι ψήφου πρὸς λόγων ἐλκομένης. ἄλλος τις πρόφασιν λεγέτω τὰ δ' οἴνεῖα Κάικος χρήματα καὶ νυκτὸς βουλομένους ἀριθμεῖ.

1 Ἀμφικλέους: a Coan name 2 ἐλκομένης, cf. Hudeh Papp. 1. p. 65, Theophr. Char. 24: mss also ἀρχωμένης

372
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 Caicus in the dark.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

XV
Γνώσομαι, εἰ τι νέμεις ἀγαθοὶς πλέον, ἥ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς ἐκ σέθεν ὁσαύτως ἰσον, ὁδοιπόρ', ἔχει.
'χαιρέτω οὖτος ὁ τύμβος' ἔρεις ἐπει Εὐρυμέ-
δοντος
κεῖται τής ίερής κούφος ύπὲρ κεφαλῆς'.

XVI
'Η παις φχετ' ἀνωρος ἐν ἐβδόμῳ hydrate ἐνιαυτῷ
εἰς 'Αἰδην πολλῆς ἡλικίης προτέρη,
δειλαίη, ποθέουσα τον εἰκοσάμηνον ἄδελφον,
νήπιον ἀστόργου γευσάμενον θανάτου.
αἰαὶ ἐλεινὰ παθοῦσα Περιστέρη, ὡς ἐν ἐτοίμῳ
ἀνθρώποις δαίμων θῆκε τὰ λυγρότατα.

XVII
Θάσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον ὦ ξένε
σπουδᾶ, καὶ λέγῃ ἐπὰν ἐς οἰκον ἐνθῆς
'Ανακρέοντος εἰκῶν εἶδον ἐν Τέφ
τῶν πρόσθ' εἰ τι περισσόν ψόποιω
προσθεὶς δὲ χῶτι ' τοῖς νέοισιν ἄδετο,
ἔρεις ἀτρεκέως ὅλον τὸν ἀνδρα.

XVIII
"Α τε φωνὰ Δώριος χώνηρ ὁ τὰν κωμφίαν
eύρων Ἐπίχαρμος.
ὁ Βάκχε χάλκεων νιν ἄντ' ἀλαθινοὺ
tιν ὁδὸ ἀνέθηκαι,
tοι Συρακόσσας ενίδρυνται πελωριστά πόλει,
oi' ἀνδρὶ πολίτα,

374
THE INSCRIPTIONS, XV–XVIII

XV.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF A BRAVE MAN]

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

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

This little maid was taken untimely, seven years old and her life before her, and 'twas for grief, the poor child, that her brother of twenty months should have tasted, pretty babe, the unkindness of Death; O Peristerê, 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 EPICHEARMUS 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 εἶκε ῥημάτων μεμναμένοι
τελείων ἐπίχειρα.
πολλὰ γὰρ ποτᾶν ξόαν τοῖς παισὶν εἶπε χρῆσιμα·
μέγαλα χάρις αὐτῷ.

XIX

'Ο μονσοποιὸς ἐνθὰδ' Ἰππώναξ κεῖται.
κεὶ μὲν ποιηρὸς, μὴ ποτέρχει τῷ τύμβῳ·
εἰ δ' ἐσοῦ κρήνην τὸ καὶ παρὰ χρηστῶν,
θαρσῶν καθίζειν, κην θέλης ἀπόβριξον.

XX

'Ο μικρὸς τὸδ' ἔτευξε τὰ Ὁραίσσα
Μίδειος τὸ μνᾶμ' ἔπι τὰ ὀδῷ κηπέγραψε Κλείτας.
ἔχει τὰν χάριν ἀδύν ἄντι τὴν
δὲν τὸν κουρὸν ἔθρεψε· τί μᾶν; ὅτι χρησίμα καλεῖται.

XXI

'Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στάθι καὶ εἰσίδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητὰν
τὸν τῶν ἱάμβων, οὗ τὸ μυρίον κλέος
διήλθε κηπὶ νῦκτα καὶ ποτ' ἀδ.
Ἡρά καὶ Μοῖσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἡγάπευν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἐγένετο κῆπιδέξιος
ἐπεά τε ποιεῖν πρὸς λύραν τ' ὑείδειν.

1 thus E, εἰκε from ἵω, cf. Hom. εἰσα: μᾶς σωρὸν (or σ.
γὰρ) εἰκε ρημάτων (or χρημάτων) μεμναμένουs

376
THE INSCRIPTIONS, XVIII–XXI

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

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

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

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

This memorial the little 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 servaunt" evermore.

XXI.—[FOR A STATUE OF ARCHILOCHUS]

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

XXII

Τὸν τῶν Ζανῶς ὃδ᾿ ὑμῖν ύδν ὄνηρ
τὸν λεοντομάχαν, τὸν ὄξυχειρα,
πρᾶτο τῶν ἐπάνωθε μωσοποιοῦν
Πείσανδρος συνέγραψεν οὐκ Καμίρω,
χῶσσους ἐξεπόνασεν εἰπ᾿ ἀέθλους.
τοῦτον δ᾿ αὐτὸν ὁ δάμος, ὡς σάφ᾿ εἴδης,
ἐστασ᾿ ἐνθάδε χάλκεων ποῆσας
πολλοῖς μησὶν ὅπισθε κῆνιαυτοῖς.

XXIII

Αὐδῆσει τὸ γράμμα, τι σὰμά τε καὶ τις ὑπ᾿ αὐτῷ·
Γλαύκης εἰμὶ τάφος τῆς ὁνομαζομένης.

XXIV

Ἀρχαῖα τῶπόλλων τῶναθῆματα
ὑπῆρχεν ἡ βάσις δὲ τοῦ μὲν εἰκοσι,
τοῦ ¹ δ᾿ ἐπτά, τοῦ δὲ πέντε, τοῦ δὲ δώδεκα,
τοῦ δὲ διηκοσίουσί νεωτέρη ἦδ᾿ ἐνιαυτοῖς·
τοσσόσος ὁ γὰρ τὸν ἐξεβη μετρούμενος.

¹ here and below toû Wil: mss toîs ² τίν E, supply ἀριθμὸς: mss νίν

378
THE INSCRIPTIONS, XXII-XXIV

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

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

XXIII.—[FOR THE GRAVE OF ONE GLAUCÈ]

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

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

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

I

Eustath. ad Iliad. 5. 905, p. 620, 29 'Αδελφή δέ ἐστιν Ἀρεως ἩΒη, ὡς καὶ Θεόκριτος μυθολογεῖ.

II


III

Athen. 7, 284 ο Θεόκριτος δ’ ὁ Συρακόσιος ἐν τῇ ἔπιγραφομένῃ Βερενίκῃ τὸν λευκὸν ἐπονομαζόμενον ἵχθυν ἱερὸν καλεῖ διὰ τούτων).

. . . καὶ τις ἀνήρ αἰτεῖται ἐπαγροσύνην τε καὶ ὅλβον,

ἐξ ἀλὸς ὧν ἵκω, τὰ δὲ δίκτυα κεῖνῳ ἄροτρα,

σφάζων ἀκρόνυχος ταύτη θεῷ ἱερὸν ἵχθυν,

ὅν λευκὸν καλέονσιν, ὅ γάρ θ’ ἱερώτατος ἄλλων,

καὶ κε λίνα στήσατο καὶ ἐξερύσατο θαλάσσης ἐμπλεα. . . .

380
THE FRAGMENTS

I

Three fragments of Theocritus have been preserved in quotations. 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. 284א) 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

1.—ΑΔΩΝΙΔΟΣ ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ

Αιάζω τον Ἀδωνιν ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις ὀλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις ἐπαιάξουσιν Ἐρωτες. 

μηκέτι πορφυρέως ἐνι φάρεσι Κύπρι κάθευδε· 

ἐγρεό δειλαία, κυνόστολα ¹ καὶ πλατάγησον 

στήθεα καὶ λέγε πᾶσιν ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις· 

αἰάζω τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἐπαιάξουσιν Ἐρωτες. 

κεῖται καλὸς Ἀδωνις ἐν ὁρεσὶ μηρὸν ὀδόντι, 

λευκῷ λευκὸν ὀδόντι τυπεῖ· καὶ Κύπρις ἀνίη 

λεπτὸν ἀποψύχων· τὸ δὲ οἱ μέλαι εἰβεται αἷμα 

χιονεάς κατὰ σαρκός, ὅπ' ὄφρυσι δ' ὄμματα ναρκῆ, ¹⁻¹ 

καὶ τὸ ρόδων φεύγει τῷ χείλεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ τῆς 

θνάσκει καὶ τὸ φίλημα, τὸ μήποτε Κύπρις ἀνοίσει. 

Κύπρις μὲν τὸ φίλημα καὶ οὐ ξώοντος ἀρέσκει, 

ἀλλ' οὐκ οἰδεν Ἀδωνις, ὁ νῦν θνάσκοντ' ἐφίλησεν. 

αἰάζω τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἐπαιάξουσιν Ἐρωτες. 

ἀγριον ἀγριον ἔλκος ἔχει κατὰ μηρὸν Ἀδωνις· 

μεῖζον δ' ἀ Κυθέρεια φέρει ποτικάρδιον ἔλκος.

¹ κυνόστολα Wil: mss κυνοστόλε
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\(^1\) μὲν περὶ παιδὰ φίλοι κύνες ὥδύραντο
cαι Νύμφαι κλαίουσιν ὅρειάδες. ἀ δ' Ἀφροδίτα
λυσαμένα πλοκαμίδας ἀνὰ δρυμῶς ἀλάληται
πενθάλεα νῆπλεκτος ἁσάνδαλος. αἱ δὲ βάτουιν
ἐρχομέναν κείροντι καὶ ἱερὸν ἁίμα δρέπονται:
δὲ ἐκ κοκύνουσα δ＇ ἀγκεα μακρὰ φορεῖται
"Ἀσπύρμον βοῶσα τόσιν καὶ παῖδα καλεῦσα.
ἀμφὶ δὲ νῦν μέλαν ἁίμα παρ’ ὄμφαλον ἀνωρεῖτο,
στήθεα δ＇ ἐκ μηρῶν φοινίσσετο, τοι δ＇ ὑπὸ μαζὸi
χίνευοι τὸ πάροιθεν Ἀδώνιδι πορφύροντο.
＇αἰαὶ τὰν Κυθέρειαν＇ ἐπαιάζουσιν Ερωτες.
"ὁλεσε τὸν καλὸν ἀνδρὰ, συνώλεσεν ἱερὸν ἐδὸς.
Κύπριδι μὲν καλὸν ἐδὸς, ὅτε ζωγρεχεὶν Ἀδώνις·
cάθανε δ＇ ἀ μορφὰ σὺν Ἀδώνιδι. ‘tàν Κύπριν
αἰαὶ’

ὁρεά πάντα λέγοντι, καὶ αἱ δρῦς ‘αὶ τῶν’ Ἀδωνίς.
cai ποταμοὶ κλαίουσι τὰ πένθεα τάς Ἀφροδίτας,
cai παγαλ τῶν Ἀδωνίν ἐν ὄρεσι δακρύνοντι,
ἀνθεα δ＇ ἐξ ὀδύνας ἐρυθαίνεται: ἢ δε Κυθήρα
πάντας ἀνὰ κναμῶς, ἀνὰ πὰν νάποι οἰκτρὸν ἂεὶδει
＇αἰαὶ τὰν Κυθέρειαν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνίς.
’Ἀχῳ δ＇ ἀντεβοᾷσεν ‘ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνίς.’
Κύπριδος αἰνὸν ἔρωτα τῆς οὐκ ἐκλαυσεν ἀν αἰαὶ;

ὡς ἰδεῖν, ὡς ἐνόησεν Ἀδῶνίδως ἀσχετον ἐλκος,
ὡς ἴδε φοίνιον αἴμα μαραίνομεν περὶ μηρὸι,
πάχεας ἀμπετάσας κινύρετο: ‘μεῖνον’ Ἀδωνίς,
δύσποτη μεῖνον Ἀδωνίς, πανύστατον ὡς σε κιχεῖω,
ὡς σε περεπτύξω καὶ κείλεα κείλεσι μίξω.
ἐγρευο τυθὸν Ἀδωνίς, τὸ δ＇ αὐ πῦματὸν με φίλησον,
tοσσοῦτον με φίλησον, ὅσον ᾱη τὸ φίλημα.

\(^1\) τήνον Brunck: mss κεῖνον  \(^2\) τὸ δ＇ Wil: mss οὶ 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 ἑμὸν στόμα κεῖς ἑμὸν ἕπαρ
πνεῦμα τεῦν ῥεύσῃ, τὸ δὲ σεν γλυκὰ φίλτρον
ἀμέλξῳ,
ἐκ δὲ πίω τὸν ἔρωτα, φίλημα δὲ τοῦτο φυλάξω
ὡς ἀυτὸν τὸν Ἀδωνιν, ἐπεὶ σὺ με δύσμορε φεύγεις, 50
φεύγεις μακρὸν Ἀδωνι, καὶ ἐρχεῖ κεῖς Ἀχέροντα
πάρ στυγνὸν βασιλῆα καὶ ἄγριον, ἀ δὲ τάλαινα
ξῶν καὶ θεῶς ἐμί καὶ οὐ δύσαμαι σε διώκειν.
λάμβανε Περσεφόνα τὸν ἑμὸν πόσιν· ἐσοὶ γὰρ αὐτὰ
πολλὸν ἐμεύ κρέσσων, τὸ δὲ παῖν καλὸν ἐς σὲ
katapphei.2

ἐμὶ δ’ ἐγὼ πανάποτρος, ἔχω δ’ ἀκόρεστον ἄνιαν,
καὶ κλαίω τὸν Ἀδωνιν, ὃ μοι θάνε, καὶ σε φοβεύμαι.
θυμάσκεις ὃ τριτόθητε, πόθος δὲ μοι ὡς ὄναρ ἔπτα,
χήρα δ’ ἡ Κυθέρεια, κενοὶ δ’ ἄνα δώματ’ Ἑρωτες.
σοὶ δ’ ἂμα κεστὸς ὀλωλε. τί γὰρ τολμηρε κυνάγεις; 60
καλὸς ἐὼν τοσσοῦτον ἐμῆναο θηρὶ παλαιέων;
ὦ δ’ ὀλοφύρατο Κύπρις· ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἑρωτες
ἀιαὶ τὰν Κυθέρειαν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις.’

δάκρυνον ἂ Παφία τόσσον χέει, ὀσοῦν Ἀδωνις
αἶμα χέει. τὰ δὲ πάντα ποτὶ χθοὺν γίνεται ἀνθὴ.
αιμά ρόδον τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δάκρυα τὰν ἀνεμώναν.
αιάξω τὸν Ἀδωνιν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις.

μηκέτ’ ἐνι δρυμοίσι τὸν ἀνέρα μύρεο Κύπρε.
οὐκ ἀγαθὰ στιβάς ἐστὶν Ἀδώνιδι φυλλὰς ἐρήμα.
λέκτρον ἔχοι Κυθέρεια τὸ σὸν καὶ 3 νεκρὸς Ἀδωνις. 70

1 ὡς Mus: mss ὡς σ’ 2 καταρρεὶ Stephanus: mss kal
δὲ or τὸ δὲ due to taking kal as “and”
3 ἔχοι Valokenaer: mss ἔχει kal E: mss νῦν δὲ

390
thy breath into my mouth and thy spirit pass into my heart, till I have drawn the sweet milk of thy love-potion and I have drunk up all thy love; and that kiss of Adonis I will keep as it were he that gave it, now that thou fliest me, poor miserable, fliest me far and long, Adonis, and goest where is Acheron and the cruel sullen king, while I alas! live and am a God and may not go after thee. O Persephone, take thou my husband, take him if thou wilt; for thou art far stronger than I, and gettest to thy share all that is beautiful; but as for me, 'tis all ill and for ever, 'tis pain and grief without cloy, and I weep that my Adonis is dead and I fear me what thou wilt do. O dearest and sweetest and best, thou diest, and my dear love is sped like a dream; widowed now is Cytherea, the Loves are left idle in her bower, and the girdle of the Love-Lady is lost along with her beloved. O rash and overbold! why didst go a-hunting? Wast thou so wood to pit thee against a wild beast and thou so fair? This was the wail of Cypris, and now the Loves cry her woe again, saying Woe for Cytherea, the beauteous Adonis is dead.

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

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

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

"wood": mad.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ νέκυς ὃν καλὸς ἔστι, καλὸς νέκυς, οἷα καθεύδων. κάτθεώ νυν μαλακοῖς ἐνι φάρεσιν οἶς ἐνίαυεν, ὦ μετὰ τεῦς ἀνὰ νύκτα τὸν ἱερὸν ὑπνόν ἐμόχθει παγχρυσέω κλιντήρι. πόθει καὶ στυμύνων ᾧ Αἴωνι. βάλλε δὲ νυν στεφάνοισι καὶ ἀνθεσι πάντα σὺν αὐτῷ, ὡς τήνος τέθυκε καὶ ἀνθεσι πάντα θανόντων. ῥαῖνε δὲ νυν Συρίοις ἀλέιφας, ραῖνε μύροισιν ὄλλυσθω μύρα πάντα, τὸ σὸν μύρον ὀλετ."Αἴωνι. κέκλιται ἀβρός "Αἴωνις ἐν ἐίμασι πορφυρόισιν ἀμφι δὲ νυν κλαίοντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἕρωτες κειράμενοι χαίτας ἐπ' Ἀδώνιδι. χω μὲν οἰστώς, ὃς ἐπὶ τὸ κένω ἐβαλλεν, δὲ ἐπὶ πτέρον, ὃς ἐφαρέτρατραν. χῶ μὲν ἔλυσε πέδιλον Ἀδώνιδος, οἷς δὲ λέβητι χρυσεῖφοι φορέουσιν ύδωρ, ὃς δὲ μηρία λουεί, ὃς δ' ὄπιθεν πτέρυγος σὺν ἀναψύχει τόν Ἀδώνι. ἀιαί τῶν Κυθήρειαν ἐπαιάζουσιν Ἕρωτες. ἐσβεσε λαμπάδα πάσαν ἐπὶ φλαῖς Ὄμεναιος, καὶ στέφος ἐξεπέτασε γαμήλιον, οὐκετί δ' Ὄμενιν, ὃτι παρείδιει ἂν μέλος, ἂλλα ἐπαείδει ἄιαί καὶ τῶν Ἀδώνι μέλον ἔτι πλέον ἐπὶ Ὄμεναιον. αἱ Χάριτες κλαίοντι τὸν νῦεα τῶν Κινύραο, ὁλετο καλὸς Ἀδώνις ἐν ἀλλάλαισι λέγουσαι. ἀιαί δ' ὃξιν λέγοντι πολὺ πλέον ἢ Παιώνα. ἔοιραι τῶν Ἀδώνιν ἀνακλείουσιν Ἐμί. 1 οἶς Steph.: mss ol 2 δ' Ε.: mss τοῖς τεῦς Wil.: mss σεῦ 3 στυμύνων E., see Class. Rev.: mss στυμύνων 4 πάντα θανόντων E., cf. 78: mss πάντα ἐμαράνθη emended from Ἕρωτες. Bion. 69 after πάντα σὺν αὐτῷ had come in from above

392
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 ungents 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 ἐπαείδουσιν· ὅ δὲ σφισὶν οὐχ ὑπακούει.
οὐ μὰν οὐκ ἔθελε, Κώρα δὲ νῦν οὐκ ἀπολύει.

