The Greek anthology

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from
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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
II
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

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CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT.
THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS.
THE PROEMS OF THE DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES.
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EPIGRAMS OF THE PLANUSDEAN ANTHOLOGY NOT IN THE PALATINE MANUSCRIPT.
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
W. R. PATON

IN FIVE VOLUMES
II

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK VII

SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

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

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


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

Ζ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΕΠΙΤΤΜΒΙΑ

1.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

Ἡρῶν τὸν ἄοιδον Ἰφ. ἐν παῖδες Ὦμηρον ἢκαχον, ἐκ Μουσέων γράφων ύφναμενοι νέκταρι δ' εινάλαι Νηρηίδες ἐχρίσαντο, καὶ νέκυν ἀκταίῃ θήκαν ὑπὸ σπιλάδι, ὅτι Θετιν κύδηνε καὶ νίεα, καὶ μόθον ἀλλων ἢρῶν, Ἡθακοῦ γ' ἔργαμα Λαρτιάδεων. ὄλβιστη νήσου πόντῳ Ἰσιο, ὅτι κέκευθε βαιή Μουσάων ἀστέρα καὶ Χαρίτων.

2.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὰν μερόπων Πειθώ, τὸ μέγα στόμα, τὰν ἵσα Μοῦσαις φθεγξαμέναι κεφαλάν, ὃ ξένε, Μαιονίδεως ἅδ' ἠλαχων νασίτες Ἰον σπιλάς· οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἄλλα ἱερόν, ἄλλ' ἐν ἐμοί, πνεῦμα θανῶν ἔλεεν,

1 The riddle which Homer, according to the story, could
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BOOK VII

SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

1.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

On Homer

In Ios the boys, weaving a riddle\(^1\) at the bidding of the Muses, vexed to death Homer the singer of the heroes. And the Nereids of the sea anointed him with nectar and laid him dead under the rock on the shore; because he glorified Thetis and her son and the battle-din of the other heroes and the deeds of Odysseus of Ithaca. Blessed among the islands in the sea is Ios, for small though she be, she covers the star of the Muses and Graces.

2.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

O stranger, it is granted to me, this island rock of Ios, to hold Maeonides, the Persuader of men, the mighty-voiced, who sang even as the Muses. For in no other island but in me did he leave, when he died, the holy breath with which he told of the almighty not guess was: "What we caught we left, what we did not catch we bring," i.e. Ios.
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ϕι νεύμα Κρονίδαο τὸ παγκρατές, ϕι καὶ Ὄλυμπον 5
καὶ τὰν Αἰαντος ναύμαχον εἰπε βιάν,
kai tōn 'Achilleios Φαρσαλίσιν Ἐκτόρα πώλοις
ὅστέα Δαρδανίκῳ δρυπτόμενον πεδίφι.
ei δ' ὀλγα κρύπτω τὸν ταλίκον, ἵσθι ὅτι κεύθει
καὶ Θέτιδος γαμέταν ἀ βραχύβωλος Ἰκος.

2 b.—ΑΛΔΟ

Εἰ καὶ βαιὸς ὁ τύμβος, ὅδοιπόρε, μὴ με παρέλθῃς,
ἀλλὰ κατασπείς, ἰσαθεοὶ σέβον
τὸν γὰρ Πιέριδαςι τετιμένον ἔξοχα Μούσαις
ποιητὴν ἐπεών θείον Ὡμηρον ἓχω.

3.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν κατὰ γαία καλύπτει,
ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων κοσμήτωρα, θείον Ὡμηρον.

4.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΩΤ

Ἐνθάδε Πιερίδων τὸ σοφὸν στόμα, θείον Ὡμηρον,
κλεινὸς ἐπ' ἀγχιάλῳ τύμβος ἔχει σκοπέλῳ.
ei δ' ὀλγὴ γεγανία τοσον χάδεν ἀνέρα νῆσος,
μὴ τόδε θαμβήσῃς, οἱ ξένε, δερκάμενος.
kai γὰρ ἀλητεύουσα κασυγνήτη ποτὲ Δῆλος
μητρὸς ἀπ' ὀδίνων δέξατο Δητοίδην.
BOOK VII. 2–4

nod of Zeus, and of Olympus, and of the strength of Ajax fighting for the ships, and of Hector his flesh stripped from his bones by the Thessalian horses of Achilles that dragged him over the plain of Troy. If thou marvelling that I who am so small cover so great a man, know that the spouse of Thetis likewise lies in Icos that hath but a few clods of earth.

2b.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

3.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

4.—Paulus Silentiarius

On the Same

Here the famous tomb on the rock by the sea holdeth divine Homer, the skilled mouth by which the Muses spoke. Wonder not, O stranger, as thou lookest, if so little an island can contain so great a man. For my sister Delos, while she wandered yet on the waves, received Apollo from his mother’s womb.
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5.—ΔΗΛΩΝ, οἱ δὲ φασὶν ἈΔΚΑΙΟΤ

Οὐδ' εἰ μὲ χρύσειον ἀπὸ ραιστήρος Ὀμηρον στῆστε φλογέας εἰν Δίος ἀστεροπαίς, οὐκ εἰμ' οὐδ' ἐσομαι Σαλαμῖνος, οὐδ' ο Μέλιτος Δμησαγόρου· μὴ ταῦτα δ' ὅμμασιν Ἑλλᾶς ἰδοι. ἄλλον πνεύτην βασανίζετε· τὰμὰ δὲ, Μοῦσαι καὶ Χῖος, Ἑλλήνων παισὶν ἀείσετ' ἐπη.

6.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ἡρώων κύρικ' ἁρετᾶς, μακάρων δὲ προφήταν, Ἑλλάνων βιοτὰ δεύτερον ἄλιον, Μοῦσῶν φέγγος Ὀμηρον, ἀγήραντον στόμα κόσμου παντός, ἀλδροθία, ξεῖνε, κέκευθε κόνως.

7.—ΔΛΔΟ

Ἐνθάδε θεῖος Ὀμηρος, δς Ἑλλάδα πᾶσαν ἀείσε, θῆβης ἐκγεγαγος τῆς ἐκατονταπύλου.

8.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ὀρφεὺ, δρύας, οὐκέτι πέτρας ἀξεῖς, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτούμονος ἀγέλας· οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἁνέμων βρόμου, οὐχὶ χάλαζαν, οὐ νυφτῶν συμμοῦς, οὐ παταγεύταν ἀλα.

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

5.—Uncertain, by Some Attributed to Alcaeus

On the Same

No, not even if ye set me, Homer, up all of beaten gold in the burning lightning of Zeus, I am not and will not be a Salaminian, I the son of Meles will not be the son of Dmesagoras; let not Greece look on that. Tempt some other poet,¹ but it is thou, Chios, who with the Muses shalt sing my verses to the sons of Hellas.²

6.—Antipater of Sidon

On the Same

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

7.—Anonymous

On the Same

Here is divine Homer, who sang of all Hellas, born in Thebes of the hundred gates.³

8.—Antipater of Sidon

On the poet Orpheus, son of Oeagrus and Calliope

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

³ i.e. Egyptian Thebes, which also claimed to be his birthplace.
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όλεο γάρ· σὲ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο θύγατρες
Μναμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.
τι φθιμένοις στοναχεύμεν ἐφ' οἰσίν, αὕκ' ἄλαλκεῖν
τῶν παίδων Ἀἰδήν οὐδὲ θεοὶ δύναμις.

9.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

'Ορφέα Θηκήσαι παρὰ προμολῇσιν Ὁλύμπου
τύμβος έχει, Μούσης νίεα Καλλιόπης,
ὡς δρύες οὐκ ἀπισθησαί, δτρι σὺν ἀμ’ ἐσπετο πέτρη
ἀγυρχος, θηρῶν τ’ ὑλονομοι αγέλα,
δ’ ποτε καὶ τελετὰς μυστηρίδας εὑρετο Βάκχων,
καὶ στίχον ἡρῴῳ ξενκτόν ἐτεύχε ποδί,
δ’ καὶ ἀμελίκτου βαρὺ Κλυμένου νόμα
καὶ τὸν ἀκήλητον θυμὸν ἐθελεξε λύρα.

10.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Καλλιόπης 'Ορφῆ καὶ Οἰάγροιο θανόντα
ἐκλαυσαν ξανθαῖ μυρία Βιατονίδες·
στυκτοὺς δ’ ἡμάξαντο βραχίονας, ἀμφιμελαίῃ
δευόμεναι σπόδηθ’ Θηκήκιος πλάκαμον·
καὶ δ’ αὐτὰλ στοναχεύοντα σὺν εὐφόρμυγγι Δυκείῳ
ἐρρηζαν Μοῦσαι δάκρυα Πιερίδες,
μυρόμεναι τὸν αὐνόν ἑπωδύραντο δὲ πέτραι
καὶ δρύες, δὲ ἐρατῆ τὸ πρῶτ ἐθελεξε λύρη.

11.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

‘Ὁ γυλκὺς Ἡρίνης οὗτος πόνος, οὐχὶ πολὺς μὲν,
ὡς ἀν παρθενικᾶς ἐννεακαϊδεκέτεις,
BOOK VII. 8–11

the roaring sea. For dead thou art; and the daughters of Mnemosyne bewailed thee much, and before all thy mother Calliope. Why sigh we for our dead sons, when not even the gods have power to protect their children from death?

9.—DAMAGETUS

On the Same

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

10.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

11.—ASCLEPIADES

On Erinna (inscribed on a Volume of her Poems)

This is the sweet work of Erinna, not great indeed in volume, as being that of a maiden of nineteen,
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άλλ’ ἐτέρων πολλῶν δυνατότερος· εἰ δ᾽ Ἀίδας μοι μὴ ταχύς ἤλθε, τίς ἰν ταλίκον ἐσχ’ ήνομα;

J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833, p. 205; J. A. Symonds the younger, in Studies of the Greek Poets, ii. p. 305.

12.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

"Ἀρτὶ λοχευομένην σε μελισσοτόκων ἐπὶ ὕμων, ἄρτὶ δὲ κυκνείως φθεγγομένην στόματι, ἡλασεν εἰς Ἀχέροντα διὰ πλατὺ κύμα καμόντων Μοῖρα, λινοκλόστου δεσπότις ἡλακάτης· σὸς δ’ ἐπέων, Ἡρμυνα, καλὸς πόνος οὗ ἐν γεγονεί φθίσατε, ἔχειν δὲ χοροὺς ἀμμυγα Πιερίσιν.

13.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ, οἰ δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Παρθενὸν νεάοιδον ἐν ὑμνοπόλοισι μέλισσαν Ἡρμυναν, Μουσῶν ἀνθεά δρπτομέναν, "Ἀδας εἰς ὑμέναιον ἀνάρπασεν. ἤ μα τὸ ἐμφρόν εἰπ’ ἐτύμως ἀ πᾶις. "Βάσκανος ἐσώ’ Ἀίδα."

14.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Σαπφό τοι κεύθεις, χθὸν Αἰόλη, τὰν μετὰ Μούσας ἀβανάτας θυνάταν Μούσαν ἀείδομέναν, ἀν Κύπρις καὶ Ἐρως συνάμ’ ἐτραφον, ἄς μετὰ Πειθώ ἐπλεκ’ ἀειξών Πιερίδων στέφανον, Ἐλλάδι μὲν τέρψῃ, σοι δὲ κλέος. ὦ τριελίκτων 5 Μοῖραι δινεῦσαι νῖμα κατ’ ἡλακάτας, πῶς οὐκ ἐκλώσασθε πανάφθιτον ἡμαρ ἀοίδῳ ἀφθίνα μησαμένα δῶρ’ Ἐλικονιάδων;

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

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

12.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

13.—Leonidas or Meleager

On the Same

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

14.—Antipater of Sidon

On Sappho

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

15.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οὔνομά μεν Σαπφώ, τόσσον δ' ὑπερέσχον αἰωνίων θηλείαν, ἀνδρῶν δοσον ὁ Μαιονίδας.

16.—ΠΙΝΤΤΟΤ

'Οστέα μὲν καὶ κωφὸν ἔχει τάφος οὐνομα Σαπφώς: ἀι δὲ σοφαί κείνης ρήσεις ἀδάνατοι.

17.—ΤΤΛΛΙΟΤ ΛΑΤΡΕΑ

Αἰολικὸν παρὰ τὸμβον ἰών, ξένε, μή με θανοῦσαν τὰν Μυτιληναίαν ἔννεπτ' ἀοιδοπόλοιν: τόνδε γὰρ ἀνθρώπων ἐκαμον χέρες· ἔργα δὲ φωτῶν ἐς ταχινήν ἔρρει τοιάδε ληθεδώνα. ἢν δὲ με Μουσάων ἐτάσθης χάριν, ὅν ἀφ' ἐκάστης δαίμονος ἀνθος ἔμηθε θήκα παρ' ἐνεάδι, γνώσεαι ὡς 'Αἴδεω σκότον ἐκφυγον· οὔδε τις ἔσται τῆς λυρικῆς Σαπφοῦς νόμυμοι ἥλιος.

18.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

'Ανέρα μὴ πέτρη τεκμαίρεο. λιτὸς ὁ τύμβος ὀφθήναι, μεγάλου δ' ὡστέα φωτὸς ἔχει. εἰδήσεως 'Αλκμάνα, λύρης ἑλατήρα Δακαίνης ἕξοχον, οὐκ Μουσέων ἐννέα ἀριθμὸς ἔχει: κεῖται δ' ἡπείρους διδύμοις ἔρις, εἰθ' ὅγε Λυδός, εἰτε Δάκων· πολλὴ μητέρες ύμνοπόλων.
BOOK VII. 15–18

15.—ANTIPATER

_On the Same_

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

16.—PINYTUS

_On the Same_

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

17.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

_On the Same_

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

18.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

_On Alcman_

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

¹ i.e. books of verse.
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19.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τὸν χαρίειν Ἀλκμάνα, τὸν ὑμητὴρ ὑμεναῖον κύκνου, τὸν Μοῦσαν ἄξια μελψάμενον,
tύμβος ἔχει, Σπάρτας μεγάλαν χάριν, ἄειθ' ὅ γε λοῖσθος ἄχθος ἀπορρίψας οἴχεται εἰς Ἀιδαν.

20.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἑσβέσθης, γηραιὲ Σοφόκλεες, ἄνθος ἀοίδων,
oἰνωπὸν Βάκχου βότρυν ἐρεπτόμενος.

21.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Τὸν σὲ χοροῖς μελψάντα Σοφοκλέα, παῖδα Σοφίλλου,
tὸν τραγικῆς Μοῦσης ἀστέρα Κεκρόπιον,
pολλάκις ὑπὸ θυμέλησι καὶ ἐν σκηνήσι τεθηλῶς,
βλαίος Ἀχαρνίτης κισσός ἔρευε κόμην,
tύμβος ἔχει καὶ γῆς ὀλίγον μέρος· ἄλλ' ὁ περισσὸς ἄιδων ἄθανάτοις δέρκεται ἐν σελήσι.

22.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡρέμη ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέως, ἡρέμα, κισσέ,
ἔρπυξις, χλοερόν έκπροχέων πλοκάμους,
cαι πέταλον πάντη θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἡ τε φιλορρώξ
ἀμπελος, ὑγρὰ πέριξ κλῆματα χευμένη,
eινεκεν εὐεπίς πινυτόφρονος, ἤν ὁ μελεχρὸς
 Honolulu' ἐκ Μούσεων ἀμμυγα καὶ Χαρίτων.
BOOK VII. 19-22

19.—LEONIDAS (OF ALEXANDRIA?)

On the Same

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

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

20.—ANONYMOUS

On Sophocles

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

21.—SIMIAS

On the Same

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

22.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

Θάλλων τετρακόρυμβος, Ἀνάκρεως, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσός,
ἀβρά τε λειμώνων πορφυρέων πέταλα·
πηγαὶ δ’ ἀργυρώντως ἀναθλίβοιντο γάλακτος,
εὐώδες δ’ ἀπὸ γῆς ἣδ’ χέοιτο μέθυ,
όφρα κέ τοι σποδιή τε καὶ ὁστέα τέρψιν ἄρηται, 5
εἰ δὴ τις φθιμένοις χρίμπτεται εὐφροσύνα.

23 b.—ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ

'Ω τὸ φίλον στέρξας, φίλε, βάρβιτον, ὡς σὺν ἀοιδᾷ
πάντα διαπλῶσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βλόν.

24.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ἡμερὶ πανθέλκτειρα, μεθυτρόφε, μῆτερ ὡπῶρας,
οὐλὴς ἢ σκολίον πλέγμα φύεις ἐλικος,
Τῃτον ἡβήσειας Ἀνακρείοντος ἐπ’ ἀκρη
στήλη καὶ λεπτῷ χώματι τοὺδε τάφου,
ὡς ὁ φιλάκρητος τε καὶ οἰνοβαρῆς φιλοκώμως
παννυχίων κρούσων τὴν φιλόπαιδα χέλνιν,
κὴν χθοὺπεπτήτωσ, κεφαλῆς ἐφύπερθε φέροιτο
ἀγλαῖων ὀραίων βότρων ἀπ’ ἀκρεμόνων,
καὶ μὴν ἄει τέγγοι νυτερη δρόσος, ἃς ὁ γεραῖος
λαρότερον μαλακῶν ἐπνεεῖν ἐκ στομάτων. 10

25.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὗτος Ἀνακρείοντα, τὸν ἄφθιτον εἰνεκα Μουσέων
ὑμνοπόλον, πάτρης τύμβος ἐδεκτο Τέω,

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BOOK VII. 23-25

23.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Anacreon

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

23 B.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

24.—SIMONIDES (?)

On the Same

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

25.—BY THE SAME (?)

On the Same

In this tomb of Teos, his home, was Anacreon laid, the singer whom the Muses made deathless, who

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δς Χαρίτων πνείοντα μέλη, πνείοντα δ’ 'Ερώτων,
τὸν γλυκὺν ἐς παιδῶν ἵμερον ἴρμόσατο.
μοῦνος δ’ εἰν 'Αχέροντι βαρύνεται, οὐχ δτὶ λείπων
ἥλιον, Δήθῃς εὐθὰδ’ ἔκυρος δόμων
ἀλλ’ δτὶ τὸν χαρίειντα μετ’ ἥθεοις Μεγισέα,
καὶ τὸν Σμερδέω Θρῆκα λέοντε πόθον.
μολῆς δ’ οὐ λήγει μελιτερπέος, ἀλλ’ ἐτ’ ἐκείνου
βάρβιτον εύδε θανῶν εὐνασεν εἰν 'Αϊδη.

26.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Εἰςεν, τάφον παρὰ λυτῶν 'Ανακρείοντος ἀμείβων,
εἰ τι τοι ἐκ βίβλων ἤλθεν ἐμὸν ὑβήν, ἐπεισών
σπείσον ἤµη σποδῆ σπείσον γάνος, ὄφρα κεν ὅψις
ὅστε γηθήσῃ τάμα νυτζόμενα,
ἂν ὁ Διονύσῳ μεμελημένος εὐάσι κόμοις,
ἂν ὁ φιλακριτῶν συντροφὸς ἁμῖνις
μηδὲ καταφθίμενος Βάγχου δίχα τοῦτον ὑποίσω
τὸν γενέη μερότου χώρον ὅψιλόμενον.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶτς ἐν μακάρεσσω, 'Ανάκρεων, εὐχὸς ἰῶνων,
μήτ’ ἐρατῶν κόμων ἀνδίχα, μήτε λύρης
ὑγρῇ δὲ δερκομένους ἐν ὅμμασιν οὐλον ἀείδοις,
ἀιθύσσον λιπαρῆς ἀνθοῦ ὑπέρθε κόμης,
ἣ πρὸς Εὐρυτύλῃν τετραμένον, ἢ Μεγιστῆ,
ἡ Κίκωνα Θρῆκος Σμερδέω πλάκαμον,
ἢδ’ ἔδυ βλέψων, ἀμφίβροχος ἐϊματα Βάγχῳ,
ἀκρητὸν λείβων νέκταρ ἀπὸ στολίδων.
τρισοίδες γάρ, Μοῦσαις, Διονύσῳ καὶ 'Ερωτὶ,
πρέσβυ, κατεσπείσθη πᾶς ὁ τεός βίοτος.

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BOOK VII. 25–27

set to the sweet love of lads measures breathing of
the Graces, breathing of Love. Alone in Acheron he
grieves not that he has left the sun and dwelleth
there in the house of Lethe, but that he has left
Megisteus, graceful above all the youth, and his
passion for Thracian Smerdies. Yet never doth he
desist from song delightful as honey, and even in
Hades he hath not laid that lute to rest.

26.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

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

27.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

Anacreon, glory of Ionia, mayest thou among the
dead be not without thy beloved revels, or without
thy lyre, and still mayest thou sing with swimming
eyes, shaking the entwined flowers that rest on thy
essenced hair, turned towards Eurypyle, or Megisteus,
or the locks of Thracian Smerdies, spouting sweet
wine, thy robe drenched with the juice of the grape,
wringing untempered nectar from its folds. For all
thy life, O old man, was poured out as an offering to
these three, the Muses, Bacchus, and Love.
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28.—ADESPOTON

'Ω ξένε, τόνδε τάφον τὸν 'Ανακρείοντος ὠμείβον,
σπείσον μοι παριών· εἰμὶ γὰρ οἰνοπότης.

29.—ANTIPATROS SIDONIOT

Εὐδεὶς ἐν φθιμένωσιν, 'Ανάκρεων, ἐσθλὰ πονήσας,
εὐδεὶς δ’ ἡ γλυκερὴ νυκτιλάλος κιθάρη·
eὐδεὶς καὶ Σμέρος, τὸ Πόθων ἔαρ, ὃ σὺ μέλῳδων
βάρβιτ’ ἀνεκροῦν νέκταρ ἐναρμόνιον.
ηεἶεν γὰρ Ἐρωτὸς ἄφυς σκοπός· εἰς δὲ σὲ μοῦνον ὧν
tόξα τε καὶ σκολίας εἴχεν ἔκπηθολίας.

30.—TOY AITOY

Τύμβων 'Ανακρείοντος· ὁ Τήιος ἐνθάδε κύκνος
εὐδεῖς, χὴ παίδων ζωροτάτη μανῆ.
ἀκμὴν οὶ λυρόν τι μελίζεται ἄμφι Βαβύλλων
ἲμερα, καὶ κισσοῦ λευκὸς ὅδωδε λίθος.
οὔτ’ Ἀίδης σοι ἔρωτας ἀπέσβησεν, ἐν δ’ Ἀχέροντος ὧν
δὲ δὸς ἄδινες Κύπρειδε θερμοτέρη.

31.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Σμερδή δὴ ἐπὶ Ὀρηκὶ τακεῖς καὶ ἐπὶ ἔσχατον ὀστεῶν,
kόμου καὶ πάσης κοίρανε παννυχίδος,
BOOK VII. 28–31

28.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

29.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

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

30.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

31.—DIOSCORIDES

On the Same

O Anacreon, delight of the Muses, lord of all revels of the night, thou who wast melted to the
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τερπνότατε Μούσησιν Ἀνάκρεον, ὁ πτερόπελαφ
χλωρόν ὑπὲρ κυλίκων πολλάκις δάκρυ χέας,
αὐτόματα τοι κρήναι ἀναβλύζοιεν ἀκρήτουν,
κηδε μακάρων προχοαί νέκταροι ἀμβροσίων:
αὐτόματοι δὲ φέροιεν ἵνα, τὸ φιλέσπερον ἄνθος,
κῆποι, καὶ μαλακῆ μύρτα τρέφοιτο δρόσῳ
δόρᾳ καὶ ἐν Δηοῦς οἰνωμένοι ἀβρὰ χορεύσης,
βεβληκὼς χρυσέῃς χείρας ἐπ’ Εὐρυπύλην.

32.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΓΠΟΤΩΤ

Πολλάκι μὲν τὸν ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω.
“Πίνετε, πρὶν ταῦτην ἀμφιβάλῃσθε κόμῳ.”

33.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Πολλὰ πιῶν τέθνηκας, Ἀνάκρεον. β. Ἄλλα
τρυφήσας:
καὶ σὺ δὲ μὴ πίνων ἔξεις εἰς Ἀἰθήν.

34.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Πιερικάν σάλπιγγα, τὸν εὐαγέρων βαρῶν υἱῶν
χαλκευτάν, κατέχει Πίνδαρον ἄδε κόμῳ,
οὐ μέλος εἰσαίων φθέγξαι κεῖν, ὧς ἀπὸ Μοῦσῶν
ἐν Κάδμου θαλάμοις σφήνος ἀπεπλάσατο.
BOOK VII. 31-34

marrow of thy bones for Thracian Smerdies, O thou who often bending o'er the cup didst shed warm tears for Bathyllus, may fountains of wine bubble up for thee unbidden, and streams of ambrosial nectar from the gods; unbidden may the gardens bring thee violets, the flowers that love the evening, and myrtles grow for thee nourished by tender dew, so that even in the house of Demeter thou mayest dance delicately in thy cups, holding golden Eurypyle in thy arms.

32.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On the Same

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

33.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

34.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Pindar

This earth holds Pindar, the Pierian trumpet, the heavily smiting smith of well-outlined hymns, whose melody when thou hearest thou wouldst exclaim that a swarm of bees from the Muses fashioned it in the bridal chamber of Cadmus.
35.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ἀρμενὸς ἦν ξείνοισιν ἀνήρ δὲ καὶ φίλος ἀστοῖς,
Πύνδαρος, εὐφώνῳ Πιερίδωι πρόπολος.

36.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Αἰεὶ τοι λιπαρῷ ἐπὶ σήματι, διὲ Σοφόκλεις,
σκηνῆς μαλακοὺς κισσός ἀλοίτο πόδας,
αἰεὶ τοι βούπαισι περιστάξιτο μελίσσαις
τύμβοις, ὥς τοι πάντα μὲν ἀεὶ γάνους ἂθνιδι 
δὲ ἐλπίδω
κηρός, ὑπὸ στεφάνοις δ' ἀιεῖν ἐχῆς πλοκάμους.

37.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

a. Τύμβος δὲ ἔστ', ὀψθροπε, Σοφοκλέος, ὄν παρὰ
Μουσέων
ἱρὴν παρθεσίην, ἱερὸς ὁν, ἔλαχον,
ὡς με τὸν ἐκ Φλιούντος, ἔτι τρίβολον πατέοντα,
πρίνινον, ἐς χρόσεον σχῆμα μεθηρμόσατο,
καὶ λεπτὴν ἐνέδυσεν ἄλουργίδατο τὸν δὲ θανόντος 
εὔθετον ὀρχηστὴν τῇδ' ἀνέπαυσα πόδα.

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

35.—LEONIDAS

On the Same

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

36.—ERYCIAS

On Sophocles

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

37.—DIOSCORIDES

On the Same

(A statue of a Satyr is supposed to speak)

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

¹ i.e. from the rude Satyric drama he evolved Attic tragedy—a very exaggerated statement.
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38.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Θείος Ἀριστοφάνεις ὑπ' ἐμοὶ νέκυς· εἰ τίνα πεῦθη, κωμικός, ἀρχαῖς μνάμα χοροστασίας.

39.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ὁ τραγικὸν φόναγμα καὶ ὀφρυόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν ἐπηγώσας στεφαρῆ πρῶτος ἐν εὐφημίᾳ, Αἰσχύλος Εὐφορίωνος, Εὐλευσίνης ἐκὰς αἴης κεῖται, κυδαίνων σήματι Τρινάκρην.

40.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Αἰσχύλου ἤδε λέγει ταφή λίθος ἐνθάδε κεῖσθαι τὸν μέγαν, οἰκείης τῆς ἀπὸ Κεκροπίης, λευκὰ Γέλα Σικελοῖο παρ' ὑδατα· τίς φθόνος, αἰαί, Θησείδας ἀγαθῶν ἔγκοτος αἰὲν ἔχει;

41.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀ μάκαρ ἀμβροσίησι συνέστει φίλτατε Μοῦσαις, χαῖρε καὶ εἰν 'Αἴδεω δόμασι, Καλλίμαχε.
BOOK VII. 37-41

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

38.—Diodorus

On Aristophanes

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

39.—Antipater of Thessalonica

On Aeschylus

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

40.—Diodorus

On the Same

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

41.—Anonymous

On Callimachus

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

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

42.—ἈΛΛΟ

'Α μέγα Βαττιάδαο σοφοῦ περίπυστον δνειαρ,
η β' ἐσεν κεράων, ούδ' ελέφαντος έχη.
τοῖά γὰρ ἰμμυν ἐφηνας, ἀτ' οὗ πάρος ἀνέρες ἴδηνεν,
ὑμφί τε ἀθανάτους, ἀμφί τε ἡμιθέους,
εὖτε μὲν ἐκ Διβύης ἀναείρας εἰς Ἐλυμόνα
ὡραγες ἐν μέσας Πιερίδεσσι φέρων
αἱ δὲ οἱ εἰρομένη ἀμφ' ὀγυγίων ἡρώων
Ἀτία καὶ μακάρων εἱρον ἀμειβόμεναι.

43.—ΙΩΝΟΣ

Χαίρε μελαμπτέαλοις, Εὐριπίδη, ἐν γυαλοισι
Πιερίας τὸν ἀεὶ νυκτὸς ἐχονθάλαμουν
ἰσθι δ' ὑπ' ξθονοσ ὤν, ὅτι σοι κλέος ἀφθιτον ἐσται
ἰσον Ὀμηρείας ἀναοίς χάρισιν.

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

44.—ΙΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ καὶ δακρυνόεις, Εὐριπίδη, ἐδέ σε πότμος,
καὶ σε λυκορραϊσται δείπνου ἐθεντο κύνες,
τὸν σκηνὴ μελιγηριν ἀγδώνα, κόσμον Ἀθηνῶν,
τὸν σοφὴν Μουσέων μεξάμενον χάριτα,
ἀλλ' ἐμολες Πελλαινον ὑπ' ἡρίον, ώς ἂν ὁ λάτης
Πιερίδων ναῖς ἀγχόθι Πιερίδων.
BOOK VII. 42-44

42.—ANONYMOUS

On the Actia (Origins) of the Same

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

43.—ION

On Euripides

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

44.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

¹ Callimachus claimed that the Muses revealed the matter of the poem to him in a dream.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

45.—ΘΟΤΚΤΑΙΔΩΤ

Μνήμα μὲν Ἐλλάς ἀπασ' Εὐριπίδου· ὅστεα δ' ἵσχει
γῇ Μακεδών· ἢ γὰρ δέξατο τέρμα βιον.
pατρὶς δ' Ἐλλάδος Ἐλλάς· Ἀθήναι· πλείστα δὲ
Μοῦσαις
tέρψας, ἐκ πολλῶν καὶ τῶν ἐπαινούν ἔχει.

46.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ σὸν μνήμα τὸδ' ἔστ', Εὐριπίδη, ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῦδε·
tῇ σῇ γὰρ δόξῃ μνήμα τὸδ' ἀμπέχεται.

47.—ΑΔΛΟ

Ἀπασ' Ἀχαιῶς μνήμα σὸν, Εὐριπίδη·
οὐκοῦν ἄφωνοι, ἀλλὰ καὶ λαλητέοις.

48.—ΑΔΛΟ

Αἰθαλέοις πυρὸς σάρκες ῥηθῆσι τρυφηλαῖ
ληφθεῖσαι, νοτίην ώσαν ἀπ' αἰθόμεναι·
μοῦνα δ' ἐνεστὶ τάφοι πολυδικρύφ ὡστέα κωφά,
kai πόνος εἰνοδίως τῇδε παρερχομένους.

49.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Ἀ Μακετίς σε κέκευθε τάφοι κόνις· ἀλλὰ πυρωθεῖς
Zωνὶ κεραυνεῖς, γαῖαν ἀπημφίπασας.
tρὶς γὰρ ἐπαστράψας, Εὐριπίδη, ἐκ Διὸς αἰθήρ
ηγνισε τὸν θυατὰν σώματος ἱστορίαν.1

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

45.—THUCYDIDES THE HISTORIAN

On the Same

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

46.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

47.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

48.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

49.—BIANOR OF BITHYNIA

On the Same

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

50.—ΑΡΧΙΜΗΔΟΤΣ

Τὴν Εὐριπίδεω μὴν ἔρχεο, μὴν ἐπιβάλλον,
δύσβατον ἀνθρώπως οἶμον, ἀοιδοθέτα.
λείη μὲν γὰρ ἰδεῖν καὶ ἐπιρροθεὶς: 1 ἢν δὲ τις αὐτὴν
εἰσβαίνῃ, χαλεπὸν τρηχυτέρῃ σκόλοπος.
ἣν δὲ τὰ Μηδείης Αἰγίλοδος ἄκρα χαράξῃ,
ἀμνήμων κείσῃ νέρθεν. εὰ στεφάνους.

51.—ΑΔΑΙΟΤ

Οὐ σε κυνῶν γένος ἔλλ', Εὐριπίδη, οὐδὲ γυναικὸς
οἰστρος, τὸν σκοτίης Κύπριδος ἀλλότριον,
ἀλλ' Ἀἰδης καὶ γῆρας: ὑπάλ Μακέτῃ δ' Ἀρεθοῦσῃ
κεῖσαι, ἐταφεῖς τίμοις Ἀρχέλεω.
σὸν δ' οὖ τούτων ἔγω τίθεμαι τάφον, ἀλλὰ τὰ
Βάκχου
βῆματα καὶ σκηνᾶς ἐμβάδ' 2 ἐρειδομένας.

52.—ΔΗΜΙΟΤΡΓΟΤ

'Ελλάδος εὐρυχόρου στέφανον καὶ κόσμον ἀοιδῆς,
'Ασκραῖον γενέῃν 'Ησίοδον κατέχω.

53.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ησίοδος Μοῦσας 'Ελικωνίσαι τὸν' ἀνέθηκα,
عبة νικήςας ἐν Χαλκίδι θεοὶ Ὀμηρον.

1 I suggest ἐπίκροτος and render so.
2 v. 4 ἐμβάδ' MS.: I correct (ἐμβάδ' τειθομ. Hermann).
BOOK VII. 50–53

50.—ARCHIMEDES

On the Same

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

51.—ADAEUS

On the Same

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

52.—DEMIURGUS

On Hesiod

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

53.—ANONYMOUS

On an ex-voto dedicated by Hesiod

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

1 By retouching.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

54.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Ἄσκησι μὲν πατρὶς πολυλήσιος, ἀλλὰ θανόντος ὡστεά πληξίπποιν γῆ Μινωὺν κατέχει Ἡσιόδον, τοῦ πλεῖστον ἐν ἀνθρώπως κλέος ἐστὶν ἀνδρῶν κρινομένων ἐν βασάνῳ σοφίς.

55.—ἈΛΚΑΙΟΤ

Δοκρίδος ἐν νέμει σκιερῷ νέκυν Ἡσιόδοιο Νῦμφαι κρηνίδων λούσαν ἀπὸ σφετέρων, καὶ τάφον ἤψώσαντο· γάλακτι δὲ ποιμένες αἰγῶν ἔρραναν, ξανθῷ μιξάμενοι μέλτι· τοῖν γὰρ καὶ γῆρων ἀπέπνεεν ἐννέα Μούσεων ὁ πρέσβυς καθαρών γενεάμενος λεβάδων.

56.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Ἡν ἄρα Δημοκρίτοιο γέλως τόδε, καὶ τάχα λέξει· "Οὐκ ἐλεγον γελῶν, Πάντα πέλουσι γέλωσ; καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σοφίην μετ’ ἀπείρονα, καὶ στίχα βιβλων τοσσατίων, κεῖμαι νέρθε τάφοι γέλως."

57.—ΑΛΛΟ

Καὶ τὶς ἔφυ σοφὸς ὤδη; τὶς ἑργὸν ἔρεξε τοσσύτου, ὁ δὲ παντοδαὴς ἦνυσε Δημόκριτος;
BOOK VII. 54-57

54.—MNASALCAS

On the Same

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

55.—ALCAEUS (OF MYTILENE OR MESSENE)

On the Same

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

56.—ANONYMOUS

On Democritus of Abdera

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

57.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

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

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

δς θάνατον παρέωτα τρι' ήματα δόμασιν ἔσχεν,
καὶ θερμοὶς ἄρτων ἄσθμασιν ἐξένισεν.

58.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΤΠΙΤΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ ἄμειδήτων νεκών ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἀνάσσεις,
Φερσεφόνη, ψυχήν δέχυσιν Δημόκριτον
εὐμενεῶς γελῶσαν, ἐπεὶ καὶ σεῖδ τεκοῦσαν
ἀγνομένην ἐπὶ σολ μοῦνος ἐκαμψε γέλως.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλούτων δέξο μάκαρ Δημόκριτον, ὡς κεν ἀνάσσων
αιὲν ἄμειδήτων καὶ γελῶντα λάχοις.

60.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Σωφροσύνη προφέρων θυντῶν θείη τε δικαίῳ
ἐνθάδε κεῖται ἀνήρ θεῖος Ἀριστοκλῆς.
εἰ δὲ τις ἐκ πάντων σοφίς μέγαν ἔσχεν ἐπαίνου,
οὕτος ἔχει πλεῖστον, καὶ φθόνον ὃι φερεται.

61.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Γαία μὲν ἐν κόλποις κρύπτει τόδε σῶμα Πλάτωνος,
ψυχὴ δὲ ἀθάνατον τάξιν ἔχει μακάρων

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

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

58.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On the Same

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

59.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

60.—SIMIAS

On Plato

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

61.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

The earth in her bosom hides here the body of Plato, but his soul has its immortal station among the

supply him every day with hot loaves, and by putting the steaming bread to his nose kept himself alive until the feast was over. 3 Plato's original name.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

62.—ΑΛΛΟ

a. Αιετέ, τίπτε βέβηκας ύπερ τάφον; ἡ τίνος, εἰπέ, ἀστερέωτα θεῶν οἰκον ἀποσκοπέεις;
β. Ψυχῆς εἰμὶ Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐς Ὁλυμπον εἰκὼν σῶμα δὲ γῆ γηγενές Ἀθῆς ἔχει.


63.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸν κύνα Διογένη, νεκυοστόλε, δέξο με, πορθμεῖ, γυμνώσαντα βιόν παντὸς ἐπισκόπου.

64.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

a. Εἰπέ, κύνῳ, τίνος ἀνδρός ἐφεστὼς σῶμα φυλάσσεις;
β. Τοῦ Κυνὸς. a. Ἄλλα τίς ἡν οὕτος ἀνήρ ὁ Κύων;
β. Διογένης. a. Γένος εἰπέ. β. Σινωπεύς. a. Ὁς πίθον ὕκει;
β. Καί μᾶλα νῦν δὲ θανῶν ἀστέρας οἰκον ἔχει.

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

65.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Διογένες τὸδε σῶμα, σοφοῦ κυνὸς, ὃς ποτε θυμῷ ἀρσενι γυμνήτην ἐξεπόνει βιοτον.
blest, the soul of Ariston's son, whom every good man, even if he dwell in a far land, honours in that he saw the divine life.

62.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

63.—Anonymous

On Diogenes

O ferryman of the dead, receive the Dog Diogenes, who laid bare the whole pretentiousness\(^1\) of life.

64.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

65.—Antipater

On the Same

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

\(^1\) Literally "eye-brow" used like the Latin *supercilium* for "affectation."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

φ μία τις πτήρα, μία διπλοίς, εἰς ἀμ' ἐφοτα
σκίτων, αὐτάρκους ὅπλα σαφροσύνας.
καὶ τάφου τοῦτ' ἐκτός ἵτ', ἄφρονες, ὡς ὁ Σιωπεὺς ὃ
ἐχθαίρει φαύλου πάντα καὶ εἶν 'Αἰδη.

66.—ONESTOT

Βάκτρων καὶ πήρῃ καὶ διπλόν εἶμα σοφοίο
Διογένευς βίοτον φόρτος ὁ κουφότατος.
πάντα φέρω πορθμῇ· λέοντα γὰρ οὐδὲν ὑπὲρ γῆς·
καὶ κύνων σαίνοις Κέρβερε τὸν με κύνα.

67.—ΔΕΩΝΙΩΤ

'Αίδεω λυπηρῇ δηκόνε, τοῦτ' Ἀχέρωντος
ὑδώρ δὲ πλώεις πορθμίδε κυνή,
δέξαι μ', εἰ καὶ σοί μεγά βρίστεται ὀκρώνεσσα
βάρις ἀποφθιμένων, τὸν κύνα Διογένην.
οἶτῃ μοι καὶ πήρῃ ἑφόλκια, καὶ τὸ παλαίον
ἐσθος, χώ φθιμένους ναυστολέων ὁμόλος.
πάνθ' ὁσα κὴν ζωῶις ἐπετάμεθα, ταῦτα παρ' Ἀδαν
ἀρχομ' ἐχων· λείτω δ' οὐδέν ὑπ' ἥλιῳ.

68.—APXION

'Αίδος δ' νεκυγγε, κεχαρμένε δάκρυσι πάντων,
δὲ βαθὺ πορθμεύεις τοῦτ' Ἀχέρωντος ὑδώρ,
καὶ σοὶ βέβηθεν ὑπ' εἰδώλουσι καμόντων
ὀλκάς, μὴ προλίπης Διογένη με κύνα.
BOOK VII. 65-68

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

66.—HONESTUS

On the Same

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

67.—LEONIDAS

On the Same

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

68.—ARCHIAS

On the Same

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

ολπην καὶ σκίπωνα φέρων, καὶ διπλόν εἶμα,
καὶ πήρην, καὶ σοι ναυτιλίας οβολόν.
καὶ ζωδία τάδε μοῦνον, δ' καὶ νέκυις ὃδε κομίζω,
εἶχον ἵππη ἥλιον δ' οὖ τι λέλοιπα φάει.

69.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΤΠΤΩΤ

Κέρβερε δειμαλένην ἰλακῇν νεκύεσσιν ἰάλλων,
ὅην φρικαλέον δείδητι καὶ σὺ νέκυν.
'Αρχιλόχος τέθηκε· φυλάσσει θυμὸν ἰάμβων
δριμύν, πικροχόλον τικτόμενον στόματος.
οἶςθα βοής κείνοι μέγα σθένος, εὑτε Δυκάμβω

70.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν πλέον ἢ τὸ πάροιθε πῦλας κρατεροῖο βερέθρου
βρασίνοις ἀγρύπνου θρισσεὶ φύλασσε κύον.
εἰ γὰρ φέγγος ἔλευθον ἀλυσακάζουσιν ἰάμβων
ἀγριον 'Αρχιλόχον φλέγμα Δυκαμβίδας,
πὼς ὦκ ἄν προλίπωσι σκοτῶν τυλεών τυλεών

71.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΛΙΚΟΤ

Σῆμα τόδε 'Αρχιλόχου παραπόττων, ὡς ποτε πικρῆν
Μοῦσαν ἐχιδναίῳ πρῶτος ἔβαψε χόλφ.
BOOK VII. 68–71

a staff, and a cloak, and a wallet, and the obol thy fare. These things that I carry with me now I am dead are all I had when alive, and I left nothing in the daylight.

69.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On Archilochus

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

70.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

71.—GAETULICUS

On the Same

This tomb by the sea is that of Archilochus, who first made the Muse bitter dipping her in vipers' ¹ They hanged themselves owing to Archilochus' bitter verses on them.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

αἰμάξας Ἐλλάδα τὸν ἢμερον. οἶδε Δυκάμβης,
μυρόμενος τρισσῶν ἁμματα ψυγατέρων.
ἡρέμα δὴ παράμευσον, ὄδοιπόρε, μὴ ποτὲ τούδε
κινήσης τύμβῳ σφήκας ἐφεζομένους.

72.—MENANDROT ΚΩΜΙΚΟΤ

Χαίρε, Νεοκλείδα, δίδυμον γένος, δῶν ὁ μὲν ὑμῶν
πατρίδα δουλοσύνας ρύσαθ', ὁ δ' ἀφροσύνας.

73.—ΓΕΜΙΝΟΤ

'Αντὶ τάφου λιτοῖο θῆς Ἐλλάδα, θῆς δ' ἐπὶ ταύτα
δούρατα, βαρβαρικὰς σύμβολα ναυφθορίας,
καὶ τύμβῳ κρήπιδα περίγραφε Περσικόν 'Αρη
καὶ Ξέρξην' τούτοις βάπτε Θεμιστοκλέα.
στάλα δ' ἀ Σαλαμίς ἐπικείστεται, ἔργα λέγουσα
τάμα: τι με σμικροῖς τὸν μέγαιν ἐντίθετε;

Δ. J. Butler, Amaranth and Aphrodis, p. 58.

74.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Τοῦτο Θεμιστοκλέει ξένων ἢριον εὐσατο Μάγνης
λαός, ὅτ' ἐκ Μήδων πατρίδα μυσάμενος
ὀνείριν ὑπέδω κλήνα καὶ λίθον. ἦ θέλεν οὕτως
ὁ φθόνος: αἱ δ' ἀρεταὶ μεῖον ἔχουσι γέρας.
BOOK VII. 71-74

gall, staining mild Helicon with blood. Lycambes
knows it, mourning for his three daughters hanged.
Pass quietly by, O way-farer, lest haply thou arouse
the wasps that are settled on his tomb.

72.—MENANDER

On Epicurus and Themistocles

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

73.—GEMINUS

On Themistocles

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

74.—DIODORUS

On the Same

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

45
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

αἰμάξας Ἐλλάδα τὸν ἦμερον. οἶδε Δυκάμβης,
μυρόμενος τρισσάν ἅμματα θυγατέρων.
ἤρεμα δὴ παράμειψιον, ὀδοϊπόρε, μὴ ποτὲ τούδε
κινήσῃς τύμβω σφήκας ἐφεξομένους.

72.—MENANDROT ΚΩΜΙΚΟΤ

Χαίρε, Νεοκλέιδα, δίδυμον γένος, δυν ὁ μὲν ὕμων
πατρίδα δούλοσύνας ῥύσαθ', ὦ δ' ἄφροσύνας.

73.—ΓΕΜΙΝΟΤ

Ἀντὶ τάφον λιτοῖο θῆς Ἑλλάδα, θῆς δ' ἐπὶ ταύταν
dούρατα, βαρβαρικάς σύμβολα ναυφορίας,
καὶ τύμβῳ κρηπίδα περίγραφε Πέρσικὸν Ἀρχη
cαι Σέρβην· τοῦτοις θάπτε Θεμιστοκλέα.
stάλα δ' ὁ Σαλαμίς ἐπικείσεται, ἔργα λέγοντα
τάμα· τί με σμικροῖς τὸν μέγαν ἐντιθετε;

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

74.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Τούτῳ Θεμιστοκλεί ξένων ὑρίων εἰσατοι ὁ
λαὸς, ὡς ἐκ Μήδων πατρίδα ῥυσάρι
οθυείην ὑπέδω χῆμα καὶ λίθον. ἦ θ' ὁ
ὁ φθόνος· αἱ δ' ἄρεταν μεῖον ἔχουν.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

75.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Στασίχορον, ξαπλωθές ἀμέτρητον στόμα Μούσης,
ἐκτέρισεν Κατάνας αἰθαλόεν δάπεδον,
où, κατὰ Πυθαγόρου φυσικάν φάτιν, ἀ πρὶν Ὄμήρου
ψυχὰ ἐνι στέρνοις δεύτερον ἕκισατο.

76.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Ἐμπορίης λήξαντα Φιλόκριτον, ἄρτι δ' ἀρότρου
γενόμενος, ξείνῳ Μέμφις ἐκρυψε τάφον,
ἐνθα δραμὼν Νείλοιο πολὺς ρόος ὑδατε λάβροφ
τάνδρος τὴν ὀλίγην βῶλον ἀπημφίησε.
καὶ ζωὸς μὲν ἐφευρεῖ πικρὴν ἀλὰ· νῦν δὲ καλυφθεῖσ 5
κύμασι ναυηγῶν σχέτλιος ἐσχε τάφον.

77.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὗτος ὁ τοῦ Κείλοο Σιμωνίδεω ἐστὶ σαωτήρ,
δὲ καὶ τεθνὴς ζωὰν ἀπέδωκε χάριν.

78.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

Πρηστερον γῇρας σε, καὶ οὐ κατὰ νοῦσος ἀμαυρὴ
ἐσβεσεν· εὐνήθης δ' ὑπνον ὀφειλόμενον,
ἀκρα μεριμνήσας, 'Ερατόσθενες· οὐδε Κυρήνη
μαῖα σε πατρών ἐντὸς ἐδεκτο τάφων,

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

75.—ANTIPATER (OF SIDON?)

On Stesichorus

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

76.—DIOSCORIDES

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

77.—SIMONIDES

On Simonides (?)

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

78.—DIONYSIUS OF CYZICUS

On Eratosthenes

A mild old age, no darkening disease, put out thy light, Eratosthenes son of Aglaus, and, thy high studies over, thou sleepest the appointed sleep. Cyrene thy mother did not receive thee into the written by Simonides on the tomb of a man whose corpse he found on the shore and buried, and whose ghost appeared and forbade him to sail in a ship which was wrecked on her voyage.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

75.—ΤΙΝΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Στασίχωρον, ζαπληθεὶς ἀμέτρητον στόμα ἐκτείνεσθε Κατάνας αἰθαλόεν δάπεδον, οὐ, κατὰ Πυθαγόρου φυσικὰν φάτνῃ, ἀ πρὸ ψυχὰ ἐνὶ στέρνοις δεύτερον φῶκιστο.

76.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Ἐμπορίσας λήξαντα Φιλόκριτον, ἀρτὶ δ' γενόμενον, ξείνῳ Μέμφις ἔκρυψε τάφον ἐνθα δραμών Νεῖλοιο πολὺς ῥόος ὤδατο τάνδρος τὴν ὀλύγην βῶλον ἀπημφίας καὶ ξῶσε μὲν ἐφευγε πικρὴν ἁλα τῶν δ' κύμασι ναυηγὸν σχέτως ἐσχε τάφον.

77.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὐτοί τε ἄκολοι Σιμωνίδεω ἐστὶ σοὶ δέντρα τῶν ζῶντ' ἀπέδωκε χάρι

ΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΚΤΖΙΚΙ

Προν καὶ πρὸς σε, καὶ οὐ κατὰ νεῖ, ἔκρυψε δ' ὑπὸν ὀδείλα ἄκριμος, Ἐρατόσθενες ὁ ποιμὴν ὑπὸν ἐντὸς ἐδεκτός

1 η στ. out of
2 η στ. out of
DI O K VII 63-65

On Christianity and the Office of Justice: The Marsian—An excerpt of a sermon

On Love

On the Church, but see how the Sun of the Time of Reaches to the Heavens.

DI O CIES L

On the Sun of the Earth, be not in the Heavens, and the

TRUTH THERE.

On Earth, when they arise, possibilities,

as from the other a

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'Αγλαυ ο νιε· φίλος δὲ καὶ ἐν ξείνῃ κεκάλυψαι παρ τόδε Πρωτής κράσπεδον αἰγιαλοῦ.

79.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

a. 'Ωνθρωπ', Ἡράκλειτος ἕγω σοφὰ μοῦνος ἀνευρεῖν φαμὶ· τὰ δ' ἐς πάτραν κρέσσονα καὶ σοφίς· λὰξ γὰρ καὶ τοκέωνας, ἢ χεύ, δύσφρονας ἄνδρας ὑλάκτεναι. β. Δαμπρᾶ θρεψαμένοις χάρις.

a. Οὐκ ἀπ' ἔμευ; β. Μὴ τρηχύν. a. Ἑπεὶ τάχα καὶ σὺ τι πεύσῃ τρηχύτερον πάτρας. β. Χαῖρε. a. Σὺ δ' ἐξ Ἑφέσου.

80.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εἴπε τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεῦν μόρον, ἐς δὲ με δάκρυν ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὁσάκεις ἀμφότεροι ἤλιου ἐν λέοχι κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν που, ξεῖν 'Αλκαρησεῦς, τετράπαλαι σποδίη. aἰ δὲ τεῖ ξώουσιν ἀνδόνες, ἥσιν φόν τῶν ἀρπακτῆς 'Αἰδῆς οὐκ ἐπὶ χείρα βαλεῖ.

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

81.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ἐπτὰ σοφῶν, Κλεόβουλε, σὲ μὲν τεκνώσατο Λίνδος· φατὶ δὲ Σισυφία χθὼν Περίανδρον ἔχειν·

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

79.—MELEAGER

On Heraclitus of Ephesus

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

80.—CALLIMACHUS

On Heraclitus of Halicarnassus, the Elegiac Poet

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

81.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Seven Sages

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

2 The epigram is obscure and the arrangement of the dialogue doubtful. I follow Headlam (Class. Rev. xv. p. 401).
3 The title of a book of poems.
4 Corinth.
Πιττακὸν ἁ Μετυλάνα. Βλαντα δὲ δία Πριήνη. Μίλητος δὲ Θαλήν, ἀκρον ἔρεισμα Δίκας. ἡ Σπάρτα Χίλωνα. Σόλωνα δὲ Κεκροπίς αἰα, πάντας ἀριζάλου σωφροσύνας φίλακας.

82.—ΑΔΗΔΟΝ

Δωρίδος ἐκ Μοῦσης κεκορυθμένον ἀνέρα Βάκχῳ καὶ Σατύροις Σικέλον τῆς Ἐπίχαρμον ἔχω.

83.—ΑΔΛΟ

Τόνδε Θαλήν Μίλητος Ἡας θρέψας ἀνέδειξεν, ἀστρολόγων πάντων πρεσβύτατον σοφῆ.

84.—ΑΔΛΟ

Ἡ ὀλγὼν τόδε σάμα, τὸ δὲ κλῆς οὐρανῶμηκες τοῦ πολυφρονιστὸν τούτο Θάλητος δρή.

85. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΩΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Γυμνικὸν αὖ ποτ ἀγώνα θεόμενον, ἡλίως Ζεῦ, τὸν σοφὸν ἄνδρα Θαλῆν ἔρπασας ἐκ σταδίου. αἰνέω δτι μν ἐγγὺς ἀπήγαγες. ἡ γὰρ ὁ πρέσβυς οὐκέθα ὤραν ἀπὸ γῆς ἀστέρας ἡδύνατο.

¹ Nos. 83–133 are all derived from Diogenes Laertius' Lives of the Philosophers. Those of his own composition are not only very poor work (perhaps the worst verses ever published), but are often unintelligible apart from the silly
BOOK VII. 81-85

hers. Mytilene bore Pittacus and fair Priene Bias, and Miletus Thales, best support of Justice, Sparta Chilon, and Attica Solon—all guardians of admirable Prudence.

82.—Anonymous

On Epicharmus

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

83.—Anonymous

On Thales

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

84.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

85.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

Once, Zeus the Sun, didst thou carry off from the stadion, as he was viewing the games, Thales the sage. I praise thee for taking him away to be near thee, for in truth the old man could no longer see the stars from earth.¹

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

¹ Thales died from the effect of heat and thirst while watching the games.
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86.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Η Μήδων ἄδικον παύσασ' ὑβριν ἦδη Σόλωνα
tόνδε τεκνοὶ Σαλαμῆς θεσμοθέτην ἱερὸν.

87. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Σῶμα μὲν ἦρε Σόλωνος ἐν ἄλλοδαπῇ Κύπριοι πῦρ,
ὅστα δ' ἔχει Σαλαμῆς, ὡς κόνις ἀστάχυες.
ψυχήν δ' ἄξονες εὐθὺς ἐς οὐρανὸν ἡγαγον· εὖ γὰρ
θῆκε νόμοις ἀστοῖς ἀχθεᾶ κουφότατα.

88. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>

Φωσφόρε σοι Πολύδεικες ἔχω χάριν, οὐκεκεν νῦς.
Χῖλωνος πυγμή χλωρῶν ἔλεεν κότινων.
εἰ δ' ὁ πατήρ στεφανοῦχον ὑδῶν <τέκνον> ἡμυσει
ἡσθεῖς,
οὐ νεμεσητῶν ἐμοὶ τοῖς ἐτῶν θάνατος.

89. <ΚΑΦΔΙΜΑΧΟΤ>

Ἐεῖνος Ἀτατηνῆς τις ἀνείρετο Πιττακὸν οὕτω
τὸν Μυτιληναίον, παῖδα τὸν 'Ιρράδιον.
"Ἁττα γέρον, δοιός με καλεῖ γάμος; ἡ μία μὲν δὴ
νύμφη καὶ πλοῦτος καὶ γενεὴ κατ' ἐμὲ.
BOOK VII. 86–89

86.—ANONYMOUS

On Solon

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

87.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

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

88.—BY THE SAME

On Chilon

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

89.—CALLIMACHUS

On Pittacus (not Sepulchral)

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

¹ This explains itself. Castor and Pollux were the patrons of boxing and were also stars.

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η δ' ἐπέρθη προβεβηκε. τι λάιον; εἰ δ' ἀγε σὺν μοι βούλευσον, ποτέρην εἰς ὑμέναιον ἀγω. εἶπεν· ὁ δὲ σκίπωνα, γεροντικὸν ὅπλον, ἀείρας, "Ημιδ', ἕκεινοι σοι πάν ἐρέουσιν ἔπος." (οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ πληγῆσι θοὰς βέμβικας ἕχοντες ἐστρεφοῦν εὐρείᾳ παῖδες ἐν τριόδῳ).

"κεῖνον ἔρχεο," φησίν, "μετ' ἴχνια." ἡ χώ μὲν ἐπέστη πλησίον οἱ δ' ἐλεγον· "Τὴν κατὰ σαυτῶν ἔλα." ταῦτ' ἄτων ὃς κεῖνος ἐφείσατο μείζονος οἶκον δράξασθαι, παῖδον κληδόνα συνθέμενος. τὴν δ' ὀλίγην ὡς κεῖνος ἐς οἶκον ἐπήγετο νύμφην, οὕτω καὶ σὺ γ' ἰὼν τὴν κατὰ σαυτῶν ἔλα.

90.—ΑΛΛΟ

Клейнос ἐν δαπέδουσι Πριήνης φύντα καλύπτει ἧδε Βλαυτα πέτρη, κόσμου ἰῳσι μέγαν.

91. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Τῇδε Βλαυτα κέκευθα, τὸν ἀτρέμας ἤγαγεν Ἔρμης εἰς 'Αἰδην, πολυφυράν νυφόμενον. εἶπε γάρ, εἶπε δικρῆν ἐτάρου τιμὸς· εἰτ' ἀποκλινθεῖς παιδὸς ἐς ἀγκαλίδας μακρὸν ἐτεινεν υπνον.

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

90.—Anonymous

On Bias

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

91.—Diogenes Laertius

On the Same

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

² Bias, after having made a speech in court on behalf of some one, was fatigued and rested his head on his nephew’s breast. His client won the case, but at its close Bias was found to be dead.
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92. <TOY AYTOY>

'Es Σκυθίην 'Ανάχαρσις ὅτ' ἦλυθε πολλὰ μογῆσας,
pántas ἐπειθε βιοῦν ἤθεσιν ἑλλαδικῶς.
τὸν δ' ἦτι μῦθον ἀκραυτον ἐνι στομάτεσσιν ἔχοντα
πτηνὸς ὡς ἀθανάτους ἠρπασεν ὡκα δόναξ.

93.—ΑΔΔΟ

Eis Φερεκύθην

Τῆς σοφίης πάσης ἐν ἐμοὶ τέλος· ἢν δὲ τι πάσχω,
Πνεαγόρη τῷ 'μῷ λέγε ταῦθ', ὅτι πρῶτος ἀπάντων
ἔστιν ἂν Ἴη Ελλάδα γῆν. οὐ ψεύδομαι δὲ ἄγορεύων.

94.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐνθάδε, πλείστων ἀληθείας ἐπὶ τέρμα περήσας
οὐρανίου κόσμου, κεῖται Ἄναξαγόρας.

95.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Ἡλιού πυρόεντα μῦδρον ποτὲ φάσκειν ὑπάρχειν,
καὶ διὰ τοῦτο θανεῖν μέλλειν Ἄναξαγόρας.
ἀλλ' ὁ φίλος Περικλῆς μὲν ἐρύσατο τοῦτον· ὁ δ' αὐτὸν
ἐξάγαγεν βιότον μαλθακῆς σοφίῆς.
BOOK VII. 92-95

92.—BY THE SAME

On Anacharsis

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

93.—ANONYMOUS

On Pherecydes

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

94.—ANONYMOUS

On Anaxagoras

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

95.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

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

¹ Anacharsis was shot by his brother for trying to introduce Greek religious rites.
96. <TOY AYTOY>
Πινέ νυν ἐν Διός ὄν, ὦ Σωκράτες· ἢ σε γὰρ ὅτως καὶ σοφὸν εἶπε θεός, καὶ θεὸς ἡ σοφία.
πρὸς γὰρ Ἀθηναίων κώνειον ἀπλῶς σὺ ἐδέξα, αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐξέπιον τούτῳ τεῦχος στόματι.

97. <TOY AYTOY>
Οὐ μόνον ἐς Πέρσας ἀνέβη Ἑνοφῶν διὰ Κύρου,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀνδον ἥτητον ἐς Διὸς ἦτος ἄγων·
παιδείης γὰρ ἐής Ἐλληνικὰ πράγματα δείξας,
ὡς καλὸν ἡ σοφία μνήματο Σωκράτεος.

98. <TOY AYTOY>
Εἰ καὶ σέ, Ἑνοφῶν, Κραναοῦ Κέκροπός τε πολίται
φεύγειν κατέγυρν τοῦ φίλου χάριν Κύρου,
ἀλλὰ Κόρινθος ἐθεκτὸ φιλόξενος, ἣ σοῦ φιληδῶν
οὕτως ἀρέσκῃ κεῖθι καὶ μένειν ἕγνως.

99.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΣ
Δάκρυν μὲν Ἔκάβη τε καὶ Ἰλιάδεσσι γυναιξὶ
Μοίραι ἐπέκλωσαν δὴ ποτε γεινομέναις·
σοὶ δὲ, Δίῳ, ἰέδεντι καλῶν ἐπικίνδυν ἕργων
δαίμονες εὐρέιας Ἑλπίδας ἐξέχεαν.

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96.—By the Same

On Socrates

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

97.—By the Same

On Xenophon

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

98.—By the Same

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

99.—Plato

On Dio

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

¹ Little sense can be made of line 3. I think there is an attempt to allude to both the Cyropaedia and the Hellenica.
² Both legendary kings of Athens.
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κεῖσαι δέ εὐρυχόρφ ἐν πατρίδι τίμως ἁστοῖς,
ὅ εἰμὶν ἐκμήνας θυμόν ἔρωτι Δίων.

100.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Νῦν δε μηδέν, Ἀλεξις, δοσον μόνον εἰφ’, δτι καλὸς,
ὅπῃραι, καὶ πᾶνῃ πᾶςι περιβλέπεται.
θυμέ, τί μηνίεις κυσίν ὀστέον, εἰτ’ ἀνήσηςι
ὑστερον; οὐχ οὔτω Φαϊδρον ἀπωλεῖσαμεν;

101. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΩΤ>

'Ἀλλ' εἰ μὴ Σπεύσιππον ἐμάνθανον ὡδὲ θανείσθαι,
οὐκ ἄν ἔπεισε μὲ τις τὸδε λέξαι,
ὡς ἢν οὐχὶ Πλάτωνι πρὸς αἵματος· οὐ γὰρ ἀθυμὸν
κάθανεν ἄν διά τι σφόδρα μικρὸν.

102. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>

Χαλκῆ προσκόψας λεκάνῃ ποτέ, καὶ τὸ μέτωπον
πλήξας, ἤαχεν ὤ σύντονον, εἰτ' ἔθανεν,
ὁ πάντα πάντῃ Ξενοκράτης ἀνὴρ γεγώς.

1 Speusippus was Plato's nephew. Diogenes Laertius does not as a fact deny this. He committed suicide, according to
BOOK VII. 99-102

reaching hopes. But thou liest in thy spacious city, honoured by thy countrymen, Dio, who didst madden my soul with love.

100.—BY THE SAME

On Alexis and Phaedrus (not an epitaph)

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

101.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On Speusippus

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

102.—BY THE SAME

On Xenocrates

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

the story referred to, owing to being insulted by the cynic Diogenes.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

103. <ΑΝΤΑΓΟΡΟΤ>

<Μνήματι τῷ δε Κράτητα θεουδέα καὶ Πολέμωνα ἔννεπε κρύπτεσθαι, ξείνε, παρερχόμενος,> ἀνδρας ὄμοφροσύνη μεγαλήτορας, ὅν ἀπὸ μύθος ἱερὸς ἦσσεν δαιμονίου στόματος, καὶ βλεπος καθαρός σοφίας ἐπὶ θεῖον ἐκόσμει, αἰῶν᾽ ἀστρέπτος δόγμασι πειθόμενος.

104. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

'Αρκεσίλαε, τί μοι τί τοσοῦτον ἄκρητων ἄφεθας ἐσπασάς, ἠστε φρενῶν ἐκτὸς διασθεὶς ἔων; οἰκτείρω σ᾽ οἳ τόσσον ἔπει θάνες, ἀλλ' ὅτι Μοῦσας ὑβρισάς, οὗ μετρίᾳ χρησάμενος κύλκη.

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σέο, Δακύθη, φάτιν ἐκλυον, ὡς ἄρα καὶ σε βάκχος ἐλών αἴθνην ποσαίν ἔσυρεν ἄκρης. ἤ σαφές ἂν. Διόνυσος οτ' ἄν πολὺς ἐς δέμας ἐλθη, λύσε μέλη. διὸς δή μὴν Λυκίως ἔφυ.

106.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Χαίρετε καὶ μέμνησθε τὰ δόγματα." τοῦτ᾽ Ἐπίκουρος ὑστατον εἶπε φίλοισι σλῶν ἀποφθίμενοι. θερμῆν ἂς πύελον γὰρ ἐσῆλθε, καὶ τὸν ἄκρητον ἔσπασεν, εἰτ' αἴθνην ψυχρῶν ἐπεσπάσατο.

1 "Life" in the Greek, but English will not bear the repetition.
BOOK VII. 103–106

103.—ANTAGORAS

On Polemo and Crates

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

104.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On Arcesilaus

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

105.—On Lacydes

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

106.—On Epicurus

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

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2 104–116 are all by him.
3 Lacydes died of paralysis caused by intemperance.
4 i.e. Loosener.
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107.—TOY AYTOY

Μέλλων Εὐρυμέδων ποτ’ Ἀριστοτέλην ἁσβείας
γράψασθαι, Δηνύς μῦστιδος δὲν πρόπολος,
ἀλλὰ πιὸν ἀκόντων ὑπέκφυγε· τοῦτ’ ἀκούτι
ἡν ἄρα νικήσαι συκοφάσεις ἀδίκους.

108.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ πῶς εἰ μὴ Φοῖβος ἀν’ Ἑλλάδα φῦσε Πλάτωνα,
ψυχὰς ἀνθρώπων γράμμασιν ἥκεσατο;
καὶ γὰρ ὁ τούτες γεγός Ἀσκληπιός ἐστὶν ἤθηρ
σώματος, ὥς ψυχῆς ἅθανάτοιο Πλάτων.

109.—TOY AYTOY

Φοῖβος ἐφυσε βροτοῖς Ἀσκληπιὸν ἢδε Πλάτωνα,
τὸν μὲν ἵνα ψυχήν, τὸν δὲ ἵνα σώμα σάοι·
δασάμενος δὲ γάμον, πόλιν ἠλύθεν ἥν ποθ’ ἐαυτῷ
ἐκτίσε, καὶ δαπέδω Ζηνὸς εὐνιδρύσατο.

110.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐκ ἀρα τούτο μέταμον ἐπὸς μερότων τινὶ λέξῃ,
ῥήγυνθαι σοφίς τόξον ἀνείμενον·
δὴ γὰρ καὶ Θεόφραστος ἐως ἐπένει μὲν ἄπηρος
ἡν δέμας, εἰτ’ ἀνεθεὶς κάθθανε πηρομελῆς.

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

107.—On Aristotle

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

108.—On Plato

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

109.—On the Same

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

110.—On Theophrastus

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

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

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111.—TOY AYTOY

Δεπτὸς ἀνήρ δέμας ἦν—εἰ μὴ προσέχῃς, ἀποχρῇ μοι.
Στράτωνα τούτ’ οὖν φημὶ γε,
Δαμψακὸς δὴ ποι’ ἐφύσειν· ἀεὶ δὲ νόσουσι παλαίων
θυμήσκει λαθῶν, οὐδ’ ἱσθεῖτο.

112.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ μᾶ τόν, οὔτε Δάκωνα παρήσομεν, ὅτι ποδαλγής
κάθανε· θαυμάζω τούτῳ μάλιστα δ’ ἐγώ,
τὴν οὖτως αἴδαο μακρῆν ὄδον εἰ πρὶν ὁ ποσσῶν
ἀλλοτρίοις βαδίσας ἐδραμε νυκτὶ μῆ.

113.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀνεῖλεν ἀσπὶς τὸν σοφὸν Δημήτριον
ἰδὼν ἔχουσα πολίν
ἀσμηκτον, οὐ στίλβοσα φῶς ἀπ’ ὀμμάτων,
ἀλ’ ἀιδὴν μέλανα.

114.—TOY AYTOY

Ἡθέλες ἀνθρώποις λυπεῖν φάτων, Ἡρακλείδη,
ὡς ῥα θανὼν ἔγενος ξῦνος ἀπασι δράκων·
ἀλλὰ διεψεύδθης σεσοφισμένη· δὴ γὰρ ὁ μὲν θηρ
ἡ δράκων, σὺ δὲ θήρ, σὺ σοφὸς ὃν, ἐάλως.

1 Strato grew so thin that he died without feeling it.
2 Heraclides begged his friends to hide his body when he
BOOK VII. 111-114

111.—On Strato

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

112.—On Lyco

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

113.—On Demetrius Phalereus

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

114.—On Heraclides Ponticus

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

Τὸν βίον ἦσθα Κύων, 'Αντίσθενες, ὡδὲ πεφυκὼς,
ὡστε δακείν κραδίνην ῥήμασιν, οὐ στόμασιν.
ἀλλ’ ἔθανες φθισικός, τάχ’ ἔρει τις ἱσως· τί δὲ τούτο;
πάντως εἰς ἀδήν δεῖ τιν’ ὀδηγὸν ἔχειν.

116.—TOY AYTOY

Διόγενες, ἀγε λέγε, τίς ἐλαβή σε μόροσ
ἐς Ἀίδος; ἐλαβεῖ με κυνὸς ἀγριον ὀδάξ.

117. <ZHNODOTOT>

Ἑκτισας αὐτάρκειαν, ἀφεὶς κεναυχέα πλοῦτον,
Ζήνων, σὺν πολιφρ σεμνὸς ἐπισκυνίφ.
ἀρσενα γὰρ λόγον εὐρε, ἐνηθλήσω δὲ προνοία,
ἀἱρεσιν ἀτρέστου μήτερ’ ἐλευθερίας.
εὶ δὲ πάτρα Φοίνισσα, τὶς ὁ φθόνος; ἦν καὶ ὁ Κάδμος ἦ
κεύος, ἀφ’ οὐ γραπτὰν Ἐλλὰς ἔχει σελίδα.

118.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Τὸν Κιτίκα Ζήνωνα θανεὶν λόγος ὠς ὑπὸ γῆρως
πολλὰ καμὼν ἐλύθη μένων ἀστὸς.
<οἱ δ’ ὁτι προσκόψας ποτ’ ἔφη χερι γὰν ἀλοίπας,·
"Ἐρχομαι αὐτόματος· τί δὴ καλεῖς με;”>

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

115.—On Antisthenes

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

116.—On Diogenes

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

117.—ZENODOTUS

On Zeno

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

118.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

Some say that Zeno of Citium, suffering much from old age, remained without food, and others that striking the earth with his hand he said, "I come of my own accord. Why dost thou call me?"² on the ground, he cried, "I come; why callest thou me?" and at once strangled himself.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

119.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ἡνίκα Πυθαγόρης τὸ περικλεὲς εὑρετο γράμμα κεῖν', ἐφ' ὅτε κλειῶν ἦγαγε βουθυσίην.

120.—ἘΝΟΦΑΝΟΤΣ

Καὶ ποτὲ μν στυφελλζομένου σκύλακος παριόντα φασίν ἐποικεῖα, καὶ τὸ ἔνθε φάσθαι ἐπος·
"Παῦσαι, μηδὲ ῥάπτες", ἐπειδὴ φίλου ἀνέρος ἐστὶν ψυχή, τὴν ἐγνών, φθεγξαμένης ἄτων."

121.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Οὐ μόνος ἐμψυχών ἀπεχεῖς χέρας, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς·
tίς γὰρ ὃς ἐμψυχών ἐφατο, Πυθαγόρης;
ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἐψηθή τι καὶ ὀπτηθή καὶ ἅλωσθή
dὴ τότε καὶ ψυχήν οὐκ ἔχων ἐσθίομεν.

122.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἱαῖ, Πυθαγόρης τί τόσον κυάμους ἐσεβάσθη,
καὶ θάνε φωιτηταῖς ἁμμυγα τοῖς ἱδίοις;
χωρίον ἢν κυάμων ἓνα μὴ τούτους δὲ πατῆσῃ
eξ Ἀκραγαντίων κάθαν ἐν τριόδῳ.
BOOK VII. 119–122

119.—Anonymous

On Pythagoras

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

120.—Xenophanes

On the Same

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

121.—Diogenes Laertius

On the Same

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

122.—By the Same

On the Same

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

\(^1\) i.e. what is now called the Forty-seventh Proposition of Euclid, Book I.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

123.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σὺ ποτ' Ἐμπεδόκλεις, διερῆ φλογὶ σῶμα καθῆρας
πῦρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρων ἐκπεσε ἀθάνατον·
οὐκ ἔρει δ' ὡς σαυτὸν ἐκὼν βάλες ἐς βόων Αἰτνης,
ἀλλὰ λαθεῖν ἐθέλων ἐμπέσες οὐκ ἐθέλων.

124.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ μὴν Ἐμπεδοκλῆθα θανεῖν λόγος ὡς ποτ' ἀμάξης ἐκπεσε, καὶ μηρὸν κλάσσατο δεξιτερών·
eὶ δὲ πυρὸς κρητῆρας ἐσῆλατο καὶ πίε τὸ ξῦν,
πῶς ἀν ἔτ' ἐν Μεγάροις δεῖκνυτο τούδε τάφος;

125.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ τι παραλλάσσει φαέθων μέγας ἄλος ἄστρων,
καὶ πόντος ποταμῶν μείζον' ἔχει δύναμιν,
φαμι τοσοῦτον ἐγὼ σοφίᾳ προέχειν Ἐπίκαρμον,
ὅν πατρὶς ἐστεφάνωσ' ἀδε Συρακοσίων.

126. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΔΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Τὴν ὑπόνοιαν πᾶσι μάλιστα λέγω θεραπεύειν·
eἰ γὰρ καὶ μὴ δρᾶς, ἀλλὰ δοκεῖς, ἀτυχεῖς.
οὕτω καὶ Φιλόλαοι ἀνείλε Κρότων ποτὲ πάτρη,
ὡς μν ἔδοξε θέλειν δῶμα τῦραννον ἔχειν.

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BOOK VII. 123-126

123.—By the Same

On Empedocles

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

124.—By the Same

On the Same

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

125.—Anonymous

On Epicharmus

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

126.—Diogenes Laertius

On Philolaus

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

¹ With a play on the other meaning “bowl.”
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127.—TOY AYTOY

Πολλάκις Ἡράκλειτος ἐθαύμασα, πῶς ποτὲ τὸ ζῆν ὄνεα διαντλήσας δύσμορος, εἶτ' ἔθανεν σῶμα γὰρ ἀρδεύουσα κακὴ νόσος ὑδατί, φέγγος ἐσβέσεν ἐκ βλεφάρων καὶ σκότον ἡγάγετο.

128.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἡράκλειτος ἔγω τί μ' ἀνώ κάτω ἔλκετ' ἀμουσοί; οὐχ ύμῖν ἐπόνουν, τοῖς δ' ἐμ' ἐπισταμένοις. εἰς ἐμὸν άνθρωπος τρισμύριοι, οἱ δ' ἀνάρθημοι οὐδεὶς. ταῦτ' αὐδῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνη.

129. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΩΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

"Ἡθελες, ὦ Ζήνων, καλὸν ἢθελες, ἀνδρὰ τύραννον κτείνας ἐκλύσαι δουλοσύνης Ἔλεαν· ἀλλ' ἐδάμῃς· δὴ γὰρ σε λαβὼν ὁ τύραννος ἐν ὀλμῷ κόψε· τί τούτο λέγω; σῶμα γὰρ, οὐχί δὲ σέ.

130.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ σεῖ, Πρωταγόρη, φάτιν ἐκλυνυ, ὡς ἢρ' Ἀθηνῶν ἐκ ποτ' ἰὼν καθ' ὀδὸν πρεσβυν ἐὼν ἔθανες· εἶλετο γὰρ σε φυγεῖν Κέκροπος πόλις· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν ποιν

Παλλάδος ἄστυ φύγες, Πλούτεα δ' οὐκ ἄφυγες.
BOOK VII. 127-130

127.—BY THE SAME

On Heraclitus

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

128.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

129.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On Zeno the Eleatic

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

130.—BY THE SAME

On Protagoras

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

¹ The same saying is attributed to Democritus by Seneca, and both philosophers no doubt shared this contempt for the many.
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131.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πρωταγόρην λόγος ὁδε θανεῖν φέρειν ἀλλὰ γὰρ τοῦτο ἢκατο σώμα γαῖαν, ψυχὰ δὲ ἄλτο σοφοῖς.

132.—ΑΛΛΟ

Καὶ σέο, Πρωταγόρη, σοφίς ἵδευν βέλος ὅξυ, ἀλλ' οὐ τιτρώσκον, ἔδω δὲ γλυκὺ ἄρημα.¹

133. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Πτίσσετε, Νικοκρέων, ἐτι καὶ μάλα, θυλακὸς ἐστι· πτίσσετ', Ἀνάξαρχος δ' ἐν Διός ἐστι πάλαι: καὶ σὲ διαιστείλασα γνάφοις ὅλγον τάδε λέξει ρήματα Περσεφόνη. "Ἐρρε μυλωθρὲ κάκε."

134.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ενθάδε Γοργίου ὡς κεφαλὴ κυνικοῦ κατάκειμαι, οὐκέτι χρεμπτομένη, οὔτ' ἀπομυσσομένη.

135.—ΑΛΛΟ

Θεσσαλὸς Ἰπποκράτης, Κοῖος γένος, ἐνθάδε κεῖται, Φοίβου ἀπὸ ρίζης ἀθανάτου γεγαώσι.

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

131.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

132.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

133.—Diogenes Laertius

On Anaxarchus

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

134.—Anonymous

On Gorgias

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

135.—Anonymous

On Hippocrates of Cos, the Physician

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

¹ Nicocreon, the Cyprian tyrant, is said to have pounded Anaxarchus to death. Anaxarchus exclaimed, "Pound this bag (my body), but you do not pound Anaxarchus himself." This is a well-attested story.
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πλείστα τρόπαια νόσων στήσας δπλοις 'Τηγείης,
δόξαν ἑλών πολλών οὐ τύχε, ἀλλὰ τέχνα.

136.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ἡρώος Πριάμου βαιός τάφος· οὐχ δι τοῖν ἄξιος,
ἀλλ’ ἔχθρῶν χερσίν ἐχωννύμεθα.

137.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΣΟΝ

Μη με τάφῳ σύνκρινε· τόν Ἔκτορα, μηδ’ ἐπὶ τύμβοι
μέτρει τὸν πάσης Ἑλλάδος ἀντίπαλον.
'Ιλιάς, αὐτὸς Ὀμηρος ἐμοὶ τάφος, Ἑλλάς, Ἀχαιοὶ
φεύγουτε—τούτοις πάσιν ἐχωννύμεθα.
[εἰ δ’ ὄλην ἄθρεῖς ἐπ᾿ ἐμοὶ κόμῳ, οὐκ ἐμοὶ ἅσχος·
’Ἐλλήνων ἔχθραῖς χερσίν ἐχωννύμεθα.]

138.—ΑΚΠΡΑΤΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΣ

"Εκτορ Ὀμηρεύσα κάδι βεβοημένε βίβλοις,
θειοδόμοι τεῖχες ἔρκος ἑρμυστάτοις,
ἐν σοὶ Μαίονδας ἀνεπαύσατο· σοὺ δὲ θανόντος,
"Εκτορ, ἐσυγήθη καὶ σελίς Ἰλιάδος.

139.—ΑΔΔΟ

"Εκτορι μὲν Τροίη συγκάτθανεν, οὐδ’ ἐτι χείρας
ἀντῆρεν Δανάων παισίν ἐπερχομένους·
Πέλλα δ’ Ἀλεξάνδρο φυγαπώλετο· πατρίδες ἄρα
ἀνδράσιν, οὐ πάτραις ἄνδρες ἀγαλλόμεθα.
BOOK VII. 135-139

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

136.—ANTIPATER

On Priam

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

137.—ANONYMOUS

On Hector

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

138.—ACERATUS GRAMMATICUS

On the Same

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

139.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same and on Alexander of Macedon

With Hector perished Troy and no longer raised her hand to resist the attack of the Danai. And Pella, too, perished with Alexander. So fatherlands glory in men, their sons, not men in their fatherlands.
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140.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ
Καὶ γενέται τοῦ νέρδε καὶ οὖνομα καὶ χόνα φώνει,
στάλα, καὶ ποια κηρί δαμείς ἔθανε.—
πατὴρ μὲν Πρίαμος, γὰρ Ὕλον, οὖνομα δ' Ἐκτωρ,
ἀνερ, ὑπὲρ πάτρας δ' ὀλετὸ μαρνάμενος.

141.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ
Θεσσαλὲ Πρωτεσίλαε, σὲ μὲν πολὺς ἄσεται αἰῶν,
Τροίᾳ ὅφειλομένου πτώματος ἀρξάμενον·
σήμα δὲ τοι πτελέσαι συνηρέφης ἀμφικομένης
Νύμφαι, ἀπεχθομένης Ὕλον ἀντυπέρας·
δένδρα δὲ δυσμήνητα, καὶ ἢν ποτὶ τείχος ἵδωσί
Τρώιον, αὐαλέαν φυλλοχοεύντι κόμην,
δὸςος ἐν ἡρώεσσι τότε ἢν χόλος, εἰ μέρος ἀκμὴν
ἐχθρὸν ἐν ἀψύχους σώζεται ἀκραμόσιν;

142.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τύμβος Ἀχιλλῆος ῥηξήνορος, δὲν ποτ' Ἀχαιοὶ
δῶμεςαν, Τρόϊων δεῖμα καὶ ἐσσομένων·
ἀγιαλῷ δὲ νέουνκεν, ᾧνα στοναχίςει θαλάσσης
κυδανοίτο πάει τῆς ἀλᾶς Θέτιδος.
W. M. Hardinge, in The Nineteenth Century, Nov. 1878,
p. 873.

143.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Ἀνδρε δύως φιλότητι καὶ ἐν τείχεσσιν ἀρίστω,
χαίρετον, Αἰακίδη, καὶ σῦ, Μενοιτάδη.
BOOK VII. 140-143

140.—ARCHIAS OF MACEDON

On Hector

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

141.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

On Protesilaus

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

142.—ANONYMOUS

On Achilles

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

143.—ANONYMOUS

On Achilles and Patroclus

Hail Aeacides and Menoetiades, ye twain supreme in Love and Arms.

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144.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΩΝ

'Ήδυες Ἕνατορ Πύλως Νηληίος ἤρως
ἐν Πύλῳ ἤγαθῇ τύμβου ἔχει τρυγέρων.

145.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

"Αδ' ἔγω ἀ τλάμων Ἀρετὰ παρὰ τάδε κάθημαι
Ἀλαντος τύμβῳ κεφαρμένα πλοκάμους,
θυμὸν ἔχει μεγάλῳ βεβολημένα, εἰ παρ' Ἀχαῖοῖς
ἀ δολόφρον Ἀπάτα κρέσσου ἐμεθ ἰδύναται.

146.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Σῆμα παρ' Ἀλαντείων ἑπὶ Ῥιττῆσιν ἄκταῖς
θυμοβαρῆς Ἀρετὰ μύρομαι ἐξομένα,
ἀπλόκαμος, πινόσσα, διὰ κρίσιν ὁτι Πελασγῶν
οὐκ ἄρετὰ νικαὶ ἔλλαχεν, ἄλλα δόλοι.
τεύχεα δ' ἀν λέξεις Ἀχιλλείος. ""Ἀρσενὸς ἀκμᾶς,
οὐ σκολιῶν μύθων ἁμμες ἐφιέμεθα.

147.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ

Μοῦνος ἑναιρομένων ὑπέρμαχος ἀσπίδα τείνας,
νησιὶ βαρών Τρώων, Ἀλαν, ἔμεινας ἄρην
οὐδέ σε χερμαδίων ὅσεν κτύπος, οὐ νέφος ἧδον,
οὐ πῦρ, οὐ δοράτων, οὐ ξιφόων πάταγος.
ἀλλ' αὐτῶν προβλήησ τε καὶ ἐμπεδοῖς, ὡς τις ἐρίπναι
ἰδρυθεῖς, ἔτης λαίλατα δυσμενέων.