λήγε γόων Κυθέρεια τὸ σάμερον, ἵσχεο κομμῶν.¹
dei se pálw klaúșai, pálw eis étos ἀλλο
dakrύșai.

¹ κομμῶν Barth: mss κάμων
over they sing a spell upon him to bring him back again, but he payeth no heed to it; yet 'tis not from lack of the will, but rather that the Maiden will not let him go.

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

This fragmentary shepherd-mime is probably to be ascribed to an imitator of Bion. At Myrson’s request, Lycidas sings him the tale of Achilles at Scyros.
II.—[ΜΥΡΣΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ]

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Δῆσ νῦ τί μοι Λυκίδα Σικελὸν μέλος ἀδὸ λυγαίνειν, ἵμερόν γλυκύθυμον ἐρωτικόν, οἶον ὁ Κύκλωψ ἀεισεν Πολύφαμος ἐπαυνία 1 Γαλατείας;

ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ

κήμοι 2 συρίσιδεν, Μύρσων, φίλοιν ἄλλα τί μέλψω;

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

Σκύριον ὁ Λυκίδα ζαλώμενον 3 ἀδὸν ἐρωτα, λάθρια Πηλείδαιο φιλόματα, λάθριον εὐνάν, πῶς παις ἐσσατο φάρος, ὅτως δ ἐγεύσατο 4 μορφὰν κὴν κόραισων ὅτως 5 Δυκομηδίσων ἀπαλέγουσα ἥειδη κατὰ 6 παστὸν Ἀχιλλέα Δηῖδάμεια.

ΛΥΚΙΔΑΣ

"Ἀρπάσε τὰν Ἑλέναν πόθ’ ὁ βουκόλος, ἀγε δ’ ἐς Ἡδαν,
Οἰνώνα κακὸν ἄγγος. ἐχώσατο δ’ ἀ Δακεδαίμων,


398
II.—[ACHILLES AMONG THE MAIDENS]

MYRSON

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

LYCIDAS

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

MYRSON

The sweet and enviable love-tale of Scyros, Lycidas, the stolen kisses of the child of Peleus and the stolen espousal of the same, how a lad donned women's weeds and played the knave with his outward seeming, and how in the women's chamber the reckless Deіdameia 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": Oenŏnē, wife of Paris.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

πάντα δὲ λαὸν ἀγειρεῖν Ἀχαϊκῶν, οὐδὲ τις Ἑλλην
οὐτε Μυκηναῖων οὐτὲ Ἡλίδος οὐτε Ἀκώνων,
μεῖνεν ἐν κατὰ δῶμα φυγῶν δύστανον Ἀρη.
λάνθανε δὲ ἐν κώραις Δυκομηθίους μοῦνος Ἀχιλλέως,
εἰρία δ᾽ ἀνθ᾽ ὀπλῶν ἐδιδάσκετο, καὶ χερῶν
καὶ γὰρ ἵσσον τίνας θηλύνετο, καὶ τὸσον ἀνθὸς
χιονείας πόρφυρε παρησίς, καὶ τὸ βάδισμα
παρθενικῆς ἔβαδιζε, κόμας δ᾽ ἐπύκαζε καλύπτρα. 20
θυμὸν δ᾽ ἀνέρος εἴχε, καὶ ἀνέρος εἴχεν ἔρωτα:
ἐξ αὖτις δ᾽ ἐπὶ νύκτα παρίζετο Δηδαμεία,
καὶ ποτὲ μὲν τίνας ἐφίλει χέρα, πολλάκις δ᾽ αὐτᾶς
στάμωνα καλὸν ἀείρε, τὰ δαίδαλα δ᾽ ἀτριν
ἡσθιε δ᾽ ὄν ἀλλὰ σὺν ὁμάλικι, πάντα δ᾽ ἐποίει
σπεύδων κοινῶν ἐς ὑπνον. ἐλεξὲ νυ καὶ λόγον αὐτᾶς
ἀλλὰ 6 μὲν κνώσουσι σὺν ἀλλάλαισιν ἀδελφαί,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μόνα, μόνα 7 δὲ σὺ νύμφα καθεύδεις.
αἰ δύο παρθενικαὶ 8 συνομάλικες, αἰ δύο καλαὶ
ἀλλὰ μόναι κατὰ λέκτρα καθεύδομες· ἀ δὲ ποιήρα 30
Νυστάλα 10 δολία με κακῶς ἀπὸ σεῖο μερίςδει.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο . . .

1 φυγῶν δύστανον Bentley: mss φέρων δισολ ἀνὰν or δισολ ἀνὰν or δυσολ ἀγγῶν Ἀρη Scaliger: mss ἄραν 2 κόπον E: mss κόπον or χορὸν 3 δ᾽ ἀνέρος Lennep: mss δ᾽ Ἀρεὸς
4 παρίζετο Canter: mss μερίς. 5 στάμωνα Scal: mss στάμ' ἀνὰ δαίδαλα δ᾽ ἀτριν Len: mss δ᾽ ἀδέα δάκρυ 6 ἀλλαὶ E: mss ἀλλαὶ 7 μόνα μόνα Len: mss μόνα μίμω 8 αἰ δύο π. 400
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 Deïdamy,
And oft would kiss her hand, and oft
Would set her weaver's-beam aloft
   And praise the web she wove.
Come dinner-time, he'd go to board that only may
beside,
And do his best of deed and word to win her for his
bride;
"The others share both board and bed," such wont
his words to be,
"I sleep alone and you alone; though we be maidens
free,
Maidens and fair maidens, we sleep on pallets two;
'Tis that cruel crafty Nysa that is parting me and
you. . . ."
"With wan hand": the un-sunburnt hand of an indoor-
living person.
III-XVIII

The remaining poems and fragments are preserved in quotations made by Stobaeus, with the exception of the last, which is quoted by the grammarian Orion (Anth. 5, 4).
III.—[ΚΛΕΟΔΑΜΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΥΡΣΩΝ]

ΚΛΕΟΔΑΜΟΣ

Εἰάρος ὁ Μύρσων ἦ χείματος ἦ φθινοπώρῳ ἦ θέρεσι τὴ τοῦ ἅδου; τὶ δὲ πλέον εὐχεὶς ἐλθεῖν; ἦ θέρους, ἀνίκα πάντα τελείεται ὅσσα μονεῖμες; ἦ γλυκερὸν φθινόπωρον, ὅτι ἀνδράσι πλοῖος ἐλαφρά; ἦ καὶ χείμα δύσεργον; ἐπεὶ καὶ χείματι πολλοὶ θαλπόμενοι θέλγονται ἂρεγείᾳ τε καὶ δεκερῷ ἦ τοι καλὸν ἕαρ πλέον εὐάδεν; εἰπέ, τί τοι φρήν αἱρεῖται; λαλεῖεν γὰρ ἐπέτραπεν ἀ σχολὰ ἄμμων.

ΜΥΡΣΩΝ

κρίνειν οὐκ ἐπέοικε θεία ἔργα βροτοῖς. πάντα γὰρ ἑρᾶ ταῦτα καὶ ἄδεα· σεῦ δὲ ἔκατι ἐξερέω Κλεόδαμε, τὸ μοι πέλεν ἄδιον ἀλλων. οὐκ ἐθέλω θέρος ἦμεν, ἐπεὶ τόκα μ’ ἄλιος ὅπτῆ. οὐκ ἐθέλω φθινόπωρον, ἐπεὶ νόσον ὠρία τίκτε. οὐλον χείμα φέρειν νιφετὸν κρύμως τε φοβεῦμαι. εἰαρ ἐμοὶ τριπόθετον ὅλῳ λυκάβαντι παρεῖ, ἀνίκα μήτε κρύος μήθ’ ἄλιος ἁμμε βαιρυνε. εἰαρ πάντα κύει, πάντ’ εἰαροὶ ἄδεα βλαστεῖ, χά νῦξ ἀνθρώπουσιν ἴσα καὶ ὀμοίος ἀώς. . .

1 θέλγονται Ursinus: mss θάλποντας
III.—[FROM A SHEPHERD-MIME]

CLEODAMUS

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

MYRSON

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

IV

'Ιξευτάς ἐτὶ κώρος ἐν ἀλσεί δενδράευτι
ὁμεα θηρεύων τὸν ἀπότροπον ἔδειν ὡς δ' ἐνόησε,
χαίρων ὁνεκα δὴ μέγα φαινετο τῶρνεον αὐτῷ,
τῶς καλάμως ἀμα πάντας ἔτ᾽ ἀλλάλουσι συνάπττων
τά καὶ τά τὸν 'Ερωτα μετάλμενον ἀμφεδόκευε.
χὼ παῖς ἀσχαλάων, ὡκα1 οἰ τέλος οὐδὲν ἀπάντη,
τῶς καλάμος ρύθας ποτά ἀροτρέα πρέσβιν ἰκανεν,
ὡς νυν τάνδε τέχινων ἐδιδάξατο, καὶ λέγεν αὐτῷ,
καὶ οἱ δείξεν 'Ερωτα καθήμενον. αὐτάρο ὁ πρέσβις
μεδιαών κίνησε κάρη καὶ ἀμείβετο παίδα:
"φείδεο τὰς θηρας, μηδ' ἐς τόδε τῶρνεον ἔρχεν.
φεύγε μακράν. κακόν ἐστι τό θηρίον. ἀλβίος ἐσῆ,
εἰσόκα μὴ νυν ἐλης. ἢν δ' ἀνέρος ἐς μέτρον ἔλθης,
οὔτος ὁ νῦν φεύγων καὶ ἀπάλμενος αὐτός ἀφ' αὐτῶ
ἔλθων ἕξαπίνας κεφαλάν ἐπὶ σεῖο καθίζει." 10

V

'Α μεγάλα μοι Κύπρις ἔθυπνόντι παρέστα,
νηπίαχον τὸν 'Ερωτα καλάς ἐκ χειρός ἄγοισα
ἐς χθόνα νευστάζοντα, τόσον ἐς μοι ἔφρασε μῦθον·
"μέλπειν μοι φίλε βούτα λαβὼν τὸν 'Ερωτα
dίδασκε."
ὡς λέγε. χά μὲν ἀπήρθεν, ἐγὼ δ' ὡσ βουκολάσων,
νήπιος ὡς ἐθέλοντα μαθεῖν τὸν 'Ερωτα δίδασκον,
ὡς εὑρε πλαγίαυλον ὁ Πάν, ὡς αὐλὸν 'Αθάνα,
ὡς χέλυν Ἄρμαν, κύθαριν ὡς ἄδως 'Απόλλων.

1 ὥκα Porson: mss οὐνεκα

406
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

taúta nín ἔξειδίδασκον· δ' οὖκ ἐμπάξετο μῦθων,
ἀλλὰ μοι αὐτὸς ἀειδέν ἐρωτύλα, καί μ' ἔδίδασκε
θνατῶν ἀθανάτων τε πόθως καὶ ματέρος ἔργα.
κήγων ἐκλαθόμαν μὲν ὅσων τὸν Ἡρωτ' ἔδίδασκον,
ὁσα δ' Ἡρως μ' ἔδίδαξεν ἐρωτύλα πάντ' ἐδιδάχθην.

VI

Ταί Μοίσαι τὸν Ἡρωτα τὸν ἄγριον οὐ φοβεόνται
ἐκ θυμῶ ὡς φιλεύντι καὶ ἕκ ποδὸς αὐτῷ ἑπούνται.
κήν μὲν ἀρα ψυχάν τις ἔχων ἀνέραστον ἀείδη,
tήνον ὑπεκρεύγοντι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντι διδάσκειν·
ἡν δὲ νόον τις 1 Ἠρωτι δονεύμενος ἀδύν μελίσθη,
ἐς τήνον μάλα πάσαι ἐπειγόμεναι προρέοντι.
μάρτυς ἐγών, ὦτι μύθος δ' ἐπλετό πάσιν ἀλαθῆς.
ἡν μὲν γὰρ βροτὸν ἄλλον ἡ ἀθανάτων τινὰ μέλπω,
βαμβαίνει μοι γιλώσσα καὶ ὃς πάρος οὐκέτ' ἀείδειν·
ἡν δ' αὐτ' ἐς τὸν Ἡρωτα καὶ ἐς Δυκίδαι τι μελίσθω,
καὶ τόκα μοι χαίροισα διὰ στόματος ἰέει αὐδά.

VII

... Οὐκ οἶδ', οὖδ' ἐπέοικεν ἃ μὴ μάθομες πονέ

εἰ μοι καλὰ πέλει τὰ μελύδρια, καὶ τάδε μῶνα
κύδος ἐμοὶ θήσωτι, τά μοι πάρος ὀψασ Μοῖρα·
εἰ δ' οὖχ ἀδέα ταύτα, τί μοι ποτὶ 2 πλείονα μοχθείν;
εἰ μὲν γὰρ βιότω διπλόν χρόνον ἄμμιν ἐδωκεν
ἡ Κρονίδας ἡ Μοῖρα πολύτροπος, ὡστ' ἀνύεσθαι

1 τὶς Brunck: mss τφ 2 ποτὶ Ahr: mss πολυ

408
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 faltering 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 pleasing and mirth and
THE BUCOLIC POETS

τόν μὲν ἐς εὐφροσύναυ καὶ χάρματα, τόν δέ ἐπὶ 1 μόχθω,
ἡν τάχα μοχθήσαντι ποθ' ύστερον ἐσθλαὶ δέχεσθαι,
eἰ δὲ θεοὶ κατένευσαν ἑνα χρόνου ἐς βλου ἐλθείν ἀνθρώποις, καὶ τόνδε βραχῦν καὶ μείωνα πάντων, 10 ἐς πόσον ἢ δειλοὶ καμάτως κεῖσ ἐργὰ πονεῖμε, ψυχὰν δὲ ἄχρι τίνος ποτὶ κέρδεα καὶ ποτὶ τέχνας βάλλομες, ἵμερον οὔτε πολὺ πλείονος ὁλβὼ; λαθόμεθ' ἢ ἄρα 2 πάντες, ὦτι θνατοὶ γενόμεσθα, χως βραχὺν ἐκ Μοῖρας λάχομες χρόνου; . . .

VIII

"Ολβιων οἱ φιλέοντες, ἐπὴν ἴσον ἀντεράωνται. ὁλβίως ἢν Θησεῦς τῷ Πειριδῶν παρεόντος,
eἰ καὶ ἀμειλίκτουο κατηλυθέν εἰς 'Αἴδαο. ὁλβίως ἢν χαλεποῖαν ἐν 'Αξείνωσιν 'Ορέστας,
ἀνεκά οἱ ξυλᾶς Πυλάδας ἁρητο 3 κελεύθως. ἡν μάκαρ Λιακίδας ἐτάρω κοῦντος 'Αχιλλεύς,
ὁλβίως ἦν θνάσκων, ὦτι οἱ μόρον αἰνόν ἁμυνεν.

IX

"Εσπερε, τὰς ἐρατᾶς χρύσεον φάος 'Αφρογενείας,
"Εσπερε κυανέας ιερὸν φίλε νυκτὸς ἀγαλμα,
τόσον ἀφαυρότερος μήνας, ὡσον ἔξοχος ἀστρων,
χαίρε φίλος, καὶ μοι ποτὶ ποιμένα κώμον ἄγνοτι ἀντί βελανίας τῷ δίδου φάος, ὠνεκα τήνα 410
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.—[REQUIRED 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 Aeacid while his dear comrade was alive, and died happy, seeing he so avenged his dreadful fate.

IX.—[TO HESPERUS]

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

"his dear comrade": Patroclus. "Inhospitable": the barbarous inhabitants of the shores of the Black Sea. "Child o' the Foam": Aphrodite.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

σάμερον ἀρχομένα τάχιον δύνεν. οὐκ ἐπὶ φωρὰν ἐρχομαι, οὐδ’ ἵνα νυκτὸς ὀδοιπορέοντας ἐνοχλέω· ἀλλ’ ἔραω· καλὸν δὲ τ’ ἑρασσαμένῳ συναρέσθαι.

X

"Ἀμερε Κυπρογένεια, Διὸς τέκος ἡ θαλάσσας, τίπτε τόσον θνατοίσα καὶ ἀθανάτοισι χάλεπτες; ¹ τυτθὸν ἔφαν· τί νῦ τόσον ἀπῆχθεο καὶ τείν ² αὐτὰ, ταλίκον ὡς πάντεσσι κακὸν τὸν Ἐρωτα τεκέσθαι, ³ ἄγριον, ἀστοργον, μορφὰ νόον οὐδὲν ὁμοίον; ἐς τί δὲ νῦν πταῖον καὶ ἑκαβὸλον ὡπασας ἦμεν, ὡς μὴ πικρὸν ἐόντα δυναίμεθα τῆν ἄλυξαι;

XI—ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΥΑΚΙΝΘΟΝ

... ἀμφασία τὸν Φοῖβον ἔλεν τὸ σὸν ἄλγος ὀρῶντα. ⁴ δίζετο φάρμακα πάντα, σοφὰν ὦ ἐπεμαίετο ⁵ τέχναν, χρεῖν ⁶ ἀμβροσία καὶ νέκταρι, χρεῖν ἀπασαν ὑτειλάν. Μοίραισι ⁶ ἀναλβέα φάρμακα πάντα ...

XII

... αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν βασεύμαι ἐμὰν ὀδὸν ἐς τὸ κάταντες τήνο ποτὶ ψάμαθον τε καὶ ἦδον ψυχυρέσδων, λισσόμενος Γαλάτειαν ἀπηνέα· ταύ δὲ γηλυκείας ἐλπίδας ὑστατίων μέχρι γήραος οὐκ ὑπολειψόν ... ¹ χάλεπτες E = you were troublesome; mss χαλέπτεις
² τείν Hermann: mss τίν
³ τεκέσθαι Herm: mss τέκναι

412
BION IX–XII

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

X.—[TO APHRODITE]

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

XI.—OF HYACINTHUS

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

XII.—[GALATEA’S LOVER]

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

4 ὄροντα Usener: mss ἐχοντα 5 ἐπεμαλετο Vulcanius: mss ἐπεβαίνετο or ἐπεβάζετο

413
THE BUCOLIC POETS

XIII

... οὐ καλὸν ὁ φίλε πάντα λόγον ποτὶ τέκτονα
φοιτῶν,
μηδὲ ἐπὶ πάντ’ ἄλλω ¹ χρέος ἰσχέμεν· ἄλλα καὶ
αὐτὸς
tεχνᾶσθαι σύμμεγα· πέλει δὲ τοι εὔμαρης ἔργον...

XIV

Μοίσας Ἐρως καλέοι, Μοίσαι τὸν Ἐρωτα φέροιεν.
μολπάν ταῖς Μοίσαι μοι ἀεὶ ποθέουτι διδοίεν,
tὰν γλυκερὰν μολπάν, τὰς φάρμακος ἀρίστον
οὐδέν.

XV

... ἐκ θαμνᾶς ῥαθάμυγγος, ὡς λόγος, αἰεῖς
ἰοίσας
χά λίθος ἐς ρωχμὸν κοιλαίνεται. . .

XVI

... μηδὲ λίπης μ’ ἀγέραστον, ἐπεὶ χῶ Φοῖβος
ἀείδων
μισθοδοκεῖ.² τιμὰ δὲ τὰ πράγματα κρέσσονα
ποιεῖ . . .

¹ μηδ’ ἵνα Grotius: mss μηδὲ τοι ἄλλω Salmasius: mss ἄλλο
² ἀείδων μισθοδοκεῖ E: mss ἀείδειν μισθὸν ἰδωκε

414
XIII.—[DO IT YOURSELF]

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

XIV.—[LOVE AND SONG]

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

XV.—[PERSISTENCE]

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

XVI.—[WORTHY OF HIS HIRE]

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

XVII

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

XVIII

πάντα θεοὺ γ' ἐθέλοντος ἀνύσιμα, πάντα βροτοὶς ἐκ μακάρων ράϊστα καὶ ὅυκ ἀτέλεστα γένοντο.1

1 ράϊστα Ahr: mss γὰρ ράστα γένοντο Ahr: mss γένοιτο
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

Cypris has lost her boy Love, and cries him in the streets.
ΜΟΣΧΟΥ ΣΙΚΕΛΙΩΤΟΥ

I.—ΕΡΩΣ ΔΡΑΠΕΤΗΣ

'Α Κύπρις τὸν Ἕρωτα τὸν νιέα μακρὸν ἐβώστρει·
"όστις ἐνὶ τριόδοισι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἕρωτα,
δραπετίδας ἐμὸς ἔστὶν· ὁ μανύσας γέρας ἔξει·
μισθὸν τοι τὸ φίλημα τὸ Κύπριδος· ἦν δ' ἀγάγη

νυν,
οὐ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλημα, τῇ δ' ὡς ἔξενε καὶ πλέον ἐξεῖν·
ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς περίθαμος· ἐν εἰκοσι παῖσιν ἐμάθων

νυν.

χρώτα μὲν οὐ λεύκος, πυρὶ δ' εἴκελος· ὅμματα δ' αὐτῷ

δριμύλα καὶ φλογόευτα· κακαὶ φρένες, ἀδύναλμα·
οὐ γὰρ ἱσον νοέει καὶ φθέγγεται· ὡς μέλι φωνά,
ὡς δὲ χολα νόος ἔστιν· ἀνάμερος, ἑπεροπευτάς,
οὐδὲν ἀλαθεύων, δόλιον βρέφος, ἁγριὰ παῖσδων.

εὐπλόκαμον τὸ κάρανον, ἔχει δ' ἴταμον τὸ μέτωπον.

μικκύλα μὲν τήρω τὰ χερύδρα, μακρά δὲ βάλλει,
βάλλει κεῖς Ἀχέροντα καὶ εἰς Ἀἴδα βασιλεία.

γυμνὸς ὁλὸς τὸ ὑε σώμα, νόος δὲ οἱ εὐ πεπύκασται.
καὶ πτερόεις ὡς ὄρνις ἐφύτταται ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
ἀνέρας ὡς γυναῖκας, ἐπὶ σπλάγχνοις δὲ κάθηται.

τὸξον ἔχει μάλα βαιόν, ὑπὲρ τοξὸν δὲ βέλεμνον.

1 παῖσι Heinsius: mss τᾶσι

422
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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

τυτθον μὲν τὸ βέλεμνον, ἐς αἰθέρα δ' ἀρχι φορεῖται. καὶ χρύσεον περὶ νώτα φαρέτριον, ἐνδοθι δ' ἐντὶ τοι πικροὶ κάλαμοι, τοῖς πολλάκι κὰμὲ τιτρῶσκει. πάντα μὲν ἄγρια ταῦτα· πολὺ πλέον ἀ δαίς 1 αὐτῷ· βαιὰ λαμπάς ἑοῦσα τὸν ἄλιον αὐτὸν ἀναιθεὶ.

ἡν τὺ γ' ἐλης τήνον, δήσας ἀγε μηδ' ἐλεήσῃς. κὴν ποτίδης κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μὴ σε πλανάσῃ. κὴν γελάῃ, τὸ νῦν ἔλκε. καὶ ἢν ἐθέλῃ σε φιλήσαι, φεῦγε· κακὸν τὸ φίλημα, τὰ χείλεα φάρμακον ἐντὶ. ἢν δὲ λέγη ἀλάβε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσα μοι ὀπλα,' μὴ τὺ θύγης πλάνα δωρα· τὰ γὰρ πυρὶ πάντα βέβαπται."
but a small arrow but carries even to the sky. And at his back is a little golden quiver, but in it lie the keen shafts with which he oftentimes woundeth e’en me. And cruel though all this equipage be, he hath something crueler far, his torch; ’tis a little light, but can set the very Sun afire.

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

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

Εὐρώπη ποτὲ Κύπρις ἑπὶ γλυκῶν ἦκεν ὀνειρον, νυκτὸς ὅτε τρίτατον ἔστω ἱσταταί, ἔγγυθι δ' ἡ ἡώς, ὅπως ὅτε γλυκών μέλιτος βλεφάρισιν ἐφίξων λυσιμελής πεδάα μαλακῷ κατὰ φύεα δεσμῷ, εὕτε καὶ ἀπρεκέων ποιμαίνεται ἔθνος ὀνείρων· τῆμος ὑπορφίοισιν ἐνι κνώσσουσα δόμοισι

Φοίνικος θυγάτηρ ἔτι παρθένος Εὐρώπεια ὀίσατ' ἠπείρους δοιάς περὶ εἰο μάχεσθαι, ἄσσιον ἄντιπέρην τε· φυὴν δ' ἔχον ολὰ γυναῖκες.

τῶν δ' ἡ μὲν ξείνης μορφῆν ἔχεν, ἡ δ' ἀρ' ἐώκει ἑυδατή, καὶ μᾶλλον ἐκς περιάσχετο κούρης, φάσκει δ' ὡς μιν ἐτικτε καὶ ὡς ἀτίτηλε μιν αὐτή.

ἡ δ' ἐτέρη κρατερῆς βιωμένη παλάμησιν εὖρεν οὐκ ἄκουσαν, ἐπεὶ φάτο μόρσιμον εἰο ἐκ Διὸς αἰγοχόχου γέρας ἐμενειν Εὐρώπειαν.

ἡ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν στρωτῶν λεχέων θόρε δεμαινοῦσα, παλλομένη κραδίνη· τὸ γὰρ ὡς ὑπαρ εἰδέν ὀνειρον. ἐξομένῃ δ' ἐπὶ δηρὸν ἀκίν ἔχεν, ἀμφοτέρας δὲ εἰςετὶ πεπταμένοισιν ἐν ὀμμασιν εἴχε γυναῖκας.

"τὸς μοι τοιάδε φάσματ' ἔπουραν ὑποτήλεν;

1 τρίτατον Musurus: mss τρίτον 2 ἄσσιον = ἄσσον, called Doric by Eustath. 1643. 32; ἀντιπέρην cannot = τὴν ἀντ. Ε: 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?

mss ἀσαν, ἀσίδα τ', ἀσαβ', ἀσιάδ'  
4 δειμαλήνει: mss also δὴ μάλ' ἑκεῖν'  
παρθένον: mss also -ος

429
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ποιοί με στρωτών λεχέων ύπερ ἐν θαλάμοισιν ἢδυ μάλα κνώσουσαν ἀνεπτοίησαν ὅνειροι,
tίς δ' ἤν τ' εἰςίνη, τ'ν εἰσιδόν ὑπνώοισα;
ὡς μ' ἑλαβε κραδίην κείμης πόθος, ὡς με καὶ αὐτὴ ἀσπασίως ὑπέδεκτο καὶ ὡς σφετέρην ἱδε παῖδα.
ἀλλά μοι εἰς ἀγαθόν μάκαρες κρῆνειαν 1 ὅνειρον."

ὡς εἰποῦσ' ἀνόρουσε, φίλας δ' ἐπεδίξεθ' ἑταῖρας ἤλκας οἰέτεας θυμήρας εὐπατερείας,
τῆσιν ἀεὶ συνάθυρεν, ὅτ' ἐς χορὸν ἐντύνοιτο, 2
ἡ' ὅτε φαϊδρύνοιτο 3 χρώα προχοῆσιν ἀναύρων,
ἡ ὁπότ' ἐκ λειμώνος ὑπνοα λεῖρυ ἀμέργου.
αἱ δ' οἱ αἰγα φάνανθεν. ἔχον δ' ἐν χερσίν ἐκάστη ἀνθρόδοκον τάλαρον. ποτί δὲ λειμώνας ἔβαινον ἀγχαίλουσ, ὅθι τ' αἰεν ὁμιλατ' ἕγερθοντο
tερπόμεναι ῥοδέθ τε φυή καὶ κύματος ἥχη.

αὐτῇ δὲ χρύσεων τάλαρον φέρεν Ἐνυρόπεια,
θητόν, μέγα θαῦμα, μέγαν πόλον Ἡφαιστοῖο,
ὅτι Διβύη πόρε δῶρον, ὅτ' ἐς λέχος Ἐυνοσιγαῖον ἤτεν. ὅτ' δὲ πόρεν περικαλλεί Τηλεφαάσφη,
ἤτε οἱ αἴματος ἐσκεν. ἀνύμφφο δ' Ἐνυροτείη
μήτηρ Τηλεφάασσά περικλυτὸν ὁπασε δῶρον.

ἐν τῷ δαίδαλα πολλὰ τετεύχατο μαρμαίροντα.
ἐν μὲν ἐν τ' χρυσοῖ ὑπεργήμενὴ 'Ιναχίς Ἱω, 
εἰσέτι πόρτις εὔσα, φυὴν δ' οὐκ εἰςχε ἡμενίν.
φοιναλή ἐν πόδεσιν ἐφ' ἀλυμρά βαῖνε κέλευθα,
τηχομένῃ ἵκήλη. κυνῆ δ' ἐτέτυκτο θάλασσα.
δοιοὶ δ' ἐστάσαιν ὕψοι ἐπ' ὀφρύς αἰγαλοῖο

1 κρήνειαν Wakefield: mss κρήνειαν 2 εντύνοιτο Wil: mss -οτο, -ωντο, -ατο 3 mss also φαιδρύνοιτο

430
MOSCHUS II, 22-48

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.

431
THE BUCOLIC POETS

φώτες ἀναλήδην, θηεύντο δὲ ποιοτόπορον βοῦν.
ἐν δὲ ἦν Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ἐπαφώμενος ἥρεμα χερσί
πόρτιος Ἰναχίς, τὴν δὲ ἔπτατόρῳ παρὰ Νείλῳ
ἐκ βοῦς εὐκεράοιο πάλιν μετάμειβε γυναῖκα.
ἀργύρεος μὲν ἦν Νείλου ρόος, ἦ δʼ ἄρα πόρτις
χαλκείη, χρυσοῦ δὲ τετυγμένος αὐτὸς ἦν Ζεὺς.
ἀμφὶ δὲ δινήσετο ὑπὸ στεφάνην ταλάρου
Ἐρμείης ἧσκητο. πέλας δὲ οἱ ἐκτετάνυστο
Ἀργοῖς ἀκομήτοισι κεκασμένος ὀφθαλμώοις.
τοῦ δὲ φοινήσετο ἀφʼ αἵματος ξανάτελλεν
ὄρνις ἀγαλλόμενος πτερύγων πολυανθεί χροιῇ,
tαρσῶν ἀναπλώσας ὡσείτε τις ὀκύαλος νηὸς,
χρυσεῖου ταλάρου περίσκεπε χείλεα ταρσός. 3
τοῖς ἦν τάλαρος περικαλλέος Εὐρωπείς.

ἀδʼ ἐπεὶ ὁδὸν λειμώνας ἐς ἀνθεμόεινας ἴκανον,
ἀλλή ἐπʼ ἀλλοίοισι τότε ἀνέθεισι θυμὸν ἐτερπον.
tῶν ἦ μὲν νάρκησον ἐὕπνοοι, ἦ δʼ ὑάκινθον,
ἡ δʼ ἵον, ἦ δʼ ἐρπυλλοῦ ἀπαίνυτο. πολλὰ δʼ ἔραξε
λειμώνων ἑαρότρεφεὼν θαλέθεσκε πέτηλα.
ἀδʼ ἀντε ξανθοῖο κρόκου θυώσεσαν θειραν
δρέπτου ἐριδμάίνουσαι, ἀτὰρ μεσσίστη 5 ἀνασά
ἀγαθὴν πυρσοῦ ῥόδου χείρισει λέγουσα,
οὐ νερ ἐν Χαρίτεσσι διέπρεπεν Ἀφρογένεια.

οὐ μὴν δηρὸν ἐμελλέν ἐπʼ ἀνθέσι θυμὸν ἰάνειν,
οὐδʼ ἄρα παρθενίην μῖτρην ἄχραντον ἑρυσθαῖ.
ἡ γὰρ δὴ Κρονίδῆς ὡς μὲν φράσαθ', ὡς ἐόλητο

1 mss also Z. ἐπ. ἤρ. χειρθείη
2 Ἰναχίς: τὴν Pierson: mss εἰναιληθης τὴν οὔ εἶναι ληθηθῆν 3 ταρσώς Wil: mss -oĩs
4 mss also ἐσῆλθουν ἀνθεμόεινας 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-streamèd Nile, and so transfiguring the hornèd creature to a woman again; and the flowing Nile was of silver wrought, and the heifer of brass, and the great Zeus of gold. And beneath the rim of the rounded basket was Hermes fashioned, and beside him lay outstretched that Argus which surpassed all others in ever-waking eyes; and from the purple blood of him came a bird uprising in the pride of the flowery hues of his plumage, and unfolding his tail like the sails of a speeding ship till all the lip of the golden basket was covered with the same. Such was this basket of the fair beauteous Europa's.

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

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

\[ \text{cf. } \mu\acute{o}\sigma\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma, \ \nu\acute{e}\alpha\tau\omicron, \ \tau\acute{r}l\tau\alpha\tau\omicron: \ \text{mss } \mu\varepsilon\sigma\sigma\omicron\upiota, \ \mu\varepsilon\sigma\sigma\rho\omicron\upiota, \ \mu\varepsilon\sigma\eta \ \varepsilon\sigma\tau\eta \]
THE BUCOLIC POETS

θυμὸν ἀνωστοίσιν ὑποδηθεῖς βελέσσι
Κύπριδος, ἢ μοῦνη δύναται καὶ Ζήνα δαμάσσαι.
δὴ γὰρ ἀλευόμενος τε χόλον ξηλήμονος Ἀρης
παρθενικής τ' ἔθελον ἀταλὸν νῦν ἐξαπατήσαι
κρύψε θεὸν καὶ τρέψε δέμας καὶ γείνετο ταῦρος,
οὐχ οἷος σταθμοὶς ἐνυφέρβεται, οὔδὲ μὲν οἷος
ἀλκα διαμήγγει σύρων εὐκαμπτές ἄροτρον,
οὔδ' οἷος ποίμνης ἐπιβούσκεται, οὔδὲ μὲν οἷος
ὀστις ὑποδηθεῖς ἐρύει πολύφορτον ἀπήνην.
τοῦ δὴ τοι τὸ μὲν ἄλλο δέμας ξανθόχρουν ἔσκε,
κύκλος δ' ἀργύφες μέσῳ μάρμαρε μετώπῳ,
ὁσσε δ' ὑπογλαύσσεσκε καὶ ἴμερον ἀστράπτεσσεν.
Ἰσά τ' ἐπ' ἀλληλοῦσι κέρα ἀνέτελε καρθὼν
ἀντυγος ἡμιτόμου κεραίς 1 ἄτε κύκλα σελήνης.

ἐλυθε δ' ἐς λειμώνα καὶ οὐκ ἐφόβησε φανθεῖς
παρθενικάς, πάσησι δ' ἐρως γένετ' ἐγγὺς ἰκέσθαι
ψαῦσαι θ' ἰμερτοῦ βρο稍稍, τοῦ δ' ἀμβροτος ὅθη
τηλόθι καὶ λειμώνος ἐκαίνυτο λαρὸν ἀυτήν.
στῇ δὲ ποδῶν προτάροιθεν ἀμύμονος Εὐρωπεῖς,
καὶ οἱ λιχμάζεσκε δέρνην, κατέθελγε δὲ κούρην.
ἡ δὲ μιν ἀμφαφάσσεκα καὶ ἥρμα χεῖρεσιν ἂφρον
πολλὸν ἀπὸ στομάτων ἀπομόργυτο, καὶ κύσε
ταῦρον.