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BOOK VII. 144-147

144.—ANONYMOUS

On Nestor

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

145.—ASCLEPIADES

On Ajax

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

146.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

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

147.—ARCHIAS

On the Same

Alone in defence of the routed host, with extended shield didst thou, Ajax, await the Trojan host that threatened the ships. Neither the crashing stones moved thee, nor the cloud of arrows, nor the clash of spears and swords; but even so, like some crag, standing out and firmly planted thou didst face the hurricane of the foes. If Hellas did
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ei de se μὴ τεύχεσαι Ἀχιλλέος ὁπλισεν Ἑλλάς,
ἀξιον ἀντι ἀρετᾶς ὅπλα ποροῦσα γέρας,
Μοιράων βουλήσαι τάδ' ἕμπλακεν, ὡς ἀν ὑπ' ἑχθρῶν
μὴ τινος, ἀλλὰ σὺ σῇ πότμον ἔλης παλάμη.

148.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Σήμα τόδ' Άιαντος Τελαμώνιοι, δυ κτάνε Μοῖρα,
αὐτοῦ χρησαμένα καὶ χερὶ καὶ ξίφει.
oὔδε γὰρ ἐν θυντοίσι δυνηστό καὶ μεμανία
eὐρέμεναι Κλωθὸ τῷδ' ἔτερον φονέα.

149.—ΔΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Κεῖται ἐνὶ Τροής Τελαμώνιοι, οὐ τινὶ δ' ἐμπθς
ἀντιβίοιν ὑπάσας εὐχος ἑοὶ θανάτου.
tός τος γάρ χρόνος ἄλλου ἐπάξιον ἀνέρα τόλμης
οὐχ εὐρὼν, παλάμη θήκεν ὑπ' αὐτοφόνῳ.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αίας ἐν Τροής μετὰ μυρλὸν εὐχος ἀέθλων
μεμψῆναι οὐκ ἑχθροῖς κείμενος, ἀλλὰ φίλοις.

151.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Εκτωρ Αἴαντι ξίφος ὁπασεν, "Εκτορι δ' Αίας
ζωσθηρ' ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εἰς θάνατος."
BOOK VII. 147-151

not give thee the arms of Achilles to wear, a worthy reward of thy valour, it was by the counsel of the Fates that she erred, in order that thou shouldst meet with doom from no foe, but at thine own hand.

148.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

149.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

On the Same

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

150.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

151.—ANONYMOUS

On Ajax and Hector

Hector gave his sword to Ajax and Ajax his girdle to Hector, and the gifts of both are alike instruments of death.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

152.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πεκρήν ἄλληλοις ἔκτωρ χάριν ἦδε φέρασπις
Αἰας ἐκ πολέμου μνήμη ἐποροῦν φιλίης.
Ἠκτωρ γὰρ ζωστήρα λαβὼν ξίφος ἐμπαλὶ δῶκε,
τὴν δὲ χάριν δῶρων πείρασαν ἐν δανάτῳ.
τὸ ξίφος εἶλ’ Ἀιαντα μεμηνότα, καὶ πάλι ζωστήρ
ἐλκυσε Πριαμιδῆν δίφρα συρόμενον.
οὕτως ἐξ ἑχθρῶν αὐτοκτόνα πέμπτε τὸ δῶρα,
ἐν χάριτος προφάσει μοῖραν ἔχοντα μόρον.

153.—ΟΜΗΡΟΤ, o ἀδὰς ΚΛΕΟΒΟΤΛΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΔΙΝΔΙΟΤ

Χαλκῆ παρθένος εἰμὶ, Μίδα δ’ ἐπὶ σήματι κεῖμαι.
ἐστ’ ἄν υδωρ τε νάη, καὶ δένδρα μακρὰ τεθήλη,
αὐτοῦ τῆς μένουσα πολυκλαύτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,
ἀγγελέω παριοῦσι, Μίδας ὃ τῇ τῆδε τέθαται.
R. G. McGregor, Greek Anthology, p. 422.

154.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Κόροιβον

Κοινὸν ἐγὼ Μεγαρέσι καὶ Ἰναχίδαισιν ἄθυρμα
τὴρμαι, Ἡμαβὴς ἐκδικοῦν οὐλομένης.
εἰμὶ δὲ Ῥῆ τυμβοῦχος, ὁ δὲ κτείνας με Κόροιβος,
κεῖται δ’ ὡδ’ ὑπ’ ἐμοῖς ποσό διὰ τρίποδα.
Δελφὶς γὰρ φάμα τὸν ἐθέσπισεν, ὄφρα γενοίμαν
τὰς κεῖνον νύμφας σήμα καὶ ἱστορίας.

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

152.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

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

153.—HOMER or CLEOBULUS OF LINDUS

On Midas

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

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

154.—ANONYMOUS

On Coroebus

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

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

Εἰς Φιλιστίων τὸν Νικαία γελωτοποίον
‘Ο τὸν πολυστένακτον ἀνθρώπων βίον
γέλωτε κεράσας Νικαίους Φιλιστίων
ἔνταθα κείμαι, λείψανον παντὸς βιού,
pολλάκις ἀποθανὼν, ὅλε ὅ συδεπώποτε.

156.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

‘Ιξό καὶ καλάμοισιν ἀπ’ ἴχρος αὐτὸν ἔφερβεν
Εὐμηλος, λιτῶς, ἀλλ’ ἐν ἔλευθερίᾳ.
οὕτος δ’ ὀδυνεῖν ἐκυσεν χέρα γαστρὸς ἐκπειρ.
tοῦτο τρυφὴν κείμφω, τοῦτ’ ἔφερ’ εὐφροσύνῃ.
τρίς δὲ τριήκοστον ζῆσας ἔτος ἐνθαῦμα ἵνα μεί.
pαισ’ λιπῶν ἰζον καὶ πτερὰ καὶ καλάμους.

157.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Τρεῖς ἐτῶν δεκάδας, τριάδας δύο, μέτρον ἔθηκαν
ἡμετέρης βιοτής μάντις αἰθέριοι.
ἀρκούμεν τούτοις ἄνδρας ἐν χρόνος ἄνθρωπον
ἡλικίας θάνατον χῶ τρινέρων Πύλως.

158.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Εἰς Μάρκελλον τὸν Σιδίτην ιατρόν
Μαρκέλλον τόδε σῆμα περικλυτοῦ ἒτηρος,
φωτὸς κυδίστοιο τετιμένον ἀθανάτοισιν,
οὗ βίβλους ἀνέθηκεν εὐκτιμεῖς ἐνί Ῥώμῃ.
‘Αδριανὸς προτέρων προφερέστερος ἡγεμονής,
καὶ πάις Ἀδριανοῦ μόν’ ξοχος Ἀντωνῖνος.
BOOK VII. 155-158

155.—ANONYMOUS

On Philistion the Actor of Nicaea

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

156.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

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

157.—ANONYMOUS

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

158.—ANONYMOUS

On Marcellus the Physician of Side

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

1 i.e. he had represented all kinds of life on the stage.
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όφρα καὶ ἐσσομένουσι μετ’ ἄνδρας κύδος ἁριστο
εἰνεκεν εὐεπικής, τὴν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἅπολλων,
ὑρφώ μέληψαντι μέτρῳ θεραπῆία νούσων
Βίβλοις ἐν πινυταῖς Χειρωνίσι τεσσαράκοντα.

159.—NIKARXOT

'Ορφεὺς μὲν κιθάρα πλείστον γέρας εἴλετο θυητῶν,
Νέστωρ δὲ γῆλος ἡδονόγοι σοφίη,
tεκτοσύνη δ’ ἐπέων πολυνήσωρ θείος "Ομηρος,
Τηλεφάνης δ’ αὐλοίς, οὗ τάφος ἐστὶν ὁδε.

160.—ANAKREONTOS

Καρτερὸς ἐν πολέμωι Τιμόκριτος, οὗ τόδε σάμα.
"Αρης δ’ οὐκ ἀγαθῶν φείδεται, ἀλλὰ κακῶν.

161.—ANTIPATROT ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

a. "Ορνι, Διὸς Κρονίδαο διάκτορε, τεῦ χάριν ἔστας
γοργός ὑπὲρ μεγάλου τύμβου Ἀριστομένου;
b. 'Αγγέλω μερόπεσσεν θ’ οὐνέκεν δόσον ἄριστος
οἰωνικὸν γεώμαν, τόσουν θ’ ἁιδέων.
δείλαι τοι δειλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσουσι πέλειαι,
ἀμμες δ’ ἀτρέστοις ἄναρασι τερπόμεθα.

162.—DIOXKORIDOT

Εὐφράτην μὴ καίε, Φιλόνυμμε, μηδὲ μηνὴς
πῦρ ἐπ’ ἐμοὶ. Πέφης εἰμί καὶ ἐκ πατέρων,
Πέφης αὐθαναγηνῆς, ναι δέσποτα: πῦρ δὲ μὴν
ἡμῖν τοῦ χαλεποῦ πικρότερον θανάτου.
ιλλὰ περιστείλας με δίδου χθονί: μηδ’ ἐπὶ νεκρῷ

λοιπᾷ χέρης: σέβομαι, δέσποτα, καὶ ποταμοὺς.
BOOK VII. 158-162

Hadrian's son; so that among men in after years he might win renown for his eloquence, the gift of Phoebus Apollo. He sung of the treatment of diseases in forty skilled books of heroic verse called the Chironides.

159.—NICARCHUS

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

160.—ANACREON

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

161.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Aristomenes, on whose Tomb stood an Eagle

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

162.—DIOSCORIDES

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

¹ The slave's name.
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163.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

a. Τίς τίνος εύσα, γύναι, Παρίην ὑπὸ κλονα κεῖσαι;
   β. Πρηξὼ Καλλιτέλευς.    a. Καλ ποδαπή;
   β. Σαμύη.

a. Τίς δὲ σε καὶ κτερέχε;  β. Θεόκριτος, ὅ με γονής
   ἕξεδοσαν.    a. Θυήσκεις δ᾽ ἐκ τίνος;  β. Ἐκ
   τοκετοῦ.

a. Εὐσα πόσων ἐτέων;  β. Δύο κεῖκοσιν.    a. Ἡ
   ἰά γ᾽ ἄτεκνος;
   β. Οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τριτῆ Καλλιτέλην ἔλευσον.

a. Ζώοι σοί κεῖνος γε, καὶ ἐς βαθὺ γήρας ἱκοῦτο.
   β. Καλ σοί, ξείνε, πόροι πάντα Τύχη τὰ καλά.

164.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΩΝΙΟΤ

a. Φράζε, γύναι, γενεήν, ὄνομα, χθόνα.  β. Καλλι-
   τέλης μὲν
   ὁ σπείρας, Πρηξὼ δ᾽ ὄνομα, γῆ δὲ Σάμος.

a. Σῆμα δὲ τίς τῶν ἔχωσε;  β. Θεόκριτος, ὁ πρὶν
   ἄθικτα
   ἰμετέρας λύσας ἁμματα παρθενίς.

a. Πῶς δ᾽ έθανεν;  β. Δοξίουσιν ἐν ἀλγεσίν.    a. Εἰπὲ
   δὲ ποίην
   ἡλθες ἐς ἡλικίην.  β. Διοσάκεις ἐνδεκάτης.

a. Ἡ καὶ ἀπαίς;  β. Οὗ, ξείνε· λέλοιπα γὰρ ἐν νεότητι
   Καλλιτέλη, τριετῆ παῖδ᾽ ἔτι νηπίαχον.

a. Ἐλθοί ἐς ὁλβιστήν πολιήν τρίχα.  β. Καλ σόν,
   ὁδίτα,
   οὖριον ἰδύνοι πάντα Τύχη βίοτον.
BOOK VII. 163–164

163.—LEONIDAS

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

164.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

A Variant of the Last

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

α. Εἶπε γύναι τῆς ἠφίης. β. Πρηξώ. α. Τίνος ἐπλεον πατρὸς;
β. Καλλιτέλευς. α. Πάτρας δ’ ἐκ τίνος ἔσσι; β. Σάμου.
α. Μνάμα δὲ σου τίς ἔτευξε; β. Θεόκριτος, ὃς μὲ σύνευνον ἤγετο. α. Πῶς δ’ ἐδάμης; β. Ἀλγεσίων ἐν λοχίως.
α. Εἶν ἐτεσίων τίσιν εὔσα; β. Δίς ἐνδέκα. α. Παῖδα δὲ λείπεις;
β. Νηπίαξον τρισσάρων Καλλιτέλην ἐτέων.
α. Ζωῆς τέρμαθ’ ἱκονιοῦσ’ ἀνδράσι. β. Καὶ σὲ δοῖη παντὶ Τῦχῃ βιότῳ τερπνὸν, ὅδιτα, τέλος.

166.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Τὴν γοεραῖς πυνύσασαν ἐν ἄδινεσσι Δαμισκῆν ὑστατα, Νικαρῆς παῖδα καὶ Εὐπόλιδος, σὺν βρέφεσιν διδύμοις, Σαμίν γένως, αἱ παρὰ Νεῖλον κρυπτοῦσιν Διβύς ἕόνες εἰκοσέτων ἀλλά, κόραι, τῇ παιδί λεχώαι δῶρα φέρουσαι, θερμᾶ κατὰ ψυχροῦ δάκρυα χεῖτε τάφον.

167.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΕΚΑΤΑΙΟΤ ΘΑΣΙΟΤ

Ἀρχέλεω μὲ δάμαρτα Πολυζεῖνη, Θεοδέκτου παῖδα καὶ αἰνοπαθοῦς ἔννεπε Δημαρέτης, ὅποιν ἐπ’ ὁδίσιν καὶ μὴτερά. παῖδα δὲ δαίμων ἐφθασεν οὐδ’ αὐτῶν εἰκοσιν ἡλίων. ὀκτωκαίδεκας δ’ αὐτῇ θάνου, ἄρτι τεκοῦσα, ἄρτι δὲ καὶ νύμφη, πάντ’ ὀλυγοχρόνιος.
BOOK VII. 165-167

165.—BY THE SAME, OR BY ARCHIAS

Another Variant


166.—DIOSSORIDES OR NICARCHUS

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

167.—BY THE SAME, OR BY HEKATAEUS OF THASOS

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

168.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΟΤ

"Ευχέσθω τις ἔπειτα γυνὴ τόκου," εἶπε Πολυξώ, γαστέρ' ὑπὸ τρισάσγων ῥηγνυμένη τεκέων
μαίης δ' ἐν παλάμησι χύθη νέκυς· οἱ δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν
ὁλισθον κοίλων ἄρρενες ἐκ λαγώνων,
μητέρος ἐκ νεκρῆς ζωῆς γόνος· εἰς ἀρα δαίμων
τῆς μὲν ἀπὸ ζωῆς εἴλετο, τοῖς δ' ἐπορευν.

169.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν δάμαλιν τὴν ἰσταμένην πέραν Βυζαντίου ἐν
Χρυσοπόλει

'Ιναχής οὐκ εἰμι βοῶς τύπος, οὐδ' ἄπ' ἐμείῳ
κλήζεται ἀντωπὸν Βοστόριον πέλαγος.
κειμὴν γὰρ τὸ πάροιθε βαρὺς χόλος ἡλασεν" Ηρῆς
ἐς Φάρων· ἦδε δ' ἐγὼ Κεκροπίς εἰμί νέκυς.
εὐνέτις ὁν δὲ Χάρητος· ἔπλων δ' ἄτ' ἐπλωεν εἰκεῖος
τῇ δὲ, Φιλιππείων ἀντίπαλος σκαφέων.
Βουιδίον δὲ καλεῖται ἐγὼ τότε· νῦν δὲ Χάρητος
εὐνέτις ἤπειρος τέρπομαι ἀμφιστέραις.

170.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ, Ἡ ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τὸν τριετῆ παίξοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀρχιάνακτα
εἰδωλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο·
ἐκ δ' ᾠδας τὸν παιδα διάβροχον ἤρπασε μάτηρ
σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἰ τινα μοίρων ἔχει·
Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίῃεν δ' νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων
ματρὸς κοιμαθεῖς τὸν βαθὺν ὑπὸν ἔχει.

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BOOK VII. 168–170

168.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

169.—ANONYMOUS

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

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

170.—POSEIDIPPOS OR CALLIMACHUS

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

¹ B.C. 340.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

171.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ ΣΙΚΤΩΝΙΟΤ

'Αμπταύσει καὶ τήδε θοδὲν πτερὸν ἱερὸς ὄρνις,
τᾶσδ' ὑπὲρ ἄδελας ἐξόμενος πλατάνουν;
ὠλετο γὰρ Πολμανδρὸς ὁ Μάλιος, οὔδ' ἔτι νεῖται
ἰξὸν ἔπ' ἀγρευταῖς χευάμενοι καλάμοις.

172.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ο πρὶν ἔγω καὶ ψῆφα καὶ ἄρπάκτειραν ἐρύκων
σπέρματος, ὑψιπτή Βιστονίαν γέρανον,
ῥυμοῦ χερμαστήρος ἐνεστροφα κόλα τιταινων,
Ἀλκιμένης, πτανῶν εἴργοι ἀπωθε νέφος·
καὶ μὲ τὶς οὐτήτερα παρὰ σφυρὰ διψὰς ἔχιδνα
σαρκὶ τὸν ἐκ γενύων πτικρὸν ἐνείσα χόλον
ἡλίου χήρωσεν· ἵδ' ὡς τὰ κατ' αἰθέρα λεύσσων
τοῦμ ποσὶν οὐκ ἐδάνην πῆμα κυλινδόμενον.

173.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Αὐτόμαται δείλη ποτὶ ταύλμοι αἱ βόες ἑλθον
ἐξ ὄρεος· πολλὴ νυφόμεναι χιόνι·
μιὰ, Θηρίμαχος δὲ παρὰ δρυὶ τὸν μακρὸν εὐδει
ὑπνον· ἐκοιμήθη δ' ἐκ τυρός οὐρανίου.


174.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Ὁὐκέτι συρίγγων νόμον μέλος ἀγχόθι ταῦτας
ἀρμόζῃ βλωθρᾶς, Θηρίμαχε, πλατάνουν·
οὐδὲ σεν ἐκ καλάμων κεραί βόες ἀδ' μέλισμα
δέχονται, σκιερὰ παρ' ἄρ δρυὶ κεκλιμένου.
ὠλεσε γὰρ προστήρ σε κεραύνιοι· αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μάνδραν
ἄψε βόες νυφτὶ σπερχόμεναι κατέβαν.

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BOOK VII. 171–174

171.—MNASALCAS OF SICYON.

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

172.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

173.—DIOTIMUS OR LEONIDAS

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

174.—ERYCIAS

On the Same

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

175.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ
Οὔτω πάσι ἀπόλωλε, γεωπόνε, βῶλος ἀρότροις,
ἡ δή καὶ τύμβους νωτοβατοῦσι βόσκε,
ἡ δ’ ὑνις ἐν νεκύεσσι; τί τοι πλέον; ἢ πόσος οὕτως
πυρός, δυν ἐκ τέφρης, καὶ χθονὸς ἄρπάσετε;
οὐκ αἰεὶ ζήσεσθε, καὶ υμέας ἄλλος ἀρώσει,
τοῖς ἀρξαμένοις πᾶσι κακοσπορίης.

176.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐχ ὅτι με φθίμενον κῆδος λίπεν, ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι
γυμνὸς ὑπὲρ γαϊς πυροφόροιο νέκυς,
tαρκύθην γὰρ ἐγώ τὸ πρὶν ποτὲ, νῦν δ’ ἀροτήρος
χεροὶ σιδηρεῖ τ’ ἐξεκύλισεν ὑνις.
ἡ ῥά κακῶν θάνατον τις ἐρεῖ λύσιν, ὀππότ’ ἐμεῖο,
ζεῖνε, πέλει παθέων υποτευν οὐδὲ τάφος;

177.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Σὰμα τόδε Σπίνθηρι πατήρ ἐπέθηκε θανόντι.

178.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΙΤΟΤ
Λυδὸς ἐγώ, καὶ Λυδὸς, ἔλευθερός δέ με τύμβῳ,
δέσποτα, Τιμάνθη τὸν σὸν ἔθεν τροφέα.
eυαίων ἀσινῆ τείνοις βίοιν· ἢν δ’ ὑπὸ γήρως
πρὸς με μόλις, σὸς ἐγώ, δέσποτα, κῆν Ἰδῆ.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, p. 48.
BOOK VII. 175-178

175.—ANTIPHILUS

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

176.—BY THE SAME

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

177.—SIMONIDES

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

178.—DIOSCORIDES OF NICOPOLIS

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

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

179.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Σοι καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ γῆν, ναλ, δέσποτα, πιστὸς ὑπάρχω,
ὡς πάρος, εὐνοίας οὐκ ἐπιληθόμενος,
ὡς με τὸτ' ἐκ νοῦσον τρὶς ἐπʼ ἀσφαλὲς ἡγαγες ἤχον,
καὶ νῦν ἀρκοῦση τῇ ὑπέθου καλύβη.
Μάνην ἀγγείλας, Πέρσην γένος. εὖ δὲ μὲ βέβας 5
ἐξεις ἐν χρείᾳ δμῶς ἐτοιμοτέρους.

180.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ηλλάχθη θανάτῳ τεὸς μάρος, ἀντὶ δὲ σείο,
δέσποτα, δοῦλος ἐγὼ στυγνὸν ἐπλησα τάφον
ἡνίκα σεῦ δακρυτὰ κατὰ χθονὸς ἥρια τεῦχον,
ὡς ἀν ἀποφθιμένου κεῖθι δέμας κτερίσων.
ἀμφὶ 1 ἐμ' ἀλιθεῖν γυρῇ κόνις. οὐ βαρὺς ἦμῖν
ἔστ' 'Αἴδης. ζήσω τὸν σὸν ὑπ' ἥλιον.

181.—ΑΝΔΡΟΝΙΚΟΤ

Οἰκτρὰ δὴ διοφερὼν δόμων ἠλυθες εἰς 'Αχέροντος,
Δαμοκράτεια φίλα, ματρὶ λυπούσα γοοὺς.
ἀ δὲ, σέθεν φθιμένας, πολλοὺς νεοθηγί σιδάρφ
κείρατο γηραλέας ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πλοκάμους.

182.—ΜΕΔΕΙΓΡΟΤ

Οὐ γάμον, ἀλλ' 'Αἴδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα
δέξατο, παρθενίας ἄμματα λυμένα.
ἀρτι γὰρ ἐσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχενν
λωτοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπιπλαγεύντω θύραι.

1 I write so: ἀμφὶ δ' ΜS.
BOOK VII. 179-182

179.—Anonymous

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

180.—Apollonides

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

181.—Andronicus

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

182.—Meleager

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

¹ i.e. as long as you think kindly of me Hades will be sunlit to me.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ήφοι δ' ὀλονυμμὸν ἄνεκραγον, ἐκ δ' Ὄμεναιος
συγαθείς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο:
αἱ δ' αὕται καὶ φέγγος ἐδαδούχον παρὰ παστρ
πεῦκας, καὶ φθυμένα νέρθεν ἐφαίνου ὁδὸν.

H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 100; A. Lang, Grass of

183.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
"Ἄνης τὴν Κροκάλης ἐφθασέν παρθενῆν
εἰς δὲ γόσος Ὄμεναιος ἐπαύσατο. τὰς δὲ γαμμοῦντων
ἐλπίδας οὐ θάλαμος κοίμησεν, ἀλλὰ τάφος.

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παρθενικῆς τάφος εἰμ' Ἑλένης, πένθει δ' ἐπ' ἀδελφοῦ
προφθειμένου διπλὰ μητρὸς ἔχω δάκρυα:
μυρτήρων δ' ἐλπον κοίν' ἄλγεα. τὴν γὰρ ἐτ' οὕτω
οὐδενὸς ἡ πάντων ἐλπὶς ἐκλαυσεν ἱσως.

185.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Αὐσονία με Δίβυσσαν ἔχει κόνις, ἀγχι δὲ Ὅρμης
κεῖμαι παρθενικῇ τῇ δὲ παρὰ ψυμάθῳ
ἡ δὲ με θρεψαμένη Πομπηίη ἀντὶ θυγατρός,
κλαυσαμένη τύμβῳ θηκεν ἐλευθερίᾳ,
πῦρ ἔτερον σπεύδουσα· τὸ δ' ἐφθασεν, οὐδὲ κατ'
ἐυχὴν
ἡμετέραν ἤγεν λαμπάδα Περσεφόνη.

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BOOK VII. 182–185

echoed to knocking hands. And at morn the death wail was loud, the bridal song was hushed and changed to a voice of wailing. The same torches that flamed round her marriage bed lighted her dead on her downward way to Hades.

183.—PARMENION

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

184.—BY THE SAME

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

185.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

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

186.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ

"Αρτι μὲν ἐν θαλάμοις Νικηπίδος ἢδος ἐπῆχε
λωτός, καὶ γαμκοὶς ἠμισοὶ ἐχαρε κράτοις:
θρήνος δ' εἰς ὕμεναιον ἐκώμασεν: ἦ δὲ τάλανα,
oὐπο πάντα γυνή, καὶ νέκυς ἐβλέπετο.
δακρυόεις 'Αἰδη, τί πόσιν νύμφης διέλυσας,
aὐτὸς ἐφ' ἀρπαγίμοις τερτομένοι λέχεσιν;

187.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'H γρηγος Νικὸ Μελίτης τάφον ἑστεφάνωσε
παρθενικής. 'Αἰδη, τοῦθ' ὁσίως κέκρικας;

188.—ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ ΘΕΛΛΟΣ

Δύσδαιμον Κλεάνασσα, σὺ μὲν γάμφ τ' ἐπλέω, κόυρη,
ὁμιος, ἀκμαῖς οἵα τ' ἐφ' ἐλκίης:
ἀλλ' τεοὶς θαλάμοις γαμμόστόλος οὐχ Ῥέμαιοι,
οὐδ' Ἡρῆς εὐγής λαμπάδες ἡμίσαν,
pένθιμος ἀλλ' 'Αἰδης ἐπεκώμασεν, ἀμφὶ δ' Ἐρινὺς
φοίνικος ἐκ στομάτων μόρσιμον ἥκεν ὅπα:
ἐμαίτι δ' φυμφείω ἀνήπτετο λαμπάδι παστάς,
τούτῳ πυρκαίης, οὐ θαλάμων ἐνυχες.

189.—ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΣ ΡΟΔΙΟΣ

Ὁμέτερ θ' σε λύεια κατ' ἀφεθὴν 'Αλκίδος οἰκον
ἀκρι μελεξομέναν ὅψεται ἄλλος:
ἡδη γὰρ λειμώνας ἐπὶ Κλυμένου πεπότησαι
καὶ δροσερὰ χρυσέας ἄνθεα Περσεφόνας.

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

186.—PHILIPPUS

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

187.—BY THE SAME

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

188.—ANTONIUS THALLUS

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

189.—ARISTODICUS OF RHODES

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

190.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ, οί δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ακρίδι τά κατ' ἄρουραν ὑπόδων, καὶ δρυκοκοίτα τέττυρι ἵνων τύμβων ἔτευξε Μυρώ, παρθένων στάξασα κόρα δάκρυ· δισσὰ γὰρ αὐτὰς παίγνι' ὁ δυσπειθὴς φῶνε' ἐχὼν Ἀίδας.

191.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ

'Α πάρος ἀντίφθογγον ἀποκλάγξασα νομεύεις πολλάκι καὶ δρυτόμως κίσσα καὶ ἱχθυβαλός, πολλάκι δὲ κρέξασα πολύθροον, οία τίς ἄχω, κέρτομον ἀντφοίς χείλεσιν ἀρμονιάν, νῦν εἰς γὰν ἀγλασίος ἀναύδητος τε πεσοῦσα κεῖμαι, μιμήται ξέλων ἀνημαμένα.

192.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πτερύγεσι λυγυρθόγγοισιν ἀείσεις, ἀκρί, κατ' εὐκάρπους αὐλακας ἐξομένα, οὐδὲ μὲ κεκλιμένον σκιεράν ὑπὸ φυλλάδα τέρψεις, ξοθάν ἐκ πτερύγων ἂδυ κρέκουσα μέλος.

193.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Τάνδε κατ' εὐδενδρον στείβων δρίσος εἰρύσα χειρὶ πτώσασουσάν θρομίης οὐνάδος ἐν πετάλιοις, ὅφρα μοι εὐερκεί καναχάν δόμω ἐνδοθι θείη, τερπνὰ δὲ ἀγλώσσον φθεγγομένα στόματος.
BOOK VII. 190–193

190.—ANYTE or LEONIDAS

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

191.—ARCHIAS

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

192.—MNASALCAS

On a Locust

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

193.—SIMIAS

(Not an Epitaph)

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

194.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

'Ακρίδα Δημοκρίτου μελεσίπτερον ἀδεθανοῦσαν
ἀργίλος δολιχὰν ἀμφὶ κέλευθον ἔχει,
ἀς καὶ, ὅτ' ἱθὺσει κανέστερον ὕμνον ἀείδειν,
πάν μέλαθρον μολὼς ιαχ' ὑπ' εὐκελάδον.

195.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ακρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,
ἀκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μοῦσα, λυγυπτέρυγοι,
ἀυτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοὶ τι ποθεῖνον,
ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσότι λάλους πτέρυγας,
ὡς μὲ πόνουν ῥύσαι παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,
ἀκρίς, μυτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνον.
δῶρα δὲ σοι γῆτειν ἀειθαλῆς ὀρθρινὰ δώσω,
καὶ δροσερὰς στοματὶ σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αχήσεις τέττιξ, δροσεραῖς σταγώνεσσει μεθύσθείς,
ἀγρονόμων μέλπεις μοῦσαν ἐρημολάλον' ἀκραί
ἐφεζόμενοι πετάλοις, πριονώδεσι κόλοις
αιθητὶ κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρας.
ἄλλα, φίλοι, φθέγγομ τι νέον δενδρώδεσι Νύμφαις
παύγιοι, ἀντώδον Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον,
ὄφρα φυγὼν τῶν Ἐρωτα, μεσημβρινὸν ὕπνου ἀγρεύσων ἔνθαδ' ὑπὸ σκιερὰ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

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

194.—MNASALCAS

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

195.—MELEAGER

(This and 196 are not epitaphs but amatory poems)

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

196.—BY THE SAME

On a Cicada

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

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

197.—ΦΑΕΝΝΟΤ

Δαμοκρίτω μὲν ἐγώ, λυγυρᾶν διὰ μούσαν ἐνείην ἀκρίδα ἀπὸ πτερύγων, τὸν βαθὺν ἄγχον ὑπνῶν.
Δαμοκρίτος δ’ ἐπ’ ἐμοὶ τὸν ἐοικότα τύμβου, ὀδίτα, ἐγγύθεν Ὅρωτοῦ χεῖνεν ἀποφθιμένα.

198.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ TAPENTINOT

Εἰ καὶ μικρὸς ἵδειν καὶ ἐπ’ οὔδεος, ὡς παροδίτα,
λᾶς ὁ τυμβίτης ἄμμων ἐπικρέμαται,
ἀινοίης, ὠνθροπε. Φιλαινίδα· τὴν γὰρ ἀοίδον ἀκρίδα, τὴν εὐσαν τὸ πρὸν ἀκανθοβάτων,
διπλοῦς ἕς λυκάβαντας ἐφίλατο τὴν καλαμίτων, 5
κάμφίεφ’ ὕμνιδιψ χρησαμένην πατάγω·
καὶ μ’ οὖδε φθιμένην ἀπανήματο· τούτο δ’ ἐφ’ ἡμῖν τωλίγον ὄρθωσεν σάμα πολυστροφῆς.

199.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

"Ορνανον ὁ Χάρισιον μεμελημένον, ὡς παρόμοιον ἀλκυσίω τὸν σὸν φθόγγον ἰσωσάμενον,
ἡρπάσθης, φίλ’ ἐλαίε. σὰ δ’ ἥθεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἦδ’
πνεύμα σωπηραὶ νυκτὸς ἔχουσιν ὅδοι."
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 58.

200.—ΝΙΚΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ †κλάκα κλωνὸς ἐλιχθείς
tέρψομ’ ἀπὸ βαδινῶν φθόγγον ἰείς πτερύγων·
χείρα γὰρ εἰσ †ἀρετὰν παιδὸς πέσον, ὃς μὲ λαθραίως
μάρψεν, ὑπὶ χλωρῶν ἐξόμενον πετάλων.

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BOOK VII. 197–200

197.—PHAENNUS

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

198.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

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

199.—TYMNES

On an unknown bird called elaeus

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

200.—NICIAS

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

201.—ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ χλωροίσιν ἐφεξόμενος πετάλοισιν ἀδείαν μέλπουν ἐκπροχέεις ἵαγαν· ἀλλὰ σὲ γηρύνοντα κατήναρεν, ἤχετα τέττιξ, παιδὸς ἀπ’ ἡμιθλὸν χεῖρ ἀναπεπταμένα.

202.—ἈΝΤΘΗΣ

Οὐκέτι μ’ ὡς τὸ πάρος πυκναῖς πτερόγεσσιν ἔρεσσων δρσείς ἐξ εὐνῆς δρθρίος ἐγρόμενος· ἢ γὰρ σ’ ὑπνώντα σίνις λαθρῆδον ἐπελθὼν ἐκτεινεν λαίμῳ ῥίμφα καθεὶς ὅνυχα.

203.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτ’ ἂν ὑλην δρόσος εὑσκείον, ἀγρότα πέρδιξ, ἡχήσασαι ὡς γήρων ἀπὸ στομάτων, θηρεύων βαλείων συνομήλικας ἐν νομῷ ὕλης· φέσεω γὰρ πυμάταν εἰς Ἀχέροντος ὀδόν.

204.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐκέτι που, τλῆμον, σκοπέλων μετανάστρια πέρδιξ, πλεκτὸς λεπτάλεαισ οἶκος ἔχει σε λύγοις, αὐδ’ ὑπὸ μαρμαρυγὴ θαλερωπίδος Ἡραγενείας ἀκρα παραθύσθεις θαλπόμενων πτερύγων, σὴν κεφαλὴν αἴλουρος ἀπέθρισε, τάλλα δὲ πάντα 5 ἤρπασα, καὶ φθονερὴν οὐκ ἐκόρεσσε γέννων. νῦν δὲ σε μὴ κούφη κρύπτων κόνις, ἀλλὰ βαρεία, μὴ τὸ τεῦν κεῖνη λείψανον ἐξερύσῃ.
BOOK VII. 201–204

201.—PAMPHILUS

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

202.—ANYTE

On a Cock

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

203.—SIMIAS

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

204.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

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

\(^1\) Presumably a fox.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

205.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οἱς γεννὴς αἴλουρος ἔμην πέρδικα φαγοῦσα
ζωεὶν ἡμετέροις ἐπετεὶ ἐν μεγάροις;
οὐ σὲ, φίλη πέρδιξ, φθιμένην ἀγέραστον ἑάσω,
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ σοὶ κτεῖνω τὴν σέθεν ἀντιβίνην.
ψυχὴ γὰρ σὲο μᾶλλον ὁρίνεται, εἰσάκει ρέξιν
δοσι᾽ ἐπ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆς Πύρρος ἔτευξε τάφῳ.

206.—ΔΑΜΟΧΑΡΙΔΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ
ΚΑΙ ΜΑΘΗΤΟΤ ΑΤΤΟΤ

Ἀνδροβόρων ὀμότεχεν κυνῶν, αἴλουροι κακίστη,
τῶν Ἀκταιονίδων ἐσὰλ μία σκυλάκων.
κτήτορος Ἀγαθάοι τεοῦ πέρδικα φαγοῦσα,
λυτεῖς, ὡς αὐτοῦ κτήτορα δασσαμένη.
καὶ σὺ μὲν ἐν πέρδιξιν ἔχεις νῦν· οἱ δὲ μύσς νῦν
ὄρχουνται, τῆς σῆς δραχάμενοι σπατάλης.

207.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Τὸν ταχύπονον, ἐτὶ παῖδα συναρπασθέντα τεκούσης
ἀρτὶ μ᾽ ἀπὸ στέρνων, οὐατόεντα λαγῶν
ἐν κόλπωσι στέργουσα διέτρεφεν ἄ γλυκερόχρως
Φανίον, εἰαρινοῖς ἀνθέσι βοσκόμενον.
οὐδὲ μὲ μητρὸς ἐτ᾽ εἰχὲ πόδος· θυησκὸς δ᾽ ὑπὸ θοίνης
ἀπλήστοι, πολλῇ δαίτι παχυνόμενος.
καὶ μοῦ πρὸς κλασίαις κρύψειν νέκων, ὡς ἐν ὀνείροις
ἀιὲν ὀρᾶν κοίτης γειτονεόντα τάφον.
BOOK VII. 205-207

205.—By the Same

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

206.—DAMOCHARIS THE GRAMMARIAN,
PUPIL OF AGATHIAS

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

207.—MELEAGER

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

¹ The sacrifice of Polyxena.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

208.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΆΤΡΙΚΗΣ
Μνάμα τόδε φθιμένου μενεδαίου εἴσατο Δάμας
ἲππου, ἐπεὶ στέρνου τοῦδε δαφοινὸς Ἀρης
tύφε, μέλαιν δὲ οἱ αἷμα ταλαυρίνου διὰ χρωτὸς
ζέσο, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργαλέα βῶλον ἔδευσε φονᾶ.

209.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Ἀυτοῦ σοι παρ' ἄλοιπι, δυσπαθεῖς ἐργάτα μύρμηξ,
ηρίον ἐκ βῶλου δεισάδος ἐκτισάμαν,
ὁφρα γε καὶ φθιμένου Δηοῦς σταχυπτρόφος αὐλαξ
θέλη, ἀροπραίη κείμενον ἐν θαλάμῃ.

210.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἀρτι νεκρενέων σε, χειλανί, μητέρα τέκνων,
ἀρτι σε θάλπουσαν παιδάς ὑπὸ πτέρυγι,
αἴξας εντόσθε νεοσκόμου καλής
νόσφισεν ὀδύνων τετραέλκτος ὄφις,
καὶ σε κινυρεμένον ὅποτ' ἄθροος ἦλθε δαῖζων,
ἡμιπελ έσχαρίου λαβρόν ἐπ' ἀσθμα πυρός.
δὲ θάνεν ἧμιτοεργὸς. Ἡδ' ἀσ 'Ἡφαιστος ἀμύντωρ
τὰν ἀπ'. Ἐρυχονίου παιδὸς ἔσωσε γονάν.

211.—ΤΥΜΝΕΩ
Τῇδε τὸν ἐκ Μελίτης ἀργὸν κύια φησίν ὁ πέτρος
ἲσχειν, Εὐμήλου πιστότατον φύλακα.
Ταῦρον μὲν καλέεσκον, δτ' ἦν ἔτι· νῦν δὲ τὸ κείνον
φθέγμα σιωπηρά νυκτὸς ἔχουσιν οἴοι.
BOOK VII. 208-211

208.—ANYTE

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

209.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

210.—BY THE SAME

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

211.—TYMNES

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

¹ Procne, who was changed into a swallow, was the daughter of Erichthonius.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

212.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Αἰθυλῖας, ξένε, τόνδε ποδηνέμου ἐννεπε τῷμβον, τάς ποτ' ἐλαφρότατον χέρσος ἔθρεψε γόνυ. πολλάκι ¹ γὰρ νάσσοις ἱσόδρομοι ἀνυσε μᾶκος, ὄρνης ὡπως δολιχὰν ἐκπονέουσα τρίβον.

213.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Πρὶν μὲν ἐπὶ χλωροῖς ἐριθηλέοις ἔρνεσι πεύκας ἤμενος, ἡ σκιερᾶς ἀκροκόμου πίτυος, ἕκρεκες εὐτάρσου δι' ἰξύος ἄχετα μολπὰν τέπτιξ, οἰονόμοις τερπνότερον χέλυνος. νῦν δὲ σε, μυρμάκεσιν ὑπ' εἰνοδίουσι δαμέντα, Ἦδος ἀπροίδης ἀμφεκάλυψε μυχὸς. εἰ δ' ἐάλως, συγγνωστόν, ἐπεῖ καὶ κοίρανος ὕμων Μαιωνίδας γρίφοις ἰχθυβόλων ἔθανεν.

214.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκέτι παφλάζοντα διαίσσων βυθὸν ἄλμης δελφῖς, πτοιήσεις εἰναλίων ἀγέλας, οὐδὲ πολυτρήτου μέλος καλάμοιο χορείων ἤγρον ἀναρρίψεις ἁλμα παρὰ σκαφίσιν; οὐδὲ σὺ γ', ἄφρηστα, Νηρήδας ὡς πρὶν ἄειρων νάτοις πορθμεύσεις Τηθύνος εἰς πέρατα. ἦ γὰρ ἰσον πτηῶν Ἑλείνης ὡς ἐκυκήθη, κύμα πολυψάμμους ὡςε σ' ἐπὶ ψαμάθους.

¹ I write so: πολλάκι MS.
BOOK VII. 212–214

212.—MNASALCAS

On a Mare

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

213.—ARCHIAS

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

214.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ i.e. like the sea-bird (aïólia) whose name she bore.
² Pinus maritima.
³ See note to No. 1.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

215.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πλωτοῦσιν ἀγαλλόμενος πελάγεσσιν
ἀυχέν' ἀναρρήψεω βυσσόθεν ὅρυύμενος,
oùdè peri ἀσκαλάμοισι νεώς περικαλλέα χείλη
ποιφύσσω, τάμα τερπόμενος προτομᾶς:
ἀλλὰ μὲ πορφυρέα πόντου νοτίς ὅσ' ἐπὶ χέρσου,
κείμαι δὲ ἠφαίναν τάνδε παρ' ἡδόνα. 5

216.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Κύματα καὶ τρηχὺς μὲ κλύδων ἐπὶ χέρσου ἐσυρεῖ
δελφίνα, ξείνοις κοινῶν ὁραμα τύχης.
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν γαίης θέλεω τόποις· οἱ γὰρ ίδόντες
εὐθὺ μὲ πρὸς τύμβους ἐστεφον εὐσεβέες·
νῦν δὲ τεκοῦσα θάλασσα διώλεσε. τίς παρὰ πόντῳ 5
πίστις, δὲ οὐδὲ ίδις φεύσατο συντροφίς;

217.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Ἀρχεάνασσαν ἔχω, τὰν ἐκ Κολοφώνος ἔταίραν,
 DeepCopy οὐδὲ ρυπίδων ὡς γλυκὺς ἔχετ' Ἐρως.
ἄνεον ἦβης ἀνθός ἀποδρέψαντες ἐρασταὶ
πρώτοβόλου, δὲ ὅσης ἠλθετε πυρκαῖς.

218.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὴν καὶ ἀμα χρυσῷ καὶ ἀλουργίδα καὶ σὺν Ἐρωτὶ
θρυπτομένην, ἀπαλῆς Κύπριδος ἀβροτέραν
Δαίδὶ ἔχω, πολιήτων ἀλεξόνων Κορίνθου,
Πειρήνης λευκῶν φαίδροτέραν λιβάδων,
BOOK VII. 215-218

215.—ANYTE

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

216.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

217.—ASCLEPIADES

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

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

218.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

τὴν θυητὴν Κυθέρειαν, ἔφ’ ἣ μυστήρες ἀγανοὶ
πλεῖονες ἢ νύμφης εἶνεκα Τυνδαρίδος,
δρεπτόμενοι χάριτάς τε καὶ ὀνήτην ἀφροδίτην,
ἣ καὶ ὑπ’ εὐώδει τύμβος ὀδώδε κρόκω,
ἳς ἐτι κηταύτη μύρῳ τὸ διάβροχον ὀστεύν,
καὶ λαμπρὰ θύσαι ἀσθάμα πνεόοις κόμαι.

ἢ ἐπὶ καλὸν ἀμυδε κατὰ ρέθος Ἀφρογένεια,
καὶ γασαραν λύξων ἔστονάχηςεν Ἐρως.
εἰ δ’ οὖν πάγκοιν δούλην θετο κέρδος εὐνήν,
’Ελλὰς ἂν, ὡς ’Ελένης, τήςδ’ ὑπερ ἐσχε πόνον.

219.—ΠΟΜΠΗΙΟΤ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΤ

Ἅ τὸ καλὸν καὶ πᾶσιν ἔρασμον ἀνθήσασα,
ἡ μοῦνη Χαρίτων λείρια δρεφαμένη,
οὐκέτι χρυσοχάλινον ὀρᾶ δρόμον ἡμίοιο

Δαίκ, ἐκοιμήθη δ’ ὑπνον ὀφειλόμενον,
κόμους, καὶ τὰ νέων ζηλώματα, καὶ τὰ ποθεύτων
κνίσματα, καὶ μύστην λύχνου ἀπειπαμένη.

220.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Ερπον εἰς Ἐφύρην τάφον ἐδρακον ἀμφὶ κέλευθον

Δαῖδας ἀρχαῖς, ὡς τὸ χάραγμα λέγει.

ἄκρυ δ’ εἰποτείχασας, "Χαίροις, γύναι, ἐκ γαρ ἀκουής

οὐκεῖρῳ σε γ’," ἐδραμένη, "ἡν πάρος οὐκ ἰδόμην.

αὶ τὸσον ἠθένων νοὸν ἦπαχες· ἀλλ’ ἔθελε, Λήθνη

ναιείς, ἀγαθίην ἐν χοῦνι καθομένη.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 129.

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BOOK VII. 218–220

who had more noble suitors than the daughter of Tyndareus, all plucking her mercenary favours. He, very tomb smells of sweet-scented saffron; her bones are still soaked with fragrant ointment, and her anointed locks still breathe a perfume as of frankincense. For her Aphrodite tore her lovely cheeks, and sobbing Love groaned and wailed. Had she not made her bed the public slave of gain, Greece would have battled for her as for Helen.

219.—POMPEIUS THE YOUNGER

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

220.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

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

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221.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΣΩΝ

'Ακμαίη πρὸς έρωτα καὶ ἢδέα Κύπριδος ἔργα,
Πατροφίλα, κανθοῦ τοὺς γλυκεροὺς ἐμφάναος·
ἐσβέσθη δὲ τὰ φίλτρα τὰ κωτίλα, χῶ μετ’ ἀοιδῆς
ψαλμός, καὶ κυλίκων αἱ λαμψάρι προσόσεις.
'Αδη δυσκίνητε, τί τὴν ἐπέραστον ἑταίρην
ἡρπασας; ἡ καὶ σήν Κύπρις ἐμηνε φρένα;

222.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

'Ενθάδε τῆς τρυφερῆς μαλακῶν ῥέθος, ἐνθάδε κεῖται
Τρυγόνιον, σαβακῶν ἀνθεμα σαλμακίδων
ἡ καλύβη καὶ δούπος ἐνέπρεπεν, ἡ φιλοταλμοῦν
στωμυλή, Μήτηρ ἢν ἐφίλησε θεῶν
ἡ μούη στέρξασα τὰ Κύπρίδος ἡμινυναίκων
δρυμα, καὶ φίλτρων Λαίδου ἀψαμένη.
φυε κατὰ στήλης, ἱερὴ κόνι, τῇ φιλοβάκχῳ
μὴ βάτον, ἀλλ’ ἀπαλάς λευκοῖσιν κάλυκας.

223.—ΘΙΛΛΟΤ

Ἡ κροτάλως ὀρχηστρὶς Ἀριστιον, ἡ περὶ πεύκας
τῇ Κυβέλῃ πλοκάμους ρίψαι ἐπισταμένη,
ἡ λωτῆ κερόεντι φορουμένη, ἡ τρίς ἐφεξῆς
εἰδοί αἰρήτου χειλοποτεῖν κύλικας,
ἐνθάδ’ ὑπὸ πτελέας ἀναπάυεται, οὐκέτ’ ἔρωτε,
οὐκέτε παννυχίων τερπομένη καμάτως.
κώμοι καὶ μανίαι, μέγα χαίρετε· κεῖθ’ <ἱερὰ θρίξ> ²
ἡ τὸ πρὶν στεφάνων ἀνθέων κρυπτομένη.

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

221.—Anonymous

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

222.—Philodemus

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

223.—Thyillus

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

1 Little dove.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

224.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἴκοσι Καλλικράτεια καὶ ἐννέα τέκνα τεκοῦσα,
oūδ᾽ ἐνὸς οὐδὲ μῆς ἐδρακόμην θάνατον·
ἀλλ᾽ ἐκατὸν καὶ πέντε διηνυσάμην ἐνιαυτούς,
σκύπων τρομερὰν οὖν ἐπιθείσα χέρα.

225.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Ψήχει καὶ πέτρην ὁ πολὺς χρόνος, οὐδὲ σιδήρου
φείδεται, ἀλλὰ μῆ πάντ᾽ ὀλέκει δρεπάνη·
δὲ καὶ Δαέρταο τῷ ἡρών, ὃ σχεδὸν ἀκτῆς
βαίνει ἀπὸ ψυχρῶν λείβεται ἐξ ὑετῶν.
οὖνομα μὴν ἡρώος ἀεὶ νέον· οὐ γὰρ ἀοιδὰς
ἀμβλύνειν αἰών, κῆν ἐθέλη, δύναται.

226.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΤΗΙΟΤ
'Αθάνατον προσανάγνα τὸν αἰνοβιήν 'Αγάθωνα
πᾶς ἐπὶ πυρκαίης ἡ ἐβόησε πόλις.
oὐ τινα γὰρ τοιὸν δὲ νέον ὁ φιλαίματος Ἀρης
ἡμάρισεν στυγηρῆς ἐν στροφάλωγι μάχης.

227.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ
Οὐδὲ λέων δὲς δεινὸς ἐν οὐρασίων, ως ὁ Μίκωνος
ύις Κριναγόρης ἐν σακέων πατάγῳ.
eὶ δὲ κάλλιμμον ὀλίγου, μῆ μέμφεος· μικρὸς ὁ χώρος,
ἀλλ᾽ ἄνδρας πολέμου τλῆμονας οἶδε φέρειν.

228.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Ἄυτῷ καὶ τεκέσσις γυναικὶ τε τύμβον ἔδειμεν
'Ανδροτίων· οὕτω δ᾽ οὐδενὸς εἰμι τάφος.
οὕτω καὶ μέναμμι πολὺν χρόνον· εἰ δ᾽ ἄρα καὶ δεῖ,
δὲξαίμην ἐν ἐμοί τοὺς προτέρους προτέρους.

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

224.—Anonymous

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

225.—Anonymous

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

226.—Anacreon of Teos

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

227.—Diotimus

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

228.—Anonymous

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

229.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τῇ Πιτάνᾳ Ὑφασύβουλος ἔπ’ ἀσπίδος ἠλιθεν ἀπνους,
ἐπὶ πρὸς Ἀργείων τραύματα δεξάμενος,
δεκτός ἀντία πάντα· τὸν αἰματώντα δ’ ὁ πρέσβυς
παῖδ’ ἐπὶ πυρκαίην Τύννιχος εἰπε τιθείς.
“Δειλοὶ κλαίεσθωσαν· ἐγὼ δὲ σε, τέκνου, ἄδακρος 5
θάψω, τὸν καὶ ἐμὺν καὶ Δακεδαμόνιον.”

230.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

‘Ανίκ’ ἀπὸ πτολέμου τρέσαντα σε δέξατο μάτηρ,
pάντα τὸν ὀπλιστάν κόσμον ὀλωλεκότα,
aυτὰ τοι φονίαν, Δαμάτριο, αὐτίκα λόγχαν
eἰπε διὰ πλατέων ἀφαμένα λαγόνων.
“Καθανε, μηδ’ ἐχέτω Σπάρτα ψόγον· οὐ γὰρ
ἐκεῖνα
ἡμπλακεν, εἰ δειλοὺς τούμον ἔθρεψε γάλα.”

231.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΝΟΤ

‘Ωδ’ ὑπὲρ ‘Αμβρακίας ὁ θεοδρόμος ἀσπίδ’ ἀείρας
τεθνάμεν ἦ φεύγειν εἰλετ’ Ἀρισταγόρας,
vίος ὁ Θεσπόμπου. μὴ θαῦμ’ ἔχει· Δωρικὸς ἀνήρ
πατρίδος, οὐχ ἤβας ὄλλυμενα ἀλέγει.

232.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Λύδιοιν οὖδας ἔχει τὸδ’ Ἀμύντορα, παιδά Φιλίππου,
pολλα σιδηρείς χειρὶ θυγόντα μάχης·
οὐδὲ μιν ἀληψώσασα νόσος δόμον ἀγαγε Νυκτός,
ἀλλ’ ὀλετ’ ἀμφ’ ἐτάρφω σχῶν κυκλόεσσαν ἵτων.
BOOK VII. 229–232

229.—DIOSCORIDES

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

230.—ERYCIUS OF CYZICUS

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

231.—DAMAGETUS

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

232.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

233.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Αἴλως, Ἀὐσονής στρατης πρόμος, ὁ χρυσέωςι ἱστέμασι σωρεύσας αὐχένας ὀπλοφόρουσιν, νοῦσον δτ' εἰς υπάθην ὄλισθανε τέρμα τ' ἀνυκτον εἴδεν, ἄριστεῖν ἁμφανὸς εἰς ἴδιν. πηξε δ' ύπο σπλάγχνοισιν ἐδν ξίφος, εἰπέ τε θυμᾶκαν.

"Ἀυτός ἐκὼν ἐδάμην, μη νόσος εἴχος ἐχη." 5

234.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΩΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Αἴλως ὁ θρασύχειρ Ἀρεως πρόμος, ὁ ψελιώςας αὐχένα χρυσοδέτος ἐκ πολέμου στεφάνως, τηξεμέλει νούσῳ κεκολομένοις, ἔδραμε θυμῷ εἰς προτέρην ἐργῇ ἁρσενα μαρτυρῇν, ὁσε δ' ύπο σπλάγχνοισιν πλατύ φάσγανον, ἐν μόνῳ εἰπών.

"Ἀνδρας Ἀρης κτείνει, δειλοτέρους ἔδι νόσος." 5

235.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΤΑΡΣΕΩΣ

Μὴ μέτρει Μάγυντι τὸ πηλίκον ούνομα τύμβῳ, μηδὲ Θεμιστοκλέους ἐργὰ σε λανθανέτω. τεκμαίρων Σαλαμίνι καὶ ὀλκάσι τὸν φιλόσπαρτον γνώσῃ δ' ἐκ τούτων μείζονα Κεκροπίης.

236.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΩΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὐχὶ Θεμιστοκλέους Μάγυς τύφος· ἀλλὰ κέχωσμαι Ἐλλήνων φθονερῆς σῆμα κακοκρισίης.

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

233.—APOLLONIDES

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

234.—PHILIPPUSS OF THESSALONICA

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

235.—DIODORUS OF TARSUS

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

236.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

2 The ashes of Themistocles were transferred from Magnesia to Athens. The lines are, however, somewhat obscure.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

237.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ
Οὖρεά μεν καὶ πόντον ὑπὲρ τὺμβοιο χάρασσε, καὶ μέσον ἀμφοτέρων μάρτυρα Δητοίδην, ἄνενων τε βαθὺν ποταμῶν ρόον, οἱ ποτε ρεῖδροι Ἑρέξου μυρώναυν οὐχ ὑπέμειναν "Ἀρην. ἔγγραφε καὶ Σαλαμίνα, Θεμιστοκλέους ἵνα σήμα κηρύσσει Μάγνης δῆμος ἀποφθιμένου.

238.—ἈΔΔΑΙΟΤ
᾿Ημαθίην δὲ πρῶτος ἐσ "Ἀρεα βῆσα Φίλιππος, Ἀλκαίην κεῖμα βῶλον ἐφεσάμενος, ἡμέρας οἱ οὐσιω βασιλεῖς το πρῶτο εἰ δὲ τις αἰχεὶ μεῖζον ἐμεῦ, καὶ τοῦθ᾽ αἰματος ἤμετερον.

239.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΟΝΟΣ
Φθισθαὶ Ἀλέξανδρον ψευδὴς φάτις, εἰπέρ ἄληθης Φοῖβος. ἀνικήτων ἀπτεται οὐδ᾽ Ἀλδης.

240.—ἈΔΔΑΙΟΤ
Τὺμβον Ἀλέξανδροι Μακεδόνων ἦν τις ἀείδη, ἡπείρους κείνου σήμα λέγ᾽ ἀμφοτέρας.

241.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ
Μυρία σου, Πτολεμαίε, πατήρ ἐπι, μυρία μάτηρ τειρομένα θαλεροῦς ἕκαστο πλοκάμους πολλὰ τιθηνητὸ δολοφύρατο, χερσὶν ἁμήσας ἀνδρομάχοις δυνοῦραν κρατός ὑπερθὲ κόνων.

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

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BOOK VII. 237-241

237.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

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

238.—ADDAEUS

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

239.—PARMENION

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

240.—ADDAEUS

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

241.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

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

ά μεγάλα δ' Αιγυπτος ἐδώ ωλόψατο χαίταν,
καὶ πλατύς Εύρωπας ἐστονάχησε δόμος.
καὶ δ' αὐτὰ διὰ πένθος ἀμαυρωθείσα Σελάνα
ἀστρα καὶ οὐρανίας ἀτραπίτους ἐλπιν.
ὡλεο γὰρ διὰ λοιμον ἰδαι λθωνήτορα χέρσου,
πρὶν πατερον νεαρὰ σκάπτρον ἐλεῖν παλάμα.
οὗ δὲ σε νυξ ἐκ νυκτὸς ἐδέξατο· δὴ γὰρ ἀνακατά
τοίους οὐκ Ἀιθαίας, Ζεὺς δ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἄγει.

242.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Οἶδε πάτραν, πολύδακρων ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμῶν ἔχουσαν,
ῥυόμενοι, δυνοφέραν ἀμφεβάλλουν κόινω
ἀρνυνται δ' ἀρετάς αἶνον μέγαν. ἀλλὰ τὶς ἀστῶν
τούσδ' ἐσιδῶν θυάσκειν τλάτω ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.

243.—ΛΟΛΛΙΟΤ ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Φωκίδι παρ πέτρη δέρκευ τάφον· εἰμὶ δ' ἐκείνων
τῶν ποτὲ Μηδοφόνων μήμα μετηχοσίων,
οἳ Σπάρτας ἀπὸ γαῖς τηλοῦ πέσου, ἀμβλύναντες
Ἀρεα καὶ Μήδον καὶ Δακεδαίμονιον.
ἡν δ' ἐσορῆς ἐπ' ἐμεῖον ἠθοδοστρυχον εἰκόνα θηρὸς,
ἔτεπε: "Τοῦ ταχοῦ μνάμα Λεωνίδεσσ." 5

244.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΛΙΚΟΤ

Δισσὰ τριηχοσίων τάδε φάσγανα θοῦριος Ἀρχαὶ
ἐσπασεν Ἀργείων καὶ Δακεδαίμονιων,
ἐνθα μάχην ἐτλήμεν ἀνάγγελον, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλο
πίπτοντες· θυρέας δ' ἦσαν ἄθλα δορὸς.

1 Sidon. 2 i.e. a lion. 3 On the celebrated fight for Thyreae between three
BOOK VII. 241-244

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

242.—MNASALCAS

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

243.—LOLLIUS BASSUS

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

244.—GAETULICUS

Fierce Ares drew these our swords, the three hundred from Argos and as many from Sparta, there where we fought out the fight from which no messenger returned, falling dead one upon another. Thyreæ was the prize of the battle.³ hundred Argives and as many Spartans. See Herod. i. 82, and Nos. 431, 432, below.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

245.—TOY AYTOY

'Ω Xρόνε, παντοίων θυτοίς πανεπίσκοπε δαίμον,
ἀγγελος ἡμετέρων πάσι γενοῦ παθέων
ώς ιερὰν σώζειν πειρώμενοι Ἑλλάδα χάρην,
Βοιωτῶν κλεινοῖς θυσκόμεν ἐν δαπέδοις.

246.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ισσοῦ ἐπὶ προμολῆσιν ἀλὸς παρὰ κύμα Κιλίσσης
ἀγριον αἱ Περσῶν κείμεθα μυριάδες,
ἐργον Ἀλεξάνδρου Μακεδόνος, οἱ ποτ' ἀνακτὶ
Δαρείῳ πυμάτην οἶμον ἐφεστόμεθα.

247.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

'Ἀκλαυστοι καὶ ἀδαπτοί, ὀδοιπόρε, τῶδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Θεσσαλίας τρισαὶ κείμεθα μυριάδες,
'Ἡμαθία μέγα πῆμα· τὸ δὲ θρασύ κεῖνο Φιλίππου
πνεῦμα θοὺν ἐλάφων φέχετ' ἐλαφρότερον.

248.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Μυριάσων ποτὲ τῆδε τριηκοσιάς ἐμάχοντο
ἐκ Πελοποννάσου χιλιάδες τέτορες.

249.—TOY AYTOY

'Ω ξεῖν', ἀγγείλων Δακεδαμονίως ὡς τῆδε
κείμεθα, τοὺς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.


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

245.—BY THE SAME (?)

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

246.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

247.—ALCAEUS

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

248.—SIMONIDES

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

249.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ (B.C. 197), where Philip V. was defeated by Flamininus. For the king's bitter retort see Book XVI. No. 26*.
² On the general monument of all the Greeks who fell at Thermopylae, No. 249 being on that of the Spartans.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

250.—TOY AYTOY

'Ακμᾶς ἐστακυῖαν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ Ἐλλάδα πᾶσαν
taῖς αὐτῶν ψυχαῖς κείμεθα ρυσάμενοι.

251.—TOY AYTOY

'Ἀσβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλη περὶ πατρίδι θέντες
κυάνεον θανάτον ἀμφέβαλοντο νέφος.
oὐδὲ τεθνάσι τανόντες, ἔπει σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθε
κυδαίνονο' ἀνάγει δόματος ἕξ Ἀιδεω.

252.—ANTIPATROT

Οἶδ' Ἀιδαν στέρξαντες ἐνόπλιον, οὐχ, ἀπέρ ἄλλοι,
στάλαν, ἀλλ' ἀρετὰν ἀντ' ἀρετᾶς ἔλαχον.

253.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Εἰ τὸ καλὸς θυήσκειν ἀρετὴς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τούτων ἀπέμενει Τύχη.
'Ἐλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίην περιθεῖναι
κείμεθ' ἀγηράτῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίη.

254.—TOY AYTOY

Χαίρετ' ἀριστῆς πολέμου μέγα κύδος ἔχοντες,
κοῦροι Αθηναῖων, ἐξοχοί ἰπποσύνη,
oἰ ποτὲ καλλιχόρον περὶ πατρίδος ὀλέσαθ' ἤθη
πλείστους Ἐλλήνων ἀντία μαρνάμενοι.
BOOK VII. 250-254

250.—BY THE SAME

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

251.—BY THE SAME

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

252.—ANTIPATER

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

253.—SIMONIDES

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

254.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ On the tomb of the Corinthians who fell at Salamis. The stone has been found.
² This is probably on the Spartan dead at Plataea, No. 253 being on the Athenian dead.
³ Possibly a statue of Virtue.
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254A.—TOY AYTOY

Κρῆς γενεὰν Βρόταχος Γορτύνιος ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι,
οὐ κατὰ τοῦτ’ ἔλθὼν, ἀλλὰ κατ’ ἐμπορίην.

255.—ΑΙΣΧΤΛΟΤ

Κυανή καὶ τούσδε μενέγχεας ὤλεσεν ἄνδρας
Μοῖρα, πολύρρημον πατρίδα ρυμομένους.
ζωὸν δὲ φθιμένων πέλεται κλέος, οἳ ποτὲ γνίοις
τλήμονες 'Οσσαλαν ἀμφιέσαντο κόνιν.
C. Merivale, Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833,
p. 94.

256.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οἴδε ποτ’ Αἰγαίοι βαρύβρομοι οἴδαμα λιπόντες
'Εκβατάνων πεδίων κείμεθ’ ἐν μεσάτῳ.
χαίρε, κλυτή ποτε πατρίς 'Ερέτρια' χαίρετ', 'Ἀθηναὶ
gείτονες Εὐβοίης' χαίρε, θάλασσα φίλη.
J. A. Symonds, the younger, Studies of the Greek Poets,
vol. ii. p. 294.

257.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παιδεῖς 'Αθηναῖον Περσῶν στρατῶν ἐξολέσαντες
ἥρκεσαν ἀργαλέην πατρίδι δουλοσύνην.

258.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οἴδε παρ’ Εὐρυμέδοντά ποτ’ ἄγλαδν ὤλεσαν ἡβην
μαρμάμενοι Μῆδων τοξοφόρων προμάχους
ἀιχμηταὶ πεζοὶ τε καὶ ὀκνυτόρων ἐπὶ νηῶν
κάλλιστον δ’ ἀρετῆς μνῆμ’ ἔλιπον φθίμενοι.
J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology,
1833, p. 66.

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BOOK VII. 254A–258

254A.—BY THE SAME

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

255.—AESCHYLYS

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

256.—PLATO

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

257.—ANONYMOUS

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

258.—SIMONIDES

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

¹ On the Eretrians settled in Persia by Darius. See Herod. vi. 119.
² In this battle Cimon defeated the Persians, B.C. 466.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

259.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐθωνῆς γένος ἐσμέν Ἐρετρικόν, ἄγχι δὲ Σοῦσων κείμεθα. φεῦ, γαῖς ὅσον ἀφ᾽ ἡμετέρης.

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

260.—ΚΑΡΦΤΛΑΙΔΟΤ

Μὴ μέμψῃ παρῴων τὰ μνήματά μου, παροδίτα· οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἐξιον οὐδὲ θαινόν.

τέκνων τέκνα λέοιτα· μὴς ἀπέλαυσα γυναικὸς συγγήρου· τρισσοῖς παισίν ἐδωκα γάμους,

εἶ δὲ πολλάκι παῖδας ἐν ἐνεκόιμησα κόλποις, οὐδενὸς οἰμώξας οὐ νόσου, οὐ βάναυν,

οἳ με κατασπέλσαντες ἀπήμονα, τὸν γλυκὸν ὑπνον κοιμᾶσθαι, χώρην πέμψαν ἐπ᾽ εὐσεβέσων.

261.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ

Τὴν πλέον εἰς ὁδίνα πονεῖν, τὶ δὲ τέκνα τεκέσθαι,

ἡ τέκοι εἰ μέλλει παιδὸς ὀρᾶν θάνατον;

ἡθέρο γὰρ σῆμα Βιάνορι χεινατο μῆτηρ· ἔπρεπε δ᾽ ἐκ παιδὸς μητέρα τοῦδε τυχεῖν.

262.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΚΟΤ

Αὐὴσε τὸ γράμμα τὶ σὰμά τε καὶ τῆς ὑπ᾽ αὐτῆς.

Γλαῦκης εἰμὶ τάφος τῆς ὄνομαξομένης.

263.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΣΗΙΟΤ

Καὶ σὲ, Κλεισυρίδη, πόθος ὄλεσε πατρίδος αἰής θαρσήσαντα Νότου λαῖλαπε χειμερή·

ἀρη γὰρ σὲ πέδησεν ἀνέγγυος· ὑγρὰ δὲ τὴν σὴν κύματ' ἀφ᾽ ἵμερτην ἐκλυσεν ἠλικίῃν.
BOOK VII. 259–263

259.—PLATO

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

260.—CARPHYLLIDES

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

261.—DIOTIMUS

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

262.—THEOCRITUS

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

263.—ANACREON

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

¹ See No. 256.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

264.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Εἰκὴ ποντοπόρῳ πλόος οὕριος· διν δ' ἄρ' ἀήτης,
ὡς ἔμε, τοὺς Ἀιδέων προσπελάσῃ λαμέσιν,
μεμφέσθω μὴ λαίτμα κακοξένον, ἅλλ' ἔω τόλμαν,
ὅστις ἀφ' ἡμετέρου πείσματ' ἐλυσε τάφου.

265.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμὶ· ὁ δ' ἀντίον ἐστὶ γεωργοῦ·
ὡς ἅλλ' καὶ γαίρῃ ξυνὸς ὑπεστ' Ἀιδης.

266.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμὲ Διοκλέος· οἱ δ' ἀνάγονται,
φέυ τόλμης, ἀπ' ἐμοῦ πείσματα λυσάμενοι.

267.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΣ

Ναυτίλοι, ἐγγὺς ἅλος τί με θάπτετε; πολλὸν ἀνευθε
χώσαι ναυηγοῦ τλήμονα τύμβον ἐδει.
φρισσῶν κύματος ἥχων, ἔμὸν μόρον. ἅλλα καὶ οὕτως
χαίρετε, Νικήτην οἴτινες οἰκτίρετε.

268.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ναυηγόν με δέδωρκας. διν οἰκτείρασα θάλασσα
γυμνῶσαι πυμάτου φάρεος ἱδέσατο,
ἀνθρωπος παλάμησιν ἀταρβήτους μ' ἀπέδυσε,
τόσσον ἄγος τόσσον κέρδεους ἄραμενος.
κεῖνο καὶ ἐνθύσαιτο, καλ ἐις Ἀἰδαο φέροιτο,
καὶ μὲν ἵδοι Μίνως τοῦμον ἔχοντα δάκος.

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BOOK VII. 264—268

264.—LEONIDAS

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

265.—PLATO

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

266.—LEONIDAS

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

267.—POSIDIPPUUS

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

268.—PLATO

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

269.—TOY AYTOY
Πλατήρες, σώξοισθε καὶ εἰν ἄλι καὶ κατὰ γαῖαν·
ίστε δὲ ναυηγοῦ σήμα παρερχόμενοι.

270.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Τούσδε ποτ’ ἐκ Σπάρτας ἀκροβινία Φοίβῳ ἀγοντας
ἐν πέλαγος, μία νῦξ, ἐν σκάφος ἐκτέρισεν.

271.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ
"Ὄφελε μηδ' ἐγένοντο θοι νέεσ· οὐ γὰρ ἀν ἡμεῖς
παῖδα Διοκλείδου Σώπολαν ἐστένομεν"

νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν εἰν ἀλλ' που φέρεται νέκυς· ἀντὶ δ' ἐκεῖνον
οὔνομα καὶ κενεδὸν σῆμα παρερχόμεθα.
H. O. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 95.

272.—TOY AYTOY
Νάξιος οὖς ἐπὶ γῆς ἔθανεν Δύκος, ἀλλ' ἐν πόντῳ
ναῦν ἅμα καὶ ψυχήν εἴδεν ἀπολλυμένην,
ἐμπορος Αἰγίνηθεν ὅτ' ἐπλεε· χῶ μὲν ἐν υγρῇ
νεκρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἄλλως οὔνομα τύμβος ἔχων,
κηρύσσω πανάλθησε ἐπος τόδε· "Φεῦγε θαλάσσῃ 5
συμμίσγειν Ἐρίφων, ναυτίλε, δυσμένων."

273.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Εὔρον με τρηχεία καὶ αἰπήσσα κατανύσις,
καὶ νῦξ, καὶ δυσφερῆς κύματα πανδόσις

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BOOK VII. 269–273

269.—BY THE SAME

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

270.—SIMONIDES

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

271.—CALLIMACHUS

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

272.—BY THE SAME

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

273.—LEONIDAS

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

1 i.e. Middle of November.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εξαλψάρωνι Ὀρίωνος ἀπώλυσθεν δὲ βίοιο
Καλλαίσχος, Λιβυκοῦ μέσα θέων πελάγευς.
κάγω μὲν πόντιῳ δινεύμενος, ἵχθυιοι κύμα,
οἴχημαι ψεύστης δ’ οὐτός ἐπεστὶ λίθος.

274.—ΟΝΕΣΣΟΤΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Οὖνομα κηρύσσω Τιμοκλέος, εἰς ἄλα πικρὴν
πάντη σκέπτομένη ποῦ ποτ’ ἄρ’ ἔστι νέκυς.
αἰαὶ τὸν δ’ ἦδη φάγων ἰχθὺες ἦ δὲ περισσὴ
πέτρος ἐγὼ τὸ μάτην γράμμα τορευθὲν ἔχω.

275.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

‘Α Πέλοπος νάσσος καὶ δύσπλους ὀλέσει Κρήτα,
καὶ Μαλέοι τυφλαὶ καμπτομένου σπιλάδες
Δέμιοδος Ἀστυδάμαντα Κυδώνιον. ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἦδη
ἐπλησαν θηρῶν νηδύας εἰναιλίων
τὸν ψεύσταν δὲ με τύμβου ἐπὶ χθονὶ θέντο. τὶ
θαῦμα;
Κρήτες ὅπου ψεύσται, καὶ Δίος ἐστὶ τάφος.

276.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΤ

Ἐξ ἀλὸς ἡμῖν ῥωτόντων ἀνηνέγκαντο σαγηνεῖς
ἀνδρὰ, πολύκλαυτον ναυτιλίης σκύβαλον
κέρδεα δ’ οὐκ ἐδίωξαν ὅ μὴ θέμις ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖς
ἰχθύσι τὴ δ’ ὀλγὴ θῆκαν ἵππο γαμάθω.
ὡ χθῶν, τὸν ναυηγόν ἔξεις ὀλον’ ἅντ’ ἐλπιῆς
σαρκὸς τοὺς σαρκῶν γενομένους ἐπέχεις.
BOOK VII. 273–276

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

274.—HONESTUS OF BYZANTIUM

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

275.—GAETULICUS

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

276.—HEGESIPPUS

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

\(^1\) Early in November.

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

277.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τής, ξένος δι ναυηγή; Δεόντιχος ἐνθάδε νεκρον εὑρέ σ’ ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῦ, χῶσε δὲ τὸδε τάφῳ, δακρύσας ἐπίκηρου ἐδὺν βίον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς ἴσων ἤσυχος, αἰθουὴ δ’ ἵσα θαλάσσοσπεῖ.

278.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Οὐδὲ νέκυς, ναυηγὸς ἐπὶ χθόνα Θήρις ἐλασθεὶς κύμασιν, ἀγρύπνων λήσομαι ἤιόνων. ἢ γὰρ ἀληθήκτοις ὑπὸ δειράσιν, ἀγχόθι πόντου δυσμενέος, ξείνων χερσίν ἐκυρσά τάφου· αἰεὶ δὲ βρομέωτα καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσι θαλάσσης ὁ τλήμων ἀτώ δούπον ἀπεχθόμενου μόχθων οὐδ’ Ἀιδὴς με κατεύωσεν, ἦνικα μοῦνος οὐδὲ δανών λεῖος κέκλημαι ἴσων ἤσυχή.

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

279.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παῦσαι νησὶς ἔρεμα καὶ ἐμβολα τῷ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ αἰεὶν ἔπι ψυχρῇ ζωγραφέων σποδῆν. ναυηγοῦ τὸ μνήμα. τὶ τῆς ἐνὶ κύμασι λάβῃς αὐθίς ἀναμυνῆσαι τὸν κατὰ γῆς ἐθέλεις;

280.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑἸΓΕΑΤΟΤ

Τὸ χώμα τὺμβος ἐστὶν· ἀλλὰ τὸ βόε ἐπίσχες οὕτος, τὰν ὑμνὶ τ’ ἀνάσπασον· κινεῖς σποδὸν γὰρ. ἐς δὲ τοιαύταν κόμων μὴ στέρμα πυρῶν, ἀλλὰ χεῖρι δάκρυα.

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BOOK VII. 277–280

277.—CALLIMACHUS

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

278.—ARCHIAS OF BYZANTIUM

Nor even now I am dead shall I, shipwrecked Theris, cast up on land by the waves, forget the sleepless surges. For here under the brine-beaten hill, near the sea my foe, a stranger made my grave; and, ever wretched that I am, even among the dead the hateful roar of the billows sounds in my ears. Not even Hades gave me rest from trouble, since I alone even in death cannot lie in unbroken repose.

279.—ANONYMOUS

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

280.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

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

281.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΤ

"Απισχ', ἀπισχε χεῖρας, δ' γεωπόνε, μηδ' ἀμφίταμε ταύ ἐν ἥριῳ κόνιν.
αὐτὰ κέκλαμαι βάλος· ἕκ κεκλαμένας δ' οὕτωι κομάτας ἀναθαλῆσκεν στάχυς.

282.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΟΤ

Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμί· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ δὴ ἡμεῖς ὠλλύμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆς ἐπουτοπόρουν.
H. Wellesley, in Anthologia Polyhymn, p. 300.

283.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τετρηχύια θάλασσα, τι μ' οὐκ οἰκυρὰ παθόντα τηλῶς' ἀπὸ ψυλής ἐπτυσας ἡώνοις;
ὡς σεῦ μηδ' Ἀἴδαο κακὴν ἐπειμένοις ἀχλὼν
Φυλεὺς Ἀμφιμένευς ἀσσον ἐγειτόνευν.

284.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΙΑΔΟΤ

'Οκτώ μεν πήχεις ἀπέχε, τρηχείᾳ θάλασσα,
καὶ κύμαινε, βόα θ' ἡλίκα σοι δύναμις;
ἡν δὲ τὸν Εὐμάρεω καθέλος τάφου, ἄλλο μὲν οὐδέν κρήγυνον, εὐρήσεις δ' ὅστεα καὶ σποδήν.
R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, σχ.

285.—ΓΛΑΤΚΟΤ ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΙΤΟΤ

Οὐ κόνις οὐδ' ὀλίγων πέτρησ βάρος, ἀλλ' Ἐρασίππου ἡν ἐσορᾶς αὐτή πᾶσα θάλασσα τάφος:
ὁλετο γὰρ σὺν νητ' τὰ δ' ὅστεα ποὺ ποτ' ἔκεινων πύδεται, αἰδεύμας γνωστὰ μόναις ἐνέπειν.

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BOOK VII. 281-285

281.—HERACLIDES

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

282.—THEODORIDAS

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

283.—LEONIDAS

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

284.—ASCLEPIADES

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

285.—GLAUCUS OF NICOPOLIS

Nor this earth or this light stone that rests thereon is the tomb of Erasippus, but all this sea whereon thou lookest. For he perished along with his ship, and his bones are rotting somewhere, but where only the gulls can tell.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

286.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΟΤ

Δύσμορε Νικάνωρ, πολιφ δεμαραμμένε πόντω, κείσαι δή ξείνη γυμνός ἐπ’ ἥδονι, η σὺ γε πρὸς πέτρησαι· τὰ δὲ ὀδίβα κεῖνα μέλαθρα φρούδα <καὶ ἣ> πάσης ἐλπίς ὄλωλε Τύρον. οὔδὲ τί σε κτεάνων ἔρρεσατο· φεύ, ἔλεειν, ὀδεο μοχθήσας ἰχθύσι καὶ πελάγει.

287.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Καὶ νέκνω ἀπρήντως ἀνυῆσει με θάλασσα Δύσων, ἐφημαίη κρυπτόν ὑπὸ σπιλάδι, στρηνὲς δὲ κε φωσεῦσα παρ’ σονί, καὶ παρὰ κοφὸν σήμα. τί μ’, ἂνθρωποι, ηδὲ παρφικάτατε, ἡ πυκνῆς χήρωσε τὸν οὐκ ἐπὶ φορτίδι ποτὶ ἐμποροῦν, ἀλλ’ ἀλληγης ναυτίλου εἰρείας θηκαμένη ναυηγῶν; ο δὲ ἐκ πόντου ματεύων ξωῆν, ἐκ πόντου καὶ μόρου εἰλκυσάμην.

288.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδετέρης δῆλος εἰμὶ θανῶν νέκνω, ἀλλὰ θάλασσα καὶ χθῶν τὴν ἀπ’ ἐμεῖς μοίραν ἔχουσιν ἰσην. σάρκα γὰρ ἐν πόντῳ φάγον ἰχθύες· ὡστεά δ’ αὐτε βέβρασται ἴσχρῆ τηδὲ παρ’ ἥδοι.

289.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Ἀνθέα τὸν ναυηγὸν ἐπὶ στόμα Πηνειοῦ νυκτὸς ὑπὲρ βαίης νηξάμενον σανίδος, μοῦνος ἐκ θάμνων θρόνον λύκος, ἄμκτον ἄνδρα, ἐκτανεῖν. ὡ γαῖς κύματα πιστότερα.

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BOOK VII. 286-289

286.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

287.—ANTIPATER

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

288.—BY THE SAME

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

289.—ANTIPATER OF MACEDONIA

When shipwrecked Antheus had swum ashore at night on a small plank to the mouth of the Peneus, a solitary wolf rushing from the thicket slew him off his guard. O waves less treacherous than the land!
290.—ΣΤΑΤΤΛΙΩΤ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ

Δαίλαπα καὶ μανὴν ὁλοίς προφυγόντα θαλάσσης
ναυηγόν, Λιβυκαῖς κείμενον ἐν ψαμάθοις,
οὐχ ἔκασ ἕιόνων, πυμάτῳ βεβαρημένου ὑπνῷ,
γυμνόν, ἀπὸ στυγγερῆς ὡς κάμε ναυφθορίης,
ἐκτανε λυγρὸς ἔχις. τὶ μάτην πρὸς κύματ' ἐμόχθει, 5
τὴν ἐπὶ γῆς φεύγων μοίραν ὀφειλομένην;

291.—ΞΕΝΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

Χαῖται σου στάξουσιν ἐὖ ἀλμυρά, δύσμορε κούρη.
ναυηγέ, φθιμένης εἰν ἀλί, Δασίδηκη.
ἡ γάρ, ὀρισμένου πόντου, δεῖσασα θαλάσσης
ὑβριν ὑπὲρ κοίλου δούρατος ἐξέπεισεν.
καὶ σὸν μὲν φωνεῖ τάφος οὕνομα, καὶ χθόνα Κύμην, 5
ὀστέα δὲ ψυχρῷ κλύζετ' ἐπ' ἀγελάφῳ,
πικρὸν Ἀριστομάχῳ γενέτη κακῶν, ὡς σε κομίζων
ἐς γάμον, ὀυτε κόρην ἠγαγεν ὀυτε νέκουν.

292.—ΘΕΩΝΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Ἄλκυόσιν, Δηναίε, μέλεις τάχα: κωφά δὲ μήτηρ
μυρέα ὑπὲρ κρυεροῦ δυρομένη σε τάφον.

293.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

Οὐ χείμα Νικόφημον, οὐκ ἄστρων δύσις
ἀλὸς Λιβύσσης κύμασιν κατέκλυσεν·
ἀλλ' ἐν γαλήνῃ, φεῦ τάλας, ἀνηνέμω
πλώφ πεδηθεῖς, ἐφρύγη δύσευς ὕπο.
καὶ τούτ' ἄχτευν ἔργου· ἀ πόσον κακὸν
ναύταισιν ἢ πνέουτες ἢ μεμυκότες. 5
BOOK VII. 290—293

290.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

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

291.—XENOCRITUS OF RHODES

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

292.—THEON OF ALEXANDRIA

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

293.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

No tempest, no stormy setting of a constellation overwhelmed Nicophemus in the waters of the Libyan Sea. But alas, unhappy man! stayed by a calm he was burnt up by thirst. This too was the work of the winds. Ah, what a curse are they to sailors, whether they blow or be silent!
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294.—ΤΤΛΛΙΟΤ ΛΑΤΡΕΑ
Γρυνέα τόν πρέσβην, τόν ἀλτρώτου ἀπὸ κύμβης
ζώντα, τόν ἀγκιστρος καὶ μογέοντα λύνοις,
ἐκ δεινοῦ τρηχεία Νότου κατέδυσε βάλασσα,
ἐβρασε δὲ εἰς κροκάλν πρώιον ἦλιον,
χειρας ἀποβρωθέντα. τὶς οὐ νὸν ἰχθύσιν εἴποι 5
ἐμεναι, οὐ μοῦνας, αἰς ὅλκοντο, φάγον;

295.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΕΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Θήριον τόν τριγέροντα, τόν εὐάγρων ἀπὸ κύρτων
ζώντα, τόν αἰθύνης πλείονα νηξάμενον,
ἰχθυσίλινστήρα, σαγνάκα, χηραμοδύτην,
οὐχί πολυσκάλομο πλώτορα ναυτιλίης,
ἐμπνευσὶν οὔτ’ Ἀρκτοῦρος ἀπώλεσεν, οὔτε καταγής 5
ήλασε τὰς πολλὰς τῶν ἐτέων δεκάδας·
ἀλλ’ ἔθην ἐν καλύβη σχοινίτιδι, λύχνοις ὅποια,
τῷ μακρῷ σβέσθεις ἐν χρόνῳ αὐτόματος.
σῆμα δὲ τοῦτ’ οὐ παΐδες ἐφημοσαν, οὔτ’ ὀμόλεκτος,
ἀλλὰ συνεργατίνης ἰχθυβόλος θλασος. 10

296.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΚΗΙΟΤ
’Εξ οὗ γὰρ Κύπρων Μῆδων πολλοῖς ὀδεσαντες,
καὶ πόλεμον λαὸν θύρος Ἀρης ἐφέπει,
οὐδαμά ποι κάλλιον ἐπιχοθωνον γένετ’ ἀνδρῶν
ἐργον ἐν ἡπέρῳ καὶ κατὰ πόντον ἀμα.
οἶδε γὰρ ἐν Κύπρῳ Μῆδων πολλοῖς ὀδεσαντες, 5
Φοινίκων ἐκατὸν ναῦς ἔλων ἐν πελάγει
ἀνδρῶν πληθυσόμες· μέγα δὲ ἤστενεν ’Ασίς ὑπ’ αὐτῶν
πληγεῖον’ ἀμφιτέραις χερσὶ κράτει πολέμου.

1 i.e. the season of Aroturus’ setting, September.

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BOOK VII. 294-296

294.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

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

295.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

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

296.—SIMONIDES

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

\(^1\) This is the epitaph of those who fell in Cimon's last campaign in Cyprus (B.C. 449).

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

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Τὸν μέγαν Ἀκροκόρων ΄Αχαιϊκόν, Ἐλλάδος ἀστρόν, καὶ διπλὴν Ἰσθμοῦ σύνδρομον ἡ ὁμνα
Λεύκιος ἐστυφόλιξε· δοριπτοίητα δὲ νεκρῶν ὁστέα σωρευθεὶς εἰς ἑπέχει σκόπελος.
τοὺς δὲ δόμου Πριάμοιο πυρὶ πρῆσαντας ΄Αχαιοὺς ὀκλαύστους κτερέων νόσφισαν Αἰνεάδαι.

Αἰαὶ, τοῦτο κάκιστον, ὅταν κλαίσωι θανόντα νυμφίον ἡ νύμφη· ἡ νίκα δ’ ἀμφοτέρους,
. Ἐξεπολυν ὡς ἀγαθήν τε Δυκαλίου, ὡν ύμέναιον ἐσβεσεν ἐν πρώτῃ νυκτὶ πεσῶν θάλαμος,
οὐκ ἀλλ’ ὥστε κήδος ἵσσορροπον, φ’ ὑ’ μὲν νῦν, ὑ’ Ἕκλαυσάς: Θεύδικε, θυγατέρα.

"Αδ’ ἔσθ’—ἀδεὶ Πλάταια τὶ τοι λέγω;—ἄν ποτε σεισμὸς
ἐλθὼν ἐξεπερνάς κάππακα πανσυδίη.
λείψηθ’ δ’ αὖ μοῦνοι τυθόν γένος: οἱ δὲ θανόντες σὰμ’ ἔρατὰν πάτραν κείμεθ’ ἐφεσσάμενοι.

Ἐνθάδε Πυθώνακτα κασίγνητον τε κέκευθεν
gai’ ἔρατῆς ἡβης πρὶν τέλος ἄκρον ἔδειν.
μνήμα δ’ ἀποφθείμενοι σαμῆ παθή: Μεγάριστος ἐθηκεν ἀθάνατον βυντοῖς παισὶ χαριζόμενος.
BOOK VII. 297–300

297.—POLYSTRATUS

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

298.—ANONYMOUS

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

299.—NICOMACHUS

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

300.—SIMONIDES

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

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

301.—TOY AITOY

Eυκλέας αλά κέκενθε, Δεωνίδα, οί μετὰ σεῖο
τηδ’ έθανον, Σπάρτης εύροχόρου βασιλεύ,
πλείστων δέ τόξων τε καὶ ἀκυπόδων σθένος ἵππων
Μηδείων ἀνδρῶν δεξάμενοι πολέμῳ.

302.—TOY AITOY

Τῶν αὐτῶν τις ἐκαστὸς ἀπολλυμένων ἀνίαται.
Νικόδικον δὲ φίλοι καὶ πόλις ἥδε ἡ πολῆ.

303.—ANTIPATROT SIONNIOT

Τόν μικρὸν Κλεόδημον ἕτο ζώουν γάλακτι,
ἲγνοι ὑπὲρ τοῖχου νηὸς ἔρεισαμενον,
ὁ Θρίξ ἐτύμος Βορέης βάλεν εἰς ἄλσος οἶδμα,
κύμα δ’ ἀπὸ ψυχὴν ἐσβεσε νηπίαχον.
'Ινο, ἀνοικτόρων τις ἐφυς θεός, ἦ Μελικέρτεω
ηλικος οὐκ Ἀιδήν πικρὸν ἀπηλάσαι.

304.—PEISANDROT RODIOT

'Ανδρὶ μὲν 'Ιππαίμων δύομ’ ἤν, ἤπερ δὲ Πόδαργος,
καὶ κυνὶ Δήθαργος, καὶ θεράπωτι Βάβης,
Θεσσαλός, ἐκ Κρήτης, Μάγνης γένος, Αἶμωνος υἱὸς,
ὥλτο δ’ ἐν προμάχοις δεξὼν 'Αρῃ συνάγων.

1 This, on the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae, is doubtless not Simonides', but a later production.
2 i.e. savage.
3 A real epitaph, it seems to me, very naively expressed.
BOOK VII. 301-304

301.—By the Same

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

302.—By the Same

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

303.—Antipater of Sidon

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

304.—Pisander of Rhodes

The man's name was Hippaemon, the horse's Podargos, the dog's Lethargos, and the serving-man's Babes, a Thessalian, from Crete, of Magnesian race, the son of Haemon. He perished fighting in the front ranks.3

Much fun was made of it in Antiquity, as the complicated description of the "état civil" of Hippaemon was maliciously interpreted as comprising the "état civil" of the animals.

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305.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΛΗΝΑΙΟΤ

'Ο γριπεύς Διότημος, ὁ κύμασιν ὀλκάδα πιστήν
κήν χθοῦν τὴν αὐτὴν οίκον ἔχων πενής,
νήρετον ὑπνώσας 'Αδάν τὸν ἀμείλιχον ἦκτο
αὐτερέτης, ἰδίη ἱπτι κομιζόμενος;
ἣν γὰρ ἔχε ξωῆς παραμύθιον, ἐσχεν ὁ πρέσβυς
καὶ φθίμενος πύματον πυρκαίης ὀφείλος.

306.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΣΟΝ

'Αβρότονον Θρήσσα γυνὴ πέλον ἀλλὰ τεκέσθαι
τὸν μέγαν Ἑλλησίν φημι Θεμιστοκλέα.

307.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

α. Ὅνομά μοι. β. Τι δὲ τοῦτο; α. Πατρίς δὲ μοι.
β. Ἐς τι δὲ τοῦτο;
α. Κλεινοῦ δ' εἰμι γένους. β. Εἰ γὰρ ἀφαυροτάτου;
α. Ζήσας δ' εὐδόξως ἔληπτον βίον. β. Εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως;
α. Κείμαι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν. β. Τίς τίνι ταῦτα λέγεις;


308.—ΛΩΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Παιδά με πενταέτηρν, ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα,
νηλευής 'Αδης ἥρπασε Καλλέμαχον.
ἀλλὰ με μὴ κλαίοις· καὶ γὰρ βιότοιο μετέσχον
παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιότοιο κακῶν.

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

305.—ADDAEUS OF MITYLENE

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

306.—ANONYMOUS

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

307.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

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

308.—LUCIANUS

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

309.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Εξηκοντούτης Διονύσιος ἐνθάδε κείμαι, 
Ταρσεύς, μὴ γῆμας: αἴθε δὲ μηδ' ὁ πατήρ.
Alma Strettell, in G. R. Thomson, Selections from the Greek Anthology, p. 48.

310.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Θάψεν δ' με κτείνας κρύπτων φόνον· εἰ δὲ με τύμβῳ 
δωρεῖται, τούτης ἀντιτύχοι χάριτος.

311.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰς τὴν γυναῖκα Λώς

'Ο τύμβος οὗτος ἐνδον οὐκ ἔχει νεκρόν
ὁ νεκρὸς οὗτος ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τάφον,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ νεκρὸς ἔστε καὶ τάφος.

312.—ΑΣΙΝΙΟΤ ΚΟΤΑΔΡΑΤΟΤ

Εἰς τοὺς ἀναρεθέντας ὑπὸ τοῦ τῶν Ῥωμαίων ὑπάτου Σίλα

Οἱ πρὸς Ῥωμαίους δεινὸν στήσαντες Ἀρην 
κείναται, ἀριστείς σύμβολα δεικνύμενοι;
οὐ γὰρ τῆς μετὰ νότα τυπελτος θάνεν, ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντες 
ὁλοντο κρυφίφ καὶ δολερὴθ θανάτῳ.

313.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς Τίμωνα τῶν μισάνθρωπον

'Ενθάδ' ἀπορρήξας ψυχῆν βαρυδαίμονα κείμαι,
τούνομα δ' οὐ πεύσεσθε, κακοὶ δὲ κακώς ἀπόλοισθε.
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BOOK VII. 309-313

309.—ANONYMOUS

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

310.—ANONYMOUS

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

311.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On Lot's Wife

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

312.—ASINIUS QUADRATUS

On those slain by Sulla

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

313.—ANONYMOUS

On Timon the Misanthrope

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

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

314.—ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ

Eis tôn autôn Tîmwna
Mê pòthev eîmê máthês, mêt' ouvôma: plêthn òti
thnîskên
tous par' émhn sthîln en erxoménous èdênw.

315.—ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΣ, ói dè PIANOS

Eis tôn autôn Tîmwna
Trôkhêian kat' êmêu, wpharph kôni, rámuon êlîsous
pántothen, ò skoliês árrha kôla bátôn,
òi õp' émol mêt' õrnis en elarí kodfoun èreîdoi
ìchnos, èrpâmazw ò' õsgka keklâmênos.
ò gar õ mesâvhrwpos, ó mêt' àstôdêi filêtheis
Tîmwn ou'dê 'Aîdhe vnelios eîmê nêkis.

316.—ΛΕΟΝΙΔΑ Η ANTIPATROS

Eis tôn autôn õmôwos
Thn õp' êmêu sthîln parameîbetao, múte me xairêin
eîpôn, mú' õstis, mêt' tinos èksetásas.
ò mú tìn anûsies têleásaîs õdôn: òn dê parêlîgos
sûgê, mú' ou'tos òn anûsies têleásaîs.

317.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Eis tôn autôn Tîmwna

a. Tîmwn (ou gar õt' èsaî), òi tòi, skôtos ò fáos,
eîthrôîn;
b. Ò skôtos: ýmêwv gar plêîones eîn 'Aîdhe.

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BOOK VII. 314-317

(314—320 are on the Same)

314.—PTOLEMAEUS

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

315.—ZENODOTUS or RHIANUS

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

316.—LEONIDAS or ANTIPATER

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

317.—CALLIMACHUS

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

¹ I cannot be regarded as a real citizen of Hades, being the enemy of my fellow ghosts.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

318.—TOY AYTOY
Eis ton auton Timona
Mη chairein eiphs me, kakov kēar, alla parēlthe
Isoun emoi chairein esti to μη se pēlavn.

319.—ADHLON
Eis ton auton Timona
Kal vekus de Timon anghios. su de γ', o pulafer
Ploutwnos, tarbhei, Kerberhe, μη se dakhe.

320.—HHSIPWOT
Eis ton auton Timona mousllhna
'Oxeiai pantai peri ton taphon eiswn akathai
kai skolopes. blāges tovs podas, ἡν προσήθης.
Timon mousanthetaos enoikēw. alla parēlthe,
oimōzēn eipas polla, parēlthe mónon.

321.—ADESPOTON
Gaia filē, ton presbtein 'Amμuntikon entheo kolpois,
pollaw melasmēn tōn ἐπὶ soi kamatoi.
kai gar aeiπtēlawn soi enestēρiezēn elaiyn
pollaki, kai Bromion klēmasen ἡγλαίson,
kai Demos esplhse, kai υδατος aulakas elkaw
thēke mēn eulάχaνon, thēke o ὀπωροφόron.
ἀνθ' oν su prheia kata krotapfo polwio
keis, kai eiarinās anvokomē betaănais.

322.—ADESPOTON
Kunosion 'Idomenēs ora taphon. autar egw toi
plhson òdrumai Mēriōnhe o Mōlon.

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BOOK VII. 318–322

318.—By the Same (?)

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

319.—Anonymous

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

320.—Hegesippus

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

321.—Anonymous

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

322.—Anonymous

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

323.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΠΟΤΩΝ

Εἰς δὲ ἀδελφείους ἐπέχει τάφος· ἐν γὰρ ἐπέσχον ἡμαρ καὶ γεννηχ σοὶ δύο καὶ θανάτου.

324.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΠΟΤΩΝ

"Αδ' ἐγὼ ἁ περίβωτος ὑπὸ πλακῇ τῇδε τέθαμμα, μούρφ ἐνὶ ζώναι ἀνέρι λυσαμένα.

325.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΠΟΤΩΝ

Εἰς τὸν Σαρδανάκαλλον

Τόσσο ἔχω ὅσο ἐφαγόρ καὶ ἔπιον, καὶ μετ' ἐρώτον τέρπυν ἑδάην· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ καὶ ὀλβία πάντα λέειπται.

326.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΤ

Ταῦτ' ἔχω ὅσο ἔμαθον καὶ ἐφρότισα, καὶ μετὰ Μουσῶν

σέμνν ἑδάην· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ καὶ ὀλβία τύφος ἐμαρφέν.


327.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΠΟΤΩΝ

Εἰς Κάσανδρον τὸν ὁραῖον ἐν Δαρίσσῃ κείμενον

Μὴ σύγε θυντὸς ἐών ως ἄθανατός τι λογίζουν·

οὐδέν γὰρ βίοτον πιστὸν ἐφημερίον,

εἰ καὶ τὸν Κάσανδρον ἔχει σορὸς ἢδε θανόντα,

ἀνθρώπον φύσεως ἄξιον ἄθανάτου.

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BOOK VII. 323-327

323.—ANONYMOUS

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

324.—ANONYMOUS

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

325.—ANONYMOUS

On Sardanapallus

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

326.—CRATES OF THEBES

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

327.—ANONYMOUS

On Casandros the beautiful, buried at Larissa

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

328.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Τῆς λίθος οὖν ἐδάκρυσε, σέθεν φθιμένου, Κάσανδρε; τῆς πέτρος, δς τῆς σῆς λήσεται ἀγαλάτης;
ἀλλὰ σε νηλείης καὶ βάσκανος ἀλεσε δαίμων
ηλικίην ὀλήγην εἰκοσιν ἡξ ἑτέων,
δς χήρην ἄλοχον θήκει, μονεροὺς τε τοκῆς
γηραλέους, στυγερῷ πενθεὶ τειρομένους.

329.—ΑΛΔΟ
Μυρτάδα τὴν ἱεραῖς με Διωνύσου παρὰ ληνοῖς
ἀφθονον ἀκρήτον σπασαμένην κύλικα,
οὐ κεύθει φθιμένην βαιή κόνις· ἀλλὰ πίθος μοι,
σύμβολον εὐφροσύνης, τερτυος ἐπεστὶ τάφος.

330.—ΑΛΔΟ
Ἐν τῷ Δορυλαίῳ
Τὴν σορόν, ἂν ἔσορας, ξῶν Μάξιμος αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ
θήκει, ὅπως ναή ταυςάμενος βιότου·
sὺν τὲ, γυνακὶ Καληποδίη τεῦξεν τόδε σῆμα,
δς ἵνα τὴν στοργήν κὴν φθιμένοισιν ἔχοι.

331.—ΑΛΔΟ
Εἰς Ὡρακὰ ἐν Φρυγίᾳ
Τύμμουν ἐμοὶ τοῦτον γαμήτης δωρήσατο Φρούρης,
ἀξιον ἡμετέρης εὐσεβίης στέφανον
λείπο ὅ ἐν θαλάμους γαμήτοι χορὸν εὐκλέα παιδῶν,
πιστὸν ἐμοὶ βιότου μᾶρτυρα σωφροσύνης.
μονογαμόσις θυήσκο, δέκα δ ἐν ξωοίσιν ἔτει ζῶ,
νυμφικὸν εὐτεκνίας καρπὸν ἀειραμένη.

BOOK VII. 328-331

328.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

329.—Anonymous

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

330.—Anonymous

In Dorylaeum

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

331.—Anonymous

At Oracle in Phrygia

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

332.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἀκμονίαν

Αἴνισομοιρὸν Βάρχη μὲ κατέκτανε θηροτρόφον πρὶν,
oú κρίσει ἐν σταδίοις, γυμνασίαις δὲ κλυταῖς.

333.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἀδριανός ἐν Φρυγίᾳ

Μηδὲ καταχθονίοις μετὰ δαιμονίων ἄμμορος εἰς
ήμετέρων δῶρων, ὅν σ᾽ ἐπέοικε τυχεῖν,
ἀμμία, οὐνεκα Νικόμαχος θυγάτηρ τε Διώνη
tύμβου καὶ στήλην σὴν ἐθέμεσθα χάριν.

334.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εὐρέθῃ ἐν Κυκίᾳ

Νηλεῖς ὃ δαίμον, τί δὲ μοι καὶ φέγγος ἔδειξας
eἰς ὀλίγον ἐτέων μέτρα μυστικὰ;
ἡ ἦνα λυπήσεις δοῦ ἐμὴν βιότοιο τελευτήν
μυτέρα δειλαίην δάκρυσι καὶ στοναγαῖς,
ἡ μ᾽ ἐτεχ′, ἡ μ´ ἀτίτηλε, καὶ ἡ πολύ μείζονα πατρὸς
φροντίδα παιδείας ἦνοσεν Ἦμετέρης;
ἡ μὲν γὰρ τυπθὼν τε καὶ ὀρφανὸν ἐν μεγάροισι
καλλίπεν. ἢ δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐμοί πάντας ἐτήλ καμάτουσι.
ἡ μὲν ἐμοὶ φίλον ἦν ἐφ᾽ ἀγνώ ἤγεμονήν
ἐμπροτέμεν μύθοις ἄμφι δικαστολίας. 10
ἀλλὰ μοι οὐ γενύν ὑπεδέξατο κούρμον ἄνθος
ηλικίας ἐρατής, οὐ γάμον, οὐ δαίδας.
BOOK VII. 332–334

332.—ANONYMOUS

At Acmonia

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

333.—ANONYMOUS

At Hadriani in Phrygia

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

334.—ANONYMOUS

Found at Cysicus

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

¹ Bacche must have been a mare which somehow killed him while being trained.
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οὐχ ὑμέναιον ἄεισε περικλυτόν, οὐ τέκος εἰδέ,
δύσποτος, ἐκ γενείς λείψανον ἡμετέρης,
τῆς πολυθρηνήτου· λυπεί δέ με καὶ τεθνεώτα
μητρὸς Πωλίττης πένθος ἀεξόμενον,
Φρόντωνος γοεραῖς ἐπὶ φροντίσων, ἢ τέκε παῖδα
ἀκύμορον, κενεὶν χάρμα φίλης πατρίδος.

335.—ΑΛΔΟ

a. Πωλίττα, τλῆθι πένθος, εύνασον δάκρυν.
pολλαὶ θανόντας ἔδων νεῖς μητέρες.
β. Ἀλλα ὦ τοιοῦτοι τὸν τρόπον καὶ τὸν βίον,
οὐ μητέρων σέβοντας ἡδίστην θέαν.
a. Τί περισσάδερ θρηνεῖς; τί δὲ μάτην ὄδύρεαι;
eἰς κοινῶν Ἀδην πάντες ἥξονσι βροτοί.

336.—ΑΛΔΟ

Γῆραι καὶ πενὴς τετρακένοις, οὐδὲ ὄρεγοντος
οὐδενὸς ἀνθρώπου δυστυχίης ἔρανον,
τοῖς τρομεροῖς κῶλουσιν ὑπῆλυθον ἥρεμα τύμβον,
eὐρων οἴκυρον τέρμα μόλις βιότον.

ηλλικοὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ νεκύων νόμος· οὐ γὰρ
ἐνθυσκών
πρῶτον, ἐπειτ' ἐτάφην· ἀλλὰ ταφεῖς θανοῦν.

337.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μή μὲ θοῶς, κύδιστε, παρέρχει τύμβον, ὀδίτα,
σοῖς ἀκομήτους ποσσί, κελευθοπόρε·
dερκόμενος δ' ἐρέεινε, τίς ἢ πόθεν; Ἀρμονίαν γὰρ
γνώσεαι, ἢς γενεῇ λάμπεται ἐν Μεγάροις.

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BOOK VII. 334-337

me, nor looked, poor woman, upon a child of mine who would keep the memory of our lamented race alive. Yea, even in death it grieves me sore, the ever-growing sorrow of my mother Politta as she mourns and thinks of her Fronto, she who bore him short-lived, an empty delight of our dear country.

335.—Anonymous

A. "Politta, support thy grief and still thy tears; many mothers have seen their sons dead." B. "But not such as he was in character and life, not so reverencing their mother's dearest face." A. "Why mourn in vain, why this idle lamentation? All men shall come to Hades."

336.—Anonymous

Worn by age and poverty, no one stretching out his hand to relieve my misery, on my tottering legs I went slowly to my grave, scarce able to reach the end of my wretched life. In my case the law of death was reversed, for I did not die first to be then buried, but I died after my burial.

337.—Anonymous

Do not, most noble wayfarer, pass by the tomb hurrying on thy way with tireless feet, but look on it, and ask "Who art thou, and whence?" So shalt thou know Harmonia whose family is illustrious in Megara. For in her one could observe
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πάντα γάρ, δοσα βροτοίσι φέρει κλέος, ἣν ἰδέσθαι, 5
eινενήν ἔματιν, θεα, σωφροσύνην.
tολής τυμβον αὖθρησθαν, ἐς σώμαν γάρ ἄταρπον
ψυχή παπταῖνε σῶμ’ ἀπονυσσαμένη.

338.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

“Αδε τοι, Ἀρχίου νιὲ Περίκλεες, ἀ λαίνα ἴγω
ἐστακα στάλα, μνάμα κυναγεσίας:
πάντα δέ τοι περὶ σάμα τετεύχαται, ἱπποι, ἀκοντες,
αἱ κύνες, αἱ στάλικες, δίκτυ ὑπὲρ σταλικών,
αἰαῖ, λαίνα πάντα, περιτροχάουσι δὲ θήρες:
ἀυτὸς δ’ εἰκοσάτας νήγρετον ὑπνον ἕχεις.

339.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐδὲν ἀμαρτήσας γενόμην παρὰ τῶν με τεκόντων
γεννηθεὶς δ’ ὁ τάλας ἐρχομαι εἰς Ἀἰδήν.
ὁ μιξίς γονέων θανατηφόρος. ὁ μοι ἀνάγκης,
ἡ με προσπελάσει τῷ στυγερῷ θανάτῳ.
οὐδὲν ἐών γενόμην. πάλιν ἐσσομαι, ὡς πάρος,
oüdein:
oüdein kai μηδέν τῶν μερόπων τὸ γένος:
λοιπὸν μοι τὸ κύπελλον ἀποστίλβωσον, ἐταῖρε,
kai λύπης ἔδυνην τὸν Βρομιὼν πάρεχε.

340.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εὐρέθε ἐν Θεσσαλονίκη

Νικόπολιν Μαράθωνος ἐθήκατο τῇ ἄνει πέτρῃ,
ἀμβρόσεας δακρύοις λάβοικα μαρμάρην.
ἀλλ’ οὐδὲν πλέον ἔσχε: τι γάρ πλέον ἀνέρι κήδεως
μοῦν ὑπὲρ γαίης, οἰχομένης ἄλοχον;

A. Esdaille, Lux Juventutis, p. 79.
BOOK VII. 337-340

all things which bring fame to men, a loveable nobility, a gentle character and virtue. Such was she whose tomb you look on; her soul putting off the body strives to gain the paths of heaven.

338.—Anonymous

Here stand I, O Pericles, son of Archias, the stone stele, a record of thy chase. All are carved about thy monument; thy horses, darts, dogs, stakes and the nets on them. Alas! they are all of stone; the wild creatures run about free, but thou aged only twenty sleepest the sleep from which there is no awakening.

339.—Anonymous

(Not Sepulchral)

It was not for any sin of mine that I was born of my parents. I was born, poor wretch, and I journey towards Hades. Oh death-dealing union of my parents! Oh for the necessity which will lead me to dismal death! From nothing I was born, and again I shall be nothing as at first. Nothing, nothing is the race of mortals. Therefore make the cup bright, my friend, and give me wine the consoler of sorrow.

340.—Anonymous

Found in Thessalonica

Marathonis laid Nicopolis in this sarcophagus, bedewing the marble chest with tears. But it profited him naught. What is left but sorrow for a man alone in the world, his wife gone?
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341.—ΠΡΟΚΛΩΤ
Πρόκλος ἔγω Δύκιος γενόμην γένος, διὸ Συμιανὸς ἐνθάδ’, ἀμοιβὴν ἔδω θρέψῃ διδασκαλίας.
ξυνὸς δ’ ἀμφοτέρων δὲ σῶματα δέξατο τύμβοι, αἰθὴ δὲ καὶ ψυχᾶς χῶρος ἐκεῖ λειάχοι.

342.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Κάθθανον, ἀλλὰ μένῳ σε· μενεῖς δέ τε καὶ σὺ τῶν ἄλλων,
πάντας ὁμοὶς θυητοὺς εἰς 'Αἰδῆς δέχεται.
W. H. D. Rouse, An Echo of Greek Song, p. 41.

343.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Πατέρου λυγμοῦν, ἐπήρατον, ἔλαχε τύμβος,
Μιλτιάδου φίλον νιὰ καὶ Ἀττικῆς βαρυτλήστον,
Κεκροπίας βλάστημα, κλυτὸν γένος Αλακιδάων,
ἐμπλεον Αὐσονίων θεσμῶν σοφίς τ’ ἀναπάσης,
τῶν πισύρων ἄρετῶν ἀμαρίγματα πάντα φέροντα· 5
ἡθον χαρίεντα, τὸν ἠρπασε μόρσιμος αἰσθ.,
οία τε ἀγαλαμορφον ἀπὸ χθανὸς ἔρνος ἁθῆς,
eἰκοσικαιτέτρατον βιότου λυκάβαντα περῶντα·
λείψε φίλοις δὲ τοκεύσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἁλαστον.

344A.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΩΤ
Θηρῶν μὲν κάρτιστος ἔγω, θνατῶν δ’ διὸ ἔγω νῦν
φρουρῶ, τῷ δε τάφῳ λαῖβω ἐμβεβαῖος.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 6.

344B.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
’Αλλ’ εἰ μὴ θυμῶν γε Δέων ἐμὸν σώματά τ’ εἴχεν,
οὐκ δὲν ἔγω τύμβοι τῷ ἔπεθηκα πόδας.
BOOK VII. 341–344B

341.—PROCLUS

I am Proclus of Lycia, whom Syrianus educated here to be his successor in the school. This our common tomb received the bodies of both, and would that one place might receive our spirits too.

342.—ANONYMOUS

I am dead, but await thee, and thou too shalt await another. One Hades receives all mortals alike.

343.—ANONYMOUS

The tomb possesses Paterius, sweet-spoken and loveable, the dear son of Miltiades and sorrowing Atticia, a child of Athens of the noble race of the Aeacidae, full of knowledge of Roman law and of all wisdom, endowed with the brilliance of all the four virtues, a young man of charm, whom Fate carried off, even as the whirlwind uproots a beautiful sapling. He was in his twenty-fourth year and left to his dear parents undying lament and mourning.

344A.—SIMONIDES

I am the most valiant of beasts, and most valiant of men is he whom I guard standing on this stone tomb.¹

344B.—CALLIMACHUS

Never, unless Leo had had my courage and strength would I have set foot on this tomb.²

¹ Probably on the tomb of Leonidas, on which stood a lion, alluding to his name.
² On the tomb of one Leo, on which stood a lion.
345.—ΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Έγω Φιλανίς ἢ πίθωτος ἀνθρώποις ἐνταῦθα γήρα τῷ μακρὸν κεκολμημέναι.
μή με, ὥμως χαίτα, τὴν ἄκραν κάμπτων,
χλεύην τε ποιεῖ καὶ γέλωτα καὶ λάσθην.
οὐ γάρ, μᾶλ τῶν Ζηνοί οὐδὲ τοὺς κάτω Κούρον,
οὐκ ἦν ἐς ἄνδρας μάχλος οὐδὲ δημώδης.
Πολυκράτης δὲ τὴν γονὴν Ἀθηναίων,
λόγον τι παιπάλημα καὶ κακὴ γλώσσα,
ἐγραψεν οὐ' ἐγραψ', ἐγώ γάρ οὐκ οἶδα.

346.—ΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τούτῳ τοι ἠμετέρης μνημήν, ἔσθελε Σαβίνε,
ἡ λίθος ἡ μικρή, τῆς μεγάλης φιλίης.
αιεί ζητήσω σε· σοῦ δ', εἰ θέμειν, ἐν φθιμένοισιν
τοῦ Λήθης ἕπ', ἐμοὶ μή τι πίης ὦδατος.

Goldwin Smith, in The Greek Anthology (Bohn), xliv.

347.—ΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οὗτος Ἀδειμάντος κεῖνον τάφος, οὗ διὰ θουλᾶς
Ἐλλάς ἐλευθερίας ἀμφέθετο στέφανον.

Δ. Esdaile, Lux Juventutis, p. 80.

348.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Πολλὰ τιῶν καὶ πολλὰ φαγών, καὶ πολλὰ κάκ' εἶπών
ἀνθρώπους, κεῖμαι Τιμοκρέων Ρώδιοις.

W. Peter, in his Specimens, p. 53; W. H. D. Rouse, An
Echo of Greek Song, p. 72.
BOOK VII. 345-348

345.—ANONYMOUS

I Philæenis, celebrated among men, have been laid to rest here, by extreme old age. Thou silly sailor, as thou roundest the cape, make no sport and mockery of me; insult me not. For by Zeus I swear and the Infernal Lords I was not lascivious with men or a public woman; but Polycrates the Athenian, a cozener in speech and an evil tongue, wrote whatever he wrote; for I know not what it was.¹

346.—ANONYMOUS

In Corinth

This little stone, good Sabinus, is a memorial of our great friendship. I shall ever miss thee; and if so it may be, when with the dead thou drinkest of Lethe, drink not thou forgetfulness of me.

347.—ANONYMOUS

This is the tomb of that Adeimantus through whose counsel Greece put on the crown of freedom.²

348.—SIMONIDES

Here I lie, Timocreon of Rhodes, after drinking much and eating much and speaking much ill of men.

¹ A certain obscene book was attributed to Philæenis.
² The Corinthian admiral at the battle of Salamis.
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349.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Βαϊνα φαγών καὶ βαϊνα πιών καὶ πολλὰ νοσήσας,
οψὲ μὲν, ἀλλ' ἔθανον. ἔρρετε πάντες ὁμοῦ.

350.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ναυτίλε, μὴ πεῦθου τίνος ἐνθάδε τύμβος ὃδ' εἰμὶ,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς πόντου τύγχανε χρηστοτέρου.

351.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Οὐ μὰ τόδε φθιμένων σέβας ὄρκιον, αἰδὲ Δυκάμβεω,
اء λάχομεν στυγερὴν κληδόνα, θυγατέρες,
οὔτε τι παρθενίην ἡσύχων, οὔτε τοκῆς,
οὔτε Πάρου νήσων αἰτυτάτην ἱερῶν.
ἀλλὰ καθ’ ἱμετέρης γενεῆς μνημόνιον δνείδος
φήμην τε στυγερὴν ἐβλυσεν 'Αρχιλόχος.
'Αρχιλόχον, μὰ θεοῦς καὶ δαιμονᾶς, οὔτ' ἐν ἀγνιαῖς
ἐιδομέν, οὔθ' Ἡρῆς ἐν μεγάλῳ τεμένει.
εἰ δὲ ἤμεν μάχλοι καὶ ἀτάσθαλοι, οὐκ ἂν ἐκεῖνος
ἔθελεν ἐξ ἡμέων γνήσια τέκνα τεκείν.

352.—ἈΔΕΧΠΟΤΩΝ, οί δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΩΤ

Δεξιτερὴν 'Αἰδαο θεοῦ χέρα καὶ τὰ κελαῦνα
δρομέων ἄρρητον δεμνία Περσεφόνης,
παρθένοι ὦς ἐτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονί· πολλὰ δ' ὁ
πικρὸς
αἰσχρὰ καθ’ ἱμετέρης ἐβλυσε παρθενίης

1 i.e. this our tomb.
2 Archilochus had accused them of disgraceful conduct in these public places.

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BOOK VII. 349-352

349.—ANONYMOUS

After eating little and drinking little and suffering much sickness I lasted long, but at length I did die. A curse on you all!

350.—ANONYMOUS

Ask not, sea-farer, whose tomb I am, but thyself chance upon a kinder sea.

351.—DIOSCORIDES

Nor, by this,¹ the solemn oath of the dead, did we daughters of Lycambes, who have gotten such an evil name, ever disgrace our maidenhead or our parents or Paros, queen of the holy islands; but Archilochus poured on our family a flood of horrible reproach and evil report. By the gods and demons we swear that we never set eyes on Archilochus, either in the streets or in Hera's great precinct.² If we had been wanton and wicked, he would never have wished lawful children born to him by us.³

352

ANONYMOUS, BY SOME ATTRIBUTED TO MELEAGER

We swear by the right hand of Hades and the dark couch of Persephone whom none may name,⁴ that we are truly virgins even here under ground; but bitter Archilochus poured floods of abuse on

³ Archilochus is only said to have married one of them.
⁴ i.e. whose mystic name it was not allowed to utter.

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353.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τῆς ποληῆς τὸ δέ σήμα Μαρωνίδος, ἢς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
γυλυπτῆν ἐκ πέτρας αὐτὸς ὅρας κύλικα.
ὡς δὲ φιλάκρητος καὶ ἀείλαλος ὅποι ἐπὶ τέκνοις
μῦρεται, ὡς τεκέων ἄκτεάνω πατέρῃ:
ἐν δὲ τὸν αἰάξι καὶ ὕπ' ἡρίων, ὅτι τὸ Βάρχουν
ἀρμενον οὐ βάρχου πλήρεις ἐπεστὶ τάφῳ.

354.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΛΙΚΟΤ

Παιδῶν Μηδελής οὗτος τάφος, ὡς ὁ πυρίπνους
ξαλός τῶν Γλαύκης θύμι ἐποίησε γάμων,
οἷς αἰεὶ πέμπει μειλίγματα Σινυφίς αἴα,
μητρὸς ἀμείλικτον θυμὸν ἱλασκομένα.

355.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

Τὴν ἰλαρὰν φωνὴν καὶ τίμων, ὁ παριόντες,
τῷ χρήστῳ "χαίρειν" εἰπατε Πραξιτέλει:
ἣν δ' ὀνήμων Μουσέων ἱκανὴ μερίς, ἡδὲ παρ' ὁινῷ
κρήγυνος. ὁ χαίροις Ἀνδρει Πραξιτέλες.

356.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τινα ὑπὸ λροτοῦ ἀναμβέθνατα καὶ ὅπ' αὐτοῦ πάλιν
θαπτόμενον
Ζωὴν συλίσθας, δορᾶ τάφον, ἄλλα μὲ κρύπτεις,
οὐθάπτεις, τολυν καίτος δναίμον τάφου.

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BOOK VII. 352-356

our maidenhood, directing to no noble end but to war with women the noble language of his verse. Ye Muses, why to do favour to an impious man, did ye turn upon girls those scandalous iambics?

353.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This is the monument of grey-haired Maronis, on whose tomb you see a wine cup carved in stone. She the wine-bibber and chatterer, is not sorry for her children or her children’s destitute father, but one thing she laments even in her grave, that the device of the wine-god on the tomb is not full of wine.

354.—GAETULICUS

This is the tomb of Medea’s children, whom her burning jealousy made the victims of Glauce’s wedding. To them the Corinthian land ever sends peace-offerings, propitiating their mother’s implacable soul.

355.—DAMAGETUS

Bid good Praxiteles “hail,” ye passers-by, that cheering and honouring word. He was well gifted by the Muses and a jolly after-dinner companion. Hail, Praxiteles of Andros!

356.—ANONYMOUS

On one who was killed by a robber and then buried by him

You robbed me of my life, and then you give me a tomb. But you hide me, you don’t bury me. May you have the benefit of such a tomb yourself!
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

357.—ΑΔΔΟ
Eis tòn autòn
Κάν με κατακρύπτησ, ὡς οὐδενὸς ἀνδρὸς ὀρῶντος,
δύμα Δίκης καθορᾶ πάντα τὰ γινόμενα.

358.—ΑΔΔΟ
Eis tòn autòn
'Εκτανες, εἰτὰ μ’ ἔθαπτες, ἀτάσθαλε, χερσὶν ἐκείνας.
αἰς μὲ διεχρῆσο· μὴ σε λάθοι Νέμεσις.

359.—ΑΔΔΟ
Eis tòn autòn
Εἰ με νέκυν κατέθαπτες ἰδὼν οἰκτίρμονι θυμῷ,
eἰχ̄̄ς ἂν ἐκ μακάρων μισθὸν ἐπ’ εὐσεβίᾳ.
νῦν δ’ ὅτε δὴ τύμβῳ με κατακρύπτεις ὁ φονεύσας,
tὸν αὐτῶν μετέχοις ὅντερ ἐμοὶ παρέχεις.

360.—ΑΔΔΟ
Eis tòn autòn
Χερσὶ κατακτείνας τάφον ἐκτισάς, οὔχ ἴνα θάψῃς,
ἀλλὰ ἴνα με κρύψῃς· ταύτῳ δὲ καὶ σὺ πάθοις.

361.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τι πατὴρ τὸδε σῆμα· τὸ δ’ ἐμπαλὼν ἢν τὸ δίκαιον
ἡν δὲ δικαιοσύνης ὁ φθόνος ἄξυτερος.

362.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν σορὸς ἢδε κέκευθεν
Ἄετίου χρηστοῦ, ῥήτορος ἐκπρεπεός.
BOOK VII. 357–362

(357–360 are anonymous variants on the same theme)

357

Though you hide me as if no one saw you, the eye of Justice sees all that happens.

358

Wretch! you killed and then buried me with those hands that slew me. May you not escape Nemesis.

359

If you had found me dead and buried me out of pity, the gods would have rewarded you for your piety. But now that you who slew me hide me in a tomb, may you meet with the same treatment that I met with at your hands.

360

Having killed me with your hands you build me a tomb, not to bury me, but to hide me. May you meet with the same fate!

361.—Anonymous

The father erects this tomb to his son. The reverse had been just, but Envy was quicker than Justice.

362.—Philippus of Thessalonica

Here the sarcophagus holds the holy head of good Aetius, the distinguished orator. To the house of
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

363.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

†Τετμενάνης δὲ τύμβος εὐγλύπτου μετάλλου ἤρωος μεγάλου νέκυος κατὰ σῶμα καλύπτει Ζηνοδότου· ψυχὴ δὲ κατ’ οὐρανόν, ἡχὴ περ᾽ Ορφεὺς, ἡχὶ Πλάτων, ἱερὰν θεοδέγμανα θάκον ἐφεύρεν. Ἰππεὺς μὲν γὰρ ἐπὶ βασιλῆιος ἀλκιμος ὦτος, κύδιμος, ἀρτιετής, θεοείκειος· έν δ’ ἄρα μύθοις Σωκράτεος μύθμα παρ᾽ Αὐσονίοις εὐκαθή· παισὶ δὲ καλλείψας πατρὸιον αἰσιον ὦιβον, ἁμογέρων τέθυκε, λιπῶν ἀπερείσιον ἄνγος εὐγενεῖσθαι φίλοις καὶ ἄστει καὶ πολιήταις.

364.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἀκρίδι καὶ τέττυγι Μυρῶ τὸ δὲ θήκατο σῆμα, λυτὴν ἀμφότεροις χερσὶ βαλοῦσα κόνιν, ἱμερὰ δακρύσασα πυρῆς ἐπὶ· τὸν γὰρ ἀοιδὸν Ἄδης, τὴν δ’ ἐτέρην ἠρπάσε Περσεφώνη.

365.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΤ, τοῦ καὶ ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Ἄιδρ δὲ ταύτης καλαμόδεος ὕδατι λίμνης κωπεύεις νεκύων βάρων, ἔλων ὄδυνην, τῷ Κινύρου τὴν χείρα βατηρίδος ἐμβαίνοντι κλῆμακος ἐκτείνας, δέξο, κελαινὲ Χάρων· πλάζει γὰρ τὸν πάτα πᾶ σάνδαλα· γυμνὰ δὲ θείαι· ἰχνα δειμαίνει φόμμου ἐπ᾽ ἱονίῃν.
BOOK VII. 362-365

Hades went his body, but his soul in Olympus rejoices with Zeus and the other gods . . . . ., but neither eloquence nor God can make man immortal.

363.—ANONYMOUS

This tomb of polished metal covers the body of the great hero Zenodotus; but his soul has found in heaven, where Orpheus and Plato are, a holy seat fit to receive a god. He was a valiant knight in the Emperor's service, famous, eloquent, god-like; in his speech he was a Latin copy of Socrates. Bequeathing to his children a handsome fortune, he died while still a vigorous old man, leaving infinite sorrow to his noble friends, city and citizens.

364.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Myro made this tomb for her grasshopper and cicada, sprinkling a little dust over them both and weeping regretfully over their pyre; for the songster was seized by Hades and the other by Persephone.

365

ZONAS OF SARDIS, ALSO CALLED DIODORUS

Dark Charon, who through the water of this reedy lake rowest the boat of the dead to Hades . . . reach out thy hand from the mounting-ladder to the son of Cinyras as he embarks, and receive him; for the boy cannot walk steadily in his sandals,¹ and he fears to set his bare feet on the sand of the beach.

¹ The meaning is that he died at an age when he had not yet begun to wear sandals, so these were his first pair.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

366.—ΑΝΤΙΣΤΙΩΤ

'Αφ' ου προχοίς σε, Μενέστρατε, καὶ σε, Μένανδρε, Λαιλαψ Καρπαθίη, καὶ σε πόρος Σικελιδὸς ὁλεθεὶν ἐν πόντῳ, Διονύσιος ἐτέλεσεν ἀλγος 'Ελλάδι τοὺς πάντων κρέσσονας ἀθλοφόρων.

367.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Αὔσονος Ἡγερίου με λέγειν νέκυιν, ὑ μετίστε υπόφην ὁβεδαλμοῦς ἀμβλυ κατέσχε νέφος, ὄμμασι δὲ πυκνὴν συναπέσβεσε μούνον ἱδόντος κούρην. Ἀφ' ἑτείρης, Ἡλε, θευμορίης, ἔρροι δὴ κεῖο γ' θυεραὶς σέλας, εἰ Ἔρεμαιος Ἵψε μιν οὐκ ἔθελων, εἴτ' Ἀδης ἔθελων.

368.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

'Αθῆνας ἐγὼ κείνη γὰρ ἐμὴ πόλεις ἐκ δέ μ' Ἀθηνῶν λογισμὸς Ἀρχεὶς Ἰταλῶν πρὶν ποτ' ἐληίσατο, καὶ θέτω Ῥωμαίων πολυτίδας νῦν δὲ θανοῦσας οὔτε νησαίη Κύκλος ἦμφιάσε. χαίρων ἡ δρέψα, καὶ ἡ μετέπετα λαχύσα χθών με, καὶ ἡ κόλπους ύστατα δεξαμένη.

369.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Αντιπάτρου ρητῆρος ἐγὼ τάφος ἡλίκα δ' ἐπειτ' ἔργα, Πανελλήνων πεῦθεο μαρτυρίης. κεῖται δ' ἀμφηριστὸς, Ἀθηνόθεν, εἴτ' ἀπὸ Νείλου ἤν γένος ἡπείρων δ' ἂξιος ἀμφιετέρων. ἀπεα καὶ δ' ἀλλως ἐνὸς αἰματος, ὡς λόγος Ἐλλήνων κλήρως δ' ἡ μὲν ἀεὶ Παλλάδος, ἡ δὲ Διός.
BOOK VII. 366–369

366.—ANTISTIUS

To thee, Menestratus, the mouth of the Aous was fatal; to thee, Menander, the tempest of the Carpathian Sea; and thou, Dionysius, didst perish at sea in the Sicilian Strait. Alas, what grief to Hellas! the best of all her winners in the games gone.

367.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Say that I am the corpse of Italian Egeria whose eyes when he went to meet his bride were veiled by a dim cloud, which extinguished his life together with his eyesight, after he had but seen the girl. Alas, O Sun, that heaven allotted him such a fate! Cursed be that envious wedding torch, whether unwilling Hymen lit or willing Hades.

368.—ERYCIUS

I am a woman of Athens, for that is my birthplace, but the destroying sword of the Italians long ago took me captive at Athens and made me a citizen of Rome, and now that I am dead Island Cyzicus covers my bones. Hail ye three lands, thou which didst nourish me, thou to which my lot took me afterwards and thou that didst finally receive me in thy bosom.

369.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I am the tomb of the orator Antipater. Ask all Greece to testify to his inspiration. He lies here, and men dispute whether his birth was from Athens or from Egypt; but he was worthy of both continents. For the matter of that, the lands are of one blood, as Greek legend says, but the one is ever allotted to Pallas and the other to Zeus.

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370.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Βάκχῳ καὶ Μούσῃ μεμηλότα, τὸν Διοπείδον,
Κεκροπίδην ὄψι' ἐμοὶ, ἔμειν, Μένανδρον ἔξω,
ἐν τυρί τὴν ὀλίγην δε ἔχει κόμιν· εἰ δὲ Μένανδρον
dίζηαι, δῆες ἐν Δίδς ἢ μακάρων.

371.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Γῆ μεν καὶ μήτηρ κυκλήσκετο· γῆ με καλύπτει
καὶ νεκυν. οὐ κείνης ἢ δε χερειστέρη·
ἔσσομαι εν ταύτῃ δηρόν χρόνων· ἐκ δὲ μὲ μητρὸς
ὁρπασεν ἡλίου καῖμα τὸ θερμότατον.
κείμαι δ' εν ξείνη, ὑπὲρ χερμάδι, μακρὰ γοηθεῖς.

'Ιναχος, εἰπεδῆς Κριναγόρου θεράπων.

372.—ΛΟΛΙΟΤ ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Γαία Ταραντίνων, ἤχε μεϊλιχος ἀνέρος ἐσθλοῦ
tόντε νεκυν. ψεύσται δαιμονες ἀμερίων·
η γάρ ἐων Θήβηθεν Ἀτύμνοις οὐκέτι πρόσω
ἐνυσεν, ἀλλὰ τεν βάλον ῥαμκίσατο·
ορφανικώ δ' ἐπὶ παιδὶ λυτῶν βίον, εὖν ἐθηκεν
ὀφθαλμῶν. κείνω τὸ 

373.—ΘΑΛΛΟΤ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΤ

Δισσὰ φάη, Μιλητε, τεῆς βλαστήματα γαῖς,
'Ιταλίς ὁκυμόρους ἀμφεκάλυψε κόμις·
πένθεα δὲ στεφάνων ἠλάξας· λείψανα δ', αἰαὶ,
ἔδρακες ἐν βαἰη κάλπιδι κευθόμενα.
φεῦ, πάτρα τριτάλαινα· πόθεν πάλιν ἡ πότε τοίους
ἀστέρας αὐχέσεις Ἐλλάδι λαμπρομένους;

1 Stadtmüller suggests ξείνη, and I render so.

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BOOK VII. 370-373

370.—DIODORUS

Menander of Athens, the son of Diopeithes, the friend of Bacchus and the Muses, rests beneath me, or at least the little dust he shed in the funeral fire. But if thou seestest Menander himself thou shalt find him in the abode of Zeus or in the Islands of the Blest.

371.—CRINAGORAS

Earth was my mother’s name,¹ and earth too covers me now I am dead. No worse is this earth than the other: in this I shall lie for long, but from my mother the violent heat of the sun snatched me away and in a strange earth I lie under a stone, Inachus, the much bewept and the obedient servant of Crinagoras.

372.—LOLLIUS BASSUS

Earth of Tarentum, keep gently this body of a good man. How false are the guardian divinities of mortal men! Atymnius, coming from Thebes,² got no further, but settled under thy soil. He left an orphan son, whom his death deprived, as it were, of his eyes. Lie not heavy upon the stranger.

373.—THALLUS OF MILETUS

Two shining lights, Miletus, sprung from thee, doth the Italian earth cover, dead each ere his prime. Thou hast put on mourning instead of garlands, and thou seeest, alas, their remains hidden in a little urn. Alack, thrice unhappy country! Whence and when shalt thou have again two such stars to boast of, shedding their light on Greece?

¹ I take this literally. The name of the slave’s mother was Ἐδή (Earth). ² A place in Italy not far from Tarentum.
374.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Δύσμορος ἐκρύβθην πόντῳ νέκυς, ὡς παρὰ κύμα
ἐκλαυσεν μήτηρ μυρία Δυστίκη,
ψεύστην αἰγάξουσα κενὸν τάφον, ἀλλὰ μὲ δαίμον
ἀπνοιαὶς θήκεν ὀμορρόθιον.
Πυνταγόρην ἔσχον δὲ κατ’ Αἰγαῖν ἁλα πότμον, 5
πρυμνοῦχον στέλλων ἐκ Βορέαο κάλους.
ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ὡς ναύτην ἐλιτον δρόμον, ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ νηὸς
ἀλλην πάρ φθιμένοις εἰσανέβην ἀκατον.

375.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Δώματα μοι σεισθέντα κατήριπεν. ἄλλ’ ἐμὸς ἀπτῶς
ἡν θάλαμος, τοῖχων ὀρθὰ τιναξαμένων,
ois ὑποφαλεύουσαν ὑπῆλθον αἱ κακόμοιροι
ἀδίνες: σεισμὸ ὧν ἐμεῖα φόβον.
μαῖα δὲ μοι λοχίων αὐτῇ φύσις: ἀμφότεροι δὲ
κοινὸν ὑπὲρ γαιῆς εἴδομεν ἡλιον. 5

376.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Δείλαιοι, τί κεναῖσιν ἀλώμεθα θαρσήσαντες
ἐλπίσατε, ἀτηροῦ ληθόμενοι βανάτου;
ἡν δὲ καὶ μύθοι καὶ ἠθές πάντα Σέλευκος
ἄρτιος, ἄλλ’ ἡμής βαίον ἑπαρόμενος,
ὑστάτοις ἐν Ἰβροί, τῶσον δίχα τηλόθι Δέσβου, 5
κεῖται ἀμετρήτων ξείνοις ἐπ’ αἰγιαλῶν.

377.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ ὑπὸ χθονὶ κεῖται, ἡμῶς ἐτι καὶ κατὰ πίσσαν
τοῦ μαρογλώσσου χεῖνετε Παρθενίου,
BOOK VII. 374–377

374.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

My ill-fated body was covered by the sea, and beside the waves my mother, Lysidice, wept for me much, gazing at my false and empty tomb, while my evil genius sent my lifeless corpse to be tossed with the sea-gulls on the deep. My name was Pnytagoras and I met my fate on the Aegean, when taking in the stern cables because of the north-wind. Yet not even so did I end my voyage, but from my ship I embarked on another boat among the dead.¹

375.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

(Not Sepulchral)

My house collapsed with the earthquake; yet my chamber remained erect, as its walls stood the shock. There while I lay, as if hiding in a cave, the unhappy labour-pains overtook me, and another dread was mingled with that of the earthquake. Nature herself was the midwife, and the child and I both together saw the sun above the earth.

376.—CRINAGORAS

Unhappy men! why do we wander confiding in empty hopes, oblivious of painful death? Here was this Seleucus so perfect in speech and character; but after enjoying his prime but for a season, in Spain, at the end of the world, so far from Lesbos, he lies a stranger on that uncharted coast.

377.—ERYCIUS

Even though he lies under earth, still pour pitch on soul-mouthed Parthenius, because he vomited on the

¹ i.e. Charon's.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὖνεκα Πιερίδεσσιν ἐνήμεσε μυρία κείνα
φλέγματα καὶ μυσαρῶν ἀπλυσίην ἐλέγων.
ήλασε καὶ μανίς ἐπὶ δή τόσον, διότι ἀγορεύσαι
πηλῶν 'Ὀδυσσείην καὶ βάτον Ἡμίάδα.
tοιγάρ ὑπὸ ζοφίασιν Ἐρινύσιν ἀμμέσον ἦπται
Κωκυτοῦ κλοιῷ λαμόν ἀπαγχόμενος.

378.—ἈΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

"Εφθανεν Ἡλιόδωρος, ἐφέσπετο δ', οὐδ' ὅσον ὥρη
ὑστερον, ἀνδρείς φίλω Διογένεια δάμαρ.
ἀμφῶ δ', ὡς ἀμ' ἔναιον, ὑπὸ πλακι τυμβεύονται,
ἐξυνὸν ἀγαλλόμενοι καὶ τάφον ὡς θάλαμον.

A. Esdaile, Lux Juventutis, p. 81.

379.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

a. Εἰπέ, Δικαιάρχεια, τι σοι τόσον εἰς ἄλα χώμα
βέβληται, μέσον γενόμενον πελάγους;
Κυκλώπων τάδε χείρες ἐνιδρύσαντο θαλάσσῃ
τεῖχεα· μέχρι τόσον, Γαῖα, βιαζόμεθα;
β. Κύσμον νητήν δέχομαι στόλον" εἰσὶδε 'Ρώμην
ἐγγίθεν, εἰ ταύτης μετρον ἔχω λιμένα.

380.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ τὸ σῆμα λυγίνης ἀπὸ πλακὸς
καὶ ξεστὸν ὅρθῇ λαστέκτους στάθμη,
οὐκ ἀνδρὸς ἐσθλοῦ. μὴ λίθῳ τεκμαίρεσο,
BOOK VII. 377–380

Muses those floods of bile, and the filth of his repulsive elegies. So far gone was he in madness that he called the Odyssey mud and the Iliad a bramble. Therefore he is bound by the dark Furies in the middle of Cocythus, with a dog-collar that chokes him round his neck.¹

378.—APOLLONIDES

Heliodorus went first, and in even less than an hour his wife, Diogenia, followed her dear husband. Both, even as they dwelt together, are interred under one stone, happy to share one tomb, as erst to share one chamber.

379.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

(Note Sepulchral)

A. “Tell me, Dicaearchia,² why thou hast built thee so vast a mole in the sea, reaching out to the middle of the deep? They were Cyclopes’ hands that planted such walls in the sea. How long, O Land, shalt thou do violence to us?” B. “I can receive the navies of the world. Look at Rome hard by; is not my harbour as great as she?”

380.—CRINAGORAS

Though the monument be of Parian marble, and polished by the mason’s straight rule, it is not a good man’s. Do not, good sir, estimate the dead by the

¹ This Parthenius, who lived in the time of Hadrian, was known as the “scourge of Homer.”
² Puteoli. The sea is supposed to be addressing the town.
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δι ληστε, τὸν θανόντα. κωφὸν ἡ λίθος,
tῇ καὶ ξοφόδης ἀμφιέννυται νέκυς.
κείται δὲ τῇ δε τόλυγηπελές ἦρκος
Εὐνυκίδαο, σήτεται δ’ ἐπὶ σποδῆ.

381.—ΕΤΡΟΤΣΚΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΗΣ

’Η μία καὶ βιότοιο καὶ ’Αίδος ἤγαγεν εἰς
ναύς ’Ιεροκλείδην, κοινὰ λαχούσα τέλη.
ἐτρεφεν ἠχυβολεύντα, κατέφλεγε τεθνείτα,
σύμπλος εἰς ἀγην, σύμπλος εἰς ’Αίδην.
ὀλθίος ὁ γριπτοὶς ἵδη καὶ πόντων ἐπέτελε
νητ, καὶ εἰς ἱδη ἔδραμεν εἰς ’Αίδην.

382.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

’Ησείρῳ μ’ ἀποδοῦσα νέκυν, τριχεῖα θάλασσα,
σύρεις καὶ τέφρης λοιπὸν ἐτὶ σκύβαλον.
κὴν ’Αίδη ναυηγός ἐγὼ μόνος, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ χέρσου
εἰρήνην ἔξω φρικαλέης σπιλάδος.
ἡ τύμβευε κενούσα καθ’ ὤδατος, ἡ παραδοῦσα
γαίη, τὸν κέλυμα μηκέτι κλέπτε νέκυν.

383.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

’Ημῖνον τόδε σῶμα βροτοῦ παντλήμονος ἄθρει
σπαρτόν, ἀλλαραγέων ἐκχύμενον σκοπέλων.
tῇ μὲν ἔρημοκόμης κείται καὶ χήρος ὁδόντων
κόρση. τῇ δὲ χερῶν πενταφυεῖς δύνχες,
πλευρά τε σαρκολιτῆ, ταρσοὶ δ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἄμοιροι
νευρῶν, καὶ κῶλων ἐκλυτος ἀρμονή.
οὐτος ὁ πουλυμερής εἰς ἥν ποτε. θεὺς μακαριστοί,
δοσοὶ ἀπ’ ὀδύων οὐκ ἱδον ἥλιον.

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BOOK VII. 380–383

Stone. The stone is senseless and can cover a foul black corpse as well as any other. Here lies that weak rag the body of Eunicides and rots under the ashes.

381.—ETRUSCUS OF MESSENE

The same boat, a double task exacted of it, carried Hierocides to his living and into Hades. It fed him by his fishing, and it burnt him dead, travelling with him to the chase and travelling with him to Hades. Indeed the fisherman was very well off, as he sailed the seas in his own ship and raced to Hades by means of his own ship.

382.—PHILIPPOS OF THESSALONICA

Thou gavest me up dead to the land, cruel sea, and now thou carriest off the little remnant of my ashes. I alone am shipwrecked even in Hades, and not even on land shall I cease to be dashed on the dreadful rocks. Either bury me, hiding (?) me in thy waters, or if thou givest me up to the land, steal not a corpse that now belongs to the land.

383.—BY THE SAME

Look on this corpse of a most unhappy man scattered on the beach shredded by the sea-dashed rocks. Here lies the hairless and toothless head and here the five fingers of a hand, here the fleshless ribs, the feet without their sinews and the disjointed legs. This man of many parts once was one. Blest indeed are those who were never born to see the sun!
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384.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

 Η Βρόμων στέρξασα πολύ πλέον ἡ τροφὸς Ἰνώ, ἡ λάλος ἀμπελίνη γρήγος Ἄριστομάχη, ἤνικα τὴν ἴερὴν ὑπέδυ χόνα, πᾶν τ' ἐμαράνθη πνεύμα πάρος κυλίκων πλεύστων ἐπαυρμένη, εἶπε τάδ'. "Ω Μίνιο, πῆλαι, φέρε, κάλπτων ἐλαφρῆν 5 οἴσω κυάνεον τοὺς Ἀχέροντος ὕδωρ· καίτη παρθένων γὰρ ἀπώλεσα." τούτο δ' ἔλεξε ψευδές, ἵν' αὐγάζῃ κὴν φθιμένοις πίθον.

385.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

"Ἡρως Πρωτεσίλας, σὺ γὰρ πρώτην ἐμύησας "Ἰλιὼν Ἐλλαδικὸν θυμὸν ἰδεῖν δόρατος, καὶ περὶ σοῖς τύμβοις ὡσα δένδρα μακρὰ τέθηλε, πάντα τὸν εἰς Τροίην ἐγκεκύκκης χόλον· "Ιλιὼν ἢν ἐσίδη γὰρ ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων κορυφαλῶν, 5 καρφωταί, πετάλων κόσμων ἀνανόμενα. θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τροίη πόσον ἔξεσας, ἤνικα τὴν σὴν σώξει καὶ στελέχη μὴν ἐπ' ἀντιπάλους.

386.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΔΟΛΛΙΟΤ

"Ἡδ' ἐγὼ ἡ τοσάκις Νιώβη λίθος, ὡσάκι μήτηρ· δύσμορος ἢ μαστῶν [θερμὸν] ἐπηξα γάλα· "Αἴδων πολύς δίβως ἐμῆς ὀδύνοις ἀριθμός, 5 φ' τέκον. ᾗ μεγάλης λείψανα πυρκαίης.

387.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Θειονόηθε ἐκλάων ἐμῆς μόρον, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παιδὸς ἐλπίζει κοινφοτέρας ἐστενον εἰς ὁδύνας.

1 i.e. condemn me. cp. Virg. Aen. vi. 492.
BOOK VII. 384-387

384.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Old Aristomache the talkative friend of the vine, who loved Bacchus much more than did his nurse Ino, when she went under holy earth, and the spirit of her who had enjoyed so many a cup had utterly faded, said "Shake, Minos, the light urn.1 I will fetch the dark water from Acheron; for I too slew a young husband."2 This falsehood she told in order that even among the dead she should be able to look at a jar.

385.—PHILIPPUS

Hero Protesilaus, for that thou didst first initiate Ilium into looking on the wrath of Grecian spears, the tall trees also that grow round thy tomb are all big with hatred of Troy. If from their topmost branches they see Ilium, they wither and cast off the beauty of their foliage. How great was thy boiling wrath against Troy, if tree-trunks preserve the spite thou didst bear thy foes.3

386.—BASSUS LOLLIUS

Here am I, Niobe, as many times a stone (sic) as I was a mother; so unhappy was I that the milk in my breast grew hard. Great wealth for Hades was the number of my children—to Hades for whom I brought them forth. Oh relics of that great pyre!4

387.—BIANOR

I wept the death of my Theonoe, but the hopes I had of our child lightened my grief. But now

1 i.e. like the daughters of Danaus, who were compelled to carry water in hell. 2 op. No. 141.
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νῦν δὲ καὶ παιδὸς φθονερὴ γεί άπενόσφισε Μοῦρα·
φεῦ: βρέφος ἐψεύσθην καὶ σὲ τὸ λειτόμενον.
Περσεφόνη, τόδε πατρὸς ἐπὶ θρήνουσιν ἀκούσον· 5
θὲς βρέφος ἐς κόλπονες μητρὸς ἀπαιχομένης.

388.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ιρηύσι καὶ ποταμῷ Κλειτώνυμον ἐχάρος δμίλος
ὡς εἰς ἀκρήν ἔλθε τυραννοφόνος.
ἀλλὰ Δίκα μὲν ἔθαψεν ἀποσπασθείσα γὰρ ὅχθα
πὰν δὲμᾶς ἐς κορυφὴν ἐκ ποδὸς ἐκτέρισεν·
κεῖται δ' οὐχ ὑδάτεσι διάμοροχος· αἰδομένα δὲ
Γὰ κεύθει τὸν ἐὰς ὅμον ἐλευθερίας.

389.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Καὶ τίς δὲ οὐκ ἔτλη κακὸν ἐσχατὸν νιέα κλαύσας;
ἀλλ᾽ οὗ Ποσειδίππου πάντας ἔθαψε δόμος
τέσσαρας, οὐδ᾽ Ἀίδαο συνήρθουν ἠρπασεν ἡμαρ,
τὴν πολλὴν παῖδων ἐπίδαι κεφαμένου.
πατρὸς δ' ὀμματα λυγρὰ κατομβηθέντα γόοισι
ἀλετοῖ κοινή που νιξ μία πάντας ἔχει.

390.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Κυλλήνην ὄρος Ἀρκάδων ἄκομεν·
αὐτὴ σῆμι ἐπίκειτ᾽ Ἀπολλοδώρῳ.
Πισθένει μν ἰόντα νυκτὸς ὅρη
ἐκτεινεν Διόθεν πεσῶν κεραυνός.
τηλοῦ δ' Ἀιανέως τε καὶ Βεροίης
νυκθεῖς Δίος ὁ δρομεύς καθεύδει.
BOOK VII. 387–390

Envious fate has bereft me of the boy too. Alas my child, all that was left to me, I am cheated of thee! Persephone, give ear to the prayer of a mourning father, and lay the child in the bosom of its dead mother.

388.—BY THE SAME

The hostile crowd threw Clitonymus to the fish and the river when he came to the castle to kill the tyrant. But Justice buried him, for the bank falling in honoured with funeral his whole body from head to foot, and he lies unwetted by the water, the earth in reverence covering him, her haven 1 of freedom.

389.—APOLLONIDES

Who is there that has not suffered the extremity of woe, weeping for a son? But the house of Poseidippus buried all four, taken from him in four days by death, that cut short all his hopes of them. The father’s mourning eyes drenched with tears have lost their sight, and one may say that a common night now holds them all.

390.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

You have heard of Cyllene the Arcadian mountain. That is the monument that covers Apollodorus. As he journeyed from Pisa by night the thunderbolt from Zeus killed him; and far from Aeanae and Beroea 2 the racer sleeps, conquered by Zeus.

1 i.e. the protector of her freedom.
2 Towns in Macedonia.

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391.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΔΟΛΛΙΟΤ

Κλειδούχοι νεκών, πάσας Ἀιδαο κελεύθους
φράγνυτε· καὶ στομίοις κλείθρα δέχοισθε, πῦλαν.
αὐτός ἔγων Ἀιδας ἐνέπω· Γερμανικὸς ἁστρων,
οὐκ ἐμὸς· οὐ χωρεῖ νῦν τόσην Ἀχέρων.

392.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΤ ΣΙΝΩΠΕΩΣ

Δαῖλαψ καὶ πολὺ κῦμα καὶ ἀντολαὶ Ἀρκτούροιο,
καὶ σκότος, Αἰγαῖον τ’ οἶδα κακὸν πελάγευς,
ταῦθ’ ἀμα πάνθ’ ἐκύκλων ἐμὴν νέα· τρίχθ’ δὲ
κλασθεὶς
ιστὸς ὀμοὶ φόρτῳ κἀμὲ κάλυψε βυθῷ.
ναυηγὸν κλαίοντε παρ’ αἰγαλοίς, γονής,
Τλησιμένη, κωφὴν στησάμενοι λίθακα.

393.—ΔΙΟΚΛΕΙΔΟΣ ΚΑΡΤΣΙΟΤ

Μὴ με κώνι κρύψῃτε, τί γάρ; πάλι, μηδ’ ἔτι ταύτης
ἡώνος οὐκ ὀνοτήν γαῖαν ἐμοὶ τίθετε.
μαίνεσαι εἰς με θάλασσα, καὶ ἐν χέρσοιο μὲ δείλον
εὐρίσκεις βαρκίας· οἴδε με κήν Ἀἰδη.
χέρῳ ἐπέκβαινεν εἰ ἐμεῦ χάριν ὑδατε θυμὸς,
†πάρκειμαι σταθῇ μιμνέμεν δος ἀταφος.

394.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Μυλεργάτας ἀνήρ με κήν ζωὰς χρόνοις
βαρυβρομήταν εἰχε δινητὸν πέτρον,

1 By Germanicus we should understand Tiberius’ nephew. The connection between the two couplets is not obvious, and something seems to be missing.

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391.—BASSUS LOLLIUS

Ye janitors of the dead, block all the roads of Hades, and be bolted, ye entrance doors. I myself, Hades, order it. Germanicus belongs to the stars, not to me; Acheron has no room for so great a ship.¹

392.—HERACLIDES OF SINOPE

The gale and great waves and the tempestuous rising of Arcturus² and the darkness and the evil swell of the Aegean, all these dashed my ship to pieces, and the mast broken in three plunged me in the depths together with my cargo. Weep on the shore, parents, for your shipwrecked Tlesimenes, erecting a cenotaph.

393.—DIOCLES OF CARYSTUS

Cover me not with dust again. What avails it? Nor continue to put on me the guiltless earth of this strand. The sea is furious with me and discovers me, wretched man, even on the surf-beaten land: even in Hades it knows me. If it is the will of the waves to mount on the land for my sake, I prefer³ to remain on the firm land thus unburied.

394.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The miller possessed me also during his life, the deep-voiced revolving stone, the wheat-crushing stone.

² In the middle of September.
³ Some such sense is required. Jacobs suggested ἄρκοῦμαι, "I am content."

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πυρηφάτου Δάματρος ευκάρπου λάτρων,
καὶ καθανῶν στάλωσε τῷ ἐπ’ ἥριφ,
σύνθημα τέχνας: ὅσι ἔχει μ’ ἅει βαρύν,
καὶ ζών εὐ ἐργοίς, καὶ θανῶν ἐπ’ ὀστέοις. 5

395.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Οὗτος ὁ Καλλαίσχρον κενεδό τάφος, δυ βαθὺ χεῦμα
ἔσφηλεν Λιβυκῶν ἐνδρομέοντα πόρων,
συρμὸς ὡς Ἡμέρων ἀνεστρώψε ἄλαζος
βένθος ὑπὸ στυγερῆς οἰδίματα παντοσίης.
καὶ τὸν μὲν δαίσαντο κυκώμενον εἰν ἀλλ’ θήρες,
κωφὸν δὲ στῆλη γράμμα λέλογχε τόδε. 5

396.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ ΒΙΩΝΟΤ

Οἰδίποδος παιδών Θῆβη τάφος: ἀλλ’ ὁ πανώλης
τύμβος ἐτὶ ζώντων αἰσθανέται πολέμων.
κείνους ὡς Ἐδείχθη ἐδαμάσσατο, κὴν Ἀχέροντι
μάρανται: κεῖνων χω τάφος ἄντιπαλος,
καὶ πυρὶ πῦρ ἠλεγξαν ἐναντίον. ὃ ἐλεεινοὶ
παιδεῖ, ἀκοῦμητοι ἀψάμενοι δοράτων. 5

397.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΤ

Οὐχ ὁδε δειλαίον Σατύρου τάφος, ὁυδ’ ὑπ’ ταῦτη,
ὡς λόγος, εὑρίσκεται πυρκαίᾳ Σάτυρος.
ἀλλ’ εἰ που τινα πόντον ἀκούετε, πικρὸν ἐκεῖνον,
τὸν πέλας αἰγονόμοι κλυξόμενον Μυκάλας,
κεῖνο δινήσετε καὶ ἀτρυγέτῳ ἐτὶ κεῖμαι
ὑδάτι, μανιμοένῳ μεμφόμενος Βορέηι. 5

1 Literally “at the season of the swelling.”

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BOOK VII. 394-397

servant of fertile Demeter, and on his death he set me up on this tomb, an emblem of his calling. So he finds me ever heavy, in his work while he lived, and now he is dead, on his bones.

395.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

This is the cenotaph of Callaeschrus, whom the deep undid as he was crossing the Libyan main, then when the force of Orion at the stormy season¹ of his baneful setting² stirred the sea from its depths. The sea-monsters devoured his wave-tossed corpse, and the stone bears but this empty inscription.

396.—BIANOR OF BITHYNIA

Thebes is the tomb of the sons of Oedipus, but the all-destroying tomb feels their still living quarrel. Not even Hades subdued them, and by Acheron they still fight; even their tombs are foes and they dispute still on their funeral pyres.³ O children much to be pitied, who grasped spears never to be laid to rest.

397.—ERYCIUS OF THESSALY

This is not the tomb of poor Satyrus; Satyrus sleeps not, as they tell, under the ashes of this pyre. But perchance ye have heard of a sea somewhere, the bitter sea that beats on the shore near Mycale where the wild-goats feed, and in that eddying and desert water yet I lie, reproaching furious Boreas.

¹ Early in November.
² See No. 399 for the meaning of this.
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398.—ANTIPATROT
Οὐκ οἷό εἰ Διόνυσον ὁ νόσσομαι, ἢ Δίος ὀμβρον
μέμψομαι· ὀμοθηροὶ δ᾽ εἰς πόδας ἀμφότεροι,
ἀγρόθε γὰρ κατιόντα Πολύξενον ἔκ ποτε δαίτος
τύμβος ἔχει γλύσχρων ἐξερισόντα λόφων·
κεῖται δ᾽ Αἰσθίδος Σμύρνης ἐκάς. ἀλλὰ τις ὄρφυς
δειμαίνοι μεθύων ἀτραπὸν ὑετήν.

399.—ANTIFILOT
Τηλοτάτῳ χευασθαί ἔδει τάφον Οἰδιπόδασον
παίσυν ἀπ᾽ ἀλλήλων, οἷς πέρας οὐδ᾽ Ἄιδας·
ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἕνα πλόον ἠρνήσαντο,
χῶ στυγερὸς ἐξει κῆν φθιμένωιν Ἀργῆ.
ἡμεῖς πυρκαῖς ἀνίσον φλόγα· δαιμομένα γὰρ
ἐξ ἐνὸς εἰς δισσὰν δήμων ἀποστρέφεται.

400.—ΣΕΡΑΠΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ
Τοῦτ᾽ ὀστεῖν φωτὸς πολυεργέος. ἢ ρά τις ἤσθα
ἐμπόρος, ἢ τυφλὸν κύματος ἰχθυβόλος.
ἀγγείων θειτοῖς ὅτι σπεύδοντες ἐς ἀλλας
ἐλπίδας εἰς τοῖς ἔλπιδα λυόμεθα.

401.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Τήρητ᾽ ὑπὸ δύσβαλον θλίβει χθόνα φωτὸς ἀλτροῦ
ὀστεῖα μισητῆς τύμβος ύπέρ κεφαλῆς,
στέρνα τ᾽ ἐποκριστενα, καὶ υἱὲ εὐδομον ὁδόντων
πρίονα, καὶ κῶλων δοῦλων οἰσπέδην,
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398.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I know not whether to blame Bacchus or the rain; both are treacherous for the feet. For this tomb holds Polyxenus who once, returning from the country after a banquet, fell from the slippery hill-side. Far from Aeolian Smyrna he lies. Let everyone at night when drunk dread the rain-soaked path.

399.—ANTIPHILUS

Far from each other should the tombs of Oedipus' sons have been built, for even Hades ends not their strife. They refused even to travel in one boat to the house of Acheron, and hateful Ares lives in them even now they are dead. Look at the uneven flame of their pyre, how it separates from one into two quarrelling tongues.

400.—SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA

This bone is that of some man who laboured much. Either wast thou a merchant or a fisher in the blind, uncertain sea. Tell to mortals that eagerly pursuing other hopes we all rest at the end in the haven of such a hope.

401.—CRINAGORAS

The tomb above his odious head crushes the bones of the scoundrel who lies in this unhappy earth; it crushes the protruding breast and the unsavoury sawlike teeth and the servilely fettered legs and
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ἀτριχα καὶ κόρην, Εὐνικίδου ἡμιπύρωτα
λειψαν', ἐτὶ χλωρῆς ἐμπλεα τηκεδόνος.
χθόνι οὗ δυναίμφευτε, κακοσκήνευς ἐπὶ τέφρης
ἀνδρός μη κούφη κέκλισο, μηδ' ὀλίγη.

402.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Χειμερίου νυφετω δερὶ θριγκοῖσι τακέντος
δώμα πέσον τὴν γηαήν ἐκτενε Ἀνασιδίκην
σήμα δὲ οἱ κομῆις ὦμαλκες οὐκ ἀπ' ὄρυκτῆς
γαῖς, ἀλλ' αὐτοὶ πύργου ἔθεντο τάφων.

403.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ψῆλλος, ὁ τὰς ποθινᾶς ἐπιμισθίδας αἰέν ἐταίρας
πέμπτων ὡς τὰ νέων ἥδεα συμπόσια,
οὕτος ὁ θηρεύων ἀταλόφρονας, ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
αἰτηρόν ἃπ' ἄνθρωπον μισθὸν ἐνεγκάμενος.
ἀλλ' λίθους ἐπὶ τυμβίον, ὀδοιπόρο, μὴ τε σὺ βάλλε,
μὴ τ' ἄλλον πείσῃς: σήμα λέογχε νέκυς.
φεύσαι δ' οὐχ ὅτι κέρδους ἐπήνεσεν, ἀλλ' ὅτι κοινὰς
θρέψας, μοιχεύειν οὐκ ἐδίδαξε νέος.

404.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΤ

Ψυχράν σευ κεφαλῶς ἐπαμήσομαι αἰγιαλῶτων
θίνα κατὰ κρυερό πρεμάμενοι νέκυς.
οὔ γάρ σευ μήτηρ ἐπιτύμβια κωκύνουσα
εἰδὲν ἀλίξαυτον σὸν μόρον εἰνάλιουν.
ἀλλά σ' ἐρημιαίοι τε καὶ ἄξεινοι πλαταμώνες
δέξατ' Ἀἰγαίης γεώτους ἡιόνος;
ὅτι ἐξεὶ μὲν ψαμθὸν μόρου βραχὺ, πολύ δὲ δάκρυ,
ζεῖν', ἐπεὶ εἰς ὅλην ἐδραμες ἐμπορίην.

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BOOK VII. 401-404

hairless head, the half consumed remains of Eunicides still full of green putrescence. O earth, who hast espoused an evil bridegroom, rest not light or thinly-sprinkled on the ashes of the deformed being.¹

402.—ANTIPATER OF TESSALONICA

On the winter snow melting at the top of her house it fell in and killed old Lysidice. Her neighbours of the village did not make her a tomb of earth dug up for the purpose, but put her house itself over her as a tomb.

403.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Psyllus, who used to take to the pleasant banquets of the young men the venal ladies that they desired, that hunter of weak girls, who earned a disgraceful wage by dealing in human flesh, lies here. But cast not thou stones at his tomb, wayfarer, nor bid another do so. He is dead and buried. Spare him, not because he was content to gain his living so, but because as keeper of common women he dissuaded young men from adultery.

404.—ZONAS OF SARDIS

On thy head I will heap the cold shingle of the beach, shedding it on thy cold corpse. For never did thy mother wail over thy tomb or see the seabattered body of her shipwrecked son. But the desert and inhospitable strand of the Aegean shore received thee. So take this little portion of sand, stranger, and many a tear; for fated was the journey on which thou didst set out to trade.

¹ cp. No. 380, an imitation of this.
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405.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ

"Ω ξείνε, φεύγε τὸν χαλαζητὴν τάφον τὸν φρικτὸν Ἴπτώνακτος, οὔτε χαὶ τέφρα ἰαμβιάζει Βουτάλειον ἐς στύγος, μὴ πῶς ἐνείρησι σφήκα τὸν κοιμώμενον, δὲ οὐδὲ ἐν ἄδη νῦν κεκοίμηκεν χόλον, σκάξουσι μέτρως ὀρθὰ τοξεύσας ἐπη."

406.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Εὐφορίοις, ὁ περισσῶν ἐπιστάμενος τι ποίσαι, Πειρακίοις κεῖται τοῖσδε παρὰ σκέλεσιν. ἄλλα σὺ τῷ μύστῃ βοήν ἢ μὴλον ἀπαρξαί, ἢ μύρτων· καὶ γὰρ ξώδες ἐδών ἐφίλει.

407.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΩΤ

"Ἡδιστὸν φιλέουσι νέοις προσανάκλημ' ἐρώτων, Σαπφώ, σῶν Μοῦσας ἢ ρά σε Πιερή ἢ Ἐλεκτῶν ἐυκίσσος, ἵσα πνείουσαν ἐκείναις, κοσμεῖ, τὴν Ἑρέσφω Μοῦσαν ἐν Αἰδώλῳ, ἢ καὶ 'Τμήν 'Τμέναιος ἔχουν εὐφρενόν πεύκην ἅποι σοὶ νυμφιδίων ἰσταθ' ὑπὲρ βαλάμων· ἢ Κινύρεω νέον ἔρνος ὀδυρομένη Ἀφροδίτη σύμθρηνος, μακάρων ἴερὸν ἄλσος ὀρῆς· πάντη, πότνια, χαῖρε θεόις ἰσα· σὰς γὰρ ἀοιδὰς ἀθανάτων ἀγομεν νῦν ἐτι θυγατέρας."

1 He wrote in iambics called "lame" because ending in a spondee.

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BOOK VII. 405-407

405.—PHILIPPU S

Avoid, O stranger, this terrible tomb of Hipponax, which hails forth verses, Hipponax whose very ashes cry in iambics his hatred of Bupalus, lest thou wake the sleeping wasp, who not even in Hades has lulled his spite to rest, but in a halting measure launcheth straight shafts of song.

406.—THEODORIDAS

Euphorion, the exquisite writer of verse, lies by these long walls of the Piraeus. Offer to the initiated singer a pomegranate or apple, or myrtle-berries, for in his life he loved them.

407.—DIOSCORIDES

Sappho, who dost most sweetly pillow the loves of young men, thee verily Pieria or ioved Helicon honour together with the Muses; for thy breath is like to theirs, thou Muse of Aeolian Eresus. Either Hymen Hymenaeus bearing, his bright torch stands with thee over the bridal couch; or thou lookest on the holy grove of the Blessed, mourning in company with Aphrodite the fair young son of Cinyras. Wherever thou be, I salute thee, my queen, as divine, for we still deem thy songs to be daughters of the gods.

2 They were all used in the mysteries.
3 Adonis.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

408.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ατρέμα τὸν τύμβον παραμείβετε, μὴ τὸν ἐν ύπνῳ πικρὸν ἐγείρητε σφήκ’ ἀναπαυόμενον.
ἀρτι γὰρ Ἱππώνακτος ὡ καὶ τοκέων βαύξας ἀρτι κεκοιμηται θυμός ἐν ἑσυχίᾳ.
ἀλλὰ προμηθήσασθε· τὰ γὰρ πεπυρωμένα κείνου ῥήματα πημαίνειν οἶδε καὶ εἰν Ἀἰδή.

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409.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ [ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ]

"Οθριμον ἀκαμάτων στίχων αἴνεσον Ἀντιμάχουοι, ἄξιοι ἀρχαίων ὀφρύοι ἡμιθέων,
Πιερίδων χαλκευτόν ἐπ’ ἀκμοσιν, εἰ τορόν οὗας ἔλλαχες, εἰ ξαλοῖς τὰν ἀγέλαστον ὀπα,
εἰ τὰν ἀτρύπτον καὶ ἀνέμβατον ἄτραπτον ἄλλως μαίαυ. εἰ δ’ ὕμων σκάπτρον Ὄμηρος ἔχει,
καὶ Ζεὺς τοις κρέσσων Ἐνοσίχθονοι· ἀλλ’ Ἐνοσίχθων τοῦ μὲν ἐφ γεῖων, ἀθανάτων δ’ ὑπατος·
καὶ ναετήρ Κολοσσός ὑπέζευκται μὲν Ὄμήρος, ἀγείται δ’ ἄλλων πλάθεος ὑμνοπόλων.

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410.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Θέστις δ’δε, τραγικὴν δ’ ἀνέπλασε πρῶτος ἀοιδήν κομήταις νεαράς καινοτομῶν χαρίτας,
Βάκχος δ’ποτε τριετῆ’ κατάγοι χορόν, ὃς πράγος ἀθλῶν χωττικὸς ἦν σύκων ἀρριχος ἀθλὸν ἔτι.
oi δὲ μεταπλάσσονσι νέοι τάδε· μυρίος αἰών

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πολλὰ προσεύρησε χάτερα· τάμα δ’ ἐμα.

1 Wilamowitz: τριῶν MS.
BOOK VII. 408–410

408.—LEONIDAS

Go quietly by the tomb, lest ye awake the malignant wasp that lies asleep; for only just has it been laid to rest, the spite of Hipponax that snarled even at his parents. Have a care then; for his verses, red from the fire, have power to hurt even in Hades.

409.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Praise the sturdy verse of tireless Antimachus, worthy of the majesty of the demigods of old, beaten on the anvil of the Muses, if thou art gifted with a keen ear, if thou aspiest to gravity of words, if thou wouldst pursue a path untrodden and unapproached by others. If Homer holds the sceptre of song, yet, though Zeus is greater than Poseidon, Poseidon his inferior is the chief of the immortals; so the Colophonian bows before Homer, but leads the crowd of other singers.

410.—DIOSCORIDES

I am Thespis, who first modelled tragic song, inventing a new diversion for the villagers, at the season when Bacchus led in the triennial chorus whose prize was still a goat and a basket of Attic figs. Now my juniors remodel all this; countless ages will beget many new inventions, but my own is mine.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

411.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θέσπιδος εὑρέμα τούτο, τά τ’ ἀγροῖδιν ἀν’ ἦλα
παύγια, καὶ κόμους τούσδε, τελειοτέρους
Αἰσχύλος ἐξύψωσεν, ὁ μὴ συμεντα χαράξας
γράμματα, χειμάρρῳ δ’ ὁι καταρδόμενα,
καὶ τὰ κατὰ σκηνὴν μετεκαίνησεν. ὁ στόμα πάντη
deξιῶν, ἀρχαίων ἡσθά τις ἠμθέων.

412.—ἈΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

Πᾶσα τοι οἰχομένως, Πυλάδη, κωκύται Ἐλλάς,
ἀπλεκτὸν χαίται ἐν χρότι κειράμενα·
αὐτὸς δ’ ἀτμίτοιο κόμας ἀπεθήκατο δάφνας
Φοῖβος, ἔνν τιμῶν ἡ βέμις ύμνοπόλοιν.
Μούσαι δ’ ἐκλαύσαντο· ῥόου δ’ ἔστησαν ἄκουὼν
’Ασωπὸς γορέων ἥχον ἀπὸ στομάτων·
ἐλλήξεν δὲ μέλαθρα Διωνύσιοι χορεῖσις,
εὐτε σιδηρεῖσιν οἴμον ἔβης ’Αἰδεώ.

413.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οὐχὶ βαθυστόλμων Ἰππαρχία ἐργα γυναικῶν,
τῶν δὲ Κυνῶν ἔλομαν ῥωμαλέων βιοτον·
οὐδὲ μοι ἀμπεχόναι περονήτιδες, οὐ βαθύπελμος
εὐμαρίς, οὐ λυπῶν εὐαδε κεκρύφαλος·
οὐλᾶς δὲ σκιπτων συνέμπορος, ἀ τε συνφόδος
dίπλαξ, καὶ κοίτας βλήμα χαμαίλεχος.
ἀμμὶ δὲ Μαυναλίας κάρρων ἡμῶν1 Ἀταλάντας
tόσον, δοσον σοφία κρέσσον ὀριδρομίας.

1 Hecker suggests μῦμα, and I render so.

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BOOK VII. 411-413

411.—BY THE SAME

This invention of Thespis and the greenwood games and revels were raised to greater perfection by Aeschylus who carved letters not neatly chiselled, but as if water-worn by a torrent. In matters of the stage he was also an innovator. O mouth in every respect accomplished, thou wast one of the demigods of old!

412.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

Pylades,¹ now thou art gone, all Hellas wails shearing her loosened hair, and Phoebus himself took off the laurels from his flowing locks, honouring his singer as is meet. The Muses wept and Asopus stayed his stream when he heard the voice of mourning. The dance of Dionysus ceased in the halls, when thou didst go down the iron road of Hades.

413.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I, Hipparchia,² chose not the tasks of amply-robed woman, but the manly life of the Cynics. Nor do tunics fastened with brooches and thick-soled slippers, and the hair-caul wet with ointment please me, but rather the wallet and its fellow-traveller the staff and the course double mantle suited to them, and a bed strewn on the ground. I shall have a greater name than that of Arcadian Atalanta by so much as wisdom is better than racing over the mountains.