αὐτάρ δ' μειλίχιοι μυκήσατο· φαίο κεν αὐλοῦ
Μυγδονίου γλυκῶν ἥχον ἀνόητυντος ἄκοινεν.
ὁκλας δὲ πρὸ ποδοῖν, ἐδέρκετο δ' Εὐρώπειαν
ἀγχέν' ἐπιστρέψας καὶ οἱ πλατὺ δείκνυε νότον.
ἡ δὲ βαθυπλοκάμοισι μετένεψε παρθενικής·

1 miss also ἀντα κεραίν ημιτόμου

434
Cronus espy 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 lowed, 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

'dévth' étárai filiai kai òmèlikes, òfr' épì tòdè
èxòmenai tautò phrtepmétha. òdè gar ápàsas
nòtou yptostóresas anadéxetai, òdà t' èynhès
trhùs t' eisidéen kai meilhíos, ùdè tì tautòs
allhsis prôsesièke. vòs òdè òi òhùte phòtòs
àsìmhos árphíthei, múhnìs òd' èpideúetai áûdhs.'

òs fàmènyn nòtòsiñn èphízane meidíóos, 110
ai d' allh ì nèllhèskon. àfrar d' ànepthlato
tautòs,
hèn òhèen arpatás: wòs d' épì pòntòn ìkanev.
hè dè metatstrephèisa filhas kalèssken étairas
xheíras óreignivnèn, tài d' ouk èdynamto kihánev.
àktàwv d' èpiphas próssow òheen òhùte délfìs
xhàlaís ábréktòsiñn èpè èyrèa kìmata baínon.

hè dè tòt' èhrchomènouo gakhnìaáskhe thàlasse,
kìthea d' árphíz ètalhè Dìos pròspároïthe pòdòwv,
ànthôswn d' úpèr oídma kubístèe bîvsstòthe
délfìs.
Nèrèides d' ìnèdusavn ùpeè xòlòs, ai d' ára pàsai
khtèoís nòtòsiñn èphímeñai èstigòwnto.
kal d' ávtòs barúdountos ùpeíralos 3' Ènnosíghais 120
kîma kátîthwv èlìsès ègëtò kéléthw
àutokalxiýntòs. toì d' árphíx ìnì ègërèthwnto
Trítownes, pòntòto barúthwroì 2 àulthères,
kózxòsinx tanaoùs gàmíwv mélos èppûntes.
ì d' áfr' èfeqoymènì Zhnòs boëois épì nòtois
th mév èxein tautò phròskoù kékars, èn ùhè d' álhlh
eírunm pòrfwrènì kòlpoû pttóhà, 3' ôfrà ke mú
ìn dèvòi èfelkòmen xun polòhìs èlòs àsppetwv ùdòwv.

1 ùpeíralos È, cf. ùpeírhoìs and Il. 23, 227 ùpeír ìl: mss
ùpeír ìldì or ùpeír ìl 2 mss also bâthwroì àult: mss
also ènnaetërìes 3 mss also pòrfwrèas and pttóhàs

436
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
κολπώθη δ' ὁμοισι πέπλος βαθὺς Εὐρωπείας,
ιστίον οἶα τε νηὸς, ἑλαφριζέσκε δὲ κούρην.

ἡ δ' ὅτε ἰεν γαίης ἀπὸ πατρίδος ἦν ἀνευθεν,
φαῖνετο δ' οὔτ' ἀκτῆ τις ἀλλόροθας οὔτε ὅρος αἰτῶ,
ἀλλ' ἀνὴρ μὲν ἀνωθεν, ἔξερθε δὲ πόντον ἀπέιρων,
ἀμφὶ ἐ παπτήνασα τόσην ἀνευκατο φωνήν̣.
πὴ με φέρεις θεόταυρε; τίς ἐπλεο; πῶς δὲ κέ-
λευθα

ἀργαλὲ εἰλιπόδεσσι1 διέρχεαι, οὔδὲ θάλασσαν
dειμαίνεις; νυσσὶν γὰρ ἐπιδρομός ἐστὶ θάλασσα
ωκυάλοις, ταῦροι δ' ἄλην τρομέουσιν ἀταρπόν.
pοιόν τοι ποτὸν ἥδω; τίς εὗ ἄλος ἐσσετ' ἐδωδῇ;
ἡ ἄρα τις θεός ἐσσιν: θεοῖς γ'2 ἐπεοικότα ἱέζεις.
ούθ' ἄλοις δελφίνες ἐπὶ χθονὸς οὔτε ταῦροι
ἐν πόστῳ στιχώσοι, σὺ δὲ χθώνα καὶ κατὰ πόντον
ἀτρομὸς3 ἀύσσεις, χηλαλ ὑπὸ τοῦ εἰσιν ἔρεμα.

ἡ τάχα καὶ γλαυκής υπέρ ἥρος υψὸς, ἀερθεὶς
εἰκελος αἰνηροῖς πετήσαει οἰωνοισίν.

ὁμοὶ έγὼ μέγα δή τι δυσάμμορος, ἂ να τε ὅμμα
πατρος ἀποπροληπτοῦσα καὶ ἔσπομένη βοῖ τόδε
ξείνη ναυτιλήν ἠφέος καὶ πλάξωμαι οἶνη.

ἀλλὰ σὺ μοι μεδέων πολιῆς ἄλος Ὀννοσίγαι
ἐλαος ἀντίασειας, ὅν ἔλπομαι εἰσοράσασθαι
τούδε κατιθύνοντα πόρον προκέλευθον ἐμεῖο.

οὐκ ἄθεεν γὰρ ταῦτα διέρχομαι ὕγρα κέλευθα.

ὡς φάτο: τὴν δ' ὅδε προσεφώνεεν ἡκέρως4 βοῦς,
θάρσει παρθενική, μὴ δείδηθι πόντον ὀιδία.

αὐτὸς τοι Ζεὺς εἰμι, κεί5 ἐγγύθεν εἰδομαι εἰναι
ταῦρος: ἐπεὶ δύναμαι γε φανήμεναι ὅτι θέλοιμι.

1 thus Ahr: mss κέλευθον ἀργαλῆν (or -λεωσι) πάδεσσι
2 γ' Ἐ: mss δ' 3 mss also ἀβροχεῖς, cf. 114 4 mss also
3 ἐφύκερος 5 κεί Meineke: mss καὶ
438
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 τὸσην ἀλα μετρήσασθαι ταύρῳ ἐειδόμενον· Κρήτη δὲ σε δέξεται ἦδη, ἢ μ’ ἔθρεψε καὶ αὐτόν, ὡτε νυμφή αἰεὶ ἔσσεται· ἐξ ἐμέθεν δὲ κλυτοὺς φιτύσεαι νίκης, οἱ σκηπτοῦχοι ἀνακτεῖ ἐπὶ χθονίοις ἕσσονται.·

δὲς φάτω· καὶ τετέλεστο τὰ περ φάτω. φαίνετο μὲν δὴ

Κρήτη, Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν σφετέρην ἀνελάζετο μορφήν, λύσει δὲ οἱ μίτρην, καὶ οἱ λέχος ἐντυνον Ἄραι. ἢ δὲ πάρος κούρη Ζηνὸς γέννετ' αὐτίκα νύμφη, καὶ Κρονίδη τέκνα τίκτε καὶ αὐτίκα γένετο μήτηρ.
MOSCHUS II, 157–166

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.—ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ ΒΙΩΝΟΣ

Αἰλινά μοι στοναχεῖτε νάπαι καὶ Δώριον ὑδωρ, καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίοντε τὸν ἱμερόντα Βίωνα. νῦν φυτά μοι μύρεσθε, καὶ ἄλσεα νῦν γοάοισθε, ἀνθεα νῦν στυμνοῖσιν¹ ἀποπνείοιτε κορύμβοις, νῦν ρόδα φοινίσσεσθε τὰ πένθιμα, νῦν ἀνεμῶναι, νῦν ἅκινθε λάλει τὰ σὰ γράμματα καὶ πλέον αἰαὶ βάμβανε² τοῖς πετάλοισιν καλὸς τέθνακε μελικτᾶς.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸν πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.
ἀδόνες αἰ πυκνοῖσιν ὄδυρόμεναι ποτὶ φύλλοις, νάμασι τοῖς Σικελοῖς ἀγγείλατε τὰς Ἀρεθοίσας, ὡττὶ Βίων τέθνακεν ὁ βουκόλος, ὡττὶ σὰν αὐτῷ καὶ τὸ μέλος τέθνακε καὶ ὠλετο Δωρίς ἀοιδά.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸν πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.
Στηρυμόνοι μύρεσθε παρ’ ὕδασιν αἰλίνα κύκνοι, καὶ γοεροῖς στομάτεσσι μελύσετε πένθιμον φθάν, οἴαν ὑμετέροις ποτὶ χείλεσι γῆρας ἀείδει,³ εἴπατε δ’ αὐτοῖς Ὀλαγρίσιν, εἴπατε πᾶσαι Ἱεσοῦς Νύμφαισιν “ἀπὸ λέτο Δώριος Ὀρφεύς.” ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸν πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.

¹ στυμνοῖσιν E, cf. Bion i. 74: mss στυγν. ² βάμβανε, cf. Bion 6. 9: mss λάμβανε ³ γῆρας ἀείδει Wil: mss γῆρυς ἀείδε

444
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 AI, "alas." "Strymon": a river of Thrace, where Orpheus lived and died; swans were said to sing before their death. "Oeagrian damsels": daughters of Óeagrus king of Thrace and sisters of Orpheus. "Bistonian": Thracian.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

κεῖνος ὁ ταῖς ἀγέλαισιν ἐράσμος οὐκέτι μέλπει, 20
οὐκέτ᾽ ἐρημαίαισιν ὕπο δρυσὶν ἤμενος ἂδει,
ἀλλὰ παρὰ Πλούτηι μέλος Δηθαίον ἀείδει.
ὦρεα δὲ ἐστὶν ἄφωνα, καὶ αἱ βόες αἱ ποτὶ ταύροις
πλαζόμεναι γοάντι καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντι νέμεσθαι.

- ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.
σειὸ Βίων ἐκλαυσε ταχὺν μόρον αὐτὸς Ὀπόλλων,
καὶ Σάτυροι μύροντο μελάγχλαινοι τε Πρίηπον
καὶ Πάνες στοναχεύντο 1 τὸ σὺν μέλος, αἰὶ τε καθ᾽
ὔλαν

Κραυδῆς ὀὐδὺραντο, καὶ ᾦδατα δάκρυα γέντο.
'Αχὼ δὲ ἐν πέτραισιν ὀὐδύρεται, ὅττι σιωπή
κοὐκέτι μμείται τὰ σὰ χείλεα. σῷ δὲ ἐπ᾽ ὀλέθρῳ
δένδρα προπὸν ἐρυψε, τὰ δὲ ἀνθεὰ πάντ᾽ ἐμαρανθῆ.
μάλων οὐκ ἔρρευσε καλὸν γλῶγος, οὐ μέλι σίμβλων,
κάθαιαν δὲ ἐν κηρῷ λυπεύμενον οὐκέτι γὰρ δεῖ
τῷ μέλιτος τῷ σῷ τεθνακότος αὐτὸ τρυγάσθαι.

- ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τὸ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.
οὖ τόσον εἰναλίαισι παρὶ ἄφος μύρατο Σειρήν, 2
οὐδὲ τόσον ποικ ἀεισεν ἐνί σκοτέλοισιν Ἀηδών,
οὐδὲ τόσον θρήνησεν ἀν᾽ ὄρεα μακρὰ Χελιδών,
'Αλκυόνος δὲ οὐ τόσον ἐπ᾽ ἄλγεσιν ἱαχε Κηνξ, 3
οὐδὲ τόσον γλαυκοῖς ἐνὶ κύμασι κηρύλοις ἄδειν,

1 στοναχεύντο : mss -εύντι 2 Σειρήν Buecheler : mss σε
(δὲ, γέ) πρὶν οὐ δελφιν 3 Κηνξ Aldus : mss κηρυξ

446
MOSCHUS III, 20-42

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 Lethè, 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 Halcyon, 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.

447
THE BUCOLIC POETS

οὗ τόσου ἄφοισιν ἐν ἄγκεσι παῖδα τὸν Ἀντίφα

ιπτάμενος περὶ σάμα κινύρατο Μέμνονος ὄρνις,

ὁσσον ἀποφθιμένῳ καταδύραντο Βίωνος.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαί τῷ πένθεσος ἀρχετε Μώσαι.

ἀδονίδες πᾶσαι τε χελίδονες, ἃς ποκ' ἐτερπεν,

ἂς λαλέειν ἐδίδασκε, καθεξόμεναι ποτὶ πρέμνους

ἀντίον ἀλλάλαισιν ἐκώκυνον' αἰ δ' ὑπεφώνειν

"ἄρνεσιν λυπεῖσθ' αἰ πενθάδες: ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς." 2

ἀρχετε Σικελικαί τῷ πένθεσος ἀρχετε Μώσαι.

τὸ ποτε σὰ σύρρυγγι μελίζεται ἃ τρπόθητε;

τὸ δ' ἐπὶ σοῖς καλάμοις θῆσει στόμα; τὸς θρασὺς

ούτως;

εἰσέτι γὰρ πνεεί τὰ σὰ χείλεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἄσθμα,

ἄγα δ' ἐν δονάκεσσι τεάς ἐτὶ 3 βόσκετ' αὐδᾶς.

Πανὶ φέρω τὸ μέλισμα; τὰχ' ἁν καὶ κεῖνος ἐρείσαι

τὸ στόμα δεμαίνοι, μὴ δεύτερα σεῖο φέρηται.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαί τῷ πένθεσος ἀρχετε Μώσαι.

κλαῖει καὶ Γαλάτεια τὸ σὸν μέλος, ἃν ποκ' ἐτερπες

ἐξομένας μετὰ 4 σεῖο παρ' αἰώνεσσι θαλάσσας.

οὐ γὰρ ἵσον Κύκλωπτι μελίσδεο' τὸν μὲν ἐφευγεν

ἀ καλὰ Γαλάτεια, σὲ δ' ἀδιον ἐβλεπεν ἀλμας.

καὶ νῦν λασαμένα τὸ κύματος ἐν ψαμάθοισιν

ἐζητ' ἐρημαίαις, βόας δ' ἐτι σεῖο νομεύει.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαί τῷ πένθεσος ἀρχετε Μώσαι.

πάντα τοι ὡ βούτα συγκάτθανε δῶρα τὰ Μώσαν,

παρθενικὰν ἔροετα φιλῆματα, χείλεα παῖδων.

1 ἄφοισιν: mss also ἡφοισιν and οἰων. 2 λυπεῖσθ' αἰ Ahr:
mss λυπείσθαι, -θε, -θέ γε  mss also ἡμᾶς and ἡμεῖς 3 ἄχα
d' ἐν Ahr: mss ἀχέδυν, ἀχέδων, ἀχέδουει  ἐτι θ. Brunck:
mss ἐπιβ. 4 μετὰ Hermann: mss παλā

448
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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ στυμνοὶ 1 περὶ σῶμα τεὸν κλαῖονσων Ὕρωτες.
χά Κύπρις ποθεῖε 2 σε πολύ πλέον ἢ το φίλημα,
tο πρῶαν τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἀποθνάσκοντα φίλησεν.
tούτοι τοι ὁ ποταμῶν λυγυρωτατε δεύτερον ἀλγος, 70
tοῦτο, Μέλη, νέον ἀλγος. ἀπώλετο πρῶ τοι 3
"Ομηρος,
tήνω τὸ Καλλιόπτας γλυκερὸν στόμα, καὶ σε
λέγοντι
μύρασθαι 4 καλὸν νῦα πολυκλαύτοισι ἰεθροῖς,
πᾶσαν ὁ ἐπλησας φωνᾶς ἁλα· νῦν τάλιν ἄλλουν
νίεα δακρύεις, καυνῷ ὁ ἐπὶ πένθει τάκη.
ἀμφότεροι παγαισ τεφιλήμενοι, ὡς μὲν ἔπινε
Παγασίδως κράνας, ὁ ἐξεχεν πόμα τάς Ἀρεθοίσας.
χῶ μὲν Τυνδαρέοι καλὸν δείσει θύγατρα
καὶ Θέτιδος μέγαν νῦα καὶ Ἀτρείδαι Μενέλαιον.
tήνος ὁ ὁ πολέμους, οὐ δάκρυα, Πάνα ὁ ἐμελπε, 80
καὶ βοῦτας ἐλύγαινε καὶ αἰείδων ἐνόμενε,
καὶ σύρυγγας ἔτευχε καὶ ἀδέα πόρτιν ἀμελυε,
καὶ παίδων ἐδίδασκε φιλήματα, καὶ τὸν Ἕρωτα
ἐτρεφεν ἐν κόλποισι καὶ ἤρθεθε ταὐ 'Αφροδίταν.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.
pᾶσα Βλων θρηνεί σε κλυτά πόλις, ἀστεα πάντα.
"Ἀσκρα μὲν γοάει σε πολύ πλέον Ἡσιόδοιο.
Πύνδαρον οὐ ποθέοντι τόσον Βοιωτίδες ἦλαι.
οὐ τόσον Ἀλκαῖω περιμύρατο Δέος ἑρανώ. 5
ουδὲ τόσον ὃν ἀοίδον ὃδυρατο 6 Τήυον ἀστυ.
σὲ πλέον Ἄρχιλόχῳ ποθεὶ Πάρος· ἄντι δὲ
Σαπφώς

1 στυμνοὶ E, cf. Bion i. 74: mss στυμνοὶ or -νυ
2 χα Wil: mss ἄ
3 τοι : mss also τοι and μου
4 μύρασθαι Mein: mss -εσθαι
5 ἕρανα Hering: mss ἐρεννα, ἐρενέα, ἐρεμα
6 ὅν Wakefield: mss τὸν ὃδυρατο
of the maidens, the sweet lips of the lads; round your corse the Loves weep all dishevelled, and Cypris, she's fainier 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 Calliope 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 weeppest 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 Tyndareus, and of the great son of Thetis, and of Atreid Menelaus; 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 fostering 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. Asca 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.
THE BUCOLIC POETS

εἰς ἐτὶ ¹ σεῦ τὸ μέλισμα κινύρεται ἡ Μινυλάνα.  
εἰ δὲ ² Συρακοσίοις Θεόκριτος· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τοι  
Ἀυσσονικῆς ὁδύνας μέλπω μέλος, οὐ ξένοις φόδας  
βουκολικῶς, ἀλλ' ἄντε διδάξαι σεῖο μαθητάς  
κλαρονόμος Μοῖσας τὰς Δωρίδος, ἢ μὲ ³ γεραίρων  
ἄλλους μὲν τεῦν ὀλβίον, ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπέλειπτες ἀοιδάν.  

ἀρχετε Σικελικαί τῷ πένθεσι ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.  
αἱ ταῖ μαλάχαι μὲν, ἐπὰν κατὰ κάποιν ὀλωνταί,  
ἡδὲ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα τὸ τ' εὐθαλὲς οὐλον ἀνηθθον,  
ὑπερογνον αὐξοντι καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι·  
αμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροί, οὶ ⁴ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,  
ὑπόπτε τράτα κάνωμες, ἀνάκοι έν χθονί κοίλα  
eὐδόμες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμωνα νήγρετον ὑπνον.  
καὶ οὐ μὲν ὅν ⁵ συγὰ πεπυκασμένος ἔσσεαι ἐν γα,  
ταῖς Νύμφαισι δ' ἐδοξεν ἄει τὸν βάτραχον άδειν.  
ταῖς ⁶ δ' ἐγὼ οὖ φθονέωμι· τὸ γὰρ μέλος οὖ καλὸν  
ἄδει.

ἀρχετε Σικελικαί τῷ πένθεσι ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.  
φάρμακον ἤλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον  
ἡδες—  
τοιοῦτοις χείλεσσι ποτέδραμε κοικ ἐγγυκάνθη;  
tαίς δὲ βρότος τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος ὡς ⁷ κεράσαι τοι  
ἡ δοῦναι καλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον;—ἐκψυγεν φόδα. ⁸  

ἀρχετε Σικελικαί τῷ πένθεσι ἀρχετε Μοῖσαι.  
ἀλλ' Δίκα κίχε πάντας. ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ πένθει τῷδε  

¹ εἰς ἐτὶ = evermore  ² εἰ δὲ Wil: mss ἐν δὲ, οὐδὲ  ³ ἢ μὲ  
Briggs: mss ἢμμε, ἢμμε, ἢμμεγα  ⁴ καρτεροῖς, οἱ Briggs: mss  
kαρτεροῖς or καρτερικοῖς  ⁵ ὅν Wakefi: mss ἐν  ⁶ ταῖς Wil:  
452
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 overtakeith every man; and as for me, this song shall be my weeping sad lamentation

mss ταῖς 7 ὃς Ahr: mss ὅς or ἦ 8 ἐψυχεῖν φιᾶε E: mss ἐκψυχεῖν (or ἦ φύγει) φιᾶν

453
THE BUCOLIC POETS

dakrynëwv têwv oítov óðýrromai. eì dynáman dé,
òs 'Orrheús katabàs potì Tártařon, òs pòk'
'Odusseús,
òs páros 'Alkeídas, kῆγw tâx' òn ès dòmou ðuðon
Ploutéos, òs kev ïdôim, kal eì Ploutêi melísdeis,
òs èn ákoussaiman, tì melísdeai. ìlì' áge
Sikeleikón tì lógainve kal ádû tì boukolimázên.
kal keîna Sikeleá, kal èn Aînnavaisin épaiçev
áôsi, kal mélos oîde to Dôrimon' ouk ángérasstos
ësseîb' á molpâ. Þòvs 'Orfeî prósñev èðwakev
ádeá formiçonti palísonton Ýþrûdikëian,
kal së Bîon pémiçei toîs àrësîn. eì dé tì kῆgywv
surísîan dynàman, parà Ploutêi k' autôs ãeîdov.

1 ìlì' áge Wil: mss ìlìâ pâsa, ìlì' èpi, kal pâsa, kal
parâ 2 kal: some mss omit Sikeleá, kal èn Teucher: mss
sikeleikà èn (or kal èn), sikeleikaisin èn

454
MOSCHUS III, 115-126

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": Persephone, 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 γλαυκάν ὅταν ὄνεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλῃ,
tὰν φρέμα τὰν δείλαν ἐρεθίζομαι, οὐδ’ ἔτι μοι γὰ1 ἐστὶ φίλα, ποθίει δὲ πολὺ πλέον ἃ μεγάλα μ’ ἄλσ.2 ἀλλ’ ὃταν ἄχησῃ πολὺς βυθός, ἃ δὲ θάλασσα
cυρτόν ἑπαφρίζη, τὰ δὲ κύματα μακρὰ μεμῆνη,
ἐς χθόνα παπτάινω καὶ δένδρα, τὰν δ’ ἄλα φεύγω,
γὰ δὲ μοι ἀσπατά, χα δάσκιος εὐδαι ὢλα,
ἐνθα καὶ ἦν πνεύσῃ πολὺς ὄνεμος, ἃ πίτυς ἄδει.
ἡ κακὸν ὁ γριτεύς ξώει βίον, ψ’ δόμοι ἃ ναις,
καὶ πόνος ἐστὶ θάλασσα, καὶ ἰχθύες ἃ πλάνος
ἀγρα.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ὑπνος ὑπὸ πλατάνῳ βαθυ
φύλλῳ,
kαὶ παγάς φιλέοιμι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἄχων ἀκούειν,
ἀ τέρπῃ ψοφέοισα τὸν ἄγρικον,3 οὐχὶ ταράσσει.

V

'Ἡρατο4 Πάν Ἀχώς τάς γείτονος, ἦρατο δ’ Ἀχώ
σκιρταταῖ Σαῦρος, Σάρυρος δ’ ἐπεμήνατο Λύδα.
ὡς Ἀχώ τόν Πάνα, τόσον Σάρυρος φλέγεν Ἀχώ,
καὶ Λύδα Σαuantῶσκοιρ’ Ἐρως δ’ ἐσμύχετ’ ἀμοίβα.

1 μοι γὰ Bosius: mss μοίσα 2 πλέον ἃ μεγάλα μ’ ἄλσ E: mss πλέονα μεγάλαν ἄλα 3 ἀγρικὸν Stephanus: mss ἀγροίκον
4 ἦρατο Wakef: mss ἥρα

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-
THE BUCOLIC POETS

δοσον γὰρ τήνων τις ἐμίσεε τὸν φιλέοντα,
tόσον ὁμός φιλέων ἤχθαιρετο, πάσχε δ' ἀ ποίει.
tάντα λέγω πᾶσιν τὰ διδάγματα τοῖς ἀνεράστοις·
stέργετε τῶς φιλέοντας, ἵν' ἡν φιλέητε φιλήσθε.

VI

'Αλφείδος μετὰ Πίσαν ἕπην κατὰ πόντον ὀδεύῃ,
ἐρχεται εἰς Ἀρέθουσαν ἄγων κοτινηφόρον ὕδωρ,
ἐδνα φέρων καλὰ φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα καὶ κόνιν
ἱράν,
kαὶ βαθὺς ἐμβαίνει τοῖς κύμαις, τὰν δὲ θάλασσαν
νέρθεν ὑποτροχάει, κοῦ μιγνται ὕδασιν ὕδωρ,
ἀ δ' οὔκ οἴδε θάλασσα διερχομένω ποταμοῖο.
κῶρος λινοθέτας 1 κακομάχανος αἰνὰ διδάσκον
καὶ ποταμῶν διὰ φίλτρου Ἔρως ἐδίδαξε κολυμβῆν.

VII—ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ ΑΡΟΤΡΙΩΝΤΑ

Λαμπάδα θεῖς καὶ τόξα βοηλάτων εἶλετο ράβδουν
οὐλὸς Ἔρως, πῆρην δ' εἰχε κατωμαδίην,
kαὶ ξεύξας τάλασσαν ὑπὸ ξυγὸν αὐχένα·
εσπειρεῖν Δηοὺς αὐλάκα πυροφόροιν.
ἐπε δ' ἁνω βλέψας αὐτῷ Διό· 'πλήσον ἀρούρας,
μὴ σε τὸν Εὐρώτης βούν ὑπ' ἀροτρα βάλω.'

1 λινοθέτας Ἔρως, cf. Theocr. 21. 10: ms N deisothetas

460
MOSCHUS V–VII

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 Alpheüs 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 rivers 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 Alcmene 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.
ΜΕΓΑΡΑ

"Μήτερ ἔμη, τίθ' ὥδε φίλον κατὰ θυμὸν ἱάπτεις ἐκπάγλως αὐχέουσα, τὸ πρὶν δὲ τοι οὐκετ' ἔρευθος σφόξετ' ἐπὶ ἰδέεσσι; τί μοι τόσον ἰνύσαι; ἢρ' ὅτι ἄλγεα πάσχει ἀπείρητα φαίδιμος νῦς ἄνδρος ὑπ' οὐτιδανοῦ, λέων οὐσεῖθ' ὕπο νεβροῦ; ὥμοι εὖγ' τί νυ δή με θεοὶ τόσον ἰτίμησαν ἀθάνατοι; τί νῦ μ' ὥδε κακὴ γονεῖς τέκον αἰσθή; δύσμορος, ἢτ' ἐπεὶ ἄνδρος ἀμύμονος ἐς λέχος ἠλθον, τὸν μὲν εὖγ' τίσκον ἵσον φαέεσσιν ἐμοῖςων ἢδ' ἐτι νῦν σέβομαι τε καὶ αἰδεῖμαι κατὰ θυμὸν τοῦ δ' οὕτως γενέτ' ἄλλος ἀποτιμότερος ζωόντων, οὐδὲ τόσων σφετέρησιν ἐγεῦσατο φροντίσα θηδέων. σχέτλωσ, ὅς τόξουσ, ἃ οἱ πόρεν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων ἦν τινος Κηρῶν ἢ Ἐρυνύος αἰνὰ βέλεμνα, παίδας εὔος κατέπεφε καὶ ἐκ φίλον εἶλετο¹ θυμὸν μαινόμενος κατὰ οἶκον, δ' ἐμπλεοσ ἐσκε φόνοιο. τοὺς μὲν εὖγ' δύστηνος ἐμοῖς ἰδον ὀφθαλμοὶ βαλλομένος ὑπὸ πατρί, τὸ δ' οὐδ' ὅναρ ἤλυθεν ἀλλῷ. οὐδὲ σφιν δυνάμην ἄδινὸν καλέουσιν ἀρήξαι μητέρ' ἐγ' ἐπεὶ ἐγγὺς ἀνίκητον κακὸν ἦν. 20

¹ εἶλετο: mss also ἀλέσσε
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 of a man of nought, as a lion might be given of 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 no other hath 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ός δ' ὄρνις δύρηται ἐπὶ σφετέροις νεοσσοῖς ὀλλυμένοις, οὐστ' αἰνός ὄφις ἔτι νηπιάχοντας θάμνοις ἐν πυκνοῖσι κατεσθίει. ἦ δὲ κατ' αὐτοὺς πωτάται κλάξουσα μάλα λυγνί πότνια 1 μῆτηρ, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔχει τέκνοισιν ἐπαρκέσαι· ἦ γὰρ οἱ αὐτῆς ἄσσον ἵμεν μέγα τάρβος ἀμειλικτοὶ πελώρου· ὅς ἐγώ αἰνοτοκεία φίλον γόνων αἰάξουσα μαυσομένουσι πόδεσι δόμον κάτα πολλῶν ἐφοίτων. ὦς γ' ὀφελοῦν μετὰ παισίν ἄμα θυήσκουσα καὶ αὐτή

κεῖσθαι φαρμακόεντα δι' ἦπατος ἰόν ἔχουσα,
' Ἀρτεμι αἰχλυτάρησι μέγα κρείαυσα γυναῖξί.
τῷ χ' ήμας κλαύσατε φίλησ' ἐνὶ χερσὶ τοκῆς
πολλοῖς σὺν κτερέσσι πυρής ἐπέβησαν ὀμοίς,
καὶ κεν ἔνα χρύσειον ἐς ὅστεα κρωσόδον ἀπάντων
λέξαντες κατέθαψαν, ὅθε πρώτον γενόμεσθα.

νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν Θῆβην ἵπποτρόφον ἐναίιουσιν
'Λονίου πεδίοιο βαθείαν βῶλον ἄροιντες·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Τίρυνθα κάτα κρανᾶκν πόλιν Ἡρῆς
πολλοῖσιν δύστηνοι ἰάπτομαι ἅλγεισιν ἦτορ
αἰὲν ὀμῶς· δακρύων δὲ παρεστὶ μοι οὐδ' ἵ ἐρωθ.

 allure πόσιν μὲν ὄρῳ παύρου χρόνον ὀφθαλμοῖς
οὐκ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ· πολέων γὰρ οἱ ἔργον ἐτοίμων
μέχρων, τοὺς ἐπὶ γαίαιν ἀλάμενος ἂδεθ' θάλασσαν
μοχθίζει πέτρης ὅγ' ἔχων νῦν ἢ σιδήρου
καρτέρον ἐν στήθεσσι· σύ δ' ἢ ἥτοι λείβειαι 2 ὕδωρ,
νύκτας τε κλαύουσα καὶ ἐκ Δίως ἡμαθ' ὀπόσσα.

ἄλλος μὰν οὐκ ἂν τις ἐυφρήνῃ με παραστὰς
κηδεμόνων· οὐ γὰρ σφε δόμων κατὰ τεῖχος ἐέργει·

1 πότνια = raving E, cf. Ποτνια, ποτνιάς, ποτνιάμαι  2 mss
also λείβειαι

468
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 gives 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
THE BUCOLIC POETS

καὶ λίθον πάντες γε πέρην πιτυώδεος Ἰσθμοὺ
ναίουσ᾿, οὐδὲ μόι ἔστι πρὸς ὅπισθα 
κε βλέψασα
ολὰ γωνὴ πανάπτωτος ἀναψύξαιμι φίλον κήρ,
νόσφι γε δὴ Πύρρης συνομαίμονος. ἢ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀμφί τόσει σφετέρῳ πλέον ἄχρωται Ἰφικλῆς,
σφ νεῆν πάντων γὰρ ὄξυρωτάτα τέκνα
γείνασθαι σε θεό τε καὶ ἀνέρι θυγητῷ ἐσόλπα."

δὸς ἄρ’ ἐφ’ τὰ δὲ οἱ θαλερότερα δάκρυνα μῆλων
κόλπουν ἐς ἰμερόεντα κατὰ βλεφάρων ἐχέοντο,
μησαμένη τέκνων τε καὶ ὄν μετέπειτα τοκῆνων.
δὸς δὲ αὐτῶσ δακρύουσι παρῆσα λεῦκ’ ἐδίαινεν
'Αλκμήνη βαρύ δ᾿ ἤγε καὶ ἐκ θυμοῦ στενάχουσα
μῦθοισιν πυκνοῖσιν φίλην νῦν ὅδε μετηύδα.

"δαίμονή παίδων, τί νῦ τοι φρέσιν ἐμπεσε τοῦτο
πενκαλίμαις; πῦς ἄμμ έθέλεις ὀροθυνέμεν άμφω
κήδε’ ἄλαστα λέγουσα; τὰ δ’ οὐ νῦν πρῶτα
κέκλαυται.

ἡ οὖν ἄλις, οἷς ἐχόμεσθα τὸ δεύτατον αἰεὶν ἐπ’
ἐμ’ ἡμαρ

γυνομένοις; μάλα μὲν γε φιλοθρηνῆς κέ τις εἰη,
ὅστις ἀριθμήσειν ἐφ’ ἡμετέρους ἄχεοσι.
θάρσει. οὐ τοιχαί ἐκυρῆσαμεν ἐκ θεοῦ αἴσησ.
καὶ δ’ αὐτὴν ὅρῳ σε φίλον τέκος ἀτρύμοις
ἄλγεσι μοχθίζουσαν. ἐπιγυνώμων δὲ τοι ἐμι
ἀσχαλάμαν, ὅστε δὴ γε καὶ ἐφροσύνης κόρος ἐστὶ
καὶ σε μάλ’ ἐκτάγλως ὀλοφύρωμαι ἦδ’ ἐλεάρω,
οὔκεκεν ἡμετέρου λυγροῦ μετὰ δαίμονος ἐσχες,
ὅσθ’ ἡμῖν ἐφύπηρθε κάρης βαρὺς αἰωρεῖται.