¹ A celebrated actor. ² Wife of the Cynic Crates.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

414.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
Кαὶ κατυρὸν γελάσας παραμείβεο, καὶ φίλον εἰπὼν ῥῆμ’ ἐπ’ ἐμοὶ. 'Ῥίνθων εἰμ’ ὁ Συρακόσιος, Μουσάων ὄλγη τις ἄγδονίς· ἄλλα φλυάκων ἐκ τραγικῶν ἰδιον κισσὸν ἐδρεφάμεθα.

415.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
Βαττιάδεω παρὰ σήμα φέρεις πόδας, εὖ μὲν ἀοιδήν οἰδότος, εὖ δ’ οὐν χαίρει συνγελάσαι.

416.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρον ἔχω, ξένε, τὸν σὺν 'Ἐρωτὶ καὶ Μοῦσαις κεράσανθ' ἡδυλόγους Χάριτας.

417.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Νάσσος ἐμὰ θρέπτειρα Τύρος· πάτρα δὲ με τεκνοὶ 'Ἀτθις ἐν 'Ασσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα. Εὐκράτεω δ’ ἔβλαστον ὀ σὺν Μοῦσαις Μελέαγρος πρῶτα Μενυπαίοις συντροχάσας Χάρισιν. εἰ δὲ Σύρος, τὶ τὸ θαῦμα; μίαν, ξένε, πατρίδα κόσμον 5 ναίομεν· ἐν θνατοὶς πάντας ἑτίκτε Χάος. πολυνετῆς δ’ ἐχάραξα τάδ’ ἐν δέλτοισι πρὸ τύμβου· γῆρως γὰρ γείτων ἐγγύθεν Αἴδοιω. ἀλλὰ με τὸν λαλῶν καὶ πρεσβύτην προτιειπτὸν χαίρειν, εἰς γῆρας καῦτος ἵκοι λάλον.
BOOK VII. 414-417

414.—NOSSIS

Laugh frankly as thou passest by and speak a kind word over me. I am the Syracusan Rintho, one of the lesser nightingales of the Muses; but from my tragic burlesques I plucked for myself a special wreath of ivy.

415.—CALLIMACHUS

This is the tomb of Callimachus that thou art passing. He could sing well, and laugh well at the right time over the wine.

416.—ANONYMOUS

I hold, stranger, Meleager, son of Eucrates, who mixed the sweet-spoken Graces with Love and the Muses.

417.—MELEAGER

Island Tyre was my nurse, and Gadara, which is Attic,¹ but lies in Syria, gave birth to me. From Eucrates I sprung, Meleager, who first by the help of the Muses ran abreast of the Graces of Menippus.² If I am a Syrian, what wonder? Stranger, we dwell in one country, the world; one Chaos gave birth to all mortals. In my old age I wrote these lines in my tablets before my burial; for eld and death are near neighbours. Speak a word to wish me, the loquacious old man, well, and mayst thou reach a loquacious old age thyself.

¹ As regards culture.
² He wrote besides his epigrams satires in which he imitated Menippus.

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418.—TOY AYTOY

Πρώτα μοι Γαδάρων κλειναὶ πόλες ἐπλετο πάτρα,
ἡμίρωσεν δ᾿ ἵερα δεξαμένα με Τύρος:
eἰς γῆρας δ᾿ ὡς ἐβην, ἀ καὶ Δία θρεψαμένα Κώς
καὶ μὲ θεσον Μερόπων ἀστον ἐγγυτρόφει.
Μοῦσας δ᾿ εἰν δόλιγοις με, τὸν Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρον 5
παιδα, Μενιππείου ἧγαίεσθαι Χάρισιν.

419.—TOY AYTOY

Ἄτρέμας, οἰ ξένε, βαϊνε παρ᾿ εὐσεβέσιν γαρ ὁ
πρέσβυς
εὐδεῖ, κοιμηθεὶς ὑπὸν ὀφειλόμενον,
Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος, ὁ τὸν γυλικύδακρυν Ἐρωτα
καὶ Μοῦσας ἰλαραῖς συστολίσας Χάρισιν.
δewitness ὢν ήμδρωσε Τύρος Γαδάρων δ᾿ ἵερα χθὼν 5
Κώς δ᾿ ἐρατῇ Μερόπων πρέσβυν ἐγγυτρόφει.
ἀλλ᾿ εἰ μὲν Σύρος ἐσσί, Σάλαμος εἰ δ᾿ οὖν σὺν Φοινίκι,
Ναίδιος εἰ δ᾿ Ἔλλην, Χαῖρεν τὸ δ᾿ αὐτὸ φράσον.

420.—DIOTIMOT AΘHNAIOT

Ἐπιδέοι ἀνθρώπων, ἔλαφραῖ θεάι—οὐ γὰρ ἄν δῶν Ὠδε
Δέσβιον ὀ λυσιμέλης ἀμφεκάλυψις Ἀϊδῆς,
ἀς ποτὲ καὶ βασιλῆι συνέδραμε,—ναι μετ᾿ Ἐρώτων
χαϊρετε κοινοτάται δαιμονες ἀθανάτων.
ἀυλοὶ δ᾿ ἀφθηγοτι και ἀπευθέης, οῖς ἐνέπνευσε,
κεῖσθ’, ἐπεὶ οὐ διάσους . . . οἶδ Ἀχέρων.

1 Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was brought up in Cos; cf. Theocrit. 17. 58.
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BOOK VII. 418–420

418.—By the Same

My first country was famous Gadara; then Tyre received me and brought me up to manhood. When I reached old age, Cos, which nurtured Zeus,\(^1\) made me one of her Meropian\(^2\) citizens and cared for my declining years. But the Muses adorned me, Meleager, son of Eucreates, more than most men with the Graces of Menippus.

419.—By the Same

Go noiselessly by, stranger; the old man sleeps among the pious dead, wrapped in the slumber that is the lot of all. This is Meleager, the son of Eucreates, who linked sweet tearful Love and the Muses with the merry Graces. Heavenborn Tyre and Gadara’s holy soil reared him to manhood, and beloved Cos of the Meropes tended his old age. If you are a Syrian, Salam! if you are a Phoenician, Naidius\(^3\)! if you are a Greek, Chaire! (Hail) and say the same yourself.

420.—DIOTIMUS OF ATHENS

Ye Hopes of men, light goddesses—for never, were ye not so, had Hades, who bringeth our strength to naught, covered Lesbos, once as blest as the Great King—yea, ye Hopes and ye Loves too, lightest of all deities, farewell! And ye, the flutes he once breathed in, must lie dumb and unheard; for Acheron knoweth no troops of musicians.

\(^2\) The city of Cos, to distinguish it from an earlier capital of the island, was known as Cos Meropis.

\(^3\) This Phoenician word for “Hail” is uncertain. Plautus gives it as “haudoni.”
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

421.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Αἰνιγματῶδες
Πτανέ, τι σοι σεισύνης, τί δὲ καὶ σοῦς εὐδεῖ δέρμα;  5
καὶ τὶς ἐδω στάλας σύμβολον ἔσσοι τίνος;
oὐ γὰρ Ἕρωτ ἐνέπτω σε—τὶ γὰρ; νεκύεσσι πάροικος
ἰμερος; αἰάξειν ὁ θρασύς οὐκ ἤμαθεν—
oὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ’ αὐτὸν ταχύτουν Κρόνον ἐμπαλι
γὰρ δὴ
κεῖνος μὲν τρυγέρων, σοι δὲ τέθηλε μέλη.
ἀλλ’ ἄρα, καὶ δοκέω γὰρ, ὁ γὰρ ὑπένερθε σοφιστὰς
ἐστι· σὺ δ’ ὁ πτερόεις, τοῦνομα τοῦδε, λόγος.
Λατφας δ’ ἀμφίκες ἔχεις γέρας, ἐς τε γάλωτα
καὶ σπουδάν, καὶ που μέτρου ἐρωτογράφον.

422.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΣ

Τι στοχασάμεθα σου, Πεισίστρατε, χίου ὀρδώντες
γλυπτόν ὑπὲρ τύμβου κείμενον ἀστράγαλόν;
ἡ μά γε μὴ ὅτι Χῖος; ἑαυτε γάρ· ἢ ἢ’ ὅτι παίκτας
ἡσθά τις, οὐ λίπην δ’, ὃ γαθεὶς, πλειστοβόλος;
ἡ τὰ μὲν οὐδὲ σύνεγγυς, ἐν ἀκρήτῳ δὲ κατέσβη
Χῖο; καὶ δοκεῖς, τόδε προσηγορίσαςαν.

423.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΣ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὰν μὲν ἂει πολύμυθον, ἂεὶ λάλοι, ὃ ξένες, κίσσα
φάσει, τὰν δὲ μέθας σύντροφον ἄδε κύλιξ,
BOOK VII. 421-423

421.—MELEAGER

An enigmatic epitaph on himself

Thou with the wings, what pleasure hast thou in
the hunting spear and boar-skin? Who art thou,
and the emblem of whose tomb? For Love I
cannot call thee. What! doth Desire dwell next the
dead? No! the bold boy never learnt to wail. Nor
yet art thou swift-footed Cronos; on the contrary,
he is as old as old can be, and thy limbs are in
the bloom of youth. Then—yes, I think I am right—
he beneath the earth was a sophist, and thou art the
winged word for which he was famed. The double-
edged attribute of Artemis\(^1\) thou bearest in allusion
to his laughter mixed with gravity and perhaps to the
metre of his love verses. Yea, in truth, these symbols
of boar-slaying point to his name-sake, Meleager, son
of Oeneus. Hail, even among the dead, thou who
didst fit together into one work of wisdom, Love,
the Muses and the Graces.

422.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

What shall we conjecture about you, Pisistratus,
when we see a Chian die carved on your tomb?\(^2\)
Shall we not say that you were a Chian? That
seems probable. Or shall we say that you were a
gamester and not a particularly lucky one, my friend?
Or are we still far from the truth, and was your life's
light put out by Chian wine? Yes, I think now we
are near it.

423.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

The jay, stranger, will tell you I was ever a
woman of many words, ever talkative, and the cup

\(^1\) The hunting spear.
\(^2\) The worst cast of the dice was called Chian.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τὰν Κρήσσαν δὲ τὰ τόξα, τὰ δ' εἴρια τὰν φιλοεργόν,
ἀνδεμα δ' αὐ μέτρας τὰν πολυκρόταφον
τοιάνδε σταλούχος δὲ' ἐκρυφε Βιττίδα τύμβος
†τιμελάχραντον νυμφιδίαν ἁλοχούν.
ἀλλ', ἀνερ, καὶ χαίρε, καὶ οἰχομένουσιν ἐς ἄδαν
τὰν αὐτάν μύθων αἴθις διπαζέ χάριν.

424.—TOY AYTOY

α. Μαστεύω τ' ἁ σευ' Ἀγις ἐπὶ σταλείτιδε πέτρα,
Δυσιδία, γλυπτόν τόνδ' ἐχάραξε νόουν·
ἀνία γὰρ καὶ κημός, δ' τ' εὔφραγί Τανάγρα
οἰώνος βλαστών, θυρός ἔγερσιμάχας,
οὐχ ἀδεν οὐδ' ἐπεσεκεν ὑποροφίαις γνακίζεν,
ἀλλα τὰ τ' ἡλικάτας ἐργα τὰ θ' ἰστοπόδων.

β. Τὰν μὲν ἀνεγρομένων με ποτ' εἰρια νῦκτερος θρυς,
ἀνία δ' αὐδάσει δώματος ἁνιόχου·
ἵππαστήρ δ' ὅδε κημός ἀειστεται οὐ πολύμυθου,
οὐ λάλουν, ἀλλὰ καλὰς ἐμπλεον ἀσυχίας.

425.—TOY AYTOY

Μη θάμβει, μάστιγα Μυροῖς ἐπὶ σάματι λεύσων,
γλαύκα, βίον, χαροπάν χάνα, θοάν σκύλακα.
τόξα μὲν αὐδάσει με πανευτουν ἀγέτιν οἰκον,
ἀ δὲ κων τέκνους γνήσια καδομέναν·
μάστιξ δ' οὐκ ὀλοάν, ξένε, δεσποτίν, οὐδ' ἀγέρωχον
δμοσί, κολάστεραν δ' ἐνδικον ἀμπλακίας·
χὰν δὲ δόμων φυλακᾶς μελεδήμονα· τὰν δ' ă<ρ'
ἀγρυπνον>
γλαύξ ἀδε γλαυκᾶς Παλλάδος ἀμφίπολον.
τοιοίδ' ἀμφ' ἐργοίσθην ἐγάθεον· ἐνθεν ὅμενος
τοιάδ' ἐμά στάλα σύμβολα τεῦξε Βίτων.
BOOK VII. 423-425

that I was of a convivial habit. The bow proclaims me Cretan, the wool a good workwoman, and the snood that tied up my hair shows that I was grey-headed. Such was the Bittis that this tomb with its stele covers, the wedded wife of . . . . But, hail, good sir, and do us who are gone to Hades the favour to bid us hail likewise in return.

424.—By the Same

A. "I seek to discover what the meaning of these carvings is that Agis made upon your stele, Lysidice. For the reins and muzzle and the bird who comes from Tanagra celebrated for its fowls, the bold awaker of battles, such are not things that please or become sedentary women, but rather the works of the spindle and the loom."  B. "The bird of the night proclaims me one who rises in the night to work, the reins tell that I directed my house, and this horse's muzzle that I was not fond of many words and talkative, but full of admirable silence."

425.—By the Same

Do not wonder at seeing on Myro's tomb a whip, an owl, a bow, a grey goose and a swift bitch. The bow proclaims that I was the strict well-strung directress of my house, the bitch that I took true care of my children, the whip that I was no cruel or overbearing mistress, but a just chastiser of faults, the goose that I was a careful guardian of the house, and this owl that I was a faithful servant of owl-eyed Pallas. Such were the things in which I took delight, wherefore my husband Biton carved these emblems on my grave-stone.
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426.—TOY AYTOY

α. ἔλπις, λέων, φθιμένω τίνος τάφον ἀμφιβέβηκας,
    βουφάγε; τίς τάς σᾶς ἁξίως ἢν ἄρετᾶς;
β. Τίος Θεοδόροιο Τελευτίας, δς μέγα πάντων
    φέρτερος ἢν, θηρῶν ὀσσον ἐγὼ κέκριμαι.
    οὐχὶ μάται ἐστακα, φέρω δὲ τι σύμβολον ἄλκας ὅ
    ἁνέρος; ἢν γὰρ δὴ δυσμενέεσσι λέων.

427.—TOY AYTOY

'Α στάλα, φέρ' ἰδω, τίν' ἔχει νέκυιν. ᾠλὴ δέδορκα
    γράμμα μὲν οὐδὲν πω τμαθὲν ὑπερθε λίθον,
    ἐνέα δ' ἀστραγάλους πεπτητότας; ὅν πίτυρες μὲν
    πράτοι Ἀλεξάνδρου μαρτυρέοντι βόλου,
    οὐ δὲ τάς νεότατος ἐφηλικος ἁνθος, Ἐθηβον,
    εἰς δ' ὅ γε μανύει Χῦον ἀφανότερου.
    ἦ δα τοῦ ἀγγέλλοντι, καὶ ὁ σκάπτροισι μεγανυχης
    χω θάλλων ἤβα τέρμα τὸ μιθὲν ἔχει;
    ἦ τὸ μὲν οὖ: δοκείω δὲ ποτὶ σκοτῶν ἠθὺν ἐλάσσειν
    ιόν, Κρησσαῖος ως τοις οὐστοβόλος.
    ἔσ' ὅ θανῶν Χῖος μὲν, Ἀλεξάνδρου δὲ λελογχῆς
    οὐνομ' ἐφηβαίη δ' ὀλεθ ἐν ἄλκια.
    ὡς εὖ τὸν φθιμένον νέον ἄκρητα καὶ τὸ κυβερθὲν
    πνεῦμα δι' ἀφθιγκτων εἵπε τις ἀστραγάλων.

428.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰς Ἀντίπατρον τὸν Σιδώνιον

'Α στάλα, σύνθημα τι σοι γοργωτὸς ἀλέκτωρ
    ἔστα, καλλαίνα σκαπτοφόροις πτέρυγι,
    ποσσίν ὑφαρπάξαν Νίκας κλάδων; ἄκρα δ' ἐπ' αὐτὰς
    βαθμίδος προπεσῶν κέκλιται ἀστράγαλος.
BOOK VII. 426–428

426.—By the Same

A. "Tell, lion, thou slayer of kine, on whose tomb thou standest there and who was worthy of thy valour." B. "Teleutias, the son of Theodorus, who was far the most valiant of men, as I am judged to be of beasts. Not in vain stand I here, but I emblem the prowess of the man, for he was indeed a lion to his enemies."

427.—By the Same

Come let us see who lies under this stone. But I see no inscription cut on it, only nine cast dice, of which the first four represent the throw called Alexander, the next four that called Ephebus—the bloom of youthful maturity—and the one the more unlucky throw called Chian. Is their message this, that both the proud sceptred potentate and the young man in his flower end in nothing, or is that not so?—I think now like a Cretan archer I shall shoot straight at the mark. The dead man was a Chian, his name was Alexander and he died in youth. How well one told through dumb dice of the young man dead by ill-chance and the life staked and lost!

428.—Meleager

On Antipater of Sidon

Tell me, thou stone, why does this bright-eyed cock stand on thee as an emblem, bearing a sceptre in his lustred wing and seizing in his claws the branch of victory, while cast at the very edge of the
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

5 η ρá γε νικάεντα μάχα σκαπτόυχον ἀνακτα
κρύπτεις; ἀλλά τί σοι πάργουν ἀστράγαλος;
πρός δέ, τί λυτός ὁ τύμβος; ἐπιπρέπει ἀνδρὶ πενι-
χρῷ.

10 ὁρυθὸς κλαγγαῖς νυκτὸς ἄνεγρομένῳ.
οὐ δοκέω σκάπτρον γὰρ ἀναίνεται. ἀλλα σοῦ κεύθεις
ἀθλοφόρου, νίκαν ποσσὶν ἀειράμενον.

15 οὐ ψαύω καὶ τῆς· τί γὰρ ταχὺς εἰκέλος ἄνηρ
ἀστραγάλῳ; νῦν δὴ τῶτρεκὲς ἐφρασάμαν·
φοινικεὶν φοινικεὶν, πάτραν δὲ μεγανήρ
ματέρα Φοινίκων τῶν πολύπαιδα Τύρων.  ὁρυνθὸς δ’, ὡτε γεγονός ἄνηρ, καὶ ποὺν περὶ Κυπρὶ
πράτος κῆν Μοῦσαις ποικίλος ἤμοδεῖς.

20 σκάπτρον δ’ ξέχει κύηθα λόγῳ· θυάσκειν δὲ
πεσόντα
οἰνοβρεχῇ, προπετῆς ἐννέπει ἀστράγαλος.
καὶ δὴ σύμβολα ταῦτα· τὸ δ’ οἴνομα πέτρος ἀείδει,
’Αντίπατρον προγόνων οὐντ’ ἄπ’ ἔρισθενενών.

429.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Δίξημα κατὰ θυμὸν ὅτου χάριν ἂ παροδίτης
dισσάκε φι μοῦν γράμμα λέογχε πέτρος,
λαστύποις σμιλαις κεκολαμμένον. ἃρα γυναικὶ
τὰ χθόνι κεφαθομένα Χιλιάς ἢν ὀνομα;
τούτο γὰρ ἀγγέλλει κορυφοῦμενος εἰς ἄριθμός.

5 ἢ τὸ μὲν εἰς ὀρθὰν ἀτρατόποι σοῦ ἐμολεύν,
ἀ δ’ οἰκτρῶν ναύσα τὸ δ’ ἤριον ἐπλεῦτο Φιδίς;
νῦν σφιγγός γρίφους Οἰδίπος ἐφρασάμην.

10 αἰνεῖτος σοῦ διισοῖο καμὰν αἰνεῖμα τύποιο,
φέγγος μὲν ἐνυπετοῦς, ἀξινετοῦς δ’ ἐρεβος.
BOOK VII. 428–429

base lies a die? Dost thou cover some sceptred king victorious in battle? But why the die thy plaything? And besides, why is the tomb so simple? It would suit a poor man woke up o'nights by the crowing of the cock. But I don't think that is right, for the sceptre tells against it. Then you cover an athlete, a winner in the foot-race? No, I don't hit it off so either, for what resemblance does a swift-footed man bear to a die? Now I have it: the palm does not mean victory, but prolific Tyre, the proud mother of palms, was the dead man's birthplace; the cock signifies that he was a man who made himself heard, a champion too I suppose in love matters and a versatile songster. The sceptre he holds is emblematic of his speech and the die cast wide means that in his cups he fell and died. Well, these are symbols, but the stone tells us his name, Antipater, descended from most puissant ancestors.

429.—ALCAEUS OF MITYLENE

I ask myself why this road-side stone has only two phii chiselled on it. Was the name of the woman who is buried here Chilias? The number which is the sum of the two letters points to this. Or am I astray in this guess and was the name of her who dwells in this mournful tomb Phidis? Now am I the Oedipus who has solved the sphinx's riddle. He deserves praise, the man who made this puzzle out of two letters, a light to the intelligent and darkness to the unintelligent.

1 φ stands for 500. 2 i.e. φ θι, twice φ.
Τίς τά νεοσκύλευτα ποτὶ δρυτ τάδε καθάψεν εύτεα; τῷ πέλτα Δωρίς ἀναγράφεται; πλάθει γὰρ Θυρεάτις ὑφ' αἵματος ἀδε λοχιτᾶν, χάμες ἀπ' Ἀργείων τὸλ δύο λευτόμεθα. πάντα νέκυι μάστευε δεδούπτα, μή τῖς, ἕτ' ἐμπνοὺς δ' λευτόμενος, Σπάρτα κύδος ἐλαμψε νόθον. ἵσχε βάσιν. νίκα γὰρ ἐπ' ἀσπίδος ὡδε Δακώνων φωνεῖται θρόμβους αἵματος Ὀθρυάδα, χώ τίδε μοχρήσας σπᾶρει πέλας. ἂ πρόσατορ Ζεῦ, στύξον ἀνικάτω σύμβολα φυλόπιδος.

431.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἴ δὲ ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Οἴδε τριήκοσιοι, Σπάρτα πατρί, τοῖς συναρίθμοις Ἰναχίδαις Θυρεάν ἀμφὶ μαχεσσάμενοι, ἀυχένας οὐ στρεψάντες, ὡθὰ ποδὸς ἱχνια πράτον ἀρμόσαμεν, ταῦτα καὶ λίπομεν βιοτάν. ἀρσενὶ δ' Ὀθρυάδαο φόνῳ κεκαλυμμένον ὅπλον καρύσσει. "Θυρεά, Ζεῦ, Δακεδαμονίων," αἱ δὲ τὶς Ἀργείων ἐφυγεν μόρον, ἦς ἀπ' Ἀδράστον. Σπάρτα δ' οὖ τὸ θανεῖν, ἀλλὰ φυγεῖν βάνατος.

432.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ
'Ω Δακεδαμονίωι, τὸν ἀρχιόν ὑμῶν ὁ τύμβος Γύλλων ὑπὲρ Θυρεάς οὗτος ἔχει φθίμενον, ἀνδρας δὲ Ἀργείων τρεῖς ἐκτενές, καὶ τὸδ' ἐξεπεν. "Τεθυάθην Σπάρτας ἄξια μησάμενος."

1 This refers to the celebrated fight at Thyreae between three hundred Argives and as many Spartans. Two Argives survived at the end, who, thinking all the Spartans dead, went off to announce the victory; but the Spartan Othryadas
BOOK VII. 430-432

430.—DIOSCORIDES

Who hung the newly-stripped arms on this oak? By whom is the Dorian shield inscribed? For this land of Thyrea is soaked with the blood of champions and we are the only two left of the Argives. Seek out every fallen corpse, lest any left alive illuminate Sparta in spurious glory. Nay! stay thy steps, for here on the shield the victory of the Spartans is announced by the clots of Othryadas’ blood, and he who wrought this still gasps hard by. O Zeus our ancestor, look with loathing on those tokens of a victory that was not won.1

431.—ANONYMOUS, SOME SAY BY SIMONIDES

We the three hundred, O Spartan fatherland, fighting for Thyrea with as many Argives, never turning our necks, died there where we first planted our feet. The shield, covered with the brave blood of Othryadas proclaims “Thyrea, O Zeus, is the Lacedemonians.” But if any Argive escaped death he was of the race of Adrastus.2 For a Spartan to fly, not to die, is death.

432.—DAMAGETUS

O SPARTANS, the tomb holds your martial Gyllis who fell for Thyrea. He killed three Argives, and exclaimed, “Let me die having wrought a deed worthy of Sparta.”

remained on the field and, according at least to this epigram, the next, and No. 526, erected a trophy and inscribed it with his blood.

2 The only one of the seven Argive leaders who returned from Thebes.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

433.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Τὸν παραβάντα νόμον Δαμάτριον ἔκτανε μάτηρ ἀ Λακεδαιμονία τὸν Λακεδαιμόνιον.
θηκέτον δ' ἐν προβολᾷ θεμένα ξίφος, εἶπεν, ὅδοντα ὅξυν ἐπιβρύκουσ', οἶα Λάκαινα γυνᾶ:
"Ἐρρε κακῶν σκυλάκευμα, κακὰ μερίς, ἔρρε ποθ' ἄδαιν,
ἔρρε· τὸν οὐ Σπάρτας ἄξιον οὐδ' ἔτεκον."

434.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Εἰς δηνῶν πέμψασα λόχους Δημαινήτη ὅκτῳ παιδάς, ὑπὸ στήλη πάντας ἔθαπτε μαῖ.
δάκρυα δ' οὐκ ἔρρηξ' ἐπὶ πένθεσιν· ἄλλα τόδ' εἶπεν μοῦνον· "Ἰώ, Σπάρτα, σοὶ τέκνα ταῦτ' ἔτεκον."

435.—ΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΤ

Εὐπυλίδας, Ἐράτων, Χαίρις, Δύκος, Ἀγις, Ἀλέξων,
ἐξ Ἡφικράτιδα παιδεῖ, ἀπωλόμεθα
Μεσσάνας ὑπὸ τεῖχος· ὁ δ' ἔβδομος ἄμμε Γύλλππος ἐν πυρὶ θεῖς μεγάλαν ἦλθε φέρων σποδίαν,
Σπάρτα μὲν μέγα κύδος, Αλεξίππα δὲ μέγ' ἅχθος 5 ματρί· τὸ δ' ἐν πάντων καὶ καλὸν ἐντάφιον.

436.—ΗΓΕΜΟΝΟΣ

Εἴποι τις παρὰ τύμβον ἰὼν ἀγέλαστος ὁδίτας τοῦτ' ἔπος: "Ὁγδώκοτ' ἐνθάδε μυριίδας
Σπάρτας χίλιοι ἀνδρεὶς ἐπέσχον λήματι Περσῶν,
καὶ θάνων ἀστρεπτεῖ· Δώριος ύ μελέτα."
BOOK VII. 433-436

433.—TYMNES

His Spartan mother slew the Spartan Demetrius for transgressing the law. Bringing her sharp sword to the guard, she said, gnashing her teeth, like a Laconian woman as she was: “Perish, craven whelp, evil piece, to Hell with thee! He who is not worthy of Sparta is not my son.”

434.—DIOSCORIDES

Demænēta sent eight sons to encounter the phalanx of the foes, and she buried them all beneath one stone. No tear did she shed in her mourning, but said this only: “Ho! Sparta, I bore these children for thee.”

435.—NICANDER

We the six sons of Iphicratides, Eupylidas, Eraton, Chaeris, Lycus, Agis, and Alexon fell before the wall of Messene, and our seventh brother Gylippus having burnt our bodies came home with a heavy load of ashes, a great glory to Sparta, but a great grief to Alexippa our mother. One glorious shroud wrapped us all.

436.—HEGEMON

Some stranger passing gravely by the tomb might say, “Here a thousand Spartans arrested by their valour the advance of eighty myriads of Persians, and died without turning their backs. That is Dorian discipline.”
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

437.—ΦΑΕΝΝΟΤ

Οὐκ ἔτι ής, ὥριστε Δευνίδα, αὕτης ἰκέσθαι
Εὐρώταν, χαλεπὸν σπερχόμενος πολέμῳ
ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ Θερμοτύλαισι τὸ Περσικὸν ἕθνος ἀμύνων
ἐδμάθης, πατέρων ἀξόμενοι νόμιμα.

438.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

"Ωλεο δὴ πατέρων περὶ ληίδα καὶ σὺ, Μαχάτα,
δριμὺν ἐπ’ Ἀιτωλοὺς ἀντιφέρον πόλεμον,
πρωθῆβας: χαλεπὸν γὰρ Ἀχαϊκὸν ἄνδρα νοῆσαι
ἄλκιμον, εἰς πολιάν δότις ἐμείνε τρίχα.

439.—ΘΕΩΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Οὕτω δὴ Πύλων τὸν Ἀγήνορος, ἀκριτε Μοῖρα,
πρώιον ἐξ ἢμας ἐθρισα Ἀιολέων,
Κῆρας ἐπισεσθάσα βιον κύνας. ὁ πότοι, ἀνήρ
οἶς ἀμειδήτῳ κεῖται ἐλωρ Ἀίδη.

440.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

"Ἡρίον, οἶον νυκτὶ καταφθιμένου καλύπτεις
ὀστέον, οὖν, γαῖ, ἀμφέχανες κεφαλήν,
pολλῶν μὲν ξανθαίσιν ἀρεσκομένου Χαρίτεσσι,
pολλῶν δὲ ἐν μνήμῃ πᾶσιν Ἀριστοκράτεις.
"δει Αριστοκράτης καὶ μείλιχα δημολογήσαι,
[ὑπερβλή τοις ὄψιν ἔσθλος ἐφελκόμενος
δει καὶ Βάκχοι παρὰ κρητῆρος ἄδηρν]
ἰδὸν ο碜 κείνην εὐκύλικα λαλὴν.
"δει καὶ ἔχεινοις καὶ ἕνδήμοις προσηνέα
ἐρδειν. γαῖ ἐρατὴ, τοῖον ἔχεις φθίμενον.
BOOK VII. 437-440

437.—PHAENNUS

Leonidas, bravest of men, thou couldst not endure to return to the Eurotas when sore pressed by the war, but in Thermopylae resisting the Persians thou didst fall reverencing the usage of thy fathers.

438.—DAMAGETUS

In thy first youth thou didst perish too, Machatas, grimly facing the Aetolians in the portion of thy fathers. It is hard to find a brave Achaean who hath survived till his hairs are grey.

439.—THEODORIDAS

Undiscerning Fate, hounding on thy pack of demons that hunt life, thus thou hast cut off from the Aeolian youth before his time Pylius the son of Agenor. Ye gods, what a man lies low, the spoil of sombre Hades!

440.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O tomb, what a man was he, the dead whose bones thou dost hide in the night: O earth, what a head thou hast engulphed! Very pleasing was Aristocrates to the flaxen-haired Graces; much is his memory treasured by all. Aristocrates could converse sweetly, without a frown, and over the wine he could guide well the convivial flow of talk; and well he knew how to confer kindness on compatriots and strangers. Such, beloved earth, is the dead who is thine.

1 The bracketed verses which I render only summarily are supplied by Planudes and probably not genuine.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

441.—ΑΡΧΙΔΟΧΟΤ
Τψηλοὺς Μεγάτιμον Ἀριστοφόωντά τε Νάξου κόνας, ὁ μεγάλη γαϊ', ύπένερθεν ἔχεις.

442.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Εὐθυμάχων ἄνδρῶν μνησώμεθα, τῶν οὖδε τύμβος, οὐ θάνου εὔμηλον ὑμένει τεχέαν, αἰχμηταὶ πρὸ πόλησι, ἵνα σφίση μὴ καθέληται Ἐλλὰς ἀποφθιμένου κρατός ἐλευθερίαν.

443.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τῶνδε ποτὲ στέρνοις τανυγλάχινας δίστοις λούσεν φοινίσσα θοῦρος Ἀρης ψακάδι, ἀντὶ δ' ἀκοιτοδόκων ἄνδρῶν μνημεῖα θανόντων. Ἀψυχ' ἐμψυχον, άδε κέκευθε κάνις.

444.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΤ
Χείματος οἴνωθέντα τὸν Ἀνταγόρεω μέγαν οἴκον ἐκ νυκτῶν ἔλαθεν πῦρ ὑπονειμάμενον· οὐδόκοιτα δ' ἄριθμον ἐλεύθεροι ἁμιγια δούλοις τῆς ἐχθρῆς ταύτης πυρκαϊῆς ἔτυχον.
οὐκ εἷχον διελεῖτι προσκήδεις ὅστεα χωρίς· ἔσον ὅ' ἴν κάλπης, ξυνά δὲ τὰ κτέρεα· εἶς καὶ τύμβος ἀνέστη· ἀτὰρ τὸν ἐκαστὸν ἐκεῖνων οἴδε καὶ ἐν τέφρῃ ῥηδίως Ἀἴδης.

445.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΤ
Μαντιάδας, ὃ ξεῖνε, καὶ Ἐυστρατος, ὄλες Ἑχέλλου.
Δυμαίοι, κραναχ' κείμεθ' ἐν ἕυλόχῳ, ἄγραντοι γενεθήθην ὰροιτύποι. οἱ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ, μανται τέχνας, δουροτόμοι πελέκεις.
BOOK VII. 441–445

441.—ARCHILOCHUS

Great earth, thou hast beneath thee the tall pillars of Naxos, Megatimus and Aristophon.

442.—SIMONIDES

Let us ever remember the men whose tomb this is, who turned not from the battle but fell in arms before their city, defending Tegea rich in flocks, that Greece should never strip from their dead heads the crown of freedom.

443.—BY THE SAME

Once in the breasts of these men did Ares wash with red rain his long-barbed arrows. Instead of men who stood and faced the shafts this earth covers memorials of the dead, lifeless memorials of their living selves.

444.—THEAETETUS

The secretly creeping flames, on a winter night, when all were heavy with wine, consumed the great house of Antagoras. Free men and slaves together, eighty in all, perished on this fatal pyre. Their kinsmen could not separate their bones, but one common urn, one common funeral was theirs, and one tomb was erected over them. Yet readily can Hades distinguish each of them in the ashes.

445.—PERSES OF THEBES

We lie, stranger, in the rough woodland, Mantiades and Eustratus of Dyme, the sons of Echellus, rustic wood-cutters as our fathers were; and to shew our calling the woodman's axes stand on our tomb.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

446.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΤ

'Ερμονεύς ὁ ξείνος, ἐν ἀλλοδαπῶν δὲ τέθαπται,
Ζωίλος, Ἀργελαὸν γαίαν ἐφεσσάμενος,
ἂν ἐπὶ οἱ βαθύκολτοι ἀμάσατο δάκρυι νύμφα
λειβομένα, παιδέω τ' εἰς χράα κειράμενοι.

447.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Σύντομος ἦν ὁ ξείνος· δ' καὶ στίχος· οὐ μακρὰ λέξω·
"Θήρης Ἀρισταίον, Κρής" ἐπ' ἐμοὶ δόλιχος.

448.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Πραταλίδα τὸ μνάμα Λυκαστίω, ἀκρὸν ἐρῶτων
εἰδότος, ἀκρα μάχας, ἀκρα λυνοστασίας,
ἀκρα χοροτυπίας. χθόνοι, <Μίνωι τὸν ἄνδρα>
τούτον, Κρηταιεῖς Ἰρῆς, παρφκίσατε.

449.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πραταλίδα παιδείων Ἐρως πόθουν, Ἀρτεμις ἀγραν,
Μοῦσα χοροῖς, Ἀρης ἐγγυάλιζε μάχαν.
πώς οὐκ εὐαίων ὁ Λυκάστιος, δς καὶ ἔρωτι
ἀρχε καὶ ἐν μολπῇ, καὶ δορὶ καὶ στάλκι;

450.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τῆς Σαμίης τὸ μνήμα Φιλαυνίδος· ἄλλα προσενεῖν
τλῆθι με, καὶ στήλης πλησίον, ἄνερ, ἰδι.
οὐκ εἰμ' ἣ τὰ γυναιξίν ἀναγράψασα προσάντη
ἐργα, καὶ Αἰσχύλην οὐ νομίσασα θεόν·

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BOOK VII. 446-450

446.—HEGESIPPOS

The stranger is Zoilus of Hermione, but he lies buried in a foreign land, clothed in this Argive earth, which his deep-bosomed wife, her cheeks bedewed with tears, and his children, their hair close cut, heaped on him.

447.—CALLIMACHUS

The stranger was brief; so shall the verse be. I will not tell a long story "Theris Aristaeus' son, a Cretan."—For me it is too long.

448.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The tomb is that of Protalidas of Lycastus who was supreme in love, war, the chase and the dance. Ye judges of the under-world, yourselves Cretans, ye have taken the Cretan to your company.

449.—ANONYMOUS

Love gave to Protalidas success in the pursuit of his boy loves, Artemis in the chase, the Muse in the dance and Ares in war. Must we not call him blest, the Lycaenian supreme in love and song, with the spear and the hunting-net

450.—DIOSSCORIDES

The tomb is that of Samian Phlaenis; but be not ashamed, Sir, to speak to me and to approach the stone. I am not she who wrote those works offensive to ladies, and who did not acknowledge Modesty to
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ἀλλὰ φιλαιδήμων, ναὶ ἐμὸν τάφου· εἰ δὲ τις ἡμέας 5
αἰσχύνων λαμψρήν ἐπλασεν ἱστορίην,
tοῦ μὲν ἀναπτύξαι χρόνος οὔνομα· τὰμὰ δὲ λυγρὴν
ὅστεα τερφθεῖκ κληδὸν ἀπωσαμένης.

451.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τὰδε Σάων ὁ Δίκωνος Ἀκάνθιος ἱερὸν ὑπνὸν
κοιμᾶται. θνάσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἁγαθοὺς.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 36.

452.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μεμνησθ’ Εὔβοολοι σαόφρονος, ὃ παρίντεσ.
πίνωμεν· κοινὸς πᾶσι λυμὴν Ἀδὴς.

453.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Δωδεκήτη τὸν παῖδα πατήρ ἀπέθηκε Φιλίππος
ἐνθάδε, τὴν πολλὴν ἐπίθετα, Νικοτέλην.

454.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν ἑαῦταν οἰνοπότην Ἐρασίζενον ἡ διὸς ἐφεξῆς
ἀκρήτων προποθεῖον’ φιχε’ ἔχουσα κύλιξ.

455.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μαρωνίς ἡ φίλουνος, ἡ πίθων σποδὸς,
ἐνταῦθα κεῖται γρηγὺς, ἢς ὑπὲρ τάφου
γυνοτὸν πρόκειται πᾶσιν Ἀττικῇ κύλιξ.
στένει δὲ καὶ γάς νέρθεν, οὐχ ὑπὲρ τέκνων,
οὐδ’ ἀνδρὸς, οὐκ λέλοιπεν ἐνδείξεις βλού·
ἐν δ’ ἀντὶ πάντων, οὖνεχ’ ἡ κύλιξ κενή.

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BOOK VII 450–455

be a goddess. But I was of a chaste disposition, I swear it by my tomb, and if anyone, to shame me, composed a wanton treatise, may Time reveal his name and may my bones rejoice that I am rid of the abominable report.  

451.—CALLIMACHUS

Here Saon, son of Dicon of Acanthus, sleeps the holy sleep. Say not that the good are dead.

452.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Remember temperate Eubulus, ye passers-by. Let us drink, we all end in the haven of Hades.

453.—CALLIMACHUS

Here Philippus laid his twelve-year-old son, Nicoteles, his great hope.

454.—BY THE SAME

The cup of unmixed wine drained twice straight off has run away with Erasixenus the deep drinker.

455.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Wine-bibbing old Maronis, the jar-drier, lies here, and on her tomb, significant to all, stands an Attic cup. She laments beneath the earth not for her husband and children whom she left in indigence, but solely because the cup is empty.

1 cp. No. 345.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

456.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τὴν τετὰρην Ἴερον Σειληνίδα, τὴν, ὅτε πίνοις ἵωρον, ὑπ’ οὐδεμισθὶς θλημομένην κύλικος, ἀγρῶν ἐντὸς θηκεῖν, ἵν’ ἡ φιλάκρητος ἐκεῖνη καὶ θειμένη ληνῶν γείτονα τύμβου ἔχοι.

457.—ἈΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἀμπελᾶς ἡ φιλάκρητος ἐπὶ σκῆπωνος ὀδηγοῦ ἡδὴ τὸ σφαλεῖρον γῆρας ἐρειδομένη, λαθρίδην Βάκχοι θεοθλῆσες ἢ’ ἀπὸ ληνοῦ πῶμα Κυκλοπεῖν πλησομένη κύλικα πρὶν δ’ ἀρύσαι μογερᾶν ἔκαμεν χέρα. γραῖς δὲ παλαιῆς

ναῦς ἀθ’ ὑποβρύχιος ξωρόν ἐδι πέλαγος. Εὐτέρθη δ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἀποφθιμένης θέτο σῆμα λαίνον, οἰνηρῶν γείτονα θειοπέδων.

458.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τὴν Φυγησίν Άλσχρην, ἀγαθὸν γάλα, πᾶσιν ἐν ἐσθλοῖς Μίκκος καὶ ζωῆς οὐσαν ἐγηροκόμη, καὶ θειμένην ἀνέθηκεν, ἐπεσομένους ὀράσθαι ἡ γρήγος μαστῶν ὡς ἀπέχει χάριτας.

459.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κρηθίδα τὴν πολύμυθον, ἐπισταμένην καλὰ παίζειν, διζηνται Σαμίων πολλάκις θυγατρές, ἡδίστην συνερίθουν, ἀείλαλον: ἡ δ’ ἀποβρίζει ἐνθάδε τῶν πάσαις ὑπὸν ὀφειλόμενον.

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

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456.—DIOSCORIDES

Here lies Hiero’s nurse Silenis, who when she began to drink untempered wine never made a grievance of being offered one cup more. He laid her to rest in his fields, that she who was so fond of wine should even dead and buried be near to vats.

457.—ARISTO

The tippler Ampelis, already supporting her tottering old age on a guiding staff, was covertly abstracting from the vat the newly pressed juice of Bacchus, and about to fill a cup of Cyclopean size, but before she could draw it out her feeble hand failed her and the old woman, like a ship submerged by the waves, disappeared in the sea of wine. Euterpe erected this stone monument on her tomb near the pressing-floor of the vineyard.

458.—CALLIMACHUS

On Phrygian Aeschra, his good nurse, did Micus while she lived bestow every comfort that soothes old age, and when she died he erected her statue, that future generations may see how he rewarded the old woman for her milk.

459.—BY THE SAME

Often do the daughters of Samos miss prattling Crethis who could sport so well, their sweetest workmate, never silent; but she sleeps here the sleep that is the portion of all.
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460.—TOY AYTOY

Εἶχον ἀπὸ σμικρῶν ὀλίγων βίων, οὔτε τι δεινὸ
ῥέξων, οὔτε ἀδικῶν οὐδένα. γαῖα φίλη,
Μικύλος εἰ τι πονηρῶν ἐπήμεσα, μήτε σὺ κούφη
γίνεο, μήτ' ἄλλοι δαίμονες, οὐ' μ' ἔχετε.

461.—ΜΕΔΕΙΑΡΩΤ

Παμμήτωρ γῆ, χαίρε: σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρύν εἰς σὲ
Αἰσιγένην καυτὴ νῦν ἐπέχοις ἀβαρής.

462.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΩΤ

'Αγχιτόκον Σατύραν Ἅδας λάχε, Σιδώνια δὲ
kρύψε κόνις, πάτρα δ' ἐστονάχθησε Τύρος.

463.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Αὕτα Τιμόκλει, αὕτα Φιλώ, αὕτα Ἀριστώ,
αὕτα Τιμαιθώ, παίδες Ἀριστοδίκου,
pᾶσαι ὑπ' ὀδίνος πεφονευμέναι: αἷς ἐπὶ τοῦτο
σάμα πατήρ στάσας κάθαν Ἀριστοδίκος.

464.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΩΤ

'Ηπον σὲ χθονίας, Ἀρετημάς, ἐξ ἀκάτοιο
Κωκυτοῦ θεμένων ἴχνος ἐπ' ἄιδος,
oἰχόμενον βρέφος ἀρτι νέωφορέουσαν ἀγοστῷ
φικτεράν θαλεραὶ Δωρίδες εἰν ἄιδα,
pευθόμεναι τέο κῆρα· σὺ δὲ μαίνονσα παρείδω,
δάκρυσιν, ἀγγειαία κεῖν ἀπαρόν ἔπος.
“Διπλόν ὠδίνασα, φίλαι, τέκοι, ἄλλο μὲν ἄνδρὶ
Εὐφρον καλλπόσμα, ἄλλο δ' ἀγω φθιμένωις.”

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BOOK VII. 460-464

460.—By the Same

I oot a little living from my possessions, never doing any wickedness or injuring any one. Dear earth, if Micylus ever consented to any evil may neither thou be light to me nor the other powers who hold me.

461.—MELEAGER

Hail earth, Mother of all! Aesigenes was never a burden to thee, and do thou too hold him without weighing heavy on him.

462.—DIONYSIUS

Satyr with child and near her time has been taken by Hades. The earth of Sidon covers her, and Tyre her country bewails her.

463.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

This is Timoclea, this is Philo, this is Aristo, this is Timaetho, the daughters of Aristodicus, all dead in childbirth. Their father Aristodicus died after erecting this monument to them.

464.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Of a surety, Aretemias, when descending from the boat, thou didst set thy foot on the beach of Cocytus, carrying in thy young arms thy babe newly dead, the fair daughters of the Dorian land pitied thee in Hades and questioned thee concerning thy death; and thou, thy cheeks bedewed with tears, didst give them these mournful tidings “My dears, I brought forth twin children; one I left with Euphron my husband, and the other I bring to the dead.”
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

465.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΤΟΣ

'Α κόνις ἀρτίσκαπτος, ἐπὶ στάλας δὲ μετώπων
σείονται φύλλων ἡμιθαλεὶς στέφανοι:
γράμμα διακρίναντες, ὀδοπόρε, πέτρον ἰδωμεν,
λευρδὶ περιστέλλειν ὀστέα φατὶ τίνος.—
"Εἰεῖν', Ἀρτεμιμᾶς εἰμὶ· πάτρα Κνίδος· Εὐφρονος
Ἑλθὼν
ἐἰς λέχος· ὠδίνων οὐκ ἀμορος γενόμαν
διασά δ' ὀμοῦ τίκτουσα, τὸ μὲν λιπὸν ἀνδρὶ ποδηγὸν
γῆρως· δὲν δ' ἀπάγω µυαµόσυνον πόσιος."

466.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

'Α δείλ' Ἀντίκλεις, δειλὴ δ' ἐγὼ ἢ τὸν ἐν ἡβης
ἀκμὴ καὶ μοῦνον παίδα πυρισσαμένη,
ὀκτωκαὶδεκέτης δς ἀπώλεο, τέκνου· ἐγὼ δὲ
ὀφθαλμον κλαώς γῆρας ὀδυροµένη.
βαίνην εἰς "Αἰδὸς σκιερὸν δόµον" οὔτε µοι ἡδῶς
"δεῖ" οὔτ' ἀκτὶς ὁκέος ἡλίον.
ά δείλ' Ἀντίκλεις, µεµορηµένε, πένθες εἰς
ιητήρ, ξοῆς ἐκ µε κοµισσάµενος.

467.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΣ

Τοῦτο τοι, 'Αρτεµίδωρε, τεῦ ἐπὶ σάµατε µάτηρ
Ἰαχε, δωδεκάτη σοῦ γρόσα µόρον·
"'Ολετ' ἐµᾶς ὁδίνως ὁ πᾶς πόνος εἰς σποδὸν εἰς πῦρ,
ὀλεθ' ὁ παµµέλεος γεναµένου κάµατος·
ἀλετο χὶ ποθίνα τέρψις σέθεν· ἐς γὰρ ἅκαµπτον,
ἐς τὸν ἀνόστητον χῷρον ἐβῆς ἐνέρων
οὐδ' ἐς εφηβεῖαν ἡλθὲς, τέκνος· ἀντὶ δὲ σεῖο
στάλα καὶ κοφα λείπεται ἀµµι κόνις."

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BOOK VII. 465-467

465.—HERACLITUS

The earth is newly dug and on the faces of the tomb-stone wave the half-withered garlands of leaves. Let us decipher the letters, wayfarer, and learn whose smooth bones the stone says it covers. "Stranger, I am Aretemias, my country Cnidus. I was the wife of Euphro and I did not escape travail, but bringing forth twins, I left one child to guide my husband's steps in his old age, and I took the other with me to remind me of him."

466.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O unhappy Anticles, and I most unhappy who have laid on the pyre my only son in the bloom of his youth! At eighteen didst thou perish, my child, and I weep and bewail my old age bereft of thee. Would I could go to the shadowy house of Hades! Nor dawn nor the rays of the swift sun are sweet to me. Unhappy Anticles, gone to thy doom, be thou healer of my mourning by taking me away from life to thee.

467.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This is the lament thy mother, Artemidorus, uttered over thy tomb, bewailing thy death at twelve years of age. "All the fruit of my travail hath perished in fire and ashes, it hath perished all thy miserable father's toil for thee, and it hath perished all the winsome delight of thee; for thou art gone to the land of the departed, from which there is no turning back or home-coming. Nor didst thou reach thy prime, my child, and in thy stead naught is left us but thy grave-stone and dumb dust."

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468.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οικτρότατον μάτηρ σε, Χαρίζενε, δῶρον ἐς ἄδων, ὀκτωκαίδεκάταν ἐστόλισεν χλαμύδι.
ἡ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἀνέστενεν, ἀνίκη ἀπ’ οἰκών
ἀλκεσ οἴμωγά σοι νέκνιν ἡχοφόρεων.
πένθος δ’, οὐχ ὑμέναιον ἀνωρύντο γονής:
αἰαὶ, τὰς μαστῶν ψευδομένας χάριτας,
καὶ κενεὰς ὁδίνας. ἵδω κακοπάρθενε Μοῖρα,
στείρα γονᾶς στόργαν ἔπτυσσας εἰς ἀνέμους.
τοῖς μὲν ὡμιλήσασι ποθεῖν πάρα, τοῖς δὲ τοκεύσι
πενθεῖν, οἷς δ’ ἄγννώς, πενθομένοις ἐλεεῖν.

W. G. Headlam, Fifty Poems of Meleager, xxxiv.

469.—ΧΑΙΡΗΜΟΝΟΣ

Εὐβουλοῦν τέκνωσεν Ἀθηναγόρης περὶ πάντων
ὕπονα μὲν μοίρα, κρέσσονα δ’ εὐλογία.

470.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

a. Ἐλπὸν ἀνειρομένω τὸς καὶ τίνος ἐσσί. β. Φιλανυλος
Εὐκρατίδεω. a. Ποδατός δ’ εὐχεαί . . .
a. Ἐξῆσας δὲ τίνα στέργαν βλών; β. Οὐ τὸν ἀρότρον,
οὐδὲ τὸν ἐκ νηών, τὸν δὲ σοφοὶς ἐγαριν.
a. Γῆραι δ’ ὑ νοῦσῳ βίον ἡλιπτεῖ; β. Ἡλιθον
"Ἄδων
αὐτοθελεί, Κείων γενσάμενος κυλίκων.

1 The short cloak worn by ephebi.

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468.—MELEAGER

At eighteen, Charixenus, did thy mother dress thee in thy chlamys\(^1\) to offer thee, a woeful gift, to Hades. Even the very stones groaned aloud, when the young men thy mates bore thy corpse with wailing from the house. No wedding hymn, but a song of mourning did thy parents chant. Alack for the breasts that suckled thee cheated of their guerdon, alack for the travail endured in vain! O Fate, thou evil maiden, barren thou art and hast spat to the winds a mother's love for her child. What remains but for thy companions to regret thee, for thy parents to mourn thee, and for those to whom thou wast unknown to pity when they are told of thee.

469.—CHAEREMON

Athenagores begot Eubulus, excelled by all in fate, excelling all in good report.

470.—MELEAGER

A. "Tell him who enquires, who and whose son thou art."  B. "Philalus son of Eucretides."  
A. "And from whence dost thou say?"  B. "..."  
A. "What livelihood didst thou choose when alive?"  B. "Not that from the plough nor that from ships, but that which is gained in the society of sages."  
A. "Didst thou depart this life from old age or from sickness?"  B. "Of my own will I came to Hades, having drunk of the Cean cup."  
A. "Wast thou

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\(^1\) In Ceos old men, when incapable of work, are said to have been compelled to drink poison.
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a. Ἡ πρέσβυς; β. Καλ κάρτα. α. Δάχοι νῦ σὲ βόλος ἐλαφρῇ
σύμφωνον πινυτῷ σχόντα λόγῳ βίστον.

471.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Εἶπας "ξλε, χαίρε" Κλεόμβροτος ὦμβρακιώτης
ἡλατ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ τείχεος εἰς άίδαν,
ἀξιον οὐδὲν ἵδων θανάτου κακόν, ἀλλὰ Πλάτωνος
ἐν τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς γράμμι ἰναλεξάμενος.

472.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μυρίος ἦν, ἀνθρωπε, χρόνος προτόν, ἀχρὶ πρὸς ἱῶ
ξλήσει, χω λοιπὸς μυρίος εἰς άίδην.
τὶς μοίρα ξωῆς ὑπολείπεται, ἢ δοσον ὕσον
στυγμὴ καὶ στυγμής εἰ τι χαμηλότερον;
μικρῇ σεν ξωή τεθλιμμένη. οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὴ
ήδει', ἀλλ' ἐχροῦ στυγνοτέρῃ θανάτου.
ἐκ τοιῆς ὀυθρωτοί ἀπηκριβωμένοι ὄστων
ἀρμονίης, ἦψιστ' ἡρα καὶ νεφέλας;
ἀνερ, ἢ ὁ ἀχρεῖον, ἑπελ περὶ νήματος ἄκρον
ἐυλή ἀκέρκιστον λῶς ἐφεξομένη.
οἶον τὸ ἰψαλα, θρίον ἀπεψιλωμένον οἶον,
πόλλον ἀραχναίον στυγνότερον σκελέτον.
ἡῶν ἐξ ὁδι ὅσον σθένος, ἀνερ, ἑρευνών
ἐις ἐν λιτῇ κεκλιμένος βιοτῇ
ἀλὲν τοῦτο νὸρ μεμνημένος ἀχρὶς ὁμιλῆς
ξωῆς, ἐξ οὗς ἠμόνισαι καλάμης.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 30 (part only).

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BOOK VII. 470–472

old?"  B. "Yea, very old."  A. "May the earth that rests on thee be light, for the life thou didst lead was in accordance with wisdom and reason."

471.—CALLIMACHUS

CLEOMBROTUS the Ambracian saying, "Farewell, O Sun," leapt from a high wall to Hades, not that he saw any evil worthy of death, but that he had read one treatise of Plato, that on the soul.

472.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O man, infinite was the time ere thou camest to the light, and infinite will be the time to come in Hades. What is the portion of life that remains to thee, but a pin-prick, or if there be aught tinier than a pin-prick? A little life and a sorrowful is thine; for even that little is not sweet, but more odious than death the enemy. Men built as ye are, of such a frame of bones, do ye lift yourselves up to the air and the clouds? See, man, how little use it is; for at the end of the thread a worm seated on the loosely woven vesture reduces it to a thing like a skeleton leaf, a thing more loathly than a cobweb. Enquire of thyself at the dawn of every day, O man, what thy strength is and learn to lie low, content with a simple life; ever remembering in thy heart, as long as thou dwellest among the living, from what stalks of straw thou art pieced together.

1 i.e. of life.  2 The flesh.  3 The epigram was doubtless written under a figure of a skeleton.  Lines 11, 12 are corrupt and the sense uncertain.
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472b.—TOY AYTOY
Χειμέριον ζωήν ὑπαλεύει, νείο δ' ἐς ὅρμον,
ὡς κήγω Φείδων ὁ Κρίτου εἰς ἀίδην.

473.—ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΤ
Δαμῶ καὶ Μάθυμα τὸν ἐν τριστηρίῳ Ἡρας
Εὐφρονα λυσσατὰν ὡς ἐπύθυντο νέκουν,
ξωάν ἄρνησαντο, ταυττόντων δ' ἀπὸ μιτράν
χερσὶ διερισθοὺς ἐκρεμάσαντο βρόχους.

474.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Εἰς δὲν Νικάνδρον τέκνων τάφος· ἐν φάος ἡς ἀνυστε τὰν ἱερὰν Ἀυστίκας γενεάν.

475.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ
Νυμφίων Εὐναγόρην ποτὰ πενθερὸν Ἡ Πολυαίνου
Σκυλλᾶς ἀν' εὐρείας ἡλθε βοώσα πύλας,
παιδά τὸν 'Ηγεμάχειον ἐφέστιον· οὔδ' ἀρ' ἐκείνη
χήρη πατρίφως αὐθις ἐσθῆλθε δόμους,
δαμονίη τριτάρι δὲ κατέθιτο μὴν δυσαἰῶν
οὐλομένῃ ψυχής δυσφρονὶ τηκεδόνι.
τοῦτο δ' ἐπ' ἀμμοτέρωι πολυκλαυτον φιλότητος
ἔστηκεν λείτ μνῆμα παρὰ τριόδῳ.

476.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Δακρύα σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ὡ λεοδώρα,
δορώμαι, στοργάς λείψανον, εἰς άἰδαν,
δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
στενῶν μνῆμα πάθων, μνῆμα φιλοφροσύνας.
BOOK VII. 472b–476

472b.—BY THE SAME

Avoid the storms of life and hie ye to the haven, to Hades, as I, Pheidon the son of Critas, did.

473.—ARISTODICUS

Demo and Methymna when they heard that Euphron, the frenzied devotee at the triennial festivals of Hera, was dead, refused to live longer, and made of their long knitted girdles nooses for their necks to hang themselves.

474.—ANONYMOUS

This single tomb holds all Nicander's children; the dawn of one day made an end of the holy offspring of Lysidice.

475.—DIOTIMUS

Scyllis the daughter of Polyaenus went to her father-in-law's, lamenting, as she entered the wide gates, the death of her bridegroom, Evagoras the son of Hegemachus, who dwelt there. She came not back, poor widowed girl, to her father's house, but within three months she perished, her spirit wasted by deadly melancholy. This tearful memorial of their love stands on the tomb of both beside the smooth high-way.

476.—MELEAGER

Tears, the last gift of my love, even down through the earth I send to thee in Hades, Heliodora—tears ill to shed, and on thy much-wept tomb I pour them in memory of longing, in memory of affection.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οικτρά γὰρ οικτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ εν φθιμένοις
Μελέαγρος
αἰαίω, κενεάν εἰς Ἀχέρωντα χάριν.
αἰαῖ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεῖνον ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἀρπασεν Ἅδας,
ἀρπασεν· ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνθος ἑφυρε κόνις.
άλλα σε γουνοῦμαι, Γά παντρόφε, ταῦ πανόδυρτον
ήρεμα σοίς κόλποις, ματέρ, ἐναγκάλισαι.

5

477.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ
Μὴ σοι τοῦτο, Φιλαινί, λίνην ἐπικάρδιου ἔστω,
εἰ μὴ πρὸς Νεῖλον γῆς μορίης ἑπεχεῖς,
ἀλλὰ σ' Ἐλευθέρνης δὲ ἔχει τάφοις· ἐστι γὰρ ἢσι
πάντοθεν εἰς ἄθιδην ἐρχομένουσιν ὅδος.

478.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Τις ποτ' ἂρ' εῖ; τῶν ἄρα παρὰ τρίζον ὀστέα ταῦτα
τλῆμον ἐν ἡμιφαιει λάρνακι γυμνὰ μένει;
μήμα δὲ καὶ τάφος αἰεν ἀμαξεύοντος ὅδετω
ἀξονι καὶ τροχιὴ λιτὰ παραξέεται.

5
ηδὴ σοι καὶ πλευρὰ παρατρίψουσιν ἄμαξαι,
σχέτλει, σοι δ' οὐδεὶς οὐδ' ἐπὶ δάκρυ βαλεῖ.

479.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Πετρός ἔγω τὸ πάλαι γυρή καὶ ἄτριπτος ἐπιβλῆσ
τὴν Ἥρακλείτου ἐνδον ἔχω κεφαλῆς
ἀιῶν μ' ἐτρίψεν κροκάλαις ἵσον· ἐν γὰρ ἀμάξῃ
παμφόρῳ αἴξην ἐνοδίη τέταμαι.
ἀγγέλλω δὲ βρατοῦσι, καὶ ἀστηλὸς περ ἐνύσα,
5
θείοιν ὑλακτητὴν δὴμον ἐχουσα κύνα.
BOOK VII. 476-479

Piteously, piteously doth Meleager lament for thee who art still dear to him in death, paying a vain tribute to Acheron. Alas! Alas! Where is my beautiful one, my heart’s desire? Death has taken her, has taken her, and the flower in full bloom is defiled by the dust. But Earth my mother, nurturer of all, I beseech thee, clasp her gently to thy bosom, her whom all bewail.

477.—TYMNES

Let not this, Philaenis, weigh on thy heart, that the earth in which it was thy fate to lie is not beside the Nile, but that thou art laid in this tomb at Eleutherna. From no matter where the road is the same to Hades.

478.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Who ever canst thou be? Whose poor bones are these that remain exposed beside the road in a coffin half open to the light, the mean tomb and monument ever scraped by the axle and wheel of the traveller’s coach? Soon the carriages will crush thy ribs, poor wretch, and none to shed a tear for thee.

479.—THEODORIDES

I, the stone coffin that contain the head of Heraclitus, was once a rounded and unworn cylinder, but Time has worn me like the shingle, for I lie in the road, the highway for all sorts and conditions of men. I announce to mortals, although I have no stele, that I hold the divine dog who used to bark at the commons.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

480.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

"Ηδη μεν τετριπται ὑπεκκεκαλυμμένον ὅστειν ἀρμονή τ', ὀνερ, πλάξ ἐπικεκλιμένη.
ἣ δὲ καὶ σκώληκες ὑπὲκ σοροῦ αὐγάζονται ἡμετέρης: τί πλέον γὴν ἐπιεικύμεθα;
ἡ γὰρ τὴν οὐπω πρὶν ἢτιν ὅδοι ἐτμῆξαντο ἀνθρωποί, κατ ἐμῆς νισσόμενοι κεφαλῆς.
ἳλλα πρὸς ἐγγαίων, Ἄιδονέος Ἑρμεία τε καὶ Νυκτός, ταύτης ἐκτὸς ἦτ' ἀπαπίτω.

481.—ΦΙΛΗΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΤ

Α' στάλα βαιρίθουσα λέγει τάδε: "Τὰν μυνύωρον,
τὰν μικκὰν Ἀίδας ἀρπασε Θειοδόταν."
χά μικκα τάδε πατρὶ λέγει πάλιν: "Ἰσχεο λύπας,
Θειόδοτε' θνατοὶ πολλάκι δυστυχὲς."

482.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὕπω τοι πλόκαμοι τετμημένοι, οὐδὲ σελάνας
tοι τριπτείς μην ἄνισχευτο δρόμοι,
Κλευδικε, Νικασίς ὅτε σὲν περὶ λάρνακα μάτηρ,
τλῆμοι, ἐπ' αἰακτὰ πόλλ' ἐβοα στεφάνοις,
καὶ γενέτας Περίκλειτος. ἐπ' ἄγνωτῳ δ' Ἀχέροντι ἠβάσεις ἠβαν, Κλευδικ', ἀνοστοτάταν.

483.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἄδη ἀλλοτάνευτε καὶ ἀτρόπη, τίπτε τοι οὕτω
Καλλαίσχρον ξώας νύπιον ὀρφανίσας;
ἐσται μὰν ὃ γε παῖς ἐν δώμασι Φερσεφονείοις
παίγνιοι' ἀλλ' οἰκοι λυγρὰ λέλοιπε πάθη.
BOOK VII. 480-483

480.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Already, Sirrah, my bones and the slab that lies on my skeleton are exposed and crushed, already the worms are visible, looking out of my coffin. What avails it to clothe ourselves with earth; for men travelling over my head have opened here a road untrodden before. But I conjure you by the infernal powers, Pluto, Hermes and Night, keep clear of this path.

481.—PHILETAS OF SAMOS

The grave-stone heavy with grief says “Death has carried away short-lived little Theodota,” and the little one says again to her father, “Theodotus, cease to grieve; mortals are often unfortunate.”

482.—ANONYMOUS

Nor yet had thy hair been cut, Cleodicus, nor had the moon yet driven her chariot for thrice twelve periods across the heaven, when Nicasis thy mother and thy father Periclitus, on the brink of thy lamented tomb, poor child, wailed much over thy coffin. In unknown Acheron, Cleodicus, shalt thou bloom in a youth that never, never may return here.

483.—ANONYMOUS

Hades, inexorable and unbending, why hast thou robbed baby Callaeschron of life? In the house of Persephone the boy shall be her plaything, but at home he leaves bitter suffering.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

484.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Πέντε κόρας καὶ πέντε Βιώ Διδύμων τεκούσα ἀρσενας, οὐδὲ μᾶς οὐδ' ἐνὸς ὠνάσατο· ἡ μὲν ἄριστη ἑώροι καὶ εὐτεκνὸς οὐχ ὑπὸ παιδῶν, ὀθνεῖαις δ' ἐτάφῃ χερσὶ θανοῦσα Βιώ.

485.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Βάλλει̊ ζυμπὸν πολια κρίνα, καὶ τὰ συνῆθη τύμπανι ἐπὶ στήλη βησετ' Ἀλεξιμένους, καὶ περιδιώσαςε μακρῆς ἀνελήγματα χάιτης Στρυμονίην ἄφετο Θυνάδες ἀμφί πόλιν, ἢ γυνεκερὰ πνεύσαντος ἐφ' ὑμετέρους ἓκασταῖς 5 πολλάκι πρὸς μαλακοὺς τοῦθ' ἐχώρευε νόμους.

486.—ΑΝΤΙΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
Πολλάκι τῳ̊ δ' ὀλοφυνδα κόρας ἐπὶ σάματι Κλείνα μάτηρ ὄκυμορον παιδ' ἐβόασε φίλαν, ψυχὰν ἀγκαλέουσα Φιλανίδος, ἢ πρὸ γάμοιο χλωρὸν ὑπὲρ ποταμοῦ χεῦμ' Ἂχεροντος ἦβα.

487.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ
"Ωλεο δὴ πρὸ γάμοιο, Φιλανίδο, οὐδὲ σε μάτηρ Πινθάδας όραους ἤγαγεν εἰς θαλάμους νυμφίον· ἄλλ' ἐλεεὶνα καταδρύψασα παρεῖδας τεσσαρακοδεκτίν τῷ̊ ἑκάλυψε τάφφ. "

488.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ
Αἰαὶ Ἄριστοκράτεια, σὺ μὲν βαθὺν εἰς Ἀχέροντα οἶχεις όραου κεκλιμένα πρὸ γάμοιν· ματρὶ δὲ δάκρυα σὰ καταλείπεται, ἢ σ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ̊ πολλάκι κεκλιμένα κωκύει ἐκ ἱκεφαλᾶς. 264
BOOK VII. 484-488

484.—DIOSCORIDES

Five daughters and five sons did Bio bear to Didymon, but she got no joy from one of either. Bio herself so excellent and a mother of such fine babes, was not buried by her children, but by strange hands.

485.—BY THE SAME

Cast white lilies on the tomb and beat by the stele of Aleximenes the drums he used to love; whirl your long flowing locks, ye Thyiades, in freedom by the city on the Strymon, whose people often danced to the tender strains of his flute that breathed sweetly on your ———.

486.—ANYTE

Often on this her daughter's tomb did Cleina call on her dear short-lived child in wailing tones, summoning back the soul of Philaenis, who ere her wedding passed across the pale stream of Acheron.

487.—PERSES OF MACEDONIA

Thou didst die before thy marriage, Philaenion, nor did thy mother Pythias conduct thee to the chamber of the bridegroom who awaited thy prime: but wretchedly tearing her cheeks, she laid thee in this tomb at the age of fourteen.

488.—MNASALCAS

Alas! Aristocrateia, thou art gone to deep Acheron, gone to rest before thy prime, before thy marriage; and naught but tears is left for thy mother, who reclining on thy tomb often bewails thee.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

489.—ΣΑΠΦΟΣ

Τιμάδος ἀδὲ κόνις, τὰν δὴ πρὸ γάμῳ θανοῦσαν
δέξατο Φερσεφόνας κυάνεος θάλαμος,
δέ καὶ ἀποφθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθάγη σιδάρφ
ἀλλικες ἱμερτὰν κρατὸς ἐθεντο κόμαν.

490.—ΑΝΤΙΗΣ

Παρθένον Ἀντιβίαν κατοδύρομαι, ἃς ἐπὶ πολλοὶ
νυμφίοι ἴμενοι πατρὸς ἱκοντο δόμον,
κάλλες καὶ πινυτάτος ἀνὰ κλέος. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παντων
ἐλπίδας οὐλομένα Μοῖρ' ἐκύλισε πρόσω.

491.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Αἰαὶ παρθενίας ὀλούφρονος, ἃς ἀπὸ φαιδρὰν
ἐκλασας ἄλκας, ἰμερόεσσα Κλεοί.
καθή σ' ἀμυξάμεναι περιδάκρυες αἰδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
λαῖς Σειρήνων ἐστάμες εἰδάλμοι.

492.—ΑΝΤΙΗΣ ΜΙΤΤΛΗΝΑΙΑΣ

'Οχόμεθ', ὁ Μίλητε, φίλη πατρί, τῶν ἀθεμίστων
τῶν ἄνομον Γαλατᾶν κύπριν ἀναινόμεναι,
παρθενικαὶ τρισσαὶ ποιήτιδες, ἃς ὁ βιατᾶς
Κελτῶν εἰς ταῦταν μοῦραν ἔτρεψεν Ἀρης.
οὐ γὰρ ἐμείναμεν ἁμα τὸ δυσσεβῆς οὐδ' 'Τμέναιον 5
νυμφίον, ἀλλ' 'Αἰδην κηδεμῶν' εὐρόμεθα.

1 This seems to be on a girl who killed herself to preserve her virginity.

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BOOK VII. 489-492

489.—SAPPHO

This is the dust of Timas, whom, dead before her marriage, the dark chamber of Persephone received. When she died, all her girl companions with newly sharpened steel shore their lovely locks.

490.—ANYTE

I bewail virgin Antibia, eager to wed whom came many suitors to her father’s house, led by the report of her beauty and discretion; but destroying Fate, in the case of all, sent their hopes rolling far away.

491.—MNASALCAS

Woe worth baleful virginity, for which, delightful Cleo, thou didst cut short thy bright youth! We stones in the semblance of Sirens stand on thy tomb tearing our cheeks for thee and weeping.¹

492.—ANYTE OF MITYLENE (?)

We leave thee, Miletus, dear fatherland, refusing the lawless love of the impious Gauls, three maidens, thy citizens, whom the sword of the Celts forced to this fate. We brooked not the unholy union nor such a wedding, but we put ourselves in the wardship of Hades.²

¹ This tale seems to be derived from some romance. According to Jerome (Adv. Jovianum, Lib. I., p. 186) the maidens were seven in number.

²
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

493.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὐ νοῦσῳ Ἄρης, ἀλλ’ αὐταὶ, πάτρας ὡς ἔφησεν ἁστυ Κορίνθων
γοργὸς Ἀρης, ἀλλὰν ἄλκιμον εἰλόμεθα.

άτην ἄρα μάρτηρ με διασφακτήρι σιδάρφι
οὐδ’ ἓδιον φειδώ δύσμορος ἔσχε βίον,
ἄψε δ’ ἑννυχενίω δειράν βρόχῳ ἡ γάρ ἀμείνων
δουλοσύνας ἂμιν πότμος ἑλευθερίως.

494.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Ἐν πόντῳ Σώδαμος ὁ Κρής θάνει, δ’ φίλα, Νηρεῦ,
δίκτυα καὶ τὸ σῶν ἡς κείνο σύνηθες ὕδωρ,
ἰχθυβολέως ὁ περισσὸς ἐν ἀνδράσιν. ἀλλὰ θάλασσα
οὐ τὰ διακρίνει χείματος οὐδ’ ἀλιείς.

495.—ἈΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

Στυγνός ἐπ’ Ἀρκτόυρον ναύτας πλόος· ἐκ δὲ βορείης
λαλάπος Ἀσπάσιος πικρὸν ἔτευξα μόρον,
οὐ στείχεν ἀνὰ τύμβων, ὠδοπόρε· σῶμα δὲ πόντος
ἐκρυψ’ Ἀγαίῳ ραινόμενον πελάγει.

ἵθεων δακρυτὸς ἄπας μόρος· ἐν δὲ ἁλάσσῃ
πλείστα πολυκλαύτου κήδεα ναυτιλῆς.

496.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

’Ἡρώη Γεράνεια, κακὸν λέπας, ὀφελεν Ἦστρο
τῆλε καὶ ἐκ Σκυθέων μακρὸν ὀράν Τάναῖν,
BOOK VII. 493-496

493.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I, Rhodope, and my mother Boisca neither died of sickness, nor fell by the sword of the foes, but ourselves, when dreadful Ares burnt the city of Corinth our country, chose a brave death. My mother slew me with the slaughtering knife, nor did she, unhappy woman, spare her own life, but tied the noose round her neck; for it was better than slavery to die in freedom.

494.—ANONYMOUS

In the sea, Nereus, died Sodamus the Cretan who loved thy nets and was at home on these thy waters. He excelled all men in his skill as a fisher, but the sea in a storm makes no distinction between fishermen and others.

495.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

Arcturus’ rising¹ is an ill season for sailors to sail at, and I, Aspasia, whose tomb thou passest, traveller, met my bitter fate by the blast of Boreas. My body, washed by the waters of the Aegaean main, is lost at sea. Lamentable ever is the death of young men, but most mournful of all is the fate of travellers who perish in the sea.

496.—SIMONIDES

Lovy Gerania,² evil cliff, would that from the far Seythian land thou didst look down on the Danube and the long course of the Tanais, and didst not

¹ Middle of September. ² North of the Isthmus of Corinth.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

μηδὲ πέλας ναίειν Σκειρωνικόν οἴδαμα θαλάσσης,
ἀγκεα νυφομένης ἀμφὶ Μεθυμάδος.
μὲν δ’ ὃ μὲν ἐν πόντῳ κρυνεῖς νέκυις· οἱ δὲ βαρεῖαν 5
ναυτιλίην κενεῖ θήδε βοῶσι τάφοι.

497.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΩΤ

Καὶ ποτὲ Θυμώδης, τὰ παρ’ ἑλπίδα κῆδεα κλαῖων,
pαιδὶ Λύκῃ κενεῖν τούτων ἔχευε τάφον:
oὐδὲ γὰρ ὀδυνεῖν ἔλαχεν κόνιν, ἀλλὰ τις ἄκτη Ἰονίων ἡ νήσων Ποντιάκων τις ἔχειν.
ἐνθ’ ὄρε ποὺ πάντων κτερέων ἀτερ ὀστεά φαίνει
γυμνὸς ἐπι ἄξείνου κείμενος αἰγιαλοῦ.

498.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Δάμις ὁ Νυσαϊέως ἔλαχυ σκάφος ἐκ ποτε πόντου
Ἰονίου ποτὶ γὰν ναυστολέων Πέλλοπος,
φορτίδα μὲν καὶ πάντα νεῶς ἐπιβήτερα λαόν,
κύματι καὶ συρμῷ πλαζόμενοις ἀνέμων,
ἀσκηθεῖς ἐσάωσε· καθιερένης δ’ ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἀγκύρης, ὕψαιρον κάθανεν ἐκ νυφάδων
ήμοιας ὁ πρέσβυς. ὦ, ὃς λυμένα γλυκὺν ἄλλος
δοῦς, ἔνει, τὸν Λῆθης αὐτὸς ἔδυ λυμένα.

499.—ΘΕΛΙΘΤΩΤ

Ναυτίλωι ὡς πλώοντες, ὁ Κυρηναῖος Ἀρίστων
πάντας ὑπὲρ Ἑκένου λύσσεται ὑμμεὶς Δίος,
εἰπεῖν πατρί Μένωνι, παρ’ Ἰκαρίας ὅτι πέτραις
κεῖται, ἐν Λίγαειρ θυμόν ἀφεῖς πελάγει.

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BOOK VII. 496-499

dwell near the waves of the Scironian sea and by the ravines of snowy Methurias. Now he is in the sea, a cold corpse, and the empty tomb here laments his unhappy voyage.

497.—DAMAGETUS

Thymodes too, on a time, weeping for his unexpected sorrow built this empty tomb for his son Lycus; for not even does he lie under foreign earth, but some Bithynian strand, some island of the Black Sea holds him. There he lies, without funeral, showing his bare bones on the inhospitable shore.

498.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Damis of Nysa once navigating a small vessel from the Ionian Sea to the Peloponnesus, brought safe and sound to land the ship with all on board, which the waves and winds had swept out of its course; but just as they were casting anchor on the rocks the old man died from the chilling snow-storm, having fallen asleep. Mark, stranger, how having found a sweet haven for others, he himself entered the haven of Lethe.

499.—THEAETETUS

Ye sailors on the sea, Aristo of Cyrene prays you all by Zeus the Protector of strangers to tell his father Meno that he lost his life in the Aegean main, and lies by the rocks of Icaria.

1 The only Methuriades known are small islands near Troczen.
2 Because there were other similar tombs close by.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

500.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

'Ω παρ’ ἐμὸν στείχων κενὸν ἡρίον, εἶπον, ὅδιτα, εἰς Χίον εὐτ’ ἀν ἵκη, πατρὶ Μελησαγόρη, ὡς ἐμὲ μὲν καὶ νῆα καὶ ἐμπορίην κακὸς Ἐὔρος ὠλεσεν, Εὐίππου δ’ αὐτῷ λέειτ’ ὄνομα.

501.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ

Εὐροῦ χειμερίας σε καταγώνες ἐξεκύλισαν, Φίλλη, πολυκλύστηρ γυμνὸν ἐπ’ ἡρίον, οἰνηρῆς Λέσβου παρὰ σφυρὸν αἰγίλτος δε πέτρου ἀλβρέκτῳ κεῖσαι ὑπὸ πρόποδι.

502.—ΝΙΚΑΙΝΕΤΟΤ

'Ἡρίον εἶμι Βίτωνος, ὀδοιπόρε· εἰ δὲ Τορώνην λείπων εἰς ἠμίτην ἔρχεαι Ἀμφιπόλιν, εἰπεύν Νικαγόρα, παῖδων ὑπὲ τον μόνον αὐτῷ Στρυμονίης ἐρίφων ὠλεσε πανδυσίη.

503.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

α. Ἀρχαῖς δ’ θινὸς ἐπεστηλωμένου ἄχθος, εἰπεύν διτιν’ ἐχεῖς, ἡ τίνος, ἡ ποδαπόν.
β. Φίτωνος Ἐρμομωνία Βαθυκλέος, δυ πολὺ κῦμα ὠλεσεν, Ἀρκτούρου λαῖλαπε χρησάμενον.

504.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάρμις ὁ Καλλιγυνώτου ἑπακταῖος καλαμευτής, ἀκρος καὶ κίχλης καὶ σκάρου ἰχθυβολεύς,
BOOK VII. 500-504

500.—ASCLEPIADES

Wayfarer who passest by my empty tomb, when thou comest to Chios tell my father Melesagoras that the evil south-easter destroyed me, my ship, and my merchandise, and naught but the name of Euippus is left.

501.—PERSES

The wintry blasts of the east wind cast thee out naked, Phillis, on the surf-beaten shore beside a spur of Lesbos rich in wine, and thou liest on the seabathed foot of the lofty cliff.

502.—NICAENETUS

I am the tomb, traveller, of Bito, and if leaving Torone thou comest to Amphipolis, tell Nicagoras that the Strymonian wind at the setting of the Kids was the death of his only son.

503.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

A. "O stone standing a burden on the ancient beach, tell me whom thou holdest, whose son and whence." B. "Phinto the son of Bathycles of Hermione, who perished in the heavy sea, encountering the blast of Arcturus." ¹

504.—BY THE SAME

Parmis, Callignotus' son, the shore-fisher, a first class hand at catching wrasse and scaros and the

¹ i.e. a September gale.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ λάβρου πέρκης δελεάρπαγος, δῶσα τε κοῖλας
σήραγγας πέτρας τ’ ἐμβυθλοὺς νέμεται,
ἀγρης ἐκ πρώτης ποτ’ ιουλίδα πετρήσασαν
δακνάζων, ὄλον ἢ ἐξ ἄλος ἀράμενος,
ἐφθιτ’ ὁλοθηρῆ γὰρ ὑπ’ ἐκ χερὸς ἀλεπσα
φίχετ’ ἐπὶ στεινὸν παλλομένη φάρυγα.
χῶ μὲν μπρίθων καὶ δοῦνακος ἀγκίστρων τε
ἐγγὺς ἀπὸ πυροῦ ἢ κυλινδόμενος,
νῆματ’ ἀναπλήσας ἐπιμοίρια. τοῦ δὲ θανόντος
Γρίπων ὁ γριπεύσ τοῦτον ἔχωσε τάφον.

505.—ΣΑΙΦΟΤΣ

Τῷ γριπεῖ Πελάγωνι πατήρ ἐπέθηκε Μενίσκος
κύρτον καὶ κόπων, μνάμα κακοζώτας.
Sir C. A. Elton, Specimens of the Classic Poets, i. p. 108.

506.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Κὴν γὴ καὶ πόντῳ κεκρύμμεθα· τοῦτο περισσὸν
ἐκ Μοιρέων Θάρσου Χαρμίδου ἡνύσατο.
ἡ γὰρ ἐπ’ ἁγκυρὴς ἔνοχον βάρος εἰς ἀλα δύνων,
Ἰαυλίπον θ’ ὑγρὸν κύμα κατερχόμενο,
τὴν μὲν ἐσοφ’ ἀυτῶς δὲ μετάτροπος ἐκ βυθοῦ ἔρρων ὁ
ἡδ’ καὶ ναῦταις χεῖρας ὀρεγνύμενος,
ἐβρώθην· τοῖν μοι ἐπ’ ἄγριον εὐ μέγα κῆτος
ἔλθεν, ἀπέβρωξεν δ’ ἄχρις ἐπ’ ὀμφαλόν.
χῆμαν μὲν ναύται, ψυχρὸν βάρος, ἢ ἐξ ἄλος ἡμῶν
ἡμαθ’, ἦμουν δὲ πρώτως ἀπεκλάσατο·
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perch, greedy seizer of the bait, and all fish that live in crevices and on rocky bottoms, met his death by biting\(^1\) a rock-dwelling iulis\(^2\) from his first catch of the day, a fish he lifted from the sea for his destruction; for slipping from his fingers, it went wriggling down his narrow gullet. So breathed he his last, rolling over in agony, near his lines, rod, and hooks, fulfilling the doom the destinies spun for him, and Gripo the fisherman built him this tomb.

505.—SAPPHO

His father, Meniscus, placed on Pelagon’s tomb a weel and oar, a memorial of the indigent life he led.

506.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

I am buried both on land and in the sea; this is the exceptional fate of Tharsys, son of Charmides. For diving to loosen the anchor, which had become fixed, I descended into the Ionian sea; the anchor I saved, but as I was returning from the depths and already reaching out my hands to the sailors, I was eaten; so terrible and great a monster of the deep came and gulped me down as far as the navel. The half of me, a cold burden, the sailors drew from the sea, but the shark bit off the other half. On this beach, good Sir, they buried the vile remains of Tharsys, and I never came home to my country.

\(^1\) To kill it.

\(^2\) Now called “yilos,” not a wrasse (as L. and S.), but a small, rather prickly rock-fish.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

507a.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

’Ανδρωπ’, οὗ Κροίσου λεύσεις τάφον, ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς
χερνήτεω μικρὸς τύμβος, ἐμοὶ δ' ικανός.

507b.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὗκ ἐπιδῶν νύμφεια λέχη κατέβη τὸν ἀφυκτὸν
Γόργιππος ξανθῆς Φερσεβόνης θάλαμον.

508.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παυσανίην ἵπτον ἐπώνυμον, Ὕψω μόνον, τόνδ’, Ἀσκληπιάδην, πατρὶς ἔθαψε Γέλα,
δὲ πλείστους κρυμμαίσι μαραίνομένους ὑπὸ νοώσιν
φώτας ἀπέστρεψεν Φερσεβόνης θαλάμων.

509.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σῆμα Θεόγνιδος εἰμὶ Σινωπέος, ὃ μ’ ἐπέθηκεν
Γλαῦκος ἐταρείης ἀντὶ πολυχρονίου.

510.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σῆμα μὲν ἄλλοτε τέθει κόνις· ἐν δὲ σε πόντῳ,
Κλείσθενες, Εὐξείνω μούρ’ ἔκικχεν θανάτου
πλατύμενον· γλυκερὸν δὲ μελίφρονος οἰκάδε νόστου
ἡμίπλακας, οὐδ’ ἴκεν Χιον ἐπ’ ἀμφιρύτην.


511.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σῆμα καταφθάκμενοι Μεγακλέος εύτ’ ἂν ιδωμαι,
oἰκτείρῳ se, τάλαν Καλλία, o’ ἐπάθεις.

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BOOK VII. 507A-511

507A.—SIMONIDES

Thou seest not the grave of Croesus, but a poor labourer's tomb is this, yet sufficient for me.