1 cf. ll. 17. 437  2 ἐπ’ ἡμαρ: cf. Thesocr. Inscr. 8. 3
3 mss also φιλοθρηνῆς  4 mss also ἐποδύρομαι

470
MEGARA, 49-74

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 shouldest 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?"
THE BUCOLIC POETS

ιστω γάρ Κούρη τε καὶ εὐένος Δημήτηρ,
ας κε μέγα βλαφθείς τις ἐκὼν ἐπίορκουν ὁμόσσαι 1
dυσμενέων, 2 μηθέν σε χερείστερον φρέσιν ἃς
στέργειν 3 ἢ εὔπερ μοι ὑπὲκ νησιώτων ἤλθες
καὶ μοι τηλυγέτη ἑνὶ δώμασι παρθένος ἑσθα.
οὐδ᾽ αὐτὴν γε νε πάμπαν ἐξολπά σε τοῦτό γε λήθειν. 80
τῷ μὴ μ᾽ ἐξείπτησις ποτ᾽, ἔμον θάλος, ὡς σε τὰ καὶ
dιείσθα, μμόδ᾽ εὐ κ᾽ ἡκόμου Νιάβθης πυκινώτερα κλαίω.
οὐδ᾽ ὡς γάρ νεμεσητόν ἐπερ τεκνον γοάσσαι
μητέρι δυσπαθέοντος ἐπεὶ δέκα μήνας ἐκαμνον
πρίν καὶ πέρ τ᾽ 4 ἰδεῖν καὶ, ἐμὸν ὑπὸ ἢπατ᾽ ἔχουσα,
καὶ με πυλάρταο σχεδὸν ἤγαγεν Αἴδωννησος.
ὡδὲ ἐ δυστοκέουσα κακᾶς ὠδίνας ἀνέτλην.
νῦν δὲ μοι οἴχεται οίος ἐπ᾽ ἀλλοτρίησι νέον ἄθλων
ἐκτελέων. οὐδ᾽ οἴδα δυσάμμορος, εἴτε μι μιν ἀντις
ἐνθάδε νυστήσαυθ ὑποδέξομαι, εἴτε καὶ οὐκί. 90
πρὸς δ᾽ ἐτι μ᾽ ἐπτοίησε διὰ γλυκῶν αἰῶνας ἀνειροσ
ὑπνον. δειμαίνω δὲ παλιγκοτον ὡς ἰδοῦσα
ἐκπάγλως, μὴ μοι τε τεκνον ἀποθύμων ἔρθοι.
εἴσατο γὰρ μοι ἐχων μακέλην ἐνεργεία χερσὶ
παῖς ἐμὸς ἀμφοτέρσαι, βία Ἡρακλείησι.
τῇ μεγάλῃ ἐξάχασε διδεργέονως ὡς ἐπὶ μισθῷ
tάφρον τηλεθάνως ἐπ᾽ ἐσχατῇ τινὸς ἄγροι,
γυμνὸς ἀτερ χαίνης τε καὶ εὐμίτροιο χιτώνοι.
αὐτάρ ἐπεἰδή παντὸς ἀφίκετο πρὸς τελός ἔργου
καρτεροῦν ὀινοφόρου ποιεύμενος ἥρκουν ἀλοῖς,
ἥτοι ὃ λίστρον ἐμελλεν ἐπὶ προύχοντος 5 ἐρείσας
ἀνδήρου καταδύναι, ᾧ καὶ πάρος εἶματα ἐστο
ἐξαπίνης δ᾽ ἀνελάμψεν ὑπὲρ καπέτου βαθείς

1 ὁμόσσα: Brunck: mss -ςη  2 δυσμενέων participle
3 στέργειν: syntax shifted owing to the intervention of
472
it, and before the robed Demeter—and any that willingly and of ill intent forsweareth 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 Niobè 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 dugged and put on those clothes he wore before; but lo! there outshined above the deep trench a fire inextinguishable, and there rolled

δημάσσα, cf. Theocr. 12. 4  4 πρὸν καὶ πέρ ὅ' cf. Il. 15. 588, Theocr. 2. 147  5 mss also λίστρον ἐτί προῦχόντος σπεύδεν

473
THE BUCOLIC POETS

πῦρ ἀμοτον, περὶ δ' αὐτὸν ἀθέσφατος εἰλεῖτο φλόξ. 
αὐτὰρ ὅγ' αἰεῖν ὁπίσθε θοοῖς ἀνεχάζετο ποσσίν, 
ἐκφυγέειν μεμαῶς ὅλον μένος. ¹ Ἡφαίστοιοι· 
αἰεὶ δὲ προπάροιθεν εὖ ν χροὺς ἤτε γέρρον 
νῶμασκεν μακέλην· περὶ δ' ὦμμασεν ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα 
pάπταινεν, μὴ δὴ μιν ἐπιφλέξει δὴνον πῦρ. 
tῷ μὲν ἀοσσῆσαι λελιημένος, ὡς μοι ἔκκτο, 
Ἰφικλέης μεγάθυμος ἐπ' οὔδεὶ κάππεσ' ὁλισθὼν 
πρὶν ἐλθεῖν, οὔδ' ὀρθός ἀναστήναι δύνατ' αὕτης, 
ἀλλ' ἀστεμφὲς ἐκεῖτο, γέραν ὅσεῖτ' ἀμενηνός, 
オンτε καὶ οὐκ ἑθέλοντα βιήσατο γήρας ἀτερπῆς 
καππεσεῖν: κεῖται δ' θ' ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἐμπεδον 
αὕτως,

εἰςόκε τις χειρὸς μιν ἀνειρύσσῃ παριῶτων 
aἰδεσθείς ὑπέδα προτέρην πολιοῖο γενείον. 
ὡς ἐν γῇ λελίαστο σακεσπάλος Ἰφικλείης· 
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κλαίεσκον ἀμηχανέουτας ὀρόσα 
pαῖδας ἐμούς, μέχρι δὴ μοι ἀπέσευτο νῆδυμος 
ὕπνου 

οφθαλμῶν, ἡδ' δὲ παραυτίκα φαινόλως ἠλθε. ² 

tοια, φίλη, μοι οὐειρά διὰ φρένας ἐπτοίησαν 
παννυχήν· τὰ δὲ πάντα πρὸς Εὐρυσθῆα τρέποιτο 
οἰκον ἀφ' ἡμετέρου, γένοιτο δὲ μάντις ἐκείνῳ 
θυμὸς ἐμός, μηδ' ἄλλο παρεκ τελέσειε τι δαίμων." 

¹ μένος: mss also βέλος ² φαινόλας ἠλθε: mss also φαινετο δία
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 me-thought 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 joy-less 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
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

'Αδωνιν ἤ Κυθήρη
ὡς εἶδε νεκρὸν ἦδη
στυμνάν¹ ἐχοίνα χαίταν
ὡχράν τε τὰν παρειάν,
ἄγεων τὸν ὑπὶ πρὸς αὐτὰν
ἐταξέ τῶς Ἑρωτας.
οἱ δ' ευθέως ποτανοῖ
πᾶσαν δραμόντες ὅλαν
στυμνὸν τὸν ὑπὶ ἀνεύρον,
δῆσαν δὲ² καὶ πέδασαν.
χῶ μὲν βρόχῳ καθάψας
ἔσυρεν αἰχμάλωτον,
δ' δ' ἐξόπισθ' ἐλαύνων
ἐτυπτε τοῖσι τόξοις.
ὁ θηρ δ' ἔβαινε δειλῶς,
φοβεῖτο γὰρ Κυθήρην.
τῷ δ' εἶπεν Ἀφροδίτα
"πάντων κάκιστε θηρῶν,
σὺ τόνδε μηρόν ἵψω;
σὺ μοι τὸν ἀνδρ' ἐτυψας;"
ὁ θήρ δ' ἐλέξεν ὦδε
"ὁμνυμὶ σοι Κυθήρη

¹ στυμνάν E, cf. Bion i. 74: mss στυμνὰν
² δὲ Wil: mss τε

480
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 upspake 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,
THE BUCOLIC POETS

αὐτήν σε καὶ τὸν ἄνδρα
καὶ ταῦτά μου τὰ δεσμά
καὶ τῶσδε τῶς κυναγῶς:
tὸν ἄνδρα τὸν καλὸν σεν
οὐκ ἦθελον πατάξαι
ἀλλ’ ὡς ἀγαλμ’ ἐσείδον,
καὶ μὴ φέρων τὸ καῦμα
γυμνὸν τὸν εἰχε μηρὸν
ἐμαινόμαν φιλᾶσαι.
καὶ μ’ εὐ κατεκσίναξε: ¹
τοῦτοις λαβοῦσα τέμνει,
tοῦτοις κόλαξε, Κύπρι:
tί γὰρ φέρω περισσῶς
ἐρωτικοὺς ὀδόντας;
εἰ δ’ οὐχὶ σοι τάδ’ ἀρκεῖ,
καὶ ταῦτά μου τὰ χείλη.
tί γὰρ φιλεῖν ἐτόλμων;”
tὸν δ’ ἡλέησε Κύπρις,
eἰπέν τε τοῖς Ἐρώσι
τὰ δεσμά οἱ ’πιλύσαι.
ἐκ τῶδ’ ἐπηκολούθει,
καὶ ὥλαν ὑπὸ ἔβαινε,
καὶ τῷ πυρὶ ² προσελθὼν
ἐκαίε τοὺς ὀδόντας. ³

¹ μ’ εὐ: mss μεν κατεκσίναξε Scaliger: mss κατεσίναξε
² τῷ πυρὶ Heinsius: mss τῷ
³ ὀδόντας Wil: mss ἐρωτας
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 δώρον ὁ Φωκεὺς κρατερὰς μηδοσύνας ἦρα τίνων Ἀθάνα
3 τάμος, ἔπεις τὰν ἱερὰν κηρὶ πυρίπτῳ πόλιν ἡθάλωσεν
5 οὐκ ἐνάριθμοι γεγαῶς ἐν προμάχοις Ἀχαιῶν
7 νῦν ἐς Ὄμηρειον ἔβα κέλευθον
9 τρὶς μάκαρ ὅμοι τυμῷ
11 ὃδ’ ὀλβος
12 ἀεὶ πνεὶ.
10 Ἰλαος ἀμφιδέρχθης.
8 σὰν χάριν, ἄγνα πολύβουλε Παλλάς.
6 ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ κρανάν θαραν νάμα κόμιξε δυσκλεῖς.1
4 Δαρδανιδῶν, χρυσοβαφεῖς δ’ ἐστυφέλιξ2 ἐκ θεμέθλων ἀνακτας,
2 ὥπασ’ Ἐπειδὸς πέλεκυν, τῷ ποτὲ πύργων θεσπεύκτων κατέρειψεν αἰπός

1 δυσκλεῖς = δυσκλῆς E: mss δύσκλης, δυσκλῆς, δυσκλῆς 2 μαίομενος Wil: mss μοῦνος
13 Σιμμίας βαινὸν κλυτὸς ἵππα θεοῖς ὡς ἐβρε 'Ῥοδὸν γεγαῶς δ’ πολύτροτα μαίομενος2 μέτρα μολῆς.

This line, the handle of the Axe, is missing from some of the mss, and is in all probability an interpolation from the Egg l. 20.
THE PATTERN-POEMS

SIMIAS

I.—THE AXE

Epæus of Phocis 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-built 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.
II.—ΠΤΕΡΥΓΕΣ

Λεύσε με τὸν Γάζ τε βαθυστέρνου ἀνακτ’ Ἀκμονίδαν τ’ ἄλλως ἐδράσαντα, μηδὲ τρέσης, εἰ τόσος ὑπὶ δάσκια βῆβριθα λάχνα γένεια.

τάμος ἔγω γὰρ γενόμαν, ἀνίκ’ ἐκραίν’ Ἀνάγκα

πάντα δ’ ἐκας εἰχε φράδεσσι λυγροῖς

ἐρπετά, πάνθ’ ὡς’ εἰρπε ²

δι’ αἰθρας

Χάους τε:

οὐτὶ γε Κύπριδος παῖς

κυνυπτάς Ἀρείος ³ καλεῖμαι:

10 οὔτε γὰρ ἐκράνα βία, πραῦνοφ ⁴ δὲ πειθοῦ,

εἰκέ τέ μοι γαῖα θαλάσσας τε μυχῷ χάλκεος οὐρανός τε·

τῶν δ’ ἑγὼ ἐκνοσφισάμαν ὤγυγιον σκᾶπτρον, ἐκρίνον ⁵ δὲ θεοῖς θέμιστας.

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¹ ἐκας εἰχε φράδεσσι λυγροῖς E, ὑφ. Hesych. φράδεςι· Βούλας: mss ἐκτάσει καὶ φράδεσι (εἰκε φράδεσσι) λυγραῖς
² εἰρπε E: mss ἐρπε
³ Ἀρείος E, ὑφ. A for Ἀ for II. 2. 767 and Ἀρραβλα Theocr. 17. 86: mss δ’ ἀέριος, δ’ ἀέρος
⁴ mss πραὐνο
⁵ mss ἐκρίνον
II.—THE WINGS

Behold the ruler of the deep-bosomed Earth, the turner upside-down of the Son of Acmon, 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 Gods.

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 decameter of spondees, anapaests, paeons, and dactyls.

The “Dorian nightingale” is the poet and the “new weft” the poem itself.
III.—ΩΙΟΝ

1 Κωτίλας
3 τῇ τόδε ἄτρυον νέον
5 πρόφρων δὲ θυμῶ δέξο. δὴ γὰρ ἀγνᾶς
7 τὸ μὲν θεῶν ἐριβόας Ἑρμᾶς ἐκίξες κάρυξ
9 ἀνωγε δ' ἐκ μέτρου μονοβάμονος μέξω πάροιθ' ἀέξειν
11 θοῶς δ' ὑπερθεν ὁκυλέχριον νείμα ποδῶν σποράδων πίασκεν
13 θοοίσι τ' αἰδολαῖς νεβροῖς κἂλ' ἀλλάσσων ὀρσιπόδων ἐλάφων τέκεσσιν.
15 τηλεκραίπνους ὑπὲρ ἄκρων ἰέμεναι ποσὶ λόφων κατ' ἀρθμίας Ἰχνος τιθήνας,
17 καὶ τις ὠμόθυμος ἀμφίπαλτον αἷψ' αὐδάν θῆρ ἐν κόλπῳ δεξάμενος θαλαμᾶν πυκωτάτορ
19 κἂν ὥκα βοᾶς ἀκολύων μεθέπων ὃγ' ἄφαρ λάσιον νυφοβόλων ἂν ὀρέων ἐσσιται ἄγκος.
20 ταῖς δὴ δαίμοις κλυτὸς ἵσα θοοίσι πόνου δονέων ποσὶ πολύπλοκα μεθίει μέτρα μολπᾶς.
18 ρίμφα πετρόκοιτον ἐκλιπῶν ὀρουσ' εὐνάν ματρὸς πλαγικτὸν μαιόμενος βαλλάς ἐλείν τέκος.
16 βλαχαὰ δ' οἴων πολυβότων ἃν' ὀρέου νομὸν ἔβαν ταυσσφύρων τ' ἄν' ἄντρα ἅμμαθι
14 ταὶ δ' ἀμβρότῳ πόθῳ φίλὰς ματρὸς ῥῶντ' αἰθα μεθ' ἰμερεύτα μαζὸν,
12 ἰχνεὶ θενῶν τόνου παναίολον, Πιερίδων μονόδουπον αὐδάν,
10 ἀριθμοὺν εἰς ἄκραν δεκάδ' ἰχνίων, κόσμου νέμοντα ῥυθμῶν.
8 φῦλ' ἐς βροτῶν ὑπὸ φίλας ἐλῶν πτεροῖσι ματρῶς.
6 λγεῖᾳ νῦν καὶ ἀμφὶ ματρῶς ὁδίς.
4 Δωρίας ἀηδόνος.
2 ματέρος

For critical notes see p. 499.

496
III.—THE EGG

Lo here a new weft 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-voiced 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 beloved 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 renownèd God the labour, as he sped the manifold measures of the song.

497

KK
NOTES TO P. 496.


499

k k 2
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 reason 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.
THE PATTERN-POEMS

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.—ΣΤΡΙΓΞ

Οὐδὲνὸς εὐνάτειρα μακροπτολέμοιο δὲ μάτηρ μαίας ἀντιπέτροιο θὸδν τέκεν ἱθυντῆρα, οὐχὶ κεράσταν, ὃν ποτὲ θρέψατο ταυροπάτωρ, ἀλλ' οὐ πειλιπὲς αἴθε πάρος φρένα τέρμα σάκους, οὖνομ' ὅλου δίζων, ὃς τὰς Μέροπος πόθον κούρας γηρυγόνας ἔχε τὰς ἀνεμώκεος, ὃς Μοίσα λιγὺ πάξεν ἱσοσφάνῳ ἐλκος ἀγαλμα πόθοιν πυρισμαράγου,¹ δὲς σβέσεν ἀνορέαν ἵσαυδεα παπποφόνου Τυρίας τ' ἐξῆλασεν.²

φ' τόδε τυφλοφόρων ἔρατὸν πῆμα Πάρις θέτο Σιμιχίδας· ψυχὰν ἀ ³ βροτοβάμων στήτας οἴστρε Σαέττας κλωποπάτωρ ἄπατωρ λαρνακόγυιε χαρεῖς ⁴ ἀδὺ μελίσδοις ἐλλοπὶ κούρα, Καλλιώτα νηλεύστω.

¹ mss also πυρισφαράγου ² so Haeb: mss ἀφείλετο or gap ³ & Hecker: mss ἀεὶ or ἄ ⁴ χαρεῖς Heck: mss χαρεῖς
THEOCRITUS.—THE SHEPHERD’S PIPE

Odysseus

The bedfere of nobody and mother of the war-
machus

Tele-

heroesman of (goats) the goat
abiding brought forth a nimble director of
that suckled one (Zeus) for whom a stone was substituted Cerastas,
the nurse of the vice-stone, not the
long-horned = Comatas, long-haired bees, cf. 7. 80 and Verg. G. 4. 550
hornèd one who was once fed by the son of a bull,
Pitys (Pine) = P+itys; itys = shield-rim; ine (old
but him whose heart was fired of old by the P-less
spelling) = eyes, i.e. bosses lit. whole; pan = all
goat-
ne 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

for Syrinx

monument of the fiery furnace of his love, him that

the Persian at Marathon

extinguished the manhood which was of equal sound

Perseus

Europa (Europe) was daughter

with a grandsire-slayer and drove it out of a maid of

of a Phoenician

Theo-critus = judge between

Tyre, him, in short, to whom is set up by this Paris
Gods1 nickname of Theocritus woc = possession, ref. to the

that is son of Simichus this delectable piece of un-
sore 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 Omphalè (cf. Ovid, Fast. 2. 305) son of

treading gadfly of the Lydian quean, 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

Calliope that is heard but not seen.

1 Strictly the compound should mean ‘judged by God.’

503
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 στήτας
πόσις, μέροψ δίσαβος,
teũξ', οὐ σποδεύνας ἵνα 'Εμπούσας μόρος
Τεύκρου βοῦτα καὶ κυνὸς τεκνώματος,
χρυσᾶς δ' ἀίτας, ἀμος ἐψάνδρα
τὸν γυνόχαλκον οὐρον ἔρραισεν,
ὅπον ἀπάτωρ δίσευνος
μόγησε ματρόρπιτος.
ἐμὸν δὲ τεύγμ' ἀθρήσας
Θεοκρίτου κτάντας
τριεσπέρου καύστας
θώνξεν αἰὲν ἰὔξας 2
χάλεψε γάρ μιν ἰῷ
σύργαστρος ἐκδυγῆρας 3
tὸν δ' αἰλινεύντ' 4 ἐν ἀμφικλύστῳ
Παινὸς τε ματρός εὐνέτας φὼρ
dύξων ἵνα τ' ἀνδροβρῶτος 'Ἰλοραίσταν 5
ἡρ' ἀρδίων ἐς Τευκρίδ' ἄγαγον τρίπορθον.