507B.—BY THE SAME

I, Gorgippus, without having looked on the bridal bed, descended to the chamber that none may escape of fair-haired Persephone.

508.—BY THE SAME

His city Gela buried here Pausanias, son of Anchites, a physician of the race of Asclepius, bearing a name expressive of his calling, who turned aside from the chambers of Persephone many men wasted by chilling disease.

509.—BY THE SAME

I am the monument of Theognis of Sinope, erected over him by Glaucus for the sake of their long companionship.

510.—BY THE SAME

The earth of a strange land lies on thy body, Cleisthenes, but the doom of death overtook thee wandering on the Euxine sea. Thou wast cheated of sweet, honied home-coming, nor ever didst thou return to sea-girt Chios.

511.—BY THE SAME

When I look on the tomb of Megacles dead, I pity thee, poor Callias, for what thou hast suffered.

1 Stiller of pain.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

512.—TOY AYTOY

Τώνδε δι' ἀνθρώπων ἀρετὰν οὐχ ἵκετο καπνὸς
αἰθέρα δαιομένης εὐρυχόρου Τεγέας,
oὶ βούλοντο πόλιν μὲν ἐλευθερία τεθαλυκῶν
παισὶ λυπεῖν, αὐτὸλ δὲ ἐν προμάχοις θανεῖν.

513.—TOY AYTOY

Φὴ ποτε Πρωτόμαχος, πατρὸς περὶ χειρᾶς έχοντος,
ήνικ' ἀφ' ἵμερην ἑπτεν ἡλικίην.
"Ὄ Τιμηνορίδη, παιδὸς φίλου οὐ ποτε λήξεις
οὐτ' ἀρετὴν ποθεών οὔτε σαοφροσύνην."

514.—TOY AYTOY

Αἰδώς καὶ Κλεόδημον ἐπὶ προχωρῆσι Θεαίρου
ἀενάδου στονέων, ἥγαγεν εἰς βάνατον,
Θρηκίων κύρσαντα λόχῳ πατρὸς δὲ κλεεννὸν
Διφίλου αἰχμητῆς νῖός ἐθηκ' ὀνομα.

515.—TOY AYTOY

Αἰαὶ, νοῦσε βαρεία· τί δὴ ψυχαίσι μεγαίρεις
ἀνθρώπων ἐρατῷ παρ νεότητι μένειν;
ἡ καὶ Τίμαρχον γλυκερῆς αἰῶνος ἄμερος
ἡθεῖον, πρὶν ἰδεῖν κουρεῖταν ἄλοχον.

516.—TOY AYTOY

Οἱ μὲν ἐμὲ κτείναντες ομοίων ἀντιτύχοιοιν,
Ｚεῦ Ξένι· οἱ δ' ὑπὸ γὰν θέντες ὀναίντο βίον.

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BOOK VII. 512-516

512.—By the Same

Through the valour of these men the smoke of spacious Tegea in flames never went up to heaven. They resolved to leave to their children their city prospering in freedom and to die themselves in the forefront of the fight.

513.—By the Same

Protomachus said, when his father was holding him in his arms as he breathed forth his lovely youth, "Timenorides, never shalt thou cease to regret thy dear son's valour and virtue."

514.—By the Same

Shame of retreat led Cleodemus, too, to mournful death when on the banks of ever-flowing Theaerus he engaged the Thracian troop, and his warrior son made the name of his father, Diphilus, famous.

515.—By the Same

Alas, cruel sickness, why dost thou grudge the souls of men their sojourn with lovely youth? Timarchus, too, in his youth thou hast robbed of his sweet life ere he looked on a wedded wife.

516.—By the Same

Zeus, Protector of strangers, let them who slew me meet with the same fate, but may they who laid me in earth live and prosper.¹

¹ On the grave of one slain by robbers. cp. Nos. 310, 581.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

517.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

'Ἡφαι Μελάνιππον ἐθάπτομεν, ἥλιον δὲ
duoménou Basileó káthane parthenikē
autóchērī. ζῶειν γάρ, ἀδελφείν ἐν πυρὶ θεία,
oúk ēτλη. δίδυμον δ' οἶκος ἐσείδε κακὸν
πατρὸς Ἀριστίππου· κατήρησεν δὲ Κυρήνη
pāsa, tôn euteknon χήρων ἱδοῦσα δόμον.

518.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αστακίδην τὸν Κρήτα, τὸν αἰπόλον, ἠρπασε Νύμφη
ἐξ ὅρεως· καὶ νῦν ἱερὸς 'Αστακίδης.
oukēti Diktaḯsou ὑπὸ δρυσίν, oukēti Dáfico
poimēnes, 'Αστακίδην δ' αἶεν ἀεισόμεθα.

519.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δαίμων τὶς δ' εῦ οἴδε τὸν αὐριον, ἀνίκα καὶ σέ,
Χάρμη, τὸν ὀφθαλμὸς χθεῖζον ἐν ἀμετέροις,
tα ἐτέρα κλαύσαντες έθάπτομεν; oυδὲν εκεῖνον
eide πατὴρ Διοφῶν χρήμ' ἀναρότερον.

520.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ην δὲ θη Τίμαρχον ἐν Ὀλίδος, οῤῥα πύθαι
ἡ τι περὶ ψυχῆς, ἡ πάλι πῶς ἔσεαι,
dizesthai phulēs Poltemaḯdos, νιέα πατρὸς
Pausαnions: δήεis δ' αὐτὸν ἐν εὐσεβεῖων.

521.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κύζικον ἦν ἔλθης, ὀλύγος πόνος Ἰππακῶν εὐρείων
καὶ Διδύμην· ἀφανὴς οὔτι γὰρ ἡ γενέθ·
καὶ σφιν ἀνυμρὸν μὲν ἔρεισ ἔπος, ἔμπα δὲ λέξαι
touθ', ὡτὶ τὸν κεῖνον ὠδ' ἐπέχω Κριτην.

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BOOK VII. 517-521

517.—CALLIMACHUS

It was morning when we buried Melanippus, and at sunset the maiden Basilo died by her own hand; for after laying her brother on the pyre she could not abide to live. The house of their father Aristippus witnessed a double woe, and all Cyrene stood with downcast eyes, seeing the home bereft of its lovely children.

518.—By the Same

A nymph from the mountains carried off Astacides the Cretan goat-herd, and now Astacides is holy. No more, ye shepherds, beneath the oaks of Dictae shall we sing of Daphnis, but ever of Astacides.

519.—By the Same

Who knows well to-morrow's fate, when thee, Charmis, who wast yesterday in our eyes, we bewailed and buried next day. Thy father Diophon never looked upon any more grievous thing.

520.—By the Same

If thou wouldst seek Timarchus in Hades to enquire anything about the soul, or about how it shall be with thee hereafter, ask for Pausanias' son of the tribe Ptolemais, and it is in the abode of the pious that thou shalt find him.

521.—By the Same

If thou comest to Cyzicus, it will be little trouble to find Hippacus and Didyme; for the family is by no means obscure. Then give them this message, grievous indeed, but fail not to give it, that I hold their Critias.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

522.—TOY AYTOY

Τιμονότη, τίς δ' εσσί; μὰ δαίμονας, οὐ σ' ἀν ἐπέγυνων,
εἰ μὴ Τιμοθέου πατρὸς ἐπῆν ὄνομα
στήλη, καὶ Μήθυμνα τῇ πόλις. ἡ μέγα φημὶ
χήρον ἀνιάσθαι σὸν πόσιν Ἔνθυμένη.

523.—TOY AYTOY

Οὕτως Ἀλείσιο παρέρπτετε σᾶμα Κίμωνος
ἰστε τὸν Ἰππαίου παῖδα παρεχόμενοι.

524.—TOY AYTOY

a. 'Η Ῥ' ὕπο σοι Χαρίδας ἀναπαύεται; β. Εἰ τὸν
'Αρίμμα
τοῦ Κυρηναίου παῖδα λέγεις, ὑπ' ἐμοὶ.
a. 'Ω Χαρίδα, τί τὰ νέρθε; γ. Πολὺς σκότος.
a. Αἱ δ' ἄνοδοι τί;
γ. Ψεῦδος. a. 'Ο δὲ Πλοῦτων; γ. Μῦθος.
a. Ἀπολόμεθα.
γ. Οὕτως ἐμὸς λόγος ὑμμῖν ἀληθινὸς· εἰ δὲ τὸν ἂδιν 5
βούλει, πελλαίου βοῶς μέγας εἰν ἀίδη.

525.—TOY AYTOY

"Οστὶς ἐμὸν παρὰ σῆμα φέρεις πόδα, Καλλιμάχου με
ἰσθι Κυρηναίου παῖδα τε καὶ γενέτην.
eἰδείης δ' ἀμφω κεν· ὡς μὲν κατε πατρίδος ὄπλων
ὑρέθειν· ὡς δ' ἤεισεν κρέσσων βασκανίας.
οὐ νέμεσις. Μοῦσαι γὰρ ὅσοις ἰδον ὄμματι παῖδας 5
μὴ λοξὴ πολίοις οὐκ ἀπέθεντο φίλους.
BOOK VII. 522-525

522.—By the Same

Timonoe! But who art thou? By heaven I would not have recognised thee, had not thy father's name Timotheus and thy city's Methymna stood on the grave-stone. I know of a truth that thy widowed husband Euthymenes is in sore distress.

523.—By the Same

Ye who pass by the monument of Cimon of Elis, know that it is Hippaeus' son whom ye pass by.

524.—By the Same

A. "Doth Charidas rest beneath thee?" B. "If it is the son of Arimmas of Cyrene that you mean, he does." A. "What is it like below, Charidas?" C. "Very dark." A. "And what about return?" C. "All lies." A. "And Pluto?" C. "A myth." A. "I am done for." 1 C. "This is the truth that I tell you, but if you want to hear something agreeable, a large ox in Hades costs a shilling." (?)

525.—By the Same

Know thou who passest my monument that I am the son and father of Callimachus of Cyrene. Thou wilt have heard of both; the one once held the office of general in his city and the other sang songs which overcame envy. No marvel, for those on whom the Muses did not look askance in boyhood they do not cast off when they are grey.

1 i.e. all my hopes are gone.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

526.—NIKANΔΡΟΤ ΚΟΛΟΦΩΝΙΟΤ

ζεῦ πάτερ, ὦ θερνάδα τίνα φέρτερον ἐδρακες ἄλλον, δέ μόνος ἐκ θυρέας οὐκ ἐδέλεσε μολέων πατρίδος ἐπὶ Σπάρταν, διὰ δὲ ξίφος ἤλασε πλευρῶν, δοῦλα καταγράψας σκῦλα κατ' Ἰναχίδαν;

527.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Θεύδοτε, κηδεμόνων μέγα δάκρυν, οἳ σε θανόντα κόκκυσαν, μέλεον πυρσοῦ ἀναψάμενοι, αἰνόλινε, τρισάμπε· σὺ δ' ἀντί γάμου τε καὶ ἤβης κάλλιτες ἡδίστη ματρὶ γόους καὶ ἀχῃ.

528.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐρύσορον περὶ σῆμα τὸ Φαιωνέτης ποτὲ κοῦραί κάραντο ξανθοὺς Θεσσαλίδες πλοκάμους, πρωτοτόκοι καὶ ἀποτμον ἀτυχ withStyles περὶ νῦμφη. Δάρισαν δὲ φίλην ἡκαχε καὶ τοκέας.

529.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τόλμα καὶ εἰς άϊδαν καὶ ἐς οὐρανόν ἄνδρα κομίζει, καὶ Σωσάνδρου παίδες ἐπέβασε πυρᾶς, Δωρόθεον· Θία γὰρ ἐκεῖθεν ἡμὰρ ἴαλλων ἐρραίσθη Σηκὼν μεσσόθε καὶ Χιμέρας.

530.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Μοῦναν σὺν τέκνοις νεκυνοστόλε δέξο με πορθμεύ τὰν λάλον· ἀρκεῖ σοι φόρτος ὁ Γαμπάλλης· πληρώσει γαστήρ μία σὺν σκάφος· εἰσεδε κούρους καὶ κούρας, Φοῖβον σκῦλα καὶ Ἄρτεμιδος.

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BOOK VII. 526-530

526.—NICANDER OF COLOPHON

O father Zeus, didst thou ever see a braver than Othryadas, who would not return alone from Thyrea to Sparta his country, but transfixed himself with his sword after having inscribed the trophy signifying the subjection of the Argives.1

527.—THEODORIDAS

Theodotus, cause of many tears to thy kinsmen, who lamented thee dead, lighting the mournful pyre, ill-fated, dead all too early, instead of joy in thy marriage and thy youth, to thy sweet mother is left but groaning and grief.

528.—By the Same

The daughters of Thessaly sheared their yellow locks at the spacious tomb of Phaenarete, distraught with grief for the luckless bride dead in her first childbed, and her dear Larissa and her parents were stricken with sorrow.

529.—By the Same

Daring leads a man to Hades and to heaven; daring laid Dorotheus, Sosander's son, on the pyre; for winning freedom for Phthia he was smitten midway between Sekoi and Chimera.

530.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On Niobe and her children

Thou ferry-man of the dead, receive me, who could not hold my tongue, alone with my children; a boat-load from the house of Tantalus is sufficient for thee. One womb shall fill thy boat; look on my boys and girls, the spoils of Phoebus and Artemis.

1 cp. Nos. 430, 431.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

531.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἄυτά τοι, τρέσσαντι παρὰ χρέος, ὄπασεν ἄδαν,
βαψαμένα κοίλοιν ἐντὸς ἀρη λαγόνων,
μάτηρ ἁ σ' ἔτεκεν, Δαμάτριε· φᾶ δὲ σίδαρον
παιδὸς ἐοὶ φύρδαν μεστὸν ἔχουσα φόνου,
ὕψιον κοναβηδὸν ἐπιπρίουσα γένειον,
δερκομένα λοξαῖς, οὐα Λάκαινα, κόραις:
"Δείπη τὸν Εὐρώταν, ιθί Τάρταρον· ἀνίκα δειλὰν
οἶσθα φυγάν, τελέθεις οὐτ' ἐμὸς οὐτε Λάκων." 5

532.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΩΤ

Εκ με γεωμορίης 'Εσεπκλέα πόντιος ἐλπὶς
ἐξεκυσεν, ὅθεν ἔμπορον ἐργασίης:
νῶτα δὲ Τυρσηνής ἐπάτεων ἄλος· ἄλλ' ἀμα ἡ
πρηκτήεις κεῖνης ὦδαιν ἐγκατέδυν,
ἄθρον ἐμβρίσαντος ἅματος. οὐκ ἀρ' ἀλὼς
αὐτὸς ἐπιπνείεις κεῖς ὕθνας ἀνεμος. 5

533.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΑΝΔΡΙΟΤ

Καὶ Δίτ καὶ Ἄρμιρω με διάβροχον οὐ μέγ' ὀλυσθεῖν,
καὶ μόνον ἐκ δοιφῶν, καὶ βροτῶν ἐκ μακάρων.

534.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΙΤΩΛΟΤ

Ἀνθρωπε, ζωῆς περιβεῖδεο, μηδὲ παρ' ὄρην
ναυτίλος ἰσθι· καὶ ὡς οὐ πολύς ἄνδρι βιος.
δείλαιε Κλεόνε, σὺ δ' ἐν ἁμαρην Θάσον ἐλθεῖν
ἠπείγειν, Κολής ἐμπόρος ἐκ Συρίης,
ἐμπόρος, ὦ Κλεόνε· δύσιν δ' ὑπὸ Πλειάδας αὐτὴν 5
ποντοπορῶν, αὐτὴ Πλειάδι συγκατέδυν.

H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 97.

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BOOK VII. 531-534

531.—BY THE SAME

The very mother who bore thee, Demetrius, gave thee death when forgetful of thy duty thou didst fly, driving the sword into thy flanks. Holding the steel that reeked with her son’s blood, gnashing her teeth, foaming at the mouth, and looking askance like a Spartan woman as she was, she exclaimed “Leave the Eurotas; go to Tartarus. Since thou couldst fly like a coward, thou art neither mine nor Sparta’s.”

532.—ISIDORUS OF AEAE

I am Eteocles whom the hopes of the sea drew from husbandry and made a merchant in place of what I was by nature. I was travelling on the surface of the Tyrrhenian Sea, but with my ship I sunk headlong into its depths in a sudden fierce squall. It is not then the same wind that blows on the threshing-floor and fills the sails.

533.—DIONYSIUS OF ANDROS

It is no great marvel that I slipped when soaked by Zeus¹ and Bacchus. It was two to one, and gods against a mortal.

534.—AUTOMEDON OF AEOLIA

Man, spare thy life, and go not to sea in ill season. Even as it is, man’s life is not long. Unhappy Cleonicus, thou wast hastening to reach bright Thasos, trading from Coelesyria—trading, O Cleonicus; but on thy voyage at the very setting of the Pleiads,² with the Pleiads thou didst set.

¹ i.e. rain. ² Beginning of November.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

535.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐκέθ᾽ οἷον χιμάροισιν ἄχειν βίον, οὐκέτι ναλειν ὁ τραγότους ὄρεων Παν ἑθέλω κορυφᾶς.
τί γλυκὺ μοι, τί ποθεινόν ἐν οὐρεσιν; Ὁλετο Δάφνις,
Δάφνις δὲ ἡμέτέρη πῦρ ἐκεκε κραδίη.
ἀστυ τὸ ὁικήσω. θηρᾶν δὲ τις ἄλλος ἐπ᾽ ἄγρην 5
στελλέσθω. τὰ πάροιθ᾽ οὐκέτι Πανὶ φίλα.

536.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ [ΜΙΤΤΛΗΝΑΙΟΤ]

Οὐδὲ θανῶν ὁ πρέσβυς ἐφ᾽ ἐπιτέτροφε τύμβῳ
βότρυν ἀπ᾽ οἰνάνθης ἡμερον, ἄλλα βατόν,
καὶ πυγάσσαν ἀχερδον, ἀποστύφουσαν ὀδτῶν
χείλεα καὶ δίψει καρφαλέον φάρυγα.
ἀλλὰ τῆς Ἰππώνακτος ἐπὴν παρὰ σῆμα νέται,
εὐχέσθω κνώσσειν εὐμενέοντα νέκυν. 5

537.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ [ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ]

Ἡρὸν οὖν ἐπὶ πατρί, πολυκλαύτον δ᾽ ἐπὶ παιδὸς
Δύσις ἄχει κενεὴν τὴν ἄνέχωσε κόνιν,
οὖνομα ταρχύσας, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ὑπὸ χειρὰ τοκῆ vaz
ἐλυθε δυστήμων λείψανα Μαυτιθέου.

538.—ΑΝΤῂΗΣ

Μανῆς οὖτος ἀνήρ ἦν ξῶν ποτὲ νῦν δὲ τεθυματος
Ἰσον Δαρείῳ τῷ μεγάλῳ δύναται.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 24.

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BOOK VII. 535-538

535.—MELEAGER

No longer do I, goat-footed Pan, desire to dwell among the goats or on the hill-tops. What pleasure, what delight have I in mountains? Daphnis is dead, Daphnis who begot a fire in my heart. Here in the city will I dwell; let some one else set forth to hunt the wild beasts; Pan no longer loves his old life.

536.—ALCAEUS

Nor even now the old man is dead, do clusters of the cultivated vine grow on his tomb, but brambles and the astringent wild pear that contracts the traveller's lips and his throat parched with thirst. But he who passes by the tomb of Hipponax should pray his corpse to rest in sleep.

537.—PHANIAS

No monument for his father, but in mournful memory of his lamented son did Lysis build this empty mound of earth, burying but his name, since the remains of unhappy Mantitheus never came into his parents' hands.

538.—ANYTE

This man when alive was Manes, but now he is dead he is as great as great Darius.

\(^1\) Probably the Messenian.  \(^2\) A slave's name.

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539.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ

Οὐ προιδὼν, Θεότιμε, κακὴν δύσων ἴετίο·ο
’Ἀρετούρον, κρυμοῖο ἤγανο γαυτιλής,
ἡ σε, δι’ Ἀιγαίοιο πολυκλήιδε βέοντα
νηί, σὺν οἷς ἔταροις ἤγανεν εἰς αἴδην.
αἰαί, Ἀριστοδίκη δὲ καὶ Εὔροκος, οὐ σ᾽ ἐτέκοντο, 5
μύρονται, κενεὼν σήμα περισσόμενοι.

540.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

Πρὸς σὲ Διὸς Ἑξειδὸν γιονούμεθα, πατρὶ Χαρίνῳ
ἀγγειόν Θήβην, ὃνει, ἐπ᾽ Ἀἰολίδα
Μήμιν καὶ Πολυνικόν ὀλωλότε, καὶ τὸδε φαίης,
ὡς ὦ τὸν δόλων κλαίομεν ἃμμι μόρον,
καὶ περὶ Ἔρημον φθίμενοι χερὸς, ἀλλὰ τὸ κεῖνον 5
γῆρας ἐν ἀργαλείᾳ κείμενον ὀρφανίῃ.

541.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Εστις ἐν προμάχοις, Χαιρωνίδη, ὃδ’ ἀγορεύσας.
"’Η μόρον, ἢ νίκαι, Ζεῦ, πολέμοιο δίδουν,”
ἐρίκα τοι περὶ Τάφρον Ἀχαιάδα τῇ τότε νυκτὶ
δυσμενέες θρασέως δήμων ἔθεντο πόνου.
ναὶ μὴν ὄντ’ ἀρετής σε διακριθήν Ἄλκης ἀείει, 5
θερμὸν ἀνὰ ξεινὴν αἷμα χέλατα κόμῳ.

542.—ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ

Ἐβροῦ χειμερίους ἀταλός κρυμοῖοι δεθέντος
κόρος ὁλοθηρίος ποσαίν ἐθραυσε πάγον,

1 In November.
2 The scene of a battle in which the Spartans defeated the
BOOK VII. 539–542

539.—PERSES

Heedless, Theotimus, of the coming evil setting of rainy Arcturus, didst thou set out on thy perilous voyage, which carried thee and thy companions, racing over the Aegaean in the many-oared galley, to Hades. Alas for Aristodice and Eupolis, thy parents, who mourn thee, embracing thy empty tomb.

540.—DAMAGETES

By Zeus, the Protector of strangers, we adjure thee, Sir, tell our father Charinus, in Aeolian Thebes, that Menis and Polynicus are no more; and say this, that though we perished at the hands of the Thracians, we do not lament our treacherous murder, but his old age left in bereavement ill to bear.

541.—BY THE SAME

Standing in the forefront of the battle, Chaeronidas, so spokest thou, “Zeus, grant me death or victory,” on that night when by Achaean Taphros, the foe made thee meet him in stubborn battle strife: verily doth Elis sing of thee above all men for thy valour, who didst then shed thy warm blood on the foreign earth.

542.—FLACCUS

The tender boy, slipping, broke the ice of the Hebrus frozen by the winter cold, and as he was Messenians, but this epigram must refer to some later combat on the same spot.
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tοῦ παρασυρομένου περίμαγγες αὐχέν' ἐκοψεν
θηγαλέον ποταμοῦ Βιστονίου τρύφος.
kai τὸ μὲν ἵρπασθη δίναις μέρος· ἥ δὲ τεκοῦσα
λειφθὲν ὑπέρθε τάφῳ μοῦνον ἔθηκε κάρα.
μυρμένη δὲ τάλαινα, "Τέκος, τέκος," εἶπε, "τὸ
μὲν σου
πυρκαϊή, τὸ δὲ σου πικρὸν ἔθαψεν ὤδωρ."

543.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Πάντα τις ἀρήσατο φυγεῖν πλόου, ὅπποτε καὶ σύ,
Θεύγενες, ἐν Διβυκῷ τύμβον ἔθεμεν πελάγει,
ἡλίκα σοι κεκιμὴς ἐπέπτατο φορτίδι νηθ
οὐλον ἀνηρίθμων κεῖνο νέφος γεράνων.

544.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἶπε, ποτὶ Θήλαν εὑάμπελον ἢν ποθ' ἵκατα
καὶ πόλιν ἀρχαίαν, ὦ ξένε, Θαυμακίαν.
ὡς ὑμημῶν Μαλεάτων ἀναστέλλων ποτ' ἐρμον
εἰδὲς Λάμπωνος τὸ πόλει παιδὶ τάφον
Δέρξια, ὅν ποτὲ μοῦνον ἔλον δόλῳ, οὐδ' ἀναφανδόν,
κλώπες ἐπὶ Σπάρταν διὰν ἐπειγόμενον.

545.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΤ

Τὴν ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς ἐνδέξια φασὶ κέλευθον
'Ἐρμῆν τοὺς ἀγαθούς εἰς Ῥαδάμανθων ἀγείν,
ἡ καὶ Ἀριστόνοος, Χαιρεστράτου οὐκ ἀδάκρυτος
παῖς, ἡγησίλεω δῶμ' Ἄιδος κατέβη.

1 ὑπ. Βκ. IX. No. 56.

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BOOK VII. 542-545

carried away by the current, a sharp fragment of the Bistonian river breaking away cut through his neck. Part of him was carried away by the flood, but his mother laid in the tomb all that was left to her above the ice, his head alone. And, wailing, she cried, "My child, my child, part of thee hath the pyre buried and part the cruel water."  

543.—AnonYMOUS

One should pray to be spared sea-voyages altogether, Theogenes, since thou, too, didst make thy grave in the Libyan Sea, when that tired close-packed flock of countless cranes descended like a cloud on thy loaded ship.  

544.—AnonYMOUS

Tell, stranger, if ever thou dost come to Phthia, the land of vines, and to the ancient city of Thaumacia that, mounting once through the lonely woodland of Malea, thou didst see this tomb of Derxias the son of Lampo, whom once, as he hastened on his way to glorious Sparta, the bandits slew by treachery and not in open fight.

545.—HEGESIPPUS

They say that Hermes leads the just from the pyre to Rhadamanthus by the right-hand path, the path by which Aristonous, the not unwept son of Chaerestratus, descended to the house of Hades, the gatherer of peoples.

* Pliny (N.H. x. 13) tells of ships being similarly sunk by flocks of quails alighting on them at night.
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546.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἶχε κορωνοβόλον πενής λμηρόν Ἀρίστων
ὄργανον, ὃ πτηνᾶς ἤκροβόλιζε χένας,
ἡκα παραστείχων δολίην όδόν, οἷος ἐκεῖνας
ψεύσασθαι λοξοῖς ὁμμασε φερβομένας.
νῦν δ’ ὁ μὲν εἰν αἰδη· τὸ δὲ οἱ βέλων ὀρφανὸν ἤχου
καὶ χερός· ἡ δ’ ἀγρη τύμβου ὑπερπέταται.

547.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ
Τὰν στάλαν ἐχάραζε Βιάνωρ οὐκ ἐπὶ ματρί,
οὐδ’ ἐπὶ τῷ γενέτα, πότμον ὀφειλόμενον,
παρθενικά δ’ ἐπὶ παιδί· κατέστενε δ’, οὐχ Ῥμεναῖοι,
ἀλλ’ Ἅιδα νύμφαν δωδεκάτων κατάγων.

548.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
a. Τίς Δαιμών Ἀργείος ἐπ’ ἠρίφ; ἄρα σύναιμος
ἐστὶ Δικαιοτέλειος; β. Ἐστι Δικαιοτέλειος.
a. Ἡχὼ τοῦτ’ ἐλάλησε πανύστατον, ἢ τὸδ’ ἄληθές,
κεῖνος δ’ ἐστίν ἄνήρ; β. Κεῖνος δ’ ἐστίν ἄνήρ.

549.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πέτρος ἐτ’ ἐν Σιπύλῳ Νιόβηθ ἄρχεται ἀναλύζει
ἐπτὰ δις ὀδίνων δυρμένηθανάτων·
λήξει δ’ οὐδ’ αἰώνιον γόνον. τί δ’ ἁλαζώνα μῦθον
φθέγξατο, τὸν ζωῆς ἄρταγα καὶ τεκεῖν;
BOOK VII. 546-549

546.—Anonymous

Aristo had his sling, a weapon procuring him a scanty living, with which he was wont to shoot the winged geese, stealing softly upon them so as to elude them as they fed with sidelong-glancing eyes. Now he is in Hades and the sling noiseless and idle with no hand to whirl it, and the game fly over his tomb.

547-550 are by Leonidas of Alexandria and are isopsepha, like Book VI. Nos. 321-329.

547

Bianor engraved the stone, not for his mother or father, as had been their meet fate, but for his unmarried daughter, and he groaned as he led the bride of twelve years not to Hymenaeus but to Hades.

548

"Who is the Argive Daemon on the tomb? Is he a brother of Dicaeoteles?" (Echo) "A brother of Dicaeoteles." "Did Echo speak the last words, or is it true that this is the man?" (Echo) "This is the man."

549

Niobe, a rock in Sipylos, still sobs and wails, mourning for the death of twice seven children, and never during the ages shall she cease from her plaint. Why did she speak the boastful words that robbed her of her life and her children?
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550.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναυηγὸς γλαυκοῖο φυγὼν Τρίτωνος ἀπειλᾶς Ἀιθέρις Φθιώτην οὗ φύγεν αἰνόλυκον.
Πηνείων παρὰ χύμα γαρ ἄλετο. φεῦ τάλαν δόσις Νηρείδων Νύμφας ἔσχεν ἀπιστοτέρας.

551.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Λητότον καὶ Παῦλος ἀδελφεῖω άμφω εὖντε ἔσαλς μὲν βιότου συζυγίαν ἐχέτην,
εὐνὰ δὲ καὶ Μοῖρης λαχετήν λίνα, καὶ παρὰ θίνα
Βοσπορίην ἔσαλς ἀμφεβάλουτο κόνιν.
oúde γαρ ἀλλῆλοις ἔσσεν ἀπάνευθε δυνάσθην,
ἀλλὰ συνεκρέχετην καὶ παρὰ Φερσεφόνην.
χαίρετον ὦ γλυκερῷ καὶ ὀμόφρονει σήματι δʿ ύμέων
ώφελον ἱδρύσθαι βομβὸς Ὀμοφροσύνης.

552.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Ὅ ξένε, τί κλαίεις; β. Διὰ σὸν μόρον. α. Οἴσθα τίς εἰμι;
β. Οὐ μὰ τὸν ἀλλ᾽ ἐμπῆς οἰκτρῶν ὀρῶ τὸ τέλος.
ἔσσει δὲ τίς; α. Περίκλεια. β. Γυνὴ τίνος; α. Ἀν-
δρὸς ἀρίστου,
ρήτορος, ἕξ Ἀσίς, οὖνομα Μεμυννίου.
β. Πῶς δὲ σε Βοσπορίη κατέχει κόνις; α. Εἰρεο
Μοῖραν,
ἡ μοι τῆλε πάτρης ξείνου ἐδωκε τάφων.
β. Παιδὰ λίπες; α. Τριήτηρον, ὅς ἐν μεγάροισιν
ἀλῶν
ἐκδέχεται μαζῶν ἠμετέρων σταγώνα.
β. Αἴθε καλῶς ζώοι. α. Ναὶ, ναῖ, φίλος, εὐχεο κεῖνο,
δόφα μοι ἡβήςας δάκρυ φίλον σταλάσσω.  

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BOOK VII. 550-552

550

Antheus, who escaped the threats of sea-green Triton, escaped not the terrible Pthian wolf. For by the stream of Peneus he perished. Unfortunate! to whom the Nymphs were more treacherous than the Nereids.¹

551.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Letoëus and Paulus, being two brothers, were united in life, and united in the predestined hour of their death, they lie by the Bosporus clothed in one shroud of dust. For they could not live apart from each other, but ran together to Persephone. Hail, sweet pair, ever of one mind; on your tomb should stand an altar of Concord.

552.—By the Same

A. "Stranger, why mournest thou?"  B. "For thy fate."  A. "Dost know who I am?"  B. "No, by ——! but still I see thy end was wretched, and who art thou?"  A. "Periclea."  B. "Whose wife?"  A. "The wife of a noble man, an orator from Asia, by name Memnonius."  B. "And how is it that thou liest by the Bosporus?"  A. "Ask Fate who gave me a tomb in a strange land far from my own country."  B. "Didst thou leave a son?"  A. "One of three years old, who wanders up and down the house seeking the milk of my breasts."  B. "May he live and prosper."  A. "Yea, yea, my friend, pray for him, that he may grow up and shed sweet tears for me."

¹ cp. No. 289.

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553.—ΔΑΜΑΣΚΙΟΤ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΤ
Ζωσίμη, ἡ πρὶν ἐοῦσα μόνη τῷ σώματι δοῦλη, καὶ τῷ σώματι νῦν εὐρέν ἐλευθερήν.

554.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Δατύπος Ἀρχιτέλης Ἀγαθάνορι παιδὶ θανόντι χερσίν ὀξύραις ἡμολόγησε τάφον, αἰαί, πέτρον ἑκείνον, δειν ὁ ἐκόλαψε σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἐτάκη πυκνώσας δάκρυσι τεγγόμενος. φεῦ, στῆλη φθιμένῳ κούφῃ μένε, κεῖνος ἵν' εἴπῃ: "Οὐτος πατρῴς χεὶρ ἐπέθηκε λίθον."

555.—ΙΩΑΝΝΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ
'Ες τόσιν ἀδρήσασα παρ' ἐσχατίης λίνα μοίρης γένεσα καὶ χθονίους, γένεσα καὶ ξυγίους; τούς μέν, τῷ ξωδόν λίπον ἄνερα· τούς δ', τῷ τοῖς. ἀλλὰ πατὴρ μίμνοι παισίν ἐφ' ἡμετέροις.

555b.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τούτῳ σαοφροσύνας αὐτάξιον εὑρεῖ, Νοστώ· δάκρυμα σοι γαμέτας σπείσε καταφθιμένα.

556.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΑΝΘΩΠΑΤΟΤ
Νηλείης Ἀἰδῆς· ἐπὶ σοι δ' ἐγέλασες θανόντι, Τίτυρε, καὶ νεκύων θήκε σε μυμολόγον.

557.—ΚΤΡΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ
Τρεῖς ἐτέων δεκάδες, Μάιας χρόνος· τῇ τρίᾳ δ' ἄλλα ἐτρέχει, ἀλλ' Ἀἰδῆς πικρὸν ἐπεμψε βέλος· θηλυτέρην δ' ἥρπαξε ρόδων καλύκεσσιν ὁμοίην, πάντ' ἀπομαξαμένην ἔργα τὰ Πηνελόπης.
BOOK VII. 553-557

553.—DAMASCIUS THE PHILOSOPHER

Zosime who was never a slave but in body, has now gained freedom for her body too.

554.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The mason Architeles with mourning hands constructed a tomb for Agathanor his son. Alas! alas! this stone no chisel cut, but drenched by many tears it crumbled. Thou, tablet, rest lightly on the dead, that he may say "Of a truth it was my father's hand which placed this stone on me."

555.—JOANNES THE POET

Looking at my husband, as my life was ebbing away, I praised the infernal gods, and those of wedlock, the former because I left my husband alive, the latter that he was so good a husband. But may their father live to bring up our children.

555b.—BY THE SAME

This, Nosto, was the reward thy virtue gained, that thy husband shed tears for thee at thy death.

556.—THEODORUS PROCONSUL

On a mime

Hades is grim, but he laughed at thy death, Tityrus, and made thee the mime of the dead.

557.—CYRUS THE POET

Maia had passed her thirtieth year and was approaching her thirty-third, when Hades cast at her his cruel dart and carried off the woman who was like a rosebud, a very counterpart of Penelope in her work.
558.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

"Ἄδης μὲν σύλησεν ἐμὴς νεότητος ὀπώρην,
κρύψε δὲ παππόφοι μνήματα τῇ δὲ Λήθος.
οὔνομα Ῥουφίνος γενόμην, πάϊς Αιδερίου,
μητρὸς δὲ ἄγαθης· ἀλλὰ μάτην γενόμην.
ἐς γὰρ ἄκρον μούσης τε καὶ ἥβης ἥκον ἐλάσσας,
φεῦ, σοφὸς εἰς ἀίδην, καὶ νέος εἰς ἔρεβος.
κώκνε καὶ σὺ βλέπων τάδε γράμματα μακρὸν, ὀδίτας,
δὴ γὰρ ἐφιυς ζωῶν ἢ πάϊς ἢ πατήρ.

559.—ΘΕΟΣΕΒΕΙΑΣ

Εἶδεν Ἀκεστορίη τρία πένθεα· κείρατο χαιρεν
πρῶτον ἐφ’ Ἰπποκράτει, καὶ δεύτερον ἄμφι Γάληνfusc
καὶ τρίτον Ἀβλαβίου γομφὶ ἐπὶ σήματι κεῖται,
αιδομένη μετὰ κείνον ἐν ἀνθρώποις φανήσαι.

560.—ΠΑΤΛΟΣ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ ἐπὶ ξείνης σε, Δεόντει, γαία καλύπτει,
εἰ καὶ ἐρικλαίτων τῆλ’ ἐθανεσ γονέων,
pολλά σοι ἐκ βλεψάρων ἐχώθη περιτύμβια φωτῶν
δάκρυα, δυστλήτω πένθει δαπτιμένων.
pάσι γὰρ ἥσθα λίνη πεσελθήσεσ, οἶα τε πάντων
ξυνός ἐων κοῦρος, ξυνός ἐων ἔταρος.
αἰαὶ, λευγαλέα καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἐπλετεί Μοῖρα,
μηδὲ τῆς ἥβης, δύσμορε, φεισαμένη.

561.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΤΤΙΠΙΟΤ

'Ἡ Φύσις ωδώνασα πολλὰν χρόνον ἀνέρ’ ἔτεκτεν
ἄξιον εἰς ἀρετὴν τῶν προτέρων ἑτέων,
BOOK VII. 558–561

558.—Anonymous

Hades spoiled the ripe fruit of my youth and the stone hid me in this ancestral tomb. My name was Rufinus, the son of Aetherius and I was born of a noble mother, but in vain was I born; for after reaching the perfection of education and youth, I carried, alas! my learning to Hades and my youth to Erebus. Lament long, O traveller, when thou readest these lines, for without doubt thou art either the father or the son of living men.

559.—Theosebeia

Three sorrows Medicine¹ met with. First she shored her hair for Hippocrates, and next for Galen, and now she lies on the tearful tomb of Ablabius, ashamed, now he is gone, to shew herself among men.

560.—Paulus Silentriarius

Though the earth cover thee in a strange land, Leontius, though thou didst die far from thy afflicted parents, yet many funeral tears were shed for thee by mortals consumed by insufferable sorrow. For thou wert greatly beloved by all and it was just as if thou wert the common child, the common companion of every one. Ah! direful and merciless was Fate that spared not even thy youth.

561.—Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

Nature after long labour gave birth to a man whose virtue was worthy of former years, Craterus

¹ Ἀνατοπία is the same as Ἀνδρὼ daughter of Aesculapius.

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τὸν Κρατερὸν σοφήν τε καὶ οὗνομα, τὸν καὶ ἄνγροις
cινήσαντα γόρῳ δάκρυνον ἀντιπάλοις.
eἰ δὲ νέος τέθυηκεν, ὑπέρτερα νήματα Μοίρης
μέμφεο, βουλομένης κόσμον ἄκοσμον ἦχειν.

562.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ω φθέγμα Κρατεροῖο, τί σοι πλέον εἰ γε καὶ αὐθής
ἐπλεο καὶ συγῆς αἴτιον ἀντιπάλοις;
ξύντος μὲν γὰρ ἀπαντεῖ ἐφόνειν· ἐκ δὲ τελευτῆς
ὑμετέρης ἴδιον αὐθὴς ἔθησαν ὅπα.
οὕτις γὰρ μετὰ σεῖδο μόρον τέτληκε ταῦτα
ὅτα λόγοις. Κρατερῷ δ' ἐν τέλος ἦδε λόγοις.

563.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Συγάς Χρυσεόμαλλη τὸ χάλκεον, οὐκέτι δ' ἡμῖν
εἰκόνας ἀρχεγόνων ἐκτέλεισις μερότων
νεύμασιν ἕφθιγγοις· τεῇ δ', ὀλβίστε, σιωπῇ
νῦν στυγερή τελέθει, τῇ πρὶν ἐθελήγομεθα.

564.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῆδεν ποτ' ἀκτερέίστον ἐδέξατο γαία χανοῦσα
Δαοδίκην, δητῷν ὑβριν ἄλενομένην.
σῆμα δ' ἀμαλδύναντος ἀνωτότιοι χρόνοιο,
Μάξιμος ἐκδηλοῦν θῆκ' Ἀσίης υπατος,
καὶ κούρης χάλκεοιν ἐπεὶ τίπον ἑφράσατ' ἄλλῃ
κείμενον ἀκλειώς, τῷ δ' ἐπέθηκε κύκλῳ.

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BOOK VII. 561-564

(strong) in name and in wisdom, whose death moved to tears even his grievous opponents. If he died young, blame the supreme decree of Fate who willed that the world should be despoiled of its ornament.¹

562.—By the Same

O eloquence of Craterus, what profits it thee if thou wast a cause of speech or of silence to thy adversaries? When thou didst live, all cried out in applause; but after thy death the mouths of all are sealed; for none any more would lend an ear to speeches. The art of speaking perished with Craterus.

563.—Paulus Silentarius

Thou art bound in brazen silence, Chryseomallus, and no longer dost thou figure to us the men of old time in dumb show.² Now, most gifted man, is thy silence, in which we once took delight, grievous to us

564.—Anonymous

Here on a time the earth opened to receive Laodice,³ not duly laid to rest, but flying from the violence of the enemy. Unreckonable Time having effaced the monument, Maximus the Proconsul of Asia brought it again to light, and having noticed the girl’s bronze statue lying elsewhere unhonoured, he set it up on this circular barrow.

¹ The play on the two senses of “cosmos” cannot be reproduced.
² He was a mime.
³ The daughter of Priam.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

565.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΤΤΙΠΙΟΤ

Αὐτὴν Ἡειοδότην ὁ ζωγράφος, αἰθὲ δὲ τέχνης ἠμβροτε, καὶ λήθην δῶκεν ὀδυρομένους.

566.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Γαία, καὶ Εἰλείδυιαι, σὺ μὲν τέκες, ἢ δὲ καλύπτεις· χαίρετον· ἀμφοτέρας ἢνυσα τὸ στάδιον.
εἰμι δέ, μὴ νοεῶν πόθι νίσομαι· οὐδὲ γὰρ ὑμέας ἢ τίνος ἢ τίς ἦν οἶδα πόθεν μετέβην.

567.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΞΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Κανδαύλων τὸδε σῆμα· δίκη δὲ ἐμὸν οἷτον άδούσα
οὐδὲν ἀλτρανεῖν τὴν παράκοιτιν ἐφή.
ἠθελε γὰρ δισσοιάσω ἵπτὶ ἀνδρῶσι μηδὲ φανῆαι,
ἀλλ’ ἢ τὸν πρὶν ἔχεω, ἢ τὸν ἐπιστάμενον.
χρὴν ἄρα Κανδαύλην παθεῖν κακῶν· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ἔτη
5 δεῖξαι τὴν ἰδίην ὄμμασιν ἀλλοτρίοις.

568.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἔπτα μὲ δῖς λυκάβαντας ἔχουσαν ἀφήρπασε δαίμων,
ἣν μούνην Διδύμῳ πατρὶ Θάλεια τέκεν.
ἀ Μοίραι, τὶ τοσοῦτον ἀπηνέες, οὔδ’ ἐπὶ παστοὺς
ἤγαγεν’ οὐδ’ ἐρατὴς ἔργα τεκνοπορίης;
οἱ μὲν γὰρ γονείς με γαμήλιοι εἰς Ἰμέναιον
5 μέλλουν ἄγειν· στυγεροῦ δ’ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἔβην.
νῦν θεοί, λύτομαι, μητρὸς γε γόους πατέρος τε
παῦσατε, τηκομένων εἰνεκ’ ἐμεὶ φθιμένης.
BOOK VII. 565-568

565.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

The painter limned Theodote just as she was. Would his art had failed him and he had given forgetfulness to us who mourn her.

566.—MACEDONIUS CONSUL

Earth and Ilithyia, one of you brought me to birth, the other covers me. Farewell! I have run the race of each. ¹ I depart, not knowing whither I go, for neither do I know who I was or whose or from whence when I came to you.

567.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

This is the monument of Candaules,² and Justice seeing my fate said that my wife committed no crime; for she wished not to be seen by two men, but wished either her first husband or him who knew her charms to possess her. It was fated for Candaules to come to an evil end; otherwise he would never have ventured to show his own wife to strange eyes.

568.—BY THE SAME

Fate carried me off but fourteen years old, the only child that Thalia bore to Didymus. Ah, ye Destinies, why were ye so hard-hearted, never bringing me to the bridal chamber or the sweet task of conceiving children? My parents were on the point of leading me to Hymen, but I went to loathed Acheron. But, ye gods, still, I pray, the plaints of my father and mother who wither away because of my death.

¹ What he means is "the race of life and death."
² See Herod. i. 11.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

569.—TOY AYTOY

Ναί λότομαι, παροδίτα, φίλω κατάλεξον ἀκολύτη,
εύτ' ἄν ἐμὴν λεύσης πατρίδα Θεσσαλίην.
"Κάθανε σῇ παράκοιτης, ἔχει δὲ μιν ἐν χθονὶ τύμβος,
ἀιαί, Βοσπορίδης ἐγγύθεν ἦδονος:
ἀλλὰ μοι αὐτόθι τεῦχε κενήριον ἐγγύθι σείο,
δφρ' ἀναμμηνήσκη τῆς ποτὲ κουρίδης."  

570.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Δουλκίτιον μὲν ἀνακτείς ἄκρων βιότοιο πρὸς ὀλβον
ἡγαγον ἐξ ἄρετῆς καὶ κλέος ἀνθυπάτων
ὡς δὲ φύσις μιν ἐλυσεν ἀπὸ χθονός, ἀπάνατοι μὲν
αὐτὸν ἔχουσι θεοί, σῶμα δὲ σηκὸς ὀδε.

571.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Ορφέος οἰχομένου, τάχα τις τότε λείπετο Μοῦσα·
σεῦ δὲ, Πλάτων, φθιμένου, παύσατο καὶ κιθάρη.
ἡν γὰρ ἔτι προτέρων μελέων ὀλίγη τις ἀπορροφε
ἐν σαις σωζομένη καὶ φρεσί καὶ παλάμαισ.

572.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐχ ὁσίως λεχέεσσιν ἐτέρπετο λάθριος ἀνήρ,
λέκτρον ὑποκλέπτων ἀλλοτρίης ἀλόχου,
ἐξαπίθης δὲ δάμων ὀροφῆ πέσε, τοὺς δὲ κακούργους
ἐσκεπεν, ἀλληλοίς εἰσέτι μυσγομένους.
ζυνὴ δ' ἀμφοτέρους κατέχει παγίς· εἰν ἐνὶ δ' ἀμφῳ 5
κεῖνοι, συζυγίης οὐκέτι πανόμενοι.

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BOOK VII. 569–572

569.—By the Same

Yea, I pray thee, traveller, tell my dear husband, when thou seest my country Thessaly, “Thy wife is dead and rests in her tomb, alas, near the shore of the Bosporus. But build me at home a cenotaph near thee, so that thou mayest be reminded of her who was once thy spouse.”

570.—Anonymous

Our princes, owing to his virtues, promoted Dulcitius to great wealth and proconsular rank; and now that Nature has released him from earth, the immortal gods possess himself, but this enclosure his body.

571.—Leontius Scholasticus

When Orpheus departed, perchance some Muse survived, but at thy death, Plato, the lyre ceased to sound. For in thy mind and in thy fingers there yet survived some little fragment at least of ancient music.

572.—Agathias Scholasticus

A certain man secretly took his pleasure in unholy intercourse, stealing the embraces of another man’s wife; but of a sudden the roof fell in and buried the sinners still coupled. One trap holds both, and together they lie in an embrace that never ceases.

1 A contemporary musician.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

573.—ΔΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Χειρεδίου τόδε σήμα, τὸν ἐτρεφεν Ἀτθις ἄρουρα
eικόνα ῥητήρων τῆς προτέρης δεκάδος,
ηθιδίως πείθοντα δικαστῶλον: ἀλλὰ δικάζων
οὕποτε τῆς ὀρθῆς οὔδε ὁσον ἐτράπετο.

574.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Θεσσοι μὲν μεμέλημεν συνήθεες Ἀγαθονίκης.
Μοῖρα δὲ δειμαίνειν οὐ δεδάκη κόσμους·
ἀλλὰ μίαν ἁρπάξασα σοφῶν ἠμέρσε θεμίστων,
οὕπο τῆς νομίμης έμπλευν ἡλικίας.
οὐκτρά δ’ ἵππον τύμβῳ κατεστραχηκαν ἑταῖροι
κέιμενον, οὐθ’ θίασον κόσμον ὁδυρόμενοι: 5
ἡ δὲ κόμη τίλλουσα γόων πληκτίτεστο μήτηρ,
αἰαί, τὸν λαγόνον μόχθουν ἐπισπαρμένη.
ἐμπεῖς ὀλίβως οὕτος, δὲ ἐν νεότητι μαραυθεὶς
ἐκφυγε τὴν βιότον θᾶσσον ἀλτροσύνης. 10

575.—ΔΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Σῆμα ’Ρόδης: Τυρίς δὲ γυνῆ πέλεν: ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
ἐκεί τὴν τόλμην πόλιν, κηδομένη τεκέων.
αὐτὴ ἀειμνήστοιο λέχος κόσμησε Γεμέλλου,
δὲ πάρος εὔνομής ἱδονὰ θήκε πόλιν.
γρηγός μὲν μόρον εὑρεῖν, ὀψελλε δὲ μυρία κύκλα
ζώειν τῶν ἁγαθῶν οὐ δεχόμεσθα κόρον. 5

576.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΓΙΤΙΟΤ
a. Κάτθανες, ὥς Πύρρων; β. Ἐπέχω. a. Πυμάτην
μετὰ μοῖραν
φῆς ἐπέχειν; β. Ἐπέχω. a. Σκέψιν ἐπαύσει
tάφος.
BOOK VII. 573-576

573.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

This is the tomb of Cheiredius whom the Attic land nourished, an orator the image of the ancient ten,\(^1\) ever easily convincing the judge, but when himself a judge never swerving a hair's breadth from the straight path.

574.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Agathonicus had diligently studied jurisprudence, but Fate has not learnt to fear the laws, and laying hands on him tore him from his learning in it, before he was of lawful age to practise. His fellow-students bitterly lamented over his tomb, mourning for the ornament of their company, and his mother tearing her hair in her mourning beat herself, remembering, alas, the labour of her womb. Yet blest was he in fading young and escaping early the iniquity of life.

575.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

The tomb is Rhode's. She was a Tyrian woman, and quitting her country came to this city for the sake of her children. She adorned the bed of Gemellus of eternal memory, who formerly was a professor of law in this city. She died in old age, but should have lived for thousands of years: we never feel we have enough of the good.

576.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. "Are you dead, Pyrrho?"  B. "I doubt it."
A. "Even after your final dissolution, do you say you doubt?"  B. "I doubt."  A. "The tomb has put an end to doubt."

\(^1\) The celebrated ten Attic orators.
\(^2\) The Sceptic philosopher.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

577.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Όστις με τριόδοςι, μέσας τάρχυσε θανόντα,
λυγρά παθών τύμβου μηδ' ολίγοιο τύχοι,
πάντες ἐπεὶ Τίμωνα νέκνων πατέονσιν ὤδηται,
καὶ μόρος ἀμμύ μόνος ἀμμορος ἰνυχίζης.

578.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὸν κρατέρον Πανοπήνα, τὸν ἀγρευτῆρα λεόντων,
τὸν ἱασιστέρνων κέντορα παρδαλίων,
τύμβος ἔχει· γλαφυρῆς γὰρ ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἔκτενε δεινὸς
σκοτίες, οὐτίος ταρσὸν ὀρεσσιβάτην.
ἀγανέθ δὲ τάλαινα σύγνα τε πάρ χθονὶ κεῖται,
αἰαῖ, θαρσαλέων παίγνια δορκαλίδων.

579.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Πέτρου ὅρας ῥυτήρος ἁεὶ γελώσαν ὑπωπῆν,
ἔξοχου εἰν ἀγοραῖς, ἔξοχου εἰν φιλίη.
ἐν δὲ Διωνύσου θηεύμενος ὠλετο μοῦνος,
ὑψέθεν εἴ τέγεος σὺν πλεόνεσσι πεσῶν,
βαίνεν ἐπίξεσαι, ὅσον ἔρκεσε. τούτων ἔγογε
ἀγριον ὑν καλέω, τὸν δὲ φύσει θάνατον.

580.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΡΤΙΠΙΟΤ

Οὐποτὲ με κρύψεις ἵπτο πυθμένα νείατον αἰθή
τόσσον, ὅσον κρύψαι πάνοσκοπον ὄμμα Δίκης.

581.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Αντί φόνου τάφον ἀμμι χαρίζει, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
ἰσων ἀντιτύχοισι οὐρανόθεν χαρίτων.

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1 i.e. long enough to set his affairs in order.

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BOOK VII. 577-581

577.—BY THE SAME

May he who buried me at the cross-roads come to an ill end and get no burial at all; since all the travellers tread on Timon and in death, the portion of all, I alone have no portion of repose.

578.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

In this tomb rests strong Panopeus the lion-hunter, the piercer of shaggy-breasted panthers; for a terrible scorpion issuing from a hole in the earth smote his heel as he walked on the hills and slew him. On the ground, alas, lie his poor javelin and spear, to be the playthings of impudent deer.

579.—LEONTIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Thou seest the ever-smiling face of Peter the orator, excellent in debate, excellent in friendship. In the theatre whilst looking at the performance he fell from the roof with others and was the only one who died, after surviving a short time, sufficient for his needs.¹ I call this no violent death, but a natural one.

580.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Never shalt thou hide me even in the very bottom of the earth in a manner that shall hide the all-seeing eye of Justice.²

581.—BY THE SAME

Thou givest me a tomb in return for murdering me, but may heaven grant thee in return the same kindness.

¹ This and the following are supposed to be addressed to his murderers by a man killed by robbers. cp. No. 310.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

582.—TOY AYTOY

Χαίρε μοι, δο ναυγγέ, καλ εἰς Ἀίδαο περήσαν
μέμφεο μή πόντου κύμασιν, ἀλλ’ ἀνέμοις.
κεῖνοι μέν σ’ ἐδάμασσαν· ἀλῶς δὲ σε μείλαξαν ὑδωρ
ἐς χθόνα καὶ πατέρων ἐξεκύλισε τάφους.

583.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἀβάλε μηδ’ ἐγένοντο ηγάμοι, μὴ νύμφια λέκτρα·
oὐ γὰρ ἀν ὀδίνων ἐξεφάνη πρόφασις.
νῦν δ’ ἡ μὲν τριτάλαιναι γυνῇ τίκτουσα κάθηται,
γαστρὶ δὲ δυσκόλπῳ νεκρὸν ἐνεστὶ τέκος·
τρισύῃ δ’ ἀμφιλύκη δρόμον ἤνυσεν, ἐξότε μέμνει
τὸ βρέφος ἀπρήκτοις ἔλπις τικτόμενον.
κούφη σοὶ τελέθει γαστήρ, τέκος, ἀντὶ κούβις·
αὐτὴ γὰρ σε φέρει, καὶ χθόνος οὐ χατέεις.

584.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΡΤΠΙΙΟΤ

Πλώεις ναυγγόν με λαβόν καὶ σήματι χώσας;
pλῶε, Μαλείαν ἀκρα φυλασσόμενος·
aἰεὶ δ’ εὐπλοτὴν μεθέποις φίλος· ἤν δὲ τι βέβη
ἄλλῳ Τύχῃ, τούτων ἀντιάσασις χριτῶν.

585.—TOY AYTOY

Μύγδων τέρμα βίοιο λαχών, αὐτόστολος ἠθεῖν
εἰς ἄιδην, νεκύων πορθώδες οὐ χατέον.
ἡν γὰρ ἔχει χιών βιοδώτορα, μάρτυρα μόχθων,
ἀγραίς εἰναλίαις πολλάκι βριθομένην.
BOOK VII. 582-585

582.—BY THE SAME

Hail! thou ship-wrecked man, and when thou landest in Hades, blame not the waves of the sea, but the winds. It was they who overcame thee, but the kindly water of the sea cast thee out on the land by the tombs of thy fathers.

583.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

O would that marriage and bridal beds had never been, for then there would have been no occasion for child-bed. But now the poor woman sat in labour and in the unhappy recess of her womb lay the dead child. Three days passed and ever the babe remained with unfulfilled hope of its being born. The womb, O babe, instead of the dust rests lightly on thee, for it enwraps thee and thou hast no need of earth.

584.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Dost thou travel on the sea, thou who didst take up my ship-wrecked body and bury it in a tomb? Travel, but avoid Cape Malea, and mayst thou ever, my friend, find fair weather. But if Fortune be adverse, mayst thou meet with the same kindness.

585.—BY THE SAME

Mygodon, the span of his life finished, went to Hades in his own boat, not requiring the ferry-boat of the dead. For she who was in life his support and the witness of his toil, often loaded with his
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

tínde kai én thánátof láche sóndromou, été te leuvtín 5
ébretos vulušíza ólkaðì kaimène.
oútw pístov ánakti péleu skáfos, oíkon álēxou
Mýgdoi, kai símplooun ès bíoun, ès thánatoù.

586.—TOY AYTOY

Oúti se póntos ñlese kai ou páneoutes àitài,
âllì àkórfetos èrìs foinádòs èmporìs.
eìì mou gáïs ñlígos bíos· ek de thalássês
álloisìn melétò kérðos àellomákhon.

587.—TOY AYTOY

Eìs Pámphiloù filòsòfoun

Xthón se tékeu, póntos dé diôlese, dékto dé thùkos
Plouthês· keîthen dé ouðanòv èisænbès.
oúx òs nànthgos dé ñvthò ñánes, âllì ìna pântov
kliðrous ãthnàtov, Pámphíle, kósìvou àgìs.

588.—PÁLLOT SÍLENTIARIOT

Dámócharis Môírês pumátìn ñpedússato súghìn.
fév· tò kalòn Móûshês bárbitou ñremaéi·
ólto Grammatikès íerì bássìs. âmfirùtì Kòs,
kai páli péntos èxeis ólon éfì 'Ippokrátei.

589.—AΓAΘIOT SΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Mhën àpagnèileias ès 'Antióchëian, ðdïta,
mì páliw oímovì ñevìmatà Kastalìs,
BOOK VII. 585-589

prey from the sea, was his fellow-traveller in death too, when he came to his end in company with the burning boat; so faithful to her master was she, increasing his substance and travelling with him to life and to death.

586.—BY THE SAME

It was not the sea which was thy end, and the gales, but insatiable love of that commerce which turned thee mad. Give me a little living from the land; let others pursue profit from the sea gained by fighting the storms.

587.—BY THE SAME

On Pamphilus the Philosopher

The earth bore thee, the sea destroyed thee, and Pluto's seat received thee, and thence thou didst ascend to heaven. Thou didst not perish in the deep, Pamphilus, as one shipwrecked, but in order to add an ornament to the domains of all the immortals.

588.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Damocharis passed into the final silence of Fate; alas! the Muses' lovely lyre is silent; the holy foundation of Grammar has perished. Sea-girt Cos, thou art again in mourning as for Hippocrates.

589.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Bear not the message, traveller, to Antioch, lest again the streamlets of Castalia lament, because of a

\[1 i.e. to get his living. See No. 381 of which this is an imitation.\]
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὖνεκεν ἔξαπτινης Εὐστόργιος ἐλλιπε μοῦσαν,
θεσμῶν τ' Αὐσονίων ἐλπίδα μαψιδένην,
ἐβδόματον δέκατόν τε λαχών ἔτος· ἐς δὲ κονίην
ἡμεῖσθη κενείην εὐσταχίας ἡλικίη.
καὶ τὸν μὲν κατέχει χθόνιος τάφος· ἀντὶ δ' ἐκείνου
οὖνομα καὶ γραφίδων χρώματα δερκώμεθα.

590.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΓΙΠΙΟΤ

a. Κλεινὸς Ἰωάννης. β. Θυκτό, λέγε. α. Γαμ-
βρός ἀνάσσης.
β. Θυκτός ὅμως. α. Γενεῆς ἄνθος Ἄναστασίων.
β. Θυκτοῦ κάκεινον. α. Βίον ἕνδικος. β. Οὐκέτι
τότο
θυγητὸν ἐφής· ἀρεταὶ κρείσσονες εἰςι μόρον.

591.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τπατιόν τάφοις εἰμί· νέκυν δ' οὖ ψημ καλύπτειν
τόσσον τόσσος ἐσών Αὐσονίων προμάχου·
γαία γὰρ αἰδομένη λυτῷ μέγαν ἄνερα χώσαι
σήματι, τῷ πόντῳ μᾶλλον ἑδωκεν ἐχειν.

592.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αὐτὸς ἀναξ νεμέσθεσα πολυφλοίσβοισι θαλάσσης
κῦμασιν, 'Τπατίον σῶμα καλυφαμένοις·
ἡθελε γὰρ μιν ἑχειν γέραις ύστατον, οἱα θανόντα,
καὶ μεγαλοφροσύνης κρύψει θάλασσα χάρυν.
ἐνθεν, πρηνὸν κραδίς μέγα δείγμα, φαεινὸν
τίμησεν κενεψφ σήματι τὸδε νέκυν.

1 One of Justinian's generals.
2 The poet in these epigrams does not mention that Jus-
sudden at the age of seventeen Eustorgius left the Muse and his unfulfilled hope of learning in Roman Law, and to empty dust was changed the bloom of his youth. He lies in the tomb and instead of him we see his name and the colours of the brush.

590.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. "Famous was Ioannes." B. "Mortal, say." A. "The son-in-law of an empress." B. "Yes, but mortal." A. "The flower of the family of Anastasius." B. "And mortal too was he." A. "Righteous in his life." B. "That is no longer mortal. Virtue is stronger than death."

591.—BY THE SAME

I am the tomb of Hypatius¹ and I do not say that I contain in this little space the remains of the great Roman general. For the earth, ashamed of burying so great a man in so small a tomb, preferred to give him to the sea to keep.

592.—BY THE SAME

The emperor himself was wrath with the roaring sea for covering the body of Hypatius; for now he was dead he wished the last honours to be paid to him, and the sea hid him from the favour of his magnanimity. Hence, a great proof of the mildness of his heart, he honoured the distinguished dead with this cenotaph.²

tinian had Hypatius strangled and thrown into the sea as an indignity; but perhaps the poems are sarcastic rather than courtly.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

593.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὰν πάρος ἀνθήσασαν ἐν ἁγιάς καὶ ἀοίδᾶ, τὰν πολυκυδίατον μνάμνον θερμοσύνας, Ἐυγενίαν κρύπτει χθονία κόνις· αἱ δ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ κείραντο πλοκάμους Μοῦσα, Θέμως, Παφίη.

594.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΤΠΙΟΤ

Μνήμα σὸν, οὐ Θεόδωρε, πανατρεκές, οὐκ ἔπι τύμβῳ, ἀλλ’ ἐν βιβλιακῶν μυριάσιν σελίδων, αἰσὶν ἀνεξόγρηςας ἀπολλυμένων, ἀπὸ λήθης ἀρπάξας, νοερῶν μόχθουν ἀοιδοπόλων.

595.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κάθανε μὲν Θεόδωρος· ἀοιδοπόλων δὲ παλαιῶν πληθὺς οἰχομένη νῦν θάνεν ἄτρεκέως. πᾶσα γὰρ ἐμπνεύσεις συνέπνεε, πᾶσα δ’ ἀπέσβη σβηνυμένου· κρύφθη δ’ εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα τάφῳ.

596.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ναὶ μὰ τὸν ἐν γαΐῃ πύματον δρόμον, οὐτὲ μ’ ἄκοιτις ἔστυγεν, οὐτὲ αὐτὸς Θεόδωτος Εὐγενίης ἐχθρὸς ἐκὼν γενόμην· ἀλλὰ φθόνος ἦ τῆς ἄτη ἡμέας ἐς τόσην ἤγαγεν ἀμπλακίν. νῦν δ’ ἐπὶ Μινώφην καθαρὴν κρηπίδα μολὼντες ἀμφότεροι λευκὴν ψῆφον ἐδεξάμεθα.
BOOK VII. 593–596

593.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On Eugenia his Sister

The earth covers Eugenia who once bloomed in beauty and poesy, who was learned in the revered science of the law. On her tomb the Muse, Themis, and Aphrodite all shore their hair.

594.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Thy truest monument, Theodorus, is not on thy tomb, but in the many thousand pages of thy books, in which, snatching them from oblivion, thou didst recall to life the labours of thoughtful poets.

595.—BY THE SAME

Theodorus died, and now the crowd of ancient poets is really dead and gone; for all breathed as long as he breathed, and the light of all is quenched with his; all are hidden in one tomb.

596.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On Theodotus his brother-in-law

Nay! by this our last journey in the earth, neither did my wife hate me nor did I, Theodotus, willingly become Eugenia's enemy; but some envy or fatality led us into that great error. Now, having come to the pure bench of Minos, we were both pronounced not guilty.

1 Seemingly a grammarian.
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597.—ΙΟΤΛΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΤΠΙΤΙΟΤ

'Η γλυκερὰν μέλψασα καὶ ἁλκιμον, ἡ θρόνον αὐθῆς
μοῦνη θηλυτέρης στήθεσι βημάτῃ,
κεῖται συγκλένη τόσον ἔσθενε νῆματα Μοίρης,
ὡς λυγρὰ κλείσαι χείλεα Καλλιόπης.

598.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὔτε φύσις θήλεια, καὶ οὐ πολιοῦκαρήνων
ἀδρανῆ φωνῆς σῆς κατέλυσε βίην,
ἀλλὰ μόνις ξυνοίκι νόμως εἰξασα τελευτής,
φεῦ, φεῦ, Καλλιόπη, σῆν κατέλυσας ὅπα.

599.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὔνομα μὲν καλῆ, φρεσκὶ δὲ πλέον ἤπε προσώπῳ,
κάθανε· φεῦ, Χαρίτων ἕπιστόλωλεν ἔαρ.
καὶ γὰρ ἦν Παφίη πανομοίως, ἄλλα συνεσφη
μοῖνως τοῖς δ’ ἐτέροις Παλλὰς ἐρμυνότατη.
τᾶς λίθων οὐκ ἔγοισεν, δὴ ἐξηρπαξέν ἐκείνην
ἐυρυβῆς 'Αἰδης ἀνδρὸς ἀπ’ ἀγκαλίδων;

600.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ωριος ἐχεῖ σε παστάς, ἀώριος εἰλὲ σε τύμβους,
εὐθαλέων Χαρίτων ἄνθος, Ἀναστασίᾳ.
σοι γενέτης, σοι πικρὰ πόσις κατὰ δάκρυα λείβει,
σοι τάχα καὶ πορθμεὺς δακρυχέει νεκών.
οὐ γὰρ ὅλον λυκάβαντα διήνυσας ἀγχι συνεύνου,
ἄλλ’ ἐκκαίαδεκέτιν, φεῦ, κατέχει σε τάφος.
BOOK VII. 597-600

597.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Silent she lies, whose voice was sweet and brave, from whose bosom alone of women burst the fulness of song; so strong were the threads of Fate that they closed the tuneful lips of Calliope.

598.—BY THE SAME

Neither the weakness of thy sex, Calliope, nor that of old age, relaxed the strength of thy voice, but yielding with a hard struggle to the common law of death thou didst relax it, alas, alas!

599.—BY THE SAME

She is dead, Kale (Beautiful) by name and more so in mind than in face. Alas! the spring of the Graces has perished utterly. For very like was she to Aphrodite, but only for her lord; for others she was an unassailable Pallas. What stone did not mourn when the strong hand of Hades tore her from her husband's arms.

600.—BY THE SAME

Anastasia, flower of the blooming Graces, the marriage bed received thee in due season and the tomb before thy season. Both thy father and husband shed bitter tears for thee, and perchance even the ferry-man of the dead weeps for thee. For not even a whole year didst thou pass with thy husband, but the tomb holds thee aged alas! but sixteen.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

601.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φεῦ, φεῦ, ἀμετρήτων χαρίτων ἔαρ ἦδυ μαραλεὶς ἀμφι σοὶ ὀμοφάγων χεῖμα τὸ νερτερίων.
καὶ σὲ μὲν ἤρπασε τύμβος ἀπὶ ἡμιώτιδος αἰγής,
πέμπτον ἐφ’ ἐνδεκάτῳ πικρόν ἀγουσαν ἑτος,
οὖν δὲ πόσιν γενέτην τε κακάς ἀλάωσεν ἀνίας,
ὁδ πλέον ἤλλοι λάμπες, Ἀναστασίη.

602.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εὐστάθιος, γλυκερὸν μὲν ἔχεις τύπον ἀλλὰ σε κηρὸν
dέρκομαι, οὐδ’ ἔτι σοι κείνο τὸ λαρὸν ἐπος
ἐξεταὶ ἐν στομάτεσσιν τε κ’ ἐν ἐναιθεμος ἡβη,
ἀιαὶ, μαριδία νῦν χθονός ἐστι κόνις.
pέμπτον καὶ δεκάτου γὰρ ἐπιφαυσᾶς ἐνιαυτοῦ
tετράκις ἐξ μοῦνους ἑδρακες ἠλλοις.
οὐδὲ τεοῦ πάππου βρόνους ἤρκεσεν, οὐ γενετήρος
δλος. τὰς δὲ τευχεὶς εἰκόνα δερκόμενοι
τὴν ἀδικον Μοῖραν καταμέμφηται, οὐνεκα τοὶν,
ἀ μέγα νηλειῆς, ἐσθεσεν ἀγαθη.

603.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΤΤΙΤΙΟΤ

α. Ἀγριός ἐστι Χαρων. β. Πλέον ἂπιος. α. Ἡρ-
pασεν ἤδη
tὸν νέον. β. Ἀλλὰ νόφ τοῖς πολιοίσων ἵσσων.
a. Τερπολής δ’ ἀπέπαυσεν. β. Ἀπεστυφέλμεξε δὲ
μύχθων.
a. Οὐκ ἀνόησε γάμους. β. Οὐδὲ γάμων ὀδύνας.

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BOOK VII. 601–603

601.—BY THE SAME

Alas! Alas! the winter of savage Hell nips the spring of thy countless charms; the tomb has torn thee from the light of the sun at the sad age of sixteen years, and has blinded with evil grief thy husband and thy father, for whom, Anastasia, thou didst shine brighter than the sun.

602.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Eustathius, sweet is thy image, but I see thee in wax, and no longer doth that pleasant speech dwell in thy mouth. Alas, thy blooming youth is now futile dust of earth. For after reaching thy fifteenth year thou didst look only on twenty-four suns. Neither thy grandfather's high office helped thee, nor the riches of thy father. All who look on thy image blame unjust Fate, ah! so merciless, for quenching the light of such beauty.

603.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. "Charon is savage." B. "Kind rather." A. "He carried off the young man so soon." B. "But in mind he was the equal of greybeards." A. "He cut him off from pleasure." B. "But he thrust him out of the way of trouble." A. "He knew not wedlock." B. "Nor the pains of wedlock."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

604.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Δέκτρα σοι ἀντὶ γάμων ἐπιτύμβια, παρθένε κούρη, ἔστορεσαν παλάμαις πευθαλέαις γενέται. καὶ σὺ μὲν ἀμπλακίας βιότου καὶ μόχθον Ἦλευθος ἐκφυγες· οἶ δὲ γόων πικρὸν ἔχουσι νέφος. δωδεκέτιν γὰρ μοῖρα, Μακρινή, σε καλύπτει, κάλλεσιν ὅπλοτέρην, ἦθεσι γηραλένη.

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605.—ΙΟΤΔΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΤΙΠΤΙΟΤ

Σοι σορὸν εὐλάγγεια, 'Ροδοί, καὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει, ῥύσια τε ψυχῆς δόρα πένησι νέμει, ἀντε ἐνεργείς ἐγέρκερας πόσις. ὅτι θανοῦσα ὠκύμορος κείνῳ δώκας ἠλευθερίην.

606.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Πρηθ, ἠλευθερίην ἐπιειμένος, ἡδὺς ἰδέσθαι, ἐν βιότῳ προλιτῶν νιεὰ γηροκόμου, τύμβον ἵστη Θεόδωρος ἐπ’ ἐλπίδι κρέσσου μοίρης, δλβιος ἐν καμάτοις, δλβιος ἐν θανάτῳ.

607.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Ψυλλὼ πρεσβυγενῆς τοῖς κληρονόμοις φθονέσασα, αὐτὴ κληρονόμος τῶν ἱδίων γέγονεν. Ἀλλωμένη δὲ τάχος κατέβη δόμον εἰς Ἀιδαο, ταῖς δαπάναις τὸ ἦν σύμμετρον εὐρομένη. πάντα φαγοῦσα βλον συναπώλετο ταῖς δαπάναισιν. ἦλατο δ’ εἰς ἄδην, ὡς ἀπεκερμάτισεν.

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BOOK VII. 604–607

604.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Maiden, thy parents with sorrowing hands made thy funeral, not thy wedding bed. The errors of life and the labour of childbirth thou hast escaped, but a bitter cloud of mourning sits on them. For Fate hath hidden thee, Macedonia, aged but twelve, young in beauty, old in behaviour.

605.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Your sweet husband, Rhodo, builds a sarcophagus of fine marble and a tomb for you and gives alms to the poor to redeem your soul, in return for your kindness in dying early and giving him freedom.

606.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Gentle, clothed in freedom, sweet of aspect, leaving alive a son who tended his old age, Theodorus rests here in hope of better things than death, happy in his labour and happy in his death.

607.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Old Psyllo, grudging her heirs, made herself her own heir and with a quick leap went down to the house of Hades, contriving to end her life and her outlay at the same time. Having eaten up all her fortune, she perished together with her spending power, and jumped to Hades when her last penny was gone.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

608.—ΕΤΤΟΛΜΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΙΛΛΟΤΣΤΡΙΟΤ

Τιές οὐκιμόρον θάνατον πενθοῦσα Μενίππη
cωκυτῷ μεγάλῳ πνεύμα συνεξέχεεν,
oὐδ’ ἔσχεν παλύνορον ἀναπνεύσασα γοησάι·
ἀλλ’ ἀμα καὶ θρήνοι παύσατο καὶ βιότον.

609.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἀττικὸς ἐς ξυνὴν μὲ παναγρέοις ἑλπίδα μοίρης
θυμῷ θαρσαλέᾳ ζῶν ἐλάχιστην τάρτον,
pαῖζων ἐξ ἀρετῆς θανάτου φόβου. ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ δηρῶν
ἡέλιος σοφίσης μμεκέω ἡέλιφ.

610.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΙΟΤ

Ἕρπασέ τις νύμφην, καὶ τὸν γάμον ἤρπασε δαίμων,
ψυχῶν συνήσας τερπομένην ἁγέλην.
eἰς γάμος εἰκοσιτέντε τάρτοις ἐπλησε θανόντων.
pάνδημος δὲ νεκρῶν εἰς γέγονοιν τάλαμος.
νύμφῃ Πενθεσίλεια πολύστοον, νυμφὶς Πενθεῦ,
ἀμφοτέροις ὁ γάμος πλοῦσιος ἐν θανάτοις.

611.—ΕΤΤΟΛΜΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΙΛΛΟΤΣΤΡΙΟΤ

Παρθενικὴν Ἐλένην μετ’ ἀδελφεῖν ἁρτὶ θανόντα
dειλαῖὴ μήτηρ κόψατο διπλασίως.
μνηστήρες δ’ ἐγγόβων ἵον γόον· ἦν γὰρ ἐκάστῳ
θρηνεῖν τὴν μήτωι μμεδενὸς ὡς ὴδην.

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BOOK VII. 608-611

608.—EUTOLMIUS SCHOLASTICUS, ILLUSTRIS

MENIPPE, mourning the early death of her son, sent forth her spirit together with her loud dirge, nor could she recover it to utter another wail, but at the same moment ceased from lament and from life.

609.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Atticus with a bold heart dug me this tomb in his life-time, in anticipation of the common fate that overtakes all men, mocking the fear of death owing to his virtue. But long may the sun of wisdom remain beneath the sun.

610.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

One carried off a bride and Fate carried off the wedding party, despoiling of life the merry company. One wedding sent four and twenty corpses to their graves, and one chamber became their common mortuary. Penthesilea, unhappy bride, Pentheus, bridegroom of sorrow, rich in deaths was your marriage!

611.—EUTOLMIUS SCHOLASTICUS, ILLUSTRIS

In double grief her wretched mother bewailed maiden Helen dead just after her brother. Her suitors too lamented her equally, for each could mourn for her as his own who was yet no one's.

1 Both names derived from pethos, "mourning," and of course fictitious.
612.—ΑΓΑΘΙΩΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Φεύ, φεύ, τὴν δεκάτην Ἑλικωνίδα, τὴν λυραίοδον
Ῥώμης καὶ Φαρίς, ἃδε κέκευθε κόνις.
όλετο φορμύγγων τερετίσματα, λῆξαν ἀοιδαί,
όσπερ Ἰώάννη πάντα συνολλύμενα.
καὶ τάχα θεσμοὺ ἔθηκαν ἐπάξιον ἐνέα Μοῦσαι,
τύμβων Ἰώάννης ἀνθ' Ἑλικώνος ἐχεῖν.

613.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΤ ΑΜΙΣΟΤ

Επὶ Διογένει ἄδελφον λαῖδι
Σοὶ τόδε, Διόγενε, θαλερὴς μνημονίου ἤβης,
Πόντῳ ἐν Εὐζείῳ θῆκατο Φρυξ γενέτης,
φεύ, πάτρης ἐκάς ὅσσον. Ἄγιον δὲ σε νεῦμα θεοῦ,
πατρὸς ἄδελφοις πένθος ὀφειλόμενοι,
ὅς σε περιστείλας ἱερὴ παλάμη τε καὶ εὐχὴ
γείτονα τῆς μακάρων θῆκε χοροστάσις.

614.—ΑΓΑΘΙΩΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἐλλανίς τριμάκαιρα καὶ ἀ χαρίεσσα Δάμαξις
ὕστην μὲν πάτρας φέγγεα Δεσπιάδος.
ὁκκα δ' Ἀθηναῖη σὺν ὀλκάσιν ἐνθάδε κέλσας
τῶν Μυτηναιῶν γὰν ἀλάπαξε Πάχης,
τῶν κουραν ἄδικως ἡράσατο, τῶς δὲ συνεύως
ἐκτανεν, <ὁς> τῆς τῆς βιογέμενος.
ταλ δὲ κατ' Ἀιγαίιοι βόου πλατὺ λαίτμα φερέσθην,
καὶ ποτὶ τῶν κραναίν Μογγολίαν δραμέτην.
δάμῳ δ' ἀγγελετεῖν ἀλυτήμονοι ἐργα Πάχητος,
μέσφα μὲν εἰς ὀλοκν κήρα συνηλασάτην.
BOOK VII. 612–614

612.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Alas! alas! this earth covers the tenth Muse, the lyric chanter of Rome and Alexandria. They have perished, the notes of the lyre; song hath perished as if dying together with Joanna. Perchance the nine Muses have imposed on themselves a law worthy of them—to dwell in Joanna’s tomb instead of on Helicon.

613.—DIOGENES, BISHOP OF AMISUS

On his nephew Diogenes

This monument of thy radiant youth, Diogenes, did thy Phrygian father erect to thee on the Euxine Sea—alas! how far from thy home. The decree of God brought thee here to die, a sorrow fore-doomed for me, thy father’s brother, who having laid thee out with my consecrated hand and with prayer, put thee to rest here beside the dancing-place of the blest.¹

614.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Thrice blessed Hellanis and lovely Lamaxis were the stars of their Lesbian home; and when Paches, sailing here with the Athenian ships, ravaged the territory of Mytilene, he conceived a guilty passion for the young matrons and killed their husbands, thinking thus to force them. They, taking ship across the wide Aegean main, hurried to steep Mopsopia² and complained to the people of the actions of wicked Paches, until they drove him to an evil

¹ i.e. the church. ² Athens.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

toía mén, δ' κούρα, πεπονήκατον· ἄψ δ' ἐπὶ πάτραν ἥκετον, ἐν δ' αὐτῇ κείσθον ἀποφθιμένᾳ·
eῦ δὲ πόνων ἀπόνασθον, ἐπεὶ ποτὲ σάμα συνεύων
εὐδετον, ἐς κλεινὰς μνᾶμα σαφροσύνας·
ὑμνεύσων δ' ἔτι πάντες ὀμόφρονας ἥρωνας,
πάτρας καὶ ποσίων πήματα πισαμένας. 15

615.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εὐμόλπου φίλον υἱὸν ἔχει τὸ Φαληρικὸν οἴδας
Μουσαίον, φθίμενον σώμετ' ὑπὸ τῷ δέ τάφῳ.

616.—ΑΛΔΟ

'Ωδε Λύνων Θηβαῖον ἐδέξατο γαῖα θανόντα,
Μούσης Οὔρανίης υἱὸν εὐστεφάνου.

617.—ΑΛΔΟ

Θρήκεια χρυσόλυρην τῇ' 'Ορφέα Μοῦσαι ἐθαψαν,
δι' κτάνειν ψυμέδων Ζεὺς ψυλόεντι βέλει.

618.—ΑΛΔΟ

'Ανδρα σοφὸν Κλεόβουλον ἀποφθιμένου καταπενθεῖ
ἡδε πάτρα Δίνως πόντῳ ἀγαλλομένη.

619.—ΑΛΔΟ

Πλούτου καὶ σοφίς πρότατων πατρὶς ἦδε Κόρινθος
κόλπως ἀγχιάλος ὡς Περίανδρον ἔχει.
doom. This, ladies, ye accomplished, and returning to your country lie in it dead. And a good guerdon ye have for your pains, since ye sleep hard by your husbands, a monument of glorious virtue; and all still sing the praises of the heroines, one in heart, who avenged the sufferings of their country and of their lords.\(^1\)

615.—Anonymous

The earth of Phaleron holds Musaeus, Eumolpus' dear son, dead under this tomb.

616.—Anonymous

Here the earth received at his death Linus of Thebes, son of the fair-wreathed Muse Urania.

617.—Anonymous

Here the Muses buried Thracian Orpheus of the golden lyre, whom Zeus, who reigneth on high, slew with his smoking bolt.

618.—Anonymous

This, his country Lindos, that glories in the sea, mourns wise Cleobulus dead.

619.—Anonymous

This, his country Corinth, that lies near the sea, holds in her bosom Periander, supreme in wealth and wisdom.

\(^1\) This incident, like that in No. 492, is probably derived from a romance.

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620.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ ΔΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ
Μήπως λυητής σε τό μή σε τυχεῖν τινος, ἀλλὰ
tέρπεσε πάσιν ὁμὸς οἷος δίδωσι θεός·
cαὶ γὰρ ἀθυμίας ὁ σοφὸς Περιανδρός ἀπέσβη,
oὐνεκεν οὐκ ἔτυχεν πρήξιος ἢ ἑθελεν.

621.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
'Ενθάδ' ἐγὼ Σοφοκλῆς στυγγερὸν δόμον "Αἴδος ἔσβην
κάμμορος, εἶδε τι Σαρδίφῳ σελίνοιο γελάσκων,
ὅς μὲν ἔγων, ἐτεροὶ δ' ἄλλοις· πάντες δὲ τε πάντως.

622.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ
Βόρχος ο ἰουπτομῆν ὅτ' ἐπὶ γλυκὰ κηρίον ἐφερεν,
ἀγίλιτα σχοίνῳ πέτρων ἐπερχόμενος,
eἰπετο οἱ σκυλάκων τις δ' ἔκασθιν, δέ φάγε λεπτήν
σχοίνου ἀνελκομένη χραιμομένη μέλητι·
κάππεσε δ' εἰς "Αἴδαν· τὸ δ' ἄτρυγε ἄνδρας ἄλλοις 5
κεῖνο μὲλε ψυχῆς οὖν οἰκομέν εἰμύσατο.

623.—ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΤ
"Ελκε, τάλνυ, παρὰ μητρὸς δυν ὁὐκέτε μαστῶν ἀμέλεξις,
ἐλκυσον ὑστάτιον νάμα καταφθαμένης·
ηδῆ γὰρ εὐφέσσει λυπόττωσι· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς
φίλτρα καὶ εἶν ἄιδη παιδοκομεῖν ἐμάθεν.

1 This poisonous herb contracted the muscles, so as to give
the appearance of grinning. We do not know who this
Sophocles was.
BOOK VII. 620–623

620.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

Never be vexed at not getting anything, but rejoice in all the gifts of God. For wise Periander died of disappointment at not attaining the thing he wished.

621.—ANONYMOUS

Here I, unhappy Sophocles, entered the house of Hades, laughing, because I ate Sardinian celery. So perished I, and others otherwise, but all in some way or other.

622.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

When Borchus the neat-herd went to get the sweet honey-comb, climbing the steep rock by a rope, one of his dogs who used to follow the herd followed him, and, as he was pulling himself up, bit through the thin rope which was trickling with honey. He fell into Hades, grasping, at the cost of his life, that honey which no other man could harvest.

623.—AEMILIANUS

Suck, poor child, at the breast whereat thy mother will never more suckle thee; drain the last drops from the dead. She hath already rendered up her spirit, pierced by the sword, but a mother's love can cherish her child even in death.²

² This probably refers to a picture by Aristides of Thebes.
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624.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

"Ερροις, Ἰονίου πολυπτοίητε θάλασσα,
νηλής, Ἀίδεω πορθμέ κελαινωτάτου,
ἡ τόσσος κατέδεξο. τὶς ἄν τεά, κάμμορε, λέξαι
αισυλα, δυστήνων αἰσαν ὄπιζόμενος;
Ἀγέα καὶ Δαβέωνα σὺν ὁκυμόροισιν ἑταῖροις
υῆ τε σὺν πάσῃ βρύξας ἀλαρῳθή.

625.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Εἰδότα κῆπ’ "Ατλαντα τεμεῖν πόρον, εἰδότα Κρήτης
κύρατα καὶ πόντου ναυτιλῆν μέλανος,
Καλλιγένευς Διόδωρον Ὀλύνθιον ἰσθι θανόντα
ἐν λιμένι, πρώης νύκτεροι ἐκχύμενον,
δαυτὸς ἔκει τὸ πέρισσὸν ὀτ’ ἠμεῖν. ἃ πόσον ὅφωρ
ἀλεσε τὸν τόσσον κεκριμένον πελάγει.

626.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἔσχατια Διβύων Νασαμωνίδες, οὐκέτι θηρῶν
ἐθνεῖσιν ἤτειρον νῦτα βαρνύμεναι,
ἠχοὶ ἐρμαλαίσιν ἐπηπύμεσσις λεόντων
ἀργυράς ψαμάθους ἄχρι ὑπὲρ Νομάδων,
φίλου ἐπεὶ νήρηθον ἐν ἱχνοπέδαισιν ἄγρευθέν
ἐς μίαν αἰχμηταῖς Καίσαρ ἐθηκεν ό παῖς·
αἱ δὲ πρὶν ἄγραύλων ἠγκοιτάδες ἀκρώρεια
θηρῶν, νῦν ἄνδρῶν εἰς ἔθηλασίαι.

1 Not the Euxine, but a part of the Thracian Sea.
BOOK VII. 624–626

624.—DIODORUS

Out on thee, dreaded Ionian Sea, pitiless water, ferrier of men to blackest Hades, thou who hast engulfed so many. Who, with the fate of the unfortunates before his eyes, shall tell all thy crimes, ill-starred sea? Thou hast swallowed in thy surges Aegeus and Labeo, with their short-lived companions and their whole ship.

625.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Know that Diodorus, the son of Calligenes of Olymthus, who could make his way even as far as Atlas, and knew the Cretan waters and the navigation of the Black Sea,\(^1\) died in port, falling off the prow at night, while he was spewing out the excess of the feast. Ah, how small a bit of water was fatal to him who had been proved in so vast an expanse of ocean!

626.—ANONYMOUS

(Not Sepulchral)

Ye furthest Nasamonian wilds of Libya, no longer, your expanse vexed by the hordes of wild beasts of the continent, shall ye ring in echo, even beyond the sands of the Nomads, to the voice of lions roaring in the desert, since Caesar the son has trapped the countless tribe and brought it face to face with his fighters.\(^2\) Now the heights once full of the lairs of prowling beasts are pasturage for the cattle of men.

\(^1\) i.e. the bestiarii in the circus.
627.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΣ

'Ἡμετερή θάλαμών τε καὶ ἐγγύθι νυμφικά λέκτρα,
κοῦρε, λυπῶν ὅλην οἷμον ἔβης Ἀιδίου.
Θύνου Ἀστάκην δὲ μάλι ἤκασε, ἣ σε μάλιστα
οἰκτρὰ τὸν ἥβητην κόκυνεν ήθεον,
Ἰππάρχου κλαίονσα κακὸν μόρον, εἶκοσι πολας
μούνον ἐπεὶ βιότον πλήσαι καὶ πίσυρας.

628.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΣ

'Ἡρνήσαντο καὶ ἄλλα ἐδον πάρος οὖνομα νήσου κἀκεῖς, ἐς δ' ἀνδρῶν ἠθὸν ὄμωνυμην κληθεῖσθε καὶ ὑμεῖς Ἕρωτιδες, οὐ νέμεσις τοι. Ὅμως οὐκ ἦσαν ἀμειψμένοις. παιδὶ γὰρ, δι' τούμβων Δῖης ὑπεθήκατο βύωλον,
οὖνομα καὶ μορφὴν αὐτῆς ἐδωκεν Ἕρως. 
ω χθῶν σηματόσεσα, καὶ ἡ παρὰ θεὶ τάλασσα,
pαιδὶ σὺ μὲν κούφῃ κεῖσο, σὺ δ' ἄνυχή.

629.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΣ

'Ἡ χαμαλὴν ὑπέδυσ ὁ τόσος κόνιν; εἰς σὲ τις ἄθρων,
Σώκρατες, Ἑλλήνων μέμψεταί ἁκρίσινν νηλές, σὲ τὸν ἀριστον ἀπώλεσαν, οὐδὲ ἐν ἀιδοὶ δόντες. τοιοῦτοι πολλάκι Κεκροπίδαι.

630.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΣ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΣ

'Ηδὴ που πάτρης πελάσας σχεδόν, "Αὔριον," εἶπον,
"ἡ μακρὴ καὶ ἐμοῦ δυσπλοίη κοπάσει." οὕτω κεῖλος ἔμυσε, καὶ ἴν ἰσος Ἄιδι πόντος,
καὶ με κατέτρυχεν κείνο τὸ κοῖφον ἐπος.
pάντα λόγον περύλαξε τὸν αὔριον· οὐδὲ τὰ μικρὰ 5
λήθει τὴν γλώσσης ἀντίπαλον Νέμεσιν.
BOOK VII. 627-630

627.—Diodorus

Leaving thy bridal-chamber half prepared, thy wedding close at hand, thou hast gone, young man, down the baneful road of Hades; and sorely hast thou afflicted Thynion of Astacus, who most piteously of all lamented for thee, dead in thy prime, weeping for the evil fate of her Hipparchus, seeing thou didst complete but twenty-four years.

628.—Crinagoras

Other islands ere this have rejected their inglorious names and named themselves after men. Be called Erotides (Love islands), ye Oxeiai (Sharp islands); it is no shame for you to change; for Eros himself gave both his name and his beauty to the boy whom Dies laid here beneath a heap of clods. O earth, crowded with tombs, and sea that washest on the shore, do thou lie light on the boy, and thou lie hushed for his sake.

629.—Antipater of Thessalonica

Dost thou who art so great rest in so shallow a soil? He who looks at thee, Socrates, must blame the unwisdom of the Greeks. Merciless judges! who slew the best of men, nor shamed them one jot. Such often are the Athenians.

630.—Antiphilus of Byzantium

Now nearing my country I said, “To-morrow shall this wind that blew so long against me abate.” Scarcé had I closed my lips when the sea became like hell, and that light word I spoke was my destruction. Beware ever of that word “to-morrow”; not even little things are unnoticed by the Nemesis that is the foe of our tongues.

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631.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Ην ἄρα Μιλήτου Φοιβήιον <δρμων> ἱκησθε, λέξει Διογένει πένθιμον ἀγγελήν, παίς δι’ οἱ ναυηγὸς ὑπὸ χθονὶ κεύθεται Ἄνδρον Διφίλος, Αἰγαίον κύμα πτών πελάγευς.

632.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΣ

Κλίμακος ἡς ὀλγής ὀλγὸν βρέφος ἐν Διοδώρου κάππεσεν, ἐκ δ’ εάνη καύριον ἀστράγαλον, δινῆθεις προκάρηνος. ἔπει δ’ ἵδε θείων ἀνακτα ἀντόμουν, παιδύνας αὐτίκ’ ἔτεινε χέρας. ἄλλα σὺ νηπιάχον δμώος, κῶν, μῆπτοτε βρίθειν ὀστεά, τοῦ διετοὺς φειδομένη Κόρακος.

633.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΣ

Καὶ αὐτῇ ἡχυσεν ἀκρέσπερος ἀντέλλουσα μῆνη, πένθος ἐδο νυκτὶ καλυψαμένη, οὔνεκα τὴν χαρίσσαν ὠμόνυμον εἰς Σελήνην ἀπνουν εἰς Ἵσφερον δυνόμενην ἄιδην. κεῖνη γὰρ καὶ κάλλος εὗρ κοινόσατο φωτός, καὶ θάνατον κεῖνας μίξειν ἐφ’ κνέφει.

634.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΔΟΣ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Νεκροδόκον κλαυτῆρα Φίλων ὁ πρέσβυς ἄειρων ἔγκλιδον, ἄφρα λάβοι μισθὼν ἑφημέριον, σφάλματος ἡς ὀλγοῦν πεσὼν θάνατ. ἦν γὰρ ἐτοιμὸς εἰς ἄιδην, ἐκάλει δ’ ἡ πολυπρόφασιν. δὲν δ’ ἄλλως ἑφόρει νεκυστόλοιον, αὐτὸς ἐφ’ αὐτῷ ἄσκαντην ὁ γέρων ἀχθοφορῶν ἔλαθεν.

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BOOK VII. 631–634

631.—APOLLONIDES

If thou comest to Apollo's harbour at Miletus, give to Diogenes the mournful message that his shipwrecked son Diphilus lies in Andrian earth, having drunk the water of the Aegean Sea.

632.—DIODORUS

A little child in Diodorus' house fell from a little ladder, but falling head first broke the vertebra of its neck, to break which is fatal. But when it saw its revered master running up, it at once stretched out its baby arms to him. Earth, never lie heavy on the bones of the little slave child, but be kind to two-year-old Corax.

633.—CRINAGORAS

The moon herself, rising at early eve, dimmed her light, veiling her mourning in night, because she saw her namesake, pretty Selene, going down dead to murky Hades. On her she had bestowed the beauty of her light, and with her death she mingled her own darkness.

634.—ANTIPHILUS

Old Philo, stooping to lift the bier to gain his daily wage, stumbled slightly, but fell and was killed; for he was ripe for Hades, and old age was on the look out for an opportunity; and so all unawares he lifted for himself that bier on which he used to carry the corpses of others.
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635.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναίν Ἦρωκλείδης ἔσχεν σύγγηροιν, ὀμόπλουν, τὴν αὐτὴν ζωῆς καὶ θανάτου σύνοδον, πιστὴν ἰχθυβολευτὴν συνεμποροῦν. οὕτως ἐκεῖνης πώποτ' ἐπέπλωσεν κύμα δικαιοτέρηγνη
gῆρας ἄρχεις ἐβοσκε πονεμένην· εἰτα θανόντα ἐκτέρισεν· συνέπλοι δ' ἄχρι καὶ Ἁδέων.

636.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Ποιμὴν ὁ μάκαρ, εἰδε κατ' οἴρεος ἐπροβάτευον κηρύγινο, ποιηρὸν τοῦτ' ἀνὰ λευκόλοφον,
κριώΦς ἀγητίρησεν ποτ' ἐβληθημένα βάζων,
η τικρῆ βάζαι νήσχα πηδάλια ἄληψ· τουγδρ ἐξεν ὑπαθείνοις· ἀμφὶ δὲ ταύτην
θῖνα μὲ ῥοιβδηθῆς Εὐρος ἐφωρμίσατο.

637.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΡΟΤ

Πῦρρος ὁ μονομετῆς ὀλίγη νητ λεπτὶ ματεύων
φυκία καὶ τριχήτης μαϊνίδας ἐκ καθήτης,
ηίων ἀποτῇ τυπαῖς κατέθυμπτε κεραυνᾶ.
νῆς δὲ πρὸς αἰγιαλοὺς ἔδραμεν αὐτομάτη
ἀγγελίην θείῳ καὶ λυγνώ μηνύουσα,
καὶ φράσαι 'Αργόφην ὅπι ἐπόθησεν τρόπιν.

638.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Παιδὼν ἀλλαχθέντι μόρῳ ἐπὶ τοῦτ' ἐλεεινῇ
μήτηρ ἀμφιτέρους εἶπε περισχομένη.
"Ἔκεί νέκιν ὡς σέο, τέκνον, ἐπ' ἤματι τῶδε γοήσειν
ἤλπισα, καὶ ζωῖς οὐ σὲ μετασόμενον
ὄψεσθαι· νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν ἐς ὑμέας ἡμεῖς ἡμεῖς ἡ
δαίμονες, ἄψευστον δ' ἱκετο πέπθος ἐμοῖ."
BOOK VII. 635–638

635.—By the Same

Hierocles’ boat grew old with him, always travelled with him, and accompanied him in life and in death. It was his faithful fishing partner, and no juster boat ever sailed the waves. It laboured to keep him until his old age, and then it buried him when he was dead, and travelled with him to Hades.¹

636.—Crinagoras

Oh happy shepherd, would that I, too, had led my sheep down this grassy white knoll, answering the bleatings of the rams that lead the flock, rather than dipped in the bitter brine the rudder to guide my ship. Therefore I sunk to the depths, and the whistling east wind brought me to rest on this beach.

637.—Antipater of Thessalonica

Pyrrhus the solitary oarsman, fishing with his hair-line for small hakes and sprats from his little boat, fell, struck by a thunderbolt, far away from the shore. The boat came ashore of itself, bearing the message by sulphur and smoke, and had no need of a speaking keel like that of Argo.

638.—Crinagoras

The poor mother, when the expected fate of her two sons was reversed, spoke thus, clasping both of them: “Neither did I hope, my child, to weep for thee to-day, nor, my child, to see thee yet among the living. Now your fates have been interchanged, but sorrow undeniable has come to me.”

¹ cp. Nos. 305, 381, 585, above.
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639.—ANTIPATROT
Πάσα θάλασσα θάλασσα· τί Κυκλάδας ἢ στενὸν Ἐλλής
κύμα καὶ Ὄξειας ἤλεά μεμφόμεθα; 
ἄλλως τούνομʼ ἔχουσιν· ἐπεὶ τί με, τὸν προφυγόντα
κεῖνα, Σκαρφαίες ἀμφεκάλυψε λιμήν;
νόστιμον εὔπλοτην ἀρότῳ τίς· ὡς τά γε πόντον
πόντος, ὁ τυμβευθεὶς οἶδεν Ἀρισταγόρης.

640.—TOY AYTOY
Ῥυγηλὴ ναύταις ἐρίφων δύσις, ἄλλα Πύρωνι
πολὺ γαληναῖς χείματος ἑχθροτέρη,
νὴὰ γὰρ ἄπνοιῃ πεπεδημένου ἑφθασε ναῦταις
ληστέων ταχινῇ δικροτος ἐσσυμένη·
χεῖμα δὲ μιν προφυγόντα γαληναῖῳ ἐπʼ ὀλέθρῳ
ἐκτανὸν· ἡ λυγῆς δειλὲ καχορμίσης.

641.—ANTIFILOT
Σῆμα δυσδεκάμορφον ἀφεγγέος ἥλιοιο,
τοσσάκις ἀγλάσσῳ φθεγγόμενον στόματι,
εὐθ’ ἀν θλημομένοιο ποτὲ στενὸν ὕδατος ἀνὴρ
αὐλὸν ἀποστελλ’ πνεῦμα διωλύγιον,
θήκει Αθήναιος δῆμο χάριν, ὡς ἀν ἐναργῆς
εἰθ’ κῆν φθονεραίας ἥλιοι νεφέλαις.

642.—APODONIDOT
Σύρου καὶ Δήλοιο κλύδων μέσος ὅπα Μενοίτην
σὺν φόρτῳ Σαμίου κρύστε Διαφανεῖ,
εἰς δόσιον σπεύδοντα πλοῦν τάχος· ἄλλα θάλασσα
ἐχθρῆ καὶ νοῦσῳ πατρὸς ἑπενεγμένου.
BOOK VII. 639–642

639.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Every sea is sea. Why do we foolishly blame the Cyclades, or the Hellespont, and the Sharp Isles?¹ They merit not their evil fame; for why, when I had escaped them, did the harbour of Scarphaea² drown me? Let who will pray for fair weather to bring him home; Aristagoras, who is buried here, knows that the sea is the sea.

640.—BY THE SAME

Fearsome for sailors is the setting of the Kids, but for Pyro calm was far more adverse than storm. For his ship, stayed by calm, was overtaken by a swift double-oared pirate galley. He was slain by them, having escaped the storm but to perish in the calm. Alas, in what an evil harbour ended his voyage!

641.—ANTIPHILUS

(Not Sepulchral, but on a Water-clock)

This recorder of the invisible sun, divided into twelve parts, and as often speaking with tongueless mouth, each time that, the water being compressed in the narrow pipe, the air sends forth a sonorous blast, was erected by Athenaeus for the public, so that the sun might be visible even when covered by envious clouds.

642.—APOLLONIDES

Between Syrus and Delos the waves engulfed Menoeetes of Samos, son of Diaphanes, together with his cargo. For a pious purpose was he hurrying home, but the sea is the enemy even of those who are hastening to be with their fathers in sickness.

¹ See No. 628. ² A harbour of Locris.
643.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΣ

Τμνίδα τὴν Ευανάδρου, ἔρασμον αἱ ἄθυμα
οἰκογενεῖς, κούρην αἰμύλον εἰναέτιν,
ηρπασας, ὡ ἄλλωτ 'Αἴδη, τί πρώτον ἐφείς
μοιραν τῇ πάντως σεῖδο ποτ' ἐσσομένην;

644.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

"Τοσατον ἐπηρήηηε τὸν ὀκυμορον Κλεαρίστη
παιδα, καὶ ἀμφί τάφοι πικρῶν ἐπανοε βίον.
κοκύσασα γὰρ ὀσσων ἐχάνανε μητρὸς ἀνή,
οὐκέτα ἐπιστρέψαι πνεύματος ἐχει τόνους.
θηλύτεραι, τί τοσοῦτον ἐμερήσασθε τάλανα
θρῆνον, ἦνα κλαύσην ἄχρι καὶ 'Αἰδεω;

645.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΣ

'Ω δύστην ἡβαίον Φιλόστρατος, ποϊ δοι ἐκεῖνα
σκῆπτρα καὶ αἰ βασιλέων ἄφθονοι ἐντυχίαι,1
αἰσθ ἐπιφρήθης ἄει βίον; ἦ ἐπὶ Νείλῳ
. . . δαῖοις ὅν περίσποτος ὀρόις;
οὐνείοι καμάτοις τοὺς σοῦς διεμοίρησαντο,
σος δὲ νέκυς ψαφάρη κείσετ ἐν Ὀστρακίνη.

646.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Λάξαθια δὴ τάδε πατρὶ φίλω περὶ χείρα βαλοῦσα
εἰπ' Ἐρατω, χλωροῖς δάκρυσε λειβομένα.
"'Ω πάτερ, οὐ τοι ἐτ' εἰμί, μέλας δ' ἐμὸν δήμα
καλύπτηι
ἡ δὴ ἀποφθημένης κυάνεος θάνατος."

1 ἐστυχίαι MS. : I correct.

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BOOK VII. 643–646

643.—CRINAGORAS

O Hades the inexorable, thou hast carried off Hymnis, Evander's daughter, ever the loveable pet of his house, the coaxing nine-year-old girl. Why didst thou send such early death to her who must one day in any case be thine?

644.—BIANOR THE GRAMMARIAN

Cleariste mourned her last for the early death of her son, and on the tomb ended her embittered life. For, wailing with all the force a mother's sorrow could give her, she could not recover force to draw her breath. Women, why give ye such ample measure to your grief as to wail even till it brings you to Hades?

645.—CRINAGORAS

O Philostratus, unhappy for all thy wealth, where are those sceptres and constant intercourse with princes on which thy fortune ever depended? Shall thy tomb be (?) by the Nile conspicuous in the region of . . . .? Foreigners have shared among them the fruit of thy toil, and thy corpse shall lie in sandy Ostracine.

646.—ANYTE

These were the last words that Erato spoke, throwing her arms round her dear father's neck, her cheeks wet with fresh tears: "Father, I am thine no longer; I am gone, and sombre death casts already his black veil over my eyes."

1 An Academic philosopher, a favourite of Anthony and Cleopatra.
2 Between Egypt and Palestine. By "foreigners" he means probably Roman soldiers.
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647.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ, οἰ δὲ ΣΙΜΙΟΤ
"Τοιοτά ἡ τάδ' ἔστην φίλην ποτὶ μητέρα Γοργώ
δακρυόεσσα, δέρης χερσίν ἑφαπτομένη.
"Ἀθη μένοις παρὰ πατρὶ, τέκοις δ' ἐπὶ λρόιν μοίρα
ἄλλαν, σφ' πολιφ' γῆραι καδεμόνα."

648.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
'Εσθλὸς 'Αριστοκράτης δ' ἀπέπλευν εἰς 'Αχέροντα,
εἴπ' ὑλογροφυής ἀφάμενος κεφάλης.
"Πάλιν τις μνήσαιτο, καὶ ἐδυνώσαιτο γυναίκα,
εἰ καὶ μν δάκνοι δυσβίστοις πενίη.
ζωὴν στυλώσαιτο· κακὸς δ' ἀστυλος ἱδέσθαι
οἶκος· δ' αὖ λφόστοι,1 τάνερος ἐσχαρὼν
εὐκίων φαίνοιτο, καὶ ἐν πολυκαί ὁγκο
ἐμπρέποι,2 αὐγάζων δαλὸν ἐπεσχάριον."
"Ἑδεὶ 'Αριστοκράτης τὸ κρήγμων ἀλλὰ γυναικῶν,
ἀνθρωπ', ἥχθαιεν τὴν ἀλτοφροσύνην."

649.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
'Αντὶ τοι εὐλεχέος θαλάμου σεμνῶν θ' ὑμεναίων
μάτηρ στῆσε τάφῳ τῷ εἴπ' μαρμαρίνων
παρθενικάν, μέτρον τε τεῦν καὶ κάλλος ἄχοισαν,
Θερσί· ποτιφθεγκτα δ' ἐπλεο καὶ φθιμένα.

650.—[ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ Ἡ] ΦΑΛΛΙΚΟΤ
Φεύγει θαλάσσια ἔργα, ὁ δὲ ἐπιβάλλειν ἔχετη,
εἴ τι τοι ἢδυ μακρὴς πείρατ' ἱδεὶν βιοτης.
ἡπείρῳ γὰρ ἐνεστὶ μακρὸς βίος· εἰν ἀλλ' δ' οὐ πως
εὐμαρής εἰς πολιήν ἀνδρός ἱδεὶν κεφαλήν.

1 ἕθστος MS. : I correct.
2 I write so : ἕνειθ MS.
BOOK VII. 647–650

647.—SIMONIDES or SIMIAS

These were the very last words that Gorgo spoke to her dear mother, in tears throwing her hands round her neck: "Stay here with father and mayest thou bear another daughter, more fortunate than I was, to tend thy grey old age."

648.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Good Aristocrates, as he was taking ship for Acheron, resting his doomed head on his hand, said: "Let every man seek to have children and get him a wife, even if miserable poverty pinch him. Let him support his life with pillars; a house without pillars is ill to look on. Nay! what is best, may the room where his hearth is have many fair columns, and shining with the luxury of many lights, illumine the log that burns on the hearth." 1 Aristocrates knew what was best, but, O man, he hated the evil-mindedness of women.

649.—ANYTE

Thy mother, Thersis, instead of a bridal chamber and solemn wedding rites, gave thee to stand on this thy marble tomb a maiden like to thee in stature and beauty, and even now thou art dead we may speak to thee.

650.—PHALAECUS

Avoid busying thee with the sea, and put thy mind to the plough that the oxen draw, if it is any joy for thee to see the end of a long life. For on land there is length of days, but on the sea it is not easy to find a man with grey hair.

1 Lines 6–8 are somewhat obscure. Children seem to be meant by the lights as well as by the pillars or columns.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

651.—ΕΤΦΟΡΙΩΝΟΣ
Ούχ ὃ τρηχὺς Ἐλαιος ἐπ' ὀστέα κεῖνα καλύπτει,
ποῦ ἡ κυάνεον γράμμα λαλοῦσα πέτρη.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν Δολίχης τε καὶ αἰπεινῆς Δρακάνων
Ἰκάριον ῥήσσει κύμα περὶ κροκάλαις.
ἀντὶ δ' ἐγὼ ξενίς Πολυμήδεος ᾧ κενὴ χθόν
ἀγκόθην Δρυόπων διψάσιν ἐν βοτάναις.

652.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Ἡχήσσα ταλάσσα, τὰ τὸν Τιμάρεος οἴτως
πλώοντ' οὐ πολλῆ νητ' Τελευταγόρην,
ἄγρια χειμήνασα, κατεπρηνῶσα πόντῳ,
σὺν φόρτῳ, λάβρων κύμ' ἐπικεναμένῃ;
χῶ μὲν ποὺ καὶ ἡ ἱχθυβόροις λαράδεσσιν
τεθοίητ' ἀπὸνες εὐρεὶ ἐπ' αἰγαλῇ.
Τιμάρῃς δὲ κενὸν τέκνου κεκλαυμένον ἀδρόν
τύμβον, δακρύει παῖδα Τελευταγόρην.

653.—ΠΑΓΚΡΑΤΟΣ
"Ωλεσεν Αἰγαλοῦ διὰ κύματος ἄγριος ἄρδεις
Λίψ Ἐπιπεδήν 'Τάσι δυομέναις,
αὐτὸν ἐἴ τὸν νητ' καὶ ἀνδράσιν' ὥς τὸ δέ σῆμα
δακρύσας κενὸν παιδὶ πατήρ ἐκαμεν.

654.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Αἰτε ληίσταλ καὶ ἀλεφόροι, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι
Κρῆτες: τὸς Κρήτων οἶδε δικαιοσύνην;
ὡς καὶ ἐκεῖ πλῶοντα σὺν οὐκ ἐυπιόνοι φόρτῳ
Κρηταίες ὄσαιν Τιμόλυτον καθ' ἄλος,
δεῖλαιον. κήγῳ μὲν ἀλιξώοις λαρδίσεσι
κεκλαυμαι, τύμβῳ δ' οὖχ ὑπὸ Τιμόλυτος.
BOOK VII. 651–654

651.—EUPHORION

Craggy Elaeus doth not cover those thy bones, nor this stone that speaks in blue letters. They are broken by the Icarian sea on the shingly beach of Doliche and lofty Dracanon, and I, this empty mound of earth, am heaped up here in the thirsty herbage of the Dryopes for the sake of old friendship with Polymedes.

652.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Thou booming sea, why didst thou rise in angry storm, and striking with a huge wave send headlong to the deep, cargo and all, Teleutagoras, son of Timares, as he sailed in his little ship? He, lying somewhere dead on the broad beach, is bewailed over by terns and fish-eating gulls, and Timares, looking on his son's empty tear-bedewed tomb, weeps for his child Teleutagoras.

653.—PANCRAUTES

At the setting of the Hyades the fierce Sirocco rose and destroyed Epierides in the Aegean Sea, himself, his ship and crew; and for him his father in tears made this empty tomb.

654.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The Cretans are ever brigands and pirates, and never just; who ever heard of the justice of a Cretan? So they were Cretans who threw me unhappy Timolytus into the sea, when I was travelling with no very rich cargo. I am bewailed by the seagulls, and there is no Timolytus in this tomb.

1 Another name of the island Icaria.
2 A cape on this island.
3 The inhabitants of Doris.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

655.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
'Αρκεί μοι γαϊς μικρή κόνις· ἢ δὲ περισσῇ
ἄλλων ἐπιθύμβοι πλοῦσια κεκλιμένου
στήλη, τὸ σκληρὸν νεκρῶν βάρος· εἰ μὲ βανότα
γυώσοντι', Ἀλκάνδροφ τούτο τι Καλλιτέλευς;

656.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὴν ὀλγην βάλον καὶ τοῦτο ὀλγήμον, ἔνερ,
σήμα ποτίθθεγξαι τλάμονος Ἀλκιμένης,
eἰ καὶ πᾶν κεκρυπταί ὑπ’ ὀξέης παλιούρου
καὶ βάτου, ἢν ποτ’ ἐγὼ δῆιον Ἀλκιμένης.

657.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ποιμένες οἱ ταῦτην ὅρεος ράχιν οἰσπολεῖτε
ἀγάς κενέλρους ἐμβοτέοντες δῖς,
Κλειταγόρη, πρὸς Γῆς, ὀλγην χάριν, ἀλλὰ προσηνή
τίνοτε, χθονᾶς εἶνεκα Φερσεφόνης.
βληχῆσαιν’ διές μοι, ἐπ’ ἀξίστοιο δὲ ποιμήν
πέτρης συρίζοι πρηθεί βοσκουμέναις;
eἰαρὰ δὲ πρῶτῳ λειμόνιον ἄνθος ἀμέρας
χωρίτης στεφάτω τύμβον ἐμὸν στεφάνῳ,
καὶ τις ἀπ’ εὐάρνου καταχραίνοιτο γάλακτι
οῖς, ἀμολυμαῖν μαστὸν ἀνασχόμενος,
κρητιδ’ ὑγραίνων ἐπιτύμβου’ εἰςὶ βανότων
εἰςὶν ἁμοίβαια καὶ φθιμένους χάριτες.

658.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Γνώσωμαι εἰ τι νέμεις ἁγαθοῖς πλέον, ἢ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς
ἐκ σέθεν ὁσαύτως ὦν, ὑδοιτῷ, ἔχει.
"Χαιρέτω οὐτος ὁ τύμβος," ἔρεις, "ἐπεὶ Εὐρυμέδοντος
κεῖται τῆς ἱερῆς κούφος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς."

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BOOK VII. 655-658

655.—By the Same

A little dust of the earth is enough for me, and may a rich and useless monument, a weight ill for the dead to bear, crush some other man in his rest. What is that to Alexander, son of Calliteles, if they know who I am or not, now that I am dead?

656.—By the Same

Salute, Sir, this little mound and modest monument of hapless Alcimenes, though it be all overgrown by the sharp buckthorn and brambles on which I, Alcimenes, once waged war.

657.—By the Same

Ye shepherds who roam over this mountain ridge feeding your goats and fleecy sheep, do, in the name of Earth, a little kindness, but a pleasant one, to Cleitagoras, for the sake of Persephone underground. May the sheep bleat to me, and the shepherd seated on the unhewn rock pipe soft notes to them as they feed, and may the villager in early spring gather meadow flowers and lay a garland on my grave. May one of you bedew it with the milk of a ewe, mother of pretty lambs, holding her udder up and wetting the edge of the tomb. There are ways, I assure you, even among the dead of returning a favour done to the departed.

658.—Theocritus or Leonidas of Tarentum

I shall discover, wayfarer, if thou honourest more the good, or if a worthless man hath as much of thy esteem. In the first case thou wilt say, "All hail to this tomb because it lies light on the holy head of Eurymedon."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

659. <ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ>

Νήπιον νιὸν ἔλειπεν· ἐν ἡλικίᾳ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς,
Εὐφρέμεδον, τύμβου τούτῳ θανὼν ἔτυχεν.
σοι μὲν ἔδρα θείους παρ’ ἁνδράσι· τὸν δὲ πολῖται
τιμήσεντι, πατρὸς μνώμενον ὡς ἄγαθον.

660.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Ξείνε, Συρακόσιος τοι ἀνήρ τὸν ἐβίβασαι ὡρθων,
"Χειμερίας μεθών μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἴης;" καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τουτοῦ ἐχὼ μόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ ἕπολλῆς
πατρίδος οἴνειαν κείμαι ἐφεσάμενος.

661.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐσθενεὺς τὸ μνήμα· φυσιγνώμων ὁ σοφιστής,
δεινὸς ἀπ’ ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ τὸ νόημα μαθεῖν.
εὐ μὲν ἔθαφαν ἑταίροι ἐπὶ ξέινης ξένου ὄντα,
χυμοθέτης ἐν τοῖς δαίμονίως φίλος ὁ ἄν.
πάντων ὃν ἐπέοικεν ἐχειν τεθυνὼθ’ ὁ σοφιστής,
καίπερ ἄκικος εὼν, εἰχ’ ἄρα κηδεμόνας.

662.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΩΤ

'Ἡ παῖς φίλητ’ ἀνδρὸς ἐν ἑβδόμῳ ἡδ’ ἐναιμένῳ
εἰς ἀίδην, πολλῆς ἡλικίας προτέρη,
δειλίας, ποθέουσα τὸν εἰκοσάμηνον ἀδελφόν,
νήπιον ἀστόργου γευσάμενον θανάτου.
αιαὶ, λυγρὰ παθοῦσα Περιστέρη, ὡς ἐν ἐτοίμῳ
ἀνθρώποις δαίμων θύκε τὰ δεινότατα.
659.—THEOCRITUS

(On the same Tomb)

Thou hast left an infant son, but thyself, Eurymedon, didst die in thy prime and liest in this tomb. Thy abode is with the divine among men, but him the citizens will honour, mindful of his father's goodness.

660.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Stranger, a Syracusan named Orthon enjoins this upon thee: "Never go out drunk on a winter night." For that was what caused my death, and instead of resting in my ample country I lie clothed in foreign soil.

661.—BY THE SAME

The tomb is that of Eusthenes the sophist, who was a reader of character, skilled in discovering our thought from our eyes. Well did his companions bury him, a stranger in a strange land, and among them was a poet marvellously dear to him. So the sophist, although he was feeble, had those who took care that he should have on his death all proper honour.

662.—BY THE SAME

The girl is gone to Hades before her time in her seventh year, before all her many playmates, hapless child, longing for her little brother, who twenty months old tasted of loveless death. Alas Peristera¹ for thy sad fate! How hath Heaven decreed that the very path of men should be sown with calamities!

¹ Little dove.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

663.—TOY AYTOY

'Ο μικρὸς τόδ' ἔτευξε τά Θεράισσα
Μήδειος τῷ μνᾶμ' ἐπὶ τῷ ὀδῷ, κηπέγραψε Κλείτας.
ἐξεῖ τὰν χάριν ἀ γυνᾶ ἀντ᾽ ἐκείνων
ὀν τὸν κώρου ἔθρεψε. τί μάν; ἢτι χρησίμα καλεῖται.

664.—ΑΔΔΟ

Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στάθι καὶ εἰσείδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητάν,
τὸν τῶν ιάμβων, οὗ τὸ μυρίον κλέος
διῆλθε κηπὶ νύκτα καὶ ποτ' ἀδ
ἡ ὅρων αἱ Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἡγάπεν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἐγεντο κηπιδέξιος
ἐπεά τε ποιεῖν, πρὸς Λύραν τ' ἀλιδείν.

665.—TOY AYTOY ΑΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Μήτε μακρῇ θαρσέων ναυτίλλεο μήτε βαθείῃ
νη': κρατεὶ παύτος δουρατος εἰς ἄνεμος.
ἀλεσε καὶ Πρόμαχον πυοῖν μία, κῦμα δ' ἐν αὐτῶς
ἀθρόον ἐς κοίλην ἑστυφέλιζεν ἀλα.
οὐ μήν οἱ δαίμον πάντη κακός; ἀλλ' ἐν γαῖῃ
πατρίδι καὶ τύμβων καὶ κτερέων ἐλαχεν
κοιμών ἐν χερσίν, ἐπεὶ τρηχεία θάλασσα
νεκρῶν πεπταμένος θήκεν ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖς.

666.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΩΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὗτος ὁ Δειάνδροι διάπλους, οὗτος ὁ πύργων
πορθμός, ὁ μή μοῦν τῷ φιλεόντι βαρύς.
taῦθ' Ἡρωὺς τὰ πάροιδεν ἐπαύλα, τοῦτο τὸ πύργον
λείψανον, ὁ προδότης ὃδ' ἐπέκειτο λύχνος.
κοινὸς δ' ἀμφοτέρους δδ' ἔχει τάφος, εἰσέτε καὶ νῦν
κεῖνῷ τῷ φθονερῷ μεμφομένους ἄνεμῳ.
BOOK VII. 663–666

663.—By the Same

Little Medeus made this tomb by the wayside for his Thracian nurse, and inscribed it with the name of Clita. She will have her reward for nursing the boy Why? She is still called "useful"!1

664.—Anonymous

Stand and look on Archilochus, the iambic poet of old times, whose vast renown reached to the night and to the dawn. Verily did the Muses and Delian Apollo love him; so full of melody was he, so skilled to write verse and to sing it to the lyre.

665.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Trust not in the length or depth of the ship thou voyagest in; one wind lords it over every keel. One blast destroyed Promachus, and one huge wave dashed him into the trough of the sea. Yet Heaven was not entirely unkind to him, but he got funeral and a tomb in his own country by the hands of his own people, since the rude sea cast out his body on the expanse of the beach.

666.—Antipater of Thessalonica

This is the place where Leander crossed, these are the straits, unkind not only to one lover. This is where Hero once dwelt, here are the ruins of the tower, the treacherous lamp rested here. In this tomb they both repose, still reproaching that envious wind.

1 This epithet is occasionally found on the tombs of slaves.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

667.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν τῷ ναῷ τῆς Ἀγίας Ἀναστασίας ἐν Θεσσαλόνικῃ
Τίπτε μάτην γοῦντες ἐμῷ παραμιμέτε τύμβων;
οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἄξιον ἐν φθείρεισ.
λήγε γόων καὶ παύε, πόσις, καὶ παίδες ἐμῶ
χαίρετε, καὶ μνήμην σώζετε Ἄμαζονίης.

668.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὐδ’ εἰ μοι γελώσα καταστορέσειε Γαλήνη
κύματα, καὶ μαλακὴν φρίκα φέροι Ζέφυρος,
νησοβάτην ὄψεσθε· δέδοικα γὰρ οὐς πάρος ἔτην
καινόνου ἀνέμοις ἀντικορυφοσύμβας.

669.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΤΟΤ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΤ

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρέως ἀστήρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενόμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς δρμασίν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Astrodelt, p. 14; A. Esdaile,
Poems and Translations, p. 48.

670.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀστήρ πρὸν μὲν ἐλάμπεις ἐνὶ ξοοσίῳ Ἐδρος·
νῦν δὲ θανῶν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένους.

P. B. Shelley, “Thou wert the morning-star...,” Works

671.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Πάντα Χάρων ἀπληστε, τι τὸν νέον ἠρπάσας αὐτῶς
Ἄτταλον; οὐ σὸς ἐγν, καῦν θάνε γηραλέος;
667.—ANONYMOUS

In the Church of St. Anastasia in Thessalonica

Why, lamenting in vain, do you stay beside my tomb? I, among the dead, suffer naught worthy of tears. Cease from lament, my husband, and ye, my children, rejoice and preserve the memory of Amazonia.

668.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Not even if smiling calm were to smooth the waves for me, and gently rippling Zephyr were to blow, shall ye see me take ship; for I dread the perils I encountered formerly battling with the winds.

669.—PLATO

Thou lookest on the stars, my Star. Would I were heaven, to look on thee with many eyes.

670.—BY THE SAME

Of old among the living thou didst shine the Star of morn; now shinest thou in death the Star of eve.

671.—BY SOME ATTRIBUTED TO BIANOR

Even insatiable Charon, why didst thou wantonly take young Attalus? Was he not thine even had he died old?

1 Aster (Star) is said to have been the name of a youth whom Plato admired.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

672.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν Κορίνθῳ γέγραπται

Χθόνι μὲν ἔχει δέμας ἐσθλὸν, ἔχει κλυτὸν οὐρανὸς ἦτορ

'Ανδρέω, δι' θανατίοι καὶ Τηλυριοίσι δικάσσας,
οὐχ ὀσίων κτεάνων καθαρὰς ἐφυλάξατο χειρᾶς.

673.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ γένος εὑσεβέων ζωεὶ, μετὰ τέρμα βίοιο,
ναμετάοι κατὰ θεσμὸν ἀνὰ στόμα φωτὸς ἑκάστου,
'Ανδρέα, σὺ ζωεὶς, σὺ κάθανες· ἀλλὰ σε χώρος
ἀμβροτος θανατῶν ἀγίων ὑπέδεκτο καιόντα.

674.—ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΤ

'Αρχιλόχοι τόδε σήμα, τὸν ἐς λυσσώντας βιάμους
HECKE Μαιονίδη Μοῦσα χαριζομένη.

675.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ἀτρομος ἐκ τύμβου λύε πείσματα ναυηγοίον;
χήμων ὄλυκμένων ἀλλος ἐνηπόρει.

676.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δοῦλος Ἐπίκτητος γενόμην, καὶ σῶμα ἀνάπηρος,
καὶ πενίην Ἱρος, καὶ φίλος ἀθανάτοις.

1 i.e. otherwise he would have excelled Homer in epic verse.

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BOOK VII. 672–676

672.—ANONYMOUS

Inscribed at Corinth

The earth holds the comely body, heaven the glorious spirit of Andreas, who, administering justice in Greece and Illyria, kept his hands clean of ill-gotten gain.

673.—ANONYMOUS

If pious folk live after the end of this life, dwelling, as is fit, in the mouths of all men, thou, Andreas, livest and art not dead, but the divine place of the immortal holy ones has received thee after life’s labour.

674.—ADRIANUS

This is the tomb of Arshilochos, whom the Muse, out of kindness to Homer, guided to furious iambics.

675.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Isopsephon

Tremble not in loosing thy cable from the tomb of the shipwrecked man. While I was perishing another was travelling unhurt.

676.—ANONYMOUS

I, Epictetus, was a slave, and not sound in all my limbs, and poor as Irus, and beloved by the gods.

  4 The beggar in the Odyssey.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

677.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Μνήμα τόδε κλεινοῦ Μεγαστίου, δεν ποτέ Μήδοι
Σπερχείον ποταμον κτείναν ἀμενψάμενοι,
μάντιος, δε τότε κήρας ἐπερχομένας σάφα εἰδώς
οὐκ ἔτη Σπάρτης ἡγεμόνας προλιπεῖν.

678.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Πληρώσας στρατηγὸν Σωτήριον ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι,
διὸν ἐμῶν καμάτων γλυκερόν τεκέσσων εάσας.
ἡ̣ξα δ' ἐν ἑπιτήσει, Γερήνιος οἰάτε Νέστωρ,
ἐξ ἀδίκων τε πόνων κειμήλιον οὐδὲν ἔτευξα.
τοῦνεκα καὶ μετὰ πότμον ὅρῳ φάος Οὐλύμποιο.

679.—ΤΟΤ ΑΓΙΟΤ ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΤ ΠΑΤΡΙ-
ΑΡΧΟΤ
α. Τύμβη, τίς ή πόθεν, ἥν δ' ἐτι παῖς τίνος, ἔργα
καὶ διόβουν,
νεκρός, δεν ἐνδον ἔχεις, ἐννεπε, κευθόμενον.
β. Οὕτως Ἰωάννης, Κύπριος γένος, νῖος ἐτύχθη
εὐγενεῖς Στεφάνου· ἢν δὲ νομεῖς Φαρίς.
κτήμασι μὲν πολυολθος ὀλων πλέον ὀν τρέφε
Κύπρος,
ἐκ πατέρος πατέρων, ἔξ ὀσίων τε πόνων·
ἔργα δὲ θέσκελα πάντα λέγειν, ἀπερ ἐν χθολ τεῦξεν,
οὐδ' ἐμοῦ ἐστι νόου, οὐδ' ἔτερων στομάτων
πάντα γὰρ ἄνδρα παρῆλθε φαευνότατοι ἀρετήσι
δόξαντα κρατέειν ταῖς ἀρεταῖς ἐτέρων.
τοῦ καὶ κάλλεα πάντα, τάπερ πτόλις ἐλλαχεν αὕτη,
εἰσὶ φιλοφροσύνης κόσμος ἀρειστάτης.
BOOK VII. 677–679

677.—SIMONIDES

This is the tomb of famous Megistias the prophet, whom the Persians slew after crossing the Spercheius. Though he well knew then the impending fate, he disdained to desert the Spartan leaders.

678.—ANONYMOUS

Having accomplished my military service, I, Soterichus, lie here, leaving to my sweet children the wealth I gained by my labours. I commanded in the cavalry, like Gerenian Nestor, and I never amassed any treasure from unjust actions. Therefore after death too I see the light of Olympus.

679.—SAINT SOPHRONIUS THE PATRIARCH

A. "Tell me, tomb, of him whom thou hast hidden within thee, who and whence he was, whose son, his profession, and substance." B. "This man was Joannes of Cyprus, the son of noble Stephanus, and he was the pastor of Alexandria. He was wealthiest of all the Cyprians by inheritance and by his holy labours; and to tell all the divine deeds he did on earth is beyond my understanding or the tongue of others; for he surpassed in most brilliant virtues even men who seemed to surpass others. All the beautiful public works which this city possesses are ornaments due to his most praiseworthy munificence."

1 The prophet who was with the Spartans at Thermopylae, Leonidas wished to send him home, but he refused to go.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

680.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αρχὸς Ἰωάννης Φαρίςας ἀρετῶν ἱερής
ἐνθάδε νῦν μετὰ τέρμα φίλη παρὰ πατρίδι κεῖται.
θυσίαν γὰρ λάχε σῶμα, καὶ εἰ βίον ἀφθιτον ἔξει,
ἀθανάτους πρέξεις τε κατὰ χθόνα βέβευ ἀπείρους.

681.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Οὐκ ἀπεδήμησας τιμῆς χάριν, ἀλλὰ τελευτής,
καὶ χαλός περ ἐών ἐδραμες εἰς αἰδην,
Γέσσιε Μοιρᾶν τροχαλῶτερε· ἐκ προκοπῆς γὰρ
_SelectedIndexChanged:

682.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γέσσιος οὐ τέθηκεν ἐπειγόμενος παρὰ Μοῖρης
αὐτὸς τὴν Μοῖραν προϋλαβεν εἰς αἰδην.

683.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Μηδὲν ἄγαν" τῶν ἑπτὰ σοφῶν ὁ σοφότατος εἶπεν·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ πεισθεῖς, Γέσσιε, ταῦτ' ἔπαθες·
καὶ λόγιος περ ἐών ἀλογώτατον ἔσχες ὁνείδος,
ὡς ἐπιθυμήσας οὐρανίης ἀνόδου.
οὕτω Πήγασος Ἰππὸς ἀπώλεσε Βελλεροφόντην,

βουληθέντα μαθεῖν ἀστροβούτον κανόνας·

αὐτῷ ὁ μὲν ἰππὸν ἔχων καὶ θαρσαλέον σθένος ἡβης,
Γέσσιος οὐδὲ χέσειν εὐτονον ἂτορ ἔχων.
BOOK VII. 680-683

680.—By the Same

Joannes, both chief in virtue and chief priest of Alexandria, lies here after his death in his dear country. For his body was mortal, although he shall have immortal life and did countless immortal works on earth.

681-688 are by Palladas of Alexandria, and all on the same subject.¹

681

You did not go abroad for the sake of honour, but of death, and although lame you ran to Hades, Gessius, swifter than the Fates. For you retreated from life owing to the advancement of which you were dreaming.

682

Gessius did not die hurried by Fate, but arrived in Hades before Fate.

683

The wisest of the Seven Sages said “Naught in excess,” but you, Gessius, were not convinced of it, and came to this end. Though erudite, you incurred the reproach of the greatest lack of reason in desiring to ascend to heaven. Thus it was that Pegasus was fatal to Bellerophon, because he wished to learn the rules of motion of the stars. But he had a horse and the confident strength of youth, whereas Gessius could not screw his courage up enough even to ease himself.

¹They are all of course facetious. It is insinuated that Gessius’ disappointment at not getting the consulate promised him by astrologers hastened his end.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

684.—TOY AYTOY

Μηδεὶς ἔπτω ἡμέραν ποτὲ καὶ θεὸς εἶναι,
μηδ’ ἀρχὴν μεγάλην, κόμπον ὑπερφίαλον.
Γέσσιος αὐτὸς ἐδείξε· κατηνέχθη γὰρ ἐπαρθείς,
θυτής εὐτυχίας μηκέτ᾿ ἀνασχόμενος.

685.—TOY AYTOY

Ζητῶν ἔξειρε βιοτοῦ τέλος εὐτυχίς τε,
ἀρχὴν ἐπτύσας πρὸς τέλος ἐρχομένην.
ἀλλ’ ἑτυχες τιμῆς, ὁ Γέσσιε, καὶ μετὰ μοῖραν
σύμβολα τῆς ἀρχῆς ύστερα δεξάμενος.

686.—TOY AYTOY

Γέσσιος ὅσ ἐνόησεν ὁ Βαῖκαλος ἄρτι θανόντα
χωλεύντα πλέον, τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἐπος:
"Γέσσιε, πῶς, τί παθὼν κατέβης δόμον Ἀίδος εἰσὸ
γυμνὸς, ἀκῆδεστος, σχῆματι καινοτάφῳ;"
τὸν δὲ μέγα ὀχθήσας προσέφη καὶ Γέσσιος εὐθύς.
"Βαῖκαλε, τὸ στρήμος καὶ θάνατον παρέχει." 5

687.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν Ἀμμωνιακῆν ἀπάτην ὅτε Γέσσιος ἐγνὼ
τοῦ ἕξικου θανάτου ἐγγύθεν ἐρχόμενος,
τὴν ἰδιὰν γνώμην κατεμέμψατο, καὶ τὸ μάθημα,
καὶ τοὺς πειθομένους ἀστρολόγους ἄλογους.

688.—TOY AYTOY

Οἱ δύο Κάλχαντες τὸν Γέσσιον ὠλεσαν ὄρκοις,
τῶν μεγάλων ὑπάτων θώκον ὑποσχόμενοι.
ὁ γένος ἀνθρώπων ἀνεμώλιον, αὐτοχόλωτον,
ἀχρε τέλος βιότου μηδέν ἐπιστάμενον.

364
BOOK VII. 684–688

684

Let no mortal even seek to be a god also, nor pursue the pride of high office. Gessius is the proof of it, for he was first of all puffed up and then collapsed, not content with mortal felicity.

685

You sought and found the end of life and happiness, seeking an office¹ tending to the highest end. But you obtained the honour, Gessius, receiving after your death the insignia of office.

686

When Baucalus saw Gessius just after his death, and lamer than ever, he spoke thus: "Gessius, what made thee descend into Hell, naked, without funeral, in new burial guise?" And to him in great wrath Gessius at once replied: "Baucalus, the pride of wealth may cause death."

687

When Gessius discovered the fraud of the oracle of Ammon not long before his death in a strange land, he blamed his own belief and that science, and those who trust in silly astrologers.

688

The two soothsayers brought death on Gessius by their oaths, promising him the consular chair. O race of men vain minded, angry with themselves, knowing nothing even until the end of life.

¹ The word also means "beginning."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

689.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐνθάδε σῶμα λέοντεν Ἀπελλανὸς μέγ’ ἀριστος· ψυχὴν δ’ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἐγν παρακάτθετο Χριστῷ.

690.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐδὲ θανῶν κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀπόλεσας ἐς χόνα πᾶσαν, ἀλλ’ ἔτι σής ψυχῆς ἀγλαδ πάντα μένει, ὅσο’ ἔλαχες τ’ ἐμαθές τε, φύσει μήτιν πανάριστε· τῷ ἢ καὶ ἐς μακάρον νήσον ἐβής, Πυθέα.

691.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἀλκηστῖς νέη εἰμι· θάνων δ’ ὑπὲρ ἀνέρος ἐσθλοῦ, Ζήνωνος, τὸν μοῦνον ἐν στέρνωσιν ἐδέγημι, ὅν φωτὸς γλυκερὸν τε τέκνων προόρισι ἐμὸν ἣτορ, οὐνομα Καλλικράτεια, βρωτοῖς πάντεσσιν ἀγαστῇ.

692.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Γλύκων, τὸ Περγαμηνὸν Ἀσίδι κλέος, ὁ παμμάχων κεραυνός, ὁ πλατὺς πόδας, ὁ καῖνος Ἀτλας, αἲ τ’ ἀνίκατοι χέρες ἔρροντι· τὸν δὲ πρόσθεν οὕτ’ ἐν Ἰταλοῖς, οὐθ’ Ἐλλάδι προσώτον, οὐτ’ ἐν Ἀσίδι, ὁ πάντα νικῶν Ἀθηνύς ἀνέτραπεν.

693.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΛΟΤ

Γλήνην παρηούτις ἀμφέχω χερμᾶς, πικρῆ κατασπασθέντα κύματος δίνη, ὅτ’ ἰχθυάζετ’ ἐξ ἀκρῆς ἀπορρόφησι· χώσαν δὲ μ’ ὄσος λαῖς ἢν συνεργήτης, Πόσειδον, οὐς σὺ σῶζε, καὶ γαληναίην αἰὲν διδοίς ὀρμιμβόλοις θίνα.
BOOK VII. 689–693

689.—Anonymous

Here Apellianus, most excellent of men, left his body, depositing his soul in the hands of Christ.

690.—Anonymous

Not even in death hast thou lost on the earth all thy good fame, but the splendid gifts of thy mind all survive, all thy talent and learning, Pytheas, most highly endowed by nature. Therefore art thou gone to the islands of the blest.

691.—Anonymous

I am a new Alcestis, and died for my good husband Zeno, whom alone I had taken to my bosom. My heart preferred him to the light of day and my sweet children. My name was Callirratia, and all men reverenced me.

692.—Antipater or Philip of Thessalonica

Glyco of Pergamus, the glory of Asia, the thunderbolt of the pancration,¹ the broad-footed, the new Atlas, has perished; they have perished, those unvanquished hands, and Hades, who conquers all, has thrown him who never before met with a fall in Italy, Greece, or Asia.

693.—Apollonides

I, the heap of stones by the shore, cover Glenis, who was swept away by the cruel swirl of a wave as he was angling from a steep projecting rock. All his fellow fishermen raised me. Save them, Poseidon, and grant ever to all casters of the line a calm shore.

¹ A combination of wrestling and boxing.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

694.—ΑΔΑΙΟΤ

Ἡν παρής ἡρων, Φιλοπρήγμον δὲ καλεῖται,
πρόσθε Πωτιδαίης κείμενον ἐν τριόδῳ,
eἰπεὶν οἶλαν ἐπ’ ἔργον ἄγεις πόδας· εὐθὺς ἐκεῖνος
εὐρήσει σὺν σοὶ πρῆξιος εὐκολίην.

695.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὅρας πρόσωπον Κασσίας τῆς σώφρονος.
eἰ καὶ τέθυκε, ταῖς ἀρεταῖς γνωρίζεται
ψυχῆς τὸ κάλλος μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ σώματος.

696.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΛΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Αἰωρῆ θήρειον ἱμασομένος δέμας αὔρας
τλάμον, ἄρτηθεις ἐκ λασίας πίτυνος,
αἰωρῆ· Φοίβῳ γὰρ ἀνάρσιον εἰς ἔριν ἔστης,
πρόνα Κελαινίην ναιετάων, Σάτυρε.
σεῖ δὲ βολὰν αὐλοῦ μελίβρομον οὐκέτι Νύμφαι,
ὡς πάρος, ἐν Φοινικίουσ οὖρεσι πενσόμεθα.

697.—ΧΡΙΣΤΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Ὄντος Ἰωάννην κρύπτει τάφος, δεὶ Ὁ Επιδάμμων
ἀστρον ἔη, ἂν πρὶν παῖδες ἀρπαζόμεθα
ἐκτισάν Ἡρακλῆσι· δθαν καὶ μέρμερος ἡρως
αιεὶ τῶν ἄδικων σκληροῦν ἐκοπτεῖ μένος.
eἰχε δ’ ἀπ’ εὐσεβεῶς προγόνων ἐρμυκεῖα πάτρην
Ἀνδριάδον, ἂν Φοινίκες Κάδμος ἑδείμε πόλην.

1 The name means "busybody." 2 Marsyas.
BOOK VII. 694-697

694.—ADÆUS
(Not Sepulchral)

If thou passest by the shrine of the hero (his name is Philopragmon) that is at the cross-roads outside Potidaea, tell him on what task thou journeyest, and he at once will help thee to find a means of accomplishing it.

695.—ANONYMOUS

Thou seest the face of virtuous Cassis. Though she be dead, the beauty of her soul rather than of her visage is made manifest by her virtues.

696.—ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE

Poor Satyr who didst dwell on the hills of Celaenae, thou hagrest from a leafy pine, thy beast-like body flogged by the winds, because thou didst enter on fatal strife with Phoebus; and no longer, as of old, shall we Nymphs hear on the Phrygian hills the honeyed notes of thy flute.

697.—CHRISTODORUS

This tomb covers Joannes, who was the star of Epidamus, the city founded by the famous sons of Heracles, whence it was brought about that this active hero ever reduced the stubborn strength of the unrighteous. The renowned fatherland of his pious parents and himself was Lychnidus, a city built by Phoenician Cadmus. Thence sprung this Hei-

* It was founded by a certain Phalius who claimed descent from the Heraclidæ.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

698.—TOY AYTOY

Αὐτὸς Ἰωάννης Ὑπιδάμνιος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
tηλεφανῆς ὑπάτων κόσμος ἀειφανέων·
ὁ γλυκὸς μοι Μουσέων πετάσας φάος, ὁ πλέον ἄλλων
εὐρύνας ξενίων δαίμονος ἐργασίην,
παμφόρβην πάλαμην κεκτημένος, ἤτυινα μούνην
οὐκ ἢ δει δωτίνης μέτρων ὀριζόμενον.
αἰπυτάτην δὲ ἦξησε [νόμοις πα]τρίοισιν ἀπήνην,
φαιδρύνας καθαρῆς ἔργα δικαιοσύνης.
ὁ πόποι, οὐκ ἦξησε πολὺν χρόνου, ἀλλ᾽ ἐναυτοὺς
μοῦνον ἀναπλῆσας τεσσαράκοντα δύο,
ὁχετο μουσοπόλοισι παθὴν πάντεσσιν ἑάσας,
οὗς ἐπόθει πατέρων φέρτερα γειναμένων.

699.—ΑΔΕΞΙΟΤΟΝ

Ἰκάρου ὁ νεόφοιτον ἐς ἥρα πωτηθέντος
Ἰκαρίη πικρῆς τύμβε κακοδρομίης,
ἀβάλε μὴτε σε κείνοις ἰδείν, μὴτ 'ἅυτος ἀνείναι
Τρίτων Αἴγαλοι νότον ὑπὲρ πελάγειας.
οὐ γάρ σοι σκεπανή τις ύφορμισις, οὐθε βόρειον
ἐς κλῖτος, οὔτ' ἀγνὴν κύματος ἐς νοτίην.
ἐρροις, ὃ δύσπλωτε, κακόξενε σειο δὲ τηλοῦ
πλώσιμοι, στυγεροὶ δοσον ἀπ' Ἀἰδέω.

700.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἰστα νυκτὸς ἐμῆς, ἢ μ' ἐκρυφεν, οἰκία ταῦτα
λαίνα, Κωκυτοῦ τ' ἀμφιγούτου ὅδωρ,
BOOK VII. 697-700

conian lamp,¹ because Cadmus first taught the Greeks letters. He attained the consulate, and administering justice in Illyria, crowned the Muses and pure Justice.

698.—By the Same

Here lies Joannes of Epidamus, the far-shining ornament of ever brilliant consuls, who spread abroad the sweet light of the Muses, and more than others amplified the work of hospitality, having a hand that fed all, and alone among men knew not any measure to limit its gifts. He ornamented his lofty consular car with the laws of his country, making bright the works of pure justice. Ye gods! he did not live long, but at the age of only forty-two departed this life, regretted by all poets, whom he loved more than his own parents.

699.—Anonymous

Icaria, memorial of the disastrous journey of Icarus flying through the newly-trodden air, would he too had never seen thee, would that Triton had never sent thee up above the expanse of the Aegean Sea. For thou hast no sheltered anchorage, either on the northern side nor where the sea breaks on thee from the south. A curse on thee, inhospitable foe of mariners! May I voyage as far from thee as from loathly Hell.

700.—Diodorus Grammaticus

Know, thou stone palace of the Night that hides me, and thou, flood of Cocytus, where wailing is loud, it

¹ “Lychnus.” There is a poor pun on Lychnidus.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐτὶ μ’ ἄνηρ, ὁ λέγουσι, κατέκτανεν ἐς γάμον ἄλλης παπταίνων' τι μάτην οὕνεμα Ρουφιανός;

ἀλλὰ μὲ Κήρες ἀγούσι μεμορμένας. οὐ μᾶ δήπου 5 Παῦλα Ταραντίνη κάθθανεν ὑκύμορος.

701.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἰβλίμῳ τόδ' ἔπ' ἄνδρι φίλῃ πόλις ἦννα' Ἄχαιφ

γράμμα παρ' εὐφυεῖν νάμασιν Ἀσκανίης.

κλαῦσε δὲ μὲν Νίκαια' πατὴρ δ' ἐπί οἱ Διομήδης

λαίνον ὑψίφατος τόυδ' ἀνέεινε πάσιν,

δύσμορος, αἰάξον ὀλοῖν κακόν. ἥ γὰρ ἐφεκε

νίεα οἱ τίνεις ταῦτα κατοιχομένω.

702.—ἈΠΟΔΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ἰχθυοθηρητήρα Μενέστρατον ὄλεσεν ἄγην

δούνακος, ἐξαμάτητος ἐκ τριχὸς ἔλκομενη.

εἴδατ δτ' ἀγκίστρου φοινίον πλάνων ἀμφιχανοῦσα

ἄξειν ἔρυθρῃ φυκὶς ἔβρυξε πάγην

ἀγνυμένη δ' ἐν' ὄδοντι κατεκτανεν, ἀλματὶ λάβρῳ 5 ἐντὸς ὀλισθηρῶν δυσαμένη φαρύγων.

703.—ΜΤΡΙΝΟΤ

Θύρσεις ὁ κωμήτης, ὁ τὰ νυμφικὰ μῆλα νυμεύων,

Θύρσεις ὁ συρίζων Παῦλος ἵσον δύνακι,

ἔνδοιοι οὐκοτότις σκιερὰν ὑπὸ τὰν πίτων εὐδεῖ·

φρουρεῖ δ' αὐτὸς ἐκὼν ποίμνια βάκτρων Ἑρως.

ἀ Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι, διεγείρατε τὸν λυκοθαρσῆ

βοσκόν, μὴ θηρῶν κύρμα γένηται Ἑρως.

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BOOK VII. 700-703

was not my husband, as they say, who, contemplating another marriage, slew me. Why should Rufinus have that evil name for naught? But the fatal Destinies brought me here. Paula of Tarentum is not the only woman who has died before her time.

701.—BY THE SAME

His dear city set up this inscription by the beautiful waters of Ascania to the strong man Achaeus. Nicaea wept for him, and his father Diomedes erected to him this tall and glittering stone monument, lamenting; for it had been meeter for his son to pay him these honours when he died himself.

702.—APOLLONIDES

The capture of his rod, pulled out of the sea by the six-stranded hair line, was fatal to the fisherman Menestratus; then, when the red phycis, gaping at the errant bait of the murderous hook, swallowed greedily the sharp fraud, as he was cracking its skull with its teeth, it slew him, taking a violent leap and slipping down his throat.

703.—MYRINUS

(Not Sepulchral)

Thyrsis the villager who feeds the Nymphs' flocks, Thyrsis whose piping is equal to Pan's, sleeps under the shady pine tree having drunk wine at midday, and Love takes his crook and keeps the flock himself. Ye Nymphs! ye Nymphs! awake the shepherd who fears no wolf, lest Love become the prey of wild beasts.

1 A lake near Nicaea.  2 cp. No. 504.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

704.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Εμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί:
οὐδὲν μέλει μοι τὰ μᾶ ταρ καλῶς ἔχει.

705.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Στρυμόνι καὶ μεγάλῳ πεποτισμένοι Ἐλλησπόντῳ
Ηρίῳ Ἡδωνίς Φυλλίδος, Ἀμφίπολι,
λοιπὰ τοῖς Αἰδηφοίς Βραυρωνίδος ἱχνια νηοῦ
μίμει, καὶ ποταμοῦ ταμφιμάχητον ὕδωρ,
τὴν δὲ ποτ’ Αἴγειδας μεγάλην ἔρων ὡς ἀλαυθὲς
τρύχος ἐπ’ ἀμφιτέραις δερκόμεθ’ ἡμῖσιν.

706.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ

'Ἰλυγξίασε Βάκχον ἐκπιῶν χανδὼν
Χρύσιππος, οὔτ’ ἐφείσατο
οὗ τῆς στοὰς, οὐχ ἂς πάτρας, οὗ τῆς ψυχῆς,
ἀλλ’ ἥλθε δῶμ’ ἐς Ἀίδεω.

707.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ

Κήργῳ Σωσιθέου κομέω νέκων, ὅσον ἐν ἄστει
ἀλλός ἀπ’ αὐθαίρεσιν ἰμετέρων Σοφοκλῆς,
Σκιρτοὶς ὁ πυρρογένεος. ἐκισσοφόρησε γὰρ ὄνηρ
ἀξια Φλισίων, ναὶ μὰ χοροὺς, Σατύρων.
κημὲ τὸν ἐν καινοῖς τεθραμμένου ἠθεσίν ἥδη
ἤγαγεν εἰς μνήμην πατρίδ’ ἀναρχάσας.

1 Said to have been a favourite quotation of both Tiberius and Nero.

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BOOK VII. 704-707

704.—ANONYMOUS

When I am dead may earth be mingled with fire.
It matters not to me, for with me all is well.¹

705.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA
(Not Sepulchral)

Amphipolis, tomb of Edonian Phyllis, washed by
the Strymon and great Hellespont, all that is left of
thee is the ruin of the temple of Brauronian Artemis
and the disputed² water of thy river. We see her
for whom the Athenians strove so long now lying
like a torn rag of precious purple on either bank.

706.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

Chrysippus became dizzy when he had drunk up
the wine at a gulp, and sparing neither the Stoa,
nor his country, nor his life, went to the house of
Hades.³

707.—DIOSCORIDES

I, too, red-bearded Scirtus the Satyr, guard the
body of Sositheus as one of my brothers guards
Sophocles on the Acropolis. For he wielded the
ivy-bough, yea by the dance I swear it, in a manner
worthy of the Satyrs of Phlius, and restoring ancient
usage, led me, who had been reared in new-fangled
fashions, back to the tradition of our fathers. Once

¹ The Athenian possession of Amphipolis was disputed by
the Spartans and later by the Macedonians.
² Chrysippus was said to have died in consequence of
drinking too much at a banquet given him by his disciples.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ πάλιν εἰσώρμησα τὸν ἄρσενα Δωρίδι Μοῦσαν ῥυθμὸν, πρὸς τ’ αὐτὴν ἐλκύμενος μεγάλην ἑπτὰ δὲ μοι ἔρων τύπον οὐ χερὶ κινοτομήθεις τῇ φιλοκινήτῳ φροντίδι Σωσιθέου.

708.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ κωμῳδογράφῳ, κούφῃ κόνι, τὸν φιλάγωνα κισσὸν ὑπὲρ τύμβου ζώντα Μάχωνι φέροις· ο_semaphore ἐχεις κηφήνα παλίμπλουν, ἄλλα τι τέχνης ἀξίων ἀρχαίης λείψανοι ἡμφέσας· τοῦτο δ’ ο πρέσβεις ἐρεί· "Κέκροπος πόλι, καὶ παρὰ Νείλῳ ἔστιν δὴ ἐν Μοῦσαις δριμὺ πέφυκε θύμον.”

709.—ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΤ

Σάρδιες ἀρχαίας, πατέρων νομός, εἰ μὲν ἐν ἕμιν ἐτρεφόμας, κερνας ἦν τις ἄν ἡ βακέλας χρυσοφόρος, ρήσαν καλὰ τύμπανα· νῦν δὲ μοι Ἄλκμαν ὀνομα, καὶ Σπάρτας εἰμὶ πουτρίποδος, καὶ Μοῦσας ἔδαν Ἑληκώνιδας, αἱ με τυράννων θήκαι Δασκύλεως μείζονα καὶ Γύγεω.

710.—ΗΡΙΝΝΗΣ [ΜΙΤΤΛΗΝΑΙΗΣ]

Στᾶλαι, καὶ Σειρῆνες ἐμαί, καὶ πένθιμε κραςσέ, ὡς τις ἐχεις Ἀἰδα τὰν ὀλίγαν σποδίναν, τῶι ἐμὸν ἐρχομένουι σοι παρ’ ἤριον εἰπατε χαίρειν, αἰτ’ ἀστοι τελέθωντ’, αἰθ’ ἐτέρας πόλιος.

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1 Sositheus was a tragic poet of the 4th century. His Satyric dramas, of which we have some fragments, were especially celebrated. The Satyric drama is said to have originated at Phlius.

2 Macho is known to us chiefly as the author of scandalous
BOOK VII. 707-710

more I forced the virile rhythm on the Doric Muse, and drawn to magniloquence ... a daring innovation introduced by Sositheus.¹

708.—BY THE SAME

Light earth, give birth to ivy that loves the stage to flourish on the tomb of Macho² the writer of comedies. For thou holdest no re-dyed drone, but he whom thou clothest is a worthy remnant of ancient art. This shall the old man say: "O city of Cecrops, sometimes on the banks of the Nile, too, the strong-scented thyme of poesy grows."

709.—ALEXANDER

Ancient Sardis, home of my fathers, had I been reared in thee I would have been a cernus-bearer³ or eunuch, wearing ornaments of gold and beating pretty tambourines; but now my name is Alcman, and I am a citizen of Sparta of the many tripods, and have learnt to know the Heliconian Muses who made me greater than the tyrants Dascyles and Gyges.⁴

710.—ERINNA

Ye columns and my Sirens,⁵ and thou, mournful pitcher that holdest the little ash of death, bid them who pass by my tomb hail, be they citizens or from another town; and tell this, too, that I was anecdotes in verse, many of which are quoted by Athenaeus. This epigram was actually engraved on his tomb at Alexandria where he spent most of his life.

³ The cernus was a vessel used in the rites of Cybele.
⁴ Kings of Lydia.
⁵ Figures of Sirens that stood on the tomb.
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χῶτι με νύμφαν εύσαν ἔχει τάφος, εἰπάτε καὶ τό·
χῶτι πατήρ μ' ἐκάλει Βαυκίδα, χῶτι γένος
Τηνία, ὡς εἰδώντι· καὶ ὅτι μαί ἀ συνεταιρίς
"Ηρινν' εὖ τύμβοφ γράμμ' ἐχάραξε τόδε.

711.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

"Ηδῆ μὲν κροκόεις Πιτανάτειδε πένυντο νύμφα
Κλειωρέτα χρυσέων παστός ἐσσω θαλάμων,
καδεμόνες δ' ἥππουντο διωκένιον φλόγα πεύκας
ἀψειν ἀμφοτέραις ἀνυγχόμενου παλάμαις,
Δημῶ καὶ Νίκιππος· ἀφαρπάξασα δὲ νοῦσος
παρθενικὰν Λάθας ἁγαγεὶν ἐς πέλαγος
ἀλγειρὶ δ' ἐκάμωντο συνάλικες, οὐχὶ θυρέτρων,
ἀλλὰ τὸν 'Αἰδεω στερνοτυπῆ πάταγον.

712.—ΗΡΙΝΗΣ

Νῦμφας Βαυκίδος ἐμμί· πολυκλαύταν δὲ παρέρπων
στάλαν τῷ κατὰ γὰρ τοῦτο λέγους 'Αίδα:
"Βάσκανος ἐσσ', 'Αίδα"· τὰ δὲ τοι καλὰ σάμαθ'
ὄρωντι
ἀμοτάταν Βαυκοῦς ἀγγελέοντι τύχαν,
ὡς τὰν παιδ', 'Τμέναιος ἐφ' άἰς άείδετο πεύκας,
ταῖσδ' ἐπὶ καδεστάς ἐφλεγε πυρκαῖα·
καὶ σὺ μὲν, ὦ 'Τμέναιε, γάμων μολπαῖον ἀοίδαν
ἐς θρήνων γοερῶν φθέγμα μεθηρμόσαο.

713.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Παντοπητῆς "Ηριννα, καὶ οὐ πολύμυθος ἀοίδας·
ἄλλ' ἔλαχεν Μοῦσας τοῦτο τὸ βαιὸν ἑπος.
BOOK VII. 710-713

buried here a bride, and that my father called me Baucis, and that my country was Tenos, that they may know. Say, likewise, that my friend and companion Erinna engraved these lines on my tomb.

711.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Already her saffron couch inside the golden wedding-chamber had been laid for Clinareta the bride of Pitana. Already her parents Demo and Nicippus were looking forward to raising on high in both hands the blazing pine-torch, when sickness carried the girl away and took her to the sea of Lethe. All sadly her girl companions instead of beating at her door beat their breasts, as is the rite of death.

712.—ERINNA.

I am the tomb of Baucis the bride, and as thou passest the much bewept pillar, say to Hades who dwells below “Hades, thou art envious.” To thee the fair letters thou seest on the stone will tell the most cruel fate of Bauco, how her bridegroom’s father lighted her pyre with those very torches that had burnt while they sang the marriage hymn. And thou, Hymenaeus, didst change the tuneful song of wedding to the dismal voice of lamentation.

713.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

(Not Sepulchral)

Few are Erinna’s verses nor is she wordy in her songs, but this her little work is inspired. Therefore
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τον γάρ τοις μνήμης οὐκ ἦμβροτεν, οὐδὲ μελαίνης
νυκτὸς ὑπὸ σκιέρῃ κωλυεῖται πτέρυγι.
αἱ δ’ ἄναριθμητοι νεαρῶν σωρηδὸν ἀοιδῶν
μυρίας ἱήθη, ξείνε, μαραϊνόμεθα.
λαϊτερὸς κύκνου μικρὸς θρόσος ἢ κολοίων
κρογμὸς ἐν εἰαριναῖς κιδνάμενοι νεφέλαις.

714.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΠΟΝ

Ῥήγιον Ἰταλίς τεναγώδεος ἄκρον ἀείδω,
αιεὶ ὂρφιασίου γευμομένην ὑδατος,
οὐνεκα τὸν φιλέοντα λύρην φιλέοντα τε παιδας
Ἰβυκον εὐφύλλῳ θὴκεν ὑπὸ πτελέη,
ηδέα πολλά παθόντα· πολὺν δ’ ἐπὶ σήματι κισσὸν
χεύατο καὶ λευκοῦ φυταλίην καλάμου.

715.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Πολλὸν ἀπ’ Ἰταλίς κείμαι χθονός, ἐκ τε Τάραντος
πάτρης· τοῦτο δὲ μοι πικρότερον θανάτου.
τοιούτοις πλανίων ἄβιος βίος· ἄλλα με Μουσαίοι
ἔστερξαν, λυγρῶν δ’ ἀντὶ μεληρίων ἔχω.
οὕνεμα δ’ οὐκ ἔμυσε Δεννίδου· αὐτά με δώρα
κηρύσσει Μοῦσεων πάντας ἐπ’ ἡμέρας.

716.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

Πρώτος, ἄλλα ποθεινὸς ὁσοὶ πόλιν Ἰαλύσοιο
ναίμεν, εἰς λήθης πικρὸν ἔδω πέλαγος,
δραγάμενοι σοφίην ὄλγον χρόνου· ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβῳ
σεῖο καὶ ἄκλαυτοι γλαύκες ἔθεντο γόον,
Φαινόκριτ’· οὐδὲν ὁμοῦν ἐπεσοσομενοῖσιν ἀοιδὸς
φθέγχεται, ἀνθρώπους ἄχρι φέρωσι πόδες.
fails she not to be remembered, and is not held
hidden under the shadowy wing of black night. But
we, stranger, the countless myriads of later singers,
lie in heaps withering from oblivion. The low song
of the swan is better than the cawing of jackdaws
echoing far and wide through the clouds of spring.

714.—Anonymous

I sing of Rhegium, that at the point of the shoaly
cost of Italy tastes ever of the Sicilian sea, because
under the leafy poplar she laid Ibycus the lover of
the lyre, the lover of boys, who had tasted many
pleasures; and over his tomb she shed in abundance
ivy and white reeds.

715.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Far from the Italian land I lie, far from my country
Tarentum, and this is bitterer to me than death.
Such is the life of wanderers, ill to live; but the
Muses loved me and instead of sourness sweets are
mine. The name of Leonidas hath not sunk into
oblivion, but the gifts of the Muses proclaim it to
the end of days.

716.—Dionysius of Rhodes

Too early and missed by all us who dwell in the city
of Ialysus, hast thou sunk, Phaenocritus, into the sea
of oblivion, after plucking for a brief time the flowers
of wisdom; and round thy tomb the very owls that
never shed tears lamented. No singer shall ever
ing as thou didst to future generations as long as
men walk upon their feet.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

717.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Νηιάδες καὶ ψυχρὰ βοαύλα ταῦτα μελίσσαις
οἶμον ἐπ᾽ ειαρινὴν λέβατε νισσομένας,
ὡς ο αγέρων Λεδυκάμπος ἐπ᾽ ἀρανύδεσσι λαγωῖς
ἐφίλο τειμερίῃ νυκτὶ λοχησάμενος.

σμήνεα δ᾽ οὐκέτι οἱ κομέειν φίλοι· αἱ δὲ τὸν ἄκρης

γείτονα ποιμέναι πολλὰ ποθοῦσι νάπται.

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 185.

718.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ

'Ω ξείν', εἰ τῷ γε πλεῖσ ποτὶ καλλίχορον Μυτιλάναν,
τάν Σαπφὸ χαρίτων ἀνθὸς ἐναυσαμέναν,
εἰπεῖν, ὡς Μοῦσαιοι φίλια τῆνα τῷ Δοκρίς γὰ

τίκτεν ἰσαν ὅτι θ᾽ οἱ τούνομα Νοσσίδος' ιθι.

719.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Τέλληνος ὅσ ὁ τύμβος· ἐχῳ δ᾽ ὑποβολέα πρόσβυν

τὴνα τὸν πρὰτον γυνότα γελοιομελεῖν.

720.—ΧΑΙΡΗΜΟΝΟΣ

Κλεύας οὐτυμοκλεῖος, ὑπὲρ Θυρεάν δόρυ τείνας,

κάτθανες ἀμφίλογον γὰν ἀποτεμόμενοσ.

721.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοῖς 'Αργεί Σπάρτηθεν ἵσαι χέρες, ἵσα δὲ τεῦχη

συμβάλομεν· Θυρεάς δ᾽ ἴσαν ἀεθλὰ δορός.

ἀμφω δ᾽ ἀπροφάσιστα τὸν οἰκάδε νόστον ἀφέντες

οἰνοῦς θανάτον λείπομεν ἀγγελίαν.

1 Unfortunately this version of the epigram is quite uncertain, as it involves considerable departures from the MS. text, itself unintelligible.

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BOOK VII. 717-721

717.—ANONYMOUS

Ye Naiads, and ye cool pastures, tell the bees that start for their spring journeys that old Lysippus perished lying in ambush for the fleet-footed hares on a winter night. No longer does he take joy in tending the swarms, and the dells where feed the flocks miss much their neighbour of the hill.?

718.—NOSSIS

Stranger, if thou sailest to Mitylene, the city of lovely dances which kindled (?) Sappho, the flower of the Graces, say that the Locrian land bore one dear to the Muses and equal to her and that her name was Nossis. Go! 1

719.—LEONIDAS

I am the tomb of Tellen, 2 and under ground I hold the old man, who was the first to learn how to compose comic songs.

720.—CHAEREMON

Cleuas, the son of Etymocles, who didst wield the spear for Thyreae, thou didst die allotting to thyself the disputed land.

721.—BY THE SAME

We from Sparta engaged the Argives equal in number and in arms, Thyreae being the prize of the spear, and both abandoning without seeking for pretexts our hope of return home, we leave the birds to tell of our death.

2 Tellen (4th century B.C.) was by profession a flute-player. Of his comic productions we know nothing.
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722.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Δηρύφατον κλαίω Τιμοσθένη, νά Μολόσσου,
ξείνον ἐπὶ ξείνη Κεκροπία φθίμενον.

723.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
'Α πάρος ἄδμητος καὶ ἄνέμβατος, ὁ Δακεδαῖμον,
κατινθὸν ἐπὶ Εὐρώτα δέρκεαι Ὀλένιον,
ἀσκίας: οἴκων δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς οἰκίᾳ θέντες
μύρονται: μῆλων δ' οὐκ ἄιουσι λύκου.

724.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
'Η Ῥα μένος σε, Πρόαρχ', δλεο' ἐν δαί, δῶμα τὲ
πατρὸς
Φειδία ἐν δυσφερῷ πένθει ἔθου φθίμενος·
ἄλλα καλὸν τοι ὑπερθέν ἔπος τόδε πέτρος ἄειδει,
ὡς ἔθανες πρὸ φίλας μαρνάμενος πατρίδος.

725.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
α. Αἶνε, καὶ σὺ γὰρ ὅδε, Μενέκρατες, οὐκ ἐπὶ πουλὺ
ὑθάμα: τί σε, ξείνων λίπτε, κατειργάσατο;
ἡ Ῥα τὸ καὶ Κένταυρον; β. "Ϲ μοι πεπρωμένος
ὕπνος
ήλθεν, ὁ δὲ τλῆμων οἶνος ἔχει πρόφασιν.

726.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
'Ἐσπεριον κήφον ἀπώσατο πολλάκις ὑπνοῦ
ἡ γρήγος πενίνην Πλατθίς ἀμνομένη·
BOOK VII. 722–726

722.—THEODORIDAS

I weep for Timosthenes, the son of Molossus, slain in battle, dying a stranger on the strange Attic soil.

723.—ANONYMOUS

(Not Sepulchral)

Lacedaemon, formerly unconquered and uninvaded, thou seest the Olenian smoke on the banks of Eurotas. No shade of trees hast thou left; the birds nest on the ground and the wolves hear not the bleating of sheep.

724.—ANYTE

Thy valour, Proarchus, slew thee in the fight, and thou hast put in black mourning by thy death the house of thy father Phidias. But the stone above thee sings this good message, that thou didst fall fighting for thy dear fatherland.

725.—CALLIMACHUS

A. “Menecrates of Aenus, you too were not long on earth. Tell me, best of friends, what caused your death? Was it that which caused the Centaur’s?”

B. “The fore-ordained sleep came to me, and the unhappy wine is blamed.”

726.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Old Platthis often repelled from her her evening and morning sleep, keeping poverty away, and near

1 Achaean. This refers to the invasion of Lacedaemonia by the Achaeans in B.C. 189.

2 i.e. wine.

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καὶ τι πρὸς ἡλακάτην καὶ τὸν συνέριθον ἀτρακτοῦ ἤεισεν, πολυοῦ γύρας ἀγχίθυρος,
κατά παραστίδιος δινεμένη ἄχρις ἐπὶ ἡοὺς
κεῖνων Ἀθηναίης σὺν Χάρισιν δόλιχον,
ἡ μικὴ ἐκείνῳ περὶ γούνατος ἄρκιον ἵστὸ
χειρὶ στρογγύλλουσιν ἱμερόης κρόκην.
ὄγδοκοτατήσις δὲ Ἀχερώνιοι ηὔγασεν ὅδωρ
ἡ καλὴ καλῶς Πλατῆς υφηναμένη.

727.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΣ

Τὰν γνώμαν ἑδόκει Φιλέας οὐ δεύτερος ἄλλον
ἐλέεν· οὐ δὲ φθονερός κλαιέτω ἕσκε θάνη.
ἀλλ' ἐμπίς δόξας κενελά χάρις· εἰν ἄιδα γὰρ
Μίνω Θερσίτας οὐδὲν ἀτιμότερος.

728.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Ἰερέα Δημητρός ἔγω ποτε, καὶ πάλιν Καβεῖρων,
ἀνεπερ, καὶ μετέπειτα Διωδύμηνσι,
ἡ γηρύς γενόμην, ἢ γὰρ κόμις, ἢνό. . .
πολλῶν προστασία νέων γυναικῶν.
καὶ μοι τέκνοι ἐγένοντο δυ' ἄρσενα, κηπέμυσθ' ἐκείνων
ἐυγήρως εἰν χερσίν. ἔρπε χαῖρων.

729.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Εὐειδής Τριτωνὶς ἐπὶ οὐκ ἀγαθαις ἐλοχεύθη
κληδόσιν· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ἀπ' ἀλετο δαίμονι,
ἀρτιτόκος· τὰ δὲ πολλὰ κατήγαγεν ἐν βρέφος ἄδην
σὺν κείνῃ· δεκάτην δ' οὐχ ὑπερηφέν ἔω.

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BOOK VII. 726-729

the door of gray old age used to sing a tune to her spindle and familiar distaff. Still by the loom until the dawn she revolved in company with the Graces that long task of Pallas, or, a loveable figure, smoothed with her wrinkled hand on her wrinkled knee the thread sufficient for the loom. Aged eighty years comely Platthis who wove so well set eyes on the lake of Acheron.

727.—THEAETETUS

Phileas seemed inferior to none in the gifts of his mind; let him who envies him go and cry himself to death.¹ Yet but empty pleasure hath a man in fame, for in Hades Thersites is as highly honoured as Minos.

728.—CALLIMACHUS

I, the old woman who am now dust was once the priestess of Demeter and again of the Cabiri and afterwards of Cybele. I was the patroness of many young women. I had two male children and closed my eyes at a goodly old age in their arms. Go in peace.

729.—TYMNES

The omens were evil when fair Tritonis was brought to bed, for otherwise she would not have perished, unhappy girl, just after the child was born. With her this one babe brought down to Hades so much happiness, and it did not even live beyond the tenth dawn.

¹ A form of imprecation.

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730.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ
Δειλαία Μνάσυλλα, τι τοι καὶ ἐπ’ ἥρω όυτος
μυρομένα κούραν γραπτὸς ἔπεστι τύτος
Νευτίμας; ἀς δὴ ποκ’ ἀπὸ ψυχὰν ἔρυσαντο
ὠδίνες, κεῖται δ’ οἷα κατὰ βλεφάρων
ἀχλοὶ πλημμύρουσα φίλας ὑπὸ ματρὸς ἀγοστῷ
αἰαὶ Ἀριστοτέλῃς δ’ οὐκ ἀπάνευθε πατήρ
δεξιτερᾶ κεφαλάν ἐσπεμάσσετο. ὃ μέγα δειλοὶ,
οὐδὲ θανόντες ἐὼν ἐξελάθεσθ’ ἀχέων.