1 χρυσᾶς E: mss χρυσᾶς, -οῖς, -ούς  δ': added by Valckenaer  
2 αἰὲν ἰὔξας Salm: mss ἀνίὔξας  
3 ἐκδυγῆρας 
Salm: mss ἐκδύσ γῆρας  
4 αἰλινεύντ' Becker: mss ἀεὶ λινεύντ' or ἠλινεύντ' 
5 mss ἰνοράσταν, ἰλοράστας, ἰλιο-
ραίστας

506
THE FIRST ALTAR

Jason put on man's clothes

I am the work of the husband of a mannish
manned, of a twice-young mortal, not
i.e. Thetis, who could change her form like E. the fire to immortalise him and passive
Thetis put Achilles in active

Empusa's cinder-bedded scion, who was the killing
became a dog Chrysé (=Golden) on the way to Colchis
bitch, but the leman of a golden woman; and he made me when the husband-boiler smote down
the brazen man

Iphicaetus

protected Crete also = guardian and other things

Hephaestus

the brazen-legged breeze wrought of the twice-

wedded Aphrodite and Aglaia, 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 begotten on three nights the Altar

nighted gazed upon this wrought piece, a full

a dolorous shriek he shrieth, 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

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 1 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 Dosiadas 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."
ΒΗΣΤΙΝΟΤ

ΒΩΜΟΣ

Ο λός οὐ με λυβρὸς ἴρων
Λ ἱβίδεσσιν οία κάλχης
Υ τοφάνησσι τέγγει,
Μ αύλις ε δ' ὑπέρθε πέτρη Ναξίη θοούμεναί
Π αμάτων φείδοντο Πανός, οὐ στροβίλω λεγνύι
Ι ξός εὐώδης μελαίνει τρεχνέων με Νυσίων:
Ε ς γαρ βωμὸν ὅρη με μήτε γλούρου
Π λίνθοις μήτ' Ἀλύβης παγέντα βώλοις,
Ο úδ' ὑν Κυνθογειῆς ετευξε φύτη
Λ αβόντε μηκάδων κέρα,
Λ ισσαίσιν ὢμφὶ δειράσιν
Ο σαί νέμονται Κυνδίαις,
Ι σόρροπος πέλοιτό μοι:
Σ úν οὐρανοῦ γαρ ἐκγώνοις
Ε ἰνάς μ' ἔτευξε γηγενής,
Τ άνω άείξων τέχνην
Ε νευσε πάλμως ἀφθίτων.
Σ ú δ', ὦ πίων κρήνηθεν ἦν
Ι νυς κόλαψε Γοργύνος,
Θ ύνοις τ', ἐπισπένδους τ' ἐμοί
Υ μηττιάδων πολὺ λαρσέρην
Σ πονδην ἄδην 'ιθι δὴ θαρσέων
Ε ς ἐμὴν τεῦξων, καθαρὸς γαρ ἐγῶ
Ι ὡν ἐντων τεράων, οία κεκευθ' ἐκεῖνος,
Α μφὶ Νέαις Θρηκίκαις δὺ σχεδόθεν Μυρίνης
Σ οί, Τριπάτωρ, πορφυρέου φῦρ ἀνέθηκε κρινοῦ.

1 Βηστίνου Haeb: mss Βηστινίου  2 κάλχης Brunck-E: mss κάχλην
3 mss πέτρης ναξίας  4 στροβίλψ Salm: mss -ων
5 mss δρῆς  μ. γλούρου Bgk: mss μ. ταγχοῦρον,
6 μηταχοῦρον  laβόντε Wil: mss -τα
510
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 ooze of Nysian boughs blackens me not with his twirling reek; for in me behold an altar knit neither of bricks aureate nor of nuggets Alybæan, nor yet that altar which the generation of two that was born upon Cynthus 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 Myrînè.

"possessions of Pan": sheep and oxen. "fragrant ooze of Nysian boughs": frankincense. "nuggets Alybæan" 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 Dosiadas, Myrînè being another name for Lesbos.
INDEX

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. 165, 180; Bion, II. 12; Aze, 5; from the N. part of the Peloponnesse; sometimes used generally for Greek.
Acharnae : VII. 71; a town of Attica.
Acheron : XII. 19, XV. 86, 102, 136, 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, VIII. 6; son of Peleus and the sea-nymph Thetis, the hero of the Iliad.
Acla : I. 69; a small river at the foot of Mt. Etna.
Acmon : Wings, 1; Heaven.
Acreoëa : XXV. 31; the upland district of Elis.
Acrotimé : XXVII. 44.
Adonis : I. 109, III. 47, XV. 23, 96, 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.
Adrastus : XXIV. 131; mythical king of Argos, one of the "Seven against Thebes."
Aeneid (son of Aeneas) : XVII. 56; Bion, VIII. 6; ephebet of Achilles or of Peleus his father.
Aegilus : I. 147; a town of Attica.
Aegon : IV. 2, 26.
Aesarus : IV. 17; a river near Croton in S. Italy.
Aeschinas : 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.
Ageanax : VII. 52, 61, 69.
Agis : XIV. 13.
Agroo : III. 31.
Ajax (Alas) : XVI. 74, XV. 138.
Alcaeus : Mosch., III. 89; the great lyric poet of Lesbos; he flourished about 590 B.C.
Alcides : Mosch, III. 117; Heracles.
Alcippa : v. 132.
Alcménèa : XIII. 20, XXIV. 2, etc.; Meg. 60; mother by Zeus of Heracles and by Amphitryon of Iphicles.
Aleus : XVI. 34; a mythical king of Thessaly, founder of the noble house of Aleuadæ.
Alexander : XVII. 18; king of Macedon, 336-323 B.C.
Alphesiboea : III. 45; daughter of Bias brother of the seer Melampus, and of Pero daughter of Neleus king of Pylus.
Alpheis : IV. 6, XXV. 10; Mosch., vi. 1; a river of Elis.
Allybæ : Vest. 8; a mythical town of Asia Minor, famous for its silver-mines.
Amaryllis : III. 1, etc., IV. 36, 38.

L L 2
INDEX

Amphicles: Inscr., XIII. 3.
Amphitrítē: XXI. 55; wife of Poseidon.
Amphitryon: XIII. 5, XXIV. 5, etc.; mythical prince of Tiryns; he lived at Thebes, where he became by Alcmena father of Iphicles; see Alcmena.
Amphitryóniād (son of the above): XIII. 55, XXV. 71, etc.; see Alcmena.
Amyclae: XII. 18, XXII. 122; a town of Laconia.
Amycus: XXII. 75, etc.; son of Poseidon and king of the Bebrycians.
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.
Anāpys: I. 68, VII. 151; the river of Syracuse.
Anaxo: II. 66.
Anchises: I. 106; a princely cow-herd of Mt. Ida in the Troad; he was the father by Aphrodite of Aeneas.
Antigens: VII. 4.
Antigωnē: XVII. 61; niece of Antipater regent of Macedon, wife of Lagus the father of Ptolemy I.
Antiochus: XVI. 34; a king of Thessaly.
Anōnia: Meg., 37; part of Boeotia.
Aphaiē: XXII. 139, etc.; a mythical prince of Messenia, father of Idas and Lynceus.
Aphrodite: I. 138, II. 7, 30, VII. 55, X. 33, XV. 101, XVII. 45, XIX. 4, XXVII. 64; Bion, I. 19; Mosch. III. 84; Adon., 17.
Apelian land, the: XXV. 183; the Peloponnese, so called from Aulis, a mythical king of the Peloponnese.
Apollo: V. 82, XVII. 67, 70, XXIV. 106, XXV. 21; Inscr., XXI. 4, XXIV. 1; Bion, V. 8; Mosch., III. 26; Meg., 13.
Arabia: XVII. 86.

Aratus: VI. 2, VII. 98, etc.; see Introduction, p. xi.
Arcadia: II. 48, VII. 107, XXII. 157; the central district of the Peloponnese.
Archias: XXVIII. 17; of Corinth, founder of Syracuse about 740 B.C.
Archilochus: Inscr., XXI. 1; Mosch., III. 91; the great Lyric and Iambic poet of Paros; he flourished about 670 B.C.
Ares: XXII. 175; Bion, II. 14; Wings, 9.
Arethusa: 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. 53, XXII. 158, XXIV. 78, etc., XXV. 164, etc.; a city of the Peloponnese.
Argus: Mosch., II. 57; the hundred-eyed, set by Hera to guard Io; when at Zeus' command he was slain by Heracles, 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.
Aristis: VII. 90; see Introduction, p. xi.
Arisonē: XV. 111; daughter of Ptolemy I, and wife successively of Lysimachus, Ptolemy Ceraunus, and her brother Ptolemy II.
Artemis: II. 33, 67, XVIII. 36, XXVII. 16, etc.; Meg., 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, XVII. 36, XX. 25, XXVIII. 1; Bion, V. 7; Aze, 1.
Athos: VII. 77; a mountain promontory of the N.W. Aegean.
INDEX

Atreus: XVIII. 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 Elis.

Ausonia: Mosch., III. 94; S. Italy (Magna Graecia).

Autonoë: XXVI. 1, etc.; daughter of Cadmus mythical king of Thebes.

Bacchus: XXVI. 13, Inscr., 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 Nemea.

Berenice: XV. 107, 110, XVII. 34, etc.; wife of Ptolemy I.

Bias: III. 44; see Melampus.

Biblis: XIV. 15; a town of Phoenicia.

Bion: Mosch., III. 2, etc.

Bistonian: Mosch., III. 18; Thracian.

Blemmys: VII. 114; a people of Ethiopia, who lived at the source of the Nile.

Boeotia: Mosch., III. 88; a district of central Greece.

Bombýca: X. 26, 36.

Brasilia: VII. 11.

Bucæus: XI. etc.

Byprasium: XXV. 11; a city of Els.

Burina: VII. 6; the fountain of Cos.

Byblis: VII. 115; a fountain of Miletus.

Cadmus: XXVI. 36; mythical king of Thebes.

Calclus: Inscr., XIV. 3.

Callipho: Mosch., III. 72; Pipe, 19; one of the Muses.

Calydon: XVII. 54; a town of Aetolia in Central Greece.

Calympna: I. 57; an island of the Aegean near Cos.

Camirus: Inscr., XXII. 4; a Dorian city of Rhodes.

Caria: XVII. 89; a district of S.W. Asia Minor.

Carneia: v. 83; the Dorian festival of Apollo.

Castalia: VII. 148; a fountain of Mt. Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

Castor: XXII. 2, etc., XXIV. 129, 132; son of Zeus and Leda, the wife of Tyndareüs king of Sparta; the twin-brother of Polydeuces 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: XXIX. 38; the watch-dog of the lower world.

Ceyx: Mosch., III. 40, see Halcyon.

Chalcón: 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 Anankê or Necessity.

Charites (the Graces): XVI. 6, etc., 109, where see note, XXVIII. 7; Bion, I. 91; Mosch., II. 71.

Chios: VII. 47; XXII. 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 Peleus and other heroes.

Chromis: I. 24.

Chrysas: Dos., 5, where see note.

Chrysogone: Inscr., XIII. 2.

Clanians: XIII. 30; a mythical people of the Propontis.

Cilicia: XVII. 88; a district of S.E. Asia Minor.

Cinaetha: v. 102; the name of a sheep.

Cinyras: Bion, I. 91; king of Cyprus and father of Adonis.

Circè: II. 15, IX. 36; a mythical sorceress who turned Odysseus' companions into pigs.

Cisaaetha: I. 151; the name of a goat.
INDEX

Clearista: II. 74.
— v. 88.

Clelia: Inscr., XX. 2.

Cleodamus: Bion, II. 11.

Cleunicus: xiv. 13.

Clytia: vii. 5, where see note.

Colchis: xiii. 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.

COnarus: v. 102; the name of a sheep.

Corinth: xv. 91.

Coridon: iv. 1, etc.
— v. 6.

Cos: xvii. 58, 64; an island of the S.E. Aegean.

Cotytariss, vi. 40.

Cranon: xvi. 38; a town of Thessaly.

Crathis: v. 16, 124; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy.

Cretacles: v. 90, 99.

Creonidae: xvi. 39; a noble house of Thessaly.

Crete: Mosch., II. 158, 163.

Crocylus: v. 11.

Cresesus: 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, 52, xx. 41; Bion, vii. 6; Mosch., II. 50, 74, 166; Zeus.

Croton: iv. 32, a Greek city of S. Italy.

Cybel: xx. 43; an Oriental deity identified with Rhea.

Cyclades: xvii. 90; a group of islands in the S. Aegean.

Cyclopes: xi. 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.

Cynus (swan): xvi. 49; a son of Poseidon, and king of Colonae in the Troad, famous for the whiteness of his skin; he was slain by Achilles.

Cydonia: vii. 12; a city of Crete.

Cylethis: v. 15.

Cymaetha: iv. 46; the name of a calf.

Cynisca: xiv. 8, 31.

Cynthius: 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; Wings, 8; Aphrodite; Cyprus was one of the original seats of her worship.

Cyprus: xvii. 36; the easternmost island of the Mediterranean, containing many Greek cities.

Cythera: III. 46, xxix. 16; Bion i. 17, etc.; Adon., i, etc.; a name of Aphrodite anciently connected with the island of Cythera.

Cytheria: Bion, i. 35; an island off the S.E. extremity of the Peloponnese.

Damosetas: vi. 1, etc.

Daphnis: I. 19, etc., where see Introduction, v. 20, 51, vi. 1, etc., vii. 73, viii. 1, etc., ix. 1, etc., xxvii. 42, Inscr., ii. 1, iii. 1, iv. 14, v. 4.

Dardanids (sons of Dardanus): Axe, 4; the Trojans.

Death-Spirit: Meg., 14.

Deldamela: Bion, ii. 9, 22; daughter of Lycomedes mythical king of Scyros.

Delos: xvi. 67, Inscr., xxi. 4; an island of the S. Aegean, the chief centre of the worship of Apollo.

Delphi: ii. 21, etc., Inscr., i. 4.

Demeter: vii. 32, 155, x. 42, Meg., 76.

Demomenes: Inscr., xii. 1.

D60: vii. 3; Mosch., vii. 4; Demeter.
INDEX

Deucalion: xv. 141; son of Prometheus; he and his wife Pyrrha were the only survivors of a flood which destroyed mankind.

Dia: ii. 46; Naxos, an island of the S. Aegean.

Dion: xv. 11.

Diocles: xii. 29, where see note.

Diomed: i. 112; mythical king of Argos, one of the greatest Greek warriors before Troy; he wounded Aphrodite.

Diomè: vii. 116, xv. 106, xvii. 36; Aphrodite or her mother.

Dionysus (Bacchus): ii. 120, xvii. 112, xx. 33, xxvi. 6 etc., Inscr., xiii. 1.

Diophantus: xxii. 1.

Dorian: ii. 156, xv. 93, xvii. 69, xviii. 48, xxiv. 138, Inscr., xviii. 1; Mosch., iii. 1, 12, 18, 96, 122; Egg. 4.

Dracanus: xxvi. 33, an unknown mountain.

Earth: Wings, 1, 4.

Earth-shaker (Poseidon): Mosch., ii. 39, 120, 149.

Echo: Mosch., iii. 30, v. 1, 3; a nymph who was changed into the echo.

Election: Inscr., viii. 5; perhaps the famous artist who painted the wedding of Alexander and Roxana (327 B.C.).


Eileithyia: xvii. 60, xxvii. 29; Goddess of birth.

Elis: xxii. 156; Bion, ii. 13; the N.W. district of the Peloponnese.

Empusa: Dods., 3.

Endymion: iii. 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.

Epelans: xxv. 48, 166; the mythical inhabitants of the N. district of Elis.

Epelus: Aze, 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.

Ephyrta: 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., iii. 121.

Eubulus: ii. 66.

Eucrius: vii. 1, 131.

Eudaimppus: ii. 77.

Euères: xxiv. 71; father of Teiresias.

Eumaeus: xvi. 55; the swineherd of Odysseus.

Eumâras: v. 10, 73, 119.

Eumèdes: v. 134.

Eumolpus: xxiv. 110; a pre-Homeric poet and musician of Thrace.

Eunica: xiii. 45.

— xx. 1, 42.

Eunôa: xv. 2, etc.

Eurîopa: 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.

Eurosas: xviii. 23; the river of Sparta.

Eurydice: Mosch., iii. 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.

Eurymedon: Inscr., vii. 2, xv. 3.

Eurystheus: xxv. 205; Meg., 128;
INDEX

king of Tiryns, taskmaster of Heracles.
Eustylus: xxiv. 108; a famous archer, king of Oechalia in Thessaly.
Eusthenes: Inscr., xi. 1.
Eutychis: xv. 67.
Evening Star (Hesperus): Bion, ix. 1.

Fate: i. 93, 140, ii. 160, xxiv. 70; Bion, i. 94, vii. 3, 6, 15, xi. 4.
Foam, Child of the: Bion, ix. 1; Mosch., ii. 71; Aphrodite; according to one story she was born of the sea-foam.
Fury (Erinyes): Meg., 14; the Furies were avenging deities who pursued wrong-doers.

Galatæa: vi. 6, xi. 8, etc.; Bion, ii. 3, xii. 3; Mosch., iii. 58, 61; a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus.
Ganymed: xii. 35; a beautiful youth carried off by eagles to be the cupbearer of Zeus.
Glaucë: iv. 31; a poetess contemporary with Theocritus.
— Inscr., xxiii. 2.
Golgi: 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. 63, 103, 130, ii. 33, 160, iv. 27, xvi. 30, 52, Inscr., vi. 3; Bion, i. 94, viii. 3; Mosch., i. 14; Meg., 86.

Haemon: vii. 76; a mountain of Thrace.
Halcyon (Alcyone): Mosch., iii. 40, cf. also Theocr. vii. 59 and note; daughter of Aeolus and wife of Ceýx 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.

Hâleis: v. 123; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy.
— vii. 1; a river or river-valley of Cos.

Harpalycus: xxiv. 116; a teacher of Heracles, called elsewhere Autolycus.
Hebê: xvii. 32; Goddess of Youth, wife of Heracles in heaven.
Hebrus: vii. 112; a river of Thrace.

Hecatë: ii. 12, 14.
Hector: xv. 139; son of Priam and chief hero of the Trojan side.

Hecuba: xv. 139; wife of Priam, king of Troy.

Hecilisson: xxv. 9; a river of Arcadia and Elis.

Helen: xv. 110, xviii. 6, etc., xxii. 216, xvi. 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.

Helice: 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 (Helice).
— xxv. 165, 180; the chief city of Achaea.

Helicon: xxv. 209, Inscr., i. 2; a mountain of Boeotia sacred to the Muses.

Hellespont: xiii. 29.
Héraclès: i. 134; Mosch., ii. 38; Meg., 106.
Héra: iv. 22, xv. 64, xvi. 133, xxiv. 13; Mosch., ii. 77; Meg., 38.

Heracles (Hercules): ii. 121, iv. 8, vii. 150, xiii. 37, 70, 73, xvi. 20, 26, 27, xxiv. 1, etc., xxv. 71, etc.; Meg., 95.

Hermes (Mercury): i. 77, xxiv. 115, xxv. 4; Bion, v. 8; Mosch., ii. 58; Egg., 7.
INDEX

Hesiod, Mosch. III., 87; the early Epic poet; he was regarded as second to Homer.