5

731.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

"Ἀμπελος ὡς ἢδη κάμακι στηρίζομαι αὐτῷ
σκηπανίῳ· καλέει μ’ εἰς ἄδην θάνατος.
δυσκόψει μη Γόργε· τι τοι χαριέστερον, ἡ τρεῖς
ἡ πίσυρας πολίας βάλγαι ὑπ’ ἥλιον;"
δὴ εἰπας οὐ κόμπῳ, ἀπὸ ζῷην ὁ παλαιὸς
φῶστο, κή πλεύνων ἰδθε μετοικείσθην.

5

732.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

"Ὄχειν ἐτ’ ἄσκιπων Κινησία, Ἐρμόλα νῦὲ
ἐκτισὼν Ἀίδη χρεῖος ὀφειλόμενον,
γῆρα ἐτ’ ἁρτια πάντα φέρων· χρῆστην δὲ δίκαιων
εὐρών σε στέρξει παντοβίης Ἀχέρων.

733.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ

†Αἰνόμενοι δύο γηῆς ὀμήλικες ἤμεν, Ἄναξὼ
καὶ Κληνὼ, δίδυμοι παῖδες Ἐπικράτεως.
Κληνὼ μὲν Χαρίτων ἱερῆ, Δήμητρι δὲ Ἅναξῳ
ἐν ζωῆ προπολευός· εὖνέα δ’ ἥλιον

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BOOK VII. 730–733

730.—PERSES

Unhappy Mnasylla, why does it stand on thy tomb, this picture of thy daughter Neotima whom thou lamentest, her whose life was taken from her by the pangs of labour? She lies in her dear mother's arms, as if a heavy cloud had gathered on her eyelids and, alas, not far away her father Aristoteles rests his head on his right hand.¹ O most miserable pair, not even in death have ye forgotten your grief.

731.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

"I am already supported only on a stick, like a vine on a stake; Death calls me to Hades. Stop not thy ears, Gorgus. What further pleasure hast thou in basking in the sun yet for three or four summers?" So speaking in no braggart strain the old man cast away his life and settled in the abode of the greater number.

732.—THEODORIDAS

Thou art gone, still without a staff, Cinesias, son of Hermolas, to pay the debt thou owest to Hades, in thy old age but bringing him thyself still complete. So all-subduing Acheron finding thee a just debtor shall love thee.

733.—DIOTIMUS

We two old women Anaxo and Cleno the twin daughters of Epicrates were ever together; Cleno was in life the priestess of the Graces and Anaxo served Demeter. We wanted nine days to complete

¹ An attitude of mourning.
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όγδοκονταέτεις ἐτι λειπόμεθ᾽ ἐς τόδ᾽ ἱκέσαι 5
τῆς μοίρης ἐτέων δ᾽ οὐ φθόνος ἰσοσχή.
καὶ πύσιας καὶ τέκνα φιλήσαμεν αἰ δὲ παλαιὰ
πρῶθ᾽ ἥμεις Ἀἰδην πρήν ἀνυσσάμεθα.

734.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἡξεν διατιτυειδεστι. τί γάρ; νέκως ὥστι παιδών
τῶν ἀγαθῶν ὡς ἤν αρχυγέρων ὁ γέρων,
ἀλλά φίλος γ᾽ ὧ πρέσβυ τυ νόμιμα τέκνα
ἐλθείν καὶ λευκῆς ἐς δρόμον ἡλικίας.

735.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΣ

Τστάτιον, Φώκαια, κλυτή πόλι, τούτο Θεανώ
ἐντευ ἐς ἀτρύγετον νῦκτα κατερχομένη.
"Οἱμοι ἐγὼ δυστηνος; Ἀπέλλιχε, ποίον, ὁμευνε,
ποίον ἐπ᾽ ὧκεία νη περάς πέλαγος;
αὐτὰρ ἐμεθ σχεδόθεν μόρος ἰσταται. ὡς ὀφελῶν γε
χειρὶ φίλην τὴν σὺν χείρα λαβοῦσα θανεῖν."

736.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Μὴ φθείρευ, ὁνθρωπε, περιπλάνοιον βίον ἑλκών,
ἀλλὰ ἐς ἀλλής εἰς χθόνι ἀλιβόμενος,
μὴ φθείρευ, κἂν ἐς περιστέφασκαι καλῇ
ἥν θάλποι μυκκὸν πῦρ ἀνακαίομενον,
καὶ σοι λυτῇ τε καὶ ὅπις εὐάλφιστος εἰς
φύστη ἐνι γροφῇ μασσαμένη παλάμαις,
ἡ καὶ σοι γλήκχων, ἢ καὶ θύμον, ἢ καὶ ὁ πικρὸς
ἀδυμηγῆς εἰς χόνδρος ἐποψίδιος.

737.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐγὼ λῃστήρος ὁ τρισδεῖλαῖος ἅρη
ἐδμήθην καίμαι ὁ οὐδενὶ κλαίομενος.
BOOK VII. 733–737

our eightieth year. . . . . We loved our husbands and children, and we, the old women, won gentle death before them.

734.—ANONYMOUS

This corrupt epigram seems to be partly in Doric and is evidently a dialogue. Lines 1 and 2 are quite unintelligible. It ends thus:—

O old man, may thy blessed children too reach the road of gray age.

735.—DAMAGETUS

Phocaea, glorious city, these were the last words Theano spoke as she descended into the vast night:

"Alas unhappy that I am, Apellichus! What sea, my husband, art thou crossing in thy swift ship? But by me death stands close, and would I could die holding thy dear hand in mine."

736.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Vex not thyself, O man, leading a vagrant life, rolled from one land to another. Vex not thyself if thou hast a little hut to cover thee, warmed by a little fire, if thou hast a poor cake of no fine meal kneaded by thy hands in a stone trough, if thou hast mint or thyme for a relish or even coarse salt not unsweetened.

737.—ANONYMOUS

Here I thrice unfortunate was slain by an armed robber, and here I lie bewept by none.
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738.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Κληίδες Κύπρου σε καὶ ἑσχαταὶ Σαλαμώνος,
Τίμαργ', ὑβριστής τ' ὀλέσε Δίψ άνεμος,
νή' τε σὺν φόρτῳ τε' κόνων δέ σου ἀμφιμέλαιναι
δέξαντ' οἰξυροί, σχέτλε, κηδεμόνες.

739.—ΦΑΙΔΙΜΟΤ
Αἰάξω Πολυάνθου, δύν εὑρέτος, ο' παραμείβων,
νυμφίον ἐν τύμβῳ θῆκεν Ἀρισταγόρη,
δεξαμένη σποδίην τε καὶ ὅστεά (τὸν δὲ δυσαές
ὁλεσεν Αἰγαίον κύμα περὶ Σκίαθον),
δύσμορον ὀρθρινοί μω ἐπεὶ νέκων ἱχθυβολής,
ξείνη, Τορωναίων εἶλκυσαν ἐς λιμένα.

740.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Αὐτὰ ἐπὶ Κρήθωνος ἔγω λίθος, οὔνομα κεῖνον
δηλοῦσα· Κρήθων ὅ ἐν χρονίοις σποδία.
ὁ πρὶν καὶ Γύγη παρισεύμενος ὄλβον, ὁ τὸ πρὶν
βουνάμων, ὁ πρὶν πλούσιος αἰτολίοις,
ὁ πρὶν—τί πλεῖον μιθεύμα; ὁ πᾶσι μακαρτός,
θεῦ, γαῖς δασῆς δασοῦ ἑχει μόριον.

741.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Ὀθρυάδην, Σπάρτης τὸ μέγα κλέος, ή Κυνέγειρον
ναύμαχον, ἡ πάντων ἕργα κάλει πολέμων.
Ἄρεως αἰχματῆς Ἰταλὸς παρὰ χεῦμας ᾨνοῦ
κλινεῖς, ὥ τοι πολλῶν ἡμιβανῆς βέλεων,
αιτῶν ἀρπασθέντα φίλον στρατοῦ ὥς ἢ ὑπ' ἐχθροῖς,
αὕτης ἄρηφάτων ἀνθοτειν ἐκ νεκών
τείνας δ' ὅφ' ἐκόμμεν, ἔοις ἀνεσσώσατο ταγοῖς,
μοῦνος ἄχτηττον δεξάμενος βάνατον.

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BOOK VII. 738–741

738.—THEODORIDAS

The Keys of Cyprus\(^1\) and the promontory of Salamis and the rude south wind destroyed thee, Timarchus, with thy ship and cargo, and thy mourning kinsmen received but the black ashes of thee, ill-fated man.

739.—PHAEDIMUS

I mourn for Polyanthus, O pass by, whom his wife Aristagora laid in the tomb, her newly wedded lord, receiving his ashes and dust (in the stormy Aegean near Scathus he had perished) after the fishermen in the early morn had towed his corpse into the harbour of Torone.

740.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

I am the stone that rests on Cretho and makes known his name, but Cretho is ashes underground, he who once vied with Gyges in wealth, who was lord of many herds and flocks, who was—why need I say more? he who was blessed by all. Alas, what a little share of his vast lands is his!

741.—CRINAGORAS

Cre Othryadas,\(^2\) the great glory of Sparta, or Cynegeirus,\(^3\) the sea-fighter, or all great deeds of arms. The Italian warrior who lay by the streams of the Rhine, half dead from many wounds, when he saw the eagle of his dear legion seized by the enemy, again arose from amid the corpses of the slain and killing him who carried it, recovered it for his leaders, alone winning for himself a death that knew not defeat.

\(^1\) Some islands so called. \(^2\) See above, No. 431. \(^3\) The brother of Aeschylus. He fought at Marathon and Salamis.
742.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Οὐκέτι Τιμόκλεια τεῶν φάος ὠλεας ὀσαν
κόρους δωιστόκρο υηδύι γειναμένη
dιμασι δ' ἐν πλέονσειν ἀθρεῖς πυριθαλπὲς ἤχημα
ἂνεῖου, προτέρης οὐσα τελειωτέρη.

743.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΣ

Εἰκοσιν Ἐρμοκράτεια καὶ ἐννέα τέκνα τεκαῦτα
οὐθ' ἐνος οὔτε μᾶς αὐγασάμην θάνατον.
oῦ γὰρ ἀπωτοστενον ἐμῶς υἱὰς Ἀπόλλων,
oῦ βαρπενυθήτους Ἀρτέμις εἴλε κόρα:
ἐμπαλὶ δ' ἀ μὲν ἔλυσεν ἐμὰν ὀδίνα μολοῦσα,
Φοῖβος δ' εἰς ἦβαν ἀρσενὰ ἀγάγετο
ἀβλαβέας νούσοισιν. ἵδ' ὡς νίκημι δικαίως
παισίν καὶ γλώσσῃ σώφροι Ταυταλίδα.

744.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ

Ἐν Μέμφει λόγος ἐστὶ μαθεῖν ἱδίην ποτὲ μούρην
Εὔδοξον παρὰ τοῦ καλλίκερον ταῦρου
κούδεν ἔλεξεν πόθεν; ὅτι γὰρ λόγον οὐ πόρε φύτη,
oὐδὲ λάλον μόσχῳ Ἀπιδί στόμα·
ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτὸν λέχριος στὰς ἐλχομίσατο στόλου,
προφανῶς τούτο διδάσκων. ὡς Ἀποδύνη βιοτὴν
ὁσσον οὔπω. διὸ καὶ οἱ ταχέως ἤλθε μόρος, δεκάκις
πέντε καὶ τρεῖς εἰσιδίνατα ποίας.

745.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΣ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΣ

Ἅβυκε, λησταί σε κατέεκταν ἐκ ποτὲ νῆς
βάντ' ἐς ἐρμαίῃν ἀστιβοὶ ἱόνα,
ἀλλ' ἐπιβεβακένυν γεράνον νέφος, αἰ τοῖς ἱκῶντο
μάρτυρες ἀλνύστον ὀλλυμένῳ θάνατον.
BOOK VII. 742-745

742.—APOLLONIDES
(Not Sepulchral)

No longer, Timoclea, hast thou lost the light of thy eyes, now thou hast given birth to twin boys, but thou art now more perfect than thou ever wast, looking with more than two eyes on the burning Chariot of the Sun.

743.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I, Hermocratea, bore twenty-nine children and have not seen the death of one, either boy or girl. For far from Apollo having shot down my sons and Artemis my daughters for me to lament, Artemis came to relieve me in childbirth and Phoebus brought my sons to man's estate unhurt by sickness. See how I justly surpass Niobe both in my children and in restraint of speech.

744.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

They say that Eudoxus learnt his own fate in Memphis from the bull with beautiful horns. It spoke not, how could it? for nature has not given speech to cattle nor a talkative tongue to the calf Aphis; but standing beside him it licked his cloak, evidently telling him this: "You will divest yourself of life." So he died shortly after, having seen fifty-three summers.

745.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Ibycus, the robbers slew thee when from the ship thou didst land on the untrodden desert shore. But first didst thou call on the flock of cranes who came to witness that thou didst die a most cruel
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐδὲ μάτην ἱάχησας, ἐπεὶ ποιήτης Ἐρανός
τῶνδε διὰ κλαγήν τίσατο σείο φόνον
Συσφιήν κατὰ γαίαν. ἵω φιλοκερδέα φῆλα
ληστέων, τί θεόν οὐ πεφόβησθε χόλον;
οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ προπάροιβα κανὼν Αὐγισθὸς ἀκιδόν
διμα μελαμπέπλων ἐκφυγεν Εὐμενίδων.

746.—ΠΤΘΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Εἰς τάφον τοῦ Δίας ἐν Κρήτῃ
'Ωδε μέγας κεῖται Ζᾶν ὅν Δία κυκλήσκονσιν.

747.—ΛΙΒΑΝΙΟΤ

'Ουλιανὸς μετὰ Τιγρῖν ἀγάρροον ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
ἀμφότερον, βασίλεις τ' ἀγαθὸς κρατερὸς τ' αἰχμητής.

748.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΩΝΙΟΤ

Τής τόδε μουνόγλυνος ἄπαν δωμήκατο Κύκλωψ
λάινον Ἀσσυρίς χάμα Σεμεράμος,
ἡ ποιοί χθονὸς υἱὲς ἀνυψώσαντο Πύγαντεσ
κείμενον ἐπταπόρον ἀγχόδη Πληνίάδων
ἀκλίνες, ἀστυψελικτον, Ἀδωνεος ἱσιών ἐρίπων
φυρθέν γαίης εὐρυπέδοιο βάρος;
δάμος ἀεὶ μακαριστός, ὅς ἀστεών Ἡρακλείς
οὐρανίων νεφέων τεῦξεν ἐπ’1 εὐρυάλων.

1 The words in brackets are added in the MS. by a later hand. They give no sense.
BOOK VII. 745-748

death. And not in vain didst thou cry out, for through the calling of the cranes the Erinys avenged thy death in the land of Corinth. O ye race of robbers greedy of gain, why fear ye not the anger of the gods? Not even did Aegisthus, who of old slew the singer, escape the eyes of the dark-robed Furies.

746. PYTHAGORAS

Here lies great Zan whom they call Zeus.\(^1\)

747.—LIBANIUS

Julian\(^2\) lies here on the further bank of the strong current of Tigris, "a good king and a valiant warrior."\(^3\)

748.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

What one-eyed Cyclops built all this vast stone mound of Assyrian Semiramis, or what giants, sons of earth, raised it to reach near to the seven Pleiads, inflexible, unshakable, a mass weighing on the broad earth like to the peak of Athos? Ever blessed people, who to the citizens of Heraclea . . .

\(^1\) Supposed to have been written on the tomb of Zeus, in Crete.
\(^2\) The emperor.
\(^3\) Homer, *Iliad* iii. 279.
BOOK VIII

THE EPIGRAMS OF SAINT GREGORY
THE THEOLOGIAN

I should personally have preferred to follow the Teubner edition in omitting this book, as it forms no part of Cephalus' Anthology and merely, because all the epigrams are in the form of epitaphs, occupies this place in the Palatine MS. It has, however, been included in the Didot edition, which still remains the standard text of the Anthology, and it is the rule of the Loeb Library to reproduce the standard text. The proper place for this collection of the Epigrams of St. Gregory would be in his very voluminous works.

Gregory of Nazianza was one of the great triad of Church Fathers of the fourth century (the Tres Ἰσαύρων as they are styled in the Orthodox Calendar). The other two, Basil and Chrysostom, were his contemporaries and friends, as will be seen from some of these epigrams. Basil especially had been his friend from his youth up, and Gregory's wife was Basil's sister (see Epigr. 164). Gregory evidently enjoyed making verses, but the epigrams make somewhat tedious reading, as there are so many on the same subject.

1 Other epigrams of St. Gregory's which are found elsewhere in the Palatine MS. have not been included in the Didot edition.
ΕΚ ΤΩΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΟΤ ΑΓΙΟΤ
ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΤ

1.—'Επιτύμβιον εἰς Ἰωάννην καὶ Θεοδόσιον

'Ενθάδε τύμβος ἔχει θεοειδεὰς ἀνέρας ἐσθλοῦς,
θείον Ἰωάννην, τὸν πάνυ Θεοδόσιον,
ὁν ἀρετῆ πολύολβος ἐς οὐρανοῦ ἀντυγιάς ἠλθε, καὶ φωτὸς μετόχους δείξειν ἀκηρασίου.

2.—Εἰς τὸν μέγαν Βασίλειον τὸν Κασσαρίας ἐπίσκοπον

τῆς ἐν Καππαδοκίᾳ

Σῶμα δίχα ψυχῆς ζώιν πάρος ἢ ἐμῆ σεῖο,
Βασίλε, Χριστοῦ λάτρη, φίλ', ωϊόμυν
ἀλλ' ἐτλην καὶ ἔμεινα. τί μελλομεν; οὐ μ' ἀναείρας
θέσεις ἐς μακάρων σὴν τε χοροστασίνην;
μή με λίπης, μή, τύμβον ἐπόμνυμω. οὐ ποτε σείο
λήσομαι, οὐδε θέλων. Γρηγορίοιο λόγον.

3.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Βασίλειον τὸν μέγαν

'Ηνίκα Βασιλίοιο θεόφρονος ἠρπασε πνεῦμα
ἡ Τρίας ἀσπασίως ἐνθεν ἐπειγομένου,
πᾶσα μὲν οὐρανίῃ στρατιῇ γήθησεν ἰόντι,
πᾶσα δὲ Καππαδοκῶν ἑστονάχησε πόλις
οὐκ οίκον. κόσμος δὲ μέγη ἢαχεν. "Ὣλετο κήρυξ,
ἀλετο εἱρήςς δεςμὸς ἀριπρεπέος."
BOOK VIII

THE EPIGRAMS OF SAINT GREGORY THE THEOLOGIAN

1.—For the tomb of the Emperor Theodosius and St. John Chrysostom

Here the tomb holds the good godlike men, divine Joannes and the most excellent Theodosius, whose rich virtue reached to the vault of heaven, and showed them partakers of the pure light.

2.—On St. Basil the Great, Bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia

Methought, dear Basil, servant of Christ, that a body could sooner live without a soul than myself without thee. But I bore it and remained. Why do we delay? Wilt thou not lift me up on high and set me in the company of thyself and the blessed ones? Desert me not, I supplicate by thy tomb. Never, even if I would, shall I forget thee. It is the word of Gregory.

3.—On the Same

When the Trinity carried away the spirit of godly Basil, who gladly hastened hence, all the host of Heaven rejoiced at his going, and not only the whole Cappadocian city groaned, but the world lamented loudly. He is gone, the herald, the bond of glorious peace is gone.

1 Caesarea. 2 i.e. he who was a bond of peace among men.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

4.—Eis tôn ahtón

Κόσμος οἶλος μύθοισιν ὑπ' ἀντιπάλουσιν ἀεικὸς
σεῖται, ὁ Τριάδος κλήρος ὁμοσθενέος:
aiai: Βασίλειον δὲ μεμοικοτα χείλεα συν.
ἐγρευρ' καὶ στήτω σοῦσι λόγου τι σάλος
σαῖς τε θυπολήσαι: σὺ γὰρ μόνος ἱσον ἑφηναι
καὶ βίοτον μῦθφ καὶ βιοτητι λόγου.

5.—Eis tôn ahtón

Εἰς θεὸς υψιμέδων: ἕνα δ' ἀξιον ἀρχιερή
ημετέρη γενεὶ εἰδὲ σε, Βασίλει,
ἀγγελον ἀτρεκῶς ἐρηχεά, ὁμα μαφεινο
Χριστιανοῖς, ψυχής κἀλλεσι λαμπόμενον,
Πάντων Καππαδοκῶν τε μέγα κλέος: εἰςἐτι καὶ νῦν,
λίσσομ', ὑπὲρ κόσμου ἱστασο δῶρ' ἀνάγων.

6.—Eis tôn ahtón

'Eὐθάδε Βασίλειοι Βασίλιον ἀρχιερῆ
θέντο με Καισαρέες, Γρηγορίοιο φίλων,
ὅν περὶ κῆρι φίλησα: θεὸς δὲ οἱ ὅλβια δοιη
ἄλλα τε, καὶ ξώης ὡς τάχος ἀντιάσαι
ἡμετέρης: τί δ' ὅνειρ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δηθύνοντα
τῆκασθ', οὔρανὴς μυνῶμεν φιλῆς;

7.—Eis tôn ahtón

Τυτθὸν ἐτι πνείεσκες ἐπὶ χθονὶ, πάντα δὲ Χριστῷ
δώκας ἄγων, ψυχήμ, σῶμα, λόγου, παλάμας,
Βασίλει, Χριστιοί μέγα κλέος, ἔρμ' ἱερῆνων,
ἔρμα πολυσχίστου νῦν πλέον ἀτρεκής.
BOOK VIII. 4-7

4.—On the Same

The whole world, the inheritance of the co-equal Trinity, is shaken in unseemly wise by strife of words. Alas, the lips of Basil are closed and silent. Awake, and by thy words and by thy ministry make the tossing to cease; for thou alone didst exhibit a life equal to thy words and words equal to thy life.

5.—On the Same

There is one God who ruleth on high, and our age saw but one worthy high-priest, thee, Basil, the deep-voiced messenger of truth, the Christians' bright eye, shining with the beauty of the soul, the great glory of Pontus and Cappadocia. Continue, I implore thee, to stand offering up thy gifts for the world.

6.—On the Same

Here the Caesareans laid me their high-priest, Basil the son of Basil, the friend of Gregory, whom I loved with all my heart. May God grant him all blessings, and especially to attain right soon to this life that is mine. What profiteth it to linger on earth and waste away, longing for a celestial friendship?

7.—On the Same

A little time didst thou still breath on earth, but gavest all thou hadst to Christ, thy soul, thy body, thy speech, thy hands, Basil, the great glory of Christ, the bulwark of the priestly order, and now even more the bulwark of the truth so rent by schism.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

8.—Eis tôn autôn

Ω μῦθοι, ὦ ἔννοις φελίης δόμοις, ὦ φίλι Ἀθήναι,
ὡς θείου βιότου τηλόθε συνθεσία,
ιστε τόδε, ὡς Βασίλειος ἐς υφανόν, ὡς ποθεσκεῖν,
Γρηγόριος δ' ἐπὶ γῆς χείλεσι δεσμὰ φέρων.

9.—Eis tôn autôn

Καισαρέων μέγ' ἁεισμα, φαύντατε ὦ Βασίλειος,
βροντὴ σείω λόγοι, ἀτεροπὴ δὲ βιος.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς ἐδρην ἡρην λῖπτες· ἠθέλεν οὖν οὗτο
Χριστὸς, ὅπως μίξῃ σ' ὡς τάχος υφανίως.

10.—Eis tôn autôn

Βένθεα πάντε ἐδάθης τὰ πνεύματος, δοσα τ' ἔασι
τῆς χθονίης σοφίης· ἐμπρούν ἱρὸν ἐξ.

10b.—Eis tôn autôn

'Οκτάετες λαοίο θεόφρονος ἤμία τείνας,
τοῦτο μόνον τῶν σῶν, ὦ Βασίλει', ὀλύγον.

11.—Eis tôn autôn

Χαίρως, ὦ Βασίλειε, καὶ εἰ λῖπτες ἡμέας, ἔμπης·
Γρηγορίου τόδε σοι γράμμ' ἐπιτυμβίδιον,
μῦθος δὲ δὲν φιλέσκες· ἑχοὺς χερός, ὦ Βασίλειε,
τῆς φιλίας καὶ σοι δῷρον ἀπευκτότατον.
Γρηγόριος, Βασίλειε, τεῇ κόνι τὴν τ' ἀνέθικα
tῶν ἐπιγραμματίων, θείε, δυσδεκάδα.
BOOK VIII. 8—11

8.—On the Same

O converse, O friendship’s common home, O dear Athens, O distant covenant we made to lead the divine life, know that Basil, as he desired, is in Heaven, but Gregory on earth, his lips chained.

9.—On the Same

O most glorious Basil, the great vaunt of Caesarea, thy word was thunder and thy life lightning. But none the less thou hast left thy holy seat; for such was the will of Christ that he might join thee early to the heavenly ones.

10.—On the Same

Thou knewest all the depths of the spirit and all that pertains to earthly wisdom. Thou wast a living temple.

10b.—On the Same

For but eight years didst thou hold the reins of the pious people, and this was all pertaining to thee that was little.

11.—On the Same

Hail, Basil, yea even though thou hast left us. This is Gregory’s epitaph for thee, this is the voice thou didst love. Take from the hand that was dear to thee the gift though it be right grievous to give. Gregory dedicates to thee, divine Basil, this dozen of epigrams.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

12.—Εἰς τὸν ἑαυτοῦ πατέρα

"Ἐνθ' ἐκατονταέτης, ζωῆς βροτής καθύπερθε, πνεύματι καὶ θώκῳ τεσσαρακονταέτης,
μείλιχος, ἱδυετής, λαμπρὸς Τριάδος ὑποφήτης,
νήδυμον ὑπ' ουν ἔχω, Γρηγορίῳ δέμας·
ψυχή δὲ πτερόσεσα λάχεν θεόν. ἀλλ' ιερῆς
ἀζόμενοι κείνων καὶ τάφον ἀμφέπετε.

5

13.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Εκ μὲ πικρῆς ἐκάλεσσα θεὸς μέγας ἀγριελαίης,
ποίμνης <δ’> ἤγεμόνα θῆκε τὸν οὐδ’ ὄιων
ἐσχατοῦν: ἐκ πλευρῆς δὲ θεόφρονος ὁβὸν ἐνειμέν·
γῆρας <δ’> ἐς λιπαρὸν ἰκόμεθ’ ἀμφότεροι.
ἱρὸς ἐμὸν τεκέων ἀγανάκτατος· εἰ δὲ τελευτήν
ἐτῆν Γρηγορίος, οὐ μέγα· θυντὸς ἐν.

5

14.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Εἰ τις ὅρους καθύπερθεν ἀγνής ὅπος ἐπλετοῦ μύστης
Μωσῆς, καὶ μεγάλου Γρηγορίου νόος,
ὅν ποτε τηλόθ’ οὖντα χάρις μέγαν ἀρχιερῆ ἢ
θῆκατο· νόν δ’ ιερῆς ἐγγὺς ἔχει Τριάδος.

15.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Αὐτὸς νην ἑρέψα θεῶ, καὶ δῶχ’ ιερὴ
Γρηγορίον καθαρὴ λαμπόμενον Τριάδι,
ἀγγελον ἀτρεκίης ἐρωτηχέα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἡθενον σοφίης ἀμφοτέρης πρύτανιν.
BOOK VIII. 12-15

12.—On his own Father

Here I sleep the sweet sleep, the body of Gregory, the mild sweet-spoken glorious interpreter of the Trinity. I lived to a hundred years, more than the span of man’s life, and for forty years lived in the spirit and occupied the episcopal throne. But my winged soul is with God.—Ye priests, care reverently for his tomb too.

13.—On the Same

Great God called me from the bitter wild-olive,¹ and made me, who was not even the last of the sheep, the shepherd of the flock. From my devout rib² he gave me wealth of children, and both of us reached a prosperous old age. The mildest of my sons is a priest. If I Gregory suffered death, it is no marvel; I was mortal.

14.—On the Same

If there was one Moses privileged on the mountain to hear the pure voice, there was also the mind of great Gregory, whom once God’s grace called from afar and made a great high-priest. Now he dwells near the Holy Trinity.

15.—On the Same

I both built a temple to God and gave him a priest, Gregory illumined by the pure Trinity, the sonorous messenger of truth, the shepherd of the people, a youth excelling in holy and profane learning.

¹ op. Rom. xi. 17. ² i.e. wife.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

16.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Τέκνον ἐμὸν, τὰ μὲν ἄλλα πατρὸς καὶ φέρτερος εἶτα,
τὴν δὲ ἀγανοφροσύνην ἄξιοι (οὗ τι πλέον
εὐξασθαι θέμες ἐστι), καὶ ἐς βαθὺ γῆρας ἴκοιο,
τολοῦ κηδεμόνος, ὥ μάκαρ, ἀντιάσασα.

17.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οὐκ διε, εἰτ' ὄτων προφερέστατος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ποιμήν, εἰτα πατήρ, καὶ νομέων νομέας,
θυντοὺς ἅθανατον τε θεόν μεγαν εἰς ἄγειρων,
κεῖμαι Γρηγόριος Γρηγορίου γενέτης.
ὁλβιος, εὐγήρως, εὐπαίς θανόν, ἀρχιερής
ἀρχιερεὺς τε πατήρ, Γρηγόριος· τί πλέον;

18.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οὕτι μὲν ἐς πολύκαρπων ἄλων ὀρθρίων ἦλθον,
ἐμπα δὲ τῶν προτέρων πλείονα μισθὸν ἔχω
Γρηγόριος, ποιμήν τε καλὸς καὶ πλείονα ποίμνην
Χριστῷ ἀναθέψας ἤθεσε μειλιχίοις.

19.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οὐχ ὀσίας φίλης μὲν ἐγώ θάλος, εὐαγεός δὲ
συζυγίας κεφαλή καὶ τεκέων τριάδος·
ποίμνης ἤγεμονευσα ὀμόφρονος· ἐνθεν ἀπῆλθον
πλήρης καὶ θονίων κουράνων ἐτέων.

20.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Γρηγόριος, τὸ δὲ θαῦμα, χάριν καὶ πνεύματος αἰγλή
ἐνθεν ἀειρόμενος ρήψ· ἐπὶ παιδί φίλῳ.

1 i.e. Bishop. 2 By the Eucharist. 3 cp. I. Cor. xi. 3.
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BOOK VIII. 16-20

16.—On the Same

Mayest thou, my son, excel thy father in other things and in gentleness be worthy of him (we may not pray for more); and mayest thou reach a ripe old age, blessed man, whose lot it was to have such a guardian.

17.—On the Same

No sheep, then the first of the sheep and next their shepherd, then their father and the shepherd of the shepherds,\(^1\) gathering in one mortals and the immortal God,\(^2\) I lie here, Gregory the father of Gregory. Happy I died in hale old age, blessed in my offspring, I Gregory the high-priest and father of a high-priest. What more could I desire?

18.—On the Same

I, Gregory, came not early to the vineyard, but yet I have higher wage than those who came before me. I was a good shepherd and reared for Christ a greater flock by my gentle usage.

19.—On the Same

I am the scion of no holy root, but the head\(^3\) of a pious wife and of three children. I ruled over a flock united in spirit, from which I departed full of earthly and heavenly years.\(^4\)

20.—On the Same

Gregory, (marvellous it was) as he was taken up, cast on his dear son grace and the light of the Spirit.

\(^1\) Years passed in the priesthood and previously.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

21.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν
Τυτθῆ μάργαρος ἐστὶν, ἀτὰρ λιθάκεσσιν ἀνάσσει,
tυτθῆ καὶ Βηθλέμ, ἐμπα δὲ χριστοφόρος·
δε δὲ οὐδὲν μὲν ἐγὼ ποίμνην λάχον, ἀλλὰ φερίστην
Γρηγόριος, τὴν σὺ, παῖ φίλε, λίσσομι', ἁγιος.

22.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν
Ποιμενίην σύρωγγα τεαὶς ἐν χερσὶν ἑθηκα
Γρηγόριος· σὺ δὲ μοι τέκνον ἔπισταμένως
σημαίνει· ζωῆς δὲ θύρας πετάσεις ἀπασιν,
ἐς δὲ τάφον πατέρος ὁριος ἀντιάσαις.

23.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν
Στράψε μὲν οἶς τὸ πάροιδεν ἐν οὐρεί Χριστὸς ἀμείβῃ.
στράψε δὲ Γρηγόριον τοῦ καθαροῦ νόφη,
τήμος δὲ εἰδώλων ἔφυγε ζόφον· ὡς δ' ἐκαθάρθη,
ἡσι θυμοπολίαις λαόν δι' εἰσετ' ἅγει.

24.—Eis τὴν μητέρα ἐκ τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου προσληθείσαν
Παντὸς σοι μύθου καὶ ἐργατός ἦν ἀριστον
ἡμαρ κυριακοῦ. πένθει πένθος ἀπαν,
μὴτερ ἐμῆ, τίνοςα, μόνας ὑπόεικες ἐρταῖς.
εὐφροσύνης, ἀχέων ἱστορα ην ἐχεις·
χώρος ἀπας δάκρυς τεοῖς σφρηγίζετο, μὴτερ·
μοῦνο ψε δὲ σταυρῷ πῆγνυτο καὶ δάκρυα.

25.—Eis τὴν αὐτήν μητέρα Νόναν
Οὐποτε σείο τράπεζα θυηδόχος ἔδρακε νώτα,
οὐδὲ διὰ στομάτων ἦλθε βέβηλον ἔπος·
οὐδὲ γέλως μαλακήσιν ἐφίζανε, μῦστι, παρειαῖς.
σιγήσω κρυφίους σείο. μάκαιρα, πόνους.
καλ τὰ μὲν ἔιδοθε τοῖα, τὰ δ' ἐκτοθε πᾶσι πέφανται·
τούνεκα καὶ θείφ σὼμι' ἀπέλειπτες ἔδει.
BOOK VIII. 21-25

21.—On the Same

Small is the pearl, but the queen of jewels; small is Bethlehem, but yet the mother of Christ; so a little flock was mine, Gregory's, but of the best; and I pray, my dear son, that thou mayest lead it.

22.—On the Same

I, Gregory, put into thy hands my shepherd's pipe. Rule over the flock skilfully my son. Open the gates of life to all, and ripe in years share thy father's tomb.

23.—On the Same

Christ shone in the eyes of those before whom he was transfigured on the mountain and he shone in the mind of pure Gregory when he escaped the darkness of idolatry. But since he was purified, he leads his people ever by his priestly ministrations.

24.—On his Mother who was taken to God from the Altar

The Lord's day was the crown of all thy words and deeds, my mother. Honouring as thou didst all mourning by mourning, thou didst yield thee to rejoicing but on holy days. The temple was the witness of thy joy and grief alike: all the place was sanctified by thy tears, and by the cross alone those tears were stayed.

25.—On the Same

The sacrificial table never saw thy back, nor did a profane word ever pass thy lips, nor did laughter ever sit, O God's initiated, on thy soft cheeks. I will say naught of thy secret troubles, O blessed woman. Such wast thou within, and what thou wast outwardly was manifest to all. Therefore didst thou take leave of thy body in the house of God.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

26.—Eis tēn autēn
Πῶς ἐλίθη Νόννης καλὰ γούνατα; πῶς δὲ μέμυκεν
χείλεα; πῶς δήσων οὐ προχέει λυβάδας;
ἄλλοι δὲ αὖ βοῶσι παρ' ἡρίον. ἦ δὲ τράπεζα
οὐκέτ᾿ ἔχει καρποὺς τῆς μεγάλης πάλαμῆς;
χῶρος δ᾿ ἐστὶν ἔρημος ἀγνὸῦ ποδός, οἱ δ᾿ ἱερῆς
οὐκέτ᾿ ἐπὶ τρομερὴν κρατὶ βαλοῦσι χέρα.
χήραι δ᾿ ὀρφανικὸι τε, τί βέβετε; παρθένη δὲ
καὶ γάμους εὐξιγεῶν, κέρσατ᾿ ἀπο πλοκάμους,

* * * * *
toῖσων ἀγαλλομένη κρατὸς φέρε πάντα χαμάζε,
tήμος ὅτ᾿ ἐν νηφὶ ρίκνων ἀφῆκε δέμας.

27.—Eis tēn autēn
Σάρρα σοφὴ τίουσα φίλον πόσιν· ἀλλὰ σὺ, μήτερ,
πρῶτα Χριστιανόν, εἴθ᾿ ἱερὴ μέγαν,
πῶς ἐσθλὸν ἔθηκας ἀπόπροθε φωτὸς ἔοντα.
"Αννα, σὺ δ᾿ ὑπάρχων φίλον καὶ τέκες εὐξιγείμινη,
καὶ νηφὸ μν ἐδωκας ἀγνὸν θεράποντα Σαμοῦηλ.
ἡ δ᾿ ἐτέρη κόλποις Χριστοῦ θεντο μέγαν.
Νόννα δ᾿ ἄμφοτέρων ἔλαχε κλέος· ὅστατιον δὲ
νηφὶ λυσσομένη πάρθενο σῶμα φίλον.

28.—Eis tēn autēn
Ἐμπεδόκλεις, σὲ μὲν αὐτὶκ᾿ ἐτώσια φυσιώντα
καὶ βροτὸν Αἰτναίοιο πυρὸς κρητήρας ἔδειξας.
Νόννα δ᾿ οὐ κρητήρας ἐσήλατο, πρὸς δὲ τραπέζῃ
τῇδε ποτ᾿ εὔχομένη καθαρὸν θύος ἐνθείν ἀέρθη,
καὶ νῦν θηλυτέρησε μεταπρέπει εὔσεβεσσα,
Σουσάνη, Μαριάμ τε καὶ Ἀνναῖς, ἔρμα γυναικῶν.
BOOK VIII. 26-28

26.—On the Same

How are Nonna's goodly knees relaxed, how are her lips closed, why sheds she not fountains from her eyes? Others cry aloud by her tomb, and the holy table no longer bears the gifts of her generous hands. The place misses her holy foot, and the priests no longer shall lay their trembling hands upon her head. Widows and orphans! what will ye do? Virgins and well mated couples! shear your hair...glorying in which she let fall on the ground all that was on her head, then when in the temple she quitted her wrinkled body.

27.—On the Same

Sarah was wise, honouring her dear husband, but thou, mother, didst make thy good husband, once far from the light, first a Christian and then a bishop. Thou Anna¹ didst both bear the dear son for whom thou didst pray and gavest thy Samuel to be a holy servant in the temple; but the second Anna² took to her bosom the great Christ. Nonna shared the fame of both, and at the end, praying in the church, she laid aside there her body.

28.—On the Same

Empedocles, the fiery crater of Etna received thee, a mortal puffed up with vanity. Nonna leapt into no crater, but praying by this table was taken up thence a pure victim, and now, one of the guardians of her sex, shares the glory of the pious women, Susanna, Mary and the two Annas.

¹ i.e. Hannah. ² Luke ii. 36.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

29.—Eis tìn aútìn

"Hrakles, Eμπεδότιμε, Tροφώνε, eìzate múðon, kai só y' Aρισταίου keneaukhêos ôfrus ápistû: ùméis mév òntheto kai óu mákares pabhéssou: ònumo d' árrhein Nónna bíou thêzasa kélévoun, Xristofoûros, stauroío látrois, kósmoio perîfrwv, 5 ëlat' ëpouraníhí eìs ãntvna òos póthèskenv, trísamakar en ñhâ sómè 'apodusaménn.

30.—Eis tìn aútìn

Gēnóron boûswa par' ánðokómioisín álwaíûs ënteo, mú̄ter émê, xeínhis ápò níssoménois, xeíras d' ámpeptássasa filas tekeésaì filoiûsî, Gēnóron boûswa: tò d' ëxeen aîma tekoûsís álmoûtrpèos épì paioi, máliosta dè thrémmati thêlís: 5 toûnêka kai sè tôsois épignarámsai, mú̄ter, ëtisâ.

31.—Eis tìn aútìn

"Alíl ùmèn klepûn òis énovikidîosí pónoisín, álîl d' ëk xarîtwn ëdè sàqpýsûnhs, álîl d' eûsebêths èrgoûs kai sàpkoûs ániais, dákronos, eûkôlaìs, kêros pënthokómbois: Nónna d' èn pántvstwv ãódîmos: eì dè têleíthn tòutò thèmûs kàllèin, kàttânevn eûkômênh.

32.—Eis tìn aútìn

Téknov èmës thêlès, ierôv òalos, òs èpôthêsa, oîxhômai eìs õwên, Gēnóri', ourávnình.

1 A curious choice of names. Empedotimus was an
BOOK VIII. 29–32

29.—On the Same

Yield up your place in story, Heracles, Eme-dotimus, Trophonius and thou unbelieving pride of vainglorious Aristaeus. Ye were mortal and not blessed in your affections; but Nonna the bearer of Christ, the servant of the cross, the despiser of the world, after travelling the path of life with virile spirit, leapt to the vault of heaven, even as she desired, thrice blessed in having put off the vesture of her body in the temple.

30.—On the Same

Calling on Gregory, mother, thou didst meet us by the flowery fields on our return from a strange country, and didst reach out thy arms to thy dear children, calling ever on Gregory. The blood of the mother boiled for both her sons, but mostly for him whom she had suckled. Therefore have I honoured thee, mother, in so many epigrams.

31.—On the Same

One woman is famed for her domestic labours, another for grace and chastity, another for her pious deeds and the pains she inflicts on her body, her tears, her prayers, and her charity; but Nonna is renowned for everything, and, if we may call this death, she died while praying.

32.—On the Same

Child of my paps, holy sprout, Gregory, I go, as I longed, to the heavenly life. Much didst thou toil obscure Pythagorean Philosopher, Trophonius the builder of the Delphian temple, and Aristaeus a Cyrenaean seer.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ γὰρ πόλλα ἐμόγησας ἐμὸν κομέων πατέρος τε
ηῆρας, ὃ καὶ Χριστοῦ βίβλος ἔχει μεγάλη
άλλα, φίλος, τοκεσσιν ἐφέσπεο, καὶ σε τάχιστα
5
dεξόμεθ' ἡμετέρους φάσει προφρονέως.

33.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Ψυχὴ μὲν πτερόεσσα πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἠλυθε Νόννης,
σῶμα δʼ ἄρ’ ἐκ ἤσθον Μάρτυροι παρθέμεθα.
Μάρτυρες, ἀλλ’ ὑπόδεχθε θύους μέγα, τὴν πολύμοχθον
5
σάρκα καὶ ἡμετέρας αἰμασιν ἐσπομένην,
αιμασιν ἡμετέροισιν, ἐπεὶ ψυχῶν ὀλεθροῖς
dηναιοῖσι πόνοις κάρτος ἐπασφε μέγα.

34.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Οὐ μόσχων θυσίην σκιοεῖδε, οὐδὲ χιμάρρων,
oὐδὲ πρωτοτόκων Νόννη ἀνέθηκε βασιλεία
ταῦτα νόμος προτέροις, δι’ εἰκόνας· ὁ δ’ ἁρ’ ἔαντ’
δῶκεν ὅλην βιότοφ, μάνθανε, καὶ θανάτῳ.

35.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Εὐχαριστίᾳ διά θεοῦ σοφὸν τραπέζανς
Νόννα λύθη. φωνὴ δ’ ἐδήθη καὶ γείλεα καλὰ
γηραλέως. τὰ τὸ θαῦμα; θεός θέλειν ὑμήτεροιν
γλῶσσαν ἐπ’ εὐφήμους λόγοις κληδὰ βαλέσθαι·
καὶ νῦν οὐρανόθεν μὲγ’ ἐπεύχεται ἡμερίοισιν.

36.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Εὐχωλαῖσ καὶ πόνου ἐκοίμησε Νόννα θεουδῆς
οἰς τεκεσσιν φίλοισι, καὶ ἐκ περάτων συνάγειρεν
ἀντολής δύσις τε, μέγα κλέος, οὐ δοκεόντας,
5
μητρὸς ἔρως· νοῦν τὸ περὶ ἀπομικράθην ἄνθροπος.
λισσομενη, τὸ δὲ θαῦμα, λίπεν βίοιν ἐνδοθι ηνοῦ.
to tend my own and thy father's old age, and all this is written in the great book of Christ. But follow thy parents, dear, and we shall soon receive thee gladly to our splendour.

33.—On the Same

The winged soul of Nonna went to heaven, and from the temple we bore her body to lay it beside the martyrs. Receive, ye martyrs, this great victim, her suffering flesh that follows your blood—your blood I say, for by her long labours she broke the mighty strength of the destroyer of souls.

34.—On the Same

No shadowy sacrifice of calves or goats or first-born did Nonna offer to God. This the Law enjoined on men of old, when there were yet types, but learn that she sacrificed her whole self by her life and by her death.

35.—On the Same

Nonna was released as she was calling aloud in prayer by the most holy table; there the voice and the lovely lips of the aged woman were arrested. Why marvel theerat? God willed to put the lock on her hymning tongue as it was in the act of uttering words of happy omen, and now from heaven she prays aloud for mortals.

36.—On the Same

God-like Nonna stilled the sea by her prayers for her dear sons, and their mother's love gathered them from the extremes of east and west, when they thought not to return—a great glory to her. And by her prayers she dispelled her husband's grave illness, and (what a marvel!) she ended her life in the church.

1 Which is "a shadow of things to come." (Col. ii. 17).
37.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Πολλάκις ἢκ με νόσων τε καὶ ἀργαλέων ὅρμυμαγδῶν,
σεισμῶν τε κρυφρῶν, καὶ ἀγρία κυμαινοντος
οἴδματος ἐξεσάώςας, ἔτει θεόν ἑλαυν εἶχες·
ἀλλὰ σάω καὶ νῦν με, πάτερ, μεγάλησι λατήσι,
καὶ σὺ, τεκοῦσα, μάκαρα ἐν εὐχωλήσι σανοῦσα.

38.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Νόνναν ἐπουρανίοσιν ἀγαλλομένην φαέσοι,
καὶ βίζης ιερῆς πτόρθουν αἰειθαλέα,
Γρηγορίου ιερῆς ὁμόζυγα, καὶ πραπίδεσσιν
ἐναγέων τεκέων μητέρα, τύμβος ἔχω.

39.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Εὐχαί τε στοναγάι τε φίλαι καὶ νῦκτες άυπνοι,
καὶ νησιῶ τέφθαν δάκρυσι δενόμενοι,
σοί, Νόννα ζαθέν, τοίνυ πώσιον τελευτήν
ἀπάσαν, ἐν νησί ψήφων ἐλείν θανάτου.

40.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Μούνη σοι φωνὴ περιλείπτετο, Νόννα φαενή,
πάνθ' ἀμοβίς ληνοῖς ἐνθεμένη μεγάλοις,
ἐκ καθαρῆς κραδίης ἀγνὸν θύως· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ τὴν
ὑστατήν νησί λείπεις ἄειρομένη.

41.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Οὐδὲ θάνεν νηοῖο θυώδεος ἔκτοθι Νόννα,
φωνὴν δὲ προτέρην ἤρπασε Χριστὸς ἀναξ
λισσομένης· πόθεν γὰρ ἐν εὐχωλήσει τελέσασα
τόνδε βίον πάσης ἀγνότερον θυσίας.
BOOK VIII. 37-41

37.—On the Same

Often from disease and grave disturbance, and dreadful earthquake, and the wild tossing of the waves hast thou saved me, as God inclined his ear to thee. But save me now, father, by thy prayers of might, and thou, mother, blessed in that thou didst die while praying.

38.—On the Same

I am the tomb which holds Nonna glorying in celestial splendour, the evergreen sapling of a holy root, the wife of the priest Gregory and mother of pious children.

39.—On the Same

Thy prayers and the groans thou didst love, and sleepless nights, and the floor of the church bedewed with tears procured for thee, divine Nonna, such an end—to receive the doom of death in church.

40.—On the Same

Only thy voice was left to thee, shining Nonna, who didst cast all that was thine together into the great wine-vats, a pure offering from a pure heart; but at the end when thou wast taken thou didst leave that too in the church.

41.—On the Same

Nonna did not even die outside the incense-breathing church, but Christ took her voice first as she was praying. For she desired to finish in prayer this life purer than any sacrifice.

1 i.e. churches. The word was so interpreted in the heading to Ps. viii.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

42.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Νόνν’ ιερή, σὺ δὲ πάντα θεῷ βιών ἀντέλνασα
υστάτιον ψυχήν δῶκας ἀγυνὴν θυσίνην.
τῆδε γὰρ εὐχομένη ζωὴν λίπες· ἦ δὲ τράπεζα,
mήτερ ἐμή, τῷ σῷ δῶκε κλέος θανάτῳ.

43.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Τῆσδε πατὴρ μὲν ἐμὸς λάτρεις μέγας ἢ τραπέζης,
mήτηρ δ’ εὐχομένη πάρ ποσὶ λήξε βιών.
Γρηγόριος Νόννα τε μεγακλέες· εὐχομ’ ἀνακτὶ
tοίαν ἔμοι ζωὴν καὶ τέλος ἀντιάσαι.

44.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
"Πολλά, τράπεζα φίλη, Νόννης καὶ δάκρυ’ ἐδέξω
δέχνοσθε καὶ ψυχήν, τὴν πυμάτην θυσίνην."
eἰπε καὶ ἐκ μελέων κέαρ ἐπτατό· ἐν δ’ ἄρα μοῦνον,
pαιδ’ ἐπόθει, τεκέων τὸν ἐτι λειπόμενον.

45.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
"Ενθα ποτ’ εὐχομένης τόσον νόος ἐπτατο Νόννης,
mέσῃ’ ὅτε καὶ ψυχὴ ἐσπετ’ ἀειρομένως.
eὐχομένης δὲ νέκυς ιερὴ παρέκειτο τραπέζη.
γράψατ’ ἐπερχομένοις θαύμα τὸδ’, εὐσεβέες.

46.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Τῆς θάνειν ὡς θάνε Νόννα, παρ’ εὐαγέσσω τραπέζαις,
tῶν ἱερῶν σανίδων χειρῶν ἑφαπτομένης;
tῆς λύσει εὐχομένης Νόννης τύπον; ὡς ἐπὶ δηρὸν
نبيλευν ἐνθὰ μένειν καὶ νέκυς εὐσεβέων.

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BOOK VIII. 42-46

42.—On the Same

Holy Nonna, thou who hadst offered all thy life to God, didst give him thy soul at the end as a pure sacrifice. For here thou didst depart this life in prayer, and the altar gave glory, my mother, to thy death.

43.—On the Same

My father Gregory was the distinguished servant of this table, and my mother Nonna died in prayer at its feet. I pray to the King that such a life and death may be mine.

44.—On the Same

"Many of Nonna's tears, dear table, didst thou receive; receive now her soul, her last sacrifice," so spake she, and her soul flew from her limbs. One thing alone did she lack, her son, her still surviving child.

45.—On the Same

Here the mind of Nonna in her prayers flew so often on high that at length her soul too followed it as it mounted. She fell a corpse even as she prayed at the foot of the holy table. Write this marvel, O holy men, for generations to come.

46.—On the Same

Who died as Nonna died by the pure table, touching with her hands the holy planks? Who dissolved the form of Nonna as she was praying? For she wished to tarry long here, pious even when she was a corpse.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

47.—Eis tìn aúthn

Euntha pot' eunoximéni Nónh theós eípen ánwbhēn
"Erheo." ὦ δ' elúthi sómatai áspasiaiws,
χειρών αμφοτέρων t' ména katekhousa trápezaun,
t' δ' éti lisoosméni: "Ilahi, Xristé ánax.

48.—Eis tìn aúthn

Ῥίζης eisdebéos xenómwn kai σάρξ ierhós,
kal mihtp. Xristó sówma, bíon, dákrwma,
pánt' ekeínoosa férwusa. t' δ' èschaton, énthead áérthi
nthi gharaléon Nònna lipoúsá démas.

49.—Eis tìn aúthn

Pístis 'Enwch meitéthke kai 'Hlían, én de gvnaih
mhtér' èmhn próthn' oide trápeza tóde,
énde anaimáktosin ómou thnésoun áérthi
eisètì lisoosméni sómatai Nónna phíh.

50.—Eis tìn aúthn

Où nósoos, oude se ghras ómoun, ou se g' ánhy,
kaipér gharalénn, múuter èmhp, dámasen,
álh' árwtos, akamptos ángnos úpo postoi trapézhhs,
eunoximéni Xristóf, Nónn, ápedwkhas òpt.

51.—Eis tìn aúthn

Dóke theó thusaíhn 'Abradím páìn, òis dé thýgatrap
kleíndos Íebdáhe, ámforerou megálhnh
mhter èmhp, su δ' èdowkas ángnh bíon, ùstátion dé
ψukhính, eunikolh, Nónna, phílon sfágion.

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BOOK VIII. 47-51

47.—On the Same

Here once God said from on high to Nonna as she was praying "Come," and gladly she was released from her body, holding the table with one hand and with the other praying "Lord Christ, have mercy upon us."

48.—On the Same

Springing from a pious root I was the flesh of and the mother of a priest. To Christ I brought my body, my life, my tears, emptying out my all; and last of all here in the church I Nonna was taken up, leaving my aged body.

49.—On the Same

Faith translated Enoch and Elias, but among women my mother first of all; the table knows this, whence dear Nonna still praying in the body was taken up together with the bloodless Sacrifice.

50.—On the Same

Neither sickness nor age, the common lot of all, nor grief subdued thee, my mother, old though thou wast, but unwounded, unbent, at the holy feet of the altar, in the act of praying, thou didst render up thy voice to Christ.

51.—On the Same

Abraham gave his son a sacrifice to God, and renowned Jephtha his daughter, a great sacrifice in each case, but thou, my mother, didst give thy holy life and finally thy soul, the dear victim of thy prayer.

\(^1\) i.e. wife.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

52.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Σάρρα φίλη, πῶς τὸν σῶν Ἰσαὰκ λέπες, ἢ ποθέουσα
τῶν Ἁβραὰμ κόλπων ὡς τάχος ἀντιάσαι,
Νόννα, Γρηγορίου θεόφρονος; ἢ μέγα θαῦμα
μηδὲ θανεῖν νην ἐκτόθι καὶ θυέων.

52B.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Μάρτυρε, ἰλήκοιτε· μόνοις γε μὲν οὕτω χερείων
Νόννα φίλη, κρυπτὸ κάμφαδιο πολέμωρ;
τούνεκα καὶ τούς κύροις βίοτοι τελευτής,
εὐχῆς καὶ ἔως ἐν τέλος εὐραμένη.

53.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Ἡ Τρίας ἥν ποθέσσεσ, ὦμον σέλας, ἐν τε σέβασμα,
ἐκ νηνοῦ μεγάλου σε πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἠρπασε, Νόννα,
eὐχομένην. ἤως δὲ τέλος καθαρώτερον εὑρέσ.
οὕτω χείλεα μίξας ἀνάγνωσι χείλεσιν ἀγνά,
οὐδὲ ἄθεος παλάμη καθαρὰν χέρα μέχρις ἔδωδησ,
μήτερ ἐμὴς μισθός δὲ λυπεῖν βίον ἐν θυέσσων.

54.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Ἀγγελος αἰγυλῆς σὲ φαύνατατος ἠρπασε, Νόννα,
ἐνθα ποτ' εὐχομένη, καθαρήν μελέσσει νῷ ὄρι
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἠρπάζει σείο, τὸ δ' ἐνθάδε κάλλιπε νηψ.

55.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Νήσις ὅ'd (οὐ γὰρ ὅλης Νόνναν δῆμι ἂν ἐρύξαι),
ψυχῆς σίγουμενη, μοῦνον ἐπέσχε δέμας,
ὡς πάλιν ἐγρομένη καθαρώτερον ἐνθεν ἀερῆ,
σῶματι τῷ μογερῷ δὸξαν ἐφεσσομένη.
BOOK VIII. 52-55

52.—On the Same

Dear Sarah, how didst thou leave thy Isaac? Was it, Nonna, that thou didst desire to come as quickly as might be to the bosom of Abraham, of pious Gregory? Verily a great marvel was it that thou didst not even die outside the temple and the incense.

52b.—On the Same

Favor us, ye martyrs! Dear Nonna was not inferior to you in the pains she suffered in secret and open war. Therefore she met with such an end, finishing at once her prayer and her life.

53.—On the Same

The Trinity for which thou didst long, one light and one majesty, carried thee off, Nonna, from the great church to heaven, and a purer end was thine than the common one. Never, my mother, didst thou join thy pure lips to impure ones, nor thy clean hand to a godless one so far as to join in meals with the heathen. Thou wast rewarded by dying at the place of sacrifice.

54.—On the Same

An angel of dazzling lightness carried thee off, Nonna, whilst thou wert praying here, pure in body and spirit. Part of thee he carried off and part he left in the temple.

55.—On the Same

This temple (it was not allowed to keep the whole of Nonna) only retained her body when her soul departed, so that awakening again she may be taken up on high more purely, her suffering body clothed in glory.

1 By Sarah he means Nonna, by Abraham his father, by Isaac himself.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

56.—Eis tìn autîn

"Allois mèn Nónnhs tìs ãgnwòwn ãstholhsion ãr'ìsì, eûxhlìsì dè métproisìn ãrìxèmèn ou òhmìs ãstìn: tèkmìrì kai biòtoìo tèlòs lìthìsì lûdhèntos.

57.—Eis tìn autîn

"Ω stonaxhòn dàkrùwn te kai ënnvkhìw ìnìlèhiwòw òú Nónnhs ëzhèis tètrumèna yûìa pònoiù: pòu pòì ënh, òhòs mòxhòw ënhìs ëhìrìs akàmptòw.

58.—Eis tìn autîn


59.—Eis tìn autîn

"Armatì mèn pùrònti pròs ðuràwòìn 'Hlìas ëlthèv Nónnàv ð' èûxhómeñì tìwìû' ùpèdèktò mégà.

60.—Eis tìn autîn

'Èvnàdè Nónnì fìlhì koîmètartò tòn bòthìn ùpìùv, Ælòs èsporènì ð' pòsì Ærhalèì.

61. <Eis tìn autîn>

Tàrhoù òmóù kai ðhàrmà: pròs ðuráwìs ènìhèn ãèrèhì èûxhìs èk ìseàtìs Nónnì laîpòùsa ðìoun.
BOOK VIII. 56–61

56.—On the Same

Another of the saints might vie with the other good works of Nonna; let it be allowed to none to vie with the extent of her prayers. The end of her life which came while she was praying testifies to this.

57.—On the Same

O groans and tears and cares of the night, O limbs of holy Nonna worn with toil! Her unbent old-age was released from trouble by that temple in which she was.

58.—On the Same

A. "Nonna the daughter of Philatius." B. "And where died she?" A. "In this church." B. "And how?" A. "Praying." B. "When?" A. "In old age." B. "O excellent life and pious death!"

59.—On the Same

Elias went to heaven in a fiery chariot, and the Great Spirit took to Itself Nonna while she was praying.

60.—On the Same

Here dear Nonna fell into the deep sleep, following gladly her husband Gregory.

61.—On the Same

Terror and joy together! Hence in the middle of her prayers Nonna quitted this life and was taken up to heaven.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

62. <Eis tìn autìn>

Εὐχής καὶ βιότου Νόννη τέλος· ἢ δὲ τράπεζα μάρτυς ἢφ ἢ ἡρθη ἀπνοος ἐξαπίνης.

63.—Eis tìn autìn

Νόννης ἥριον εἰμὶ σαόρφονος, ἢ μα πύλησιν ἔχριμην οὐρανίαις, πρὶν βιότοιο λυθή.

64. <Eis tìn autìn>

Δακρύετε θυπτού, θυτῶν γένος· εἰ δὲ τις οὕτως ὡς Νόννη εὐχομένη κάθανεν, οὐ δακρύω.

65.—Eis tìn autìn

Νόννης ἄξομενος ἀγρὸν βίον, ἄξεο μᾶλλον καὶ τέλος· ἐν νηῷ κάθανεν εὐχομένη.

66. <Eis tìn autìn>

Ἐνθα ποτ' εὐχομένη πρηνὴς θάνε Νόννα φαεινή· νῦν δ' ἄρ' ἐν εὐσεβέων λίσσεται ἱσταμένη.

67.—Eis tìn autìn

Στήλη σοι θανάτου μελιηδεος ἣδε τράπεζα, Νόννα, παρ' ἦ λύθης εὐχομένη πῦματα.

67b. <Eis tìn autìn>

Μικρὸν ἔτη ψυχὴς ἢν τὸ πνέου· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ τὸ Νόννη ἀπέδωκε θεόν ἐνθα ποτ' εὐχομένη.

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BOOK VIII. 62–67B

62.—On the Same

There was one end to Nonna's life and prayer. The table from which she was of a sudden taken lifeless testifies to it.

63.—On the Same

I am the tomb of chaste Nonna, who approached the gates of Heaven even while yet alive.

64.—On the Same

Ye mortals, weep for mortals, but for one who, like Nonna, died in prayer, I weep not.

65.—On the Same

Revering Nonna's pure life, revere even more her death. She died in the church while praying.

66.—On the Same

Here bright Nonna while praying fell prone in death, but now she stands and prays in the home of the bllest.

67.—On the Same

This table is the monument of thy sweet death, Nonna, the table by which, while praying thy last, thou didst die.

67B.—On the Same

Only a little breath had her soul left, but that Nonna, praying here, rendered up to God.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

68.—Eis tìn autìn
Πέμψατε ἐκ νηοῦ θεοεἰδέα Νόνναν ἀπαντές,
prefereian megálhn pémptat' áeiroménh.

69. <Eis tìn autìn>
"Εκ μὲ θεὸς καθαροῦ πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἤρπασε νηοῦ
Νόνναν, ἐπειγομένην οὐρανίους πελάσαι.

70.—Eis tìn autìn
Νόννα ἀπανισταμένη νηοῦ μεγάλου τόδ' ἔειπε:
"Τῶν πολλῶν καμάτων μείζονα μισθόν ἔχω."

71. <Eis tìn autìn>
Νόννα φίλης εὐχῆς ἱερήιον ἐνθάδε κείται:
Νόννα ποτ' εὐχομένη τῇδ' ἐλύθη βιότου.

72.—Eis tìn autìn
"Ενθὰ ποτ' εὐχομένης ψυχῆς δέμας ἐλλατε Νόννας:
ἐνθέν ἀνηέρθη Νόννα λιποῦσα δέμας.

73.—Eis tìn autìn
Εκ νηοῦ μεγάλοιο θύους μέγα Νόννα ἀπανέστη:
νηοῦ Νόννα ἐλύθη· χαίρετε, εὐσεβεῖες.

74. <Eis tìn autìn>
"Ἡδε τράπεζα θεῷ θεοεἰδέα Νόνναν ἐπέμψεν.
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BOOK VIII. 68–74

68.—On the Same

Escort divine Nonna from the church, all ye people, escort the grand old woman raised on high.

69.—On the Same

God from his pure temple took to heaven Nonna eager to join the heavenly ones.

70.—On the Same

Nonna rising from the great church said “I have a reward greater than all my many labours.”

71.—On the Same

Here lies Nonna, victim of a pure prayer. Here Nonna while praying was released from life.

72.—On the Same

Here Nonna’s soul left her body while she was praying. Hence Nonna leaving her body was taken up.

73.—On the Same

Nonna rose, a great sacrifice, from the great church. In the church Nonna died. Rejoice all ye pious.

74.—On the Same

This altar sent God-like Nonna to God.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

75.—Εὖχη παρὰ τῶν γονέων εἰς τὸν μέγαν Γρηγόριον
Εἶη σοι βίος ἐσθλὸς ἐπ᾽ εὐλογίῃσιν ἀπάσαις
οὐσάται τοκέων νιέσι γηροκόμωις.
καὶ κούφης βίοτοι τυχεῖν ὁσίης τε τελευτής,
οὖν ἡμετέρῳ γῆραι δῶκεν ἀναξ,
ἡδέων λογίων τὸ μέγα κράτος, ἦδ᾽ ἰερήμων,
καὶ πολιής σκίπων, Γρηγόρι', ἡμετέρης.

76.—Παρὰ τῶν γονέων
'Ασπάσιοι χθόνα τήνδε φίλαις ὑπὸ χείρεσιν παιδὸς
ἐσσάμεθ᾽ εὐσεβέος Γρηγορίου τοκεῖς;
δὲ καὶ γῆρας ἐθήκεν ὕε ὑμόχθοις ἐλαφρὸν
ἡμέτερον, καὶ νῦν ἀμφίεπε θυσίας,
ἀμπνεε γηροκόμων καμάτων, μέγα φέρτατε παίδων
Γρηγόρι', εἰςγέας Μάρτυς παρθέμενος
σοῦς τοκέας· μοιθὸς δὲ μέγαν πατέρ' ἔλαιον εἶναι,
πνευματικών τε τυχεῖν εὐσεβέων τεκέων.

77.—Εἰς τὸν πάντων αὐτῶν τάφον
Δᾶς ὁ μὲν γενέτην τε καὶ νιέα κυδήντας
κεύθω Γρηγορίους, εἰς λίθος ἵσα φάγη,
ἀμφητέρως ἵερηας· ὁ δ᾽ εὐπατέρειαν ἐδέγγυν
Νόνναι σὺν μεγάλῳ νιέὶ Καίσαρι.
τῶς ἐδάσαντο τάφους τε καὶ νιέας· ἥ δὲ πορείς,
πάντες ἄνω· ζωῆς εἰς πόθος οὐρανῖς.

78.—Τίς πρῶτος καὶ τίς μετέπειτα ἀπήρη
Πρῶτος Καίσαρίος ξυνὸν ἄχος· αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα
Γοργόνιος, μετέπειτα πατήρ φίλος· οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν
μήτηρ. ὃς λυπηρὴ παλάμη και γράμματα λυπρα
Γρηγορίου· γράψω καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον ἱστατίου περ.
BOOK VIII. 75-78

75.—Prayer of his Parents for Gregory the Great

GREGORY, great champion of the learned youth and of the priesthood, staff of our grey years, may thy life be happy and enjoy all the blessings which fall to sons who tend their parents' old age and mayst thou meet with an easy and holy end, even as the Lord gave to our many years.

76.—Similar

By the dear hands of our son, the pious Gregory, we are clothed in this welcome earth. He it was also who lightened our old age by his toil, and now tends us with sacrifices. Gregory, best of sons, repose from thy labour of tending our old age, now that thou hast laid thy pious parents beside the martyrs. Thy reward is to be thyself a great and kind father and to have pious spiritual children.

77.—On the tomb of all of them

One stone encloses the renowned Gregories, father and son, two equal lights, both of them priests, the other received noble Nonna with her great son Caesarius. So they separated their tombs and sons, but the journey of all is on high; one desire of eternal life fills all.

78.—Who first and who last departed this life

First died Caesarius, a grief to all, next Gorgonion, then their beloved father and not long after their mother. O mournful hand and mournful writing of Gregory! But I will write my own death also, although I am the last to die.

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79.—Εἰς ἑαυτὸν
Πρῶτα μὲν εὐξαμένη μὲθεὸς πόρε μητρὶ φαείνη·
δεύτερον, ἐκ μητρὸς δώρον ἐδεκτο φίλον·
tὸ τρίτον αὐ, θυνάκουτα μ', ἄγνη ἐσώσε τράπεζα·
tέτρατον, ἀμφίκπη μύθοι ἑδυκε Ὑγοῦς·
πέμπτον, Παρθενὶ με φίλοις προσπτύξατ' ὑνερόις· 5
ekτον, Βασιλίω σύμπνοα ἵπα φέρον·
ἐβδομον, ἐκ βυθῶν με φερέος ἡξπασε κόλπων·
ἀγοῦτ εἰ νοῦς εἶ ἐξεκάθηρα χέρας·
eὐτον ὑπολείρη Τριάδ' ἔγαγο, ἦ ἀνα, Ἱρώμη·
βέβλημαι δεκατον λάεσιν ἢδε φίλοις. 10

80.—Εἰς ἑαυτὸν
Ἐλλὰς ἐμή, νεότης τε φίλη, καὶ ὅσα πεπάσμην,
καὶ δέμας, ὡς Χριστῷ εἰξάτε προφρονέως·
eι δ' ἱερὴ φίλον μεθεῷ θέτο μητέρος εὐχὴ
kαὶ πατρός παλάμη, τίς θόνοις; ἀλλά, μάκαρ,
σοίς με, Χριστέ, χοροῦσι δέχου, καὶ κύδος ὅπαζοις 5
νεῷ Γρηγορίῳ σῷ λάτρῃ Γρηγόρῳ.

81.—Εἰπὶ τῷ ἰδίῳ τάφῳ
Γρηγορίῳ Νόμνης τε φίλου τέκους ἐνθάδε κεῖται
tής ἱερῆς Τριάδος Γρηγόριος θεράπου,
kαὶ σοφῆς σοφῆς δεδραγμένος, ἡδεός τε
οἶνον πλοῦτον ἔχων ἐλπίδ' ἐπουρανίην.

82.—Εἰς ἑαυτὸν
Τυρθὸν ἐπὶ ζωσκεῖς ἐπὶ χθονί, πάντα δὲ Χριστῷ
dῶκας ἐκόν, σὺν τοῖς καὶ πτερόειτα λόγον·
vνῦν δ' ἱερὴ μέγαν σε καὶ οὐρανίου χορεῖς·
οὐρανὸς ἐντὸς ἔχει, κύδιμε Γρηγόριε.
BOOK VIII. 79-82

79.—On Himself

Firstly God gave me to my glorious mother in answer to her prayers; secondly, He received me a welcome gift from her; thirdly, the holy table saved me from death: fourthly, the Word gave me two-edged speech; \(^1\) fifthly, Virginity enfolded me in her dear dreams; sixthly, I entered the priesthood in union with Basil; seventhly, my father saved me from the deep; eighthly, I cleansed well my hands by disease (sic); ninthly, I brought the doctrine of the Trinity, O my Lord, to New Rome; \(^2\) tenthly, I was smitten by stones and by friends (sic).

80.—On Himself

My Greece, my dear youth, my possessions, my body, how gladly ye yielded to Christ! If my mother's vow and my father's hand made me a priest acceptable to God, why grudge me this? Blessed Christ receive me in thy choirs and give glory to thy servant Gregory son of Gregory.

81.—On his own Tomb

Here lies Gregory, the dear child of Gregory and Nonna, the servant of the Holy Trinity, who grasped wisdom by wisdom and as a youth had no riches but the hope of heaven.

82.—On Himself

A short time didst thou dwell on earth, but didst freely give all to Christ, the winged word too. But now, glorious Gregory, heaven holds thee a high priest in the celestial choir.

\(^1\) i.e. sacred and profane.\(^2\) Constantinople.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

83.—Eis ηαυτόν

'Εκ με βρέφους ἐκάλεσε θεὸς νυχτίουσιν ὄνειροις·
ἤλυθον ἐς σοφίας πεῖρατα, σάρκα λόγῳ
ἠγνίσα καὶ κραδίην· κόσμου φλόγα γυμνὸς ἀλύζας,
ἐστην σὺν Ἀαρών Γρηγορίῳ γενέτη.

84.—Eis ηαυτόν

Πατρὸς ἐγὼ ξαθέοιο καὶ οὖνομα καὶ θρόνον ἔσχον,
καὶ τάφον· ἄλλα, φίλος, μνώει Γρηγορίου,
Γρηγορίου, τὸν μητρὶ θεόσδοτον ὁπαςε Χριστὸς
φάσμασιν ἐννυχίουι, δῶκε δῷ ἐρον σοφίς.

85.—Eis Καισάριον τὸν ηαυτοῦ ἀδελφόν

Σχέτλιος ἐστιν ὁ τύμβος. ἔγωγε μὲν οὐποτ' ἐώλπειν,
ὡς ρα κατακρύψει τοὺς πυμάτους προτέρους
αὐτάρ δὲ Καισάριον, ἐρικυδέα πλα τοκήων,
τῶν προτέρων πρότερον δέξατο· ποία δίκη;

85b.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁ τύμβος αἵτις· μὴ λοιδόρει.
φθόνου τὸδ' ἐστίν ἐργον· πῶς δ' ἢνεγκεν ἄν
νέου γερόντων εἰσορφῶν σοφῶτερον;

86.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Γρηγόριε, θυντὸν μὲν ὑπείροχον ἐλλαχεῖς ὕλα
κάλλει καὶ σοφὶς, καὶ βασιλῆι φίλον·
κρείσσονα δ' ὀυκέτι πάμπαν ἀπήλεγες θανάτοιο.
ἡ μὴν ἁιόμεν· ἀλλὰ τῇ φησι τάφος;
"Τέτλαθι· Καισάριος μὲν ἀπήθιτο· ἀλλὰ μέγιστον 5
νιέος εὐχος ἐχείς, νιέος αὐτὶ φίλου."

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BOOK VIII. 83-86

83.—On Himself

God called me by dreams of the night from my childhood: I reached the limits of wisdom, I sanctified my flesh and heart by reason. Naked I escaped from the fire of the world and stood with Aaron my father Gregory.

84.—On Himself

Mine were the name, the throne, and the tomb of my holy father; but, friend, remember Gregory, whom Christ granted,¹ a gift from God, in visions of the night to his mother, and to whom He gave the love of wisdom.

85.—On Caesarius his Brother

The tomb is wicked. Never did I believe that it would cover the last first. But it received Caesarius, his parents’ distinguished son, before his elders. What justice!

85b.—On the Same

It is not the tomb’s fault. Rebuke it not. This is the work of envy. How could envy have supported seeing a young man wiser than the old.

86.—On the Same

Gregory, thou hadst a son, most excellent among mortals in beauty and wisdom and beloved by the Emperor; yet not stronger than ruthless death. I deemed it might be so indeed; but what saith the tomb? “Bear it. Caesarius is dead, but instead of your dear son you have great glory of his memory.”

¹ i.e. promised.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

87.—Εἰς τοὺς γονεῖς τοῦ μεγάλου Γρηγόριου καὶ Καισαρίου

"Ωριοι εἰς τάφον ἴμεν, ὅτι ἐνθάδε τοῦτον ἔθηκαν λᾶν ἐφ’ ἡμετέρῳ γῆραι λαοτόμοι· ἄλλ’ ἴμιν μὲν ἔθηκαν· ἔχει δὲ μν ὑπὸ κατὰ κόσμον Καισαρίου, τεκέων ἡμετέρων πῦμας. ἐτλημεν πανάποτα, τέκος, τέκος· ἄλλα τάχιστα 5 δέξαι ἐς ὑμετέρων τύμβον ἐπειγομένους.

88.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Καισαρίου

Τόνδε λίθον τοκεῖς μὲν ἐν τάφον ἐστήσαντο, ἐξπόμενοι ξώης μοῖραν ἔχειν ὀλέγην. Καισαρίῳ δ’ νῦν πικρὴν χάριν οὐκ ἐθέλοντες δῶκαν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος τοῦτο ἱερὸς βιότου.

89.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Γῆρας ἐμὸν δῆθυνεν ἐπὶ χθονί· ἀντὶ δὲ πατρὸς λᾶν ἔχεις, τεκέων φίλτατε, Καισαρίε. τὸς νόμος; οἴα δίκη; θυντῶν ἄνα, πῶς τὸ δ’ ἐνευσάς; ὥ μακροὶ βιότου, ὥ ταχέος θανάτου.

90.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Οὐκ ἀγαμ’, οὐκ ἄγαμαι δῶρον τόδε· τύμβον ἐδέξω μοῦνον ἀφ’ ἡμετέρων, Καισαρίε, κτεάνων, γηραλέων τοκεῶν πικρὸν λίθου· ὁ φθόνος σοῦ τούς ἥθελεν. ὅ ξώης πήμας μακροτέρης. 438
BOOK VIII. 87–90

87.—On the Parents of Gregory and Caesarius

We were ripe for the tomb, when the stone-cutters laid this stone here for our old age. But they laid it for us, and Caesarius, the last of our children, occupies it, not as was meet. My child, my child, we have suffered the greatest of misfortunes, but as soon as may be receive in thy tomb us who hasten to depart.

88.—On Caesarius

This stone was erected to be their own sepulchre by the parents who expected that they had but a small portion of life over; but against their will they did a sad favour to their son Caesarius, since he departed this life before them.

89.—On the Same

My old age lingered long on earth, and thou dearest of sons, Caesarius, occupiest the stone tomb in thy father’s place. What law is this, what justice? Lord of mortals, how didst thou consent thereto? O long life, O early death!

90.—On the Same

I do not esteem, I do not esteem this gift. Of all my possessions, Caesarius, thou hast got but a tomb, the melancholy stone tomb of thy old parents. Thus did envy will. O for our life rendered longer by sorrows!
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

91.—Eis tôn autôn

Πάσαιν δοὴ σοφία λεπτῆς φρενὸς ἐν μερόπεσοιν ἀμφὶ γεωμετρήτῳ καὶ θέσιν οὐρανίῳ,
καὶ λογικῆς τέχνης τὰ παλαίσματα, γραμματικῆς τε ἢ δὲ ἱστορίᾳ, ἡσυχίκης τε μένος,
Καίσαριος πτερόωντι νῦν μοῦνος καταμάργας, δι'
αἰαὶ πᾶσιν ὅμως νῦν κόνις ἐστὶ ὀλγη.

92.—Eis tôn autôn

Πάντα κασιγνητοὶσιν οἶδε λίπες· ἀντὶ δὲ πάντων
τύμβων ἔχεις ὅλγων, κύδιμε Καίσαρι·
ἡ δὲ γεωμετρία τε, καὶ ἀστέρες ὅν θέσιν ἔγνως,
ἡ τ' ἱστορία οὐδὲν ἀκος βανάτου.

93.—Eis tôn autôn

Κάλλιμον ἐκ πατρίς σὲ μεγακλέα τηλόθ' ἐόντα,
ἀκρα φέροντα πάσης, Καίσαρι, σοφίς,
πέμπαντες βασιλῆι τὸν ἔξοχον ἱστήρων,
φεῦ, κόνιν ἐκ Βιδυνών δεξάμεθ' αὖ σὲ πέδου.

94.—Eis tôn autôn

Σεισμὸν μὲν κρυερῶν ἐφυγες στονόσσαν ἀπειλῆν,
ἡνίκα Νικαίης ἄστυ μίγη δαπέδω.

νοῦσῳ δ' ἀργαλέῃ ζωῆν λίπες· ὅ νιότητος
σώφρονος, ὅ σοφίς, κάλλιμε Καίσαρι.

95.—Eis tôn autôn

Γρηγορίου Νόννης τε θεουδέως υἱα φεριστον
τύμβως ὅδ' εὐγενητην Καίσαριον κατέχω,
ἔξοχον ἐν λογίοισιν, ὑπείροχον ἐν βασιλῆιοι,
ἀστεροπῆ γαίης πείρασι λαμπομένην.

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BOOK VIII. 91-95

91.—On the Same

Caesarius, who alone by his winged mind grasped the whole wisdom of man's subtle thought concerning geometry and the position of the heavenly bodies, and also the falls of the art of Logic, and Grammar too and Medicine and powerful Rhetoric, is now, alas! like all the rest, a handful of dust.

92.—On the Same

Thou didst leave all to thy brothers, noble Caesarius, and in place of all thou hast a little tomb. Geometry and the Stars whose positions thou knewest, and Medicine were no cure for death.

93.—On the Same

Beautiful Caesarius, widely famous, who hadst attained to the height of all wisdom, we sent thee, the first of physicians from thy country to the King, but received only thy ashes back from the Bithynian land.

94.—On the Same

Thou escapedst the roaring menace of the cruel earthquake when Nicaea was levelled with the ground, and didst perish by painful disease. O for thy chaste youth, and thy wisdom, lovely Caesarius!

95.—On the Same

This tomb holds noble Caesarius, the best son of Gregory and divine Nonna. He was excellent among the learned and of highest station at Court, flashing like lightning to the ends of the earth.
96.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Καίσαρίου φθιμένου κατήφθασαν βασιλῆς
αὐλαί, Καππαδόκαι δ’ ἡμισαν ἔξαπίνης:
καὶ καλὸν εἰ τι λέλειπτο μετ’ ἀνθρώποισιν ὀλωλεν,
oὶ δὲ λόγοι συγής ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος.

97.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Εἰ τινα δένδρον ἔθηκε γόσα, καὶ εἰ τινα πέτρην,
εἰ τις καὶ πηγὴ ρέωσεν ὄδυρομένην,
πέτραι καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ δένδρα οὐπρὰ τέλοισθε,
pάντες Καίσαρίῳ γείτονες ἤδε φίλοι.
Καίσαρίος πάντεσσι τετριμένος, εὐχὸς ἀνάκτων,
(αἰαὶ τῶν ἀχέων) ἥλυθεν εἰς ἄλην.

98.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Χειρ τάδε Γρηγορίῳ κάσιν ποθέων τὸν ἀριστον,
κηρύσσω θυτω τὸνδε βίον στυγεῖν.
Καίσαρίῳ τις κάλλος ὁμοίως; ἦ τις ἀπάντων
τόσσος ἐὼν τόσσης εἶλε κλέος σοφίς;
oὕτις ἐπιχθονίων; ἀλλ’ ἔπτατο ἐκ βιότοιο
ὡς ῥοδόν ἐξ ἀνθέων, ὡς δράσος ἐκ πετάλων.

99.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Γείτονες εὑμενέοιτε καὶ ἐν κόλποις δέχοισθε,
Μάρτυρες, ὑμετέροις αἶμα τὸ Γρηγορίου,
Γρηγορίου Νόμνης τε μεγακλέος, εὐσεβής τε
καὶ τύμβοις ιεροῖς εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένους.
BOOK VIII. 96–99

96.—On the Same

When Caesarius died the Emperor's court was dejected and all Cappadocia bent her head straight-way. If aught of good was left among men, it is gone, and learning is clouded in silence.

97.—On the Same

If mourning made any one into a tree or a stone, if any spring ever flowed as the result of lament, all Caesarius' friends and neighbours should be stones, rivers and mournful trees. Caesarius, honoured by all, the vaunt of princes (alas for our grief!) is gone to Hades.

98.—On the Same

This is the hand of Gregory. Regretting my best of brothers, I proclaim to mortals to hate this life. Who was like Caesarius in beauty, or who was so great and so celebrated for wisdom? None among mortals; but he took wing from life, like a rose from the flowers, like dew from the leaves.

99.—On the Same

Ye neighbour martyrs, be kind and receive in your bosom the blood of Gregory, of Gregory and famous Nonna, gathered together by their piety in this holy tomb.

1 The allusions are to Niobe, to the daughters of Phaethon and to Byblis. 2 Presumably the children.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

100.—Eis tôn autòn kai eis Philáryn

Kludi, 'Aleξándrea. Philárynos álese morphìn
thís logikís fýxhís oúti cheirostérh'n,
Kaisárioun de néon phónos ἦρπασεν. ouptote toía
pémpseis evúptpois ánthēa Kappadókaí.

101.—Eis Gorýnion tôn éantr' Ædelphìn

Γρηγορίου Nómni te filon tékos ertháde keimai
Gorýnion, ἴωhis mústis épouraníhs.

102.—Eis Gorýnion

Oúdei Gorýnion gaih lýpev, ὀστέa mouνa·
pánta δ' ἐθηκεν ἄνω, Mártrres ἀθλοφόροι.

103.—Eis tôn authín kai eis 'Alúpion tôn authís ándra

Ktísas én sárrkas te kai ὀστέa pánt' ānátheísa
Gorýnionou Χριστό, mouνon Æfike pósín·
oú máν ouðe pósín dryerón chrónon· áll' ἀρα kai tôn
ηρπασεν ἐκατίνης kúdimon 'Alúpion.

104.—'Epitáphion eis Martiwinión

Ei tis Tántalís' étin en ùdaxin aiōs apístois,
ei tis ὑπὲr kefalís pétrros aei fóbēos,
daptrómenon t' ὄρνησιν ἀγήραυν ἤπαρ ἀλτροῦ,
kal pürois potamóis, kal ἥ'phiós ἀθάνatos,
tartáreoi te μυχοὶ kal daímones ἀγριόθυμοι,

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BOOK VIII. 100–104

100.—On the Same and Philagrius

Listen, Alexandria, Philagrius has lost his beauty, a beauty not inferior to his rational soul, and envy hath carried off Caesarius yet in his youth. Never again shalt thou send such flowers to Cappadocia, the land of beautiful horses.

101.—On his Sister Gorgonion

Here I lie Gorgonion the dear child of Gregory and Nonna, a partaker in the mysteries of life eternal.

102.—On the Same

Ye triumphant martyrs, Gorgonion left naught but her bones on earth. She dedicated all on high.

103.—On the Same and her Husband Alypius

Gorgonion having dedicated to Christ her possessions, her flesh, her bones, and everything, left her husband alone, yet not for long, but Christ carried off suddenly glorious Alypius too. Happy husband of a most happy wife, ye live born again, having washed off all filth in the baptismal bath.

104.—On Martinianus

If there be any Tantalus dry-throated in the deceitful waters, if any rock above his head ever frightening him, if any imperishable liver of a sinner that is a feast for birds, if there be a fiery river and eternal darkness and depths of Tartarus and savage demons, and other punishments of the dead in Hades, may whoever injures renowned Martinianus by disturbing his tomb, suffer every terror.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

105.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχου

(ὤρεά σοι καὶ πόντος, ἀτάσθαλε, καὶ πεδίοισι τερπη πυροφόροις τετραπόδων τ’ ἀγέλαις· καὶ χρυσοῖο τάλαυτα καὶ ἀργυροῖς, εὐγενεῖς τε λάες καὶ σηρῶν νήματα λεπταλέα, πάντα βίος ζωῖον· λίθοι δ’ ὀλίγοι τε φίλοι τε τοῖς φθιμένοις. οὖ δέ μοι κανθάδε χείρα φέρεις, οὐδὲ σῶν αἰδώμενος, τλήμων, τάφον, ὃν τις ὀλέσσει ἄλλος σοῦι νόμοις, χερσὶ δικαιοτέρας.

106.—Εἰς Μαρτινιανὸν

Ἡλικὶα Μαρτινιανὸς ἔδυ χθόνα, μητέρα πάντων, πᾶσα μὲν Ἀνθούνῳ ἐστονάχθησε πόλις· πᾶσα δὲ Σικανίη τε, καὶ εὐρέα πείρατα γαίης κείρατ’, ἀπ’ ἀνθρώπων οἰχόμενης Θέμιδος. ἥμεις δ’ ἀντί νυ σεῖο τάφον μέγαν ἀμφιέστουτες, αἰέν ἐπερχομένοις δῶσομεν ὡς τι σέβας.

107.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Οἱ Χριστῶν φορέουτες ἀκούσατε, οὐ τε θέμιστας εἰδότες ἡμερίων καὶ φθιμένων ὁσίην· πάντα λιπών, βασιλῆα, πάτρην, γένος, εὐχὰς ἵππαρχων, αἰαὶ, πᾶσιν ὀμῶς νῦν κόνις εἰμὶ ὀλγη. Μαρτινιανὸς πᾶσι τετμιένοις· ἅλλ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ βάλλειν ἡμετέρῳ δάκρυα, μὴ παλάμας.
BOOK VIII. 105-107

105.—Against the Violator of a Tomb

Impious man, thou hast the sea and the mountains and rejoicest in possession of fields rich in corn and herds of cattle, yea and talents of gold and silver and precious stones and the silk-worm's delicate threads. To the living everything is valuable, but to the dead only their little but beloved grave-stones; and thou layest hold of them too, not even reverencing thine own tomb, which some other will destroy after thy example, but with juster hands.

106.—On Martinianus

When Martinianus went under Earth the mother of all, every city in Italy groaned and all Sicily and the broad boundaries of the land shore the head, for Themis had departed from among mortals. But we, tending on thy great tomb instead of thee, will hand it on an object of reverence to future generations.

107.—On the Same

Listen, ye who bear Christ, and ye who know the laws of living men and the respect due to the dead. Leaving all, King, country, family, I Martinianus, honoured by all, the pride of Prefects, am now, alas, like all mankind, but a handful of dust. But on my tomb shed tears and lay not hands on it.

1 As all the epitaphs on Martinianus imply that his tomb was in danger of violation, this one is probably likewise meant for him.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

108.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Μουσοπόλων, ῥητῆρα, δικαστῶν, ἀκρον ἀπαντά, τύμβος δε' ἐγγενέτην Μαρτινιανὸν ἔχω, ναῦμαχον ἐν πελάγεσιν, ἀρήνιον ἐν πεδίοισιν· ἀλλ' ἀποτήλει τάφοι, πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν.

109.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Μὴ πόλεμον φθιμένοις—ἄλης ζώοντες, ἄλτροι—μὴ πόλεμον φθιμένοις· Μαρτινιανὸς ἐγὼ ταῦτα πάσιν ζώοις ἐπιτελλομαι. οὐ θέμις ἐστὶν τῶν ὀλίγων φθονεῖν τοῖς φθιμένοις λίθων.

110.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
"Ο Θέμι, τίς πολλοίσιν ἐγὼ νόημα τάλαντα ὁ φοβερὰς ψυχῶν μάστιγες σου ὁσίων· οὕτος ἐμοίς λίθοις φέρει στονόντα σίδηρον· οὕτος ἐμοὶ. φεῦ, φεῦ· ποὺ δὲ λίθος Σισύφου;

111.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
"Ολβίος, εὐγήρως, ἀνοσός θάνον, ἐν βασιλῆς πρῶτα φέρων, ἱερῆς ἀκρον ἔχων σοφίς· εἰ τινα Μαρτινιανὸν ἁκούετε· ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τύμβου, μηδὲ φέρειν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ δυσμενέας παλάμας.

112.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Χάζει, χάζει τῇλε· κακὸν τὸν ἀθλοὶς ἐγείρεις, λάας ἀνυχλίζων καὶ τάφοι ἢμέτερον· χάζει· Μαρτινιανὸς ἐγὼ, καὶ ζῶσιν ὅνειρῳ καὶ νέκυς οὐκ ὀλίγην ἐνθάδε κάρτος ἔχω.
BOOK VIII. 108-112

108.—On the Same

This tomb holds noble Martinianus, an orator, a judge, excelling in everything, a brave warrior at sea, valiant on land. But keep far from his tomb, lest thou suffer some evil.¹

109.—On the Same

War not with the dead (the living are enough for you, ye evil-doers), war not with the dead. This I enjoin on all men. It is not right to grudge the dead their little stones.

110.—On the Same

O Themis, in whose scales I weighed justice for many, O dread scourgers of impious souls! This man attacks my grave-stones with wretched iron, this man dares do this to me! Alas! Alas¹ where is Sisyphus' rock?²

111.—On the Same

Blessed, in ripe old age, without disease I died. Heard ye never of Martinianus of high rank in the palace, supreme in sacred wisdom? But away from my tomb and lay not hostile hands on me.

112.—On the Same

Away, far away! It is an evil exploit ye attempt, heaving up the stones of my tomb. Away! I am Martinianus. The living I benefited and here dead I have no little power.

¹ He is addressing the man who contemplates violating the tomb.
² See Homer, Odyssey. xi. 593.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

113.—Eis tòn autôn
Kaνpαδοκῶν μέγε̣ δείσμα, φαντατε Μαρτυνανέ, 
σεό, βροτῶν γενεῆ, καὶ τάφων αἰώνησθα:
ος ποτ' ἔχε βασιλῆς ἐν ἔρκεσι κάρτος ὑπάρχων,
δουρὶ ἔν Σικανίην κτήσαο καὶ Διβύην.

114.—Eis tòn autôn
"Ομωμον ἀθανάτοιο θεὸν κράτος ὑψιμέδοντος,
καὶ φυγας νεκύων, κύδμε, σήν τι κόνων,
mήποτε, Μαρτυνανέ, τεοῖς ἐπὶ χειρας ἐνέγκαι
στήλη καὶ τύμβῳ. οὐδὲ γὰρ οὖν ἱεροῖς.

115.—Eis tòn autôn
Ῥώμη καὶ βασιλῆς ἐμοὶ καὶ πείρατα γαλῆς
στήλαι Μαρτυνανὰ, τὰς χρόνος οὐ δαμάσει;
ἀλλ' ἔμπης ὅλῳ περιδείδια, μή τι πάθησι,
tὸδε τάφῳ πολλών οὐχ ὅσια παλάμαι.

116.—Eis tòn autôn
Μαρτυνανοῦ σήμα μεγακλῆος, εἵ τιν' ἀκούεις
Κανπαδοκῶν Ῥώμης πρόθρονον εὐγενέων,
pαντολαῖοι ἀρατήσι κεκασμένον, ἀλλὰ κόνων περ
ἀξόμενοι στήλην καὶ τάφων ἀμφίεπειν.

117.—Eis tòn autôn
Οὕποτε ἐγὼ φθιμένμοισιν ἐπέχραον, οὐδ' ἀπὸ τύμβων
ἐργαν ἔγειρα, δίκην ὃμνυμι καὶ φθιμένους·
tοβνεκα μηδ' ἐπ' ἐμοίσις φέρειν λάεσι σίδηρον·
eἵ δὲ φέροις, τὴν σήν ἐς κεφαλὴν πεσέτω.
Μαρτυνανὸς ἔγω τάδε λίσσομαι· εἵ τις ἐμεῖο

kύδιος ἐστῖ χάρις, τύμβος αἰει μενέτω.

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BOOK VIII. 113-117

113.—On the Same

Most distinguished Martinianus, great vaunt of Cappadocia, we mortals reverence thy tomb too, who wert once in the King's citadel, strong among Prefects, and didst conquer Sicily and Libya by thy arms.

114.—On the Same

We swear, famous Martinianus, by the power of eternal God who ruleth on high and by the souls of the dead and thy dust, that we will never lay hands on thy monument and tomb. We never indeed lay hands on holy things.

115.—On the Same

Rome¹ and my princes and the limits of the earth are the monuments of Martinianus which time shall not destroy. But yet I fear lest this little tomb may meet with some evil. Many have impious hands.

116.—On the Same

The tomb of renowned Martinianus. Heard ye never of the president of the noble Cappadocians in Rome, adorned with every virtue? But reverence even his dust and tend his monument and tomb.

117.—On the Same

I never insulted the dead or used tomb-stones for building, I swear by justice and the dead. Therefore bring no more iron to attack my stones, or if thou dost, let it fall on thy own head. It is I, Martinianus, who request this. If there be any gratitude for my glory, let my tomb remain for ever.

¹ i.e. Constantinople, here and below.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

118.—Εἰς Λιβίαν τὴν γαμετὴν Ἄμφιλόχου
Εἰς δόμος, ἀλλ’ ὑπὲνερεθε τάφος, καθύπερθε δὲ σηκός
τύμβος δειμαμένοις, σηκὸς ἀεθλοφόροις.
καὶ θ’ οἱ μὲν γλυκερὴν ἦδη κόνιν ἀμφεβάλωντο
ὡς σὺ μάκαιρα δάμαρ Ἄμφιλόχου, Λιβίη,
κάλλιμέ θ’ νυῆν, Εὐφήμε: τούτο δ’ ὑπόδεχθε,
μάρτυρες ἀτρεκίης, τοὺς ἐτὶ λειπομένους.

119.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
"Ὅφελες, δ’ Λιβία, χέσων τεκέεσσι φίλοισιν"
ὄφελες ἀχρι τύλης γήρας ἐμπελάσαι
νῦν δὲ σε μοῖρ’ ἐδάμασσεν ἁώριον, εἰσέτι καλήν,
εἰσέτι κουριδίος ἄνθετι λαμπομένην.
αἰαί: Ἄμφιλόχος δὲ τεὸς πόσις ἀντὶ δάμαρτος
ἔσθλης καὶ πινυτῆς τλήμονα τύμβον ἔχει.

120.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν Λιβίαν
Αἰαί: καὶ Λιβίαν κατέχει κόνις. οὐποτ’ ἔγωγε
ὡισάμην θυητὴν ἐμέναι, εἰσορός
εἶδος, μειλιχίην τε σαοφροσύνην τε γυναικός,
τοὺς φύλον πασέων καῦντο θηλυτέρων
τοῦκα καὶ τοῖῳ σε τάφῳ κύδηνε τανοῦσαν
σῶν τε τρίδας τεκέων καὶ πόσις Ἄμφιλόχος.

121.—Εἰς Εὐφήμοιο καὶ Ἄμφιλόχον αὐταδέλφους
"Ἡν δυός ἦν ἵερη, ψυχή μία, σώματα δισσά,
πάντα κασιγνήτω, αἴμα, κλέος, σοφίην,
ὑιές Ἄμφιλόχου, Εὐφήμοιο Ἄμφιλόχος τε,
pάσιν Καππαδόκαις ἀστέρες ἐκφανέες.
δειλῶν δ’ ἀμφιτέρους φθόνος ἔδρακε: τὸν μὲν ἄμερος δ’
ζωῆς, τὸν δ’ ἀπεπεν ἤμοσυν Ἄμφιλόχον.

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BOOK VIII. 118-121

118.—On Livia, the Wife of Amphilochnus

The building is one, but beneath is a tomb, above a chapel, the tomb for the builders, the chapel for the triumphant martyrs. And some of the builders have already put on sweet dust, like thee, Livia, blessed wife of Amphilochnus, and thee, Euphemius loveliest of her sons. But, ye martyrs of truth, receive those who still survive.1

119.—On the Same

Thou shouldest have lived for thy dear children, Livia, thou shouldest have reached the gate of old age, but now Fate has overcome thee before thy time, still beautiful, still shining with the flower of youth. Alas! thy husband Amphilochnus in place of a good and wise wife has but a wretched tomb.

120.—On the Same

Alas! the earth holds Livia too. Never could I believe her to be mortal, when I looked on her beauty, her sweetness, her chastity, in all of which she surpassed the rest of her sex. Therefore on thy death thou hast been honoured by such a tomb at the hands of thy three children and thy husband Amphilochnus.

121.—On the Brothers Euphemius and Amphilochnus

It was a holy pair, one soul in two bodies, brothers in everything, blood, fame, wisdom, the sons of Amphilochnus, Euphemius and Amphilochnus, conspicuous in the eyes of all Cappadocia. But Envy cast a terrible glance on both and depriving one of life, left Amphilochnus, but half himself, behind.

1 i.e. may they be buried in the same blessed place.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

122.—Eis Eυφήμιον

'Ρήτωρ ἐν ῥητήρσιν, ἀοιδοπόλος δ' ἐν ἀοιδοῖς,
κύδως ἐής πάτρης, κύδως ἐὼν τοκέων,
ἀρτι γενειάσκων Εὐφήμιος, ἀρτι δ' ἔρωτας
ἐς θαλάμους καλέων, ὃλητος· φεῦ παθέων·
ἀντὶ δὲ παρθενικῆς τύμβοιν λάχειν, ἢδ' ὑμεναῖοι
ἡματα υμφιδίων ἦμαρ ἐπῆλθε γόων.

123.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Εἰκοσέτης πᾶσαν Εὐφήμιος, ὡς μίαν οὕτως,
'Ελλάδα κ' Αὐσονίνην μοῦσαν ἐφιππάμενος,
στράπτων ἀγλαΐα τε καὶ θησεῖν ἕλθ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν.
ἀιαί· τῶν ἀγαθῶν ὡς μόρος ὁκύτερος.

124.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Χρυσάεις γενεής Εὐφήμιος ἦν ἐτὶ τυθῶν
λείψανοι, εὐγενετὴς θεα καὶ πραπίδας,
μείλιχος, ἠδνεπής, εἶδος Χαρίτεσσειν ὁμοίος·
τούνεκα καὶ θυντοῖς οὐκ ἐπὶ δὴν ἐμύγη.

125.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Στράψε μέγι· ἀνθρώποις Εὐφήμιος, ἄλλ' ἐπὶ τυθῶν·
καὶ γὰρ καὶ στεροτῆς οὐ μακρόν ἐστὶ σέλας·
στράψεν ὁμοῦ σοφή τε καὶ εἰδείς καὶ πραπίδεσσει
τὰ πρὶν Καππαδόκαις ἦν κλέα, νῦν δὲ γόως.

126.—Eis τὸν αὐτόν

Τίς; τίνος;—'Αμφιλόχου Εὐφήμιος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
οὗτος ὁ Καππαδόκαις πάσι διὰ στόματος·
ὥσ τε καὶ Χάριτες Μοῦσαις δόσαν· οἱ δ' ὑμέναιοι
ἀμφί θύρας· ἠλθεν δ' ὁ φθόνος ὁκύτερος.

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BOOK VIII. 122-126

122.—On Euphemius

Euphemius, an orator among orators, a poet among poets, the glory of his country, the glory of his parents, is dead, but just bearded, but just beginning to call the loves to his chamber. Alas for the misfortune! Instead of a virgin bride he possesses a tomb, and the day of wailing overtook the days of the bridal song.

123.—On the Same

Euphemius, but twenty years old, gathering the honey of both the Greek and Latin muse, as none else gathered that of either, in all the splendour of his beauty and virtue, is gone under earth. Alas, how swift is the death of the good!

124.—On the Same

Euphemius was a little relic of the golden age, noble alike in character and intellect, gentle, sweet of speech, beautiful as the Graces. Therefore he dwelt not long among mortals.

125.—On the Same

Euphemius shone bright among men, but for a brief season; for the flash of the lightning too is not long. He shone alike in learning, beauty and intellect. His qualities were once the glory and are now the lament of Cappadocia.

126.—On the Same

Who, and whose son? Euphemius the son of Amphilochus lies here, he who was the talk of all Cappadocia, he whom the Graces gave to the Muses. The chanters of the bridal song were at his gate, but Envy came quicker than they.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

127.—Eis tôn autón

"Ερνσι ἀμόμητον, Μουσῶν τέκος, ἐλαρ ἑταίρων,
kai χρύσεων Χαρίτων πλέγμα ἱστεφέων,
φίλητο ἐκ μερόπων Εὐφήμιος· οὐδ' ἐτ' ἀνισχεν,
αἰαί, σοῖς θαλάμοις πυρὸς δὲν ἥψεν Ἐρως.

128.—Eis tôn autón

Αἱ Χάριτες Μοῦσαις: "Τί ἔξομεν; οὐκετ' ἄγαλμα
χειρῶν ἡμετέρων Εὐφήμιος ἐν μερόπεσσιν."
χαὶ Μοῦσαι Χαρίτεσσιν ὑπελ πρὸς ἀληθός,
τόσσον ἔχοι· ἥμιν δὲ τὸν ὀρκίων ἔμπεδον ἔστω,
μηκέτ' ἀναστήσαι τοῖς μερόπεσσιν ἄγαλμα."

129.—Eis tôn autón

Κρήναι καὶ ποταμοῖ καὶ ἀλσεα, καὶ λαλαγεύντες
δρυθεὶς λυγυροί καλὸν ἐπ’ ἀκρεμόνων,
αὐταί τε μαλακῶν συρίγμασι κόμα φέρουσαι,
καὶ κήτοι Χαρίτων εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένων,
κλαύσατε. ὁ χαρίεσσ’ Εὐφημίας· ὅς σε θανῶν περ 5
Εὐφήμιος κλεινὴν θῆκατ’ ἐπωνύμην.

130.—Eis tôn autón

Κάλλιμος ἡθέων Εὐφήμιος, εἰποτ’ ἕν γε;
κάλλιμοι ἐν χώραις χῶρος δὴ ἡλύσιοι;
τούνεκεν εἰς ἐν ἀγέρθεν· ἐτεί ζωῆν μὲν ἐλειψεν,
οὗνομα δ’ ἐν χώρῳ κάλλιτεν ἤγαθέρω.

131.—Eis Ἀμφιλοχον

"Ἡλυθε κ’ Ἀμφιλόχοιο φίλον δέμας ἐς μέγα σῆμα,
ψυχή δ’ ἐς μακάρων φιλήτ’ ἀποπταμένη.

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BOOK VIII. 127–131

127.—On the Same

Euphemius the faultless blossom, the son of the Muses, the spring of his comrades, the golden chaplet of the violet-crowned Graces, is gone from amongst men, and woe is me, the torch that love lit shone not on thy bridal chamber.

128.—On the Same

The Graces to the Muses: "What shall we do? Euphemius the statue moulded by our hands is no longer among the living." And the Muses to the Graces: "Since Envy is so wicked, let her have this much, but let us swear a sure oath, never again to raise such a statue among men."

129.—On the Same

Springs, rivers and groves, and singing birds that twitter sweetly on the branches, and breezes whose whistling brings soft sleep, and gardens of the linked Graces, weep. O charming Euphemias,¹ how Euphemius though dead has made thy name famous.

130.—On the Same

Euphemius was the most beautiful among the young men, if ever indeed there was such a one, and this Elysian place is most beautiful among places. Therefore were they united. He lost his life, but left his name to a lovely spot.

131.—On Amphilochus

Amphilochus' dear body has come too to the great tomb, but his soul flew away to the place of the

¹ The place where he was buried was called so.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

πηοις πάντα πέπασσο, μακάρτατε· βίβλον ἐφίξας
πάσαν δοσθητῶν, κεῖ τις ἐπουρανίᾳ.

γηραλέον φιλήν ἅπεδυσ χθόνα· τέκνα λέοντας
κρείσσονα καὶ τοκέων· τὸ πλέον οὐ μερόπων.

132.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Ασμένος ἦν τε δάμαρτι καὶ νεώτερος σῶμα
"Ἀμφίλοχος, λυπαρόν γῆρας ἀντιάσας,
δλβιός, εὐγενέτης, μύθων κράτος, ἀλκαρ ἀπάντων,
πηών, εὐσεβέων, εὐγενεῶν, λογιῶν,
καὶ μύθου δοτὴρ περιώσιος. ἦνιο ἐταίρων
σῶν ἐνός, ὦ φιλότης, γράμμ' ἐπιτυμβίδιον.

133.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Ὥ μᾶκαρ', ὦ εὐνὸν πενής ἄκος, ὦ πτερόεντες
μύθοι, καὶ πηγὴ πᾶσιν ἀρνομένη,
ἀσθματε πάντα λίπες πυμάτω· τὸ ὡ ἁμ' ἔσπετο μοῦνον
ἐνθεν ἀειρομένω κύδως ἀεὶ θαλέθου.
Γρηγόριος τάδ' ἐγράψα, λόγῳ λόγου διὰ παρὰ σεῖο
"Ἀμφίλοχ', ἔξεδάνεν ἀντιχαριζόμενος.

134.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Ἀμφίλοχος τεθηκεν· ἀπώλετο εἰ τε λέειντο
καλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώπωσι, ῥητορικῇς τε μένου,
καὶ Χάριτος Μούσαιοι μεμνημέναι· έξοχα ὃς αὐ σὲ
ἡ Διοκαισαρέως μύρατο πάτρα φίλη.

135.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Τυραννό μὲν πτολεμηθρον, ἅταρ πολῶν ἄνέρα δῶκα
βήμασιν ἰδιδίοις ἡ Διοκαισαρέως,
"Ἀμφίλοχον' φθιμένω δὲ συνέβθητο καὶ πυρόεσσα
ρήτη, καὶ πάτρης εὐχὸς ἀριστοτόκου.

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BOOK VIII. 131-135

blest. All thy possessions were thy kinsmen's, blessed among men. Thou didst leave no book human or divine unopened. In old age thou didst descend beneath the kind earth. Thou hast left children even better than their parents. More is not for mortals.

132.—On the Same

AMPHILochUS in ripe old age gladly went to lie beside his wife and son. Happy he was, and noble, powerful of speech, the support of all—his relatives, the pious, the noble, the learned—lavish of excellent discourse. Lo, my friend, the epitaph written by one of thy comrades.

133.—On the Same

O blessed man, O universal healer of poverty, O winged words, O fountain from which all drew, with thy last breath thou didst leave all that was thine, and alone thy eternal good fame followed thee when thou wast taken. Gregory wrote this repaying thee by words for the skill of speech he learnt from thee.

134.—On the Same

AMPHILochUS is dead: if aught good were left among men it is gone, the force of eloquence is gone, the Muses mingled with the Graces and above all did thy dear native city Diocaesarea mourn for thee.

135.—On the Same

I, Diocaesarea, am a small town, but gave a great man, Amphilochus, to the Courts of Law. With him perished the fire of oratory and the boast of his native city which his birth ennobled.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

136.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Τὸν ῥήτηριν πυρόπεσαν ἐπ' ἀντιπάλοις φέροντα,
τὸν μέλιτος γλυκῶν ἱδέα καὶ πραπίδας
'Αμφιλόχου κατέχω τυτθῇ κόνις, ἕκτοθε πάτρης,
νιέα Φιλτατίου Γοργονίας τε μέγαν.

137.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ῥητῆρες, φθέγγουσθε μεμυκότα χείλεα συνῆ
'Αμφιλόχου μεγάλου τύμβος ὃθ' ἀμφὶς ἔχω.

138.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ἡρίων Ἀμφιλόχου μελίφρονος, δὸς ποτὲ ῥήτηρ
πάντας Καππαδόκας καίνυτο καὶ πραπίσων.

139.—Εἰς Νικομῆδην
Οἶχειν, ὁ Νικόμηδης, ἔμοι κλέος· ἢ δὲ συνωρίς
σῶν καθαρὴ τεκέων πῶς βιῶν ἐξανύσει; τίς δὲ τέλος νηῷ περικάλλεὶ χείρ ἐπιθῆσει; τίς δὲ θεῷ πέμψει φῆμι τελέην θυσίαν, σεό, μάκαρ, μυχθέντος ἐπορευόλοις τάχιστα; ὁ γενεὴ τλῆμων, οἶα πάθες, μερόπων.

140.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Δέρκεο καὶ τύμβον Νικομηδεος, εἰ τιν' ἀκούεις,
δὲ νηῶν Χριστῷ δειμάμενος μεγάλῳ,
αὐτὸν μὲν πρώτιστον, ἐπεῖτα δὲ τὴν περίβουτον
δῶκεν ἀγνὴν θυσίαν παρθενὴν τεκέων,
φέρτερον οὐδὲν ἔχων, ἱερεὺς, γενέτης τε φεριστος,
τοῦνεα καὶ μεγάλη ὁκα μίγη Τριάδι.
BOOK VIII. 136-140

136.—On the Same

A little dust covers far from his native place Amphilochochus the great son of Philtatus and Gorgonia, armed ever with fiery speech against his adversaries, but of a disposition and mind sweeter than honey.

137.—On the Same

Speak now, ye orators. This tomb contains the lips now closed of great Amphilochochus.

138.—On the Same

This is the tomb of sweet-souled Amphilochochus, who surpassed all Cappadocians in eloquence and intellect.

139.—On Nicomedes

Thou art gone, Nicomedes, my glory, and how shall the pure pair, thy children, pass their life? What hand shall finish the lovely church, and what mind shall render a perfect sacrifice to God, now that thou, blessed man, hast early joined the heavenly ones? O wretched race of mortals, what a misfortune is yours!

140.—On the Same

Look on the tomb of Nicomedes, if thou hast ever heard of him, who having built a temple to Great Christ, gave himself first and then the renowned virginity of his children a pure sacrifice to God, having no better to offer, the best of priests and fathers. Therefore he soon was united with the Great Trinity.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

141.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Τσατάτος ἐς βίον ἤλθες ἀοίδιμον, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα ἔνθεν ἀνηέρθης· τὶς τάδ’ ἐνευσε δίκη;
Χριστὸς ἀναξ, Νικόμηδες, ὡς σέο λαὸν ἀνωθέν ἰδώνιοι τεκέων σὺν ἱερῇ δυάδι.

142.—Εἰς Καρτέριον ἐταῖρον τοῦ μεγάλου Γρηγορίου

Πή με λυπῶν πολύμορφον ἐπὶ χθονί, φίλταθ’ ἐταῖρον, ἦλθες ἀρπαλέως, κύδιμη Καρτέριε;
πὴ ποτ’ ἐβης νεότητος ἐμῆς οἰήμα νωμῶν,
ἡμος ἐπ’ ἀλλοδαπῆς μῦθον ἐμετρέομην,
δ’ Βιότῳ μ’ ἔξησας ἀσαρκεί; ἡ’ ἐτεὸν σοι
Χριστὸς ἀναξ πάντων φίλτερος, δυν νῦν ἔχεις.

143.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Αστεροστὴ Χριστοῖο μεγακλέος, ἑρκος ἀριστον ἡθέον, ζωῆς ἵνιοχ’ ἡμετέρης,
μνώεο Γρηγορίοιο, τὸν ἐπλασας θέσει κεδνοῖς,
ἡν ὅτε ἦν, ἀρετῆς κοίρανε Καρτέριε.

144.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Ο πηγαὶ δακρύων, ὦ γούνατα, ὦ θυέσειν ἀγνωτάτοις παλάμαι Χριστὸν ἀρεσσάμεναι
Καρτέριοι· πὼς λῆξεν ὀμῶς πάντες βροτοίσιν;
ἡθελεν υμνοτόλον κείθη χοροστασίη.

145.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Ηρπασας, ὦ Νικόμηδες, ἡμῖν κέαρ· ἦρπασας ὡς Καρτέριον, τῆς σῆς σύμνογον εἰσεβής.

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BOOK VIII. 141-145

141.—On the Same

Late didst thou come to glorious life, but early wert thou taken thence. What justice so decreed? It was Christ the Lord, Nicomedes, so that from heaven thou mightest rule thy people together with the holy pair, thy children.

142.—To Carterius, the comrade of Gregory the Great

Dearest of comrades, noble Carterius, how hast thou suddenly departed, leaving me full of cares on earth? How hast thou departed, thou who didst direct the rudder of my youth, when in a strange land I was composing verse, thou who wert the cause of my spiritual life. Of a surety Christ the Lord, who now is thine, is dearer to thee than all.

143.—On the Same

Lightning of glorious Christ, best bulwark of youth, charioteer of my youth, remember Gregory whom thou didst mould in moral excellence once on a time, Carterius, lord of virtue.

144.—On the Same

O founts of tears, O knees, O hands of Carterius, that appeased Christ by most pure sacrifices. How like all mortals has he ceased to be? The choir there in heaven required a hymner.

145.—On the Same

Thou hast torn from me my heart, Nicomedes, thou hast carried off too soon Carterius, the partner of thy piety.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

146.—Eis tôn aitón

'Ω Ξώλων ξαθέων ιερόν πέδον, οἶλον ἔρεισμα
σταυροφόρων κόλποις Καρτέριον κατέχεις.

147.—Eis Básseon tina para ληστῶν ἀποκτανθέντα

Βάσσε φίλος, Χριστῷ μεμελημένος ἔβορον ἄλλων,
tήλε τῆς πάτρης ληστορι κειρὶ δαμάσθης,
oúde σε τύμβος ἔχει πατρώιος· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐμπρὸς
πᾶσιν Καππαδόκεσσι μέγ' οὖνομα σείο λέεινται,
καὶ στῆλαι παγίων μέγ' ἀμείνονε, αῖς ἐνγράφησθι.
5 Γρηγορίου τὸδε σοι μνημήν, δι' φιλέσκει.

148.—Eis tôn aitón

'Ως Ἀβραὰμ κόλποισι τεθεὶς ὑποδέχυσο, Bάσσε,
σῶν τέκων ἀτρεκέως πνεύματι Καρτέριον.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν, εἰ καὶ σε τάφος σῶν πατρί καλύπτοι,
oύποτ 'ἀφ' ὑμετέρης στήσομ' ὀμοζυγηθ.

149.—Eis Φιλτάτιοι

'Ἡθεὸν μεγάλοιο μέγαν κοσμήτορα λαοὺ
χθῶν ιερὴ καυθῷ Φιλτάτιοι δέμας.

150.—Eis Eυσέβεων καὶ Bασιλισσάν

Eυσέβιον, Βασιλισσᾶ, μεγακλέες, ἐνθάδε κεῖνται,
Ξώλων ἤγαθεν θρέμματα χρυσοφόρα,
καὶ Νόονης ξαθής ιερόν δέμας. ὅστις ἄμειβεις
tοῦδε τάφους, ὕψεῖς μνῦε τῶν μεγάλων.

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BOOK VIII. 146–150

146.—On the Same

O holy soil of divine Xola, how strong a support of the Christians was Carterius whom thou holdest in thy bosom.

147.—On Bassus who was slain by Robbers

Dear Bassus, the special darling of Christ, far from thy home thou hast fallen by the robber's hand; nor dost thou even rest in the tomb of thy fathers. But yet great is the name thou hast left in all Cappadocia. The columns\(^1\) in which thy name is written are far better than solid ones. This is the memorial made for thee by Gregory whom thou lovedst.

148.—On the Same

Receive, Bassus, as one lying in Abraham's bosom, Carterius, truly thy spiritual child. But I, though the tomb holds thee and thy father, will never desert your fellowship.

149.—On Philtatius

This holy earth covers the body of Philtatius, a youth who was the great ruler of a great people.

150.—On Eusebia and Basilissa

Here lie the most noble Eusebia and Basilissa, Christian nurslings of lovely Xola, and also Nonna's holy body. Thou who passest these tombs, remember the great souls.

\(^1\) The minds of men.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

151.—Eis Ἐλλάδιον καὶ Ἕλλασιν αὐταδέλφους

Αἰεὶ σοι νόσος ἤλεγάς σοι νόσον, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ γάϊς

ἡρετῆς χαμαλῆς ἱχνιον οὐδ’ ἄλλοιον

τούνεκαν ὡς τάχος ἦλθες ἀπὸ χθονός. Ἕλλασις δὲ
σὴν κόνιν ἀμφιέπει σὸς κάσις, Ἐλλάδιε.

152.—Eis Ἐλλάδιον

Τὸν νεαρόν, Χριστῷ δὲ μέγαν, πολιόν τε νόημα,

χῶρος δὲ ἀθλοφόρων Ἐλλάδιον κατέχων,

οὐ νέμεσις: κείνοις γὰρ ὁμοίου ἄλγος ἀνέτλη,

σβεννὺς ἀντιπάλου τοῦ φθονεροῦ μόθον.

153.—Eis τὸν αὐτότι

Μικρὸν μὲν πνείεσκες ἐπὶ χθοὺς σαρκὸς ἀνάγκη,

πλεοῦν δὲ ζωῆς ὑψόθε μοῖραν ἔχεις,

Ἐλλάδιε, Χριστῷ μέγα κλέος: εἰ δὲ τάχιστα

dεσμῶν ἐξελύθης τοῦτο γέρας καμάτων.

154.—Eis Γεώργιον

Καὶ σὺ Γεώργιοι φίλοι δέμας, ἐνθάδε κεῖσαι,

δὲ πολλᾶς Χριστῷ πέμψας ἀγνάς θυσίας,

σὺν δὲ κασιγνήτη σῶμα, φρένας, ἡ Βασιλίσσα

ξυνὸν ἔχει μεγάλη καὶ τάφον ὡς βιοτον.

155.—Eis Εὐπράξιον

Χώρης τῆσδ’ ἱερῆς Ἐυπράξιον ἀρχιερῆσ

, ὡς Ἀριανταῖί σεβοῦ μεγάλη κατέχον

Γρηγορίῳ φίλοι καὶ ἡλικία, καὶ συνοδίτην,

τούνεκα καὶ τύμβου γείτωνος ἑντλάσεν.
BOOK VIII. 151-155

151.—On the Brothers Helladius and Eulalius

Thy mind was ever in heaven, nor didst thou set
foot at all on this low earth. Therefore very early
hast thou gone from earth, and Eulalius thy brother
tends thy dust, Helladius.

152.—On Helladius

This burial place of the martyrs holds Helladius
young in years, but great in Christ and grey in
thought. This is no profanation, for he suffered
pains like theirs, extinguishing the attack of his
envious adversary.

153.—On the Same

For a little season by the necessity of the flesh
thou didst breathe on earth, but above a greater
share of love is thine, Helladius, great glory of
Christ. If thou wast early released from thy bonds,
this was the reward of thy labours.

154.—On George

And thou dost lie here also, dear body of George,
who didst render many pure sacrifices to Christ, and
Basilissa the great, thy sister in body and spirit
shares thy tomb as she shared thy life.

155.—On Eupraxius

This great land of Arianza contains the body of
Eupraxius, high priest of the holy country, the friend
and contemporary and fellow-traveller of Gregory.
Therefore he lies buried near at hand.

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ΗΗ2

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

156.—Eis Naukrátion tòn ádelfôn tòu megalou Basileiôs
'IXthvobolôn pot' élne línou buphías àppò pétrh
Naukrátios, dínais én potamôv bruxlais.
kal tò mév oûk ánelusen' ó d' 'esxetô. òws álpha
eírwnen ánô' álías díktunô, eipé, lóge,
Naukrátion, katharoû bion nómon, óstatp éisko,
kal xárín éledémevai kal móron éx ídátwv.

157.—Eis tòn aítôn
Naukrátios strophálly gi thâne phoýeroû potamôio,
deismoûin buphías 'ákhnos énsochômenos:
ôs ke múthsi sú, thnptê, tâ pâlghia toude bîoiô,
éunen ántherh pûllos òô' ákra bêôn.

158.—Eis tòn aítôn
Naukrátios plekthoî línou deismoûis èlnushtês,
deisôm en toude bîoi éx álías èlôthi.

159.—Eis Maçénitov
Aímatos euveneôs genômhn, basileishòs én aîlaiês
èstnh, òfônv òeiha kevôfrwva. ònta kebêsasas,
Xristôs èpêî me kálesses, bîoû pollaíswn átaptois
ìchnos èreisâ pôthiô tinagmasin, òcris ánêurov
tûn stathênhî. Xristô têza démasa èlygse pollois:
kai vûn koufûs ànûv Maçênitov ènvev ánêptnh.

160.—Eis tòn aítôn Maçénitov
Pâllêt' èmol kradhî, Maçêniti, seio graôfwnsa
òûmoma, òs súfìhão héthes òdûn biôtón,
âmbrótov, aîphtêsasen, áterpêa. seio, fêriste,
âtrômos òûde tâfph xristiâvôs pelâvei.

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156.—On Naucratius, the Brother of Basil the Great

Naucratius was once freeing his fishing-net from a sunken rock in the roaring eddies of the river. The net he did not free, but was caught himself. Tell me, O Word, how the net landed the fisherman Naucratius, an example of pure life, instead of fish. As I conjecture, both grace and death came to him from the water.

157.—On the Same

Naucratius died in the eddy of the envious river, entangled in the toils of his sunken net, so that, mortal, thou mayst know the tricks of this life, from which this fleet-footed colt was removed.

158.—On the Same

Naucratius, caught in the fetters of his net, was released from the fetters of this life by fishing.

159.—On Maxentius

I, Maxentius, was born of noble blood; I stood in the Emperor's Court, I was puffed up by vainglory. But when Christ called me, throwing all to the winds, I walked, stimulated by love for him, in many ways of life, until I found the steadfast one. I wasted my body for Christ by many hardships, and now flew up lightly from here.

160.—On the Same

My heart trembles as it writes thy name, Maxentius, who didst traverse a hard road of life, a lonely road, and steep and dismal. No Christian, O best of men, approaches even thy tomb without trembling.

1 The river Iris, as Gregory of Nyssa tells us. He was fishing to provide food for his aged parents.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

161.—Eis Ἐμμελιὰν τὴν μητέρα τοῦ ἀγίου Βασιλείου

臺灣, τήν ἐφπασεν, ἢ γε τοσούτων
καὶ τοῖς τεκέων δῶκε φάσος βιότρο,
νεας ἤδε θύγατρας ὀμόζυγας ἀζυγέας τε
εὐπαίς καὶ πολύπαίς ἦδε μόνη μερόσων.
τρεῖς μὲν τὴσα ἱερῆς ἀγακλέεις, ἢ δ’ ἱερῆς
σύζυγος: οἱ δὲ πέλας ὡς στρατὸς εὐαγέων.

162.—Eis τὴν αὐτὴν Ἐμμελιὰν

Θάμβος ἔχειν μ’ ὀρόσωντα τόσον γόνον Ἐμμελίου
καὶ τοῖον, μεγάλης νυκτίου οἰκίων ὄλων.
ὡς δ’ αὐτὴν φρασάμην Χριστοῦ κτέαρ, εὐσεβής αἰμα,
’Ἐμμέλιον, τὸδ’ ἔφην, “Οὐ μέγα· ρίζα τὸση.”
τοῦτο σοι εὐσεβής ἱερὸν γέρας, ὁ παναρίστη,
τιμὴ σῶν τεκέων, οῖς πόθον εἶχες ἐνα.

163.—Eis Μακρίναν τὴν ἀδελφὴν τοῦ μεγάλου Βασιλείου

Παρθένον αἰγλήσασαν ἔχω κόνις, εἰ τιν’ ἀκούεις
Μακρίναν, Ἐμμελίου πρωτότοκου μεγάλης,
ἂν πάντων ἀνδρῶν λάθευ δοματα· τὸν δ’ ἐνί πάντων
γλώσσῃ καὶ πάντων φέρτερον εὐχὸς ἔχει.

164.—Eis Θεοσέβιον ἀδελφὴν Βασιλείου

Καὶ σὺ Θεοσέβιο, κλεινῆς τέκος Ἐμμελίου,
Γρηγορίου μεγάλου σύζυγος ἀτρέκέως,
ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν ὑπέδυς χθόνα, ἔρμα γυναικῶν
εὐσεβέων· βιότον δ’ ὀρίος ἐξελύθης.
BOOK VIII. 161–164

161.—On Emmelia, the Mother of St. Basil

Emmelia is dead; who would have thought it, she who gave to life the light of so many and such children, sons and daughters married and unmarried? She alone among mortals had both good children and many. Three of her sons were illustrious priests, and one daughter the wife of a priest, and the rest like an army of saints.

162.—On the Same

I marvelled when I looked on the great and goodly family of Emmelia, all the wealth of her mighty womb; but when I considered how she was Christ’s cherished possession of pious blood I said this: “No marvel! The root is so great.” This is the holy recompense of thy piety, thou best of women, the honour of thy children, with whom thou hadst one desire.

163.—On Macrina, the Sister of St. Basil

The earth holds the glorious virgin Macrina, if ye ever heard her name, the first-born child of great Emmelia. She let herself be seen by no man, but is now on the tongues of all, and has glory greater than any.

164.—On Theosebia, the Sister of St. Basil

And thou, Theosebia, child of noble Emmelia, and in very truth spouse of great Gregory, liest here in holy soil, thou stay of pious women. Ripe in years didst thou depart this life.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

165.—Εἰς Γρηγόριον τῆς μητρὸς ἄδελφόν
Γρηγόριον μητρως, ἱερεὺς μέγας, ἐνθάδε ἔθηκε
Γρηγόριος, καθαροὶ Μάρτυρι παρθένους,
ἡθεον, θαλέσσαντα, νεόχυρον· αἱ δὲ πάροικεν
τῆς γηροτροφίας ἐλπίδες ἦδε κὼς.

166.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν μαρτυρίοις τρυφῶντας
Εἰς φίλον ὀρχήσταίς ἄθληματα, καὶ φίλον ἔστω
θρύψεις ἀεθλοφόροις· ταῦτα γὰρ ἀντίθετα.
ei δ' οὐκ ὀρχήσταίς ἄθληματα, οὐδὲ ἄθληταίς
ἡ θρύψις, πῶς σὺ Μάρτυρι δώρα φέρεις
ἀργυρόν, οἶνον, βρῶσιν, ἐρεύγματα; ἢ Ῥα δίκαιος
δὲ πληροὶ θυλάκους, ἀν ἀδικώτατος ἦ.

167.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Μάρτυρες, εἴπατε ἀμμιν ἀληθῶς, εἰ φίλον ὑμᾶν
ἀι σύνοδοι; τί μὲν οὖν ἦδιον; ἀντὶ τίνος;
τῆς ἀρετῆς· πολλοὶ γὰρ ἀμείνους δόθε γένοιτ' ἀν,
ei τιμῶτ' ἀρετή. τούτο μὲν εὑρέγετε.
ἡ δὲ μέθη, τὸ τε γαστρὸς ὑπάρχειν τοὺς θεραπευτὰς
ἀλλοις· ἀθλοφόροις ἐκλινοῖς ἀλλοτρια.

168.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Μὴ ψεύδεσθ' ότι γαστρὸς ἐπανένται εἰς εὐθήνη·
λαιμῶν οἶδε νόμοι, ὁ 'γαθοῖ, ὑμετέρων
μάρτυρι δ' εἰς τιμῆν ἐν ἐπίσταμαι· ἤβρων ἐλαύνειν
ψυχάς καὶ δαπανάν δάκρυσι τὴν πιμελήν.

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BOOK VIII. 165-168

165.—On Gregory, his Mother's Brother

Gregory the high priest, laid here his nephew Gregory, yet in the first bloom of youth, entrusting him to the pure martyrs. His former hopes of being tended by him in his old age are here turned to dust.

166.—On those who feast luxuriously in the Churches of the Martyrs

If the pains of martyrdom are dear to dancers, then let luxury be dear to the martyrs, for these two things are opposite. But if neither these pains are dear to dancers, nor luxury to the martyrs, how is it thou bringest as gifts to the martyrs, silver, wine, food, belching? Is he who fills that bag his body just, even if he be most unjust?

167.—On the Same

"Tell me, martyrs, truly, if ye love the meetings?" "What could be dearer to us?" "For the sake of what?" "Virtue, for if virtue were honoured, many men would become better." "Ye are right in this, but drunkenness and enslavement to the belly is for others. Dissipation is alien to the martyrs."

168.—On the Same

Assert not falsely that martyrs are commenders of the belly. This is the law of your gullets, good people. But I know one way of honouring the martyrs, to drive away wantonness from the soul, and decrease thy fatness by weeping.

1 These meetings had of course a religious character to celebrate the festivals of the martyrs. What Gregory complains of is that festivals degenerated into festivities.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

169.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Μαρτύρομεν, ἄθλοφόροι καὶ μάρτυρες· ὑβριν έθηκαν
τιμᾶς ὑμετέρας οἱ φιλογαστορίδαι.
οὐ ζητεῖτε τράπεζαν ἐνπυνον, οὐδὲ μαγείρους·
ioi δ' ἐρυγάς παρέχουσ' ἀντ' ἀρετής τὸ γέρας.

170.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

Τρισθανέες, πρῶτον μὲν ἐμίξατε σώματ' ἀνάγνω
ἄθλοφόροις, τύμβοι δὲ διοκτέλεν ἀμφὶς ἑκοισι·
δεύτερον αὐτὲ τάφους τοὺς μὲν διεσερατ' ἀθέσμως,
αὐτοὶ σήματ' ἐχοντες ὡμοία· τοὺς δ' ἀπέδοσθε,
πολλάκι καὶ τρίς ἐκαστον· δ' δὲ τρίτον, ἱεροσυλεῖς
μάρτυρας οὐς φιλέεις· Σοδομίτιδες ἦξατε πηγάλ.

171.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

Παιδεῖς Χριστιανῶν τὸδ' ἀκούσατε· οὐδὲν ὁ τύμβος·
pόσοι οὖν ὑμετέρους χάνειντ' ἀριστερέας;
ἀλλ' ἐστὶν καὶ πᾶσι γέρας τὸδε, μηδὲ τάφοισιν
βάλλεις ἀλλοτρίους δυσμενέας παλάμας.
ei δ' ὃτι μὴ νέκυις οἷδε τὰ ἐνθάδε, τούτ' ἀδίκαστον,
πείθομαι, ἂν σὺ φέρης πατρὸς ὑβριν φθίμένου.

172.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

Τυμβολέται, γάστρωνες, ἑρευνάσθως, πλατύνωτοι,
μέχρι τίνος τύμβοις Μάρτυρας ἀλλοτρίους
τιμᾶτ', εὑσεβέοντες ἀ μήθεμις; ἵσαχετε λαμμοῦς,
καὶ τότε πιστεύσω Μάρτυριν ἡμα θέρειν.

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BOOK VIII. 169-172

169.—On the Same

I testify, ye martyrs. The belly-lovers have made your worship into wantonness. Ye desire no sweet-smelling table, nor cooks. But they honour you with belching rather than righteousness.

170.—On the Same, and on Violators of Tombs

Thrice worthy of death, first ye laid beside the martyrs the bodies of impure men, and their tombs contain the bodies of pagan priests. Secondly, ye wickedly destroyed some tombs, ye who have tombs like unto them; and others ye sold, often each tomb thrice. In the third place, ye are guilty of sacrilege to those martyrs whom ye love. Come, ye fiery founts of Sodom!

171.—On the Same

Hearken to this, ye sons of Christians. The tomb is nothing. Why, then, do ye make your tombs magnificent? But this reverence is due to all, not to lay hostile hands on the tombs of others. But if this should escape punishment, because the corpse does not feel what is done to it here, I agree, if thou canst put up with an outrage done to thy dead father.

172.—On the Same

Destroyers of tombs, gluttons who live but for belching, broad-backed, how long shall ye continue to honour the martyrs by the spoils of the tombs of others, with impious piety? Contain your greed, and then I will believe ye bring what is acceptable to the martyrs.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

173.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἀπὸ τῶν ἐκ τάφων λιθῶν ναους οἰκοδομοῦντας
Τιμῇ Μάρτυσιν ἐστιν ἀεὶ θυήσκειν βιότητι,
αἵματος οὐρανίου μνωμένους μεγάλουν,
τύμβων ἐξ χείρινοις· δὲ βῆματα δ’ ἡμῖν ἔγειρει
ἀλλοτρίους λίθους, μηδὲ τάφοι τόχοι.

174.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν μαρτυρίαν τρυφῶντας
Μάρτυρες, αἷμα θεῶ μεγάλην ἐσπέλαστα λοιβήν,
καὶ μέντοι θεόθεν ἄξια δῶρ’ ἔχετε,
βῆμαθ’, ὑμνοὺς, λαοὺς, εὐχῶν σέβας. ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ τύμβων
φεύγετε, νεκροκόμοι, Μάρτυσι πειθόμενοι.

175.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Δαίμοσιν εἰλαπίναζον, ὅσοι τὸ πάροιθε μεμήλει
δαίμοσιν ἥρα φέρειν, οὐ καθαρὰς θαλάσσας
τοῦτον Χριστιανοὺς λύσιν εὑρομεν, ἀθλοφόροισι
στησάμεθ’ ἥμετέροις πνευματικάς συνόδους.
νῦν δὲ τι τάρβος ἔχει με· ἀκούσατε οἱ φιλόκωμοι· 5
πρὸς τοὺς δαίμωνικοὺς αὐτομολείτε τύπους.

176.—Κατὰ τυμβωρίχων
Μηκέτι πηκτόν ἀρστοφ άνηρ ἐπὶ γαῖαν δεινοῦν,
μὴ πέλαγος πλώοι, μὴ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχωι·
ἀλλὰ φέρων σκατάνην τε καὶ ἄγριον ἐν φρέσι θυμόν,
ἐς τύμβους πατέρων χρυσῶν ἴοι ποθέων·
ὅπποτε καὶ τούτον τις ἐμὸν περικαλλέα τύμβον 5
σκάψειν ἀτασθαλέων εἶνεκα κερδοσύνης.

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BOOK VIII. 173-176

173.—To those who build Churches out of Stones taken from Tombs

It is paying honour to the martyrs always to die to life, remembering the great heavenly blood; but tombs are an honour to the dead. Let him who erects shrines to us out of the stones belonging to others lack himself a tomb.

174.—On those who feast in Martyrs’ Churches

Martyrs, ye poured your blood a great libation to God, and from God ye have fitting reward, shrines, hymns, congregations, the honour of prayers. But ye worshippers of the dead, do as the martyrs bid you, and keep away from tombs.

175.—On the Same

In honour of the demons those who wished formerly to gain the favour of the demons celebrated impure banquets. This we Christians abolished, and instituted spiritual meetings for our martyrs. But now I am in some dread. List to me, ye revellers: ye desert us for the rites of devils.

176.—On Violators of Tombs

(The remaining Epigrams are all on the same Subject)

Let no man any longer drive a sturdy plough into the land; let him not sail the sea, nor bear a threatening spear, but with pickaxe and savage heart go to seek gold in the tombs of his fathers, now that some wicked man has dug up, for the sake of gain, this beautiful tomb of mine.

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177.—"Αλλο

'Επτά βλοι τέλε τάδε θαύματα· τείχος, ἀγαλμα, κῆποι, πυραμίδες, νησί, ἀγαλμα, τάφος· ὀγδοον ἔσκοι ἔγογγε πελώριος ἐνθάδε τύμβος,

178.—"Αλλο

'Ην διί ἣν ἀτυνακτος ἐγώ τάφος οὐρεος ἀκρην πουλὺς ὑπερτέλλων τηλεφανῆς σκόπελος· νῦν δε με θηρ ἐτινάξεν ἐφέστις εἰνεκα χρυσον· ἠδε δ' ἐτινάξθην γείτονος ἐν παλάμαις.

179.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

Τον τύμβοιν τόσον ληστορα, διν πέρι πάντη λάων τετραπέδων ἀμφιθείς στέφανος,

180.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

'Εργον ἄλτρον ὅπωπα, κεκηνότα τύμβον, ὅδεων χρυσού ταῦτα πέλει ἔργατα τοῦ δολίου· εἰ μὲν χρυσὸν ἐχεις, εὕρες κακόν· εἰ δ' ἄρα κείνος ἐνθὲν ἔβης, κενείη μή σαῦρ δυσσεβίην.

181.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

'Οσσάτων παράμεινα βροτῶν βλουν οὔδ' ἢρ' ἑμέλλων ἐκφυγέειν παλάμας γείτονοι οὐλομένας,

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(1) The wall of Babylon, (2) The statue of Zeus at 478
BOOK VIII. 177-181

177

These are the seven wonders of the world: a wall, a statue, gardens, pyramids, a temple, another statue, a tomb. The eighth was I, this vast tomb rising high above these rocks; and among the dead I am most celebrated, owing to the greed of thy furious hand, murderer.

178

I was once an undisturbed tomb, like a rock rising high above the mountain summit, and conspicuous from afar; but now a beast of my own house has destroyed me for the sake of gold, and thus I was demolished by the hands of my neighbour.

179

For the spoiler of so fine a tomb, with a cornice of squared stones all round it, it were a fitting fate to put him in the tomb, and close on the impious wretch the gaps he made.

180

As I journeyed I saw an impious thing, a gaping tomb. This is the work of deceitful gold. If thou didst find gold, thou hast acquired an evil, but if thou wast empty thou hast got thee empty impiety.

181

How long did I outlive the life of man! Yet it was not my fate to escape the destructive hands of my neighbour, who relentlessly cast me down, high as I was, fearing neither God nor the respect due to the dead.

Olympia, (3) the hanging gardens of Babylon, (4) the pyramids, (5) the temple of Diana at Ephesus, (6) the Colossus of Rhodes, (7) the Mausoleum.
182.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τὸν τύμβον κακοεργῶν ἀλάστορα φεύγετε πάντες·
ἡμᾶς δέσῃ σκοπινὴν ρήξατο ρηδῆς·
οὐ μὲν ρηδῆς ἐρρήξατο· ἀλλ' ἀποτήλε
χάζεσθε. φθιμένους ὁδ' ἄν ἀρεσσάμεθα.

183.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Αἰαὶ ὡς τι κακὸν προτιόσσομαι ἐγγύθεν ἡδὴ
tοις τε τυμβορύχοις, τοῖς τε περικτιῶσιν,
σήματος ὑψιθέοντος ὅλωλότος· ἀλλὰ τὸν ἐχθρὸν
οἶδε δίκη· δακρύειν δ' ἡμέτερον φθιμένους.

184.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μανσωλοῦ τάφος ἐστὶν πελώριος, ἀλλὰ Κάρεσυ
tίμοις· οὕτως ἐκεῖ τυμβολέτες παλάμη·
Καππαδόκεσσιν ἐγὼ γε μέγ' ἔξοχος, ἀλλὰ δέδορκας
οἷα πάθου· στήλη γράψατε νεκροφόνον.

185.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τοῖχος ἐν προπόδεσσι καὶ ὁρθίως· ἐνθὲν ἐπεῖτα
ὕπτιος, ἐκ λαγόνων εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένων
τύμβοις ἐν, καθ' ὑπερήθρον λόφον λόφος· ἀλλὰ τὰ ταῦτα;
οúdoν χρυσοφιλίαν οἱ μ' ἐτίναξαν ὄλου.

186.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Νεκρῶν νεκρὰ πέλοι καὶ μνήματα· ὅς δ' ἀνεγείρει
τύμβον ἀριστερά τῇ κόμῃ, τοῖα πάθοι·
οὐ γὰρ δὲν συντὸς ἀνὴρ τὸν ἐμὸν τάφον ἐξαλάπαξεν,
ἐἰ μὴ χρυσὸν ἔχειν ἥλπετο ἐκ νεκύων.
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BOOK VIII. 182–186

182

Avoid, all men, the wicked profaner of tombs. Lo! what a high tower has he broken down with ease; but retire far from him, and thus shall we please the dead.

183

Woe is me! I foresee some evil about to befall the profaners of tombs and the neighbours, now the lofty tomb has been destroyed. But Justice knows the enemy, and it is ours but to weep for the dead.

184

The tomb of Mausolus is vast, but the Carians honour it; there are no desecrating hands there. I was chief among the Cappadocians, but you see what I have suffered. Write on the stele the name of the murderer of the dead.

185

The lower courses of the tomb were perpendicular, but above this it was composed of four inclined flanks meeting in one. It was like a hill surmounting a hill. But what use was all this? It was nothing to the gold-seekers who demolished it entirely.

186

Let the monuments of the dead be dead too, and let him who erects a magnificent tomb to the dust meet with this fate. For that man would never have pillaged my tomb if he had not expected to get gold from the dead.

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187.—Eis toûs autóus

Τίς τίνος; Οὐκ ἔρεει στήλη πρὸ γὰρ ὅλστο τύμβου. Τίς χρόνος; Ἄρχαίης σήμα τοῦ ἐργασίας. Τίς δὲ σ’ ἔνθρατο; εἰπὲ φόνος τόδε. Χεῖρες ἀλτραχνέλτουν. Ὑς τι λάβῃ; Χρυσόν. Ἐχοι σκοτίην.

188.—Eis toûs autóus

"Οστίς ἐμὸν παρὰ σήμα φέρεις πόδα, ἵσθι με ταῦτα τοῦ νεοκληρονόμου χερσὶ παθόντ’ ἀδίκως; οὐ γὰρ ἔχων χρυσὸν τε καὶ ἁργυρον, ἀλλ’ ἐδοκήθην, κάλλει μαρμαρῷ τοσσατίῳ λαγόνων.

189.—Eis toûs autóus

Στῆθι πέλας, καὶ κλαῦσον ἵδιν τόδε σήμα θανόντος, εἴποτ’ ἔμη, νῦν αὐτὲ τάφον δηλήμους ἀνδρός; σήμα πέλω μὴ τύμβον ἐγείρεις βροτός ἄλλος. τι πλέον, εἰ παλάμαισοι φιλοχρύσους ὀλεῖται;

190.—Eis toûs autóus

Αἰῶν καὶ κληίδες ἀμειδὴτου θανάτου, καὶ λήθη, σκοτίης βένθεα, καὶ νέκυες, πῶς έτιλη τύμβον τις ἐμὸν ἐπὶ χείρας ἐνυγκεῖν; πῶς έτιλη; φθιμένων κήδεται οὐδ’ ὀσίη;

191.—Eis toûs autóus

Τέτρωμαι πληγήσων ἀεικελήσων ὁ τύμβος τέτρωμι’, ὡς τις ἀνήρ ἐν διὰ λευγαλή. ταῦτα φίλα θυρτοίεσθε; τὸ δ’ αἰτίων ὡς ἀθέμιστον τοῦ νέκυν οἶλον ἐχοιν, χρυσὸν ἀποξέομαι.
BOOK VIII. 187-191

187

"Who and whose son?" "The slab will not tell you, for it perished before the tomb." "What is the date?" "This is a tomb of old workmanship." "And who slew thee, for this is murder?" "The criminal hands of my neighbour." "To get what?" "Gold." "May he dwell in darkness."

188

Let whoever passes by my tomb be aware that I was injuriously treated by the new heir. I contained no gold and silver, but I looked as if I did so, glistening as I was with the beauty of so many faces.

189

Stand hard by and weep as ye look on this tomb of some dead man, if ever he existed, but which is now the tomb of an evil-doer. I am a monument proclaiming that none else should erect a tomb; for what does it serve, if it is to perish by hands greedy of gold?

190

Ages eternal, and locked portals of solemn death, and river of forgetfulness, and abysses of darkness, and ye dead, how did any man dare to lay hands on my tomb? How did he dare? Even religion does not protect the dead.

191

I, the tomb, am wounded by shameful blows; I am wounded like a man in the fierce battle. Is this what pleases mortals? And how lawless the motive! I contain but a corpse, and am stripped of my gold.
192.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πρὸς σε θεοῦ ξενίον λιτάξομαι, ὡστὶς ἀμείβεις
tύμβον ἐμὸν, φράξεις: "Τοῖα πάθοις ὁ δράσας;"
oὐκ οἶδ᾽ ὄντωνα τύμβος ἕχει νέκυν; ἄλλ᾽ ἔρεω γε
dάκρυ᾽ ἐπισπένδων: "Τοῖα πάθοις ὁ δράσας;"

193.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πάντα λιπῶν, γαῖς τε μυχοῦς καὶ πείρατα πόντου,
ηλθες ἔχειν ποθέων χρυσὸν ἐμοῦ νέκυος.
νεκρὸν ἔχω καὶ μήνυν ὀλωλότος· ἦν τις ἐπέλθη,
tαῦτ᾽ εἰ λείψῃ, δώσομεν ἀσπασίως.

194.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Εἰ σοι χρυσὸν ἔδωκα μόνῳ μόνος, οὐκ ἐφύλασσες
tοῦθ᾽ ὅπερ εἰλήφεις; ὡς κακὸς ἦσθ᾽ ἄν ἄγαν.
eἰ δὲ τάφον σκάπτεις, τὴν αἰδέσιμον παραθήκην,
καὶ τὸ ἐπὶ χρυσῷ, ἄξιος, εἰπέ, τίνος;

195.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τοὺς ζῶντας κατόρυσσε· τί γὰρ νεκροὺς κατορύσσει·
ἀξιοὶ εἰσι τάφοιν, οὐ σὲ ζῆν εἰσαγαν οὔτω,
τῶν τῶν οἰχομένων ύβριστήν καὶ φιλόχρυσον.

196.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Καὶ σὺ, τάλαν, παλάμησοι τεαὶς ἢ μύστιν ἔδωδην
dέξῃ θαρσάλως, ἢ θεὸν ἄγκαλέσεις
χείρεσιν αἰς διόρυξας ἐμὸν τάφον; ἢ ρα δίκαιοι
οὐδὲν ἔχουσι πλέον, εἰ σὺ τάλαντα φύγοις.

484
BOOK VIII. 192–196

192

"I beseech thee, who passest by my tomb, by that God who protects strangers to say, 'May the like befall thee who did it.'" "I know not who lies in the tomb, but shedding on it a tear I will say, 'May the like befall thee who did it.'"

193

Neglecting all else, the bowels of the earth and the uttermost seas, thou comest lusting to get gold from my corpse. I hold but a corpse and the wrath of the dead. If anyone attack me to rob me of these things I will give him them gladly.

194

If I had given thee gold without the cognisance of any, wouldest thou not have kept for me what thou didst receive? Otherwise thou wouldst have been very wicked. But if thou diggest up a tomb, a solemn trust, and this for the sake of gold, say of what art thou worthy?

195

Bury the living, for why dost thou bury the dead? They are worthy of burial, who thus allowed thee to live, insulter of the departed and luster after gold.

196

Wretch, shalt thou take boldly in thy hands the mystic food, or invoke God with those hands which broke into my tomb? The just, indeed, have no profit if thou dost escape the scales of Justice.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

197.—Eis toûs aîtoûs
Φησι Δίκη: “Τὶς πίστεις, δτ’ ὄλεσας δι’ λαγόνεσσιν σήσιν ἡδωκα, νέκυς, γαῖα φίλη, φθίμενον;”
“Οὐ γαῖῃ μ’ ἑτίμαξεν ἀτάσθαλος ὄλεσεν ἀνήρ, καὶ φιλοκερδείης εἴνεκα. τοῦτον ἔχε.”

198.—Eis toûs aîtoûs
Πρόσθε τάδ’ ἦν ἄσυλα: θεός, νέκυς. ἀλλὰ θεὸς μὲν ἱλαος· εἰ δὲ νέκυς, ἐγεθ’ ὁ τυμβολέτης.

199.—Eis toûs aîtoûs
Ὡς ἡ σε διηύθυνσιν Ἐρμύνης: αὐτὰρ ἔγυργε κλαύσομι ἀποφθιμένους, κλαύσομι ἄγος παλάμης.

200.—Eis toûs aîtoûs
Δῆξατε, τυμβοχύοι, καὶ λῆξατε βένθεσι γαῖης κεύθειν τοῦς φθιμένους· εἰξατε τυμβολέταις.
νεκρῶν καὶ τάδε γ’ ἐστὶ σοφίσματα, ὡς φιλόχρυσον εὐρωσίν παλάμην, σήματα τοῖα χέειν.

201.—Eis toûs aîtoûs
Τίς σ’ ἀνέηκεν, ἀπληστε, τόσον κακὸν ἄντι τόσου κέρδεος ἀλλάξαι, μηδὲ παρεστάτος;

202.—Eis toûs aîtoûs
Στῆλαι καὶ τύμβοι, μέγα χαίρετε, σήματα νεκρῶν· ὀνάκετι κηρύξω μνήμασι τοῦς φθιμένους,
ἡμικα τὸν περὶφαντον ἐμὸν τάφον ὄλεσε γείτων.
Γαῖα φίλη, σὺ δὲ μοι δέχυσο τοὺς φθιμένους.

486
BOOK VIII. 197–202

197

Quoth Justice, "What faith is there, since thou, dear earth, hast destroyed him whom I entrusted to thy womb?" "It was not the earth that disturbed me; a wicked man destroyed me, and for the sake of gain. Lay hold on him."

198

Formerly these two were inviolate, God and the dead. God is merciful, but the destroyer of tombs will see if the dead is or not.

199

The Furies shall torture thee, but I will weep for the dead and for the guilt of thy hand.

200

Cease, ye builders of tombs; yea, cease to hide the dead in the depths of the earth. Give way before the destroyers of tombs. This is a device of the dead to erect such tombs in order that they may meet with a hand that lusts for gold.

201

Who prompted thee, insatiable man, to exchange such a crime for such a gain, and that gain non-existent?

202

Farewell ye gravestones and tombs, the monuments of the dead! I will no longer proclaim the names of the dead on their tombs now that my neighbour has destroyed my handsome tomb. Dear Earth, I pray thee to receive the dead.

1 The sense is obscure.

487
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

203.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Στῆλαι, καὶ πλακόμενες ἐν οὖρεσιν, ἔργα γυγάντων,
tύμβοι, καὶ φθιμένων ἀφθητε μνημοσύνης,
σεισμὸς πάντα βράσεις, ἐμοὶ νεκύσσεις ἀρήγων,
ois ἐπὶ χεῖρ ὅλη ἦλθε σιδηροφόρος.

204.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Ἡνίκα τὸν περίβολον ἐπὶ οὖρεσιν, ἄγριε Τιτάν,
tύμβοι ἀνερρήξω, πῶς ἔσιδες νέκυαι,
ὡς δ’ ἔσιδες, πῶς χεῖρες ἐπ’ ὀστέα; ἡ τάχα κεν σε
τῇ σχέσθον, εἰ θέμιν ἢν τοῦ δ’ ἐνα τύμβον ἔχειν.

205.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Σήματα, καὶ σποδιή, καὶ ὀστέα, ο’ τε πάρεδροι
dálmoves, ο’ φθιμένου ναίεται τόνδε λόφον,
tόνδ’ ἀληθόν τίνυσθε, δς ύμεος ἐξαλάπαξάν.
tῶν δὲ περικτιώνων δάκρυσν ὅμιμον ὅσον.

206.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Τύμβοι, καὶ σκοπιαί, καὶ οὖρεα, καὶ παροδίται,
κλαύσατε τύμβον ἐμόν, κλαύσατε τυμβολέτην,
ἡχὸ δ’ ἐκ σκοπέλων πυματηγόρος ἀντιαχέτω
τῶν δὲ περικτιῶνων.” “Κλαύσατε τυμβολέτην.”

207.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Κτείνετε, ληίζεσθε, κακοὶ κακοκερδεῖς ἄνδρες,
οὕτις ἐπισχήσει τὴν φιλοχρησσόνην.
ei τάδ’ ἔτης, κακοεργέ, κακόφρονος εἰνεκα χρυσοῦ,
pάσι τεύχον ἐπέχειν ἀρπαλένην παλάμην.

488
BOOK VIII. 203-207

203

Ye gravestones and broad tombs in the hills, the work of giants, and thou eternal memory of the departed, may an earthquake shake you all to pieces, coming to the aid of my dead, whom the destructive hand, armed with the pick, attacks.

204

When, savage Titan, thou didst break into the famous tomb on the hill, how didst thou dare to look on the dead, and, looking on them, how to touch the bones? Verily they would have caught thee and kept thee there, if it were permitted to thee to share their tomb.

205

Tombs, and dust, and bones, and attendant spirits who dwell in this mound, take vengeance on the wicked man who pillaged you. How the neighbours weep for you!

206

Tombs, and summits, and hills, and passers by, weep for my tomb and weep for its destroyer. And may echo, that repeats the last words, cry from these neighbouring hills, "Weep for the destroyer."

207

Slay and plunder, ye evil men, lovers of filthy lucre; none will check your love of money. If thou hadst the courage to do this for the sake of evil-counselling gold, venture to lay thy rapacious hand on all things.

489
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

208.—Eis toûs autous
Oûtos èpere ëven ëmòn filon tâfon ëlepíde koûph, dén moûn kteánou ènèn âpêlîbou ëxou̱; kai tòûtûn tis álîtrôs èaîs palâmâis ôlèseiein, èk ë d' ôlèsa òûmbou tîle bâloi patérwô.

209.—Eis toûs autous
Tîs tòû ëmòn dièpere ëphiôn tâfon, ôbrêos àkrês tîsô ànaxerômenon hîlikôn ôsôtîth; xruòsôs èthèze máxâmran èp' àndràsî; xruòsôs àpèlîbêsan kúmàsi xêkerîsîs ôlèse nàuôsîbâtînh; kâmê xruòsôs èpere ëven periakallèa òûmbou èlpîsîtheîs; xruòsî deûterà pàntî àdîkous.

210.—Eis toûs autous
Pollaîkî nahtôgîo démas kasthôseun ôdîth; kúmàsi plâzômenon, polllaîkî òthorîtouî; hî dhî kai pôleîmò tis dèn ôlèseun; állì èmè geîtôv xhôstêntî; âllôtoîsîs xhêsîn èpere ëven tâfon.

211.—Eis toûs autous
'Ô xruòsîs ðolîoi, tôsou kàkou èpleo òthrtôî; zîwîn kai ðîmênoîs xêîra fêreis àdîkouî; oîs àgar êmòn òûmbou te kai ôsêîa tôkêka phûlâsewî, tôwôî; ùpî tais meîraîs êxòlômîn palâmâis.

212.—Eis toûs autous
Pàntî èthanev nekkêsî. tî paîzîmêv; oûtis èt' àiðòv èk zîwîn fîmênoîs. dêrkeo tônde tâfon, òn 'èlpîs xruòsîs ðiôlêsî, tôsou èwîta thaûma pàrêxômênoîs, thaûma periaktíosîn.
BOOK VIII. 208–212

208
This man, in vain hope, pillaged my dear tomb, the only one of my possessions I carried away with me. Let some other sinner's hands destroy him in turn, and afterwards cast him afar from the tombs of his fathers.

209
Who pillaged my dear tomb that rose so high above this mighty mountain summit? It is gold that sharpens the sword against the life of man, and gold makes the greedy navigator to perish in the wintry seas. I, too, this great and beautiful tomb, was pillaged in the hope of gold. All other things are second to gold in the eyes of the wicked.

210
Many a traveller has buried the body of a shipwrecked man found tossing on the waves, and many a one the body of a man slain by beasts. Often has an enemy buried him whom he slew in war, but my neighbour has pillaged this tomb not the work of his own hands.

211
O deceitful gold, what an evil thou art for man! Thou raisest the hand of the wicked against both dead and living. For I perished by the accursed hands of those into whose care I bequeathed my tomb and bones.

212
All is dead for the dead. Why do we trifle? There is no shame left among the living for the dead. Look at this tomb, that was such a wonder to travellers and the neighbours, destroyed for the hope of gold.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

213.—Eis touς autoûs
"Δισσομαι ήν γε θάνον, ποταμῷ δέμας ή δύνεσθιν
ρύγατε, ή πυρὶ δάγκατε παυτοφάγοι.
λωῖν ἢ παλάμης φιλοχρύσοιοις ὀλέσθαι.
ὁ δήιδα, τὸν tάφον τοῖν παθόνθι ὀρῶν.

214.—"Αλλα
Δῆποτε Κύρος ἀνάξ βασιλῆιον ώς ἀνέφεξεν
τῦμβον ἐπὶ χρυσῷ, γράμμα τὸδ' εὑρε μόνον.
"Οἶγεν ἀπλήστου τάφον χερός," ὡς δὲ σὺ τόσον
σήμα τὸδ' ὦν ὅσιας οἶξας, ἄνερ, παλάμαις.

215.—Eis touς autoûs
"Ὄς κακὸς οὖ φθιμένωις, τάχ' ἄν φθιμένωισιν ἀργῶι.
δε δ' οὔδε φθιμένωις, οὔποτ' ἄν οὐ φθιμένωις.
ὡς δὲ σὺ τοὺς φθιμένωισιν ἐπεὶ τάφον ἐξαλάπαξας,
οὔποτ' ἄν οὐ φθιμένωις χείρα φέροις ὃσιν.

216.—Πρὸς τοὺς autoûs
Μαρτύρομι· οὖδὲν ἔχων πτωχὸς νέκυς ἐνθάδε κείμαι·
μή με τεαῖς ἀτίης τυμβοφόνοις παλάμαις·
οὔδε γὰρ οὔτος ἔχεν χρυσὸν τάφος, ἀλλ' ἐδαίξθη·
pánta filochrúsois ἐμβαται· φεύγε Δίκη.

217.—Πρὸς τοὺς autoûs
Οἱ τῦμβοι "Φθιμένωισιν ἀρήξατε" εἰπον ἀπαντεῖς,
ἤνιξ' ὁ λυσθὲες τῶν' ἐτίνασσε τάφον.
οὶ νέκυες τῦμβοις· "Τι βέβαιον; αὖθις ἀέρθη
ὡς ἐπὶ βουκτασίᾳ γαῖαν ἀφεῖσα Δίκη."
BOOK VIII. 213-217

213

I beseech ye, if I die, throw my body into a river or to the dogs, or consume it in the all-devouring fire. That is better than to perish by hands greedy of gold. I am in dread as I look on this tomb which has met with this fate.

214

King Cyrus once, when he opened a royal tomb for the sake of gold, found only this inscription: "To open tombs is the work of an insatiable hand." So hast thou opened this great tomb with impious hands (and in vain).

215

He who is evil to the living might, perhaps, help the dead, but who helps not the dead would never help the living. So thou, since thou hast plundered the tomb of the dead, wouldst never reach out a pious hand to the living.

216

I aver I have nothing; it is a poor corpse that lies here. Do me no injury with thy tomb-slaying hands. This tomb next me never had any gold in it, but yet it was plundered. All is accessible to gold-seekers. Fly from hence, Justice.

217

The tombs all cried "Help the dead!" when the furious spoiler was breaking up this tomb. The dead cry to the tombs, "What shall we do? Justice has left the earth and flown up to heaven again, even as she did at the first slaying of oxen."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

223.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς

"Ἄξομαι ἀνδρομένης γενεῆς ὑπὲρ, εἰ σὲ τὶς ἐτήλῃ, τύμβη, χαμαῖ βαλέειν οὐχ ὅσιας παλάμαις.

224.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τύμβος ἔγω, σκοπή τις ἀπ’ οὐρεος· ἄλλα μὲ χεῖρες θῆκαν ἵσον δαπέδῳ· τίς τάδ’ ἀνωξε νόμος;

225.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Οὗτος ἐμὸς δόμος ἦν ὅλωλοτος· ἄλλα σύδηρος ἦλθ’ ἐπ’ ἐμῷ τύμβῳ· σὸν δὸμον ἄλλος ἔχοι.

226.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τὴν σκαπάνην ἐπ’ ἄρουραν, ἐμφ’ δ’ ἐπὶ σήματι βάλλειν δάκρυα, μὴ παλάμαις· ἦδη δίκη φθιμένων.

227.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τὴν σκαπάνην ἐπ’ ἄρουραν· ἐμοῦ δ’ ἀποχάζεο τύμβου, χάζεο· οὕτων ἔχω πλὴν ζακότων νεκύων.

228.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Εἰ σ’, ἀπληστε, τάφων δηλήμονα τοῖν ἐώπειν, πάσσαλος ἀν τῇ δε καὶ τροχὸς ἐκρέματο.

229.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τίπτε μ’ ἀνοχλίξεως κενεδον τάφον; ὡστέα μοῦνα κεώθω καὶ σποδιήν τοῖσιν ἐπερχομένοις.

496
BOOK VIII. 223–229

223

I am ashamed for the race of men if one ventured, O tomb, to cast thee down with unholy hands.

224

I was a tomb, a watch-tower on the mountain, but the hands of man laid me level with the ground. What law enjoined this?

225

This was my home after death, but iron attacked my tomb. May another possess thy home!

226

Use the mattock for husbandry, but on my tomb shed tears and lay no violent hands. That is justice to the dead.

227

Use the mattock for husbandry, but retire from my tomb. It contains naught but the wrathful dead.

228

If I had known, thou man of greed, that thou wert such a destroyer of tombs, a stake and a wheel had hung here.

229

Why dost thou disturb me, an empty tomb? I contain nothing for those who attack me but bones and dust.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

230.—Eis toûs aîtouûs

Τύμβος ἐγὼ, τύμβων πανυπέρτατος ἀλλ' ἐμὲ φίξεν,
ὅς τινα τῶν πολλῶν, ἀνδροφόνος παλάμης
ἀνδροφόνος παλάμη με διώλεσε· λήξατε τύμβων,
θυντοί, καὶ κτερέων. δεῦτ’ ἐπὶ νεκρά, κόνες·
δεῦτ’ ἐπὶ νεκρά, κόνες. χρυσοῦ διφήτορες ἄνδρες
ηδὴ καὶ νεκύων χρυσολογοῦσι κόνων.

231.—Eis toûs aîtouûs

"Ἀλλος τύμβον ἔγειρε, σὺ δ’ ἀσέβας· ἄλλος ἐγείροι
σὸν τάφον, εἰγε θέμις· ἄλλος ἐραζε βάλοι.

232.—Eis toûs aîtouûs

"Ηδὴ καὶ νεκύεσσιν ἐπέχρασιν οἱ φιλόχρυσοι·
φεύγετε ἐκ τύμβων, εἰ σθένος, οἱ φθίμενοι.

233.—Eis toûs aîtouûs

Τίπτε μ’ ἀνοχλίζεις; νεκύων ἀμεννὰ κάρηνα
μοῦνα φέρω· τύμβων ὅστεα πλοῦτος ἀπασ.

234.—Eis toûs aîtouûs

Δαίμονας, οἳ μὲ ἐχούσιν, ἀλεύει· οὔτε γὰρ ἄλλο
τύμβος ἐχω· τύμβων ὅστεα πλοῦτος ἀπας.

235.—Eis toûs aîtouûs

Εἰ χρυσοῦ δόμος ἦν δόλος τάφος, ὡ φιλόχρυσε,
οὐποτ’ ἔδει τοῖν χεῖρα φέρειν φθιμένοις.

498
BOOK VIII. 230–235

230

I am a tomb surpassing all other tombs in height, but murderous hands opened me as if I had been one of the many. Murderous hands destroyed me. Cease from building tombs and celebrating funerals; ye mortals. Come to the bodies, ye dogs! Come to the bodies, ye dogs! Seekers after gold gather gold now from the dust of the dead too.

231

Another man erected the tomb, and thou didst destroy it. Let another erect thy tomb, if Heaven permits it, and another lay it low.

232

Now the gold-seekers attack the dead, too. Fly from your tombs, ye dead, if ye have the strength.

233

Why dost thou heave up my stones? I contain naught but the feeble dead. The tomb's sole riches are bones.

234

Avoid the wrath of the spirits who haunt me, for I contain nothing else; the tomb's sole riches are bones.

235

If the whole tomb were built of gold, never, ye gold hunters, should ye thus have laid hands on the dead.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

236.—Eis tois authous

Δήθη καὶ συνὴ νεκτὼν γέρας· ὃς δὲ ἀλάπαξεν,
οὗτος ἐμὸν πολλοὶς θήκεν ἄεισμα τάφον.

237.—'Omoios

Πάντ' ἔχετε ἥρωντες· ἐμοὶ δ' ὁλῆγοι τε φίλοι τε
λάες τῷ φθιμένῳ· φείδεο τοῦ νέκυος.

238.—Prois tois authous

Οὐ χρυσοῦ δόμος εἰμὶ· τί τέμνομαι; αὐτὸς ἔγωγε
τύμβος, δν ὄχλίζεις· πλοῦτος ἐμοὶ νέκυες.

239.—'Omoios

Τύμβος ἐγὼ κλέος ἃ περικτιώνων ἀνθρώπων
μὲν δ' εἰμὶ στήλη χειρός ἀλητροτάτης.

240.—Eis tois authous

Εἰ λήν φιλόχρυσον ἕχεις κέαρ, ἄλλον ὀρύσσειν
χρυσόν· ἐμοὶ δ' οὐδὲν πλην φθιμένων κτερέων.

241.—'Omoios

Μὴ δείξῃς μερόπεσαι γυμνῶν νέκυων, ἢ σε γυμνώσει
ἄλλος· ὃ δὲ χρυσὸς πολλάκις ἐστὶν ἄναρ.

242.—Eis tois authous

Οὐχ ἄλις ἢ βροτοὶσι βροτοὺσ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἑλλείν,
ἄλλα καὶ ἐκ νεκτῶν σπεύδετε χρυσὸν ἑχειν;

500
BOOK VIII. 236-242

236

Forgetfulness and silence are the privileges of the dead. But he who despoiled me has made my tomb a theme of song for many.

237

Ye have all ye wish, ye living, but I, the dead, only my few dear stones. Spare the dead.

238

I am not a house of gold. Why am I broken? The tomb thou hackest to pieces is but a tomb. All my wealth consists of corpses.

239

This tomb was the glory of the neighbouring peoples, but is now the monument of a most wicked hand.

240

If thy hand lust too much for gold, dig up other gold. I contain nothing but the remains of the dead.

241

Show not to men the naked corpse, or another shall strip thee. Often gold is but a dream.

242

Was it not enough for men to lay hands on men, but from the dead, too, ye strive to get gold?
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

243.—"Ομοίως
Τμητέροις τύμβουσιν ἀρήξατε, οί τόδ᾽ ὄρωντες
σήμα δαιχθέν ὅσον. λεύσατε τυμβολέτην.

244.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τῆς μὲ τὸν ἐξ αἰῶνος ἀκινήτοις λίθοις
κενθόμενον θιντοῖς δείξε πένητα νέκυν;

245.—"Ομοίως
Τίπτε τάφον διέκερςας ἐμόν, τάλαν; ὃς διακέρσαι
σοὶ γε θεὸς βιοτήν, ὃ φιλόχρυσον ἄγος.

246.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μῦθος Τάρταρος ἦν, ἐπεὶ τάφον οὔκ ἂν ἔφη
οὗτος ἀνήρ· οἶμοι, ὃς βραδύπους σύ, Δίκη.

247.—"Ομοίως
'Ως βραδύπους σύ, Δίκη, καὶ Τάρταρος οὐκέτι δεινός·
οὐ γὰρ ἂν οὗτος ἀνήρ τόνδ᾽ ἀνέφη τάφον.

248.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
'Ομοσα τοὺς φθιμένους, καὶ οἴμοσα Τάρταρον αὐτοῦν,
μήποτε τυμβολέταις εὐμενὲς ὅμως φέρειν.

249.—"Ομοίως
Οὕρεα καὶ πρώτες τὸν ἐμόν τάφον ὃς τῶν ἔταιρον
κλαύσατε· πάς δὲ πέσου τῷ σφε τεμόντι λίθος.
BOOK VIII. 243–249

243

Come to the help of your tomb, ye who see this great tomb laid waste. Stone the despoiler.

244

Who exhibited me to men, the poor corpse hidden for ages by undisturbed stones?

245

Why hast thou, wretch, despoiled my tomb? So may God despoil thy life, accursed hunter after gold!

246

Tartarus is, then, a myth, or this man would never have opened this tomb. Alas! Justice, how slow are thy feet!

247

How slow-footed art thou, Justice, and Tartarus is no longer a terror. Or else this man had not opened the tomb.

248

I swore by the dead, and by Tartarus itself, never to look with kind eyes on despoilers of tombs.

249

Mountains and hills, weep for my tomb as for a friend. Let every stone fall on him who broke into it.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

250.—Εἰς τοὺς αὑτοὺς
Πλοῦσιός εἰμι πένης· τύμβιος πολύς, ἐνδον ἄχρυσος·
ἰσθι καθυβρίζων νεκρῶν ἀσυλότατον.

251.—Ὁμοίως
Κἂν στῆς πυθμένος ἄχρις ἐμοῖς κευθμῶνας ὀρύσσων,
μόχθος σοι τὸ πέρας ὀστέα μούνον ἔχει.

252.—Εἰς τοὺς αὑτοὺς
Τέμνετε, τέμνετε ὅδε· πολύχρυσος γὰρ ὁ τύμβος
τοῖς ποθέοις λίθους· τάλλα δὲ πάντα κόνις.

253.—Ὁμοίως
Γαῖα φίλη, μὴ σοί σοι θανόνθι· ὑποθέχυσο κάλπους
τὸν τυμβωρυχίας κέρδεσι τερπόμενον.

254.—Ὁμοίως
"Τθριστῆς ἐπ' ἐμ' ἠλθε τὸν οὐ ξώοντα σίδηρος·
καὶ χρυσόν ποθέων εὑρε πένητα νέκυν."
BOOK VIII. 250–254

250

I am a rich poor man, rich in my tomb, but within lacking gold. Know that thou insultest a corpse that hath no booty at all for thee.

251

Even if thou stayest digging up my recesses from the bottom, the end of all thy labour will be to find but bones.

252

Break, break here; the tomb is rich in gold to them who seek stones. Otherwise it hath but dust.

253

Dear Earth, receive not in thy bosom, when dead, the man who rejoices in gain gotten from breaking into tombs.

254

The profaning steel attacked me, the dead, and seeking for gold, found but a needy corpse.
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