Hesperus: Bion, IX. 1.

Hiero: xvi. 30; etc.; king of Syracuse, 270–216 B.C.

Himera: v. 124; a river of the district of Sybaris in S. Italy.

Himeras: vii. 75; a river near the town of Himera in N. Sicily.

Hippocoon: vi. 41, x. 16

Hippomenes: III. 40, where see note.

Hippopax: Inscr. xix. 1; the lambic 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; Aze. 7.

Hymète: vii. 103; a mountain of Thessaly, a seat of the worship of Pan.

Hyètis: vii. 115; a spring near Miletus in Asia Minor.

Hylas: xiii. 7, etc.; a youth beloved by Heracles.

Hymettus: Vest., 21; a mountain of Attica famous for its marble and its honey.

Iasion: see Jasion.

Icaria: ix. 26; 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 Aphrodisite.

Idas: xxii. 140, etc.; son of Aphaerus mythical king of Messenia.

illum: xxii. 217; Troy.

Ilus: xvi. 75; Dos., 17; grandfather of Prism and king of Troy.

Inachus: Mosch., ii. 44, 51; son of Oceanus and first king of Argos; he was the father of Io.

Inhospitables: Bion, viii. 4, where see note.

Ino: 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.

Iolcos: 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 Peloponnesian to central Greece.

Jason (Iasion): 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 Iolcos, 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.

Lachnium: iv. 33; a promontory near Croton in S. Italy, a seat of the worship of Hera.

Làcon: v. 2, etc.

Laèrtes: xvi. 56; father of Odysseus.

Lagid (son of Lagus): xvii. 14; Ptolemy I, Soter, king of Egypt, 323–287 B.C.

Lampriadas: iv. 21.

Lampùrus (White-tail): viii. 65; the name of a dog.

Laocoösa: xxii. 206; wife of Aphaerus.

Laphiths: xv. 141; a Thessalian tribe who waged a famous war against the Cetaurae.
INDEX

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.
Léda: xxii. 1, 214; mother of Castor and Polydeuces; see Helen.
Lepargus (White-calf): iv. 45; the name of a calf.
Lesbos: Mosch., iii. 89; an island of the E. Aegean, birthplace of Alcaeus and Sappho.
Léthe: 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 Artemis.
Leucippus: xxii. 138, 147; brother of Aphaerus mythical king of Messenia.
Libya: i. 24, iii. 5, xvii. 87; Mosch., ii. 39.
Lilýbe: xvi. 77; the W. promontory of Sicily.
Linus: xxiv. 105; a mythical singer, son of Apollo.
Lipára: ii. 133; a group of islands N.E. of Sicily.
Lityerxes: x. 41; see Introduction to x.
Love: i. 37, 93, 97, 98, 103, 130, ii. 29, 55, 64, 69, etc., 118, 133, 151, iii. 15, 42, vi. 18, vii. 56, 96, 102, 117, x. 10, 20, 57, xi. 1, 80, xii. 10, xiii. 1, 48, xiv. 26, 52, xv. 120, 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., vi. 1, 5, 10, x. 4, xiv. 1; Mosch., i. 1, 2, iii. 67, 83, v. 4, vi. 8, vii. 2; Adon., 6, 41.
Lýcaeus: i. 123; a mountain of Arcadia.
Lýcón: i. 126; a mythical king of Arcadia.
Lycia: xvi. 48, xvii. 89; the most southerly district of W. Asia Minor.
Lycidas: vii. 13, etc., xxvii. 42; Bion, ii. 1, 5, vi. 10.
Lycomèdes: Bion, ii. 8, 15; a mythical king of Scyros.
Lýcon: i. 76, v. 8.
Lykopas: v. 62.
Lýkópe: vii. 72.
Lýkópeus: vii. 4.
Lýkus (Wolf): xiv. 24, 47.
Lýdè: Mosch., v. 2; a nymph.
Lydia: xii. 36; the middle district of W. Asia Minor.
Lýneus: xxi. 144, etc.; son of Aphaerus, mythical king of Messenia.
Lysimeleia: xvi. 84; a marsh near Syracuse.
Maenálus: i. 124; a mountain of Arcadia.
Maeotian (Scythian): xiii. 56.
Magnesia: xxii. 79; the easternmost district of Thessaly.
Maid, The: see Persephonè.
Mális: xiii. 45.
Medéa: ii. 16; a celebrated sorceress, daughter of Aêtes king of Colchis; falling in love with Jason she enabled him by her arts to win the Golden Fleece.
Medeús: Inscr., xx. 2.
Méagá: 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.
Méles: Mosch., iii. 71; where see note.
Melitôdes: xv. 94; an epithet of Persephonè.
Melixo: i. 146.
Memnon: Mosch., iii. 43; son of Tithônus 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 Memnon appears in different forms; according to the form apparently followed here, Zeus, in order to comfort the sorrowing mother,
INDEX

turned the ashes of the dead warrior into birds which every year visited the tomb to lament him.
Menaclus : VIII. 2, etc., IX. 2, etc., XXVII. 44; a mythical shepherd.
Menelaus : XVIII. 1, 15, XXII. 217; Mosch., III. 79; mythical king of Sparta, and husband of Helen.
Methus : XV. 15; a river of Elis.
Mermn : III. 35.
Mesastria : XIX. 158, 208; a district of the Peloponnese.
Micon : v. 112.
Midea : XII. 20, XXIV. 1; a town of Argolis in the Peloponnese.
Miletus : XV. 126, XXVII. 21, Inscr., VIII. 1; a city of Ionia.
Mile : IV. 6, etc., VIII. 47, 51, X. 7, 12.
Mnyas : XVI. 104; a Hero of Orchomenus in Boeotia.
Mitylene : VII. 52, 61; Mosch., II. 92; the chief city of the island of Lesbos in the Aegean.
Moon : II. 10, 69, etc., 165, XX. 37, 43, XXI. 19; Bion, IX. 5.
Morson : v. 65, etc.
Muse : I. 9, 20, 64, etc., 141, 144, v. 80, VII. 12, 37, 47, 82, 95, 120, IX. 28, 32, 35, X. 24, XI. 6, XVI. 3, 29, 58, 69, 107, XVII. 1, 115, XXII. 221, Inscr., X. 4, XXI. 4; Bion, VI. 1, X. 12, Mosch., III. 8, etc., 65, 98.
Mycenae : XXVII. 171; Bion, II. 13; a city of the Peloponnese.
Mygdonian : Mosch., II. 98; where see note.
Myndus : II. 29, 96; a town of Caria opposite Cos.
Myrine : Vest., 25; the chief city of Lemnos, an island of the N. Aegean.
Myron : Bion, II. 1.
Myro : Bion, II. 79.
Nais : VIII. 43, 93.
Naxos : Vest., 4; an island of the mid-Aegean.
Neae : Vest., 25; an island near Lemnos in the N. Aegean.
Neaethus : IV. 24; a river near Croton in S. Italy.
Necessity : XXIII. 12; Wings, 3; see Chaos.
Nileus : XXVIII. 3; son of Codrus, mythical king of Athens; he founded Miletus.
Nemesis : XXV. 169, etc.; a valley of Argolis, in the Peloponnese.
Nereids : VII. 59; daughters of the sea-God Nereus.
Nicias : XI. 2, XIII. 2, XXVIII. 7, 9, Inscr., VIII. 3; see Introduction, p. x.
Nightingale (Aëdon): Mosch., III. 38; wife of Zethus, king of Thebes; she killed her son Itylus by mistake, and Zeus turned her into the ever-mourning nightingale.
Nile : VII. 114, XVII. 80, 98; Mosch., III. 51, 53.
Niobe : Meg., 82; wife of Amphion, 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.
Nisaean : XII. 27; descendants of Nisus, mythical king of Megara.
Nomae : XXVII. 42.
Nycheta : XIII. 45.
Nymphs : I. 1, 12, 22, 66, 141, IV. 29, V. 12, 17, 54, 70, 140, 149, VII. 92, 137, 148, 154, XIII. 43, 44, 53, Inscr., v. 1; Bion, I. 19; Mosch., III. 18, 29, 106.
Nysa : Vest., 6; the birthplace of Dionysus.
— Bion, II. 31.

Odysseus (Ulysses) : XVI. 51; Mosch., III. 116; one of the chief Greek Heroes before Troy; his wanderings on his return to Greece are the subject of the Odyssey.
Oeagrian : Mosch., III. 17; where see note.
Oecus : VII. 116; a high-perched city of Ionia.
Oenone : Bion, II. 11; wife of Paris before he carried off Helen.
Olis : III. 26
INDEX

Olympus: xvii. 132; the abode of the Gods.
Orchomenus: xvi. 105; a town of Boeotia.
Orestes: Bion, 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 Taurian Chersonese.
Orion: vii. 54, xxiv. 12.
Oromèdon: vii. 46; where see note.
Orpheus: Mosch., iii. 18, 116, 123; the mythical pre-Homeric poet, son of Oeagrus, king of Thrace, and Caliope; the Muse: see Eurydice.
Orthon: Inscr., ix. 1.
Othrys: iii. 43; a mountain of Thessaly.

Paean: v. 79, vi. 27, Inscr., i. 3, viii. 1; Apollo the Healer.
Pallas: Azæ, 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. 36, 51, Inscr., ii. 2, iii. 3, v. 6; Bion, v. 7; Mosch., iii. 28, 55, 80, v. 1; Pipe, 5; Dos., 15; Vest., 5; God of pastures, flocks, and shepherds.
Paphos: xxvii. 15, etc.; Bion, i. 64; a city of Cyprus; a famous seat of the worship of Aphrodite.

Parnassus: vii. 148; a mountain of Boeotia, sacred to the Muses.

Paris: xxvii. 1; Pipe, 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.
Pégasus: Mosch., iii. 77; the winged horse upon which Bellerophon slew the Chimaera; by a stroke of his hoof he made upon Mt. Helicon the spring Hippocrene, which became sacred to the Muses.
Pélérhôla: Bion, viii. 2; mythical king of the Lapiths and friend of Theseus, with whom he attempted to carry off Persephoné from Hades.

Peisander: Inscr., xxii. 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.

Péleus: xvii. 56; Bion, ii. 6; king of the Myrmidons of Phthia in Thessaly, and father of Achilles.

Peloponnesian: xv. 92.
Pélôs: viii. 53, xv. 142; mythical king of Pisa in Elis, and father of Atreus; he gave his name to the Peloponnesse.

Pénéius: i. 67; where see note.

Pentheus: xxvi. 10, etc.; son of Agavé 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.

Peristère: Inscr., vii. 5.

Persephoné (The Maid): xvi. 83; Bion, i. 54, 96; Mosch., iii. 119, where see note; Meg., 75.

Perseus: xxiv. 73, xxv. 173; son of Zeus and Danaë, and grandfather of Alcmena.

Persians: xvii. 19.

Phaethon: xxv. 139; the planet Jupiter.

Phalârus (Piebald): v. 103; the name of a sheep.

Phanotè: xxiv. 116; a town of Phocis in central Greece.

Philammon: xxiv. 110; a pre-Homeric poet and musician.

Philinus: ii. 115, where see note; vii. 105, etc.

Philista: ii. 145.

Philétas (Philétas): vii. 40; see Introduction, p. xi.
INDEX

Philocteus: XVI. 55; the oxherd of Odysseus.
Philonidas: IV. 1, v. 114.
Phocis: Aze. 1; a district of central Greece.
Phoebus (Apollo): VII. 101, XVII. 67; Bion, XI. 1, XVI. 1.
Phoenician: XVI. 76, XVII. 86, XXIV. 51.
Phoenix: Mosch., II. 7; see Europa.
Phoibus: VII. 149; a Centaur who entertained Heracles.
Phoroneus: XXV. 200; a mythical king of Argos.
Phrasidamus: VII. 3, 131.
Phrygian: XV. 42, XVI. 75, XX. 35; a district of central Asia Minor.
Phyleus: XXV. 55, etc.
Physicians: IV. 23; a people dwelling near Croton in S. Italy.
Pierian: X. 24, XI. 3; Egg, 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; where see note.
Pisa: IV. 29; Mosch., VI. 1; a city of Elis, near Olympia, where the famous Games were held.
Pleiads: XIII. 25.
Pluteus (Pluto): Mosch., III. 22, 118, 126; God of the lower world.
Plutus: X. 19.
Polybotes: X. 15.
Polydeuces (Pollux): IV. 9, XXII. 2, etc.; see Castor.
Polyphemus: VI. 6, 19, VII. 152, XI. 8, 80; Bion, II. 3; see Cyclopes.
Pontus (or the Pontic): XXII. 28; the Black Sea.
Poseidon: XXI. 54, XXII. 97, 133.
Praxínca: XV. 1, etc.
Praxitéles: 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 Praxitéles.
Príam: XVI. 49, XVII. 119, XXII. 219; mythical king of Troy.
Prīapus: I. 21, 81; Inscr., III. 8, IV. 13; Mosch., III. 27; the rustic God of fertility.
Propontis: XIII. 30; the Sea of Marmora.
Prōteus: VIII. 52; son of Poseidon and keeper of his flocks of seals.
Ptēla: VII. 65; where see note.
Pterélāus: XXIV. 4; a son of Poseidon killed in war by Amphitryon.
Pylades: Bion, VIII. 5; son of Strophius king of Phocia; 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 Peloponnese.
Pyrrha: 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 Deidameia, 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.
Pyxas: VII. 130; a town of Cos.
Rhea: XVII. 132, XX. 40; wife of Cronus.
Rhènæa: XVII. 70; an island of the Aegean, near Delos.
Rhôdòpè: XVII. 77; a mountain of Thrace.
Samos: VII. 40, XV. 126; an island of the E. Aegean.
Sappho: Mosch., III. 91; the great poetess of Lesbos; she flourished about 590 B.C.
Sardinia: XVI. 86.
Satyrs: IV. 62, XXVII. 3, 49; Mosch., III. 27, v. 2, 4; the half-bestial attendants of Dionysus.
Scopas: XVI. 36; a noble house of Thessaly.

525
INDEX

Scyros: Bion, II. 5; an island of the mid-Aegean.
Scythia: xvi. 99.
Seasons: I. 150, xv. 103, 104; Mosch., II. 164.
Sémélē: xxvi. 6, 35; daughter of Cadmus, king of Thebes, and mother by Zeus of Dionysus.
Sémirámis: XVI. 100; mythical queen of Nineveh.
Sibyrtas: V. 5, etc.
Sicellidas: vii. 40; see Introduction.
Sicily: I. 125, viii. 56, XVI. 102; Bion, II. 1; Mosch., III. 8, etc., 10, 120, 121.
Simætha: II. 101, 114.
Simichidas: vii. 21, etc.; Pipe, 12; see Introduction.
Símœs: XVI. 75; a river of Troy.
Simus: xiv. 53.
Síren: Mosch., III. 37; the Síren 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.
Sísýphus: xxii. 158; the mythical founder of Ephyra or Corinth.
Song: IX. 32; Mosch., III. 112.
Sparta (Lacedaemon): XVIII. 1, etc., xxii. 5; Bion, II. 11, 13.
Strýmon: Mosch., III. 14; a river of Macedonia.
Sun: XII. 9, XVI. 76, XXII. 84, xxv. 54, 85, 118, 130; Bion, III. 12, 16; Mosch., I. 23.
Swallow: (Chelidón): Mosch., III. 39; daughter of Pandareus of Ephesus and sister of Aédon; 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; Bion, I. 77.
Tartarus: Mosch., III. 116; the lower world.
Tétrêsias: xxiv. 65, 102; a mythical blind seer of Thebes.
Telémachus: Pipe, 1; the son of Odysseus.
Télamon: xiii. 37; son of Aeacus and brother of Peleus.
Télemus: VI. 23; a soothsayer among the Cyclopes.
Telephassa: Mosch., II. 40; mother of Europa.
Teos: Inscr., XVII. 3; Mosch., III. 90; a city of Ionia, the birthplace of Anacreon.
Teucrías: Dos., 4, 18; Trojan, from Teucer first king of Troy.
Thebes: XVI. 105, XXVI. 25; Meg., 36.
Theocrítus: Mosch., III. 93; Dos., 10.
Théseus: II. 45; Bion, VIII. 2; the great hero of Attica.
Thessália: XII. 14, XIV. 12, XVIII. 30; the chief district of N. Greece.
Théstis: XXII. 5; father of Leda.
Théstýlls: I. 1, etc.
Thétis: XVII. 55; Mosch., III. 79; a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus, and mother by Peleus of Achilles.
Theugénis: xxviii. 13, 22.
Theumáridas: II. 70.
Thrace: II. 70, XIV. 46, Inscr., XX. 1; Vest., 25; the barbarous N. part of the Greek peninsula.
Thúrri: v. 72; a Greek city of S. Italy.
Thýmbris: I. 118; a district of Sicily.
Thýóchis: xiv. 1, etc.
Thyónichus: xiv. 1, etc.
Thyrsis: I. 19, etc.; Inscr., vi. 1.
Timagéntos: II. 8, 97.
Titýmas: XXII. 171; Meg., 38; a famous city in Arcadia.
Titýrs: I. 72.
Titýs: XXII. 94; an enormous giant who for offering violence to Artemis was cast into Tartarus.
Tráchis: xxiv. 83; a town of Thessaly.
Trinácria (three-cornered): XXVIII. 18; Sicily.
Trípóum: xvii. 68; where see notes.
Tritón: Mosch., II. 123; fish-like deities, sons of Poseidon.
Troy: XV. 140.
Tydéus: XVII. 54, xxiv. 130; son of Oeneus mythical king of Calydon, and father of Diomed; he
INDEX

was the friend of Adrastus and one of the "Seven against Thebes."
Tyndareus: xvi. 5; Mosch., iii. 78; see Helen.
Tyndarid (son of Tyndareus): xxvi. 89, etc.
Tyre: Pipe, 10.
Wolf: xiv. 24, 47.
Xénēa: vii. 73, the nymph for love of whom Daphnis died by reason of his vow of celibacy.
Xénocles: Inscr., x. 2.

Zacynthus: iv. 32; a city and island off the W. coast of the Peloponnese.
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, 159, 169, xxvi. 31, 34, xxviii. 5, Inscr., xxii. 1; Bion, x. 1; Mosch., ii. 15, etc.; Meg., 46.
Zópyrion: xv. 13; a diminutive of the name Ζώπυρος.
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